

29.7

by
Informant

Based Upon "Sliders"
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Studios and St. Clare Entertainment.
This was so much more fun before I needed all the disclaimers...
Thanks, Emma.

OVER BLACK:

The familiar sound of "Cry Like A Man" begins.

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Only glimpses of sunlight break through the trees surrounding the (possibly dirt) road. The traffic is practically nonexistent. There is but one MAN walking along the road. At the moment, we can only see his feet as he walks down the road.

From this angle, we see a car approaching. As the car passes, they HONK THEIR HORN.

FEMALE DRIVER (O.S.)
(as she passes)
Hey, Max!

MAN (O.S.)
Where are my muffins?!

There's ANOTHER HONK. This is the only response he gets, as the car is already too far away for any meaningful conversations.

The man continues to walk again. A moment later, another car speeds past, travelling far too fast.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, slow down!
(beat)
Kids.

He keeps on walking. He's happy. It's a nice day.

We SLOWLY PAN UP, seeing the man from behind. He carries a cloth shopping bag in one hand and a bottle of soda in the other.

As we reach the man's head, he stops walking. He turns around to take in the feel of a gentle breeze, revealing to us that he is REMBRANDT BROWN.

He's a little bit older than the last time we saw him, with hints of gray in his hair.

After a moment, Remmy turns and continues to walk down this road until the SONG ENDS.

INT. REMBRANDT'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is small. It's an apartment located over someone's garage, so it's pretty much one room with a small kitchen, but Remmy has made it his own.

The door opens and Remmy walks in.

REMBRANDT
 (singing to himself)
 Wait a minute. I feel a tear
 formin' in this eye...
 (beat)
 Boop-wap-wap.

He continues to hum as he walks to his kitchen area, hitting the button on his answering machine as he begins to unpack his groceries.

The answering machine BEEPS.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 Hey, Max. How ya been? Listen, I'm
 trying to pull together a little
 poker game while Rita's at her
 mother's. Just some cards and some
 beers. I'm thinking Friday night.
 Let me know if you're in.

The machine BEEPS AGAIN.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 Max, it's Lucy. It's 10:30. I guess
 you're out.
 (beat)
 I'll call back. Or you can call me
 if you want.
 (beat)
 It's Lucy.

Rembrandt smiles. The machine BEEPS TWICE. No more messages.

Remmy finishes putting his groceries away and grabs the TV remote off of the counter. He turns on his TV. The channel that comes up is playing "Planet Of The Apes". Remmy shakes his head and flips the channel. The news comes on.

Remmy puts the remote down and walks into the bathroom. From O.S., we can hear water turn on.

From the TV, we HEAR AN INTERVIEW taking place.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
 ...always wanted to be a singer?

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

I don't know if I've always known, but I think it's always been a part of me. Even before I started performing, I was singing around the house and in school. That didn't make the teachers too happy during class.

The female interviewer chuckles.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

And here you are today, one of the legends of the business. How does that make you feel?

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

Old.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

Some say you've done some of your best work in these later albums. They're a far cry from your older material.

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

We change. We go through things in life that alter our perspective a little bit. It's flattering that people still connect with my music after all these years, but I try not to think too much about what people say.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

Good or bad?

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

It just gets into your head, you know? I don't want to start second guessing my work. I don't want to make a soul album just because people don't like my folk albums. I just want to do what feels right.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

So, are you working on another album yet?

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

I'm always working on the next album.

(chuckles)

REMBRANDT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I think I'll be working on the next
album until the day I die. You
know? There's always a next album.

There's a long silence, before we hear another voice. This is
the VOICE OF A REPORTER.

REPORTER (V.O.)
That interview took place just last
week as Rembrandt was preparing for
his latest show in Las Vegas.

(beat)
Again, if you're just joining us,
we're discussing the sad news which
has rocked the music industry
today. Rembrandt "The Cryin' Man"
Brown, former singer of "The
Spinning Tops" and more recently a
celebrated solo artist and judge on
the reality series "America's Next
Great Singer" is confirmed dead
after his private plane crashed in
the Nevada desert earlier this
morning. Brown had been returning
to Las Vegas after a trip to Los
Angeles where he attended a concert
by his long-time partner, Alesha
Avo.

The WATER TURNS OFF.

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A statement from Brown's former
band-mate, Maurice Fish reads: "I,
as well as all of the remaining
Spinning Tops both past and
present, are deeply saddened by the
this tragic news. Our brother,
Rembrandt, will always be in our
hearts and in the very soul of the
songs that he helped to create. As
we prepare for our tour through
America's great theme parks this
summer, we hope that fans of
Rembrandt will join us and remember
with us through the music that the
Cryin' Man loved so dearly."

Rembrandt walks out of the bathroom and looks at the TV as he
hears this statement. He's not quite sure how to react.

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Again, Rembrandt "The Cryin' Man"
Brown, confirmed dead at the age of
53.

Rembrandt sits down.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Ratty's is a family restaurant, with a home-y feel to it.
There's a bar to one side.

Remmy walks through the door, wearing a white button-up shirt
and suit pants. As he walks in, a woman walks up to him. She
is LUCY. A woman in her 50's. A quiet, almost mouse-ish woman
wearing black pants and a white shirt. The uniform of her job
as a waitresses. She smiles at Remmy.

LUCY
Did you see the news?

REMBRANDT
I saw it. Guess I won't have to
worry about mistaken identity
anymore.

LUCY
So sad. I was a fan, you know? I
used to have all of those Spinning
Tops albums until the original
group broke up.

REMBRANDT
(awkward smile)
I never knew.

LUCY
I keep it on the "down low."

Remmy chuckles.

REMBRANDT
If there is one person in this
world who cannot pull off that
saying, girl, it's you.

She smiles.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
And if there's a second, it's me.

They continue to laugh.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
 Hey, is Bryce in yet? I have a card
 for her daughter.

LUCY
 No. She's staying home tonight.

REMBRANDT
 Is it bad?

LUCY
 I'm not sure how bad it is, but
 Katie's just not getting over this
 flu.

Remmy looks down.

REMBRANDT
 I'll stop by on my break. Bring
 them some dinner.

LUCY
 I think they'll like that. The
 question is, how much of a break
 can you get on a night like
 tonight?

REMBRANDT
 What's tonight?

LUCY
 First day of summer vacation.

REMBRANDT
 Oh... Maybe I should have called in
 sick.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is full of CUSTOMERS now. Mostly younger
 people who are talking loudly and goofing around.

Rembrandt is standing near a table that has an older couple
 sitting at it. They are JOE and MATTIE.

JOE
 Two times, during the war. Once
 after I got back.

REMBRANDT
 After you got back?

JOE

Wife thought I was cheating. Took my hunting rifle and charged at me like a crazy person, screaming about the institution of marriage.

REMBRANDT

And she got you?

JOE

Flesh wound, but shot is shot.

REMBRANDT

No kidding.

Rembrandt looks to Mattie.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

I'm guessing you two worked things out?

MATTIE

Ha!

JOE

The only institution that woman's in now has bars on the windows. Mattie's the second wife.

Rembrandt grins.

REMBRANDT

Good to hear. I was starting to worry.

JOE

How 'bout you, Max? Ever been shot at?

MATTIE

You never told us if you were in the war.

REMBRANDT

I've seen my share of fighting. Dodged a couple here and there.

JOE

Ever get hit?

Rembrandt pauses, trying to think of what he should and shouldn't say.

REMBRANDT

I was pretty banged up. Truth is, I don't like to think about it too much. That was a whole other life, worlds away from who I am now.

Joe nods, understanding.

MATTIE

A lot of the guys I served with were the same way when they got home. Some things you just want to forget.

REMBRANDT

You can say that again.

Lucy passes behind Rembrandt, carrying a tray of food for another table.

LUCY

Max, could you get those kids on table three for me?

REMBRANDT

Yeah.

(then, to Joe and Mattie)

Sorry, folks. Duty calls.

He smiles to them and walks off, toward table three. When he gets there, he finds a group of high school-aged kids. Two boys, ROD and DANNY, and two girls, CHANCE and MANDY. They're laughing and having a good old time.

Remmy pulls out an order pad and a pen as he nears their table.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

How's it going, kids? What can I get you?

ROD

I could go for about a hundred burgers right about now, man. And, like, forty sodas.

REMBRANDT

That might take a while.

CHANCE

Just ignore him. He gets hungry after... a long day of fishing. We'll just have four cokes and burgers all around.

REMBRANDT
How do you want them?

ROD
Dude... on buns.

REMBRANDT
How well done?

CHANCE
Medium.

DANNY
I want mine rare. Dripping with
blood.

REMBRANDT
We're fresh out of blood. How about
some ketchup?

DANNY
That works too.

REMBRANDT
Okay. I'll be right back with your
drinks.

Remmy walks away from the table, exchanging a look with Joe as he makes his way to the bar for the drinks.

Behind the bar is SAM, a 20-something bar tender who looks like he probably rides a Harley. When Remmy reaches the bar, he grabs Sam's attention.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Four cokes.

SAM
Sure thing.

Remmy walks to a computer at the end of the bar and starts to input the rest of the order, for the kitchen.

Sitting at one of the stools at the bar is an OLDER WOMAN who is looking at Rembrandt. She says nothing.

After typing in the order, Remmy notices the woman watching him and smiles.

REMBRANDT
I'm not him, I swear.

The woman smiles.

Remmy walks to where Sam has set up a tray with four sodas on it. He takes the tray and walks back to the table with the teenagers.

Remmy approaches the table from behind Rod, just as Mandy is taking his picture with her cell phone.

MANDY

That one's going on my MyBook page.

ROD

Only if you can stand some competition. I am an internet god.

CHANCE

You're a moron.

REMBRANDT

Here are your drinks. Burgers will be out in a few minutes.

ROD

Like, a hundred of them?

CHANCE

Exactly like a hundred of them.

Chance looks up at Remmy and shakes her head, telling him to ignore the moron that is Rod.

Remmy smiles and walks away from the table, toward Joe and Mattie. As he gets closer to their table, Joe and Mattie smile at him.

JOE

I try to tell myself I never acted like that when I was a kid.

MATTIE

Just keep telling yourself that.

REMBRANDT

Sad to say, I might have been worse. Only, I didn't have MyBook around to make it as public.

JOE

World was a lot bigger before the internet.

REMBRANDT

Amen to that.

Remmy continues to smile as he walks off, toward another table.

DISSOLVE TO:

RATTY'S RESTAURANT - TWO MONTHS LATER - DAY

It's the middle of the day now, and there are only a few customers in the restaurant.

Rembrandt is sitting at the bar, drinking a soda and talking with Sam.

SAM

We were supposed to play at Iggy's, in New York last summer, but the show got canceled last minute.

REMBRANDT

Tough break.

SAM

You're telling me? That was our last shot. Two of the guys ended up going to school after that, and I ended up back here.

REMBRANDT

It's not too late, you know?

SAM

Feels it.

A middle-aged woman, MARCY WEBB, walks to the bar and sits a couple of stools away from Rembrandt. Sam goes to her.

SAM (CONT'D)

What can I get for you, ma'am?

MARCY

I'll just have a coffee, thank you.

Sam nods and heads off to get the coffee. Rembrandt exchanges smiles with Marcy, just being polite. Long after he's ready to go back to his own business, Marcy continues to stare.

Rembrandt grows increasingly uncomfortable with the woman who is staring at him, but tries to ignore her as he drinks his soda.

Sam returns with the woman's coffee. As he puts it in front of her, he notices that she's staring at Rembrandt.

He thinks this odd, but doesn't say anything to her. Instead, he walks back to Remmy and the two exchange a look.

SAM
Need a refill?

REMBRANDT
No thanks. My shift starts soon.

SAM
Since when do you work days?

REMBRANDT
Since Bryce had to spend the day at the hospital with Katie.

Sam is obviously upset to hear that.

SAM
Damn.

REMBRANDT
I'm not sure this things gonna get any better.

