



## DEADPOOL & WOLVERINE

Ryan Reynolds & Rhett Reese & Paul Wernick  
& Zeb Wells & Shawn Levy

Marvel Studios

All rights reserved. Copyright © 2024 Marvel Studios, Inc. No portion of this script may be performed, published, reproduced, sold or distributed by any means, or quoted or published in any medium, including any website, without the prior written consent of Marvel Studios, Inc. Disposal of this script copy does not alter any of the restrictions set forth above.

FADE UP ON:

THE MARVEL LOGO.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

That logo music just gets you pumped, right? Oh sorry, I'm just-- I'm excited to be here. It's been a while.

\*  
\*

1 **EXT. NORTH DAKOTA - WILDERNESS - DAY**

1

Somewhere, more like NOWHERE...

But let's be honest, we all know where. As darkness lifts... The iconic notes from "ONLY YOU" by The Platters are all around us as images slowly come into view...

Grey clouds fill the sky. Lazy snowflakes flutter down onto a light dusting of fresh snow covering the landscape.

We track low. Following familiar (but different) black and red boots as they crush earth below. The hilt of familiar (but different) swords glint in the winter light. This lone red-suited figure is on a mission. The montage of tight vignettes continue as a familiar voice welcomes us:

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

You, know for a long time I wasn't sure I'd ever be back. Disney bought Fox. There was a whole boring rights issue, blahbity-blahbity-blah. But then it turned out they wanted me. The one guy who shouldn't even have his own movie, much less a franchise. Marvel's so stupid. Look, we all saw the trailer. We know the title of this thing, so I know what you're wondering. How are we going to do this without dishonoring Logan's memory? And I'll tell you how...

2 **EXT. NORTH DAKOTA - GRAVESITE - DAY**

2

CLOSE ON: A familiar makeshift wooden CRUCIFIX, turned forty-five degrees to form an 'X.'

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

...We're not.

The camera slowly drifts back from the iconic 'X', widening to reveal an "I LIKE ME" MUG perched atop a rock.

(CONTINUED)

Wider still now, we see chunks of dirt being flung up and out of a hole in the ground, never seeing the source of the earthen projectiles, just the metronomic sound of spade impaling earth.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

I'm going to let you in on a little secret. Wolverine is not dead. Sure, it made for a perfect ending to a very sad story. But that's not how regenerative healing factors work. You think I want to be out here in Butt-Fuck North Dakota digging up the one and only Wolverine? No thank you. But the fate of my entire world is at stake. He may not be living his best life, but he sure as hell ain't dead.

SHUNK.

The sound STOPS as contact is made. Contact with...something.

DEADPOOL (O.C.)

Well, there you are. Yes, yes, yes, yes.

The grave-robber stands upright for the first time, revealing:

DEADPOOL

Standing waist deep in a hole of his making. His suit is new. Bespoke. He pokes around with the tip of his beat-up old shovel, confirming something is under there. He vanishes down into the hole again, furiously clearing the last layer of earth. Fistfuls of dirt and roots go flying.

Below the frame, the sound of Deadpool's digging stops as we sense he's found what he came looking for and it's... disappointing.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Come on. Son of a bitch. AGHH  
MOTHER-FUCKER-- MY WORLD IS FUCKED.

Deadpool throws a mini-tantrum, punching the air, knocking over the pile of dirt. Smashing the 'X' with a home-run swing of his shovel. Breaking the shovel across his thigh and tossing the parts into the hole, only to have the metallic shovel-tip come bouncing right up and out back at him. Finally exhausted, Deadpool stands upright, spins, and falls backwards right into the hole and out of sight.

3 **OMITTED** (MERGED INTO SCENE 4) 3

4 **EXT. NORTH DAKOTA - LOG NEAR GRAVESITE - DAY** 4

We see Deadpool sitting. Talking. As we continue to drift slowly past, we reveal Logan sitting beside him. They are sitting against the very same tree where Logan died in LOGAN.

DEADPOOL

That was weird. I'm much calmer now. Look, I'm not a man of science, but you seem incredibly passed away.

(sighs)

But it's good to see ya.

\*  
\*  
\*

The adamantium skeleton is seated in a casual pose. Legs folded elegantly like Cary Grant at a dinner party. If Logan wasn't completely decayed and held together by A FEW rotting tendons, it would look like two dudes hanging out in the woods.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

I've gotta be honest. I've always wanted to ride with you, Log'. You and me, getting into it. Deadpool and Wolverine just fucking shit up. Can you imagine the fun? The chaos? The residuals?

(in Australian accent)

G'day mate. There's nothing that'll bring me back to life faster than a big bag of Marvel cash.

(without accent)

Me too, Hugh. But no. No, no, no. You had to get all noble and die for real. Goddamnit, I could really use your help right now--



The words are no sooner out of Deadpool's mouth than the air nearby begins to glow and shimmer.

WIDE ANGLE.

A TIME DOOR APPEARS AND OPENS.

Out floods an army of MASKED MINUTEMEN from the TIME VARIANCE AUTHORITY (TVA). Upgraded since we last saw them in 'Loki.'

FULLY ARMORED and WIELDING TIMESTICKS. Ready for action.

The Minutemen take an aggressive posture. We see Deadpool pop his head out like a gopher from behind the hill. He disappears down below and yells from behind the knoll:

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL (O.C.) (CONT'D)

WAIT! I'm warning you! I'm not alone.

UNMASKED MINUTEMAN

Wade Winston Wilson! You are under arrest by the Time Variance Authority for too many crimes to list. Come out and we'll give you the courtesy of taking you in one piece.

DEADPOOL

Ughhhh, death by day-player.

UNMASKED MINUTEMAN

Last chance: Throw out your weapons and come out peacefully.

DEADPOOL

(calling to Minutemen)

I'm not gonna give you my weapons.

(beat)

But I *promise* not to use them.

Deadpool turns to camera and addresses us directly.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

There are 206 bones in the human body. 207 if I'm watching Gossip Girl.

Deadpool HIGH-FIVES LOGAN'S SKELETAL HAND. Whispers:

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Here we go. Maximum Effort.

Music CUE: NSync, "Bye, Bye, Bye".

What happens next, happens FAST:

Deadpool flies out from behind the dirt pile. Holding Logan's skeleton by the neck.

DEADPOOL

Okay, Peanut. Guess we're getting that team up after all.

Deadpool lands as MINUTEMEN move in on him. Deadpool looks like a fuckin' god of war. With one jerk of his hand, Deadpool snaps off one of WOLVERINE'S ADAMANTIUM RIB BONES.

(CONTINUED)

He throws it violently toward an approaching soldier. We track it through the air and see it's engraved with "**The Marvel Cinematic Universe Presents.**"

Every few strikes we speed-ramp down so we can read the various bones entering bodies of screaming Minutemen. An adamantium tibia breaks through a chest plate. As it disappears into his body, we read, "**A film by Shawn Levy**". Yup... Wolverine's bones and the carnage they wreak are also OUR OPENING CREDITS.

...Then the THIGH-BONES, which have SHIN-BONES attached via the cadaver's TENDONS. We ramp down and zoom in to see: **Starring Mr. HUGH JACKMAN** and so on...

Deadpool channels Bruce Lee, swinging the thigh/shin combos around him like perfect makeshift NUNCHUCKS, mowing down Minutemen like balsa wood: BOOM! CRACK! WHACK!

HELMETS go flying. RIBCAGES get cracked. FOREARMS suffer COMPOUND FRACTURES.

Deadpool CHOKES a guy with the tendon connecting the two bigger BONES, squeezing so hard the guy's skull pops clean OFF.

Next, Deadpool starts ripping remaining RIBS off Logan's body and THROWING/STABBING them into guys. **MORE CREDITS** left and right. Men fly everywhere, gutted, leaking.

Deadpool kicks a skeleton head. \*

DEADPOOL (CONT'D) \*

Mullin! I'm outside the box. \*

Deadpool finishes with the ribs, then grabs both CLAVICLES.

The clavicles PIERCE men's joints and soft tissue. **MORE CREDITS.**

Deadpool turns toward an onrushing MINUTEMAN. DP wields Logan's PELVIS to block the timestick-wielding Minuteman, wrenching his arm right back and making him **PRUNE HIMSELF right out of existence.**

Deadpool grabs Wolverine's leg.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Come on, big fella.

As more Minutemen rush in, Deadpool reaches for...

...you guessed it...

(CONTINUED)

5

(CONTINUED) (2)

5

...Wolverine's FOREARMS.

He widens the bone structure of the forearms and slides both arms into them like elbow length adamantium gloves. As a gaggle of Minutemen approach, Deadpool touches the forearm tendon...

SHNIKT.

Ooooohhhhh yeah. CLAWS POP and we widen now to reveal Deadpool standing, backlit, hunched over. WOLVERINE'S CLAWS PROTRUDE menacingly from Deadpool's clenched fists.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

(to camera)

I am soaking wet right now.

Deadpool roars like a FUCKING ANIMAL... FREEZE the ACTION.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)

To be clear, I'm not proud of any of this. The wanton violence. The whiff of necrophilia. It isn't who I am. It isn't who I want to be. Who I want to be, well, to help you understand that, I've gotta take you back. To a simpler time.

FLASHBACKS take us back in time to...

6

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

6

CLOSE ON A DESK CALENDAR. It reads **MARCH, 2018.**

\*

**A CHYRON: "EARTH-616."**

\*

DEADPOOL (V.O)

I can't believe I'm finally here.  
I've waited for this moment for so long.

INSERT: ECU of WADE nervously tapping his thigh. We see CABLE'S TIME WATCH on his WRIST.

REVEAL: Wade Wilson. No mask, hoodie. **The room is LITTERED with BUSTER KEATON'S POSSESSIONS. His ICONIC MASK. AWARDS. Elegance.**

WADE

Thank you, sir. For seeing me. I firmly believe that my services could be of great use to your organization.

(CONTINUED)

WADE (CONT'D)

Now, I know I was caught  
"Smashturbating" in the lobby of  
Stark Towers but I can assure you--

We finally flip the camera around and reveal the one and only: **HAROLD LLOYD**, sitting behind the desk.

HAROLD LLOYD

Smashturb-- I'm sorry. What was that?

WADE

Oh. No, I'm sorry. That's when you get those toy Hulk Hands, right, and then you just look down, and you just-- you brace yourself, and you ravage the midsection--

HAROLD LLOYD

I get it, okay. Thank you. The picture's painted.

WADE

You get the gist.

Wade shifts uncomfortably. This ain't going well.

HAROLD LLOYD

What exactly brings you here today?

WADE

Why am I--? Wow... Okay. I care... I know I turn everything into a joke, but I care, and I want to use that feeling for something important. I want to matter. And to show my girl that I matter. And...

Wade looks behind him.

WADE (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm wasting the good stuff here... is the Man not gonna be joining us?

HAROLD LLOYD

The Man?

WADE

Yeah. I should save this if he's gonna--

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD LLOYD

As far as you're concerned right now, I'm the Man...

WADE

No.

HAROLD LLOYD

The Man is me. I am the Man in this circumstance. He doesn't do this kind of thing anymore.

WADE

Cameos?

HAROLD LLOYD (CONT'D)

...Meetings. Entry level meetings.

WADE (CONT'D)

Entry level? Aren't you the Chauffeur, maybe...?

\*

HAROLD LLOYD

A common misconception. I did begin my career as Mr. Keaton's driver.

WADE

Chauffeur.

HAROLD LLOYD

But quickly pivoted to the head of security.

WADE

The head of-- yes, yes, yes.

HAROLD LLOYD

...And why I am vetting your resume.

\*

(pivots)

You seem to have left out whether or not you had any experience as a member of a team. Could you maybe add a little bit of perspective there?

WADE

Oh no, yes. Of course. I was Special Forces, but mainly I was team leader -- founder, really -- of X-Force. Sadly, they all perished in action.

\*

Harold writes in a FILE.

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD LLOYD

How exactly did that happen?

WADE

Well, the police say "gravity" but just between us they didn't test well in the focus group, mainly because of Cable.

HAROLD LLOYD

I see.

Harold makes another note in his file. Wade senses it is not a good note.

WADE

Whoa, oh oh! I can see this isn't going well. Please stop writing. I just... Look...

Wade's eyes are wet with a burning sense of desperation.

WADE (CONT'D)

(swallows hard)

...I wanna be an Avenger.

Harold is taken aback. Puts down the pen.

WADE (CONT'D)

(emotional)

I want to be an Avenger.

HAROLD LLOYD

Why do you want to be an Avenger?

WADE

Because look around you. They're the best of the best. And what they do matters. I need to be an Avenger. Sir, my girl has kind of had it with my shtick. And if I don't turn things around and do something with my gifts, I don't think it's really going to work out for me, and I wouldn't blame her.

\*

A beat. Harold consults Wade's file.

\*

HAROLD LLOYD

Avengers are a very unique group of superheroes that stand for something more than just fighting and wearing costumes.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD LLOYD (CONT'D)

I mean, people look up to us. *Kids* look up to us.

WADE

I'm sorry, us? I wasn't aware that you were an Avenger...

HAROLD LLOYD

Avengers-adjacent, technically--

WADE

Oh wow, what's your superpower? Is it parallel parking? I'm so sorry. That was cruel. I lash out when I'm nervous. It won't happen again.

HAROLD LLOYD

Let's cut to the chase.

WADE

Please.

HAROLD LLOYD

You just said, moments ago, that you wanted to be an Avenger because you need it.

WADE

Yessir, I do.

HAROLD LLOYD

But the Avengers don't do the job because they need it. They do the job because people need them. Do you see the distinction?

WADE

Yessir. Please, Mr. Lloyd. I don't want to spend the rest of my life like an annoying one trick pony.

HAROLD LLOYD

Alright.

\*  
\*

Wade listens intently, eyes ablaze with heartache. Harold stands, suggesting the meeting's end.

WADE

Oh my god. You're standing.

HAROLD LLOYD

Yeah, and now's the time that we stand.

\*

(CONTINUED)

WADE

Damn it.

HAROLD LLOYD

(walking Wade to the door.  
He puts his arm on Wade's  
shoulder)

The problem might be that you're  
reaching a little too high. Aim for  
the middle and you'll never miss,  
right? I think you've got a good  
heart. I believe what you're  
saying. But not everybody's the  
world-saving type. *I'm not.* But I'm  
happy, right? I found *my* place.  
Find your place.

Wade now stands in the open doorway. Crestfallen.

HAROLD LLOYD (CONT'D)

(feels bad for the guy)  
Alright, get back out there. We'll  
keep an eye on you. Good luck.

Wade gives Harold a big hug. It lingers a little too long.

WADE

Alright, fetch the car. I want to  
hit Shake Shack on the way home.

HAROLD LLOYD

Really? Really? -- No, no, please.

\*  
\*

Wade pulls out of the hug...

WADE

Okay, thank you.

FADE OUT:

SHUNK. SHUNK. SHUNK. Over BLACK.

WADE (V.O.)

You know what they say. When one  
door closes, your locker at work  
opens.

**INT. DRIVEMAX - LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

**A CHYRON: "EARTH-10005" "NOW."**

\*

TIGHT on WADE. STAPLE GUN in hand. He is STAPLING a holy-  
mother-fucking-shit CHESTNUT TOUPEE onto his bald head in  
front of a locker room mirror.

(CONTINUED)

7 (CONTINUED)

7

The rhythmic SHUNK of the stapler becomes the hooky beat to George Michael's "FREEDOM! '90" as we see other quick tight cuts:

A final adjustment of the toupee, the straightening of a NAMETAG reading 'WADE,' the buttoning of the cuffs on a crisp long sleeve, the cinching of laces on a pair of Skechers Shape-Ups. The smoothing of merkin eyebrows.

WIDER NOW: It's Wade 2.0. Final checks in the locker room mirror. Ready for sales-floor action.

WADE

Now let's go sell some certified pre-owned vehicles, motherfuck--

8 **INT. KIA CARNIVAL - DAY**

8

WADE is now sitting 'bitch' in the rear bench seat of a KIA CARNIVAL MINIVAN. We see only his FACE and scrunched knees in the rear-view mirror.

Surrounding him in the van is a YOUNG FAMILY, the CHIPMANS - PARENTS in front taking the van for a test-drive, MR. CHIPMAN behind the wheel, MRS. CHIPMAN riding shotgun, BOYS (11 and 8) flanking Wade in the back.

WADE

Technically, the Carnival is not a...

(voice drops out)

...minivan...

(back full volume)

..it's an 'MPV.' So everybody gets to keep their testicles.

\*  
\*

MRS. CHIPMAN

So how does the Kia compare to the Honda Odyssey?

WADE

That's a great question. Um, it doesn't fucking suck.

MRS. CHIPMAN

('language')

You know, you can answer the question without swearing.

WADE

I'm sorry, Tammy! I don't have kids. Not that I haven't dreamt of that, but I don't have a lot of vaginal sex.

(CONTINUED)

8 (CONTINUED) WADE (CONT'D) 8  
 (giving directions) \*  
 Right here at the light, and then \*  
 back onto the lot. \*

9 OMITTED (FORMERLY INT. DRIVEMAX - SALES BULLPEN) 9

10 INT. DRIVEMAX - LOCKER ROOM - LATER 10

Wade is changing out of his polo.

PETER (O.C.)  
 You'll get 'em next time.

REVERSE ANGLE to REVEAL: PETER. That's right. Peter is back.  
 In all his moustachioed glory.

He wears a polo and wrinkle-free khakis. Peter grabs his  
 jacket out of his locker.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 And look, you can always go back to  
 superheroing. I mean, I know I'd  
 like to see you back in the suit. I  
 don't keep it in my locker so that  
I can wear it.

Peter laughs with longing.

PETER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 I keep it in my locker in case we  
 need to saddle up again.

We see the Deadpool suit in all its glory. Hanging casually  
 on a shitty hangar in a locker. Inert. Wade looks at it.  
 Then:

WADE  
 Hey, hey hey. What is it doing in  
 there? I'm done. I'm done, and I'm  
 fine with being done. Look, is  
 sales the best match? Probably not.  
 Is this the life that I always  
 imagined for myself? Fuck no. But  
 this is the right fit for me, Sugar  
 Bear. It is.

PETER  
 Okay, Mr. Wilson.

WADE  
 Aim for the middle and you'll never  
 miss.

11 **EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING**

11

Peter and Wade bike home.

PETER

I'm just saying... once a month, we could go on uhhhh little mission. We're human beings. We crave purpose. After all, we're Deadpool.

WADE

Please, stop saying that. We're not Deadpool. I'm not even Deadpool anymore.

PETER

Well, if you're gonna have a midlife crisis... go BIG. A few years ago, a friend of mine got his nipples pierced with a titanium chain that goes down and attaches to his Van-Johnson.

Peter and Wade dismount from their bikes. As Peter locks the bikes outside Wade's building, Wade gets distracted. A weird feeling coming over him, almost like he's being watched. He looks across the street...

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

Are you feeling grumplestilskin 'cause it's your birthday?

Across the street Wade sees CONSTRUCTION WORKERS busying themselves at a SUBWAY ENTRANCE down the block.

WADE

(distracted, something off here)

What?... No...

Wade can't put his finger on the feeling, and heads inside his building.

12 **INT. WADE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - EVENING**

12

WADE and PETER walk down the hallway outside Wade's door. Wade fiddles with his keys.

13 **INT. WADE'S APARTMENT - EVENING**

13

Wade opens the door.

EVERYONE

Surprise!

(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED)

13

DOPINDER flips on the lights to reveal a CROWD eager to celebrate Wade's birthday. His apartment is festooned with balloons, crepe paper, streamers. Etc.

WADE

Hey! You guys are lucky I'm not armed.

CHEERS all around. Peter claps Wade on the back. Wade ekes out a smile for everyone's benefit but his own.

Wade accepts hugs from around the room: BLIND AL, VANESSA, of course. DOPINDER. COLOSSUS. BUCK. NTW and YUKIO. SHATTERSTAR.

WADE (CONT'D)

Get in here. If this were five years ago, you'd all be dead.

14 QUICK CUTS OF:

14

A going-through-the-motions WADE, in full SMALL-TALK MODE with various friends:

DOPINDER:

DOPINDER

So then he gets out of the cab, and you would not believe it, I turn around, and what do I find?

SHATTERSTAR

Airpods.

WADE

His Airpods? Come on.

DOPINDER

His Airpods.

SHATTERSTAR

Crazy story.

WADE

Every time. Come on.

DOPINDER

Every. Single. Time!

BLIND AL:

BLIND AL

Make any sales today?

WADE

You know, I didn't. Did you sell any dreamcatchers on ETSY? Or whatever it is that you do?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

BLIND AL

Our rent is due in three days,  
Wade. I can't keep carrying you.

WADE

Relax. I have the money. I sold  
some old blood pressure medication  
I found lying around.

BLIND AL

Are you trying to kill me,  
motherfucker?

WADE

I'm not the one dousing everything  
in salt, motherfucker.

BLIND AL

I pray everyday that fire finds  
your body and finishes the job God  
didn't have the nuts to do.

WADE

That's hurtful. If you could hear  
the look on my face, you'd smell  
how sad I am.

BLIND AL

Whatever.

COLOSSUS, after a few beats of mutual silence:

WADE

You watching anything good?

COLOSSUS

'Great British Bake Off.'

WADE

Oh goddamn. That show stood between  
me and suicide for ten years.

NTW and YUKIO:

WADE (CONT'D)

Hi Yukio!

YUKIO

Hi Wade!

NTW

Nice fake-o'clock shadow.

(CONTINUED)

WADE

It's a summer balayage. From the french. It's meant to mimic the natural highlights of the sun.

NTW

It's a toupée.

\*  
\*

WADE

It's a hair system.

\*  
\*

YUKIO

I love your hair system, Wade!

WADE

Thank you.

BACK WITH BLIND AL:

\*

BLIND AL

Wanna do some cocaine?

\*  
\*

WADE

Hey! Cocaine is the one thing that Feige said is off limits.

BLIND AL

What about Bolivian marching powder?

WADE

They know all the slang terms. They have a list.

BLIND AL

Even snowballing?

WADE

Even disco dust.

BLIND AL

White girl interrupted?

WADE

Even Forest bump.

BLIND AL

Booger sugar?

WADE

You can't even say Diego Maradona, and he's a legend.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

BLIND AL

Do you want to build a snowman?

WADE

Yes. But I can't.

