

LOGAN

For Your Consideration
BEST ADAPTED SCREENPLAY

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FoxScreenings.com

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AN LCD BILLBOARD WITH DEFECTIVE PIXELS

A BEAUTIFUL COUPLE dance on a giant can of a Red-Bull-like drink-- **HYPNO!** The label morphs to different flavors.

EXT. A VACANT LOT -- NIGHT

Colored light from the billboard flickers over a bullet riddled sign: ROUTE 85. U.S. BORDER, EL PASO, TEXAS.

Beneath the sign is a LONG BLACK LIMOUSINE.

Cars whip past on the highway. Then A VAN passes, blasting some future version of Techno Latino Hip Hop. A SQUEAL OF TIRES OS. Now the music gets louder as the van returns, cruising slowly past the black limo before pulling into the lot. Five *Bangers* bail out and check out the black stretch.

The limo doors are locked, windows tinted, so they can't see what's inside, but they check out the tires and wheels and like what they see. With the speed of a pit crew, they open the back of the van and out come TOOLS AND A JACK.

INT. LIMO -- SAME

We move over the back bench, past empty bottles, fast food wrappers as A SLEEPING MAN'S FACE ratchets into frame. He opens his red eyes.

The man is LOGAN aka *The Wolverine* or more accurately, *Drunk Wolverine*. He blinks, dazed, feeling the car lurching upward. Older than we've seen him, he clutches a Tequila bottle.

EXT. LIMO -- EL PASO HIGHWAY TURNOUT - NIGHT

As the back door opens, the tequila bottle drops to the dirt and A BOOTED LEG STEPS OUT.

Logan shuffles, stiff, to the other side of the stretch where the *Bangers* work, removing wheels, lit by colored light.

LOGAN

...Uh. Please stop, guys. Those,..
those are chrome plated lugs.

They all five turn. Some pull guns on the drunk limo driver. He just keeps talking, slurring some...

LOGAN (CONT'D)

you're gonna strip 'em. Plating
flakes off, you know...

A Jittery Banger cocks his shotgun.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It's a lease, you know, and no one
wants to pay to ride in a--

-- THE JITTERY BANGER FIRES. Blows Logan right off his feet.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Now might be a good time to talk about "fights" described in the next 100 or so pages. Basically, if you're on the make for a hyper choreographed, gravity defying, city-block destroying, CG fuckathon, this ain't your movie.

In this flick, people will get hurt or killed when shit falls on them. They will get just as hurt or just as killed if they get hit with something big and heavy like, say, a car. Should anyone in our story have the misfortune to fall off a roof or out a window, they won't bounce. They will die.

As for our hero with his so-called eternal life and healing. Well, he's older now. If you keep reading, you'll discover Logan's about to get his ass kicked. But before we get to that, we should make it clear his abilities ain't what they were. Yes, he's a drunk, but he's also fading on the inside. Adamantium implants leeching into his system, causing chronic pain and diminished healing, hence booze as painkiller.

*So by all means, go ahead and worry about him.
Now where were we? Oh, yeah--*

As the smoke settles, a CROWBAR-toting Banger angrily chews out Jitters in Spanish for firing. The others resume their work... none aware of Logan slowly getting up, till --

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Guys... seriously...
(gets to his feet)
You don't wanna do this.

The Bangers react to Logan with bafflement. Ad-lib Spanish reactions, nervous chuckles --

CROWBAR presses down JITTER'S gun as he moves to Logan.

We hear a familiar *SNIKT!* as claws slowly extend from one of Logan's hands, then mostly extend from the other. Logan is still frowning at his bad hand when--

CROWBAR THWACKS HIS SKULL. A metallic ring.

Off balance and pissed, Logan swings at them as they converge, but he's drunk and soon they are pounding him with knives and guns and fists and a torque wrench.

He tries his best to keep them from the limo, catches one guy's bat an inch before it would dent the car.

Another one of them shoots in that direction, but Logan puts himself in front of the bullet. The pain from that little move stops him long enough for them to resume the pummeling.

Suddenly, Logan's eyes go yellow, pupils dilating. He lets out a long, loud yell. Fury rockets up in him, like cocaine.

HE STANDS AND RAMS HIS CLAWS INTO CROWBAR and kicks another Banger into the back of the open van. Yet another runs at Logan only to get gored in the neck and tossed. This is real work for Logan, not easy. And it is fueled by rage.

Jitters again raises his sawed-off, he will nail the car for sure, but Logan slices off his arm above the elbow.

Sadly for Logan, the hand, while disconnected from the body it once belonged to, is still holding the gun. So, as it hits the dirt, the gun goes off, putting several pellet-sized holes in the door of the limo.

This, more than anything else, doubles Logan anger--

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Motherf--

WHO GETS HIT ONCE MORE --and then goes after the last banger who, seeing he *had* his chance, leaps into the van and spins out of the lot, his wounded *compadre* in back, spilling onto the dirt as the van bounces back onto the road.

Logan picks up his keys, some loose change and a single silver bullet. He stands, staring at the holes in his otherwise pristine stretch as RAIN BEGINS TO FALL.

He sucks in deep breaths, forcing himself to regain control. His eyes return to normalcy. A PHONE VIBRATES OS. Logan takes out his, looks at it (he's got a fare), kicks the jack from the under the chassis.

WE CRANE UP as Logan starts up the stretch and makes a loop in the lot, taking care to run over the three remaining Bangers before laying rubber onto the highway...

MAIN TITLES BEGIN:

CALL-IN GUEST (O.S.)

Everyone's asleep, Burt. Sleep-walking! Hostages! No one cares!

INT./EXT. LIMO - EL PASO STREETS - NIGHT

LOGAN cruises the wet El Paso streets. LCD Billboards for chemically enhanced life. Gang graffiti on self-driving buses. A kaleidoscope of moments, dark and mundane.

CALL IN GUEST

You can't see the connection? Tween the ice caps, pornographers, debt, mutants, poisoned water, it's all--

Colored lights play against A TAXI & LIMO ID. Logan's photo over the name: "JAMES HOWLETT"

CALL IN HOST

Clyde, its 2026! We're talkin 'bout a hostage crisis and you're talkin' mutants? That's history, pal. Trey in Galveston, you're on!

A beat throbs through the partition. Logan's eyes flick to--

FOUR INEBRIATED PROM BOYS in back, in pastel tuxes. Three of them stand on the bench looking out the sunroof. They howl and shout, "rapping" with the now blasting music, waving to rain-soaked Hispanics at a HEAVILY GUARDED BORDER GATE.

CLOSE-- LOGAN as he endures the torture, jaw clenched, brake lights on his face as WE CUT TO :

EXT. EL PASO GAS STATION -- EARLIER

Wet and bullet-riddled from the altercation with the Bangers, Logan grabs a "back-up" suit from the trunk. He holds it up, not in the best shape, but will have to do.

BACK TO: INT./EXT. LIMO -- PROM CAR -- EL PASO STREETS

THE PROM TEENS in the back suck vape sticks and laugh. Two get it on. One pitches forward and yells over the music.

TEEN

Yo, Driver, you got any Bang in this whip?!

Logan pretends he can't hear. Instead, his gaze shifts to his passenger visor, and what's tucked there:

A PAGE FROM A SPANISH PENNY SAVER -- a USED 70 FT. SUNSEEKER docked in the Gulf of Mexico, **LA SERENATA** painted on its transom. Scrawled below: "Asking \$60K."

Logan stares hard at the image of the boat. Takes a centering breath -- when the TEEN BEGINS KNOCKING on the partition.

TEEN (CONT'D)

Yo - Driver!

OTHER TEEN

'Bitch is deaf.

INT. EL PASO GAS STATION -- EARLIER

Logan cleans up at the sink. Allows a couple slugs to pop from his (slowly healing) wounds as he changes into a clean suit. Looks at himself in the mirror. HIS PHONE BUZZES.

LOGAN

Back to work, old man.

EXT. PLAZA THEATER / ARENA EL PASO - NIGHT

Logan waits with other drivers as muffled off screen "hallelujahs!" ring out O.S. He looks at a large screen TV where the crowd can be seen, hands raised, praising God. Everywhere are similar words in a "trademarked" design--

"You are God's plan!" "We are God's plan!"
"Be Part of God's plan!" "His plan!"

Then Logan notices, across the street--

A FIAT WITH MEXICAN PLATES AND A BAD HEADLIGHT DOUBLE PARKED. The driver, a Woman inside watching him. A child in back in a red jacket watches him too.

INT./EXT. LIMO - EL PASO STREETS - LATER - NIGHT

AN OLD LADY and her HUSBAND, both in failing health, ride, clinging to "God's Plan" Merchandise. The Old Lady looks out the window at the lost souls on the street.

OLD LADY

Shouldn't we lock the doors?

LOGAN

They're locked, ma'am.

Logan watches as her husband takes her hand. Then, Logan notices-- THE FIAT WITH MEXICAN PLATES. He makes a quick turn, the old folks sliding to one side. He's lost them.

EXT. EL PASO CEMETERY GROUNDS - DAWN

Logan in f.g., tossing out some trash as A PASTOR speaks to a grieving assemblage over a grave.

Returning to his limo, Logan watches THE BEREAVED FAMILY, drawn in spite of himself: how they mourn the loss of their own, how they *console* each other--

VOICE

Logan.

He turns to face A DISHEVELED HISPANIC WOMAN, 35. She stands about twenty paces from THE BATTERED FIAT WITH ONE HEADLIGHT, wipers on. Logan eyes the woman, wild-eyed, dirty raincoat, gets a big whiff of "crazy."

HISPANIC WOMAN

...I knew it was you.

Logan moves past her, heads for his limo in line with others.

HISPANIC WOMAN (CONT'D)

Please. I'm in trouble. You're the only one who can help.

Logan looks at her as THE MOURNERS (his clients) come down the hill toward the line of black vehicles.

HISPANIC WOMAN (CONT'D)

I need a hero.

Logan laughs as he pulls an umbrella from his trunk.

LOGAN

Don't we all.

He turns to his clients, holding the umbrella over a sobbing widow, escorting her to the door of his limo. The Hispanic woman just stands there, rain soaking her.

HISPANIC WOMAN

(in Spanish)

What the hell happened to you?!
What are you hiding from?!

As Logan falls behind the wheel, he checks his clients in the rear view and that's when there is a sudden screech--

THE FIAT makes a fast U-turn, nearly sideswiping him. And as it swerves away, Logan glimpses THE FIGURE in the back window. THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL IN A RED SLICKER, face a blur.

EXT. EL PASO HOSPITAL -- MORNING

WIDE AS-- Logan pulls his stretch into a spot at A HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE. He hurries through the rain, meeting A LARGE MAN IN ORDERLY SCRUBS, smoking a vape under a canopy.

The two talk for a moment, Logan hands the man cash and the man toys with handing Logan a bag, pulls it away, demanding more money. They argue.

REVERSE TO REVEAL-- A MAN IN A JEEP, WATCHING through the rain, HIS METAL HAND ON THE WHEEL.

INT. LOGAN'S LIMO -- OUTSIDE HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Logan, now carrying the bag, hurries through the rain to his Limo. He climbs inside starts it up but is startled by the back door opening and closing. Logan spins to face --

A SMILING MAN in the back of his stretch. This is Donald Pierce, 35. A southern boy, smooth and playful.

PIERCE

As I live and breathe. The
Wolverine. And he's a junkie now.

LOGAN

Who the fuck are you?

PIERCE

Y'know, you got some buckshot in
your door.

(plays with the liquor
bottles in back)

I heard you were in Phoenix.
Food's better there by the way. But
then, last night, some friends in
Texas H-P called, told me they
found three dead *cholos* in a
pullout out on 54. Not unusual,
except one was missing a hand.
Another a leg. Multiple parallel
lacerations. Slashes, femoral,
thoracic. So, they're thinking it
was either an escaped Tiger or
Freddy Krueger... but neither of
those can drive, one being
fictional the other extinct. And
since the wheel lugs they found
belong to a '24 Gauntlet--

LOGAN

Get out. Now.

PIERCE

Has she found you yet? ...Gabriela?
(off Logan's blank look)
See, I'm not looking for you,
mutey. Not really. I'm looking for
someone who's looking for you.

(MORE)

PIERCE (CONT'D)

(then)

She took something of mine.
Something for which I am
responsible. When I wasn't looking.
Mexican lady. Long hair, long legs,
Long gone. Has her sights on you.
(off Logan's glare)
No bells?

LOGAN

I don't know any Gabriela.
So get the fuck out.

Pierce just smiles, unfazed, then shifts his gaze to Logan's bag of pills. Peering in, quasi-conspiratorial:

PIERCE

I know what you're hiding, amigo.
Cue ball south of the border?

Logan tenses, says nothing.

LOGAN

What do you want?

PIERCE

A little ...cooperation.

Flicks a business card.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

If she does find you.

Then Pierce exits. Crosses in the rain to a Custom Ram Truck, Logan looks to the card:

**DONALD PIERCE -- CHIEF OF SECURITY
TRANSIGEN RESEARCH, A DIVISION OF ALKALI**

EXT. CORDOVA BRIDGE - BORDER - MORNING

A HUGE FUCKING WALL. "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE UNITED STATES" says the sign mounted on top of it. Brown muted light pushes through the haze over the factories on the Mexican side.

An agitated Logan in border traffic, talking on his phone as he eyes the CAMERAS watching him:

LOGAN

Mr. Espiranza, yes, I know I said
June, but I want the boat now. Yes.
Why does that mean the price go up?
(frustrated)
(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Yes, I know you wanted seventy, but
I am telling you I have 45 cash
now. Just bring it to port in Baja.

The seller HANGS UP. Logan sighs. Logan squints at the Penny Saver on his seat, a listing for a Sunseeker circled when a CAR HORN blares. Logan inches forward moving past--

A semi pulling A LIVESTOCK TRAILER loaded with sad looking horses. **EL RIO MEATS** painted on the side.

A BORDER AGENT nods cheerfully at Logan, recognizing him. Waves him on. And that's when we see --

THE WOMAN FROM THE CEMETERY (GABRIELA) WATCHING HIM FROM BEHIND THE WHEEL OF HER FIAT. At a distance. She considers following him, then swings her car around.

EXT. CIUDAD JUAREZ - HIGHWAY 45 -- MORNING

Logan drives through littered Mexican streets. Cinderblock structures pocked with bullet holes, metal shutters pulled.

He merges onto Highway 45, heading for the desert.

EXT. ABANDONED SMELTING PLANT - DAY

A vista of dirt, bisected by train tracks and fence. Logan slows as he approaches A GATE. Beyond the gate, AN ABANDONED **SMELTING PLANT**. Logan exits, pulls keys, unlocks the gate.

A CART WITH A PROPANE TANK STOPS as the limo comes up the road. Camera reveals the cart is pushed by A TALL MAN in a wide hat, sunglasses and gloves. He wipes his ghost-pale brow. This is CALIBAN, an albino mutant in his 60's with more than a passing resemblance to Edvard Munch's THE SCREAM.

INT. SMELTING PLANT -- "KITCHEN" - DAY

THE WINDOWS ARE PAPERED TO KEEP OUT SUNLIGHT. Caliban, glasses, hat and gloves off, prepares a tray of food as Logan enters. *From somewhere, the sound of AN OLD MAN SHOUTING.*

CALIBAN

He's having a bad day.

LOGAN

They're all bad days.

Logan tosses Caliban the bag. He peers in. Logan crosses to find something to eat.

CALIBAN

He needed these six hours ago.
This is not enough, you know. It
won't last through the week.

LOGAN

I'm working on it.

Caliban puts the bag of meds back in Logan's hand.

CALIBAN

Your turn.

Logan sighs and crosses toward a cabinet.

CALIBAN (CONT'D)

You know, he told me last night
he's communicating with someone.

Caliban follows. The old man's voice getting louder.

LOGAN

He's not talking with anybody.

CALIBAN

Don't be so sure. He had all these
details. I thought that tank was
supposed to provide some sort of
barrier. It's got all these cracks
in it. What good is that?

LOGAN

Please stop.

Moving down a corridor, Logan opens a cabinet beside AN
EXTERIOR DOOR. Pulls out a box of SYRINGE KITS and restocks
the pills and a vial of liquid from the bag. Loads a syringe.

CALIBAN

He's been asking questions again.
He's trying to read my mind.

LOGAN

(re: meds)

That's what these are for.

Logan swings open the door and Caliban dodges the sudden
blast of sunlight as--

EXT. ABANDONED SMELTING PLANT -- DAY

Logan crosses beneath a catwalk toward A HUGE ROUND PLATED
TANK pitched over on its side. The old man's voice getting
louder. He spins open the hatch and steps inside--

INT. HUGE PLATED TANK -- CONTINUOUS

Logan enters the space and find himself facing, AN OLD MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR making circles around mattress. CHARLES XAVIER in his 90s. Bearded, tufts of white on his pate. A small radio plays music with alligator clips to a car battery.

CHARLES

Friends, I have Good News today!
It's not about what you do. It's
not about your deeds. You can't
live up to his rules. God knows you
can't. That's OK! We're imperfect!

Logan steps over a dumped tray of food, approaches Charles with the meds. Charles swings his chair around him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Make way, sir.

Logan steps into his path and Charles stops.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I said make way.

LOGAN

No.

CHARLES

The new Quesalupa from Taco Bell.
Get it with chicken, get it with
steak. But with cheese baked right
in the shell it's the next big--
(beat)
Who are you?

LOGAN

You know who I am.

CHARLES

(sees the syringe)
The man who puts me to sleep.

LOGAN

We could both use some sleep.

Logan proceeds to roll up Charles' sleeve, but Charles resists and they struggle for control of the needle--

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Charles, you're making this--

Charles lunges for the needle and as Logan pulls it away, CHARLES FALLS OUT OF THE CHAIR to the floor. He looks up at Logan, enraged. A RINGING SOUND begins to rise...

CHARLES

What are you fucking doing to me!?

A tremor suddenly shakes Charles' body. And now Logan is hit with a PSIONIC BLAST. THE RINGING LOUD AND UNBEARABLE, like a fork scraping his brain. Charles eyes are now blood red.

EXT. SMELTING PLANT FUEL TANK - DAY

Caliban, headed back to the kitchen, suddenly fights a kind of induced paralysis, struggling to move, breathe--

INT. SMELTING PLANT FUEL TANK - DAY

Logan, pushing through the pain, pulls out the syringe and INJECTS Charles. The medication immediately takes effect, subduing the wave.

EXT. SMELTING PLANT FUEL TANK - DAY

Caliban is released as well, gulping for air.

INT. SMELTING PLANT FUEL TANK - DAY

Charles lies still, staring up at Logan who shakes off the effects of the wave, the ringing fading. He reaches down and picks up the disoriented old man--

CHARLES

How long have I been here?

Logan carries him to the bed and sets him down. Charles looks around, in tears. Logan doesn't answer, dumps two pills into his palm which he transfers to Charles' hand.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

What are these?

LOGAN

You remember what they are. The shots mellow the seizures, the pills keep them from happening.

Charles stares at the pills.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

How 'bout you blow on them to make them safe.

Charles looks up at Logan.

CHARLES
Fuck off, Logan.

LOGAN
So you know who I am now.

CHARLES
I always know who you are.
Sometimes I just don't recognize you.

LOGAN
Take the pills.

Charles pops them in his mouth, swallows them. Logan starts to clean up the spilled dinner.

CHARLES
(mutters)
...you leave me alone with that
fucking Albino... he won't listen
to me. I know a damn *speciation*
when I see one.

LOGAN
A what?

CHARLES
A *speciation*.
(then)
A new mutant. A young one.
There are forces trying to kill
them! They need help!

LOGAN
Too bad you're not in that business
anymore.

CHARLES
They want *your* help, not mine.
(off Logan's look)
Oh, yes. That's how fucking stupid
they are. They're waiting for *you*.
At the Statue of Liberty.

LOGAN
The Statue of Liberty was a long
time ago, Charles. A *long time*.

Logan crosses to the old man. Takes in the worry on his face.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
There are no new mutants. Hasn't
been a new one born in twenty-five
years. Not anywhere.

Charles looks off. The drugs mercifully tugging at him.

CHARLES
Impossible.

Logan pulls the quilt over the old man.

LOGAN
You always thought we were part of
God's Plan. Maybe we were just
God's mistake.

Charles touches Logan's face. A tender moment until--

CHARLES
What a disappointment you are.

Logan takes this in. Stung.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
When I found you, you were pursuing
a career as a "cage fighter".

LOGAN
I'm not in the mood for bedtime--

CHARLES
A warm capper to life as an
assassin, hooked on barbiturates.
(smiles, dark)
You were an animal, but we took you
in. I gave you a family.

LOGAN
(darkens)
They're gone now.

CHARLES
What did you do?

Logan eyes him a hard beat, then turns to go.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Answer me! Why are we here?

But Logan ignores him, moving for the hatch.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
No one should have to live this
way! Drugged! In a fucking tank!

LOGAN
It's for your own good.

CHARLES

No. NO it's NOT! You're waiting for me to die!

EXT. SMELTING PLANT FUEL TANK -- CONTINUOUS

Logan spins the hatch wheel, entombing the old man. He walks away as the yelling continues.

CHARLES (O.S.)

Drink new Hypno Plus! Fortified with seven nutrients and Extacine 5, for energy and vitality!

