



Scripts.com

# The Making of 'Terminator 2: Judgment Day'

By Unknown

Three billion human lives ended  
on August 29, 1997.  
The survivors of the nuclear fire...  
called the war "Judgment Day. "  
They lived only to face  
a new nightmare...  
the war against the machines.  
The computer which controlled  
the machines, Skynet...  
sent two Terminators  
back through time.

**Their mission:**

of the human resistance.  
John Connor, my son.  
The first Terminator was programmed  
to strike at me...  
in the year 1984...  
before John was born.  
It failed.  
The second was set to strike  
at John himself...  
when he was still a child.  
As before, the resistance was able  
to send a lone warrior...  
a protector for John.  
It was just a question of which one  
of them would reach him first.  
I need your clothes, your boots  
and your motorcycle.  
You forgot to say please.  
Get him off me!  
Pull it out!  
Take it.  
Can't let you take  
the man's wheels, son.  
Now, get off  
before I put you down.  
That's it, goddamn it.  
R-31 David, Sherman Code 6...  
at the Sixth Street Bridge and Santa Fe  
on electrical disturbance.  
Ten-four, R-31 David.  
John, get in there and clean up

that pigsty of yours.  
Your foster parents  
are kind of dicks, huh?  
I swear, I have had it  
with that goddamn kid.  
- He won't even answer me anymore.  
- Honey, move.  
Would you get off your butt  
and help me?  
- Todd!  
- What?  
He hasn't cleaned that room of his  
in a month.  
Oh, it's an emergency.  
Hang on. L'll get right on it.  
Come on.  
Get your ass inside.  
Do what your mother tells you.  
She's not my mother, Todd.  
This next patient is interesting.  
I've been following the case  
for years.  
A 29-year-old female...  
diagnosed as acute  
schizo-affective disorder.  
The usual indicators: depression,  
anxiety, violent acting out...  
delusions of persecution.  
The delusional architecture  
is fairly unique.  
She believes that a machine  
called the Terminator...  
which looks human,  
was sent back through time...  
- To kill her.  
- That's original.  
And also that the father  
of her child...  
was a soldier sent back  
to protect her.  
He was from the future too.  
The year 2029,  
if I remember correctly.  
And here we are.

Morning, Sarah.

Good morning, Dr. Silberman.

How's the knee?

Fine, Sarah.

She stabbed me in the kneecap...

with my pen a few weeks ago.

Repeated escape attempts.

Let's move on, shall we?

I don't like to see the patients  
disrupting their rooms like this.

- See she takes her Thorazine.

- Sure. I'll take care of it.

Are you the legal guardian  
of John Connor?

That's right, Officer.

What's he done now?

- Could I speak with him, please?

- You could if he were here.

He took off on his bike this morning.

He could be anywhere.

Do you have a photograph of John?

Yeah. Hold on.

Gonna tell me what this is about?

I just need to ask him  
a few questions.

He's a good-looking boy.

Do you mind if I keep this picture?

No, go on. There was a guy here  
this morning looking for him too.

Yeah, a big guy on a bike.

Has that got something  
to do with this?

I wouldn't worry about him.

Thanks for your cooperation.

Please insert your stolen card now.

PI N number.

Hurry up. This is taking too long.

Go, baby.

All right.

- PI N number 9003.

- Where'd you learn this stuff from?

From my mom.

My real mom, I mean.

Withdraw 300 bucks.

Come on, baby. Come on!  
- Yes!  
- Hey, it worked.  
All right. Easy money.  
Come on!  
Yes! Piece of cake.  
- Is that her?  
- Yes.  
She's pretty cool, huh?  
No, she's a complete psycho.  
That's why she's at Pescadero.  
It's a mental institute.  
She tried to blow up a computer factory  
but got shot and arrested.  
No shit.  
She's a total loser.  
Come on.  
Let's go spend some money.  
It's like a giant strobe light...  
burning right through my eyes.  
Somehow I can still see.  
Oh, God.  
We know the dream's the same  
every night.  
- Why do I have to...  
- Please continue.  
Children look like burnt paper.  
Black.  
Not moving.  
And then the blast wave hits them.  
And they fly apart like leaves.  
Dreams...  
of cataclysm,  
the end of the world...  
are very common.  
It's not a dream, you moron.  
It's real.  
- I know the date it happens.  
- I'm sure it feels real to you.  
On August 29, 1997...  
it's gonna feel  
pretty fuckin'real to you too!  
Anybody not wearing two-million sunblock  
is gonna have a real bad day. Get it?

