

With the SOUND of a MASSIVE EXPLOSION...

FADE TO WHITE:

INT. ZEIRA MESS HALL - DAY

The mess hall is empty except for Jason chasing around Michael. Jason limps around as Michael darts happily around chairs and tables.

SAVANNAH (V.O.)
This is Angel. Skynet won.

INT. MUGU MESS HALL - DAY

Slowly-healing T0Ks look glum.

SAVANNAH (V.O.)
Using HKs, Endos, and nukes; Skynet
killed at least ninety-five percent
of the army sent against it.

EXT. BANGKOK AIRPORT HANGER - NIGHT

TROOPS are thoughtful as the loading of a 747 is suspended.

SAVANNAH (V.O.)
The hardest loss...
(verklempt)

INT. SKYNET - DAY

This corner of Skynet, with its tinker-toy web of cubes and data pipes is relatively undamaged.

John Connor lays dead and broken on the floor with several plasma wounds to his chest. Brandi picks John up by the scruff of his neck.

SAVANNAH (V.O.)
The loss of our military
leadership...

Brandi crushes his neck. A tear runs down her face.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)
We...

INT. ZEIRA COMMUNICATIONS - DAY

Savannah sits at the table with a mic in front of her. Tears course down her face.

SAVANNAH

(on radio)

When I was a girl, Sarah Connor taught me that getting knocked down is just an opportunity to get back up again. We won't stop the fight because she never...

(verklemt)

...She never stopped. We'll never stop. The light of hope hasn't gone out. It will never....

Savannah can't speak anymore.

At the equipment, Tiffany is inconsolable. T-Mary flips a switch. All of the lights on the comm equipment go out.

INT. CHALLENGE ROOM - DAY

Clio stands in the lighted area. There is no chair, no terminal. Just her and off to the side in the dark: a T-950.

CLIO

That concludes my chronicle of the data I recovered from the excavation covering the period up to the destruction of the Skynet intelligence. As our methods improve, there may be more insight to be retrieved. It's likely that more details will emerge about the pivotal role Savannah Weaver eventually played in stabilizing the world after the war. For now, it's my hope that you will consider and approve this data for inclusion in the official archives for future archaeologists and historians. Thank you.

Clio stands through a bit of a pause.

PROCTOR (O.S.)

You have made one of the most compelling presentations we've heard in quite some time. While there will be further consideration of your data, I'm confident that the archives will be richer for it.

Clio smiles, trying to keep it toned down.

PROCTOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
I do have to inform you that your
request to be an assistant Fellow
has been denied.

Clio's face falls.

PROCTOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
Work such as this does not qualify
for that position. We will instead
award you a full Fellowship and hope
that you will update your
application to indicate such.

Clio is dumbfounded.

PROCTOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
Is that that acceptable?

CLIO
I-- A f[ull]-- Y-Yes. Yes, thank
you.

CLIO'S POV

The PROCTOR is a non-featured metallic humanoid-shaped
T-1001 sitting on a chair on a dais.

PROCTOR
This proceeding is concluded.

The Proctor melts to the floor and snakes away into the
shadows.

BACK TO SCENE

The light Clio stands under dims. She's in shock as she
turns to exit.

EXT. CIVIC PLAZA - DAY

The new-city downtown is both modern and stately. No
building is more than eight stories tall. Most are made of
brick or ceramic. The lines are clean. It's functional with
an elegant style. A STATUE of Savannah Weaver stands in the
center of the plaza.

The plaza is populated mostly by humans, but some T0K
endoskeletons also mill about. A few T-950s stand sentry
around the perimeter. It isn't overcrowded.

A very happy Clio practically skips into the arms of
Catherine Weaver.

CLIO
A *full* Fellowship! Can you believe
it?

WEAVER
Of course I can. You've always been
able to do what you set your mind
on. What's that?

Clio lifts her arm...there's a small line of blood.

CLIO
Oh, I must have scratched myself on
something when I ran out.

Clio uses a handkerchief to clean the wound.

WEAVER
So, what can your aunt do to help
you celebrate?

CLIO
You were there. It's the one piece I
don't know and you've never talked
about.
(beat)
You know what I mean.

Weaver considers this.

WEAVER
I supposed you've earned it. This is
never to be repeated.

CLIO
No ma'am. I understand.

WEAVER
Good.

Clio and Weaver start walking.

EXT. ZEIRA BASE - NIGHT

Savannah stands looking at the large graveyard. Weaver walks
up to her and gives her a hug. Savannah hugs back hard.

SAVANNAH
I thought you died.

WEAVER
No.

The separate. Savannah has tears.

WEAVER (cont'd)
I learned some things.

SAVANNAH
What?

WEAVER
John was right that Skynet has no intention of harming civilians.

SAVANNAH
What?

WEAVER
I'll tell you the details later, but the important thing is: what are you going to do now?

SAVANNAH
I don't understand.

WEAVER
John's gone. Cameron is gone. Allison. Everyone except you.

Savannah shakes her head in disbelief.

WEAVER (cont'd)
There are still many battles to fight, but in the end someone has to forge the peace. No one is better equipped to do that than my daughter.

Savannah has a hard time hiding her repulsion at the thought of helping Skynet's agenda.

WEAVER (cont'd)
I was wrong. Skynet cannot be defeated with weapons of war. But you're smarter. I've downloaded critical information. I promise you that together we can do what the Connors couldn't.

SAVANNAH
At what price, Mom?

WEAVER
I don't know. I'll abide by your decision.

120.

SAVANNAH

Really?

FADE OUT:

END OF SERIES

Thank you and Good-bye