

TERMINATOR: THE CONNOR WARS

"Neu Insights"
F0402

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:

INT. CHALLENGE ROOM - DAY

It's dark. Very dark. A chair in the center of the darkness is under a light. A computer terminal plus scanner is positioned close in front but to the side.

CLIO (25), a human-looking female is lead in by an ENDOSKELETON to the chair. She sits. The endo stands off to the side in the darkness.

PROCTOR (O.S.)

I.D.

Clio passes her wrist with a BARCODE TATTOO over the scanner. When Clio speaks, her voice has a subtle electronic undertone to it.

CLIO

Three-seven-one nine-seven-nine one-
nine-eight five-zero-six-R. Design-
nym, Clio.

Clio sits patiently.

PROCTOR (O.S.)

Accepted. Continue.

CLIO

Since we adjourned, a section of one
storage device was decrypted. If I
may, I would like to begin with that
as it helps fill a gap in my
submitted testimony.

PROCTOR (O.S.)

No objection.

CLIO

Thank you.

Clio enters some commands on the terminal.

CLIO (cont'd)

There was mention made of the
transfer of the prisoner Nancy
Rubinski. She was re-located to John
Connor's new military headquarters
at Point Mugu for interrogation...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The room is windowless and sparse. A heavy table with two chairs. NANCY RUBINSKI (43) paces. A "REPURP" (T-888 reprogrammed endo) stands unobtrusively near a corner. Nancy wears worn, but clean, clothes.

The only door opens. ALLISON YOUNG enters. Her left arm rests in a simple sling, but it's not immobile.

ALLISON

Please. Sit.

Nancy sits at one side of the table. Her eyes focused on Allison. Allison stands on the other side of the table, relatively casual.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Would you like some water or something?

Nancy shakes her head.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Do you remember me?

NANCY

What?

ALLISON

When I was a girl? Before the war?

Nancy thinks about it for a bit.

NANCY

Your dad used to bring you to the hanger sometimes. He really loved you.

Allison smiles sweetly before looking Nancy in the eyes.

ALLISON

I don't remember you at all.

Nancy's nostalgic expression gives way to some fear.

NANCY

You were little.

ALLISON

I don't remember you because you stayed with the machines. I don't remember you because, when my parents were dying, you sold us out.

NANCY

That's not--

Allison SLAMS her hand on the table, interrupting whatever Nancy started to say. Nancy is startled into silence.

ALLISON

SHUT IT!

Boy, it's tense. Allison has that terminatory look she gets. Then it fades back into calm and controlled Allison.

ALLISON (cont'd)

I don't remember you. I have no feelings for you at all. You're a Gray. That's all you are to me.

(beat)

Do you know who I am? Now?

Allison's nodding prompts Nancy to nod.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Good. That will save a little time.

Allison removes her arm from the sling. Nancy's eyes spot the "smeared" barcode tattoo on Allison's left forearm.

EXT. FIRING RANGE MUGU - DAY

One of the old feeder roads to one of the runways has a large pile of debris and sand piled up near the ocean. Three head-splat endo skulls are affixed in various target positions.

JOHN CONNOR stands 150 m away with CAMERON. John has a kind of "Winchester" version of a plasma rifle - sort of a low-power practice rifle. He shoots using his gloved right hand. SHOT.

The plasma misses a skull by almost a meter. He aims again and squeezes. SHOT.

A closer miss, but a miss just the same.

John quickly switches hands and almost instinctively points with barely a pause to aim. SHOT.

A skull goes flying.

JOHN

I can't feel it. I don't know what the trigger's doing.

CAMERON
Feedback has been difficult to
implement. I'll keep working on it.

JOHN
Still, it's good to be able to hold
something in my hand again.

Cameron responds with a small smile.

They turn and walk back up the road to Mugu HQ. They are
each quietly contemplative in their own way.

Allison walks to them.

ALLISON
Your turn.

Cameron gives a quick glance at John and then continues on.
John and Allison follow behind somewhat slower.

JOHN
You get anything?

ALLISON
Hints. I know it's around Mono Lake.

JOHN
How's the shoulder?

ALLISON
Hurts. How's the...body?

John smirks.

JOHN
Sore.

ALLISON
You're taking a beating, John.

JOHN
Not my idea.

ALLISON
You need to start riding a desk.

JOHN
After this next push.

ALLISON
I'm serious.

JOHN

I know. So's Cameron. We all have stars now. I think we need to start getting used to sending others out.

ALLISON

I'm still doing field work.

JOHN

Not so easy to ride that desk, is it?

Allison looks like she wants to give him a sisterly punch.

ALLISON

I'd punch you, but I'm afraid I'll break you.

JOHN

I appreciate that.

John nudges Allison with an elbow.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Nancy sits curled up in a ball in the corner diagonal to the one where the endo stands. The door opens, startling Nancy.

Cameron walks in. Nancy cringes.

CAMERON

Please sit down.

Nancy fights through her trauma and manages to sit in the chair on the opposite side of the table as Cameron. Nancy trembles. She sees Cameron's arm doesn't have a tattoo.

Nancy looks up at Cameron's unreadable face. Nancy's fear subsides a bit.

NANCY

Y-your the other one. T-the cyborg.

CAMERON

I am.

Nancy consciously settles herself down.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Why did you side with Skynet?

NANCY

What?

CAMERON

I know you helped develop some of the tools of Skynet. But after Judgment Day, after you witnessed the genocide, why did you stay with the machines? Help Skynet?

(beat)

Tell me.

NANCY

Or what? You'll snap my neck?

CAMERON

I don't think that will be necessary. I'll send Allison back in.

THAT was intimidating.

NANCY

I didn't always, you know. After the bombs, we-- I was just trying to stay alive. Skynet looked out for us.

CAMERON

Because you maintained it.

NANCY

Maybe. A little. But it was mostly maintaining itself. It didn't need us for that.

CAMERON

Then what?

NANCY

I don't know. At first we continued developing HKs and HKAs like before.

CAMERON

To kill humans.

NANCY

To kill terrorists.

CAMERON

Terrorists.

NANCY

That's what you are. Skynet lets us live. Shelter. Food. Clothes. Warmth. But then you come along and destroy the peace. You take that away.

CAMERON

The work camps. Slaves working until they die.

