

WANTED

by

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FADE IN:

CLOSE ON the face of WESLEY GIBSON, 25, STARING AT THE CAMERA.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Six weeks ago, I was ordinary and pathetic.

His wry smile gives way to...

Black. And then...

INT. APPLEBY'S - DAY

The CAMERA STARTS FROM THE CEILING, pointing straight down, overlooking a table of twenty-five people dressed in business casual, pretending to have a good time at lunch in this cookie-cutter crappy restaurant.

At the end of the table, a bowl of spinach dip is in front of Wesley, and the CAMERA STARTS descending directly for it, slowly, as we hear...

WESLEY (V.O.)

It was Rochelle's birthday, which meant there was a certain amount of inter-office pressure to go to Appleby's and sit at a table of twenty-five with my boss Janice presiding at the head even though she's too tight to pick up the bill. Which meant, the poor bastard waiting on us had to split the check twenty-four ways -- everyone contributing to Rochelle's free meal -- surf and turf, no less -- don't do us any favors, Rochelle. Anyway, I ate a plate of extreme nachos and then polished off a bowlful of spinach dip pretty much single-handedly...

The CAMERA DISAPPEARS in the bowl of spinach dip and we...

CUT TO:

INT. WESLEY'S CUBICLE - DAY

...where Wesley drops his head down on his desk.

WESLEY

...so by the time I got back to my cubicle, my eyelids were so damn heavy, I had to put my head down, even if it was just for a wink.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A sharply dressed man, MR. X, wearing a dark Armani suit, enters a skyscraper through the lobby. He's a shade taller than most of the office workers who are coming and going.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

He heads to an elevator and presses a button for the top floor.

And as his finger presses the button, just where the thumb meets the forefinger, we see a TATTOO of a three-headed dog.

Soon...

INT. TOP FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

...the doors open again and he finds himself in an opulent corridor -- sleek and expensively designed.

Only one office is at the end of the hall. Expressionless, he makes his way toward it. Without knocking, he steps inside...

INT. PUJA'S OFFICE - DAY

...an office fit for a king. Or a queen. Because behind a glass desk sits a beautiful Indian woman dressed traditionally in a serape, with a red bindi on her forehead, the holy third eye. Her name is PUJA.

Mr. X sits in the single chair opposite her.

After a moment, Puja looks up.

PUJA

I didn't expect for you yourself to come. One of the heads, in the flesh.

MR. X

You're an important fence.

PUJA

I'm flattered.

She reaches over to an attaché case and removes a file.

PUJA (CONT'D)

The name of the target is Henry Helms.

Carrying the file, she moves around the desk and stands a few feet away from Mr. X, who rises so that they are both standing. She really is quite beautiful, exotic even, with piercing eyes.

PUJA (CONT'D)

He's a journalist who stumbled on to a story exposing a lot of powerful people, people who don't like having their power threatened.

MR. X

Poor Helms.

PUJA

There have been five attempts on his life, but he has been well protected... and well hidden. Turns out his wife's family has a lot of money. He's in town to accept an award.

MR. X

We'll see to it that it never makes his mantle.

PUJA

And for that, my clients will pay handsomely.

Mr. X is looking at Puja when a curious thing happens...

...he notices that the red bindi on her forehead starts to move a little, like a second dot is trying to emerge from it, like an amoeba splitting.

It's a sharpshooter's laser!

His eyes go wide as saucers.

MR. X

GET DOWN!!!

...but it's too late as bullets rip into her head, splattering everything above her eyebrows into the wet bar.

Mr. X crouches, drops his hands behind his back, and a PAIR OF GUNS -- as technologically advanced as anything we've ever seen -- spring into his hands.

The bullets stop flying and he sprints at the window from which they came, smashing through what remains of it, disappearing from the demolished room...

...all this as Puja's dead body hits the floor, blood seeping out of that holy third eye.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SKYSCRAPER - FORTY FLOORS UP - DAY

Mr. X's momentum carries him from one building to the next, over an alleyway, the wet concrete shining below.

He lands on the...

ROOF OF THE NEXT BUILDING:

...and rolls up quickly, guns ready.

His eyes spot FOUR MARKSMEN running and ducking for cover on the neighboring rooftop...

...and on a dead sprint across the roof...

...he spots about a CENTIMETER OF FLESH sticking out from around an air-conditioning vent. He fires the gun in his left hand.

The bullet flies through the air and rockets into the flesh... which happens to be one of the marksmen's ears.

The guy YELPS IN PAIN and falls back from the vent, exposing himself. That's all Mr. X needs, and another shot rings out while he's still on a dead run. THWAP! The bullet finds its mark in the yelping man's forehead, silencing him, just as...

...Mr. X ducks behind a stairwell door.

He pulls up his right hand and looks down the barrel of this pistol: built into the barrel is a thin computer screen. It actually shows the heat signatures of the three remaining marksmen, one of which is directly in front of him, hiding behind a small rooftop supply shed.

A second marksmen is just on the other side of the stairwell. The third is on the far side of the rooftop.

Mr. X takes another look at the heat signature of the marksman hiding behind the shed and he FIRES his gun...

...then does an amazing thing: in the split second that the bullet travels forward, he jerks his gun to the side... actually steering the bullet around the wall and into the marksman's throat.

Before the guy's blood hits the ground, the assassin is moving again: he dashes away from the stairwell then makes two incredible shots: one knocks a piece of aluminum off the top of the stairwell...

...which causes it to flip up in the air above the head of the hiding marksman...

...the second shot strikes the aluminum again, sending the bullet ricocheting down into the top of the marksman's head! As he falls...

THE CAMERA MOVES OVER TO WHERE... the FINAL MARKSMAN is breathing hard, like an engine with a chronic misfire, as he looks out at the dead bodies of his fallen comrades... all chopped down in a matter of seconds.

He squeezes his eyes shut, trying to psyche himself up...

LAST MARKSMAN

(softly)

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

He looks out at the stairwell door... and all is quiet. Maybe Mr. X didn't know he was there, maybe he left, maybe the last marksman can sneak away after all.

LAST MARKSMEN

(softly)

Okay... okay...

He finally decides...

...and takes one step forward...

THWAP!!! A bullet disintegrates his knee.

He falls, clutching the knee in agony, as Mr. X walks toward him slowly until he stands right over him like a hunter over his prey.

Mr. X's shoe comes down on the final marksman's wrist, pinning it away from his dropped weapon.

MR. X

(growls)

Who sent you?

For a moment, we're not sure the last marksman's going to answer. Then...

LAST MARKSMEN

(nervously)

We're... we're just the decoys, man. We were paid to get you out here...

The marksman points at a small VIDEO CAMERA sitting on the roof, relaying their every move...

Mr. X's face falls as those words register, and just then...

...THE CAMERA ROCKETS over the streets of the city, block after block in the blink of an eye...

...until it reaches a rooftop, over a mile away.

ON THE NEW ROOFTOP:

A man named CROSS is in a crouch, holding a massive RIFLE pointed upward, at an angle...

A small SCREEN on Cross' gun shows the scene from the roof, along with various elemental measurements: wind speed, pressure, temperature, distance, altitude...

...the information on the screen reflects off of Cross' eyeball as he processes the shot... a quick adjustment to the gun and a slight pull of the trigger...

BOOM...

We follow the arcing bullet back over the rooftops in an instant. Somehow it keeps it's elevation and it's path...

...to the resigned look on Mr. X's face: an outsmarted man, a dead man.

The bullet hits him square in the chest, and he falls to his knees, then slumps over, dead.

Flies start to gather as he lies there.

First one, then two, then several as night TIME-DISSOLVES to day...

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATER

...and two pairs of legs approach the dead body of Mr. X.

The first set belong to an older man, SLOAN, who looks like he has seen his share of death. The other set belong to the hottest black woman on the planet, FOX.

As they look down at the dead body...

FOX

It was a set-up all the way?

Sloan just nods.

He then stoops down, shoos some of the flies away with the back of his hand and picks up the file that Puja gave Mr. X.

The CAMERA PUSHES IN on the back of Sloan's hand as he reads the file. It, too, has the tattoo of the three-headed dog, in the same spot as Mr. X.

FOX (CONT'D)

(re: the dead body)

That's two heads in two weeks. Which leaves only one: you.

Sloan nods.

SLOAN

He wants out.

FOX

And killing all three heads gets him that?

Sloan nods again.

FOX (CONT'D)

Well, I don't know if we have anyone who can stop him.

Sloan squints back up at Fox.

SLOAN

There's one person who can.

FOX

Yeah? Who?

And with that, we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WESLEY'S CUBICLE - DAY

...Wesley Gibson, the guy from the opening scene, fast asleep in his little cubicle. Some drool falls off his lip and jerks him awake.

Just then, the shot FREEZE-FRAMES, and we see IN THE BACKGROUND OF THE SHOT, his fat boss JANICE caught in mid-stride coming toward him, looking like she's ready to bring the wrath of God.

WESLEY (V.O.)

My name is Wesley Gibson. If you look at the corner of my desk, you'll see the billing reports I was supposed to hand in to Janice an hour ago.

The BILLING REPORT is highlighted on the screen for just a moment.

...then the movie RESUMES normal speed and Janice reaches Wesley's cube in no time...

BOSS JANICE

Oh my fucking god I hope that's not my billing report sitting on your fucking desk. Holy shit on an altar, it is!

A couple of the other OFFICE WORKERS look up at the fireworks and smile... like they're actually enjoying Janice's histrionics.

BOSS JANICE (CONT'D)

Why don't you just take a dump in your hands, fork it over to me and say, "this is the best effort I'm gonna give to you, Janice. This is the best you're ever gonna get out of me." Hell, Rochelle on her birthday is doing a better a job than your lazy ass and she's already left for the day. Je-sus CHRIST!

Wesley looks like he'd rather be anywhere else.

WESLEY

I meant to...

BOSS JANICE

(imitating him)

I meant to... I meant to... Well I meant to be a size four but meaning to doesn't pick no cotton.

She snatches up the report off his desk.

BOSS JANICE (CONT'D)

Tell you what. I'll just input the four-ones myself.

(announces)

Look everyone, I'm gonna do Wesley's four-ones for him! I don't have enough to do with my own damn job so I'll do Wesley's too!

Wesley grabs the report back.

WESLEY

I'll do it.

BOSS JANICE

Minimum for the maximum. That's all you ever do. The minimum you can do to suck the maximum from this company.

WESLEY

I said I'll get it done. I'm sorry.

BOSS JANICE

No, you're worthless. I'm the one who's sorry I hired you.

She storms away, fuming.

Wesley looks over and sees some of the other workers still staring at him, amused.

He sits back down to the semi-privacy of his little cubicle.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

A CONSULTANT in a suit is droning on and on in front of a nifty power-point presentation.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Wesley, bored to tears, sitting at a long table with Janice and other corporate minions.

The CAMERA FINDS Wesley's note-pad where it looks like he's taking notes on the presentation. Instead, covering every inch of the page, is the phrase "*life sucks then you die.*"

WESLEY (V.O.)

My job title is Account Manager. I used to be called an Account Service Representative, but a consultant told us we needed to "manage" our clients and not "service" them.

One more "*life sucks then you die.*"

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I have a girlfriend whom I neither manage nor service.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRLFRIEND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wesley's GIRLFRIEND is currently riding some guy named BARRY on her living room couch. She's not very attractive, sort of plain and ordinary.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Her name's Cathy. She works at Banana Republic. The guy she's humping is my best friend, Barry.

She's giving it her best. As her MOANS reach a crescendo, we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Wesley is still sitting there with his note pad, while the consultant continues to rattle on and on about God knows what.

Through the blinds behind the speaker, Wesley can spot his company's hot intern, NICOLE, talking on the phone. He zeroes in on her, until...

Wesley suddenly looks around the room and everyone is staring at him.

WESLEY

(hesitantly)

Yes. Uh... Well the 602 deals with applications sent by prospective clients and the 603 is when the client is...

Everyone is still just staring...

WESLEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Jesus... uh... what was the question?

CONSULTANT

I asked you about the effects of net investment income with regards to underwriting cycles.

WESLEY

Well, that's the thing.

CONSULTANT

What's the thing?

WESLEY

(trying to redeem himself)
Cycles. Hard market, industry-wide cycles differ from our firm's cycles so I think it's a mistake to apply...

JANICE

Good God a'mighty.

CONSULTANT

Son... everyone knows that net investment income is inversely related to both premium and loss reserves, making firm cycles inherently dependent on industry cycles!

Everyone snickers.

CONSULTANT (CONT'D)

In fact, to prove my point, I'd like you to spend some time this afternoon adding up the yearly differential responses.

JANICE

Get it to me by five.

WESLEY

Sure.

Wesley jots down on his pad: "ACTION ITEMS," and underneath it: "Differential responses... then you die." He underlines it three times.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Wesley sits at a small round table by himself, eating a ham and cheese on white.

A group of other WORKERS sit at a table nearby, gossiping and guffawing about whatever shit they have to discuss.

WESLEY (V.O.)

There are people, everyday you meet them, who you wish could see you in a different setting, a different place...

Just then, Nicole, the pretty intern, approaches and starts fishing through the refrigerator.

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...instead of where you are, what you've become.

Wesley sits upright, glad now that no one is sitting at his table. Nicole turns and smiles at Wesley, starts to head his way, when...

LOUDMOUTH AT OTHER TABLE

Nicole! Get your ass over here and tell us what the hell is going on with you and Whitcock the big cock!

He pulls a chair over from next to Wesley to make room for her at his table.

Wesley just takes another bite of his sandwich.

INT. WESLEY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Wesley is staring at his monitor...

WESLEY (V.O.)

And you wish to god your eyeballs weren't being sucked out of their sockets by monitor fatigue. That you didn't spend five years in college to do goddamn differential responses.

Then we see that he is actually playing solitaire on the computer. He keeps checking over his shoulder for Janice, but she is talking on the phone in her office with the door shut.

He looks up and watches the computer clock turn from 4:59 to 5:00. He saves his solitaire game and then turns off the computer, snatches up his jacket, waits for Janice to turn her back to him as she is engrossed in her call, and then sneaks away.

INT. ELEVATOR BANK - DAY

Wesley presses the down button and waits.

WESLEY

C'mon, c'mon.

After an eternity, the doors open.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

But at least at the end of the day...

Wesley steps in and turns around. Before the doors close, he sees his boss Janice down the hall, looking at him. She checks her watch and looks back at him, pissed...

WESLEY (CONT'D)

(defeated)

...you know that tomorrow it's going to start all over again.

...and then the doors close.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Wesley pedals a ten-speed down a busy street. It's raining, and he squints to keep the water out of his eyes.

EXT. ATM MACHINE - DAY

He stands nervously at an ATM machine. He checks to see if anyone is looking, and then hits the "check balance" button.

A message comes up: "You have \$47.92 in your account. Would you like another transaction?"

He clicks "yes" and then "quick cash" and waits for the \$40 to dispense.

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Wesley enters, toting his bike, only to find Cathy and Barry laughing on the couch, watching some crap on television.

He's two steps in the door when...

CATHY

Where's the spaghetti?

WESLEY

What?

CATHY

I specifically told you to get noodles on your way home. God, Wesley, I already put the sauce on.

WESLEY

Sorry. I didn't...

