

Terminator
The Sarah Connor Chronicles

by
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WE OPEN ON:

THE BLACKNESS OF A COUNTRY HIGHWAY AT NIGHT.

We're at ground level, speeding along the asphalt. There's nothing to see, just the sensation of forward movement as our POV eats up mile after mile.

VOICE OVER

I will die. I will die and so will you. Death gives no man a pass. Death is patient. Death is smug. Death waits and watches and cares little what you do with these days. Your struggles, your victories, every tiny moment belongs to you. Death is generous that way.

The asphalt begins to show more definition, the road's yellow line clearer as the sky begins to lighten.

VOICE OVER

It knows that despite what they say you cannot cheat it. The bill comes due and you will pay it. Everyone has. Everyone will.

It's early morning now. The lines fly by... We're speeding...

VOICE OVER

Death is an immortal beast making its way from the future back to us, moving at its own sweet, sure pace.

INT. THE SPEEDING CAR - MORNING

SARAH CONNOR (30), drives like a bat out of hell. I could describe her but let's face it; if you're not her friend or her enemy you won't understand. She barely understands. It's her VOICE OVER.

SARAH (V.O.)

Your friends, your enemies, your loved ones.
(beat)

All of your loved ones. Death will meet us all soon enough.

EXT. A HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING - MINUTES LATER

Sarah Connor screeches to a stop. Jumps out. She's wearing a WAITRESS UNIFORM.

INT. A HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING - SAME

Kids filtering into class. Sarah appears, grabs a kid and braces him hard against a locker.

SARAH
John Connor?
(before he can respond she
grabs another kid)
John Connor?
(a third)
John Connor?

The kid's terrified but manages to eke out:

KID
English Lit. Down there.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - MORNING - SAME

JOHN CONNOR, 15, shaggy hair, attitude, smart. Doodling on the front of his Norton Anthology.

SARAH (O.S.)
John. John!

He looks up to see his mother in the doorway, frantic.

SARAH
Now. Now!

He grabs his backpack, knowing better than to argue with her. Still, she grabs him by the arm and begins half-jogging with him down the hallway.

JOHN
(re her waitress outfit)
The cops make you? At the diner?

SARAH
I dunno. I think so. Maybe.

They burst through the front doors and into the morning sunlight. They're greeted by:

THREE SQUAD CARS and A HALF DOZEN COPS with guns drawn.

SARAH
Yes. Definitely.

One of the cops always has a bullhorn.

BULLHORN COP

Sarah Connor. John Connor. Drop what you're carrying. Put your hands behind your heads and drop to your knees.

SARAH

Do what they say, sweetie.

JOHN

Mom--

SARAH

John. *We're done.*

John drops his backpack. They raise their hands over their heads, get down on their knees and are swarmed by policemen.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. POLICE CARS - MINUTES LATER

Sarah and John are frog-marched to separate cruisers and roughly thrown in the back. There's general chaos outside.

INT. SARAH'S POLICE CAR - SAME

Her hands are locked behind her back. A BIG COP shoves in next to her.

BIG COP

You're an early Easter egg, lady. Pink and blue and painted for Jesus.

Sarah looks past him into John's car. He's alone. Defeated.

BIG COP

Yea, we know you. Even a little jayvee town like ours. We know you. But I guess you can't run forever, can you? You can't fight forever.

But she's not really listening to him anymore. She's looking through the windshield and across the school parking lot:

A LARGE MAN strides through the chaos. Purposeful, determined, inevitable.

Sarah's eyes go wide. This man terrifies her, as he should you. Let's not fuck around here. He's a Terminator.

Sarah shimmies in her seat, her skirt hiking up a couple inches, almost revealing her panties. To the cop:

SARAH
(re her skirt)
Do me a favor, willya? Fix it?

The cop reaches over to tug on her skirt--never seeing Sarah's knee as it drives up and smashes his nose.

The big cop's head snaps back as Sarah lifts her legs to the ceiling and pulls her cuffed hands over her feet just as the cop starts to focus...

A vicious elbow knocks him out. She's got the keys to her cuffs, his gun...

BACK OUTSIDE

The Terminator closes...

Sarah climbs over the cop and rolls out his door, hidden between his car and John's car. John sees her. She gestures for him to look ahead. He does, sees the man walking towards them. He freaks out.

SARAH
Get down.

He can't hear her but he knows what she's gonna do. He rolls onto the floor of the car. She draws the gun on the window and pulls the trigger.

BOOM. The glass shatters. John starts pulling himself up.

SARAH
Stay there. Run when it starts.

JOHN
Mom--

SARAH
When it starts.

And by the way? It's started. Sarah's shot has every cop drawing a bead on her. But she couldn't care less about them. She only cares about:

THE TERMINATOR FIRING THE VERY LARGE GUN.

Before the cops can figure what's going on two of them have been winged by the man walking towards them. Another one falls right in front of Sarah as she belly-crawls around the back of the car.

Now the cops start firing back at the man, a barrage of bullets hitting him. But he keeps coming. The cops fall one after another. Small town boys, too young for this.

SARAH

(to no one in particular)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

She gathers their weapons and hides behind a car, one eye on the car with John in it, one eye on the unstoppable foe casually walking to her.

Suddenly John makes a break for it, diving out of the car and sprinting across the parking lot.

SARAH

No! No!

She stands up and breaks cover, shooting at the Terminator to distract him from John. The Terminator smiles at her, shakes his head at her pathetic attempts, draws aim on her boy, and drops him with one shot to the head.

Silence. Then Sarah screams, drops her guns and runs to John, tumbling to the asphalt on top of him. He is dead. Let there be no doubt.

A shadow covers her. She looks up. The Terminator.

SARAH

Do it! Kill me! Kill me! It doesn't matter anymore! Nothing matters anymore! Kill me!

TERMINATOR

You're right. Nothing matters anymore. You don't matter anymore. Only the boy. The future is ours.

(beat)

And it begins...now.

The Terminator raises his arms in the air. And behind him, in the distance, we see smoke begin to rise. And take shape.

A mushroom cloud.

Sarah sees it now, begins to feel it. A warm wind brushes her face and suddenly its upon her:

The world melting in a nuclear apocalypse.

The Terminator looks at her, smiles peacefully as the two of them remain untouched, an island in the middle of the atomic storm. And then, just like a dog shaking off water, the Terminator shrugs off his skin as it melts from his body.

He stands before her a gleaming metal skeleton. A death's-head grin. Red eyes eternal. Immortal. He pulls her to him in an embrace. She opens her mouth in a scream.

INT. SARAH CONNOR'S BEDROOM - MORNING

...and wakes up.

TITLE: "1998"

Sarah's in the embrace of a man, BURKE DANIELS. He wakes.

BURKE
Did you yell or something?

SARAH
No.

BURKE
Huh.
(beat)
Hey. Lemme see it.

SARAH
Hm?

He pulls on her hand. She looks down at her hand. There's a SPANKING NEW ENGAGEMENT RING ON HER FINGER.

SARAH
Oh!

BURKE
(playful)
You forget?

SARAH
I didn't forget. I'm just...not used to it yet.

BURKE
You sure we don't need it sized?

SARAH
No. It's perfect.

He rolls her over and kisses her. There's real love here. But she is rocked by that dream. *Rocked.*

BURKE
Is Johnny happy?

And we see real emotion cross over her.

SARAH
He really likes you.

She pulls out of the embrace and sits up. She has the body of an athlete, defined, tough. She picks up the ring box from the bedside table. Flips it open, closed, open, closed. He crosses behind her and heads for the shower.

BURKE
Just make sure it's the right size.

CUT-TO:

INT. JOHN CONNOR'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A typical teenager's room circa 1998. Punk rock posters, a PC computer with some parts spread out near the monitor. A motorcycle helmet. A teenager asleep in his bed...

John wakes to find his mother sitting and watching him.

JOHN
Mom! How many times have I told you! It's freaky when you do that!

SARAH
Sorry, sweetie.

JOHN
What time is it?

SARAH
Almost nine.

JOHN
You're gonna be late for work.

She shakes her head. He studies her. She seems very serious, even for her. He sits up.

JOHN
Hey. Where's the ring?

SARAH
It's...don't worry about my ring.

JOHN
What's going on?

She hesitates. This is very hard for her. But she's firm:

SARAH
We can't stay here, John.

JOHN
What?

SARAH
It's...not safe.

JOHN
Not safe? From who? Who? No one
knows us. No one asks questions.
It's been, like, a freaking year!
School starts in two weeks!

SARAH
We need to go.

JOHN
No. We don't need to go! You need
to go! You're scared! He gave you a
ring and you're freaking out!

SARAH
I know you like him--

JOHN
And so do you, mom! So do you! You
love him! I know you do!

And you can see it on her face. She does.

JOHN
The cops'll never find us. We're
safe!

And now she's in his face, intense.

SARAH
Don't you ever think that, John.
Don't you ever think that. No one
is *EVER* safe.

