

**TERMINATOR:
THE CONNOR WARS**

"Mrs Worthington's Formal Tea"
F0305

Written by
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This document is fan-produced fiction based on the television series, Terminator - The Sarah Connor Chronicles. This is done in the spirit of fan fiction - to have fun and enrich the total fan experience beyond the limitations of the official story vehicle.

In that spirit, and holding to the long tradition of free support and promotion that fanfic brings to a fictional "universe", this story is being made available for entertainment purposes of the loyal fans of the show for as long as the powers that be don't object.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SECRET ROOM - DAY

DEREK REESE and MARTIN BEDELL sit in the middle of a large cement room. Surrounding them are about a dozen SOLDIERS with plasma rifles aimed at them.

SARAH (V.O.)
Knowing when to take risks and
knowing when to be cautious was the
biggest gamble in the fight against
Skynet.

Two LAB WORKERS each walk to Derek and Bedell.

Lab Worker #1 is with Derek and inserts a large bore, low volume hypodermic into Derek's arm and draws a blood/tissue sample. The other does the same with Bedell.

The Lab Workers exit.

EXT. PARK - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "2010"

GOVERNOR MARK WYMAN (50ish) is at a ribbon cutting for a new play area in a neighborhood park.

SARAH (V.O.)
Sun Tzu wrote: "Though we have heard
of stupid haste in war, cleverness
has never been seen associated with
long delays."

In the CROWD of partisans stands the dapper WACHIRU MIKKOLA, looking inscrutable as he watches Wyman.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY

JOHN CONNOR, LIAM, and JASON pile into a modified CHEVY VOLT that has three mountain bikes attached to it. They are tired, serious, and a little grimy.

SARAH (V.O.)
Sometimes haste is your only option.

The Volt spews up some dust as it beats it the hell back to base.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Governor Wyman eats a burrito and sips coffee. BRENDA WISEMAN (28) sits opposite him with a smart-phone -- she texts as she speaks.

WYMAN

I don't suppose you can find out on that thing when was the last time I had lunch with Eileen?

Without a pause.

BRENDA

March 23.

WYMAN

Seriously? That's in there?

BRENDA

Yes sir, but I also memorized your joint schedules. Sometimes the press asks.

WYMAN

Right. So, why aren't we moving?

BRENDA

Kaliba.

WYMAN

Cancel again.

BRENDA

I'm sorry sir. But their representative is here. Since they gave so much to the reelection, I can't just blow them off.

Wyman's lost his appetite. With disgust, he tosses his unfinished lunch into the trash.

WYMAN

They've got just about every key legislator in their pocket already. Why don't they bug them?

BRENDA

I'm sure they do.

WYMAN

They're just going to want to automate something else.

(MORE)

WYMAN (cont'd)
Frankly, I'm not that comfortable
with leaving so much of what we do
to machines. You agree, right?

BRENDA
Uh, Governor.

Brenda briefly stops texting to wag her phone at Wyman.

WYMAN
Right. Fine. Maybe it's just me.
Let's get this over with.

Brenda taps her bluetooth.

BRENDA
Send him in.

Wyman straightens his suit and adjusts his tie.

INT. MINI-MART - DAY

FBI AGENT DANIEL ALDRIDGE is at the counter of your typical
gas station mini-mart, a coffee and a cinnamon roll in front
of him. He's paying the CASHIER as his phone rings.

ALDRIDGE
Aldridge.

Aldridge gets his change back.

ALDRIDGE (cont'd)
I'm heading back, now. How does 2
o'clock sound?

Aldridge places the bun on top of the coffee and exits
holding the combo in his non-phone hand.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Aldridge walks to his car at the pumps.

ALDRIDGE
Palmdale.
(beat)
I had to check on an on-going
investigation. Can you hold on a
second?

Aldridge puts the coffee and roll in the car.

He then quickly removes the nozzle, puts it on the pump, and
seals the gas pipe.

ALDRIDGE (cont'd)
(on phone)
I'm back. What are you going to need
me to get?

Aldridge gets in the car and closes the door.

EXT. GYPSUM CAVE - DAY

Derek and Bedell pull up in their Volt to a large camouflaged tent that is set up in front of a cave in the mountains just east of Las Vegas.

INT. MRS WORTHINGTON'S TENT - DAY

Derek and Bedell enter the tent. It has a table at one end, and about eighteen folding chairs of various types in the main area.

At the far side, looking antsy, are AARON PROCTOR (35) and his wife TRACEY PROCTOR (35), both dressed in desert camo BDUs. Both Aaron and Tracey both look formidable enough to be easily mistaken for terminators. Though they note the arrival of Derek and Bedell, the Proctors go back to their discussion.

DEREK
(to Bedell)
Won't this be fun?

BEDELL
You still mad at them for--

DEREK
(interrupts)
Yeah.
(a beat)
I'm still mad.

BEDELL
You've got to let it go. We're all
on the same side.

Bedell steps away and walks to the Proctors, who appear to greet him well.

Derek just glares.

INT. ZEIRA BASEMENT ENTRANCE (FUTURE) - DAY

John, Liam, and Jason are cleared by the DOGS and the GUARDS. John turns to Guard #1:

JOHN
Where are Allison and Kyle?

The Guards seem clueless.

INT. BUNK HUB - DAY

KYLE REESE is suiting up for a mission when John enters.
Liam and Jason follow and stand to the side.

KYLE
Connor.

JOHN
We have a problem.

ALLISON YOUNG enters the room. She touches Jason on the arm,
but is serious.

ALLISON
OK, I'm here.

JOHN
Skynet is massing a force. A big
one.

Kyle stands, John has his attention.

JOHN (cont'd)
Jason?

Jason steps forward.

JASON
Twenty six Ogres that we could see.
Portable hangers with at least a
dozen Hawks. At least twenty endos:
sixes, eights, fifties, and trips.

JOHN
When we left we could see signs of a
convey coming down the PCH.

Both Kyle and Allison look very concerned.

KYLE
We have to attack. Now.

ALLISON
Kyle...

KYLE
Before they're ready. It's the only
way to have a chance of evening up
the fight.

Allison glances at John, who nods resolutely, but doesn't
pause long enough to seem like she's asking permission.

ALLISON
Everyone?

KYLE
No choice.

Allison leaves immediately.

KYLE (cont'd)
Good job. Suit up. Don't pack light.

Liam and Jason leave immediately.

John looks a little out of his element, but as Kyle is now ignoring him, John leaves.