SAM
What about chemo?

REMBRANDT
They're on the waiting list, but it could be months.

SAM
Yeah.

Silence falls between the two men. Neither of them knows quite what to say next.

Sam is eventually the one to break the silence.

SAM (CONT'D)
I should check on...
(beat)
I'll be in the kitchen if you need me.

Remmy nods, and Sam walks off, into the kitchen.

Remmy takes one last sip of his drink, and then walks around the bar to get ready for work.

After a few seconds, he looks up and notices that Marcy is still looking at him. She smiles once again.

REMBRANDT
Can I help you with something?

MARCY
I'll just have a coffee.

REMBRANDT
Right.

Remmy looks down and sees her coffee, still untouched.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Something wrong with the one you
have?

MARCY
Hmm?

Marcy looks down and sees the cup of coffee. She chuckles and looks back to Rembrandt.

MARCY (CONT'D)
Oh.
(beat)
I'm sorry. I wasn't paying
attention.

Rembrandt isn't sure what to say next. He just looks at the woman as though she should be wearing pajamas and attending group therapy twice a day.

MARCY (CONT'D)
You probably think I'm crazy.

REMBRANDT
I didn't say that.

MARCY
It's just... I was such a big fan
of his, you know?

Rembrandt finally gets what she's talking about. He smiles.

REMBRANDT
I understand.

MARCY
I used to put my children to sleep
to the sound of his "Open Window"
album.

REMBRANDT

I always liked the early stuff myself. "Cry Like A Man", and stuff like that.

MARCY

It was okay, I guess. Just a little fluffy for my taste.

Rembrandt's smile grows more strained.

MARCY (CONT'D)

His later stuff was just so much more... pure, you know?

REMBRANDT

I guess so.

Marcy hesitates for a few seconds before forcing herself to continue.

MARCY

Geez, you just look so much like him.

REMBRANDT

I get that a lot.

MARCY

I bet you do.

(beat)

So... I mean, you could tell me.

REMBRANDT

I'm sorry?

MARCY

If you were him, you could tell me. I wouldn't tell anyone.

REMBRANDT

Rembrandt Brown is dead, ma'am.

MARCY

No, I know. It's just... if you were him, you could tell me.

REMBRANDT

I promise you, I'm not him.

MARCY

Okay.

Marcy looks to her coffee cup for a few seconds and then looks back to Rembrandt.

MARCY (CONT'D)

It's just that, when I saw the story on Celebrity Buzzwire, I had to check it out. I had to see.

Rembrandt is thrown by that comment.

REMBRANDT

What story? Where?

MARCY

There was a story online. Some celebrity gossip blog. They had a picture that some kid posted on his MyBook page and you were in the background. Everyone's talking about it. Rembrandt Brown, still alive and serving drinks at Ratty's.

Rembrandt takes a step back, looking as though he might have a panic attack.

REMBRANDT

When did this story go online?

MARCY

This morning. I always have the Rembrandt stories sent to me automatically.

REMBRANDT

How convenient.

MARCY

I know. Especially with the new album coming out next week.

REMBRANDT

Uh-huh.

Rembrandt falls silent as he tries to figure out what to do next.

MARCY

You really could tell me. I'm your number one fan.

Rembrandt's eyes slowly make their way back to Marcy. She smiles once again. He's not amused.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY

Rembrandt walks through the kitchen, passing Sam (who is on his cell phone) along the way.

REMBRANDT
We have a problem.

SAM
What?
(then, into cell phone)
Hold on a sec.

Remmy stops and turns to Sam.

REMBRANDT
That woman out there is convinced
that I'm Rembrandt Brown.

Sam smirks.

SAM
She's not the first one.

REMBRANDT
Yeah, well, this is the first time
anyone's been led here by an
internet gossip site.

SAM
What?

REMBRANDT
Chris' computer is hooked up to the
internet, right?

SAM
Yeah.

REMBRANDT
Let's go.

Rembrandt walks toward an office in the back. Sam follows.

SAM
(into phone)
I'll call you back.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - CHRIS' OFFICE - DAY

Sam is sitting at the desk in the office, navigating the internet while Remmy stands behind him, reading over his shoulder.

On the screen is the image that Mandy took with her cell phone. In the picture, Rod is seen smiling like an idiot while Remmy stands behind him, carrying sodas.

The caption on the photo reads : "REMBRANDT BROWN ALIVE?"

SAM

Wow. You do look like him.

REMBRANDT

This isn't good.

SAM

Are you kidding? The place will be packed.

(beat)

It'll be packed by a bunch of old people, but it'll be packed.

REMBRANDT

They'll just be coming for the sideshow. It's like all those Elvis sightings.

SAM

We're talking about Rembrandt "Cryin' Man" Brown. He's not Elvis.

REMBRANDT

He may not be Elvis, but if this turns into one of those internet sensations, we could be flooded with Cryin' Fans.

SAM

"Cryin' Fans"?

REMBRANDT

That's what they call themselves.

Sam smirks at that.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

You think that's funny?

SAM

It's pretty funny.

REMBRANDT

Yeah, well, I've seen situations like this turn into an problem.

(beat)

Y'know, back in my younger days.

(MORE)

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

I'm just saying that we should be ready for whatever happens.

Sam looks to Rembrandt with a serious expression and nods.

SAM

Okay. I know this will be a first for us, but I have faith in our ability to handle more than five customers at a time.

REMBRANDT

You keep joking. We'll see how funny it is.

Rembrandt walks out of the office. Sam looks back to the computer screen.

SAM

Pretty damn funny.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Rembrandt walks out of the kitchen and to the bar where Marcy is still sitting. When she sees him, she smiles and perks up. When he sees her, he turns in another direction.

As Rembrandt walks across the room, he runs into Nancy.

NANCY

Table four's asking for Rembrandt Brown.

Remmy looks past Nancy, to table four. There sits a GROUP OF JAPANESE TOURISTS. When they see Remmy, they smile and snap pictures.

REMBRANDT

They got here fast.

NANCY

They were in the city on a museum tour. Bussed out this morning.

(beat)

I think you should play along, you know? They're just visiting.

JAPANESE TOURIST (V.O.)

Lyin' o Man!

Rembrandt takes a deep breath.

REMBRANDT

I'll be nice, but I'm not telling
them that I'm him.

(beat)

And I'm not lipping anyone's
starkings.

Nancy smiles. Rembrandt walks toward the table of tourists.

As he approaches the table, the tourists rush him, smiling
for pictures and screaming "Cly Rike A Man!"

EXT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

It's a nice, quiet day outside of the restaurant.

A black SUV pulls into view and parks across the street from
the restaurant.

INT. REMBRANDT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rembrandt walks into his apartment and hits the button on his
answering machine. The MACHINE BEEPS.

GIGGLY WOMAN (V.O.)

Oh crap, I got through! Are you
him? Are you really Rembrandt?

(beat)

Come back to us, Remmy. Please come
back.

ANOTHER BEEP.

SINGING MAN (V.O.)

(singing badly)

I was cryin' over you. So hurt I
couldn't see though all my tears! I
was aching, can't you see? How much
you mean to me? And now we're
through?

Remmy winces and presses the button on his machine again. IT
BEEPS.

WHISPER (V.O.)

Beat the system, man. Escape the
life. You don't need fame to be
happy.

That one disturbs Remmy just a bit. ANOTHER BEEP.

BRYCE (V.O.)

Hey, Max. I just wanted to thank you again for filling in for me today.

(beat)

Katie's doing a little better. She's sleeping, so that's something.

(beat)

Anyway, I should be back at work tomorrow. Alex says he'll stay home with her. I guess I'll see you at work.

(beat)

Bye.

Remmy is upset by that message. It pains him to think of his friends hurting like that.

ANOTHER BEEP. Silence.

AND ANOTHER BEEP.

MARCY (V.O.)

You really can tell me if this is you. I won't tell. I swear.

ANOTHER BEEP

AMANDA RYNER (V.O.)

Hello, Mr. Mallory. My name is Amanda Ryner, with the TV show, Gozzip. I was hoping that I could sit you down for an interview sometime. If you're interested, give me a call. I can make it worth your while. My number is--

Remmy turns off the answering machine and walks to a nearby chair. He sits down and buries his head in his hands.

After a few moments, Remmy reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet. From his wallet, he removes a photograph. He stares at this picture for a few seconds, deeply missing those whose picture he is looking at.

ANGLE ON: THE PHOTO

It's a picture of Remmy with Quinn, Wade, and Professor Arturo. The picture is not a color picture. It's got a brownish tint to it, making it look older than it really is.

Remmy takes another deep, pain-filled breath and puts the photo back in his wallet.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Rembrandt is once again sitting at the bar, drinking a soda. Sam is once again behind the bar.

BRYCE is standing next to Remmy, talking with the two men. She is a woman in her 30's, looking tired and worn, though she tries to remain upbeat.

BRYCE

Three today. I told them you weren't working until tonight.

SAM

Three people. Hardly the mob you were expecting.

REMBRANDT

Give it time.

SAM

(to Bryce)

He's convinced that people will swarm us. This is the new Graceland.

BRYCE

This doesn't mean we have to serve those Elvis sandwiches, does it?

SAM

No.

(beat)

I wonder if Remmy Brown ever had a favorite food. We could make a killing on souvenirs.

REMBRANDT

I'd really rather let this die down.

SAM

Dude, you'd make a horrible celebrity.

Nancy sticks her head out of the kitchen.

NANCY

Bryce, phone for you.

BRYCE

Coming.

Bryce smiles to Remmy and Sam, though it's clear that she doesn't want to know whatever this phone call is about.

She walks away from the bar, into the kitchen.

REMBRANDT

I wish there was something I could do for her.

Sam looks like he's about to say something, but instead turns away. He then grabs a tray of dirty dishes and heads into the kitchen.

ANGLE ON: THE FRONT DOOR

As the door opens, two new customers walk into Ratty's. They are:

KELLY, a woman in her early 20's. She's pretty, but far from being a fragile little flower. She's got a little bit of an edge to her.

And MICK, about 20 years old. Not so edgy. Very mellow looking young man.

As the door closes behind Kelly and Mick, they stop to look around the place. Kelly is less than impressed, but follows Mick to the bar where they sit down.

Rembrandt notices the two youngsters as they sit down. Since nobody else seems to be helping them, he walks behind the bar and over to where they're sitting.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

If you kids are looking for alcohol, you better have very convincing ID's.

Kelly is about to respond, but Mick cuts her off.

MICK

We're just here for lunch, sir.

Rather than say anything, Kelly just smiles.

MICK (CONT'D)

Do you have a menu that we could look at?

Remmy grabs two menus from behind the bar and hands them to the youngsters.

REMBRANDT

You kids from around here?

KELLY
 (smirks)
 No.

MICK
 We're just passing through.

REMBRANDT
 Right.
 (beat)
 Well, you kids look over the menu
 and I'll be back to take your
 order.

Mick nods and smiles to Remmy as Remmy walks off.

Once Remmy is gone, Kelly turns to Mick and drops whatever smile remains on her face.

KELLY
 If he calls us "kids" one more
 time, I swear...

MICK
 Just take it easy. Don't get your
 excessive eyeliner in a bunch.

KELLY
 Whatever. Just do whatever it is
 you're doing, and let's get the
 hell out of this place. Rural areas
 give me hives.

Sam walks out of the kitchen, and over to Remmy, who is standing at the end of the bar.

When Kelly sees Sam, she perks up a little.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Then again, you should be thorough.
 Don't want to rush things.

Mick looks over to see what Kelly is looking at. When he sees Sam, he rolls his eyes and then turns back to the menu.

MICK
 Whore.

ANGLE ON: REMMY AND SAM

Talking at the end of the bar.

SAM

She's okay. She'll be out in a few seconds.

REMBRANDT

She shouldn't even be working today.

SAM

She needs the money.

The kitchen door opens and Bryce walks out. She tries to smile at Remmy, but it's obviously not a real smile.