(beat)

Half an hour. One bag. Plus the
guns. I'll make pancakes.

INT. THE KITCHEN - MORNING

Sarah stands in the kitchen. John eats his pancakes, jamming his fork angrily into his food. She wears her engagement ring, fingers it with her other hand. She wishes badly she could let this be their life.

She reaches out of frame and pulls A SAWED OFF SHOTGUN into our view. She clears it, safeties it, and stuffs it in a very large bag filled with other weapons.

This is their life.

EXT./INT. SARAH'S CAR - DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

She and John drive across the desert, the sun over their heads. They aren't speaking.

SARAH (V.O.)

It does no good to look back. What life you've led, who you've loved, what's gone is gone.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - SUNDOWN

Burke returns to the house. Pokes his head from room to room looking for his Sarah and John.

EXT./INT. SARAH'S CAR - DESERT HIGHWAY - SUNDOWN

John leans his head on the window, watches the land go by. Sarah takes his hand, holds it. He doesn't pull away.

SARAH (V.O.)

I know how that sounds. And perhaps some day there'll be time to mourn the past. But right now...

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - EVENING

Burke sits on the edge of their bed. He holds the ring box. Looks at the ring inside. He's at a loss.

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

John sleeps while Sarah drives. She looks at him.

SARAH (V.O.)
Right now there's only the future.

INT. A POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Burke sits opposite a police officer. The officer holds a photo of Sarah and Burke in happier times.

OFFICER
I mean she's not exactly "missing,"
right? The way you explain it...

BURKE
Right. The way I explain it. She's
not missing. She left. I know what
you think: I am in such massive
denial that my fiancée of one day
would just skip out--

OFFICER
It happens more than you think.

BURKE
You don't know her.

As the door opens and a MAN in his 20s, JACK VAN METER, walks
in. He's holding a file folder.

VAN METER
I could say the same to you, Mr.
Daniels.

He flashes Burke an ID and badge.

BURKE
FBI?

VAN METER
(re the photo)
Been together long?

BURKE
Six months maybe. Bit of a
whirlwind.

Van Meter nods.

VAN METER
You have no idea the whirlwind.

Van Meter opens a folder, scans it...

VAN METER

Does the "Skynet Defense System" mean anything to you?

Burke shakes his head.

Van Meter turns a page in the file and shows Burke a newspaper article along with a photo of a black man smiling for the camera. The headline reads: "**MILES DYSON: CYBERDYNE'S RISING STAR**"

VAN METER

How 'bout this guy?

BURKE

Miles...Dyson?...Never seen him--

VAN METER

That's because he's dead. Your fiancée, freshly escaped from the Pescadero Mental Hospital, blew him to pieces a year ago. Levelled a four story research lab along with him. But since there's no lethal injection for the destruction of property let's just stick with the murder of one of our country's brightest computer scientists and dedicated father of two.

Van Meter pushes another photo to him: a family photo with Miles, his wife Tarissa, and two kids...

BURKE

That's...it's just not...Why would she do that?

VAN METER

Well, Mr. Daniels. It's the robots. (off Daniels's look)
The ones from the future. The ones "Skynet" sent to kill her son.

BURKE

Robots?

VAN METER

Which, you know, makes total sense because *in the future*...John is not just her son...but...

(reading from the file)

(MORE)

VAN METER (cont'd)
*...the leader of the resistance
 fighting artificially intelligent
 machines determined to annihilate
 the human race.*

BURKE
 (trying to catch up)
 Skynet.

VAN METER
 Did he strike you that way? Leader
 of a scrappy band of rebels? Luke
 Skywalker type?

BURKE
 You can't really be asking...

VAN METER
 No. I'm not. This is just my
 patter, Mr. Daniels. This is just
 me impressing upon you that I am
 here not because you have lost your
 fiancée, the love of your life and
 all around good time girl. I am
 here because my boss, the United
 States of America, thinks Sarah
 Connor is a deluded, dangerous,
 grade A whack-a-mole who killed a
 man because she believed that in
 the future he will invent a
 computer system that declares war
 on the world!

He lets that craziness sit with Burke for a second.

VAN METER (CONT'D)
 And because my pay grade is almost
 subterranean but my ambition knows
 no limits, I, and my boss, are
 happy for me to sit here as long as
 it takes to wring the tiniest bit
 of salient information from you.
 So. Let's begin with her name. I
 understand it's not Connor?

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

- Van Meter types Burke's report into a computer.
- Sarah stands on the roadside, watching the sky
- Van Meter scans Sarah's current photo into the computer

--Burke studies the warrant, stunned

--Van Meter pushes ENTER and the updated Sarah Connor information gets logged into the computer...

The camera pushes into the computer screen, the information blurring, turning into a series of ones and zeroes, green lights pushing data like junk through a syringe...

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

CUT TO:

A DARK ROOM.

A computer sits dormant. Suddenly it comes to life and begins BEEPING. Information streams across the screen. A DARK FIGURE SITS BOLT UPRIGHT NEXT TO THE COMPUTER. ALERT.

The figure is a silhouette to us, but we can tell it's very interested in the computer screen. Specifically THE NEW SARAH CONNOR INFORMATION: New location. New photo. New name:

SARAH REESE.

In the reflection of the screen RED EYES glow bright.

END ACT 1

ACT 2

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - A SMALL TOWN HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Students dressed in a Front Range style filter in...

SUPER: "TWO WEEKS LATER. MISSOULA, MONTANA"

INT. A HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MORNING

A teacher stands in front. His name, MR. HELLERMAN, written on the board. John sits in the back, hunched and indifferent.

HELLERMAN

You will be responsible for three chapters a week. You will have a quiz each Friday. You will be allowed one make up test with a parent's note...

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

What's your name?

John looks to his left and sees A HOT GIRL staring at him.

JOHN

Are you...talking to me?

HOT GIRL

Not if you don't want me to.

She turns back to Hellerman's lecture...

HELLERMAN

There will be no snuff, no hats...

JOHN

John.

HOT GIRL

Cameron.

HELLERMAN

And no talking while I'm talking!

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

John and Cameron walk the hallway.

CAMERON
My dad sells tractors for John
Deere. What about yours?

JOHN
Insurance.

CAMERON
Really? What kind?

JOHN
The boring kind.

CAMERON
Yeah, that's the kind of tractors
my dad sells. What about your mom?

JOHN
My mom?

CAMERON
Does she work or stay home? My mom
stays home.

JOHN
This is my locker. So.

CAMERON
So. I'll see ya later maybe?

JOHN
All right, sure. Yeah.

He watches her walk off. Exhales, shakes his head.

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

John sits across from MRS. FERGUS, the guidance counselor.

MRS. FERGUS
Because of your late registration
we've had to jiggle your schedule a
bit...your third period science
class is now too crowded...not
enough microscopes or somesuch...so
you'll need to find something else.

She pushes a piece of paper towards him.

MRS. FERGUS
If I can recommend--

JOHN
I'll take that one.

CUT TO:

A SIGN: **COMPUTER SCIENCE LAB**

Pan down to find John working on a clunky late 80s PC. He looks around, makes sure no one's watching...hits a button...a page comes up: **MISSOULA HIGH STUDENT DATABASE.**

He's hacked into the school's computers...Clicks a couple buttons: **FIND SCHEDULE FOR:** He types in: **CAMERON...**

Just as a page comes up:

CAMERON (O.S.)
Whatcha working on?

We pull out to find CAMERON sitting down at the terminal next to John. He quickly hits a button obscuring his hacking.

JOHN
Nothing. You know. Just...whatever.
I was supposed to be in life science--

CAMERON
Not enough microscopes. Me, too.
(re computer)
You any good with them?

JOHN
Okay, I guess.

CAMERON
I don't know the first thing. They scare the heck out of me if you wanna know the truth. They don't scare you?

If she only knew. But he shakes his head.

JOHN
They're just...machines. They do what you tell them to do.

CAMERON
I guess. Maybe I always say the wrong thing.

She smiles at him, completely melting him.

CAMERON

You wanna get together after school
sometime? Go over History? Maybe
help me with this computer stuff?

More than anything...

JOHN

I...I really can't. Sorry.

CAMERON

Oh.

JOHN

I'd like to. It's just--I usually
help my mom--

CAMERON

It's okay. Like I said. I always
say the wrong thing.

She scoots her chair in to her desk, using it to end the
conversation. John's crestfallen. Being a fugitive sucks.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

John's at his locker. He sees Cameron down the hall, leaning
on her locker, talking to a couple of guys. She glances his
way but quickly turns back to her conversation.

Being a fugitive really sucks.

INT. A SMALL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

John enters and finds Sarah in paint-spattered work gear.
She's rolling a fresh coat of paint over a section of wall.
The floor's covered in drywall dust. She steps back and
admires her handiwork.

SARAH

How's that look?

JOHN

Great.

SARAH

You don't sound enthusiastic.

