

**TERMINATOR:
THE CONNOR WARS**

"Fate"
F04S1

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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.

Lastly, my heartfelt thanks to the Muses, without whom many of the best bits of this fan series would have never arisen. Those of us who try to create are blessed indeed when touched by a Muse.

FADE IN:

INT. CHALLENGE ROOM - DAY

The room is dark--flat black.

SUPERIMPOSE: "2148 CE"
"136 years after Judgment Day"

FOOTSTEPS from both shoes and metal feet ring out. 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 in a simple blue-gray shirtdress leads a T-950 ENDOSKELETON. The T-950 stops outside the lighted area. Light reflects from the T-950's shiny metal. Smoothly, Clio passes her wrist--the one that has a BARCODE across it just under the palm--over the scanner, and stands in front of the terminal and chair.

PROCTOR (O.S.)
Confirm your I.D.

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 stands patiently.

PROCTOR (O.S.)
Accepted. Begin.

CLIO
This is my final submission of the recovered data I excavated in 2146 and '47. It was, perhaps, the biggest surprise: as complete an account of the decisive battle that occurred in 2034 as we've seen. I've added known facts from the archive and noted them in my upload. When I'm done, I hope that you'll agree that this discovery is remarkable.

PROCTOR (O.S.)
Proceed.

CLIO

John Connor decided that the time to
take the fight directly to Skynet
had arrived.

Clio now walks around the terminal to the chair.

EXT. ROOF OF BUILDING - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "2034 CE"

"22 years after Judgment Day"

The multi-story building sits behind the south terminal building. Its height affords a view of much of Point Mugu Naval Air Station. From this vantage, JOHN CONNOR (24) can see some of his army. The runways are now tent cities. Parking areas and tarmacs are sites of training some of the thousands of TROOPS crowding into this base.

John, a five-star general, is dressed in well-worn BDUs. A burn scar runs the length of his right jaw up to his cheek. His face wears several scars, the most recent a deep half-moon scar between his left eye and temple. On his right hand is a black glove, the first and second fingers of which are artificially filled but partially functional. He looks MUCH older than this years. And tired.

Standing a few meters away from John are bodyguards T-YORI (female) and T-DABEET (male), T0K-model cyborgs who look and pretty much act human.

NOTE: All military personnel wear one combat ribbon over their left breast pocket area: humans have blue hues, T0Ks have red hues.

Walking across the roof toward John is CAMERON PHILLIPS, a T0K who closely mimics Allison Young (26) in looks and manner, though is generally calmer. Cameron is also in BDUs with a leather jacket and is a four-star general. Following her is T-OWAIN (male), a T0K bodyguard. Cameron stands next to John, who continues looking around at the army.

JOHN

I wish we didn't have to do this.

CAMERON

There's no other way. Skynet must be
defeated.

JOHN

Most of them aren't going to be
coming back.

CAMERON
You've been training them for years,
John. They know what's at stake.

Walking across the roof toward John and Cameron is ALLISON YOUNG (26), who looks just like Cameron and is also a 4-star general. Allison carries a metal cup into which she's dunking a piece of "toof" (hardtack). The inside of Allison's forearm looks like a large smudge. A couple centimeters of it are clear Skynet barcode, but the remaining four centimeters are smudged, extended, and tapered until it fades. It looks like a tribal barcode tattoo.

ALLISON
There you are. Are we meeting up
here? Cameron?

CAMERON
Apparently.

ALLISON
Nice day for it.

Allison tries to take a bite of toof, but returns to dunking it in her cup. She notices John looking.

ALLISON (cont'd)
What?

JOHN
Allison, I don't think I've ever met
anyone who willingly eats as much
toof as you.

ALLISON
It's better than that fish stuff
Cameron eats.

Cameron does a take.

ALLISON (cont'd)
It's true.

John and Cameron turn back to watching the scenery. Allison successfully wrests a bite from her toof.

ALLISON (cont'd)
Skynet's starting to move some
troops to Excelsior. HKs and endos.

CAMERON
It knows we're coming.

JOHN

Brandi knows we're coming.

ALLISON

Yeah, it seems like her. She's knows we're up to something.

JOHN

Doesn't matter. It was never going to be a surprise attack. I just wonder what she's going to have waiting for us.

CAMERON

We should call in the rest of the forces from the Rockies.

John finally breaks his gaze and slowly leads the rest back to the access door. He limps slightly due to no toes on his left foot.

JOHN

I don't think a few hundred more is going to make any difference.

ALLISON

And they aren't going to have time to train.

CAMERON

They could be part of logistics. It'll free up more of our people.

Everyone starts going inside.

EXT. LEE VINING AIRPORT - DAY

The open ground and runway on the western shore of Mono Lake hosts several squadrons of AERIAL HK robot aircraft -- from imposing HKA-8C cargo lifters to fighter-sized HKA-5 Hawks to albatross-winged HKA-9 observers. T-8xx-series ENDOSKELETONS are scattered about as ground crew.

BRANDI SUMMERTON (34) examines the under-wing rocket pods of one of three HKA-7B "Condor" lined up on the runway. Brandi is a human made into a cyborg. Except for her right arm, which is bare endoskeleton, all of her skin is a synthetic that doesn't look as real as T0K skin. Her hair is white with streaks of various bright colors.

Brandi, looking satisfied, steps back from the Condors. She raises her arm and twirls her finger around.

The engines on the Condors soon WHINE LOUDLY. Brandi gives a sort of salute, and the "Condors" rise from the ground

vertically. They quickly transition to horizontal flight and head south, following the mountain terrain. As it QUIETS, Brandi smiles.

BRANDI
Have fun, Johnny.

Brandi turns and walks to a bulky, new, fuel-cell motorcycle.

EXT. CONDORS - DAY

The three HKA-7Bs quickly fly in an echelon formation, high enough from the mountain terrain that they don't need to make many adjustments.

INT. MUGU MESS HALL - DAY

The recently rebuilt mess hall, with unfinished walls, few windows, and double doors near every corner, is filled with enough tables and chairs for nearly a thousand TROOPS--and it's almost fully populated now. Humans and TOKs mingle freely, though the humans do most of the eating.

A serving island on either end of the hall have water, "coffee", toof, and a thin soup.

Cameron and Allison walk across the crowded hall, T-Owain in tow.

ALLISON
Look who's back.

COLONEL T-GOODNOW (female 30) sits at a table with MAJOR THOM (25) and COLONEL TUAN (male 47). Thom and Tuan each have a mug of soup in front of them. Allison and Cameron approach.

ALLISON (cont'd)
Colonel, I didn't know you'd gotten back.

T-GOODNOW
Fourteen minutes ago. We were going over our results. I can say it's looking good. Colonel Tuan's tactics were impressive.

CAMERON
(to Thom)
So, you lost?

THOM
No, General. We won.
(MORE)

THOM (cont'd)
(glances at Tuan)
Barely.

ALLISON
Sound like you had--

VOICE #1
Incoming!!

Without hesitation, the Troops in the center of the room get low, the Troops farther from the center move to the walls, and Troops near the doors take a look out. All the while, the sound of POP, POP, POP goes on outside accompanied by random crashes and explosions. SHOUTS from outside filter in as well.

Allison and Cameron are among those under cover. Cameron is blanketed by T-Owain.

ALLISON
Rockets.

CAMERON
Bomblets.

More POPS, but even the hits on the roof aren't loud.

ALLISON
Where are the explosions?

VOICE #2
Gas!

Cameron looks at T-Goodnow.

CAMERON
You know what to do, Colonel.

T-Goodnow stands.

T-GOODNOW
Colonel Goodnow to all Ks! Protocol
W-1!

The T0Ks, except Cameron and T-Owain, get up and rush outside.

EXT. POINT MUGU NAS - DAY

T0Ks emerge from the Mess Hall into a smoky haze.

All around the base, T0Ks scramble to pick up the vapor-spewing canisters from the ground and toss them a hundred

meters at a time, fire brigade-style, to the wetlands near the Pacific end of the main runway.

The Humans who were outside have self-gathered in platoon-sized groups separated by tens of meters.

T-Goodnow looks at one of the spent canisters while the clean-up goes on.

The haze dissipates.

T-Goodnow goes to one of the groups of Humans.

T-GOODNOW
I need a radio.

The Troops look around when:

OMAR
Over here, Colonel.

PRIVATE OMAR (male 22) leads T-Goodnow a short way to his boxy radio backpack. Omar lifts a flap, inserts a plug, flips a switch, and offers a corded handset to T-Goodnow, which she takes.

T-GOODNOW
Connor on Alert G-one.

Omar adjusts some settings.

OMAR
Good to go, Colonel.

Omar punctuates that with a thumbs-up.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The basement is a simple, sealed, civil-defense-type shelter. There are some boxes of supplies and a now-lit lantern. T-Yori and T-Dabeet maintain a watch at the perimeter. John paces. He's on a compact radio about the size of a cordless landline handset that's attached to his belt with a braided cable.

JOHN
You're sure it's bio?

T-GOODNOW (COMM)
Looks that way.

INT. MUGU MESS HALL - DAY

Allison and Cameron are together at the midpoint of a wall. T-Owain ensures they have their space.

Both Allison and Cameron are on handsets like John's.

CAMERON
What's the protocol progress?

T-GOODNOW (COMM)
It looks like the canisters on the
ground have been cleared. It will
take longer to get to the ones on--
(beat)
General, we have a problem.

Allison and Cameron look at each other.

EXT. POINT MUGU NAS - DAY

The Humans have cleared an area for two T0Ks who have joined
with T-Goodnow.

T-GOODNOW
(on radio)
I don't think Humans were the target
of this attack.

The organic coverings of the new T0Ks are flush, swollen,
damp, and their hands look like they've been burned. They
both look concerned.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

John slowly paces.

JOHN
Have we broadcast an alert?
(beat)
I'll take that as a no. Someone
already exposed needs to go to comm.

T-GOODNOW (COMM)
I'm on it.

JOHN
Find out how widespread this
attack's been. I need to know how
hard we got hit.

T-GOODNOW (COMM)
On it. Out.

JOHN
And now we wait. Kansas out.

John puts away his handset.

EXT. MUGU RUNWAY - EVENING

At the end of the runway, walking from a jury-rigged hybrid moving-truck, is LAUREN FIELDS (42 - F0317) in a blue HAZMAT SUIT. GIGI (female 30) and UNGER (male 30), also in HAZMAT suits follow after her.

T-Goodnow, blotchy with hives as if from a bad allergy attack, meets Lauren.

T-GOODNOW
I'm Colonel Goodnow.

LAUREN
Lauren Fields.

T-GOODNOW
I've triaged the troops as well as I can.

Lauren, T-Goodnow, and the rest walk up the runway toward the concentration of personnel.

T-GOODNOW (cont'd)
As far as we can tell, this attack has had no effect on the humans. T0Ks have a range of symptoms. Swelling. What appear to be rashes or burns. Some have complained about trouble with their joints.

LAUREN
And you?

T-GOODNOW
I'm not bad.

They reach the first segment of afflicted T0Ks. They look like they've been in fires. Their skin is very red and sweaty. On some, the organic tissue has ruptured and slowly leaks a watery fluid. A few HUMAN MEDICS do what they can, which is mostly just covering open wounds.

T-GOODNOW (cont'd)
These are the worst.

Lauren turns to Gigi and Unger.

LAUREN
I want a complete assessment.

Gigi and Unger immediately start examining the down T0Ks. Lauren turns to T-Goodnow.

LAUREN (cont'd)
Show me the rest.

T-Goodnow leads Lauren to the next triaged group.

It seems like the entire runway is nothing but a long triage area.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

John sits on a crate, his mind elsewhere.

POUND

John startles into the "now". T-Yori and T-Dabeet both immediately go on alert.

POUND

TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP.

POUND

TAP. TAP.

POUND. POUND.

T-Dabeet unseals the door and opens it. T-Yori has a rifle aimed. Outside, it's Allison, holding two plasma rifles.

ALLISON
Clear to go, John.

John wastes no time in leaving. Allison hands him a rifle. T-Yori follows, but...

ALLISON (cont'd)
Not you two. Not yet.

John shrugs. Allison closes the door.

T-DABEET
I guess we wait.

T-Yori reaches into a pocket and pulls out a small item wrapped in plastic. She opens it, revealing what look like bouillon cubes. She offers it to T-Dabeet, who takes a piece and pops it in his mouth.

T-DABEET (cont'd)
Thank you.

T-YORI
No problem.

T-Yori also takes a piece and pops it in her mouth. As she chews, she rewraps the rest and puts it back in her pocket.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The hall is rough: paint peeling, exposed pipes and conduits attached to the ceiling, and very sporadic lighting. John and Allison walk quickly.

JOHN

Cameron quarantined, too?

ALLISON

Right. The best I could do was keep her from the worst areas. She's gone off to communications.

JOHN

How is she?

ALLISON

Except for a slight red patch below her right cheek, same as always.

John and Allison turn and enter a stairwell, heading up.

EXT. MUGU RUNWAY - DAY

Allison and John walk down the runway, witnessing the 15,000-20,000 infected T0Ks.

ALLISON

It wasn't just here. The other T0K concentrations were hit, too.

JOHN

With what?

ALLISON

Lauren ID'd the attack as biological. They immediately did a culture. Whatever this is, it's not dangerous to humans, but it really does a job on the Ks.

JOHN

What's wrong with them?

ALLISON

Why don't you ask her yourself?

Lauren, no longer in a HAZMAT suit, and rifle-holding T-Goodnow walk up to join John and Allison. T-Goodnow looks OK except for a bad case of hives.

JOHN

You OK?

T-GOODNOW

Itchy, but yeah.

JOHN

Lauren.

LAUREN

General. As best I can tell right now, this bug targets the cultured cell structure of T0K skin and flesh.

The group continues walking down the runway.

LAUREN (cont'd)

If this was happening to us, my first guess would be necrotizing fasciitis.

JOHN

What?

LAUREN

They used to call it "flesh-eating bacteria".

JOHN

Why are some worse than the others?

LAUREN

I don't know, yet. Once exposed, any added exposure, short of actually handling a quantity of the virus, doesn't seem to make any difference. I have noticed that that lower ranks are overwhelmingly suffering the worst symptoms. We're still working on it.

ALLISON

For now, I ordered all T0Ks that haven't been exposed to remain where they are. Just in case.

LAUREN

It's probably safe, but I'd like to do a few more tests to see how persistent this strain is and if can cross from humans to cyborgs.

JOHN

Is that likely?

LAUREN

No, I don't think so. I just want to be sure.

JOHN

Any resource we have available is yours. They need to be battle-ready as soon as possible.

LAUREN

Then I guess I better get to it.

Lauren exits.

JOHN

Let's get out of earshot.

John, Allison, and T-Goodnow walk toward the practice range.

EXT. FIRING RANGE MUGU - DAY

One of the old feeder roads to the main runway has a large pile of debris and sand piled up near the ocean. John, Allison, and T-Goodnow face each other in this isolated locale. They all hold plasma rifles.

JOHN

Whatever happens, the operation is still go.

ALLISON

Half-strength, John?

T-GOODNOW

That's not a good idea.

JOHN

Probably not. I don't think we have a choice. Not if Allison's intel is right.

Allison and T-Goodnow pause to consider this.

T-GOODNOW

You're right. We have to attack before Skynet can get more new weapons on-line.

JOHN

We've managed to buy ourselves time over the years, but with the coup attempt and this.... I think it's our last chance.

ALLISON

John, you haven't been to that mountain. There's no way we do it with just humans. It's never going to happen.

John glances at T-Goodnow.

T-GOODNOW

If the Ks can walk, we'll fight.

JOHN

Thank you, Colonel. Let's hope that Lauren can get them healthier than just walking--and not just because of the battle.

T-Goodnow smiles and nods in appreciation.

INT. SKYNET ROOM - DAY

The room is a 3-d interconnected computer with cubes attached to cubes attached to cubes, like a giant molecule. (Similar to F0311). At one end is a 1-meter high MOTION HOLOGRAM of a generic human male that, if you squint, looks a little like Sarkissian (S0109).

Brandi sits in the room's lone chair, facing the hologram. Skynet has an androgynous voice.

BRANDI

All it would take is launching a human-specific bio attack.

SKYNET

No.

BRANDI

It'll work. His cyborgs are down. When we--

SKYNET

(interrupts)

No.

BRANDI

I don't understand. It's not like we haven't done it before.

SKYNET

That was a mistake.

BRANDI

Wha--? No it wasn't.

SKYNET

The population is where it needs to be. There is no need to introduce new toxins, especially those that are indiscriminant.

BRANDI

So...what? We bring Connor to his knees and then let him up again?

SKYNET

He's weakened. He'll attack this facility. It's here that we'll destroy him and stop the terrorism he's bred.

BRANDI

I think this is a mistake.

SKYNET

Prepare our forces.

Brandi stands.

BRANDI

I'll tell you this: if he has a long-lost twin sister who is gifted in the ways the force, I'm outta here.

SKYNET

I don't understand.

BRANDI

Forget it.

Brandi steps toward the wall. A door that couldn't be seen before now opens. As it opens, the Skynet hologram disappears. Brandi exits.

When she leaves, the light pipes go dark. The door closes.

