

DEADPOOL

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OVER BLACK. Low volume, through a tinny speaker, JUICE
NEWTON'S 'ANGEL OF THE MORNING.'

FADE UP ON:

1 EXT./INT. TAXI CAB - MORNING 1

DEADPOOL, in full DRESS REDS and MASK, quietly FIDGETS in the
BACK SEAT of a TAXI CAB as it proceeds along a CITY FREEWAY.

Deadpool adjusts the two KATANAS strapped to his back. Rolls
the WINDOWS up, down, up. Tries futilely to untwist the
seatbelt, then LUNGES forward, locking it up. Rifles through
a tourist booklet and tears out a HAUNTED SEGWAY TOUR coupon.
The CABBIE, young, thin, brown, glances back and forth from
the rear view to the road to the rear view.

DEADPOOL
Kinda lonesome back here.

CUT TO: DEADPOOL, WEDGING himself through the opening
between the back seat and front. His two katanas don't
cooperate, catching on the Plexiglas, stalling him mid-torso.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
Little help?

The cabbie grabs Deadpool's hand and pulls him through to the
front. Deadpool's head rests upside down on the bench seat
as he maneuvers his legs through. The cabbie turns the
helping hand into a HANDSHAKE, then turns down the Juice.

CABBIE
Dopinder.

DEADPOOL
(still upside-down)
Pool. Deadpool.

Dopinder is remarkably UNAFFECTED by the lunatic in his cab.

DOPINDER
Why the fancy red suit, Mr. Pool?

DEADPOOL
It's like Christmas Day, Dopinder. Been
waiting one thousand eight hundred twenty-
two days, three hours...
(checks 'Adventure Time'
watch)
...and thirty-six minutes for this shit.

(CONTINUED)

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

Deadpool grabs Dopinder's OPEN BAG of CORN NUTS. Dopinder isn't quick enough to stop him. Deadpool gazes out the window onto the city - a teeming, sooty urban sprawl that looks almost... pre-post-apocalyptic.

Deadpool turns up his MASK. Dopinder catches a GLIMPSE of the bottom of a SCARRED face. And quickly looks AWAY. Deadpool eats the CORN NUTS. CRUNCH. CRUNCH. Points.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Nice.

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

DOPINDER

Smells good, no?

DEADPOOL

Not the Daffodil Daydream. The girl.

A PICTURE of a young INDIAN WOMAN is taped to the dash.

DOPINDER

Ah yes. Gita. She is quite lovely. She was supposed to make me a very agreeable wife. Mom and Dad chose her rather excellently. But Gita's heart has been stolen by my cousin Bandhu. Bandhu is as dishonorable as he is attractive.

DEADPOOL

Dopinder, I'm starting to think I'm in this cab for a reason.

DOPINDER

Because you hailed it?

DEADPOOL

No, my slender brown friend... to give you one crucial piece of advice: Love... is a beautiful thing. When it finds you, the whole world smells like Daffodil Daydream.

Deadpool's own heartbreak is palpable. He takes another deep, cleansing BREATH.

1

CONTINUED: (2)

1

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

So hold onto love tight. Go at Bandhu hard. Get Gita back. Or else... the whole world will taste like Mama June after hot yoga.

DOPINDER

And how does Ms. Mama June taste?

DEADPOOL

Like two hobos making love under a drizzle of Limburger- I could go all day like this. Point is, bad.

Deadpool chucks the bag of Corn Nuts into the back seat and pulls out his PISTOLS. He starts CHAMBERING shells into two magazines.

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

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

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

2

INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - DAY

2

A blind late-70's AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN in a purple floral dress enters the front door, falls as she trips over an 'I *HEART* HELLO KITTY' DUFFEL BAG of AMMUNITION, PICKS it UP, and CARRIES it OFF.

3

INT./EXT. TAXI CAB - MORNING

3

DOPINDER

Shall we turn back?

DEADPOOL

No time. Not today.
(slides in last bullets)
Ten, eleven, twelve... or bust.
(chambers a shell into each gun, looks up)
Right here!

The cab SCREECHES to a stop on the shoulder of the highest FREEWAY in a massive INTERCHANGE of freeways. Dopinder halts the meter and hands Deadpool his CARD.

DOPINDER

My card. That's \$27.50.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

DEADPOOL

Oooo. I never carry a wallet when I'm working. Ruins the lines of my suit. How 'bout a crisp high five?

Dopinder stares as he and Deadpool slap skin. Deadpool GETS OUT of the cab.

DOPINDER

Be sure to... ask for me again?

DEADPOOL

I owe you one. Merry Christmas, Dopinder.

DOPINDER

And a convivial... Tuesday in April to you, Pool... Guy.

Deadpool closes the door with a flourish. Boom.

4

EXT./INT. 'THE RAFT' PRISON - MORNING

4

A bone-white ISLAND PRISON, affectionately nicknamed 'The Raft,' looms ominously in a CITY HARBOR.

Etched in helvetica into the prison wall: 'No punishment has ever possessed enough power of deterrence to prevent the commission of crimes.' - Hannah Arendt. Below it, GRAFFITIED in RED SPRAY PAINT: 'Until NOW'

The prison's FRONT DOORS OPEN, and out steps a handcuffed PRISONER, 30's, ORANGE JUMPSUIT, broad shoulders, whip-smart, tightly coiled, with cool, dead-blue eyes. BURLY GUARDS guide him across a CAUSEWAY toward a CONVOY of Escalades and Ducatis on shore.

The middle Escalade's door opens. The prisoner stops. The guards unlock his CUFFS.

GUARD

You're someone else's problem now.

The ex-prisoner STRETCHES his arms and strides TOWARD the convoy.

PRISONER

Yes. I. Am.

CUE SALT & PEPA'S 'SHOOP:'

5 EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY 5

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

DEADPOOL

Can I get some fries with that shake-shake boobie? If looks could kill you would be an uzi.

Deadpool is using some broken CRAYONS to draw something on a scrap of paper. REVERSE ANGLE to REVEAL a childish drawing of Deadpool SHOOTING another man in the head, brains blowing out.

The victim's thought bubble reads: 'OUCHIE!!!' Even through the mask, Deadpool looks pleased by this.

He turns to CAMERA:

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Oh, hello, Deadpool here. You may be wondering whose balls I had to fondle to get my own movie. Rhymes with 'Polverine.' Couple'a smooth criminals.

(ALT:)

In a word, gorgeous.

(ALT:)

Surprisingly little hair down there.

(ALT:)

It's a jungle down there.

(ALT:)

Thick underbrush.

(beat)

Anyway, I smell Oscar. The suit's gonna match the carpet. Now... places to be... faces to fix... bad guys to kill...

ANGLE ON a distant BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the freeway interchange: an interwoven tangle of ramps.

6 EXT. REMOTE AIRFIELD - MORNING 6

AJAX, 30's, dead-blue eyes, broad shoulders, whip-smart, tightly coiled stands at ease on a cracked and blistered tarmac. Behind him, a HEAVILY ARMED CONVOY OF DUCATIS and ESCALADES. FOUR LARGE ALUMINUM CARGO CRATES sit beside him.

Ajax squints into the sun as A BELL HELICOPTER thrashes the air above him, kicking up dust as it lands.

(CONTINUED)

A SERBIAN WARLORD, mid-50's, sharply dressed, armored BRIEFCASE in hand, climbs out. He is surrounded by ARMED GUARDS.

The Warlord places the BRIEFCASE on the FOREMOST CRATE. Ajax pops the case... to find STACKS upon STACKS of THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS. Satisfied, he closes the briefcase and hands it to one of his men.

AJAX
(bangs crate)
They won't disappoint.

WARLORD
They'd better not. And next month's shipment?

AJAX
There won't be one. Demand is high. You aren't the only one with a war to win.

WARLORD
(steps forward)
That won't do.

Both sets of armed thugs shift to ready positions.

Ajax smiles calmly, but his free hand DARTS OUT and CASUALLY LIFTS the warlord into the air by the THROAT. Fingers find triggers on both sides.

AJAX
There's been a small... disruption in our supply chain. We'll deliver in full the following month. Say, ten percent off for the inconvenience?

The Warlord manages to nod in acquiescence. Ajax smiles again, lowers him gasping to the ground.

AJAX (CONT'D)
We appreciate your business.

Ajax spins and walks purposefully toward the line of waiting SUV's.

The warlord angrily motions for his men to begin loading the crates into the helicopter, which they do.

WARLORD
(sotto voce)
Fucking mutant.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2) 6

Behind him the convoy of SUV's and motorcycles pull out, falling into line as they accelerate past the rows of derelict aircraft.

7 EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY 7

DEADPOOL watches as the convoy approaches. He CASUALLY gets up as if standing up out of an easy chair...

DEADPOOL

On your mark, get set, go, let me go, let me shoop...

He PIROUETTES, and DROPS an entire level DOWN...

8 INT. ESCALADE - MORNING 8

THROUGH the SUNROOF of an ESCALADE. SMASH!

There are FOUR HUGE BAD-ASSES inside the S.U.V., two in front, two behind. Deadpool lands back-middle in a HAILSTORM of GLASS. He stuns the men to both sides with elbows to the face as he raises his arms in greeting.

DEADPOOL

¡Hola! ¡Me llamo Piscina De La Muerte!

(subtitled, in YELLOW:)

Hello! My name is the Pool of Death.

There's no easy way to say this. I'm pregnant, Trevor.

(ALT:)

Any of you seen *Green Lantern*? Me neither.

BOOM! MAYHEM ERUPTS as the two men in back find themselves sharing a phone booth with the TASMANIAN DEVIL: ELBOWS. FOREARMS. KNEES. CRACKING. CRUNCHING. SCREAMING.

From BEHIND, the Escalade BUCKS and BOUNCES down the road on its suspension, almost CARTOON-LIKE.

A brutal punch spins Deadpool UPSIDE-DOWN, and he rolls with it, uses his FEET to BREAK the man's NECK. The other man stomps on his head, then drags him up and SMUSHES Deadpool's face into the seat's premium trim.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Rich... Corinthian... Leather.

Deadpool HURLS the man through THROUGH the TAILGATE WINDOW.

The man clutches the TAILGATE, DRAGGED behind the S.U.V. Deadpool sticks his head between the two guys in FRONT.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
Scuse, por favor!

The DRIVER SLAMS Deadpool's head into the console repeatedly.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

Deadpool squirms away and WRESTLES VIOLENTLY with the guy in the PASSENGER SEAT.

He GRABS the PASSENGER SEAT-BELT, TIES it around the guy's ANKLE, and KICKS him out the PASSENGER SIDE DOOR. The guy's HEAD and SHOULDERS SMACK pavement, where he's DRAGGED mercilessly by his ANKLE - a modern COWBOY whose boot just got stuck in his horse's STIRRUP.

Deadpool grabs the driver by the HAIR on the BACK of his HEAD and BANGS his FOREHEAD into:

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

MARIACHI. DR. DREW. MONSTER TRUCK COMMERCIAL ('SUNDAY, SUNDAY, SUNDAY!'). One more SMACK to get us back to MARIACHI.

Deadpool looks in the REAR VIEW MIRROR to see the man in back CRAWL up the tailgate.

Deadpool PUSHES in the Cadillac's CIGARETTE LIGHTER.

Back to the DRIVER. Deadpool BASHES his face into the DRIVER's SIDE WINDOW. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

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

The man in back scrambles forward. The CIGARETTE LIGHTER POPS OUT. Deadpool YANKS the EMERGENCY BRAKE. The man in back LAUNCHES forward and SMACKS the DASHBOARD.

Deadpool STABS the now ORANGE-HOT lighter into the man's forehead, burning the COIL PATTERN into his skin. The man SCREAMS.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
Loved your work in *Daredevil*.

Deadpool stuffs the lighter INTO the man's mouth and CLAMPS his hand over it.

(CONTINUED)

The man hollers in muffled agony. A MOTORCYCLE has pulled AHEAD of the ESCALADE and now sits, STOPPED, in its path.

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

Deadpool has one hand grasped on the back of the driver's neck, still mashing his face into the window glass, and the OTHER hand still clamped over the second man's mouth. He plants both FEET on the steering wheel and 'drives,' spinning the wheel, sending the S.U.V. into...

...a ROLL. The Escalade goes ENDO, SOMERSAULTING WILDLY.

Suddenly, the ACTION BEGINS TO SLOW...

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

Parts scatter off the motorcycle, including its CHAIN. The RIDER continues to SQUEEZE off ROUNDS as he goes FLYING.

Inside the Escalade, Deadpool goes SPIN-CYCLE. The DRIVER flies through the sunroof, tearing out its remaining glass. BLOOD spatters. The other man spits out the glowing CIGARETTE LIGHTER. The guy whose ankle is still tangled in the seat-belt FLAILS through the air like a rag-doll, AHAB tied to MOBY DICK.

The action CONTINUES to SLOW... until it FREEZES.

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

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

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Shit. Did I leave the stove on?

We RAMP back UP to FULL SPEED. The S.U.V. CARTWHEELS. The guy's ankle untangles from the seat-belt. He FLIES high toward a big HIGHWAY EXIT SIGN and... SPLAT... out of frame.

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

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

The man who ate the CIGARETTE LIGHTER now eats pavement.

VX8

EXT. X-MANSION - DAY

VX8

A sign reads 'PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS.'

(CONTINUED)

VC8

CONTINUED:

VC8

NTW

Was that sarcasm? Awesome.

COLOSSUS

You ate breakfast, yes? Breakfast is most important meal of day.

(hands NTW a protein bar)

Here. Protein bar, good for bones.

Deadpool may try to break yours.

NTW shoves the bar in a pocket of her coat without breaking stride.

9

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - MORNING

9

The S.U.V. slides to a halt ON ITS SIDE, PASSENGER WINDOWS UP. The rest of the CONVOY is forced to stop BEHIND.

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

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

TWO SILENT BEATS. Then we hear the soft, ELECTRIC BUZZ of the Escalade's middle passenger window ROLLING DOWN. Up pops the HEAD of DEADPOOL, like the GOPHER in *Caddyshack*.

BANG BANG BANG BANG.

DEADPOOL

Wait, wait...

The head drops, the hands come up. BANG.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Wait! You're probably wondering. Why the red suit? It's so bad guys can't see me bleed. This guy has the idea. He wore the brown pants.

(to camera)

All together now...

The THUGS immediately OPEN FIRE.

Deadpool is already leaping upward, flipping backwards, bullets tearing the air beneath him as he pulls out those TWO MASSIVE .50 CAL PISTOLS... and in slo-mo, RETURNS FIRE.

Deadpool keeps count of every bullet he fires:

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Twelve..!

(CONTINUED)

A SHELL-CASING is EJECTED. We enter EXTREME SLO-MO and SWOOP IN on the shell as it TUMBLES through the air...

...revealing the number '00012' ETCHED in a semi-circle on its butt end. Deadpool FIRES the second pistol. We move instantly to the second shell: '00011'

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Eleven...

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

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Ten...

ANOTHER SHOT. A THUG takes one in the HEART. The other thugs POUR LEAD into the disabled S.U.V.

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

Deadpool TURNS to SPY a MOTORCYCLE RIDER BEARING DOWN ON HIM. This rider wears a distinctive SILVER HELMET.

Deadpool raises BOTH pistols. This RIDER LEANS away, dodging each slug. First left, then right, then left.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Nine. Shit! Eight. Fuck! Seven. Shit-fuck!

The bike WHIZZES PAST safely, firing bullets, DEADPOOL follows, leaping high, flipping over the S.U.V.

He lands smoothly the other side, right BEHIND a thug who's looking in the other direction as he sneaks around the car.

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

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Six.

The shell tumbles to the ground, falls still. '00006'

Deadpool opens the Escalade. His target is NOT THERE.

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

He dives behind another Escalade, takes a moment to search the interior through the windows... and then flinches as AK-47 bullets pass THROUGH the skin of the S.U.V. around him.

(CONTINUED)

One of the bullets lands in DEADPOOL'S BICEP. Deadpool yelps, in pain... then stuffs some of his torn red suit fabric into the hole to staunch the bleeding.

Then he scrambles AROUND the S.U.V., trying to close the distance to this guy through a WITHERING BARRAGE of fire.

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

DEADPOOL.

Fuck. You.

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

DEADPOOL

Someone's not counting. Cinco.

The bullet HITS the thug in the throat. '00005'

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Me gusta cinco.

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

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

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Four. Three. Stupid. Worth it.

The SILVER-HELMETED MOTORCYCLE RIDER makes another pass, FIRING. Deadpool ducks behind the S.U.V. again.

20 yards away, a GROUP of thugs TAKE COVER behind the final S.U.V. One pulls out a HAND-GRENADE, RAISES HIS ARM to throw.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

Number two...

Deadpool FIRES, SHOOTING the GRENADE in the thug's FIST. BOOM! The whole CLUSTER of THUGS drops.

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

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

Inside is a rumpled orange prison coverall, but NOT the PRISONER. Deadpool gets childishly angry.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

What the shit-biscuit! Where you at,
Francis?

Worse, CLICK-CLACK. The distinctive COCKING of SHOTGUNS.

3 final THUGS stand on the freeway, lined up perpendicular to
Deadpool, SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER, FIRING BENELLI COMBAT
SHOTGUNS. BAM! BAM! BAM!

Deadpool ducks behind the S.U.V. and raises a PISTOL. We
ZOOM IN through the CHAMBER to spy the last BULLET, POISED in
front of the FIRING PIN:

'00001'

Deadpool thinks, then LEAPS from behind the 'SCLADE, TWISTS
forward and right.

All 3 THUGS FIRE again. BUCKSHOT rips into DEADPOOL'S BACK.

But he LANDS so that all 3 men are now parallel to him...

...in A SINGLE-FILE LINE.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

One.

BOOM! We're with the FINAL BULLET as it HURTLES from the gun
and passes THROUGH the first man's head... then the SECOND
man's head... and SMACKS the third man in the forehead.

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

Deadpool puts his mouth to his pistol barrel, INHALES... and
then EXHALES smoke through the pores of his mask.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

I'm touching myself tonight.

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

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

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

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Really? Rolling up the sleeves?

Deadpool reaches back. We hear the THRILLING SOUND...

(CONTINUED)

...of STEEL BLADES being DRAWN. Out come Deadpool's TRADEMARK KATANAS. The thug's eyes widen as...

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

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
I know what you're thinking...

The action SLOWS again to a FREEZE. Deadpool is in mid-slice, muscles bulging.

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

Title: **6 Years Ago**

A sleazy, mid-thirties MAN, GAVIN MERCHANT, decked out in DRAGON PRINT V-NECK and STUDED JEANS, is MID-ARGUMENT with a late teen, pimply-faced PIZZA DELIVERY GUY, whose name-tag reads: JEREMY.

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

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

MERCHANT
The Mr. Merchant who didn't. Order. The. Fucking. Pie.

JEREMY
Then who placed the call?

A TOILET flushes in another room, and both men turn.

WADE (O.S.)
I did.

The VOICE comes from over Merchant's shoulder. WADE WILSON (the future DEADPOOL, MINUS the SCARS and SUIT), handsome, boyish, cheerily steps from through a doorway and into the living room wiping his hands on a towel.

