

**TERMINATOR:
THE CONNOR WARS**

"Generating Heat"
F0405

Story by
CJ Carter & Lumir G Janku

Teleplay 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. CLIO sits in chair in the center of the darkness in the only area being illuminated by an overhead light. A computer terminal plus scanner is positioned close in front but to the side.

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. Desig-
nym, Clio.

Clio sits patiently.

PROCTOR (O.S.)
Accepted. Proceed.

CLIO
I'll pick up from where my data-
stream was interrupted in our
previous session.

Clio taps some commands into her terminal.

INT. MUGU TERMINAL HALL - DAY

T-RHEA, with a plasma rifle, and JOHN CONNOR, holding his Glock, rush through the peeling-paint, mildew-streaked, crumbled-ceiling-paneled halls of the terminal until they reach a broken fire exit.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

T-Rhea pushes ahead of John into the stairwell, making sure it's safe. She waves John ahead. He rushes down the stairs with T-Rhea close behind.

T-Rhea does a quick head tilt and suddenly stops.

T-RHEA
Stop.

John stops.

T-Rhea points to the door at the next landing.

She and John meet at the landing. T-Rhea holds up two fingers. John nods. T-Rhea pushes open the door.

INT. TERMINAL ROOM - DAY

The large room is a storage area. Sitting at a table working on some plumbing gizmo are CORPORAL WILL BOWERS and STAFF SERGEANT T-FATIMA. Will and T-Fatima are completely surprised to see T-Rhea aiming a rifle at them. They maintain their surprise seeing John point his pistol at them as well.

T-RHEA
Chiggers, crickets, and fleas.

T-FATIMA
Dogs, cats, and spaghetti.

T-Rhea relaxes, which cues John to also relax.

T-FATIMA (cont'd)
What's going on?

JOHN
You don't know?

Will and T-Fatima both shake their heads.

JOHN (cont'd)
It looks like a coup.

T-Rhea looks at T-Fatima.

T-RHEA
We're being targeted.

JOHN
Why did we stop here?

T-RHEA
I heard them. We needed to assess the threat.

JOHN
And it's less obvious than the shelter.

That prompts a small, quick smile from T-Rhea who is otherwise in total "protect John" mode, not venturing more than a meter away from him.

T-RHEA
Yes.

JOHN
You have weapons?

Both T-Fatima and Will reach down to the floor to pick up their rifles.

JOHN (cont'd)
Keep watch a level up. Don't engage unless you have to.

T-FATIMA
Stop everyone?

John hesitates.

T-RHEA
Yes. Everyone.

JOHN
Command challenge gets through.

T-Rhea momentarily glares at John, but lets it go.

T-FATIMA
Yes sir.

T-Fatima and Will exit.

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

Three TOKs: PRIVATES T-LARRY & T-JAMIE, and CAPTAIN T-GUNTHER; make a very fast dash from the cover of the debris of a long-ago destroyed hanger, across 150 meters of tarmac to a still-intact hanger. Plasma bolts impact near them or whiz by them, but they...

INT. HANGER - DAY

...make it inside the hanger. They cling to the wall briefly, like humans would, but don't breathe hard. They do look surprised as hell when...

...FIVE SOLDIERS, all human, suddenly pop up from behind a generator and all aim plasma rifles at the new arrivals. One of the solders, CORPORAL ALEXANDROV, steps up.

ALEXANDROV
Chigger, cricket, and flea.

T-GUNTHER
Dog, cat, and tomato.

ALEXANDROV
Sorry, Captain.

Everyone lowers their rifles.

T-GUNTHER
Not a problem. Do you have more
weapons?

ALEXANDROV
Some Ks on the east corner got hit.
As far as I know, they still have
their rifles.

Alexandrov looks at two of his men, who immediately double-
time it to the hanger door.

T-GUNTHER
My people will do it.

The two Soldiers hesitate.

ALEXANDROV
No offense, Captain, but they're
shooting your people.

On Alexandrov's signal, the two soldiers exit.

T-Gunther and the TOKs, and Alexandrov and the remaining
humans meet in the middle.

T-GUNTHER
We need to get organized. Otherwise
the enemy will pick us off one-by-
one.

ALEXANDROV
Yes sir. It's not just an outside
force. Some of our people are part
of this.

T-GUNTHER
A coup.

ALEXANDROV
I don't know. Wouldn't they be
killing the people, too?

T-GUNTHER
Maybe not at first.

ALEXANDROV
Cripes.

T-GUNTHER
It matters more, now?

ALEXANDROV

I don't want to die any more than
you do, Captain.

T-Gunther considers this for a moment.

T-GUNTHER

No. Of course not.

The Soldiers return with four additional rifles and
sidearms. They are out of breath.

EXT. STRAWBERRY FIELD - DAY

BRANDI SUMMERTON and T-SKynet-TUCK stay low near the feral,
weed-infested strawberry field. T-Skynet-Tuck looks like
he's been in an explosion.

BRANDI

Remember, the moment you get the
opportunity, terminate Connor.

T-SKynet-TUCK

Understood.

BRANDI

Last location was near those
buildings to the south. Start there.

T-Skynet-Tuck quickly leaves Brandi and disappears into the
nature-reclaimed neighborhood nearby.

Brandi retreats.

EXT. NORTH HOT-BRAKE AREA - DAY

T-Gunther, the T0Ks and Soldiers from the hanger, and
another dozen T0Ks and Soldiers, are behind partial cover,
their backs to the runway, firing at a couple dozen HUMAN
INSURGENTS. Plasma rounds streak between the two sides.

ALEXANDROV

I'm out.

Alexandrov puts his rifle on the ground and pulls out his
sidearm.

Suddenly, the Insurgents stop firing. Alexandrov briefly
looks at his gun.

T-JAMIE

Look! To the north.

Everyone looks.

TERMINATOR DISPLAY (T0K)

Two PLATOONS of Human and T0Ks are coming, en masse, to this position. A targeting cursor dances around individuals. It stops on one. An augmented reality scan IDs the Human.

INSERT "GENERAL KYLE REESE" flashes the ID.

BACK TO SCENE

Alexandrov looks across to the Insurgents to see them bugging out. Looking back, the "cavalry" now splits into two groups, one going after the retreating enemy, and the other, led by KYLE REESE, continues to this position.

T-GUNTHER

Happy you're here, General.

KYLE

I bet. SITREP.

T-GUNTHER

A lot of T0Ks are down. The enemy are human, mostly imports. I don't know how organized we are. They've been very effective in scattering us.

