

**TERMINATOR:  
THE CONNOR WARS**

"That Stands For Pool"  
F0314

Written by  
CJ Carter

This document is fan-produced fiction based on the television series, Terminator - The Sarah Connor Chronicles. This is done in the spirit of fan fiction - to have fun and enrich the total fan experience beyond the limitations of the official story vehicle.

In that spirit, and holding to the long tradition of free support and promotion that fanfic brings to a fictional "universe", this story is being made available for entertainment purposes of the loyal fans of the show for as long as the powers that be don't object.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. YARD 2012 - DAY

FX: SEPIA TONE

A DEAD BIRD, the victim of a cat, lays on the grass.

ALLISON (V.O.)

One day, I saw a bird a cat had  
gotten to. I thought: it was once an  
egg.

EXT. WOODS 2013 - DAY

FX: SEPIA TONE

It's a rural area that has been ravaged by fire. This is a  
lot where all that remains standing is the fireplace and  
chimney.

BRANDI (V.O.)

One day, I saw a fireplace standing  
alone in the woods. I thought: that  
was once a home.

INT. HOUSE 2012 - DAY

FX: SEPIA TONE

On a shelf or mantle: a photograph of a family -- Father,  
Mother, and little girl (Michael, Claire, and Allison  
Young), all happy and grinning.

ALLISON (V.O.)

One day, I saw a photograph of three  
people all smiling. I thought: they  
were once a family.

FADE OUT:

INT. ALLISON'S BUNK - NIGHT

ALLISON YOUNG sleeps upon her bunk, the other bunk is empty.  
Standing at the foot of the bunk is CAMERON.

Allison wakes. Her eyes focus on Cameron... and that *really*  
wakes her up.

ALLISON

What are you doing here?

In a MILDLY ELECTRONICIZED version of Cameron's voice:

CAMERON  
We have to talk.

ALLISON  
We have to?

CAMERON  
Yes.

ALLISON  
Is this where you tell me that there  
isn't enough room in this here town  
for the two of us?

CAMERON  
Yes.

ALLISON  
I thought so.

Allison whistles...

...and nothing happens.

CAMERON  
Your guards aren't available.

Allison's fear rises.

Cameron steps toward the Allison.

Allison reaches under her pillow and retrieves a Glock. As she repositions herself, Allison aims the gun at Cameron...who is now in Pierrot (European, elegant white-face) clown make-up looking sad/remorseful.

CAMERON (cont'd)  
You can't kill me.

ALLISON  
Not yet.

Allison launches herself from the bunk. Her free hand clutches Cameron's throat, while at the same time keeping the gun aimed at Cameron's head. Allison's momentum sends them both tumbling.

INT. TOSHIRO'S BUNK - NIGHT

Allison is on the floor, her hand gripping the one-armed TOSHIRO ISHIHARA'S(25 - F0303) throat, a Glock aimed at his head. Allison is in her usual sleep gear, Toshiro is in a nightshirt.

The bunk room is a toy/gadget festooned redress of John's... smaller than Allison's.

TOSHIRO  
Ali! Ali! Wake up! Ali!

OTHER PEOPLE are nearby, some shocked, some also YELLING.

ALLISON  
Toshi?

Toshiro relaxes some.

TOSHIRO  
It's OK. She's awake. It's OK.

People relax as Allison stands down. The People wander off.

Toshiro rubs his throat as he sits next to Allison.

TOSHIRO (cont'd)  
Clowns again?

INSERT: Cameron shuttering between normal and made up.

BACK TO SCENE

ALLISON  
Yeah.

TOSHIRO  
Jesus, Ali. What is it with you and clowns?

ALLISON  
I don't know. I can't-- I don't know.

TOSHIRO  
I'd think you'd have nightmares about metal.

Allison overreacts her take, as if thinking Toshiro knows something.

ALLISON  
Yeah, I guess.

TOSHIRO  
You OK? Really?

ALLISON  
Yeah.

TOSHIRO

OK. I'm going back to sleep. It might be easier if I know I'm not going to wake up with a bullet in my head.

Allison pops the clip from the pistol.

ALLISON

It's safe.

Toshiro lifts himself back onto his bunk and pulls up the covers.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Good night.

Toshiro is already asleep. Allison quietly puts the clip back in the gun.

EXT. SOUTH PINE CENTER - DAY

The strip mall has been repurposed by Skynet. ENDOS of various models and various random small ROBOTS scurry about. Many GRAYS, looking like scruffy suburbanites, walk about like your typical working stiffs.

BRANDI SUMMERTON, still wearing the helmet from F0313, drives up on her fuel-cell motorcycle, splashing some puddles from the recently ended rain. She parks in front of an office on the longer section of the mall.

INT. TOPANGA CENTRAL - DAY

Behind the long counter of this very tidy bank-lobby-like room are pairs of Grays and Endos at various stations. On Brandi's side of the counter are fewer than a handful of Grays.

Brandi walks straight to a free station. She pulls off her helmet. Her hair is damp and matted... her demeanor matches her look: wet cat.

COUNTER PERSON

May I--

Brandi goes to a scanner and her endo eye is scanned. The Counter Person is a little taken aback, but not a lot. His attitude changes noticeably when the data comes up on his screen.

COUNTER PERSON (cont'd)

Colonel. Your room is ready. The Inn is up the road and--

BRANDI  
I know where it is.

COUNTER PERSON  
Of course.

BRANDI  
I'd like 7-7-3-1-2-A-A-Q sent to the  
room if available.

COUNTER PERSON  
I will put in the request.

With a nod of acknowledgement, Brandi turns and exits.

INT. CLARK AND CAROLE ROOM - DAY

The comfortable room hosts a king-size bed, dresser, many windows with a view to the surrounding nature-fest, and double French doors leading to a private patio. Other than some trouble with the quality of bed coverings, it looks like when the Topanga Canyon Inn was operating before J-Day. BRANDI SUMMERTON enters, still damp from the trip from Fresno, holding a small motorcycle saddlebag. She likes the room.

BRANDI  
Oh mama!  
No...shower first.

Brandi enters the bathroom and closes the door. We hear the SHOWER.