REMBRANDT

You should go home, girl. I'll cover for you.

BRYCE

Thanks, but I'm okay. You shouldn't have to keep covering for me.

REMBRANDT

That's what friends do.

Bryce hugs Rembrandt.

BRYCE

I love you guys.

She pulls away and straightens out her apron. After flashing another smile, she walks out into the restaurant to do her job.

Remmy and Sam are left feeling helpless.

REMBRANDT

We should get back to work too.

SAM

You're working?

REMBRANDT

I am now.

Remmy walks behind the bar, to where Mick and Kelly are sitting, still looking at their menus.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

You kids decide on anything yet?

MICK

We're still working that out.

KELLY
 Could we get some drinks? Coke.

REMBRANDT
 Yeah.

Remmy turns toward Sam.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
 Two cokes.

Sam gets to work on the drinks. Remmy is just about to walk away when Mick once again speaks (keeping his eyes on the menu).

MICK
 Do you have any sliders here?

Rembrandt's heart skips a beat. He turns back to Mick.

REMBRANDT
 What did you say?

MICK
 Sliders?
 (beat)
 Y'know... little hamburger things.

Kelly shakes her head, marveling at the lameness of her brother.

REMBRANDT
 You'll have to go to White Castle for those.

Mick looks up from the menu and smiles.

MICK
 It was worth a shot. We'll have two bacon burgers, extra bacon.

REMBRANDT
 How do you want them cooked?

MICK
 Still moo-ing works for me.

Rembrandt nods and walks toward the kitchen. Once Remmy's gone, Kelly looks to Mick.

KELLY
 (mockingly)
 "Do you have any sliders here?"

Kelly turns on her bar stool and looks out the window.

KELLY (CONT'D)

(beat)

You are so lame.

MICK

Isn't there a mailbox you could be humping?

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY

Rembrandt walks into the kitchen and turns to the COOKS.

REMBRANDT

I need two bacon burgers, rare,
with extra bacon.

As the cooks get to work, Remmy goes back to the kitchen door and peeks out. He watches as Sam hands the drinks to Mick and Kelly. It's obvious that he's suspicious of them.

Remmy backs away from the door just as Bryce walks through it. When she sees Remmy looking out, she gets curious.

BRYCE

Something wrong?

REMBRANDT

Those kids at the bar. Ever seen them before?

Bryce looks out at the bar and then turns to Remmy.

BRYCE

No.

(then, with a smile)

Maybe they're more fans.

REMBRANDT

I don't think so.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Sam is behind the bar, talking on his cell phone.

SAM

You know we can do it.

(beat)

We've done it before.

(beat)

I don't care. I just... I need to.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

Will you look into it for me? Ask around?

(beat)

Thanks.

Sam hangs up the cell phone just as Remmy walks out of the kitchen.

Remmy stops when he notices that Mick and Kelly are gone. All that's left where they were sitting is some money for their food.

SAM (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

REMBRANDT

Did you see where those kids went?

SAM

Sorry. They must have slipped out when I wasn't looking.

Remmy walks to the window and looks outside. He doesn't like the vibe that he's getting from those people.

Bryce walks up behind Remmy. She speaks quietly to him.

BRYCE

The people at table thirteen wanted me to offer you a hundred dollars to sing "Cry Me A River".

Remmy turns and looks at Bryce, and then looks past her to table thirteen. He sees a GROUP OF ELDERLY WOMEN sitting there, looking at him. They wave coyly as he looks at them.

Bryce looks to the ground and speaks even more quietly.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Two hundred if you sing it naked.

Remmy looks back to Bryce, who keeps her eyes on the ground.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RATTY'S - DAY

The back door to the restaurant opens and Remmy walks out, carrying a bag of garbage and mumbling to himself.

REMBRANDT

I hate that song. I've always hated that song.

(beat)

(MORE)

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
 Didn't even record that song on my
 world because it was so bad.

He gets to a dumpster and tosses the bag inside. As he turns to walk back to the restaurant, he spots Mick and Kelly standing against the wall across from Ratty's, talking amongst themselves.

MICK
 That's stupid. It's really stupid.

KELLY
 Do you have any better ideas?

MICK
 I have a lot of better ideas.

Remmy thinks for a moment, and then starts to walk toward Mick and Kelly. He's planning to get answers once and for all.

As he gets closer to the youngsters, Mick spots him and smiles.

MICK (CONT'D)
 Let's ask him.

KELLY
 Really?

MICK
 Yeah. It'll be fun.
 (then, to Remmy)
 Hey, let me ask you something.

Remmy stops near them.

REMBRANDT
 I was just about to say the same
 thing.

MICK
 Me first, and then you can go.
 'Kay?

REMBRANDT
 Fine.

Mick smiles wider and proceeds to ask:

MICK
 Okay, so... What if you could
 travel to parallel worlds.
 (MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

I mean, what if you could slide to different dimensions? Where it's the same year and all of that, and you're the same person, but everything else is different?

Remmy is not amused.

MICK (CONT'D)

Would you go?

REMBRANDT

What is this? Who are you people?

KELLY

I told you this was stupid.

MICK

(ignoring Kelly)

I'm serious. Would you go?

REMBRANDT

Look, I don't know who you kids are, but I don't want to see you around here again.

Remmy turns and starts to walk away.

KELLY

Anyone ever tell you that you look a lot like that singer guy?

(beat)

Rembrandt Brown.

Remmy stops walking but doesn't turn around right away.

KELLY (CONT'D)

It's uncanny, really.

(beat)

Isn't it uncanny, Mick?

MICK

They could be twins.

Remmy turns around and walks back to Mick and Kelly, so they're not heard by anyone else who might be around.

REMBRANDT

What are you doing here?

MICK

We're just passing through.

REMBRANDT
Enough games.

KELLY
We're not the ones playing make-believe.

Remmy is about to say something else, but stops and looks back to the restaurant. Talking about this makes him nervous.

REMBRANDT
Not here. Not now.

KELLY
Then where?
(beat)
And when?

REMBRANDT
We'll meet at my place tonight after my shift. The address is--

KELLY
We got it.

REMBRANDT
You "got" it? I'm not listed.

Kelly smirks and holds up Remmy's wallet.

Mick closes his eyes and shakes his head.

MICK
I apologize for my thieving slut of a sister. We didn't come to cause trouble.

Remmy grabs his wallet from Kelly and gives her a not-too-happy looks.

REMBRANDT
Tonight. Ten o'clock.
(then, to Mick)
You better keep an eye on her.

MICK
Yessir.

Remmy turns and walks back to the restaurant, checking his wallet along the way to make sure that nothing was stolen.

Once Remmy's gone, Mick turns to Kelly.

MICK (CONT'D)
This is why you don't have any
friends.

Mick starts to walk out of the alley. Kelly follows.

KELLY
I have plenty of friends.

MICK
Customers don't count.

KELLY
Don't make me hurt you.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Remmy walks out of the kitchen, into the restaurant. As he passes the bar, Sam calls to him.

SAM
Hey, Max, you got a phone call
while you were out.

REMBRANDT
Who was it?

SAM
Some guy from TV. He wanted me to
pass along his number.

Sam hands Remmy a piece of paper which has the phone number on it.

SAM (CONT'D)
I have to admit, man, I was wrong.
You're totally getting swamped by
Remmy fans.

Sam looks past Remmy, to the table of elderly women. When Remmy looks back, the women wave to him.

Remmy turns back to Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)
You're a rock god.

REMBRANDT
You're funny.

Sam can't help but laugh at the humor of the situation.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
 Rembrandt Brown was a genius, man.
 Respect the dead.

Sam keeps on laughing. Eventually, Remmy joins in.

INT. REMBRANDT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Remmy walks into his apartment, closing the door behind him. He flips on a light and walks to his answering machine. He presses the button and walks toward the kitchen for something to drink while he listens.

The MACHINE BEEPS.

DENISE PRATT (V.O.)
 Hello? Is this really you? Is this
 Rembrandt Brown?
 (beat)
 I've been a fan of yours for a very
 long time, Mr. Brown. A very long
 time.

The message ends there.

The MACHINE BEEPS again.

MARCY (V.O.)
 Rembrandt? Rembrandt, it's me. I
 just wanted to let you know that I
 still haven't told anyone about
 you. You can trust me.
 (beat)
 If you want to talk to me, my
 number is KLondike 5-4385.

Remmy walks out of the kitchen with his drink and stands next to the machine.

MARCY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (long beat)
 I love you.

The MACHINE BEEPS.

SAM (V.O.)
 Max? Hey, it's me. I just wanted to
 let you know that there was a guy
 in here a couple of minutes ago. He
 came in just after you left for the
 night. He was asking all kinds of
 questions about you.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Anyway, we didn't tell him
 anything. He seemed kinda weird, so
 we just gave him your home address.
 (beat)
 That was a joke. Anyway, that's it.
 See ya.

Remmy pushes another button on the machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)
 Messages deleted.

Remmy looks at his watch, just as someone KNOCKS on his door.
 He stares at the door for a second or two before he moves to
 answer it. He's not looking forward to this meeting.

When he does open the door, he finds Mick and Kelly standing
 outside. Mick smiles.

MICK
 Hey.

REMBRANDT
 Come in.

Mick and Kelly walk into the apartment, and Remmy closes the
 door, glancing around outside as he does.

KELLY
 You think we were followed or
 something?

REMBRANDT
 I don't know who you are. All I
 know is that you shouldn't be here.

KELLY
 You invited us.

REMBRANDT
 You know what I mean.
 (beat)
 You kids have the wrong guy. I'm
 not who you think I am.

KELLY
 Really? We're going back to this
 game again?

MICK
 Maxwell Mallory. It's a clever
 name. But it's not your name.

REMBRANDT

Who are you?

MICK

I'm Mick. This is my sister, Kelly.
We're like you.

REMBRANDT

Like me?

KELLY

Did you bump your head on the way
out of the vortex, grandpa?

(beat)

We're sliders.

Rembrandt hesitates before answering. He then shakes his head.

REMBRANDT

I don't know what you're talking
about.

MICK

Maybe this will jog your memory.

Mick reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a small device of some sort, which has a company logo on it, for a company called "InterDime". He holds it out for Remmy to take, which makes Kelly nervous, but she doesn't say anything.

Remmy's eyes lock onto the device as Mick presses a button to unlock it and reveals a countdown, currently at twenty-eight hours and change.

REMBRANDT

My God.

Remmy takes the timer and holds it in his hands, as gently as if it were a bubble that might pop at any moment. He stares at the countdown.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

I never thought I'd see one of
these again.

MICK

(with a smile)

So, you are a slider?

(to Kelly)

We found one. I knew we'd find one.

Remmy hands the timer back to Mick.

REMBRANDT

I used to be a slider. That was a long time ago.

MICK

But this isn't your world. You don't belong here any more than the two of us do.

REMBRANDT

This is my home now.

KELLY

Good luck with that.

REMBRANDT

What's that supposed to mean?

MICK

It means that no matter how you might feel about this place, you might not have a choice anymore.

Mick walks to the closest window and looks out.

MICK (CONT'D)

We're not the only people looking for sliders here.

REMBRANDT

Who?

MICK

The feds.

REMBRANDT

This world doesn't have sliding technology. How would they--

KELLY

Tell that to our parents.

REMBRANDT

What's that supposed to mean?

MICK

It means...

Mick takes a deep breath, looking down at the timer.

MICK (CONT'D)

It means that this timer hasn't been activated in twenty-nine years. The last people to use it were our parents.

REMBRANDT

They missed the slide?

MICK

Yeah. At first, they thought it'd be okay too. They thought they could settle down and have a normal life, even if this place wasn't their home.

KELLY

Then the feds noticed that something was up. When they tried to register for passports, their DNA raised a few flags in the system.

(beat)

They ran like hell, for years.

MICK

But each year, the government found out more and more about them and who they were. Their hunt only intensified when they realized what they were dealing with.

