Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines

By John Brancato
The future has not been written.
There is no fate but what
we make for ourselves.
I wish I could believe that.
My name is John Connor.
They tried to murder me before I was born.
When I was 13, they tried again.
Machines from the future.
Terminators.
All my life, my mother told me
the storm was coming.
-Judgment Day.
-Connor!
The beginning of a war
between man and machines.
Three billion lives
would vanish in an instant.
And I would lead what was left
of the human race to ultimate victory.
It hasn't happened.
No bombs fell.
Computers didn't take control.
We stopped Judgment Day.
I should feel safe...
...but I don't.
So I live off the grid.
No phone, no address.
No one and nothing can find me.
I've erased all connections to the past.
But as hard as I try...
...I can't erase my dreams...
...my nightmares.
I feel the weight of the future
bearing down on me.
A future I don't want.
So I keep running...
...as fast as I can.
Anywhere.
Nowhere.
Oh, my God.
Are you okay?
Do you want me to call 911?
I like this car.
What are you-?
You, in the silver Lexus. Slow down.
Slow down and pull over immediately.
Lady, have you any idea
how fast you were going?
Let me see your license and registration.
I like your gun.
What?
This stupid thing's not working.
What's wrong with this thing?
I hate machines.
-Hello?
-Kate, it's your father.
You're blowing me off again.
I'm so sorry. You know how much
I wanted to see you this weekend.
-But we're having computer problems-
-I know, you can't talk about it.
It's just...
...Scott was really looking forward to this.
Katie. I wish I had more time
to get to know him. I really do.
That's okay. You're bound
to run into him at the wedding.
Please. I'm still
in a state of denial about that.
-You're not the only one.
-Hey, kiddo.
You don't need me
to pass judgment on this guy.
You've done the right thing
your whole life.
You won't make a mistake. You never do.
I'm the luckiest father
in the world, you know?
I've never had to be afraid
for my daughter.
Listen, I hate this. I gotta run.
Come see me. I promise I won't cancel.
We will.
-Bye, Dad, I love you.
-Love you too.
-Okay, what have we got?
-This new computer virus is tricky.
It's infected half the civilian Internet
as well as secondary military apps.
- Payroll, inventory.
- Primary defense nets are still clean?
  So far the firewalls are holding up.
Sir, the Pentagon has proposed we use our AI to scan the infrastructure.
Search and destroy
for any hint of the virus.
I know, Tony, but that's like
going after a fly with a bazooka.
Once the connection's made,
it should only be a few minutes.
During which we've put everything under
the control of a single computer system.
The most intelligent system
ever conceived.
I still prefer to keep humans in the loop.
I'm not sure Skynet's ready.
Yes, sir.
Thanks.
You're supposed to go around
to the back.
Hey, I said you're supposed to go-
- Take off your clothes.
- Patience, honey.
Bitch. Wait your turn.
- Your clothes.
- Talk to the hand.
Now.
Welcome to Jim's Burgers.
Can I take your order?
- Jose Barrera?
- Yeah, that's me.
Growing concern over widespread outages
in the global digital network...
... have prompted rumors
of a new computer super-virus.
- Wall Street analysts are confident...
- Shit! My mom's home.
Here. Hide the beer. Hide the beer.
Here. Take that.
Go, go, go.
Elizabeth and William Anderson?
I'm Bill. My sister's upstairs.
Is there something wrong?
What's going on?
I have to go to the clinic.
It's an emergency.

**It's 4:**
Well, I'll be back before you get up.
Cool it, guys, it's just me.
We've got a sick cat coming in.
Great.
Junkies.
Please, don't do that.
I suppose it was you who
ripped us off last week.
Put the phone down.
Sorry.
I just...
I needed some medicine.
There's an emergency clinic
half a mile away.
Can't do that.
How much did you take?
-Enough.
-Well...
...this is the stuff we use
to chemically neuter dogs.
Take a look.
Hey!
Jesus! You didn't have to do that!
Next time bring a clue,
not a paintball gun.
