

WANTED

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Based on the graphic novel by Mark Millar

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2/23/07

EXT. WESLEY'S NEIGHBORHOOD, CHICAGO - DAY

A seedy part of town where the APARTMENT BUILDINGS are built just feet from the ELEVATED TRACKS of the 'L' TRAIN. One of which rumbles by every few minutes. Like NOW...

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

...After the TRAIN passes, we find ourselves listening to noises. A RHYTHMIC CREAKING. GRUNTS AND GROANS.

BARRY and CATHY are having sex on the kitchen table.

If sex can be beautiful, this is NOT that. Everything about the image - from the CHEAP DANGLY BRACELETS on her arms to the SWEAT STAIN on the back his POLYESTER DRESS SHIRT to the sound the PLASTIC TABLECLOTH MAKES - is borderline repulsive.

WESLEY (V.O.)

This is my best friend having sex with my girlfriend on top of a table I got on Ebay for a very reasonable price.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DELI COUNTER - DAY

WESLEY GIBSON stands in line with Barry, getting ready to order. They're laughing at one of Barry's jokes.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Here I am grabbing lunch with him a few days later and pretending not to know about it.

DELI CLERK #1

Who's next?

Wesley is. But some GUY who has just walked up jumps in first.

GUY

I am.

Wesley looks at Barry, who is distracted by some GIRL, and thus didn't notice this snub.

WESLEY (V.O.)

I tell myself the guy probably thought we had ordered.

The Guy glances at Wesley. No, he didn't.

DELI CLERK #2

(to Wesley)

What do you need, buddy?

WESLEY

Sesame-crusteD salmon on sourdough
with extra greens and mustard, please.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Everyone knows salmon is rich in Omega-
3's. And this is the week, I swear--

WESLEY

(to Barry)

--I'm going to start hitting the gym.

Barry pats him firmly on the shoulder.

BARRY

Who's the man?

WESLEY (V.O.)

I am. I'm the man.

INT. SUPERMARKET - PHARMACY AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Wesley watches the PHARMACIST look through the orders.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Never mind the fact I'm on my doctor's
tenth...

PHARMACIST

You said there were two?

WESLEY (V.O.)

And eleventh attempt to quell my
occasional runaway heart-rate. If
they really were the panic attacks he
thinks they are, one of his wonder
pills would have worked by now.

The Pharmacist comes back with one bottle and one form.

PHARMACIST

We don't have the Luvox. You'll have
to come back Monday.

Wesley collects his bottle of "Ativan" and signs the form
FRED FLINTSTONE. He SMIRKS when the Pharmacist doesn't
bother to look. TURNS to see Barry PERUSING THE CONDOMS.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Besides, in order to have a panic
attack, first you have to care.

EXT. WESLEY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Wesley walking to the 'L' stop in his business attire, ignoring the THREE CHOLOS who hassle him...

WESLEY (V.O.)

About how every couple of days you're harassed by semi-literate fucks.

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wesley lying awake as Cathy snores.

WESLEY (V.O.)

About all the blow-jobs you're not getting.

INT. WESLEY'S CUBICLE - LARGE ACCOUNTING FIRM - DAY

Wesley in the middle of being lectured by his boss, JANICE. Her voice is a FAINT MURMUR right now, but she looks angry.

WESLEY (V.O.)

About the fact you're publicly flogged by your boss every time her boss chews her fat ass out.

(calm)

But I don't.

JANICE'S VOICE snaps in at FULL VOLUME--

JANICE

Hell, why not just take a dump in your hands, fork it over and say, "this is the best I'm gonna give you, Janice."

He glances down at his hand -- STEADY as a rock. It pulls him and us back into the world where her voice is FAINT.

WESLEY (V.O.)

See? Like magic.

JANICE (FAINT)

This is America. We live for our jobs. Die for our jobs. But not you!

BANG. A noise distracts Wesley and interrupts his state of reverie. It's a BUILDING MAINTENANCE WORKER putting up plywood in the corner office using a STAPLE GUN.

WESLEY (V.O.)

In fact, about the only things that do seem to bother me...

BANG. Wesley grows more irritated. A new NOISE creeps in. It's Wesley's HEARTBEAT. And it's beginning to speed up.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Are crude noises. Like when some
asshole...

JANICE (FAINT)
Hell, Rochelle is a better accountant
than you...

BANG. Wesley's heartbeat is flying now.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Plays Rambo with his staple gun.

JANICE (FAINT)
And she's autistic!

BANG! SUDDENLY EVERYTHING AROUND WESLEY IS IN SLOW MOTION.

This is one of his 'ATTACKS.' A CO-WORKER moves like a glacier. The STAPLE GUN fires as if it were in molasses. The WALL CLOCK ticks one second for every five Wesley feels.

AND JUST LIKE THAT -- IT'S OVER. Life is back at FULL-SPEED.

JANICE (O.S.)
Do you want to lose this job?

Wesley taking a beat. The maintenance guy is done. The world looks normal. And Janice is waiting for an answer.

JANICE
Wesley? Do you want to lose this job?

WESLEY
No, I don't, Janice. You're
completely right. I'm very sorry.

Satisfied with Wesley's contrition, Janice walks off, past Wesley's CO-WORKERS, including Barry, who've seen the ass-chewing. Wesley reaches for the ATIVAN. He sighs, EXHAUSTED. Even his VOICE has lost it's edge:

WESLEY (V.O.)
My name is Wesley Gibson. My mother
died last spring. My father walked
out on us when I was nine days old.
Did he look into my baby-blues and
realize he'd just fathered one of the
most insignificant assholes of the
21st century?

EXT. A WOODED AREA - OUTSIDE CHICAGO - DAY

Peace and tranquility. A small pond with ducks.

A HUNTER sets up in a duck blind. He assembles a tripod (*odd*), sets a SNIPER RIFLE on it (*very odd!*) and aims. His wristwatch ALARM scatters the ducks, sends them SKYWARD.

SNIPERSCOPE POV

A big Mallard flies into view, blocking for an instant the SKYSCRAPERS in the distance.

THE HUNTER

Fires. We hear the WHINE of the bullet as it slices through the air. But it MISSES the duck.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - SAME TIME

A man (MR. X) climbs up from an underground 'L' station. We see him ONLY from behind. He's well-dressed and lean.

He walks towards A SKYSCRAPER. Our view of him BLOCKED by a lightpole, then a hotdog vendor, then people in the crowd.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. X's finger presses the '53' button.

INT. 53RD FLOOR - CORRIDOR

FOLLOW MR. X as he makes his way through DOOR AFTER DOOR towards an OFFICE at the end of the hall.

It's marked: '*Puja Textiles -- Import/Export.*'

INT. PUJA'S OFFICE - DAY

PUJA, an Indian woman dressed in a *sari* with a red bindi on her forehead, sits behind a desk, talking on the PHONE. There are TEXTILE SAMPLES on display all around the room.

Her DOOR OPENS, and when she realizes who it is SHE HANGS UP without a word. Mr. X skirts the floor-to-ceiling windows and stands in the only shadowy, protected spot in the room.

MR. X

Well?

Puja slides a FOLDER across the desk.

MR. X

What about electronic records? DMV,
bills--

PUJA

Altered or deleted as Sloan requested.
If anyone looks for him, they'll find
a disc jockey in Wisconsin.

Mr. X (still unseen) collects the FOLDER. He looks up at Puja and sees HER RED BINDI start to MOVE. There's a SECOND DOT on her forehead now.

MR. X

GET DOWN!!!--

--A SNIPER'S BULLET pierces the window, RIPPING into her third eye, VAPORIZING everything above her eyebrows.

INTERCUT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

MR. X races away from her office, SHOVING people out of his way as barrels down the corridor.

He REACHES the elevator and press the button -- DING -- the door opens. He walks inside and turns BACK AROUND...

He's not fleeing. He's creating as long a runway for himself as possible.

MR. X breaks into a full sprint, racing for Puja's Office. His velocity whips up office papers as he thunders by like a locomotive.

INT. PUJA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. X. LEAPS ONTO PUJA'S DESK, using it as a ramp with such force that it BREAKS as he PUSHES OFF of it...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SKYSCRAPER - FIFTY FLOORS UP - DAY

The city skyline is REFLECTED in the mirrored glass of Puja's office. Only the tiny hole from the sniper's bullet let's us know we're even looking at a WINDOW. But then--

SMASH!

Mr. X comes flying out of it! Glass shards covering his body as he HURTLES, 500 feet above the city, and draws a PAIR OF HI-TECH GUNS.

ANGLE OVER HIS SHOULDER: as he fires both guns, sending DUAL ROUNDS seemingly harmlessly AWAY from the building...

But on his FOLLOW-THROUGH gun draw he TWISTS HIS WRISTS INWARD, like a baseball pitcher throwing a curveball...

AND NOW WE REALIZE THE BULLETS ARE CURVING BACK AROUND LIKE TWO HEAT-SEEKING MISSILES!

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ACROSS THE STREET

Thup! thup! -- His shots punch two neat little bindi dots in the foreheads of TWO MARKSMEN hiding on the roof from where they just killed Puja. They die identically as she did.

REVERSE ANGLE of another MARKSMAN, seeing X coming.

MARKSMAN #1

..oh shit...

The man gathers his courage and returns fire as--

MR. X - SAILING THROUGH SPACE

nears the roof -- but the angle is wrong! X falls short! He yells as he tumbles OUT OF VIEW.

The surviving MARKSMEN -- five in all -- can't believe their luck. They run to the ledge, but when they peek over...

There is no red splat on the ground. Then they notice bits of glass falling from a BROKEN WINDOW one floor below.

MARKSMAN #1

Fu--

Thup! -- a perfect little hole PUNCHES through #1's forehead. As he falls over the edge, we BOOM UP TO REVEAL: MR. X -- standing behind the remaining four Marksmen -- guns in fists.

Thup! Thup! Two more bloody bindis.

Next in line, MARKSMAN #2 drops his gun and covers his forehead with his hands. So Mr. X shoots him in the nuts and, when #2 drops his hands to clutch his crotch, *thup!* Finishes #2 with that same head shot.

The LAST MARKSMAN cowers behind a duct. X KNOCKS him to the ground, then towers over him, aiming at his forehead.

And for the first time, Mr. X is REVEALED. Six feet of chiseled, feral muscle. An angel of death come to fight.

MR. X

Never send sheep to kill a wolf.

LAST MARKSMAN
(mumbling, looking down)
We're just the decoys, man. Just the
motherfucking decoys...

MR. X stops at those words. What? He looks DOWN to see he
is standing on A CHALK MARK. A WHITE CROSS. Oh shit...

SFX: A DISTINCTIVE WHINE. COMING IN FAST.

MR. X looks up just as -- SHWWWAKK! -- a GEYSER OF BLOOD AND
BRAINS SPLATTERS CAMERA, AND WE FREEZE FRAME!

DOLLY AROUND through the frozen moment, through a cloud of a
thousand paused blood droplets. We see a HUMONGOUS HOLE IN
X'S HEAD. His body stands there, not realizing it's dead.

TILT DOWN to see the marksman cringing away from the
gigantic rifle round -- which trails a tail of gore behind it
-- and is frozen an inch from his face.

Then, the scene begins to play IN REVERSE. We FOLLOW THE
RIFLE ROUND BACK THROUGH THE HOLE IN MR.X's HEAD AND...

EXT. CHICAGO - BULLET FLIGHT - CONTINUED

Then back OVER the city, mile after mile, in the blink of an
eye. Until it reaches a familiar area of woods, miles away.

EXT. WOODED AREA - OUTSIDE CHICAGO - DAY

Where the bullet passes BACKWARDS by that DUCK, also flying
BACKWARDS, and then arcs down INTO barrel of the...

HUNTER'S RIFLE

Apparently the Mallard wasn't the target after all. And, as
we look into the HUNTER'S EYE, we hear a woman's voice:

FOX (V.O.)
It was Cross.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - A LITTLE LATER

Three NEW FIGURES stand at the scene of Mr. X's death. Two
men: ANTON and KANG. One woman: FOX. Fox crouches,
indicates a bit of CHALK the wind hasn't blown away yet.

FOX
Sloan is right. Cross is hunting us.

Anton steps on the dead marksmen with no regard.

KANG

Where the hell did he fire from?

ANTON

It's Cross. He could have fired from the moon. Point is he didn't miss!

Fox is collecting the contents of the FOLDER.

FOX

Actually, the point is he killed X, but *didn't* come for the folder. Which means he didn't need it. Which means he *already knows*...

Kang and Anton's faces fall.

INT. WESLEY'S CUBICLE - SAME TIME

Wesley is asleep at his desk.

WESLEY (V.O.)

If I look tired, it's because I had my usual 7 AM wake-up call...

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

MUSIC wakes him. It's a GREEK FOLK BALLAD, playing in one of his unseen neighbor's apartments across the tracks.

WESLEY

(groggy)

Every morning. The same fucking song.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Which would have been fine if I hadn't been up all night with Cathy...

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT BEFORE

Cathy is sobbing. Wesley, unsure what to do.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Consoling her after she broke down and confessed to fucking no less than twenty-two different guys in the eleven months we've been together.

Cathy looks up at him.

CATHY

I want us to try for a baby. I think if you made that kind of commitment to
(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)
me, I wouldn't need the validation of
these constant affairs.

Wesley stares at her; utterly terrified.

RESUME INT. WESLEY'S CUBICLE

Wesley JERKS up. Awakened. And still sort of terrified. He RESUMES working on the spreadsheet open on his computer as Janice walks by, SHAKING her head at him.

WESLEY (V.O.)
One in ten people have an abusive
boss.

Barry PATS him on the shoulder as he walks by.

BARRY
Who's the man?

WESLEY (V.O.)
One in five have a cheating partner.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - ATM - NIGHT

Wesley hits the "Quick Cash" button. A message comes up on the screen: "Insufficient Funds. Balance: \$14.67. Would you like another transaction?"

WESLEY (V.O.)
I was supposed to be a millionaire by
twenty four.

Wesley clicks "Yes" and tries to withdraw \$10 from checking. The machine BLEATS. "Withdrawals must be made in increments of \$20. Would you like another transaction?"

Wesley yanks his card out in frustration.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Instead I'm fighting with the ATM.

INT. SUPERMARKET - AISLE

Wesley picks up the cheapest pasta he can find.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Eating like a college freshman.

INT. SUPERMARKET - PHARMACY

Wesley slides that second prescription into the tray.

WESLEY (V.O.)

And popping more pills than an octogenarian--

A HAND snatches the prescription from the tray and CRUMBLES it up. WESLEY looks from the HAND up the ARM and sees FOX.

FOX

You don't need that anymore.

WESLEY

Excuse me?

Her DEMEANOR is all-business. She doesn't want to ALARM Wesley, but like a soldier, she knows every second counts.

FOX

You don't need it, Wesley. Never did.

WESLEY

Do I know you?

FOX

I think you'd remember. Now I want you to listen to me very carefully--

WESLEY

I'm going to have to ask for my prescription back.

No time to dawdle, Fox draws her GUN.

FOX

Make sure you say, "please."

Wesley raises his hands, terrified. Fox is annoyed.

FOX

I'm not robbing you, I'm your ride. You're in danger--

WESLEY

Is this some kind of joke?--

FOX

(re: his basket of groceries)
No, a *joke* is you cooking for that twenty-two timing girlfriend of yours. So be a good boy and come with me...

...But then CROSS rounds the corner behind them onto their aisle, a full-auto .50 cal in each hand!

Caught in the middle, Wesley's eyes go wide as FOX starts firing RIGHT PAST HIS HEAD -- BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! -- forcing Cross to take cover on the far side of the aisle.

She then SHOVES Wesley out of harm's way.

FOX

MOVE!

Wesley tumbles aside just as CROSS comes back up firing, a killing machine. Wesley's heart kicks into hyperdrive...

WESLEY'S POV

As the world SLOWS. It's another one of his 'attacks.'

The pasta aisle EXPLODES IN A SLOW-MOTION AVALANCHE OF BULLETS AND DRY NOODLES as Fox and Cross shoot it out. Panicking, Wesley runs through the surreal slow-mo warzone.

On opposite sides of the aisle, a BOX OF CEREAL and a JUG OF MILK detonate simultaneously, and Wesley ducks the debris trails of both as they meet and SWIRL deliciously in mid-air.

RESUME -- FULL SPEED -- FOX

Blasts away from the BEVERAGE AISLE, moving with great agility, but clearly WORKING HARD -- giving it her all.

CROSS

Looks formidable by comparison. He moves like Barishnikov -- steady, calm. Utterly fearless.