INT. ALLISON'S BUNK - DAY

With the curtain half-open, John enters. Allison is suiting up. Her backpack and other gear is on her trunk.

JOHN
Allison.

ALLISON
John, can it wait? I have to--

JOHN
(interrupts)
No. It can't.

John draws the curtain.

JOHN (cont'd)
Something else that I didn't want to say out there. It looked like there was a woman running the show. Human but with endo pieces.

Allison pauses for a moment.

ALLISON
Brandi.

JOHN
Brandi?

ALLISON
I've been hearing rumors. Seeing things. Skynet experiments on humans trying to make better terminators.

JOHN
What?

ALLISON

They usually die. But Brandi...
Brandi has been around for a while.
She's a top-level gray.

JOHN

After they did that to her?

ALLISON

Because of it. They fixed her,
apparently.

JOHN

Why would Skynet go to--

ALLISON

(interrupts)

John, I have to go. Brandi's human
and she's gray. That's all you need
to deal with. If you can take her
out, then do it.

Allison grabs her gear and exits.

INT. SERVER ROOM - DAY

SARAH CONNOR sits and stares as surveillance images from
nuclear plants, civilian government offices, hospitals, and
more cycle through the eight sections of the big monitor.

She just stares and stares.

Sips her coffee.

And stares some more.

JAMES ELLISON, dapper as usual, steps in.

ELLISON

You know, if you keep staring at
that, you'll ruin your eyes.

SARAH

I wish we had known how much Weaver
had done. It would have saved us a
lot of time and effort.

ELLISON

For all the good it's done.

The pictures keep cycling and cycling.

SARAH

Maybe it has.

Sarah pulls out a file folder and hands it to Ellison.

SARAH (cont'd)
I've been having the computer keep
track of changes to what it's able
to monitor.

Ellison thumbs through the pages, but it's obvious that
there's too much data.

ELLISON
What am I looking at?

SARAH
Within a week of increased activity
from Kaliba, we lose surveillance
assets.

ELLISON
What sort of activity?

SARAH
Personnel. Money. Equipment. Fronts.
Nothing consistent.

ELLISON
So you want me to have Aldridge look
into this?

SARAH
Look on the last page.

Ellison flips to the end.

ELLISON
Aldridge's itinerary.

SARAH
For the past fourteen months. His
trips out of town match up with the
outages.

Ellison's mood darkens.

ELLISON
You think Aldridge is working for
Kaliba?

SARAH
I can't afford not to consider it.
Maybe it's coincidence. Maybe he's
investigating.

ELLISON
Or maybe he's working for Kaliba.

SARAH
Or maybe he's working for Kaliba.

ELLISON
I'll look into it.

SARAH
Be discrete. And follow those
outages.

ELLISON
What will you be doing?

SARAH
I have to grab a tiger by the tail.
Ellison hates it when Sarah gets enigmatic.
Sarah's attention is now back to the monitor.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MRS WORTHINGTON'S TENT - DAY

The tent is much more crowded. In addition to the Proctors, Bedell, and Derek are TERRANCE CLARKE (28), EMILY BRAVE DEER (40), MARIA VAJELLOS (25), GARY HEINRICH (55), ARI PARK (55), LEA LEIGH LEE "Trip-L" (16), and Peter (from Palmdale F0303).

Derek stands off to the side and is joined by Heinrich as the others just mill together.

HEINRICH

Reese.

DEREK

Heinrich.

HEINRICH

You look concerned.

DEREK

One HK, here, Skynet wins.

HEINRICH

That's one way of looking at it.

(off Derek's look)

I like to think that because we are all here, Skynet loses.

DEREK

Yeah. Maybe. Excuse me.

Derek exits. Heinrich shakes his head in sympathetic disagreement.

INT. ZERIA BASEMENT (FUTURE) - DAY

Every available SOLDIER fills the space. All look to the Bunk Hub where Allison and Kyle hold court.

INT. BUNK HUB - CONTINUOUS

Allison and Kyle have a little bit of a buffer between them and the armed group.

ALLISON

...and that's what we know. Our only option is a preemptive strike before Skynet is ready. Kyle?

KYLE

OK. The Palisades is the target.

There is some immediate but brief GRUMBLING.

KYLE (cont'd)

I know. It's the worst place for us to stage a sneak attack. Unit one will move out first to find the best way through the mountains. Units three and four will follow on One's signal. Unit two will follow the ten past Century.

There is a lot of GRUMBLING from Unit 2.

ALLISON

Sykes has done it before. She'll get you through.

KYLE

Unit two, your our ace-in-the-hole. Get there when you can. Unit five, you'll stay here, give the civilians cover. Hopefully it won't come to that.

ALLISON

We're going to be moving through Tin Can Ally at night. D-day is tomorrow at 0800. No matter how many of us make it, we attack then. Only Kyle or me can change that once we set out.

KYLE

Without that order, the attack is on.

There is some movement as if the group is about to break up when:

ALLISON

John?

John's deer-in-headlights look vanishes when Allison nods, prompting him forward. Kyle seems annoyed.

JOHN

Jason, Liam, and I saw the gathering. It's big. I'll be honest, in a straight-up fight, we'd lose. But this isn't a straight-up fight. They have tactics. They have weapons. We have tactics. We have weapons.

(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)

We have heart...something they--
something they will never have. This
is our home. This is MY home; and
I'll be damned if I'm going to let
it be taken away. I'm willing to die
for that, but I'm more than willing
to make them die for it. Every
single scrap of metal at the
Palisades.

Allison can't help but be proud despite still being annoyed
by John.

JOHN (cont'd)

And when we get back, the first
round of toof is on me.

It takes a moment for the levity to sink in, but after a few
seconds the tension that had been building is lessened.

KYLE

Mount up.

The group breaks to their assignments.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Governor Wyman stares at the person sitting opposite him in
the back of the limo.

WYMAN

What can I do for you, Mister
Mikkola?

It's Mikkola, wearing a suit that costs almost as much as
the car.

MIKKOLA

First, I want to thank you for
seeing me on such short notice,
Governor. I didn't want to impose on
your busy schedule.

WYMAN

It's never an imposition to meet a
representative of one of my biggest
supporters.

MIKKOLA

You are very kind. So as not to
waste your time, I'll get right to
the heart of it.

(MORE)

MIKKOLA (cont'd)

The Kaliba Group is concerned with the problems we had during last year's earthquake and fire.

WYMAN

This is California, Mister Mikkola. Those are just facts of life out here.