God, you think  
you're safe and alive.  
You're already dead. Everybody!  
Him. You. You're dead already.  
This whole place,  
everything you see is gone!  
You're the one living in the dream,  
'cause I know it happened!  
It happened!  
I feel much better now.  
Clearer.  
Yes, your attitude has been...  
much improved lately.  
It's helped me to have a goal...  
something to look forward to.  
What is that?  
Well, you said...  
that if I showed improvement  
after six months...  
you would transfer me  
to the minimum security wing...  
and I could have visitors.  
Well, it's been six months...  
and...  
I was looking forward  
to seeing my son.  
I see.  
Let's go back to what you were saying  
about those Terminator machines.  
Now you think they don't exist?  
They don't exist.  
I know that now.  
But you've told me on many occasions  
about how you crushed one...  
in a hydraulic press.  
If I had, there would have  
been some evidence.  
They would have found something  
at the factory.  
I see.  
So you don't believe anymore  
that the company covered it up?  
No. Why would they?  
Let's try a new position

right there.

Mr. Dyson?

The materials team  
is running another...

- Mr. Dyson.

- Yes?

The materials team is running  
another series this afternoon.  
You have to sign for the... it.

- You have to sign it out.

- Okay. I'll get it.

I know I haven't been here long,  
but I was wondering if you know...

Know what?

If you know where "it" came from.  
I asked them the same question once.  
You know what they told me?

Don't ask.

- Good morning, Mr. Dyson.

- How's it going?

Insert key.

Left on three.

Two, one, turn.

- How are the wife and kids?

- Great. Thanks.

So what do you think, Doctor?

Haven't I shown improvement?

Well, Sarah, here's the problem.

I know how smart you are.

You're just telling me  
what I want to hear.

I don't think you really believe  
what you're telling me today.

If I put you in minimum security,  
you'll just try to escape again.

You have to let me see my son.

Please.

He's in great danger.

He's naked without me.

If I could make a phone call...

I'm afraid not.

Not for a while.

I don't see any choice but to  
recommend to the review board...

that you stay here  
for another six months.  
I'll kill you,  
you son of a bitch!  
You son of a bitch!  
Ten CCs of sodium amobarbital, stat!  
You don't know what you're doing!  
Get some restraints in here now!  
You don't know what you're doing!  
Model citizen.  
You just missed him.  
He was here 15 minutes ago.  
- He was going to the galleria.  
- Yeah.  
The galleria?  
I'm gonna get some quarters.  
I'll be back, all right?  
- Oh, no!  
- Girls, do you know John Connor?  
Hey, do you know this guy?  
Nah, I don't know him.  
- John.  
- Not now.  
There's this cop scoping for you.  
Check it out.  
- He's right over there.  
- Split, man.  
- Just go.  
- Yeah.  
I saw that kid...  
You're not supposed to  
be in here!  
Get down.  
Mister, are you all right?  
You all right?  
Come on!  
Goddamn!  
Okay, time-out.  
Stop the bike.  
Time out.  
Come on, stop the bike.  
Holy shit.  
Now, don't take this the wrong way.  
- You are a Terminator, right?



