

TERMINATOR 2: 3-D BATTLE ACROSS TIME

by

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EXTERIOR/ENTRANCE

As we stroll down the elegant Hollywood Boulevard at Universal Studios Florida, one particular facade catches our eye. It's a 1940s HOLLYWOOD OFFICE BUILDING that might have been commissioned by Howard Hughes in his prime. The SIGN over the ENTRANCE reads:

Cyberdyne Systems

The graphic style is hi-tech modern, indicating that Cyberdyne must be a new tenant. But even more compelling is the SIGN that "morphs" out of the concrete in front of the building. Rising on a pylon, the sign lets us know what we're really here to see:

T2/3D

We walk through the doors into the dark, chilly lobby.

INTERIOR QUEUE: CYBERDYNE LOBBY

Once inside the building, it's as though we've stepped into another world. All traces of the gracious 1940s design have been obliterated by the current tenant.

The CYBERDYNE LOBBY is an ultramodern statement in polished gray concrete, with a rustic terrazzo floor. The Cyberdyne Systems LOGO hangs on the back wall. A smaller SIGN inside the lobby reads:

CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS

Special Projects Division - Authorized Personnel Only

TODAY'S SCHEDULE:

Demonstration of New Technologies
Invited Guests Only

We enter the QUEUE AREA, a cheerless world of polished gray concrete and brushed stainless steel accents. A number of smoked plastic DOMES hang from the ceiling, presumably concealing surveillance cameras.

VIDEO MONITORS suspended from the ceiling carry an endless cycle of information programs. These depict the history of Cyberdyne, the history of Cyberdyne's robotic development program, and so forth. The videos are both serious and humorous.

Beyond the lobby, we find the entrance to another room. A sign over the entry reads "Miles Bennet Dyson Memorial Auditorium."

Presently a cheery P.R. DRONE VOICE addresses us.

P.R. DRONE VOICE

Ladies and Gentlemen; Senators,
Congressmen; invited guests.
Welcome to Cyberdyne Systems,
America's leading supplier of
future technology for consumer
products and defense.

You are about to enter our
Demonstration Center for a
classified preview of our most
incredible new technologies.
Please remember that all information
presented today is strictly
confidential.

Finally, Cyberdyne Systems cannot be
responsible for personal injuries
sustained due to radiation exposure
or high energy tachyon fields.
Thank you, and enjoy the
presentation.

As we leave the indoor queue, we pass an unattended kiosk which contains custom-designed SAFETY VISORS -- our 3-D GLASSES. We pick up a pair as we walk into the Pre-Show.

PRE-SHOW: VIDEO WALL PROLOGUE

Entering the PRE-SHOW AREA gives us a strange sense of compression. Claustrophobia, even. It's a narrow, rectangular chamber with an angular ceiling. High-tech, ultramodern wall finishes and carpeted floors give us the sense of entering the inner sanctum of a powerful corporation. Four large VIDEO WALLS bear down on us, embedded in the sloping ceiling. A cantilevered platform at the far end of the room features a speaker's podium; it hangs in front of the farthest Video Wall.

As we enter, carrying our 3-D Glasses, the CYBERDYNE LOGO

floats across the Video Walls.

We hear the glossy P.R. VOICE again as we file into the room.

P.R. DRONE VOICE (V.O.)

Welcome to the Cyberdyne
Demonstration Center. Please do not
put on your Safety Visors at this
time. Improper use of these glasses
can result in disorientation,
dizziness, or minor chromosome
damage. Thank you.

The ROOM LIGHTS FADE TO HALF, as the VIDEO WALL springs to life with a CYBERDYNE PROMOTIONAL VIDEO that spreads across the screens. It's a slick, polished presentation with lots of fancy video effects, trendy cinematography, punchy MTV editing.

The ACTORS are a Politically Correct ethnic balance, and all look happy. Wealthy. Perfect. Our NARRATOR VOICE is warm and fatherly: Hal Holbrook, John Mahoney, Dennis Weaver. It's a parody of those AT&T "You Will" ads, but with a slightly sinister Cyberdyne overtone.

And it goes like this:

SHOW START

FADE IN

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

A graceful BUTTERFLY flutters across a golden field of daffodils. It lands on a flower in the foreground.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Imagine a world... where butterflies
run on batteries.

TIGHT on the butterfly: we see it's actually a tiny FLYING MACHINE of plastic and chrome. Miniature hydraulic cylinders power its delicate wings.

INT. SCHOOLROOM MONTAGE - DAY

Scrubbed, happy kids listen eagerly to the day's lesson.

NARRATOR

Where children in Chicago...
Detroit... Los Angeles... and
Seattle...

In each schoolroom, the eager STUDENTS gaze at hi-tech flatscreen MONITORS built into their desks. A single teacher appears on all the monitors.

NARRATOR

... all learn exactly the same
lesson. From exactly the same
teacher. At exactly the same time.
Every day.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A LITTLE OLD LADY sits in a rocking chair, deftly manipulating the world's most complicated REMOTE CONTROL. A huge VIDEO WALL dominates her living room, the screen divided into sixty different individual images.

NARRATOR

Where a Grandmother can choose from
five thousand television channels.
And if she can't, her television
chooses for her.

All sixty screens cut to "Murder, She Wrote" -- or other innocuous MCA show. The Lady smiles.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

A high-tech surgical procedure is in progress. Robot-guided LASERS move across the patient, making ultra-precise incisions. A VIDEO CAMERA looks down at the procedure, next to a VIDEO MONITOR displaying a SURGEON'S face.

NARRATOR

Where a neurosurgeon can remove a
brain tumor...

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - SUNSET

The other end of the video link: the same SURGEON sits on a rustic porch overlooking a sunset-drenched beach. A laptop computer sits on the arm of his chaise-lounge.

The contented looking Surgeon deftly manipulates a pair of ROBOTIC REMOTE CONTROL HANDLES that are connected to the computer, while watching the results of his surgery on the little monitor.

NARRATOR

... without missing the sunset.

The surgeon reaches over and sips a Pina Colada.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A smiling MOMMY looks into a picture phone, whispering a lullaby to her Daughter. She grasps a ROBOTIC REMOTE CONTROL HANDLE just like the one the surgeon used.

NARRATOR

Or a mother can tuck her babies in
at night...

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

The other end of the video link: angle on the sleepy DAUGHTER as Mommy's video face coos gently from the picture phone. Responding to the mother's commands, a shiny MECHANICAL CLAW grasps the little girl's blanket and pulls it up to her chin.

NARRATOR

... from halfway around the planet.

POW! SMASH CUT to extreme CU, moving across a fantastic COMPUTER CHIP.

NARRATOR

It's happening.

POW. Closer on the chip.

NARRATOR

Today.

POW. Closer.