Wade heads off.

Nearby, PETER has lifted his shirt to show off the titanium chain attached to his nipples.

PETER

Pull here.

YUKIO

Here?

Yukio pulls on the chain.

PETER

Ah.

DOPINDER

What happened?

PETER

That's the fun part.

VANESSA approaches Wade:

WADE

Thanks for coming.

VANESSA

Yeah.

WADE

How's work?

VANESSA

Oh, I got a promotion.

WADE

No way.

VANESSA

Yeah. It's mind numbing middle management, but I'm happy.

WADE

That's great. You seeing anyone?

Wade seems to brace himself.

(CONTINUED)

14 (CONTINUED) (4)

14

VANESSA

Um, yeah. A guy from work. Dermot.

WADE

Dermot?

VANESSA

He's kind. Likes to go hiking.  
Hasn't gotten me shot yet.

WADE

Well it's early days.

Vanessa smiles. Wade tries to.

VANESSA

What about you? You seeing anyone?

WADE

No, no. I live in a one bedroom  
apartment. I share a bed with Blind  
Al.

Wade smiles.

VANESSA

Okay. Alright.

15 **INT. WADE'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - EVENING**

15

EVERYONE gathered around a CANDLELIT BIRTHDAY CAKE. In the  
middle of the cake sits a SMALL PHOTOGRAPH on a mini plastic  
easel. The picture shows ALL OF WADE'S FRIENDS, smiling.

EVERYONE

--Happy birthday to you!  
Speech! Speech! Speech!

Wade quiets the room. It is filled with LOVE.

WADE

Okay, okay, okay. Birthdays. Boy,  
every spin around the moon is a new  
adventure indeed--

BLIND AL

Sun, dumbass.

WADE

OK, round-earther. Where was I? \*

COLOSSUS \*

The adventure of life. \*

\*

(CONTINUED)

## COLOSSUS (CONT'D)

Right. It's been a challenging few years, for sure. I've been through a lot. A change of life.

\*

BUCK

Andropause?

WADE

Bitch, are you improv'ing?!  
(then, to Yukio)  
I'm sorry that you had to see that, Yukio.

YUKIO

It's okay.

WADE

But I'm happy. And that's because of each and every one of you...

\*

Quick cut to Shatterstar who mumbles a WTF.

WADE (CONT'D)

And this is about how proud I am. How grateful I am to be standing in a room with every single person I love.

\*

\*

Wade makes eye contact with Vanessa. Pushes on...

WADE (CONT'D)

I'm the luckiest man alive.

VANESSA

Make a wish, buddy.

WADE

Ten-four good buddy. Going down.

Wade takes the little easel and photo off the top of the cake as he prepares to blow out the candles. We rack focus past the candles to Wade's smiling face. The flames light his eyes.

Wade blows out the candles. Over BLACK. SUDDENLY:

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Wade sighs.

**INT. WADE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

WADE opens the door onto his apartment hallway...

UNMASKED MINUTEMAN

Wade Wilson?

WADE

(raised eyebrow)

Oh, yeah. The answer's Dopinder  
must have ordered you.

...revealing THREE of the imposing MINUTEMEN we met at  
Logan's grave.

WADE (CONT'D)

Are those supposed to be cop  
costumes? Never mind. Take your  
clothes off, but leave the helmets,  
and this isn't Pretty Woman.

(takes a mint)

We're kissing, alright. Which song  
do you guys normally dance to?

Wade looks back into the room to make sure nobody can hear  
him. The MINUTEMAN in the middle raises one of those  
ubiquitous 'Timesticks'...

WADE (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa. Is that supposed to be  
scary? Pegging isn't new for me,  
friendo.

(winks)

But it is for Disney.

The MINUTEMEN take a step toward Wade.

WADE (CONT'D)

Ah-ta-ta... look, I've never been a  
natural bottom so we're going to  
take things real slow and I want  
some crazy eye contact. Not you.

(pointing)

You. I can't see your eyes through  
the mask, but I can feel them.  
We're going to move on down the  
hallway so we can spare a cleanup  
on aisle asshole. How does everyone  
feel about this plan?

UNMASKED MINUTEMAN

I don't like you.

WADE

Yes. Let's hold onto that attitude  
and we're going to do it angry.

...a time door opens up behind Wade and a disembodied  
Minuteman arm yanks Wade back and through a shimmering time  
door, vanishing.

(CONTINUED)

16 (CONTINUED) (2)

16

His toupée lands on the floor where he just stood.

17 **INT. TVA - ASSESSMENT ROOM - LATER**

17

WADE sits in a chair at a table in the center of a big, dark room. He is slumped over, FOREHEAD on the surface of the table. The staples remain in his skull with tiny remnant patches of hair connected to them. Suddenly, he AWAKENS, gasps, and sits straight up. He finds himself ACROSS FROM:

...a very dapper MAN in a perfectly tailored suit, sitting on the other side of the table.

This is MR. PARADOX. He looks all business but speaks like a super chill yoga instructor.

Wade looks around, disoriented. He spies the room.

MR. PARADOX

Mr. Wilson. You appear to have soiled yourself while unconscious.

WADE

I wasn't unconscious. Who are you?

MR. PARADOX

I go by the name of Paradox. Mr. Paradox. And you're sitting here at the TVA. The Time Variance Authority. We're really a watchdog organization, except we're more lighthearted than that sounds. With a sort of throwback ironic twist. And we're in charge of defending what's known as the 'Sacred Timeline.'

\*

WADE

That is a shit-ton of exposition for a threequel. Is this because I used Cable's time machine? I brought a couple of people back to life. Then I destroyed it. That was a long time ago...

\*

\*

\*

MR. PARADOX

Yes, we're aware of your abuse of your timeline. And you were so abusive of it. And no, it has nothing to do with that. Walk with me.

18 **OMITTED (FORMERLY INT. TVA - CORRIDOR)**

18

19 **OMITTED (FORMERLY INT. TVA - ELEVATOR)** 19  
 20 **INT. TVA - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS** 20

Elevator doors open and we reveal: A sprawling room of systems and the incomprehensible management of incomprehensibly important things. We sure as hell didn't see THIS room on LOKI.

The expansive room is split by an elevated PIER-like structure on which Mr. Paradox and Wade stand. A BAY OF MONITORS flood the south wall, on which we see various shots of the toupéed WADE going in and out of his APARTMENT. Coming home from work. SMOKING cigarettes with PETER. A mountain of footage. They've been watching him for a long time.

WADE

Wow.

MR. PARADOX

(nods)

I brought you here, Mr. Wilson, to tell you that you're special. In fact, you've been chosen. For a higher purpose. A purpose unclear even to me, but one that could save the entire Sacred Timeline from a possibly grisly fate sometime in the future, which may very well need to be AVENGED.

Wade is hanging on every word.

WADE

This Sacred Timeline. I assume I'm going to marvel at how cinematic it feels? Gratuitous cameos? Indiscriminate use of variants? The whole package?

MR. PARADOX

(with meaning)

You tell me.

Mr. Paradox waves to monitors filled with incredible scenes from classic MCU movies. Iron Man faces Iron Monger in *Iron Man*. Hawkeye drops Natasha to her death in *Endgame*. The airport battle from *Civil War*.

And right there in the middle of the action, kicking an unholy amount of ass, is CAPTAIN AMERICA himself. Fighting WINTER SOLDIER. Beating the shit out of IRON MAN, etc.

(CONTINUED)

WADE

Cap!

A tear falls down Wade's cheek. He can't help but SALUTE.

MR. PARADOX

You're no longer lost, Wade... You can be a hero among heroes. We've been surveilling you for quite a while.

\*

WADE

The subway station.

MR. PARADOX

The TVA outpost, yes.

WADE

And what is that?

We see a quick image from the future. THOR cradles DEADPOOL'S broken and battered body. Thor holds back tears.

WADE (CONT'D)

Is that me? Is that Thor? Is he *crying*?

Mr. Paradox quickly changes the channel.

MR. PARADOX

Let's not get ahead of ourselves. That happens in the distant future.

\*

WADE

(to a TVA employee)

Why is Thor crying? Quick. Tell me.

MR. PARADOX

Do not look at her. Stop that. Eyes on me. I brought you here to offer you an opportunity. The opportunity you sought years ago but for which you were not ready. We believe you're ready now. Ready for a chance to leave your timeline. And join the greatest universe of all. I'm about to give you the thing you've always wanted.

\*

\*

\*

WADE

I smell what you're stepping in.  
(like the Rock)

(CONTINUED)

WADE (CONT'D)

*The hierarchy of power in the  
Marvel Universe is about to change  
forever. I'm the messiah. I. Am...  
Marvel. Jesus.*

(humbly)

Can you excuse me for just a sec?

Mr. Paradox nods. *Of course.*

Wade walks away a few feet. Turns to camera. Grabs it by the  
matte box. Reaches up outta frame and yanks THE BOOM MIC INTO  
FRAME.

WADE (CONT'D)

Suck it, Fox. I'm going to  
Disneyland. Get fuuuuucked.

Wade HEAD-BUTTS THE LENS, CRACKING THE GLASS. We have  
literally BROKEN THE FOURTH WALL.

Wade skips back to Mr. Paradox.

WADE (CONT'D)

Where do I sign?

MR. PARADOX

Oh there's no need for paperwork.

WADE

Good. Not to brag, but I do not  
read. There is one thing I will  
need though.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. TVA - FITTING ROOM - MONTAGE**

Wade throws open the fitting room doors.

WADE

Oh fuck off! Adorn me, beardo!

MUSIC UP as we begin a short, punchy MONTAGE that recalls the  
DriveMax suit-up: WADE gears up in a new DEADPOOL SUIT! CLOSE  
UPS build in tempo and intensity--

CUT TO:

**INT. TVA - COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

Elevator doors open and REVEAL:

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL, in the baddest-ass, cleanest, brightest, Avengers-style Deadpool outfit ever. He struts down the catwalk like a Victoria Secret Angel.

DEADPOOL

Fuckin' A! It's perfect. FYI your tailor is a predator but I love it. Snug, no camel toe. New car smell. And Adamantium katanas? You shouldn't have.

\*

Deadpool arrives at Mr. Paradox, does a little turn, then seductively leans against a desk.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Take it in. And yes, your underwear is getting tighter.

(pointing to a random agent below)

That guy knows what I'm talking about. His clothes say middle management, but his eyes say 'fucky-fucky.'

\*  
\*  
\*

The AGENT below awkwardly sips from an 'I LIKE ME' mug... and then picks up the PHONE on his desk.

MR. PARADOX

Yes. You look very nice.

DEADPOOL

Nice?! Your buddy here is ready to throw it all away for me. You calling your wife?

TVA BUREAUCRAT

H.R.

DEADPOOL

Does your wife work in H.R.?

MR. PARADOX

I'm really glad you're taking this so well!

DEADPOOL

Oh, I'm taking it well. I've never had a problem traveling for work. That said, we should talk vacation days. I'm more of a one-week-on, one-week-off kind of guy. I think that's what they do in Denmark.

(CONTINUED)

## DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

You'll never see a Danish flag on the moon but goddammit they're happy. Now, let's power up your little amazon fire phone there and zip me back home so I can let my friends know that they've been upgraded to disciples.

The TVA agents look to Mr. Paradox. *Does this guy not get it?*

## MR. PARADOX

Yeah, I don't think you quite understand. You will not be returning to your home because there will be no home to return to.

## DEADPOOL

Come again? This time, in my ears?

Mr. Paradox turns to the MONITOR BAY, motions to a technician, and a DAZZLING GRAPHICAL REPRESENTATION of the FOX UNIVERSE comes up.

## MR. PARADOX

This is your universe, Mr. Wilson.

The image zooms into a dark, sickly DEAD ZONE in the TANGLED THREADS OF REALITY. As they watch, DECAY from the dead zone spreads to the healthy threads around it.

## MR. PARADOX (CONT'D)

That is what happens when a universe loses their "Anchor Being." See how it decays from the inside? This is how a reality dies.

## DEADPOOL

What's an "Anchor Being?"

## MR. PARADOX

An Anchor Being is an entity of such vital importance that when they die, their whole world slowly withers out of existence.

## DEADPOOL

You've just won the lottery because I didn't die, it's just a little mid-life crisis. I'm better now.

## MR. PARADOX

(stifles a laugh)

Oh my god... Can you imagine if you were the Anchor Being? HA! No.



(CONTINUED)

MR. PARADOX (CONT'D)

It isn't you, Mr. Wilson. Your Anchor Being died in an act of self-sacrifice so epic that it sent shivers down the timeline.

\*

Mr. Paradox looks at Deadpool as if he should know.

MR. PARADOX (CONT'D)

I am referring of course to Logan.  
The Wolverine.

\*

\*

A chill falls over the room. Mr. Paradox brings Wade's attention to a monitor, where we watch the death of Logan from *Logan* (2017) play out on screen.

LOGAN

Don't be what they made you.

\*

\*

Mr. Paradox mouths the words.

\*

MR. PARADOX

(mouthing words)

So this is what it feels like.

\*

\*

\*

DEADPOOL

Logan? Of course. Logan. LOGAN?!  
The guy with... forks for hands?  
That Wolverine?!

The gravity of the situation is starting to dawn on Deadpool. He turns to the monitor frantically, scanning the spreading decay.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Yeah, I got it. You can turn it off. Make it stop.

MR. PARADOX

We're not doing it, Mr. Wilson. We certainly can't stop it.

DEADPOOL

How long have we got?

A guilty TECHNICIAN looks to Mr. Paradox, but the bureaucrat stays calm.

MR. PARADOX

In most cases, a couple thousand years.

DEADPOOL

(exhales)

Well, sweet.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PARADOX

But most cases aren't fast enough.  
Not for me.

DEADPOOL

What's that mean?

MR. PARADOX

It means I've been tasked with overseeing the end of your universe, and regardless of what the pencil pushers upstairs would prefer, I will not waste my life watching it die slowly of natural causes. We used to just prune these things. Simple, elegant, efficient, but I'm told the TVA doesn't like to do that anymore. Well, I do. And no matter what my so-called superiors say, the multiverse does not need a babysitter...we need a mercy killer. And in this instance, I am the mercy killer.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Mr. Paradox presses a few buttons and the MONITORS show a TVA TECH CREW building a scary REACTOR-BOMB like device inside the retro-fitted subway stop across the street from Wade's apartment. This is the TIME RIPPER.

DEADPOOL

What is that?!

\*

MR. PARADOX

That's a time ripper, Mr. Wilson. An accelerant. Once completed it will allow me to destroy the spacetime matrix of your universe. You see, I don't want to work for the TVA, I want to be the TVA. And my first order of business will be giving your universe a swift and compassionate end. Instead of a slow, cruel, natural death, your universe will simply blink out of existence. And don't worry, your friends won't feel a thing. It will be over just like this -- "Oh, what's that?" Ah. Trust me.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEADPOOL

No. You're going to Old Yeller my fucking universe?!

\*

(CONTINUED)

MR. PARADOX

In your parlance... Yes? Two in the heart, one in the head.

\*

TVA techs surround them, one of them holding a timestick threateningly.

MR. PARADOX (CONT'D)

Look, Mr. Wilson. You have two choices. You can either rejoin your loved ones and collectively cease to exist in...

(checks monitor)

...I'd say 72 hours? Or, you join the sacred timeline, and you end your days of insignificance and mediocrity. Wade, you can finally, finally matter.

Deadpool looks down at his fancy new costume. Over to the monitors showing the SACRED TIMELINE.

Deadpool nods reluctantly.

DEADPOOL

That's all I've ever really wanted.

MR. PARADOX

I know. I know.

DEADPOOL

And you know I'm nothing if not morally flexible.

(then)

Yup. I'll do it.

MR. PARADOX

Wise choice. The Sacred Timeline is happy to have you.

DEADPOOL

I was actually talking about finding your Anchor Being and breaking your fucking nose.

\*

\*

DEADPOOL smacks the TEMPAD OUT OF Mr. Paradox's hands, sending the device flying, then HEADBUTTS his nose, shattering it.

Deadpool turns to track the airborne flight of the Tempad and takes off after it. Two Minutemen stand in his way, timesticks at the ready.

(CONTINUED)

Without breaking stride, Deadpool takes them down and launches SLO-MO into a 360 twirl off the 'PIER' and after the TempPad, directly over the EYE FUCKER, who's back at his desk below, now GAPPING at the prospect of getting pancaked.

Deadpool grabs the TempPad midair, hits the button and opens a time door, which he falls through. His left hand is the last to disappear, reaching for the EYE FUCKER.

ZAP! The time door zips closed, and Deadpool DISAPPEARS.

The eye fucker blinks, realizes his MUG is MISSING from his hand.

Mr. Paradox, blood pouring from his nose, slowly turns to the shocked agents gathering around him. Calmly:

MR. PARADOX  
Find him. FIND HIM.

**EXT. NORTH DAKOTA - LOG NEAR GRAVESITE - EARLIER**

We are back where we left off. Minutemen rush Deadpool. Deadpool roars like a FUCKING ANIMAL and rushes the Minutemen. CLAWS OUT.

DEADPOOL (V.O.)  
And boy did he ever. Which brings us back to this. The desecration of the sacred corpse.

Deadpool seems possessed. Animalistic. He charges the TVA SWAT AGENTS. Deadpool wields Logan's claws. The energy quickens along with our pulse.

Only, it's not what you'd expect. Wielding the adamantium claws is not as easy as the protein snorting Aussie fuck makes it look. In short, Deadpool SUCKS at this. It's messy, inelegant. Sure he nails a few bad guys, but also stabs himself. He gets claws stuck in everything.

DEADPOOL  
My own fucking arm!

Still, determination prevails. Despite his ineptitude, he dispenses Minutemen, down to the last man...

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)  
Now we're talking!

MINUTEMAN  
Oh dear god!

DEADPOOL  
I'm sorry. Wolverining is hard!

MINUTEMAN  
Make it stop.

DEADPOOL  
Mangled cry!

Deadpool and the last man standing are ten feet apart.

UNMASKED MINUTEMAN  
You sick fuck! Logan was a hero!  
And the only thing worth a shit to  
ever come out of Canada.

In the blink of an eye, Deadpool closes the gap. And before the Agent can blink, one of Deadpool's swords is through his jaw and protrudes from the back of his skull. Deadpool is an inch from his face.

DEADPOOL  
Get my country's name out of your  
fucking MOUTH.  
(beat)  
And my sword. Give me that.

The Agent falls out of frame, dead. As Deadpool looks around, surrounded by fallen TVA Agents, the score subtly alludes to the CANADIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)  
(sighs)  
Ew. I gotta find me another Logan. \*

Deadpool taps coordinates into the TempPad and--

**INT. AXE-BAR - NIGHT**

DEADPOOL arrives through a Time Door and sees something across the room. Calls out:

DEADPOOL  
Logan. I'm going to need you to  
come with me right now. \*

A hush falls over the bar. A man turns:

IT IS THE MOST GLORIOUSLY HANDSOME HUGH JACKMAN WOLVERINE WE HAVE EVER SEEN. He turns to Deadpool, cocks an eyebrow.

LOGAN  
(steely)  
Who's asking?

24

(CONTINUED)

24

Logan slides off his bar to stand up, but instead drops bafflingly DOWN, and OUT of frame.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

An immensely hairy, 5'4" Wolverine with RAZOR SHARP incisors. Standing next to the bar stool which is roughly the same height as him.

DEADPOOL

Oh. Look at this hairy little Lou Retton. Did you stick the landing, little guy? Yes, you did, comic accurate short king. Such a cute w-little w-ovy. Hard pass. I'm not laughing.

\*  
\*  
\*

Deadpool hits the TempPad and steps out through the time door and into--

26

**EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC ALLEY - NIGHT**

26

DEADPOOL is giving a full SALES PITCH to a very suspicious AGE OF APOCALYPSE WOLVERINE.

DEADPOOL

Ahoy! Everything seems to be on fire. Do you have a dragon? Quick q. Are you an Anchor Being by chance?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

25

**INT. MADRIPOOR CASINO - NIGHT**

25

DEADPOOL finds himself in a swanky private back room of a casino. SCANTILY-CLAD BEAUTIES serve drinks to high-rollers.

\*  
\*

Deadpool spots the man he's looking for at a BACCARAT TABLE.

\*

An EYE-PATCH WEARING WOLVIE in a dapper white tuxedo (PATCH) plays baccarat with an air of sophistication and panache.

\*  
\*

DEADPOOL

Logan.

\*  
\*

27

**INT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - DAY**

27

Deadpool walks in. We see someone in silhouette from behind working on a vintage motorcycle. Smoke curls from either side of his backlit head. His muscular form dominates our frame. Iconic. Powerful.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

27 (CONTINUED)

27

DEADPOOL

Oh, now we're talking. Oh yeah, that's the whole goddamn package right there.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

26A EXT. CABIN (NEW MONTAGE) - DAY

26A

Deadpool approaches a cabin, finds OLD MAN LOGAN sitting outside.

DEADPOOL

Howdy! I'm just -- I'm auditioning Anchor Beings. Oh, okay that's going to need some coconut oil.

\*  
\*  
\*

He SHOTS Deadpool off the porch.

\*

26C EXT. CRUCIFIXION (NEW MONTAGE) - MAGIC HOUR

26C

Deadpool walks over to a MOUND OF SKULLS in the shape of an X to find... a CRUCIFIED WOLVERINE attached.

\*  
\*

DEADPOOL

What in the fuck? Are you okay?

\*  
\*

26B EXT. WOODS (NEW MONTAGE) - DAY

26B

Deadpool finds BROWN AND YELLOW WOLVERINE.

\*

DEADPOOL

Oh yes, yes. Classic John Byrne Brown and Tan. Now you fought the Hulk in this outfit, no?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Deadpool turns to find The Hulk towering over him.

\*

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Are you my Anchor Being, Green Daddy?

\*  
\*  
\*

The Hulk sends Deadpool flying.

\*

BACK TO MADRIPOOR CASINO:

Patch calmly puts his hand behind Deadpool's head. SHNIKT! The claws POP OUT THE FRONT of Deadpool's skull. Blood splatters on Patch's white tuxedo, and everyone else in the spray radius. As Patch retracts his claws and Deadpool rolls off and out of frame...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BACK TO POST-APOCALYPTIC ALLEY:

\*

Wolvie viciously stabs Deadpool again and again.

