


X4

by

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BLACK

LOGAN (V.O.)

Choice: it is what humans and mutants alike have fought to preserve since the dawn of their existence. But when a society advances politically, socially, technologically...when people, civilizations become so blind to the extent of their capabilities...when we have finally learned to play God, the stakes change.

BLACK

BEGIN CREDITS

A flash of white light. Glowing strands of DNA twist and turn in every direction.

Words fill the screen:

X-MEN 4

END CREDITS

EXT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - NIGHT

An imposing neo-Gothic building sits beneath a murky blue sky. A bolt of lightning flashes in the distance.

SUPER: "OXFORD, ENGLAND - 1860"

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A vast, open area supported by stone pillars. Stained glass windows line the upper walls.

SCIENTISTS and BISHOPS sit across rows of benches and converse amongst themselves, their voices indistinct. At the head of the room atop a raised podium stands BISHOP WILBERFORCE, well-refined and fashionably clad in bishopric robes.

A clean-shaven MAN (early 50s) in a tweed jacket stands on the second-floor balcony. His name is CHARLES DARWIN.

Darwin looks across the ground floor to see a BRUNETTE GENTLEMAN (mid 40s) staring back at him. He is NATHANIEL ESSEX.

Wilberforce lifts a pair of reading glasses from his eyes and looks out at the crowd.

WILBERFORCE

Fellow members of the clergy and most honorable representatives of science. The fact is this proposed evolutionary theory sounds like nothing but a petty fallacy...a blind pursuit driven by man's ignorant refusal to accept that a divine being did indeed cause our existence today.

Wilberforce pauses to survey the crowd, his hands firmly gripping the sides of the podium.

WILBERFORCE (CONT'D)

(assertively)

Gentlemen, science remains and will always be an endless labor of experimentation. One answer will lead to another. Then another, and when we have finally established-

THOMAS HUXLEY, lean, yet dignified, sits in the front row, behind an OAK TABLE.

HUXLEY

Are you so assured, Bishop, to claim that the reason we *Homo sapiens* stand here today is because of an invisible being? An abstract entity that created this universe with the wave of a magic wand?

WILBERFORCE

(sarcastically)

Well, I do find it reasonably sane to consider man to be of spiritual rather than of ape-like descent. Tell me, Huxley, were your chimp ancestors from your grandfather's or grandmother's side?

Scattered conversation and laughter. Huxley aggressively retaliates.

HUXLEY

Rather from an ape than a man so lavishly gifted of prejudice and falsehood.

JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER sits next to Huxley. He stands up to point a finger at WILBERFORCE.

HOOKER

That is enough! How dare you question Darwin's theories when-

FITZROY

My boy, the very concept behind natural selection is inherently preposterous. Survival of the fittest species...earthly nature deciding our destiny?

ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE stands up to interject.

WALLACE

Why, that is exactly the fundamental law that accounts for our adaptable nature!

WILBERFORCE

I myself am perplexed by the variations in beak size from his finches. Now, Doctor, suppose Kipling's tale did come to pass. Are we to say an adolescent raised in the wild shall inherit retractable claws and keener instincts?

Nathaniel Essex, seated in the back row, stands up to tower over the crowd. They turn to look at him.

ESSEX

Is that so difficult to imagine, Bishop? Several millennia of man's occupation here on this planet and you observe no change in humanity?

Wilberforce stumbles in his words, his level of confidence subdued by Essex.

WILBERFORCE

Culturally, in a manner of-

Essex walks down the aisle, the sound of his charcoal black boots echoing against the granite floor. He speaks in a forthcoming manner.

ESSEX

Prolonged life, heightened stature, geographical variance, viral immunity...did we not survive the Black Plague?

HOOKER

(remains standing)

It is a miracle that we men even stand here, conscious and alive today.

Essex approaches the head of the room and stands in front of Wilberforce.

ESSEX

No miracle, Doctor. It is our evolution...our innate potential to struggle, adapt, and survive as a dominant species.

A scrawny RICHARD OWEN, seated in the second row, acutely responds.

OWEN

Why, I find it rather obscene to even question such a feat when we consider the anatomical structure of the human brain aside from all other organisms.

ESSEX

My brothers, you must all realize that genetics is the one missing piece to man's remaining conflicts. Think of the widespread possibilities we can accomplish by-

WILBERFORCE (O.S.)

-toying with the human genome? You are talking about a vile sacrilege against our Holiness!

Essex glances over his shoulder, his eyes unshaken by the rebuttal.

HUXLEY

(fervently)

Or a sacred gift bestowed upon us.

Essex nods in acknowledgement and faces the audience. His face evokes assurance and authority.

ESSEX

Skeptics before me, behold. The future of man brings plenty of surprises.

EXT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - NIGHT

Thunder rumbles across a dark sky. It has begun to drizzle.

Essex, in a black trench coat and top hat, descends the front steps. A TWO-HORSE CARRIAGE is parked by the street side.

Charles Darwin, in a tan trench coat, steps out of the shadows.

DARWIN

An early departure, Nathaniel?

Essex turns around to see him.

ESSEX

Adam's not feeling too well. Should you
not be resting at home yourself, old chum?

Darwin, who is chronically ill, tightens the coat across his
chest.

DARWIN

(chest cough)

To miss the investigative culmination to
all my years' worth of research?

ESSEX

And not defend it.

Essex peers into Darwin's eyes, following with a friendly smile.

ESSEX (CONT'D)

Charles, Charles...you have always been the
modest character, haven't you?

DARWIN

(heavier chest cough)

Now, you know I am not a man of
confrontation.

ESSEX

Though here you stand with the remedy to
man's most troubled ailments.
Genetics...when engineered, the entirety of
the human genome mapped...when we scientists
learn to trace the source of our evolution
shall man's problems be obliterated.

DARWIN

(amiably)

Always dwelling on days too far ahead to
conceive of, my dear friend.

Essex places a courteous hand on Darwin's shoulder.

ESSEX

And so another evening of progress draws to
a close...

(heartily)

I do advise you to get some rest, old chum.

Essex boards his carriage.

DARWIN

Your condolences are most kind.

Essex smiles back and shuts the door. The window is open.

Darwin places his hand in his pocket and takes out a SILVER POCKET WATCH with a chain linked onto it.

DARWIN

Nathaniel, wait. Rebecca forgot this the other day.

Essex takes the watch in his hand and opens it to reveal a BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of a 3-year old boy.

ESSEX

Thank you, Charles. Farewell.

Darwin gives a nod to Essex. The carriage rides off into the dark, misty road.

EXT. ESSEX HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

The beating rain intensifies. A Victorian, two-story home in the London suburbs. The lights are off.

Essex exits the carriage, his boots splashing in the rain puddles. He paces toward the home as the carriage wheels away.

INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Darkness. Essex enters and closes the door. He ascends the stairs and is met by his wife, REBECCA, dressed in her nightgown. He embraces her.

A BABY BOY cries down the hallway.

REBECCA

(softly)

Nathaniel.

Essex has a concerned look on his face.

ESSEX

How is he?

REBECCA

He had a bloody nose this afternoon. Doctor Javier said he may not have much longer.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A flash of lightning outside the window. Essex enters and approaches a cradle in the middle of the room. Rebecca stands by the doorway.

Essex lifts a baby boy into his arms and cradles him. He gently kisses the boy on the forehead and lowers him back into the cradle. His eyes begin to water with grief as Rebecca looks on in sorrow.

Essex glares out the window at the turbulent storm. For a brief second, his eyes shine a fearful, sinister purple. He looks back at Rebecca.

NATHANIEL ESSEX

I have work to do.

EXT. BROOKLYN ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

SUPER: "BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - THE NOT TOO DISTANT FUTURE"

Late after midnight. A barren alleyway, not a bystander in sight. Faint police sirens ringing over bustling traffic.

Rain water rushes down a drain pipe and into the alleyway. A rat scampers alongside a brick wall, its feet splashing lightly in the puddles. It hurries along and squeaks alarmingly.

A black boot stomps on the rat and proceeds onward, followed by a band of THUGS. CLUBS, MACHETES, and HEAVY ARTILLERY clank against their sides.

Far down the alleyway sits a HOMELESS MAN with a hood draped over his head. The gang approaches him as he looks up at them. His pearly white eyes glare out of his horrifically scarred face. He is a mutant.

HOMELESS MAN

The hell do you want?

A THUG, called HARPOON, drives a LONG MACHETE into his heart. The man gasps for one last breath and collapses as Harpoon draws back his blade.

INT. BROOKLYN SEWERS - NIGHT

The gang tramples down the dark sewers, a pale blue light shining through the overhead storm drains.

A lofty, heavily-armed man exhibiting half of a techno-organic body leads the gang. His name is SCALPHUNTER.

Up above in the complex network of pipes, a DARK FIGURE passes stealthily across a steel platform. He goes unnoticed.

The gang comes across a FAMILY of mutants, whose appearances exhibit various deformities. Slowly, the thugs arm their weapons as the mutants cringe in desperation.

One of them, a middle-aged MAN with bony arms steps in front of them.

MAN

Stay away from them! I'm warning you!

LONGSHOT, a blonde-haired man with a scar crossing over his left eye, steps forward. He swings a fist across the man's face knocking him out against the concrete floor.

The thugs advance toward the remaining group of mutants until they hear a distant BOOM! The leader holds back the gang and points to Harpoon and Longshot.

SCALPHUNTER

Both of you. Go check that out!

Harpoon and Longshot leave the scene. The leader signals the rest of the team to surround the panicked mutants.

Scalphunter cocks his RIFLE and stares menacingly down at a SCARLET-HAIRED GIRL (10) with hazel eyes.

The girl tugs at the WOMAN behind her.

SCARLET-HAIRED GIRL

Mommy!!!

A tear streaks down her face. She is terrified. The MOTHER wraps her arms around her daughter in a last plea for mercy.

Scalphunter points the rifle at the girl's forehead when a PROWLER leaps straight down to his shoulders, crushing him to the ground. His face is shrouded in shadow as his long, brown trench-coat whips through the air.

The FOUR REMAINING THUGS are immediately alerted and charge at him. He suddenly knocks them all to the ground with a devastating kick. The mutant civilians watch as the violence unfolds.

Scalphunter returns to his senses. As the thugs stand back up, the prowler glares at the still mutants.

PROWLER
Get out of here!

They fail to promptly respond.

PROWLER
(threateningly)
Now!!!

The startled mutants proceed to flee deeper into the tunnels. The scarlet-haired girl looks back at the prowler, her eyes displaying panic and devastation.

The thugs tackle the prowler to the ground. They give him an intense beating until his body becomes limp.

One thug, named RIPTIDE, swings out a SHIMMERING BLADE, pointing it at the prowler's heart. Scalphunter catches Riptide's arm. He recognizes the man's face.

SCALPHUNTER
Don't. He's one of ours.

Riptide draws back his blade, confused.

RIPTIDE
What do we do with him?

The leader stares down at the body.

SCALPHUNTER
Take him back to HQ.

As the thugs prepare to lift up the body, the prowler's red eyes open wide. He forcefully breaks out of their grasps and lets out a chain of struggling blows.

Scalphunter cocks his rifle seconds too late before the prowler dives into him and leaps off into the darkness. The thugs pursue the prowler as he scampers away and disappears into a branching tunnel.

SCALPHUNTER
Wait...let him go. We'll deal with him later.

The thugs stop their pursuit as the leader glances ahead at the dank, empty tunnel.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY

SUPER: "SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA"

A bright, sunny day. The sound of roaring ocean waves and drifting winds.

The GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE stands over the Pacific Ocean in its pristine glory. Traffic flows smoothly across the bridge.

Classic Rock music plays from a CAR STEREO.

A BRUNETTE GIRL (mid-20s) drives a CONVERTIBLE on the bridge. A white streak of hair runs over her bangs. Her name is MARIE.

Marie turns her head toward the sparkling waters. Her eyes then fixate upon ALCATRAZ ISLAND, once the laboratory that housed the mutant "cure".

Far off in the distance, a TINY SPECK moves increasingly faster towards Marie. It gradually appears more distinct. Marie becomes concerned.

The speck is recognized to be a BLOND-HAIRED WOMAN in a black, leather suit, flying at an intensive speed.

Before Marie realizes it, the woman plants onto the back of her vehicle. Her name is MS. MARVEL, a genetically-engineered mutant.

Ms. Marvel hovers over Marie's shoulders and lifts her into the air. The steering wheel turns out of control as the convertible crashes against a railing and stops. The oncoming cars come to a sudden halt.

Ms. Marvel carries Marie up into the skies with her arms tightly wrapped around her. Marie tries to wrestle free and lets out a scream. She looks down to see the bridge and waters beneath her.

MS. MARVEL

You struggle even more and I might as well drop you.

MARIE

Who are you?!?

MS. MARVEL

A messenger, shall we say.

MARIE

Let me go!

Marie yanks an arm free. She makes a desperate attempt to strangle Ms. Marvel only to realize that Ms. Marvel has become slightly weakened.

Marie breaks free and grabs her neck. She suddenly realizes that Ms. Marvel has become exhausted, while she has developed immense strength.

Ms. Marvel's body hangs limp and unconscious in Marie's clutches. Marie releases her grip and Ms. Marvel plummets toward the water.

Marie stares down in utter shock as Ms. Marvel hits the water surface with a giant splash.

Marie then realizes that she is flying. She is ROGUE, once again.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETSIDE - DAY

Early morning. A sullen grey sky.

A street side, littered with trash, is lined up by smoke stores, pawn shops, and a local cinema. A SAVATE BOXING GYM is situated across the street.

A BEGGAR rattles a CUP OF COINS to a YOUNG COUPLE strolling by.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

In other news today, after years of political debate, geneticists at NYU have been granted full, authorized permission by President Meyers to clone the world's first human being. Controversy surrounding the news...

Next to the beggar, sits a STEREO. It is now apparent where the newscaster is speaking from.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

...has ignited protesters to storm local street sides in outright anger at the questionable ethics this brings up. Spokesman, Doug Sanders, announced this morning to an alarmed...

The newscaster fades out.

Two nimble hands clad in BLACK LEATHER GLOVES gracefully shuffle a deck of PLAYING CARDS atop a WOODEN TABLE.

Seated around the table are FOUR GANGSTERS, late 20s. A crowd of ONLOOKERS gathers around.

The arms of a pale brown trench coat efficiently deal out cards in a game of Poker. The arms belong to a MAN with long brown hair, sporting a pair of RUBY SUNGLASSES. His name is REMY.

The game commences and the players reveal their cards one at a time, face-up on the table. A final hand is placed. It is a ROYAL FLUSH. The crowd disperses.

REMY

(in Cajun accent)

Merci, mes amis. Next time, we raise the stakes, non?

Remy gathers the bills of cash into his arms and hand-counts them. The four gangsters then stand up. GANGSTER 1, African-American and well-built, slams the table.

GANGSTER

I want my money back, thief.

Remy backs a step away and raises his arms. He removes the sunglasses to reveal his searing red eyes. The three other gangsters slowly back away.

REMY

Easy now, we play fair and square. You not satisfied?

Gangster 1 is distracted by Remy's eyes, but continues to angrily glare at him.

GANGSTER

You're nothing but a cheat...nothing but a white devil.

REMY

How 'bout we play another game, you and me? All or nothing.

The gangster takes out a SWITCHBLADE and twirls it in front of Remy's face.

GANGSTER

I had another game in mind.

Remy casually slips off a glove.

REMY

Then I make the first move, d'accord?

GANGSTER

Do your worst.

Remy slams his palm on the table. The gangster is startled, his eyes abruptly shifting from the table to Remy.

Remy's red eyes glare fiercely at the gangster. A surge of energy rings continuously until the frequency peaks the sound barrier.

Remy flips backward into the empty street as the table explodes. The gangsters fall to the pavement.

BYSTANDERS run amuck on the sidewalk in panic.

A MOTORCYCLE is parked across the street. Remy straddles on and puts on his sunglasses. He starts the engine.

A MAN runs after Remy.

MAN
(to bystanders)
Get the mutant!

The bystanders immediately respond and pursue Remy. The exhaust of the motorcycle leaves them in a cloud of smoke.

Remy rides off into the golden sunrise.

EXT. X-MANSION - DAY

A bronze plaque fixed to the main gate reads: XAVIER'S INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING.

INT. MAIN HANGAR, X-MANSION - DAY

Fluorescent lights run along the ceiling.

Suspended by FOUR JACKS in the center of the hangar is what appears to be a newly constructed BLACKBIRD JET. Far down the hangar, there stands a sleek, but smaller X-JET.

Resting on a rolling cart beneath the Blackbird is a MUSCULAR MAN with thick BLACK GOGGLES strapped over his eyes. He wears a white WIFE-BEATER and sports a unique hairstyle. In his mouth is a SMOKING CIGAR.

The man holds a BLOWTORCH in hand and proceeds to weld a section of the Blackbird together. Sparks fly off of the jet as the flame grows brighter.

The man's pupils begin to contract with the reflection of a blazing inferno. A drop of sweat trickles down his forehead. Images of the PHOENIX suddenly flash through his mind. JEAN GREY calls out to him.

The blowtorch shuts off as the visions disappear. The man rolls out from underneath the Blackbird and stands up in a daze. He removes his fogged goggles from his head, revealing a one-of-a-kind face that exhibits both a bestial ferocity and masculine charm.

The man's name is LOGAN.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE, X-MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Logan, still dumbfounded by the mysterious vision, strolls down a hallway in a brown jacket and a pair of blue jeans. As he strokes the bristles on his cheeks, the doorbell RINGS. Logan approaches the front door and opens it.

Rogue stands at the door, her hair disoriented.

LOGAN
(eyes widen)
Rogue.
(brief pause)
Back from California already?

ROGUE
Yeah...I kinda took a morning flight.

An awkwardness between the two. They have become distant.

LOGAN
Well, it's good to see you, kid.

Logan steps forward to give her a hug. Rogue jolts back.

ROGUE
No. Logan, stay back.

Logan gives a friendly grin.

LOGAN
It's been two years and you're not even going to give a guy a hug?

ROGUE
It's not that.

A confused look on Logan's face. He steps aside as Rogue enters through the doorway. She surveys the area, a nostalgic look in her eyes. Logan closes the door.

ROGUE
Where's Bobby?

LOGAN

He grew up...moved on. Guess he thought he was too good for us to stick around any longer.

ROGUE

I made a decision. You told me to follow my instincts and that's what I did. For myself...for me and Bobby.

LOGAN

Yea, how did that turn out?

ROGUE

(pause to think)

Look, I'm sorry. I thought everything would be okay. And now the past I once left has caught up with me.

Logan places his hands on his waist, confused and frustrated.