NANCY

Prisoners. Do you know how many deaths you're responsible for?

CAMERON

Skynet killed more than four point four billion people as a direct result of Judgment Day.

Nancy doesn't have an immediate come-back.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Tell me Skynet's location.

With a contemptuous smile:

NANCY

Go to hell.

Cameron gets up.

CAMERON

You'd be wise to tell me now.

NANCY

Or what? You'll sic Allison on me?

CAMERON

No. I'll insist.

Cameron flashes her eyes blue. Nancy loses some defiance.

CAMERON (cont'd)

On January 22, 2012, Skynet was disassembled and moved from its Topanga lab to a secure mountain in the Sierra Nevada range. The number of likely locations is small. We will find it even if you choose not to say anything. You will, however, find the--

NANCY

Excelsior.

Nancy glares at Cameron.

NANCY (cont'd)

Can I go, now?

CAMERON

If this is accurate. Yes. Thank you.

And Cameron exits, which surprises Nancy a little.

INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

In the paint-peeling government-issue white-paint hall, John and Allison arrive as Cameron closes the interrogation room door.

CAMERON

Skynet is in Excelsior Mountain.

ALLISON

You're kidding.

CAMERON

Why would I kid?

ALLISON

How did you get her to talk so fast?

CAMERON

I asked.

ALLISON

You asked.

JOHN

It doesn't matter. We'll check it out.

(beat)

Am I going to have to separate you two?

ALLISON

It's OK--Dad. We'll behave.

JOHN

Whatever. You'll take care of her?

ALLISON

No problem.

John walks down the hall. Cameron follows. Allison sticks her tongue out at the back of Cameron's head.

INT. CHALLENGE ROOM - DAY

Clio still in the chair, still in the dark room.

PROCTOR (O.S.)

So it was Nancy Rubinski who revealed Skynet's location.

CLIO
That's that the data says.
(beat)
I'd like to continue where we left
off previously, when the Andy device
was taken.

When there's no objection, Clio taps some commands on her terminal.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

BORIS PETROVIC, dressed in very distressed clothes, zooms down Highway 1 atop Brandi's fuel-cell motorcycle.

He travels at a very unsafe speed.

As he passes a weathered highway sign saying 2 mi to San Luis Obispo...

EXT. SLO HIGH GROUND - DAY

A SKYNET RECON of three T-888 terminators spots the human. RECON #1 takes careful aim with a fancy-looking sniper-styled plasma rifle.

SHOT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SLO HIGH GROUND - DAY

A T-888 terminator fires his rifle.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Boris is hit on his back by the thin and short plasma round. Though it's a struggle, he manages to slow and stop the motorcycle under control.

Boris' breathing is labored. He slumps over the bike's body. A second plasma bullet hits him at the base of the skull.

Boris dead.

The motorcycle doesn't fall. Boris' body simply lies on top.

PAN AROUND the motorcycle until we see:

Storming up from the roadside is a PATROL of eight SOLDIERS. They quickly and quietly advance on where the terminator RECON shot from.

SERGEANT

Jackson, take care of that.

The Sergeant leads the rest toward the high ground.

Jackson pulls Boris upright. Seeing an anomaly, Jackson pulls up Boris' sleeve revealing an old barcode. Jackson pulls the sleeve down.

JACKSON

Time to go home.

Jackson pushes Boris a little farther back on the seat and then hops on in front. Boris leans on Jackson's back.

Going slow, Jackson starts the trek back to S.L.O.

A plasma shot hits Boris just as Jackson shifts him slightly and accidentally into the path.

JACKSON (cont'd)

Frag!

So much for the slow. Jackson guns the motorcycle down the highway.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

BRANDI SUMMERTON opens her eyes. They both glow red, and they both have eyelids.

TERMINATOR DISPLAY (BRANDI 2.0)

Brandi's vision covers an expanded EMI from infrared to ultraviolet simultaneously, giving a slightly psychedelic look. The HUD information is more complete than before giving her some augmented reality (AR).

SUPERIMPOSE "CALIBRATING..." followed quickly by "CALIBRATED"

BACK TO SCENE

Brandi raises up her arms. They both have a skin-like covering that looks almost human.

TERMINATOR DISPLAY (BRANDI 2.0)

Her AR and HUD show the endoskeleton schematic of the arms overlaid on the actual image and display:

SUPERIMPOSE "ENDOSKELTON" followed by "SYNTHETIC/ORGANIC SHELL"

BACK TO SCENE

Brandi touches her arms and then uses them to help sit up. She winces and grabs her right shoulder.

Brandi's legs now have the same synthetic-organic shell that doesn't quite look like skin.

Brandi smiles broadly and her eyes maybe glow a little brighter.

GARRET JONES (21 - F0319) steps up.

GARRET
There's a problem.

The smile fades from Brandi's lips.

INT. SKYNET FACILITY - DAY

The room is a suite from what had once been a hotel. The furniture is well-worn, and the walls could use new wallpaper or at least a fresh coat of paint.

Brandi storms in, her right arm in a very supportive sling and her eyes covered with scleral contacts. Garret follows. Brandi heads straight to the wall safe with the retro-fitted external keyed lock. The safe door is open.

Brandi's expression is one between shock and anger.

GARRET

We have a report of a RECON unit
terminating an escaping human on a
motorcycle outside of San Luis
Obispo.

BRANDI

M-my... He took my bike?

Brandi is really lost, now.

GARRET

The unit couldn't retrieve them.
Connor's people took them.

BRANDI

(to herself)

I loved that bike.

Brandi is forlorn. Her left hand splinters the tabletop.

INT. MUGU LAB - NIGHT

A few T-888 "dead" endos lie on tables in the back of the
lab. Mostly, the room is filled with disassembled plasma
weapons.

Allison sits at a desk holding and staring at the "Andy"
plug -- a cylinder about the size of eight stacked U.S.
quarters with an I/O interface at one end.

Cameron enters.

CAMERON

You wanted to see me?

ALLISON

This just got delivered from S-L-O.

CAMERON

What is it?

ALLISON

I don't know. It has the matching
interface for an 800-series port.
Brandi's boy-toy died getting it to
us.

CAMERON

Have you tried plugging it in?

ALLISON

Why no, Cameron, it hadn't even
occurred to me.

CAMERON

Sarcasm.