She studies it, cocks her head. Rolls a little more on.

JOHN

It's fine.

He flops down on the couch. Dark. Edgy.

SARAH

How was your first day?

JOHN

Also fine.

SARAH

Anything I need to know?

JOHN

Like what?

SARAH

You know exactly what I mean.
Unusual--

JOHN

(by rote)

Unusual attention, unusual
questions, unmotivated overtures of
friendship, invitations to secluded
locations, invitations to public
locations...

SARAH

All right, John--

JOHN

Anyone saying freaking anything to
the new kid who sits in the back
trying to be...smaller than
small...tiny...invisible!

She doesn't know what to say. Just stands there.

JOHN

Yeah. I know exactly what you mean.

He walks by her--she reaches for him but he just puts a rag
in her paint-covered hand and leaves the room.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Sarah enters John's room. He's laying on his bed listening to
a Discman. He sees her, doesn't take off the headphones.
Sarah's eyes flare from the disrespect. John's not an idiot--
he takes off the headphones. She waits on him.

JOHN
This is a hicktown.

SARAH
We've been in worse places. A lot worse.

JOHN
My clothes are all wrong. I need, like, some different shirts. And a lot of 'em wear boots. Cowboy boots. I hate cowboy boots.

SARAH
I'll see what I can do--

JOHN
And their computers are like, from the freakin' fifties--

SARAH
Their computers?
(off his look)
What are you doing with their computers? I thought we agreed--

JOHN
They switched my class okay? It's not my fault--

SARAH
Because the last thing I need is you getting caught hacking--

JOHN
(lying-of course)
I'm not, okay? I won't. Geez. I know the rules. They're, like, written on the inside of my eyeballs.

She makes a face: ugh. He smiles a little. Seeing a way in she sits down next to him. Pushes his hair out of his eyes.

SARAH
(trying hard)
So. Meet any pretty girls?

JOHN
(lying again)
Nope. I'm telling you: hicktown.

EXT. MISSOULA AIRPORT - MORNING - OVERCAST

AGENT VAN METER stands at the curb with an overnight bag. A SHERIFF'S DEPUTY approaches.

DEPUTY
Agent Van Meter? Welcome to
Missoula. Deputy Ridge from the
Sheriff's Department.

Van Meter shakes his hand.

VAN METER
My plain brown wrapper?

Deputy Ridge gestures him toward a MUDDY PICKUP TRUCK.

VAN METER
Nice touch.

They jump in the truck.

DEPUTY RIDGE
Sheriff's detached me to hustle you
around on your business here,
whatever it is. He wouldn't say.

VAN METER
He doesn't know.

Van Meter pulls a scrap of paper out of his pocket. Shows it to Ridge.

VAN METER
Know this place?

DEPUTY RIDGE
Sure.

VAN METER
Let's hustle me there.

INT. A RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

Sarah ties on her apron as prep cooks ready the grill for the morning rush. A little black and white 13" tv plays in the background. A weatherman does a "STORMWATCH" segment.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - ENTRANCE - SAME

Students push inside. They're herded through METAL DETECTORS by a security guard.

GUARD

Your keys, people. In the bowl.

The kids toss their keys into the bowl and pick them up on the other side. A PASSING BOY addresses John:

BOY

(re the detectors)
Six buck knife fights last year.

JOHN

Huh.

RING...Kids begin hustling to their lockers and classrooms...

INT. RIDGE'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY - OVERCAST

Ridge and Van Meter are stopped at a traffic light. Ridge notes the 9mm poking out from Van Meter's blazer. Van Meter's hand rests on it unconsciously.

Ridge shakes his head slightly. Reaches across Van Meter and opens the glove compartment. He retrieves A LARGE HOLSTERED PISTOL. Puts it in his lap.

DEPUTY RIDGE

Your business is your business, Agent. But there's a difference between fly-fishing and bear hunting.

Van Meter nods. The light turns green and the truck moves on.

INT. JOHN'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

The high school students mill around. Hellerman's not there yet. John sits at his desk, situated near the first floor bank of windows so he can while away his time staring out the window... Cameron sits next to him, flipping through her textbook. He feels bad about yesterday.

JOHN

I hear you guys had some...buck knife fights last year?

CAMERON

Wasn't me.

JOHN

I didn't mean to say it was...

But she's back to her book. Flipping the pages quickly, obviously not reading it. And yet occasionally she'll make a little surprised noise--sort of a "huh, didn't know that..."

JOHN

I lied to you yesterday.

She turns and looks at him.

JOHN

My dad doesn't sell insurance.

(beat)

He's dead.

She looks at him.

JOHN

He was...a soldier. He was killed on a mission.

CAMERON

I'm sorry.

JOHN

It's alright. My mom was pregnant with me when it happened. I never knew him. So it's alright.

But you can tell it's not.

JOHN

My mom's kinda uptight. Really uptight, actually. She likes me to come straight home, hang out with her, that kinda stuff. I'm all she's got.

Cameron nods.

CAMERON

Thanks for explaining. I won't tell anyone.

(beat)

It'll be our secret.

He doesn't know how to respond. **RING!** Saved by the bell. All the kids face forward. Hellerman's not at his desk yet.

INT. THE HALLWAY METAL DETECTORS - SAME

CROMARTIE, A SUBSTITUTE TEACHER, walks through the metal detectors. BEEP!

SECURITY GUARD
Please try again, sir.

Flustered, the geeky sub backs up and tries again. BEEP!

CROMARTIE
Please. I'm a substitute for Mr. Hellerman. Cromartie?

SECURITY GUARD
Nice to meet you, Mr. Cromartie. Again with the detectors.

Cromartie pulls his pockets out of his pants, and deliberately walks through the detectors...BEEP!

CROMARTIE
There's obviously some malfunction...

SECURITY GUARD
(with a walkie)
Let me call over to the office...

Cromartie's head drops to his chin, defeated.

INT. THE CLASSROOM - SAME

Students wait, pencils tapping, whispers and giggling.

BOY
What's the rule? Isn't there like a ten minute rule and then we get to go?

John the darkening skies out the window. Beyond, the parking lot edges a huge stand of trees. Thunder rolls in the sky. Aaaah, Missoulâ.

INT. THE HALLWAY - SAME

Cromartie run-walks down the hallway to his class.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY - OVERCAST

Van Meter and Ridge sit in a parking lot outside of a little restaurant. Van Meter's pulling on a flannel shirt. Ridge studies a photo of Sarah. He pulls BINOCULARS to his eyes and peers into the restaurant:

BINOCULAR POV: Sarah's inside, waitressing. Unaware of the threat waiting in the parking lot.

DEPUTY RIDGE
She don't look like much.

VAN METER
Yeah...well...She is...

He gestures for Ridge to open her very thick file.

INT. THE CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cromartie enters, the class quiets down as he hurries to the desk and sits behind it.

CROMARTIE
Mr. Hellerman is ill today. My name is Cromartie--

A WISEASS
Is that your only name? Like Madonna?

The class cracks up. Cromartie's clueless...

CROMARTIE
Madonna? Why? No...

He shuffles through some papers...

CROMARTIE
Let's take attendance, then? Joey Aarons? Mary Buhai? Donald Chase...

As the kids respond to roll call our POV floats back towards the classroom door...

CROMARTIE/STUDENTS (O.S.)
Franklin Lane. **Here...**Cynthia Nolan...**Present...**Wayne Parker...

WE CLOSE IN ON THE CLASSROOM DOOR WINDOW just as THE BLOODED FACE AND HAND OF THE SECURITY GUARD fill the window for a second and then slide slowly down out of sight...leaving a smear of blood on the window...

ON CROMARTIE: whose eyes may have flickered to the door, the only one to notice...

AND ON CROMARTIE'S LAP: where, hidden by the desk, he uses a letter opener to casually tear open his pants, exposing his thigh. He then digs the letter opener INTO HIS THIGH--which suddenly POPS OPEN--revealing GLEAMING METAL PISTONS.

CROMARTIE
Cameron Phillips?

Cameron stares at Cromartie, squinting. Being a teenager...

CROMARTIE
Cameron?

CAMERON
Here.

BEHIND THE DESK

Cromartie reaches into his thigh and pulls out one of the metal pistons. Well, not really a piston. More like A PISTOL.

CROMARTIE
John Reese? Do we have a John Reese?

Cromartie glances up just as John gives a little half-wave...

CROMARTIE
Excellent.

Cromartie stands, his metallic parts shining... CAMERON SCREAMS, jumping from her desk just as Cromartie levels his gun at John. The boy begins to duck under his desk as Cromartie pulls the trigger...Suddenly John's BOWLED OVER by a FREAKING OUT Cameron--her leg is stuck in her chair and she's tripped over it, knocking into John and accidentally burying them in his desk as the BULLET GOES HIGH.

There's chaos in the classroom now as Cromartie starts walking calmly towards John, knocking kids out of the way. John kicks away from an hysterical Cameron--

JOHN
Get away from me!