LOGAN

I don't understand.

Rogue turns around and paces toward Logan.

ROGUE

Give me your hand.

Logan hesitantly lifts his hand up to Rogue. She steps closer and takes his hand. The sternness in her eyes intensifies.

Logan suddenly feels it. The blood begins to pump thickly through his veins. Rogue sees Logan weakening and immediately pulls her hand away. Logan leans against the doorside.

ROGUE

Logan!

LOGAN

(breathing heavily)

I'll be alright. Your handshake's a whole lot stronger, I can tell you that.

A curious, yet confused Logan glances up at Rogue.

LOGAN

What happened to you?

ROGUE

There's more.

Logan is perplexed. Rogue turns around and stares into Logan's eyes.

All of a sudden, her feet hover a foot above the ground. Logan's expression changes from bewilderment to wonder. Rogue gradually levitates herself higher toward the ceiling.

STORM enters.

STORM
Logan, who was...

She gazes up at Rogue, floating high above.

STORM (CONT'D)
Well, that's certainly a way to make an entrance.

EXT. ALKALI LAKE - DAY

Serene waters beneath a blanket of fog. Rustling pine trees.

A blonde MAN in a DARK BLUE JACKET walks across the shore. His name is ALEX SUMMERS.

Alex walks onto a rock formation looking out over the lake, his hiking boots grating against the gravel.

On the ground are black markings indicating the remains of a past explosion. Alex crouches down and runs his finger along the markings.

INT. OVAL OFFICE, WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Paintings cover the immaculate, white walls.

BEAST, the U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, is cleanly trimmed and dressed in a suit and tie. He sits in front of the PRESIDENT'S desk.

BEAST
The premature decision to authorize the cloning procedure has sparked a nationwide outrage. Now, you know that there are still a number of issues that need to be addressed by Congress.

INT. CORRIDOR, WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A bulky, African-American OFFICIAL in a suit paces down the corridors.

INT. OVAL OFFICE, WHITE HOUSE

PRESIDENT

Hank, the nation is trailing behind in the sciences. The past few decades, we have witnessed foreign powers far exceed the rest of the world in biological and technological innovation.

BEAST

We are talking about a human life here, Mr. President. Ask yourself, are you willing to sacrifice the unity of this country for a mundane, universal pursuit?

The President disconcertingly looks at Beast. Beast's cellular phone BEEPS.

BEAST

Excuse me one moment.

Beast walks toward the door as it opens. BOLIVAR TRASK steps into the office. He acknowledges Beast.

TRASK

Dr. McCoy.

Beast nods back to him and exits the office. Trask approaches the President.

PRESIDENT

Trask, how are we doing?

TRASK

The A.I. defense systems are entering the preliminary stages of testing.

PRESIDENT

When do you estimate the Mark 1 prototypes to be executable for deployment?

TRASK

The DOD has its highest skilled weapons expert assigned to the task. The final product should be ready within a matter of weeks.

PRESIDENT

Good.

INT. CORRIDOR, WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Beast flips open his CELL PHONE.

BEAST

Storm, is everything alright?

Dear Lord.

I'll be right there.

EXT. MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER, SCOTLAND - NIGHT

Dusk. A strikingly monumental research facility rests at the edge of a cliffside, overlooking the Atlantic Ocean. The exterior is lit by bright, fluorescent lights.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM

The room is walled with STEEL CABINETS and OVERHEAD SHELVES. A large window looks out to the ocean.

A HEART RATE MONITOR pulses at constant intervals.

On a raised bed rests an unfamiliar, elderly MAN in teal scrubs. A WOOL BLANKET drapes over his shoulders with his arms rested to his sides. His eyes are shut.

A set of double doors slide open. Standing at the threshold is a BRUNETTE WOMAN (mid-40s) in a white hospital dress extending below her knees.

MOIRA MACTAGGERT walks over to the patient as the double doors close. She sits on a CHAIR next to the bed.

Her face appears troubled and disquieted. She gently takes the man's hand.

MOIRA

(softly)

Charles...Charles...wake up.

(lightly rocks the man's hand)

Wake up.

The double doors slide open.

MAN AT DOOR (O.S.)

Moira.

A TALL MAN in a black turtleneck stands at the door. He exhibits a broad, fit physique. His name is SEAN CASSIDY. He approaches Moira.

SEAN

(comfortingly)

It's been several months since he's spoken a word. Give it time.

(brief pause)

It's not easy when a mind like Charles' finds itself caged inside an ordinary man's body.

Moira releases Xavier's hand and turns to Sean.

MOIRA

He once dreamt of a world at peace with itself, free of prejudice...of hatred...free of all worry.

Moira stands up and looks down at Xavier.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Charles used to tell me he would fight for such a world and see to its existence before the day that he died...Now here he lies, his mind at ease. Forever trapped in a dream..

Sean places his arms around her shoulders.

SEAN

(encouragingly)

He's a strong man, Moira. He will recover.

Sean gazes affectionately into Moira's eyes and hugs her.

EXT. COURTYARD, X-MANSION - DAY

The giant fortress shimmers over a beautiful, grassy courtyard. STUDENTS stroll across brick walkways. A TEENAGE BOY with silver hair runs at superhuman speed across the courtyard.

Seated on the grass with a QUANTUM PHYSICS BOOK resting on her lap is KITTY PRYDE, sporting a long ponytail. Her eyes are fixated to the book.

A tall, MUSCLE-BOUND MALE in his late teens comes sneaking behind her. It is COLOSSUS. He mischievously looks over her shoulder.

COLOSSUS

I never did like the sciences.

Kitty turns around. They laugh together as Kitty playfully shoves him backwards.

KITTY

Hey, you! Go back to your studio,
Rembrandt!

Colossus chuckles and sits beside her. Kitty closes the book.

KITTY

Where's Warren?

ANGEL aka Warren Worthington III walks across the lawn towards them. He wears a coat draped down to his knees to cover his FLEXIBLE WINGS.

Angel approaches them with a warm smile on his face.

ANGEL

Kitty. Peter. You guys ready for the big game tonight?

COLOSSUS

To see the Yanks bring it home? Anytime, bro.

ANGEL

Against a team like Boston? Why don't I save you the embarrassment and let you pay up already, metalhead.

Colossus and Angel exchange jesting glances.

KITTY

Because Pete's man enough to face embarrassment, unlike some jerks I know.

Angel's cell phone rings. He jokingly dismisses Kitty's remark and takes out his CELL PHONE.

ANGEL

(sarcastically)

I'm sorry, Ms. Pryde. I have another call on the line. Please hold.

Kitty and Colossus respond with laughter as Warren turns around. He briefly glances at the screen of his phone and answers it.

ANGEL

Dad?

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Steels walls surrounding a giant, ELLIPTICAL TABLE in the center. Xavier once used this table to direct Logan to the abandoned military compound.

Mounted at the head of the room is a LARGE TELEVISION.

The X-Men, consisting of Logan, Storm, Beast, Colossus, Kitty, Angel, and Rogue, gather around the table. Beast, wearing a pair of glasses, presides before them.

BEAST

After further experimental analysis, it has come to my attention that the once proposed mutant cure was never actually permanent in the first place.

ANGEL

My father's work was always flawless.

BEAST

So it seemed. Until Worthington Laboratories declared bankruptcy and liquidated its shares early this morning.

Storm contemplates to herself, her arms crossed.

STORM

How did this cure even receive the authorization to be marketed?

Beast removes his glasses and addresses the group.

BEAST

It appears that early tests of the antibody displayed a ninety-nine point eight percent success rate, convincing enough to implement the distribution of the drug without question.

ROGUE

What happened with those tests that failed?

BEAST

Apparently, the mutant X-Gene is a highly resilient coding of our DNA. Rogue, when you were treated, these genes were suppressed into an extended state of dormancy, rendering them humanly undetectable.

STORM

And it has taken two years for her abilities to resurface?

BEAST

The recovery duration is relative to class level and a mutant's mastery of abilities.

Logan, in a wifebeater, sits nonchalantly on a SILVER CHAIR.

LOGAN

Only this time, Rogue got a little more than she bargained for.

ROGUE

She didn't give a name. She said she was a messenger.

BEAST

A messenger...to whom? Can you think of any reasons why they would be after you?

ROGUE

Well, they could have somehow known the cure was wearing off. I mean, it wouldn't be the first time someone's tried to use my powers to their advantage.

Kitty, having long forgotten about her past love affair with Bobby, gives Rogue a friendly smile.

KITTY

Looks like these guys underestimated you.

Storm walks up to Rogue on a more serious note.

STORM

Or their visit was long overdue. It's unlikely they knew you would have regained your abilities by then.

LOGAN

You guys do know Rogue's probably not the only one we're talking about here.

Logan's eyes meet up with Storm's until she comes to the sudden realization.

STORM

The assault on Alcatraz Island...exactly how many are we dealing with?

COLOSSUS

We know for a fact that a good number of them were destroyed by the Phoenix.

Logan dwells over the devastation once wreaked by the Phoenix. His face expresses deep regret with a bitter coldness.

LOGAN

Yeah...and a good number of them escaped without a scratch.

Logan looks at Beast whose expression has become grave.

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING FRONT DESK, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY - DAY

Champagne marble walls and floor tiles. A tall, MAHOGANY DESK stands in the distance.

A gray-haired ELDERLY MAN dressed in an oak plaid suit and a cap walks toward the desk. Despite the age, his gait reveals a sense of immense power and authority. He was once known as MAGNETO.

Sitting behind the desk is a luscious, BLONDE WOMAN in a white jacket and knee-high skirt. She types on a COMPUTER.

Magneto approaches the desk and peeks over the counter.

MAGNETO

Good afternoon, Ms....

(looks at her nametag)

Frost. I'm here to see Dr. Nathan Milbury.

EMMA FROST's eyes are fixated to the computer.

BLONDE WOMAN

(impatiently)

Name?

MAGNETO

Lehnherr...Erik Lehnherr.

FROST

(bluntly)

No appointments have been scheduled for today.

Magneto reacts with a subtle grin.

MAGNETO

Then a fine day for drop-in visitors I presume.

FROST

Mr. Lensherr.

(looks eye-to-eye with Magneto)

Dr. Milbury runs on a very tight schedule.
Seniors like you are rarely considered for
visits.

Magneto leans further over the table.

MAGNETO

Well, then why don't you tell him an old
colleague has come by to see him.

INT. LABORATORY, MEDICAL BUILDING - DAY

A dim room overlooking Manhattan Island.

A male DOCTOR, wearing a white lab coat, sits on a SWIVEL CHAIR.
He is not much younger in appearance than Magneto, but with a
more toned physique.

The doctor lays his arm across the table with the sleeve rolled
up. His hand is pale white and severely withered, the blue veins
entangling down the span of his arm.

The doctor moistens his wrist with a COTTON SWAB and picks up a
NEEDLE. He injects it into his arm.

He waves his fingers as if they have just come to life.
Gradually, the paleness brightens to a warm peach color and the
wrinkles disappear.

The doctor takes a PEN in hand and writes on a PAD OF PAPER.
Abruptly, he stashes the needle and paper away in a desk drawer.

A SCANNING TUNNELING MICROSCOPE rests few feet down the table.
The doctor casually walks to the instrument and leans over to
examine a BLOOD SAMPLE - stem cells dividing at an extremely
rapid rate.

Seconds later, the door swings open to reveal Magneto. The
doctor remains hunched over the microscope.

DOCTOR

Emma, hand me the 50x lens for the STM,
will you?

Walking over to the table, Magneto picks up the lens and hands it
to the doctor.

MAGNETO

Is there anything else I can do for you,
Doctor?

The doctor recognizes the thick, raspy voice and stands up to reveal his face. It is Nathaniel Essex.

ESSEX

Erik. It is good to see you, old friend.
Has it already been twenty years?

MAGNETO

My God, you haven't aged a day.

ESSEX

You don't look so bad yourself.

Essex amicably places his hands over Magneto's shoulders.

ESSEX

I take it you have already met Ms. Frost.

MAGNETO

She is quite the lady.

Essex smiles with acknowledgement.

ESSEX

Please. Have a seat.

Essex leads Magneto to a lounge area by the window, where TWO SOFAS and a COFFEE TABLE lie. On the table sits a foot-high SILVER SCULPTURE.

Magneto and Essex sit down. Magneto removes his cap and sternly gazes at Essex.

MAGNETO

Nathan, why have you called me here today
under such...furtive methods?

Essex stares into Magneto's eyes.

ESSEX

I have always held the deepest respect for
the cause you believe in.

Magneto's face indicates uncertainty.

MAGNETO

Humans and mutants alike are at peace for once. Now what is a cause when the motives behind that cause have been compromised?

Essex's eyes are focused on Magneto.

ESSEX

A failure.

(brief pause)

We are at an era in history when man has finally evolved into a higher-ordered species. And the only way to aid the wheel of progress is to join it.

MAGNETO

And how do you propose to do that?

ESSEX

A simple concept, you see. The very concept by which man has prevailed for centuries to this day.

Essex leans forward, his candid eyes looking straight across to Magneto's.

ESSEX

I am talking about the theory of natural selection.

Magneto appears dumbfounded. Essex stands up and walks to the window. He looks out at the New York cityscape.

ESSEX (CONT'D)

Erik. What if I told you I had the one answer to your cause? A future governed by principles you have ceaselessly fought to defend?

MAGNETO

(doubtful)

The world is not as simple as you once thought, my friend.

Essex looks back at Magneto.

ESSEX

It won't need to be.

He paces across the room and back.

ESSEX (CONT'D)

I have witnessed your work, the wars you
have waged, the potential of your powers.

Essex's tone of voice evokes a hint of doubt.

ESSEX (CONT'D)

Never was it your intention to abandon what
you once stood for.

Magneto ponders to himself. He stands up and approaches Essex.

MAGNETO

Nathan. The times have changed...I've
changed. I'm just a man now. Homo sapien,
nothing more. Just what is there left to
fight for anymore?

Magneto smirks, his expression no longer serious, but rather
jocular.

MAGNETO (CONT'D)

I might as well label myself a hypocrite
for persisting to back a cause that now
works against my kind.

Essex smiles suspiciously, his composure completely unaffected.
He keenly looks back at Magneto.

ESSEX

Your kind. You're too sure of yourself,
Erik.

MAGNETO

What are you talking about?

Essex turns away from the window. He lifts up the silver
sculpture resting on the table and lightly tosses it up and down.

ESSEX

Oh, you know damn well. You've known all
along...that remaining ounce of power...which
you've been too stubborn to recognize the
potential of.

Suddenly, Essex hurls the sculpture at Magneto. The sculpture
suddenly stops in mid-air. Magneto lifts up his arm and proceeds
to manipulate the sculpture like a gelatinous blob.

MAGNETO

My God.

A set of double doors slide open. In walk PYRO, JUGGERNAUT, and JAMIE MADROX, clad in militaristic attire.

ESSEX

Ah, you're all on schedule.

Magneto is surprised to see the three of them.

MADROX

Welcome back, big boss.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE, X-MANSION - DAY

Quiet, indistinct chatter of STUDENTS down the hallway.

A doorbell RINGS. One ring. No response. A second. Still none.

Light footsteps tap against the main staircase. An ASIAN GIRL, late teens, in a yellow jean jacket, rushes to the door. Her name is JUBILEE.

The doorbell RINGS two more times.

JUBILEE

Alright, alright. I'm coming.

Jubilee opens the door and there stands Alex Summers.

ALEX

Hi, I'm looking for Ms. Ororo Munroe.

INT. WAR ROOM, X-MANSION - DAY

The meeting continues with all the X-Men present. Beast holds a STACK OF PAPERS in hand.

BEAST

Now according to records I have received from the DOD, there have been minimal reports of mutant terrorist activity over the last few years.

Beast tosses the documents across the table.

STORM

None involving Magneto, that is.

BEAST

Following the incident on Alcatraz Island, Magneto eventually conformed to a human lifestyle. He grew old. The next thing we

know, he disappeared...escaped from the public eye, perhaps roaming the streets barely fending for himself.

Logan stands with his arms crossed.

LOGAN

Guy's at the top of the FBI's most wanted list...You're saying Magneto's no longer of any concern to us?

BEAST

I'm saying that there is a high likelihood that Rogue's attempted kidnapping had nothing to do with Magneto at all.

LOGAN

We're talking about a relentless psychopath here. Magneto's no conformist. He's a tyrant.

STORM

(to Logan)

But we have no reason to-

LOGAN

We have every reason to believe in the threat he still poses.

Colossus turns to Logan.

COLOSSUS

There's really nothing we can do right now. No recent threats have even been reported.

Kitty stands by Colossus.

KITTY

And we don't have any solid evidence to prove anything.

LOGAN

You want your evidence?

Logan angrily walks up to Kitty.

LOGAN

I'll find your evidence.

Colossus grabs Logan's shoulder. Logan eyes Colossus.

BEAST (O.S.)
(submissively)
Let him go.

Logan exits the room, his eyes glaring at Beast.

INT. HALLWAY, X-MANSION - DAY

Jubilee pursues a mulish Alex Summers down a hallway.

JUBILEE
I told you she's not here. Look, buddy,
this is private property. You can't just
come barging in here!

Alex stops and stares condescendingly down at Jubilee.

ALEX
(irritated)
Is there an adult around here I can speak
to?

JUBILEE
You need to get off the premises.

ALEX
Yeah, what are you going to do? Call the
cops?

JUBILEE
Something like that.

Jubilee clenches her fists, emanating a slight glow. Alex notices.

ALEX
I know about your school. You think that's
going to stop a guy like me?

Down the hallway, a TRAP DOOR slides upward along the wall. Jubilee sees Logan angrily walking toward them.

JUBILEE
Thank God.

Logan looks ahead at Alex.

LOGAN
Who the hell is this?

JUBILEE
You need to get him out of-

ALEX

-Alex Summers. Logan, I presume.

Jubilee frustratingly crosses her arms.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I hear Scott's had quite a history with you.

LOGAN

What do you think you're trying to pull here, bub?

ALEX

(slyly)

Ororo's expecting me.

Logan advances toward Alex until their faces are inches apart. He peers deep into Alex's eyes. There is not the slightest movement in them.

LOGAN

Jubilee, take him downstairs.

JUBILEE

Wait-

LOGAN

War room. Now.

JUBILEE

Where are you going?

LOGAN

To find some answers.

Alex smiles at Jubilee who returns a sarcastic grin.

EXT. FRONT GATE, X-MANSION - DAY

The ROAR of an engine. Logan speeds down the driveway on his MOTORCYCLE.

INT. WAR ROOM, X-MANSION - DAY

Storm paces the room and addresses the team.

STORM

Logan could be right, you know. Magneto's actions have always been most unpredictable.

