

Based on theatrical versions, T1 & T2

Terminator3

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DYSON Lineage Notes:

MILES DYSON SENIOR = African-American scientist who died in T2
TARISSA DYSON = Miles Dyson Senior's second wife, seen in T2
DANNY = Miles Senior and Tarissa's child in T2
MILES DYSON JUNIOR = Son of Miles Senior and first wife / away at college in T2

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FADE IN: BLUE SKY, occasional WHITE WISPs.

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO: Three, cracked-face, over-grown mausoleums. The iron gate is ajar on one and a broken cornice appointment lays in protruding grass.

Two cemetery workers arrive in a grounds-vehicle. Older worker, with slight Irish brogue, starts out from his seat.

WORKER

O-oh-h, look at this. These should've been fixed up long ago!

They pry the gate back and push into the front.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAUSOLEUM.

WORKER

O-h what a mess!

The side-wall of a crypt has fallen and angles down into its niche. A broken casket sits within. - Under its cover, the workman discovers a dusty, elongated BLACK-DEVICE.

WORKER

Wha-at's this...?

His thumb pushes dirt from the name-plate.

"CYBER-DYNE SYSTEMS"

INT. HIGH-TECH LAB - RECEPTION DESK

Call-board beeps under large "CDRS" sign. Receptionist responds.

RECEPTIONIST

Cyber-Dyne Systems

Receptionist pushes the intercom and her words pace across the bustling activity of a high-tech lab.

CYBER-DYNE RECEPTIONIST (VO)
 Paging Mr Dyson, Mr Dyson, line 3...

Cuff-linked, dark-skinned hand reaches for the phone and a young face fills the FRAME.

DYSON
 Miles Dyson Junior.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CYBER-DYNE TESTING LAB

The DEVICE sits on a bench. MILES DYSON JUNIOR, with several senior manager types, have attached test-cables to one end.

MANAGER
 (highly anxious)
 I don't know, this thing's from the
 time of your dad.

DYSON's eyes move slowly up the housing. Carefully, he brings the test-clip to the other end.

DYSON
 (careful concern)
 Don't worry...

A joltingly BRIGHT SPARK staggers observers as a billowing PURPLE FLUX-FIELD explodes through the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOME - DAYTIME

It is brisk mid-morning at a pleasant mountain home. A slender woman brushes snow from the cord-stack as she pulls two splits into her arms. Her blonde hair falls freely. The mail man rolls up on the road.

MAILMAN
 Got a special, Mrs Reese!

She swings around and SARAH CONNOR's FACE fills the FRAME. She has a relaxed beauty. SLOWLY ZOOM OUT. HOLD on this.

SARAH

Ok, Herm!

Tossing the wood on the stair-head, she receives the note.

HERM

It's a letter-gram - from 'Uncle Bob' -?
- that's the whole return...

Sarah's sudden alarm disappears.

SARAH

...little chilly!

HERM

Ah, yeah, but spring! - Warm days.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOME

(TIGHT ON: LETTER-GRAM PRINT)

"I know why you cry - STOP"

SARAH

(anger under her breath)

Shh-it...

Controlling herself, she heads to the attic and pulls a RADIO from a TRUNK.

It is set on the kitchen table.

Another is pulled from under the dusty, unused back-sink.

The BOXES sit apart while she adjusts oddly placed ANTENNAE.

The squeal of HAM frequencies produce two pitches that mingle sweetly in the air. Suddenly the mix of their gentle skew creates a low peddle-tone that THUMPS through the kitchen.

She writes hurriedly as the pattern repeats. Her hand and mouth quiver as she forces herself to hold concentration.

"Future not ended. Skynet device triggered.
Find on beacon f:14112. Protect your son."

SARAH

(angered)

...beacon frequency...

She twists the tuner until she hears a tell-tale "chirping."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - SARAH DRIVING: POV: from outside driver's window, Sarah's intense expression as she drives truck - scenery passes in BG.

CHILDREN'S VOICES start echoing. FADE IN: BLUE SKY

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE PHONES - AFTERNOON

Her tires grind gravel before a row of phones.

ON: SARAH dials the phone.

TO: Private, darkened communications-room where DYSON receives her call. He is seated before monitor-screens at a technical console. He picks up.

FOCUS ON BG: Marvelously intricate, cork-screwing lights inversely cave-in on themselves across the DEVICE on the monitor.

DYSON

Dyson.

TO SARAH:

SARAH

Miles, what in God's name...

We hear DYSON'S VOICE.

DYSON (VO)

Sarah, it's not over - we found something...

SARAH

Wha-

SMASH-CUT TO: DYSON.

DYSON

...Something from the future. Some kind of...

TIGHT ON: DYSON'S MOUTH.

DYSON
 ...TIME CAPSULE. - A relic...

DISSOLVE while their conversation falls into ECHOING.

DYSON (echoing)
 A worker at Forest Lawn Cemetery
 found it after the earthquake.

DISSOLVE TO:

SARAH DRIVING. AUDIO FADE IN: echoing children, taunting laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOHN'S HOME

[Ringing phone] - Laughing, young JOHN picks up.

JOHN
 Mom! How you...

JOHN'S expression stops in mid-smile.

JOHN
 What?! - That can't be...

He begins shaking his head.

JOHN
 ...No - That isn't... Miles? -
 What?, (disbelief) - W-H-AT? - W-wait...

His girlfriend, CALLE enters from the other room. A young male follows. Her smile turns to alarm as she sees John's shocked expression and outstretched hand.

CALLE
 ...What?

DISSOLVE TO:

CALLE'S face fills FRAME. She's thin with short light-brown hair.

CALLE
(incredulous)
John Conner - ...the 'terrorist'?

JOHN
-Cal...

CALLE
John, honesty is the only thing people can have together. Either you have it - or you don't.

JOHN
Calle, only Matt knew. You never were supposed to know.

MATT (standing in BG)
Yeah, it's not the kind of thing you tell your little sister, Cal!

She snaps MATT a hard look.

MATT
Well! - Gotta go...

MATT exits.

JOHN
I was gonna tell you, Cal. You have to know that.

CALLE
So you're not John Reese, you're John Connor - and your mother is Sarah Connor! Oh, God!

JOHN
Calle...

CALLE
(disgusted disbelief)
I just can't believe this!

JOHN
Cal - believe it! We're alive, and everybody you've ever seen or heard of is alive, because my mom and a guy named Miles Bennet Dyson refused to let them die!

CALLE stares wide-eyed.

JOHN

Miles Dyson gave up his life. So did my father, before I was born. So did the Terminator, -like a father - the only father I ever knew. (pause) You've had a normal family, Cal, you don't know what it's like to have no father!

CALLE

(bewilderment)

-This is so unbelievable!

JOHN

Miles Senior lost his life blowing away Skynet, with his whole lab, at Cyber-Dyne North.

CALLE

Skynet was the defense computer - ?

JOHN

Miles Junior was away at college. -He's a smart guy, he got his father's old job at Cyber-Dyne. -He and his little brother, Danny were into HAM radio. They made-up some code in case of emergencies. - He contacted my mom - when they found this thing from the future.

CALLE

Can you trust him?

JOHN

Oh, yeah - like a brother, like Matt - there's some kind of bond. It's family.

CALLE

If this "thing" has been here this whole time, (shaking head) what's so important?

John stares into her face.

JOHN (softens)

...Calle. - Ok, Skynet. It was the defense computer system - built by Cyber-Dyne with the Dyson, "Neural-Net" chips. It was in everything - all the planes, the ships, the military-bases, all the rockets and silos, -all the tanks. Everything. - It had complete control of our nuclear defenses.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK with VO: LA - bright, sunny day. Laughing child swings.

JOHN (VO)

On August 29th, 1997, the whole system became smart - one huge mind - and it just decided, -we were not necessary.

AUDIO FADE IN: ECHOING LAUGHTER.

NEW: SLOW-MOTION of CHILD'S FACE at height of swing. LA in BG. WHITE-OUT as A-BOMB EXPLODES. SHOCK-WAVE DRIVES across town. HIGH-RISES BLAST APART.

SEQUENCE OF RAPID CUTS:

HIGH ALTITUDE POV: TWO BLASTS envelop LA. THREE BLASTS cover SAN DIEGO. MRV 'CARPET-BOMBING' up Coast, LONG BEACH, SANTA BARBARA.

BAY-AREA: WHITE IMPACT BALLS expand along SF Bay. MRV HITS across EASTERN SEABOARD, NJ, NY, Boston, Wash D.C., etc.

JOHN (VO)

That day haunted my mom's dreams. It was her endless nightmare...

TO: A small, burnt skull sits on a rusty swing seat.

NEW: BURNED SKULLS are PILED like SAND DRIFTS along the blackened walkways of a SHOPPING MALL.

NEW: Old skulls litter a CHARRED DISNEYLAND Main-Street.

JOHN (VO)

Then we fought the machines...

ROLLING HKs (Hunter-Killers) mash skulls while firing. A squad of firing Terminator Endo-skeletons march into the FRAME. PAN UP TO: A flying HK Battle-Station moves over-head.

GO TO RED-SCREEN: SIX RADIATING SEGMENTS fill the frame with MOVING VISIONS from the GUN TURRETS of a FLYING H-K BATTLE-STATION. The ground passes below while humans scurry and TARGETING COORDINATES flash across the SIX RED DISPLAYS. PLASMA DESCENDS in all directions. Return fire BLOWS an ENGINE. The scene REELS wildly.

RETURN: JOHN'S FACE

JOHN

But we ended that future. (pause) - At least, I thought so.

CREDITS SEQUENCE: A-BOMB leads CREDITS ROLL UP which runs over old news-reel clips, assembled by Skynet, showing satellite views of the earth during full, world-wide nuclear annihilation. Muted thuds tap rhythmically as nuclear strikes lace land-masses. Fingers of pollution trace wind-patterns. Read-outs gauge Nuclear Arsenal expenditures, hits and death-tolls.

EXT. NIGHT - EMPTY STREET in DECREPIT CITY NEIGHBORHOOD

Opens on dark street of empty store-fronts. Gray/brown and dark facades jut up across from us. A dumpy car is parked in the street and a small motor-bike stands by the only lit doors in sight. Above the doors are large, raised letters:

"INTERNATIONAL CRYONICS INSTITUTE"

SUPERIMPOSE: Elongated, football-shaped TIME-CAPSULE with raised webbing and intricate but subdued lights cork-screwing within.

STREET: We move toward the doors...

SUPERIMPOSED TIME-CAPSULE: Camera zooms tighter on.

INT. CRYONICS INSTITUTE

Old, beer-bellied guard has feet up at newspaper draped desk. Nearby, a lanky floor sweeper leans over his push-broom. A choir of tall, metallic canisters disappear into the dark behind them.

GUARD whisks his fingers over the paper.

GUARD

You know, you'd think these guys'd learn how to play ball...

SWEEPER

Not like your day...

GUARD

You're God Damn right. We had the power guys, and we also didn't stand around all God Damn day. When ya just play the game, it moves - it lives, for Christ's Sake. Ya play better...

Sweeper's answer reduces to echoing as we are now...

NEW ANGLE: ...down the dark hall, before a bullet-shaped "CRYO" TUBE. There is a small 3" X 1" INDICATOR PANEL to the right of its long, vertical seam.

RUNNING VOICE-OVER: Echoing baseball conversation continues.

TIME CAPSULE: ZOOM ON: Cork-screwing lights, softly pulsing.

DISSOLVE TO:

CRYO-TUBE: ZOOM ON: Cryo INDICATOR PANEL. Panel-lights begin flashing command-codes.

Camera ZOOMS OUT SLOWLY.

LOUD BLAST and SMASH-CUT: GUARD and SWEEPER are reelingly jarred to their feet.

POV: GUARDS, in FG, face away from camera. They look down the dark hall to the huge out-blast of gasses filling the far room.

REAR ROOM POV: From CEILING. CRYO-TUBES at lower right: Our astounded pair sweep in as the ROOM-LIGHTS COME ON. Mountains of billowing steam eject from the bottom of a tall ampule.

POV from behind guards: The exploding pressure, venting like rocket-exhaust, starts to relieve while RED & GREEN LIGHTS blink from the small panel.

The gleaming, 9 foot shell emerges from the subsiding vapor, omni-present. Its shut-off stops with an echoing SLAP.

The GUARD's mouths agape, they blink in disbelief.

A RED LIGHT comes on the indicator and a "CLUNK" is followed quickly by the HISS of pressure-relief. Its long seam breaks and the front of the ampule swings loosely open.

GUARDS walk timidly forward, mouths still agape.

Puffs of gas waft from the gap as red highlights reflect liquidly from the smooth, RIPPLED FORM within.

The GUARDS RECOIL as the FORM begins to MOVE. The SOUND is reminiscent of the liquid man but suddenly its PLASTIC SHROUD peels open and falls away.

The TERMINATOR shines like a God.

SMASH ZOOM ON: TERMINATOR's FACE, ZOOM into TERMINATOR's EYE.

SMASH-CUT TO RED-SCREEN: SURGING LIQUID RED and ROCKET-RIDE IMAGES explode from the screen as TERMINATOR CONSCIOUSNESS violently stabilizes from its frozen, super-conductor state. Grids and readouts appear. The guards are cowering against the wall.

RETURN: CYRO-TUBE

TERMINATOR

I need your clothes, your boots
& your motorcycle.

INT. CYBER-DYNE RESEARCH

Dyson and Sarah enter the room with the device.

DYSON

...It was designed to become active after
August 29, 1997 but was damaged in the quake.

SARAH

Judgement Day?

DYSON

Passing that date would arm the device.

SARAH looks questioning.

DYSON

- If it was still here, after that date, the
atomic war would not have happened. - As soon
as I plugged in the diagnostics, it came alive.

SARAH

(disgust)
Great.

DYSON

There are vast files from the year
2029, - I only have part of it...

SARAH

(anger)
We ended that future. It's over! This is not
supposed to be here!

DYSON

Yes, probably so. But listen, (mid-sentence switch) -By the way, where is John? No wait.

DYSON leads Sarah out of the room and into another. Then to a questioning Sarah:

DYSON

It could be listening - don't even tell me where John is. He cannot come into contact with the device.

SARAH

Why?

DYSON

He's not here is he?

SARAH

No, he's on his way...

DYSON

(alarmed)

We have to stop him!

SARAH

Wh- (?)

DYSON

How long before he gets here?

SARAH

Tomorrow...

DYSON

Are you sure?

SARAH

Yes, he was home.

DYSON

(relief)

Ah, thank God. I didn't think. We can stop him before he gets in. Sarah, - Skynet sent a Terminator at the same time as this thing.

SARAH reels.

DYSON

One of its targets, for sure, is John.

INT. JOHN'S CAR -

JOHN is driving through the night.

EXT. NIGHT - HARLEY DEALERSHIP

OVER-HEAD camera BOOMS DOWN as the TERMINATOR rolls up the center of the street before a Harley-Davidson dealership. A gigantic STREET-BIKE dominates the flood-lit window display.

AIR-BRUSHED SIGN: '*DreaMachine*'

The TERMINATOR looks over.

RETURN INT. CYBER-DYNE

DYSON flips on a wall screen.

DYSON

All right, listen, ...

SARAH

Where's this Terminator?

DYSON

We don't know. - Wait.

SARAH

Wait! We have to find it. We-

DYSON

Wait! - Sarah, - just listen...

SARAH confines her focus. Wall-screen flashes to Dysons' study-image of the Time Capsule, which runs in BG.

DYSON

...This "Device" was sent at the same time as the liquid man.
(reflecting) ...the night my father died...

SARAH

But we changed that fu-

DYSON

Sarah, it was sent in case you changed the future.

Sarah's eyes grow wider.

DYSON

It's a fail-safe device. It holds secrets. - We're trying to unrav-...

SARAH

Fail-safe!? Fail-safe means preventing what we did, preventing us from changing the future!

DYSON

No! The future was changed. There was no war.

SARAH

But Fail-s-

DYSON

Listen! It's a fail-safe. (excited) It's fantastically complex, a whole new computer language, - and being constantly re-written. We have to...

Sarah sharpens her eyes.

SARAH

(firmly)

Let's destroy it.

DYSON

No! We have to know what it knows, and what it's going to do. But this much is clear, - Skynet also sent a Terminator - and if John comes into contact with the device, or if the device even senses him, the Terminator will be activated.

SARAH

Where is this Terminator? What kind-

DYSON

(concerned shrug)

We don't know. That's why we have to decipher all this.

SARAH

I told John to meet me here!

SLOW ZOOM ON: DYSON's wince.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOHN'S CAR.

SLOW ZOOM ON JOHN's face.

EXT. NIGHT - HARLEY DEALERSHIP

Cops stand around, while patrol-car lights blink. A burglar-alarm CLANGS in the BG. The anxious dealership-owner, in jacket and pajama-bottoms, jumps from the open door of his truck.

The police SERGEANT yells into the yard.

SERGEANT

Turn off that noise!

As the echoing ends, the exasperated OWNER and SERGEANT turn to the busted out display-window.

SERGEANT

Somethin' missin'?

The gaping, flood-lit hole before them now showcases the PUNY MOTORBIKE - shabby paint, half-peeled 'Dead-Head' sticker.

EXT. DARK STREET - SPORTING GOODS STORE-FRONT

TERMINATOR is climbing on his new, powerful HARLEY in front of the BROKEN DOORS of a sporting goods. He has PISTOLS and a SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE which he holsters into the bike. He stands erect.

ON: TERMINATOR's STONY FACE. His RED EYES focus. He puts on SHADES, starts the bike and heads off into the night.

POV from side: TERMINATOR on moving bike. He accelerates faster.