MIKKOLA

Yes, but too often help to critical areas are delayed because of a lack of information.

WYMAN

It's an ironic truth that disasters tend to make us blind to the hardest hit areas.

MIKKOLA

Exactly, Governor. That is the problem, exactly.

WYMAN

I suppose you have a solution?

Mikkola looks so eager to give the sales pitch.

MIKKOLA

What would you say if the Kaliba Group would install an Automated Response to Emergency System across the state, not just in the major cities, but even in the smallest communities and roads?

WYMAN

I can tell you right now, we don't have the budget for--

MIKKOLA

(interrupting)

Pardon me, Governor, but it wouldn't cost nearly as much as you think. Kaliba has already developed and tested all of the hardware and software necessary for this system -- paid for out of our own cash reserves.

WYMAN

And you will just give it to us out of a sense of public service.

Mikkola chuckles.

MIKKOLA

I wish I could do that for you. What our company asks for in return is a portion of the savings realized because of our system.

There is a knock on the window.

MIKKOLA (cont'd)

But I have taken too much of your time. Here.

Mikkola hands Wyman a card.

MIKKOLA (cont'd)

These addresses will allow your staff to find out anything you need to know.

WYMAN

Thank you, Mister Mikkola. I'll certainly be looking into this.

Mikkola starts shifting out of his seat.

WYMAN (cont'd)

Please be sure to let the Old Grouch know we'll get together soon to talk about this.

MIKKOLA

I will. Thank you, Governor.

The door opens. Mikkola exits and Brenda takes his place, the door closing behind her.

WYMAN

Thanks.

BRENDA

What did Kaliba want?

WYMAN

To automate the state.

BRENDA

Same pitch as usual, sir?

WYMAN

They've sweetened the pot. No up-front. They've already paid for the R&D.

BRENDA
Robinson and Sanchez will jump on that.

WYMAN
I know.

BRENDA
What if they're right?

WYMAN
What if they are wrong? Ever see *Wargames*?

BRENDA
That's just a movie, sir.

WYMAN
Doesn't mean it was wrong.

Wyman sits back in his seat, pensive.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

The limo pulls away from the curb outside a neighborhood Mexican diner.

INT. MRS WORTHINGTON'S TENT - DAY

The tent is full of tense but murmuring resistance leaders.

MAJOR GENERAL PERRY (55)-- thoughtful, intense, tall black man with a shaved head, dressed in BDUs-- enters the tent followed by MAJOR PEEVY (25) and LIEUTENANT KIM (20), both also in BDUs.

DEREK
General on deck!

While not everyone "snaps to" attention, everyone does stand quickly.

PERRY
At ease. Find your seats.

There is a little bit of milling as people find their preferred places. Derek sits off to the side toward the back. Bedell joins him and is the last to settle in.

Perry's officers put some materials on the table and then stand off to one side at ease. Perry faces the group from behind the table.

PERRY (cont'd)

Thank you all for coming on such short notice. I have been in touch with my counterparts around the world over the past several weeks. We've discussed tactics, logistics, and the force we can project against the resources of our enemy.

While most probably suspected it, hearing it is something else. A lot of looks are exchanged.

PERRY (cont'd)

We've concluded that our only hope for victory is to concentrate our offensive force here, where Skynet maintains its hub and let us use Skynet's paranoia to our advantage.

Perry puts on a pair of glasses and reads from a paper the Lieutenant hands him.

PERRY (cont'd)

Pursuant to the recommendation of the Joint Chiefs, the units operating in the North American region from the Pacific Ocean east to 102-degrees west longitude will fall under the new designation of Special Ops, 132nd division. No other division in our current conflict will have a higher priority for materials.

Perry takes off his glasses and puts the paper on the table.

PERRY (cont'd)

In a nutshell, we are close to losing this war. The only thing standing between Skynet and victory are the units represented in this room.

No surprised looks this time, just a lot of thousand-yard stares as everyone deals with this new reality.

EXT. MOUNTAIN VANTAGE OVER PALISADES - MORNING

KYLE'S POV

On the raised Palisade is an Army of Skynet forces. Four dozen each of large HKs (Ogres), assorted smaller HKs, and various endoskeletons are lined up in assorted squad formations.

Twenty-five aerial HKs (Hawks) are in portable hangers in flights of five. At least ten Hawks are obviously being prepped for flight by maintenance HKs.

ANGLE ON KYLE

Kyle looks at his watch.

KYLE
(to himself)
Here goes nothing.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. MOUNTAIN VANTAGE OVER PALISADES - MORNING

Kyle turns to his squad of about two dozen soldiers.

KYLE

Quick, efficient, cover by cover.
Go.

As a unit, everyone moves double time down the hill toward the target, which is now being showered with high-fragmentation and incendiary/thermite mortars.

EXT. SKYNET BASE - CONTINUOUS

There is some confusion as the machines attempt to assess their situation.

Five Ogres are already totaled as are about a dozen each of HKs and endos.

Three Hawks are now airborne with seven more about to be so. One hanger of Hawks is an inferno.

Brandi, looking like she just threw on clothes at hand, is an obvious beacon of calm. She speaks into a wired headset connected to a small device attached to a heavy web belt around her waist.

BRANDI

The priority are the HKA-5s and 7s.
They are too vulnerable on the
ground. Blossom, Bubbles,
Buttercup...check in.

Brandi turns to face a T-850 endo "Bubbles" about a hundred meters away.

TERMINATOR VISION

Full color, red frame, less systems info than for a normal terminator. Zoom and focus on BUBBLES.

BRANDI (O.S.) (cont'd)

Bubbles, I want you to take your
section and focus on Temescal.

BACK TO SCENE

Brandi breaks eye contact, walks toward her tent.

BRANDI (cont'd)

Buttercup, stay where you are.
(MORE)

BRANDI (cont'd)
Save your firepower until they over-
commit. Blossom, check in. Repeat,
check in.

Brandi enters a small tent that adjoins a much larger tent.

INT. BRANDI'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Brandi selects some battle-worthy dress as she starts
changing. Into her headset:

BRANDI
Blossom squad. Highest surviving
series check in, you are now
Blossom.

Brandi notices a little blood on her right arm. Her endo
left arm uses a piece of just-removed clothing to wipe it
off.

INT. MRS WORTHINGTON'S TENT - DAY

Tracey Proctor stands, all eyes are on her.

TRACEY
We are about to launch an attack to
capture the Serrano Point nuclear
plant. In fact, that would be
happening right this moment if Aaron
and I weren't here.