CATHY

You didn't listen is what you didn't. I might as well talk to the wall.

WESLEY

I'll be right back.

He turns around.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE WESLEY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

He starts to head away when Barry pokes his head out of the apartment door.

BARRY

(insincerely)

You want me to go with you, buddy?

What a dick. Wesley doesn't turn around, defeated...

WESLEY

I got it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

He's back on the ten-speed, pedaling again in the rain, a pissed expression on his face.

WESLEY (V.O.)

My parents both died when I was born.

He grits his teeth as we...

CUT TO:

INT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

A young Wesley, 10, sits at a table with a couple of RELIGIOUS FOSTER PARENT WACKOS.

WESLEY (V.O.)

The nutjobs I had as foster parents thought any book that didn't contain a red-letter edition was the spawn of the devil...

EXT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

The ten-year-old Wesley moves furtively to a side of the clap trap house, and pries loose a board.

WESLEY (V.O.)

...so I had to hide my stash like it was a bag of mary jane.

Stuck in a hole is a copy of THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.

He moves back around the corner and standing there is his FOSTER MOTHER, pissed as hell...

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One time my foster mother found my copy of CATCHER IN THE RYE...

...she holds a copy of the book in her hand, getting ready to strike...

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and God told her to beat me with it.

Young Wesley takes a beating, WHAP, WHAP, WHAP!

...his face screws up, taking the blows...

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But despite them, I thought I was gonna be something special.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

...that same expression is plastered on Wesley's face as he pedals. He banks the bike up a curb and into a grocery store parking lot.

Across the street, a man watches from behind the wheel of a '71 Chevy Chevelle.

In fact, it's Cross, the man we last saw assassinating Mr. X on the rooftop.

He watches Wesley park the bike and move into the store.

INT. KROGER - PASTA AISLE - NIGHT

Wesley stands, looking over all the different kinds of noodles. None of them just say "spaghetti."

Suddenly, a woman's voice pops up behind him...

FOX

There is a remedy for all things but death.

She said it so fast he's not sure he heard it right.

He turns and sees the hottest woman ever to grace Kroger's aisles: Fox. She's wearing barely enough clothing to cover her tight body.

WESLEY

(like he didn't hear)

I'm sorry?

FOX

You apologize too much.

WESLEY

(stammers again)

Sorry?

She looks him in the eye.

FOX

Spina bifida babies have more backbone than you.

With that, she walks toward the end of the aisle, eyes scanning the whole time.

Stunned, all Wesley can do is watch her walk.

On the small of her back is a tattoo. It's the same tattoo we saw in the beginning: a three-headed dog.

She gets to the end and catches him looking at her.

Then she makes a very subtle gesture with her head... as if to say "come here."

Wesley still isn't sure what the hell is going on. Sheepishly, he makes his way to where she stands.

She leans in close, her lips just inches from his ear.

FOX (CONT'D)

I knew your father.

Whatever Wesley was expecting, it wasn't that. He pulls back from her.

WESLEY

I think you got the wrong guy.

FOX

Can't say that I agree with you, Wesley.

WESLEY

(running it all together)

What is this? How d'you know my name?

FOX

Your father...

WESLEY

My father died in a car wreck the week I was born...

FOX

Your father died two days ago on the rooftop of the Metropolitan Building.

For a moment, just a moment, Wesley is stunned, but Fox just keeps sizing him up.

FOX (CONT'D)

He'd be damn disappointed in what you've become, too.

Wesley holds up his hands in a defensive gesture...

WESLEY

Lady...

FOX

I've been called a lot of things, but "lady" ain't one of 'em.

Wesley starts to talk but Fox interrupts him...

FOX (CONT'D)

Damn, Wesley, how d'you ever learn anything when you won't keep your mouth shut and your ears open? I'm trying to tell you about your father.

Wesley starts to open his mouth again, but then closes it. He waits.

FOX (CONT'D)

Your father, Wesley, was the greatest assassin to ever live. Your father, Wesley, worked for the Fraternity.

WESLEY
The Fraternity?

FOX
(keeps right on going)
Your father, Wesley, was set up and
gunned down by a man he used to consider
a friend. And your father, Wesley...

Suddenly, she raises her hands and is fisting two black
PISTOLS.

FOX (CONT'D)
...taught me everything I know.

Wesley takes a step back.

WESLEY
(slowly)
What is this?

FOX
This is what you've dreamt about all your
life.

Just then, Cross rounds the corner on to their aisle,
also fisting a pair of guns.

Wesley's eyes go wide as Fox suddenly starts firing, BAM!
BAM! BAM! BAM! forcing Cross to take cover on the
far side of the aisle.

FOX (CONT'D)
Move! Now!

She screams this, grabbing Wesley's wrist and jerking him
forward, just as Cross comes back up, firing, a killing
machine.

They barely get out of the way, as the pasta aisle
explodes in an avalanche of bullets! Glass bottles of
spaghetti sauce shatter, turning the aisle into a
rainstorm of red droplets -- we're not sure what is sauce
and what is blood.

Then... Cross springs on to a display stand of tortillas
and up to the top of the freezer section, so he can have
a better angle of attack at the fleeing Fox and Wesley.

He starts sprinting down the top of the freezer section,
smashing over styrofoam coolers, as his bullets barely
miss Fox and Wesley, but slam into the freezers behind
them, sending ice and glass exploding everywhere.

But Wesley and Fox are too quick. She still has a hold of Wesley's wrist and she propels him through the swinging doors of the stock room.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GROCERY STORE - DAY

There is a cherry red FERRARI convertible parked right next to the store.

Wesley is still trying to figure out what the hell is going on as Fox tosses him the keys!

FOX

Drive!

WESLEY

What?!!

But Fox just leaps into the passenger seat, guns up and ready, as Wesley's legs somehow take over and he hops behind the wheel.

Just then, Cross's Chevelle rips around the corner, practically going up on two tires.

Wham! Wesley turns the ignition, pops the clutch, and smashes the gas pedal as the car nearly snaps his neck when it launches forward.

He races through the gears and rips around a corner and out into traffic.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

FOX

Just drive!

The Chevelle stays on his tail behind them; Cross drives and fires his Glock at the same time. Bam! Bam! Bam!

Fox does her best to send bullets back his way, while Wesley mans the wheel, breathing hard, still stunned at what is happening.

He spots a side-street...

WESLEY

Hold on!

...whips the car into a rubber-squealing turn...

EXT. ONE WAY STREET - DAY

...and ends up going the wrong way down a narrow one-way street!

He now has to weave in and out of cars headed right for them, as Cross stays tight on their ass.

Horns are BLARING in his face, but Wesley somehow keeps the Ferrari on all four tires as he bobs in and out of the paths of oncoming cars.

A 4 X 4 Chevy Pickup is headed like a missile right at them...

Wesley's eyes go wide.

WESLEY

Truck!

FOX

Go around it!

WESLEY

No! Shoot the tires!

Fox looks at Wesley, momentarily stunned by his idea, then spins and fires away at the oncoming truck.

The front tires on the truck explode and the truck veers hard right, where it bounces off a Fed Ex truck that sends it into a violent roll.

Wesley guns the Ferrari at the tumbling truck as it flips forward... right over their car!!!

Wesley watches it fly over them, amazed his idea worked... when finally it SMASHES down into the street between them and Cross's Chevelle!

Cross is forced to slam on his brakes and slide out... but it's too late... his Chevelle smashes into the 4 X 4 before skidding to a stop, a tangled mess in the street.

Wesley snaps back to reality and rips the Ferrari off the one-way street and down a side street.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

He pulls the car to a stop, then looks over at Fox, amazed.

FOX

(smiling)

There's a lot of things you don't know about yourself, Wesley.

WESLEY

Who was that?

FOX

That... was the man who killed your father. And now he's trying to kill you.

Wesley forces a laugh, but right now it's hard to paint anything as ludicrous.

WESLEY

No. I mean... I told you my father died when I was a baby.

She leans right into his face so that their noses are only inches apart.

FOX

Have you ever believed that? Have you ever been content with that answer?

Wesley stops, not sure of anything right now.

FOX (CONT'D)

Today's your new birthday, Wesley. Drive.

He settles back in his seat and pops the clutch again, this time, easing a little more respectably into traffic.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

The Ferrari cruises to a stop outside a warehouse.

FOX

The people I work with... we believe your father passed his skills on genetically to you. You knew how to handle the car, you knew to shoot at the truck.

WESLEY

I... I...

FOX

It's that confidence we're gonna need to work on.

Wesley is still dazed.

FOX (CONT'D)

Now I want you to look at me and tell me something. And I want you to be honest with me.

WESLEY

What?

FOX

Do you think I look fat in this outfit?

WESLEY

What?!

FOX

I thought so. Let's go.

She hops out. They walk inside a...

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY

...to where Mr. Sloan stands next to a huge man, THE BUTCHER, who is slicing beef off of hanging cow carcasses. There are flies buzzing around and blood draining into the center of the floor.

If Wesley wasn't nervous before, he is now.

FOX

Mr. Sloan.

The Butcher looks up from his work and lays down the knife, right next to where Mr. Sloan has a pair of silver pistols and a magnifying glass resting on a rolling table.

FOX (CONT'D)

(proudly)

This is Wesley Gibson. He needs his life changed.

The Butcher looks him over.

THE BUTCHER

We all end up where we belong, don't we?

The Butcher snickers. Sloan speaks up...

SLOAN

Fox told you about your father?

Wesley looks from Sloan to Fox to the Butcher and back to Sloan.

WESLEY

(stammers)

Like I told... um... the lady here... I think you might have me mixed up with someone else. I'm just an... um... account serv... uh..that is... account manager... and... my father died...

He hesitates.

SLOAN

When?

They look at him, imploringly, waiting for an answer.

WESLEY

I... I guess I'm not sure.

Sloan simply picks up one of the pistols and sticks the gun in Wesley's hand.

SLOAN

Shoot the wings off the flies.

WESLEY

What?!

SLOAN

(growls)

Shoot... the wings... off the flies.

For the first time, Wesley notices flies buzzing all around.

WESLEY

I don't...

In the blink of an eye, Sloan has plucked the second gun off the rolling table and is pointing it at Wesley's temple. He begins to count...

SLOAN

You have three seconds. Three... two...

Before he can say one, Wesley reacts... blindly firing the pistol in his hand, indiscriminately, BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! CLICK...CLICK...CLICK... until his finger is just jamming on the trigger over and over.

After a moment, he looks up, unsure why he isn't dead.

Sloan smiles, drops his pistol on the rolling table and picks up the magnifying glass. He stoops down and signals Wesley to do the same.

THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS:

Four flies lie on the floor, crawling around... their wings actually separated from their bodies!

IN THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE:

Wesley jerks upright, trying to process this.

FOX

Like I said, you got the skills.

SLOAN

And after we fine tune those skills...

His eyes lock on to Wesley's, holding them in a vice-like grip...

SLOAN (CONT'D)

...you're going to hunt the man who killed your father.

Wesley is as stunned as we've ever seen him... he blinks a couple of times.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Walk with me.

He drapes his arm around Wesley and leads him out the door.

EXT. CITY BLOCK - DAY

Sloan and Wesley move down a busy commercial street.

SLOAN

I know this is hard for you to understand, Wesley, but I want you to concentrate on what I'm saying. Your father was a member of the Fraternity, a collection of the most powerful assassins the world has ever known.

They weave against the flow of pedestrians out and about on the city streets. Instinctively, people step out of their way.

WESLEY

But I've never heard of...

SLOAN

We don't advertise Wesley. We blend into the environment like moths against a tree.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The CAMERA moves over a diner's counter...

SLOAN (V.O.)

We stay in the shadows.

...to the kitchen, where a massive man with a three-headed dog tattoo on his hand, flips burgers. THE CHEF.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - DAY

The CAMERA moves across an expansive lawn...

SLOAN (V.O.)

We disappear into our surroundings.

...until it finds a man with a three-headed dog tattoo on his hand, trimming a hedge. THE GARDENER.

CUT TO:

INT. GUN COUNTER - DAY

The CAMERA moves down a gun display case...

SLOAN

Because the easiest place to hide is in plain sight...

...until it finds a GUN SALESMAN holding out a weapon to an Italian customer. He also has the tattoo. He's THE GUNSMITH.

BACK TO:

EXT. CITY BLOCK - DAY

Sloan is still walking with Wesley. Wesley watches every face that passes them by... any of them could be Fraternity members.

SLOAN

...until that time when we are called into action.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The Chef loads plates of food up on the warmer, where a WAITRESS picks them up and delivers them to a group of prominent looking BUSINESSMEN.

The lead businessman digs into his steak, and immediately his left arm starts to curl up, like he's having a heart attack. His cohorts look on as he spills over, knocking all the plates off the table, gasping for breath, his throat closed.

When the CAMERA PANS OVER AGAIN, the Chef is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - DAY

The Gardener works his gardening shears on a hedge in the front of this mansion... CLIP, CLIP, CLIP. We realize he's cutting a hole all the way through the hedge.

Then, he reaches down into his burlap sack and withdraws a long range rifle with a scope. He pokes the rifle through the freshly-cut hole, looks through the lens, starts to squeeze his trigger...

The CAMERA SHOTS WAY UP to give us an aerial view of the neighborhood. We see that we are in the hills over the city, and across the canyon, a Japanese man is just pulling into his driveway, driving a black Audi, a mile away.

He brakes his car, opens his door, but THWAP! A bullet disintegrates his head and he topples over, never knowing what hit him.

Back at the hole in the hedge, we see the Gardener's eyeball looking through from the other side... until it disappears and he is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

The customer takes the gun from the Gunsmith and pays him in cash.

He then tucks the gun in his belt and walks out the door, like he's a bad-ass, instead of the goombah that he is.

He only gets a block before the gun at his waist EXPLODES, causing him to flop on the sidewalk, like he just stepped on a land mine.

The bell to the Gun Shop jingles as the Gunsmith leaves and heads in the opposite direction, whistling to himself, not paying attention to the pedestrians running to help the dying Italian.

SLOAN (V.O.)

And when the time comes that we are called, death is as certain as the sun.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Sloan and Wesley enter a normal looking pharmacy. They pass through the small front room and head directly to the back.

SLOAN

We have been active for centuries, Wesley... outlasting rulers, governments, nations, kings. We recognize no borders; the entire globe is our killing field.

They are buzzed through by THE PHARMACIST, and enter...

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

...a sophisticated back room, where a trio of flat screen monitors are mounted on the wall.

SLOAN

We are the baddest of the bad, the three-headed dog that guards the gates of hell. We show no mercy, we destroy the weak, we have absolute power.

(beat)

But recently, a fallen angel, one of our own, has challenged that power.

The screens in the room come to life with the face of Cross.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

This man left the Fraternity and decided to strike down those who had befriended him, trained him, made him who he is.

WESLEY

The one who tried to kill me.

SLOAN

That's right. His name is Cross. His first victim was one of our three leaders. Killed in London.

The screens on the right and left hold on Cross while the screen in the middle shows a man laying face down in the middle of the sidewalk, Big Ben and Parliament in the background.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

His heart stopped, and although we know it was Cross who killed him, we never found an entry wound.

The screen on the right switches to show MR. X lying dead on the rooftop.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

His second victim was the second head of the Fraternity. Same thing... no heartbeat, no entry wound, killed here.