-No, this isn't what you think.
-Yeah, right.
It's Hercules. I think he's got pneumonia.
He started coughing and wouldn't stop.
-Betsy, I've got a problem in the back.
-A problem? This is an emergency!
-It sounds like a hairball.
-I know what a hairball sounds like.
-Where's Dr. Monroe?

**-It's 5:**
I'm sure he's home sleeping.
He'll come in if he has to.
Just wait in here with Hercules and I'll be a few minutes, all right?
Mike Kripke's basement.
What? What does that mean?
You're John Connor.
I'm Kate Brewster.
We went to
West Hills Junior High together.
-Jesus.
-What happened to you, John?
Middle of eighth grade, you just disappeared.
And there was that thing about your foster parents. Yeah, they were murdered.
I didn't do it.
What the hell?
Is somebody with you?
Katherine Brewster?
No.
John Connor was here.
Where did he go?
Tell me. Where did he go?
Katherine Brewster?
What are you doing? Let me down!
Let me down! Let me down!
Where is John Connor?
If I tell you, will you let me go?
Yes.
He's...
...in the kennel, in a cage.
You said that you'd let me go.
I lied.
Please, please, please.
You have to let me go!
John Connor.
It is time.
You here to kill me?
No. You must live.
-Why are you here? Where are we going?
-Keep moving.
Get out of here.
Now!
-No pulse.
-See if you can get him down.
I can't.
This guy weighs a ton.
-911.
-Yes. Yes. I'm being kidnapped.
-Where are you now?
-I don't know where. I'm in my truck.
It's a Toyota Tundra.
It says "Emery Animal Hospital"
on the side. I'm locked inside the back.
Hello?
Hello?
Shit! Shit!
Get off.
Let me out!
What are you doing here?
You tell me. You got me into this.
-Stop the car.
-Can't. Not yet.
-You bastard! Stop the car!
-Shut up!
Son of a bitch.
Goddamn it.
Look what you did to my car.
This is my company car, asshole.
Get your ass out here.
Get your ass out of the car. Now!
What are you doing?
If you don't have insurance,
I'm gonna rip your balls off.
-I don't want any problems, okay?
-Shut up!
Help!
Who's talking back there?
What's going on?
-Calm down.
-Shut up!
-I'm being kidnapped! Call the police!
-Well, I'll be goddamned.
-Call 911!
-A cop when you need one.
Help, please! Please!
Let me out of here! Help!
Get back here, asshole!
That's the cops!
You have to pull over!
Yeah, first chance I get.
Hold on!
Stop it!
I'll drive.
Get out.
Excuse me.
Move over.
No sign of brain trauma.
Yeah, I'm fine, thanks.
Do you even remember me?
Sarah Connor? Blowing up Cyberdyne?
"Hasta la vista, baby."
Ring any bells?
That was a different T-101.
What, do you come off an assembly line or something?
Exactly.
Oh, man. I'm gonna have to teach you everything all over again.
Katherine Brewster,
have you sustained injury?
Drop dead, you asshole!
I'm unable to comply.
Where are you taking me?
To a safe location.
All right, get off at the next exit.
Let her out.
Negative.
Katherine Brewster must be protected.
—I thought I was the one they were after.
—You could not be located.
So a T-X was sent back through time to eliminate your lieutenants.
So she's gonna be in the Resistance?
No, no.
No, you shouldn't even exist.
I mean, we took out Cyberdyne over 10 years ago.
—We stopped Judgment Day.
—You only postponed it.
Judgment Day is inevitable.
I require a cutting tool.
Here, take the wheel.
-What are you doing?
-I am powered by two hydrogen fuel cells.
My primary cell was damaged by a plasma attack.
T-X is designed for extreme combat, driven by a plasma reactor...
...and equipped with onboard weapons.
Its arsenal includes...
...nanotechnological transjectors.
-What does that mean?
-It can control other machines.
Its body chassis is heavily armored and hardened to withstand external attack.
-You'll find a way to destroy her.
-Unlikely.