NARRATOR

At Cyberdyne Systems.

POW!! SMASH CUT to the CYBERDYNE LOGO. Then...

FADE TO BLACK.

In the darkness, we hear driving INDUSTRIAL MUSIC. Then, screen by screen, the Video Wall comes back to life with images of HI-TECH MANUFACTURING.

NARRATOR

That's right. Cyberdyne. We're back, bigger and better than ever. And we're ready to lead the world down the Information Superhighway. Our goal: complete global communications leadership.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

We see HAPPY PEOPLE using Cyberdyne's high-tech products in a variety of glossy settings. Those ROBOTIC ARMS are showing up again. Painting cars, weaving baskets, assembling detonators.

NARRATOR

We've pioneered new breakthroughs in Artificial Intelligence... Neural Network Processors... plus advanced Robotic systems for Medicine, Consumer Products... and Defense.

TOMAHAWK MISSILES streak through the skies, creating brilliant traces of light.

The visuals come faster now. More military images mix with the industrial/commercial visuals. Music begins to build, accelerating urgently.

NARRATOR

But our greatest challenge lies ahead.

And now we see technicians laboring over something dark, omniscient. A NASA SPACE SHUTTLE orbits the earth, releasing a satellite.

NARRATOR

Or rather... above. Six hundred miles above, in geosynchronous earth orbit. Today, these Cyberdyne satellites protect us from enemy attack. But soon, they'll go even farther.

SATELLITES in space. Department of Defense Strategic Defense Initiative satellite footage.

NARRATOR

Imagine every computer on earth... Every television... every telephone... and eventually, every living person... united. In the ultimate global network.

You've heard of the information highway? Welcome to the information skyway.

Images of PEOPLE and COMPUTER NETWORKS. People carry nifty-looking personal communications devices.
CAPTION: "Pending FCC Approval"

NARRATOR

Imagine the ease... the speed... the fun! You'll be able to reach any person, anywhere on earth, any time you choose.

A CONSUMER consults her Newton-style personal communications device. It flashes a series of messages: "Judy: call Mom"... "Come to Ed Blumberg's Auto Mall! Check out our new minivans! Click here"... "Past Due: \$62.94 to Skynet Communications, Inc. -- Click to authorize funds transfer."

The images come faster. MUSIC is pounding.

NARRATOR

This is the future of communication. The future of National Defense. The

future of a new global society.

Ladies and Gentlemen...

This is SKYNET.

The SKYNET LOGO forms on screen.

Suddenly the video image twitches, then explodes into STATIC. A computer-generated STATUS LINE appears in the upper left corner of the screen.

It says: SIGNAL INTERRUPT.

UNAUTHORIZED TRANSMISSION.

AUTO-OVERRIDE: FAIL.

AN ANGRY VOICE

NO!!!

An instant later the static scatters, revealing a shaky Closed Circuit VIDEO IMAGE.

INT. A DARK PLACE

Two PEOPLE are standing in a small dark room: one of them reaches toward us, adjusting a unseen VIDEO CAMERA. The other twiddles the controls on a small electronic box.

But these people don't look like the well-groomed Cyberdyne employees we've seen so far. They wear battle fatigues and carry a small arsenal of weapons and electronic gear.

We're looking at two fugitives from history.

SARAH CONNOR. And her son JOHN.

John has grown since we saw him last. Now about sixteen years old, tall and whipcord lean, he's kept in shape by constant exercise, travel and vigilance. He's tougher than before, hardened by loss. But still a boy, really. Prone to outbursts of youthful enthusiasm.

Sarah, though, looks much the same. Years of combat training have kept her in top physical condition. Hair pulled back in a tough ponytail, eyes hidden by dark glasses. She's not quite as wired as she was in 1991, but she's still not someone you'd want to piss off.

And right now, she's pretty pissed off.

SARAH

How dare you?! How dare you?!
These stupid cutesy-pie corporate
videos make me sick! Skynet isn't
our defender. It's our downfall!
Everyone of you death mongering
Cyberdyne bloodsuckers should be
barbecued in your own--

JOHN

Mom... MOM! The mission, remember?
(to us)
She's a little tense.

Sarah takes a second to calm down. John steps forward and addresses the camera.

JOHN

Um, okay. Attention, everybody.
This is a warning. To all civilians
inside this building. Cyberdyne
Systems is a menace. The Skynet
project threatens the future of
humanity. We're going to stop it.
You've got five minutes to get out.

And now, in the Pre-Show Theater, Cyberdyne starts to react to Sarah's uninvited broadcast. As Sarah's narration continues, we hear a quiet BEEPING, and a little LIGHT begins to flash from an OPERATIONS PANEL on the raised Dais.

A DOOR opens behind the Dais, and we see a SILHOUETTE moving in the dark. A CYBERDYNE EMPLOYEE walks up to the Dais. She stands in front of the Video Wall, a dark silhouette against the giant flickering images.

This is KIMBERLEY DUNCAN, a Cyberdyne "marketeer" who we'll meet in a minute. She watches the pirate broadcast for a moment. Though she tries not to show it, we can tell that she's upset by the transmission.

Kimberley picks up a TELEPHONE HANDSET hanging from the Ops Panel. She WHISPERS into the phone, trying to keep us from hearing.

KIMBERLEY

Security? It's them.

(hissing)

The CONNORS, you idiot! They're crashing our show. Yes, there's an audience here.

(angry)

I don't care. Shut them down. Now.

Kimberley slams down the phone. Meanwhile, back on the Video Screens, The Connor's PIRATE TRANSMISSION continues:

Sarah removes her sunglasses and stares at us.

SARAH

(to us)

Now listen very carefully.

John punches a tape player. The words "INITIATE PROGRAM" flash for an instant on the screen. STATIC.

Then: a nightmare vision of the future.

VISION - MONTAGE

We're watching a FLASHBACK SEQUENCE of scenes from the movie "Terminator 2: Judgment Day". In contrast to the chic, soft look of the Cyberdyne video, these images are sharp, bold, flooded with brilliant oranges and blues.

A DESOLATE LANDSCAPE: the ruins of Los Angeles. CAMERA comes to rest on a skull half-buried in the rubble. HOLD ON THIS IMAGE as:

A METAL FOOT crushes the skull like china.

TILT UP, revealing a humanoid machine holding a massive battle rifle. It looks like a CHROME SKELETON... a high-tech Death figure. It is the endoskeleton of a Series 800 terminator.

And now, for the first time, we hear the TERMINATOR THEME MUSIC. Dark. Urgent. Militant.

Cut to assorted shots of the FUTURE WAR as Sarah speaks:

SARAH

The Skynet project is doomed. One month after its completion, the Skynet computer will turn against its human creators, and launch an all-out war against mankind. The conflict will last over thirty years, with the fate of the human race at stake.