Merchant STARES, incredulous.

WADE (CONT'D)
Pineapple and olive?

Jeremy NODS.

WADE (CONT'D)
Sweet and salty.

MERCHANT
The fuck are you? And what are you doing
in my crib?!

Without even turning toward Merchant, Wade PULLS OUT A .50 CALIBER DESERT EAGLE PISTOL and nonchalantly AIMS it at him. Merchant and Jeremy both go pale.

WADE
(to Jeremy)
Burnt crust?

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

WADE
Relax, son, that's hows I likes it! Once
you go black, you never go back!
(takes pizza)

MERCHANT
(stammering)
This is about the poker game, right? I
told Howie... Listen, take whatever you
want!

Merchant fumbles with his wallet and starts to hand Wade the bills inside. Wade takes the ENTIRE WALLET instead.

WADE
Thanks!

JEREMY
(to Wade)
Uh. Sir? Before you do anything to him.
Could I have a big tip?

(CONTINUED)

WADE
(already munching)
Jeremy, is it?

JEREMY
Yeah.

WADE
Wade Wilson.
(quick fist bump)
Jeremy, that's a no go on the tiperoo.
I'm not here for him.
(levels gun at Jeremy)
I'm here for you.

Jeremy's eyes widen. Wade holds up a YELLOW CARD, featuring an embedded SIM. Below the logo of a CYPRESS TREE is the name of Wade's intended target: 'GARRETT, JEREMY.'

Merchant breathes a sigh of relief.

MERCHANT
Dodged a big time bullet on that o-

Wade PISTOL-PUNCHES/POKES Merchant in the forehead. Merchant howls.

WADE
(re: studded jeans)
Not out of the woods yet. You need to seriously ease up on the bedazzling. They're jeans, not a chandelier.
(sniffs)
And the Axe body spray.

JEREMY
(sheepish)
That's unfortunately me.

WADE
PS, I'm keeping your wallet. Ya did kinda give it to me...

MERCHANT
Can I at least have my Sam's Club card baaa-

Wade points the pistol at Merchant again, sending him backpedaling into a chair.

WADE
I will shoot your fucking cat.

(CONTINUED)

MERCHANT

I don't have a cat!

WADE

Then whose kitty-litter did I just shit in?

(turns to Jeremy)

Anyhoo, you by chance know a Meghan Orlovsky? Getting that right? Orlovsky? Orloskvy? Do you?

Jeremy manages a timid little NOD.

WADE (CONT'D)

Good. 'Cause she knows you.

Wade holsters the pistol and WHIPS out a HUNTING KNIFE. He twirls it adeptly... but instead of holding it to Jeremy's neck... CUTS himself a SLICE of PIZZA.

WADE (CONT'D)

What situation isn't improved by pizza?

Wade shovels half the slice into his mouth, revealing an Army SPECIAL FORCES TATTOO on his forearm: A SKULL WEARING A GREEN BERET, BACKED BY A BLADE, AND THE WORDS 'DE OPPRESSO LIBER' (official motto of the U.S. Army Special Forces).

WADE (CONT'D)

(through chews)

Jeremy, I belong to a group of guys who take a dime to beat a fella down.

(cuts another pizza slice)

Little Meghan's not made of money, but lucky her, I've got a soft spot.

Wade brings the next pizza slice over to Merchant. Wade nearly hands it to him but lets go too soon. The slice falls flat - pineapple down - onto the floor at Merchant's feet.

JEREMY

B-but I'm-

WADE

(returns to Jeremy)

A stalker. Threats hurt, Jer. Though not nearly as bad as serrated steel.

Wade pokes the end of his knife into Jeremy's chest, pinning him against the wall.

WADE (CONT'D)

So keep away from Meghan. We cool?

(CONTINUED)

JEREMY

Y-yeah.

A beat. In a huge ANTI-CLIMAX, Wade deftly twirls his knife AWAY from Jeremy's chest, SPINS it on his finger, and JAMS it back into its SLEEVE.

WADE

Then we're done.

JEREMY

W-we are?

WADE

Soft spot, remember? But even look in her general direction again? You'll learn in the worst of ways.

(pats Jeremy's cheek)

I've got some hard spots too.

(pauses)

That came out wrong. Or did it?

SKATE PUNKS carve on ramps built into the sides of a highway underpass. A group of TEEN GIRLS are perched at the bottom of the nearby stairs, texting each other from inches away. An old-fashioned GHETTO BLASTER bangs 'SHOOP.'

SALT & PEPA

I love you in your big jeans.

GIRLS

(join chorus)

You give me nice dreams. You make me wanna scream...

Boom. A PIZZA BOX lands at their feet. On top of it lands a POLAROID PICTURE.

WADE (O.S.)

"Oooo, oooo, oooo!"

A FRIZZY-HAIRED EMO GIRL picks up the Polaroid... of a terrified JEREMY holding another pizza box that has been cut into a heart, the words 'I'm Sorry' scrawled onto it, a PEE-STAIN on his JEANS, and a laughing WADE photo-bombing with the knife to his neck. She looks UP to see:

Wade bobbing to the music.

WADE (CONT'D)

You've seen the last of Jeremy.

11

CONTINUED:

11

The girl - MEGHAN ORLOVSKY - leaps up and HUGS Wade tight.

WADE (CONT'D)
That's why we do it.

GIRL #2
Hey, think you could fuck up my step-dad?

GIRL #3
How 'bout Vice Principal Renwiki?

WADE
(suddenly serious)
What'd he do to you?

GIRL #3
Suspended me for smoking.

WADE
(turns to go)
Good for him! Sorry, ladies. Me no dig
cigs. And I may look mean. But if I
give a guy a pavement facial? He earned
it.

Wade gives Meghan a smile, turns to leave.

MEGHAN
Hey. Thanks. You're my hero.

The word catches Wade like a punch to the gut. Hero?

WADE
That I ain't.

Wade doesn't turn back, walking through the swooping skaters.

A12

EXT. SISTER MARGARET'S - NIGHT - PAST

A12

A grimy SIGN on a grimier brick building reads: 'SISTER
MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD GIRLS.'

12

INT. SISTER MARGARET'S - NIGHT - PAST

12

Inside, society's DREGS. Chief among them, BOOTHE: a HUGE,
menacing hipster with a BOY SCOUT CAP and MASSIVE HANDLEBAR
MOUSTACHE. He's got some DUDE's fingers splayed out on the
bar, jabbing a KNIFE POINT between them as fast as he can.

WADE shimmies past, backslaps BOOTHE:

WADE
Boothe!

(CONTINUED)

BOOTHE
(turns, smiles)
Heya, Wade!

We hear a STAB and a SCREAM.

Wade winces as he continues on to the BAR, claims a STOOL and waves over the lone bartender - WEASEL, early 20's, geeky, glasses. Think Tom Cruise in 'Cocktail.' Then think the opposite.

WEASEL
Wade Wilson, Patron Saint of the Pitiful.
What can I get you?

WADE
I'd love a blow-job.

WEASEL
We got that in common.

WADE
The drink, moose-knuckle. But first...

Wade digs in a pocket, slaps the YELLOW 'HIT' CARD, the one with the CYPRESS TREE, on the bar.

Weasel goes to the register. Scans the card. Peels off three ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. Lays them out like a bank teller. Wade PUSHES the MONEY AWAY...

WADE (CONT'D)
I ain't taking allowance money. Make sure it gets back to Ms. Orlofsky? Onroflensky? Olly-Olly-Oxen-Free?

WEASEL
Orlofsky. For a merc, you sure are warm-blooded. Bet you let the boy off easy-peasy, too.

WADE
(embarrassed)
He's not a bad kid, Weas. Just a little light stalking. I was way worse at his age- traveling to far-off places - Baghdad, Mogadishu, Jacksonville -
(shudders)
- meeting new and exciting people -

(CONTINUED)

WEASEL

And killing them. I've seen your Instagram. What was Special Forces doing in Jacksonville, anyway?

WADE

Classified.

(whispers)

They have a wonderful TGIFridays. Those guys know their way around a Loaded Potato Skin. The point is, I'm trying to put those days in my rear-view.

Weasel puts the finishing touches on the drink, pushes it across the bar to Wade.

WEASEL

Kahlua, Bailey's, whip cream. Fellatio in a glass.

A burst of laughter turns Wade's attention to BUCK, a BAD-ASS in a snakeskin jacket, has a crowd gathered round him, mid-story. He too is holding a YELLOW CARD with SIM and CYPRESS TREE.

BUCK

So he's staring at my Glock in his mouth, like...

(mouth full)

'I thought you guys had a code!' And I'm like, 'Yeah, no kids. No women. Almost fooled by your tits. But the moustache?!

The crowd CRACKS UP.

Wade pulls out Gavin Merchant's wallet and teases out a TWENTY. He grabs a passing waitress, tucks the bill in her shirt pocket and sets the blowjob on her tray.

WADE

Kelly, you mind taking this over to Buck? Tell him it's from Boothe.

(whispers, to Weasel)

Little foreplay.

Weasel follows Wade's gaze to the end of the bar, where a chuckling BOOTHE wraps a bandage around the guy's bloody hand.

WEASEL

Remind me what good comes of this?

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

WADE

I don't take the shits. I just disturb them.

Weasel allows himself a tiny conspiratorial SMILE.

SMASH CUT TO:

13 INT. SISTER MARGARET'S - NIGHT

13

WADE, in medium shot, TEARING UP at the famous Steven Seagal bar fight from 'OUT FOR JUSTICE' on T.V. as... SMACK... BAM... a REAL bar fight goes on - OUT OF FOCUS - behind him.

WADE

(trailer voice)

It's a dirty job... but someone's gotta take out the garbage.

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

WEASEL grabs a hand mirror, hops over the bar, and crosses to Boothe. All the PATRONS fall HUSH as WEASEL holds the mirror to Boothe's mouth. Boothe's BREATH FOGS it up.

WEASEL

Still kicking.

The place 'ooooohs.' Near miss. Weasel returns to his place behind the bar, looking disappointed.

WADE

Lemme guess. Ya got Boothe in Sister Margaret's dead pool.

WEASEL

Um. See. About that-

WADE

You did not bet on me to die.
(looks up at board,
incredulous)
You bet on me to die.

Wade leans back and looks up at an ENORMOUS CHALKBOARD hanging above the bar: 'Sister Margaret's DEAD POOL.' Below, a long LIST of NAMES. DOLLAR AMOUNTS to the right of the names. More NAMES to the right of the dollars.

Indeed, 'WEASEL' has chosen 'WADE.' Wade looks betrayed.

(CONTINUED)

WADE (CONT'D)

Weasel, you're the world's worst friend. Joke's on you. I'm living to 102. Like those old Quaker biddies on the *Today Show*. And retiring on my winnings.

WEASEL

Wait, who did you pick?

Weasel looks up at the board, where 'WADE' has claimed: 'BIEBER, J.'

WADE

The Biebs. But I'm probably wrong. Nothing bad ever happens to teen stars who make 80 mil a year and think they're immune to the pitfalls of addiction and consequence. He'll be fine.

(raises shot, yells)

Drinks on me, soldiers of fortune!

MERCENARIES

Hooah!

VANESSA

Whoa, whoa...

Wade turns to see a woman on his other side: VANESSA. Brunette. Silver-blue eyes. Tank. Tiny jean-shorts.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Sure you wanna shoot your whole wad?

Wade looks Vanessa all the way up and down... then holds up his PINKIE.

WADE

Tight.

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

VANESSA

Vanessa.

WADE

What's a nice place like you doing in a girl like this?

BUCK (O.S.)

It ain't what she's doing, it's who.

BUCK walks past and SLAPS Vanessa on the caboose.

(CONTINUED)

BUCK (CONT'D)
I'd hit that shit.

Wade pushes back his stool, stands menacingly.

WADE
Buck, you'd best apologize, before-

But Vanessa doesn't wait for Wade's chivalry. She blows right by him and grabs a fistful of Buck's crotch. Buck gasps.

WADE (CONT'D)
Yeah, that.

VANESSA
(to Buck)
Say the magic words, Fat Gandalf.

BUCK
I'm sorry! I have no filter between my brain and mouth. I'm working on it.

Wade takes Vanessa's shoulders.

WADE
OK, he apologized... hakuna his tatas...

Vanessa lets Buck go, turns on Wade.

VANESSA
(let's go)
And you-
(shakes Wade off)
Hands off the merchandise.

WADE
Merchandise? So, what, you, uh, bump fuzzies for money?

VANESSA
Yup.

WADE
Rough childhood?

VANESSA
Rougher than yours. Daddy left before I was born.

WADE
Daddy left before I was conceived.

(CONTINUED)

VANESSA

Ever had a cigarette put out on your skin?

WADE

I didn't know there was any other place to put one out.

VANESSA

I was molested.

WADE

Me too. Uncle.

VANESSA

Uncles. They took turns.

WADE

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

VANESSA

Bedroom? Lucky. I slept in a dishwasher box.

WADE

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

VANESSA

Who would do such a thing?

WADE

Hopefully you. Later tonight.

(beat)

And my Uncle Kevin.

Wade EMPTIES the rest of Gavin's wallet:

WADE (CONT'D)

What can I get for two-hundred-seventy three bucks... and a Yogurtland rewards card?

Vanessa shoves the bills into her halter:

VANESSA

About forty-eight minutes of whatever you want...

(peers at card)

And a low-fat dessert.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4) 13

Wade grins at her like a kid on Christmas morning.

14 INT. ARCADE - NIGHT - PAST 14

A two-shot of WADE and VANESSA staring at each other, in profile. Wade looks really excited.

WADE

Time to put balls... in holes.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal two SKEEBALL MACHINES in the ARCADE. Wade inserts tokens, and balls CLUNK down.

Vanessa looks half amused, half weirded out.

WADE (CONT'D)

You said whatever I want.

VANESSA

I get it. You love skeeball. Apparently more than you love vagina.

WADE

Tough call. Just trying to get to know the real you... not the plunging-necklined, short-shortened, two-dimensional sex object peddled by Hollywood.

Wade slowly turns to CAMERA. REVERSE ANGLE TO his P.O.V.:

A ten-year-old BOY stops in his tracks, his gaze moving from Vanessa's plunging neckline to her short shorts.

BOY

Nice tits!

VANESSA

Thank you, son.
(tousles boy's hair)
You know how to make a woman feel special.

Vanessa reaches down, grabs two balls, hands one to Wade.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Balls in holes.

WADE

Prepare to lose tragically.

VANESSA

Bring it, big man.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

Wade smiles slyly, sizes up the ramp, rears back and OVERHANDS the first ball... right into the 50,000 CUP.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Ruh-roh.

15 INT. ARCADE PRIZE COUNTER - LATER - PAST 15

A beaming WADE bellies up to the prize counter and lays a massive armful of pink TICKETS on top.

WADE

The limited edition Voltron: Defender of the Universe ring, por favor.

TEEN

You're roughly three hundred thousand tickets short.

(beat)

It's nickel-silver-plated.

WADE

(disappointed)

Then I guess the tire-grade rubber Voltron keychain.

VANESSA places a measly TEN tickets of her own next to them.

VANESSA

And the... pencil eraser.

The weary TEEN behind the counter hands Wade the low-rent VOLTRON KEYCHAIN, and Vanessa the eraser.

TEEN

(reads keychain package copy, bows)

You are now the sworn protector of the gentle people of the planet Arus...

(re: eraser, positive spin:)

And you... you can... erase stuff... written in pencil.

Wade extends his arm chivalrously:

WADE

M'lady?

VANESSA

Unfortunately, my anus-loving friend, your forty-eight minutes are up.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

WADE

Arus. And you're more evil than evil
King Zarkon himself.

Wade rubs his keychain wistfully, then offers it up.

WADE (CONT'D)

How many more minutes for this?

(hard sell)

FYI. Five mini lion-bots come together
to make up the super-bot.

VANESSA

(faux-excited)

Five mini lion-bots?!

(matter-of-fact)

Three minutes.

WADE

(gives keychain up)

That's all I'll need!

ALT:

WADE

What do we do with the remaining two
minutes thirty seven seconds?

VANESSA

Cuddle?

Vanessa smiles and takes Wade's arm. They walk out of the
ARCADE affectionately...

...to the SOUNDS OF TIRELESS, ATHLETIC SEX.

16

EXT./INT. WADE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - PAST

16

VANESSA (O.S.)

How long can you keep this up?

DUCT TAPE fails to cover a big multi-fissured CRACK in the
WINDOW of Wade's CRAPPY APARTMENT. Inside, WADE has VANESSA
up against the wall decorated with CHRISTMAS LIGHTS that have
overstayed their welcome and a CALENDAR. They are going at
it like RABBITS.

WADE

(raises eyebrow)

All year?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

Dolly Parton's 'HERE YOU COME AGAIN' kicks in, and we...

DISSOLVE INTO:

17 INT. WADE'S APARTMENT - DAY 17

A MONTAGE of images: Fun, irreverent SEX around the CALENDAR between WADE and VANESSA, identified by various holidays.

VALENTINE'S DAY SEX. WADE falls back onto a bed covered in rose petals with VANESSA on top of him. She has drawn a heart on his chest in red lipstick. They go at it hard... then pause for a romantic look and kiss.

VANESSA
Happy Valentine's Day...

Then IMMEDIATELY go back to hard pounding.

CUT TO:

A medium shot of the top half of VANESSA. She is on hands and knees, rocking back and forth. WADE leans into frame from behind.

WADE
Happy Chinese New Year's...

VANESSA
(smiles)
Year of the Dog.

They go at it even harder.

SMASH CUT TO:

The same exact locked-off medium shot, only WADE is now on hands and knees. His expression betrays great stress. VANESSA leans into frame from behind.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Relax... Happy International Women's
Day...

Wade girds himself, then lets out a surprised, WHIMPERY YELP as some pioneering object journeys into his virgin lands.

CUT TO:

WADE in bed, legs wrapped around VANESSA's neck, being orally pleased.

(CONTINUED)

WADE
Happy Fourth of July!

We see FIREWORKS through the skylight above.

CUT TO:

WADE sitting in an arm-chair, fully dressed, reading glasses on, purusing a book. VANESSA is reading in a chair opposite, also wearing reading glasses.

VANESSA
Happy Yom Kippur...
(ALT:)
Happy Cesar Chavez Day...
(ALT:)
Happy Lent...
(ALT:)
Happy Lyme Disease Awareness Day...
(ALT:)
Happy Wednesday...

CUT TO:

VANESSA in bed where Wade last was. Now her legs are wrapped around HIS neck, and he's pleasuring her.

WADE
(muffled)
Happy Halloween...

VANESSA
Oo... ow...

WADE
(muffled)
Sorry.
(takes out Vampire teeth)
Happy Halloween...

Wade goes back to work.

CUT TO:

WADE and VANESSA banging it out one last time, missionary style.

VANESSA
Happy Thanksgiving.
(ALT:)
Happy Wednesday.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED: (2)

17

Cut WIDE to reveal that they're on top of the KITCHEN TABLE during THANKSGIVING DINNER. Wine spills, cranberry sauce topples, mashed potatoes launch. ALT: BREAKFAST FOOD INSTEAD.