I'm an obsolete design.
T-X is faster, more powerful and more intelligent.
It's a far more effective killing machine.
Oh, great.
That's great.
My presence in this timeline has been anticipated.
T-X is designed to terminate other cybernetic organisms.
So she's an anti-Terminator Terminator?
You've gotta be shitting me.
No, I am not shitting you.
When ruptured, the fuel cells become unstable.
Relax.
-Let me out of here!
-Relax!
Man, this is whack.
It's been like this for hours.
Every goddamn station.
Hey.
Hey! Are you gonna pay for that?
Talk to the hand.
Help! Help me!
Help!
I think we better go.
Jerky?
You're kidnapping me.
-look-
-God, you were always a delinquent.
And look at you now, sitting there
like the bad boy thing still works.
What are you,
some kind of gang member?
How do you live with yourself?
What?
Tell her who I am.
John Connor is leader of the Worldwide
Resistance and last hope of humankind.
Right. And him?
He's a robot from the future.
Living tissue over a metal skeleton,
sent back in time to protect me.
Go to hell.
He doesn't mean you any harm.
I have a fianc.
He's gonna be looking for me.
What is it that you want?
Just...
...imagine...
...if you knew you were gonna do
something important with your life.
Something amazing.
Maybe the most important thing
anyone has ever done.
But there's a catch.
Something terrible has to happen.
You couldn't...
...live with yourself if you didn't try
to stop it, but...
What are you talking about?
It's just- The life you know...
...all the stuff that
you take for granted...
...it's not gonna last.
Mike Kripke.
Back there, why did you say
"Kripke's basement"?
Because Mike Kripke's house...
...that's where the kids used
to go make out, right?
So you and me-
Wait, did we...?
Holy shit, we did.
We made out in Kripke's basement.
I cannot believe you remembered that.
I must have made
some kind of impression.
Give me a break.
I only remembered because
the next day you were in the news.
Wait a second. You and me hooked up
the day before I first met him.
And now again, 10 years later.
We were supposed to meet.
Coincidence.
Yeah.
Hon? Did you just get in?
Hi, I'm Detective Edwards, L.A.P.D.
This is Detective Bell.
We're looking for Katherine Brewster.
Is she here?
No.
-You're her fiancé, Scott Mason?
-Yes.
There was an incident at the
veterinary hospital where she works.
We're concerned something
may have happened to her.
Where is she?
We got a report from a gas station
attendant near Victorville...
...about a possible kidnapping
and it might be related.
I'll help you find her.
Come with me.
Go.
Your mother?
I never even knew
where she was buried.
I hit the road the day she died.
Why did you bring me here?
No! What are you doing?
Hey, stop!
Get away from it! Stop!
Sarah Connor was cremated in Mexico.
Her friends scattered her ashes
in the sea.
They stored these weapons
in accordance with her will.
What happened to her?
Leukemia.
I'm sorry.
We were living in Baja
when she was diagnosed.
They only gave her six months.
But she fought for three years.
Long enough to make sure.
To make sure?
That the world didn't end.
"Every day after this one is a gift."
She told me, "We made it. We're free."
But I never really believed that.
I guess she didn't either.
You know you were about
the closest thing to a father I ever had?
How pathetic is that?
Out of my way!
My mission is to protect you.
That's enough.
Move or I'll do it!
I swear I will! I'll shoot you!
Go ahead. See what happens.
Don't do that.
Oh, my God.
This is the police.
We have the building surrounded.
Release your hostage!
Just leave me here. I'm not the one
you want. You're wasting your time.
Incorrect. John Connor
leads the Resistance to victory.
How?
Why? Why me?
You are John Connor.
Christ, my mom fed me that bullshit
since the cradle.
Look at me.
I'm no leader, I never was!
I'm never gonna-
Let go.
You're right.
You're not the one I want.
I'm wasting my time.
Fuck you, you fucking machine!
Better.
Oh, you were just dicking with me?
Anger is more useful than despair.
What?
Basic psychology is among
my subroutines.