- Yes.  
Cyberdyne Systems, Model 101.  
Holy shit.  
You're really real.  
I mean...  
You're like a machine underneath,  
right?  
But alive outside?  
I'm a cybernetic organism.  
Living tissue  
over metal endoskeleton.  
This is intense.  
Get a grip, John. Okay.  
You're not here to kill me.  
I figured that part out for myself.  
So what's the deal?  
My mission is to protect you.  
Yeah? Who sent you?  
You did.  
Thirty-five years from now,  
you reprogrammed me...  
to be your protector here,  
in this time.  
Oh, this is deep.  
So this other guy, he's  
a Terminator like you, right?  
Not like me.  
A T-1000, advanced prototype.  
More advanced than you are?  
Yes. A mimetic poly-alloy.  
What the hell does that mean?  
Liquid metal.  
Where are we going?  
We have to get out of the city  
immediately and avoid the authorities.  
I gotta stop by my house.  
I wanna pick up some stuff.  
Negative. The T-1000 would definitely  
try to reacquire you there.  
- You sure?  
- I would.  
Look, Todd and Janelle are dicks...  
but I gotta warn 'em.  
Shit. You got a quarter?

- Hello.  
- Janelle, it's me.  
- John?  
- Is everything all right?  
- Are you guys okay?  
- Sure, honey, everything's okay.  
- Are you all right?  
- Yeah, I'm fine.  
John, it's late.  
I was beginning to worry about you.  
If you hurry home, we can sit down  
and have dinner together.  
I'm making beef stew.  
Something's wrong.  
She's never this nice.  
Where are you?  
What the hell is  
the goddamn dog barking at?  
Hey, shut up,  
you worthless piece of shit!  
The dog's really barking.  
You were gonna tell the kid  
to get rid of that mutt.  
John, it's late.  
Please don't make me worry.  
Could he already be there?  
Are you okay?  
- I'm right here. I'm fine.  
- Are you sure you're all right?  
- What's the dog's name?  
- Max.  
Hey, Janelle.  
What's wrong with Wolfie?  
I can hear him barking.  
Is he okay?  
Wolfie's fine, honey.  
Wolfie's just fine.  
Where are you?  
Your foster parents are dead.  
I need a minute here.  
You're telling me that this thing  
can imitate anything it touches?  
Anything it samples  
by physical contact.

Get real.

It could disguise itself  
as a pack of cigarettes?

No, only an object  
of equal size.

Why not just become a bomb  
or something to get me?

It can't form complex machines.

Guns and explosives  
have chemicals, moving parts.

It doesn't work that way.

- But it can form solid metal shapes.

- Like what?

Knives and stabbing weapons.

These were taken by  
a video surveillance camera...  
at the West Highland Police Station  
in 1984.

He killed 17 police officers  
that night.

Men with families...  
children.

These were taken at a mall  
in Reseda...  
today.

Miss Connor, we know you know  
who this guy is.

I just sat here and told you  
that your son is missing...  
that the foster parents  
have been murdered.

We know this guy's involved.  
Doesn't that mean anything to you?  
Don't you care?

We're wasting our time.

Let's go.

Sorry, guys.

She's grown more disconnected  
from reality as time goes on.  
I'm afraid she can't help us now.

If she clears at all and can  
give us anything, I'll call you.

Sure.

Douglas, take her back to her room.

Yes, sir.  
Come on, sweetheart. Let's go.  
You see...  
we spent a lot of time in Nicaragua  
and places like that.  
For a while there, she was with  
this crazy ex-Green Beret guy...  
running guns.  
Then there were some other guys.  
She'd shack up with anybody  
she could learn from...  
so she could teach me how to be  
this great military leader.  
Then she gets busted.  
It's like, "Sorry, kid, your mom's  
a psycho. Didn't you know?"  
Like everything I've been brought up  
to believe is all made-up bullshit.  
I hated her for that.  
But everything she said was true.  
She knew...  
and nobody believed her...  
not even me.  
Listen. We gotta get her  
out of there.  
Negative. The T-1000's highest  
probability for success now...  
will be to copy Sarah Connor and wait  
for you to make contact with her.  
Great. What happens to her?  
Typically, the subject being copied  
is terminated.  
Shit! Why didn't you tell me?  
We gotta go right now!  
Negative.  
It's not a mission priority.  
Fuck you!  
She's a priority to me!  
Goddamn it!  
What's your problem? Help!  
This does not help our mission.  
Get this psycho off of me!  
Help!  
I'm being kidnapped!