DEREK
Why Serrano?

TRACEY
It's probably the most isolated
strategic asset. Capturing it would
mean electricity for us, but more
importantly less power for Skynet.

DEREK
Plus, it allows you to extend your
territory, surrounding Skynet.

AARON
That's the idea.

Derek doesn't look happy at the prospect, but can't dispute
the import.

INT. SUV - DAY

ALEJANDRA "ALEX" CRUZ drives the heavily tinted windowed SUV
through Brentwood. Sarah sits in the passenger seat.

Sarah leans forward, pulls a Glock from her back waistband and ejects the clip.

ALEJANDRA

No.

SARAH

What?

ALEJANDRA

They don't know you. I'll be armed.

SARAH

Fine.

Sarah leans over to put the gun under the seat. While she's bent over, she starts to cough.

Sarah stays down for a bit, but manages to sit back up, still coughing.

Alex is watchful.

The coughing fit subsides and Sarah relaxes, tired.

ALEJANDRA

It's getting worse.

SARAH

(sighs)

What isn't?

Alex stays focused on driving, but glances at the now resting Sarah.

EXT. PACIFIC HIGH - DAY

The SUV pulls into a staff parking lot of deserted Pacific High (fictional, in Pacific Palisades). Other than the ubiquitous palms, we just see a brick building and a parking lot.

A loading door to the auto shop opens. The SUV drives in.

INT. AUTO LAB - DAY

Alex gets out of the SUV first.

SIX GANG LEADERS step out and make their presence known, their GUARDS hanging out in b.g.

Alex walks around to the passenger side and opens the door. Sarah steps out.

Gang leader DAMIAN (24) nods at one of the Guards who pats Sarah down and nods.

ALEJANDRA

Sarah Connor.

The Leaders size her up for a couple of seconds.

Damian gestures inside.

DAMIAN

Shall we?

Sarah follows Alex's lead as they go through the lab into the school.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Alex, Sarah, and only the Leaders are in the better-than-you'd expect teacher's lounge. Nice chairs and couches. Some tables. Three vending machines. An espresso machine. Alejandra is being watchful. Sarah sits on a table at the head of the room. The Leaders are all attentive, most leaning forward.

SARAH

...and I figure if we work together
maybe we can come out of this alive.

ROCKS (35), shaved head, heavily prison tattooed stands and addresses both Damian and Sarah.

ROCKS

Are you kiddin' me with this loca
conspiracy crap?

That leads to an eruption of somewhat angry "discussion". Everyone stands. There is a fair amount of posturing.

WHISTLE

From Alejandra, in the back, regains some order.

ALEJANDRA

Es verdad. Es todo verdadero.

("It's true. It's all true.") Eyes turn back from Alex to Sarah. Everyone returns to their places.

DAMIAN

Well?

SARAH

I know you have no reason to believe me on my word. Check around. We're fighting the same enemy. Carlos Salceda was killed by this group.

Heads turn to look at Alex. She's completely impassive.

DAMIAN

And Enrique?

SARAH

No. My people did that to el Rata.

That earns some small nods.

There is an awkward pause. Damian stands.

DAMIAN

We have things to discuss.

SARAH

Of course. Thank you.

Sarah exits with Alejandra.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah and Alex walk back to their vehicle, two Guards follow.

SARAH

What do you think?

ALEJANDRA

You aren't dead.

So...all in all, a good meeting.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

John, Liam, and two other soldiers are behind a makeshift berm giving cover fire for a large SQUAD fifty meters away who are making their way to one of the hangers.

Two Ogres rain plasma blasts on the Squad as John and the others take out the remaining endos and HKs with plasma rifles and Mk 211 rounds.

JOHN

RPG.

LIAM

We're out.

JOHN

Damn.

(on headset)

Ginger, Kansas. Two Ogres.

A few rounds are exchanged.

ALLISON (COMM)

Kansas, Ginger. Got 'em. Heads.

JOHN

Duck!

John's unit hunkers below the lip of the berm.

THE OGRES

One has a hole blasted in its side which causes a chain reaction of energy and weapons release which causes a much bigger than expected SMITHEREENING of both robots.

JOHN and the others peek over the berm and are amazed at the destruction of not just the ogres, but of a lot of the surrounding area.

ALLISON (COMM)

Good enough, Kansas?

JOHN

(on headset)

Good enough, Gin--

John and the squad duck as their berm comes under small-weapons attack.

LIAM is dead.

John pauses for a second to soak in the reality and then:

JOHN (cont'd)

Ammo check.

John starts removing ammo from Liam's body.

THE SQUAD in the field, having regained their bearings following the huge explosion now charges toward the Hawk hanger.

Some go down.

Most make it close enough to start firing plasma blasts and lobbing in high explosive and thermite IEDs.

The squad then runs for cover as small explosions grow, disabling the Hawks.

INT. MRS WORTHINGTON'S TENT - DAY

Perry is at the front of the room. The resistance leaders are still sitting.

PERRY

Our projections estimate that unless we get some victories, Skynet will prevail in North America within a year, possibly as soon as six months. After N-A falls, the rest of the world will just domino. There will still be close to two billion survivors, but there won't be anything useful left to fight with.

Ari Park raises his hand.

ARI

Excuse me, General.

PERRY

Colonel Park.

Ari stands.

ARI

We've gotten word that there is a nuclear attack sub still under human control.

PERRY

I've heard the same rumors.

ARI

No sir. Not rumor. It's the Jimmy Carter.

This certainly perks up the ears of everyone in the tent.

ARI (cont'd)

I got intel earlier this week. Seems that the Aussies have her. She's seaworthy. No nukes, though.

PERRY

Colonel, let the Major get your TACREP when we adjourn.

ARI

Yes sir.

Ari sits, satisfied.

INT. ELLISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Ellison is at his desk. There's a KNOCK on the open door.
It's Agent Aldridge, with a folder.

ELLISON
Is that it?

ALDRIDGE
You aren't going to like it.

Ellison holds out his hand, Aldridge hands him the folder.

OVER THE SHOULDER

Ellison opens the folder to page after heavily redacted page
of non-information.

BACK TO SCENE

ALDRIDGE (cont'd)
Apparently Kaliba's government
contracts give it privacy.

ELLISON
Apparently. Have you had lunch?

ALDRIDGE
What? No, actually.

ELLISON
Let's get some.

Ellison rises from his desk.

EXT. PINK'S HOT DOG STAND - DAY

Ellison and Aldridge sit outside, each with chili dogs.
Aldridge is about to dig in when:

ELLISON
What are you doing?