Sloan looks at Wesley...

SLOAN (CONT'D)

This was your father.

Wesley's breath catches in his throat, staring at the screen, until the pixels blur like a Seurat painting.

WESLEY

Why didn't he ever...

SLOAN

He was protecting you. Fraternity members can't have families, can't have relationships, Wesley... there can be no person on this earth whom we would not kill without hesitation. When your father discovered he had a son...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A baby screams its head off in a nursery, as two dark men sneak into the room.

SLOAN (V.O.)
 ...a son whose mother died in
 childbirth...

They reach the baby's bed and a pair of strong arms lift
 up the child. But the CAMERA FINDS the face of the
 second man...

SLOAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...he took the boy to an orphanage so his
 true identity would never be discovered.

...and now we see that the other man is a YOUNG MR.
 SLOAN.

SLOAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And I helped him.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

Wesley is still absorbing the story, his life so
 different than when he got up in the morning.

WESLEY
 Why would you do that?

Sloan puts a hand on Wesley's shoulder, gently.
 Paternally.

SLOAN
 Your father was like a brother to me.
 (beat)
 I will do anything to avenge his death.

Sloan turns off the monitors and pulls over a wooden
 chair from where it rests by a wall.

SLOAN (CONT'D)
 So Wesley... you have a choice. Would
 you like to go back to your job, your
 girlfriend, your life, just as it was
 before?
 (beat)
 Or would you like to begin your training
 with an assassin's Fraternity that writes
 the world's history in blood and bullets?

Wesley doesn't know what to say. Sloan moves to a back
 door.

SLOAN (CONT'D)
 If the answer is the latter, then have a
 seat in that chair.
 (MORE)

SLOAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

If not, you're welcome to head out this door here and we'll never see each other again.

With that, Sloan leaves through that back door. But...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR:

He stops. He pulls out a gun and waits for Wesley to make his decision, pointing his gun at the door.

BACK IN THE ROOM:

Wesley is still standing there, unaware of what is on the other side of the door, thinking, thinking, thinking. He takes a step toward the door...

FLASH: His boss Janice, yelling at him, mocking him.

Wesley hesitates, looks at the chair, then the door again...

FLASH: His girlfriend on the couch, riding high on Barry, loving every minute of it.

Wesley stands frozen, staring hard at the chair as THE CAMERA STARTS to swirl around him.

FLASHES: The consultant haranguing, the other employees laughing, eating alone in the break room, riding his bike, all the aspects of his shitty life...

...as the CAMERA CONTINUES to swirl around him, his face going hard...

WESLEY (V.O.)

Fuck consultants and fuck action items
and fuck differential responses. Fuck it
all.

He takes a seat in the chair, which creaks when he sits in it.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

(out loud)

Fuck it all.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BACK DOOR:

Sloan hears the creak of the chair and lowers his gun. He smiles and walks off down an alley.

IN THE ROOM:

Wesley waits in the chair for what seems an eternity. He starts to bite his thumbnail, nervously.

In comes the Pharmacist. The man is built like a mountain, with muscles rippling out of his white smock. He's got a British accent and is extremely polite.

THE PHARMACIST

'Ah, made your choice, did 'ja, ol' boy?

WESLEY

(uncomfortably)

Yeah.

THE PHARMACIST

Very good, very good.

He walks behind Wesley.

THE PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

The weather's been lovely the last couple o' days-- would you mind putting your hands back here for me?

Wesley does, and the Pharmacist binds his hands with some rope.

THE PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

There, that's it. Very good.

WESLEY

Is this the beginning of my training?

THE PHARMACIST

Quite right.

The Pharmacist cracks his knuckles and then, WHAMMMMMM!!! He hits Wesley so hard right in the cheek that it almost knocks him out of the chair.

WESLEY

What the fuck are...

WHAMMMMMM!!!! The Pharmacist smashes him again.

Wesley struggles against the ropes but isn't going anywhere. The Pharmacist rears back and WHAMMM! WHAMMM! WHAMMM! keeps hitting him over and over again until Wesley's eyes roll to the back of his head.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

WESLEY (V.O.)

You know how when you have a dream and
wake up unexpectedly...

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Wesley jerks awake in his bed...

WESLEY (V.O.)

...and the dream is still on the fringe
of your brain but you can't quite
remember the details?

He looks up at his ceiling fan, barely turning, a few
blades missing...

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But then you see that same old busted
ceiling fan over your bed and you are so
damn glad it was just a dream?

He sits up on his bed and checks himself in the mirror.
His face has been pummeled; it looks like a piece of
squashed fruit.

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This was nothing like that.

EXT. ATM MACHINE - DAY

Wesley shoves his ATM card in the machine and hits the
"check balance" button. Which reveals: \$100,000.92.

Amazed, Wesley takes out a grand, the machine just
spitting him money.

Smiling, Wesley jumps back on his ten speed and zips into
traffic.

The spinning wheel of the bicycle turns into...

INT. WESLEY'S CUBICLE - DAY

...that little spinning wheel on a monitor that indicates
your computer is stuck. Wesley sits in his cubicle,
staring at it.

Then...

NICOLE

What happened to your face?

Wesley turns in his chair, surprised. Nicole stands there, looking as pretty as ever, way out of his league.

WESLEY

(sheepish)

I... uh...I got hit by a man much bigger than me.

Nicole smiles, flirtatiously.

NICOLE

Was this over a girl?

WESLEY

Something like that.

NICOLE

I had no idea you had such a secret life outside of here.

She cocks her head and studies him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Is there something different about you? Besides the... face?

WESLEY

No. Not really. Same old Wesley.

NICOLE

I don't think so.

She puts her hand on top of his; he can only stare at it... this kind of thing just doesn't happen to him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You aren't like these people Wesley. I've always thought you were different.

WESLEY

Would you consider me to be an observant person?

NICOLE

What's that mean?

Wesley's about to say something, when he spots Janice heading their way.

Wesley nods at her and Nicole frowns.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Uh-oh, here comes the wicked bitch of the west...

With that, she steps away, just as Janice walks up.

Wesley stands to face his boss, as Janice launches into him...

BOSS JANICE

Jesus H. Fucking Popscile, you don't have time to get me the differential responses but you got time to chitty-chatty with the intern? Why do I even keep you around, Wesley? Well I know one thing, your review is coming up next week and I can't wait to start checking me off some boxes... attitude: poor, performance: poor, management skills: poor, works well with others...

Wesley just focuses on that mouth. Fat lips over fat gums over yellow teeth. But now all that's coming out of it is JIBBERISH.

Jibberish that goes straight from her larynx to Wesley's ears where it imbeds in the soft flesh of his brain and BURNS... It's so goddamn loud! If only...

...if only it would just...

WESLEY

(roars)

SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!!!!!

It's so unbelievably stunning coming out of Wesley's mouth that it hits Janice like a slap in the face.

Heads all over the office start to poke out of the tops of their cubicles like gophers coming out of holes. Nicole watches, pleasantly stunned, from a few feet away.

Janice looks around, shocked. Wesley likes the way that felt, so...

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Just because you have one single iota of tenuous power, you think you can push everyone around?

(MORE)

WESLEY (CONT'D)

I understand, Janice, that junior high must have been particularly difficult being called Tubby all the time, but that doesn't give you the goddamn right to treat your workers like horseshit. Sure we laugh at you behind your back and sure we know you keep a stash of jelly doughnuts in the top drawer of your desk...

Janice looks down at her fingers, which still have a little grape jelly on them...

WESLEY (CONT'D)

...and sure everyone takes their lunch an hour before you so we can get an extra hour away from you, and I know that must sting sitting by yourself in the White Castle parking lot every day gnawing on your third burger thinking up ways to humiliate us...

Janice's eyes fall to her feet.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

...you know, if you weren't such a bitch, we might actually feel sorry for you. As it is, I feel I can speak for the rest of the office when I say... FUCK YOU!!!

With that, he throws all the papers off his desk, sending them flying!

Empowered, Wesley marches toward the elevators as everyone watches him go, admiration plastered on their faces.

The loudmouth from the break-room steps out...

LOUDMOUTH

That was great dude!

He holds up his hand for a high-five, but Wesley just WALLOPS him with a right cross, not breaking stride on his way to the elevators.

EXT. OUTSIDE WESLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Wesley flies out the front door, just as Fox's Diablo swings around the corner.

FOX

What's up, new man?

WESLEY

You were watching?

FOX

Never stopped. How'd it feel, saying exactly what you wanted to say?

WESLEY

Like I had a gun in my hands.

Fox grins as Wesley jumps in the car and she mashes on the pedal. The Diablo's tires smoke as she launches it out of there.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE ROOM - DAY

They return to the butcher shop. Sides of beef hang from hooks next to a cutting table. The Butcher is sharpening a knife.

FOX

You need to get used to the blood and the muscle and the meat and the sinew and what a single blade of steel can do to a chunk of flesh.

The Butcher turns and slices a chunk of tenderloin off of one of the hanging carcasses, then slaps it on the table.

FOX (CONT'D)

Take care of him, Butcher.

THE BUTCHER

Will do, Fox.

The Butcher measures Wesley, then starts to talk in a steady, almost bored voice...

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Remember, it's the body we are killing. Know it like a surgeon.

Wesley nods, half disgusted, half enthralled.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Okay, we'll start at the beginning. To cut the subclavian artery, hold the knife ice-pick style and thrust down behind the clavicle, cutting side to side.

He jabs the blade into the beef... and just as he does...

FLASH - PARKING GARAGE:

...we smash cut to a BUSINESSMAN walking to his car just as the Butcher comes up behind him and performs the exact same move he was just demonstrating. Just as quickly, we...

FLASH - BACK TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE:

...and the Butcher performs the next move...

THE BUTCHER

To slice the diaphragm, first whip your wrist into the target's trachea to prevent screaming, then drive the knife at a forty-five degree angle upward just below the rib cage.

Just as the knife hits the side of beef, we smash cut to...

FLASH - LUXURY HOTEL SUITE:

...a DRUG KINGPIN coming out of his hotel bathroom wearing a bathrobe. Suddenly the Butcher is on him, performing what he just described on this poor bastard, who can no longer scream because he's missing his trachea, and just as quickly...

FLASH - BACK TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE:

...we are right back to the hanging side of beef as the Butcher performs the next move...

THE BUTCHER

If you want the jugular, pull your enemy's head to the left and jab your knife well into his sterno-cleio-mastoideus muscle, here, then cut down and left.

Just like before, we smash cut to...

FLASH - DIRTY ALLEY:

...a MAN moseying down an alley, carrying a briefcase, when suddenly, the Butcher comes out of nowhere, pulls the enemy's head to the left and then WHAM!, jabs the knife into the neck, matching the move he was just demonstrating.

FLASH - BACK TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE:

The butcher continues to hack away at the hanging meat, describing more and more ways to kill with a blade...

WESLEY (V.O.)

They never show you this shit on the McDonald's commercials.

...as the CAMERA FINDS Wesley, who is completely absorbed in the lesson. The Butcher hands him the knife, and Wesley starts to make his first chops at it, wanting to please the Butcher, wanting to get it right...

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - NIGHT

Fox is seated at a small outdoor cafe, sipping on a latté, reading the paper. There's a story about the death threats to Henry Helms on the front page.

Just then Wesley approaches, his face splattered with flecks of blood. She wipes his face with a napkin.

FOX

You haven't quite figured out this whole "blending in" thing, yet. Let's go.

EXT. MORGUE - NIGHT

A huge Chevy 4X4 pulls up and Fox hops out from behind the wheel, followed by Wesley. They get to the door and Fox pulls out a metal device to pick the lock.

WESLEY

What is this?

FOX

This...

She picks the lock and they step inside...

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

...the empty morgue examining room. Empty except for a dozen dead bodies laid out on slabs, covered by white sheets.

FOX

This is the Roach Motel, Wesley.

Wesley looks around, disgusted.

FOX (CONT'D)

All right, find us some skinny bitches.

Wesley uncovers the first body... it's a black male.

FOX (CONT'D)

Nahh, let the brother rest. Find us some white meat. And nothing too fat.

Wesley covers the black male and moves over to a second body. He unveils it to reveal... what looks like a dead suburban housewife.

FOX (CONT'D)

Perfect. Load up soccer mom.

INT. TARGET ROOM - NIGHT

Fox and Sloan stand next to a paper target -- the kind of thing you see in a police target range. It shows the outline of a head and torso with concentric rings for where you're supposed to aim.

The Gunsmith hoists the corpse of the dead soccer mom on to a hook that hangs ten feet in front of the paper target. Sloan flips a switch and a motor takes the mom and target to the end of the range.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Wesley is with them standing in one of those firearm booths at the opposite end of the range.

SLOAN

Selecting your weapon and then disposing of it is the most pivotal aspect of every assassination.

An array of firearms are on a shelf next to Wesley.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Pick one.

Wesley eyes all the weaponry. Finally, he settles on a short-barreled black handgun. Sloan takes it from him and inspects it.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Excellent. This is an Imanishi 18. It holds seventeen bullets in the clip and one in the chamber. It's made of a composite material unrecognizable by metal detectors.

(MORE)

SLOAN (CONT'D)

And the Imanishi's bullets have microchips that communicate with similar ones in the gun.

WESLEY

Computer chips?

SLOAN

(nods)

Sometimes the closest distance between two points is not a straight line. What if soccer mom here is between you and your target?

WESLEY

I suppose you're going to tell me to shoot her first.

SLOAN

How'd you do in Physics class?

WESLEY

Mostly B's.

Fox cocks her head at Wesley, knows he's lying.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Okay, I got a D.

SLOAN

Why?

WESLEY

I couldn't remember all the rules --

SLOAN

That's it. Rules. What if I told you there weren't any?

He nods at Wesley, like he's on to something.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

People live by the rules set before them. We take them on faith that they are right. But how many times in your life have you thought you had a better way, against the rules that was simply laughed at.

WESLEY

Every day.

SLOAN

Because you use your brain differently than other people. All Fraternity members do.

WESLEY

I don't get it.

SLOAN

Humans use neurons to think. But most people can only handle a small percentage of those neurons firing at once without suffering a seizure or an aneurism. Not us. And not you. We have the ability to think differently than other people.

WESLEY

So we set our own rules.

SLOAN

That's right.

Sloan hands him back the weapon.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Try it.

Wesley aims the pistol at the target in front of him. He FIRES...

...and the bullet plugs soccer mom in the shoulder.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Have you ever shot a gun before?

WESLEY

Just the flies.

SLOAN

So you have no pre-conceived habits we need to break. Shoot the target. Don't hit mom.

WESLEY

You mean curve the bullet? How?

SLOAN

This isn't about "how." It's about "what." If you'd never been told a bullet flies straight and I handed you this and said hit that target... what would you do? Allow your instincts to guide you. Just like the flies.

(MORE)

SLOAN (CONT'D)

The technology is only here to assist
your natural instinct.

Wesley lifts the gun, his mind racing...

SLOAN (CONT'D)

It's not 'will' that makes the physical
react how we wish, it's 'control.' You
are in control...

BAM BAM BAM!

The bullets blast out of the gun, like they are on a
track set up by Wesley's brain. He flicks his wrists
and...

...they arc quickly, just missing the body and pierce the
center of the target!

