

**"TERMINATOR 2: JUDGEMENT DAY"**

a Screenplay

by

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and

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Revised final shooting script

**1 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Downtown L.A. Noon on a hot summer day. On an EXTREME LONG LENS the lunchtime crowd stacks up into a wall of humanity. In SLOW MOTION they move in herds among the glittering rows of cars jammed bumper to bumper. Heat ripples distort the torrent of faces. The image is surreal, dreamy... and like a dream it begins very slowly to

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**2 EXT. CITY RUINS - NIGHT**

Same spot as the last shot, but now it is a landscape in Hell. The cars are stopped in rusted rows, still bumper to bumper. The skyline of buildings beyond has been shattered by some unimaginable force like a row of kicked-down sandcastles. Wind blows through the desolation, keening with the sound of ten million dead souls. It scurries the ashes into drifts, stark white in the moonlight against the charred rubble.

**A TITLE CARD FADES IN:**

LOS ANGELES, July 11, 2029

**3 ANGLE ON** a heap of fire-blackened human bones. Beyond the mound is a vast tundra of skulls and shattered concrete. The rush hour crowd

burned down in their tracks.

4 WE DISSOLVE TO a playground... where intense heat has half-melted the jungle gym, the blast has warped the swing set, the merry-go-round has sagged in the firestorm. Small skulls look accusingly from the ash-drifts. WE HEAR the distant echo of children's voices... playing and laughing in the sun. A silly, sing-songy rhyme as WE TRACKS SLOWLY over seared asphalt where the faint hieroglyphs of hopscotch lines are still visible.

CAMERA comes to rest on a burnt and rusted tricycle... next to the tiny skull of its owner. HOLD ON THIS IMAGE as a female VOICE speaks:

**VOICE**

3 billion human lives ended on August 29th, 1997. The survivors of the nuclear fire called the war Judgment Day. They lived only to face a new nightmare, the war against the Machines...

A metal foot crushes the skull like china.

TILT UP, revealing a humanoid machine holding a massive battle rifle. It looks like a CHROME SKELETON... a high-tech Death figure. It is the endoskeleton of a Series 800 terminator. Its glowing red eyes compassionlessly sweep the dead terrain, hunting.

The SOUNDS of ROARING TURBINES. Searchlights blaze down as a formation of flying HK (Hunter-Killer) patrol machines passes overhead. PAN WITH THEM toward the jagged horizon, beyond which we see flashes, and hear the distant thunder of a pitched battle in progress.

**5 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT**

THE BATTLE. Human troops is desperate combat with the machines for possession of the dead Earth. The humans are a ragtag guerrilla army. Skynet's weapons consist of Ground HKs (tank-like robot

gun-platforms), flying Aerial HKs, four-legged gun-pods called Centurions, and the humanoid terminators in various forms.

**SEQUENCE OF RAPID CUTS:**

5A Explosions! Beam-weapons firing like searing strobe-light.  
5B A gunner in an armored personnel carrier fires a LAW rocket at  
a  
pursuing Aerial HK, bringing it down in a fiery explosion.  
5C Another APC is crushed under the treads of a massive Ground  
HK.  
5D A TEAM OF GUERRILLAS in a intense fire-fight with terminator  
5E endoskeletons in the ruins of a building. Three terminator  
5F endoskeletons advance, firing rapidly. Another (complete  
cyborg),  
with flesh ripped open and back broken, gropes for a rifle on  
the  
ground.  
5G A Centurion overruns a human firing position. Soldiers are  
cut  
down as they run. Fiery explosions light the ranks of  
advancing  
machines.  
6 IN A BLASTED GUN EMPLACEMENT at the edge of battle, a man  
watches  
the combat with night-vision binoculars. He wears the uniform  
of a  
guerrilla general, and a black beret. He is still amid  
running,  
shouting techs and officers.  
C.U. MAN, pushing slowly in as the battle rages O.S. He  
lowers the  
binoculars. He is forty-five years old. Features severe.  
The left  
side of his face is heavily scarred. A patch covers that eye.  
An  
impressive man, forged in the furnace of a lifetime of war.  
The name  
stitched on the band of his beret is CONNOR. We push in until  
his  
eyes fill frame, then...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**FIRE. SLOW, BOILING, ENORMOUS. FILLING FRAME.**

**VOICE (SARAH CONNOR)**

SkyNet, the computer which controlled the machines,  
sent two terminators back through time. Their

mission: to destroy the leader of the human Resistance... John Connor. My son.

The first terminator was programmed to strike at me, in the year 1984... before John was born. It failed.

The second was set to strike at John himself, when he was still a child. As before, the Resistance was able to send a lone warrior. A protector for John. It was just a question of which one of them would reach him first...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**7 EXT. TRUCKSTOP - NIGHT**

Wild fingers of BLUE-WHITE ELECTRIC ARCS dance in a steel canyon formed by two TRACTOR TRAILERS, parked side by side in the back lot of an all-night truck stop. Then...

The strange lightning forms a circular opening in mid-air, and in the sudden flare of light we see a FIGURE in a SPHERE OF ENERGY.

Then the FRAME WHITES OUT with an explosive THUNDERCLAP!

Through the clearing vapor we see the figure clearly... a naked man.

Face: TERMINATOR has come through. Physique: massive, perfect. devoid of emotion. Terminator stands and impassively surveys its surroundings.

**8 INT. TRUCK STOP DINER - NIGHT**

On a back route to north L.A. A handful of local TRUCKERS hunch over chili-sizes, CAT hats pushed back on their heads. Three BIKERS are playing a game of pool in the back, their Miller empties lining the table's rail. The dive's owner, LLOYD, a fat, aging biker-type in a soiled apron, stands behind the bar. Nothing much going on...

Then the front door opens and a big naked guy strolls in -- that

doesn't happen every night. All eyes simultaneously swivel toward Terminator. Its emotionless gaze passes over the customers as it walks calmly through the room. Everyone frozen, not sure how to react.

8A TERMINATOR POV. A digitized electronic scan of the room, overlaid with alphanumeric readouts which change faster than the human eye can follow. In POV we move past the staring truckers, past the owner and the awestruck WAITRESS, and approach a large nasty-looking biker puffing on a cigar. His body is outlined, or "selected", and thousands of estimated measurements appear. His clothing has been analyzed and deemed suitable...

8B

**TERMINATOR**

I need your clothes, your boots, and your motorcycle.

The big biker's eyes narrow. He takes a long draw on this cigar, the tip cherry-red hot.

**CIGAR BIKER**

You forgot to say please.

He grinds the cigar out on Terminator's chest. Which produces not the slight reaction of pain. Terminator calmly, and without expression, grabs Cigar by his meaty upper arm... Cigar screams from the hydraulic grip.

Terminator doesn't see Cigar's friend, behind him, holding his pool cue by the narrow end like a Louisville Slugger. The heavy send whistles in a powerful swing and CRACKS IN TWO across the back of Terminator's head.

Terminator seems not to notice. Doesn't even blink. Without releasing his grip on Cigar, he snaps his arm straight back and grabs Pool Cue by the front of his jacket. Suddenly the heavysset biker

finds himself flying through the nearest window. CRAASSH!

Terminator hurls Cigar, all 230 pounds of him, clear over the bar, through the serving window into the kitchen, where he lands on the big flat GRILL. We hear a SOUND like SIZZLING BACON as Cigar screams, flopping jerking. He rolls off in a smoking heap.

The third biker whips out a knife with a eight-inch blade and slashes at Terminator's face.

Terminator grabs the arcing blade with his bare hand. Holding it by the razor-sharp blade he jerks it from the guy's hand. Ultra-fast here: He flips it. Grabs the handle like you're supposed to hold a knife. Grabs the biker and slams him face-down over the bar. Then brings the knife whistling down, pinning the biker's shoulder to the bar top with his own steel.

**9 INT. KITCHEN**

The doors BANGS OPEN and Terminator strides in. The Mexican cook does a fast fade as Terminator walks toward Cigar, who is cursing in pain on the floor.

With his deep-fried fingers he struggles to get out the .45 auto tucked under his leather jacket. But he can't even hold onto it. Terminator takes it from him. Instead of pointing it at him, Terminator carefully examines weapon, analyzing its caliber and operating condition. Terminator never threatens... that's a human thing. He just takes.

Cigar senses what he must do when the emotionless eyes come back to him. He slides the keys to his bike across the floor to Terminator's foot. Then painfully starts getting out of his jacket.

**10 INT. TRUCK STOP**

Terminator strides from the kitchen, fully clothed now in a black

leather jacket, leather riding pants, and heavy, clean boots.  
He  
moves toward the moaning biker pinned to the pool table.  
Without  
slowing his stride he jerks the knife out. The guy slumps to  
the  
floor, groaning, behind him.

Terminator continues toward the front of the diner, passing  
Lloyd,  
the owner. At the door, he comes abreast of two truckers who  
sit  
frozen like a snapshot in mid-bite. One of the truckers  
finally  
nods.

#### **TRUCKER**

Evening...

Terminator impassively stares back. Then moves on out the  
door.

#### **11 EXT. TRUCK STOP**

Terminator walks out, surveying the parked Harleys. Sticks  
the .45  
in his belt and swings one leg over a massive CUSTOM ELECTRO-  
GLIDE.  
He slips the dagger in his boot and the key in the ignition.  
Kicks  
over the engine. It catches with a roar and he slams the  
heavy iron  
into gear with a KLUNK.

Lloyd appears at the diner's door with a sawed-off 10-GAUGE  
WINCHESTER LEVER-ACTION SHOTGUN. He fires into the air and  
jacks  
around round in fast, aiming at Terminator's back.

#### **LLOYD**

I can't let you take the man's wheels, son.  
Now get off or I'll put you down.

Terminator turns and considers by coldly. He eases the  
shifter up  
into neutral. Rocks the bike onto its kickstand. Swings him  
leg  
over and walks calmly toward the guy.

Terminator strides right up to Lloyd, staring straight into  
the

shotgun's muzzle. Lloyd starts sweating, trying to decide is he's going to kill a man in cold blood. He's still trying to decide when Terminator's hand blurs out like a striking cobra and is somehow suddenly holding the shotgun.

Lloyd gapes, knowing he's screwed. Then... Terminator reaches toward him. Oh shit... And slips the sunglasses out of Lloyd's shirt pocket. Puts them on. Strides back to the Harley and roars off in a shower of gravel.

**12 EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT**

Terminator roars down the freeway, heading for L.A. Cold neon flares across the chrome of the big bike. The 10-gauge is jammed through the clutch and brake cables, across the handlebars. The lights flow over Terminator's wrap-around sunglasses like the tracks of tracer rounds.

**CUT TO:**

**13 EXT. OVERPASS - NIGHT**

The First Street Bridge. Rusting chain-link fence and graffiti-covered walls. An L.A.P.D. BLACK-AND-WHITE cruises the empty street.

A TREMENDOUS BLUE-WHITE GLARE suddenly spills out between the columns of the overpass. The young UNIFORMED COP in the car whips his head around at the source of the light. He pulls over quickly, in time to see...

13A The powerfully arcing electrical discharge reaches its peak between the columns. Lightning climbs the chain-link fence and light standards, lighting up the night, and papers swirl in a blasting whirlwind.

13B The cop climbs from his cruiser as the glow fades.

He sees vapor dissipating as he approaches the spot where he saw the strange light. He draws his revolver and cautiously moves into the shadows between the rows of pillars.

A NAKED MAN glides from a shadowed doorway behind the cop. Nothing special about him. Certainly not built like a terminator. The flash of light and fact that he is naked are pretty good clues that he just arrived from the future. His features are handsome bordering on severe. His eyes are gray ice. Penetrating. Intelligent.

THE COP spins at a sound. Too late. Mr. X is already on him. The blow is lightning fast and the cop drops like a bag of sand.

LOW ANGLE as the unconscious cop hits the deck, his BERETTA 9mm AUTOMATIC clattering next to him. A hand ENTERS FRAME and picks up this pistol.

**CUT TO:**

13C HIGHLY POLISHED BLACK SHOES rounding the rear tire of the police cruiser. FOLLOW THE SHOES to the cruiser's door then MOVE UP as Mr. X, dressed now in LAPD blue, climbs behind the wheel. He looks and acts exactly like a cop. Cool, alert, confident in his power, his expression emotionless and judgmental. Mr. X, now Officer X, puts the car in gear and drives into the night.

**CUT TO:**

**14 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE/GARAGE - DAY**

TIGHT ON YOUNG JOHN CONNOR, who at his moment is ten years old and busy reassembling the carburetor on his Honda 125 dirtbike. He has ripped Levi's and long stringy hair. A sullen mouth. Eyes which reveal an intelligence as sharp as a scalpel. The Ramones' "I Wanna Be Sedated" blasts from a boom box next to him.

A WOMAN, JANELLA VOIGHT, stands in the doorway of the garage, yelling over the music.

**WOMAN**

...John? John! Get in here right now and clean up that pigsty of yours.

John's friend TIM, a thirteen-year-old Hispanic kid, watches as John replies by turning up the volume on the boom box. Janelle gives up with a SLAM of the house's back door.

**TIM**

Your foster parents are kinda dicks, right?

**JOHN**

Gimme that Phillips right there.

**15 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

Janelle storms into the room. TOD VOIGHT, her husband, watches sports on the TV. They're both in their thirties. Middle-class working stiffs.

**JANELLE**

I swear I've had it with that goddamn kid.  
He won't even answer me.

(neither does he)

Todd? Are you gonna sit there or are you gonna do something?

He sighs. Throws down the TV's remote and heads for the garage.

**16 INT. GARAGE**

John hops on the bike. Kick-starts it. Tim picks up John's nylon bag, then climbs on the back. Todd ENTERS and shouts over the engine, which John revs louder and louder.

**TODD**

John! Get your ass inside right now and do what your mother says!

John pins Todd with a defiant glare.

**JOHN**

She's not my mother, Todd!

He revs the engine and peels out of the garage, with Tim almost falling off the back. They take off down the street.

**17 EXT. VACANT LOT/DRAINAGE CANAL**

John cuts through a vacant lot to a trail running beside a fenced-in drainage canal. He guns the bike through a hole in the retaining fence. Tim's eyes go wide as they roar down the concrete embankment.

17A IN THE DRAINAGE CANAL John zig-zags along, throwing up a roostertail of muddy water. Tim shouts, pretending he didn't just see his life flash before his eyes. He slaps John on the back.

**TIM**

Major moves, homes! So... where is your real mom, anyway?

(John doesn't answer)

She dead or something?

It's hard to read John's expression.

**JOHN**

She might as well be.

John twists the throttle angrily and the bike lunges forward.

**CUT TO:**

**18 EXT. PESCADERO STATE HOSPITAL - DAY**

A SIGN on a chain link fence topped with concertina wire reads:

PESCADERO STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE. Beyond it squats an imposing four-story building. Institutional brick. Barred windows. About as inviting as KGB headquarters.

Security

guards patrol the manicured grass.

**19 INT. HOSPITAL - MAXIMUM SECURITY WING**

Sunlight is a barred slash on the bare institutional wall. The room is empty of all furnishings save the bed, a stainless steel sink,

toilet, and a dented metal mirror. WE HEAR a rhythmic grunting, small explosions of breath in perfectly-metered time.

PAN TO a bedframe leaned upright against the wall, legs facing outward. A pair of sweaty hands grip one leg. Tendons knot and release as SOMEONE does pull-ups. A man of tangled hair hides the face that comes INTO FRAME, dips out, comes back.

WIDER. A WOMAN in a tank top and hospital pants in hanging from the top leg of the vertical bedframe. Her body is straight and taut. Knees bent so the feet clear the ground. The arms are lean and muscular. The inmate, face hidden, pulls up, dips, pulls up. Like a machine. No change in rhythm.

**20 INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR**

FIGURES MOVE TOWARD US down a corridor of polished tile and two-tone walls. DR. PETER SILBERMAN, a smug criminal psychologist, leads a group of young INTERNS. Following laconically, are THREE

**BURLY ATTENDANTS.**

**SILBERMAN**

The next patient is a 29-year old female diagnosed as acute schizo-affective disorder. The usual indicators... depression, anxiety, violent acting-out, delusions of persecution.  
(the interns nod judiciously)  
Here we are.

Silberman stops at one of the SOUNDPROOF STEEL DOORS. There is a two-way speaker beneath a tiny window. Silberman flips the intercom switch.

**21 INT. CELL**

Silberman's scrubbed and cheerful face at cell window. HIS VOICE comes over the tinny speaker.

**SILBERMAN**

'Morning, Sarah.

REVERSE ANGLE as she turns slowly into CLOSE UP.  
SARAH CONNOR is not the same woman we remember from last time.  
Her eyes peer out through a wild tangle of hair like those of a  
cornered animal. Defiant and intense, but skittering around looking  
for escape at the same time. Fight or flight. Down one cheek is  
a long scar, from just below the eye to her upper lip.  
Her VOICE is a low and chilling monotone.

**SARAH**

Good morning, Dr. Silberman. How's the knee?

**22 INT. CORRIDOR**

Silberman's smug composure drops a second. Then returns.

**SILBERMAN**

Fine, Sarah.  
(he switches off, speaks to  
the interns)  
She, uh... stabbed me in the kneecap with a  
screwdriver a few weeks ago.

can't hear them. She feels like a lab animal. The interns look in  
at her through the glass as Silberman talks. With her face drawn,  
eyes haggard and hair wild, she looks like she belongs where she  
is.

**SILBERMAN**

The delusional architecture is interesting.  
She believes a machine called a "terminator",  
which looks human of course, was sent back  
though time to kill her. And also that the  
father of her child was a soldier, sent to  
protect her... he was from the future too...  
(he smiles)  
The year 2029, if I remember correctly.  
(the interns chuckle)  
Let's move on, shall we?

head As the interns walk on, Silberman steps close to DOUGLAS, the  
attendant, and speaks low.

**SILBERMAN**

Douglas, I don't like seeing the patients disturbing their rooms like this. See that she takes her thorazine, would you?

DOUGLAS is 6'4", 250 pounds and warm-hearted at a rattlesnake. He nods, catching Silberman's meaning, and gestures for the other attendants to hang back as Silberman moves on in his rounds.

**23 INT. CELL**

Sarah looks up as the cell door opens. Douglas walks in slowly, idly tapping his POLICE BATON against the door in a ominous rhythm. The other two orderlies ease in behind him. One of them carries a STUN BATON (like a sawed-off cattle prod). The other has a tray with cups of red liquid-thorazine.

**DOUGLAS**

Time to take you meds, Connor.

Sarah faces him, weight centered. Feral eyes darting from one to the other.

**SARAH**

You take it.

Douglas grins, casual --

**DOUGLAS**

Now you know you got to be good 'cause you up for review this afternoon...

**SARAH**

I'm not taking it. Now I don't want any trouble...

**DOUGLAS**

Ain't no trouble at all --

He whips the baton in a whistling backhand, which -- WHAP! Takes her square in the stomach. She doubles over and drops to her knees, unable to breathe. Douglas tips the bed and it slams

from down with a crash, right new to her. He takes her stun wand  
the other attendant and walks forward.

TIGHT ON SARAH, grimacing and struggling to breathe.

**SARAH**

You... son of a... AAARRGH!!

rise. The stun wand hits her between shoulder blades as she tries to

It drives her to the floor, pinning her like a bug. Little  
ELECTRIC ARCS CRACKLE as the baton makes her writhe in pain.  
Douglas grabs her by the hair and jerks her up to her knees.

Hold

the cup of thiorazine in front of her lips.

**DOUGLAS**

Last call, sugar.

Gasping, she chokes the zombie juice down.

**CUT TO:**

**24 EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - DAY**

rear of John furtively hunches before a Ready-Teller machine at the  
a local bank while his friend Tim stands lookout. John slips  
a stolen ATM card into the machine slot. It is something he's  
rigged up, because trailing from the card is ribbon-wire which goes  
to some kind of black-box electronics unit he's got in his ever-  
present knapsack. He holds the pack between his knees and pulls out a  
box. little lap-top keyboard, which is also connected to the black-

PIN John enters a few commands and the plasma-screen displays the  
Ready- number for that account. He quickly enters the number on the  
Teller's keypad and asks it for 300 bucks. The machine whirs  
then begins dispensing twenty-dollar bills. Tim looks back over  
his shoulder amazed.

**JOHN**

Easy money!

**TIM**

Where'd you learn all this stuff?

John collects the twenties as the machine kicks them out. A cool and professional electronic-age thief at ten years old.

**JOHN**

From my mom. My real mom, I mean. Come on baby...

(he grabs the last bills)

Let's go!

They sprint around the corner to an --

**25 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BANK**

They huddle behind the building as John counts out Tim's share. He folds five twenties and palms them to the other kid. When John opens his wallet to put in his money, Tim notices a picture in a plastic sleeve.

**TIM**

That her?

John reluctantly shows his friend the Polaroid. It is a shot of Sarah. Pregnant, in a jeep near the Mexican border. John doesn't know it now, but he will carry the photo with him for over 30 years, and give it to a young man named Kyle Reese, who will travel back in time to become his father. Yes, that photo.

**TIM**

So she's pretty cool, huh?

**JOHN**

Actually, no, she's a complete psycho. That's why she's up at Pescadero. She tries to blow up a computer factory, but she got shot and arrested.

**TIM**

No shit?

**JOHN**

Yeah, she's a total loser. C'mon, let's check

out the 7-Eleven, whatya say?

John has tried to sound casual, but we see in his eyes that is really hurts. He slaps Tim on the shoulder and they jump onto his Honda. John fires up and they whine off down the alley.

**CUT TO:**

**26 INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY**

CLOSE ON COMPUTER TERMINAL, attached to the dash. A Juvenile Division file. Subject: John Connor. Below his ARREST RECORD are his vital stats. Mother: Sarah Connor. Legal Guardians: Todd and Janelle Voight. And below their names, an address: 523 S. Almond. Reseda, Ca.

OFFICER X stares at the screen for a moment. Then gets out the car.

**27 INT./EXT. VOIGHT HOUSE - DAY**

TIGHT ON FRONT DOOR as Todd Voight opens it, revealing the unsmiling face of Officer X beyond the screen door. Todd greets him with a weary sigh.

**OFFICER X**

Are you the legal guardian of John Connor?

**TODD**

That's right, officer. What's he done now?

Officer X ignores the question. He casually scans the living room.

**OFFICER X**

Could I speak with him, please?

Todd shrugs, showing the cop he's past his patience with the boy.

**TODD**

Well, you could if he was here. Be he took off on his bike this morning. Could be anywhere. You gonna tell me what his is about?

**OFFICER X**

I just need to ask him a few questions.

Janelle appears in the doorway behind Todd, concerned.

**JANELLE**

There was a guy here this morning asking about him, too.

**TODD**

Yeah, big guy. On a bike. Has that got something to do with it?

Officer X registers the significance of that. He realizes who the big guy must be. He smiles. Reassuringly shakes his head no.

**OFFICER X**

I wouldn't worry. Do you have a photograph of John?

Todd stares unhappily at the cop. Turns to Janelle.

**TODD**

Get the album, Janelle.

**CUT TO:**

**28 EXT. STREET**

Tim ANGLE THROUGH AN ALLEY from the main street. We see John and flash by on the Honda a block away. Hold a beat. Then...  
to A BIG CHROME WHEEL ENTERS FRAME. BOOM UP a leather-clad leg  
the Terminator's implacable face. It surveys the area slowly as  
a bike idles, then kicks it into gear and moves on, scanning in  
slow shark-like manner, not aware that it missed its prey by seconds.

**CUT TO:**

**29 INT. SARAH'S CELL - DAY**

gently CLOSE ON SARAH. She is shackled, hands and feet, to the bed. Sunlight falls across her pale face. A hand enter frame, stroking her cheek. She wakes up to see --

the  
long  
KYLE REESE. Sitting on the edge of her bed, looking exactly  
same as we last saw him in 1984. Scruffy blonde hair and a  
raincoat.

**SARAH**

Kyle..? You're dead.

He gives her a gentle smile.

**REESE**

I know. This is a dream, Sarah.

**SARAH**

Oh. Yeah. They... make me take this stuff...

He puts a finger to her lips. Then silently unfastens her  
restraints.

death  
love  
They gaze into each other's eyes. And in the look that his  
and the horror she has been through since hasn't touched their  
at all.

**SARAH**

Hold me.

She melts into Reese's arms. Pulls him to her.

**REESE**

I love you. I always will.

**SARAH**

Oh, God... Kyle. I need you so much.

timeless  
speaks.  
She kisses him passionately. They are locked together in a  
moment. PUSH IN TIGHT on Sarah as she buries her face in his  
shoulder. She shuts her eyes tight. Stay on Sarah as Reese

He voice is strangely cold.