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM -- SMELTING PLANT -- LATE DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS-- Logan on his back, unable to sleep, the sun hitting his face through a soot covered window as he stares hard at the Penny Saver boat listings: *La Serenata*.

He tosses the Pennysaver. Paces like a panther. Shirtless, scarred. He stops, looks at his right hand, flexes it, stiff, arthritic, knuckles swollen, the slits moist.

He forces his claws out. They come slow. Painfully. Middle one lagging. He grabs the middle claw with his other hand and pulls it hard, slicing into his palm, blood flowing.

EXT. SMELTING PLANT -- SUNSET

Stumbling in fading light, his palm wrapped with a rag, Logan drinks from a bottle and stares at the fading light as he hears Charles calling his name in the great pitched tank.

INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWER - SMELTING PLANT - NIGHT

Logan lets the water run over his scars and swollen joints. Bullet wounds are closed but still visible.

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - SMELTING PLANT - NIGHT

Logan dresses in his chauffeur blacks. His hand shakes making it hard to button his shirt.

INT. SMELTING PLANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Logan enters, finds Caliban sorting laundry... Logan pours himself a coffee, falls in a chair.

CALIBAN

I don't want to fight but we need to talk about these things. There are things.

LOGAN

What things.

CALIBAN

Well. Would it be considered nagging if repeated my observation that the dose is too low. To suppress the seizures.

He shakes a near an empty pill bottle and puts it on the table. Logan examines it.

LOGAN

It's what the guy gave me. I wasn't in a position to make demands.

CALIBAN

I almost died this morning. That seizure was a--

LOGAN

It wasn't even a minute.

CALIBAN

It felt a lot longer than a minute. I couldn't breathe. I was in a terrible state. You're less affected, Logan-- Please don't give me that look. You know he needs a higher dose. And I know you've got more money squirreled away.

A red light blinks on the loading dock. Logan glares at Caliban as a rumble rises.

LOGAN

That money's to get us out of here.

CALIBAN

No. Not us. You and him. You're saving up for a bloody Sunseeker. I don't see myself hiding below deck like Nosferatu, doing laundry, do you? ...Folding your underwear. Making pigs in a blanket.

Out another window we see-- A FREIGHT TRAIN PASSES.

Caliban crosses with his tea, holding something.

CALIBAN (CONT'D)

This was in your pocket.

Caliban sniffs a gleaming bullet, sets it down.

CALIBAN (CONT'D)
Adamantium.

Logan snatches it. Looks at Caliban. *Don't go here.*

CALIBAN (CONT'D)
If you're thinking of blowing your
brains out, please wait till you're
out on the high seas. Thanks.

LOGAN
I don't need this right now.

CALIBAN
A year ago, you asked me to help
you. And God knows I try but I
can't help you, not really, if you
don't talk to me. I hear you at
night. You aren't sleeping. You
don't want to talk about that. Or
the booze you're drinking or the
pus you keep wiping from your
knuckles or the blood I wash from
your clothes or those brand new
holes in your chest, that haven't
healed. And I very much doubt you
want to talk about the fact that
you can't read the label on the
side of that bottle.
(re: the vial)
It's Ibuprofen.

Logan stares at the bottle, humiliated. Suddenly, he kicks
back his chair and, off Caliban's nervous expression, slaps
his cup out of his hands. It shatters.

CALIBAN (CONT'D)
That was my favorite mug.

Logan crosses to his coat.

CALIBAN (CONT'D)
Something's happening to you,
Logan. On the inside. I can smell
it. You're sick.

Logan moves toward the exit, eyes aflame.

CALIBAN (CONT'D)
You're supposed to be leading us
somewhere.

INT. / EXT. LIMO / EL PASO HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Music blasts. Logan drives five bawdy bridesmaids. They laugh and shout. One grins at him, FLASHES HIM as he pulls into their destination. Logan hustles outside, holding the door as they start to stumble out pushing tips as him. That's when--

HIS PHONE BUZZES-- Logan squints at what looks like a new fare as the last bridesmaid exits. He reaches in his coat and pulls out READING GLASSES (A Walgreens tag still on them.)

The address on the phone -- 3300 Marquez.

EXT. LIBERTY MOTEL -- NIGHT

Logan pulls his limo into a lot fronting a small twentieth century motel next to the freeway. 3300 Marquez. A neon STATUE OF LIBERTY looms overhead.

Logan gets out of the car and takes in the sign.

He looks to the OFFICE and sees A WOMAN, (THE MANAGER) a big lady, tinted hair, thinning, in flip flops, smoking a vape. Logan hears a BOUNCE BOUNCE BOUNCE and turns to see...

THE GIRL IN THE RAIN SLICKER.

As he walks into the courtyard, he can see that she is brown skinned, dark-eyed, staring at him, standing by THE FIAT WITH THE BROKEN LIGHT, calmly bouncing a ball. Once in a while she bounces it off the side of the motel, catching it crisply.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Senor Logan.

Logan turns and sees THE HISPANIC WOMAN FROM THE GRAVEYARD standing in the door of one of the rooms, holding a suitcase.

LOGAN

Oh, Jesus.

WOMAN

Please. ...We need a ride.

As she steps out of the room, we see that she is weak.

LOGAN

(turns to go)

Not available. Call a cab.

WOMAN

(she follows)

I'm not crazy. My name is Gabriela Lopez.

LOGAN

I don't want to know your name!

GABRIELA (WOMAN)

There are men after us. They almost got us today. We need to get to North Dakota. There, we can cross. To Canada.

LOGAN

Anyone can do that job.

GABRIELA

No. It has to be you. I'll give you fifty thousand dollars

LOGAN

(turns)

How'd you find me? Huh?! 'Cause you are fucking up my life, lady. The people after you are on *my* ass now.

GABRIELA

...Sightings... were posted.

LOGAN

Sightings.

GABRIELA

On chat rooms. People said someone looked like The Wolverine was in El Paso, driving. Said he looked old.

LOGAN

And by *people*, you mean fat fucktards living in their parents' basements playing with dolls?

GABRIELA

Whoever it was, they were *right*.

She has a point. THE SOUND OF SHATTERING GLASS.

LADY MANAGER

Hey!

THE GIRL IN THE SLICKER HAS SMASHED a motel window with her ball. The Manager advances on her with a broom. The girl stares, fascinated and perhaps amused by the angry woman.

LADY MANAGER (CONT'D)

Wipe that smile off your face, Missy!

(MORE)

LADY MANAGER (CONT'D)

I told you to stop it with that ball. Bad girl. Mamacita is gonna have to pay for that!

GABRIELA

(rushing forward)

No. Please. Stop!

Gabriela falls face down on the pavement. The girl runs to her but freezes when Logan looks up at her. He kneels down. Sees blood staining Gabriela's raincoat sleeve. BULLET WOUND.

LADY MANAGER

They have to pay for damages. She's got cash. I seen it.

LOGAN

Get your fat ass back in your office. You'll get your money.

The MOTEL MANAGER flees to her office.

GABRIELA

(panicked, terrified)

Don't let her call anyone. They will find us. They will kill us.

INT. LIBERTY MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Logan helps Gabriela to the bed. He takes in the mess of files, print outs, clippings, toys. He notices a medical kit. Cracks it open, fully stocked, looks at Gabriela.

GABRIELA

I'm a nurse.

(then)

Was. In Mexico City.

Logan watches as Gabriela lifts her sleeve, takes things from the kit, ministering to her wound.

LOGAN

When did that happen?

GABRIELA

This morning. Near the border. I got away from them. But they know my car now.

She reaches for the NIGHT STAND, pries open its cheap side paneling, and pulls out a bloody envelope hidden there. Hands it to Logan. There's an address on the outside and a set of numbers beneath it. Inside, bundles of greenbacks.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

Take it. Please. Bring us to this address. It's twenty thousand. You can have thirty more when we get there. My friends will--

LOGAN

Where did you get this?

GABRIELA

It doesn't matter.

LOGAN

Does to me.

GABRIELA

My boyfriend. He wants to kill me. And take her.

He eyes the girl standing in the door.

LOGAN

That's your daughter?

Gabriela and the girl exchange looks.

GABRIELA

...yes.
(quietly)
He wants to hurt her.
(takes Logan's hand)
I know you are still good inside.
I know you want to help.
(looks in his eyes)
Please. There won't be any problems. Not if we leave now.

LOGAN

I can't leave right now.

GABRIELA

We have to be there Friday.

LOGAN

Or what?

GABRIELA

Or we miss our chance. To cross.
(a coughing fit, then)
Our... family. They will be there that day. No other day.

Logan glances at the girl and back to Gabriela. The money in his hand. Enough to buy the boat.

LOGAN

I can get you there Friday. But I need to go home first, take care of some things.

GABRIELA

Bring us with you. Please. We can help with whatever you need to do.

Logan moves to the door. Gabriela sobs, closes her eyes.

LOGAN

I'll be back in a few hours.
(looks at the girl)
Keep this locked. And tell your mommy I know she's lying.

Logan exits and we move CLOSE ON-- THE GIRL. She crosses to the window, looking out like a sentinel, as Logan's limo drives away.

EXT. ABANDONED SMELTING PLANT -- NIGHT

Logan pulls in. The trunk pops open and Logan walks around and grabs several bags from the back. Then slams it closed.

INT. SMELTING PLANT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

As Caliban goes through all of the GROCERIES Logan has brought. Steaks. Ice Cream. Cereal. Bourbon.

CALIBAN

Tell me you didn't rob a bank.

Logan tosses him a white paper bag. Caliban looks inside-- it's stuffed full of meds.

CALIBAN (CONT'D)

So you did rob a bank.

LOGAN

I got a job that's gonna pay enough to change things. But I have to go away. For a week.

Caliban takes this in, watches as Logan opens a Tequila bottle and continue out the door.

EXT. ABANDONED SMELTING PLANT -- NIGHT

Caliban pokes his head out into the desert night, watching Logan heading toward Charles' tank.

INT. SMELTING PLANT FUEL TANK -- MOMENTS LATER

Logan finishes giving Charles his pills, lays him down on his bed. Charles is a bit dazed. Logan's phone buzzes. He pops on his new eyeglasses, looks down at it.

THE TEXT READS -- "Please hurry."

CHARLES

I like those. They make you look younger.

Logan types back, "On my way."
Caliban arrives in the hatchway, watching.

LOGAN

Charles. Listen. I gotta go for a few days. I got a long ride for some good money. When I get back, we're getting out of here, okay. Gonna drive down to Yelapa and get ourselves a boat. Live on the ocean.

CHARLES

And... you'll be safe there? From the people after you?

Logan meets Charles' eyes. He looks to Caliban in the door.

LOGAN

Yeah. I'll be safe.

Charles looks up at him, pleased. Logan considers his old friend, then heads for the hatch, moving past Caliban.

EXT. LIBERTY MOTEL ALLEY AND ROAD -- DAWN

Logan pulls into the lot. Everything peaceful and wet. A TV glows in the manager's office. Logan crosses to the door to Gabriela's room. He knocks.

LOGAN

Ready to go?

But he gets no answer, his eyes finding the splintered wood around the doorjamb. He pushes the door open...

INT. LIBERTY MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The room has been trashed. Blood everywhere. The bed is empty. Gabriela is tied to a chair, eyes unblinking, face blue, body riddled with bullets and cuts.

LOGAN

...Fuck.

Logan makes a sweep of the room. Then recalls --

The NIGHT STAND. Pries the side panel free. There, wedged in the gap-- A PHONE IN A PINK CASE. He takes it.

Sees her last text was to *him*. "*Please hurry...*"
He pockets the phone.

EXT. LIBERTY MOTEL - MORNING - RAIN

Logan closes the door behind him and steps into the rain, scanning the lot. No sign of the girl anywhere.

He looks down, noticing gouges on the concrete, slashes, filling with rain and blood. Then he spots --

A BLOODY CYBORG FINGER on the pavement. High Tech. Severed at the knuckle, wires trailing. He picks it up. *The fuck?*

SIRENS BEGINS TO RISE. He quickly crosses to his car, now noticing the MOTEL MANAGER DEAD BY THE VENDING MACHINES.

EXT. ABANDONED SMELTING PLANT -- DAY

Logan barrels through the gate and screeches to a stop. Gets out and heads for the small structure behind the tank that contains his bedroom--

CALIBAN

Hello! Logan! --What happened?

Caliban rounds the corner in his big hat and goggles, approaching from his "garden" with a bunch of beets. Logan starts to climb the steps but turns as Caliban follows.

CALIBAN (CONT'D)

Did something go wrong?

LOGAN

(moving away again)

The job was wrong to begin with.

Caliban turns away with a sigh, heading to the main building.

CALIBAN

I'll close your trunk. --I'm making
borscht for Charles if you want
some. He got dressed for lunch

This is when Logan pauses and comes back down the steps
looking out to his limo, TRUNK OPEN, Caliban approaching it.

EXT. SMELTING PLANT -- A MOMENT LATER

Caliban reaches, ABOUT TO SHUT THE TRUNK-- WHEN LOGAN'S HAND
STOPS HIM. Logan peers inside.

A CHILD'S BACKPACK. He grabs it. Unzips it. MEDICAL FILES.
COMIC BOOKS. A PLASTIC HORSE. Other trinkets. Then he notices
something in the trunk bed. A RUBBER BALL. The girl's ball.

CALIBAN

...Who does that belong to?

That's when Logan hears a sound and looks to-- A JEEP
APPROACHING ON THE HORIZON. Pierce's Jeep.

CALIBAN (CONT'D)

Who's that?

LOGAN

Aren't you supposed to see shit
coming?

CALIBAN

I'm a glorified truffle pig, not a
clairvoyant.

LOGAN

Go inside. Keep Charles quiet.
(dead serious)
Go. Inside.

Caliban shuffles away as--

Logan watches the JEEP TURN ONTO THE GROUNDS and come to a
stop in a dust cloud. Donald Pierce climbs out in a
windbreaker. He approaches, taking in the property.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You need to turn around, asshole.
This is private property.

PIERCE

(laughs, comes closer)
Yes, it is. In fact, I believe it
belongs to a multinational smelting
company based in Shanghai.

(MORE)

PIERCE (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Where you keeping the old man? In there? Or there. I'd like to meet him. I'm told HSA classifies his brain as a weapon of mass destruction now. 'Damned shame, what happened back east.

LOGAN

He's been dead for a year.

Pierce doesn't look convinced. Or all that interested.

PIERCE

I need the girl.

LOGAN

What girl.

PIERCE

One that goes with that ball you're holding. That's special rubber, you know. Coated with something called J-Tek. Gets in through the skin.

(faux serious)

Very calming. Like Magnesium but without the side effects.

(smiles)

You feel calmer?

LOGAN

There's no girl here.

Another laugh, then--

PIERCE

I know you went to the motel.

LOGAN

I was called there. There was no girl. Just the woman.

PIERCE

"The woman".

(sighs)

Such as she was.

(looks up)

So you saw Gabriela but you didn't call me?

(sticks out lower lip)

That hurts. Say, you didn't shoot the poor thing, did you?

LOGAN
No. Did you?

PIERCE
I asked you first.

LOGAN
I don't like guns.

PIERCE
Of course.
(laughs; then dead serious)
I wish you had called me, Logan.
Like I asked.

The man takes a step closer and Logan grabs him by the arm. Feels something there and looks at the man who smiles... PIERCE HAS A CYBORG ARM. Ending in a gleaming, metal hand. A cyborg hand missing a finger.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
(smiles)
See. You're not the only one who's
been enhanced--

Out of nowhere A SOUND A LOT LIKE A BOOMERANG as A LEAD PIPE -- THWAP -- HITS PIERCE IN THE HEAD-- AND DOWN HE GOES.

Logan turns, stunned to see--

THE GIRL standing by an out-building.

LOGAN
Hey!

She looks at Logan, THEN SUDDENLY WINGS ANOTHER PIPE AT HIM. Logan watches it come and CATCHES IT, about to wing it back when--

CHARLES
Logan.

Logan turns to see Charles in his chair at the door of the main building. Looks better than usual. Caliban behind him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Logan. Caliban. This is Laura.

He then smiles at the girl...

CHARLES (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
We've been waiting for you.

He motions for her to come inside. Caliban looks to Logan.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

This way, child. Come here, Laura.

The girl (LAURA) crosses, snatches her backpack from Logan, then steps over Pierce and crosses to Charles.

Bewildered, Logan kneels pulls a GUN from Pierce's waistband. He hands it to Caliban who lands beside him, taking in the cyborg hand and the tattoo on Pierce's neck.

CALIBAN

Looks like Ex-military. Maybe a bounty hunter?

He hands Caliban Don Pierce's business card.

LOGAN

Worse.

Caliban reads Alkali on the card.

CALIBAN

He's by himself?

LOGAN

Not for long.

(thinking)

Get him back in his ride. Drive him to the wash and dump him. Then take the car into Juarez, leave it for the vultures.

CALIBAN

What if he wakes up before I get there?

He hands Caliban the gun.

LOGAN

Text me where you are and we'll pick you up.

INT. SMELTING PLANT KITCHEN - LATER - DAY

Logan enters with a duffel, shoving supplies in it. He watches as--

Charles sits beside "Laura" as she ravenously eats a bowl of cereal. Charles speaks to her gently.

CHARLES

You did what you could, Laura.

(she looks at him)

Well. Yes. Of course, it's painful.

Logan eyes LAURA'S BACKPACK which she keeps close. He grabs it but Laura stands, holding the strap. Logan shoves her down. She grabs his arm.

LOGAN

You'll get it back-- after I figure out what you and your mother have got us into.

CHARLES

Logan.

LOGAN

What.

Logan peers in her bag, notices files, a toy horse and comic book. He winces, looks up as Charles wheels over.

CHARLES

That wasn't her mother you met.

LOGAN

So she talks.

CHARLES

We're communicating.

LOGAN

(hands him pills)

Take them-- Now.

(goes back to packing)

We *have to go*. Leave. It isn't safe here anymore. And you can't have an attack out there. Understand?

CHARLES

(swallows the pills)

She's the mutant I told you about. The one we have to help.

LOGAN

She's not a mutant.

CHARLES

Yes, she is.

LOGAN
(crossing to a duffel)
What's her gift, eating? Pipe
throwing?

Logan is interrupted by A LOUD RUMBLE AS THE NIGHTLY FREIGHT TRAIN APPROACHES. Laura bolts up from the table. Charles reaches out for her...

CHARLES
It's alright, Laura. It's only a
train. A choo choo.

He nods to the monitor. We see the FREIGHT TRAIN passing in the distance. She stares at it. Like she's never seen one.

LOGAN
(exiting)
We gotta go.

INT. CALIBAN'S CAR - DAY

Caliban at the wheel, in gloves and sun hat. The gun Logan gave him on the dash. He pulls to a stop.

INT./EXT. CALIBAN'S CAR - MEXICAN ROAD - DAY

Caliban drags an unconscious Pierce out of the car. He moves to exit, crosses to close the jeep's rear hatch when he HEARS A SOFT RUMBLE. He looks off and sees...

ALL TERRAIN VEHICLES IN THE DISTANCE. Lots of them.

Caliban turns back to see Pierce standing by the driver door. Grinning... He reaches for the gun on the dash and cocks it.

PIERCE
You're fucked now, mutey.

EXT. ABANDONED SMELTING PLANT - DAY

As Logan shoves the last of the packed bags, and whatever else he's grabbed, into the trunk. THE SAME RUMBLE. He looks up at -- a cloud of silt rising on the horizon.

INT. SMELTING PLANT KITCHEN - DAY

As Laura hears the rumble and stands.

CHARLES
It's alright. It's just another--

LOGAN
(coming in the door)
--it's not a train. We gotta go!

Out the window, FOUR BLACK FEDERALE TRUCKS approach in a cloud of dust. Armed men in black hang onto the vehicles. Behind the trucks, THE SAME FOUR LARGE CUSTOM ALL TERRAIN VEHICLES. A different type of men are on board these, mercenaries, in full tactical gear.

NOTE -- We'll call the mercenaries riding behind the Federales, THE REAVERS. They outclass the Federales with their weapons, vehicles, armor and skill. Many have weaponized appendages where missing limbs should be.

Logan takes hold of Charles' wheelchair, pushing him to the door. He passes Laura, points at her, an order:

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Don't move!

CHARLES
(as he wheels out)
Don't be afraid, child.
He'll come back for you!

She looks at Logan, not so sure.

EXT. ABANDONED SMELTING PLANT - DAY

Logan wheels a bouncing Charles rapidly out the door over the gravel and rocks toward the limo.

CHARLES
...bloody hell.

THE RUMBLE GETS LOUDER and Logan and Charles look up as-- THE VEHICLES SMASH THROUGH THE GATE.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
My God...

INT./EXT. LIMO - ABANDONED SMELTING PLANT - DAY

-- as Logan lifts him into the back of the limo, throws the wheelchair in the trunk.

CHARLES
Logan!

Logan quickly unzips his duffel, grabs something else. The Federales almost upon them. Charles yells at Logan as he slams the trunk and returns to Charles' door.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Logan! You have to go back for her!

LOGAN
She's not our problem.

Logan grabs a seat belt and hurriedly straps Charles in... and doing so, surreptitiously pulls out a loaded hypodermic and jams it into the old man's (numb) thigh.