ALDRIDGE
Eating a hot dog.

ELLISON
No.

ALDRIDGE
No?

ELLISON

This is more than just a hot dog.
You don't go for the immediate
reward, you savor it.

ALDRIDGE

A hot dog? A California hot dog?

ELLISON

Fine.

Ellison motions for Aldridge to dig in, which he does since he's hungry, dammit.

Aldridge wants to be casual and smug, but then he appreciates the taste in his mouth.

ALDRIDGE

Mmmmm. This is good.

Ellison takes more care and savors his dog. Aldridge takes more care with his next bite.

ELLISON

Do you know anyone at the Bureau who
might be able to let us see what's
under all that ink?

ALDRIDGE

No one that likes me well enough.

Ellison makes a questioning face as his mouth is full.

ALDRIDGE (cont'd)

Really. I've been here six years,
and I'm still the outsider.

ELLISON

OK. What about some other agency?
IRS.

ALDRIDGE

Are you kidding?

ELLISON

Do I look like I'm kidding? It's how
we've been annoying the mob for a
hundred years.

ALDRIDGE

That's true. Let me look into it.

ELLISON
I'll dust off some of my old
contacts and see if they know
anything.

ALDRIDGE
I'm going to get another...

Aldridge stands to get back in line, but:

ELLISON
We don't have time. Savannah will be
getting out of school soon.

ALDRIDGE
I knew we should have taken both
cars.

As the walk to their car...

ELLISON
What do you care? It's just a hot
dog.

PAN BACK as we see the line in front is amazingly long.

EXT. SKYNET TENT - DAY

Brandi has tactical maps on the monitors. She studies them.

BRANDI
(to herself)
OK. OK. Looks worse than it is.

Brandi opens a top cover on her belt-mounted device. She
enters a coded sequence.

BRANDI (cont'd)
(on headset)
We're still in a good position.
Different battlefield.
(beat)
I understand. That's why you have me
here.
(beat)
I want to funnel them into grids 451
extended and 578 extended. Let the
aerials take care of them like
shooting fish in a barrel.
(beat)
I concur. I'll continue streaming
data.

Brandi closes the device.

BRANDI (cont'd)
(on headset)
Blossom, Bubbles, and Buttercup,
listen up...

Brandi enlarges the view of one of the maps.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SUB-BASEMENT (FUTURE) - DAY

A RESTLESS CROWD has gathered in the main concourse. There is much MURMURING going on.

You could cut the tension with a plasma torch.

People mill and talk. Talk and mill.

You'd think they had nothing better to do than to gather together and just speculation monger.

The crowd's demeanor shifts when MOSS, de facto head of the civilians walks out into public view. At first the crowd is quiet, but then erupts into a wall of shouted words that would put a stock exchange to shame.

Moss stands on a riser and waits. The crowd quickly quiets down.

MOSS

The rumors are true.

The crowd erupts again, but it soon settles.

MOSS (cont'd)

Most of the soldiers have gone to fight a major battle.

VOICE (O.S.)

Left us here to die!

The crowd MURMURS and SHUSHES. Order is quickly restored.

MOSS

My sources indicate that if they hadn't left, we would have been overrun.

(beat)

You know that I have no love for the toppers. They think they are better than us. But today they find no greater ally than me. From what I hear...well, let's just say that if they come back I for one will lift a glass to them in thanks.

The crowd has never been so stunned before.

MOSS (cont'd)

Just in case they don't come back, we should be ready for the escape

(MORE)

MOSS (cont'd)
plans if the alarm is given. That's
it.

Moss steps down from the riser and returns to his lair. The stunned crowd slowly begins to disperse.

INT. MIKKOLA'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is very bright, with a neo-Grecian sensibility. He has a large fish tank with a sizable octopus inside.

Mikkola walks in.

MIKKOLA
I'm sorry I'm late. I had an
unexpected meeting with the
governor. I hope you were made
comfortable.

The woman who was sitting now stands and faces Mikkola. It's Alejandra.

ALEJANDRA
Thank you. I was.

MIKKOLA
Please...

Mikkola motions for Alex to sit. He eschews the desk and sits in a chair angled with hers.

ALEJANDRA
I'm here because I believe there is
an opportunity for your company.

NEHRU, Mikkola's assistant steps in.

MIKKOLA
Nehru, if you would, I would like
something light. Fish perhaps.

Nehru nods and exits, closing the door behind him.

MIKKOLA (cont'd)
My apologies. You speak of an
opportunity.

ALEJANDRA
Automite Systems.

MIKKOLA
The private surveillance firm.

ALEJANDRA

Yes. They have some clients that I believe you might have an interest in.

MIKKOLA

That is not exactly a secret.

ALEJANDRA

What if I could put you in touch with someone who might be able to exert some influence?

Mikkola holds his cards to the vest, but is clearly interested.

MIKKOLA

I apologize. I neglected to ask you if you would like to share lunch with me?

ALEJANDRA

Thank you, but I had not expected to be here so long.

MIKKOLA

And that is my fault, for which I cannot beg your pardon enough.

ALEJANDRA

Since I should be going, I'd like to know if you are interested.

Mikkola tries to read the inscrutable person before him.

MIKKOLA

Very well. You have aroused... my curiosity.

Alex stands, which prompts Mikkola to do likewise.

ALEJANDRA

I will forward the information to you.

Alejandra bows her head slightly as she starts to exit.

MIKKOLA

Miss Santiago?

Alex stops, with a subtle hint of "What?!?"

ALEJANDRA

Yes, Mister Mikkola?

MIKKOLA

Perhaps next time we can have that lunch.

ALEJANDRA

Perhaps.

And with one last tiny head bow, Alex exits.

Mikkola smiles to himself. He absently taps an index finger to his lips as, deep in thought, he wanders to the fish tank.

The door opens and Nehru wheels in the serving table with fish, salads, breads, fruits, and wine.

NEHRU

Pardon me, sir, but we've--

MIKKOLA

(interrupting)

How was Miss Santiago's background check?

NEHRU

Some parking tickets. A restraining order against an old boyfriend. Good work history in government and with contractors.

MIKKOLA

(muses)

Hmmmm.

NEHRU

During your meeting I received a call from the Flower Shop.

That immediately gets Mikkola's attention.

MIKKOLA

Tell me.

Mikkola sits for his lunch.

NEHRU

Questions are being asked in the underground about us.

MIKKOLA

Ellison and that Connor woman?