\*

(CONTINUED)

SHNIKT!

BACK TO CRUCIFIXION:

\*

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

\*

It's not you. We're just going in a  
different direction.

\*

\*

Deadpool exits through a time door.

\*

BACK TO INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE WOLVERINE:

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

You know, from behind you look a  
little bit like Hopper-- oh my  
fuck!

Wolverine turns around and it's HOPPER-FUCKING-RENE.

Stogie between clenched teeth. The hair. The beard. The whole  
nine yards. And dare I say, he makes a compelling Wolverine.  
I mean... If things don't pan out with Hugh...

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

The Hopper-rene. The legends are  
true. And may I say, sir. On behalf  
of all of humanity... This just  
feels *right*. We will treat you so  
much better than those shit fucks  
down the street--

HOPPER-RENE

You were just leaving.

DEADPOOL

No, sir. Not while the fate of my  
universe is at stake --

\*

\*

Before DP can finish his sentence, Hopper-rene loads his arms  
Mission Impossible style. Claws protract from each fist and  
BOOM! He sends Deadpool through multiple pillars. Before  
Deadpool hits a final one and the wall, he's opened another  
time door and WHOOSHES INTO:

**INT. SEEDY CANADIAN BAR - DAY**

DEADPOOL flies in backwards, continuing the momentum from  
"Hopper-rene", taking out a patron's beer. He rolls up and  
onto his feet. The PATRON takes an aggressive SWING. Deadpool  
very nonchalantly - almost elegantly - catches the man by the  
throat, mashing his carotid artery with his thumb and  
lowering him silently out of frame.

DEADPOOL

(seeing Wolverine)  
Ooh, this one looks promising.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

(to the Patron)

Down you go.

Lowlifes inhabit the corners. Deadpool scans the room, his eyes landing on a lone figure slumped at the end of the bar. The silhouette of his hairstyle leaves no room for ambiguity about who this solitary figure is.

CLOSER NOW:

With LOGAN, a depressed loner in jeans and a work jacket. He's drunk. Haunted by things only he can see.

He downs a shot of WHISKY and taps the bar.

LOGAN

Again.

The BARTENDER leans in ominously.

BARTENDER

I told ya you're not welcome here.  
You're not welcome anywhere, now  
get the fuck outta my bar.

Logan locks eyes with the Bartender. We expect rage. We get a flicker of shame.

LOGAN

Just give me one more drink, and  
then I'll leave.

BARTENDER

That's not how it works.

DEADPOOL (O.S.)

It does now. Leave the bottle.

CAMERA WRAPS TO REVEAL Deadpool is now seated on the stool right next to Logan. He refills Logan's glass. Logan stares glassy-eyed at Deadpool for a beat too long. Where's this going?

LOGAN

I know you, Bub?

DEADPOOL

Nope. *But I know you.*

He smiles. Then with a hint of sadness:

LOGAN

Everybody knows me. I'm The  
Wolverine.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

Yes, you are. And I'm going to need you to come with me right now.

\*

Logan stares at Deadpool. Glass-eyed. Wasted.

LOGAN

Look, Lady. I'm not interested.

DEADPOOL

Really gettin' into your cups here.

LOGAN

Why would I go with you?

DEADPOOL

(deadly serious)

Because unfortunately I need you. And even more unfortunately, my entire world needs you.

BARTENDER

You two gonna fuck or fight?

Deadpool looks back and forth from Wolvie to the Bartender.

DEADPOOL

You gonna take that from him?

A beat.

WOLVERINE

Yup.

DEADPOOL

I can see you have a whole haunted inner world that I'm guessing we'll get to unpack later, but every other Wolverine would have really hurt me by now, and I'm sorta of on the tick-tick, so upsee-daysey...! Here we go.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Deadpool hoists Logan up. Logan awkwardly smacks Deadpool's hand off and takes an unsteady fight stance.

WOLVERINE

Whoa, whoa. Hey, hey.

DEADPOOL

I've got you, big guy.

BARTENDER

Get that piece of shit outta my bar-

-

Without looking away from Logan, and in a lightning fast move, Deadpool whips Logan's highball at the Bartender. It pulverizes into his forehead as the Bartender disappears behind the bar, moaning in pain.

DEADPOOL

He's not a piece of shit. He's an Anchor Being, and he's coming with me.

On Logan. SNIKT. Claws out.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Oh, Whiskey dick of the claws. It's quite common in Wolverines over forty.

LOGAN

You don't want this.

Lightening fast, DP points a Desert Eagle at Logan's face. We zoom in on its engraved muzzle: "Smile And Wait For The Flash."

DEADPOOL

You're right. And you don't want this. But unless you wanna take a deep breath through your fucking forehead, I suggest you reconsider. Let's go, Peanut.

With enough booze in him to kill Winston Churchill:

LOGAN

Hold on, hold on, hold on. Watch this. Alright. Easy.

Logan grabs the BOTTLE, drinking its entire contents.

DEADPOOL

Good god. Thirsty little honey badger, aren't you? It's okay, keep going. Audiences are accustomed to long run times.

Logan keels forward, face-planting on the ground, unconscious.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Guess you'll have to do.

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED) (4)

28

Deadpool crouches down to drag Logan out of the bar, grabbing the front of his jacket, REVEALING A HINT OF BLUE AND YELLOW.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Okay, here we--

(into lens)

Oh, look at those pjs. That only took twenty fucking years.

\*

HARD CUT TO:

29 INT. TVA - COMMAND CENTER

29

Deadpool steps through a time door with an unconscious Wolverine in all his GLORY, wearing his YELLOW and BLUE suit. (But not yet wearing his mask. We save that for later.)

MR. PARADOX and his BUREAUCRATS monitor the progress of the Time Ripper. They turn to see Deadpool lugging the passed-out Wolverine towards them.

DEADPOOL

I got a big surprise. Here's your Anchor Being, baby girl. This Logan has the same he-can-do-anything-even-musicals look, and bonus: he's actually wearing a costume like he's not embarrassed to be in a superhero movie for once.

\*

Deadpool barely registers as Logan falls over, landing at an extremely odd angle. It's ugly.

MR. PARADOX

I don't understand.

DEADPOOL

You said my universe is dying because this sack of nuts got himself killed. Well, problem solved.

\*

A long beat as Mr. Paradox seems to consider Deadpool's offering. Then, Mr. Paradox breaks into laughter. Not just laughter, though. A massive full-body guffaw.

MR. PARADOX

Oh my god. You actually think you can *replace* an Anchor Being? With THIS?? I wouldn't have accepted ANY other Wolverine, btws, but you have outdone yourself and brought me the WORST Wolverine!

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON Logan, still prone on the ground, but eyes OPEN.  
He's heard every word.

DEADPOOL

Whaddya mean 'the worst' one?

MR. PARADOX

Mr. Wilson. This Wolverine let down his entire world. He's the stuff of legend. But not in a good way.

CLOSE ON LOGAN's wet eyes, fixated on the middle distance.  
Listening.

MR. PARADOX (CONT'D)

What he did? Well. Some things are just beyond forgiveness.

DEADPOOL

Ok... how do I make this right?  
I'll do anything.

MR. PARADOX

I gave you a chance at greatness. Because my superiors deemed you special. Clearly not "special" in a good way, but apparently you have some important future purpose to serve.

\*  
\*  
\*

DEADPOOL

With Thor. He holds me.

\*  
\*

MR. PARADOX

But I did my duty. I gave you the opportunity to be somebody. And instead of accepting my offering with humility and gratitude, you broke my nose.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEADPOOL

It looks great.

MR. PARADOX

And you decimated dozens of my men with the exhumed corpse of a hero. Dishonoring not only his remains, but his memory.

DEADPOOL

What are you, the internet?

A TVA tech brings Mr. Paradox a sandwich. He speaks with his mouth full, underscoring a lack of genuine concern.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PARADOX

Your world is dying.

(off the sandwich)

Thank you very much.

(back to Deadpool)

And there's no stopping it. The humane thing to do is to make it quick. And painless. I'm a humanitarian.

\*  
\*

DEADPOOL

Is the thought of vaporizing my universe making you peckish?

MR. PARADOX

(non-plussed)

Think of the sacred timeline as a garden. I pull out the weeds. But we don't blame the gardener, do we?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEADPOOL

How about I fuck the gardener with a rusty ice skate? I'm about to lose everything that I've ever cared about because that hairy thundercunt from down undercunt finally dies and-- he's back on his feet again, isn't he?

\*  
\*  
\*  
  
\*  
\*

REVEAL: Behind Deadpool we see a groggy WOLVERINE rise into frame. He looks rather... Unhappy.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

(ostensibly to Wolverine)

Welcome back. You smell amazing by the way.

(to Mr. Paradox)

I want to talk to your boss. I want you to get them on the phone, and you tell him/her/or they that Marvel H. Christ isn't playing.

\*  
\*  
\*

The TVA Technicians visibly tense up at this suggestion. Mr. Paradox bristles.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Holy shit, I just heard a symphony of buttoholes clenching all at once. You're off grid. Your bosses don't know what you sick fucks are doing down here. Well, I'll tell you what.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Deadpool pulls out his TemPad.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

I have a black belt in Karen. And  
I'm going to go upstairs, and I'm  
going to tell them all about --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Mr. Paradox PRODS Deadpool with a TIMESTICK.

Deadpool DISAPPEARS. The Tempad falls uselessly to the  
ground.

MR. PARADOX

Oh, silence is nice, isn't it?

WOLVERINE

Where the fuck did he go?

MR. PARADOX

To the trash heap. You'll fit right  
in.

**ZOOP**

Mr. Paradox has flung his Timestick right at Wolverine,  
eliminating him.

MR. PARADOX (CONT'D)

That was close.

\*

**EXT. THE VOID - DESERT WASTELANDS - DAY**

Detritus and artifacts from history and Marvel lore litter  
the land. Deadpool awakens with a jolt.

A shadow falls over Deadpool's face.

DEADPOOL

Don't just stand there, you ape--  
Give me a hand up.

SNIKT! Logan's claws come out.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

I'm actually okay, thank you.

\*

WOLVERINE ROARS, buries BOTH CLAWS in Deadpool's chest and  
wrenches him to his feet.

WOLVERINE

Where the hell are we?

DEADPOOL

(looks around)  
I don't know.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Looks kind of Mad Maxy but that would be IP infringement, right?

WOLVERINE

Fucking jokes.

Wolverine's free hand/claws dip below frame. He impales DP in what we can only assume is his perineum. He lifts him above his head and with the force of a thousand wrestlers, slams Deadpool down on his knee with the ultimate back breaker.

Deadpool GROANS and WRITHES on the ground, clutching at his back.

DEADPOOL

AAAAH! Were you even listening back there?! If we don't make it back to that Mr. Paradox asshole everyone I know is going to die.

Wolverine dusts himself off. Takes a last look around.

WOLVERINE

Not my fucking problem.

Wolverine turns and walks away. \*

DEADPOOL

That's all you got? Is that what you said when your world went to shit?

Wolverine stops in his tracks. Turns his head. Seething.

WOLVERINE

Come again?

Deadpool looks around, trying to get his bearings, his back to Wolverine...unaware he's just poked a bear.

DEADPOOL

Yeah, I heard all about you. How you screwed up *everything*. You should be thanking me for pulling you out of that bed you shit in--

SNIKT! Wolverine's claws pierce through from behind and out through Deadpool's chest. Deadpool looks down at the claws.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

You backstabbing son of a bitch.

Wolverine lifts Deadpool up over his head, Deadpool splayed up towards the dull Void sky.

(CONTINUED)

An instant later, Deadpool flips up and over backwards, hooks his legs around Wolvie's hips and stomach, landing hard on the ground with Wolvie on top of him.

Deadpool unloads BOTH guns into Wolvie's ribs, but the sonofabitch takes his medicine strong.

\*  
\*

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Are you ready to be calm now?

\*

He slams his head back, crushing Deadpool's nose before flinging him away. Deadpool rolls and SLAMS to a stop against a half-buried piece of stone. It's the ancient 20TH CENTURY FOX LOGO.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Rest in pieces, Fox.

Low angle on Deadpool between Wolvie's feet. We see the bullets that were inside Wolvie drop to the ground with a "PING" sound. Then another. And another. Until all 20 bullets rain down in a clatter.

Close on Wolverine's face. He exhales gun-smoke from his nose and produces one more bullet between his teeth. Spits it to the side and hunches down like a coiled panther.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

I don't want to fight you, Peanut.  
It doesn't matter what you did. I  
just need your help.

WOLVERINE

I don't fucking care.

A bomb goes off in Wolverine's head. He ROARS. And charges.

DEADPOOL

Oh, uh oh. Fuck, this is going to hurt.

\*

(to Wolverine)

Alright, fuck it. Let's give the people what they came for.

WOLVERINE

Let's fucking go.

DEADPOOL

(to camera)

Get your special sock out, nerds.  
It's going to get good.

(CONTINUED)

Deadpool does a stunning mag reload and keeps firing, but Wolvie keeps coming, finally slashing the barrels of Deadpool's Desert Eagles clean off.

Deadpool produces his SWORDS and defends himself against Logan's rage in an incredible blade-on blade BATTLE.

Deadpool wields a small blade.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Baby knife.

The fight's intense. Builds in speed. And builds. And BUILDS UNTIL:

Wolverine slashes Deadpool's leg, bringing him to his knees. Then pulls Deadpool's head back, raising his claws and preparing to DECAPITATE HIM.

WOLVERINE

Let's see you grow your fucking head back.

DEADPOOL

Wait wait wait! I can fix it! I can fix it.

Wolverine hesitates.

WOLVERINE

Fix what?

DEADPOOL

Whatever it is that you did! Whatever made you so bad. Those pricks in the TVA...you heard them. They have the power to end MY universe. But they also have the power to change YOURS. We get back there, and we can fix your world...together. *I promise.*

Wolverine's interest is piqued.

MR. CLARKE (O.S.)

Hey! We fight each other, we lose!

Deadpool and Wolverine freeze, hearing the voice of a natural leader. Deadpool and Wolverine look at something off-screen. THE CAMERA PANS with them to reveal MR. CLARKE in TATTERED RAGS, to their right, perched on the remains of a building.

Mr. Clarke looks as heroic as a man can look. He's been on the run, but it hasn't dampened his radiant spirit.

DEADPOOL

Dear God. It's him.

WOLVERINE

Who?

DEADPOOL

The one. The superhero equivalent to comfort food. Or molly. White guys' answer to all the disappointments. And another A-lister...I hope you're not expecting too much screen time, gorgeous. I'm thinking Pratt in Love and Thunder, but not a MINUTE more.

Suddenly, the sound of approaching engines. Mr. Clarke sets his gaze. Then:

MR. CLARKE

They're coming.

DEADPOOL

Who's they?

A MOB of MAD MAX-ian VEHICLES approach.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Oh, they're driving angry.

Mr. Clarke jumps down in front of Deadpool and Wolverine.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Now that's a superhero landing.

MR. CLARKE

I got this.

The vehicles surround them.

MR. CLARKE (CONT'D)

Stay close.

Deadpool gets behind Mr. Clarke and subtly places both arms around his waist, looking straight ahead at the approaching danger.

DEADPOOL

Aye aye, Captain. You've got this.

(CONTINUED)

31 (CONTINUED) (2)

31

It's weird. Mr. Clarke casually removes Deadpool's hands.

The CARAVAN circles up on the three heroes, no way out.

The caravan comes to a halt. The vehicles are populated by lesser-known mutants from the FOX X-MEN MOVIES: PYRO, TOAD, plus some N.D.'s. You can almost see Pyro's mouth water.

PYRO

Cassandra is gonna be giddy when she sees what we caught.

(to Mr. Clarke)

You can't run. Everyone knows that.

MR. CLARKE

You see anyone running, dick for brains?

Deadpool shoots Mr. Clarke a quizzical look. Mr. Clarke's never worked blue before.

MR. CLARKE (CONT'D)

(to Pyro)

You're not gonna love what happens next.

DEADPOOL

(to Wolverine)

Ohmygod. OHMYGOD. He's gonna say it. Oh my god, he's gonna say it.

WOLVERINE

Say what?

Mr. Clarke girds himself for battle. Throws off his Void-wear bedouin wraps, revealing a signature "4" on his chest!

DEADPOOL

Avengers assemble!

MR. CLARKE

FLAME ON!

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry what now?

32

**EXT. THE VOID - DESERT WASTELANDS - DAY**

32

"Mr. Clarke" bursts into flames. He's not Mr. Clarke... he's JONATHAN BYERS. Oops.

Jonathan flies over the caravan, blasting with a beam of FLAME. A vehicle EXPLODES.

Pyro SIPHONS the flames from Jonathan with his mutant power. Jonathan is EXTINGUISHED and falls out of the sky.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Oh fuck.

With a vicious blow, he slams into the scaffolding, then the ground, knocked clean out.

WOLVERINE

We don't know that guy.

DEADPOOL

Thought we did.

TYLER MANE's SABRETOOTH, Wolverine's natural enemy, leaps down from a truck like a feral beast.

SABRETOOTH

I know you.

Sabretooth sniffs the air.

DEADPOOL

Holy... Sabretooth. Your brother.

SABRETOOTH

Ready to die?

Wolverine and Sabretooth prepare to fight.

DEADPOOL

Wait, wait, wait. Time.

(to Wolverine)

You look ridiculous.

Deadpool removes a sword from Wolverine's abdomen.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

We all have an idiot brother.

Unfortunately, that's you.

(removing baby knife)

Baby knife.

(then, to Wolverine)

People have waited decades for this fight. He has no grappling game.

Whatever you do, do not go for the head.

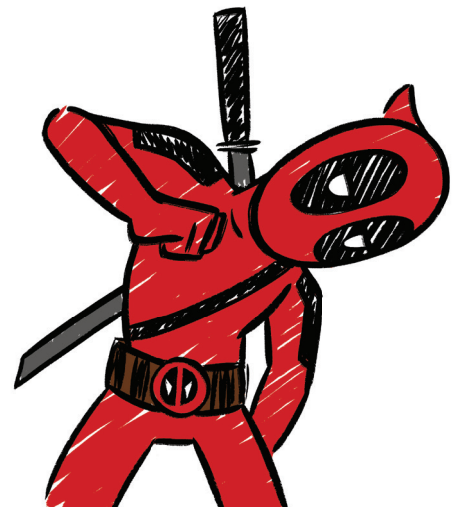
\*

WOLVERINE

Shut the fuck up.

DEADPOOL

Oh my god.



33

**EXT. THE VOID - DESERT WASTELANDS - DAY**

33

Sabretooth smiles and squares off. Deadpool backs up.

DEADPOOL

Okay. Good luck, I'm a huge fan...

The two MUTANTS CHARGE each other. Sabretooth throws his biggest SUNDAY PUNCH, and Wolverine dodges and *imperceptibly* SWIPES with his claws.

Sabretooth stops in front of Deadpool.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

What is it, girl? Is there trouble at the well?

Sabretooth stops, spins around, except his head doesn't turn around with his body. Instead, it continues to face the wrong direction then FALLS CLEAN off his body. Reveal Wolverine's claws extended, fresh Sabretooth blood dripping off them.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Big trouble.

(lifting Sabretooth's head)

Behold! The head of your precious, Queen-- Furiosa! I have the Wolverine. I alone control her. You come for me, you come for her.

(to Wolverine)

I'm so sorry. I know it's pronounced him. I'm gender blind, it's my cross to bear.

WOLVERINE

Who's next?

PYRO

Toad. You're up.

Wolverine looks like he could take the whole lot of them with that kind of ferocity. Unfortunately, a highly unperturbed Toad nonchalantly flicks his tongue out, using it to pull down a switch on A GIANT MAGNET TRUCK.

WHOOSH!!! Instantly, Wolverine flies into Deadpool, pulled backwards by the force of the magnet. Deadpool hits the giant magnet first before being pinned by Logan's metallic body.

DEADPOOL

Uh oh.

(CONTINUED)

Deadpool looks up just in time to see a big DETACHED SENTINEL BOOT flying towards them at rocket speed, also pulled by the magnet.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Holy shit--

WOLVERINE

Oh fuck.

\*  
\*

The metallic SENTINEL BOOT hits them with the force of a cannonball.

BLACK OUT.

The marauder caravan makes its way across the vast landscape of the Void.

Wolverine startles awake in a SPHERICAL CAGE being dragged across the barren landscape. He's BOUND CHEST TO CHEST WITH DEADPOOL.

Deadpool's head rests on Wolverine's shoulder.

Deadpool raises his head, coming face-to-face with a very annoyed Wolverine.

DEADPOOL

How long was I asleep?

WOLVERINE

(glances down)

Not all of you was asleep.

SNIKT! Wolverine pops his claws, but the way he's tied they just extend helplessly into the air. JONATHAN watches from the other side of the "prison ball". Coiled in non-flammable metal chains.

JONATHAN

Don't bother. They're very thorough.

WOLVERINE

If you know where we are, start talking.

JONATHAN

You're in the Void. Think of it as purgatory. Reed called it a metaphysical junkyard.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Where anything useless goes before  
it gets annihilated forever. And  
where the TVA sends people that  
don't play nice with the rest of  
the multiverse.

WOLVERINE

Like you?

JONATHAN

(nods)  
And you.

DEADPOOL

What does the annihilating?

JONATHAN

Alioth.

DEADPOOL

Okay. As long as it's  
realistic and not some big  
purple cloud monster or  
something.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Alioth is a big purple cloud  
monster.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Fuck, my mouth.

\*

JONATHAN

Everyone here's on the run from  
Alioth. Most don't make it. There's  
a resistance though. Other people  
like us that managed to survive.  
They're hiding out in the  
borderlands. Trying to find a way  
the fuck out of here.

WOLVERINE

Then that's where we go.

That gets Deadpool's attention.

\*

WOLVERINE (CONT'D)

These others. They can take us back  
to the TVA. Make them fix things.

\*

DEADPOOL

Us? We? A team? The answer is yes.  
Shake on it.

\*

\*

(Wolverine pops his claws)

\*

Fuck! You nicked it. Just got the  
tip with your little steak knife.

\*

\*

Jonathan chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

34 (CONTINUED) (2)

34

WOLVERINE

Something funny, bub?

JONATHAN

She might have something to say  
about that.

WOLVERINE

Who's 'she?'

Deadpool looks up curiously toward a rusted CCTV camera at the top of the cell. (We may revisit this later.)

