

**XXX**

I HAVE NO MOUTH AND I MUST EXTREME

Written by

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In

12 straight hours

OPENING CREDITS SEQUENCE:

A microscopic camera SWOOPS and dives around different circuits which glow and spark with energy.

We are inside of something computerized. It's very Fight Club.

We zoom and swoop through arcing blasts of blue and yellow electricity until we emerge from the very tiny speaker hole of a computer.

Back, back, back we pull until...

REVEAL: A hacker is hurriedly downloading something she shouldn't be. The big download bar which never exists with this kind of expository clarity in real life ticks closer and closer to completion.

She looks over her shoulder through a curtain of sharp bangs. This is ZENDAYA.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Two GUARDS (RuPaul and Paulie), butch as hell and racked out with tats, approach a third guard who appears to be sleeping on the job.

RUPAUL  
Hey. Paco. Wake up.

PAULIE  
He is sleeping. We must not disturb him.

RUPAUL  
We ain't getting paid by the Tortuga to slack off.

RuPaul slaps the sleeping guard (Paco) in the face. No response.

RUPAUL  
Shit. He's dead.

PAULIE  
Death is a kind of sleep.

RUPAUL  
Shut up. Someone's in here.

They draw their AR-15s and start approaching the door to the computer room.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Zendaya isn't finished downloading but she's incredibly close. As close as the guards' footsteps.

ZENDAYA

Come on, come on, come on...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The guards flank the doorway. Paulie slowly reaches for the doorknob.

Then he CRANKS it and RuPaul kicks it open, HARD. They sweep in, guns drawn.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

But no one's there.

Reveal: Their guns are pointed at an unoccupied computer screen, with "DOWNLOAD COMPLETE" finished.

WHIP TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Zendaya is booking it, her backpack bouncing wildly over one shoulder as she hoofs it at high-speed.

A super-sick MIATA tricked out with a dope paint job (black flames) ROAAAARS around the corner in hot pursuit.

CAR POV: From a low-angle on the front bumper of the car, we see the vehicle approach closer and closer to Zendaya. She is not gonna get away.

Until-

EXIT CAR POV

As Zendaya LEAPS over a chainlink fence. Her aim is true and she practically Jet Lis up the thing, but the car barrels through it and it sends her falling to the ground.

That fucking hurt. She coughs dirt and grabs her backpack as the car reverses, coming back to finish the job.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Zendaya runs into an alleyway, but looks to the end of the

alley and is dismayed to find that there are no doors.

No ladders.

No escape.

Bad choice.

The ROAR of an engine causes her to turn around.

RuPaul and Paulie slap each other on the shoulders,  
CHUCKLING with glee as they floor it towards Zendaya.

RUPAUL AND PAULIE  
Yeah man/Get that bitch/Woo-hoo!

Their side mirrors shatter as they gun it through the  
alleyway at 70 MPH. There is no getting around this Miata.

Zendaya is finished. She winces, closing her eyes in fear  
as the headlights loom closer and closer-

CU: The guards' eyes, full of rage and bloodlust.

CU: Zendaya's eyes, opening back up in a state of calm.

Zendaya flips both of them off and jumps backwards,  
revealing -

An industrial-strength pylon in the center of the alleyway.

CU: The guards' eyes switch rapidly to fear, as they careen  
towards their doom.

Super-slo-mo: The Miata CRUMPLES around the pylon as  
Zendaya leaps backwards to safety. Glass explodes from the  
windshield and the guards go FLYING out the front, getting  
cut up miserably on the shattered windshield portal.

Their bodies land on either side of Zendaya, gushing blood  
from the impact and glass.

She stabs them both to death and grabs one of the AR-15s,  
with clinical precision, not wasting a second of time.

She grabs her backpack again and speaks into her phone:

ZENDAYA  
TJ. This is Zendaya. The package  
is secure.

As she exits the alleyway, stepping over the destroyed  
Miata, we hear the opening bass drum kicks and guitar  
strums of Disturbed's "Down With the Sickness."

But right before we get to the lead singer's iconic "OOOH-WA-AH-AH-AH," HARD CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A muscled dude, shrouded in silhouette, COUGHS with a distressing amount of phlegm into the bathroom sink.

His trembling, beefy hand grabs the faucet and turns on some cold water, washing blood down the drain. He cups some more liquid and splashes it on his face.

The back of his neck has Three Super Extreme X's tattooed on them.

The mirror cabinet shuts to reveal the man, the myth, the legend: XANDER MOTHERFUCKING CAGE.

His eyes are bleary. He puts on sunglasses to cover how shit he looks.

He cracks another Monster as he walks into his island hideaway home.

INT. XANDER'S HOME - DAY

The wide-open screen doors reveal an island paradise outside, but Xander appears to be completely over it. He shuffles over to the glass cabinet with his board shorts and tight-fitting tank top.

He pours a tumbler's worth of green fizzy Monster into a glass. Cracks two ice cubes and plops them into the glass.

Then he just pounds the entire fucking can of Monster instead, drinking at least 500% more than what he uselessly poured inside the glass.

He looks in the reflection of a mirror. Who is he? What has happened to him?

A photo is wedged into the side of the mirror. It's a polaroid of him and the Russian girl from the first xXx movie.

He grabs the glass of monster and throws it against the wall in rage. Then he smashes the can against his abs, flattening into a pancake.

Then his phone rings. He picks it up.

XANDER

Speak.

OLD LADY (O.S.)

They're back again. I know I'm not supposed to call you like this, but...my children play in these streets. And they're dealing.

Xander grumbles.

OLD LADY (O.S.)

Please don't crush your phone-

Xander crushes the phone to dust in his grip.

EXT. FAVELA - NIGHT

Five DRUG DEALERS (#WILDCARD, SULPHURIC, CHEST, SKEEBLO, PIGGLESBY) convalesce in the streets dealing drugs to each other.

SULPHURIC

These drugs are gonna make these teens go *loco*, man.

#WILDCARD

I dunno, man. Do you think he'll come back?

CHEST

Who'll come back?

SULPHURIC

Oh shut up guys, he's gone. He hasn't shown his face in months.

SKEEBLO

In months!

SULPHURIC

Shut up, SkeeBlo.

A shadow WHOOSHES past the rooftops. Everyone turns in separate takes, well past it being appropriate to turn.

CHEST

Shit! Was that him?

SKEEBLO

Him?!

SULPHURIC

Everyone be cool! Get out your  
guns. Follow me.

#WILDCARD

I am going to run in a straight  
direction away from all of you!

He tears off running down the back alleys of the favela.

POV: The scared little drug-dealer looking over his  
shoulder as he runs away. We're looking at him from high up  
on the rooftops.

CU: The xXx tattoo on the back of the neck. It flexes  
mightily as Xander cricks his head in either direction.

CU: Xander's mouth.

XANDER

(erotic whisper)  
*I live for this shit.*

Xander jumps off the roof.

#Wildcard is running for his life, which is about to be cut  
ruthlessly short. From above, two unbelievably-yoked arms  
beef him out of existence, shattering his neck with a  
single twist. Mid-air neck snap.

The rest of the drug-dealing crew hears his final words,  
which were just a wussy DEATH YELP.

They scatter.

SULPHURIC

COME BACK HERE! WE'RE STRONGER  
TOGETHER! YOU HEAR ME?! COME BACK!

They don't hear him. They run for their lives. Sulphuric  
backs up, swinging his gun in random directions.

SULPHURIC

WE'RE STRONGER TOGETHER!!!!

He bumps into Xander, who is hanging upside down like  
Batman behind him.

XANDER

I'm stronger.

