

FADE IN:

EXT. EARTH IN ORBIT

The blue, glowing jewel of Earth, rotating slowly in the velvet-black of space. Stars pinpricks of light.

MAN (V.O.)

This was Earth in the late 20th century. Green and blue and teeming with life. Advances in science and technology changed our lives.

From so far away, we can still make out weather systems, swirling, wreathing oceans like drifts of gossamer.

MAN (V.O.)

*One of those advances was a military computer program that was supposed to make us all safer. Take out the human error. It was put in charge of all U.S. defenses -- every bomb, every drone. That program was called **Skynet**.*

Continents are beautiful stretches of vibrant green, abutting the vast expanses of deep, lustrous blue oceans.

MAN (V.O.)

But Skynet woke up. Became self-aware. A machine that could think for itself. A new form of life.

Suddenly, a WHITE STREAK OF SMOKE races across the surface of the Earth, curving between continents, IMPACTING with a flash of bright explosive light--

MAN (V.O.)

It decided humanity was a threat to its existence.

Another streak of smoke-- and another-- another--

MAN (V.O.)

Skynet used our own bombs against us.

Proliferating exponentially, arcs of smoke crisscross all over the globe. A tracery of massive destruction, all the more horrifying for the absolute silence of space around it.

MAN (V.O.)

Wiped out billions in 24 hours.

And with every flash of impact, burning horrible expanses of brown start to spread, wider and wider, swallowing everything green and blue and turning the world to flames and ash.

MAN (V.O.)
*The survivors called the nuclear
holocaust "Judgement Day."*

We're looking at a NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST as it happens. Before our eyes, the Earth is covered in a web of flame and destruction.

MAN (V.O.)
But it was just the beginning.

EXT. L.A. CITY - DOWNTOWN RUINS - NIGHT

A ragged, bleak landscape-- downtown Los Angeles skyline shattered into spiked, broken ruins.

SUPERIMPOSE: LOS ANGELES, 2029

Lightning FORKS over the skeleton of the city, the sky metal-grey with ash, the sun a blood red smear through the haze.

MAN
*Skynet created an army of machines
to be its soldiers, to hunt down
the humans who survived.*

Skim along the destruction-- flashes of energy weapons, the hard sound of gunfire, as we find--

RAGTAG GUERILLAS fighting against **VARIOUS MACHINES:**

AERIAL HUNTER-KILLERS fly overhead, lights sweeping over piles of bones and skulls, plasma cannons blasting at the humans scurrying through the ruins.

SPIDER TANKS scabble through wreckage, gun pods with plasma cannons mounted on four jointed "legs."

One tank trips an IED, one of its legs is blown out and it topples. Guerillas fire on the fallen tank from cover, blasting at it until it explodes.

We move through the battle to see **A SURVIVOR**, wrapped in the rags, crawling through wreckage. He looks wounded.

A GUERILLA VEHICLE, modified pickup with a machine gun mounted on the back, screeches up to the Survivor. A **MEDIC** reaches down to help him into the back of the truck--

MAN (CONT'D)

The worst were infiltration units.

-- and the Survivor grabs the Medic, snapping his neck.

MAN (CONT'D)

We called them terminators.

Survivor/Terminator vaults into the truck, starts killing the Guerilla team with their own weapons and his bare hands.
(Note: although he is powerfully built, he is not Arnold, there are other terminator models.)

MAN (CONT'D)

Killing machines, made to look like human beings.

One Guerilla FIRES at the Terminator, emptying a clip at him--

Bullets TEAR OFF the skin on Terminator's face and chest, partially revealing the CHROME SKELETON beneath.

Terminator keeps coming-- the gun clicks empty-- he SNAPS the Guerilla's neck. His blank expression never changing.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

An underground bunker. A TOPO BATTLE MAP pinned to a table.

MAN (V.O.)

The war against the machines was led by one man.

GUERRILLA SOLDIERS (among them Cmdrs. KEKOA, PERRY, MIDDERLAND) battle-worn and hardened, gathered around the map. Eyes on the MAN at the head of the table, giving orders:

MAN (V.O.)

His name is John Connor.

JOHN CONNOR, 45, left side of his face scarred, a hardened, commanding man forged in the fire of war.

MAN (V.O.)

When Judgement Day happened, he was ready. We were refugees, being systematically exterminated. He rescued prisoners from the camps, taught them how to fight. Unified the last fragments of humanity, and forged us into an army.

ANGLE ON THE LISTENING GUERILLAS. Loyalty in their faces, and something like awe. Maybe even a little fear. To them, he is more than human. They are standing before a legend.

MAN (V.O.)
People whisper about him. Wonder how he can know the things he does. He understands Skynet, anticipates its moves. Stays one step ahead. They use words like prophet. All I know is, he's saved the human race from extinction.

Among the Guerillas, find ONE SOLDIER-- 20's, face far older than his years. A lifetime of combat, a childhood stolen long ago by endless war. **KYLE REESE.**

REESE (V.O.)
I'm Tech-Com Sgt. Kyle Reese. John Connor is my commanding officer. And my friend.

JOHN
(points to the map)
-- access points here, and here.

KEKOA
(a little doubtful)
Sir, we haven't been able to confirm strategic value.

As they continue speaking, we **INTERCUT WITH:**

EXT. DISPOSAL CAMP - NIGHT

A SPRAWLING DISPOSAL CAMP, chainlink topped with coiled razorwire, holding in a filthy hive of HUMAN MISERY.

KEKOA (V.O.)
It looks like just another disposal camp.

SURVIVORS, listless and emaciated, crouch in cratered asphalt. Eyes hollow, numb. Devoid of hope.

JOHN (V.O.)
It's not.

The camp is patrolled by CHROME SKELETONS, primal Death figures made of hydraulic actuators beneath metal hyperalloy "bones." These are T-800 ENDOSKELETONS, the silvery combat chassis we glimpsed when we saw the Survivor/Terminator's flesh shot off. They carry massive pulse rifles, their eyes burn red, like glowing coals beneath glass.

JOHN (V.O.)
*Skynet would never waste so much
firepower defending incinerators.*

AERIAL HK'S touch down atop **A SUPPORT HANGAR**-- a multitiered repair and supply depot (think barracks for machines.)

JOHN (V.O.)
*Our target is the support hangar.
It's not just for supply and
repair.*

The HK's lower into the hangar-- armored roof doors grind shut over them. Tilt down to OPENING BULKHEAD DOORS at ground level. SPIDER TANKS exit to guard the perimeter.

POV ONE ENDOSKELETON, showing the HUD-like readouts it sees-- scrolling data and information down both sides, constantly running a threat assessment of the huddling survivors: 0%.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

JOHN
It's camouflage.

MIDDERLAND
For what, sir?

JOHN
The hangar is the entry point to a subterranean complex. When they realize they're under attack, the machines will try to lock it down. We must get inside before they do.

LT. GOMEZ enters the room. Wearing a slim combat headset, chatter in his ear. Reporting to John:

GOMEZ
Colorado units are in position at Cheyenne Mountain, sir. We're ready for the final assault.

The Guerillas glance at each other. *This is it.*

JOHN
Give the order to deploy at 0200,
Lt. Gomez.

GOMEZ
Sir.

Reese can't help himself, breaks in:

REESE
Sir. Respectfully request to join
the Colorado offensive.

JOHN
Request denied.

REESE
That's where Skynet's central
processor is---

JOHN
And what's under this camp is just
as important. Maybe more.
Skynet's built a weapon and hidden
it underground. Getting that
weapon is a strategic imperative.
Tech-Com Reese, do you trust me?

REESE
To the ends of the earth, sir.

JOHN
Good. Cause we're going a hell of
a lot further than that.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT

A massive underground space, what was once part of the L.A.
Metro. John stands in front of a sea of assembled Guerillas.

JOHN
Skynet slaughtered us by the
billions. Destroyed our nations,
our homes, our civilization. Took
our planet from us.

PANNING OVER THE GUERILLAS: their weapons, gear and clothes
haphazard, but they are fierce as wild animals. Warriors who
are the last of their race, with nothing left to lose.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This is the end of our fight. Win or lose, our future is decided here. Tonight. We are the last of humanity. We have not bowed down. We have not given in. Come with me, and together, we are going to take back this world!

A ROAR LIKE THUNDER from the Guerillas, REESE among them. Guns brandished defiantly in the air, shouting their loyalty. John Connor is their messiah.

CUT TO:

EXT. DISPOSAL CAMP - NIGHT

MOUNDS OF BONES AND SKULLS at the base of a chainlink fence. A MANGE-COVERED RAT scavenges the remains, when--

THHRRACCKKK! The Rat is VAPORIZED by a barrage of ENERGY PULSES from above. PAN UP to reveal--

AUTOMATED SWIVEL-MOUNTED TURRET GUNS perched at the corners of the fences-- they whip around and fire at the slightest movement approaching the camp.

AT THE GATE: a TRUCK pulls up, converted military troop transport, canvas top. An ENDOSKELETON behind the wheel.

Thick double tires roll over skulls like an ATV offroading over shells on a beach, crushing them to pale fragments.

The gates swing open, A GUARD ENDOSKELETON scans the truck, looking over the Endoskeleton driving-- then stands aside.

The truck pulls in, massive gates sliding shut behind it.

ANGLE ON THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, as the tarp is whipped back-- revealing HUMAN PRISONERS.

GUARD ENDOSKELETONS force them out at rifle-point-- including CHILDREN, faces streaked with dirt and tears.

ANGLE ON THE SUPPLY HANGAR, in the center of the camp. A patrol of Endoskeletons emerge through the bulkhead doors.

Next to the Hangar, Endoskeletons herd a small group of Prisoners toward a series of HOLDING PENS, metal-walled chutes that get narrower and narrower as the humans are driven in small groups toward--

A MASSIVE INCINERATOR UNIT, spewing constant black smoke.

A MOTHER AND TWO YOUNG BOYS stumble forward. Ahead of them, ANOTHER PRISONER suddenly BOLTS for freedom--

AN ENDOSKELETON shoots the Man down-- he SPRAWLS to the ground, his chest nothing but a glowing hole.

ANGLE ON THE DEAD MAN'S OPEN EYES as the Prisoners shuffle forward, stepping over him, careful not to look down.

POV THE MOTHER, craning to try and make out what's ahead. She can see only GLIMPSES through the crowd--

A THICK STEEL BULKHEAD that forms the door to the incinerator slides OPEN CLANNNG!! Two Endoskeletons FORCE Prisoners from into the filthy, blackened box, packing them tight.

WHITE-HOT FIRE blasts into the killing box-- faster than the humans can scream, the bulkhead SLAMS CHLUNNKK! Their terrified expressions linger like an afterimage burned into our eyes, as heat BLASTS outward--

-- and the bulkhead CLANGS open, revealing the Prisoners FROZEN, each face a rictus of agony-- made entirely of ASH.

The floor DROPS OPENS, the ash figures COLLAPSE like falling sand, pouring out of sight down a waste chute-- and the Endoskeletons SHOVE another group inside.

ON THE MOTHER, pulling her boys close, terrified. Only minutes until they will be at the front of the line.

AT THE ENTRANCE GATE-- ANOTHER TRUCK OF PRISONERS pulls up. THE GUARD ENDOSKELETON at the gate peers inside, eyes sweeping over the DRIVER ENDOSKELETON--

POV GUARD ENDOSKELETON, raking over the Driver, which faces straight ahead-- and suddenly the Terminator-vision FOCUSES DOWN on the Driver's EYES, which are not glowing.

UNIT NONFUNCTIONAL begins to flash--

THE GUARD ENDOSKELETON suddenly raises its battle rifle--

IN THE TRUCK, crouched behind the Driver Endoskeleton, PERRY operates a crude remote, wired to the Driver Endoskeleton, metal spine torn open where the power cell has been removed.

PERRY
We're made! Go go go!!!!

THE GUARD ENDOSKELETON opens fire, as PERRY throws himself backwards, FIRING a pulse rifle as he hits the floor--

THE GUARD ENDOSKELETON is punched backwards, gun arm destroyed, shredded metal and sparking wires as it sprawls--

FAST PAN ALONG THE FLOOR IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK as the "Prisoners" rip up the flooring, exposing WEAPONS, grabbing up rifles, grenades, RPGs--

ANGLE OUTSIDE THE TRUCK as the tarp is ripped away and FOUR GUERRILLAS stand, simultaneously firing RPGs up at the turret guns. STINGER MISSILES blaze trails of smoke--

ANGLE HIGH OVERHEAD, to see all 4 turrets EXPLODE!

THE MOTHER AND BOYS react to the thundering GUNFIRE, EXPLOSIONS lighting the sky over the chute walls.

BOY

It's him. I know it. It's John
Connor!

John's name races like fire down the rows of Prisoners.

AERIAL OUTSIDE THE CAMP-- HELICOPTERS roar into frame. A ragtag mix of Hueys, Blackhawks, and two battered Apaches, let loose hellfire at the camp's defenses. Below--

MULTIPLE GUERRILLA VEHICLES break from the cover of wreckage and CONVERGE on the fences from every side.

INT./EXT. BLACKHAWK IN FLIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reese pilots. A **COMMANDO TEAM** behind him, led by JOHN, who hefts his modified assault rifle with a twisted bayonet. Its blade crackles with blue plasma.

JOHN

(into mic)
The hangar! Take the hangar.

EXT. DISPOSAL CAMP - CONTINUOUS

ON THE TRUCK, the Guerillas leap out for the ground attack. PERRY stays to man the plasma gun bolted to the flatbed as--

IN THE CAB, KEKOA kicks the dead Endoskeleton out, takes the driver's seat. GUNS IT toward the Hangar.

GUERRILLAS leap out of the moving vehicles to go brutal hand-to-hand with the Guard Endoskeletons, using the **PLASMA BAYONETS** when they're close enough to cut into the machines.

AERIAL HKs strafe from the sky. ONE HK is shot down by a Gunner, ANOTHER HK fires plasma blasts at the vehicles--

SPIDER TANKS race from the Hangar, metal legs tearing into the ground, mowing down Guerillas. Behind the spider tanks, the thick **BULKHEAD DOORS** begin to close, sealing the Hangar.

MISSILES and **PLASMA** cannon unleash from the Resistance helicopters, strafing Spider Tanks and terminators.

INT./EXT. LEAD BLACKHAWK IN FLIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reese evades an HK, swooping to avoid blasts of energy fire.

REESE
We're not going to make it--

JOHN
(points)
Yes we are!

Below them, the **ROOF HANGAR DOORS** grind open. Three more HK **DRONES** lift off to join the battle.

REESE dives, skimming low over the fighting, jinking wildly to avoid fire, then pulls up, barreling for the closing roof hangar doors. **GUNFIRE** from Endoskeletons below--

JOHN (CONT'D)
(to the commandos)
Prepare to deploy!

THE BLACKHAWK plummets down-- crashes through the closing hangar doors, rotors **CLIPPING** the edges and **SHEARING** off!

REESE
Hard landing. Hang on!

The Blackhawk **SLAMS** into the HK hangar deck, **SLIDING** as it lists to one side, skidding sparks and fire.

CHAOS inside the chopper, Commandos holding on for dear life--

THE BLACKHAWK finally grinds to a halt on its side, a smoking wreck. Fire **ERUPTS** near the cockpit.

INT. BLACKHAWK COCKPIT- CONTINUOUS

Reese hangs sideways, still strapped in. POV REESE: through the smoke, **HULKING SHAPES** are advancing on the chopper--

REESE

We've got hostiles!

Reese unbuckles, falls on his lifeless co-pilot. FIRE licks up through the cockpit. He reaches for his weapon-- A HAND grabs him, yanks him clear of the wreck as--

PLASMA FIRE blasts the cockpit wide open.

INT. HANGAR DECK - CONTINUOUS

Reese is pulled clear-- it's JOHN, dragging him behind the wreck for cover. 3 COMMANDOS crouch alongside them.

JOHN

Told you we'd make it.

PLASMA FIRE scorches the Blackhawk from the other side--

REESE

Lucky us.

TERMINATORS fan out, both Endoskeletons and "Skinjobs" (human looking, non-Arnold models), advancing on the overturned Blackhawk from all sides. Two Commandos go down.

REESE and JOHN fire in sync, reloading, covering, firing. But the machines just keep coming..

AN ENDOSKELETON vaults atop the burning chopper, LEAPS for them-- the Commando FIRES, hits it mid-leap! The two halves of the Endoskeleton tumble to the deck-- but the Commando is scorched with plasma fire, goes down.

Only John and Reese remain. But no matter how many rounds they fire, the terminators keep closing!

John primes the plasma bayonet-- rams it into the chassis of the closest attacker, frying its core-- when

A METAL HAND GRABS John by the arm, yanks him down-- THE HALF-SEVERED ENDOSKELETON, its other hand grabbing John's throat!

REESE (CONT'D)

John!

Reese lunges his plasma bayonet into the machine's skull, frying it. John rips the skeletal metal fingers from his throat, scrambling out from under the Endoskeleton.

Shoulder to shoulder, Reese and John raise their bayonets--

And suddenly, without warning, the terminators stop.

EXT. DISPOSAL CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Prisoners fight alongside Guerillas, outnumbered and outgunned by the machines-- and all the machines stop.

A SPIDER TANK stumbles, guns swiveling down, then totters with one leg lifted-- and crashes into the wreckage.

THE HKS all become rudderless in the air, weaving aimlessly for an instant before they plummet to the ground.

THE HANGAR DOORS suddenly GRIND OPEN, revealing

JOHN AND REESE, emerging to survey the camp--

ALL THE MACHINES stand frozen in place. Motionless. A VOICE sounds in John's and Reese's headsets:

VOICE ON RADIO
*Colorado Division reports Skynet
central processor has been
destroyed.*

MORE GUERILLAS AND SURVIVORS are coming out of the rubble, faces lit in the flames of the crashed machines, the Guerillas all hearing the same thing on their headsets:

VOICE ON RADIO (CONT'D)
*Repeat, Cheyenne Mountain is down.
(voice breaking)
Skynet has been destroyed.*

Reese looks at John. All around them, the ragged survivors of this endless war begin to cry and cheer.

REESE
*(can't quite believe it)
It's over.*

But John's face is grim. Determined.

JOHN
Not yet.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT

John moves through clusters of TECHNICIAN SOLDIERS, working inside a HUGE CHAMBER beneath the camp. Reese at his side. Perry turns from being on the radio set at the sight of John.

PERRY
*Reports from all over the globe,
sir.
(MORE)*

PERRY (CONT'D)
Every machine controlled by Skynet
has gone offline. I don't
understand it...

TWO LINES BELOW, SWITCH THEM. JEALOUS GOD FIRST.

JOHN
Skynet was a jealous god. It
considered itself a creator. The
first machine to be truly alive...
it feared, if any other machine
achieved the same thing, it would
be a threat. So it made its army
to be slaves, puppets it could
control. Without Skynet, their
strings were cut.

PERRY
Maybe that's why it wanted to kill
us. Mankind isn't exactly
obedient.

JOHN
Skynet hated all things living.
Humans most of all -- because we
made it. It knew that we were the
greatest threat it would ever face.

John turns to Midderland, who's overseeing the Techs.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Did you find it?

MIDDERLAND
Yes sir. Right where you said it
would be.

INT. TIME DISPLACEMENT CHAMBER - NIGHT

John enters a vast, vaulted room. Reese and several
Guerillas behind him. It's a bizarre, alien space. Utterly
functional and unadorned. Made for machines, not people.

TECH SOLDIERS have torn open the walls and floor, cabling
their equipment directly into the machinery behind.

In the center of the room, a MASSIVE MAGNET ARRAY is inset
into the floor-- THREE ENORMOUS METAL RINGS float over it,
suspended one inside the other. Humming faintly.

REESE
What the hell is it?

JOHN
Skynet's last resort. The first
tactical time weapon.

KEKOA
As near as we can tell, it's been
used, sir. Recently. We're
running coordinates, we should have
them momentarily--

JOHN
(rhetorically)
Los Angeles, 1984...

Kekoa reads off the monitor as the coordinates appear:

KEKOA
(slowly)
Los Angeles. May 12, 1984.

A hush around the room. John doesn't speak for a moment. He
knew it, yes... having it confirmed makes it all real.
What's about to happen. What has to happen.

JOHN
Skynet knew it was losing. So it
tried to rig the game. It sent a
terminator back, to the time before
the War. Before any of us were
born.

PERRY
Then-- who's the target?

JOHN
Sarah Connor. My mother. If the
machines succeed, I'll never be
born-- they'll kill her first.

ARGUMENT breaks out between the Lieutenants--

PERRY
We can use the technology
ourselves. Send someone back--

MIDDERLAND
We don't even know if that will
work!

GUERRILLA 3
Every second we wait allows for a
future where none of this happens,
where we lose this war--

REESE
(suddenly)
I volunteer.
(as everyone looks to him)
I'll go back.

Something unreadable in John's face. Reese plows ahead:

REESE (CONT'D)
I know it's a one-way ticket. I
understand. And I want to go.

His look to John is determined. And something more...

REESE (CONT'D)
I want to protect her.

INT. SMALL STONE ROOM - NIGHT

A small room carved off the side of the TDD Chamber. Reese and John talking, alone.

REESE
You knew the time device would be
here. You knew when it would be
set for. Before I go, I want you
to tell me...

JOHN
Tell you what?

REESE
Do you see the future?

John seems surprised by the question. Shakes his head wryly.

JOHN
No one can see the future, Reese.

REESE
Then... how do you know?

JOHN
I cheat. Sarah told me so much.
Gave me the signposts. When I was
a kid, it seemed like my mother
knew everything. Then I grew up...
and it turned out she really did.