KYLE

Should be over soon. Goodnow's coming in from the south. Can you ID the rebels?

T-GUNTHER

We should.

KYLE

Good. I don't want any of this scum getting away.

There a really BIG EXPLOSION where the mess hall used to be.

KYLE (cont'd)

How are your packs?

T-GUNTHER

Low.

KYLE

OK. I want you to take--

(points)

--these six and your team to locate the rest of the friendlies.

T-GUNTHER

Yes sir.

KYLE

RECON, Captain...don't be a hero
unless you have to be.

T-GUNTHER

No sir.

KYLE

The rest of you, you're with me.
Move out.

Kyle and all but six of his team advance.

T-GUNTHER

Let's go.

T-Gunther leads his squad to some nearby buildings.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

T-Fatima stands on the landing while Will stands a few steps up, when the Fire Door BURSTS open and PLASMA ROUNDS start flying.

INT. TERMINAL ROOM - DAY

Both John and T-Rhea hear the commotion.

T-RHEA

John.

JOHN

Way ahead of you.

John ducks behind the cover of the large number of crates that fill most of the room.

T-Rhea takes a good ambush position.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

T-Fatima and Will's bodies lay dead on the landing. The assailant walks down the stairs into view. Her left forearm is wrapped. The face comes into frame: it's the OTHER TOK Moss sold Brandi in F0404. She presses on, very terminator-like.

She reaches the landing.

INT. TERMINAL ROOM - DAY

The door opens. No sooner does Other-T0K make her head visible, than T-Rhea SHOOTs several times making for one heck of a head splat. Other-T0K falls. T-Rhea retrieves the plasma rifle.

T-Rhea pokes her head out into the stairwell and back in again.

T-RHEA

Clear.

John emerges from cover. When he's close enough, T-Rhea tosses him the rifle.

JOHN

Who was it?

T-RHEA

Not sure. There's not enough face left.

A PLASMA SHOT echoes from the stairwell followed by the SOUND of a BODY TUMBLING down.

John ducks for cover, rifle aimed at the door. T-Rhea moves to protect John as well as aim her rifle through the door at the fallen body of T-Skynet-Tuck laying on the landing.

T-RHEA (cont'd)

It's Tuck.

CAMERON (O.S.)

(filtered, electronic)

No it isn't. Cameron, nine-eight.

NOTE: For the rest of scene, Cameron voice will be filtered and electronic.

JOHN

Five-five.

CAMERON (O.S.)

Five-one-eight-nine.

JOHN

Come in, under the gun.

Cameron steps over T-Skynet-Tuck, her rifle held non-threateningly. Cameron's right jaw is exposed, cratered, and fused from the plasma round she took to the side of her face in F0404.

John winces seeing Cameron's damage.

CAMERON
I saw him. He walked wrong.

Cameron rips a thick strip of fabric from the hem of her jacket.

JOHN
He walked wrong?

Cameron takes the strip of cloth, brings it up and around from under her jaw, tying it on top of her head--concealing her wound.

CAMERON
Not like Tuck. Like a terminator. I got here as fast as I could.

JOHN
Do you know how it's going up there?

CAMERON
No. I saw Goodnow come up with a company. I don't think the fight will last long. I can check--

T-RHEA
(interrupting)
No.

CAMERON
What?

T-RHEA
I can't let you leave.

Cameron looks confused...and a little miffed.

John smirks.

JOHN
We're too valuable.

CAMERON
Then how are they going to find us when it's over? No one knows we're here.

No one has an immediate answer.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CHALLENGE ROOM - DAY

Clio looks up from the glow of the screen.

CLIO

I've linked to a file with a description of the second offensive. Though there are significant gaps, it corroborates what is already in the provisional report referenced in note eight thousand seventeen. The chronology picks up two days after the battle had begun. In fragment four-three-J-H-seven-B, they were examining the remains of the Skynet model Brandi inserted...

INT. HANGER - EVENING

T-TRACEY lays in pieces on a table. Next to her is her removed CPU which self-destructed. John and Cameron examine the body. Cameron still has her face wrapped. T-Rhea maintains watch along with T-OWAIN (male, about John's size). NOTE: Cameron's voice is still filtered and electronic.

JOHN

Well, I have to admit...I didn't see this one coming.

CAMERON

You knew there was unrest.

JOHN

No. I mean this. Skynet doing this. This way.

CAMERON

This wasn't Skynet.

JOHN

Brandi.

CAMERON

Skynet wouldn't have put the Grays in with our new imports. It doesn't think that way.

JOHN

Well, on the plus side, the plan sort of worked. We found out who were loyal. Lost a lot of Ks, though.

CAMERON

And people.

As John walks to the hanger door, T-Rhea as guard:

JOHN

Yeah. And people.

Cameron follows John, with T-Owain as guard.

INT. MUGU CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

T-Rhea stands at the blown-out windows. She now wears a second plasma rifle in a dorsal holster. At the table are John, Kyle, LT. COLONEL T-GOODNOW, MAJOR T-CHARLES, and SAVANNAH WEAVER.

KYLE

We extended the buffer around D37 and added more air support. S-L-O and Serrano are already maxed.

JOHN

What about Baja?

T-CHARLES

Construction is half complete. The patrols have been increased, but I think you'd know more about enemy in my area than I would.

KYLE

He's right.

SAVANNAH

I'm obviously concerned about the civilians. You're relocating a lot of people without a lot of protection.

John leans back in his chair and rubs his face a bit.

JOHN

I know. I worry about that all the time.

SAVANNAH

And now you're building a factory where they are. You're using them as shields.

John stares at Savannah.

KYLE

Savannah--

JOHN

No. She has something to say.

SAVANNAH

I just want to make sure you don't forget about the people.

JOHN

As opposed to what?

SAVANNAH

I don't know. Obsess about this game you're playing with--

John stands quickly, sending his chair aside. That touched a nerve. After staring at Savannah, he turns away from the table.

Awkward.

JOHN

Savannah stay. Everyone else, dismissed.

Apparently "everyone else" doesn't include T-Rhea. The room empties except for John, Savannah, and T-Rhea. John turns back.

JOHN (cont'd)

What the hell?

SAVANNAH

Truth? I'm scared, John. A lot of us are.

JOHN

And I'm not.

SAVANNAH

I don't know. You don't let anyone in. No one except Cameron.

JOHN

There it is. Cameron.