REMBRANDT

Did they get caught?

Mick slips the timer back into his pocket. His eyes stay on the ground for a few seconds before he replies to Remmy's question.

MICK

No. They weren't caught.

It's obvious to Remmy that their parents also didn't live happily ever after.

REMBRANDT

I'm sorry.

KELLY

Whatever. Long story short, we were raised by some friends of theirs and kept the timer.

MICK

It didn't even work until about six months ago. Then it started counting down.

KELLY

Meaning, we can finally get off this rock.

REMBRANDT

You're really gonna leave? Just like that?

KELLY

This isn't home. It's never been home.

REMBRANDT

You were born here.

KELLY

Doesn't mean we shoulda been.

MICK

I've been looking for years. Trying to find someone else like us. You're the first one I've found.
(beat)
You can come with us.

Remmy shakes his head.

REMBRANDT

No. This might not be my Earth, but it's my home now. I'm done with all that.

KELLY

We're not the only ones who've been looking. The government on this world's been looking for sliders too. It's a wonder you've lasted this long.

REMBRANDT

They haven't found me yet. What makes you think they will now?

KELLY

Aside from the fact that your face is plastered all over the internet, and the fact that we found you without a fraction of the resources they have?

(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)

(beat)

How 'bout the black SUV that's been parked outside your restaurant for the last two days?

REMBRANDT

What are you talking about?

KELLY

Umm... The black SUV that's been parked outside your restaurant for the last two days.

(beat)

You didn't notice?

REMBRANDT

I don't usually inventory all of the cars in town.

KELLY

Maybe you should.

MICK

Point is, they know you're here.

REMBRANDT

That doesn't mean that they know where I come from.

MICK

How much confidence do you have in whoever faked your papers?

Remmy doesn't answer that question. He sits down and thinks about what he's being told.

REMBRANDT

I have a life here. How am I supposed to just turn my back on that?

MICK

Same way you did before.

REMBRANDT

I didn't have a choice before. The only reason I got into sliding was because of some freak accident.

MICK

I don't know what to tell you.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Still contemplating his situation, Remmy starts to shake his head.

REMBRANDT

Well, don't be. I'm not going.

KELLY

Maybe we should have been more blunt. These people killed our parents. They're not tracking you down so they can throw you a party.

REMBRANDT

I know what you said. I'm just not sure it's worth running. What's the point of living if you're just going to be miserable? I'd rather stand my ground.

KELLY

Then I'd spread a tarp first if I were you.

MICK

Please think about what you're doing.

REMBRANDT

I don't need to.

(beat)

Look, I appreciate what you're trying to do here, but I just don't have it in me. Not again.

KELLY

Fine.

Kelly walks toward the door.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Can't say we didn't try.

Mick doesn't move. He looks down at Remmy.

MICK

We don't slide until tomorrow night. We'll be around until then.

Remmy doesn't respond. Kelly walks out of the apartment. After a few seconds, Mick follows her.

When he is once again alone, Remmy sits back in his chair, looking upward.

REMBRANDT
I can't do this again.
(beat)
I can't.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - MORNING

The restaurant is closed at the moment. No customers to be seen.

Remmy is standing at the front door, looking out at the black SUV. He's got a look of deep concern on his face.

Behind him, Sam is sitting on one of the bar stools, talking on his cell phone.

SAM
How much is "a lot"?
(beat)
Son of a bitch. You're sure?
(beat)
No. No, don't tell them anything right now. Just give me a few hours to work things out. I'll get back to you.
(beat)
Yeah. Bye.

Sam hangs up the phone and remains silent. Remmy eventually turns around.

REMBRANDT
How long have they been out there?

SAM
Hmm?
(beat)
Oh. I didn't notice them until last night.

REMBRANDT
And they were asking about me?

SAM
Yeah.

Remmy doesn't like this at all.

SAM (CONT'D)
You okay? You're not in some kind of trouble, are you?

REMBRANDT

Don't worry about it. I'm fine.

(beat)

How 'bout you? You look like you're
as stressed out as I am.

SAM

It's nothing.

REMBRANDT

You sure?

Sam hesitates. He then looks around the restaurant to make sure that nobody else is around before he leans in closer to Remmy and lowers his voice.

SAM

I was thinking about Bryce's kid,
Katie.

REMBRANDT

What about her?

Sam hesitates again, but finally talks.

SAM

About fifteen years ago, right
after the mandate went into effect,
my brother got sick. It was bad. We
couldn't get him to a doctor's
office for weeks, and even after we
did... The treatment was lousy.
There wasn't any medication for
them to give him. The more time he
spent in the hospital, the more he
was exposed to all these things
that his body just couldn't fight
off anymore.

(beat)

He was dying, and we couldn't do
anything but watch. All thanks to
our great leader and her big plans.

REMBRANDT

What happened?

SAM

Eventually, we stopped waiting for
the system to take care of us. We
got him across the border to Canada
and took him to a decent hospital.

Remmy's starting to get it now.

REMBRANDT

That's what you want to do for
Katie?

SAM

I want to. Things are a little
different now. Fifteen years ago,
we didn't have salary caps or the
kind of taxes we have today. We
could save up some money when we
needed to.

REMBRANDT

How much do we need?

SAM

Ten grand, just to get things
rolling. That's assuming we can get
her over the border.

REMBRANDT

That's a lot of money.

SAM

I know.
(beat)
What else can we do?

REMBRANDT

Have you mentioned this to Bryce?

SAM

Not yet. I wanted to make sure it
could happen first.

REMBRANDT

Okay.
(beat)
Don't say anything to anyone. We'll
work something out.

SAM

You have any ideas?

REMBRANDT

Not yet. But I will. I promise you
that.

Sam nods and then adds.

SAM

Assuming the CSF doesn't haul your
ass off to prison.

With a quick smile, Sam walks off, toward the kitchen. Remmy turns back to the window.

REMBRANDT
It wouldn't be the first time.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - LATER

The restaurant is now open, and CUSTOMERS are scattered around the place.

Mick and Kelly walk into the restaurant. They scan the restaurant as they sit down at the bar.

Sam approaches them.

SAM
What can I get for you folks?

MICK
I'll have a water.

KELLY
I'm not sure. What's good?

SAM
Umm... It's a little early for alcohol, so maybe a soda or iced tea.

KELLY
Iced tea sounds refreshing. I'm very hot.

SAM
Yeah.
(beat)
Sure. Yeah. Right. I'm on it. Water and iced tea.

KELLY
Thank you.

Sam heads off to get their drinks.

MICK
Why?

KELLY
'Cause it's fun.

Rembrandt walks out of the kitchen carrying a tray. The tray has a plate of food on it. As he walks past the bar and adds a drink to the tray, he notices Mick and Kelly.

Mick smiles politely as Remmy continues on his way to the back of the restaurant where a BALDING MAN in a Hawaiian shirt is sitting alone, next to a potted plant.

We STAY ON REMMY as he gives the man his food and drink.

REMBRANDT
Anything else I can get for you?

BALDING MAN
I'm all set. Thanks.

REMBRANDT
No problem. Give me a holler if you need anything.

Remmy takes his tray back to the bar, where Sam is handing Mick and Kelly their drinks.

KELLY
(to Sam)
Thank you.

Kelly takes a sip.

KELLY (CONT'D)
That's sweet.

SAM
Is that okay?

KELLY
Yeah. I like it sweet.
(then)
I also like it hard.
(beat)
I mean, later in the day, when alcohol is called for.

Mick looks to Rembrandt and give him a "that's my sister" expression.

REMBRANDT
Did you kids need something?

MICK
We're just hanging out for a while.
There's not a whole lot to do in this town, is there?

REMBRANDT
We like it quiet around here.

MICK
Yeah.

Another customer walks to the bar. Sam sees this customer and then looks back to Kelly.

SAM
Excuse me.

KELLY
Yup.

Sam walks off to take care of the customer, leaving Remmy alone with Mick and Kelly.

MICK
You don't mind us hanging around,
do you?

REMBRANDT
Not so long as you don't draw too
much attention.

KELLY
Relax. We're not gonna out anyone.

REMBRANDT
Thank you.

KELLY
But you're still in a heap of
trouble with the government types.

Rembrandt looks out the window.

REMBRANDT
They've been sitting outside all
day.

KELLY
All except one.

REMBRANDT
What are you talking about?

MICK
The guy in back, with the Hawaiian
shirt.

Remmy glances back at the balding man.

REMBRANDT

What about him?

KELLY

Try not to stare. It makes feds uncomfortable.

REMBRANDT

What makes you think he's an agent?

MICK

We can tell.

(beat)

Check out the table real quick. Notice anything missing?

Remmy takes another quick glance back.

REMBRANDT

No.

KELLY

You sure about that?

Remmy looks again. This time he spots something.

REMBRANDT

The glass. I just brought him a drink.

MICK

I'm betting the plant's been freshly watered too.

KELLY

He has your prints. He can run them through the system and see if "Maxwell Mallory" really exists.

MICK

I'm sorry.

REMBRANDT

Son of a...

(beat)

Maybe we can get it back.

KELLY

And that wouldn't attract attention?

(beat)

Just play it cool for now.

(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)

As long as Mr. Fashion-Sense is sitting there, he can't run the prints. That gives us time.

REMBRANDT

Time for what?

MICK

Time to get you out of here.

REMBRANDT

I can't leave.

MICK

I'm not sure you have a choice.

REMBRANDT

Look, I know you kids want to help and all, and I thank you for that, but there are things going on here that you just don't know about.

KELLY

Well, "us kids" do know that if you're dragged out of here and dissected by the secret police, you're not doing anyone a whole hella good.

MICK

One of us can stay here and keep Agent Obvious distracted while you get out. We can cover your shift if you want.

KELLY

We can?

MICK

Not like we don't have experience waiting tables.

Rembrandt thinks this over. He doesn't like it one bit, but the more he thinks about it, the more he realizes that he doesn't have a choice.

Reluctantly, he gives in.

REMBRANDT

Fine. But I still have things that need taking care of.

MICK
 Maybe we can help with that too.
 (beat, then to Kelly)
 Who stays behind?

KELLY
 Not--

Sam walks back to the group, having taken care of his customer. When Kelly spots him again, her attitude changes.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 --Me. I'll stay.

MICK
 Remember, you're on the job here.

KELLY
 I got it covered. You crazy kids
 have fun now.

REMBRANDT
 (to Sam)
 Listen, I have to take off for a
 while. Kelly here's gonna stay
 behind to help out.

SAM
 What? But what about--

REMBRANDT
 I know. I'm gonna take care of
 that. I just need to get out of
 here before more men start asking
 questions about me.

SAM
 You in trouble?

REMBRANDT
 Son, I'm always in trouble.

SAM
 Can I help?

REMBRANDT
 Just hang out here for a while.
 I'll get in touch when I have a
 plan.

Sam nods.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
 (to Mick)
 Through the kitchen.

Before they head off Kelly grabs Mick's arm.

KELLY
 If something happens, slide without
 me.

REMBRANDT
 I hate it when people say that.

Remmy heads toward the kitchen, trying to look natural.

Mick shakes his head at Kelly.

MICK
 You know we're not gonna do that.

Mick says nothing else. He just follows Remmy through the kitchen.

Once Kelly and Sam are alone, she smiles to him.

SAM
 What's this all about?

KELLY
 (sarcastically)
 We're travellers from another
 dimension, trying to evade the law
 while waiting for the right moment
 to activate the vortex which will
 lead us back to our home planet.

SAM
 Oh.
 (beat)
 How's that working out for you?

Kelly pulls back her hair, tying it into a ponytail.

KELLY
 So far? Not well.

She grabs a tray from the bar and walks toward the balding man in the Hawaiian shirt.

As she nears him, she smiles pleasantly.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Is there anything else I can get
 for you, sir?

BALDING MAN
I'm already being helped, thanks.

KELLY
Oh... Max went on break, so I'm
gonna be your waitress for now. My
name's Belinda.