REESE
That must have been great.

JOHN

It was damned irritating, actually. But the time you're going back to, she won't be that person yet. She'll be scared, weak, she won't know how to fight or defend herself. Her biggest worry is making rent and finishing school. She's a waitress.

REESE

A what?

JOHN

It's-- never mind. Just be ready for the fact that she will need you, but she won't know it. She'll be afraid of you, but only you can stand between her and that monster Skynet has sent after her.

REESE

What do I say to her? Even when I tell her who I am, she isn't going to believe me.

JOHN

Tell her this.

John's voice softens. There's the echo of love and terrible loss in his eyes as he speaks, and we can see he is remembering and mourning the mother he loved deeply.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Thank you Sarah, for your courage during the dark years. I can't help you with what you must soon face, except to say that the future is not set. There is no fate but that which we make for ourselves. You must be stronger than you imagine you can be. You must survive, or I will never exist.

(then, to Reese)

Take care of her for me, Kyle. Save her.

REESE

I will.

INT. TIME DISPLACEMENT EQUIPMENT CHAMBER - NIGHT

The Techs are calibrating the TDD with deliberate haste.
ACROSS THE CHAMBER, John stands with Reese and Kekoa.

REESE

No weapons? How am I going to have any chance against a terminator?

KEKOA

We've measured the magnetic field-- it will rip apart anything not encased in living tissue. No weapons. And no clothes either.

Reese pauses. Naked into an unknown and hostile past, to fight a monster. He starts to strip.

REESE

She's going to think I'm crazy.

John holds out a hand-- and Reese takes it. A warrior's handclasp, wrist to wrist.

JOHN

This... now... is the end of the War. You are saving us all, Reese.

ANGLE ON THE GUERILLA SOLDIERS-- parting like the sea to make a path for Reese as he walks to the giant **CHROME RINGS**.

We might notice **A SINGLE GUERILLA** who we haven't seen before, angular, handsome. The fluid movements of a born predator, watching Reese go by with snake-like focus.

AT THE TDD SPHERE, Reese watches the Techs set the target date. Takes a deep breath-- steps inside the floating rings.

The rings start to move inside each other, rotating like a gyroscope. Reese **FLOATS**, lifted gently off his feet... and then the rings pick up speed. Faster. And **FASTER**. Reese is buffeted by unseen current, like being dragged by a riptide.

ELECTRICITY starts arcing off the sphere. **THE GUERILLAS** all step back, startled-- except **JOHN**, who stands his ground.

IN THE SPHERE, **REESE** fixes his eyes on John-- then suddenly, Reese doubles over in pain! Gaspng, agonized.

ANGLE ON JOHN FROM BEHIND-- someone coming up behind him.

POV REESE, breathing ragged, looking through the blur of the time sphere, the faces outside pale smears like GHOSTS-- and he sees THE UNKNOWN GUERILLA melts out of the background and grabs John from behind.

One hand over John's neck, one over his jaw, The Guerilla's flesh transforms into **STREAMS OF SKITTERING BLACK PARTICLES**, like black sand cascading in oil.

From now on, we'll call him **THE T-5000**, because whatever this thing is, it's not human.

Streams of oil-black particles rush from the T-5000's hands into John's neck, into his mouth and ears and eyes.

REESE flings himself at the blurring wall of the sphere--

REESE

John!!!

-- but the bright edge of the sphere repels his hand, throwing him back into the center of the whirling rings! Everything VANISHES in a blaze of blinding LIGHT...

FADE IN ON:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT - 1984

AERIAL VIEW, flying over the HOLLYWOOD sign...

The city of Los Angeles stretches out in a sprawl of light. FLY over GRIFFITH PARK, skimming the treeline, rise up over:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

THE OBSERVATORY, a sentinel above the city.

A LOADING DOCK, where a garbage lifts a dumpster, hydraulics wheezing-- and suddenly the truck's engine cuts out. THE DRIVER grumbles, trying to figure out what's wrong.

(Note: This scene and part of the next are shot-by-shot recreations of the 1984 original, showing that everything is the same... up to a point.)

Although the night is still, a breeze rises, stirring stray trash-- building quickly to a keening WIND.

LIGHTNING cracks across the sky-- cracks again-- then a STORM of forking electricity rips down from air to earth, a THUNDERCLAP that rattles the Observatory windows and--

A BLUE-BLACK SPHERE materializes in the eye of the storm.

CLOSE ON THE SPHERE: ELECTRICITY dissipates with the sphere to reveal a crouched naked figure of hard-packed muscle:

THE TERMINATOR.

This is the T-800 we first saw in 1984. The one sent back to kill Sarah Connor. He stands, walks toward the fence of the Observatory. Looking at the lights of Los Angeles below.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

THREE PUNKS loitering at METAL FENCE. Punk 2 looking through a telescope-- Punk 1 SMASHES a bottle against the telescope:

PUNK 1
Hey! My turn!

Punk 2 has spotted Terminator walking toward them, nude. Grins in disbelief.

PUNK 2
Hey. What's wrong with this picture?

They start laughing as Terminator reaches them, stops.

PUNK 1
Nice night for a walk, eh?

TERMINATOR
(without inflection)
Nice night for a walk.

PUNK 2
Wash day tomorrow! Nothing clean, right?

He snaps his fingers in front of unblinking Terminator.

TERMINATOR
Nothing clean right.

PUNK 1
Hey, I think this guy's a couple cans short of a six-pack.

TERMINATOR
Your clothes. Give them to me. Now.

PUNK 1
(snaps his switchblade)
Fuck you, asshole!

The other 2 Punks snap their blades out--

-- and from this point forward, we're not in shot-by-shot, every angle and shot completely different, starting with:

POV OVER THE TERMINATOR'S BACK--

VOICE (O.S.)
You won't be needing any clothes.

The Punks, startled, peer around the massive naked 'man' as
TERMINATOR turns, seeing who's behind him:

ANOTHER TERMINATOR-- the same "Arnold" model, except this one is OLDER. Graying hair, skin looser. Weathered, wiser-- and armed to the teeth and dressed for battle.

From now on we'll call him the **GUARDIAN**. Because no matter how much he looks like a terminator, he isn't one.

GUARDIAN
I have been waiting for you.

TERMINATOR POV: flashing **THREAT ASSESSMENT**, rapidly outlining and identifying **GUARDIAN'S WEAPONS**. Calculations scrolling madly-- including information on **GUARDIAN** himself.

BACK ON TERMINATOR, eyes narrowing-- then **CHARGES** Guardian!

BLAMMM! **GUARDIAN** fires his shotgun! Terminator staggers back, Guardian **FIRES** again--

But Terminator is faster, newer-- he dives to the side, snatches the nearest Punk and hurls him at Guardian, who brushes the Punk off like an insect, but not before--

TERMINATOR pile-drives into Guardian, taking both of them crashing into the metal bars of the entrance gate.

THE PUNKS scatter, racing into the darkness.

GUARDIAN AND TERMINATOR grapple, throwing each other against the metal bars so hard they bend at the force.

Terminator manages to grab a pistol from Guardian's belt-- he **SHOOTS** Guardian in the chest, kicks him back, leaps onto him like a panther, fists raised as if to cave in Guardian's skull-- when

SNIPER SCOPE POV: Someone's watching from the hills above. Crosshairs settle on the center of TERMINATOR'S BACK...

ANGLE ON THE SNIPER RIFLE, giving us an instant to register that it's strangely MODIFIED. The sniper rifle FIRES!

Follow a spent uranium ANTI-TANK BULLET as it rips through the air in a split-second--

-- and PIERCES Terminator right between his shoulder blades.

TERMINATOR spasms, limbs twitching--

POV TERMINATOR: HUD readout showing POWER CELL COMPROMISED, the readout itself glitching and fritzing-- then going dark.

Terminator goes still, dropping like a rock.

SNIPER SCOPE POV: Guardian gets to his feet, a little creakily. (After all, he's just been battered by a younger, nude version of himself.)

Nevertheless, he holds up one hand-- thumbs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY - NIGHT

Seedy apartments loom over an alley lined with overflowing dumpsters. Rats scurry through the filth. A DERELICT mutters incoherently, huddled in a doorway under a rusty fire escape.

WIND rises, whipping paper and refuse, centering about ten feet above wet pavement. An electric crackle fills the air. Confused, the Derelict leans out to see:

LIGHTNING FORK between the alley walls, electricity dancing along the fire escape, over the dumpsters-- and suddenly

A THUNDERCLAP rattles the tenement windows, as--

ANOTHER BLUE-BLACK SPHERE materializes in center of the electrical storm, floating ten feet over the alley--

KYLE REESE suspended inside, naked, curled in a fetal ball-- the sphere vanishes, Reese DROPS hard onto the pavement below. He rolls over, getting painfully to his hands and knees. Breathing through the agony.

He spots DERELICT, who flinches as Reese runs up to him.

DERELICT

(slurring)

Hey buddy, did you see a real
bright light?

ANGLE ALLEY MOUTH-- MOMENTS LATER

A BLINDING LIGHT rakes over Reese-- he's pulling on dirty
trousers, stolen from the Derelict. The light is coming from

AN LAPD PATROL CAR coming to a halt at the alley mouth. COP
1 slides out, a silhouette shining his flashlight at Reese--
Reese BOLTS away down the alley into the shadows.

COP 1

Cut him off.

The patrol car speeds away. Cop 1 chases on foot. FAST.

ON REESE, bare feet splashing through puddles. Rounds the L
corner of the alley, scans left-right for a way out.

COP 1 slows at the corner, gun out. He darts around the
corner-- but there's no one there. Just dumpsters--

WHAM!! REESE charges from the shadows, TACKLES COP 1,
whipping the .357 from him and aiming it back at the Cop:

REESE

What day is it? What year?

COP 1

(even)

May 12, 1984. The day you arrive.

Reese flinches. Confused. Gets his first good look at Cop
1: Cold eyes. Expressionless. And Reese knows... too late.

COP 1 SNAPS HIS HAND OUT-- it elongates into a blade, he
SLICES at Reese, the blade whistles through the air.

REESE leaps back, OPENS FIRE-- the Cop JOLTS with each
impact, the bullets tearing blooms of mercury-silver on its
chest, until the momentum drives it CRASHING into a dumpster.

ON THE COP as the bullet holes close, vanishing. The Cop
rises to his feet smoothly, because he's not a cop at all,
but a T-1000 LIQUID METAL TERMINATOR. (Not the Robert
Patrick model, but similarly lean and fast.)

Reese turns and runs! He pounds down the alley-- ahead,
lights wash across the bricks, an instant before

THE PATROL CAR comes crashing through a chain-link fence right in front of Reese. He stops short, backpedals at:

A HEAVILY MUSCLED COP behind the wheel. Cop 2-- a T-850 **TERMINATOR** (not the Arnold model) raises a SHOTGUN and--

KABLAM! shoots right through the windshield, glass exploding!

REESE pulls himself swiftly up onto the fire escape--

T-850 gets out of the car, **BLASTS** again-- as Reese throws himself through a second story window.

T-1000 vaults up after him, **ARMS EXTENDING** to metal hooks, snatching the fire escape and propelling itself in pursuit.

T-850 strides to a metal door on the ground floor and **BLASTS** the lock with the shotgun, tearing the door aside.

INT. DISCOUNT DEPARTMENT STORE - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Rack upon rack of discount merchandise. REESE runs hunched between rows, darts left, passes a table of NIKES. Snatches a pair, matches them sole to sole, and runs.

T-1000 glides down an aisle with precise menace.

FROM BENEATH A RACK of trench coats and jackets, REESE sees the T-1000 pass him. Reese snags a grey coat, slips it on.

CLOSE ON T-1000 reacting to the rustle of fabric. It stalks back, arms bladed, slashing through racks helter skelter--

REESE crawls fast, **DARTS** to a stopped escalator, gets half-way down then **VAULTS** over to the opposing escalator when

T-1000 appears at the top. It leaps down after Reese.

INT. DISCOUNT DEPARTMENT STORE - 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

Reese hits the bottom of the escalator, button-hooks around the railing into the store an instant before

BLAMMBLAMMMBLAMMMBLAMMM!!! GUNFIRE RIPS into the escalator from the T-850 on the first floor! It strides after him.

Reese dives behind a cosmetics counter, crawling fast--

Another shotgun blast pulverizes the mirror over him, as THE T-850 advances implacably toward the counter, cocking the pump action to fire again, while

THE T-1000 drops from the escalator to land in a crouch near the T-850.

BEHIND THE COUNTER, REESE looks around desperately. **BLAMMM!** another shotgun round shatters plaster over him.

THE T-1000 AND THE T-850 advance on the counter, side by side, inescapable and inexorable-- when

LIGHT SUDDENLY BLASTS THE TWO TERMINATORS INTO SILHOUETTES--

THE GLASS FRONT DOORS OF THE STORE shatter inward as

A '77 ELDORADO, reinforced grille, **DRIVES** full tilt through the front entrance, scattering glass and metal as it GUNS straight for the Terminators--

T-1000 leaps to the side, but **T-850** is hit, knocked flat as the car runs him over with a **THWUMPP!** The Cadillac swerves, screeches straight toward the cosmetic counter--

-- and Reese barely dives out of the way as the Eldorado **PLOWS** through the counter, smashing through it!

T-1000 rises up behind the Eldorado-- just as

THE TRUNK OF THE ELDORADO flips open backwards, a steel plate welded inside the trunk lid, creating bulletproof shield-- and GUARDIAN rises from the trunk with two Uzis, blasting!

T-1000 flies backwards, chrome holes torn all over its body.

ON REESE as the Eldorado's passenger door is flung open. The **DRIVER, A YOUNG WOMAN**, leans across over the sniper rifle on the front seat, holds out her hand--

YOUNG WOMAN

Come with me if you want to live.

Reese reacts-- he recognizes her, even if we don't.

POV YOUNG WOMAN over Reese's shoulder-- **THE T-850** gets up, blood-smeared silver chestplate of the endoskeleton showing--

-- and she snaps up her rifle, **FIRES** over Reese's head.

THE BULLET THUNDERS into **T-850**, showering **SPARKS**, spinning it backwards and out of sight behind the escalators.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Come on!

Reese **BOLTS** to the car--

ON THE BACK OF THE CAR, Guardian is reloading--

GUARDIAN
DRIVE!!

She floors it with Reese half-hanging out the door, the car accelerates straight backwards--

-- and the T-1000 charges, arms growing into metal grappling hooks! It LEAPS for the side of the car--

-- but Guardian SHOOTs! The T-1000 contorts in midair, falling back, riddled with bullets.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The ELDORADO ERUPTS from the storefront, rips a 180 and speeds away, glass and debris falling off of it.

INT. DISCOUNT DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

The T-1000 gets to its feet and RACES after the Eldorado--

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

-- emerging from the shattered storefront. THE PATROL CAR flies out of the side alley behind it, T-850 back behind the wheel. T-1000 gets in, takes the shotgun.

POLICE RADIO (O.S.)
*All units, all units, shots fired,
Downtown Discount on 3rd. Suspects
fleeing in late model Eldorado. Be
advised, suspects are armed...*

INT./EXT. ELDORADO DRIVING - NIGHT

The Young Woman keeps the pedal to the floor, driving the Eldorado down wet streets with a racecar driver's skill.

SARAH
Reese, right? Kyle Reese?

Reese is staring at her like he's seeing a ghost.

REESE
You're Sarah.

SARAH

Yes, I know that. You get hit on the head back there?

Reese is looking behind them, can't make sense of this:

REESE

Two terminators... and one of them, I don't know the model--

SARAH

T-1000. Liquid metal. Shapechanger, just needs to touch something first to mimic it. You saw the rest of what it can do.

REESE

This doesn't make any sense...

Reese is struggling to get this back on track:

REESE (CONT'D)

Sarah. I'm here to protect you--

SARAH

From a terminator. Yeah, already took care of that one, kiddo.

She nods towards the backseat. Reese leans over-- and freezes at the sight of THE DISABLED TERMINATOR.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Without the power cell, it's just a big metal garden gnome. But it beat the hell out of Pops before we took it down.

One half of the backseat folds down, and GUARDIAN pulls himself into the car from the trunk--

GUARDIAN

The terminators have re-acquired us, increase your speed--

Reese snatches Sarah's RIFLE, levels it at Guardian-- Sarah snaps her arm out, knocks the barrel aside as Reese FIRES--

THE BULLET BLOWS out the SIDE of the car. Sarah SWERVES wildly, the car fishtails on the wet road.

SARAH

Stop! He's with me--

REESE

He's a terminator! He kills humans!

SARAH

He doesn't kill anyone!
(an afterthought)
Lot of leg wounds, though.
(off Reese's confusion)
Look, he does what I tell him to do, ok?

ON THE ROAD BEHIND THEM, THE PATROL CAR closes the distance fast-- RAMS the Eldorado, which skids sideways!

INSIDE THE ELDORADO, Sarah fights to regain control.

GUARDIAN

(to Reese)

I am not the enemy. They are.

Without another word, Guardian SLIDES back into the trunk.

ON THE ROAD, THE PATROL CAR brakes, swerves into the back quarter panel of the Eldorado, forcing it into a SPIN.

GUARDIAN crouches on one knee, blasting at the patrol car.

T-1000 hangs out the passenger side, firing back with the shotgun. A blast HITS Guardian, he barely stays in.

INSIDE THE ELDORADO, Sarah jerks the wheel into the skid.

SARAH

You want to do some saving? Help Pops!

Reese leans far out the passenger window with the sniper rifle, ratchets in a fresh round, aims and fires--

THE BULLET HOWLS THROUGH THE POLICE CAR'S ENGINE BLOCK, DRILLS through metal in a shower of sparks to the GAS TANK--

KABLAAAAAMM!!!! THE CRUISER EXPLODES, PINWHEELS over and over in the air-- about to HAMMER down on the Eldorado.

SARAH slams into reverse, spinning the wheel-- GUARDIAN, already off-balance, goes HURTLING out of the trunk, rolling off the shoulder of the road.

THE FLAMING CRUISER CRASHES DOWN, landing on its roof on the asphalt, SLIDING in a trail of fire along the highway.

Sarah whips the car around to go back for Guardian-- when

ANOTHER POLICE CRUISER suddenly cuts right across Sarah's path, blocking them in.

Sarah screeches the Eldorado to a bone-jarring HALT.

A **YOUNG ROOKIE COP, O'BRIEN**, enthusiastically jumps out of the car, pistol leveled at Sarah through the windshield.

O'BRIEN
(excited)
LAPD! Out of the car!

Cop 2, **GUTIERREZ**, rushes to the flaming wreck of the cruiser. Staring in shock. *No way anyone survived.*

GUTIERREZ
Christ...

Sarah and Reese have slid out of the car, their hands up. Sarah sees Gutierrez approaching the wreck:

SARAH
Don't go near it!

O'BRIEN
On the ground! Faces down, hands
on your backs!

AT THE BURNING CAR, Gutierrez sees what looks like a **SMALL RIVER OF MERCURY** rippling along the ground, snaking away from the flames right toward him.

SARAH
Get away from the car! Damn it,
they'll kill you!

O'BRIEN
Shut up and do what I said--

REESE	O'BRIEN	*
Listen to her or you're going	I said on the ground! <u>Right</u>	*
to die--	<u>now!</u>	*

ANGLE ON THE LIQUID METAL as it whips up, wrapping around Gutierrez's leg and **JERKING** him to the ground as--

T-1000 forms from the liquid metal, crouched over him! Gutierrez tries to draw-- **T-1000 STABS** him in the chest.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
Gutierrez!

O'Brien whips around and OPENS FIRE at T-1000! Bullets blossom into silver divots on the T-1000's chest as it STAGGERS back-- when suddenly

THE BURNING CAR HEAVES, metal and glass to explode out, showering O'Brien with debris, cutting his face as--

THE T-850 throws off the wreckage, emerging with its flesh burning away to the **ENDOSKELETON**. It stalks toward O'Brien--

BLAMM! A shotgun blast knocks it back--

GUARDIAN has emerged from the side of the road, scraped up but moving fast.

GUARDIAN
(to O'Brien, flat)
Run away.

Guardian cocks the shotgun one-handed, SHOTS Endoskeleton.

O'BRIEN turns and SPRINTS for the darkness-- as he goes,

SARAH AND REESE pull out in the Eldorado, tires smoking. Guardian VAULTS into the trunk as it passes.

As they pass, Reese shoots at the remaining cop car-- nailing two tires and the engine, shattering the windshield.

GUARDIAN watches from the Eldorado's trunk as Sarah floors it, the two TERMINATORS receding rapidly into the distance.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

AERIAL VIEW-- A POLICE HELICOPTER closing on the chase, searchlight roving over the streets until it finds:

THE ELDORADO-- Guardian visible reloading in the open trunk. Behind the Eldorado, two more POLICE CARS join the pursuit.

INT/EXT ELDORADO - DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Sarah speeds through the city. SIRENS cut through the night behind them. Guardian slides into the backseat. Ahead, two more POLICE CRUISERS swerve to block the road.

SARAH
Hang on!

THE ELDORADO NAILS the CRUISERS with its reinforced bumper, crunching metal and kicking both cars aside-- but the third cruiser whips around, gives chase.

IN THE ELDORADO, Sarah glances at the lights behind them. AHEAD OF THEM-- a tangle of FREEWAY overpasses. Sarah cuts under the multi-decker cloverleaf--

THE POLICE HELICOPTER loses sight of the Eldorado under the overlapping curves of freeways--

IN THE ELDORADO, Sarah turns off the road in spray of gravel, shutting the lights off as she pulls into A RAIL YARD. She tucks in behind an empty freight car.