Perps still holed up?
Gotcha.
Good news. Your fianc's okay.
Where is she?
Greenlawn Cemetery,
up off the 5 freeway.
It's right by the desert.
But they're gonna bring her back to the-
Oh, my God! Oh, my dear Jesus! God!
You're safe now. They can't hurt you.
Kate, my name is Dr. Silberman.
I'm a post-trauma counselor
for the sheriff's department.
How are you feeling?
He's not human.
He's really not human.
I know what it's like to be
in a hostage situation.
I've been there myself.
The fear, the adrenaline.
You find yourself imagining things.
Impossible things.
Crazy things.
Insane things.
Take years to get over it.
-Go, go, go!
-Move it!
Drop your weapon!
And the coffin!
Take him down! Take him down!
Resume fire!
We must reacquire Katherine Brewster.
Why? What makes her
so goddamn important?
Through her, you contact remnants of the
military and learn how to fight Skynet...
...forming the core
of the Resistance.
Later,
your children will become important.
-What?
-She's your wife.
Get in!
Do you want to live? Come on!
-It was Scott! How could it be Scott?
-Your fianc?
The T-X is polymimetic,
able to take the form of anything it touches.
Your fianc is dead.
Oh, my God!
Do something!
Get down.
We need a new vehicle.
Hey, come on.
We gotta keep moving.
She killed Scott because of me.
Look, I know this won't help...
...but sometimes things happen
that we just can't change.
It's not your fault.
Are you sure about this?
About her and me, I mean.
Your confusion is not rational.
She's a healthy female of breeding age.
There's more to it than that.
My database does not encompass
the dynamics of human pair bonding.
So this Terminatrix, how many others
does she have on her hit list?
Twenty-two. Anderson, Elizabeth.
Anderson, William.
Barrera, Jose. Brewster, Robert.
My father?
Having failed to acquire its primary target,
T-X will resume its default program.
-She's gonna kill my father too?
-There's a high probability.
-No.
-Who is he? What does he do?
He's in the Air Force. Weapon design, secret stuff. I don't know, exactly.
General Robert Brewster is program director of CRS...
...Cyber Research Systems, autonomous weapons division.
Skynet. You're talking about Skynet. Skynet is one of the digital defense systems developed under Brewster.
Oh, God.
Oh, my God. Of course.
It all makes sense now.
If you hadn't come back when I was a kid, changed everything...
...she and I would have gotten together then. I would have met her father.
-Don't you see?
-I don't understand.
Your father.
This is all about your father.
He's the key. He always was. Your father is the one who can shut Skynet down. He's the only one who ever could.
We have to get to him before the T-X does.
-Negative. I cannot jeopardize my mission.
-This is your mission, to save people!
My mission is to ensure the survival of John Connor and Katherine Brewster.
I am giving you an order.
I am not programmed to follow your orders.
-After the nuclear war, you both-
-Nuclear war?!
There doesn't have to be a war!
We can stop it!
There is insufficient time.
The first launch sequences will be initiated at 6:18 p.m.
-What, today?
-Affirmative.

John, what is he saying?
Judgment Day.
The end of the world.
It's today, three hours from now.
Two hours and 53 minutes.
We must continue south into Mexico to escape the primary blast zones.
No, we have to get to her dad.
The Mojave area will sustain significant nuclear fallout.
You will not survive.
You mean we go run and hide somewhere in a hole while the bombs fall?
It is your destiny.
-Fuck my destiny.
-John.

You cannot self-terminate.
No, you can't.
I can do whatever I want.
I'm a human being.
I'm not some goddamn robot.
-Cybernetic organism.
-Whatever!
Either we get her father to shut Skynet down...
...stop this shit from ever happening, or so much for the great John Connor.
Because your future, my destiny, I don't want any part of it. I never did.
Based on your pupil dilation, skin temperature and motor functions...
...I calculate an 83% probability that you will not pull the trigger.
Please do what he says.
You have to save my father!
We can reach CRS in approximately one hour...