FOX

Tries to keep an eye on the fleeing Wesley as she continues to fire. With impressive dexterity, she manages to sidestep AROUND and OVER the fountains of exploding beverages all around her.

AVOIDING all the cascading liquid...

...except for when a bottle of HEINEKEN gets hit, and she takes a QUICK SIP...

...before seeing WESLEY escape out the front of the store.

FOX

Idiot!

EXT. MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Wesley bursts outside. His heart RACING. Sweat POURING down his face. He runs across the PARKING LOT...

BEHIND HIM, Cross exits the store and hurls some Yuppie out of his Range Rover. Cross doesn't have far to go to get...

WESLEY, who looks back over his shoulder to see the oncoming Range Rover when...

FOX

Wesley...

FOX screeches to a STOP directly in front of Wesley, whose momentum Fox knows will cause him to SMACK right into the side of her car, and FLIP, heels over head, into the PASSENGER'S SEAT.

FOX

(deadpan)

Get in.

Fox BURNS FORWARD OUT OF THE WAY just as THE RANGE ROVER THUNDERS PAST, missing them by an inch and SMASHING A SHOPPING CART RIGHT AT CAMERA!!

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUED

FOX expertly weaves in and around traffic on a major avenue.

INT. SIROCCO - SAME

Fox SEES the demon Rover quickly gaining on them in her rear-view mirror. A SIGN ahead indicates they are coming up to the FREEWAY.

WESLEY

What the hell is going on?!

FOX

Do me a favor -- shut-up.

Wesley looks behind them. Even from this far away, he can hear Cross STOMP the gas -- BRRRR-R-R-OOOOM!

WESLEY

Who is that?!

FOX

You don't want to know.

WESLEY

Yes, I do want to know!!

FOX

His name is Cross and he's probably
the single most lethal person alive.

WESLEY

(beat)

I could've done without knowing that.

BOOM! BOOM! .50 caliber slugs SHATTER the REAR WINDSHIELD.
The back of the Sirocco is riddled with holes.

FOX

Come on... Come on...

She means the FREEWAY ON-RAMP, which is just ahead now. ONLY
before they can reach it...

...There is suddenly an opening in traffic, which means Cross
can get a CLEAR SHOT on the VW...

BOOM! BOOM! Rounds pummel the car. One bullet passes over
Fox's shoulder and BLOWS OUT the WINDSHIELD.

FOX

HANG ON-!

With a SCREECH of tires, Fox SWERVES aggressively and heads
up the FREEWAY RAMP...

The OFF-RAMP. Fox has CHOSEN to GO THE WRONG WAY.

EXT. FREEWAY RAMP - THE RANGE ROVER

Almost doesn't make the turn. It goes up precariously on two-
wheels before Cross gets it back under control and continues
his pursuit.

INT. SIROCCO - CONTINUOUS

Oncoming TRAFFIC streaks by at the speed of light. FOX
zigzags through the meteor shower of headlights and blaring
horns.

In the SIDE VIEW MIRROR, she can see Cross staying with them.
Worse, he's benefitting from the path they cut in the
oncoming assault of vehicles. Fox KNOWS she needs to think
of something -- FAST.

WESLEY

Why is he doing this?!

FOX

He wants to kill you before you kill him.

WESLEY

I'M A ACCOUNTANT!?!?

FOX SWERVES into the emergency lane to give them a break in the traffic.

FOX

Yeah. But until earlier this morning, Cross wasn't the most lethal man in the world...

She DRAWS HER GUNS and -- -- *BLAM! BLAM!* -- blasts the Sirocco's tempered glass roof into a BILLION BITS.

FOX (CONT'D)

Your father was.

(off Wesley's stunned look)

Take the wheel!

She STANDS up and begins FIRING backwards at Cross as Wesley gawks, safety glass tinkling down around him.

WESLEY

But -!!

His protests are cut off as Fox UNLOADS at the Rover. *BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!* No choice, Wesley slides behind the wheel.

WESLEY'S POV

They are angling back into oncoming traffic! He has to dodge cars that are closing in at a rate of more than 100 MPH!

FOX

continues to fire. *BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!* The Rover's hood / headlights / radiator perforate like Swiss cheese. But the monster SUV won't die. Surges closer.

EXT. FREEWAY - WIDE - NIGHT

As CAMERA moves up, away from Fox, and TILTS UP to give us the VIEW OF WHAT'S AHEAD:

There's an ACCIDENT. All the lanes are blocked. And there's a TOW TRUCK, starting a U-TURN.

INT. SIROCCO - CONTINUED

Fox FINISHES OFF her first two guns. The instant they are out of ammunition, she TOSSES them like daggers...

...They SMASH into the Range Rover's windshield...

And she draws her two back-up weapons to continue firing!

FOX

I'm running out of guns! You have to lose him!

But Wesley has his own concern. The headlights are suddenly GONE. And, though he's grateful for the break, he can see the ACCIDENT ahead. The entire freeway is a WALL.

WESLEY

Oh, shit...

One of Fox's last two guns RUNS out of bullets.

FOX

You can do this, Wesley!

Wesley sees there is NOWHERE to go. He panics.

FOX

Wesley!

Wesley is frozen in fear. A wall of cars ahead!

FOX

WESLEY!

The LAST BULLET chambers itself in Fox's gun -- and with it SHE FIRES DOWN: shooting a bullet BETWEEN Wesley's legs!

WESLEY'S POV

Fox's trick did it. Now he sees the world in SLOW-MOTION.

And he spies that TOW TRUCK, moving into the emergency lane -- with its ramp coming down!

INT. SIROCCO

Wesley JERKS the wheel, ANGLING for the TOW TRUCK.

Fox dives back in her seat as...

THEY hit the Tow Truck's ramp at FULL SPEED!

EXT. FREEWAY

The Sirocco VAULTS INTO THE AIR...

Sailing OVER THE DIVIDER -- on a collision course with the side of...

A CITY BUS cruising in the carpool lane!

SLOW MOTION INSERT - THE BUS DRIVER'S SIDEVIEW MIRROR

The Sirocco FLIES through the air towards the bus, ROTATING on its axis 90 degrees!

In the little bubble mirror, we can see the BUS DRIVER'S expression of horror as the flying car gets NEARER AND --

BACK TO SHOT

--Slams WHEELS FIRST onto the side of the BUS!

The force of the impact KNOCKS the bus on *its* side, effectively RIGHTING the Sirocco...

Which then HOPS OFF and continues down the road UNSCATHED as THE BUS scrapes and spins to a stop; BLOCKING the road.

EXT. ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE FREEWAY

Cross SWERVES to stop -- has to abandon the chase.

EXT. FREEWAY OFF-RAMP - MOMENTS LATER

The SIROCCO comes barreling down the ramp like a runaway train. Its brakes fully locked - smoking as they bite.

The car comes to a PERFECT STOP at a traffic light. Wesley is breathless, shaking -- looks like death warmed over.

FOX

Nice job.

WESLEY

Thanks, now if you'll excuse me, I am getting the fuck out of this car--

POW! -- FOX knocks him out with the butt of her gun.

TO BLACK

INT. FRATERNITY - REPAIR SHOP ROOM

Close on WESLEY, lying unconscious on a large work table. DRIP. DRIP. A few drops of Vodka land on Wesley's eyes.

WESLEY'S POV

His eyes open. Adjust to an image in front of him. It's furry and brown... AND BLOODY!

WESLEY

jerks up at the sight of a DEAD RAT with a PAIR OF FLIES buzzing around it! FOX AND ANTON stand there watching him. Anton screws the cap back on his SILVER FLASK of VODKA.

SLOAN (O.S.)
It's okay, Wesley.

SLOAN walks out from the shadows.

SLOAN
You're in no danger here. I apologize for meeting like this, but events have unfolded rather quickly. I'm having your father's assets transferred to your account, they are substantial--

WESLEY
Who are you? How the hell do you all know who I am?--

SLOAN
My name is Sloan. Our resident rat-catcher here is Anton. And, given she's not much for talking, allow me to introduce your rescuer, Fox.

WESLEY
Rescue...!?

FOX
I told him about Cross and his father.
(droll)
I don't think he believed me.

Sloan calculates exactly what he's going to say and do next. He begins by reaching into his POCKET for something...

SLOAN
Wesley, we know who you are because we worked with your father. You're here because the man who killed him...

...It's a CLIP. He loads it into a black IMANISHI HANDGUN.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

...The man who then tried to kill you,
thinks you are capable of stopping him
-- and I think he's right.

Snap! The clip locks into place.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, you won't believe me
any more than you did Fox so...

Sloan raises the GUN...

WESLEY

Jesus Christ?!

Sloan SLIDES the gun across the table to Wesley.

SLOAN

Shoot the wings off those flies.

Meaning the TWO FLIES buzzing around the rat.

WESLEY

Wh--what?!

Sloan GLANCES at Fox. In a BLUR, she DRAWS HER OWN GUN and
puts it right at WESLEY'S TEMPLE. Wesley is TERRIFIED.

FOX

On three. Either you shoot or I do.

She COCKS her gun, and when she does the WORLD SLOWS DOWN for
Wesley. He's having one of his 'ATTACKS.'

SLOAN

What you're feeling is your heart
pumping in excess of 400 beats a
minute. Sending copious amounts of
Adrenaline through your bloodstream.

FOX

One...

Wesley, terrified, AIMS at the FLIES, which are now BARELY
moving at all.

SLOAN

It's triggered by noises and
situations your mind perceives as a
(MORE)

SLOAN (CONT'D)
threat. The sound of an explosion.
The feel of a gun to your head.

FOX
Two...

Wesley squints. He can see each beat of the flies' wings.

SLOAN
It allows you to react hundreds of
times faster than normal. It improves
your senses. Makes your coordination
as sharp as a razor blade.

FOX
Three--

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

And we're BACK TO NORMAL TIME. Wesley has fired four times.

FOX, SLOAN and ANTON look to see how he did. When they turn
back, WESLEY is POINTING THE GUN AT THEM.

WESLEY
Just stay where you are!

ANTON
Are you totally mental?! Cross will
spray your brains all over the
sidewalk--

SLOAN
It's alright, Anton.
(to Wesley, paternally)
Those aren't panic attacks, son. It's
a rare genetic gift you inherited from
your father. Every "Weaver" has it.

Wesley ANGLES for the door.

WESLEY
Don't follow me!

SLOAN
It's why Cross fears you. He knows
with proper training, you would be
literally unstoppable.

WESLEY
I mean it!

SLOAN

After all, how many accountants do you know that can do that:

Wesley glances and can't believe his eyes. The TWO FLIES ARE ALIVE BUT WINGLESS, buzzing angrily on the table.

For a moment, Wesley hesitates. Then common sense returns and he BACKS out the door, still aiming at them.

FOX

(to Wesley)

Six weeks with me -- you'll have the balls to pull that trigger.

Then he's GONE. Fox and Anton look at Sloan.

FOX

I'll stop him--

SLOAN

Let him go. Give it time to sink in.

INT. FRATERNITY - MAIN TEXTILE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Wesley is SHOCKED and DISORIENTED to find himself on the DARKENED FLOOR of a massive TEXTILE PLANT. There are dozens of massive LOOMS, fed by TALL TOWERS of thread, all currently off, like sleeping dinosaurs.

Wesley races for the door...

EXT. FRATERNITY - NIGHT

He comes out into a COURTYARD that features an odd collection of GARMENT VANS mixed with the occasional SHOT-UP VEHICLE. One massive man (THE REPAIRMAN) is working on FOX'S CAR. His BLOW-TORCH glows in the night.

Wesley sprints across the courtyard and out the front gate...

EXT. GARMENT DISTRICT - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

He finds himself smack in the middle of the city's textile quarter, having emerged from a building that looks more like a medieval fortress than a modern-day GARMENT FACTORY.

He DROPS THE GUN in a trash can and RUNS OFF down the street.

SFX: COMPUTER KEYS

EXT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We can see the BLUE GLOW of a MONITOR in Wesley's place.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Put "Weavers" into Google and after
some gnarly porn sites you'd be
surprised at what comes up.

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wesley works on his computer. TIME all around him moves VERY FAST. We see Cathy come in, try to distract him, give up, go to bed -- ALL at a high rate of speed. Except for WESLEY. He's so focused, the world doesn't exist for him right now.

WESLEY (V.O.)
A culture that goes back thousands of
years. Goes back as far as man does.

SCREEN SHOTS OF WEB PAGES.

Some in different languages. From English to Sanskrit. Pictures of spiders and gods. Pictures of people READING the weave of fabric.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Trippy ancient myths about spiders and
webs and the strands of fate. And not
just one people. All peoples. The
Greeks, the Aztecs, the Chinese.

RESUME - WESLEY'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Time is marching on. Cathy snores. Wesley still hasn't moved from the computer.

WESLEY (V.O.)
People who didn't even know each other
existed all coming up with the same
story. All finding meanings and signs
in the patterns they wove.

Wesley SEES one passage that strikes him.

ON SCREEN: *And the Weavers, servants of fate. If the
Oracles are the eyes, the Weavers are the sword.*

Wesley is DISTRACTED by the STRAINS OF THAT GREEK FOLK SONG on his unseen neighbor's radio. He checks his watch: 7 AM. Time to get going.

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Wesley brushes his teeth and looks in the mirror. He PAUSES. He's different SOMEHOW.

WESLEY (V.O.)

This is me as I begin to realize the world looks a lot different once you've been shot at.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

REPORTERS do live shots from the scene of the "yesterday's big shoot-out". Among the crowd is Wesley.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Here I am starting to wonder just how much of what we all take as gospel is actually bullshit.

Wesley moves a little closer. He doesn't notice that KANG is shadowing him at a distance.

WESLEY (V.O.)

For example: The news...

REPORTER

(to her Cameraman)

Police are saying this is clearly another case of gang violence...

Wesley stares at a WANTED SHEET -- It has drawings of what are supposed to be Fox, Cross and him. But the SKETCHES look NOTHING like them. And it lists ALL THREE OF THEM as MEN.

WESLEY (V.O.)

And eye-witness accounts.

He LOOKS over -- realizes he is close to the:

EXT. SUPERMARKET - ATM - CONTINUED

Which is open for use. TEMPTED, Wesley crosses to it and puts his card in. He checks his balance... STILL \$14.67.

WESLEY (V.O.)

For a second there I almost believed them.

He's about to go when he realizes he has a SAVINGS option on the screen... THAT'S NEW...

He hits the SAVINGS button. And the machine tells him the balance is: \$ 867,144.12

Wesley stares a beat. Then, paranoid, looks around to see if anyone else can see it. He covers the screen, looks at it again. Yep, it's real.

He quickly hits the QUICK CASH OPTION and watches as three hundred bucks pops out. He prints his BALANCE.

He hurries off, didn't see ANTON watching him either.

INT. WESLEY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Wesley is comparing his PRINTED BALANCE to his ON-LINE BALANCE. Both are the same. In the BACKGROUND, we see, Janice GETTING CHEWED OUT by her boss.

WESLEY (V.O.)

As an accountant I know the odds of a banking error are 1 in 200,000.

Wesley OPENS his desk drawer, which is filled with nasal sprays, vitamins, half-eaten rolls of Tums, and that ATIVAN.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Multiply that by the probability this error will be in your favor when you haven't made an ATM deposit -- AND that it will happen the day after your supposed bad ass father has left you his estate -- and what do you get?

On Wesley's face as a smile BLOOMS.

INT. WESLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Wesley stops THE CLEANING CREW so he can dump ALL his pills, self-help books, his copy of 'the millionaire next door'...

WESLEY

Not that!

He grabs the ATM RECEIPT out of the pile. He smiles and turns, bumping right into JANICE -- whose blood is BOILING.

JANICE

Jesus H. Fucking Popsicle, what do you think you're doing?! You think you can just throw out your personal garbage in the company trash?

WESLEY

That's what it's for--

JANICE

Says who? Who authorized you to throw that stuff out?

WESLEY

I think I'm capable of deciding--

JANICE

No, you *think* you're special.

JANICE jams her FINGER into him. The world goes SLOW-MOTION.

JANICE (FAINT)

You think this job is beneath you. You think you're smarter than me...

Janice's WORDS are like the low moaning of a whale. HER FAT ROLLS, which crash like some horrible earthquake. Then HER LIPS, which spray saliva drops slowly into the air. Then HER EYES, whose red blood vessels Wesley can see blooming.

JANICE (FAINT)

You think somehow there's something better going to come along, and until then we should all feel sorry for you. Well give up, buddy boy, because you've got loser tattooed on your sorry ass--

RESUME NORMAL SPEED.

WESLEY

SHUT UP!!!!!!!!!!