ALLISON

I wanted to have someone here I
trusted instead of another robot. If
you think it's too risky, we'll do
it another way.

Cameron puts out her hand. Allison puts the device in it.
Cameron examines it closely.

CAMERON

It's well-used. I detect no
explosives or volatile compounds.

ALLISON

I didn't think there were.

CAMERON

We should disconnect the motor
pathways first, to prevent--

ALLISON

(interrupting)

Done. It's that one over there. The
one with the port still in its
chest.

Allison and Cameron walk over to the closest supine endo.
Allison removes a reprogrammed CPU from her pocket and
inserts it into the endo's open CPU port.

The endo's eyes light and its head moves a little, but
otherwise there is no motion.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Wait.

Allison steps away and returns with some Kevlar-covered
blast plates.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Just in case.

As the plates are placed around and over the port:

CAMERON

Then you should leave. Just in case.

Allison nods, and touches Cameron's arm in an unconscious
move.

ALLISON

Good luck.

Allison quickly exits.

Cameron reaches, with the cylinder, under the plates.

CAMERON
(clearly)
Three. Two. One.

INT. OUTSIDE MUGU LAB - NIGHT

Allison is crouched in the dilapidated school hallway.

CAMERON (O.S.)
Clear!

Allison stands.

INT. MUGU LAB - NIGHT

Allison re-enters. Cameron removes the last of the blast plates from the endo (now ANDY).

ALLISON
Well?

CAMERON
After inserting the device, the
movements of the head changed in a
way inconsistent with the series.

ALLISON
English?

CAMERON
I believe the device gives the
endoskeleton sentience.

ALLISON
You get that from some head
movements?

CAMERON
Yes.

ALLISON
(to Andy)
Who are you?

Andy plays dumb. Allison shrugs to Cameron.

CAMERON
We could disassemble the device and
analyze--

ANDY
Please don't.

Andy speaks with a somewhat electronic endo male voice.

ALLISON
Willing to talk?

ANDY
(beat)
My name is Andy.

ALLISON
Well, Andy, was my friend right? Do
you think?

ANDY
(beat)
Yes.

Allison and Cameron do a take.

ALLISON
Portable AI.

CAMERON
That could be useful.

ALLISON
Take a chip, not the body.

CAMERON
(to Andy)
You don't want to be disconnected.

ANDY
No. Please don't.

Allison looks questioningly at Cameron.

CAMERON
Powering down is unpleasant. An AI
in this sort of device wouldn't want
to be removed often. It's inhumane.

ALLISON
Inhumane?

CAMERON
I couldn't think of a better word.

ALLISON
Yeah. Guess not.

CAMERON

We have a meeting in the morning. I
could stay so you can rest. I--

CAMERON (cont'd)

--don't--

ALLISON

--don't--

ALLISON (cont'd)

--sleep. I know. I'd like to talk to
Andy some more. If Jason's looking
for me, let him know I'll be here
late.

CAMERON

I'll see you in the morning.

Cameron touches Allison's arm as she exits.

ALLISON

Well. Andy. It's just you and me.

Allison picks up a pair of needle-nosed pliers.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. HOUSING - NIGHT

JASON, sans lower left leg but sporting a patchy beard, leans against the repaired small house as Cameron comes by. A crutch is beside him.

JASON
She's staying in the lab.

CAMERON
She is. We received--

JASON
You know, I really don't care. She should be here. For me.

CAMERON
I can help.

JASON
No. You can't.

Cameron doesn't understand his annoyance.

JASON (cont'd)
Forget it. Just...

Jason turns and hobbles to the door.

Cameron watches him go inside and mutter UNINTELLIGIBLE EPITHETS. Cameron continues on her way.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Nancy lies on an examination table in what could pass for a pre-JD clinic examination room. She has two IVs running into one of her arms.

The door opens and Brandi enters. Brandi no longer wears the sling.

Nancy does a double-take when she notices Brandi's upgrade.

NANCY
You look better.

BRANDI
You don't.

NANCY
At least I'm home.

Brandi sits in a chair beside Nancy.

NANCY (cont'd)
I told them: Excelsior.

BRANDI
Don't worry about it. It was bound
to happen at some point.

NANCY
When I was being moved, I heard--
They have Andy.
(off Brandi's look)
We all knew about him.

BRANDI
WHO has him?

NANCY
Young, I guess. Though it could be
that cyborg.

That gets Brandi's attention.

BRANDI
You met her?

NANCY
Yeah. Creepy. But Connor, he--

BRANDI
Connor. Hang on. I have a little...
(smiles)
I'll be back.

Brandi exits. Nancy's confused, but lies back down.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Typical conference room. Large table. Chairs. A chalkboard rests on the tray of a wall-mounted whiteboard. Present (with their rank) are John (5-star), Cameron (4-star), Allison (3-star), Jason (major), T-GOODNOW (major), KYLE REESE (1-star), and T-SHERMAN (captain). John's rank is cloth and subtle, as is Cameron's; the rest vary.

JOHN
We aren't going to defeat Skynet
with all of the regional fighting.
We need to take the battle to the
machine. We need to kill it now that
we know where it is.

KYLE
Just like that.

JOHN

Probably not. But Skynet has to be the target.

CAMERON

Defeating Skynet will let us hold on to the local victories.

JASON

We're barely hanging on as it is. Between fighting the metal and guarding the civies... how much more do you expect us to handle?

JOHN

That's why Kyle's going to be clearing out western Mexico. We'll start moving the civilians south once the area is secure.

ALLISON

We tried that before, John. We dug a lot of graves.

JOHN

I know. That's why no one gets moved until we control the territory.

JASON

And what? We just leave them there? To get killed or captured?

T-GOODNOW

My people will be with them.

JASON

And that makes me feel better, how?

ALLISON

Cameron and I have looked at Skynet's patterns. When there's no military around, Skynet tends to capture civilians, not kill them.

KYLE

Work camps? Seriously, John?

CAMERON

T0Ks will provide protection without an obvious military presence.

JOHN

Meanwhile, the army concentrates on Skynet.

(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)
(looks at T-Goodnow)
That means all of us.

T-GOODNOW
We won't take the place of the
repurps.

JOHN
I don't expect you to. Unless there
is a special reason to do otherwise,
we'll fight side-by-side. Humans and
Ks. We won't make a distinction
between the two. Agreed?