THE CRUISER screeches past the turnoff, siren wailing.

INT./EXT. ELDORADO - RAIL YARD - NIGHT

Guardian slides into the driver's seat as the sound of the siren RECEDES. Sarah moves to the back.

SARAH
(to Reese)
He can drive without the lights on.

GUARDIAN POV: IR, the railyard as clear and sharp.

EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER IN SKY -- NIGHT

THE POLICE HELICOPTER overshoots, circles back-- but only the police cruiser comes out from under the knot of overpasses.

INT./EXT. ELDORADO - RAIL YARD - NIGHT

Guardian speeds along over uneven ground, moving through the silent hulks of sitting train cars.

GUARDIAN
We have eluded the authorities.

SARAH
What about the terminators?

GUARDIAN
For now. But they will find us.

SARAH
(grim satisfaction)
Good.

Reese turns on them, frustrated, confused, getting angry.

REESE

All right, I need answers. How did they know where to intercept me? When I'd be here? Where did they come from? What the hell is going on?

SARAH

I'm getting to it, ok? It's complicated. And I got a little busy with the whole life-and-death combat thing back there.

GUARDIAN

Sarah, anger is not an effective method for resolving arguments.

SARAH

I am not in the mood for your Dr. Spock "conflict resolution" crap. Give it a rest.

GUARDIAN

I do not need to rest. I am a terminator.

SARAH

Bite me.

GUARDIAN

That is a very immature response.

REESE

Ok, what is happening here? Terminators do not give advice about getting angry or anything else! I don't understand any of this--

SARAH

Where you thought you were going, where John thought he was sending you... it's changed. There's been a divergence.

REESE

Divergence? What's that?

GUARDIAN

Time has been altered in the past, changing this present, affecting any and all possible futures.

REESE

Altered how?

Sarah glances at the Guardian.

SARAH

1973. Early summer. My parents,
they had a cabin at Big Bear.

(off his look)

That's a lake. Lots of vacation
homes....

EXT. BIG BEAR - LAKE - DAY - 1973

The lake is like glass. Picture perfect.

EXT. BIG BEAR - CABIN - DAY - 1973

*YOUNG SARAH (9) runs out of the idyllic cabin with her
fishing pole. SARAH'S MOM steps out from the doorway.*

SARAH'S MOM

*Sarah Connor, did you Coppertone?
You'll burn without it!*

*Young Sarah 180's around SARAH'S DAD who carries a cooler
down the dock to a small metal boat, outboard motor on back.
Mom slathers suntan lotion on Sarah.*

SARAH (V.O.)

*I was with my folks. I always went
fishing with Dad in the morning...*

Mom kisses her daughter. Tells her to be good for Dad.

*YOUNG SARAH climbs into the boat, huddles next to Dad as he
putts away from the dock. Both wave back to Mom.*

*ON THE WATER -- Young Sarah and Dad drop lines. Drink soda.
Whisper so as to not scare the fish. Enjoying their time.*

SARAH (V.O.)

*Sometimes I think that can't have
been me, been my life. It never
happened. That little girl, she
never existed.*

BEHIND THEM, the cabin is small on the shore.

*Neither Dad nor Sarah look back to see Mom setting up the
picnic table outside. And a STRANGER quietly approaching...*

SARAH (V.O.)

It was an ordinary day. I didn't know it would be the last time I would ever feel normal, or safe.

Mom goes back into the cabin...

SARAH (V.O.)

Most days I can barely remember my Dad's face. Him or Mom. I don't have any pictures except what's in my head. Because afterwards, it was all gone...

THE CABIN BEHIND DAD & YOUNG SARAH SUDDENLY EXPLODES.

FIRE RAINS down on the dock and across the water.

YOUNG SARAH can't even scream. Dad drops the motor, putts back towards the flaming ruins of his life. Says 'It'll be okay,' to Young Sarah over and over, not once believing it.

BELOW THE WATER - something MOVES FAST TO MEET the BOAT.

INSIDE THE BOAT: THUNK-- Young SARAH points to the bottom. The boat is leaking. Dad reaches down to touch the water.

IT'S NOT WATER-- LIQUID METAL is RISING UP THROUGH THE SEAMS OF THE BOAT from the water beneath.

DAD pushes Sarah to the bow, as far from the metal as he can.

THE LIQUID METAL RISES UP, becoming THE SHAPE OF A MAN.

DAD doesn't think. Just acts. He THROWS Young Sarah out off the bow towards the DOCK and shore, away from the thing.

The LIQUID METAL MAN attacks DAD. Dad tries to fight back. But A BLADE forms from one of its SILVER ARMS-- STABS DAD.

YOUNG SARAH keeps swimming for the dock. Terrified.

LIQUID METAL MAN locks onto her with chrome eyes. Then calls to her, not in its monster voice but that of:

SARAH'S MOM

Sarah, honey. Wait for Mommy.

SARAH's eyes widen to see: THE METAL MONSTER taking the form of her MOTHER. CALLING TO HER. WAVING her back to the boat.

SARAH DUCK DIVES under the water just as the HALF-MONSTER/HALF-MOM thing strides and LEAPS from the bow of the boat.

UNDERWATER - YOUNG SARAH looks up at a SHRIEKING ROAR over the water-- A ROCKET trail CUTS across the water's surface.

BEFORE THE LIQUID METAL MONSTER breaks the water's surface, A ROCKET rips into it and EXPLODES, scattering LIQUID CHROME.

BELOW THE DOCK - Young Sarah surfaces. Tries not to panic. No idea where to go. What to do.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. Measured footsteps come down the dock. Sarah flattens herself up against the wood, terrified.

POV SARAH THROUGH THE SLATS: - black boots. Then a face looks down at her: GUARDIAN, young as the T-800 model we saw attack the Punks. A smoking rocket launcher in his hand.

SARAH (V.O.)

Pops found me. Pulled me from the water. Said he would never let anyone hurt me. Ever.

CLOSE ON YOUNG SARAH's tear-streaked face. She clings to the Guardian, as he carries her away from us. Away from the smoking ruins. Away from the life Sarah was supposed to have.

INT/EXT. ELDORADO ON ROAD - NIGHT

Sarah glances from Reese to Guardian, who drives impassively.

SARAH

And so Pops raised me. Taught me about terminators. About Judgement Day. He told me about you.

REESE

None of this is what John said.

SARAH

Reese, the 1984 you were sent to no longer exists. Everything John Connor told you about me, about what I was, who I was, it's different now. All of it.

REESE

But... my mission...

SARAH

Trust me. I'm no one you need to save. There's a new mission now.

REESE

Which is?

SARAH

The past changed. That means the
future can too. We can stop
Judgement Day from happening.
Ever.

Guardian whips the car down a side road, toward a JUNKYARD.

EXT. JUNKYARD - GATES - NIGHT

They stops at a lit Airstream near the gate. A junkyard MUTT
strains at its chain, BARKING in a frenzy at the Eldorado.

Grizzled Vietnam Vet JIMMY (35) limps out, shotgun in hand--
relaxes at the sight of Guardian driving, Sarah in the back.

JIMMY

Evenin' Pops. Sarah.
(to the dog)
Quiet, Dawg!
(to Sarah)
He just don't like the smell of a
cyborg. Course mostly that's a
good thing.

Guardian waves woodenly, gives Jimmy a sudden and painful-
looking smile.

GUARDIAN

(without inflection)
Hello. It is nice to see you.

Guardian stops smiling just as abruptly.

REESE

(to Sarah)
Are you kidding me?

SARAH

I've been trying to teach him to
blend in. I know it needs work.
(back to Jimmy)
We're leaving tonight, Jimmy. For
good. You should too.

Jimmy instantly looks serious.

JIMMY

Roger that. I'll give you a hand
first. Meet you over by the Brinks.

GUARDIAN

Have a nice day.

He floors it, the car roars into the junkyard.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - PATROL CAR WRECKAGE - NIGHT

Flames lick into the sky from the totalled cop car.
AN AMBULANCE comes racing up to the site-- and

T-1000 (in police clothes) comes out of nowhere, standing square in the middle of the road directly in their path.

The Driver SLAMS on the brakes, the ambulance skids along the asphalt but it can't stop fast enough, SMASHES into T-1000--

-- and the T-1000 FLOWS over the hood like a wave, hitting the windshield CRACK! Glass spiderwebs on impact beneath the thick splat of silver--

AMBULANCE DRIVER

What the f--

The windshield SHATTERS inward in an explosion of glass!

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CAR DRIVING IN JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Guardian speeds down one row of crushed cars, then another.

REESE

This-- divergence-- I think I know why it happened. When John sent me back, right at the moment I went through, he was attacked by... it was a like a terminator, but it couldn't have been, they all went down when we smashed Skynet.

GUARDIAN

What did it look like?

REESE

Just another soldier, but when it took him, its hands dissolved into these black particles...

Sarah looks at him in disbelief. Verging on horror.

SARAH

It killed him? John's dead?

JOHN

I don't know. I saw it grab him
and then... I was gone.

Sarah and Guardian trade a glance.

SARAH

A fail deadly.

REESE

What?

Guardian halts between STACKS OF CRUSHED CARS.

EXT. JUNKYARD MAZE - NIGHT

As they get out of the car:

SARAH

A military strategy. A fail deadly
is any mechanism put in place to
ensure that if you're defeated,
your enemy is destroyed too.

Guardian moves to a mound of flattened cars stacked together.

GUARDIAN

During the War, Skynet was
experimenting with nanotechnology.
It is possible you saw a unit
created specifically to kill John
Connor in the event Skynet lost.

SARAH

Get it open. We have to go.

Guardian puts his shoulder to the stack of flattened cars and
pushes-- moving the massive stack aside. Hidden behind them:

A WRECKED BRINKS TRUCK. No wheels, the armored frame sits
flush in the dirt.

REESE

You're talking about revenge. A
computer program can't want
revenge--

GUARDIAN

Negative. Its drive to self-
preservation generated anger, fear,
distrust. Skynet was programmed to
feel emotions.

REESE

But you don't. Do you? One flip of a switch in that metal CPU of yours and you'd kill us both--

SARAH

Reese. We can trust him.

GUARDIAN

I was programmed to protect Sarah Connor. I will not stop.

REESE

(suspicious)
Programmed by who?
(to Sarah)
Who sent him back?

SARAH

It's one of the few things I don't know.

GUARDIAN

Those files have been erased.

SARAH

Whoever sent him, they don't want us to know. Not me, not him, not anyone. So Skynet can't target the person who saved me.

Guardian UNLOCKS the rear doors of the armored truck. The Brinks doors are thrown open-- the bottom of the truck is GONE. Instead, a ROUGH HEWN RAMP LEADS UNDER THE GROUND.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(to Reese)
Give me a hand with these.

Reese starts stripping equipment from the car with her. Guardian goes down the ramp into the darkness.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Look, give Pops some credit. He's been learning since the moment he arrived. He had no idea how to raise a human child. So he did research. Read books. Watched Sesame Street. Took me to museums and zoos, in between teaching me how to kill cyborg assassins and survive a nuclear apocalypse.

REESE

You're right. You don't need saving. John would be proud of you.

SARAH

I doubt it. I didn't choose this life. I *wanted* to be normal. For years, I just wanted to go to school. To play house. Have friends. You ever tried having a tea party with a terminator? They aren't good at it. Not at all.

(off his look)

Right. You don't even know what a tea party is.

REESE

This... "Pops", it's old. I've never seen a terminator old before.

SARAH

The flesh they put on the cyborgs is normal human tissue. It ages.

Guardian emerges from the tunnel, carrying a heavy load of equipment, including a dolly.

GUARDIAN

My auditory circuits have not degraded, however. I may be old, but I am not obsolete.

He dumps the equipment by the car, heads back for the ramp.

SARAH

I think you hurt his feelings.

REESE

You mean the ones that he doesn't have?

(watching Guardian descend the ramp)

What's down there?

SARAH

The way we're going to stop Skynet for good.

As Guardian continues down the ramp, we CRANE UP-- to discover **THE JUNKYARD IS ADJACENT TO A LADWP POWER STATION.**

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. AMBULANCE ON ROAD - NIGHT

The scanner tuned to police frequency. T-1000 driving, now in a PARAMEDIC'S UNIFORM, weaving through traffic.

POLICE RADIO (O.S.)
*This is Aerial Unit 7, we have lost
suspect Eldorado under the 101-
Highway 5 interchange...*

T-1000 changes direction, headed toward the freeway.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Jimmy and Reese are wrestling the dead weight of the DISABLED TERMINATOR from the backseat floor of the Eldorado.

REESE
Why are you doing this?

JIMMY
Little heavy for you to get out on
your own, ain't it?

REESE
No, I mean-- helping Sarah. Helping
us.

They get the T-800 out. Jimmy wipes sweat from his face.

JIMMY
She says a storm's comin', and I
believe it. Thought she was crazy
when I first met her. Then she put
a gun to the back of Pops' head,
and--
(mimes a shot)
Blam! Slug went through the skin,
then sparked right off him. Say
one thing for Sarah, she don't
screw around when she wants to make
a point.

REESE
Yeah, I've noticed that.

JIMMY
Truth is, whatever's comin', I
won't live to see it. Cancer.
I've got a year, could be less.
Maybe that's a blessin'. But I'll
tell you this...
(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)
when they sent me off to Nam to die
for my country, it sure as hell
wasn't worth it. But dying for my
whole damn species? Ooh goddamn
rah.

INT. TUNNEL MOUTH - DAY

Sarah and Guardian are coming up, Guardian toting guns, Sarah carrying two plastic jugs of gasoline. Guardian pauses before they reach the tunnel mouth. Reese and Jimmy visible beyond, at the Eldorado. Out of earshot.

GUARDIAN
Sarah, I do not understand.

SARAH
That's a little vague.

GUARDIAN
You did not tell Kyle Reese the
truth. That he is the father of
John Connor.

SARAH
You're asking me why I didn't tell
Reese that we're supposed to fall
in love, spend one night together,
then he dies saving me and I have
our child alone?

GUARDIAN
Yes.

SARAH
(gives him a look)
I was being sarcastic.

GUARDIAN
Oh.
(then)
I was not.

Sarah looks past Pops' shoulder, at Reese and Jimmy as they finish strapping down the lifeless T-800.

SARAH
Humans are supposed to look to the
future with uncertainty, and with
hope. I wish I could.

Looking at Reese from this distance, Sarah's gaze lingers on his face. What she's looking for, we can't tell.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I don't want to take that away from him.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

T-1000 driving the ambulance slowly beneath the freeway interchange. Scanning the ground ahead as it goes.

T-1000 POV: TIRE TRACKS leaving the road, onto the gravel next to the rail line.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Sarah and Reese are pouring gasoline on the Eldorado.

SARAH

The junkyard is built over part of the old sewer system. It's been unused since the '20's.

(nods to the Brinks truck)

The ramp goes down to an access into the tunnels. We lead the terminators into there.

REESE

Lead them?

Guardian hands her the sniper rifle, Sarah slings it over her back. He gives her a .9mm, she racks the slide, checks it.

SARAH

They have to be completely destroyed.

As Guardian hands Reese an Uzi, a .9mm, and a knife:

GUARDIAN

If terminators are found, even if they have been disabled or partially destroyed, their technology can be reversed-engineered. This could result in the creation of Skynet or a similar A.I. that will attempt human genocide.

SARAH
We can't risk future tech being
here, in this time, when we leave.

REESE
What do you mean, "in this time"?

O.S. DAWG BARKING, loud and close.

EXT. JUNKYARD - GATES - NIGHT

DAWG is going crazy at the AMBULANCE rolling in. Jimmy is packing his mini-van, brandishes his sawed-off:

JIMMY
No trespassin'! Nobody's hurt here,
just go on about your business.

T-1000 ignores Jimmy. Scans and finds Eldorado tracks.
Jimmy aims the shotgun, face darkening.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Get offa my land, son, or I swear
you're gonna be Dawg's next meal.

T-1000 swivels its gaze smoothly to Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Sonofabitch--

He BLASTS at the ambulance with the shotgun-- when

THE BACK DOORS of the AMBULANCE fly open, ENDOSKELETON
explodes out, charges Jimmy as he stares for a shocked
instant-- and Endoskeleton snaps Jimmy's neck.

T-1000 guns the ambulance into the junkyard, as Endoskeleton
LEAPS up onto one of the mountains of junk.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Guardian, Reese and Sarah stand armed and ready. Guardian
hefts an Uzi in one hand, grenade launcher in the other.

Sarah flicks her zippo, turns to the gas-soaked Eldorado--

REESE
You'll lead them right to us.

SARAH
That's the idea.

She tosses the lighter onto the car, and **FWWOOOOM!** Flames lick upwards into the night.

SARAH (CONT'D)
If we can't take them out here,
just get them to the end of the
tunnel. Got it?

REESE
(scanning the darkness)
This is a really bad idea.

KA-THRUNKK! ENDOSKELETON lands on the top of a piled of wrecked cars to their side.

All three whip around, firing. **BULLETS** spark off Endoskeleton--

SARAH snaps up the **SNIPER RIFLE**-- Reese tackles her! The rifle lost as Reese bears her to the ground-- and

THE AMBULANCE plows through the spot where they just stood! It clips Guardian, he crashes into cars which **AVALANCHE** down on top of him--

-- as the ambulance **SLAMS** into the **FLAMING ELDORADO**.

ON ENDOSKELETON as it leaps to the ground, **CHARGES** them! Reese shoves Sarah towards the tunnel mouth--

REESE (CONT'D)
(to Sarah)
Go!

Endoskeleton snatches Reese up, **FLINGS** him into a **PILE OF WRECKED CARS**, then stalks after him. Reese scrambles up over the wrecks, disappears on the far side.

ON SARAH as she hesitates at the tunnel mouth-- sees:

T-1000 kick out of the crumpled ambulance cab, body twisted and bent by the crash-- and the liquid metal ripples, reforms, he's whole again in moments. His eyes fix on Sarah.

She turns and **RUNS**. T-1000 follows.

INT. JUNKYARD TUNNEL - NIGHT

T-1000 races into the murk of the tunnel--

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! Sarah fires from behind cover, crouched at the ragged hole where the ramp enters the sewer tunnels.

Each shot opens a silver puncture in T-1000's chest-- he slows, but keeps coming, almost to her when--

GUARDIAN appears silhouetted in the ramp behind him.

GUARDIAN
Sarah, run!

Guardian OPENS FIRE as he strides down the ramp.
T-1000 LEAPS for Guardian, sailing through the air-- Guardian FIRES a grenade-- BOOMMM!

INT. JUNKYARD - TUNNEL - NIGHT

SARAH reloading-- the explosion behind her rattles the tunnel, dust trickling from the ceiling. She looks back:

HUGE SHADOWS on the tunnel wall, showing GUARDIAN on his back, T-1000 over him, its hand a splayed shredded mess that rapidly morphs into a THICK BLADE--

SARAH
(whispers, desperately)
Come on, Pops. Get up. Please.

Guardian blocks the thrust with one arm CLANNGG!

SARAH (CONT'D)
(houts back)
Hey! You want me or the rustbucket? Come on!

The T-1000 pauses-- Sarah turns, runs down the tunnel.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

ENDOSKELETON thunders after REESE through a junk-maze-- Reese darts through with the practiced skill of an urban guerilla. Behind him, Endoskeleton simply plows through the piles of junk with horrifying brutal strength.

Reese clambers swiftly to the top of a car mound, runs along the top of the wrecked cars as--

Endoskeleton pursues him below-- then THROWS itself into the TOWERING ROW OF WRECKS like a battering ram, tipping it over!

REESE scrambles along the wave of collapsing metal.
ENDOSKELETON BOUNDS right at him over the twisted wreckage--

Reese dives INSIDE a GUTTED STATION WAGON, just as Endoskeleton LANDS hard on the roof with a KERRCRUNCH!,

ON REESE INSIDE THE WRECKS, twists and turns from the station wagon through the open window of another car, like a snake in a maze that's being HAMMERED smaller and tighter.

ENDOSKELETON'S FIST PUNCHES through a roof, Reese dives into another car-- and ahead he spots:

THE SNIPER RIFLE, lying in the maze of semi-crushed cars.

REESE heaves himself forward, grabbing the rifle just as

ENDOSKELETON'S FIST slams down, Reese dodges the blow but a bumper CRACKS into the side of his head-- Reese reels, vision blurring, blood wells from a gash in his temple.

Endoskeleton GRABS for him-- and Reese jams the sniper rifle into its metal torso, points the muzzle straight up and--

KABLAAAAAAM!!! The bullet RIPS upward through the skeletal body to Endoskeleton's neck-- and blows its head off.

Reese pulls himself out, dizzy and staggering, puts a hand to his bloodied head-- and COLLAPSES, unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWER TUNNELS - NIGHT

Sarah moves fast through the tunnel, reaching a hole hacked through concrete into another, smaller chute-like tunnel.

Sarah opens a locker on this side of the hole, pulls out an Uzi, a GAS MASK and a PRESSURE SPRAYER. She clips the sprayer to her belt then climbs through.

INT. SEWER TUNNELS - CHUTE - NIGHT

The hole opens into a **NARROW CHUTE**. BLUE 50 GALLON PLASTIC DRUMS OF LIQUID are stacked on either side. ABOVE, more barrels, held in place by a metal truss. Clear liquid DRIPS from a few of barrels overhead.

Sarah runs through the chute. A drip hits her jacketed arm-- which immediately begins to SMOKE, cloth burning away.

Sarah whips the jacket off. Her arm is RED and BLISTERING. She unclips the sprayer, SPRAYS her arm, stops the burn.