**REESE (O.S.)**

Where's John, Sarah?

standing  
Sarah opens her eyes and he is no longer in her arms. He is  
across the room. Pinning her with an accusing gaze.

**SARAH**

They took him from me.

**REESE**

It's John who's the target now. You have to protect him. He's wide open.

**SARAH**

I know!

**REESE**

Don't quit, Sarah. Our son need you.

**SARAH**

(struggling not to cry)

I know, but I'm not as strong as I'm supposed to be. I can't do it. I'm screwing up the mission.

**REESE**

Remember the message... the future is not set. There is not fate but what we make for ourselves.

He turns toward the door.

**SARAH**

Kyle, don't go!

**REESE**

(turning back to her)

There's not much time left in the world, Sarah.

Reese goes out the door. Sarah jumps from the bed, frantic.  
Yanks the door open. Follow her out.

**30 INT. CORRIDOR**

Sarah staggers from her cell. Reese is already, impossibly, a hundred feet away, striding down the dim corridor. A silhouette in a long coat, disappearing around a corner.

Sarah runs after him, her bare feet slapping the cold linoleum. Her hospital gown floats out behind her as she dream-runs along the seemingly infinite corridor. She reaches the corner, slides around it, and...

30A Slams right into the arms of Douglas and his three helpers.  
They

there, grab her as she struggles and screams. The Silberman is smiling soothingly. They force her down and she is pinned to the floor, screaming. A new figure approaches... one even more menacing.

Backlit, TERMINATOR walks toward her, with heavy measured steps. eyes concealed by the sunglasses, it stands over her like the angel of death itself. It reaches down and... Takes her hand. Lifts her up. Leads her to a door. They go through together. Emerging into...

30B A BEAUTIFUL SUNLIGHT MORNING. CHILDREN are playing nearby... sliding down slides, clambering through a jungle gym. Sarah knows this dream know... it's is the worst of all her nightmares. She starts to scream but no sound comes out.

30C THE SKY EXPLODES into WHITE LIGHT. Everything is seared by the unholy glare, hotter than a thousand suns. The children ignite like match heads. Sarah is burning, screaming silently, everything silent and overexposed. Terminator's flesh and clothing are burning, silently. It grips her hand, Virgil to her Dante in this tour of the nuclear-age Inferno.

30D THE BLAST WAVE HITS... a near-solid wall of compressed air followed by 250-mph winds. The children, charcoal statues frozen in positions of play, explode into black leaves of ash and swirl away. SOUND hit now, with a thunderous roar. Sarah's scream merges with the howl of the wind as the blast hits her, exploding the flesh from her bones. Beside her, Terminator is stripped of its burnt flesh, becoming a smoking skeleton of steel.

30E Then she wake up... in her cell, shackled to the bed. Sunlight hurts her eyes. She looks desperate and defeated. She knows the war is

coming. It visits her every time she closes her eyes. Lost and alone, Sarah feels all hope recede for herself and for humanity.

**CUT TO:**

**31 INT. PESCADERO STATE HOSPITAL - INTERVIEW ROOM**

TIGHT ON VIDEO SCREEN, playing a previously-recorded session. Sarah is in a strait-jacket, talking softly.

**VIDEO SARAH**

... it's... like a giant strobe light, burning right through my eyes... but somehow I can still see. Look, you know the dream's the same every night, why do I have to --

**VIDEO SILBERMAN**

Please continue...

31A The REAL SARAH dispassionately watches herself on the screen. Her expression is controlled. Silberman watches her watching. They are in a brightly-lit interview room. TWO ATTENDANTS stands nearby.

**31B VIDEO SARAH**

The children look like burnt paper... black, not moving. Then the blast wave hits them and they fly apart like leaves..."

Video Sarah can't go on. Real Sarah watches herself cry on tape, her expression cold. We hear Silberman speak on the tape.

**VIDEO SILBERMAN**

Dreams about cataclysm, or the end of the world, are very common, Sarah...

Video Sarah cuts him off, her mood shifting to sudden rage.

**VIDEO SARAH**

It's not just a dream. It's real, you moron! I know the date is happens!!

**VIDEO SILBERMAN**

I'm sure it feels very real to you --

**VIDEO SARAH**

On August 29th 1997 it's going to feel pretty

fucking real to you, too! Anybody not wearing number two million sunblock in gonna have a real bad day, get it?

**VIDEO SILBERMAN**

Relax now, Sarah --

**VIDEO SARAH**

You think you're alive and safe, but you're already dead. Everybody, you, him...

(she gestures are the attendant)

everybody... you're all fucking dead!

inject She is raving, half out of her chair. The orderly moves to her with something.

**VIDEO SARAH**

You're the one living in a dream, Silberman, not me! Because I know it happens. It happens!

31C Silberman pauses the tape... freezing Sarah's contorted face. Real Sarah turns away from the screen, he expression stony.

**SARAH**

I was afraid... and confused. I feel much better, now. Clearer.

Silberman gives a calculated paternal smile.

**SILBERMAN**

Yes. Your attitude have been very positive lately.

Sarah looks up at him. Her voice is hopeful.

**SARAH**

It has helped me a lot to have a goal, something to look forward to.

**SILBERMAN**

And what it that?

As she answers, WE PULL BACK, revealing that we have been looking through a one-way mirror from an adjacent OBSERVATION ROOM. In the shadows of the observation room we see that interns from the earlier rounds, and a couple of STAFF PSYCHOLOGISTS. They smoke and

make the occasional note.

**SARAH**

You said I could be transferred to the minimum security wing and have visitors if I showed improvement in six months. Well, it's been six months, and I was looking forward to seeing my son.

**SILBERMAN**

I see. Let's go back to what you were saying about these terminator machines. Now you think they don't exist?

CLOSE ON SARAH. Her voice sounds hollow.

**SARAH**

They don't exist. I see that now.

Silberman leans back, studying her. Toying with her.

**SILBERMAN**

But you've told me on many occasions about how you crushed one in a hydraulic press.

**SARAH**

If I had, there would have been some evidence. They would have found something at the factory.

**SILBERMAN**

I see. So you don't believe anymore that the company covered it up?

Sarah shakes her head no.

**CUT TO:**

**32 EXT. CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS - DAY**

The corporate headquarters of a mega-electronic corporation.  
As imposing cubist castle of black glass.

**33 INT. SECOND FLOOR/ELEVATORS**

The elevator doors slide open with a whisper and MILES DYSON  
strides out. Black. In his early thirties. The star of the Special  
Projects Division. He's brilliant, aggressive, driven. Dyson  
walks down the corridor, swinging his arms... a man in a hurry. A  
man

with much to do.

He reaches a solid security door and zips his ELECTRONIC KEY-CARD

through the scanner. The door unlocks with a clunk.  
The sign next to the door reads: SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION:  
**AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.**

**34 INT. SECURITY STATION**

He nods to the guards as he passes through the security checkpoint.

They can see all activities on the floor on their bank of monitors.

He unlocks another service door with his card and enters --

**35 INT. ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE (A.I.) LAB**

The lab is quite large, comprising banks of processors, disk drives,

test bays, prototype assembly areas. Extremely high tech.

**DYSON**

Greetings, troops.

He is jokingly saluted by fellow members. Not a lab coat in sight.

This is strictly jeans and sneakers crowd. All young and bright.

They sit at their consoles drinking Coke and changing technology as

we know it. A young LAB ASSISTANT rushes over to Dyson. Name tag

says he's BRYANT.

**BRYANT**

Mr. Dyson? The material teams wants to run another test on the uh... on it.

**DYSON**

Yup. Come on. I'll get it.

Dyson produces an unusual-looking KEY from his pocket as they stride

through the lab. Bryant has to hustle to keep up.

**BRYANT**

Listen, Mr. Dyson, I know I haven't been here that long, but I was wondering if you could tell me... I mean, if you know...

**DYSON**

Know what?

**BRYANT**

Well... where it came from.

**DYSON**

I asked them that question once. Know what they told me? Don't ask.

**36 INT. VAULT ROOM**

Dyson enters with Bryant. Dyson and a GUARD stand together before what looks like a high-tech bank vault. It requires two keys to open, like the launch controls in a nuclear silo. The guard and Dyson insert their keys and turn them simultaneously. Dyson then enters a passcode at a console and the vault unlocks itself with a sequence of clunks. The door swings open and Dyson enters. Bryant stays outside with the guard, who notes Dyson's name and item on a clipboard.

**37 INT. VAULT**

Dyson walks to a stainless steel cabinet and opens it. Inside is a small artifact in a sealed container of inert gas. IT -- a ceramic rectangle, about the size of a domino, the color of liver. It has been shattered, painstakingly reconstructed and mounted on a metal frame.

Dyson removes the artifact, it its insert-gas, and sets it on a specially-designed cart. He handles it like the Turin Shroud. Dyson closes the cabinet. Turns to the one next to it. Opens its door. In this cabinet is a larger object... an intricate

METAL HAND

**AND FOREARM.**

At the elbow, the metal is twisted and crushed. But the forearm and hand are intact. Its metal surface scorched and discolored, it

stands upright in a vacuum flask, as if saluting. This is all  
that  
remains of the terminator Sarah destroyed. Dyson stares at  
it, lost  
in thought. The he closes the cabinet, BLACKING OUT FRAME.

**CUT TO:**

**38 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM/OBSERVATION ROOM**

We can see through the one-way mirror into the interview room  
where

Sarah is still talking with Silberman. The OTHER  
PSYCHOLOGISTS are  
still watching through the mirror. Reviewing Sarah's  
condition.

**SARAH**

So what do you think, Doctor? I've shown a lot  
of improvement, haven't I?

**SILBERMAN**

You see, Sarah... here's the problem. I know  
how smart you are, and I think you're just  
telling me what I want to hear. I don't think  
you really believe who you've been telling me  
today.

We go tight on Sarah's reaction. And we see that Silberman is  
right.

She was playing him and it didn't work. And she knows she's  
fucked.

Her tone becomes quite pleading.

**SARAH**

You have to let me see my son. Please. It's  
very important. He's in danger. At least let  
me call him --

Silberman pins her with his sweet reptilian gaze.

**SILBERMAN**

I'm afraid not. Not for a while. I don't see  
any choice but to recommend to the review board  
that you stay here another six months.

Sarah's eyes turn cold and lethal in one second. She knows  
she's

lost. She knows this guy is just playing with her, and she --  
**LEAPS ACROSS THE TABLE AT HIM.**

**SARAH**

**YOU SON OF A BITCH!!**

Silberman jumps back and the attendants dive on her. She is writhing and twisting like a bobcat. Silberman whips open a drawer and pulls out a syringe. He jabs it into her and she yells --

**SARAH**

Goddammit. Let me go!! Silberman! You don't know what you're doing! You fuck! You're dead! You hear me!!

Silberman signals and the attendants drag her out. He looks at the doctors behind the glass. Shrugs.

**SILBERMAN**

Model citizen.

**CUT TO:**

**39 EXT. 7-ELEVEN STORE - DAY**

Officer X has stopped two young girls in front of a 7-Eleven. He is leaning out the cruiser window and showing them the picture of John. The first girl nods.

**FIRST GIRL**

Yeah, he was here about fifteen minutes ago. I think he said he was going to the Galleria.

**OFFICER X**

The what?

The second girl points toward a massive complex visible about the houses several blocks away. Officer X stares at it.

**40 EXT. STREET**

Terminator cruises slowly on the bike. Scanning. He crosses an overpass above a drainage canal and whips his head around at the sound of a dirt-bike engine.

**40A TERMINATOR POV -- OF TWO KIDS ON A BIKE DOWN IN THE CANAL. THE IMAGE SNAP-ZOOMS IN. FREEZES ON THE DRIVER'S FACE. "IDENT POS" FLASHES NEXT TO THE BLURRY IMAGE OF JOHN.**

40B Terminator wheel the Harley around, cutting onto a street which runs parallel to the canal. Terminator hauls ass at keep John in sight.  
He catches glimpses of the kid through trees and houses.  
Loses him.  
Catches one last glimpse of him heading into the parking lot of a large SHOPPING MALL.

**41 INT. GALLERIA - DAY**

John works his way through a crowded video arcade. Sees some guys he knows. Stops to talk, striking a pose. Mall rats in the element.  
We don't hear the dialogue.

**42 INT. GALLERIA PARKING LOT**

TERMINATOR'S idling Harley shakes the parking garage walls. He stops at a row of bikes near the escalators. John's little Honda sits proudly with the big street bikes. Terminator parks.

**43 INT. GALLERIA**

OFFICER X is moving through the flow of shoppers. The place is a zoo.

He stops some kids and shows them the picture. They shrug.

43A IN A CROWDED VIDEO ARCADE JOHN is lost in an intense battle, going for a new high score at "Missile Command". He parries deftly at the enemy ICBMs deploy their MIRVs... the warheads stream down... it's more than he can deal with. The world gets nuked. Game over. He slouches away from the game, looking for another. Bored.

RACK FOCUS to Officer X passing the entrance of the store behind him.

The cop moves on, down the concourse, out of sight.

John gets in an "Afterburner" simulator game.

43B ON TERMINATOR, walking through the crowd in slow motion. Scanning.  
He moves with methodical purpose, knowing the target is close.  
We

Like see that he is, incredibly, carrying a box of LONG-STEM ROSES.  
some hopeful guy with a hot date.

43C THE COP is pointed toward the arcade by some kids hanging out  
at the multi-cinema. He walks into the maze of kids engaged in  
synthesized combat. Cheap electronic effects blare above the crowd noise.

43D JOHN is shooting down MiGs at Mach 2. His friend Tim slides  
up next to him. Taps him on the shoulder, trying to play it cool.

**TIM**

Some cop is scoping for you, dude.

John looks around the corner of the "Afterburner" ride. Sees  
the cop showing a picture to some of the kids. The kids point his  
way.

John ducks just as the cop glances over. He slinks out the  
other side of the ride and heads for the back of the store, instinctively  
retreating. Sarah has taught him that cops are bad news.

THE COP scans the crowded arcade. Glimpses John, looking back  
as he moves around a row of machines. Starts toward him.

JOHN sees the cop homing in and starts walking fast. Looks  
back.

THE COP is shoving through clots of kids. One of them is  
slammed to the floor. An eddy of outrage behind the cop as he gains  
speed.

John breaks into run. So does the cop.  
Kids scatter like ten-pins as the cop charges after John.  
John sprints through the arcade's back officer and store-  
rooms.

**44 INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR**

John emerges through a fire door into a long corridor with  
connects to the parking garage. He's running full out, when around the  
corner ahead of him comes...

TERMINATOR. Time stretches to nightmarish crawl as John tries  
to

brake to a stop. Terminator reaches into the box of roses.  
SLOW MOTION. The cold back steel of the SHOTGUN emerges at  
the box  
falls open, the roses spilling to the floor. TERMINATOR'S  
BOOT  
crushes the flowers as it moves forward.

JOHN, transfixed by terror, is trapped in the narrow  
featureless  
shooting gallery of the corridor. THE SHOTGUN COMES UP.  
Terminator  
expressionlessly strides forward. Jacks a round into the  
chamber,  
slow and fluid.

John looks behind him for a place to run. Sees the cop coming  
toward  
him, pulling his Beretta pistol. Incredibly, John realizes  
the cop  
is aiming his gun at him!  
John looks back at Terminator. He is starting into the black  
muzzle  
of the 10-gauge now. Aimed right at his head. He realizes  
he's  
screwed. Then something crazy happens...

**TERMINATOR**

Get down.

John instinctively ducks. Terminator pulls the trigger.  
KABOOM!

THE COP catches the SHOTGUN'S BLAST square in the chest just  
as he  
fires the pistol. The pistol's shot goes wild.

TERMINATOR pumps another round into him. The another. And  
another.

Advancing a step each time he fires, he empties the shotgun  
into the  
cop, blowing his backward down the corridor. The sound is  
DEAFENING.  
Then silence.

THE COP lies still on his back.

44A Terminator is now standing right over John. They both watch  
as the  
cop, incredibly, sits up unharmed and gets to his feet.  
Terminator

grabs John roughly by his jacket. Clutches the kid to his chest then spins around at the cop opens fire with the Beretta.

44B The "cop", who not only isn't a cop, he clearly isn't even human, pulls the trigger so fast it almost seems like a machine-pistol.

ON TERMINATOR'S BACK, as the 9mm slugs slam into it, punching bloody holes in the motorcycle jacket.

JOHN is bug-eyed with fear, but completely unscratched. Terminator's body has blocked the bullets.

The Beretta CLACKS empty. Terminator turns at the sound. Shoves John behind a Coke machine. Drops the empty shotgun. Starts walking toward the "cop". The empty magazine clatters to the floor. The cop inserts another one. Snaps back the slide. Terminator still has twenty feet to go. He doesn't break his purposeful stride.

The cop opens fire. Bullets rake Terminator's chest. He doesn't even flinch. Ten feet to go. BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM! Neither the cop nor Terminator show the slightest change in expression as the gun rips Terminator's wardrobe to shreds.

CLACK. The pistol empties again. Terminator stops two feet in front of the cop. The appraise each other for a second.

We realize now that the cop is a terminator too. We don't know the details yet, but let's call him the T-1000 (since that's what he is).

A newer model than the one we've come to know so well (the 800 Series "Arnold"). This guy's a prototype... and he's got quite a few surprises.

T-1000 AND TERMINATOR size each other up. Terminator moves first. He grabs T-1000 in his massive hands but the T-1000 snaps back with a

counter-grip. After about two seconds of intense slamming,  
the walls  
on both sides of the corridor have all the plaster smashed in,  
and  
the two battling machines have blasted through the wall and  
disappeared.

JOHN, totally stunned by all this, remembers to move. He  
staggers to  
his feet. Stumble-runs toward the parking garage.

44C THIRD LEVEL CONCOURSE. A plate glass window EXPLODES and  
Terminator  
crashes through to the tile floor like a sack of cement amid  
the  
screaming crowd.

44D T-1000 turns without a word and heads back through the store  
after  
John, accelerating slowly into a loping, predatory run.

44E Terminator is totally still. A JAPANESE TOURIST cautiously  
steps  
forward and takes a picture of the body. Suddenly,  
Terminator's  
eyes snap open. The stunned tourist backs away.

He sits up and looks around. Gets his bearings. Rises  
smoothly to  
his feet. All servos seem to be working fine. The tourist's  
camera  
whirs as the motor-drive runs on by itself, taking shot after  
show.  
The owner isn't even looking through the eyepiece, he's so  
shocked.

#### 45 INT. PARKING GARAGE

John is frantically pumping the kick-start of his bike, scared  
shaking so  
shitless and the damned thing won't start. His hands are  
badly he can't find the choke. He looks up to see --  
The T-1000 running down the corridor toward him.  
John fumbles with the choke. The bike catches. He slams it  
in gear  
and spins the bike out into the main aisle of the garage.

John looks back... the T-1000 is behind him, running. He  
twists the  
throttle and guns the little bike forward. Incredibly, the T-  
1000

is gaining. This nightmare isn't happening. John races out the exit ramp, and charges right into the street.

**46 EXT. STREET**

John shoots into the busy traffic. Cuts off a BIG-RIG TOW TRUCK.

The DRIVER swears. Hits his air horn. What the driver doesn't see is the cop, running faster than O.J. Simpson at the airport, who emerges onto the street and runs back at his truck.

46A IN THE TRUCK. The driver hears a thump as something slams against his door, then feels himself pulled right out. T-1000 slides in and takes his place. The truck is still rolling along about 25 mph. T-1000 accelerates after John without missing a beat. It can see him, up ahead, weaving through traffic.

46B Out of the garage entrance, Terminator roars onto the street on the Harley. He accelerates after the others.

**47 EXT. FLOOD CONTROL CHANNEL**

John slides his bike down the service ramp faster than he's ever done it before. He races along the bottom of the canal, turning into a narrower tributary which has vertical sides.

He looks back. No sign of pursuit.  
47A Suddenly he sees the sun blocked out by a great shadow. The Kenworth tow-truck... big as a house, all chrome and roaring diesel engine... crashes through the fence and launches itself right into the center of the canal.

It crashes down, 15 feet to the ground, going about 60, hits at an angle and tears into the concrete wall with a hideous grinding of metal. It ricochets back and forth between the walls then, bellowing

like a gunshot stegosaurus, it just keep on plowing forward,  
gathering  
speed.

47B John looks back and sees this wall of metal almost filling the  
narrow  
concrete canal and he milks every last bit of throttle the  
little bike  
has. The Kenworth is all muscle, tearing along the canal like  
a train  
in a tunnel. Its big tires send up huge sheets of muddy  
spray,  
backlit in the setting sun. It looks like some kind of demon.  
And...  
it's gaining.

47C ABOVE THEM, on the service road running parallel, Terminator  
is  
fighting to overtake them. He looks down and sees John with  
the tow-  
truck from Hell catching up to him. It is only about twenty  
feet  
behind him and still gaining.

47D ANGLE IN THE CANAL, looking back past a desperate John, at the  
wall  
of metal filling frame behind him.

47E ABOVE, Terminator cuts the bike suddenly hard to the left,  
leaving the  
road. Hitting an earth embankment just right, he jumps the  
bike into  
the air like Steve McQueen in "The Great Escape" and vaults  
the fence  
bordering the canal. It slams down at the edge of the canal  
and tears  
along, inches from the drop-off on a dirt path, accelerating  
past the  
truck in the canal below.

47F John hits some water and slews momentarily, loosing speed.  
The  
massive push-plate on the front of the truck slams into his  
back  
fender. Panicked, he pulls a little ahead. All this is  
happening at  
about sixty miles and hour. Top speed for the little dirt  
bike.

47G SLOW MOTION as Terminator jumps the bike again. This time the  
700-

pound Harley sails out into space and drops into the canal.  
It arcs  
down between the truck and John, hitting on its wheels. It  
bottoms  
out, an explosion of sparks under the frame. Only the ultra-  
fast  
reflexes of a machine could keep the bike upright. Terminator  
fights  
for control.

47H He guns the throttle and the powerful bike roars up beside  
John's tiny  
Honda.  
Terminator sweeps the kid off his machine with one arm and  
swings him  
onto the Harley, in front of him. John's Honda weaves and  
falls,  
smashing instantly under thundering tires.

The Harley roars ahead. It hits eighty. Ahead is an  
overpass, and  
supporting it is an abutment which bisects the canal into two  
channels. The Harley thunders into one channel, which is  
essentially  
a short tunnel.

47I The truck can't fit on either side. Neither can it stop, at  
that  
speed. Tires locked, it slides on the muddy concrete and  
piles into  
the concrete abutment at seventy.

47J Terminator and John emerge from the tunnel, looking back to  
see a  
fireball blasting through behind them as the truck's side-  
tanks  
explode.

Terminator stops the Harley. John peers around his body to  
see the  
destruction. A burning wheel wobbles out of the tunnel and  
flops in  
the mud. Terminator revs the bike and they roar away, down  
the canal,  
disappearing around a bend.

47K ANGLE ON THE FIRE, as a column of black smoke rises from the  
overpass.  
Smoke boils from the tunnel as well, and inside it is a solid  
wall of  
flame. A figure appears in the fire.  
Just an outline. Walking slowly... calmly.

The figure emerges from the flames.

Not a  
complex  
chrome  
It  
unformed.  
Unruffled by thousand-degree heat, it walks toward us.

It is human-shaped but far from human. A smooth chrome man. A servo-mechanism like Terminator is underneath, with its hydraulics and cables... this thing is a featureless, liquid chrome surface, bending seamlessly at knees and elbows as it walks. It reminds us of mercury. A mercury man. Its face is simple, unformed.

liquid  
features,  
ears...

With each step detail returns. First the shape and lines of its clothing emerge from the chrome surface, then finer details... buttons, facial

47K  
returns to  
hair,  
mustache. Icy eyes. It stops and looks around.

But it's still all chrome. With its last step, the color returns to everything. It is the cop again... handsome young face, blond

machine  
society.

It is a perfect chameleon. A liquid metal robot. A killing machine with the ultimate skills of mimicry for infiltration of human

47L  
up.  
T-1000  
scenes of  
so  
perfect.  
It walks among the other cops unnoticed.  
Gets into one of the squad cars. Starts it and drives away.

ANGLE NEARBY, as several police cruisers and a fire truck pull up. T-1000 climbs out of the canal behind them. More cops arrive. T-1000 blends in perfectly. There are always cops at disasters and scenes of violence. We now see why its choice of protective mimicry is so perfect.

**48 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT**

Terminator, with John in front of him on the Harley, roars down the empty street. John cranes his neck around to get a look at the person/thing he is riding with. The image is strangely reminiscent

of father/son, out for an evening ride.

John is still in shock from the experience of what just happened and he's just a ten-year kid, but he's also John Connor who will someday rise to greatness, and we see a bit of that in him even now.