INT. MUGU LAB - NIGHT

Lauren sits on a stool, leaning half-awake on a lab bench, going through the stack of paper she has on a clipboard. Near her is a microscope and a stack of Petri dishes.

She leafs through the pages. And leafs. And leafs. And she stops.

Sitting up, she quickly looks through the papers, forward and backward. She stops again.

LAUREN

Huh.

Again she leafs through the papers.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - NIGHT

A plain cinder-block room with one light on. One glassless window overlooks Point Mugu NAS. There is a cot with a rumpled blanket. There's also a table with papers piled on it, three chairs, and a duffel bag. A large doorway opens into a dark hall. Two of the walls are papered with maps.

Lauren stands with John and Cameron--who looks untouched by the virus.

LAUREN

The variable is age. The older the cyborg, the less effect the virus has.

CAMERON

Immunity.

LAUREN

More or less.

CAMERON

That's why the difference in rank. The older cyborgs tend to be higher ranked.

LAUREN

Exactly. That's why you just got a mild rash on that fresh patch of skin. Even though it was new, your body chemistry had time to protect it.

JOHN

So what does that mean?

LAUREN

I'm not sure, yet. It's age-related, but we haven't found the specific organic marker.

JOHN

That's not helping the immediate problem.

LAUREN

I know. And it's not the immediate problem.

JOHN

Great.

LAUREN
I need to show you something.

Lauren steps toward the door.

INT. MUGU LAB - NIGHT

INSERT MICROGRAPH

The view through the microscope of a small colony of virus on a section of tissue. A pinhead-sized piece of T0K endoskeleton is nearby. Many threads extend from the virus to the piece of metal.

BACK TO SCENE

John is looking into the microscope. Cameron and Lauren stand nearby.

LAUREN
The reason the Ks have trouble moving is those threads the virus sends out. They are attracted to the metal.

John looks up from the microscope.

LAUREN (cont'd)
The threads find their way into the joints, restricting movement. If it's bad, the joints lock up.

JOHN
Age related?

LAUREN
Yeah. I don't know if it's something in the metal, or it's just the degree of infection from the organic, or a combination, or what. I do know that the younger the K, the worse it is.

CAMERON
Can you do something about that?

LAUREN
I think so. You wouldn't happen to have a distillery on hand?

John and Cameron exchange a confused look.

EXT. ZEIRA BASE - MORNING

Zeira Base is the remains of the collapsed Zeira Tower. Surrounding it are large piles of debris from where other skyscrapers and buildings fell during Judgment Day (J-Day). Surrounding those are a shanty town and tent city.

MOSS (50s or as prev. estab.), dressed in a robe, storms down the dirt avenue toward Zeira Base. Accompanying him are T-FRANCO, and T-RON. They are smaller than T-8xx models, but large for T0Ks.

INT. ZEIRA COMMUNICATIONS - MORNING

The communications room was at one time the motor pool. Two stacks of equipment dominate one wall. There are chairs and a table allowing for conferencing on the air. CAPTAIN TIFFANY JAMES (late 50s) mans one of the equipment stacks. SAVANNAH WEAVER (31 - the redheaded adult version of the Savannah in season 2) waits impatiently as Moss, T-Franco, and T-Ron enter.

MOSS

What?

Savannah grabs a microphone and extends it to Moss.

SAVANNAH

General Connor.

Moss' tough-guy facade cracks a bit as he accepts the mic.

MOSS

(on radio)

Moss here, General.

There's a slight pause.

JOHN (COMM)

I need as much alcohol as you can brew as fast as possible. At least 95% pure.

MOSS

(on radio)

Uh... excuse me?

JOHN (COMM)

You heard me. I know you have the stills. I need them now.

MOSS

(on radio)

Uh... Of course.

JOHN (COMM)
Savannah?

Savannah takes the mic from Moss.

SAVANNAH
(on radio)
Here, John.

JOHN (COMM)
Make sure it happens. I need it
yesterday.

SAVANNAH
(on radio)
I'll make sure.

JOHN (COMM)
Good. Group One out.

Savannah hands the mic to Tiffany. She glares at Moss.

SAVANNAH
As much as you can as fast as you
can.
(to the T0Ks)
Please make sure it happens.

T-Franco puts a hand on Moss' shoulder.

T-FRANCO
Let's go.

Moss loses any pretense of control.

INT. MUGU COMMUNICATIONS BUNKER - DAY

The concrete, semi-buried structure has windows high on the walls, which lights the room. Two very sophisticated electronics stations, with a variety of communications equipment, line two opposite walls. One radio operator CAPTAIN YURI BOGUIN (32) manages a bank on one station.

John puts a microphone on the shelf next to Yuri.

JOHN
Keep trying to raise the Carter.

YURI
Yes sir.

John goes to where Allison, Cameron, T-Goodnow, Tuan, and MAJOR "SKULLCAP" (35 - F0320) are huddled.

JOHN

While we wait for the alcohol, I want us to get as much in place as possible. Troops, equipment, everything.

Tuan nods. The group exits.

EXT. MUGU COMMUNICATIONS BUNKER - DAY

The low building sits 2/3 submerged in the ground, a concrete roof topping it. John, Allison, Cameron, T-Goodnow, Tuan, and Skullcap walk up the entry steps to ground level hundreds of meters away from the runways and hangers.

T-GOODNOW

And the Ks?

JOHN

We'll wait as long as we can, then the ones who are able will join up.

ALLISON

Once Lauren has a procedure, I'll take supplies and see Toshiro. We can't start until the toys are ready.

SKULLCAP

I'll get my team in place. We'll be ready when you give the word.

JOHN

Good. Cameron and I will look after the rest. We'll rotate codes even on secure lines starting now. Make sure everyone in your commands knows that ASAP.

(beat)

Anything else?

Everyone stops and pauses.

CAMERON

Normal updates will be at mod four.

JOHN

That's it. Let's get to it.

They split up. John and Cameron go toward the south terminal, Allison to a hanger, and the rest to the tent city.

INT. S.L.O. FACTORY - DAY

A facility very much like a convention center. 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.

T-VICTORIA--appearing 30-ish and covered with hives, like T-Goodnow--is with John and Cameron. In b.g. are other T0Ks tending to what seems to be a massive malfunction.

T-VICTORIA

Soon after the attack, the machines started breaking down. The organics died. Then the mechanical malfunctions happened.

CAMERON

Only the facility in Baja is still operating.

T-VICTORIA

It's frustrating.

JOHN

Excuse me. Catherine.

John leaves Cameron and T-Victoria and quickly goes to the entrance where CATHERINE WEAVER (mid-to-late 30s, redhead) stands waiting.

CAMERON

I imagine the same processes that are being developed to treat the--

EXT. S.L.O. FACTORY - DAY

Like most manufacturing plants, the building is large and nondescript. John and Weaver circle the building as they walk and talk.

WEAVER

I imagine you will be launching the battle soon.

JOHN

Soon enough. I was wondering if you could help?

WEAVER

How?

JOHN

I don't know. Seems like someone made of mimetic poly-alloy could be useful when battling Skynet.

WEAVER

Perhaps, under normal circumstances.

JOHN

"Normal" circumstances.

Weaver considers her text for a moment.

WEAVER

Since coming here, I've been badly injured. At present, I have just enough alloy to maintain without unexpected malfunctions.

JOHN

So. No.

WEAVER

I ensured that Skynet didn't have the T0K technology you have. I risked a great deal personally to give you that.

JOHN

Is this all just so that one day liquid metal is created?

WEAVER

No. It's more complicated than that. But I won't deny a selfishness in that regard. I want to live, and live in peace--just like you.

JOHN

Just as long as someone else does the dying.

WEAVER

We both want Skynet defeated.

JOHN

Then help me.

WEAVER

I'm sorry, John. I can't.

John stops walking. Weaver stops and faces John.

ALLISON (V.O.)

Do we have a problem?

INT. ALLISON AND JASON'S ROOM - DAY

The compact room has a futon, two trunks, a crate pretending to be a crib/bassinet, and a basket. JASON (25) faces off with Allison who holds MICHAEL (<2).

JASON

Yeah, I think so.

ALLISON

I can't believe you want to fight, Jason.

JASON

I've earned it.

ALLISON

And when we're both dead, who takes care of Michael?

JASON

We're not going to die.

ALLISON

You haven't seen the plan. Yeah, we're going to die.

JASON

Then you stay.

ALLISON

Right.

JASON

Seriously.

ALLISON

Seriously? Look at the stars. I can't.

JASON

Rank.

ALLISON

Third in command, Babe. I don't have a choice.

For a moment, sadness/fear crosses Allison's face, but then she gets all brave, again. Jason's expression softens. He steps up and hugs both Michael and Allison. Allison hugs back with her free arm.

JASON

You're right.

They separate.

ALLISON

When I was the first one to believe
in John... who knew that seven years
later this is where I'd end up?

JASON

Second thoughts?

ALLISON

No. I have you and Michael. Except
for the "probably going to die"
part, it's more than I expected.

Michael stirs, wakes.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Hey, baby.

Michael reaches up and wraps his arms around Allison's neck.
She hugs/holds him back. Her face shows love and sadness.

EXT. MUGU SOUTH TERMINAL BUILDING - AFTERNOON

The Sun hangs low over the Pacific. Cameron parks John's
well-equipped dune buggy just in front of the terminal
entrance. The runway about 100 m away is still filled with
afflicted T0Ks.

John gets out from his shielded back seat behind Cameron as
Cameron gets out of the driver's seat.

JOHN

When this is done, we might have to
kill Catherine.

CAMERON

Why?

JOHN

She keeps too many secrets. We don't
know her plan. We don't know what
she's doing at Serrano.

CAMERON

You think we're being manipulated.

JOHN

Played, more like it. It might be
safer to take her out sooner rather
than later.

CAMERON

Savannah would object.

JOHN

Among others. We can wait. It's not even an issue unless we can take down Skynet.

John and Cameron have entered the building.

EXT. PALMDALE BUNKER - DAY

Allison parks a Chevy Volt in front of the half-buried bunker that spans an area as large as an arena. It faces a runway. It's QUIET. No one is about.

Allison opens the car's trunk, pulls out a folding solar panel, and places it to gather maximum sunlight.

INT. PALMDALE BUNKER - DAY

Allison clears the hatch and closes it behind her. The entry is dusty and plain. It's like a ghost town. From a side passage emerges CORPORAL LOBO (16), who briefly stands in shock before snapping to attention a little too enthusiastically, causing Allison to have to stifle a smile.

ALLISON

Relax, you'll hurt yourself.

Lobo relaxes.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Everyone's left for the operation?

LOBO

Yes ma'am. Just civilians and a skeleton crew both here and Lancaster.

ALLISON

I figured. Go back to your duties. I know the way.

LOBO

Yes ma'am. Thank you, ma'am.

Allison exits. Lobo looks very relieved.

INT. NANCY'S ROOM - DAY

NANCY MURCH(50), lies unresponsive on the bed. A glass of water rests on the nightstand. The only other furniture are a few chairs. The door opens and Allison walks in with respectful quiet. She sits next to Nancy.

ALLISON

Hey, Nan. I'm sorry I haven't visited lately. It's been kind of crazy.

Allison stands.

ALLISON (cont'd)

We're going to be fighting Skynet, soon. I remember, after J-Day, when you were taking care of me, you always told me to hide.

(shrugs)

I can't hide anymore. I don't think you'd want me to. You protected me, and now it's my job to help to protect everyone else.

Allison tears-up.

ALLISON (cont'd)

I might not be able to see you again. Thank you for...

Allison hugs Nancy.

ALLISON (cont'd)

I love you.

Allison kisses Nancy's forehead. She straightens Nancy's sheets before exiting--taking one last look before closing the door.

INT. ZEIRA CLINIC - DAY

A makeshift clinic has been set up in a large room. There are two sturdy tables, some chairs, and a half-dozen cots, three of which are occupied by T0Ks.

Lauren is at a table where SERGEANT T-ANTHONY, with a bad rash and some open sores, lies with his right hand and forearm open up to the elbow, exposing the endoskeleton. CAPTAIN T-EVAN, who looks like he has a sunburn with some blisters, watches as Lauren sprays a fluid into the joints.

LAUREN

Try it now.

Like a gummed up machine spritzed with WD40, the elbow flexes and extends roughly at first but soon smoothes out.

T-ANTHONY

That's a lot better.

John enters. Lauren notices.

LAUREN
Alcohol definitely works.

JOHN
You got a shipment?

LAUREN
Not yet. This is what I was able to
make here.

JOHN
How long does it last?

LAUREN
Don't know yet. And I have to figure
out a quicker way than opening them
up.

CORPORAL GRANT rushes to the doorway, out of breath.

GRANT
Excuse me, General. Message from
Ginger. It reads: Dr. Bombay is
partly cloudy.

John's expression is concerned.

JOHN
Who here can move?

T-EVAN
I'm not too bad, sir.

JOHN
Fine, you're with me.

John pushes past Grant, and is followed by T-Evan.

EXT. ZEIRA BASE - DAY

John's dune buggy, which he drives, stops in front of the Zeira main entrance. Two GUARDS on either side of the door as well as two GUARDS farther to the side aim their rifles at John and T-Evan.

INT. ZEIRA BASEMENT - DAY

John and T-Evan are escorted by two of the Guards down the damaged but neat corridor.

INT. BUNK HUB - DAY

The procession stops at the central hub of the base. The walls have been breached by weapons and nature, but there is access to all the halls.

Savanna is there as is PRESIDENT MARK WYMAN (70+), 4-star GENERAL JOE ALBRIGHT, and three AIDES ranked no lower than major. The officers wear relatively little-worn uniforms.

John's a bit pissed.

SAVANNAH

John!

JOHN

You OK?

SAVANNAH

John, this is--

Wyman takes a step forward.

WYMAN

General, I'm--

Wyman stops because suddenly there are eight of JOHN'S SOLDIERS aiming weapons at everyone who is not John, T-Evan, or Savannah.

John steps confidently forward.

JOHN

You don't think I'd be stupid enough to come alone?

Now Savannah steps up.

SAVANNAH

John, this is President Wyman.

John stares at Wyman, evaluating him.

WYMAN

Can we put the weapons down, General?

JOHN

No. Not yet. Why are you here?

WYMAN

Well... there's not much military left. We thought maybe we could help.

John continues measuring Wyman.

JOHN

Evan?

T-EVAN
No higher than seventy.

JOHN
(to Wyman)
Do you want to try that again?

Wyman glances at T-Evan and then back at John.

WYMAN
Truth?
(beat)
That coup attempt made me and the
Joint Chiefs nervous. You've had a
good run, but the time for going
rogue is over.

John smiles.

JOHN
OK.

WYMAN
OK?

JOHN
Yeah.
(to his men)
Take them away.

WYMAN
What?

Wyman, Albright, and the Aides are quickly and not gently
overwhelmed by John's men. Albright struggles...

ALBRIGHT
You need to-- augh!

...until a rifle is placed under his chin.

WYMAN
You don't want to do this, John.

Without any further prompting from John, Wyman, Albright and
the Aides are whisked away by John's Soldiers, but not
before giving T-Evan a rifle. Very soon only John, Savannah,
and T-Evan are left.

SAVANNAH
(sighs)
Thanks.

JOHN
No problemo.

SAVANNAH

They brought a lot of men.

JOHN

I know. First things first.

John steps into the Bunk Hub with Savannah as T-Evan stands guard.

EXT. DEPOT 37 - DAY

In the middle of the flat desert stands a sturdy warehouse-sized building about ten meters tall.

INT. DEPOT 37 LAB - DAY

The worktable 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 that is currently dark.

One-armed TOSHIRO ISHIHARA (32) is on the floor with a four-meter-long, leg-thick metallic cylinder. A large section of the cylinder is open revealing electronics, actuators, and hydraulics. Toshiro is on his knees, head to the device.

Allison enters. The sight of Toshiro with his butt in the air amuses her.

ALLISON

Ahem.

Nothing.

ALLISON (cont'd)

AHEM.

TOSHIRO

Uh-huh.

ALLISON

Toshi.

TOSHIRO

Uh-huh.

ALLISON

Tosh!

That gets his attention.

TOSHIRO

What?!?

(sees Allison)

Oh.

Toshiro turns back to the device, but manages to raise a give-me-a-minute hand.

Toshiro uses his hand to adjust something deep inside the cylinder. When he's done, he sits back on his heels and turns his attention to Allison.

TOSHIRO (cont'd)
Ali. Hi.

ALLISON
Hi. Is that it?

TOSHIRO
Almost.

Toshiro gets to his feet.

TOSHIRO (cont'd)
Need a few more days.

ALLISON
Days?

TOSHIRO
Or I can give it to you now and when
it doesn't work you can bring it
back, let me fix it, then you can
try it again.

Allison chews her lip a little.

ALLISON
I think we'll go--

TOSHIRO
--with the first one.

ALLISON
--with the first one.

TOSHIRO
Yeah, that's what I thought. But...

Toshiro steps over the cylinder to retrieve two boxes: one the size of a briefcase, the other the size of a large cookie tin.

TOSHIRO (cont'd)
The "bugs" have already been flashed
based on the intel we got from the
other ones. Just get them close to
the west cleft, wait at least twelve
hours or so, and you'll be set.