He scrambles out from the desk and goes sprinting for the window as fast as he can. Cromartie fires once, just missing John as the boy THROWS HIS SHOULDER INTO THE WINDOW AND SMASHES THROUGH ONTO THE GRASS.

John's up and running, sprinting as fast as he can into the parking lot. Within seconds he's behind a car...

BACK IN THE CLASSROOM

CROMARTIE can't get a bead on John--the cars making him hard to see. He steps through the window to go after him. As he's leaving he flips the flap of his thigh closed.

CROMARTIE
Class dismissed.

He exits. Thirty kids stare in silence... Suddenly in unison they PULL OUT THEIR CELLPHONES and sprint for the door...

BACK IN THE PARKING LOT

John stares through a car's rear window towards the school, sees Cromartie striding towards him. John crab-walks to the next car, trying to compose himself.

BOOM! A WINDOW from the car next to him EXPLODES, just missing him... He cringes... crawls to the next car...

INT. DEPUTY RIDGE'S CAR - SAME

The two men peer through the windshield into the restaurant. Suddenly Ridge's police radio crackles...

RADIO
We've got a 1925 at Missoula Valley High. Repeat. 1925. Missoula Valley High. All units. All units.

DEPUTY RIDGE
Hell.
(off Van Meter's look)
Shots fired. The high school. I gotta go.

VAN METER
You can't--

DEPUTY RIDGE
Shots. Fired. At our high school.
(beat)
(MORE)

DEPUTY RIDGE (cont'd)
Might as well come. That's where
the boy is, right?

VAN METER
The boy?

DEPUTY RIDGE
Her boy.

Ridge doesn't even wait for an answer. He guns the engine.

INT. SARAH'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN

CLOSE ON: THE KITCHEN TELEVISION. A local news anchor
breaking the story of the school shooting. There's no video
yet, just graphics with the name of the school...

Sarah walks by, carrying an order...Glances at the t.v...She
continues on...A beat goes by, we hear plates crash.

EXT. THE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - SAME

John's almost out of cars...he's near the back of the lot.
There's trees some twenty yards away...He's got little shot
of getting there...Considers ducking to another car...Turns:

And suddenly there's CROMARTIE. Right in front of him. It's
over. Cromartie takes two strides to John, lifts up his
pistol and is **SMASHED by an oncoming car and thrown FIFTY
YARDS into the woods like a rag doll.**

John looks up to see CAMERON PUSHING OPEN THE PASSENGER DOOR
TO A PICKUP TRUCK. He scrambles into the car. They. Are.
Outta. Here.

END ACT 2

ACT 3

EXT. THE HIGH SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

A half-dozen cop cars parked in front of the school. Officers combing the grounds, looking for Cromartie, for John, some clue as to what the fuck happened.

We see students talking to deputies, pantomiming what they thought they saw in the classroom.

INT. RIDGE'S TRUCK - SCHOOL PARKING LOT

Van Meter sits in the car, solemn. Ridge gets back in.

DEPUTY RIDGE

You know why anyone would want to shoot this boy?

Van Meter shakes his head.

DEPUTY RIDGE

Well someone wants to shoot this boy.

(beat)

Found the real teacher dead in his car. Neck broke. Broken? Broken.

He gestures to a crowd of hysterical adults hugging hysterical children.

DEPUTY RIDGE

Think she'll show? She's gotta show.

VAN METER

Too much law.

He dials his cell phone. Screen says: "System Busy."

VAN METER

Damn. I am in the process of screwing a very large poach.

INT. THE WOODS EDGING THE PARKING LOT - SAME

Sarah's hidden behind a large tree trunk. Staring at the same signal on her phone. Snaps it shut.

She holds up a military grade pair of binocs. Scanning the lot looking for him. Her breath catches. She knows what's happened here...

She returns to her binocs. Suddenly A RED LIGHT fills her view.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - SAME

We see Cromartie hanging upside down from Sarah's tree, looking back through the binocs at her.

She jerks the field glasses down and finds herself face to upside-down and mangled face with her nightmare.

She grabs for a gun in her waistband but Cromartie's there just as she is, wresting the gun from her as he drops down from the tree on top of her.

He has the gun in her face and is straddling her chest. It's beginning to RAIN...

CROMARTIE

Sarah Connor.

She's struggling, desperate, furious.

SARAH

Where is he? What did you do with him? I want to see him!

One of his eyes flashes red, his face smashed in on one side from the collision. Sarah realizes John escaped. She smiles.

SARAH

You don't...know...

She laughs, almost crazily--then without warning grabs for the trigger of the gun pointed at her face--Cromartie jerks the gun to the left just as BLAM! Sarah fires the gun--narrowly missing killing herself.

CROMARTIE

Yes. Killing yourself is the best strategy. You're dead anyway...

He stands, jerking her to her feet by her throat. He fishes out her cell phone from her pants.

CROMARTIE
 Why stay alive and provide me
 leverage to find him?

He flips open the phone and hits redial on the phone.

"System Busy"...

Cromartie shrugs, more annoyed than frustrated. He pushes Sarah against the tree and pins her there with his foot. With two hands free he opens the phone and pulls out the computer chip. He pushes the card down into the depths of his open thigh, fishing around...Clicks it in somewhere. Cromartie smiles.

Out of his mouth comes the sound of a phone dialing...Then:

JOHN (FILTERED)
 Hello? Mom? Mom?

SARAH
 Run like hell--

Cromartie slams his foot into her throat, silencing her.

CROMARTIE
 Do you know who this is?

Silence. Finally:

JOHN (FILTERED)
 Yes.

CROMARTIE
 You understand I have her.

JOHN (FILTERED)
 Yes.

CROMARTIE
 I will hurt her.

SARAH
 (strangled, desperate)
 No John don't--

Cromartie pushes harder on her throat, silencing her again.

CROMARTIE
 John. I will let her go. When I see
 you. I won't need her anymore.

JOHN (FILTERED)
I don't believe you.

CROMARTIE
You don't have to believe me. But
you *know* what I'll do if you run.

On Sarah: This is the worst kind of torture...

JOHN (FILTERED)
Come to the house.

On Sarah, beginning to cry. It's over...

JOHN (FILTERED)
Mom--

But Cromartie has cut the connection. He grabs Sarah and
drags her off through the rain.

INT. SARAH AND JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY - RAINING

Cromartie and Sarah enter the front door and move through
into the living room.

CROMARTIE
John.

Suddenly Cromartie's eyes narrow.

CROMARTIE
Hello?

John's voice comes out of Cromartie. (The cell phone.)

JOHN (FILTERED)
I wanna know she's okay.

Cromartie tilts his head to Sarah.

SARAH
Please. John. Go! Now! He'll kill
us both--

He grabs her throat again, silencing her.

CROMARTIE
Now what, John?

JOHN (FILTERED)
Sit her in the leather chair by the
wall.

Cromartie marches her over and puts her in the chair, a large brown swivelly Lazy-Boy. He stands next to her, waiting.

(**Note: This chair sits in front of the newly painted wall we saw Sarah working on days ago.)

CROMARTIE
Now, John.

SARAH
No...

Cromartie punches Sarah in the face. She screams.

JOHN (FILTERED)
Mom!

CROMARTIE
Still alive, John. But I'm going to break her finger now--

JOHN (FILTERED)
Stop! Just...I'm...

ANGLE ON: THE FRONT DOOR AS IT SLOWLY OPENS...

John steps in from the rain, hands cupped to his face to shield the cell phone from the wet. He hides halfway behind the door, hesitating.

JOHN (FILTERED)
I'm here.

On Sarah: Defeated.

JOHN (FILTERED)
I love you Mom--

But Cromartie's not one of those villain's who's gonna give a big speech and then kill you. He takes two strides towards John and before the poor kid can even get in the door--

BLAM. BLAM. BLAM.

He's just a wet body crumpled on the floor.

SARAH
No!

But Cromartie couldn't give a shit about her, he's heading over to John's body.

He should, probably, have given a shit about her. Because Sarah's spun her chair around so she's facing the wall. She leans back in the recliner, coiling her legs to her body...

BACK ON JOHN'S DEAD BODY

As Cromartie turns over the corpse to see NOT JOHN but a DEAD CAMERON. What the fuck?

BACK ON SARAH: as she KICKS through the new (false) wall--it rips through like construction paper. She reaches inside the wall and pulls out A SERIOUS FUCKING GUN.

Cromartie turns at the noise, finds Sarah barricaded behind the Lazy-Boy pointing the barrel right at him.

BOOM! She hits him in the shoulder, spinning him. He turns and fires at her, hitting the chair. The bullet ricochets off the chair with a thumping sound--the chair's back is reinforced with something...

BOOM! She hits him again, knocking him back. He rights himself again, moving to her...

CROMARTIE

I'm killing her now, John! Now!
Last chance! You got that sweet girl killed with that stupid little trick and now your mother.