Nothing takes away from the joy of the moment.

18

INT. WADE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - PAST

18

A CHRISTMAS WREATH hangs on Wade's wall.

WADE (O.S.)

If your left leg is Thanksgiving, and
your right leg is Christmas...

WADE strikes a pose, HANDS on HIPS, wearing an AWFUL, AWFUL CHRISTMAS SWEATER. And NO PANTS.

VANESSA sits against the bed's HEADBOARD, SHEET pulled over her, up to her chin. She quickly lowers the sheet. Revealing an APPALLING CHRISTMAS SWEATER of her own.

WADE (CONT'D)

...can I visit you between the holidays?

VANESSA

Y'know, red's your color. Brings out the
bloodshot in your eyes. Christmas gift!
Catch!

Vanessa tosses something to Wade. It lands in his hands.

WADE

Holy fucking shit.

It's the nickel-silver-plated Voltron RING, all three hundred thousand tickets worth.

VANESSA

Limited edition. I had to give the kid
behind the counter a rub and tug. I'm
kidding. I'm not kidding. I'm kidding.
It was nearly five full months of
Skeeball.

WADE

(beams)

Y'know, I've been doing some thinking...

VANESSA

Really.

(CONTINUED)

WADE

...about why we're so good together.

VANESSA

Why's that?

WADE

Your crazy matches my crazy. We're like two jigsaw pieces... weird curvy edges... but fit us together, you can see the picture on top.

Wade plants a kiss on Vanessa. She sits up on her knees.

VANESSA

Hey, I've been meaning to ask you, only 'cause you haven't gotten around to asking me-

(pregnant pause)

Wade, will you-

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Stick it in my-?

WADE

Marry me?

VANESSA

Uhh... jinx?

Wade reaches back and pulls out an ENGAGEMENT-RING-LIKE BOX. Vanessa can barely contain her excitement.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

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

A vulnerable Wade hands her the box and stands there with the look of... 'Open it. Open it!'

WADE

They say one month's salary.

Vanessa opens the box... to reveal a CANDY RING.

WADE (CONT'D)

Slow month. I've been waiting for this day like Boss Hogg waits to get to the crazy cheesy crust...

VANESSA

You mean-?

WADE

I do.

(CONTINUED)

VANESSA

That's my line. I love you, Wade Wilson.

WADE

Thought you charged extra for that.

VANESSA

I did. At my old job.

WADE

So that's a-?

Vanessa stares. Swallows. Pulls him back into bed and WHISPERS ONE SILENT WORD into his ear ('Yes'). Wade jumps up and DANCES around the room all goofy, POP, LOCK, & ROBOT.

VANESSA

Easy. I can take it back.

Wade dives back into bed, SPOONS with Vanessa, wrapping her in his ARMS, touching his cheek to hers.

WADE

What if I never let go?

VANESSA

Just rode a bitch's back, like Yoda on Luke?

WADE

(contented sigh)
'Star Wars' jokes?!

VANESSA

(corrects)
'Empire.'

WADE

It's like I made you in a computer.

Wade swoons, reaches, grabs a POLAROID CAMERA off his nightstand, and holds it at arm's length.

WADE (CONT'D)

(Yoda voice)
Cheese, say!

The flash POPS. For this one moment, his life is...

WADE (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Wade hands Vanessa the photo. Then...

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (3)

18

WADE (CONT'D)

Wee break.

...bounces up to go to the BATHROOM. Vanessa gazes at the photo, which is already FADING IN. Wade notices.

WADE (CONT'D)

Shake it like a- Uh. You get it.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

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

Wade peels off his Christmas sweater... and STEPS CONFIDENTLY BACK TOWARD THE BED. But before he gets there...

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

...to our regularly scheduled program.

...HE PASSES OUT, FACE-PLANTING ONTO THE FLOOR.

19

INT. ONCOLOGY WARD - DAY - PAST

19

WADE is sitting in a doctor's office, VANESSA by his side, opposite a solemn ONCOLOGIST. Every image suggests BAD NEWS:

A COMPLEX looking MRI IMAGE of the CIRCULATORY SYSTEM on a BACKLIT VIEWING TABLE. SWEAT STAINS under Wade's arms. Vanessa GRIPPING his hand. The LOOK on the DOCTOR's FACE.

WADE

You're clowning. You're not clowning? I sense clowns.

DOCTOR

People react to news of late-stage cancer differently.

Wade and Vanessa turn and share a devastated but loving look.

VANESSA

(to doctor, springs into action)

So what do we do? Surely there's something... we can... do. I mean, my uncle, he was diagnosed with thyroid cancer, and there was this new experimental drug that-

(CONTINUED)

The VOLUME of Vanessa's voice FADES until we can SEE her talking but no longer hear the words:

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

See, people do react differently.
Vanessa's already working on Plan A. B.
All the way to Z. Me? I'm memorizing
the details of her face. Like it's the
first time I'm seeing it. Or the last.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Mr. Wilson?

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

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

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Mr. Wilson?

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

Stick around. Number 6 is coming right
up.

DOCTOR

Take your time to process this.

DEADPOOL HAS AJAX PINNED TO THE FREEWAY RAIL.

DEADPOOL

You know how many people I've killed to
find you?

AJAX

Actually, I do.

DEADPOOL

So you're aware I've been waiting a long,
long time for this. And now I'm finally
gonna...

(ALT:)

So you're aware of the category 5 fuck-
storm that's coming.

(ALT:)

Then you know what's coming. I'm about
to do to you what Sugar Ray did to the
mid-nineties.

A massive SHADOW passes over AJAX and DEADPOOL, accompanied
by LOUD METALLIC FOOTSTEPS. Ajax looks up, a bit awed.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

Deadpool senses something, reaches back with one hand, feels...

...what turns out to be Colossus's METALLIC CROTCH.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Dad?

COLOSSUS GRABS Deadpool's WRIST, CHUCKS him THROUGH the AIR, ASS OVER TEAKETTLE.

21

INT. WADE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER - PAST

21

A CLOSE-UP of a Deadpool ACTION FIGURE from 'X-Men Origins.' Mouth sewn shut. Blades implanted into wrists.

In the exact same POSE we just saw the real Deadpool. Sitting in a nightstand DRAWER in Wade's apartment.

WADE (O.S.)

This is my most prized possession.

Wade looks like he's reaching into the drawer for the action figure, but instead, reaches just UNDER it to grasp Wham!'s 'Make it Big' album on Vinyl. He pulls out the album.

VANESSA

Wham?

WADE

Wham!

(cradles album lovingly)
'Make it Big' was the album George and Andy earned their exclamation point.

Wade places the album carefully into one of two OPEN SUITCASES on the floor next to him. He is currently going through his possessions, TOSSING OUT the crap and placing the good stuff into the suitcases.

Wade pulls out the action figure.

WADE (CONT'D)

But this. A little piece of me died the day this came out...

Wade DUNKS the action figure in the trash can. VANESSA stands opposite, arms crossed, FUMING.

VANESSA

So I'm s'posed to just... smile and wave you out the door?

(CONTINUED)

WADE

Think of it as a spring cleaning. Only if spring was death.

(pulls out BERNADETTE PETERS CHANGE PURSE)

If I had a nickel for every time I spanked it to Bernadette Peters.

(opens purse, it's full of nickels)

Looks like I do.

Wade TOSSES the purse toward one of the suitcases. Vanessa's hand stabs out and GRABS it.

VANESSA

Bernadette's not going anywhere.

(slam-dunks purse back into drawer)

'Cause you're not going anywhere.

WADE

Right! The tumors are only in my liver, lungs, prostate, and brain. All the things you can live without.

VANESSA

You know what I mean. You belong here at home. Surrounded by your Voltron... and your Bernadette... and your me.

WADE

Babe, we've been through this! Cancer's a real shit-show. A Yakov-Smirnoff-opening-for-the-Spin-Doctors-at-the-Iowa-State-Fair shit-show. And under no circumstances will I take you to that show. I want you to remember me me.

VANESSA

Well, I want to remember us us.

(that doesn't sound right)

We we?

WADE

I swear, I'll find you in the next life. And boom-box 'Careless Whisper' under your window. Wham!

VANESSA

Are you gonna keep saying it like that? Look, I get this impulse. I do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED: (2)

21

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Before I met you, I used to fantasize about dying alone in the woods, torn apart by wolves.

WADE

Super fucking bad-ass.

VANESSA

But that was then, and this is now. Walk out that door. I dare you. I will ride you out. And I won't let go. Yoda on Luke.

Vanessa embraces Wade. Tight. Won't let go. A TEAR trickles down Vanessa's CHEEK.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

(into Wade's ear)

If you're willing to fight. There are still options. We'll find them. Together.

WADE

(smiles)

I just realized! I win! My life's officially more fucked-up than yours.

VANESSA

No one's boom-boxing shit.

Vanessa interlaces her pinkie with Wade's. Smiles.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

What do we we have to lose?

WADE

Nothing. Everything.

Vanessa leans in, and the two start to KISS.

22

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - PAST

22

VANESSA, horizontal, limbs akimbo, ASLEEP in bed. She stirs, feels next to her for Wade. He's NOT THERE.

REVEAL WADE standing at the bedroom window. His P.O.V. of the moon makes it look FRACTURED by the cracked glass.

RACK FOCUS to Vanessa's REFLECTION. She, too, looks fractured. Wade's eyes well with TEARS at the sight of her. Cancer will steal the one thing that ever mattered.

Vanessa's cracked reflection suddenly RAISES its HEAD.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

WADE

Sorry. Liam Neeson nightmare. I kidnapped his daughter, and he just wasn't having it.

Wade slides back into bed.

WADE (CONT'D)

They've made three of those movies. At some point you wonder if he's just a bad parent.

Wade lies on his back. Vanessa nestles her head lovingly against his chest. He takes a vulnerable look at her, then stares at the ceiling, LOST.

RS22

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

RS22

Wade slips quietly out of bed...

...slips on a hoodie and a backpack...

...opens the door... takes one last longing look at Vanessa...

...and slips into the hallway, closing the door behind him.

Vanessa is left to feel for Wade in the dark.

A22

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A22

WADE walks down the street into the night.

He pulls a crumpled card from his jacket pocket: the black card with the recruiter's number.

Still walking, Wade pulls out a cellphone and dials.

23

INT. SISTER MARGARET'S - NIGHT - PAST

23

Just another night at SISTER MARGARET'S WAYWARD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Regular crowd has shuffled in. Tonight, a bit thin.

WADE is bellied up to the bar, disheveled, unkempt, and distraught. WEASEL leans in:

WEASEL

Jesus. Someone needs a blow-job and a shower. Though courtesy calls for the latter first.

(CONTINUED)

WADE

Three shots of Patron Silver, Weez. And a cure to terminal cancer.

WEASEL

(hands over a green concoction)

Fresh out of Patron. Wheatgrass?

WADE

You're starting to sound like Vanessa...

With SHAKY HANDS, Wade empties his POCKETS, placing CRUMPLED BROCHURES on the bar.

WADE (CONT'D)

She sent away for all these colorful clinic brochures. I hear Chechnya's nice this time of... never. Then there's China... Central Mexico... Know how they say 'Cancer' in Spanish? ¡El Cáncer.'

Wade pulls out one last thing from his pockets: A POLAROID of HIMSELF and VANESSA. He stares. Weasel notices.

WEASEL

This belongs on the wall. I want to remember you when you looked... alive.

Wade scrapes up a smile as Weasel tapes the picture to the BIG BAR MIRROR. Weasel pours a second wheatgrass shot. Clinks Wade's glass. They throw them back. WINCE.

WEASEL (CONT'D)

Almost forgot...

Weasel slides Wade a distinctive black BUSINESS CARD across the bartop.

WEASEL (CONT'D)

Guy came in asking for you. Real Grim Reaper type.

Wade's gaze follows Weasel's gesture across the barroom, where an ominous MAN in a BLACK SUIT sits ALONE at a table.

WEASEL (CONT'D)

I don't know? May further the plot?

CUT TO:

23A INT. SISTER'S MARGARET'S - NIGHT - PAST 23A

WADE dead-man-walks to the back of the bar. He passes BOOTHE and BEEF on his way. They nod solemnly, like cops at a funeral procession honoring one of their own.

BEEF

Wade.

Beef offers Wade his shot. Wade eeks out a smile. Throws it back. Then continues on. Wade stops next to the MAN'S TABLE.

WADE

Forget your scythe?

The man, even creepier from close up, SMILES.

RECRUITER

Mr. Wilson. Have a seat.

(Wade sits, long pause)

I understand you've recently been diagnosed with terminal cancer.

WADE

Stalker alert.

RECRUITER

It's my job. Recruitment. And you have quite a reputation. I'm sorry you've had a tough go. But you're a fighter. And not just for Johnny Canuck, impressive as your stint in special forces was. Forty-one confirmed kills?

WADE

(bitter)

One every seven weeks. Same rate most folks get a hair-cut.

Wade grabs the recruiter's drink and throws it back.

WADE (CONT'D)

To wash the taste out. It's hard to forget being so... impressive.

RECRUITER

Now you spend your days sticking up for the little man, slitting small time throats for small time folks.

WADE

People change.

(CONTINUED)

23A CONTINUED:

23A

The recruiter leans uncomfortably close.

RECRUITER

(low, conspiratorial)

Speaking of which... Mr. Wilson, I represent an organization that may be able to help. What if I told you we can cure your cancer? And what's more, give you abilities most men only dream of?

WADE

I'd say you sound like an infomercial. And not a good infomercial, like Slap Chop. More Shake-Weighty.
(jack-off motion)

RECRUITER

The world needs extraordinary men. We won't just make you better. We'll make you better than better. A super-hero.

WADE

I already tried the hero business. Let's just say it left a mark. The only chance you'll see me again is if I hit 'fuck-it.'

24 EXT./INT. GUADALAJARAN CLINIC WAITING ROOM - DAY - PAST 24

A DILAPIDATED, SKETCHY MEDICAL 'CLINIC' haunts the cityscape in GUADALAJARA, MEXICO.

WADE (V.O.)

For now, I'll get through this with the one I love.

A sickly-looking WADE is on the final stop in his futile quest to find a cure. DESPERATE. Among the MOST DESPERATE.

He sits in a pathetic muzak-filled WAITING ROOM. Wearing a SOMBRERO and clutching VANESSA's hand. Her fingers are interlaced in his, once perfectly manicured nails chewed to the quick.

Vanessa is also wearing a SOMBRERO, and ANXIETY on her face.

Wade COUGHS SEVERELY, REPEATEDLY into a HANDKERCHIEF.

Wade turns to the sweet ELDERLY COUPLE sitting next to him, ekes out a smile. The old man plays with some WORRY BEADS.

(CONTINUED)

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

ELDERLY WOMAN
Boca Raton.

WADE
Ah. The fancy part of Mexico.

ELDERLY MAN
We've moved in with my son. To afford
the treatment.

Wade looks pained to hear this.

WADE
Cancer? Sorry - ¿El Cáncer?

ELDERLY MAN
Stage four.

WADE
Toughest part of the Tour de France.

VANESSA
Very hilly.

The elderly man gestures to the souvenir PATCHES sewn onto
Wade's 'HELLO KITTY' DUFFEL: CHECHNYA. CHINA. INDONESIA.

ELDERLY MAN
Logging some frequent flier miles?

WADE
(bone-weary)
Final stop on Desperation World Tour,
2016, which I believe was also the name
of the Stones' last concert...

VANESSA
'Final' because this is where we find the
cure.

A MOTHER and her stoic young SON sign in with the NURSE
behind the front desk. The boy has lost all his HAIR.

NURSE
No cheques de viajero. No pesos. Cash.
Americano.

Wade grows upset as the mother counts out hard-earned CASH. The boy reaches for a BOX filled with CHUPACHUPS (lollipops). The nurse scolds:

NURSE (CONT'D)
Chupachups cuestan extra!

WADE (O.S.)
(angry)
Hey!

The nurse looks coldly at Wade. He stares back, eyes hard, then gets up and lays a crumpled dollar on the counter.

WADE (CONT'D)
(ice cold)
It's on me.

The nurse blinks, then stands, checking a CHART.

NURSE
Señor... Abe Solomon?

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

ABE
(to Wade and Vanessa)
Handsome couple. Good luck to you two.

Abe drops his WORRY BEADS. Wade bends to retrieve them, then stands with effort and gently hands them to Abe.

WADE
Good luck to you, Pops.

Wade sits back down, and his eyes find the LITTLE BOY: his SUNKEN EYES. His MISSING HAIR. His LOLLIPOP, CLUTCHED like the richest treasure.

Wade turns to look at Vanessa, who's also staring at the boy.

Even though Vanessa is healthy, she, too, looks sick. No makeup. Dirty hair. Dark circles under her eyes. When she looks at Wade, it's clear she, not he, most needs comfort.

Wade pulls Vanessa close and strokes her hair with a trembling hand. Abe disappears. Wade watches with a newly dark look of suspicion.

25 INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY - PAST

25

ABE lies shirtless on an UNSANITARY operating table, a tray of RUSTY surgical KNIVES nearby.

A MAN with a pock-marked face stands over him in a white lab coat with blue-stitched cursive writing: 'Dr. Delgado.'

DOCTOR
Buenos días, Señor Abe.

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

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Voy a llegar dentro de tu cuerpo.

ABE
I'm sorry. No hablo español, doc.

The doctor's other hand dips below the table, comes up dripping with something bloody. He kneads at wrinkled skin smearing the CHICKEN BLOOD across Abe's flesh.

DOCTOR
De que se cure! Señor Abe, you are cured.

The doctor holds SMELLING SALTS under Abe's nose. His closed eyes jerk open to see the doctor's gloved hand CLUTCHING a huge, bloody 'TUMOR.'

Abe pushes himself up, peers down at his bloody abdomen with awe. The doctor wipes the blood away and helps him up.

ABE
(tearing up)
Thank you. I owe you my life.

As Abe shuffles out, the doctor turns away to dump the 'tumor' in the trash and wash his bloody hands in a basin.

DOCTOR
(over his shoulder)
¡Proximo! Next!

WADE (O.S.)
Already here, hombre.

Dr. Delgado nearly JUMPS at the sight of WADE, already standing in the OPEN DOOR of the room, looking DANGEROUS.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR

So sorry, you surprise me. How...
long... you standing there, Señor?

Wade walks slowly TOWARD the doctor, who steps out nervously from BEHIND his table. The two stand face-to-face. Wade smiles... angles his foot UNDER the OPERATING TABLE...

...and uses it to SLIDE something out from underneath the table: a BUCKET of BLOODY CHICKEN GIZZARDS that double as removed 'tumors.' Wade's RAGE seems to grow by the INSTANT.

WADE

Long enough...

Delgado senses he is suddenly in danger, picks up a rusty **SCALPEL** from his tray. Wade moves toward him. Delgado LUNGES, He STABS WADE in the shoulder, then RUNS.