The balding man looks past Kelly.

BALDING MAN
Where did he go?

KELLY
Who?

BALDING MAN
My waiter.

KELLY
(shrugs)
Probably out back to grab a smoke.

She sits down across from the balding man.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Don't worry. He'll be back.
(beat)
I keep telling him that he needs to
cut down on those cigarettes.
Especially since they're, y'know,
illegal and all. He's just a big
ol' addict, I guess. Boy will he be
upset when he gets the cancer.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RATTY'S - DAY

Remy walks out of the restaurant. Mick isn't far behind. He
follows Remy down the alley.

REMBRANDT
We'll go this way. It'll be easier
to avoid the car out front.

MICK
Lead on, Cryin' Man.

REMBRANDT
Don't call me that.

MICK
Isn't that who you are? On your
world, I mean.

REMBRANDT
That was another life.

MICK
You only get one life.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Kelly is still sitting at the table with the balding man.

KELLY
You remind me of someone. I can't
quite place it though.

BALDING MAN
Shouldn't he be back by now?

KELLY
He's from a TV show, I think.

BALDING MAN
How long do his breaks normally
take?

KELLY
It's dead in here. He could be gone
for a while.
(beat)
I wanna say that guy from Mcgyver,
but that's not it.

BALDING MAN
What did you say your name was
again?

KELLY
Belinda.

The balding man takes out a badge and shows it to her.

BALDING MAN
Belinda, could I see your driver's
license and ERC?

Kelly looks at the badge and her face drops. All part of the
act.

KELLY
You're an agent?
(beat)
Crap.

BALDING MAN
I need to see them now.

Kelly stands up.

KELLY
Right. Sure.

She pulls an ID out of her pocket and hands it to him.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I don't have my Employee
Registration Card though. I sent
away for it, I swear. It just
hasn't gotten back to me yet.
(beat)
I just started.

The balding man looks over her fake ID, which has the Belinda name on it.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I completely intend to pay my
eighty-five percent. Honest.

Sam walks up to the table.

SAM
Is something wrong here?

BALDING MAN
I need to speak to your boss.

SAM
Chris? He doesn't get in for
another two hours.

BALDING MAN
Then, how about Maxwell Mallory?

SAM
I think he went out for a smoke.
(then, to Kelly)
Isn't that what he said, Belinda?

KELLY
That is what he said.

The balding man takes out his cell phone.

Kelly and Sam look at each other, not sure what to do next. Kelly then turns back to the man who is dialing and putting the phone to his ear.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Is that the new Motorola? I heard
 the camera's wicked on that one.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RATTY'S - DAY

Remmy and Mick reach the end of the alley and are about to step into the street when a black SUV cuts them off.

MICK
 Other way!

REMBRANDT
 You think?

They start to run in the other direction. The SUV turns down the alley and follows them.

As they run, Remmy grabs some garbage cans and throws them in the SUV's path. The SUV swerves to avoid them.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
 Turn right at the end of the alley.

As they reach the other end of the alley, they turn right and keep running. The SUV is not far behind.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Remmy and Mick run down the street with the SUV on their back.

As they run past the restaurant, the balding man rushes through the door, chasing after them.

Kelly and Sam rush after the balding man, stopping in the doorway to watch what happens.

KELLY
 Hey! You just skipped out on the
 bill!
 (beat)
 I'm so reporting you!

SAM
 Think they'll make it?

KELLY
 They've both done it before.

SAM
 You really have to explain this to
 me.

Kelly turns to face Sam.

KELLY
 Are you sure you want to know?

SAM
 Seeing as how I'm lying to feds and
 putting my ass on the line? Yeah.

Kelly nods and walks back into the restaurant.

KELLY
 Okay then.

Sam follows her inside.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Remmy and Mick run through the park. The SUV is on the street
 behind them, unable to follow them across the grass.

The balding man and a MAN IN BLACK are chasing them by foot.

Ahead of Remmy and Mick lies a heavily wooded area.

MICK
 The woods?

REMBRANDT
 Yeah.

BALDING MAN
 Stop!

The balding man pulls a gun and stops running so that he can
 take aim.

The man in black keeps running, getting in the balding man's
 way.

BALDING MAN (CONT'D)
 Move!

Remmy and Mick enter the woods. The balding man has no clear
 shot.

BALDING MAN (CONT'D)
 Son of a bitch.

The balding man starts to run after them once again.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Remmy and Mick are still running. Mick looks back.

MICK
I think we're losing them.

REMBRANDT
Just keep moving.

ANGLE ON: THE BALDING MAN

With the man in black running along with him, the two of them continue to chase Remmy and Mick.

After a few seconds, the balding man stops and looks around. Remmy and Mick are gone.

BALDING MAN
(to the man in black)
Where did they go?

The MIB doesn't respond. After considering his options and scanning the area, the balding man eventually starts to move again.

BALDING MAN (CONT'D)
This way. C'mon.

They break into a run and continue the chase.

That is, until Remmy steps out from behind a tree and smacks the balding man over the head with a tree branch. The balding man goes down.

The man in black pulls a gun and aims it at Remmy. He's just about to pull the trigger when he's struck from behind. As he collapses, we see Mick standing behind him, holding a large rock.

MICK
That sounded painful.

REMBRANDT
Get their guns and shoelaces.

Mick starts to unlace the man in black's shoes. Remmy works on the balding man.

MICK

Is this some sort of McGyver thing?
Like, we set up the guns so that
they shoot these guys when they try
to move?

REMBRANDT

No. We take the guns and tie the
two of them to a tree.

MICK

That works too.
(beat)
I guess.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - DAY

Remmy and Mick walk out of the woods, calm as ever. They
start to walk up the road.

REMBRANDT

I can't go back to my house.

MICK

Probably a bad idea. We have our
motel room on the edge of town. We
can hang out there until the slide.

REMBRANDT

I told you, I have things to take
care of.

MICK

Unless those things involve getting
shot in the face, you need to stay
out of sight. You can work from the
motel.

REMBRANDT

Fine.

MICK

If you need to grab anything, let
me know. I can probably get in and
out of your place without too much
fuss.

REMBRANDT

It's probably being watched.

MICK

By people who care a lot more about
you than they do me.

(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

Plus, the guys watching your place probably aren't the same as the guys at the restaurant, so they've never seen me. Best they have is a description.

REMBRANDT

Fine. I'll make a list.

MICK

(with a smile)

See this? This is what you call team work.

REMBRANDT

(less thrilled)

Just like old times.

Mick's smile fades.

MICK

Let's hope not.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Kelly and Sam are sitting at the bar. She is explaining the situation. He has little expression at all.

KELLY

I've never actually seen the vortex, but my parents used to say that it was like this whirlpool in the air. Like water. You jump through it and suddenly, you're on another world.

SAM

But not another world. Another Earth.

(beat)

You mean, that whole Einstein-Rosen-Podolsky bridge theory is for real?

KELLY

You've heard of it?

SAM

I've read books. So, you're parents...?

KELLY

Dead. About ten years now.

SAM
Who took care of you?

KELLY
Friends. At least until we could
take care of ourselves.
(beat)
We never really fit in there
either.

SAM
Sounds tough.

Kelly stiffens up. She doesn't want sympathy.

KELLY
Everyone's got a sob story, right?

SAM
Doesn't make it easier.

Kelly looks around the place, which is still lacking more than a few customers. She'd like to have something else to focus on, but there just isn't anything.

KELLY
So, what's this very important
stuff that you and Rembrandt needs
to handle.

Sam smirks.

SAM
Okay, that's just weird. Can we
call him Max for a while?

KELLY
Okay. What does "Max" need to take
care of? He doesn't strike me as
the type of guy who has a lot going
on.

SAM
It's more about this friend of
ours...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The motel room is small, with two beds, a TV and a desk. Not the prettiest place in the world, but functional enough.

The door opens and Mick leads the way inside. Remmy follows.

MICK

It's far enough out of the way. I doubt they'll come looking here.

Remmy closes the door behind him and looks around the place.

MICK (CONT'D)

I guess I don't need to keep explaining this stuff. You've been through it all before, right?

REMBRANDT

Yeah.

Mick stands awkwardly for a few seconds, not really sure what to do or say next.

Finally, he sits on one of the beds.

MICK

When I was a kid-- When my parents were still alive, we used to move around a lot. Usually places like this.

(beat)

They hated that we had to live like that. They hated that we got stuck on a world like this. They always wanted more for us, so they'd try to make it seem like home wherever we went. Little things, you know? Pictures. Stuff like that.

REMBRANDT

You can stay in the same motel room on a hundred different worlds, and they never really feel like home.

MICK

No, they don't.

(beat)

But we were okay. When it was the four of us, sometimes it seemed like one long family trip. We had fun when we weren't lying to people about our names, or trying not to look guilty around cops.

(beat)

We had our fun.

REMBRANDT

They ever tell you what your world was like?

MICK

They used to talk about it at night. Our version of bedtime stories. All I really remember was that it was different. Where my parents came from, the world was more advanced. Not just technology. I mean, time was actually further along. So when they started sliding and found all of these worlds which were thirty years behind them, it was really confusing at first.

REMBRANDT

(with a chuckle)

Yeah, I imagine it was. You think you can change things if you try hard enough. You want to see it as a way of setting things right. It's hard to remember that it's not your world.

There's a somber silence for a few seconds, and then Mick perks up a little.

MICK

But, that means that our world's probably more advanced when it comes to sliding. They've had it for a long time now. My parents were sliding for years before they got lost.

(beat)

Maybe we can find your home. Your real home.

Rembrandt seems amused by that.

REMBRANDT

Kid, even my real home's not my home anymore.

MICK

But it's worth finding, right?

REMBRANDT

I used to think so. Now all I think about when I think of my home world is how I'd explain to my friends' families why their kids aren't coming home.

(beat)

I used to have dreams about going home. After... Once I was alone.

(MORE)

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

I used to dream that there was something to go home to. Something to fight for.

MICK

There's not?

REMBRANDT

I honestly don't know anymore. I've seen so many things, it's hard to tell what's real and what's not anymore.

Mick is quiet for a moment. He then reaches down and grabs a duffel bag that's sitting next to the bed. As he fishes through it, he continues to talk with Remmy.

MICK

Are we talking serious mental issues here, or philosophical issues?

REMBRANDT

Both, I guess.

(beat)

I've had my mind played with. Worlds with technology that could mess with my head. Made me believe things that weren't really happening, all so I'd give up information about sliding.

MICK

Did you?

REMBRANDT

There wasn't anything for me to give up. I never knew how this stuff worked in the first place.

MICK

So they just played with your mind? For how long?

REMBRANDT

I wish I could tell you.

MICK

Damn. That's messed up.

Mick pulls a hat out of the duffel bag. The hat has fake hair sticking out of it.

REMBRANDT

What is that?

MICK

This is a cheap disguise that I won in an arcade when I was a kid.

REMBRANDT

What are you doing with it?

Mick puts the hat on.

MICK

The guys in the park know who you are, but all they have on me is a description to pass on to whoever's watching your house. So I change the way I look.

REMBRANDT

With that thing?

MICK

You'd be amazed at how many times I've done this.

REMBRANDT

Just give up before they shoot you.

MICK

Never gonna do that.

Mick grabs some clothes from the bag.

MICK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need your key too. Take it off the ring.

EXT. REMBRANDT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Remmy's place is in a secluded area, surrounded by trees. He lives above the rundown garage of someone else's house, which can't be seen. It's not pretty, but it's home.

On the small road which leads to the apartment sits a black SUV with TWO AGENTS inside of it.

Mick walks up the road, now wearing board shorts, a funky t-shirt, and the hairy hat. He's listening to music on his ipod, bobbing his head to the beat.

Passing the SUV, Mick walks up the stairs to Remmy's apartment and pounds on the door. When nobody answers, he looks through a window. Seeing nobody, he knocks again.

Still without anyone answering, Mick looks around the area and spots the SUV. He walks down the stairs, and to the SUV. Once he reaches it, he knocks on the window.