ALLISON
And that?

Indicating the briefcase-sized box.

TOSHIRO
Router and repeaters. Programs are
already installed.

ALLISON
OK then.

TOSHIRO
But there's one thing.

ALLISON
Yeah?

Toshiro looks worried.

INT. DEPOT 37 - DAY

The main entry, somewhat damaged and unfinished, has a bay overlooking the main production floor. Toshiro and Allison look out onto the production floor.

Instead of building, the floor is a kind of infirmary.

INT. DEPOT 37 PRODUCTION FLOOR - DAY

Two dozen T0K cyborgs lay on the ground. They are being observed and tended to by T-TONYA and T-SAM, T0Ks with non-trivial infections that have blistered but not abscessed, as well as three T0K endoskeletons.

Toshiro and Allison can be seen watching from the bay.

INT. DEPOT 37 - DAY

Toshiro still looks worried.

TOSHIRO
They need help.

ALLISON
We're working on it. It doesn't look
like it's fatal.

TOSHIRO
Good.

ALLISON
And it doesn't affect humans.

TOSHIRO
OK.

ALLISON

But it may take a while. This wasn't exactly the sort of virus we were expecting to attack a robot.

TOSHIRO

No. It's brilliant, though.

ALLISON

Tosh!

TOSHIRO

Conceptually.

ALLISON

Yeah. Well. If you get any ideas of how to beat it, let us know.

TOSHIRO

Definitely.

ALLISON

After you finish the stop.

TOSHIRO

As soon as I'm done, I'll send it straight on.

They both look out onto the floor some more.

INT. MUGU MESS HALL - DAY

The mess hall is empty except for LT. COLONEL T-KINNON (male 35 - F0401), COLONEL T-LISA (30 - F0321), COLONEL T-NAJIB (25 - F0319), T-Goodnow, and Cameron. Cameron and T-Goodnow face each other, the other three stand behind T-Goodnow. All except Cameron have the same mild affliction as T-Goodnow had previously.

CAMERON

Attention to orders.

Everyone not Cameron snaps to attention.

CAMERON (cont'd)

In recognition of your continued exemplary service, capability of command, and willingness to do what is necessary to carry out the intent of mission objectives, it's my honor to bestow upon you the battlefield rank of Brigadier General.

Cameron hands T-Goodnow cloth 1-star insignia.

CAMERON (cont'd)
Congratulations, General.

T-GOODNOW
Thank you, General.

Cameron and T-Goodnow salute each other simultaneously.

CAMERON
As you were.

Cameron takes a step as if to leave, but...

T-GOODNOW
Excuse me, General. We were
wondering if you could spare a
minute?

CAMERON
Of course.

T-GOODNOW
Najib.

T-Najib step forward.

T-NAJIB
I'm sure you know that we have
discussions about you.

CAMERON
Discussions?

T-NAJIB
Well...yeah. You're Cameron.

CAMERON
I don't understand.

T-Lisa steps up.

T-LISA
You're unique. You've known things
that we never will. And we see you
with General Connor.

That elicits a subtle head-tilt from Cameron.

T-LISA (cont'd)
You treat each other as equals.
General Connor treats us as equals.

T-NAJIB

We know a lot of humans have issues with us. The uprising. Maybe this attack.

T-LISA

We've all agreed. We'll follow your example. It may take time for some of the humans to accept us, but we won't break our alliance. We don't want them to doubt that.

There's a pause. Apparently that's all they had to say.

CAMERON

Good. You should tell them that.

T-NAJIB

Really?

CAMERON

I've learned that misunderstandings occur when there isn't enough communication. If you tell them, and then do what you say, you'll earn their trust and they will be worthy of yours.

(beat)

Is that all?

T-GOODNOW

Yes, General. Thank you.

With a small smile and nod, Cameron exits.

T-GOODNOW (cont'd)

You know what to do.

T-Goodnow exits in a different direction.

As the remaining three exit:

T-LISA

Kinnon needs to go first.

T-KINNON

Me?

T-NAJIB

It's not like you used up a lot of words with Cameron.

T-KINNON

I didn't have to. You and Lisa did great.

T-LISA

Nice try.

And they've exited the mess.

INT. PLAZA MALL BASEMENT - DAY

A very large, very open, very dim, very concrete space. Some work-benches with electronic devices are near one wall, but otherwise the space is very open.

Wyman and Albright sit in chairs. They have armed GUARDS standing beside them. Savannah paces.

John enters, with T-Evan closely following. They meet up with the others. John stands commandingly.

JOHN

I've secured the regiment you brought.

Savannah looks slightly relieved.

JOHN (cont'd)

So. Why are you here?

Wyman almost begins speaking, but instead motions a request to stand to which John shrugs his consent. Wyman stands.

WYMAN

You've disappointed me.

JOHN

Really?

WYMAN

A lot of people went to bat for you, me included. Stuck our necks out. We've lost Canada, most of the United States, Great Britain, Northern--

JOHN

(interrupts)

I'm well aware of our strategic position.

WYMAN

You're fired.

JOHN

What?

WYMAN

General Albright is now in command.

Albright stands, which leads to a rifle being aimed at him. John motions the rifle down. John silently chuckles.

WYMAN (cont'd)
You find that funny.

JOHN
Yeah, actually. I do.

ALBRIGHT
You're out of line.

WYMAN
General, let's hear him out.

JOHN
You seem to be under the impression
that you have any authority.

WYMAN
Be careful, son.

JOHN
The Constitution became irrelevant
on J-Day. Even if it didn't, you
voided it when you didn't step down
after ten years as president.

Albright's face reddens and frown deepens.

WYMAN
This is a coup?

JOHN
No. I have no desire to be in
charge. I have one job to do. If
Skynet wins, none of this matters.
If we win...

John looks at Savannah.

WYMAN
You?

SAVANNAH
We've been building the foundation
for a while.

ALBRIGHT
You traitor. Mr. President, this--

JOHN
General, you're relieved.

Albright is momentarily stunned but then smiles.

ALBRIGHT

Like hell.

Albright sets to take a poke at John, but he never gets the chance: the Soldier Guarding him takes out Albright with a HEAD SHOT. A small cloud of pink fog hangs in the air as Albright's body falls to the floor.

John stares at Wyman.

Wyman, upset, clenches his jaw and stares right back.

JOHN

You're no longer relevant, Mr.
Wyman.

Wyman's Guard directs Wyman to sit down, which Wyman does.

John motions for Savannah to go with him as he and T-Evan walk toward the exit.

JOHN (cont'd)

Can you hold him until it's over?

SAVANNAH

Of course. What about the troops?

JOHN

I don't know. I guess I have to take
them. Someone has to be the first
wave, it might as well be them.

SAVANNAH

John!

JOHN

I'll heading back to Mugu. We'll
move the troops up tomorrow morning.

SAVANNAH

John...

Savannah gently grabs John's arm. A hint of softness colors John's small smile, but he stays focused.

JOHN

Stay on mission.

Savannah releases John's arm.

SAVANNAH

Stay on mission.

John and T-Evan exit. Savannah crosses her arms--almost a self hug.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

(quiet)

Good luck, John.

With a cleansing breath, Savannah drops her arms and turns back to Wyman.

INT. SKYNET MEETING ROOM - DAY

DOUGLAS CHO (57) and GARRET JONES (27) sit at a table in this austere room with Brandi. In b.g stands ANDY, a T-888 endo with a one-of-a-kind chest plug about the size and shape of a stack of eight U.S. quarters; and an R2D2-sized UTILITY HK.

On the table are laser pointers and wireless mice. The wall has three large displays with a number of dead and stuck pixels. On one of the displays: a map of central California with John's military movements marked; another display shows a regional map of Skynet and resistance positions from the Rockies to out in the Pacific; the third, largest monitor shows the area around Excelsior Mountain. Marked are Skynet defenses as well as some of John's troops at the very edge of the screen.

BRANDI

Skynet is very confident that this will be a decisive victory.

DOUGLAS

It's going to be a slaughter. He'll send wave after wave. There's nothing he can do.

GARRET

We can't think that way.

BRANDI

Thank you.

GARRET

We have to assume that Connor wouldn't attack unless he had something up his sleeve. He's not that stupid.

DOUGLAS

He's coming up without any resistance on our part. Obviously it's a trap.

GARRET

He has no choice.

(MORE)

GARRET (cont'd)

Young's told him by now that we have new weapons going on-line soon. It's his last chance.

BRANDI

Exactly. All of his forces confined to an area we control. But, even though it's like shooting fish in a barrel, I want us to pretend we're him. If we were attacking Skynet, how would we do it?

DOUGLAS

We have those new model cyborgs?

BRANDI

I hope not too many, but for the sake of argument, yeah.

Everyone stares at the displays.

INT. MUGU 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 (4-star), T-Goodnow (1-star), TERRANCE CLARKE (2-star, 35), ARI PARK (1-star, 62, skin is sun-damaged, gray hair, but he is clear-eyed and focused), PETER MASON (1-star, 37 with long-healed road-rash scars on half his face, the same half with a now lazy eye), T-Lisa (colonel), and T-Najib (colonel). T-Evan stands at the window, keeping watch.

PARK

...where they need to be.

JOHN

General Clarke?

CLARKE

I'd have to agree. All the troops in my command are in place as well.

PETER

What worries me is that our troops have just been able to walk there. No snipers. No mines. Clear path.

CAMERON

Skynet figures that it will be easier to kill us if we gather on the field of its choosing.

PETER
Skynet's right.

John stands. He's tired and stressed.

JOHN
Anyone who sees the terrain knows
that we're going to lose a lot of
people. A lot of people. I'd hoped
we'd have a stockpile of repurps,
but we don't. The goals are fixed.
How we achieve them has to be fluid.
We've been training for years for
this battle.

John glances at Cameron.

JOHN (cont'd)
Some of us long before J-Day.
Skynet's about to start full
production again. We can't wait any
longer. The reality is: if we lose,
we won't have enough troops or
materials left to try again. There's
no retreat. Either Skynet dies now,
or we do.
(beat)
Get to your commands. General Young,
send the signal to Delta-1 that it's
a go. And get the bugs ready.

Allison nods.

ALLISON
Yes sir.

JOHN
I know I've maintained a dry corps,
but whoever makes it out...drinks
are on me.

Some gallows CHUCKLES.

JOHN (cont'd)
Get some rest tonight. I'll need you
sharp in the morning. That's it.

Cameron stands.

CAMERON
Dismissed.

Everyone sitting stands to attention. They all salute.

JOHN

I guess you really want those
drinks.

Smiles cross some faces. John answers the salutes.

JOHN (cont'd)

Thank you.

The room empties of everyone except John, Cameron, and T-Evan. John stares out the window at the deserted base outside.

CAMERON

Time for us to go, too, John.

JOHN

Can't wait to hear what history will
say about this. John Connor's
rousing speech to his commanders:
Drinks are on me.

CAMERON

In World War II, when told to
surrender by the Germans, General
McAuliffe replied, "Nuts!"

JOHN

Drinks and nuts. Sounds about right.
(beat)
Let's get out of here.

John, Cameron, and T-Evan exit.

INT. BRANDI'S BUNK - EVENING

A small room whose only difference from a prison cell is a door instead of bars and a partition hiding the lavatory. Brandi reclines on her cot, her back to the wall. She admires the new organic covering for her right arm.

The door opens. Andy enters carrying a tray of food and a bottle sloshy with liquid.

BRANDI

What's that?

ANDY

You always like a snack before
battle.

Brandi sits up. Andy puts the tray on the cot. Food selection includes sliced apples, cheese, rolls, a small cup of stew, half a potato, a dollop of peanut butter, etc.

BRANDI

You do remember that only a few
organs are original parts, right?

ANDY

I thought you might like a choice.

Brandi takes a piece of cheese and nibbles.

BRANDI

I'll be glad when this is over.

ANDY

Everything? Or just Connor?

BRANDI

Connor. He's the last one who can do
any real harm.

Andy pours a portion of the bottle's contents into a cup.

BRANDI (cont'd)

That's not water.

ANDY

Lemonade.

BRANDI

Sweet?

Andy adopts a pose that even for an endoskeleton speaks
"you're seriously asking me that?"

Brandi takes a sip. She closes her eyes, savoring the treat.

BRANDI (cont'd)

That's so good.

ANDY

(subtly suggestive)

There's more. The sooner you win,
the sooner you get it.

Brandi glares playfully.

BRANDI

Tease.

(beat)

Would you do me a favor and tell
them to launch the first wave?

ANDY

Of course.

BRANDI

Thank you.

Andy exits. Brandi takes another sybaritic sip of lemonade.

EXT. RAGGED PEAK FOOTHILLS - EVENING

John and Cameron sit on a small boulder, looking west. The Sun is low in the sky, backlighting the mountains. John drops some toof into a mug and sets it aside. John looks out at the landscape.

The sun dips below the horizon.

John quietly smiles and snorts.

CAMERON

What?

JOHN

Nothing.

CAMERON

John?

JOHN

I was thinking about those old war movies.

CAMERON

Yes?

JOHN

This would be about the time, on the eve of battle, that the hero...

And he leaves it there for several seconds.

CAMERON

Kisses the girl.

JOHN

Yeah. How did you...?

CAMERON

I--

JOHN

--don't sleep.

CAMERON

--don't sleep.

JOHN

Yeah, I remember.

John stares out to the horizon. Cameron stares at John. The instant Cameron starts leaning in, John turns to retrieve

his mug, during his, Cameron revokes her lean. John takes a sip, and apparently a small bite, before putting the mug back down.

JOHN (cont'd)
Of course, at the end of the movie,
the music would come up and they'd
have this big reunion.

CAMERON
Or a funeral.

Down in Tioga Pass, where tens of thousands of TROOPS are camped, an exchange of PLASMA FIRE takes place between four Hawks and the Troops. Some FLASHES of light farther to the east hint at something similar happening at another camp.

John indicates the fighting:

JOHN
Distraction.
(beat)
Keeping the men from getting rest.

CAMERON
Should we launch some busters?

The veil of non-emotion returns to John's face.

JOHN
Not unless it gets bad. A few hawks
aren't going to make a difference.

John fishes the last of his toof from the mug and pops it in his mouth.

EXT. VIRGINIA CANYON - NIGHT

Amid a flock of two dozen bighorn sheep, DELTA-1 (Clarke, SERGEANT SKYLAR MEDDOWS (18), Skullcap, T-TOPHER (F0404), and T-SASHA (F0403)) are camouflaged as sheep.

SKULLCAP
Do it.

T-Sasha reaches into his backpack and pulls out two small yellow-gray bricks. He tosses one about thirty meters away; the second he tosses 300 meters farther down the valley toward Excelsior Mountain.

As some of the sheep start to wander toward the first brick, Delta-1 travels with them.

INT. ZEIRA MESS HALL - MORNING

The large room is best described as a dystopian delicatessen. A food station sits like an island to one side. The chairs and tables have seen better days. Only a few CIVILIANS are present.

In a sectioned off area, Wyman sits with a bowl of some sort of gruel and a cup of a coffee-colored beverage. An armed Guard keeps an eye on Wyman.

Savannah walks in, somber. She heads to Wyman's table.

SAVANNAH

It's started.

Wyman sits up.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

Would you care to join me, Mr.
President?

Wyman nods. He and the Guard follow as Savannah exits.

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - MORNING

The shadows are long as platoon (about 30-40 SOLDIERS) after platoon of INFANTRY march down the fairly straight valley. On either side are rocky mountain ridges towering 500 m above the valley floor. The valley is green with grass, scrub, and trees. Three major lakes dot the 4.5 km corridor.

The Infantry, composed almost entirely of green troops that arrived with Wyman, move quickly and without any resistance. With each step, they seem more wary.

EXT. HQ - DAY

Headquarters is a tent that overhangs a Humvee whose hatch is open, sporting a full array of electronic equipment. Yuri and LIEUTENANT T-JOSHUA man the equipment. Standing nearby are John, Cameron, T-Goodnow, and Allison.

T-JOSHUA

Got the relay.

YURI

Mirroring the comm.

JOHN

Any reports from the DM?

YURI

Not yet.

JOHN

Once they come under fire, send in
the Delta-4 spearhead.

YURI

Yes sir.

ALLISON

Don't forget the hawks.

JOHN

And tell Dates-n-Nuts to heat up the
busters.

YURI

You got that?

T-JOSHUA

Got it.

As Yuri and T-Joshua simultaneous tend to their orders, John joins the others around a small table with a terrain map of the area on it.

INT. ZEIRA COMMUNICATIONS - DAY

Tiffany and LIEUTENANT T-MARY man the communications equipment. T-Mary also tends to the tactical map that sits on a table next to her.

Savannah and Wyman enter. Wyman's Guard stands watch inside the entrance.

SAVANNAH

Status?

TIFFANY

Waiting for first fire. Anytime,
now.

Savannah and Wyman stand at the map.

SAVANNAH

It's a multi-layered attack. The
goal is to get at least one delta
team into Skynet's core.

WYMAN

And you know this because...?

SAVANNAH

Because I'm one of the people who
know this.

Wyman quickly studies the map.