COLOSSUS

The amount of destruction caused with his abilities returned could wipe out cities, possibly even countries.

BEAST

The repercussions would be dire, indeed.

A door, inlaid by a giant "X", slides open and diverts Beast's attention. Jubilee and Alex enter the room.

Jubilee looks around and makes eye contact with Storm, who then sees Alex.

JUBILEE

(jittery)

Everyone, we have a visitor.

Alex, keen-eyed and poised, surveys the group. Storm steps forward to greet him.

STORM

Alex, you made it.

ALEX

Ms. Munroe.

Jubilee makes her way back out the door.

JUBILEE

I'll let you guys catch up on things.

She slips out of the room.

BEAST

Mr. Summers, it is good to finally meet you.

Beast approaches Alex and shakes his hand.

ANGEL

Who's the new guy?

STORM

I'd like you all to meet Scott's brother.

ROGUE

Brother?

ALEX
(gravely direct)
Little brother. It's a bit of a long
story.

Alex pauses to collect his thoughts.

ALEX (CONT'D)
At times I wish I'd known about Scott
earlier...about the accident.

BEAST
Well, certainly none of us would have
predicted such a tragedy was to be at hand.

ALEX
That's not what I meant. I hadn't found
out about his death until recently. I
never even knew he was alive all these
years.

KITTY
What led you here?

Alex looks around at the group.

ALEX
Xavier.

BEAST
The professor has been comatose for months
now.

ALEX
Yeah, well he spoke to me...he told me Scott
was still alive...somewhere.

Surprised look on Beast's face.

STORM
Look, the truth is, we don't know if your
brother is still alive. Traces of Scott's
body were never found at the site.

BEAST
A medical investigation was carried out
after the tragedy. Doctors conducted a
full-scale analysis of indigenous rock
samples.

STORM

No DNA evidence was ever recovered. Within weeks, the case was closed.

(sympathetically)

I'm sorry.

Alex thinks to himself, unsure of what to believe.

ALEX

He never did come back that night...at the orphanage.

(sigh of remorse)

It was the last time I ever saw him.

ROGUE

Where did he go?

ALEX

No one ever found out. I guess he's always kept his secrets to himself.

Quick footsteps grow louder. The door slides open as Jubilee runs in. She catches her breath.

JUBILEE

Guys, you need to see the news.

Beast furrows his brow with concern. He pushes a button behind the table.

The television flashes on, displaying a montage of scenes from the Brooklyn ghettos. Deserted streets, cracked and corrugated. Cars consumed in flames.

A male REPORTER stands at the site. The bottom of the screen reads: BREAKING NEWS.

REPORTER

I am here in the streets of downtown Brooklyn where it appears that a massacre of mutants within the vicinity took place early this morning-

INT. BAR, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A cozy log cabin with sports banners, license plates, and bumper stickers posted along the walls. The front entrance windows have been vandalized with etched signatures.

A bald, plump BARTENDER in a plaid shirt stands behind the counter. TWO MEN and TWO WOMEN sit at tables, chatting amongst themselves, all of them intoxicated.

Logan, clad in his thick, leather jacket, is slouched over the counter. Nestled between his fingertips is a SMOKING CIGAR.

A TELEVISION, hanging from the ceiling, broadcasts the news. Half a dozen mutant bodies on stretchers are being carried into ambulances. Fire trucks and police cars barricade the streets.

The reporter continues.

REPORTER

Reports of suspicious activity came in at 2:46 a.m. when local police received the first call concerning the sighting of a mutant body lying in an alleyway, severely bruised with a countless number of open wounds.

A brief clip flashes on the television displaying an impaled homeless man being zipped up in a BLACK BAG.

Logan's brooding eyes focus on the television. He puffs his cigar.

REPORTER

The motives behind the situation have not yet been confirmed. NYPD is currently tracking down the assailants behind this terrible tragedy. Several witnesses have reported sightings of a Caucasian male in a dark brown trench-coat fleeing the scene.

The bartender wanders over to Logan.

BARTENDER

It's about time they got rid of that mutant trash. Just gotta take it one small step at a time, you know.

Logan's eyes shift from the television to the bartender. The veins in his head start to bulge, but he restrains himself.

EXT. STREETSIDE, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A purple sky glaring down at the desolate streets. Up ahead is a local bar, the lights gleaming through the front window. Four drunken patrons exit and stumble away.

Remy treads along a dark sidewalk, his trench-coat wading through the wind. He passes under a towering streetlight, glimmering over his rugged face.

Remy approaches a dark alleyway and stops when he spots a scarlet-haired girl standing in the alleyway. Her face is blotched with traces of dirt. Remy recognizes her to be the girl he saved in the sewers.

REMY

Hey. You made it out okay.

The girl is alarmed at the sight of his face.

SCARLET-HAIRED GIRL

Stay away from me!

She backs away. LAYERS OF BONE emerge from her arms as her fingers elongate, becoming a pale white.

REMY

Whoa, take it easy. Look, a young girl like you shouldn't be wandering all alone out here. It's not safe.

SCARLET-HAIRED GIRL

Just stay away.

REMY

Hey, wait.

The girl runs off into the pitch black alleyway. Remy stands there in the cold, dead silence of the night.

INT. BAR, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

On television, an ARCHAEOLOGIST stands in front of an EGYPTIAN PYRAMID as he is interviewed. A GIANT MONOLITH is then being hauled out of a deep pit in the ground.

Logan sips his MUG OF BEER until his attention is diverted by the CREAK of the front door. Remy nonchalantly walks in and sits a few stools down from Logan. Logan eyes him discreetly.

Remy gestures to the bartender for a beer. He grabs a handful of CASHEWS from a GLASS BOWL. The bartender brings Remy his MUG OF BEER.

Logan slides his mug across the counter. The bartender turns around.

LOGAN

(to bartender)

Put it on my tab.

Logan stands up and coolly walks toward the front door. Remy casually takes a sip of beer.

Logan's footsteps come to a dead silence. He suddenly yanks back on Remy's shoulder and grinds his knuckles deep up his spine. Remy arches upward.

Logan speaks into Remy's ear in a thick, raspy tone. His eyes glare fiercely into his.

LOGAN

Move and you'll have three holes punctured through your heart, bub. Who do you work for?

The bartender watches in alarmed silence.

REMY

Hey, relax! Why the hostility?

LOGAN

Hundreds of mutants were slaughtered today by a band of sick thugs. You wouldn't happen to know anything about it, would you?

REMY

You got the wrong guy-

CLICK. The bartender loads a SHOTGUN, his hands shaking.

BARTENDER

Take it outside, fellas.

Remy stands up from his stool and turns to the entrance. Logan grasps firmly onto Remy's shoulder.

As they near the door, Remy picks a glowing red PLAYING CARD out of his breast pocket. He drops the card to the floor. BOOM! The card explodes, startling Logan as he loses a hold of Remy.

Remy barges out the door, prompting Logan to pursue him.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Remy scampers off into the streets with Logan close behind.

Four nine-inch STEEL HARPOONS slice into the paved ground. Remy immediately stops and scans the premises.

Logan unsheathes his claws. He takes a whiff of the air until his eyes widen with alarm.

WHOOSH! The sound of a riptide whips past Logan. It resonates toward him, growing increasingly louder.

In a split-second, a blade slashes against Logan's abdomen. He growls in pain and takes a step back to recover from the impact.

LOGAN
Friends of yours?

REMY
Unsettled debts.

Harpoon prowls onto Remy from a two-story building, sending him rolling into the ground.

Riptide attempts to slice through Logan once again. This time, Logan clearly hears him approaching and throws his claws at Riptide's chest. He misses by a hair, allowing Riptide to make a clean cut into his arm.

Logan recovers from his wounds yet Riptide has disappeared. A harpoon barely swipes past Remy's cheek, as he dodges it and lands next to Logan.

LOGAN
Any luck so far?

REMY
Luck's not the way you play the game, mon ami.

LOGAN
Care to switch partners?

REMY
I would be delighted.

Logan hears a harpoon WHOOSH toward Remy and intercepts it with a swipe of his claws. He spots his opponent in the distance.

Remy removes a HAND OF CARDS from his breast pocket. They begin to glow yellow.

Logan charges at Harpoon, who launches a continuous barrage of the spears at him. He knocks down every one of them.

Riptide spins precariously toward Remy. Immediately, Remy hurls the charged cards into the vortex. The massive explosion sends Riptide flying across the pavement. He is knocked unconscious.

Logan charges at Harpoon and impales him in the torso. He fiercely glares at his enemy's cold, dead face. Logan retracts his claws and the body collapses to the ground.

REMY

We have to leave now. There will be more on the way.

LOGAN

Who were those guys?

Logan follows Remy to a MOTORCYCLE across the street. LOGAN'S MOTORCYCLE is parked a few feet ahead.

REMY

I'll explain later. We need to get somewhere safe.

Logan and Remy saddle onto their bikes. ROAR! Their engines start up. Logan takes a gander back at Remy's sleek, jet black motorcycle.

LOGAN

Nice set of wheels you got there.

REMY

Merci, monsieur...They're not mine.

ROAR! Remy's engine revs louder as he speeds past Logan. Logan revs his engine and follows Remy down the road ahead.

INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY, MEDICAL BUILDING - NIGHT

An intricate network of walkways and bridges. Endless strands of wiring scale the walls, creeping through a labyrinth of advanced machinery, scattered about the room.

TWELVE GLASS CHAMBERS stand along a wall. In them, are TWELVE BODIES floating in an aquamarine fluid.

In the center of the laboratory is the main platform consisting of computer desks and complex laboratory equipment. SEVEN GENETICISTS in white lab coats are seated at the desks.

A peach-toned Nathaniel Essex strolls down a corridor by the glass chambers. A lanky male GENETICIST with horn-rimmed glasses catches up with Essex. His name is CAMERON HODGE.

HODGE

Dr. Essex, we've received word that two of our initial test subjects failed to apprehend the mutant runaway.

ESSEX

I've trained him well.

Essex and Hodge ascend a set of stairs bridging to the center platform.

HODGE

The mutates will require further intensive genetic restructuring if they are to stand up against the likes of such a mutant.

They reach the center platform. Hodge takes a seat at one of the desks and logs onto the computer.

ESSEX

Rescind all preliminary calibrations for project 1.1. Begin with the gene-splicing process immediately.

HODGE

But the subjects aren't ready. Interfering with the DNA structure at 90% chemical equilibrium could be critically dangerous.

Essex wraps his hand behind Hodge's neck as a bright yellow glow emits from his fingers. Hodge begins to wrench convulsively, his back repeatedly knocking against the chair.

The rest of the geneticists are startled.

ESSEX

That will be the last time you...or any of you ever dare to question my authority.

Hodge's eyes become pale, white spheres as they roll backward. Essex releases Hodge's neck causing his body to jerk toward the lab table.

Hodge sweats profusely, his fingers moist and trembling. His eyes roll back in place to reveal a terrified face.

HODGE

(stuttering)

It...it will be done.

The other geneticists promptly continue with their work.

A door opens. Emma Frost struts in, wearing white, skin-tight attire. Her gait and demeanor resemble that of a rogue agent, hardheaded and aggressive.

Essex descends the stairs to the lower deck and meets up with Frost.

ESSEX

Emma, my darling, what news do you have for me?

FROST

I've spoken with our inside source. Negotiations will be finalized by tomorrow morning.

ESSEX

And the time of deployment?

FROST

Immediately following the Congressional hearing.

Thick, red blood courses through the veins in Essex's eyes. He gazes across the row of glass chambers.

ESSEX

Perfect.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM, MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

Peaceful silence. Xavier rests in bed.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM 2, MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER

A small room with wooden cabinets mounted along the walls.

Moira stands by a counter. She opens a PACKAGED NEEDLE when suddenly an alarm resonates through the hallway.

She darts out the door.

INT. HALLWAY, MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Moira meets up with Sean down the hallway.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM, MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The double doors slide open. Sean and Moira rush in.

Xavier is shaking spasmodically. The wheels of the bed SCREECH against the floor.

Moira looks at the heart rate monitor, beeping at frequent intervals. She tries to steady Xavier with her arms.

MOIRA

Sean, he's in shock!

Sean brings a DEFIBRILLATOR over and removes both apparati. He pauses for a brief moment when the heart rate monitor begins to slow down.

Xavier's face is troubled. His eyes open as he gasps for air.

INT. LIVING ROOM, X-MANSION - NIGHT

A gloomy, despondent ambience. Bookshelves cover the walls. TWO SOFAS are spread about the room.

Beast, Storm, Alex, Colossus, Angel, Kitty, Rogue, and Jubilee are present. Rogue sits on a sofa in contemplation.

ROGUE

Who would do such a thing?

Beast, staring out the window, turns to Rogue.

BEAST

I honestly don't know. But something tells me it's not Magneto's doing. It's not his philosophy.

KITTY

If only the professor were here...without any leads, we're just fish out of water.

COLOSSUS

The news report mentioned the sighting of a man in a brown trench coat. If there's anything we should look into, this suspect would probably be the best lead we've got-

Logan enters the room.

LOGAN

Good, cause he's right here.

Remy walks in from behind Logan. The astonished X-Men glance at the imposing figure in the brown trench coat. They are speechless.

INT. LIVING ROOM, X-MANSION - NIGHT

Seconds later. Remy has joined the group, spread about the room.

REMY

His name is Nathan Milbury..

The name oddly catches Alex's attention, like a case of déjà vu.

REMY

...but he goes by many aliases...one, being the name, Sinister. The man's a marvel to modern genetics, yet his experiments often go undisclosed from the public eye.

ANGEL

What is so secretive about his work?

REMY

Sinister's ideas have stirred up controversy before. He's a devout Darwinist who believes, like Magneto, that mutants are the next evolutionary stage in the human species.

LOGAN

How does this tie in with the two punks who attacked us?

REMY

Hired by Sinister, primarily for their expertise. They're assassins, the deadliest of their kind.

Rogue looks up at Remy.

ROGUE

The mutant who attacked me...she said she was a messenger.

REMY

Wish I could I tell you, petit, but I've never heard anything about a messenger.

STORM

(suspiciously)

How do you know so much about this scientist?

Remy's eyes shift to Storm. He exhales.

REMY

I used to work for the man.

Looks of mistrust from Storm, Logan, and Beast.

BEAST
You used to work for—

REMY
It's all in the past. I reformed my ways a
long time ago.

Beast's eyes deepen with suspicion.

BEAST
Mister—

REMY
Monsieur Lebeau.

Beast continues his statement.

BEAST
From what you've told us, surely you don't
believe that you've bought our trust.

REMY
Trust is what you're gonna have to depend
on if you want answers.

An unsettled Beast makes eye contact with Logan. Seconds pass.

LOGAN
What do you got, Cajun?

A brief moment of silence.

REMY
Here's what I know.

Remy strolls forward.

REMY (CONT'D)
The lab where he used to conduct his
experiments is located in an underground
facility right in the heart of Central
Park.

LOGAN
That's awfully arrogant. And where do we
enter from?

REMY
Sinister owns a private laboratory in the
medical building at New York University.
From what I remember, there is a passage
that leads into the facility.

ALEX

An underground passage.

REMY

The best time to infiltrate the lab is late at night, when security measures are minimal.

STORM

Minimal?

REMY

When he's in there, security is the least of his concerns.

LOGAN

If he's there like you say he is then I suggest we better get a move on.

Storm takes a moment to reach a final decision.

STORM

Remy, Beast, and Logan, head down to the main hangar.

ALEX

Hold on. There's something strangely familiar about this lab. Something to do with Scott.

STORM

How do you know?

ALEX

I can't be sure. I have to find out for myself.

Storm looks affirmatively at Alex.

STORM

Let's go then.

Jubilee grabs Storm's attention from behind.

JUBILEE

What about the rest of us?

Logan, Remy, and Beast are walking down the hallway. Logan turns around.

LOGAN

Perfect night for a slumber party, don't
you think?

Jubilee smiles sarcastically.

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY, X-MANSION - NIGHT

Logan, Beast, Storm, Remy, and Alex are suited up. Remy wears a KEVLAR VEST beneath his trench coat while Alex has been given a uniform with THIN, GOLDEN STREAKS extending around the upper body.

The team walks down the hallway lined up by doors with X's on them. They pass by a set of DISPLAY CASES, containing extra uniforms.

Logan looks at Remy's rugged attire.

LOGAN

You plan on keeping that frock on?

REMY

A gambler hides many tricks up his sleeve.

As they approach the closed hangar doors, Storm senses something. A faint, eerie whisper.

XAVIER (V.O.)

Storm...

Storm strokes her forehead. Logan looks back concerned while Beast, Remy, and Alex catch on.

LOGAN

What's wrong?

STORM

(breathing heavily)

It's the professor...I'm sure of it.

BEAST

What is he saying?

STORM

He's calling out to me. He sounded
distressful.

Worried looks from Beast and Logan.

STORM

I have to go.

BEAST

Will you be alright?

Storm slowly stands back up.

STORM

I'll be fine.

Logan inputs a code on a NUMERICAL KEYPAD on the wall. He then places a hand over Storm's shoulder.

LOGAN

Let us know how Chuck's doing.

The hangar doors slide open, unveiling the Blackbird in the distance. They proceed forward as Storm sees them off.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT, X-MANSION - NIGHT

Lampposts light up the area. The floor parts halfway through the court.

The RUMBLING of jet engines as the Blackbird emerges from the opening.

INT. GREAT ROOM, X-MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Rogue looks out the window as the Blackbird soars away into the night sky. She turns around to join Colossus, Kitty, and Angel, sprawled on the sofas.

They are watching television. Angel holds a REMOTE in hand and flips through the channels.

ANGEL

(to Colossus)

Alright, big man. Bring out the Washingtons.

KITTY

You mean the Benjamins.

COLOSSUS

Come on, Pryde. We're students without jobs. Only thing that ever gets us by around here is the monthly allowance Storm provides us with.

ROGUE

(teasingly)

You call yourselves gamblers. I have yet to meet a gentleman with the balls to up

the ante...certainly more than your guys'
pocket change.

Angel and Colossus shrug off her comment.

Angel searches through the channels. He briefly pauses on a documentary on Egyptian mysteries, with an archaeologist crawling through an ancient tomb. He flips to the next channel.

The screen reads "BREAKING NEWS", with a reporter standing in front of the AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. Police cars have flooded the streets.

REPORTER

I am standing here at the American Museum of Natural History where a critical hostage situation has occurred. Just minutes ago, we received reports that the former terrorist known as Magneto and a gang of mutants plunged straight through the building's rooftop.

Looks of astonishment amongst the X-Men.