The agent behind the wheel (Agent One) rolls down his window.

MICK

So, um... Are you guys waiting for Max? 'Cause I don't think he's home.

AGENT ONE

Go away.

MICK

Right.

(beat)

But, see, I kinda know him. I mean, I could tell him you stopped by, Mr...?

AGENT ONE

Go away.

MICK

Uh-huh. Yeah, but I have to go inside anyways. I need to drop off this CD that I burned for him--

Mick holds up a CD.

MICK (CONT'D)

See? I burned it. It's got all kinds of cool songs. Like old rock stuff that my mom used to listen to, but I put this new beat on it, so it's more like a retro club-mix. It's shway. You can listen if you want.

The agent pulls his gun and aims it at Mick. Mick looks down the barrel.

MICK (CONT'D)

Right. So maybe another time then.

(beat)

I'll just leave this inside and leave you alone with your--

Mick looks at the other agent inside of the car.

MICK (CONT'D)

--friend.

Mick backs away from the car before turning around and rushing back to the apartment.

Once he's up the stairs, Mick looks under a flower pot. He reaches down and pretends to grab the key from under the pot and then holds it up to show the agents with an awkward smile.

He then lets himself inside, closing the door behind him.

INT. REMBRANDT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mick pulls a piece of paper from his pocket. It's a list of items that Remmy asked him to pack up.

Grabbing a canvas shopping bag from the kitchen, Mick gets to work on gathering the items from the list. They're small things, mainly. Pictures (which Mick removes from the frames), a small wooden box (which is locked) and a few other knickknacks which Remmy might want to take with him.

Once all of the items are in the bag, Mick looks around the apartment one last time, and shrugs to himself.

He then opens a window which opens on the rear of the building, and drops the bag out of it.

He grabs another canvas bag.

EXT. REMBRANDT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mick walks out of the apartment, carrying the other canvas bag which is also full. After locking the door, he walks down the stairs, and to the SUV. He taps on the window.

Again, the annoyed agent rolls down the window.

AGENT ONE

What?

MICK

Totally not gonna bug you, man. I just thought you might be hungry or something.

Mick holds out the bag, so the agent can look inside. The bag is full of food.

MICK (CONT'D)
Want something? Max won't mind.
He's cool like that.

The agent looks into the bag and then back to Mick.

AGENT ONE
No.

MICK
You sure?

Mick reaches into the bag and pulls out an apple.

MICK (CONT'D)
Apple?

The agent rolls up his window. Mick shrugs and takes a bite out of the apple. He then waves, turns and walks toward the apartment once again.

This time, he walks past the stairs, and around the building.

We STAY WITH THE AGENTS as they watch Mick walk away.

AGENT TWO
Think it's anything?

AGENT ONE
No.

Mick passes behind the building, but is eventually visible once again. With canvas bag slung over his shoulder and eating the apple, he walks toward the woods behind the apartment.

AGENT ONE (CONT'D)
Did you see that hair?

AGENT TWO
(chuckles)
I couldn't look at anything else.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Sam is standing behind the bar, watching as Kelly walks from the kitchen, to a table where three customers are seated. She's carrying a tray with their lunch on it.

As Kelly reaches the table, she smiles to her customers and hands them their food.

KELLY

Okay, we have one tuna melt with extra pickles. One BLT burger, hold the mayo. And last but not least, we have a chicken finger platter, extra honey sauce. You folks enjoy.

They say their thank-yous and she walks away, to another table. As she reaches this table, she pulls out her pad and tucks the tray under one arm.

There are two people at this table. An YOUNG MOTHER and her YOUNG DAUGHTER.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Have we decided yet?

YOUNG MOTHER

I think we're getting close.

YOUNG DAUGHTER

I want ice cream!

YOUNG MOTHER

You can have ice cream after you've eaten something healthy.

(then, to Kelly)

It's always a haggling game with this one.

Kelly smiles and kneels down to speak to the little girl.

KELLY

When I was about your age, I went through this phase where I only wanted to eat brownies. My mother always tried to get me to eat something that was good for me before I could have my brownie. I used to kick and scream about it. Finally, you know what she did?

The little girl shakes her head.

KELLY (CONT'D)

She started baking vegetables into my brownies. She'd put spinach in there, and carrots. Then she'd put it all in the blender and bake it up so I wouldn't notice.

YOUNG DAUGHTER

Yuck!

KELLY

I know! I could always taste the vegetables. It was the worst thing ever. After a while, I didn't even like brownies anymore.

YOUNG DAUGHTER

You didn't like brownies?

KELLY

How could I? I always thought they were going to taste like spinach. To this day, I can't eat a brownie without tasting vegetables.

(beat)

You like ice cream, right?

The little girl nods.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Would you like ice cream with carrots on top?

YOUNG DAUGHTER

Eew!

KELLY

How about ice cream with chunks of chocolate covered broccoli?

The girl scrunches her nose. Kelly does the same thing.

KELLY (CONT'D)

How about brussel sprout ice cream, with barbecue chicken sprinkles and lima bean sauce?

YOUNG DAUGHTER

No!

KELLY

No?

The little girl shakes her head.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Well, then... I guess you should get through your healthy lunch fast so you can enjoy your ice cream. Right?

The little girl nods.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Okay. How about a tuna sandwich
with sweet potato fries?

The little girl nods again. Her mother smiles.

YOUNG MOTHER
Thank you.

KELLY
Not a problem. What can I get for
you?

YOUNG MOTHER
I'll have the brussel sprout ice
cream, hold the barbecue chicken.

YOUNG DAUGHTER
Eeeeeeeew!

The young mother laughs.

YOUNG MOTHER
I'll just have what she's having.
Thanks.

KELLY
Coming right up.

Kelly writes the order and walks away from the table, toward
the bar. As she reaches the bar, she notices Sam watching
her.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Something wrong, boss?

SAM
I'm just trying to figure you out.

KELLY
How so?

SAM
In the span of a couple hours,
you've gone from moody rebel chick
to smiley small-town waitress.

KELLY
I'm not a morning person.

SAM
So, which are you really?

Kelly looks him in the eyes, but hesitates before answering. Finally, she says:

KELLY

Maybe I'll know who I am when I
meet some people on my own world.

SAM

Where you are doesn't make you who
you are.

Kelly smiles at that.

KELLY

You should try living my life for a
while.

Sam isn't sure how to respond to that. Kelly senses this awkwardness, and rips the order from her pad.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I should get this to the kitchen.

Kelly walks away from Sam. He watches her go with a hint of concern in his eyes.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Remmy is sitting at the desk, working on the laptop when the door opens and Mick walks in, carrying the canvas bag.

MICK

Don't worry. It's just me.

REMBRANDT

I wasn't worried.

MICK

Yeah. You're very mellow for a guy
who's being hunted by the CSF.

REMBRANDT

At least they're human.

Mick's a little puzzled by that comment. He tosses the bag onto the bed and takes off his hairy hat.

MICK

Are you sure that's all you wanted?

REMBRANDT

What else could I want?

MICK

I don't know. Clothes. A toothbrush.

REMBRANDT

I never carried bags when I slid. Too much weight to haul around makes for a slow getaway.

MICK

Yeah, but bringing a bag means less spending on clothes wherever you land, doesn't it?

REMBRANDT

New clothes make you blend in better.

MICK

Old clothes are... comforting. Or something. I don't know. What are you doing?

REMBRANDT

Working out my plan.

MICK

You have a plan?

REMBRANDT

I think so.

MICK

Wanna tell me about it, or should I be surprised?

Mick walks to where Remmy is working and reads over his shoulder.

MICK (CONT'D)

The Rembrandt Brown fansite? I don't get it.

REMBRANDT

I need to raise money for my friend's kid. What better way to do that than to tell the world who I am?

MICK

Are you forgetting about the guys with guns who were shooting at you. Are you forgetting about the guys with guns who were shooting at me?

REMBRANDT

I'm not forgetting anything.

MICK

So what's this master plan then?
How do you plan on raising this
money without letting the feds know
where you are?

REMBRANDT

I don't.

MICK

Okay, great.

REMBRANDT

I'm telling them exactly when and
where to find me.

Mick quickly closes the laptop and pulls it away from Remmy.

MICK

How do you plan on telling them
this?

REMBRANDT

I already made a post on their
bulletin board. Sent out a few e-
mails too.

Mick closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

MICK

I'm going to try this without
freaking out.
(beat)
Please get ready, grab a bag and
join me in fleeing this motel room
right now.

REMBRANDT

I'm done hiding.

MICK

Yeah, well, I was planning on
keeping it up for a few more hours.
Do you know how simple it is for
these people to track you back to
this place? They're probably on
their way as we speak, so if you
want to argue about this, can we at
least doing it while speeding off
down the road in my car?

Remmy hesitates, but finally gives in.

INT. MICK'S CAR - DAY

Mick and Remmy pull out of the motel's parking lot. Behind them, we can see two black SUV's arriving at the motel.

Mick has his cell phone to his ear as he drives.

MICK

We're out, but we need to hang low
for a while.

(beat)

It's fine. He just kinda... Well,
he sorta told everyone in the world
where he was and how to find him.

Mick moves the phone away from his ear as Kelly yells on the other end.

MICK (CONT'D)

Kel, I understand your feelings and
I respect them, but you're gonna
have to stop yelling, okay?

(beat)

Kel?

(beat)

Ke-- Screw it.

Mick hangs up the phone and continues driving. He looks over at Remmy who is looking out his window.

MICK (CONT'D)

Kelly says hi.

REMBRANDT

I heard.

MICK

She's a very enthusiastic person
sometimes. But she means well.

(beat)

Sometimes.

The car falls silent for a moment.

MICK (CONT'D)

Can I ask you what you wrote
online? Exactly, I mean?

REMBRANDT

I told them that I'd be at the
restaurant tonight.

(MORE)

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

I told everyone to come if they
wanna see the show of their lives,
and I told them about the cover
charge.

MICK

Okay.

REMBRANDT

I also wrote to a few journalists
and bloggers to get their
attention.

MICK

Okay.

(beat)

And why would any of these people
believe you?

REMBRANDT

I posted a few things that only
Rembrandt Brown would know.

MICK

So... How would any of these people
know?

REMBRANDT

Honestly? As much as I'm hoping for
a crowd of reporters and fans
showing up, I really only need one
person there.

Mick doesn't respond. Remmy looks over at him.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Look, I know you probably think I'm
a fool. I'm putting all of us in
jeopardy by doing all of this. I
understand that, but you have to
know that I've been playing these
games for a while now. I know the
risks. I know what I'm putting on
the line.

(beat)

As much as we need to stay hidden
and try not to attract attention,
sometimes that's just not an
option. Sometimes you have to jump
in front of the bullet because it's
the right thing to do. Sometimes
you have to be willing to put your
life on the line for the greater
good.

Still, Mick says nothing. He just keeps driving.

EXT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Kelly is sitting at the bar, looking down at her cell phone. Sam is behind the bar, trying to talk to her without attracting attention.

KELLY

We're screwed. We are so screwed.

SAM

What happened?

KELLY

We tried to be nice. We tried to do the right thing and help the man out. I didn't even want to be here, but my stupid brother made me.

SAM

What's going on?

KELLY

We're going to die.

SAM

Okay.
(beat)
How?

KELLY

Your friend put out a friggin' press release, telling the world where to find us.

SAM

And how is this going to kill you?
Us?

(beat)
Is it gonna kill me?

KELLY

When you give people the time and place where they can hunt you down, it's not normally a good way to keep a low profile. The feds know exactly where Remmy plans to be. Here, tonight.

(beat)
And it's not even some sort of trick. He actually does plan to be here tonight.

SAM

Alright.

(beat)

But the feds already know where he is. They're already tracking him.

KELLY

Which is why we were trying to lose them.

SAM

How did he tell them all of this?

KELLY

He told everyone with an internet connection.

SAM

(smiles)

Elvis is alive.