T-Goodnow glances to T-Sherman.

CAMERON
It's the only way it will work.
(to T-Goodnow)
We have to be willing to die, too.
Otherwise, we don't deserve to be
here.

T-GOODNOW
We'll agree.

T-Sherman nods.

JOHN
Thank you. Since that's on the
table... Allison? Manufacturing?

ALLISON
Right. We're about to start
production at S-L-O. We're hoping
for ten times the population
creation as Depot 37, which is at
90% capacity.

T-SHERMAN
If I may?
(on John's nod)
With that sort of output and our new
goal, we'll need more focus on
acclimation and integration
instruction.

JOHN
You did that for Weaver, right?

T-SHERMAN
I did.

CAMERON

Better to take the time now to do it right. No shortcuts.

JOHN

Why don't you work up a plan and--

Cameron stands, quickly echoed by T-Goodnow.

CAMERON

Missiles.

Like a Secret Service agent, Cameron takes John and physically ushers him out of the room. T-Goodnow does the same for Allison, while T-Sherman helps Jason. Kyle is already dashing ahead.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A door opens revealing an escape slide going down. Cameron pushes John in and follows. Allison is next.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The ceiling has a mesh tube feeding up through a hole. Below it are various cushions positioned at an angle.

John slips through the mesh and slides over the cushions before popping out onto the floor. Cameron follows. Then Allison, Kyle, T-Goodnow, Jason, and T-Sherman.

Everyone stands under a large tubular earthquake cage near a foundation wall. BOOM a nearby concussion. BOOM a close detonation that causes some ground-shaking and some dust falling. BOOM, a bit more distant.

CAMERON

One more.

A couple seconds later, a weak BOOM.

JASON

I think Skynet still wants you dead, John.

John looks at T-Goodnow.

JOHN

I'll admit it, these shelters were a good idea.

T-GOODNOW

Thank you. I'll go up. See if it's clear.

T-Goodnow exits.

Jason hops over to the wall and slides down. Allison attends to him.

ALLISON

You OK?

Jason pulls off his prosthetic partial left leg.

JASON

It's this damn foot.

ALLISON

Still?

Jason looks in Allison's eyes and calms a bit.

JASON

No big deal. It'll pass.

Jason relaxes.

JOHN

This is what I was talking about
upstairs.

People seem confused at that.

JOHN (cont'd)

Skynet just tried to terminate us.
Straight up. Again. We have to take
the fight to Skynet. We need to kill
it.

No one disagrees.

INT. S.L.O. FACTORY - DAY

A facility 3-4x the size of Depot 37. There is little open floor space: clearly this building is for production, not storage. Along one long wall are dozens of terminator-sized culturing-tanks on rocker tables. There are three clean-room stations. There are several areas that are walled off.

CATHERINE WEAVER stands at one end of the facility with T-VICTORIA. A dozen other T0Ks are engaged in tasks around the equipment.

T-VICTORIA

I'm hoping to start production this
afternoon, as soon as the lines to
the power plant are certified.

WEAVER

That won't be a problem.

T-VICTORIA

It's going to be strange having so many around.

WEAVER

I imagine so.

T-VICTORIA

What do you think of us?

WEAVER

I'm not sure I understand.

T-VICTORIA

You're different. You're unique. You helped create us and yet you are our descendant.

WEAVER

It's a great responsibility.

T-VICTORIA

Is that why you haven't told John Connor everything?

WEAVER

Nor does he tell me everything. We each accept that. But we are allies. Defeating Skynet is our prime responsibility now. Without that accomplished, the rest is irrelevant.

A weather-damaged box of lubricant carried by a T0K gives way, dropping its bottled contents. One of the bottles breaks, spreading lubricant, causing the T0K to slip (not fall).

T-Victoria can't stifle a quick LAUGH. Weaver looks curiously at T-Victoria. T-Victoria sees the gaze.

T-VICTORIA

What? It was funny.

WEAVER

I suppose so.

There's a LOUD KNOCKING/BANGING at the entrance. Weaver and T-Victoria turn to see LA CAZADORA/ALEJANDRA enter.

WEAVER (cont'd)

Alejandra.

La Cazadora joins Weaver and T-Victoria.

ALEJANDRA
Catherine. Victoria.

T-VICTORIA
It's good to see you again.

ALEJANDRA
It looks ready.

WEAVER
Almost. In fact, we should let
Victoria get back to her
preparations.

Weaver motions for La Cazadora to exit. T-Victoria goes to help the hapless TOK who is cleaning up the lubricant mess.

EXT. S.L.O. FACTORY - DAY

Like most manufacturing plants, the building is large and nondescript. Weaver and La Cazadora walk.

WEAVER
What brings you here?

ALEJANDRA
RECON. I needed to get a bike. But
first...

Alejandra takes out a modest, folded piece of paper and hands it to Weaver.

WEAVER
What's this?

ALEJANDRA
From Savannah.

Weaver reads it.

WEAVER
She wants me to visit.

ALEJANDRA
She misses you.

WEAVER
I'll make an effort.

ALEJANDRA
John will also be there.

WEAVER
Another battle?

La Cazadora gives a knowing shrug.

EXT. ZEIRA BASE ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

SAVANNAH WEAVER (27) and TAWNY (11) wait beside the entrance as an armored Humvee pulls up.

Cameron gets out of the driver's side. From the driver's side rear seat, a LIEUTENANT gets out and takes Cameron's place behind the wheel. John gets out from the passenger side and T-RHEA, an athletically-built T0K, dismounts from the seat behind John's. T-Rhea is John's constant bodyguard.

Tawny eagerly goes to John and they embrace.

JOHN
Hey.

The Humvee is driven off. John's embrace with Tawny ends. Savannah's expression is welcoming yet concerned.

SAVANNAH
You look like hell.

JOHN
You don't.

They have a warm embrace.

CAMERON
We should get out of the open.

The hug ends. Savannah looks at Cameron and then at John.

SAVANNAH
Come on.

Cameron leads the way inside, followed by Tawny, John & Savannah, and T-Rhea.

INT. BUNK HUB - AFTERNOON

John, Savannah, Cameron, Tawny, and T-Rhea enter the familiar space.

JOHN
I hope we aren't putting you out.