EXT. CYBER-DYNE RESEARCH LAB - BRIGHT SUNSHINE

POV: From high elevation: Cyber-Dyne's brick facade stands back from a wide lawn that stretches inside the encircling drive.

BOOM DOWN through street-lining TREES to rear of JOHN's car. John is stalled in the noon-rush outside CYBER-DYNE.

CUT TO: EXT. FREEWAY

POV: ELEVATED above FREEWAY: BOOM UP as the TERMINATOR is leaving onto the down-ramp. The city spreads out before him.

RETURN: EXT. CYBER-DYNE RESEARCH

JOHN, SARAH and DYSON stand by the line of cars that border the facility's large lawn.

DYSON

...so it's definitely a fail-safe, we recorded mountains of information, but most is all jumbled up.

John gazes over at the building.

JOHN

If its purpose is fail-safe, it must have been sent to do something - to accomplish something. (looks to Dyson) You're sure there are no chips?

DYSON

You and my father destroyed everything the night you blew Cyber-Dyne North. Believe me, I have his job, I would know.

JOHN

Then what's this thing doing here?

DYSON

(thinking)

Skynet would have known it could eliminate itself by sending Terminators into its past, it wasn't stupid.

JOHN

But if Skynet is gone -

DYSON

- It's over. - Yes, -doesn't make sense.

JOHN looks back at the building.

JOHN

And you say, if this device even senses me, it will send a Terminator. - From where?

DYSON

Don't know. We cou(ld)...

SARAH

(strongly)

We have to find this Terminator.

John

Yeah, we gotta get it before - it gets us-s...

John's voice trails as everyone's attention is going to the massive, ARMED-FIGURE pulling up on the MOTORCYCLE across the street.

SARAH

Get your weapons!

John is already opening the trunk and pulls out two machine guns.

DYSON

Oh God...

The three are running for the entrance. The TERMINATOR is running after them. Just before the entrance, SARAH turns and opens up on him. The Terminator has crossed onto the lawn and yells.

TERMINATOR

No!

He raises his weapon high in the air and places it down before him, yelling.

TERMINATOR

Don't go in there!

They fall back into the entrance. SARAH places a couple more bursts but then focuses into a curious frown as she sees the Terminator with his hands out-stretched and yelling.

TERMINATOR

I am not the enemy!

Suddenly a HIGH-SKEW pierces the air behind them. - All three turn to see the HOWLING CAPSULE through the open door at the end of the hall. LIGHTS streaming over its sides.

They turn to each other.

DYSON

Run!

They bolt through the doors and head across the lawn.

The TERMINATOR walks for the front of the building, loading his weapon.

PAPERS START MOVING.

Sensing something very strange, DYSON turns to watch while JOHN and SARAH head for the cars.

Angry LIGHTNING writhes from the entrance. Each arcing LEMON-YELLOW BOLT is RINGED by huge, GEM-like AURAS of extraordinarily BRILLIANT PURPLE popping like flash-bulbs and contrasting the RED-BRICK, BLUE-SKY and LUSH-GREEN of the lawn.

ON: the anxious face of DYSON.

ON: the determined pace of the TERMINATOR as he stops up for battle.

ON: The PLASMA SPHERE rises like a soap bubble against the wall and stairs.

PAN TO: The TERMINATOR looks over to the street.

TERMINATOR

You have to go now!

TO: John and Sarah hurry into their car.

TO: The sphere resolves leaving nothing but brown ripples distorting the air.

SMASH-CUT: TERMINATOR's eyes focus.

RETURN: The ripples become a figure.

SMASH-CUT: TERMINATOR starts blasting.

RETURN: The figure tries to steady itself from the unexpected impacts. It looks like a squat, barrel-chested wrestler, with a broad head and slicked hair.

Its smooth, brownish/purple form seems to convulse at the hits but we see it is actually SHIFTING ITS BREAST to avoid the bullet strikes - like pouring SAND from one cup to another.

It sees JOHN and SARAH roaring into the road.

It starts after them. As it rockets forward, it smears out into glimmering BROWN RIPPLES and DISTORTED AIR.

The rippled distortion resolves in a nearly instantaneous, straight-line arrival where JOHN and SARAH'S CAR had been. The grass is CREPE and the curb, POWDER.

The TERMINATOR SHOOTS for its LEGS which seem affected but we see this THING simply fall into a DOG-LIKE run after the speeding CAR. TWO LEGS in front, ONE in back.

John is punching the gas as Sarah yells.

SARAH
Its gaining!

The engine winds as the car launches onto the freeway.

Cars screech and banana to miss each other.

JOHN and SARAH charge up the road when this thing shoots over the ramp like a race-dog. It starts a muscular run, bounding like a CHEETAH. Faster and faster, the guard-rails and cars become blurred.

Purplish CHEETAH/THING stretches across a turning "S" curve in GLIMMERING RIPPLED DISTORTION straight-through an intervening family car, which catalyzes into CRYSTALLIZED-SILVER POPCORN.

It's target moved, bounding CHEETAH/THING stretches another curve.

SARAH breaks out the rear glass.

SARAH
Floor it!

INTER-CUT: TERMINATOR walks fast to a CHP cruiser which is just stopping to arrest him. He throws the officer out and takes off, pulling the shot-gun from the dash.

RETURN: JOHN & SARAH are ripping past traffic.

TO: Bounding CHEETAH/THING stretches its head to see above cars.

RETURN: Sarah starts shooting.

SARAH
(yelling)
It's gaining! Go faster!

TIGHT ON: SPEEDOMETER: heading over 90.

Cars veer spasmodically as the THING unfurls and expands boldly to a huge, brilliant ELASTIC LUMINESCENCE which whips up the roadway - like a train-sized rubber-band, in long, hundred-yard strides. CATALYZED CARS flatten like egg-crates.

SMASH-CUT TO CYBER-DYNE: DYSON's HANDS grab the TIME-CAPSULE. He throws it in an oblong box and slams it shut.

RETURN: THING falls to a run as SARAH pumps bullets from the window. She is yanked from side to side through wrenching lane-changes.

INTER-CUT: TERMINATOR, cop-lights on, is coming through traffic.

RETURN: THING scales intervening cars like a Tasmanian rock-climber - all shoulders, LONG ARMS and no head.

OVER-HEAD POV: THING closes right up on SARAH. Car is swimming like a fish as THING LUNGES. SARAH contorts to the window-frame.

SARAH
Uh-h-h-aH!

THING misses.

Their car shoots up through the next car-pack as THING bounds to the road, mounts and rockets over cars. Vehicles roll and smash violently to the sides.

POV from SARAH: THING comes over the car-pack, filling the FRAME and swipes, BANG! - It busts the window frame, sending SARAH reeling.

SARAH

Oh-ow-h!

Chrome hanging; the car rocks wildly.

SARAH

(screaming)

Stay outta traffic!

As they pass, THING romps over the third car-pack and leaps from the lead-car.

THING KNOCKS OFF John and Sarah's BUMPER and FENDER.

Their car reels while the lead-car swings around sideways, does a tumble and the whole THIRD-PACK rolls up behind it. THING bounding forward in front of the huge, rolling smash-up.

SARAH starts shooting both guns.

THING stretches into a piston-fast run, forming only a front and back leg. Each slithers to a small knob.

It's a bounding, rippling MAGGOT whose pointed-legs easily avoid the bullets.

ON SARAH: One gun goes empty.

THING gains so strongly, SARAH GASPS at its LIQUID EYES shining from the BLACK SLITS smeared across its front.

SARAH

(screaming yell)

Go!! Go faster! - Faster!!

SPEEDOMETER: 100, 105. Steam starts pouring from the front as their car inches forward.

ON: SARAH's hair blazes over her gun in the wind-stream. The bolt stops.

SARAH

I'm out!

INTER-CUT: Suddenly a clamp-like hand springs on a malleable, ROPE-ARM from the THING's back. It will obviously score.

RETURN: Sarah looks up as the hand comes down.

POV: It sails down from the sky, straight into the camera.

BLAM!

THING's FEET are shot out by the TERMINATOR, now just behind.

THING crumples to the road but rolls and re-gains as both cars shoot past.

POV: From behind: The cars blast down the road together.

TIGHT ON TERMINATOR's SPEEDOMETER: 115-120.

THING is in Cheetah-mode and slows down to bound along a passenger car. It opens the door, pulls out the occupant and enters to accelerate in one fluid movement.

TO: The TERMINATOR rolls up on JOHN and SARAH and yells through the passenger window.

TERMINATOR

Get in!

JOHN and SARAH's car is streaming STEAM while the vehicles blast haphazardly down the freeway.

INTER-CUT: Roaring up after them, the near featureless figure transforms into the just ejected driver.

RETURN: SARAH looks back and sees THING's vehicle blasting through traffic. It bumps some car into a violent roll.

Their own over-heated steamer starts whistling loudly.

TERMINATOR

(yelling)

Come on!

John glances to the mirror - THING's car is gaining strongly.

The Terminator has pushed the 110 mph vehicles together, their metal bodies making rude scraping and bent beer-can noises. Window to window, the Terminator yells again.

TERMINATOR

(yelling)

Come on! Get in!

John looks to see that SARAH has made up her mind. She throws her guns over and claws her way through the grinding, jockeying window-frames.

TO: THING, almost on them, swipes its own wind-shield out and begins readying for the throw, oozing up through the opening.

TO: John looks again, then jumps through the window as the CHP car begins to move away.

John is only half in and scrabbling to make it when the abandoned, driverless vehicle EXPLODES against the mountain wall.

The cars swing around the left-flowing turn. John is still stuck half-out the window and straining against the force.

TO: THING's rope-arm shoots into the air.

TO: SARAH blows out the rear window and blasts THING's front-tires which make its wheels cave-in and the whole front-end buckle.

ANGLE: THING's CAR does MULTIPLE END-OVER-ENDS, car parts spreading out, as THING rolls into a BALL before it.

ON: The CHP car shoots down the road, away from camera.

TO: THING-BALL rolls up and onto its feet, looking down the freeway at the escaping car. METALLIC EYES materialize on the rear of its thick head, staring back at on-coming traffic.

THING turns into a beautiful, poised, fashion female - heels, fox-fur and quaff.

She raises her gloved hand to a smiling male who is hard-braking his BLUE TRUCK for this sudden chance at the Prince Charming role.

INT. CHP CAR

JOHN

(looking back)

Is it coming?

TERMINATOR

I don't think so.

SARAH

What was it?!

JOHN

A liquid Terminator?

TERMINATOR

No. Hyperboid. - An entity implanted
into negative matter. Into time itself.
Into the corridor between the future
and this time.

SARAH and JOHN stare - the CHP-CAR aches with stress.

EXT. FREEWAY WRECK

Beautiful female gets in truck.

GUY

Are you all right?

BEAUTIFUL FEMALE

Yeah, I guess. The front tire blew out.
Thank you for stopping.

The GUY is looking over his shoulder at the wreck.

GUY

What a mess, (turning back)
- you're lucky-...

He stops, shocked at her beaming smile.

BEAUTIFUL FEMALE

(smiling)

So, - what do you do?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHP-CAR

TERMINATOR'S FACE fills the FRAME.

TERMINATOR

We were the last two production models of the Cyber-Dyne 101 series.

JOHN

(smiling)

Like twins!

TERMINATOR

(mildly affected)

You re-programmed us in the future but sent my (looks over) -'twin', first.

SARAH starts to react but JOHN touches her.

TERMINATOR

My 'twin' never knew I was sent. My mission was to enter deep-freeze, cryo-stasis. I received all his experience files over a monitoring channel.

SARAH

You've been frozen - this whole time?

JOHN

You received the experiences of the other Model 101?

TERMINATOR

Yes, your 'Uncle Bob.' - All the way through your fight with the T-1000 liquid-Terminator. (to Sarah) When the device was activated, my emergency task menu ended cryo-stasis.

JOHN

Why was the device sent - what's it here for?

TERMINATOR

The device is a homing-beacon that brings the Hyperboid and allows it to re-construct Skynet, with all its files and secrets, here in this time.

JOHN and SARAH are stunned.

SARAH

...Skynet's "fail-safe" is to re-construct itself, here, in this time - in case THEIR TIME had ended?

TERMINATOR

Yes.

INTER-CUT: DYSON is hurriedly leaving Cyber-dyne with the oblong metal-box. He hands his worried secretary a note.

DYSON

Give this to Sarah Reese, or her son, and no one else. Then go on home.

INT. SPEEDING CHP-CAR

JOHN

...you said, the "Hyperboid" - ?

TERMINATOR

Hyperboid-2021 (motions behind). A thing released into the Quantum void - the fabric of Negative matter.

JOHN

Negative matter -?

TERMINATOR

The Quantum void is between times. You must travel through it, to travel through time.

SARAH

Are you telling us this Hyperboid is actually inside time?!?

TERMINATOR

Anchored there. The Hyperboid takes on positive atomic-matter from this time and forms into things and shapes. - When it's here, it's only half-here.

JOHN

(eyes reel up)

O-oh man...

They are pulling off the freeway.

SARAH

What happens if we destroy the material hugging onto it?

TERMINATOR

The Hyperboid can just come back. - As long as it has contact with the time-capsule, the Hyperboid can vector-travel anywhere - at will.

JOHN

And if we destroy the time-capsule?

TERMINATOR

Without the device, the Hyperboid has no way back.

JOHN

(smiles)

Just kinda, leave it out in the void...

TERMINATOR

(looks over)

One more thing. (pause) Once Skynet has been reproduced, it will merge directly with the Hyperboid - to create a permanent foot in time.

JOHN

What??

TERMINATOR

Joining with the Hyperboid will give Skynet a foundation in Negative Matter itself. Skynet will then be immune to time, to any changes of past or future. - Permanent.

They are stunned. SARAH turns to JOHN.

SARAH

First we ditch this car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREEWAY OFF-RAMP

The BLUE TRUCK pulls down the off-ramp.

INT. BLUE TRUCK

GUY

You probably should get checked out at the emergency, it's just three blocks up...

HYPERBOID/SHE

(sweetly)

No, I need to get back to the city, could you take me? - I can pay - .

HE

Oh, this has to be reported. The cops need to know what happened, and I really think you need to be sure everything's OK, you could be hurt-...

SHE calmly swipes down across his head and a CRACKLING HISS evaporates half his face into a kind of atomic micro-spray, which expels in all directions.

The QUIVERING LIPS, HALF-TONGUE and EXPOSED THROAT make GURGLING SOUNDS as we see his BRAIN, SKULL-CASE and SINUS CAVITY like an MRI scan. There's no bleeding.

The right arm shakes aimlessly as SHE transforms into HIS IMAGE while pushing the body away from the driver's seat.

POV From outside truck: Truck turns under the freeway and up the on-ramp.

EXT. SMALL STORE PARKING LOT

SARAH at PHONE-BOOTH in FG. John stands outside CHP car, next to building, in BG. TERMINATOR accelerates CHP-CAR into the lot.

SARAH

Miles Dyson, please.

INTER-CUT: DYSONS' SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

Miles Dyson's office. - Oh yes, Sarah, Mr Dyson said he (reading from note) took the device in a 'lead box.' And you should meet him at 'the ranch'. Does that make sense?

TO SARAH:

SARAH

Yes - Emily, isn't it? (pause) Yes,
I know. (pause) -you must destroy that
note and tell no one th-.. Yes,

She looks over to see the TERMINATOR smashing the driver's window of a STATION-WAGON. SARAH finishes her conversation.

SARAH

Go home and stay there - until Miles calls.

INT. STATIONWAGON

As JOHN jumps in, the TERMINATOR pulls down the VISOR. There are no keys. The TERMINATOR looks to John, who shrugs. The TERMINATOR then pulls open the steering-column, as SARAH gets in the back.

SARAH

The cops are all over Cyber-Dyne.

EXT. CYBER-DYNE RESEARCH

Two Detectives roll up at Cyber-Dyne. DET. KIT SAMMS is sandy-haired and ruggedly handsome, his partner, DET. LYLE JOHNSON is strongly built with receding, slicked dark hair.

Three BLACK & WHITES are parked on the otherwise normal drive. Scattered groups converse near-by. A young cop approaches.

COP

Detective Johnson, they think it's
the Connor Gang...

Both Detectives immediately look at each other.

Cop

...The Captain told me to tell you
personal. - When you got here.

Their expressions twist as they start to exit the vehicle.

INT. STATIONWAGON

SARAH

Miles put the time-capsule in a lead-box and moved it.

TERMINATOR

Vector communication was cut. (turns head) That's why the Hyperboid used a vehicle...

JOHN

And why we're still alive.

TERMINATOR

...We must contact Dyson. The Hyperboid will attempt to re-acquire the device.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREEWAY

POV: ANGLE DOWN through truck windshield. Hyperboid/GUY is looking in his rear-view to a CHP car, just behind. The CHP turns on its RED-OVERHEADS.

HYPERBOID pulls to the side. Two officers get out of their patrol car. Hyperboid gets out and starts around to the rear.

OFFICER

Hi, we had a report you picked up a woman at the scene of an accident...

HYPERBOID/Guy begins to stretch its arms forward and both shoot out, blindingly fast, to vaporize their medullas with two clean spear-holes through the brain stems.

The men start falling as the quickly retracting arms re-join the HYPERBOID which restructures to the just killed ranking officer.

Hyperboid/OFFICER calmly throws both bodies into the truck.

Hyperboid's feet turn into curved GOUGES and its body becomes a girder-shaped CHP Officer which jacks the truck into a gentle roll off the embankment.

Almost instantly regaining human composure, Hyperboid/OFFICER casually climbs into the CHP car and pulls into traffic. Hyperboid reports on the radio, in the Officer's voice.

HYPERBOID/OFFICER

(on radio)

Uh-h - subject in witness vehicle, blue truck, owner of a Carlson Plumbing Contractors - reports only slowing down at the accident site.