...depending on traffic conditions.
I can't get a line.
The whole cell network is down.
Skynet is assuming control over global communications...
...in preparation for its attack.
So if this war is between people
and machines...
...why are you on our side?
The Resistance captured me
and reprogrammed my CPU.
I was originally designed
for assassination missions.
So...
...you don't really care
if this mission succeeds or not.
If we get killed,
does that mean anything to you?
If you were to die,
I will become useless.
There will be no reason for me to exist.
Thank you for doing this.
Your gratitude is not required.
I am programmed
to follow your commands.
Her commands?
Katherine Brewster had me reactivated and
sent through the time displacement field.
What exactly am I in this
future of yours?
You're John Connor's spouse
and second-in-command.
No, I-
What?
You're a mess.
Hey, you're not exactly my type, either.
Why didn't I send you back?
I am not authorized
to answer your question.
-Why didn't he send you back?
-He was dead.
Well, that sucks.
-Humans inevitably die.
-Yeah, I know.
So how does it-? No.
Maybe I don't want to know.
How does he die?
John Connor was terminated
on July 4th, 2032.
I was selected for the emotional attachment he had for my model number... 
...due to his boyhood experiences. 
This aided in my infiltration. 
What are you saying? 
I killed you. 
This has to be a mistake. As of 1100 hours, all primary military systems were secure. They were. Only the civilian sector was affected. Internet, air traffic. Minutes ago, guidance computers at Vandenberg crashed. We thought it was an error. It looks like the virus. -Early warning in Alaska is down. -Satellite signals are scrambled. What about the missile silos, the subs? We've lost contact. You're saying this country is completely open to attack. Theoretically, we could be under attack already. Who's doing this? A foreign power or some computer hacker in his garage? We can't trace the virus or pin it down. It keeps growing and changing, like it has a mind of its own. This can't be happening. The Pentagon's on the secure line. It's the chairman. All right. Look... none of this is gonna happen. We get to your dad, get him to pull the plug on Skynet. The bombs won't fall. He won't have to kill me someday. He'll never even exist. You and I, we can just go our separate ways. You know, Mike Kripke's basement... That was the first time I ever kissed a guy. Really?
Your levity is good.
It relieves tension and the fear of death.
We're hoping you have a solution for us.
I know, sir, but Skynet is not ready
for a system-wide connection.
That's not what your civilian
counterparts there told me.
They say we can stop this damn virus.
I understand there's a certain amount
of performance anxiety...
...but your boys say if we plug Skynet
into all of our systems...
...it'll squash this thing and give me back
control of my military.
Mr. Chairman, I need
to make myself very clear.
If we uplink now, Skynet will be
in control of your military.
But you'll be in control of Skynet, right?
That is correct, sir.
Then do it.
And Brewster, if this thing works...
...you'll get all the funding
you'll ever need.
Yes, sir.
Sir?
Shall I?
No.
It's my job now.
-Skynet Defense System activated.
-We're in.
We're past the firewalls, local
defense nets, Minutemen, subs.
Skynet's fully operational,
processing at 60 teraflops a second.
It should take less than a minute
to find the virus and kill it.
Let's pray to God this works.
Power failure?
No. I don't know what it is.
What the hell is going on?
Daddy!
What are you doing here?
Daddy! Get away from it!
Watch out!
Daddy, don't move.
She'll be back.
We have to shut down Skynet.
Where's the system core?
In this building?
Skynet. The virus has infected Skynet.
Skynet is the virus!
It's why everything's falling apart!
Skynet has become self-aware.
In one hour it will initiate
a massive nuclear attack on its enemy.
What enemy?
Us!
Humans.
Oh, God! It's the machines.
They're starting to take over.
My office, on this floor,
we have to get there.
The access codes are in my safe.
-Why are they killing everyone?
-To destroy any possible threat to Skynet.
Which ones are the codes?
Red envelope.
Crystal Peak. You have
to get to Crystal Peak.
-What is he saying?
-Crystal Peak.