Get this psycho off of me!  
Let me go!  
Why did you do that?  
Because you told me to.  
What?  
You have to do what I say?  
That's one of my mission parameters.  
Prove it.  
Stand on one foot.  
Yes!  
Cool. My own Terminator. Wow.  
You okay, kid?  
Take a hike, bozo.  
Let's get outta here, man.  
Fuck you, you little dipshit!  
Dipshit?  
Put your leg down.  
- Did you call moi a dipshit?  
- Just trying to help this punk.  
Grab this guy.  
Get him off of me!  
Now who's the dipshit...  
you jock douche bag?  
Put the gun down now!  
- Get outta here!  
- Come on. Let's split!  
You were gonna kill that guy!  
Of course. I'm a Terminator.  
Listen to me very carefully, okay?  
You're not a Terminator anymore,  
all right?  
You got that?  
You just can't go around  
killing people.  
Why?  
What do you mean, why?  
'Cause you can't.  
Because you just can't.  
Trust me on this.  
Look. I'm gonna go get my mom.  
I order you to help me.  
You have a Sarah Connor here?  
You're runnin' kind of late.  
They've been in there for an hour.

Hold on a second.

I'll buzz you in.

Oh, here come your friends now.

- Gwen, you want some coffee?

- No, thanks.

- How 'bout a beer?

- Yeah, right.

- Hey, I got a full house.

- That's good, Louis.

Must be my lucky day.

You're right about number 24.

Increase the medication

to 250 milligrams.

- Same kind?

- Mm-hmm.

You!

You broke my arm.

There are 215 bones

in the human body.

That's one. Now, don't move.

What are you going to do?

Why do we stop now?

You gotta promise me

you're not gonna kill anyone, right?

- Right.

- Swear?

What?

Just put up your hand and say,

"I swear I won't kill anyone."

I swear I will not kill anyone.

All right. Let's go.

Visiting hours is 10:00 to 4:00...

Monday through Friday.

What the hell are you doing?

You son of a bitch!

You shot me!

Crazy bastard!

Don't shoot me again.

Don't kill me.

He'll live.

Son of a bitch!

Let's try to remain calm.

Open it, or he'll be dead

before he hits the floor.

There's no way, Connor.  
Let him go.  
- Open the door.  
- It ain't gonna happen.  
Take it easy, Sarah.  
It won't work. You're no killer.  
I don't believe you can do it.  
You're already dead. Everybody dies.  
You know I believe it.  
So don't fuck with me!  
Open the door!  
Back off!  
Get back!  
I'll pump him full of this shit.  
I swear!  
Don't move!  
Drop the shit!  
Do it!  
Get in the office.  
On the floor, face down.  
Not you!  
Open the door.  
On the floor. Hold it open.  
Face the wall!  
Get her!  
Hurry up! Open the door!  
The door's locked!  
Let's go! Open it!  
- She broke it off.  
- Open it!  
Let's go around! Come on!  
Move it!  
Mom, wait!  
Come back here!  
- Help her!  
- Wait here.  
- Hurry up!  
- He'll kill us all!  
Hold her.  
He'll kill us all!  
Mom, are you okay? Mom!  
Come with me  
if you want to live.  
It's okay, Mom.

He's here to help.  
Go.  
What the fuck is it?  
What the fuck is going on?  
Get down.  
Out of the car!  
Right now!  
Go!  
I'm out.  
- Come on.  
- Here.  
Reload.  
Last one!  
Hang on.  
Ready!  
Here, drive.  
There's nobody behind us.  
- Are you all right?  
- Yeah.  
Can he see anything?  
I see everything.  
Cool.  
Come here.  
I said I was okay.  
John, it was stupid of you  
to go there.  
You have to be smarter  
than that.  
You were almost killed.  
What were you thinking?  
You cannot risk yourself,  
even for me.  
Do you understand?  
You're too important.  
Do you understand?  
But...  
I had to get you out of that place.  
I'm sorry.  
I didn't need your help.  
What's wrong with your eyes?  
Nothing.  
So, what's your story?  
You okay?  
Fine.