Wade TACKLES him. In Wade's weakened state, the fight becomes an intense STRUGGLE. The two FALL and WRESTLE. The BUCKET of GIZZARDS overturns. They roll around in slop.

The doctor squirms out of Wade's grasp and crawls into the hallway. Wade wriggles after him, tugging at his ankle.

26 INT. WAITING ROOM / HALLWAY - SUNSET - PAST 26

The MUZAC still plays. VANESSA smiles warmly/sadly at the little BOY, who is unwrapping his CHUPACHUP.

Suddenly... a SCREAM and cries for help in Spanish. The NURSE and an ALARMED VANESSA rush toward the shouting.

27 INT. HALLWAY - SUNSET - PAST 27

At last, WADE's fury has overcome his physical weakness. He straddles the DOCTOR's CHEST. His expression is that of a man who's LOSING his SHIT.

Wade RAISES THE SCALPEL, SLASHES at the doctor's throat, then STABS him in the heart. The doctor writhes, spasms, gurgles, and falls still.

Chest heaving, Wade raises his head to see... at the FAR END of the HALL:

VANESSA - frozen, TERRIFIED. A blood-soaked Wade locks eyes with her and swims back up into SANITY... 'What have I done?' This is a horrific glimpse into Wade's murderous past...

...and the look on Vanessa's face is one of HORROR and PAIN.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

Awash in shame, Wade staggers to his feet, slips on chicken blood, and LUNGES in the other direction. He hits the door at the end of the hall at a RUN.

28 STAB! 28

The sword, covered in BLOOD, penetrates the crayon drawing of the recruiter on DEADPOOL'S CORKBOARD.

DEADPOOL
Thank you, Agent Smith.

Deadpool lasers in on AJAX'S picture at the top of the pyramid.

29 EXT. GUADALAJARA STREET - SUNSET - PAST 29

WADE leans against a wall, gasping for breath. He looks back toward her voice, face a mask of pain. Instead of seeking her... he melts into the busy street.

30 EXT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - DAY 30

DEADPOOL trudges to his FRONT DOOR. He speaks to the AUDIENCE:

DEADPOOL
Some kind of anger can't be managed.
Like the kind where your year-long plan ends with the wrong guy getting dismembered! That said... when it comes time to licking wounds... there's no place like home, and I share that home with someone you met, the old blind lady from the laundromat, Al. She's like Robin to my Batman. Except she's old. And black. And blind.

POPS INSIDE

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
And I think she loves me. Wait... pretty sure Robin loves Batman, too.

31 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - PAST 31

WADE, ghastly, nearing death, lies BACK onto a STRETCHER, covered only by a FLIMSY HOSPITAL GOWN. He's being wheeled down a dim corridor by two tough-looking ORDERLIES.

In one hand, he holds the recruiter's crumpled BUSINESS CARD. In the other, he clutches the limited edition VOLTRON RING, as tight as his shaky hand allows.

(CONTINUED)

They turn a corner and push through a pair of double doors into a cavernous room. Wade looks around, full of hope for a new life. Immediately, every single thing he sees/hears begins to erode his confidence. The RECRUITER stands just inside the doors, smiling.

RECRUITER (O.S.)
Mr. Wilson! Nothing warms my heart like
a change of someone else's.

Walking into Wade's P.O.V. is the creepy RECRUITER. He beams down on Wade.

RECRUITER (CONT'D)
You finally hit 'fuck-it.'

WADE
Worse. Just promise you'll do right by
me. So I can do right by someone else.

RECRUITER
Of course.

WADE
Oh, and please don't make my super suit
green. Or animated.

RECRUITER
I hope you enjoy your stay.

The 'Workshop,' as this old warehouse is affectionately called, has been converted into a working LABORATORY.

Wade is wheeled through a vast room containing rows of individual 'tents,' each containing a SUBJECT. Wade's eyes DART to helpless SILHOUETTES.

We hear WHISPERS, WHIMPERS, MOANS.

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

Wade can't help but be alarmed by the TERROR in Cunningham's eyes.

The tents are illuminated by BLINDING overhead lights. Wade spies GRUESOMELY INTIMIDATING MEDICAL EQUIPMENT.

Wade is wheeled into the tent that's his new home. The FIGURE who was pushing Wade DUMPS him onto a CHROME OPERATING TABLE and roughly STRAPS him down.

(CONTINUED)

WADE

Um. My first request? A warmer table.
(shivers)
And warmer hands.

Wade DOUBLE-TAKES at the sight of the figure above him:
ANGEL DUST - thirties, female, tall, sexy, athletic - an
Amazonian warrior in another age.

Angel Dust wheels over a high-tech I.V. DRIP, complete with
glass cylindrical tanks housing a glowing, viscous LIQUID.

Then she roughly straps Wade's NECK to the table. Wade
nearly GASPS, the color now officially drained from his face.

WADE (CONT'D)

Easy! Aren't you a little strong for a
lady? I'm calling wang.

ANGEL DUST

You'd like that, huh. Welcome to our
little hospital.

WADE

It doesn't look like a hospital. It
looks like Chlamydia holding still.

An UNLIT MATCHSTICK protrudes from Angel Dust's teeth - her
idea of a TOOTHPICK.

WADE (CONT'D)

Oral fixation?

ANGEL DUST

Shut. The fuck. Up.

Angel Dust places a FINGER on Wade's FOREHEAD and SHOVES his
head back against the table - BANG - pinning it there.

AJAX (O.S.)

Patience, Angel. All in good time.

Enter AJAX, whom we know as the PRISONER from the RAFT with
whom we've seen Deadpool tangle in the PRESENT. This is the
first Ajax and Wade have met.

WADE

Can I expect turndown serv-?

Ajax nods to Angel Dust. BOOM! She GAGS Wade with SURGICAL
TUBING, then wraps it around the TABLE, immobilizing his
head.

(CONTINUED)

AJAX

You're a talker.

Wade's eyes are wider than ever. WTF?

AJAX (CONT'D)

(disarmingly matter-of-fact)

Mr. Wilson, my name is Ajax. I manage the Workshop. My 'welcome' speech used to be full of euphemisms like 'You may feel some discomfort.' But I've grown blunt.

Ajax unsheathes an I.V. NEEDLE. Angel Dust up-tilts the table 45 degrees, then readies a holographic monitor.

AJAX (CONT'D)

The Workshop is not a government program. It's a private institution tasked with turning reclamation projects like yourself into men of extraordinary abilities. I'm about to remake your life. But if you think cancer cures painlessly, you're wrong. If you think super-human powers are acquired painlessly, you're wrong.

Ajax touches Wade with the I.V. NEEDLE, pressing here and there, not QUITE hard enough to break skin. At last, he locates the subclavian vein. Wade flinches.

AJAX (CONT'D)

We're injecting you with a serum that activates mutant genes. For it to work, we need to subject you to extreme stress.

The liquid glows FLUORESCENT through Wade's white skin as it pumps into the pulmonary highway.

AJAX (CONT'D)

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

(Wade blinks)

I'm about to hurt you, Wade. The kind of hurt I can't describe and you can't prepare for. It's cruel stuff. And there's no way out for you. No secret you can tell me. No soft spot in me to appeal to.

Wade stares at them in shock.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL DUST

What, you expected Weapon X?

Ajax starts to TURN AWAY, but stops.

AJAX

One more thing. What's the ad? 'I'm not just the president. I'm a client?' I've been through this procedure myself. It made me stronger. It also scorched my nerve endings. So I no longer feel pain. In fact...

(smiles)

I no longer feel anything.

Wade reacts by SAYING something - made UNINTELLIGIBLE by the surgical tubing. Ajax nods to Angel Dust, who slices the SURGICAL TUBING, SNAPPING it away and FREEING Wade to TALK.

WADE

Something in your teeth.

Ajax smiles WITHOUT opening his mouth, signals Angel Dust. She slams Wade's head back again as he turns to leave.

Before he exits, Ajax hesitates, can't help but check his teeth in one of the surgical mirrors.

WADE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

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

(E.T. voice)

Elliot?

We hear LAUGHS from nearby tents. Wade is now playing for an audience.

AJAX

Joke away. The one thing that never survives this place is a sense of humor.

WADE

We'll see!

AJAX

(to Angel Dust)

All yours.

We re-take WADE'S P.O.V. as Angel Dust, chewing her matchstick, re-enters frame above him, smiles, then punches him in the face. Black.

32 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT/DAY - MONTAGE - PAST 32

A MONTAGE of Wade's treatments in the Workshop, set to the notes of JOHN DENVER's inspirational classic, 'I WANT TO LIVE.' Juxtaposed with HARROWING VIGNETTES of Angel Dust and AJAX experimenting on WADE...

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

Wade is DUNKED into thick, molasses-like LIQUID. PULLED and YANKED, POKED and PRODDED by contraptions that would have shamed the Spanish Inquisition.

SAWED. COMPRESSED. SLICED. DICED. SLAP-CHOPPED. BLED.

LONG SYRINGES PLUNGE DEEP INTO SOFT TISSUE.

SCALPELS MAKE LONG INCISIONS.

ENDOSCOPIC CAMERAS TRAVEL THROUGH THE BODY, REVEALING THE DIRTY WORK OF INVASIVE SURGICAL EQUIPMENT.

STAPLE-GUNS DRIVE STAPLES INTO SLICED SKIN TO PULL IT BACK TOGETHER.

MINIATURE CIRCULAR SAWS SLICE THROUGH BONE.

IV's PULL FLUIDS FROM THE BODY AND INSERT OTHER FLUIDS IN.

JOHN DENVER

I want to share what I can give. I want to be... I want to live!

We also see SHORT, ULTRA-FAST MINI-MONTAGES of medical instruments, implying the PASSAGE of TIME.

32AA INT. WORKSHOP - MONTAGE - NIGHT 32AA

Over images of:

INJECTION:

AJAX (V.O.)

The serum I'm injecting you with targets any mutant genes lurking in your DNA.

TORTURE:

AJAX (V.O.)

Adrenaline acts as a catalyst for the serum, so we must subject you to extreme stress.

(CONTINUED)

32AA CONTINUED:

32AA

AJAX (V.O.)
If you're lucky, the mutant genes will activate and manifest in spectacular fashion.

AJAX (V.O.)
If not, we'll have no choice but to keep hurting you in new and different ways. Each more painful than the last.

32AA INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

32AA

AJAX
Until you finally mutate. Or die.

33 INT. WORKSHOP - WADE'S TENT / WORM'S TENT - NIGHT

33

At last, Wade is laid back down on his table, only now in QUIET DARKNESS, MEEK, WITHOUT ANY RESISTANCE whatever.

CUNNINGHAM (O.S.)
Puppies.

In the tent NEXT to Wade, CUNNINGHAM holds up his FIST to the fabric. Wade can see it through the cloth in SILHOUETTE.

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)
It helps picturing puppies.

Wade gives Cunningham a KNUCKLE BUMP through the fabric.

WADE
Puppies.

CUNNINGHAM
Or kittens. If you swing that way.

WADE
(chuckles)
I swing both ways.

Wade swallows hard, grows serious:

WADE (CONT'D)
But me, I've been making a list of things I still plan to do.

CUNNINGHAM
A bucket list?

(CONTINUED)

WADE

I prefer fuck-it list: Naked tandem base-jumping with the WNBA's Sacramento Monarchs... Sparking up a spliff with the Olympic torch...

CUNNINGHAM

Finishing my Lego Millenium Falcon...

WADE

Giving Meredith Baxter Birney a dutch oven...

CUNNINGHAM

Making my kids banana pancakes...

AJAX (O.S.)

With the mouse ears? Creative, and delicious.

AJAX and ANGEL DUST enter CUNNINGHAM's tent and begin prepping him for a fresh round of torture.

AJAX (CONT'D)

It's OK, I encourage distractions. Can't have you giving up on us, can we now, you little worm?

Suddenly, a VOICE calls out from the adjacent tent:

WADE (O.S.)

Don't take that shit, Cunningham! How tough can he be? Name like Francis.

Ajax is very subtly SURPRISED. WHAT did Wade just say? WADE is still strapped down inside. Talking nice and LOUD:

WADE (CONT'D)

That's right! He got 'Ajax' off a dish-washing liquid!

(laughs from nearby tents)

Legal name's Francis. F-R-A-N-C-I-oops.

Ajax has ENTERED Wade's tent. Ajax's expression tells us all we need to know about the validity of Wade's claim.

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

WADE (CONT'D)

Dry-cleaning tag, Francis. Snagged it off your lab coat.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED: (2)

33

WADE (CONT'D)

FYI. I may be able to get you the super-hero discount.

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

Ajax stares hard at Wade with menacing eyes.

AJAX

You are so relentlessly annoying. Shut the fuck up, or I'll sew that pretty mouth shut.

WADE

Uh, I wouldn't do that. Here's the problem with round-the-clock torture. You can't really step it up from there.

AJAX

Is that what you think?

WADE

Yeah. Francis. That's what I think.

34

OMITTED

34

V35

EXT/INT. MONTAGE - VARIOUS

V35

35

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - PAST

35

Two ORDERLIES and ANGEL DUST finish strapping Wade down and attaching ELECTRODES to his head and chest. Wade is BOUND to a HOSPITAL BED that's ENCASED in a large CAPSULE of PLEXIGLAS.

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

Ajax sits eating a meal from some Tupperware in a nearby chair.

AJAX

Seems your genes are as stubborn as you. But we can still increase your suffering. We don't even have a name for this next toy.

Various WIRES and TUBES run out of the capsule, connected to OXYGEN TANKS, DIALS, and a MONITOR tracking BRAIN and HEART.

AJAX (CONT'D)

We reduce the oxygen in the air to the exact point you feel like you're suffocating.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AJAX (CONT'D)

If you start to pass out, and your brain waves slow, we turn up the O2. If you catch your breath, and your heart rate slows, we turn it back down. And we leave you. Right. There.

WADE

Um. What?

AJAX

Waterboarding is the most severe stress known to man. This device prolongs that stress. For hours, days, weeks...

Angel Dust chews her match and TAPS the capsule with a FINGER.

ANGEL DUST

Or if you keep yapping, years...

WADE

And I thought you were dicks before this.

AJAX

The saddest part? You still think we're making you a super-hero. You. Dishonorable discharge. Beating up pizza guys. Hip deep in hookers. You're nothing. I'd call you an asshole, but I'd have to answer to assholes. Little secret, Wade. The Workshop doesn't make super-heroes. It makes super-slaves. We're gonna fit you for a control collar and auction you to the highest bidder.

(finishes meal, gets up)

Who knows what they'll force you to do. Put down freedom fighters. Murder innocents. Or maybe just mow a lawn or two.

ANGEL DUST

There's a brave face.

Ajax goes to close the lid.

WADE

Seriously. Now you do have something in your teeth.

AJAX

Enjoy the weekend!

(CONTINUED)

Ajax swings the capsule CLOSED and LOCKS it. The sound leaks away until all that's left is a HISSING SOUND as AJAX hits BUTTONS to lower O2 LEVELS.

Wade's voice drops out as his breathing suddenly grows SHORT and SHALLOW. The oxygen dials fall. His HEART-RATE SOARS.

ANGEL DUST

(chuckles)

He looks like a turd in a punch-bowl.

AJAX

(bright idea)

The 'Punch-Bowl!'

Wade fights off panic. His breaths become desperate GASPS. There's not enough air to talk, or even SCREAM.

DISSOLVE TO:

35A INT. WORKSHOP TENT - LATER

35A

Night. Eerily DARK, SILENT.

An extreme CLOSE-UP of Wade's hand, nails clenched into the surface of whatever he's lying on. Is his skin... actually BUBBLING?

Two MEN enter the tent and stand over the PUNCH-BOWL.

CLICK. One of the men turns on a surgical light overhead, revealing himself to be a KINDLY-looking DOCTOR, avuncular, thick glasses. Next to him is an ORDERLY. The doctor peers through the Punch-Bowl's lid. He is SURPRISED by what he sees. He nods to the orderly: 'Go on, hurry.'

The orderly quickly unlocks and unlatches the lid, then swings it OPEN. Air RUSHES INTO the PUNCH-BOWL. The orderly steps away, leaving the doctor alone in the room.

WADE, hidden in darkness, gasps as though surfacing after being held underwater.

The doctor casts a SHADOW over WADE's face inside. The doctor is FASCINATED, ENLIVENED.

DOCTOR

Mr. Wilson... these results are remarkable.

Wade takes deep LUNGS-FUL of AIR.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Your cancer cells are more aggressive than ever. Dividing and metastasizing at a fantastic rate.

WADE

(broken, breathless)

Yippee.

DOCTOR

But... the cells have inalterably changed. They're no longer destructive, but productive, selectively targeting and replacing damaged tissue.

WADE

That was a lot of... what's the word... syllables. Are you saying I'm better?

DOCTOR

Better than better. A miracle.

WADE

(weak smile)

My Mom used to call me that.

(ALT:)

Me and Jesus.

(beat, to doctor)

Thank you. I owe you my life.

Wade grows choked up. The doctor is taken with empathy and affection. He tenderly brushes the hair off Wade's forehead, of which the camera catches the tiniest glimpse. Wade's skin is not RIGHT somehow.

DOCTOR

There. There. Your journey's been long and difficult. But you've become something extraordinary. Just rest now. Rest.

The doctor slowly exits. Wade lies there. Actually relaxes.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

Then, just when I thought I could breathe easy...

Who appears over the PUNCH-BOWL but...

...AJAX.

(CONTINUED)

AJAX

Oo. Someone lost his shot at homecoming king.

WADE

You f-fucking sadistic-

AJAX

No. Not fair. Everything I've done to you has been in your best interest. Even this next bit. You may be cured, but you still need to learn to be a better man. Polite. Respectful. What better way to teach you than to close this lid... and keep torturing you stupid.

Ajax SLAMS the lid shut, LATCHES and LOCKS it. The hissing resumes. Wade's eyes grow wide. He starts to slip-slide toward absolute ANGUISH.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

If you think I'm losing my marbles 'cause I can't breathe. You're only half right.

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

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

See, if Francis was able to see his reflection...

The camera SWINGS around to Wade's POINT-OF-VIEW of Ajax through the glass lid, which has been newly ILLUMINATED by the surgical light above...

...and then RACKS FOCUS to WADE'S REFLECTED FACE. Covered with HORRIFIC SCARS. Wade is no longer a handsome young man. He is a monster. Which is perfectly visible to him one foot away.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

You know what they say. You always remember your first time.

Wade throws back his head in a SILENT SCREAM.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

Even 5 years later...

36 EXT./INT. SCRAP-YARD / GROUND - DAY - PRESENT 36

Back in the PRESENT, we find ourselves in a huge SCRAP-YARD, where various ships, planes, etc. are sold for scrap iron.

Among various vehicles is an OLD, BATTERED COMBAT CARRIER, long given up for dead.

A heavy truck navigates through the heaps of scrap-metal and grinds to a stop in front of the carrier.

Two heavysset MEN climb down and head toward the back of the truck, heave the heavy door open.

AJAX and ANGEL DUST stand just inside, boxes and gear piled up behind them. They hop down as four more rough-looking men pile out behind them.