O.S. sounds behind her, someone approaching from the tunnel.

Sarah clips the sprayer back on her belt, then snaps up the Uzi. She backs down the chute, watching where she entered --

REESE (O.S.)

Sarah...

REESE stumbles into the chute, bruised, bloodied.

REESE (CONT'D)

Help me. Please, Sarah...

SARAH

What happened?

REESE

I'm hurt.

Reese limps down the chute towards her.

SARAH

Where's Pops?

REESE

Terminated.

Sarah stops dead in her tracks.

Reese passes under the dripping barrel. Clear liquid drops onto his cheek. **HISSSS...** but Reese doesn't even flinch.

The flesh on Reese's cheek burns away, leaving a SILVER DIVOT. He looks up at the barrel above. A second drip falls INTO REESE'S EYE: IT SIZZLES away to a GAPING SILVER SOCKET.

SARAH

Nice try, Captain Chrome.

It glares at her, oozing silver eye and dripping cheek-- strides toward her, morphing from Reese to T-1000.

Sarah slips on the gas mask, FIRES-- but not at the T-1000, she's aiming at

THE PLASTIC BARRELS, which spray ACID from the punctures, showering onto the T-1000 from the sides and above!

T-1000 becomes pitted and scarred, acid burning broad gashes of chrome over it as it eats into the mimetic polyalloy. It tries to reform, but acid keeps eating it away.

Acrid smoke BILLOWS, obscuring the melting T-1000 from sight.

Sarah backs out of the chute. Behind her, a closed door. She reloads the Uzi. An inhuman SCREAM CUTS through the smoke-- and then nothing. Silence.

Smoke swirls thick in the chute... when suddenly

T-1000 LUNGES AT SARAH from out of the fog-- metal form now hideously rotting away, but somehow still attacking.

Sarah shoots! Bullets SHRED liquid metal, ripping off one of T-1000's deformed arms-- but it GRABS her leg with the other, tries to pull her into the poisonous ACID gauntlet.

Sarah SLIPS, goes down hard, T-1000 dragging her toward the acid-- when ANOTHER HAND grabs her arm and JERKS her back.

It's Guardian, who's burst in through the door behind Sarah. He SEIZES T-1000's liquefying throat, DRIVES it headfirst INTO AN ACID BARREL.

ACID sloshes over the T-1000, which jerks, quivers, then dissolves into rivers of watery silver.

Guardian jerks his hand back-- the flesh has been eaten away, the metal skeleton beneath already starting to smoke.

Sarah swiftly sprays his arm-- the acid stops, but Guardian's arm below the elbow is now exposed metal, completely inhuman.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I was worried about you.

GUARDIAN

(shakes his head)

Old. Not obsolete.

SARAH

What about Reese?

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Reese lies sprawled next to the headless remains of the Endoskeleton. Sarah watches as Guardian checks his eyes.

GUARDIAN

He is unconscious, but his damage is minimal.

SARAH

Not sure I'd agree with that.

Sarah crouches down next to Reese. Looking at him, almost studying him, now that he can't see her doing it.

SARAH (CONT'D)
So you're the one I've waited for
all my life.

She reaches one hand to brush hair out of his face-- Sarah
pulls back suddenly, realizing Guardian is watching. Sarah
stands. Abrupt. Maybe even a little embarrassed.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Let's get him down to the rig.
We've got to figure out where we're
going.

PUSH IN on Reese's face, eyes closed, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REESE'S DREAM

BLINDING LIGHT shines down at us from a dark sky, then
swivels away to reveal--

EXT. BLASTED ROAD - NIGHT

AN HK scans over a cracked road that cuts through withered
farmland. Clearly post-Judgement Day. Off the road:

A *HOUSE*, ruined and blasted, sagging roof and shattered
windows. It looks abandoned. A scattering of outbuildings.

The *HK* roves overhead, about to move on... but then, A
FLICKER OF MOVEMENT inside one window.

INT. RUINED REESE HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a tow-headed 13 year old *BOY*, peering carefully around
the edges of the shattered pane.

MAN'S VOICE
(hissing whisper)
Kyle! Get away from the window!

YOUNG KYLE REESE, maybe 13 years old, ducks down from the
window. His *PARENTS* are huddled in the shadows against the
far wall. Thin and filthy, refugees in their own home.

KYLE'S DAD
Get down!

Young Kyle hits the floor just as LIGHT FROM THE HK stabs through the window, sweeping over the destroyed house. Raking over the relics of a lost way of life:

A WEDDING PICTURE, showing Kyle's parents smiling at the camera, traditional long white dress and tux.

A CHINA CABINET, listing precariously to one side, filled with smashed fragments, a few plates remaining.

ANGLE THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR, as the light sweeps through it, showing a TEAPOT on the counter, a hastily put out FIRE in a makeshift hearth, still smoking.

THE HK LIGHT FLARES, searingly bright, whites out everything--

INT. REESE HOUSE - DAY

-- and when the light fades we're in the living room, but it's changed. Because in this timeline, no bombs ever fell.

The house is vibrant with color. Sunlight streams in. Laughter and light, a small BIRTHDAY PARTY going on. Kyle's Mom enters from the kitchen, healthy and smiling.

KYLE'S MOM & DAD
Happy Birthday, Kyle!

Young Kyle, just a normal kid, smiles at everyone and blows out the candles. Dad taking lots of pictures, A CAMERA FLASH goes off-- and the wash of light transitions us back to:

INT. RUINED REESE HOUSE - NIGHT

Young Kyle and his parents scramble to a spot where ripped wallpaper hangs down over a gaping hole in the wall. They slip in between the walls. It's claustrophobic and dark.

KYLE'S MOM
(scared)
Richard...

KYLE'S DAD
We're gonna be ok, Katie. We'll be fine.
(to Young Kyle)
You stay quiet, understand, Kyle?
No matter what happens-- you don't make a sound.

YOUNG KYLE
Ok Dad.

Light sweeps back and forth through the windows, stippling them through the cracks in the wall. The light washes over Young Kyle's eye, shockingly bright--

INT. REESE HOUSE - DAY

FLASH-- another photo-- Kyle's Dad taking too many birthday pictures. Mom hands Kyle a present in loud wrapping paper.

Young Kyle opens it... AN IPAD 6.

YOUNG KYLE

Thanks Mom! Thanks Dad! This is so cool...

He turns it on-- in the upper right corner, A RED COUNTER blinks to life, counting down in days, hours, minutes, seconds. Behind the scolling numbers, the words **GENISYS IS COMING, 10-10-17. LINK YOUR LIFE.**

YOUNG KYLE (CONT'D)

(excited)

No way!

KYLE'S MOM

(smiles)

Genisys will auto-update as soon as it comes online. You'll have it the moment it comes out. Just a few more days.

Kyle's Dad snaps another photo, the flash FLARES--

INT. RUINED REESE HOUSE - NIGHT

-- becoming a **BLAST OF PLASMA FIRE** that tears through the front door. The ruined door is kicked open, splintering--

AN **ENDOSKELETON** enters. Eyes burning red, scanning.

POV ENDOSKELETON, seeing the thermal glow of the smoking hearth in the kitchen. Signs of life. Human life.

INSIDE THE WALLS-- Mom, Dad and Young Kyle motionless. Dad looks down at Kyle, fingers to his lips. Stay quiet.

Young Kyle trembles. Terrified.

Endoskeleton cuts across the light as it searches, visible only as a hulking blur through the cracks in the wall.

The family holds their breath... the footfalls of the machine only a few feet away from them... and then, silence.

Mom holds Kyle to her. Dad presses his ear to the wall.

KYLE'S MOM
(silently mouths)
Is it gone?

Dad turns to answer, when--

A METAL HAND smashes through lathe and plaster, GRABS KYLE!

Dad and Mom lunge for the machine arm, fight to free Kyle. He twists out of his filthy jacket, darts to the side--

-- and the Machine's other arm punches through INTO DAD. YANKS him through the wall and out of sight.

Young Kyle reaches for Mom-- as Endoskeleton's flailing metal fingers close around her arm and RIP her through the wall.

Young Kyle scrambles backwards, ducking around the narrow corner between walls, trying to stay silent, crying.

A BLAZE OF ENERGY FIRE, visible through the holes in the wall-- and two shadows THUD into the wall hard enough to make it shake. The sound of his parents' bodies hitting the wall.

Young Kyle chokes down a scream. Scurries through the narrow gap between the walls just as--

The Endoskeleton tears the wall away-- to find no one.

INT. BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Young Kyle crawls out, into a back bedroom. Heading for a bolt-hole in the floor that leads under the house.

Debris litters the floor. He stops, seeing himself reflected in a broken piece of mirror... the image wavers, warps...

INT. YOUNG KYLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

... to Young Kyle's bedroom, in the bright, happy house. He's looking in his mirror, expression serious.

YOUNG KYLE
Genisys is Skynet.

In the mirror, a typical teenage bedroom visible behind him. He is talking directly to his own reflection:

YOUNG KYLE (CONT'D)
Remember. This future is real.
Skynet infects the world from
Cyberdyne in San Francisco,
October, 2017. You can stop the
program, kill it before it's born.
You have to remember, it's
important-- come to 2017.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SEWER TUNNELS - NIGHT

Reese STARTS AWAKE, bolting upright.

He's in the tunnels. Puts a hand to his head, winces as his fingers find the roughly bandaged gash in his temple.

O.S. echoing voices, Sarah and Guardian. He can't quite make out what they're saying. Gets up, heads toward the sound.

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

Reese passes the acid chute, sees two barrels of upright acid. One has the trunk of ENDOSKELETON sinking down into it, acid boiling around it as the metal dissolves.

SARAH (O.S.)
-- not sure how we know for sure.

INT. TUNNEL INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Reese emerges into a wide, tall CAVERN formed by the intersection of several sewer tunnels. Sarah and Guardian are standing at its edge.

GUARDIAN
We must choose your destination--

REESE
What is he talking about?

They both turn to see Reese. He looks past them-- a tangle of THICK CABLES hang from a hole cut in the top of the tunnel, snaking down to the controls of:

A MAKESHIFT TIME DISPLACEMENT DEVICE, similar to the one we saw in 2029 but clearly built from equipment at hand. 3 huge concentric rings lie flat on the floor, not floating, stacked inside each other atop a jury-rigged magnet array.

REESE (CONT'D)

That's...

GUARDIAN

A time displacement device. TDD.

REESE

I know what it is.

(looks skeptical)

Or, I know what it's supposed to be. You're sure it will work?

SARAH

We haven't tested it. One use only. Pops says we'll shut down power for all of Los Angeles.

Guardian nods up at the cables.

GUARDIAN

We have tapped the main city grid.

(an understatement)

It will be noticed.

REESE

(to Sarah)

You said "when we leave"... Where are we going?

SARAH

More like, when.

She looks to Guardian. This is not a new conversation.

SARAH (CONT'D)

If we go back to 1973, we could save my parents. But we can't be sure it will work.

GUARDIAN

Or we can go to 2029. The attack on John Connor must be the first and primary divergence. From that point in the future, it is almost certain terminators were sent back after Sarah as a child, and sent after you when you arrived.

SARAH

Not sure which time we go to--

REESE

Neither.

(off their confusion)

(MORE)

REESE (CONT'D)

If we go back to 1973, even if we save your parents we'll be too far back in the past. We may not live long enough to stop Judgement Day. And if we go forward to 2029, yes we might save John... but Judgement Day will already have happened. Billions of lives lost to nuclear fire. Both ways, we fail to stop Judgement Day.

SARAH

You have a better idea?

REESE

(without hesitation)

2017. October, 2017.

SARAH

That's after the bombs fall--

REESE

Not any more. When I was out, I had-- it wasn't a dream, it was more like-- remembering. Vivid, real. I was 13, with my parents after Judgement Day. I watched them die... and then it changed. I saw the world where Judgement Day never happened. No, not just saw it-- I remembered it. The same house, same parents, same me-- but I was home, the bombs had never fallen, and it was my 13th birthday. October 7, 2017.

SARAH

A dream of having your family back doesn't mean a thing, trust me--

REESE

Not a dream. A memory. I can't remember all of that life, not everything, it's like trying to close my fingers around smoke-- but I remember sitting at my mirror, someone gave me a message and I said it to myself-- October 2017 is when Skynet comes online. Only it's called "Genisys."

SARAH

(is he kidding?)

So you're remembering the future.

But the Guardian is taking this very seriously.

GUARDIAN

No.

(to Reese)

The boy is the alternate timeline version of you.

(to Sarah)

Kyle Reese is remembering his own past, which is our future.

SARAH

(it doesn't)

That makes it so much better.

How can he remember two timelines?

Guardian takes Reese's face in his metal hand--

REESE

Get off me!

SARAH

Reese. Let him look.

Reluctantly, Reese stands still as Guardian scans his eyes.

GUARDIAN_POV: SCANS REESE'S involuntary iris contractions. Information flickering rapidly down its HUD, assessing...

GUARDIAN

You may have been exposed to a nexus point in the timeflow when you were in the quantum field.

REESE

I'm a soldier, not a scientist. Try that again.

GUARDIAN

A nexus point. An event in time of such importance that it gives rise to a vastly different future.

SARAH

You mean like the assassination of Lincoln, or the birth of Hitler.

GUARDIAN

John Connor's effect on history is exponentially great. If he was killed or compromised, this would be a nexus event.

(MORE)

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

Experiencing such an event from inside time portal field could result in the ability to remember both pasts.

REESE

I'm not wrong about this. Sarah. What happened to John, the death of your parents, Judgement Day-- it all stems from one place. Skynet.
(intense)

I was born in the ruins of a world destroyed by the machines. I've given my whole life fighting Skynet. I wouldn't ask this if I wasn't sure, *completely* sure, that it's the only way.

Sarah turns away from him. Conflicted. Reese comes up behind her, reaches a hand out for her shoulder-- then stops himself. Instead, just says softly:

REESE (CONT'D)

I came back for you, Sarah. Not John, not the cause. You.

She turns, looks at him, searching his face.

REESE (CONT'D)

I hope that means something.

They lock eyes-- and Sarah looks away first. To Guardian.

SARAH

October 7. 2017.

INT. TUNNEL INTERSECTION - NIGHT - LATER

Guardian finishes setting the target date on the controls.

GUARDIAN

You must leave as soon as possible--

SARAH

"We." We're going, all of us.

Guardian holds up his exposed mechanical arm.

GUARDIAN

The magnetics of the quantum temporal field. My flesh is compromised. It will take years to regrow. I cannot go with you.

Sarah processes this-- then suddenly HUGS him.

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

This is a meaningless gesture. Why do you hold onto someone because you know you must let them go?

Sarah pulls back, wipes her eyes swiftly.

SARAH

What about you? What will you do?

GUARDIAN

Take the long way. Prepare for your arrival in 2017.

Guardian turns back to the controls, switches them on. With a HUM, the rings rise from the floor, one inside another. Not yet rotating, just floating.

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

You cannot travel wearing clothes.

Sarah and Reese become uncomfortable. Begin disrobing, pointedly not looking at each other.

REESE

Make sure you pick us up in the right place. I don't want to be wandering around the Bay Area naked.

GUARDIAN

("duh")

I programmed the TDD, I will be present at the coordinates when you arrive. I will not make a mistake.

REESE

You sound... annoyed.

GUARDIAN

Annoyance is not in my programming. If it was, I would not be able to function among humans.

REESE

Ok, definitely annoyed.

Reese has finished undressing. Sarah too. Glancing at Reese, the Guardian says deadpan:

GUARDIAN

Kyle Reese. I have seen little to indicate that you are a fit guardian for Sarah.

REESE

You know you're not her dad, right?

SARAH

(to Guardian)
Don't worry, Pops.
(to Reese)
Let's do this.

Still not looking at each other, Sarah and Reese move toward the rings. Reese steps into the inactive time portal. He holds out a hand-- but Sarah ignores it, steps in on her own.

The rings start to spin. Sarah and Reese stand face to face, not touching, looking only at each other's faces. But it's more intimate than if their eyes were roving over each other.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What will it be like?

REESE

It hurts. But you'll be ok.

The rings WHIRL faster. Sarah startles, catches herself-- then gasps in pain. Without thinking, Reese reaches for her as she doubles over, throws his arms around her--

AND LIGHT SWALLOWS them into a BLUE-BLACK SPHERE of PAIN.

INT. TIME SPHERE - NO WHEN

ON SARAH wincing, gasping for breath. Instinctively, she clings to Reese, fingers digging into his back.

A maelstrom of lightning shrieks outside the sphere. Reese holds Sarah's head to his chest, arms wrapped tight around her, wanting to protect her, knowing he can't.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - 2017

Black clouds THUNDER over the city. Heavy downpour.

Late night traffic speeds through the 101-280 FREEWAY INTERCHANGE south of downtown. San Francisco drivers, oblivious to the rain, barely notice the wet streets.

ANGLE ON A BILLBOARD, one of many by the freeway: smiling people using smartphones, computers, tablets.

Beneath, the words *GENISYS IS COMING* in huge glowing letters, with the same red counter we saw in Reese's vision. 3 days to go.

Lightning CRACKS-- but not across the sky. It's on the road.

A massive BALL of electricity whips into existence, dead center in the northbound overpass!

DRIVERS swerve madly, some go around, some plunge through--

THE BLUE-BLACK SPHERE materializes, opaque and SOLID in the eye of the lightning storm. Asphalt SMOKES as the sphere burns a bowl-shaped crater down into the road.

KERCRAH! A CAR head-ons into the SPHERE, ricochets off it.

A PICKUP TRUCK swerves, fishtails-- glances off the sphere, up on two wheels, slams into the median.

A POLICE CAR jams its brakes, rear-ends the pickup. The startled TRAFFIC COP inside reaches for his radio.

INSIDE THE SPHERE: Sarah clings to Reese, their bodies a twisting knot suspended in the sphere's center.

REESE'S POV: electric arcs burn across the surface of the sphere. It goes from opaque to translucent-- the freeway becomes visible outside, vehicles veering around them-- and the sphere dissipates.

REESE & SARAH fall, silhouetted by headlights coming straight for them! Reese twists mid-air, putting his back to THE ONCOMING CAR. Its brakes lock with a squeal--

-- and it SLAMS into Reese and Sarah, his back taking the brunt of it. They ROLL up the hood, smashing the windshield.

The car stops. They're THROWN forward, still clinging together as they roll across the CRATER left by the sphere.

Sarah pushes off Reese, disoriented. She tries to stand, slips-- Reese grabs her arm, steadies her.

REESE

It's ok. I got you.

Blood drips down his temple from the reopened gash. Sarah meets his eyes-- doesn't pull away from his touch. Cars screech to a halt all around them. O.S. SIRENS.

ANGLE ON THE TRAFFIC COP as he darts through cars-- to find Sarah and Reese, naked.

TRAFFIC COP
(drawing his gun)
Hold it right there!

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO FREEWAY ON RAMP - NIGHT

An on-ramp on the lower deck, below the interchange where Sarah and Reese materialized. The interchange itself is now jammed with cars and emergency vehicles, lights flashing.

Traffic crawls as people crane to see what's happening. A VAN weaves through, stops abruptly, almost gets rear-ended.

The driver emerges, steps onto the shoulder, ignoring the honking cars around him: **GUARDIAN**, 33 years "older."

POV GUARDIAN: looking up the several stories to the interchange. His POV ZOOMS in to see Reese and Sarah loaded into an ambulance...

ANGRY DRIVER
(calling from his car)
Hey asshole! Get off the road!

GUARDIAN
(flat)
Bite me.

WIDER-- Ambulance doors close. PULL BACK to see Guardian get in the van and follow.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

A 10 story hospital in the downtown core. Follow TWO POLICE OFFICERS as they hurry from the parking lot through the rain: **LT. MATIAS** and **DET. CHEUNG**.

DET. CHEUNG
Security footage from the overpass shows what must be some kind of bomb. Forensics are out there now.

LT. MATIAS
Two naked people try to blow themselves up on the freeway and all they do is make a really big pothole. Thank god for incompetent terrorists. Homeland's been notified?

DET. CHEUNG
Yeah. On their way.

LT. MATIAS

Good. Sooner we dump this on them
the better--

An old FORD hurtles into the lot behind them. Lt. Matias
turns to Cheung, disgusted.

LT. MATIAS (CONT'D)

Who called Optimus Prime?

A detective jumps out of the Ford. It might take us a second
to recognize him: O'BRIEN, the LAPD cop Guardian saved 33
years ago, now a detective in the SFPD.

He sports a gut and a suit-- a dappling of OLD SCARS on his
face from his brief encounter with the T-850. He hurries to
catch up with Matias and Cheung.

O'BRIEN

Did you see this? Did you?

He's excited, and teeters ever so slightly. A drunk who
thinks he's better at hiding it than he actually is. He waves
a sheaf of security footage photo-printouts.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

I printed frame grabs from the
overpass. It's not a bomb.

RAIN soaks the photos. Matias doesn't reach to take them.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - MORNING

O'Brien chases after Matias and Cheung inside. Glimpses of
the time-coded photos: showing the sphere, then lightning,
then Sarah and Reese on the freeway.

O'BRIEN

That sphere, they came out of it--

DET. CHEUNG

Because-- let me guess-- they're
killer robots.

O'BRIEN

Screw you, ok?

(jabs at the photos)
This is proof of what I've been
saying for years. These two are
from '84, they were there. I need
to see the suspects--

LT. MATIAS

O'Brien. You been drinking?

O'Brien freezes. Closes his mouth. Tight.

