

DEADPOOL

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FADE UP ON:

An EXTREME CLOSE-UP of what look like BRIGHT-ORANGE TREE-RINGS, filling the screen.

JUICE NEWTON lifts our collective spirits with her power ballad 'ANGEL OF THE MORNING' as we begin our...

...CREDIT SEQUENCE.

We slowly PULL BACK to reveal that the 'rings' are actually the glowing COILS of an automobile's CIGARETTE LIGHTER.

The camera SWINGS around the lighter to reveal that it's HOVERING, FROZEN, in MID-AIR...

...next to the face of a MAN who appears to be violently COUGHING.

The FROZEN man is FLAILING in mid-somersault. His LOCATION isn't clear until...

...the camera pulls back FURTHER, out the WINDOW of a CADILLAC ESCALADE, also in MID-AIR...

...FROZEN UPSIDE-DOWN, MID-FLIP.

The camera circles the ESCALADE and EXPLORES an outrageous ACTION SCENE that has been FROZEN IN TIME.

NOTE: OUR CREDITS HANG IN THE AIR, AT ODD ANGLES, THREE DIMENSIONALLY, INTEGRATED INTO THE SCENE.

We're on a FREEWAY OVERPASS at morning RUSH HOUR.

We SEE:

A MAN SMASHING through the Escalade's SUN-ROOF...

...SHARDS of GLASS encircling his head like mosquitoes...

...and DROPS of BLOOD SPATTERING in CLOSE-UP.

ANOTHER MAN catapulting through the air ABOVE the Escalade...

...his ANKLE entangled in a SEAT-BELT protruding from the open passenger door.

A MOTORCYCLE tumbling in front of the Escalade's GRILLE, METAL PARTS exploding OUTWARD, CHAIN whipping through space.

A motorcycle RIDER soaring through the air, eyes WIDE inside his helmet, still firing a SUB-MACHINE GUN...

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...FLAME exploding from its barrel...

...SHELL-CASINGS spilling everywhere...

...SLUGS whizzing through the air TOWARD the Escalade, but more specifically...

...toward a tangled jumble of RED FABRIC inside.

The camera swoops toward the fabric, which clings to the limbs of ANOTHER MAN, ASS-OVER-KETTLE inside the S.U.V.

We see his arms. Legs.

And at last... MASK.

Eyes trimmed in BLACK.

DEADPOOL.

JUICE NEWTON belts out her final heartfelt note, and we...

...END CREDITS.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
*I know, right? You have no idea
 what the fuck's going on right now.
 So let me take you back to the dewy
 slopes of...*

SMASH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SUPER-MAX PRISON - DAY

Title: 48 Minutes Ago

Tight on a pair of black SHIT-KICKERS, escorted through a series of CELL and SECURITY DOORS, which SWING and SLIDE OPEN and CLOSED AGAIN.

At last, the black boots walk OUTSIDE into SUNLIGHT.

Etched into the blinding white fortress behind:

'No punishment has ever possessed enough power of deterrence to prevent the commission of crimes.' - Hannah Arendt

'Until NOW.'

The boots strut toward an automotive buffet of Escalades and Ducatis in the parking lot... all part of a CONVOY waiting to pick up this V.I.P. PRISONER on his first day of freedom.

One of the Escalade's doors swings open. VELVET UNDERGROUND'S 'I'M WAITING FOR THE MAN' booms from inside.

We're behind the boots as they stop walking. The camera rises up the prisoner's back as the hands of PRISON GUARDS UNLOCK the CUFFS restraining his wrists.

The camera continues to rise, high into the air. The prisoner STRETCHES his arms and struts across the lot TOWARD the convoy.

EXT./INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

A TAXI CAB proceeds along a CITY FREEWAY.

Inside the cab, DEADPOOL, in full DRESS REDS, is WEDGING himself through the Plexiglas opening between the back seat and front.

The two KATANAS strapped to Deadpool's back don't cooperate, catching on the Plexiglas, stalling him mid-torso.

DEADPOOL

Uh, little help here?

The CAB DRIVER grabs Deadpool's hand and pulls him through to the front. Deadpool's head rests upside down on the bench seat as he maneuvers his legs through.

DEADPOOL

Kinda lonely back there.

The cabbie turns the helping hand into a HANDSHAKE.

CABBIE

Dopinder.

DEADPOOL

(still upside-down)

Pool. Deadpool.

Dopinder looks like Aziz Ansari's and Dev Patel's love child. He is young, thin, bearded, brown... and today, remarkably and ironically UNAFFECTED by this lunatic in his cab.

DOPINDER

Why the fancy red suit, Mr. Pool?

DEADPOOL

Christmas Day, Dopinder.

(glances at watch)

Waited one-thousand-eight-hundred-twenty-two days for this shit.

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DEADPOOL turns himself RIGHT-SIDE-UP in the front seat. He is YOKED to the gills and ARMED to the teeth. TWIN KATANAS. TWIN DESERT EAGLE .50 CALIBER PISTOLS.

Deadpool reaches for Dopinder's OPEN BAG of CORN NUTS. Dopinder reflexively tries to grab it first and almost gets it, but Deadpool pulls it away.

Deadpool turns up his MASK. And we GLIMPSE the bottom half of a SCARRED face. We hold on it as he eats.

CRUNCH. CRUNCH. CRUNCH.

DEADPOOL

(points)

Nice.

Dopinder eyes his AIR FRESHENER and takes a deep breath through his nose.

DOPINDER

Smells good, no?

DEADPOOL

Not the Daffodil Daydream air freshener. The girl.

A PICTURE of an INDIAN YOUNG WOMAN is taped to Dopinder's dash.

DOPINDER

Ah yes. Gita. She is quite lovely. She will make me a very agreeable wife. My parents know how to pick 'em!

DEADPOOL

Y'know, Dopinder, love is a beautiful thing. When it finds you, the whole world smells like Daffodil Daydream.

(cleansing breath)

Hold onto her. Hold onto love. 'Cause when it leaves? The whole world tastes like Rosie O'Donnell.

DOPINDER

And how does Ms. O'Donnell taste, Mr. Pool?

Deadpool tosses in the final corn nut of the bag. CRUNCH.

DEADPOOL

Like your nuts in my mouth.

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Deadpool chucks the bag out the window and pulls out his PISTOLS. He starts CHAMBERING shells into two magazines.

Suddenly, he frantically pats himself down, like a Hollywood agent who can't find his phone.

DEADPOOL

Shiiit. My extra mags! I usually leave them right by the door so I'll trip over them! Someone must've moved them...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DEADPOOL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A sightless old WOMAN (whom we'll later learn is Deadpool's roommate, BLIND AL) dusts the COBWEBS by the front door, TRIPS on the DUFFEL of AMMUNITION, PICKS UP the duffel, and CARRIES it OFF.

SMASH CUT BACK
TO:

INT./EXT. TAXI CAB - DAY

DOPINDER

Shall we turn back?

DEADPOOL

No time.

(slides in his last few bullets)

Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen... or bust.

(chambers a shell into each gun, looks up)

Right here!

The cab STOPS on the shoulder of the highest FREEWAY in a massive INTERCHANGE of freeways at the center of the city. Dopinder halts the meter and hands Deadpool his CARD.

DOPINDER

My card. That's twenty-seven-sixty.

DEADPOOL

Oooo. I never carry a wallet when I'm working. Ruins the lines of my suit.

(MORE)

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DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

(beat)

How 'bout a crisp high five?

Dopinder stares, deadpan, as he and Deadpool slap skin. Deadpool GETS OUT of the cab. Dopinder tries to YANK his business card back and almost gets it, but Deadpool pulls it AWAY.

DOPINDER

Be sure to... ask for me again.

DEADPOOL

Merry Christmas, Dopinder.

DOPINDER

And a Merry Christmas to you,
Pool... Guy.

Deadpool closes the door with a flourish. Boom.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY

DEADPOOL sits on the edge of the highest freeway on the overpass, legs dangling over the side like Huck Finn.

DEADPOOL

I heard that you were talking shit.
And you didn't think that I would
hear it.

ANGLE ON:

A distant BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the entire freeway interchange: a crazy, looping, interwoven tangle of ramps headed to-and-fro every direction on the compass...

DEADPOOL (O.S.)

People hear you talking like that.
Getting everybody fired up.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY

Moving along the second ramp from the top is the CONVOY from the prison: ONE BLACK ESCALADE in front, then TWO MOTORCYCLES, TWO MORE BLACK ESCALADES, TWO MORE MOTORCYCLES, and one final BLACK ESCALADE.

DEADPOOL (O.S.)

This shit... is bananas.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY

DEADPOOL watches from his spot on the edge as the convoy approaches.

DEADPOOL
B-A-N-A-N-A-S.

He very CASUALLY gets up as if standing up out of an easy chair...

...and DROPS an entire level DOWN...

...THROUGH the WINDSHIELD of the first ESCALADE in the convoy.

There are four HUGE BAD-ASSES inside the S.U.V., two in front, two behind. They stare, in SHOCK, as Deadpool lands on the center console in a HAILSTORM of GLASS.

DEADPOOL
Hola! Me llamo Gabriela. Donde
esta la biblioteca?
(subtitled, in YELLOW, of
course:)
*Hello. My name is Gabriela. Where
is the library?*

A beat. Then BOOM! MAYHEM ERUPTS as these four try to beat the living fuck out of Deadpool...

...but find themselves sharing a phone booth with the TASMANIAN DEVIL.

ELBOWS. FOREARMS. KNEES. CRACKING. CRUNCHING. SCREAMING.

From BEHIND, the rest of the convoy WATCHES, in awe, as the Escalade BUCKS and BOUNCES down the road on its suspension, almost CARTOON-LIKE.

DEADPOOL (O.S.)
Tehema aniline leather? Premium
trim.

Back in the S.U.V., Deadpool trades VICIOUS PUNCHES with the pair in back seat...

...then reaches forward between the two guys in front...

DEADPOOL
'Scuse.

...and YANKS the EMERGENCY BRAKE. The S.U.V. DIVES FORWARD.

One guy FLIES all the way from the back seat... THROUGH the remains of the windshield...

...and off the HOOD. He EATS the CADILLAC HOOD ORNAMENT on his way off the front...

...and then - THUMP-THUMP - gets RUN OVER by BOTH sets of wheels.

DEADPOOL instantly RELEASES the EMERGENCY BRAKE again. The S.U.V. regains speed.

Deadpool HURLS his next victim THROUGH the TAILGATE WINDOW.

The man clutches onto the TAILGATE for dear life, DRAGGED behind the S.U.V.

DEADPOOL leaps back in front. He WRESTLES VIOLENTLY with the guy in the PASSENGER SEAT...

...somehow gets turned UPSIDE DOWN...

...TRIANGLE-CHOKES the guy with his legs...

...GRABS the PASSENGER SEAT-BELT, WRAPS/TIES it around the guy's ANKLE...

...and KICKS him out the PASSENGER SIDE DOOR.

The guy's HEAD and SHOULDERS SMACK pavement, where he's DRAGGED mercilessly by his ANKLE - a modern COWBOY whose boot just got stuck in his horse's STIRRUP.

Deadpool's head is still down in the well under the GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

The DRIVER starts BOOT-STOMPING him in the head.

DEADPOOL
You with the massive head trauma!

Deadpool somehow RIGHTS HIMSELF and grabs the driver by the HAIR on the BACK of his HEAD.

DEADPOOL
Two can play!

Deadpool begins BEATING the driver's FOREHEAD into shit as hard as he can:

The horn. HONK. HONK. HONK.

The side mirror. BASH. BASH. OBJECTS IN MIRROR ARE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR.

The stereo. Every time the driver's forehead SMACKS the face of the stereo again, the RADIO STATION CHANGES:

DMX.

DAVID ARCHULETA.

DR. DREW on 'LOVE LINE.'

MARIACHI MUSIC.

Deadpool looks in the REAR VIEW MIRROR to see the man in back CRAWL up the tailgate back into the S.U.V.

Deadpool PUSHES in the Cadillac's CIGARETTE LIGHTER.

Back to the DRIVER. Deadpool now BASHES his face into the SUNROOF. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

We're now ABOVE the Escalade, seeing the guy's expression take on a ridiculous silly-putty-esque grimace of pain every time it's MUSHED into the glass.

The man in back scrambles over the back seats.

The CIGARETTE LIGHTER POPS OUT.

Deadpool MASHES the BRAKE PEDAL. The man in back LAUNCHES forward and SMACKS the DASHBOARD.

Deadpool STABS the now ORANGE-HOT lighter into the man's cheek, BURNING the COIL PATTERN into his skin.

The man SCREAMS. Deadpool STUFFS the lighter INTO the man's mouth and CLAMPS his hand over it.

The man HOLLERS in muffled agony.

Deadpool looks FORWARD.

A MOTORCYCLE has pulled AHEAD of the ESCALADE and now sits, STOPPED, in the S.U.V.'s path.

The helmeted RIDER OPENS FIRE with a SUB-MACHINE GUN.

Deadpool has one hand grasped on the back of the driver's neck, still mashing his face into the sunroof, and the OTHER hand still clamped over the second man's mouth.

He plants both FEET on the STEERING WHEEL and 'drives,' spinning the wheel to avoid the MOTORCYCLE, sending the S.U.V. into...

...a SPIN... and a ROLL. The Escalade goes ENDO, SOMERSAULTING WILDLY through the air.

Suddenly, the ACTION BEGINS TO SLOW...

The motorcycle RIDER tries to bail out. NO LUCK. The tumbling Escalade PLOWS RIGHT INTO him AND his bike.

Parts scatter off the motorcycle, including its CHAIN.

The RIDER continues to SQUEEZE off ROUNDS as he goes FLYING.

Inside the Escalade, Deadpool goes SPIN-CYCLE.

The DRIVER's face smashes THROUGH the glass of the sunroof. BLOOD spatters.

The other man SPITS OUT the glowing CIGARETTE LIGHTER.

The guy whose ankle is still tangled in the seat-belt FLAILS through the air like a rag-doll, AHAB tied to MOBY DICK.

The action CONTINUES to SLOW... until it FREEZES in the PRECISE SPOT THE MOVIE BEGAN.

The camera swoops in to Deadpool's face, upside down.

HE TURNS HIS HEAD TO CAMERA FOR THE FIRST TIME, BREAKING THE FOURTH WALL, THE ONLY THING IN THE SCENE THAT'S MOVING:

DEADPOOL

Shit. Did I leave the stove on?

And we then RAMP back UP to FULL SPEED. The S.U.V. CARTWHEELS.

The guy's ankle finally untangles from the seat-belt, sending him FLYING across the median into the WINDSHIELD of a SEMI coming the other way.

SPLAT. He FLIES OUT OF FRAME.

The RIDER's NECK is SLICED by the flying CHAIN of his own MOTORCYCLE.

The DRIVER is half-way out the SUNROOF when the S.U.V. rolls right OVER him.

The man who ate the CIGARETTE LIGHTER gets a PAVEMENT FACIAL.

The S.U.V. finally rolls to a halt, ON ITS SIDE, PASSENGER WINDOWS UP.

The rest of the CONVOY - THREE MORE MOTORCYCLES, THREE MORE ESCALADES - are forced to a HALT BEHIND the wreckage.

A BUNCH of MEN PILE OUT, each one drawing a DIFFERENT BEASTLY KIND OF GUN and POINTING it STRAIGHT at the disabled S.U.V.

The last noise is made by one final dislodged HUBCAP, which rattles in little circles until it lies FLAT on the freeway.

TWO SILENT BEATS.

Then we hear the soft, ELECTRIC BUZZ of the Escalade's middle passenger window ROLLING DOWN.

Up pops the HEAD of DEADPOOL, like the GOPHER in *Caddyshack*.

He rises out of the window until he's visible from CHEST UP. The thugs all STARE.

DEADPOOL
(to the thugs)
You're probably wondering. Why the red suit? It's so if you shoot me, you can't see me bleed.
(points to thug)
This guy has the idea. He wore the brown pants.

As Deadpool says this, he pulls out those TWO MASSIVE .50 CAL PISTOLS...

...AIMING them at two thugs at right angles...

DEADPOOL
(to camera)
All together now...

...and OPENING FIRE.

DEADPOOL
(not saying this for show, really trying to keep count)
Eighteen..!

A SHELL-CASING is EJECTED from the first pistol. We enter EXTREME SLOW MOTION and SWOOP IN on the shell as it TUMBLES through the air...

...revealing the number '00018' ETCHED in a semi-circle on its butt end.

Deadpool FIRES the second pistol. We move instantly to the second shell: '00017'

DEADPOOL
Seventeen...

FULL SPEED. The first TWO THUGS EACH get a MOUTHFUL of BULLET.

DEADPOOL
Sixteen...

ANOTHER SHOT. A THUG takes one in the HEART.

CHAOS breaks loose as the thugs OPEN FIRE MERCILESSLY on the disabled S.U.V.

Deadpool LEAPS UP and OUT of the window, rising ABOVE the incoming shots, then LANDING SAFELY BEHIND the Escalade.

The motorcyclists HAUL ASS around him, trying to get a better shot.

Deadpool runs right FOR one MOTORCYCLE, dodging bullets, then FIRING.

DEADPOOL
Fifteen...

The bullet strikes the BIKE in right handlebar, causing the RIDER to lose control and FLY right TOWARD Deadpool.

Deadpool DUCKS and fires a shot STRAIGHT UP, POINT-BLANK into the rider's FACE as he flies over. '00014'

DEADPOOL
Fourteen..!

Three THUGS fire a VOLLEY of bullets.

The MOTORCYCLE is still SOARING toward DEADPOOL, who GRABS it in mid-air and REDIRECTS it to DEFLECT the incoming slugs.

Deadpool SPINS and FIRES at ANOTHER MOTORCYCLE bearing down on him.

DEADPOOL
Thirteen... twelve...

Bullet thirteen hits the GAS TANK of the motorcycle, SPILLING its contents.

Bullet twelve hits the PUDDLE of GAS, kicking off a SPARK...

...that IGNITES it in a trail back to the bike, causing it (and the RIDER) to EXPLODE.

Deadpool hears a noise and TURNS...

...to SPY the third RIDER BEARING DOWN ON HIM. Deadpool raises BOTH pistols.

This RIDER ANTICIPATES the bullets and LEANS away from each slug. First left, then right, then left.

THREE WASTED SHOTS:

DEADPOOL
Eleven. Shit! Ten. Fuck! Nine.
Shit-fuck!

The motorcycle WHIZZES PAST safely, firing bullets, FORCING DEADPOOL to dive UNDER an S.U.V.

He pops up on the other side, right BEHIND a thug who's looking in the other direction.

Deadpool SHRUGS and SHOOTS him in the BACK of the HEAD at POINT BLANK RANGE.

DEADPOOL
Eight.

The shell tumbles to the ground, falls still. '00008'

Deadpool flings open the door of the Escalade and takes a thorough look inside. Whoever he's searching for is NOT THERE.

Then Deadpool spies the REFLECTION of another THUG in the SIDE MIRROR.

DEADPOOL
Siete.

Deadpool FIRES AT THE MIRROR.

In SLO-MO, the bullet STRIKES the mirror at an OBLIQUE ANGLE and RICOCHETS perfectly INTO the thug who made the reflection.