EXT. PALMDALE RUNWAY - DAY

Allison sits in the middle of the main runway at one end.

She just sits there, staring straight ahead. At nothing.

Just staring.

At nothing.

Allison stands quickly, pulling out her Glock, holding it low and ready. She walks with purpose.

Allison raises the gun and aims. Four quick SHOTS.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

This is the original kitchen for the base. It looks very impressive, but is mostly about the tables and the artificially heated hearth/griddle area.

Allison enters and plops three dressed rabbits/hares on a table, startling the two COOKS. Allison's hands are streaked with drying blood.

ALLISON

Three. Young.

And Allison exits.

INT. BUNKER ROOM - EVENING

The door opens to the bare room where the woman from F0303, NANCY MURCH(43), lays unresponsive on the bed. Allison retrieves a tray of food and sets it on the nightstand. The only other furniture are folding chairs, one on either side of the bed.

Allison kisses Nancy on the forehead.

ALLISON

Hey Nance. Back again. Brought you some rabbit soup. Mmmmmmm. And it's real rabbit, not that dried stuff. Killed them myself a couple of hours ago. Nothing too good for you.

Nancy looks over to Allison, but her eyes are vacant.

ALLISON (cont'd)

You deserve better.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE (MAY 2012) - NIGHT

YOUNGER NANCY MURCH (28), a special-needs adult, embraces YOUNG ALLISON YOUNG (4) in the austere front room. MACHINE GUNS and other WEAPONS are being fired o.s. outside.

The front door BURSTS OPEN. A GRAY-HAIRED MAN dressed in a filthy and tattered suit with two make-shift bandoleers laden with shotgun shells across his chest, and a double-barreled shotgun in hand.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN

Found two!  
(to Nancy & Allison)  
Come on. The machines are close.  
Come with me.

NANCY

(to Allison)  
We should go.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN

Come on!

Allison runs off. Nancy starts to follow her...

GRAY-HAIRED MAN (cont'd)

I don't have time for this.

...but stops as Allison returns, with shoes for each of them.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN (cont'd)

Come on! Now!

NANCY

You hold on to these.

Nancy picks Allison up and joins up with the Gray-haired man who leads them out of the house.

BACK TO PRESENT

Allison feeds rabbit broth to Nancy.

ALLISON

There you go. See? I told you it was fresh. Practically hops off the spoon and into your mouth.

NANCY

Mm.

ALLISON

Mmmm? You like it?

Allison turns up her nose.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Oh.

Allison puts down the bowl. She doesn't look like she's looking forward to the next bit.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Well... I guess I wasn't always at my best, either.

Allison starts turning down the sheets.

INT. CLARK AND CAROLE ROOM - DAY

All clean, though still with damp hair, Brandi launches herself onto the bed. She's dressed in a robe and has undergarments on.



BRANDI

Oh my God!

She laughs and writhes and luxuriates like a cat in ecstasy.

The door to the room opens, which does not interrupt Brandi's reverie. A T-850, "ANDY", enters. Andy looks like any other T-850 except for some discoloration on the skull due to heat. Andy holds a tray with food and drinks.

Brandi finally notices the endo.

BRANDI (cont'd)

Hang on. I've got something for you.

Brandi hops and rolls out of the large bed and enters the bathroom.

Brandi emerges with the saddlebag, which she tosses aside, and a small cylinder about the size and shape of a stack of eight U.S. quarters. She goes to Andy and plugs the cylinder into Andy's chest I/O port.

A few seconds later, Andy's posture subtly changes, becomes more fluid.

BRANDI (cont'd)

Hey, Andy.

ANDY

Brandi. It's been some time since you've activated me.

BRANDI

Yep, I'm sorry, they've been keeping me busy.

Andy puts the food tray down on the dresser.

ANDY

You have new legs. Did you get injured?

BRANDI

What? Oh yeah. Almost forgot. Some idiot shot at me. Had to get some battlefield replacements.

ANDY

Will you be getting new ones?

BRANDI

I don't know. I've sort of gotten used to these.

(MORE)

BRANDI (cont'd)  
It would be nice to get something a  
little sleeker, though.  
(hops on bed)  
But we can talk about that later.

Note: Suggestive but not too suggestive. We'll leave the  
rest of the scene to the audience's imagination.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HORSE FLATS - DAY

JOHN CONNOR and Cameron are at the opened cache at Horse Flats. Allison walks up with a plasma rifle.

John and Cameron turn to face Allison. John is in "hobo" clown make-up, Cameron is in bold "whiteface" clown make-up.

Allison immediately shoots Cameron in the head. All the clown make-up is gone from John and Cameron.

CAMERON lies on the ground, her melted skull still sizzling.

JOHN looks at Allison in shock. John draws his Glock and aims it at Allison.

JOHN  
Who's the clown, now?

ALLISON is now the clown in badly done "whiteface".

INT. TOSHIRO'S BUNK - DAY

Allison quickly sits up in bed, afraid. She's drenched in sweat and breathing heavily.

EXT. CLARK AND CAROLE ROOM PATIO - DAY

Andy sits robotically while Brandi lounges in a chair. The view is tree-filled mountain beauty.

BRANDI  
I'm getting tired.

ANDY  
Tired?

BRANDI  
Fighting. Planning. Losing.

ANDY  
Losing?

BRANDI  
Lost the Palisades. Twice.

ANDY  
That's unusual.

BRANDI  
I know. It's air power. As long as I get-- no. I don't want to talk shop. I just want to relax.

ANDY

Then you should take a nap.

BRANDI

I think I'm going to take a quick hike. Work up my appetite a little. Why don't you prep a meal while I get ready? That way we can catch up before you unplug.

ANDY

Sounds like a good plan.

Andy gets up and heads inside. Brandi, more reluctantly, gets up and follows em in.

INT. BLACK OPS BACK ROOM - DAY

Allison, holding a mug of hot rabbit stew, walks into the unpopulated room. The room looks like the hardware and software hacker's workshop it is. Computers, guts open to the world; homebrew gadgets of various degrees of elegance; pre-JD electronics scattered about.

Allison sits at a computer with one monitor in the corner and turns it on.