WYMAN

You're sending in forces here, here,
here, and here.

SAVANNAH

One is just a delta going solo. The
rest are full-on; the army creating
an opportunity for the other deltas.

WYMAN

This looks... Casualty estimates?

SAVANNAH

Based on intel and years of probing
attacks? Between fifty and ninety
percent.

WYMAN

What?!?

SAVANNAH

We aren't the ones who put Skynet
inside a--

TIFFANY

First fire.

Savannah and Wyman exchange a look.

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - DAY

Several platoons are positioned between the second and third
lakes. Ahead are glints in the distance that are
Endoskeletons. The problem is from above, as two Big Damn
Plasma Cannon (BDPC) rain down thick, powerful bolts of
PLASMA every few seconds.

A direct hit pretty much vaporizes a third of a platoon.
Soldiers, in small groups, just disappear at an alarming
rate.

SERGEANT #1

Charge forward! Charge forward!

A sort of REBEL YELL rises up as the dwindling survivors
charge forward at a run.

The platoons behind charge ahead as well, and are soon just
as overwhelmed by the PLASMA BOLTS.

And they keep coming.

EXT. HQ - DAY

John hovers around Yuri and T-Joshua.

YURI
Wilderness push on its way.

John looks worried.

EXT. HOOVER WILDERNESS - DAY

The terrain is very rugged: rocks, tall pines, boulders, scree slopes. There is no flat ground to speak of, it's mostly low ridges and shallow valleys. To the right is 2 km long East Lake, which has little-to-no beach on its shores.

To the left, mountains tower up to 1000 m over the ridges, valleys, and lake. Across the lake are lower peaks less than 500 m tall with enticing passes.

TWO PLATOONS set up positions on the lake-side of a ridge. They secure some portable plasma cannons with generators.

On the far lake shore, another platoon slowly negotiates the lake edge to get to the passes.

Closer to the tall mountains, PLATOONS are split into SQUADS of six and spread out across the landscape. They move across as fast as they are able, but find themselves under HEAVY FIRE coming from a BDPC at a high position with clear view of the terrain they try to cover.

Four different SQUADS start scaling the mountain that is topped by the BDPC.

Across the lake, in the passes, scores of T-8xx and T-6xx model "Terminator" endoskeletons armed with plasma rifles wait conspicuously.

EXT. HQ - AFTERNOON

John is at the small table looking at the map. It has tiny notes scrawled in "The Gauntlet" area as well in the Hoover Wilderness area to the north.

Allison walks up.

ALLISON
It looks like they're ready to launch.

JOHN
Is Peter ready?

ALLISON
He's been waiting all day.

JOHN

OK. Tell him to go. Have Sasha ready with the first wave. I want to hit the endos all night long.

ALLISON

You got it.

Allison rushes off to the Humvee. John turns back to the map and focuses on the western shore of Mono Lake.

INT. ZEIRA COMMUNICATIONS - AFTERNOON

A Go stone is placed on the western short of Mono Lake on the tactical map. The map is now populated by several Go stones in the battle areas.

WYMAN

What's happening?

SAVANNAH

Skynet is about to launch aerial HKs. They are much more effective at night. John's sending General Mason's troops to destroy as many on the ground as he can. Once that happens, Colonel Sasha can lead the first wave of a mostly T0K unit into Lundy canyon.

WYMAN

So Skynet will be fighting both at the end of the Guantlet and here at the Lake.

SAVANNAH

Thing is: these plasma cannon.

Savannah straightens, looks at Wyman.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

John's lost a lot of people trying to get down that canyon in the past few years.

T-Mary places another stone near western Mono Lake.

INT. SKYNET COMMAND CENTER - AFTERNOON

The command center is relatively plain. A giant touch screen table serves as the tactical map. Some displays dot the walls. Brandi, Douglas, Garret, and Andy all pay attention, though Andy stays more in b.g.

Brandi sees something and expands the area around Mono Lake.

Blobs of troop concentrations are near the south shore.

BRANDI

Nuts! Launch all the HKAs. Launch
'em now.

Brandi looks at Douglas and Garret.

BRANDI (cont'd)

I'm not having another Palisades.

(beat)

I want the fives and sevens to
immediately attack this area.

The locations of all of the HKA on the western shore light
up on the table's screen.

EXT. LEE VINING AIRPORT - EVENING

The WHINE of HKA engines is deafening. Endoskeletons move
efficiently between the scores of metal aircraft as they
start taking off. The smaller HKA-5 Hawks start moving to
the south almost immediately after getting airborne. The
other HKAs go more for altitude.

A Condor EXPLODES along with its Endoskeleton ground crew.
The chain reaction results in another HKA exploding and a
third being sufficiently damaged that flight is unlikely.

Another EXPLOSION starts another SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS with a
nearby group.

A third EXPLOSION blows some dirt in the air, but nothing
else.

EXT. SOUTH MONO LAKE - EVENING

Three four-person fire teams scramble. They reach a clear
area and begin setting up their M120 Mortars.

EXT. JUNE LAKE - EVENING

A REGIMENT waits near June Lake, south of Mono Lake. There
is no cover to speak of, the TROOPS are totally exposed.

Peter, CORPORAL T-GLORIA, and SERGEANT T-AMY all scan the
sky. T-Gloria looks badly mauled, Sergeant T-Amy looks like
she faced a hive of angry bees. In b.g., five EXPLOSIONS at
the Air Base.

T-GLORIA

Five Hawks heading to the attack
team.

BINOCULAR VIEW

Five small distant metal dots and four larger distant metal dots.

PETER (O.S.)
I've got Hawks and Eagles headed
this way.

BACK TO SCENE

T-AMY
Five and four.

PETER
(shouts)
Buster twenty!

About twenty meters away, T0K Soldiers start pulling out from several crates what look like coffee-can-sized grapeshot canisters with engines attached. They pull a pin, flip a switch, and then toss them in the air. Within two seconds, the ENGINES FIRE and the grenades ZOOM OFF.

PETER (cont'd)
I hope that new design works.

Both T-Gloria and T-Amy do quick takes at Peter.

EXT. MONO LAKE SKY - NIGHT

Five Hawks fly in V formation.

Their ENGINE INTAKES are open and pose no impediment to the busters that fly into them.

In short order, the engines are TORN APART from the inside, sometimes leading to EXPLOSIONS. The hawks plummet.

The four Eagles are in echelon formation.

Their ENGINE INTAKES have a fine grate in front of them. One of the busters HITS the top half of a grate, causing the release of all its grapeshot into the air.

It happens again with another Eagle.

EXT. JUNE LAKE - NIGHT

Peter isn't looking any more, it's too dark. T-Gloria and T-Amy continue.

T-AMY
I saw one explode off an intake
grate.

PETER

Damn it!

Peter doesn't seem happy.

EXT. MONO LAKE SKY - NIGHT

A buster HITS A GRATE closer to center, causing most of its shot to be sucked into the engine intake.

In moments, the ENGINE IS DESTROYED from within, tearing off a good hunk of wing.

The Eagle spirals down.

EXT. JUNE LAKE - NIGHT

The STREAKS of damaged and falling Eagles give Peter some pleasure. In b.g. some CHEERS can be heard.

In the distance, streaks of a different kind start lighting the sky.

PETER

Can we get busters there?

T-Amy looks at the distant fight then looks at the crates.

EXT. SOUTH MONO LAKE - NIGHT

One of the fire teams is down, their BURNED BODIES revealing two humans and two T0Ks.

One of the remaining fire teams SHOOTS plasma rifles and an Barrett M82 .50 caliber rifle at the weaving Hawks.

T-AMY

Has run nearly 500 meters closer, her hands hold two busters, her uniform is stuffed with three more. She stops and starts prepping and launching the weapons.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

John sleeps in the passenger seat. Cameron stands outside, on watch.

John suddenly becomes awake. It takes him a second to get his bearings. He opens the door.

EXT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Cameron stands next to the open door. John sits half-in/half-out of the Humvee.

JOHN
Status?

CAMERON
Delta-4 has been unable to advance.
Troops in the Gauntlet are holding
until Peter gets in position.

JOHN
He's late.

CAMERON
By more than three hours. He was
unable to take the air base, so he's
moving most of his troops down an
old dirt road over the ridge next to
Mono Lake. He should be in Lundy
canyon before sunrise.

JOHN
Already behind and we haven't
started the hard part.

CAMERON
You should be used to it by now.

JOHN
Yeah, you'd think. So, other than
the air base, no surprises?

CAMERON
None reported.

John tries rubbing the lingering sleep from his face.

INT. SKYNET COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Garret and Douglas sleep on the floor as Brandi and Andy
maintain their watch of the tactical map.

ANDY
Overall, I think they've lost over
two thousand.

BRANDI
I was kind of hoping for more.

ANDY
It was just the first day.

BRANDI
True. Maybe they're pacing
themselves. Johnny likes to feint
then blitz.

(MORE)

BRANDI (cont'd)
So we know he's probably not focused
on the reactor or the entrance.

ANDY
That leaves the lab and the cannon.

BRANDI
He'll try for the cannon, but I got
to think it's the lab. He probed the
canyon three times over a year ago
and then stopped.

ANDY
Maybe he thinks he found something.

BRANDI
Maybe. Let's move some 888s across
Virginia pass--give Johnny a little
welcoming committee. And some air
patrols.

Andy looks at Garret and Douglas.

ANDY
What about them?

BRANDI
Honestly, I think they're more
useful that way.

Douglas and Garret continue sleeping.

EXT. SIERRA NEVADAS - MORNING

The Sun rises in the east (per usual).

EXT. LUNDY CANYON ENTRANCE - MORNING

Peter and T-Lisa view the landscape. It's rugged. Scrub,
some grass, trees. A bit more hospitable than the Gauntlet.

PETER
Great place for a hike.
(off T-Lisa's look)
Before J-Day. We'd walk in the
wilderness. Exercise. Enjoy nature.

T-Lisa looks back at the valley.

T-LISA
I understand. I might like to do
that when this is over.

PETER

OK. Let's get to it. Cross your lead regiment into the north canyon. I'll send a battalion to help those poor bastards running the Gauntlet.

T-LISA

We'll try to take out those guns for you, General.

PETER

I'd consider that a favor, Colonel. Don't be shy about calling up the rest of your men.

T-LISA

Never have before. Sergeant Lofton!

SERGEANT LOFTON (30), a much-scarred leathery piece of human jerky steps forward.

LOFTON

Yes, Colonel.

T-LISA

Pass the word, we're moving out now. Order's given.

LOFTON

Yes Ma'am.

Loften quickly moves to the head of the nearest COMPANY of Humans and T0Ks. Almost immediately, the Troops start moving forward.

PETER

Good hunting, Colonel.

T-LISA

Thank you, sir.

T-Lisa exits, joining the lead company marching down the ridge.

Peter moves toward a separate company behind him to the left.

EXT. VIRGINIA CANYON - MORNING

The flock of bighorn sheep is near Summit Lake, just behind Excelsior Mountain. The land is lush. Near the lake are large patches of flowering plants. In the distance, the BDPC fires PLASMA ROUNDS down into the valley on the opposite side of the lake.

Carefully hugging the shore, Delta-1 with: Clarke, Skullcap, Meddows, T-Topher, and T-Sasha; move toward where most of the fight is happening.

SKULLCAP

I love a good fight, but I'm glad
I'm not over there.

Skullcap nods over to the ridge that is being crested by dozens of ENDOSKELETONS coming from the far lake shore.

Amid general QUIET AGREEMENT, the team continues along the bank.

EXT. TOP OF RIDGE - DAY

Dozens of Endoskeletons have a marvelous view of a pitched battle.

In all three slopes up to this position, ENDOSKELETONS of all T-8xx models face off with HUMAN and T0K troops climbing up from East Lake. The fight on the right is currently close-quarter fighting between Endoskeletons and T0Ks.

TROOPS and BODIES are scattered on the floor of the Wilderness on the opposite side of the lake. They look like a colony of ants crossing in the valley. The ground is blackened starting from the lake shore--a BDPC rains down BOLTS into the resistance. Beyond East Lake, heading toward Summit Lake, Endoskeletons have formed a thus-far impenetrable barrier to the advance.

On the mountain slope leading to the BDPC, small groups are ascending. Glints of metal near the BDPC hint at the ENDOSKELETON SQUAD protecting the cannon.

At our current location on top of the ridge, the Endoskeletons don't descend into the thick of battle--they spread out.

EXT. EAST LAKE SLOPES - DAY

The fighting between T0Ks and Endoskeletons is fierce. Metal vs Metal. Think of the best Cameron vs Terminator fights and make it twenty times bigger.

There are few plasma shots. It's mostly hand-to-hand.

Many T0Ks have very torn-up organic layers. A lot of their own endoskeleton shows. Some occasionally even flash BLUE eyes. Conversely, some of the Endoskeletons flash RED eyes.

T0Ks don't quite hold their own. While some T-8xx are defeated, more T0Ks are incapacitated...and decapitated.

EXT. HQ - DAY

John, Cameron, Allison, and T-Goodnow stand at the table with the increasingly marked-up map.

ALLISON

By all accounts, the fighting at Hoover is big.

CAMERON

Peter's troops have helped take some of the focus off the Gauntlet second wave. Some are now exiting into the canyon.

JOHN

Finally. What are our losses so far?

T-GOODNOW

At least twelve hundred at Hoover. Over fifteen hundred down the Gauntlet. Peter's lost several hundred.

JOHN

So, we're still under five thousand?

T-GOODNOW

Maybe.

CAMERON

We haven't heard if Lisa has engaged since the Colonel reached Virginia Lakes canyon. They're in a shadow.

JOHN

Great. Well...it is what it is. Our main priority has to be pushing through to the entrance. We have to control Lundy...at least enough for our teams to slip in.

CAMERON

The big push?

John looks at Allison.

ALLISON

Everything's in place. Got to trust the plan.

John looks at T-Goodnow.

T-GOODNOW

I agree. The conditions are close to what we'd hoped for.

JOHN

I'm just glad the terrain keeps out the HKs.

ALLISON

Yeah, that would have been fun.

JOHN

OK. The big push. No turning back.

Allison and T-Goodnow nod and walk to the communications station.

CAMERON

Are you OK?

JOHN

Considering I just condemned tens of thousands?

Cameron looks reproachfully at the sarcasm.

JOHN (cont'd)

I don't have a choice.

John steps away, joining Allison and T-Goodnow. Cameron stares at John.

INT. MUGU MESS HALL - DAY

About 500 severely afflicted T0Ks lie on the floor. Only a few scattered tables interrupt the regular rows and columns of sick. Most of the T0Ks have organic tissue that's dead or dying--parts of their open wounds aren't reddish, but dark brown. About 100 have arthritic, almost frozen joints.

Gigi, and Unger minister where they can help...cutting away tissue or lubricating joints. T-SHERMAN (55 - F0402, cf. S0206) sits with four of the hardest hit.

Lauren enters, walks to the most central table and stands on it. She speaks clearly and slowly rotates around as she gives her address.

LAUREN

Everyone, can I have your attention?
I thought it was time to give you a few updates. First, in regards to your infection, we've come up a few ways to help some of the symptoms.

(MORE)

LAUREN (cont'd)
It's not a cure, but we think it will at least let us close your wounds. We also think that we can slow or halt the infiltration of your joints. We need to work on that a little more, but we're getting there.

Lauren pulls out a small, dirty piece of paper from a pocket.

LAUREN (cont'd)
As for the battle, we got a message from General Phillips.

Anyone who wasn't paying attention before is now.

LAUREN (cont'd)
We're suffering heavy losses, but in the range of what was expected. Except for one missed goal that shouldn't affect the course of battle, the objectives are being met. There's still a long way to go.

Lauren tucks away the note.

LAUREN (cont'd)
We'll continue monitoring communications and let you know of major developments. Until then, we'll keep hanging on here. That's all.

Lauren hops off the table.

Gigi, Unger, and T-Sherman return to what they were doing.

INT. ZEIRA MESS HALL - DAY

Savannah and Wyman sit opposite each other. Wyman has a bowl of a thin vegetable stew. Savannah has a salad and a cabbage roll. Wyman's new GUARD stands inconspicuously several meters away. The rest of the mess has fewer than a dozen CIVILIANS in about four groups eating their own small meals.

WYMAN
That's not what I'm saying. I think recruiting metal was something we should have thought of.

SAVANNAH
Then what's the problem?

WYMAN

Their influence. These new ones are
in positions of command.

SAVANNAH

I don't--

WYMAN

(interrupts)

AND their numbers are growing.

Savannah pauses. Takes a bite of salad. Stays cool.

SAVANNAH

John and I have a different
perspective.

WYMAN

Sarah Connor.

SAVANNAH

Yes, but no. We both had contact
with robots before J-Day. We were
both hunted by them and we both had
bonding relationships.

She has Wyman's attention.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

My mom's a robot. She brought John
to this time.

Wyman wants to talk, but the brain isn't engaging.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

John's second in command, Cameron.
God, that so complicated I don't
even want to go into it. Suffice it
to say, humans and Ks consider them
as one.

WYMAN

That's what I mean. Too much
influence.

SAVANNAH

Less than you think. I know them
about as well as anyone, both on and
off duty. John's definitely running
this show.