CHARLES
I know what you just did.

Logan jumps behind the wheel, turns it over, hits the gas--

CHARLES (CONT'D)
LOGAN!

From the opposite direction, THREE MORE TRUCKS LOADED WITH FEDERALES and FOUR MERCENARIES ON DIRT BIKES, BLOCK THEM.

Logan stomps on the brakes and SLIDES TO A STOP.

A door opens and Donald Pierce steps out of his truck, his suit now dusted from his earlier misadventure. Around him, FEDERALES AND REAVERS ALL train their guns on the limo.

Jumping off one of the Federale Jeeps, A MEXICAN COMMANDER, chest decorated with mid-level brass, orders his men to take tactical positions surrounding the structures. He barks orders in Spanish and holds a police sketch of Laura.

FEDERALE COMMANDER
Este es el mutante! Capturar o matar!

INT. SMELTING PLANT KITCHEN - DAY

Laura sits at the table. She refills her bowl with cereal and eats it methodically with her spoon, watching the stand-off outside through the windows like a TV show.

INT./EXT. LIMO - ABANDONED SMELTING PLANT - DAY

Logan watches as Pierce walks toward their limo. Charles getting fuzzier in back, the meds kicking in.

CHARLES
Logan...

LOGAN
I'm thinking.

CHARLES
(raises a finger, dreamily)
The child, Logan. We mustn't forget
Laura. ...Logan...

LOGAN
(eyeing Pierce approaching)
Please be quiet.

Pierce arrives at the driver's side window, sees Charles in
back, smiles down at the old man smiling back at him.

PIERCE
Ah, Charles Xavier. The most wanted
octogenarian in North America--

Logan shoves the door open into Pierce, knocking him back.
THE SOUND OF MANY GUNS CLICKING AS THE FEDERALES TRAIN
WEAPONS ON LOGAN. But Logan gets in Pierce's face, fiery:

LOGAN
Where's Caliban?

CHARLES
(rolls down window, loopy)
Excuse me. I'm a nonagenarian,
actually...

PIERCE
How about you tell me where the
girl is first. Or maybe I ought to
ask the cue ball. Seems friendly.

LOGAN
I told you, she's not here.
Where's Caliban?!

Pierce smirks, amused by Logan's anger.

PIERCE
I left him in the same hole you
were going to leave me.

Logan loses it, lunges for him -- when someone hits Logan
from behind. Hard. And again. As Logan falls to his knees and
turns-- SNIKT-- AND SEPARATES A REAVER from his arm.

LOGAN
(to Pierce)
You got extra barbecue tongs for
this guy?

THE FEDERALE COMMANDER nods.

AND A SWARM OF FEDERALES ATTACK LOGAN WITH RIFLE BUTTS AND BOOTS AND BEAT HIM TO THE GROUND. There are too many.

Pummeled, overwhelmed, his limbs all pinned, Logan turns over to find PIERCE'S FOOT TO HIS THROAT. Pierce leans down.

PIERCE

Jesus. Seeing you this way,
Wolverine, it breaks my heart.

LOGAN

As soon as I rip it out of your
chest, fuck-stick.

Pierce smiles, then nods to one of the Reavers (Mohawk) who jumps off his bike and advances toward a side door of the Smelting Plant. He's carrying a STEEL RESTRAINING COLLAR.

The Federale Commander shouts to Pierce.

FEDERALE COMMANDER

(in Spanish)

*No one goes in without Federale
escort. I am in charge.*

Mohawk pauses. The Commander dispatches two of his Federales to lead him inside, weapons drawn.

INT. SMELTING PLANT KITCHEN - DAY

THE DOOR OPENS as MOHAWK AND THE TWO FEDERALES creep into the dark room adjacent to the kitchen, advancing toward--

Laura at the kitchen table, her back to them. She seems oblivious as she pours more cereal, eats with her spoon.

One of the Federales accidentally kicks a bottle and Laura pauses her spoon in the air.

EXT. ABANDONED SMELTING PLANT - DAY

ON LOGAN, watching. Charles, watching.

SUDDENLY, THERE ARE SCREAMS FROM INSIDE THE STRUCTURE. Men's screams. Then it is quiet. Everyone turns as --

Creeaaaak. A STEEL DOOR OPENS WIDE. LAURA steps from the dark into the blazing light. She SQUINTS.

Pierce steps off Logan, having found his quarry.

PIERCE

That-a-girl.

--and now LAURA BOOTS SOMETHING which rolls to Pierce's feet.

Pierce and the Federale Commander look down at--
A SEVERED HEAD. WITH A MOHAWK.

THEN SHE TOSSES THE STEEL RESTRAINT COLLAR TO THE DIRT.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
(sighs)
...Laura.

ON LOGAN -- Pulling himself up from the ground as--

LAURA-- continues walking toward Pierce. Hands at her sides.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
Laura. Stay where you are. You want
to see your friends, right?

ON PIERCE-- as he nods to the REAVERS to prepare to take her.

A CYBORG-LEGGED REAVER OPENS THE DOORS OF A CONTAINMENT TANK
in back of one of their vehicles. Yet another REAVER (PRETTY
BOY, not) assembles A SAVAGE HARPOON AND RESTRAINT SYSTEM.

But the Federale Commander suddenly orders his men to --

FEDERALE COMMANDER
Tomar el mutante!

AND THE CIRCLE OF FEDERALES MOVE IN ON LAURA.

PIERCE
Commander, stop!

FEDERALE COMMANDER
You said alive or dead.

SNIKT! -- BLOODY CLAWS EXTEND FROM LAURA'S KNUCKLES.

PIERCE
Laura! NO! NO!!

ON LOGAN-- He reacts to the claws. In shock. Cannot believe
what he's seeing. With the attention on Laura, Logan starts
moving, limping, back to the limo. His eyes meet--

Laura's. A moment of mutual recognition. It breaks as she
turns to face the Federales.

ON CHARLES-- who, struggling against the meds, presses
himself against the glass, staring at Laura.

CHARLES

...My Lord.

BACK TO LAURA AS -- THE FEDERALES LUNGE AT HER and, sadly for them, Laura leaps in the air and becomes a whirling dervish of death. Limbs and weapons sliced from her attackers like a topiary. Guns fire to no effect as Laura evades the shots.

This little girl has been created, designed and trained for one thing and one thing only: killing. And she's a virtuoso.

This wave dispatched, LAURA FLEES, HIDES BEHIND THE CATWALK SUPPORTS. The armed Federales hunt for her among the supports and she starts picking them off, one by one, with her blades and even with their own guns.

Suddenly, Laura is pinned against a concrete wall by A MUSCLE BOUND REAVER. With an acrobatic move, she boots him in the nuts and leaps over him, manages to run as--

PRETTY BOY FIRES THE HARPOON GUN, retracts the cable and pins her to the ground. REAVERS AND FEDERALES SURROUND HER and PRETTY BOY is about to put on the restraints when--

SNIKT! -- LOGAN GUTS PRETTY BOY FROM BEHIND-- AND ENGAGES THE OTHERS as Laura pulls the harpoon from her side and runs.

Laura is grabbed by THREE MORE REAVERS, WHO RESTRAIN HER AND STARTS TO DRAG HER AWAY -- BUT, SNIKT! --

TWO ADAMANTIUM FOOT CLAWS EMERGE FROM HER FEET dragging on the concrete, making a ringing sound, like chalk on a black board and -- suddenly -- with a double scissor-kick -- she stabs one Reaver in the thigh and the other in the throat, her gleaming foot claw sticking out the back of his neck.

Logan stares, slack-jawed. Then notices--

PIERCE AND ANOTHER REAVER are moving on the limo, about to take Charles. Logan tosses them back and--

INT./EXT. LIMO - ABANDONED SMELTING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Logan drops behind the wheel, watching through the windshield as Laura takes on six or seven more hostiles.

CHARLES

(drunk with the meds)

...As I said, Logan, she's a mutant... Like you. Very much like you, in fact.

Logan grimly starts the engine.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

Logan ignores Charles as he put the limo in gear, gaining speed, and then-- MAKES A HARD U-TURN AND --

WHAM! PLOWS INTO THE FEDERALES AND LAURA (WHO JUMPS ON THE HOOD TO AVOID IMPACT).

Logan accelerates again, Laura clinging to the hood. Logan punches a button, opening the sunroof as gunfire starts to hit their limo.

Laura leaps into the limo. Charles smiles at her, pleased and seemingly oblivious to the gunfire:

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Laura!

As they take a hard turn, a side window shatters and LAURA INSTINCTIVELY SHIELDS CHARLES FROM THE BULLETS.

LAURA GETS HIT AND matter of factly sucks the slug out of her arm and spits it on the seat like Lee Marvin.

Logan meets eyes with Charles in his rear view. And that's when they are hit with A BARRAGE OF BULLETS--

WIDER -- SMELTING PLANT

THE FEDERALES HAVE LEAPT INTO THEIR JEEPS and fire at Logan's limo as they spin out in the dirt, in pursuit.

Disgusted, Pierce also gets behind the wheel and leads his Reavers in the opposite direction.

THE PLANT GATE BLOCKED BY THE ARMADA OF VEHICLES, Logan drives straight at the chainlink fence-- and we prepare for a classic action movie fence smash.

LOGAN
Hold on!

BUT THE LIMO HITS THE FENCE, BENDS THE SUPPORTS AND GRINDS TO A PATHETIC HALT, TANGLED IN MESH. As it would in real life.

Federales open fire at the limo as Logan guns the engine in reverse, trying to get traction on the dirt. Other Federales speed toward them on motorcycles.

Under massive fire, bullet-riddled, Logan's limo finds purchase, and he's backing out at high speed, ripping a long section of chain link from its posts and dragging this "tail" with him (driving backwards now).

LOGAN SWERVES HARD AND THE CHAIN LINK "TAIL" SWINGS OUT AND WIPES OUT THE REAVER BIKES. One of the riders tumbles and grabs onto the chain link tail, the limo dragging him.

The Reaver claws his way along the chain link toward the hood of the car, drawing his gun, firing at the windshield.

Logan ducks and spins the car around. The dragging fence swings wide, LOSING THE REAVER ON THE FENCE.

Pierce angrily peels his truck in another direction.

Logan sees the main gate ahead. As he guns for it, he notices THE FLASHING RED TRAIN-WARNING LIGHTS at the loading dock.

TWO FEDERALE JEEPS reach the sides of the limo, guns aimed squarely at Logan. Laura and Charles react as--

Logan steers the limo through a series of concrete structures FORCING THE JEEPS INTO VIOLENT COLLISIONS.

Logan guns his limo into--

EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

LOGAN'S LIMO RACES FROM THE PLANT GROUNDS, APPROACHING--

A HULKING FREIGHT TRAIN arriving quickly from parallel tracks. The train is moving faster than the limo.

Logan makes a hard left, cranking the wheel just clipping the front corner of Pierce's truck, spinning toward the tracks.

THE TRAIN HAS ALMOST CAUGHT UP WITH THEM AS--

THE LIMO PLOWS STRAIGHT INTO THE SIDE OF A FEDERALE TRUCK which gets squeezed between the limo and train. Sparks fly.

LOGAN SPINS THE WHEEL, PUSHING THE TRUCK (and the Federale Commander in it) INTO THE PATH OF THE TRAIN AS--

LOGAN GUNS HIS LIMO ACROSS THE TRACKS ITS REAR END PINGED BY THE LOCOMOTIVE-- AND THE FEDERALE TRUCK OBLITERATED.

LOGAN'S LIMO COMES TO A STOP ON THE OTHER SIDE. Logan looks back through the moving freight cars at--

Pierce and the remaining Reavers, stuck until it passes. It's a long train.

EXT./INT. LIMO - RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Logan's battered limo racing at 120 mph.

Logan's eyes darting to his rearview, peeled for any sign of Reavers. He glances back at --

LAURA, beside Charles, her gaze fixed out the window.

LOGAN
Who the fuck are you?

Laura slowly turns, acknowledging Logan's existence.

CHARLES
You know who she is, Logan.

LOGAN
No. I don't.

CHARLES
Does she remind you of anybody?

Laura holds Logan's glare with her own equally hard look.

Logan flares, peers tensely back out the windshield as he takes a hard turn.

EXT. ABANDONED SMELTING PLANT - MORNING

Donald Pierce steps over a mangled Reaver as the remaining "soldiers" clean up after the fight.

PIERCE
Leave nothing behind fellas. We
were not here!

He walks toward the main building, then looks back.

PIERCE (CONT'D)
Bring me the tracker.

INT. SMELTING PLANT KITCHEN - MORNING

Pierce steps inside and takes in the room. Picks up the RED SLICKER on the chair. Finds her ball in the pocket.

He turns as the DOOR IS OPENED and A SERIOUSLY INJURED CALIBAN is carried inside and shoved into a chair. He's hooked up to an IV, his head is covered with a HOOD.

Pierce rips off the hood and slaps Caliban's battered face.

PIERCE
Wakey wakey.

Caliban blinks his pale eyes open. Pierce sits down across from him and smiles.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

You know, I read about you when I was a kid. You tracked that crazy gilled mutey fishy motherfuck, what was his name, Wave?

(flutters his metal digits)

Tracked him halfway 'cross the Atlantic they said. And you was underwater. Inside a sub. And you found him anyway. Shit. That's a gift. That's trackin'!

CALIBAN

I'm sorry. I believe you're thinking of someone else.

Pierce grins. SUDDENLY STRIKES Caliban with his metal hand.

PIERCE

'I'm not mistaken, you used to work for my team, for the good guys. You were helping round up all the old mutes.

Caliban says nothing. Pierce picks up Laura's ball.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

What changed? 'You got religion?

Pierce slides Laura's RED SLICKER onto the table.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Gonna need you to help the good guys one more time, and track one more special for me.

CALIBAN

I will not. I will not help you.

Pierce turns toward the blacked out kitchen window. Starts to peel at the tar paper.

PIERCE

Of course that's what you'd say. But then I got this theory that people don't really change.

Pierce suddenly pulls the tar paper, RELEASING A SHARD OF BRIGHT SUNLIGHT. Caliban cries out, tries to turn away.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Beware the light, Caliban. I bet that's what your Mommy said every day when you was a kid.

CALIBAN

Please--

PIERCE

Beware the light.

Two Reavers force his face into the bright light. The mutant's eyes open. It burns.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Let's not bring out the worst in each other. The girl's not worth it. She's not a natural fuck-up like you. She's a business mistake. R & D gone bad. There's liability. They can't have things with patents running around hurting people. So we need to get her off board before she hurts anybody else, someone you care about maybe.

Pierce nods to his men and they put the hood back over Caliban's head and haul him out, crying.

WHISPERED VOICE (V.O.)

...My name is Gabriela Lopez.

CLOSE ON -- A PHONE, GABRIELA'S PHONE

ON THE SCREEN WE SEE-- A SHAKY SELFIE OF GABRIELA in a Mexico City apartment. She looks healthier but grim.

GABRIELA

I am a nurse and for ten years I have worked at Transigen research in Mexico City.

On screen, we are moving through corridors of a high end research facility. See flashes of Gabriela in reflections in glass, in a nurse's uniform, recording surreptitious video.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

Transigen is a owned by an American company. And they pay better than any Mexican hospital.

A SHAKY SHOT -- CLOSE ON letterhead from a memo -- ALKALI.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

What I am about to show you is illegal in the U.S. and Canada--

CLOSE ON -- A NEW SELFIE OF GABRIELA, now in a stockroom.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
--and that is why they came here.

CUT TO -- A BRIGHTLY LIT WARD. A SLOPPY PAN ACROSS A GROUP OF DRUGGED CHILDREN (ages 5-15) as they are prodded into kennel-like enclosures decorated with tattered stuffed animals.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
These children were born in this building. They were born here and they have never left. Never seen the sun or ocean, the rain or snow or any of God's creatures.

Sleeping mats on tile floors with exposed drains and hoses. Armed guards, some missing limbs, perhaps recognizable as Reavers, juxtaposed against the cheerful sound of musak. This place is a cross between a Children's hospital and a kennel.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
They have no birth certificates, no names beside the ones we have given them. They were raised in the bellies of Mexican girls.

Grainy photos flip past, A BLOOD SPRAYED BIRTHING ROOM.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
--girls no one can find anymore.

Images of test tubes. Vials of liquids. Electron microscopes.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
Their fathers were semillas genética, special seeds in bottles.

VIDEO OF A BIRTHDAY PARTY IN THE WARD.

The children (5 years old) singing in Spanish over a birthday cake with the Mexican staff. They are suddenly interrupted by A RED HAired MAN IN A LAB COAT.

NEW SHOT-- the Red Haired MAN -- corridor

Surreptitiously recorded as he chastises the Mexican staff. We pick up snatches of words.

RED HAired MAN
We don't bring them cake, Maria. We do not dress them up for Halloween. We do not call them baby or kiss boo boos. They're part of a study. Do not think of them as children. Think of them as things.

(MORE)

RED HAIRE D MAN (CONT'D)
*They have patents and copyrights.
Like this--
(throws a stapler)
Comprende?*

NOW WE SEE-- SHAKY VIDEO OF TWO KIDS FIGHTING IN A PADDED ROOM. A lab technician injects one with something and that one starts beating the other, exhibiting tremendous strength. A staff member screams in Spanish and tries to break it up.

AN ALARM SOUNDS. THE BOY IS HIT WITH TEASERS.

GABRIELA
*They told us they were part of a
pharmaceutical study.*

NEW SHOT-- THE CAMERA NOW EXPLORES A ROOM THAT LOOKS LIKE A GUN RANGE, WITH PADS AND HACKED UP DUMMIES. A kid fires an automatic weapon with brutal accuracy.

NEW SHOT-- Children spar with MEN IN BODY ARMOR (REAVERS). Special Ops combat skills in 8 year old bodies.

CAMERA PANS TO-- AN OBSERVATION WINDOW HIGH ABOVE THE FLOOR. THE RED HAIRE D MAN, 40, watches, expressionless.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
But of course, that was a lie.

CLOSE ON -- A SELFIE OF GABRIELA at her apartment.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
*They thought we were too poor and
stupid to understand. We are poor,
but we are not stupid. I knew what
they were doing.*

She holds up SEVERAL YELLOWED NEWSPAPER ARTICLES about XMEN. And then several XMEN comic books.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
*When I was a child, I learned
English from these.*

REVERSE TO REVEAL WE ARE--

INT./EXT. LIMO -- TRUCK STOP - TEXAS HIGHWAY - MORNING

Logan and Charles in the back, rapt, watching the video on Gabriela's phone, propped on the coffee table. Logan hands Charles some pills and, after seeing him pop them in his mouth, turn back to the video.

GABRIELA (ON PHONE)
*This is business. They are making
soldiers. Weapons X. These are
babies of mutantes muerta.*

The video suddenly stops. Screen goes BLACK.

CHARLES
Is there more? Play it.

Logan puts on his reading glasses, picks up the phone, trying to get it to play again. As he does this, Charles spits out his pills and drops them in the seat crevice.

LOGAN
Battery's dead. We need a plug.

CHARLES
How far is it?
(off Logan's confusion)
To North Dakota.

LOGAN
Charles.

CHARLES
You took that woman's money. You
told her you would take the child
there.

Logan stares out the open door at--

LAURA, sitting solemnly in one of those "Bucking Bronco" rides as it bounces and plays a repeating fanfare.

LOGAN
What is she?

CHARLES
She's your daughter, Logan.
(off his glare)
Alkali had your genetic code.

LOGAN
Not just mine.

Outside, the horse ride has stopped moving. Laura hits the button over and over, but nothing happens. She bangs on the side and, still, nothing happens.

CHARLES
Logan...

LOGAN

I don't wanna hear it. I don't want to talk about it anymore.

CHARLES

Logan.

LOGAN

Stop.

CHARLES

I have to pee.

Logan looks at him. *Oh.*

EXT. TRUCK STOP -- DAY

ON LAURA AS -- SNIKT -- A CLAW comes out. She tries to jam it into the Bucking Bronco machine's coin slot. Logan grabs her wrist, holds out a QUARTER.

LOGAN

Last ride. Then we're leaving.

He nods to the claw, she retracts it. Then she grabs the quarter from him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

Logan crosses to the --

INT. TRUCK STOP MEN'S ROOM - DAY

We look at a half closed handicapped stall door as Logan and Charles shuffle about inside.

CHARLES

Stop it. For God's sake I can do that myself!

LOGAN

Well, you're not doing it!

EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

As Logan wheels Charles back to the car, he looks over at the bucking bronco ride. LAURA'S GONE.

INT. TRUCK STOP CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Laura walks down an aisle, looking at the colorful products. She grabs a can of Pringles, starts in on it.

Then she stops and looks at a floor display of Hypno, Mag and all the variations of "energy drinks." Laura grabs a can, opens it and takes a long drink. She's bouncing as she walks now...

A CLERK looks up from his phone at her eating snacks.

Laura stops at a SUNGLASS RACK, munching. Notices a pair of shades. Puts them on, eats more, looking at herself.

CLERK

Yo. Girlie. You gotta pay for that.

Laura looks up with her mouth full. She starts for the door.

The Clerk blocks her way. She just looks up at him.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Where's your *mommy and daddy*?