It's so unbelievably stunning coming out of Wesley's mouth that it hits Janice like a slap in the face. Heads all over the office start to poke out of the tops of their cubicles.

WESLEY

I'm sorry, Janice...

Is he really going to apologize?... No.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

That since your boyfriend started fucking Darlene...

(he indicates a co-worker)

...you've been having self-esteem issues. And, well, we all know you've peaked here and that the business world isn't exactly looking for middle-aged

(MORE)

WESLEY (CONT'D)

management wannabes. Too bad you cashed in your 401K to cover those checks mom wrote to that televangelist, but hey, maybe she'll get into heaven.

(shakes his head)

The point, Janice, is if you weren't such a bitch, people around here might feel sorry for you. But as it stands now, I think I speak for the office when I say: go fuck yourself.

He walks off, heading out.

JANICE

You are so fired, mister!

Fine with him. He strides past his co-workers, who stare at him in awe. Barry steps into the aisle for a high-five...

BARRY

Who's the man?!

Wesley grabs a KEYBOARD off a desk and SMASHES Barry across the face with it, sending keys and a bloody tooth flying AT CAMERA IN SLOW-MOTION to spell "**FUCK YOU**".

WESLEY

I'm the man.

EXT. WESLEY'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Wesley comes striding out. Feeling good...

...until he feels A GUN at his neck.

FOX (O.S.)

Half-day?

The GUN drops. Wesley turns. It was FOX. He EXHALES.

WESLEY

As a matter of fact I just told my boss to fuck herself and broke my best friend's nose.

FOX

(unimpressed)

Congratulations.

She walks off, calling back to say.

FOX

Next time it might be Cross.

WESLEY

--You don't understand. This is the best I've felt in my entire life.

She stops - stares at him.

FOX

Actually, I do understand. And that's just the tip of an iceberg bigger than you could possibly imagine.

She indicates a CAR. A "new" one. Are you ready now? He nods. Yeah, he's ready. They walk for the car.

WESLEY

Plan on knocking me out?

FOX

Plan on annoying me?

INT. FOX'S NEW CAR - CONTINUOUS

Wesley settles in the passenger seat. Looks around.

WESLEY

New car?

FOX

"Pre-owned"

She jams her knife into the ignition and turns the car ON. As they DRIVE OFF, Fox ignores the car's owner, who runs after them, calling about his car.

Wesley hasn't seen that. He's too eager to think about what lies ahead. He turns and looks at her.

WESLEY

Fox. Is that your name or a title?--

Wesley's EXPRESSION changes. He goes quiet. REVEAL -- Fox has taken her knife and put it against his side. She smiles.

FOX

You really need to re-assess the way you speak to me.

SFX: A SHOP DOOR JINGLES

INT. MUSIC STORE - AFTERNOON

Wesley and Fox enter a cramped, eclectic music store. Walls lined with GUITARS, SAXOPHONES, there's even a PIANO.

WESLEY

What are we...?

But she's GONE out the jingly door. Flipped the CLOSED sign.

SLOAN (O.S.)

Still in one piece, that's good.

Wesley sees Sloan is there. Sloan takes a seat at the piano.

SLOAN

Do you play?

Wesley shakes his head.

SLOAN

Me neither.

His fingers trace a note, then a second. Nice simple tones.

SLOAN

What do you think you know?

WESLEY

Excuse me?

SLOAN

Man's greatest limits are the things he's sure he 'knows'. The world is flat. Nothing heavier than air can fly.

(He plays a note)

So, what do you know about us? I said enough to whet your appetite.

WESLEY

You're part of some organization...

Sloan plays a note, waits for Wesley to continue.

WESLEY

With historical roots...

Sloan plays another note.

WESLEY

Some kind of... assassins.

Sloan plays a sour note.

SLOAN

(reflective)

I hate that word.

Sloan closes the piano. Heads for the guitars. He plucks individual strings as he passes. He knows by not looking at Wesley he's forcing Wesley to follow close and pay attention.

SLOAN

For thousands of years the Weavers have, in our own way, helped influence the course of events around the world.

WESLEY

By killing.

SLOAN

Assassins kill for money, for power, even for sport. Weavers do no such thing. Do I wish the world had no need for us? Perhaps. But the reality of life is sometimes you need a nurse -- sometimes a surgeon.

Sloan has found a beautiful CLASSICAL GUITAR. Picks it up.

SLOAN

I could end your life fifteen different ways with this and still be able to play it at your funeral.

Wesley backs away. Sloan LAUGHS. Then Wesley LAUGHS.

SLOAN

Really.

Sloan starts playing notes on the bottom string. The 'E'.

WESLEY

How do you decide who to kill?

SLOAN

This string is an E. This one above it is an A. If I play an A note on the E string... watch closely.

ON THE GUITAR STRINGS -- Sloan plays an 'A' note on the 'E' string. That string vibrates... and interestingly enough the 'A' string then vibrates too.

SLOAN

Two strings with seemingly no connection. But I do this here...

(plays the note again)

And this string moves as well.

Because they are connected, just in a way we can't see. In fact if you plug

(MORE)

SLOAN (CONT'D)
in that Stratocaster...
(an electric guitar)
And play an A loud enough you could
make every A string in the entire
store vibrate. Or even the entire
world.

Wesley looks at the Stratocaster.

WESLEY
What does this have to do with--

He HEARS the JINGLY door and realizes SLOAN has left.

EXT. CITY CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Wesley catches up to Sloan, who is people watching.

SLOAN
How many people can we see right now?
Fifty? How many are talking to each
other, how many are even taking notice
of each other?

None. Most are on Blackberrys, cell phones, or simply
walking by each other saying nothing at all.

SLOAN
Human beings have never had more ways
to communicate, yet we've never felt
so disconnected with life. The trick
with that, Wesley, is we're like those
guitar strings. Just because we seem
disconnected, doesn't mean we are.

Fox pulls up in YET ANOTHER NEW CAR. Wesley does a double-
take; this woman steals with total impunity.

WESLEY
Is she stealing all--

FOX
Only if you believe property is
something more than a rule made up by
the haves to control the have-nots.

Sloan gets in. Wesley follows.

INT. CAR - DRIVING THROUGH THE CITY

Wesley waits for Sloan to keep talking, but he doesn't.

WESLEY
How do Weavers know who to--

They pass by Children's Hospital. Sloan indicates.

SLOAN

See that hospital? Did you know that patients in there...

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

A PATIENT recovers in a bed. LOVED ONES with her.

SLOAN (V.O.)

Or in any hospital, who have loved ones praying for them, sending them good thoughts -- recover faster than those who don't?

RESUME - THE CAR

As Wesley watches the hospital disappear from view.

SLOAN

Why?

They pass a POLICE CAR making an arrest.

SLOAN

Or take crime. People try to control it with laws, police officers. But in Washington DC, 4000 people devoted two months to meditating for peace. They did nothing more than think it -- and crime dropped 23%. How?

WESLEY

You still haven't answered my question...

SLOAN

...Two examples. Two of millions, from religion to physics, all of which tell us the same thing:

He looks out the CAR, watches a DOCTOR enter a restaurant.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Human beings are not living isolated lives. We are infinitely connected.

WESLEY

How do you decide--

SLOAN
I just told you how.
(beat)
The rest is mechanics.

BEGIN LOOM SEQUENCE:

AN EXTREME CLOSE-UP -- OF FABRIC

As it comes out of a loom (WE DON'T SEE). In fact, we're so close we might not even be sure it's fabric. Just an intricate and colorful pattern. Delicate and amazing.

SLOAN (V.O.)
Think about your life as part of a whole. Your actions and thoughts vibrating through the universe...

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Where that DOCTOR Sloan just saw moments ago is now having lunch with his teary-eyed MISTRESS.

SLOAN (V.O.)
...Like the strings of a guitar,
causing others to vibrate in turn.

MISTRESS
I know it's yours. Are you going to tell your wife?

DOCTOR
No, she'll take every penny.

The Mistress shakes her head, heartbroken he's seeming to side with his wife. But then the Doctor shocks her:

DOCTOR
(smiles)
I'm going to kill her.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP -- THE FABRIC

A tiny ABERRATION begins to form in the pattern. Like the first indications of an earthquake on a seismograph.

SLOAN (V.O.)
Information about the past, the present and the future flowing between everyone on the planet like radio waves.

EXT. FRATERNITY BUILDING - COURTYARD

Fox has parked. She and Sloan lead Wesley towards the main building. The REPAIRMAN has finished fixing Fox's SIROCCO.

INT. HOSPITAL - MEDICAL SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

The DOCTOR takes a VIAL of MEDICINE/POISON and slips it into his white coat. He CLOSES the door, sees a NURSE is there.

NURSE

Oh. Do you need anything, Doctor--

DOCTOR

Fine. Thanks.

He walks past her. She's not sure what she just saw. But as a WORRIED LOOK CROSSES HER FACE...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP -- THE FABRIC

That ABERRATION in the pattern grows LARGER. As if amplified by the Nurse's thoughts.

SLOAN (V.O.)

So the only question becomes -- how do you read this information?

INT. FRATERNITY TEXTILE PLANT - DAY

Sloan and Fox lead Wesley across the production floor, which is NOW throbbing with life. LOOMS running, thread being loaded onto spools... A vibrant, colorful, and noisy world.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOCKERS

The DOCTOR has changed to go home. One of his DOCTOR-FRIENDS asks him.

DOCTOR-FRIEND

Everything okay?

DOCTOR

(lies with impunity)

It's just my wife. She's been really depressed. And I'm afraid she might do something to herself.

The DOCTOR-FRIEND'S concerned LOOK...

EXTREME CLOSE UP - THE FABRIC

Makes the ABERRATION grow large enough now that an UNSEEN SENSOR scanning over the fabric notices this new pattern.

SLOAN (V.O.)

How do you pick-up on what's happening
to our collective selves?

A WASH OF INFRA-RED LIGHT COMES ON -- scans it in detail.

INT. FRATERNITY BUILDING - DARK STAIRCASE

Sloan and Fox take Wesley down to the basement...

INT. DOCTOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Anxious and excited with what's to come, the DOCTOR cuts someone off in traffic...

EXTREME CLOSE UP - THE FABRIC

With each person the Doctor affects, the PATTERN GROWS. And now, in the wash of INFRA-RED LIGHT, a LASER SEEMS TO LOCK ONTO the PATTERN...

SLOAN (V.O.)

How do you tune-in fate?

This LASER begins to BURN some kind of WRITING into a bit of blank fabric at the very bottom of the pattern.

INT. FRATERNITY BUILDING - DOOR TO THE LOOM OF FATE ROOM

Sloan and Fox open the door for Wesley.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - THE FABRIC

As the LASER finishes its writing. And this bottom piece of fabric is then carved off by a computer-guided BLADE...

The piece falls to the GROUND. On it we see:

"William R. Hubbard" -- Followed by a series of numbers representing an astrological birthdate.

SLOAN

hands it to Wesley, who stares at it.

SLOAN

After all, we are called 'Weavers.'

Wesley LOOKS UP -- AND WE FINALLY GET A LOOK AT THE LOOM:

It's an awesome sight. A mixture of old and new. A massive rickety loom, fed by dozens of spools of thread, looking almost like a giant musical instrument.

But then the fabric that comes out of it is pulled by mechanized rollers and stretched long over a GLASS TABLE with DOZENS OF HIGH-TECH INFRA-RED AND ULTRAVIOLET SENSORS scanning and re-scanning every inch -- like something out of the FBI CRIME LAB.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - BROWNSTONE - DINNER TIME

The Doctor (Bill Hubbard) is outside his apartment. He can see his WIFE inside through the living room windows. She WAVES and smiles. He WAVES, the VIAL hidden in his hand.

He walks up the steps, puts his keys in the door and then...

PFFFT!...

Is shot dead by a silenced bullet. The VIAL of poison rolls down the stairs and into a SEWER DRAIN as...

ANTON disappears into the shadows.

INT. LOOM OF FATE ROOM

Wesley looks at Fox and Sloan. Awestruck.

WESLEY

What about laws? What about -- governments?

SLOAN

All fine. All useful.

FOX

Like fences. They keep the sheep from straying off the land.

SLOAN

To be one of us is to realize almost everything around people is artificial and meaningless. It's to be strong enough to guide and guard what is really going on, and to accept you'll never be able to explain that to anyone. That's what we've done for thousands of years. It's what your

(MORE)

SLOAN (CONT'D)
father died for. And it's what Cross
wants to destroy.

SFX: RAPID FIRE GUNSHOTS

INT. FRATERNITY BUILDING - SHOOTING RANGE

Cadavers hang where you'd expect to find paper targets.
They're being BLASTED apart by Fox as Wesley and Kang watch.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Now, before anyone complains, I want
to stress these people were all dead
before we shot them.

Fox checks the gun, makes sure it is empty, before handing it
over to Wesley. He LOADS in a clip, raises the gun, but...

There's something about the corpse of the SOCCER MOM swinging
back and forth like a pinata that makes him HESITATE.

WESLEY
I can't shoot a dead soccer mom.

FOX
If you can't shoot a dead person what
are you going to do with a live one?

Wesley TRIES... but still can't do it.

FOX
Kang, go get some puppies. We'll
start there--

WESLEY
(horrified)
Okay, okay...

Wesley aims at the SOCCER MOM. Breathes.

KANG
Remember, Wes. It's what you were
born to do.

Something about that makes Wesley smile... and suddenly he
begins to FIRE... BANG -- BANG -- BANG...

WESLEY (V.O.)
It was effortless...

His firing motion is smooth. His aim excellent. Kang looks
at Fox -- he's good. Fox remains deadpan.

WESLEY (V.O.)

All I had to do was imagine Soccer Mom driving in her SUV, on her cellphone, cutting me off in traffic.

He runs out of bullets.

WESLEY

Clip?

Kang gives him another CLIP. He LOADS it, keeps FIRING.

WESLEY (V.O.)

I didn't see them as lovable grandpas sold for medical research. I saw my alcoholic social studies teacher.

WESLEY

Clip?

FOX

That's enough.

But WESLEY KEEPS GOING. Starts on other "targets."

WESLEY (V.O.)

I saw the guy who kicked my ass for scratching his precious mustang. The chick who said no when I asked her to a movie.

FOX

Wesley.

Wesley's REALLY into it now. Targets getting blown apart like clay pigeons.

WESLEY (V.O.)

The neighbor whose dog pissed all over my newspaper. That asshole from the Oxyclean infomercial--

--SNATCH! Fox GRABS the weapon out of Wesley's hands.

FOX

When I say, 'enough,' you either stop or take one in the balls, clear?

He nods. Now it's silence. Then the BOTTOM HALF OF SOCCER MOM falls off. Wesley and Kang start to laugh. Fox doesn't.

WESLEY

What? I thought that was pretty good.

FOX

Your draw is terrible and it takes you
about an hour to load a clip.

WESLEY (V.O.)

I spend my mornings developing my
coordination...

INT. FRATERNITY - MAIN TEXTILE FLOOR

Fox has Wesley at one of the LOOMS on the main production
floor -- it has been MODIFIED for 'training.'

CLOSE ON THE LOOM -- As a dozen razor sharp shuttles FIRE
BACK AND FORTH faster than the eye can follow.

And behind one of them is a SLENDER GOLDEN THREAD.

FOX

Like this...

She manages to reach in and GRAB the thread. She then
watches as Wesley takes a turn.

He focuses, SQUINTS, and TRIES! It's a disaster. His hand
takes a nice slice across the palm.

FOX

Don't squint like Mr. Magoo.

WESLEY

Put a gun to my head so I can see
things slow--

FOX

The term is 'assassin time' and you
need to go in and out of it at will,
not exclusively when you have a gun to
your head!

He nods. Tries again... Fails. Gets an ever bigger SLICE
of flesh taken out of his forearm.

WESLEY

Fuck!

WESLEY (V.O.)

My afternoons are devoted to physical
conditioning...

INT. FRATERNITY - CONDITIONING AREA

They've converted part of an abandoned space of the plant into what appears to be a work-out area. There are weights, and sticks -- even a padded set of WALLS and a padded FLOOR.

Wesley sees the Repairman is joining Fox to help out. Wesley is stretching as Fox addresses him.

FOX

There are two limiters to performance. One is endurance. The other is pain. The Armed Forces put soldiers through Basic Training to teach them pain is a barrier you can push through, or even totally ignore--

SLAM! The Repairman PUNCHES Wesley in the gut, and then as Wesley rebounds off a padded wall, SMASHES him in the face!

WESLEY

What the fuck?!

BAM! The Repairman hits him some more...

FOX

Fortunately, we aren't limited to push-ups and five-mile runs.