**JOHN**

Whoa... time out. Stop the bike!

Terminator immediately complies. He leans the bike into a turn.

They head into a nearby alley.

**49 EXT. ALLEY**

Terminator and John rolls into the alley and come to a stop.

John slides off the gas tank. Terminator impassively stares at him. John checks him out. Tentatively speaks.

**JOHN**

Now don't take this the wrong way, but you are a terminator, right?

**TERMINATOR**

Yes. Cyberdyne Systems, Model 101.

**JOHN**

No way!

John touches Terminator's skin. Then the blood on his jacket. His mind overloads as the reality of it hits him.

**JOHN**

Holy shit... you're really real! I mean... whoah!

(stepping back)

You're, uh... like a machine underneath, right... but sort of alive outside?

**TERMINATOR**

I'm a cybernetic organism. Living tissue over a metal endoskeleton.

**JOHN**

This is intense. Get a grip, John. Okay, uh... you're not here to kill me... I figured that part out for myself. So what's the deal?

**TERMINATOR**

My mission is to protect you.

**JOHN**

Yeah? Who sent you?

**TERMINATOR**

You did. Thirty years from now you reprogrammed me to be your protector here, in this time.

John gives him an amazed look.

**JOHN**

This is deep.

**50 EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

John and Terminator on the bike again, weaving through the side streets. They blend into the evening traffic. In the darkness, Terminator's wounds are not readily visible. John cranes his head up and back.

**JOHN**

So this other guy? He's a terminator too, right, like you?

**TERMINATOR**

Not like me. A T-1000. Advanced prototype. A mimetic polyalloy.

**JOHN**

What does that mean?

**TERMINATOR**

Liquid metal.

**JOHN**

Radical.

**TERMINATOR**

You are targeted for termination. The T-1000 will not stop until it complete its mission. Ever.

John mulls that over.

**JOHN**

Where we going?

**TERMINATOR**

We have to leave the city, immediately. And avoid the authorities.

**JOHN**

Can I stop by my house?

**TERMINATOR**

Negative. The T-1000 will definitely try to reacquire you there.

**JOHN**

You sure?

**TERMINATOR**

I would.

**CUT TO:**

**51 EXT. PAYPHONE**

John is quickly going through his pockets for change. He has plenty of bills but no quarters.

**JOHN**

Look, Todd and Janelle are dicks but I gotta warn them. Shit! You got a quarter?

Terminator reaches past John and smashes the cover plate off the phone's cash box with the heel of his hand. A shower of change tumbles out. Terminator hands one to John. John dials.

**52 INT. VOIGHT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Janelle Voight picks up the kitchen phone and cradles it with her shoulder which she continues to chop vegetables with a large knife. She answers sweetly.

**JANELLE**

Hello?

**JOHN**

(filtered through phone)  
Janelle? It's me.

In the backyard, John's German Shepherd is going bonkers, barking at

something.

**JANELLE**

John? Where are you, honey? It's late. You should come home, dear. I'm making a casserole.

AT THE PAYPHONE. John listens, an odd look on his face. He covers the phone's mouthpiece and turns to Terminator.

**JOHN**

(whispering)

Something's wrong. She's never this nice.

IN THE VOIGHTS' KITCHEN. Todd comes through the kitchen's back door.

Grabs Just home from work. He ignores Janelle and opens the fridge. a carton of milk. Takes a sip. Frowns at the dog's barking.

**TODD**

What the hell's the goddamn dog barking at?

**SHUT UP, YOU MUTT!**

He TIGHT ON JANELLE as Todd growls around the kitchen behind her. passes OUT OF FRAME next to her. Janelle switches the phone to her other hand then... THUNK! Her free hand seems to do something out of frame. There is a gurgling, and the sound of liquid dribbling onto the floor. (Don't go away. We'll find out what happened in a moment)

**AT THE PAYPHONE**

**JOHN**

The dog's really barking. Maybe it's already there. What should I do?

is Terminator takes the phone from John's hand. Janelle's voice floating through the receiver.

**JANELLE**

(filtered)

John? John, are you okay?

John's Terminator speaks into the phone in a perfect imitation of voice...

**TERMINATOR**

(in John's voice)  
I'm right here. I'm fine.  
(to John, a whisper)  
What's the dog's name?

**JOHN**

Max.

Terminator nods. Speaks into the phone.

**TERMINATOR**

Hey, Janelle, what's wrong with Wolfy? I can hear him barking. Is he okay?

**JANELLE**

(filtered)  
Wolfy's fine, honey. Where are you?

Terminator unceremoniously hangs up the phone. Turns to John.

**TERMINATOR**

Your foster parents are dead. Let's go.

Terminator heads for the bike. John, shocked, stares after him.

**53 INT. VOIGHT HOUSE/KITCHEN**

Janelle hangs up the phone. Her expression is neutral. Calm.  
PAN OVER along her arm, which is stretched out straight from the shoulder. Partway along its length her arm has turned smoothly into something else... a metal cylinder which tapers into a sword-like spike. Now we see Todd Voight PINNED TO A KITCHEN CABINET by the spike which has punched through his milk carton, through his mouth and exits the back of his head into the cabinet door. His eyes are glassy and lifeless.

The spike is withdrawn -- SWIISHHTT! -- so rapidly, Todd is actually standing there a second before he slumps out of sight. THUMP.  
53A Janelle doesn't bat an eye as the spike smoothly changes shape and color, transforming back into a hand, and then...

53B JANELLE CHANGES rapidly into the COP we now know as the T-1000. The change has liquid quality. T-1000 opens the back door.

**54 EXT. VOIGHT HOUSE/BACKYARD - NIGHT**

T-1000 approaches the big German Shepherd, which slinks away from it, barking in fear. T-1000 walk right into CLOSE UP. Reaches down, OUT OF FRAME. We hear that sickening THUNK followed by a shrill YELP. Then T-1000's hand snaps up INTO FRAME holding a bloody dog collar. The tag reads "MAX". T-1000 nods thoughtfully. Heads back to the house.

**55 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Dark. Off a quiet street. Terminator stands near the Harley, watching John pace before him. John's brain is calling time-out. This is all too weird.

**JOHN**

I need a minute here, okay? You're telling me it can imitate anything it touches?

**TERMINATOR**

Anything it samples by physical contact.

John thinks about that, trying to grasp their opponent's parameters.

**JOHN**

Like it could disguise itself as anything... a pack of cigarettes?

**TERMINATOR**

No. Only an object of equal size.

John's still reeling from meeting one terminator, which now seems downright conventional next to the exotic new model.

**JOHN**

Well, why doesn't become a bomb or something to get me?

**TERMINATOR**

It can't form complex machines. Guns and

explosives have chemicals, moving parts. It doesn't work that way. But it can form solid metal shapes.

**56 INT. VOIGHT HOUSE - NIGHT**

T-1000 walks down the dark hall. It passes the bathroom and we see the real Janelle's legs through the half-open door. The shower is running. Her blood mixes with water on the white tile floor.

56A In John's bedroom the T-1000 begins searching methodically in the dark.

Calmly and dispassionately ripping the room apart for any clues that could lead it to its target. T-1000 finds a box of audio cassettes

marked "Messages from Mom". In it are some letters, and envelopes filled with snapshots. It begins looking through some of the photos...

SHOT OF JOHN AND SARAH during the missing years. Sarah in olive cammos with an RPG 7 grenade launcher, teaching John how to aim. Sarah with a group of military-clad Guatemalan men, standing next to cases of Stinger missiles. John and Sarah in a Contra camp, deep in the mountains.

**57 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

John is now sitting on the curb, lost in stunned thought. Terminator stands above him, watching the street like a Doberman. He glances down at John.

**JOHN**

We spent a lot of time in Nicaragua... places like that. For a while she was with this crazy ex-Green Beret guy, running guns. Then there were some other guys. She'd shack up with anybody she could learn from. So then she could teach me how to be this great military leader. Then she gets busted and it's like... sorry kid, your mom's a psycho. Didn't you know? It's like... everything I'd been brought

up to believe was just made-up fantasy, right?  
I hated her for that.  
(he looks up)  
But everything she said was true.  
(he stands)  
We gotta get her out of there.

**TERMINATOR**

Negative. The T-1000's highest probability for success now would be to copy Sarah Connor and wait for you to make contact with her.

**JOHN**

Oh, great. And what happens to her?

Terminator's reply is matter-of-fact.

**TERMINATOR**

Typically, the subject being copied is terminated.

**JOHN**

TERMINATED!?! Shit! Why didn't you tell me?  
We gotta right now!

**TERMINATOR**

Negative. She is not a mission priority.

**JOHN**

Yeah, well fuck you, she's a priority to me!

John strides away. Terminator goes after him and grabs him  
arm.  
John struggles against the grip. Which doesn't do him much  
good.

**JOHN**

Hey, goddammit! What's your problem?

Starts dragging John back to the bike. John spots a couple of  
collage-age slab-o-meat JOCK-TYPES across the street and  
starts  
yelling to them.

**JOHN**

Help! HELP!! I'm being kidnapped! Get this  
psycho off of me!

The TWO JOCKS start toward him. John yells in outrage to  
Terminator.

**JOHN**

Let go of me!!

To his surprise, Terminator's hand opens so fast John falls  
right on  
his butt.  
He looks up at the open hand.

**JOHN**

Oww! Why'd you do that?

**TERMINATOR**

You told me to.

John stares at him in amazement as he realizes...

**JOHN**

You have to do what I say?!

**TERMINATOR**

That is one of my mission parameters.

**JOHN**

Prove it... stand on one foot.

Terminator expressionlessly lifts one leg.  
John grins. He's the first on his block...

**JOHN**

Cool! My own terminator. This is great!

The two guys get there and look at Terminator standing there  
calmly  
dark  
with one leg up in the air. This big guy in black leather and  
glasses, standing like a statue.

**FIRST JOCK**

Hey, kid. You okay?

John turns to him. No longer needing to be rescued.

**JOHN**

Take a hike, bozo.

**FIRST JOCK**

Yeah? Fuck you, you little dipshit.

**JOHN**

Dipshit? Did you say dipshit?!  
(to Terminator)  
Grab this guy.

Terminator complies instantly, hoisting him one-handed by the collar.  
the guy's legs are pinwheeling.

**JOHN**

Now who's the dipshit, you jock douchebag?

Immediately, things get out of hand. The guy's friend jumps behind

Terminator and tries to grab him in a full nelson --  
Terminator throws the first guy across the hood of a car --  
Grabs the second by the hair, whips out his .45 in a quick blur, and

aims the muzzle at the guy's forehead.  
John grabs Terminator's arm with a yell as he pulls the trigger --  
John's weight is just enough to deflect the gun a few inches.

The  
stares,  
guy flinches, stunned by the K-BOOM next to his ear. He  
shocked. Pissing himself. John is freaking out, too.  
He screams at Terminator.

**JOHN**

Put the gun down! NOW!!

Terminator sets the .45 on the sidewalk. John scoops it up fast then  
turns to the shocked civilians, who can't believe what just happened.

**JOHN**

Walk away.

They do. Fast. John grabs Terminator by the arm and tugs him toward  
the bike. John still holds the gun, reluctant to give it back.

**JOHN**

Jesus... you were gonna kill that guy!

**TERMINATOR**

Of course. I'm a terminator.

John stares at him. Having your own terminator just became a little  
bit less fun to him.

**JOHN**

Listen to me, very carefully, okay? You're not a terminator any more. Alright? You got that?

You can't just go around killing people!

**TERMINATOR**

Why?

**JOHN**

Whattaya mean, why? 'Cause you can't!

**TERMINATOR**

Why?

**JOHN**

You just can't, okay? Trust me on this.

Terminator doesn't get it. John just stares at him. Frightened at what just almost happened. He gets a glimpse of the responsibility that comes with power. Finally he hands the .45 back to Terminator, who puts it away.

**JOHN**

Look, I'm gonna go get my mom. You wanna come along, that's fine with me.

**CUT TO:**

**58 INT. VOIGHT HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

T-1000 finds an envelope... a letter from Sarah to John sent since she's been at Pescadero State Hospital. It reads the return address on the envelope. It has what it needs. It picks up a tape player and the battered shoebox full of Sarah's tapes and exits.

**CUT TO:**

**59 CLOSE ON A BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPH.** The image is a nightmare from the past. It is a surveillance camera still-frame from the L.A. police station where the first terminator made such an impression in 1984. We see the blurry forms of the cop frozen in the emergency lights of a burning corridor.

A black-clad figure stands at the end of the corridor. The guy has

in one short-cropped hair and dark glasses. An AR-80 assault rifle  
toy hand, and a 12-gauge in the other -- holding them both like  
pistols.  
frame ANOTHER PHOTO is slapped on top of the first. Another still-  
blow-up is placed over the last. Terminator looms in CLOSEUP.

**DETECTIVE WEATHERSBY (O.S.)**

These were taken at the West Highland police station in 1984. You were there.

WIDER. We're in --

**59A INT. INTERVIEW ROOM/PESCADERO - NIGHT**

The photos are lying on the table in front of Sarah, placed there by  
DETECTIVE WEATHERSBY. His partner DET. MOSSBERG, and Dr. Silberman,  
sit at the table as well. Two uniformed cops, plus Douglas, stand by  
the door. Sarah stares listlessly at the top photo. She's withdrawn, haggard... drugged-looking.

**MOSSBERG**

He killed seventeen police officers that night. Recognize him?

Weathersby slaps another black-and-white eight-by-ten on the table.  
A closeup of Terminator taken by the Japanese tourist at the mall.  
It's the same face.

**MOSSBERG**

This one was taken by a Japanese tourist today.

Whether Sarah doesn't react. It's hard to tell she's thinking. she's  
up hope or is just in a drugged stupor.

**WEATHERSBY**

Ms. Connor, you've been told that your son's missing. His foster parents have been murdered, and we know this guy's involved. Talk to us. Don't you care?

at Sarah stares up at him. A cold and empty stare. He glances  
Silberman.

Then at his partner.

**MOSSBERG**

We're wasting out time.

One of the uniformed cops opens the door and Mossberg strides into the hall. Weathersby and the two uniforms follow him out, with Silberman right behind.

**SILBERMAN**

Sorry, gentleman...

TIGHT ON SARAH, slumped under the bright lights. Totally out of it.

Then we see her hand, creeping along the edge of the table toward the stack of photos. She slips off the paper clip binding the stills together, and hides it between her fingers. Douglas jerks her up by the arms and leads her out.

**CUT TO:**

**60 INT. SARAH'S CELL**

Douglas inches up the last of Sarah's restraints. Then her leans over her... looking down. Even wrecked as she is, we see the beauty in her face. He bends down. We think he's going to kiss her. She Instead he runs his tongue across her face like a dog would. alone, She seems not to even see him. Her dull eyes past him. He can't provoke a reaction. Even here, strapped down, the two of them the she give him no superiority. He smirks and leaves. We hear growing the sound of his night-stick tapping its way down the corridor, fainter.

Sarah's eyes snap suddenly alert. There is intensity and resolve in them. She slips the paper clip out from between her fingers and awkwardly spreads it open into a straight piece of wire. With slow, painful concentration she moves it toward the lock of the restraints

that bind her wrists to the bed at her sides.

**CUT TO:**

**61 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

Terminator and John charge through the night on the Harley. Streetlights flare past them like comets. Two serious guys with a mission. One a ten-year old kid, the other a half-man/half-machine cyborg from the post-Apocalyptic future.

**CUT TO:**

**62 INT. SARAH'S CELL**

TIGHT ON RESTRAINT LOCK as it unlatches... successfully picked by Sarah's paper clip. This is not an easy thing to do. But Sarah taught herself a lot of things in her years of hiding.

SARAH, her hands free, sits up and releases the Velcro straps on her feet. She rolls off the bed and we see her in a whole new light. She is totally alert, almost feral in her movements.

**CUT TO:**

**63 EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE**

GUARD SHACK. A bored security guard glances up as an LAPD black-and-white pulls up. He raises the barricade and nods at the T-1000/cop as it passes.

THE CRUISER pulls in next to the other police vehicles. The T-1000 walks toward the main entrance.

**CUT TO:**

**64 INT. SARAH'S CELL/CORRIDOR**

Sarah is using the paper clip on the door lock. She hears an echoing tapping sound. It's getting louder, coming her way. She goes back to work on the lock.

65           IN THE CORRIDOR. Douglas the attendant is tapping his stick along the wall like he does every night on his rounds. He shines a little mag-light in the windows of the cells as he passes, barely slowing.

65A          He rounds the corner. His footsteps echo in the dark hallway. The tip of the stick hits the wall. Tap, tap, tap... getting closer to Sarah's cell. He stops at the door. He is about to shine his light in when he notices that a utility closet across the hall is open. He goes to shut it, absently flicking his light into the dark closet. He notices something strange among the buckets and cleaning supplies. A mop lies on the floor, with its handle snapped off about halfway up. The other half is missing.

Douglas ponders this for half a second, then hears a SOUND behind him and spins around. The sound he heard was Sarah's cell door. The missing two feet of MOP HANDLE fill his vision as it CRACKS viciously across the bridge of his nose.

250 pounds of doughy attendant hit the floor like a sack of cement. Sarah slams the makeshift baton down expertly across the back of his head, bouncing him off the linoleum. Lights out, Douglas. She drags him into her cell and locks him in with his own keys. Then she swaps her mop-handle for his nice heavy night-stick.

65B          Sarah moves down the dark corridor, cat-stepping in her bare feet. She holds the baton like a pro, laid back along the forearm, police-style. She looks dangerous.

**CUT TO:**

**66           INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE/CORRIDOR**

A long corridor ends at a reception area, which is closed, and a NIGHT RECEIVING DESK, which is a glass window where they can buzz you

in through a heavy door. A NIGHT NURSE types at a desk nearby. She looks up at the sound of footsteps and sees a young cop (T-1000) walking toward her.

**T-1000**

You have a Sarah Connor here?

She assumes he's with the other cops. Smiles.

**NIGHT NURSE**

Running late, aren't you?

She turns to the inner door to buzz him in and sees Silberman and the cops coming toward the door from the other side.

**NIGHT NURSE**

Your friends are on their way out now...

When she turns back to the window, T-1000's no longer there. She goes to the counter and leans out to see if he's at the drinking fountain or someplace. No. Reception is empty. And so is the long corridor beyond. She frowns. Too weird.

66A Silberman comes through the solenoid door with Mossberg and Weathersby, the two uniformed cops, and the hospital security guard. The guard retrieves his 9mm pistol from a lock-out box behind the night desk. Silberman faces him.

**SILBERMAN**

Lewis, see these gentleman out and them lock up for the night.

The security guard nods. Silberman goes back into the secure area of the hospital and the cops walk down the long corridor to the main doors. No sign of T-1000. Mossberg and the other cops exit, and the guard locks the door behind them.

66B The guard walks slowly back along the long corridor. The hall is dark, with the light at the night desk far ahead like a sanctuary.

His footsteps ring hollowly on the tile floor. His keys jingle.

66C ANGLE ON FLOOR as the guard's feet pass through FRAME. An instant

later the floor starts to move. It shivers and bulges upward like a liquid mass, still retaining the two-tone checkerboard of the tile. It hunches up silently into a quivering shadow in the darkness past the guard.

66D Up ahead we hear typing. The night nurse has her back to us, working.

The guard stops as the drinking fountain. Bends to take a sip.

Behind him the fluid mass as reaches six feet of height and begins to resolve rapidly into a human figure. It loses the color and texture of the tile and becomes... THE GUARD.

T-1000's mass has been spread out a quarter of an inch thick over several square yards of floor. The guard walked over the T-1000, and his structure was sampled that instant. Now we see it drawing in and pulling up to form the figure of the guard.

The T-1000/Guard's feet are the last to form, the last of the "liquid floor" pulling in to form shiny black guard shoes. The shoes detach with a faint sucking sound from the real floor as the T-1000/Guard takes its first step.

66E The real guard spins at the sound of footsteps to see... himself.

He has one deeply disturbing moment to consider the ramifications of that. Then he sees his double calmly raise its hand and, inexplicably, points his right index finger directly at the real guard's face, about a foot away. In a split second, the finger spears out, elongating into a thin steel rod which snaps out like a stiletto, slamming into the guard's eye. It punches into the corner of the eye, past the eyeball like a trans-

orbital lobotomy tool, and emerges from the back of the guard's skull.

Life quietly empties from the guard's face. He is dead weight, hanging from the rod/finger with suddenly reacts -- SSSNICK. As the guard slumps, the T-1000 takes his weight easily with one hand and walks him, like it's carrying a suit on a hanger, back toward the night desk. The wounds are so tiny, no blood drips onto the floor.

66F ON THE NIGHT NURSE, glancing up as the T-1000/Guard walks past, dragging something casually which she can't see because it's below the countertop.

**NIGHT NURSE**

Whatcha got, Lewis?

**T-1000/GUARD**

Just some trash.

She nods, uninterested. Keeps typing. T-1000 moves past, dragging the unseen guard toward a closet down the hall from the night receiving station. T-1000/Guard removes the Browning High-Power pistol and the keys from the real guard's belt, then stuffs the body into the utility closet.

**66G INT. CORRIDOR/NIGHT RECEIVING DESK**

T-1000/Guard comes back out and glances at the nurse.

**T-1000/GUARD**

All set.

She glances toward it. Sees the Beretta in its holster.

**NIGHT NURSE**

Gotta check the gun first, Lewis.

**T-1000/GUARD**

Yeah, sorry.

T-1000 opens the locker and blocks it from her view with its body as

it mimes putting the gun in.

66H CLOSE ANGLE ON T-1000'S CHEST, from inside the locker.  
Instead of  
own setting the gun in the locker, it inserts the pistol into it  
pot of chest, where it disappears inside like it was dropped into a  
surface hot fudge. It withdraws its hand. The chest is once again a  
guess it was that looks like cloth, buttons, name-tag etc. You'd ever  
really an intelligent liquid metal.

T-1000 slams the locker door and waits as the nurse hits the  
button  
unlocking the door with a BUZZ-CLACK. T-1000/Guard goes  
through.

**CUT TO:**

**67 INT. ISOLATION SECURITY CHECKPOINT**

A small room before a short SALLY-PORT corridor designed to  
prevent  
each violent inmates from making a run for it. There are doors at  
second end. The first one is barred like a jail-cell door, and the  
with which is a steel fire door. The attendants have a video monitor  
they can see the corridor on the other side of the doors.

The two bored attendants barely notice the T-1000/Guard as it  
approaches. Looks briefly at a chart next to the door, seeing  
SARAH CONNOR is in #19.

67A IN THE ISOLATION WARD, the T-1000 passes a nurses' station  
which looks  
the open a cage, walled in by heavy metal mesh. Silberman, leaning in  
glance doorway, is talking to an attendant in the cage. He doesn't  
twice at Lewis the Guard passing by.

68 SARAH, moving like a ghost in the darkened corridor, hears  
footsteps  
coming and quietly but quickly unlocks a cell next to her with  
Douglas' master key.

68A She slips into the cell and waits as the footsteps pass.  
We glimpse the T-1000/Guard pass the window.

She waits as the footsteps fade away. She looks over. A female inmate, strapped to a bed, watches her with bird-like eyes. She puts a finger to her lips -- SSHHH. The inmate nods. Sarah exits.

68B POV MOVING TOWARD nurse's station. We hear Silberman's voice, reviewing medication with the night attendant.

ON SILBERMAN, yawning, looking at his watch. He turns to go... Sarah is there. She slams into him, hurling him through the door into the cage and follows him in. The orderly jumps up, going for his stunner, but she nails him with Douglas' baton. WHAP-WHAP-WHAP! You can barely see the thing she's swinging it so fast. The guys goes down.

Silberman lunges for the alarm button and she cracks down hard on his arm. He cries out and grabs his wrist. She grabs him by the hair and slams him face down on the desk, smacking him behind the knees expertly with the baton. His legs buckle and he drops to his knees with his chin on the desk.

She pins him with one hand. He face is full of outraged disbelief.

**SILBERMAN**

You broke my arm!

**SARAH**

There's 215 bones in the human body, motherfucker. That's one. Now don't move!

68B Moving rapidly, she whips open a medication drawer and grabs a syringe. They keep a few of these handy for tranking unruly patients.

She jams it into the orderly's butt and fires the whole shot.

Still holding the empty syringe, she sees what she need next. They keep the toxic cleaning supplies in here to keep the inmates from drinking Drano. She grabs a plastic jug of LIQUID PLUM'R and slams it down on the desk inches from Silberman's eyes.

She jams the empty syringe into the plastic jug. Draws back the plunger. The syringe fills with blue liquid.

She whips it out of the jug and jams the needle into  
Silberman's neck.

His horrified eyes rack toward it. 10 cc's of blue death fill  
the

cylinder.

Her thumb hovers over the plunger.