He crushes Sulphuric's rib cage with the strength of his  
bear arms. CUT TO:

Drone cam shot, sweeping over the intersecting alleyways of the favela as the rest of the dealers run alongside each other, snaking in and out of the shared passageways.

A shadow passes over CHEST.

CHEST

He's here! Guys, the Phantom is here!

A hunting knife is hurled into his sternum. We hear the bone crunch. Before he hits the ground, Xander pounces on him to pull it out, never breaking stride as he recovers his knife.

Only once Xander exits the frame does Chest finally hit the ground dead.

Pigglesby and Skeeblo are back-to-back, guns drawn. They are terrified.

PIGGLESBY

Skeeblo, if we make it out of this, I'm buying you more drugs.

SKEEBLO

Drugs? I love those!

The shadow descends for Pigglesby. Skeeblo runs backwards.

Xander's feet perch on Pigglesby's hips, stabbing him over and over and over as Pigglesby staggers backwards.

Skeeblo tries shooting Xander, but only succeeds in filling Pigglesby's back with lead. Xander is effectively using his stabby meat puppet as a bullet shield.

Once Pigglesby hits the ground, Xander tucks and rolls with the fall and comes out of it throwing the knife with expert precision into Skeeblo's forehead. He is flung backwards 10 feet from the impact of the knife and smashes into a parked car.

What a goddamn bloodbath.

The old lady we heard on the phone hobbles out of her house.

OLD LADY

Hey! You asshole! That was my car!

Xander turns to look at her.

XANDER

You called this hit in.

OLD LADY

I wanted to clean the streets of  
this scum! You don't care about  
this neighborhood!

XANDER

You pray for the storm, don't come  
crying because you don't have an  
umbrella.

Xander struts away from the murder scene as the Old Lady  
yells after him.

OLD LADY

You're no better than those thugs!  
You stink of taurine! Get out of  
here!

INT. XANDER'S HOME - NIGHT

Xander pops open another BFC (Big Fucking Can) of Monster  
and chugs it. He looks outside his porch at the roiling  
ocean.

Is this his life?

He holds the photo of him and the Russian girl from the  
first movie. YELENA.

YELENA (V.O.)

Xander! Xander Cage! Save me!

Xander looks at the photo intensely. His memories fill his  
head.

YELENA (V.O.)

Xander! XANDEEEEEERRR!

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Xander and Yelena are filling out divorce papers while  
their LAWYERS watch.

XANDER

This is bullshit. Divorce after  
two months? Did Bora Bora mean  
nothing to you?

YELENA  
XANDER! SAAAAAAAVE MEEEEEEEEE!

XANDER  
She just yells this stuff for  
kicks.

YELENA'S LAWYER  
That's not what her  
psychotherapist said, SIR. You're  
getting off lucky as far as I'm  
concerned.

YELENA  
XAAAAAAAANDEEEEEER!!!!

Hardcore dutch-angle of Xander's signature as he angrily  
presses pen to paper and gives the end of his married life  
the good ol' John Hancock.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. XANDER'S HOME - DAY

CU: HIS XXX TATTOO.

Xander is passed out face-down on his Ikea couch. Cans and  
cans of Monster and Sugar Free Red Bull surround him.

We hear GUNSHOTS in the distance. Then:

ZENDAYA JUMPS THROUGH THE SLIDING GLASS DOOR, TUCKING AND  
ROLLING.

Xander wakes up, launching off the couch and doing a  
graceful spin as he draws his pistol towards Zendaya.

Coming out of her roll, she executes the same exact spin as  
she draws her gun. They're both pointing guns at each  
other, John Woo-style.

A staredown.

ZENDAYA  
Let. Me. Go.

XANDER  
First you tell me why you  
interrupted my breakfast.

Without turning her head, she looks around at the scattered  
energy drink cans all over his floor.

ZENDAYA

Liquid breakfast, I take it?

XANDER

I'm watching my figure. Now who are you and what are you running from?

ZENDAYA

You don't want to get involved. Trust me.

XANDER

Try me.

ZENDAYA

Trust me.

XANDER

Try trusting me.

Gunfire ends this unbelievably shitty exchange of dialogue that was going nowhere. It RIPS through Xander's walls and they both duck for cover.

XANDER

MY EKTORP!!!

Zendaya gets up and books it for the door, already filled with bullet holes. She's gone.

Xander gets up and surveys his utterly destroyed home.

He sees, in the distance, three armored vehicles approaching on the beach. Then he turns to look out the door Zendaya just ran through.

EXT. XANDER'S HOME - DAY

The trucks approach and a bunch of GOONS hop off, running into the flat.

GOON (O.S.)

She went through here!

INT. XANDER'S HOME - DAY

The goons do a typical sweep as they enter. No sign of Xander or the girl. But the head goon, with a scar running down his face, grabs a photo ripped in half from the floor.

It's Xander's photo of him and Yelena. The Xander side.

The scar goon smiles.

GOON

What is it?

SCAR GOON

You know that asshole that beat up  
some of our gunrunners a few  
months ago?

GOON

The shadow?

SCAR GOON

I think we just lucked ourselves  
into a two-for-one deal.

SLOW PUSH on Xander Cage on the photo.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Xander chases Zendaya through the streets of this packed  
Mexican border town.

XANDER

Wait!

He runs up over ten parked cars, vaulting over each one to  
close the gap between him and her. At the last moment, she  
kicks someone off their bicycle and rides it away. He's too  
late to grab her.

XANDER

Come back here!

He grabs his kidney, wincing in pain. Then he shakes it off  
and continues running after her.

The chase takes the two of them to a huge DAY RAVE.

INT. DAY RAVE - UM, DAY

Hot, sweaty bodies writhe to the pounding EDM as DJs spin  
incredible beats.

An MTV HOST yells into camera.

MTV HOST

Welcome back, it's Spring Break  
Juarez, with Calvin Harris in the  
mix. We're about to watch a guy  
blow a condom up over the top of

his head, Brutus are you ready??

BRUTUS, a beefy college dude, stretches the Magnum condom over the top of his head, nodding. Super pumped to do this.

Meanwhile:

Zendaya weaves through the dancers. She slings her backpack low and ties her running shirt into a knot. Now she's club ready and blends right in.

Xander chases after her, arriving at the head of the throng of writing co-eds. In his Gen-X tats and tight white tank top, he doesn't blend in at all.

But he spots Zendaya way in the distance of the crowd and goes for it.

MTV HOST

Brutus are you ready to do this bro?

BRUTUS

I have been literally waiting my entire life to wrap this condom over my head and breathe it into a big balloon via my nostrils, Brendan.

MTV HOST

Crowd, are you ready for Brutus to take this Magnum condom to the next level with his nose and top part of the head?!

They CHEER LOUDLY.

Xander Cage, towering above them and cleaving too big a path through the young co-eds thanks to his enormous shoulders, looks around for Zendaya. Where is she??

The Goons silently climb up to the rafters of the rave. Sniper scopes on.

Xander is right in their sights.

SCAR GOON (O.S.)

(on intercom)

Switch to beanbags. We want them alive.

SNIPER GOON

Sir, I can't find the girl.

The scarred goon growls into his mic. He can't find her from his vantage point either.

SCAR GOON

Bring down Xander Cage, then.

SNIPER GOON (O.S.)

That the beefcake trying to blend in here?

SCAR GOON

Yeah. Tank top asshole. I bet they're working together.

Cut back to the sniper. He switches his sniper gun to "beanbag mode."

Cut to Xander Cage. He looks around frantically for her.

Cut to Brutus, flexing his arms in a strongman pose as he breathes more and more air into the condom stretched over his head. Pumping it bigger and bigger.

CROWD

GO! GO! GO! GO!

The sniper scope focuses directly on the back of X's head.

Xander Cage's instincts kick in. He turns to look exactly in the direction of the sniper up on the rafters...