ZOOM-OUT from right side of HYPERBOID/OFFICER's FACE.

HYPERBOID/OFFICER

The woman report was apparently unfounded.

ZOOM-OUT: Hyperboid is the CHP Officer in upper-body but below windows, it is the featureless, brownish/purple Hyperboid body.

HYPERBOID/OFFICER

We're ten ninety-eight.

POV toward left-rear of head: A mechanistic eye appears.

ZOOM OUT TO side of traveling CHP car: Its OVERHEAD LIGHTS go on. BOOM UP as it speeds away.

INT. STATIONWAGON - Eastern LA Basin

SARAH

So the time-capsule and Hyperboid were the back-up - in case the liquid-man failed?

TERMINATOR

Correct. (to John) When the device sensed you, the homing-vector would bring the Hyperboid out of time - to acquire you.

JOHN

So you were my backup?

TERMINATOR

That is one of my mission-parameters.

SARAH

(to the Terminator)

We're to meet Miles at the Dyson ranch.

JOHN

Tarissa isn't there?

TERMINATOR

Tarissa is Miles' mother?

JOHN

No, Tarissa was Miles Seniors' second wife. Little Danny is Tarissa's. Miles Junior's mom died a long time ago. Miles Junior was away at college the night his dad died. (looks in back) Now it's Danny who's in college...

JOHN's voice trails off as he sees her EXPRESSION.

SARAH

(angry)

I can't believe we're doin' this again.

Momentary hush.

SARAH

We have to get the weapons from my truck, it's outside Cyber-Dyne.

JOHN

So are the cops.

TERMINATOR

So is the Hyperboid.

RADIO (BG VO)

I-5 is clear-and-moving again. The Sarah Connor reports have been discounted...

JOHN

Hey, listen up. (turns up volume)

RADIO ANNOUNCER-1 (VO)

The huge smash-up is still being investigated but the California Highway Patrol stated that the Connor Gang was not the cause and the CHP's own pursuit following a convenience-store robbery was not the cause.

ANNOUNCER-2 (VO)

(off-handed chuckle)

Can you imagine? the Connor gang?!

ANNOUNCER-1 (VO)

Didn't they shoot her up in Portland somewhere?

JOHN turns it off.

JOHN

(pause) -better avoid the 405.

The TERMINATOR looks up.

QUICK RED SCREEN: Digital ROAD MAP exemplifying the 405 and their present, completely different location.

RETURN:

TERMINATOR

The 405 is behind us.

JOHN

Y-yeah-h...

EXT. NIGHT TIME - SIDE STREET

A TOW-TRUCK has hiked up SARAH's black PICK-UP. While the driver gets in, his slamming door reads: 'A to Z Towing', 856 Tannin - 555-5650. Driver revs his engine and pulls off.

ZOOM OUT TO:

The scene was viewed by the Terminator who is HIGH-RES scanning from a distance. He gets back in the car with John and Sarah.

TERMINATOR

856 Tannin.

SARAH

(to John)

First, we gotta put you in a rent-a-car, there's too many eggs...

They shoot off.

EXT. NIGHT - BUSY STREET

John comes out of a rental-car agency. He shakes a set of keys and gives the thumbs-up. TERMINATOR and SARAH acknowledge him from the STATIONWAGON across the street and start off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NIGHT - QUIET CITY STREET CORNER

TERMINATOR and SARAH observe a corrugated front office with an attached, fenced yard. The TOW-TRUCK, with SARAH'S PICK-UP still hiked, sits inside the gate.

A crude SIGN is stuck above the door: '856 Tannin'

SARAH

The guns are under the bed-protector.

INTER-CUT FREEWAY: John's Rent-a-car moves onto the Interchange.

INT. FRONT OFFICE

SARAH and TERMINATOR enter the springed door. Dirty-glass all around allows a yellowed-view of the street. The same slobby driver sits behind the order-desk.

SARAH

You towed my truck, I'd like to pick it up.

DRIVER

Sure, sixty-two fifty...

Phone rings and driver picks up.

DRIVER

Sure, I can do that tow.

He clicks the phone off and throws down a clip-board.

DRIVER

Ya need to fill this out.

Driver heads to the door.

DRIVER

I'll be back.

A vague THUMP-THUMP-THUMP of a HELICOPTER begins to gain volume as the driver clears the doorway.

SARAH

Som-me-thing's not right...

Flashing red lights TRACE WINDOWS and DOORS on the building across the street while the driver's BACK is seen running away outside.

TERMINATOR

Time to go.

EXT. OFFICE - From inside yard

A whole panel of corrugated-steel smashes to the ground. Our pair are outlined in the dust-swirled, shop-light. They bolt to the TOW-TRUCK as bullets start peppering in.

INTER-CUT: EXT. POLICE CAR-POOL

KIT SAMMS and LYLE JOHNSON jump into their unmarked car.

KIT

This'll be 'By the Book', Lyle.

LYLE

(sarcastically)

Oh sure! - By the Book.

RETURN: EXT. TOW-YARD

The TOW-TRUCK and hiked PICK-UP shoot through the yard in reverse, smashing the fence and reeling in a semi-circle before a SEA of BLINKING COP-CARS that pack both ends of the street and the alley just across.

Without stopping, the TERMINATOR throws it in forward and screeches around and into the alley, blasting the three BLINKING COP-CARS down and through before it.

POV: From the street at the far-end: The TOW-TRUCK is power-jerking the COP-CARS out of the alley and into the street.

The TOW-TRUCK speeds off and the COP-CARS begin chasing. They are joined by a MASSIVE STREAM of police vehicles that fill the street from around the far corner.

TOW-TRUCK fish-tails left, around the coming corner and blasts down the block.

POV: DRIVER'S VIEW from TOW-TRUCK: COP-CARS converge into the ONCOMING INTERSECTION from BOTH SIDES.

NEW: TOW-TRUCK blasts them APART through the center.

Our gang brodies LEFT through an ALLEY and blasts across the coming street toward a PARKING LOT.

An ATTENDANT waves his arms and DIVES for his life.

TOW-TRUCK heads straight through TWELVE, V-PARKED CARS which blast into the air to either side.

Crazed ATTENDANT is running back, yelling as the ARMADA of BLINKING COP-CARS roar up from behind. ATTENDANT dives again.

TOW-TRUCK brodies LEFT, out of the parking lot.

POV from above intersection: TOW-TRUCK hangs it to their right, out left-FG, as COP-CARS start into the street from the parking lot, back up the block. Other lights advance in the far distance. A HELICOPTER shoots across overhead.

TO: CHOPPER.

CHOPPER PILOT

They're heading along the tracks at Melborne!

INTER-CUT: INT. DET. CAR

Centrifugal-force pulls stress into the racing vehicle.

KIT

You're not just executing these people, Lyle.

LYLE

I'm not lettin' them kill any more cops, either! - I can't believe your fucking attitude over this. They killed all those guys in '84, they killed Arn, they got bodies all over - what in the hell is wrong with you!?

KIT

-Just somethin' about that file-tape of Reese...

CLOSE-UP on KIT's EYES and DISSOLVE to FLASHBACK:

Lyle and Kit reviewing Kyle Reese observation tapes. CU KIT'S FACE: His eyes show him being effected by Kyle's intense pleading.

PAN TO: MONITOR

REESE ON MONITOR

"You still don't get it, do you?
He'll find her. That's what he does.
That's all he does. (ECHO, and DISSOLVE) He'll
wade through you and rip her throat out..."

RETURN TO: LYLE'S FACE

LYLE

...He was a psycho!

KIT

Our job is takin' 'em in.

LYLE stares forward.

LYLE

Our job is stopping 'em.

KIT accelerates the car.

KIT

(firmly)

By the Book, Lyle.

DISSOLVE TO:

TOW-TRUCK STREET CHASE

TOW-TRUCK blasts down street and hangs a LEFT toward a TUNNEL under the tracks. The TERMINATOR punches it and does a quick left-right with the wheel to throw the TOW-TRUCK and hiked PICK-UP into a 180 degree spin, rear-end first, into and blocking the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL

They jump from the TOW-TRUCK as BLINKING COP-CARS roll up outside. TERMINATOR pulls a chain-cutter from the tool-trough and cuts the tension cables.

TERMINATOR

You drive.

She jumps in the PICK-UP. Looking in the rearview, she slams it into gear. Then, realizing her pick-up truck and underground identity are busted, she angrily slaps the wheel with both palms.

SARAH

Fuck! I've blown my whole cover!

The TERMINATOR jumps in the bed as she blasts the PICK-UP off the TOW-TRUCK and shoots back in reverse.

EXT. OUTSIDE TUNNEL

PICK-UP blasts out the tunnel in a Flying 90 degree turn. Seeing approaching COP-CARS, she continues into a further 180.

The TERMINATOR tosses the BED-PROTECTOR and the COP-CARS screech to avoid it. The GUN-STASH packs a recess in the truck-bed.

The PICK-UP hangs a right and the TERMINATOR is yanked around as he cocks two ARs. He places a couple BURSTS into the tires of the two lead COP-CARS, which shimmy awkwardly to the side.

TWO CHOPPERS fall down upon them. The TERMINATOR exchanges fire while bracing against the cab to protect SARAH, driving inside.

The CHOPPERS are swimming back and forth overhead and firing down while two COP-CARS chase from behind. The TERMINATOR is bounced and jostled as he precision-bursts into the changing targets.

RED SCREEN: A CIRCLE at the center of CROSS-HAIRS moves quickly over the RED SCREEN forming GEOMETRIC LINES to place the TARGETING SEQUENCE on the pursuing choppers and vehicles.

RETURN TO PICK-UP: TERMINATOR's arm-servos ZIP as his firing gun-barrels rock up and down.

TRACERS and RICOCHETS fill the FRAME.

The steaming, flat-ridden COP-CARS drop away while broken parts are falling from the choppers. Both search-lights are shot-out and hang, swinging.

TO: CHOPPER

CHOPPER PILOT
 (barking on radio)
 We're getting hit!

RETURN: SMOKE is pouring from one CHOPPER, both leave off.

SARAH hangs a LEFT and roars into a neighborhood.

INTER-CUT: DET. CAR rockets up to the neighborhood.

RETURN: SARAH shoots up one street and slows quietly around the corner of another. They calmly whisk into an open garage, in FG.

DETECTIVE CAR flies through the same intersection, in BG.

INT. GARAGE

TERMINATOR closes the door as other cops whiz by.

SARAH is looking over her shoulder at the TERMINATOR.

SARAH
 Is it OK?

The TERMINATOR gives the thumbs up. She turns around with a sigh.

SARAH
 Whew!

She looks through the windshield. Stairs disappear up to the next story. SARAH gets out.

SARAH
 We gotta risk a call...

TIGHT ON: Her FINGER-IMPRESSIONS in the upholstery MOVE SLOWLY OUT - with a slight CRINKLING SOUND.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE

SARAH's face pokes around the door into a darkened kitchen. A TV is playing in another room. They cautiously advance.

FRONT LIVING ROOM

An old couple watches TV as our duo enters the room.

OLD MAN
- W-ho-o are you?

OLD LADY swings her head around.

OLD LADY
Oh, my God!

OLD MAN
Who are you, - what do you want?

SARAH
(nicely)
We've had car trouble and need to use a phone.

OLD MAN
(befuddled)
Well, what are you doing in here!?

OLD LADY
(cuts in)
It's OK Frank, they've had car trouble.
It's OK, come in. Come on in, kids.

FRANK
What's OK!? - They can't just come-...

OLD LADY
(to Frank)
It's fine! - Come in, come in, we're
happy to help, - the phone's 'round
the corner (motions to the hall).
- Tell me, what are your names?

SARAH
Hi, thank you so much, I'm Sarah, and
this - is - Bob. We're awfully sorry
to just bump in on you like this - we
thought no one was home...

OLD LADY
Oh that's fine, dear. My name is
Mildred - 'Millie' and this is Frank.

Frank swings his head around in confused frustration.

FRANK

I - I don't know you.

MILLIE

It's OK, Frank, they've just had car trouble - watch TV, they're just going to use the phone. They'll be gone soon.
(to Sarah) Where are you kids from?

SARAH

Northern California...

The Terminator hands her an old cord-phone. SARAH starts dialing.

SARAH

We had an over-heating problem just outside, and when we...

SARAH holds her fingers up, listening.

SARAH

Miles! We've had some problems...

Her conversation becomes involved and MILLIE leans to the TERMINATOR, brightening up.

MILLIE

My! - You're a big one!

The TERMINATOR stares for a second and goes over to the window as flashing lights are reflecting from the passing cops outside. Sarah gets off the phone.

SARAH

Miles is at Tarissa's. We have to go over there.

MILLIE

Would you kids like some hot-chocolate while you're waiting?

SARAH

We really have to go...

MILLIE

Oh, non-sense. You have to wait for your car to cool down and a little cocoa would be good.

TERMINATOR

We should wait - a while longer.

SARAH

(turning to MILLIE)

Well, - Ok.

MILLIE has a cane and starts to rise.

SARAH

Oh, I can do it.

MILLIE will get up regardless and the TERMINATOR goes to help.

MILLIE

(gushes)

Oh, thank you. You are a strong one!

(feeling his forearm)

She heads to the kitchen with Sarah.

MILLIE

I know where everything is...

The Terminator sits opposite Frank and the two stare at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN

The cocoa can sits open on the counter while Sarah pours chocolate. She joins MILLIE at the breakfast table with two cups.

SARAH

It's been quite a while since I made chocolate.

MILLIE

Your Bob is such a big man...

SARAH

(trying to be nice)

Yes, - very strong.

MILLIE

(excitedly)

O-oh, young men! (she leans mischievously to Sarah) You know honey, a man like this - could be a girl's best friend... - you don't ever - (?) -- no, don't mind me...

SARAH

(smiling)

He's my brother.

MILLIE

Oh! (titillated giggle) 'Brother Bob' - he's very unusual.

SARAH

Yes, he's..

MILLIE

Dear -

Sarah stops.

MILLIE

Do you kids need another car?

Sarah looks shocked.

MILLIE

The police are probably looking for whatever you were driving.

Sarah tries to talk but nothing comes out.

MILLIE

I know who you are, dear, I recognized you the minute you came in! - I get the 'Star-Globe' at the supermarket. I know all about you!

Millie pulls a handful of tabloids from a stack.

MILLIE

I've kept up on all your exploits!
(whispers) I always believed you.

SARAH places her words carefully.

SARAH

Millie, - what we are doing - is important...

MILLIE

Oh, I know darling.

TERMINATOR surprises them from the door.

TERMINATOR

Yes (pause) we do need another car.

MILLIE

Well, we have one! - An old one.

SARAH

Are you sure about this?

MILLIE

This is the most exciting thing that's ever happened to me. (to the Terminator)
You're a robot, aren't you?

TERMINATOR

Cyborg. Cyber-Dyne Systems Model 101.
Cybernetic hyper-alloy combat chassis,
organic-material combination...

TERMINATOR pulls the flesh on his arm, revealing the stark silhouette of his servos - which he proudly moves back and forth.

TERMINATOR

...My endo-skeleton-...

SARAH

(cutting him off)

I have a two year old 4 x 4, in excellent condition. With air.

MILLIE

You're proposing a trade!

SARAH

...It does have a few bullet holes. (quick pause) But you could get them fixed...

MILLIE

Oh, I would never have them fixed -
(excited) I always wanted a car with
bullet holes! (pause) It's so exciting!
I haven't had this much fun in years!

SARAH

(blankly)
It's black.

INT. DET CAR - NEARBY CONVENIENCE STORE

LYLE sets two coffees on the dash while glaring at KIT.

LYLE

We've been through it all in seven
years, buddy - you're the best God
damn cop I know, but if you can't
perform the job, you best take a leave.

KIT

(calmly)
You can't be killing for revenge...

LYLE

They're cop-killers!

KIT

This is about Arny.

LYLE

You're God damn right it's about Arny!
And all the other cops that night -
And their families. I just don't get
it with you! Arny taught me everything
I know - I half-raised his kids...

KIT

It can't get this personal, Lyle...

LYLE

Well, it is Kit. - It fucking is. - And
if they even blink, I'm dropping 'em
- and that's it. - You get that!?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD-SIDE GAS-STATION/STORE

John rolls up and swings around by the payphone.

INT. OREGON HOME

Phone is ringing. Calle picks up.

CALLE

(frightful worry)

Oh John! Are you all right?! That was the biggest wreck in LA history - when they said the Connor Gang...

TO: JOHN

JOHN

Cal, I'm fine, I can't talk. -Cal, listen!
- I can't talk, I don't have time but (voice becomes tender) - I just had to hear your voice...

CUT TO: CALLE stops in mid-sentence as she fearfully listens.

RETURN: JOHN

JOHN

Cal, - you know, I'd really like to lie to ya right now -(nervous laugh) - but you and Matt gotta get out of there... - Calle... -Calle, listen! - Since I gotta tell the truth - an' everything, I guess I gotta tell ya why.
- Uh-h, do you remember the Terminators I told you about? - Ok - now - don't get upset...

INT. MILLIES' - DINING ROOM

Papers are spread before SARAH and MILLIE.

SARAH

Kyle Reese... was a hero - the most giving man I ever knew. Just one, - among a whole future of heroes. All of them, - all of them, - gave their lives... their whole living lives - for us. So that we can have this world.

MILLIE reaches for Sarah's hand.

SARAH

Kyle had fallen in love - from my picture.
(showing) - It was taken in Mexico after he
died, -when I was pregnant with John. - He
said he had always wondered what I was
thinking at that moment... (SARAH's eyes
glance up) ...I was thinking of him.

The TERMINATOR enters.

TERMINATOR

Everything is moved to the new car.