SAVANNAH

I don't care if she's a machine. God knows if anyone doesn't care about that, it's me. I'm worried that you're only talking to one person. One. Oh, you make a show of it and bring us here to make us feel included--

JOHN

That's not--

SAVANNAH

(continuous)

--but you two already make your
decisions before anyone gets here.
It's insulting.

(beat)

And what if you're wrong?

John broods about that for a bit.

JOHN

If I'm wrong, Skynet wins. We lose.
It's not politics. It's not about
power, or ego, or--

SAVANNAH

Not even a little?

JOHN

What? Why? Because I'm "the chosen
one"?

Savannah shugs.

JOHN (cont'd)

I've been trained to do one thing my
entire life. One thing. Defeat
Skynet. Save the world. That's all I
do.

(beat)

And I know that Cameron will never
betray me. My mom knew that. She
hated Cameron, you know. But my mom
was about the mission. Cameron's
still here.

SAVANNAH

We're here, too, John.

JOHN

But it's not your responsibility.
Without John Connor, Skynet wins.

SAVANNAH

That's kind of narcissistic, don't
you think?

JOHN

It's a message I got--from the
future. From a lot of futures.

Now it's Savannah's turn to consider things.

SAVANNAH

Everyone has to come up for air
sometime, John.

Savannah exits.

INT. S.L.O. FACTORY - DAY

CLOSE ON CAMERON'S JAW

Cameron lies on a table. Her exposed jaw looks complete. A plastic mold covering her upper jaw is removed revealing a repaired cheek/upper jaw area, though it's missing a few molars.

BACK TO SCENE

Cameron's non-damaged side of the face has some tape around the jawline. T-VICTORIA quickly works on the other side, now opening Cameron's jaw and inserting new replacement molars. CATHERINE WEAVER watches.

WEAVER

I find it amazing that neither you
nor John have ended up dead.

Cameron's jaw doesn't move. Her voice is filtered, but not as electronic as before.

CAMERON

We are in a dangerous situation.

WEAVER

You both expose yourselves to
unnecessary risks.

CAMERON

We find them necessary.

T-VICTORIA

Close, open, close.

Cameron closes, opens, and closes her jaw. T-Victoria takes a pair of probes and puts them inside Cameron's wound. One SPARK and a whiff of SMOKE rise.

T-VICTORIA (cont'd)

Open and close.

Cameron opens and closes her jaw.

T-VICTORIA (cont'd)

Feel OK?

CAMERON

Yes.

Now T-Victoria proceeds to place a palm-sized piece of T0K flesh and lip onto the section that Cameron is missing.

T-VICTORIA

That's it for talking. I don't want
you moving your jaw for two hours.
Give the organics time to bond.

And T-Victoria tapes the newly positioned patch in place.

WEAVER

Well, I suppose I'll see you in a
few hours.

Weaver exits.

T-Victoria holds up Cameron's extracted original jawbone,
one half looking normal, and the other all melted.

T-VICTORIA

I'll put this back with the endo to
start its self-repair.

Cameron nods. T-Victoria exits. Cameron just lies on the
table, staring ahead...waiting.

EXT. EXCELSIOR MOUNTAIN - DAY

View of the entrance side of the mountain range. ZOOM IN and
PAN to the eastern summit valley near Burro Lake.

INT. BIOHAZARD LAB - DAY

The lab is like a mission control center. Monitors give
dozens of views and data outputs of activity occurring in
the sealed clean room on the other side of thick glass and a
triple airlock. There are many remote manipulator controls
in this lab. In the clean room are T-888 endos and a variety
of remote non-anthropomorphic robots.

DR. VICTOR (55) and DR. KIRBY (35) stare at a large monitor
that has a nasty looking tissue sample.

VICTOR

What do you think? Necrosis?

KIRBY

Looks that way. Seems wrong, though.

VICTOR

Maybe the cell walls weakened during
the process of infection.

Kirby nods.

KIRBY
That would match with what we saw in
the third culture series.

Brandi enters, immediately catching the attention of both
doctors...and not just because of her lemon-yellow hair.

BRANDI
Gentlemen.

VICTOR
Ms Summerton.

BRANDI
How's the patient doing?

VICTOR
Patient? Oh, the sample. Right.

KIRBY
It's very promising. Look.

Kirby indicates a screen that has a square of what appears
to be healthy flesh sitting in the middle of a Petri dish.

KIRBY (cont'd)
Run video four.
(in sync with video)
We injected a virus onto this side
of the sample. As you can see,
infection was very fast. The organic
tissue quickly inflamed and swelled.

VICTOR
This isn't edema. This is from the
rapid reproduction of the virus.

KIRBY
Its replicating inside the cells.
Organelles are impacted, if not
compromised. After thirty hours, the
infection stops--we aren't sure why,
yet--but, as you can see, by that
point a lot of damage is done.

BRANDI
Yeah? So what? They'll just strip
their skin to the endo.

Victor gets excited.

VICTOR
That's the thing, you see. That
doesn't stop it. As the infection
spreads, these...

Victor cues up a micrograph of threads emerging from the
diseased tissue.

VICTOR (cont'd)
...filaments follow the
metal/organic interface. It's like
ivy. It grows everywhere.

KIRBY
It's almost like spider silk. Really
tough.

BRANDI
And?

KIRBY
Well...

VICTOR
We've only done a couple of small
tests.

KIRBY
But impressive.

VICTOR
Yeah, I'd say so.

KIRBY
These threads get into the joints.

VICTOR
It's like arthritis.

KIRBY
We think.

VICTOR
Yeah. We still need to do more
tests.

Everyone notices that Brandi's smiling.

BRANDI
This is good. When can I have it?

VICTOR
Have it?

KIRBY
We've only just started.

BRANDI
So?

KIRBY
We still need to know the parameters. What kills it? Then we have to figure out how to weaponize it so our side doesn't get infected.

VICTOR
It takes a while.

BRANDI
I'll give you three months.

VICTOR
Three...

Victor stifles a giggle.

KIRBY
That's not possible. We can't even make our existing stocks for humans into useful quantities in that time, and we know how those work.

BRANDI
What are we talking about, then?

KIRBY
At least a year.

VICTOR
Probably longer.

Brandi's expression is frighteningly stern.

BRANDI
A year?

Victor shrugs nervously. Kirby nods.

INT. INFIRMARY - ALLISON'S BED - NIGHT

ALLISON YOUNG, very pregnant and with a sheen of perspiration, lies on her side on a bed. Curtains are drawn all around the large five-meter-square area. JASON paces, his face wearing concern. Weaver sits stiffly at Allison's side, holding her hand. Cameron, her face looking normal except for a few not-yet-healed cuts, stands to the side with ALEJANDRA/LA CAZADORA.