He advances on her, knowing she'll run out of ammo soon...

BACK ON POOR CAMERON'S DEAD BODY

As we spend a second on her face, wondering why she made this sacrifice...she opens her eyes. They flash electric blue.

BACK ON THE FIREFIGHT

Sarah runs out of ammo. She dives back into the hole in the wall, grabbing desperately for another gun. Cromartie strides towards her, knowing it's over...

JOHN (FILTERED)

She's not that sweet, the girl? Not that sweet.

Cromartie hesitates, turns just as Cameron runs across the room at a non-human speed and launches herself at him, slamming him viciously into a wall.

JOHN (FILTERED)
 Not a girl, either. As it turns
 out.

Something Cromartie's realizing the hard way as Cameron
 throws him around the house like a Mexican wrestler on cyborg
 steroids. She gets him in on the ground, pressing into him
 with all her might, smashing him with her iron fists.

CAMERON
 (to Sarah)
 He's outside.

Sarah pulls a duffel bag and a shotgun from the hole in the
 wall and sprints for the door as Cromartie bellows with
 anger, unable to throw Cameron off. Sirens can be heard in
 the distance...

Cameron notes the sirens and rears back both her hands and
 SMASHES them down across the bridge of Cromartie's nose. His
 eyes flicker and die.

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE - DAY - RAINING

Sarah runs outside as John screeches up in Cameron's pickup.
 She throws her stuff in the back, opens the driver's side
 door and smothers John in a huge embrace.

SARAH
 (re the passenger seat)
 Over. Now.

He slides over as she jumps in and takes off--almost RUNNING
 OVER CAMERON standing in front of the truck. The girl jumps
 in, squeezing John between the two of them.

SARAH
 Is he--?
 Cameron shakes her head "no."

CAMERON
 120 seconds and the system reboots.
 (beat)
 I was sent here to protect--

SARAH
 No. Not now. I need...Not yet.

Sarah floors it, fishtailing in the slick rain...

END ACT 3

ACT 4

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY - RAINING

The place looks like it was bombed. Van Meter examines the recliner. Behind him a cop pulls two rifles out of the hole in the wall. Deputy Ridge approaches.

DEPUTY RIDGE

Her vehicle's outside so maybe they're on foot, maybe they boosted a car. No calls on that front. The Phillips girl--the other missing student?--her address checked out to a Radio Shack in the mall. No family anywhere. Nothing. Don't know how she fits in.

VAN METER

(peeling back leather)
She doesn't. Probably spooked.

DEPUTY RIDGE

We've got an APB out on the Connors and Cromartie...But without plates to chase we're pretty screwed.
(re the chair)
Is that...Kevlar?

Van Meter raps his knuckles on it.

DEPUTY RIDGE

What the hell happened here?
(re the wreckage)
Why don't we have any bodies?
(beat)
Where's the blood?

VAN METER

Yeah. That is a very good question.

On Van Meter: I am so screwed.

INT. A MOTEL ROOM - WASHINGTON STATE - EARLY MORNING

Sarah sits up with a start. She's been sleeping on a ratty motel sofa. John's asleep on the bed...

EXT. THE MOTEL PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

Cameron's truck is parked facing out to the highway. The girl sits in the front seat. Sarah gets in next to her. Cameron's naked from the waist up (shot in a PG kinda way). She's repairing the damage made by Cromartie's bullets, stitching her "skin" back tight.

SARAH

(re Cameron's boobs)
You might wanna put those back in the holster.

CAMERON

Oh. Right.

She pulls her bra and shirt back on.

SARAH

We should be good here two more hours. Hit the Canadian border during lunch. Best time to cross.

Cameron nods. Sarah pauses, finally ventures:

SARAH

What year are you from?

CAMERON

2027.

SARAH

How long have you been looking for us?

CAMERON

Seventy-three days.

Sarah nods, her mind still reeling.

SARAH

The war?

CAMERON

The Skynet Missile Defense System becomes self-aware April 19th 2011. It declares war on mankind and triggers a nuclear apocalypse two days later.

Sarah's eyes fill with tears--

SARAH
But Miles Dyson--

CAMERON
Someone else builds Skynet.

SARAH
Who?

CAMERON
We don't know.

SARAH
How is that--

CAMERON
We're working on it...but we don't know--

SARAH
You don't know who builds the computer that blows up the world?

CAMERON
I wasn't sent here for that.

SARAH
No. You were sent here to keep my son from getting assassinated. Which, by the way, works a lot better if you don't wait for him to be shot at.

CAMERON
(matter of fact)
Your fiancée went to the police.
(beat)
You should've changed your alias.

SARAH
Screw off.

Sarah gets out of the car, slams the door and leans against the truck. Inside, Cameron sits unaffected. After all, she is a robot. Which probably angers Sarah more than anything. After a few seconds she gets back in the car, slamming it again. Sits quiet, composing herself.

SARAH
I've loved...two men in my life.
You don't know squat about me, but lemme tell you--two's a lot.
(beat)

(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)

I should've dropped Reese's name. I know that. But it takes time to get new papers and John wanted to start school--needed to start school. He's emotional. He was so upset about leaving...These are things you "people" never consider.

(beat, thinking)

I...never thought Burke'd go to the cops...

She kicks the dashboard, furious with herself.

CAMERON

They'd have found you anyway.

(beat)

They always do.

Cameron returns to mending a gash in her arm, leaving Sarah to contemplate how much her life is truly fucked.

INT. SARAH'S COFFEE SHOP -- MORNING

Deputies interview Sarah's co-workers. Van Meter sits in a booth in front of a half-eaten hamburger. He's pondering A POLICE ARTIST SKETCH OF CROMARTIE.

Ridge slides into the booth with a cup of coffee.

VAN METER

(re the burger)

You ever had elk? I saw elkburger on the menu and I gotta admit...it seemed an odd breakfast choice...
But since this is obviously my first and last case as lead agent I thought what the hell let's splurge-
(to Ridge) waving paper)

Twenty-two witnesses, Deputy Ridge. Twenty-two of your good town folk. That's a whole football team, offense and defense. And you know what nineteen of 'em saw?

DEPUTY RIDGE

A shooter with some kind of robot leg.

VAN METER

A shooter with some kind of robot leg.

The two of them stare at the drawing.

DEPUTY RIDGE

You want a brownie to chase down that elk?

VAN METER

Yes, Deputy Ridge. I believe I would.

Ridge slides out to get the food. Van Meter stares back at the drawing, dismayed.

VAN METER

Freaking X-file.

INT. A DARKENED KITCHEN - MORNING

A kitchen light illuminates a figure. Cromartie. We can't see him very well, but his various injuries reflect electrical and metallic. He pulls his clothes off and we see that he's in pretty bad shape, his metallic skeleton showing through the skin in quite a few places. Cameron and Sarah truly kicked his ass.

Cromartie pulls A LARGE KITCHEN KNIFE from a wooden block. He slices himself down the breastbone and begins PEELING OFF HIS DAMAGED SKIN. After a few tugs he STEPS OUT OF IT. The last touch: he pulls off his damaged face, revealing the entire terrifying Terminator metallic skeleton.

He lays the whole suit of skin out of the kitchen table next to the face. He flips the suit on its back and studies it. There's little skin left that hasn't been damaged except THE BUTT.

He takes the knife and slices a section from the butt. He puts it on the inside of the face mask, covering the damage from the inside...He sits down at the table and begins the more delicate work of repairing the face with the new skin.

As the camera PULLS OUT we glide past a photo--a loving couple posing for the camera...As our shot continues to pull out we find THE BODIES OF THE COUPLE lying on the floor next to the kitchen table. Wrong place. Very wrong time.

INT. THE MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Sarah lays down next to a sleeping John, putting an arm around him. He wakes. Doesn't move from her hug.

JOHN
(quiet)
Why is this happening again?

SARAH
I don't know, sweetie.

JOHN
You stopped it.

SARAH
I guess we didn't.

JOHN
But...you can, can't you?

He turns and looks at her.

JOHN
You changed the future. You just
didn't change it enough, right? You
can do it again.

SARAH
I don't know, John--

And now he sits up.

JOHN
Because I can't keep running, I
can't. And I'm not who they think I
am. Some...messiah...I'll never be.

SARAH
You don't know that--

JOHN
I know. I can't lead an army. Maybe
that's you but it'll never be me.
So you've got to stop it. Please.
(beat)
Mom.

She gets it now. He is terrified. Live or die. The future
terrifies him. She nods, trying to reassure him.

SARAH
All right. All right.

JOHN
All right what?

SARAH
I'll...stop it.

EXT. THE MOTEL PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

Cameron sits in the front seat, keeping watch. Sarah appears and opens the door.

SARAH
Time to go.

CAMERON
You said that statistically--

SARAH
We're not going to Canada.

CAMERON
Where are we going?

SARAH
To find Skynet.

She turns around and walks off. We hang on Cameron for a second, who, quite improbably and very mysteriously, smiles.