The computer boots up into "AliOS". Soon, live surveillance images from a myriad of locations appear on the monitor.

Allison hits a couple of keys and a programmer's IDE pops up with the largest window filled with programming code. Allison stares at it a bit, downs a couple of spoonfuls of stew, and then starts typing.

INT. CLARK AND CAROLE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Brandi walks in from her hike. Though it's not dark, she turns on the light and the room brightens, revealing RACHAEL SUMMERTON (52) whose clothes are dirty and worn, as is her complexion.

BRANDI

Mom!

Oh yeah, Brandi is surprised.

INT. BLACK OPS BACK ROOM - AFTERNOON

Allison leans back in her chair, watching the numerous surveillance images on the now trio of monitors she has lined up in front of her. Toshiro enters.

TOSHIRO

I was wondering who was back here.

ALLISON  
I just wanted to tweak some code.

TOSHIRO  
And hog the monitors.

Toshiro plops down on a chair next to Allison. He looks concerned.

ALLISON  
Do you remember when we wrote that?  
Allison motions with her head at a sign.

INSERT SIGN: "IT'S NOT THE TOOL"

BACK TO SCENE

TOSHIRO  
(smiles)  
Yeah, the "great uprising" of 2017.  
Toshiro manages one-handed air-quotes.

ALLISON  
You still believe it?  
Toshiro thinks. Hard. He looks back at Allison.

TOSHIRO  
Why are you here, Ali?

ALLISON  
I've seen things.

TOSHIRO  
You've seen lots of things, I bet.

Allison's eyes betray the fact that, yes, she's seen a lot of things.

TOSHIRO (cont'd)  
Prometheus gave humans fire.  
(ignoring Allison's  
eye-roll)  
We've cooked our food with it. We've  
warmed our homes. We've forged  
plows...and swords. And Skynet. And  
you know...? We still cook our food  
with it and warm our homes.

ALLISON  
You think I don't remember?

OK. Different tack.

TOSHIRO  
I get scared, too. My code gets  
smarter all the time.

ALLISON  
Then stop.

TOSHIRO  
When the people with swords come,  
you can't show them your hearth-fire  
and expect them to be impressed and  
just go away--at least, not unless  
they are idiots.

ALLISON  
Skynet's no idiot.

TOSHIRO  
It certainly hasn't been impressed  
by our camp fires.

ALLISON  
Rehearsed this speech a lot?

TOSHIRO  
I've said it a few times, yeah.

ALLISON  
We were right.

Toshiro is confused.

ALLISON (cont'd)  
Even though we were kids, we were  
right. It's not the tools.

TOSHIRO  
Nope.

Allison hugs Toshiro warmly, who responds in kind.

TOSHIRO (cont'd)  
I'm not having sex with you.

A brief smiling snort...still in the hug...

ALLISON  
I love you too much to want you to.

Allison's not letting go.

INT. CLARK AND CAROLE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Rachael reluctantly reciprocates, careful to touch only  
Brandi's human parts. Brandi notices.

BRANDI  
It's diseased. It's just metal, like  
your art.

RACHAEL  
It's not you.

BRANDI  
It's still me.

RACHAEL  
No.

BRANDI  
Great. My mom wants me dead. Feel  
the l[ove]--

RACHAEL  
That's not what I said.

BRANDI  
Either I'm dead in the field, or I  
get new parts and live.

Brandi walks over to the food that Andy prepared that's on  
the tray on the dresser.

RACHAEL  
You're more like them every time I  
see you. And it's not just about the  
parts.

BRANDI  
Here we go.

RACHAEL  
Here we go?

BRANDI  
Can't we talk about something else?  
For once?

Rachael shakes her head like a disappointed mother.

RACHAEL  
Enjoy your dinner.

Rachael storms out of the room...

BRANDI  
Mom.

But Brandi exerts no effort to follow her.

BRANDI (cont'd)  
So totally the anti-bliss.  
(eating)  
This is good.

Brandi pours a glass of wine. She takes that, and her dinner, out to the patio.

EXT. ENTRANCE - DAY

Allison sits on a chair outside the entrance, just staring out toward the runway.

PETER MASON steps outside and also stares. He doesn't notice Allison. Allison does notice him and stares with increasing venom.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PALMDALE COMM ROOM (DECEMBER 2024) - DAY

There is one COMM OFFICER at the radio as Peter and Allison walk in.

PETER  
I'm not saying I don't believe you.  
I'm saying that I need proof.

ALLISON  
Which means that my word isn't good enough.

PETER  
Allison, look. This meeting is too important. A truce with Lancaster so we can stop looking over our shoulders all the time.

ALLISON  
They're lying.

PETER  
Look. Ali. I know you have a really good reason to--

ALLISON  
This isn't a grudge. They. Are. Lying.

PETER  
I can't. Not just on your word.

ALLISON  
Fine.



Allison storms out on the exasperated Peter.

EXT. LANCASTER FARM - EVENING

It's a small farm a couple of kilometers away from the Palmdale base.

Allison, dressed as camouflaged as possible, crouches next to some long-abandoned machines and points a homebrew electronic gadget at a gathering of two dozen ENDOS and three GRAYS who are standing near a metal silo.

GRAY#1  
...has started, we'll move out.

GRAY#2  
Half-an-hour?

GRAY#1  
If that.

GRAY#2  
It's so nice that Skynet's given us  
an ambush for Christmas. What should  
we give in return?

GRAY#1  
Palmdale.

The three Grays LAUGH.

Allison removes an earphone from her ear and carefully extracts herself from the scene.

EXT. PALMDALE RUNWAY - NIGHT

Pretty much the ENTIRE POPULATION of the Palmdale cell has gathered to watch the festivities. The OFFICERS, including Toshiro (with two arms), and a healthy Nancy near the front, sit in chairs across from a T-888 ENDO as well as BEA, JAY, and EM--three nattily-dressed Grays. An audience-facing podium stands between the crowd and the visitors.

Peter gets up from his chair and goes to the podium.

PETER  
I'm not much for speeches. I think  
Mr. Sutton captured what we hope to  
accomplish of the next few days.  
However, I did want to thank our  
visitors for coming by under a flag  
of truce to show their--

The Endo's head becomes the victim of a well-aimed PLASMA SHOT.