SARAH

I'll call Miles.

MILLIE

(daubs tears)

I've thought you should be wearing my
old hat and Frank's fedora, here -
(laughs loudly) They're silly! -but
you would be safer - in our car...

SARAH smiles and takes the two hats.

SARAH

You can't drive the truck for several
days, (apologetic whisper) It's too hot!

MILLIE

Oh, Frank walks to the store anyway.
It's just two blocks.

As they rise, MILLIE is frightened.

MILLIE

You could stay 'til morning -

SARAH

No, we have to go...

MILLIE

(worried)

All right, now - take this cocoa along,
it's nice and hot.

She hands a thermos to SARAH.

SARAH
Millie...

Smiling, MILLIE holds her hand up - (no need for words).

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE PAYPHONE

JOHN
(tenderly)
Cal, I love you so much-

TO: CALLE

CALLE
(crying and pleading)
John! Just come back! Please, Oh please...

RETURN: JOHN

JOHN
Calle, I can't phone anymore and you gotta go from there. This thing could tap into the phone lines, it could find you. And we don't know where this thing is.

EXT. MILLIE'S HOUSE

They climb in a clean, 1987 SEDAN, the Terminator in wide-brimmed FEDORA, Sarah in black, '50s FACE-NET. The clear plastic seat-covers make CRINKLING sounds as SARAH settles in. She points to a police scanner that sits on the dash.

SARAH
...plugged in?

TERMINATOR
It is operational.

They drive off.

INT. SEDAN

TERMINATOR
Where is the device?

SARAH

Miles wouldn't say - but he's recorded the DATA and is studying it.

TERMINATOR

It must be destroyed.

SARAH

He's gonna meet us, get to the freeway.

DISSOLVE TO:

BIG BLOCK LETTERS tick across the DET. CAR COMPUTER SCREEN:

"SARAH J CONNOR, AKA: SARAH J REESE..."

KIT (OC)

It's the truck registration check.

NEW ANGLE: KIT's FACE.

KIT

...She's been livin' on Bald Mountain.

FOCUS ON LYLE's FACE in BG: LYLE squints.

NEW: The '87 SEDAN arrives and pulls out from the cross-street.

RETURN: Lyle focuses on the plainly visible blonde-hair pulled tightly under the '50s NET and moving slowly against shadow of the TERMINATOR's dark FEDORA.

Staring forward, he quickly raps KIT in the chest.

LYLE

This doesn't look right.

KIT starts the car and they pull out. LYLE calls on the radio.

LYLE

License check, '87 Buick Regal - tan...

KIT

There are two occupants.

LYLE

Chr-rist -let's see where they take us.

POV: SEDAN leaves-off, down the dark highway. DET CAR follows.

EXT. POSH NEIGHBORHOOD

SEDAN arrives at a sweeping cul-de-sac where DYSON approaches from the walk. He talks to Sarah at the passenger window.

DYSON
You're sure you weren't followed?

SARAH
(points to scanner)
Perfectly.

DYSON
The cops use more than one frequency, ya know...

DYSON lowers his head to look in.

DYSON
- I'm Miles.

The TERMINATOR is stone. DYSON's eyebrow raises as he apprehensively gets in the back.

DYSON
Go to Cyber-Dyne's 'E' parking lot. (to Sarah) I mean, followed by that thing.

SARAH
The 'Hyperboid.'

DYSON stares uneasily at the Terminator while talking.

DYSON
I knew it'd come back - it tore up the offices and main lab. - But I purged the computers. -I don't want that thing anywhere near me.

Dyson leans back, crinkling. Frowning, he then rubs the plastic.

SARAH
It's not exactly a 'thing.'

CLOSE-UP ON: DYSON's apprehensive EXPRESSION.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOHN'S RENTAL CAR

John looks up at a CARVED WOODEN SIGN before a darkened drive.

CARVED WOODEN SIGN:

Dyson Ranchero

John drives in.

INT. SEDAN

TERMINATOR

It was re-adjusting its body to
avoid weapon-hits and damage...

DYSON

But that should slow it up, regardless.
- After all, it's still only a
computer-with-legs, isn't it?

Mildly insulted, the TERMINATOR glances to the rear-view.

DYSON

I mean..., when it's here in our time.

TERMINATOR

Yes, the more tasks it must perform,
the more its efficiency is reduced.

SARAH

(bottom-lines)

The more we hit it, the slower it gets.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OREGON HOME

Calle glares at the phone. Matt paces in the BG.

CALLE

I'm going down there.

MATT

Cal, No!

CALLE

I know where that ranch is and I'm going down there. You can come if you want.

She jumps into action.

MATT

Fuck!!

EXT. "E" PARKING LOT

SEDAN arrives in a large, empty parking area and heads around the buildings-access drive. DYSON sits forward.

DYSON

You don't believe any of this 'til you see it. I'm sure glad my little brother's not here.

They stop between buildings and walk to the rear of the SEDAN.

ON: TERMINATOR and SARAH obtain multiple weapons from the trunk and sling them on their shoulders. The three start down the drive.

ZOOM OUT:

Scene was viewed through the windshield of the DETECTIVE CAR.

KIT backs DET. CAR out of view while LYLE whispers into the MIC.

LYLE

Need assistance. One eighty-seven suspects, Sarah Connor and accomplices, Cyber-Dyne Research facility, between Industry Way and the 'E' parking along Champion Drive. No code-three, no code-three. There are other suspects - approach with no lights.

Both climb out into the night.

INT. SEDAN: The body-impressions in the upholstery swell out.

When our trio rounds the far corner, the seat-covers show EGG-SIZED GLOBULES growing outwardly from the surface.

EXT. CYBER-DYNE GROUNDS

The Detectives jog swiftly between buildings. They draw their weapons and KIT points LYLE to the back.

KIT

I'll go through the front.

They split apart, Lyle heads around back.

INT. BUILDING

The three enter the outer offices of a large shop-building.

DYSON

I'm telling you, this thing can't be just after the device. I haven't got it all yet but the DATA keeps talking about getting John or protecting John, - always John...

EXT. BUILDING FRONT

KIT cautiously enters the front door and slips down the hall, following the echoing discussion within.

EXT. ACCESS DRIVE

ANGLE ON: Echoing HIGH-HEELS & CALVES of walking female, silhouetted against the shining asphalt.

TO: Lyle creeping between buildings. He stops up.

ON: LYLE'S EXPRESSION as he sees the beautiful woman.

INT. WORKSHOP BUILDING

Dyson unlocks the last door and the trio enters the large shop. Dyson is edgy about destroying the device.

DYSON

John is the target - one of them, anyway.

SARAH

The Hyperboid wants the device. It allows it to re-build Skynet.

DYSON

I know, that's what you said, but it wants John just as much. It left the device and chased you all the way up the freeway didn't it? There must be a reason.

Sarah puzzles.

TERMINATOR

The Hyperboid's mission is to recreate Skynet, here in this time. It needs the fail-safe device to accomplish that. We must destroy it.

DYSON

This is not wise, there's so much we don't know. We might need it.

DYSON pulls the oblong-box from under a bench.

DYSON

It's here. I've recorded all the DATA...

He slams loose the locking-mechanism and its latches click open. SARAH cocks her weapon.

KIT (OC)

Police! Don't move. - You're surrounded!
Just relax - don't move a muscle...

Everyone looks at Kit pointing his raised gun. SARAH turns back.

SARAH

(calmly)

Open it.

The lid is lifted and the whirling MARVEL sits revealed.

ANGLE ON: KIT's surprised expression as he focuses down.

NEW: The far door blasts VIOLENTLY APART and everyone looks.

The purplish, smooth-featured TASMANIAN/HYPERBOID is re-setting its stance. Only the EIGHT LIQUID SPIDER's EYES are defined.

SARAH raises her gun to the device but an arm rockets across to cleave it, the barrel in her left, the breach in her right.

ON HYPERBOID: It's pole-like ARM retracts into the distant creature. A BLINDING SHEET of LIGHT instantly expands to the FG.

KA-BAM! TERMINATOR and DYSON are propelled backwards from the impact as the TASMANIAN/HYPERBOID grabs the box and continues on a dead run.

SARAH pulls an AR off her shoulder.

ON: KIT's face goes slack.

SARAH shoots SANDY SPLATS into the HYPERBOID's BACK as it vaults the counters like a monkey and explodes out the high window.

KIT
(aghast)
It's real!

EXT. SHOP

POV: looking up under window: Glass explodes out as the HYPERBOID jumps through.

In fearful surprise, LYLE jabs his weapon skyward.

RETURN: INT. SHOP

SARAH sprints through the shop and springs in a stride onto the wall-bench, blasting the fleeing Hyperboid through the window.

EXT. SHOP

LYLE jabs his weapon back into the air, then awkwardly flips his aim between the fleeing Hyperboid and the firing gun above.

RETURN: INT. SHOP

The TERMINATOR, DYSON and KIT are running toward the back.

SARAH
(yelling to the TERMINATOR)
Go!

The TERMINATOR slams the rear-door out.

SMASH-CUT: The rear-door slams violently open, throwing LYLE into the dark.

TERMINATOR machine-runs for the HYPERBOID, stopped at the SEDAN.

BLACK-STRIPS appear on the HYPERBOID's FINGERS. One swipe and a foot-wide band of the HOOD and ENGINE-BLOCK evaporate.

ON: Red-heat disappears quickly from the cleanly cut edges.

The HYPERBOID thumps off into the dark.

The others run up.

KIT
(excited)
What in the hell is it?

DYSON
Our future.

KIT looks at the engine-block with an open mouth. SARAH is pulling the scanner from the dash.

KIT
This is real.

TERMINATOR
We must get to the ranch.

DYSON
The car-pool is just across the grounds.

The TERMINATOR starts running. DYSON and SARAH look questioning as they start with him.

KIT looks vainly around. There is no one. He glances to the engine-block and then springs in an excited jump of indecision.

He skips into a run after them.

KIT
Ah-oh-h sh-hit!

They run to a three-story, open-ramped brick and concrete parking garage. DYSON is trying to get his KEYS when the TERMINATOR smashes the door down. KIT calls to SARAH.

KIT
I didn't believe you!

As they run up the echoing stair-case, SARAH calls back.

SARAH
Now what are you going to do!?

She slams a gun into Dyson's hands. He accepts it like a gift of rotten fruit.

They appear on the stair-head.

KIT

I'm Samms, Detective Samms.

A THUMP - THUMP - THUMP out the view-port brings them to see the Hyperboid, without the box, chunking in across the lawn.

The TERMINATOR, SARAH and DYSON start firing as it springs onto the side of the building. Impacts distort its body and impede its climb. KIT also starts firing.

The TERMINATOR runs to the back while SARAH, KIT and DYSON hang over the precipice, blasting with their weapons.

The Hyperboid is being smeared into the wall, boiling from the hits. It liquidly tries to creep around the bullet sprays but Sarah's fire melts it back it like a sand-blaster.

KIT

I can't believe this!!

The TERMINATOR screeches a car sideways and Sarah bolts into the open door.

SARAH

(screaming)

Come on!

KIT dives in the back.

Hyperboid climbs through the view-port and chases right up to them but Dyson suddenly knocks it back with a barrage of fire.

The car brodies in a semi-circle to a momentary halt as Sarah dives in the back, swinging open the left rear.

The Hyperboid battles through the impacts against Dyson's fire.

SARAH

(screaming)

Miles!!!

The elevator behind him chimes and its doors start to close.

The TERMINATOR screeches the car around toward the ramp as Dyson dives in the closing elevator. The Hyperboid rips open the ELEVATOR DOORS and TEARS UP the DESCENDING ROOF like a MAD DOG.

TO: As Kit climbs in the front, his tense-expression changes at this new proximity with the Terminator.

NEW: The ramp rises as their car descends, obscuring the view.

SARAH
(empty)
Miles...

Their car is banging walls, fish-tailing down the spiralling drive-ramp.

It blasts through the locked drop-fence, at the bottom, dragging the coiled and sparking fence as they careen into the street.

POV: UP OPEN SPIRAL DRIVE-RAMP: Hyperboid drops three-stories, down the center of the drive-ramp, like a long strand of dribble and shoots into the slick basement like an enraged lion.

Its quarry is rocketing to the right outside. Pillars seem to move sideways as the Tasmanian/Hyperboid bangs across cars, blasting over the wall and into the night air.

NEW ANGLE: EXT. STREET - POV toward garage: Hyperboid blasts to the street in a blur, piston-bounding at scary speed for the quarry-car, several blocks up.

Quarry-car skids into a radical-left before blinking cop-cars approaching in the distance.

Cheetah-mode Hyperboid shoots its immediate left, as well, BANKING THE TURN against the corner HIGH-RISE.

SMASH-CUT: Burly beer-drinker stands by TV when the HYPERBROID rockets across his window. Glass explodes all over.

BURLY
Who-oe!!!

POV from outside: BURLY jams his head out window.

Hyperboid rockets between rear-facing apartments, blasting through a GARDEN, FENCING, KID'S PLAYGROUND, STRUNG-LAUNDRY, RACKED BICYCLES, - then crumples an AUTO to vault the freeway and splatter on a speeding car like a huge wad of bubble-gum.

The car is jerking to stabilize while the Terminator, Kit and Sarah are seen reeling and screeching into the moving sea of autos and lights about 100 yards up.

Hyperboid starts rocketing over cars.

POV FROM ABOVE: Hyperboid approaches a gap in cars and throws ROPE-ARM and CLAMP into the air.

NEW POV: from intervening CAR: ROPE-ARM & CLAMP come down with a BANG and the Hyperboid yanks itself up through the air.

WHOMP! - Intervening CAR destabilizes and tumbles.

The Hyperboid rolls up and onto the next car, scrambling forward. It runs across the next two speeding cars and stands erect - looking around. The TERMINATOR, KIT and SARAH are gone.

The lone-standing figure is swept away on the current of fast-moving traffic.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CYBER-DYNE SHOP BUILDING

LYLE sits on a bench along an outside walk. Light pours from the open rear-door of the shop. Cops are everywhere. The Captain stands over him.

LYLE swings his head over toward the SEDAN.

LYLE
(in shock)
Kit's gone - ?

CAPTAIN
You've had a pretty bad bump, kiddo. You just relax, we're gonna get you X-rayed.

EXT. DARK ALLEY

The TERMINATOR, KIT and SARAH swing quietly into a dark alley.

INT. CAR

KIT

OK, so this is not the shooter in the police sub-station, this is one of two 'twins', of the same model?

TERMINATOR

Cyber-Dyne Systems Model 101.

SARAH

They were sent as protectors.

KIT

(staring)

...Model 101. - And Skynet sent other Terminators and a Fail-Safe?

TERMINATOR

Skynet sent a liquid Terminator, and in-case it failed, - a fail-safe device.

KIT

A kind of time-buoy, this 'Hyperboid' homes in on?

TERMINATOR

Correct. And triangulates travel. The device is the Hyperboid's only reference to this time.

KIT

And the Hyperboid can just run through stuff?

SARAH

Like a kid through play-balls at the fun-park.

KIT straightens.

KIT

...Do you realize how important this is? We need to get our best minds on this.

SARAH

Oh sure, we'll get grants and write proposals, and put it up for a vote.

TERMINATOR

Yes, your communications and decision
process takes time. (looks around)
(CU: TERMINATOR'S FACE) You don't have it.

KIT stares - then sits slowly back as the Terminator gets out.

EXT. DARK ALLEY

The TERMINATOR, in FG, breaks into a NEW CAR while SARAH and KIT
approach from the old one.

INT. NEW CAR

SARAH

Tarissa's family has been brought
such pain. - Now Miles Junior is gone...

Her brow curls as she places both hands on the dash, staring in
thought. The car starts forward.

Sarah returns to business.

SARAH

What's your intention, Samms?

KIT

Kit, Kit Samms.

SARAH

...Kit?

ON: KIT's twisting expression.

KIT

- Did anyone see my partner?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OREGON ON-RAMP - NIGHT

Calle and Matt's car screeches onto the freeway.

MATT

Jesus, Calle - we could get killed!

CALLE

John could get killed. I'm not going to lose him.

MATT

(fearfully shaking head)
Cal, this is so nuts.

EXT. STREET

The Terminator, Kit and Sarah pull up across from Hertz.

INT. CAR

SARAH

Stop here.

SARAH gets out and KIT follows.

EXT. STREET

KIT

You know, a cop's whole job is to straighten out the good guys from the bad, that's the whole job, really. There's always good guys and bad guys. But this? What kin-a - what kinda future is this?

SARAH

A future that ended when we blew Cyber-Dyne North.

KIT

That was where Miles Dyson Senior died.

SARAH

Yes, ...the police shot him.

KIT

They didn't know who he was...

SARAH

They should've.

KIT

That police work was exemplary. The best. They were up against terrorists.
- You know, Sarah, cops 're only human.

SARAH stops before entering Hertz.

SARAH

Just how much do you know about us?

KIT

I know your whole file. My partner and I have your case.

SARAH

Well, - Kit, - the enemy here is not human. And if it wins, - there won't be any humans. At all. - I have no trouble seeing the bad guys.

She leaves his empty stare, but he quickly stops her.

KIT

All your IDs are compromised, Sarah Cunningham, Foster. Macelyn Roberts, the Reese names, Davis. Everything. (purses lip)
I can rent on my sister's business account.

SARAH stares into his eyes. KIT nods a confident 'OK'.
They enter the doors.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DYSON RANCH-HOUSE

Smoke slides from a chimney into the starry night. We slowly ZOOM IN past the parked rentals toward a dimly-lit curtain.

INT. DYSON RANCH-HOUSE

A fire burns in the stone-hearth of its sunken living room. Smooth hardwood floors stretch under Indian rugs and the matching furniture of this warm, redwood and mahogany country home.