EXT. DARK FREEWAY - EARLY MORNING

The camera tracks the double yellow line...

INT. CAMERON'S TRUCK - MORNING

As she drives the Connors south...John sleeps against the window. Sarah addresses Cameron:

SARAH
John's father...he believed the future could be saved. That we didn't have to follow this certain path to destruction.

(beat)

He had hope.

(beat)

Do you know why?

Cameron looks at her, waits for an answer.

SARAH
Because the man he respected most in the world said it was so.

Sarah's eyes drift to John. *This man.*

SARAH
 (re John)
 But how was he so sure? Who told
 him?

She turns back to face the road. It rises up to meet them.

INT. THE DARKENED HOUSE - MORNING

Cromartie sits in a desk chair. WE CLOSE IN ON ONE OF HIS EYES...Entering HIS CPU POINT OF VIEW. OVER his POV of the room we see text:

"ACCESSING STORAGE"...**"TIME INPUT: -1,042 minutes"**

CROMARTIE'S POV: Like watching your Tivo jump backwards at the superfast setting...we speed back through the last nine hours until we find ourselves at:

CROMARTIE'S HUNTING OF JOHN IN THE SCHOOL PARKING LOT.

He fast-forwards through most of it, slowing things down just as he's SMASHED BY CAMERON'S TRUCK. We're in super-slo-mo as Cromartie's POV tumbles ass-over-tea kettle onto the wet pavement...

There. Freeze. Back up a frame...CROMARTIE'S UPSIDE POV:

A very quick glance at CAMERON'S LICENSE PLATE. And even then, only the first THREE NUMBERS AND LETTERS. Cromartie zooms in on the plate, cleaning up the blurred image: **V34**

BACK TO SCENE:

Cromartie sits in front of a computer. He rips the keyboard open. He OPENS ONE OF HIS FINGERTIPS, revealing more circuitry. He jams it into the keyboard.

The computer blinks to life, screen after screen flying through at light speed. We see a **Department of Motor Vehicles** screen and then just as quickly we see hundreds and hundreds of plate numbers appear, all of them beginning with **V34...**

The numbers begin shrinking as Cromartie eliminates poor candidates, focusing on trucks...Finally one number remains: **V34CH3...**

ECU: the license plate V34CH3

WE PULL BACK TO FIND CAMERON'S TRUCK PARKED AT A GAS STATION.

EXT. THE BATHROOM BEHIND THE GAS STATION - DAY

A NEWLY BLACK-HAIRED JOHN sits waiting outside the bathroom. Cameron rounds the corner with a paper bag. Eyes John's hair, nods approval. Sits down next to him.

CAMERON

Back at school you apologized for lying to me. So I should apologize for lying to you.

He shrugs.

JOHN

S'alright. I get it. You needed to get close to me. It's just...the way you're... "programmed."

(beat)

Like some hot girl is gonna make friends with the weird new kid. If I'da thought about it...I should've known something was messed up.

She watches him dispassionately; not completely understanding his teen angst. She reaches up to his temple--a bit of hair dye is on his skin. She rubs it off, a more tender gesture than she realizes. Shows him the dye on her finger.

CAMERON

In the future you have many friends.

Sarah opens the door, her hair newly dyed blond.

CAMERON

Funyuns?

Cameron holds out the bag of chips.

EXT./INT. CAMERON'S TRUCK - 170 FREEWAY - DAY

Cameron pilots the truck through a great river of traffic and the Connors eat junk food as the truck passes under a sign reading: LOS ANGELES...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

The truck stuck in nasty traffic. Creeping.

SARAH

We need to find a place to rest for a few hours.

CAMERON

No. We shouldn't waste time.

SARAH

We can't do this until nightfall. Too dangerous.

CAMERON

Waiting is dangerous.

SARAH

Getting shot is dangerous.

CAMERON

I'm aware of your limitations--

Before Sarah can respond A MOTORCYCLE COP zips by in the opposite direction. The Connors instinctively shrink.

Cameron checks her rear-view mirror, the cop disappears behind them. The traffic begins to move again and so she eases on the gas...

Suddenly she SLAMS on the brake. A car coming the opposite way has tried to take a left in front of her, cutting her off in the middle of the intersection.

SARAH

(to Cameron)

Watch it!

The other car flicks an apologetic hand wave and finishes his left hand turn. Cameron crosses the intersection just as THE LIGHT TURNS RED.

Unseen by our trio A TRAFFIC CAMERA SNAPS A PHOTO OF THEIR TRUCK...

We stay on the traffic camera, slowly pushing in on the lens until its unblinking eye fills the frame...and blinks RED...

CUT TO:

INT. THE DARK HOUSE - SAME

As the RED EYE and the cyborg it belongs to stare directly at us. We pull back and find Cromartie STILL ATTACHED TO THE COMPUTER...

The sleeping computer flickers to life. An image fills its screen: A GRID OF A THOUSAND STILLS TAKEN BY VARIOUS TRAFFIC CAMERAS. ONE SUDDENLY BLOWS UP LARGE: CAMERON'S TRUCK

Orwell was a fucking optimist, my friends.

EXT. MISSOULA AIRPORT - DAY

Ridge drops Van Meter off in front of the airport.

DEPUTY RIDGE

Well. Sorry to see you go, Agent.

VAN METER

You'll like Agent Welch, Deputy.
More importantly, my bosses back in
L.A. like Agent Welch.

Ridge nods, understands the office politics. They shake hands and Ridge pulls away, leaving Van Meter alone on the curb.

INT. A MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Cameron, Sarah and John sit in the back of a sparsely populated movie theater screening some late summer-early fall 1998 movie. They look like a mom and her two teenagers-- happier times for happier people.

VOICE OVER

What they say about soldiers is tired but true: they suffer long stretches of mind-numbing boredom interrupted by stark moments of sheer terror.

EXT./INT. CAMERON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck is parked in the darkness of a large tree. Sarah watches a house across the street. Figures we cannot see move around inside. It looks like another mother and two children.

VOICE OVER

Mothers, on the other hand, suffer long stretches of terror interrupted rarely by a welcome bit of boredom.

Sarah clears and safeties a gun and stuffs it in the back of her pants.

SARAH
 (almost a prayer)
 I'm sorry, Miles...

The trio exit the truck and cross the street to the house. Sarah takes the lead and knocks on the front door. Noises inside--chants of "Pizza! "Pizza" and in a moment the door is pulled open by A TEN YEAR OLD BOY, DANIEL DYSON. His EIGHT YEAR OLD SISTER BESSIE behind him.

DANIEL
 Pizza--where's my pizza?

SARAH
 I...don't have your pizza.

All of the sudden Daniel's eyes flash wide with recognition.

DANIEL
 Momma!

He grabs Bessie and pulls her back away from Sarah, running to and hiding behind TARISSA DYSON, 38, MILES DYSON'S WIDOW.

TARISSA DYSON
 Sarah? What are you--no.

SARAH
 I need to talk to you about Miles,
 Tarissa.

TARISSA DYSON
 Danny take your sister and go to
 your room right now.

You don't have to tell Danny twice. He remembers. As soon as the kids leave Tarissa walks up to her, angry:

TARISSA DYSON
 What's there to say about Miles?
 Miles is dead. It's been a year but
 my children still cry themselves to
 sleep. So do I.

SARAH
 I'm sorry...I need to know more
 about Miles's research.

TARISSA DYSON
 What's left to know, Sarah? You and
 Miles destroyed all of it--

SARAH

But could there have been anyone, anywhere, who he would've told about his work? Any colleagues he was close to?

(painful to ask)

Maybe even someone else? Someone he wouldn't have wanted to tell me about? Or you? Did you ever suspect anything like that?

Tarissa darkens--knows what Sarah's implying.

TARISSA DYSON

You're a hard bitch.

Tarissa starts for the door. Sarah intercepts her.

SARAH

It's happening again, Tarissa. Everything that Miles and I tried to stop. That...I thought we'd stopped...Skynet...The Terminators. It's happening again. It's gonna happen again. So I'm sorry if I've upset you, but Miles's work at Cyberdyne is the only link we have and I had to know--

TARISSA DYSON

You destroyed it all. You and Miles...destroyed...

(beat, taking her in)

You destroyed...everything.

And she ain't talking about files. Tarissa reaches for the phone and Sarah's slowly reaching for her gun...But Tarissa picks up A PICTURE OF MILES instead.

TARISSA DYSON

He...believed in you. And...I knew you weren't a murderer. No matter what the police said. But make no mistake. You killed him.

(to John)

I'm sorry for you, son. I am. Whatever's going on.

She starts for the door again and the group shifts with her. Lucky they do because

BLAM!

A BULLET SNAPS THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW AND HITS SARAH IN THE SHOULDER, SPINNING HER TO THE GROUND.

JOHN

Mom!

Cameron pulls Tarissa and John to the ground as ANOTHER BULLET cracks over their heads.