Angel Dust drags out a WOODEN CRATE. The planks crunch as she digs her fingers into the wood and heaves it up on one burly shoulder as if it weighed no more than a sack of flour. Heavy AMMO peeks through.

ANGEL DUST
Better to be the hunter than the hunted.

Ajax and Angel Dust walk across the muddy yard toward a service elevator bolted to the rusting hulk of the carrier.

AJAX
Either I kill him, or he kills me. Let's
put him out of our misery...

VA37 INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - DAY VA37

DEADPOOL lays horizontal. He is speaking to the AUDIENCE:

DEADPOOL
There... all caught up.

He CLIMBS up and out of the GARBAGE TRUCK.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
(yells to driver)
Thanks for the lift! Apologies if I bled
in the recyclables.

37 INT./EXT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - DAY - PRESENT 37

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

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

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

The same old AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN we glimpsed early in the movie - late 70's - purple floral dress - sits on a ratty couch, where the typical old woman might KNIT.

Instead, this old woman uses a BOX-CUTTER to lay waste to a BIG CARDBOARD BOX from IKEA - the 'IVAR SHELVING UNIT.'

She lays out its components and tools on a wobbly IKEA NORNAS COFFEE TABLE...

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

Suddenly, Blind Al's KEEN EAR picks up a faint, distant KNOCKING. She cocks her head to LISTEN.

38

EXT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - DAY - PRESENT

38

ANGLE ON THE FRONT YARD:

Dirt. No grass. '93 Chevy Avon up on BLOCKS. An exhausted DEADPOOL is slumped against his own front door, red suit, no mask, no right HAND. He is KNOCKING weakly on the door with the SIDE of his HEAD.

39

INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - DAY - PRESENT

39

ANGLE ON THE LIVING ROOM:

BLIND AL stands up in comfy creme nursing shoes. Grabs her red-tipped CANE. And shuffles toward the front door...

...when she is TRIPPED by the ROOMBA. She FACE-PLANTS.

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

BLIND AL
(under breath)
Ass-hat.

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

She reaches her knees and stretches for the door when...

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

DEADPOOL
But you're no lady.

Blind Al struggles to a sitting position. Deadpool walks past her in his socks, drops his muddy BOOTS to the floor and slips into a pair of POWDER-BLUE CROCS parked just inside the door.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
So comfy.

BLIND AL
Upside of being blind: I've never seen you in Crocs.

DEADPOOL
You mean my big rubber masturbatin' shoes?

BLIND AL
Yes I know. Downside of being blind: I hear everything in this duplex.

Deadpool walks bitterly past one wall of the DUPLEX, which is COVERED - WALL-to-WALL, FLOOR-to-CEILING, with CHRISTMAS ADVENT CALENDARS.

Tons of ornaments/candies/etc. adorn the calendars. There's not ONE CALENDAR left uncovered.

DEADPOOL
One-thousand eight-hundred twenty-two ornaments pinned to two-hundred-sixty calendars. All for a 'Christmas' that... never... came!

BLIND AL
Too much naughty, too little nice.

DEADPOOL
Sit on a stick.

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

(CONTINUED)

BLIND AL

Bactine?

DEADPOOL

(dripping sarcasm)

Yeah. Bactine should do it. How's the Kullen coming? IKEA doesn't assemble itself.

Blind Al sits back on the ratty couch and begins applying the finishing touches to the shelving unit.

BLIND AL

You're telling me. I don't mind the Kullen. It's an improvement on the Hurdal.

DEADPOOL

Anything's an improvement on the Hurdal. I'd have taken a Hemnes... or even a Trysil... over the Hurdal. But I didn't get excited 'til I saw the Kullen.

BLIND AL

Screw please.

DEADPOOL

Here? Now? Just kidding. I know it's been decades for you.

BLIND AL

You'd be surprised.

DEADPOOL

And totally grossed out!

Blind Al turns the final screw, beyond unenthusiastic.

BLIND AL

Ta. Dah.

The dresser look like the Leaning Tower of Piza in shitty particle board. Deadpool TOSSES a DIRTY MAGAZINE on top. The Kullen COLLAPSES.

BLIND AL (CONT'D)

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

DEADPOOL

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

(CONTINUED)

BLIND AL

Why such a douche this morning?

DEADPOOL

Let's recap. That cock-thistle who turned me into this freak... the one I've been waiting five years for... slipped through my arms today. Arm.

Deadpool holds up his previously severed arm, which now has a little tweenage ARM emerging off it. Yes. Deadpool can GROW BACK LIMBS.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Catching him was my only chance to be hot again. Get my super-sexy ex back. And stop the same shit from happening to anyone else. So yeah, things are pretty fucking scrumptious.

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

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Hash-tag Drive-by.

BLIND AL

(to herself)

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

DEADPOOL

Once I've got the cure, I'm gonna do the same to Francis...

RS40 INT. WORKSHOP TENT - LATER

RS40

WADE, newly scarred, hidden in darkness, continues to GASP as though being held underwater. Then the lid on the punch-bowl SLIDES BACK, revealing AJAX. Wade takes deep LUNGS-FUL of AIR. Ajax leans in for a closer look.

AJAX

Bloody hell. Someone lost his shot at homecoming king.

WADE

(can barely speak)

What have you done to me?!

AJAX

You give me too much credit. This... this is the result of your genes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RS40 CONTINUED:

RS40

AJAX (CONT'D)

The punch bowl merely raised your stress to trigger the mutation.

WADE

You... sadistic... fuck!

AJAX

Where's the gratitude?! You're cured! Your mutated cells can heal anything. They're attacking the cancer as fast as it can form. Your insides are a war zone. Not to mention your outsides!

Wade looks stunned as he struggles to process all this information. Ajax smiles down.

AJAX (CONT'D)

I've seen similar side-effects before. I could cure them for you. But really, where's the fun in that?

Wade says nothing, hating him but wanting to believe.

AJAX (CONT'D)

I'm going to close this lid again. Maybe you no longer need it. But I do.

For a long moment, Wade stares intensely at Ajax and sees... nothing, a black hole of empathy. And he knows this is a man who will never stop hurting him.

*****NOTE: We will not be reshooting the rest of the scene below with the exception of the final shot.*****

So he turns his gaze to the ceiling and WITHDRAWS into himself... the one place the cruelty can no longer reach him.

Angel Dust enters, chewing on her usual matchstick.

AJAX

He's all yours.

Angel leans over the Punch-bowl, starts to undo Wade's restraints.

ANGEL

You smell like shit.

When Angel Dust leans close to Wade's head he suddenly comes alive and uses the strength he has left to HEAD-BUTT her in the FOREHEAD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AJAX
(impressed)
Whoa.

Angel advances toward Wade. Ajax stops her.

AJAX (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, alright. It's alright. I think he earned that one, yeah? You take off. Go on... off you go.

As Angel Dust EXITS the tent, she reaches to her mouth for her matchstick... only it's not there. She frowns, fishes another match from her pocket, and tucks it between her lips.

Ajax finishes strapping Wade back down and goes to close the lid.

AJAX (CONT'D)
One question. What's my name?

Wade remains listless, mouth SHUT. BLINKS.

AJAX (CONT'D)
Didn't think so.

Ajax CLOSES and LOCKS the lid. HISS. The oxygen DIALS FALL.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
Sorry, Francis. But my lips are sealed.

And then we're inside the punch bowl with Wade as the oxygen levels drop and the suffering rises. Through a fog of misery Wade sees Ajax staring down, watching him, drinking in his pain.

41 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - PAST

41

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

He inhales... then SPITS OUT the match into his waiting PALM. Finally, he STRIKES it against the side of the Punch Bowl.

Wade aims the now FLAMING match toward the tiny HOLE through which OXYGEN flows. The match is quickly burning down. Will it reach the hole before it snuffs out?

At the last possible moment...

...the flame COMBUSTS the stream of oxygen, IGNITING it...

(CONTINUED)

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

The flame SNAKES through the tube, this way and that, until it reaches the OXYGEN TANK standing next to the Punch-Bowl. A beat. Then the TANK EXPLODES.

The BLOWS APART. The hospital bed SNAPS in TWO.

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

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

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

A CURTAIN of FIRE suddenly DISPERSSES, replaced by billowy WHITE SMOKE from an OVER-SIZED CHROME FIRE EXTINGUISHER...

...held by AJAX, who STRIDES grimly toward Wade's tent. He throws back the burning fabric...

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

On the other end of the oxygen tank, WIND-MILLING it with unbridled FEROCITY, is WADE.

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

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

Ajax's fingers CRUNCH between metal. He doesn't even feel it.

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

The extinguisher BLASTS. Ajax is momentarily BLINDED.

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

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

The extinguisher goes FLYING. Wade swings the OXYGEN TANK AGAIN, but against all odds, AJAX CATCHES it and SLAMS it back into Wade's NOSE. CRUNCH.

Ajax rises to his feet, and the two grip OPPOSITE SIDES of the OXYGEN TANK, GRAPPLING with every ounce of strength.

Wade sweeps Ajax's feet and he topples over backwards, Wade on top of him. Wade lifts the heavy tank and slams it into his face. Once. Twice. Three times. CRACK.

As he's about to finish the job Ajax smiles, blood bubbling from his smashed lips.

AJAX

You can't kill me, Wade. I'm the only one who can fix that ugly mug.

Wade looks torn as his rage gives way to something like hope. He tosses the tank away.

WADE

Then time to make me me again.

A scream of terror behind Wade makes Wade turn.

CUNNINGHAM (O.S.)

Wade! Help! Wade!

Wade looks through the smoke and flame and spies a helpless Cunningham lying in the flaming wreckage.

WADE

Fuck!

Wade drops Ajax and SPRINTS to Cunningham, starts dragging at the WRECKAGE trapping him, when... SLICE! A long piece of sheared REBAR THRUSTS CLEAN THROUGH his CHEST from BEHIND. The force sends the spear DEEP into the wooden floor beams, pinning Wade like an insect in an entomologist's display.

In a grand display of strength, AJAX BENDS the end of the rebar to keep Wade pinned... then walks around and squats down into Wade's eye line, wearing a triumphant sneer.

AJAX

Say it. 'Francis.'

Blood dribbles from Wade's mouth as he tries in vain to push himself off the bloody spike of metal. Ajax rises, scans the burning workshop with a scowl - clearly a lost cause - and turns to leave.

Cunningham screams again as the flames near him. Grunting with the pain and effort Wade tries to push himself off the spike.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3) 41

His hands slip on the blood-slick metal, and he cannot free himself. His VOLTRON RING lies on the floor next to him.

Wade and Cunningham share a last look. Cunningham clamps his jaws shut, fighting the agony.

CREAK... CRACKLE... the ROOF COLLAPSES, BURYING BOTH OF THEM. And we... CUT TO BLACK.

FADE UP ON:

42 INT. WORKSHOP - DAY 42

Morning's first sunlight. WADE's VOLTRON RING lies COMPLETELY MELTED in the DEBRIS. The camera follows it to Wade's hand... then up his arm to his FACE.

WADE's eyelids flutter, and he COMES TO. He is naked, his hospital gown burned away. We see BLACKENED SLUDGE, SOOT, charred remains. The melted and scorched metal rod next to him.

Wade slowly realizes where he is and what happened. He reaches down to his stomach wound... WHICH HAS MIRACULOUSLY HEALED. Wade sits up, stunned.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

*I didn't just get the cure to El Cáncer.
I got the cure to everything.*

V43 EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING - PAST V43

VANESSA, tired, broken, mind seemingly elsewhere, walks towards her apartment. She passes a loving young COUPLE, arm-in-arm.

Vanessa clocks this sadly, continues on.

Behind her, PEOPLE walk to and fro. Among them, we REVEAL:

WADE, dressed in ill-fitting pants and a hoodie. He is a TRAIN-WRECK, scarred face on display to the world for the first time.

He looks purposeful, but tentative, walking behind Vanessa, GAINING on her.

ANGLE ON: WADE's P.O.V.

A BOY goes by on his bike, trying hard not to gape. A TODDLER in a STROLLER looks up and BURSTS INTO TEARS. The toddler's MOTHER hustles past.

(CONTINUED)

V43

CONTINUED:

V43

MOTHER

Alex, don't stare.

VANESSA stops and rifles through her purse for keys.

STILL on Wade's P.O.V. Wade stops, too, suddenly paralyzed, as the moment to face Vanessa arrives.

As he hesitates, torn with anguish, the WHISPERS seem to grow, rising in volume until they become deafening:

WHISPER 2 (O.S.)

Oh, my, god, that is so fucking gnarly.

WHISPER 3 (O.S.)

I just lost my appetite.

Wade spins, trying to see where the voices are coming from. Nowhere... everywhere. The WHISPERS crescendo, now more in Wade's mind than in reality.

He turns back to Vanessa, his face a mask of fear and pain... just as she disappears into her apartment building. The closing glass door reveals his own HIDEOUS REFLECTION STARING BACK AT HIM.

DEADPOOL

In the whole wide world, there's nothing as ugly...

(beat)

...as fear.

He gives up on his mission, backing away from his reflection, Vanessa, his old life. He stumbles off the curb and into the street, when... BAM!

He is CRUSHED OUT OF FRAME by a SPEEDING BUS.

SMASH CUT TO
BLACK.

FADE UP ON:

A43

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

A43

THREE BODY BAGS lie on SLABS in a MORGUE.

Without warning, the MIDDLE bag SITS UP STRAIGHT at the WAIST...

...then tries to CATERPILLAR its way to the edge of its slab...

(CONTINUED)

A43 CONTINUED: A43

...but instead pitches off the slab - CRUNCH - FACE-FIRST onto the floor.

WADE (O.S.)

Ow.

B44 INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - NIGHT B44

An FBI-STYLE 'ORGANIZATIONAL CHART' has been pinned on Wade's CORKBOARD in the lair. A 'pyramid' of baddies are linked by strings. Each baddie is depicted not by a photograph, but a child-like CRAYON DRAWING.

Second from the top is the RECRUITER.

At the APEX of the pyramid is AJAX HIMSELF.

DEADPOOL, in his LAIR, sews together an early 'proto-costume.'

We see quick cuts of pieces of it going on:

White Adidas track suit. White gloves. White boots. And some sort of white mask...

A single gun, underarm holster, boot knife but no swords.

VC44 INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT VC44

DEADPOOL

Don't make me ask twice. Where's Francis?!

DEADPOOL questions a bleeding thug, more bodies scattered across a floor littered with broken furniture behind him.

Another thug rushes in and smashes a pool cue over Deadpool's skull. Deadpool snatches the broken shaft of wood and PUNCHES it into the thugs belly.

A third thug staggers to his feet, pulls a pistol, fires multiple shots point blank. Deadpool staggers back, blood blossoming across his white suit.

"CLICK"

The thug stares in disbelief that Deadpool's still standing.

Deadpool looks down at the shaft of wood in his hand. Thinks.

(CONTINUED)

VC44 CONTINUED:

VC44

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

I said, where's... fucking... FR-
(realizes)
You made me ask twice.

Deadpool spins the bloody cue with inhuman dexterity and starts towards the terrified thug, accidentally knocking over a PITCHER of BLOODY MARY onto his already bloody stained suit.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Fuck. Me.

D44 INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

D44

DEADPOOL, TIDE STAIN-STICK in hand, tries unsuccessfully to get the blood out of his white suit.

We get our first glimpse of BLIND AL, who's sitting next to Deadpool at the laundromat, completely unfazed by the bloodbath:

BLIND AL

Seltzer water and lemon for blood.
(off Deadpool's impressed
look, shrugs)
Or wear red.

Deadpool's eyes light up. He crumples this suit into a ball and tosses it into a trash bin.

E44/H44 INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - NIGHT

E44/H44

Deadpool stabs a KNIFE into the picture of the GOON he just killed (at the bottom of the pyramid)... right in the FOREHEAD.

F44 INT. LAIR - NIGHT

F44

DEADPOOL's at the sewing machine again.

Quick cuts of a RED 'proto' outfit going on: Cheap red sweats. Red gloves. Red converse. As yet unseen RED MASK, which turns out to be...

VG44 INT. UNDERGROUND FIGHT - NIGHT

VG44

...a RED 'LUCHA LIBRE' PRO WRESTLING MASK.

Deadpool stands in the shadows of a dingy basement, low ceilings, walls stacked high with cases of liquor.

(CONTINUED)

VG44 CONTINUED:

VG44

In a BOXING RING at the center of the room two WOMEN pound each other surrounded by a scrum of a CROWD. Deadpool spies his mark in a dirty white suit pressed in tight ringside.

Deadpool pulls his mask down, wades into the crowd, throwing men aside, PLOWING toward his target.

The mark sees Deadpool at the last second, turns as a KATANA flashes out and skewers his hand, pinning it to the wall. Deadpool fires a couple shots into the ceiling, sending the rest of the crowd rushing for the exit.

DEADPOOL

Don't make me ask twice. Where's-

SMASH CUT TO:

J44 INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - INTERROGATIONS/KILLS

J44

Deadpool has a goon at sword-point.

DEADPOOL

Donde esta Francisco?

THUG

I don't speak Spanish.

DEADPOOL

(sighs)

And I don't have time for you to learn.

Deadpool kills the thug.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Take me to your leader.

(turns)

I've always wanted to say that.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Squeal. Like a pig. Where's Francis?

DEADPOOL

In no particular order. Where's your boss? And where can I find good Indian food?

HENCHMAN

Why the red suit?

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

That's so bad guys can't- never mind,
they've already heard that.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

You're about to tell me everything you
know about Francis Freeman. Known
aliases. Current whereabouts. Boxers or
briefs. Go.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

(forces guy's mouth open,
goes in with knife)
Open your mouth. Here comes the
airplane!

GOON

(gun pointed at forehead, a
la Joseph Takagi)
I don't know, I'm telling you. You're
just going to have to kill me.

DEADPOOL

OK.
(shoots goon in head, a la
Hans Gruber, then, to
audience:)
Right?!

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

(goon at knifepoint)
Don't make me break out the Collective
Soul CDs.

DEADPOOL

You give me your boss. I give you the
rest of your life.

J44

CONTINUED: (2)

J44

DEADPOOL

(throws woman onto table)

**I don't feel good about myself. But
where is he? I'm so sorry.**

L44

EXT./INT. MONTAGE - VARIOUS

L44

New COSTUME. BOOM. A MAN dies.

STAB. His picture is knifed.

BOOM. STAB.

QUESTIONS.

BOOM! STAB!

INTERROGATION.

BOOM! STAB!

DEADPOOL questions more and more thugs, each bit of information bringing him closer....

Soon there is a FOREST of knives sticking from the board.

...and only the RECRUITER and AJAX are left.

K44/VK44 INT. RICE WORLD - NIGHT

K44/VK44

A wretched room, dirty mattresses covering the floor. Dim light scatters through a tangle of IV bags hastily strung up over MEN too poor to have anywhere else to go and die.

The RECRUITER kneels, speaking quietly to a particularly hardened patient. He places a card in the man's emaciated hand, then stands and walks toward a low doorway.

The recruiter enters a brightly lit room stacked high with bags of rice. Two heavily armed THUGS fall in beside him. The men scan the aisles as they move toward a door leading out into an alley.