NEHRU

Nothing that was reported.

(MORE)

NEHRU (cont'd)
Apparently the inquiries are coming
from some of the local gangs.

MIKKOLA
Gangs? That's interesting.

Mikkola puts a morsel of fish in his mouth and savors it.

MIKKOLA (cont'd)
We should make certain that doesn't
become a problem.

NEHRU
Yes, sir. I'll see to it.

MIKKOLA
And please tell the kitchen that the
fish has a little too much dill.

NEHRU
Yes, sir.

Nehru exits as Mikkola continues alternating between eating
and thinking.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - AFTERNOON

Kyle's squad is isolated and under fire from HKs and endos.

The other two squads (John's and Allison's) have merged.
They've taken a lot of casualties and the combined group is
only slightly larger than Kyle's.

Allison talks with a YOUNG SOLDIER as John and Jason wait a
few paces away.

Allison comes to them, faces Jason.

ALLISON
Pass the word: only short directed
attacks. Save ammo for Skynet's
push, but don't hunker down. Keep
fighting. Go.

Jason nods and rushes off.

JOHN
It's not looking good, is it?

ALLISON
When we're out of ammo, we're done.

JOHN
We're missing something.

ALLISON

What?

JOHN

There has to be a weak spot.

Allison just looks worried.

INT. MRS WORTHINGTON'S TENT - DAY

Peter, from Palmdale, is standing, giving his report.

PETER

...And our AI division has managed
to develop an autonomous drone to
help take down the Hawks.

AARON

You're kidding, right? You're making
smart robots?

It doesn't look like Aaron is alone with that concern.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MRS WORTHINGTON'S TENT - DAY

Peter is at the front of the tent, Aaron is in the seats.

AARON

You're making smart robots? Don't we
have a big enough problem with the
ones we have?

Despite a chuckle or two, there is general agreement to
that.

PETER

They aren't networked, and as robots
go, they are pretty dumb. They find
something big in the air and try to
fly into the air intake, damaging
the Hawk's engine. They aren't
armed.

PERRY

How fast can they be deployed?

PETER

Up to a hundred a week. Our biggest
problem is components. We only have
enough for about 450 drones.

PERRY

Lieutenant, make a note of that for
requisitioning.

Perry's aid hurriedly scribbles a note to himself.

PETER

General, I think Bedell actually has
something more interesting to say.

PERRY

Bedell.

Martin Bedell, sitting next to Derek, stands.

BEDELL

Sir.

PERRY

What's so interesting?

BEDELL

We went out on a mission to attempt
to rescue some Raptors that landed
(MORE)

BEDELL (cont'd)
behind the lines. They were all
killed, but one was replaced by a
terminator. Advanced. Until it gave
itself away for a high-priority
target, we had no idea it was metal.

That got Perry's attention.

PERRY
What did it look like?

BEDELL
That's the thing. It looked like us.
The outside was at least as good as
a trip-8, but it was smaller.
Smaller than Lieutenant Reese. And
it was able to eat and drink.

PERRY
Lethality?

BEDELL
About the same as an 800, I think.
We zapped it pretty quick and popped
the chip.

PERRY
Reese?

Derek stands.

DEREK
Yes sir.

PERRY
Is that it?

DEREK
We're not sure. My intel officer has
reported some odd movements by
Skynet in the past few months out of
Topanga. She hasn't been able to say
what it is they're doing.

PERRY
Maybe creating a new model?

DEREK
I wouldn't know, Sir.

Perry can't quite stop the corner of his mouth from curling
up, admiring Derek for never saying more than he knows.

PERRY

Very well. We'll be taking a break.
We'll reconvene at eighteen-hundred.
Reese, Proctors, stay a few minutes.

The tent clears out amazingly fast, leaving Perry alone with Derek, Aaron, and Tracey, who all gather at the table.

PERRY (cont'd)

I'll be blunt. Whatever is going on
between your two commands ends. We
can't afford it any more.

TRACEY

But we--

PERRY

(interrupts)

I believe I'm talking.

(beat)

Aaron, Tracey, I want you two to
head out and deal with Serrano. Once
that's done, you will all be merged
into one unit. Who is in charge and
where that unit will be based is
totally up to the success of your
mission. Win, you're in charge and
HQ moves north. Lose, the base will
be in L.A. under Reese's command.
Understood?

DEREK, AARON, TRACEY

Yes, Sir.

PERRY

Good. Godspeed you two.

DEREK

Yeah, good luck.

AARON

Don't need luck. We'll send you an
invite to the housewarming, General.

PERRY

I look forward to it.

With a quick and not very crisp salute, the Proctors exit.

PERRY (cont'd)

You OK with this, Reese?

DEREK

As long as we win, who cares who
gets the credit?

PERRY

You've been in command for quite a while.

DEREK

The way I look at it, Sir, if we move up to Serrano, then Young is their problem.

PERRY

(chuckles)

I hear you. It was a risk you taking her in. I owe you for that.

DEREK

She's good at what she does.

PERRY

She's a pain in the butt.

DEREK

Yes, Sir. But she's still the best operative we've got.

Perry nods in agreement.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. MRS WORTHINGTON'S TENT - NIGHT

Perry sits to the side with his Major. Emily Brave Deer has the floor amid the same group of leaders minus the Proctors.

EMILY

...[ter]ritory. I was in contact
with my counterpart in Russia, and
we both agree that the best we can
do is hold our ground.

Lieutenant Kim enters the tent and brings a dispatch to Perry who immediately dons glasses and reads it.

EMILY (cont'd)

At best we can survive six months
before the next winter forces us to
let Skynet have complete control of
the Arctic.

Emily pauses to watch Perry read, just as the others have.

Perry stands and removes his glasses in one well-practiced motion.

PERRY

I believe I've got some good news,
people. We'd long thought that an
armory in Lawrence had been
destroyed on J-Day. As it turns out,
it survived. I think it fair to say
that we've just extended our window
by at least three months, perhaps
more.

HEINRICH

Excuse me for asking, General, but
what sorts of munitions?

PERRY

I don't have a full accounting, but
the Raufoss rounds Reese's crew
loves so much are mentioned. Of the
rest, I think the thing I see with
the most potential are the raw
chemicals to replenish our
explosives cache. Thank you,
Lieutenant.

Perry hands the paper back to his aide.

BEDELL

(to Derek)

A few more breaks like that, we
might still have a chance to win
this war.

It doesn't seem like Derek believes him.

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah strides in.