DEADPOOL
Ma gusta siete.

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG. Deadpool is nearly BROUGHT DOWN by a particularly big thug with a particularly big AK-47.

He dives behind another Escalade, takes a moment to search the interior through the windows - no luck... and then flinches as AK-47 bullets pass THROUGH the skin of the S.U.V. around him.

Deadpool scrambles AROUND the S.U.V. and FORWARD in a series of leaps and rolls, trying to close the distance to this guy through a WITHERING BARRAGE of fire.

One of the AK's slugs SLICES a swath out of the mask on Deadpool's head, SINGING his hair.

DEADPOOL.

Fuck. You.

Deadpool finally springs out in FRONT of the thug. The thug pulls his trigger again, only to - CLICK - realize he's OUT of BULLETS.

DEADPOOL

Someone's counting. Six.

Deadpool's bullet CATCHES the thug in the throat, dropping him. '00006'

Deadpool STRIDES past the fallen thug, pawing at his singed hair - ow - and then out of sheer, pumped-up ANGER...

...turns and PUMPS TWO MORE SUPERFLUOUS BULLETS into him.

DEADPOOL

Five. Four. Stupid. Worth it.

The WILDEST of the motorcycle riders makes another pass, FIRING. Deadpool ducks behind the S.U.V. again.

Twenty yards away, a GROUP of thugs has CLUSTERED behind the final S.U.V. They're KNEELING to avoid being shot. One pulls out a HAND-GRENADE, RAISES HIS ARM, and THROWS.

Deadpool sees the grenade MID-ARC and FIRES. '00003'

DEADPOOL

Three.

The bullet is so precisely aimed, it SPLITS the GRENADE, DETONATING it just SHY of where Deadpool is standing. The fragments TEAR into the Escalade.

Deadpool looks across to the far Escalade. Through the windows, he sees another kneeling thug RAISE his ARM to throw, GRENADE clutched in his FIST.

DEADPOOL

(chuckles)

Number two...

Deadpool FIRES, SHOOTING the GRENADE as it still sits in the thug's FIST.

BOOM! The whole CLUSTER of THUGS goes flying.

Deadpool emerges from behind the S.U.V., feeling victorious.

He approaches the final S.U.V. and throws open the doors to search, expecting to find his target at last.

But STILL... NO LUCK.

Even worse, CLICK-CLACK. The distinctive COCKING of SHOTGUNS.

Deadpool turns around to face a chilling sight: THREE final THUGS, standing in the middle of the freeway, lined up perpendicular to him, SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER, each aiming a massive BENELLI COMBAT SHOTGUN.

Deadpool raises a PISTOL. We ZOOM IN all the way through the CHAMBER to spy the last BULLET, POISED in front of the FIRING PIN:

'00001'

Deadpool thinks, then LEAPS and TWISTS forward and to the right.

All three THUGS FIRE. SHOTGUN PELLETS SCATTER THROUGH THE AIR, JUST MISSING DEADPOOL...

...WHO LANDS so that all three men, once perpendicular, are now parallel to him...

...in A SINGLE-FILE LINE.

DEADPOOL

One.

BOOM! We're with the FINAL BULLET as it HURTLES from the gun and passes THROUGH the first man's head...

...then the SECOND man's head...

...and SMACKS the third man in the forehead.

This third man, the BIGGEST THUG YET, HITS the DECK.

Deadpool puts his mouth to his pistol barrel, INHALES...

...and then EXHALES smoke through the pores of his mask.

DEADPOOL

I'm touching myself tonight.

But then, as if by magic, the thug STIRS... and STANDS UP.

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The SLUG has LODGED partway in his FOREHEAD, having lost just enough momentum that it didn't make it all the way through.

The thug sneers, plucks out the slug, wipes away some blood, and rolls up his SLEEVES.

DEADPOOL

Really? Rolling up the sleeves?

Deadpool reaches behind his back, and we hear the WONDERFULLY THRILING SOUND...

...of STEEL BLADES being DRAWN.

For the first time, out come Deadpool's TRADEMARK KATANAS...

The thug's eyes widen as...

...SWOOSH... the blades swing through the air and SKEWER him, under two different ribs and out the BACK.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking...

As they do, the action SLOWS, once again, to a FREEZE. Deadpool is in mid-slice, muscles bulging.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

I'll bet he works out. So what if I am pulling the double shift at the ab-factory? What if I do want my man menu to feature the shredded beef? Call it insecurity. But I haven't touched a carb since...

INT. FOYER - NIGHT - PAST

Title: 5 Years Ago

We're just inside the front door of an upper-middle class SUBURBAN HOME.

GAVIN MERCHANT, a sleazy late-thirties DOUCHE, is in MID-ARGUMENT with an early-twenties, pimply-faced PIZZA DELIVERY GUY, whose nametag reads: JEREMY.

MERCHANT

Will it help if I slow down? I didn't. Order. The pizza.

JEREMY
This 7348 Red Ledge Drive?
(off nod)
And you're... Mr. Merchant?

MERCHANT
The Mr. Merchant who didn't.
Order. The fucking. Pizza.

JEREMY
Then who placed the call?

WADE (O.S.)
I did.

The VOICE comes from over Merchant's shoulder. WADE WILSON (the future DEADPOOL), a handsome MAN, boyish for late twenties, steps forward from the living room.

Merchant STARES, incredulous.

WADE
Pineapple and olive?

Jeremy NODS.

MERCHANT
Who the fuck are you?! And what
are you doing in my house?!

Without even bothering to turn toward Merchant, Wade PULLS OUT A .50 CALIBER DESERT EAGLE PISTOL and nonchalantly AIMS it at him.

Merchant and Jeremy both go pale.

WADE
(to Jeremy)
Burnt crust?

JEREMY
God I hope not.
(opens the box, winces)
Words cannot express-

WADE
Relax, that's how I ordered it!
Once you go black. You never go
back.
(takes pizza, hands over
Visa)
Put it on my card - his card.

MERCHANT

(stammering)

This is about the poker game,
right? I told Eddie... Listen,
take whatever you want!

JEREMY

(to Wade)

Uh. Sir? Before you do anything
to him. Could I write myself a big
tip?

WADE

(already munching)

Jeremy, is it?

JEREMY

Yeah.

WADE

Wade Wilson.

(quick fist bump)

Jeremy, that's a no go on the tip.
'Cause I'm not here for him.

(LEVELS PISTOL AT JEREMY)

I'm here for you.

Jeremy's eyes widen.

WADE

You by chance remember Meghan
Orlovsky? Getting that right?
Orlovsky? Orloskvy? Fuck,
whatever, do you?

Jeremy manages a timid little NOD.

WADE

Good. 'Cause she remembers you.

Wade SMACKS the PISTOL into Jeremy's EAR, BLASTING him off
his feet.

Then STOMPS Jeremy's ADAM'S APPLE with his boot.

MERCHANT

(sotto voce)

Boy did I dodge a bullet.

WADE

(to Merchant)

Not out of the woods yet. You're
rockin' a lotta Ed Hardy gear.

Wade HURLS Jeremy, FOREHEAD first, into the WALL.

Jeremy moans and crawls around, bleeding onto the floor.
Wade nudges the pizza box away with his foot.

MERCHANT

What exactly he do to her?

Wade WHISPERS into Merchant's ear. Merchant winces.

WADE

And you're not gonna do it again,
are you, Jer?! At least not...

Wade picks up a chair and BELTS Jeremy in the TEETH.

WADE

...with teeth!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - PAST

WADE and MERCHANT sit on Merchant's couch, feet up on a coffee table. Wade is wearing Merchant's Ed Hardy FLAMING TIGER trucker cap.

They finish the pizza, watching the NBA on TNT.

WADE

I really appreciate this, Mr.
Merchant. Fuckers at Comcast cut
off my cable.

INT./EXT. SISTER MARGARET'S - NIGHT - PAST

We're on the wrong side of the proverbial TRACKS, where a grimy SIGN on a grimier brick building reads:

'SISTER MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD GIRLS.'

Inside, WADE claims a BAR STOOL and waves over the joint's OWNER, 'PATCH.' Think Tom Cruise in 'Cocktail.' Then think the opposite. Patchiest beard ever. Thus the nickname.

Wade slaps a YELLOW CARD on the bar. The card features an embedded SIM and the logo of a CYPRESS TREE. SCRAWLED underneath the tree is the name 'GARRETT, JEREMY.'

PATCH

(hurt)

You promised me some 'za.

WADE
Sorry, Patch. I boxed it up for
Ms. Orlovsky. Orlovsky? Fuck!

Patch goes to the register. Scans the card. Peels off six
ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. Lays them out like a bank teller.

PATCH
So, Wade, what'll it be?

WADE
I'd love a blow job.

PATCH
We got that in common.

WADE
The drink, knuckle nut. Kahlua,
Bailey's, whip cream?
(slides back a hundred)
And send it over to Flex.

Patch follows Wade's gaze down to: FLEX, a BAD-ASS in a
snakeskin jacket, a crowd gathered round him, mid-story. He
too is holding a YELLOW CARD with SIM and CYPRESS TREE.

FLEX
So I got my Glock in his mouth, and
he's like...
(mouth full)
...'I thought you guys had a code.'
And I was like, 'Yeah, no women.
And I was almost fooled by your
tits. But the moustache?!' Boom.

The crowd CRACKS UP. Back to Wade and Patch, who's putting
the finishing touches on the drink.

WADE
(to Patch)
Oh. And tell him it's from Boothe.

Patch follows Wade's gaze to the OTHER side of the bar, where
BOOTHE sits. Leathery. Cowboy hat. Boothe's got some guy's
fingers splayed out on the bar, jabbing A KNIFE POINT between
them as fast as he can.

PATCH
Remind me what good comes of this?

WADE
Ever see Gallagher take a mallet to
a melon?

Patch allows himself a tiny conspiratorial SMILE.

SMASH CUT TO:

WADE, in medium shot, giggling at the bar TV, watching GALLAGHER getting his 'SLEDGE-O-MATIC' on, as... SMACK! BAM! A huge FIGHT goes on - OUT OF FOCUS - behind him.

Wade finally turns around to watch. FLEX finishes off Boothe... then pours the BLOW JOB on top of him.

A YOUNG MAN hurries over and leans over Boothe. WEASEL. Early 20's. Short. Geeky. Glasses. SHADIER than a REDWOOD FOREST.

Weasel slaps Boothe's cheek lightly, puts a mirror to his mouth, then stands.

WEASEL
Still kicking.

The place 'ooooohs.' Near miss.

Weasel bellies up next to Wade with a smile.

WEASEL
Six to one says you got Boothe in
the dead pool.

ABOVE Wade and Weasel, BEHIND the bar, is an ENORMOUS CHALKBOARD: 'Sister Margaret's DEAD POOL.' Below, a long LIST of NAMES. DOLLAR AMOUNTS to the right of the names. More NAMES to the right of the dollars.

WADE
(shakes head)
Nah. I took Amy Winehouse.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - LONDON - NIGHT - PAST

A laughing AMY WINEHOUSE PLUMMETS from a PUB DOOR in LONDON, CLUTCHING A BOTTLE OF ABSINTHE.

AMY
Woooooooooooo!

She TRIPS on the curb. SOMERSAULTS into the GUTTER.

SMASH CUT BACK
TO:

INT. SISTER MARGARET'S - NIGHT - PAST

WADE

Crazy bitch has the shelf life of a
Suzy Q.

WEASEL

I still like my chances.

Wade looks up at the board. Right after 'WADE.' Who's
chosen 'WINEHOUSE.' Is 'WEASEL.' Who's chosen 'WADE.'

WADE

Weasel, you're the world's worst
friend. Betting I'm gonna die?
Tell you what, MF. I'm living to a
hundred-and-two. Like those old
Quaker women on the *Today Show*.
Drinks on me, soldiers of fortune!

MERCENARIES

Hooah!

WADE

(to Weasel)
Got six hundy burning a hole.

VANESSA (O.S.)

Whoa, whoa.

A HAND curls around the side of Weasel's face, FORCING him
away from the bar. The hand is...

...attached to a girl. VANESSA. Brunette. Silver-blue
eyes. Mid 20's. Tank. Ripped jeans.

VANESSA

Sure you wanna shoot your whole
wad?

Wade looks Vanessa up and down. Then holds up his PINKIE.

WADE

Tight.

Vanessa raises her own pinkie. Shakes like a pinkie swear.

VANESSA

Vanessa.

WADE

I'm gonna go out on a limb here.
You, uh, fuck people for money?

VANESSA

Yeah. I do.

WADE

What, then? Rough childhood?

VANESSA

Rougher than you.

(off Wade's skepticism)

Dad left before I was born.

WADE

(beat)

Dad left before I was conceived.

VANESSA

Ever had a cigarette put out on your skin?

WADE

(suddenly serious)

Sorry.

VANESSA

Thanks.

WADE

No, I meant, sorry. Didn't know there was any other place to put out a cigarette.

VANESSA

I was molested.

WADE

Me too. Older brother.

VANESSA

Brothers. They took turns.

WADE

I watched my own birthday party from the keyhole of a locked closet, which was also my -

VANESSA

Bedroom? Lucky. I slept in a dishwasher box.

WADE

So you had a dishwasher! I didn't know sleep. It was pretty much 24-7 of ball gags, brownie mix, and funhouse mirrors.

VANESSA
Who would do such a thing?

WADE
Hopefully you. Later tonight.
(beat)
Oh, and my Uncle Kevin.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE SOUNDS OF TIRELESS, ATHLETIC SEX.

EXT./INT. 'NO TELL MOTEL'- NIGHT - PAST

A NEON SIGN flickers outside the 'NO TELL MOTEL.'

Inside, WADE and VANESSA go at it like RABBITS.

VANESSA
What was this called again?

WADE
'Grass Stains on the Lederhosen.'
Next we'll try 'The Angry Pirate.'
'The Arabian Goggles.' Maybe even
'The Tobey Maguire.'

VANESSA
How long can you go on like this?!

WADE
(shrugs)
All year?!

We begin the sing-song melody of the Australian kid band phenom THE WIGGLES' 'ROCKING ON THE SEA.' And...

DISSOLVE INTO:

A MONTAGE of images: SEX around the CALENDAR between WADE and VANESSA, identified by stereotypical costumes and accoutrements from each holiday...

...and different WEATHER OUTSIDE the WINDOW.

The pair has EASTER SEX (easter eggs, bunny ears).

FOURTH OF JULY SEX (red, white, and blue bunting, sparklers).

HALLOWEEN SEX (jack-o-lanterns).

THANKSGIVING SEX (turkey legs, pilgrim hats).

And after every vignette, a shot of WADE dropping THREE HUNDRED MORE DOLLARS on the No Tell Motel dresser.

At last, the Wiggles fade out. And the last vignette in the montage turns into an actual SCENE:

INT. NO TELL MOTEL - NIGHT - PAST

A CHRISTMAS WREATH hangs on the motel wall.

WADE walks out of the bathroom and strikes a pose, HANDS on HIPS. He's wearing a HORRIFYINGLY AWFUL CHRISTMAS SWEATER. And NO PANTS.

Vanessa is sitting against the bed's HEADBOARD, SHEET pulled over her, up to her chin.

She quickly lowers the sheet. Revealing an APPALLING CHRISTMAS SWEATER of her own.

WADE

If your left leg is Thanksgiving,
and your right leg is Christmas,
can I visit you between the
holidays?

VANESSA

Y'know, red's your color. Brings
out the bloodshot in your eyes.

WADE

As much as I'm looking forward to
tacky Christmas sweater sex...

Wade reaches behind. Pulls out a small ENGAGEMENT-RING-LIKE BOX.

VANESSA

You're not wearing pants. Where
exactly were you hiding that?

WADE

Merry Christmas.

Wade hands her the box and stands there with the look of...
'Open it. Open it!' Vanessa OPENS the box. Inside: THREE
MORE CRISP BENJAMINS.

Vanessa smiles.

VANESSA

And now my gift to you.

She waits a beat, then hands Wade a hundred dollar bill back.

VANESSA
Holiday clearance sale. One third
off.

Vanessa is about to let that be the end of it. But...

VANESSA
Wait. Sorry. There's more.
(a beat)
I love you, Wade Wilson.

Wade stares. Swallows. When he finds his words, they come out almost TIMID:

WADE
Thought you charged extra for that.

VANESSA
Used to. At my old job.

Wade's eyebrows raise. He points between himself and Vanessa and back, as if to say, 'You and me? Exclusive?'

She NODS.

Wade BEAMS. For just one moment, his life is actually PERFECT.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
*Here's the thing. Life is an
endless series of train-wrecks with
only brief, commercial-like breaks
of happiness. This... had been the
ultimate commercial break. Which
meant it was time to return...*

Wade TOSSES ASIDE his hundred dollar bill, TAKES A CONFIDENT STEP TOWARD THE BED...

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
*...to our regularly scheduled
program.*

...AND PASSES OUT ON HIS FEET...

...FACE-PLANTING ONTO THE MOTEL FLOOR.

FADE OUT AND UP
ON:

INT. ONCOLOGY WARD - DAY - PAST

WADE is sitting in a doctor's office, VANESSA by his side, opposite a solemn ONCOLOGIST.

Every image taken in by the camera suggests BAD NEWS:

A COMPLEX looking MRI IMAGE of the CIRCULATORY SYSTEM on a BACKLIT VIEWING TABLE.

SWEAT STAINS under Wade's arms.

Vanessa GRIPPING Wade's hand.

Worst of all: the LOOK on the DOCTOR'S FACE.

DOCTOR

People react to news of terminal cancer differently.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

Believe it or not, this is only the 9th shittiest thing that's ever happened to me.

WADE TURNS AND ADDRESSES CAMERA:

WADE

Stick around. Number 6 is coming right up.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Mr. Wilson. Mr. Wilson!

Wade SNAPS OUT OF IT, turning back to the doctor.

DOCTOR

I want you to take your time to process this. It's important not to do anything rash...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY - PRESENT

We're back in the PRESENT. The camera descends on the freeway overpass...

...very RASHLY strewn with destroyed motorcycles and S.U.V.'s. DEADPOOL is still FROZEN where we last left him...

...stabbing his TWO KATANAS through the heart of the final THUG.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

Now. If I were a two-hundred-fifty pound rancid sack of asshole with a penchant for ruining lives. Where would I hide?

Deadpool turns his head ever-so-slightly WITHIN the frozen scene. We follow his gaze...

...to the far shoulder of the freeway, where the final HELMETED MOTORCYCLE ESCORT, the WILY ONE who neatly dodged Deadpool's bullets, is FROZEN in MID-WHEELIE as he begins to SPEED away.

DEADPOOL

Bingo.

The scene instantly RAMPS UP TO REGULAR SPEED.

The MOTORCYCLE finishes its wheelie, LANDS, and screams AWAY in a cloud of BLUE SMOKE...

...not forward on the freeway, but BACKWARD, into traffic, JAMMED BUMPER-to-BUMPER as far as the eye can see.

Deadpool abandons his KATANAS and SPRINTS over to one of the fallen motorcycles - the one in the best shape.

He jumps on board and STARTS the bike.