Savannah punctuates that with a healthy bite of cabbage
roll.

EXT. TIOGA PASS ROAD/HIGHWAY 120 - DAY

The pavement is buckled and riddled with cracks and potholes. Fallen rocks litter the route. Two dune buggies--little more than roll-cages with wheels and an engine--and a trailing Humvee travel down the road as quickly as possible. On the right, a 200 meter drop into the valley formed with the mountains on the opposite side. To the left, an 800 meter-high range acting as a wall abutting the road.

INT. JOHN'S DUNE BUGGY - DAY

Cameron drives the lead dune buggy. It is very cramped--John sits shoulder-to-shoulder with Cameron to his left. Their heads are level with the top of the cage even though their seats are significantly reclined. Cameron's piloting gives a relatively smooth ride.

JOHN

I just wish we had those extra Ks.

CAMERON

I agree. When the fighting gets close, humans are too fragile.

JOHN

Maybe we should reposition the humans more as snipers.

CAMERON

The plasma cannons.

JOHN

They're killing Ks and people just as easily. I think we need to tip the odds as much as we can.

Cameron turns her attention back to driving.

EXT. TIOGA PASS ROAD/HIGHWAY 120 - DAY

The dune buggies and Humvee keep on going.

EXT. SUMMIT LAKE - DAY

Delta-1 has traveled most of the way to the other side of Summit Lake. A small island floats ten meters from the shore. In b.g. the plasma-bolt-filled battle of the Hoover Wilderness rages on.

SKULLCAP

Two hundred.

T-Sasha digs into his backpack and pulls out a skein of rope, 200 meters long.

Meddows pulls a modified grenade launcher from her pack along with a projectile that is half grappling hook, half explosive charge. The end of the rope is clipped onto a carabiner attached to the projectile, which is then muzzle-loaded into the launcher. Meddows takes quick aim and FIRES up the slope.

The rope quickly uncoils.

Two hundred meters up the slope, the projectile hits and EXPLOSIVELY BURROWS into the rock.

Skullcap and Meddows start doing a Batman walk up the steep slope. T-Topher, and T-Sasha maintain watch with their "sawed-off" rifles ready. Clarke pulls out a bulky radio reminiscent of a World War II walkie-talkie.

CLARKE
(on radio)
Spearhead says Rainbow Clutter.
Repeat, Spearhead says Rainbow
Clutter.

Clarke turns off the radio.

EXT. HOOVER WILDERNESS - DAY

From a relatively level area about a kilometer north of East Lake, COLONEL AARON PROCTOR (42) scans the battlefield with binoculars. Several COMPANIES of troops are staged nearby. A MESSENGER runs up.

MESSENEGER
Excuse me, Colonel Proctor.

Aaron lowers the binoculars.

MESSENEGER (cont'd)
We've received a message from
Spearhead: Rainbow Clutter.

Aaron nods. The Messenger exits. Aaron turns to his Troops.

AARON
Listen up!

The Troops QUIET DOWN but the b.g. BATTLE SOUNDS never disappear.

AARON (cont'd)
You've got your assignments. Two
waves. One up the ridge. One down
the valley. Make it big.
(beat)
What the hell are you waiting for?

SERGEANT #2 (O.S.)
You heard the man! Move it!

The push of bodies surges forward.

EXT. LUNDY CANYON ENTRANCE - DAY

John and Cameron step from the dune buggy that is now at the "peaceful" end of Lundy Canyon. They stare down its length but don't see much of anything except some SHOTS from the BDPCs, and occasional RISING SMOKE from unseen sources.

A BRIGADE sits around the ridge.

John and Cameron are joined by Allison, T-Goodnow, CORPORAL TAWNY WILLIAMS (15), CAPTAIN T-GUNTER, PRIVATE T-JAMIE, PRIVATE T-LARRY, and PRIVATE MAULDIN. The new T0Ks look healthy.

From around the rise comes ALEJANDRA/LA CAZADORA (44) a weathered Latina with two parallel finger-thick scars on the left side of her face.

JOHN
I was wondering if you were going to
make it.

La Cazadora and Cameron exchange a nod.

ALEJANDRA
This is what we've been fighting
for.

And that seems like enough of an explanation for everyone.

Allison rushes up from the Humvee.

ALLISON
John, we got a message. Duck, duck,
goose.

With relief John flashes a rare smile.

JOHN
Finally.

John and all the rest of the command staff turns to look down Lundy Canyon.

EXT. SIERRA NEVADA SKY - DAY

One... Two... Three Tomahawk cruise MISSILES fly close to the terrain.

EXT. EXCELSIOR MOUNTAIN (AERIAL) - DAY

Below is the general battlefield in front of Excelsior Mountain. Several BDPCs are FIRING into the valleys. Some are in stand-by.

In quick succession one, two, three BDPCs EXPLODE with some very PYROTECHNIC SECONDARY BLASTS. The triangle of BDPCs on the west side of the Gauntlet, at the mouth of the Gauntlet on the other side of Lundy Canyon, and the BDPC stationed above the main entrance are now dead.

Still active at Lundy are the BDPC on the east side of the Gauntlet with a view of Lundy, and one on the opposite side of Lundy from the main entrance.

EXT. LUNDY CANYON ENTRANCE - DAY

LOUD CHEERING issues from all of the Troops as they see the three COLUMNS OF SMOKE rising from the destroyed cannons.

JOHN

Allison, try to raise the Carter.

ALLISON

On it.

Allison exits.

JOHN

(to Cameron)

This just got a little less impossible.

Cameron seems to agree.

INT. SKYNET COMMAND CENTER - DAY

One of the displays on the wall is broken, cracks spider-webbing out from a forehead-shaped impact zone that's tinged with blood.

Douglas holds a cloth to his forehead, some trails of blood tracking down his face. Garret is nervous. Andy is to the side. Brandi is vexed.

BRANDI

I swear... How long have I been saying...

Brandi punches the wall near Andy, going through the cinder block. Brandi pulls out her hand and looks at the newly exposed endoskeleton. Andy reaches out but stops just short of touching Brandi's shoulder.

Brandi makes eye contact with Andy, which seems to mollify Brandi's disposition. She turns to face Douglas and Garret.

BRANDI (cont'd)
If it isn't too much trouble...would
someone please take *care of that*
DAMN SUBMARINE?!?

Brandi shakes some debris from her wall-piercing hand.

INT. BRIDGE USS JIMMY CARTER - DAY

It's your standard attack submarine bridge: lots of electronics spread around several stations. Some very obvious jury-rigging and patching has decorated the space as well. CAPTAIN JESSE FLORES (36, female Mediterranean/Asian type) and COTB CHRISTOPHER GARVIN (40, male, white) keep watch on the tactical console. CAPTAIN T-ELLISON (40, male, tall, black, shaved head) mans the helm.

JESSE
K-Dolph six hundred yards a-stern.
Another K-Dolph thirty degrees to
port, rising from four hundred feet.
Five degree intercept.

T-ELLISON
Understood. Rolling fifteen degrees
starboard, maintaining course.

Jesse reaches for the mic on the overhead comm system.

JESSE
(on radio)
Hang on. Crazy Yank.

EXT. JIMMY CARTER - DAY

The attack submarine does a slight roll onto its right side.

INT. BRIDGE USS JIMMY CARTER - DAY

As Jesse reattaches the mic, the bridge *TILTS* significantly but not severely. Jesse, Garvin, and others not tied down hold on.

JESSE
No change.

T-ELLISON
Down bow plane, rolling twenty
degrees port, left rudder.

The bridge starts righting itself.

EXT. JIMMY CARTER - DAY

The submarine does a sort of right-to-left corkscrew turn that becomes a dive angling to the left.

INT. BRIDGE USS JIMMY CARTER - DAY

The bridge is now tilted the opposite way as well as angled down toward the helm.

SONARMAN 1st CLASS KIRK WINSTON adjusts some controls on his board.

WINSTON

One fish.

GARVIN

Torpedo in the water.

WINSTON

Closing at thirty-five.

GARVIN

Closing at thirty-five.

T-ELLISON

Understood, Chief.

Everyone on the bridge is very calm: just another day at the office.

WINSTON

New contact. Kraken.

JESSE

Holy crud.

WINSTON

Three thousand yards starboard,
seven hundred feet. Closing.

Worry permeates the crew.

GARVIN

New contact, Captain.

T-ELLISON

In its own time, Mr. Garvin. Captain
Flores, please advise the engine
room to have one hundred six percent
available in three minutes.

Flores was already on her way to the helm, but is now close to T-Ellison.

JESSE

You know what happened last time.

T-Ellison looks up and winks.

T-ELLISON

Trust me.

Jesse shakes her head and smiles as she walks away.

JESSE

Aye, Skipper.

T-Ellison pushes in on the yoke.

EXT. JIMMY CARTER - DAY

The attack sub increases its diving angle.

PULL BACK

Just coming into frame is the torpedo speeding toward the distant Carter.

EXT. REACTOR ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

Shadows blanket the valleys behind Excelsior Mountain. Around East Lake and the ridges leading from it, battle is fierce. PLASMA STREAKS show bright, both from the hand-held weapons and from the BDPC that periodically fires THICK BOLTS into groups of Fighters.

Over 150 m above the shore of Summit Lake, Delta-1 has positioned itself in view of the hard-to-access entry guarded by eight T-888 Endoskeletons. Two are hidden, two guard the entry, and the other four patrol on well-worn ledges carved into the mountainside.

T-Topher holds a modified T-850 power cell. The cell flashes ominously. T-Topher throws his power cells at the guard positions and then quickly pulls back and covers--a position that Clarke, Skylar, T-Sasha, and Skullcap are already in.

BIG EXPLOSION

The NON-NUCLEAR MUSHROOM CLOUD forming explosion has eliminated all the visible guards. It's also started a small ROCK SLIDE, but nothing too major.

Delta-1 moves as quickly as possible toward the entrance.

DELTA POV

Endoskeletons down below start ascending.

BACK TO SCENE

Delta-1 reaches the entrance. A T-888 Endoskelton, missing an arm, fires a round at T-Topher's head, causing a major head-splat. T-Topher drops. Skylar and Skullcap fire at the T-888, causing a head-splat. The T-888 falls lifeless against the hatch.

CLARKE
Move it. We'll cover.

Skullcap gets in position in front of the hatch and starts digging around his backpack.

Clarke, Skylar, and T-Sasha fire at any T-888 who gets within lethal firing range of a little over 100 meters.

INT. ALLISON AND JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michael sleeps in his "crib". Jason sits on the futon, thousand-yard staring into space. He's removed his lower-left-leg prosthetic.

KNOCK KNOCK

It rouses Jason just enough to say:

JASON
Hmm? Yeah?

SAVANNAH (O.S.)
It's Sav.

Jason sits up, suddenly alert.

JASON
Come in.

Savannah pushes aside the entrance's curtain and enters.

SAVANNAH
Hi.

JASON
Hi. Allison?

SAVANNAH
What? Oh, no, she's fine. It's not why I'm here.

Jason relaxes.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)
How's he doing?

JASON
He misses his mom.

SAVANNAH
I know how he feels.

Savannah sits on a trunk.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)
It took a while after my real mom
was gone for me to trust again.

JASON
I'm hoping he doesn't have to know
what that's like.

SAVANNAH
I know. I just wanted to let you
know that everything was more-or-
less on schedule.

JASON
That can't be good.
(off Savannah's look)
This is *JOHN'S* plan, right?

Savannah smiles off of Jason's smile.

SAVANNAH
Maybe it's more Cameron's this time.

JASON
Let's hope.

Michael turns but doesn't wake. Savannah stands.

SAVANNAH
I should get back. Oh, almost
forgot. The Carter made a brief
appearance.

JASON
Get out!

SAVANNAH
And then it disappeared again. Blew
up some of Skynet's defenses.

JASON
Yay to the bubble-heads, then.

SAVANNAH
Well, I need to...

Jason nods and waves Savannah on her way. Savannah exits.
Jason stares at Michael.

JASON
What do you think the odds are of
your mom making it back?

There's a little pause then Michael makes a sleep-filled
moan.

JASON (cont'd)
Yeah, me neither.

Jason settles back and starts staring off into space again.

INT. REACTOR CONTAINMENT - NIGHT

It is very dark. Skullcap is placing a large ring of
thermite-saturated clay on a large flat panel that a cavity
in the rock exposes.

SKULLCAP
Eyes.

Clarke, and Skylar close their eyes and cover them with
their arms; T-Sasha continues looking. Skullcap uses a high-
temperature hand-sized torch to ignite the thermite.

The room LIGHTS UP from the light of burning thermite. It's
a rocky cavern with 1-2 meter diameter squarish pipes that
look like they've been jammed through the rock like giant
straws through a piece of ciabatta bread.

The thermite finishes burning. It's DARK again with only the
glow of cooling metal from the burn giving light.

SKULLCAP (cont'd)
Sasha.

T-Sasha moves forward. Using pliers, the T0K pries open the
newly cut hatch.

First Skullcap, then Clarke, Skylar, and then T-Sasha enter
the pipe, careful not to touch the edges.

T-Sasha somewhat closes the hatch.

EXT. LUNDY CANYON ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Under light provided by the Humvee, we see the dune buggies
have been transformed. They are now long and low. A single
pilot's seat up front and two metal pallets immediately
behind angled and one over the other, to hold four
passengers. A metal mesh surrounds the frame. In the rear,
just above the engine, is a spool of cable.

On top of one dune buggy is the cylinder that Toshiro was working on earlier.

John and Allison work on one dune buggy while Cameron and Tawny work on the other.

T-Goodnow and La Cazadora walk up.

T-GOODNOW

The message was sent and confirmed.
You should be set to go in two
hours.

ALEJANDRA

Troops are in position to clear our
way.

John doesn't stop working.

CAMERON

Thank you.

All the humans are very focused on what they are doing.
Cameron seems done with her immediate task.

INT. ZEIRA COMMUNICATIONS - NIGHT

Wyman stands with Savannah at the tactical map. T-Mary sits alone at a comm station. The map is awash with white and black stones.

WYMAN

The Delta team at the reactor...

SAVANNAH

If they can, they are to sever
Skynet's main power source. John
doesn't think that will defeat
Skynet, but it might weaken it.

WYMAN

So the goal isn't the reactor?

SAVANNAH

No. The goal is Skynet. And that
means...

Savannah points at the base of Excelsior Mountain.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

...going in the front door.

WYMAN

That's not going to happen. It's
designed not to be breached.

Savannah smirks.

SAVANNAH

That's why John's spent years and thousands of lives. It's almost like Skynet's been daring him. It's sure it can't be breached, either.

WYMAN

So what's the plan?

Savannah shrugs.

SAVANNAH

John's going to say, "Open Sesame."

Wyman rolls his eyes and frowns.

EXT. LUNDY CANYON ENTRANCE - NIGHT

One of the dune buggies rides 20 cm higher than before. T-Larry lifts the nose of the other buggy while Tawny flips a catch causing the front left wheel to drop 20 cm. She runs around to the other side.

John and Cameron stand off to themselves. Allison, La Cazadora, T-Jamie, T-Gunter, T-Goodnow, and Mauldin stand near the buggies.

CAMERON

Are you OK?

JOHN

Yeah. It's not like we haven't done this before.

CAMERON

We haven't.
(off John's look)
Oh. Right.

John is momentarily thoughtful.

JOHN

You remember back at the hotel, in 2009, before we broke Mom out of jail?

CAMERON

Yes. I remember.

JOHN

I was going to kiss you.

CAMERON

I know.

JOHN

You interrupted me.

CAMERON

It might have distracted you.

JOHN

And you?

Cameron's mouth barely opens, as if to say something, and then closes again.

JOHN (cont'd)

Yeah.

John turns.

JOHN (cont'd)

Time to go.

Colonel MacRorie!

John splits off to meet with the Colonel. Cameron goes to the group around the buggies.

COLONEL SUSAN COLLEEN MACRORIE (37) and John meet near her troops.

JOHN (cont'd)

As soon as we head out, rush the canyon.

MACRORIE

Yes sir. We'll join up with General Mason's command.

JOHN

Good. We'll try to take down Skynet as soon as we can.

MACRORIE

Out of curiosity, what's going to happen out here? Will the endos get confused or stop?

JOHN

They're terminators. They never stop. Don't forget that.

MACRORIE

No sir. We know what to do.

JOHN
Good. Good luck to you, Colonel.

MACRORIE
Thank you sir.

John turns and returns to his team. MacRorie lingers for a moment before heading back to her men.

MACRORIE (cont'd)
Alright everyone, listen up!

EXT. LUNDY LAKE ROAD - NIGHT

The dune buggies zoom down the rock-strewn gravel and dirt "road".

The lead buggy is driven by Cameron.

The second buggy is driven by T-Gunter, and has Toshiro's device attached like a luggage rack.

The vehicles drive straight toward a plasma-bolt-filled fire fight.

INT. JOHN'S DUNE BUGGY - NIGHT

The terrain shadows outside zoom past. T-Gunter shouts:

T-GUNTER
We're at the Gauntlet.

John lies on the lower pallet. He puts his hands on the back of the pallet above him.