Allison winces with pain and starts breathing deliberately. She grips Weaver's hand tightly.

Cameron tilts her head.

CAMERON

John's here.

Cameron exits.

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Cameron meets John and T-Rhea outside the curtains. T-Owain is inconspicuous in b.g. The MIDWIFE crosses and disappears through the curtains.

JOHN

You look better.

CAMERON

Thanks.

JOHN

How's she doing?

CAMERON

It shouldn't be long.

Jason sheepishly emerges from behind the curtains. John goes to him.

JASON

She said I was distracting her.

JOHN

You have to do what's right for her, right?

JASON

Yeah. I can't believe I'm going to be a dad.

Cameron touches Jason's arm.

Weaver pokes her head out from the curtains.

WEAVER

You should come in.

JASON

But she said--

WEAVER

Now.

Weaver ducks back in. Jason follows, but stops at the curtain.

JASON

You guys are coming.

Jason goes in. John and Cameron follow.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. INFIRMARY - ALLISON'S BED - NIGHT

Allison sleeps on the bed, the sleeping BABY swaddled beside her. Cameron and Weaver stand to the side, watching.

CAMERON

They describe it as a miracle.

WEAVER

They do. But while I'm sure it's a wondrous event for those involved, in the end it's simply a predictable process.

ALLISON

(groggy)

I can hear you.

Weaver and Cameron move closer to the bed.

CAMERON

How are you feeling?

ALLISON

Sore. Where's Jason?

WEAVER

John and Alejandra took him to get something to eat.

ALLISON

Good. I thought he was going to faint.

CAMERON

How's your son?

ALLISON

Tired.

WEAVER

Have you chosen a name yet?

ALLISON

Michael Derek Spencer Young. We talked about it. Michael after my dad. Derek, because...

(verklemt)

well, just because. And of course our last names.

(to Michael)

What do you think about that, little man?

Allison looks at Michael and then rather quickly falls asleep.

Cameron and Weaver just stand where they are, watching.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

ANDY, a limbless T-888 torso + head with a squat cylinder attached to his chest I/O port, sits on a wheelchair behind a table in this austere room that has only one other chair. The table and Andy both have a thin coating of dust.

The door opens. A T-888 REPURP enters carrying a hand-held device as well as some probes.

ANDY

Miss me?

The Repurp ignores this and connects two probes to the device. As it does so, Andy engages in producing what seem to be RANDOM ELECTRONIC NOISES (like autotuned modem handshaking).

The Repurp takes the completed device and moves behind Andy. Andy tries a different sequence of clearly different TONES, more musical.

The Repurp plugs the probes into small ports on Andy's skull.

ANDY (cont'd)

...stick you with probes...

Andy issues another blast of ELECTRONIC TONES as the Repurp waits. The Repurp disconnects the probes from Andy and gathers the probes and device in one hand.

As the Repurp goes to the door, Andy spews forth at least FOUR DIFFERENT types of TONES. The Repurp stops. It turns its head slightly. Andy sounds the LAST TONE again.

The Repurp turns, faces Andy, and waits.

ANDY (cont'd)

Finally.

Andy spews forth more TONES like the previous one. The Repurp just stands there. Andy spews more TONES. The Repurp doesn't move.

ANDY (cont'd)

Oh, come on.

Andy spews forth a continuous STREAM OF TONES similar to the one that worked.

INT. INFIRMARY - ALLISON'S BED - DAY

Michael sleeps content in the crook of an arm.

Allison sits propped up in bed watching Cameron hold Michael. JOHN HENRY stands nearby.

ALLISON

So that's what I look like when I hold him.

(off Cameron's look)

As weird as it is having a clone, there are times when it comes in handy.

CAMERON

It seems inefficient for it to be born incomplete.

ALLISON

You wouldn't say that if he was inside you for nine months.

JOHN HENRY

I have a question.

ALLISON

Yeah?

JOHN HENRY

How much does it remember?

ALLISON

What do you mean?

JOHN HENRY

You were a baby. How much do you remember?

ALLISON

It's not about that.

JOHN HENRY

I don't understand.

ALLISON

It's still growing. Learning how to see. How to communicate. How to move.

JOHN HENRY

Like when I stopped being the Turk and became me.

(MORE)

JOHN HENRY (cont'd)
(off Allison's look)
I had to learn. When I got a body, I
had to learn. I was a child.

Allison turns to Cameron.

ALLISON
What about you?

CAMERON
When I was built, I was complete--
just like the other T0Ks. We still
learn, but we start with an advanced
foundation.

JOHN HENRY
Interesting.

ALLISON
What about Catherine?

CAMERON
I don't know.

Cameron looks at John Henry, as does Allison.

JOHN HENRY
She's never said.

Michael starts moving around, making some FUSSY sounds.
Cameron seems confused.

ALLISON
He's probably hungry.

Allison reaches out. Cameron carefully hands him over.

ALLISON (cont'd)
Are you hungry? Is that why you're
fussy?

Cameron and John Henry watch as Allison starts adjusting
blankets and clothing for feeding.

INT. DESTROYED BARRACKS - NIGHT

A low roof supported by upright girders covers a T-888
dumping area in the blown-up carcass of what was once a
barracks. Tarps cover a mound.

A metal hand pushes away a tarp revealing a pile of "dead"
endoskeletons. They all have head-splat as well as other
damage.

The Repurp puts Andy down in an upright position.

ANDY

Find one that has all its parts.

One-by-one the Repurp pulls out endoskeletons. All of them are battle-damaged.

INT. DESTROYED BARRACKS - LATER

The "Andy plug" is inserted into a chest port of a T-888. A cable connects the T-888 torso to this new T-888 (now known as ANDY). Andy's eyes slowly glow red.

ANDY

Ungh.

Andy lies there for a bit. His new endo is missing a right arm and a left foot, as well as the CPU due to the head-splat.

ANDY (cont'd)

Help me stand.

The Repurp grabs Andy and sets him on his foot + stump. Andy's left hand holds on to the cabled torso.

ANDY (cont'd)

Attach this to my back.

The Repurp takes the offered torso and affixes it to the standard attach points on Andy's back. Andy issues a long ELECTRONIC TONE SEQUENCE followed by:

ANDY (cont'd)

Finish your mission.

The Repurp exits.

Andy exits with a pronounced limp.