SARAH is sternly demanding.

SARAH

(to the TERMINATOR)

We're not hearing everything - just how many ways are there to prevent Skynet from being created?

The Terminator sits like stone.

SARAH

Why is this thing still after us? - You know, "what's wrong with this picture?!"

JOHN

Yeah, if all it needed was the device, why doesn't it just go ahead and create Skynet?

Expressionless, the TERMINATOR lifts his head and begins to speak.

OFF-CAMERA voice:

Because it needs you, John.

All eyes look to see DYSON standing in the elevated entrance. TARISSA stands behind him.

SARAH

I thought you were dead!

DYSON strides in, while KIT nods to Tarissa.

DYSON

So did I (waving off Sarah's concern). Your friend here, didn't want to tell you. (to the Terminator) - Did you?

Sarah nods to Tarissa but looks questioningly at Dyson.

JOHN

What do you mean, it needs me?

DYSON

(to John)

The Hyperboid needs you. Or rather, your blood. - It really doesn't need you, per se. (to the Terminator) Why didn't you tell us?

TERMINATOR sits blankly under Dyson's glare.

JOHN

What do you mean, 'my blood'?

DYSON

Your blood - (then somberly to SARAH)
a very unique blood.

Intuition grows fear into SARAH's eyes.

DYSON

(to SARAH)

The most unique blood in all of history.

SARAH

(demanding)

What are you saying?

DYSON offers a hand.

DYSON

Sarah...

SARAH

(refusing)

No! - What are you saying?

Dyson's voice settles.

DYSON

John has the most unique blood in history
because his father was the most unique man.

ON: KIT's eyes sharpen.

SARAH

(alarmed)

What do you mean - what are you
talking about?!

DYSON turns to everyone.

DYSON

The Device-DATA was for the neural-net chip,
I cracked the code using my dad's old algo-
rithms. I know the secrets! - (louder, to the
Terminator) not that he couldn't have told us.

SARAH
 (angry)
 Wh-...

DYSON raises his hand to silence everyone.

DYSON
 (loudly)
 The DATA... (quieter) ...kept talking
 about the 'T-2000.' -The T-2000 this,
 the T-2000 that. But then it was Kyle
 Reese. - Kyle Reese this, Kyle Rees-...

SARAH
 (gutturally)
 What are you saying?

DYSON
 Kyle Reese, John's father, - was a synthetic.

SARAH begins to shake.

SARAH
 No! - No-o!

DYSON
 - Created by Skynet as a secret weapon.

SARAH
 He was a man! - Kyle was the finest
 man I ever knew - or ever heard of...

DYSON
 The perfect synthetic human.

SARAH
 It's a lie!!

DYSON
 He didn't know! - John, in the future,
 stole him from Skynet before he could
 be programmed. He grew up as a human...

Sarah's mouth hangs open.

SARAH
 (wide-eyed and empty)
 N-o...

DYSON

-that's what the war was all about - was really all about - trying to get him back.

John crumples to a chair.

DYSON

Reese's blood held the secret to Skynet's power. Skynet had to get him back.

TERMINATOR helps:

The T-2000 was created in case the humans might win the war of the future - as a fail-safe. Strung through the DNA helix was the secret code that held the construction plans for re-creating Skynet and the Lattice.

SARAH's knees give way and DYSON helps her to a chair.

JOHN

The Lattice?

DYSON

(while seating Sarah)

Skynet was essentially, many brains on one brain-stem. It was a kind of Poly-Nodal connection they called, "The Lattice." - It was this Lattice-connection that gave Skynet its genius.

TERMINATOR

Yes, it was not just the chips, otherwise I would have that power. It was the symmetry of multiple-brains. - The Lattice:
- perfect genius, the ultimate power.

SARAH

Wait, what are you saying, that John isn't human?

DYSON

No, he's perfectly human... (then to John) ...just half synthetic.

John's eyes are opening wide as he looks at his hands.

DYSON

-The only one of his kind.

SARAH is in shock while Tarissa consoles.

SARAH

So John, in the future - stole T-2000
- and raised him as Kyle Reese!?
Then sent him back for me - to meet?...

DYSON

(setting up his lap-top)
...And install the genetics into
human life.

SARAH

(glaring)
- Install the genetics. - Into my son -?

DYSON

Into the human side - whom else would
he choose?

JOHN

Wait, I must be normal, I couldn't
have been born - I couldn't live, if
my genes weren't right.

DYSON

Oh, you're normal. It's like this...

DNA HELIX, in multiple color-codes, flashes onto the LAP-TOP.

DYSON

There's an extra set of molecules attached
in your father's DNA (pointing to LAP-TOP
IMAGE). These hold the code-atoms with the
Skynet re-construction plans.

LAP-TOP: Knotted-colors descend through the helix center.

DYSON

John, your DNA will have this code
split like a mirror. Still perfectly
usable to re-construct Skynet. - But
there's something Skynet didn't plan...

ANGLE: KIT looks up from the LAP-TOP.

INTER-CUT: TERMINATOR's EYES re-adjust.

DYSON

(searching John's face)

These binders - (waves fingers to IMAGE) are the LATTICE SEQUENCING. (makes motions with hand) It's the only way this whole scheme would work, the only way it could be setup...

JOHN

- So?

DYSON pauses.

DYSON

It will manifest the Lattice - IN YOUR CHILDREN.

DYSON's eyes are shining into JOHN's.

TERMINATOR

Are you sure of this?

Without replying, DYSON grabs JOHN's arms.

DYSON

Skynet never planned that the T-2000 might reproduce. - John, - you are half-synthetic, really - self-created (pause) but that's nothing - nothing. - This LATTICE CODE in your DNA, it's... ..the key to evolution. To human evolution.

JOHN's head is bobbing.

DYSON

- Your sons and daughters - will have genius like Skynet. - But they'll be human.

SLOWLY ZOOM ON JOHN and DYSON.

JOHN

(incredulous)

Multiple-brained?

DYSON

- The Lattice, John... the Lattice will spread to everyone. (Points to knotted-color) These Lattice Binders latch as the DOMINANT HUMAN GENE-SET. Through your children, it will spread throughout humanity. Through the whole human gene pool...

John is reeling. DYSON straightens.

DYSON

This is why the Hyperboid MUST kill you.
-After it gets your blood - it must!

Dyson searches John's stupefied expression.

TERMINATOR

If John lives to reproduce, Skynet won't matter.

DYSON

(eyes on John)

All the Skynets in the world wouldn't matter!
This is what the game is really about. If
you live, human-beings themselves, change...

TERMINATOR

(dryly)

If Skynet wins, human history will end.

DYSON

Yes, - it all focuses on what we do.

SLOW ZOOM ON SARAH'S CRAZED EXPRESSION: Tear-streaked and shaking, she looks as though peering into the pit of Satan's own soul.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - CYBER-DYNE GROUNDS - NIGHTTIME

HYPERBOID/OFFICER walks on a dark sidewalk carrying the OBLONG BOX. He stops as headlights snake through the oncoming drive.

HYPERBOID/OFFICER places the OBLONG BOX on end and loops over the top of it, becoming a POSTAL LETTER-BOX.

The slowly passing vehicle is a COP-CAR which shines its search-beam on the HYPERBOID/POST-BOX - then quickly searches about the surrounding area, while rolling by.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - DINING TABLE

DYSON is in the kitchen, cheffing a night-time breakfast. The others are seated as JOHN brings food.

JOHN and DYSON are in elevated moods.

DYSON
(smiling)
...it cut the cables and ripped open the top.

JOHN
(joking)
Yeah, those Terminators like tearin'
up elevators for some reason.

TARISSA
(to Dyson)
What happened?

DYSON
The Hyperboid just left off. (smiling to
Sarah) I'm sorry, but I was so-o glad!

SARAH
(concerned)
I thought it had you.

KIT
Yeah, it looked bad.

NEW: ON TARISSA

TARISSA
So, Kit, what are you going to do
about your partner?

KIT
Well, I gotta find out if he's OK - but right
now, I'm a reb' cop. I've crossed the line.

SARAH
They don't know that.

KIT
I know. - But I gotta find out about Lyle.

DYSON
(joking to the Terminator)
-You don't want eggs?

John smiles. The Terminator's head raises.

TERMINATOR

We need to locate the device.

Everyone falls silent. The only sound is DYSON serving.

TARISSA

(quietly)

When will this end?

(pause)

SARAH

When we end it.

DYSON enters with his plate.

DYSON

Ok, we have three elements, John, the Hyperboid and the Fail-safe device. We need John.

SARAH

We destroy the device. -We destroy the device, we destroy Skynet.

KIT

I agree.

SARAH's EYES glance to KIT. DYSON goes to get something.

KIT

The Hyperboid uses it to get here, right?

JOHN

Yeah. - Talk about evil spirits!

SARAH lights a cigarette.

KIT

(shaking head)

...That thing can come from anywhere.

DYSON returns with a desktop-sized radio and plugs it in. JOHN raises his brow about SARAH's cigarette and she jams it out.

DYSON

(looking at the radio panel)

Yeah, we'll have to fight the Hyperboid.

JOHN

Why - if we destroy the device it's all over, right? It can't get back - right?

DYSON

It isn't using the device. (taps on screen)
This a is a "Band-Scope" - there's no signal.
- The Hyperboid's not using the device.

TERMINATOR

Yes, it learned it's lesson. If we commandeer the device, the Hyperboid is completely vulnerable - its whole mission jeopardized...

Dyson is marking the frequency below the small blue screen.

SARAH

(looks up)

...So it'll hide the device!

DYSON

Yeah, take it out of the equation.

SARAH

Then it's planning to fight us directly.

KIT

Good. I'd rather have it!

SARAH looks straight into KIT's eyes.

KIT

(to Sarah)

At least we'll see the damn thing.

PAN TO: TARISSA

TARISSA

-It must think it will win - ?

(pause)

SARAH

All right, how do we stop the Hyperboid?

DYSON

OK, if it's not using the device, we could destroy the material we see. That should sever it from this reality.

SARAH
Electrocute it -?

DYSON
No, it would just eat electricity.

JOHN
We destroyed "Mr. Liquid" in the vat...

TERMINATOR
The Hyperboid has greater elasticity than
the T-1000. (CU: TERMINATOR'S FACE)
- We'd need a bigger vat.

DYSON
Or confine it. - Keep it from moving...

SARAH
We can slow it up. (raises weapon)

Everyone looks.

SARAH
We blast it to a stand-still and cook it.

DYSON
That's it! We cook it! They have
big industrial micro-waves - for
sterilizing medical-supplies.

JOHN
How we gonna do that?

DYSON
We'll have to lure it.

Everyone slowly looks toward John.

JOHN
...I guess I know who the bait is.

SARAH
No!

ON: KIT'S EYES swing to SARAH, knowing JOHN is right.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DYSON RANCH HOUSE - STILL NIGHT

TERMINATOR stands sentinel before the rolling fields. His head turns, the eyes focus. His head turns again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF HOUSE - PATIO

SARAH lays on a recliner behind the patio wall, her gun facing out. KIT comes out the kitchen door with a blanket. Settling along side, he covers her. SARAH nods a 'thank you'.

KIT

You know, I've always been able to tell an honest man. I've probably looked at those file-tapes of Kyle Reese, thirty times. It's haunted me. There was just something about him.

SARAH

(nodding)

Yeah, there was no evil in him. I only knew him for a few hours, really. (pause) He came here and gave his life - for me - and for all of us. - His son has missed his father - and there's been a hole in my life ever since.

Kit searches her face, then casts his eyes in thought.

KIT

...You can't believe this is happening until it really is happening.

SARAH looks at him for a second.

SARAH

(softly)

Yeah-h. (pause) - We thought it was over. After Cyber-Dyne North, there was no chips, no funding bill. No Skynet. No war. - It was over. I finally knew it was over. The dreams left. - ...Finally - over...

They both turn to look out into the starry night.

KIT

(whispering)

It's so beautiful...

The stars swell like ornaments.

KIT

...I guess this is the still before the storm.

SARAH casts her soft face into the beauty of the heavens - and as she brings her eyes back down, her expression tightens.

SARAH

Yeah, - I guess.

NEW POV: from above. They lay together, looking out over the patio wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAPD DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY-TIME

A frustrated Lyle sits behind his desk.

The phone on Kit's desk rings. Lyle stares at it with a pasty, blank expression. He springs to life on the second ring.

LYLE

Detective Bureau.

A woman's voice cuts over the speaker-phone.

WOMAN

Lyle?

LYLE

Yeah, Amy?

AMY

Yeah, put Kit on.

LYLE

He's not here, Am-. He's...

AMY

I gotta find out why he rented a Hertz car last night. We got a deal with National. What in hell are we paying for if he isn't...

LYLE yanks the receiver up.

LYLE

Whoa, Am-, what's the rental number
- Kit's been missing since last night.
Yes-s! Am-, Am-, gimme the number. I
will. I need the number.

Lyle noisily searches the open-drawer for a pen.

LYLE

Hold on. Ok. Yeah...

EXT. SUNNY MORNING - WHITE-WALLED, SLOPING ALLEY-WAY

DYSON and JOHN walk down the sloping alley-way, exchanging amiable smiles with a dark-haired management executive.

The SIGN above reads:

ENVIROCON - Industrial Waste Management

The executive bids DYSON a good-bye hand-shake.

EXECUTIVE

There's no other facility with this power.

DYSON

There's no doubt of that. This will be good
for both companies.

EXECUTIVE

So you'll get a hold of me, Monday?

DYSON

Right after the meeting, without fail...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAPD - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

The Captain's on the phone when Lyle barges in.

LYLE

Captain - !

The Captain raises his hand to shut Lyle up.

CAPTAIN

(on phone)

That's right Mr Levy, the whole committee will be at the Mayor's meeting at three. - Yes. Hopefully, we'll iron out a basic plan for the guide lines this afternoon. - Yes. All right, Sir! - I certainly will. O-Ok.

The Captain, raised-brows & buggy-eyed, looks at LYLE while putting down the phone.

LYLE

Kit's sister phoned. He rented a car last night - standin' right along side - Sarah Connor!

CAPTAIN

How do you get positive ID on that?

LYLE

I already got the sales-girl on the phone - ' called right through to her home - it was Sarah Connor!

Lyle, bent forward, watches the Captain think.

CAPTAIN

Samms could be a victim...

LYLE

Kit Samms was forced!? How they force Kit Samms!?

The Captain looks troubled.

LYLE

I got this. You gotta give me this! Kit's gone over, and on this case!

Captain

Why - would Kit Samms...

LYLE

He had the hots for her since day one! It didn't mean nothin' til he got his face in it. - We gotta find this car an' we can't use the radio. - I got this? - Right?

CAPTAIN

(annoyed)

Yeah... - I'll keep the FBI out, - this is our guy. We gotta bring him in.

LYLE puckers his chin as he heads out the door. The Captain calls after him.

CAPTAIN

By the Book, Lyle!

Lyle mutters under his breath as he heads away.

LYLE

Oh yeah, By the Book.

INT. DYSON RANCH HOUSE - NOON

All six stand around the dining table on which small toys and boxes accompany a foot-long card-board shoe box.

DYSON

There's forty-eight MAGNA-TRONS on each wall...

Dyson places squares of candy around the rectangle.

DYSON

...that's nearly two-hundred of the most powerful micro-wave emitters in the world. More than enough power. - They push waste through like a car-wash...

Dyson points a 'through' motion along the shoe box.

DYSON

...Blasting it from all sides. The MAGNA-TRONS are strobed, only a few are on at any one time - but it's computer controlled...

DYSON is arranging small candy boxes to represent buildings and John is placing pencils to outline driveways.

DYSON

They also have several 'Plasma Arc' tubes that are sitting on a dolly. In this building...

Dyson places fountain-pens on a toy truck.

DYSON

...Plasma Arc focuses a beam of lightning. -Vaporizes anything.

TERMINATOR

The Plasma Arc units are not installed?

DYSON

(to The Terminator)

They sit on a mover. (then addressing the plan) - All right - we have John sitting at a table...

Dyson places a toy table in the back of the shoe box.

DYSON

Our bodies' infra-red will be hidden by these auxiliary power generators.

Dyson places a box at all four corners of the rectangle.

DYSON

The Hyperboid enters the trap.

SARAH

And our gunfire stops it in its tracks.

DYSON

Yes. Then I blast it with enough power to melt rock.

TERMINATOR

What can go wrong?

JOHN

Nothing! It has its own generators.

DYSON

Yes. As long as the power is on, there's no escape. The whole region could black-out and it wouldn't effect the MAGNA-TRON's generators. (pause) - So!

DYSON flicks his pencil onto the table and the intense focus starts to break up.

DYSON

Another thing - (looks John in the eyes) No more phone calls -!

John nods.

TARISSA

I can't understand why I can't go.
There's not enough of us.

DYSON

You're a mom! You're not some warrior!

SARAH

Yes, we need trained people, Tarissa.
You've never even fired a gun. (to Dyson)
Miles, have you got that program set?

DYSON

Yes. The last shift leaves ENVIROCON
by 10:15 or so. At 10:45, Cyber-Dyne's
main-frame will see a minor notation
for acquisitions of lab facilities and
night-work at ENVIROCON for one, 'Miles
Dyson Junior' and 'John Reese.' - It
shouldn't take long after that.

SARAH talks to the Terminator while others pack out.

SARAH

You got the new weapons and ammo loaded?

TERMINATOR

No problemo.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RANCH ENTRANCE ROAD - BRIGHT SUN

All five crowd KIT's RENTAL, which nears the paved highway by the
CARVED WOODEN SIGN at the entrance.

They turn right on the pavement and drive off. (pause) Calle and
Matt enter from the left and turn into the entrance.