SAVANNAH
We reserve this for IC business.
It's still a military base.

JOHN

You wouldn't know it. It's changed a lot even since the last time.

SAVANNAH

And I set up your bunk in the lab. Safest place in California.

JOHN

Except when I'm painting a target on it.

SAVANNAH

About that--what's with the muscle?

JOHN

Cameron's idea.

John sits on a bunk. Savannah turns to Cameron. Tawny sits next to John.

SAVANNAH

Really?

CAMERON

John's a target. I'm not always available.

Savannah turns back to John. John shrugs.

TAWNY

Are Aunt Sandy and Ali coming?

JOHN

Just us this time. They're on missions.

Tawny sort of leans into John. John starts playing with Tawny's hair like Sarah used to with him.

Savannah smiles at domestic John. Cameron keenly observes.

INT. DEPOT 37 LAB - DAY

CLOSE ON

A hand with a cloth cleaning up a spill. PULL BACK to see:

TOSHIRO ISHIHARA (28) mops up spilled tea from his work table. The table and surrounding area is a post-JD "bleeding-edge" geek's dream. Lasers, high-power microscopes, high-precision milling machines, and a window that shows a micro- and nano- part fabrication clean room manned by T0Ks.

ALLISON (O.S.)
Hey, buddy.

Toshiro turns to see Allison enter.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. DEPOT 37 LAB - DAY

Toshiro stares at Allison. Toshiro drops the cloth so he can exchange a hug with her. When they part, Allison smirks.

ALLISON
You thought I was Cameron.

TOSHIRO
Nooo. No. I-- I just wanted to make sure you weren't. She hugs weird.

ALLISON
Yeah I know. So, what's up?

Toshiro smiles widely and goes to the table.

TOSHIRO
Oh, man. You're going to love this.

Toshiro presents Allison with a small specimen jar filled with a rust-colored gel.

ALLISON
Yeah?

TOSHIRO
I call it, Neu-goo.

ALLISON
Nugu?

TOSHIRO
It's a neural net gel. Neural gel.

ALLISON
Neu-goo. OK. I get it. What's it for?

TOSHIRO
Ah! Here...

Toshiro retrieves from his bench what looks like a 30 millimeter-long cockroach.

ALLISON
Snack?

TOSHIRO
No no no no no. I hollow it out, put in some tech, and then fill the rest with neu-goo. Then I flash it.
(MORE)

TOSHIRO (cont'd)
Perfect for when you want to "bug"
someplace.

Allison smiles.

ALLISON
That's so luke!

(Note: "Luke" is cool spelled backwards and transliterated.)

TOSHIRO
I keep the muscles in for
locomotion. When it's sealed, looks
natural.

ALLISON
When can I have some?

TOSHIRO
Uh... not sure. The goo breaks down
and resets a couple hours after
flashing. You can flash it again,
but then it forgets. Again.

ALLISON
That could be enough.

TOSHIRO
No. I need to get it more stable.

ALLISON
You need time to debug it.

Toshiro retrieves the jar from Allison in mock annoyance at
the pun.

TOSHIRO
What brings you up here?

ALLISON
Fortifying the border. Gotta keep
this place safe.

TOSHIRO
That's good. I like being safe. You
hungry?

ALLISON
I could eat.

TOSHIRO
Tonya, over there--

Indicates T-Tonya (30) working in the clean room.

TOSHIRO (cont'd)
--is a really good cook.

ALLISON
Special training?

TOSHIRO
She just likes to cook.
Experimenting with different
recipes.
(off Allison's look)
Oh. Oh yeah. I've been sending you
all the security types. They're all
pretty different once you get to
know them.

ALLISON
Really.

TOSHIRO
You haven't noticed that, Miss head
of intelligence?

ALLISON
Ms. And no. Cameron spends most of
the time with the Ks.

TOSHIRO
You should get to know them. But
first, some meat medallions with
potatoes au gratin and melon salad?

ALLISON
I don't know what some of that is,
but it sounds good.

TOSHIRO
It is. It really is. Come on.

Toshiro taps on the glass which gets T-Tonya's attention.
Using American Sign Language (ASL) - one-handed in Toshiro's
case:

TOSHIRO (cont'd)
(ASL)
Would you fix a meal for her and me,
please?

T-TONYA
(ASL)
Yes. Happy to.

ALLISON
And you didn't want to learn. "It's
too hard to--"

TOSHIRO

OK, Ali, you were right. Now can we
go and eat?

Toshiro leads the way. Allison takes one last look at the
bug before leaving as well.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A third of the one-time-kitchen has been changed back from
being an organic tissue incubator to being a small but
complete electric kitchen. Toshiro and Allison sit at the
chef's table enjoying their melon salad while T-Tonya tends
to meat on the griddle.

ALLISON

It's risky, I think, but once John
gets something in his head and
Cameron stops arguing about it,
there's not a lot you can do.

TOSHIRO

Risky? He's condemning those people.

ALLISON

He's changed. He's still John, but
he's harder. Honestly, I think at
this point Cameron's more human than
he is sometimes.

TOSHIRO

What about you? Aren't you like his
big sister or cousin or something?

ALLISON

I think John's older than everybody,
now. I don't know if he was ready to
be in charge so quick.

T-Tonya brings over plates that have the half-coated meat
medallions with a sauce on them accompanied with potatoes au
gratin.

TOSHIRO

Thank you.

ALLISON

Oh, that smells great.

T-TONYA

I hope you like it.

Allison tastes a piece of the meat. Her eyes close once she
savors the taste.

ALLISON

Oh. My. Word. That's the best thing
I've ever had in my mouth. Ever.

T-Tonya smiles. Toshiro grins broadly at Allison's reaction.
Allison doesn't notice.

T-TONYA

Thank you.

Allison tries the potatoes. This time her eyes widen and she
puts her hand over her mouth as she speaks.

ALLISON

That's so good.

Allison swallows and lowers her hand.

ALLISON (cont'd)

That's sooo good.

Again, T-Tonya smiles.

T-TONYA

Thank you.

Allison sees Toshiro grinning from ear-to-ear.

ALLISON

Shut up.

T-TONYA

May I say something? About John
Connor?

ALLISON

Sure. Go ahead.

T-TONYA

We talk about him.

ALLISON

Really?