Say, that's a nice bike.  
Watch it, lug nuts.  
Listen, do you know  
what you're doing?  
I have detailed files  
on human anatomy.  
I bet.  
Makes you a more efficient killer,  
right?  
Correct.  
Does it hurt  
when you get shot?  
I sense injuries.  
The data could be called "pain."  
John, help me with the light.  
- Will these heal up?  
- Yes.  
Good. If you can't pass for human,  
you're not much good to us.  
How long do you live?  
I mean, last. Whatever.  
A hundred and twenty years  
with my existing power cell.  
Can you learn stuff that you  
haven't been programmed with...  
so you can be...  
you know, more human...  
and not such a dork  
all the time?  
My CPU is a neural net processor,  
a learning computer.  
The more contact I have with humans,  
the more I learn.  
Cool.  
Are we learning yet?  
We have to get as far away  
from the city as possible.  
Just head south.  
Keep it under 65.  
- We don't want to be pulled over.  
- Affirmative.  
You gotta listen to the way  
people talk.  
You don't say "affirmative"

or some shit like that.  
You say, "No problemo. "  
If someone comes off to you  
with an attitude, you say, " Eat me."  
And if you want to shine them on,  
it's "Hasta la vista, baby."  
Yeah, or " Later, dick-wad."  
If someone gets upset,  
you say, "Chill out."  
Or you can do combinations.  
Chill out, dick-wad.  
That's great.  
See? You're getting it.  
Want some of my fries?  
Need any help?  
No.  
- I got you!  
- No, you didn't!  
We're not gonna make it,  
are we?  
People, I mean.  
It's in your nature  
to destroy yourselves.  
Yeah. Major drag, huh?  
Break it up before I wring  
both of your necks.  
I need to know  
how Skynet gets built.  
Who's responsible?  
The man most directly responsible  
is Miles Bennett Dyson.  
Who is that?  
He's the director of special projects  
at Cyberdyne Systems Corporation.  
Why him?  
In a few months he creates  
a revolutionary type of microprocessor.  
Go on. Then what?  
In three years Cyberdyne will become  
the largest supplier...  
of military computer systems.  
All Stealth bombers are upgraded  
with Cyberdyne computers...  
becoming fully unmanned.

Afterwards they fly with  
a perfect operational record.  
The Skynet funding bill is passed.  
The system goes on-line  
on August 4, 1997.  
Human decisions are removed  
from strategic defense.  
Skynet begins to learn  
at a geometric rate.  
It becomes self-aware

**at 2:**

In a panic,  
they try to pull the plug.  
- Skynet fights back.  
- Yes.  
It launches its missiles  
against the targets in Russia.  
Why attack Russia?  
Aren't they our friends now?  
Because Skynet knows  
that the Russian counterattack...  
will eliminate its enemies  
over here.  
Jesus.  
How much do you know  
about Dyson?  
I have detailed files.  
I want to know everything.  
What he looks like,  
where he lives, everything.  
Wait in the car.  
You're pretty jumpy, Connor.  
Hey, big John.  
What's up?  
He's cool, Enrique.  
He's with me.  
He's... Uncle Bob.  
Uncle Bob, this is Enrique.  
Uncle Bob, huh?  
Okay.  
Drink?  
" Uncle Bob" ?  
You're pretty famous,