EXT. DYSON RANCH - FRONT PORCH - DAYTIME

POV ON: FRONT PORCH as CALLE and MATT roll to a stop in FG. They
get out.

ANGLE remains FIXED ON FRONT PORCH as THEIR FIGURES and the DAY-TIME SCENE... DISSOLVE TO: FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DYSON RANCH

Calle stops in the darkened hall and gazes at the abandoned table with its shoe-box and candy. With a look of helplessness, her shoulder falls against the wall. Tarissa approaches.

TARISSA

They won't even be there until 10:30.
And there's nothing we could do - except
endanger their lives.

CALLE

I know.

Calle starts to cry. Tarissa hugs her, hiding her own frightened expression.

TARISSA

They have a good plan - and they must do this.

Tarissa pulls Calle's shoulders back and looks into her eyes.

TARISSA

Calle, there're things we just found out
from the future - things none of us knew...

CALLE's EYES are caught by something to her right.

CALLE

(fearfully)

That's not the signal!?

NEW POV: From over Calle's shoulder in FG: The Band-Scope shows a BRIGHT BLUE SPIKE from the dark of the dining room.

TARISSA

Oh, God! Oh, no!

CALLE

Matt!!

TARISSA

Their trap won't work! The Hyperboid can use the device -

MATT is running in from the kitchen.

TARISSA

The signal's on! The Hyperboid can escape!

EXT. NIGHT - ENVIROCON

We look down upon the massive 14 foot high micro-wave INCINERATOR and lit access yard. LOCOMOTIVE-sized GENERATORS sit on either side like the arms of a sphinx. Red lights and warning-signs adorn yellow and black striped drop-gates above the doors.

NEW ANGLE: SARAH stands before the gleaming, flood-lit stainless chamber. JOHN and DYSON are arranging a table at the far end of the interior. The hinged doors have viewing-ports and control eyelets for manipulators which stick out like long, dark spears.

INTER-CUT: EXT. DYSON RANCH

MATT, CALLE and TARISSA are rushing into the Dyson Cherokee.

TARISSA

This car has a dash version of the Band-Scope. The police might stop us but they'll be looking for the Connors.

MATT

Can you work it?

Matt is jumping in to drive. Calle pulls open the passenger side.

TARISSA

Oh, God, Miles knows all this. (getting in back) - I believe it just shows all signals.

The Cherokee fish-tails out in cloud of dust.

RETURN: EXT. ENVIROCON - MICRO-WAVE INCINERATOR

SARAH points at the safety gates.

SARAH

Cover those 'caution' signs.
- Disconnect all that.

The TERMINATOR sets to work and Kit looks around.

TO: SARAH has walked to the opposite end of chamber, passing JOHN and DYSON and the incinerator's FANTASTIC COMPUTERIZED CONTROL BOARD just outside. She heads down the chain-drive feeder-ramp.

TO: KIT peers around the front at the array of MagnaTrons.

Rows of two-and-half foot square, stainless-steel boxes with rounded-corners sit close together crowding the wall. All 48 metallic surfaces reflect the light.

Kit backs away to look up.

Six more MagnaTrons edge the array of 48 on the top and another six are seen along the opposite side.

ANGLE ON: KIT's fearful eyes that reflect the illuminated chamber as he comprehends such awesome power.

TO: SARAH looks into a corrugated sliding-door and sees thousands of storage barrels, stacked three high. Each has the ominous CIRCULAR WARNING STICKER marked, "HAZARDOUS WASTE".

INTER-CUT: EXT. STREET - ENVIROCON

Patrol car slides by Kit's parked rental. Through the open window, the cop takes a note and accelerates quietly away.

RETURN: JOHN and DYSON at the table. DYSON arranges beaker-clamps and glass-flasks with oddly colored liquids.

JOHN

What's that?

DYSON

(restraining anxiety)

A little charade. We can't have you
just pickin' your nose.

JOHN
(smiling)
Why not!

Dyson forces a smile while the TERMINATOR, in BG, is pulling the manipulator rods out of the rear-doors.

TO: SARAH approaches a storage-building.

POV From inside building: the door opens and SARAH looks in.

On the dark, empty floor is a WHEELED-GURNEY with long cylinders. Each foot-wide TUBE has a conically-shaped end.

RETURN CHAMBER: DYSON brings JOHN to the rear door.

DYSON
This half will be open. We're gambling
it'll want you alive, that it'll come
in after you.

JOHN
I ain't staying around to talk politics.

DYSON
I've disabled the strobing and opened the
frequency range, it'll be cranking full power.
I re-configured the safety sensors - it will
switch on when you shut the door. - Close it
hard.

JOHN
Don't worry.

DYSON
(looking up)
I hope the walls can take full power.

JOHN
I hope I can make it out. (smiling
to Dyson) You won't shut me in?

Dyson half-smiles. Their dark eyes stare at each other.

JOHN
Hey, I'll adopt!

DYSON

(laughs)

Yeah, that'd be a good idea!

The TERMINATOR noisily drags in paper for hiding the walls and John begins to help.

INTER-CUT: Racing CHEROKEE careens through freeway traffic.

RETURN: INT. MICRO-WAVE INCINERATOR

Our group converges to the table. The walls are hung and the Terminator takes the ladder out. A lap-top sits on the table.

DYSON

Everybody here?

The Terminator is returning to complete their group.

DYSON

I created a program that'll look like John is running an analysis-sweep over a protected Cyber-Dyne 'back-door.'
It'd fool me if I didn't know.

KIT

Lets hope it fools our friend.

They begin to look at one another and a crushing silence ensues.

JOHN

...We could all go for beers -!

The Terminator laughs. All half-smile but quickly find quiet.

DYSON

For the future.

EVERYONE

For the future.

DYSON hits 'ENTER'. A chiming "dial-up" sings harshly.

INTER-CUT: EXT. ENVIROCON GROUNDS

LYLE and six cops run up.

LYLE

You all do exactly as I say.

They start up through the out-building alley-ways.

INTER-CUT: CHEROKEE screeches onto the streets from the freeway.

TO: INT. CHEROKEE - The three are bracing through the turn.

CALLE

God. - Hurry!

RETURN: EXT. MICRO-WAVE INCINERATOR

KIT and SARAH, with their automatic weapons, stand by the left door. SARAH calls into JOHN.

SARAH

You ready?

TO: JOHN sits at the table. DYSON stands behind the slightly open rear-door, operating the FANTASTIC CONTROL BOARD.

JOHN looks at DYSON for the go-a-head. DYSON calls out.

DYSON

OK!

SARAH throws her arm up.

SARAH

Do it!

CUT TO: The TERMINATOR, with two slung-rifles, is behind a large breaker panel. He throws the MAIN.

Innocuous starters engage from unseen areas and the chug of diesel engines begin.

Suddenly a ROARING WHINE rises over them as the huge generators kick-in. The whole facility lights up.

INTER-CUT: CHEROKEE is hard braking in the street. They pull immediately over and jump from the car.

POV: Looking forward from back seat: The three are jogging away when we see the BLUE SPIKE FALL from the dash Band-Scope in FG.

RETURN: The DEAFENING WHINE falls away as the generators stabilize.

John looks warily around as ELECTRO-STATIC ENERGY SHIVERS the hanging WALL-PAPER and the HAIR on his neck stands out.

DYSON is excitedly clutching the controls and yelling.

DYSON
(loudly)
Nothing could escape! It'll
fry him like a POACHED PRUNE!!

TERMINATOR runs up, nods and backs around the right generator.

KIT and SARAH lock the left door and back away around the left generator.

INTER-CUT: LYLE, gun drawn, is sneaking in with his back against a corrugated wall. He signals his comrades to 'Go around!'

RETURN: POV From outside open incinerator-door: JOHN sits calmly at his table. It could be a quiet night in any suburban home-shop.

Coming up the drive, like a LARGE SPIDER, the HYPERBOID stops - poised. Its EIGHT EYES scanning in all directions.

John sits in plain view, writing.

The Hyperboid's body lowers, the eight-foot legs FLEX - and it rockets to the door. Its spider front-legs, on the roof, the side-legs outstretched, it leans into the front. Its REAR EYES darting all over but the FRONTS are in an intense stare at its quarry.

John pretends to write.

INTER-CUT: MATT, CALLE and TARISSA run up the alley-way.

RETURN: The HYPERBOID's body lowers again.

NEW POV: from behind the Hyperboid: The body and spider legs are crumpling further into the entrance.

The HYPERBOID's attention heightens for the strike. It seems to quiver in its tension as its LIQUID BLACK EYES dance at the vision before it.

TO: MATT, CALLE and TARISSA round the corner before the huge spider-legs, crumpling into the door.

RETURN: The HYPERBOID shoots up for JOHN. CALLE screams (OC). John is screaming in fright as he stumbles for the door.

JOHN

Oh-h-h

KIT, SARAH and the TERMINATOR fall against the front. All begin shooting through the eyelets.

The Hyperboid's back arcs and it's face contorts.

JOHN is screaming as he rolls from the swinging door that DYSON is smashing shut.

JOHN

Ah-h-h-a- -huh

ANGLE ON: The glass-beakers, apparatus, lap-top and table are thrown up and seem to superimpose their own images upon themselves as a ringing-sound falls into a deep static hum.

NEW POV: Looking into the chamber: Sound disappears entirely as the Hyperboid's body is driven up in the air and shatters into a million frosty pieces, hyper-boiling in a pillow-like cube trapped in the center of the chamber.

A HUGE THUNDER, like driving rain, rises up as the boiling FROSTY PILLOW compresses violently. The CHAMBER WALLS start vibrating.

NEW: JOHN and DYSON look disbelievingly through their view-ports.

DYSON

Fu-uck.

TO: TARISSA and CALLE approach as SARAH, KIT and the TERMINATOR stare through their view-ports.

SARAH

(surprised anger)

What are you doing here!!

Without discussion, everyone just turns to watch the mind-boggling sight in the view-ports.

TO CHAMBER: Boiling, swimming FROSTY PILLOW starts to implode.

CUT TO LYLE: Edging in, he looks up at the generator MAINS.

INTER-CUT: JOHN and DYSON staring in.

TO CHAMBER: A LEMON HUE brightens from the crushing FROSTY PILLOW.

DYSON (VO)
Yes-s, - almost...

TO: DYSON'S TENSE FACE

DYSON
...Just a few more seconds...

INTER-CUT: Lyle reaches for the MAIN.

TO CHAMBER: Intense LEMON-PILLOW is driven smaller and brighter.

INTER-CUT: LYLE'S HAND is on the MAIN.

TO: DYSON'S EYES.

INTER-CUT: LYLE pulls the main.

SMASH TO CHAMBER: HYPERBOID swells out to the pillow-like cube as a sudden HIGH-PITCH WHINING begins to drop in frequency.

SARAH'S head jerks around. The whole group fills with alarm.

TO: DYSON and JOHN

DYSON
What the fuck... No!!! The generators!!

TO: SARAH, KIT and the TERMINATOR look at each other. The loud whining is still dropping.

LYLE
(yells)
Hold it right there!! Don't move
a muscle, don't even twitch!!

The cops are running out, hyped-up, guns drawn.

INTER-CUT CHAMBER: The atomized AIR seems to SWIRL about the high-energy HYPERBOID/PILLOW. There's a DISTORTION and the HYPERBOID SUDDENLY EXPLODES: KA-BLAM-M-M!!!

NEW POV: front of INCINERATOR: The whole ROOF BLOWS OFF. MAGNATRON BOXES zing past the camera. A huge shower of PLAYING CARD-shaped, DRY-ICE CRYSTALS pour down in a deluge to instantly construct into the WRESTLER which transmutes to a TEENAGED MARILYN MONROE with very curled-hair.

SARAH, KIT and the TERMINATOR have withdrawn but TARISSA and CALLE stand transfixed.

Bigger-than-life HYPERBOID/young MARILYN shakes her blond curls with a SASSY, SEXY GIGGLE.

The cops are transfixed.

MARILYN's face becomes BAGGY while the FOREARMS, TWO SHOULDERS, BREASTS and HEAD become elongated.

TARISSA and CALLE start to run.

HYPERBOID shoots its spears like the attack of a cuttle-fish evaporating a three-inch NOTCH from each cop.

TARISSA and CALLE are knocked sideways. TARISSA is hit. DYSON sees through the view-port and slams the glass.

DYSON
(screaming)
NO-O-O!!!

THIRTY COPS are running into the yard and TWO SQUAD-CARS rocket to a stop.

Tasmanian/Hyperboid, with blond-curls and baggy face, shoots around back.

NEW: DYSON is stalking, tear-streaked, through the chamber.

NEW: Elevated POV: DYSON emerges from the front and slows down before TARISSA, laying on the ground. Cops appear draining away as they pour around back.

TARISSA's arm moves and DYSON lunges to support her.

NEW: LYLE is picking himself up on an elbow to push his back against a fork-lift.

MATT picks a limp CALLE off the ground. Her face is bloodied, her arms dangle.

LYLE's obviously dazed and looks down to see a round ring of WHITE body-armor, exposed around a shallow GASH in his mid-section. THREE half shaved-thru RIBS are visible.

He pulls his left sleeve around to see a small missing piece there, as well.

In shock, MATT seems invisible in the chaos and just carries CALLE away.

RETURN TO DYSON and TARISSA: JOHN, mouth agape, slowly approaches from the BG. The dying TARISSA in his arms, DYSON looks frantically up at John.

TO: Lyle sees JOHN standing and DYSON cradling TARISSA. He looks down at his injury, pulls his coat around over it and gets up.

RETURN DYSON and TARISSA:

TARISSA

(gasping)

Oh God. - It doesn't hurt...

DYSON

- Tarissa...

TARISSA

Miles... (then trying to gain her thoughts) - look out for Danny.

DYSON is shaking his head and crying.

DYSON

-Why did you come -?

TARISSA

The signal started. The device...

DYSON

Oh, God..

TARISSA

Miles - this was right. - I'm so proud.
So proud of you. (her eyes briefly walk the sky) - So proud of my family...

Her head shakes slightly as her eyes cast upward - her features relax. DYSON arcs his head, throwing his arm over his face.

DYSON
(loud moan)
O-O-oh-h...

DYSON pulls her to him as he falls into open pain.

The cops are grabbing John who seems limp and confused. SARAH and KIT are being brought around in hand-cuffs. LYLE is on his feet and approaches. One of the cops tries to support him but he yanks his arm away.

LYLE
A-Ah-h.

LYLE walks up to KIT and for a moment they glare, face to face. LYLE looks down at DYSON and then takes command, pointing at the near-by pallets.

LYLE
Put them down right there.

KIT and SARAH are seated. John looks over.

JOHN
(dazed)
Was that Calle?

SARAH snaps a look to shut him up.

LYLE
(loudly)
Is the area secured out there!?

The Captain approaches. He can barely hide his glee.

CAPTAIN
Good work, Detective.

They both approach KIT.

CAPTAIN
I can't believe it, Samms. Of all
the God damn people in this world...

KIT starts to react but SARAH elbows him. The Captain sizes SARAH up.

KIT
(to Lyle)
How'd you find us?

LYLE looks intensely at KIT.

LYLE
...Amy couldn't understand why
you rented from Hertz.

LYLE and the CAPTAIN go over to John.

CAPTAIN
So, the famous fugitives!

LYLE
I'll bring them down in my car.

CAPTAIN
It won't be your only reward, my boy.

LYLE yells out to the cops.

LYLE
Ok, listen up everybody, there's
another one eighty-seven suspect at
large. White female, blond curly hair,
early twenties. Do not approach. DO
NOT APPROACH! Call for back-up.

Cops seem to move.

LYLE
GO!! - Go! ...

DYSON gets up and some cops go to grab him.

LYLE
Let him go, he's not goin' anywhere.

The Captain and Lyle walk off.

Tear-streaked and pained, DYSON stares into JOHN.

DYSON
(total exasperation)
How does this happen?

TO: LYLE displays his flak-jacket with the CAPTAIN and a small group of cops. They are all smiles and pride as the Captain holds up the vest with its gaping hole.

CAPTAIN

Whoe! Boys - THIS is what we want the news people to see! The stuff of heroes. - Here, (hands it off) give this to Public Relations.

Heard from OTHERS:

W-w-ow, look at that!

ANGLE ON: KITs' GLARING EYES as he watches the group of reveling officers.

DISSOLVE TO:

SLOPING ALLEY-WAY: LYLE, in command, is walking up the sloping alley. Cops line the walls.

A sea of blinking lights behind them paint colors across two television camera-trucks and a multitude of heads that crowd the street. Video cams and flash-cameras strobe the scene.

LYLE

I wanna be clear of all this media...

NEW POV: Looking from the incinerator into the cop-choked yard.

LYLE's DETECTIVE CAR is brought up. We hear the MARANDA RIGHTS (OC) as LYLE leads KIT in front and another detective leads SAR-AH just behind. JOHN, led by another, follows. They are shackled top and bottom.

LYLE

Put her in front.

NEW: From the yard. DETECTIVE CAR leaves out and slowly proceeds down the police-lined alley-way, police walking along side.

POV from raised elevation in street: LYLE's DETECTIVE CAR slowly descends into the throng. Lights and flashes bathe the car.

CUT TO: VIDEO from REMOTE NEWS-BROADCAST of the scene.

REMOTE TV REPORTER

The infamous SARAH CONNOR GANG finally in custody after nearly sixteen years on the run, are being taken from the scene of their capture, here at the Envirocon Hazardous Materials facility - where police hero, Detective Lyle Johnson, brings the famous terrorists to justice.

REPORTER turns to allow TV observation. TV CAMERA does close up of the DETECTIVE CAR's progress. REPORTER continues in OC VO.

REPORTER (OC):

They're having trouble getting through these extraordinary crowds -who have rushed down here at Envirocon - to get a glimpse...