DEADPOOL

Agent Smith!

They turn to see DEADPOOL, high atop a stack of rice bags.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

I know, right?! I look like a million bucks.

(turns to camera)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

K44/VK44 CONTINUED:

K44/VK44

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Literally - this suit cost Fox a million dollars.

Without a word, the Recruiter flees, running through the big roll-up door.

Deadpool leaps to land between the two bodyguards as they draw their weapons and spray the room with gunfire.

One goes down in a bloody heap. Deadpool leaps toward the other, skewers him with both swords. The thug falls backward, dead before he hits the ground.

L44/VL44 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

L44/VL44

DEADPOOL

Come out, come out, wherever you are!
(darkens)
Don't make me ask tw-
(pleasantly surprised)
Good for you!

The Recruiter has stepped timidly from between overflowing garbage bins, hands raised, eager to talk his way out of this mess:

RECRUITER

To whom should I address my... desperate bargaining?

DEADPOOL

Don't recognize the voice? Maybe the resumé: Forty-one confirmed kills. Make that Eighty-nine. Seven the past week alone. Same rate most folks...
(pulls out SWORD)
...get a shave.

RECRUITER

(realizes who it is, fights to stay composed)
Mr... Wilson?

DEADPOOL

Ding-ding-ding! Now... you're about to tell me where I can find your boss. Or I'm gonna make you feel worse. Wait...

Deadpool brings the sword closer to the recruiter's face. Turns to CAMERA:

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

...worse than worse.

(CONTINUED)

RECRUITER

And I pride myself on being persuasive.

SMASH CUT TO:

RS44 INT. SISTER MARGARET'S - DAY - PAST

RS44

WADE stands in the shadows. WEASEL sits at a table.

WADE

No... no way! I'm not making her life as ugly as mine!

WEASEL

C'mon, you can't look that bad! It's like that blemish no one notices but you.

WADE

Wrong. I'm a monster, inside and out. I belong in a circus, the kind that rolls around Eastern Europe in covered wagons.

WEASEL

I can't envision a scenario where Vanessa won't take you ba-

(Wade steps into light,
takes off his hoodie)

-aaaaaccckkk!! Holy shit. You... are... terrifying. You look like an avocado had sex with an older avocado.

Wade grabs the bottle of JACK DANIELS from the table, GUZZLES.

WEASEL (CONT'D)

We might have to move our relationship to text and phone only.

Wade ignores Weas, slams down the bottle:

WADE

And the only guy who can fix this fugly mug, the asshole who ran that mutant factory, escaped to who knows where.

WEASEL

I take back the Vanessa thing. You have only one option.

WADE

Find Francis-Go-Fuck-Himself.

(CONTINUED)

WEASEL

(not listening)

Star in low budget horror movies.
Seriously, you look like Freddy Krueger
face-fucked a topographical map of Utah.

WADE

(equally not listening)

I'm gonna work my way through his crew...
crushing bad guys' skulls, 'til one of
'em leads me to Francis. Then I'll force
him to cure this face. Stomp his bloody
guts into a fine vintage. And win
Vanessa back.

WEASEL

OK. Not exactly the plot of Beauty and
the Beast, but cool. Good news, that
douche thinks you're dead. Advantage
you. He won't think you're coming. Bad
news, with a puss like that, you'll be
spotted fast.

WADE

(derisive)

So what do you suggest? A mask?

WEASEL

Not a bad idea! You... are... haunting.
Your face is the stuff of nightmares.

WADE

(nods)

Like a testicle with teeth.

WEASEL

How 'bout a super-suit? And a nickname!
Bitter-Boy. Super-Fist. Captain Never-
Die.

(deflates at a thought)

WADE

What?

WEASEL

Nothing. It's just... you know, I just
realized, I'm never winning the-

Weasel looks over to Wade, sees him staring. He follows
Wade's gaze up to the board on the wall.

WADE

Deadpool.

(CONTINUED)

RS44 CONTINUED: (2)

RS44

As Wade says the word, he and Weasel share a look. EUREKA. Wade holds up the BOTTLE.

WEASEL

Deadpool. To you, Mr. Pool.

The two CLINK GLASSES.

44A INT./EXT. MONTAGE - DAY/NIGHT - PAST

44A

A highly pleased DEADPOOL holds up the-soon-to-become-famous MASK for the first time, ushering in... a MONTAGE:

WADE, at SISTER MARGARET's, receives a YELLOW CARD with a Cypress Tree from WEASEL.

He turns a LUCHA LIBRE mask INSIDE OUT to reveal the classic DEADPOOL MASK we all know and love. Puts it on. Then dresses - piece-by-piece - in the RED UNIFORM we've come to know and love. And at last, UNSHEATHS A KATANA. The sword TWIRLS, SLASHES, LUNGES into shadow. A HANDKERCHIEF WIPES BLOOD from the BLADE. The katana gets SHEATHED again.

The same yellow card is now RECEIVED and PUNCHED by Weasel. Wade is paid in TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS. WHIP CREAM froths onto a shot glass. A BLOW-JOB is TOSSED BACK.

Meanwhile, VANESSA plays SKEE-BALL wistfully by herself at the ARCADE:

SKEE-BALLS roll into HOLES. LIGHTS FLASH. TICKETS CHURN OUT. VANESSA catches a reflection of someone STARING at her from across the lobby. When she spins around, the culprit is GONE. Vanessa SHIVERS... but it's a warm shiver, somehow.

A HEAP of TICKETS slides across the prize counter. A big STUFFED ANIMAL slides into Vanessa's arms. Vanessa tosses it into an empty CLOSET inside her and Wade's former APARTMENT. Then stares out the SPIDER-WEB CRACK in the window.

Back at DEADPOOL's LAIR, Deadpool places various suspicious accoutrements on the NORNAS COFFEE TABLE: an 8x11 framed photo of VANESSA. A BOTTLE of JERGENS. A BOX of KLEENEX. His BELT. His powder-blue CROCS. Deadpool kicks back on the FUTON. Smiles under his mask.

CUT TO: BLIND AL, building yet another shelving unit, looking up with a grossed-out frown: 'Am I hearing what I think I'm hearing?'

Next, DEADPOOL finishes plastering hundreds of ADVENT CALENDARS he's purchased onto one WALL of his LAIR.

(CONTINUED)

44A

CONTINUED:

44A

When the wall is covered, he carefully pins the FIRST ornament onto the FIRST tree on the FIRST calendar.

And at last, his MASK comes OFF and his HEAD hits the PILLOW.

Instantly, the montage CRANKS UP its SPEED, with quicker and quicker EDITS.

The visual totems that have just been introduced begin to FLY by... shorthand for the passage of time:

Yellow cards are given, received, punched.

Blades are unsheathed, sheathed, cleaned.

Whip cream sprayed. Drinks consumed.

Skee-balls rolled into holes. Tickets won. Prizes earned. Tossed onto a EVER-GROWING PILE in the closet. VANESSA staring out her window.

Jergens pumped. Kleenexes pulled. Crocs discarded. BLIND AL's ears plugged.

Ornaments are pinned to calendars. Lords a-leap. Swans a-swim. Maids a-milk.

Mask comes off. Head hits pillow. Mask pulls on.

The images fly by FASTER... FASTER... FASTER.

Whip cream. Skee-balls. Crocs. Ornaments. Weasel. Deadpool. Vanessa. Al.

'I NEED A HERO' plays faster and faster, too - higher and higher, like a record on too many RPMs.

The effect is rhythmic... hypnotic...

...until finally, the montage REACHES a CRESCENDO.

And then BOOM! Ratchets back to REGULAR SPEED:

'CHRISTMAS MORNING' has arrived. All the calendars but one are now fully studded with decorations. DEADPOOL plucks out one last STAR to pin atop the final TREE.

Only it's not a star at all, it's AJAX's MUG SHOT clipped out from the old NEWSPAPER.

With great satisfaction, Deadpool pins the faded photo to the last treetop. The music dies, and Deadpool turns to camera.

(CONTINUED)

44A CONTINUED: (2)

44A

DEADPOOL
Santa Claus is coming...

SMASH CUT TO:

45 OMITTED 45

46 INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - DAY - PAST 46

DEADPOOL (O.S.)
...to town!

DEADPOOL has ONE LEG in his COSTUME and the other LEG still
stabbing for the other pants-hole.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
Late-late-late-late-late!

He HOPS ACROSS the hall past BLIND AL, not really paying
attention to her. We're revisiting the moment from earlier
JUST AFTER she TRIPS on Deadpool's DUFFEL of AMMUNITION,
PICKS it up, and DRAGS it OFF.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
Hurry-hurry-hurry-hurry-hurry!

BLIND AL
I hope you're doing us the courtesy of
pants.

47 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - PAST 47

DEADPOOL runs out to the street corner and WAVES.

DEADPOOL
Taxi!

A TAXI - if you've been paying attention, you will recognize
it - pulls up to the curb. Deadpool opens the rear door. A
WOMAN steps out, pausing to pay Dopinder.

WOMAN
Keep the change.

Deadpool frowns. The woman is pulling her money from a
BERNADETTE PETERS CHANGE PURSE. Deadpool's eyes raise from
the purse to the woman holding it: BERNADETTE PETERS
HERSELF! Deadpool doubletakes, then shakes his head ('Nah,
couldn't be...') and climbs into the cab. Who is behind the
wheel but...

DOPINDER
Where do you want to be going!

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

DEADPOOL

(looks to camera)

And we all know how this turned out.

Cue Benny Hill speed...

The action goes into Benny-Hill-like HYPER-SPEED as we relive the opening scenes of the movie: DEADPOOL's CAB RIDE. AJAX crumpling up his orange jumpsuit and switching places with a motorcycle RIDER at the RAFT. The FREEWAY FIGHT with AJAX's GOONS. The CONFRONTATION with COLOSSUS. Until at last...

VRS48 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

VRS48

Transport TRUCKS idle in the loading dock.

A docile SUPER-SLAVE, fitted with a control collar and cuffs, steps into a CRATE IDENTICAL to the ONES AJAX DELIVERED TO THE WARLORD in ACT ONE. He lies down.

ANGEL DUST is overseeing. She plunges a pistol-grip syringe into his neck and fires:

ANGEL DUST

For your flight.

The man's eyelids flutter shut. Next to him, four identical crates hold four unconscious men and women. The workshop henchmen hammer on the tops and laboriously load them up into the truck.

ANGEL picks up one over her shoulder with ease. She turns at the sound of a sputtering motorcycle getting closer.

Ajax rolls in on one of the battered black bikes from the freeway. Smoke curls from its broken tailpipe.

He steps off the bike while it's still moving, just letting it roll forward and tip to the ground with a clank.

AJAX (O.S.)

Quit showing off, Angel.

Angel doesn't seem surprised by his dirty and bloodied appearance. A raised eyebrow and a disapproving look is all she has for her boss.

RSA48 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

RSA48

A WAREHOUSE full of SURGICAL EQUIPMENT. OVERHEAD LAMPS. FABRIC TENTS. CHROME TABLES, one of which Ajax sits on.

AJAX

Wade Fucking Wilson.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL DUST stands in front of him, putting stitches into his GORY MESS of a SHOULDER WOUND.

He doesn't so much as FLINCH.

ANGEL DUST
Makes perfect sense.

AJAX
I suppose if I looked like him, I'd wear
a mask too.
(Angel finishes final
stitch)
Only wish I mended the same.

Ajax pops off the table. Swings his arm around, testing his shoulder.

AJAX (CONT'D)
Not to worry. We'll put him out of our
misery. On our terms.

ANGEL DUST
And if he heals?

AJAX
He can't - if there's nothing left of him
to heal. And then we go back to business
as usual.

Ajax's hand is a blur as he plucks the MATCHSTICK from Angel's mouth.

AJAX (CONT'D)
What say we leave the matches at home?

49 INT. DEADPOOL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

49

...the PAST reaches the PRESENT. REGULAR SPEED AGAIN.
DEADPOOL is sitting on his futon, Crocs on, staring at
camera.

DEADPOOL
There. All caught up.
(shifts weight, moans, lies
back on futon)

BLIND AL (O.S.)
Tylenol P.M.?

BLIND AL shuffles over from the kitchen with a cup of tea and
a bottle of Tylenol. She eases down onto the futon next to
Deadpool.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

You can stick that where you stuck the Bactine! I found my stash of wisdom-tooth Percocet in the Storjorm, and I'm orbiting Saturn. But I appreciate the gesture.

Deadpool lays his head on Blind Al's shoulder and gently rubs her face with his KID HAND.

BLIND AL

Am I crazy, or is your hand really small?

DEADPOOL

The size of a KFC spork.

BLIND AL

Eesh. I get why you're so pissy. But your mood's never gonna brighten 'til you find this woman you love and tell her how you feel!

DEADPOOL

What do I keep saying, Mrs. Magoo? She wouldn't have me! If you could see me, you'd understand.

BLIND AL

Love is blind, Wade.

DEADPOOL

No, you're blind.

The ROOMBA sucks up THREE SCREWS next to an IVAR shelving unit.

BLIND AL

What was that?

DEADPOOL

A clue why our Ivar shelving unit's about to fall the fuck apart.

BLIND AL

So you're just gonna lie there and whimper?

DEADPOOL

Just clocking time 'til this arm plows through puberty. I've got a new Christmas Day.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED: (2)

49

Deadpool throws his feet, CROCS and all, up on the coffee table.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Now, ya may want to leave the room.

(beat)

I bet it feels huge in this hand.

RS50 INT. SISTER MARGARET'S - NIGHT

RS50

WEASEL is on the house phone. The bar is BUSTLING.

WEASEL

Wade, we got a problem. And by we I mean you.

VB51 EXT. NO. 5 ORANGE - NIGHT

VB51

DEADPOOL and WEASEL walk hastily, purposefully into the eye of the storm. Deadpool is a HOT MESS.

DEADPOOL

I'm about to lose what's left of my shit. Is there a word for half-afraid, half-furious?

WEASEL

Afurious? Wait, is it Monday?! They have an amazing Matzah Ball Soup Monday.

(beat)

Never mind. Have you figured what you're gonna tell her?

DEADPOOL

(thinks)

Fuck.

WEASEL

It's a start.

51A INT. 'NO. 5 ORANGE' STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

51A

Lights flash. Music pumps. From across the room we see WADE and WEASEL enter. Weasel jokes with the DOORMAN while Wade scans the crowd, searching for Vanessa.

EMCEE STAN LEE, sweatsuit, gold chains, Beats headphones, lords from a glass cubicle:

STAN LEE

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

52 INT. 'NO. 5 ORANGE' STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

52

WEASEL

Or as I like to call her, Irony!

DEADPOOL navigates through a TIGHTLY-PACKED CROWD toward the MAIN STAGE, accompanied by WEASEL.

DEADPOOL

We gotta find her fast. Before fuck-ass.

WEASEL

How do you even know she's here?

DEADPOOL

I come for the French Onion Soup. How do you think? I'm constantly stalking that fox.

Deadpool STOPS in his tracks, STARING.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

Every time I see her is like the first time.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal what Deadpool is looking at: the gorgeous backside of a COCKTAIL WAITRESS in a skimpy dress. Back to Deadpool:

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

Even from this angle. Especially from this angle.

Hypnotized, Deadpool puts one foot in front of the other, approaching the waitress.

Suddenly, the WAITRESS TURNS to reveal her face: VANESSA.

Deadpool immediately CHICKENS OUT, puts his head down, turns away from her into the press of MEN around one of the stages.

Vanessa catches the vaguest glimpse, but before she can get a better look, Deadpool is swallowed up by the crowd.

She gets that warm shiver again... the one that says she's feeling an old presence.

She stares after Deadpool. It couldn't possibly be.

Deadpool pushes past the men, almost in a panic, beating a HASTY RETREAT toward WEASEL at the back of the room.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: 52

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
Shittiest moment numero tres.

Deadpool walks past Weasel, fleeing into the men's room...

53 INT. MEN'S REST ROOM - CONTINUOUS 53

...and SPLASH! Washes his face at the SINK.

DEADPOOL
Lezzdothis. Before I re-reconsider.
Maximum effort.

A hand comes into frame offering a paper towel. It belongs to a WASHROOM ATTENDANT in a tuxedo vest. Deadpool uses the towel to wipe his face and finishes with the attendant's sleeve.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
Sorry.
(tries to dry attendant's sleeve with paper towel)
I get very uncomfortable around you guys.
(takes mint off counter, then condom off counter, then sees tip jar)
Crisp high five?

54 INT. 'NO. 5 ORANGE' STRIP CLUB - NIGHT 54

VANESSA sets down a tray of empty glasses. Her scum-bag of a MANAGER gives her a heads-up:

MANAGER
Someone out back asking for you. Said somethin' about an old boyfriend?

55 EXT. 'NO. 5 ORANGE' STRIP CLUB - ALLEY - NIGHT 55

VANESSA exits the club into an ALLEY, one of Wade's old jackets thrown over her shoulders. One sickly street lamp casts some light. The rest is obscured in SHADOW. Vanessa spies the shape of a MAN hiding in the shadows.

VANESSA
I knew it was you.

Vanessa is seized by memories. She peers into the dark, heart pounding.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
With the weird, curvy edges.

(CONTINUED)

Then steps forward slowly, nervously. Overcome with emotion.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
(barely audible)
Like a jigsaw puzzle.

No one answers. Vanessa gets a bad feeling and starts to back up.

The man steps confidently into the light. Not WADE...

...but AJAX. Vanessa spins around and runs straight into Angel Dust, who step out of the shadows.

Vanessa make a grab for her purse, contents spilling out onto the grimy street, but her hand comes up with a TASER. She jams it into the flesh of Angel Dusts shoulder.

Angel Dust just smiles as electricity arcs and sizzles. Then she grabs Vanessa's hand and twists it away.

Vanessa THRASHES like a polecat. But Angel Dust is brutally strong. She clamps her hand around Vanessa's jaw and SQUEEZES, dangling her in the air by her FACE.

AJAX
You have Wade Wilson to thank for this.

Vanessa's eyes widen in shock and surprise.

AJAX (CONT'D)
'The good Lord sends the fishing...

Vanessa screams mutely into Angel Dust's palm.

AJAX (CONT'D)
...but you must dig the bait.'

WADE pushes through the crowd to find WEASEL sitting in GYNO ROW at the edge of the stage. He's in the middle of slipping a bill into a dancer's garter.

WEASEL
Manager said she went that way.
(thumbs towards the back)
Good luck, Tiger!

DEADPOOL moves quickly down a HALL, turns a corner, and REACHES for the knob of the door to the alley. His eyes WIDEN as he remembers something IMPORTANT.

56 CONTINUED: 56

Deadpool reaches back and pulls up his hood to hide his scarred FACE.

Deadpool girds himself, then OPENS the door to spy...

57 EXT. 'NO. 5 ORANGE' STRIP CLUB - ALLEY - NIGHT 57

...the empty alley. Deadpool spies a woman's CLUTCH lying alone in a pool of light, contents strewn about. He reaches down and picks up...

...his old BERNADETTE PETERS CHANGE PURSE.