JONATHAN

In the void, you're either food for  
Alioth... or you work for Her...

We widen out as the convoy makes its way across the epic nothingness of the void.

35 **EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - DAY**

35

The CARAVAN approaches the MASSIVE CARCASS of a GIANT SKELETON.

The humongous body lays on its stomach, its skeletal CHIN resting on the ground. Its arms extend in front of it, creating a massive ARENA-LIKE CIRCLE, its TWO GIANT GLOVED HANDS overlapping to form a GATE.

36 **EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - DAY**

36

As the CARAVAN APPROACHES, the MASSIVE HANDS begin to part. The "gate" opens, a mechanical pulley-system being operated by the BLOB atop the rampart.

The PRISON TRUCK pulls in. There is a hive of activity. Henchmen eye our heroes suspiciously. Among them is a massive JUGGERNAUT VARIANT, complete with a Vinnie Jones-style Helmet.

Jonathan gets yanked out and flung on the ground. Deadpool and Wolverine get shoved out of the cage into the "arena" of the GIANT SKELETAL arms. Wolverine lands on top of Deadpool, repaying the Headbutt. OTHER HENCHMEN shove the other prisoner from inside the other cage-ball-- who we now notice is the Minuteman Deadpool made self-prune in the Logan grave fight sequence!-- onto the ground. A HORN rings out. The CROWD goes silent.

Then movement and a groaning creak from the Giant Skeletal head, as the mask rises, revealing the rotted carcass of a skull inside.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

(marvels at skeleton)

Paul Rudd finally aged.

(off Juggernaut)

You must be this year's Juggernaut.

Thank you.

\*  
\*

JUGGERNAUT

(pulls them up from  
ground)

Alright, keep your voices down. She  
don't like the chatter.

WOLVERINE

(to: Deadpool)

She's gonna love you.

Out of the darkness of the skull's jaw, an old, decrepit figure wheels out on an ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR WHEEL CHAIR. The figure's head is turned down, obscuring their face but revealing a BALD-HEAD.

DEADPOOL

Is that--is that Charles?!

(to the figure)

HEY, CHUCK! It's us!

Wolverine's expression darkens.

WOLVERINE

That's not Chuck.

JONATHAN

Oh shit.

The bald head rises, revealing the sweet smile of CASSANDRA NOVA. In silhouette, she's the mirror-image of Charles Xavier.

Cassandra rolls forward in the rickety, battle-damaged and BLOOD-STAINED wheelchair. She comes to a stop, then stands up and walks down from the giant skull toward our heroes.

DEADPOOL

Oh, ableism. Great. That's not  
gonna go over well with the woke  
mob.

Cassandra is curiously cheery, assessing Deadpool and Wolverine...but something is off.

CASSANDRA NOVA

A Wolverine. I wondered when I'd get one of you... You're one of Xavier's.

DEADPOOL

You know him? You know Chuck?

CASSANDRA NOVA

Oh, I knew him. We shared a womb. Tried to strangle the sly little fellow with my umbilical cord.

DEADPOOL

Amen. I've never loved roommates. Mine's blind. Except she can see cocaine... For some reason.

(to Wolverine)

You wanna chime in, your majesty? I'm dying here.

WOLVERINE

Who are you?

\*

CASSANDRA NOVA

Charles Xavier's twin. Cassandra Nova.

WOLVERINE

Bullshit.

DEADPOOL

I was an anal birth.

CASSANDRA NOVA

You two are cute. I have a good feeling about this.

With a gesture, she FREES THEM OF THEIR CHAINS, then, she walks towards Jonathan Byers.

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)

And I've been trying to catch this little firefly for years, haven't I, Johnny? You picked the wrong time to make new friends.

DEADPOOL

Oh, Johnny told us alllll about you.

WOLVERINE

Maybe shut up now--

JONATHAN

Yeah, maybe don't--

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

We're just talking here. Johnny told us you're a psychotic megalomaniacal asshole-- his words not mine-- hellbent on domination and pain.

CASSANDRA NOVA

(turns to Jonathan Byers)  
You said all that about me?

JONATHAN

No. NO. I didn't say any of that...

DEADPOOL

(calling over to Jonathan,  
LOUDLY)

Sticks 'n stones, Johnny! Don't let her intimidate you! It's like you said in the convoy: "this finger-lickin' dead-inside Pixie slab of third rate dime-store nut-milk can eat your delicious cinnamon ring and kick rocks all the way to bald hell."

JONATHAN

(to Cassandra, pure panic)  
Okay, I've never said any of those words in my entire life.

DEADPOOL

HA! The modesty. People think I'm a shit-talker. But this guy? Is *next level*.

JONATHAN

No. He... No. What? I don't even know what half of that means--!

DEADPOOL

My hats off to you, sir. Truly.

WHOOSH.

All the skin on Jonathan's body rips away in a blink. The blood, organs, and bone all hang in the air for a moment before gush-thumping to the ground in a hideous pile of lungs, heart, liver, blood, and bones. The spine and skull stay upright in the viscera-pile for an agonizing extra beat...before tipping over like a limp tree in the woods.

(CONTINUED)

What. The holy. HELL. Wolvie looks quietly horrified.

DEADPOOL

Not my favorite Chris.

WOLVERINE

You stupid piece of shit, you just got him fucking killed--

DEADPOOL

Hey: we're all grieving. And PS, *DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING TO THE BUDGET?!*

CASSANDRA NOVA

Shhh... Alioth is hungry.

In the distance, Deadpool clocks a GIANT WHIRLING PURPLE CLOUD on the horizon. Cassandra walks toward it, looking out at the horizon.

DEADPOOL

There's been some kind of mistake. Big Yellow is a backup Anchor Being, and I'm Marvel Jesus. MJ if you're nasty. There's a guy at the TVA who is going to destroy my universe, and I'm gonna stop it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CASSANDRA NOVA

Oh, honey. You don't really strike me as the world-saving type-- did I hit a nerve?

She did.

DEADPOOL

I didn't want it to come to this. Either you help us, or my friend here is gonna sing the entire second act of Music Man with zero warm up.

WOLVERINE

Where'd ya get the chair?

CASSANDRA NOVA

Once in a while I do get a Charles through here. Never mine though. He didn't care to find me.



(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

(quiet, to Wolvie)  
Ugh, Gen-Z and their *trauma*  
bragging. Can't you just stuff it  
down? Turn it into accomplishment  
or cancer like the rest of us.

CASSANDRA NOVA

But I'm not like the rest of you.  
Except maybe the Wolverine. Now we  
could be truly terrifying together.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WOLVERINE

You're that scary, huh?

CASSANDRA NOVA

The TVA certainly thought so. They  
sent me here before I could walk.  
It was the best thing that ever  
happened to me. I love it here.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEADPOOL

You live in a garbage dump.

CASSANDRA NOVA

I think we both know who lives in  
the garbage dump. The Void is a  
paradise. I can wield my power here  
without shame.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEADPOOL

(over it)

And what power would that be?

\*  
\*

CASSANDRA NOVA

A dash of this, a dash of that.  
You'll see.

DEADPOOL

A grower not a shower. Respect.

CASSANDRA NOVA

But I had no Charles Xavier to  
teach me temperance. What about  
your Charles? Did he protect you?  
Did he make you feel safe?

\*  
\*  
\*

WOLVERINE

We're mutants. We're never safe.

SNIKT!

WOLVERINE (CONT'D)

AAAAARRGHHHH!!!!

38

**EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - DAY**

38

Wolverine LUNGES at Cassandra. Cassandra stops him in his tracks and then, with a wave, flings him back and into the ground. Buried alive.

His SIX-CLAWS poke up out of the ground, the only part of him still visible. Cassandra motions again, and the claws cut through the ground as the subterranean Logan is shoved away. The claws cut through the dirt like a SHARK-FIN through water.

DEADPOOL

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I don't want the smoke. I don't have any beef with you. I just want to save my friends. I just-- I want to go home.

CASSANDRA NOVA

Well the thing is I could get you home.

DEADPOOL

Good.

CASSANDRA NOVA

But I don't...want to?

\*

Suddenly, impossibly, Cassandra Nova is BEHIND him, whispering in his ear. Deadpool is frozen, powerless...

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)

What DO you want, Wade Wilson?

Her hand SNAKES up the back of his head, a seductive scalp massage.

DEADPOOL

Your fingers are inside me, but not in a good way.

CASSANDRA NOVA

My brother could enter one's mind with a thought. I have to get my hands dirty.

Her fingers impossibly ENTER the back of his head and then her fingertips poke through his forehead.

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)

Shhhhh. I've got you.

SMASH CUT TO:

39

**IMAGES (UNFILTERED) FROM WADE'S BRAIN.**

39

CASSANDRA NOVA (O.S.)

I've got you...

We see KALEIDOSCOPIIC FLASHES of Deadpool/Wade from the first two movies; images of heroism, joy, connection. The images swirl into a flashback of BUSTER KEATON, saying the words that will break Wade's heart. Another shot shows us HAROLD LLOYD escorting Wade out. We hold on Wade's crestfallen visage as the door closes behind him. Then we see Wade staring at his Deadpool suit, eyes listless. Then in his new uniform at DriveMax. We see him standing outside in the middle of the car lot. Sad. Lost.

40

**INT. WADE'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - DAY**

40

Other flashes of Wade as VANESSA breaks up with him...Wade's pain is etched all over his face. Vanessa reaches for his hand, eyes empathetic...

WADE

What do you mean?

VANESSA

I just feel like I don't know where you are. I can't reach you. You're not here.

WADE

I'm right here.

VANESSA

No, you're not. I can't--

WADE

I'm right here.

VANESSA

Then show me. You've got to do something.

WADE

Show you what?

VANESSA

Show me you care about something bigger than you. Ever since they turned you down, you took a knee. Baby, you never got back up.

(beat)

Your crazy matches my crazy. Remember? Where did you go?

(CONTINUED)

WADE

(hurt)

Oh my god. You just say it, okay?  
Say "I don't want you. I don't want  
to be with you." Go ahead. Say it.  
Say you don't want to be with me.  
Say it and I'll walk away. Say "I  
don't want you."

\*  
\*

Vanessa sighs. A heaviness weighing on her.

WADE (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

VANESSA

You'll never fucking matter.

WADE

(hurt, in flashback)

What?

VANESSA

(but now with Cassandra's  
voice)

You'll never... fucking matter.

And we're rapidly ripped away from her, through what feels  
like a tunnel and into a Deadpool mask and back into:

**EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - DAY**

Deadpool is in fact staring at Cassandra who is the real  
source of the voice.

CASSANDRA NOVA

...fucking...matter.

DEADPOOL

She never said that!

CASSANDRA NOVA

No. But I bet she thought it.

\*  
\*

Cassandra CRUELLY YANKS her fingers out of Deadpool's head.

DEADPOOL

You are SO MEAN! My brain could  
taste your fingers! AND THEY TASTED  
LIKE HATE! And where in *God's name*  
is the intimacy coordinator?!!

CASSANDRA NOVA

You're so lost, Mr. Wilson. And  
long before you came here.

Deadpool removes the baby knife from his holster. Holds it in front of him.

DEADPOOL

This is baby knife. She's going to fuck you in the face now.

CASSANDRA NOVA

If you want to kill me it's gonna take more than a little blade.

DEADPOOL

How 'bout six?

Jump scare! Wolvie sinks BOTH CLAWS into her back. Cassandra looks down at the claws poking through her chest. She arches back, writhing in pain.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Ha, ha, ha! My boy's WICKED STRONG! That's my BIG BOY! Yes, you are.

Cassandra looks down at the claws still protruding from her torso. \*

She smacks her open hand against her chest like swatting a fly. Violently forcing Wolvie's arms/claws out of her and sending Wolvie skittering back.

Cassandra squares off to face Wolvie and Deadpool. In the distance behind her, closing in fast, ALIOTH is now near-- a monstrous purple cloud monster speeding through the sky and coming in hot.

CASSANDRA

(heads back to her SKULL)

Well this has been fun, but the big guy needs to eat and the rent is due. By the way, you're the rent.

Alioth looms massive in the air. The bound Minuteman prisoner shakes and whimpers feebly, knowing the end is near. Deadpool and Wolverine look over at him.

MINUTEMAN

Please! Get me outta here...!

DEADPOOL

Don't you worry about a goddamn thing. I've got you. You're going to be just fine. \*

\*  
\*  
\*

42 **EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - DAY** 42

BOOM! JUMP-SCARE! \*

In quick cuts, Wolverine grabs a SENTINEL FOOT. Fires it up.

43 **EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - DAY** 43

WOLVERINE  
(to Deadpool)  
You coming, or what?

DEADPOOL  
(to Minuteman)  
I'll pray for you. Bye! \*

In a blink, Alioth slams down and takes out the Minuteman prisoner from the dirt, gone without a trace, in a heartbeat. \*

Alioth circles back now, filling the sky above the skull. \*

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)  
Coming, daddy. \*

Deadpool SLAMS onto Wolverine and the foot ROCKETS away at lightning speed, zooming far off toward the endless horizon.

SMASH CUT TO:

44 **EXT. THE VOID - CLIFF TOP - LATER** 44

Wolvie and Deadpool slam against the hard rock face at the top of a cliff and are smashed up and over, the sentinel boot skittering away. Wolvie and Deadpool come to a rolling stop on the grasslands above.

Deadpool clings to Wolverine.

DEADPOOL  
Whatcha thinking about?

WOLVERINE  
Get the fuck off of me!

DEADPOOL  
I'm almost done.

WOLVERINE  
Almost done what?

DEADPOOL  
Getting my knife out of your  
buttocks, you pervert.

(CONTINUED)

Deadpool pulls his knife out of Wolverine's buttock. Wolvie flings Deadpool off.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Get your mind out of my pants. \*

WOLVERINE

New rules: I talk now.

DEADPOOL

That's gonna be very hard on the audience.

WOLVERINE

Shut the fuck up. Let me fucking think. We've gotta get back to Paradox, right? RIGHT?

Beat.

DEADPOOL

Je m'excuse. Am I allowed to speak now--

WOLVERINE

Just nod, asshole.

Deadpool nods.

WOLVERINE (CONT'D)

Right. Then we find the others that poor kid was talking about before you got him killed.

DEADPOOL

'Poor kid'??? He's like, FIFTY!!!

WOLVERINE

If there's a chance they know how to get out of here, we find them. We make those TVA fuckers fix my shit like you fucking promised.

DEADPOOL

I smell a quest.

Wolverine eyes Deadpool. He turns toward the diner incongruously perched on the horizon.

WOLVERINE

I smell food.

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED) (2)

44

DEADPOOL

Have you had your blood pressure  
checked? Because bubba, you get hot.

\*  
\*  
\*

45 INT. DINER - GOD KNOWS WHERE - GOD KNOWS WHEN

45

A dank, dusty, ABANDONED DINER. WADE sits in a BOOTH. MASK OFF. He's finishing some canned SPAM. Wolverine rummages around the diner, overturning items, looking for something.

WADE

So what made you finally wear an  
honest-to-god costume? Mine's red  
so they can't see me bleed. But I  
can see how yellow would be useful  
too.

\*

LOGAN

Have you been checked for ADHD?

WADE

uh-uh. But I've had several STDs  
which were probably caused by ADHD--

\*

WOLVERINE

Fuck.

WADE

What're you looking for?

Wolverine opens a rusted out white first aid kit and grabs a  
bottle of something.

WOLVERINE

Booze... or a ball gag for you.  
Preferably both.

WADE

Nice. I'd take a ball gag if you  
find one.

\*

Wolverine takes out a bottle of rubbing alcohol.

WOLVERINE

Okay, fuck.

Wolverine sits across from Wade. His nostrils flared. Staring  
at the bottle of rubbing alcohol.

WADE

No, no, no, no. That's, uh...  
Rubbing alcohol. You don't wanna  
drink that--

(CONTINUED)

He downs it.

WADE (CONT'D)

Oh. Yup, there you go. Fuck that liver.

Wade points to the untouched can of SPAM.

WADE (CONT'D)

Okay. You gonna eat that?

LOGAN

(disgusted)

God. Mind putting your mask back on?

WADE

Super hard to eat while I'm wearing it.

LOGAN

Super hard to eat when you're not.  
(off Wade's head)  
What the fuck are those?

WADE

Oh yeah, staples of glory. Back in civilian life I wear a toupee, but nobody knows.

LOGAN

Everybody knows.

WADE

Wanna talk about what's haunting you? Or --

\*

LOGAN

Uh, go fuck yourself.

Logan unceremoniously gets up and takes his SPAM to an empty seat at the counter. Eats, back turned, in silence.

WADE

Y'know, in my world, you're uh... well regarded.

He stops chewing.

WOLVERINE

Not in mine.

(CONTINUED)

WADE

They don't like me much in mine  
either.

WOLVERINE

...Ya don't say.

WADE

I *wanted* to be something. Shit, I  
wanted to be an Avenger.

WOLVERINE

Fuck the Avengers.

WADE

Yeah. I didn't make the cut though.  
Same with the X-Men. Then my  
girlfriend left me.

\*

WOLVERINE

(incredulous)  
You had a girlfriend?

WADE

Yeah, Vanessa. When we met, she was  
a dancer. We had a whole life. It  
was good. It was really good. But  
oh boy I just... fucked that right  
up. You see, I don't like me very  
much, so how could she? But you...  
You were an X-Man. You were THE X-  
Man. The Wolverine was a hero in my  
world.

\*

\*

\*

A weighted beat:

WOLVERINE

Yeah well, he ain't shit in mine.

\*

\*

45A

INT. TVA CORRIDOR/ELEVATOR - DAY

45A

HUNTER B-15 walks down a corridor flanked by MR. PARADOX.  
She reviews some supply inventory logs as they walk. It's  
clear from her attire that B-15 has been promoted since we  
last saw her in LOKI.

\*

\*

\*

\*

B-15

I'm not even going to ask what's  
going on with your face. But these  
resource requests are extensive,  
Mr. Paradox. Especially for an in-  
world observation post.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

MR. PARADOX

You've seen the file on earth one triple zero five. It's teeming with troublemakers.

B-15

Remember, *your job* is to do nothing. Make sure others do nothing. Do it long enough, maybe you'll sit in my chair one day.

MR. PARADOX

Sit in your chair and do nothing. Understood.

B-15

Did I detect a tone?

MR. PARADOX

A tone?

B-15

Maybe you'll detect this one: Good day, Mr. Paradox.

B-15 walks off. Mr. Paradox watches her go, clearly annoyed by the powers that be and the rules of engagement.

SMASH CUT TO:

The DUO is now walking across hilly terrain. Deadpool's mask is back on.

DEADPOOL

I don't mean to be a downer, but we have a lot to do. Find these other survivors hiding god knows where, force Cassandra to get us out of the Void, stop Paradox from destroying my world with his Time Ripper -- Ripper. It sounds better when you say it in an Australian accent.

(with accent)

Yeah, got a nice little Time Ripper there.

(without accent)

That's fun.

WOLVERINE

It's not.



(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

And there was something else...

WOLVERINE

Fix the shit on my timeline.

DEADPOOL

Good god, right. This plot refresher is exhausting. Rippa.

WOLVERINE

Was?

DEADPOOL

Huh?

WOLVERINE

Back in the diner you said, "was". Logan was a hero. What happened?

Deadpool stops walking. Reluctant to share...

DEADPOOL

You died.

WOLVERINE

How?

DEADPOOL

Well, technically, you were chest-fucked by a tree. But really?  
(solemnly)

Ya just ran outta batteries trying to save someone.

WOLVERINE

Who?

DEADPOOL

The shitheels that grew her in a lab called her Lemon. But she was just a kid. A younger, daintier, somehow meaner version of you. You died trying to save her. It was beautiful.

Wolverine walks on. Deadpool too, clocking Logan.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Look, mijo, I know you're hurting. My blind elderly, African American roommate, Blind Al always says that pain teaches us who we are.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

And that sometimes we need to listen to that pain instead of running from it.

WOLVERINE

Holy shit.

DEADPOOL

She's wise.

WOLVERINE

No. That's her NAME? You call her "Blind" Al?

DEADPOOL

Well, she's blind.

**EXT. THE VOID - HILLY TERRAIN - DAY**

Suddenly, an ungodly high-pitched growl cuts across the void. Deadpool and Wolvie, on high alert, turn towards the threat.

Cresting the hill, bathed in slow motion and silhouetted, bounds an animal. Smallish, maybe 10 to 20 pounds.

What comes into view is unexpected in every way. It's a dog. Wearing a Deadpool suit. But not just any dog:

The UGLIEST MOTHER-FUCKING DOG ON THE PLANET.

DOGPOOL!

Slow motion. Cue: *Chris De Burgh's song, "LADY IN RED".*

Close on Dogpool, tongue hanging out the side of its mouth. One of its eyes is milky white while the other wanders in no particular direction. What little fur it possesses sprouts disdainfully from its weird head.

Needless to say, Deadpool is SMITTEN instantly. Deadpool (also slow motion) drops to his knees, RIPS OFF HIS MASK. He extends his arms. Sincere musical swells are fucking everywhere. The dog continues charging towards Wade and leaps into his arms. She bathes Wade's face in a hideous cocktail of saliva from a cankerous tongue. The music climaxes as DOGPOOL and Wade kiss in ecstasy. We hard cut out to:

WADE

Oh my heavens! Look at you. She's coming with us.

WOLVERINE

No, she's not.

(CONTINUED)

WADE

Oh yes, she is.

WOLVERINE

Fuck no.

WADE

Oh yes--

Just then a voice is heard from just over the hill.

NICEPOOL (O.S.)

Sorry! Sorry 'bout that! Come here,  
girl.

Wade and Wolverine watch as a man crests the hill. He's immaculate. He wears a Deadpool suit with no mask. The suit looks like Yves Saint Laurent himself slummed it and designed a Marvel film. The man's about twenty-percent more muscular and after a pretty healthy session in Lola, looks like a younger RYAN REYNOLDS in his prime before his looks were ravaged by four children and ten side hustles. The man's a goddamn angel.

WADE

Who are you?

NICEPOOL

I'm Deadpool. And I guess you're Deadpool too? There's a few of us. But in here, everybody calls me Nicepool. Or Wendy. Oh my goodness, wait 'til you see LadyPool! She is gorgeous. She just had a baby too, and you can't even tell.