...And more. Wesley resembles one of those kids' punch toys.

WESLEY (V.O.)

It crosses my mind as it bounces from one side of my skull to the other...

WESLEY

What kind of training involves having the shit kicked out of you!?

FOX

You need to lose your fear of being hit.

He drops to his knees. Holds his hands up like, 'give me a sec.' -- Wrong. POW! He's hit while he's down!

WESLEY

So you're just gonna stand there while he wails on me?

FOX

No.

Fox WALKS OFF... Leaving the Repairman to lift Wesley up and THROW HIM AGAINST THE WALL.

SFX: RUNNING WATER

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - FRATERNITY

Wesley opens his eyes and finds himself FLOATING in a coffin-sized depression, in what appears to be one of those steam rooms you'd find in Eastern Europe.

Though it's hard to see through all the mist, he does glimpse the Fraternity's usual mix of new technology (like a portable crash-cart) with old technology (like a mechanical healing chair out of the 1920's).

HONDO (O.S.)
How ya feelin', kid?

Wesley turns to see HONDO, a large, jovial man floating in the recovery bath next to his. His body covered with the same chocolate-colored fluid as Wesley's. With the added addition of a few LEECHES on his arms.

HONDO
Don't mind these. They get a bad rep. They're actually excellent for getting lactic acid out of the muscles.

He reaches out a leech covered arm to shake Wesley's hand.

HONDO
You're Wesley, right? Hondo.

WESLEY
Where are we?

HONDO
Recovery room. There's some pretty weird shit, but it gets the job done. Kinda like all of us, right?

WESLEY
Let's hope it works miracles.

HONDO
Completely. You come in here, lay like broccoli for a couple days -- leave like a new man.

FOX (O.S.)
Making friends already.

Fox appears from out of the steam. She looks impatient.

FOX
How sweet. Let's go.

WESLEY
I barely even know where I am--

She PULLS him right out of the water. The fluid drains off of Wesley's skin, revealing he's naked. He's suddenly very uncomfortable. Fox glances down just to make him more so.

FOX
Must be cold.

As she walks off. Hondo LAUGHS a big Santa-Claus laugh.

HONDO
Oh man, she likes you. Or maybe she hates you. Either way you're fucked, dude.

INT. FRATERNITY - MAIN TEXTILE FLOOR

Fox watches as Wesley is starting to CONTROL his ability to enter ASSASSIN TIME. He stares at the training loom and...

WESLEY (V.O.)
Between the daily game of sadistic hot potato...

IT SLOWS DOWN ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD

...He reaches in and GRABS the golden thread.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED

As he successfully pulls it out. He smiles. She doesn't.

FOX
Now do it ten times in a row and you'll only be ninety short of how many times I can do it. On a bad day.

WESLEY (V.O.)
And my masquerading as a human punching bag...

INT. FRATERNITY - CONDITIONING AREA

The Repairman working Wesley over; though Wesley does seem to be taking it better. Fox watching him.

WESLEY (V.O.)

...All my beliefs about my body are being re-programmed. One broken bone at a time.

FOX

You know what pain is?

WESLEY

Vividly.

FOX

It's weakness leaving the body.

WESLEY

Is there some other way it can leave, like a nice massage?

Fox actually SMILES. Wesley sees that, and for a minute he's thrilled by her smile. SLAM! The Repairman pile-drives him.

WESLEY (V.O.)

But at least I can shoot.

INT. FRATERNITY - SHOOTING RANGE

Fox watching Wesley finish hitting a SERIES of Corpses. He ejects the clip and hands the gun to Fox in a BLUR.

FOX

You forgot to re-load it--

WESLEY

No, I didn't.

She checks the weapon. He DID put a fresh clip in. He smiles. She TOSSES him the weapon back...

FOX

I want you to hit 'Taco Bell'.

She indicates a DEAD BODY in a TACO BELL UNIFORM that hangs ten feet BEHIND another corpse in a BOWLING SHIRT. Wesley starts to move laterally, to get an angle...

FOX

No. Hit him from standing right here.

Wesley looks up. The only way to hit 'Taco Bell' would be--

WESLEY

Shoot through bowling guy?

FOX

Curve your shot around him.

WESLEY

Curve my shot...?

FOX

Draw like normal, but snap your wrist like you're throwing a curveball--

WESLEY

First of all, I never learned how to throw a curveball. Daddy was too busy out killing people. And, I may have jacked-off through high-school physics but I know you can't curve bullets--

SLOAN enters just as Wesley's saying that.

SLOAN

Could've sworn I told you the things you 'know' always get you in trouble.

WESLEY

I can appreciate you might be able to *angle* a shot, a little, but...

Sloan walks DOWN the range. Right up to BOWLING SHIRT guy, and UNHOOKS him. He tosses the body aside, which would be funny, except that he then STANDS RIGHT IN ITS PLACE.

Fox DRAWS. Flicks on her LASER SIGHT so Wesley can see it's aiming right at Sloan's forehead. She flicks off the safety.

WESLEY

Are you both fucking--

BANG--BANG--BANG! Fox FIRES three shots with a twisting motion to her draw.

WESLEY

Crazy!

Wesley looks up. Sloan is standing there. Alive. He takes one perfect STEP to the side...

...REVEALING TACO BELL GUY with THREE LARGE HOLES in him.

SLOAN

(to Fox)

Lower the screen.

Fox hits a button on the wall. A thin sheet of MUSLIN descends along the back wall. It has INDIVIDUAL HOLES IN IT, spreading out on either side from the center point.

Fox and Wesley walk down the range and join Sloan...

AT THE MUSLIN SCREEN ON THE BACK WALL

By each hole there is a signature and a date.

SLOAN

These marks indicate how far our members have curved a bullet off-line, firing from that spot. Whenever a Weaver makes a new personal best, they tape over their old mark and sign their name by the new one.

ANGLE ON THE SIGNATURES

The best shooters having hit spots a good ten to twelve feet OFF THE CENTER LINE. The very best is...

WESLEY

Cross.

Right next to him is --

SLOAN

Your father.

There's one more hole near these two, then it's about three feet to the next best. Wesley tries to read that third SIGNATURE. He turns to SLOAN.

WESLEY

Is that you?

SLOAN

No. It's...

He indicates FOX, who is already leaving the room. Wesley's impressed. He turns back and LOOKS AT ALL THE NAMES...

INT. FRATERNITY - CAFETERIA AREA

We TRACK ALONG the TWENTY WEAVERS grabbing food. Wesley chatting with some we know like Sloan, Kang and Anton -- and some we don't such as IRIS, MONIX and ROBERTO.

WESLEY (V.O.)

There are two dozen regulars, and the occasional member clearly not from

(MORE)

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
around here. Sometimes they work once
a day, other times it may be two weeks
before they have an assignment. Sloan
decides who does what...

Another WEAVER comes over and whispers something in Sloan's
ear. Sloan excuses himself to leave.

ANTON
Wesley, check this out.

Anton produces a small RODENT from under the table. That
DISGUSTS most of the table.

ANTON
People think you use cheese to catch
these suckers. But they go ape-shit
for peanut butter. Now watch...

He pulls some PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE from his belt -- which
instantly sees everyone at the table recoiling with "whoas"
and "Fuckin' Anton crazy motherfucker." -- Anton then covers
a tiny bit of the EXPLOSIVE with PEANUT BUTTER.

He feeds it to the rodent, who eats it willingly. Anton then
lets the rodent go. It scurries across the floor.

Anton DRAWS his gun and FIRES. A perfect hit and -- BOOM! --
a small puff of fur. The rat is no more. ANTON laughs; food
coming out of his mouth.

KANG
You seriously need some new hobbies.

ROBERTO
Wesley, you get an assignment yet?

Wesley shakes his head.

MONIX
Don't worry, they make the first one
easy. Easy to hate and easy to kill.

IRIS
And big and slow for good measure.

KANG
Speaking of big and slow, where's
Hondo?

SLOAN'S VOICE chills the air. No one saw him come back.

SLOAN (O.S.)
He's dead.

Everyone is stunned.

SLOAN

Cross killed him while he was out on assignment last night. A clean cut right across the throat. Wesley, will you come with me please?

As Wesley GETS UP he feels the eyes of everyone on him. But only Anton, feeding another rat some explosive peanut butter, has the guts to say what's on all their minds:

ANTON

Wes. Get good fast or else...

Anton lets the rat run, fires, and ... BANG!

INT. FRATERNITY - HALLWAY

Sloan leads Wesley through a part of the grounds that looks more like a Monastery than a mid-western textile plant.

SLOAN

We're going to have to intensify your training. I'm moving you out of the spare room. I think you've earned the right to stay here now....

INT. MR. X'S ROOM - CONTINUED

...The personal space of Mr. X.

SLOAN

This room belonged to your father.

The room features book shelves dominated by old texts. A collection of historical weapons. A desk on which there is a packet of RESEARCH waiting for Wesley and the ONLY PHOTOGRAPH in the room.

It's of Mr. X, Sloan and Cross. Wesley stares at it. So that's his father.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

We were all very close.

WESLEY

What happened?

SLOAN

A month ago, a name came up. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was Cross. In all my years, I'd never
(MORE)

SLOAN (CONT'D)

seen a Weaver named. I was hoping he would accept it. After all, the heart of the Fraternity is that we do what we must do. To ignore a name is as bad as killing someone not named. But Cross didn't see it that way. He decided there must be a mistake, bad information. He decided he'd sooner destroy us all before he'd give up his life.

Sloan TAPS HIS HAND on the stack of research on the desk.

SLOAN

In here are the details of Cross' work through the years. A greatest 'hits' if you will. Learn them. Learn him.

Sloan pats Wesley on the shoulder and then LEAVES. Wesley is suddenly ALONE in the place his father called a home.

INT. MR. X'S ROOM - A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

Wesley moves from a quick glance at the CROSS FILES to the things he's more interested in -- his father's things...

He looks through the books...

Examines the old weapons...

He looks through the clothes in the closet. And TRIES one outfit on.

END DISSOLVES AS:

FOX ENTERS

A normal person might laugh at how Wesley looks dressed up in ill-fitting clothes, but Fox is all business, and if anything, a little UNCOMFORTABLE seeing Wesley in X's stuff.

FOX

Take those off, they don't fit you.
And meet me at the matts--

WESLEY

How well did you know him?

This kind of personal talk isn't her specialty.

WESLEY

My father. Did you--

FOX

He taught me everything I know.

WESLEY

That makes one of us.

(beat)

As long as I can remember, I wanted to know what my father was like. I used to pretend he was an airline pilot or a secret agent, but deep down I was sure he was just some boring, finger-drumming schloob. Like I was.

He turns to the wall of weapons.

WESLEY

So you can imagine my monumental fucking surprise at the truth. He was no ass-sucking wannabe.

FOX

Neither are you.

Wesley looks at her -- for a moment she is very human, and he's touched by that. Then she's back to business.

FOX

Now let's go. New weapon today.

WESLEY (V.O.)

As an accountant, the better you get, the further away you are from people...

INT. FRATERNITY - CONDITIONING AREA

Wesley and Fox are looking at a lithe linebacker of a man, dubbed THE BUTCHER, due to his love of KNIVES.

WESLEY (V.O.)

But when it comes to being an assassin...

FOX

The better you get, the closer you can get to your targets safely, which means you can choose a more subtle weapon. In the proper hands, a knife is every bit as dangerous as any gun.

The BUTCHER demonstrates some deft moves with his blade.

WESLEY

I'd say those are proper hands.

FOX

Take a shot at him.

WESLEY

What?

BUTCHER

Take a shot at me you skinny fuck
dumb ass bean-counter who had to be
asked twice to come and train here--

Wesley TAKES a shot and the BUTCHER DEFLECTS it with a knife!

WESLEY

That's awesome--

The Butcher comes at him! Knife swirling like a flamenco dancer's fan. And within moments -- RIP -- TEAR -- SLICE -- Wesley's clothes are reduced to a pile of DEBRIS at his ankles. And he is NAKED, with a whole series of superficial cuts across his body. The Butcher and Fox stare.

FOX

Guess it's cold in here too.

WESLEY (V.O.)

I've also graduated from shooter...

INT. FRATERNITY - TEXTILE PLANT

In the part of the factory which has been abandoned but is still littered with old equipment, we find WESLEY climbing a series of ROPES that have been tied up and over the CEILING BEAM POSTS. It's a 40 ft. climb, and given these ropes are woven from light thread they BREAK if WESLEY PULLS TO HARD.

From BELOW -- FOX is firing at him! Forcing Wesley to stay in ASSASSIN TIME.

WESLEY (V.O.)

...to target.

He's about half-way up. He pulls too hard and feels this rope SNAP... so he has to LEAP to another one... ALL OF THIS UNFOLDS IN ASSASSIN TIME. We see a bullet 'cruise' by him.

FOX

Assassin Time drains your body. In
order to stay in it as long as
(MORE)

FOX (CONT'D)
possible you have to be delicate in
your movements...

ANOTHER THREAD HE'S CLIMBING ON BREAKS AS HE CLIMBS TOO HARD.
He has to LEAP from this falling thread to ANOTHER ONE.

FOX
More delicate than that.

WESLEY -- is sweating now. Breathing hard. Tiring fast.

FOX
You can't waste energy. Wasted
movement will end up wasting you.

WESLEY -- can't believe how fast he's being drained.

FOX
In Assassin Time, when you hit the
wall. You really...

WESLEY -- passes out. He falls through the swirling sea of
threads and SLAMS onto the PADDED FLOOR with a resounding
THUD. Totally unconscious.

FOX
Exactly.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - FRATERNITY

Wesley is back in a recovery bath. He HEARS someone enter
behind him. A ROBE drops to the floor. If he realized it
was FOX, he might have turned around quicker.

But it's only when he HEARS the sound of her exhaling that he
turns. He can't see anything but her head and long hair as
she relaxes in the tub across from his.

FOX
How are you feeling?

WESLEY
Like soup.

She starts to laugh just slightly.

WESLEY
I mean it. Like I'm a goddamn
appetizer. Somebody needs to tell the
Weavers their training is fantastic,
but the recovery methods are a bit
dark ages.

The first time he/we have ever heard her really laugh.

WESLEY

(reflecting)

I don't even know long have you been doing this? Or how? Why?

FOX

I was fourteen. My parents were not good people. A Weaver came for them, and I nearly killed her, so she brought me back here.

WESLEY

That's horrible.

FOX

Before they found me life was horrible. Since - not once in all these years have I regretted a thing. How many people can say that about their lives?

WESLEY

All I had were regrets.

FOX

That's because out there is a world of greed. A world without honor. Here we have a code. A man's nothing without a code, Wesley.

He looks at her, floating there just a few feet away. He wants her. Wants to lean out and kiss her. As if she senses this, she deftly floats back, away from him.

Then she GETS up, totally naked. Finds it sweet that Wesley averts his eyes -- after a peek... or two. Maybe three. Then, as she's wrapped in a towel about to leave, he asks:

WESLEY

You really think I can be as good as Cross?

FOX

For all our sakes' I hope so.

She leaves him then. And he considers her words.

WESLEY (V.O.)

This is me no longer one of the most insignificant assholes of the 21st century.

INT. MR. X'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wesley looking at the picture of his father -- turning his eyes to Cross...

WESLEY (V.O.)

Now I am - a student of a death.

Now he's picking up the CROSS FILE.

WESLEY (V.O.)

My teacher is Cross.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Wesley working on his bullet 'curve.'

WESLEY (V.O.)

I'm with him when he drops that patient in protective custody.

FLASH TO INT: HOSPITAL - (PAST)

A PATIENT in an all glass room, with no way of even air getting in or out, is also SURROUNDED BY SECRET SERVICE.

Then the PATIENT drops dead.

INT. FRATERNITY - CONDITIONING AREA

Wesley now goes BLOW FOR BLOW with the REPAIRMAN.

WESLEY (V.O.)

I watch in my mind as he makes that famous lawyer...

FLASH TO -- INT. ELEVATOR - (PAST)

A LAWYER and his TWO BODY GUARDS step into an Elevator and watch as the doors close.

WESLEY (V.O.)

...disappear.

OUTSIDE THAT ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

As its doors open and there's no one inside.

INT. FRATERNITY - CONDITIONING AREA

Wesley knife-fighting against the BUTCHER...

WESLEY (V.O.)
Gun, knife, rope...

INT. FRATERNITY - TEXTILE PLANT

Fox FIRING up at Wesley as he climbs the ropes... Climbs them UPSIDE DOWN with total aplomb.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Poison, car wreck. It wasn't how he eliminated people...