TARISSA DYSON

My kids!

CAMERON

Move and die.

ACROSS THE STREET

CROMARTIE leans on the back of Cameron's truck firing into the living room.

INSIDE THE LIVING ROOM

Hell hath busted looeth.

SARAH

(clutching shoulder)

Keys! Tarissa! Your keys!

Tarissa points to a table in the middle of the firing zone. Cameron pulls Sarah's gun from her waistband, stands up and strides to the table, firing at Cromartie while taking two or three direct hits as she makes her way there and back.

Tarissa's eyes are gonna jump out of their skull...

SARAH

Stay down. He'll follow us out. He wants me.

CAMERON

(compulsively tactless)

He wants John.

Which of course freaks Tarissa out even more.

SARAH

(to Cameron)

Too much information sweetie.

JOHN

He's coming.

JOHN'S POV: Cromartie's got the rifle up to his eye, firing as he walks across the street...

ANGLE ON: TARISSA DYSON'S CLOSED GARAGE DOOR

AS IT *SHATTERS*...

TARISSA'S SUV barrels out of the garage, a bloodied one-armed Sarah driving while Cameron fires at Cromartie from the passenger window and John holds on for dear life...

As they fly past Cromartie he runs to Cameron's truck, tearing open the steering column, starting it and taking off after them. But they've got a good headstart and by the time he rounds the next corner they're gone gone gone...

INT. A PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

A quiet parking garage. Cameron and John help Sarah into the back of the SUV, propping her up on some blankets.

SARAH

John...We passed a 7-11...

JOHN

You need a doctor--

SARAH

John. Aspirin. Gauze. Rubbing alcohol. Bandages--

JOHN

Mom--

SARAH

Go.

John looks to Cameron; he won't find any support there. He takes off jogging down the parking garage ramp.

SARAH

Still have that needle and thread?

Cameron nods.

SARAH

It's through-and-through, clean.
Get it done before he comes back.

Cameron retrieves the needle and thread she used for her own skin. Tears open Sarah's shirt revealing a nasty wound.

CAMERON

There's an ice machine outside the convenience store--

SARAH

No. Before he comes back.

Cameron shrugs. Your funeral. She pushes the needle into Sarah's flesh. The woman inhales sharply but doesn't scream. She is one tough Sarah Connor.

SARAH

(little out of it from
loss of blood)

I had this...dream. I've had it...
a few times. I try to protect him.
I try to do the right thing.
But...he dies...every time. And the
world...dies with him. And I can't
stop it. I can never stop it...

(beat)

Do you dream?

CAMERON

I don't sleep.

SARAH

Right...Lucky.

Sarah's silent for a bit, Cameron doing her painful work. We wonder if Sarah's slipping into unconsciousness. She's not.

SARAH

We can't run anymore.

(beat)

I'll lose him.

Cameron works methodically, without judgment. Sarah drifts...

END ACT 4

ACT 5

INT. BACK OF SUV - LATE NIGHT/EARLY MORNING

Sarah wakes to find her shoulder bandaged and John next to her. He's got Danny Dyson's soccer ball. Just a kid...

SARAH
You should...sleep.

JOHN
I did.

SARAH
What time is it?

CAMERON (O.S.)
Five-forty-seven.

Sarah refocuses and sees Cameron on the bumper, a sentinel.

JOHN
How are you?

Sarah pulls herself into a sitting position, wincing.

SARAH
Better.

CAMERON
You can't fight.

SARAH
I won't run.

She looks to John, who's pleased with his mother's declaration. Cameron nods. All of this she knows.

CAMERON
Good. We need to go.

SARAH
Where?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FIRST BANK OF LOS ANGELES - MORNING

They're parked on a side street looking at the bank. The bank's just opened and customers are filtering in.

SARAH

Tell me what's going on.

JOHN

Do you have, like, an account here?

Cameron gets out. They follow as she crosses the street.

CAMERON

Safety deposit box.

SARAH

When'd you open that?

As Cameron opens the door for them--

CAMERON

1943.

We see a plaque on the building: "Built in 1943."

SARAH

What are we doing--

INT. THE BANK - CONTINUOUS

The Connors enter and Cameron follows. We see (but they don't) Cameron pull the doors shut, bolt the lock, and tear the latch off.

Sarah turns just in time to see a brightly smiling Cameron approach A SECURITY GUARD. The guard smiles back at this cute girl just as the cute girl RIPS HIS GUN OUT OF HIS HOLSTER, FLIP AROUND BEHIND HIM AND PUT THE GUN TO HIS HEAD.

SARAH

Holy--

Cameron starts marching the guard to the tellers' windows-- people are just noticing what's happening.

ANOTHER SECURITY GUARD pulls his weapon and Cameron shoots it out of his hand without a second's hesitation. The guard's eyes go wide and he throws up his hands.

Cameron sweeps the gun across the bank and everyone hits the floor except Sarah and John. Sarah just stares at Cameron: What The Fuck?

BEHIND THE COUNTER

A TELLER presses the silent alarm. Cameron's eyes go right to the teller like a dog hearing a silent whistle. Her eyes go up to THE SECURITY CAMERAS.

CAMERON
(to Sarah and John)
We should hurry.

Sarah just keeps looking around, furious, not comprehending how she found herself in the middle of this mess.

CAMERON
The vault.

Abandoning the guard, Cameron jumps five feet up onto the teller's window. The very act crows people.

CAMERON
We're going in the vault.

A terrified teller volunteers A LARGE SET OF KEYS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BANK - MINUTES LATER

Cameron's standing on top of the windows, her gun keeping everyone behaved.

AT THE VAULT

Sarah and John stand with the teller as she pushes three keys into three separate locks. She spins the huge wheel and the vault swings open revealing

WALLS OF SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES.

CAMERON
Go inside. Take the keys.

Sarah's still trying to process. John grabs the keys and heads into the vault. We hear SIRENS in the distance.

Cameron jumps down off the windows, moves to the vault. She grabs Sarah--

SARAH
What are you doing--

--and pushes her inside the vault.

CAMERON
 (to the teller)
 Lock us in and then get away from
 the vault.
 (off the teller's look)
 I'll know if you don't.

The teller nods. Without ceremony Cameron pulls the massive vault door shut. She puts her ear to the door: her cyborg ear hears the clickety clickety click of the tumblers.

SARAH
 (losing it)
 Are you crazy? Has something gone
 wrong in your...chip? You said you
 had a safety deposit box--

Cameron produces A KEY and hands it to John.

CAMERON
 Box 412.

John takes it, searches for the box number.

SARAH
 You--a bank robbery--you've locked
 us in! You've finished us!

John's got the box and he opens it. INSIDE: FIFTEEN MORE SAFETY DEPOSIT KEYS. Cameron grabs a handful and gives them to Sarah. She takes some for herself and John takes the rest.

CAMERON
 Open these boxes. Put everything
 you find on the table.

SARAH
 I'm not--

But Cameron and John are already unlocking the first of their boxes. Sarah realizes she's not gonna get an answer unless she does what Cameron asks. She takes her first key and begins going down the rows.

John pulls his first box out, dumping it on the table. It's a piece of machinery but it's clearly incomplete. Cameron puts her first one out--another piece of widget or something...

Sarah adds a piece from her first box. She sees the pieces, brow furrowing. Returns to her search.

EXT. THE BANK - SAME

Cop cars screech up to the bank. SWAT team members take position behind doors...

INT. THE FBI LOS ANGELES OFFICE - SAME

Agent Van Meter's walking down a hall. Another AGENT grabs his elbow.

AGENT

You gotta see this.

He points him to A TELEVISION with a black and white image from the bank security camera.

AGENT

Alarm tripped seven minutes ago. The cameras auto-dump a digital copy to LAMP servers. Familiar?

IT'S A NICE CLEAN TWO-SHOT OF THE CONNORS STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BANK.

VAN METER

Well I'll be a big dumb monkey.

INT. THE BANK VAULT - SAME

Empty deposit boxes, more pieces of equipment...They're working as fast as they can.

SARAH

You said 1943. The bank was built in 1943.

CAMERON

Yes it was.

SARAH

Were you here in 1943?

CAMERON

Not me.

SARAH

But someone was.

Silence equals yes...Cameron retrieves another piece from a box. It's a small glass capsule. She holds it up to the light, inspecting it.

JOHN

Is it from the future?

CAMERON

You can't bring anything through when you come. Not weapons. Not clothing. Nothing.

Cameron eases the glass capsule into another part of the device. She sifts through the pieces, finding a third part. She carefully fits it with the other two.

CAMERON

(to John, re the gadget)

You sent someone back to build it.

JOHN

(pleased with himself)

Cool. What is it?

Cameron keeps working.

CAMERON

Hope.

And then her ears prick up...

EXT. THE BANK - SAME

The cops look up just in time to see CROMARTIE IN CAMERON'S TRUCK squealing around the corner. The police dive out of the way as Cromartie screeches to a halt in front of the bank.