REPORTER

The museum had been hosting the grand opening ceremony to its long-awaited Kings of Egypt exhibit with some of its wealthiest contributors in attendance. Hostage numbers have been estimated at a one hundred thirty.

COLOSSUS

We have to do something.

ROGUE

Peter, we have no idea what Magneto's now capable of. The situation could be dangerous for all of us.

KITTY

Yeah, but we also have a responsibility as X-Men...no matter how we're viewed by the rest of the team.

ANGEL

Now's the chance to prove ourselves.

Rogue looks at Angel, realizing that she has been singled-out. She takes a second to finalize her decision.

ROGUE

I'm piloting.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - NIGHT

The Blackbird soars through the clouds, its engines quietly HUMMING.

INT. COCKPIT, BLACKBIRD - NIGHT

Logan and Beast sit in the pilot and co-pilot's seat, respectively. They both wear HEADSETS. Remy and Alex sit in the back cabin.

Logan enters a chain of commands as Beast looks ahead.

BEAST

Are you sure you know what you're doing?

LOGAN

(slightly offended)

16 years in the AAF. You tell me.

Logan firmly grips the steering wheel.

INT. CABIN, BLACKBIRD - NIGHT

Remy sits against the wall, his legs sprawled on the bench. He shuffles his deck of PLAYING CARDS.

Alex hunches over. The shuffling draws his attention.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Take it you're no small spender. Perhaps a high roller.

Remy glances at Alex and continues to shuffle.

REMY

New Orleans' finest.

ALEX

I never did understand the whole deal...hand-delivering your bank account to a board of money-hoarding casino execs. Don't get me wrong...some guys hit it big, but most of them, not so.

REMY

(to himself)

Ce n'est pas le jeu simple vous croyez qu'il est.

Alex gives a baffled look at Remy.

REMY

You gonna surrender without a fight?
You're terribly mistaken, my friend.

ALEX

You're betting on blind luck here. That
how you choose to earn your way through
life?

REMY

It all depends. How well can you read your
opponents?

ALEX

A gambler's mind has always been a curious
matter...you're never too sure about his
motives 'til he makes his next move. Even
if he's bluffing.

REMY

Gambler must be doing a fine job then, non?

ALEX

(chuckles)
Yeah, well.

ALEX

Put it this way. You become so
concentrated on winning the loot that
eventually you forget about the riches you
initially began with.

REMY

If you call them riches. Some people bet
their lives on pocket change. I've been
there.

ALEX

Out on the streets?

REMY

Barely fending for myself. Street thieves
taught me the tricks of the trade. How to
survive the jungle out there.

Remy stops shuffling.

REMY (CONT'D)

These cards became my blood. Every day...one
risk after another.

ALEX

The stakes climbing higher and higher.

REMY

You see, the moment you reveal a winning hand is when you find yourself at a crossroads. Do you pursue the million-dollar dreams, or do you leave the table with what you got?

ALEX

What do you choose?

REMY

I go on. Only I don't dream.

Alex nods his head, understanding Remy's philosophy.

Remy props his legs back on the ground. He takes TWO CARDS out of the deck and hands them to Alex.

REMY

For you, monsieur.

Remy takes TWO CARDS for himself and calmly looks at them.

Alex looks at his two cards, a JACK OF SPADES and a TWO OF HEARTS. Remy notices the hint of confidence in his eyes.

REMY

Game's in your hands.

ALEX

Hit me.

Remy holds the deck in front of Alex. He palms a KING OF HEARTS and leans back in frustration.

ALEX

Damn.

Remy twirls his cards around to reveal a FIVE OF CLUBS and a TWO OF DIAMONDS. Alex is stunned.

INT. COCKPIT, BLACKBIRD - NIGHT

Beast pulls a lever on the dashboard.

BEAST

We're approaching the coordinates.
Beginning descent at 12,000 feet.

LOGAN
(to Remy and Alex)
Strap yourselves in, fellas.

EXT. NYU MEDICAL BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The Blackbird swoops through the night fog and approaches the building. It lands on the rooftop and the ramp slides down.

Logan, Beast, Remy, and Alex race down the platform. Logan surveys the premises and spots the ELEVATOR SHAFT.

LOGAN
Over there.

They run to the elevator. Logan unsheathes his claws and pries the doors open. The doors SQUEAK open revealing a rusty, industrial elevator. They step inside.

INT. ELEVATOR, NYU MEDICAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Remy stands by the elevator buttons. Beast has an uneasy expression on his face.

REMY
See if I remember this.

A NUMERICAL KEYPAD is installed in the panel. Remy enters a code. BEEP. Nothing happens. The group stares at him.

Remy enters another code. BEEP. Still nothing.

REMY
He changed it.

Logan, Beast, and Alex express mild frustration. Logan then approaches the keypad.

LOGAN
(to Remy)
Stand aside.

Logan drives his claws through the edge of the panel and pries it open, revealing an entanglement of COLORED WIRES.

LOGAN
Alright, blue boy. Do your thing.

Beast approaches the keypad and begins working with the wiring. After crossing a few wires together, a spark ignites. The elevator suddenly jerks a few inches downward and stops, alarming the group.

Seconds pass until the elevator smoothly descends. The group remains concerned as the elevator SCREECHES against the walls.

REMY
No worries, mes amis.

The rest of them are not convinced.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR, UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - NIGHT

The elevator drops sharply to the ground. BAM! The din of clashing steel as the doors slide open.

LOGAN
(sarcastically)
Sure hope our cover wasn't blown.

Remy shrugs him off and steps out of the elevator.

REMY
(whispering)
This way.

The X-Men follow him down the long corridor of pipes, electrical wiring, and puffs of smoke blowing high up in the ceiling. They reach an intersection.

Remy peeks around the corner as the team stands behind him. FIVE ARMED GUARDS patrol the halls up ahead.

Remy gestures to Logan and Alex. The two of them sneak across the other side.

REMY
(to Beast)
Wait here.

Four of the guards have rushed out of sight, leaving GUARD 1 standing in the distance. Remy signals again to Logan and Alex. They rush down an alternate route around the corner.

Remy creeps down the hallway and sneaks into a recess in the wall. Guard 1 looks over and turns back around.

Remy suddenly appears from behind and slams Guard 1's face to the ground, knocking him unconscious. He signals Beast to move forward.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR, UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Logan and Alex approach an intersection. Logan stops Alex and glances up.

LOGAN

They're onto us.

Alex sees the CAMERAS panning across the room. Spheres of cosmic energy emerge from his hands as Logan watches, fascinated.

Alex hurls the spheres at the cameras causing them to burst in flames. They both behold the brilliant spectacle.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR, UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Beast crashes down GUARD 2's back, crushing him to the ground. GUARD 3 cocks his gun, seconds too late before Beast lunges straight into him.

Remy knocks out GUARD 4 around the corner.

BEAST

That leaves one more.

TWO GUARDS appear from behind with their guns held up to their heads. Beast and Remy remain dead still. Logan and Alex suddenly ambush the guards and knock them out.

Beast and Remy turn around.

LOGAN

Yea, who's counting?

The group continues down the corridor. They pass an engraved sign that reads: "H.E. WYNDHAM BIOGENETICS RESEARCH LABORATORY". Alex notices the sign immediately.

ALEX

Strange. Scott used to receive letters from here.

BEAST

From this laboratory?

ALEX

Growing up, he always wanted to become a geneticist. He received frequent invitations to tour this facility.

BEAST

Did he ever visit?

Alex's eyes express deep concern.

ALEX

I don't know.

INT. MAIN HANGAR - NIGHT

The X-Jet rises from the main hangar. The ceiling doors slide open, as the jet angles upward.

Burning thrusters propel the jet out of the hangar and into the sky.

INT. COCKPIT, X-JET - CONTINUOUS

Colossus and Kitty are seated in the jet. Kitty looks out the window.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

Rogue and Angel glide effortlessly through the skies, their faces full of energy.

The team speeds over the ocean towards Manhattan Island, shining brightly up ahead.

INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY, MEDICAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Remy leads the way, followed by Logan, Beast, and Alex. Their backs remain pressed against the wall.

Remy peeks around the corner. No one is around. He then notices the twelve capsules, three of them housing pale, LIFELESS BODIES in liquid.

Logan sniffs the air.

LOGAN

Wait.

Remy then hears a sound. The CLANKING of heavy boots.

REMY

We're not alone.

Nathaniel Essex climbs up the center platform.

ESSEX

The prodigal has returned. Welcome home, Remy. I see you've brought some friends along.

ALEX

What is this?

The team comes out of the corner and steps onto the bridge.

ESSEX

Did he not tell you?

Remy angrily glares up at Essex.

REMY

I don't work for you anymore.

ESSEX

You don't? Tell them about the successful
massacre you coordinated.

LOGAN

Is that the truth?

Remy is still, his face cold as stone.

Logan unsheathes his claws from one hand and raises them to
Remy's face. He is infuriated.

LOGAN

Is that the truth?!?

REMY

(firmly)

He's right.

Immediately, Logan unsheathes his other set of claws. He
trembles with aggression.

BEAST

Logan! Restrain yourself!

Logan is dead still. He stares Remy in the eyes until he notices
a hint of innocence in them. Logan lowers his arms, his claws
remaining unsheathed.

ALEX

Things don't appear as they seem. Man
sounds like a lunatic, for all we know.

Essex simpers down at Alex.

ESSEX

Alexander Summers...I already see the
resemblance...so quick to judge...so
hardheaded.

ALEX

How do you know my name?

ESSEX

I know a lot more about you. Your past...the childhood you never had...I know about the family bloodline...quite an interesting one I must say.

Essex paces across the platform.

ESSEX

Remy, I'm frankly surprised you haven't discovered it by now.

Alex suspiciously looks at Remy, whose face looks no more innocent than his own.

REMY

What are you talking about, Sinister?

ESSEX

Alex, why don't you take a closer look?

Alex looks back at Remy. He is confused until he sees it. The glowing red eyes.

ALEX

It can't be.

ESSEX

Now, he may not be an exact replication...but he does exhibit the ruby red irises.

Remy looks up at Essex.

REMY

What the hell did you do to me?

Essex's bloodshot eyes glare menacingly at Remy's. His sneer is horrific and ghastly.

REMY (CONT'D)

Who...am...I?!?

Essex continues to sneer as Remy and Alex stare face-to-face into each other's eyes.

ESSEX

Such a pity your most esteemed leader had to be incinerated at the hands of your own kind.

Logan furiously stares up at Essex.

LOGAN

You sick piece of shit!

He sharpens his claws against one another.

BEAST

(to Logan)

Don't believe in anything he says! He's lying to us!

ESSEX

Am I?

(to Logan)

You were a failed experiment to begin with. You always will be.

Logan fiercely grits his teeth.

ESSEX (CONT'D)

Remy, on the other hand, followed a different path...a destiny...born and raised for the sole purpose of being my top assassin.

BEAST

Dear God.

ESSEX

God had no involvement in this. God does not create killers...I do.

REMY

I'm no killer! And I don't take orders from you! Not anymore!

ESSEX

Are you so certain?

Remy is hesitant about his answer.

ESSEX (CONT'D)

Prove it.

Essex releases a beam of concussive force hurling towards them. Streaks of lightning race across the walls. They close in on the team.

Alex spreads his arms apart, his eyes closed in deep concentration. The streaks of energy absorb into his arms and course through his body. He is barely shaken.

Instantaneously, Alex redirects the current, but loses control of it. The current is sent towards the capsules. They shatter, pieces of glass pouring to the ground.

Essex descends the stairs, amidst the exploding machinery in front of him. The doors across the laboratory slide open. He escapes.

The three lifeless bodies fall out of the tubes and onto the ground. They wear black garments resembling loose wetsuits.

Logan stares sharply at one of the bodies nearby. It is Longshot. He awakens.

Next to him, lies Scalphunter. He rises to his feet.

Far across the room stands a pale-skinned, muscular YOUNG MAN whose lower jaw has been severely disfigured. He is CHAMBER.

The three imposing figures march toward the team.

Sections of the laboratory have burst into flames. Electrical wires precariously whip in all directions, sending sparks flying through the air.

Beast spots a desk of laboratory equipment and computers on the central platform.

BEAST

The three of you, take them on. There are other matters I must attend to.

Beast leaps onto the platform and accesses a COMPUTER. The three figures march towards the X-Men.

Logan lets out a beastly GROWL and charges at Scalphunter.

Remy throws a bombardment of charged cards at Longshot. He flips over the resulting explosion and they engage in aggressive combat.

Chamber emits a blinding energy blast from his chest at Alex. He fails to react in time and crashes hard against a wall.

Beast continues browsing through the computer's files. The screen displays page after page of experimental data.

Logan claws away until Scalphunter grabs his arms and rams him into the wall.

Alex emits a plasma blast, sending Chamber tumbling to the ground.

Meanwhile, Remy unleashes a chain of attacks at Longshot, who dodges every move.

Beast stashes a set of TEST TUBES into a SMALL CASE. He continues typing on the keyboard.

Logan heaves with exhaustion, seconds before Scalphunter's fist plunges into his chest, sending him falling across the ground.

LOGAN

We're not holding up so well here, Hank.

Remy and Longshot continue their fight.

REMY

Says you, mon ami.

Beast holds up a VIAL OF BLACK LIQUID and closely eyes it.

BEAST

Fascinating.

He hastily stashes away the vial in his case along with a handful of other samples. Machinery continues to explode, sending sparks streaming across the lab. The area begins to shake unstably.

BEAST

Everyone, return to the elevator!

Alex and Chamber grapple onto each other, blasts of light channeling through their bodies. Alex proves to be the stronger opponent and sends Chamber flying to the central platform.

Remy knocks out Longshot with a hard swing of a fist across his face.

Beast notices Logan still dueling with Scalphunter, who prepares to hurl himself forward. As he does, Beast leaps onto his back and crushes him to the ground.

LOGAN

(irritated)

I had him!

BEAST

Now's not the time for debate! We have to leave the complex!

INT. CORRIDOR, UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

The team hurries to the elevator up ahead. BOOM! The explosions grow louder as the shaking continues.

INT. ELEVATOR, NYU MEDICAL BUILDING - NIGHT

The team enters the elevator as the explosions draw dangerously nearer. Beast hurries over to the keypad and crosses the wires once again. A small spark, then no response.

The explosions rush down the corridor pipes and wiring toward them. Beast struggles.

BEAST

We don't have enough power!

They all panic as the explosions are seconds away from reaching them.

Alex walks over to the keypad. He directs his hands at the wires and instantly, blinding streams of light shoot out. The elevator begins to rise, as Alex stops and steps back.

The elevator rapidly ascends, right before an inferno bursts straight into the shaft below. The group looks through the mesh floor to see the bright, orange flames below. Massive clouds of smoke trail further and further beneath the moving elevator.

Alex and Remy stare at each other eye-to-eye. The truth still incomprehensible to both of them.

BOOM. The explosions continue. Seconds later, the clamor ebbs to a silence.

EXT. MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

Sunrise. A brief, yet powerful hurricane whips by, sending ripples across the waters.

With her wings strapped from waist-to-wrist, Storm gracefully glides over the ocean. Her eyes are a pristine white.

She locates the research center nearby and soars toward it.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM, MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

Storm and Moira enter.

MOIRA

He awoke this morning. Considering the regulated treatment he has been under, I have to say the premature recovery was quite a shock.

STORM

The professor's always displayed a
resilience that defies all odds.

Xavier lies with the top half of his bed propped up. His eyes
are barely open, yet his face is dry and exhausted.

Sean stands by the bed. He walks toward Storm and Moira.

MOIRA

Ororo, I'd like you to meet my husband,
Sean.

Sean shakes Storm's hand.

STORM

It's nice to meet you.

SEAN

A pleasure. Charles is well on the way to
a full recovery, but he is still weak.

MOIRA

(to Storm)

Take as much time as you need.

STORM

Thank you.

Storm walks over to Xavier's bedside. Sean and Moira quietly
exit the room.

STORM

Professor.

Xavier coughs heavily, the air wheezing through his lungs. He
squints his eyes to notice Storm beside him.

XAVIER

(under his breath)

Storm.

He grasps Storm's hand as she inches closer.

STORM

How are you feeling?

XAVIER

Quite well-rested I suppose.

Storm smiles at the professor's retained charm.

STORM

I've missed you. We all have.

Xavier tenderly places his other hand onto hers. He gives a subtle smile followed by an earnest look.

XAVIER

There's something you must know.

Storm's expression has become serious. Xavier sits further up his bed.

XAVIER

Despite my early recovery, I called you here for another matter which I believe may be at hand.

He leans closer to Storm and pauses. Storm patiently stands by.

XAVIER

This will be difficult to explain as I still have not quite understood it myself.

(clears throat)

Moments before I awoke, I sensed something. Something very wrong...I saw nothing but a pitch black void. The feeling was terrifying...morbid...as if death was strangling me by the neck.

STORM

You have been unconscious for several months. Are you sure this wasn't a dream?

XAVIER

I could hear them...the shrill of distant voices...the suffering of millions. It was then that I awoke.

He stares blankly across the room, his face frozen and without the slightest hint of emotion.

XAVIER

I never thought that a man of my capability would ever feel so threatened...bereft of hope. I'm afraid, Storm.

The professor's eyes are like nothing we have ever witnessed before. Fear. Emptiness. Like his soul has been completely stripped away.

Storm has become highly worried, but tries to suppress her feelings.

STORM
(gently looks into his eyes)
Everything's going to be fine.

INT. T. ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL HALL, MUSEUM - NIGHT

Streaks of light shoot through the ceiling windows. Giant, marble pillars trace the room's perimeter

Hundreds of formally dressed ELDERLY MEN AND WOMEN have been surrounded by multiples of Jamie Madrox, in a black jean jacket.

A PODIUM rests on a riser at the head of the room. BANNERS grace the walls from the ceiling downwards.

Magneto, dressed in a thick, BLACK CLOAK and MAROON HELMET, eminently stands above the risers. Grasped tightly in his hand is a mysterious, SILVER BRIEFCASE.

Standing to Magneto's left is Pyro and to his right, Juggernaut. They are both clad in torn-up street clothes.

THREE SECURITY GUARDS armed with HANDGUNS sneak behind the pillars. GUARD 1 signals GUARD 2 to move down a pillar.

GUARD 3 tiptoes across a shadowed area and braces his back against a pillar. He cautiously peeks around the corner and aims his gun at Magneto.

MAGNETO
Now now, ladies and gentlemen. If you believe your lives to be worth a penny, then I advise you all to comply.

Guard 3 fires. The BULLET stops, floating inches from Magneto, who has not moved a muscle. His eyes, however, sharply shift to Guard 3.

Magneto lifts up his arm. Simultaneously, the bullet revolves one hundred and eighty degrees and splits into three pieces. They are remolded into THREE, SMALLER BULLETS.