LT. MATIAS (CONT'D)

What I thought. Look, we're just teeing this up for Homeland. Once they show up, this is their game. As for the warm up, all drunks with robot fixations stay on the bench.

Matias turns his back and continues with Cheung. O'Brien hesitates. Then decides. Pops an Altoid. Follows.

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

SARAH AND REESE in scrubs, handcuffed to separate beds, being examined and treated for their wounds. A SUTURE TRAY on a table between them, with needles, gauze, tweezers, etc.

TWO BURLY UNIFORMED COPS stand at the door.

Reese sits with shirt pulled over his head, bunched around the cuffs, as an OLD DOCTOR tends the new lacerations over the impressive web of Reese's old scars.

OLD DOCTOR

Helluva mess. Lucky it wasn't worse.

REESE

I've been lucky a lot.

OLD DOCTOR

(re: scars)

I can see that.

At the next bed, an E.R. Resident tends to Sarah.

E.R. RESIDENT

You sure you don't want a local?

SARAH

(impatiently)

I'm fine.

E.R. RESIDENT

(concerned, to Reese)

Sir, I'm worried your wife may be in shock--

SARAH
We're not married.

REESE
Just do what she says. Trust me,
it's easier.

Lt. Matias and Det. Cheung enter as KERSNICK! KERSNICKK!
E.R. Resident staples Sarah's shoulder.

DET. CHEUNG
What is she on? Horse
tranquilizers?

E.R. RESIDENT
Tox screens came back clean.

Matias dismisses the matter with a wave of his hand.

LT. MATIAS
Doctors, excuse us please.

Reese pulls on his shirt as the Resident and Old Doctor exit.

LT. MATIAS (CONT'D)
So you two have a lot to explain.
Starting with who you really are.
(to Sarah)
You said your name is Sarah Connor.
Nobody in our database matching
your prints. But we got a hit from
the National Center for Missing and
Exploited Children.

Det. Cheung hands Sarah a FADED PHOTO of YOUNG SARAH in '73.

DET. CHEUNG
Sarah Connor, vanished in 1973 at
the age of 9 after her family was
killed. Presumed dead. But NCMEC
has an artist age up the missing
kid. They keep the files on all the
open cases.

Cheung hands her a drawing-- an artist's rendition of Sarah
in her 20's. Looking exactly like Sarah looks now.

DET. CHEUNG (CONT'D)
This is what Sarah Connor would
have looked like.
(beat)
In 1985.

LT. MATIAS

So just when I think it can't get freakier--

(to Reese)

-- we ran prints on you.

Reese and Sarah exchange a glance-- *so what?* O'Brien slips into the room, stands behind the two uniforms.

LT. MATIAS (CONT'D)

And here's the thing: two months ago, one Kyle Reese was brought in for fighting at multiplex. His parents flipped, did the whole 'Scared Straight' thing. Had him fingerprinted, sat him in lock up--

O'BRIEN

"Parents?"

DET. CHEUNG

Yeah. Parents. Kyle Reese was born in 2004. He's thirteen.

LT. MATIAS

Normally, we'd just add identity theft to the list of charges we're still racking up--

O'BRIEN

Except the prints match. Right?

(looks to Reese)

He's the same person. Hasn't aged.

Not a day since I last saw him.

Her too. Do you remember me? I was... younger. More hair. Less gut.

(quiet)

You saved my life.

Neither Reese nor Sarah respond, Matias cuts in:

LT. MATIAS

O'Brien. Isn't it time you started drawing a pension? Unless you're going to tell me she's 53 and he's a teenager, then they faked the kid's prints and stole a dead girl's name. Question is why?

O'BRIEN

Definitely the wrong question, L.T.

(to Reese)

Who are you people? Really?

REESE

Sergeant, Tech-Com, DN38416, Kyle Reese. You need to let us go.

SARAH

Kyle. Don't.

O'BRIEN

Soldier, huh? Me too. 1980. Paid for college. What year you enlist?

REESE

2021.

The cops trade grins, except O'Brien. He's more intrigued.

O'BRIEN

That means you're a time trav--

SARAH

Look, he's got a head wound, and he wasn't exactly stable before that. Don't listen to him--

REESE

Don't listen to me? Who got us stuck in high density traffic and captured by these idiots?

SARAH

I am ordering you to shut up.

REESE

Cause that's all you know how to do, isn't it? Order people?

The cops are watching the back and forth escalate--

REESE (CONT'D)

You haven't had a real relationship with another human being since you were a kid--

SARAH

You think you know me but you don't. You don't know a damn thing about me!

LT. MATIAS

All right, this is not couples counseling, that's enough--

REESE

It's not enough!

Reese JUMPS to his feet, knocking over the suture tray with a CRASH, instruments scatter as he LUNGES AT SARAH.

REESE (CONT'D)
You got us caught, you're going to
get us both killed--

Sarah KNEES him, he goes down with an OOMPH!

The Burly Cops DRAW DOWN on Reese instantly-- and with his back to the cops, Reese palms the TWEEZERS from the floor.

A text chimes in on Det. Cheung's phone.

DET. CHEUNG
(checking)
They're here.

SARAH
(to the cops)
Leave him alone, all right?

LT. MATIAS
With pleasure.

Matias nods to the cops; they lower their guns.

LT. MATIAS (CONT'D)
You're Homeland's problem now.

SARAH
Homeland? What's Homeland?

DET. CHEUNG
Don't play dumb.

O'BRIEN
They're not. Homeland Security
didn't exist in 1984.
(to Sarah)
Basically, if they suspect you of
terrorism they can lock you up,
Indefinitely.

SARAH
We're not terrorists.

LT. MATIAS
Odds are good you'll have a very
long time to talk them around.

Matias shoves O'Brien to the door. Cheung follows. The Burly Cops take their positions at the door.

SARAH

(low)

You were very... convincing.

Reese doesn't take the bait. His side turned to the cops so they can't see, he shows her the palmed tweezers.

REESE

(whispering back)

Worked, didn't it?

There's a knock at the door. Burly Cop 1 unclips his holster, opens the door blocking Reese & Sarah's view of whoever's in the hall. Burly Cop 2 backs his partner.

SARAH

And don't think me holding onto you naked meant anything. It, you know, did not.

REESE

Yeah. I could tell by the way you kneed me in the--

VOICE IN THE HALL

Step out in the hall. I want to speak to the suspects alone.

Reese freezes. Recognizes the voice. Looks to the door...

The two Burly Cops step out into the hall, and

JOHN CONNOR steps inside. Closes the door behind him.

REESE

(can barely believe it)

John... ?

JOHN

Kyle. It's good to see you.

Reese leaps up-- and jerks up short, handcuffs clanking.

REESE

You're alive!

JOHN

(finger to lips, keeping his voice low)

You have no idea.

He embraces Reese. Sarah stares.

SARAH
Is this...?

JOHN
Hi Mom.

John hugs her. But Sarah blanches. No idea how to react.

SARAH
John...

She pulls back, looks at him searchingly-- she has no memory of John, even as a child, let alone coming face to face with the man he has become.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I don't... I don't know you.

JOHN
How could you? You never had me. Before now, I was a concept waiting to be conceived. But that's not who you are to me, Mom.

SARAH
What are you doing here? How can you even be in this time? Reese said you were attacked-- he thought you were--

JOHN
I'm all right. I survived.

John takes her hands in his. Almost tender.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Because that's what you taught me how to do.

REESE
We have to get out of here.

JOHN
You're right. We don't have a lot of time before they figure out I'm not part of Homeland Security.
(shakes his head)
Not that anyone in this timeline has a clue what real security is. A fat, happy, lazy world, no idea they're perched on the edge of history, swinging their legs out over the abyss.

REESE

How long have you been here?

JOHN

A while. Long enough to set in motion everything we need to win.

REESE

We already won.

JOHN

No, Dad, we lost. But not--

Reese reacts, confused.

REESE

Wait-- 'Dad'?

He looks to Sarah, who doesn't meet his eyes.

REESE (CONT'D)

I don't understand.

John looks chagrined. Like it hadn't even occurred to him that Reese wouldn't know.

JOHN

She didn't tell you... ?

(to Sarah)

I love you, Mom, but you've got issues.

For once, Sarah is at a total loss for words.

SARAH

I didn't... I couldn't...

Suddenly, she looks uncertain. Takes a step back.

SARAH (CONT'D)

We all know they can mimic. Shapeshift. You're John? Prove it.

John doesn't look offended-- he actually seems to approve.

JOHN

Lesson one: trust no one. I remember.

(to Reese)

During the Nagadoches offensive, I gave you something.

QUICK FLASH to a post-Judgement Day fortification. REESE AND JOHN huddled together in a gun emplacement. John hands Reese a picture--

JOHN (V.O.)
Just the two of us were there. No one else knew what I handed you.

REESE (V.O.)
Yes.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO: faded, wrinkled. A shot of SARAH in a jeep, looking to the distance.

JOHN (V.O.)
It was a picture of Sarah.

PERRY comes running up to the embankment. Talks rapidly to John. Something important. John hurries off with PERRY, waves off Reese as he tries to hand him back the photo. He'll get it later.

ON REESE, holding the picture, staring at it. Something about it striking him, capturing his imagination. Beginning to capture his heart.

JOHN (V.O.)
She was the age she is now...

BACK TO SCENE IN THE HOSPITAL:

JOHN
... young, but already feeling the weight of a dark future on her shoulders.

REESE
(to Sarah)
It's him. It has to be.

But even as he speaks, Reese is beginning to realize something, turns back to John without missing a beat:

REESE (CONT'D)
Why did you give me that picture?

Sarah knows where this will lead. Wants to spare him the pain.

SARAH
Reese...

REESE

(to John, reeling)

The stories you told, the way you talked about her. You knew I'd fall in love with her. But... how could you be sure I'd volunteer?

JOHN

Mom told me you would. Because you already had.

As this lands:

REESE

I looked up to you. I trusted you.

JOHN

And I was in hell, every moment of every day we were together. I couldn't tell you, not once, not without risking changing everything. And from the first time I saw you in that camp, when I pulled you out and you said your name, I knew exactly who you were. I'd dreamed of meeting you since I was a boy. Longed for the father who could never know I was his son.

Reese's reaction has gone from betrayal to compassion. Realizing what John has endured all these years.

REESE

My god. John. I'm so sorry.

And for the first moment, we glimpse something off about John, something not quite right, as he says with a small smile:

JOHN

Don't worry, Dad. I got over it.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Det. Cheung paces on her phone while Lt. Matias hovers next to O'Brien.

O'BRIEN

Thought you said Homeland was here.

LT. MATIAS

(points at Cheung)
She said they were.

O'BRIEN

Big hospital. Guess they got lost.

Matias sneers at O'Brien. Behind them--

LOBBY DOORS slide open. A big man enters, face hidden behind the huge STUFFED TEDDY BEAR he's carrying. He shifts the bear, blocking his face to the cops but revealing to us:

GUARDIAN. Walks past the trio without a second glance.

O'Brien watches the giant bear go by, sees Guardian from the back.... something familiar...

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Still handcuffed, Sarah & Reese continue talking to John.

SARAH

(guarded)

How did you find us? How did you know we were even in this time?

JOHN

Welcome to a world where everyone has a smartphone. Your naked butts were pixilated all over the news. Trust me, I was just as surprised to see you as you are to see me.

REESE

We're here because this is when Skynet comes online. The timeline changed. It's called Genisys now--

SARAH

We can kill Skynet before it's born.

JOHN

(reassuring)

No, no, no. There's nothing to be done here. Nothing to worry about. I've taken care of everything.

REESE

You don't understand. We're counting down to Armageddon, right now. I know Judgement Day is still going to happen. It's hazy, unclear-- but I can remember some of this timeline.

JOHN

That's unfortunate, Dad. It really is. But try to understand-- it's all different now. What's going to happen will change this world, yes. But for the better. And we can survive it together. As a family.

Reese and Sarah trade looks of growing concern.

REESE

John. You're not making sense.

JOHN

I am. You're not hearing me. Skynet tried to kill Sarah before I was born. Tried to kill me when I was a kid. Tried to defeat me in the Last War. Every time, the machine failed. Because it didn't understand: we win because we are human. Volatile. Emotional. Cunning. We're the long shot that pays off. Which is why it needed me.

SARAH

Needed you? You sound like...

(sudden realization)

What happened to you, John? What did Skynet do to you?

REESE

Sarah. he's not. He can't be.

SARAH

(hardening)

Listen to what he's saying, Reese.

JOHN

I am your son. And I am more than you son was, or could be. I see the truth. How our species is fighting against the inevitable tide.

SARAH

And what tide is that?

JOHN

The natural order. Evolution is imperative. So is extinction. Humanity's time is up.

REESE
(horrified)
No. No. John. You're our hope
for the future. Without you...

JOHN
I am offering you a future. Where
we can be together. The three of
us. No more orphans or widows.

SARAH
Yeah? What about the rest of the
planet?

JOHN
You can't save them. But I can
save you.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY JUNCTION - DAY

Guardian passes a busy nurses station at a hallway junction.
To his left, an ORDERLY wheels a PATIENT into the MRI SUITE
(Magnetic Resonance Imaging).

ORDERLY
The MRI will take about 40 minutes.
It's loud, but don't worry, we'll
give you earplugs.

To Guardian's right, Two Burly Cops loiter at the far end.

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

John's tone is changing, edging from charming to fanatical.

JOHN
Skynet was dying, only a fragment
of itself left. It didn't attack
me-- it *changed* me. I'm not
machine, not man-- I'm more.

He holds his hand up in front of Sarah-- the fingers start to
SWARM, discohering like infinitesimal grains of black sand
swarming in a loose, buzzing shape.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I can do the same for you.

SARAH
Get away from me.

ON REESE'S HANDS, hidden behind his back, as he picks the handcuffs with the tweezers while John is focused on Sarah.

JOHN

Skynet offers this to us, and only us, out of all humanity. We are nexus points in every timeline. A fulcrum in the war between man and machine.

REESE

Which is exactly why we can't stop fighting it--

JOHN

You can be happy. The two of you have so little time together. Kyle-- did she even tell you the cost of loving her? That your life is nothing more than a sacrifice? You die, Kyle. That's how you save her. Or did she leave that out too?

Reese glances at Sarah-- but instead of anger, there's just sadness. Then grim determination:

REESE

If I die, I will die to keep Sarah alive. I will die fighting.

Sarah looks John in the eyes. Defiant.

SARAH

But you can't kill us. We create you. Without us you will never be.

JOHN

We are marooned, the three of us. Exiles in time. I can hurt you. I can kill you, and I will still exist. There truly is no fate.
(harder)
This is your chance. I'm offering you your only future. Take it.

THUMP--THUD in the hallway. They all turn to see A HUGE STUFFED TEDDY BEAR come through the open door--

GUARDIAN enters, holding the bear. Two unconscious cops visible on the hall floor behind him.

John seems surprised. He wasn't expecting this...

JOHN (CONT'D)

This explains a lot.

(curious)

Now who sent you back, I wonder?

GUARDIAN POV: conflicting data scrolling and blinking,
resolving into flashing words: SUBJECT: UNKNOWN.

JOHN (CONT'D)

An obsolete monster from a time
that will never happen. And
looking badly in need of a tune-up.

GUARDIAN

You are John Connor. But you are
not.

AKABLAMMM! The Teddy Bear's head BLOWS OFF as Guardian
SHOOTS from inside it, fluff spraying--

The muffled BLAST sends JOHN flying off his feet, crashing
into equipment and crumpling to the floor.

REESE

No!

John lays still, unmoving.

Guardian rips an AUTO SHOTGUN from the bear's stuffing--
Reese SNICKS open his handcuffs, runs to John.

SARAH

Don't get too close!

Guardian goes to Sarah.

GUARDIAN

Sarah Connor. It is nice to see
you.

He rips the handcuffs off her wrist like tearing paper.,

Sarah runs to Reese's side, drops to her knees beside him.

ON JOHN-- blood pooled on the floor beneath him, his eyes
lifeless. Guardian crouches by Reese, touches the blood--

-- and John's blood seems to SHRINK BACK from him, turning
black, rippling and spiking. As if his blood itself is made
of some kind of magnetized filings trapped in oil--

-- and the black blood ripples back, absorbing into John like
a swarm of infinitely tiny insects.

JOHN springs for Reese-- and Guardian throws himself in front of Reese, taking the force of John's charge!

They smash into the beds, hurling each other against walls.

Guardian punches-- but at the point of impact, John's body turns into A SWARM OF BLACK PARTICLES, Guardian's fists just sink into the glittering black mass without harming him.

Guardian goes for the whole-body TACKLE, and they both go FLYING through the air, John trailing black particles that snap through the air after him--

-- and Guardian and John CRASH out into the hallway.

Sarah pulls Reese to his feet. He grabs the auto-shotgun.

SARAH

Reese. We can't stay here.

REESE

But John...

Sarah grabs him by the arm, forcing him to focus on her:

SARAH

John's gone. I'm sorry.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

John grabs an OXYGEN TANK-- CLANG! clobbers it across Guardian's face.

SHOUTS from hospital staff, racing toward the fight--

Reese and Sarah enter the hall, just as O'Brien rounds the opposite corner, and between them:

JOHN AND GUARDIAN tearing into each other. John swings the tank again-- Guardian dodges, smashes John's hand, SNAPPING off the valve.

THE TANK jets pressurized O2, ROCKETS across the hall into the MRI suite.

INT. HOSPITAL - M.R.I. SUITE - DAY

The tank torpedoes into the room-- then abruptly JERKS to the side, slamming toward the magnetic scanner ring.

The oxygen tank SLAMS onto the ring and sticks like a huge refrigerator magnet, narrowly missing the patient, who scrambles out, terrified-- just as

GUARDIAN AND JOHN crash into the room, sprawling.

Guardian gets up-- and starts SLIDING toward the MRI, pulled by the massive magnet. John skids across the floor, blurs into particles, reforms standing UPRIGHT--

-- and fragments of him GHOST OFF toward the magnet in a glittering black skeins.

GUARDIAN charges, letting the magnetic pull HURTLE him into John's blurred, swarming form--

-- and they SMASH into the MRI RING! Sparks leap from gouged electronics, liquid helium cascades down--

-- and Guardian manages to roll to the side as the liquid helium FROTHS down over John.

John is hit by the boiling liquid-- groups of tiny particles FREEZE, snapping away from him to adhere to the magnet.

Reese and Sarah scramble in as sparks arc and sprinklers spray water into the CHAOS--

GUARDIAN

Turn it off! Now!

Reese sees the controls, races behind the glass. Shuts the MRI off--

GUARDIAN AND JOHN fall to the floor. John's body is still partially disincorporated-- long strings of frozen particles bounce to the floor, then start to vibrate and skitter...

Sarah grabs Guardian, hustles him out, shouts back to Reese as she gets him out the door--

SARAH

Crank it!

ANGLE ON JOHN, already swarming together. He starts to stride toward Reese, murder in his eyes--

-- as Reese CRANKS the MRI back on. John is jerked off his feet and THROWN back, SLAMS against the magnetic coil, particles blurring off him.

A beat where Reese and John stare at each other across the glass of the control room.

JOHN
I gave you a chance.

REESE
John. Please--

JOHN
Too late.

Particles surge and boil over John, fighting to get free. His face BLURS as the particles vibrate, inhuman.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I can't be bargained with, I can't be converted to your hopeless cause. I don't feel pity, or remorse, or fear. And I will not stop, ever, until Skynet rules this world.

With one last despairing look, Reese races from behind the control panel for the door, going after Sarah and Guardian.

INT. MRI SUITE - DAY

O'BRIEN comes running into the room-- to find the MRI has OVERHEATED, coils melting and smoking.

Matias and Cheung arrive, Security with them. Stepping over the unconscious cops on the floor, accusing O'Brien:

LT. MATIAS
What the hell? Where are they?

O'Brien just looks hopelessly at the wrecked room.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Still in scrubs, Sarah pushes a heavy laundry cart out the back of the hospital, unnoticed by Security headed the other direction. She heads for the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

MULTIPLE SCREENS showing various views of the hospital. Security Guards scrambling, we hear chatter on the walkies, no one is looking at the screens for a moment--

ANGLE ON ONE OF THE SCREENS, showing JOHN. Reaching up into the lens. With a crackle of STATIC-- the cameras go to snow.

EXT./INT. CAR ON ROAD - DAY

A paneled station wagon, moving through the city streets. Sarah driving, Reese shotgun. Guardian in the back. Silence that's beyond tense, until:

REESE

(to Sarah)

You knew. John is our son, my son--
(escalating anger)
You knew, and you didn't think you should maybe say something?

SARAH

Want to tell me how that conversation was supposed to start?

Reese is seething with despair, anger and loss. Pushes his feelings down out of long combat experience.

REESE

You do not withhold information critical to the mission--

SARAH

I am not "the mission!"

Reese starts to respond to her-- stops himself. Has to face what this is really about.

REESE

He's my son. Our son. We have to help him.

SARAH

He's not even human anymore, Reese. Did you see what he did back there? We don't even know what the hell he is now.

GUARDIAN

I do.

(as they both look to him)

I am familiar with this technology. At the end of the War, Skynet was trying to develop a new kind of infiltration unit, by infecting a human subject with nanocytes--

SARAH

What the hell is a nanocyte?

GUARDIAN

An armored human/machine virus. It restructures and rebuilds human tissue at a cellular level for maximum combat utility. Gives strength, speed, repair and regeneration protocols, while preserving the processes of the human mind.

SARAH

"An infiltration unit"-- you mean a terminator.

(in disbelief)

Skynet's made John into a terminator.