SARAH appears in an INSET FRAME, addressing the camera.

SARAH

How do I know this is going to happen in the future?
(solemn)

Trust me.

Angry streaks of lightning flicker across the screen, and a black TIME SPHERE appears in a parking lot. The sphere vanishes, revealing a crouching, naked man.

SARAH

Skynet sent mechanical assassins back in time, to destroy anyone who might oppose it.

The T-1000 walks into view, framed by dancing flames.

SARAH

These "Terminators" threatened my life... and the life of my son.

WHAM! CUT TO a lightning-fast collection of ACTION CLIPS from the movie. The T-1000 pursues YOUNG JOHN.

The T-1000 STALKS JOHN through a mall, breaking into a run.

The T-1000 PURSUES JOHN down a riverbed. Three-ton tow truck versus eighty-pound minibike.

The T-1000 FIRES HIS PISTOL at John with alarming speed.

SARAH

But resistance sent a lone warrior.
A protector for John.

HEROIC SHOT of the TERMINATOR.

SARAH (V.O.)
Another terminator, programmed to
defend human life.

TERMINATOR AIMS HIS SHOTGUN directly at John.

TERMINATOR
Get down.

John ducks; Terminator opens fire on the T-1000, shielding
John with his back.

SARAH (V.O.)
And despite certain...
reservations... that I had about
this particular model, he defended
us to the very end. Sacrificed his
own existence to save the future.

TERMINATOR lowers himself into the molten steel pit.

SARAH (V.O.)
And then John and I were alone
again.

SARAH AND JOHN EMBRACE in their final shot from
"Terminator 2," gazing down into the molten steel.

TERMINATOR THEME MUSIC ENDS.

POP! We're back with JOHN AND SARAH in the present day,
transmitting from their secret location. John monitors
the jamming equipment, increasingly jumpy.

SARAH (ONSCREEN)
I thought we'd prevented Judgment
Day. But now... it's all starting
again.

JOHN
Mom, we gotta go. Like now.

SARAH
Skynet must never be completed.

STATIC starts to obscure the image.

Sarah is a giant now, her blazing eyes filling the Video Screens.

SARAH

Get out of the building. You've
been warned. You have five minutes
before we--

VIDEO STATIC overwhelms the image. Computer data scrolls across the screen: UNAUTHORIZED TRANSMISSION: MANUAL OVERRIDE. COLOR BARS fill the screen; the words PLEASE STAND BY are superimposed.
Then--

An instant of STATIC, and we're back to:

CYBERDYNE PROMO VIDEO

-- which, oblivious to the Connor's interruption, is now building up to its stirring conclusion. FLAGS wave against flashing laser graphics; CHILDREN laugh across digital chat networks; SOLDIERS march and smile from hi-tech tanks; a pair of GRANDPARENTS kiss via two-way television. It's big and soppy and sentimental, with a slight military edge.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

-- making the future safer and
friendlier for everyone.

One of the images that flickers by: Cyberdyne Scientists, wearing Safety Visors like ours, labor over a silhouetted CHROME SKELETON.

NARRATOR

And you'll witness perhaps
Cyberdyne's greatest breakthrough.
An incredible new technology that
will change your world today... and
tomorrow.

Meanwhile, KIMBERLEY DUNCAN re-enters and watches the screens. She picks up the phone, dials as she watches the Cyberdyne Video finale.

KIMBERLEY

Right. That took care of it.

(impatient)
I don't know how they did it.
That's supposed to be your job.
(a beat)
Do what you have to. Double the
security on the doors. Just keep
them out.

She bangs down the phone and waits in the dark for the
video to end.

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - DAY

An idyllic playground overlooking Los Angeles. CHILDREN
and MOTHERS play on the swings, the slide, the roundabout.

The MECHANICAL BUTTERFLY lands on a swingset, next to a
beautiful LITTLE GIRL. Its wings move slowly back and
forth. We PUSH IN on the creation, into EXTREME CLOSE-UP.
A tiny red LED LIGHT glows in the center of each wing.

NARRATOR

The future.
It's happening.
Today.
At Cyberdyne Systems.

And as we FADE OUT, the butterfly's outline seems for a
moment to resemble the red-eyed chrome skull of a
TERMINATOR ENDOSKELETON.

We FADE TO BLACK. A moment later, the Cyberdyne Logo
FADES IN, white letters against black:

CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS
We are the future

After a moment of silence, we...

FADE OUT

A moment of darkness. Then...

A SPOTLIGHT RISES, illuminating the person standing on the
Dais. The KIMBERLEY DUNCAN who greets us now acts
completely different from the shadowy, angry person we
heard a moment ago.

KIMBERLEY

Well, Hi, everybody! It sure is nice to see so many friendly faces here today!

(a fresh start)

Welcome, Ladies and Gentlemen, to Cyberdyne Systems. My name is Kimberley Duncan, Cyberdyne's Director of Community Relations and Media Control. Today you're going to see a classified presentation of our latest, most exciting technology.

I'll tell you this much now: you'll need the Safety Visors we distributed when you entered. Does anybody need a pair of glasses? Please ask our attendants as you enter the Demonstration Center.

Everybody ready? Okay, then. Follow me!

The AUTOMATIC DOORS swing open. Kimberley steps down from the Dais and leads us into the MAIN SHOW THEATER.

MAIN SHOW

ACT I

Cyberdyne Demonstration

We enter the CYBERDYNE PRESENTATION CENTER through MULTIPLE DOORS at the back of the theater.

The spacious auditorium features wide, carpeted aisles and comfortable seats. A broad STAGE spans the room, its various platformed levels reaching down to the audience floor and up to a large CURTAIN.

The WALK-IN MUSIC continues the hip, you're-going-to-love-this flavor established in the Pre-Show Video.

A SPEAKER'S PODIUM/CONTROL CONSOLE stands stage right, bearing the Cyberdyne logo. The Control Console wraps

around behind the Podium, forming a little space where a person can stand and either address the audience, or turn upstage to operate an array of high-tech CONTROL PANELS and DIGITAL DISPLAYS. A vertical VIDEO PROJECTION SCREEN lies embedded in a structural column, stage right of the Podium.

The same droning VOICE from the Pre-Show chimes in.

P.R. DRONE (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen: welcome to the Cyberdyne Visitor Center. Our special presentation of classified technology will continue in just a moment. Please do not put on your Safety Visors at this time. Wait until instructed by your Cyberdyne Host or Hostess.

KIMBERLEY DUNCAN, the Cyberdyne Spokesperson, leads us into the theater. She hops up onto the stage and directs us.

KIMBERLEY

Please step in quickly, ladies and gentlemen. Find a row and move all the way to the end, making room for everyone. Because this auditorium was precision designed by Cyberdyne engineers, rest assured that every seat will give you an excellent view of our presentation.