DEADPOOL

Maximum effort.

Deadpool TWISTS the THROTTLE, POPPING a WHEELIE of his OWN and CHASING AFTER the mystery RIDER.

The battle has caused various FENDER-BENDERS and MASS PANIC on the freeway. People are backing their vehicles up, trying to pull U-turns, etc., or abandoning their cars altogether.

The MYSTERY RIDER WEAVES through this mess at BREAKNECK SPEED.

DEADPOOL is hard on his tail, also WEAVING WILDLY. He pulls alongside, and the bikes begin to GLANCE OFF one another.

The mystery rider HURTLES toward a SEDAN's BUMPER.

At the last second, he LIFTS his front wheel and drives up OVER the HOOD, WINDSHIELD, and ROOF. He LAUNCHES HIMSELF and his BIKE OVER the RAILING of the freeway and OFF the SIDE...

...PLUMMETING DOWN to a curving elevated FREEWAY passing underneath at another angle.

DEADPOOL does the same, launching off a PRIUS and...

...PLUNGING down onto the SAME freeway BELOW.

Deadpool and his target are immediately BUFFETED by oncoming vehicles FLYING at them at tremendous speed.

DEADPOOL
This is fucked. Up.

The rider's bike launches off another VEHICLE and LEAPS over a railing again...

...down to the NEXT freeway, where traffic SAILS by in an entirely DIFFERENT direction. Deadpool CHASES.

The motorcycles WAIL as they CASCADE down from ONE FREEWAY to the NEXT like CHROME WATERFALLS...

Again, Deadpool finds himself breathing down the neck of the mystery rider. He PULLS ALONGSIDE.

The two TRADE WICKED BLOWS, preoccupied with each other, failing to spot...

...a WIDE-LOAD HOUSE-ON-THE-BACK-OF-A-TRUCK HURLING TOWARD them.

With nowhere to turn, they LEAP off their bikes, which CARTWHEEL UP and SMASH through the truck's windshield, pinning the DRIVER against his seat.

The two adversaries SMASH through a WINDOW of the HOUSE...

...and LAND in a LIVING ROOM full of cheesy FURNITURE.

They stand on uncertain legs, look around.

DEADPOOL
I like what they did with the place.

Boom! Deadpool TACKLES the mystery rider. As the TRUCK SWERVES down the freeway, the pair gets FLUNG around the house, tumbling into different ROOMS.

The swerving of the truck doesn't affect the BRUTALITY of this fight. There is some SERIOUS, BONE-JARRING, BLOOD-LETTING VIOLENCE as Deadpool and the mystery rider...

...spill into a quaint KITCHENETTE, fighting among hanging POTS and PANS. Deadpool smashes the rider's head through the glass window of a RONCO SHOWTIME OVEN.

DEADPOOL
'Set it and forget it.'

They tumble through a DINING SET and BRAIN themselves on a GAUDY CHANDELIER.

They soar into a bathroom, CRUNCHING into a TOILET and MEDICINE CABINET. Pill bottles GO FLYING. DEADPOOL'S head lands next to a spilled bottle of PAINKILLERS. He notices and POPS a COUPLE.

They hurtle into a child's bedroom and wrestle among STUFFED ANIMALS and CHILDREN'S BEDDING.

DEADPOOL
I had Gargamel sheets!

At last, the truck CRASHES into the edge of the freeway and the HOUSE RIPS off its MOORINGS and TUMBLES OVER THE SIDE.

Deadpool's entire world goes SPINNING.

The house SMASHES onto the next FREEWAY DOWN, and Deadpool and the RIDER are THROWN CLEAR, out a window and onto CONCRETE.

The rider SHAKES OFF STARS and RUNS right into oncoming traffic.

Deadpool CHASES him.

Cars SPIN and CRASH. PEOPLE bail out.

The rider draws two PISTOLS, but Deadpool ANKLE-TACKLES him. The PISTOLS go FLYING.

Deadpool and the rider each scoop up a pistol.

The RIDER opens a car door, grabs a LITTLE BOY, and holds his pistol to the boy's head.

DEADPOOL REACTS by...

...opening ANOTHER car door, grabbing a LITTLE GIRL, and holding HIS pistol to HER head.

DEADPOOL
(looks down, to girl:)
Sweet kicks! Heelys?

At last, the rider DITCHES the little boy, Deadpool DITCHES the little girl, who SLIDES back away on her HEELYS, terrified.

The two aim the PISTOLS at ONE ANOTHER. Stare each other down, fingers on triggers.

But the rider doesn't notice a SEMI-TRUCK bearing down on him from behind.

DEADPOOL

This reminds me of my Peepaw. He used to love ice cream. But his doctors wouldn't let him eat it. So whenever anyone had a cone, he'd distract them and take a lick. Y'know, point over their shoulder and say something like...
(pauses to time it right)
'Look out behind you!'

ON CUE, the rider gets BRAINED in the HELMET from BEHIND by the SIDE-VIEW MIRROR of the SEMI.

Deadpool winces.

Deadpool DRAGS the rider to the side of the freeway and PROPS him up against the railing.

The rider COMES TO. Deadpool looms over him.

DEADPOOL

Always were a bit of a feeb,
Francis.
(off rider's reaction)
Bells? No? How 'bout now?

Deadpool slowly peels OFF his mask, from the tip of his chin to the top of his head, revealing...

...THE FACE OF THE FORMER WADE WILSON. HE'S NO LONGER A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN.

HIS SKIN BEARS LARGE, UNNATURAL SCARS.

The camera PUSHES in.

FRANCIS (O.S.)

Wade Wilson! Well, hello, gorgeous.

DEADPOOL

I know, like I got bit by a radioactive Shar-Pei. But whose fault is that?
(grabs a fistful of Francis's lapel)
(MORE)

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
I've been waiting for this day,
Frannie. Like a tweenage boy waits
to get up his first lady pipes.

Francis actually LAUGHS.

DEADPOOL
What's so funny?

FRANCIS
(from underneath helmet)
Nothing. It's just... this reminds
me of your Peepaw.

Deadpool suddenly notices an enormous SHADOW passing over
himself and Francis from BEHIND. He blinks.

DEADPOOL
Jesus H. Christ in low-rise jeans.

Deadpool SPINS just in time to see a MASSIVE CHROME HAND grab
him by the scruff of the neck and YANK him BACKWARD.

Deadpool WHIPS through the air with sheer, violent FORCE.
The action FREEZES AGAIN with him head-over-heels...

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
What'd I tell ya? Number 6!

...in MID-AIR.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY - PAST

...a CLOSE-UP of a Deadpool ACTION FIGURE from 'Wolverine
Origins.' Mouth sewn shut. Blades implanted into the
wrists. In the exact same POSE we just saw the real
Deadpool.

WADE (O.S.)
A little piece of me curled up and
died the day this came out.

We PULL OUT to reveal that Wade is referring NOT to the
action figure, but to WHAM!'S 'Music From the Edge of Heaven'
LP, which he is now holding.

He tosses the LP into a near-full TRASH CAN, right on TOP of
the Deadpool action figure.

WADE
That was the album Wham! Lost their
exclamation point. Rldgeley
totally phoned it in.

VANESSA somberly watches a CANCER-STRICKEN WADE clean off his
shelves. He sifts through his worldly possessions, tossing
them into the garbage: ACTION FIGURES. ZHU ZHU PETS. SNOW
GLOBES. RECORDS. PACKAGES OF CRUSHED RED PEPPER.

WADE
It's like a spring cleaning.
Except if spring was death.
(Looks)
I remember where I was when I got
this Bernadette Peters Coin Bank.
That's best left alone.

WADE tosses Bernadette. Gets EXCITED:

WADE
You have any idea what all this
means?

VANESSA
Cancer killed your bad taste?

WADE
No, I win!

(off Vanessa's rear)
The Big C? My life's officially
more fucked up than yours!

VANESSA
What'd the doc say about staying
positive?

WADE
You're right. The tumors are only
in my liver, lungs, prostate, and
brain. All the things you can live
without.

WADE stops going through his stuff.

WADE
Hate to get all 'Tuesdays with
Morrise'... but I've woken up every
morning my whole life with a pop
tart and a plan: to stop being a
fuck-munch... meet a nice girl
without a penis... turn this ship
around.

VANESSA
One outta three ain't bad.

WADE
I'd say it. Then I'd forget it,
all before that first pop tart was
down. 'Til just the other day, I
realized... One: there'd be no
more Pop Tarts. Two: Shit
probably gave me cancer. And
Three:

VANESSA
(nods, knowing)
You'd have to say goodbye to the
girl-without-the-penis.

WADE
You're not watching me die. You'll
thank me later. When the me you
remember... is me me.

VANESSA
Fine. But if by some miracle you
make it through this...

WADE
I'll boom-box 'Careless Whisper'
under your window. Ridgeley's
tight as a pussy on that one.

Vanessa holds out her pinkie. Deal? Wade 'shakes' it with
her own. Like the day they first met.

VANESSA
There is someone I want you to meet
before I go.

Wade raises an eyebrow. Vanessa practically JUMPS him.
Flips OFF the LIGHT with her foot.

BLACK.

WADE (O.S.)
Big fan of your work, Mr. Maguire.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. INDIAN SLUM - DAY - PAST

WADE, disheveled, unshaven, sits outside a tiny Pseudo-Pranic
'Healing Center' in BANGALORE, INDIA.

Reading Mitch Albom's 'TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE.' In HINDI:
'Mangalavara Morrie Ke Satha.'

A SHADY-LOOKING MAN pokes his head out, then motions Wade in.

INT. 'HEALING CENTER' - DAY - PAST

WADE submits to horrifying indignities inside, where a ONE-EYED OLD MAN strings a SNAKE up by its neck, then SLICES OPEN its BELLY from mouth to tail.

The BLOOD and RUNOFF gushes down into Wade's WAITING MOUTH.

WADE GAGS and RETCHES.

EXT. CHINESE FARM - NIGHT - PAST

WADE continues with his futile quest, now on a farm outside SHAOSHAN, CHINA. 'Zhouèr Xiangyue Morrie' peeks out of his backpack.

Wade's health has clearly DECLINED. He is kneeling, bent over a SMALL FIRE. An old PEASANT WOMAN tosses VARIOUS exotic WEEDS/HERBS/STALKS/LEAVES onto the fire, one-by-one. Wade INHALES the SMOKE.

He COUGHS VIOLENTLY, EYES WATERING, SUFFERING INTENSELY.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
(sing-song)
Proximo! Next!

INT. GUADALAJARAN WAITING ROOM - DAY - PAST

WADE is now even more DESPERATE. Among the MOST DESPERATE.

He sits in a pathetic muzak-filled WAITING ROOM in GUADALAJARA, MEXICO. Reading 'MARTES CON MI VIEJO PROFESOR DE MORRIE.' Wearing a SOMBRERO.

Wade turns to the sweet ELDERLY COUPLE sitting next to him, ekes out a smile.

WADE
(pulls out Spanish-English
electronic translator)
De donde eres?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Boca Raton.

WADE
Ah. The fancy part of Mexico.
(beat)
Cancer?

ELDERLY MAN
Stage 4.

WADE
Toughest part of the Tour de
France. Very hilly.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
(sing-song)
Proximo! Next!

A MOTHER and her stoic young SON sign in with the
RECEPTIONIST. The boy has lost all his HAIR.

RECEPTIONIST
No cheques de viajero. No pesos.
Cash. Americano. In... advance.

She hands the haunted boy a cardboard BOX filled with
CHUPACHUPS (lollipops). The boy takes one. Then reaches for
a SECOND.

NURSE (O.S.)
Uno chupachup, por favor!

A NURSE has walked into the waiting room just long enough to
chastise the boy before checking a CHART.

NURSE
Senor... Abe Solomon?

ABE and his WIFE get up. The nurse motions for Mrs. Solomon
to stay in the waiting room.

ABE
(to Wade)
Good luck to you, young man.

Wade, for one time and one time only, is genuinely SINCERE:

WADE
Good luck to you.

Abe gives his wife a kiss, lovingly rubs her cheek. And
follows the nurse.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY - PAST

ABE lies on a very UNSANITARY operating table. His shirt is off. A MAN with a pock-marked face stands over him in a white lab coat with blue-stitched cursive writing: 'Dr. Delgado.'

'Doctor' Delgado pokes and prods with his fingers, as if Abe's mid-section is yellow Play-Doh.

DOCTOR

Buenos dias, Senor Abe. Voy a
llegar dentro de tu cuerpo.

ABE

I'm sorry. No hablo espanol, doc.

The doctor snaps on rubber gloves. Covers Abe's eyes with one hand. Then surreptitiously reaches down into a BUCKET of CHICKEN INNARDS hidden at his feet.

The doctor's hand plunges 'inside' Abe's chest. BLOOD spatters the linoleum floors.

DOCTOR

De que se cure!

The doctor holds SMELLING SALTS under Abe's nose. Abe SPRINGS UP to the sight of the doctor's gloved hand CLUTCHING a huge, bloody 'TUMOR.'

DOCTOR

Senor Abe, you are cured.
(tosses tumor and glove)
Proximo! Next!

A dazed Abe shuffles out, replaced shortly by...

...WADE. Dr. Delgado almost FLINCHES at the sight of this decidedly dangerous-looking man. The NURSE hands over a chart, and the doctor regains his composure and SMILE.

DOCTOR

Senor Wilson!

The nurse exits. Wade eyes the doctor. Eyes the situation slowly. Then CLOSES the door behind himself.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY - PAST

The MUZAC still plays. The little BOY feeds the remainder of his CHUPACHUP to a CAT lurking under his chair.

Then:

WADE (O.S.)
(sing-song)
Proximo! Next!

The NURSE reappears and leads the MOTHER and her BOY down the hall to the operating room.

She OPENS the door and immediately lets out a CRY, stabbing out her arm to prevent the mother and boy from seeing that...

DOCTOR DELGADO is lying shirtless on the operating table:

WADE has one hand firmly CLAMPED over the doctor's mouth...

...and the other BURIED past the wrist in the doctor's CHEST.

Wade is sucking on TWO Kiwi Strawberry Chupachups.

Wade pulls out his hand, in which he holds the doctor's STILL-BEATING HEART. Wade's eyes are LIT UP with menace.

WADE
All better.
(shows her his lollipops)
Cool if I took dos Chupachups?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT - DAY - PAST

WADE, a shell of his former self, watches an oblivious, lonesome VANESSA through the window of her first-floor apartment.

At last, he sheepishly drags himself to the front door. He squares his shoulders, trying to muster his courage:

WADE
Maximum effort.

But try as he might, he can't make himself knock. He turns heel. And SLINKS AWAY.

INT. SISTER MARGARET'S - NIGHT - PAST

Just another night at SISTER MARGARET'S WAYWARD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. A CROWD cheers as FLEX and BOOTHE ARM-WRESTLE over two LIT BLOW-TORCHES.

WADE is too exhausted even to notice. He's bellied up to the bar, resigned to his fate. PATCH leans in:

PATCH
Someone needs a blow job. And a shower. Though courtesy calls for the latter first.

WADE
Three shots of Patron Silver. And a cure to terminal cancer. Tell ya what, Patch. Make it the whole bottle. Put it on Weasel's tab.

WEASEL
(already approaching)
Dickbag says what?

WADE
You're about to be...
(turns, checks deadpool board)
...twenty-eight-hundred dollars richer.

WEASEL
(excited)
Shut. Up! Woohoo! That's awe-
(goes to high five, realizes)
-ful. You're that sick?

Wade swigs from the bottle.

WADE
And to think Amy Winehouse becomes a free agent.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT - PAST

AMY WINEHOUSE is piggybacking some DUDE in a fedora outside a London RAVE. She drunkenly knocks his fedora over his eyes, causing him to TRIP. The two FACE-PLANT.

SMASH CUT BACK
TO:

INT. SISTER MARGARET'S - NIGHT - PAST

Out of nowhere, a Crispin-Glover-like RECRUITER appears at the bar on the other side of WEASEL.

RECRUITER
(to Weasel)
Can you please excuse us?

WEASEL
Who the fuck are you?

The recruiter hands Weasel a FIFTY DOLLAR BILL.

WEASEL
Pleasure to meet you, President Grant.

The recruiter sits next to Wade.

RECRUITER
Wade Wilson?

Wade up-and-downs him. He's wearing ALL BLACK.

WADE
You forget your sickle?

RECRUITER
My employer offers you his deepest sympathies for your illness. We've kept tabs on you, Mr. Wilson. Our records show you're a fighter. And not just on behalf of Uncle Sam, impressive as your service was. Do you want to die here without a whimper?

Wade stares.

RECRUITER
Or do you want to be a super-hero?

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY - PRESENT

We rejoin DEADPOOL in the PRESENT, FROZEN in mid-tumble on the freeway, a big, CHROME FIST YANKING him away from FRANCIS by the SCRUFF of the neck.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
Let's pro-con this super-hero thing. Always been kind of a list guy...

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We ramp up to REGULAR SPEED. Deadpool is TOSSED unceremoniously through the air onto concrete.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
*Super-heroes pull down a ton of
 ass: Definite pro. Local dry-
 cleaning discounts. Lucrative
 movie career. Pro. Pro.*

Standing over him is a TOWERING SILHOUETTE that both BLOTS OUT the sun and REFLECTS it blindingly.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
*On the con side: Super-heroes?
 Fucking teacher's pets.*

The camera rises from foot to forehead...

COLOSSUS
 Come on, man, I can hear you.

...of the X-Men's COLOSSUS. A GOOD-NATURED GIANT with CHROME METAL FOR SKIN. BIG AS A BARN. OTHER-WORLDLY STRONG.

Also, Russian. No sense of humor whatsoever. CHIN JUTTING. FISTS ON HIPS. The picture of squeaky-clean EARNESTNESS.

DEADPOOL
 Colossus!

COLOSSUS
 Deadpool. I need you to come quietly.

A beat. 'Quietly.' Deadpool can't suppress a tiny nasal stream of LAUGHTER.

DEADPOOL
 I'll bet the halls of your high school were very well monitored.

COLOSSUS
 I'll use force if necessary.

DEADPOOL
 You... brown-nosing beef-wit. You big, chrome cock-bobber! You're really gonna fuck this up for me?!
 (re: Francis)
 You know I don't go at someone this hard unless they've got it coming! Besides, no one's getting hurt!

On cue, BEHIND Deadpool, a CRASHED CAR that's TEETERING on the next-higher freeway FALLS DOWN to this freeway - BOOM!

From inside the car, the DRIVER MOANS, in PAIN.

Deadpool slowly turns around to LOOK, then turns back.

DEADPOOL

You've heard the whole make-an-omelette, break-some-eggs bit?

FRANCIS

That was my line!

COLOSSUS

Wade, you showed great potential.

DEADPOOL

Yeah, I read my report cards.

COLOSSUS

With qualities like yours, you could have joined us. Been a super-hero.

DEADPOOL

Tell ya what. The day I decide to become a crime-fighting shit-swizzler who rooms with 44 other little whiners at the Neverland mansion of some creepy old bald Heavens-Gate-looking mother-fucker... on that day... I'll send your shiny, happy ass a friend request. 'Til then, I'm gonna do what I came here to. Either that or slap the bitch outta you.