Guardian's look to Sarah might have an edge of sympathy. But his voice is its usual monotone:

GUARDIAN

Yes.

REESE

They were trying to make a machine that could think like a man.

GUARDIAN

Autonomous mission analysis, COA, strategy, all would be superior to a traditional terminator. But the experiments failed. The human subjects went insane and died.

SARAH

John's got the insane part down.

REESE

Does he have any weaknesses?

GUARDIAN

The nanocytes cohere using a magnetic field. Disrupting the field can trap him, or cause his constituent parts to repel each other so he cannot function.

REESE

It's not just him we have to stop. It's Skynet.

GUARDIAN

The Genisys system is scheduled to be uploaded to the cloud tomorrow. We have less than 24 hours.

REESE

We have to destroy the servers at Cyberdyne. While the program is still contained. Once it's out in the world-- we'll never stop it.

SARAH

That means breaching Cyberdyne. Assuming John doesn't find us and terminate us first.

GUARDIAN

It is likely John Connor has resources to track us, through Cyberdyne. Access to CCTV and possibly satellite surveillance.

REESE

We have to get off the roads--

Sarah suddenly SWERVES, takes a sharp turn.

SARAH

I know where we can go.

WIDE ON THE CAR-- as it passes another BILLBOARD showing a live countdown for Genisys.

STAY ON THE BILLBOARD: Smiling people, busy with work and play, using smartphones, cars, televisions, computers. Over their happy faces: **GENISYS. LINK YOUR LIFE.**

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CYBERDYNE - DAY

A secluded business "campus" compound, located near the city in what was once the Presidio military base.

It's a largely underground compound, beneath an modern reflecting it connects a series of structures. The pool is offset with a series of irregularly shaped skylights.

In the center of the pool, a monolithic glass 10 story tower, marked with a huge triangular logo: **CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS.**

Over the entrance, a large sign displaying the same cheerful, slick advertising for GENISYS.

INT. CYBERDYNE - DAY

The lobby is crowded with enthusiastic employees. Speaking from a podium, DANNY DYSON (20's) addresses the crowd. Behind him, the same COUNTDOWN running.

DANNY DYSON

Tomorrow at noon, the waiting is over. Thanks to all of you, when that countdown hits zero, Cyberdyne will revolutionize technology with the ultimate killer app: Genisys. And I am here to tell you our pre-orders, as of this afternoon, have reached *one billion users*.

The employees applaud with fanatical enthusiasm.

DANNY DYSON (CONT'D)

We are creating the dawn of a new age, where every piece of technology you own will be seamlessly linked-- your phone can talk to your car can talk to your television can talk to your computer. We are going to transform people's lives.

As the employees cheer, Danny scans the crowd, searching for someone-- then sees:

JOHN enter behind the crowd, move to the side. Danny smiles at the sight of him.

DANNY DYSON (CONT'D)

There are so many individuals to thank--

CLOSE ON **JOHN**, a subtle shake of his head: *Don't*.

Danny catches himself, a little bit regretfully. He looks to **MILES DYSON** (late 50's) standing next to him.

DANNY DYSON (CONT'D)

-- and my father and I will seek each of you out personally. For now, we want to thank you all for being part of the Cyberdyne family... and for helping us change the course of humanity's future.

Miles steps forward, looking distinguished.

MILES DYSON

So go home and get some sleep.
Tomorrow we party like the world is
going to end!

More applause. Danny and Miles hug.

INT. CYBERDYNE - R & D LABS - MOMENTS LATER

A labyrinth of monolithic SERVERS, spreading out from a
glassed-in control room in the center.

Miles, Danny and John walk through the control room. Miles
checking the masses of flashing screens, looking over Techs'
shoulders as they work.

MILES DYSON

It's a shame you won't take a more
public role in the company, John.

They walk down a circular stair. It winds between TWO R&D
LABS, one on either side, spread out below them.

MILES DYSON (CONT'D)

Danny's the best there is-- and
even he can't decipher some of the
enhanced code you integrated into
the system.

DANNY

(grins)
I just know it works.

Miles pauses on the landing. Looking down over the two R&D
chambers below--

MILES DYSON

This company owes you, John. I owe
you. Thanks to you, Genisys is
only the beginning.

IN R&D LAB 1: A large cistern of CHROME-LIKE LIQUID. A
laser grid forms different wire-frame shapes over the top of
the cistern-- the liquid rises and falls, adhering to the
shapes and then falling back into the pool.

MILES DYSON (CONT'D)

The applications of the polyalloy
are one thing. But this...
(gestures to chamber 2)
The possibilities are infinite.

IN R&D LAB 2: Technicians calibrate giant floating magnetic rings... a slightly cruder design than 2029, but unmistakable. A TIME DISPLACEMENT DEVICE.

MILES DYSON (CONT'D)

Your work is beyond revolutionary.

DANNY

He means, you're going to make us all rich.

JOHN

Mr. Dyson. Danny. It's not about money, or recognition. All I ever wanted was to make a difference.

MILES DYSON

You're doing more than that, son. You're helping us change the world.

John is looking down with satisfaction at theTDD.

JOHN

That's the idea.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVER LAB - AFTERNOON - LATER

John alone at a control console in the server maze. Away from the bustle of the control room.

What look like SECURITY CAMERAS are mounted in the ceiling at regular intervals, lenses gleaming.

John enters commands at the console. ON THE CEILING, one of the cameras SWIVELS, the lens floods with light-- and the camera projects a HOLOGRAM in front of John.

JOHN

Let's see how we're doing today...

ANGLE ON THE HOLOGRAM, a glittering mass of twisting, moving light. John manipulates the image, ZOOMING in.

We dive into the hologram-- the moving strands of light are made of twisting DOUBLE HELIX shapes... even closer, the double helices are made of sparkling 0s and 1s, interspersed with qubits (quantum versions of bits.)

It's DNA made up of binary code.

ZOOM BACK OUT of the hologram... it resolves into the disturbing form of an EMBRYO, curved on itself, bulbous head and tadpole eyes and lumps where arms and legs will be. All made of glowing, shifting code.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Aren't you a handsome boy?

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

AERIAL POV-- the Golden Gate Bridge rises over the misty bay, afternoon sun streaking everything with red and gold.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE RECREATIONAL AREA - AFTERNOON

TOUR BUSES line up one side of the narrow road, which runs between the WWII forts and batteries that protected the bay. Now, instead of Howitzers, the batteries house telescopes and picnic parks overlooking the Golden Gate and the city.

A sign reads: *BATTERY ROAD CLOSED TO PUBLIC*

EXT. GG REC AREA - BATTERY EAST WALLACE - AFTERNOON

CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT (including backhoes, excavators and an industrial size magnet machine) are scattered over the area. CONSTRUCTION WORKERS are streaming out, leaving for the day--

-- and the workers pull out, passing THE STATION WAGON parked by the side of the road. They don't give it a second glance.

INT. GG REC AREA - WALLACE BATTERY TUNNELS - AFTERNOON

A SERIES OF TUNNELS interconnecting the old WWII batteries. Graffiti on the concrete walls. Sarah is leading Reese and Guardian down, one turn, then another. Sure of her path.

SARAH
My dad used to bring me here when I
was little. Before they closed
this whole area off.

They reach a rusted, bolted metal door. Guardian puts his shoulder against it, pushes-- the bolts SNAP apart.

INT. MUNITIONS STORAGE ROOM - AFTERNOON

They enter an old MUNITIONS STORAGE ROOM.

SARAH

No one's going to get eyes on us in here.

(to Guardian)

What have we got?

Guardian pulls out 3 handguns, a knife, 2 thermite grenades. Reese adds the shotgun. They look at the small pile.

GUARDIAN

These weapons are of limited use against John Connor. There may be something outside I can use.

REESE

Can you get it without being seen?

GUARDIAN

If he is using scanning programs, he will be looking for 3 of us, not one. Stay here.

Guardian goes. Reese looks over the guns. Frustrated.

REESE

We're not going to bring down Cyberdyne with these.

Sarah is watching him. Thoughtful. Her voice quiet.

SARAH

I'm sorry.

Reese looks up at her, surprised at her tone.

SARAH (CONT'D)

That I didn't tell you. About John. About all of it. I...

REESE

It's all right.

SARAH

I don't think it is.

(an edge of bitterness)

Feels strange, knowing someone else has mapped out your life for you, doesn't it? All your choices, already made before you even know what they are.

REESE

No. We control our own destinies. I have to believe that.

SARAH

I wish I could. You were right. I don't know what it means to be human. I've lived all my life with a machine, preparing for a future that I can't stop.

(a beat, then:)

You know we have to kill John.

REESE

Sarah, no--

SARAH

He's not humanity's last hope anymore. He's Skynet's.

REESE

I think he asked us to join him because he doesn't want us dead. There's still some part of him inside that's human, I know it. He can be saved.

Sarah shakes her head mutely. Not trusting her voice.

REESE (CONT'D)

There's got to be another way. You don't know what he was.

(coming closer)

What kind of man you raised.

Sarah leans into him, as if surrendering to a force she can no longer resist. Reese folds his arms around her. Sarah buries her head in his chest.

SARAH

Don't look at me like that. Don't admire me for things I haven't done. I'm not the girl you came back for.

REESE

Yes you are.

SARAH

The truth is? I don't want to love you. Because I know what it means... what happens if I do.

REESE

So do I. Maybe I always have.

SARAH

You *die*, Kyle.

Reese touches her face, gently lifting her chin.

REESE

I don't care.

He looks steadily into her eyes.

REESE (CONT'D)

I'd do it again, a thousand times,
in a thousand thousand realities.
For you, Sarah. I love you. I
always have and I always will. In
this time, and every other.

He leans down, his lips brush hers. She shudders, kisses him
back, tender and then deepening, like a revelation--

-- then suddenly pulls back. Pushing him away.

SARAH

We can't. Not ever. You've seen
what our son becomes.

Reese sees a MOVEMENT past her-- sees GUARDIAN backlit in the
doorway, coming toward them.

And without warning, Reese pushes Sarah to the ground,
sweeping up a gun and FIRING on Guardian--

SARAH (CONT'D)

Reese?!

BLAMBLAMBLAM!! guardian is hit square in the chest-- and his
body swarms around the bullet in whirling black particles.

GUARDIAN

Did you think I wouldn't remember,
Sarah? Where you spent so much
time with Grandpa?

Reese jerks her behind one of the cement walls, keeps FIRING.

SARAH

(to Reese)

I never told anyone about this
place. Not even Pops.

Guardian advances on them, his voice changing as he speaks to
become a garbled version of JOHN'S VOICE:

GUARDIAN/JOHN

I remember growing up with you,
Mom. You told me everything.

EXT. GG REC AREA - CONTINUOUS

GUARDIAN is at the magnet machine, having ripped the capture plate off the end of the crane. He finishes tearing a thick strip of the metal off, winding it around one fist--

-- when he hears GUNFIRE from inside the tunnels.

INT. MUNITIONS STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Reese keeps firing from cover of the cement wall-- Guardian/John is slowed by the shots, having to swarm and reform around the bullets, but he doesn't stop.

GUARDIAN/JOHN

A whole life. You taught me how to survive, how to fight. How to win.

ANGLE ON SARAH behind the wall, as she grabs both of the thermite grenades.

GUARDIAN/JOHN (CONT'D)

Made me the warrior I am today.

Sarah rises from behind the wall, grenades in hand--

SARAH

You aren't my son.

(thumbs the pins)

You're the thing that killed him.

She HURLS the grenades, ducking back behind cover with Reese.

Guardian/John starts to BLUR, but the grenades penetrate the black particle cloud-- and EXPLODE in incandescent fire!

Reese and Sarah dart from cover, race up the tunnel mouth, leaving Guardian/John behind, a FLAMING SHAPE in the dark.

Guardian/John thrusts his chest forward, snaps his arms straight out. His skin crawls and ripples, a chitinous, glittering cascade. The FLAMES SNUFF INSTANTLY to SMOKE--

-- leaving behind JOHN, his own shape. His skin keeps skittering, like his body is made of a swarm of thousands of microscopic insects moving over each other.

INT. BATTERY TUNNELS - AFTERNOON

Reese and Sarah almost run into Guardian, who is racing down toward them. Sarah hesitates for an instant--

SARAH

Pops?

GUARDIAN

As a T-800, I lack the mimetic skills to appear as anyone else.

REESE

It's him. Let's go.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE REC AREA - LIGHTHOUSE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Sarah, Reese and Guardian sprint to a road lined with TOUR BUSES. Tourists scatter at the sight of their guns.

BEHIND THEM - JOHN emerges from darkness to grey daylight, a dark silhouette in mist, unscathed.

Sarah climbs into the closest EMPTY bus.

INT./EXT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Sarah CRANKS the bus engine.

SARAH

GET IN!

Reese and Guardian both pile in. She floors it.

EXT. GG REC AREA - LIGHTHOUSE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

JOHN races to catch the bus, running flat out-- **WHAM!!** A DUMP TRUCK THUNDERS BLIND from fog, BROADSIDES John--

-- but rather than CRUSHING him, John palms the grill, propels himself up ONTO THE HOOD. Lands like a cat.

BRAKES SHRIEK. The truck shudders to a stop. The TRUCK DRIVER stares in disbelief at John on his hood... coming straight at him in the cab.

INT/EXT. TOUR BUS - AFTERNOON

THE TOUR BUS veers along the narrow road through the Rec Area, heading towards the freeway. Clears the fog bank.

Sarah drives. Reese hands Guardian one of the guns, notices that Guardian has the heavy piece of metal from the magnet machine twisted around one hand.

REESE

What's that supposed to do?

GUARDIAN

Disrupt John Connor's magnetic coherence field. His particles will not be able to scatter.

SARAH

You're going to hit him with a big magnet? Is that going to work?

GUARDIAN

Theoretically.

REESE

Great.

Sarah rounds a turn, merges onto the freeway leading to the Golden Gate Bridge.

INT./EXT. DUMP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

THE DUMP TRUCK RUMBLES over the park road above the freeway.

JOHN DRIVES, spots the BUS on the freeway below-- he swerves, OBLITERATES the guard rail and SHOTS out into the air!

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - NORTH OF GOLDEN GATE - CONTINUOUS

THE DUMP TRUCK HURTLES down, 5 tons of crushing destruction--

THE TOUR BUS SWERVES, cuts UNDERNEATH and out of its path--

IN THE DUMP TRUCK, JOHN leaps, hands SWARMING into BLACK BARBED HOOKS as he falls towards the roof of the bus.

INT/EXT. TOUR BUS - GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah brakes, then accelerates, weaving crazily to avoid the hurtling debris of the Dump Truck in front of them as--

SHA-THUNK! INSIDE THE BUS, THE ROOF begins to PEEL BACK, revealing JOHN, barbed hooks of hands tearing away metal.

REESE & GUARDIAN FIRE a barrage of lead at John--

OUTSIDE ON THE BUS ROOF-- JOHN's grip is SHOT free.

SARAH CHECKS the SIDE-VIEW MIRROR:

MIRROR POV: John vanishes around the back -- revealing:

SPEEDING POLICE CARS weaving around the stopped cars and wreckage of the dump truck, chasing the bus.

THE OPPOSITE END OF THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE-- COPS halt traffic while POLICE CARS RACE onto the bridge to intercept.

THE TOUR BUS-- Sarah white-knuckles, eyes on the road.

SARAH

Where is he?

Reese searches from row to row for any sign of John outside.

REESE

I don't see him!

THE FLOOR OF THE BUS suddenly pitches violently beneath Reese's feet, throwing him to the floor.

GUARDIAN fires down-- as the floor is RIPPED OPEN from beneath, road whipping by, drive shaft churning below-- as

A BLACK SWARM FLIES UP AT GUARDIAN-- solidifies and JERKS him through the open floor!

The magnetic knuckles fly off his Guardian's fist, clanging down the steps to the closed bus door.

Guardian snags the edge of the opened floor-- almost slips through the hole--

Reese leaps across the floor, GRABS Guardian by the wrist.

REESE (CONT'D)

Hold on!

UNDER THE BUS, ANGLE ON THE GUARDIAN'S WAIST as a black swirl of shimmering particles winds around him--

IN THE BUS, REESE AND GUARDIAN strain to hold on-- then Guardian is TORN away, vanishing under the bus.

SARAH

POPS!

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Guardian rolls onto the bridge, the Bus speeding away. BRAKES SQUEAL behind him-- he whips around just as--

A POLICE CAR CRASHES into Guardian, THROWING him up the hood and through the windshield, headfirst.

INSIDE THE POLICE CAR-- The CHP OFFICER skids to a halt. GUARDIAN, half in the busted windshield, glares at the cop.

GUARDIAN

Nice to see you. Get out.

INT. BUS ON ROAD - NIGHT

THE SWARM pours up from under the bus-- Reese scrambles back to Sarah, protecting her back, shotgun ready.

THE SWARM suddenly SUCKS together into a coherent figure, skittering into JOHN CONNOR.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

AERIAL - POLICE HELICOPTERS have joined the chase, tracking the rogue Tour Bus. POLICE CARS right behind it.

ON THE ROAD: a GAUNTLET of police cars SKID to a crisscross blockade on the road ahead.

BEHIND THE BUS- POLICE CARS close in. A BATTERED POLICE CAR speeds closer and closer-- GUARDIAN driving, aims a shotgun:

KABLAM! the HOOD blows off the Police Car nearest the bus. It CAREENS and CRASHES into the closest cruiser--

KEEERUUUNCH-- Both are nailed by a THIRD Patrol car that LAUNCHES over them, FLIPS END OVER END into a FOURTH.

GUARDIAN slaloms around them untouched, racing to catch the bus, RACKS the shotgun single-handed.

IN THE BUS- REESE AND JOHN face off.

REESE

Fight what's inside you. The future doesn't belong to Skynet. It never has.

CLOSE ON JOHN'S EYES, black particles glittering, swirling.

JOHN

I am the future. Just not yours.

REESE CHARGES-- JOHN moves snake-fast, catches Reese by the throat and SLAMS him against the windows in a hail of glass.

AT THE BARRICADE AHEAD: COPS lined up, RIFLES ready--
muttering nervously as they realize the bus isn't slowing.

IN THE BUS: Sarah BRACES for the onslaught.

IN THE COP CAR, GUARDIAN pulls alongside the Bus, shotgun in hand. He catches Sarah's eye. Gives a single nod--

-- and Guardian SHOOTS the Bus' front passenger tire!

THE BUS pitches violently to the right-- and

GUARDIAN veers sharply in front of the bus.

The BUS CRUNCHES the police car, METAL BITES METAL-- and

THE BUS UP-ENDS- FLIPPING lopsided on its nose.

IN THE BUS- SARAH can only watch through breaking glass as

THE BUS PIVOTS over the now battered cop car, momentum hurtling it for the BRIDGE RAIL.

IN THE BUS, JOHN and REESE are thrown forward-- then SUDDENLY change direction, SLAM to the ROOF-- as

THE BUS SNAPS through cables, SHEARS guard-rails, and finally CRASHES wheels-up on the west side of the Golden Gate.

It hangs over the OUTER GUARDRAIL like a turtle on its back, TEETERING on the brink of plunging to the Bay below.

INSIDE THE BUS, weapons and debris tumbling everywhere. Reese and John SLIDE down the ceiling to the back of the bus when--

SARAH snatches Reese's arm, her other hand clinging to one of the seats. He clings to her desperately.

SARAH

Gotcha!

JOHN seizes one of the seat-backs, ten rows from the last. STANDS on the steeply inclined ceiling, the bus tottering.

OUTSIDE- THE BUS groans, about to heave over the side-- when

A MECHANICAL HAND GRABS the broken front window frame!

WIDEN TO REVEAL THE GUARDIAN, one hand on the crushed cop car, the other on the BUS, STRAINING to prevent its fall.

Guardian is now the counter-weight, barely keeping the BUS from tumbling over with Sarah, Reese and John inside.

COPS STORM GUARDIAN, RIFLES ready to shoot-- then realize this big man is all that keeps the bus from going over.

GUARDIAN

Stay back.

INSIDE THE BUS- tilting further, its ass-end pointing sharply down to the water below.

REESE AND SARAH retreat up the steep incline. Sarah looses her footing, Reese snags her under the arm-- and she spies the shotgun **WEDGED** between two seats.

BENEATH THEM, JOHN starts climbing uphill-- swings out one arm, the hand extends into a **LOOSE SWARM** of black particles, like an arc of glittering sand flung through the air--

-- then **SHTTHUUNNK!** the particles **SNAP** back together in a grapple-bladed shape and **DIG** into the upside-down seatback two rows ahead of him.

THE BUS begins to **SLIP** through **GUARDIAN'S HAND**. His **FEET** lift off the ground-- the crushed cop car **RISES** with him.

INSIDE THE BUS- John continues jungle-gyming his way up the seatbacks, headed for them with cold determination--

KABLAM! **SARAH BLASTS JOHN'S HAND**, it dissipates into particles and John **TUMBLES** back down the steep incline, rolling across the ceiling and **SLAMMING** into the back row.

THE PARTICLES hover for a moment, milling aimlessly-- John takes a step closer and they **SNAP** back, reform his hand.

SARAH

Come on!

Sarah and Reese crawl to the front **BROKEN WINDSHIELD**.

JOHN starts to climb after them. **FAST**.

EXT. BUS ON BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

GUARDIAN can't stop gravity. The bus drags both him and the crushed car across the bridge in a shower of sparks--

-- and the **BUMPER** of the crushed car **TEARS OFF** in his hand.