Instantaneously, the bullets dart straight into each of the guards, hurling them dead against the wall.

Sighs of panic arise from the crowd, as the multiples simper to themselves.

MAGNETO
Is there anyone else who wants to be a hero?

CRASH! The glass ceiling shatters to pieces.

Colossus plummets into the room in his lustrous, metallic form. He lands with an enormous quake, indenting a massive crater into the wooden floorboards.

Rogue and Angel come swooping down through the ceiling opening. They land next to Colossus.

Colossus glares up at Magneto, Pyro, and Juggernaut above the risers. His eyes shine a ghostly white.

Madrox is distracted by the disturbance, giving the hostages the chance to escape. Indistinct cries of panic arise amongst the crowd.

Kitty phases into the room, standing by the archway exit.

KITTY

Everyone! This way!

The crowd follows her through the archway.

An unshaken Magneto stares down at the three X-Men.

MAGNETO

The children have finally grown up.

Flames are lit from TORCHES beneath Pyro's sleeves. The flames expands into balls of fire. He flirtatiously raises his brows at Rogue, who glances back with disdain.

Pyro unleashes a chain of fire toward Rogue. She dodges it, skyrocketing high into the air.

Juggernaut leaps off the risers and comes barging toward Angel and Colossus. At the last millisecond, Angel flies off to the side while Colossus lunges in the other direction.

Juggernaut skids to a stop, the impact causing floor panels to shoot up.

Standing in the center of the room, Kitty finds herself surrounded by TEN MULTIPLES of Madrox. They aggressively charge toward her.

Kitty instantly phases as the multiples collide and pile on top of each other. Kitty stands intangibly in the middle of the pile. She moves out to the open.

The multiples merge back into the one Jamie Madrox, lying on the ground. He struggles to stand back up, his head in a daze.

Pyro continues to hurl flames at Rogue. She evades them and draws closer to him.

Juggernaut rushes at Colossus with a relentless level of momentum. Colossus anticipates the attack and charges at him. However, he suddenly feels a powerful whiplash and comes to a dead stop.

He looks up to see Magneto manipulating his metallic body. Before he can respond, Juggernaut sends Colossus darting across the room. He crashes through the wall.

Angel takes a dive toward Magneto, until he is sideswiped by Juggernaut. The two are sent tumbling across the floor.

Angel recovers slightly injured. He drags himself up and grabs a hold of Juggernaut from behind. With a dazed Juggernaut in his grip, Angel ascends toward the ceiling opening.

Rogue dodges another one of Pyro's flames. By now she is a few feet away from him. Before he can shoot another one, she pummels him in the chest. The attack sends Pyro hurtling across the air until he hits the floor.

Kitty is restrained from behind by THREE MULTIPLES. She phases and throws a powerful back-fist across their faces, sending them falling to the ground.

Kitty spots Angel flying through the opening.

KITTY

Warren!

EXT. ABOVE MANHATTAN ISLAND - NIGHT

A pale blue night. Angel carries Juggernaut high up into the air. They drift further away from the museum below.

Juggernaut returns to his senses and begins to rigidly struggle. Angel tries to maintain a hold of the giant as they near the Hudson River. His grip tightens around Juggernaut's neck.

ANGEL

What is Magneto plotting!?!?

JUGGERNAUT

You should be careful who you're dealing with, dove boy.

Juggernaut throws his hands over Angel's neck and proceeds to suffocate him. He flips onto Angel's back and grabs onto his wings. They take a sharp nosedive.

JUGGERNAUT

Ever hear the story of the fallen angel?

Juggernaut attempts to tear apart Angel's skeletal wing structure.

ANGEL

AAAHHHHHH!!!!!!!

Angel's desperate cries are followed by a long, excruciating snap of two thick bones.

As they approach the Atlantic, Juggernaut jumps off of Angel and lands on a building rooftop.

Angel accelerates uncontrollably toward the ocean abyss, letting out a blood-curdling scream.

ANGEL

AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

His shrill cries are put to silence as he plunges into the ocean. An explosive shockwave propagates through the once-placid waters.

INT. T. ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL HALL, MUSEUM - NIGHT

Rogue flies toward Magneto, standing on the risers. Suddenly, at the raise of his arms, a major section of steel reinforcement is violently uprooted out of the ground. Chunks of debris shoot through the air.

The reinforcement behaves like an octopus as several hundred strands flail about. As Rogue dives toward Magneto, the strands snatch her away and coil tightly around her.

Magneto lowers a helpless Rogue next to him on the risers. A clench of his fist causes the strands to close in around her chest. She gasps desperately for air.

Across the room, Pyro is on his knees, his hand firmly across his bruised chest. He wipes a trickle of blood off his lips and stands back up.

A metallic Colossus angrily barges into the room. He sees Kitty, unconscious on the floor with Madrox, hand-in-fist, standing by her. He snickers at Colossus.

MADROX

Girl wasn't quick enough.

Colossus hurries toward her.

COLOSSUS

KITTY!!!!!!!

Magneto lifts an arm.

MAGNETO

Your metal shielding will no longer do you
any good.

Magneto's arm shudders convulsively. CREAK! The sound of twisting steel pierces throughout the room. Colossus's metallic exterior begins to rip apart, exposing the bruised flesh underneath. The pain is unbearable.

COLOSSUS

AAAHHHHHH!!!!!!

Colossus' body has been horrifically bent out of shape, deep fissures emerging from the torn metal.

Beginning to suffocate from the steel bound around her, Rogue sees that Magneto has been distracted. She concentrates. BAM! The restraints burst open and CLANK off the risers.

Rogue hurries over to Magneto and removes one of her gloves. She forces her hand against Magneto's neck, her grip tightening mercilessly.

Blue veins emerge from Magneto's face until Rogue pounds him hard against the floor. She then looks across the room in shock. Colossus has collapsed to the floor, shreds of metal surrounding his body.

Pyro and Madrox begin to approach her, before she darts into the air and soars toward them. Pyro unleashes another chain of fire at her. She dodges it.

Rogue sees Kitty lying near Colossus and descends toward her. She picks Kitty up in one arm, followed by Colossus in the other.

ROGUE

Hold on!

Rogue launches upward and flies out through the open ceiling. Pyro and Madrox watch her escape.

Magneto lies weakly on his back. He looks over at the recess behind the podium. There rests the silver briefcase, not a scratch on it.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

An arm digs into the water and grabs hold of a hand. The arm pulls up a lifeless body. It is Angel.

An old FISHERMAN, bearing a grey mustache and big, round glasses, has dragged Angel over the side of a SMALL FISHING BOAT. Angel flips over the edge and into the boat, still unconscious.

Angel's wings startle the fisherman. He calms himself down, realizing that he has rescued a mutant.

The fisherman looks down at Angel's face. His voice is raspy, but his countenance displays warmth and friendliness.

FISHERMAN

You okay there, sport?

Angel's eyes struggle to open, until he sees his rescuer. The fisherman's face fades to a blur.

INT. MEDI-LAB, X-MANSION - NIGHT

Chemistry equipment spread across counters. A GLASS APPARATUS containing bubbling green and blue liquids.

Beast sits by the apparatus in a LAB COAT and SAFETY GOGGLES. Next to him is a SCANNING TUNNELING MICROSCOPE.

After jotting a few notes down on a PAD OF PAPER, he removes his goggles and picks up a PETRI DISH with a blood sample on it. He takes a DROPPER with a black solution, collected earlier from Essex's lab, and squeezes a droplet onto the sample.

Beast places it under the lens and looks through the eyehole. The sample shows an army of BLACK AMORPHOUS PARASITES snatching onto a cluster of red blood cells.

BEAST

Eureka.

INT. READY ROOM, X-MANSION - NIGHT

A large room furnished with a conference table and padded chairs. Logan, Remy, and Alex have congregated around the table. Remy is seated.

LOGAN

What else are you keeping from us? Are you going to tell us you murdered-

REMY

I didn't murder anyone.

LOGAN

Yeah, well hundred of mutants died today!
How are you going to explain that?!?

ALEX

You were the only suspect sighted at the
scene.

Logan advances toward Remy, but suppresses his rage. Remy stands up, irritated.

REMY

I told you. I didn't murder anyone.
You want to accuse me, suit yourself. You
don't have any hard evidence.

Logan peers deep into Remy's eyes. Innocence, yet also a hint of guilt.

LOGAN

You're bluffing.

REMY

Or I must have some really fine cards.

Logan pounds his fists against the table.

ALEX

(to Remy)

Suppose what you're saying is true...

Alex contemplates to himself, the pieces of the puzzle slowly being fitted together in his head.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Then there's something we're missing
here...that we're all missing.

LOGAN

All of us?

ALEX

(to Remy)

From what we understand, Sinister appointed
you to lead the massacre. You claim you
had no part in it.

LOGAN

He's hiding something.

Logan glares into Remy's eyes.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
You were there that night.

REMY
I don't know what-

LOGAN
Don't play games with me!

Logan bursts out in fit of rage and grabs Remy by the collar. They stare face-to-face at each other. Remy's expression indicates a faint sign of submission.

ALEX
Logan, just let me continue-

REMY
It's not easy to explain.

Logan lets go of Remy's jacket.

REMY
It's...

LOGAN
...complicated? I could sit here all night, bub. Try me.

Logan flips a chair backwards and takes a seat. Before Remy can explain himself, the doors slide open. Beast enters.

BEAST
I've come across a most profound discovery that may bring some closure to our inquiries. The assailants we came across at the lab were no mutants.

Logan crosses his arms, suddenly brought to full attention.

BEAST (CONT'D)
They were humans.

Beast paces the room.

BEAST (CONT'D)
It appears their DNA structures were genetically enhanced...altered precisely to mutate them into animals...savages...

Beast looks to Remy.

BEAST

...ruthless enough to embark on a killing spree.

EXT. CORRIDOR, GENOSHA - DAY

The corridor resembles an underground dungeon with cell blocks tracing the walls, left and right.

Essex and Frost walk down the corridor.

FROST

We just left behind years' worth of research back there.

ESSEX

That is of no concern to us any longer. The task was fulfilled...the warning delivered by the deaths of a mutant populace.

FROST

And now you're leaving it all behind?

ESSEX

These tests were preliminary-

FROST

Preliminary?

ESSEX

Man's progress has no end. Man is constantly changing...evolving. We, ourselves, have already engineered the next dominant species after man...after the homo sapien.

FROST

Yes, but for what purpose?

Essex stops and turns to Frost.

ESSEX

You really have no idea what we're capable of, do you, Emma?

Frost gives a curious stare as Hodge steps out of a control room, diverting Essex's attention.

HODGE

The satellite systems are operational.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, GENOSHA - CONTINUOUS

Groups of SCIENTISTS and TECHNICIANS bustle about. Hodge, Essex, and Frost enter the room.

ESSEX

Is the interference transmitter fully functional?

They approach a computer by a window overlooking the main hangar.

HODGE

We are in the process of calibrating the wave receptors. You must understand, doctor that we are breaching into one of the government's most advanced security systems.

ESSEX

(threateningly)

Then I suggest you work faster.

Frost looks out the window. The hangar doors begin to slide open.

FROST

They've arrived.

INT. READY ROOM, X-MANSION - NIGHT

Logan, Beast, Remy, and Alex gather around the room.

REMY

Sinister was once like a father to me. He used to tell me he would save the world one day...amend its mistakes...I was a fool. I listened.

BEAST

What do you mean?

REMY

He created an army...raised me so I would do the same for his...experiments. It was only too late before I discovered his real intentions.

Logan ponders to himself.

LOGAN

Mutant genocide.

REMY

Worse. Mankind...human or mutant.

ALEX

I don't understand.

BEAST

Darwinian theory.

LOGAN

With a twist.

REMY

Those who survived would prove themselves worthy to live under his domain.

LOGAN

And those who didn't...

Disturbed faces among the group as they come to realize the psychopath they are dealing with.

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY, X-MANSION - NIGHT

Logan, Beast, Remy, and Alex walk down the hallway.

BEAST

A congressional board meeting will be held tomorrow morning. I will make sure to-

Beast is cut short at first sight of the main hangar doors opening up ahead. Rogue enters, tears trickling down her face.

She is hunched over, carrying Kitty and a flesh-colored Colossus, both of them unconscious.

LOGAN

ROGUE!!!

Logan runs over, with Beast, Remy, and Alex following behind.

Rogue limps forward until Colossus and Kitty collapse to the floor. Logan meets up with Rogue and embraces her.

ROGUE

I did everything I could.

EXT. BALCONY, X-MANSION - NIGHT

Rogue leans against the balcony railing and stares out at the starry sky.

Footsteps approach from behind. Remy enters and stands next to Rogue. He gazes out in the distance.

REMY

Don't worry. They be alright.

Rogue contemplates to herself.

ROGUE

Warren's out there.

REMY

You did everything you could.

ROGUE

It feels like no matter what I do...no matter what I'm capable of doing...someone always gets hurt.

REMY

You're not alone on that one.

Rogue looks into his eyes with suspicion.

ROGUE

What happened out there...this morning?

Remy bears no response.

ROGUE (CONT'D)

Why do you keep doing that?

REMY

Doing what?

ROGUE

Ever since you came here, the rest of the team's had a hard time trusting you.

REMY

And how 'bout you, belle?

Remy charmingly looks into her eyes. She looks away.

ROGUE

I really don't know.

Remy backs away from the porch and inches over to Rogue.

REMY

Second thoughts?

Remy slyly grins at her.

REMY

I'm not so bad a guy once you get to know me a little better.

Rogue backs away.

ROGUE

You better stay back, Cajun.

On the porch is a SMALL PLANT. Rogue touches the plant, causing it to wither.

Remy watches with a smile on his face. He takes out an ACE OF HEARTS and holds it up. The card glows yellow. Rogue watches in wonder.

REMY

You know, there was a time when I was afraid of my ability...harming the ones around me.

Rogue's eyes express a budding warmth and affection. They both look out into the distance.

ROGUE

Do you believe in destiny?

REMY

What would you do if you found out your entire past had been a string of lies?

ROGUE

I would try to start over.

REMY

And if it's already too late?

Rogue turns to Remy with a faithful smile.

ROGUE

It's never too late, Remy.

She walks back into the living room.

Remy leans out against the porch and gazes at the blanket of stars.

INT. BOARD ROOM, PENTAGON - DAY

A conference table surrounded by computer screens mounted on the walls. 12 BOARD MEMBERS sit at the table, including Beast and Bolivar Trask.

VALERIE COOPER, blond-haired and sophisticatedly dressed, stands at the head of the table.

COOPER

We are dealing with a highly potent threat that could lead to mutant casualties in the millions. Now the president has issued us full authorization to control and contain this situation with the resources we have.

Beast looks across the table at SEBASTIAN SHAW, jet black hair and piercing eyes. Shaw suspiciously looks back.

TRASK

Ms. Cooper, I have already proposed plans to commence with the Mark 1 deployment promptly.

COOPER

The prototypes are not ready yet. Releasing them could jeopardize the security of this nation and the rest of the world.

BEAST

(to Trask)

You must understand the repercussions this could lead to. With the project still underway, it is imperative that we consider other alternatives.

FORGE, a Native-American with black hair and a mustache sits across from Beast.

FORGE

I have been conducting a series of judgment and reasoning tests on the A.I. security systems. As of now, we have reached an eighty-six point seven percent success rating.

BEAST

Nowhere near enough to even consider deployment.

COOPER

The only possible choice we have is to proceed with further testing until we are fully certain that these A.I.'s can functionally perform and act against this threat.

SHAW

And how will you attempt to explain the mutant death toll that directly arises from the reservation of your actions?

TRASK

Shaw may be right. We need to weigh the consequences and consider what's best at hand.

BEAST

(frustratingly)

Perhaps the A.I. systems were to become defective, enabling them to cause a worldwide mass destruction. How would you account for that?!?

FORGE

Hank. I'm sorry. I have to say Trask's plan is feasible. Every prototype has been installed with an emergency shutdown program initiated by satellite. If anything were to backfire, the program would immediately cease all A.I. activity.

SHAW

(to BEAST)

I believe we have no other choice, Ambassador.

Shaw looks condescendingly at a dismayed Beast.

INT. BEDROOM, X-MANSION - DAY

Logan is asleep on the bed. He begins to struggle. Recurring visions of Jean Grey flash through his mind.

A pitch black void. Jean's body is surrounded by a rampant wall of flames. She shows no sign of pain, merely standing there, tranquil and relaxed.

JEAN

Logan.

Logan sits up, flustered. He massages his head.

EXT. LOFT, X-MANSION - DAY

Logan walks through a set of double doors leading out to the loft. He sprawls his arms across the railing and looks out to an overcast sky.

He then hears a noise. VRRRM. The humming of jet engines. His eyes become wide awake as the sound grows louder.

THREE ENORMOUS SENTINEL ROBOTS hover in the sky, propelled by rockets beneath their feet. They pass over the mansion and fly off into the far distance.

Logan is shocked.

INT. LIVING ROOM, X-MANSION - DAY

Logan enters the room to see Remy, Alex, Rogue, and Jubilee seated on the sofas, watching television. Logan joins them.

On the screen, President Meyers speaks to a CONGRESSIONAL ASSEMBLY.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL BOARD ROOM, U.S. CAPITOL - DAY

President Meyers stands behind a podium.

PRESIDENT

For the past few years, we were led to believe that the feud between humans and mutants had ended. Today, our nation faces a resurgence of those crises foreshadowed by the recent terrorist events.

Beast is seated up in the stands. He glances across the rows to see Trask and Shaw seated together.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

The Department of Defense has been left with no other option but to consider the most valid alternative to protect our country and its people.

Shaw hunches forward, awaiting the President's announcement.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

After years of advanced planning, I am more than confident to say that Operation: Wide Awake was launched at approximately 9:45 this morning.

Valerie Cooper is seated up front, listening onward.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

This program will guarantee and preserve the safety and security that we have forever strived to uphold. A brighter future lies ahead and we will see to it that nothing and no one dares to undermine the greatness and prosperity of this nation.

The President's final words are met with a standing ovation. Applause permeates the room.

Shaw and Trask join the commendation. Cooper also stands, but withholds her applause.

Beast remains seated and sees Shaw across the room, eyeing him with subtle mockery.

The President steps off the side of the stage. He is greeted by FAMILY MEMBERS, FRIENDS, and a crowd of POLITICIANS.

INT. LIVING ROOM, X-MANSION - DAY

The President cordially shakes hands with a CONGRESSMAN on screen.

Jubilee turns to Logan.

JUBILEE

What's Operation: Wide Awake?

Logan looks back at Jubilee without a response.