all over the goddamn TV.  
Pictures of you, John,  
your big friend here.  
Cops are going nuts  
looking for you.  
I just came for my stuff.  
I need clothes, food and a truck.  
How about the fillings in my teeth?  
Now, Enrique.  
You two,  
you're on weapons detail.  
Let's go.  
One thing about my mom...  
she always plans ahead.  
Excellent.  
This is my best truck,  
but the starter motor's gone.  
You got time to change it out?  
Yeah. I'm gonna wait 'til dark  
to cross the border.  
I grew up in places like this...  
so I thought  
that's how people lived...  
riding around in helicopters,  
learning how to blow shit up.  
That's definitely you.  
Most of the guys my mom  
hung around with were geeks...  
but there was this one guy,  
he was kinda cool.  
He taught me engines.  
Hold here.  
Mom screwed it up, of course.  
She'd always tell 'em  
about Judgment Day...  
and me being this world leader.  
That'd be all she wrote.  
Torque wrench, please.  
Here.  
I wish I could've met  
my real dad.  
You will.  
Yeah, I guess.  
When I'm, like, 45, I think.

They sent him back through time  
to 1984.

Man.

He hasn't even been born yet.  
It messes with your head.

- The other bolt.

- Oh. Here.

Mom and him were only together  
for one night.

She still loves him, I guess.

I see her crying sometimes.

She denies it totally, of course,  
like she got something stuck in her eye.

Why do you cry?

- You mean people?

- Yeah.

I don't know.

We just cry...

you know, when it hurts.

Pain causes it?

No. It's different.

It's when there's nothing wrong  
with you, but you hurt anyway.

- You get it?

- No.

All right, my man!

Give me five.

Just put out your hand  
like this.

All right! Now hit me.

Give me five. Do the same thing.

Okay, that's good.

Up high.

Five low.

Too slow.

I'm just kidding.

One more time.

Good. Now try it.

Now do me.

Give me five.

Watching John with the machine,  
it was suddenly so clear.

The Terminator would never stop.

It would never leave him,

never hurt him...  
never shout at him  
or get drunk and hit him...  
or be too busy  
to spend time with him.  
It would always be there...  
and it would die  
to protect him.  
Of all the would-be fathers  
who came and went over the years...  
this thing, this machine...  
was the only one  
who measured up.  
In an insane world...  
it was the sanest choice.  
Hey, let's try this one.  
There we go.  
She said go south with him  
like you planned.  
- She'll meet you tomorrow.  
- Mom!  
Mom, wait!  
" No fate."  
No fate but what we make.  
My father told her this.  
I made him memorize it in the future  
as a message to her.  
Never mind.  
Okay, the whole thing goes...  
The future's not set.  
There's no fate but what  
we make for ourselves.  
She intends to change the future.  
Yeah, I guess.  
Oh, shit!  
- Dyson.  
- Yeah.  
Gotta be. Miles Dyson.  
She's gonna blow him away.  
Come on! Let's go!  
This is tactically dangerous.  
Drive faster.  
The T-1000 has the same files  
that I do.

It knows what I know.  
It might anticipate this move.  
I don't care.  
We gotta stop her.  
Killing Dyson  
might prevent the war.  
I don't care!  
Haven't you learned anything yet?  
Haven't you figured out  
why you can't kill people?  
Danny, I told you to go to bed.  
I'm not kidding.  
Just a couple of minutes, Mom!  
Danny, your time is up!  
Come brush your teeth  
and get to bed.  
Danny!  
Daddy!  
Danny, go! Go!  
Miles?  
- Tortsia, run!  
- Oh, my God!  
Just take Danny and run!  
Run!  
Oh, Jesus! Miles!  
Daddy!  
Nobody fucking move!  
Don't hurt my daddy!  
On the floor, bitch.  
Get down now!  
Move!  
Don't hurt him!  
Get on the floor now!  
Just let the boy go.  
Shut up. Shut up.  
Shut up!  
It's all your fault, motherfucker.  
- It's all your fault!  
- What?  
I'm not gonna let you do it.  
Shit! We're too late!  
Check them.  
Look at me, Mom.  
Are you hurt?