(off Colossus's frown)

That count as quietly?

COLOSSUS

I like you, Wade, you're funny. I mean, other people I admire think you're funny, so even though I don't get you, I trust their opinion. The point is, this is going to hurt me more than it hurts you.

DEADPOOL

No fucking shit, Charlene, I'ma pound your ass.

(raises fists)

Put 'em up, puss-in-boots.

(MORE)

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DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Francis, I hope you're watching.
Francis..?

But FRANCIS has taken the opportunity and SCRAMMED.

Deadpool turns back to Colossus with a LOOK that could KILL:

DEADPOOL

That does it.

DEADPOOL BUM-RUSHES Colossus and POUNDS him across the face
with a brutal fist... CLANG...

...instantly BREAKING his own WRIST.

DEADPOOL

Ooooo-rlando Jones.

Deadpool fires an UPPER CUT with his OTHER FIST... BANG...

...BREAKING that wrist, too.

DEADPOOL

Gah.

Deadpool backs off Colossus and holds up two little limp
wrists like an effeminate boxer.

DEADPOOL

I promise. This gets worse for
you.

Colossus SIGHS. Deadpool CIRCLES him.

DEADPOOL

(re: useless wrists)

All the dinosaurs feared the T-Rex.

Deadpool abandons the use of his arms and throws a ROUNDHOUSE
KICK at Colossus. He... CRACK...

...BREAKS HIS OWN ANKLE. It's suddenly BENT at an entirely
INAPPROPRIATE ANGLE.

Deadpool GRIMACES as he tries to BEND his ankle back to
straight with two already damaged hands.

DEADPOOL

You're on my last nerve.

The ankle turns in a FULL CIRCLE. CRAACK. Now it's headed
in a DIFFERENT direction... just as WRONG.

So he starts to HOP.

DEADPOOL

I'd do 'Just a flesh wound!' from Holy Grail, but I can't be that guy.

COLOSSUS

You have the right to remain silent. And I really wish you would.

DEADPOOL

Never-I

BOOM! The word isn't even out of Deadpool's mouth when Colossus HITS him with a RIGHT HOOK so HARD, so DEVASTATING, that Deadpool's chin leads his body in a TWIST as blinding as a twirling figure skater.

Deadpool's VERTEBRAE CRACK like Styrofoam bubbles from neck to coccyx.

He bites asphalt, dazed.

Colossus PICKS HIM UP like a bag of flour and HEAVES him into one of the wrecked TRUCKS, FACE-FIRST. SMASH!

Deadpool WRITHES on the ground like an earthworm with a hook through it. Colossus grabs Deadpool by the BUSTED ANKLE with both hands, SPINS in CIRCLES like he's performing a HAMMER THROW...

...and WHIPS him into a BUS. CRUNCH!

Deadpool now lies MOTIONLESS, SPREAD-EAGLED on the concrete.

Colossus walks over and pulls out a MODIFIED SET OF HANDCUFFS. He slaps ONE CUFF on his own wrist... and the OTHER on Deadpool's.

Then Colossus raises his arm and CARRIES Deadpool by the cuffs.

Deadpool dangles in mid-air by the wrist. He realizes what's happened:

DEADPOOL

Dead or alive. You're coming with me.

COLOSSUS

You'll recover, Wade. You always do.

DEADPOOL
(looks around)
Not on your watch...

Deadpool SUDDENLY executes an AMAZING maneuver, quickly KICKING OFF Colossus's torso with his one good foot and SWINGING in a circle until he HANGS over the EDGE of the FREEWAY RAILING.

There is still one more freeway BELOW this one, some forty feet down.

Before Colossus can react, Deadpool WHIPS OUT a KNIFE...

...AND STARTS CUTTING OFF HIS OWN ARM ABOVE THE CUFF ON HIS WRIST.

COLOSSUS
(dry-heaves)
Oh, man! Why!

Deadpool keeps CUTTING. It's more difficult, GRISLY work than he first realized, but by the time Colossus reaches with his other fist to stop him...

...he cuts THROUGH...

...leaving Colossus cuffed to a SEVERED hand and wrist.

THE NOW ONE-HANDED DEADPOOL FALLS BACKWARD OFF THE FREEWAY...

...toward the freeway BELOW, where a FLAT-BED TRUCK speeds by at EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR.

He LANDS right in the BED of the truck. On the SMACK, we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - PAST

The PAST AGAIN. A sickly WADE, covered only by a FLIMSY HOSPITAL GOWN, is SHOVED BACKWARD onto a STRETCHER and WHEELED through an old HOSPITAL WARD.

The 'Workshop,' as Wade's new home is affectionately called, has been converted from this old ward into a working LABORATORY.

WADE is being wheeled through a vast room containing two rows of tall individual 'tents,' each containing an experimental SUBJECT.

A FELLOW PATIENT, a pathetic, terrified little man named WORM, is wheeled past Wade, restrained on another STRETCHER. Worm briefly locks eyes with Wade, but quickly moves on by.

The tents are illuminated by BLINDING overhead lights. And filled with GRUESOMELY INTIMIDATING MEDICAL EQUIPMENT.

Wade is wheeled into the particular tent that is his new home.

The THREE FIGURES who were pushing Wade now DUMP him from the stretcher onto a CHROME OPERATING TABLE. They LOOM over him, roughly STRAPPING him down.

WADE

My first request? A warmer table.

(shivers)

And warmer hands, fellas.

Wade DOUBLE-TAKES at the sight of the two forearms/hands clamped to his left wrist. They're not flesh-and-blood, but ROBOTIC APPENDAGES, attached above the elbow to GARRISON KANE, a sadistic male orderly.

Kane also has robotic prosthetic legs and a bionic EYE.

WADE

Lose your sense-of-humor with all the other parts?

Forcing Wade's right arm down is SLUGGO, a superhumanly sized and muscled GOON, running 6'9", 400 pounds easy.

WADE

And you're the brains?

A THIRD orderly has been overseeing the other two, a wiry little anger-management candidate named WYRE.

There's an UNLIT MATCHSTICK protruding from Wyre's teeth at all times. It's his idea of a TOOTHPICK, and he occasionally replaces it from a MATCH-BOX he keeps in his shirt pocket.

WADE

(re: match)

Choad substitute?

Wyre THROTTLES Wade around the Adam's apple.

WYRE

Shut the fuck up.

Wyre magically spools INORGANIC THREAD from the TIPS of his FINGERS, tying Wade's NECK tight to the table.

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WADE

Fine. But you'll tell me when I'm a super-hero?

AJAX (O.S.)

Sure we will, Wade.

The other three men RECEDE from the tent, replaced by AJAX, the face of the Workshop, a highly unsettling man - whip-smart, tightly coiled, with cool, dead blue eyes.

WADE

Can I expect turndown servi- ?

BOOM! Ajax violently GAGS Wade with a length of SURGICAL TUBING, tying it so tightly under the table that Wade's head is perfectly IMMOBILIZED.

AJAX

You're a talker.

Wade's eyes are suddenly wide. WTF?

AJAX

Wade, my name is Ajax. I manage the Workshop. This speech used to be full of euphemisms like 'You may feel some discomfort,' and 'This might hurt a little.' But I've grown blunt.

Ajax SHARPENS a scalpel.

AJAX

The Workshop is a private institution tasked with turning reclamation projects like yourself into men of extraordinary abilities. If you think cancer cures painlessly, you're wrong. If you think super-human powers are acquired painlessly, wrong.

Ajax touches Wade's skin with the end of the scalpel, pressing here and there... just SHY of hard enough to draw blood.

AJAX

You've heard the whole make-an-omelette, break-some-eggs bit? I'm about to hurt you, Wade. The kind of hurt I can't describe and you can't prepare for. You're gonna feel it your cells. In your heart.

(MORE)

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AJAX (CONT'D)

It's cruel stuff. It is. And there's no way out for you. No secret you can tell me to stop. No soft spot in my heart to appeal to. The facts are. You're gonna lie there. And I'm gonna torture you stupid.

Ajax starts to TURN AWAY, but stops.

AJAX

One more thing. What's the ad? 'I'm not just the president. I'm a client?' I once lay where you lie. The Workshop used a microscopic torch to cauterize every nerve ending in my body. Imagine what that was like. But thanks to the procedure, I no longer feel pain. Shit...

(toothy smile)

...I no longer feel anything.

Wade reacts by SAYING something - made completely GARBLED and UNINTELLIGIBLE by the surgical tubing in his mouth.

Ajax stares. Wade REPEATS it.

Ajax suddenly uses the scalpel to SLICE the surgical tubing. It SNAPS to either side, FREEING Wade to TALK.

WADE

Got something in your teeth.

Ajax smiles WITHOUT opening his mouth this time. Then walks out of the tent.

Outside the tent, Ajax hesitates, then can't help but check his teeth in the reflection of a chrome tray.

WADE (O.S.)

Made you look! Hey, is Ajax your real name? 'Cause it sounds suspiciously made up. What's it really? Steve? Mark? Todd? Kyle?

Ajax finds himself staring at KANE, SLUGGO, and WYRE in the larger ward. Wyre chews his MATCH with interest.

WADE (O.S.)

Larry? Elliot?

Ajax almost turns around, rising to Wade's bait, then thinks better of it.

AJAX
(to Wyre)
Pull down his mirrors.

We take WADE'S POINT-OF-VIEW as KANE, SLUGGO, and WYRE re-enter frame above him...

...holding outrageously creepy medical tools. One looks suspiciously like a CIRCULAR-BLADED DELI MEAT SLICER.

WADE
I'll take the pastrami on
pumpernickel.

Wyre turns ON the slicer, which makes that familiar WHINE.

WADE
(a la the Verizon ads)
Am I a super-hero now?

The slicer lowers toward camera, Wade SCREAMS, and we begin...

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT/DAY - MONTAGE - PAST

...a MONTAGE of Wade's treatments in the workshop...

...set to the sentimental notes of JOHN DENVER's inspirational classic, 'I WANT TO LIVE.' Verses like this...

JOHN DENVER
*Have you gazed out on the ocean?
Seen the breaching of a whale?
Have you watched the dolphins
frolic in the foam?*

...juxtaposed with HARROWING VIGNETTES of KANE, SLUGGO, WYRE, and AJAX experimenting on WADE to within an inch of his life...

...as he GASPS, CLAWS, SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER.

Wade is INJECTED with NEEDLES as long as car antennae.

OPENED UP by appendages of Kane's that look like giant DENTIST'S TOOLS.

DUNKED into thick, molasses-like LIQUID.

WHEELED down the ward, past the tormented man named WORM.

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PULLED and YANKED by contraptions that would have shamed the Spanish Inquisition.

SAWED. COMPRESSED.

SLICED. DICED. SLAP-CHOPPED.

bled. SCARRED.

JOHN DENVER

*I want to live, I want to grow. I
want to see, I want to know. I
want to share what I can give. I
want to be... I want to live!*

We also see SHORT, ULTRA-FAST MINI-MONTAGES of simpler medical images - liquid plunging into syringes, surgical tubing tying tight, scalpels slicing, needles sewing, staple guns puncturing, veins throbbing - which punctuate the vignettes, implying the PASSAGE of TIME.

During the vignettes, Wade keeps gamely asking his tormentors the same question, with disturbingly less strength and energy each time:

WADE

Am I a super-hero now?

(later)

How 'bout now?

(later)

Am I a super-hero now? Now?

JOHN DENVER

I want to be... I want to live!

At last, Wade is laid back down on his chrome table, not unlike when he first arrived at the workshop, only now in QUIET DARKNESS, and WITHOUT ANY RESISTANCE whatsoever.

WADE

(distant, meek, in the
dark)

Can you hear me now?

To finish the sequence, we take Wade's POINT-OF-VIEW again. A KINDLY-looking DOCTOR enters the room and gazes down on him.

The doctor is almost avuncular, sporting thick glasses and a protruding belly.

He gently brushes the hair off Wade's forehead.

DOCTOR
You can rest now. Rest.

WADE
Thanks... Doc.

Wade's eyelids FLUTTER, then CLOSE, plunging us into BLACK.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - PAST

AJAX, GARRISON KANE, SLUGGO, and WYRE push WORM on a stretcher through the Workshop, in between the rows of tents.

WORM
Kill me. I can't go on like this.
P-please?

AJAX
Worm, I'm the only one allowed to
give up on you.

Suddenly, a VOICE calls out from a passing tent:

WADE (O.S.)
Fuck him up, Worm! How tough can
he be? Name like Francis.

Ajax is very subtly SURPRISED. WHAT did Wade just say?

WADE is INSIDE his tent. Strapped to his table. Talking
nice and LOUD NOW:

WADE
That's right! He got 'Ajax' off a
dish-washing liquid! Legal name's
Francis. F-R-A-N-C-I-Shit?!

Wade is suddenly addressing AJAX, who has ENTERED Wade's
tent. Ajax's expression tells us all we need to know about
the validity of Wade's claim. AJAX and the 'FRANCIS' from
the FREEWAY...

...are ONE and the SAME.

With as much freedom of motion as he has in one hand, Wade
WAVES a STUB of PAPER at Francis.

WADE
Dry-cleaning tag, Francis. Snagged
it off your lab coat.
(beat)
FYI. I may be able to get you a
discount.

CLOSE-UP on the tag, which reads 'FREEMAN, FRANCIS.'

WADE

Here's the problem with round-the-clock torture. You can't really step it up from there. I figured, why behave? Whatever... Francis... does to me can't get any worse.

AJAX

Is that what you think?

WADE

Yes. Francis. That's what I think.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - PAST

GARRISON KANE, SLUGGO, and WYRE finish attaching multiple ELECTRODES to WADE's head and chest. Wade is now STRAPPED to a HOSPITAL BED that's entirely ENCASED in a large CAPSULE of PLEXIGLAS.

The top half of the capsule is hinged to one side, OPEN, allowing the orderlies access to Wade.

AJAX supervises:

AJAX

The idea for this recently came to me. I don't have a name for it.

Various WIRES and TUBES run out of the capsule...

...connected to OXYGEN TANKS, OXYGEN DIALS, and a MONITOR that tracks BRAIN-WAVES and HEART-RATE.

AJAX

The trick is to lower the oxygen concentration in Wade's air to the exact point he feels like he's suffocating. If his brain waves slow, meaning he's about to pass out, we turn up the O2. If his heart rate slows, meaning he's able to catch his breath, we turn it back down. And then we leave him. Right. There.

WADE

Um. What?

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waterboarding induces a moment of the most severe panic known to man. This device improves upon that moment. By hours. Days. Or if Mr. Wilson keeps misbehavin', years.

WYRE smiles, chewing his match vigorously.

GARRISON KANE TAPS the capsule with one PROSTHETIC METAL FINGER.

SLUGGO actually SHIVERS.

WADE
I was crazy before this.

AJAX leans over Wade and lowers his voice.

AJAX
The saddest part? You still think we're making you a super-hero. You. Dishonorable discharge. Beating up pizza guys. Hip deep in hookers. You're nothing. I'd call you an asshole. But I'd have to answer to assholes. Don't worry. We've got something else in mind. Enjoy the weekend!

AJAX swings the top half of the capsule CLOSED, LOCKS it TIGHT, and hits BUTTONS on the MONITOR to lower O2 LEVELS inside.

We hear a long HISS.

The oxygen starts slowly fall. Wade's breathing grows SHORT and SHALLOW. His HEART-RATE SOARS.

AJAX
(chuckles)
Turd in a punch bowl.
(bright idea, names his device:)
I'll call it the 'Punch Bowl!'

Wade fights off the panic of his life.

His breaths become desperate GASPS.

There's not enough air to talk, or even SCREAM.



But Wade gathers himself long enough to MOUTH one silent word to Ajax:

WADE
Fran-cis.

Wade's resolve vanishes with the rest of the oxygen, until he's merely making pathetic 'O's with his mouth, like a FISH OUT OF WATER.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
*My fourth shittiest moment. The
Punch Bowl. And if you think I'm
losing my shit 'cause I can't
breathe. You're only half right.*

Ajax appears to be looking at Wade. But we RACK FOCUS to reveal he's looking at his REFLECTION in the Plexiglas lid, checking for stuff between his teeth.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
*See, if Francis is able to see his
reflection...*

The camera SWINGS around to Wade's POINT-OF-VIEW of Ajax through the glass...

...and then RACKS FOCUS to WADE's REFLECTED FACE. SCARRED. RAVAGED. And perfectly visible to him one foot away.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
*You know what they say. You always
remember your first time...*

Wade throws back his head in a SILENT SCREAM.

EXT./INT. HIGH-RISE - DAY - PRESENT

Back in the PRESENT, a beautiful, gleaming new GLASS HIGH-RISE dominates the downtown SKYLINE.

We're behind the MYSTERY RIDER from the freeway chase as he STRIDES UP the front steps, motorcycle HELMET under his arm.

The rider ENTERS the building through the massive revolving front doors onto a a STUNNING multi-level ATRIUM, full of fountains and hanging sculptures.

Various EMPLOYEES suddenly snap to attention, nod deferentially, and greet the rider WARMLY as he passes.

He rides a GLASS ELEVATOR to the building's fortieth story PENTHOUSE...

...and we REVERSE ANGLE to see him emerge from the opening elevator doors.

The rider is indeed AJAX, blue eyes twinkling, dark hair MATTED down over his forehead.

He gazes out over a pristine penthouse LOBBY.

Striding forward to meet him are WYRE, SLUGGO, and GARRISON KANE, no longer wearing lab coats, dressed positively CORPORATE. Wyre BEAMS.

WYRE
Welcome home, Boss-man.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - AFTERNOON - PRESENT

And by LAIR, we mean mid-city DUPLEX.

Borderline ghetto. Semi-furnished, 'first apartment' quality: futons and torchiere lamps.

Stained carpet, currently being swept by a roaming ROOMBA. IKEA... everywhere.

An old WOMAN - late seventies - purple floral dress with lace frill - sits on a ratty couch, where the typical old woman might KNIT.

Instead, this old woman takes out a wicked-looking pair of BOX-CUTTERS and lays waste to a BIG CARDBOARD BOX from the Swedish furniture maker - the 'UMSTADT SHELVING UNIT.'

Once the box is destroyed, she lays out its components and tools on the coffee table...

...made more difficult by the fact that she is completely BLIND. This is Deadpool's roommate, BLIND AL.

Suddenly, Blind Al's KEEN EAR picks up a faint, telltale sound: DRIPPING. She cocks her head to LISTEN.

ANGLE ON:

THE FRONT YARD.

Dirt. No grass. '93 Chevy Avon up on BLOCKS. An exhausted DEADPOOL is slumped against his own front door. Red suit.

No mask. No right ARM. BLOOD dripping from the stump - plop, plop, plop - onto the stoop.

ANGLE ON:

THE LIVING ROOM.

Blind Al shakes her head. Stands up in comfy creme nursing shoes. Grabs her red-tipped CANE. And totters toward the front door...

...when she is TRIPPED by the passing ROOMBA.

DEADPOOL (O.S.)
(from outside)
Let's get ready to Rooooooomba!

BLIND AL
(under breath)
Ass-hat.