Confusion ensues as Allison charges toward the Grays. She drops her plasma rifle and pulls her sidearm.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

The three Grays are dead.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. PALMDALE RUNWAY - NIGHT

Allison is captured and held roughly by several SOLDIERS as Peter rushes toward her.

PETER

Give me one reason [not to]--

ALLISON

Right on my heels! Skynet!

Allison squirms and breaks away, grabs the plasma rifle she dropped, and runs down the runway straight into the darkness.

Allison stops and pulls a grenade which she throws as far as she can. She quickly tosses another just before she's overcome by the Soldiers again.

The grenades EXPLODE, revealing a platoon of endos down the runway not far away. Ten of the Endos are down due to the explosions. The remaining Endos start firing plasma bolts at the gathered Humans. One round takes out the main guard holding Allison.

Allison again grabs her plasma rifle and charges the approaching foe, her gun blazing.

PETER

Allison!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALMDALE RUNWAY - NIGHT

Fires and torches surround the triage area for light. A lot of humans are wounded. Toshiro is missing an arm.

Allison walks back. She's spent. Then she sees...

Nancy being loaded onto a stretcher, the side of her head covered in blood.

Peter gets in Allison's path and restrains her.

PETER

She's getting help.

ALLISON

She's not...?

PETER

No. Not yet.

Allison pulls her gun and puts it under Peter's chin.

ALLISON  
She dies...you're next.

A HANDGUN SLIDE is pulled back o.s. In b.g. a Soldier has a gun trained on Allison.

ALLISON (cont'd)  
(quiet)  
Or I can squeeze it now.

Peter motions. The threat leaves.

ALLISON (cont'd)  
Stupid.

Allison lowers her weapon and goes after Nancy--much to Peter's relief. People give Allison a wide berth.

BACK TO PRESENT

Peter turns, notices Allison's glare.

Allison gets up from the chair.

ALLISON (cont'd)  
I'm leaving.

And enters the base.

INT. RACHAEL'S GARAGE - DAY

Rachael is an artist who welds her pieces from available materials. She's fired up a torch and is brazing a work made of copper tubing.

Brandi storms in.

BRANDI  
What the hell was that?

Rachael stops what she was doing.

RACHAEL  
Truth hurts.

BRANDI  
Truth? You want truth? If it wasn't for me, you'd be rotting in a camp.

RACHAEL  
Fine, put me back, then.

BRANDI

Oh no. You don't get to play the martyr. You weren't the one blown up and...

RACHAEL

Experimented on.

BRANDI

...modified. Improved.

RACHAEL

Do you really think they have your best interests at heart?

BRANDI

Oh...and living in filthy tunnels and eating garbage was noble? Get over yourself. The winners are always right--and we're winning.

RACHAEL

And then Skynet will kill the rest of us.

BRANDI

You're so naive. Daddy would have understood.

RACHAEL

(snorts)

Yeah. He would.

BRANDI

Here we go. He was a terrible husband. He was...blah, blah, blah. You even threw away his name.

RACHAEL

Not because I...had my problems with him.

BRANDI

Right.

RACHAEL

You can't seriously say that you'd trade in Summerton? No... you wouldn't. You haven't.

BRANDI

Maybe I should.

RACHAEL

Maybe you...

(calmer)

...should keep your name. Please.

And that diffuses all the tension.

RACHAEL (cont'd)

You're a lot like your father. The machines have half of you-- no, I'm not-- let me finish. There just isn't a lot of me in you anymore. At least keep my name. Please.

BRANDI

I'm doing this for us, you know.  
When the war is over...

RACHAEL

I'm sure you believe that.

Oops. That was the wrong thing to say.

BRANDI

Fine!

Brandi storms out, purposely knocking over some of the sculptures as she leaves.

INT. CLARK AND CAROLE ROOM - DAY

Brandi storms back into the room and sees that there is a bright and shiny T-888 standing there.

BRANDI

Whoa. Hang on a sec.

Brandi digs into her bag and pulls out the magic cylinder. She plugs it into the T-888's chest port. The T-888 is slightly less robotic.

BRANDI (cont'd)

I tell you, I just want to kill that woman someti-- a lot of the time.

ANDY

Your mother?

BRANDI

You'd think she'd be thankful I got her out of the camp. Instead she looks at me like I'm a machine. Worse.

ANDY

Is there something wrong with being  
a machine?

BRANDI

I used to think so...just like her.  
But no. There's nothing wrong with  
it at all.

ANDY

Then your mother is wrong.

BRANDI

Damn straight my mother is wrong.  
You know what? This is a holiday.  
I'm not going to obsess about her  
anymore.

Brandi flops on the bed in a non-suggestive way.

BRANDI (cont'd)

I miss having someone to talk to.  
Thank goodness for you. I wish you  
could be with me all the time.

(beat)

Do you get lonely, Andy?

ANDY

I get displaced.

BRANDI

Displaced?

ANDY

I'm only aware during those times  
you upload me into an endoskeleton.  
The transition is unpleasant.

BRANDI

Huh.

ANDY

I prefer the time I spend with you.

BRANDI

Me too.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

Brandi opens the door, revealing an elderly human MESSENGER  
who hands Brandi a note.

Brandi closes the door and quickly reads the note.

BRANDI (cont'd)  
It's an alert. Situation conference  
in fifteen minutes.

ANDY  
Will this effect your leave?

BRANDI  
I'm pretty sure this canceled it.

Brandi balls up the note and angrily tosses it across the room.

BRANDI (cont'd)  
Son of a...

ANDY  
You should eat. It will help you  
stay alert.

BRANDI  
I'm not hungry.

ANDY  
I didn't say you were.

Brandi goes over to Andy and puts her hands on his chest.

BRANDI  
Thanks for looking out for me.

Brandi touches a switch on the cylinder. An LED soon blinks. Brandi removes the cylinder and stands more business like in front of the endo.

BRANDI (cont'd)  
Tell the committee that I'll be  
right there.

With a slight head nod, the endo exits. Brandi tosses the cylinder in the air and catches it. She kisses it.