MONTAGE - A SENTINEL STORMS THE STREETS OF NEW YORK

-- INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - Patrons rush over to the windows to peer outside. The manager stands by the door and locks it. Sudden footsteps pound against the streets.

-- EXT. STREET - DAY - THUMP! THUMP! A sentinel trudges down the street, its steps leaving depressions in the tarmac. It walks past the coffee shop and onwards.

-- EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY - A battered, yet still alive Longshot, tramples out of the alleyway and into the streets. He runs out with SEVERAL BLADES in hand and charges at the sentinel.

The sentinel spots his attacker and points its hands at him, the fingers each shaped like shotgun barrels. Longshot hurls the

blades at the sentinel, cutting deep along its leg. Sparks fly outward.

The sentinel retaliates, firing a devastating round of bullets at Longshot, most of them missing. Two bullets, however, pierce into his shoulder and abdomen, sending him falling to the pavement.

The sentinel marches toward him and abruptly stops. Longshot lies helplessly on the ground and stares up at the sentinel as it points its hand at him.

-- EXT. STREET - DAY - Silence. BANG! BANG! BANG! A barrage of gunshots from the alleyway. The silence resumes.

INT. CORRIDOR, PENTAGON HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Beast marches down the corridor carrying a MANILA FOLDER.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, PENTAGON HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Computers and high-tech equipment line the walls. A window looks out to the city.

Beast enters to see Sebastian Shaw, at a computer station. Shaw, unaware of Beast's entrance, talks on a CELL PHONE.

SHAW

The bypass program has been executed.

Yes, I made certain no one was around.

Shaw turns around to see Beast approaching.

SHAW

I will have to call you back.

Shaw hangs up and places the phone in his pocket.

BEAST

Who were you talking to?

SHAW

Tessa needed the authorization codes to the Mark II file reports. What do you have for me?

Beast takes a few sheets of PAPER out of the folder and hands them to Shaw.

BEAST

I need you to sign these forms.

Shaw takes the papers.

SHAW

(hesitantly)

Not a problem. I will get them back to you
as soon as I can.

BEAST

This will take no longer than a minute of
your time.

Shaw becomes rigid. He places the forms on the desk and picks up
a PEN.

BEAST

If I can have you sign here.

Beast notices Shaw holding the pen in his right hand.

BEAST

I was never aware that you were
ambidextrous, Sebastian.

Shaw looks over his shoulder at Beast.

SHAW

Men of my stature possess many discreet
talents.

Shaw signs the form. Beast glances at the signature and opens up
his folder. In it, is another form, previously signed by Shaw.
The signatures are evidently different.

BEAST

Who are you?

Shaw stops writing. His eyes flash yellow.

SHAW

I'm frankly disappointed in you, Hank.

Shaw's face morphs into MYSTIQUE's. Blue scales begin to layer
over her body, fully transforming her into the sleek and limber
Mystique. She turns around to a stunned Beast.

MYSTIQUE

You should have guessed a long time ago.

BEAST

What have you done?

Mystique smiles and swings a fist at Beast only to be caught in his hand. Mystique struggles in his grip as he angrily stares into her eyes.

BEAST

Tell me where Magneto is!

MYSTIQUE

I don't work for him anymore.

Mystique knees him in the side. She springs her legs against his chest and pushes off, sending him crashing over a computer table.

Mystique stands atop one of the desks and looks down at Beast, who stands back up. Beast awaits her next move.

Mystique flips over, but Beast catches her in midair and hurls her across the room. She lands on all four limbs, light as a cat.

Beast charges toward her before she leaps up and attempts to spring over his back. He catches her leg and slams her against the ground.

Mystique instantly retaliates with a kick, sending him skidding across the floor. She flips to her feet and looks down at Beast.

BEAST

You will not get away with this.

MYSTIQUE

I already have.

Mystique looks across the room to see the large window overlooking the city. She dashes forward and dives through the window, shattering it to pieces.

Beast rushes over and looks outside. Mystique has already vanished. He turns back into the room to see the main computer displaying scattered activity.

INT. KITCHEN, X-MANSION - DAY

A warm and homely setting. Logan stands behind a counter with a BOTTLE OF BEER in hand. He pops off the cap with a bottle opener and takes a sip.

RING! He sets the bottle on the counter and takes out his CELL PHONE. The screen blatantly reads "BEAST CALLING". Logan answers it.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

LOGAN

What is it?

BEAST

Logan, we have a serious crisis on our hands. Mystique managed to infiltrate into the computer's main control grid.

LOGAN

Mystique?

BEAST

It appears she implanted a deadly virus into the satellite feed, bypassing all official transmittance to the sentinel A.I.

LOGAN

Can you destroy the virus?

BEAST

It is a highly volatile coding, but I will do my best.

LOGAN

Did you find out where Magneto is?

BEAST

Apparently, she no longer works for him.

Logan is initially bewildered and then comes to the realization.

LOGAN

Sinister.

BEAST

You have to contain the situation at all costs. This operation now poses a grave threat to the nation...and possibly to the world.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM, MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER - NIGHT

Storm stands by the window, looking out at the ocean. Xavier is asleep in his bed.

The building begins to shake uncontrollably. Xavier's bed rolls back and forth, rousing him from his sleep.

Moira and Sean rush in as Storm turns around to see them.

SEAN
Something's approaching the island.

STORM
Professor, are you alright?

XAVIER
What is happening?

Sean and Moira hurry to Xavier's bedside.

SEAN
Look after him, Moira.

STORM
Where are we going?

SEAN
Follow me.

Sean and Storm promptly run out of the room.

EXT. ROOFTOP, MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER - NIGHT

Torrents of rain pour down from a murky sky. Lampposts illuminate the drenched premises.

An entranceway stands at one end of the rooftop. The door swings open. Storm and Sean exit the building.

SEAN
Up ahead.

They run across. A SENTINEL leaps into the air from the ocean below, sending giant spurts of water flooding onto the roof.

The sentinel lands with immense force onto the roof, propagating shockwaves throughout the building. Storm and Sean stop inches before the sentinel's feet.

The sentinel's crimson eyes glow with terror.

STORM
Take it down!

The sentinel immediately fires a round of bullets along the ground. Storm and Sean dodge the line of fire.

Storm's eyes turn a pale white. She flies into the air. The clouds grow increasingly dense before several bolts of lightning streak towards the sentinel. The electric barrage courses over the sentinel's armor.

The sentinel rapidly recovers and marches toward Sean. Storm sends a gust of wind to hold it back. The current, however, is too weak to keep the sentinel from advancing.

The sentinel shoots another round of bullets. Sean dives for cover behind a large crate. He sees Storm in the air.

SEAN
Storm! Fall back!

She retreats back to Sean. As the sentinel continues to advance, it reloads its ammunition. Its fingers individually CLICK with each loaded bullet.

Sean quickly steps out from behind the crate and launches into the air. He lets out a deafening sonic scream.

SEAN
AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

He nears the sentinel, his cry becoming increasingly louder. The sentinel shakes uncontrollably, its gears CREAKING unstably.

The sentinel backs away until it reaches the edge of the roof. Sean is right in front of the sentinel's face, blaring at the top of his lungs.

Clouds of smoke suddenly burst out of its torso as flames ignite from its head. Storm advances toward the sentinel and summons a hurricane, blowing it over the roof and into the ocean below.

Storm and Sean watch as the sentinel plummets hard into the water. The maelstrom gradually subsides.

INT. COCKPIT, BLACKBIRD - DAY

Logan pilots the Blackbird with Alex in the co-pilot's seat. Remy and Rogue are seated behind. Remy flirtatiously eyes Rogue. She sneaks a look back, only to be caught.

Logan's hands grip the steering wheel as Alex looks out into the blue skies. They peer out at the city. Thousands of people scramble in the streets as a sentinel army storms through.

The sentinels blast their way through skyscrapers, an unstoppable force.

LOGAN
Holy shit.

ALEX

How the hell do we expect to take those numbers down?

Extended silence. Remy looks at the mayhem up ahead.

REMY

We deliver a gambit.

EXT. BLACKBIRD, MANHATTAN HARBOR - DAY

The Blackbird descends to a desolate street side. The landing gears lower to the pavement while the ramp is released.

Logan, Alex, and Rogue exit down the ramp and rush to the city up ahead. Remy is absent.

The team beholds the chaos as massive clouds of smoke arise from burning skyscrapers. Ambulances and fire trucks race down the streets, their alarms blaring continuously.

Logan touches a COMMUNICATOR on his shoulder.

LOGAN

What's our status?

INT. CONTROL ROOM, PENTAGON - DAY

Forge is behind a COMPUTER typing at superhuman speed. Beast communicates to Logan through an EARPIECE.

BEAST

We need more time.

LOGAN (O.S.)

It's a slaughterhouse out here...we don't have more time!

Beast hangs up and hunches over the computer. Forge works intently as endless coding scrolls down the screen.

INT. ESSEX'S OFFICE, GENOSHA - NIGHT

Essex and Emma Frost stand side by side, looking out the window at the calm, Indian Ocean.

Frost looks at Essex.

FROST

The world will be in peril...casualties rising to the millions.

ESSEX

Survival of the fittest, Emma. The reason we stand here today...and the reason we will prevail onwards.

Essex glares morosely out the window, the veins in his eyes coursing thick with blood.

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN, NEW YORK - DAY

SENTINELS parade through the streets, their ruby eyes shining horrifically. THUD. The streets quake from their footsteps.

BYSTANDERS rush into buildings for shelter. THREE MEN, holding SHOTGUNS, take cover behind a vehicle. They fire at the sentinels.

The sentinels return the fire, shooting holes through the vehicle. The car explodes up in flames, inciting the men to flee the scene.

INT. BEDROOM, X-MANSION - DAY

Jubilee lies on her bed reading a book on her lap. She hears a commotion outside and hurries to the window.

STUDENTS scurry across the courtyard in panic. It is not apparent what they are running from.

Jubilee suddenly feels a quake, followed by several others.

INT. HALLWAY, X-MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Jubilee hurries out to the hallway to see students scattering about.

SAM GUTHRIE (mid-20s), in a brown leather jacket, directs the students down the staircase.

SAM

Come on! This way!

Jubilee recognizes him.

JUBILEE

Sam! What's going on?

SAM

We're at a code red! Sensors picked up an unidentified intruder closing in!

Jubilee's expression turns grave.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP, NEW YORK - DAY

Steel beams, rods, and plywood lie across a wide-open construction site. A bound pile of six-foot STEEL RODS rests across the floor. A black-gloved hand picks up a ROD.

THUMP. THUMP. Footsteps pound in the streets below. SENTINEL 1 walks by, its head only a few feet below the rooftop elevation.

Remy stands on the ledge, facing the streets. He is holding the steel rod in hand. As Sentinel 1 passes by, Remy leaps into the air. He firmly plants onto its shoulder and grabs on.

Remy impales Sentinel 1's head with the rod and promptly releases his grip. Sparks of electricity scatter about. The rest of the SENTINELS, following closely behind, are immediately alerted.

Sentinel 1 loses its balance as Remy tightly grips onto its shoulder. SENTINEL 2 fires at Remy from behind. The bullets pierce through Sentinel 1's back.

As Sentinel 1 hunches to the ground, Remy climbs over its back. Seconds before the sentinel collapses, he leaps into the air and lands atop a building, rolling across the rooftop.

Remy bruises his shoulder on the landing. He applies his hand over it and stealthily dashes behind a WATER TOWER.

Remy takes a moment to catch his breath. THUMP! THUMP! The pounding footsteps draw nearer.

INT. MAIN STAIRCASE, X-MANSION - DAY

Students continue to descend the staircase.

Jubilee runs toward Sam when a section of the ceiling explodes, sending debris falling to the floor. Sam, Jubilee, and the students gaze up to see SENTINEL 3 staring down at them.

SAM

Get them to safety! Go!

JUBILEE

What about you?!?

SAM

I'll be fine!

Jubilee follows the students down the staircase as Sam stares up at Sentinel 3. The commotion from the students has elevated to utter chaos.

As Jubilee descends the stairs, she gazes up at Sentinel 3's MISSILE LAUNCHER beginning to smoke.

JUBILEE

Watch out!!!

Suddenly, Sam is encased in a barrier of blazing fire and launches through the ceiling opening like a cannonball.

Sentinel 3 fires its missile toward the opening. Sam collides into it, the enormous impact causing a massive burst of flames in the air.

Jubilee looks up to see a thick cloud of smoke floating in the sky. The smoke clears up to reveal Sam, still ablaze, not a scratch on his body. Sam continues to battle Sentinel 3.

Jubilee continues to direct the students.

INT. HALLWAY, X-MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Jubilee runs down the hallway and stops halfway through, with the students following behind. She runs her hand over the wall.

JUBILEE

Here it is.

Jubilee stands back and kicks a section of the wall. A TRAP DOOR slides open to reveal a passageway.

JUBILEE

Everyone! In here!

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP, NEW YORK - DAY

BANG! Rounds of bullets continue to fire into the streets. Remy runs to the edge of the building and leaps across a small gap. He lands on the rooftop ahead.

Remy sprints across the rooftop with the sentinels pursuing him. He reaches a much wider gap at the end. Remy attempts to jump, but his feet miss the edge. He falls over and hangs on by his arms.

THUMP! SENTINEL 4 stomps its way forward and spots Remy dangling against the edge. Remy sees Sentinel 4, ready to fire.

High above a building, Logan, with his claws unsheathed, jumps onto Sentinel 4 by surprise.

LOGAN

RAAAARGH!!!!!!

His claws dig into its abdomen. SNIKT! SNIKT! SNIKT! Logan proceeds to stab his way up Sentinel 4's side, one arm after the other.

LOGAN

(to Remy)

I'll take care of this one! Now, go!

Remy lifts himself over the ledge and watches the sentinel army draw nearer. He proceeds to leap across rooftops, bullets continuing to fire in his direction.

Logan stands over Sentinel 4's shoulder. SENTINEL 5 attempts to fire at Logan from far behind. After Logan punctures Sentinel 4's shoulder with his claws, three bullets dig into his leg.

Logan GROWLS in pain until his healing factor immediately acts up. The bullets push out of his skin and the wounds seal shut.

Logan beheads Sentinel 4 causing sparks to fly out. As the head crashes down, Logan jumps off and skids his claws down Sentinel 4's back.

Remy looks back to see Logan land safely on the ground.

REMY

(arches brow)

Touché.

Logan runs down the street with the sentinels following behind. His communicator BEEPS.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, PENTAGON - DAY

Beast stands by Forge, still typing away at the computer.

BEAST

(to Logan)

We're making progress. The virus is almost entirely purged from the system.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Hank. We have to move in.

Beast is troubled by his response.

BEAST

Logan!

CLICK. The line cuts off.

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN - DAY

Logan reaches a cross street and is stopped by SENTINEL 6. It stares down at Logan and arms its weapons.

Plasma rays blast against Sentinel 6's leg from around the corner, diverting its attention. Logan sees Alex hurriedly enter the area, his arms pointed up at Sentinel 6.

Alex's arms charge with a bright yellow glow. BLAST! They release an upsurge of energy, the impact severing the sentinel's arm.

Alex fires a plasma ray at Sentinel 6's head. WABOOM!!! The blast is even more explosive, beheading the sentinel. It crashes to the ground.

ALEX

(to Logan)

That's just the first of them.

LOGAN

Let's move!

Logan and Alex rush onward, the sentinels trailing behind.

EXT. COURTYARD, X-MANSION - DAY

Sam, his body ablaze, continues to pound away at Sentinel 3 over the mansion rooftop. He sporadically darts around Sentinel 3 as it fires at him.

As Sam attempts to dodge the bullets, Sentinel 3 grabs him. Its fingers wrap tightly around him, causing the flames around his body to recede. He begins to suffocate.

Suddenly, an explosive barrage of FIREWORKS blasts against the sentinel's side. Sentinel 3 sees Jubilee standing in the courtyard, staring up at it.

The distraction allows Sam to break free. Instantly, Sam's body heats up in flames. He charges straight through Sentinel 3's chest and out the other end. Sentinel 3 collapses to the floor.

Sam looks down at Jubilee.

JUBILEE

You're welcome.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, MANHATTAN HARBOR - DAY

Rows of massive, steel crates are spread about. Rogue lifts a crate over her head, astounded by her strength. She soars up into the sky with the crate in her arms.

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN - DAY

Logan sees Rogue approaching.

LOGAN

We have them! Now let's trash these tin cans.

Rogue speeds through the air and sees Remy on a rooftop, hiding behind a brick wall.

SENTINEL 7 leads the army towards Logan.

ROGUE

Remy!

Rogue pitches the crate straight ahead at the sentinels. Remy throws his gloves to the floor and moves to the roof's edge.

REMY

I got it, chère.

Seconds before the crate arrives at Remy's position, he leaps into the air. He lands firmly on the crate and slams his palm against it. The crate begins to radiate a vibrant yellow.

As the crate descends, Remy flips backwards and lands on the pavement. The crate rams straight into Sentinel 7 with an enormous amount of momentum. BOOM!!! A massive explosion ensues.

Sentinel 7 crashes against the pursuing army, causing a chain of explosions traveling down the line. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The battered sentinels collapse to the ground.

Remy joins Logan and Alex.

LOGAN

(slyly)

Nice work there...Gambit.

REMY

C'est un tour a prendre.

THUMP! THUMP! More footsteps up ahead.

ALEX
It's not over yet.

LOGAN
Where's Rogue?

SENTINEL 8 lands in front of them and prepares to fire. Suddenly, Rogue swoops in and tackles the sentinel hard against the ground. She lands by the team.

ROGUE
I estimated twenty of them headed this way.

They hurry down the street. Logan contacts Beast.

LOGAN
We're hanging by our throats here!

INT. CONTROL ROOM, PENTAGON - DAY

Forge continues to decode the virus with Beast at his side.

BEAST
Forge, what's our status?

FORGE
I'm aborting all foreign and home commands being transmitted through the system's main satellite link.

BEAST
(to Logan)
Stand by.

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN - DAY

Logan, Remy, Alex, and Rogue stand in the middle of an intersection. GROUPS OF SENTINELS close in on them until they are entirely surrounded.

ROGUE
What do we do?

Six sentinels aim down at the team. A glow emanates from their palms. In a quick decision, Logan rams the team across the ground and moves in the line of fire.

LOGAN
Get out of the way!!!!!!

The sentinels all fire at once as the barrage of gunfire comes pouring down at Logan.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, PENTAGON - DAY

Beast and Forge watch the computer screen. The coding has cleared up.

BEAST

Logan! Logan, are you there?!?

Silence.

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN, NEW YORK - DAY

The sentinels are dead still. Their glowing red eyes have shut off. A cloud of dust gradually clears away.