...but his kidney aches again, and he cringes, frozen in pain.

The sniper lets rip a few rounds of beanbags, pegging Xander Cage right in the head, knocking him out instantly.

One nails Brutus, onstage, right in the throat. His balloon-sized condom fills up with blood from the inside and he collapses.

The crowd SCREAMS and everyone panics, running away, stepping over Xander's unconscious body.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

XANDER'S POV: Slowly, light spills in to the opening eyelids, but the vision is still blurry.

There's not much to see, though. Just chains and shadows, with X hanging from a hook chain above, bathed in a single

spotlight.

We hear a DOOR open. Footsteps enter slowly. Methodically.

XANDER

(without seeing them)

If you're here for the girl, I  
don't know who she is.

Into his plane of vision steps AUGUSTUS GIBBONS (Samuel L. Jackson). Impeccably tailored and cool as ever.

GIBBONS

Oh, we know who she is, Triple X.

Xander lunges for Gibbons but can't reach him. Gibbons doesn't flinch for a second.

GIBBONS

I can tell you missed me.

XANDER

Next time, I won't.

GIBBONS

Come come, Xander. You've faked  
your death all these years and the  
most you can manage is an empty  
threat?

XANDER

Tell me what you and your monkeys  
outside want.

GIBBONS

Those aren't my monkeys. In fact,  
those monkeys don't even know I'm  
here.

XANDER

Bullshit. You're behind all this.  
Trying to get something out of me.

GIBBONS

You can believe that if you want.  
But once this cartel of gunrunners  
finds out I'm in here, having a  
friendly discussion regarding your  
escape, they're not going to like  
it very much. Say, how do you  
think our organs are going to look  
on that ceiling? Might spruce the  
place up a bit.

Xander looks at Gibbons blankly.

GIBBONS

Oh. So now that I ask you a question about decoration, you go all silent. Well then, allow me to elaborate:

Gibbons paces a slow circle around Xander.

GIBBONS

That girl that came into your apartment is Zendaya Catron. She's part of a crew of vigilantes who are taking down cartels running guns into the country. She just stole a data stick worth of information that could give up the cartel's entire operation. But they won't share it with the US Government.

XANDER

So that's where I come in. Bail me out and make me a government stooge again.

Gibbons gets right up in his face.

GIBBONS

*Don't. Don't do that.*

XANDER

Don't do what?

GIBBONS

Don't pretend you don't miss it. The guns, the girls, the globe-trotting. Being King Shit of Bang Mountain. The Ultimate Extreme Skate Monster of the United States of America.

Xander quells his burbling rage. He misses being King Skate Monster.

GIBBONS

Your mission, should you choose to accept it - and you definitely choose to accept it, because otherwise I'll carve that tattoo off the back of your neck myself - is to infiltrate Zendaya's gang, get in with her leader, and

deliver that info to me. Augustus Gibbons. Which continues to be my name.

Xander stares him down, growling. Gibbons sniffs his breath.

GIBBONS

And I'll supply you with all the Monster Energy Drink you could ever want. Clearly you have a taste for it.

XANDER

You gonna cut me down or take me out for dinner or what?

Gibbons smiles.

GIBBONS

Still got your attitude. Let's see if you got your skills.

He pulls a lever that LOUDLY cranks the hook chain down. X's combat boots touch the ground and he's able to get out.

Gibbons recedes into the darkness as the CLUNKS of multiple boots approaches.

GIBBONS

They're coming. Now get going, X. Your government needs you.

He's gone.

The door gets KICKED OPEN and 2 jackbooted gunrunning goons enter, ready to bust heads.

GOON

We made that hook chain super escape proof! What gives?

XANDER

I escaped it. That's what gives.

They approach. He starts whooping ass, easily dispatching both of them with a kick to the solar plexus and a superman punch.

But then two more goons enter. And two more. And four more. And six more.

Now fourteen goons have filled up the room. X is still battle ready.

GOON 14  
Seriously, dude? 14 of us?

XANDER  
You're in the Xander Zone. And the  
house always wins.

They approach from all sides. Xander grabs one dude from behind and hurls him at another guy. He sweeps low and trips three guys with a spin of his leg.

He comes up snapping necks, vaulting off of one guy's head and using it to run across the circle of goon faces surrounding him. Every step is another kick to the head.

After pounding face with his boots in a perfect circle for three entire rounds, he drops the dude he was hanging onto with a powerful duplex.

WIDE SHOT REVEALS THEY'RE ALL TAKEN OUT.

Xander turns to the doorway.

INT. GUNRUNNER HALLWAY

Xander Cage emerges from the room with a goon's outfit on. More goons rush past him, not noticing he's not one of them.

XANDER  
They cut him down. Had to take him  
to the bathroom.

They're not listening as they continue to run past him.

XANDER  
He had to pee real bad.

No one cares or notices him.

XANDER  
Had to pee. Really had to let it  
go there. Lotta juice in that  
dong.

Let it go, Xander.

He makes it around the corner. From inside the room he was being held captive, we hear:

GOON (O.S.)  
There's no way 14 dudes needed to  
help him take a leak.

CU: RED ALARMS SOUND and FLASH.

Xander runs over to a lineup of rad motorbikes, taking one off the rack.

SOUNDTRACK: "CLICK CLICK BOOM."

Xander guns it out of the compound.

EXT. GUNRUNNER COMPOUND - NIGHT

Xander puts rubber to dirt, shredding into a tight turn and rounding the corner of the compound while goons in the watchtowers fire bullets.

Xander pats down the pockets of his Goon escape disguise for grenades. He finds several and hucks one into a watchtower, blowing up two dudes as he drives past.

The Scar Goon grabs a sniper rifle from one of the underlings as he approaches a vantage point.

SCAR GOON  
Gimme that shit.

Xander continues to evade gunfire from down below.

XANDER  
Dammit, where's a ramp?!

Scar Goon steadies his aim but Xander dips around the other side of the compound just in time.

SCAR GOON  
He'll come back. There's no way out of here but this 50-foot fence. And we made sure to bring in ZERO ramps here.

Xander has to think fast.

XANDER  
(to self, erotically)  
*Start thinking Playstation.*

Xander pulls out an AR and starts LIGHTING UP dudes on the watchtower above him, as well as those pouring out of the doors coming for him.

He builds an ever-growing pile of bodies.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the compound, Scar Goon grows frustrated.

SCAR GOON

He should be coming around by now!  
Is he doing some sort of sick  
trick?

The goon underling next to him shakes his head, unknowing.

SCAR GOON

WELL GO BACK THERE AND FIND OUT!

Meanwhile, on X's side of the compound: He's continuing to kill people in an exceedingly neat pile of dudes. The more goons that come running out of the doors, the more he fortifies his base. The more who come around to take him out from the watchtowers above, the higher he builds his ramp.

The UNDERLING GOON who was sent over by scar goon sees what he's doing. He turns to yell across the way at Scar Goon:

UNDERLING GOON

HE'S LEARNING TO FLY-

Another Xander bullet rips through the Underling's neck just then, taking him down and adding to the body ramp.

Scar Goon growls in frustration and picks up his sniper rifle, running towards the action.

Xander is done killing dudes. At least 130 people have died for this. He rides the bike away from the ramp about 50 feet to get a good running start.

The Scar Goon now has Xander in his vision, setting up his rifle quickly.

Xander throttles it.

Scar Goon gets Xander right in his sights.

Xander ramps it up the bodies. Their dead arms and torsos give way a little bit - it's not a perfect ramp, but it's bringing Xander closer and closer to freedom.

Scar Goon takes a deep breath, steadying himself.

Xander hits the lip of the ramp. Take off.