KELLY

What?

SAM

He told the feds, but he also told all of his fans. They can't really shoot him down in front of a hundred people, each with a blog and a Flickr account, can they?

KELLY

Yes. They can. They have.

(beat)

I am this close to getting the hell off of this world. I'm this close to getting home, to a place where I might actually have a chance for a normal life, and he pulls this crap?

(beat)

The second this thing starts to go downhill, I'm taking action. I'm not going to let these people gun me or my brother down at the last minute.

SAM

Take action? What does that mean?

Kelly looks Sam in the eyes, very seriously.

INT. MICK'S CAR - DAY

REMBRANDT

You're that eager to take a human life?

MICK

I'm just saying that I'll do what I have to do.

REMBRANDT

You told me your parents were good, peaceful people. What do you think they'd say to you right now? Do you think your mother would support this plan?

MICK

No. Then again, she got shot in the face.

REMBRANDT

Look, I'm not saying that there aren't times when you have to defend yourself. I'm just saying that if you go into this with an itchy trigger finger, it's not going to end well.

MICK

Noted. Thanks.

Mick stops the car and puts it in park.

MICK (CONT'D)

We can hang out here for a while.

REMBRANDT

Are you hearing me?

MICK

I'm hearing you. Now you hear me.
(beat)

These people aren't good, God-fearing people. They killed my parents and that was the preferable option. Do you have any idea what they'd have done if they'd taken my parents alive? Do you have any idea what they'd do to us?

(long beat)

Look. All we wanted was to slip out of this world quietly.

(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

All we want is to go home. We're not the ones who invited the dudes with guns to our farewell party.

REMBRANDT

I had to.

MICK

Fine. I get that. Now you need to get me. I will not let them take us. I will do anything I have to do in order to get my sister off of this world.

(beat)

I want you to come, and I want to help you do what you have to do, but if you can't accept that...

After Mick trails off, Remmy falls silent. He looks out his window, toward the wooded area outside. He takes a long time to consider his situation before speaking again.

REMBRANDT

I really thought I was past all of this. I really thought I could stop running. Stop fighting.

MICK

We can get you home. My world has the technology. I'm sure of it.

REMBRANDT

I told you before, I'm not even sure what home is anymore.

MICK

Then you can stay on my world.

Remmy takes a deep breath, still looking out the window. He's still not happy to be leaving his new life behind.

REMBRANDT

Yeah.

(beat)

It always sounds that easy, doesn't it?

MICK

What do you mean?

REMBRANDT

Sliding. Going home. Settling down. You think it's simple, but it really never is.

(MORE)

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

If you think that some government agents chasing you down is a hard life... It's barely on the radar.

MICK

Okay.

(beat)

But we're just going home. The chase is over.

Remmy looks over at Mick. The kid doesn't get it.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Kelly and Sam are still at the bar.

SAM

You think you could do that?

KELLY

If I had to.

SAM

Have you ever...?

KELLY

(beat)

No. The last time the guys in suits caught a glimpse of me, I was a kid. My double on this world-- if I even have a double-- wouldn't be more than a little girl. There's nothing to track.

SAM

A little girl?

KELLY

Where my parents come from, there was something weird about the planet's orbit. Time moved a little more quickly.

(smile)

When they first started sliding, they thought they'd hit the wrong button or something. Somehow, they were back in time. Only, it wasn't their past. It was different. That's how they figured out that their world was different.

SAM

That must have been a downer. So much effort and they end up where they'd already been.

KELLY

More or less. But the variety made it an adventure. They used to tell us stories at bedtime. Worlds so different than their own. They were like fairy tales, right up there with the story about Santa and his unscrupulous elf.

Kelly's mind begins to wander as she recalls these memories.

SAM

Sounds like you had a nice family.

KELLY

Yeah.

Snapping out of whatever thought had taken her away, Kelly looks at her watch.

SAM

Got somewhere to be?

KELLY

Soon enough.
(then)
I have customers.

Kelly grabs her pad and walks to one of the tables, to take care of some customers. Sam watches her.

As he watches her, Bryce walks out of the kitchen tying her apron as she greets Sam.

BRYCE

Hey. Sorry I'm late.

SAM

No problem. How's Katie?

BRYCE

Tough night, but she finally got to sleep.
(beat)
She's... I don't know.

Bryce obviously has a lot to say, but doesn't want to say it. Instead, she looks to see what Sam had been watching before she came in, and spots Kelly.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Who's she?

SAM

Friend of Max's. She's filling in for him.

BRYCE

Is he okay?

SAM

Yeah. Just had a few things to take care of.

Bryce notices the way Sam is watching Kelly and grins.

BRYCE

She's cute, right?

Sam stops looking at Kelly and tries to play it cool.

SAM

I guess.

After a slight hesitation, Sam turns to Bryce and gets a little more serious.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hey, I wanted to talk to you.

BRYCE

'Bout what?

SAM

Actually... It's about Katie. I mean, I don't want to butt in or anything, but there's something I wanted to tell you about.

BRYCE

I have no clue what you're talking about.

SAM

I'm talking about getting her to a doctor. A real, competent doctor.

Bryce looks down.

BRYCE

Look, I know you want to help and I appreciate it, but there's really nothing you can do.

SAM

I know.

(beat)

But if I could... you'd be interested, right?

Bryce doesn't respond.

SAM (CONT'D)

Just let me explain and if you're still not interested, I'll back off.

After a moment, Bryce's eyes meet Sam's. She's ready to listen.

INT. MICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Mick is still behind the wheel, now asleep with a book open, resting on his chest.

Remy is in the passenger seat, looking at the new timer. He presses a button on the timer.

TIMER VOICE (V.O.)

One hour, thirteen minutes, twelve seconds until your slide.

Mick jumps when he hears the voice.

REMBRANDT

Sorry. I didn't know it did that.

MICK

(still groggy)

Me neither.

Mick looks out the window.

MICK (CONT'D)

How long have I been asleep?

REMBRANDT

Few hours.

MICK

Damn. Sorry about that.

Mick closes his book and sticks it into his bag.

MICK (CONT'D)

I always fall asleep right before they cure Old Yeller.

(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

The story just loses its emotional drive, y'know?

Remmy chuckles.

REMBRANDT

That's not how it ends on my world.

MICK

How does it end?

REMBRANDT

Let's just say, that's the one book that men are allowed to cry over.

MICK

I'm intrigued.

REMBRANDT

On my world, Huckleberry Finn doesn't die either.

MICK

For serious?

REMBRANDT

Yup.

Remmy shows Mick the timer.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Is this a GPS?

MICK

Yeah. You can program coordinates into the timer and land anywhere in the world... I'm not really sure whether it relies on the GPS availability of the world you're coming from, or the world you're going to though.

REMBRANDT

My timers were never this fancy.

MICK

Wait until you find the MP3 player.
(beat)
When do you think we should head over to the restaurant?

REMBRANDT

It'll take about ten minutes to get there.

(MORE)

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Probably shouldn't show up too soon.

(beat)
'Bout a half hour, I guess.

MICK
Cool.

Mick pulls out his phone.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant has about 20 customers, scattered around. There is also one female reporter, AMANDA RYNER and a CAMERAMAN sitting at the bar. She looks at her watch.

AMANDA RYNER
Another hour and we can go home.

CAMERAMAN
You think he'll show?

AMANDA RYNER
He damn well better. I didn't drive all the way out here to be stood up by some has-been's impersonator.

CAMERAMAN
Hey, don't knock Remmy Brown.

AMANDA RYNER
Don't tell me you're a fan.

CAMERAMAN
My mom used to play his stuff when I was a kid. The guy can sing.

AMANDA RYNER
Not much of a pilot though.

CAMERAMAN
He didn't pilot his own plane.

AMANDA RYNER
It was a joke.
(looks at watch)
I wish he'd just hurry up and get this freak show over with. Lord knows the boss is paying him enough.

CAMERAMAN
Beats doing midnight traffic
reports.

AMANDA RYNER
Barely.

Kelly passes by them, and we STAY WITH KELLY as her phone rings. She pulls it out of her pocket and answers.

KELLY
Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MICK'S CAR - NIGHT

MICK
How's it looking there?

KELLY
(sarcastically)
Oh, we're just swamped with
customers. There must be twenty...
maybe even thirty people turning
out for the return of the Cryin'
Man.

MICK
Anyone dressed up for the occasion?

KELLY
Suits? A couple gone casual in
here. A pair in the alley and the
usual guys out front.

MICK
Guess we'll need to work out a plan
for getting inside.

KELLY
We've handled worse.

MICK
Mom and Dad handled worse.

KELLY
We were there.

MICK
We were barely even people back
then.

KELLY

Whatever. Just call when you want in and I'll work it out.

MICK

Front or back?

KELLY

If you gotta do it, do it with dignity, brother.

MICK

Gotcha. See ya in a bit.

KELLY

Be careful.

MICK

I'm always careful. You be careful.

KELLY

Pssh. Not likely.

MICK

See ya.

KELLY

Yeah.

They hang up the phone and we STAY WITH KELLY.

She walks to the bar where Sam is serving customers.

SAM

That them?

KELLY

Yup. Pizza should be here in about an hour, if all goes according to plan. And really, what are the chances of something going wrong? Never gonna happen, right?

She smiles at Sam, obviously joking with that last part.

KELLY (CONT'D)

How much have we raised so far?

Sam looks at a glass which has some money in it.

SAM

Three hundred. Not enough.

KELLY

Damnit.

(beat)

What happens if we don't make it in time?

SAM

Then I guess I try something else after you're gone.

KELLY

We can't just leave like that.

SAM

You have to. Whatever happens, we make Max-- Rembrandt... Whatever. We make him go.

KELLY

You could come too.

SAM

Sounds fun and all, but I have to see this through. Bryce is all set to go once I get the money to her. I can't let her down.

KELLY

Yeah.

(beat)

I get that.

Kelly looks down at the bar.

SAM

If I didn't have to do this, I might seriously consider going with you.

KELLY

What about your family?

SAM

Haven't spoken to them in years.

KELLY

Sorry.

SAM

It's totally your fault.

Kelly takes a look around the restaurant, then back to Sam.

KELLY
So, what would you say the odds of
us living through the night are?

SAM
Fifty-fifty, at least.

KELLY
I like your numbers better than
mine.

INT. MICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Mick and Remmy are still wasting time in the car. Mick looks
at his watch.

MICK
Ready to do this?

REMBRANDT
Only as ready as I'll ever be.

MICK
(beat)
I'm sorry you have to leave.

Rembrandt doesn't say anything. His only response is a slight
nod.

After a short pause, Mick starts the car.

INT. MICK'S CAR - LATER

Mick and Remmy are in town now. It's late, so there aren't
many cars on the streets. As Mick drives, he seems to be very
focused. Remmy is just taking in the view one last time.

Mick pulls out his cell phone and dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kelly is just walking away from table when her cell phone
rings. She answers it.

KELLY
Yeah?

MICK
We're almost there.

KELLY
Meet any new friends on your
vacation?

MICK
Two boats cruising.

KELLY
Gives us about a dozen total,
right?

MICK
More or less.

KELLY
We can totally handle that.
(beat)
Right?

MICK
Plan is to not have to.

KELLY
Plans are for nerds and football
teams.

MICK
Just make a distraction so we can
get inside.

KELLY
On it.

They hang up. We STAY WITH MICK.

REMBRANDT
Two boats cruising?

MICK
It's code.

REMBRANDT
Uh-huh.

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kelly slips her phone into her pocket and walks to the bar.

KELLY
You have a bottle of Jack back
there?

SAM

Yeah.

KELLY

Well, give it here, boy.

Sam fetches the bottle of Jack Daniels.

SAM

Want a glass with that?

KELLY

Umm... No thanks. I'm a bottle girl.

She smiles at him.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

She walks toward the door.

SAM

Classy.