Rogue, Remy, and Alex stand up to see Logan, slowly struggling on his knees. The entire back of his suit has been badly torn up, revealing scattered bullet-holes on his back. Immediately, the wounds begin to close, as bullets are dislodged out of his skin.

Logan stands himself up and sees the rest of the team relieved. He turns on his communicator.

LOGAN

(groans in pain)

The hell took you so long?!?

INT. CONTROL ROOM, PENTAGON - DAY

Beast lets out a sigh of relief at the sign of Logan's voice. Forge looks at the screen, the tension eased from his face.

BEAST

Is everyone alright?

LOGAN (O.S.)

Just a couple of flesh wounds for me. I'll live.

Forge types in a series of commands.

FORGE

Operation aborted. The threat has been disabled.

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN - DAY

Logan, Remy, Alex, and Rogue walk down the street. Logan listens to his communicator.

BEAST (O.S.)

The DOD is awaiting your arrival.

LOGAN

We'll be there shortly.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, PENTAGON - DAY

Beast hangs up his earpiece. He looks down at Forge seated next to him.

BEAST

Did you trace the source of the signal?

FORGE

The transmissions originated from a set of remote coordinates.

Forge brings up the coordinates on the screen. A world map pops up with a set of crosshairs marked over an island slightly east of Africa.

INT. WAR ROOM, PENTAGON - DAY

A conference table stands in the center of the room. Television screens are mounted against the walls.

DOD OFFICIALS, along with Beast and Forge, sit around the table. Logan, Remy, Alex, and Rogue stand about the room.

GENERAL THOMPSON (late 50s), clean-shaven, sits at the head of the table.

THOMPSON

Gentlemen, I have received confirmation that Project: Wide Awake has been countermanded and permanently closed. In addition, the Senate has delivered all of the necessary measures against the President's costly actions.

Thompson turns to Beast.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Ambassador.

Beast addresses the group.

BEAST

The security breach was carried out by one of our own...Raven Darkholme.

Beast points a remote to a television screen. Surveillance footage from the control room plays out, revealing Sebastian Shaw speaking with Beast, then morphing into Mystique.

BEAST (CONT'D)

According to the autopsy report, Shaw was pronounced dead, weeks before his body was discovered. An investigation into Mystique's recent activity led us to one recurrent source...Nathan Milbury...Sinister, as you will.

REMY

Surprise, surprise.

A world map pops up. The screen zooms in on a small island.

FORGE

Traces led us to a remote island situated off the east African coast. For years this piece of land has evaded detection by even the government's most advanced satellites.

BEAST

Strangely enough, it is not even listed as an official country.

LOGAN

An invisible island.

REMY

A man like Sinister could easily pull that off.

General Thompson stands up.

THOMPSON

Then our next objective is to infiltrate the island and sabotage its operations.

REMY

I'm afraid you can't do that, General. If you order an entire army in there, don't expect them to walk out alive.

BEAST

(to Thompson)

Sinister's actions have proven that his limits cannot be tested.

THOMPSON

What do you suggest we do then, Ambassador?

Beast exchanges glances with the team of X-Men.

INT. INFIRMARY, X-MANSION - DAY

Kitty awakes in bed. She lets out a sigh of recovery.

INT. INFIRMARY 2, X-MANSION - DAY

Colossus lies asleep in bed. A HEART RATE MONITOR steadily pulsates.

The doors slide open. Kitty enters and walks over to Colossus' bedside. His eyes slowly open to see Kitty, sympathetically looking down at him.

KITTY

Rough day.

COLOSSUS

You're telling me.

Kitty smiles.

COLOSSUS (CONT'D)

Where are the others?

KITTY

(playfully)

Oh, you know, just saving the world.

Her expression becomes more serious.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Warren never made it back. We don't know where he is.

Colossus looks away, extremely bothered.

COLOSSUS

Juggernaut. I should have killed him.

KITTY

It's not your fault.

COLOSSUS

I let him go!

KITTY

Pete.

Kitty takes Colossus' hand. He affectionately looks back at her.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Warren's going to be okay.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

The Blackbird soars high above the water.

INT. COCKPIT, BLACKBIRD, INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Logan and Beast sit in the pilot and co-pilot's seats, respectively. Alex, Rogue, and Remy sit in the back.

LOGAN

I can't see a thing. You sure this is the place?

Logan peers into the far distance. Nothing.

SCREECH! The sound of tearing metal from the cabin behind. The X-Men look back to see a large hole that has been ripped open. WHOOSH! Air rushes out of the hole.

Logan and Beast try to regain command of the Blackbird, their altitude dropping sharply.

BEAST

Pull up!

LOGAN

I'm trying to! It won't budge!

Rogue unbuckles her seatbelt and runs to the cabin. Remy and Alex alarmingly watch her fly through the hole.

REMY

Rogue!

EXT. BLACKBIRD, INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Rogue hovers in the air and chases after the falling Blackbird. She catches up and flies under.

INT. BLACKBIRD, INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Logan and Beast struggle at the controls as the Blackbird continues to descend. Suddenly, it begins to level out.

Beast is stunned as Logan lets go of the wheel. Alex and Remy look at the waters up ahead.

LOGAN

What just happened?

EXT. BLACKBIRD, INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Rogue lifts the Blackbird over her shoulders and soars over the waters.

She then sees a figure flying toward her. It is Ms. Marvel. Before Rogue anticipates it, Ms. Marvel charges into her. She grapples onto Rogue, causing her hands to struggle beneath the Blackbird.

INT. BLACKBIRD, INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

The Blackbird shakes uncontrollably.

LOGAN
Something's wrong.

EXT. BLACKBIRD, INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Ms. Marvel attempts to wrench Rogue's arms off of the Blackbird. Rogue accidentally tears off a section of the metal shielding.

ROGUE
You died.

MS. MARVEL
Sinister takes good care of his messengers.

ROGUE
What do you want from me!?!?

MS. MARVEL
You were once useful to us, dear. But because of your ignorance, another young soul now suffers your fate. I only seek revenge.

Rogue struggles in her grasp. She lets out a cry of desperation until she hears a voice.

LOGAN
Sorry to break up the fight, ladies.

They see Logan, perched on the jet wing and peering down at them. He leaps forward, digging his claws against the side.

Logan claws his way to the bottom. Ms. Marvel throws a hard fist across Rogue's face, severely dazing her.

Logan lunges furiously at Ms. Marvel and grabs her. She releases Rogue and flies off with Logan.

Ms. Marvel punches Logan in the face, barely affecting him. He instantly stabs her in the side. Her face freezes in shock. They both plummet toward the ocean and crash through the water surface.

Rogue, weak and drowsy, tries to hold the jet up. Her eyes shut as she parts away from the jet, falling lifelessly into the ocean.

INT. BLACKBIRD, INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Beast takes the controls in the pilot's seat.

BEAST
We're crashing! Hold on!

He grabs the wheel with a last ditch effort.

EXT. BLACKBIRD, INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

SPLASH! The Blackbird breaks the water surface. It starts to sink.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM, MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

Storm sits by Xavier's side. He is quietly asleep in bed. His eyelids begin to tremble.

Blurred visions flash through his mind: Beast, Remy, and Alex scrambling underwater. Logan searching for Rogue, as indistinct figures creep up behind him.

Storm tries to rouse Xavier from his sleep. His eyes open with concern. He looks up at her.

XAVIER
They're in trouble. You have to go.

INT. HOLDING ROOM, GENOSHA - DAY

Darkness. A metal door creaks open allowing a white light to pass through.

CLICK. Ceiling lamps turn on to reveal a putrid jail cell spanning the size of a football field. Two chain-link fences run down the length of the room.

The X-Men are chained up against the fences, their heads drooping to the ground. COLLARS with lights around them are fastened around each of their necks.

Footsteps draw nearer. Essex approaches the X-Men and stops. Logan looks up to see Essex staring him in the eyes. His pale appearance surprises Logan. The remaining X-Men notice the change as well.

Essex then looks at the collar around Logan's neck and tightens it. Logan lets out a growl of pain.

ESSEX

(sneers at Logan)

What good is a healing factor when the host's abilities have been subdued?

Beast notices a trickle of blood from Logan's neck. He then sees Rogue struggling with all her might without progress.

BEAST

How are you doing this?

ESSEX

I'm a geneticist, Dr. McCoy. The X-gene is far more fascinating when you've actually come to understand it.

ROGUE

(enraged)

Where's Remy!?!?

ESSEX

In the finest of care. He has always been my most loyal servant of all. Surely you didn't think he would betray me?

ALEX

No...he-

ESSEX

-told you otherwise?

(smirks)

Remy has quite a way with words, doesn't he?

Alex lashes out at Essex, only to be yanked back by his chains. Essex walks away.

ESSEX

Sleep tight, my children. For you may never see the light of day again.

Essex walks to the end of the corridor and shuts off the lights, enshrouding the X-Men in darkness.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER, GENOSHA - DAY

Scattered light bulbs and rusty pipes run across the ceiling. Remy's shirt and jacket lie on the floor.

Remy is shackled to chains, hanging from the pipes above. He also wears a COLLAR with lights around his neck.

His body is limp and powerless, the weight of his head bearing down on him. His torso is scarred all over, marking a violent history. He lets out a thick, raspy cough.

Mystique enters through the archway.

MYSTIQUE

Rise and shine.

Remy looks up at Mystique. He remains silent.

MYSTIQUE (CONT'D)

I see you've brought some friends along.

Remy spits on the ground and glares into her yellow eyes.

REMY

Where are they?!?

Mystique saunters closer to Remy.

MYSTIQUE

(mockingly)

Have you grown so fond of them already...ever since you left us...to become a hero...a hopeless martyr? It's a shame no one's ever trusted you.

Remy stares angrily at Mystique.

REMY

Shut the hell up.

Mystique simpers at Remy. She morphs into Storm for a brief second, but Remy blankly glimpses at her.

She then changes to Rogue, causing Remy to gaze at her with surprise. Mystique notices the change of expression and retains Rogue's form.

MYSTIQUE

You know, you don't have to feel shy when you're around me. You can tell me anything...anything you want.

Mystique seductively leans toward him.

REMY

Stop it.

MYSTIQUE

(innocently)

What's wrong, Remy? It's only me.

Mystique's lips draw nearer to Remy's until he slowly lifts up his knees. With a quick thrust of his legs, he launches Mystique across the room.

Mystique tries to regain her balance, only to crash against the wall and hit a switch on the way down. She reverts back to her true form.

A surge of electric current spreads up to the ceiling. The current courses through the pipes, as sparks fly through the air. Mystique watches on with a menacing smile.

The electricity reaches the pipe where the chains are hung and streaks down to Remy's hands. It runs down Remy's collar and wraps around his body like a Tesla coil.

The current diminishes to a few blue streaks intermittently flashing over his body.

MYSTIQUE

Sweet dreams.

Mystique exits, leaving Remy hanging against the shackles, motionless and without a sound. The lights around the collar fade away.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Storm flies over the water and stops. She peruses the scene, but sees nothing around her. She then touches a COMMUNICATOR on her shoulder.

STORM

Professor, I'm at the coordinates, but I don't see anything.

XAVIER (O.S.)

I sense something. A psychic barrier...perhaps a cloaking field. You must find a way in.

STORM

That won't be a problem.

Storm's eyes whiten as she spreads her arms out. The clouds merge and the skies become a dark grey. It begins to pour until a thunderstorm breaks out.

An enormous, transparent dome is revealed from the rain. Through the dome, lies an island holding an entire city of abandoned buildings.

Storm beholds the sight with amazement. CRAKOOM!!! She sends a bolt of lightning crashing into the dome. The upsurge of energy disturbs the psychic barrier causing it to collapse and fade away. Storm flies toward the island.

INT. HOLDING ROOM, GENOSHA - DAY

Pitch black. The lights turn on to reveal the X-Men, restrained against the fences.

Logan lifts his head up, his eyes squinting at the light. Storm walks toward him.

STORM
What happened?

LOGAN
(gasping for air)
Around our necks.

Storm sees the blood trickling down his neck.

STORM
Oh my God.

She prepares to pull apart the collar when Beast sees her.

BEAST
Storm, no!!!

Storm immediately stops and looks back at Beast.

BEAST (CONT'D)
(coughs)
I've studied these devices before. They're wired to self-destruct instantly when tampered with.

STORM
How do we shut them off?

Beast looks across the room and directs Storm's eyes to a CONTROL PANEL fixed against the wall.

BEAST

There.

(heavy coughs)

The source of the signal. Destroy it.

Storm walks over and examines it. She steps back and shoots a streak of electricity into the board. CLICK. The collars deactivate as the shackles open, releasing the X-Men. They collapse to the floor.

Storm runs over to Beast.

STORM

You okay, Hank?

Beast slowly stands up.

BEAST

(sighs)

We must meet reverses boldly, and not suffer them to frighten us, my dear. We must learn to act the play out. We must live misfortune down.

Storm gives him a blank stare.

BEAST

Charles Dickens.

Logan walks over to a weakened Rogue. He holds out his hand.

LOGAN

Take it.

She slips off her glove and hesitantly takes his hand. Logan tenses up as his veins bulge out of his arm. She releases her grip and stands up, reinvigorated. Logan recovers.

Storm walks over to Alex, crouched on the floor. He looks up at her, revealing his dark, baggy eyes.

ALEX

(stuttering)

I need...sunlight.

STORM

We need to get out of here. Quickly.

Logan and Storm lift Beast over their shoulders as Rogue grabs a hold of Alex.

LOGAN

Hang on, furball.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER, GENOSHA - DAY

Silence. Remy stands inanimate and lifeless, without a breath. His body sags against the shackles.

A streak of electricity courses down his chest. The lights on his collar have shut off. His eyes spring open, revealing currents of electricity running across. He is reenergized like a freshly charged battery.

Remy grasps onto the shackles and pulls himself up. He touches the steel pipe above. The pipe vibrates and glows a vibrant yellow.

As Remy climbs back down, the pipe explodes, releasing the chains from his wrists and sending debris flying across the floor. Remy hits the floor and stands back up. He grabs his clothes and exits.

INT. MAIN HANGAR, GENOSHA - DAY

Magneto, Juggernaut, Madrox, and Pyro enter the area. Essex approaches them.

Magneto hands Essex a silver briefcase.

MAGNETO

The item as you requested.

Essex takes the briefcase and immediately becomes suspicious. He opens it.

ESSEX

Where is it, Erik?

MAGNETO

(simplers)

You really thought you could play me for a fool, Nathan. That I was too damn ignorant not to see the worth of such a relic!

ESSEX

You and I had a deal. We were in this together!

MAGNETO

Farewell, old friend.

Magneto turns around and begins to walk away. He nods to Pyro, prompting him to step forward. Juggernaut and Madrox follow Magneto out.

Flames ignite from torches beneath Pyro's sleeves. Essex acts threatened, yet he sneaks a nod to Pyro. Magneto stops at the hangar doors to watch the scene.

Pyro shoots a chain of fire at him, consuming Essex in the blaze.

ESSEX
AAAHHHHHH!!!!!!

Magneto sneers to himself and exits the hangar. Pyro continues shooting the flames.

EXT. HELIPAD, GENOSHA - DAY

Magneto, Juggernaut, and Madrox stand at a helipad, where a MILITARY COPTER is parked, its rotors spinning. Pyro catches up with them and approaches Magneto.

MAGNETO
Dead?

PYRO
Burnt to a crisp.

MAGNETO
Excellent.

Pyro boards the cockpit and enters the pilot's seat while Magneto enters the cabin from behind. Juggernaut and Madrox stand by.

MAGNETO (CONT'D)
(to the two of them)
Leave no one alive on this island.

JUGGERNAUT
Won't be a problem, boss!

The copter takes off into the skies. Madrox exchanges looks with Juggernaut and puts on an EARPIECE.

MADROX
Mission accomplished.

INT. MAIN HANGAR, GENOSHA - CONTINUOUS

Pyro wears an EARPIECE.

PYRO
 (to Essex)
 They're gone.

He stands before Essex and immediately absorbs the fire. Streaks of smoke rise from Essex's body. He acts completely unharmed, yet his skin has become white as ash and his eyes, blood red.

ESSEX
 Good.

INT. HELICOPTER CABIN, INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Magneto looks across the cabin. There rests an unconscious Angel, bound in shackles.

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT, INDIAN OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

"Pyro" pilots. His eyes suddenly flash a bright yellow. It is Mystique.

INT. MAIN HANGAR, GENOSHA - CONTINUOUS

Essex digs beneath his chest and takes out a silver pocket watch with a chain linked to it. He clenches his fist, the watch in his grasp.

Pyro takes out a PACKET OF NEEDLES from his pocket.

PYRO
 Sir.

Essex sees the packet and notices his parched hand. The wrinkles suddenly disappear, yet the skin remains white.

ESSEX
 Those will no longer be necessary.

EXT. FOREST, GENOSHA - DAY

Dense vegetation. Trees drift gracefully in the wind.

A door, nestled in a hillside, opens. Storm walks out supporting Beast over her shoulders, followed by Rogue holding up Alex. The rest of the X-Men follow.

Alex topples to the dirt ground. Rogue turns around to see him hunched over. Beams of light seep through the trees and hit Alex's body. He begins to glow.

ROGUE
 What's happening to him?

Alex rises up, fully invigorated.

ALEX
Ambient cosmic energy.
(smiles)
Solar power.

Logan scans the area. He hands Beast to Storm and steps ahead.

LOGAN
Let's get a move on.

The X-Men continue onward until they reach a clearing up ahead.

ROGUE
Remy would never do such a thing. All this
time-

Logan shuts his eyes and sniffs around.

LOGAN
Shh. We're not home free yet.

Logan signals the X-Men to stay back. He creeps forward to the clearing and sees the damaged Blackbird along the beach shores.

Logan walks around the area and keenly looks around. He sees nothing. MULTIPLES OF MADROX, in camouflage attire, then jump out of the trees and surround the rest of the X-Men trailing behind.

MADROX
Mind if we join the party?

Logan looks behind to see the multiples. He turns back around to see Frost up ahead.

FROST
You didn't think we'd let you go that
easily, did you?

LOGAN
Well, after running into a scantily clad
blonde on a remote, tropical island? Hell,
I'm not complaining.

FROST
Men and animals. I never did see a
difference.

LOGAN
Neither did I.

Logan unsheathes his claws. He advances toward Frost in a rage seconds before she steps aside to reveal Juggernaut charging forward.

Logan wavers as Juggernaut collides hard into him, sending him flying across the air. Juggernaut pursues a recovering Logan.

As they are about to collide, Logan jumps high into the air and digs his claws into Juggernaut's shoulders. He stumbles hard against the ground.