She continues staring. Shoves some Pringles in her mouth.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Alright, that's enough--

He swipes the Pringles can from her hand, about to take the sunglasses from her nose, when, in a terrifyingly swift move, she throws the clerk to the floor, straddling him, hand on his throat the other raised-- SNIKT-- claws out.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Oh God Jesus, No!

That's when a hand again grabs Laura by the wrist.

LOGAN

Not okay.

Logan pushes Laura to the door turns to the clerk--

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Sorry.

--then grabs a handful of CIGARS and A PHONE CHARGER, stealing a look at a security camera on his way out.

INT. EXT LIMO -- OKLAHOMA -- NIGHT

A great starry sky as the desert becomes the plains. The limo sits, parked along a flat stretch of Oklahoma highway.

Laura and Charles are asleep in back.

Logan sits up front in the darkness, legs across the bench, staring at the road ahead and then at the Pennysaver clipping for the boat on his visor. And the envelope of cash.

A billboard up ahead hypes GAMBLING AND SHOWS IN OKLAHOMA CITY, 50 miles away.

There is a small beep. Logan sighs, looks down to Gabriela's pink phone plugged into the charger. It's come to life. He raises the partition and hits play.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN -- PART TWO OF GABRIELA'S VIDEO :

WE SEE A "STAFF MEMBER" PINNED ON THE FLOOR, SKIN SMOKING, his neck being gripped by a 9 year old with glowing eyes. People scream. "Leo! Basta! Basta!" The boy leans back and starts crying. The staff member is dead.

GABRIELA

*As the children became older, they
became difficult to control.*

ANOTHER SURREPTITIOUS VIDEO. A BUMPY SKINNED CHILD expertly shoots an automatic weapon into target dummies in an indoor range. SUDDENLY THEY TURN AND SHOOT THE INSTRUCTOR. SCREAMS.

A MOVING SHOT. THE BOY WITH GLOWING EYES is chased by security up a staircase to a rooftop. An alarm whoops. The boy lands outside and, for a moment, breathes air and stares at Mexico City. Panicked staff yell to him in Spanish as --

THE BOY THROWS HIMSELF OFF THE LEDGE.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

*They taught them to kill-- but they
did not remove their hearts.*

ANOTHER CHILD IS FORCIBLY CUFFED IN A NOW FAMILIAR RESTRAINT SYSTEM, hissing, spitting, VIBRATING, loose objects flying around the room. OTHER CHILDREN WATCH. Some weep.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

They could not be controlled.

ANOTHER SHOT -- A trickle of blood runs to a drain. TILT TO FIND A YOUNG LAURA IN A SMOCK, seemingly drugged, SITTING on the floor of a tiled room. She stares at her arm as she cuts it with a metal claw, then watches it heal, then cuts again.

The camera/phone drops and we see a dutched image of Laura as Gabriela comforts her, saying "What are you doing, baby?" in Spanish. Laura cries on her shoulder.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
*A soldier who cannot be controlled
is not a good soldier.*

A LONG LENS GLIMPSE OF THE RED HAired MAN, temperamental,
gesticulating, walking up a corridor, trailed by PIERCE.

NOW A SHOT FROM A MOVING CAR-- OF A WINDOWLESS STRUCTURE.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
*Inside this building is something
new. Something better than X-23.*

STOLEN SHOTS FROM IN THE NEW BUILDING-- FLASHES OF TANKS
CONTAINING ADULT HUMAN ORGANS, LIMBS submerged in liquids on
collagen forms: arms, hearts, feet-- some being harvested.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
I got inside yesterday.

THE RED HAired MAN confers with technicians. A Reaver notices
Gabriela who hides her camera/phone. She claims (in Spanish)
to be lost.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
*They told us to destroy files. They
said the Cancer program had failed.*

The female Mexican staff, some crying, shred medical files as
out the door a child is dragged away by A REAVER...

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
*They started putting the children
to sleep. Like dogs.*

We hear Gabriela telling them (in Spanish) that "we cannot
let them do this". Some of the staff meet her eyes.

NEW SHOT-- GABRIELA IN A SUPPLY CLOSET, DOOR CRACKED...

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
(hushed)
*We are going to save as many as we
can. I have read about a place in
the north. A place for mutants.
They call it Eden.*

SOME FLASHES OF IMAGES OF AN ESCAPE. AN ALARM SOUNDING.
PANIC. SECURITY. FEDERALES COMING TO THE LAB. RUNNING. CRYING
CHILDREN. Exhortations to the kids to keep running. GUNFIRE.

LOGAN REACTS TO THE CHAOS.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

*I have not shown anyone what you
have now seen. Not until I am sure
Laura is safe.*

AND NOW ON THE PHONE -- AN IMAGE OF GABRIELA LOPEZ IN THE
MOTEL ROOM, BARELY ABLE TO KEEP HER HEAD UP...

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

*If you are watching this, it means
I am dead. I am not sure if any
other children survived. We were
separated. I am sorry, but there is
no more money. That was a lie. You
have everything I have in my life.*

Logan reacts to this.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

*She is not my child... but I love
her. You may not love her but she
is your child. I see now you are
not a hero. You are not what I read
about. Maybe you never were. But
please, I beg you, please bring her
to safety.*

The recording ends. Logan tosses the phone down.

He reaches up for the mirror, adjusts it so he can see--

Laura. Lying there, in a ball, sleeping, a plastic horse doll
in her hands. Some comic books under her head. Suddenly, she
awakes, her eyes meeting his. And holding.

Logan blinks under the weight of her gaze. Then she looks
away and rolls over.

INT./ EXT. LOGAN'S LIMO -- OKLAHOMA CITY -- NIGHT

Laura awakes on the leatherette bench and looks up to
Charles, sleeping soundly, holding her hand. Colored light
passes over his face. She turns to see lights playing outside
her window. She sits up to face--

THE SPECTACLE OF A MODERN GAMBLING STRIP. Dancing lights and
thematic facades throb like fireworks. A car passes, blasting
thumping hip hop.

Charles blinks awake. We see in his eyes a quiet panic as he
looks out at his surroundings and, for a moment, seems to
have no idea how he got here nor who these people are.

Laura meets his eyes. It starts to come back to him. He looks out the window as they pull into a Casino parking area.

CHARLES

...Is this where we're hiding out?

LOGAN

We're not hiding out. We're gonna get a couple hours sleep, clean up, get new clothes, ditch the limo, get a new ride and get the fuck out.

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO/HOTEL - VALET - NIGHT

Logan pulls to a stop a valet who eagerly approaches until he sees the thrashed condition of their ride and its frazzled passengers. Logan hands him cash.

LOGAN

Keep it out front.

Laura steps out, clinging to her horse. Dazzled by the throbbing lights and sexy throbbing musak.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO/HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Weary, Logan holds an electronic key in his hand as the threesome moves past slots and gambling tables still operating in the middle of the night. Laura is overwhelmed by noise, lights and activity. She jumps WHEN A LOUD BELL RINGS as someone wins a jackpot. Charles puts a hand on her.

Logan hits the UP button of the elevator and, as they wait for the doors to open, they all looks at--

A DISPLAY FOR A CASINO CLOTHING STORE. A male mannequin in handsome western wear stands beside a shapely Cowgirl and a little kid mannequin in a unicorn tee/skirt and studded denim jacket. Charles eyes a suit and hat on a mannequin in an easy chair with a pipe.

Bing! -- the elevator doors open.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO/HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

They enter, Logan pushing Charles who carries shopping bags in his lap and tries on a new hat, tag attached. As the doors close, Logan presses their floor, the button lights and Laura starts to press other floors. Logan swats her hand.

Meanwhile, Charles digs in the bag, offers Logan a new baseball hat with a tag on it, tissue paper falling.

LOGAN

Please wait till we're in the room.

The doors suddenly re-open and there are A COUPLE (dressed nicely) and awkwardness as Logan hits the door close button.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Sorry. Going up.

Laura starts hitting other buttons again. He swats her again.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO/HOTEL - SUITE - DAWN

Oklahoma City lies beyond the big windows, morning light filling this well appointed suite. We see the remains of a room service breakfast. Clothing wrappers and boxes are scattered about. In a robe, Laura helps Charles finish donning his new outfit. Suddenly, there are gunshots from the TV. Laura turns.

ON SCREEN -- A shootout in a 50's technicolor Western. Elisha Cook Jr is gunned down in the mud by Jack Palance.

CHARLES

This film is a classic, Laura.
Almost a hundred years old now. I
first saw it at the Esoldo in
Dewsbury when I was your age.

ONSCREEN -- Now, it's a cemetery scene where the homesteaders sing a hymnal as they lower Elisha Cook Jr. to the ground.

INT. HOTEL - SUITE - BATHROOM - SAME

A line of mini bar bottles stacked on the sink, Logan dresses in front of the mirror. Exhaustion catching up with him, his body still scarred from the battle at the smelting plant. He finished buttoning a new shirt. Picks up his hat.

His eyes land upon Laura's bloody clothes on the floor. Her backpack nearby. Logan opens the backpack, pulls out those files he'd seen before. TRANSIGEN and ALKALI stamped on them.

He flips through them -- records for the young mutants (some we saw on Gabriela's videos), we glimpse details:

X23-44: Projects himself into other people via ocular lock.

X23-22: Can FREEZE OBJECTS with her cryogenic breath.

X23-20: Can TRANSFORM AND MOVE ORGANIC PLANT LIFE -- grasses, trees, plants, a sort of green "Magneto".

X23-11: Can generate seismic energy in nearby objects...

Logan keeps flipping through the files, until he finds the one he's really looking for: LAURA.

"High IQ" "Volatile emotional swings" "Difficult to control"
"Signs of Manic Depression in source genetics."

"SOURCE DNA: JAMES HOWLETT."

Clinical photos of Laura's Adamantium implant. Medical images of this little girl on a stainless table, in exquisite pain.

Logan can't look anymore. They bring back his own dark memories. Closing it, he finds a WRINKLED PHOTO clipped to the back. It's of GABRIELA AND ANOTHER NURSE (MARIA) WITH OTHER YOUNG MUTANTS IN A LAB. On back is that address in North Dakota. And a list of names: "Delilah, Rictor, Bobby, Rebecca, Laura and Charlotte."

Logan tucks the file back in the backpack, then notices something else... wadded in a side pocket.

SEVERAL COMIC BOOKS. X-MEN comic books.

LOGAN
...For fuck's sake.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - MORNING

As Pierce and his Reavers show up and take over the place. They start sealing it off, and head in to the MINI MART...

INT. TRUCK STOP MINI MART - MORNING

The clerk is scared/confused as Pierce and a Reaver enter and lock the door behind them...

CLERK
Who are you guys? More cops? Dude,
I already told them everything.

INT./EXT. VAN - TRUCK STOP - MORNING

Where a battered Caliban sits, guarded by a Reaver, the red slicker in his lap. The Reaver beside him reaches over and raises the SHADE. Caliban recoils and we now see the blisters on his face from the previous exposure to light.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO/HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

Laura finishes tying her NEW SHOES amid some clothing boxes. She also wears a new unicorn shirt, new skirt and leggings. The ones from the display. She's pleased and meets eyes with--

Logan, who emerges from the bathroom with the backpack. He doubletakes at her, then grabs another bottle from the mini bar. We hear canned gunfire from the next room.

Laura crosses to Charles in the bedroom and sits on the edge of the bed where he is watching "Shane." On screen, the big "shoot out" grabs Laura's attention.

Logan walks in, watching indifferently.

Laura remains riveted as on-screen-- SHANE KNEELS DOWN AND SAYS GOODBYE TO LITTLE JOEY:

SHANE (ON TV)

*A man has to be what he is, Joey.
Can't break the mould. I tried and
it didn't work. There's no living
with a killing. There's no going
back. Right or wrong, it's a brand.
A brand that sticks. Now run on
home to your mother, and you tell
her... everything's alright and
there aren't any more guns in the
valley.*

Logan looks up as he hears a sigh from Charles.

Logan clears his throat and they both turn his way. He holds up the THE X-MEN COMIC.

LOGAN

You read this in your spare time?

She sees the comic in his hand, backpack in the other--gets up and grabs them both from Logan and turns back to the film.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You do know this is bullshit,
right? A quarter of it happened.
And none like this. In the real
world, people die and no self
promoting asshole in a leotard can
stop it. This is just ice cream for
bed-wetters and--

CHARLES

--Logan.

Logan turns to Charles who forces a smile.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I think Laura well understands
life's impermanence.

(beat)

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Didn't you say something about
finding us a new ride?

Logan looks at the two of them, all chummy now, and gets up.

LOGAN
Right. Fine.

He pauses at the door and tosses a pill vial to Charles.
Laura catches it.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Take two more in an hour.

CHARLES
Good-bye, Logan.

INT./EXT. LIMO - OUTSKIRTS OF OKLAHOMA CITY - DAY

As Logan drives past a USED CAR dealership. He goes around the corner, starts looking around, goes another few blocks until he sees what he's looking for--

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY - SIDE STREET - DAY

Shitty block. Graffiti everywhere. A GANG OF YOUNG THUGS hang beneath the interstate overpass.

Logan gets out of his limo, checks the back, sees a couple more of Laura's UNCANNY X-MEN COMICS lying on the bench. Grabs them. Checks that's everything. Then finds several of Charles pills wedged in the car seat.

LOGAN
...Fuck.

He slams the door, walking past THE THUGS, tossing them the LIMO KEYS.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Knock yourselves out.

Walking toward the car lot, Logan eyes the cars in the lot all with sale written on their windshields.

Behind him, the thugs cross to the limo, glancing at Logan before getting in, and laying rubber in the other direction. Logan flips the liquor bottle in the trash.

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY CAR LOT - DAY

Logan stands before a USED RAM FOUR DOOR with a large cab, shell in back and faded electrician signage on the sides. A Dealer smoking a vape stands too close.

DEALER

I know the finish looks beat but it's a '19, got less than sixty on the ody and three hundred horses under the hood. For 10 grand I can get it re-painted for you, fresh tires mounted and balanced, and complete paperwork.

LOGAN

...yeah. Here's the thing. I'll give you twelve as is-- if you can forget the paperwork.

The dealer smiles. Looks at the money Logan is holding.

DEALER

You still need tires, tiger. They're bald.

LOGAN

How long is that gonna take?

DEALER

Hour, maybe less. If you want, you can get yourself a glass a lunch across the street while you wait.

Logan looks to the BAR / LOUNGE across the street. Inviting.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Logan sits, glancing at the television news, sipping a high ball as he stares at one of Laura's UNCANNY X-MEN COMICS. The images weigh on Logan. He downs his drink and shuts the comic, then he sees another XMEN COMIC.

His face becomes grim as he stares at THE COVER. It features a DRAMATIC MUTANT TREK INTO THE MOUNTAINS. The title: "EXODUS TO EDEN!" A subtitle: "MUTANT TRAIL OF TEARS!".

On the cover and pages to follow, THOUSANDS OF MUTANTS, FLEEING OPPRESSION, UNDER ATTACK, headed for a place called "Eden" in a vast wasteland. They're being lead by XMEN, among them Wolverine and Xavier. Wolverine in his yellow suit.

LOGAN

Jesus Christ...

Logan turns the page where it is revealed-- "EDEN" IT'S A HIDDEN COMPOUND. On top of a cliff. Mutants are there, young and old, thriving. Text in a panel reads--

"AMERICA, NO LONGER SAFE FOR MUTANTS! OUR HEROES FIND REFUGE IN EDEN: LAST STOP ON THE MUTANT UNDERGROUND TO CANADA!"

AN INSET ON A SPLASH PAGE SHOWS A MAPPING DEVICE IN XAVIER'S HAND. On the screen, a series of numbers, coordinates.

Logan blinks, looking at the cash envelope he got from Gabriela. The exact same numbers are scrawled on it below the fire road address. Logan glares, taking in the bald fact that Eden is an imaginary place in a forty year old comic book.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
'you gotta be fuckin' kidding me.

BARTENDER
You want a refill?

Logan looks up, still dazed. He shuts the comic.

LOGAN
I'll take the bottle.

BARTENDER
(smiles, slides it)
You passing through?

Logan nods. Puts down a large bill.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Where you headed?

LOGAN
I don't know.

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO/HOTEL - VALET - LATE DAY

Logan lurches the new used pick up to a stop at the hotel entrance. Gets out and does not give the keys to the Valet--

VALET
Sir? Are the keys in it?

That's when he sees-- A MAN WITH A PROSTHETIC (CYBORG) HAND standing at the entrance, talking in a cell phone.

Alarmed, Logan rounds the corner, moving past--

A HOTEL GARDENER with a hedge trimmer, touching up a shrub. Looking for a side entrance, Logan passes other patrons, but as he does, he clocks--

BLACK VEHICLES parked in a service entrance. And that's when it hits-- A RINGING SOUND. A SCREECH and Logan turns to see --

CARS CRASHING INTO EACH OTHER ON THE STREET. He turns back to see the Worker unconscious on the ground, the hedge trimmer whirring and bouncing in the grass.

THE RINGING GETS LOUDER. Casino patrons are frozen in place, struggling to breathe.

INT. REAVERS COMMAND TRUCK -- LATE DAY

We see LOGAN OUT THE WINDSHIELD as he moves toward the casino doors-- and we PAN TO--

PIERCE AND A REAVER ASSOCIATE at a command console inside the truck. But they too are PARALYZED FROM THE PSIONIC WAVE, CHOKING FOR AIR. In the bg, a battered burned Caliban is also paralyzed by the wave, vibrating in his restraints.

We see on the console monitor, video feeds of body cams, quivering but frozen pictures of our hero's suite. We hear the sound of men struggling to breathe over the audio feed. Alarms are ringing.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO/HOTEL -- LOBBY -- LATE DAY

The RINGING LOUDER YET as Logan stumbles through the lobby passing Desk Clerks, Bellhops, Guests, all paralyzed.

CLOSE ON -- LOGAN struggling forward. THE RINGING INCREASES as he lurches, zig-zagging the crowded floor jammed with PARALYZED GAMBLERS, DEALERS, CROUPIERS, etc.

A man sits, frozen, beside a slot machine spitting chips.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO - ESCALATOR

LOGAN SPRINTS PAST A CASINO ESCALATOR-- passing paralyzed hotel patrons being tossed off like toy soldiers--

Struggling to the elevators, pressing the button. Doors open and more people fall out.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO ELEVATOR

As Logan rides up, RINGING GETS LOUDER.

LOGAN
Come on, come on!

And BING the doors open and -- THE SOUND DEAFENING--

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO/HOTEL - 12TH FLOOR - LATE DAY

AS LOGAN LEAPS OFF THE ELEVATOR and fights his way through the rippling force, past A MAID, FROZEN beside her cart, struggling for air to make it around the corner and down the hall toward--

THE CRACKED SUITE DOOR WHERE TWO ARMED REAVERS stand frozen and gurgling for air, their weapons pointed inward.

SNIKT! -- LOGAN'S TARNISHED CLAWS EMERGE AND --

HE GUTS THE TWO FROZEN HELPLESS REAVERS IN TWO QUICK THRUSTS. Their blood and guts pour to the floor, their eyes wide as they perish in a standing rigor mortis.

INT. REAVERS COMMAND TRUCK -- LATE DAY

PIERCE, HIS ASSOCIATE AND CALIBAN, still paralyzed the wave. We see on their body cam monitors as Logan skewers the men, their life support monitors blinking -- AGENT TERMINATED.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO/HOTEL -- SUITE -- LATE DAY

Logan pushes through THE DOOR TO FIND-- A SURREAL SCENE: THREE MORE REAVERS FROZEN IN MID ATTACK. The room service cart up-ended.

CHARLES sits slumped in his chair, near the window, mouth in a rictus-like grimace, body quivering, rippling waves of force emanating from his skull.

LAURA, HER CLAWS OUT, is on the floor, semi-paralyzed, struggling to pull herself toward Charles' meds. She reaches the hypodermic, attempts to hand it to --

Logan who falls to his knees from the shrieking wave. He fumbles, almost dropping it, eyes starting to roll up in his own head as he lunges and jams the needle into Charles' neck.

After a moment, RINGING stops -- Logan falls back-- the remaining Reavers fall to the ground and, as they gasp for air, Laura and Logan kill them all. Brutal.

Charles is spent dazed, gasping for air.

Logan peers down at one of the dead Reavers, checking him out, peering into his BODYCAM.

LOGAN
We have to go.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO/HOTEL -- LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Dealers, Bellhops, patrons all stumble about in a daze -- children crying -- some people are vomiting or clawing at their heads. SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE.

As Logan comes out of an elevator pushing a dazed Charles in his chair, Laura follows. Charles is horrified.

CHARLES

I'm so sorry. Oh God...

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO/HOTEL - CASINO FLOOR - DAY

Logan pushes Charles, fast, and Laura follows, dragging her backpack, making their way toward the glass doors.

They zig zag through the crowd of recently unstuck patrons and employees, many sick and stumbling, choking, some crying, some scream for medical help.

Bouncing in his chair, Charles stares at the suffering around him, stricken with empathy-- and guilt.

Laura lingers, watching A FAT MAN GET CPR FROM A PANICKED COCKTAIL WAITRESS. The man suddenly comes to life, sucking air. The waitress' face fills with wonder. Laura stares.

LOGAN

Hey! Now!