Al SWINGS her cane angrily, again and again, trying to hit the robotic vacuum, which moves happily just out of reach.

She manages to rise to her knees and stretch out for the front door, when...

DEADPOOL SPRINGS it open from outside. SLAMMING it into her HEAD. Blind Al goes down again.

DEADPOOL
Morning, roomie!
(sniffs)
Fuck. This place reeks like old lady pants.

BLIND AL
(still supine)
Yes. I'm old. I wear pantsuits.

DEADPOOL
But you're no lady.

SMASH CUT TO:

LATER.

DEADPOOL is SPLAYED OUT on a white futon, MOANING, nursing his horrifying wound.

BLIND AL (O.S.)
Bactine?

DEADPOOL
(dripping sarcasm)
Yup. Bactine should do it.

BLIND AL is back on the ratty couch, applying the finishing touches to the shelving unit.

BLIND AL
Thank Christ I can't see all this
Ikea.

Blind Al turns the final screw. Sits back, beyond unenthusiastic.

BLIND AL
Ta. Dah.

The shelves look like the Leaning Tower of Piza in shitty white particle board. Deadpool TOSSES an IKEA CATALOGUE on top. The Umstadt COLLAPSES.

BLIND AL
I wish I'd never heard of Craig's
List.

DEADPOOL
And I quote: 'Looking for
roommate. Blind to life's
imperfections. Must be good with
hands.' Or wouldya rather I build
furniture and you pay rent?

BLIND AL
Why such a douche?

DEADPOOL
Let's recap. That fucker who
turned me into this ass-ugly
monster... the one I've been
waiting five fucking years for...
slipped through my arm today. Arm.

Deadpool holds up his stump. A little infant ARM is emerging off it. Yes. Deadpool can GROW BACK LIMBS.

DEADPOOL
He was my only chance at ever being
normal again. Meantime, the girl I
love - not you - wouldn't fuck me
with your dick. So yeah, things
are pretty fucking spectacular.

Deadpool straightens a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL on his leg with one hand and hands it to Al.

DEADPOOL
Do me a fave-y and pick up that
Leksvik dresser I've had my eye on.

BLIND AL
Cocksucker.

Deadpool stands. Walks behind the couch, and as he passes
the back of Blind Al's head... FARTS.

DEADPOOL
Drive-by.

BLIND AL
I'm gonna find this 'Craig.' And
I'm gonna kill him.

INT. DEADPOOL'S ROOM - AFTERNOON - PRESENT

Deadpool uses his new little arm to SLAM SHUT the door to his
room. He crashes on his upper BUNK (yes, he has Ikea BUNK
BEDS... almost as poorly constructed as that shelving unit)
and gazes at his WALL.

Stuck to it... with KNIVES... are various Men's Health and GQ
HEADLINES devoted to beauty. What a scrawny teenager wishing
he were CHARLES ATLAS might have:

A VISION BOARD.

Front and center: HUGH JACKMAN's Sexiest Man Alive cover.

Deadpool pulls a knife out of the board, retrieving an old
PHOTOGRAPH of him and Vanessa. In happier times. Wearing
Christmas sweaters. Pantless.

He stares at it. The knife blade REFLECTS his scarred face.

Wade turns the knife so as not to have to look at himself,
and the blade REFLECTS the BRIGHT CEILING LAMP into his eyes.

Wade's pupils DILATE, and we PUSH all the way IN on them...

...to BLACK.

INT./EXT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - PAST

Wade's PUPILS CONSTRICT again, to DOTS, and we pull BACK...
to his scarred face, covered in flop-sweat, frozen in a
rictus of terror. And back FURTHER through the Plexiglas...

...of the PUNCH-BOWL. We're in the PAST again. Suddenly, there's a gathering HISS...
 ...and the lid is UNLATCHED and OPENED.
 Wade GASPS as though surfacing after being held underwater. He takes deep LUNGS-FUL of AIR.
 Standing over him are AJAX and WYRE. Wyre is still munching on a matchstick.

WYRE

Wakey wakey, Wadey. Oil change.

Wade seems trapped in a STATE of SHOCK as the two men bend over him, unstrap him, turn him left and right to check for bedsores, poke and prod him, attend to various of his tubes and wires.

AJAX

(to Wade)
 I'm working on automating this process so we don't have to pop the lid. I hate to give you something to look forward to.

Wade lies limp, savoring his limited chance to BREATHE.

AJAX

One question. To make sure you're still responsive.
 (whispers into Wade's ear)
 What's my name?

Wade remains listless, mouth SHUT. BLINKS.

AJAX

Didn't think so.

Wyre and Ajax strap Wade back down, finish wiring him up, and CLOSE and LOCK the lid again. HISS. The oxygen DIALS FALL.
 But in reaction to this, Wade doesn't freak out. Instead, he wears an ironic, closed-lipped SMILE.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

SORRY, Francis. My lips are sealed.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - PAST

Wyre EXITS the ward for the night and walks across the parking lot. As he starts his car, he SPITS out his habitual matchstick and reaches into his shirt pocket for ANOTHER...

...only to realize he's ALL OUT.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - PAST

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

But ya did give me something to
look forward to...

Back inside the Punch Bowl, Wade OPENS his MOUTH... within which he was HIDING a SINGLE MATCHSTICK, clenched carefully - dryly - between his teeth.

He uses his tongue to rotate the RED TIP of the match outward...

...then turns his head to one side...

...touches the red tip to a metal HINGE on the bed...

...and WHIPS his head from left to right, STRIKING the MATCH.

He immediately LOWERS it toward the tiny HOLE in the side of the Punch Bowl through which OXYGEN flows.

The flame COMBUSTS the tiny stream of oxygen, IGNITING it in a TRAIL...

...back through the TRANSPARENT PLASTIC TUBE that trails outside the Punch Bowl.

The flame SNAKES through the COILS of the tube, this way and that, until it reaches the large OXYGEN TANK standing next to the Punch Bowl.

A beat, and then...

...the TANK EXPLODES.

The Punch Bowl is BLOWN APART, and the frame of the hospital bed SNAPS in TWO.

Out in the ward, the FIREBALL curls outward, spreading from TENT to TENT. BOOM! BOOM! Other flammable tanks DETONATE.

The tents GO UP like ROMAN CANDLES. It's now MASS CHAOS.

ALARMS BLARE. Flames LEAP. Smoke BILLOWS. Patients FLEE.

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GARRISON KANE and SLUGGO run down the center of the ward, where they are BLOWN off their feet by a MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

SLO-MO on a CURTAIN of FIRE which suddenly DISPERSES from the center out, replaced by the billowing WHITE SMOKE of an OVER-SIZED CHROME FIRE EXTINGUISHER...

...held by AJAX, who STRIDES grimly toward the tent that housed Wade. REGULAR SPEED as he throws back the burning fabric...

...and nearly EATS an OXYGEN TANK. He BLOCKS it at the last moment with his FIRE EXTINGUISHER. CLANG.

On the other end of the oxygen tank, WINDMILLING it with unbridled FEROCITY, is WADE.

WADE and AJAX stand toe-to-toe, SWINGING the oxygen tank and fire extinguisher like modern day CLUBS, trying to take off each other's heads.

CLANG! BANG! BAM! The tanks COLLIDE in mid-air. Totally BONE-JARRING.

CRACK. Ajax's fingers get CRUNCHED between metal. He doesn't even feel it.

At last, Wade grabs the HOSE of Ajax's fire extinguisher, angles it up, and gets his finger on the TRIGGER.

The extinguisher BLASTS. Ajax is momentarily BLINDED.

Wade brings the oxygen tank down from on high like a LUMBERJACK'S AXE. Ajax BLOCKS it, but is driven to his KNEES.

Wade's eyes are lit with fire. DOWN the tank COMES, again and AGAIN. Ajax takes his own fire extinguisher to the CHIN. Then catches a BLOW from the oxygen TANK to his TEMPLE.

The extinguisher goes FLYING.

WADE
(a la Keith Jackson)
Fumbllllle!

Ajax looks up, dazed, half-conscious, suddenly helpless.

WADE
One question. To make sure you're
still responsive.
(whispers in Ajax's ear)
Am I a super-hero now?

Wade straddles Ajax's CHEST and holds up a SCALPEL.

AJAX

You can't kill me. I'm the only
one who can fix that face.

WADE

Well aware. But first. Let's fix
yours.

Wade GRABS Ajax and starts CARVING something into his
FOREHEAD.

WADE

Lemme guess. You don't feel a
thing.

Wade finishes carving, tosses the scalpel, and HOISTS Ajax
over his SHOULDERS in a FIREMAN'S CARRY.

WADE

I got next. Let's go turn me back
to beautiful.

Wade carries Ajax down the ward. But best laid plans... the
ROOF suddenly COLLAPSES, BURYING the two in a PILE of BURNING
RUBBLE.

Wade manages to stand in the debris. He spies Ajax lying
nearby. But before Wade can grab him again, he's interrupted
by the sight of FIREFIGHTERS and POLICE rushing at him from
either direction.

Anguished, Wade looks left, right, and is finally forced to
ABANDON Ajax... and RUN.

Wade sprints until he spies a hole in the wall. He's nearly
through it when he hears a VOICE.

WORM (O.S.)

Wade! Wade!

Wade spies pathetic, little WORM still strapped to his bed,
half-buried in RUBBLE.

WORM

Kill me. Please...

Wade picks up an OXYGEN TANK and steels himself.

WADE

You deserved better, Worm...

Wade lifts the tank and BRINGS it DOWN on Worm's HEAD.

Created with

We hear an OFF-SCREEN CRACK. And it's OVER. Wade BOLTS before a wave of onrushing COPS and FIREMEN.

Wade DISAPPEARS through a CLOUD of SMOKE, which appears to SWALLOW him for good.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING - PAST

SOOT. SMOKE. WATER. GRIME.

WADE watches from the shadows of an alley as the FIREMEN put out the final flames of the Workshop fire. The building is a BLACKENED HUSK of its former self.

You could say the same of AJAX, who has been HANDCUFFED and is unceremoniously STUFFED into the back of a COP CAR.

The prowler containing Ajax pulls past Wade's ALLEY. Wade steps back into the shadows, watching helplessly as his PREY recedes into the distance.

As Wade turns to go, he spies his hideous REFLECTION in a PUDDLE left by the firemen. He stares, then STEPS in the PUDDLE. As the water RIPPLES, distorting the face even further, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - PAST

...from the POINT-OF-VIEW of an as-yet-unseen PEDESTRIAN.

An ELDERLY WOMAN with a WALKER shuffles hurriedly away. A CHILD STARES from a bus window. A DOG stops in its tracks, mid-FETCH. Bares its teeth. Barks WILDLY. A TODDLER in a STROLLER BURSTS INTO TEARS. His MOTHER pulls down the sunshade. Hustles him across the street.

WADE (O.S.)
Never seen Puppetry of the Penis?!

At last the camera swoops around 180 degrees to reveal WADE, a walking TRAIN-WRECK, scarred face on display, taking long swigs off a BOTTLE of BOONE's FARM.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY - PAST

SQUEAK... SQUEAK... SQUEAK...

WADE rises into frame, a few INCHES at a time, on a wooden WINDOW-WASHING PLATFORM... which he is raising to the top of a FIFTY-STORY OFFICE BUILDING...

...via PULLEY.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

*Naked tandem base-jumping with the
WNBA's Sacramento Monarchs.
Sparking up a spliff with the
Olympic torch. Giving Meredith
Baxter Birney a dutch oven.*

Wade reaches fifty stories up and downs the last of the BOTTLE. Then takes off his BOOTS.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

*Sweet bucket list. But I'll never
finish it. Or my Lego Millenium
Falcon. 'Cause I'm about to take a
long walk off a short...*

Wade aligns his stockinged toes at the edge of the platform and looks around him.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

*...um... window-washer's scaffold?
Platform? Bench?*

Wade shrugs...

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

*Whatever. Can't go on looking like
my a-*

AAHH. Wade JUMPS, PLUMMETING for what seems like forever... into an ALLEY fifty stories down.

We watch from the window-washing scaffold as he SPLATS onto the PAVEMENT between two dumpsters.

We continue to watch from on high: the body remains still, but the rest of the city begins to move in TIME-LAPSE ULTRA-FAST MOTION.

Cars and pedestrians ZOOM around. SHADOWS of CLOUDS pass over. DAY turns to NIGHT.

And all the while, the camera slowly DESCENDS from the fiftieth story to just above the street.

When Wade's body nearly FILLS the frame, the action SLOWS to REGULAR SPEED again.

A RAT tentatively approaches and begins to NIBBLE on Wade's toe.

Without warning, Wade's 'corpse' TWITCHES.

DEADPOOL
Quit it, Uncle Kev.

Wade kicks. The rat scurries away.

Wade bats his eyelids, closes them peacefully again, then OPENS THEM WIDE.

He looks around him, then UP, DOWN, around him again. Begins to run his hands over his body, exploring for serious injuries. NOT A SCRATCH.

Then INTO CAMERA:

WADE
The fuck?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT - PAST

ROAR! Down at the docks, WADE rides a MOTORCYCLE he has hot-wired at a HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY MILES AN HOUR...

WADE
Maybe. Just maybe...

...STRAIGHT into a BRICK WALL. SAVAGE OBLITERATION.

The camera descends through the quiet night air toward the wreckage. And a sprawled WADE. Who RAISES his HEAD...

WADE
...I am a super-hero.

EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY - PAST

WADE stands directly under a tall JUNKYARD CRANE. Dangling from the crane is a massive MAGNET whose electromagnetic force holds up a TANGLE of heavy METALLIC JUNK - AN OLD CAR, I-BEAMS, REBARS, etc.

WADE takes out a PISTOL and shoots the crane's CONTROL PANEL. KA-BOOM. The CAR and JUNK PILE FALL RIGHT ON HIS HEAD.

INT. MORGUE - DAY - PAST

A bloody WADE lies on a SLAB at the MORTUARY, where a MORTICIAN zips a BODY-BAG over him, from foot to head. When he reaches Wade's neck, Wade blocks the zipper with a finger.

WADE

I'd do 'I'm not dead yet!' from Holy Grail, but I can't be that guy.

EXT. ZOO - DAY - PAST

At the ZOO, Japanese TOURISTS watch as WADE CANNON-BALLS into the POLAR BEAR ENCLOSURE. TWO POLAR BEARS maul him.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY - PAST

We're on a moving SUBWAY with various COMMUTERS. They sneak alarmed GLIMPSES of a MAN turning the PAGES of a NEWSPAPER.

The man LOWERS HIS NEWSPAPER. The WOMAN across from him CRIES OUT, shocked by what she sees:

WADE is wearing a picture of HUGH JACKMAN torn from the pages of People Magazine's 2008 'Sexiest Man Alive' STAPLED to his FACE. Blood at the pierce points. The mouth and eyes cut out. A DIME-STORE TOUPEE on top.

Wade sets down the paper, opens the subway WINDOW, sticks his head out, and gets OBLITERATED by a SUBWAY screaming the OTHER WAY. The commuters ERUPT in shocked PANDEMONIUM.

INT. SISTER MARGARET'S - DAY - PAST

WEASEL is sitting at a booth at SISTER MARGARET'S, haggling with a MERC over the price of a PISTOL he's selling.

BUYER

Seventeen hundred?!

WEASEL

But I waive the 'cooling off' periohmigod.

Weasel gapes at the sight of WADE, who has just walked in. SCARRED FACE. TATTERED, BLOODY CLOTHES.

WADE

You should see the polar bear.

INT. SISTER MARGARET'S - LATER - PAST

At the BAR, PATCH takes a good, long, sympathetic look at WADE's face.

PATCH
Consider a beard.

WADE
Says a guy named Patch.

Patch pours Wade and WEASEL the latest in a row of MANY SHOTS and sidles away.

WADE
Worst of it is, only guy who can
fix this face is doing 5 to 10 in
Super-Max.

WEASEL
I say, turn chicken shit into
breaded chicken livers. You've got
super-powers, chief. You'll get
the best gigs here. All you need
is a nickname. A slogan.

WADE
(trailer voice)
Wade Wilson is... 'Hard To Kill.'

WEASEL
(chuckles)
Why is every Steven Seagal movie 3
words? 'Marked For Death.'

WADE
'Out For Justice.'

WEASEL
'Above The Law.'

WADE
(smirks)
'Hungry For Lunch.'

The two laugh.

WEASEL
'Keep Off Grass.'

WADE
'Now With Calcium.'

WEASEL
'May Cause Diarrhea.'

WADE
'No Free Refills.'

The two are in HYSTERICIS.

WADE
Hope you haven't spent that twenty-
eight-hundred. 'Cause you ain't
ever winning the Deadpool.

As Wade says the word, Weasel and Wade stop laughing and look at one another. EUREKA.

INT. COSTUME STORE - DAY - PAST

WADE sifts through various MASKS in the back of a costume store. For shits and giggles, he puts his fist inside a SPIDER-MAN MASK.

He stares at the mask a moment. Then, on a hunch, turns it INSIDE OUT. The inside of the mask is RED. With BLACK AROUND the EYES.

Wade SMIRKS. INSPIRATION has STRUCK.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT - PAST

In the gaudy LIVING ROOM of a HUGE MANSION, featuring a SALT-WATER AQUARIUM full of beautiful FISH, GABE - a WISE GUY in a KIMONO - parties with his DOUBLE-D-CHESTED GIRLFRIEND.

Between snorts of COCAINE, Gabe gets an idea...

...and starts to dump COCAINE like FISH FOOD into the AQUARIUM. The fish gobble it up.

GABE
Check it out!

GIRLFRIEND
(heart melts)
Gabe, you're such an animal-lover!

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - PAST

Outside the front door, a RED-GLOVED FINGER rings the DOORBELL. Then again. And again.

Clutched in the gloved hand is one of the YELLOW CARDS from Sister Margaret's, complete with CYPRESS TREE.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - PAST

The DOORBELL is ringing INCESSANTLY, annoyingly, as if a little KID were pushing it.

GABE approaches the front door, irritated.

GABE
Shaddup! What, you got into my
coke too?!

The YELLOW CARD slides through the door's MAIL SLOT and lands at Gabe's feet.

Gabe reaches down to pick it up. Frowns upon reading his own name: 'MIRABELLI, GABRIEL.'

Out of NOWHERE, a KATANA BLADE slices THROUGH the mail slot, into Gabe's THROAT, and out the back of his NECK. Just as quickly, it slides back OUT.

Gabe falls onto his BACK. The front door is brutally KICKED OPEN...

...and we tilt from HEAD to TOE of...

...DEADPOOL, in FULL COSTUME.

DEADPOOL
(points thumb at himself,
proud)
Deadpool.

Deadpool's attention is drawn to Gabe's GIRLFRIEND, who watches, in horror, from the arch to the living room.

Deadpool turns to go, then stops.

DEADPOOL
Nice tits.

As Deadpool turns to go, with Gabe dead on the floor and the woman gaping in distress behind him, the entire FRAME morphs into a COMIC BOOK COVER of the exact same moment: DEADPOOL #1.

The issue falls away to reveal the cover of ANOTHER issue. And another. More and more FLIP PAST CAMERA, each depicting DEADPOOL in a VIOLENT new ADVENTURE...

fighting thugs, killing gangsters, cheating death, YELLOW CARDS spilling left and right.