Sloan smiles.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Rules are made to be broken, Wesley. No
one was better at that than your father.
He had a pair of pearl-handled revolvers
with which he could conduct a symphony.

Wesley nods proudly, and squeezes off some more shots,
all chasing through the same hole in the target.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cathy jumps up from the couch when Wesley comes in.

CATHY

Oh my god, Wesley, where have you been?
I've been so worried!

But Wesley just pushes past her and starts to throw
clothes out of drawers into a black duffel bag.

CATHY (CONT'D)

What're you doing? Are you leaving? You
owe rent!

But Wesley just keeps packing.

CATHY (CONT'D)

You can't leave! This is bullshit,
Wesley. Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit.

Wesley just zips up his bag and turns back toward the door...

...where Fox is now standing, wearing an outfit that would make the devil blush.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?

But Fox doesn't even acknowledge her presence, and just watches Wesley do his business.

Wesley walks out the door and Fox follows. Cathy chases them out on to the landing...

CATHY (CONT'D)

You're nothing, Wesley! And you will always be nothing! You think you're gonna be happy with that skank...

Uh-oh...

Fox stops and turns around -- fisting her pistols.

She unloads... BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

The CAMERA SWINGS OVER TO CATHY, who is about to piss herself, standing in the door frame, with bullet holes placed expertly around her head.

Wesley and Fox keep moving, down the steps. Barry is coming up the steps, but he takes one look at them, does a U-turn and hurries out of their path.

INT. FOX'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Wesley tosses his bag into the corner of this immaculately furnished penthouse apartment, overlooking the skyline.

FOX

You can take the couch until we find you someplace better.

WESLEY

Okay.

She moves toward a separate bedroom.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Fox?

She stops.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

What was my father like?

For a moment, she thinks about it. Then...

FOX

Come on.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

They walk down a downtown lane, buildings crowding in on them from all sides. Not too many people are out this late; they have the sidewalk to themselves.

FOX

Your father loved you, Wesley. He talked about you all the time.

WESLEY

Really?

Wesley looks at her hopefully. She smiles, thinking about the past.

FOX

That's a fact. He knew he wasn't supposed to, but he couldn't help it.

WESLEY

You worked with him?

FOX

(nods)

He trained me. Made me what I am.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A younger, greener Fox stands alone in the alley, eyes scanning the rooftops.

FOX (V.O.)

I remember one night he had me on my own for the first time, and I was tagging this target named Buster Burgess. But I was green and clumsy and stupid. Buster marked me and disappeared into this old tenement building.

EXT. TENEMENT ROOFTOP - SAME - FLASHBACK

A shadowy figure creeps to the edge of the building and looks down. We can't quite make out his face. Fox is looking the other way and he's got a clean shot.

He raises a rifle to his eye...

BAM!

He nails Fox in the thigh, and she falls helpless to the pavement.

FOX (V.O.)
Motherfucker shot me in the leg. Put a damn hole in my favorite skirt.

The figure re-aims, ready to take out the helpless Fox.

FOX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then you know what happened?

WESLEY (V.O.)
My father saved your life? Put a bullet in Burgess?

FOX (V.O.)
Naww. I ended up with four more slugs in me.

The figure unleashes four more shots.

BACK TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

They turn a corner and head up into the lobby of a tall building, their conversation continuing...

WESLEY
What kind of training is that?

FOX
I'm here, aren't I?

INSIDE THE LOBBY:

Wesley weighs all this, puts it together.

WESLEY
My father was Burgess, wasn't he?

Fox nods, smiling. They step...

INSIDE AN ELEVATOR:

...and start riding it up.

FOX

He didn't hit me anywhere important, and he used pin-shot bullets that didn't do any real damage. But you can be damn sure I don't let any mark get the high ground on me again.

She smiles at another thought.

FOX (CONT'D)

And you know what we did instead of go to the hospital to stitch me up?

WESLEY

What?

FOX

We went driving.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A PORSCHE SHOWROOM sits on the corner. SMASH! A black 911 convertible breaks through the glass and skids to a stop next to Fox in the street.

Two hands pull her up and drop her in the passenger seat, and the car roars off.

BACK TO:

EXT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Wesley smiles. The elevator DINGS.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Fox and Wesley step out on to the rooftop where Mr. X was gunned down.

WESLEY

What's this?

FOX

This is where your father was killed.

Wesley's eyes narrow and he looks around, taking it all in.

WESLEY

How?

FOX

We're not sure. The fence he was meeting was shot in the head... which led him out to here... but it must've been a set-up all along. All I know is it would take a hell of a trap to bring your father down.

Wesley crouches down by where his father's body would have been, running his fingers over the gravel rooftop.

WESLEY

My whole life I thought he was dead. I shouldn't feel any differently just because it happened 20 years later.

FOX

But...

WESLEY

But, I do. Like I missed my one chance.

FOX

Well that's why you're here. To make up for lost time.

Wesley looks back at her.

WESLEY

Can I see his body?

CUT TO:

INT. SHITTY MORGUE - NIGHT

They stand in a dark corner of a decrepit morgue, where a couple of urns rest on a counter. The place doesn't look like much more than a crack-house.

FOX

We cremate our dead. I'd like to say it's to honor them, but it's mainly to keep anyone from identifying them after they're gone.

WESLEY

These are my father's ashes?

FOX

Yeah.

WESLEY

Sloan said his heart stopped but there was no entry wound?

FOX

That's right.

WESLEY

Can I have a minute?

FOX

Sure.

She leaves and Wesley approaches the urn holding his father's remains.

He runs his finger over it, and just when we think he's going to have an emotional moment...

...he smashes the urn on to the stand, the ashes spilling out everywhere.

Wesley runs his fingers through the decay: what a mess... there are pieces of bone intermingled in the cremains.

But then his fingers find something in the dust... a BULLET with a hole running down its center. He holds it up to the light for a closer look.

As he studies it, we start to hear... WHAM! WHAM!...

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

Wesley sits with his hands tied behind his back, taking another beating from The Pharmacist, who spouts assassination techniques while he pummels Wesley.

THE PHARMACIST

If you get in the hoo-ha of a two on one and find yourself the one, remember that each foe will likely move at the same steady speed away from each other, allowing you to keep a gun on each.

WHAM! WHAM!

THE PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Now, if you find yourself one on three, that poses a real bit a' ball ache...

The sound of the Pharmacist's voice fades to the background as Wesley's voice-over comes up...

WESLEY (V.O.)

There are two kinds of pain. One is an object. A living thing that crawls around the outside of your body. Cuts, broken bones, bruises... all deliver the kind of pain you can learn to ignore, and they soon disappear to nothing but the sound of a gnat in your ear.

Wesley's eyes are starting to lose consciousness.

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've lived with a different kind of pain all my life... the kind that comes from two decades of being passed over, pushed around, ignored. But you can't hide from that kind of pain either...

Wesley takes a brutal shot to the face.

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...because it finds you.

He involuntarily spits blood as his eyes roll back in his head.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Sloan sits across from Wesley at a skinny table in an otherwise bare room.

SLOAN

Watch the eyes. Look for a slight swelling of the pupil. You can train your body to stay a constant temperature, you can control your heartbeat, but you can't control the center of your eyes. That's how you know when someone is lying to you.

Sloan looks right at him. Wesley narrows his eyes, trying to fend off his stare.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Do you want to fuck Fox?

WESLEY

No.

SLOAN

I know that's a lie without even seeing your eyes.

WESLEY

Fine. Try something else.

SLOAN

Okay. What are you hiding from me?

Wesley looks down, then focuses on Sloan.

WESLEY

Nothing.

Sloan waits. Wesley realizes it's useless to try to keep something from this man. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the bullet with the hole in its center... places it on the table.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

You told me to hunt down my father's killer. That's what I'm doing.

SLOAN

What's this?

WESLEY

The bullet that killed him. You said his heart stopped but there was no entrance wound. This bullet has a hole cut into its center...

SLOAN

Yes?

WESLEY

You know how a mole buries into the earth by pushing the dirt back around it? I think this bullet does what the mole does... splits the skin and pushes it back through its center, filling the space it just passed through.

Sloan looks at him, like he might have been underestimating him until now.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Fox was telling me that my father used special bullets. It looks like Cross does too... which means these are custom made. If we find who makes them, then we find someone who has access to Cross.

Sloan picks up the bullet and leans back.

SLOAN

You put this all together on your own?

Wesley taps his head.

WESLEY

Firing neurons.

(beat)

Whatever happened to my father's guns?
The pearl handled ones?

SLOAN

Don't know. But whoever has them isn't
long for this place.

Sloan reaches down and picks up a binder which he drops
on the desk.

WESLEY

What's that?

SLOAN

Cross. The details of his life.
Continue your hunt.

WESLEY

No rules, right?

This stops Sloan for a second.

SLOAN

No rules.

INT. FOX'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Wesley lies on Fox's couch, trying his damndest not to
peek at her through her bedroom door. It's cracked just
enough that he can see her draping a towel around her
body as she heads to take a shower.

Wesley sits up and looks at the binder sitting on the
table. Slowly he opens it and sees a picture of Cross
staring back at him. The man who took Wesley's father
from him.

Wesley studies the face, wanting to know every detail.

IN THE BATHROOM:

Fox peers out the door and looks at Wesley, watching him absorb more of Cross with every page.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Sloan leads Wesley into a gigantic room lined from floor to ceiling with leather-bound books.

SLOAN

We keep a record of every assassination mission, going back to the Ides of March. Maps, diagrams, logistics, complications, weapons of choice... it's all there.

Wesley nods, impressed. Sloan just keeps leading him through a set of double doors, into...

INT. MAP ROOM - DAY

...a large room, the size of an auditorium. On the floor is a gigantic model of the entire city, built to scale, showing all the buildings, skyscrapers, churches, the waterfront, the city streets. Everything the city has to offer laid out in miniature.

Sloan and Wesley stand like giants in the middle of the model city...

WESLEY

What's all this?

SLOAN

Where we plot our local hits. This city is one of the Fraternity's major headquarters.

WESLEY

(looking around)

This room. The books. Seems low-tech.

SLOAN

Part of mastering technology is knowing when to use it. Models can't be hacked. Your father built this room himself.

Most of the buildings are white, but interspersed amongst them are a few painted red. Some of the model street lamps are also red.

The color red appears sporadically throughout the entire model city: on the sides of buildings, on mailboxes, on some of the manhole covers.

WESLEY

What's with the red ones?

Sloan just smiles...

...and THE CAMERA MOVES TO HIS FEET, then PUSHES IN on one particular street on the map, further in on one RED STREETLIGHT and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

...the same city street, now full-sized, buzzing with activity, pedestrians hurrying to work, cars and taxis and trucks whizzing through the street.

Sloan and Wesley walk down the sidewalk, passing streetlight after streetlight until they reach one in particular.

SLOAN

The Fraternity's grasp reaches every facet of the world's major cities, including their construction. Look at this streetlight.

Wesley peers at it... there is a plaque affixed to the pole... the standard thing you find on these things... "Municipal C. W. 63070."

But then there is something different on this one... a tiny symbol on the bottom of the plaque... the Cerberus instead of the seal of the city.

Sloan presses the symbol and the plaque slides aside, revealing a hollow space behind it. He reaches his hand inside and pulls out a small handgun... flips out the clip expertly, then racks the weapon.

Wesley can't believe it.

WESLEY

You have stashes...

SLOAN

...everywhere.

WESLEY

Jesus.

Just then, two POLICE OFFICERS walk by, eye the gun Sloan has pulled out.

POLICE OFFICER

Sir...

Sloan flashes his tattoo at them.

SLOAN

Keep moving, fellas.

They nod and do just that.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

They let us do our jobs, we let them live.

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN on Wesley's face as he realizes the full scope of this organization and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

GUN RANGE. Wesley firing his Imanishi 18 on the shooting range, steering the bullets wherever he wants them to go.

WESLEY

Closer.

Impressed, the Gunsmith moves the corpse closer to the target, making the angle all that much tougher.

Wesley gets ready to squeeze his trigger, but a pistol starts FIRING next to him.

He looks over... Sloan is standing next to him, firing at the target. Every shot bends around the body and hits right in the forehead of the target.

Wesley smiles, impressed.

LIBRARY. Wesley thumbs through an old Fraternity book, which has detailed sketches of an assassination in 17th century Paris.

MEAT LOCKER. Wesley working out on a heavy bag, honing his punches, the Chef holding the bag for him, muscles rippling.

MAP ROOM. Wesley walks by himself amongst the miniature city, trying to memorize where the red marks are.

INTERROGATION ROOM. Wesley sitting here, being grilled by Sloan, as he tries to tell the undetectable lie.

SLOAN

Our job isn't just about how fast or true you shoot, Wesley. Physical agility will always lose to mental agility. It's warfare of the mind.

FOX'S APARTMENT. Wesley looking at Fox through the bedroom door.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE. Wesley working with the Butcher on the art of knife play.

MAP ROOM. The Gardener and Fox show Wesley the rooftop of a certain building on the model city, one corner of the roof painted red.

ROOFTOP. Fox and the Gardener now with Wesley on that actual rooftop, pointing out firing angles, modes of ascension, and escape routes. The Gardener moves over to a cornerstone in the roof of the building and then easily lifts it off, revealing a stash of assault rifles.

SHOOTING RANGE. Wesley looking at some ammunition while the Gunsmith talks and demonstrates. He fires at one of the targets, which EXPLODES in a splattered mess and we cut to...

INT. FOX'S PENTHOUSE - MORNING

Fox making coffee as Wesley sits, studying the binder, his mind racing.

WESLEY

Cross and my father were tight. But Cross thought he should be one of the heads of the Fraternity so he left and vowed to kill the three heads. Which means my father is dead because of petty jealousy.

FOX

More reason for Cross to die.

Wesley flips to the picture of Cross.

WESLEY

But I don't see jealousy in those eyes, do you?

Fox walks over and slams the binder shut.

FOX

Listen to me, Wesley. In two weeks, we have to kill Henry Helms. Do you know who that is?

WESLEY

The journalist who's got a price-tag on his head.

FOX

A price-tag that we're going to collect. Your father was meeting with a fence about the job when Cross took him down. So we can only assume Cross knows about the target too. We... you... have to take Cross out before we prosecute this mission. We can't have him out there as a wildcard, wreaking havoc, do you understand?

WESLEY

Yeah.

FOX

We've never defaulted on a job and this one won't be the first.

INT. TARGET ROOM - DAY

Sloan fires at the target, the bullets following his every command. Wesley does the same, equally skilled. Fox sits, watching the two of them. Is it becoming competitive? One shoots and then the other follows, neither one ever missing.

Finally, Gunsmith runs the target back in to change out the body.

Fox leans back, impressed.

FOX

May have found your match, Sloan.

Sloan smirks and turns to instruct Wesley.

SLOAN

Pick the weapon, make the kill, destroy the weapon. No other rules.

Wesley nods as Gunsmith returns.

WESLEY

(to the Gunsmith)

Close the gap. Push the body closer to the target.

THE GUNSMITH

It's already at four feet.

WESLEY

Closer.

THE GUNSMITH

Here's two. Your father couldn't even do that.

WESLEY

Closer.

THE GUNSMITH

Wesley, at some point --

WESLEY

Closer. I'll say when.

Gunsmith starts sliding the target closer to the body, until it's actually touching the back of the dead business man!