T-TONYA

Yes. He's given up a lot for both
our species. We try, but none of us--
my people-- understand him.

ALLISON

Cameron.

T-TONYA

Perhaps.

(MORE)

T-TONYA (cont'd)
But we appreciate his courage and
dedication. And for letting us live.

Allison lets this soak in.

T-TONYA (cont'd)
And please forgive my interruption.
Enjoy your meal.
(to Toshiro)
I'll return to my station.

TOSHIRO
Yeah, thank you. This is great.

T-Tonya exits.

TOSHIRO (cont'd)
OK. I know that look. What's wrong?

ALLISON
How human are you making them?

TOSHIRO
I'm not doing anything. This is how
they are after a year or so of
living.

ALLISON
I'm definitely going to have to
spend more time with them.

TOSHIRO
They're good company.

ALLISON
Or the perfect infiltrators.

TOSHIRO
They're on our side, Ali.

ALLISON
I know. And I trust them. Mostly.
But they're still metal. At least I
can tell Cameron's a machine. These
new ones...

TOSHIRO
What?

ALLISON
It's hard enough to get inside a
human's head. I don't know how they
think at all.

Allison absently takes another bite of meat, is distracted by the taste, and then gives into satisfaction.

INT. RADU'S PULPIT - DAY

The Zeira second-floor office is now shelter and pulpit for FRIAR RADU. An altar stands at the ledge, overlooking the Zeira area. Vestments are folded on a table in a corner. Artifacts, including icons of Sarah, John, Savannah, La Cazadora, and Cameron sit on low shelves away from public view.

Radu sits on the floor in the middle of the room with JOHN HENRY and Cameron.

FRIAR RADU

And the thought is that it was all part of the grand scheme to lead us to a world that would finally find peace.

JOHN HENRY

What's your opinion?

CAMERON

I haven't devoted a lot of time thinking about it.

JOHN HENRY

But you have devoted some.

Cameron has an instant of annoyance.

CAMERON

Yes. Once the last time jump is passed, then all past events simplify into linearity. There's just cause and effect.

FRIAR RADU

No, that's not what I'm saying. Let me ask you a different question: why is it always John Connor? Why always Sarah Connor?

CAMERON

Because they were the first causality loop.

FRIAR RADU

Yes, the first. But why them?

CAMERON

I don't know. I wasn't there.

JOHN HENRY

Friar Radu, and those who share the same faith, believe that John and Sarah Connor were selected by some unknown force to be the ones who forge a new world.

CAMERON

And you agree?

JOHN HENRY

I see many parallels with several human philosophies.

CAMERON

Why do you care?

JOHN HENRY

Miss Weaver wanted me to learn. Mr. Ellison was my first teacher. I've since wondered if human philosophy applies to our kind as well. We are not limited by one body. Our intelligence can be re-located, as mine has. Are you and I the Adam and Eve of a new species? We both think differently than the machines that came before us. That difference has been combined and put into our children. They are more capable than either of us and yet, are we more elevated than they are because we are unique?

CAMERON

You ask a lot of questions.

JOHN HENRY

Don't you?

CAMERON

Not those questions.

FRIAR RADU

What questions do you ask?

Cameron considers for a moment.

CAMERON

How do you chose which lives must continue and which must end?

JOHN HENRY

Did you find an answer?

CAMERON

Yes. It's time I return to John.

Cameron stands. Friar Radu does likewise.

FRIAR RADU

Thank you for coming. It was an honor.

CAMERON

You're welcome. It was... interesting.

Cameron exits.

FRIAR RADU

She learned morality.

JOHN HENRY

Perhaps.

Friar Radu sits back down.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MESS - DAY

John, Savannah, Tawny, and Weaver sit at an isolated table. Tawny sits next to John. Savannah sits near Weaver. T-Rhea stands sentry. Except for the currently-empty adjoining tables, the room bustles with CIVILIANS, many of whom don't try to hide their staring.

John eats, with gusto, the roasted fowl with a sort of dressing and potatoes. Tawny and Savannah enjoy their meals as well.

JOHN

I have to say, even though it's not even close to November, this is great.

SAVANNAH

I figured that since we were all here, we might as well have thanksgiving.

WEAVER

The feast?

SAVANNAH

The gathering of friends and family. I just wish Aunt Sandy and Ali were here.

TAWNY

Can't we have one for them, too?

SAVANNAH

When they're both here. Definitely.

Cameron joins them. Savannah puts a plate with a little food on it in the empty place next to John.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

I know you can eat.

Cameron glances at John. John shrugs. Cameron sits and begins to eat sparingly.

WEAVER

How was your talk with John Henry?

CAMERON

Confusing.

SAVANNAH

I wish he would have come. He's with
Friar Radu all the time, lately.

WEAVER

Is he?

Tawny nods.

T-TUCK strides toward the group. T-Rhea does a subtle weight
shift. T-Tuck doesn't get too close. T-Tuck glances first at
Cameron before focusing on John.

T-TUCK

General, the battle has started.

That straightens John's spine.

JOHN

Thank you.

T-Tuck exits.

JOHN (cont'd)

Will you make sure everything's
ready?

CAMERON

Of course.

Cameron stands.

CAMERON (cont'd)

The food was delicious. Thank you.

Cameron exits. John continues eating.

SAVANNAH

Aren't you going?

JOHN

They'll wait. And Cameron's right,
the food is delicious.

John glances to the side and winks at Tawny, which prompts a
smile.

INT. CHALLENGE ROOM - DAY

Clio sits up from the terminal.

CLIO

I have included from the histories
the particulars of this battle,
(MORE)

CLIO (cont'd)
 often known as Battle Baja. I
 haven't been able to recover data
 from any identifiable on-site
 devices, but I did recover some
 later accounts from those weeks.

Clio taps in some commands into the terminal.

EXT. SAN DIEGO - DAY

In the dense ruins of residential San Diego, a pitched
 battle is underway. Plasma rounds fly free. HKs, OGRES,
 "HAWKS", T-6xx & T-8xx ENDOS are everywhere.

John and Cameron are with a PLATOON of HUMANS and T0Ks
 holding their ground near the skeleton of a school. T-Rhea
 stands behind John, giving him cover.

CAMERON
 We're cutoff!

John ducks behind cover just as a plasma round zips by.