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY CASINO/HOTEL - VALET - TWILIGHT

Catching up, Laura follows Logan and Charles out the casino doors. We hear the rising sirens of approaching first responders as the trio moves to the new pick up truck.

LOGAN

This way!

Logan lifts Charles into the back seat, throws the chair in back bed and gets in. Laura climbs in beside Charles, who stares out the back window at the chaos as they pull away.

The camera pans with them as they depart, then finds--

SEVERAL REAVER VEHICLES parked at the side of the building.

MOVING IN ON -- THE REAVER COMMAND TRUCK. THE BACK DOORS suddenly BURST OPEN. PIERCE stumbles out, dazed, sweaty. He looks to emergency trucks approaching, cherry topped. Then his eyes find-- FIVE REAVERS.

PIERCE
Get the bodies.

Restrained in the back of the truck, Caliban, blistered and weak, watches PIERCE, who leans against the truck to support himself, chugs some water until he feels Caliban's stare and SLAMS THE DOOR.

INT./EXT. PICK UP - FARM COUNTRY HIGHWAY -- DAWN

CLICK. CLACK. CLICK. CLACK. Logan drives. A good distance from the Oklahoma City, topography has changed.

The sun breaks over the horizon. The radio chatters with breaking news reports on the event at the Casino-- speculation of a gas leak or food poisoning.

REPORTER (ON RADIO)
...some noting a similarity to the incident last year in Westchester, New York that left 50 dead, and twice that many injured--

Logan SNAPS off the radio, quickly looks in back to see if Charles overheard it. Charles was sleeping. Opens his eyes.

CLICK. CLACK. CLICK.
Logan's eyes flit to Laura playing with the door lock.

LOGAN
Knock it off.

She stares at him in the mirror, CLICK, does it again.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I said knock it off.

Charles takes a breath, closes his eyes.

CHARLES
She's a child, Logan.
In point of fact she's--

LOGAN
How long has it been since you took your meds?
(no response)
Charles. How long?

CHARLES
...I don't know. Two days.

LOGAN

You saw what happened last night.
If that shit had gone on longer,
everyone at that casino--

He stops himself.

CHARLES

I did what I had to do to stop
those men from taking Laura.

LOGAN

You didn't *do* anything. You freaked
out and had a fucking seizure.

CHARLES

I guess you prefer me
pharmaceutically castrated,
rambling on like some lunatic.
So much easier on you.

LOGAN

Easier? There's nothing easy about
you.

CHARLES

Yes, Yes please, be like the rest
of the world and blame someone else
for your boring shit.

LOGAN

Yeah, I know, *Pop*, I'm such a giant
disappointment--

CHARLES

Self loathing. Anger. Disdain.
Cowardice. Oh yes. Your peaks and
your valleys. Mostly valleys-- it's
all so Goddamn boring.

Laura looks from one to the other, nervous for the first time
since she climbed into the car with these two. She starts
flicking the locks again.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You honestly derive no sense of
purpose from what we're doing?

LOGAN

What are we doing?!

CHARLES

There is a young mutant. Sitting in
our car.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

And where we are taking her, there are *more* of them. Does that mean nothing to you?

LOGAN

Yes. It means nothing to me. Especially since Nurse Gabriela made all this Eden shit up from fucking comic books.

CHARLES

What are you talking about?

Logan realizes he's gone too far, tosses the bottle of pills to Laura, which, as usual, she catches like Willie Mays.

LOGAN

Give those to him. Take out two and give them to him.

CHARLES

What do you mean--

LOGAN

Now. For fuck's sake. Take the pills. Now.

CHARLES

Logan.

LOGAN

Take them.
(to Laura)
Give him the pills.

CHARLES

Logan --

LOGAN

--GIVE HIM THE FUCKING PILLS!

Laura hesitantly hands them to Charles who looks at Logan in the mirror, holds up a pill for him to see, takes one.

CHARLES

Happy?

Before Logan can answer, A SIREN SOUNDS. A STATE TROOPER IS BEHIND THEM, LIGHTS FLASHING.

LOGAN

(pulling over)
Cop. Fuck.

CHARLES

What does he want?

Logan watches in the rearview as a TALL WOMAN TROOPER gets out, puts on her shades.

LOGAN

She. I might have been speeding.

CHARLES

Are you sure that's all it is?

LOGAN

If it wasn't, there'd be a lot more than her behind us.

(looks at Laura)

I need you to please try and not kill this lady. Okay?

Laura retracts her claws.

EXT. FARM COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DAY

The female TROOPER, mirrored Ray-Bans (some things never change), raps on the window. Logan lowers it, smiles.

LOGAN

Was I going a mite fast, officer?

TROOPER

License and registration, please.

Logan reaches into the glove box.

LOGAN

I just bought it, but I-- here--

TROOPER

(takes it)

Any idea just how "mite" fast you were going, Mr... Howlett?

LOGAN

Seventy? Ish?

TROOPER

Try ninety six.

(looks at him)

Ish.

LOGAN

Shit. I didn't think this thing could make that.

She peers over the top of her glasses into the back at Charles and Laura. Charles smiles.

TROOPER

You're not from round here. It's harvest season. You need to be more careful. This your daughter?

LOGAN

Yes, ma'am.

TROOPER

What's your name, honey?

LOGAN

She doesn't speak.

TROOPER

But she does have a name.

LOGAN

Laura.

The Trooper looks at Laura.

TROOPER

That your name, honey?

(Laura nods)

And is this man your father?

Laura looks at Logan. A pause. Then... nods.

CHARLES

(leans forward)

My son has a bit of a lead foot. I try to tell him that Mount Rushmore will still be there and just as beautiful a day from now.

The Trooper finishes writing the ticket...

TROOPER

You got a nice family. Try to keep 'em safe, James.

EXT. REAVER CARAVAN -- OUTSKIRTS OF OKLAHOMA CITY -- DAY

THE CARAVAN OF REAVER VEHICLES is parked in a large paved pull out area, like a weigh station or rest stop. Local police wave traffic past, clearing the way for--

A FLATBED TRUCK approaching with a police escort.
THERE IS A HUGE BOX STRAPPED IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.

CLOSE ON -- PIERCE, looking from the arriving flatbed to --
A HELICOPTER growing larger in the sky.

INT./EXT. REAVER CONTROL TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Beaten, burned and shaking, confined in the back, Caliban hears the approaching chopper and peers out through a security window, watching--

The helicopter land on the blacktop. He shifts to a second window to see a better view of--

THE RED HAired MAN FROM THE LAB, as he steps out of the chopper and heads directly to Pierce. A silent movie as Pierce gets his ass handed to him.

Caliban's attention shifts back to the first window as--

THE FLATBED TRUCK pulls up next to the control truck. Its HANDLERS look nervous. Inside the big box strapped in back, there is some sort banging, then a low guttural screaming.

Now, the Red Haired Man, carrying a medical case, approaches the flatbed and opens the back hatch, disappearing the big box. The screaming subsides.

Caliban collapses to the floor. Closes his eyes.

EXT. FARM COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DAY

As the pick-up truck passes a billboard that reads

WELCOME TO CORN COUNTRY: HEART OF AMERICA.

Fields on either side of the endless ribbon of road. In the fields are HUGE AUTOMATED THRESHERS/HARVESTERS. The machines are several times bigger than what we see on farms today.

INT./EXT. PICK UP - FARM COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DAY

As Logan navigates the pick-up through what looks like a canyon of big trucks. Laura, face pressed to the glass, stares up and out the window at all of them.

One of them inches over and Logan is almost run off the road.

LOGAN

Hey--

He hits the HORN, looks up at the driverless truck cab as he pulls around.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
IN YOUR OWN LANE, ASSHOLE!

CHARLES
Language, Logan. And you're
screaming at a machine.

Logan flips off the truck anyway as he passes, gets clear of all of them. Logan sees Charles shake his head.

LOGAN
What, she can gut a man with her
feet, but she can't hear naughty
words?

CHARLES
She can learn to be better.

LOGAN
You mean, better than me.

CHARLES
Actually, yes. And by the way,
Laura's foot claws are an obvious
result of her gender.
(off Logan's look)
In a pride of lions, females are
caregivers of the young and hunters
of the pride, they have front claws
to hunt and foot claws for defense.
They use the foot claw to strike
the belly or bladder of the
attacker, thus ensuring their
escape and survival.

Laura takes this in, turns and looks out the other window.
Logan sighs and drives on.

LAURA'S POV - ANOTHER CAR An older farm pick up truck towing
A HORSE TRAILER. Laura stares at the animals as they pass.

In the back seat of the pick up sits A TEENAGE BOY. He looks
back at Laura. Up front are his MOTHER and FATHER. They also
look this way, smile. A farm family.

Soon Logan has left them behind, too. A moment of quiet in
the car. Logan looks in the rearview at Charles and Laura.
Both seem calm, even serene, as they gaze out their windows,
Laura still looking back at the horses. ...Almost normal.

But then A LOUD HORN and Logan looks ahead as he's nearly run
off the road by one of the GIANT HULKING VEHICLES coming in
the other direction, crossing into his lane.

Logan pulls the wheel one way then swerves back as LAURA'S CLAWS EXTEND AND PUNCH THROUGH THE ROOF with one hand, holds Charles with the other so they don't get thrown.

Logan struggles to gain control of the pick-up, spins the truck around so it's facing on-coming traffic, avoids ANOTHER MEGA-TRUCK coming at them before he finally gets the pick-up onto the shoulder, facing in the direction they came from.

The three of them watch down the highway from the shoulder (looking in the direction of where they just came) as--

THE FAMILY TOWING THE HORSE TRAILER ARE RUN OFF THE ROAD by one of the SAME CAREENING MEGA TRUCKS. Their horse trailer tipping onto its side at an angle, its doors swinging wide.

Logan, Charles and Laura watch as -- FOUR HORSES now leap from the trailer, running free...

LOGAN

Shit. Oh well.

Logan twists the wheel, prepares to pull back onto the highway and drive away. Charles puts a hand on his shoulder.

CHARLES

We have to help them.

LOGAN

We have to keep moving. Someone will come along.

CHARLES

Someone *has* come along.

The Father, Mother and Teenage Son run after THE HORSES NOW ON THE HIGHWAY. ANOTHER MEGA TRUCK NEARLY MISSING THEM.

Logan sighs, straightening the wheel and driving up the shoulder toward them. Charles watches as--

MOTHER

Nate! Get off the road!

THE TEENAGE BOY (NATE) DODGES ANOTHER TRUCK as he attempts to round up the panicked horses...

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Nate!

ON CHARLES

He closes his eyes. Concentrates.

AND THE HORSES

come to a stop in unison. They turn and lope to the side of the road like a bunch of trained Lippizaners.

EXT. FARM COUNTRY HIGHWAY - SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

A mesmerized Laura climbs out of the pick-up, watching as--

Nate pulls himself onto the bare back of one of the horses by the mane, holds onto the other by a halter.

Logan climbs out of the pick up and approaches the father, who has crossed back to the trailer and cursing (rated G), tries to get the wagon out of the ditch. His wife climbs behind the wheel, gently spinning the tires to no effect.

LOGAN

Can I give you a hand?

FATHER

Sure. Thank you.

ON CHARLES

As he opens his eyes and watches the boy ride/lead the animals back to the trailer door just as Logan and the Father and Mother gas and heave-ho it back upright.

LAURA

Watches from a middle distance. She's fascinated by the boy and his ability with horses. But mostly by *the boy*.

The Mother now exits the cab, joins Nate, helping him load the horses back into the carrier. She notices her son is angry. He slams the tailer doors behind them.

MOTHER

Nate.

NATE

What.

Meanwhile, at the side of the truck, the father extends his hand to Logan

FATHER (O.S.)

I appreciate this. Thank you.
Will Munson.

LOGAN

James. Howlett.

The Mother now comes over with the boy.

MOTHER

Thank you so much for your help,
sir. I'm Kathryn, and this our son,
Nate.

Logan smiles at her. There's a connection. Kathryn looks at
their truck, sees Laura.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Is that your daughter?

Logan sees Laura standing beside the truck in the stolen
shades, watching them. The boy now notices her for the first
time. Charles peers out the side door.

LOGAN

Yeah. That's Laura.
(as Charles waves)
And that's my... dad.
(then)
Chuck.

WILL

Where you all headed?

LOGAN

North.

Laura's off at the trailer, petting one of the horses.
The couple exchanges a look with each other, then--

KATHRYN

Can we at least give the three of
you a decent meal, show our
appreciation? We don't live far
from here.

CHARLES

(leaning out the car door)
That would be lovely.

LOGAN

No, thank you, we really can't--
(to Laura)
Laura, get back here.

KATHRYN

Please. It's the least we can do.
And you're going to have to stop
for dinner somewhere.

INT./EXT. REAVER TRUCK-- HIGHWAY PULL OUT - SUNSET

CLOSE ON -- AN IV connected to Caliban's pale skin. A man's fingers delicately adjust the drip.

RED-HAIRED MAN (O.S.)

In the 1950's, in an effort to increase honey production in the tropics, a Brazilian research team cross-bred the European Honey Bee, *Apis mellifera*, the classic model, and a heartier stronger African variety, *Apis mellifera capensis*.

Caliban opens his eyes and looks up at THE RED-HAIRED MAN. His manner is soft, warm. His voice seductive, smooth.

RED-HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)

These hybrid bees were stronger and aggressive to be sure, but despite their fortitude, they made no honey at all, nor assist in pollination. In the lab, they did little, in fact, besides killing other bees.

THE MAN sits close to CALIBAN, shining a pinlight on his lesions, in his ears. Examining. He smiles.

RED-HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)

The researchers wanted to help mankind, but instead, they created monsters. And before they could correct their error, a few escaped to the wild. And these bees formed a swarm and spread across Brazil and multiplied, moving up the continent, killing men women and children. Even worse, these killer hybrids threatened the viability of the worldwide bee population and subsequently, human survival.

(suddenly brightens)

Oh, the price of progress.

Caliban's eyes flick out the window where -- Pierce talks with his remaining Reavers.

RED-HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)

My colleague tells me you've been somewhat resistant. He believes you're dispensing delayed information, allowing your friends to stay one step ahead.

CALIBAN

Please let me be...

RED-HAIRED MAN

I'm offering an opportunity,
Caliban. To redeem yourself, to
protect the world, and, in the
process, save your friends.

Caliban just looks back at him. Shudders.

RED-HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)

The girl is a rather small price to
pay for that. Unlike you, she's not
pure. She wasn't made by nature.
She's a mistake of my own. A killer
bee who's escaped from the hive.
And I need to get her back before
she stings.

CALIBAN

What do you want from me?! I did
what I could and your human toaster
ovens fucked it all up.

The man smiles.

RED-HAIRED MAN

I agree the Reavers have not been
effective. I'm bringing new tools
to bear. But I still need someone
to point us in the right direction.

CALIBAN

No, no, no. I can't keep--

RED-HAIRED MAN

Breathe. Breathe. What does he
have, the old man, your friend?
Alzheimer's? ALS? A degenerative
brain disease in the world's most
dangerous brain. What a combo.

The man considers Caliban a moment, then reaches in his bag.

DR. RICE

You pay a high price for your
gifts, my friend. Too bad you and I
didn't meet years ago. I could have
saved you some pain. I have
something for your blisters.

(pulling a vial of creme)

My name is Dr. Rice, by the way.

(MORE)

DR. RICE (CONT'D)
(meets his eyes)
You can call me Zander if you like.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Munson family and the "Howlett" family all sit around a table covered with food, heads bowed as the son says grace. All except Laura who looks around at the family pictures, the religious decorations (they are everywhere), the warm furnishings. Another strange place.

NATE
We thank you, Lord, for this
food... and we also thank you,
Lord, for sending our new friends,
the Howletts to our aid today.
Amen.

They all dig in. Laura eats like a wild animal, and the Munsons pause to watch. Charles puts a hand on her arm.

CHARLES
Slow down, child.

She looks around at the others, all of whom smile at her, then slows down.

KATHRYN
There's plenty more if you want.

WILL
Where are you all heading?

LOGAN
Oregon.

CHARLES
South Dakota.

They look at each other.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Oregon, then South Dakota.

KATHRYN
Vacation?

CHARLES
Yes. Long overdue. We're city folk.
Always wanted to take a road trip,
see the country.
(smiles at them)
Meet the people who live in it.

Logan looks up at Charles. Watches him. The old man having himself a good time.

KATHRYN

That sounds lovely. I've been trying to get Will here to take a vacation for years now.

WILL

And if we go out traipsing around the country, who's gonna take care of this place?

KATHRYN

Exactly. I say, let it go.

WILL

And live off what?

KATHRYN

The Lord will provide.

WILL

Well, I'm still waiting for him to provide me with a new thresher.

KATHRYN

(smiles at Charles)

All the same, I'd love to travel someday.

CHARLES

And I bet you will.

NATE

I could drop out of school.

KATHRYN

Let's not go that far.

Friendly laughter around the table. THE SOUND FADES. PASSAGE OF TIME AS Laura watches the ritual of Family Dinner. *Studies* it. She's never really seen a family. Or, for that matter, a teenage boy. She keeps her eyes fixed on him.

Then as DINNER FINISHES AND CLEAN UP BEGINS--

CHARLES

Kathryn, that was easily the best meatloaf I've ever had.

KATHRYN

Thank you, Chuck.

Charles gives Logan a look across the table. Kathryn turns to Logan now. Smiles.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

What about you, James. Are you married?

LOGAN

Oh. I uh, I--

WILL

Kathryn.

KATHRYN

What? It's a natural thing to ask.

CHARLES

He was. She passed.

KATHRYN

Oh, I'm so sorry.

Will gives her a look that says, *See? That's why you don't ask shit like that!*

CHARLES

He killed her.

Logan looks up at Charles. An awkward beat. Then they all burst out laughing. Logan considers Charles across the table. Was that Dementia? A joke?

Logan smiles at Kathryn, stands.

LOGAN

(stands)

Ma'am, I can't thank you enough for dinner. But we have a long drive ahead of us.

KATHRYN

You need to rest, don't you?

LOGAN

We'll find a motel.

WILL

Nearest is two hours from here and it's not very--

KATHRYN

They're gonna stay here. We have a perfectly fine room upstairs for your daughter and father and you can sleep in the living room on the convertible.

LOGAN

Kathryn. That's very nice of you, but we really should hit the--

CHARLES

We could leave first thing in the morning. Crack of dawn as it were.

Logan grabs Charles' wheelchair.

LOGAN

Let's go wash up, Pop.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- BATHROOM -- SAME

Logan counts out two pills to Charles who finishes splashing water on his face, and grabs a towel. They whisper.

CHARLES

--two days on the road with one meal and hardly any sleep. She's eleven and I'm fucking ninety.

LOGAN

That's a hundred and one reasons to keep moving.

CHARLES

I'm not a box of avocados.

LOGAN

And then what. We stay the night and then what?

CHARLES

We take Laura to her friends in Eden and then... then we buy that Sunseeker.

Logan just stares back at him, hands him his pills, goes to fill a cup of water. The faucet sputters and spits air. The pipes shudder all through the house.

WILL (O.S.)

Goddamnit.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- HALLWAY

Logan emerges from the bathroom, Charles follows.

LOGAN
What is it?

WILL
Nate, go fill up the tub before we
lose pressure.

Nate dutifully rushes into the bathroom, starts the tub.

KATHRYN
(crosses to the window)
They shut it off again.

LOGAN
Who's "they?"

Laura steps into the hall.

KATHRYN
(to Will)
You best deal with it now.

WILL
It can wait till morning. We got
rain last night.

Kathryn gently touches Will's arm. Her hand slides down to his. Laura is fascinated by the simple gesture.

KATHRYN
Will. We have three guests in this
house and sink full of dishes.

WILL
Alright. You're right.
(explaining to Logan)
The pump station that supplies us
is a mile and a half from here.
Sometimes it gets itself shut off.

NATE
By assholes.

Will gives his son a look. Charles gives Logan a look.

CHARLES
My son can go with you.

WILL

Oh, no. Thank you. But these men
who did this, they can be--

NATE

I'll come.

KATHRYN

No. You have homework.

LOGAN

I'll go.

Kathryn and Logan meet eyes.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Just let me get my dad... settled.

Logan wheels Charles toward the stairs. Nate passes them and stomps up the steps. Laura watches.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Laura comes to the top of the stairs and looks at Charles' empty wheel chair in the hallway. Logan carries Charles into a lit bedroom at the end of the hall. A sweet sight.

Laura turns looking in the cracked door of Nate's bedroom.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM -- SAME

Inside the guest room, Logan tucks Charles in. Charles looks out the window beside the bed. The moon over the silos.

LOGAN

There's a TV in here.

CHARLES

(smiles gently)
I'm fine.

LOGAN

Okay... Get some rest.

As Logan turns away, Charles reaches for him.

CHARLES

You know, Logan. This is what life
looks like. A house, people who
love each other. A safe place. Take
a moment and feel it.

(beat)

You still have time.

Logan looks off, distant. Troubled.

LOGAN

Charles. The world is not the same as it was. We're taking a risk here. And where we're going. Eden. It doesn't exist. Her nurse got it from a comic book.

Charles stays quiet.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You just need to understand-- it's not *real*.

Charles looks up at Logan, his tone gentle, and firm.