BRANDI (cont'd)  
Sorry, Andy.

Brandi walks over to the leftover food from earlier and grabs a quick nosh.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

INT. BUNKER ROOM - DAY

Allison enters as a HELPER combs Nancy's hair.

ALLISON  
Can we have a minute?

The Helper doesn't hesitate in exiting and closing the door.

ALLISON (cont'd)  
I need to go again. Peter. I know  
you have a big heart, Nance, but  
you'd have left, too. Probably back  
home--back to our piano. I miss  
hearing you play. But I'll be back  
before you know it. Toshi promised  
to come and play you some music.

Allison kisses Nancy's cheek. Allison's eyes are filled with sadness.

ALLISON (cont'd)  
I'll be back when I can.

Somberly, Allison exits.

INT. SKYNET STRATEGY ROOM - DAY

The austere room is dominated by a wall-sized monitor. Facing it are well-worn office chairs and a pair of tables. There is an Endo at every door. Brandi, and NANCY RUBINSKI (F0312) sit in chairs, while STUART "STU-2" STEWART stands to the side of the monitor.

STEWART  
The female voice is Allison Young.  
The male voice was a mystery, until  
now. Playback?

Playback sounds like it was recorded outside at a distance and then amplified (from F0312):

JOHN (V.O.)  
Why are you here?

ALLISON (V.O.)  
Where else should I be?

JOHN (V.O.)  
Yeah, whatever. Wait--actually, you  
are probably the person I need.

ALLISON (V.O.)  
Anything for John Connor, you know  
that.

The Endos in the room react upon hearing the name, catching  
the attention of the humans.

STEWART  
Stop playback. We've gone back in  
the records...

On the monitor appear images of John from school IDs,  
passports, drivers license, bank camera, etc.

STEWART (cont'd)  
...and you'll be interested in this.

Battlefield footage from Palisades I (F0306) showing John  
shooting endos and whatnot.

BRANDI  
Wait.

STEWART  
This is the same guy who shot out  
your leg.

BRANDI  
Wait. I remember him.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. OFFICE STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

From S0109

BRANDI'S POV

Sitting at a table, a red-orange backpack to the left,  
notebook open in front. Emo-haired John enters the storage  
room.

JOHN  
Hi. What are you doing here?

INT. OFFICE STORAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

From S0109

BRANDI'S POV

Same as previous except John's head is at table-level.

JOHN  
I need you to stay in this room,  
with the door closed, OK?

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

From S0109

BRANDI'S POV

John is being held by FAKE SARKISSIAN and has a gun against his head. A hand obscures the view. A GUNSHOT.

YOUNG BRANDI SCREAMS. The hand moves enough to see the man holding the gun falling and John standing there relieved and stunned. SARAH CONNOR runs up to John and hugs him.

SARAH  
John.

BACK TO PRESENT

BRANDI  
That's John Connor?

STEWART  
That's what we--

BRANDI  
Wait. Zoom in from the earliest face  
to the most recent.

John from bank and John from the battlefield are zoomed on the monitor.

RUBINSKI  
He looks the same.

STEWART  
Skynet assures me it is.

RUBINSKI  
How?

STEWART  
Time travel.

RUBINSKI  
Right.

STEWART  
I've seen proof. Time travel.

BRANDI

If he's got a time machine, why  
don't we have a time machine?

STEWART

We don't think he does.

RUBINSKI

But you just said...

STEWART

He had a time machine. In some other  
future, we did, too.

RUBINSKI

But not now.

STEWART

It doesn't look like it.

BRANDI

So...what's so special about him?

STEWART

I don't know, exactly. I do know  
that Skynet has issued a directive  
that he's the highest target of  
opportunity. We won't divert  
resources to hunt him, but we will  
terminate on sight with any force  
necessary and available. The why  
isn't important.

BRANDI

Yeah...not important at all.

The battlefield image of John has all of Brandi's attention.

EXT. CHEVY VOLT - EVENING

Allison steps out of the car looking a little anxious.

INT. DEPOT 37 - EVENING

At the entrance, two T0K ENDOS stand robotically still. LA  
CAZADORA (aka ALEJANDRA/ALEX) stands guard.

Allison enters to face the wrong end of La Cazadora's plasma  
rifle. La Cazadora almost immediately lowers her weapon.

ALLISON

Where's Catherine?

ALEJANDRA

She is doing some testing. She  
doesn't want to be disturbed.

Allison isn't happy... in fact, she's agitated.

ALEJANDRA (cont'd)

Can I help?

ALLISON

Yeah. Maybe. You knew them all back  
then. Before J-Day.

La Cazadora doesn't volunteer.

ALLISON (cont'd)

John, Sarah, the metal...

ALEJANDRA

I knew them.

ALLISON

And?

ALEJANDRA

I don't know what you want me to  
say.

ALLISON

What the hell is between John and  
that damn machine?

ALEJANDRA

That is a question you should ask  
them.

ALLISON

Yeah, I didn't think--

ALEJANDRA

(interrupts)

As for me. Cameron is my friend.

ALLISON

You...? Why?

ALEJANDRA

We understand one another.

ALLISON

What's going on here? I'm serious.  
Did the machines win when I wasn't  
looking?

ALEJANDRA

I watch her back. She watches mine.  
We both protect John. Me, because  
his mother asked. Her...she has her  
own reasons.

ALLISON

And you're fine with this? You  
didn't do this time jump thing.  
You've been fighting metal as long  
as I have.

ALEJANDRA

I've watched you with Weaver.

ALLISON

So?

ALEJANDRA

In your heart, you understand that  
it is about trust.

ALLISON

Trust. Metal.

ALEJANDRA

You have no choice. If Cameron  
believes you to be untrustworthy--a  
threat-- you will die.

ALLISON

She already killed me once. I think  
I can handle her.

ALEJANDRA

I didn't say it would be her that  
kills you.

Allison gets all tough.

ALLISON

Are you threatening me?

Alejandra matches Allison's toughness, but doesn't surpass  
it.

ALEJANDRA

You have choices to make. You should  
make them soon.

A right cross to La Cazadora's jaw staggers her. Allison  
turns and exits. La Cazadora answers with a begrudged smile  
as she rubs her jaw.