I almost...  
It'll be okay.  
We'll figure something out.  
Okay?  
I promise.  
You came here to stop me.  
Yeah, I did.  
I love you, John.  
I always have.  
I know.  
Deep penetration.  
No shattered bone.  
Hold here.  
The pressure should stop the bleeding.  
Who are you people?  
Show him.  
Danny, I want you to come with me  
right now. Show me your room.  
Oh, my God.  
Now listen to me  
very carefully.  
Dyson listened while the Terminator  
laid it all down.  
Skynet. Judgment Day.  
The history of things to come.  
It's not every day that  
you find out you're responsible...  
for three billion deaths.  
He took it pretty well.  
I feel like I'm gonna throw up.  
You're judging me...  
on things I haven't even done yet.  
How were we supposed to know?  
Yeah.  
Right.  
How were you supposed to know?  
Fucking men like you...  
built the hydrogen bomb.  
Men like you...  
thought it up.  
You think you're so creative.  
You don't know what it's like  
to really create something...  
to create a life...



to feel it growing inside you.  
All you know how to create  
is death and destruction.  
Mom!  
We need to be a little more  
constructive here. Okay?  
We still have to stop this  
from happening.  
But I thought...  
Aren't we changing things right now,  
changing the way it goes?  
That's right. There's no way I'm going  
to finish the new processor. Not now.  
Forget it. I'm out of it.  
I'll quit Cyberdyne tomorrow.  
That's not good enough.  
No one must follow your work.  
Right.  
All right, then we have to destroy  
all the stuff at the lab...  
the files, the disk drives...  
everything here.  
Everything.  
I don't care.  
The chip.  
- Do you know about the chip?  
- What chip?  
It's at Cyberdyne.  
It's from the other one like you.  
The CPU from the first Terminator.  
Son of a bitch!  
I knew it!  
They told us not to ask  
where they got it.  
Those lying motherfuckers.  
It's scary stuff.  
Radically advanced.  
It was smashed.  
It didn't work, but it gave us ideas,  
took us in new directions.  
Things we would've never...  
All my work was based on it.  
It must be destroyed.  
Can you get us in?

Past security?  
I think so, yeah. When?  
Now?  
The future,  
always so clear to me...  
had become like  
a black highway at night.  
We were in  
uncharted territory now...  
making up history  
as we went along.  
Carl, right?  
Friends from out of town.  
I just thought I'd...  
take 'em upstairs  
and show 'em around.  
Mr. Dyson, you know the rules  
concerning visitors in the lab.  
I need written authorization...  
I insist.  
Don't even think about it.  
It's okay.  
It takes two keys, turned  
simultaneously, to open the vault.  
The other one is in a locker  
at the security station.  
Gibbons?  
Gibbons! Come on, man!  
You can't leave the desk  
like that!  
Oh, shit.  
My card should access this.  
- What is it?  
- Damn it.  
The silent alarm's been tripped.  
It's neutralized all the codes  
in the entire building.  
Nothing will open anywhere now.  
We have to abort.  
We go all the way.  
Okay?  
You guys get started on the lab.  
I can open this.  
- I think it's that guy from the mall.

- It is.  
It's him and the woman.  
Just send everything  
you got in the area right now.  
I have a personal entry code  
for the lab. It may still work.  
It's no good.  
Let me try mine.  
John, fire in the hole!  
Wait! You can't go in there.  
The fire set off the Halon system.  
You have to wait  
until the gas clears.  
Put this on.  
All right, let's get to work.  
All units in the vicinity  
and all units able to respond...  
a 211 in progress, 2144 Kramer Street,  
the Cyberdyne building.  
Suspect one is white female...  
identified as last name Connor,  
first name Sarah.  
Escaped last night  
from Pescadero State Hospital.

**Suspect two:**

description of the individual...  
wanted for the murder  
of police officers in 1984.  
Suspects are armed  
and considered extremely...  
All right.  
Easy money.  
Uh-oh.  
Oh, shit. Not good.  
How we doing?  
Primer cord is set.  
One more barrel,  
two more minutes.  
- How do we set them off?  
- Remote control.  
Piece of cake.  
- We got company.  
- Police?