SARAH

OK, I'm here. What's so important?

JOHN HENRY (COMM)

You and Mister Ellison requested
that I scan for any communications
from my brother.

SARAH

You found something?

JOHN HENRY (COMM)

I detected a series of transfers
that occurred over satellite
channels that contained my brother's
signature.

On the monitor, a satellite view of southern California pops
up. Topanga and Palmdale are highlighted.

JOHN HENRY (COMM) (cont'd)

The transfers happened between
Topanga and Palmdale.

SARAH

Well, Topanga makes sense. Kaliba is
there. Why Palmdale? What's there?

JOHN HENRY (COMM)

Most notably, the Skunkworks.

SARAH

John mentioned that once. Something
about airplane development.

JOHN HENRY (COMM)

Correct. Since June 1943, advanced,
highly classified aircraft have been
designed and built at the--

SARAH
(interrupts)
What are they building there now? Is
there anything of interest to
Skynet?

A variety of aircraft are cycled on screen, including SR-71,
XST, F-117, F-22, X-35, X-27, Polecat, Quiet Supersonic
Transport, Cormorant, and Desert Hawk.

JOHN HENRY (COMM)
None of the public projects would
specifically be of interest to
Skynet. However, there is a large
government appropriation for
research and development of Unmanned
Aerial Vehicles and the artificial
intelligence software to make them
fully functional.

SARAH
Great. What else?

JOHN HENRY (COMM)
There is no other information
available. The project is highly
classified.

SARAH
Of course it is. Begin monitoring
communications from this Skunk
Works.

JOHN HENRY (COMM)
What am I looking for?

SARAH
Kaliba. Skynet. Robots. AI. You know
the drill.

JOHN HENRY (COMM)
Yes, Miss Connor.

Sarah starts to leave but hesitates.

SARAH
If anything comes up, call me. Code
word: springtime.

JOHN HENRY (COMM)
Yes, Miss Connor. Good night.

SARAH
Yeah.

Sarah leaves, a little more metaphorical weight now on her shoulders.

INT. FBI RECORDS - NIGHT

Ellison is at a computer, but also has a small stack of folders next to him.

JANINE (45), an officious sort walks up to Ellison.

JANINE

Ten more minutes, James, then I'm going home.

ELLISON

I'll be done in five. I really appreciate this.

JANINE

Don't mention it. Seriously. Don't.

Ellison gives a small smile. Janine exits and Ellison turns back to the records.

He starts scribbling on a notepad.

OVER THE SHOULDER

Ellison wrote/writes "2004 - Liaison, Homeland Security & [redacted] Units."

"Travel locs include: Edwards. Palmdale. Sunnyvale. Berkeley. Cal Tech."

"Reassigned Feb 2008"

"TS/SAP - still valid???"

BACK TO SCENE

ZOOM BACK as Ellison returns to the screen and types in a search and reads intently.

INT. SKYNET TENT - AFTERNOON

Brandi is on the headset, her belt device is open.

BRANDI

But we have them. In two hours the rebels will be...

(beat)

I apologize, but I disagree. We have air supremacy. We might lose one or two more, but they will...

(MORE)

BRANDI (cont'd)
(beat)
I don't disagree with that. I...
(beat)
Understood. I'll do as you say.

Brandi closes the device and then SCREAMS the scream of the truly frustrated...and would curse the curses of the truly frustrated if the show were on cable.

A table monitor suffers the wrath of Brandi's endo arm.

BRANDI (cont'd)
(headset)
Blossom, Bubbles, and Buttercup,
there has been...
(mouths quick curses)
...a change in plans. Standby.

Brandi releases her pent-up anger. Not destroying any electronics, but a table will never again be useful.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - AFTERNOON

The Hawks begin taking positions to exterminate the resistance.

Fighters with the strong plasma rifles and the soldiers with 50mm gun prepare to launch a defense.

John notices something's amiss.

JOHN
What are they waiting for?

ALLISON
When it comes down to--

JOHN
I'll be damned.

ANGLE ON HAWKS

All of the functioning aerial HKs quickly gain altitude and join into formation as they all head north at high speed.

BACK TO SCENE

John and Allison do a take just before ALL HELL IS UNLEASHED by the HKs and endos.

EVERYONE takes cover.

JOHN (cont'd)
Holy...

ALLISON
I think they just got new orders.

KYLE (COMM)
Pepper, Eagle... You OK?

ALLISON
(headset)
Eagle, Pepper... We're under intense
fire. Any suggestions?

KYLE (COMM)
Pepper, Eagle... there's a comm
tower just poking up next to that
main tent.

Allison pokes her head up as much as she dares, but even if
she could lift it higher the 3 m tower would still be out of
view.

ALLISON
Eagle, Pepper... I can't see it from
here.

KYLE (COMM)
Ocean-side, north corner. You still
got clay?

Allison checks her pack, but nothing.

ALLISON
John?

John immediately shakes his head; he then scurries behind
cover to find anyone, alive or dead, who has some.

ALLISON (cont'd)
Eagle, Pepper... standby on that.
How's your cupboard?

KYLE (COMM)
Dog's getting hungry.

ALLISON
Yeah. Here, too.

John returns with a brick of explosive and a mechanical
timer detonator.

JOHN
All I could find.

ALLISON
Eagle, Pepper... found a can of dog
food. We'll try to serve it up.

KYLE (COMM)
Good luck, Pepper.

JOHN
I'll go.

ALLISON
What? No, you can't.

JOHN
You have better fighters, I'm out of
ammo, and I'm good with explosives.
North corner?

Allison pauses with her command decision for just a moment.

ALLISON
Don't get killed.

JOHN
Not today.

With that, John scurries off.

EXT. SKYNET TENT - AFTERNOON

The sun is getting closer to the ocean as John reaches the communications relay on the ocean-side of the tent. It's currently unguarded.

John installs the timer, sets it for 30-seconds, and then affixes the explosive where the tower emerges from an electronics box. John starts the timer and wastes no time in exiting.

THE EXPLOSIVE

The time winds down as Brandi's mechanical hand removes the timer.

BACK TO SCENE

Brandi looks at it with a smirk.

THE TIMER reaches zero, and a healthy spark flashes from the end of the timer.

Brandi crushes the timer in her hand.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - AFTERNOON

John's rush back to his squad is put on pause as he takes cover in preparation for the blast.

Which doesn't come.

Realizing something is wrong, John raises his head just a little just as a ricochet explodes a nearby rock, giving John a short cut on his right cheek that will be just deep enough to become his first obvious scar.