Scar Goon fires a shot just as Xander gets off the seat of the bike to perch on the handlebars. The bullet hits Xander's gas tank. IT EXPLODES.

The explosion launches Xander even further than the bike was going to take him. He reaches out with both arms,

Supermanning it clear of the explosion and easily making it over the fence.

He spins and throws a grenade in mid-air, and it lands right in front of the Scar Goon, detonating before he can get out of the way.

Outside of the compound, Xander lands on his feet perfectly. He is back in business.

He walks away from the flames behind him.

**END OF ACT 1**

EXT. PORTLAND, OREGON - DAY

Establishing shots of the forest and the city of Portland.

**SUPER: PORTLAND, OREGON.**

INT. WOKEWATER COMPOUND - DAY

Welcome to Wokewater. You won't find it on Google Maps.

It's blocked by any tracking signal, and it's where a crew of hip multi-culti late-millennials live, work and push the narrative forward.

Zendaya enters through the front door, entering the code to lock the doors behind her. The white walls and floors make it look almost like a secret hash bar at the Apple Store.

ZENDAYA

I got it. All of it.

The gathered operatives, as hip as she is, CHEER and high-five.

ZENDAYA

Where's TJ?

A slow CLAP leads her to turn behind her. It's coming from TJ, an older man about Xander's age. He's bald with piercings and is all smiles.

Don't worry if you don't recognize him, we'll catch you up later.

TJ

My girl. You did it.

They slam a Predator high-five. A high-five reserved only

for the most respected operatives in the field. Everyone watches them embrace in this incredibly esteemed way.

TJ

With this info, we'll finally be able to track where these guns are going.

ZENDAYA

And my part of the deal?

TJ's smile fades.

TJ

I was hoping you wouldn't bring that up.

He lets go and walks towards his ergonomic stand-up desk with the data stick. Zendaya gets angry, following him.

ZENDAYA

TJ. You know why I joined up with Wokewater. It was to get revenge on the man who murdered my family.

TJ

I know full well. It's kept you driven for the side of justice for so long. But I have bad news that I didn't know how to tell you.

The rest of the gathered operatives shy away. This is about to get awkward between the two and they don't want to be caught in the argument.

TJ is about to put the data stick into a USB slot in his computer when Zendaya grabs his hand.

ZENDAYA

Start talking.

TJ

I was there when your parents were killed, Zendaya. In the cocaine fields, gunned down just for picking plants. And yes, I knew the man responsible for their deaths.

ZENDAYA

But now you can't bring him to me. Some misplaced sense of conscience?

TJ

It's different with this man.

ZENDAYA

I have killed for this information, TJ. For you. Blood is on your hands whether you like it or not. What is one more life?

TJ

He saved my life that day. I wouldn't be here, bringing down these corrupt cartels, if it wasn't for him.

He brings his other hand over hers, in an attempt to calm her down.

TJ

And we wouldn't have met to complete this important mission.

ZENDAYA

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE MISSION!

Everyone turns to look at her. She doesn't care about the mission?

ZENDAYA

Hold up your end of the deal. Give me. A name.

Off of TJ's pained face:

EXT. WOKEWATER COMPOUND - DAY

CU: xXx's tattoo on the back of the neck, as it moves forward through the deep forest.

X holds a tracking device that's leading him towards a clearing. But nothing seems to be there.

He looks around. Takes off his wraparound shades.

XANDER

Thanks for nothing, Gibbons.

Then he hears a CHIRP and looks upwards to the trees.

A bird is perched on a branch high up.

It's metallic.

XANDER

Robot.

Xander waves hi to the bird.

INT. WOKEWATER COMPOUND - DAY

Xander is on the security cameras. A Wokewater ACTIVIST turns to TJ.

ACTIVIST

Boss? We got someone on the feed.  
He saw the bird.

TJ looks into the computer screens that show xXx on the cameras.

TJ

My god.

ZENDAYA

Who? Who is it?

TJ

An...old friend. Send him in.

They hit the big red button.

EXT. WOKEWATER COMPOUND - DAY

The hatch opens up beneath Xander's feet. He steps out of the way to look as it reveals a hole with a ladder to climb down.

He climbs down it.

XANDER

Bye bye birdy.

BIRD CAM

[DO NOT SPEAK TO ME]

INT. WOKEWATER COMPOUND - DAY

Xander steps inside, chill as hell as six activists surround him with guns.

ACTIVIST

Stand down! Don't move!

XANDER

Well, what is it, kid? Stand down  
or don't move?

ACTIVIST

It can be two things!

Xander rolls his eyes and grabs the gun away from the punk  
kid, cold-cocking him with the barrel straight in the face

ACTIVIST 2

Hey!

He's getting surrounded by other activists when TJ yells.

TJ

LEAVE HIM ALONE!

Everyone steps back as TJ enters.

XANDER

TJ?

TJ

Thought you could get rid of me,  
eh Xander?

He hugs Xander, who doesn't return the love. He's frankly  
still a little confused.

Zendaya steps into the space vacated by TJ when he went in  
for the hug. She eyes Xander suspiciously.

TJ whispers into Xander's ear, mid-hug.

TJ

(erotically)

*Don't mention the cocaine fields.  
If she knows you were there,  
she'll kill you.*

XANDER

Who, this cupcake?

Xander walks towards Zendaya.

ZENDAYA

Sorry about your sadbro beach  
house, dude. But I'd slow your  
roll right about now if I were-

Xander grabs Zendaya by the shirt and pulls her close.

XANDER

You know how big a ramp of bodies  
I had to build to get out of the  
hole you put me in?!

Zendaya uses Krav Maga to expertly flip Xander to the  
ground, on his back. She holds an arm to his throat.

ZENDAYA

You didn't have to follow me.

XANDER

I...thought you...needed help...

ZENDAYA

Yeah, how about now?

TJ

Zendaya! Get off him.

Zendaya looks at him like a pathetic tool. She gets off  
him.

TJ

She's a little testy when it comes  
to newcomers.

TJ helps Xander up.

TJ

Welcome to Wokewater.

XANDER

Some welcome.

TJ

Since we last met--in COLLEGE--

Zendaya overhears that last bit. It was clearly meant for  
her.

TJ

--I've gone on to build my  
compound here in Portland. We're  
off the grid and on the pulse.  
Delivering justice that only we  
can deliver, without the input of  
a corrupt government. We also take  
huge dumps on Gamergaters on  
Twitter.

XANDER

Sounds like you've done well for  
yourself.

TJ

Could always use an extra helping hand.

TJ's done with the main tour of the place.

XANDER

I ain't here to join your band of Tumblr Robin Hoods.

TJ

We don't use Tumblr.

XANDER

I'll keep it real. I'm here for one thing. I need info on some gunrunners. A cartel you guys may have hit up.

TJ

Why would you just...just come out and tell me to give up stuff I've been fighting months to get?

XANDER

Because I don't have time and I have a beach getaway to fix.

TJ chuckles, patting Xander on the back.

TJ

Xander. Man, you really do keep it real. Just like the college days.

XANDER

I went to the school of hard knocks, so I don't know what this college this is that you're talking about--

TJ pulls Xander into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Now that they have privacy, TJ growls into Xander's mouth.

TJ

Who sent you, bro?! Was it Gibbons?

XANDER

Yes.

TJ

I--okay, continuing to keep it real, I see--

XANDER

Keep 'em coming.

TJ

Why? What's his gameplay?

XANDER

He wants the info you guys have on this gunrunning cartel. Sharing is caring.

TJ

And what's in it for you?

XANDER

I get to go back to my hideaway in a shitty border town where I spend all day drinking Monster and clutching my liver.

TJ

Jesus, dude, that...I didn't know...

XANDER

I keep it real.