A hardened facility
in the Sierra Nevada mountains.
Fifty-two miles northeast,
bearing 0.5 degrees.
That's the system core?
It's your only chance.
You'll need a plane. The particle accelerator
leads to the runway.
Take care of my daughter.
Oh, Katie, I am sorry.
I opened Pandora's box.
Get down!
No...
No.
There's nothing you can do. Come on.
We must go. It is not safe here.
Kate, we have to go.
Kate! He wanted you to come with me.
He wanted us to shut Skynet down.
Come on.
Come on.
Run!
Let's go.
That's it. We can follow it out to the runway.
Come on.
What?
Nothing.
You remind me of my mother.
Oh, God. She's coming.
What are you doing?
Powering up.
Come on.
It's working.
Just die, you bitch!
Come on.
There's my father's plane.
I trained on it.
Yes! He made it.
Get away from me.
Leave!
Now!
Let's go!
~The master's on. Throttle's set.
~Come on. Let's go.
Oh, please. You can't do this.
I have no choice.
The T-X...
...has corrupted my system.
You can't kill a human being.
You said so yourself.
Let him go!
You're fighting it right now.
My CPU is intact.
But I cannot control my other functions.
You don't have to do this.
You don't want to do this!
Desire is irrelevant.
I am a machine.
What is your mission?
To ensure the survival of John Connor...
...and Katherine Brewster.
You are about to fail that mission!
I can- I cannot.
You know what you have to do.
You know my destiny.
I have to live.
- Are you okay?
- What happened?
He couldn't do it.
He shut himself down.
- Can you fly?
- Yeah.
Okay. 015 degrees...
...52 miles, our max air speed is about 160.
We've got 32 minutes.
It's just you and me now.
What if we can't stop it?
There's enough C-4 here to take out 10 supercomputers.
We're gonna make it, Kate.
The future is up to us.
That's gotta be it.
Skynet. There may be more of them.
Come on.
I think this is some kind of blast door.
There's no way we can blow through this thing.
John, look.
Now what?
It's a code prompt.
Type in "Dakota 775."
"Red 176."
Come on!
We gotta get this thing open.
Here. It's "Avalon 412."
Put it in!
Come on!
I'm back.
Go! Now!
Come on!
- Thank you.
- We'll meet again.
Go!
Come on!
You are terminated.
The elevator.
I'll set the detonator for five minutes.
That should give us enough time
to make it back up.
What is this place?
These computers are 30 years old.
This isn't Skynet.
There's nothing here.
This is a fallout shelter for VIPs.
Only they never got the warning.
Goddamn it!
There's nothing here!
Why didn't he tell us?
Why did he lead us down here?
To live.
That was his mission.
There was never any stopping it.
John...
...we could just...
...let it go.
Hello?
Hello? Can somebody hear me?
This is Montana Civil Defense.
Somebody please come in.
Is there anybody there?
Anyone reading me? Over.
Rumors about a launch sequence.
Command and control have broken down.
Is anyone receiving me?
Somebody?
Somebody please come in.
Anybody out there?
-This is SAC Nellis. We're under attack.
-CQ? CQ?
Is anybody there?
This is John Connor at Crystal Peak.
Connor? What the hell is happening?
Who's in charge there?
I am.
Connor, can you help us?
This is Montana Civil Defense.
Where did you say you were again?
By the time Skynet
became self-aware...
...it had spread into millions
of computer servers across the planet.
Ordinary computers in office buildings,
dorm rooms, everywhere.
It was software in cyberspace.
There was no system core.
It could not be shut down.
The attack began at 6:18 p. m.,
just as he said it would.
Judgment Day.
The day the human race
was nearly destroyed...
...by weapons they'd built
to protect themselves.
I should have realized our destiny
was never to stop Judgment Day.
It was merely to survive it...
...together.
The Terminator knew.
He tried to tell us...
...but I didn't want to hear it.
Maybe the future has been written.
I don't know.
All I know is what
the Terminator taught me:
Never stop fighting.
And I never will.
The battle has just begun.