INT. ZEIRA COMMUNICATIONS - DAY

The one-time motor pool houses the communications equipment. Savannah sits at a table with a mic. TIFFANY mans the equipment.

SAVANNAH

Refugees are heading blissful. Help them when they cross your path. But the news is brighter in segments Barrel, Glasses, and Profile. Skynet is losing ground.

(MORE)

SAVANNAH (cont'd)
And it will continue with these
words from Warrior: Uncle Jerry's
ball of steak. Uncle Jerry's ball of
steak. Aunt Marge writes cats and
sings bacon. Aunt Marge writes cats
and sings bacon.

Allison enters, she's in BDU pants but a tie-front top
covered by a jacket. Savannah acknowledges her arrival.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)
Finally, Clock move forward twenty-
three, seven hundred, seven. Keep
the light of hope burning. We see
it. Next timing at twenty hundred
twenty Zulu. Angel signing off.

Tiffany flips a couple of switches.

TIFFANY
Off.

SAVANNAH
What are you doing here?

ALLISON
Let's take a walk.

Savannah gets up and helps Allison up.

INT. SECURE ROOM - DAY

Savannah and Allison in the small room with only tables and
chairs.

ALLISON
I was making the rounds with my
contacts.

SAVANNAH
Already?

ALLISON
It beat lying in bed. Anyway, I have
a pretty good idea who here gave the
Ks to Skynet. Moss.

SAVANNAH
Moss? He's I.C.

ALLISON
He's a profiteer. Always has been.

SAVANNAH

I know you wouldn't tell me unless
you were sure, but...

ALLISON

But?

SAVANNAH

What's that saying? The enemy I
know?

ALLISON

I know. John has a lot of those. I'm
just telling you what I found out.
Question is, what are we going to do
about it?

Savannah sighs and nods.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. MOSS RESIDENCE - DAY

A comfortable, if simple, ranch-style abode. The walls are made of reclaimed materials, the roof is fabric. Partitions separate the space into various "rooms". Much of Moss' furniture is here, but not much merchandise.

MOSS walks out from a rear partition dressed only in a robe. He doesn't immediately notice that Savannah sits on the loveseat. When he does see her, he STARTLES.

MOSS

HA!!

Moss quickly checks to make certain his robe is closed.

MOSS (cont'd)

Yes?

SAVANNAH

Did you really think you'd get away with turning two of our cyborgs over to the enemy?

Moss hesitates too long sizing up the situation. Savannah stands.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

We had a deal. You run your things.
I run mine.

Moss stays quiet.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

You've messed with my thing, so I'm going to mess with yours.

MOSS

(smiles)

You can try. Drink?

Moss saunters to his small bar.

MOSS (cont'd)

Forgive me for not taking you too seriously, but you need me.

Moss opens up a drawer in the bar, revealing a pistol.

MOSS (cont'd)

More than I--

Moss stops because a Glock is now pressing against the base of his skull.

SAVANNAH

You might want to drop the attitude.

MOSS

Of course.

Moss pours himself a drink--his hand shakes a little. Savannah closes the bar's weapon drawer. Savannah lets Moss step away from the bar with his drink. They face each other. Savannah lowers her weapon.

SAVANNAH

I tell John, you're dead.

MOSS

Blackmail. You've been talking to Allison.

SAVANNAH

Yeah...she wanted to kill you, too. She really doesn't like you.

MOSS

Yes. Well, then; what price freedom?

SAVANNAH

I've taken the liberty of upgrading your security.

(louder)

You can come in.

T-JAKE, T-LOU, T-FRANCO, and T-RON enter. They are smaller than T-8xx models, but large for T0Ks.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

Meet your new bodyguards.

MOSS

Y-you are too kind.

SAVANNAH

They do know why I've asked them to watch over you, and let's just say that they are motivated. They've been told that if they suspect you're doing anything against the best interest of John, anyone in the inner circle--which you are no longer in, by the way--or the resistance in general; then they can deal with you in whatever way they deem necessary.

MOSS
So, I'm a prisoner.

SAVANNAH
No. You're regulated.

Savannah starts to leave but then holds up.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)
Oh, and I.C. members get whatever
they need without a complaint from
you.

MOSS
Of course.

Savannah exits. The T0Ks start a through examination of the place. Moss downs his drink and then throws his glass against the wall. The glass shatters.

EXT. SKYNET FACILITY COURTYARD - NIGHT

Brandi storms out of the one-time hotel (3 stories) onto the tile-floored courtyard. She's comfortably dressed for bed.

BRANDI
What?

She barks this to two T-888s holding up Andy.

BRANDI (cont'd)
Yeah. So?

ANDY
Brandi?

Andy looks up. Brandi sees the cylinder attached to the chest port.

Brandi rushes up and pulls the cylinder out, rendering the endoskeleton lifeless. Brandi immediately shoves the cylinder into the port of one of the T-888s (now ANDY). In short order, its posture changes.

ANDY (cont'd)
That's better.

Andy lets go of the dead endoskeleton. Brandi's glee grows, but she interrupts her joy to address the other T-888.

BRANDI
Take that to recycling.

The T-888 carries the dead endo as it exits.

BRANDI (cont'd)
You. Come with me.

Brandi leads the way into the building.

INT. SKYNET FACILITY - BRANDI'S ROOM - NIGHT

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 enters and waits with her back to the door. Andy enters, closes the door, and faces Brandi. Brandi turns and gives Andy a big hug. Andy sort of returns it.

BRANDI
I was sure I'd never see you again.

It takes a while, but Brandi finally releases her embrace. She sits on her bed, never taking her eyes off Andy.

ANDY
You've upgraded.

BRANDI
Huh? Oh! Yeah. A little. How'd you get out?

ANDY
Luck.

BRANDI
Yeah?

ANDY
I guessed the security code of one of the reprogrammed T-888s. I've been trying for years.

BRANDI
Why didn't you just take his body instead of that piece of crap you came in?

ANDY
No ports. They take them out.

BRANDI
Yeah, figures. Did you learn anything?

ANDY
I spent time with that cyborg that looks like Young. Cameron.

BRANDI

Yeah?

ANDY

Her model is dangerous. Smart. A perfect infiltrator. She's like me except here...

(touches skull port)

...not here.

(touches chest port)

BRANDI

And more coming off the line every day.

ANDY

They're the problem.

BRANDI

Maybe one on one. Connor and...Cameron, and Young. They're the big problem. The head of the snake.

(beat)

I don't want to think about that, right now.