FLASH TO -- INT. A HOTEL LOBBY - PRAGUE (PAST)

A man SLUMPS on the couch dead. As PEOPLE rush to him, one man (CROSS) peeks around from behind his newspaper. Totally calm, he walks out as if he's unaware anything even happened.

WESLEY (V.O.)
It was that he was always one thought ahead of the rest. One idea smarter.

INT. FRATERNITY - CONDITIONING AREA

Wesley KNOCKS the REPAIRMAN cold to the floor. One of the padded walls collapses on the unconscious giant.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Efficient.

INT. FRATERNITY - CONDITIONING AREA

Wesley fights the BUTCHER to a KNIFE FIGHT DRAW. The Butcher laughs. Pats Wesley's face.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Never cruel.

INT. MR. X'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wesley FINISHES the Cross file.

WESLEY (V.O.)
And he never missed a target...

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Fox and Sloan are here at Wesley's request, WATCHING as he FIRES a curved bullet around a target. BANG!

WESLEY (V.O.)
Until me.

Wesley FOLLOWS Sloan and Fox as they walk down to the BACK WALL and the MUSLIN SCREEN. They look at it -- confused.

SLOAN

I don't see...

...Wesley points to the SIDE WALL. He's curved a bullet SO MUCH he's hit THE SIDE WALL instead of the BACK WALL.

Sloan begins to LAUGH.

SLOAN

Somebody's ready to go to work.

Even Fox cracks a smile.

FOX

Don't just stand there.

(beat)

Sign your name.

She tosses Wesley a pen. As WESLEY signs...

SFX: DANCE MUSIC

INT. MEN'S ROOM STALL - DANCE CLUB

The MUSIC is loud; even here in the Men's Room. Wesley, dressed to the nine's in a dark suit and white shirt, is currently in one of the STALLS. He's nervous.

So much so that he PUKES.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wesley at the sinks. He washes his hands. Looks at himself in the mirror.

SLOAN (V.O.)

His name is Boukriev. And, if it makes you feel any better, he's not a good man.

INT. DANCE CLUB - SAME TIME

In one of the VIP booths, Kostya BOUKRIEV is sitting with some GIRLS and one of his LIEUTENANTS. This LIEUTENANT (#1) has a gun visible in a shoulder holster.

SLOAN (V.O.)

In fact, all four of his main lieutenants have also been named in the pattern...

CAMERA MOVES TO THE NEXT COUCH

Where the other THREE LIEUTENANTS enjoy drinks and cigars.

(FLASHBACK) INT. MR. X'S ROOM - EARLIER

Sloan LAYS OUT the LASER ETCHED PATTERN of the name 'Kostya Boukriev.' Then lays down the FOUR OTHER NAMES.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

But you just worry about Boukriev.
This is your assignment, so you pick
your team--

WESLEY

I'll do it alone.

SLOAN

Wesley, it's your first time. Why--

WESLEY

Because Cross works alone.

RESUME. INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUED

Wesley still looking in the mirror. A sense of calm comes over him. He dries his hands. And walks out the door.

INT. DANCE CLUB - CONTINUED

We FOLLOW WESLEY as he walks out ONTO THE MAIN FLOOR and collides with the full energy of the CLUB. Rapid techno beats shake us from the inside out -- a parade of blinding lights and scantily clad hipsters.

Wesley NOTES the location of Boukriev and his crew. Then also picks out a few fellow FRATERNITY MEMBERS as they mingle in a dark corner by the bar: Fox, Kang, Anton and Iris.

WESLEY

(to himself)
So much for alone.

POV - FOX - DANCE CLUB

She watches as Wesley weaves through the crowd -- bodies pulsing in unison -- a contrast to his glide.

FOLLOWING WESLEY

As he TALKS to a group of DRUNK BACHELORETTES. One of them laughs at something he says, and puts one of her obnoxious

GLOW NECKLACES around him. He nods his gratitude and signals a nearby WAITRESS.

As the WAITRESS comes over, Wesley, in one motion takes a bottle of CRISTAL and a PEN off her tray and drops several HUNDREDS to end any argument that it's for another patron.

POV - FOX AND THE OTHERS - MOMENTS LATER

As they lose sight of Wesley.

FOX
You see him?

ANTON
No?

FOX
What the hell is he--

IRIS
There!

Wesley is about to walk out the BACK DOOR. As he goes he flips the -- FIRE ALARM.

INT. DANCE CLUB - WIDE - CONTINUOUS

ALARM BELLS ring. The MUSIC stops. The fairy tale is over as the lights come up and EVERYONE starts for an exit. Fox and the other Weavers have no choice, have to leave too.

Bodies file off the MAIN FLOOR like sand draining from an hourglass until we're staring at a silent, empty dance floor.

FIVE PEOPLE DON'T LEAVE -- DON'T EVEN MOVE

Fox and the other Weavers HEAR A WOMAN SCREAM. They catch a glimpse of the CARNAGE just before they walk out.

IN THE SECOND BOOTH

The angry BURN of ethyl alcohol consumes LIEUTENANT #4's entire FACE. Fueled by the now empty vodka glass in his hand and his own CIGAR embedded in his eye.

Next to him, LIEUTENANT #3 has been strangled by the GLOW NECKLACE. LIEUTENANT #2 has the PEN right through his neck.

IN THE FIRST BOOTH

LIEUTENANT #1 has been shot by his own silenced-gun -- An elephant-sized bullet through his chest.

But he's lucky compared to BOUKRIEV -- who has had that entire bottle of Cristal shoved down his throat.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The Weavers have split up. Fox gets in her favorite SIROCCO.

INT. SIROCCO - CONTINUED

As she slides in the drivers' seat. Wesley is in the passenger's seat -- much to her surprise.

WESLEY

How'd I do?

INT. SIROCCO - DRIVING

Fox looks at him.

FOX

Sloan didn't want you to do all five.
You shouldn't improvise, not yet.

WESLEY

I didn't.

FOX

(thinks)
Cross?

WESLEY

Did eight like that in nightclub in Paris.

FOX

(beat)
So. How do you feel?

At last, both voices are one.

WESLEY

Like my balls finally dropped after all these years, and I can finally justify beating out all those other sperm to the egg...

WESLEY (V.O.)

Like my balls finally dropped after all these years, and I can finally justify beating out all those other sperm to the egg...

Wesley SUDDENLY RECOGNIZES where they are.

WESLEY

What time is it?

FOX
Almost eleven, why?

WESLEY
(thinks)
They stay open late tonight, cater to
the monied club crowd...

FOX
Wesley?

WESLEY
We've got one more person to kill.

EXT. LUXURY CAR DEALERSHIP

Candy-colored EXOTIC CARS are displayed in the window.

INT. LUXURY CAR DEALERSHIP

Wesley and Fox stroll in, dashing in their evening wear.

CATHY (O.S.)
We're about to close...

Among the sycophantic SALES TEAM we recognize good old Cathy.
Of course -- she's an exotic car saleswoman.

CATHY
(stunned at who it is)
Wesley. What are you doing here?

WESLEY
(as if she was no one)
Looking for the sales manager.

CATHY
Wait a minute. You dis-a-fucking-pear
for months and now you just stroll in?
To do what? Impress your friend here?
We don't do charity test drives.

FOX
Oh, she's lovely.

CATHY
Easy, bitch.

Fox starts to laugh. She's going to enjoy this. A lot.

CATHY
(to Wesley)
And here I was worried about you. I
(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)
thought you had a nervous breakdown,
but apparently you just threw
everything we had away--

WESLEY
Please. We sat at home like old
people and fucked once a month.

SALES MANAGER (O.S.)
Is there a problem?

The Sales Manager, CHUCK, comes over in response to the excitement. Cathy simmers.

CATHY
No, Chuck. This is... Well, this is
the long lost Wesley, and he's
harassing me--

FOX
(to Chuck)
Actually, we were asking for you.
We're here to buy.

Chuck flashes a salesman's smile. Doesn't believe they have the money

SALES MANAGER
Hi, I'm Chuck. And--

WESLEY
Save the speech, Chuck. I know you
fucked Cathy.

FOX
(faux shock)
Chuck?!

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Half your customers probably did. I'm
not really worried about that anymore
because, as you can see...
(re: Fox)
...I've upgraded considerably. And I
find myself in need of new wheels.
I'd like to buy one--

FOX
Two.

WESLEY
Two?

FOX

Maybe one for Anton as well?

WESLEY

Yeah. You're right. Probably should get him one. And Kang. And...

WESLEY AND FOX

...Sloan.

WESLEY

Chuck, we need five cars. I'll take that silver one there. And let's order one blue, one black, one grey and...

FOX

I'll take Red.

Chuck smirks. Cathy practically snorts. Sure you will.

CHUCK

(skeptical)

Wesley, I like you. But we don't finance half-a-million dollars worth of cars at one time--

WESLEY

Me neither.

Wesley HOLDS OUT a black American Express card. But Fox intercepts it, and offers hers instead.

FOX

Baby, allow me.

WESLEY

Really?

FOX

It's about time a girlfriend gives you something besides gonorrhea.

WESLEY

How about we split it?

FOX

I like that idea.

Chuck, no fool, suddenly realizes this might be a real sale. A real BIG sale. He reaches for the cards--

WESLEY

There is one more thing. I don't know
if you heard the way your sales girl
addressed us...

ON THE AMEX MACHINE - MOMENTS LATER

Chuck watches as the sale GOES THROUGH. He looks at Cathy.

CHUCK

You're fired.

MOMENTS LATER

Cathy is being shown out. Complaining the whole way.

FOX

Now *that's* a kill. Satisfied?

WESLEY

Like I just fucked Marilyn Monroe.

SFX: A CAR ENGINE

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Wesley enjoying the new car. He sees FOX'S SIROCCO on his
tail in the REAR-VIEW MIRROR. He picks up his CELL PHONE.

INT. SIROCCO - NIGHT

Fox's CELL PHONE rings. She answers it.

FOX

What?

WESLEY (FILTERED)

How do I look?

FOX

The car looks great.

She can hear his laugh... THEN SHE HEARS SOMETHING ELSE--

--GUNFIRE! She watches as Wesley's rear windshield
disintegrates. And his right front tire is SHOT OUT, causing
him to SWERVE...

THEN HER VIEW BECOMES OBSCURED AS BULLETS RAIN DOWN ON HER
SIROCCO!

Ducking for cover, she throws her car in reverse as all of
its GLASS gets splintered by gunfire....

She BACKS OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE into an ALLEY.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Fox rolls out her driver's side door, taking cover.

HER POV

She can tell the gunfire is coming from AN OFFICE BUILDING. And she can see Wesley's car. Can't tell if he's okay. Then she remembers THE CELL PHONE. They might still be connected.

FOX
Wesley?! Wesley, are you okay?!

WESLEY (FILTERED)
It's Cross.

That's not fear in his voice. It's DETERMINATION. And she doesn't like it.

FOX
Wesley, I'm calling Anton and the others...

INT. SPORTS CAR - SAME TIME

Wesley is NOT happy. And he's angling to find the source of the GUNFIRE.

FOX (FILTERED)
...Don't do anything stupid. Stay covered. You hear me?

Wesley puts one hand on the door. He's got the OFFICE BUILDING in his sight...

FOX (FILTERED)
Wesley?

Wesley OPENS the door and RUNS FOR IT.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY - SAME TIME

Fox can't believe he's doing this.

FOX
Shit!

She hangs up and DIALS Anton.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - ASSASSIN TIME

Wesley SPRINTS across the street, dodging bullets that come CURVING out of the darkness from above...

And dodging CARS, moving in slow-motion, coming at him.

HE MAKES IT ONTO THE SIDEWALK

Where the rain of bullets keeps him in Assassin Time He passes PEDESTRIANS, pretty much frozen in position like pieces of sculpture. Odd shapes because they are all ducking from the unseen gunfire.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUED

He makes it into the lobby and breaks OUT of Assassin Time. He's already winded. Sweating profusely.

He SENDS an Elevator up to the 20th floor, hoping it will be a decoy. Then turns back to HEAD UP THE STAIRS.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUED

Wesley tries to stalk quietly up the stairs... But he HEARS THE SHARP SNAPS OF GUNFIRE ECHOING FROM ABOVE...

THROWING HIM BACK INTO ASSASSIN TIME -- in order to DODGE the deadly stream of TWISTING BULLETS coming in at impossible angles.

But two can play at that game. Wesley anchors himself, laying flat on the staircase, and UNLOADS his own barrage.

HE GETS A BREAK FROM ASSASSIN TIME

Breathing heavier now. He starts to once again work his way carefully and quietly UP the stairs...

INT. STAIRWELL LANDING - CONTINUED

Wesley tries to rest a bit but SUDDENLY HEARS MORE NOISE -- SENDING HIM BACK INTO ASSASSIN TIME AGAIN!

This time it's not bullets. It's pens?!

Cross has obviously raided some office and is DROPPING ANYTHING that will echo and fall to KEEP WESLEY IN ASSASSIN TIME (thus tiring him out) WITHOUT WASTING AMMUNITION.

WESLEY
(realizing that)
Shit...

Wesley makes a bold move, bounding up the stairs, FIRING, trying to close the distance to his unseen enemy...

A HORRIBLE BARRAGE

Of mundane office supplies mixed with deadly bullets rains down on Wesley, who climbs, fires and dodges...

But it is QUICKLY TIRING. And then something happens:

Wesley's foot SLIPS on a few of the falling, otherwise harmless, pens. And his ANKLE TWISTS UNNATURALLY.

HE SCREAMS

And collapses on the ground, holding his ankle. He's bathed in sweat now.

HE REACHES

For his cell phone. NO SIGNAL.

HE HEARS

The unmistakable sound of FOOTSTEPS ECHOING ABOVE HIM, as CROSS is BOUNDING DOWN the stairs in the darkness.

WESLEY TURNS

And looks at the stairwell door. It has a keypad. He SHOOTS it and, STUMBLING the best he can, DISAPPEARS out of the stairs and onto the DARKENED OFFICE FLOOR.

EXT. ALLEY - BY THE SIROCCO - SAME

Fox, waiting patiently, is glad to see the cavalry arrive: the team from the nightclub: Anton, Kang and Iris.

ANTON

Where is he?

Fox points to the office building.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Following in Wesley's footsteps, Fox and her group RACE towards the OFFICE BUILDING. Unlike Wesley they DON'T HAVE TO DODGE GUNFIRE... Only CARS...

At least, that's the way it seems until we hear a SINGLE SHOT ring out above and...

IRIS...

Drops like a sack of rocks. Dead even before the TAXI CAB runs over her fallen body.

KANG

Iris--!

FOX

She'd dead! Come on!

The three of them race towards the lobby.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE SPACE - TWELFTH FLOOR

Wesley is NOT WELL and he knows it.

He has taken up a defensive position, protected by a CUBICLE in this large maze of corporate space. His breathing is rapid and shallow. His color pale. His hands shaking as he trains his gun at the STAIRWELL DOOR.

THE DOOR OPENS! And Wesley fires...

ONLY TO REALIZE THE DOOR DIDN'T OPEN -- IT EXPLODED!

Hit by gunfire from the other direction!

WESLEY PIVOTS

But it's too late. That stairwell door is WIDE OPEN. CROSS is now somewhere on this floor.

In the heart of the maze, Wesley freezes, LISTENING to every noise, trying to hold his shivering breath as CROSS'S FOOTSTEPS get closer. CLOSER.

THINGS BEGIN TO EXPLODE IN THE DARKNESS

As Cross BLASTS the water cooler. Then takes out entire CUBICLE PARTITIONS. He's deliberately disorienting Wesley. KEEPING WESLEY IN ASSASSIN TIME with his blasts...

The slow-motion world like a nightmare to Wesley now. Shadowy monsters and forms, and low moaning noises like when CROSS activates the XEROX MACHINE and Wesley BLASTS it.

WESLEY

Is running out of time. Cross's seems to be everywhere at once. Wesley's heart is pounding so hard it threatens to explode in his chest. Trapped like a rat, nowhere to run, Wesley is reduced to the barest emotions. The pain. The fear. He shouldn't have come after Cross alone.

WESLEY LOADS A CLIP IN HIS GUN AND TAKES A DEEP BREATH

He can barely get the clip in that how much his hand is shaking.

HE STARES AT A GLOWING EXIT SIGN

And makes a hobbled run for it!

FOLLOWING WESLEY - ASSASSIN TIME

Wesley races for the door, looking over his shoulder and trying to fire as BULLETS CURVE OUT OF THE DARKNESS BEHIND HIM...

...AND HIT HIM...

POOF! SPLAT! THUNK!

Wesley is hit in his side. His leg. His upper back.