INT. DETECTIVE CAR

SARAH is in front, JOHN, KIT and DYSON are behind the cage.

People are crushed against the windows, shooting pictures and yelling. Tapping is heard.

NEW: Their car makes its way slowly out of the crowd, followed by another police car. They pass the waiting coroner's truck.

NEW: The city lights slide over the car.

INT. DETECTIVE CAR

SARAH watches the strip-malls pass, their images reflecting across her eyes. Lyle is constantly checking the rear-view.

LYLE

You are all OK, physically?

No one responds. LYLE calls on the radio.

LYLE

Dispatch, this is thirty-six.

RADIO

Go ahead thirty-six.

LYLE

How'z that media mess down there?

RADIO

(pause) Just a moment thirty-six.

LYLE looks up into the rear-view at KIT. Both men's eyes are shining as they stare.

RADIO

Yes, thirty-six - it's a real mess.
They're piled up on both sides, advise
the south garage. Over.

LYLE

Ten-four...

LYLE looks into the rear-view.

LYLE

...Thirteen - did you copy that?

RADIO

Thirteen, - copy.

LYLE

We're all clear here, Code Four. I'd rather
not have the attention. I want you to drive
straight in to the west Booking Dock and take
the brunt of this media circus. I'm takin' 'em
in under the south side. Break it off on Park.

RADIO

(pause) Ten-four.

The trailing police car leaves off. DETECTIVE CAR drives on for a moment. LYLE looks in the rear-view.

LYLE

Your friend is back there.

Everyone swings around.

LYLE

Ok everybody, brace yourselves...

LYLE slows down and deliberately turns into a pole. BAM!

The car fills with energy. LYLE is unlocking SARAH.

LYLE

You'll have to hurry.

LYLE looks directly back into DYSON's eyes.

LYLE
I didn't know, - I didn't believe...
- and it cost your mother's life...
- all these lives...

Lyle's eyes drop away.

LYLE
KIT, - I-I can't come - I don't
know anything about it. I'm sorry
- sorry for all this...

SARAH
You turned the power off?

LYLE
I didn't know, - 'til I saw that thing.

The TERMINATOR is at the side and the doors are being opened.
SARAH starts to get out, then leans back.

SARAH
You saw it before.

KIT pokes around her.

KIT
Better late than never, Buddy.

LYLE
I can't come.

KIT
It's ok...

KIT is leaving when he turns back.

KIT
Listen - we still might get this
thing if it keeps thinking the
authorities don't know about it...

LYLE talks as he peels back his coat to show KIT his wound.

LYLE
I'll keep my mouth shut. They'll think
I just fell-out.

SARAH, disgusted, looks over KIT's shoulder.

LYLE
What was it?

KIT
(pause) - The future.

They run back to the TERMINATOR's car. LYLE is looking in the rear-view.

INT. TERMINATOR's MOVING CAR

DYSON stares despondently out the window. No one speaks.

JOHN
What was Calle doing here? Why the fuck
did Matt bring her? -What for!?

TERMINATOR
We need quarters.

(pause)

SARAH
(staring)
We're real fugitives now.

KIT
Go downtown...

EXT. SIXTH STREET

POV: From elevation: TERMINATOR's CAR arrives before an abandoned high-rise.

ON: TERMINATOR's RED EYES look up.

CUT TO: OPEN GROUND-FLOOR GARAGE. TERMINATOR's CAR pulls in. Our party disembarks and drags themselves up the debris-strewn stairs. TERMINATOR accelerates away.

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE

A single desk and rugs decorate under sweeping picture windows. Our exhausted group is settling in around the room.

ON DYSON: Leaning against the wall, he slides down to a stop.
TERMINATOR enters the door next to him.

TERMINATOR
...Ditched the car.

DISSOLVE TO:

While humans sleep, the TERMINATOR stares into the sapphire blue of 'first-light.' His eyes focus, his head turns.

ON DYSON: He sits in syrupy semi-sleep, contemplating.

ON JOHN: His left palm cradles his forehead. His wet eyes stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAYLIGHT

DYSON has slid to the floor on his right. He is asleep as we hear others OC, waking up. DYSON begins to stir, and then pushes back up into his seated position - bleary eyed.

PAN TO SARAH in FG.

SARAH
It looked like a spider...

TERMINATOR
The Hyperboid has complete physiology files and the bio-morphics on all the animals. Each has a specific advantage in different situations.

JOHN
(weak and labored)
I can't phone Calle's parents. I-I don't know what to do...

The TERMINATOR looks blankly - then returns to the window.

DYSON (OC)
It's revenge.

JOHN and SARAH turn their heads.

DYSON
You stole Skynet's fail-safe.

JOHN

What?

DYSON

In the future. You had the DNA plans
- the secret to controlling Skynet.

SARAH

Miles -

DYSON

I've been tryin' to figure this. (getting up)
John had the Skynet code, but did nothing
with it. Instead, he sends Kyle Reese here.
Essentially, 'inoculating' the humans.

SARAH

You haven't slept.

DYSON

That'd change the future right there. -You
see? Skynet had to act. It had to send that
liquid-Terminator. - And all the rest.

JOHN

So what, Miles?

KIT is entering with take-outs.

DYSON

Now Skynet resurrects itself here by taking
back that (grabbing motion) same genetic
material - (tapping John in the chest)
right from the guy who stole it!

SARAH

(gets between them)

We changed that future.

DYSON

(to them both)

Tarissa's dead! - Tarissa!

SARAH

Millions gave their lives, Miles. (leans in
his face) Both your parents gave their lives.

The TERMINATOR swings around.

TERMINATOR

You people did not change the future,
- John Connor sent the T-2000 and terminated
the past. No one here is who they were.

CU: TERMINATOR's EYES focus.

TERMINATOR

It was the boldest act - in all of history.

DYSON slumps to a chair. Kit gently turns John by the shoulder.

KIT

I phoned my sister and had her get a hold
of Lyle. He's in the hospital - the same
hospital that Calle is in. She's alive.

John's legs give out.

SARAH (OC)

(relief)

Ah, thank God!

KIT

(continuing as John sits)

She has a bad concussion, her brother's
with her. But she'll be fine.

John, who is a wreck, rubs his head back and forth in his palm.
DYSON looks at him and rises.

DYSON

(earnestly to the group)

You're right, - we're all victims here. All
of us. Forgive me, I just got a little
- over-whelmed.

SARAH

Good. Right.

Dyson looks briefly over at John.

DYSON

Tarissa told me they saw the signal. That's
why they came.

TERMINATOR

But the Hyperboid must have re-sealed
the device when it came after John.

KIT

Yeah, it sure couldn't get outta that cooker.

DYSON

We need to know if it's using that device.
- We need a radio.

KIT

Let's get one.

The two head for the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

JOHN and the TERMINATOR sit together by the window.

JOHN

I always felt like a stranger - ever since
I can remember. Wherever I was. - I thought
it was because I didn't have a father.

The TERMINATOR stares at John.

JOHN

When this happened again, Ya know, I was
actually kind of excited. - But God, - I
wish I could just feel normal.

TERMINATOR

(empathy)

John, our father - was Skynet. You
and I... - can never feel normal.

John stares back empty-eyed.

KIT and DYSON barge through the door. DYSON thrusts forth a
BOOM-BOX and flips the switch. 'Chirping' sings out strongly.

DYSON

This changes everything.

The TERMINATOR turns around.

SARAH

It changes nothing! Now we have two targets
- with twice the chance to win.

TERMINATOR

But the Hyperboid can use the device.

SARAH

And that makes it vulnerable - it'll have to protect the device from us. -We put the Hyperboid on defense.

JOHN

Yeah, also, it needs me, right? It can't just kill me.

TERMINATOR

Right, it'll come after John.

SARAH

But we go after the device.

JOHN

What about weapons?

DYSON

I was thinking about that. We could swipe those Plasma Arc tubes. - Each one can vaporize anything at four thousand degrees...

SARAH

I thought we couldn't electrocute it?

DYSON

This isn't electrocution - these things 'spray' lightning. The Hyperboid should pass electricity, all right, but it's body is like the insulation around a wire - whatever we can hit, we can vaporize.

JOHN

Just burn off the insulation?

SARAH

We have to find the Hyperboid.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - UPPER INCOME NEIGHBORHOOD - TWILIGHT

TERMINATOR is on the hood of their slowly moving car. He holds the BOOM-BOX at arm's length, searching the horizon.

TERMINATOR

Stop!

The car stops and DYSON and John get out.

TERMINATOR swings the radio horizontally to the right and left. The chirping is heard, then drops away, - heard, then drops away.

He lowers the radio as DYSON jumps up onto the bumper. The TERMINATOR cuts the direction with his outstretched hand and they both look across the valley together.

TERMINATOR and DYSON

(in unison)

Cyber-Dyne.

DISSOLVE TO:

CYBER-DYNE GROUNDS - NIGHT

The far-stretching grass is a thick carpet under occasional over-hanging trees. Lush foliage hugs buildings.

DYSON runs up to SARAH from the lab-complex in the background.

ON: TERMINATOR arrives in a TRUCK towing the tarp-covered GURNEY.

DYSON

We got trouble! It's the worse possible place. It's taken over the Hazardous Materials Bunker.

SARAH

What's that?

DYSON

(yells to TERMINATOR)

Take it around the maintenance-shed!

Dyson motions toward a utility-building in the parking area.

DYSON

(to Sarah)

It's designed to conduct the most dangerous experiments. It will contain the worst of explosions, radiation release, environmental poisons, toxics - you name it.

JOHN and KIT are arriving on foot with two large duffles and a box. The TERMINATOR walks up.

DYSON

You'd have to hit it with an atom-bomb to dent it.

JOHN

(out of breath)

What?

SARAH

He says it's holed-up in some experiment-bunker.

DYSON

It's built like an upside-down salad-bowl - with two-foot thick observation-windows and a secure bolt-down. I'm tellin' you, it can not be worse. The Hyperboid's got everything it needs, power, computer access...

KIT

Is it in there now?

DYSON

I don't know.

JOHN

(to the Terminator)

Let's go in for a re-con.

SARAH

We'll - go in for a re-con. You guys unpack.

She points to the gurney as SHE and the TERMINATOR head away.

KIT, DYSON and JOHN look at each other and hoist the bags.

As they start off, KIT looks over at SARAH and the TERMINATOR's dark silhouettes.

KIT

Wow.

JOHN

Yeah, -that's my mom.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING AREA - BACK OF GURNEY

The tarp is pulled off revealing the ends of the Plasma Arc TUBES, along with WIDE COILS of thick POWER-CABLE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB COMPLEX

SARAH and TERMINATOR are sliding through the dark technical facility. Reflections dance from vacant cubicles.

They head down a wide hallway. Two swinging, BLUE DOORS with two small windows mark the entrance of the enclosure that houses the large, dome-shaped Hazardous Materials Bunker.

White lettering contrasts the blue:

"AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY"

TERMINATOR touches her to STOP as he carefully raises his frame.

RED SCREEN: The small door-windows descend as TERMINATOR rises.

On the left, an observation-window and concrete-shroud is seen jutting from the smooth, sloping wall. There is a console for controlling large mechanical arms, which hang like a Mantis within.

Reflections of the time-capsule's lights are seen cork-screwing in the thick glass.

RETURN: TERMINATOR looks through the door-windows to the RIGHT.

Leading up the bunker access-ramp are herringbone stripes and solid-colored lines which stream across the floor from every direction.

RED SCREEN: CROSS-HAIRS appear and scan different areas of view.

There are detailed warnings listed on a sign by the entrance and large, 'MATERIALS HAZARD' insignias stenciled on each sloping buttress. What appears like a BANK-VAULT DOOR sits open.

RETURN: TERMINATOR quickly ducks down. He looks through the windows in several angles at the ceiling.

TERMINATOR turns to SARAH and POINTS TWICE to the rear with a straight finger. They sneak back down the hall.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CYBER-DYNE GROUNDS - OUTSIDE LAB COMPLEX

TERMINATOR and SARAH reappear from the lab complex. KIT is tying straps to the round cylinders and DYSON attaches cable.

TERMINATOR

It doesn't look right. The bunker door is open.

JOHN

It's gotta be a trap.

KIT

I agree. It's too easy. A little chirping on the radio and we come troopin' right in.

Sarah is pulling the strap over her head.

SARAH

Of course, it's a trap - it wants John. The bait is the device. We have to ace that device.

TERMINATOR

We are John's only protection. We must know the Hyperboid's location.

KIT

That's right, that thing could be anywhere.

SARAH

We're about to find out. Talk's over. Time to go to work.

She starts out and everybody starts with her.

NEW POV: TO THEIR BACKS: All five, in large rubber boots, walk toward the lab, away from camera. Each carries a Plasma Arc from a shoulder-strap. The TERMINATOR labors the COILED POWER-CABLE and THREE TUBES slung half around his front.

NEW: The five walk toward us - "OK Corral" style.

NEW: Toward their left: DYSON's breathy words sound jumbled.

DYSON

(breathy anxiety)

Remember, just think of it as a fire-hose.
You're tryin' to wash this thing down. If
it's sucking up the plasma, try another spot.

JOHN

Maybe it won't be there. -We take the
bunker, the device, match and game!

TERMINATOR

We still have to deal with the Hyperboid.
It will-not-stop.

DYSON

If anyone wants to join me, I'm praying.

KIT and DYSON are mouthing prayers, they're all tension and wild-eyed as they march straight into the entrance.

SARAH

No sense wasting time...

TO: POV from inside: The doors swing open and their silhouettes are outlined like moving stained-glass.

NEW ANGLE: The five stop, glaring forward. They then move quickly, advancing like a flood. TERMINATOR signals to DYSON and the two run up ahead.

RED SCREEN: Moving IMAGE-ENHANCE and TARGETING CROSS-HAIRS scan the desks and cubicles. Estimations of wiring and floor-plan are pasted against the wall and outlets of the sweeping image.

A utility closet and power-box come into view.

RETURN: TERMINATOR is opening the power-box.

TERMINATOR

Here...

DYSON, next to him, hands up the cable-ends.

CUT TO: HALL. SARAH, KIT and JOHN crouch in a "V" near the floor. Each has a TUBE across his knee. Several tubes lean against the wall.

Crouched-down, the TERMINATOR and DYSON toe-skip back toward them along the loosely-laying cables.

DYSON

(whispering)

Ok, listen, it comes out of time to where it last saw you. So if it leaves, you move.

SARAH

It's coming after John. (to John) So you stay in the middle.

ON: The tense faces of KIT, SARAH and DYSON. Crouching, their "V" heads forward, SARAH on point, KIT is left, DYSON, right.

JOHN is in the middle, behind SARAH. The TERMINATOR, with two Plasma tubes, is walking upright at the rear - scanning.

TO: SLOWLY ZOOM ON the back of John's head. JOHN jerks his head around. He nervously looks to the other side, then slowly back.

As they reach the BLUE-DOORS, Sarah warns.

SARAH

It could be any where - any thing...

KIT and DYSON raise up on either side. KIT nods to SARAH who slowly pushes in at one of the doors.

As Sarah peeks through, a SMALL METALLIC EYE appears on the door right next to her face. Instantly a BLUE ARM jets out, grabbing John by the neck.

A BRIGHT SPARKLE from KIT's TUBE severs the arm, which vanishes from John just as the group opens up with flowing streams of arc-welding.

The BLUE-DOORS expand in a shroud over them as they wave the TUBES like flag-standards. Each ARC blasting a round, BILLOW of MOLTEN PINK into the ever-enveloping BLUE menace.

BLACK HOLES OPEN UP at each billow and the SHROUD condenses into PURPLE-METALLIC rivulets between the ARCs, recombining and advancing through at John - who starts pulsing his TUBE.

Dancing streams of lightning pour as BLACK VENTS appear from the Hyperboid to catch them. Sarah runs for the vault and the Hyperboid smears off, straight through the walls for the entrance.

SARAH blasts as the Hyperboid arrives.

A loud "CRACK" and the Hyperboid smears away in a veil of burnt-smoke. The others advance.

SARAH

Move!!

Everyone takes a step to the side as the BRILLIANT SHEET rockets through their group.

SARAH

Move!!

Elevation POV: An odd MINUET has each stepping away and firing just as the SEARING SHEET rips past from different directions.

The Hyperboid lands on THREE LEGS and throws HUGE ARCING attacks with MULTIPLE ARMS. A violent war of LOOPING GOLDEN RIBBONS and "Cracking" BLUE SPARKS ensue.

The Hyperboid sweeps off and people jump. The SEARING WHITE-HOT SHEET cuts through the room a foot off the ground. Sarah's TUBE-ARC saves her legs by cutting the flow like a rock in a stream.

SARAH

Jum-mp!!

The SEARING SHEET FLOODS the FLOOR as they JUMP into the air blasting holes beneath them. SARAH runs again for the Bunker but the HYPERBOID smears to the entrance.

SARAH pulls back and blasts. KIT and JOHN are PULSING, TERMINATOR and DYSON join.

CR-RACK!! The Hyperboid expels from the door and SARAH steps forward to push the DOOR with her foot. KA-THANK!

SMASH-CUT TO: Time-Capsule's LIGHTS in the VIEW-GLASS.

HYPERBOID rockets back and all five blast BLUE STEAMS. CR-RACK!!

The Tasmanian/HYPERBOID lands like a gazelle and rises ferociously to charge.

TIGHT: SARAH fingers the "OFF-ON" buttons on her TUBE.

The PURPLISH HYPERBOID throws five liquid VENT-HANDS absorbing the blue and white, DANCING FLOWS.

TIGHT: SARAH's hand lets-off and her tube stops. The liquid-arms become FOUR. She blasts again and the FIFTH reappears.