DEADPOOL

Mother-fucker best be wearing his brown pants.

58 INT. SCRAPYARD / ELEVATOR - PRE-DAWN 58

AJAX and Angel Dust stand at either side of a bound and gagged VANESSA. They are inside the metal cage of an INDUSTRIAL ELEVATOR, going UP.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

And... numero dos.

A bare bulb casts harsh light as they rise past a dark mass of twisted metal. Ajax looks almost bored, hums to himself tunelessly.

V59 EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY V59

AJAX explains his plan to VANESSA:

AJAX

That's what I thought, but he keeps on coming back. Like a Bad Jesus. But despite all Wade's powers, I still hold the advantage: He feels. Too strongly for his own good. Let's see how he fights with your head on the block.

VA60 EXT. X-MANSION - DAY VA60

A sign reads 'PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS.'

The sign is on the perfectly manicured front lawn of the gorgeous Gothic X-MANSION.

Who is standing outside the front door of the mansion but DEADPOOL, in full regalia. Deadpool raises his knuckles to KNOCK, but is suddenly STARTLED...

(CONTINUED)

...by the door SWINGING OPEN to reveal an annoyed NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD. She's wearing BEATS HEADPHONES.

DEADPOOL

Ripley from 'Alien 3'!

NTW

Deadfool.

DEADPOOL

It's like you knew I was about to knock!
(shivers, 'creepy')
Is that big steel dildo home?

NTW

You guys going for a bite? Early bird special?

DEADPOOL

Like there's something wrong with eating before sundown. Or saving money. But no. It's about me saving my girl from a bad guy, the one you two helped me lose. You do fight bad guys?
(off NTW's stare)
No time for hard stares, are you gonna fetch big-shiny-balls or not? Tell him I have an offer he can't refuse!

NTW turns, disappears into the house.

NTW

Colossus!

From off camera, we hear loudly, excitedly, from the second floor:

COLOSSUS (O.S.)

Is that you, Wade?! I knew you'd see error of ways!

DEADPOOL

Yep, that's me, seeing the error of my ways! I just need an itty bitty favor in return!

(turns to camera, whispers)

Fool him five times? Shame on him.

60 INT. DEADPOOL'S LAIR - DAWN 60

WEASEL and DEADPOOL are going through IKEA drawers, pulling out every GUN and GRENADE on God's green earth and stuffing them into a couple of Deadpool's 'I *HEART* HELLO KITTY' DUFFEL BAGS.

This is Deadpool's ARSENAL, big enough for a small army. In go the twin DESERT EAGLES. Then Weasel dumps an entire ARMFUL of AMMO BOXES into the duffel.

WEASEL
That's about... three thousand shells.

A BEAT. Deadpool LOOKS AT CAMERA menacingly:

DEADPOOL
And we've all seen what I can do with twelve.

BLIND AL enters, holding a STEYR AUG RIFLE.

BLIND AL
I was gonna spend tonight assembling the Borgsjo, but this is holding my interest.

Both Deadpool and Weasel duck, afraid she might shoot them.

DEADPOOL
Careful, Ronnie Milsap, we're down-range!
And we decided on the Orrberg, not the Borgsjo.

BLIND AL
Shit.

WEASEL
She cool?

DEADPOOL
The coolest. Plus, she could never pick you out of a line-up.

BEEP-BEEP. DEADPOOL looks at his phone. The screen says, "Vanessa's Phone"

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
It's Francis. He wants me to come to him. And he calls me a piece of-
(squints, can't read)

(CONTINUED)

WEASEL

(points)

That's the shit emoji. A turd with a smile, see? How did Google ever approve that?

Blind Al grabs a Nerf N-Strike Elite Strong-arm Blaster from a drawer (it feels like a gun!) and goes to put it in the duffel. Deadpool almost stops her, then shrugs - maybe it will come in useful...

BLIND AL

That's every piece in the house.

DEADPOOL

Uh-uh-uh.

Blind Al sighs - busted - she puts her leg up on a chair and pulls a tiny Saturday Night Special from an ankle holster... and is about to hand it over when instead, she turns, and...

...BOOM... shoots the ROOMBA, laying waste to it.

BLIND AL

It was him or me.

(beat)

I did hit it, right?

DEADPOOL

Please. It's been years since you've hit anything. See what I did there?

BLIND AL

Fuck you.

Deadpool takes the tiny gun and shoves it in the small of his back. Then follows Weasel out the door. Then quickly turns back.

DEADPOOL

(to Al)

In case I never see you again, I love you very much... and there's a hundred-ten million dollars buried somewhere in the apartment. Good luck. Watch your face.

Deadpool slams the door behind him.

A TAXI drives across the city, its BACK BUMPER scraping the ground, throwing off SPARKS.

(CONTINUED)

In the PASSENGER seat: DEADPOOL, his DUFFEL at his feet.
Behind the wheel: DOPINDER.

DEADPOOL
Any luck winning Gita back?

DOPINDER
I tried to hold on tight, Mr. Pool. But
Bandhu is more craftier - and handsomer -
than me.

DEADPOOL
(shrugs)
It's all relative.

Deadpool quickly LIFTS his MASK, revealing his SCARS to
Dopinder.

STARTLED, Dopinder FLINCHES and SIDESWIPES a PARKED CAR.

COLOSSUS (O.S.)
Stop the car. I must leave a note.

Cut to the BACK SEAT to find COLOSSUS CRAMMED in, KNEES to
CHEST. He's drinking a CAPPUCINO in a Dunkin' Donuts cup.

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

DOPINDER
I cannot be stopping.

NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD (O.S.)
Wait, I'm getting a premonition.

To Colossus's left is NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD. She's
holding two fingers to her temple again, a la Professor X.
Then nods toward Dopinder.

NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD (CONT'D)
He's uninsured.

DOPINDER
She indeed has ESPN! I am quite
uninsured.

DEADPOOL
You mean ESP. But come on! I coulda-

NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD
-called that yourself?

DEADPOOL

Gaaaahhhh!

Deadpool literally BOUNCES in frustration.

DOPINDER

Who brought this twinkly man?

DEADPOOL

Twinkly, but deadly. My big Russki friend doesn't like the idea of a whole new army of mutant mutton-heads. And I told him if he did me this solid, I'd consider joining his boy band.

COLOSSUS

It's not a boy band.

DEADPOOL

Sure it's not.

The cab drives over a SMALL DIP and BOTTOMS OUT. CLANG. BANG. A muffled yelp comes from the TRUNK:

VOICE (O.S.)

Ow! Help. Me.

BEAT. Dopinder reaches to turn up the RADIO.

DEADPOOL

Uh. Dopinder. What was that?

DOPINDER

Oh, that? That was Bandhu.

COLOSSUS

Bandwho?

DOPINDER

My romantic rival, Bandhu. He's tied up in the trunk. I'm doing as you said, D.P. I plan to gut him like a tandoori fish. Then dump his lifeless corpse on Gita's doorstep like a cat with a dead bird. Mom and Dad will be over the moon.

Deadpool looks back at Colossus and shrugs.

DEADPOOL

Something must've gotten lost in the translation.

(gives surreptitious thumbs up to Dopinder)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED: (3)

61

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Seriously. This is no way to win Gita's heart. Return Bandhu home safe and gentle-like. And then woo Gita with your boyish charm...

DOPINDER

Fine, fine. Safe and gentle-like. Here we are...

Dopinder pulls over and hits the meter. Then sighs.

DOPINDER (CONT'D)

I too am clairvoyance. I presume a crisp high five?

DEADPOOL

For you? Ten.

DOPINDER

Knock em dead, Pool Boy.

Deadpool and Dopinder SLAP BOTH HANDS.

DEADPOOL

Time to make the chimichangas.

62

EXT. SCRAPYARD - DAY

62

We hear the first bold notes of DMX's 'X GON GIVE IT TO YA.'

DEADPOOL, COLOSSUS, and NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD walk in SLO-MO across the scrapyard toward the COMBAT CARRIER.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

Not often a dude ruins your face. Destroys your living. Grabs your future baby mama. Personally sees to 8 of your 10 shittiest life moments. And plans to lather-rinse-repeat on a buncha new chumps. Let's just say, it's beginning to look a lot like Christmas...

This is as cool as Deadpool has ever looked. Muscles sprouting muscles. Katanas gleaming. Then, at the height of his coolness, Deadpool STOPS, sensing something amiss.

DMX cuts out. REGULAR SPEED RESUMES as Deadpool looks down to spy his FLY DOWN. He ZIPS it UP, embarrassed.

DEADPOOL

(to camera)

It happens. A'ight, cue up DMX again.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD
Wait! Where's your duffel bag?

DEADPOOL
(freezes, it's missing)
Gahhhhhhh!
(pulls out a phone, dials)

63 INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

63

DOPINDER drives, head bobbing to a Bhangra Beat, HELLO KITTY DUFFEL still sitting in the passenger WHEEL WELL.

On cue, Dopinder's CELL PHONE RINGS. Dopinder reaches for it, then fumbles it away. The phone falls to the floorboard.

Dopinder looks ahead, sees the approaching traffic light is green, ducks down to make a grab, but when he returns his eyes to the road, the light is now red.

Dopinder slams on his brakes. SCREECH! He manages to avoid the car in front. BAM! The taxi is REAR-ENDED, its TRUNK SMASHED like an accordion. We hear a HOLLER from inside.

DOPINDER
Bandhu?

64 EXT. SCRAPYARD - DAY

64

DEADPOOL
(hears crash)
Goddamnit! Never mind. Nothing that
can't be fixed by two swords and...
(cracks neck)
...maximum effort.
(points to imaginary D.J.)
Gimme a beat!

DMX KICKS IN AGAIN. Deadpool strides forward in SLO-MO.

As they near the carrier a dozen armed and armored MERCS suddenly rise from behind the piles of scrap metal before them. Assault weapons raised, ready to fire.

The trio stops, Colossus stepping in front of NTW, sheltering her behind his armored body.

ANGEL DUST (O.S.)
No one fires!

Our heroes crane their necks to spy ANGEL DUST standing on the edge of the deck above.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL DUST (CONT'D)

They're mine.

Angel Dust LEAPS outward, falls like a stone, HITS the ground with a THUNDEROUS impact. The dust clears. She strides over the broken ground, smiling, READY for a scrap.

DEADPOOL

Long term, that's hard on your knees.

(ALT:)

Super-hero landing! Clearly you're far too much dude for me. Which is why...

(points)

...I brought him.

COLOSSUS steps forward into Angel Dust's path holding a pair of Adamantium HANDCUFFS just like he used on Deadpool.

COLOSSUS

I'd prefer not to hit a woman. So please place your hands behind your-

BOOM! Without stopping Angel Dust throws a RIGHT HOOK from her HEELS. The punch CONNECTS with COLOSSUS's JAW. He goes flying, SCRAPING SPARKS ACROSS CONCRETE.

DEADPOOL

(sighs, points)

I also brought her.

NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD steps forward on Deadpool's right.

NTW chews her gum. Once. Twice. Then runs TOWARD Angel Dust, LOWERS her SHOULDER, and EXPLODES UP toward her with a WICKEDLY THUNDEROUS BANG of ENERGY and SOUND.

Yes, Negasonic Teenage Warhead is exactly that - a living, breathing WARHEAD - like her own personal CANNONBALL.

It's Angel Dust's turn to go flying backward, smashing into - and completely trashing - a heavy metal shipping container.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

I feel sorry for the guy who tries to pressure her into prom sex.

Angel Dust regains her feet, smiles dangerously at the Mercs.

ANGEL DUST

Never mind. Fire.

(CONTINUED)

Deadpool is already moving as the Mercs OPEN FIRE, full-auto. Deadpool grabs the still-woozy NTW and runs to the nearby cover of metal scrap, keeping between her and the gunfire.

Colossus, now back on his feet, strides purposely forward. Bullets ping harmlessly off his metal skin. Angel Dust charges forward, snarling.

DEADPOOL

(shouts)

Finish fucking her the fuck up.

Colossus stops, annoyed.

COLOSSUS

Language. Please.

Then Angel Dust SMASHES into him. The two collide with earth-shaking force. The sheer power of Angel Dust's momentum slams them backwards into-and through-a huge pile of scrap.

65 INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

65

AJAX pulls VANESSA forward to the edge of the carrier deck, forces her gaze downward toward the WAR ZONE below.

AJAX

How does it feel? Ex-boyfriend abandons you, becomes a sanity-challenged killer mutant in tights...

VANESSA

Says the sanity-challenged killer mutant in parachute pants. P.S. I've never played the role of damsel in distress.

AJAX

'Til now.

Ajax yanks Vanessa away from the edge again.

66 EXT. SCRAPYARD - CONTINUOUS

66

Every MERC is pouring fire towards Deadpool's position. He hunkers down with NTW, her hands clamped tight over her ears.

Deadpool unzips a zipper, reaches into his suit at the crotch, YANKS. Grimaces. We hear fabric tear. He pulls his hand out, waves a pair of torn TIGHTIE-WHITIES up from behind cover.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

Hey, fellas, whoa! Hold on! Don'tcha wanna hear my terms?!

The mercs spot the white 'flag.' Fire slackens from full-auto to a few pot-shots. Finally, Deadpool pops up.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

You guys only work for that shit-spackled Muppet fart! So I'm gonna give y'all the chance to lay down your firearms in return for preferential - bordering on gentle - possibly even lover-like treatment.

The Mercs ignore him, opening fire AGAIN with a vengeance. Deadpool ducks and drops his tightie-whities.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Fine. Commando.
(to NTW)
Stay down, kid. Unless your power's stopping bullets.

Deadpool SURGES forward, dives from cover, rolls. He comes up boot knife out, arm whipping forward-

The nearest merc's head snaps back as the knife buries itself to the hilt in his eye socket.

Deadpool sprints forward, zig-zagging, leaping, spinning as he closes the distance to the mercs. He's moving too fast for their guns to track. Bullets chew up the ground behind.

Deadpool reaches the first pile of twisted metal, slides under, comes up behind two mercs taking shelter there. The first man turns, gun barrel swinging 'round. Deadpool ducks, sweeps his legs, grabs his gun as he goes down.

Deadpool rolls over him, firing BACKWARD into the man's face while spinning up to smash his boot into the face of the second merc. He slides past, firing a burst backward into the merc's neck as he falls.

Seconds later he's leaping OVER the heads of the next pair of mercs. They turn to fire up at him - too slow. He fires short, controlled bursts down into their upturned faces. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Deadpool lands, tosses the empty smoking gun. Then slowly, lovingly, unsheathes his Katanas.

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED: (2)

66

Deadpool is running forward now, weaving his way through the wreckage. Hunting.

67

EXT. SCRAPYARD - DAY

67

COLOSSUS and ANGEL DUST engage in a BATTLE ROYALE. Colossus grabs Angel Dust by the SCRUFF of her NECK and HURLS her into an ABANDONED AIRCRAFT. CRUNCH.

Angel Dust is on one knee, shaken, disheveled, one BREAST hanging out of her torn flak jacket.

The prim Colossus covers his eyes.

COLOSSUS

Uh... you seem to have, um...

Angel Dust smiles, tucks the wayward boob back in, then BLASTS Colossus with a FLYING KNEE that generates SHOCK WAVES so powerful, Colossus' CHROME actually RIPPLES.

Colossus growls and CHARGES AGAIN.

CUT TO:

DEADPOOL spins around a corner as another pair of MERCS move forward, guns raised.

Deadpool dives under their fire, guts them in blurred flash of steel. THRUST! SLICE! IMPALE! COMPLETE MAYHEM.

Another trio of mercs rush around the corner, opening fire as they see their comrades fall. DEADPOOL runs toward them, flips and dodges like a whirling dervish, bringing GUARDS down in surgical, artistic fashion, as if where he's killing them means as much to him as how.

Two men converge on Deadpool. He JUMPS. Mid-air, he flips his TWO KATANAS, GRIPS them upside-down like ICE PICKS, and STABS down in an arc to either side, SKEWERING two men through the TOPS of their HELMETS.

A final merc comes around the corner and Deadpool spins, slices the strap of his gun, kicks the man in the chest, knocking him flat on his back and sitting on his face.

DEADPOOL

Tea-bag!

(notices man under him)

Bob?!

BOB

Wade?!

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

It's been since... Jacksonville!

BOB

TGIFridays.

DEADPOOL

Liked the Loaded Potato Skins. Didn't like you.

BOB

Ditto.

Deadpool rises and pulls Bob to his feet. Bob tries to draw a pistol but DP slaps it out of his hand, sends it skittering away.

DEADPOOL

Bob, y'mind taking a half-step right? No, your right. Never mind-

Deadpool KNOCKS Bob OUT with the sword's GRIP, then NUDGES him sideways gently as he falls.

At last, SILENCE. Deadpool steps forward. Then looks up toward the carrier above, waves.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Yoo-hoo!

From above, AJAX peers down sees that Deadpool has killed his henchmen in such precise positions that their fallen bodies spell out:

FRANCIS.

Deadpool moves forward. LIMPING. CHARRED. TATTERED. But unbowed.

AJAX

That never gets old. But neither will you.

Right on cue...

...three more Mercs appear to either side of Ajax, armed with HEAVY MACHINE GUNS - much NASTIER than any we've yet seen.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! The guards OPEN FIRE, and a BARRAGE of bullets rain down on the scrapyard, chewing up the landscape around Deadpool.

(CONTINUED)

Deadpool SPRINTS back toward cover, weaving, leaping, zig-zagging to avoid being hit. He dives behind some wreckage as more gunfire pings off the metal.

DEADPOOL, pokes his head up, drawing a withering barrage of fire from the mercs above.

NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD (O.S.)

Hey!

ANGLE ON: NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD, also taking cover, crouched under a broken PLANE WING.

NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD (CONT'D)

Climb on.

Deadpool nods, then sprints toward her, springs high, flips, and lands on his back, spread eagled on the wing.

DEADPOOL

Light the candle...

NTW nonchalantly SPITS out her GUM, crouches, and... EXPLODES UPWARD. The wing LAUNCHES up in a shallow PARABOLA, Deadpool CLINGING for dear life on TOP.

Four MERCS continue firing down as the wing soars up.

The WING SMASHES into them. All four go FLYING. **Two** end up DEAD under the wing.

AJAX is thrown backward.

One MERC lands, stunned, close to the edge. A LONG BEAT.

AJAX rises to his feet.

Then DEADPOOL pulls himself UP over the edge of the carrier and ROLLS onto the deck. He looks like he's been through a meat grinder - limping, scorched, bloody.

Deadpool staggers to his feet. The last injured MERC lamely tries to GRAB his ANKLE.

DEADPOOL

Your plan to trip me to death? Has failed.

Deadpool nonchalantly STABS him through the back of the neck like a butterfly on a display, then turns to face Ajax.

Twenty meters away, AJAX leans casually against... what else? THE PUNCH-BOWL. VANESSA is STRAPPED inside, lid open.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

You were right, babe.
(wipes blood off sword)
Red is my color.

VANESSA

Wade?

AJAX

(taps glass)
What better way to climb back in your head...

DEADPOOL

You never left.