TJ

I don't know man, I always thought that once we parted ways in that cocaine field, you'd be like snowboarding down avalanches or face-screwing Mount Rushmore, or...

XANDER

I did all that. And now I'm retired. And I lost the only Russian terrorist hooker spy I ever loved.

TJ

Dude that sucks. How'd she go?

XANDER

Divorce. We divorced.

TJ

Oh. Bummer. But um, why?

XANDER

Cuz I'm a huge dick. I can't open up to anyone and I push them all away.

TJ

There isn't going to be a single question I ask that won't result in you telling the truth, no matter how bummericific it'll be, huh?

XANDER

That's right.

TJ locks the door.

TJ

What do you think of me? Am I like, cool?

XANDER

You're dope. You're doing really well for yourself and I'm a mass murderer who's dying from taurine poisoning.

TJ

Bro. Damn.

XANDER

I'm a wreck and I can't open up and I'm divorced and I'm a Monster-holic and I'm still working for a dude literally called Augustus Gibbons.

POUNDING on the door.

ZENDAYA (O.S.)

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON IN THERE?!

INT. WOKEWATER COMPOUND - DAY

Vin Diesel and TJ exit to look at Zendaya.

ZENDAYA

How do you know this guy again?

TJ AND XANDER

*College.*

ZENDAYA

So what, do you like, want in on the crew now?

XANDER

Sure. What's up first?

ZENDAYA

You have to prove you're cool.

Zoom in on Xander Cage.

XANDER

I am the coolest dude that's ever existed.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE - NIGHT

On stage we're watching two candidates try and talk over each other about gun control. On one end, Democratic candidate JEAN BOUCHARD, and on the right, Republican candidate DICK HOTCHKISS.

HOTCHKISS

I heard what you said, Jean-

BOUCHARD

No, Senator Hotchkiss, I don't think you understand the Constitution-

HOTCHKISS

I think the American people heard what you said too, and they're not prepared to hand over the presidency to a woman who threatens their livelihood to hunt and protect their homes-

BOUCHARD

Absolutely not what I was saying!

MODERATOR

I have to interrupt you both and say that you're running low on time. Final remarks.

HOTCHKISS

Ever since the terrorist Xander Cage stole my Corvette and drove it off a bridge, I have vowed to be the tough-on-crime candidate.

And my record proves that. Not only that, but I have an A+ rating from the NRA while cleaning up the streets of California, and if you think the Democrat here can pull off that balancing act, I've got a bridge in California that Xander Cage drove my Corvette off of that I would like to sell you!

Everyone stands to their feet CHEERING.

BOUCHARD

It is time for my remarks now--

MODERATOR

SHUT THE FUCK UP JEAN.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Hotchkiss KICKS open the door, greeted with cheers by his CAMPAIGN TEAM.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

Great work, Senator Hotchkiss.

HOTCHKISS

Or should you say, "President Hotchkiss?"

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

I...should?

HOTCHKISS

You absolutely should. Because there's no way my polls aren't going to skyrocket after that drubbing. And in two days, the votes are gonna come pouring in for Senator Hotchkiss!

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

You are our President!

HOTCHKISS

LET'S TAKE THIS MOVEMENT ALL THE WAY TO THE WHITE HOUSE!

They pop champagne, cheering. Hotchkiss turns to the window and stares outside at the throngs of people who couldn't get into the debates.

A sea of red Hotchkiss banners and signs are reflected in

the window. His people. His minions.

HOTCHKISS  
Welcome to **my** zone, Xander.

INT. MORNING RAVE - DAY

Sweaty 20-somethings dance with Beats headphones on. It's eerily silent.

Zendaya takes Xander into the entrance of the Morning Rave.

XANDER  
Where's the tunes?

Zendaya rolls her eyes.

ZENDAYA  
It's a silent rave, old man.  
Everyone's connected to the beat  
with these.

She hands him a pair of headphones.

ZENDAYA  
Switch on and follow the music.

Xander puts on his headphones, tentatively surveying the crowd.

Funky, quirky people of all body types and cultures dance in tune to music we don't hear.

Xander doesn't hear anything until Zendaya comes back and switches the headphones on for him.

All of a sudden we're hit, like X, with a blast of music: An Avicii remix of Drake's "One Dance."

Xander doesn't quite know how to dance to it, but he tries as Zendaya drags him further into the dance floor.

Despite himself, he is starting to get into the music. He sways his hips and does a little two-step.

Zendaya laughs at his outdated moves.

XANDER  
(very loudly because of  
the headphones)  
What, you've never seen the  
classics before?

Xander Cage does Hardcore Dancing, picking up change, doing leg kicks, full-on mosh-pit fuckery. He hits a few people in the back of the head, messing up everyone's vibe.

ZENDAYA

What the hell?

XANDER

It's a pit. If they fall, I help them back up!

Xander does crazy windmills but with his unstoppably buff tree trunk arms, they are WEAPONS. He obliterates several millennials with his powerful spinning hardcore fists.

The vibe is completely destroyed. X helps up bodies that are unconscious and they fall over again.

XANDER

IT'S A PIT! IT'S A PIT!

Xander screams over the Drake remix that it's a pit, as if to convince himself that this was a good idea and he was in the right to hardcore dance with his powerful limbs.

Zendaya shakes her head.

Xander opens up "The Pit" but it's really just a circle of people trying to get away from him. He proceeds to breakdance, doing incredible headspins and coffee grinders.

XANDER

IT'S A PIIIIIIIIIIIIIT

It's not even a pit anymore, it's a breakdancing circle, but he can't stop screaming "It's a pit."

He shatters so much glass with his buff spins, knocking juice cleanse glasses out of hipster hands, sending shards flying everywhere. No glass object is safe from his spinning feet as he continues his path of centrifugal destruction.

XANDER

IT'S A PIT PLEASE STOP ME IT'S A  
PIT I CAN'T STOP IT'S A PIT

INT. WOKEWATER COMPOUND - NIGHT

Zendaya SLAMS her fist on TJ's ergonomic table.

ZENDAYA

He's GOT to go.

TJ

So he doesn't understand morning raves! Who cares? I don't understand them either and I run this crew!

ZENDAYA

Yeah, but you *get* it, TJ. You know the fight we're all fighting, and you empower us to be able to fight it on our own. This guy is just a jacked weirdo with old tats and old scene moves. He's a danger to everyone around us and I don't even know what he's doing here!

TJ

He saved me a long time ago, Zendaya. It's something I don't talk about much. But I need this. Just as much as I need this ergonomic desk for my back injuries.

Zendaya walks away.

ZENDAYA

If you won't tell me who he is, I'll find out myself.

TJ

Wait!

She stops at the doorway.

TJ

He may not be cool anymore. But he's still got the moves where it counts. I know it. And that's why I'm sending you and Troy out with him tonight.

ZENDAYA

What?!

TJ

The data you recovered. It's given us their next move.

(beat)

They're taking guns into LA. So I'm sending you three down there.

Zendaya screws up her face, holding back a scream of rage.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Xander rides in the backseat as TROY rides shotgun. Zendaya drives.

TROY

Man, I'm sorry, I just - I still can't believe it's you! It's Triple-X! Everyone thought you were dead! And now you're back!

XANDER

Never went away, far as I see it.

ZENDAYA

Troy, how do you know this freak again?

TROY

The Xander Zone! The...the Xander Zone!

ZENDAYA

Not ringing any bells.

XANDER

I was the first-ever social justice vlogger. Not that you'd care about something like that.

Troy loves it.

TROY

He did so much dope stuff! This was all before Facebook or YouTube! He'd post the most sick clips to MySpace or the deep web, of him punishing assholes for trying to harsh the buzz of the youth. And all via sick stunts!