Kimberley busies herself at the Control Console, pressing a sequence of buttons.

KIMBERLEY

And now, if everybody is settled, let's continue with our presentation.

Kimberley presses a button, and the HOUSE LIGHTS FADE TO HALF. A SPOTLIGHT FADES UP on her. Behind Kimberley, the CURTAIN OPENS, revealing a HI-TECH WALL emblazoned with a large CHROME CYBERDYNE LOGO. The Video Projection Screen carries a LIVE IMAGE OF KIMBERLEY as she speaks from the podium.

KIMBERLEY

Ladies and gentlemen: Armed combat has entered the age of the thinking machine. And today, it gives us great pleasure to introduce the ultimate thinking machine...

We hear the faint WHIRRING of servos all around us. Then, with a startling PCHSSSSSH, SIX large PNEUMATIC HATCHES open around the room. LIQUID NITROGEN FOG spills out of the hatches.

KIMBERLEY

... The mechanical soldier.

And as INTENSE MUSIC BUILDS, a group of cold metal objects start to rise from the six open hatches around us. FOG LIGHTS shine up through dark METAL GRATINGS below, casting eerie shadows up the theater walls.

KIMBERLEY

Cyberdyne Systems is proud to present... the future of modern defense.

These things are creepy. At first we might mistake them for missiles rising out of their silos; but then we realize that these are gleaming CHROME ROBOTS.

KIMBERLEY

The Cyberdyne Series 70 Automated Fighting Infantry units. Or, as we call them...

KA-CHUNK! The robots finish their upward travel and lock into place. Their EYES LIGHT UP with a blood-red glow.

KIMBERLEY

... The Terminators.

And that's what they are.

They're the deadly endoskeletons from the movies. Those same skull faces and chrome bodies, but a little larger -- these models are nearly eight feet tall.

The machines are "alert" now, scanning the audience as if looking for trouble. They carry huge ATTACK RIFLES.

The Video Projection Screen switches to images of the T-70s around the room.

A SPOTLIGHT RISES on Kimberley. Her cheery spiel contrasts with the endoskeletons lethal appearance.

KIMBERLEY

Ladies and gentlemen, you are looking at the most advanced fighting machines in the world today. And now... let's see just what they can do.

Please put on your Safety Visors -- the special glasses you received outside.

She puts on a pair of VISORS just like ours. HOUSE LIGHTS DOWN.

KIMBERLEY

Observe.

Kimberley pushes another button on the console. SIX HANGING TARGETS descend from the ceiling and hang over the audience. They're hi-tech versions of standard police targets, showing stylized outlines of a human profile.

COMPUTER VOICE

Automatic Targeting Systems active.

The T-70s suddenly SNAP TO ATTENTION like hunting dogs on the trail. Each Terminator picks out a target and watches it descend into position.

COMPUTER VOICE

Laser Designators active.

From each T-70s rifle a bright red LASER BEAM appears. They crisscross the theater in sweeping arcs until they LOCK ONTO their designated targets.

COMPUTER VOICE

Prepare to fire.
Lock and load.
Commence firing.

And the room fills with thunder.

The T-70s OPEN FIRE on the targets. The guns BLAZE with Automatic Fire, rattling off six hundred rounds a minute. Their shooting is laser perfect at first: the guns punch precise clusters through the heart and head bullseyes. Kimberley calmly puts her fingers in her ears, watching the demonstration with a placid smile.

Then, as the sequence progresses, the robots aim deviates more and more. They start to hit the target's arms, legs, groins. SCRAPS OF PAPER flutter down from the targets. Bullets tear up the Target Frames, sending SPARKS flying and causing pieces of the frames to BREAK LOOSE and dangle from the Targets.

The GUNFIRE STOPS as suddenly as it began. The T-70s return to attention.

Silence. It's been only ten or fifteen seconds, but it felt like the Normandy invasion. The room is filled with smoke and ruined targets and little drifting bits of charred paper.

Kimberley jumps right in with a winning corporate smile.

KIMBERLEY

The Cyberdyne Series 70, ladies and gentlemen!

HOUSE LIGHTS UP TO HALF.

KIMBERLEY

But raw firepower is just the beginning. Within five years, these incredible fighting machines will completely replace U.S. combat troops in all--

THPOW! PTOOM! A pair of EXPLOSIONS shake the air overhead. The CEILING VENTILATION DUCTS BURST OPEN at two different places with a FLASH OF LIGHT and a CLOUD OF SMOKE.

RAPPELLING CABLES drop from the ducts into the theater. Then, zipping down the lines from above, we see a pair of LIVE ACTORS: JOHN and SARAH CONNOR. They're heavily armed and ready for action.

JOHN

Mom! They've already started!

SARAH

Move!

The Security System goes nuts. ALARMS and SIRENS SOUND all around the theater, as the VIDEO SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM tries to get a fix on the two intruders. The Video Projection Screen cuts away from Kimberley, to show the two intruders.

Kimberley suddenly springs into action. She completely drops her civilized facade, and becomes a snarling, take-no-prisoners Cyberdyne mercenary. She grabs for the security phone on the Control Console.

KIMBERLEY

(into phone)

Get me security -- NOW! I've got the Connors in the theater!

SARAH

John! The alarms!

JOHN

On it!

They pause in mid-descent and OPEN FIRE, expertly blasting the Alarms. John blasts the alarm on the side column; Sarah destroys the phone Kimberley's holding. They finish their zip-slides and land in the theater. They unclip their harnesses and run toward the stage. On the Video Projection Screen, we can see their faces more clearly.

SARAH

(to Kimberley,
indicating the
T-70s)

Shut those things down!

KIMBERLEY

No way, Connor. This is a High-security--

PKOW! Sarah FIRES A SHOT just over Kimberley's head; it HITS the CYBERDYNE LOGO on the wall behind her.

SARAH

RIGHT NOW!

KIMBERLEY

(caving in)

Okay -- d-don't shoot--

Kimberley fumbles with the controls, trying to comply. But as she does, we hear a weird LIQUID SUCKING sound behind her.

And the bullet holes in the Cyberdyne logo heals.

Where the bullets entered a moment earlier, it left a large chrome "crater." But now, the metal logo SHIFTS and RIPPLES like soft butter, smoothing over the hole until there's no trace of it left.

And then, as Sarah crosses to the console, the logo loses its shape and begins to PEEL OFF THE WALL.

JOHN

(noticing)

Oh, no. It can't be.

SARAH

Now let's get this thing--

As OMINOUS MUSIC BUILDS, the melting Logo DROPS to the ground, landing in a formless CHROME BLOB on the top step. It cast a "shadow" on the "wall" behind it.

JOHN

Mom! Look out!

Sarah turns and sees the bizarre chrome thing, which shifts and changes under its own power.