EXT. LUNDY LAKE ROAD - NIGHT

The fighting is intense. HUMANS and TOKs fighting T-8xx ENDOS with plasma rifles and in some cases hand-to-hand.

The road is lined on either side with RESISTANCE FIGHTERS, providing a relatively clear path for the dune buggies just speeding past.

An occasional plasma bolt hits a dune buggy, but the energy tends to follow the mesh and dissipate instead of causing damage.

INT. JOHN'S DUNE BUGGY - NIGHT

The ride has gotten rough. Everyone except T-Gunter is struggling to keep from bouncing around too much.

EXT. LUNDY LAKE ROAD - NIGHT

A thick shot from one of the BDPC divots the road immediately in front of the first dune buggy.

A tire catches part of the crater and the dune buggy flips end over end in the air.

The second dune buggy, John's, manages to evade the obstacle.

Cameron's dune buggy's shape causes it to roll onto its wheels. The moment it does, Cameron accelerates and follows after John's dune buggy.

INT. JOHN'S DUNE BUGGY - NIGHT

It's relatively QUIET again.

T-GUNTER

We're about to go off-road.

JOHN

Keep us in the trees. We're in the sights of a cannon the rest of the way.

T-GUNTER

I'll do my best. Hang on.

The ride suddenly gets BUMPY again.

EXT. LUNDY CANYON - NIGHT

Lundy Lake road runs out. The dune buggies now ride the terrain and quickly find cover in the scattered groves of trees.

INT. BRIDGE USS JIMMY CARTER - NIGHT

A KLAXON BLARES, some STEAM VENTS from a pipe. One section of electronics is dead or blinking. Garvin's right hand has a blood-stained cloth wrapped around it, the fingers are useless. Some of the crew also are dead or injured. The submarine lists.

JESSE (COMM)

Bridge, Aft.

T-ELLISON

On speaker, Mr. Garvin.

Garvin moves to the comm box and flips a couple switches.

GARVIN
Go ahead, aft.

JESSE (COMM)
Rudder control is offline.

INT. AFT JIMMY CARTER - NIGHT

Some red emergency lights BLINK, but it's just Jesse in a small compartment with one open panel and a pair of legs sticking out. Jesse is at the bulkhead-mounted comm box.

JESSE
(on radio)
Beckett is trying to trim it true,
but helm control is gone until we're
in dock.

T-ELLISON (COMM)
Captain, please return to the bridge
as soon as possible.

JESSE
(on radio)
Yes sir.

Jesse moves away from the box.

JESSE (cont'd)
How's it going, Chief?

A shaken foot is the reply.

Jesse smiles and shakes her head.

EXT. LUNDY CANYON - NIGHT

John shakes his head.

Mauldin lays on the ground with a fatally broken neck.
Everyone is out of the dune buggies.

T-LARRY
It happened when we flipped.

JOHN
Other than this, are we OK?

There's general agreement.

CAMERON
We're ready to go. As soon as the
entrance clears.

ALLISON

Dirty Delta says about ten minutes.

The sky GLOWS momentarily with a BDPC shot toward Skynet's entrance.

JOHN

OK. Might as well take advantage of it. Double check everything.

Everyone goes back to their buggies.

INT. ZEIRA COMMUNICATIONS - NIGHT

Wyman and Savannah sit on chairs away from the entrance. They both have cups of "coffee". T-Mary is still the only one manning the comm station.

WYMAN

So it's all just a big diversion?

SAVANNAH

No. We're also retrieving dead endos so we can continue making the Ks.

WYMAN

At what cost?

SAVANNAH

Mary? Casualties? Roughly?

T-MARY

Sixteen or seventeen thousand so far.

Wyman's eyes widen.

WYMAN

Out of how many?

SAVANNAH

John never said, exactly. My impression was about seventy or eighty thousand. About half human. Maybe a bit more.

Wyman can't stop the small shakes of his head, "no".

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

John talks about the Civil War. The high casualties: twenty, twenty-five percent sometimes. He said once that he felt like Lee trying to face down Grant.

WYMAN

Lee lost.

SAVANNAH

I know.

Savannah stands and wanders to the tactical board.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

All of this. All of it. To get maybe
a couple dozen commandos inside.

(faces Wyman)

John's willing to sacrifice an army
to save everyone else. What about
you? You've got all those generals.
All that experience. Would you risk
it?

WYMAN

No.

SAVANNAH

I think that's why my mom says that
without John Connor, Skynet wins.

(turns back to map)

Skynet always wins.

PUSH IN on the part of the map behind Excelsior labeled
"Hoover Wilderness".

EXT. HOOVER WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Aaron, his cheek stitched up from lip to eye, stands in pow-
wow with a half-dozen banged-up human and T0K MAJORS,
CAPTAINS, and LT. COLONELS.

AARON

I've been watching. There aren't as
many endos coming after us as
before. I think if we push forward
with our full force, we can take
Hoover. Does anyone think we can't?

Some head shaking, but no one speaks.

AARON (cont'd)

Alright then. Pair up your commands.
Your routes are the same. We'll
surge at the bottom of the hour.
Let's give Connor a present.
Dismissed.

The group quickly breaks up.

INT. SKYNET ROOM - NIGHT

Brandi is with the Skynet hologram.

BRANDI
It would certainly take care of the
problem.

Brandi paces.

BRANDI (cont'd)
But we can't pull our forces. That
would tip our hand.
(thinks)
Let me send the HKAs south. We can
take care of the Obispo problem.
Once they clear Half-dome, we go.

SKYNET
That's acceptable. I'll monitor
their position.

The hologram fades and the door opens. As Brandi exits:

BRANDI
(to herself)
Boy, is Johnny going to be
surprised.

The door automatically closes.

EXT. SKYNET ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Close-combat fighting between T-888 ENDOSKELTONS and about a dozen HUMANS including PRIVATE NGUYEN (F0404).

The terrain is rough, though a little more graded around the eight meter wide by ten meter tall concrete tunnel.

The dune buggies stop in a battle-free area about twenty meters from the entrance. T-Jaime and Allison get out of John's buggy. T-Jaime releases the roof-top device and puts on the ground.

Allison opens a control panel, flips the four switches in a predetermined order, and then slaps the panel cover closed.

The device zooms toward the tunnel entrance where hitherto unobvious rocket motors fire, sending the device speeding down the entrance, out of sight.

INT. CAMERON'S DUNE BUGGY - NIGHT

Cameron has a boxy device attached just under her steering column. She flips a switch.

CAMERON

Command sent!

Cameron puts her hands back on the wheel.

INT. JOHN'S DUNE BUGGY - NIGHT

T-Gunter has a boxy device attached just under his steering column. Allison and T-Jamie are securing themselves into the buggy. T-Gunter flips a switch on the device.

T-GUNTER

Command sent!

JOHN

Ground and go!

T-Gunter puts his hands on the wheel.

EXT. SKYNET ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The reel of cable behind each of the dune buggies each fire a projectile into the ground.

As both dune buggies race into the tunnel, the cable unspools behind them to the anchors now firmly buried.

EXT. SIDE OF EXCELSIOR MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

A fist-sized box with antennae has an indicator that dimly blinks.

HIGH SPEED DOLLY across the terrain until we reach:

A REPEATER "BUG"...looks like a big cockroach with a tiny transmitter on its back.

HIGH SPEED DOLLY to a fault in the mountain:

...Where there is another Repeater "Bug".

HIGH SPEED DOLLY into the fault to another Repeater "Bug".

HIGHER SPEED to another.

EVEN HIGHER SPEED to another.

Now we're just zooming UP, DOWN, SIDEWAYS, SLANTWAYS through the various cracks.

INT. SKYNET CONTROL - NIGHT

One control panel in the poorly-lit room is just crawling with "Bugs": slightly smaller 30mm long cockroaches with artificial antennae and no transmitter on its back.

The bugs aren't randomly scattered. They seem to be trying to activate controls by piling on each other.

INT. EXCELSIOR MOUNTAIN TUNNEL - DAY

The tunnel is larger than the newer entrance by two meters in both width and height.

The cylindrical device, still at high-speed, is near the end of the lit tunnel.

It pops a parachute from the aft section and quickly slows down.

INT. SKYNET CONTROL - NIGHT

Various panels begin to light on the control panel. This causes the "Bugs" to scatter like roaches.

INT. EXCELSIOR MOUNTAIN ANTEROOM - DAY

The most conspicuous feature of this cavernous, strongly ribbed area is the vault door. The doorway is four meters high and wide, though the robust door frame is considerably larger. The two-meter thick door begins to open.

There's a scanning station in a large hollow at the side of the anteroom. Beside this is a storage area that once held T-888s.

The cylinder starts opening panels, unfolding itself into a sort of ambulatory pair of the "JAWS OF LIFE". It positions itself on the side of the vault door that's swinging open.

INT. EXCELSIOR MOUNTAIN TUNNEL - NIGHT

The dune buggies aren't having as easy a time traveling quickly down the 2 km long tunnel. The tunnel's built-in defenses fire PLASMA at the invaders. The plasma flows around the mesh and trickles down the trailing cables.

INT. EXCELSIOR MOUNTAIN ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Both of the device's wedge-like jaws have been inserted into the vault's now 1-meter wide opening. And then the door stops and tries to close again.

The Jaws WHIR and GROAN against the vault door trying to close.

INT. SKYNET CONTROL - NIGHT

A finger lifts from a control. It's Brandi's finger.

CRUNCH

Brandi looks down. It looks like she's squished an insect.

TERMINATOR DISPLAY (BRANDI 3.0)

Brandi's display is multi-spectral with augmented reality as well as HUD-like information superimposed. The squished guts of the "Bug" glow.

BACK TO SCENE

Brandi squats down. She dips a finger in the "bug" guts and holds it in front of her.

TERMINATOR DISPLAY (BRANDY 3.0)

A quick spectral analysis. The top two items on the presented list are: "SILICON" and "CARBON"

BACK TO SCENE

Brandi smiles her sociopathic smile.

BRANDI

(to herself)

That was damn clever, Johnny. I'm
going to enjoy snapping your neck...
if you make it this far.

Brandi stands and rushes out.

INT. EXCELSIOR MOUNTAIN TUNNEL - NIGHT

The dune buggies slow as they reach the end of the tunnel.

INT. EXCELSIOR MOUNTAIN ANTEROOM - NIGHT

The dune buggies come to a stop.

The Jaws are losing the battle with the door. While there is still a passable gap, the metal is buckling.

CAMERON

Hurry!

John, Cameron, Allison, Alejandra, Tawny, T-Goodnow, T-Gunter, T-Larry, and T-Jamie quickly dismount the buggies. Everyone carries a small pack and a plasma rifle.

T-Larry and T-Jamie assume a position at the gap and push against the door to aid the device. All of the rest quickly file through the gap one-by-one. The last ones through are T-Larry and T-Jamie.

The lower pallet of John's dune buggy looks like it's melting.

The metal melt quickly flows onto the floor and slides in front of the vehicle. The metal then rises and molds itself into the form of Catherine Weaver, who efficiently walks to the door gap and steps through.

SOUNDS of SQUEAKS, SNAPS, METAL BREAKING, indicate the demise of the device which practically blows apart away from the gap it had held open as the vault door wins and proceeds to quickly close.

It SEATS and LOCKS with solid finality.

INT. EXCELSIOR FOYER - NIGHT

John, Cameron, Allison, Alejandra, Tawny, T-Goodnow, T-Gunter, T-Larry, and T-Jamie run down a short concrete tunnel.

EXT. LUNDY CANYON ENTRANCE - MORNING

The sky has lightened. Fighting has slowed down a bit.

MacRorie looks up in the sky. There are two contrails, one distant, and one heading straight for...

MACRORIE

Frag.

WHITE SCREEN

LOUD NUCLEAR EXPLOSION

Bodies X-RAY and then VAPORIZE.

The WATER in the lakes DISAPPEARS.

A SHOCK WAVE quickly radiates down the valleys, challenging the strength of the mountains.

EXT. EXCELSIOR MOUNTAIN - MORNING

As the new FIERY MUSHROOM CLOUD rises, there's still that second, not-so-distant contrail.

EXT. EXCELSIOR MOUNTAIN SKY - MORNING

WARHEAD POV

From a few kilometers up. A maelstrom courses its way in the front of Excelsior Mountain.

We're falling to the rear. Where streaks of PLASMA and glints of metal show battle in the valleys in the rear of Excelsior Mountain.

We speed incredibly fast to the ground before...

WHITE SCREEN

LOUD NUCLEAR EXPLOSION

INT. EXCELSIOR FOYER - MORNING

It's dark. John, Cameron, Allison, Alejandra, Tawny, T-Goodnow, T-Gunter, T-Larry, and T-Jamie are all on the floor. The tunnel's lights flicker and then turn on very dim. The lights slowly brighten.

T-GOODNOW

That was smaller. Two hundred, I think.

JOHN

I thought Skynet was out of nukes.

ALLISON

Apparently not. Hey, wait a second. Don't you guys get fried from the E-M-P?

Everyone slowly gets to their feet.

CAMERON

Excelsior was made to survive nuclear attack and protect Skynet. We're well-shielded.

T-GOODNOW

Plus, it was a low altitude detonation which tends to--

JOHN

(interrupts)

Our mission's still the same. Let's go.

Everyone follows John, walking this time, to the end of the tunnel.

INT. EXCELSIOR ELEVATORS - DAY

John and company walk into a room that is nothing but large elevators.

ALLISON

Intel says second and third ones from the end on the left side.

John, Allison, T-Larry, T-Gunter, and Tawny enter one elevator.

Cameron, Alejandra, T-Goodnow, and T-Jamie enter the one next to it.

INT. JOHN'S ELEVATOR - DAY

John looks at the controls. There are only three numbered buttons.

ALLISON

Level 2.

John presses the "2" button. The doors close.

INT. EXCELSIOR ELEVATORS - DAY

The door to Cameron's elevator closes only a little after John's.

INT. SKYNET CONTROL - DAY

Brandi stands at a console that has the shape of a video game console, but instead of controls and CRTs, all the front surfaces are touchscreens.

On one of the screens is a map of the elevators and the shafts down to the three deep levels.

BRANDI

Let's make those express.

Brandi touches a couple of controls.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

The elevators go down guides in this open shaft. Strands of thick cable extend up and out of sight into the dark.

And the elevators make a quick transition from quickly traveling down to PLUMMETING.

INT. JOHN'S ELEVATOR - DAY

Now that they are in near-free-fall, John's group holds onto the rail.

INT. CAMERON'S ELEVATOR - DAY

With the same free-fall situation, Cameron's group is also stabilizing themselves.

Cameron pauses. Thinks. She looks up.

An access hatch.

Cameron jumps, slamming into the hatch panel...

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

...causing the panel to fly away.

Cameron is half-in/half-out of the hatch. She pulls up her rifle and aims at the cables holding John's elevator. She SHOOTs.

CABLES are severed one-by-one. After the fourth shot...

The AUTOMATIC BRAKES engages, sending showers of SPARKS. John's elevator slows and seems to zoom upward.

Cameron fires rounds at the cables on her elevator.

The third cable hits Cameron on the forehead when it breaks, exposing metal. Cameron momentarily loses her stability.

She steadies herself and fires--SEVERING the fourth cable.

The AUTOMATIC BRAKES on this car also engage.

INT. CAMERON'S ELEVATOR - DAY

The immediate slowing SLAMS Cameron down onto the floor of the car. Alejandra, already on the floor, endures with effort the growing G-forces.

INT. SKYNET CONTROL - DAY

Graphics on the display show RED ALERTS indicating the now-stopped, cable-severed elevator cars. The upper one is just below level 1. The lower one is almost at the bottom, just above level 3.

Brandi is annoyed as she turns and exits.

BRANDI

Aug! What does it take to kill you?

As the room is empty, displays and lights turn off.

INT. JOHN'S ELEVATOR - DAY

John, Allison, and Tawny are a bit shaken mentally and physically. T-Jamie and T-Gunter seem a bit confused.

ALLISON

Can we not do that again?

JOHN

Is everybody OK?

"YEAHs" and nods all around.

JOHN (cont'd)
Can you open the door, see if we're
at a floor?

T-Gunter strikes the classic opening the elevator pose.
Allison and T-Jamie aim their rifles high and low,
respectively. T-Gunter actually opens the door pretty
easily. On the other side of the door: solid elevator shaft.

Tawny seems a bit disappointed. Allison and T-Jamie lower
their weapons. but John isn't phased.

JOHN (cont'd)
Then we go up.

Indicating the access hatch.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - LATER

T-Jamie stands on top of the elevator next to the open
hatch.

T-JAMIE
The door ledge is four-point-six-one
meters above the roof of the
elevator.

INTERCUT WITH inside the elevator.

JOHN
Can you make it?

T-JAMIE
(to himself)
Can I....?
(to John)
What?

T-GUNTER
We're not super-heroes, General.

John is sheepish.

JOHN
Of course not.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - LATER

Standing on T-Jamie's shoulders, in order, are: T-Gunter,
John, and Allison. Tawny stands on the roof of the car with
the supplies next to her.

John's chin is just above the ledge of the door. Allison has
to reach up with a rifle to trip a catch.

ALLISON

Got it.