THE GUNSMITH

How you gonna -- ?

FOX

Just run it out there. Let the kid work.

The Gunsmith shrugs and runs the target down the range. Wesley looks at Sloan.

WESLEY

You wanna go first?

SLOAN

There are limits to everything, Wesley. At some point the body becomes a shield.

Wesley pulls his gun and lets loose five rounds, lightning fast.

The Gunsmith brings the target back to them...

...and the business man is riddled with holes.

THE GUNSMITH

I guess not every rule can be broken.

WESLEY

Check the target.

The Gunsmith does and we see that each of the five bullets has passed clean through the cadaver and found its mark on the target.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

You'll find one entry below the shoulder, missing the major blood vessels there, exiting the back. Second shot went through the abdomen, clipped only the bowel and exited cleanly. Third hit the upper right quadrant of the abdomen, which is partially protected by the ribcage, and passed through the liver and probably part of the gallbladder. Upper left abdomen is a good place, where number four ruptured the spleen before continuing down main street. And finally, what I like to call "the JFK." Number five entered the mouth, was redirected downward by the upper jawbone and exited the back of the neck. That's the shot you'll find in the middle of the target.

Gunsmith sticks his finger through the hole in the middle of the target.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

(to Sloan)

Fuck the rules.

With that, he turns and walks away, a look on his face that is his fiercest, a far cry from the kid in the cubicle. That same expression is on his face as we...

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Wesley strains against the ropes that bind his hands as The Pharmacist waylays him. But this time, Wesley counts out the punches as he takes the shots.

WESLEY

One!

There is a look in Wesley's eye we haven't seen before, a burning, searing fire.

As he continues to take punches and count them out...

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Two! (WHAM!) Three! (WHAM!) Four!
(WHAM!) FIVE!! (WHAM!!)

...he pulls his arms tight, and his muscles start to twitch and bulge -- muscles we didn't know he had until now -- and as he continues to take punches, WHAM!, WHAM!, WHAM!!, the rope strains against the wooden chair, and we can HEAR the wooden legs start to pop, until...

CRACK!!! Wesley jerks his arms free, and comes up swinging with the broken off leg of the chair.

SMASH! SMASH!! The Pharmacist goes down hard and Wesley stands over him, out of control, furious, SMASH! SMASH!, beating him with that broken chair leg.

The CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH one of the walls...

OBSERVATION ROOM:

...to where Fox and Sloan are watching Wesley pummel the pummeler through a one-way mirror.

SLOAN

He's ready.

...the look on Fox's face becomes more and more raw and sexual until...

INT. FOX'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

...she leaps on top of Wesley, straddling him on top of her bed.

They unleash on each other, and from the looks of it, Fox makes Cathy seem like a nun.

FOX

Don't you quit now, baby! Don't you quit now!!

Wesley didn't know it could be like this.

After they finish, Fox gets up and heads to the shower and he watches her go the whole way.

In the doorway, she turns around...

FOX (CONT'D)

Sloan says you're ready.

INT. TATTOO ROOM - DAY

Wesley sits in a chair as Fox crouches next to him with an advanced tattoo machine, inking his hand.

WESLEY
Do you like being the only chick in the Fraternity?

FOX
(coyly)
Who said I was the only sister? Maybe you just haven't met any others yet.

Wesley laughs.

WESLEY
(playfully back)
Maybe I have and I'm just not telling you.

FOX
(grinning)
Hold still.

He settles down.

WESLEY
How did you end up here, Fox?

FOX
Same way you did, sugar. They found me.

WESLEY
What did you do before?

Fox looks at him, a wry smile on her face.

FOX
Sold perfume. At the mall.

WESLEY
No shit?

FOX
No shit.

WESLEY
I can't see it.

FOX
Get in line.

WESLEY

What made them come after you? I mean, I know why I'm here.

FOX

Fraternity members all have something in their lineage that shows they'll be good at this.

WESLEY

And yours is?

FOX

My great-great-great-grandfather on my mother's side. He was on a slave ship coming over from East Africa and as it was pulling into Charleston, he killed every white man on the ship and swam to shore. They caught him and hung him four days later.

WESLEY

That's terrible.

FOX

Nah. Motherfucker deserved it. He raped eight women in those four days. One of them was my great-great-great-grandmama.

She pushes her chair back, done with her work.

The CAMERA PUSHES IN as Fox removes the device so we can take a look: the three-headed dog has been tattooed into his hand.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Wesley and Fox walk down a crowded urban city street. The CAMERA finds Wesley's tattoo and then moves around behind Fox and holds on hers.

WESLEY

Where's the Diablo?

FOX

(shrugs)

I got tired of the color.

Wesley can't help but smile, then Fox stops. They're standing right in front of a CAR SHOWROOM, displayed in the window is a MIDNIGHT BLACK PORSCHE 911 convertible sitting in a showroom window.... just like the one Wesley's father smashed in Fox's story.

EXT. SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly, the car comes flying out of the window, glass shattering everywhere as it tears up the street.

WESLEY (V.O.)

Being a member of the Fraternity was like winning the lottery...

ON THE CITY STREETS:

Traffic lights mean nothing, as Wesley mashes the accelerator to the mat, and the Porsche responds, ripping up the road like a tiger on the prowl.

Fox rises up in the passenger seat, looking over the windshield, the wind whipping her face...

WESLEY (V.O.)

This... this is what my dad's life was like. He was a fucking god.

He weaves in and out of traffic, then rips around a corner, narrowly cutting in front of an eighteen-wheeler, which has to slam on its brakes.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Where we headed?

FOX

Trial by fire, sugar. Hook a right.

Wesley whips the car around a corner...

FOX (CONT'D)

Park it here, baby.

He pulls the car to the side of the street...

...in front of a busy outdoor mall. It's covered with shops, eateries, movie theaters and people, people, people.

Fox eyes the crowd.

WESLEY

You need a new wardrobe or something?

FOX

We're here for a reason and it ain't clothes-shopping. Somewhere in that crowd is your first target.

WESLEY

A test?

FOX

(shakes her head)

The real thing.

WESLEY

Who's the mark?

FOX

You'll know him when you see him.

WESLEY

What if I don't?

FOX

Then you get shot.

Fox hands him his Imanishi pistol, which Wesley rolls over in his hand.

FOX (CONT'D)

It's graduation day, baby.

He nods and makes his way toward...

THE OUTDOOR MALL:

...where he quickly mingles with the crowd. He has his hands tucked into the front pocket of his hooded-sweatshirt, the pistol inside. People pass him on his left and right, some make eye contact, some don't... anybody could be the target.

Wesley's eyes scan to the rooftops, surveying... the SECURITY GUARD by the theater, the SWEATER-FOLDER at The Gap, the SCARY-LOOKING GUY shopping at the sunglasses stand.

And then Wesley's eyes settle on someone he was not expecting to see... Barry, his best friend that was shagging his girlfriend... is thumbing through books outside the BARNES AND NOBLE... seemingly not paying attention to what's around him.

Wesley can't believe it. It can't be him. Can it?

Just then, Barry stops looking at the books and starts walking toward Wesley, keeping his eyes down. Fuck, this can't really be happening...

...Wesley gets ready, both hands inside that front pocket...

...and now Barry meets his eyes... still coming... still coming...

BARRY

Wesley... hey dude.

Wesley can't believe it!

BARRY (CONT'D)

Thanks for calling me. I wanted to say...

Wesley pulls out his gun and Barry throws up his hands...

BARRY (CONT'D)

Whoa, man!!

But now we see Wesley is looking past Barry, over his shoulder...

WESLEY

Get down!

...and he's looking at a man we recognize from his office... The Consultant.

He's approaching rapidly behind Barry, fisting a pair of pistols!

Just as Barry hits the deck, Wesley pulls the trigger...

...but it just CLICKS, the chamber empty...

SMASH CUT TO:

THE PORSCHE:

Fox holds the clip to Wesley's Imanishi, tapping it in her hand. Holy shit, she gave him an empty gun...

SMASH BACK TO:

THE OUTDOOR MALL:

Wesley can't believe his gun is empty. In the split-second that it takes him to realize this, the Consultant has his guns leveled, taking aim, but...

...Wesley moves faster than we thought he could move... he darts behind a kiosk hocking monogrammed apparel, and dashes full speed through the crowds lining the street.

The Consultant chases after him, knocking shoppers out of the way, sending fanny packs and Nordstrom bags flying.

Wesley hooks a right around a SHARPER IMAGE and heads straight down a narrower section, like he's on a mission, knowing exactly where he's going. And now we see why...

Because the city around us goes stark white like the Map Room. We're seeing what Wesley sees, what he's memorized in all those hours staring at the model. Finally we see one SMALL BENCH next to a fountain, which is bright red.

Immediately the natural color of the city comes back and Wesley is running all out for that bench. He goes into a slide, hitting the grass underneath the bench, sliding under it, popping up on the other side.

He rips a metal panel off the back of it as he does, revealing an AUTOMATIC PISTOL...

...and just as quickly, he's up on one knee, aiming, using the bench as a shield as the Consultant rushes up, surprised and BAM! BAM! BAM!

The Consultant drops where he is, three bullets hitting him in his two shoulders and his chest.

People start SCREAMING and RUNNING the hell away from the gunplay. Wesley is about to run away himself, but when he turns, Fox is right there beside him... smiling. A couple of SECURITY GUARDS are with her, smiling as well.

Wesley looks over at The Consultant, who sits up, smiling too, even though he's bleeding from three spots on his body...

FOX

Pin shot bullets.

Wesley looks down at the gun.

WESLEY

Just like my father used on you.

Fox nods, as the Security Guards go to help the Consultant to his feet.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

You were watching me in the office.

FOX

(nods)

Protecting our assets.

She hands the clip from the Imanishi over to Wesley...

FOX (CONT'D)

Time to do this for real.

CUT TO:

INT. LONG CORRIDOR

Wesley and Fox walk down a long hallway toward a single doorway. They open it, revealing...

INT. SLOAN'S OFFICE - DAY

...a large office with a single desk and a roaring fire. Sloan turns from the fire to greet them.

He holds up the "mole" bullet, and smiles.

SLOAN

The mole bullet is made by a midget Filipino named Pek War. His fingers are so small that they can shape and smooth the metal better than anyone.

WESLEY

You've known all along. You knew before I ever broke the urn...

SLOAN

I had to let you figure it out for yourself.

WESLEY

Part of my training.

SLOAN

Part of your quest. To get to know your father.

(beat)

And his killer.

Wesley nods, a grave expression on his face, like he knows what he is going to do next.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Pek War charges exorbitant prices, as much as ten-thousand dollars for a single round, but his craftsmanship is unparalleled.

He heads over to Wesley, hands him a slip of paper.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

You can find him at this address.

CUT TO:

INT. PEK WAR'S MANUFACTURING SHOP - NIGHT

A three-foot-seven-inch Asian man sits at a worktable with his little legs dangling over the end of his chair.

PEK WAR is concentrating hard on the metal in his hands.

The diminutive man looks up from his worktable when he hears a loud THUMP.

PEK WAR

Andey?

He gets no answer. He remains perfectly still, listening.

PEK WAR (CONT'D)

Andey?!

Two louder THUMPS and a GUNSHOT jerk his head around. Then he's up out of the chair, faster than we thought a little man could move.

Breathing ragged, shimmying across his work space, Pek War hurries over to a chest of drawers.

He gets to it and throws open the bottom drawer to reveal a stash of handguns. He reaches for one...

...but the muzzle of a pistol comes up to the back of his head and the hammer clicks as it is pulled back.

Pek War throws his hands up.

PEK WAR (CONT'D)

Alam man lamang! Alam man lamang!

Wesley signals for him to turn around. After he does...

PEK WAR (CONT'D)

Alam man lamang!

Wesley measures him with eyes that have gone hard. Fox stands over Wesley's shoulder, loving every moment of this. Then...

WESLEY

There are two things about you I'm sure of right now, little man. One is that you can speak English...

Pek War sees that Wesley means business.

PEK WAR

(perfect English)

And what's the other?

WESLEY

That my nutsack is bigger than you.

Fox snickers.

PEK WAR

(spits)

What do you want?

FOX

A bullet you made killed his father.

The bullet maker looks as though he knew a day like this might eventually come. His face falls and he looks at his feet.

PEK WAR

I only mold the ammunition... I cannot be responsible for the way it is...

Wesley SMASHES him in the face with the butt of his gun, then grabs a long, metal STILETTO-type tool from the work table.

WESLEY

Bullshit. You're as responsible as if you pulled the trigger yourself.

PEK WAR

(whimpers)

I didn't...

WESLEY

I'm only going to ask you one question
and I want you to think very hard how you
want to answer.

With that, Wesley sticks the stiletto into Pek War's
side!

PEK WAR

Owww!

WESLEY

Relax. The blade is in only an inch or
so.

The little man starts jabbering to God in some foreign
language.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

See I've learned a thing or two about
human anatomy recently. In fact, this
blade is stuck just beneath the coastal
cartilage of your tenth rib. Just a
little push and it will deflate your
lung. That's called a pneumothorax.
Helluva way to go, suffocating in a room
full of fresh air. Plus the sound, the
sound of all that oxygen hissing out of
your lung... psssssh, like a balloon at
a birthday party. Enough to make a man
beg for a second chance.

(beat)

But you're only going to have one.

Pek War waits, trying not to writhe from the pain...

WESLEY (CONT'D)

So my question is... how do I find Cross?

Pek War's eyes go wide, pleading...

PEK WAR

(defensive)

My clients use middlemen, I don't meet
them in person, I know so little about
them...

Wesley twitches the handle just a bit.

PEK WAR (CONT'D)

Okay! Okay! Dammit! God dammit! I'll
tell you!

Wesley lets up a little bit.

PEK WAR (CONT'D)
Prearranged meets.

Fox snatches up a nearby phone.

WESLEY
Start prearranging.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Porsche once again tears across the asphalt, as Wesley drives.

FOX
Wesley, you gotta know something. No matter what kind of training you've done these last few weeks, killing your first, well that's gonna change you forever.

Wesley drives for a while. Then...

WESLEY
You know what my foster mother told me when I was six years old?

Fox shakes her head.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
She caught me eating some jello out of the fridge after my bedtime. I knew I wasn't supposed to but I was so damn hungry, and it was just some fucking jello. Anyway, after she hit me so hard I couldn't bite down straight for a week, she told me... she told me that God had killed my parents because I was such a wicked boy.

FOX
Jesus. Someone needs to find that bitch and set her straight.

WESLEY
So I grew up thinking I was the reason I never knew my parents. But now, to find out, that no, my father didn't give me up because he had died... he gave me up because he was protecting me... well I guess I want to give him something back.

FOX

Here we are.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

They are surrounded by industrial looking warehouses, one of which has the words *Times-Herald* on it. Newspaper delivery TRUCKS make their way in and out of the loading dock area of this building.

Overhead, an EL TRAIN scrapes along the worn tracks.

Fox pulls around a corner and back into an alley, so they can have a view of the corner in front of them.

Wesley scans the area quickly.

WESLEY

Not very discreet, are they?

Fox smiles knowingly, and looks up, revealing what Wesley is talking about. On various rooftops we see FIGURES peering down, looking over the site.

FOX

The others are only backup singers. This is your show.