She jerks him to his feet by the collar and gets a tight grip  
on him,

then hauls him through the door.

69 IN THE CORRIDOR outside cell #19 the T-1000 stops and looks in  
the

window. Douglas, his face a bloody mess, yells to be heard.

**DOUGLAS**

Open the door! The goddamn bitch is loose in  
the halls!

To Douglas' amazement, Lewis the Guard turns impassively and  
walks

away, leaving him shouting soundlessly at the window.

**CUT TO:**

70 **EXT. HOSPITAL**

Terminator and John are approaching the guard gate on the  
Harley.

They can see the guard inside looks up at the sound of the  
engine.

**JOHN**

Now remember, you're not gonna kill anyone,  
right?

**TERMINATOR**

Right.

John looks at him. He's not convinced.

**JOHN**

Swear.

**TERMINATOR**

What?

**JOHN**

Just say "I swear I won't kill anyone."

John holds his hand up, like he's being sworn in. Terminator  
stares

at John a beat. Then mimics the gesture.

**TERMINATOR**

I swear I will not kill anyone.

Terminator stops the bike and gets off.  
The guard, sensing trouble, has his gun drawn as he comes out  
of the shack. Terminator walks toward him drawing his .45 smoothly.  
BLAM!  
He shoots the guard accurately in the thigh.  
The guy drops, screaming and clutching his leg.  
Terminator kicks the guard's gun away, then smashes the phone  
in the shack with his fist. He pushes the button to raise the gate  
and walks back to the bike.

**TERMINATOR**

He'll live.

Terminator climbs onto the bike. They drive toward the  
hospital, heading down an ambulance ramp to an underground receiving  
area.

**71 INT. ISOLATION FLOOR**

The attendants at the security checkpoint look up at the  
monitor as someone enters the corridor. They see Sarah, holding  
Silberman at syringe-point.  
Sarah speaks to them through an intercom on the wall. Her  
voice comes through the speaker.

**SARAH**

Open it or he'll be dead before he hits the  
floor.

The attendants' adrenaline levels just went off the scale.  
The first attendant shakes his head no. The amperage here is really  
high. The second attendant keys the intercom switch.

**2ND ATTENDANT**

There's no way, Connor. Let him go.

Silberman's face is the color of suet.

**SILBERMAN**

It won't work, Sarah. You're no killer. I don't believe you'd do it.

Her voice is a deadly cold hiss.

**SARAH**

You're already dead, Silberman. Everybody here dies. You know I believe that. So don't fuck with me!

**SILBERMAN**

Open the goddamn door!

The attendants looks at one another. One of them hits the solenoid button. The far door unlocks.

71A IN THE LOCKOUT CORRIDOR. Sarah pushes Silberman ahead of her. The nearer, barred door must be unlocked manually. One of the attendants cautiously approaches. Nervously unlocks it.

**SARAH**

Step back!

He does. She faces both of them.

**SARAH**

Down on the floor! Now!

They comply. She comes through with Silberman, giving them a wide berth. Starts backing down the hall away from them, still holding her hostage. She's actually pulling this off.

71B ANGLE FROM BEHIND HER. What we can see, but she can't see, it a third orderly waiting just around the corner. He's poised, ready to jump her when she comes abreast of him.

ON SARAH backing up. She reaches the corner. The third attendant lunges, grabbing her syringe-hand. Sarah spins on the orderly and catches him across the throat with the nightstick. He loses interest fast, dropping to his knees and gagging. Silberman pulls away, screaming at the top of his lungs

**SILBERMAN**

Get her!

They scramble up as Sarah takes off like a shot around the corner.  
One of them hits the panic button and ALARMS begin to sound.

72 IN THE ISOLATION WARD, the T-1000 is looking in at a very stoned attendant inside the nurses' station when the alarms shriek through the halls. It reaches into its chest and pulls out the 9mm pistol.  
Heads for the security entrance.

73 IN ANOTHER CORRIDOR in the maze of the vast hospital, Sarah flies past us, her bare feet slapping on the cold tiles. The orderlies charge after her.  
She's like an animal in a maze. She turns the corner, glancing off the wall, and sprints on without slowing. She reaches a steel door.  
Tries it. Locked.  
Footsteps like a drum solo behind her.

She fumbles with Douglas' keys, breathing hard. Jams the master in.  
The orderlies are bearing down on her at full tilt.  
Sarah gets the door open. Dives through. Slams it.  
She turns a deadbolt knob just as the first orderly grabs the latch on the other side. He's too late.

Sarah sees them beyond the window, fumbling with their keys.

73A Sarah is in another sally-port corridor. A jail-cell type barred door is between her and the corridors of the ward beyond.  
She sprints to the walls of bars, jams her key into the door.  
She unlocks and pulls open this door just as she hears the latch of the one she just came through being unlocked.

She flings herself frantically through the barred door as the first orderly comes through behind her.  
She slams the bars shut. CLANG.  
Her keys are dangling from the lock on the other side from her.  
The orderly is racing at her, white-lipped with rage.

She reaches back through the bars, turns the key, and purposefully snaps it off in the lock. An instant later the big orderly slams against the door, grabbing through the bars for her as she dances back just out of reach. He lunges against the steel bars, unbelievably pissed off.

Sarah takes off running, looking back at the frustrated orderlies. They're shouting at each other, unable to fit their keys into the lock -- The broken-off key tip makes it impossible to get their keys in. Silberman shouts at them.

**SILBERMAN**

Go around, goddamnit! Go around!!

The orderlies run back the way they came, and along a cross-corridor to another set of doors.

73B ON SARAH as she rounds a corner and sees the elevators ahead. Now she's home-free. At a full-tilt sprint, she's nearly there when the elevator doors part...

TERMINATOR steps out... his head swivels to face her. Sarah reacts, stricken by the image from her worst nightmares. Her eyes go wide as momentum carries her forward. Her bare feet slip on the slick tile. She slams to the floor, staring up at the leather-clad figure with the shotgun.

She loses all semblance of courage and some of her sanity. She's not even aware that she is screaming, or what would be screaming if she could get the breath to do it. In slowed-down dream-time, Sarah scrambles back along the floor like a crab, spinning and clawing her way to her feet along the wall.

She runs like the wind, like in her nightmare. If she looked back she would have seen John step warily out of the corridor behind Terminator. John, however, catches a glimpse of the fleeing Sarah and figures out instantly what happened.

**JOHN**

Mom!! Wait!

Sarah doesn't hear. She has clicked fully into her own nightmare.

They take off running after Sarah.

73C She is pelting down the long corridor, back the way she came. As she reaches an intersection with a cross-corridor a white-clad figure blurs from that corridor. The orderly hits her in a flying tackle. She skids across the floor, shrieking and struggling. The other two orderlies leap into the fray.

**SARAH**

No! Help me! Goddamnit, it's gonna kill us all!!!

She is shouting, pleading, trying to get them to understand what is coming. They grab her thrashing arms and legs. They don't even look where the out-of-control woman is pointing... back along the corridor.

They have pinned her to the cold tiles, a ring of faces above her.

Silberman leans down to her, holding a syringe with a heavy dose of trunk. Sarah cranes her neck and sees the dark silhouette of Terminator coming up behind them. It is exactly her nightmare.

She screams in utter hopelessness.

Terminator, holding the shotgun in one hand, reaches down and grabs one of the orderlies with his other hand. He hurls the 200-pound guys against the far wall of the corridor. SMACK! He drops to the floor.

The other two orderlies react instantly, leaping onto the intruder.

Terminator seems to disappear for a moment under the two big guys.

Then there is an explosion of white-clad figures, as the orderlies are

flung outward like they stepped on a land mine.

One crashes through a window of safety glass and is caught before a

two-story fall by the outer steel bars. The other crashes through an office door, splintering it into kindling.

Silberman has jumped to hold Sarah. He is grabbed by a roll of skin at the back of his neck and lifted like a cat. The doctor feel his feet pedaling above the ground. He looks into the expressionless face. And it hit him. Sarah was right... this guy isn't human.

He feels the fabric of reality crumbling. Then he feels himself flying through the air. The wall smacks him, then the floor kicks him in the face. He decides to lie there a second.

Sarah blinks, staring up at the figure looming over her. John kneels next to her.

**JOHN**

Mom, are you okay?

She looks from Terminator to John. Back to Terminator. Is this a nightmare? Or has she finally gone truly bad?

Incredibly, Terminator politely reaches his hand down to her, offering to help her up. The last thing she ever expected to see.

**TERMINATOR**

Come with me if you want to live.

The orderlies are stirring.

**JOHN**

It's all right, Mom. He's here to help.

Sarah, is a daze, takes the huge hand in her shaking fingers. Terminator lifts her to her feet.

73D John sees a GUARD standing thirty feet away, on the other side of the walls of bars. John doesn't know what we know, but he knows something's not right with this guy. Terminator turns to follow John's gaze. The T-1000 had its pistol in its hand, at its side. Terminator pushes John behind him. They start backing up.

73E The T-1000 walks forward, reaching the bars. It doesn't stop. Its body divides like jello around the bars. As it squeezes itself through like metal playdough, its surface reforms perfectly on our side. We see it deform and squeeze through like a viscous paste forced past an obstacle. Silberman has recovered enough to be sitting up and watching this. That faint snapping sound is his mind. There is a CLANK and we see that the guard's gun has caught against the bars... the only solid object. The T-1000 turns its wrist and tries again, slipping the gun endwise through the gap.

73F Sarah is agape. Not reacting. It's been a heavy day for her. Terminator grabs John by the seat of his pants and hooks him up onto his back. John grabs him around the neck. Terminator raises the shotgun and starts backing up.

**TERMINATOR**

Go! Run!

Sarah doesn't need to be told twice. T-1000 walks toward them, opening fire with the Browning Hi-Power. Terminator straight-arms the 12-gauge like a pistol and FIRES. The stunned orderlies flop face down on the floor as the corridor is filled with high-velocity lead. One of them, stupidly running for the cross-corridor, gets hit by the T-1000.

Terminator is hammered by several slugs, and the T-1000 is cratered by two buckshots hits. It staggers, but comes on. In the craters we see bright mercury before they close and reseal, disappearing in a second.

73G Terminator makes it around the corner and breaks into a run. Ahead, Sarah is already at the elevator. Terminator and John pile in and John slaps the button for "Garage Level".

The doors start to close. T-1000 clears the corner.

Terminator slams John and Sarah back against the side walls as  
the

T-1000 charges at them, rapid firing the Browning.

The rounds hit the steel doors as they close.

T-1000 keeps pumping them at the closing gap.

73H Inside, they see the backside of the doors denting with the  
hits that  
are punching holes in the other side.

73I The Browning locks open, empty. T-1000 drops it without a  
glance  
back. The doors close. K-WHAM! The T-1000 hits them a split  
second  
later. The elevator hasn't moved yet. SSWWIKK!

73J A sword-like blade rams through in between the doors, forcing  
them  
open. Terminator jams the shotgun through the widening gap.

Punches  
the muzzle right INTO T-1000's face -- BOOM!!

73K We get a glimpse of the T-1000's head blown apart by the  
blast. It  
is hurtled back. The doors close. The car descends.

73L ON THE T-1000, outside the elevator. Its head, which is blown  
apart  
into two doughy masses lying on the shoulders, reforms  
quickly.

There is no trace of the injury. It sees the closed door and  
jams its  
hands between them, its fingertips becoming pry-bars. It  
pulls the  
doors apart with inhuman strength

73M and LEAPS INTO THE OPEN SHAFT.  
It falls two floors and...

74 IN THE ELEVATOR. Out trio hears a loud THUMP on the roof.  
Terminator, reloading the shotgun, looks up.  
Sarah grabs the .45 from his waistband and aims it at the  
ceiling.

**BEAT...**

Then CLANGG!! a swordlike shaft punches through the ceiling  
and spears

down four feet into the elevator car.

It is inches from Sarah's face.

She opens fire, BAM-BAM-BAM -- right through the roof.

Lighting-fast the lance withdraws and thrusts down again,

slashing

Terminator's jacket, and missing John by inches.

Terminator chambers a round and K-BOOM! the 12-gauge opens a  
hole in  
the ceiling.

Terminator rocks out in a fury of firing/cocking/firing as the metal shafts slash down again and again. Sarah yells in pain as one of them slices open her upper arm.

75 The doors open. Sarah pulls John out as soon as the gap is wide enough. They emerge into the basement. We see the Harley parked nearby.

Terminator, in a rearguard action, fires another blast through the ceiling and runs out. He throws his leg over the Harley, kicks it to life with one powerful stroke and then whips something out of the inner pocket of his jacket. He throws it to John. A road flare!?

76 In the elevator, the T-1000 has bashed a hole in the ceiling big enough to... Pour itself through. A massive blob of mercury extrudes from the opening. The mass drops through the hole, down out of frame, then comes back up into frame as Officer X.

It seems to need just a second to get its mental act together after doing this kind of taffy-pull with itself. It opens its eyes and sees --

77 TERMINATOR, the shot gun held in his teeth, astride the roaring Harley twenty feet away. Terminator twists the throttle and pops the clutch. The back tire screams on the concrete. The front wheel lifts off the ground and the heavy bike launches in a thundering wheelie.

Terminator gets off just before the bike hurtles into the elevator. The Harley slams the T-1000 square and smashes it right through the back wall of the elevator. Terminator rolls to his feet.

Johns strikes the flare on the concrete. Tosses it.  
Terminator catches the flare with one hand.  
Levels the shotgun with the other.  
With his last round he blows a big hole in the bike's gas  
tank.

Gas splashes everywhere, covering the struggling T-1000.  
Terminator tosses the flare. KA-VOOOM!

The explosion knocks Terminator backward off his feet,  
enveloping him  
in the fireball. He gets up, smoking, and runs after John and  
Sarah  
toward the exit ramp.

78 AT THE EXIT RAMP. They are partway up when a blue-and-white  
hospital  
security car comes screeching down the other way.  
Without breaking stride Sarah runs right at the car. It skids  
to a  
shrieking halt. She's in the guy's face with the .45 in both  
hands.

**SARAH**

Out of the car!!

The patrol guy is thinking what he can try when BLAM! she puts  
a round  
through the glass next to his head.

**SARAH**

**RIGHT NOW!**

The door opens and the guy is coming out with his hands up as  
Terminator arrives. The cyborg flings the rent-a-cop out of  
the way  
and slides behind the wheel. Sarah gets John into the back  
seat and  
dives into the front passenger seat as --

78A Terminator slams the car into reverse and punches it, lighting  
up the  
tires on the slick ramp.  
Terminator hands the shotgun over his shoulder to John and  
tells him  
to reload. John pulls some shells from the pocket of his army  
jacket  
and starts feeding them in.  
Terminator power backward up the ramp, scraping along one  
wall, barely  
in control. Because...

79 The T-1000 is running at them out of the inferno below.

it This guy won't quit. Shifting from chrome mode to cop-form as  
runs.

It sprints up the ramp after the retreating car. T-1000 is  
gaining.

80 Terminator hands Sarah another magazine for the .45. She  
snatches it, drops the other out, and slaps in the new one. Cocks the  
slide.

The car backs along the service driveway toward the security  
gate.

John hands the shot gun back to Terminator.  
He leans out the window and takes aim at the pursuer.  
The T-1000's face is right in the headlights.

80A Terminator fires, blowing a hole in its shoulder. Shiny  
liquid metal

visible in the hole, which then closes.

80B Sarah, half out the passenger window, opens fire.

The car crashes backward through the security barricade.

**TERMINATOR**

(calmly)

Hang on.

He cuts the wheel hard. The car slews into a reverse 180,  
swapping

ends with a screech.

T-1000 is almost on them.

Terminator punches it. The car accelerates forward.

80C T-1000 leaps. Lands on the trunk.

Its hand is a metal crowbar slammed down through the trunk  
lid.

Feet dragging on the pavement, it slams its other hand down,  
punching another metal hook into the trunk lid, pulling itself

up.

Terminator turns to Sarah.

**TERMINATOR**

Drive.

Terminator heaves himself half out the driver's window. Sarah  
slaps

her foot down on the throttle and steers from the passenger  
side.

80D T-1000, fully on the car now, holds on with one hook-hand  
while it

slams the other into the back window, sweeping away the glass  
and

missing John by inches as he ducks.

It draws back for another swing, lunging forward as --

80E Terminator whips the shotgun over the roof of the car.  
Fires point-blank.  
Hits the T-1000's arm just above the "hand" which anchors it  
to the car. The 12-gauge blows the arm apart, severing the hook-  
hand.

80F T-1000 tumbles backward off the accelerating car.  
John looks out the back window, his eyes wide.  
He sees the T-1000 roll to his feet and continue running.  
But he's dropping way behind now. Sarah has the car floored  
and the liquid-metal killer won't catch them on foot.

80G John watches, in awe, as the "crowbar hand", stuck into the  
trunk right in front of him, reverts to the neutral polyalloy... a  
kind of think mercury. The gray metal slides off the trunk of the car  
and falls onto the road to lie there in a quivering blob.

80H The car speeds off into the night.  
REVERSE on the T-1000, walking now, coming right up into  
closeup, watching the tail lights recede. It looks down.

80I ANGLE ON BLACKTOP, tight on the liquid metal blob. Next to it  
is the T-1000's shiny cop shoe. The mercury blob crawls and rejoins  
the main mass, disappearing into the "shoe".

**81 INT./EXT. SECURITY CAR**

A GHOST CAR blasts out of the darkness on a long stretch of  
moonlight highway. Headlights off, the hospital security car punches a  
hole in the wind.

81A INSIDE THE SPEEDING CAR the energy is still high. The air is  
blowing in the shattered windows as Terminator drives the car easily  
by electronic night-vision. His eyes glow faintly red.

**JOHN**

Can you see anything?

81B TERMINATOR'S POV. A monochrome image of the highway lit bright as day.

81C Terminator replies in a matter-of-fact tone.

**TERMINATOR**

Everything.

**JOHN**

Cool.

Sarah looks at Terminator, still not quite believing this is happening. But this is a different Sarah than the waitress of 1984.

She spends only a second or two dealing with the unbelievable. Then she turns to John in the back seat.

**SARAH**

You okay?

He nods. She reaches for John and we think she's going to hug him.

She starts to rub her hands over him and we realize she's checking for injuries, very clinically the way a vet checks a dog for broken bones.

He pulls away from her. He hates her always checking him, treating him like he might break, like some piece of rare china.

**JOHN**

I said I was okay.

Sarah looks at him, exasperated and stern.

**SARAH**

It was stupid of you to go there.

John stares at her, surprised.

**SARAH**

Goddamnit, John, you have to be smarter than that. You're too important! You can't risk yourself, not even for me, do you understand? I can take care of myself. I was doing fine. Jesus, John. You almost got yourself killed.

We see his chin quiver. He's a tough kid, but all he really wants is

yet to for her to love him. He hasn't had enough years on the planet  
be the man of steel she demands.

**JOHN**

I... had to get you out of the place... I'm  
sorry, I...

His face crumples. He starts to cry. Sarah gives him a cold  
stare.

**SARAH**

Stop it! Right now! You can't cry, John.  
Other kids can afford to cry. You can't.

He's trying to be brave, he really is. Terminator turns and  
sees the water leaking from his eyes. It doesn't make and sense to  
him.

**TERMINATOR**

What is wrong with your eyes?

John turns away, ashamed. Sarah lets her breath out,  
realizing how keyed up she is. She turns to Terminator, giving him a wary  
once-over.

**SARAH**

So what's your story?

**CUT TO:**

**82 EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL**

The cops have shown up, as they always do. There are black-  
and-whites everywhere, and ambulances are arriving. Two cops and an  
orderly are required to subdue poor Doctor Silberman, who is raving at the  
top of his lungs.

**SILBERMAN**

... it was all true and we're all going to die  
and the changed, I saw him change!!

It's quite pathetic.  
A nurse shoots him up with a sedative. They lead him away.

82A T-1000 walks unperturbed among the milling cops. No one notices him.  
It slips into its cruiser and drives off into the night.

**83 INT. CAR**

Terminator drives steadily into the black night.

**SARAH**

This T-1000... what happens when you shoot it?

**TERMINATOR**

Ballistic penetration shocks it, but only for a few seconds.

Sarah thinks about that. Then:

**SARAH**

Can it be destroyed?

**TERMINATOR**

Unknown.

They ride along in silence for a few seconds.  
Sarah sees something up ahead, some lonely neon in the blackness.

**SARAH**

Pull in here. We have to ditch this car.

**84 EXT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT**

A rundown gas station with a buzzing neon sign and no one around.  
They pull into the drive and slowly cruise past the empty office. A sign in the window says CLOSED SUNDAYS. They continue around the building to the garage's back door.

AT THE GARAGE DOOR. Terminator breaks the lock on the roll-up door and raises it. Sarah pulls the security car in out of sight. Terminator rolls the door down behind them.

**85 INT. GAS STATION**

Dark. Sarah switches on the single drop-light. She and Terminator look at each other. Terminator is shot-up and bleeding, and Sarah

has a vicious slash in her upper arm which was soaked her sleeve with blood.

**SARAH**

You look like handmade shit.

**TERMINATOR**

So do you.

**CUT TO:**

86 TIGHT ON FIRST-AID KIT from the office, plus some not-so-oily rags, a bottle of rubbing alcohol, a few small tools, and other makeshift odds and ends. Terminator's hand comes into shot. Sets down a bloody rag. Picks up a clean one.

WIDER. Sarah sits on an empty crate. Terminator's is beside her, suturing her wound with some fine wire from the winding of an alternator. Using a pair of needlenose pliers he draws the wire through her pale skin with a delicate hand.

**TERMINATOR**

I have detailed files on human anatomy.

She Sarah stares into his face, inches away, fighting the pain. alone doesn't like him being this close to her to begin with, let carving on her.

**SARAH**

I'll bet. Makes you a more efficient killer, right?

**TERMINATOR**

Correct.

**CUT TO:**

87 TIGHT ON TERMINATOR'S BACK. The leather jacket is riddled with bullet holes. Sarah and John help pull it off, revealing Terminator's broad, muscular back beneath.

WIDER. John and Sarah stare in amazement. There are at least  
twenty  
bullet holes in him. Back. Arms. Legs. Fortunately they're  
all  
9mm. The holes are small and the damage cosmetic.

**JOHN**

Does it hurt?

**TERMINATOR**

I sense injuries. The data could be called  
pain.

TIGHT ON SARAH AND TERMINATOR. Sarah starts washing the  
bullet holes  
in his broad back with alcohol.

**SARAH**

Will these heal up?

Terminator nods. She reaches into the bloody wounds with  
pliers and  
finds the copper-jacketed bullets, flattening against the  
armored  
endoskeleton. Pulls them out. They CLINK one by one into a  
glass.

**SARAH**

That's good. Because if you can't pass for  
human, you won't be much good to us.

She concentrates on removing the slugs. CLINK. CLINK.

**JOHN**

How long do you live? I mean, last?

**TERMINATOR**

A hundred and twenty years on my existing  
power cell.

Sarah nods, pulling out another slug. CLINK. The glass  
nearly full  
of flattened bullets. She begins to sew the holes closed with  
a few  
wire sutures. John watches in quiet amazement, the two  
warriors  
calmly fixing each other.

**JOHN**

Can you learn? So you can be... you know.  
More human. Not such a dork all the time.

Terminator turns towards him.

**TERMINATOR**

My CPU is a neural-net processor... a learning computer. But Skynet presets the switch to "read-only" when we are sent out alone.

**SARAH**

(cynical)

Doesn't want you thinking too much, huh?

**TERMINATOR**

No.

**JOHN**

Can we reset the switch?

**CUT TO:**

88 E.C.U. OF AN X-ACTO KNIFE cutting into Terminator's scalp at the base of his skull. His voice calmly directs Sarah as she spreads the bloody incision and locates the maintenance port for the CPU in the chrome skull beneath.

**TERMINATOR**

Now open the port cover.

She wipes away the blood and uses the garage-mechanic's air tools to unscrew the port cover.

88A TERMINATOR POV (DIGITIZED) as he watches her work in a mirror they've taken from the washroom. Sarah and John are standing behind him. Her hands are covered with blood, like a surgeon's.

**TERMINATOR**

Hold the CPU by its base tab. Pull.

Following the instructions, she reaches in with a pair of tweezers and PULLS -- there is a BURST OF STATIC and the screen goes BLACK.

**CUT TO:**

89 TIGHT ON JOHN AND SARAH looking at what she has removed. A reddish-

brown ceramic rectangle with a connector on one end. About the size and shape of a domino. On close inspection it appears to be made up of small cubes connected together. It is identical to the shattered one in the vault at Cyberdyne Systems. Now we know it is that that Miles Dyson values so highly. The brain of a terminator.