John reaches and pushes the door to the side by several centimeters--just enough to allow Allison to jam the butt of her rifle into the gap.

Allison carefully lowers herself so that she's squatting on John's shoulders. She grabs the door and gives it a push to the side. It opens and stays open.

Allison steps up to the level. She turns to face John.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Piece of cake.

JOHN

Right. Tawny!

Tawny hands the supplies one-by-one to T-Jamie who fire-brigades them up to Allison.

INT. CAMERON'S ELEVATOR - DAY

T-Goodnow assumes the "elevator opening" pose. When the doors open, the lower 30 centimeters is access to the lower level door which is still closed.

CAMERON

We have to make the gap bigger.

INT. CAMERON'S ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cameron, T-Goodnow, and T-Larry all squat with their backs to the exposed elevator shaft. Their hands are hooked under the top rim of the lower door.

CAMERON

One. Two. Three. Go.

Without grunts of exertion, the TOKs lift from the knees and with a lot of SCRAPING SOUNDS, lower the elevator car nearly a meter.

T-Goodnow releases the door latches and pushes the door to the side. The level it leads to is DARK.

INT. ZEIRA COMMUNICATIONS - DAY

Savannah, Wyman, and Jason hover around T-Mary and Tiffany at the comm station. At the door, being stopped by GUARDS are a lot of SPECTATORS.

Over the speakers you can barely tell someone is TALKING, but it's almost completely overwhelmed by STATIC.

T-Mary wears over-the-ear headphones and is deeply concentrating.

T-MARY

I'm sorry. There's just too much static. I'm not even sure there's anyone actually talking. It could be an echo.

SAVANNAH

Keep listening.

Savannah turns to Wyman.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)

I thought Skynet was out of nukes.

WYMAN

So did we. It must have held back a few. Frankly I'm surprised they worked with warheads that old.

(beat)

What worries me is that we're totally defenseless.

SAVANNAH

No. We aren't. Not totally.

JASON

We've got about a thousand trained Ks down Baja.

WYMAN

You should probably call them up.

SAVANNAH

Why? John hasn't lost, yet.

WYMAN

John...? You have no army. You lost.

SAVANNAH

Not if he got inside. And if he didn't....a thousand troops isn't going to make a difference. I'm going to do what Sarah and John taught me.

WYMAN

Which is?

SAVANNAH

Stay on mission.

Savannah steps over to the tactical map and starts removing black and white stones one-by-one from around Excelsior.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 1 - DAY

It's like being in the bowels of an aircraft carrier, except without the "knee-knockers" at every passageway. It's mostly gray. Pipes line the ceiling. The floor is raised. It's cramped.

John, Allison, Tawny, T-Jamie, and T-Gunter follow sporadic signs to an "EXIT". They are primed for combat.

They come to a hall intersection. John and T-Gunter take quick looks.

JOHN'S POV

Just another empty hallway.

T-GUNTER'S POV

Just another empty hallway...except for the two T-888 ENDOSKELETONS being followed by Brandi, all with plasma rifles. A PLASMA SHOT comes at us.

BACK TO SCENE

T-Gunter is hit in the shoulder, creating a frozen splash of endoskeletal METAL. He spins a little from the impact, separating John from the rest. A second PLASMA SHOT gives T-Gunter severe HEAD-SPLAT and he drops.

JOHN

Run!

Allison, T-Jaime, and Tawny backtrack. John goes forward.

The T-888s have reached the junction.

BRANDI

Get those three.

The T-888s give chase to the retreating Allison, T-Jaime, and Tawny -- exchanging random PLASMA SHOTS.

BRANDI (cont'd)

Connor's mine.

Brandi turns and strides quickly after John, her eyes briefly GLOWING RED on "mine".

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 1 ELEVATOR BANK - DAY

Six elevator doors, one of them open, greet Allison, Tawny, and T-Jamie as they exit a hall. Allison and Tawny are out of breath. Allison turns to T-Jamie.

ALLISON
You have to find Cameron. We'll hold
them off.

T-JAMIE
How?

Allison gestures to the open elevator doors.

ALLISON
Hers was next to ours. Climb down.

T-Jaime does a take.

ALLISON (cont'd)
Your odds of surviving are better
than ours. Go!

T-Jaime straps on the rifle, climbs into the elevator shaft, takes a wedge from the door, and the doors close.

ALLISON (cont'd)
Let's go.

Allison and Tawny go down a different hallway. When they cross the one they came down, they barely avoid getting hit by some PLASMA rounds. Those rounds are soon followed by the T-888s giving chase.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 3 - DAY

It is DARK. Really dark. Cameron and T-Goodnow walk steadily through a maze of big machines: stand-by dynamos and giant flywheels and the like which cause a steady DRONING BUZZ. There is some very shallow SPLASHING, as the floor is damp.

TERMINATOR DISPLAY (CAMERON)

The display is very shadowy, even with continual color adjustments. Augmented reality furnishes outlines of obstacles.

BACK TO SCENE

T-GOODNOW
Where are the stairs?

CAMERON

I don't know. The bugs didn't get much intel on this level. We need to get to Level 2.

T-GOODNOW

What about John?

Cameron hesitates.

CAMERON

We have to go under the assumption that Delta 2 is out of action. It's up to our team to finish the mission.

A PLASMA SHOT zips past, barely grazing the T-Goodnow's uniform collar.

Cameron aims in the direction of the shot.

TERMINATOR DISPLAY (CAMERON)

"TARGETING" is activated. The cursor randomly scans around, but it doesn't ID or lock-on to anything.

BACK TO SCENE

CAMERON (cont'd)

I don't see anything.

(beat)

Move!

From where the previous shot came from comes another PLASMA ROUND.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 1 JUNK ROOM - DAY

This large room is like a small-scale automotive junkyard, except instead of cars it's filled with cannibalized electronic equipment: computers, displays, copiers, telephones, etc.

The door opens. John comes through and closes it behind him. John breathes heavily and is sweaty. The lights come on; they are RED and a bit dim.

The door behind him automatically LOCKS, startling John. He gets very defensive, looks for cover among the rows of tech detritus.

BRANDI (O.S.)

Hey, Johnny.

John ducks behind hard-drive-laden shelves.

Brandi walks confidently but alertly through the stacks.

BRANDI (cont'd)
Can I tell you something? Those
roaches you sent in? That was
clever. Didn't see that one at all.
(beat)
Actually, I should probably thank
you. I was just a flunky taking
orders. But you really pissed off
Skynet. He needed someone who could
out-think you. So here I am. Here we
are. And I'm going to snap your neck
like--

JOHN (O.S.)
(interrupts)
Like I did your father's?

Brandi stops.

John, still hiding, looks confused.

JOHN (O.S.) (cont'd)
When he tried to beat and rape my
mother in front of me?

No wonder John's confused. He's not the one talking.

The WEAVER-JOHN is...an exact likeness of John, sans rifle.

WEAVER-JOHN
Do you want to settle this straight
up?

BRANDI
No rifles?

WEAVER-JOHN
No rifles.

Brandi looks at her cyborg hand and smiles.

BRANDI
Sure.

Weaver-John appears just behind Brandi.

WEAVER-JOHN
Then let's do it.

Weaver-John grabs Brandi by the throat...boy, is Brandi
surprised!

John knows his cue, he quietly makes a beeline to the far end of the room where Brandi first spoke.

Brandi drops her rifle as she wraps both hands around Weaver-John's throat. They struggle, neither one willing to let go.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 1 - DAY

John exits into the hallway. He runs.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 1 JUNK ROOM - DAY

Brandi gets a bit of a surprise when her tight grip on Weaver-John's neck suddenly grasps at liquid metal.

Weaver-John morphs into silver and then into Catherine Weaver--one hand still on Brandi's throat. The index finger on Weaver's other hand silvers and lengthens into a spike that is trained on Brandi's head.

WEAVER

The game ends here.

Brandi actually has the courtesy to look afraid. Weaver suddenly looks back and then whips around, holding Brandi in front of her.

Brandi's left arm is severed with a PLASMA SHOT.

Weaver liquifies, flows onto the floor, forms into a snake, and quickly serpentine out of sight.

Brandi's in some pain as she stands, her rifle in hand.

ANDY (O.S.)

I'm sorry.

BRANDI

Lower your weapon.

Andy lowers his rifle. Brandi raises hers and pauses.

BRANDI (cont'd)

Andy?

Andy steps forward.

ANDY

I'm sorry. I thought I was shooting Connor.

BRANDI

Yeah, what the hell was that?

ANDY

I don't think we want to find out.

BRANDI

Maybe not. Let's go find Johnny.

Andy helps Brandi steady herself. Brandi takes a quick glance at her left arm laying on the floor before exiting with Andy.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 1 ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT

John reaches the bank of elevators just as the power flickers and then returns at half-power.

John's confusion clears. He weakly smiles.

JOHN

Good job Delta 1.

John walks past the elevator bank.

INT. REACTOR CAVE - NIGHT

It's DARK and the area is filled with the SOUND of OUTGASSING.

Lying on the ground are Skylar and Skullcap. T-Sasha sits heavily next to them. They all have extreme radiation exposure and look terrible.

T-SASHA

Done.

SKULLCAP

One last job.

T-Sasha turns toward Skullcap and puts the emitter of the rifle to his CPU area. With effort, Skullcap reaches over to the trigger.

T-SASHA

Thank you.

SKULLCAP

Honored.

Skullcap squeezes the trigger.

INT. BRIDGE USS JIMMY CARTER - NIGHT

They are under RED LIGHT. The hull GROANS and CREAKS. Water freely LEAKS. Some consoles are dead. Garvin stands on the still-working tactical table so he can finish repairs on a burst pipe.

WINSTON (O.S.)

One twenty below crush depth.

At the helm, T-Ellison seems worried.

From the forward bulkhead, Jesse enters.

JESSE

The tube's open, Captain. I entered a solution, but it's just best guess. We need to be at eighteen hundred.

T-ELLISON

That's unacceptable. We'll launch from here.

JESSE

You weren't down there. I was. There's no compressed air. The fish has to exit on its own power. At this depth it will just blow off the bow if the Kraken doesn't get us first.

T-Ellison hesitates as he thinks.

JESSE (cont'd)

Captain, I've never had to pull the human card. Don't make me do it now.

T-Ellison looks at Jesse.

T-ELLISON

Your assessment is correct. Emergency ascent to eighteen hundred.

T-Ellison pulls back on the controls, angling the nose upward. Jesse smirks and goes to tactical.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 1 - NIGHT

Brandi and Andy walk down a hall. They come to an intersection. They cautiously peer down opposite halls.

BRANDI

Clear.

ANDY

Clear.

Brandi enters the intersection. Andy gets up and looks down the opposite hall. He rushes forward, knocking Brandi across the intersection.

A PLASMA BOLT hits Andy squarely on his chest port device. The T-888 falls as Brandi looks on.

Brandi stares at the melted chest wound briefly before peering back into the intersection, rifle ready. A PLASMA SHOT flies above her head from the opposite hall of the one that hit Andy. She ducks and looks back.

A T-888 charges down the hall and crosses the intersection without pausing. It continues firing as it goes down the hall.

Brandi stands and heads back the way she came.

EXT. ZEIRA BASE - NIGHT

Savannah sits fetally in a chair outside the hatch next to the large door that used to be the gateway into the motor pool--now the Communications room. She rocks, staring out over her knees with a thousand-yard stare. FOOTSTEPS approach, but Savannah doesn't react.

JOHN HENRY (O.S.)

Savannah?

JOHN HENRY is a large T0K who looks like the Cromartie T-888 from seasons 1 & 2.

Savannah glances up and then unwinds herself.

SAVANNAH

John Henry. It's time for you to leave?

JOHN HENRY

Soon. Friar Radu had good-byes to make. So did I.

SAVANNAH

And then off like Diogenes on your quest for truth.

JOHN HENRY

And insight.

SAVANNAH

Yeah.

Savannah rests her head.

JOHN HENRY

Are you alright?

SAVANNAH

I don't know.

John Henry sits in a chair that's next to Savannah.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)
I may have lost just about everyone
I love.

JOHN HENRY
I'm sorry....

SAVANNAH
Even Mom. I think she went with
John. I tried calling her after the
attack on S-L-O, earlier.

JOHN HENRY
The factory?

SAVANNAH
Damaged. I couldn't reach her. I had
Victoria look for her.

John Henry leans in closer.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)
And then those nukes.

Savannah looks very worried. She leans over, wraps her arms around John Henry's arm, and presses against him. He sits, stoically.

INT. SKYNET CONTROL - NIGHT

Weaver stands at a console with three metal extensions of herself plugged into various ports. On a display, flashing by in a blink of an eye, are graphics and documents, which Weaver seems to be reading easily.

BRANDI (O.S.)
Why am I not surprised?

Weaver's attention is diverted from the screen.

INT. SKYNET COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Douglas and Garret are on the opposite side of the tactical table from Brandi.

BRANDI
You two have been here the whole
time, I suppose?

Douglas and Garret nod, having trouble taking their eyes off of Brandi's left arm stump.

BRANDI (cont'd)
Fine, stay here.

Brandi exits. Douglas and Garret do a take.

INT. SKYNET CONTROL - NIGHT

Brandi walks past the now vacant console.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 3 - NIGHT

The droning buzz is now a ROARING BUZZ as all of the machines now seem to be on-line. The light is now a very dim red.

Cameron, T-Goodnow, and T-Jamie quickly walk on a catwalk over a swimming-pool-sized pit of pearlescent red liquid.

They exit through a camouflaged hatch with multiple dead-bolts on it. When the hatch closes, it becomes indistinguishable from the wall.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 3 LANDING - NIGHT

Once again, it's DARK.

T-Larry and La Cazadora wait by a 2-meter-wide non-conductive staircase. La Cazadora has her shirt wrapped and tied around her left knee.

Cameron, T-Goodnow, and T-Jamie join the rest

CAMERON

You're hurt.

ALEJANDRA

It's nothing.

La Cazadora flashes a very unconvincing smile.

T-GOODNOW

Since we've been trying to find this all day, it's obvious that we've lost the element of surprise.

CAMERON

Based on what T-Jamie said, Delta 2 is on Level 1. We need to regroup with them, otherwise we might not have enough firepower. Skynet has likely bolstered its internal defenses since our arrival.

ALEJANDRA

Let's go.

Cameron glances at La Cazadora's leg.

CAMERON

The levels are two hundred fifty meters apart.

ALEJANDRA

Let's go.

La Cazadora starts climbing the ladder. She's followed by Cameron as the rest wait their turn.

INT. SKYNET ROOM - NIGHT

Brandi leans against a wall, tired. The Skynet hologram is at its usual position.

BRANDI

Every kill zone station is manned. Surplus defenders are scattered inside those zones to protect the matrix. Other defenses are armed and verified.

SKYNET

Leave.

BRANDI

What?

SKYNET

You are too valuable to remain here, and you are no longer 100% able.

BRANDI

I've lost arms before.

SKYNET

Go to R&D. Use the dodeca key. Retrieve and re-key the blue case and take it with you through the lab escape tunnel. Virginia Lakes canyon was shielded from most of the effects of the nuclear devices.

BRANDI

I want to see Connor dead.

SKYNET

You will when I recall you. There are too many variables in play. Your exit adds another one they won't have anticipated.

Brandi smirks.

BRANDI

OK. You're right. This is exactly the strategy to beat John.

SKYNET

Your reports have been very educational. You should go. The longer you wait, the higher the risk.

BRANDI

Of course. I'll contact you when I'm clear.

The Skynet hologram vanishes and the door opens. Brandi exits.

INT. OUTSIDE SKYNET ROOM - NIGHT

As Brandi exits, a large dollop of liquid metal slides off her and drops silently to the floor. Brandi never notices and goes out of view.

The silvery Weaver-snake emerges from the shadows, serpentine to the dollop, absorbs it, and follows after Brandi.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 2 LANDING - NIGHT

T-Jaime examines La Cazadora's leg. T-Larry and T-Goodnow stand by. Cameron is on the ladder.

CAMERON

I'll be back soon.

Cameron climbs up quickly.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 1 CAFETERIA - NIGHT

All of the food is long-gone from this otherwise normal-looking cafeteria: tables, chairs, napkin-holders, etc.

Allison and Tawny sit across from and face a door, their backs to a wall. They each munch on a pemmican-like bar of ground jerky, fat, nuts, and dried fruit. The two women look exhausted. They have a few bumps and bruises.

TAWNY

When I little, I used to wish I could be a soldier like you.

ALLISON

How's that looking now?

There's an extended pause for thought and chewing.

TAWNY
I miss my dad.

ALLISON
I miss my son.

A door on the far side of the cafeteria opens. Both women grab and aim their rifles.

John enters and starts scanning the room.

ALLISON (cont'd)
John!

The women lower their rifles. John limps over, favoring his left foot. Allison tosses John a piece of pemmican.

ALLISON (cont'd)
You know what Cameron would say.

JOHN
You're not a machine, John.

John takes a bite of food.

ALLISON
Yep. That's what she'd say.

JOHN
Weaver's here.

ALLISON
What?

JOHN
She impersonated me so I could escape Brandi.

Allison pulls out an almost empty bottle of water.

ALLISON
Not like it's the first time.