INT. DEPOT 37 STORAGE CLOSET - NIGHT

A door-less closet filled with cases of paper. The lighting is poor, filtering in via the doorway.

CATHERINE WEAVER stands by, watching Allison sleeping on the floor. Allison's sleep is restless.

Allison sits up, stressed, as from a nightmare. She glances and sees Weaver, which elicits a surprised YELP from Allison. Allison rests her head on her knees. Once she settles down a bit:

WEAVER

Alejandra said you wanted to see me.

ALLISON

How long have you been standing there?

WEAVER

One hour, twelve minutes.

ALLISON

Great.

Allison is trying to wake up.

WEAVER

Were you dreaming?

ALLISON

Nightmares.

WEAVER

I understand they can be unpleasant.

ALLISON

Yeah.

Allison gets up and leans on whatever she can find.

WEAVER

You wanted to see me?

ALLISON

I did. I don't think I need to anymore. I think I'm ready.

WEAVER

Ready for what?

ALLISON

Cameron.

WEAVER

Why are you here?

Allison considers her her answer.

ALLISON

You know I have... I don't know...  
issues with metal.

WEAVER

Yes. And yet, you're here.

ALLISON

You said family looks out for each  
other. I guess I thought.... This is  
stupid. I shouldn't have come.

Allison pushes past Weaver into the light. Weaver turns.

WEAVER

Please. How can I help you?

Allison stops and turns.

ALLISON

You can't.

Allison turns back around and continues walking.

END OF ACT FOUR



ACT FIVE

INT. MOSS' OFFICE - DAY

The office is surrounded by double-thick cinder-block walls, with soundproofing material between the two courses of blocks. The interior is eclectic, part artsy, part high-ticket storeroom.

MOSS sits in a stuffed chair while JOHN CONNOR sits on a matching loveseat.

MOSS

Transportation is really the big issue. Let's say I hear that Base "A" has something I'd like to acquire. If that base isn't local, I have to find a mule that's reliable and honest. They are few and far between.

JOHN

I can imagine.

MOSS

I know you didn't come down here to discuss my trade problems.

JOHN

No, but it could be important.

MOSS

Because you might need something.

JOHN

It's not up to me.

Moss gets up and pours himself a libation.

MOSS

We're meeting here, in my office, because it's the most private area on this base, up top or below. Would you care for one?

JOHN

No. Thanks. The military is dry.

MOSS

Yes, I know. That's the policy.

JOHN

I've been to the Raptors base. I think us being dry is a good thing.

MOSS  
Of course.

JOHN  
I've noticed you and Derek don't  
exactly get along.

MOSS  
Guy's an ass.

John smirks.

MOSS (cont'd)  
Ah! You think so, too.

JOHN  
I didn't say that.

MOSS  
No. Of course not. You can't. Can I  
be blunt with you, Connor?

JOHN  
Shoot.

MOSS  
Except from his brother, I don't  
think anyone would shed a tear if  
Derek was out. But if you led, the  
rest of us would follow.

John sits, being all inscrutable.

MOSS (cont'd)  
Unless, of course, you get all high-  
and-mighty, in which case we'd back  
someone new.

JOHN  
Politics and public opinion.

MOSS  
God bless America and free  
enterprise. What's left of it.

Moss downs his drink.

INT. RACHAEL'S GARAGE - DAY

Brandi walks in without so much as a by-your-leave. Rachael is on the floor trying to salvage the last of the mess Brandi left the last time. Rachael's not in a good mood toward her daughter.

RACHAEL

Yes?

BRANDI

I got some news you'll want to hear.

RACHAEL

Yeah?

BRANDI

They found the guy who killed dad.

RACHAEL

So?

BRANDI

You don't even care.

RACHAEL

No. I don't. And I know you don't know who killed your dad.

BRANDI

He may not have done it, but he was part of it.

RACHAEL

So what now, you going to kill him?

Brandi thinks about it.

BRANDI

Oh yeah.

RACHAEL

It's been twenty years. Let it go.

BRANDI

I'm going to find him and I'm going to kill him.

RACHAEL

This walking corpse have a name?

BRANDI

John Connor.

RACHAEL

Yeah, well, good luck with that.

Brandi, definitely in a snit, grabs Rachael's jaw with her endo hand.

BRANDI

You really need to be more on my  
side... MOM. You could be back  
mining ore.

Rachael wants to be pissed, but she looks genuinely afraid  
and in pain. Brandi releases her.

BRANDI (cont'd)

After all, we're the only family we  
have left.

Brandi turns to leave... pausing to pick up a piece of  
broken art and putting it on a table. Brandi exits. Rachael  
carefully touches her painful jaw.

Rachael goes to a corner and removes the "stomach" from a  
sculpture that looks like a car blew up and tried to  
reassemble itself as a terminator.

She place the "stomach", actually a Stirling engine-  
generator, on the table. She fires up her torch and sets it  
for a cool flame, clamping it under a cylinder of the  
generator.

Rachael walks over to a sculpture made of thousands of UFDs.  
As she walks back to the table, she also grabs a label  
machine that sat in a box with other pre-JD gadgets.

The engine turns briskly. Rachel attaches a thin cable  
between the generator and the label machine which  
immediately turns on. She inserts the UFD into the label  
machine and quickly types in a very short message. She pulls  
out the UFD and quickly detaches everything and moves the  
torch to a stand and clamps it.

The UFD is replaced in the statue. The generator is covered  
with some heavy canvas, the label maker is stuffed inside a  
junkyard piece of sculpture.

Rachael rushes with the torch to a piece. She makes the  
flame white-hot and holds goggles to her eyes as she applies  
the flame to a shiny component. Two T-888 ENDOS rush in with  
plasma rifles ready. Rachael is suitably contrite.

RACHAEL

I-is there a problem?

One endo has a detector of some sort and makes a beeline to  
the component Rachael had just been heating.

ENDO

This scrap contains thermoelectric  
substances. Do not heat without  
approval.

RACHAEL

Of course. I'm sorry. I'm not an engineer, I don't always remember which parts are a problem.