Fox subtly moves her head and figures disappear, crouching down.

Just then, out the windshield, they see a MAN wearing a long black overcoat approaching the corner near the newspaper building.

Fox's eyes start to dance.

FOX (CONT'D)

Remember: he's good, baby. But you're the best I've ever seen.

Wesley nods and the two of them step out of the car.

IN THE STREET:

From a distance, Wesley approaches Cross from the back. His steps become quicker, getting closer every passing second. Wesley starts to reach in his coat for his gun...

...and that's when Cross fires! Quick as lightning, Cross has guns out and lets loose toward the roof of a nearby warehouse.

His bullet has the instincts of a bird dog, and it curves over the edge of the building and finds its mark, causing a crouching ASSASSIN to plunge from the roof to the street near Wesley!

The others on the rooftops hail down bullets as Cross disappears into the nearest building, the *Times-Herald*.

Wesley and Fox run toward the building as three other Fraternity members beat them there, the BELLMAN, the WAITER, and the ELECTRICIAN.

Wesley sees them congregate on the loading dock and then start inside the building...

WESLEY

No!

The minute Bellman exposes himself in the open loading dock door he is cut down from inside, his bloody body falling backwards into a newspaper truck parked at the dock.

Wesley and Fox join the other two on the dock as screaming WORKERS run from the place.

WAITER

We need a way in there.

ELECTRICIAN

Let's find another door.

WESLEY

He'll be long gone by then.

FOX

(shaking her head)
He's got the high ground.

Wesley sees an unmanned forklift on the dock.

WESLEY

On the pallet.

They all jump on the pallet held by the forks of the lift. Wesley throws the machine in reverse and it backs into the warehouse, the four assassins safely crouching on the pallet on the front.

INSIDE THE NEWSPAPER BUILDING:

Once inside...

WESLEY

Separate.

The lowest level is the loading dock, where pallets of newspapers and massive unused paper rolls await.

WITH THE ELECTRICIAN:

The Electrician hustles between the pallets and boxes, eyes darting, guns drawn. He backs up to a pallet of stacked newspapers, using it as cover. What he doesn't realize is that between each stack of papers is a space, just big enough for a ---

THWAP! A bullet finds its way through the space and hits the Electrician in the back of the shoulder, spinning him around.

CLOSE ON: Cross' gun. Another shot and we follow the bullet, across the dock and dipping low into the next space in the paper stack -- right where Electrician is now leaning...

...the bullet buries in his eye, sending him to the floor.

Wesley sees Cross race for a set of stairs. Just as Wesley is about to cut him down, Cross fires at a wooden beam holding back some massive rolls of NEWSPAPER. The rolls tumble over and Wesley has to dive out of the way, allowing Cross to escape up the stairs.

Wesley, Fox and the Waiter all race for the stairs.

ON LEVEL TWO:

Giant printing machines are running full speed, printing up the morning edition.

A group of NEWSPAPER EMPLOYEES see the guns the Fraternity members are toting and scramble for safety.

Wesley has to yell to be heard over the whirring machines...

WESLEY

(to the Waiter)

Stay here and cover us. There's no angle for him to hit you if you stay here.

Wesley points at a scaffolding that runs above the machines.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Don't let him get up there. And stay clear of the presses! He'll use them however he can.

WAITER

How do you know?

WESLEY

It's what I'd do.

With that, Wesley and Fox disappear amongst the machinery.

The Waiter takes a step back from the press, where over a hundred pounds of paper spins through every second.

He sticks his head out to try and keep an eye on that scaffolding. Everything looks clear, until...

...shots ring out and a shelf on the wall over the Waiter's head gives way! He turns to see a bunch of cans of spray lubricant falling to the floor. No big deal, until Cross shoots one of them out of the air, causing it to explode!

The burning oil covers the Waiter, who SCREAMS and stumbles nearer the printing press...

BAM BAM BAM!

More shots from Cross and one of the RESTRAINING ARMS on the roll of paper feeding the machine breaks in half. The paper roll spins wildly from the machine and like a saw, cuts the Waiter in half!

With a leap, Cross is on the scaffolding over the presses. For just a second, Cross stops as he locks eyes with Wesley...

...but Fox is already firing at him so Cross has to keep moving...

He heads up a second staircase, but not before he sends a stream of bullets back at Fox, who athletically cartwheels away...

...but one of Cross's bullets disintegrates a gear on the press near her, sending flying metal everywhere. A piece of shrapnel buries into Fox's leg... making her break out of her cartwheel and flop down, wounded.

FOX

Fuuuucckkk!

Cross races along the scaffolding and disappears into a door.

FOX (CONT'D)

Keep goin', baby! Take him!

Wesley races for the stairs. He is the only one left to chase Cross to level three.

ON LEVEL THREE:

Wesley bursts through the door, guns ready. The place is already in pandemonium, with PEOPLE yelling and screaming and running for cover. Quickly, Wesley realizes he's in the business offices of the paper, and it looks surprisingly similar to his old office. Lame-ass cubicles and florescent lighting everywhere.

Wesley jumps up on a desk.

WESLEY

Cross!

Unafraid, Cross climbs up on a desk on the other side of the office. Without hesitation, Wesley opens fire at Cross... who immediately returns fire...

...and his bullets actually collide with Cross's bullets in mid-air!!! The bullets ricochet and take out a COMPUTER SCREEN where someone was playing SOLITAIRE.

The two assassins blast away, all while diving and moving over and in the cubicles. Cross has a gun similar to the Imanishis, and they each steer their bullets at each other from sharp angles...

Strangely, the first bullet collision was not blind luck, but the pattern for the battle. They are fighting the same fight, their bullets meeting in the middle, each man using the same techniques at the exact same time.

Wesley needs an angle, and spots a DRY ERASE BOARD the words "Action Items" written on it. He fires at it, and his bullets bounce off it at an angle where one of them strikes Cross in the shoulder... THWAP!!!

Cross can't believe he's hit but he doesn't have time to flinch... right as Wesley fires again, he turns, barely avoiding the rain of bullets and leaps through a nearby window, smashing the glass out!

Wesley doesn't hesitate behind him... he sprints for the same window and dives through it, guns at the ready and...

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW:

...we stay with Wesley as he falls from the third floor, firing his guns the whole time...

...until he lands on top of an "L" train moving at full speed.

THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT:

Fox limps out of the newspaper building and hurries to the Porsche. She ignores her wounds and rips the car out of the alley, chasing after the fleeing L train.

ON THE L TRAIN:

Ahead of Wesley, Cross is also on the top of the train. He manages to get up, spin around, and fire at Wesley...

...but they both have to duck as the L train whips under an overpass, which misses smashing both of them by mere inches.

Cross takes the opportunity to swing down between cars and enter one of the L cars.

BEHIND HIM:

Wesley hurries across the top of the train, spying the trail of blood that Cross is leaving behind from his wound.

Wesley smiles, a shark on a wounded baby seal, as he also swings down between the cars and enters...

THE FIRST L CAR:

...where he sees the trail of blood leading all the way down the center of the empty car and out the back door. Wesley hovers in the entry way, his guns up and ready.

He takes a step forward to follow the blood trail, and immediately, he is decked from the side by an ambushing Cross.

They tumble over the first row of seats, both losing their guns.

Wesley kicks Cross off of him, but Cross spins with two new guns in his hand! Wesley is on him quick though, and SLAMS Cross into one of the train's windows hard enough to crack it. With a quick twist of Cross' wrist, Wesley takes a gun from him just as Cross kicks him off...

...Wesley fires as he falls backwards. Cross falls backwards too from the momentum...

...and they both smash out opposite windows of the train before landing on either side of it!

EXT. DIRTY ALLEY - NIGHT

But the amazing thing is... they stand up and keep firing as the cars are whipping by at 80mph, and we realize they are timing their shots to actually blast between each car in the split-second the opening passes.

ON THE TRAIN:

COMMUTERS ride along in blissful ignorance, reading their papers, holding on to the handrails... completely unaware of the gunfight raging outside the train.

A bullet whizzes through an open window, pierces a BUSINESSMAN'S paper, and exits a window on the opposite side of the car. The man sticks his finger through the hole, unaware of the battle outside. What the hell?

IN THE ALLEY:

On opposite sides of the train, Wesley and Cross are both sprinting and firing, trying to get to the end of the last train, while dodging each other's bullets...

...as the last car passes, they each jump on the tracks, ending up with guns tucked under each other's chin!

CROSS

Wesley!

This takes Wesley aback...

CROSS (CONT'D)

Look into my eyes!

Wesley's finger is starting to squeeze his trigger... as is Cross's.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(growls, in pain)

Look into my eyes, goddammit!

Finally, Wesley does and his face goes slack as he sees himself reflected in Cross's pupils.

Just then, Fox pulls up in the Porsche about fifty yards away, and her headlights illuminate them.

Cross shifts his eyes to her, then does a curious thing: he lowers his gun, then drops it to the ground. Wesley can't believe Cross would leave himself defenseless.

Moving swiftly, Cross then tucks something into the pocket of Wesley's hooded sweatshirt.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Everything they told you was a lie,
Wesley.

With that... Cross falls down. His black jacket spills open to show a gun shot wound not just to his shoulder, but to his abdomen, too. One of Wesley's bullets through the train must have found its mark.

Cross is bleeding profusely. He gasps a couple of times... then, with his last bit of energy...

CROSS (CONT'D)

Find the missing piece. And... don't...
let them... dispose of the weapon...

With that, the life goes out of Cross's eyes.

Wesley stares at that face, trying to decipher some meaning there. But Cross just stares blankly back at him, just as Fox comes limping up.

FOX

You did it, baby! Son of a bitch, you
did it. You put down motherfucking
Cross!

Wesley looks down and sees some of Cross's blood on his hands from their clench. There is also some on the gun he is holding. A pearl-handled gun.

Wesley reaches down and takes the other pearl-handled gun from where it dropped and looks over them both.

FOX (CONT'D)

What'd he say to you?

Wesley looks up, sees some sort of anticipation in Fox's eyes. He looks back down at Cross's body.

WESLEY

He said... he said 'piss on the Fraternity...'

Fox measures him, like she's not sure if he's telling the whole story. Finally, she nods...

FOX

Well... damn, I couldn't be more proud of you, baby! Let's go lay this on Sloan!

WESLEY

Yeah, sure.

FOX

What's wrong?

WESLEY

I think I need a minute to myself.

FOX

(understanding)

Sure. It's your first kill. I'll wait for you...

WESLEY

Naah, that's all right. You need to get stitched up. I'll meet you at that Korean place.

FOX

You sure?

But he's already walking off. She watches him go, thinking...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Wesley walks down the street. PEOPLE instinctively get out of his way as he cuts a path down the sidewalk.

Then he pulls out what Cross slipped inside his pocket: a beaten-up copy of COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO. In fact, there's no mistake, it's the same copy he had as a kid.

Wesley tries to make sense of this as he opens up the cover... printed on the inside in a steady hand are the words: "I left you something."

Wesley lowers the book and sees a cheesy guy park a Harley at a curb. He bee-lines for the guy.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Wesley now blazes down the highway, pushing the Harley to its limits. His angry expression hasn't dissipated.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

The Harley pulls up to a lower-middle-class house, the kind you might find in any run-down suburb. Kids run around the neighborhood, playing.

ON THE BIKE:

Wesley sits and looks at one particular house. He climbs off and heads to the side of the house, still carrying his book.

SIDE OF THE HOUSE:

He ducks through a broken chain-link fence and moves down the side of the house...

...until he finds a familiar wooden BOARD. Familiar because we've seen this place before: it's where he lived when he was a foster kid.

He removes the board, then reaches into the hole. His hand seizes on something. From the hole, he withdraws a KEY attached to a note with an address on it: 1850 North Highbury St.

Wesley's eyes move from the copy of MONTE CRISTO, to the key, and back to the book.

Finally, he lowers his hands... revealing a little eight-year-old kid, watching him curiously from the back yard.

WESLEY

Hey.

KID

Hey.

WESLEY

You live here?

The kid nods.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Foster home?

The kid nods again.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Read this.

He tosses the kid the book and heads off.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

He pulls the Harley over to a curb and then reaches into his jacket pocket and withdraws the note and the key.

Across the street, the address matches: 1850 N. Highbury. The place looks like a concrete fortress... no windows, just a large iron door in front.

Wesley approaches, not sure what the address could mean. He gets to the door, looking for a key-hole, but he doesn't find one.

He fidgets there awkwardly for a second, but then...

...the door opens, revealing a woman, ANNA. She takes a look at Wesley and then puts a trembling hand over her lips.

ANNA

Come in, Wesley.

He stares at her, trying to figure this out. He steps...

INSIDE THE HOUSE:

...and finds that the place is nicely decorated; an attempt to cover up what is really a reinforced bunker.

Anna is now trying to hold back tears, but can't.

ANNA

He's dead, isn't he?

There's no point lying to this woman...

WESLEY

Yes, ma'am.

She nods knowingly, sadly.

ANNA

He told me if he didn't come back... it would be you who pulled the trigger.

WESLEY

He killed my father...

Anna looks at him, confused. But then, realization sets in...

ANNA

I think you need to meet someone...

She leads Wesley into another room, where a five-year-old boy, ANDREW, plays on the floor.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Wesley. This is your brother... Andrew.

Wesley's not sure what to make of this.

WESLEY

My brother?

ANNA

Half-brother. But both of you, you are both 100 percent your father's boys. I've seen that from the beginning.

Andrew is busy playing with a couple of BLACK TOY BUILDINGS on the floor. Wesley studies the little guy, still confused.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Your father... he was with you the whole time.

Wesley looks up and sees what she's referring to. The walls are filled with pictures of Andrew, Anna, and... remarkably...

...photographs of Wesley at various ages when he was growing up!

ANNA (CONT'D)

This was his favorite.

She hands him a picture of Wesley at about age 12, sitting with his back to a tree, reading COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO. The picture has been taken through a windshield, across the street.

Wesley reels, his legs give out, he slumps against one of the walls...

FLASH: Cross firing at Fox and Wesley at the grocery store. But now we see that Fox positioned Wesley between herself and the shooter. He wasn't trying to hit Wesley, he was trying to separate him from her.

Wesley, thinking, remembering...

FLASH: Wesley studying Cross's face in the file, seeing that there isn't jealousy in those eyes.

Wesley still slumped against the wall, surrounded by pictures of himself...

FLASH: Wesley reflected in Cross's pupils.

Holy shit!!! Cross was his father!!! Wesley looks up at Anna's kind face...

ANNA (CONT'D)

When your father and I found each other, when we had Andrew, he said he could no longer live the way he had been living. He said he wouldn't give us up, the way he had given up his first son.

Wesley stares at the picture... he can't believe he was being watched back when he felt so alone.

ANNA (CONT'D)

It was his greatest regret.

She leaves him in the room, alone, with his brother. Wesley watches the kid, trying to process it all.

For the first time, emotions overcome him, and he breaks down...

...but he's too tough now to sob, so he forces the sob down in his throat and blinks back the tears. Goddamn, he has a brother.

IN THE KITCHEN OF THE SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

He walks up behind Anna, who is sipping some coffee at a kitchen table, red eyed.

ANNA

Would you like some coffee?

WESLEY

I'm okay.

Wesley sets the key down on the table.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Do you know what this opens?