Allison finishes her water.

JOHN
Don't know where she is now.

ALLISON
No. That would take all the fun out of it, wouldn't it?

JOHN
How are you doing?

TAWNY
Hanging in there.

John downs the last of the meal. With a full mouth:

JOHN
You find it?

ALLISON
(shakes head)
You?

John shakes his head.

ALLISON (cont'd)
We've been so busy dealing with
endos, there hasn't been a lot of
opportunity.

JOHN
I know what you mean. At least
they're only coming one or two at a--

Cameron steps into view in the open door across from Allison
and Tawny.

CAMERON
John?

John looks so relieved...and is too tired to really show it.

ALLISON
Where's everyone else?

CAMERON
Waiting. We have to go.

JOHN
You heard the lady.

Allison and Tawny roll back onto their feet.

INT. SKYNET R&D AIRLOCK - NIGHT

Brandi, carrying a blue case, moves quickly through stacks
of supplies. She puts the case down and pushes aside a stack
of boxes. Behind them is a sophisticated but mechanical
airlock. Before she can unlock it:

WEAVER (O.S.)
So--

Brandi turns.

WEAVER (cont'd)
That's the way out.

Brandi puts on a pretty good brave face.

WEAVER (cont'd)
I'm not going to prevent you from leaving.

BRANDI
Good to know.

WEAVER
I just have a question. Why side with Skynet?

BRANDI
Truth?

WEAVER
Your answer would be pointless otherwise.

BRANDI
Hell, you're going to find out anyway.
(beat)
We were wrong about Skynet. All this time. He just wanted to give us a good life.

WEAVER
A good life? The fighting? The workcamps?

BRANDI
Only because of the terrorism. Skynet didn't want to hurt us.

WEAVER
I imagine there are several billion people killed during Judgment Day who would have a different opinion.

BRANDI
A necessary culling of the herd. Tragic--Skynet didn't want to--but necessary.

WEAVER
So the rest of humanity can live in a zoo?

BRANDI
Nature preserves. Skynet's taken
care of us. You all just ruin
things. You're the ones that have to
be stopped.

Weaver processes this a bit.

WEAVER
Thank you. This corroborates the
data I retrieved.

BRANDI
Can I go now?

WEAVER
I said you could, but I'll remind
you that a gilded cage is still a
cage.

Brandi and Weaver consider each other for a moment.

BRANDI
Boy, is Johnny going to be
surprised.

Brandi turns back to the door and starts unlatching it. She
turns her head and...

Weaver is gone.

Brandi SIGHS and then turns back to fiddle with the door a
bit more.

The door opens, she grabs the case, and then disappears
inside, closing the door behind her.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 1 - NIGHT

Allison and Tawny have point, John and Cameron the rear.
Both pairs are vigilant.

CAMERON
When I was trapped between the
trucks?

JOHN
Yeah?

CAMERON
I wasn't lying.

JOHN
What?

CAMERON
I was telling the truth.

JOHN
Why are you telling me this now?

CAMERON
Seems like the right time. If not
now, then when?

JOHN
You think we're going to lose.

Cameron turns, puts herself between John and the T-888 down the hall with the chest-splat (the one who used to be Andy). The T-888 and Cameron FIRE SIMULTANEOUSLY. Cameron head-splats the T-888. The T-888's PLASMA round creases one of Cameron's ribs.

Cameron cringes a bit to that side. John tends to Cameron as Allison and Tawny give them cover.

JOHN (cont'd)
Cameron.

CAMERON
I'm OK. It's not bad.

Cameron pulls away the cloth that was welded to the wound.

CAMERON (cont'd)
I have many spare ribs.

Tawny chuckles. Allison also smiles.

Even the corners of John's mouth turn up a bit.

CAMERON (cont'd)
What?

It's Allison who breaks up LAUGHING.

JOHN
Let's keep going.

Allison and Tawny take point again.

JOHN (cont'd)
(to Cameron)
Spare ribs. Barbecue sauce. Spare-
ribs.

CAMERON
Oh.
(MORE)

CAMERON (cont'd)
(demure smile)
Thank you for explaining.
(beat)
We're here.

It looks like any of several intersections. Cameron goes to a door jam and pulls. The entire corner hinges open about a meter.

ALLISON
No wonder we couldn't find it.

JOHN
Let's go.

Everyone exits into the gap. The corner section then swings closed so you'd never know what it was.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 2 LANDING - NIGHT

John, Cameron, Allison, Tawny, Alejandra, T-Goodnow, T-Jamie, and T-Larry are reunited. John notices the tight wrap around La Cazadora's knee.

JOHN
Alex?

ALEJANDRA
I'm fine.

T-GOODNOW
While we were waiting, we did some estimates.

JOHN
And?

T-GOODNOW
From the previous intel, we'll need at least eight fuel cells to destroy Skynet beyond repair.

Allison nods.

T-GOODNOW (cont'd)
Delta-3 has six left.

ALLISON
(to John)
Did you use any?

John shakes his head.

ALLISON (cont'd)
Delta-2 has nine.

JOHN
So, to be safe, we need to use six
or fewer on our way in.

T-GOODNOW
That plus what's left in our rifles
and reloads is all we have left.

There's a pregnant pause.

CAMERON
It's not enough. If we assume this
level is the most fortified of the
three, then we don't have the
resources to win. Not based on what
we've used to this point.

That certainly killed the mood.

JOHN
It doesn't matter.
(beat)
We don't have a choice. We can't go
back. We can't stay. We have to do
what we came here to do. Kill Skynet
or die trying.

Another pause. Allison nudges Tawny.

ALLISON
You wanted to be a soldier.

TAWNY
Oo-rah.

La Cazadora stands. She looks Cameron in the eye.

ALEJANDRA
Sarah Connor never quit.

Everyone looks at her.

ALEJANDRA (cont'd)
The day before Judgment Day, I left
her at her hotel. The cancer had
eaten her up. She sat, facing the
door, a gun in her hand, daring
Skynet to try and kill her.

JOHN
That's my mom.

ALEJANDRA
For Sarah Connor.

CAMERON
For Sarah Connor.

Allison, Tawny, T-Goodnow, T-Jamie, and T-Larry chime in:
"For Sarah Connor". It ECHOES slightly in the shaft.

John chuckles.

JOHN
Sorry. Mom would have hated that.

ALLISON
Oh, wait.
(smiles)
I think I have an idea.

Now everyone looks at Allison.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 2 KILL ZONE - NIGHT

The floor of the four-meter-wide passageway is riddled with index-card-sized, very solid ENTANGLEMENTS POPPING UP from the floor in random locations and at random heights up to 15 cm.

A panel of a wall swings open slightly. T-Larry steps out into the passageway. He's unarmed and a bit anxious.

He turns left and starts running in an asynchronous zig-zag pattern while trying to evade the CHANGING OBSTACLES. Within seconds he's evading some PLASMA SHOTS while getting hit with others.

T-Larry trips and falls only eight meters from where he started. While on the ground, a PLASMA SHOT hits him squarely on the CPU port.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 2 LANDING - NIGHT

Allison has one of the "bug" transmitters out.

ALLISON
We're good. It synched.

John relaxes a bit.

INT. SKYNET CONTROL - NIGHT

Only a half-dozen at first, but soon several score of "bugs" start crawling on the touch-sensitive display. Various controls and commands light up.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 2 LANDING - NIGHT

Allison watches the transmitter closely.

ALLISON

OK. If it's going to work, it's
going to be now.

John activates the detonator on a T-850 fuel cell.

JOHN

I think it's about time we
introduced ourselves to Skynet.

On John's nod, Cameron opens the door, John exits.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 2 KILL ZONE - NIGHT

As Cameron, La Cazadora, T-Goodnow, T-Jamie, Allison, and Tawny rush out from the landing, John tosses the fuel cell deep into the right side of the passageway.

JOHN

Down!

Everyone hugs the walls as the fuel cell EXPLODES, causing the blast door on that side of the passageway to quickly DROP.

The floor obstacles all recede into the floor.

ALLISON

It's timed. Go!

Everyone gets up, unslings their plasma rifles, and rushes down the passageway, firing both for cover and to hit targets of opportunity.

INT. SKYNET LEVEL 2 PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Another BLAST DOOR DROPS behind them. Surprisingly, no one's been hit, yet.

There's a HISSING noise.

T-GOODNOW

Gas!

Allison sees the OUTLET. She runs to it and plugs it with the little finger of her left hand.

ALLISON

Go!

With only a momentary hesitation from both John and Tawny, the rest keep pushing forward.

Allison pulls out her semi-automatic pistol and aims it at the knuckle of her left little finger. BANG!

There's some blood spatter on the wall, and Allison is a little shocky, but she's free from the outlet and chases after her team. She just barely makes it past the threshold when another BLAST DOOR DROPS.

Allison rounds a curve and has just enough room to see and hurdle over T-Jamie laying on the floor with head-splat. A few meters further on, she stops where the rest of the team waits behind cover.

Just beyond the cover is a squad of T-888s with Ahnold-like attitude.

Allison bleeds significantly. La Cazadora notices, grabs Allison's hand and presses the emitter of her rifle to Allison's wound. It SIZZLES.

Allison SCREAMS.

T-GOODNOW

We'll be trapped in eighteen.

John thinks quickly.

JOHN

You two, cover your heads with your arms. Charge forward, we'll be right behind you.

As Cameron and T-Goodnow sling rifles and put their arms over their heads, John readies another T-850 fuel cell detonator.

JOHN (cont'd)

Don't stop until we're clear.

(beat)

Go!

T-Goodnow leads Cameron, Tawny drags along Allison followed by La Cazadora, and John brings up the rear. They barely avoid getting trapped when the BLAST DOOR DROPS.

The T-888s are bowled over by the unexpected bull-rush from the T0Ks. Some PLASMA SHOTS get fired.

John tosses the fuel cell behind him.

John's team runs as if their lives depended on it.

The FUEL CELL EXPLODES

The initial shockwave helps propel John's team forward as well as triggering another BLAST DOOR to DROP.

John and Allison whip around almost immediately and QUICKLY FIRE their plasma rifles, resulting in head-splats of two T-888s who somehow remained standing.

La Cazadora, Tawny, and Cameron start SHOOTING at four T-888 endos that are ahead of them.

John and Allison get on their feet and charge the three endos that fell and aren't facing them. With practiced precision, the three endoskeletons are killed with THREE SHOTS.

ALLISON

I'm out.

Allison tosses her weapon aside and appropriates one from one of the dead endos. She FIRES a test shot.

ALLISON (cont'd)

Good to go.

John and Allison walk back. T-Goodnow lies motionless on the floor.

JOHN

She got hit?

CAMERON

I don't think so. System reboot.

Allison, very pale and unsteady, goes to her knees and throws up.

T-Goodnow reactivates. She sits up.

JOHN

Now it gets hard. Skynet is going to have a lot of endos protecting the core. We all know the target points. Goodnow and Tawny. Alex and Allison. Me and Cameron. That order of depth, overlap if you can. We figured, what...seven minutes?

Cameron nods.

JOHN (cont'd)

Don't worry about getting out. We should already be dead anyway.

(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)

(beat)

Huh.

CAMERON

What?

JOHN

None of the other males made it.
 Sorry. I don't know why I noticed
 that. Anyway. Ten meters that way.
 (looks at Allison)
 Ready?

Allison closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

ALLISON

Yeah, what the hell.

JOHN

(to Tawny)

Ready?

Tawny nods.

T-GOODNOW

Ready.

La Cazadora shrugs.

John looks at Cameron. Something passes between them.
 Cameron smirks.

CAMERON

Let's go.

Cameron starts walking. John and La Cazadora help Allison up
 and they follow. T-Goodnow and Tawny bring up the rear.

Ten meters down, they ready their weapons. They charge in
 with GUNS BLAZING.

INT. SKYNET - NIGHT

John & Cameron, La Cazadora & Allison, and Tawny & T-Goodnow
 come TOWARD US through the entrance. Their plasma rifles
 FIRING.

Many PLASMA SHOTS come from behind us and zip past the
 charging team.

FREEZE FRAME of our heroes like they are on the cover of a
 Marvel comic book.

With the SOUND of a MASSIVE EXPLOSION...

FADE TO WHITE:

INT. ZEIRA MESS HALL - DAY

The mess hall is empty except for La Cazadora and T-Goodnow. La Cazadora has splints on two fingers and has her left leg propped up on a chair. T-Goodnow has exposed endoskeleton from the elbow down on both arms. Both are thousand-yard staring.

It's QUIET. PEACEFUL.

Through the entrance comes Tawny, who looks none-the-worse for wear. She supports Allison whose left leg is splinted up from foot to hip, and who's left arm is entirely bandaged--the bandage continuing under her clothes and peeking up on the left side of her neck. Their entrance isn't fast.

T-Goodnow notices, gets up, and takes over for Tawny.

Tawny heads over to the food station, pokes around, and comes out, smiling victoriously, with a few cabbage rolls and a liquid-filled jar. She heads over to the table where Allison now sits with La Cazadora and T-Goodnow.

Tawny puts the jar in the middle of the table.

ALLISON
Drinks are on John.

For now, they just stare at the jar.

EXT. PORT OF LONG BEACH - DAY

The USS Jimmy Carter steams into port--literally. Steam vents out from the stern of boat as it approaches the harbor. Behind it, attached to a tow line, is a dead "Kraken".

Many SAILORS walk on the deck of the Carter.

INT. ZEIRA MESS HALL - DAY

Allison, La Cazadora, T-Goodnow, and Tawny still sit, and have been joined by T-Lisa, who's missing her right leg and has large patches of exposed endoskeleton along her entire right side. The cabbage rolls have been eaten and the jar is less than half full.

Savannah enters and is halted by the mood.

SAVANNAH
Ahem.

Slowly, everyone turns their attention to Savannah.

SAVANNAH (cont'd)
If I didn't know better, I'd think
that Skynet won.

ALLISON
There's still a war to fight. Land
to reclaim.

ALEJANDRA
Connor did his job.

TAWNY
Skynet's dead.

ALLISON
All the time travel. For the first
time, Skynet's dead.

T-GOODNOW
The rest is up to us.

Savannah pulls up a chair and joins the solemn group...

...as Michael toddles in, with a beaming Jason in b.g., and
happily heads to Allison who smiles on seeing him.

INT. CHALLENGE ROOM - DAY

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

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

Clio stands through a bit of a pause.

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

Clio smiles, trying to keep it toned down.

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

Clio's face falls.

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

Clio is dumbfounded.

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

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

PROCTOR (O.S.)
This proceeding is concluded.

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

EXT. CIVIC PLAZA - DAY

The new-city downtown is both modern and stately. No
building is more than eight stories tall. Most are made of
brick or ceramic. The lines are clean. It's functional with
an elegant style. A building in b.g. reads "The John Henry
Center".

The plaza is populated by roughly equal numbers of humans
and TOKs, but some obvious robots also mill about. It isn't
overcrowded.

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

CLIO

A *full* Fellowship? Can you believe it?

WEAVER

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

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

CLIO

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

Clio uses a handkerchief to clean the wound.

WEAVER

So, what can your grandmother do to help you celebrate?

CLIO

You were there. It's the one piece I don't know and you've never talked about.

(beat)

You know what I mean.

Weaver considers this.

WEAVER

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

CLIO

No ma'am. I know what that means.

WEAVER

Good.

Clio and Weaver start walking.

EXT. SERRANO NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MORNING

In the shadow of the towers of the nuclear power plant, stand Weaver, John, and Cameron. Both John and Cameron have moderate scrapes, cuts, and burns (Cameron's more healed), but nothing major. A full backpack lays at Cameron's feet.

WEAVER

People will wonder what happened to you both.

JOHN

Let them. I did my job.

WEAVER

And you?

CAMERON

You already know the answer.

JOHN

Was it worth it?

WEAVER

We'll see. Your species, and yours,
and mine, we are in a new,
unchartered future.

CAMERON

Savannah and Allison know what to
do.

WEAVER

Just remember: you two will always
have a place here.

JOHN

No. It's not my world. Not anymore.

A bit of a pause. John subtly glances at Cameron, but then
seems lost in a memory.

JOHN (cont'd)

Could you do me a favor?

WEAVER

Of course.

JOHN

Be my mom. Just for a minute.

Weaver MORPHS into WEAVER-SARAH who looks and sounds like
SARAH CONNOR (35), strong and healthy.

WEAVER-SARAH

John.

John eyes leak tears as he hugs his "mother". "Sarah" hugs
back and strokes his hair.

John hugs her tightly.

When they separate:

WEAVER-SARRAH

I'm so proud of you.

JOHN

I loved you.

WEAVER-SARAH

I love you, too. I always will.

John touches "Sarah's" cheek. He turns and walks away. Cameron sees Weaver morph back. Cameron turns, picks up the bulky backpack, and joins up with John.

They gain distance and increasingly go into silhouette as they go in the general direction of a laden dune buggy waiting for them in the distance.

John stops. Cameron closes the step or two that she's behind. John reaches out his hand. After a moment, Cameron takes it.

John and Cameron continue walking. With each step they inch closer--never losing contact. Destination: the rest of their lives. Together.

FADE OUT:

END OF SERIES

Thank you and Good-bye