CHARLES

It is for Laura.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Logan passes Laura as he comes down the stairs. He follows Will down the hall. A GUN COCKS and Logan sees Will has opened A CABINET, tucking a pistol in his waistband.

WILL

(smiles)

Don't worry. We won't need it.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

As Logan and Will carry tools along a dirt access road...

WILL

Canewood Beverage bought up everything out here. Except us. When we wouldn't sell, they tried eminent domain. Then screwing with our water. Couple months ago, someone poisoned our dogs.

LOGAN

So today, out on the highway--

WILL

Who knows. Maybe.

Looking at the giant harvesters working the dark fields.

WILL (CONT'D)

They're like dinosaurs. Twenty ton bodies with little tiny brains.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

They work day and night, no drivers, shucking their cloned up super-corn. Bears fruit in half the time. Taste like shit, though.

LOGAN

So why do people eat it?

WILL

They don't. They drink it.
(off Logan's look)
Corn syrup. Its in all those drugged up drinks everyone's having nowadays-- to stay awake, feel strong, cheer up, sexy, whatever. Used to be a time when a bad day was just a bad day, you know?

LOGAN

Mine still are.

Will leads Logan to a PUMP HOUSE. A tangle of intersecting irrigation pipes under a canopy. The lock HAS BEEN BROKEN.

Logan looks out into the night, cautious.

INT. PUMP HOUSE - NIGHT

Will sets his tools down and looks at the pump. Someone has opened up all the valves and the place is now flooding.

WILL

Looks like we'll be here a while.

Logan finds a convenience store cigar in his pocket. Lights it. Enjoys the moment, wind blowing through the trees.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NATE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rodeo trophies, posters, etc. The room of a kid who loves everything about that world. Nate -- ear buds in -- does his homework while listening to music. He looks up and sees--

LAURA standing in the doorway watching his every move. She looks at the trophies, curious.

He glances at her, but tries to focus on his homework. Erases something on his electronic writing pad.

She looks at the pad's screen. A series of equations with blanks to fill in and chicken scratch in the digital margins. He pulls out one of the buds, waves a stylus, and explains--

NATE

I'm not too good at math.

She stares at the equations on the pad, the screen littered with scribbles, things crossed out, then looks once more at the trophies...

NATE (CONT'D)

Those two are for breakaway roping. Those for barrel racing. Those up there are for pole bending. But all second, third place. I'm not so good at it. My dad makes me do it.

She just looks at him. Stares at him, really. Hears music coming from the dangling bud and looks at it.

NATE (CONT'D)

You wanna listen?

He puts the bud in her ear so that they now each have one.

NATE (CONT'D)

It's called "Devil's Whisper". It's by Raury.

She listens to the music a moment, cuts her eyes at the older boy who can feel her looking at him. Takes a whiff of him. He finally pulls the bud from his own ear and gently passes her his phone--

NATE (CONT'D)

Here. Take it for tonight. I'll get it back in the morning.

She just looks back at him. He holds up his stylus...

NATE (CONT'D)

I gotta do my homework.
(holds out his hand)
Good-night.

She stares at his extended hand. Then looks at the screen of the pad. She takes the stylus and hunches over him and quickly scrawls on the screen--

NATE (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you--

Then he realizes that she's doing the equations. One after the other. Just like that. She finishes, then straightens up.

NATE (CONT'D)

How did you do that?

NOW she shakes his hand. He notices little ridges on her knuckles. Looks up at her as she puts the other bud in her ear and walks out. He sighs, goes back to his work.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charles lies in the bed, already asleep. Laura walks in and pads to the other side of the bed and curls up on the floor.

She lies there, listening to Nate's music. She clings to the WRINKLED PHOTO of the mutant kids, like a talisman. A hint of a smile as she looks out at the moonlight, eyes heavy.

EXT. PUMP HOUSE -- NIGHT

As Logan and Will finish closing and resetting the huge irrigation valve. A two-man job to get the giant bolt locked back down. As they work...

WILL

How long's your girl been that way?
(off Logan's look)
Mute.

LOGAN

Since... well.. the beginning.

WILL

Some ways I envy you. They get to be Nate's age, the nonsense that comes out their mouth. Makes you question the point of it all.

Logan smiles, nods. *Tell me about it.*

WILL (CONT'D)

Hard thing, fatherhood. Never ends.

Logan considers Will a long moment as the man works.

LOGAN

You're a lucky man.

WILL

(nods)
I guess I am.

The WATER FINALLY STOPS RUSHING IN.

LOGAN

That should hold it.

WILL

Until the next time.

EXT. PUMP HOUSE - NIGHT

Logan watches a TRUCK come up the road as Will puts a new lock on the gate.

WILL
Don't know why I bother.

He now turns and sees the vehicle as well. Steps forward.

WILL (CONT'D)
Stay here, James. I'll handle this.

Will walks forward with a thick wrench at his side.

The Truck pulls up. On the side it says CANEWOOD BEVERAGE. FOUR BIG MEN get out. All with weapons. One of them gets out on the driver's side, holding a rifle. This is JACKSON.

JACKSON
Evening, Mr. Munson.

Will just nods.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
What brings you out this way?

WILL
Why don't you ask your boys?

JACKSON
You understand, you're trespassing right now, right?

WILL
I have an easement with the previous owner of your property.

JACKSON
Previous being the operative word.
(looks at Logan)
Who's this?

LOGAN
(before Will can speak)
I'm nobody. Just a guy telling you to get back in your nice truck and play Okie dickhead somewhere else.

Jackson smiles, cuts a look at the others, then...

JACKSON
You hire some muscle, Mr. Munson?

WILL
He's a friend of mine.

JACKSON
A friend with a big mouth.

LOGAN
I hear that a lot.

JACKSON
Then you probably hear this, too.

And now he cocks the rifle. Logan nods.

LOGAN
More than I'd like.

JACKSON
Then you know the drill. I'm gonna
count to three and you are gonna
start walking away.

He nods to the dark field.

WILL
I got rights to this water --

JACKSON
One.

WILL
And I have a lawyer now--

JACKSON
Two--

And that's when Logan reaches out and snatches the rifle from Jackson by the barrel, surprising everyone. Especially when he slams the butt of it into Jackson's face.

LOGAN
Three.

Jackson goes down to his knees clutching his bloody face as the other three move on Logan.

Will pulls his pistol and hits one across the face, points it at the other two as Logan flips the rifle, points it at them.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
You all know the drill.
(fires above their heads)
Go.

They haul Jackson to his feet, throw him in the truck, turn around and drive back the way they came.

Logan breaks the rifle over his knee and throws the pieces into the field. He turns to see Will staring at him.

WILL
You've had training.

LOGAN
Some.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Quiet. A moment. As Logan and Will walk back up the road. Feeling good about what they've accomplished.

WILL
Wish I had you around all the time.
(half joking)
Sure you don't want to stay?

LOGAN
No, but I'll take a drink if you
got one.

WILL
Kathryn doesn't like booze in the
house.

LOGAN
(smiles)
Maybe I got something in the truck.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- SPARE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Crickets buzz in the fields. A breeze blows. Charles lies awake, looking out at the crescent moon over the farm. His eyes travel downward to find-- Laura asleep on a hooked rug.

Then: A FLOORBOARD CREAKS and Charles turns to see-- LOGAN, in the doorway, in silhouette. He looks at Laura asleep on the floor, curled like a shrimp. He takes a step toward her.

CHARLES
...Don't wake her yet. Let her have
another hour.

Logan looks at Charles. Charles lays back on the pillow looking out the window at the farm. Something stirring him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
...This was, without a doubt, the
most splendid night I've had in a
long time. ...but then...

As Logan takes another step toward Laura, Charles trembles.
He does not look away from the window.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
...I don't deserve it, do I?
(then)
...I did something... *unspeakable*.

Logan turns.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
I remembered what happened in
Westchester. This was not the first
time I've hurt people.

(pain fills his eyes)
Until today, I didn't know. You
wouldn't tell me. We just kept
running from it. I'm done running.

Charles turns to Logan.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
(almost funny)
I think I finally understand you,
Logan...
(dead serious)
...the burden you carry...

Logan arrives at Charles bedside. Puts his hand on Charles'
shoulder. Charles cocks his head, perplexed, looking up at
him in the shadows. Something is wrong.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Logan...

LOGAN PRESSES HIS FIST INTO CHARLES' CHEST.

Charles GASPS. Logan pulls his hand back and that's when we
see his CLAWS ARE BLOODY.

On the floor, LAURA OPENS HER EYES.

Charles LOOKS UP FROM HIS WOUND, blood coming. He tries to
reach a bedside light and succeeds as again-- THE CLAWS
PLUNGE INTO HIS CHEST. IN THE LIGHT WE SEE -- THIS IS A
PERFECT DOUBLE OF LOGAN.

For simplicity's sake, let's call this creature BAD LOGAN.

He will also be referenced as "X-24", his model number. He is a younger, stronger, clone of The Wolverine. Feral, he moves in a slight crouch. He is not the absence of emotion but rather, the presence of it, most noticeably, rage.

LAURA FLIES AT BAD LOGAN, SHRIEKING, landing on his back, gouging his flesh. He spins, trying to shake her, swiping at his back with his blades. He stumbles across the room and slams his back on the wall, crushing her, plaster cracking.

LAURA DROPS TO THE GROUND. Dazed.

NATE (O.S.)

Hey!

NATE STANDS IN THE DOORWAY, a Louisville Slugger in his hand.

His wide eyes take in Charles, bleeding, still moving, Laura on the floor, claws covered in blood. Then he looks to BAD LOGAN-- AND LUNGES--

A METALLIC THWACK as the bat connects with Bad Logan's head, but the clone hardly registers the impact AS WE CUT TO :

INT. ALKALI COMMAND VEHICLE -- COUNTRY ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The tinny transmitted sounds of the violence play off screen as we look at the Munson farmhouse a ways off through a windshield. PAN TO REVEAL--

WE'RE IN THE ALKALI COMMAND VEHICLE. PIERCE AND DR. RICE are riveted to a feed from Bad Logan's bodycam.

PIERCE

Your baby boy just took out the most wanted mutey in the world.

DR. RICE

He's fantastic.

Caliban stares, stricken, his face pressed against the bars in his cage in the rear of the truck.

CALIBAN

You said you wanted the girl! You said you just wanted the girl!

ANOTHER REAVER SMACKS THE CAGE, knocking Caliban down.

DR. RICE

(bright eyed)

I told you I was forced to bring a new tool to bear. He's just a baby and a bit of a blunt instrument.

(MORE)

DR. RICE (CONT'D)
But your friends had every chance.
And so did you.

WIDER -- EXT. FARMHOUSE / COUNTRY ROAD -- SAME

WE SEE THE SEVERAL REAVER/ALKALI VANS nestled in an overgrown section of country road, among them the FLATBED WITH THE BIG BOX. Only the big doors are wide open... WE PAN TO --

The Munson corn field. Logan (regular Logan) and Will are coming down the irrigation road toward the Munson Farm.

WILL
Since Nate was born, I try not to imbibe much. Maybe once a month.

Passing the sheds and equipment, Logan crosses toward his pick-up truck as Will breaks for the house.

WILL (CONT'D)
I'm guessing you enjoy a drink more often than that.

LOGAN
Only on days that end in "Y."

INT. FARMHOUSE -- HALLWAY / STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

Carrying Laura, BAD LOGAN steps over NATE'S GUTTED BODY and heads down the hall toward the stairs. We hear A SHOTGUN RACK and see-- Kathryn in her bedroom door with a two barrel.

KATHRYN
(low)
Put her down.

Bad Logan stares at her. Drops Laura.

WILL (O.S.)
Kathryn!

KATHRYN
Stay down there, Will!

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Logan grabs a booze bottle from the glove box. And that's when he turns, smelling something. The horses in the corral seem excited. LOGAN'S HEAD SNAPS UP.

GUNSHOTS RING OUT. SCREAMS FROM THE HOUSE.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON-- LAURA, pinned in the restraining device on the floor where Bad Logan dropped her, lying on her side.

FROM HER DUTCHED POV -- we see Bad Logan killing Will who tumbles down the stairs. We also see Kathryn dead, beside Nate, also lifeless. Tears fill Laura's eyes.

Pellets rain from above.

Laura looks up to -- Bad Logan, wounds healing.

She struggles in rage as--

Bad Logan picks her up moves to the staircase.

INT./EXT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

LOGAN LEAPS BURSTS INTO THE BACK DOOR TO FIND--

WILL, LYING IN A HEAP AT THE BASE OF THE STEPS. GUTTED.

Then Logan sets eyes upon--

A DOUBLE OF HIMSELF COMING DOWN THE STEPS, CARRYING LAURA. A reincarnation of Weapon X. From the floor, Will's eyes fix on Logan, life draining from him.

Logan meets Bad Logan's yellow eyes.

Logan glances to--

The blood drenched stairs-- *where he last saw Charles.*

Laura watches, trapped in the restraints as--

Bad Logan suddenly moves away, with Laura toward the front door and--

LOGAN RACES UPSTAIRS but the camera stays at the bottom, looking upward.

ON LOGAN -- IN THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

He stands over Charles, ravaged and bloody. Their eyes meet. Charles is still alive.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- NIGHT

BAD LOGAN (X-24) carries Laura down the front steps, heading toward the farm road.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- STAIRCASE -- CONTINUOUS

ON LOGAN'S BACK AS HE CLATTERS DOWN THE STAIRS, CHARLES' in his arms, wrapped in a bloody quilt.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

X-24 (Bad Logan) stops in the center of the road where --
THE ALKALI CONVOY HEADLIGHTS BLINK ON.

X-24 squints at them. Starts toward the lights with his quarry...

INT. FARMHOUSE -- DOWNSTAIRS HALL -- CONTINUOUS

Logan racing out the door with Charles. The pick up lies ahead.

INT. ALKALI TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Dr. Rice leans forward, rapt, watching out the windshield like a proud father-- as X-24 comes up the road toward them, carrying Laura. Beside him, Pierce and the Reaver Driver.

REAVER DRIVER
(starting up the vehicle)
I'll pick em up -- meet em halfway.
Let the clean up crew in.

DR. RICE
No.

Rice's eyes are glued on X-24: his project's first road test.

DR. RICE (CONT'D)
Let him come to us.

In back, Caliban lies on the corrugated steel floor, beaten and bruised. He rises, peering through a slot. He sees:

Logan emerging from the front door, Charles in his arms.

Caliban blinks back tears, overcome with guilt, sorrow...

Rice watches eagerly as Bad Logan nears their truck.

RICE
We learned the hard way with the X-23's. We assumed, because they were children, their emotional responses could be manipulated. But you can't *nurture* rage. You must simply design it.
(MORE)

RICE (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Like God did.

Pierce spots a SECOND SET OF HEADLIGHTS coming from the other direction, the high-beams bearing down on X-24.

PIERCE
Who the fuck is that?

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- ON THE ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Bad Logan now pauses, torn between competing headlights.

JACKSON (O.S.)
Will Munson!

A broken-nosed JACKSON AND FOUR MEN jump out of his truck.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- LOGAN'S PICK UP -- CONTINUOUS

Logan gently lays Charles in the back of the pick up. He tries to wrap him tighter in the quilt, pulls out his keys.

LOGAN
You need to keep this around you.
Charles. Listen, you need--

Charles' eyes find Logan. He mutters something.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
--What?

In the bg., distant YELLING --

JACKSON (O.S.)
Munson, goddammit! Come out here!

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Jackson and his men come up the road, armed, pissed.

JACKSON
Come out here now, Munson!

Some of the men direct Jackson's attention to Bad Logan standing there, staring at them.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Oh. Hello, asshole. Look.

INT./EXT. ALKALI TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Rice and Pierce react as Bad Logan reverses direction, moving toward Jackson, leaving Laura in the middle of the road.

DR. RICE
No. No, no.

EXT. FARMHOUSE ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Bad Logan keeps walking toward Jackson and his men.

JACKSON
I don't know what Munson's paying
you, but I'm willing to let bygones
be bygones. We could start you at
5G. A week that is.

He keeps walking. They cock their weapons.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
You best stop where you are, pal.
We're the law out here.

Jackson fires a blast into X-24's chest but he keeps coming
toward him -- SNIKT! -- claws emerging--

JACKSON (CONT'D)
What in high holy--

Jackson never completes the thought. X-24 DECAPITATES HIM.

JACKSON'S MEN REACT IN HORROR, start to run, but he's on them
like a sprung beast.

INT. ALKALI TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

DR. RICE, PIERCE and THE REAVERS are fixated on what is
happening but THE CAMERA FINDS --

CALIBAN, curled in a ball in the back, darkness in his eyes
as he watches -- LOGAN at his truck.

DR. RICE
(to Pierce)
He's confused. We need to
intervene.

PIERCE
You're the one he listens to, Doc.

CUT TO-- LOGAN AT THE PICK-UP

Charles' finger taps the pick up bed. Logan leans close to
hear him say with a trace of a smile...

CHARLES
...our boat... ...our Eden...

Charles tenderly touches Logan ...and then he passes.

Logan stares at Charles. Gone.

We hear the SHOUTS from Jackson's men as they fall, one by one. Only now does the sound of world seem to seep back in.

Logan dimly aware of the blood-curdling SCREAMS... He pulls the blanket over Charles, his eyes filling with rage.

BACK TO LAURA

She watches, immobilized as -- over at the Alkali Truck --

Dr. Rice, who's seen enough, THROWS OPEN THE DOOR and jumps down, gesturing toward Laura, shouting past to--

DR. RICE

Twenty Four! Stop! Stop now! Get the girl! Get back here!

X-24 (BAD LOGAN)

slashing the last of Jackson's men, surrounded by corpses, turns to see DR. RICE.

DR. RICE

Come! Now!

A gunshot hits Bad Logan's shoulder. He spins. One of Jackson's men, not quite dead, has managed to crawl to a gun. X-24 crosses, lifts him by the hair and slits his throat.

INT./EXT. ALKALI TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Rice turns toward Pierce and the Reavers.

DR. RICE

Go fucking get her!

AS THE TWO REAVERS GRAB WEAPONS, CLATTERING TOWARD THE EXIT, they hear a sound. Along with Pierce, they all turn to see--

A BOX OF MUNITIONS FALLEN TO THE GROUND, Caliban's long arm GRABBING ONE GRENADE AFTER ANOTHER, PULLING PINS and tossing them about the cabin. The Reavers lunge for the loose grenades. Caliban pulls a last pin and hold this one, meeting eyes with Pierce.

CALIBAN

Beware the light.

Pierce dives for the exit as...

THE TRUCK IS ENGULFED IN A RAPID SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS...
Dr. Rice knocked to the ground by the force, tries to get up
and is driven down by another blast.

Laura reacts, her face glowing orange.

LAURA'S POV -- She can make out in the chaotic aftermath--
Reavers on fire inside the glowing truck, Pierce stumbling
from the wreckage...

X-24 sees Dr. Rice, on the ground, starts to move to him when
-- HE IS BLIND-SIDED BY AN ENRAGED LOGAN.

Before X-24 can react, LOGAN JAMS HIS CLAWS INTO X-24'S CHEST
OVER AND OVER, IN A FRENZIED BLUR OF RAGE, DRIVING THE BIG
CLONE BACKWARD, BLOOD SPATTERING.

And X-24 just takes the beating, seemingly amused, THEN
SUDDENLY DRIVES HIS CLAWS INTO LOGAN'S CHEST and heaves Logan
like a stuck pig over his head, slamming him on a rock.

LOGAN lies there, bleary, his body ravaged. His eyes find --

LAURA, as she struggles to get out of her restraints, head
bent an angle, watching (sideways) as--

X-24 finishes injecting himself with another booster shot
AND THEN LEAPS AT LOGAN, ABOUT TO SPEAR HIS HEAD WITH BOTH
SETS OF CLAWS when--

LOGAN RAISES HIS CLAWS AND, with all his strength, struggles
to hold back X-24 PRESSING DOWN, THEIR BLADES INTERLOCKED.

X-24 is too much for him. Logan knows he cannot beat this
thing, and he rolls from beneath him, X-24's claws spearing
into the dirt.

Logan stumbles to his feet, X-24 doing the same and as he
lunges again, Logan retreats, starting a crooked, delirious
line toward -- Laura.

X-24 RUNS AT LOGAN FROM BEHIND, CLAWS OUT -- LAURA SCREAMS! --

AS THE CREATURE JAMS HIS CLAWS INTO LOGAN'S BACK AND SPINS
HIM, THROWING HIM DOWN ON THE ROCKS. THEN--

X-24 SPEARS HIS CLAWS INTO LOGAN'S GUT, starts goring him,
pulling blades upward, when he hears an engine, turns--

AND IS HIT BY WILL'S TRUCK AND CARRIED ON THE GRILL until
he's IMPALED ON THE HULKING THRESHER.

Spattered in blood, Logan watches from the ground as --

WILL MUNSON stumbles from the truck, bloodied, crazy-eyed. HE RAISES A SHOTGUN AT THE IMPALED CREATURE --AND FIRES OVER AND OVER-- shotgun hulls dropping.

BOOM! X-24 IS SHOT IN THE FACE.
BOOM! SHOT IN THE CHEST, torso exploding.
BOOM! SHOT IN THE NECK!

Logan crawls away, trying to get a footing. For a moment he meets Will Munson's eyes. Filled with bewilderment and rage. Blood comes from his mouth and he collapses, dead.