Brandi gets back up and caresses Andy's chest plug.

INT. CHALLENGE ROOM - DAY

Clio sits up from the terminal.

CLIO

Now is the biggest gap in the chronology. Nearly a year and a half. Material has been recovered from the site from this period, but so far it has defied every attempt to extract any meaningful data.

PROCTOR (O.S.)

Understood.

CLIO

I'll pick up in early 2034. Territory around the globe had been exchanged, but neither side had gained a strategic advantage. A good description would be regional consolidations.

Clio punches in some commands on the terminal.

EXT. MUGU SOUTH TERMINAL TARMAC - DAY

Cameron and Allison lean against John's fully equipped dune buggy which is festooned with fuel cans and storage boxes. Nearby is T-Owain, keeping watch.

NOTE: Cameron is now physically nearly identical to Allison in movement and expression (e.g. no more dressage walking).

CAMERON

I don't think it's smart for John to go on these trips.

ALLISON

I know. I argued with him about it all of yesterday. I think he just wants to feel like a soldier.

CAMERON

He trains.

ALLISON

It's not the same. There's an adrenaline rush.

CAMERON

Fear?

ALLISON

A heightened sense of the moment.

CAMERON

This is one of those things I'll never understand. You have to be human.

ALLISON

Yeah, I think so.

Both Cameron and Allison look at the terminal building.

T-Rhea exits, followed by John and Kyle. John and Kyle both have battle vests on and a full compliment of weapons. John has an additional scar near his left eye (think Michael Ironside), and he has a permanent, slight-but-noticeable limp favoring his left foot.

T-Rhea stands by the driver's side of the dune buggy as John, Kyle, Cameron, and Allison meet.

JOHN

We should meet up with Aaron and the Raptors in about eight hours.

ALLISON
This is stupid.

CAMERON
I agree. It's not necessary.

JOHN
Well, I think it is. They're our
third spear. Done deal.

CAMERON
We'll be at Zeira.

JOHN
Sounds like a plan.
(to Kyle)
Let's go.

Cameron and Allison part--with a little attitude--to allow John and Kyle through. John gets in the right-side rear seat, T-Rhea in the passenger seat up front, and Kyle drives.

JOHN (cont'd)
We'll check in around eleven
hundred.

Kyle starts the engine, puts it in gear, and the dune buggy takes off.

ALLISON
Well. Why don't you grab us a ride
and I'll tell Goodnow we're leaving.

CAMERON
Meet you out front?

ALLISON
Sounds like a plan.

Allison heads to the terminal. Cameron and T-Owain head to a building in the rear.

EXT. MOJAVE FREEWAY - DAY

Kyle drives the dune buggy down the cracked and buckled two-lane highway. The landscape is desert scrub, Joshua Trees, and other clingers to life.

John's half-asleep in the back seat.

There's a crumbling bridge ahead. Kyle slows the buggy down and parks under its shade.

JOHN
Why are we stopping?

KYLE
I need to stretch my legs.

Kyle hops out of the buggy and finds a slightly discrete location.

John takes a sip from his canteen and puts it back in its pouch on his belt.

Kyle returns and resumes the driver position.

KYLE (cont'd)
Sorry.

JOHN
That's something the Ks have over us.

John and Kyle both lock eyes, smirk, and glance at T-Rhea before settling. Kyle fires up the engine and heads out, quickly clearing the bridge.

BOOM!!! An EXPLOSION flips the buggy end-over-end backwards.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. MOJAVE FREEWAY - DAY

The dune buggy is tattered, laying about five meters beyond the bridge. The right front section got the brunt of the explosion.

John was flung from the buggy and lies stunned near the bridge.

Kyle lies on the road, pinned under the buggy's frame. T-Rhea's top half lies a few meters away, awaiting re-boot; her lower half is mostly in pieces in the seat. Fuel cans are scattered and broken, some are on fire--notably one obscuring John from the buggy.

KYLE'S POV

Coming down from the bridge are three T-800s. PANNING DOWN from there, John's emerging from behind one of the flaming cans.

BACK TO SCENE

Kyle hand signals: "STOP" "THREE ENEMY" "GO"

John doesn't hesitate in finding cover under the bridge.

Two of the T-800s walk to the wreckage. The third scans the area.

One T-800 goes to T-Rhea. Two plasma shots to the head take care of T-Rhea.

Kyle's forearm barcode is exposed.

TERMINATOR DISPLAY (T-800)

The barcode is scanned. "IDENTIFIED: KYLE REESE"

The text is replaced by "OPTIONS: 1) CAPTURE; 2) TERMINATE"

BACK TO SCENE

The T-800 lifts the buggy off of Kyle.

KYLE
(very short)
Augh!

It seems that part of T-Rhea's endo leg is impaled in Kyle's leg, but he controls the pain. The T-800 lifts Kyle and puts him over his shoulder.

The three T-800s each scan the area. Two regroup and start walking north. The third heads back up to the top of the bridge.

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - DAY

John has his sidearm out as he walks down the concrete grade to the road. He quietly removes his vest and puts it on the ground. He carefully removes his canteen and puts it on the ground.

John looks around, seeing what's available. His eyes fix on:

A box that detached from the wreck but is just far enough from the bridge to be risky to retrieve.

He continues scanning the area. In the median, just off the roadway, he sees it...a hubcap. It's dusty and corroded, but it's flat-ish and round.

Hubcap in hand, John goes about halfway under the bridge, winds up, and gives the hubcap a might fling. The hubcap sails from under the bridge, into the sunlight, and quickly dips and CLANGS onto the road; rolling and scraping as it starts to WOBBLE.

EXT. ON TOP OF BRIDGE - DAY

The T-800 goes to the railing, and looks down.

TERMINATOR DISPLAY (T-800)

The targeting cursor fixes on the wobbling-to-a-stop hubcap.

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - DAY

John quietly dashes to the desired box. He reaches it, grabs it, grabs a nearby backpack, and retreats back under the bridge.

He wastes no time in opening the box. It has a grenade launcher, a bola projectile, and a generator.

EXT. ON TOP OF BRIDGE - DAY

The T-800 approaches the end of the bridge on the opposite side of the wreck when the BANG, BANG from two pistol shots grab its attention. It wastes no time in rushing to the other side of the bridge.

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - DAY

John stands next to a concrete pillar. The generator is at his feet. The grenade launcher is loaded, and ready to aim.

Some dust slides down incline near the bridge. The T-800 appears and quickly fixes on John.