ZENDAYA

This sounds unbelievably obnoxious.

TROY

X! May I call you X?

XANDER

Call me Boopity Doop. Only you.

TROY

Wait, but--

XANDER

From now on, you call me Boopity  
Doop or else I execute you.

TROY

Um...Boopity Doop, what was your  
favorite stunt ever?

XANDER

Well, I guess it would have to be  
the time I stole that Corvette  
from that asshole Senator and  
drove it off a bridge.

ZENDAYA

Why would you do something like  
that?

XANDER

He tried to ban rap music and  
violent video games.

ZENDAYA

Oh, you mean the stuff that  
objectifies women and lets angry  
white boys take out their unearned  
frustrations on digital avatars  
all night long in their parents'  
basement?

Xander is taken aback by her takedown.

XANDER

...It's the only education we got.

Troy rolls his eyes.

TROY

Zendaya's tough to get to know,  
but eventually she'll come around.  
What was that dude's name even?

XANDER

Dick. Dick...

Xander looks out the window at giant election posters for  
DICK HOTCHKISS. His smug asshole face looking down.

XANDER

...Dick Hotchkiss.

Troy is not noticing the posters or noticing how Xander's  
putting this together. Still fancying.

TROY

Dude! Boopity Doop I wish you were my dad! Do you still airboard?

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Xander, Troy and Zendaya are perched on frosted glass on a high-up roof. They peer in with night-vision goggles.

ZENDAYA

Both of you chuckleheads follow my lead.

XANDER

Yeah, I don't make a habit of working with partners anyway.

TROY

All the more honor, sir.

ZENDAYA

There he is.

NIGHT VISION GOGGLES POV: A big, tough hombre walks into the factory to inspect the guns. This is LA TORTUGA.

ZENDAYA

La Tortuga.

XANDER

Are we supposed to know who this guy is? Am I supposed to care?

ZENDAYA

Maybe if you don't care about the kingpin behind the largest gun-running empire in Mexico suddenly showing his face in Los Angeles, then yeah, you don't know. I bet if you don't care about a lot of stuff, you don't know a lot of stuff either.

XANDER

Waiting for this to build into a sweet diss, sweetheart.

ZENDAYA

I don't know who you are but you can get the hell out if you want.

TROY

Guys! Guys! Let's focus on the

mission.

They peer back into their goggles.

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

La Tortuga grabs one of the guns, checking its weight and balance.

TROY (O.S.)

Oh, he, he's checking the weight.  
That's cool. That's what you'd  
expect I guess.

ZENDAYA (O.S.)

Don't need the color commentary,  
Troy.

La Tortuga CHUCKLES at an UNDERLING.

LA TORTUGA

I'm glad I came out here. This  
operation needed my work until the  
finish. You know who these guns  
are for, yes?

UNDERLING

Yes sir.

La Tortuga's expression falls.

LA TORTUGA

Who? Who do you know?

UNDERLING

Uh, um, I mean, I don't know sir-

He turns the gun on the Underling.

LA TORTUGA

See if this jogs your memory.

The Underling whimpers. Meanwhile, on the roof:

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Troy freaks out.

TROY

He's gonna kill that dude!

ZENDAYA

Wait. We have to know who these guns are going to, too.

XANDER

Greater good, right? What's another body amongst foundations?

ZENDAYA

Didn't you just brag in the car about killing a hundred dudes to make a ramp for your dirt bike?

XANDER

So?

ZENDAYA

That is LITERALLY ANOTHER BODY AMONGST FOUNDATIONS-

TROY

Guys! Stop fighting! They're talking!

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

La Tortuga has the barrel right in the underling's mouth.

LA TORTUGA

You feign ignorance in front of me?! Who are these guns going to? Say his name!

UNDERLING

...S-Senator Hotchkiss!

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Xander's eyes widen. Zendaya's eyes widen. Troy's eyes narrow.

TROY

Who's Senator Hotchkiss?

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

La Tortuga smiles.

LA TORTUGA

That's right.

He BLOWS THE UNDERLING'S HEAD CLEAN OFF.

LA TORTUGA

But you shouldn't have said his  
name.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Xander Cage is FURIOUS.

XANDER

HOTCHKISS!

He pounds the frosted glass they're resting on and it shatters, sending them falling down onto the sandbags below.

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

La Tortuga turns his gun to the trio that just fell through. They're temporarily hidden behind sandbags, so their cover is safe for now.

The bullets shred through the bags, sand pours out.

ZENDAYA

Great going, meatstick!

TROY

Don't body-shame him, Zendaya!

XANDER

Get behind the Jeep! I'll cover  
you!

Zendaya and Troy run out of cover as Xander stands up, blanketing La Tortuga and his incoming troops with fire. They dive away, but Xander succeeds in mowing down a few of them.

Zendaya hops in the Jeep, pulling out the wires underneath the steering column. She tries sparking the key wires together as Troy clambers into the back with the mounted turret gun.

Xander takes the opportunity to run headlong into the fray. A goon on a quad bike is driving towards him.

Xander jumps with both feet in front of him, smashing right into the goon's body and sending him flying off the quad bike. Xander grabs hold of the handles and effortlessly drives away.

La Tortuga gets up.

LA TORTUGA

He's back. And he's on a quad  
bike. My God.

He books it. Smart man.

The other goons rush in.

Xander uses his incredible core strength to hurk the front  
end of the quad bike and pin one of the goons to the wall,  
grinding his body further and further into the drywall.

Chunks of flesh, ripped off by the spinning front wheels,  
eventually lead to the poor goon's arms getting sucked into  
the wheel wells.

They are quickly shredded off his torso and the arms go  
careening out of the wheel wells to fly in either  
direction, spraying blood.

Before the other goons can get a shot off on Xander, he  
punches it into a higher gear (can quad bikes do that, who  
cares) and drives UP THE WALL - popping the goon's head  
like a grape as he powers up to go vertical.

Zendaya gets the Jeep hot-wired. The lights come on.

ZENDAYA

All right Troy, I can only drive  
this thing in one straight line,  
so aim true!

She punches the gas and tears forward. Troy locks and loads  
the mounted turret gun on the back of the Jeep and starts  
blasting away.

He MOWS DOWN GOON DUDES LEFT AND RIGHT.

Meanwhile, above the fray, Xander continues driving his  
Quad Bike on the wall. He rips off his tank top and jumps  
off the quad bike as its inertia finally slows down at the  
top of the wall.

Leaping away, Xander manages to wrap his tank top around a  
power line and hang from it like you would a zip line. The  
tensile strength of the fabric is all that keeps him from  
falling below.

The quad bike lands to the ground and EXPLODES. Nearby gas  
tanks catch the flames from the explosion and COMBUST AS  
WELL.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Just in time, Zendaya and Troy plow the Jeep through another wall. They barely escape the billowing flames, which shoot out of the hole they created by driving through.

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Xander hangs on for dear life as the flames get higher and higher. He looks and sees an opening, further down the power line, but he doesn't have much time left.

He swings forward and proceeds to zipline down the electrical cord with his tank top. The flames get higher and higher, his window of non-flame is closing ever smaller.

XANDER  
(erotic whisper)  
*Welcome to the Xander Zone.*

He lets go and dives through the empty space, just as the fire rages higher.

He lands on another quad bike and calmly drives out of the hole Zendaya and Troy made.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Zendaya and Troy cough from the fumes as Xander putters over to them.

XANDER  
Get on. We have to tell TJ that  
the guns are going to Senator  
Hotchkiss. Now!

They climb on.

XANDER  
Sweet. Both of you are on my new  
quad bike. Let's goooooo...

Xander drives away at top speed.