He COLLAPSES in pain and total exhaustion.

WESLEY'S POV

As he lies on the ground helpless. He sees the DARK FORM of Cross step out into the office corridor. Coming for him, slowly, inexorably.

He's about to die.

The last thing he senses are SHAPES ABOVE AND BEHIND HIM. He SEES bullets flying over his head from behind... Then arms and bodies...

It's KANG, ANTON AND FOX.

We STAY with WESLEY'S ASSASSIN TIME POV as he begins to pass out. He sees KANG'S NECK explode from a bullet...

And ANTON takes one in the shoulder, continuing to fire as...

Wesley is DRAGGED BACKWARDS INTO THE STAIRS by the unseen FOX, pulling us by the shoulders as SOUND AND PICTURE FADE...

TO BLACK.

WESLEY'S POV

He/We are carried into the RECOVERY ROOM. Sloan and Fox are over us. Monix, medically trained, shines a light in our eyes...

MONIX (V.O.)
He's lost a lot of blood...

TO BLACK:

WESLEY'S POV - LATER

He/We are under bright lights. We're being operated on...

MONIX (V.O.)
Here's another fragment...

We see SLOAN looking at us. He turns to someone O.S.

SLOAN
See if those bullets tell us
anything...

TO BLACK:

WESLEY'S POV - LATER

He/We are lowered into the recovery bath. Water fills our
view...

TO BLACK:

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - TWO DAYS LATER

Wesley wakes. He's floating in the bath. He tries to sit
up, but it hurts...

FOX (O.S.)
Don't strain yourself.

He sees Fox sitting there. His voice is weak.

WESLEY
You saved me.

Her nod is barely perceptible. Wesley begins to remember.

WESLEY
What about Anton and Kang?

She gets up.

FOX
Get some rest.

WESLEY
What about Anton and Kang...? I
remember seeing--

FOX
They're dead.

FLASHBACK - INT. CORPORATE OFFICE SPACE

Fox is dragging Wesley by the shoulders. Anton and Kang are flanking her, firing, when Kang's neck EXPLODES.

FOV (V.O.)
Kang died instantly.

Anton takes a hit in the shoulder.

RESUME - RECOVERY ROOM

Wesley's mind is in free-fall as Fox continues.

FOX
And by the time I went back for Anton,
the paramedics and police had arrived.

FLASH TO - INT. A HOLDING CELL - POLICE STATION

Close on Anton, his shoulder bandaged, as he sits in jail. He slips SOMETHING out of the pill pocket in his pants...

FOX (V.O.)
Weavers can't go into custody, Wesley.
It leads to too many questions...

Anton notices a RAT in the corner of his cell. He salutes it, then SWALLOWS a small pill. Almost instantly, he collapses in convulsions. He GASPS...

RESUME - RECOVERY ROOM

...Wesley gasps as the magnitude of all of this hits him.

FOX
Iris didn't even make it into the
building.

Wesley's reaction, understandably emotional, makes Fox more uncomfortable that she wants it to.

FOX
I'll come check on you in a little
while.

FOX LEAVES

And now Wesley is alone. He breaks down. The sound of his sorrow ECHOES in the large room.

INT. SLOAN'S OFFICE - FRATERNITY

We TRACK along row after row of BINDERS; arranged and labeled by date -- Month after month... Year after year...

SLOAN

Sits at his desk. Spread across it are more BINDERS, including one OPEN ONE, in which we can see some of THE LASER ETCHED FABRIC NAMES the loom has provided through the years.

SLOAN'S OFFICE DOOR OPENS

After a soft knock. It's Fox. Sloan closes that binder.

FOX

He's awake.

Sloan is particularly sullen. As low as we've ever seen him. Fox assumes it is because of Wesley's behavior.

FOX

I take responsibility. I pushed him too fast. Didn't prepare him for the emotions associated with revenge...

Sloan WAVES off her explanation.

SLOAN

We were able to trace some of the fragments we pulled out of him. They're a ceramic blend; it enhances Cross' ability to curve shots. Only a handful of people are capable of making them, including a dealer named Pekwar in the Czech Republic.

FOX

Where Cross was born.

SLOAN

I've spoken to our members in Prague. Cross was spotted there two hours ago.

FOX

(confused by his demeanor)
That's good news...

Sloan nods.

FOX

Then what...?

Sloan exhales.

SLOAN
Wesley's name came up.

Fox blinks. What?

SLOAN
Full name. Date...

Sloan gets up. He PACES.

SLOAN
For only the second time in my life, I
almost tossed it right in the fire.
But we have no choice. Once we get
Cross, we have to get Wesley.

He looks at her. Can you? It's the most difficult test of
the code she lives by that she's ever faced. But she NODS.

FOX
When the time comes -- I'll do it.

Sloan nods. Knows it's a lot to ask of anyone.

FOX
If there's nothing else...?

Sloan shakes his head -- you can go. She leaves. He sits
back in his chair, clearly feeling the strain of all this.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM

Fox, maintaining a steely resolve, strides into the recovery
room. She walks towards Wesley's bath...

...but he's gone. A damp circle where he got out.

INT. MR. X'S ROOM

There's a KNOCK on the door, but it goes unanswered. The
door opens anyway, Fox comes in...

She sees Wesley, pouring over all of the RESEARCH ON CROSS.

FOX
You should be back in recovery--

He fights off her attempt at reaching out to him. She sees a
new depth of feeling in him.

FOX

Wesley--

WESLEY

Please don't. They died saving me.

Wesley pauses for a moment. Wants to say this right.

WESLEY

You know what's a joke? Those clothes...

...Meaning Mr. X's.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

They don't fit. And yet, I keep trying them on. I've spent weeks in this room, hoping somehow to feel some connection to my father, hoping to feel like I was a part of him, because I didn't have that growing up. I didn't have a family. And the great irony is, I've been so busy trying to connect with him, a dead man, that I didn't even realize I was discovering a family. In Sloan, in Kang, Anton, You...

He stares at her.

WESLEY

And I killed them...

FOX

Wesley, you have to stop now...

WESLEY

And I put you in jeopardy...

She fights to maintain her stoic demeanor.

WESLEY

(he looks at her)

If anything ever happened to you...

She turns away.

WESLEY

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

Fox finds herself unable to face him. Searching her mind, she knows there's one thing that will make him feel infinitely better.

FOX

The fragments they took from you --
they traced them to the Czech
Republic. The Weavers there are going
to go after Cross--

Wesley's chair SQUEALS as he pushes it back from his desk.

SLOAN (PRE-LAP)

No.

INT. SLOAN'S OFFICE

Wesley pleads his case to Sloan as Fox watches.

WESLEY

Hear me out...

SLOAN

You haven't even made a full recovery
yet. Not to mention nothing that
happened suggests you are capable of
handling Cross even if you were 100
percent.

WESLEY

My ego is what got me, not Cross.
Besides, he's smart. And if he's
anywhere near Prague he's on home
turf. You think he won't hear about
the Weavers over there looking for
him?

Fox looks at Sloan. Wesley's got a point.

WESLEY

You wanted me to know Cross, well I
know Cross. Right now, he's hunting
us. And the only chance we have is to
do something he *doesn't* expect. And
what he *doesn't* expect is for us to
hunt him. Certainly not me, not on
his home turf, only days after he
nearly killed me.

Sloan exhales. Looks at Fox.

SLOAN

What do you think?

Fox levels a long, sad, LOADED stare at Sloan.

FOX

I think sending the two of us makes a lot of sense.

SFX: CITY STREETS

EXT. PRAGUE, CZECH REPUBLIC - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The City of 100 Spires spreads out before our eyes.

EXT. KARLUV MOST BRIDGE - SAME

Wesley and Fox appear to be strolling 'casually,' just two more tourists crossing the Vltava river...

EXT. OLD TOWN HALL - PRAGUE - LATER

And passing the famous ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK at the Old Town Hall...

EXT. A COBBLESTONE STREET - SAME

They slow as they approach their destination -- an unremarkable looking CLOCK SHOP nestled among other shops down the street.

FOX

That's the one. I'm sure of it.

FOX AND WESLEY

Pause to look in the windows of CANDY STORE opposite the clock shop. In the REFLECTION of the window they have a pretty good view of the clock shop storefront itself.

WESLEY

What makes you say so?

A FEW FEATURES of it strike Fox as telling.

FOX

For one, that's a pretty nice security camera for a clock shop...

There is a SECURITY CAMERA pointed at its door. The only camera of its kind on the street. Then there is the matter of the now-opened SECURITY GATES ON THE GLASS.

WESLEY

The bars on the windows are thicker than any you find in Garfield Park.

THEY CROSS TOWARDS THE SHOP

Fox turns to Wesley.

FOX
Remember, we need to be sure it's
Pekwar himself.

INT. CLOCK SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

At the counter, an unremarkable Czech gentleman, PEKWAR, is repairing the movement on a delicate Ulysses Nardin when -- his DOOR CHIME sounds. He looks at his

SECURITY MONITOR

Sees Wesley and Fox. Pegs them as American Honeymooners.

HE BUZZES THEM IN

They enter, and do their best to play the role Pekwar expects.

FOX
This place is amazing.

WESLEY
I don't know, it looks expensive.
Something tells me if he can fix it
it's going to cost a pretty penny.

Wesley angles so he is FAR TO ONE SIDE of the shop. Fox approaches Pekwar at the counter.

FOX
('trying' her Czech)
Dobr? den!

PEKWAR
How can I help you?

FOX
(smiles)
Oh, you speak English.
(turns to Wesley)
He speaks English, baby.

WESLEY
Great...

She pulls a beautiful Patek Phillpe from her bag. She's wrapped it in such a way to convey it's an heirloom.

FOX
(hands it to Pekwar)
I was wondering if you might be able
to fix this.

Wesley is now COMPLETELY to the side of Pekwar.

PEKWAR
What is the problem?

FOX
The movement. Sometimes it gets
stuck.

As Pekwar examines it, Wesley looks at a clock.

WESLEY
(calls casually)
Pekwar?

Pekwar turns instinctively. And before he realizes he's been
had -- he feels FOX'S GUN at his head. It makes a nice firm
CLICK as the hammer locks into place...

FOX
This, on the other hand, still works
like a charm.

Wesley LOCKS the front door. Pekwar is cool, he doesn't
panic. He acts like he's just a simple clock maker.

PEKWAR
I don't have much money.

WESLEY
(crossing towards him)
No. We're here to return this.

He SLAMS one of the bullet fragments onto the counter top.

WESLEY
Seems I found it in my side.

PEKWAR
I fix watches.

WESLEY
Where's Cross?

PEKWAR
What is Cross?

Wesley laughs. Fox smiles.

FOX

Good. Since you don't know Cross, you won't mind us going around telling people that 'Pekwar told us where to find him.'

She lowers her gun. She and Wesley turn to walk out... Before they make it to the door, they HEAR Pekwar reach for something...

BANG...

Before Pekwar can fully raise it, Fox has spun and fired, blowing it out of his hands. It wasn't a gun. It was a NEW BOX OF SHELL CASINGS he's just made for Cross. The casings fall to the ground with a sound that's like rain on glass.

PEKWAR

That's part of an order for him.

WESLEY

Then you'll deliver it. And you won't do anything to tip him off. Because if you do, we won't need to kill you. He'll do it just to be safe.

FOX

Where are we going?

SFX: THE WIND

EXT. ABANDONED TRAIN STATION - DAY

Like something out of a Western. What was formerly a stop on the international line is now just a home for spiders.

PEKWAR strides across the abandoned platform. He places a BRIEFCASE by the tracks and WALKS off.

FOX (PRE-LAP)

Cross picked a great spot...

INT. ABANDONED STATION - 2ND FLOOR OFFICES

Where FOX AND WESLEY wait.

FOX

...if he's worried about an ambush.

Wesley watches as Pekwar gets in his car -- the only one in the parking lot EXCEPT FOR AN OLD SUV. Wesley checks his watch. It's 2:54. He looks at a TRAIN SCHEDULE.

WESLEY

And we've got five trains coming
through here in the next half hour.

Fox scans the horizon with her SNIPER SCOPE.

FOX

Here's the first.

FOX POV - SNIPER SCOPE

A TRAIN approaches the station.

WESLEY AND FOX

Watch as the TRAIN rumbles through the station. Their eyes
glued on the BRIEFCASE. It never moves.

The TRAIN recedes into the distance. The RUMBLING noise
dies. Once again it's quiet.

WESLEY

We're missing something. He used
something like this before.

FOX

You think he knows we're here?

WESLEY

(beat)
Maybe you should leave.

She looks at him.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Use me to draw him out.

FOX

Wesley. I can take care of myself.
Lest you forget I saved your ass.

He smiles.

WESLEY

Train.

WESLEY AND FOX

Take their positions. Poised to fire at anything or anyone
that gets near that briefcase...

This TRAIN is even LOUDER than the first. It SHAKES the old
station as it THUNDERS BY...

Wesley's finger teases the trigger of his rifle but...

Nothing happens. The briefcase is STILL THERE. And this TRAIN also recedes into the distance.

WESLEY

I was this close to blowing a hole through that briefcase for nothing.

She smiles.

FOX

Me too.

For a moment there is a break in the tension.

WESLEY

We make a good team, huh?

She nods.

WESLEY

Train.

THEY TURN AND WATCH

As the FASTEST TRAIN yet comes ROARING through the station. It whips up a WICKED WIND as it barrels through. Wesley and Fox look up as it disappears down the tracks.

WESLEY

Three down, two to...

ANGLE ON THE BRIEFCASE

It's been KNOCKED on its side. NEARLY fell off the edge of the platform. It DANGLES there. The next train will HIT it.

WESLEY

Shit.

They both scan the horizon. No trains.

WESLEY

I'll go--

FOX

I'll go. Cover me.

Fox HURRIES out. Something about this situation doesn't sit right with Wesley. But he's not sure why. He WATCHES the platform like a hawk as...

EXT. PLATFORM

Fox comes down to the ground floor and surveys the area.

INT. ABANDONED STATION - 2ND FLOOR OFFICES

Wesley makes another scan through his SNIPER SCOPE. Nothing and no one in sight. In fact, it's almost too quiet.

SUDDENLY -- Wesley remembers what he was thinking of before. And he WHIPS HIS SCOPE AROUND TO FOX--

HIS POV

She's about to start towards the briefcase.

WESLEY drops his rifle and RACES out.

EXT. PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Fox is nearly at the briefcase when WESLEY GRABS HER FROM BEHIND, COVERING HER MOUTH! He motions -- shush.

WESLEY

(whispers)

I know where I remembered this from.
It was a hit. But he wasn't on a
train.

Wesley approaches the platform's edge slowly. Handgun out, he KNEELS DOWN. And just as he starts to peek his head over the edge, BOOM DOWN through the platform to reveal --

CROSS

-- right there! Guns out and ready. Cross and Wesley's faces are separated by only an INCH of platform concrete.

WESLEY LOOKS AT FOX

They BLAST AWAY beneath the platform. When it's clear nothing could have survived that, they look underneath --

But Cross is gone.

FOX

Shit...

A NOISE GETS THEIR ATTENTION. Another TRAIN is coming into the station. Guns ready, Fox and Wesley look for Cross as...

THE TRAIN passes through. Suddenly, CROSS darts out from beneath a different section of the platform, and races ACROSS the track.

WESLEY

There!

The TRAIN passes between them and CROSS. Through the flicker of train windows, they see Cross FIRE AT THEM!

FOX

Wesley!

Fox and Wesley return fire. We FLY WITH --

POV - WESLEY'S BULLET (ASSASSIN TIME AS NEEDED)

As it PIERCES the window and TRAVELS THROUGH the train car, NARROWLY MISSING a half-dozen passengers to EXIT through the window on the opposite side and -- SPANG! -- ricochet off the platform wall an inch behind Cross.

The gun battle continues as Cross fires back and we TRACK WITH HIS BULLETS, LANCING through the train car, CURVING around passengers to -- THWAP! THWAP! -- JUST MISS FOX!

Cross' shots FORCE HER to take cover -- SEPARATING HER FROM WESLEY -- almost as if this is Cross' real objective.

Wesley FIRES again, but as we track with it this time his bullet COLLIDES with Cross' in mid air!!!

EXT. ABANDONED STATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

The TRAIN is about to speed out of the station. CROSS looks at FOX and then at WESLEY. Wesley is close to the train BUT FOX is not.

CROSS decides to leap onboard the train. WESLEY chases, pouring on the speed. He's gonna miss it!

But as the platform ends and the train streaks out of the station, Wesley LEAPS off of a light pole and...

WITH WESLEY - IN MID-AIR...