CUT TO:

A LONE KEYHOLE in a solid closet door.

Wesley sticks the key in and swings the door open revealing a LONG BLACK COAT, just like his father's.

ANNA

I guess it's not much of an inheritance.

WESLEY

(steely)

He left me more than this.

Wesley takes the coat and folds it over his arm.

ANNA

I want you to know that he forgave you before you ever pulled the trigger. He tried to keep you out of it for so long...

WESLEY

Why didn't he just tell me?

ANNA

Once they had you... he couldn't risk it unless you were alone. He knew his one shot at telling you might be his last.

Her eyes harden a little bit.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You have to finish what he was doing, Wesley. It's the only way any of us will ever be free. Especially your brother. They won't stop hunting us... your father knew that.

Wesley nods.

WESLEY

I'll be back as soon as this is over.

ANNA

You have family here.

Wesley nods, these words meaning so much to him.

INT. KOREAN BAR-B-QUE JOINT - NIGHT

Fox eats in a small restaurant in the heart of Koreatown, the kind of place that has the hot hibachi grills on the table tops.

The place is mostly empty, quiet, with mainly Korean faces both dining and serving. It's the kind of place where you can eat and not be bothered.

The doors swing open and Fox looks up. The silhouette of the FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY is disturbing, a familiar person in a long black coat...

FOX

Jesus.

She squints, the setting sunlight nearly blinding her as all she can see is a silhouette...

FOX (CONT'D)

For a second there I thought you looked just like Cross.

Wesley steps into the light and moves over to the table as Fox lights up a cigarette.

WESLEY

Skipped the hospital?

FOX

He picked me clean and I don't care much for needles.

She blows out a lungful of smoke and watches as it rises toward the ceiling.

FOX (CONT'D)

Sloan's on his way.

One of the waiters waves to her to put out her smoke and she just stares him down. The man backs off, nodding and smiling.

FOX (CONT'D)

You want something to eat, baby?

WESLEY

I'm all right.

FOX

They got some good shit. Ostrich, chicken... won't fill you up too much if you're watching your calories.

WESLEY

Naah.

FOX

Well, the big man should be here any minute...

WESLEY

Yeah.

(beat)

Listen, can I ask you a question?

FOX

Baby, you can ask me anything you want.

He focuses on her eyes, zeroing in on the pupils.

WESLEY

Did you know Cross was my father?

FOX

What?

WESLEY

Did you know?

Closer, closer... tight on those pupils...

FOX

What're you talking about Wesley? Cross killed your father.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP:

We see her pupil swell, just a tiny bit.

KOREAN BAR-B-QUE:

He saw it... exactly what Sloan told him to look for when someone is lying.

And from the look on Fox's face, she knows he saw it.

FOX

Goddammit, Wesley...

She stabs out her cigarette, crushing it on the hot grill so that it SIZZLES.

FOX (CONT'D)

Why'd you have to ask me that?

With that, she kicks back from the table, holding a huge black Smith and Wesson revolver.

Wesley only has a millisecond to respond, and he does by kicking over the table, which sends food and utensils flying, but also shields him from Fox's bullets.

Just as quickly, Fox leaps up on top of one of the other tables, trying to keep her heels on the sides so that her feet don't touch the hot grill. If she's wounded, we wouldn't know it.

Wesley does the same on a nearby table. They take shots at each other as they leap from table to table, avoiding the sizzling centers, but they're both so quick that no bullets find their mark.

Then Fox takes a running leap at him, moving ferociously fast. She's like the animal she's named after, and she launches off one of the tables...

...and catches Wesley flush, knocking him backwards, a form tackle on to a table...

...where he lands square on the oven top... PSSSSHHH...
and his guns go flying across the room as...

...the table top starts to burn through his clothes!

WESLEY

Arrrh!

FOX

You shoulda known better, baby...

But he rolls over, taking Fox with him, and now the oven is burning into her back.

With all her strength, she bucks him off and then flips herself backwards off the table. With another kick, she sends the hot table flying at him. It rips free from its wiring, and the nozzle sprays gas out into the restaurant... SSSSSSSS....

Wesley knocks the flying table out of the way, but not before it burns his arm as he blocks it.

Spotting his guns, he sprints for them as Fox unleashes a hailstorm of bullets.

But he's too damn fast, and he dives across the floor Pete Rose style, sliding to a stop at the precise moment where his hands come up holding his weapons.

In one fluid motion, he flips back over and BAM! BAM!
BAM! BAM! BAM!

shoots bullets up in the air and then flicks his wrists so they arc over at the open gas nozzle!

The bullets strike it, sparking, and then BOOM!!!! A fireball blasts from the nozzle, while a great plume of sweltering fire keeps pouring out!

Fox dives to get out of the way, which gives Wesley the opening he was looking for. He FIRES again, and one of his bullets knocks her gun away and another nicks her in the side of the face.

She stops, seeing the blood drip down her cheek and off her chin. This only seems to enrage her.

Pissed, she produces two SMALLER GUNS out of the small of her back -- where she had them hidden we have no idea -- and charges Wesley like an unleashed Pit Bull...

FOX (CONT'D)

(screams)

Aaaaahhhh!

She's firing both muzzles and her bullets find the marks this time, knocking Wesley's guns out of his hands from where he lies flat on the floor.

She's disarmed him, and now he's defenseless...

...and Fox stands over him, breathing hard, her face bleeding, both gun barrels pointed right at Wesley's face...

FOX (CONT'D)

I gotta admit, baby...

She starts to squeeze both the triggers...

FOX (CONT'D)

I thought we might have a future...

But, Wesley drives a fist into her wounded leg and she reels...

In the same motion, he grabs her wrists and pulls her toward him... taking her guns right out of her hands like a quick-change artist.

Flipping them over, Fox's face full of surprise is the last expression she'll ever have because...

BAM! BAM!!!

Most of Fox's face is blown clean from her head, and a bloody mess sprays across the wall.

Wesley leans his head back and closes his eyes, the spume of fire flickering brightly against his lids, the events of the last several hours washing over him.

FADE OUT:

For several moments, there is nothing but darkness and a silence as permanent as death. Finally...

WESLEY (V.O.)

There's a town in Germany called
Leverkusen that had a bear hunter named
Hans Koblenz.

FADE IN:

EXT. KOREAN BAR-B-QUE JOINT - LATER

Sloan, the Butcher and the Pharmacist walk across the parking lot toward the door of the smoking Bar-b-que joint.

WESLEY (V.O.)

During his life, he was said to have killed over four hundred bears and was the pride of this small community on the Rhine. You want to know how he died? A pair of black bears singled out his house from the entire village, mauled his wife, killed his twin daughters, and then lied in wait for him to get back from the woods.

INT. KOREAN BAR-B-QUE JOINT - LATER

The fire is out, but it has blackened the inside of the joint, so that it looks like an absolute war zone.

Fox is in the same position as when Wesley shot her, but there's a sheet of paper folded on her chest.

The Butcher and the Pharmacist flank Sloan as he approaches the body, frowning.

WESLEY (V.O.)

When the hunter opened the door, they ripped his throat out before he could scream.

(MORE)

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The two bears then curled up on the rug in the middle of the floor -- the rug that had once been their father -- and proceeded to bite each other till they bled to death.

Sloan reaches down and picks up the paper, and sees beneath it that pearl-handled revolver. The one with the blood on the handle.

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's a true story.

He unfolds it, to read printed in black ink on the paper:

THE GATES OF HELL ARE OPEN

Sloan folds the paper back up and looks at the blood on the gun.

SLOAN

He knows.

CUT TO:

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE ROOM - NIGHT

Wesley stands in the slaughterhouse, holding two pistols, looking around. The place has been cleaned out. There's no sign of the Butcher.

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

Same thing at the Pharmacy, an empty store now...

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

...and in the Fraternity's library, nothing. All the books are gone...

Wesley processes this, frowning. He keeps walking to the...

MAP ROOM:

...where the entire model city has been destroyed, like a Giant has trampled it beneath its feet.

Wesley stoops over and pulls one smashed building out of the mess, looking at it, thinking, thinking...

...and then he's up and moving quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. CROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Anna opens the door for Wesley, who looks like he is on to something...

WESLEY

My father... he was working on a plan, right?

ANNA

I don't know. There was so much he wanted to keep away from us...

Wesley moves into Andrew's room... where the boy is still playing with the black model buildings.

Wesley moves over and crouches down next to Andrew.

WESLEY

Can I see that for a second?

The boy hands him the building in his hand. It is painted jet black, except for one corner of the first floor, which is painted red. Wesley looks up at Anna.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Do you know where he got this?

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Anna leads Wesley down some wooden steps into Cross's basement.

Sure enough, the entire floor of the basement has been made into a model map, similar to the one that the Fraternity used in the map room, but all the buildings are black, with an occasional red mark.

The scale is larger, the model shows only one section of the city, and a BLUE LINE indicates a route through the streets.

And on the wall are PICTURES and CLIPPINGS of Henry Helms.

Wesley squats over it, trying to figure out what his father's plan was. He sees a missing place for a building and puts Andrew's toy back in place, then studies the map some more.

ANNA

Does this mean anything to you?

There are large question marks painted on various buildings along the Helms' route.

WESLEY

(awed)

My God, he's been planning it from the beginning.

(beat)

This is a Fraternity hit. Cross... my father... set up Henry Helms as bait, knowing Sloan would use his best men for the job. He was going to take them all out.

Wesley looks at it some more.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Only he didn't know where on the route they would try and hit Helms. That's the missing piece he was trying to figure out.

ANNA

Do you know the answer to that?

Wesley looks up at her, resolve on his face.

WESLEY

No. But I know who does.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's dark. Really dark.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

A lump in a bed stirs.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

The lump stirs a little more...

CUT TO:

NICOLE, the hot girl from Wesley's office, moves to her peephole and looks out, but there's no one there.

She opens the door and gives a quick look down the hall, then shuts it and hurries to her kitchen.

She starts to open a cabinet but stops, GASPS and jerks back, scared shitless.

Wesley is in her kitchen, just a few feet away. She looks at him.

NICOLE

Jesus...

(seeing who it is)

Wesley? Is that you?

He looks bruised and battered, but there is a hardness to his eyes.

WESLEY

It's me, Nicole.

NICOLE

What happened to you?

Wesley wipes his eyebrow with his thumb, like he's considering what he wants to say next.

WESLEY

I asked you once if you thought I was an observant person.

She doesn't understand...but suddenly we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

...that meeting room from his old job. In fact, it's a replay of that same scene. Wesley is still sitting there with his note pad, the words "LIFE SUCKS AND THEN YOU DIE" printed over and over, while the consultant continues to rattle on and on.

Through the blinds behind the speaker, Wesley spots the hot intern Nicole, still talking on the phone. And just like before, he's zeroing in on her, but this time, we keep zeroing in and zeroing in, until we see something we didn't see before...

Nicole reaches up over the counter to grab a stack of papers, and her shirt pulls slightly up from her back...

...and that tattoo of Cerberus, the three-headed dog is printed there, in the exact same place Fox had... and we keep zeroing in on it and zeroing in on it until we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE TATTOO ROOM - FLASHBACK:

Where Fox is tattooing his hand again and we get another taste of that conversation they had...

FOX

(coily)

Who said I was the only sister? Maybe you just haven't met any others yet.

WESLEY

(playfully back)

Maybe I have and I'm just not telling you.

...and now with the gift of hindsight, we see that Wesley meant what he said, and we...

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

INT. NICOLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wesley still stands there, just a few feet away from her.

WESLEY

Sloan didn't just have one person in my office watching me, he had two.

NICOLE

What are you talking about?

WESLEY

What name do you go by? The Intern?

He points at her tattoo.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Because I know you have the mark.

Nicole's face changes, goes hard, like someone flipped a switch.

Like lightning, she grabs for a butcher's knife but Wesley is faster. He pins her wrist back, twisting until she drops the knife.

She lunges again, but a pistol comes up right below her chin.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Where's the Henry Helms hit going down?
Where's Sloan?

NICOLE

Sloan's not your biggest problem,
fuckface.

WESLEY

Yeah? Why's that?

She reaches over, slowly, so he knows she's not going to go for a knife... and she turns on a small TELEVISION sitting on the kitchen counter.

The screen comes to life, showing an infomercial for the Flobie.

Nicole shakes her head and flips up the channels... and now we see what she wanted to show him...

ON THE NEWS:

Wesley's EMPLOYEE PHOTO fills the screen above a reporter's head while the REPORTER babbles in a serious voice...

REPORTER

...responsible for several recent shootings, including one tonight at this Korean restaurant downtown and another at an outdoor mall. Details are sketchy, but we repeat, if you see this man, please contact...

IN NICOLE'S KITCHEN:

She starts cycling through the news channels...

...and each one shows different REPORTERS standing outside the smoking bar-b-que, or talking about Wesley, or speaking with police. One is even interviewing Wesley's old boss, Janice, who is very happy for the forum...

ON THE NEWS:

JANICE

He was aggressive toward me and other employees... a very negative person, extremely negative. I can't even repeat the words that came out of his mouth the day we let him go...

IN NICOLE'S KITCHEN:

WESLEY

Motherfucker. Dispose of the weapon...
(beat)

Me.

NICOLE

That's right. And the cops were told to watch this place too. You have nowhere to go. He's smarter than you. He'll feed the cops evidence singling you out for every hit the Fraternity has pulled in the last ten years.

WESLEY

(ignoring her)

I'm only going to ask you one more time. Where can I find him?

NICOLE

You won't get to him. You can't. The cops will be here any second!

Wesley reaches over and cranks up a gas burner, the menacing flame on high.

WESLEY

Then this is going to get painful quickly.

She stares at that blue flame, fear in her eyes for the first time.

He starts pushing her head toward it, closer and closer...

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Henry Helms. Where is it going down?

The first SCREAM from Nicole is lost in...

THE FRONT DOOR:

BAM BAM BAM!

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Open up! Police!

The door to Nicole's apartment smashes open and four cops burst through the door, guns ready.

They spread out quickly, checking out the place. One of the disappears into the kitchen...

POLICE OFFICER 2 (O.S.)

Oh, Christ.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

SIRENS wail and a HELICOPTER hovers nearby as Wesley stands on a roof, looking down on the scene. He sees EMT's roll a gurney out toward an ambulance as COPS cover every inch of the ground.

From where he is, it looks like every cop in the city is here.

ON THE GROUND:

One COP looks up and sees a figure on the roof, long jacket blowing in the breeze. Surprisingly conspicuous.

COP

What the fuck?

COP 2

What is it?

The first cop points up toward Wesley on the roof.

COP 2 (CONT'D)

(into the radio)

Air Support can you get a beam on the four-story southeast of our position?

ON THE ROOFTOP:

Quickly, a spotlight lights up the spot where Wesley was standing, but now we see it's just an air-conditioning vent with some loose streamers flapping off of it. Damn, it looked just like Wesley a moment ago... was it?

HELICOPTER PILOT

(on the radio)

Negative, roof is clean.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Wesley steps out of a dark doorway, his hard eyes following a police car as it roars by without noticing him.

He pulls his jacket collar up, puts on a skull cap, and takes off in the opposite direction, away from the scene.

He passes a newspaper dispenser, but the CAMERA STAYS on the front page, which is still talking about Henry Helms. The CAMERA HOLDS ON A photograph of Helms, which...