60 ISSUES marks 5 YEARS OF TIME PASSAGE until we reach an issue emblazoned with...

...a PENCIL-AND-INK version of the SHOT outside the SUPER-MAX PRISON at the beginning of our movie: AJAX being FREED and walking toward his CONVOY of VEHICLES.

EXT. PRISON - DAY - PAST

The cover melts back into the black shit-kickers and blinding white fortress from earlier. The sequence plays out exactly as it did 48 minutes ago, only this time, we stay with AJAX a moment longer.

He nearly gets INTO the back seat of one of the ESCALADES...

...but at the last second, thinks better of it...

...and TRADES PLACES with one of the MOTORCYCLE RIDERS, donning his LEATHER SUIT and HELMET.

Ajax RIDES BESIDE the ESCALADES instead of inside one.

INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - DAY - PAST

Back at his shabby apartment, DEADPOOL is getting dressed. He has ONE LEG in his COSTUME and the other LEG still stabbing for the other pants-hole.

DEADPOOL
Late-late-late-late-late!

He HOPS ACROSS the hall behind BLIND AL, who is putting the finishing touches on a decidedly rickety KARLSTAD CHAISE LOUNGE from IKEA.

DEADPOOL
Hurry-hurry-hurry-hurry-hurry!

BLIND AL
At least you're doing us the
courtesy of pants.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - PAST

DEADPOOL runs out to the street corner and WAVES.

DEADPOOL

Taxi!

A TAXI - if you've been paying attention, you will recognize it - pulls up to the curb. Deadpool opens the rear door and finds himself staring at...

...DOPINDER behind the wheel.

DOPINDER

Where do you want to be going!

INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - NIGHT - PAST

LATE NIGHT at the lair.

Deadpool is sitting on a Papasan Chair. Eating Twizzlers with his infant arm. Watching TV with BLIND AL, who reclines, motionless, on the couch. He dips her fingers in LUKE-WARM WATER.

BLIND AL

I'm awake, asshole.

Wade hits FAST FORWARD on his remote. On the TV, we cycle through the ACT ONE we already saw... at 64X the speed: The cab ride. The fight in the Escalade. The motorcycle chase. The Ajax confrontation. Colossus. The arm.

Wade backs up. Watches the last bit again. Until we're...

WADE

All caught up.

For good. As we join:

INT. SISTER MARGARET'S - NIGHT - PRESENT

...a busy night at SISTER MARGARET's.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

And just in time, 'cause I'm about to suck down the third shittiest moment of my life. Believe it or not, I'm not even around for it...

WEASEL sits at the bar, chatting up PATCH.

WEASEL

Ever see Steven Seagal in 'Dry Clean Only'?

PATCH stares.

WEASEL
Or 'Lather, Rinse, Repeat'?

Patch still stares.

WEASEL
Are me and Wade the only ones who
find this funny?

BOOM! The FRONT DOOR SWINGS OPEN. Every head turns, like in those old wild west SALOONS.

Weasel frowns at the sight of FOUR STRANGERS:

GARRISON KANE, SLUGGO, WYRE...

...and AJAX.

The four walk up to the bar.

WEASEL
Gonna go check the table bottoms
for gum.

Weasel slinks away.

But everyone ELSE in the bar isn't so petrified. Underneath just about EVERY TABLE in the place, someone DRAWS and COCKS a GUN.

Even PATCH, behind the bar, rests his hand on a DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUN.

PATCH
Help you, gentlemen?

AJAX
I've heard this is the kind of
place you could hire a guy...

Ajax looks from one end of the bar to the other, eyeing both FLEX and BOOTHE.

AJAX
...to do you a favor.

PATCH
I'm afraid you're mistaken.

Ajax takes in the big dead pool on the wall... with all its names and dollar values. Then he looks around at all the tough, suspicious FACES.

AJAX

It's OK. We're not armed.

The men extend their hands. Two of Patch's LACKEYS come up behind and do a quick PAT DOWN. NO WEAPONS.

Around the room, men remove their fingers from triggers.

AJAX

But we are loaded.

Ajax lays a money SLEEVE with THOUSANDS and THOUSANDS of DOLLARS worth of BILLS on the bar. It's like STEAK laid out in front of DOGS. Every gun in the room gets RE-HOLSTERED.

AJAX

(addresses the entire bar)

So I'll ask again. Are you... or are you not... the kind of guys who will take a dime to fuck a brother up?

Flex and Boothe, at either end of the bar, stand up.

BOOTHE

Yeah.

FLEX

We're those kind of guys.

AJAX

(smiles)

Not any more.

GARRISON KANE raises one PROSTHETIC ARM. The 'hand' suddenly FOLDS BACK ON ITSELF, revealing a TUBE...

...out of which FIRES a ROCKET-PROPELLED GRENADE...

...right into Flex's FACE. BOOM! It thunders through the room. Followed by two more GRENADES, fired into the crowd. BOOM! BOOM!

The patrons SCRAMBLE for their guns and start firing back, but they're already fighting a LOSING BATTLE.

SLUGGO makes it a LITERAL BAR FIGHT by tearing out an ENTIRE SECTION of the BAR and bringing it down on Boothe's HEAD.

WYRE snakes INORGANIC STRANDS from his fingers into Patch's mouth and down his throat, CHOKING him to death.

The mercenaries are NO MATCH for this group of SUPER-VILLAINS.

Garrison Kane fires MORE RPGs, and uses a second CLAW-LIKE APPENDAGE to BREAK BONES like MATCHSTICKS.

SLUGGO is crazy strong, TEARING DOWN THE ROOM.

WYRE uses wires to WHIP people around, left and right.

It's complete, devastating CHAOS.

Then, just as quickly as it began, it's OVER. Ajax surveys the wreckage, the motionless bodies, the flames, the smoke...

...and NOTICES a TABLE - once still - move across the floor of its own accord - then fall STILL - then MOVE again.

A shell-shocked Weasel is hiding under a TABLE, wearing it on his back like a turtle SHELL to conceal himself as he scurries toward the exit...

...where he is MET by AJAX, who PLUCKS him from under the table and PLOPS him on TOP of it.

AJAX

(points to the dead pool)
Whoever had you lost big. Little
fucking weasel. So you get to
spread the word: If anyone in our
fair city wishes to engage the
services of an agent of...
(looks around the bar)
...destruction... they talk to me.

Ajax turns toward one of the only things left in Sister Margaret's after all the destruction:

The MIRROR behind the BAR.

AJAX

Oh, and if you lay eyes on Wade
Wilson - sorry if you do - tell him
we're coming.

Ajax brushes his own HAIR off his FOREHEAD, REVEALING for the first time the SCARS carved into his skin by Wade long ago.

The markings are REVERSED and BACKWARD. It's not until the camera swivels AROUND Ajax to catch his REFLECTION in the MIRROR that we can read them...

...in the style of a 'nametag':

HELLO! MY NAME IS... FRANCIS.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
*So that's what the Workshop had in
 mind all along...*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTREME-SLO-MOTION IMAGES, almost POST-CARD-esque, of
 GARRISON KANE, SLUGGO, AND WYRE performing ASSASSINATIONS of
 every shape and size around the city.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
*...monopolizing and corporatizing
 mercenary work. 'Scuse me. Super-
 mercenary work: these ain't the
 wayward girls of Sister Margaret's.
 And there ain't no code.*

SLUGGO throws a STATE SENATOR's LIMO, with the terrified
 SENATOR (lipstick all over his face) and his MISTRESS
 (equally disheveled) in the back seat, off a BRIDGE.

GARRISON KANE has a FLAMETHROWER for an appendage. He TOASTS
 a MAN TRAPPED inside a PHONE BOOTH with thick BLUE FLAME.

A WOMAN is being HANGED by the neck, off the edge of a FERRIS
 WHEEL BUCKET, by wires dripping from WYRE's FINGERS.

AJAX DROWNS a man FACE-FIRST in a DOG DISH of WATER, with one
 well-placed BOOT to the back of the neck. The man's DOG
 barks wildly on the other end of the LEASH.

As these images finish dissolving into one another, we FADE
 TO BLACK.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

WYRE sits at a bar in a GLAMMED-UP STRIP CLUB, matchstick-in-
 mouth, throwing down SHOTS and HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS.

A SMOKING-HOT STRIPPER approaches, RUBS his belt buckle.

STRIPPER
Lonely little lap...

Wyre SMILES at her and makes the matchstick in his mouth RISE
 suggestively from six o'clock... to MIDNIGHT.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

WYRE sits on a wooden chair in a back room, the STRIPPER
 STRADDLING him, going to town.

There is a KNOCK at the DOOR. Followed by MORE PERSISTENT KNOCKING. Wyre snaps out of his reverie, annoyed.

Suddenly, the door SWINGS OPEN.

Now IRATE, Wyre turns his head around to see...

WEASEL

Looking for a mop. Got a spill on aisle three.

DEADPOOL (O.S.)

FYI. If I'm sitting in a guy's lap, it usually means I'm working.

Wyre's eyes widen as he turns back to find DEADPOOL SITTING in his LAP, the shocked stripper SHOVED to one side.

The stripper runs PAST Weasel, who closes the door again.

Wyre raises a fist and GRABS DEADPOOL by the lapel. Deadpool wags a finger, playing the part of the 'stripper.'

DEADPOOL

Never touch.

Deadpool THROTTLES Wyre right back. Wyre instantly shoots WIRES from his fingers, wrapping them around Deadpool's NECK and SHOVING him back against the wall.

Which is when we hear that lovely, tell-tale sound:

The DRAWING of KATANAS.

Deadpool brings the blades down in an 'X,' slicing through the wires and freeing himself.

Wyre FIRES WIRES from ALL TEN FINGERS like SPIDER-MAN shooting webs, but Deadpool starts to swing his katanas as only Deadpool can:

A CUISINART of spinning steel.

The blades TWIRL SO FAST, they resemble PROPELLERS. Wire flies left and right, SHREDDED like coleslaw.

Every time Wyre manages to snag one of Deadpool's limbs, the BLADES immediately cut the cords.

Deadpool closes in on Wyre, until...

...in SLO-MO, a blade SLICES DOWN and CUTS the MATCHSTICK between Wyre's lips in TWO.

With blinding quickness, Deadpool turns the BLUNT LEATHER GRIP of one blade forward and BASHES it again and again into Wyre's face like an ICE-PICK.

Wyre falls to his back, face turned to HAMBURGER, DAZED.

Deadpool uses the two katanas to lift Wyre's wooden chair INTO the AIR. He sends it spinning, then SWINGS the SWORDS through it, SLICING it into splintered WOODEN PIECES.

Deadpool GRABS one of the CHAIR LEGS out of the AIR, SITS on WYRE's CHEST, and GAGS Wyre with it.

DEADPOOL

You always liked a little wood in your mouth. Best case scenario: You tell me where I can find Francis. He cures me. And you live. Best case.

Deadpool removes the chair leg from Wyre's teeth.

WYRE

You'll have to kill me first.

For just an instant, Deadpool turns and looks into CAMERA. Then:

DEADPOOL

So we agree on worst case.

Without ceremony or hesitation, Deadpool raises a KATANA and STABS DOWNWARD. BOOM! BLACK.

EMCEE (O.S.)

Coming onto the stage, give it up for... Chastity!

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

DEADPOOL strides toward the main stage to grab WEASEL - a red blur amongst the throbbing blue lights.

DEADPOOL

Or as I like to call her, Irony!

(to Weasel)

Let's get outta here before anyone, y'know, finds the bloody dead guy.

WEASEL

Right.

Deadpool starts to turn, then STOPS, STARING incredulously, his ATTENTION DRAWN to something astonishing:

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
*Oh. My. God. It couldn't be.
 But it was. Even after five long
 years... I never forget a face.*

STEREOTYPICAL ROMANTIC MUSIC SWELLS:

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal what Deadpool is looking at: a STRIPPER'S ASS, UP in the AIR for all to see, as she bends over a pole. Back to Deadpool:

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
Or one of those.

And back to the STRIPPER, who turns around on-stage to reveal her face:

VANESSA.

Deadpool BLINKS and GULPS, then grabs Weasel and MELTS into the CROWD.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

An ALMOST-FANCY HOTEL looms quietly over the city.

VANESSA (O.S.)
 Knock, knock.

We find ourselves in a fourteenth-floor HALLWAY.

Vanessa's HAND pushes the DOOR to SUITE 1427 opens ever so slightly... shedding a sliver of light on a mysterious MAN sitting across the room in the shadows.

AMY WINEHOUSE plays on the TV.

VANESSA enters the room and SHUTS the door behind her.

The man uses a REMOTE to turn the TV OFF.

VANESSA
 Supposed to say who's there.
 (silence)
 Norma Lee. Norma Lee who? Norma
 Lee I don't go around knocking on
 doors, but you wanna buy some
 encyclopedias?

Vanessa laughs at her own corny joke, then walks forward.

VANESSA

Coupla ground rules, Mr. Reynolds.

Burt, right?

(the man nods)

Put your hands where I can see 'em,
Stroker Ace. And money up front.

The man points to the dresser. Sitting on top is a small
ENGAGEMENT-RING-LIKE BOX.

The box looks strangely FAMILIAR to Vanessa.

She cautiously walks over, looks: it's EXACTLY like the one
Wade gave her during Christmas sweater sex many years ago.

Vanessa slowly OPENS the box to discover three crisp HUNDRED
DOLLAR BILLS.

She looks up tremulously at the man in the shadows.

His chest heaves with anxiety.

VANESSA

Is that... you?

Vanessa reaches for the light.

The window is open. The man is GONE.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

Shittiest moment numero dos.

INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - NIGHT

DEADPOOL is again lying on the freshly blood-stained futon,
GASH on his forehead, BROKEN LEG, recovering. Depressed.
Elbow deep in a pint of Chunky Monkey.

BLIND AL is all-hands-on-deck with the Leksvik four-drawer
dresser build-out.

BLIND AL

Burt Reynolds? White Lightning?!

DEADPOOL

Seriously. Cork it.

BLIND AL

Not 'til you explain why you
bailed.

DEADPOOL

What do I keep saying, Andrea Bocelli? If you could see me, you'd understand.

BLIND AL

Love is blind, Wade.

DEADPOOL

No, you're blind, Alfonse.

The ROOMBA circles, sucks up the last three SCREWS from the Leksvik.

BLIND AL

(frowns)

What was that?

DEADPOOL

A clue why our furniture keeps falling the fuck apart.

Deadpool goes back to watching DR. PHIL DRONE on about love.

DR. PHIL

You have the power to choose how you perceive yourself, and you exercise this power every day. Make today a choosing day.

DEADPOOL

Give me one minute alone with this ass-clown.

BLIND AL

But he's right.

DEADPOOL

Fuck he is! I'm not 'perceiving' shit. I'm gonna hunt Francis down. He's gonna make me better. And things will go back to how they used to be. When it was just Vanessa... and me...

(we hear ECHOES)

me... me...

Deadpool STARES OFF INTO SPACE, and the screen literally BLURS into WAVES as he REMINISCES about the PAST...

...in an old-school MONTAGE, straight out of a bad romantic comedy...

...set to AIR SUPPLY's 'THE ONE THAT YOU LOVE.'

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We see dissolving images of all the good times WADE (the unblemished young man we first met) and VANESSA shared together, or as the case may be, didn't share:

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY - PAST

WADE wins VANESSA a MASSIVE stuffed KOALA at the amusement park, which then sits uncomfortably BETWEEN them on the MOTORCYCLE ride home. It looks like Vanessa is treating the bear to 69.

EXT. PARK - DAY - PAST

WADE and VANESSA smooch in a ROWBOAT. A BLUEBIRD on his shoulder. FISH and FROGS jump over them.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY - PAST

WADE and VANESSA boil LOBSTERS together. They do a CONGA LINE with two of the lobsters, twirling their claws and waving them to either side.

EXT. BEACH - DAY - PAST

WADE and VANESSA bareback a UNICORN. BUBBLES fill the screen.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - PAST

WADE undresses after exercise and VANESSA emerges after a shower. They mistakenly CRASH into one another and fall to the floor, then realize they are holding each other BUCK NAKED.

The two SCREAM, quickly separate, and spastically try to cover up.

INT. IKEA - DAY - PAST

WADE and VANESSA enjoy a shopping trip at Ikea, feeding each other Swedish MEATBALLS while relaxing on an ASPELUND bed frame.

BLIND AL (O.S.)
That was actually me, dumbshit.

The music suddenly DIES. Deadpool is shaken from his reverie as we...

SMASH CUT BACK
TO:

INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - DAY - PRESENT

DEADPOOL and BLIND AL have it out:

BLIND AL
No way life was ever that perfect.

DEADPOOL
Well that's how I remember it!

BLIND AL
Then do what Dr. Phil says. Make
today a choosing day.

DEADPOOL
Ya think?

BLIND AL
Life can be that perfect again!

DEADPOOL
It can?!

BLIND AL
You go get her, Rocky!

Deadpool rises to his feet, INSPIRED.

DEADPOOL
Yo, Adrian!

He CHARGES into ACTION, TRIPS on the ROOMBA, and FACE-PLANTS.

BLIND AL
No, Rocky Dennis.

The Leksvik COLLAPSES.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

NIGHT has fallen again. We see the same tall HOTEL as before.

VANESSA nervously walks down the SAME fourteenth-floor hallway...

...approaches the SAME SUITE (1427)...

...pushes open the SAME DOOR...

...and closes it behind her, facing the SAME MYSTERIOUS MAN in the shadows.

She gathers her courage:

VANESSA
I was hoping it was you.

The man steps confidently OUT of the shadows. Not Wade...

...but AJAX.

FADE OUT.

We hear a long, ominous, familiar HISS.

FADE UP ON:

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

AJAX stands in his vast, beautiful PENTHOUSE OFFICE overlooking the city.

AJAX
'Sitting still and wishing made no person great. The good Lord sends the fishing, but you must dig the bait.'

The camera ROTATES around Ajax as he speaks, until it falls on the RECIPIENT of his speech, the BAIT herself:

VANESSA, ENTOMBED in the PUNCH BOWL, which has been stood on its end next to Ajax's big OAK DESK. She 'stands,' strapped to a gurney inside the PLEXIGLAS CHAMBER.

Her breaths are short, desperate GASPS.

INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - NIGHT

DEADPOOL opens his front door to the sight of WEASEL standing on the stoop. He carries TWO DUFFEL BAGS that combined weigh more than he does.

DEADPOOL
I'm a member of Generation Text.
But letting a guy know his girl's
been kidnapped via SMS? WTF.

WEASEL
Totally rude. You deserved a call.
Or at least an e-mail.

DEADPOOL
Could I use it to trace him back to
her? Triangulation? GPS?

Deadpool HANDS Weasel his PHONE.

WEASEL
Yup. Or you could just read his
next text.

Weasel hands the phone back. Deadpool READS.

DEADPOOL
OMG, STFU!

WEASEL
He wants you to come to him.

DEADPOOL
He'd better wear the brown pants.

INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - MOMENTS LATER

The first duffel bag is now OPEN. Various cool WEAPONS sit
on the futon.