JOHN
 I guess we fight, then.

John pops up and fires some rounds.

Cameron stands and aims.

CAMERON
 John, drop!

Without hesitation, John drops. Cameron fires.

A T-800 goes down about twenty meters away.

Cameron lowers her weapon. From behind her, T-CEDRIC quickly
 moves in and pushes Cameron aside just as T-Cedric gets a
 plasma round to the back.

Cameron gets low, examines the disabled T-Cedric. She turns
 him face-up.

CAMERON (cont'd)
 Why did you do that?

T-CEDRIC
 You're Cameron. Gener-General.
 (beat)
 I'm experiencing a cascading
 soma[tic]--

And that's the end of T-Cedric. Cameron looks momentarily confused. She pulls out a knife.

EXT. SADDLEBAG - NIGHT

La Cazadora, dressed very warmly, hugs the ground as she peeks over a crest that overlooks the guarded entrance to Excelsior Mountain. The terrain is rocky and treacherous.

A net gets thrown on her. La Cazadora struggles and turns.

LA CAZADORA'S POV

The glint of moonlight from a T-888 endo.

EXT. CONNOR'S HQ - NIGHT

SOUNDS OF DISTANT BATTLE continue in b.g. John sleeps on a cot while T-Rhea maintains a vigil.

Cameron sits at a table. She has drawn a map of Southern California and Arizona, the Mexican border, and Baja.

INSERT MAP

Cameron marks in "Gained Territory" which covers all of the Pacific Coast starting from 50 km north of San Diego, down to the south edge of San Diego. Baja, some of Arizona, and western Mexico are highlighted but not marked.

BACK TO SCENE

Cameron puts down her pencil and places the map near the table's edge.

Cameron pulls from her pocket T-Cedric's chip. She holds it before her and stares at it. Cameron glances over to...

T-RHEA, standing guard over John as Cameron once did.

Cameron looks back down at the chip.

Cameron puts the chip back in her pocket. She lifts a box that was at her side, places it on the table, and opens it. She removes some electronic testing gear. Cameron retrieves a plasma rifle and begins to break it down.

JOHN (O.S.)

Hey.

Cameron and T-Rhea turn to face John. T-Rhea quickly goes back into guard mode.

CAMERON

I thought you were sleeping.

Drowsy John ambles over, his ungloved right hand showing his two missing fingers. His unbuttoned shirt/jacket revealing accumulated scars on his torso.

JOHN

The Carter has a knack for showing
up in the nick of time.

CAMERON

Captain Ellison likes the element of
surprise.

JOHN

I'm sort of figuring that out.

John sits in a chair at the side of the table.

JOHN (cont'd)

You'd think he'd give us the
courtesy of letting us in on his
plan.

CAMERON

Then it wouldn't be a surprise.

Yes, Cameron actually smiles at her joke. John smiles
briefly in return. He picks up the map.

JOHN

There's still a lot to do.

John sits back and stares at the map while Cameron continues
cleaning and calibrating the rifle.

JOHN (cont'd)

You kept his chip.

Cameron stops cleaning. She faces John who glances down at
Cameron's pocket.

CAMERON

I don't know why he did that.

JOHN

Take a bullet for you like you have
for me? A lot.

CAMERON

Yes. I don't understand.

JOHN

Rhea. What do you think?

T-RHEA

It's understood.

JOHN
What's understood?

T-Rhea never breaks from her vigil.

T-RHEA
Humans and cyborgs are both told
that John Connor and Cameron speak
with one voice. For all practical
purposes, you are one. Attacking
one is like attacking the other.

JOHN
So you'd be as likely to protect
Cameron as me?

T-RHEA
No.

JOHN
But you just--

T-RHEA
My specific mission is to protect
John Connor. If protecting Cameron
doesn't compromise that mission, I
will.

JOHN
And if you didn't have that mission?

T-RHEA
Then you are the same.

JOHN
Thank you.
(to Cameron)
Now you know.

Cameron is thoughtful.

JOHN (cont'd)
You OK?

CAMERON
I understand the explanation. I'm
not sure I agree.

JOHN
Yeah, I know the feeling.

Cameron goes back to cleaning the rifle. John picks up
another map and stares at it.

EXT. SADDLEBAG - NIGHT

A T-888 Endo drags La Cazadora in a net.

The ground pummels La Cazadora with its rugged texture.

And then La Cazadora is free, the net slipping off of her. La Cazadora snaps closed her multi-tool, smoothly drops it in a pocket, and runs like the wind.

The T-888 notices the escape too late. It gives chase, but is hampered by metal on rock traction. When it reaches a ledge where La Cazadora disappeared...

TERMINATOR DISPLAY (T-888)

A scan of the area, even in infrared, reveals nothing.

EXT. NORTH PEAK - NIGHT

The BIG DAMN PLASMA CANNON (BDPC) on snow-capped North Peak opens its shroud. The large weapon un-stows itself, efficiently wheels around, and fires two quick shots in the direction of SaddleBag Lake. It stays aimed in that direction.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. SADDLEBAG - NIGHT

The T-888 arrives at the target of the two still-smoldering plasma shots. There's a small fire at the edge of the farther one.

ENDO HAND picks up a glove that has a small flame still feeding off it.

The glove is dropped to the ground, the T-888 keeps moving.

EXT. NORTH OF SUMMIT LAKE - MORNING

Low sunlight beams between the mountains. La Cazadora, missing a glove, slowly, quietly positions herself around the side of the peak to get a view of Summit Lake.

Glints on the other side of the lake move.

T-888 Endos are walking patrols.

La Cazadora smirks. She looks down into the grassy canyon to her right. A handful of sheep graze. La Cazadora looks behind her. The grassy canyon extends deeper into the mountains. With her eyes focus on that, La Cazadora slowly moves in that direction.

EXT. MUGU RUNWAY - DAY

Allison stands at the end of the runway, a couple hundred meters from the Pacific. Close to the north, a submarine dock is in the midst of being built.

Allison stares out to the ocean. Cameron walks up.

CAMERON

The meeting is going to start soon.

ALLISON

Yeah.

Allison continues staring out to sea. Cameron steps closer, takes a good look at Allison.

CAMERON

I'm a good listener.

Allison looks at Cameron.