DISSOLVES TO:

Morning...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

...where HENRY HELMS himself is tying a tie in a hotel mirror. He's a handsome enough guy, distinguished even, but he looks tired, like the weight of living under a death threat has dragged him down.

A door opens, and we see his wife, SARAH HELMS, step past two huge BODYGUARDS to come in.

SARAH HELMS

The car is here.

EXT. HOTEL SIDE DOOR - DAY

A gaggle of large bodyguards surround the Helmses as they hurry out of a side door and make it into a LIMOUSINE. They notice the half dozen MOTORCYCLE COPS positioned around their limo.

A LEAD BODYGUARD holds the limo door for them.

HENRY HELMS

(re: the cops)

What's all this?

LEAD BODYGUARD

We're not taking any chances.

He shuts the door for them before climbing behind the steering wheel.

The limo starts to make its way down the drive, flanked in front and in back by dark SUBURBANS and the motorcycle cops.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Commercial ships cruise up and down a river, under an expansive BRIDGE.

Sitting next to the incline to the bridge, is an abandoned four story building, what used to be a HOSPITAL.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOFTOP - DAY

A guy looks down at the street with his binoculars. It's the Gunsmith!

THE GUNSMITH

(into a radio)

Nothing yet, sir.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - SAME

On another tall building, Sloan talks into a radio.

SLOAN

Hold until I give the word.

He clicks off the radio and looks into his palm, where he's holding that pearl handled gun, fingering the dried blood.

ON A CITY STREET:

The suburbans and cops flank the limo as it rolls through the concrete jungle.

IN THE LIMO:

The bodyguards peer up at the buildings ready for anything.

Henry Helms reaches over and grabs his wife's hand, a reassuring gesture. But his white knuckles betray his trepidation.

The driver watches as they reach a frontage road on the east side of the river.

ON THE ROAD:

They make a turn along the river and haul ass toward the bridge. Traffic is sparse and they look like they have an easy clear passing.

ON THE HOSPITAL ROOFTOP:

The Gunsmith sits, waiting patiently...

ON ANOTHER ROOFTOP:

Sloan watches the Limo starting to approach the bridge.

SLOAN

(into the radio)

Here comes the car. Any minute now.
Take your positions.

Sloan leans out over the edge of his building, gun ready.

QUICK SHOTS:

On the hospital roof, the Gunsmith puts down his binoculars and picks up a rifle.

The Pharmacist leans over the edge of a building and looks down, high-powered rifle in his hand.

On another building, the Chef does the same.

And on still another building, the Gardener also gets ready.

Each killer is in a different spot and has a gun, pointed and ready, just waiting for the signal...

ON THE ROAD:

The limo is about halfway up the incline now, a sitting duck, hellfire about to rain down upon it.

ON THE HOSPITAL ROOFTOP:

The Gunsmith waits, waits, waits...

...and then, out of nowhere, surprising the hell out of him, a knife is held to his neck from behind.

The Gunsmith doesn't even so much as swallow, as the blade is so tight against his throat that it draws a drop of blood.

GUNSMITH

(nervously)

Wesley?

The CAMERA MOVES TO THE SIDE to show Wesley crouched right behind him, a look of icy determination on his face as he holds the knife in place.

WESLEY

(growls)

The name is Cross.

In the distance, the Helms limo moves on, safely.

WESLEY

Looks like you missed your chance. Now where is Sloan?

The Gunsmith feels the edge in Wesley's voice.

GUNSMITH

You don't understand, man. This ain't about Helms. The Intern told you right where to go...

He smiles.

GUNSMITH (CONT'D)

...I'm just the decoy.

THE CAMERA WHIPS around behind Wesley... to show that three laser sights are lighting up his back in a perfect pattern.

And now we see it, this was all a set-up to get Wesley in the open. The three surrounding rooftops, slightly more elevated, hold each of the three assassins crouched in sniper positions, zeroed in on Wesley's back.

But instead of surprise, Wesley just leans in closer to the Gunsmith's ear.

WESLEY

(whispers)

She told me that, too.

And with that, he rolls the poor guy over on top of him, just as the assassins on the higher rooftops all unleash a hail of bullets.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! The Gunsmith takes a dozen shots, all in the chest, but none of the bullets make it through the Gunsmith's body.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Should've studied your anatomy, fellas.

Wesley FIRES BACK indiscriminately at the neighboring rooftops, lying on his back, using the dead assassin's body as a shield.

Quickly, he bucks the Gunsmith's body off of him and scampers for a nearby stairwell.

ON THE ROOFTOPS:

The assassins all disappear from their positions and head to the street.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Wesley bursts from the stairwell doorway and moves to the front door of the building. He clicks the empty cartridges out of his guns and is about to reload when he hears a sickening sound behind him...

The sound of two knife blades being rubbed together...

...and Wesley turns to find the Butcher there waiting for him!

The Butcher quickly hurls a knife, which buries in the fleshy part of Wesley's shoulder!

Wesley ignores it and fires...

BAM BAM! DING DING!

The Butcher deflects them with the knives in his hands!

Wesley goes to fire again but his firing chambers recoil, showing that he is out of ammo.

The Butcher's eyes go wide...

THE BUTCHER

Like I told you... the blade will always live on.

WESLEY

I remember some dumb shit like that coming out of your mouth.

Wesley tosses the guns in his pockets and then pulls out the knife buried in his shoulder.

They charge each other, the blades whizzing and clanging off each other as each tries to gain an edge.

The fight spills out the front door and into...

THE STREET:

...the two men slashing, ducking, and moving in the middle of the street.

Wesley strikes three quick swipes across the Butcher's face and forehead, filling his eyes with blood.

The Butcher grabs his face and sees the blood streaming on to his hands. He tries to wipe the blood from his eyes, but it's just getting worse.

THE BUTCHER

I can't see!

WESLEY

But you can hear. So hear this: To cut the subclavian artery, hold the knife ice-pick style...

Wesley lunges and the Butcher is defenseless to stop it.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

...and thrust down behind the clavicle, cutting side to side.

He does just as he describes and the big guy topples over as his gore spills out into the street.

But before he can gloat, Wesley realizes his new predicament...

He's standing in the middle of the street, and at one end is the Chef, and at the other is the Gardener. To make things worse, directly across the street from Wesley is the Pharmacist, and each has a gun on him.

THE PHARMACIST

Three on one, mate. You're out of ammo. And you're in a part of the map with no Fraternity stashes.

(laughs)

That's what I'd call a real ball ache.

For a moment, Wesley stands there, sizing up the situation. His eyes swivel from the Gardener to the Chef to the Pharmacist.

Just then, the buildings around all of them go black, just like in Cross's model! Wesley's eyes fall on the on the red corner of the nearest building, a cement block making up a decorative support column in front of it.

Wesley smiles.

WESLEY

I'm working off of a different map.

With that, the world goes back to its natural colors, and he races for the building, jumping up onto and over a Lexus parked at the curb. The three assassins fire relentlessly at him, but their bullets slam into the car, smashing it to bits... as...

...on the other side of it, Wesley goes into a slide just as he reaches that cement block... affixed to it is a small SILVER CROSS! Wesley slaps his hand on the Cross and the cement block mechanically opens, revealing: a new pair of sophisticated IMANISHIS!

As his adversaries converge on him, Wesley takes the guns, spins, splits both hands apart and we...

SPLITSCREEN:

...to follow both of his bullets in flight.

ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE SCREEN:

...THE BULLET from the left gun heads for the Chef. He tries to drop down, but the bullet curves downward, it pierces his body... and...

INSIDE HIS BODY:

We see the bullet ricochet off of one of his ribs, exit his side and head for the Pharmacist, while...

ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE SCREEN:

...the bullet from the right gun heads for the Gardener, who moves fast to fire his own gun, but the bullet catches him in the wrist, knocking his gun out of his hand, and...

INSIDE THE WRIST:

...it hits the Gardener's scaphoid bone, ricocheting out, also, right at the Pharmacist...

THE SCREEN RETURNS TO NORMAL:

...just as the two bullets come together...

THE PHARMACIST

Bugger.

...hitting the Pharmacist on both sides of his head,
before he can even react.

Wesley watches a pink spray shoot out from both sides of
the Pharmacist's head as he falls to the asphalt, dead.

But Wesley's not through, he moves over to the Gardener
and rolls him over.

WESLEY

Where is he?

THE GARDENER

Where it started.

BAM! Wesley ends it for the Gardener.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

We've seen this place before. It's the same roof where
Cross took out the second head of the Fraternity.

The door is kicked open and Wesley walks out, eyes
blazing.

Sloan is waiting for him, standing twenty feet away,
holding his father's pearl-handled gun, trained right on
Wesley's head.

SLOAN

Can't say I don't have a sense of irony.
The place I first decided to bring you
in.

Wesley is clutching his wounded shoulder with his wounded
hand as blood starts to seep out of it in big red drops.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

You once asked why I helped hide you as
an infant... It gave me power, Wesley.
Power to become a head of the Fraternity.
Power over your father. And ultimately
it gave me you: the perfect weapon to
kill your father.

WESLEY

But now you have to dispose of the
weapon.

SLOAN

In some ways it pains me to do so. You
are like the son I never had.

WESLEY

Fuck you.

Sloan's eyes narrow.

SLOAN

Fine. Keep your worthless dignity.
You're still just the same loser we
plucked off the street six weeks ago.

Wesley continues to bleed, taking this in. Sloan laughs derisively.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

You can't win, Wesley. The Fraternity is everywhere. Even if you kill me others will come from other cities to take my place. You'll be hunted your whole life.

(beat)

But that's not gonna happen. Like I told you before, when we are called, death is as certain as the sun.

Wesley stands as straight as he can muster. The two men face each other like two gunmen on Main Street in Dodge City... an old newspaper even blows through like a tumbleweed.

And we are close on Wesley's face. In fact, it is the same shot from the opening of the movie.

WESLEY

Six weeks ago, I was ordinary and pathetic.

We see now that his healthy hand is inching away from his bleeding arm, reaching into his sleeve...

WESLEY (CONT'D)

But not today.

With that, he pulls out the matching pearl-handled gun, the twin-brother of the one Sloan is holding, and they both open fire...

...Wesley shoots Sloan's bullets out of the air and Sloan does the same. Just like he did with his father.

But Sloan is good, and one of the bullets finds it's mark, hitting Wesley squarely in the same arm that took the knife.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Uhhh!

He can't raise his arm, it's useless, but he's come too damn far to stop now... he flips his gun from his good hand to his bad hand and manages to keep FIRING!

Then Wesley does something unexpected... he starts sprinting straight at Sloan, still knocking his bullets out of the air...

He closes the gap... ten feet... five feet...

...a surprised and worried expression now spreads on Sloan's face, like what is this kid doing?

But Wesley is not stopping, he shoots the gun out of Sloan's hand and then closes on him, tackling him off his feet!

They go flying right over the edge of the building.

Wesley's able to grab on to a railing cable and stop himself...

...but Sloan is going to go over.

At the last moment, Sloan reaches for something, anything, and grabs one-handed on to the barrel of Wesley's gun...

For a moment, they dangle there in this precarious position, looking each other in the face. Sloan can't believe he's been bested by this kid.

SLOAN

(snarls)

Go ahead and shoot me, killer. Just like you did your old man.

Wesley's finger starts to squeeze the trigger, but then he smiles...

WESLEY

I'm done with this life. Just like my father.

And with that, Wesley drops the gun out of his hand.

FROM TWO HUNDRED FEET BELOW:

We watch Sloan's body fall through the sky...

...down, down, down...

...until it SMASHES into the sidewalk, splattering like a grapefruit.

ON THE ROOFTOP:

Wesley rolls over on to his back, looking up at the darkening sky.

WESLEY (V.O.)

It's true. Six weeks ago I was ordinary and pathetic. Just like you.

He sits up, moving OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The place is now blanketed with cops, looking at the dead bodies, trying to make sense of what happened.

WESLEY (V.O.)

But I've learned something in that time. I've learned about the man who made me.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CORNER - DAY

Cops stand on the street, handing out pictures of Wesley, asking pedestrians if they've seen this man.

WESLEY (V.O.)

I've learned about the man I am.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Patrons stand in line at a post office, but the CAMERA PUSHES PAST THEM, finding a black and white "WANTED" poster of Wesley, describing all the killings he's responsible for. It holds tight on the picture.

WESLEY (V.O.)

I've learned that all of us are unique, even though sometimes we're too fucking blind to see it.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

The door to the safehouse opens, and Anna, Wesley and Andrew step out into the bright sunlight. Wesley is carrying his little brother.

They turn and head up the street, toward the eastern sun.

The CAMERA RISES UP, UP, UP, where it hovers for a minute... and just when we think it is going to leave the planet...

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And I learned, the easiest place to hide
is in plain sight.

...it comes back DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, until it finds...

INT. TYPICAL INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY

...Wesley sitting at a computer in the middle of another cubicle maze, pecking away at his keyboard. A sign attached to one wall reads: "SAN ANGELO INSURANCE ASSOCIATES: Setting the Bar High!"

Office workers mill about in their drab suits and ties, wishing they were anywhere else.

A pretty RECEPTIONIST comes over to Wesley's desk.

RECEPTIONIST

You're the new guy, huh?

WESLEY

Just started last week.

RECEPTIONIST

Where'd you move here from?

WESLEY

All over the place, really. Nothing too exciting.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, welcome to the team. Just watch out for Brokaw. He'll stab you in the back first chance he gets.

Just then, a harried man, BROKAW, comes storming up.

BROKAW

Jesus, Connie, don't you have some faxes to get to?

The receptionist hurries away, making a face as she does.

BROKAW (CONT'D)

Laziest skirt I ever hired. But nice fun bags, I'll give her that.

He leans over Wesley's desk, right in his space.

BROKAW (CONT'D)

Jim, right?

WESLEY

Yes, sir.

BROKAW

Listen, Jim, I don't want to get started off on the wrong foot here, but we have numbers to make and if we don't make those numbers, it's my ass on the line. And if my ass gets chewed out by regional, I can guarantee that your ass is gonna be Purina doggy chow. Now I'm not sure how they ran things...

Wesley stares at that mouth again, zeroing in further and further, until the words become gibberish, just like they did with Janice.

Wesley catches himself and snaps out of it, just in time to hear...

BROKAW (CONT'D)

...so do we understand each other?

WESLEY

Of course.

BROKAW

Good boy.

With that, he hurries away, his pants riding so high up his ass that they look like they may burst at any second.

Wesley stares up at the clock on his monitor: it reads 11:15. He stands up, stretches, and makes his way to the receptionist's desk. She looks up, bites her lower lip...

WESLEY

You want to take a break with me?

RECEPTIONIST

Sure!

She stands and they move toward the elevators, waiting for the doors to open.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

You know, we don't usually get breaks.

Just then, the elevator doors DING.

WESLEY

Well, you'll find there's nothing "usual"
about me.

They climb in.

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN TIGHTER AND TIGHTER on Wesley's
face...

WESLEY (V.O.)

This life is ours, to make of it what we
can.

...until it fills the screen, looking just like the shot
of Wesley we started with. And then a sly smile spreads
across his mug...

WESLEY (V.O.)

I think I'll give it a shot.

...and as the doors close, we officially...

FADE OUT.