

Nancy fell onto the cold metal floor of the teleporter, her legs blocking the automatic sliding glass door from closing. Her head was spinning while blood slid down the side of her head. She noticed tiny scuff marks on the edges of the base of the immaculate Talon 1000 Series teleporter. *I'm not their first victim*, Nancy thought and she ran her finger across the scuff marks. A scratched *C-166* was engraved into the base.

The teleporter whirled to life around her as the masked figures from the other side of the glass pointed a gun at her and motioned for her to stand up. The figure holding the gun spoke up, "Trust me. You'll soon learn that teleportation is a seamless and harmless procedure".

She wanted to attack them, show them that she wouldn't play along with their plans so easily, but coursing through her veins was Thiopental, a drug that selectively slowed the mind to make you do what you're told. Extensively used in extracting confessions, and was always in demand in the underground market.

*So they're professionals*, Nancy thought, as the white light of the teleporter fell onto the gun. It lacked the immediate suspect aiming and biometric scanning that policed the streets of the Republic. With this weapon, there would be no jumble of ones and zeros to defend her innocence as a mere rank D criminal. If she were lucky, she might hear the suppressed click of the gun.

Nancy slowly stood up, her shoulders pressing against the cold glass and the door locking in front of her with a hissing release of air. As she stood up, one of the figures ran over to a raised platform to the left of the teleporter and began operating some sort of panel. The whirl of the teleporter grew as the robotic female voice she'd heard so many times before crackled to life, "Thank you for choosing Talon Teleporters. Please choose-", the voice skipped, "Commencing the teleportation preparation to teleporter 167 of section C."

Nancy was screaming in her mind. The teleporter's whirring slowly grew into a constant and loud hum. She firmly believed that teleportation killed the person inside and then recreated them somewhere else. *But isn't that death?* she always thought to herself after watching the cheesy ads about how much life had improved after getting rid of the car.

She had to do something, anything to avoid teleportation. She tried to reach the glass in front of her to make even the smallest crack, but her body wouldn't move more than her fingers twitching. The teleporter's humming now drowned out her thoughts.

"Teleportation Pre-Execution preparation complete. Executing teleportation," the female voice spoke, over the humming noise.

The humming grew even louder, blinding white strobe lights filled the inside of the teleporter. Nancy felt an incredible dread. Her body wouldn't be hers if she teleported. The "Nancy" that might emerge from the teleporter would have her memories and mannerisms, but the current Nancy would die as the quarks and gluons inside her were destroyed to acquire the necessary information to teleport. The lights now flashed with such a frequency that Nancy couldn't tell they were flashing at all. An afterimage burned into her eyes and for a single moment, she felt her entire body get ripped to shreds and everything went dark.

Suddenly, the humming and lights stopped. Nancy slowly opened her eyes. The afterimage was gone. Everything in the room had shifted to the right: the masked figure with the gun was on her right, and so was the operator. She had teleported only 3 meters away from the other teleporter. She felt foreign in her own body, but her memories of the past felt so real. There was no difference between the Nancy that stepped into the teleporter and who she was now. It felt like she had just gone to sleep for a single moment. The masked figures took off their masks. They were men and women just like her.

The man holding the gun spoke, "We, too, were once unsure about Talon's teleportation technology. You might not understand the freedom we've given you now, but you will, eventually".

Questions:

I'm not sure if this works. At all.

I tried to write a scene, but I would write a little bit and then immediately delete it after. The scenes I wrote just didn't make logical sense without the explanation that the story before this would provide, so I tried to insert small explanations in this scene.

I tried to experiment with progression in the story, slowing down time before the teleportation and then finishing the scene quickly to show that the actual teleportation was a blur. I'd like to explore the meaning of consciousness throughout my piece using teleportation, and I can imagine that any allusions in this specific scene will fall flat without the rest of the story to provide context or explanation into discussions the "Nancy" character had with others about consciousness.

Thought Process:

Teleportation, but crazed person breaks teleporter because he thinks he dies and is reborn every time he gets reincarnated, and it turns out that he's correct.

Or

A futuristic society that uses teleporters as the primary means of transport, except for our main character / a side character and the main character is just the observer. The character of interest strongly believes that teleportation would require him to die. He is forced into teleporting and dies but appears the exact same to the world around him. Is used to crush the public's concern about the use of the teleporter.

Central action:

Character or side character steps into the teleporter and dies, then emerges and realizes that his concern was a false assumption. This brings him to bring the same fate to others.