MONTAGE:

Set to the song that Alec is going to send me any day now, Xander drives through the moonlit streets of LA, tooling up the I-5, as the two woke teens sleep soundly on his flexing back muscles.

The quad bike breaks down in front of a quad bike dealership and Xander quietly carries both sleeping babes in his hands to a new quad bike. He steals one right off the lot and they continue sleeping.

XANDER (V.O.)

These monkeys are following me because I just took this car. Obviously it's not mine, it's not my style.

BEGIN FLASHBACK.

EXT. BRIDGE ROAD - DAY - 14 YEARS AGO

We see a younger Xander Cage speak into a Canon XL2 encased in titanium as he tools around in a stolen Corvette.

From the camera's POV, he looks into it, vlogging while driving.

XANDER

It belongs to Dick. Senator Dick Hotchkiss. You remember Dick. He's the guy who tried to ban rap music because he said it promotes violence. It's music, Dick! He's also the guy that wants to pull every video game off every shelf in the country. Because he feels that the video games diminish the intelligence of our youth. Come on, Dick. It's the only education we got. Dick, you're a bad man. You know what we do to bad men, we punish them. Dick, you've just entered the Xander Zone.

He drives the car off the bridge, into undulating sunlight and the glory of a misspent youth. A soft, twinkling fade back to the present day reveals:

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

END FLASHBACK

Xander has driven the quad bike off a cliff. Clothes flapping in the breeze as they careen further down, down, down into the depths of the gorge, Xander grabs both sleeping millennials by their belt loops and lifts them off the quad bike with him.

He pulls a parachute from the quad bike's storage compartment and holds them tight as he yanks the ripcord.

With a THUNK, the parachute has opened to buffet them all to safe landing on the gossamer tree trunks of Xander's sweet rippling 'ceps.

They wake up, rubbing their eyes.

TROY

Where...where are we?

XANDER

You guys were pretty pooped so I just drove us back to Portland. This should be the way to the hideout.

The quad bike, irrespective of how much sooner it should have hit the ground than them, SMASHES INTO THE ROCK QUARRY RIGHT NOW forty feet away. A huge explosion ERUPTS but it's not close enough to them.

ZENDAYA

Xander, I...I misjudged you. You still may not know what cool new dancing is, but you're all right in my book.

XANDER

There's four things you have to know about me, Zendaya.

She nods, ready to receive them.

XANDER

1, there's nothing wrong with me.

She nods. Okay. Got it.

XANDER

2, nothing wrong with me.

ZENDAYA

All right. Noted.

XANDER

3, nothing wrong with me.

TROY

Is this a reference?

XANDER

4, nothing wrong with me.

ZENDAYA

Okay man, you lost us.

Xander SCREAMS out of frustration.

INT. WOKEWATER COMPOUND - DAY

Xander Cage and his new best friends enter the compound. Everyone gathers around them. TJ steps forward.

TJ

Well?

XANDER

Zendaya? Your mission. You quarterback this one.

ZENDAYA

Didn't need the patronizing setup, but fine. The gunrunners we were trailing have been running an extensive campaign, bringing in military-grade weapons and incredibly explosive quad bikes across the border.

(beat)

La Tortuga himself visited the factory in Los Angeles to inspect the armament and, well...

TROY

It's Senator Hotchkiss.

Everyone GASPS. Xander is walking away, not caring about exposition he doesn't need to hear. In fact, he's hobbling off like a man possessed.

ZENDAYA

We don't know why he's taking these guns from Mexico, but it's Hotchkiss. And if he wins the nomination for President, something bad could happen.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Xander COUGHS UP BLOOD into the sink. He washes it down, splashing water on his face again. He reaches into his velcro pockets and pulls out a fresh Monster energy shot.

XANDER

Concentrated dose. You'll have to

do.

He downs the shot in one easy gulp and crushes the little bottle in his meaty paw.

TJ opens the door to the bathroom.

TJ

Zendaya just told us what you did in LA. Amazing stuff man. Looks like she's warming up to you, too.

XANDER

Great.

TJ

Hey, what's going on in here?

XANDER

I'm gonna be real with you, TJ.

TJ

Please don't be real with me.

XANDER

I just spit up more blood because I am addicted to the sweet nectar of slamming energy capsules.

TJ

Wow man, hey please lie to me.

XANDER

I do this because I live with the regret of causing so many people pain. My Russian hooker spy wife who divorced me and went insane.

TJ

I choose to not believe you and remember the titanic fuckbeast I always thought of you as.

XANDER

Everyone whose life has been made worse because I emboldened Senator Dick Hotchkiss to run for President on an anti-crime platform.

TJ

Please stop this foolishness at once, I love my idealized version of you Xander.

Xander punches the mirror.

XANDER

And Zendaya's parents! They were shot to death by helicopters when they raided that drug compound in 2002. They were aiming for me and her cocaine-picking parents got caught in the crossfire! Everything I touch, I destroy! This is why I drink! This is why I slam the devil's green rage slime known as Monster!

Zendaya swings open the door. She heard.

TJ

Uh - Zendaya, you - you heard us rehearsing a really shitty play just now...

ZENDAYA

So it WAS you. You WERE the guy who saved TJ at that compound. The guy all those helicopters were shooting at.

She pulls out her gun.

ZENDAYA

You're the reason my parents are dead.

She drops the gun to the ground and cracks her knuckles.

ZENDAYA

I want to make this hurt. Come at me.

TJ backs slowly away from both of them.

XANDER

I deserve death. And much worse. But you can't kill me, Zendaya.

ZENDAYA

Just watch me.

XANDER

You can't kill me, just like you can't kill the poisonous rage of Woodstock '99. I am the fumes of the bullgod's breath. I am eternal. I am Xander Cage and I-

ZENDAYA

Let's get out of this bathroom,  
this is all getting really emo.

XANDER

Agreed.

They leave the bathroom.

INT. WOKEWATER COMPOUND - DAY

Xander and Zendaya walk into the center of the room, still  
ready to fight.

XANDER

Man. Shit just gets really real in  
there for some reason. Okay. Here  
we go.

Zendaya spin-kicks Xander across the face, knocking him to  
the floor.

Everyone gathers.

ACTIVIST

Zendaya's fighting the old guy!

Xander feels his mouth, like it actually kinda stung. He  
smiles. His first real fight in years.

He gets back up, rolls his neck, and Muay Thais her right  
in the face with an elbow strike.

Zendaya recovers amazingly quick and scissor-kicks him in  
the dick. Xander crumples over, grimacing in pain.

She looms over him, ready to pile drive him, but he charges  
into her, grabbing her at the hips, and SMASHES her into  
the wall.

She strikes him on the neck, causing him to drop her. She  
sweeps low with her leg and trips him to the ground.

TROY

No! Zendaya! Boopity Doop! Stop!

ZENDAYA

STAY OUT OF IT, TROY!

Xander grabs her backpack, unzips it, and pulls it over her  
head. With the momentary distraction of darkness, he kicks  
her over, jumps onto her back, and surfs her body down a  
flight of stairs.

They SMASH out a window at the bottom of the stairs.

EXT. WOKEWATER COMPOUND - DAY

They fall to the pine-needle covered floor of the forest. Zendaya gets the backpack off and shakes off the pain.

Xander comes swinging at her with a haymaker, but she ducks. His fist pulverizes a tree behind her, and chunks of bark go flying. He keeps swinging, she keeps ducking.

Each punch takes out more of the tree.

ZENDAYA

You hate yourself, don't you, you  
little emo man?

Xander ROARS, swinging harder and faster. She's still too quick, and keeps ducking each punch, which heads straight for the tree behind her.

ZENDAYA

You're old. You're forgotten. No  
one cares about your dumb MySpace  
vlogs.

More punches, more ducks.