LOGAN hobbles to Laura. As he picks her up, he glances to--

A FRIGHTENED DR. RICE, still lying in the dirt-- and the wounded, charred PIERCE, crawling away from the Alkali truck, his cyborg arm blown off.

WE SEE A CRIPPLED BURNT FORM COLLAPSE IN CORN, CALIBAN, watching from a cockeyed view, with some satisfaction as--

INT./EXT. LOGAN'S PICK UP / CORNFIELD -- CONTINUOUS

Logan throws Laura on the front bench, climbs behind the wheel, starts the engine, jams on the gas.

THE PICK UP TRUCK ROARS OFF STRAIGHT INTO THE CORNFIELD, hard, tearing through the stalks.

Beside Logan, Laura sees Charles dead in the back and becomes frantic, pulling at her restraints, screaming.

LOGAN
Hold still! Stop it! Stop!

Logan reaches over with one hand and hacks at her manacles as he steers with the other. They say nothing more to each other, driving away into the night.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAWN

SEVERAL TRUCKS HAVE PULLED UP IN FRONT OF THE MUNSON HOUSE. Men in hazmat take away the bodies of the Munsons.

DR. RICE (PRE-LAP)
It's alright...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAWN

DR. RICE opens his MEDICAL KIT and kneels over-- BAD LOGAN, EYES SHUT, POKED WITH BUCKSHOT. THE CREATURE GROANS IN PAIN. HIS BODY HEALING.

RICE

You did fine, twenty four. Breathe.
You're healing. You did well.
You're a newborn by any measure.
Just breathe. Your body has work to
do. Hemostasis, angiogenesis,
epithelialization, stromal cell
proliferation -- Here. This will
help with the pain.

He takes out A SILVER INJECTION GUN WITH A VIAL ATTACHED and injects a dose into Bad Logan's neck. Rice touches Bad Logan on the hand and he seems to lean into the touch.

EXT. WYOMING HIGHWAY - DAYS

Logan and Laura head north under a sign that reads:

"WELCOME TO WYOMING."

EXT. STAND OF TREES, OFF THE ROAD - WYOMING LAKE - MORNING

Overlooking a small lake. LOGAN finishes covering CHARLES' GRAVE. It's physically hard for him to do this. Now he stands there, trying to think of what to say. He looks at--

LAURA, on the other side of the grave, a few steps back. She takes her sunglasses off. Takes the ear buds out of her ears. Ready to hear his words.

BACK TO-- LOGAN. He looks back at the grave, then out at the lake. Clears his throat. His eyes are fallow, his skin pale.

LOGAN

Well. It's got water and... it's...

Logan just halts. He looks down and sees-- Laura, *taking his hand in hers*, the same way that Kathryn did with Will at the farmhouse. She looks up at him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

--its got water and it's --

Unable to contain himself, Logan pulls back his hand.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

...Fuck this...

He starts away, limping, with the shovel. Only now do we realize just how ravaged Logan's body still is from his battle with X-24. Blood stains everywhere.

Laura stands there, staring as--

Logan stumbles to the equally ravaged pick up truck. He tosses the shovel in back and grunts something at Laura like "come on!" When she doesn't move, he curses and gets in the truck but it won't turn over. He starts cursing again and gets out and pops the hood.

A dog barks. Laura looks out across the landscape.

Downstream a quarter mile, A MAN crosses from a STATION WAGON with his labrador, pole on his shoulder, tackle box in hand.

Laura looks back down to Logan.
He has collapses in front of the car in a heap.

INT. URGENT CARE CENTER - TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Logan lies, hooked to an IV on a small bed. He coughs and opens his eyes. He is in the examination room of some sort of small town walk-in clinic. The place is decorated in a Rocky Mountain style. Out the windows, granite peaks. An Old Doctor stands over him. He has a soulful face, a bolo tie and big belt buckle. Reminds one of Richard Farnsworth.

OLD DOCTOR

Welcome back. I was starting to think I was gonna have to tell that nice little girl out in the waiting room that her daddy's gone.

Logan notices the EKG monitor connected to him. The Doctor sits down and smiles...

OLD DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I always hoped I would get a chance to meet someone like you. There's so few of you left.

LOGAN

...Nice to meet you too, Doc, but I need to get on my--

He tries to sit up, but the old doctor puts a hand on him.

OLD DOCTOR

What you need is rest... and treatment. You need to check yourself in somewhere and--

LOGAN

--I'm alright. I'm fine.

OLD DOCTOR

No. You're not. I mean, I know you're different. But that doesn't change the fact that something inside you is poisoning you. You need to check yourself into a hospital and run some tests, find out what it is.

LOGAN

...I know what it is.

Logan pulls off the wires and tubes and gets up.

INT. URGENT CARE CENTER - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Logan limps into the waiting area. Laura is sitting there. A Nurse looks up as the Doctor emerges, right behind him--

OLD DOCTOR

Please. Mister. If you don't want to go to a hospital, maybe I can--

LOGAN

--Doc. Look at me. You seem like a nice man. But you wanna save a life? Save yours. And everyone else's in this place. Let us get on our way.

Logan turns to-- Laura. She meets his eyes.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Let's go.

EXT. URGENT CARE CENTER - DAY

Logan and Laura emerge from the Mountain clinic with a big sign with a red cross on it. Laura leads him, limping to--

THE FISHERMAN'S STATION WAGON. Yet another commandeered vehicle. She hands him the keys with a lure fob.

LOGAN

You can't just take shit, you know.

He opens the driver's door and finds a booster seat made from bundled cardboard and a box of milkbones. Logan looks at Laura climbing in on the passenger side.

INT./EXT. STATION WAGON - URGENT CARE CENTER - DAY

Logan tosses the booster pile to the back and climbs in, brushing away dog hair. He starts the station wagon, but before pulling out, turns to her.

LOGAN

Look. I don't know how you got me here,.. but thank you.

LAURA

De nada.

He stares back at her. She stares back at him. Finally.

LOGAN

...You can talk?

LAURA

(nods)

LOGAN

You can talk.

LAURA

(nods again)

LOGAN

What the fuck?! Why haven't you--
What's all this bullshit been for
the last two thousand miles of--

But she's already spitting out words in Spanish, fast.

LAURA

Tu espera que hable con tu cuando
no mirarme? Tu espera que hable con
tu cuando me insultas y tratar de
dejarme atrás!!--

LOGAN

SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!

She stops. She stares at Logan a moment, then very slowly in accented English begins to recite:

LAURA

*Jonah, Gideon, Rebecca, Delilah and
Rictor.*

LOGAN

Who is that?

Laura pulls out THE ENVELOPE OF CASH and points to the address and coordinates on it.

LAURA

North Dakota.

(then)

Por favor.

(then repeats)

Jonah, Gideon, Rebecca, Delilah and Rictor.

LOGAN

Okay. Look. This place. Your mom... she read too many... stories.

Laura just ignores him, reaches into her backpack and takes out the comic, opens it.. Shows him an image of the idyllic Box Canyon...

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know... I saw it...

She holds up another picture from the page he'd read in the bar, another drawing showing "Eden."

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Right. This place does not exist. No exist-o. It's fictional.

(jabs the page)

Eden does not exist.

LAURA

Si, Eden, por favor.

LOGAN

(starts coughing)

No. I am saying that place is imaginary. It's a fantasy. See that right there--

(points at cover, authors)

--those are the names of the people who made up these stories.

Something happened once and these people made it into a big lie...

Laura bursts out with more Spanish--

LAURA

*Le pagaron me llevo a este lugar!
¿Por qué no puedes llevarme a este lugar!*

Then, exasperated, rummages through her pack. He sits there, too tired to fight, watches as she comes up with a MAP. She points to where they are, and to where they need to go.

LOGAN

Yes, I know. It's a long way.

She punches him in the arm. Hard.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Okay. First-- ow. Second, Look at me. I'm fucked up. That's two days driving from here.

She smacks the map.

LAURA

Jonah, Gideon, Rebecca, Delilah and Rictor.

LOGAN

Stop saying those names--

She again punches him in the arm.

LAURA

Vaminos!

She goes to punch him again. He catches her fist.

LOGAN

Do. Not. Hit. Me.

LAURA

Jonah, Gideon--

LOGAN

--And stop saying those--

LAURA

--Rebecca, Delilah and Rictor.

She won't stop saying the names. A broken record.

LOGAN

Okay-- ENOUGH. Enough.

She puts his hand on the wheel.

INT. TENTED INFIRMARY -- DAY

Find Pierce in a gown, upright on a field hospital bed, hooked to an IV, skin covered with burn salve and gauze.

His stumped arm is exposed, doing its best to help his good hand repair A CYBORG HAND which sits on the overbed. As he glances out a side window, he tosses a screwdriver back--

A FLESHY NURSE standing over him, fumbling with a tool box.

PIERCE

That ain't a torx, honey. That's a phillips head. I need a torx.

Pierce glances again out the side window -- into the parking lot of a rural high school, cordoned off, thick with military vehicles, issue sedans, a command trailer and dome tents. Outside the trailer, Dr. Rice is getting harangued by a group of MILITARY BRASS and INTEL / CONTRACTOR TYPES.

NURSE

This? Or this. They look the same.

Pierce snatches the tool he needs from the nurse and in two strokes, fixes his cyborg hand. Wiggles the fingers. Goes immediately to work, grabbing AN EVIDENCE FOLDER.

Inside is a collection of documents from the farmhouse, among them, Laura's wrinkled photograph.

HE PULLS IT CLOSE-- Gabriela and the X-23 kids. And another nurse, Maria, the one who sang on birthdays. He turns the photo over to read the scrawl on the back, then sees something else, something that makes his eyes bright.

MILITARY NURSE

Wow. Responsive.

PIERCE

What?

MILITARY NURSE

Your hand. Its amazing.

PIERCE

Get the fuck out of here. This shit's classified.

INT. CONVERTED HIGH SCHOOL -- SAME

Dr. Rice enters swiftly from a hallway, pushing through plastic drapes as if hoping to lose the collection of government types who follow him into this tented gymnasium.

MAJOR

--and we understand the importance of containment, Dr Rice. But we are in the continental United States.

DR. RICE

--Yes we are, and I terminated your
goddam mutant most wanted.

MAJOR

We appreciate that but you can't
just leave a war zone behind like
you, like you did in Juarez. We--

The Major and his companions suddenly realize they are moving through a makeshift morgue. TWO DOZEN BODIES laid out as a haz mat team tags them. The bodies are mostly children, slightly off looking mutants. A few we might recognize from Gabriela's video. Also among them, Will, Kathryn, and Nate.

DR. RICE

I'd appreciate it, Major, if your
associates would stop staring at
the dead assets. Try to remind
yourselves these were all little
killing machines, machines who
would have happily disemboweled
your family.

MAJOR

Not all.

DR. RICE

(spins, livid)

I was told you want these assets
off board, dead or alive. Are you
changing my brief?! Are you?

The people stop walking.

MAJOR

...No.

DR. RICE

(smiles)

Okay. Good bye.

Rice heads for a side door, pausing by another table where the BURNED CORPSE OF CALIBAN lies curled.

DR. RICE (CONT'D)

Save tissue from this one. He was a
good tracker and had a high IQ.

INT./EXT. SCHOOL EXIT / TENT INFIRMARY -- SAME

Rice walks out of the school building, blows past an MP and the fleshy nurse, crossing into the infirmary tent. He finds Pierce getting dressed, pulling the IV, grabbing a crutch.

DR. RICE

You're up?

Pierce hands Rice -- THE WRINKLED PHOTOGRAPH.

PIERCE

Look at that. Was found at the
farmhouse. I know. It's her. But
look at the other side.

Rice turns it to reveal-- The coordinates in North Dakota.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Those are the coordinates of a fire
road in the Badlands. A reservation
near the Border. And, according to
Wikipedia, its also this.

He hands a tablet with the "EDEN EXODUS" X-MEN COMIC cued on
the screen. Rice regards it skeptically. Thousands of mutants
in Exodus, headed for the Badlands.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Gaby loved that shit.

INT. CONVERTED HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM -- SAME

A MEXICAN WOMAN looks up in terror as a door unlocks. She
looks familiar, despite the bruises and blood. An armed guard
looks up from a show on his phone.

DR. RICE

Hello, Maria.

And now we recognize the name and face: Maria, the other
nurse in Gabriela's video.

DR. RICE (CONT'D)

So I understand that your mother
and son are safe at the holding
center in Guadalupe. We're looking
after them both of them.

Maria is sickened by the notion.

MARIA

Wh-what more do you want from me?

Rice takes out the tablet containing the X-Men comic. Her
blanching expression immediately betrays her: she knows this
place, knows what it means...

DR. RICE

Connect the fucking dots, dear.

She looks up at him, gripped by fear. Rice just smiles.

EXT. WINDING HIGHWAY - DAY

As the station wagon moves along winding road through the mountains. It starts to drift off the road...

INT./EXT. STATION WAGON - HIGHWAY - BADLANDS - DAY

Logan at the wheel. Laura shoves him and he wakes up, swerves back off the shoulder. She nods to the wheel, speaks Spanish:

LAURA
Let me drive.

LOGAN
No. Absolutely not.

He's barely awake. Barely *alive*, it seems. He's bruised and broken. Blood runs from his sleeve from some unseen cut or cuts on his arm. He turns to see Laura still looking his way.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Quit looking at me.

LAURA
(Spanish)
You're dying.

LOGAN
No comprende.

LAURA
You are dying.

Logan turns to her. Looks away. Too weary to say anything.

LAURA (CONT'D)
You want to die.
(off Logan's look)
Charles told me.

LOGAN
(reacts)
What else did he tell you?

LAURA
To not let you.

She grabs the wheel, pulls to the right, taking them onto the shoulder. Logan tries to fight it but can't. Hits the brakes.

LOGAN

Hey.

He hits the brakes.

LAURA

Rest.

Logan turns the car off, glares at her, closes his eyes.

INT. EXT. WINDING HIGHWAY - TWILIGHT

As night falls, Laura watches the deeply sleeping Logan. With a sign she reaches over to him and starts to pull his body to the passenger side.

WE CUT OUTSIDE and watch Laura finish hauling Logan over into the shotgun seat. Then she walks around the station wagon and gets in the other side-- and lays rubber down the highway.

EXT. BADLANDS / BOX CANYON - MORNING

CLOSE ON -- LOGAN, who wakes with a start. Things are all crooked. He is alone in the station wagon.

He stumbles out the door to see that the front end of the car is nose down in a swale.

He shuffles, weak and woozy, following a path in the dirt, and then he sights--

Laura about a hundred yards ahead of him, hiking up a rise. Her eyes find his.

LAURA

(in Spanish)

Come! Come!

She whistles loudly. A covey of birds fly out of the brush. Laura smiles for the first time. It is beautiful. Logan stumbles forward, follows her into a clearing which reveals--

A BOX CANYON. A STRUCTURE PEEKING OUT AT THE TOP OF A CLIFF.

Logan looks about, overwhelmed by the nature and, of course, the similarity to the "Eden" pictured in the comic book. He takes a few steps toward Laura but his legs start to give out underneath him and he falls to the dirt.

BLACK.

CLOSE ON -- LOGAN

As he is jerked into frame. He stares upward, face in the sun, gently rocking to and fro. He is tied to a board a hundred feet in the air above the Box Canyon. He is being hauled up by who knows what.

AT THE TOP OF THE CLIFF

As Logan's conveyance arrives at the top, he sees that the people who have hauled him up are kids, about ten of them, some older, some younger than Laura, all looking down at him like they caught the biggest fish ever. They are all mutants children who have natural anomalies.

Among them, an African American boy, BOBBY, 10, (who clings to an armful of X-MEN ACTION FIGURES), a dirty blonde girl, REBECCA, 12, A dark-eyed goth-type, DELILAH, LIZARD BOY, and RICTOR, 14, a natural leader.

A faded sign on the nearby building reads "CAMP ANOLJEET" ("we serve" in native American). The doors have condemned signs on them. It is a run down version of the building pictured in the comic book.

Dizzy and weak, Logan stares at them, his eyes rolling up in his head as we go to -- **BLACK**.

INT. CLIFF TOP STRUCTURE -- BUNK AREA -- NIGHT

A flicker of light. Logan's eyes blink open, he's on a bed now, body weak, eyes heavy. He sees THE KIDS. Some of them sleeping, or reading or busy.

A few of them tend to Logan.

One of the kids (DELILAH) brings a wet cloth for Logan, but before handing it to him, she holds it under her breath, freezing it into an ice pack for his battered ribs.

LOGAN

Where am I?

LIZARD BOY

Is this good, Rictor?

Rictor oversees Lizard Boy, drawing a few drops of green fluid from a vial into a syringe.

RICTOR

Not so much. Less.

Logan squints at the bottle. Grabs it.

LOGAN

Where did you get this?!

Some of the children step back.

RICTOR

Where we come from.

(beat)

They gave it to us when we fight.

It makes you stronger.

LOGAN

It makes you crazy is what it does.

It'll kill you.

RICTOR

Not in small doses.

(smiles)

It's helping you heal, man.

LOGAN

(trying to sit up)

Where's Laura.

BOBBY

She's asleep. Do you want me to
wake her up?

LOGAN

...No.

Logan lies back, closes his eyes as we cut to **BLACK**.

INT. CLIFF TOP STRUCTURE -- NIGHT

Logan wakes with a start, screaming. There is only one child tending him. It is LAURA. She sits on a chair beside him, watching him. He meets her eyes, disoriented, shaken.

LAURA

Pesadillas. ...you had night-mare.

Logan just looks at her.

LOGAN

Do you have nightmares?

She nods.

LAURA

...People hurt me.

LOGAN

Mine are different.

LAURA

Por que?

LOGAN

I hurt people.

Laura takes this in. Then pulls something from her pocket.
Logan's Adamantium bullet.

LAURA

(in Spanish)

What is this?

LOGAN

You know what it is.

Logan nods, tries to sit up. In pain. She hands it to him.
He rolls it in his fingers.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It's made of Adamantium. Same thing
they put inside us. That's why it
can kill us. Probably killing me
now. Anyway, I got that a long time
ago. Kept it as a reminder of what
I am. Now I keep it to--

(looks at her plainly)

Actually, I was thinking about
shooting myself with it. Like
Charles said.

Laura's smile fades.

LAURA

I've hurt people too.

Logan looks off.

LOGAN

You're gonna have to learn how to
live with that.

LAURA

They were bad people.

LOGAN

All the same.

Logan closes his eyes. The bullet sits in his open palm.
Laura takes it.

BLACK.

INT. CLIFF TOP STRUCTURE -- DAY

Logan awakes to hear children playing outside. He watches as some of the kids play a simple game of soccer. Suddenly one of the girls wiffs and kicks right past a ball and then continues prancing, her legs kicking high, arms waving like a puppet. Some of the boys laugh.

GIRL

Jonah! Stop! STOP!

Logan sees little Jonah manipulating the girl like a puppeteer. Everything he does, kicking out his legs, waving his arms, she is somehow forced to do, a mirror image. Some of the other kids come to her defense --

LIZARD BOY

Jonah, let go! Now!

It all ends suddenly when Rictor steps up behind Jonah and slaps him upside the head.

RICTOR

Cut the shit.

Another kid kicks the loose ball off the edge of the cliff and REBECCA, runs right off the edge of the cliff to catch the ball, then returns, walking on air.

Logan lies back in bed. Weak. But looking better.

BLACK.

INT. CLIFF TOP STRUCTURE -- NIGHT

From across the darkened room, Bobby walks up to Logan. Logan considers him a moment. Bobby holds up an action figures, a vintage toy, the paint chipped. As if expecting a reaction from him. It's a Wolverine figure, then he holds up another.

BOBBY

...Was Sabretooth real?

LOGAN

What.

BOBBY

Laura said you said all the stories in the comic books were lies.

LOGAN

Not all. Not completely. Sabretooth was real. He was in a program with me. Like what they did to you.

BOBBY
So you did mean things with him.

LOGAN
Yes.

BOBBY
But now you're doing good things.

Logan looks at the kid a moment, then--

LOGAN
Kid, I don't know *what* I'm doing.

BLACK.

INT. CLIFF TOP STRUCTURE -- DAY

The sound of snipping. Giggles.

Then we see nearly all the kids standing around Logan's cot with glowing grins on their faces. Laura among them, although she slides into the back of the pack as he sits up. BOBBY AND REBECCA hide scissors behind their backs.

And now we see why. They have cut Logan's beard. Strike that. They have *shaped* Logan's beard into mutton chops. They have snipped off his moustache and soul patch. He touches his face, guessing what they've done-- and crosses, limping to --

TO A MIRROR. They all squeal in joy as he takes in his reflection. Then he glares at them.

LOGAN
Not funny. Not funny at all.

Rictor suddenly hurries through the space, moving from one room to the next. Logan moves after him --

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Hey, pal, how long have I been out?

But Rictor is already moving off outside--

EXT. CLIFF TOP -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Logan hobbles after Rictor, who passes Jonah, packing a backpack.

LOGAN
Hey.

RICTOR
What.

LOGAN

How long have I been in that bed?

RICTOR

Two days.

LOGAN

You've been sitting here two days?
You can't do that. You can't just
stay here forever.