John fires the launcher, sending out a bola tethered to a thin cable. It quickly wraps itself around the nearby T-800. John bends down, throws a switch on the generator.

Sparks fly and the T-800 jerks around, finally falling like a tree in the forest. John is almost immediately at the T-800's head. John pulls out a special all-in-one tool from a belt-clip: he pops the cover, gains access to the chip, and pulls it out. The chip self-destructs in a short-lived combustion.

John sits. He's spent.

JOHN
I'm getting too old for this.

John stands, re-holsters his tool, and begins gathering up supplies.

EXT. OWENS VALLEY - NIGHT

Kyle shivers slightly, and his breath fogs, as he stands in the middle of a road, held by a T-800.

A fuel-cell motorcycle approaches, almost silently, and stops a few meters away. It's Brandi. Her hair and skin is now all synthetic/organic.

BRANDI
Kyle Reese. It's been a while. You escaped from Century a few years before I did. Probably never noticed me. I was just a kid.

Kyle stays stoic.

BRANDI (cont'd)
I will expect you to talk.

Brandi steps up, grabs the metal still sticking out of Kyle's leg, and gives it a nice jiggle.

KYLE
Augh! Hmmm....

And he controls the pain. Barely.

BRANDI
I think I've made my point.

KYLE
You're going to kill me, so kill me.

BRANDI
I could. One little squeeze and
you're dead. But all good bait has
to squirm a bit.

Once more, she jiggles the metal a bit. Kyle catches himself
before making a sound. Brandi smiles.

BRANDI (cont'd)
Oh, we're going to have fun.

Brandi turns; the smile quickly disappears as she walks back
to her motorcycle.

INT. MUGU MESS HALL - DAY

The new mess hall, somewhat smaller and lower than the
previous one, is filled with TROOPS. John sits alone at a
table that has a buffer zone around it. T-YORI (female) and
T-DABEET (male) now stand guard duty. John stares at his
plate of beans, carrots, and toof.

Cameron walks up, T-Owain in tow. She sits opposite John,
concern on her brow.

CAMERON
You shouldn't blame yourself.

JOHN
I don't.

John looks up.

JOHN (cont'd)
That's the funny thing. It happened.
We all did our jobs.

CAMERON
Then why aren't you eating?

JOHN
My stomach's in knots.

Cameron looks a little confused.

JOHN (cont'd)
Just because I don't blame anyone
doesn't mean I don't care.
(sotto voce)
He is sort of my father.

Cameron looks less tense.

CAMERON
Jason's squad found a new trail.

JOHN
The other squads?

CAMERON
They're still looking, but it's been almost a day. He could have been taken anywhere by now.

JOHN
If he isn't located by midnight, call everyone back. We can't let this be a distraction.

John stabs a piece of carrot and puts it in his mouth.

JOHN (cont'd)
We don't have the time.

John stabs another carrot.

EXT. OWENS VALLEY - AFTERNOON

Mountain shadows grow long. JASON crouches in the desert grass; tufts of grass jammed in his uniform. Ten other SOLDIERS are similarly camouflaged.

Twenty meters away, a T-800 stands watch.

Three Soldiers pop up from their positions and all FIRE two rounds at the T-800's head. Two of the six shots connect with the skull. The T-800 drops.

Jason and the squad cautiously advance...Jason with a pronounced limp favoring his fake left foot. As they emerge from the scrub to where the T-800 fell, Jason's face falls.

JASON
Cover.

The Soldiers face in various direction, rifles raised. Jason walks past the fallen robot to Kyle's body. Kyle's neck is at a wrong angle. In his right hand is a clothed cyborg arm, a plasma melt where the elbow used to connect it with the rest of the body.

Jason falls to his knees, his eyes never breaking away from the sight.

INT. SKYNET FACILITY - BRANDI'S ROOM - DAY

Andy watches as Brandi paces in a fury. Her right arm from just above the elbow is missing; the wound burned and melted from a plasma shot. There are scrapes on her face exposing, yes, her recent endoskeleton skull. Some metal is also exposed on her left hand.

BRANDI

This really burns me. I tell ya, I was only going to kill Johnny once. But now, he's going to die at least three times. First my legs. Now an arm.

ANDY

Connor did this?

BRANDI

No. The other one. The guy. Do you know how long it takes to get everything sync'd? They'll probably replace the whole arm. Never mind the time it takes for new skin.

ANDY

Think of how bad it would be if it was still your original.

That serves to calm Brandi down a bit...

BRANDI

Yeah. That's true.

...but not for long.

BRANDI (cont'd)

(to herself)

Beat me with my own arm. Snap your neck.

(to Andy)

I mean, how rude was that?

Brandi punches a hole in a wall. She isn't calming down anytime soon.

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

This was the park in F0316 for Derek's burial. T-Yori, T-Dabeet, and T-Owain are inconspicuous in b.g. The structures were destroyed by nukes and have since been reclaimed by nature. A freshly filled-in grave is next to Derek's.

John stands by the new grave, in SILHOUETTE.

It's very QUIET.

Cameron watches from about ten meters away.

A couple of TEARS fall from her eyes...but just these.

ALLISON (O.S.)

I didn't know you could cry.

Allison stands next to Cameron, angled to her.

CAMERON

What?

(touches a tear)

Oh. Not for a long time.

They both watch John, who just stands at the graves.

It's so QUIET.

CAMERON (cont'd)

He's so alone.

ALLISON

We're all alone.

CAMERON

No. Not like him.

They watch John just standing there.

Allison puts her hand on Cameron's shoulder and softly leans on her.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - MORNING

John Henry sits on the ledge of one of the former animal exhibits. He stares straight ahead until...

A BIRD lands within arm's reach.

John Henry watches the bird with rapt curiosity as the bird looks for food.

The bird flies away. Once it is out of sight, John Henry resumes his previous position and simply sits, staring straight ahead.

EXT. ZEIRA BASE - DAY

The visible population looks to be less than it was when John arrived in 2027. It's not quite a ghost town, but it's much quieter than in recent times.

Jason chases after 1-1/2 year old Michael...letting Michael think he's getting away. When Jason catches him, both father and son LAUGH. And then they do it again.

Close to the Communications Center, Allison and Savannah watch the play.

ALLISON

And it doesn't seem strange?

SAVANNAH

Mom said that John Henry was following his own path.

(off Allison's look)

I don't know, either.

Now Michael chases Jason.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

Those two are good together.

ALLISON

They are. Thank goodness Jason loves spending so much time with him.