WADE

I don't think you're supposed to say that.

NICEPOOL

That's okay. I identify as a feminist.

WADE

Right.

(then)

You look like a Lamborghini.

NICEPOOL

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

WADE

And are those gold plated .50  
calibre Desert Eagle pistoleros?

NICEPOOL

Of course. To match my ear huggie.

WADE

Can I have them?

NICEPOOL

Ha! Over my dead body. You're fun.  
And I guess you've already met Mary  
Puppins. AKA: Dogpool. Careful  
where you put your hand, she's  
ninety percent g-spot, and she'll  
let you know it. You let this  
little flirt out of your sight for  
one second and she starts shopping  
for a new papa.

Dogpool rests comfortably in Wade's arms. While Wade  
converses, the dog intermittently licks the inside of his  
mouth. It's both horrifying and vaguely intimate. Everyone is  
uncomfortable. Especially the actor playing Wade.

WADE

If you can't be a responsible pet  
owner, then maybe you don't deserve  
this little unicorn.

NICEPOOL

Guilty! On all charges, your honor!  
(prayer hands)  
It shan't happen again.

WADE

Why are you so nice?

NICEPOOL

It costs nothing to be kind.

WOLVERINE

(to Wade)

Shutting the fuck up is also free.

NICEPOOL

Caliente.

WADE

This is Logan. He's usually  
shirtless but he's let himself go  
since the divorce.

(CONTINUED)

47 (CONTINUED) (3)

47

WADE (CONT'D)  
 (to Nicepool)  
 Where's your mask?

There's a looong pause as we go around the horn to Wade, then to Wolverine, to Dogpool, and finally back to Nicepool.

NICEPOOL  
 (re: his face)  
 Come on, guys.

WADE  
 Oh, this guy. We're looking for a group of survivors.

NICEPOOL  
 Oh. Yeah. There's a bunch of us. Offshoots, Variants, castaways. The void is a kooky, kooky place. Cassandra likes to feed us to Alioth. Scary.

\*  
\*  
\*

WOLVERINE  
 We need to find this group hiding out in the borderlands. You know where that is?

NICEPOOL  
 Yeah, that's twelve clicks due west. I can lend you my ride if you'd like. It would be my honor.

SMASH CUT TO:

48 **EXT. THE VOID - CORNFIELD - DAY**

48

REVEAL a beat-up 2011 HONDA ODYSSEY MINIVAN.

Deadpool (mask now back on) draws the hardline:

DEADPOOL  
 No. No, no, no. Absolutely not. Put the tarp back on.

\*  
\*

WOLVERINE  
 Just get in the car.

DEADPOOL  
 This isn't a car. This is a Honda fucking Odyssey. Throttle response sucks a cock. Dated infotainment system. When Honda saw that untreated chlamydia was making a comeback, they invented the Honda Odyssey to compete.



(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Every time I talked a customer out of one of these and into a Kia, well goddamn it, an angel got its wings.

WOLVERINE

You done?

DEADPOOL

Almost...yes.

WOLVERINE

Yeah?

DEADPOOL

I'm done.

WOLVERINE

Get. In the fucking. Car.

NICEPOOL

She'll getcha there safe and sound. Ol' Betsy always does.

Deadpool snuggles into Dogpool.

NICEPOOL (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to give me my dog back though...

DEADPOOL

I know. Listen... Yes. If you ever wanna give her up... Or if she needs a new home, or, if, I dunno...

(cryptic)

...something should happen to you... I'd love to be her papa.

NICEPOOL

What would ever happen to me?

Long beat. Deadpool just stares.

DEADPOOL

Lots of stuff.

It's awkward. Finally, Wolvie tries to grab the dog from Deadpool. Deadpool holds her back.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

No no.



(CONTINUED)

Wolverine manages to grab her by the scruff and toss her to Nicepool.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

The corn was too dense, girl. Fuck.

NICEPOOL

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hey. Loved meeting you!

(to Wolverine)

Especially you. Your rage chakras are throbbing.

49 INT. HONDA ODYSSEY - BORDERLANDS FOREST - DAY

49

Music Cue: Avril Lavigne's cover of "I'M WITH YOU".

Sexy glamour shots of the Honda Odyssey. Camera tracks from the wheels, around the grill, and rakes across Wolverine in the driver's seat with Deadpool riding shotgun. Deadpool's head is out the window feeling the wind - like Lemon in "Logan". \*

Deadpool is playing around in the car, shooting fake webs from his hands.

WOLVERINE

Stop it.

Wolverine turns off the radio.

DEADPOOL

I love that song.

WOLVERINE

(re: silence)

I love *this* song.

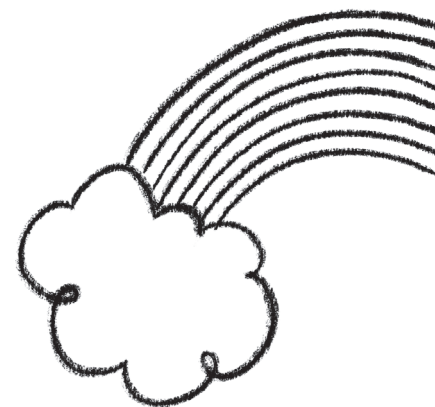
DEADPOOL

Been a while since somebody's had a drink, huh? Feelings can swim, you know. You can't drown them, no matter how hard you try.

WOLVERINE

You hold their head under long enough...they'll stop squirming.

Wolverine turns the radio back on. But Deadpool's enjoying the conversation. He turns it back off.



(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

Here's the thing. I get that you're trying to forget everything, but what's with the suit? The first thing I did when I flamed out...I took mine off.

WOLVERINE

Drop it.

DEADPOOL

It's not that ugly...

WOLVERINE

Stop talking about my suit.

DEADPOOL

Did you make it yourself? Been there.

Wolverine is getting seriously pissed off.

WOLVERINE

Quit. Now.

DEADPOOL

Did the X-Men make you wear it? Those sons of fucking bitches. They are not your friends, I'll tell you that. Friends don't let friends leave the house looking like they fight crime for the Los Angeles Rams.

WOLVERINE

Shut the fuck up about the suit.

DEADPOOL

Whoa, whoa, whoa, watch your frown lines, angel baby. I'm just trying to bond a little bit.

WOLVERINE

Then talk about something else.

DEADPOOL

FINE. If they can fix your world what's the first thing you're gonna do when you get out of here? Some rubbing alcohol shots, maybe a wiper fluid chaser?

(CONTINUED)

WOLVERINE

(dark)  
What'd you say?

DEADPOOL

I said when you get back, what's  
the first thing you're gonna do?

WOLVERINE

No, no, no. Before that.

DEADPOOL

(realizing he's in it now)  
...If...they can fix your world?

Wolverine JAMS THE BRAKES.

**EXT. WOODED ROAD - DAY**

THE ODYSSEY goes into a GNARLY spin. We finally skid to a  
HALT facing the wrong way. Wide shot. Long beat of the car.

**INT. HONDA ODYSSEY - DAY**

We're back inside the car. Shock. A passenger side airbag  
deploys beside Deadpool's head, firing him face-down into  
Wolvie's crotch.

Wolverine grabs his head and pulls him upright:

WOLVERINE

Whaddya mean, "if"?

DEADPOOL

I mean...

WOLVERINE

You lied to me. You don't have a  
fucking clue if they can help me  
fix things, do you?

DEADPOOL

No. I...I mean...

Wolverine stabs his claws into Deadpool's thigh.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

OWWWWW. Fuck!? FUCK. I DIDN'T LIE!

WOLVERINE

YOU LIED.

DEADPOOL

No, I made an *educated wish!*  
Because I need you!

Deadpool whips out something from his pouch, shows it to Wolverine. It's the photo from his birthday party cake, a picture of all his Fox-world friends. He's kept it.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

This. This is why. Right here.  
Because if we don't do something,  
they die. I don't know anything  
about saving worlds. Why would I  
even care because MY entire world  
is right here in this picture. It's  
only nine people *and I have no idea  
how to save it alone.* I know how to  
fuck people up for money. But you.  
YOU know how to save 'em. At least  
the *other* Wolverine did. I guess  
I'm stuck with the worst one.

WOLVERINE

Did you say you made an EDUCATED.  
FUCKING. WISH?!

DEADPOOL

They call me the Merc With The  
Mouth. They don't call me,  
"Truthful Timmy, the blowjob queen  
of Saskatoon."

Wolvie stares at Deadpool. Pulls his claw out of Deadpool's thigh and raises his fist. Scary. The words barely find their way through his rage and gritted teeth.

WOLVERINE

One more word. Please, give me one.

DEADPOOL

(considers)  
Gubernatorial.

Wolverine almost lunges at Deadpool. Almost. But he stops. Suddenly revels in the chance to be even more hurtful.

WOLVERINE

You know what? You are a fucking  
JOKE. No wonder the Avengers didn't  
take you. Or the X-Men-- and  
they'll take fucking anyone. I  
mean, you are a ridiculous,  
immature, half-wit moron.

(CONTINUED)

51 (CONTINUED) (2)

51

## WOLVERINE (CONT'D)

I have never met a sadder, more attention-starved, jabbering little prick in my entire life and that says a lot because I've been alive for more than TWO HUNDRED FUCKING YEARS. And I'll tell ya, that bald chick was right about one thing... You will never save the world. You couldn't even save a relationship with a GODDAMN STRIPPER. And motherfucker, I WISH I could say you'd die alone-- but it's one of god's best jokes that you *can't* die. Except it's on all of us!

\*

Deadpool is stunned. He looks hurt. REALLY hurt. Even Wolverine conveys a flicker of regret, but instead doubles down:

## WOLVERINE (CONT'D)

You got nuthin' to say, MOUTH?!

An aching long beat. Then:

## DEADPOOL

(quietly)

I'm going to fight you now.

## WOLVERINE

Oh.... ARE you--



BAM. Deadpool's fist bounces off Wolverine's face. Wolvie's face registers surprise. Then...RAGE.

## WOLVERINE (CONT'D)

You're not talking now, are ya?

And folks: IT IS ON! The mother of all knife-fights in a phone booth. Except the phone booth is a mini-van.

52 **EXT. WOODED ROAD - DAY**

52

The exterior of the minivan, in profile, via locked off camera.

CLOSE ON: The vehicle rocks with the violence inside. A bumper sticker affixed to the Odyssey's ass-end:

\*

Suddenly, SMASH! Wolverine launches out the front window. He picks himself up...

\*

...WOLVERINE DIVES BACK THROUGH the window. CRASH!

More rocking, pitching, smashing.

53

**INT. HONDA ODYSSEY - DAY**

53

Relentless violence. Wolverine slams his CLAWS into Deadpool's chest below his STERNUM.

Wolverine starts rotating his FIST back and forth, CRACKING and POPPING Deadpool's RIBS.

Deadpool produces his KNIFE and goes to work on Wolverine, then pulls out the small PUSH-DAGGERS from his chest holsters and jackhammers Wolverine with them about six times before Wolvie knows he's even been stabbed.

Wolvie breaks Deadpool's arm.

DEADPOOL

No, no, no, AHHH! SON OF A--

The jaw-dropping symphony of carnage continues as every inch and accessory of the minivan gets deployed. Deadpool uses a SEATBELT to choke Wolvie. \*

DEADPOOL (CONT'D) \*

Is it Gubernatorial? \*

Deadpool stabs Wolverine in the leg.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Baby knife.

Wolverine fights back.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D) \*

I take it all back. The Honda  
Odyssey fucks hard. Too bad you  
don't, needle dick. \*

WOLVERINE

Oh we're just getting started, bub.

Wolverine slams the claws on both hands into each side of Deadpool's head at the ears. The claws erupt from either side of Deadpool's head. As he starts to lose consciousness, Deadpool retrieves his knife and goes back to work.

54

**EXT. HONDA ODYSSEY - DAY**

54

The Odyssey continues to rock and shake.

A TIME LAPSE SHOWS THE PASSAGE OF DAY TO NIGHT TO BACK AGAIN.

When normal speed resumes, the van's movements have lessened. The rocks become smaller shudders... then comically DIE DOWN to just a little tiny squeaking/groaning.

(CONTINUED)

54 (CONTINUED) 54

At last the van grows STILL.

A beat.

Then it starts to barely rock/squeak a bit more.

Then grows STILL again.

A VAN DOOR FALLS RIGHT OFF.

55 **OMITTED (FORMERLY INT. HONDA ODYSSEY)** 55

56 **EXT. HONDA ODYSSEY - DAY** 56

We pull back to reveal a pair of BOOTS. Someone's been watching this whole scene play out.

57 **INT. HONDA ODYSSEY - DAY** 57

BACK ON: a now-unconscious Wolverine and Deadpool.

Offscreen, we hear the Odyssey's engine start.

58 **EXT. HERO HIDEOUT - DAY** 58

The battered MINIVAN is parked outside a semi-concealed bunker in the woods.

59 **INT. HERO HIDEOUT - DAY** 59

Deadpool wakes up in the GIANT HULK BED FROM THOR: RAGNAROK. He spies Wolvie, looking out the window, HALF EMPTY BOTTLE OF JIM BEAM in his hand. Glass-eyed.

DEADPOOL  
Where are we?

WOLVERINE  
No clue.  
(re: bottle)  
But I like it here.

The two hear noise in the next room... Deadpool turns, in a flash he's on his feet reaching for his swords-- Before he can draw, his knee is kicked in by the blur of a black boot. THE BLADE OF A SAI instantly at his neck.

LOW HEROIC ANGLE REVEALING: **ELEVEN**.

DEADPOOL  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.

From behind her, out steps a man: grey-streaked hair, apocalyptic but unmistakably, **BILLY**.

(CONTINUED)

A moment later, a MAN saunters in shuffling a deck of cards. He is... sex on legs. He is... GATSBY.

Billy points his sword at Wolvie.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

(stands, pretends to know)

Okay! Look at you! All. You must be the others. Terrific! So... just to... refresh... You are... Wwwwonder Wom--

ELEVEN

Eleven.

DEADPOOL

Eleven! Yes! Who could forget! And you: I was not expecting to see you here. I thought you were, you know...

(mumbles)

Retired.

Billy glares at him intensely through his dark sunglasses.

BILLY

Retarded?

DEADPOOL

RETIRED. I'm already in the void. I'm not trying to get canceled again.

BILLY

(gets up in DP's face)

I don't like you.

DEADPOOL

You never did.

Deadpool is a little terrified of Billy.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

(eyes Gatsby)

And who's this succulent reminder of my own inadequacies? Look at you! You look like the superhero version of Hawkeye.

GATSBY

(barely understandable  
cajun accent)

Dey name's F. Scott Fitzgerald but you canna call me da Gatsby.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL  
 (awkward beat)  
 It's been a while since I've seen  
 Sling Blade. Hit me again?

GATSBY  
 Dey calla me da Gatsby.

DEADPOOL  
 (suspicious)  
 Do they? You sure you didn't just  
 really, *really* want them to, but it  
 never quite worked out?

Gatsby charges and FLICKS A CARD. It nearly takes off  
 Deadpool's HEAD, and SLICES THROUGH WOLVERINE'S BOTTLE OF  
 BOOZE. Cutting it in half, perfectly, before exploding  
against the wall. A shit-faced Wolvie barely acknowledges,  
 reaching for another bottle nearby.

GATSBY  
 (to Wolverine)  
 You know we never had a Wolverine  
 up in here. But I can tell you now  
 it's just a common courtesy to ask  
 'fore you drink up all of my  
 liquor.

WOLVERINE  
 Good thing I don't give a fuck.

Gambit throws a card in Wolverine's direction. It breaks the  
 bottle.

WOLVERINE (CONT'D)  
 Fuck.

DEADPOOL  
 So embarrassing.

Wolverine grabs another bottle.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)  
 Now that that's settled. We came a  
 long way to find you three.

ELEVEN  
 There's four of us.

DEADPOOL  
 There's four? Wait, is it Magneto??  
 Dear sweet god in heaven let it be  
 Magneto because with HIM--

BILLY

He's dead.

DEADPOOL

FUCK! What we can't even afford one more X-Man? Disney is so cheap. I can barely breathe with all this Mickey Mouse cock in my throat.

GATSBY

You nasty. Laissez le bon temps rouler.

DEADPOOL

Not a single word. What do you do exactly?

GATSBY

I charge the playing cards, make 'em go BOOM.

DEADPOOL

Your power is close up magic? That's good. We're not totally fucked at all.

(to Eleven, re: hideout)

How'd we get here?

\*  
\*

LEMON (O.S.)

That would be me.

REVEAL: **THE LEMON**. Standing in the doorway.

LEMON (CONT'D)

Don't make me regret it.

Lemon stares at Logan with feeling. She's seeing a living ghost. Logan stares back at Lemon without recognition. Deadpool is a different story.

DEADPOOL

HOLY SHIT. Logan, that's her. That's Lemon. She's the one I told you about! How'd you all get stuck in the Void?

BILLY

There was a knock at the door. TVA sent me here.

ELEVEN

Me too.

(CONTINUED)

GATSBY

Maybe I was born here. Hard to know fo' sho'.

BILLY

TVA decided our universes were dying. And I never even got a chance to fight for them.

ELEVEN

People like us don't go quietly. TVA knows that, so they took us out.

DEADPOOL

The answer is yes. I'm in.

BILLY

In what?

DEADPOOL

A team. Me, you, you, and me. All of us together. Let's get the fuck outta this place.

WOLVERINE

Don't listen to him, he's a fucking liar.

DEADPOOL

(to Wolvie)

IT WAS AN EDUCATED WISH!

(to the heroes)

Look, we've been inside Cassandra's lair. The only way outta the Void is *through her*. She can get us home. She told us.

\*

Billy leans in close. Terrifying.

BILLY

Wait. You been inside? And you made it out alive?

ELEVEN

Bullshit. Nobody's ever done that.

DEADPOOL

We did.

GATSBY

Every timma one of us has gone against her they die. The Punisha. Quicksilver. Da Daredevil.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL  
(to Eleven)  
Daredevil. I'm so sorry.

ELEVEN  
( 'Trust me' )  
It's fine.

DEADPOOL  
Okay.

GATSBY  
Even our sweet baby angel Jonathan  
Byers. He up and gone missin' not  
but two days ago.

Enormous pause. Deadpool slow burns a look to Wolverine who just stares vacantly at his beloved bottle.

DEADPOOL  
Ugh that's so sad. Wherever this  
Johnny fellow is, I'm sure he's  
thriving.

Then:

DEADPOOL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Look, there's strength in numbers,  
alright. Us plus you guys, we can  
put Cassandra over our knee and  
*force her* to let us go! I know what  
it means to feel self-doubt...

ELEVEN  
I don't feel that at all.

BILLY  
I'm good.

DEADPOOL  
...gnawing at your gut like a coked-  
up tapeworm...

GATSBY  
Is'like you're holdin' a mirror up  
to mah soul.

DEADPOOL  
You guys might not have been able  
to save your universes, but you can  
avenge them. It's what Jonathan  
would have wanted.

(CONTINUED)

ELEVEN

Wait. You *knew* Jonathan?

A wobbly Wolverine pipes in.

WOLVERINE

Yeah. Dickhead here talked him into a team up and Jonathan came down with a little case of the 'deads.'

DEADPOOL

No, no, no. We don't know that. He may have survived.

WOLVERINE

If he survived that, he is praying for death.

DEADPOOL

Well thank you, DOCTOR Wolverine.

BILLY

(to Deadpool)

Spill it.

GATSBY

Whatta you do to Jonathan, uh? Talk or I'm'a start dealin'.

Gatsby shuffles... Menacingly? Deadpool spills like a trauma survivor:

DEADPOOL

Okay, hey hey hey. Look, he ran his fat ass mouth around Cassandra... And she zip zapped his skin, leaving his organs to splash crudely onto the ground while the soil greedily drank his blood-- It was horrible. He was like a brother to me. Look, he died before he could make a difference! Maybe you couldn't save your worlds. But *jesus christ* you could save mine!

\*

ELEVEN

(to Billy)

I don't give a shit about your world, but if these two made it out of there alive, maybe together we can get back *in*.

(CONTINUED)

GATSBY

Where I come from, we call that suicide.

DEADPOOL

If we can block her psychic powers, we can get a leg up. I know it. Now I know Magneto's dead, but I'd venture to guess that his helmet is lying around here somewhere.

BILLY

Cassandra melted the helmet.

DEADPOOL

FUCK.

BILLY

After she killed him.

DEADPOOL

FUCK!

\*

BILLY

She don't play.

ELEVEN

She knows that helmet was the only way to protect anyone from her powers. The only other helmet that strong is Juggernaut's. But he works for Cassandra.

DEADPOOL

Juggernaut's helmet. That's it.

GATSBY

An' we done be knowing that lid ain't comin' off 'thout the dome gon' come wit' it.

DEADPOOL

I'm so sorry, Beautiful. I want this to be gentle. Who is your dialect coach? *The Minions*? I feel like we are missing critical exposition here.

A beat. A plan starting to form. Eleven and Billy share a look. Lemon and Gatsby too.

ELEVEN

I'm sick of this. I'm sick of this shit. I'm sick of hiding.

(CONTINUED)

ELEVEN (CONT'D)

Let's face it, our worlds forgot  
about us.

GATSBY

(quick add)

Or never learned about us.

ELEVEN

The heroes we were.

BILLY

Lives we saved.

GATSBY

(another quick add)

Or wanted to save.

ELEVEN

Maybe these two are our chance. To  
be remembered. *The way we deserve.*

DEADPOOL

Yes.

ELEVEN

An *ENDING*.

A beat.

BILLY

A legacy.

DEADPOOL

Yes, yes! Let this man cook. This  
is what I'm talking about. *Big slow  
motion fight, sad music, everybody  
working together, who knows if you  
lived or died...* That sorta thing.

(then)

Who's ready?

Billy SMILES for the first time.

BILLY

I was born ready.

DEADPOOL

YES. Gatsby?

GATSBY

I ain't know my daddy, but I'm sure  
I shot out of his dick ready.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

Jesus christ that is graphic.

GATSBY

Yeah, he was layin them buttery  
nuts all up in m'mama and I shot  
out there and I said 'what's up  
doc?'

DEADPOOL

Jonathan must have loved you.

(then)

Lemon, what's it gonna be?

\*

\*

LEMON

The name's Lemon. Let's fucking go.

Momentum building...

DEADPOOL

Let's fucking go.