89A WIDER. John walks around Terminator and looks at his face. Eyes open, he is completely inert. Dead.

John lifts his huge hand. The dead servos whine sullenly as he forces them. It's like rigor mortis. He releases the hand and it stays in the lifted position. Sarah examines the CPU chip.

**JOHN**

Can you see the pin switch?

She ignores him. See looks at Terminator. The back at the chip. Then she sets it on the work table and picks up a small sledge hammer. John realizes what she is about to do. Dives at her as the sledge is whistling down.

**JOHN**

No!!!!

He slaps his hand down over the chip. Sarah barely stops the sledge before smashing his fingers.

**SARAH**

Out of the way, John!

**JOHN**

No! Don't kill him!

**SARAH**

It, John. Not him. It.

**JOHN**

Alright, it! We need it!

John keeps his hand right where it is.

**SARAH**

We're better off by ourselves.

**JOHN**

But it's the only proof we have to the future...  
about the war and all that.

**SARAH**

I don't trust it! These things are hard to  
kill, John, believe me, I know. We may never  
have this opportunity again.

**JOHN**

Look, Mom, if I'm supposed to ever be this great  
leader, you should start listening to my  
leadership ideas once in a while. 'Cause if you  
won't, nobody else will.

Smart kid. He's got her. She nods, reluctantly. He palms  
the chip  
and studies it minutely.

89B John takes a pin and moves the almost invisible switch to the  
other  
position.  
It is now in "write" mode. Then he grimaces as he inserts the  
wafer  
back into the slot in Terminator's skull.

89C TERMINATOR VISION flares back to life in a burst of static.  
The image  
forms. Sarah and John stands behind him in the mirror.

**TERMINATOR**

Was there a problem?

John glances sheepishly at Sarah, Then smiles at Terminator.

**JOHN**

No problem. None whatsoever.

**CUT TO:**

90 JOHN SLEEPING, lying on a pile of rags next to a stack of  
tires.  
The lights are off. Sarah sits nearby, cross-legged, he back  
against  
the wall.  
The .45 is cradles in her lap. She looks weary, but she won't  
allow  
herself to sleep with Terminator present.

By the office windows, in a slash of moonlight, is Terminator.  
He

move, stands silent and still, watching the night. Only his eyes  
figure tracking with the occasional car passing on the road. He  
silhouetted and still.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

91 SAME IMAGE. Now DAYLIGHT streams in the dusty windows.  
Terminator has not moved. Faithful machine sentinel. He  
turns at a sound. John stirs, waking up. He squints into the sunlight.  
Sarah is still awake. She gets up, wincing at the pain in her arm.

**CUT TO:**

**92 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY (LATER)**

John and Terminator walks to an old Chevy pickup parked behind  
the garage. The day is clear but windy. Dust devils chase  
themselves behind the place. The pickup is locked but Terminator breaks  
the side window with his fist and opens the door. He and John climb  
in.

92A IN THE PICKUP. Terminator has this trick (which you could do  
too if you had servo-driven steel fingers) where he smashes the cowl  
around a steering column with one blow from the palm of his hand.  
When it shatters he strips it away with a single move, and then turns  
the stub of the lock-mechanism with his fingertips. This starts the  
vehicle. It takes about three seconds.

In fact, he does it so quickly, the truck is running by the  
time John flips down the sun visor. A set of keys drops out and John  
catches them. Dangles them in front of Terminator's eyes.

**JOHN**

Are we learning yet?

92B Sarah comes out. She's found a mechanic's coverall inside,  
used but

fairly clean. It doesn't fit her too well, but it's better than the stuff from the hospital. She's still barefoot. The sun, which she hasn't seen in months, hurts her eyes, Terminator and John pull up in the pickup. She gets in.

92C

**TERMINATOR**

We need to get as far from the city as possible.

**SARAH**

Just head south.

**CUT TO:**

93

**INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK/HIGHWAY - DAY**

THE OPEN ROAD. The pickup roars through light traffic down a long stretch of highway. They set three abreast on the bench seat, John in between, like some improbable family on a car trip. Sarah leans over to get a look at the speedometer.

**SARAH**

Keep it under sixty-five. We can't afford to be pulled over.

Terminator backs off the throttle slightly.

**TERMINATOR**

Affirmative.

**JOHN**

No, no, no. You gotta listen to the way people talk. See, you don't say like "Affirmative" or some shit like that. You say... no problemo.

Terminator nods, filing away the information. Sarah is ignoring the lesson, lost in thought.

**JOHN**

It someone comes off to you with an attitude, you say "eat me"... if you wanna shine them on, it's "Hasta la vista, baby".

**TERMINATOR**

"Hasta la vista, baby"?

**JOHN**

Yeah, or "later, dickwad." Or if someone gets upset you say "chill out." Like that. Or you

can do combinations.

**TERMINATOR**

Chill out, dickwad.

**JOHN**

That's great! See, you're getting it.

**TERMINATOR**

No problemo.

**CUT TO:**

**94-95 OMITTED**

**96 EXT. ROADSIDE STAND/GAS STATION - DAY**

There's a gas pump and a sleazy fast-food stand. Picnic tables are set up at the side of the food stand. A family sits at one, children playing and running about.

96A The pickup truck pulls into the lot. Stops at the gas pump. Sarah turns to John.

**SARAH**

You got any cash?

John pulls what's left of his Ready-Teller money from his pocket.

**JOHN**

Only a couple hundred bucks. I'll give you half.

Sarah grabs all of it. Peels off a twenty, hands it to John.

**SARAH**

Get some food.

She opens the truck door and steps out. John turns to Terminator.

**JOHN**

No sense of humor.

97 THE ORDERING WINDOW as John and Terminator approach.

**JOHN**

And that's another thing. You could lighten up a bit, yourself. This severe routine is getting old. Smile once in a while.

**TERMINATOR**

Smile?

**JOHN**

Yeah. Smile. You know. People smile, right?  
Watch.

Goes to the order window.

**JOHN**

(smiling broadly)  
Hi. Nice place you got here. How's business?

**WINDOW WOMAN**

(stone-faced)  
Gimme a break.

**JOHN**

(to Terminator)  
Okay. Bad example. Over there, look.

John points at THREE TEENAGE GUYS standing at a drinking fountain nearby. One of them has said something funny and the others are laughing, grinning.

**JOHN**

Like that.

TERMINATOR POV (DIGITIZED) The real-time image continues while a replay of one of the guys grinning runs in a window. It expands, so that the guy's mouth fills the window. Replays again in slow motion. A vector-graphic of the lips smiling appears, along with an array of symbolic data.

Terminator tries it. The result is dismal. A rictus-like curling of the lip. Terminator's next effort is a marginal improvement.

**JOHN**

I don't know, maybe you could practice in front of a mirror or something.

**CUT TO:**

the Sarah and John are eating cheeseburgers and fries, sitting in  
the truck and on the curb respectively. They are parked away from  
the other families, at the end of the gravel parking area.

Terminator is pouring coolant into the radiator. Sarah is deep in  
through, turning and turning the whole thing in her brain. John,  
unable to deal with her silence, goes around to where Terminator is  
working.

98A John sees two kids playing with machine-gun water pistols  
nearby, viciously squirting each other.

**FIRST KID**

You're dead!

**SECOND KID**

Am not!

**FIRST KID**

Are so!

John and Terminator watch them rolling on the ground in a  
fight to the death. Sarah rounds the front of the truck, and sees the  
kids. John sighs, solemn. He looks up at the cyborg.

**JOHN**

We're not gonna make it, are we? People, I  
mean.

**TERMINATOR**

It is in your nature to destroy yourselves.

John nods, depressed.

**JOHN**

Yeah. Drag, huh?

**SARAH**

I need to know how Skynet get built. Who's  
responsible?

**TERMINATOR**

The man most directly responsible is Miles Bennet  
Dyson, Director of Special Projects at

Cyberdyne Systems Corporation.

**SARAH**

Why him?

**TERMINATOR**

In a few months he creates a revolutionary type of microprocessor.

**SARAH**

Then what?

98B Terminator closes the hood and gets into the truck as he speaks.

**TERMINATOR**

In three years Cyberdyne will become the largest supplier of military computer systems. All stealth bombers are upgraded with Cyberdyne computers, becoming fully unmanned. Afterward, they fly with a perfect operational record.

**SARAH**

(getting behind John)

Uh huh, great. Then those fat fucks in Washington figure, what the hell, let a computer run the whole show, right?

**TERMINATOR**

Basically.

(starting the engine, backing out)

The Skynet funding bill is passed. The system goes on-line August 4th, 1997. Human decisions are removed from strategic defense. Skynet begins to learn, at a geometric rate. It becomes self-aware at 2:14 a.m. eastern time, August 29. In a panic, they try to pull the plug.

**SARAH**

And Skynet fights back.

They accelerate back onto the highway.

**TERMINATOR**

Yes. It launches its ICBMs against their targets in Russia.

**SARAH**

Why attack Russia?

**TERMINATOR**

Because Skynet knows the Russian counter-strike will remove its enemies here.

**SARAH**

Jesus.

(beat, then)

How much do you know about Dyson?

**TERMINATOR**

I have detailed files.

**SARAH**

I want to know everything. What he looks like. Where he lives. Everything.

**99 INT. DYSON HOUSE - DAY**

Miles Dyson sits at the huge desk in his study. He is deep in thought, tapping away at the keyboard of his home computer terminal.

Next to desk are racks of sophisticated gear. On a Sunday morning, when most men are relaxing, spending time with their families, Dyson is hard at work.

IN A PROFILE CLOSEUP we see him in deep concentration, his mind prowling the labyrinth of his new microprocessor.

A WOMAN'S FACE ENTERS FRAME soundlessly behind him. He doesn't hear her. His wife, TARISSA, extends her tongue and traces it down the back of his neck. He smiles and turns to kiss her good morning. She's still in her bathrobe, holding coffee. He's been up for hours. He turns and goes back to work, forgetting instantly that she is standing there.

She watches him work, the arcane symbols moving across the screen. We see her frustration, her inability to truly enter the magic box of his world.

**TARISSA**

You going to work all day?

**DYSON**

I'm sorry, baby. This thing is just kicking my ass. I thought we had it with this one...

He points to a metal box on his desk, about two feet long. As assembly of small cubes. It looks like a dinosaur version of Terminator's CPU.

**DYSON**

... but the output went to shit after three seconds. I'm thinking now it's the way I'm matrixing the command hierarchies...

**TARISSA**

You need a break. You'll see it clear when you come back.

**DYSON**

I can't

**TARISSA**

Miles, it's Sunday. You promised to take the kids to Raging Waters today.

**DYSON**

Oh. I can't, honey. I'm on a roll here.

He takes her hands. We see a childlike excitement in his face. He wants so badly to share the almost orgasmic thrill of discovery, the satisfaction of creation.

**DYSON**

Baby, this thing is going to blow 'em all away. It's a neural-net process --

**TARISSA**

I know. You told me. It's a neural-net processor. It thinks and learns like we do. It's superconducting at room temperature. Other computer are pocket calculators by comparison.

(she pulls away from him)

But why is that so goddamn important, Miles? I really need to know, 'cause I feel like I'm going crazy here, sometimes.

**DYSON**

I'm sorry, honey, it's just that I'm thiiis close.

He holds up his thumb and index finger... a fraction of an inch apart.

She picks up the prototype. It doesn't look like much.

**DYSON**

Imagine a jetline with a pilot that never makes a mistake, never gets tired, never shows up to work with a hangover.

(he taps the prototype)

Meet the pilot.

**TARISSA**

Why did you marry me, Miles? Why did we have these two children? You don't need us. Your heart and your mind are in here.

(she stares at the metal box  
in her hands)

But it doesn't love you like we do.

He takes the anodized box from her hands and sets it down.

Then he

puts his hands on her shoulders and kisses her gently. She acquiesces

to his kiss.

**DYSON**

I'm sorry.

Tarissa glances over his shoulder. She nods her head toward the

doorway to the study. Dyson turns and sees their two kids standing

there. Danny (6) and Blythe (4) look rumped and adorable in their

PJs. Dyson wilts at their hopeful expressions.

**TARISSA**

How about spending some time with your other babies?

Dyson grins. The forces of darkness have lost this round. He

holds

out his hands and his kids run to him, cheering.

**CUT TO:**

**A100 EXT. DESERT/COMPOUND - DAY**

The desert northwest of Calexico. Burning under the sun like

a

hallucination. Heat shimmers the image, mirage-like.

Terminator turns the pickup off the paved road and barrels  
along a

roadbed a sand and gravel, trailing a huge plume of dust.

A sign at the turnoff says:           CHARON MESA       2 MI  
  **CALEXICO**               **15 MI**

A101       AHEAD is a pathetic oasis of humanity in the vast wasteland, a  
couple       of aging house-trailers, surrounded by assorted junk vehicles  
and         desert-style trash. There is a dirt airstrip behind the  
trailers, and       a stripped Huey helicopter sitting on block nearby.

The truck rolls to a stop in a cloud of dust. The place looks  
deserted. The door to the nearest trailer bangs in the wind.

**SARAH**

(to Terminator and John)

Stay in the truck.

**A102       ANGLE FROM INSIDE ANOTHER TRAILER, NEARBY.**

as         A DARK FIGURE in the F.G. has an AK-47 trained on the pickup  
Sarah gets out.

ON SARAH peering through the backlit dust.  
The sound of wind. She approaches the trailer.

**SARAH**

(in Spanish)

Enrique? You here?

She hears KACHANK! behind her and spins, whipping out her .45  
in one       motion.

ENRIQUE SALCEDA stands behind a rusting jeep, a 12-gauge pump  
trained       on her. He is mid-forties, a tough Guatemalan with a  
weathered face       and heavy mustache. He wears cowboy boots and a flak vest, no  
shirt.

**SALCEDA**

You pretty jumpy, Connor.

His fierce face breaks into a broad grin. The shotgun drops  
to his       side as he walks toward her. When he reaches her he hugs her,  
then         steps back.

**SALCEDA**

(in Spanish)

Good to see you, Connor. I knew you'd make it back here sooner or later.

He grins at John as he steps from the truck, and then clocks Terminator getting out.

**SALCEDA**

Oye, Big John! Que pasa? Who's your very large friend?

**JOHN**

(perfect Spanish)

He's cool, Enrique. He's... uh... this is my Uncle Bob.

(to Terminator, in English)

Uncle Bob, this is Enrique.

Terminator smiles. Sort of. Salceda squints at him,

**SALCEDA**

Hmmm. Uncle Bob, huh? Okay.

(yelling)

Yolanda. Get out here, we got company. And bring some fucking tequila!

A thin Guatemalan KID, FRANCO, eighteen or so, comes out of the trailer with the AK-47, followed by Salceda's wife, YOLANDA. She has THREE younger children with her, from a five-year-old GIRL, JUANITA, to a year-and-half-old BOY. She waves at John. They exchange greetings in Spanish. They seem like nice people. Terminator looks down at John, next to him. He says quietly...

**TERMINATOR**

Uncle Bob?

**SALCEDA**

(to Sarah)

So, Sarahlita, you getting famous, you know that? All over the goddamn TV.

Salceda rips the cap off the tequila bottle. The two-year-old toddles to Terminator and grabs his pants, sliming them with drool. Terminator looks down at the tiny kid, fascinated. What is it?

He picks up the child with one huge hand. Looks at it. Turns  
it  
different ways. Studying it. Then sets it down. The kid  
waddles  
off, a little dizzy.

**SALCEDA**

Honey, take Pacolito. Thanks, baby.

She hands him the tequila and takes the child. Salceda takes  
a long  
pull from the Cuervo bottle.

**SALCEDA**

(to Terminator)

Drink?

Terminator gestures "no" at the proffered bottle, but Sarah  
grabs it  
and takes a long pull. She lowers it without expression. Her  
eyes  
don't even water.

**SARAH**

I just came for my stuff. And I need clothes,  
food, and one of your trucks.

**SALCEDA**

(grinning)

Hey, how about the fillings out of my fucking  
teeth while you're at it?

**SARAH**

Now, Enrique.

(turns to Terminator and John)

You two are on weapons detail.

**CUT TO:**

**A103 EXT. COMPOUND/BEHIND THE TRAILERS**

There is an aging and rusted Caterpillar sitting behind one of  
the  
trailers. John expertly backs it toward Terminator who is  
holding  
one end of a piece of heavy chain which disappears into the  
sand.

**JOHN**

Hook it on.

Terminator hooks the chain onto the towhook on the back of the

treads,  
plate  
tractor. John hits the throttle and the Cat churns its  
pulling some massive load. A six-by-eight foot sheet of steel  
moves slowly under six inches of sand.

the  
the  
John drags it far enough to reveal... a rectangular hole in  
ground. Like the mouth of a tomb. The kid drops down from  
tractor and walks to the hole.

**JOHN**

One thing about my mom... she always plans  
ahead.

**A104 INT. WEAPONS CACHE**

block  
spills down  
From inside the "tomb". Sunlight slashes down into a cinder-  
room, less than six feet wide but over twenty long. Sand  
the steps. The walls are lined with guns.

pistols,  
boxes  
begin.  
John precedes Terminator into Sarah's weapons cache. Rifles,  
rocket launchers, mortars, RPGs, radio gear. At the far end,  
containing ammo, grenades, etc. are stacked to the ceiling.  
Terminator gets real alert. Scanning, wondering where to  
He  
picks up a MAC-10 machine pistol. Racks the bolt.

**TERMINATOR**

Excellent.

**JOHN**

Yeah, I thought you'd like this place.

**A105 EXT. COMPOUND/NEARBY**

fatigue  
with  
of a  
Sarah emerges from a trailer. She has changed. Boots, black  
pants, T-shirt. Shades. She looks hard.  
Salceda is nearby, packing food and other survival equipment  
Yolanda. He looks up as Sarah approaches, and slaps the side  
BIG FOUR-BY BRONCO next to him,

**SALCEDA**

This is the best truck, but the water pump is

blown. You got the time to change it out?

**SARAH**

Yeah. I'm gonna wait till dark to cross the border.

(she pulls him away from Yolanda)

Enrique, it's dangerous for you here. You get out tonight, too, okay?

**SALCEDA**

Yeah, Saralita. Sure.

(he grins)

Just drop by any time and totally fuck up my life.

She slaps him on the shoulder.

**CUT TO:**

**A106 INT. WEAPONS CACHE**

Terminator returns from carrying out several cases of ammo. John is selecting rifles from a long rack.

**JOHN**

See, I grew up in places like this, so I just thought it was how people lived... riding around in helicopters. Learning how to blow shit up.

John grabs an AK-47 and racks the bolt with a practiced action. Inspects the receiver for wear. Doesn't like what he sees. Puts it back. His movements are efficient. Professional. Uninterested.

**JOHN**

Then, when Mom got busted I got put in a regular school. The other kids were, like, into Nintendo.

Terminator has found a Vietnam-era "blooper" M-79 grenade launcher. A very crude but effective weapon. He opens the breech and inspects the bore.

**JOHN**

Are you ever afraid?

Terminator pauses for a second. The thought never occurred to him.

He searches his mind for the answer...

**TERMINATOR**

No.

Terminator slings the M-79 and starts looking for the grenades.

**JOHN**

Not even of dying?

**TERMINATOR**

No.

**JOHN**

You don't feel any emotion about it one way or the other?

**TERMINATOR**

No. I have to stay functional until my mission is complete. Then it doesn't matter.

John is idly spinning a Sig Saur 9mm pistol on his finger... backwards and forwards like Bat Masteron.

**JOHN**

Yeah. I have to stay functional too.  
(sing-songy)  
"I'm too important".

Terminator pulls back a canvas tarp, revealing a squat, heavy weapon with six barrels clustered in a blunt cylinder. Chain-ammo is fed from a canister sitting next to it. A G.E. MINI-GUN. The most fearsome anti-personnel weapon of the Vietnam era. Terminator hefts it. Looks at John as if to say "Can I? Please?"

**JOHN**

It's definitely you.

**CUT TO:**

**A107 EXT. COMPOUND - DAY/LATER**

out on Sarah and John have their weapons and supply selections laided  
radios, two battered picnic tables for cleaning and packing. Maps,  
documents, explosives, detonators... just the basics. Sarah  
is field- stripping and cleaning guns, very methodical. There is no  
wasted motion.

They're Not far away, John and Terminator are working on the Bronco.  
greasy up to their elbows, lying on their backs under the  
engine compartment, ratcheting bolts into places on the new water  
pump.

**JOHN**

There was this one guy that was kinda cool.  
He taught me engines. Hold this a second. Mom  
screwed it up, of course. Sooner or later she'd  
always tell them about Judgment Day and me being  
this world leader and that's be all she wrote.

of John thinks he's being causal, but his longing for some kind  
parental connection is obvious.

**TERMINATOR**

Torque wrench please.

**JOHN**

Here. I wish I coulda met my real dad.

**TERMINATOR**

You will.

**JOHN**

Yeah. I guess so. My mom says when I'm, like,  
45, I think, I send him back through time to  
1984. But right now he hasn't even been born  
yet. Man, is messes with your head. Where's  
that other bolt?

(Terminator hands it to him)

Thanks. Mom and him were only together for one  
night, but she still loves him, I guess. I see  
her crying sometimes. She denies it totally,  
of course. Like she says she got something in  
her eye.

They crawl out from under the truck into the bright sunlight.

**TERMINATOR**

Why do you cry?

**JOHN**

You mean people? I don't know. We just cry.  
You know. When it hurts.

**TERMINATOR**

Pain causes it?

**JOHN**

Uh-unh, no, it's different... It's when there's  
nothing wrong with you but you hurt anyway. You  
get it?

**TERMINATOR**

No.

Terminator gets into the Bronco and turns the ignition key and  
the engine catches with a roar.

**JOHN**

Alriight!! My man!

**TERMINATOR**

No problemo.

John grins and does a victorious thumbs up.  
Terminator imitates the gesture awkwardly.  
John laughs and makes him get out of the truck, to try the  
move again.

A108 SARAH, across the compound, pauses in her work to watch John  
and Terminator.

A109 SARAH'S POV... we don't hear what John and Terminator are  
saying. It is a soundless pantomime as John is trying to show some other  
gestures to the cyborg. Trying to get him to walk more casually. John  
walks, then Terminator tries it, then John gestures wildly, talking  
very fast... explaining the fundamental principles of cool. They  
try it again. Continued ad lib as we hear:

**SARAH (V.O.)**

Watching John with the machine, it was suddenly  
so clear. The Terminator would never stop, it

would never leave him... it would always be there. And it would never hurt him, never shout at him or get drunk and hit him, or say it couldn't spend time with him because it was too busy. And it would die to protect him. Of all the would-be fathers who came and went over the years, this thing, this machine, was the only one who measured up. In an insane world, it was the sanest choice.

Sarah clenches her jaw and goes grimly back to work... a strong woman made hard and cold by years of hard choices.

**CUT TO;**

**A110 EXT. ROAD - DAY**

A police cruiser is parked off the side of a quiet, empty road on the outskirts of Los Angeles. A ribbon of traffic moves steadily by on a freeway in the distance. Nothing stirs around the cruiser except some pump-jacks sucking the earth on the hill behind it.

A111 IN THE CRUISER. The T-1000 sits inside. John's notes and letters are spread out on the seat beside it. Sarah's voice speaks from a cassette deck. John's tapes. Her voices mixes with the static filled chatter of the radio that T-1000 monitors for any signs of its targets.

**SARAH**

... if we are ever separated, and can't make contact, go to Enrique's airstrip. I'll rendezvous with you there.

T-1000 whips around and rewinds the tape, replaying the last section.

It then snaps up the envelope of photos we saw earlier.

ECU on envelope. We see the postmark: "Charon Mesa, Calif."

TIGHT ON T-1000 staring at the postmark on the envelope. It glances up at the sound of crunching gravel. In the rear-view it sees a BIKE COP pulling onto the shoulder behind it. The big KAWASAKI 1100 idles up next to the T-1000, still seated in the cruiser.

**BIKE COP**

Howdy. I saw you pulled over here earlier.  
Everything okay?

**T-1000**

Everything's fine. Thanks for checking.  
(it gets slowly out of  
the car)  
Since you're here, though, can I talk to you  
a second...

**CUT TO:**

**A112 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY/MINUTES LATER**

The T-1000 thunders along on the Kawasaki 1100, doing about a  
hundred  
and twenty. PAN WITH IT until it recedes toward the horizon.

**CUT TO:**

**A113 EXT. COMPOUND - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)**

Sarah sits at the picnic table. The weapons are cleaned and  
her work  
is done. She hasn't slept in twenty-four hours and she seems  
to have  
the weight of the whole world on her shoulder.  
She draws her knife from its belt sheath.  
Idly starts to carve something on the table top... the letter  
"N".

A114 NOT FAR AWAY, John and Terminator are packing the Bronco for  
the trip.