He jumps out, the truck blocking him from the stunned cops as he RIPS THE FRONT DOOR OFF THE BANK and disappears inside.

Suddenly the bank customers run screaming out of the bank, swarming the police. The cops are in chaos...

INSIDE THE VAULT

John's at the vault door, listening.

JOHN

Is that the police?

CAMERON
No. Get away from the door.

JOHN
Why?

SLAM! The whole vault shakes.

CAMERON
That's why.

OUTSIDE THE VAULT

Cromartie smashes his fist against the vault, denting it.

INSIDE THE VAULT

Cameron's working faster to assemble the device. It clearly has some delicate parts.

SARAH
That better be what I think it is.

SMASH! Another shot to the vault door...

Cameron takes two last pieces, slides them in, twists, locks, holds it up.

NOT JUST A GUN. A GUN FROM THE MOTHEREUCKING FUTURE.

CAMERON
One of our best engineers. Took him eight months to scavenge the parts--

SMASH! The vault door groans...

OUTSIDE THE VAULT

Cromartie's demolishing the lock mechanism bit by bit.

INSIDE THE VAULT

Cameron eyes the door carefully. Turns the FUTURISTIC RIFLE over to Sarah--simultaneously flicking a switch on the side of the rifle. It makes a WHINING NOISE. The GLASS CAPSULE begins to glow slightly.

CAMERON
(re the capsule)
When the isotope solution turns red, you can shoot.

Cameron returns to checking the integrity of the door.

SARAH
Isotope? Is this a nuclear--

CAMERON
(over her shoulder)
No. Not really.

Sarah and John exchange a look. "Not really?" There's a HUGE GROAN inside the vault door...

CAMERON
We should hurry.

Cameron approaches a bank of deposit boxes. She gets up close to one, her nose almost touching.

JOHN
Hurry and what? Die? I still don't get why you locked us in here...

Cameron presses the keyhole. A small laser light shoots out of the keyhole and scans her eyeball.

JOHN
We coulda put all this stuff in a bag and built it back at the motel.

She does the same routine at the adjoining box.

JOHN
No reason to get trapped in here like rats.

Cameron presses the keyhole on a third box.

CAMERON
We're...NOT...

SUDDENLY SIX CONJOINED BOX FRONTS FLOP OPEN ON A HINGE, REVEALING A FUTURISTIC-LOOKING CONTROL BOARD.

CAMERON
Trapped.

JOHN
Holy crap.

BOOM. The door is giving way...The isotope solution is moving to a pinkish color...

SARAH
What is that. What. Is. That?

Cameron starts programming buttons, her fingers moving a mile a minute...We catch glimpses of buttons and readouts:
"DESTINATION," "DATE," "TIME JUMP COUNTDOWN"...

CAMERON

Engineer...had to...get himself home...got a job building the vault...so we'd always have...a way back...

BOOM! There's a little daylight...the door's losing the fight...Sarah's "not really" rifle isotope solution is almost red...Almost...

CAMERON

You need to take your clothes off.

Back at the control panel, Cameron enters the last of the lines of code and suddenly the panel starts BEEPING...

ONE BUTTON FLASHES...**EXECUTE TIME JUMP?...**EXECUTE TIME JUMP?

Sarah looks at John, their eyes meet. Suddenly Sarah's got her rifle on Cameron.

SARAH

What have you done? *What have you done?*

CAMERON

(stripping)

You cannot stay, Sarah. You can't protect him here. You can't run. You said so yourself.

John looks at his mother. Back to the disrobing Cameron...

SARAH

Was this your plan all along? You can't just...take us away from--

The isotope turns red. The rifle's whining takes on a deeper pitch. Almost a hum...

CAMERON

From what?

Suddenly CROMARTIE'S GUN pushes through a crack...HE FIRES, a bullet ricocheting around the vault. He doesn't have an angle to hit them...

OUTSIDE THE VAULT

He pulls on the door more...

INSIDE THE VAULT

Cameron speaks right down the nose of Sarah's rifle. Her finger on the **EXECUTE TIME JUMP** button...

CAMERON

You want to find Skynet. You want to stop Skynet.

(re the jump button)

This is the way.

SARAH

You don't know that. You can't know that. You don't even know who builds it!

CAMERON

No. We don't. But we think we know where. And we think we know when.

Sarah looks to John. For once, she's uncertain. For once, he's not. His eyes are wild but his jaw is set. A hint of the leader he will be. He starts ripping his clothes off. Sarah puts down the rifle and starts following John...Just as:

Cromartie rips the vault door off--

*Cameron presses the **EXECUTE JUMP** button--*

Cromartie lunges into the vault--

Sarah grabs the gun and fires it square at Cromartie, BLOWING HIS HEAD OFF OF HIS BODY. The Terminator's body slams back outside the vault as his head bounces onto the vault floor...

THE VAULT GLOWS BRIGHT WHITE AND OUR TRIO DISAPPEARS...

And right after they disappear the control panel reads "AUTO-DESTRUCT...3...2...1...**THE VAULT EXPLODES.**

EXT. THE BANK - SAME

Papers and debris get blown outside from the vault's explosion...

We see AGENT VAN METER back across the street, watching what he can only assume is the death of the Connors. Solemn.

EXT. A BUSY L.A. FREEWAY - DAY

Cars and trucks speed by when suddenly in the middle of the road THREE NAKED PEOPLE APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE...OUR HEROES.

A CAR almost hits Sarah but Cameron yanks her by her bloody shoulder. Sarah screams from the shock, from the pain, from being naked in the middle of a freeway...

They spring across the rest of the road, diving down into a grassy ditch. Sarah and John struggle to catch their breath--the adrenaline, the fear, the nudity, the TIME TRAVEL...

SARAH

Where...are we? Where are we?

CAMERON

Same where.

She points to a construction sign twenty yards up the road: "CONSTRUCTION 11-5-06 to 11-7-06...EXPECT DELAYS."

CAMERON

Different when.

We stay with Sarah and John as Cameron climbs naked out of the ditch. We hear the sounds of brakes squealing and men's voices...The sound of a car door opening..

Suddenly two UNCONSCIOUS FRAT BOYS roll into the ditch.

EXT./INT. THE FRAT BOY'S CAR - DAY

Cameron drives Sarah and John in the frat boy's car. Between the three of them they're wearing the frat boys' clothes... John stares out the window, Los Angeles rising to meet him, mind reeling...

JOHN

So this is where it all starts?
This is where Skynet begins?

CAMERON

(re Los Angeles skyline)
Somewhere in there.

JOHN

How we gonna find it before it
finds us?

CAMERON

I don't know that we are.

Cameron glances sidelong at Sarah. Sarah pulls John close.

SARAH (V.O.)

I will die. I will die and so will you.

(beat))

Death gives no man a pass.

BACK ON CAMERON: whose unblinking eyes sweep for enemies, always, always...

SARAH (V.O.)

Your friends...

INT. AN OFFICE - A CUBICLE - EVENING

CLOSE ON A TELEVISION SCREEN: HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE OF THREE NAKED PEOPLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FREEWAY...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

And finally tonight...amateur video of what we can only assume is a college prank gone wrong as three streakers get stuck trying to cross the 105 freeway...

PULL BACK TO FIND:

AGENT VAN METER, ten years older, sitting at a desk eating supermarket sushi. He's got his back to the television and misses the whole thing...

SARAH (V.O.)

Your enemies...

CUT BACK TO:

THE TELEVISION SCREEN. FREEZE ON SARAH'S FACE...

WE PULL BACK AGAIN:

AND WE'RE IN A MIDDLE CLASS LIVING ROOM. Sarah's face frozen on someone's flat screen television.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Honey? Did you hear me? We're late.

We reverse our angle from the image of Sarah and find her ex-fiancee Burke Daniels sitting in the chair. He looks like he's seen a ghost. A ghost he thinks about every day.

SARAH (V.O.)
Your loved ones...

BURKE
Yeah. I heard you. We're late.
But he just keeps staring at Sarah's face.

CUT TO:

A NOW FAMILIAR SHOT: the yellow lines on a dark nighttime freeway (in this case, the 105) rising up to greet us...

SARAH (V.O.)
Death will meet us all soon enough.

And suddenly the camera screeches to a halt. AN OBJECT sits on the double yellow line. A familiar object.

CROMARTIE'S HEAD.

Suddenly the demon eyes light up.

WE PULL BACK AND FIND:

THE REST OF CROMARTIE, standing in the middle of the quiet 105 freeway like Ichabod Crane's Headless Horseman. Cromartie picks up his head. Reunited after an eight year wait...

SARAH (V.O.)
But until that day...

The Terminator walks down the highway, heading into Los Angeles, disappearing into the darkness...

WE CUT TO:

SARAH CONNOR'S FACE.

Battered, bruised. Badass.

SARAH (V.O.)
It's gonna be a goddamn dogfight.

BLACK.