BILLY

It's on like chicken and corn.

DEADPOOL

Yeah.

ELEVEN

We're doing this.

WOLVERINE

You're all fucking dead.

DEADPOOL

My GOD! *Read the room!*

Wolvie heads for the door. Grabs a fresh bottle on his way.  
To Gatsby, raising his bottle.

WOLVERINE

Wow, look at all these winners.

(to Gatsby)

Thanks for the splash.

Wolverine exits. Lemon watches him go.

\*

Later now. Wolverine sits alone by a fire in the woods  
adjacent to the bunker, drunk off his ass...

The sound of footsteps crunching on earth as we ANGLE ON:

(CONTINUED)

Lemon. She's come looking for him.

LOGAN

Not looking for company. Get out of here.

Lemon sits down across the fire anyway.

LEMON

You remind me of him. Angry, drunk, mean.

LOGAN

Sounds like a great guy.

Wolverine takes another MASSIVE PULL off his BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

LEMON

I wasn't finished...you showed up when it mattered the most. Couldn't help it.

(beat)

You might not know it, but you're a good man, Logan.

LOGAN

(chuckles, rueful)

You might not know it, but apparently I'm the *worst* Logan.

LEMON

I got to have a life *because of you*. I got to grow up because of you. A lot of kids did.

Logan scowls.

LOGAN

A lot of kids *didn't* grow up because of me.

\*

\*

That hangs there. What is h e talking about?

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Trust me, kid, I'm no hero.

LEMON

That suit says different.

Logan looks at his suit, as if noticing it for the first time. Laughs softly, empty.

(CONTINUED)

LOGAN

Ya like it? Scott used to *beg* me to wear it. So'd Jean, Storm, Beast... All of them. Wanted me to be part of the team. I wouldn't. Told them they all looked fucking ridiculous. I couldn't have 'em thinking I wanted to be there.

(beat)

Then one day, while I was off on my own...*the humans came*. Went mutant-hunting.

LEMON

I can guess the rest.

LOGAN

No, no, let me say it. I need to say it.

(a breath, then)

By the time I stumbled home shit-faced from the bar, it was too late. They were dead. Every...

Logan stares at the fire. Holding back some unseen torrent.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

This suit's all I got to remind me of who they were. And what I did. For years I wouldn't put it on and now I'll never take it off.

LEMON

We're headed to Cassandra's at sunup.

LOGAN

Have fun. It's not my fight.

LEMON

We can't pull this off without you.

Lemon gets up.

LOGAN

Hey, whoever you think I am, you've got the wrong guy.

LEMON

You were always the wrong guy.

Logan takes one last swig from his bottle.

62 OMITTED (FORMERLY INT. TVA - CORRIDOR/ELEVATOR) 62  
 63 INT. TVA - ASSESSMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 63

Mr. Paradox steps inside and answers his comms device, clearly annoyed.

MR. PARADOX

What?

It's PYRO, rooting around in the Diner that Wolverine and Deadpool ate in. INTERCUT as needed:

PYRO

Alioth didn't get them. Cassandra wanted to play with them herself first and they got away.

Mr. Paradox looks genuinely concerned.

MR. PARADOX

Did they find the others?

PYRO

No.

MR. PARADOX

Good. Alright.

PYRO

The others found them.

MR. PARADOX

Oh, very cute. Well done, Pyro. Classic bait and switch. You really got me there.

PYRO

Relax. If they come after Nova, she'll handle it.

MR. PARADOX

Cassandra is a lunatic wildcard. Why do you think we put her there in the first place? Thank god she's never chosen to leave the void. The time ripper is hours away from completion. I cannot take any chances!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PYRO

Maybe not, but *I can. For a price.*

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

63

MR. PARADOX  
 (scrunches up nose)  
 Why do you have to say it in that  
 silly voice? It's so icky.

PYRO  
 Do you want it done or not?

MR. PARADOX  
 Alright, your price. Take her out.

Mr. Paradox hangs up.

MR. PARADOX (CONT'D)  
 Ugh, mutants.

64 **EXT. THE VOID - DESERT WASTELANDS - MORNING**

64

CUE the most ASS-KICKING PUMP-UP SONG ON THIS SIDE OF DMX.  
 Crane down to...

65 **INT. HONDA ODYSSEY - MORNING**

65

Rolling through the wasteland: the beat-up ODYSSEY.

ELEVEN, in the driver's seat, one hand draped confidently  
 over the steering wheel.

DEADPOOL, riding passenger, checking himself out in the visor  
 mirror.

LEMON, looking gorgeous and destructive at one open rear  
 window, wind tousling her hair.

GATSBY, SHUFFLING and RESHUFFLING cards.

BILLY, the baddest-ass sonofabitch ever to ride bitch.

\*

CONSPICUOUSLY ABSENT is WOLVERINE.

66 **EXT. THE VOID - VARIOUS - DAY**

66

Epic wide shots of the battered-to-shit Odyssey making its  
 odyssey (yeah, we WENT THERE) across the void...

...all the way to CASSANDRA NOVA'S HEADQUARTERS.

67 **I/E. CASSANDRA'S LAIR EYE SOCKET - DAY**

67

From her elevated vantage point in the EYE SOCKET of the  
 GIANT SKULL, Cassandra Nova watches a PLUME of DUST  
 approaching her STRONGHOLD.

68

**EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - DAY**

68

CASSANDRA'S HENCHMEN look up from their tasks, spotting the DUST CLOUD of an approaching minivan.

JUGGERNAUT  
CLOSE THE GATES!

Blob tries to hustle his immense girth to the wheel that closes the skeleton's hands. He starts to TURN it.

69

**INT. HONDA ODYSSEY - DAY**

69

Back with our heroes.

GATSBY  
Look at that there. Dem biggum hands come closed ain't a gonna gettin' one up in there.

DEADPOOL  
I think what the ragin' cajun is trying to say is it's not going to be easy to get Juggernaut's helmet. He also says he has a doctorate in cunnilingus. And you know what? I believe him.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Billy lifts himself out the SUNROOF.

BILLY  
Gun.

Gatsby passes Billy PUNISHER'S GUN.

DEADPOOL  
Where'd he get that little beauty?

ELEVEN  
That's Punisher's AT4.

From ABOVE, we see Billy, his head out the SUNROOF, wielding PUNISHER'S BIG FUCKING GUN.

DEADPOOL  
Which Punisher? There's been like, five of them.

BILLY  
(from up top)  
There's only been one *Billy*.  
There's only ever gonna BE one Billy.

69 (CONTINUED)

69

Deadpool gives a knowing look to the camera.

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Billy fires until there are no more BULLETS OR GRENADES. The doors blast wide open.

JUGGERNAUT

Incoming!

70 **EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - DAY**

70

The van SLAMS through the remains of the skeletal, now flaming, gloved hands of the gate.

71 **INT. CASSANDRA'S LAIR EYE SOCKET - DAY**

71

HIGH ABOVE, Cassandra watches from the SKULL'S EYE SOCKET.

72 **EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - DAY**

72

The van's SIDE DOORS SLIDE OPEN. In SLO-MO, our heroes GET OUT and assume a WEDGE FORMATION in front of the VAN.

LEMON. ELEVEN. BILLY. GATSBY.

And taking his place at the point of the spear... DEADPOOL.

Then, just when we think shit can't get cooler, the TRUNK of the MINIVAN opens, slowly, automatically, the way those things do.

A set of fingers wrap around the rearmost pillar, revealing:

...ADAMANTIUM CLAWS.

Out of the back of the minivan steps...

...WOLVERINE. Ready for fucking hell.

BILLY

Oh, this is going to be good.

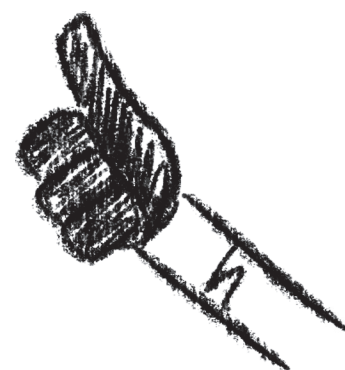
GATSBY

You know how long I been waiting for this? Woo, I'm bouta make a name for myself here.

Cassandra's henchmen leave their posts. It's a murderer's row of VARIANTS:

JUGGERNAUT, TOAD, BULLSEYE, LADY DEATHSTRIKE, AZAZEL, QUILL, ARCLIGHT, CALLISTO, NICK FURY, THE RUSSIAN, PSYLOCKE, and various NDs.

(CONTINUED)



And they are standing between our heroes and the GIANT SKULL...or more specifically the entrance to Cassandra's BASE OF OPERATIONS.

WOLVERINE

I don't think you guys walk away from this.

GATSBY

You just make sure people know what happened here today. And when you get out of here, you have a drink for me, yeah?

BILLY

You just stay on our six and get inside. We'll make sure you get the package.

ELEVEN

And we'll get our ending. \*

Eleven, Billy, and Gatsby TEAR into Cassandra's troops... \*

Gatsby throws cards, clearing a path. \*

GATSBY

And boom. \*

BILLY

Some motherfuckers still trying to ice skate uphill. Pony up. One last ride. \*

The four heroes MOW through the formidable foes, making a path for Deadpool and Wolverine to make their way to the fortress. \*

**E/I. CASSANDRA'S INNER SANCTUM - DAY**

Deadpool and Wolverine enter the hollowed out BRAIN CAVITY of the GIANT SKULL. It's spartan - think... the interior of a skull.

Cassandra sits on a throne in the center of the room.

CASSANDRA NOVA

You two escaping I could live with. But coming *back*? Willingly? Boys are so silly.

DEADPOOL

I just need to get home.

CASSANDRA NOVA

Well, that's not on the menu, I'm afraid. It's death or enslavement. A la carte, of course. Upsy-daisy!

\*

Cassandra flicks her hand and smashes Deadpool off every side of the skull and the steel trusses holding it up.

\*

She turns to Wolverine.

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)

Finally. It's nice to give someone else a chance to talk.

WOLVERINE

Not my strong suit.

Cassandra forces Wolverine's claws into the ground.

**EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - DAY**

Absolute MAYHEM has erupted in the ARENA. BILLY, ELEVEN, GATSBY, and LEMON are a virtual CUISINART of stakes, sai blades, playing cards, and claws.

Lemon betrays the smallest hint of a Mona Lisa smile. It's almost like she WANTS THIS. Juggernaut points his beefy finger right at Lemon.

And with that, Juggernaut and Lemon charge right at each other!

Meanwhile, BILLY cuts off TOAD'S TONGUE and STRANGLES him with it before plunging a KNIFE right into the villain's skull.

GATSBY's playing cards are way, way deadlier than we might have given credit.

JUGGERNAUT charges right at Lemon, but Lemon is too fast, too vicious. She slides low, ducking his arm and taking out Juggernaut's achilles. He falls to one knee, struggling to stand. He manages to turn around but she's GONE. Out of nowhere, she's now behind him. Slashes the other Achilles. Juggs is on both knees. Excruciating pain. She slides to a stop.

LEMON

Adios, Pendejo.

Like a god damn vision, she hunkers down and heads straight for Juggs one last time. Blades out. She launches herself into the air... AND WE:

74 (CONTINUED)

74

Gatsby launches at another henchman.

GATSBY

You shouldn't have done that.

Gatsby stabs the henchman.

75 **INT. CASSANDRA'S INNER SANCTUM - DAY**

75

Deadpool lies in a heap, knocked out cold from the bashing he's just taken. Cassandra now turns her attention towards Wolverine.

CASSANDRA NOVA

You are an interesting one, aren't you? I do feel like you get lost behind all of his--

(makes yapping motion)

Deadpools are a dime a dozen here in the Void, but you...

Wolverine pops his claws and lunges! He throws clawed-haymakers at Cassandra, but she dodges them with subtle but freakish agility, weaves through his strikes and latches her hand onto the back of his head. Instantly, Wolverine is forced down onto his knees in a supplicant pose, his claws plunged down into the ground, trapped. Cassandra crouches down next to him, her face inches from his.

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)

(re: his head)

What's going on in here?

\*

Then she PLUNGES her fingers deeper into Wolverine's mind. Her eyes roll back in her head.

76 **EXT. LOGAN'S MINDSCAPE - DAWN**

76

Cassandra and Logan stand in a gorgeous, ethereal place.

CASSANDRA NOVA

Interesting. Not what I expected. Back here behind the anger.

Cassandra walks alongside him.

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)

You're hiding... From them. From all the ones you let down.

Wolverine falls to his knees.

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)

So much pain.

\*

(CONTINUED)

WOLVERINE

I walked away. They called after  
me... and I walked away. I always  
do.

Cassandra studies him.

CASSANDRA NOVA

I know. That's not all you did, is  
it?

The screams of children give way to the SHRIEKS of DYING MEN.  
THE SOLDIERS.

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)

(sympathetic)

You found them. The X-Men.

WOLVERINE

Dead. Piled like wood.

CASSANDRA NOVA

What did you do?

WOLVERINE

I started killing. And I couldn't  
stop. I didn't want to stop.

CASSANDRA NOVA

All those bad men.

Wolverine is consumed by guilt. He's never said this out  
loud.

WOLVERINE

Not just the bad ones.

Cassandra is so impressed.

CASSANDRA NOVA

My little animal.

WOLVERINE

I did things you can't forget. And  
I turned the whole world against  
the X-Men.

CASSANDRA NOVA

You killed Xavier's dream.

Wolverine nods. Disarmed. A kind of serenity flows through  
him. One we haven't seen.

77 **OMITTED(FORMERLY INT. CASSANDRA'S INNER SANCTUM)** 77

78 **EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - CONTINUOUS** 78

We are tracking with Lemon, wearing her backpack, as she races through the fight-pit, charging through a path cleared by Eleven, Billy, and Gatsby who continue to absolutely fucking decimate their foes.

Lemon LEAPS from the blood-stained ground UP TO THE FACE OF THE GIANT SKULL, which she proceeds to run at an impossibly fast speed, her claws and foot-claws like crampons, as she scales the face of the giant skeleton towards the eye socket.

Just as Lemon reaches the eye socket she is YANKED OFF the face of the skull by PSYLOCKE'S WHIP!

Down on the ground below, Psylocke YANKS HARD, pulling Lemon off the skeletal face.

WITH LEMON IN SLO-MO:

WITH PSYLOCKE'S WHIP WRAPPED AROUND HER WAIST, Lemon flings her backpack into the eye-socket as she gets ripped off the skull and pulled violently back down into the pit.

The backpack BARELY makes it inside, vanishing as it enters the eye socket.

79 **INT. CASSANDRA'S INNER SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS** 79

DEADPOOL'S POV: SLO-MO. The silhouette of the backpack arcs up and through the eye socket. Rolling to a stop.

80 **EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - CONTINUOUS** 80

Still in SLO-MO, Lemon falls back towards the earth. With laser-focus SHE TURNS IN MID-AIR and locks in on Psylocke down below, still holding the other end of the whip.

Psylocke meets Lemon's gaze, *seeing her own imminent doom.*

Lemon lands HARD on the earth below, KILLING Psylocke before she even knows what hit her.

81 **EXT. LOGAN'S MINDSCAPE - DAWN** 81

Wolverine's voice breaks. Sobs. \*

Cut back to the MINDSCAPE. Cassandra is crouched next to Wolverine. \*

(CONTINUED)

81 (CONTINUED)

81

Wolverine hangs his head in anguish and shame. Cassandra looks at him sympathetically.

CASSANDRA NOVA

You can't go back there. To that judgement. \*

WOLVERINE \*

Just once I want to be the man that Charles thought I was. \*

CASSANDRA NOVA \*

Logan. In the void, you can be what you are. \*

WOLVERINE

I just wanna be free.

CASSANDRA NOVA

I can set you free. I can silence all those voices... \*

The voices fall silent. Wolverine looks relieved.

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)

I've got you.  
(strokes his head)  
I've got you. \*

Wolverine looks up.

WOLVERINE

No.  
(the tiniest twinkle in his eye)  
I got you.

Cassandra doesn't understand. Suddenly, the sky darkens and she looks up. It's as if someone is putting a lid on the sky.

82 **OMITTED (FORMERLY INT. CASSANDRA'S INNER SANCTUM)**

82

83 **EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - CONTINUOUS**

83

We track fast along the blood-soaked ground, arriving at Juggernaut. Still upright on his knees. Decapitated. GLORIOUSLY DEAD.

84 **INT. CASSANDRA'S INNER SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS**

84

Cassandra SCREAMS. The HELMET BULGES WITH STRAIN. It takes all of Deadpool's strength to hold it on her head.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA NOVA

Get it off!

Wolverine stands, triumphantly, claws popped.

DEADPOOL

Can't do that. You made Mr. Stabbins angry. You're going to send us home, or I'm going to twist your fucking head off-- why are you laughing?

*Indeed, Cassandra has started laughing.*

CASSANDRA NOVA

I can't send you home unless you get this thing off my head. And as soon as you do *that*, I'm going to boil your brains on an atomic level whilst flicking my bean to the Enya box set. \*

DEADPOOL

There's an Enya box set?

Wolverine and Deadpool shoot each other a look. *Shit.*

CASSANDRA NOVA

Either you kill me or I kill you. Both wonderful options.

85 **OMITTED (FORMERLY EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA)**

85

86 **INT. CASSANDRA'S INNER SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS**

86

DEADPOOL and WOLVERINE decide CASSANDRA's fate. No matter which way they look at it, it's lose-lose.

Deadpool looks hopelessly at Wolverine. *It's over.*

Wolverine looks down at his claws. Sadness overtakes him.

DEADPOOL

You want me to do it?

WOLVERINE

No. I'll do it.

DEADPOOL

I have her neck right here. It's really no problem. \*

\*  
\*

WOLVERINE

You'll screw it up.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

Oh come on, Mr. PG-13-Except-For-The-Last-One?

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Cassandra's body is wracked by BULLETS.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

\*  
\*

PYRO reveals himself, gun in hand, barrel smoking.

He lets the gun fall from his hands...

Cassandra gasps for air, blood flying from her mouth.

PYRO

(strutting toward the  
fallen Cassandra)

Oh. You have no idea what it's  
like. Day after day, 'Shovel the  
shit', 'fetch the meats'. I've  
spent my entire existence--

Deadpool punches the fucking SHIT out of him, dropping him to  
the deck.

WOLVERINE

Not everyone gets a speech.  
(then)  
Fuck. She's going to die.

DEADPOOL

(to Cassandra)

Okay, if I take this helmet off. Do  
you promise you won't kill us?

WOLVERINE

Fuck.

CASSANDRA NOVA

(laughing)

I promise I will kill you first  
thing.

DEADPOOL

WHY ARE YOU LIKE THIS?!

CASSANDRA NOVA

I wish I knew.

WOLVERINE

Take it off.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

What?

Deadpool just looks at Wolverine, shocked.

WOLVERINE

Take it off!

DEADPOOL

Why? This is our only chance to fix our shit.

Wolverine gets serious.

WOLVERINE

TAKE IT OFF. I'm wearing the suit, and that means a lot of things, but most of all it means I'm an X-Man. I am *the* X-Man. And I know your brother. As much as I want to fucking kill you with every bone in my body. I want to fucking kill you. He would not let me stand here and watch you die.

(beat)

Take your hands off.

Cassandra is shocked...because she *felt that*.

WOLVERINE (CONT'D)

This is for Charles.

Wolverine removes the JUGGERNAUT HELMET.

Cassandra's wounds instantly SNAP shut. Cassandra lifts her arm in Deadpool's direction.

DEADPOOL

No, no, no. Don't you dare do me like Johnny.

Cassandra keeps her distance. \*

DEADPOOL (CONT'D) \*

Please, just send us home. \*

**EXT. GIANT SKELETAL ARENA - CONTINUOUS**

The LEGACY HEROES battle the remaining swarm.

**E/I. CASSANDRA'S LAIR EYE SOCKET - CONTINUOUS**

Cassandra walks to the eye socket.

(CONTINUED)

CASSANDRA NOVA  
 (smiling deviously)  
 You want to hear something *crazy*?

Cassandra reaches into her trench-coat pocket and pulls out DR. STRANGE'S RING.

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)  
 An amateur magician rolled through here awhile back. I killed him of course. Wore his skin around for four days. But I found this little trinket on his lovely fingers.

\*

DEADPOOL  
 Strange.

Cassandra gestures out the eye socket, creating a glowing circle in the air outside.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)  
 (breathless)  
 Oh. Marvel sparkle circle.

WOLVERINE  
 What is that?

CASSANDRA NOVA  
 This is your way home. I do owe you for saving my life.

She makes a sound, like a master calling their pet. The ground trembles and the sky darkens as ALIOTH appears on the horizon, SPEEDING TOWARDS Cassandra's compound.

Cassandra steps down from the edge of the eye socket, turns to Deadpool and Wolverine.

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)  
 But let's keep things interesting.  
 I'd say you have about four seconds before you're food.

A beat.

DEADPOOL  
 (to Wolverine)  
 Race ya.

Deadpool and Wolverine take off towards the eye socket as we SPEED RAMP TO SLOW-MOTION.

INTERCUT with our legacy heroes fighting the horde down below:

(CONTINUED)

Big slow motion fight, sad music, everyone working together, who knows whether they'll live or die.

Alioth closes fast, almost to the skull now. Deadpool and Wolverine LEAP towards the socket, just as Alioth arrives. This is the end. Down below, our forgotten heroes battle on, relentless.

In profile we see our heroes LEAP OUT from the skull at the same instant that Alioth meets them, the Marvel Sparkle Circle between them in the air.

As Alioth hurtles through, the air finally clears, REVEALING NOTHING BUT THE CIRCLE LEFT BEHIND. Whether Deadpool and Wolverine lived or died, we don't yet know.

**EXT. DRIVEMAX - DAY**

PETER hands THE CHIPMANS the keys to the KIA CARNIVAL he's just sold them.

PETER

I'm glad you gave us a second chance. And don't worry. Wade and I are a *team*, so I'll see he gets half the commission.

CRASH! Wolverine and Deadpool crash down from the sky into the roof of the CARNIVAL. A beat. Peter holds the keys, his smile frozen.

DEADPOOL

Ow, that feels like a Kia. It's a fucking Kia Carnival, isn't it?

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD

HOLY SHIT! That's Deadpool.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD

That's Wolverine. \*

Deadpool pops up quickly.