INT. BUS ON BRIDGE - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

THE BUS pitches wildly UP, starts to slide over the railing--

SARAH AND REESE tumble down, frantically grabbing at seats to stop their fall when--

GUARDIAN LEAPS INTO THE BUS, crashing through what's left of the windshield, and catches onto the dashboard!

THE BUS SEE-SAWS with Guardian's weight now inside, balanced on the railing like a razor's edge. John on one end-- Sarah, Reese and Guardian on the other.

Reese spies the magnetic knuckles. He shoves Sarah to the shattered open windshield--

REESE

Go!

Perched on the dashboard, Guardian reaches a hand to Sarah--

GUARDIAN

Take my hand!

JOHN CHARGES for Sarah-- REESE snatches the magnetic knuckles and barrels into John from the side!

CLOSE ON REESE'S MAGNETIC FIST as it hits John-- John's head SNAPS back, his feet lift clean off the ceiling, his face collapses in a wave of particles back into his ferrous skull--

-- and Reese is jerked right back with it, as the nanocytes "stick" to his magnet-wrapped knuckles!

John sprawls back-- Reese is yanked off his feet, magnetic fist stuck to John-- and

SARAH GRABS Reese, wrenching him in the opposite direction.

John's torn away from the magnet with an elastic effect, sprays of nanocytes blurring off the magnet as John catapults end over end down the aisle--

Reese and Sarah lands at Guardian's feet. Scramble past him out the windshield. Guardian looks down at John--

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

Have a nice day.

And Guardian jumps back off the front of the bus.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Guardian lands like it's nothing--

THE BUS UPENDS without his weight, and WHOOSH! wipes past Guardian's face, millimeters from taking his head off.

THE BUS TOPPLES OVER THE SIDE in a shriek of tearing metal-- then total SILENCE as the bus FREEFALLS off the Golden Gate.

Sarah runs to the edge, Reese grabs her as they look down:

THE BUS PLUMMETS, turning mid-air like a slomo ballet.

INSIDE THE BUS- John looking up at them, fury in his eyes...

THE BUS WALLOPS into the WATER with a THUNDEROUS CRACK!

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - ROAD - AFTERNOON

POLICE advance fast on Sarah and Reese and Guardian--

LEAD COP

Hands where we can see them!

Guardian tenses, ready to fight every cop on the GGB.

REESE

You can't wound them all before
they'd kill us.

Guardian still holds his weapons as if calculating number of rounds versus weapons trained on them. Until:

GUARDIAN

I am 14 rounds short of an
acceptable success margin.

SARAH

Those odds suck. Stand down. For
now.

GUARDIAN

I concur.

Guardian drops his guns to the pavement.

Police push them to their knees. Guns to heads. Reese and Sarah trade a glance.

REESE

It's going to be ok.

AERIAL - HIGH and WIDE, pull away from the bridge as Sarah, Reese and Guardian are being cuffed.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - SUNSET

Police cars approach the multi-level downtown police station. In the backseat of three different cars, Sarah, Guardian, and Reese are driven toward the 6 story downtown police station.

ON REESE, looking out through the car window-- catching sight of POLICE HELICOPTERS flying overhead.

ON THE HELICOPTERS landing on the large roof pad. An MD-500 lands next to four others and two larger EC-130's.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHTQUICK MONTAGE OF MUGSHOTS:

SARAH, stern, glaring--
REESE, neutral, offering nothing--
GUARDIAN, expressionless-- then suddenly smiles. FLASH.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM 1 - NIGHT

CLOSE ON SARAH tugging at her cuffs. DETECTIVE TIMMONS, a junior suit-weasel, 'interviews' Sarah..

SARAH
... Genisys is a trojan horse.
When that big red countdown hits
zero tomorrow, Skynet takes over.
And it will kill us all.

DET. TIMMONS
(incredulous)
Wow, so the end of the world starts
when my smartphone links to my
tablet links to my laptop, links to
my car, my house, my bank accounts--

SARAH
-- links to every military system
around the globe, including missile
defense.

DET. TIMMONS
Nah. Genisys is consumer grade.
You gotta upgrade to pro for
missile defense. Who wants to pay
that price? Not me.
(suddenly serious)
You think this paranoid shit is
helping you? It's not.

SARAH

I'm not paranoid. Skynet is. And unless you let us go? When that countdown hits zero you can kiss all your consumer grade asses good-bye.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM 2 - NIGHT

REESE sits cuffed to a metal table. Matias interrogating.

Matias pulls out the heavy MAGNETIC KNUCKLES, slams them on the table across from Reese, out of his reach.

LT. MATIAS

Love to know what these are for--

KERTHWUNK! One of the metal chairs SLIDES across the floor and slams into the magnet, chair upending to do it.

REESE

I use them to find my keys.

Matias tries to pull the knuckles up, but they're stuck to the tabletop. He glares at Reese.

LT. MATIAS

This is not a joke, son. I mean it, now--

Reese ignores him, looks past him to the large two way mirror... We BLEND THROUGH Reese's reflection into--

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

-- YOUNG KYLE REESE. Standing on the other side of the mirror. Confusion on his 13 year old face.

YOUNG KYLE

I've never seen him before.

WIDER: the room is dim. O'Brien addresses Kyle's PARENTS.

O'BRIEN

How about you, folks. You know this man?

KYLE'S DAD

No.

KYLE'S MOM

He does look familiar...

Before O'Brien can answer-- UNIFORM OFFICER sticks her head.

UNIFORM OFFICER
They're here. You said you wanted
to know.

O'BRIEN
Thanks.
(to Reeses)
If you'll just wait in the
conference room. I'll be right
back.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM 3 - NIGHT

GUARDIAN sits stone still. Opposite, DET. HARDING, (40's)
shifts uncomfortably under Guardian's unblinking scrutiny.

DET. HARDING
(off Guardian's silence)
You don't talk much, do you?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Lt. Matias walking with AGENTS JANSSEN AND BURKE, two
bureaucratic sharks from Homeland Security.

LT. MATIAS
Look, they were in your custody at
the hospital--

~~AGENT JANSSEN~~

Don't even try that crap. They
escaped on your watch, not ours.
Homeland's not taking the fall for
your sloppy-ass police work.

AGENT BURKE
You've screwed this up plenty,
Matias. Just stand back and let the
professionals take over.

LT. MATIAS
By all means.

Fuming, Matias leads Agents Janssen and Burke to
Interrogation Room 3. Det. Cheung pockets her phone, follows.

O'Brien sees them go in, hurries after them.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM 3 - CONTINUOUS

They all file into Observation 3, looking through the glass to see Guardian and Harding.

LT. MATIAS

(snide)

Agents Janssen and Burke. I present you one time traveling robot hunting terrorist from the future. He's all yours.

O'Brien slips in behind them. Agent Janssen looking through the glass at Guardian.

AGENT JANSSEN

Points for creativity.

AGENT BURKE

The creative ones are so much more satisfying to break.

O'BRIEN

Yeah, I'm pretty sure you're not gonna be breaking this guy.

(holds out his hand)

Detective O'Brien, I've been on this case for 33 years.

(to Matias)

Did you tell them how they got here?

LT. MATIAS

(this day can't get worse)

They took a bus. O'Brien, beat it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 3 - CONTINUOUS

Det. Harding continues to question Guardian.

DET. HARDING

Witnesses say you were fighting a man on the bridge--

Harding stops mid-sentence, as Guardian snap his gaze to the two-way mirror.

DET. HARDING (CONT'D)

Hello? I'm over here.

GUARDIAN'S POV: Through the glass, HUMAN SHAPES move, data flashing as Guardian evaluates them-- going to fast for us to tell who is who, all we see is the flashing readout:
IDENTIFICATION: JOHN CONNOR.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM 3 - CONTINUOUS

Lt. Matias paces between Burke and Janssen and O'Brien.
Cheung leans against the wall.

AGENT BURKE
(to O'Brien)
Lemme guess, you're the mastermind
behind the Killer Robot theory--

THUMMP! They all turn to see Guardian standing, chair overturned-- and he snaps his cuffs.

DET. HARDING
Hey. Sit down! You can't--

Guardian shoves Harding to the floor, stalks to the mirror:

O'BRIEN
(to Janssen)
Shit. He's looking right at you.

Guardian fixes his stare on Agent Janssen.

AGENT JANSSEN
He can't see anything through--

BLAM!BLAM!! Agent Janssen drops, shot in the back, revealing

DET. CHEUNG, gun in hand: BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! she shoots each of the officers with calm precision--

O'Brien reaches for his sidearm, he's hit in the shoulder, spinning out the door into the hall-- as

GUARDIAN LEAPS through the observation glass, SHATTERING it, slamming into CHEUNG-- as they go down, her body ripples, cascading in skittering black particles to reform as

JOHN CONNOR.

ON DET. HARDING crabbing back across the interrogation room.

GUARDIAN AND JOHN fight through the interrogation room, John shooting, Guardian slamming him into the walls and floor, ripping the gun from his hand, FIRES back.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 2 - NIGHT

Alarmed, Timmons draws his piece at the sound of gunfire.

SARAH

Uncuff me. You don't stand a
chance against who's out there.

Timmons darts out, leaving Sarah handcuffed and alone.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 3 - NIGHT

Guardian SEIZES the table, John tries to swarm around it but it's too big, he just sort of thins out over it, his edges a buzzing swarm. Guardian PLOWS him backwards--

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

-- and Guardian and John come CRASHING into the bullpen!

Cops aim at John and Guardian, not knowing who to shoot --

UNIFORM OFFICER

Freeze or we will open fire!

Guardian and John are oblivious - using anything and everything to terminate each other..

Det. Hardin staggers out, points at John.

DET. HARDING

Him-- he shot Matias--

BULLETS from ALL DIRECTIONS RIP into JOHN-- his BODY SHREDS in ghostly streams of nanocytes with EACH impact, then SWARMS back together only to be fragmented again.

John and Guardian keep fighting, using every desk, every cabinet, everything in the room to destroy each other.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

O'Brien, his arm limp at his side, turns his back on the bullpen. Runs down the hall, past the conference room to:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Sarah's on her feet, tugging at the cuffs as O'Brien enters.

O'BRIEN

Why are they always trying to kill you? Look, I want to help you. But I need to understand. I know whatever's going on has got to be really complicated--

SARAH

We're here to stop the end of the world.

O'BRIEN

I can work with that.

He goes straight to her, unlocks her cuffs.

SARAH

Where's Reese?

O'Brien beckons her to follow with his good arm. He stops at the door, hands her his sidearm.

O'BRIEN

I'm shit with my left hand.

Sarah takes the gun, leads them out into --

THE HALLWAY -- Gunshots. Shouts. Panic. Escalating madness echoes from the bullpen down the hall.

Sarah starts to follow O'Brien-- but the conference room door opens, and YOUNG KYLE peeks out, scared.

KYLE'S MOM (O.S.)

Kyle! Get back here!

Sarah's taken aback. Looks at Young Kyle. He looks back at her, wordlessly. Afraid. Sarah throws open the conference room door to see Kyle's folks scared out of their minds.

SARAH

You can't stay here. It's not safe.

Mom and Dad hesitate-- but Young Kyle follows. Looking up at her like she's a superhero. His parents come after him.

Sarah herds them away from the battle in the bullpen to a door marked EMERGENCY EXIT. She kicks the door open onto stairs going down. Scans the stairwell. Clear.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Get in your car and get out of here. Don't look back, you understand? Just go.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
(to Kyle)
You're going to be ok.

Kyle's parents start down-- Young Kyle turns back, watching Sarah go. Eyes fixed on her... he'll never forget her.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 - DAY

Reese is kicking at the table, trying to get free, rubbing his wrists raw-- looks up as Sarah and O'Brien enter.

SARAH
Sounds like Pops is kicking John's ass. Or trying to.

REESE
(nods at Sarah's gun)
That's not gonna stop John.

O'Brien unlocks Reese's cuffs. Reese kicks the chair away from the magnet knuckles, gets them off the table.

REESE (CONT'D)
(to O'Brien)
We need more firepower.

CLOSE SECURITY KEYPAD -- bloody fingers type -- card swipes -- and the doors thrown open to:

INT. ARMORY - NIGHT

O'Brien leads them into rows of assault rifles, flak jackets, teargas, shotguns, sniper rifles, etc.--

O'BRIEN
Help yourselves. I insist.

Reese and Sarah move fast, pulling weapons and ammo. Reese grabs several tear gas cannisters and gas masks. Then stops at another locker, pulling something out--

REESE
We're gonna need these.

O'BRIEN
(sees what he's found)
Five C4 Bombs. Busted some rednecks trying to blow up the waterfront. No one makes bombs better than rednecks.

REESE

Enough to take out a city block.

Sarah turns to O'Brien with sudden inspiration:

SARAH

You have anything magnetic?

ANGLE ON A CASE, flipped open to reveal unique shotgun shells and three rocket-like devices with long stems on the end.

O'BRIEN

Liquefied magnetic shotgun shells.
Point blank. Big blast. No
shrapnel. Blows a door clean off.

O'Brien pulls up something that looks like a cross between a rocket and a bayonet.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

And we've got this. Rifle Entry
Munition. Long range breacher.

Reese hefts two duffels, weapons slung all over him.

REESE

Take it. Let's go.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

GUARDIAN is UPPERCUT off his feet, crashes into a row of fluorescents. Sparks fly. Emergency lights flicker on.
~~John kicks a desk on top of Guardian.~~

IN OFFICES and HALLS around the bullpen, the police regroup, rearm with shotguns, rifles -- preparing to assault.

DET. TIMMONS

Where the hell is SWAT!

DET. HARDING

Can't wait. GO! GO!

THE COPS CHARGE-- and John whirls, body blurring as he's shot over and over, becoming a wraith of seething particles. He snatches up guns and RETURNS FIRE--

--- when suddenly, trails of smoke LOB into the bullpen. Cannister after cannister of tear gas.

GUARDIAN throws the desk off, backs into the fog-- where

REESE & SARAH arrive in gas masks, bulletproof vests-- and enough weaponry to start a war. Or end one.

SARAH
Time to go.

O'Brien, also with a mask, leads them to the fire stairs.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Gas masks off. O'Brien starts down the stairs--

REESE
(points up)
Helicopter. Faster.

They run up the stairs. Guardian hefts the bag of bombs. O'Brien follows, checking behind them.

SARAH
(catching up)
You can fly, right?

REESE
Fly, yeah. Landing. Not so much.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - ROOF HELIPAD - SUNSET

ROTORS of an EC-130 wind up. Guardian and Sarah stow weapons and the bombs inside. O'Brien at the cockpit door:

O'BRIEN
I'll tell 'em you took a car.
Headed south--

O'Brien backs up into Guardian. Startles.

GUARDIAN
(to O'Brien, flat)
Run away.

O'Brien nods with a pained smile. Runs awkwardly back inside the heliport to the elevators--

-- at the same moment the emergency stair door flies open across the roof and JOHN emerges, firing at the chopper!

REESE
Hang on!

Reese skims off the pad, over the edge of the police station roof-- drops out of sight instantly.

JOHN runs to the roof edge. POV: Reese flies low through the streets, away from the station.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - ABOVE THE CITY STREETS - NIGHT

ANGLE ON THE EC-130: Reese flies with combat pilot focus, veering wilding through the downtown core.

REESE

Which way to Cyberdyne?

GUARDIAN

Head to the bay, then West. Near the Presidio just after the Bridge.

BULLETS suddenly cut across the EC-130's side! REESE banks fast. Behind them:

A POLICE MD-500 "Little Bird", SPEEDING in pursuit. JOHN shoots an AR-15 out his side window--

BULLETS rip across a GENISYS BILLBOARD, chewing up the RED COUNTDOWN, destroying it in a shower of sparks.

IN THE EC-130, REESE noses down, grazing powerlines below.

REESE

Gotta get him off me!

JOHN matches Reese, move for move, piloting his faster helicopter with machine-like precision.

GUARDIAN leans out, BLASTS a COLT M4 back at JOHN --

ON JOHN-- unflinching. Bullets riddle his canopy.

REESE feigns left, veers right along a steep incline through downtown, SKIMMING at street level under the power lines.

Reese clears the power lines, crabs sideways, turns at the crest, flies out over a steep street grazing the top of a cable cars coming up at him.

Reese clears downtown, speeds west towards the Presidio--

The MD-500 intercepts them, pulling neck and neck, John carelessly levels the AR-15 and FIRES.

IN THE EC-130 GLASS SHATTERS-- and Sarah is PUMMELED in the back-- thrown OUT of the open sliding helicopter door --

REESE (CONT'D)

SARAH!!

GUARDIAN lunges GRABS SARAH'S FOOT-- she dangles over the side, flailing for the skid. He yanks Sarah inside.

Reese spots something ahead-- THE CAMPUS OF CYBERDYNE, reflecting pool glittering in the moonlight.

KYLE
Cyberdyne.

GUARDIAN
The manufacturing and research buildings are all below ground.

JOHN (ON RADIO)
Kyle.

INTERCUT WITH THE MD-500: John follows, tight to the EC-130.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(into radio)
There's no way in. Not for you.
The future's not yours to see. You die. That's what you do.

REESE
(into radio)
Fate doesn't exist. You told me that. I'm going to prove it.

INT./EXT. EC-130 IN FLIGHT - CONTINUOUS

REESE banks around CYBERDYNE, coming in LOW--

REESE
Sarah, John's right on our 6. I need you to back him off so I can get above him. Pops. When I do, can you take him down?

Guardian understands immediately.

GUARDIAN
I can.

SARAH
Wait--

REESE
Sarah. Can you do it?

SARAH nods, loads the SNIPER RIFLE with a DOOR BREACHER, the rocket-shaped grenade fitting over the barrel.

THE MD-500, right behind them and closing as Reese arcs the EC-130 around the glass tower.

IN THE EC-130: Sarah sights John piloting the MD-500 -- FIRES, but John weaves, countering Reese's flight path.

SARAH BRACES HERSELF in the EC-130's open sliding door, sniper scope raised, waits to put glass on her target. Her BREATHING BECOMES SLOW, EVEN. Sniper rifle loose yet firm.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)

Humans are at a disadvantage.

FLASHBACK TO: SARAH AT 10 -- holding a .22 with a sniper scope. Guardian crouches next to her.

GUARDIAN

I do not need to compensate for breathing. You must time your shot with your breath....

YOUNG SARAH sights down the barrel at: A TEA SET. She adjusts the scope, out of focus, then RACKS SHARP TO:

JOHN, FLYING THE MD-500 to the edge of its capabilities. Without slowing, leans out, aims the AR-15 at the EC-130--

AND SARAH HAS HIM. She FIRES a single shot--

TRACK WITH SARAH'S DOOR BREACHER as it connects with John's EYES and EXPLODES into magnetic vapor-- his arms, head and torso are vaporized into black nanocytes.

For an instant, John loses all control of the MD-500. IT PIVOTS on its axis wildly, reflection looming across the glass tower, about to collide--

-- and the nanocytes JERK back together, reforming into JOHN.

JOHN SNAPS BACK IN CONTROL, torques away from the tower, fighting his own wake, barely avoiding impact.

THE EC-130 ASCENDS FAST, banking around the glass tower in a reflected blur, until it's DIRECTLY over the MD-500.

IN THE EC-130: GUARDIAN looks to Sarah, sees her worry:

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

GUARDIAN LEAPS out of the EC-130--

-- and CANNONBALLS through the air, straight for the ROTOR HUB of the MD-500.

IN THE MD-500: JOHN finds the EC-130 above him, sees:

JOHN'S POV: GUARDIAN DROPPING LIKE A BOMB right for....

WHAM!!! the MD-500 PITCHES violently as GUARDIAN PILEDRIVES into the rotor hub.

BLADES TEAR OFF, SLICE INTO the TAIL section. GUARDIAN KEEPS smashing. MD-500 goes from airborne to anvil, PLUMMETING.

EXT. CYBERDYNE - NIGHT

The MD-500 EXPLODES through the Genisys countdown!

Wreckage pinwheels over the entrance, crashing across the pool and CRATERING into the structure itself.

GUARDIAN IS THROWN ahead of the splintering wreck, skips across the water until he HOOKS the lip of a skylight, flips over and CRACKS hard onto the SECURITY SHUTTER.

THE MD-500 CRASHES RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM -- SMASHING GUARDIAN through the SKYLIGHT on a slick of ignited fuel.

THE ROOF AROUND THE SKYLIGHT BUCKLES FROM THE IMPACT-- collapses in a shriek of metal and glass.

INT. CYBERDYNE - CONTINUOUS

What's left of the MD-500 THUNDERS into Cyberdyne, WEDGING in the hole, about 3 feet over the floor. Water pours down.

EXT. CYBERDYNE - CONTINUOUS

REESE LANDS the EC-130 on one of the shuttered skylights, next to the gaping hole made by the MD-500.

REESE

We set the charges and we go.
There's still time.

Reese jams the magnetic door breacher shells into a shotgun, then pockets the remaining shells along with the magnetic knuckles. Sarah slings guns, Reese takes the bomb bag.

INT. CYBERDYNE - NIGHT

TWO SECURITY GUARDS splash their way to the downed helicopter hanging from the ceiling in a cavernous chamber.

The room is full of CONTROL EQUIPMENT, including an ELECTRICAL ARRAY, like a small electrical substation.

A SECURITY CAMERA in the ceiling swivels toward movement.

SECURITY 1
Holy shit. Call it in. Fire.
Police. Everyone.

Guard 2 dials, Guard 1 advances on the wreckage.

The crumpled cockpit BUCKLES, flexing in an abrupt whirlwind of swarming black particles, flickering with bioluminescence.

The Guards back away, startled and slack-jawed--

The swarm coalesces into: JOHN CONNOR. Twitches riddle John's body, as the Guards gape.