A115 ON SARAH, AT THE TABLE as she looks up from her carving,  
thinking.  
She watches Salceda's kids playing nearby... wrestling with a  
mummy  
dog and loving it. Sarah watches Yolanda walking her toddler  
by her  
hands. Backlit, stylized. She looks over at John. Loading  
guns and  
supplies.

A116 ANGLE ON kids playing.

A117 SARAH'S HEAD droops. She closes her eyes.

A118 TIGHT ON small children playing. Different ones.

Wider now, to reveal a playground in a park. Very idyllic. A dream playground, crowded with laughing children playing on swings, slides, and a jungle gym. It could be the playground we saw melted and frozen in the post-nuclear desolation of 2029. But here the grass is vibrant green and the sun is shining.

118A Sarah, short-haired, looking drab and paramilitary, stands outside the playground. An outsider. Her fingers are hooked in a chain-link fence and she is staring through the fence at the young mothers playing with their kids. A grim-faced harbinger.

118B Some girls play skip-rope. Their sing-song weaves through the random burbling laughter of the kids. One of the young mothers walks her two-year-old son by the hands. She is wearing a pink waitress uniform. She turns to us, laughing. It is Sarah. Beautiful. Radiant. Sarah from another life, uncontaminated by the dark future. She glances at the strange woman beyond the fence.

118C Grim-faced Sarah presses against the fence. She starts shouting at them in SLOW MOTION. No sound comes from her mouth. She grabs the fence in frustration, shaking it. Screaming soundlessly. Waitress Sarah's smile falls. Then returns as her little boy throws some sand at her. She laughs, turns away, as if the woman at the fence were a shadow, a trick of light.

**118D-118F OMITTED**

118G THE SKY EXPLODES. The children ignite like match heads. Sarah is burning, screaming silently, everything silent and overexposed.

118H THE BLAST WAVE HITS... devouring the cowering mothers and children. Sarah's scream merges with the howl of the wind as the shockwave rips into her, blasting her apart and she...

119 Wakes up.  
All is quiet and normal. The children are still playing  
nearby. Less  
than fifteen minutes have gone by.

Bathed in sweat, Sarah sits hunched over the table.  
Every muscle is shaking. She is gasping.  
Sarah struggles to breathe, running her hand through her hair  
which is  
soaked with sweat, She can escape from the hospital, but she  
can't  
escape from the madness which haunts her.

She looks down at the words she has carved on the table, amid  
the  
scrawled hearts and bird-droppings. They are: "NO FATE."  
Something changes in her eyes. She slams her knife down in  
the table  
top, embedding it deeply in the words. Then gets up suddenly  
and  
we --

**CUT TO:**

A120 LONG LENS on Sarah walking toward us, striding across the  
compound  
with grim purpose. She carries a small nylon pack and a CAR-  
15  
assault rifle. Her face is an impassive mask. She has become  
a  
terminator.

A120A JOHN LOOKS UP from his work in time to see Sarah throw the  
rifle  
behind the seat of their stolen pickup, jump in and start it.  
She  
slams it in gear. Salceda walks up to John.

**SALCEDA**

She said you go south with him...  
(he points at Terminator)  
... tonight, like you planned. She will meet  
you tomorrow in...

But John is moving, running after her.

**JOHN**

Mommm!! Wait!!

A120B MOVING WITH SARAH as she leaves the compound. We see John  
running

rear- after her... yelling. Can't hear his words. She looks in the  
view mirror but doesn't slow down.

**CUT TO:**

**A121 EXT. COMPOUND - DUSK/MINUTES LATER**

John and Terminator ponders the message carved into the top of  
the picnic table. Sarah's knife is still embedded there.

**JOHN**

"No fate." No fate but what we make. My father  
told her this... I mean I made him memorize it,  
up in the future, as a message to her --  
Never mind. Okay, the whole thing goes "The  
future is not set. There is no fate but what  
we make for ourselves."

**TERMINATOR**

She intends to change the future somehow.

**JOHN**

I guess, yeah --  
(snaps his fingers as it hit him)  
Oh shit!!

**TERMINATOR**

Dyson.

**JOHN**

Yeah, gotta be! Miles Dyson! She's gonna blow  
him away!

John motions to Terminator and breaks into a run.

**JOHN**

Come on. Let's go. LET'S GO!!

**CUT TO:**

**A122 INT./EXT. SARAH'S JEEP - DUSK**

Sarah speeds through the darkening desert. Expressionless.  
In her dark glasses, she looks as pitiless as an insect.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**A123 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

L.A. TRACKING WITH THE BRONCO, Terminator and John heading toward

**TERMINATOR**

This is tactically dangerous.

**JOHN**

Drive faster.

**TERMINATOR**

The T-1000 has the same files that I do. It could anticipate this move and reacquire you at Dyson's house.

**JOHN**

I don't care. We've gotta stop her.

**TERMINATOR**

Killing Dyson might actually prevent the war.

**JOHN**

I don't care!! There's gotta be another way. Haven't you learned anything?! Haven't you figured out why you can't kill people?

Terminator is still stumped.

**JOHN**

Look, maybe you don't care if you live or die. But everybody's not like that! Okay?! We have feelings. We hurt. We're afraid. You gotta learn this stuff, man, I'm not kidding. It's important.

PANNING as they pass, revealing the lights of the city ahead.

**CUT TO:**

**A124 EXT, DYSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The house is high-tech and luxurious. Lots of glass. Dyson's study is lit bluish with the glow of his computer monitors. He is at the terminal, working. Where else? We see him clearly in a long shot from an embankment behind the house.

A DARK FIGURE moves into the foreground. Rack focus to Sarah as she turns into profile. She raises the CAR-15 rifle and begins screwing

the long heavy cylinder of a sound-suppresser onto the end of the barrel.

**CUT TO:**

**A125-A125K OMITTED**

**129 OMITTED**

**129A INT. DYSON HOUSE**

Dyson's kids, Danny and Blythe, are playing in the halls with a radio-controlled off-road truck. Danny drives and Blythe scampers after it, trying to catch it. They stop in the hall outside Dyson's study and sees him working at his terminal. Danny puts a finger to his lips, shushing Blythe. His expression is mischievous.

129B With the silencer in place, Sarah eases back the bolt and then slips it forward, chambering a .223 round. Then she lies down on the embankment. He cheek pressed against the cool rifle-stock, she slides one hand slowly forward to brace the weapon, taking the weight on her elbow. Her other hand slips knowingly to the trigger.

Her expression is cold, impassive. She looks through the scope at the man in the house. She feels nothing as she raises the rifle.

**130 OMITTED**

**130A INT. DYSON'S HOUSE**

DYSON, in deep thought. The rhythmic sounds of keys as he works. Symbols on the screen shift.

ON HIS BACK we see the glowing red dot appear. It is the target dot of Sarah's laser designator. It moves silently up his back toward his head.

**131 EXT. DYSON HOUSE/EMBANKMENT**

IN EXTREME CLOSEUP we see Sarah's eye at the night-scope.  
TIGHT INSERT on her finger as it tightens on the trigger,  
taking out  
the slack. She takes a deep breath and holds it. Adjusts her  
position minutely.

**132 INT. DYSON HOUSE**

The laser dot jiggles on the back of Dyson's neck and then  
rises,  
centering on the back of his skull.

132A LOW ANGLE as Danny's Bigfoot truck roars toward us -- FILLING  
FRAME.  
down  
Thump. It hits Dyson's foot. He jerks, startled, and looks  
as --

**POP!!**

132B His monitor screen is BLOWN OUT spraying his with glass. He  
jerks  
back, utterly shocked... and spins to see the huge hole blown  
through  
the window behind him. This saves him as K-THUMP! -- the  
second shot  
blows the top of his high-backed chair into an explosion of  
stuffing  
an inch from his head.  
Instinctively he dives to the carpet as --

BLAM BLAM BLAM -- rounds blast through the window, tearing  
into his  
desk and computer, blowing his keyboard into shrapnel.

132C With the monitor screen blown out, the room is in darkness.  
Sarah  
can't see Dyson now, down behind his desk. She puts round  
after round  
into the heavy desk, blasting one side of it into kindling.

132D Dyson, scared out of his mind, has his face jammed against the  
carpet,  
terrified to move. He sees his kids in the hall.

**DYSON**

Run, kids! Go! Run!

132E IN THE HALL, TARISSA rounds the corner at a dead run. She  
sees the  
kids running toward her and grabs them in her arms. Down the  
hall,  
in the dark study, she sees Dyson on the floor amid the  
splinters and

shrapnel of the continuing fusillade.

**TARISSA**

Miles! Oh my God!!

**MILES**

Stay back!!

132F ON THE FLOOR, Dyson flinches as chunks of wood and shattered computer components shower down on him. He looks desperately toward the door, but knows he'd be totally exposed. He'd never make it.

133 SARAH's rifle empties with a final CLACK! She throws it down and draws her .45 smoothly from a shoulder base. She starts toward the house, snapping back the slide on the pistol, chambering a round. She is in a fast, purposeful walk, keeping her eyes fixed on the target. She is utterly determined to kill this man.

134 FROM UNDER THE DESK Dyson can see a sliver in the backyard. He sees Sarah's feet as she strides toward him. He tenses to make a break for the door.

Sarah raises the pistol, eyes riveted ahead, controlling her breathing. Dyson springs up in a full-tilt sprint. She tracks him. He hooks a foot on the cord of a toppled disk drive. BOOM! Her shot blows apart a lamp where his head was. He hits the floor hard, but keeps moving, scrambling forward.

Crunch of glass behind him as Sarah's dark form is framed in the blown-out floor-to-ceiling window. Dyson leaps toward the hall. BOOM! Her second shot spins him. He hits the floor in the hallway.

Tarissa is screaming. Dyson struggles forward, stunned. There is a .45-caliber hole clean through his left shoulder. He smears the wall with blood as he staggers up. Looking back, he sees the implacable figure behind him, coming on.

He topples through a doorway as --

BOOM! BOOM! Shots blowing away the molding where he just was.

**135 EXT. DYSON HOUSE/STREET**

Terminator and John leap from the jeep, sprinting toward the house.  
The shots sound muffles from outside.

**JOHN**

Shit, we're too late!

**136 INT. HOUSE**

Advancing with Sarah we enter the living area. Tarissa has Blythe and she's screaming at Danny, who has run back to his collapsed father.

**TARISSA**

Danny! DANNY!

**DANNY**

Daaaadddeeee!

Danny is pulling at Dyson, crying and screaming, as his father tries to stagger forward. Tarissa drops Blythe and runs back for Dyson, grabbing him. Sarah looms behind them with the pistol aimed.

**SARAH**

Don't fucking move! Don't FUCKING MOVE!!

(she swings the gun on

Tarissa)

Get on the floor, bitch! Now!! Fucking down!

**NOW!!**

Sarah is crazy-eyed now, shaking with the intensity of the moment.

The kill has gone bad, with screaming kids and the wife involved...

things she never figured on. Tarissa drops to the knees, terrified

as she looks into the muzzle of the gun. Blythe runs to Dyson and

hugs him, wailing.

**BLYTHE**

Don't hurt my father!

**SARAH**

(screaming)  
Shut up, kid! Get out of the way!!

Dyson looks up, through his pain and incomprehension. Why is this nightmare happening? The black gun muzzle is a foot from his face.

**DYSON**

(gasping)  
Please... let... the kids... go...

**SARAH**

Shut up! SHUT UP!! Motherfucker! It's all your fault! IT'S YOUR FAULT!!

We see her psyching herself to pull the trigger... needing now to hate this man she doesn't know. It's a lot harder face-to-face. She is bathed in sweat, and it runs into her eyes. Blinking, she wipes it fast with one hand, then gets it back on the gun. The .45 is trembling.

TIGHT ON SARAH as we see the forces at war behind her eyes. She looks into the faces of Dyson, Tarissa, Blythe, Danny. Sarah takes a sharp breath and all the muscles in her arms contract as she tenses to fire. But her finger won't do it. She lowers the gun very slowly. It drops to her side in one hand.

All the breath and energy seems to go out of her. She weakly raises her other hand in a strange gesture, like "Stay where you are, don't move". As if, should they move, the fragile balance might tip back the other way. She backs away from them slowly, panting. It's as if she's backing away in terror from what she almost did. She reaches a wall and slumps against it. Slides down to her knees. The gun falls limply from her fingers. She rests her cheek against the wall.

136A The front door is kicked in. Terminator steps inside. John grabs his sleeve and pushes past him.

He scopes out the situation in two seconds... Sarah, the gun,  
the sobbing family. John moves to Sarah while Terminator checks  
Dyson.

John kneels in front of his mother. She raises her head to  
look at him. He sees the tears spilling down her cheeks,

**JOHN**

Mom? You okay?

**SARAH**

I couldn't... oh, God.  
(she seems to see him for  
the first time)  
You... came here... to stop me?

**JOHN**

Uh huh.

She reaches out and takes his shoulder suddenly, surprising  
him... drawing him to her. She hugs him and a great sob wells up  
deep inside her, from a spring she had thought long dry. She hugs him  
fiercely as the sobs wrack her.

John clutches her shoulders. It is all he ever wanted.

**JOHN**

It's okay. It'll be okay. We'll figure it  
out.

**SARAH**

I love you, John. I always have.

**JOHN**

I know, Mom. I know.

TARISSA looks around at the bizarre tableau. Terminator has  
wordlessly ripped open Dyson's shirt and examined the wound.

**TERMINATOR**

Clean penetration. No shattered bone.  
Compression should control the loss of blood.

He takes Tarissa's hands and presses them firmly over the  
entrance and exit wounds.

**TERMINATOR**

Do you have bandages?

**DYSON**

In the bathroom. Danny, can you get them for us?

Danny nods and runs down the hall.  
John disengages from Sarah. She wipes her tears, the instinct  
to toughen up taking over again. But the healing moment has had  
its effect, nevertheless.

John walks toward Dyson and Terminator.

**DYSON**

Who are you people?

John draws the Biker's knife from Terminator's boot. Hands it  
to him.

**JOHN**

Show him.

Terminator takes off his jacket to reveal bare arms.  
John takes Blythe by the hands and leads her down the hall,  
away from what is about to happen.

136B TIGHT ON TERMINATOR'S left forearm as the knife makes a deep  
cut just below the elbow. In one smooth motion, Terminator cuts all  
the way around his arm. With a second cut, he splits the skin of the  
forearm from elbow to wrist.

TERMINATOR grasps the skin and strips it off his forearm like  
a surgeon rips off a rubber glove. It comes off with a sucking  
rip, leaving a bloody skeleton.

But the skeleton is made of bright metal, and is laced with  
hydraulic actuators. The fingers are as finely crafted as watch  
parts... they flex into a fist and extend. Terminator holds it up, palm  
out, in

almost the exact position of the one in the vault at  
Cyberdyne,

HOLD ON DYSON reacting to the servo-hand in front of him.  
He's seen one of these before.  
Tarissa is screaming now, but he doesn't hear her.

**DYSON**

My God.

**TERMINATOR**

Now listen to me very carefully.

**137 INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - LATER**

Sarah puts out her fifth cigarette. She's sitting on the  
counter.  
John, Terminator, Dyson, and Tarissa are at the kitchen table,  
under  
a single overhead light.

Dyson looks like that guy on the Sistine Chapel wall, the  
damned  
soul... eyes fixed and staring with terrifying knowledge. His  
shoulder is bandaged. Terminator's arm is wrapped with a  
blood-soaked  
bandage below the elbow. The steel forearm and hand gleam in  
the  
harsh kitchen light. TRACKING AROUND THE TABLE as Terminator  
speaks... we don't hear the words.

**SARAH (V.O.)**

Dyson listened while the Terminator laid it all  
down. Skynet. Judgment Day... the history of  
things to come. It's not every day you find  
out you're responsible for 3 billion deaths.  
He took it pretty well, considering...

Terminator finishes speaking.

**DYSON**

I feel like I'M gonna throw up.

He looks around at them, clutching the table like he's about  
to blow  
away. His face, his posture, his ragged voice express soul-  
wrenching  
terror. This is a man ripped out of normal life into their  
grim  
world. His voice is pleading.

**DYSON**

You're judging me on things I haven't even done yet. Jesus. How were we supposed to know?

Sarah speaks from the shadows behind them. Dyson turns to find her looking right at him.

**SARAH**

Yeah. Right. How were you supposed to know? Fucking men... all you know how to do is thrust into the world with your... fucking ideas and your weapons. Did you know that every gun in the world is named after a man? Colt, Browning, Smith, Thompson, Kalashnikov... all men. Men built the hydrogen bomb, not women... men like you thought it up. You're so creative. You don't know what it's like to really create something... to create a life. To feel it growing inside you. All you know how to create is death... you fucking bastards.

**JOHN**

Mom, Mom, we need to be more constructive here. I don't see this as a gender-related issue.

(to the Dysons)

She's still tense.

(to Sarah)

We still have to figure out how to stop it all from happening. Right?

**TARISSA**

But I thought... aren't we changing things? I mean... right now? Changing the way it goes?

**DYSON**

(seizing on that)

That's right! There's no way I'm going to finish the new processor now. Forget it. I'm out of it. I'm quitting Cyberdyne tomorrow... I'll sell real estate, I don't care,,,

**SARAH**

(coldly)

That's not good enough.

Dyson's voice is pitiful.

**DYSON**

Look, whatever you want me to do, I'll do. I just want my kids to have a chance to grow up, okay?

**TERMINATOR**

No one must follow your work.

**DYSON**

(thoughts racing)

Alright, yeah. You're right. We have to destroy the stuff at the lab, the files, disk drive... and everything I have here. Everything! I don't care.

**CUT TO:**

**138 FIRE ROARING IN A METAL TRASH BARREL.**

Stacks of files are dumped onto it.  
WIDER reveals we are in --

**138A EXT, DYSON'S BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Terminator dumps lighter fluid liberally over the fire, which flares up, lighting his face demonically. Sarah, Dyson, Tarissa, and John return from his office with more stuff -- files, notes, optical disks. Even his kids are carrying stuff. It all goes into the fire. Dyson drops the prototype onto the fire... his eyes hollow and distant.  
He stares into the fire, watching his world burning. The has a sudden thought.

**DYSON**

Do you know about the chip?

**SARAH**

What chip?

**DYSON**

They have it in a vault at Cyberdyne...  
(to Terminator)  
It's gotta be from the other one like you.

**TERMINATOR**

(to Sarah)  
The CPU from the first terminator.

**SARAH**

Son of a bitch, I knew it!

**DYSON**

They told us not to ask where they got it. I thought... Japan... hell, I don't know. I didn't want to know.

**SARAH**

Those lying motherfuckers!

**DYSON**

I was scary stuff, radically advanced. It was shattered... didn't work. But it gave us ideas, It took us in new directions... things we would never have thought of. All this work is based on it.

**TERMINATOR**

I must be destroyed.

**SARAH**

(to Dyson)

Can you get us in there, past security?

**DYSON**

I think so, yeah. When?

Dyson looks at her, Terminator, then John. Sees his answer.

**DYSON**

Now?

(he takes a breath)

Yeah, right.

He turns to his wife. Her face is streaked with tears, but her eyes are strong and clear. Tarissa puts her hands on his arm. She is stunned by what she's heard, but dealing with it. She believe them.

**TARISSA**

Miles, I'm scared. Okay. But the only thing that scares me more than you going... is you not going.

He nods. She's right.

**SARAH**

(to Terminator)

Is it safe for them here?

**TERMINATOR**

(to Tarissa)

Take your kids. Go to a hotel. Right now.

Don't pack.  
                  (to the others)  
Let's go.

**CUT TO:**

**138B EXT, HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Pavement rushing at us, lit by headlights. Beyond, darkness.

**SARAH (V.O.)**

The future, always so clear to me, has become like a black highway at night. We were in uncharted territory now... making up history as we went along.

TILT UP to reveal a rectangle of light ahead. The Cyberdyne Building...

**139 INT. CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS BUILDING/LOBBY - NIGHT**

TIGHT ON A CARD-KEY SCANNER as Dyson's hand zips his security card through a slot in one motion. There is the sound of a servo-lock, and --

139A DYSON enter the spacious lobby, followed by Sarah, John, and Terminator last of all. In a frontal angle, the others block Terminator from view.

THE GUARD at the front desk, GIBBONS, looks up as Dyson moves toward him. Dyson is pale and sweaty, but smiles warmly at the guard, speaking well before he reaches the desk.

**DYSON**

Evening, Paul. These are friends of mine from out of town, I just thought I'd take them up and show them around.

**GIBBONS**

I'm sorry, Mr. Dyson. You know the rules about visitors in the lab. I need written authoriz --

and K-CHAK! Gibbons is staring down the barrels of Sarah's .45 Terminator's MAC-10.

**TERMINATOR**

I insist.

The guard is too stunned to move. We see that Terminator is wearing his jacket and one black glove. Gibbon's eyes go to the silent alarm button on the console.

**SARAH**

Don't even think about it.

Gibbons nods. He stays frozen. Terminator circles quickly and gets the guard out of the chair. John pulls a roll of duct-tape from his knapsack and tears off a piece.

**140 INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR**

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN and Terminator leads the group warily into the corridor. They have a cart piled high with gear in nylon bags. Dyson motions down the corridor to the right. As they walk, he continues to fill them in --

**DYSON**

The vault needs two keys to open. Mine...  
(holds up key)  
... and one from the security station. It's in a locker but my card should access it. Here we go.

They stand in front of a wide security door. A sign above reads SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. Dyson zips his key-card through the scanner and the door unlatches.

**141 OMITTED**

**142 INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR/LOBBY**

A ROVING GUARD, MOSHIER, strolls down the long corridor from the first-floor office block. A punch clock swings at his hip, and he's just completed his circuit of the building. He passes the back of elevators and rounds the corner to the front desk, calling out --

**MOSHIER**

Honey, I'm home...

He sees the desk is deserted and frowns. Figures Gibbons must be in the can, so checks that first before getting alarmed. TRACKING WITH HIM to the restroom around the corner,

**MOSHIER**

Hey, man, you shouldn't leave the --

142A OVER HIS SHOULDER we see past the door as he pushes it open, revealing Gibbons handcuffed to the urinal. Moshier spins on a dime and sprints to the desk where he slams down on the silent alarm button.

**153 INT. SECURITY STATION**

The security station is a pass-through area with a counter, behind which are desks and a bank of monitors, showing boring movies about empty corridors. Dyson crosses quickly to a locker behind the scanner on the monitor area. He swished his card repeatedly through the blinking the locker. Nothing happens. The light on the locker is red. Sarah notices Dyson's alarmed expression.

**DYSON**

What? WHAT IS IT?

Dyson whips around, staring at a light flashing on the console behind him.

**DYSON**

Silent alarm's been tripped. It neutralizes the codes throughout the building. Nothing'll open now.

We see his nerve snapping.

**DYSON**

We should abort.

**SARAH**

NO!! We're going all the way! You got that, Dyson?

She's right in his face. Somehow, it works for him. He nods, getting

some resolve from somewhere.

**144 INT. LOBBY**

Moshier's gotten Gibbons loose. He's on the phone to the cops.

**GIBBONS**

... multiple armed subjects. Look, I think it's the guy from that mall shootout, and the woman... yeah, her. Pretty sure. Just send everything you've got in the area --

**145 INT. SECURITY STATION./LAB**

John jumps up on the desk next to the wall-mounted locker. Dyson stares in amazement as John starts pulling his counter-electronics gear out of his knapsack. It's just another Ready-Teller to him.

**JOHN**

You guys get started on the lab... I can open this.

145A Dyson leads Terminator and Sarah to the main lab doors. Another servo-lock. He tries his card. Nothing.

**DYSON**

No good.

**TERMINATOR**

Let me try mine.

He unslings the M-79, pulling it over his shoulder in one motion. Sarah grabs Dyson and drags him back down the hall. Terminator opens the breach and slide in one of the fat 40mm H.E. grenades. He flips the thing closed with a snap of the wrist.

**SARAH**

(yelling as she runs)  
John! Fire-in-the-hole!

John drops what he is doing, and covers his ears. Terminator fires at inhumanely close range. 145B The door EXPLODES into kindling. The concussion blow his jacket

open, and flying shrapnel whizzes all around him. Before the thunderclap has faded Terminator walks into the fire and smoke.

John goes back to work without missing a beat.  
Sarah and a stunned Dyson walk through the burning doorframe into the Artificial Intelligence Lab.

A SIREN is sounding. The HALON FIRE-CONTROL SYSTEM has been triggered. The invisible gas roars in, putting out the flames.

**DYSON**

Fire's set off the halo system! Here...  
hurry!

Dyson runs to a wall cabinet and pulls out some BREATHING MASKS. He hands one to Sarah and dons the other. Then he reaches out to hand one to Terminator.