- How many?  
- All of 'em, I think.  
Go. I'll finish here.  
Come on.  
I'll take care of the police.  
Wait! You swore!  
Trust me.  
You at the window!  
Drop your weapon and place your hands  
on top of your head!  
Holy shit!  
That's a mini-gun!  
- Come on!  
- Oh, shit!  
Go! Go! Go!  
Fire!  
Same time, to the left.  
One, two, three, go.  
In order to get that out...  
We got Skynet by the balls now.  
Come on, let's book.  
Hold your fire!  
- Ready to rock?  
- Ready.  
Time to go.  
Now.  
- Take this. They'll use gas.  
- Come on.  
Get started on the door.  
Miles, hand me the detonator.  
Mom! Mom!  
Shit!  
She's in the clean room.  
There's no way outta there.  
Get down!  
Here.  
I don't know how much longer  
I can hold this.  
Fall back!  
Everybody out!  
Fall back now!  
Go! Go! Go!  
We got a war zone here!  
Shut your eyes.

Stay here. I'll be back.  
Get down on the floor!  
Face down!  
On the floor now!  
Okay, drop him!  
Here, hold this.  
Holy shit!  
Go!  
Shit!  
Get out.  
Listen.  
No matter what happens,  
stay under these vests.  
- You got it?  
- Yeah.  
All right.  
Chopper's coming in!  
It's him.  
Shit!  
Stay down!  
Goddamn!  
You okay...  
Come on, Mom,  
we gotta get out.  
Take the shotgun.  
Are you hurt?  
Holy shit.  
Come on, Mom. Come on!  
We need your truck.  
Hurry!  
- Come on. Hurry.  
- Get in.  
Go!  
What the hell...  
- I'm bleeding bad.  
- Keep pressure on it.  
Here. This'll work.  
He's gaining.  
Step on it!  
- This is the vehicle's top speed.  
- I can run faster than this!  
Coming up, to the right.  
Watch it! Watch it!  
- Drive.

- Where are you going?  
Take the off-ramp.  
Shit!  
Hold on!  
Don't stop!  
Go straight!  
Look out!  
Duck!  
Get the hell outta here!  
Get outta here!  
Let's go! Come on!  
Hasta la vista, baby.  
We don't have much time.  
Let's go.  
We gotta get outta here.  
Come on! Get up!  
Hand me the shotgun.  
Put your weight on me, Mom.  
Hurry!  
Come on, Mom.  
Get up!  
This way. Come on.  
Wait! No. No. It's too hot.  
Go back.  
- Go. Run.  
- No! We gotta stick together.  
John, you've got to go now.  
- John!  
- Go! Now!  
Get up the steps.  
Go.  
Get up.  
Come on, Mom.  
I got you.  
Grab the chain. Grab it.  
Grab it. Go. Go!  
Mom, come on! Mom!  
Call toJohn.  
I know this hurts.  
CallJohn.  
Call toJohn now.  
Fuck you.  
Help!  
Mom.

Help me.  
Get out of the way, John.  
Shoot!  
Get down!  
Get up. Come on.  
Holy shit.  
I need a vacation.  
Is it dead?  
Terminated.  
Will this melt in there?  
Yes. Throw it in.  
And the chip.  
It's over.  
There's one more chip.  
And it must be destroyed also.  
Here.  
I cannot self-terminate.  
You must lower me into the steel.  
I'm sorry, John. I'm sorry.  
No, it'll be okay.  
Stay with us.  
- It'll be okay.  
- I have to go away.  
No, don't do it.  
Please, don't go.  
I must go away, John.  
No, wait.  
You don't have to do this.  
I'm sorry.  
No, don't do it! Don't go!  
It has to end here.  
I order you not to go!  
I know now why you cry.  
But it's something  
I can never do.  
Good-bye.  
The unknown future  
rolls toward us.  
I face it for the first time  
with a sense of hope.  
Because if a machine,  
a Terminator...  
can learn the value  
of human life...

maybe we can too.  
lovespiral@mail.ru