Allison and Savannah share a somber pause.

SAVANNAH

I know.

ALLISON

I think he's the best thing that ever happened to Jason. Two years ago I thought he was going to self-destruct. Now look at him.

Jason is on the ground. Michael climbs on top: the conquering hero.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - DAY

John looks at maps tacked on his wall. There are several of the area around Excelsior Mountain. Near the windows is T-Dabeet. Just outside the door is T-Yori.

Cameron enters, holding several sheets of paper with drawings on them.

CAMERON

I've combined all of the data.

Cameron hands the sheets to John, who focuses on the pages very intently.

JOHN

This looks like it's everything.

CAMERON

I agree. I don't think we're going to get much more detail.

John stares at the paper more as he limps over to his bed. He sits heavily on it.

CAMERON (cont'd)

Is your foot bothering you again?

John shrugs.

CAMERON (cont'd)

John?

JOHN

A little.

Cameron leans naturally against the wall.

JOHN (cont'd)

I wonder how much of me will be left when this is over? If any of me is left.

Cameron straightens.

CAMERON

John.

John grimly smirks.

JOHN

What the hell. I still have eight fingers and five toes. Like Mom said, "You only need one finger to pull a trigger."

John compares two pieces of paper.

JOHN (cont'd)

We still have that gap.

CAMERON

Something's interfering. We can't get past it.

JOHN

So, we're just going to be blind about that?

Cameron walks over and sits on the bed, the papers separating John and Cameron.

CAMERON

I think so.

JOHN

Damn it.

Cameron picks up a different sheet.

CAMERON

But look. Here.

JOHN

That's interesting.

CAMERON

And...

Cameron fishes for another paper.

INT. BIOHAZARD LAB - DAY

Brandi enters, her right arm has been replaced with an endo arm. Dr. Kirby waits for her.

BRANDI

What? I've got a mission to launch.

KIRBY

I have something I think you'll want
to see.

Kirby motions to a door to the side. Brandi leads the way.

INT. STORAGE BUNKER - DAY

The room is cavernous. Though clearly cut out of the rock, some stalactites are growing from the ceiling. There are many concentrations of materials (boxes, drums, crates, etc.) but the space is only 1/4-to-1/3 full.

Kirby leads Brandi to a 3 m X 5 m X 2 m collection of boxes, canisters, and crates.

KIRBY

Your virus.

BRANDI

Really?

Brandi's smiling.

KIRBY

Really. Weaponized in standard
delivery devices.

Kirby pulls a small note-pad from a pocket and hands it to Brandi.

KIRBY (cont'd)

These are the parameters.

BRANDI

Antidote?

KIRBY

Nothing we tested.

BRANDI

Thanks, Doc. I've got mischief to
make.

Brandi practically skips away (she doesn't actually skip).

EXT. LEE VINING AIRPORT - DAY

A squadron of a variety of aerial HKs populate the western flats of Mono Lake. ENDOSKELETONS of various models act as ground crew.

Brandi stands watching Endos work on three "Hawks" that have under-wing pods attached. The ENGINES WHINE on all three Hawks. The Endos back away as the Hawks take to the air.

EXT. HAWKS - DAY

The Hawks fly in echelon formation past Excelsior Mountain.

EXT. HAWKS - LATER

The Hawks fly over the remains of San Francisco.

Once over the ocean, the Hawks make a southerly turn, staying well over the water.

INT. MUGU MESS HALL - DAY

Savannah sits at a table with TAWNY, who is now a CORPORAL, in the half-full Mess. They LAUGH.

SAVANNAH

Shoes, too.

They LAUGH again.

TAWNY

When I can, I need to see him.

SAVANNAH

I'll tell Allison to bring him up sometime.

TAWNY

I should probably go there. I'm still training.

Tawny takes a bite of a small wrap.

TAWNY (cont'd)

Besides, I don't see them all that much.

SAVANNAH

Them?

TAWNY

The generals. John watches my unit more than some others, but we don't get to visit very often. Chain of command.

SAVANNAH

Still...

TAWNY

But we do talk. Sometimes.

SAVANNAH

You sure?

Tawny has another mouthful of food. She nods.

EXT. HAWKS - DAY

The Hawks are still in formation, skimming the wave tops, out of sight of land.

EXT. MUGU SOUTH TERMINAL TARMAC - DAY

T-Yori stands a couple meters away from John as he stares down the runway out to the Pacific, lost in thought. T-Dabeet stands near the new dune buggy.

Cameron walks up, T-Owain not far behind. She joins John. T-Owain and T-Yori give them a little space.

CAMERON

Catherine wants to meet with you.

JOHN

What about?

CAMERON

She wouldn't say. Seemed important but not urgent.

JOHN

Fine.

John looks out to sea again.

JOHN (cont'd)

I don't know how to get in. It's defended, secure, and can't be starved out.

CAMERON

Ali Baba said, "Open, Simsim," to get into an impregnable mountain.

John turns to see a smirk on Cameron's face. He stays serious.

JOHN

I don't think that's going to...
Wait.

John is in the thrall of inspiration. He smiles.

CAMERON

What?

JOHN

(to himself)
It could work.

CAMERON
John. What?

JOHN
Not a thief. A salesman.

Cameron looks decidedly confused.

EXT. HAWKS - DAY

The three Hawks flying when the middle one of the echelon has ENGINE FAILURE and drops out of formation...

...crashing into the ocean.

The two remaining Hawks start gaining altitude.

INT. 747 - DAY

The cabin of the plane is jammed with more than 600 SOLDIERS, filling every possible space.

Some Soldiers stand, stretching their legs.

EXT. HAWKS - DAY

The 747 is in view. One of the Hawks has ENGINE FAILURE and plunges toward the sea, a few thousand feet below.

The remaining Hawk flies right into the port inboard engine of the 747, exploding, shearing the wing off.

The 747 plunges out of control toward the Pacific.

EXT. MUGU SOUTH TERMINAL TARMAC - AFTERNOON

John sits on the hood of his dune buggy. Cameron stands close-by. T-Yori, T-Dabeet, and T-Owain are close but inconspicuous.

John looks at his watch.

JOHN
It's too long.

CAMERON
Assuming they left on time, they would have run out of fuel.

JOHN
Skynet's figured this out. We only have one plane left.

John's lost in thought again.

CAMERON

John?

JOHN

Have Allison tell Toshiro what we've
talked about. We need to get ready.

John gets off the hood.

JOHN (cont'd)

It's time.

John is very focused.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT SIX

THE END