SARAH

John! Take cover!

The Connors dive off the stage, into the audience, and take refuge in the crowd.

Suddenly a portion of the chrome mass STRETCHES AWAY FROM THE STAGE, extending out into the theater. The liquid metal forms a mirrored FACE that reaches out toward us,

almost close enough to touch; we can see the AUDIENCE REFLECTED in its smooth chrome features.

Kimberley points a shaking finger at the chrome blob.

KIMBERLY

My god -- what is that?

But the Connors already know what it is: the deadly cybernetic organism sent by Skynet to destroy John and Sarah.

THE T-1000.

The robot assassin scans slowly back and forth, looking for John and Sarah.

T-1000

(an eerie, filtered
voice)

Sarah Connor... John Connor...

The metal face THRUSTS toward us one more time; but as it pushes forward, the chrome surface changes to SKIN TONES, a snake shedding digital skin. The T-1000's "human" face is almost fully formed now.

The head BACKS AWAY FROM US and retracts toward the wall as the remaining chrome mass transforms into the BLACK FABRIC of a policeman's uniform. The creature pulls itself into shape of a HUMAN FIGURE. And in one final transformation, the creature MORPHS into the T-1000's familiar MOTORCYCLE COP persona, complete with sunglasses and helmet.

The T-1000 crosses the stage, never taking its eyes off the audience where it knows John and Sarah are hiding. Kimberley sees it coming and panics.

KIMBERLEY

Wh-what are you doing? You can't
just hrgkh--

With a casual effort, the T-1000 grabs Kimberley by the throat and TOSSES HER BEHIND THE CONSOLE.

John and Sarah run up to the edge of the stage, desperately trying to take cover behind a piece of

equipment onstage.

The T-1000 turns to the Control Console and efficiently punches a few buttons.

COMPUTER VOICE (OVERHEAD)
Automatic Designators active.

The Hanging Targets ASCEND out of sight, as the T-70 ROBOTS come back to life. They SWING AROUND and their LASER TARGETING systems start to converge on John and Sarah.

COMPUTER VOICE
Laser Designators active.

The T-70 LASER SCOPES sweep red beams toward the Connors, who are completely exposed to the chrome robots. John notices the T-70s zeroing in on them.

JOHN
Uh, Mom. Mom, this isn't good.

Sarah turns around and sees the T-70s. They're trapped.

COMPUTER VOICE
Prepare to fire.
Lock and load.

They exchange looks. Sarah grabs John's hand. A last goodbye...

The quiet is shattered by a BOLT OF BLUE-WHITE LIGHTNING that rips across the stage. TZZZAKT! Another bolt appears, then another. They dance across the screen, clutching at the side columns and floor as though looking for a place to "land." The lightning bolts begin to CONVERGE at a single point, across the stage from the control console. HEAVY METAL THUNDER shakes the theater; and somewhere in the surreal background we hear the revving of an enormous MOTORCYCLE, getting louder. T-1000 stops before he hits the firing button, looking around, momentarily distracted.

Suddenly a JET-BLACK SPHERE opens up in the middle of the lightning bolts, appearing out of dead-ass nowhere. This is the TIME SPHERE effect from "T2,". Through this 'time vacuole' we see fleeting, static-shadowed images of

another world. And with a ROAR of light and thunder, a LEATHER-CLAD FIGURE ON A BLACK HARLEY-DAVIDSON EXPLODES OUT OF THE SPHERE!

The bike hurtles out of the void, flying through the air as though it had just arrived in mid-jump, and SOARS ACROSS THE STAGE in a blazing meteor-trail of WHITE LIGHTNING. The entire theater is LIT BY THE GLARE as the bike comes roaring through.

It lands on the stage floor, bouncing heavily on its suspension. Trailing CRACKLING ELECTRIC DISCHARGES. It disappears for a moment behind the Control Console and reappears an instant later. The bike screeches forward, accelerating toward downstage center. As it passes the console, the Harley SMASHES INTO the T-1000, sending the "cop" FLYING across the stage. The bike FISHTAILS slightly and SKIDS TO A HALT near the Connors.

The big machine THUNDERS MENACINGLY as its RIDER revs the engine. The figure on the machine is massive, dressed all in black riding leather, his severe face made more threatening by the familiar black glasses.

Enter TERMINATOR.

TERMINATOR

I said I'd be back.

The T-70s turn to follow Terminator, the LASER TARGETING BEAMS sweeping toward him. But Terminator doesn't waste a moment. He unslings a SAWED-OFF TEN-GAUGE LEVER ACTION WINCHESTER from the bike's saddle-bag and--

POOM! POOM! Pumps two rounds into the control console, which EXPLODES IN SPARKS. The T-70s go dead. They descend into their silos.

The T-1000 jumps back to his feet and begins to advance toward them. Terminator holds out a hand to John.

TERMINATOR

Come with me if you want to live.

Sarah is between John and the T-1000. She raises her weapon and FIRES. It jerks with the impacts, staggering but advancing. Dripping MERCURY CRATERS appear in its chest with each shot. Sarah shouts to John, who is

hesitating...

SARAH

Go with him! Go get Skynet!

John leaps onto the motorcycle behind Terminator. Sarah fires again. T-1000 staggers back, then advances.

SARAH

Get out of here! GO!!

Terminator GUNS THE THROTTLE on the Motorcycle. It POPS A WHEELIE, the back wheel SPINNING and SMOKING. The T-1000 is coming toward them.

JOHN

Hit it, lugnuts!

VRROOOOOOMMM!! The Motorcycle takes off, straight for the back wall. The TIME SPHERE, which has been flickering slowly from left to right, now hovers in the dead center of the stage. The Harley hits the bottom steps and LEAPS INTO THE AIR, and with a burst of CRACKLING ENERGY, the Motorcycle flies RIGHT INTO THE TIME SPHERE!

The world turns inside out. As the Terminator's motorcycle enters the Time Sphere, a BLINDING GLARE OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY flashes all around the bike and Sphere. A cloud of TACHYON PARTICLES swirls like tiny glowing cinders in the bike's wake. The TIME SPHERE EXPANDS, growing bigger and moving toward us. The mysterious world behind it rushes forward as well, so we're actually following the motorcycle. The crackling Sphere grows until it fills the entire 3-D FILM SCREEN.

At the same time, the Stage and Theater GO DARK, and all objects on the stage DESCEND INTO THE STAGE, leaving us looking at a PURE 3-D FILM.

ACT II

Future Run

The Terminator and John BLAST THROUGH the Time Sphere as Tachyon Particles fly out in 3-D at the audience, revealing the NUCLEAR NIGHTMARE WORLD of LOS ANGELES 2029. The city lies in ruins. Little fires dot the shattered

landscape. Strange CHROME AIRCRAFT fly through the darkened sky, rapid-firing PLASMA BLASTS. Grotesque HUNTER-KILLER TANKS tread the rubble landscape in the distance.