WEASEL is showing DEADPOOL the guns' ins and outs. BLIND AL
listens in from the sofa.

Weasel holds up the coolest-looking SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL
EVER, big and fat.

WEASEL
This is a Metal Storm 9 millimeter
semi-automatic pistol.

DEADPOOL
Only 9 millimeters?

WEASEL
9 millimeters.
(beat)
But 3 barrels.

Weasel AIMS the pistol at Deadpool to reveal THREE BARRELS embedded in its fat snout.

DEADPOOL
(verklempt)
I've waited my whole life for...
y'know... this.

WEASEL
All 3 bullets fire at once. And
for you?
(reaches into his bag for
another IDENTICAL gun)
I brought 2.
(re: Blind Al)
Is she cool?

DEADPOOL
The coolest. Plus, she could never
pick you out of a line-up.

BLIND AL
I was gonna spend tonight
assembling the Bjursta, but this is
holding my interest.

WEASEL
(to Blind Al)
Here's a gun even you could hit
shit with.

Weasel pulls out a humongous MILITARY SHOTGUN, with a FAT
ROUND AMMO DRUM in front of its trigger.

WEASEL
The AA-12 combat shotgun. Fully
automatic.

DEADPOOL
Oh.

WEASEL
300 rounds per minute.

DEADPOOL
No.

WEASEL
Drum magazine.

DEADPOOL
You.

WEASEL
Frag-12 explosive shells.

DEADPOOL
Didn't.

WEASEL
Wait 'til you shoot it.

DEADPOOL
I cannot.

WEASEL
And last...

BLIND AL
(to Weasel, re: Deadpool)
You're making love to his inner ten-year-old.

WEASEL
Whoa. Whoa. Last... we've got a
Kriss .45 Caliber TDI.

Weasel shows off a bizarre, coal-black SUB-MACHINE GUN.

DEADPOOL
Yes, we do.

WEASEL
Most accurate machine gun on earth.
No recoil. No muzzle rise. Their
slogan is, 'Double Tap in the same
hole.' 1,500 rounds per minute,
each up the ass of the one before.

DEADPOOL
Can anyone else wait for tomorrow?
(raises hand)
'Cause I'm bouncing.

BLIND AL
I can feel.

WEASEL
Not gonna lie. I'm pretty geeked,
too.

DEADPOOL
What's in the other bag?

WEASEL
Lots and lots...

Weasel UNZIPS it with a smile.

WEASEL
...of bullets. Say, what? Four
thousand?

A BEAT. Deadpool LOOKS AT CAMERA:

DEADPOOL
And we've all seen what I can do
with eighteen.

Blind Al retrieves a PISTOL from the futon. And with one
shot... BOOM... lays waste to the ROOMBA.

BLIND AL
It was him or me.

INT./EXT. TAXI - DAY

A TAXI drives across the city the following morning, its BACK
BUMPER scraping the ground, throwing off SPARKS.

In the front PASSENGER seat: DEADPOOL, crunching on CORN
NUTS.

Behind the wheel: DOPINDER.

DEADPOOL
So. How's things with Gita?

DOPINDER
You'd have to ask my cousin Bandhu.
I did as you told and tried to hold
on, Mr. Pool.

We pan to the dash. The picture of Gita has been replaced
with one of... ROSIE O'DONNELL.

DOPINDER
But Bandhu is crafty. And
handsomer than me.

DEADPOOL
Yeah. Well. It's all relative.

Deadpool suddenly LIFTS his MASK, revealing his SCARS to
Dopinder.

STARTLED, Dopinder FLINCHES and SIDESWIPEs a PARKED CAR.

COLOSSUS (O.S.)
Stop the car. I must leave a note.

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We CUT TO the BACK SEAT to find COLOSSUS CRAMMED in, KNEES to CHEST. He's drinking a CAPPUCCINO in a Starbucks To-Go cup.

DEADPOOL
Sorry, Chrome Dome. No time.

DOPINDER
Plus, I'm uninsured. And illiterate.

COLOSSUS
My mother always told me, 'Son, if something doesn't feel right, extricate yourself from the situation.'

DOPINDER
Who brought this guy?

The cab drives over a SMALL DIP and BOTTOMS OUT.

DEADPOOL
(to Colossus)
Don't go all goody-two-boots. You do me this solid? I'll consider joining your boy band.

COLOSSUS
It's not a boy band.

DEADPOOL
Sure it's not.

Dopinder HALTS the CAB across the street from Ajax's HIGH RISE. He flicks off the METER.

DOPINDER
Let me be guessing. Another high five?

DEADPOOL
For you? Ten.

Deadpool and Dopinder SLAP BOTH HANDS.

DOPINDER
Knock em dead, pool boy.

Dopinder AGAIN hands Deadpool his BUSINESS CARD.

DEADPOOL
Already got one, Dopinder.

DOPINDER
Flip it over. For later.

Deadpool flips over the card. SCRIBBLED THERE is Bandhu's NAME and ADDRESS. Deadpool SMILES...

...and pulls his MASK BACK DOWN.

EXT. HIGH RISE - DAY

We hear the first kick-ass notes of DMX's 'X GON GIVE IT TO YA.' The kind of song that says 'shooting spree.'

DEADPOOL walks straight up the marble steps to the building, in SLO-MO.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
*Not often a dude fucks up your
face. Kills your friends.
Destroys your living. Grabs your
future baby mama. And personally
sees to 8 of your 10 shittiest
moments. Let's just say, it's
beginning to look a lot like
Christmas...*

This is as cool as Deadpool has ever looked. Muscles sprouting muscles. Gun barrels protruding like branches off a tree. Katana-grips on either shoulder like guardian angels.

Still in SLO-MO, the huge revolving door of the building turns...

...and out walks SLUGGO.

SLUGGO, too, looks as tough as he's ever looked. Big as a bus. And READY for a scrap.

The two men walk to within about fifteen feet of each other. Then stop, as REGULAR SPEED RESUMES:

DEADPOOL
Wanna fight me, buddy? There's me
buddy.

Sluggo turns just in time to see what Deadpool's POINTING AT: COLOSSUS, who appears suddenly from his right. Colossus throws a RIGHT HOOK from his HEELS.

The punch CONNECTS with SLUGGO'S JAW. Sluggo leaves his feet and SMASHES through the glass FACADE of the building.

Deadpool and Colossus step through the broken facade,
CRUNCHING GLASS UNDERFOOT.

A DAZED Sluggo tries to regain his feet.

DEADPOOL
(to Colossus)
Favor? Fuck him the fuck up.

COLOSSUS
Language. Please.

Colossus HURLS Sluggo back through another massive WINDOW and
steps out after him.

DEADPOOL continues to the center of the abandoned lobby...

...then stops, frowning, surprised at the lack of a
reception. Until, right on cue...

...FIFTY or so GUARDS POP UP from hiding places in every
direction around the room...

...guns DRAWN and AIMED.

DEADPOOL
Just be glad it's not 'Bring Your
Daughter to Work' day.
(aims the KRISS)
Let's dance.
(no one moves)
And by dance, I mean shoot at each
other.

Instantly, every GUARD in the room OPENS FIRE.

DEADPOOL DUCKS, LEAPS, ROLLS, and comes up FIRING...

...with the KRISS. THIS GUN IS BEYOND RIDICULOUS...

...insanely FAST, insanely loud, and other-worldly PRECISE...

...with all the whoa-factor of an automatic weapon (bullets
spraying out like a garden hose) and all the wow-factor of a
sniper rifle (bullets ending up where they have no business
ending up).

Deadpool fires in deafening long BURSTS, plugging guys all
over the room.

ANGLE on a GUARD wearing a RIOT HELMET with a TRANSPARENT
FACE SHIELD.

The guard takes a bullet to one side of the face shield. The shield suddenly DANGLES, ASKEW.

Then a SECOND bullet strikes the OTHER side of the shield. The shield is shorn off the helmet COMPLETELY. The guard's chin drops in amazement. And a third bullet enters his OPEN MOUTH.

ANGLE ON a GUARD with a SNIPER RIFLE.

The sniper draws a bead from the far side of the room. We take the sniper's P.O.V. through the magnified BULLS-EYE. The cross-hairs fall right on Deadpool's head...

...just in time to see Deadpool FIRE the KRISS straight back into camera.

With the bullets in mid-flight, we RAMP to SLO-MO. The sniper actually SEES the STREAM of BULLETS bearing down on him...

...before we RAMP back to REGULAR SPEED. The bullets CRASH THROUGH his TELESCOPIC SIGHT into his EYE.

ANGLE ON a GUARD in a KEVLAR VEST who takes a stream of bullets in the same precise spot on his chest, in SLO-MO:

The first bullet DENTS the Kevlar, the second dents it FURTHER, the next tears a HOLE in it, and the last flies THROUGH the hole, striking the guard in the HEART.

Angle on a HEAVY GUNNER who opens up on Deadpool using a TRIPOD-MOUNTED, THICK-BARRELED .50 caliber BROWNING MACHINE GUN. He fires one long burst. Pauses. Then another long burst. Pauses again...

...only to have Deadpool fire a burst of bullets that enters the BARREL of his gun. The .45 caliber bullets fit neatly down the .50 caliber BARREL...

...and the gun EXPLODES in the gunner's hands.

Deadpool weaves, ducks, leaps to avoid being hit, all the while SPRAYING bullets into the FEET of guards who are running, the HANDS of guards who are shooting, the HEADS of guards who are peeking.

He spies a HEAVY HANGING SCULPTURE and shoots the four CHAINS attaching it to the ceiling. The sculpture FALLS, crushing TWO GUARDS.

He gets pinned behind a COUNTER by a BARRAGE of FIRE. He tries to PEEK around it, but the sheer VOLUME of bullets forces him back.

So he draws a KATANA, extends it around the EDGE of the counter, and spies TWO heavily-armed guards in the REFLECTION of the BLADE.

He aims... and shoots a BURST off his own SWORD with the KRISS.

The sword BREAKS, but the bullets RICOCHET off it precisely INTO one of the guards.

Deadpool quickly draws his SECOND KATANA and REPEATS the TRICK.

DEADPOOL
I love the fuck outta this gun.

INT. PENTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

In the penthouse lobby, AJAX and GARRISON KANE watch the carnage in the lobby on a bank of security MONITORS.

Ajax is still calm.

AJAX
Get down there.

EXT. HIGH RISE - DAY

Just outside the building, COLOSSUS is trying to press his advantage on SLUGGO and FINISH him. Sluggo has fallen to one knee and looks on the verge of defeat...

...causing the always-empathetic Colossus to hesitate.

Sluggo suddenly LEAPS UP and BLASTS COLOSSUS in the mouth with a VICIOUS FLYING KNEE.

Now it's Colossus's turn to be dazed. Sluggo LIGHTS INTO HIM with a series of other-worldly PUNCHES.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

DEADPOOL is suddenly distracted by the sight of Colossus getting his ass kicked outside.

DEADPOOL
Someone's been P90X-ing.

Deadpool returns his attention to the guards... just in time to grow concerned at the sight of TWENTY or so GUARDS forming a WALL behind a row of HUGE, THICK RIOT SHIELDS.

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These riot shields feature small, impenetrable Plexiglas WINDOWS so that the guards can see what they're advancing on.

And ADVANCE they do, in a moving PHALANX, right TOWARD Deadpool.

Deadpool reloads his Kriss, RISES UP, and OPENS FIRE MERCILESSLY on the advancing shields...

...only to see his bullets helplessly RICOCHET...

...RIGHT BACK AT HIM. His mask get SINGED by a bullet. He DUCKS behind the counter again, ALARMED...

...but only for the length of time it takes for him to DISCARD the KRISS and UNSLING the AA-12 AUTOMATIC SHOTGUN:

The one with DRUM MAGAZINES full of EXPLOSIVE ROUNDS.

A word about the AA-12: It's the most breathtaking, punishing, exhilarating gun EVER. Its rounds strike with such explosive power, they can SPIN the front end of a parked car a full ninety degrees. If you shot a jeep in the side up high with this gun, it would knock the jeep OVER.

Deadpool stands up.

DEADPOOL
This should be good.

And FIRES right INTO the row of riot shields.

The effect is STUNNING. Every guy who gets hit BLASTS backward as if being run over by a car.

Immediately, the WALL of SHIELDS disintegrates as gaps appear wherever Deadpool fires. SHIELDS and BODIES CARTWHEEL THROUGH THE AIR.

Deadpool steps into the gap in the 'wall' and slowly turns in a circle, SHOULDER-FIRING ROUNDS at every point on the compass.

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH! CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

Spent RED SHOTGUN SHELLS tumble through the air around Deadpool.

MEN literally FLY around the room. TABLES buck and spin and go airborne. COUNTERS disintegrate. COMPUTERS launch. WINDOWS shatter. SCULPTURES and STATUES explode.

Everything and everyone that gets hit looks like it's getting CHEST-STOMPED by an INVISIBLE, GOD-SIZED BOOT.

EXT. HIGH RISE - DAY

Five SECURITY PATROL CARS, full of ARMED GUARDS, emerge from the building's UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE, race across a LAWN, and drive up and INTO the LOBBY of the BUILDING.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The patrol cars flow through the debris toward DEADPOOL. GUARDS lean out the windows, FIRING PISTOLS and SUB-MACHINE GUNS.

All DEADPOOL does is weave, run, duck, all the while HIP-FIRING with this incredible GUN.

Suddenly all five cars are TUMBLING ALL OVER THE LOBBY as the AA-12 SLAMS them in every direction.

The cars are CRUSHED.

SPUN.

OVERTURNED.

ROLLED.

There's a CACOPHONY of BASHING STEEL and SHATTERING GLASS. HOODS, TRUNKS, and DOORS TEAR OFF. TIRES EXPLODE.

Guys fly through windshields and out windows, have cars roll OVER them.

One particularly persistent DRIVER keeps circling, his PASSENGERS FIRING out every window.

DEADPOOL POPS UP, locks the AA-12 on them, and doesn't let up, firing SHOT after SHOT after SHOT.

The CAR turns into a MEXICAN JUMPING BEAN, TWIRLING, CAREENING, BUCKING, SPINNING as EACH NEW EXPLODING ROUND SLAMS it in an entirely different direction.

At last, the car and falls STILL. All that's left is a blackened frame.

DEADPOOL
Totally addictive.

DEADPOOL walks toward the BANK of ELEVATORS and hits the 'UP' button with the barrel of the AA-12. He's watching the floor numbers, tracking an elevator as it descends, when...



...one last driver peeks up over a steering wheel and FLOORS his damaged CAR, trying to smash Deadpool against the elevators.

The car is up to 30 MILES-PER-HOUR by the time Deadpool HEARS it, turns, and OPENS FIRE into its grill.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! The force of the shotgun is literally stronger than the forward momentum of a 4,000 pound car moving at 30 miles-per-hour.

The exploding rounds bring the car to a full STOP, then FORCE it BACKWARD out of the lobby and DOWN the front steps of the building...

...where it TAGS Sluggo in the back, giving Colossus a chance to regain his feet.

DEADPOOL
Got your back, Heavy Metal!

Then Deadpool hears a familiar 'Ding!' over his shoulder and turns back around to see ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN...

...on the familiar visage of GARRISON KANE.

KANE raises one 'arm,' at the end of which is his FLAMETHROWER appendage, with a little blue PILOT LIGHT extending just beyond an OPEN TUBE.

PROPANE GAS suddenly SURGES from the tube, where it is SET ON FIRE by the PILOT LIGHT...

...and SURGES out in a long TONGUE of BLUE FLAME.

DEADPOOL
Yeeecowww!

Deadpool tries to duck, but CATCHES FIRE. He looks down at his burning suit, thinks:

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
(the old Dick Van Dyke
PSA)
Stop, drop, and roll, Dick, roll.

Deadpool drops and rolls, PUTTING out the FIRE. He looks up to see GARRISON KANE aiming the PROSTHETIC APPENDAGE on his OTHER arm:

The ROCKET-PROPELLED GRENADE LAUNCHER we saw at SISTER MARGARET's.

An RPG screams through the air, STRIKING the ground in front of Deadpool, sending him FLYING.

Kane launches GRENADE AFTER GRENADE. They scream like banshees.

DEADPOOL avoids each by mere INCHES...

...but again and again, he is BLASTED like a loose-limbed RAG-DOLL, HEAD-OVER HEELS, ANKLES-OVER-ELBOWS, all over the lobby.

Deadpool smashes through a glass partition and lands on a bed of BROKEN GLASS.

Kane has him dead-to-rights, launching another GRENADE...

...which... at the LAST conceivable second... DEADPOOL SHOOTS OUT OF THE AIR with the AA-12. BLAM!

Garrison Kane fires again. Again, Deadpool shoots the RPG OUT OF THE AIR. Only this time, the RPG explodes a little FURTHER from Deadpool and a little CLOSER to Kane.

Kane keeps firing, Deadpool keeps firing. But the explosions get CLOSER to Kane each time, backing up TOWARD him. Deadpool FOLLOWS them in.

The last RPG EXPLODES just as it's LAUNCHING from Kane's prosthesis. He stumbles backward, and Deadpool goes FULLY AUTO with the AA-12.

The rounds EXPLODE into Kane's METALLIC CHEST. He hurtles backward and hits the deck. Deadpool LANDS on top of him.

Kane raises his FLAMETHROWER and FIRES. We enter SLO-MO as the blue plume nearly takes off Deadpool's head.

REGULAR SPEED.

Kane tries to fire again, but in a lightning-fast reversal, DEADPOOL grabs his WRISTS and jams the BARRELS of his two prosthetics TOGETHER.

The blue flame spits out of one appendage INTO the other, curling up the barrel of Kane's RPG LAUNCHER and IGNITING the RPGs inside.

DEADPOOL DIVES OFF Kane as he EXPLODES... a human MUSHROOM CLOUD.

And DMX ROCKS to a CLOSE.

Deadpool stands up, BRUSHES himself OFF, and walks away.

An injured GUARD lamely tries to GRAB Deadpool's ANKLE.

DEADPOOL
Your plan to trip me to death? Has
failed.

Deadpool nonchalantly SKULL-STOMPS him.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

In his penthouse office, AJAX sits behind a massive oak DESK, busy loading an off-screen GUN that's obscured from sight.

VANESSA stands trapped in the PUNCH-BOWL nearby.

One of Ajax's GUARDS suddenly pokes his head into the room.

GUARDS
You need to see this.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

AJAX is now over the GUARD's shoulder, looking at one of the SECURITY MONITORS, which displays a LIVE CAMERA FEED from a high angle looking DOWN on the lobby.

The bloody REMAINS of GARRISON KANE and various GUARDS have been ASSEMBLED into a MESSAGE on the FLOOR.

One word:

FRANCIS.

Ajax's gaze immediately rises to the BANK of ELEVATORS...

...and to one PARTICULAR elevator, whose lit, ascending numbers reveal it to be RISING toward the penthouse.

Ajax looks around at his remaining GUARDS, who still number at least TWENTY.

AJAX
Bring hell itself.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

AJAX returns to his office, SLAMS the door, and pauses to PAT the surface of the PUNCH BOWL. Vanessa tries to SAY SOMETHING, but can't catch a breath.