As he BLASTS OUT THE FINAL CAR'S WINDSHIELD, and drops INTO THE CABIN THROUGH EXPLOSION OF GLASS!

EXT. ABANDONED STATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Fox watches the train LEAVE.

FOX

Shit!

FOLLOW FOX

As she sprints for the PARKING LOT.

INT. SUV - CONTINUED

Fox SHOOTS the driver's side glass out. Opens the door. JAMS her knife into the steering column...

INT. HIGH-SPEED TRAIN - CONTINUED

Wesley shoves his way from car to car, hunting for Cross.

WESLEY

DOWN! EVERYONE DOWN!

Seeing his guns, PASSENGERS scatter...and as they clear frame, RACK FOCUS out the window to see...

THE SUV

come shrieking onto the road that runs parallel with the train. Fox keeps the pedal to the metal while...

WESLEY

is running through a PASSENGER CAR.

SUDDENLY, he's SEIZED from behind. One arm choking the life from him, while the other grips his gun hand, immobilizing it, trying to take the gun.

It's CROSS.

FOX'S POV - FROM THE SUV

Fox sees the struggle through the train window. And despite the fact she's driving, she steadies her aim... And FIRES!

TRACK WITH THE BULLET as it arcs through the air, SHATTERS the train window and -- WHAM! -- catches CROSS between the shoulder blades, KNOCKING him off Wesley.

By the time Wesley recovers and swivels with his gun, Cross is already in the next car.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Fox sees Wesley blindly pursuing Cross. She FLOORS the accelerator. But...

FOX

Oh shit...!

HER POV OF THE ROAD AHEAD --

The road and the train track SPLIT WAYS -- the train will be heading OVER A BRIDGE while the road veers off AROUND IT.

Fox needs to think of something -- fast.

She cranks the wheel hard! The SUV SWERVES off the road... Hits a DRAINAGE DITCH AT FULL SPEED ... and goes AIRBORNE.

The SUV sails through the air and -- WHAAAAMMM! -- BASHES through the thin metal skin of one of the TRAIN CARS.

ECU - BENEATH THE BREACHED TRAIN CAR

The stress of the SUV crash FRACTURES A BOLT on one of the WHEELS of the train carriage assembly.

INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUED

Passengers SCREAM and FLEE as an SUV SMASHES THROUGH THE SIDEWALL OF THE CAR AND LODGES THERE!

FOX slips from the truck. She sees the gunfight a FEW CARS ahead, and he races forward to join it

BOOM UP THROUGH the roof and SOAR above the train to see they're now on the bridge and CROSSING --

A BREATHTAKING GORGE

With a thousand foot drop to the river below.

A FEW CARS AHEAD

Wesley charges after Cross. Both men firing.

Their bullets CURVE and SWERVE, but always meet in the middle, slamming together with otherworldly precision. Each man using the exact same techniques at the exact same time.

Then suddenly, they both run EMPTY. Wesley RELOADS, but Cross breaks the mirrored action and RACES into the next car.

INT. PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Passengers stare at Cross as he runsby. But when Wesley enters a moment later, gun in hand, they PANIC. One of the PASSENGERS YANKS the EMERGENCY BRAKE.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Instantly, the entire train BUCKS as the wheels lock, screaming against the rails.

BENEATH THE TRAIN

The fractured wheel bolt SHEARS OFF -- and DERAILS THE CAR!

EXT. GORGE

Just as the engine clears the bridge and enters the tunnel on the other side, the entire train SEIZES!

INT. PASSENGER CAR

Wesley's feet are thrown out from under him, the physics HURLING him across the floor - propelling him towards Cross.

And even though Wesley's body is flying out of control at 60 miles an hour, he still manages to fire at Cross!

EXT. GORGE

Like a kid's toy, the PASSENGER CARS JUMP THE TRACK and fold at the couplings, piling up on each other...until the last car SPILLS OVER the side!

A FEW CARS BACK

Fox sees the train's rear-most car topple into SPACE -- But rather than FALL alone, its coupling holds...and thus it DRAGS the next car over. Then the NEXT, and the NEXT.

Fox realizes what is happening and SPRINTS FORWARD...

INT. PASSENGER CAR

Wesley and Cross's world goes FROM HORIZONTAL TO VERTICAL as their car is YANKED off the bridge and SWINGS through space.

SMAAAASH!! The concussion is TITANIC as the chain of train cars SLAMS against the gorge wall. Wesley is hammered into the bulkhead. Windows EXPLODE into glass dust and people go screaming past into the abyss.

FOX

braces herself as the impact travels up the chain of railcars.

EXT. GORGE

Every car except for the first three, which are already in the tunnel, dangle precipitously above the drop.

INT. PASSENGER CAR

Wesley, dazed, looks up and sees Cross moving out of this car and into the next, CLIMBING the train's seat backs like a padded staircase.

Wesley starts scrambling up the seat backs as fast as he can. Both men beginning to TIRE from all the hard work.

Just as Wesley makes it into the NEXT CAR --

CRACK! The coupling BREAKS and the section of five cars right BENEATH HIS FEET go PLUNGING to their doom below!

Wesley REACTS to the sight -- and climbs like hell!

TRACK WITH WESLEY AND CROSS as they...

Bound up the vertical passenger cars. Both men quickly reaching the LIMITS of their ENDURANCE.

EXT. GORGE - CONTINUOUS

It gets worse. The weight of the dangling train begins to pull the cars already in the tunnel back OUT.

INT./EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Wesley and Cross race up the inside of the train.

Cross makes it into the lead car -- the STARLIGHT CAR -- where the ceiling is made of glass so you can view the sky.

Wesley LEAPS up through the door, STRETCHING as hard as he can to reach the safety rail of the starlight car...

...but misses by an inch.

Gravity asserts itself. Wesley begins to PLUMMET back into the gorge --

A strong hand CATCHES HIM. HOLDS him over the thousand foot drop:

CROSS

Wesley...

Wesley knows he's dead. And he doesn't care.

WESLEY

FUCK YOU!

Up comes the gun in Wesley's other hand, and just as he's about to fire -- The starlight car GIVES WAY.

Everyone hangs on as it falls through space. Wesley swings himself inside the car just as it JACKKNIFES off the cliff.

EXT. STARLIGHT CAR - CONTINUOUS

Plummeting. Cartwheeling through space.

INT. STARLIGHT CAR - CONTINUOUS

Wesley and Cross hang on for dear life as the car falls.

EXT. GORGE

The car falls. Spinning at just the right angle so that, as it nears the water, both ends of the upside-down car TOUCH the opposite walls of the gorge.

With a shower of SPARKS, the car's descent SLOWS, its ends COMPACTING and CRUMPLING as the gorge walls NARROW, crushing the car smaller and smaller until it comes to a stop 150 feet above the water. With the car upside-down.

INT. STARLIGHT CAR - UPSIDE DOWN - CONTINUED

Wesley and Cross both lay prone on the glass roof, which is now a glass floor. BLOOD is pouring out of ONE OF THEM.

It's Cross.

Wesley struggles to his feet and looks down at the MORTALLY WOUNDED man who killed his father. Wesley loads a fresh clip into his weapon. Time to finish this.

Cross can't believe he's been shot. He looks at WESLEY.

CROSS

Guess I missed one of your bullets.

Wesley stares. What was that?

CROSS

(barely breathing)

Sorry about your friends... Had to shoot you.... Get you away... Get you to find me.

WESLEY
What did you say?

CROSS
They're lying to you. Son.

WESLEY
(aims at his forehead)
WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU SAY?!

CROSS
Evga mana moui....

Cross' EYES CLOSE as he dies. Wesley TUCKS his gun in his pocket and CROUCHES down...

WESLEY
WHAT DID YOU SAY? WHAT THE FUCK DID
YOU SAY?!

Then he HEARS the CLICK OF a gun being COCKED behind him. He sees FOX in the reflection of the glass; her gun zeroed in for a kill.

He turns around.

FOX
I'm sorry. Your name came up.

ON WESLEY -- as his mind spins.

CROSS (V.O.)
Evga mana moui.... They're lying to
you... Sorry about your friends...
Son...

SLOAN (V.O.)
Man's greatest limits are the things
he's sure he 'knows.'

Wesley looks at Fox.

WESLEY
Cross was my father... Wasn't he?

FOX
What weapon do you use against the
deadliest man alive? The one he won't
kill - no matter what.

Wesley surreptitiously fingers the trigger of the gun resting in his pocket -- the one pointing face down.

WESLEY

Has this been the plan all along?
Throw away your weapon once it has
done its job?

FOX

Your name came up, after he killed
Kang and the others.

WESLEY

Yeah? Did you see it?

A FLICKER OF HESITATION

Washes over Fox. Just enough for -- BANG!

Wesley to fire down at the glass, SHATTERING it beneath his
feet. Fox watches as ...

Wesley falls for 150 feet and EXPLODES INTO THE WATER!

DISSOLVE TO:

WESLEY'S FACE

breaking the surface. But not of the river. Of a turn of
the century tub filled with water and salt. It may not be a
recovery bath, but it's the best he could manage. We are in:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRAGUE

Every inch of Wesley is BRUISED. LACERATED. ABRADED. Every
muscle knotted so tight they threaten to rip off the bone.

The fight with Cross has nearly killed him.

But he could care less about that because he's absorbed in
memory, REPLAYING the meeting with Cross in his mind,
focusing on his final curious words -- *Evga mana moui*.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PRAGUE - LATER

The sounds of a draining tub echo as Wesley closes the door
on his way out.

Then a 'POP' shifts our focus back in the room where we see a
fire consuming his gear from the fight. Off the continuing
crackle of the fireplace we:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - DAY

A slightly repaired Wesley crosses the street and walks up the steps of his:

EXT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING

He grabs the door as a tenant exits and slips inside.

INT. OLD APARTMENT

He kicks the door in. The place is empty. We may NOTICE that EBAY TABLE from the opening sex scene is BROKEN and has COLLAPSED on the floor.

Not wasting any time, Wesley flicks on his COMPUTER.

INSERT: WES' COMPUTER SCREEN

Wesley does a search for "evga mana moy."

The search engine thinks, then blinks: "DID YOU MEAN: 'EVGA MANA MOUI'?"

He clicks the suggested phrase...and the results come up: "PRODUCT SEARCH RESULTS FOR 'EVGA MANA MOUI' BY SAVINA YANNATOU - \$0.99 iTUNES MUSIC STORE."

He clicks the link, and when he hears the first SHIVERY STRAINS of that bittersweet Greek folk ballad --

Wesley DRAINS white as he looks up -- that's the same song.

He turns and LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW -- at the familiar apartment building -- JUST ACROSS the STREET!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET - THIRD FLOOR

Wesley stands in front of apartment door 3B. He KNOCKS. Waits. When there's no answer, he tries the knob. Locked.

Wesley puts his shoulder to the door and -- CRACK! The door jams snap and Wesley steps:

INT. 3B - CONTINUOUS

Into the foyer. Place is clean. Immaculate.

WESLEY

Hello..?

As he continues through the living room, he's stopped by what he sees out the small window --

POV - WESLEY

The view looks out on Wesley's old apartment directly across the street. Just across the street, but a million miles and a million years away now...

On the shelf next to him, there's also a CD PLAYER. The jewel case laying on top is Savina Yannatou's *SUMIGLIA*.

Wesley flips on the CD player and the ethereal notes of "Evga Mana Moui" begin to play.

Wesley leaves the living room to enter:

THE BEDROOM

What he sees makes him physically stagger. On the walls:

PICTURES OF WESLEY. From every stage of Wesley's life. As a newborn. A toddler. A four-year-old. A ten-year-old in a foster home. A teen. A college graduate.

All taken from afar. With loving care. A *father's care*.

INT. CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Wesley opens the door and turns on the light. The space is empty except for --

His father's signature longcoat.

And then there's the STRONGBOX on the ground.

Wesley flips the lid. Inside are old PASSPORTS for different countries, all with his father's photo and different names. BANK STATEMENTS from accounts in Switzerland. The Caymans. A roll of gold KRUGERRANDS.

MOVEMENT catches his eyes. A SPIDER on the floor, scuttling beneath an ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE GAP between the baseboard and the wall.

Curious, Wesley puts his hands to the rear wall...and slides the FALSE WALL open, revealing the MOTHER LODE--

CROSS'S ARMORY

Handguns. Rifles. Shotguns. Knives. And ten gallons of a liquid explosives labeled "ASTROLITE-G" in the back corner.

WESLEY

Shit dad...

Wesley slides the explosives through the false wall -- pausing when he feels something brush by his hand -- there's something affixed to the reverse side of the false wall board. A patch of fabric...

With trembling fingers, Wesley brings the fabric into the light and sees a PATTERN emerge:

MARCUS ALEXANDER SLOAN

WESLEY
(putting it all together)
Of course...

As the ramifications swirl in his head, he sits hard, staring at his father's arsenal. Staring at the patch of fabric.

SLAM TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Wesley strides through the automatic doors, dragging two shopping carts behind him.

WESLEY (V.O.)
This is me. And for the first time in
my life, I know exactly who I am...

To an employee as he passes:

WESLEY
Peanut butter?

INT. CHECK-OUT - MOMENTS LATER

The CHECK-OUT GIRL scans jar after jar of SKIPPY'S, JIF, LAURA SCUDDERS...

WESLEY (V.O.)
I know exactly what kind of man my
father was...

She looks at Wesley, who simply winks and flashes her a smile.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Wesley EMPTIES the jars of peanut butter into a 50 gallon trash can. Pours in his father's liquid explosives and stirs...

WESLEY (V.O.)
And I am most definitely my father's
son.

EXT. SANITATION YARD - NIGHT

Wesley STEALS a TRASH TRUCK and...

EXT. CITY DUMP - NIGHT

...SMASHES through the gate. Backs the truck up to the mountains of trash. Uses the SCOOP to pour his peanut butter concoction into the back of the truck, then opens up the tailgate.

WESLEY (V.O.)
And now that I know this, for the
first time in my life...

INT. CROSS'S APARTMENT

Wesley readies himself for battle: Loading MAGAZINES...
Cinching BELTS... Strapping on his father's GUNS...

WESLEY (V.O.)
I know exactly where I'm headed.

And finally donning his Cross's signature LONGCOAT. He checks himself in the mirror. IT'S A PERFECT FIT.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRATERNITY BUILDING - NIGHT

The calm before the storm.

INT. LOOM OF FATE ROOM - NIGHT

Fox is staring at the Loom, watching it run.

She turns and walks out.

INT. SLOAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sloan is pouring over his BINDERS when he hears a KNOCK.

SLOAN
Come in.

It's FOX.

SLOAN
How you feeling? Still shaken up?

A GRUMBLING NOISE begins to build from outside. A TRUCK in the distance. Getting closer...

...but they don't notice it yet.

FOX

All these years, not once, I've regretted anything I've done. Until now. I need to ask you something...

But Sloan and then she are distracted as they realize that noise is getting really LOUD. They turn as:

EXT. FRATERNITY COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

CRRRAAAAAASH!!! The courtyard doors EXPLODE off their hinges as WESLEY'S RAMPAGING TRASH TRUCK careens through.

INT. TRASH TRUCK

As it SKIDS to a stop in the courtyard. There's a moment of absolute quiet... then A HUNDRED GUNS bristle from every window -- all are aimed at Wesley's truck.

And on cue, they all start to FIRE.

Wesley PULLS A LEVER and dives out the passenger side door, rolling beneath the truck as a hailstorm of lead rains down, bullets SPARKING off the truck.

INT. FRATERNITY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Fraternity members are certain they've won until --

SFX: RRRR-R-E-E--E-EEEE!

The tailgate of the truck YAWNS open -- AND A THOUSAND RATS COME SPILLING OUT!

POV - INSIDE THE GARBAGE TRUCK

As the lift gate opens and the wave of rats POURS out.

BENEATH THE TRUCK

Wesley lays still as hundreds of rats squirm over his body.

And, curiously, they all have WATCHES strapped around their bodies.

BACK TO SHOT

The rats scurry like a Biblical plague, darting in every crack and crevice, climbing the walls, scrabbling beneath the factory doors.

POV - RATS

As they enter the factory and flow across the floor like a black tide. Up the stairs. Under floorboards. Into the machinery. The Archives. Everywhere.

Fraternity members STOMP them. SHOOT them. But there's just too many.

Fifty blaze a trail across the network of the factory's STRUCTURAL BEAMS...

A dozen more climb into a SODA MACHINE...

Two dozen others BURROW into bolts of FABRIC...

Another slips into a Weaver's JACKET POCKET...