As the motorcycle HITS THE GROUND and screeches to a stop, the CAMERA rushes up to it, moving in TIGHT ON TERMINATOR as he leans the weight of the machine on one leg and turns to look back.

Off his look WE WHIP PAN 180 DEGREES, looking back the way we just came... revealing the TIME SPHERE, seen from the future side.

Beyond the outline of the window is the audience, still seated in the auditorium in 1996!

Before we have too much time to think about this out-of-body paradox, the T-1000 leaps through the window and runs right toward us.

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN, rushing toward the evil T-1000, giving him a sense of enormous speed. The T-1000 reaches out with his right hand -- we see that it's changed into a cruel METAL HOOK -- and then SWIPES at us with his left arm, which is now an EXTENDED METALLIC BLADE.

ANGLE ON TERMINATOR as he extends the 10-gauge with one hand and points RIGHT INTO CAMERA. BOOM!

HE FIRES RIGHT BETWEEN THE T-1000'S EYES.

The T-1000's head splits (saucehead effect) as he falls back and collapses to the ground. This moment of victory is interrupted by the thundering SOUND of an approaching FHK, even as PLASMA BLASTS begin exploding nearby.

Back to Terminator and John as a FLYING HUNTER KILLER swoops into view. Terminator revs up the bike and takes off just as a MASSIVE PLASMA BLAST punches a three-foot crater in the ground, right where the bike was seconds before.

We BURST THROUGH the smoke and fire of the explosion FOLLOWING the bike as Terminator swerves with machine precision, avoiding the barrage of purple blasts. John SHOUTS over the action.

JOHN

What the hell is going on?! Where
are we?!

TERMINATOR

Your future, John Connor. Unless we
stop them. Now.

JOHN

(realizing)

Oh man. You're heading for Skynet.

Before Terminator can respond, a MAJOR BIG-TIME PLASMA
BLAST EXPLODES directly in front of them.

KA-BLAMMM!

The bike hits the exploding rubble, launching them into
the air. IN SLOW MOTION Terminator grabs John and spins
in the air like a cat, coming down on his back on the
pavement--

K-WHAM!!

He skids on his back on the concrete, throwing a comet-
tail of sparks behind them. Before he has even come to
rest he is rolling to his feet, pulling John up next to
him.

Behind them, the FHK circles around and comes in for the
kill. Terminator grabs John and pulls him as they rush
for cover.

TERMINATOR

This way. Quick.

They rush to a large burned-out PARKING STRUCTURE, darting
under its protective cover. The massive FHK fires several
PLASMA BLASTS at them, but too late: its intended victims
are safely inside. The FHK can't get to them.

JOHN

That was close.

TERMINATOR

It's not over.

They move into the shadows as the FHK sweeps overhead
again, its moving searchlights seeking them out.

TIGHT ON THE FLYING HK as doors open in its belly,

releasing THREE CHROME DISKS as they come to life,
rocketing downwards towards the parking structure.

They are MINI-HUNTERS: single rotor anti-personnel drones
about a foot in diameter. Fast, short range death-
frisbees, they each carry a front-mounted automatic-weapon
about as powerful as an UZI.

They whine like evil bees as they swarm down into the
shadows, SPLITTING OFF IN THREE DIRECTIONS with keen
precision. We TRACK WITH ONE OF THEM as it zips through
the war torn landscape.

TRACKING WITH JOHN AND TERMINATOR as they sprint through
the ruins of the crumbling parking structure.

The MINI-HUNTERS ATTACK.
ANGLE FOLLOWING THE LEAD DISK as it closes on the running
targets.
Terminator pulls John in front of him, shielding him with
his body as--
The Mini-Hunters open fire and--
Terminator's leather jacket is ripped to shreds as rounds
riddle his back.

Sheltering John, he whips around with the 10-gauge, firing
one-handed RIGHT INTO CAMERA.

Mini-Hunter #1 is blown into shrapnel right in the
FOREGROUND.

Terminator pulls John behind a concrete column as--
The other Mini-Hunters fire and--
The concrete is riddled with hits, and--
Terminator and John dodge out of the garage structure and
through the ruins, and--
The two remaining Mini-Hunters fly aerobatics, swooping
around, through and under the jumbled ruins to stay in
pursuit.

THE LAST TWO MINI-HUNTERS whine around a mound of debris,
closing. MINI-HUNTER #2 FLIES IN, its guns targeting
Terminator. John sees it first and dives for cover.

JOHN

LOOK OUT!

Terminator swings around, brings up the shotgun, pulls the

trigger--

CLICK! Empty.

As the Mini-Hunter fires, stitching rounds into his chest, he flips the gun in his hand, holding it by the muzzle and--

Swings it like a bat.

CRACK! Grand slam! The Mini-Hunter SPINS AWAY, out of control, smoking and throwing off bits of shrapnel. Wailing plaintively and out of control, it corkscrews past the last functioning Mini-Hunter.

The remaining Mini-Hunter follows with its optical sensors as it goes by, "watching" it until we hear an off-screen explosion.

Then it turns back toward its target and revs up angrily for an attack.

FOLLOWING THE LAST MINI-HUNTER as it zips at blinding speed through the ruins, following John and Terminator as they run and dodge. It loses sight of them and banks, doubling back--

Zigzagging through columns, burnt-out doorframes, empty windows--

It catches a glimpse, homes in and--

Loses them again.

The whining disk hovers one way, then the other. Its sensors spin, searching. Huh?

Perplexed, it edges past a column and--

WHAM! A hand shoots out of the darkness and grabs it in a vice-like grip.

Terminator steps from behind the pillar, holding the angry drone. It wriggles savagely in his hand.

Its miniature guns rotate, trying to fire. Its little rotor screams shrilly as it struggles.

Terminator SMASHES IT AGAINST THE WALL.

TERMINATOR

Quit your whining.

It does.

A SKELETAL SILHOUETTE with glowing red eyes steps out of a charred doorway behind them.

A T-800 TERMINATOR ENDOSKELETON (ENDO) raising its plasma rifle toward them as it moves in. The T-800s are the first stage in the creation of the cyborg. Our reprogrammed hero, Terminator himself, started as one of these, before he was completed as a human-infiltration unit.

Terminator spins, hurling the dead Mini-Hunter like a discus, right into the chest of the T-800. The Mini-Hunter EXPLODES, blasting the Endo into cartwheeling chunks of metal.

Out of the fiery explosion, the dead Endo's metallic head comes flying out, DIRECTLY AT US, in horrific 3-D. John jumps backwards as the skull hurtles toward him-- The head hovers for a moment -- its eyes glowing red as it seems to stare at us -- then it EXPLODES right in our faces--

JOHN

Nice shootin', Tex. A friend of yours?