ALLISON

I think Jason's in trouble. He's OK around me. Mostly. But he's different, you know?

Cameron pauses to consider. (Maybe compares with John.)

CAMERON

I know.

Now they both look out to the ocean a bit.

ALLISON

Well-- We have a meeting.

It takes a second:

CAMERON

Yes.

Cameron and Allison walk toward the base.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

John sits at the table with Cameron, Allison, La Cazadora, Jason, and Kyle. T-Rhea stands within reach of John, by the windows. John stressfully rubs his face.

JOHN

Why's this the first we're hearing of it?

ALLISON

It's hard enough getting a clear message in-country.

JOHN

And you're sure they got them all?

ALLISON

The island's sealed. And Ireland, too.

JOHN

Damn it.

John hits the table and stands. He wanders toward the window, but T-Rhea keeps him from getting too close.

CAMERON

Alejandra?

ALEJANDRA

It's bad. Mountains all around. Plasma canons protecting the entrance. It's a killing field.

JOHN

Of course it is.

ALEJANDRA

I believe I found a way.

That piques John's interest. Kyle also listens closer.

ALEJANDRA (cont'd)

There's an access tunnel on the north side, near a lake. A lot of metal.

JASON

Great.

ALEJANDRA

Only metal.

JOHN

Wait... no other fortifications?

ALEJANDRA

None that I could see.

KYLE

Deltas?

John glances at Allison who barely shakes her head "no".

JOHN

I'd like to have more intel. We have a way in... what's in there?

ALLISON

I'll find out ASAP. I'll start having them sift through the rubble in Topanga; see what they turn up.

JOHN

OK, good. I know Kyle wants to get back to the front.

Kyle absently nods.

JOHN (cont'd)

And there's something I want to start.

Except for Cameron, there are some curious faces.

INT. ZEIRA COMMUNICATIONS - DAY

Savannah, Allison, and Tawny sit at a table next to a bank of comm equipment which is manned by T-Tuck. There's a microphone on the table.

SAVANNAH

How are they going to know the code?

ALLISON

For now, we're just making it up.
Let people, and Skynet, think more
is going on. It will mean something
later.

SAVANNAH

If you say so.

T-TUCK

Ready?

Allison glances at Savannah, who nods.

ALLISON

Go.

T-Tuck flips two switches and nods. Savannah leans a bit
into the mic.

SAVANNAH

This is the Ballpark with news of
the fight. I am Angel. First, a
message from Warrior.

Allison moves the mic closer to her.

ALLISON

Warrior says tortilla one. Tortilla
one. Boots in the closet. Band with
two drummers. Jimmy has a bad cold.
Boots in the closet; band with two
drummers; Jimmy has a bad cold.

Allison moves the mic back toward Savannah.

SAVANNAH

General Connor asks anyone in GB
who's able to send a message. We're
listening.

INT. MESS - DAY

About a hundred TROOPS are in the mess, seated at tables, in
the middle of chow. John stands off to the side with
Cameron, T-Rhea nearby. The Troops stare up at a speaker on
the wall.

SAVANNAH (COMM)

Resistance forces continue pressing
the fight on the southern front and
(MORE)

SAVANNAH (COMM) (cont'd)
Gulf Coast. Skynet forces have been
steadily losing ground.

A MODEST CHEER rises up.

John, Cameron, and T-Rhea exit.

SAVANNAH (COMM) (cont'd)
Increased efforts are...

EXT. OUTSIDE MESS - DAY

John, Cameron, and T-Rhea walk. In b.g. we hear the speaker:

SAVANNAH (COMM)
...underway to get supplies to the
homeless in the central...

CAMERON
Savannah wants us to go down more
often. You promised an IC would
always be there.

JOHN
They need to get along without me.
We'll base Jason there. Allison will
go where she's needed.

CAMERON
That might not be good for Jason,
not having Allison around.

JOHN
Maybe not. Being here isn't helping.
Maybe it's time for him to... maybe
he just needs some rest.

CAMERON
Maybe what he needs is Allison.

JOHN
Maybe. That's up to her.

The trio continue walking.

INT. ZEIRA COMMUNICATIONS - DAY

Savannah, Allison, and Tawny still at the table, T-Tuck
still at his station.

SAVANNAH
Lastly, keep the light of hope
burning. We see it.
(MORE)

SAVANNAH (cont'd)
Next timing at zero-hundred Zulu.
Angel and Warrior signing off.

With a nod from Allison, T-Tuck flips two switches off.

T-TUCK
End broadcast.

SAVANNAH
Well?

ALLISON
Can we eat now?

This elicits a smile from Tawny.

INT. ZEIRA BASEMENT - DAY

Few CIVILIANS walk the basement halls, leaving a lot of room for Savannah, Allison, and Tawny.

ALLISON
I've been wondering something for a couple of years.

SAVANNAH
Yeah?

ALLISON
What was it like, when you came back here?

Savannah nostalgically looks at the walls.

SAVANNAH
I have a lot of memories.

ALLISON
Sarah Connor?

SAVANNAH
Yeah. And mom and John Henry. And Mr. Ellison. An---

The ground starts shaking. VIOLENTLY.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)
Get in a corner!

Tawny is a little frozen. Savannah grabs Tawny and half-drags her to an inside corner.

Allison manages to stumble to another inside corner.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)
Get in a corner!

The SHAKING stays violent. Civilians are unable to regain their feet and struggle to obey Savannah's call.

Furniture slides about. Debris from the aged and cracked concrete falls. Here and there a part of the floor collapses.

TAWNY SCREAMS. She's not alone doing that, but the ROAR of the shaking makes it hard to here.

Part of the roof collapses.

INT. CHALLENGE ROOM - DAY

Clio sits in her chair.

PROCTOR (O.S.)
That was the eight-point-four
earthquake in September 2031.

CLIO
Yes. Locals had expected what they
called "The Big One" for quite some
time. After the war started, talk of
a major earthquake lessened
considerably.

(beat)
I've only recovered fragments of
data from this event. I--

PROCTOR (O.S.)
Excuse me.

CLIO
Yes?

PROCTOR (O.S.)
It is time to adjourn.

CLIO
Of course.

Clio taps some keys on the terminal, and the screen clears.

Clio gets up from the chair. The endo joins her and escorts her away until she disappears into the darkness.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT SIX

THE END