As he's gathering himself to go back, he's surprised as the crushed detonator lands within arm's reach.

John looks up, cautiously this time, and sees Brandi standing next to the tent, smugly staring straight at John.

EXT. SKYNET TERRITORY - NIGHT

HKs and a couple of endos search around this area that is near Century Workcamp. The land is pretty clear.

An HK lifts up by the ankle a DEAD SOLDIER. After a quick scan, it puts the Soldier back on the ground softly.

Deep in the recess of a collapsed street, Sykes's eyes, and the eyes of other Soldiers are alive with fear. Their BREATHS can be heard. It's going to be a long night.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT (2010) - NIGHT

The armory has grown considerably since Sarah started inhabiting Zeira. This makes the underground armory in T2 look like a small collection of knickknacks.

Sarah watches as the SUV's engine turns off. Alex gets out the driver's side and walks over to the passenger side. She opens the door.

Rocks sits inside, blindfolded. Alex takes off the blindfold and motions with her head that he should get out.

Rocks is gob-smacked by the fire-power.

SARAH

Rocks, isn't it?

Still awed.

ROCKS

Who the hell are you?

Alex puts a memory card in a Kindle-like device and hands it to Sarah.

The images are graphic. With each set, a VERY dead gang leader (one of whom is Damian) and their guards in message-sending bloody scenes--not beyond what a terminator or two could do.

SARAH
Kaliba?

Alex nods.

SARAH (cont'd)
(to Rocks)
Why are you here?

ROCKS
An exchange.

SARAH
An exchange?

ROCKS
We'll help you get the information
you need, just like you asked.

SARAH
OK. What's it going to cost me?

ROCKS
Protection.

Sarah can't quite believe that. She glances at Alex who subtly indicates that is indeed the surprising request.

ROCKS (cont'd)
Damian was surprised, but Kimo was
ready with his whole crew. It didn't
matter.

Rocks, though not overtly afraid is clearly stressed.

SARAH
I'll do what I can. The more
information you can find, the better
I can do that.

ROCKS
(nods)
Okay.

SARAH
For now, go underground. You don't
exist. Alex will give you contact
instructions in the next day or two.

Alex goes back to Rocks, raises the blindfold. Rocks nods thanks at Sarah.

INT. MRS WORTHINGTON'S TENT - DAY

Perry sits alone in the tent at the table, doing some planning with maps.

Bedell steps inside.

BEDELL

Excuse me, General. I was wondering if I could talk to you in private?

PERRY

Of course, Martin. Come in. You going back with Reese?

BEDELL

No, I thought I'd go up with Little Deer, see if maybe I can see something she doesn't. Then I'll probably head back to Cali.

PERRY

What's on your mind?

BEDELL

John Connor.

PERRY

Who?

BEDELL

I'm not sure how much I can tell you, Sir. You should meet him.

PERRY

At Reese's command?

BEDELL

Yes Sir. Do you remember me telling about how the new model revealed itself?

PERRY

Yeah.

BEDELL

Connor was ID'd in the field by name. The instant that happened, the tin-can targeted him. And I can say that it isn't the first time I've seen it.

PERRY

Bedell, I--

BEDELL

Sir, I'm sorry. I want to tell you more. This much I know. Connor is important. He's so important that Skynet has an override in all its metal to terminate him.

PERRY

Connor, huh?

BEDELL

Yes Sir. John Connor.

(beat)

I would follow him into battle without blinking an eye.

PERRY

When I'm down that way, I'll make a point of meeting him.

BEDELL

Thank you, Sir. That's all I ask.

Bedell fires off a very crisp military salute, which Perry returns.

Bedell exits. Perry shakes his head...

PERRY

John Connor.

...and turns his attention back to his maps.

INT. ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Mikkola stands before a nondescript, heavy, automatic door.

TERMINATOR VISION

T-888 styled vision. Mikkola is thoroughly scanned. The result being "Wachiru Mikkola - Confirmed".

BACK TO SCENE

The door slides into the wall.

INT. SKYNET LAB - NIGHT

Mikkola walks inside what is, essentially, SKYNET. The door automatically closes behind him.

This looks a lot like the Cyberdyne lab in T2, just with more up-to-date tech. They even have a partially-restored terminator chip prototype recovered from when Sarah attacked Dyson at his home.

There are five LAB TECHS, three of whom are Japanese, and three AIR FORCE OFFICERS working alongside them.

Mikkola goes to a private room with tinted glass.

INT. SKYNET - CONTINUOUS

This dark room features a holographic head (not photo-realistic) like something out of the Wizard of Oz. There is also a small console with a light shining on an interfaced T-888 CPU that's shielded with polycarbonate.

SKYNET

I have been monitoring the events in your area. It seems your message has resulted in drastically reduced gang activity.

MIKKOLA

A happy side-effect. We'll find the others soon and give the same message to them.

SKYNET

Good. Sit.

Mikkola sits.

SKYNET (cont'd)

What was the result of your meeting with Governor Wyman?

MIKKOLA

I believe the governor will prevent any new legislation from being passed. He has enough political friends to uphold any veto.

SKYNET

That is disappointing.

MIKKOLA

We may have to wait until the next election.

SKYNET

No. We have an option.

MIKKOLA

We do?

SKYNET

Starting in January 2011, we will have a new governor in office. One friendlier to our agenda.

MIKKOLA

Will we?

SKYNET

You appointment calendar indicates
you had a meeting.

As we pull back, out the door, into the lab....

MIKKOLA

Yes, a woman came to see me with
a...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Rocks looks at two BOYS and two GIRLS asleep on the couches.

SARAH (V.O.)

The goal of every parent is to keep
their children safe, to prepare them
for the world.

Rocks tucks in the youngest of the girls.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

John, Allison, and others hunkered down as plasma blasts hit
around them.

SARAH (V.O.)

I couldn't keep my son safe. His
fate was sealed when he sent his own
father back in time.

Kyle and his squad have to duck, too.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT (2010) - NIGHT

Sarah inspecting and inventorying some of the weapons cache.

SARAH (V.O.)

All I could do is prepare him for
the battles he'd have to fight.

There are a lot of weapons and ammo.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SUB-BASEMENT (FUTURE) - NIGHT

A family huddles together. We pull back...

SARAH (V.O.)
 Because by preparing him for that,
 the children yet to be born might
 own the safety he never knew.

...to see that it's a lot of families together, packed and
 ready to skedaddle.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT SIX

THE END