TERMINATOR

He was my roommate in college.

JOHN

Now what?

Terminator hands John a backpack as he picks up the heavy PLASMA RIFLE from the dead Endo.

TERMINATOR

Now we take on Skynet.

JOHN

I was afraid you were going to say that.

John follows Terminator to a blackened doorway, CAMERA FOLLOWING, REVEALING...

AN ENORMOUS BUNKER. Squat and brutal in its design, like a mesa of burnished metal, its sides angling up hundreds of feet to a flat top. It gives the impression of being only the tip of a vast structure under the earth, which it is.

JOHN
(awed)

Oh, man.

Set into the face of the implacable bunker are numerous sets of massive doors, some closed, some open to allow HUNTER KILLERS to come and go. The nearest doors yawn wide as a FLYING HUNTER KILLER emerges onto the killing plain. Beyond it, several doors down, a huge tracked-vehicle (TANK HUNTER KILLER) is entering the bunker.

John takes a peek inside the pack given to him by Terminator. Inside are metal cylinders the size of a thermos... a futuristic version of German "potato-masher" grenades.

JOHN
Satchel charges. Cool.

TERMINATOR
Let's bust a move.

They sprint towards the doors, right under the jetwash of the departing FHK. Ahead, the ENORMOUS DOORS are grinding closed. Let me tell you about these doors: they're big. BIG. Bigger than the Wizard of Oz's doors. Bigger than the door in "War Games". This is the Spruce Goose of doors.

John and Terminator run full-out toward the doors. They're not going to make it... Terminator's stride lengthens and he gets there first, in time to wedge himself between the enormous doors. Like Samson between the pillars of the temple, his hydraulic arms hold the doors apart.

There is a grumbling roar from the hidden mechanism as the doors strain to close.

Just as John makes it through, the powerful cyborg releases the doors, diving out of the way as they SLAM TOGETHER with a THUNDEROUS CLANGGGG!

PLUNGING US INTO ABSOLUTE BLACKNESS...

ACT III

Skynet Showdown

The gong-like echo of the doors closing dies away along with the fading sounds of the HK explosions.

JOHN

Where are we?

TERMINATOR

Home.

A pale shaft of light filters down through the darkness, and into it walk JOHN and TERMINATOR.

KAWHUNNK.

A low, powerful HYDRAULIC MOTOR comes to life beneath us.

And then the theater begins to drop.

With a hefty UNLATCHING sound, the WALLS OF THE THEATER START TO RISE. We're on a giant ELEVATOR, the size of the entire theater.

Descending into the bowels of the earth.

John looks around in awe as the room descends.

JOHN

Skynet.

TERMINATOR

Affirmative.

As we descend, the walls of the shaft reveal a larger vista. We're descending through the heart of Skynet's operations.

This is not a place intended for human use. This is a facility designed by machines for machines. The architecture is alien, without aesthetics, without even such human basics as light switches and door knobs. Girders and conduits crisscross the space around us.

We notice dozens of tiny red "EYES" scattered throughout the chamber. These are AUTOMATIC VIDEO CAMERAS; they constantly scan the complex, looking for trouble.

A bank of SECURITY SCANNERS checks the elevator for intruders. These are BLUE FANS OF LIGHT that sweep across

the elevator and into the theater. John and Terminator duck to avoid them. A sequence of ELECTRIC SPARKS throws eerie popping light from below. John and Terminator brace for trouble, but it's just a T-800 ENDOSKELETON WELDING some mechanical components; it pays them no notice.

JOHN

Pretty intense security.

TERMINATOR

We are approaching the final level.
Skynet's Central Core.

Terminator starts loading his Plasma Rifle, checking the satchel charges: preparing for the final battle.

And we descend into the highest, deepest, widest chamber ever built.

THE CENTRAL CORE is a vast, gleaming steel corridor that seems to go on forever: a cold, mechanical environment, some kind of thermal-insulated manufacturing facility. LIQUID NITROGEN moves through translucent walls and streams down from vents and piping that line the walls and ceiling. CATWALKS and CONVEYOR BELTS crisscross the chamber at weird angles.

To the left and right, huge SIDE TUNNELS branch off, nearly as vast as the central corridor. On the left we see a GIGANTIC VIDEO WALL. The Video Wall stands thirty of forty feet high and several hundred feet long, receding down the corridor. From here, Skynet monitors every aspect of its empire.

In the right hand tunnel, two massive TRUNCATED CONES converge from above and below. A CATWALK extends from the platform into the gap between the cones.

An immense CHROME PYRAMID, perhaps thirty feet high, dominates the center tunnel. While the rest of the Skynet systems are interconnected with ducts and cable trays, this gleaming metal stands strangely removed.

BDOOOOM! The elevator comes to a stop. We've reached the bottom of the huge elevator shaft.

John and Terminator quietly start to explore the space. In contrast to the thunderous noise of the Act II

motorcycle-and-foot chase, the only sounds here are a faint hum of powerful machines all around us and their echoing footsteps. The room is cold. Sterile. Tomblike.

JOHN

So... what's the plan?

TERMINATOR

(indicating the huge pyramid)

We destroy the central processing unit. Then we activate the Time Generator...

(indicating the twin cones to our right)

... and you go home.

JOHN

Hmmm. Well... at least we're past all the security systems.

But what he doesn't see is that the video cameras have already spotted them, and their image appears on the stage right VIDEO WALL.

And now, a bad sound. That same METALLIC SUCKING we heard when the Cyberdyne Logo healed up. Only a whole lot bigger.

TERMINATOR

All but one.

There's MOVEMENT as the MASSIVE CHROME PYRAMID begins to MELT. It ripples down, forming a huge donut of liquid metal on the ground. The slithering chrome reveals a smaller object underneath: an imposing ELECTRONIC PYRAMID covered in undecipherable patterns of light.

JOHN

(looking around, nervous)

Okay... don't tell me...

(looking at the cabinet)

That's the Central Processor...

Suddenly the entire chamber seems to COME TO LIFE as the liquid metal mound begins to change shape. With the horrifying sound of bending, twisting, shrieking metal,

GIANT SPIDER-LIKE ARMS slice up and out of the liquid metal moat. A METALLIC HEAD grows from the center. Razor-sharp chrome legs extend from the shape-- And it rises into the air.

JOHN

... and we're about to meet the night watchman.

John backs away as the DEADLY CREATURE CONTINUES MORPHING, growing in size by the second. As the creature comes to life, its head and arms REACH OUT towards us. John and Terminator back away, momentarily unsure what to do.