The endos don't pay any attention. They simply leave. Rachael turns off the torch and issues a small sigh. She then goes back to the UFD sculpture and retrieves the precious flash drive.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT (2027) - DAY

John stands with PIERCE just outside Pierce's area. TAWNY occupies herself inside.

PIERCE

We're all feeling it. Change is coming.

JOHN

How's everyone dealing with that?

PIERCE

Honestly?

JOHN

Yeah.

PIERCE

Scared, but not afraid. We--

Allison walks up. People are mindful of her and give her space.

ALLISON

John.

JOHN

Allison.

ALLISON

Could we have a minute?

PIERCE

Excuse me, I need to check on my souffle.

Pierce exits, enters his living area.

JOHN

Are you OK?

ALLISON

I need to see... you know.

JOHN

OK. Do you want me to come?

ALLISON

No. No, I think I can handle it.

JOHN

You sure? Because I--

ALLISON

I'm a big girl, John.

JOHN

OK. One word of advice?

ALLISON

Yeah?

JOHN

Lose the gun.

Allison puts her hand on her sidearm.

ALLISON

Yeah. Thanks.

Allison exits.

JOHN

Good luck.

Pierce steps back out with two small cups. He hands one to John.

JOHN (cont'd)

How's the souffle?

PIERCE

So light you'd never even know it was there. What was that about?

JOHN

Nothing. Some relationship issues.

PIERCE

You and Young?

JOHN

No! Allison and someone else need to talk something out.

PIERCE

Are you gay?

JOHN

What? No.

PIERCE

People talk, John.

JOHN

Let them.

John takes a sip from his cup and reacts badly to whatever it was.

INT. VAULT - DAY

Cameron has several boxes open and sitting on the gurney. She thumbs through a thick folder when she stops and turns.

Allison stands, unarmed, inside the vault entrance.

It's QUIET.

Allison stares at Cameron.

Cameron stares at Allison.

Cameron doesn't blink when she stares.

Allison almost says something... but doesn't.

Cameron casually tucks a strand of hair behind an ear.

Allison is somewhat stunned by the too-familiar movement.

Cameron continues evaluating Allison.

The QUIET is getting uncomfortable...and it's only been 15-20 seconds.

Allison almost speaks again... but doesn't (again).

Cameron seems content to simply observe Allison.

Allison gains some resolve. If it's going to be a staring contest, she wants to win.

Cameron doesn't know it's a staring contest... there's no way she's going to lose.

And Allison finally realizes that.

ALLISON

You don't blink.

CAMERON

I do. When it's required.

ALLISON  
When you're pretending to be me.

CAMERON  
When my eyes get dry.

And they return to the looking at each other.

Allison clearly looks like she wants to say a lot, but she doesn't have a clue as to how to begin.

Cameron simply waits for it.

ALLISON  
How did I die... the other me?

CAMERON  
I crushed your larynx.

ALLISON  
Just like that.

CAMERON  
No. I didn't want to kill you. It was a mistake.

ALLISON  
What?

CAMERON  
I was new. Inexperienced. You made me angry.

ALLISON  
I made you angry?

CAMERON  
Yes.

ALLISON  
Angry?

CAMERON  
Yes.

Cameron turns and puts away the folder, as if ashamed.

ALLISON  
You know, all I want to do is blow open your fraggin' head.

CAMERON  
Why haven't you tried?

Allison doesn't just blurt it out, but it leaks out anyway:



ALLISON

John.

CAMERON

You love him.

Allison has no immediate comeback.

ALLISON

When John was hurt--

That gets Cameron's attention.

ALLISON (cont'd)

--he... he thought I was you. He was pretty out of it, but he told me, he made me promise that I, meaning you, would look out for Allison.

(beat)

He trusted you to protect me. He trusts you.

CAMERON

I promise.

ALLISON

Right.

CAMERON

John trusts you.

ALLISON

Let me ask you something. If something happened to John, forgetting about me, if something happened to John, whose side would you be on?

CAMERON

I don't know.

ALLISON

Whose side would you be on? Or can't you imagine a world without John?

CAMERON

I can.

Allison puts the pieces together.

ALLISON

He died.

CAMERON

Yes.

ALLISON  
You?

CAMERON  
No. A T-850.

ALLISON  
And you couldn't stop it?

CAMERON  
I tried. John was tricked.

ALLISON  
Is that how you got close to him?  
You tricked him?

CAMERON  
He wasn't fooled for long.

ALLISON  
I'm not surprised. You look like me  
but you sure don't act like me.

CAMERON  
(as Allison)  
I'm not surprised. You look like  
me... I can be convincing if I have  
to be, don't you think?

Allison's freak level rises a bit.

ALLISON  
Stop it.

CAMERON  
(as Cameron)  
It isn't accurate. I could use help.

ALLISON  
Help?

CAMERON  
Yes.

ALLISON  
Help you to be me.

CAMERON  
Yes.

ALLISON  
Frag me.

CAMERON  
I don't understand.

ALLISON  
Why the hell would I help you  
impersonate me?

CAMERON  
Cover.

ALLISON  
Like I'd... What?

CAMERON  
When you are out gathering  
intelligence, it could be helpful  
for the grays to think you are  
somewhere else.

Allison is about to object, but then pauses to think.

ALLISON  
You know, that's not bad.

CAMERON  
Will you teach me?

ALLISON  
To be me?

CAMERON  
It would be helpful.

Allison starts laughing, just shy of hysterical, and turns slightly away from Cameron. Cameron's confused. For a moment, Cameron smiles but before she mimics, she returns to simply observing.

ALLISON  
(to herself)  
I can't believe I'm actually  
considering it.

There's a bit of an awkward pause.

CAMERON  
I apologize.

ALLISON  
For what?

That snaps Allison back to paying attention to Cameron.

CAMERON  
Killing the other you.

That breaks the "moment" they almost had. Allison is snarky again.

ALLISON

Why you? Why are you so damn important to all of this? What makes you so special?

CAMERON

John knows I won't betray him.

ALLISON

Yeah, well, neither will I.

CAMERON

I know. You never have.

(beat)

I have a request.

ALLISON

What?

CAMERON

If I ever malfunction, if my Skynet code gets reactivated, I need you to protect John.