UPSTAIRS

The REPAIRMAN BLASTS one of the scurrying rats. Snatches the body up to look at the watch face --

-- and sees it's COUNTING DOWN. 00:03...00:02...00:01...

Realizing, he THROWS the rat and turns to run, but --

MATCH TO:

BENEATH THE TRASH TRUCK

Where Wesley hangs like a bat. Calm. After a moment, he checks his watch -- the same as the ones on the rats.

As his watch reaches 00:00, all the watches in the factory BEEP SIMULTANEOUSLY and --

SLAM BACK TO:

THE REPAIRMAN

running as -- ***KA-BOOOM!!*** -- the rat EXPLODES behind him, not far enough away, VAPORIZING him in the most horrific way.

And at the same instant throughout the factory, A THOUSAND OTHER RAT-BOMBS DETONATE!

RAT EXPLOSIONS - VARIOUS

The FEATURED RATS we've seen hiding EXPLODE:

IN THE ARCHIVES, rats DETONATE, turning decades of files into fiery confetti...

ALONG THE BEAMS, rats EXPLODE, shattering supports and collapsing walls...

IN THE BOLTS OF FABRIC, a clutch of rats GO UP in a BILLOW of multicolored silk...

MONIX realizes with horror there's a rat in his pocket when --
KABOOOOOOOM!

INT. FRATERNITY TEXTILE PLANT

Rats DETONATE IN A WAVE, exploding like popcorn in a white-hot kettle. The wave SURGES through the building TOWARD CAMERA, and as it WASHES OVER US, MATCH TO:

EXT. FRATERNITY

As SMOKE AND DEBRIS BLAST out of every window. The entire structure SHAKES, then starts to COLLAPSE!

WESLEY

instantly rolls from beneath the truck and goes racing into the chaos. As he LEAPS through a window, guns out --

REVERSE ANGLE TO THE OTHER SIDE

-- as we see in SLOW MOTION as the guns TOUCH the glass. Crack it. Then smash through.

And before Wesley is even halfway through, his guns are BLAZING, CURVING bullets, dazed assassins falling in droves -- a dead ringer for his father in Cross's LONGCOAT and guns.

Then Wesley is inside, a blur of motion. Firing his guns until they're empty, then SNATCHING more out of mid-air from the assassins he BLOWS AWAY. It's a dazzling, deadly ballet, watching Wesley dispatch his enemies and take their falling guns or knives to dispatch more before they hit the ground.

As the dance continues, the building starts to come down around him, and Wesley is DIVING over falling beams, REBOUNDED off toppling walls.

And as Wesley jumps to a second floor and pulls himself up, the building is swallowed in smoke and dust...and EVERYTHING GOES WHITE.

INT. WHITE OUT

Gunfire stops and the world goes silent.

Wesley pads through the eerie factory, when --

SFX: A floorboard CREAKS.

Wesley wheels around and glimpses MOVEMENT through the fog...that materializes into the demonic shape of THE BUTCHER bearing down on him at full-speed! Wesley tries to bring his guns up but --

THE BUTCHER SLASHES high, SLICING WESLEY'S CHEEK! Disappears back into the mist.

Wesley tries to move, tries to find cover. The suspense is intense. And then, like a nightmare --

SFX: Another floorboard SQUEAKS!

Wesley turns again as The Butcher runs past, a phantom in the fog. He SLICES again with his blade, this time taking off the top part of Wesley's ear.

Wesley fires after him, but the man disappears into the smoke.

SFX: *CREEEEEEEK!*

This time Wesley reacts faster. Turns, sees The Butcher coming, knives in each hand, charging like a bull!

Wesley fires! BLAM! BLAM! But --

TING TING! The Butcher deflects the bullets with the knives in his hands! LASHES OUT as he passes, STABBING Wesley through the forearm as he passes.

But this time, we TRACK WITH --

THE BUTCHER

-- as he disappears into the fog. He turns for another pass at Wesley, but when he charges...Wesley is gone.

Senses on alert, The Butcher moves silently through the smoke, stalking Wesley until --

Up ahead, he spots Wesley's SILHOUETTE.

Readying for the *coup de grace*, The Butcher stalks forward, eases up behind Wesley -- and stabs him in the head.

The knife embeds itself deeply -- THUNKK! -- and that's when Wesley's longcoat falls away, REVEALING the thing he stabbed isn't Wesley's head...but a SPOOL OF YARN balanced on top of Wesley's feet.

Wesley is standing on his hands, upside-down.

BUTCHER'S POV

As Wesley grabs his legs and FLIPS over while ripping the knife from the spool, STABBING The Butcher in the face and WHIPPING him down to the floor. Dead before he can even gasp.

Wesley doesn't waste a second, charging ahead into --

SLOAN'S OFFICE

where Sloan stands before his desk. Wesley storms forward, gun out. The entire building SHUDDERS. LURCHES. It's terrifying, but Wesley and Sloan could care less.

SLOAN

I told you you'd be unstoppable.

WESLEY

It was the one thing you said that was true.

SFX: THE SOUNDS OF MANY GUNS BEING COCKED BEHIND HIM.

A dozen FRATERNITY MEMBER gun barrels press up against the back of Wesley's head. Including Fox's. All furious for having just watched their brethren downstairs die.

Slowly, Wesley thumbs the MAGAZINE RELEASE CATCH on his gun. It falls to the floor with a thud. Racks the slide, then drops the gun.

SLOAN

Was it?

WESLEY

You all think I'm the traitor?

Carefully, Wesley removes a patch of fabric from his pocket. Holds it up for all to see. The KILL ORDER for SLOAN.

Everyone stares in disbelief. Fox most of all.

FOX

Sloan?

WESLEY

You broke your own sacred rules. When your name came on the chopping block, my father tried to do the right thing and stand against you.

As the truth dawns, all the guns turn from Wesley to Sloan.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

No man can escape his fate, Sloan.
Not even you.

And even though Wesley has just pronounced the man's death sentence, Sloan allows himself a small smile.

FOX

Is it true!?

The moment hangs...then Sloan nods.

SLOAN

It is...

(beat)

...but not the whole truth. Fate didn't ask for just my head...

Sloan pulls UNFASTENS A BINDER and DUMPS the contents on the floor.

Patches of FABRIC spill across the desktop, eyes WIDEN as the assassins around Wesley see THEIR NAMES revealed on different Kill Orders.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

It asked for all of yours too.

They all stare at their own death sentences.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

It asked for an end to the Fraternity. And end to thousands of years of service. Ask yourselves, does that sound good for the world?

Sloan meets each of their gazes.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Now, for those of you experiencing a crisis of faith, I invite you to take your gun, put it in your mouth, and pull the trigger. Because that's the future Wesley demands for you. But for the rest of you, for those of you who want to live, today is the start of a new era. Where we choose our path. Where we control destiny and not the other way around.

Sloan finishes, taking in each person around him.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

The choice is yours.

The tension is a living thing. For a moment, no one moves. But then, one by one, the gun barrels turn...until they're all aimed back at Wesley.

SLOAN

(to Wesley)

It seems you misjudged the strength of human self-preservation. Just like your father did.

FOX (O.S.)

Where's the one with Wesley's name?

A lone gun remains on Wesley's side. It belongs to Fox.

FOX

Where's the one with Wesley's name?

Sloan's silence makes it clear. There is none.

FOX

So then, the code of this new organization is we kill who suits us. Sounds suspiciously like every other piece of shit power structure on this planet--

BOOOM! She kills the guy closest to Wesley! And in the heartbeat that everyone pieces what just happened together --

FOX tosses her guns to Wesley, snatching two more from that Weaver's collapsing body, as she whirls into Wesley's arms.

And the room ERUPTS IN GUNFIRE!

BOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOM!

It's Normandy and Iwo Jima packed into a 15' x 20' office.

The others try to return fire, but Wesley and Fox are too fast, WHIRLING through the forest of bodies in a dance of death. Weavers fall like wheat before the scythe of the four-armed, semi-auto god; whirling, firing, reloading.

VFX: As one Fraternity Member fires at them, Wesley shoots his bullets in mid-air -- BANKING them like an expert pool player into the face and bodies of other assassins.

BOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOM!!

Wesley and Fox move impossibly fast, assassins at the height of their game. Never presenting a clear target.

One by one, their would-be murderers fall to incredible shots, until the room is CLEAR!

Wesley moves an arm to pull Fox behind him as he fires a shot to the side -- he turns with surprise when she COLLAPSES to THE GROUND.

BLOOD starts to pool under his feet as he realizes she's been SHOT. He leans down, still spinning and shooting. Bullets whizzing past his head...

WESLEY

Stay with me!

FOX turns her head toward Wesley, sees him dancing above her, avoiding shots and taking deadly ones.

FOX

Sorry, Wesley...

WESLEY

(leaning in)

Stay with me...

FOX

(weak)

I can't keep up with you anymore...

WESLEY

But we make a good team...

FOX

(shakes her head)

You saw that binder... You've got a lot of work to do.

Her head drops to the floor, he tries to revive her but can't. He tends to her but is DISTRACTED BY THE SIGHT OF --

SLOAN

in the doorway. Wesley raises his guns to fire, but Sloan ducks away with frightening speed.

WESLEY is after him in a heartbeat, racing out into the CORRIDOR, where he catches a glimpse of Sloan ducking into the room containing the Loom of Fate.

Wesley rushes headlong after him.

INT. LOOM CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The billowing clouds of THICK SMOKE and CHOKING DUST offer only eerie glimpses of the insane spiderweb within. Ten thousand threads criss-crossing the room in every direction, all feeding into the Great Loom...

The floor QUIVERS and CREAKS under the strain of supporting the Loom's immense weight after the blast.

As Wesley rushes in, the door SLAMS closed behind him, trapping him in the MURKY HAZE.

Wesley FIRES in the direction of the door, but a loud SPANG of metal says he clearly missed his target.

SLOAN (O.S.)

You may have trained with Fox. And
you may have studied your father...

Sloan's voice seems to emanate from everywhere. Wesley tries to pinpoint it and FIRES!

SPANG! SPANG! Miss. But --

BOOM!

WESLEY

Aaaughh --!

A bullet rips through Wesley's leg.

SLOAN (O.S.)

...but you never read my file.

Wesley fires at where he saw the muzzle flash. SPANG!
SPANG! The shots miss by a mile.

As Wesley fumbles in the dark, REVERSE ANGLE TO FIND:

SLOAN

Sitting atop the Loom. Like a spider at the center of its web, he holds skeins of threads, feeling the strands for --

WESLEY

-- who is bleeding badly. As he moves through the dark, his foot BRUSHES a GREEN THREAD...

...which then MOVES in Sloan's hand, revealing his location.

BOOM! A shot PIERCES Wesley's foot.

WESLEY

..fuck...aaughh...

SLOAN (O.S.)

We're all infinitely connected.

Wesley turns and fires his gun -- SPANG! SPANG!

WESLEY

(through gritted teeth)

Goddamn it..!

SLOAN is enjoying this. He waits with his fingers on the strings, fishing, as --

WESLEY carefully picks his way through the room. Avoiding thread after thread...but he doesn't see the slender one brushing his hand until it's too late.

As it pulls, SLOAN feels it slipping over his fingers and FIRES!

BOOM!

The bullet zips through the middle of Wesley's left hand, spinning him on his feet.

SLOAN (O.S.)

I play my A-string over here...

WESLEY

FIRES -- SPANG! SPANG! -- then MOVES. DODGING through the web of threads toward the Loom at the center. The web gets thicker and thicker until --

Wesley can't move. Forward or back. He's utterly SURROUNDED by threads. Knowing his next move will be his last, he freezes in place. Trapped.

SLOAN

waits patiently. Feeling no movement. But knowing Wesley is trapped.

WESLEY

Looks around for any escape...then SPOTS something. On the ceiling above. The FIRE SPRINKLER. Wesley can't reach it, but a delicate line of threads passes just beneath.

Pulling a LIGHTER from his pocket, Wesley lights a single thread by his hand...and like the fuse of a bomb, the flame slowly CLIMBS.

REVERSE ANGLE TO SLOAN

Across the room, seeing a faint ORANGE GLOW through the thick clouds.

BACK TO SHOT

As the bullets pass over Wesley. And the flame CLIMBS. Zigzagging from one thread to the next to the next...

...and finally beneath the sensor.

FWOOOSSSH! The sprinkler goes off, and as the water rains down, the CLOUD OF DUST quickly settles.

Gun out, Wesley scans the room for Sloan. We're surprised he's no longer atop the Loom...

...but that's because he's CREEPING UP BEHIND WESLEY!

Wesley turns, but Sloan grabs a thick snarl of threads and WHIPS HIS WRIST, sending a loop SURGING across the room in the blink of an eye to WRAP AROUND Wesley's gun hand.

Wesley's gun goes FLYING. Bouncing through a GAPING HOLE in the floorboards to the shop below.

WIDE ANGLE

Sloan moves through the surreal environment like a Weaver god. GRIPPING skeins of threads and WHIPPING them at Wesley. It's a virtuoso performance, TRAPPING Wesley's limbs. WRAPPING them around his neck. STRANGLING him with them.

Wesley struggles, but it's no use. Sloan is too skilled. Too damn strong.

SLOAN

And you feel it over there.

As the cords cut into his NECK, Wesley's lungs rebel, heaving for air that will not come. His face goes red. Purple.

And as he sags to his knees --

POV - WESLEY

-- Sees the Loom's POWER BUTTON. Across the room.

BACK TO SHOT

And just as the darkness threatens to swallow him forever, Wesley WRAPS his foot around a mass of threads and KICKS...

...sending a WAVE whipping down the length of gathered threads to cross the room -- and HIT THE POWER BUTTON.

Instantly, the Loom STARTS UP and the web of threads LEAP UP around them, TANGLING Sloan in a net of tightening threads and YANKING him into the air.

Ironically, the same actions that ensnare Sloan, RELEASE Wesley.

ECU - WESLEY'S THREADS

As they UNFURL around him. Freeing him.

WIDE ANGLE

As the two men switch places, victim to victor. Sloan DANGLES at the edge of the GAPING HOLE in the floor, tied tight as a holiday roast. Completely IMMOBILIZED.

As Wesley approaches him, the floor beneath the Loom CRACKS, threatening to give.

Wesley doesn't care. Walks right up to Sloan --

AND PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE!

Sloan falls into the pit. Falls TWENTY...THIRTY feet before he's JERKED TO A STOP a few feet above the floor by the web of threads.

As he dangles there, the threads cutting painfully into his skin, Sloan SPOTS the gun Wesley dropped, laying on the floor only inches away. He reaches for it, but --

WESLEY grabs two handfuls of threads and SLIDES down.
REACHES the gun a heartbeat before Sloan does.

Sloan sags in his cocoon, his last chance gone.

WESLEY

I never could play the guitar.

Wesley raises his gun. Sloan looks up, directly into the abyss of the barrel pointed at his head.

WESLEY

This -- is my instrument.

BOOM! Wesley shoots Sloan.

Sloan straightens in shock, the full, terrifying knowledge that he is dying, that everything is lost, registering on his face in those final seconds.

But Wesley doesn't wait to see the end. This is how he wants to remember Sloan. Helpless. Gasping like a fish out of water. *Afraid.*

WESLEY

I know you stopped believing in fate...

Wesley turns and WALKS AWAY.

Behind him, Sloan fights for his last breath as the factory starts to collapse around him.

SLOAN'S HAND

snaps threads and draws a GUN from his pocket.

ON THE FLOOR ABOVE

Sloan's movements cause the Loom to start to shift. The boards beneath the Loom start to CREAK and SPLINTER.

SLOAN

swings the gun around to aim at Wesley's back. Wesley HEARS Sloan COCK the gun -- But Wesley doesn't do anything. He's fearless. And just as Sloan goes to squeeze the trigger --

The floor above CAVES IN and the LOOM COMES CRASHING DOWN! Sloan's scream of impotent rage is cut brutally short as his body is SMASHED through the factory floor --

-- CRUSHED to nothingness by the Loom.

EXT. FRATERNITY - NIGHT

Wesley is standing outside the ruins. He knows what happened.

WESLEY
(to himself)
But I didn't.

REVEAL

He's looking at the broken, bloody and beaten-up FOX.

WESLEY
Couldn't help but notice your name was
absent in Sloan's binder.

FOX
I noticed that too.
(beat)
Made it easier to side against him.

WESLEY laughs. She laughs. They head out -- into the city.

FOX
Now what?

WESLEY
I've got some ideas...

INT. FRATERNITY RUINS - SAME TIME

FIND the Loom. Charred and broken and still...

When suddenly it comes to life.

And the LASER begins to etch: "WESLEY GIBS--"

--AND WE'RE OUT.