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Ajax smirks and dials up her OXYGEN to give her the chance:

VANESSA
(weakly sings, muffled)
My boyfriend's back, and you're
gonna be in trouble.

AJAX
(rolls his eyes)
Hey la. Hey la.

Ajax dials the oxygen back DOWN and takes a seat behind his desk.

INT. PENTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

GUARDS carrying every sort of gun LOCK and LOAD and assume DEFENSIVE POSITIONS across the penthouse lobby.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Inside the elevator, DEADPOOL checks the remaining AMMO for his AA-12. TWO more shells. He DITCHES the gun...

...and draws ONE three-barreled Metal Storm PISTOL.

Make that TWO three-barreled Metal Storm PISTOLS.

Then COCKS them BOTH. CLICK-CLACK. CLICK-CLACK.

He extends both arms, aiming the pistols forward, side-by-side, at EYE LEVEL.

Then notices his REFLECTION in the brass elevator door.

Something about this pose could be improved.

He SLOWLY turns the pistols SIDEWAYS, GANGSTER-STYLE.

Much better.

Then looks down. Fuck.

ZIPS up his FLY.

And poses again.

DEADPOOL
Maximum effort.

INT. PENTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

DING! The elevator doors OPEN, and DEADPOOL stands there, guns aimed, counting on the intimidation factor.

DEADPOOL

Drop 'em!

No one drops anything.

DEADPOOL

No?

(puzzled)

I know my fly's not down.

The guards immediately OPEN FIRE.

DEADPOOL

Ack!

Deadpool kicks off the SIDE of the elevator, jumps UP, and presses his HANDS and FEET against the front and back of the elevator respectively (spread-eagled, with his back touching the CEILING, as if he's sky-diving).

The guards FIRE again and again into what looks like an EMPTY ELEVATOR.

Then they PAUSE.

DEADPOOL uses this instant to DROP to hands and knees on the floor and DIVE/ROLL out of the elevator.

He comes out of his roll and OPENS FIRE with both PISTOLS.

Because three bullets are being discharged with every trigger-pull, every 'shot' goes off like a BOMB.

Guards DROP as three-bullet volleys SPIN them this way and that.

The remaining guards RETURN FIRE.

The lobby DISINTEGRATES in a sideways storm of lead.

Deadpool takes a bullet THROUGH the SHOULDER. But he USES the momentum to spin him into his next shot.

We ramp down to SLO-MO to watch THREE BULLETS exit one of Deadpool's pistols, then back up to REGULAR SPEED as they cross the room, then back down to SLO-MO to see the bullets flying in a triangular tiny 'formation,' then back up to REGULAR SPEED to see them lift a GUARD off his feet.

GUARDS start to RUN at DEADPOOL...

...who RELOADS his pistols, and then shifts his weight back and forth from one foot to the other like a BOXER who's just entered the ring to warm up.

Deadpool starts fighting HAND-to-HAND, but uses the pistols as extensions of his fists, shooting at the exact MOMENT he delivers each PUNCH.

Every punch carries with it the extra oomph of THREE discharged 9mm BULLETS.

One by one, GUARDS rush at him. Boom! A right CROSS to the JAW.

Vicious BODY-SHOTS to the solar plexus. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

BOOM-BOOM! A one-two combination to the TEMPLE.

JABS to the CHIN. BOOM! BOOM!

The nearest guard slips. DEADPOOL PUNCHES him on the GROUND. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

And suddenly, the shots usher in familiar, melodic notes:

A REPRISE of JOHN DENVER's 'I WANT TO LIVE.'

In time with the tempo of the music, the action SLOWS.

Deadpool continues to punch/shoot in awesome, glorious SLO-MO.

But he's not the only one 'wanting to live' as John Denver croons:

We CUT to COLOSSUS at ground level, who HURLS SLUGGO through a SUPPORT PILLAR of the building, also in SLO-MO.

Then back to DEADPOOL, who throws RABBIT PUNCHES/SHOTS into a GUARD's KIDNEY.

Then back to SLUGGO, who HAMMER-THROWS COLOSSUS through a WALL.

Then back to DEADPOOL who dishes out the perfect RIGHT HOOK, which contains three more bullets.

Then back to COLOSSUS who smashes SLUGGO through another pillar with a ROUNDHOUSE KICK.

Then back to DEADPOOL, who lands a crazy UPPERCUT under the last guard's CHIN. The force of the bullet/punch LIFTS him high off the ground.

The music CRESCENDOS, and we resume REGULAR SPEED as the final GUARD DROPS with a THUD.

DEADPOOL

Adrian!

Deadpool assumes the classic CASSIUS-CLAY-STANDING-VICTORIOUSLY-OVER-SONNY-LISTON pose, then throws his ARMS up in VICTORY and STUTTER-STEPS/DANCES like ALI.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

AJAX, sitting behind the desk in his office, finally COCKS his UNSEEN GUN. The DOOR SWINGS OPEN, and out of a lobby full of SMOKE...

...steps DEADPOOL.

His eyes immediately go from Ajax to VANESSA in the Punch Bowl.

Deadpool raises a PISTOL and shoots THROUGH the PLEXIGLAS. The bullets tear into the bed next to Vanessa's ear.

AIR rushes in through the BULLET HOLES. Vanessa can BREATHE.

DEADPOOL

(to Ajax)

I hope they numbed every last nerve. 'Cause I'm a go looking.

Ajax kicks over the desk to reveal what's in his hands: A GENERAL DYNAMIX XM-307 HEAVY MACHINE GUN.

AJAX

Forget the open casket.

DEADPOOL

I'd do 'I fart in your general direction!' from Holy Grail, but I can't be that-

(realizes)

Holy shit. I am that guy.

Deadpool pulls both TRIGGERS, only to have both PISTOLS CLICK.

OUT OF BULLETS.

DEADPOOL
That was four thousand?!

Ajax SNEERS and OPENS FIRE. The XM-307 is cu-razy. Loud as fuck. Its barrel retracts and extends with each discharged round, and it can shoot FIVE every SECOND.

But even with the machine-gun-from-hell, Ajax finds Deadpool extraordinarily DIFFICULT to HIT.

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM.

SLUGS TEAR into the opposite wall as Deadpool ditches his pistols and BUM-RUSHES Ajax.

We enter SLO-MO as he JUMPS/TWISTS through the air, spiraling AROUND the serpentine STREAM of BULLETS.

REGULAR SPEED again as Deadpool hits the ground, picks up the DESK as a SHIELD, and SURGES forward.

The desk DISINTEGRATES around him, but gets him close enough to CRUSH Ajax with a FIST.

The gun goes FLYING.

And now, we get what we've been long been waiting for:

A MANO A MANO battle between DEADPOOL AND AJAX.

It's HAGLER VS. HEARNS, FORTY STORIES UP...

...every PUNCH teeth-rattling...

...every KICK bone-crunching.

The two men TRADE BLOWS...

...attempt CHOKES and JOINT LOCKS. ARM and KNEE BARS.

Deadpool is the quicker of the two, but Ajax is a terrifying BRAWLER.

Deadpool throws short, blinding PUNCHES - rat-a-tat-tat - into Ajax's grill.

DEADPOOL
Since you can't feel it?
(holds up an INCISOR)
I just knocked out your tooth.

AJAX snarls, drives a SHOULDER into Deadpool's midsection, and DRIVES him to the floor, then MOUNTS him and begins BLUDGEONING his face with HAMMER-LIKE FISTS.

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DEADPOOL
Funniest part of *The Hangover*.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Down below, COLOSSUS's and SLUGGO's raging battle is beginning to BRING DOWN the building's FOUNDATION.

COLOSSUS gains momentum, gets Sluggo on proverbial the ropes, BLASTS him into SUBMISSION.

But one of the remaining support PILLARS BUCKLES all by itself, and a huge CRACK spreads down the lobby ceiling.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

DEADPOOL is starting to lose consciousness under Ajax's fists when he turns his head to one side and spies the PUNCH BOWL.

We RACK FOCUS to Vanessa locking eyes with him from inside.

Suddenly, we hear a REPRISE of the STEREOTYPICAL ROMANTIC MUSICAL CUE that launched the ROMANTIC COMEDY montage. Deadpool turns his head back toward AJAX.

Deadpool SURGES with energy and BUCKS Ajax off.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

BOOM! Colossus FINISHES SLUGGO off with one last SUNDAY PUNCH, sending him through another wall and back outside...

...causing the ENTIRE BUILDING to crack, groan, crumble, and TOPPLE.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

DEADPOOL and AJAX are trading BLOWS again when the OFFICE bucks, sways, and TILTS as if it's undergoing a 9.0 EARTHQUAKE.

AJAX falls and SLIP-SLIDES toward an empty space where a WINDOW used to be.

Deadpool spins to SPY the PUNCH BOWL also hurtling toward DISASTER.

He SURFS down the tilting hard-wood floor on both feet, quickly RIPS the lid off the PUNCH BOWL, unstraps VANESSA, and SHELTERS her with his body...

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...as the entire building TOPPLES INTO the building next to it with a TREMENDOUS, EAR-SPLITTING CRASH.

The building PIROUETTES in mid-air.

AJAX and DEADPOOL (clutching Vanessa) SLIDE down the surface...

...all the way to the GROUND...

...where they are BURIED by an AVALANCHE of FALLING RUBBLE.

EXT. RUBBLE PILE - DAY

A cloud of thick gray DUST settles...

...over BOTH buildings, which have become a MASSIVE PILE of DEBRIS.

SLUGGO lies motionless in the background.

COLOSSUS vigorously TOSSES aside MASSIVE SLABS of CONCRETE to get to DEADPOOL and COMPANY.

He finds VANESSA first - in a POCKET of DEBRIS - coughing, but O.K. He carries her to safety, laying her down gently against a fallen pillar.

Then Colossus turns back for DEADPOOL. He can't find him and is beginning to grow alarmed when...

...Deadpool's HEAD POPS UP from under a pile of DEBRIS... again, like the gopher in *Caddyshack*.

DEADPOOL

I'm good.

Deadpool shoves off the debris and is STANDING UP...

...when AJAX emerges from under a fallen BEAM and takes him out at the KNEES.

DEADPOOL

Caramba!

(subtitled, in YELLOW:)

For heaven's sake!

Deadpool hits his back. Ajax drops FISTS.

But Deadpool SUDDENLY reverses the MOUNT, lands on AJAX's CHEST, and goes to TOWN with a series of vicious FOREARMS and ELBOWS.

DEADPOOL

Hello, elbow! What's up, forearm!

Smelling victory, he grabs AJAX by the hair and starts SLAMMING his HEAD against a broken SLAB of CONCRETE.

BAM! BAM! BAM. Bam.

You can feel Deadpool's adrenalized catharsis as Ajax finally falls LIMP in his hands.

DEADPOOL

(thrilled/exhausted)

There are no words.

Deadpool stands, SPIES a discarded PISTOL in the rubble, picks it up, checks for bullets, and returns to AJAX, jamming the barrel between his eyes.

DEADPOOL

Wakey, wakey.

Ajax's eyes flutter open.

DEADPOOL

Me and you are headed to wherever
you can fix me.

Ajax shakes off the cobwebs, assimilates this last statement, then actually LAUGHS. Deadpool looks CONFUSED.

AJAX

Sorry. It's just. All this time.
You think I can fix you? I'm
flattered. I am. But I'm not the
brains. You're looking for the guy
behind the guy. Dr. Killebrew.
He's long gone. And I don't know
where.

DEADPOOL

Um. What?

AJAX

You heard me.

DEADPOOL

You mean to say, after five long
years, I've been chasing the wrong
fucking dude?

AJAX

Sounds even stupider when you say
it.

DEADPOOL

Like the kind of stupid who admits
he can't do the one thing I'm
keeping him alive for?

(chambers a round)

Any last words? Good. I got one:

(pulls back the hammer)

Francis.

COLOSSUS (O.S.)

Wade!

Deadpool turns to see Colossus, hands on his hips, looking
extra HEROIC.

COLOSSUS

Four or five moments.

DEADPOOL

I'm sorry?

COLOSSUS

Four or five moments. That's all
it takes...

DEADPOOL

Explain?

COLOSSUS

To be a hero. Everyone thinks it's
a full time job. Wake up a hero.
Brush your teeth a hero. Go to
work a hero. Not true. Over a
lifetime, there are only four or
five moments that really matter.
Moments when you're suddenly given
the chance. To make a sacrifice.
Conquer a flaw. Save a friend.
Spare an enemy.

Deadpool continues to hold the pistol to Ajax's head.

COLOSSUS

In those moments, everything else
falls away. The way the world sees
us. The way we see oursel-

BOOM! OFF-SCREEN, A GUNSHOT.

COLOSSUS

(dry-heaves again)

Oh, man! Why!

Reverse angle to Deadpool, who's just SHOT AJAX in the HEAD.

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DEADPOOL

You were droning on!

(shrugs)

Look, if wearing the super-hero
tights means sparing asshole
psychopaths, maybe I wasn't meant
to wear 'em. Not everyone monitors
a hall like you.

COLOSSUS

Just promise-

DEADPOOL

(nods)

I'll be on the lookout for the next
four moments.

Deadpool extends his hand. Colossus SHAKES.

DEADPOOL

Now go clean some chalk-board
erasers, or be a... really Big
Brother, or teach fat kids to eat
lettuce. I gotta see a girl
without a penis.

ANGLE ON:

VANESSA, starting to stand up, still a little shell-shocked.
DEADPOOL reaches her, helps her up, brushes her off.

DEADPOOL

There's grass stains on your
lederhosen.

VANESSA

And the bloodshot still goes with
your red.

DEADPOOL

Sorry it's taken me so long. Been
a rough few years.

VANESSA

(smirks)

Rough?

DEADPOOL

I live in a crack house. With a
family of twelve. At night, we
spoon for warmth. Everyone fights
for Noelle. She's the fattest.

(MORE)

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

There's nothing we don't share.
Floor space. Needles. Condoms.

A beat.

VANESSA

So you live in a house!

DEADPOOL

I woulda found you before now. But
the cure was worse than the
disease. The guy behind this mask
isn't the same guy you remember.

VANESSA

You mean this mask?

Deadpool FLINCHES but doesn't STOP Vanessa from slowly,
gently...

...taking OFF his mask, revealing...

...underneath...

...the PICTURE of HUGH JACKMAN from PEOPLE, eyes and mouth
cut out, STAPLED to his skin.

DEADPOOL

And this mask. In case the other
one fell off.

VANESSA

You mean like this?

Vanessa starts PULLING out the STAPLES.

DEADPOOL

Oo. Ah. Ow-di 5000.

When there's only one more staple to go, on Deadpool's
FOREHEAD, Vanessa hesitates. Deadpool takes her wrist.

DEADPOOL

Sure?

VANESSA

Sure I'm sure.

And she PULLS OUT the final staple. Hugh Jackman FLOATS to
the ground, revealing ALL DEADPOOL's SCARS. And two very
vulnerable, misty eyes.

A beat.

VANESSA

Ew.

For the tiniest of instants, Deadpool's face falls. Vanessa smiles.

VANESSA

Get over yourself! I'd hit it.

DEADPOOL

Really?!

VANESSA

It's a face... I'm happy to sit on.
Among other things.

She hooks his PINKIE with HERS, PULLS him in with it, and KISSES him. Nice, lingering, no tongue yet.

DEADPOOL

I'm also not the same guy under
these pants.

(a beat)

Take them off too?

He kisses her back. The little kisses become BIGGER ONES.

Then... fading up from nowhere, with a slightly tinny
quality... we hear WHAM!'s 'CARELESS WHISPER.'

Vanessa pulls back, puzzled. Where's that coming from?

Deadpool raises his i-Phone, which displays Andrew Ridgeley's
FACE BEAMING from Wham!'s 'MAKE IT BIG' album cover.

DEADPOOL

(between kisses)

As promised... Ridgeley. Tight as
cooch.

The two MAKE OUT LIKE CRAZY, LONG AND HARD. We slowly PULL
BACK until they look SMALL against the RUBBLE of the FALLEN
BUILDING in the distance.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

*See, life can smell like Daffodil
Daydream. So if you're sitting out
there in your own personal punch
bowl. Scars on your face. Rosie
O'Donnell on your tongue. Find
someone to hold onto. And someone
to hold onto you. Life's next
little train wreck...*

The camera CRANES DOWN to a MAN in a WHITE PHYSICIAN'S COAT, walking away down the sidewalk.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
...will be so much easier if you
do...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The MAN walks up to a parked BLACK SEDAN, opens the right rear door, and climbs in.

The DRIVER turns. It is the RECRUITER who once sat down next to Wade at Sister Margaret's, selling him on the Workshop.

RECRUITER
Where to, Dr. Killebrew?

We REVERSE ANGLE to the back seat, revealing the PUDGY, KINDLY-LOOKING DOCTOR WHO STROKED WADE'S HEAD IN THE WORKSHOP.

DR. KILLEBREW
To... new beginnings.

The driver smiles, turns, and DRIVES AWAY.

As the sedan pulls into traffic, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

And roll END CREDITS.

ANDREW AND GEORGE BELT OUT 'CARELESS WHISPER.' Until, after about a MINUTE, the song FADES OUT...

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
Wham! Bam. Thank you, ma'am.
Almost forgot shittiest moment
number one!

...we...

SQUEEZE BACK TO:

INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - NIGHT

DEADPOOL and BLIND AL sit in the living room, cooperating to build an IKEA TRONDHEIM FOUR-DRAWER CHEST.

DEADPOOL
Fuck you, Tronndhelm four-drawer
chest!

(examines sheet, confused)
The instructions aren't even in
English. Or any language! It's
just... diagrams!

BLIND AL
I wouldn't know. Could I have a
screw?

DEADPOOL
(faux lascivious)
Here? Now? Just kidding. I'm
sure it's been years for you.

BLIND AL
You'd be surprised.

DEADPOOL
And fucking grossed out!
Goddamn it, these boards will not
line up. Where's the allen wrench?

BLIND AL
If it was up your ass you'd know
it.

DEADPOOL
Nice. You picked up that phrase
in... what? '83?

BLIND AL
Yeah.

DEADPOOL
I mean 1883.

BLIND AL
Right. Before technology was
capable of faces like yours.

DEADPOOL
Bltch.

BLIND AL
Hang-dick.

Deadpool and Blind Al go on like THIS until the Tronndhelm is
BUILT. They look at it with satisfaction.
DEADPOOL
Nice work.

BLIND AL

You, too.

The two turn and walk away. She gives him a football-style congratulatory SLAP on the back of the lower thigh.

DEADPOOL

Missed my ass.

BLIND AL

Always pictured you shorter.

The two EXIT FRAME...

...and we return to the TRONDHEIM.

It COLLAPSES.

We squeeze the picture away, returning to a screen full of CREDITS. Until the last credit rolls.

When we...

FADE UP ON:

THE FINAL POST-CREDIT SEQUENCE:

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

A perfectly sober AMY WINEHOUSE crosses the street near Trafalgar Square, where she gets...

...WIPED OUT by a DOUBLE-DECKER BUS. Her body literally goes FLYING.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

And you woulda thought an overdose.

And we're OUT.