VANESSA

(to Deadpool)
But you did, asshole.

AJAX

You two have a lot to work out. Take a deep breath. Wait. Wrong choice...

Ajax quickly CLOSES the LID and hits a SWITCH. Vanessa starts taking short, desperate GASPS.

AJAX (CONT'D)

...of words.

DEADPOOL

I hope they blocked pain to your every last nerve. 'Cause I'm'a go looking.

Ajax squats down and picks up TWO STEEL-HAFTED FIRE-FIGHTING AXES, each with an ULTRA-SHARP BLADE on one side of its head and an EQUALLY SHARP CLAW on the other.

Deadpool raises a KATANA and HURLS it NOT at Ajax, but the PUNCH-BOWL. The blade PENETRATES the PLEXI and tears into the RESTRAINT holding Vanessa's RIGHT WRIST, partly FRAYING it. AIR seeps through the CRACK. Vanessa catches a tiny BREATH. She TUGS on the frayed RESTRAINT.

AJAX

I hear you grow back parts. When I get done... parts will have to grow back you.

DEADPOOL

Good one.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

A big BOOMING sound from below and then the deck of the carrier shakes as if from a mild earthquake. Ajax and Deadpool look at each other. Shrug.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Let's dance.

(beat)

And by dance I mean try to kill each other.

69 EXT. SCRAPYARD - CONTINUOUS

69

BAM! Below, COLOSSUS delivers a HAYMAKER from hell itself.

Angel Dust FALLS, then RISES, RIPS OFF the WING of a PLANE, and BLASTS Colossus with it... first like a BASEBALL BAT, then like a GOLF CLUB, then like a COUNTY FAIR MALLETS you use to try to ring a bell. CLANG!

A battered NTW RACES toward Angel Dust. Angel Dust swings the wing, but NTW BASEBALL SLIDES UNDER it and EXPLODES up into her chin.

Angel Dust is lifted off her feet into the side of the carrier, BUCKLING some of its supports. NTW rolls aside.

70 EXT. FLIGHT DECK - CONTINUOUS

70

And now, we get what we've been long been waiting for:

THE FINAL CLOSE QUARTERS BATTLE between DEADPOOL AND AJAX. AXES vs. KATANA, TEN STORIES UP...

AJAX TAKES a MIGHTY, ROARING SWING with an AXE.

DEADPOOL

Yowww!

STEEL SINGS as AXE and KATANA meet again and again. THRUSTS. PARRIES. SPARKS FLY!

THUNK! Deadpool's BLADE passes through Ajax's THIGH and pins him to a piece of wreckage.

CRACK! Ajax tags Deadpool's head with the FLAT of an axe.

SNAP! Ajax BREAKS the sword's blade with an AXE, not feeling anything as he slides his leg off the sword.

GASP! VANESSA grits her teeth, pulls against the restraints. The thick nylon begins to tear as she saws it against the katana blade.

(CONTINUED)

CLANG! AJAX wields both axes in a red blur of painted steel. Deadpool snatches up a piece of rusted RAILING from the deck, barely blocks Ajax's windmilling swings.

Finally, Ajax smashes the length of rusty metal from Deadpool's hands with one axe, while the sharp CLAW END of the other buries itself in Deadpool's FOREARM. Deadpool hollers.

Deadpool's red suit has torn away, and the SKULL of his TATTOO bleeds from a HOLE in its FOREHEAD.

Deadpool GRITS his TEETH and YANKS the AXE from Ajax's grasp. A spinning KICK sends the second axe flying after the first.

Now they're completely unarmed.

AJAX

Fine. Fists.

DEADPOOL

Sounds like your last Saturday night.

(smiles)

The sense of humor survived.

AJAX and DEADPOOL TRADE VICIOUS PUNCHES. It's HAGLER vs. HEARNS! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Inspired, VANESSA strains against the torn nylon. RRRRIPPP! Her right wrist TEARS FREE. She uses her freed hand to start unlatching her other restraints.

DEADPOOL throws short, blinding PUNCHES - rat-a-tat-tat - into AJAX's jaw.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Since you can't feel it?

(holds up an INCISOR)

I just knocked out your tooth.

AJAX snarls, drives a SHOULDER into Deadpool, then MOUNTS him and BLUDGEONS his face with HAMMER-LIKE FISTS.

DEADPOOL is starting to LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS when he turns his head to one side and spies the PUNCH-BOWL.

We RACK FOCUS to VANESSA locking eyes with him from inside. Hers is an inspired... and INSPIRING look of LOVE.

We hear a REPRISE of JOHN DENVER's 'I WANT TO LIVE.'

(CONTINUED)

VANESSA pushes against the sealed door of the punchbowl with all her might. With a squeal of metal the latch breaks, the twisted metal flying off the lid as it slams open.

Vanessa grabs the KATANA, jerks it free with another mighty effort. Then slides down the containers toward AJAX. With a fierce scream, she PLUNGES the blade into his KIDNEY. The blade punches through the other side but Ajax feels no pain, YANKS out the katana, and THROWS Vanessa aside violently.

But it's all the opportunity Deadpool needs. He SURGES with energy and throws an THUNDEROUS UPPERCUT, BLASTING Ajax off.

JOHN DENVER

I want to liiiiiiive!

Below: WHOOSH, BAM! Angel Dust ducks an exhausted Colossus's punch and KICKS him THROUGH another STEEL SUPPORT. Colossus COLLAPSES. The carrier GROANS.

Angel Dust moves in for the KILL. Only out of nowhere...

...NTW strikes her in the chops and EXPLODES, sending the larger woman SMASHING into concrete with UNPRECEDENTED FORCE.

Now it's Angel Dust's turn to be broken, smoking, seemingly down for the count. NTW approaches carefully to make certain it's all over...

...but Angel Dust shoots out an arm and GRABS her... DRAGS her in CLOSE... makes to SMASH her head like a walnut.

ANGEL DUST

C'mere, ya little bitch.

NTW fights back valiantly, PUNCHING fast and hard with FLURRIES of ENERGY. Angel Dust is scorched and battered by the blows, but her adrenaline and rage SURGE. She grabs NTW around the neck, plants her into the ground...

...and begins to CHOKE the life out of her. NTW flails, cannot break Angel Dust's grip...

...but marshals her last remaining energy to live up to her name...

...and EXPLODE like an ALMIGHTY WARHEAD. BOOM!

CUT WIDE to a GARGANTUAN EXPLOSION.

71 CONTINUED: 71

The ship SHAKES VIOLENTLY, then starts to LIST at a DANGEROUS ANGLE.

72 EXT. FLIGHT DECK / CONTINUOUS 72

DEADPOOL and AJAX are trading BLOWS again when the DECK SWAYS as if hit by a 9.0 EARTHQUAKE. Then with a thunderous, shuddering, groaning of metal the whole carrier begins to tilt.

Loose wreckage begins to slide and tumble past. A shipping container barrels towards them and Deadpool kicks Ajax backwards, right into its path. SLAM! It plows into him and carries him with it as it disappears over the side.

Deadpool scrambles and claws up the tilting floor and grabs hold of Vanessa.

Deadpool looks around frantically...

...and then spies the PUNCH-BOWL, sliding toward them.

Deadpool grabs the side as it slides past and throws VANESSA inside and SHUTS the LID for protection...

They slam into the twisted metal railings at the bottom of the deck and hang there. Deadpool swings by one hand and stares at the scrapyard below. Huge chunks of metal slide and smash past to tumble to the ground a hundred feet below.

Vanessa hangs onto Deadpool for dear life, her eyes locked on his...

VANESSA

If we survive this. I'm gonna kill you.

DEADPOOL

We have so much to catch up on.

...as the CARRIER topples in an AVALANCHE of STEEL!

An EPIC collapse of SHRIEKING METAL. Flying glass. Nearly seismic booms. A mushroom CLOUD of thick, black destruction.

FADE TO BLACK.

73 EXT. SCRAPYARD - RUBBLE PILE - DAY 73

Black. A crack of light appears, dust sifting down through the beam.

(CONTINUED)

More light, more dust and debris pattering down onto-some kind of scratched glass in front of the lens. Finally a hole of bright sky fills the frame.

CUT TO:

COLOSSUS vigorously TOSSING aside MASSIVE SLABS of STEEL as he digs through the wreckage, uncovering the PUNCH-BOWL, damaged, but intact. The LID CREAKS OPEN - pushed by Vanessa's TREMBLING HAND.

Vanessa climbs out dazed, dusty, coughing.

COLOSSUS
You're OK. Take it slow.

Elsewhere in the rubble pile DEADPOOL's HEAD POPS UP from some DEBRIS, again, like the *Caddyshack* gopher.

DEADPOOL
I'm good.

Deadpool is just staggering to his feet when AJAX emerges from under another BEAM and TACKLES him.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
¡Caramba!
(subtitled, in YELLOW:)
For heaven's sake!

The impact sends them both flying, rolling, over the edge of a metal container. They fall locked together, punching and grappling. They bounce/slide down the pile of rubble.

Deadpool gets the better of the grappling and lands on AJAX's CHEST. He goes to TOWN with vicious FOREARMS and ELBOWS.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
Wham! Wham! Wham!

BAM! BAM! BAM. Bam. You can feel Deadpool's adrenalized catharsis. Ajax tries to block-CRACK! Deadpool shatters his elbow. Ajax other fist swings round, tags Deadpool, but he catches it, wrapt it tight-SNAP!

Ajax finally goes limp, both arms bent in horribly wrong directions.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)
(thrilled/exhausted)
There are no words.

(CONTINUED)

Deadpool pulls out BLIND AL's SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL and AIMS it right BETWEEN AJAX's EYES.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Me and you are headed to fix this face.
Or else...

Deadpool places a piece of paper onto Ajax's chest.

Ajax shakes off the cobwebs and examines the paper; it's Deadpool's CRAYON DRAWING of Ajax getting his brains blown out. Ajax actually LAUGHS.

AJAX

Sorry. It's just. All this time, you bought that I have the cure? I'm flattered. But do I really look like the scientist type? You want the guy behind the guy. His name's Dr. Killebrew. And he's long gone. Who knows where.

DEADPOOL

Um. What?

AJAX

You heard me.

DEADPOOL

You mean to say, after five long years, I've been chasing the wrong monkey?

AJAX

Sounds even stupider when you say it.

DEADPOOL

Like the kind of stupid who admits he can't do the one thing I'm keeping him alive for?

(chambers a round)

Any last words? Good. I got one:

(pulls back the hammer)

Francis.

COLOSSUS (O.S.)

Wade!

Deadpool turns to see Colossus, hands on hips, looking extra HEROIC. NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD is STANDING at his SIDE.

COLOSSUS (CONT'D)

Four or five moments.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

I'm sorry?

COLOSSUS

Four or five moments. That's all it takes...

DEADPOOL

To...?

COLOSSUS

Be a hero. Everyone thinks it's a full time job. Wake up a hero. Brush your teeth a hero. Go to work a hero. Not true. Over a lifetime, there are only four or five moments that really matter. Moments when you're offered a choice. To make a sacrifice. Conquer a flaw. Save a friend. Spare an enemy.

Deadpool continues to hold the pistol to Ajax's head.

COLOSSUS (CONT'D)

In those moments, everything else falls away. The way the world sees us. The way we see oursel-

BOOM! OFF-SCREEN, A GUNSHOT.

COLOSSUS (CONT'D)

(dry-heaves again)
Huuuggh! Why!

REVERSE ANGLE to Deadpool, who's just shot AJAX in the head with Blind Al's SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL.

DEADPOOL

You were droning on!
(shrugs)

I may be stuck looking like pepperoni flatbread, but at least we've heard the last of him. If wearing super-hero tights means sparing psychopaths, maybe I wasn't meant to wear 'em. Not everyone monitors a hall like you.

COLOSSUS

Just promise-

DEADPOOL

I'll be on the lookout for the next four moments.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

(peers between Colossus and
NTW)

Now if you'll excuse me. I'm just a
boy... about to stand in front of a
girl... and tell her- what the fuck am I
gonna tell her?!

CUT TO: Deadpool's P.O.V. BETWEEN Colossus and NTW of
VANESSA, who's now walking quickly TOWARD him. She brushes
between the two X-men and without saying a word, GRABS the
fallen PISTOL and PUMPS TWO EXTRA BULLETS into Ajax's corpse.

VANESSA

(bang)
Gratuitous.
(bang)
Worth it.

DEADPOOL

(to camera)
Anyone else turned on?
(to Vanessa)
That's what I love about y-

Vanessa promptly PUNCHES Deadpool in the face.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

I totally deserved that!
(gets punched again)
That too!
(wards off knee)
Maybe not the nethers.

Vanessa restrains herself, then TURNS HER BACK, overcome.

VANESSA

Start talking.

DEADPOOL

I'm so sorry. For leaving. And taking
so long to cowboy up. It's been a rough
few years.

VANESSA

(snorts, dismissive)
Rough?

DEADPOOL

I live in a crack house. With a family
of twelve. At night, we spoon for
warmth. Everyone fights for Noelle.
She's the fattest.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

There's nothing we don't share. Floor space. Dental floss. Condoms.

VANESSA

So you live in a house!
(turns to face him)

DEADPOOL

I woulda found you before now. But the guy behind this mask isn't the same guy you remember.

VANESSA

You mean this mask?

Deadpool FLINCHES but doesn't STOP Vanessa from slowly, gently taking OFF his mask, revealing underneath... HUGH JACKMAN's 'SEXIEST MAN ALIVE' People MAGAZINE COVER. Blood at the pierce points. Mouth/eyes cut out to make a 'mask.'

DEADPOOL

And this one. In case the other fell off.

VANESSA

You mean like this?

Vanessa starts PULLING OUT staples.

DEADPOOL

Oo. Ah. Quicker - like a Bandaid! Ow-
di 5000.

One last staple remains. Vanessa hesitates.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Sure?

VANESSA

Sure I'm sure.

She PULLS it out. The photo FALLS, revealing DEADPOOL's SCARS. And two vulnerable, misty eyes. A beat.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Ew.

DEADPOOL

(devastated)
I understand.

VANESSA

(smiles)

Kidding! Get over yourself! I'd hit that shit.

DEADPOOL

You already did.

(rubs chin)

Twice. Seriously?

VANESSA

(nods)

After a brief adjustment period and one or two drinks.

(smiles)

It's a face... I'd be happy to sit on.

Vanessa hooks Deadpool's PINKIE with HERS, PULLS him in to kiss him.

DEADPOOL

I'm also not the same under these pants.

(whispers)

Super-penis.

Deadpool and Vanessa are ABOUT to kiss when...

NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD (O.S.)

1975 called.

Deadpool realizes COLOSSUS and NTW are still standing WATCHING.

NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD (CONT'D)

It wants its peep show back.

DEADPOOL

Gah! What the hell are you two still doing here?!

(to Colossus)

You, go clean some chalk-board erasers, or be a... really Big Brother, or teach fat kids to eat lettuce.

(to NTW)

And you, Chicken Noodle. Well...

(freezes)

I feel something stupid coming on.

(bounces)

Gaaaaaaahhhhhh!

NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD

It's alright.

(beat, tiniest of smiles)

You're cool.

DEADPOOL

(STARES, elated)

I am?! Omigod. That. Was. Not. Mean! Seriously, guys, it was a pleasure. For a second there, we felt like... like...

(we expect 'family')

...five mini lion robots forming a large super robot.

NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD

There's the stupid.

DEADPOOL

Now, I meant it, both of you, fire up the Blackbird and shoo! Scram! Vamoose! Skedaddle! Don't make me keep thinking of these!

They smile, shake their heads, and walk off.

Deadpool turns back to Vanessa.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Where were we, darlin'? Oh, riiight. The best part.

Deadpool KISSES Vanessa. The little kiss become a BIGGER ONE. Then... fading up from nowhere, with a slightly tinny quality... we hear WHAM!'s 'CARELESS WHISPER.' Vanessa pulls back, puzzled. Deadpool raises his ANDROID. On the cracked and dirty screen, George's and Andrew's FACES beam from Wham!'s 'MAKE IT BIG' album cover.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

'Wham!' As promised.

The two share the longest kiss yet.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

See, life can smell like Daffodil Daydream. So if you're sitting out there in your own personal Punch-Bowl. Ms. Mama June on your tongue. Find someone to hold... and someone to hold on to you. Life's next little train wreck...

74 INT. NEW WORKSHOP - DAY

74

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
..will be so much easier if you do.

We find ourselves in a newer, spiffier version of the WORKSHOP, where a LAB TECHNICIAN is strapping down a new sickly VOLUNTEER/VICTIM.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
Which brings us to shittiest moment
number 1! The guy behind the guy, Dr.
Killebrew, off scot-free.

A SILHOUETTED FIGURE approaches the bed of the nervous volunteer, who smiles weakly.

VOLUNTEER
Can you make me better?

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal whom he's talking to: the PUDGY, KINDLY-LOOKING DOCTOR WHO STROKED WADE'S HEAD IN THE WORKSHOP. He smiles, pats the volunteer's wrist.

DR. KILLEBREW
Better than better.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
But let's look on the bright side.
(sniffs)
You smell what I smell? I mean besides
stale popcorn and my post-fight man-funk?

Dr. Killebrew holds up a syringe with a glint in his eye.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
Sequel. Maybe even one of those ensemble
team movies...

75 EXT. SCRAPYARD - RUBBLE PILE - DAY

75

DEADPOOL and Vanessa MAKE OUT LIKE CRAZY, LONG AND HARD. We slowly PULL BACK until they look SMALL against the toppled hulk of the COMBAT CARRIER.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)
So, 'til next time, this is your friendly
neighborhood pool guy saying... I'm never
gonna dance again... the way I danced
with you.

WHAM BELTS OUT 'CARELESS WHISPER' as we ROLL CREDITS.

V76 INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY - POST CREDIT SEQUENCE

V76

A hallway of a suburban home. DEADPOOL enters in a maroon and gray striped robe.

DEADPOOL

(short version)

You're still here? It's over! Go home. Wait... you expected a tease for Deadpool 2?! Sorry, we're low on dough. But if you can keep a secret, I can tell you who's gonna be in it. Cable! Someone suggested Mel Gibson for the role, buuuut- I was thinking Liam Neeson. Only problem, Liam likes to get paid. And more for Liam means less for me. Maybe we'll crowdfund the shit. Just you and me, kids. Shalom!

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

(long version)

You're still here? It's over! Go home. Wait... you expected a tease for Deadpool 2?! Maybe a little Samuel L. Jackson? Sorry, that budget went to Weasel's Ketamine habit. But if you can keep a secret, I can tell you who's gonna be in it. Cable! You're allowed to show your pleasure. I'd love Liam Neeson for the role, but Liam likes to get paid. And more for Liam means less for me. So we'd best crowdfund the shit. Depending on your level of giving, you could receive a Colossus-brand desktop steel-ball clacker, a Dwayne 'The Rock' Johnson real doll, or four minutes alone in a room with Charlie Sheen. Donate now! And shalom!

SMASH CUT TO
BLACK:

DEADPOOL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(a la Ferris)

Boom, boom, chicka chickah...