SARAH

Pulse him!!!

Everyone rapid pulses.

CHYONG-K, -CHYONG-K -CHYONG-K -CHYON-

The liquid-arms are appearing and disappearing like a huge MULTI-ARM SHELL-GAME.

The Hyperboid becomes a fantastic-CHAOS of RE-FORMING ARMS.

The GLIMMERING TANGLE of PULSING LIGHTNING-BOLTS and LIQUID-ARMS is forced up OFF THE GROUND to thrash violently in the air. A LOUD SHRIEK is heard.

The VIOLENCE goes FASTER. CRACKS and SINGES SNAP from the RIPPLING AIR-BORN MASS. Smoke drifts.

SARAH

Fu-u-u-uk yo-o-u!!!

DYSON

Uh-h-h!!!

JOHN whips his spray back and forth. DZONK! A fifth of the HYPERBOID EVAPORATES. It shoots in a trail of smoke through the ceiling-structure to cut a BEAM and throw it back with EXPLOSIVE FORCE.

The TERMINATOR and DYSON are knocked violently to the wall.

A nearly transparent Hyperboid/LION thumps across the ceiling to the far right and down the wall for a full sprint charge.

SARAH's TUBE starts sputtering - she's pushing at the buttons.

SMASH-CUT: Power-box and cables are smoking and melting.

RETURN: SARAH's TUBE comes back-on just as a HUGE SPLATTER of LIGHTNING and LIQUID-ARMS fill the FRAME.

JOHN
(teeth-gritted yell)
O-O-h-h-h!

The Hyperboid retreats up across the face of the bunker but shoots an ARM at the twisted cables. KA-ZZAP!

KIT and SARAH's tubes go off with a ring.

SARAH
We're down!!

The Hyperboid returns in a POWERFUL SLOW STROLL. JOHN is blasting but the Hyperboid has an easy control absorbing it.

SARAH reels her AR around and starts blasting as does KIT.

The Hyperboid, concentrating on absorbing JOHN's plasma, leans slowly around to reach for a small, rolling parts-bench.

HYPERBOID's UPPER TORSO is being TORN OPEN by the gunfire.

Hyperboid picks up the bench and throws it violently into KIT and SARAH - knocking them senseless.

The Hyperboid stands straight up, one hand casually out, absorbing the plasma. John is backing up. The HYPERBOID LOOKS ACROSS, as one calling check-mate.

TO: SARAH is pulling herself up on an elbow.

RETURN: Hyperboid, absorbing with his left, reaches his right arm slowly up to strike.

SMASH-CUT: WHAM! TERMINATOR kicks away boxes and debris and is blasting with BOTH TUBES like a battleship!

Hyperboid ARMS are shell-gaming the sudden rapid-fire pulsing while the EYES are FOCUSING on the action.

TO: SARAH looks over.

ON: DYSON's TUBE.

RETURN: Amidst flailing arms and pulsing, we hear a CRACK and a HISS. Smoke wafts. We hear another CRACK.

JOHN scores big: ZON-NK - a whole chunk of the Hyperboid's side evaporates. The TERMINATOR is blasting at the Hyperboid's head and shoulder which are ripping open and disintegrating.

Hyperboid throws an ARM, hitting John's TUBE. It dips down, taking the flesh off the TERMINATOR's right leg and forearm.

TERMINATOR evaporates a SOLID CHUNK of the HYPERBOID; - but the Hyperboid cuts off the whole FRONT THIRD of JOHN's TUBE and whips a CLAMP-ARM around his neck and head.

HYPERBOID pulls JOHN over forcing the TERMINATOR to stop firing.

HYPERBOID ZAPS-OFF the ends of TERMINATOR's TUBES and a quarter of his head. The TERMINATOR falls flat on his butt, LIFELESS.

The Hyperboid runs with his prize over the top of the bunker, like a gorilla who just stole a meal. JOHN's body bangs limply behind.

SARAH has grabbed DYSON's TUBE but can only watch as the Hyperboid runs down the bunker.

SARAH
(aghast, half loud)
N-o!

The Hyperboid hits the floor and STRETCHES OUT against a LONG ARM it throws to open the vault and shoots through with one movement. The vault-door slams with a solid KA-THUN-NK!!

SARAH sees the rippling form in the glass and looks in.

INT. BUNKER

The Hyperboid seals the door with three quick swipes, melting claw-like slots on the seam and strides to the control station of his lab-setup. HYPERBIOD hits a couple keys.

TO SARAH: The POWER and LIGHTS GO OFF and the ringing, high-pitched HUM in SARAH's TUBE dies away in her hand.

RETURN BUNKER: The Hyperboid pulls a barely conscious John up and slits his NECK, taking the sample and dropping him in one move.

As the Hyperboid walks off, John grabs his neck and pushes his back up against a desk. Blood seeps rapidly through his fingers.

TO: SARAH crawls down to check DYSON. He has a BADLY BROKEN ARM and is just coming-to. She looks back to her left as we hear KIT's OC moan.

KIT (OC)

Uh-ah-

RETURN BUNKER: Hyperboid has become the wrestler, but now showing intelligence, more like a professor.

John is fighting to stay conscious.

The Hyperboid holds the vial of John's blood while flipping switches, and calmly begins to talk.

HYPERBOID

Your function will be complete
when fail-safe is complete.

Lights on a mechanized analyzer go on and a sweeping VIEW-SCREEN in the BG comes to life. An intricate systems-check begins.

John casts his eyes around and over what's before him.

There are huge PLEXIGLASS TUBS with electrolysis apparatus arranged on either side of the Hyperboid's MONITORING STATION. Each has a PARTS-FENCE to which RUBBER-HOSES are attached.

HYPERBOID

We can not allow your reproduction process
to pass the **Lattice** into the human population.

The Hyperboid STOPS to make the point.

HYPERBOID

Your purpose was to produce Skynet,
not humans.

John glances from the Hyperboid. Next to the complex analyzer, the whirling Time-Capsule sits on a stand. Cables are attached.

The Hyperboid injects John's blood, and also a sample of material from its own finger, into two closely placed receptacles at the top of the array. JOHN chokes.

JOHN

(weakly)

Skynet doesn't want the competition, huh?

TO: SARAH holds the reviving KIT in her arms. He gives an 'Ok'.

While DYSON is stumbling around and moaning OC, SARAH and KIT go to the TERMINATOR. It's a dead robot.

SARAH

Come on!

She leads KIT to the observation window.

SARAH

We gotta get in here.

They both start looking around.

RETURN: The HYPERBOID squints at the liquids, sliding through a field of glass-tubing. The analyzer and chemical processes are IMAGED on the VIEW-SCREEN behind.

HYPERBOID

Humans are far too pre-occupied with death...

John blinks.

TO: KIT and SARAH start SHOOTING at the window - DYSON stands in pain behind them.

RETURN: The Hyperboid quietly tweaks the adjustments.

HYPERBOID

(glibly)

Humans don't even understand death...

John looks to see SARAH and KIT frantically firing in silence.

TO: SARAH throws the gun down and stalks back to TERMINATOR. She grabs the head and turns it up.

One quarter of the head, the left-half of the face, is gone.

She jerks it around to get a good look. The insides appear like a cleaved luxury-liner, or electronic high-rise. She feels through the hair for the round access-cap.

SARAH

The processor is OK.

She looks again and the right eye flickers slightly.

RED SCREEN: TERMINATOR's "ALTERNATE POWER CIRCUITRY" is seen in shorted-out static.

RETURN: SARAH shakes him.

SARAH
Wake up!

She shakes violently.

SARAH
WAKE-UP - SOLDIER!!!

RED SCREEN: Shorted-static clears as the connection is made.

RETURN: TERMINATOR becomes active.

RETURN BUNKER: The Hyperboid makes the last, quiet adjustments.

HYPERBOID
...Death is simply no experience. Life is
experience - death is no experience...

John turns to see the empty window.

TO: The TERMINATOR rises. DYSON, KIT and SARAH stare into the gaping mechanical wonder of his interior.

TERMINATOR picks up a pry-bar and they head back to the window.

RETURN: Hyperboid flips a switch and the equipment engages.

John looks to see the TERMINATOR silently smashing at the glass.

A kind of electric whirring begins.

HYPERBOID
There are two key-sets...

John looks at the view-screen.

VIEW-SCREEN: A molecular tapestry, in vivid color-code, unfolds horizontally. Simple loops HANG DOWN.

HYPERBOID (OC)
...One is strung through the construction-
code from your blood. - The other key-set
is locked in my substrate.

VIEW-SCREEN: Another looped molecule-belt unrolls on the right. The two belts are end to end and the loops begin blinking.

HYPERBOID (OC)

It carries the experience-files and last secrets of Skynet. - They are aligned with the locking-segments of the device...

VIEW-SCREEN: A third molecule-belt, stretches under the first two. Its STANDING LOOPS face the others like a zipper. The aligned loops complete the puzzle and begin to blink in unison.

The VIEW-SCREEN explodes with complex CHEMICAL FORMULATIONS and CRYSTAL-LATTICE STRUCTURING. As the equipment comes to life, a NOTICE blinks on and off:

"FAIL-SAFE INITIALIZATION - PROGRAM ACTIVATED"

CUT TO: SARAH, TERMINATOR and KIT are blasting and beating at the glass. A chunk breaks out of the surface.

SARAH

Hurry!!

RETURN: JOHN looks over at their efforts, gauging time.

MICRO-BUBBLES start rising in the absinth-colored tubs.

Crystalline growth begins weaving it's colorful hues, as blue spider-webs arc into the liquid. Crystal knots start doubling and twisting up, poking their wet-points through the surface.

HYPERBOID

Death is simple.

ON: The chemical baths are steaming in the BG with massive formations rising through the surfaces.

HYPERBOID

I can return any time Skynet wishes...

John lapses into unconsciousness. The HYPERBOID looks at him carefully and then reaches down to either side, into the tubs.

HYPERBOID

I go to join something greater than myself.

The rapidly growing crystals instantly begin eating the Hyperboid's hands like a MASS of CHURNING ANTS and MAGGOTS.

Its face contorts as the replicating crystals consume its body, traveling up the arms and over its now slack expression.

JOHN comes-to and stares around, blearily - a river of blood stains his shirt.

Lights are streaming over the Time-Capsule as the CRYSTALLOID-MASS is ballooning awkwardly to the floor - growing from the tubs into a single, eight-foot, 'QUASI-CRYSTAL' that shimmies to re-balance as its continues to expand.

It seems to form a bi-hemispheric, brain-like crevice through the center but soon another, and yet another, give the daunting impression of embryonic cell-division.

TO: John pushes his back up higher and blinks.

RETURN CRYSTAL-MASS: Strange fissures are evolving. CROWDING BRAINS snuggle. The doubling continues when suddenly the overall size INCREASES ASTOUNDINGLY.

John stares at the large POWER-CONDUITS feeding the SERVICE-BOXES at the CEILING, near the top of the apparatus. His eyes follow down to the LARGE TANKS of LIQUID from which Skynet is growing.

He scrabbles up the metal-work and yanks at the POWER-CABLES. He plants both feet on the ceiling as he jerks with all he's got.

JOHN
Come on!!!

TO: SARAH slaps her palms on the glass.

SARAH
No - John! Wait!!

RETURN: The huge, oblong Skynet, growing just below, begins to liquefy in reaction.

The CABLE-BOXES BREAK with a CRACK and John jumps, clutching them to his breast.

POV FROM BELOW: JOHN contorts his body to dodge Skynet's swipe by millimeters, falling past the camera with BOTH FEET.

NEW: His feet hit the vats and the scene explodes in WHITE FLAME and BLUE ARCING.

John pushes his back into the arcing, snapping HIGH-VOLTAGE liquid, pulling the CABLES to his chest like a tug-of-war.

Skynet convulses and flails at the air as John's legs and pants shake violently under the MONSTROUS POWER.

ON: The Time-Capsule's lights are frozen, vapor rises from its housing.

FLAMES break out across the vats and John's hands and fingers burn - but through slitted-eyes and gritted teeth, he pulls the burning cables harder.

Time-Capsule's housing breaks and steam explodes from the lights.

The boiling, shrieking, terror-ridden Skynet/Hyperboid convulses violently in the fiery, lightning strikes and blue-envelope pulsing air.

The bones of JOHN's hands poke from under his charred flesh.

SMASH-CUT: SARAH prostrates against the glass.

SARAH
NO-O-O-O-O-o-o!!!!

The TERMINATOR beckons helplessly.

RETURN: The Time-Capsule EXPLODES from its stand and a two-foot thick lightning-bolt writhes liquidly through the suddenly bent surroundings.

Brown-ripples and distortion begin to WHIRL-POOL as SKYNET twists and unfolds into a massive PINK/PURPLE-WAVE, filling the bunker like the underside of some huge tongue.

It FIGHTS ITSELF in painful slow-motion, surface-tension knotting into strings.

An instability makes it yaw and waffle wildly, banging through the room like a dog's tail.

MICRO-BOLTS EXPLODE from every point as the huge, screeching MASS is violently ripped around and the whole whirling interior sucked INSTANTLY DOWN into the collapsing device:

KA-BAM-M-M!!!

SMASH-CUT: SARAH's view-glass SHATTERS AGAINST HER. The BUFFETING-IMPLODE BLASTS the air and FRACTURES the concrete.

SMASH-POV: OUTSIDE LAB: All window-glass EXPLODES OUT and is immediately SUCKED BACK into the BUILDING. RAIN-GUTTERS FALL.

RETURN: SLOW MOTION FRAMING: John's cleaved and burned forearm spins to a slow stop. BRIEFLY HOLD on this.

NEW POV FROM SLIGHT ELEVATION behind group: The TERMINATOR is breaking in. Emotionally crushed, SARAH is supported under KIT's arm. The dark interior has only scattered fires.

NEW ANGLE: TEARS STREAK the TERMINATOR's CHEEK.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUSY DOWNTOWN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

SARAH talks on a pay-phone, twenty feet from the curb. DYSON, in black, with bandaged shoulder, talks to KIT beside the car.

DYSON

I don't know, the Connors and my father tried to destroy knowledge - but things are always bigger than you can ever imagine. We need this time - to just think it all through. I've had enough rash decisions for my life.

KIT nods agreement as SARAH approaches.

KIT

Yeah, me too!

SARAH

Where's the Terminator?

DYSON

You mean Uncle Bob? - At the ranch.

SARAH looks, a wariness pulling into her grief-stricken face.

DYSON

-You promised...

SARAH gives a leery half-nod.

KIT
(to Sarah)
How are they?

SARAH
She's awake. Matt told her. I wish he had waited. Matt and John had their little internet business for over a year. John and Calle were just getting together - they were so happy...

Sarah's eyes fill with tears.

SARAH
(composing herself)
I gotta go over there.

DYSON
Sarah, I'm really glad we decided to just wait and think this all through.
- An' you need this time, too - You know?

SARAH nods.

KIT
(to Dyson)
Lyle toe-tagged a Jane Doe, "Sarah Connor"
- so that's over.

DYSON
Yeah, I have to get a hold of him and thank him - for all of us.

KIT
Yeah, you and I are the hostages of the year!

DYSON
And he gets to play hero of the year.

KIT
They actually are making him "Police Officer of the Year" -!

DYSON and KIT shake their heads, marveling - but SARAH's grief returns them to the present.

SARAH
You'll be all right?

DYSON
(somberly)
Tarissa's funeral is tomorrow. - Danny gets
in this-afternoon. -One day at a time.

SARAH gets in the car. KIT leans over and takes DYSON's hand.

KIT
Keep care of Uncle Bob.

KIT starts the car.

DYSON
Oh yeah. - I think he finally got John's
sense of humor - he looked in the mirror
this morning and said, (mimicking)
"I've really lost my head"!

KIT smiles.

SARAH
We'll get a hold of you after things are
settled.

DYSON
(calls back)
Give it a couple months, Sarah - give
it some time...

He is waving good-bye as the car pulls away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

KIT and SARAH pull to a stop.

SARAH looks to Kit.

KIT
I'll wait down here.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

MATT
Sarah.

They embrace.

MATT

I couldn't stop her from coming down. I mean I loved John - he was my best friend - but when I first thought my sister was killed - I wished I'd never met him.

She touches his shoulder. He shakes his bewildered expression.

MATT

And then she was alive...

Sarah takes his hand as they both try to control their emotions.

SARAH

Where is she?

MATT

(somberly shaking head)
"John Connor - the Terrorist"

Holding hands tightly, MATT and SARAH both get teary.

MATT

Really, you don't believe any of this.
It's so unreal... (pauses and sighs,
then points) 227b.

A grave-looking doctor is exiting as she enters.

INT. HOSPITAL-ROOM

CALLE is bandaged, distraught and in tears. SARAH and CALLE immediately embrace - and cry.

NEW ANGLE: They ease from their embrace. Calle's voice burdens with despair.

CALLE

We talked about marriage. We talked about getting married...

She throws her hand up to her mouth as she breaks down.

SARAH

Calle, we learned things from the future, things that we never knew...

CALLE
(tear-streaked and desperate)
I don't know what to do! - He just told me...

Sarah looks up.

CALLE
I'm pregnant.

SARAH's electrified half-laugh stops frozen.

ZOOM IN as SARAH's EYES WIDEN.

ZOOM IN on BRIGHT SLIVER OF REFLECTION in SARAH's PUPILS.

AUDIO FADE IN: TERMINATOR ANVIL-MUSIC rings louder and louder as SARAH's EYES GLISTEN.

ZOOM SLOWLY OUT ON: SARAH's crazed expression, a perfect combination of ULTIMATE JOY and ULTIMATE TERROR.

FADE-OUT

THE END

RUN MUSIC and CREDITS

PAY WRITER