

She cradles the flashlight between her knees and opens the first aid kit as he removes his jacket

REESE

(looking at the wound) See. Missed everything. Passed through the meat.

Sarah starts swabbing the flesh wound.

SARAH

This is gonna make me puke. Talk about something.

REESE

What?

SARAH

Just talk. Tell me about my son. Is he tall?

She places a gauze pad in place and starts to wrap it.

REESE

About my height. He has your--
(he winces)
...damn...he has your eyes.

Sarah glances at his face for a second and then goes back to work.

SARAH

What's he like?

REESE

(thoughtful)
You trust him. He's got that strength. You'd die in a second for John.

SARAH

Well, at least I know what to name him. I don't suppose you'd know who the father is? So I don't tell him to get lost when I meet him.

REESE

John never said much about him. He dies. Even before the war...

SARAH

Stop! I don't want to know. Hold still. So...it was John that ordered you here?

REESE

I volunteered.

SARAH

You volunteered?

REESE

It was an honor. A chance to meet the legend. Sarah Connor. Who taught her son to fight...organize, prepare. From when he was a kid. When you were in hiding, before the war.

She stops taping. She seems lost, her bravado dissipated.

SARAH

You talk about things I haven't done yet in the past tense. It's making me crazy. I can't think. (pause) Are you sure you've got the right person?

Reese appraises her coldly.

REESE

I'm sure.

SARAH

Come on, me? The mother the future? Am I tough? Organized? I can't even balance my checkbook. I cry when I see a cat that's been run over...and I don't even like cats.

She pulls the bandage tight with a knot.

REESE

Ow! No, it's okay. It's better tight.

SARAH

And anyway, what do I know about guerrilla warfare?

REESE

You'll learn.

SARAH

(angry) Look, Reese, I didn't ask for this honor and I don't want it. Any of it.

REESE

John gave me a message for you. Made me memorize it. 'Sarah'... this is the message...'Sarah, thank you. For your courage through the dark years. I can't help you with what you must soon face, except to tell you that the future is not set... there is no such thing as Fate, but what we make for ourselves by our own will. You must be stronger than you imagine you can be. You must survive, or I will never exist.' That's all.

Sarah stares at him as the enormity of it all becomes real to her. Reese moves his arm, testing the bandage.

REESE (contd)

Good field-dressing.

SARAH

(brightening)
You like it? It's my first.