DEADPOOL \*

You're damn straight it is. Fox killed him. Disney brought him back! They're going to make him do this until he's ninety. \*

Wolverine peels himself out of the wreckage.

Peter stares at Wolverine in awe.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

This is my friend Peter. Show him,  
Sugarbear.

Peter flashes his Prince William piercing and salutes The  
Wolverine.

WOLVERINE

Oh...

PETER

You like that?

DEADPOOL

It's nice, right?

A nod from Wolvie who turns to Deadpool.

WOLVERINE

We doing this?

DEADPOOL

Let's do it.

Deadpool and Wolverine run off. Peter calls after him.

PETER

I'll clock you out!

DEADPOOL

(calling back)

Forever.

PETER

(smiles, to himself)

Forever.

89A

E/I. CASSANDRA'S LAIR EYE SOCKET - DAY

89A

CASSANDRA runs her fingers creepily down Pyro's face as he  
slowly regains consciousness.

CASSANDRA NOVA

Wakey. Wakey.

One of Pyro's eyes opens slightly.

PYRO

Oh, God...

CASSANDRA NOVA

You put all these bullets in my  
belly. And I'm going to find out  
why--

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

Cassandra runs her fingers towards Pyro's brain.

PYRO  
Whoa whoa! I'll just say it! \*  
You don't have to stick your \*  
fingers in me. Jesus, just ask \*  
sometimes!

CASSANDRA NOVA  
Fine.

PYRO  
Really?

CASSANDRA NOVA \*  
Hands in pockets. \*

PYRO \*  
A guy named Paradox. He said he'd \*  
get me out of the Void. \*

Cassandra isn't buying it.

PYRO (CONT'D) \*  
All I know is he works for the TVA. \*

Cassandra's face contorts with rage.

CASSANDRA NOVA \*  
The TVA? We had an agreement.

PYRO  
I don't think this guy cares.

Cassandra seethes.

CASSANDRA NOVA \*  
Oh. He will.

She PLUNGES her fingers into Pyro's head, killing him.

**INT. TVA OUTPOST - CONTROL ROOM - DAY**

MR. PARADOX and a small crew of TVA TECHNICIANS watch as finishing touches are placed on the TIME RIPPER.

MR. PARADOX  
Hey, Guys. How much longer before  
the Time Ripper's active?

TVA TECH  
We're running the final safety  
checks.

Mr. Paradox sees something on the SECURITY CAM MONITORS.

MR. PARADOX

'Kay. Okay. Thanks for the hard work, Ralph. Take your time.

\*

RICK (TVA TECH)

Really?

MR. PARADOX

No, you drooling boob. No, we have company. Cancel the safety checks. We need to be live, *now*.

**EXT. TVA OUTPOST/SUBWAY STOP - DAY**

Mr. Paradox runs out onto the street, his eyes scouring the streets until he finds Deadpool and Wolverine running around the corner. Mr. Paradox is FURIOUS.

MR. PARADOX

No! Stop! Piss off! You're too late!

The heroes step up on Paradox. Deadpool takes a look at everything.

WOLVERINE

You're fucking *done*.

DEADPOOL

Why was Thor crying?

MR. PARADOX

How dare you? No one comes back from the Void.

WOLVERINE

Tell that to Cassandra Nova.

Paradox goes pale. The GROUND SHAKES. ENERGY CRACKLES in the air at the end of the street, past the TVA OUTPOST.

\*

A MARVEL SPARKLE CIRCLE forms in the intersection. Nearby VEHICLES screech to a stop and PEDESTRIANS scatter.

CASSANDRA NOVA has arrived. She marches out of the portal.

CASSANDRA NOVA

Paradox! Well, you are doughier than you looked in Pyro's head. You tried to kill me.

\*

MR. PARADOX

I literally have no idea--

\*

Cassandra is now impossibly *behind Mr. Paradox*, plunging her fingers into his head.

CASSANDRA NOVA

You come for the king you better  
kill the king.

DEADPOOL

Ah ha ha. Welcome to the skull fuck  
club, Paradox. You know she doesn't  
wash that hand.

As Cassandra probes Paradox's mind, her face LIGHTS UP.

CASSANDRA NOVA

Oh. What's this? A Time Ripper? You  
naughty boy.

\*

DEADPOOL

Oh no, we're on it. We're gonna  
head down and dismantle that thing  
now. We got you, boo! You just keep  
playing those keys.

\*

\*

CASSANDRA NOVA

I don't want to destroy it. I want  
to use it. Now shoo. Mommy and  
Daddy are having a conversation.

\*

\*

Cassandra flicks her fingers, sending Deadpool and Wolverine FLYING DOWN THE ENTIRE STREET. They slam into CARS along the way, before CRASHING right through a STOREFRONT at the end of the block.

BACK WITH CASSANDRA, who continues to probe Paradox's brain.

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)

You know the funny thing is I was  
happy in the Void. You sent your  
trash to me. Alioth and I cleaned  
it up. Everyone was happy. But then  
you had to go and piss on my side  
of the fence. And so now the fence  
must come down. I'm going to use  
your little time ripper, and I'm  
going to destroy this Universe, and  
the next, and the next, and the  
next. Until all that's left is the  
Void. Come on.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

91 (CONTINUED) (2)

91

Cassandra drags Paradox by the skull towards the subway steps.

\*  
\*

CASSANDRA NOVA (CONT'D)

Now you're going to show me how to use this fancy gadget of yours, and don't worry, I've called some friends to make sure we're not disturbed.

\*  
\*

101A INT. TVA - B-15'S OFFICE - DAY

101A

B-15 sits at her large desk. A woman in control of the vast canvas of all time. Suddenly, an agitated TVA OFFICE AGENT enters.

TVA OFFICE AGENT

Sorry to bother, Madam. But there's something you need to see.

\*  
\*

The Staffer goes around and pushes some buttons, showing B-15 A COMPLEX GRAPHIC ON HER SCREEN.

TVA OFFICE AGENT (CONT'D)

We're getting indications of an unsanctioned Time Ripper activating on Earth one-triple-zero-five.

B-15 leans in to study the graphics, her expression growing instantly grim.

B-15

Whose district is that?

TVA OFFICE AGENT

(darkly)  
Paradox.

102 INT. TVA OUTPOST - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

102

SLAM CUT TO: Mr. Paradox in CLOSE-UP, Cassandra's pointy fingers extending out through his skull.

WIDER NOW, we see Mr. Paradox being awkwardly forced to hit various TIME RIPPER CONTROLS.

Cassandra smiles and PULLS her fingers from Mr. Paradox's head. He screams, huddling into a ball on the ground.

CASSANDRA NOVA

Thank you so much for your help, darling....God, good to get out of that head. What a mess.

(CONTINUED)

102 (CONTINUED) 102

She vanishes towards the TIME RIPPER's inner chamber.

103 **EXT. TVA OUTPOST/SUBWAY STOP - DAY** 103

The TVA OUTPOST shudders. ENERGY CRACKLES from its doors. The TIME RIPPER is firing up.

104 **INT. TIME RIPPER CHAMBER - DAY** 104

The TIME RIPPER whirs to life, ENERGY CRACKLES, arcing to the walls around it. Cassandra approaches it.

Unaffected by the energy sloughing off the device, Cassandra removes the machine's PROTECTIVE SHIELDS with a gesture, revealing two WHITE HOT LEADS.

Cassandra grabs the leads. Untold power courses through her body. SHE ABSORBS IT. Becomes it. Reality flexes around her.

92 **EXT. DOWN STREET FROM TVA OUTPOST - DAY** 92

The MARVEL SPARKLE CIRCLE EXPANDS and silhouettes are dimly visible approaching.

The heroes emerge from the destroyed building, eyeing the ominous forms taking shape through the sparkle circle down the block.

DEADPOOL  
(to Wolverine)  
Stop.

93 **EXT. STREETS - DAY** 93

Quick cuts of CIVILIANS fleeing their vehicles...

94 **EXT. DOWN STREET FROM TVA OUTPOST - DAY** 94

DEADPOOL  
(off the civilians fleeing)  
Go, go, go.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)  
Oh, my God! OH MY GOD.

And then, in the delicate silence...a dog's YAPPING.

DOGPOOL LEAPS out of the REALITY TEAR and happily runs to Deadpool. Toto reuniting with Dorothy.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)  
It's her! Come on, girl! Come on, girl!

(CONTINUED)

Deadpool grabs Dogpool, cuddling her and letting the mutt lick him all over.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

My girl! We don't have to be apart,  
ever ever again! Never ever--

NICEPOOL (O.S.)

Sorry!

DEADPOOL

FUCK.

NICEPOOL comes jogging up.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

What's top-knot doing here?

NICEPOOL

Sorry about that.

DEADPOOL

Tremble not, sweet Mary Puppins.  
I'll handle him.

NICEPOOL

Come here, girl. Papa's here.

DEADPOOL

Do not insult this animal's  
autonomy. She can decide who her  
papa is.

(holding Dogpool up)

What's it gonna be, girl, huh? The  
original recipe or Van *Milder* here.

NICEPOOL

Ah, that's funny. I can gently tap  
the fourth wall too.

(to camera)

*The Proposal!*

DEADPOOL

What the fuck was that? Bitch, you  
think that's what I do?

WOLVERINE

Both of you shut up.

Wolverine sniffs the air.

DEADPOOL

You smell something?

(CONTINUED)

94 (CONTINUED) (2)

94

WOLVERINE

Yeah, you. *A lot of you.*95 **EXT. DOWN STREET FROM TVA OUTPOST - DAY**

95

From within the sparkle circle down the block, now in OVAL shape, DOZENS OF DEADPOOL VARIANTS emerge.

It's a freak show. Variant after Variant of Deadpool. PUNKPOOL, SAMURAI DEADPOOL, COWBOYPOOL, ZENPOOL, WELSHPOOL.

They're led by LADY DEADPOOL and KIDPOOL, holding HEADPOOL.

NICEPOOL

I told you there were a lot of Deadpools over there.

DEADPOOL

Holy shit.

WOLVERINE

I take it they're not friendly?

NICEPOOL

No no no. Cassandra brought them here. Their only job is to make sure that nobody gets anywhere near her.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Deadpool kisses Dogpool, passes her to Wolverine.

DEADPOOL

Hold please.

\*  
\*

WOLVERINE

Oh, god.

DEADPOOL

Alright, look! Guys! Deadpool Prime here. Our fight isn't with you!

KIDPOOL

Hey! When we want your opinion I'll take my dick out of your mouth!

\*

NICEPOOL

That's Kidpool. He's the dirtiest.

DEADPOOL

Can we just be done?

LADY DEADPOOL

Ah ha ha, we are JUST getting started.

(CONTINUED)

DEADPOOL

No no no with the whole multiverse thing. It's not great. It's just been miss after miss after miss. Look, the Wizard of Oz did the multiverse first and they did it best. The gays knew it...but we didn't listen. Let's just take the L and move on.

NICEPOOL

I think it's been steadily great since Endgame.

LADY DEADPOOL

What are you talking about? The multiverse is over.

COWBOYPOOL

Cassandi gonna destroy the fuck out of every timeline. And you all can't do shit about it.

\*  
\*

DEADPOOL

Do you not get it? If we don't go down to the subway and stop her we all die.

\*

COWBOYPOOL

The boss lady don't want no disturbances.

\*  
\*  
\*

HEADPOOL

You wanna get down to the subway, you gotta go through us.  
(to Lady Deadpool)  
Uzi time, baby.

\*

LADY DEADPOOL

Uzi time, baby.

DEADPOOL

Look alive.

**EXT. DOWN STREET FROM TVA OUTPOST - DAY**

LADY DEADPOOL OPENS UP with her UZIs. WOLVERINE DIVES behind a CAR. DEADPOOL grabs Nicepool, using him as a human shield.

Nicepool is RIDDLED with bullets.

Deadpool cradles the fallen Nicepool. He's PALE WHITE. Coughing up blood.

(CONTINUED)

NICEPOOL

I think I'm hit.

DEADPOOL

Oh shit.

WOLVERINE

You did that on purpose.

DEADPOOL

I did no such thing!

(to Nicepool)

Listen to me, gorgeous. How long does it take for you to regenerate?

NICEPOOL

Regenerate?

Awkward, *awkward* silence. Deadpool scratches his chin.

WOLVERINE

You really are God's perfect idiot, aren't you?

NICEPOOL

I'm okay.

\*

\*

DEADPOOL

How dare you? I should be ashamed of yourself. How was I supposed to know he doesn't regenerate?! I'm not a medicine woman!

\*

\*

Deadpool wrenches Nicepool to his feet, sees a DONUT STAND.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Look, a donut cart. They're practically hospitals! They sell portable triage units.

WOLVERINE

They don't.

DEADPOOL

I'm gonna get you to safety.

WOLVERINE

(to Dogpool)

He's not.

DEADPOOL

Deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

Deadpool crosses the line of fire once more. But it's clear he's using Nicepool as a human shield, AGAIN.

NICEPOOL

Hey. Why are we stopping?

DEADPOOL

(turns Nicepool facing out)

I'm just catching my breath. What, are your legs on vacation? You're dead weight.

NICEPOOL

That's because I'm paralyzed.

DEADPOOL

We all have problems. Listen to me. You're going to live. Look at me, Nicepool. You're going to live. Say it!

\*

NICEPOOL

I'm going to live.

DEADPOOL

Say it with me. You're going to live!

NICEPOOL

I'm going to live!

DEADPOOL

SAY IT LOUDER!

NICEPOOL

I'm going to--

BLAM! This time Nicepool's head is blown clean off.

As Deadpool ducks behind the Donut stand, he desperately performs chest compressions on Nicepool, which just produce intermittent BLOOD-GUSHES out of the neck stump.

\*

Wolverine crosses to the Donut cart.

He holds Dogpool out like a shield.

HEADPOOL

Hold your fire!

The Deadpool Corps hold their fire.

(CONTINUED)

HEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Sweet little puppy.

Wolverine makes his way to Deadpool.

Deadpool's face is covered with BRAIN PARTICULATE and NICEPOOL'S EAR, with a small cuff on it. Deadpool notices Wolvie staring at him with disgust.

DEADPOOL

GODDAMNIT! I don't think he's going to make it.

(then)

Do I have anything on my face?

WOLVERINE

You have a whole face on your face.

DEADPOOL

God, I can taste his final thought. He was so afraid. But he died a hero.

WOLVERINE

He died from murder, you dumb fuck!

DEADPOOL

And all I have to remember him by are these two gold-plated .50 caliber desert eagle pistoleros. This is for him, are you ready?

WOLVERINE

I get to kill a hundred yous. Fuck yeah I'm ready.

(to Dogpool)

You don't want to see this, bub.

DEADPOOL

That's a good girl.

**EXT. DOWN STREET FROM TVA OUTPOST - DAY**

Deadpool and Wolverine step out from cover and cross into the middle of the street.

Wolverine reaches back behind his collar and PULLS ON HIS CLASSIC COWL-- GLORIOUS SIGNATURE WINGS AND ALL.

DEADPOOL

Holy shit! You save the good stuff for special occasions?

(CONTINUED)

WOLVERINE

Killing, mostly.

DEADPOOL

What's the wind resistance on those blowjob handles?

Wolverine grits his teeth.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm just a catty bitch when I'm jealous. Alright, let's do this. MAXIMUM EFFORT.

SNIKT! It is game the fuck ON, y'all!

98 **EXT. DOWN STREET FROM TVA OUTPOST - DAY**

98

"Like a Prayer" spins up as Deadpool and Wolverine hack their way through an ARMY OF DEADPOOLS in a spectacular ONER.

We RAMP in and out of SLO-MO. BLOOD sprays. TEETH fly. SUPLEXES. JUDO TOSSES. AGGRESSIVE LEAPS from variant to variant, like flesh stepping-stones.

It's fucking glorious.

Deadpool and Wolverine continue hacking their way through the DEADPOOL ARMY. An orgy of superhero-ness.

\*

99 **I/E. WADE'S APARTMENT WINDOW - DAY**

99

The camera tilts up to find BLIND AL at her window.

\*

BLIND AL

Motherfucker. I wish I were deaf.

\*

\*

100 **EXT. DOWN STREET FROM TVA OUTPOST - DAY**

100

A symphony of VIOLENCE as DEADPOOL and WOLVERINE take on combatants from ALL SIDES, Deadpool dodging assailants that Wolverine finishes off and vice/versa. The heroes mow through the Deadpool Corps and approach the TVA outpost, eventually our duo finishes off the last of the Deadpool Corps.

Finally, KIDPOOL WHIPS HEADPOOL at Deadpool. Headpool screams a VIKING WAR CRY...and is skewered by a KATANA.

BLIND AL

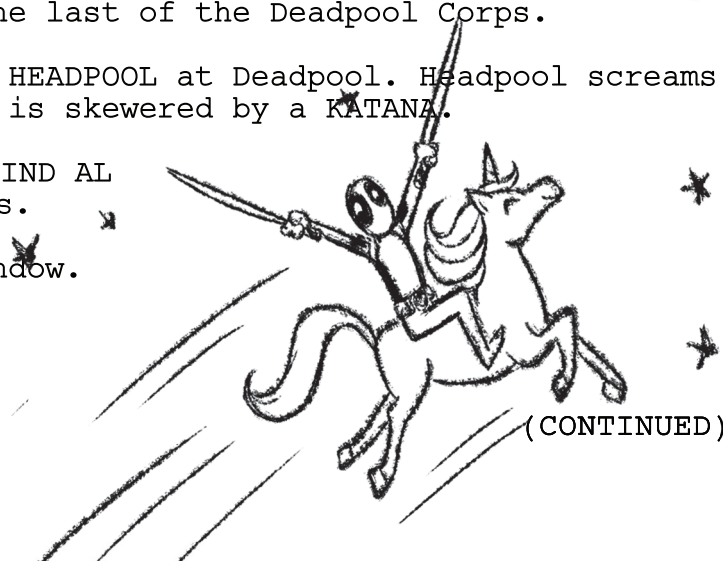
Fucking nerds.

\*

\*

Blind Al closes her window.

\*



(CONTINUED)

100

(CONTINUED)

100

Deadpool and Wolverine stand in the middle of the street, in the center of the fallen Deadpools, their piled bodies radiating away from our heroes in rings. \*

ANGLE ON: BABYPOOL, seated blissfully on the sidewalk. He giggles. \*

DEADPOOL \*  
Whatcha laughing at, you little \*  
fucker? \*

101

**EXT. DOWN STREET FROM TVA OUTPOST - DAY**

101

Then, in the silence...a spreading rustling. The fallen DEADPOOLS begin to heal. RISING to their feet. \*

DEADPOOL \*  
Uh oh. I guess these ones \*  
regenerate. \*  
(looking around) \*  
Come on. We don't have time for \*  
this. \*

The DEADPOOL VARIANTS close their ranks between Deadpool and Wolverine and the entrance to the outpost. \*

PETERPOOL (O.S.) \*  
DEADPOOLS! STAND DOWN. \*

PETERPOOL (Peter STUFFED into the old red DEADPOOL COSTUME FROM THE TAG OF DEADPOOL 2 that he's been keeping in his locker) rides up on his bike, deftly hopping off and into an unnecessary safety roll to land between the horde and the heroes. \*

PETERPOOL (CONT'D) \*  
This Deadpool's with me. \*

DEADPOOL \*  
Peter? \*

LADY DEADPOOL \*  
Holy shit. \*

The Deadpool variants all stare at him in stunned silence. \*

KIDPOOL \*  
It's fucking Peter! \*

HEADPOOL \*  
That's Peter! \*

BABYPOOL \*  
Dada. \*

(CONTINUED)

101 (CONTINUED)

101

DEADPOOL \*

Wait, you guys know Peter? \*

LADY DEADPOOL \*

Are you kidding me? Every Deadpool  
has a Peter. \*

COWBOYPOOL \*

Peter's a goddamn legend in every  
deadpool's world. \*

SAMURAI DEADPOOL \*

Mr. Peter...yes. \*

Peter's name echoes through the mob of DEADPOOLS. *Peter? Is that my Sugar bear?* The awed proclamations become a cacophony. \*

HEADPOOL \*

Oh, there's my guy. \*

Stunned, Peter removes his mask. The crowd goes WILD! He doesn't know what's happening, but *he doesn't hate it.* \*

DEADPOOLS \*

PETER!! PETER!!! \*

They hoist Peter on their shoulders. \*

DEADPOOL \*

(headed down subway steps)  
They are going to put miles of cock  
in Peter! \*

Deadpool and Wolverine disappear into the TVA outpost. \*

105 **INT. TVA OUTPOST - CONTROL ROOM - DAY**

105

Deadpool and Wolverine race into the control room. Mr. Paradox looks back from his control panel.

MR. PARADOX

Oh, now you're here. Oh well you're too late. It's all over.

WOLVERINE

Not yet it's not.

DEADPOOL

(to camera)  
No, no, no. But we're very close.  
Homestretch, folks. Promise.  
(to Mr. Paradox)  
Quick, let's have the stakes.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PARADOX

If she steals the Time Ripper's energy she has the power to shred the fabric of all realities until there's nothing left but the Void.

\*

WOLVERINE

How do we shut it down?

MR. PARADOX

I-I don't know...

Wolverine pops his claws but leaves the middle blade retracted, so he can pin Mr. Paradox's head to the console, one claw on each side of Mr. Paradox's neck.

WOLVERINE

How about now?

DEADPOOL

The mask is really intimidating, huh? Not stupid like Batman.

MR. PARADOX

L-look...

Mr. Paradox brings up THE VIDEO FEED OF THE TIME RIPPER'S REACTOR POWER SOURCE, deep in the outpost's bowels.

Two MASSIVE PLASMA PIPES rise up from the floor, snake around each other (while never coming closer than 10 ft to one another) and exit through the ceiling. One PIPE crackles with ORANGE energy. The other's is a DEEP BLUE.

\*

MR. PARADOX (CONT'D)

The Ripper is fed from a secured chamber below ground. It is powered by twin matter and anti-matter feeds converging inside the device. Now Cassandra Nova is redirecting the Ripper's power to eliminate timelines, all of them. No timeline will be safe from extinction. Now theoretically you could stop her by short circuiting the feeds in the chamber below. If one of you were to create a circuit between the two feeds, then the released power would destroy the machine, but...

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

DEADPOOL

Come on, man! If you're not gonna swallow SPIT IT OUT.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PARADOX

Whoever formed the bridge would be annihilated.