OTHER KID

(helpfully)

We aren't. We had to wait. It was
the plan. Everyone had 'til today
to find their way here.

LOGAN

Well, if you keep waiting those
assholes will find you. And kill
you all. You need to get out.

RICTOR

(checking a bag)

What do you think we're doing,
asshole? We're leaving tomorrow at
dawn. We're going to cross the
border.

LOGAN

To Canada?

RICTOR

(walking off)

Si.

INT./EXT. EDEN - LOOKOUT TOWER - DAY

Logan finds Laura and the other mutant children packing up belongings. The older ones lead younger ones-- loading guns, stocking ammo, prepared for anything.

Rictor is hunched over a short wave radio. There are voices. In French. He clicks off, crosses to the railing, addresses the others like an adolescent general:

RICTOR

That was the signal. They're ready
for us on the other side.

Everyone doubles their efforts. Logan joins Laura at an OLD MOUNTED TELESCOPE.

RICTOR (CONT'D)
 It's a ten mile hike through the
 woods, and then, see that pass?

Laura nods, eye pressed to the viewfinder...

Logan looks out at a distant, rugged mountain looms beyond a
swath of dense forest. There is a crevasse.

 RICTOR (CONT'D)
 Through there. That's the border.
 That's where we can be free.

Rictor now turns to Logan.

 LOGAN
 Okay. Good.

 RICTOR
 ...Come with me.

Logan notices Laura watching him tentatively. As if gauging
how he's going to react to something...

 RICTOR (CONT'D)
 Come.

...Rictor takes Logan by the arm and guides him, still
limping, to a closet --

 RICTOR (CONT'D)
 Laura told me all you did for her.
 She was lucky to have you. Not
 everyone was so lucky.

Logan glances back at Laura, still watching him carefully.

Rictor opens a cupboard and hands Logan what is left of the
old envelope of cash. Logan stares down at the money --

 LOGAN
 Keep it. For your supplies or
 whatever.

 RICTOR
 She says it's yours.

Logan pushes the cash back in Rictor's hands.

 LOGAN
 Yeah. Well. Look. I don't need
 this. You do. For supplies. Buy her
 some cereal.

Rictor regards him a moment, nods solemnly and exits.

INT./EXT. CLIFF TOP STRUCTURE -- EDEN -- NIGHT

Outside, the kids all sit before a fire, perched on their rucksacks, eating from cans of food. Eager to make the trip.

Inside, Logan ties his boots sitting on the cot, observing them with a hint of nostalgia -- the chatty camaraderie, two of the kids goofing with their powers, laughter-- it tugs unexpectedly at him.

And then he notices LAURA staring at him. A little hard, a little cryptic. Logan turns to her.

LOGAN

They seem nice. Your friends.
(admits)
Kinda remind me--

Laura abruptly rises and marches off. Logan thrown --

LAURA

is about to go outside -- when Logan GRABS her arm and tugs her to his bunk area.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

What's going on with you?

She ignores him, yanking her arm free --

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Hey. I asked you a question. What are you pissed about? You're with your friends. You made it.

LAURA

And where will *you* go?

Logan considers this a moment, smiles--

LOGAN

Nearest bar, for starters.

Laura absorbs the answer, starts to exit.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

What-- you thought I was coming along?

She glares back at him-- clearly, yes.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

That was never the deal. I got you this far, that's all I signed up for. I gave back the money --

LAURA

Such a nice man.

LOGAN

Hey, I never asked for this.

She starts to move off again.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know what Charles put in your head, but I'm not... whatever it is you think I am.

Laura looks off, defiant, hurt.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You don't need me. You've got Rictor, Delilah, Rebecca, Bobby, blah blah whoever. Hey. It's better this way. I suck at this. Bad shit happens to people I care about.

Laura meets his eyes.

LAURA

Then I will be fine.

And she walks off.

ON LOGAN, watching her go. Resisting every urge to chase after her-- he SLAMS the door.

ON LAURA OUTSIDE, at the edge of the cliff, looking out at the stars as she wipes her eyes, the faint laughter and noise of the kids nearby. She glances back at Logan's door... then turns to join them.

INT. TOP OF CLIFF -- BUNK AREA -- PRE-DAWN

Logan asleep in his corner. He stirs awake.

He sees something near his face. A hypodermic and one last vial of the green fluid on top of a backpack. Beside it, a note: *"NOT ALL AT ONCE. - RICTOR"*

EXT. TOP OF CLIFF -- DAWN

Logan ventures out by first light. It's eerily quiet here now. All the kids are indeed gone. Laura too.

Logan continues walking through the now-abandoned structure, reckoning with the choice he made.

EXT. EDEN - TOP OF CLIFF - DAWN

Logan is looking down at his station wagon still parked in the swale -- when he halts. Hears a buzzing, then looks upward and sees --

A flock of drones flying by overhead, fanning out.

INT./EXT. EDEN -- LOOKOUT TOWER -- DAWN

Logan bursts in, hurries to-- **THE TELESCOPE** -- the one that Rictor had Laura peer through yesterday. Logan brings his eye to the viewfinder...

LOGAN'S POV THROUGH TELESCOPE: *the same distant mountain and crevasse that Laura had seen, five miles away, looming like a beacon, haloed violet by the rising sun.*

Logan breathes, at once relieved and regretful. About to step away -- when he swings the telescope and sees --

LOGAN'S POV THROUGH TELESCOPE: *something is moving toward the base of the mountain... black objects, rustling trees... Logan adjusts focus and sees--*

A CONVOY OF MILITARY AND ALKALI VEHICLES...

Logan drops back from the telescope--

INT. EDEN CLIFF TOP -- BUNK AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

LOGAN GRABS that vial of green fluid and the needle. Throws them in the backpack, eyes fixed in alarm --

EXT. THE WOODS -- DAWN

Logan bounding through the woods... but he is already out of breath... stumbling...

Up ahead he starts to hear the echoed cracks of GUNFIRE, children crying out, shrieking--

Logan falls to the ground. Gasping, coughing, his wounds starting to reopen. About to lose consciousness, he reaches into the backpack, fumbling with the syringe and the vial. Draws everything in the container and injects himself...

Logan's eyes go wide as the drug hits his bloodstream. He screams.

EXT. DEEPER IN THE WOODS -- DAWN

It's a free-for-all as the Reavers descend on their prey -- the kids fleeing in all directions, desperately trying to find cover in the maze of trees, bullets spraying, among those running for their lives, Laura --

LIZARD BOY disappears like a chameleon into the bark of a tree to avoid a chasing Reaver.

Once the Reaver passes, Lizard Boy steps out from the tree, thinking he is safe, and turns to find Pierce standing there. He fires his side arm into the boy's chest.

LIZARD BOY

Ow.

Lizard boy drops to the ground and Pierce leaves his body to be dragged away by Reavers behind him.

NOT FAR AWAY IN THE WOODS --

DR. RICE rides in a jeep with two soldiers. He watches the battle ahead from a safe distance. Behind him lumbers the Alkali Control Vehicle.

RICE

Move faster. We can't let them get to the border.

ELSEWHERE IN THE WOODS --

ELLA is cornered by several soldiers, who advance on her. Her eyes roll up in her head as she draws on her powers and --

PINE NEEDLES LIFT FROM THE GROUND AND TEAR FROM THE TREES, swirling into a whirlwind. The needles envelope the soldiers in a vortex, blinding them, stabbing them, shredding their skin, filling their mouths, gagging them.

A SOLDIER GRABS ELLA from behind, covering her eyes. The needles fall to the ground. As he proceeds to shackle her wrists-- LAURA LEAPS UPON HIM, SPEARING HIM WITH HER CLAWS.

Laura and Ella run away as other soldiers fire upon them. Laura tries to pull her friend, she is not fast enough.

LAURA

(in Spanish)

Ella! Run faster! Run!

Laura takes a shot to the leg, stumbling, healing, limping but still moving. She looks back to see --

Ella has been hit and is face down in the leaves.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Ella!

She crosses back to Ella to find her dead.

Soldiers converging, Laura flees toward other children up ahead. Some soldiers turn as they hear -- gunfire and mens' screams from behind them --

173C

BEHIND THEM, IN THE WOODS --

173C

LOGAN SPRINTS THROUGH THE TREES. Speeding. Full strength. We have never seen him before like this.

He is Weapon X in a full berserker rage. His body restored by the huge dose of the drug, he cuts his way through Reavers and Soldiers one after another like a saw blade. They fire on him but it doesn't matter, he heals instantly. Each of them are gored and slashed and killed as Logan races toward the children up ahead, overtaking the Alkali convoy.

ANGLE ON -- LITTLE BOBBY

running in terror as he's pursued by THREE REAVERS, their bullets chewing up the trees around him, gaining on him--

-- when he finally stumbles, peers up to see those Reavers closing in on him, restraints and weapons at the ready when--

--SNIKT! Logan appears from nowhere and kills them in an instant. A guerilla warrior, dropped back in the jungle for one last battle.

ELSEWHERE IN THE WOODS --

JONAH uses his ocular mirror connection, making one of the Reavers AIM HIS GUN AT HIS OWN MEN, MOWING THEM DOWN. Then he mimes his "puppet" Reaver into aiming his automatic rifle at himself, shooting himself in the chin.

ANGLE ON -- DELILAH

Delilah is caught against a tree. She breathes on her captor's arm, FREEZING IT. Then she shatters his frozen limb, and the soldier screams as more Reavers grab Delilah, restraining her...

ANGLE ON -- PIERCE

A Reaver brings Logan's backpack to Pierce. He looks at the vial and empty syringe. He signals the troops to keep moving. Concerned, he looks ahead to the convoy.

ANGLE ON -- LOGAN

as he comes upon Ella, dead in the leaves. He pauses, seeing a trail of blood leading off and away. Sniffs it. *Laura...*

Then Logan sees PIERCE THROUGH THE TREES. Dr. Rice behind him in the jeep at the head of the convoy.

Pierce meets Logan's eyes as Logan starts toward him. Pierce also sees--

A REAVER IN A TRUCK AIMS A HUGE RAIL-GUN AT LOGAN'S BACK. HE FIRES.

Logan is blown backward off his feet. Sprayed with shrapnel.

The convoy continues moving after the children in the distance.

Logan pulls himself up from the smoldering brush to see -- LAURA up ahead, cornered by Reavers.

ANGLE ON -- LAURA -- SURROUNDED BY CONVERGING REAVERS.

She snarls and slashes at their rifles. But then she hears a primal scream and looks up to see--

LOGAN, sprinting toward her, eyes aflame. He slaughters the men surrounding Laura in a swirl of blood--

And then the father and daughter move on, chasing after the convoy, slashing through several more Reavers emerging from the woods to ambush them.

At the end of this father daughter blade Logan stumbles, out of breath, motioning for Laura to move on, as she slashes at one more Reaver.

LOGAN

Laura! Now!

Laura obeys, starts to run, but looks back at --

Logan, still panting for air. His fresh wounds not healing so fast anymore. Laura knows what he's done.

LAURA

You took all the medicine.

Logan looks to his wounds, then to Laura.

LAURA (CONT'D)

...It's wearing off.

LOGAN TAKES THE DEAD REAVER'S SIDEARM, stuffs it in his belt and leads Laura toward --

IN A WOODED CLEARING -- CONTINUOUS

THE CHILDREN run in a pack toward the mountains as fast as they can go. RICTOR at the rear, exhorts them in Spanish to go faster. He turns back to see--

THE ALKALI CONVOY GAINING ON THEM. Rictor doubles his pace, trying to catch up to the children when-- BAM! -- HE IS SHOT IN THE SHOULDER and falls to the ground, hard.

PIERCE LEAPS OFF HIS MOVING JEEP AND PUTS A BOOT ON RICTOR, looping a restraint around the boy's neck just as--

Laura and Logan come to a stop at the edge of the clearing. Pale and weak, Logan looks to Laura.

LOGAN

Go to your friends, Laura.

Laura takes a step but turns back as Logan adds--

LOGAN (CONT'D)

...You'll know when.

As Laura moves off, Logan stumbles forward placing himself in Pierce's path to the jeeps.

Laura moves surreptitiously through the woods to gain better position on her captive friends. She eyes the two Reavers who stand on a jeep, watching over the children-- and two other Reavers standing watch nearby. Her eyes then land on--

Donald Pierce as he throws a bleeding Richter to his knees, a gun to the back of the boy's head.

RICE'S JEEP COMES TO A STOP BEHIND PIERCE.

Laura looks to-- Logan, clutching for air.

PIERCE

Green juice is wearing down, huh?
For an ol' mute, that a short high.
Gonna be hard to keep those claws
out soon.

RICTOR

(thrashing, to Logan)
Waste this dick, Logan!

Pierce knocks Rictor unconscious with the butt of his gun, then aims the muzzle at Rictor's head. He looks back up at--

Logan, weak, standing there. Dr. Rice steps up behind Pierce.

DR. RICE

Please stop, Mr. Howlett, or I am going to have to tell these men to fire on these children. You can see the effects of the serum are wearing off. You will not survive any further wounds.

Logan glares at Rice, glances at Laura as she encircles the remaining Reavers guarding her friends.

DR. RICE (CONT'D)

It's an honor to meet you. I'm Zander Rice. I believe you knew my father on the Weapon X program.

Logan's dark look goes darker. He holds up his bloody claws.

LOGAN

He's the asshole who put this poison in me.

DR. RICE

Yes he was. One of them.

LOGAN

I think I might have killed him.

DR. RICE

I think you're right.

PIERCE

Shit. Show some respect, mutey. You're lookin' at the man who wiped out your kind.

DR. RICE

My friend Donald overstates. The goal was not ending mutant-kind but controlling it. I realized we needn't stop perfecting what we eat and drink when we could use those products to perfect *ourselves*.

Laura sneaks closer to two of the Reavers, poised to attack.

DR. RICE (CONT'D)

To distribute gene therapy discreetly, through, well, *everything* -- from sweet drinks to breakfast cereal. And it worked.

(MORE)

DR. RICE (CONT'D)
Random mutancy went the way of
polio. And we embarked on our next
endeavor.

Logan's eyes drift from Pierce to Rice to Laura, claws out.

LOGAN
Growing mutants of your own.

PIERCE
Dangerous times, James. We can't
trust fate to--

He lifts his pistol AND SHOOTS ZANDER RICE IN THE HEAD. The
Doctor falls back, dead, in the grass.

LOGAN
Yeah. Dangerous.

Two Reavers lunge for their weapons but Laura surprises them,
slitting their throats as--

LOGAN SHOOTS AGAIN, BLOWING OFF PIERCE'S CYBORG HAND-- and he
is about to shoot a kill-shot on Pierce but the pistol
clicks, its chamber empty.

Pierce turns and runs towards the Alkali control truck.

Logan stumbles after him, claws out now.

Pierce grabs hold of the control van door, throws it open--

PIERCE
It's showtime, boy!

AND A HUGE CREATURE LEAPS OUT OF THE VAN, BLIND-SIDING LOGAN.

It is X24 and he slashes at Logan mercilessly. The fight
between them is bloody and feral.

Laura watches, terrified.

Logan struggles to stay on his feet, but there is fear in his
eyes. He doesn't know if he can hold his own against this
younger stronger version of himself.

The commotion distracts the two Reavers guarding the children
who raise their weapons.

A THIRD REAVER lines up a shot, putting Logan in his cross
hairs, when he is suddenly taken out by Laura.

Sensing their attention is elsewhere, young Bobby shifts his
weight, extending his finger, eyes rolling in his head as --

AN ELECTRICAL BOLT ARCS OFF HIS FINGER leaping to the jeep, ELECTROCUTING THE TWO REAVER GUARDS.

Laura turns back as--

X-24 GRABS LOGAN AND TOSSES HIM LIKE A RAG DOLL into open door of the control van.

Bleary, Logan grabs the fallen door, summons his remaining strength and smashes X24 with it, knocking the monster to the dirt. Logan reaches deep, bringing the iron door down like a guillotine on X-24's throat.

Rictor come to consciousness in the grass, his eyes finding--

X24, pinned on the ground, struggling to breathe, the van door pressing against his neck. X24 catches sight of Dr. Rice, his fallen master.

Pierce watches, his survival riding on X24's ability to get up and defeat Logan.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Get up! Get up, boy! That's right!
He killed your Daddy!

X24 howls in rage and breaks Logan's hold, leaping at Logan, mauling him and hurling his limp, bloody body beyond the jeeps.

Satisfied with himself, X24 is shocked when--

RICTOR

Laura! No!

LAURA LEAPS ON X24'S BACK and slashes at him.

Logan tries to crawl back to Laura to help her.

LOGAN

Laura...

Pierce grabs a crossbow from the van and aims it at Logan. He fires, harpooning Logan's leg. He howls in pain.

Pierce ties off the harpoon able and tosses the crossbow and flees to his jeep, looking to escape but suddenly he is cornered by --

THE NEWLY FREED MUTANT CHILDREN COMING AT HIM, each enraged, aiming their fledgling mutant powers at him. They form a circle, trapping him, freezing him, entangling him, shocking him and burning him, all at once. Pierce cries in agony. They have no mercy for their lifelong oppressor.

Bloodied and cut, X24 manages to get a hold of Laura -- he hurls her off his back into a tree... hard. She lies there, limp at the base of the tree.

RICTOR

Laura!

X24 crosses to Logan, weakened, depleted, preparing to kill his elder, when suddenly--

Rictor extends his hands and with all his energy projects his power to the ground beneath the Control Van.

Laura regains consciousness, noticing the empty pistol a few feet away from her in the grass. Then she sees--

THE ROCK AND EARTH BENEATH THE CONTROL VAN START TO HEAVE UPWARD and LIFT THE CONTROL VAN into the air...

Rictor screams as the power of his mutancy ripples through him and with one last push --

He releases the rocks beneath the van--

AND THE HUGE VEHICLE TOPPLES ONTO X24, CRUSHING HIM.

Meanwhile, the children stare at Pierce. He lies dead at their feet, mummified in ice, blood and twisted grass.

Logan gets to his feet and reaches out for Laura.

LAURA

Laura. You need to get out.
(to the other children)
All of you. Get out of here! Now!

Suddenly, there is a metallic CREAK AND KLUNK AND X24 EMERGES, BLOODIED, FROM BENEATH THE TOPPLED VAN. The children scream as the monster makes a run at them.

LOGAN

(to the children)
Go, go GO! Run!

The children comply, Laura most hesitant as --

Logan stumbles to position himself between the children and the unstoppable fully healed creature charging at him --

X-24 GORES LOGAN WITH BOTH HIS CLAWS and, using them like grappling hooks, drags Logan off to the forest's edge.

LAURA

No!

X24 heaves Logan onto a fallen stump, A JAGGED WOOD LIMB SPEARING THROUGH LOGAN'S TORSO. Logan howls in pain.

Laura runs to the pistol in the grass. Pulls the Adamantium bullet from her pocket, fumbling to load the gun as--

Delirious, losing blood, LOGAN grabs helplessly at X24's claws (already plunged into him) as the monster jams them deeper, through him, and into the log-- then raises them for one last goring when --

X24's Adamantium skull suddenly explodes. He collapses to the ground. Done.

Laura stands ten feet away, holding the smoking pistol. Her eyes meet Logan's and she drops the gun and runs to him.

LOGAN AND LAURA

She hacks Logan from the tree stump. Logan slides painfully to the forest floor. He struggles to breathe. His body is decimated, his skeleton showing through his wounds.

Laura's eyes are wild and fearful. She can see he is mortally wounded... She kneels.

LAURA

no, no, no...

LOGAN

...Take your friends and run. Go.
Listen to me, Laura. Run. They'll
just keep coming and coming.

(grips her)

...Don't be what they made you.

The other mutant children emerge from the woods. Stand quietly at a distance.

Logan watches them all, his eyes glassy, his body still. Laura takes Logan's bloody hand, and this time, he holds on.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

...it's okay...

LAURA

No... ...daddy...

Logan looks at her. Then stiffens. Takes a short breath... And in his eyes, there is a flicker of wonder.

LOGAN

So this is what it feels like.

And then his breath releases and he is very still.

Laura squeezes his limp hand. Disbelieving that he has passed. But there is nothing left in him.

Still holding his hand, Laura looks up at her friends, tears in her eyes. The other children gather closer.

WIDER ON -- ALL THE CHILDREN IN A CIRCLE AROUND LOGAN. They just stand there in the blast-radius of the carnage as the sun drifts lower in the sky.

LAURA (O.S.)

A man has to be what he is, Joey.
You can't break the mould.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - LATE DAY

The young mutants lower Logan into the ground. BOBBY has made a simple wooden cross for Logan's grave. Laura stares unrelenting at Logan as the dirt covers him.

LAURA

There's no living with a killing.
There's no going back. Right or
wrong, it's a brand. A brand that
sticks. Now run on home to your
mother, and tell her everything's
alright. There's no more guns in
the valley...

The children all look to Rictor.

RICTOR

We gotta go.

The children all grab their backpacks and start on the mountain trail to Canada.

But Laura hesitates, still looking at Logan's grave. She does not move, but then, tearful, grabs her own backpack. As she passes Logan's makeshift cross, she looks at it a moment, considering, then kneels and tips it on its side to make --

-- an "X".

The camera moves in on the X as in the distance, Laura joins her friends scaling the dark mountains, moving toward their future.

CUT TO BLACK.