**DYSON**

Here!

Terminator doesn't need a mask, since his oxygen requirements are so low. He ignores Dyson as he removes his massive backpack and opens it. Dyson shrugs and tosses the mask on a desk. He turns to Sarah.

**DYSON**

(yelling through the mask)  
We'll have to keep these on a couple minutes,  
till the gas clears.

Terminator pulls two five-gallon jerry-cans of gasoline from his pack.  
Sarah starts pulling out book-sized, olive-green CLAYMORE MINES, stacking them next to the gasoline. Dyson stares. Part of him can't believe they're really doing this.

**CUT TO:**

**146 INT. DYSON HOUSE - NIGHT**

The T-1000 moves slowly through the ravaged office, analyzing what has

happened here. It walks down the dark hallway. The place is deserted. The police-walkie clipped on its belt (real, not simulated)  
blares to life.

**DISPATCHER (V.O.)**

All units, all units. 211 in progress at 2144 Kramer Street, the Cyberdyne building. Multiple suspects, armed with automatic weapons and explosives. SWAT unit is en route...

**147 EXT. HOUSE/STREET**

The T-1000 sprints up and throws its leg over the big C.H.P. Kawasaki.  
Fires it up. It smokes an arcing scorch-mark on the pavement as it spins around and roars away.

**CUT TO:**

**148 INT. CYBERDYNE BUILDING/LAB**

TIGHT ON A LARGE DISK DRIVE. State-of-the-art. Very expensive. A FIRE AXE smashes down through the housing, shattering the disk.

148A WIDER, revealing a scene of high-tech pillage. Terminator beats the disk drive into junk and steps to another. WHAM. Same routine. He's already demolished half a dozen. Sarah topples a file cabinet, scattering files. Dyson staggers up with an armload of heavy M-O (magnetic-optical) disks and drops them on a growing stack in the middle of the floor. He and Sarah have their breathing masks hanging down around their necks, since the halon gas has dissipated.

**DYSON**

(to Sarah, panting)  
Yeah, all that stuff! And all the disks in those offices. Especially my office... everything in my office!

(to Terminator)

These, too! This is important.

**(SMASH!)**

And all this here... that's it.

148B Sarah goes into Dyson's office and starts hurling everything out the door onto the central junkpile... books, files, everything on the desk.  
A FRAMED PHOTO of Dyson's wife and kids lands on top of the heap.  
Tarissa, hugging Danny and Blythe, all grinning. The glass is shattered.

148C Terminator cuts a swath, under Dyson's direction, exploding equipment into fragments with his inhuman swings.  
SMASH! It's carnage. Millions in hardware, and all irreplaceable fruits of their years of research... shattered, broken, dumped in a heap for the big bonfire of destiny.  
Dyson stops a second, panting.

**DYSON**

Give me that thing a second.

Terminator hands him the axe. Dyson hefts it one-handed. He turns to a lab table... on it is another prototype processor.

**DYSON**

I've worked for years on this thing.

Swinging awkwardly but with great force he smashes the axe down onto the processor prototype, exploding it into fragments. His shoulder is agony, but he looks satisfied.

**149 INT. SECOND FLOOR SECURITY STATION**

John taps away at his little lap-top, which is running code combinations into the card-key lock. Suddenly, the green light on the lock goes on and it unlocks with a clunk.

**JOHN**

Easy money.

He whips it open, revealing a rack of keys. But the VAULT-KEY is distinctive, a long steel rectangle on a neck-chain. John grabs it and runs toward the lab.

150        **INT. LAB**

Sarah and Terminator are working like a crack team, rigging the explosives. She is taping the claymores to the gas cans with duct tape to create powerful incendiary bombs. Terminator is attaching claymores and blocks of C-4 plastic explosive to the large MAINFRAME COMPUTER cabinets nearby. All the claymores are wired back to one detonator with has a RADIO-CONTROL RELAY switch.

**DYSON**

How do you set them off?

Terminator shows him a REMOTE DETONATOR, a small transmitter with a red plunger.

**TERMINATOR**

Radio remote.

He makes a plunger-pushing motion with his thumb and an accompanying "click" sound. Dyson nods. Just then John comes running in, holding up the key.

**JOHN**

I got it. Piece of cake.

**SARAH**

(to Dyson and Terminator)  
Go! I'll finish here.

They run out as the SOUND OF SIRENS grow louder outside.

**TERMINATOR**

I'll deal with the police.

**JOHN**

Remember what I said, you can't...

**TERMINATOR**

Trust me.

151        **EXT. CYBERDYNE BUILDING**

The security duo of Moshier and Gibbons cowers behind cars in the

parking lot in front of the building. They turns as L.A.P.D.  
BLACK- AND-WHITES pour into the lot, turn the area into a disco of  
whirling blue and red lights.

**152 OMITTED**

**153 EXT. CYBERDYNE BUILDING**

The cops are jumping from their cars and ducking behind them.  
Emphasis on small arms here. Behind them an ugly BLACK SWAT  
VAN screeches into the lot.

153A We hear the THUMP OF ROTORS as a POLICE CHOPPER arrives and  
swings in close to the building. It rakes its XENON SPOTLIGHT through  
the second floor offices.

**154 INT./EXT. SECOND FLOOR OFFICE**

Terminator crosses the office toward the floor-to-ceiling  
windows. He is outlines starkly by the spotlight as it rakes through  
the dark offices. Without breaking stride he kicks an executive desk  
toward the window.

154A Glass explodes outward and the desk topples, falling to the  
sidewalk below.

154B Terminator, standing at the edge, FIRES A LONG BURST with  
strafes the police cars lines up below. Cops duck as glass flies.  
Terminator, with his superb aim, hits no one. But noticed is served.

154C The cops (surprise) FIRE BACK. Terminator turns and is  
walking calmly from the window as glass, office furniture, drapes etc.  
are riddled by return fire. A few rounds hit his back, but he  
doesn't notice. He reloads as he walks.

**155 INT. VAULT ANTECHAMBER**

TIGHT ON A KEY inserted into one of the vault locks.

WIDER as John and Dyson stand poised, hands on keys.

**JOHN**

And let's see what's behind door number one.

Dyson nods and they turns the keys together. The vault grumbles to itself, withdrawing it locking bolts with a final KLONK! Together Dyson and John swing the door open.

**156 EXT./INT. LOBBY**

The varsity takes the field as the SWAT TROOPERS sprint forward by squads. They flank the lobby and work their way inside, deploying rapidly. They move and freeze, behind cover, quivering with adrenaline. They have all that great SWAT equipment: body armor, gas-masks, M-16s, tear-gas launchers, ropes. The works. They make a lot of hand signals and keep their mouths shut. They're well-trained and deadly.

157 OUTSIDE we see cops firing TEAR GAS grenades through the broken windows into second-floor offices.

**158 INT. VAULT**

John and Dyson are isolated from the world in this silent steel womb.

Dyson opens the cabinet containing the terminator relics. It's John turn to stare with uneasy deja-vu as he sees the terminator hand and **CPU.**

Then in one vicious move he sweeps his arm behind the inert-gas flasks and hurls them to the floor. They SHATTER. John snatches the CPU and the metal hand out of the broken glass.

**JOHN**

Got ol' Skynet by the ball now, Miles. Come on, let's book!

Clutching the steel hand and pocketing the chip like it's a Mars bar he just bought, John runs out. Dyson follows.

**159 INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR/STAIRWELL**

We see the advance squad of SWATs make it to one of the stairwells.

They start up, two at a time, covering each other ritualistically by the numbers.

**160 INT. LAB/HALL**

John pelts into the lab with Dyson stumbling along behind him. Sarah is just finished wiring all the charges to the central detonator.

**JOHN**

Ready to rock?

**SARAH**

Ready.

John tosses her the metal hand. She catches it and bends to put the hand in her empty back-pack. Sarah zips the pack and starts to shuck into it.

Dyson's running out of steam. The bandages at his shoulder are soaked with seeping blood. He stands in the middle of the lab, saying goodbye in his mind, looking weak and empty. Terminator strides into the lab.

**TERMINATOR**

Time to go. Right now.

He and John head back the way they came, through security. Sarah sees that in her work, she has set the detonator down twenty feet away, near where Dyson is standing.

**SARAH**

Dyson, hand me the detonator. Let's go --

He gingerly picks up the detonator. Starts toward her. Then

--

**160A CRASH!! THE DOORS AT THE BACK END OF THE LAB ARE KICKED OPEN.**

SWAT LEADER and two others OPEN FIRE. Their M-16s rake the room. Sarah dives behind a computer cabinet.

Dyson is HIT. He is slammed to the floor by the impacts.

161 IN THE HALL, John hears the firing and spins to run back.

**JOHN**

Mommm!!!

Terminator grabs him as bullets slam into his broad back. He makes it around the corner with John, out of the line of fire.

162 IN THE LAB, bullets rake over Sarah's head, smacking all around her, clanging into the machine protecting her. She can see Dyson, slumped on the floor. Debris and flying glass rain on her as the SWATs pour on the fire. The detonator is clutched in his hand. He rolls to face her, his eyes bulging from the pain of his torn-up guts.

**DYSON**

Go.

162A Sarah hesitates a split second. Then she snap-rolls and fast-crawls through broken glass and debris into the hall where --

TERMINATOR grabs her by the jacket and hauls her roughly to her feet.

Bullets rake the walls behind them as they sprint forward. They round the corner. John does a fast take that she's not hit and they run together through the security checkpoint.

**163 INT. SECURITY STATION/CORRIDOR**

John reaches the first door, and tries it. Locked. Terminator unslings the M-79 blooper smoothly, opening the breach.

**TERMINATOR**

Get back.

He pulls a grenade from the bandolier over his shoulder, and slides it into the bore. Flick his wrist. The breech snaps shut. Sarah and John have a split second to duck and cover.

**TERMINATOR**

Cover you ears and open you mouth.

163A They do. KABOOM!!! Twenty feet away the door, and half the wall  
full around it, EXPLODES outward. The backblast hits Terminator  
force, but he strides through the smoking hole before the debris has  
even hit the floor.

**164 OMITTED**

**165 INT. LAB**

SWAT LEADER moves cautiously through the lab. Cat-stepping, he  
circles around a desk which block Dyson's body from his view.  
His M-16 is leveled crisply. We look over his shoulder as he  
rounds the desk, revealing --

MILES DYSON is not dead. He will be very soon, but at this moment he  
is conscious. He has propped himself up against the desk, and holds a  
BOOK in one hand. A heavy technical manual.

Below the book is the detonator, upright on the tile floor. The message is clear. "Shoot me, the book drops on the  
plunger. Adios." Dyson wheezes, trying to draw enough breath to talk.

**DYSON**

I don't know... how much longer... I can...  
hold this thing...

SWAT Leader seems to see the wires, the claymores, the gas cans all  
around him for the first time. His eyes, visible through his gas-  
mask, go very wide.  
He spins and motions his squad back.

**LEADER**

Fall back!! Everybody out! Move it! OUT  
**NOW!**

They retreat so fast they crash into the next group coming up the stairs.

**166 INT. CORRIDOR**

Terminator reaches the main elevators. Hits the button.  
Sarah and  
John are coughing and stumbling in the choking darkness,  
buddy-  
breathing with the single mask. The doors open. They get in  
the  
elevator and head down.

**167 INT. LAB**

Dyson is lying amid the ruins of his dreams. Sprawled on the  
floor,  
he has his back propped up against the desk. He is bathed in  
his own  
blood, which runs out in long fingers across the tiles. His  
breathing  
is shallow and raspy. He still holds the book, trembling,  
above the  
switch.

In his lap is the picture from his desk. He has pulled it  
from the  
debris next to him. A tear trickles from his eye. His wife  
and  
children smile up at him through broken glass.

**168 OMITTED**

169 CUT TO THE PUPIL OF HIS EYE, at the moment of death, the  
instant the  
light fade from his eyes and he is gone --  
His arm drops and the book hits the switch --

**170 EXT. BUILDING**

As the face of the building EXPLODES in an eruption of glass  
and fire.  
Remains of the second-floor windows shower the parking lot and  
a huge  
fireball rolls out, leaping into the sky.  
The cops look up, stunned. The helicopter banks away from the  
heat.  
Burning debris falls among the cop cars and a number of  
officers  
break ranks, pulling back.

171 ONLY ONE OF THEM seems to be moving with purpose. A BIKE COP  
who has  
just arrived drives through the disorganized crowd, directly  
toward  
the building.

171A T-1000 guns the bike up a ramp to a pedestrian bridge which crosses from a parking structure to the Cyberdyne building. It enters on the second floor, which is now a burning maze.

**172 INT. SECOND FLOOR/OFFICE/CORRIDOR**

T-1000 drives into the smoky wreckage. It draws a Hoechler and Koch MPK machine pistol and cruises slowly into the firelit offices, scanning.

172A IN THE CORRIDOR the bike skirts flaming wreckage as it idles forward. T-1000 scans the leaping shadows for its prey.

**173 INT. GROUND FLOOR/ELEVATOR/LOBBY**

The elevator doors part and Terminator eases a look out into the corridor. The walls on either side of him ERUPT WITH BULLET HITS. The SWATs have the lobby end of the corridor blocked off. They're totally trapped, cut off and screwed.

**JOHN**

(to Sarah)

Don't forget. It's always darkness right before... you're totally fucked.

173A The SWATs fire a tear-gas grenade toward the elevators. It spews the vicious CS gas out in a swirling cloud which envelops Sarah and John, who are pressed against the back wall of the elevator.

**TERMINATOR**

Keep your eyes closed. Don't move.

(they nod, eyes squeezed shut)

I'll be back.

He slings the grenade launcher over his shoulder and walks out into the corridor.

173B BLAM. A tear-gas grenade ricochets from wall to wall as it flies down

the corridor. It skids to rest in front of Terminator,  
throwing out  
a white cloud which quickly fills the corridor.  
173C In the elevator, Sarah and John are choking, handing the  
breathing  
mask back and forth desperately. They're scarred. This looks  
like  
it.

173D ANGLE ON THE SWAT TEAM, gripping their weapons at the mouth of  
the  
corridor. They watch the boiling cloud, waiting.

173E THEIR POV -- on the wall of boiling smoke. A FIGURE APPEARS.  
Walking  
Totally unaffected. Terminator emerges from the smoke. Not  
even  
misty-eyed. Not what they expected.

**LEADER**

(through megaphone)

Stop where you are. Lie down on the floor,  
face down. Down on floor, now!

He continues to stride toward them.  
The SWATs tense up. They've never seen anything like this.  
They're  
not sure what to do. Closer and closer.

**LEADER**

Drop him.

The  
His  
SWATs  
firing.  
keeps  
moving.  
They OPEN FIRE. The corridor is filled with CRACKING THUNDER.  
rounds tear into Terminator's chest. Stomach. Face. Thighs.  
leather jacket leaps and jerks as the rounds hit him. The  
think the guy's wearing body armor or something. They keep  
The rounds tear into him, staggering him slightly, but he

**LEADER**

You're not hitting him!

**SWAT #1**

(getting scared)

Yes I am!

Terminator draws his .45 smoothly. Unhurried. He shoots the  
nearest

man in the left thigh. As he screams and drops, Terminator shoots him in the right thigh. Terminator bends down and picks up the shrieking man's weapon... the TEAR-GAS LAUNCHER.

It is one of those new rotary jobs that hold 12 rounds in a big drum. Terminator shoots the next SWAT in the chest with the tear-gas launcher. The gas canister hits the guy's body armor and doesn't penetrate. But it's like getting slugged in the stomach with a full-swing from a baseball bat. The SWAT fold double and hits the tiles, gasping.

Terminator is an image from Hell, a tall figure in shredded black leather, streaked with blood. One eye is a bloody socket, the metal eye-servo glistening. The flesh of one cheek hangs down in tatters, revealing the chrome cheekbone beneath. The whole front of his jacket is blown open, revealing his metal armor chest.

The remaining SWATs start to fall back. One turns to run and -- KPOW! A gas canister nail him in the back, sending him sprawling.

173F Terminator fires three gas canisters into the lobby. It fills rapidly with the white gas, cutting the visibility to a few feet. It is total pandemonium. SWAT LEADER crouches in the fog, white-knuckling the rifle. Terminator looms suddenly out of the mist right in front of him. POOM! Terminator drills him in the leg with the .45. As the guy screams and drops rifle to clutch his leg, Terminator rips his gas mask off. The SWAT leader drops writhing to the floor, choking and gagging, clutching his bleeding thigh.

Terminator walks up to two SWATs at the front doors. POW-POW. Leg and leg. He snatches their masks as they fall. The gunfire has stopped. Nobody can see anything. Screams and whimpers echo in the

smoke.

**174 EXT. BUILDING**

Smoke boils out of the front door as a figure emerges. Firing the tear-gas launcher with one hand, Terminator launches all remaining rounds among the cop vehicles. Unprotected officers run, choking and half-blind, slamming into cars and tripping over each other. It is a total rout.

175 AT THE SWAT VAN one of the SWATs is rapidly handing out the remaining masks to unprotected cops. A FIGURE appears out of the smoke beside him. He looks up. His mask is ripped off and he is handed the empty launcher. Instinctively he catches it. Terminator grabs his flak vest with one hand and sails him out into the mist.

**175A INT. SWAT VAN**

Terminator strides the length of the van and climbs into the driver's seat. No keys in the ignition. He flips down the sun visor. The keys fall into his hand. He starts the van and slams it into gear.

**176 INT./EXT. LOBBY**

The tear gas has cleared to a thin haze. The uninjured SWATs are tending their wounded. They look up at the sound of shouts and a roaring engine.

176A THE SWAT VAN CRASHES INTO THE LOBBY in an explosion of glass and debris. Cops scatter as the van screeches across the lobby in a smoking one-eighty, sliding to a stop across the corridor which leads to the bank of elevators. Terminator backs up until -- crunch -- he seals the corridor with the back of the van.

176B Sarah and John stumble along the corridor, coughing.

They leap into the back of the van and Terminator hits the throttle.

The van roars across the lobby and exits through blown-out windows.

**CUT TO:**

**177 INT./EXT SECOND FLOOR**

T-1000, astride the Kawasaki, looks down from a second-floor office

and sees the van tearing across the parking lot with the remaining

cops firing at it. It knows. It looks around. Analyzing options.

It sees the helicopter hovering outside the building at the end of

this corner office block...

It twists full throttle on the powerful bike.

Roars through the office, accelerating fast, straight at the windows --

178 T-1000 BLASTS OUT THROUGH THE GLASS, airborne on the motorcycle. It

rockets across the gap to the hovering chopper and --

178A SLAMS into the canopy. The impact of bike and rider pitches the

chopper radically. The startled PILOT fights to regain control as the

bike tumbles to the pavement below.

178B The T-1000 doesn't. It clings to the shattered canopy.

Nightmarishly, the pilot watches as the T-1000 smashes its head

through the plexiglass canopy and rapidly POURS ITSELF through

the jagged hole. It reforms instantly into its previous self on

the passenger seat.

178C It hurls the pilot out of the chopper and slides into the driver's seat.

The chopper is auto-rotating, spinning out of control. It drops

toward the parking lot. T-1000 recovers control ten feet above the ground.

178D Cops hits the deck as the tail-boom swings around, going over them by

inches.

the  
The chopper lifts out in a power climb, roaring away across  
parking lot toward the fleeing SWAT van.

**OKAY, BUCKLE YOUR SEATBELTS, HERE IT COMES...**

**179 INT./EXT. SWAT VAN/HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Terminator looks back at his two passengers as he turns the  
boxy van  
onto a divided highway. Sarah and John are catching their  
breath,  
still coughing from the CS gas. Terminator look to the rear-  
view  
mirror. He sees the xenon searchlight of the chopper behind  
them,  
gaining.

Sarah looks around the inside of the SWAT van. It is a  
rolling  
armory. There are rifles, ballistic vests, all manner of  
equipment.

**SARAH**

John, get under these. Hurry!

He sits against the front bulkhead of the van and she pile  
bullet-  
proof vests on top of him, completely covering him. Then she  
grabs  
two M-16s from the wall-rack and loads them. She starts on a  
shotgun  
as --

180 The SWAT van weaves through sparse traffic at high speed.  
Terminator slews the unstable van around cars and trucks which  
seem to  
be crawling. The van hits it top speed of eighty. They  
swerve to  
miss the back end of A WHITE 18-WHEEL TANKER.

180A The chopper swings in behind them, closing fast.

180B T-1000 reaches through the shattered canopy with the MPK  
machine  
pistol and FIRES. The back of the can CLANGS WITH HITS. The  
door  
windows are BLOWN IN.

Terminator weaves the van, trying to throw off the T-1000's  
aim.

The unstable vehicle screeches and wobbles on the edge of  
control.

One of the doors is kicked open. Sarah, wearing a ballistic vest, crouches in the doorway, whipping up the M-16. SHE OPENS FIRE.

180C      Bullets riddle what's left of the chopper's canopy as the T-1000 returns fire.  
The van is stitched with hits.

180D      INSIDE THE VAN holes are punched through the thin sheet-metal walls, ripping up the interior. The vests covering John are hit repeatedly.

We see that Sarah has hung two Kevlar vests on the inside of the back

door and she ducks behind these as bullets hit around her. She pops

back out and fires in controlled bursts. The M-16 empties and she grabs another.

180E      Terminator serves around a car which is changing lanes, hitting it and knocking it skidding.

**181      OMITTED**

181A      Sarah reloads and keeps firing. The van swerves around a Toyota. A moment later the helicopter passes it, the rotor just clearing the top of the car.

181B      T-1000 FIRES the machine pistol.

181C      Sarah has popped out to fire. She takes a HIT in the thigh, and several rounds hammer into her Kevlar vest. She is thrown back onto the floor of the van. She lies there, an exposed target...

181D      Terminator sees the T-1000 preparing to fire again. He locks up the van's brakes. Tires scream as the vehicle shimmies.

Sarah is thrown forward, sliding up to the bulkhead next to John.

182      And the helicopter SLAMS RIGHT INTO THE BACK OF THE VAN. The rotor disintegrates. The back doors of the van are crushed in as the canopy, the whole front of the fuselage is HAMMERED INTO JUNK,

trapping the T-1000 inside the twisted metal. The chopper hits the pavement, flips, sideways, and cartwheels... smashing itself into a shapeless mass of twisted metal. It falls away behind the van, tumbling end over end.

182A Terminator fights to control the van, which is fishtailing violently from the impact. It smashes up against the center divider, screeching along the concrete, and then pulls away. Terminator puts the hammer down and the van accelerates. He swerves to avoid an UGLY PICKUP crawling like a snail ahead.

THE RIGHT FRONT FENDER of the van, crumpled by slamming the wall, is sawing into the tire. The tire blows and peels off the clean rim. The steel wheel grinds across the pavement, striking trails of sparks, and the van slides sideways and topples -- STEEL SCREAMS on pavement as the van grinds to a stop on its side.

182B INSIDE THE VAN, John crawls to Sarah, who is groaning and holding her bleeding leg. She is white and shocky. Terminator starts to extricate himself from the crumpled driver's seat.

183 BACK DOWN THE ROAD, THE HELICOPTER wreckage is a crumpled ball of junk metal, unrecognizable. Behind it, the TANKER TRUCK brakes hard, shuddering and groaning, trying to stop. The big tires lock up in clouds of tire-smoke. The rig comes to a shuddering stop just short of the wrecked chopper.

183A The shaken DRIVER jumps down. The behind the wreckage a cop emerges, walking toward him.

**DRIVER**

Goddamn, are you alri --

183B SSSHCK! T-1000 drives a blade through the man's abdomen and walks on past without slowing, or even looking at him.

183C It climbs into the open cab of the tanker. Releases the  
brake.  
As the truck bellows are rolls forward we see the large blue  
letters  
on the side which say "CRYOCO INC. LIQUID NITROGEN SUPPLY".

184 AT THE SWAT VAN John and Terminator are carrying Sarah out of  
the  
wreck. Terminator has the M-79 slung over his shoulder, the  
bandolier of grenades, and his .45 stuck in his waistband.  
John has  
borrowed a 12-GAUGE RIOT GUN from the SWATs.

184A The pickup they passes seconds earlier pulls up to them. The  
DRIVER,  
A Hispanic guy in his 50's, is getting out to help them.  
Terminator

and John hear a CRASH and look back as the  
185 helicopter wreckage is knocked aside by the accelerating  
tanker truck.

**186**

**JOHN**

Holy shit. Come on, Mom... we gotta keep  
moving... come on --

**TERMINATOR**

(to the pickup owner)

We need your truck.

Terminator  
The guy seems to know better than to try and stop him as  
slides Sarah into the front seat and climbs in behind the  
wheel. John  
runs to the passenger side.