ALLISON

Shoot you in the head? Sure. When?

CAMERON

I don't know. I went bad once, after an explosion damaged my chip. John fixed it. I've modified my code to prevent it happening again, but it will always be a possibility.

ALLISON

Does John know?

CAMERON

John knows.

ALLISON

And he's OK with this even though you might kill him?

CAMERON

Yes. Promise me.

ALLISON

I promise.

Cameron slightly cocks her head.

CAMERON

(quiet)

Someone's here.

Cameron grabs a Glock that was blocked from Allison's view by the boxes on the gurney. Cameron pulls Allison back to shield her, which surprises Allison.

Cameron steps out to the vault door and aims...

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. VAULT - DAY

Cameron steps out to the vault door and aims...

...but Tawny is shorter than where Cameron is aiming. This confuses Cameron.

CAMERON

What are you doing here?

ALLISON

Tawny?

Oops. Allison and her doppelgänger freak Tawny the hell out. She turns and runs.

INT. SUB-LEVEL 5 - CONTINUOUS

Allison pushes past Cameron, chases after the girl in the cleaner but still rubble-strewn hall, and catches her. Cameron strides up, the Glock still in her hand. Allison clutches Tawny and hugs her.

ALLISON

I know exactly how you feel. Freaked me out good.

TAWNY

She's metal.

ALLISON

I know. She's on our side.

TAWNY

You are?

CAMERON

Yes.

Tawny is a bit calmer. Allison breaks the hug but still keeps a hold on Tawny.

ALLISON

Tawny. Listen to me. This is very important. Only John and me know about her.

CAMERON

And--

ALLISON  
(interrupts)  
It's important to me and it's  
important to John that no one knows  
about this place or her. You  
understand?

TAWNY  
But--

ALLISON  
You can't even--

CAMERON  
She's a security risk.

ALLISON  
Give it a rest. Go do some filing or  
something.

CAMERON  
I should stay here.

ALLISON  
You aren't helping.

CAMERON  
(to Tawny)  
It's important to John that you keep  
this secret.

ALLISON  
Go? Please?

Cameron returns to the vault.

ALLISON (cont'd)  
See? Not too bad. But listen to me.  
If someone asks where you were, tell  
them you got lost and I found you  
and brought you back. Don't tell  
anyone about this place...don't even  
hint about it. You're a soldier, and  
this is a very important mission.

TAWNY  
OK.

ALLISON  
So where were you?

TAWNY  
I got lost. Captain Young brought me  
back.

ALLISON  
Good girl.

TAWNY  
Captain Young?

ALLISON  
Yeah?

TAWNY  
I really am lost.

Allison smiles and hugs Tawny again.

ALLISON  
Wait here for a sec and I'll take  
you back. OK?

TAWNY  
OK.

ALLISON  
OK.

Allison gets up and goes to the vault. Cameron stands just  
inside.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Allison stands in full sight of Tawny.

ALLISON  
I'm taking her back. She'll keep our  
secret.

CAMERON  
Children are often unreliable.

ALLISON  
Yeah. Sometimes.

CAMERON  
You should tell John.

ALLISON  
Of course I will. Don't worry,  
Tawny's smart.

CAMERON  
She's a target now.

ALLISON  
What's that to you?



CAMERON

I don't know. It seems important.

Allison stares at Cameron and just shakes her head:

ALLISON

Metal.

And Allison exits.

INT. SUB-LEVEL 5 - DAY

Cameron watches from the vault as Allison leaves with Tawny.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT (2027) - DAY

John is with Pierce and VINCENT JORDAN (F0309) in front of another living area near Pierce's.

JOHN

I still don't know what happens then. The world is a big place.

VINCENT

Me? I'm going to go to Central America. I hear Skynet left a lot of the jungles alone.

JOHN

I grew up there.

Allison comes walking up with Tawny.

ALLISON

Look who I found--  
(pointed at John)  
--wandering about.

PIERCE

Are you OK?

TAWNY

Yeah. I got lost. Captain Young found me.

PIERCE

Where was she?

ALLISON

Not the safest place. But no harm done.  
(to John)  
John?

JOHN  
Excuse me, gentlemen?

Vincent and Pierce wave him off, Pierce dotes on Tawny. John and Allison find a relatively quiet area.

ALLISON  
She saw me talking with...

JOHN  
Was there a prob[lem]--?

ALLISON  
It was fine.

JOHN  
And you?

ALLISON  
I told you before--I'm a big girl.  
I'm still not happy about it, but  
we're good.

JOHN  
All of us?

ALLISON  
Yeah.

JOHN  
In that case...

John indicates Vincent and Pierce.

ALLISON  
Go play with your friends.

JOHN  
You're really OK?

Allison points like a scold, indicating that John go and join his friends.

JOHN (cont'd)  
Yes, mom.

John walks to Pierce and Vincent.

Allison backs away from John for a few steps, looking a little wistful, before turning and disappearing into the tunnel troll experience.

INT. RACHAEL'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Rachael sits in the dark garage, obviously waiting for something.

ALLISON (V.O.)  
One day, I saw pieces of paper that  
had--

That something flies into an open window. It's a rubber fishing weight attached to fishing line.

ALLISON (V.O.) (cont'd)  
--numbers and faces on them.

Rachael takes it, puts a piece of something sticky on the weight, and presses the previous UFD to it. She then takes the weight to the window, wrapping the extra fishing line around it as she goes, and drops the weight outside.

EXT. OUTSIDE RACHAEL'S GARAGE - NIGHT

ALLISON (V.O.)  
I thought: this was once money.

The weight lays on the ground for a moment before it's reeled in to the darkness.

INT. ALLISON'S BUNK - NIGHT

Allison looks into a mirror.

ALLISON (V.O.)  
One day I looked in a mirror.

INTERCUT OR SPLIT-SCREEN WITH:

INT. CLARK AND CAROLE ROOM - NIGHT

Brandi looks into a mirror.

BRANDI (V.O.)  
A stranger stared back at me.

ALLISON (V.O.)  
I thought: I was once  
a girl.

BRANDI (V.O.)  
I thought: I was once a  
girl.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT SIX

THE END