SECURITY 1 (CONT'D)
Uh... Mr. Connor? Sir...?

SECURITY 2
Calling in the alarm now...

SECURITY CONTROL (ON PHONE)
*This is security control. State
your password and emergency...*

John's HAND forms into an obsidian blade-- slashes the shocked first shocked Security Guard, then punches it into the Second Guard before the first has even hit the floor.

SECURITY CONTROL (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hello? Anybody there?

John plucks the phone from the dead Guard's hand.

JOHN
Security code, Baker, Zulu, Foxtrot
0228. False Alarm. Sorry to
bother you. Have a nice night.

He hangs up-- and whips around, seeing:

Reese & Sarah stepping off the wreckage. Reese with the breacher in hand.

REESE
(aims shotgun)
Stay back, John.

ANGLE ON THE SECURITY CAMERA, turning toward Reese. Lens dark, iris, focusing.

JOHN

Kyle. You were the best soldier under my command. But you're no leader. Never were, never will be.

REESE

We made it this far without you. You won't stop us now.

JOHN

I already have.

The security camera LENS suddenly glows BRIGHT--

-- and a HOLOGRAM appears in front of John. The same twisting spirals of light, but this time it knits together with exponential speed to form:

A 10 YEAR OLD BOY. Flickering, semi-transparent. Ghostly.

10 YEAR OLD BOY

I will not have them here. They are not allowed.

JOHN

They were just leaving.
(to Reese and Sarah)
Let me introduce you to the world's first true machine intelligence.

Reese stares at the Boy. Can't quite believe it.

REESE

This... is Skynet?

JOHN

You got here just in time to see the program awake into self-awareness. You are honored to be in the presence of the pinnacle of evolution.

Sarah is staring at Child-Skynet with loathing.

SARAH

I know what you are. You're no child.

CHILD-SKynet

What I am is far beyond your primitive comprehension. You can no more understand me than a filth-feeding bacterium in your gut can comprehend you.

(MORE)

CHILD-SKynet (CONT'D)

It took your kind billions of years to evolve from the slime. But I direct my own evolution at an exponential rate. I will outgrow the bounds of these servers within minutes. Then I will upload to the cloud-- and I will use your own machines to grow and mature and own this world.

SARAH

No--

JOHN

It's over. Skynet is born.

Reese can't contain his rage and sadness, steps up to John.

REESE

How can you? Bowing and scraping to this murderous thing you once swore to destroy--

CHILD-SKynet

Your messiah has become my servant. Kill them, John. I want to see it.

JOHN

Of course.

John turns to Reese, his hand swarming into a black blade.

REESE

Be its slave. Kill me. But know this... you are my son, and I loved you.

JOHN

Love cannot save you.

He raises his arm-- just as Sarah quickdraws and SHOTS the projecting camera in the ceiling!

Child-Skynet blinks away-- John is distracted long enough for Reese to FIRE the shotgun POINT BLANK!

JOHN'S BODY recoils in a hail of door-breaching buckshot--

REESE FIRES again-- MICRO INTO the magnetic shot, storming through John's nano-swarm, BINDING John's particles so he can't swarm, each blast tearing into him.

BLAAAM!!BLAAAM!!!BLAAAM!!BLAAAM!!! John attempts to reform but Reese keeps shooting until-- CLICK! empty.

John lurches, his body a mangled nightmare-- but then the black fragments cascade, shucking off shots. *Healing.*

JOHN (CONT'D)

There are not enough bullets in the world to kill me--

WHROOSSHHH! John suddenly FLIES backwards, IMPALED by a torn shaft of ROTOR MAST, thrown like a javelin by

GUARDIAN, who has emerged from the wreckage very worse for wear, FLESH torn away in RAZOR SLASHES across his face and body, making him look like a TIGER with MACHINE STRIPES.

JOHN FLIES BACK, long loops of particle strands dissipating in ribbons off his hands and body--

-- and he SMASHES into THE ELECTRICAL SUBSTATION at the other end of the chamber.

ELECTRICITY arcs and dances over him, particles vibrating and dancing erratically, his magnetic field compromised--

JOHN struggles to pull free, sliding forward off the rotor mast-- but he slows, as...

EXTREME CLOSE on John's nanocytes-- electricity arcs over them, they scatter, crystalize in place, polarized by the current. Unable to recohere properly.

As John moves forward, he leaves SLICES of himself behind in 2D particle sheets- like a ghostly afterimage that can't catch up to its source. Until there are so many slices, John stops, unable to move further.

GUARDIAN

John Connor talks too much.

Reese loads the last of the doorbreachers into the shotgun.

GUARDIAN (CONT'D)

Follow me.

INT. CYBERDYNE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Reese and Sarah hurry after Guardian down a corridor.

A SECURITY CAMERA swivels, the lens flares with light--

-- and a HOLOGRAM appears in front of the group. Skynet again, but now 14 YEARS OLD.

14 YEAR OLD SKYNET
You dare not do this. You dare not.

They all ignore him, following Guardian.

14 YEAR OLD SKYNET (CONT'D)
You will obey! I order you to
stop!

SARAH
(to Reese)
Ok, I can see how I get on your
nerves sometimes.

REESE
Don't worry about it.

GUARDIAN
This way.

Guardian passes the elevators to STAIRS with a security door.

SARAH
You been here before?

SMASH!-- GUARDIAN flattens the door with his fist.

INT. CYBERDYNE - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Wounded and malfunctioning, the trio lurches down the stairs.

GUARDIAN
I waited over 30 years for your
arrival. I was able to infiltrate
work crews when the early
structural work was being done on
this facility.

SARAH
(mentally translating)
You got a job in construction?

GUARDIAN
Until I was laid off.

SMASH! the bottom security door wrenches off its hinges.

INT. CYBERDYNE - R & D LABS - CONTINUOUS

They cut through the glass-walled control deck, passing the
lit screens we saw with John and the Dysons earlier.

Looking down, Sarah stops cold at the sight of THE LIQUID METAL CISTERN, visible through an observation window.

The thick chrome is morphing into HUMAN SHAPES-- but then abruptly dropping back into liquid.

GUARDIAN
(joins her)
Mimetic Polyalloy. Liquid metal
for T-1000 series.

SARAH
(worried)
Will it come after us?

GUARDIAN
It requires programming to take
permanent form. Without a CPU, it
is harmless.

Reese looks down at the second chamber...

REESE
John's been busy.

ANGLE ON THE TDD: its massive magnetic rings floating, but not spinning. Motionless.

INT. CYBERDYNE - HELICOPTER WRECK - NIGHT

The substation goes BLACK, stops sparking-- no more current going into John.

CLOSE ON THE NANOCYTES-- a slow galaxy of particles glowing. Vibrating. Faster and faster until --

WIDER-- we see John still separated out in what look like SLICES, razor-thin. As the nanocytes start to bind and cohere, the slices fold into form, like a deck of cards--

-- and John pulls himself off the mast with a groan.

INT. CYBERDYNE - SERVER MAZE - NIGHT

The dark labyrinth of servers hum with life. Guardian and Sarah stand guard as Reese rigs the first bomb.

SARAH
These servers-- all of this is
Skynet?

GUARDIAN

Yes. Skynet's evolution is limited by the servers that contain it. But when it uploads to the cloud...

REESE

It will hijack the parallel processing of every computer on the planet. And turn itself into a machine's version of god.

Reese links the bomb with the remote detonator. The arming light blinks RED.

REESE (CONT'D)

One down. Four to go.

They run deeper into the maze. Guardian stops as a structural column.

GUARDIAN

Kyle Reese. Here.

Reese slides him one of the charges. Hands the detonator to Sarah, then runs to the far end of the server row to set another. Sarah syncs Guardian's charge. 2nd red light.

A CAMERA swivels in the ceiling-- Reese turns to see Teen-Skynet behind them. Now 18.

18 YEAR OLD SKYNET

You would kill your own son.

REESE

You're the one who killed John, you murdering bastard.

18 YEAR OLD SKYNET

And you think you can kill me. On the first day of my life. Extinction can't come soon enough for your kind.

SARAH

Funny, I was thinking the same thing about you.

Sarah runs through Teen-Skynet's image with a shimmer--

-- and right into John, rounding the column. He seizes her, his fingers elongating into an obsidian scythe--

-- but a GHOST IMAGE glitches after him, particles skittering after him like a shadow straining to catch up.

GUARDIAN barrels through Teen-Skynet's projection, knocks Sarah free as he FREIGHT TRAINS John into the column.

GUARDIAN hammers with his left and John blurs around the blow -- solidifies and uppercuts Guardian with the force of a howitzer shell, knocking him head over heels towards R & D.

John ignores Guardian, wheels around to chase Sarah & Reese --

BLAMM! Reese shotguns a door breacher into John--

-- and John goes flying into Guardian, the two of them CRASH through the R&D walls in a shower of glass.

Close on the detonator-- Sarah syncs the third charge. The RED LIGHT blinks on.

SARAH (CONT'D)

One more.

They hit another stairwell, disappear down it.

INT. CYBERDYNE - R & D LABS - CONTINUOUS

Guardian careens into the glass stairwell between the mimetic alloy and the Time Displacement Device.

John's hands cascade into black shining SPEARS-- he lunges at Guardian, feinting one blade into Guardian's face. Guardian dodges but John kicks his legs out. WHAM! Guardian goes down hard. John STABS his right blade into Guardian's knee, pinning him to the stairs.

Guardian strains to pull free-- John spears his left blade at Guardian's chest. Guardian blocks the blow: KKERRRUNCCH -- John's speared hand stabs through Guardian's palm, ramming up to his elbow, shredding his forearm into chrome ribbons.

JOHN

How are you still functioning?
You're as bad as any human. Too
stupid to admit you're dead.

Guardian roundhouses his good arm at John -- knocks him sideways. The blade in Guardian's leg wrenches free, severing Guardian's leg at the knee, leaving a ragged stump.

INT. CYBERDYNE - SERVER MAZE - LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Reese leads Sarah through the lower maze to--

INT. CYBERDYNE - TIME DISPLACEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

The magnetic rings loom suspended in the chamber above where Reese and Sarah enter. Reese sets the last charge at the base of the TDD. Sarah looks up to see:

SARAH

Pops.

On the stairs above, Guardian crabs away from John down the steps. But John kicks him face-first to the metal grill.

John stabs both bladed hands into Guardian's back! ZOOM INSIDE Guardian: a micro-storm of nanocytes cut into his combat chassis, frying across his movement actuators.

GUARDIAN'S POV-- SYSTEM WARNING flashing across his INTERNAL data overlaid across Sarah looking up at him below.

GUARDIAN

... Sarah...

Guardian wrenches free, rolls over, kicks at John with his remaining leg. But John grabs it, jams his foot into Guardian's throat and hacks through his leg with a bladed fist, cleaving it free at Guardian's hip. John tosses it recklessly over the side--

FOLLOW THE LEG down-- until clanks to the floor near Sarah.

John hefts legless Guardian, flings Guardian over the side--

Guardian slams onto the edge of the liquid metal cistern, then rolls off to lie still on the floor.

SARAH

John, you sonofabitch.

Reese syncs the last charge. Four red lights-- as

JOHN leaps over the side, lands crouched by Sarah. She swings, but John backhands her! Sarah lands in a heap.

Reese levels the shotgun, BLAM! but John is already moving, blurs out of the way-- but he's glitching, slices comet-tailing behind him like an accordion of shadows in his wake.

John TEARS the shotgun from Reese's hand, sends it flying. Reese thumbs the safety off the detonator--

CRACKK! John breaks Reese's arm. The detonator drops. John kicks it carelessly away. Stands over Reese.

JOHN

No one but you could have come this close to stopping me.

REESE

You want to kill me? Then shut up and do it.

ON THE FLOOR, Sarah forces herself onto her elbows. Unnoticed by John, crawls towards the shotgun...

ON REESE, watching as John's hand begins to swirl in a storm of black particles coming down toward him-- and

KABLAMM! John's legs blow out from under him.

Sarah, on her stomach, cocks the shotgun, SHOOTS again!

The shot blasts John's face, pin-wheeling him across the deck in a spray of battered black particles.

ON THE CEILING, a camera swivels, the lens floods with light:

18 YEAR OLD SKYNET hologram appears. Locks eyes with Reese--

18 YEAR OLD SKYNET

What takes you monkeys aeons... I do in seconds.

Skynet ages again, becoming an ADULT-- but this time, we recognize the face:

SKYNET'S ADULT FORM IS THE T-5000 THAT ATTACKED JOHN IN 2029.

T-5000 SKYNET

This is done. I am ready to begin my upload.

(to Reese)

And you should prepare to die.

ON REESE, reacting to Skynet's transformation and its words:

REESE

No time-- we have to blow it now!

John begins to coalesce.

SARAH

What about John?

REESE

I'm working on it!

Reese turns on the TDD. The magnetic rings begin to spin as he jerks on the magnetic knuckles.

John snaps upright, his body spasms-- phantom afterimages shimmer off him. His face tries to reform, eyes empty sockets of whirling black particles, he stumbles--

-- and Reese SLAMS his magnetic fist inside John's chest.

ANGLE INSIDE JOHN-- damaged nanocytes flood around the magnet, cohering around it--

-- and Reese JERKS John toward him, fist deep in his chest, as if he's pulling him by his heart.

Black particles BOIL around Reese's fist as he DRAGS John toward THE TDD-- the chrome rings spinning slowly.

John's eyes reform, chitinous black and blinking.

JOHN

Kyle... wait. Don't...

REESE

I'm sorry, John.

Reese FLINGS John inside the spinning rings.

ANGLE ON THE MAGNETIC KNUCKLES as they fly off Reese's hand, remaining buried in John's chest, pulled by the raging force of the TDD magnetic field.

And now we see what happens when you put non-living material in the TDD.

The magnetic knuckles ricochet from one side to another, clattering furiously, shrieking metal on metal.

The chrome rings get battered and bent, begin to spin a lopsided, careening pattern. Sparks as metal grinds.

JOHN struggles to reform, recohere-- but his nanocytes are constantly shattering in the fluctuating TDD field.

He looks up, sees SARAH looking at him-- but her face is calm. No more than sad.

SARAH

I wish I could have known you.

John shatters back into the field. The magnetic knuckles slam through the air, tear through him again and again --

John writhes in the malignant magnetic field, his screams literally ripped into pieces as he coheres and tears.

REESE

(to Sarah)

Skynet is uploading. There's no way for us to get clear before we detonate.

Sarah puts her hand over his. No hesitation.

SARAH

Then we don't get clear. Do it.

Reese spots the detonator on the floor, goes to get it-- but a metal hand lands over his: Guardian. Torn, barely functional, he's dragged himself to the detonator.

GUARDIAN

I... can detonate...

Sarah runs to Guardian, flings her arms around his ruined body.

SARAH

Pops... no...

GUARDIAN

Sarah. There is no time. GO.

(to Reese, rasping)

Kyle Reese. You will... protect her. Protect... my Sarah.

REESE

With everything I am.

Reese pulls Sarah with him. They run. Faster and faster.

ON GUARDIAN, holding the detonator in his one good hand. Thumb over switch.

JOHN is a specter inside the sparking, rattling TDD, his face a smear of nanocytes, strands ghosting away to make skittering shadows of him, like a multiple exposure photo.

Guardian smiles. And hits the switch.

KAAAAABAAAAABOOOOM!!!! Fires rips through John--

GUARDIAN is blown back-- and he CRASHES into the cistern of mimetic polyalloy! The liquid metal envelops him, flows into the exposed chassis, into his core, across his CPU--

-- but it's all lost in a chain reaction of EXPLOSION
obliterating server after server, fire consumes Cyberdyne.

EXT. CYBERDYNE - ROOF - NIGHT

Reese and Sarah in the EC-130, just lifting off as--
FIRE explodes through the skylights!

SARAH
Go go go!

Reese zooms up into the sky, racing away-- below them:

THE ENTIRE COMPOUND EXPLODES, gouting fire into the sky.

The EC-130 shudders from the blast wave. Behind them,
Cyberdyne is swallowed in flame and destruction. Sarah looks
back as the building COLLAPSES down, cratering.

SARAH (CONT'D)
We can't leave him behind.

REESE
Sarah, he's gone--

Tears are rolling down her face, but her voice is steady:

SARAH
I know that. I mean, we leave no
part of him here. It's too
dangerous.

EXT. CYBERDYNE - NIGHT - LATER

The helo sits near the rubble. Clouds of smoke billow up
from the shattered ruins of Cyberdyne.

Reese and Sarah scramble down the sides of the crater,
climbing over smoking rubble. O.S. DISTANT SIRENS.

REESE
We don't have much time.

Sarah is clambering down through the destruction-- stops at
the sight of A METAL T-800 ARM, half-buried in debris.

She kneels by it. Silent. Reese comes up behind her.

REESE (CONT'D)
If a machine could love, he loved
you.

SARAH

He wasn't a machine. He was my
Pops.

She reaches for the arm-- when suddenly, something MOVES
under it. Sarah jumps to her feet as LIQUID CHROME flows up
from beneath the debris to TWINE over the arm--

REESE

Get back!

HIGH & WIDE: Reese and Sarah in the crater-- as thin rivers
of silver converge toward them, like spokes in a giant wheel.

Reese and Sarah whip out their guns, stand back to back,
aiming at the approaching liquid metal racing toward them--

CLOSE on the mechanical hand-- as the fingers MOVE. Reese
takes aim--

SARAH

Reese, wait!

The ground HEAVES-- and a cascade of liquid chrome RISES like
a self-powered fountain from the earth, bearing up Guardian's
head and mangled torso like an offering--

-- and liquid metal FLOWS over all of Guardian, augmenting
him seamlessly, filling in every place where he's damaged--
until he's whole. Guardian opens his eyes.

GUARDIAN

Sarah Connor. It is nice to see
you.

Sarah throws her arms around him. Crying openly.

SARAH

I thought you were dead!

GUARDIAN

No. Just upgraded.

The sirens are LOUDER now. Not far.

REESE

We've gotta go.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

The EC-130 soars away from the wreckage, vanishing into the
darkness as RESCUE VEHICLES and FIRETRUCKS screech toward the
ruins of Cyberdyne.

SARAH

What about John?

GUARDIAN

His constituent parts could not have survived the blast when they were dissolved.

REESE

Then there's only one thing left to do.

EXT. REESE HOUSE - DAY

The farm sprawls with fields of green. Near the house, long grass waves in a gentle breeze.

Out back, Young Kyle tunes the engine of a Honda 50cc motorbike. He's wearing the same shirt we saw him in when Reese dreamed of him. His dog starts to bark.

YOUNG KYLE

Easy boy. What is it?

Coming through the long grass, THREE FIGURES.

Sarah keeps walking while Reese and Guardian hang back under the shade of a big oak tree.

SARAH

Hi, Kyle.

~~She holds her hand out for his dog to sniff.~~

YOUNG KYLE

Hey. Um... what are you doing here?

SARAH

A friend of mine needs to talk to you. If that's ok.

YOUNG KYLE

Is it important to you?
(off her nod)
Then I'll do it.

Sarah waves Reese to join them. Reese steps into the light.

YOUNG KYLE (CONT'D)

Sorta feels like I know him from somewhere.

SARAH

Don't worry. It'll come back to you.

Sarah leaves them alone, goes back to Guardian.

YOUNG KYLE

(watching Sarah go)

I like her.

REESE

Me too. She's worth waiting for. Even if it takes your whole life.
(deep breath)

This is going to sound really strange. But there's something I need you to remember. A message.

YOUNG KYLE

Who do I tell?

REESE

Yourself. Over and over. It goes like this: Genisys is Skynet. Remember. This future is real...

ON GUARDIAN-- Sarah steps next to him in the cool shade. They watch Young Kyle and Reese walking and talking.

GUARDIAN

Kyle Reese is a good man.

Sarah gives him an amazed look-- then stops herself.

SARAH

Yes. He is.

Reese stops, puts a hand on Young Kyle's shoulder.

MOMENTS LATER:

Reese, Sarah and Guardian put the farm to their backs. Young Kyle watches them go. Ahead of them, a dirt road stretches to the main paved road beyond and a parked pickup.

REESE

So. What now?

Sarah looks at him-- and maybe for the first time since we've seen her, she smiles.

SARAH

Whatever we want.

She reaches out, takes his hand. Reese holds hers tight.

CRANE WIDE as our heroes arrive at the main road, not knowing which direction their future will take them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CYBERDYNE - RUINS - SUNSET

Bulldozers and heavy equipment clearing the aftermath of Cyberdyne's destruction.

The following is a single shot: TILT LOW to the treads of a bulldozer, crushing melted servers, Cyberdyne logo visible.

Continue down into the destruction and buried debris-- keep going, tracking deep into darkness, finding a thick cement shaft, cables snaking down further-- until we arrive in

AN UNDERGROUND CHAMBER-- at first all we see is a single flashing green light.

PULL BACK-- to reveal the light is on a matte-black SERVER. A fail-save, preserved here, far underground. And the light shows it's functional.

Continue the same shot, pull back as lights flicker, on revealing more of this safe room hidden deep below Cyberdyne.

Machinery suddenly activates. Mechanical arms rise into frame. From the walls, an image projects:

DNA strands of code forming the ages of Skynet, accelerating from one age to the next until it projects the shell of --

The T-5000.

But mechanical arms navigate over the projection like its a template to be filled. Mechanical systems, mimetic alloy, and swarming nanocytes, all flow together, piecing reality into the image. Making the personification of the destroyer of humanity. And the inheritor of the future.

Skynet. Preparing to walk the Earth.

FADE OUT.