EXT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT/STREET - NIGHT

Two agents, AGENT DONAVAN (behind the wheel) and AGENT RODAY (riding shotgun) are sitting in their SUV across the street from Ratty's, with the windows rolled down. They're watching the restaurant.

Kelly walks out of the restaurant, carrying the bottle of whiskey, and crosses the street. The agents take notice.

AGENT DONAVAN

We have movement.

AGENT RODAY

I'll say.

Kelly nears the SUV and shoots the agents a sweet smile and a wave.

She then proceeds to walk to the front of the SUV, and pours whiskey all over its hood. She walks toward the driver's side window, still smiling.

By now, the agents are less than happy.

Kelly pulls a lighter from her pocket and lights it.

KELLY
I forget, is whiskey flammable?

She then tosses the lighter on the hood of the SUV, igniting the whiskey.

She walks toward the restaurant as the agents hop out of the car.

AGENT DONAVAN
(pulling his gun)
Stop!

Kelly tosses the bottle over her shoulder, and it shatters at his feet. Somehow, it manages to catch flame.

Kelly steps onto the sidewalk, just as Remmy and Mick near the restaurant. Remmy heads inside. Mick stops to look back at the flaming SUV.

MICK
Why do you always have to light
them on fire?

INT. RATTY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Remmy is just walking in and taking a look around. Mick and Kelly are right behind him.

REMBRANDT
(re: the small crowd)
This is it?

When the crowd sees Rembrandt, they all stand up. This included the four plain-clothed agents that are scattered around the room. As they stand, they place their hands on their weapons.

MARCY
(giddy)
I knew it! I knew it was you!

MALE FAN
That's not him. He's too skinny to
be Rembrandt Brown.

MARCY
It is him!

Amanda Ryner had been talking on her cell phone. When she sees Rembrandt, she takes the phone away from her ear and turns to her cameraman.

AMANDA RYNER

Get this.

She then turns to Remmy and holds out a microphone.

AMANDA RYNER (CONT'D)

Are you him? Are you the man
claiming to be Rembrandt Brown?

MICK

No... He's the other guy who just
happens to look just like Remmy
Brown.

REMBRANDT

(to Amanda)

You told me you'd make this worth
my while.

AMANDA RYNER

And you told me that you'd have the
story of a lifetime.

REMBRANDT

I do.

Remmy turns to the crowd.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

That's the reason I agreed to be
here.

(beat)

There's a little girl who needs
help. She needs medical care, and
her parents can't afford to take
care of her themselves. She needs
all of us to do what we can.

(beat)

But this is bigger than that...

MUSIC SWELLS.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

This is about the government that
controls us. This is about the
United States of America and the
rights that each of us is entitled
to as a citizen of this country.
This is about the Constitution,
which has been trampled on, and
bastardized.

(beat)

We have a duty to--

MICK

Umm-- Remmy?

Rembrandt turns to look at Mick. As he does, he is smacked across the face with the butt of a high powered rifle, held by an agent.

REVEAL that the room is full of agents, in black commando clothes, carrying heavy weaponry. All of the plain-clothes agents have their guns out as well.

Mick and Sam are standing with their hands over their heads.

As Remmy goes down, Kelly makes a move, but is stopped by the barrel of a gun being held to her head by Agent Donovan.

AGENT DONAVAN

I forget... Are bullets flammable?

The balding man from earlier walks into the restaurant from the kitchen, now wearing a suit rather than a Hawaiian shirt.

BALDING MAN

It looks like your little meeting is over, Mr. Brown.

MARCY

See! It is him!

BALDING MAN

You're all under arrest.

KELLY

On what grounds?

MICK

Asked the one who lit their car on fire.

REMBRANDT

(to the balding man)

You might be able to keep me quiet, but you can't keep everyone quiet. This story will get out. People will know what you've done. They'll know about the people you've murdered.

AMANDA RYNER

You're saying that the United States government has sanctioned murder?

REMBRANDT

Yes I am. The parents of my friends here, Mick and Kelly--

MICK

Dude, names.

KELLY

It doesn't matter anymore.

BALDING MAN

I couldn't have said it better myself.

(beat)

I know how much you'd like to believe that you've changed the world here tonight, but none of this will ever get out.

REMBRANDT

You can't arrest everyone here.

BALDING MAN

Why not?

Amanda raises her cell phone once again.

AMANDA RYNER

Because it won't matter. You can kill us all, and we'll still have the story online within the hour.

She turns the phone around and snaps a picture.

AMANDA RYNER (CONT'D)

Complete with images.

(into phone)

You got all that?

Another agent grabs Amanda's phone and turns it off.

AMANDA RYNER (CONT'D)

The world will know.

BALDING MAN

Actually, they won't. You believe in the power of the press? My dear, we are the press.

The balding man looks to Agent Donavan.

BALDING MAN (CONT'D)

Take them into custody and pull the site.

Agent Donovan nods.

The balding man walks back into the kitchen.

KELLY
Son of a bitch.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RATTY'S - NIGHT

The alley is swarming with agents who are taking Cryin' Fans into custody.

Remmy, Mick, Kelly and Sam are facing one of the walls, with their hands cuffed behind their backs. Agents Donovan and Roday are taking them into custody.

Agent Donovan is searching Mick. He finds the timer in Mick's pocket and looks it over.

AGENT DONAVAN
What is this?

MICK
MP3 player. I'm too cheap to buy an iPod.

Agent Donovan isn't buying into that story. He looks the device over and pushes a button, which brings the display to life. When he sees the countdown (currently at about three minutes), he doesn't like the look of it.

AGENT DONAVAN
I'll ask again. What the hell is this thing?

Nobody responds.

AGENT DONAVAN (CONT'D)
What is it counting down to?

MICK
The number one song of the week.

AGENT DONAVAN
Are you gonna drop the sarcasm?

MICK
I'm not inclined to, no.

Agent donavan turns to Remmy and holds up the timer.

AGENT DONAVAN
You wanna tell me what this is?

REMBRANDT

You'll know well enough in about
two minutes and change.

Agent Donovan steps back and thinks over the situation. He then turns around and looks at the many other people in the alley. After considering his options, he taps his earpiece and speaks.

AGENT DONAVAN

We have a possible ten-fifty-two.
Clear the alley. I repeat, we have
a possible ten-fifty-two. Clear the
alley.

As the other people in the alley scramble to clear out, Agent Donovan turns back our group.

AGENT DONAVAN (CONT'D)

Now it's just the six of us.
Whatever happens when this thing
his zero, it happens to us all.

The TIMER BEEPS.

TIMER VOICE (V.O.)

Two minutes until your slide.

The TIMER BEEPS AGAIN.

KELLY

It talks now?

MICK

Apparently.

KELLY

That's gonna get old really fast.

AGENT DONAVAN

Slide? What is this thing talking
about?

KELLY

Hand it over and I'll show you.

The balding man approaches.

BALDING MAN

What's going on?

Agent Donovan shows him the timer.

AGENT DONAVAN

I'm not sure what this thing is, or what it's counting down to.

As Agent Donovan is about to hand over the timer to the balding man, Kelly spins around and kicks the timer out of his hand, sending it sliding across the pavement (no pun intended).

As the agents grab for their weapons, Mick jumps up and pushes off of the wall, slamming into Agent Roday. They both go down.

Sam is about to take action against Agent Donovan when Donovan whacks him in the head with the butt of his gun.

As Sam falls to the ground, Kelly knocks Agent Donovan's gun upward, so the barrel is not pointed at anyone, and knees him in the gut. Then, she puts her cuffed hands over his head and uses them to flip him to the ground.

Meanwhile, the balding man attempts to pull his gun, but Remmy rams into him before he can take aim. The balding man throws a punch, which lands squarely on Remmy's jaw.

Once he's recovered from the hit, Remmy swings his cuffed hands, and hits the balding man in the face.

On the ground, Mick and Agent Roday are struggling. Agent Roday is attempting to get to his gun, but Mick is keeping him from it.

Sam is groaning, barely conscious. Finally, he passes out.

Agent Donovan sweeps Kelly's feet out from under her, sending her to the ground. Once she's down, he pins her to the ground.

Mick manages to land a solid punch across Agent Roday's face. The blow knocks the agent out.

The balding man now has his gun drawn and takes aim at Remmy. He is just about to fire when BEEPING SOUND is heard.

TIMER VOICE (V.O.)

Five seconds until your slide.

Four... Three... Two... One...

(beat)

This slide is sponsored in part by Coca-Cola. You can't beat the real thing.

(beat)

Enjoy your slide.

From the ground, the timer activates and the VORTEX OPENS.

Though pinned to the ground, Kelly sees the vortex and is captivated by its beauty.

KELLY

Oh my God.

The distraction of the vortex gives Remmy the chance to once again ram into the balding man. The balding man drops his gun and falls to the ground. Remmy picks up the gun and aims it at the balding man.

Mick puts his gun to Agent Donovan's head.

MICK

Good news. I dropped the sarcasm.

With no other choice, Agent Donovan puts his hands up and backs off of Kelly. She stands up and quickly grabs the timer.

MICK (CONT'D)

Go.

KELLY

What about you?

MICK

I'm right behind you.

Kelly looks to the vortex and then down to Sam. After giving it a few seconds of thought, she grabs him, and pulls him into the vortex with her.

Once Kelly and Sam are in the vortex, Mick and Remmy keep their guns aimed at the agents as they get closer to the vortex.

REMBRANDT

You go first.

Mick nods, and covers the agents for as long as he can until he finally jumps into the vortex.

Agent Donovan is about to charge toward Remmy once Mick is gone, but Remmy jumps into the vortex before Donovan can get there.

Agent Donovan stops short of the vortex.

BALDING MAN

What are you waiting for? Go!

Agent Donovan looks at the balding man. It's not likely that he's going to jump into the vortex.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The VORTEX OPENS in the middle of the street.

Kelly and Sam fall out of the vortex, onto the ground, landing hard. Of course, Kelly's the only one who feels it since Sam is still unconscious.

KELLY

Oh... that can't be good for your head.

Mick soon falls out of the vortex, also landing hard.

MICK

Ouch.

Remmy is the last one out of the vortex.

After Remmy is out of the vortex, the VORTEX CLOSES.

Everyone pulls themselves off of the ground. Mick helps Kelly to pull Sam up.

MICK (CONT'D)

Is he okay?

KELLY

He will be.

MICK

Until he realizes where he is.

KELLY

I didn't have a choice.

MICK

I know.

Mick turns to Remmy.

MICK (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

REMBRANDT

Not really.

MICK

I'm sorry things didn't go the way you wanted them to back there. For your friend, I mean.

REMBRANDT

Yeah. Me too.

(beat)

Me too.

Kelly looks around the area.

KELLY

I guess this is home.

(beat)

So, here's a question...

PULL BACK to reveal that our four people are the only people on the entire street, city, country... etc.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Where are all the people?

FADE TO BLACK:

CREDITS.

FADE IN:

INT. BRYCE'S HOUSE - DAY

Bryce walks into her family room, looking tired and worn. It has not been a good day for her. She sits down and puts her face in her hands.

On the TV a NEWS REPORT CAN BE HEARD:

DAN PIERSON

...Ryner has resigned from our station. We wish her the best of luck in all of her future endeavours.

(beat)

In the news this morning, a small restaurant was the scene of a four alarm fire last night, where at least four victims have been confirmed dead. The fire department was called to the restaurant shortly before three o'clock in the morning--

The DOORBELL RINGS. Bryce lifts her head. She looks back, toward her daughter's bedroom, as though trying to ensure that Katie is still asleep.

Bryce then stands and walks to her front door. When she opens it, she finds ALESHA AVO standing outside.

(note : Alesha was last seen in "Dragonslide". This would be a much more pop-star version of her)

ALESHA

Are you Bryce?

BRYCE

Yes.

(long beat)

I'm sorry... Are you Alesha Avo?

ALESHA

Yes. I got a message from a mutual friend of ours last night.

(beat)

I'm hear to help you.

FADE OUT:

THE END