WOLVERINE

I could live with that.

DEADPOOL

Yeah, I could live with that too actually. We survive anything. We're like cockroaches.

MR. PARADOX

Not this time. This is matter and anti-matter. They do not play nicely with each other. When they mix in your body you will be atomized. Trust the laws of physics if you don't trust me. Even if you lived long enough to make the circuit you will die down there.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Deadpool and Wolverine stare at the screen, watching Cassandra feed the Time Ripper.

106

**INT. LOWER TVA OUTPOST - SUBWAY TRACKS - DAY**

106

Deadpool and Wolverine march along the SUBWAY TRACKS leading toward the REACTOR POWER SOURCE.

107

**INT. TVA OUTPOST - POWER ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

107

They approach a massive BLAST DOOR at the end of the tunnel leading into the POWER ROOM. Wolverine stops Deadpool before they enter.

WOLVERINE

Hold up, hold up. You heard that asshole upstairs. Even if we pull this off, we're dead. Permanently.

\*

DEADPOOL

That's why it's gotta be me.

WOLVERINE

What?

Wolverine is stunned. Deadpool takes a breath. Removes his mask.

WADE

Look, man, you didn't ask for any of this. You were right. I lied.

(CONTINUED)

WADE (CONT'D)

I lied right to your face just to get you to help me, and you did.

WOLVERINE

You didn't lie.

(beat)

You made an educated wish.

Wade can't help but smile through the emotion. Lotta road traveled here. Wolverine pulls out the crumpled picture from Wade's birthday. He kept it.

WOLVERINE (CONT'D)

Come on. You've got a whole world to go back to. I got nothin'. I got nothin'. Give me this.

Wade is speechless with gratitude. Staring at the photo. We see the faces of Wade's family. His friends. Vanessa. His world. Wolverine pushes the photo into Wade's chest, before he turns and walks towards the power room.

WADE

Hey!

Wolverine stops in the threshold, looks back.

WADE (CONT'D)

I waited a long time for this team-up.

(beat)

And ya know something? You were the best Wolverine.

WOLVERINE

Say hi to your friends for me.

Wolverine meets Wade's gaze. A small nod of acknowledgment. Hard to read his feelings with his mask on, but his voice tells a different story.

Deadpool MASKS UP.

Wolverine smiles almost imperceptibly. Nods. Steps inside the blast door, turns to close it when WHAM!! He's clocked right in the skull by a fire extinguisher wielded by Deadpool. Wolvie reels and recovers, but it's too late:

SLAM!

Deadpool shoves Wolverine aside, slams the door shut and SPINS the LOCKING WHEEL INSIDE. Wolverine pounds on the door, yells at Deadpool through the window in the blast door.

(CONTINUED)

WOLVERINE (CONT'D)

Open the door! Why are you fucking doing this? \*

\*

DEADPOOL

(beat)

Because I'm Marvel Jesus. Or Spock. Hard to say.

WOLVERINE

Wait, you fucking idiot.

Deadpool starts miming in front of the door.

DEADPOOL

Sorry, I'm just stalling. I think I'm nervous about dying. \*

\*

\*

WOLVERINE

You don't need to do this. \*

\*

\*

DEADPOOL

(holding up picture of friends)

I'm not doing it because I need it. \*

\*

\*

WOLVERINE

Wade! Wait to be an annoying prick! It should be me. You're going to die in there, you dumb fuck. \*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Deadpool steps away. Wolverine puts dents in the steel door with his fists. But it's too thick. Steps back and with a running start, lowers his shoulder and bashes into the door, testing the limits of his strength and the door's hinges.

**INT. LOWER TVA - SUBTERRANEAN POWER ROOM - DAY**

Deadpool stands in front of the snaking tubes pumping PLASMA and ANTI-PLASMA to the Time Ripper high above.

He takes it all in. The powers at play are truly awesome.

DEADPOOL

Fuck it. Time to save the world.

Madonna's "Like a Prayer" reprises. Deadpool grabs the PLASMA TUBE. The energy snakes up his arm, wracking his body with pain.

With a truly super human effort he stretches his hand closer to the ANTI-PLASMA tube to complete the circuit. Wolverine rams the door futilely.

(CONTINUED)





108 (CONTINUED) (2)

108

MR. PARADOX

Wade, you can finally, finally  
matter.

\*  
\*  
\*

WADE

Vanessa...I want to see Vanessa.

\*  
\*

WOLVERINE

For the first time in my life, I am  
proud to wear this suit. It means  
I'm an X-man. I am the x-man.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Energy that flares and SHOOTS UPWARDS. Sparks shower down on them.

\*

109 INT. TIME RIPPER CHAMBER - DAY

109

Cassandra is mid-rapture. The GROUND begins to shake.

She looks worried, then concentrates...absorbing more power.

INTERCUT with DEADPOOL and WOLVERINE below her.

Reality seems to VIBRATE around them.

The powerful forces at play test the integrity of Deadpool's TVA-issued suit, while WOLVERINE'S MASK gets partially ripped away, then his chest armor is BLOWN RIGHT OFF, revealing insanely cut ABS. Even wracked with energy, Deadpool manages to ogle him.

The energy feeding Cassandra changes...she screams in pain.

The TIME RIPPER atomizes, OBLITERATING CASSANDRA NOVA.

And presumably our HEROES.

VARIOUS SHOTS POST EXPLOSION

The aftermath of the destructive event that just took place.

A shred of Wolverine's shirt dangles from a gnarled piece of metal.

Wade's birthday Polaroid floats, scorched and lifeless, atop the coolant pool.

110 INT. TVA OUTPOST - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

110

MR. Paradox *exhales*. He didn't destroy ALL OF REALITY. *Thank God.*

His head cocks at the sound of FOOTSTEPS marching down the stairs from the street above.

(CONTINUED)

A full REGIMENT of TVA MINUTEMEN descend, followed by B-15 and a small phalanx (5) of TVA UPPER-MANAGEMENT. She takes in the scene.

B-15

Paradox. You've been busy.

MR. PARADOX

Well, somebody had to be.

B-15

We had some strange readings from this location. You wouldn't know anything about an unsanctioned Time Ripper would you?

MR. PARADOX

No, no. I wouldn't know anything about an unsanctioned Time Ripper. Maybe you should ask Cassandra Nova, because I was assured she was safely held in the void. But no, she was here...and she fondled my brain! How did you let this HAPPEN??

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

B-15

You weren't involved at all?

MR. PARADOX

In stopping her, yes. Yes I was.  
(sincerely emotional)  
But not nearly enough. Not as much as the men who went down there after her. My men. My friends.

\*  
\*

CUT TO: SPARKS FLY IN THE BURNED OUT WRECKAGE OF THE TIME RIPPER.

MR. PARADOX (V.O.)

I warned them that they would be completely obliterated. But they went anyway.

\*  
\*

Back with B-15, Paradox's voice quivers with genuine emotion.

MR. PARADOX

Like heroes. Because that's who they were.

CUT TO: THE ABANDONED SUBWAY TUNNEL.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

Two shots. A wide and a medium of WOLVERINE dragging DEADPOOL'S lifeless body. Suddenly, Deadpool puts his arm on Wolverine.

ALT:

A wide and a medium of WOLVERINE bridal-carrying DEADPOOL'S \*  
LIFELESS BODY. Wolverine places his fallen comrade on the \*  
ground.

He's lost him. Deadpool is gone.

MR. PARADOX (CONT'D)

They just did what they had to do, \*  
with no concern for their own \*  
safety.

Back with B-15 and Paradox.

MR. PARADOX (CONT'D)

The fact that we are all still \*  
standing here is a testament to \*  
their heroism.

CUT TO: THE MANGLED SCAFFOLDING OF THE TIME RIPPER CHAMBER. \*

Deadpool and a SHIRTLESS, PARTIALLY MASKED Wolverine arrive \*  
from below.

MR. PARADOX (CONT'D)

Anyway, there's nothing you or I \*  
can do to bring them back now. \*

DEADPOOL (O.S.)

He has risen, baby girl. \*

MR. PARADOX

FUCK. \*

They approach. \*

DEADPOOL

Found your new Anchor Being. \*

Paradox's expression drops. *How?*

WOLVERINE

And we're doing just fine, you \*  
piece of shit. \*

B-15 and the TVA Troops ogle Wolverine's BARE CHEST. Maybe \*  
it's even the SAME "I LIKE ME" MUG-TOTING TVA staffer from \*  
Act One! Only now his mug reads "STILL LIKE ME".

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED) (2)

TVA STAFFER

Fine indeed...

Deadpool tosses Wolverine a TVA JACKET from a chair.

DEADPOOL

Alright, put your greasy tits away  
you preening slut.

\*  
\*

Wolverine puts on the jacket.

MR. PARADOX

I don't understand. How are you two  
still alive?

\*

DEADPOOL

You were right. One of us would  
have been killed. But you put a  
Deadpool AND a Wolverine together?  
Make 'em hold hands while listening  
to Madonna. Indestructible,  
motherfucker.

B-15

(re: Deadpool)

Let's get this Deadpool variant  
back to the Void.

DEADPOOL

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

\*  
\*

PETER (O.S.)

Nope! Actually...

PETER rushes down the stairs.

PETER (CONT'D)

This one's home grown. Like me. He  
belongs here.

\*  
\*

B-15

And you are?

PETER

PeterPool. But you can call me  
Peter. And I hope that you do.

Peter looks deep in B-15's eyes. Paradox clocks that moment.

MR. PARADOX

What the FUCK is happening here?!

Paradox is grabbed by the Minutemen.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED) (3)

B-15

You are under judgement for  
operating an unsanctioned Time  
Ripper.

(to officers)

Take him.

\*  
\*

MR. PARADOX

I was just doing what you don't  
have the GUTS to do-- GET YOUR  
INSOLENT HANDS OFF ME!

Paradox is taken away through a TIME DOOR. B-15 assesses the  
two ravaged heroes.

B-15

I'm grateful, gentlemen.

Deadpool takes a bow.

B-15 (CONT'D)

Let's hold the bows. You led an  
omega-level mutant to this  
timeline...

DEADPOOL

You're welcome.

B-15

(to Wolverine)

...and you shouldn't even be NEAR  
this timeline.

DEADPOOL

He's welcome.

B-15

(to Peter)

And you...look *damn* good in that  
suit.

PETER

I'm so sorry.

\*

B-15 checks her HANDHELD DEVICE.

B-15

I want to show you something.  
Something huge...

\*

DEADPOOL

That's what scoutmaster Kevin used  
to say.

\*

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED) (4)

B-15 shows them her screen. \*

B-15

Do you see that? Your universe is regenerating. Whatever you did here...you not only saved your world, you spared your timeline from extinction.

(she regards them warmly)

I'd rest up. I have a feeling your work is only just getting started. \*

DEADPOOL \*

(whispering to Wolvie) \*

Until you're ninety. \*

B-15 goes to leave. Deadpool looks to Logan.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

Wait. We couldn't have made it out of the Void without some help...from some people that the world kind of forgot. Is there any way that you could maybe find a way to bring them home? \*

B-15 tries to hide it, but she's impressed with Deadpool's heart.

B-15

I'll see what I can do.

DEADPOOL \*

This might be an educated wish. \*

(winks at Wolverine) \*

But I promised my friend here that the TVA could undo some pretty awful shit in his timeline. What would you say to that? \*

B-15 \*

Change the past? \*

DEADPOOL \*

He did help me save the world. \*

B-15 \*

And his past made him the man who did it. There's nothing to fix, Mr. Wilson. \*

(to Wolverine) \*

Logan. \*

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED) (5)

DEADPOOL  
 (to Wolverine)  
 Guess you're fucked. Schwarma? \*

LOGAN  
 I could eat. \*

112

**EXT. TVA OUTPOST/SUBWAY STOP - DAY**

112

The ravaged and blood-soaked BUS is towed out of frame  
 REVEALING:

The ravaged and blood-soaked heroes, sitting side by side on  
 a bench across the street, finishing up their SHAWARMA.

WADE  
 You know, the Avengers *discovered*  
 shawarma.

WOLVERINE  
 (chewing)  
 They'd be lucky to have you.

WADE  
 Yeah.

An unholy MOAN fills the air. Wolverine sniffs the air,  
 repulsed.

Wade's face LIGHTS UP AS HE SEES SOMETHING EMERGING FROM THE  
 WRECKAGE:

DOGPOOL, waddling sheepishly up to the guys.

WADE (CONT'D)  
 Oh, fuck off! Come here, my little  
 cuntchkin! Yes, it's you. You're a  
 survivor. She made it!!

Wade scoops the hairless abomination into his arms, snuggling  
 her with absolute love.

WADE (CONT'D)  
 All's right in the world. Yes, it  
 is.

A beat. Wade turns to Wolvie.

WADE (CONT'D)  
 So. What're you gonna do next?

WOLVERINE  
 I'll figure it out. I always do.

(CONTINUED)

WADE

So... I'll probably see ya around?

WOLVERINE

Probably not.

A beat.

WOLVERINE (CONT'D)

See you, bub.

Wade nods. Wolverine stands up. Nods at Wade and heads off down the street, getting smaller and smaller into the distance.

THEN:

WADE

(calling down the block)  
Logan!

Wolverine keeps walking.

Then stops. Turns back to Wade with *the barest* hint of a smile.

We hear the first notes of **Joe Cocker's, "WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS"**.

Deadpool takes his mask off as he leads Logan inside...

WADE

Al? I'm back!

Blind Al comes out from the bedroom.

BLIND AL

About damn time! You holdin'? I'm all outta devil's dandruff and I'm shakin' like an angry vibrator--

WADE

Thank you, Al. We have company.  
Althea, uh... this is Logan...

BLIND AL

Nice to meet you, Logan.

LOGAN

Nice to meet you too.



113 (CONTINUED)

113

WADE

(off Dogpool)

And this little ancient anal shit-nod is Mary Puppins. Or as I like to call her, Dogpool. You want to treat yourself to a little stroke? Get the tongue.

BLIND AL

Oh my god. Motherfucker.

WADE

Right? It's like an armadillo fucked a gremlin. Angrily. In a bed of gonorrhea. And didn't stop until the sun came up.

114 **OUR SONG CONTINUES:**

114

TIGHT ON WADE looking wistful. Grateful. We see what he's looking at. His world. His universe... AKA: His friends.

Everyone from his birthday party is here. Over music, we see Wade and Vanessa lock eyes. The chasm between them, perhaps a little closer now. A flicker of hope. He continues looking at her as Dogpool's tongue explores the inside of Wade's mouth. As the camera pans across everyone's faces, we see the relaxed joy among these pals.

WADE (V.O.)

Everyone wants to matter. Turns out ya don't need to be Marvel Jesus to do it. You just need to open your eyes and look around. And if you're lucky? You'll find a few friends. Old friends...

We finally drift to a stop at an unexpected face... LEMON.

WADE (V.O.)

...And new.

115 **INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY**

115

**Close on B-15.**

WADE (V.O.)

Including some in pretty high places.

She looks happy. Perhaps... smitten. She leans in and kisses... **PETER.**

(CONTINUED)

115 (CONTINUED)

115

We see we're at the door of an apartment. Peter looks obscenely happy.

PETER

Thanks for your help with that  
Lemon thing.

\*  
\*

B-15

We don't speak of that.

\*  
\*

They kiss.

\*

A time door opens behind her. With an effortless cool, she steps back in and DISAPPEARS.

116 OMITTED (FORMERLY INT. PETER'S APARTMENT)

116

117 INT. WADE'S APARTMENT - LATER

117

From across the room, we see Wade and friends laughing, drinking, enjoying their time together deep into the night.

Logan catches Wade staring at Vanessa.

LOGAN

Give me the fucking dog. Talk to  
the girl.

Wade turns to Vanessa.

VANESSA

Oh hi.

WADE

Hi.

VANESSA

You've been busy.

WADE

I did it for you. Even if you don't  
want me. I did it for you.

WADE (V.O.)

Turns out I am the world saving  
type. Just look around this table  
if you want proof. And the best  
part? Sometimes the people we save?

Camera slides slowly as we RACK FOCUS to the foreground where we REVEAL:

(CONTINUED)

The two legendary masks. Deadpool and Wolverine. Battered-to-shit and worse for wear, *but intact.* Sitting on the counter casually, but no less iconic.

WADE (V.O.)

*They save us right back.*

BLACK.

CREDITS.

Then:

118 **INT. TVA - COMMAND CENTER - DAY**

118

Deadpool is watching the bank of monitors in the TVA Control Room. He's focussed on one specific camera: The PRISON TRUCK with Jonathan, Deadpool, and Wolverine.

It's the footage from the CCTV camera inside the spherical prison cell. It's grainy, but we can clearly see and hear Jonathan.

DEADPOOL

(to camera)

I'm tired of these absolutely vile rumors that I got Johnny killed. Let's look at the tape.

JONATHAN

In the void, you're either food for Alioth...or you work for Her.

\*  
\*

DEADPOOL

Go on, Jonathan.

JONATHAN

And I'll tell you who "her" is... Cassandra Nova. A megalomaniacal psychotic asshole. A finger-lickin' dead-inside Pixie slab of third rate dime-store nut-milk and I'll tell you what she can do...

DEADPOOL

I'm listening...

JONATHAN

She can lick my goddamn cinnamon ring clean and kick rocks all the way to bald hell. In fact, I don't give a shit if she removes all of my skin and pops me like some nightmarish blood balloon.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

If the last thing I do in this god-forsaken cum-gutter of an existence is light that fuck-fox on fire, I still won't die happy.

\*

DEADPOOL

Holy shit, girl. You crazy.

JONATHAN

That's right, Wade. I won't be happy til I've urinated on her freshly barbecued corpse and husk-fucked the charred remains while gargling Juggernaut's Jugger-nuts.

DEADPOOL

Wow.

JONATHAN

And you can quote me.

DEADPOOL

'Kay.

Deadpool turns back to camera.

DEADPOOL (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Got you, fuck face.

BLACK.





**“YOUR LITTLE CINEMATIC UNIVERSE  
IS ABOUT TO CHANGE FOREVER.”**

— DEADPOOL





**“IT’S BEEN A CHALLENGING FEW YEARS, SURE,  
BUT I’M HAPPY.”**

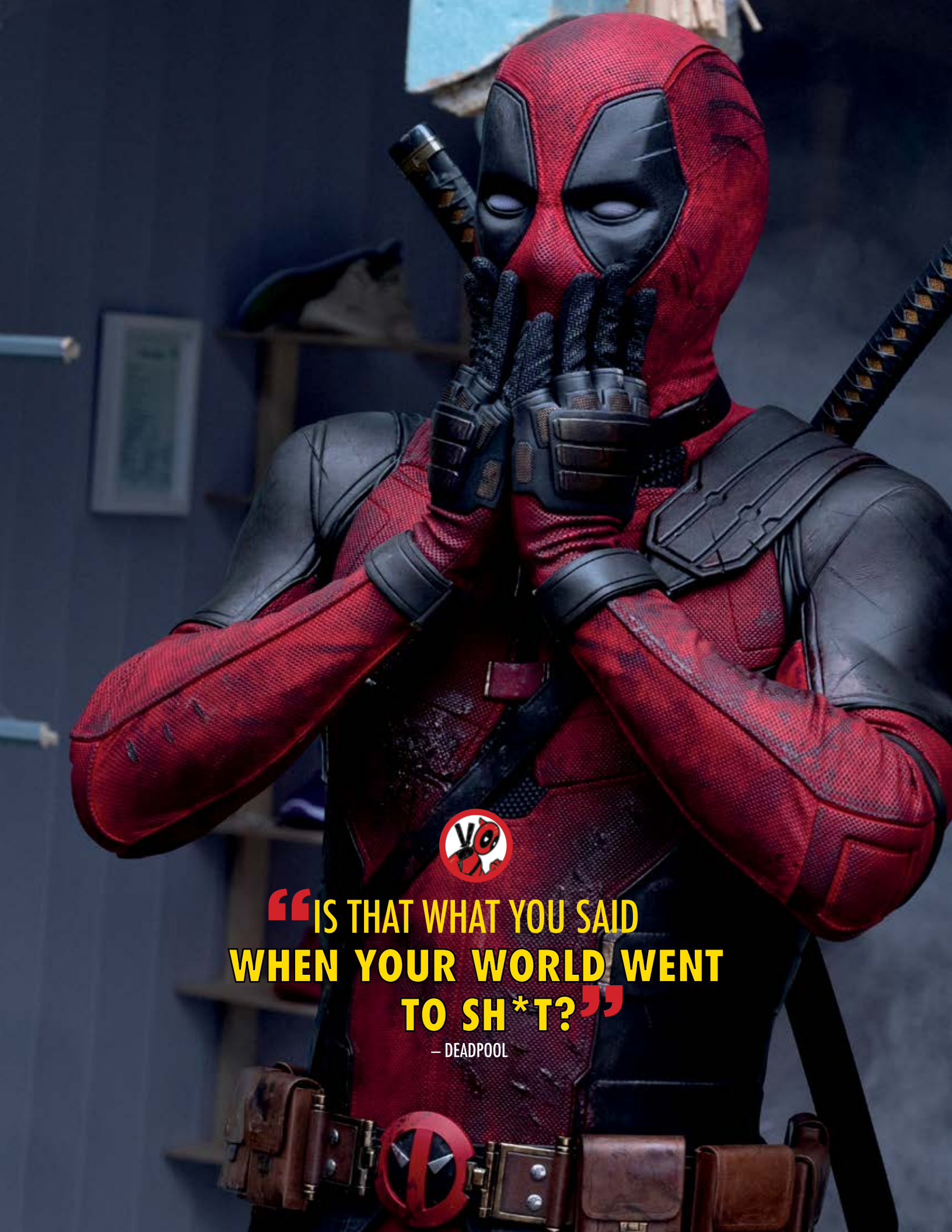
— DEADPOOL



**“LET’S  
F\*CKING  
GO.”**

— THE WOLVERINE





**“ IS THAT WHAT YOU SAID  
WHEN YOUR WORLD WENT  
TO SH\*T? ”**

— DEADPOOL



“NOT MY  
F\*CKING  
PROBLEM.”

— THE WOLVERINE





**“F\*CK YOU, FOX.  
I’M GOING TO  
DISNEYLAND.”**

– DEADPOOL







~~LFG~~

FYC