Alex confronts Frost, who mysteriously concentrates to herself. Alex then feels it. A mind-splitting headache as his head begins to throb with excruciating pain. He becomes groggy and stumbles to the ground.

Rogue swings a wide hook across four multiples, sending them falling to the ground.

MULTIPLE 1 grabs Rogue from behind. MULTIPLE 2 advances toward Storm, still supporting Beast. Before he reaches her, Rogue lunges a fist across Multiple 1's face and sends him crashing into Multiple 2.

Multiple 2 lies on the ground, dazed. The rest of the multiples merge into Multiple 2, revealing him to be the real Madrox.

Storm takes Beast off her shoulder.

STORM

(to Rogue)

Take him back to the jet. Hurry!

She hands Beast over to Rogue and they run to the clearing. A streak of fire sideswipes Storm, prompting Beast and Rogue to hurry onward. Storm leaps out of the way as the surrounding trees catch on fire.

Pyro steps out of the forest and stands before Storm. As he shoots another streak of fire at her, she summons a blazing hurricane in his direction. The gust of wind repulses the fire back toward Pyro, smothering his clothes in flames.

Smoke rises from his body, until the hurricane becomes strong enough to extinguish the fire and cool off Pyro. He falls limply to the ground.

Logan and Juggernaut continue to clash with one another until Logan spots Frost pursuing Rogue and Beast as they near the Blackbird.

Alex climbs back to his knees and shoots a stream of plasma rays at Frost. Her appearance instantly changes to a clear-cut diamond form, a split-second before the rays effortlessly refract right through her. Alex is stunned.

ALEX

We've got a problem!

Logan hears Alex and lunges into Juggernaut. He digs his claws into Juggernaut's spine and shoves him aside.

Logan charges after Frost, who anticipates his attack. He suddenly feels the stun of a mental block, only it is less effective against his healing factor.

Logan swipes his claws at Frost. SHINK! SHINK! He hears a sharp sound, like the scraping of steel against diamond.

Logan is caught off guard as Frost kicks him across the face, sending him hard against the ground. She continues toward Rogue and Beast.

They see her approaching. Rogue gently lowers Beast down and slips off her gloves.

ROGUE

This bitch is mine.

Rogue launches into the air and dives down at Frost. She responds by telepathically blocking Rogue's mind. Rogue becomes distracted, allowing Frost to knock her to the ground.

Frost proceeds onward to Beast, when Rogue slams her hands over Frost's head from behind. She begins to relentlessly absorb the energy out of Frost.

Rogue finally releases her grip and Frost collapses, unconscious. Rogue looks down domineeringly at her. Logan, Storm, and Alex catch up as Beast watches on with relief.

INT. CORRIDOR, GENOSHA - DAY

A trail of hanging light bulbs. Remy approaches an entrance up ahead.

INT. MAIN HANGAR, GENOSHA - DAY

Remy enters and looks around. Piles of crates and heavy machinery scattered about.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP. A slow and steady applause from behind. Remy turns around to see Essex high up on a ledge.

ESSEX

My son...welcome home.

Essex steps down a set of stairs as Remy's eyes remain sharply fixated on him. Remy clenches his fists, ready to draw battle.

REMY

You cheated me. You lied to me about everything!!!

ESSEX

You were just a hapless beggar boy when you returned to me.

Remy is confused.

ESSEX (CONT'D)

That little ruse about the Summers family? Oh, you're far more special than that. I made you...molded you...and from what I have seen, the apple does not fall so far from the tree.

REMY

Tell me who I am.

ESSEX

I once had a son. He died young...but I never did give up on him. I remade him, replicated him...poured all my life's work into creating an offspring that death would never dare to steal from me again.

Remy is astonished.

ESSEX (CONT'D)

You have a destiny, Remy...chosen as one of the select few to lead under a new age.

REMY

You're full of shit, Sinister. I'm not one of your messengers...or whoever you say I am. I never was.

Essex nears Remy until they stand across from each other. He peers deep into Remy's eyes.

ESSEX

What a shame. You always were the rebellious child. You still are...

Remy tosses his trench-coat to the side.

ESSEX

...but it's never too late to be properly disciplined!

Essex telekinetically sends Remy flying across the floor. He rolls to a stop and scrambles back on his feet. Blood trickles down the side of his lip.

Essex charges at Remy, who instantly counters with a devastating blow to Essex's jaw. Essex is knocked over, but quickly recovers.

The two stand up and violently clash. The martial art of savate is emphasized through their maneuvers.

After several swipes from Remy, Essex appears to be liquefying into a gelatinous form. At every point of contact, a strand of black, tar-like substance stretches out and recedes back into Essex's body.

They continue to tear each other apart until Essex gains the upper hand and swings a fist into Remy's face, knocking him to the ground.

ESSEX

Come on, boy. Show me everything I taught you...show me the rage of a natural-born killer.

Remy pushes himself back on his feet and delivers a kick toward Essex. He evades the attack and returns a kick to Remy's back, sending him falling forward. Remy catches his balance and turns around to face Essex.

The two charge at one another once again. Remy gains the upper hand, sending a hard blow to Essex's chest. To his shock, his hand penetrates straight through, spitting out globs of black sludge.

Remy immediately retracts his arm. The open wound seals shut as Essex stands back up. He sneers at a petrified Remy.

REMY

What are you?

Essex viciously pounds Remy to the ground.

ESSEX

Death is man's most coveted gift. It is the end to all suffering and let it be true that man has suffered far too much.

Remy spits out blood and glares up at Essex.

ESSEX

You will understand that soon enough.

Essex hurls a crushing blow across Remy's face followed by another swing of his fist. Remy collapses to the ground and wheezes through his lungs.

He runs off, with a hand held over his chest. Essex slowly pursues him, as he makes a sharp turn around a group of crates.

ESSEX

There's nowhere to hide. I know exactly where you are.

Essex walks alongside the crates, peering into every niche. Remy then steps out from behind.

REMY

I'm not hiding.

Essex notices the unstable crate next to him emanating a subtle glow. A massive explosion ensues, the impact launching Essex far across the hangar. He crashes against a wall and hits the ground hard.

Essex lies writhing against the wall. His face has become grotesquely ashen white, bubbling like a hot, gelatinous substance.

Remy promptly rushes toward him. He stares down at Essex's hideous, bloodshot eyes.

ESSEX

(heavily coughing)

Killing me will not change the future.
Once you have crossed the iron gates of
hell, then will you know that death is
merely the beginning!

Remy is unshaken, his eyes fixated on his debilitated adversary, the epitome of all that is sinister. He coolly removes a glove from his hand and pulls out a DECK OF CARDS. He shuffles them.

REMY

You ever play fifty-two pickup, old man?

The deck of cards begins to glow incredibly bright, almost blinding. Remy flicks the entire deck, one card at a time, until the cards cover Essex's trembling body.

Remy heads to his nearby trench-coat. He picks it up and throws it over his shoulder.

The deck of cards lets out a burst of flames. BOOM!!! Essex explodes into several thousand pieces of charcoal and ash.

Remy strolls away, as one explosion follows another. Giant clouds of smoke arise and spread throughout the hangar. Remy glances back coldly to see an incessant blaze with no trace that a body was ever there.

Remy heads to the hangar exit. BOOM. One of the explosions sends a small, silver pocket watch before Remy's feet. He curiously looks down at it.

EXT. LANDING AREA, GENOSHA - DAY

A landing area extends for about a mile. The Blackbird is parked over a runway.

Logan and Storm stand by its side, while Rogue and Alex sit above it. Alex fuses shut the cabin opening with his plasma rays.

They all behold the conflagration that explodes out of the main hangar. Debris launches high into the sky as clouds of grey smoke permeate the area.

Up ahead, several SCIENTISTS in white lab coats rush out of the building. Pieces of rubble come falling from overhead as the explosions continue.

Suddenly, TEN CHOPPERS approach the island and park along the runways. General Thompson stands by a chopper, holding a MEGAPHONE.

THOMPSON

This is the U.S. Army! Put your hands over your heads!

Logan removes a smoking cigar out of his mouth.

LOGAN

Well, I'll be damned.

HUNDREDS OF TROOPS step out of the choppers and run over to the scientists. They hold the scientists up at gunpoint and walk them back to the choppers.

Cameron Hodge has his hands handcuffed together as he is walked to a chopper by two SOLDIERS. He steps into one of the choppers and glares out at the Blackbird in the distance.

Storm, Rogue, and Alex peer through the wall of fumes. Logan's eyes suddenly widen. He spots a figure walking toward them.

Rogue realizes who it is. She and Alex jump off the Blackbird to await the arrival. Remy strolls out of the dense fog, decrepit and exhausted. His hand is secured over a wounded shoulder.

Their faces express mild suspicion, except for an anxious Rogue. Remy approaches them and meets eye-to-eye with Logan.

LOGAN

No more games. We want the truth.

Remy tosses Logan the silver pocket watch.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

What's this?

Logan peers down at the watch in his hand. He flips open the top to reveal a black and white photograph of a 3-year-old boy.

REMY

What's left of him.

Logan closes his fist and looks back at Remy. Logan then thinks for a second and finally shakes Remy's hand.

LOGAN

Glad you're alive, Cajun.

They exchange warm glances. Rogue and Alex approach Remy.

ALEX

How are you holding up?

REMY

I'll be alright.

(to Alex)

What Sinister did to your brother...I don't think it had anything to do with me.

ALEX

What do you mean?

Remy addresses the X-Men.

REMY

He was planning something. Don't know what.

STORM

Well, the nightmare is finally over.

REMY

For now.

Remy's eyes wander over to Rogue, smiling at him. She walks over to him.

REMY

You miss me, chere?

ROGUE

You weren't gone for that long.

They embrace each other. Remy fondly smiles at her.

INT. MAIN CABIN, BLACKBIRD - DAY

Logan enters the Blackbird followed by Storm, Rogue, and Alex. He sees Beast resting on a pull-out stretcher with blankets draped over him. His eyes open.

Beast sees Remy, last of all, ascending the ramp. Beast's expression is met with reservation. Remy then joins the rest of the X-Men, united as a team, as they stand around Beast.

A feeling of understanding and compassion emerges from Beast's eyes as he observes the sincerity arising from Remy's face. Beast looks up at Storm, then Logan.

LOGAN

We can all go home now.

EXT. PYRAMID, EGYPT - DAY

The military copter's rotors continue to spin, sending clusters of sand streaming through the area.

Magneto and Mystique (in the form of Pyro), gaze up at the pyramid in wonder. Magneto holds the silver briefcase in hand as Mystique holds Angel's unconscious body over her shoulders.

INT. TOMB, EGYPT - DAY

Magneto and Mystique stand in an open area supported by stone pillars. In the center rests an ALTAR, backed by a towering MONOLITH inscribed with hieroglyphics.

Tied to the altar is Angel, his eyes shut and his shirt torn open. His fractured wings drape limply to the sides.

A JUG OF WATER sits on the altar. Mystique takes the jug and pours it over Angel's face. He wakes up to see Mystique and

Magneto standing by his side. He realizes that he is tightly bound to the altar, yet he is too weary to struggle.

ANGEL

(muffled)

What...what did you do with him?

MAGNETO

Who are you talking about?

ANGEL

You know who I'm talking about.

MYSTIQUE

Thought you were safe all along, didn't you?

Angel is speechless and struck with fear. Magneto turns around to see the fisherman. Then it hits him. The fisherman's eyes flash yellow. Magneto is stunned with disbelief.

MAGNETO

Where is Pyro?!?

MYSTIQUE

Erik.

Mystique reveals her true colors, her body covered in blue scales.

MYSTIQUE

It's been a while...since the day you abandoned me...the day I was apprehended by those self-righteous pigs.

MAGNETO

And now you end up in a dreary place like this. If I'm correct, this does not appear to be government work you're doing. Who are you working for?

MYSTIQUE

That's none of your concern.

Magneto strolls over to Mystique with his cloak draped over his hand which holds the briefcase. He holds it out to her.

MAGNETO

And yet we have the same agenda in mind.

Mystique eyes the briefcase.

MYSTIQUE

Open it.

MAGNETO

Now, now, my dear.

MYSTIQUE

I don't have time for games, Erik. Show me the artifact.

Magneto is unmoved. They have reached a stalemate, both aware of each other's motives. Magneto walks to the altar.

MAGNETO

Very well, then.

Mystique walks over to his side as he unlocks the briefcase next to Angel. The briefcase opens, revealing a brilliant, GOLDEN DAGGER. On the hilt is embedded a shimmering, DIAMOND-SHAPED RUBY.

Mystique's eyes open wide at the sight of the luxurious artifact.

MYSTIQUE

The dagger of En Sabah Nur.

Magneto's eyes shift to Mystique. His expression confirms her observation. Mystique's hand reaches toward the dagger until Magneto grasps a hold of it.

MAGNETO

Don't even think about it.

Magneto pulls her hand away. He raises the dagger up to sparkle in the light.

Angel begins to squirm violently. Magneto and Mystique approach the altar and wickedly gaze down at him.

ANGEL

(angrily)

What are you doing to me?!?!?

Magneto stares down at Angel.

MAGNETO

Angels are merely humans without their wings...inferior messengers lacking the least of authority. I am making you into a god.

ANGEL

No! Let me go!!!

Mystique stares into his eyes. Her face is numb and petrified as she sounds out only one word.

MYSTIQUE
(under her breath)
Milbury.

Magneto recognizes the name immediately.

MAGNETO
Milbury?

Magneto's eyes are struck with blatant fear. His face is frozen.

EXT. PYRAMID, EGYPT - NIGHT

A streak of light blasts through the top of the pyramid, completely demolishing half of the structure. Loads of debris and red-hot embers erupt into the sky.

The ground quakes uncontrollably, until the pyramid finally crumbles to pieces. An enormous dust cloud dangerously rushes throughout the expanse.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM, MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER - NIGHT

The room experiences a minor quake. Xavier lies alone in bed. His eyes are wide open, but dead still. The heart rate monitor flat-lines.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL BOARD ROOM, U.S. CAPITOL - DAY

SENATORS, CONGRESSMEN, and VARIOUS REPRESENTATIVES have convened, their eyes all focused to the front pulpit. Beast stands behind a podium.

BEAST
Members of Congress and fellow
Americans...beyond the past years' normal
course of events, we have witnessed a
momentous turning point to the governance
of this nation. We have grieved and
suffered over the casualties resulting from
the evil incarnate that has threatened our
world.

MONTAGE - THE X-MEN BACK AT THE MANSION

-- EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - A green field with several hundred white, wooden crosses trailing off into the distance. On some of the crosses, we see photographs of familiar mutants from the

night of the massacre. Storm stands before the graves, quietly mourning.

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

I now stand here to tell you that such atrocities will never dare step foot within our borders again. The President made a costly and most fatal decision, and we have taken the appropriate measures to subdue these misfortunes. Tomorrow, we look forward to a new regime...

-- INT. LIVING ROOM, X-MANSION - DAY - Jubilee and Sam Guthrie are seated on the sofa, watching the news. On screen, the president is nervously seated behind a desk, giving a speech. The headline reads: PRESIDENT TO BE IMPEACHED?

-- INT. LOBBY, X-MANSION - DAY - Logan stands in the middle of the lobby, staring up at a giant hole in the ceiling. He shakes his head.

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

...a new age...a future where our people...children of this nation can grow in a safe and secure homeland, liberated of the terrorism that fails to jeopardize this country's ever-enduring freedom.

-- INT. LIVING ROOM, X-MANSION - DAY - Logan enters. Jubilee and Sam slowly turn around. Jubilee nervously waves to Logan.

-- INT. BALCONY, X-MANSION - DAY - Remy and Rogue stand outside the balcony window looking intimately into each other's eyes. Their hands are held together.

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

The wounds we have suffered will take time and patience to heal. Despite our triumphs, we must learn to rebuild ourselves...to rebuild the heart of this nation.

-- EXT. COURTYARD, X-MANSION - DAY - Alex stands before Scott's gravestone. His face appears unconvinced.

-- INT. ANGEL'S BEDROOM, X-MANSION - DAY - Kitty and Colossus stand by the door. They take one last look at a PHOTOGRAPH, displaying the two of them and Angel on a green field. Colossus places a hand on Kitty's shoulder and closes the door on their way out.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL BOARD ROOM, U.S. CAPITOL - DAY

BEAST (CONT'D)

The flames of battle have been purged...but
in order for this nation to forever
prevail, we must anticipate the rise of new
enemies...and the resurgence of old ones.

Beast has a grim look on his face.

INT. MAIN HANGAR, GENOSHA - NIGHT

Debris is scattered around the hangar. The air has cleared of
smoke and dust. Clusters of miniscule black particles lie
dispersed across the floor.

The particles begin to drift in the air towards a concentrated
nucleus. The nucleus constantly expands into an amorphous black
mass of particles.

EXT. MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER, SCOTLAND - NIGHT

The fully repaired Blackbird is parked on the rooftop.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM, MUIR ISLAND RESEARCH CENTER - NIGHT

The heart rate monitor is powered off.

The X-Men enter to see Moira seated in a chair with Sean standing
beside her. On the bed lies the lifeless body that once housed
Xavier's consciousness.

Moira and Sean sorrowfully look at the X-Men. Logan and Storm
rush over to the bedside, with the rest of the X-Men following.
They look down at Xavier's face. His eyes are closed.

Logan and Storm are devastated. The rest of the team joins in
the grief.

STORM

Professor. Professor!!!

LOGAN

What happened?!?

Tears in Moira's eyes. She is too heartbroken to say a word.
Sean comforts her and hands a piece of PAPER to Logan.

SEAN

He left this behind.

FADE TO WHITE

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT TO DAY

A starry sky. The Atlantic Ocean drifts by at mach speeds, as if we are zooming by on a jet.

XAVIER (V.O.)

My dearest X-Men. Do not be troubled, for I have embarked on a private journey to search for answers. The tragedies you have witnessed are only the beginning of a desperate future that I solemnly fear lies ahead.

The sky gradually becomes brighter as we catch the first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty.

XAVIER (V.O.)

I cannot predict the events of tomorrow...but I can only speculate that this world may, indeed be approaching its end of days.

We approach the medical building at NYU and speed through the building until we are underground. We slow down significantly.

INT. CORRIDOR, UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - NIGHT

A corridor of distorted walls covered with torn electrical wires. Debris crashes down from the ceiling.

At the end of the corridor lies a SINGLE CAPSULE with a window bolted over it. The immaculate body of a WOMAN with a familiar face floats in the liquid. Dark brown hair flows down to her shoulders. The woman resembles JEAN GREY, only not entirely.

Her closed eyes are heavily trembling. They open.

FADE TO BLACK.