With a DEAFENING ROAR the metal completes its transformation into a horrific TECHNO-ORGANIC CHROME CREATURE; a kind of "steel spider" nearly thirty feet high. Revealing a cruel set of razor-sharp METAL TEETH, the creature (call it the T-1,000,000) lets out a SHRIEK OF FURY straight from the cauldrons of hell.

JOHN

Do something quick!

TERMINATOR

Stand clear.

Without missing a beat, Terminator OPENS FIRE with the PLASMA RIFLE as John dives out of the way. The shots have no effect on the creature. John and Terminator RUN TO STAGE LEFT -- and the creature REACHES OUT ITS ARMS for them.

Terminator FIRES another PLASMA BLAST and this time manages to blow off one of the creature's chrome arms. The wriggling tentacle merely dissolves and re-merges with its body once again.

Terminator and John rush to the other side of the stage. The T-1,000,000 blocks them with its arm while metallic jaws snap at them. They move off the platform as the creature tries to get at them. The metallic head hovers over the audience as it searches for John and Terminator. 3-D IMAGES ARE COMING AT US NOW FROM ALL THREE SCREENS.

Suddenly, John and Terminator leap onto the platform at stage right. The creature's head snaps in their direction and it SCREAMS LOUDLY as its arms extend toward them.

JOHN

Any ideas?

TERMINATOR

Get down!

Terminator AIMS AT THE WALL BEHIND THE CREATURE and fires blindly into it. PTWOOOOSSSSSHHH! THE SIDE OF THE WALL BLOWS OPEN, releasing a spectacular cloud of LIQUID NITROGEN across the stage. The fog fills the screen and stage, obscuring the T-1,000,000 for a moment. The creature's hideous metallic cries are silenced.

A moment later, the smoke clears. John and Terminator stand as before, still ready for their attack. But now we see the T-1,000,000 is FROZEN SOLID, covered with sparking frost. Crystallized.

Terminator raises the plasma rifle.

JOHN

Wait!

The Terminator sprays the crystallized creature with gunfire, and the T-1,000,000 shatters like glass. It's blown into a million silvery fragments; the razor sharp METAL SHARDS fly through the air in all directions. A large cluster of fragments flies right toward our eyes. They hover in front of us, tinkling against each other with a music sound like a million wind chimes. We feel tiny sprinkles of ICE WATER on our arms and faces as the pieces shatter toward us.

John and Terminator look up in awe at the galaxy of metal flakes floating overhead.

John looks around, uneasy.

JOHN

I'm not sure that was a great idea.

He's right, of course. Already the fragments hovering in front of us begin to SOFTEN and MELT. They turn into floating blobs of liquid metal that start drifting back towards the center of the chamber. The larger pieces shift, moving to join the floating blobs. As our heroes watch, the shattered pieces melt and merge together...

TERMINATOR

We don't have much time.

Terminator grabs the satchel charge from the backpack on John. He sets the timer and sets the trigger. We hear it BEEPING as the bomb begins counting down.

TERMINATOR

Thirty seconds. Follow me.

Terminator and John head to the stage left column, where a metal structure leads to the upper platform--
And start to climb.
The T-1,000,000 is slowly reassembling itself. And now it is really, really pissed.

JOHN

Oh, man... This is not good... This
is definitely not good...

Terminator reaches the Service Platform first, and RIPS OPEN the big Junction Box. SPARKS jitter inside the box as Terminator jiggers the wires.
TZZZZZZZAKKKT!
The huge CONES on our right suddenly flare to life. Familiar LIGHTNING BOLTS crackle, and a TIME SPHERE appears between the cones, identical to the one Terminator used in Act I.

John reaches the platform. The noise is building: the T-1,000,000 rises and undulates violently, extending its razor-sharp arms out as it reforms.

TERMINATOR

(indication the Time
Sphere)

Go John! Now!

JOHN

NO!

The creature's head is reforming now.

Terminator grabs hold of a HANGING CABLE and tests it for strength. He wraps it around himself and grabs the bomb in one hand. The BEEPING of the bomb has become rapid--
There's only about ten seconds left.

JOHN

NO! I won't go without you!

TERMINATOR

Six seconds! GO!

Things happen REALLY fast now.
Terminator LAUNCHES HIMSELF INTO THE AIR, swinging on the cable. As he swings toward the CPU Cabinet, Terminator shouts back to John:

TERMINATOR

GO!!!

John realizes what's happening as he see Terminator swinging towards the T-1,000,000--
He turns and RACES down the CATWALK--
And LEAPS INTO THE TIME SPHERE--
There's a FLARE OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY as he disappears--

The HEAD of the T-1,000,000 reforms and SCREAMS a blood-curdling DIGITAL HOWL, twisting our attention back to the center screen--
Its mouth opens, flashing chrome daggers as Terminator swings toward it--
Terminator KICKS AND SPINS, narrowly avoiding the T-1,000,000 in mid-gnash--
The BEEPING of the bomb turns into a continuous high-pitched "this-is-it" tone--
Terminator reaches the end of the cable's swing--

The T-1,000,000 freezes in its tracks: it knows it's screwed. And in the split instant before it blows, every surveillance camera in Skynet turns and focuses in on Terminator. His grim face fills the massive VIDEO WALL in a heroic close-up.

TERMINATOR

Hasta la vista, baby.

And Terminator HURLS the bomb into the CPU.

KABLALAWHOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION BLOWS THE CPU TO SHREDS -- IT TRIGGERS A HUGE FIREBALL THAT BLOWS STRAIGHT TOWARD US--
AND BLOWS THE T-1,000,000 TO SLIVERY VAPOR!

And as the RUMBLING, ROILING FIREBALL BLOWS OFF THE SCREEN and REACHES OUT towards us, a huge cloud of LIQUID NITROGEN SMOKE thunders into the audience, obscuring everything--

-- and for one terrifying instant, OUR SEATS suddenly DROP OUT from under us--

-- and the world goes black.

EPILOGUE

In the darkness that follows, the TERMINATOR THEME MUSIC begins again.

We can make out the trappings of the CYBERDYNE PRESENTATION CENTER in the dim light. A LIGHT falls on JOHN and SARAH. John has returned from the battle drained and forlorn. Sarah folds him into her arms as she gazes out into the darkness. We hear SARAH'S VOICE overhead.

SARAH (V.O.)

And so the battle continues.

On the 3-D FILM SCREEN above them, a final image appears: The burning red eyes of a TERMINATOR ENDOSKELETON. IT moves slowly OUT toward us, flames reflected in its chromeskull.

SARAH (V.O.)

And once again I find I owe my son's life to the heroic actions of a machine.

And then, as the endo skull hovers directly in front of us, it FADES into the solemn visage of Arnold Schwarzenegger. A RED GLOW appears in one eye behind his sunglasses.

SARAH (V.O.)

A Terminator.

Thundering drums roll...

BLACKOUT.

END SHOW CYCLE