187 THE TANKER ROARS, spewing smoke from its chrome stacks as it  
shifts  
up through the gears.

188 Terminator slams the pickup in gear, checking the rear-view.  
The  
tanker is a hundred feet behind them now, and really moving.  
Terminator puts the throttle down, but the pickup is and old  
slug  
loaded down by a heavy home-made wooden camper-shell. It  
accelerates  
slowly.

189 THE TANKER slams into one end of the SWAT van, spinning it out  
of the  
way with a roar and screech of twisting metal. The 18-wheeler  
shifts

to a higher gear, still accelerating.

**190 INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK**

With the tanker right behind them, Terminator cuts the wheel, swerving the pickup back and forth across the lanes. The big rig stays right on them, its tanker whiplashing violently.

**JOHN**

Faster! He's right on us!

Terminator doesn't reply. He rapidly unslings the blooper, still around his neck, and reaches for a grenade.

191 LOW ANGLE ON THE TRACTOR-TRAILER as it roars right up to the lens, filling frame with chrome and lights.

191A K-WHAM!! It rams the backs of the pickup, sending it skidding.

191B Then the T-1000 pulls the tractor trailer up alongside the pickup and crabs over, sandwiching it against the center divider. The spinning chrome hubs tear into the passenger side door and the guard rail screeches along the other side.

The pickup bucks and shakes insanely. It ricochets violently between the big-rig and the divider. Horrible SCREECH of tortured steel. Sparks pour in sheets of fire from both sides. The windshield shatters as the door-posts buckle in. Metal and glass shower in through the side windows. The frame twists and buckles. John feels like the fillings are being shaken right out of his teeth. The wooden camper disintegrates, falling away as kindling behind them.

**191C INT. TANKER CAB**

T-1000 holds the wheel hard over, mercilessly grinding the pickup. The whole rig jerks and shakes with the violence of the sustained

hammering.

**191D INT./EXT. PICKUP**

Terminator slides toward the passenger side. Keeping his foot on the gas he lifts John over him and puts him in the driver's seat.

**TERMINATOR**

Drive for a minute.

**JOHN**

Where you going?!

Terminator slams the shattered windshield with the palm of his hand.

Held together by the plastic laminate, the windshield flops out of its frame. It flies over the top of the truck.

191E Terminator pushes his upper body out over the dashboard and stands up.

He turns and aims the M-79 one-handed.

191F POOM! The grenade misses the T-1000 by less than a foot. It EXPLODES

against the front bulkhead of the tanker, almost at the top. Liquid nitrogen pours from the opening, swept back by the 60-mph windstream.

191G The big-rig swerves as T-1000 regains control. The tanker swings like a pendulum behind the cab.

191H The pickup accelerates, getting back out in front by a few yards.

Behind it the big-rig is trailing a swirling comet-tail of nitrogen vapor. It is gaining again.

Terminator, still standing, opens the breech and starts to reload.

191I John cuts across the highway and takes an OFF RAMP.

191J T-1000 swerves the smoking behemoth across the lanes and down the ramp after him, still accelerating. It is twenty feet behind them and closing when Terminator closes the breech and FIRES.

191K The grenade hits the front grill and EXPLODES.

The radiator is destroyed, along with half the hood. Steam  
blasts out, obscuring the whole front of the truck.

191L The semi rams the back of the pickup again. Spewing smoke and  
vapor like some demon locomotive, the tractor-trailer pounds into  
the back of the pickup. Driving it right through the intersection at  
the bottom of the ramp, and straight toward --

**EXT. STEEL MILL**

The chase has led them to an area of heavy industry.

192 THE GATES are blasted off their hinges as the semi rams the  
pickup right through them. Terminator struggles to reload amid the  
chaos and impacts. He has THREE GRENADES LEFT on the bandolier.

John isn't even steering. They are just being pushed.  
There's nothing he can do. They are rocketing down the broad  
thoroughfare which leads directly to the MAIN BUILDING of the plant.

192A Terminator pulls himself onto the roof of the pickup.  
He leaps to the bed, takes two powerful strides and --  
Leaps onto the semi. He climbs rapidly onto the hood.  
192B And FIRES POINT BLANK THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD.  
Right into T-1000's face.  
The EXPLOSION blows out all the glass and fills the cab with  
smoke and fire Terminator grabs onto the air-horn as the truck  
starts to

**SHUDDER AND**  
**192C SCREAM. IT IS JACK-KNIFING.**  
Almost dream-slow the cab begins to swing sideways, until its  
tires are shrieking over the pavement. The tractor is smashed back  
at right-angles to the tanker-trailer which begins to slide  
broadside.

192D The juggernaut bucks and shudders as the tires and smoke  
sideways across the pavement.  
It begins to topple.  
Terminator hold on as the side of cab becomes the top.

With an unholy scream, like the uncoiled hubs of Hell, the whole rig slides on its side at 60 mph toward the steel mill. A sheet of sparks sixty feet wide trails behind it on the pavement.

192E John sees what's behind him, then snaps around to see the building looming right in front. The huge rolling doors are partly open.

No choice.  
He steers right through them into the mill, as --

192F Terminator, with one second to go, leaps from the cab --  
He flies through the open doors as --  
The tanker hits the building and --

**193 INT. STEEL MILL/MAIN AISLE**

Terminator slams to the floor of the mill and rolls, as --  
The tanker-trailer smashed into a massive concrete support at one side of the doors. Thunderous carnage of twisting metal.

o  
193A It splits wide open. A river of liquid nitrogen pours out at -230.

193B John hits the brakes, sliding out of control. He slows almost to a stop but hits a steel support column head-on. He and Sarah are slammed forward, hard.

193C Terminator, still clutching the M-79 blooper, rolls and slides across the floor.  
He smashes through a railing and slams up against the base of a massive machine.

193D The semi cab swings about the trailer wreckage, into the building, and shudders to a stop. Liquid nitrogen sprays over the cab, flooding out around it in a HISSING WAVEFRONT OF ULTRACOLD.  
Freezing vapor swirls everywhere, obscuring the wreck.

193E TERMINATOR lies still. A beat. Then he rolls weakly, rising on one elbow to survey the scene.

193F IN THE WRECKED PICKUP, John stirs. He is stunned, and blood runs from his nose. Dazed, he realizes he is in a steel mill. There are sirens, and he can see men running... shouting. He turns and sees what they are running from...

193G The wall of nitrogen vapor spreads from the demolished tanker. It is a strange vista of fire and ice. The huge SMELTERS pour out orange light and fire from the sides of the huge galley, while the freezing vapor rolls down the center.

193H TIGHT ON THE WRECK. A billowing gray cloud. Deep inside, the shape of the cab is visible. A FIGURE emerges, pulling itself out. It drops to the floor. The hissing, boiling river of liquid nitrogen flows around its feet.

194 The T-1000 staggers, moving slowly, painfully. It has finally been affected by something. Its feet are freezing to the ground as it walks...

194A CLINK! One of its feet breaks off at a glassy angle. It stumbles forward, and --

194B Its other foot snaps off. As it catches its balance on the stump of its other ankle,

194C the whole lower leg shatters at the impact. It topples forward to its knees.

Catches itself on one hand. Liquid nitrogen flows around the hand.

Now the hand is stuck to the pavement.

194D The T-1000 pulls and... CLINK! The hand snaps off at the wrist.

It looks stupidly at the glassy stump of a wrist. For the first time

we see an expression on its face we know to be a true one...

The expression is pain. Agony. Its mouth opens in a soundless

scream as the hoar-frost races up its legs, across its body.

194E And that's the position it freezes in.

It has become a statue, kneeling in the frozen vapor, that surprised  
look of agony frozen on its face.

194F The liquid nitrogen stops flowing and begins to evaporate.  
T-1000 Terminator, just beyond the boundary of the cold, can see the  
clearly.  
He draws his .45 and aims.

**TERMINATOR**

Hasta la vista, baby.

194G K-POW! The single shot blows the T-1000 into a million  
diamonds spraying up into the air. They shimmer across the ground for  
twenty feet in all directions.  
Terminator lowers the gun, satisfied.  
He looks like he needs a vacation.

195 JOHN AND SARAH have seen it from the pickup. She is in bad  
shape. Conscious but very weak. He tries the door. It's jammed. He  
kicks it open.

**JOHN**

Okay, Mom, we gotta get out now, come on.  
That's it.

He helps her slide down from the seat of the truck. Her knees  
give way. John has to take a lot of her weight. He reaches in and  
picks up the riot gun off the seat. They hobble toward --

195A TERMINATOR. On his knees, he looks into the dissipating cloud  
of vapor. The heat of the furnaces has evaporated all the liquid  
nitrogen.

196 INSERT, TIGHT ON THE FLOOR - the T-1000 shards are melting,  
liquefying. Hundreds of drops of mercury, spattered across  
the floor.  
Orange light of the enormous black-furnaces dances on liquid  
metal.

197 TERMINATOR struggles to rise. One arm is shattered, the hand  
smashed and useless. And some leg-servos are damaged. He can barely  
stand.

John and Sarah arrive.

**TERMINATOR**

We don't have much time.

**JOHN**

What?

Terminator points. John and Sarah watch as --

198 INSERT, T-1000 DROPLETS are creeping together. Fusing into  
larger blobs. These pools shiver and run together, soon forming a  
central mass.

199 ON JOHN AND SARAH, realizing it's not over.

**JOHN**

Come on! Let's go!

Terminator gets one of Sarah's arms over his shoulder and they  
go.

200 BEHIND THEM, something is moving.  
A HEAD is forming up out of a pool mercury. it rises, as  
shoulders form. hunching up from the liquid mass. Half-formed, it  
turns to look straight at them.

John looks back in new terror as --

The T-1000 rises to man-height. It is still in mercury form,  
but its features are forming rapidly. It takes its first step after  
them.

201 Sarah stumbles and they pull her up.  
Terminator himself has a pronounced limp, dragging one leg  
with a shattered ankle joint. John's the one pulling, straining,  
driving them forward. They round a corner into --

**202 INT. AISLE BETWEEN FURNACES**

It is a maze of monstrous machinery. The heat is tremendous.  
The air shivers with a pounding roar.  
Sarah cries out in pain and stumbles again.

**JOHN**

Come on, Mom, you can do it! Come on!!

and she They drag her up, and stagger on. Her leg is bathed in blood  
is deathly pale. He looks back.

**203 INT, MAIN GALLERY**

light The T-1000 steps INTO FRAME. Fully formed. The hell-fire  
it glints on its impassive cop face. It walks forward. At first  
seems unaffected by its crystallization but --

203A ANGLE ON ITS HAND as it touches a railing in passing. The  
railing is covered with O.S.H.A. yellow-and-black safety tape.  
about The hand turns yellow and black, the color fading to normal by  
There the elbow. It rips the hand from the railing with difficulty.  
is a sound like adhesive tape ripping off a surface.

203B The T-1000 looks at its yellow-and-black striped hand. It  
wills the hand back to normal. We see ripples of "static" or system  
noise moving subtly over the surface of its body. It's starting to  
"glitch".

203C TRACKING WITH THE T-1000'S FEET. With each step, the pattern  
on the tile floor "invades" its lower legs. Fades as the foot is  
lifted. Returns as it is set down. The foot is trying to meld with  
the floor. The chameleonic function is out of control.  
The T-1000 is losing it. It moves forward, searching. It  
rounds the corner, entering the aisle between the furnaces.

**204 INT. AISLE**

smoky Terminator sees the SILHOUETTE closing on them through the  
gleam. The T-1000 breaks into loping run when it sees them,  
Terminator turns to Sarah over John.

**TERMINATOR**

Keep going.

John shakes his head no. The T-1000 is almost on them.

**TERMINATOR**

**RUN!**

John runs, dragging, half-carrying Sarah as best he can. She can barely stay conscious. Half-running, delirious, she stumbles and drops to her knees. John pulls but she can't rise.

**JOHN**

(crying, shouting)  
Come on, you gotta try... please, Mom. Get up!

John looks back to see --

204A TERMINATOR trying to load the M-79. With his shattered hand, he can barely maneuver his last grenade into the breach. T-1000 smacks the weapon out of his hands. It clatters to the floor.

The grenade spins across the floor, rolling under some machinery. Terminator lunges, slamming the T-1000 against a wall with all his weight. The battle is joined.

204B JOHN AND SARAH have reached the back of the aisle. It is a cul-de-sac, blocked on the end by the base of an IMMENSE SMELTER CRUCIBLE. They turn to watch the titans battle in silhouette, backlit by the molten sparks falling from the furnaces above. The battle which will decide their fate.

204C Terminator grabs the T-1000 and hurls it with awesome force against the opposite wall of the narrow alley. In less time than it would take to turn, the

204D T-1000 morphs through itself, front to back... face emerging from the back of its head.

204E It comes off the wall straight at Terminator, who smashes his good fist into its face. The pile-driver blow buries Terminator's fist almost to the elbow.

204F But the T-1000's head morphs in a split-second into a hand which grips Terminator's wrist, and the head "emerges" somewhere else, the

geometry shifting faster than we can follow.  
204G The T-1000 slams Terminator into a large machine, jamming his  
arm into  
the moving works. A massive sliding bar SCISSORS HIS ARM,  
smashing it  
into junk at the elbow, pinning him in the machine.

Terminator strains against the machine pinning him. We hear  
his  
servos whining with overload. The T-1000 turns and lopes  
toward Sarah  
and John.

Sarah screams and hurls John into a gap between the machines.  
He  
falls into a maze of pipes and girders.

**205 INT. MAZE OF MACHINES**

JOHN turns to see her in the entrance of the narrow gap. She  
could  
follow him but she doesn't. SUDDENLY a dark mass moves toward  
him.  
John gasps as a huge steel counterweight, driven by a chain 6  
inches  
thick, slides toward him. He rolls out of the way. When he  
looks  
back, he cannot see the opening.

**JOHN**

Mom! MOMMM!!

**206 INT. AISLE BETWEEN FURNACES**

TERMINATOR strains to reach a 6-foot steel bar lying near him.  
Steel  
workers use them to move the red-hot ingots around. He gets  
hold of  
the end and uses it as a lever. With titanic effort he  
spreads the  
massive components which are holding him, and withdraws his  
arm, which  
is severed at the elbow. Dangling junk hands from the crushed  
joint.

207 SARAH has lost sight of John. It is much of a goodbye as they  
will  
have.  
She turns as the T-1000 closes on her. She is half-slumped  
against  
the sooty machines, looking barely conscious. She struggles  
to load

up the a shell into the empty weapon. At the last instant she whips  
RIOT GUN and FIRES.

A207 T-1000's face is blown open, but quickly reforms as it closes  
on her.

A208 She fumbles to get another shell into the magazine but --  
THUNK! A steel needle slams through her shoulder, pinning  
her.

The polymorphic killer cocks back its other hand. The index  
finger extends as a gleaming needle, toward her eye --

### **T-1000**

Call to John. Now.

207C WHAM!! SOMETHING whistles down on the T-1000 with such force  
that is cleaves it head and body in two down to the naval. The 6-foot  
steel bar is imbedded in its body. Terminator hurls the killer off  
Sarah.

207D The T-1000 pulls the steel shaft out of itself and attacks him  
with fury.  
Swinging again and again. Hammering Terminator back.  
Terminator falls back against the wall.

Behind the T-1000 is an enormous I-beam, hanging from two  
chains. It is used to lift ingots into the smelters, and it runs on a  
linear track.

207E The T-1000 grabs the I-beam and rolls it down the track.  
Straight at Terminator. The two-ton girder smashes into his chest,  
crushing the armor.  
The T-1000 pulls the I-beam back, and then heaves it forward  
again.  
Terminator turns and takes the second blow on the shoulder.  
We hear metal crush and break inside him. He sags, turning to grip  
the wall...  
The third blow slams into his back, smashing his spine and  
pelvis. We hear servos ratcheting and failing. He drops to his knees,  
crucified on a wall of machinery.

The fourth blow is centered between his shoulder blades.  
Sound of  
crushing metal. His skull is partially caved in.  
He slides to the floor.

207F ON THE T-1000, emotionless as it walks forward.

207G TERMINATOR is a pathetic shape on the floor. He is trying to  
crawl,  
feebly.  
Dragging his malfunctioning legs behind the crushed spine.

His arm  
stump screeches on the tile floor as he inches himself  
forward. His  
exposed machine eye burns red with determination.

We see his prize. He has the M-79, with the breech still  
open,  
cradled in the crook of his ruined arm. He good hand, the  
exposed  
steel one, is reaching for the last grenade, which is visible  
under  
the skirt of the massive smelter base. His metal fingers  
reach out  
for it as --

207H The T-1000 raises the heavy steel bar over his head and stabs  
it down  
with unbelievable force. It punches into Terminator's back,  
through a  
gap in the shattered armor. The T-1000 levers it back and  
forth,  
widening the hole. Then is raises the pointed bar again and  
slams it  
down.  
It punches right through. Emerging from Terminator's chest.  
And into the floor. He is pinioned. The cyborg sags face  
down and  
stop moving. The light goes out of his eye.

**CUT TO:**

**208 INT. MAZE OF MACHINERY**

John scuttles like a rat through the gut of the smelter.  
Above him,  
vast machines churn untended. He hears a voice... SARAH'S  
Calling low and urgent to him.

**SARAH**

John? John? Can you hear me? Where are you?

208A He crawls out of the shadows.  
Onto a landing next to one of the SMELTER CRUCIBLES. Molten  
steel  
glows bright orange in the crucible of the furnace. Heat  
shimmers  
the air, giving everything a hallucinatory quality.

John sees Sarah nearby, limping toward him. She can barely  
move, her  
leg bathed in blood. He runs toward her.

**SARAH**

(gasping)  
Help me, honey...

TIGHT ON SARAH, her stoic face, as she hobbles forward,  
reaching out  
to him. Something rises behind her, OUT OF FOCUS.

209 ANOTHER, IDENTICAL, SARAH... but this one has a shotgun.  
Aimed right at us.

209A JOHN freezes. Which is which? He looks down. The first  
Sarah's  
feet are melded with the floor, sucking and fusing with the  
tiles as  
she walks. They have the color and pattern of the tiles up to  
the  
knee.

**SARAH**

John, get out of the way!!

**JOHN**

(screaming)  
**SHOOT!!!!**

209B John dives aside. The Sarah-form spins, changing into you-  
know-who.

Sarah starts unloading the shotgun into it. BOOM! It  
staggers back.

K-CHAK. She chambers another round. BOOM! It staggers  
again.

K-CHAK. BOOM! And again. And again.

209C The T-1000 is blown back a step and Sarah advances with each  
shot.

The craters in the T-1000's body "heal" slowly. Its power is  
waning.

She FIRES again. And again. Her eyes blazing with feral  
intensity.

She walks it back, right to the edge of the pit of **MOLTEN STEEL**.

K-CHAK... CLICK. She's empty. The T-1000 is right at the edge. In a second it will recover its composure, as its crater hits close slowly. She has failed. Now it will kill them both, Except...

210 CLOSEUP TERMINATOR, as the chain drive brings it into view. Half human flesh, half chrome steel. His red eye gazes right at us as he --  
**FIRES.**

210A The T-1000 takes the round in the belly. The grenade EXPLODES inside its body. A huge hole is blown clean through it, and it is ripped open and peeled back, half inside-out. It topples into the molten steel and --

211 The T-1000's head and upper body reappear above the molten steel. It is screaming. A terrifying, inhuman siren of a scream. It is changing, morphing, transforming into anything and everything it's ever been so rapidly the eye can barely follow it -- We catch a glimpse of Janelle Voight checkered with the linoleum tile colors, Lewis the Guard with knives exploding from his face, other faces, switching at a stroboscopic rate now... a face every two frames until they merge into one face --

The T-1000 screams and slips beneath the surface of the molten steel. We see liquid silver running in dissipating whorls over the superheated surface... until it vanishes, swirling into nothing.

212 JOHN runs to Sarah. She stands staring into the pit. The empty shotgun slips from her fingers. Clatters to the floor. He sees that she's okay and he runs to the fallen Terminator.

212A The crippled cyborg is trying to rise. Its servos whine and stutter.

It pathetically lifts itself to a kneeling position,  
collapses...  
tries again.  
John lifts for all he's worth. Sarah joins them, helping.  
The help the crippled machine get on its feet. It can barely  
stand.

**TERMINATOR**

I need a vacation.

They walk to the edge of the pit. Terminator looks down and  
sees  
that it is over.

**JOHN**

(to Terminator)

Is it dead?

**TERMINATOR**

Terminated.

John unzips Sarah's backpack and takes out the hand of the  
first  
terminator.

**JOHN**

Will it melt in there?

**TERMINATOR**

Yes. Throw it in.

He does. It sinks into the lava. Vanishes.

**TERMINATOR**

And the chip.

John takes it out of his pocket. Looks at it. Tosses it into  
the  
smelter.

**SARAH**

It's finally over.

**TERMINATOR**

No. There is another chip.

He touches a metal finger to the side of his head.

**TERMINATOR**

And it must be destroyed also.

John suddenly understands what he means.

Terminator looks at Sarah. They both know what must be done.  
John shakes his head.

**JOHN**

No!

**TERMINATOR**

I'm sorry, John.

**JOHN**

No, no no!! It'll be okay. Stay with us!

**TERMINATOR**

I have to go away, John.

**JOHN**

Don't do it. Please... don't go --

Tears are streaming down his face.

TIGHT CLOSEUP TERMINATOR, turning toward John.  
The human side of his face is in shadow, so we see mostly the  
chrome skull and the red eye.

**TERMINATOR**

It must end here... or I am the future.

**JOHN**

I order you not to!

Terminator puts his hand on John's shoulder. He moves  
slightly and the human side of his face comes into the light.  
He reaches toward John's face. His metal finger touches the  
tear trickling down his cheek.

**TERMINATOR**

I know now why you cry. But it is something I  
can never do.

(to both of them)

Goodbye.

Sarah looks at Terminator. Reaches out her hand to shake it.  
They lock eyes. Warriors. Comrades.

**SARAH**

Are you afraid?

**TERMINATOR**

Yes.

He turns and steps off the edge.  
213 They watch him sink into the lava.  
He disappears... the metal hand sinking last... at the last  
second it  
forms into a fist with the thumb extended... a final thumbs  
up.  
Then it is gone.

214 HOLD ON JOHN AND SARAH, watching through the heat ripples as  
we --

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**215 THE SUN, PURE IN A CLOUDLESS SKY**  
Tilting down reveal that we are in a park, very green. People  
are  
casually dressed, having fun. Cycling, reading... children  
are  
playing in a playground.

Beyond the line of tree we see the skyline of Washington,  
D.C., with  
the Capital Building and the Washington Monument. The skyline  
is  
subtly changed, with a lot of new buildings, advanced high-  
rises.

**A CARD APPEARS**

July 11, 2029

WE BOOM DOWN AND TRACK LATERALLY through a playground in the  
foreground. Children swinging on swings. Sliding down  
slides.  
Timeless things that 4 decades of technical advancement will  
not  
change. As we track we hear:

**SARAH (V.O.)**

August 29th 1997 came and went. Nothing much  
happened. Michael Jackson turned forty. There  
was no Judgment Day. People went to work as  
they always do, laughed, complained, watched  
TV, made love.

We pass a jungle gym, neither melted nor burned, but full of  
kids  
swinging and yelling raucously. Past it we drop down to see a  
boy  
pumping the pedals of a tricycle.

**SARAH (V.O.)**

I wanted to run down the street yelling... to grab them all and say "Every day from this day is a gift. Use it well!" Instead I got drunk.

STILL TRACKING we come to rest on an elderly woman seated on a bench.

It is SARAH, now 64 years old. The world has aged her, but she seems at peace in this moment. She speaks into a microcassette recorder.

**SARAH (V.O.)**

That was thirty years ago. But the dark future which never came still exists for me, and it always will, like the traces of a dream lingering in the morning light. And the war against the machines goes on. Or, to be more precise, the war against those who build the wrong machines.

There is a man in his forties playing with two small children nearby. He turns. It is John Connor. Through he has the same stern features in adulthood, there is no eye-patch, no scarring. He is far from the haggard man on grim destiny we saw in the world that might have been. But there is still penetrating intelligence, even wisdom, in his eyes.

**SARAH (V.O.)**

John fights the war differently than it was foretold. Here, on the battlefield of the Senate, the weapons are common sense... and hope.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL runs to her to have her shoelace tied.

**GIRL**

Tie me, grandma.

Grandma Sarah smiles. It is the only time we have seen her smile so far. She bends as the little girl puts her foot up on the bench. She ties as we hear:

**SARAH (V.O.)**

The luxury of hope was given to me by the Terminator. Because if a machine can learn the value of human life... maybe we can too.

Sarah ruffles the kids's hair as she runs off to play with her  
dad.

**FADE OUT**