ZENDAYA

You're alone in your dumbass  
Xander Zone. Just like how you  
made me alone when you killed my  
parents. And that's where you  
deserve to be. Alone.

He gears back for one last punch. And she ducks it.

The tree cracks and starts to sway. It gives way and starts falling towards them.

Zendaya pulls out a knife, and with expert precision she stabs it down into his foot, pinning him there.

He can't get away in time. The tree falls on Xander, crushing him underneath.

Zendaya gets up, dusting herself off. She spits on the ground. Job done.

She walks away.

But then she hears a BEEPING noise coming from one of Xander's really cool boardshorts pockets.

She cocks her head. What.....

A JET FLIES OVERHEAD, CARPET-BOMBING THE COMPOUND.

INT. WOKEWATER COMPOUND - DAY

Bombs punch through the ceiling, detonating and enveloping the insides in flame and death.

Millennials dive out of the windows but several are killed. It is utterly brutal. A staggering, fearsome show of military strength.

EXT. WOKEWATER COMPOUND - DAY

Zendaya SCREAMS.

ZENDAYA

NO!!

Troy comes running around the other side.

TROY

Zendaya!!

ZENDAYA

Troy!

They book it together into the woods as a helicopter descends. A staircase opens for a pair of impeccable alligator shoes to walk down.

The man in the shoes makes his way towards the fallen tree, and the fallen hero underneath.

It's Gibbons. (Samuel L Jackson)

GIBBONS

Xander Cage. Two days infiltrating this crew of woke millennials and you're already a tree-hugger.

XANDER

(from under tree)

Eat shit, Scarface.

GIBBONS

Looks like the girl left you pretty much one with nature. No matter. We heard all we needed to from this.

Gibbons plucks the tracking device out of Xander's board shorts.

GIBBONS

You led us right to them, Xander.  
And now Senator Hotchkiss' hands  
are squeaky clean.

Speaking of clean, Gibbons leans down to casually wipe away a smear he sees on the top of his alligator shoes.

GIBBONS

Just in time to clinch the  
nomination. Never trust a  
government stooge to do an extreme  
sports enthusiast's work. That's  
what I always say.

Gibbons walks away, then stops.

GIBBONS

Actually, I never say that. As a  
matter of fact, I haven't thought  
about you in years. Take care,  
Triple X.

He gets back on the helicopter and flies away.

Night falls.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The ruins of the compound haven't stopped smoldering yet. A WOODPECKER flutters down to the top of the felled tree and starts pecking away.

Another woodpecker shows up. Then another.

Ten woodpeckers are chipping away at the tree. With furious speed, they peck and peck and peck.

Slow zoom-in on an owl from a faraway tree branch. It turns its head slowly, slowly, going for a full 360.

The woodpeckers peck away. Getting ever closer to the meat of the tree.

The owl's head turns more and more. It's facing 180 degrees away.

A nearby deer turns, startled, to look in the direction of the woodpecker's handiwork.

The woodpeckers are *just about there*.

The owl turns a full 360.

A BEEFY ARM BURSTS THROUGH THE TREE, CLENCHED IN A FIST OF  
RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION.

The woodpeckers, owl and deer all scatter as Xander's arm  
comes back down, grabbing purchase on the top of the tree.

One-handed, Xander Cage pulls himself through the hole of  
the tree, slowly crunching through at least three pure feet  
of wood. He emerges from his chrysalis, a tatted-up  
butterfly of fucking disaster.

XANDER  
(erotic whisper)  
*Hotchkiss.*

INT. ELECTION DAY CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Red balloons come streaming down. The atmosphere in this  
convention is NUTS. And it's all for Hotchkiss.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)  
With an overwhelming majority of  
the vote, California Senator Dick  
Hotchkiss has swept the country  
with his heartwarming message of  
crime and punishment, and will  
become our next president in the  
next ten minutes when the polls  
finally close!

Shots of Dick kissing his family, batting away balloons,  
making jaunty finger-guns at his ecstatic supporters.

Up in the rafters...

Zendaya climbs up higher and higher. She's almost made it  
to the projection booth.

Troy joins her, catching up, slightly out of breath from  
trying to follow her lead. They're both smothered in black  
grease to stay covered.

TROY  
How are we gonna stop him? He  
already won, you heard the news.

ZENDAYA  
We need to get to that projection  
booth. If we can show the world

proof of the gunrunning Hotchkiss  
is behind, our work will finally  
be complete.

She looks to Troy.

ZENDAYA

The revolution. Everything we  
wanted.

TROY

What happened to Xander Cage?

ZENDAYA

He's resting.

TROY

I fully believe you.

Zendaya zooms in with her binoculars on the projection  
booth.

ZENDAYA

There's a way in. Follow me.

They clamber through the zigzagging rafters. Down below:

Senator Hotchkiss takes the podium.

HOTCHKISS

America! I am forever in your debt  
for this incredible moment. This  
is your moment, too. It's mine,  
it's yours, it's the country's  
moment! We did it!

CHEERS.

HOTCHKISS

Crime will go away! Just all of it  
will leave and shit! It's amazing  
how it will just go away and you  
won't hear about any more cool  
crimes!

HUGE CHEERS.

HOTCHKISS

No more bank robberies. No more  
jewel heists or hip-hop purse  
thieves! No more chain rattling  
skater gangs or subway-jumping  
Nintendo gutter rats! No more  
hopped-up welfare scum and NO MORE

BIKER MICE FROM MARS!

ENORMOUS CHEERS.

One supporter to another.

SUPPORTER

There's no way he can deliver on  
the Mars mice.

SUPPORTER 2

SHUT UP AND ENJOY THIS MOMENT!

Back to Hotchkiss.

HOTCHKISS

I love all of you more than my ten  
children...

POV: A sniper scope focuses on Hotchkiss from a far  
distance. The crosshairs slowly settle right on his heart.

HOTCHKISS

From the ashes of my badass  
Corvette, which had all my Winger  
tapes, will rise the Phoenix of  
Law & Order! No extremist is safe  
within our walls, no criminal  
shall find comfort!

We pan along the extended barrel of the sniper rifle, until  
we reach the gloved trigger finger. It wraps tenderly  
around the trigger, ready to squeeze.

HOTCHKISS

As President, my first order of  
business will be --

We fade away from hearing Hotchkiss bloviate onstage.  
Instead, we see a shadow fall over the rifle.

The sniper notices someone's behind him, in the rafters. He  
takes his eye away from the scope to reveal:

The sniper is TJ.

And the shadow behind him is Xander Cage.

XANDER

Killing Hotchkiss won't stop his  
agenda, TJ.

TJ

I'm not killing him. I'm sparking

the real revolution.

With his eye trained on Xander still, TJ squeezes the trigger.

HOTCHKISS

A new jam session every morning--

The bullet strikes Hotchkiss right in the heart and he is knocked to the ground from the impact.

SCREAMS AND PANIC. THE NEW PRESIDENT HAS JUST BEEN SHOT.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH

CU on Zendaya and Troy as they watch the CHAOS unfold beneath them.

TROY

Uh, so now probably wouldn't be a good time to spread our message, huh?

INT. ELECTION DAY CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Xander GROWLS, grabbing TJ by the vest.

XANDER

You idiot!

TJ laughs.

TJ

Relax, bro. Don't be so uptight.

TJ takes a round out of his rifle chamber. Holds it up to the light so Xander can see.

TJ

Blood pellet. Mostly red paint. He's fine.

CU: Hotchkiss, eyes closed on the stage floor, barely suppressing a smile as the insanity happens all around him.

Back to TJ and Vin Diesel.

TJ

Now the real revolution begins. Smile for the cameras, bro.

TJ rolls away from Xander's grasp, and...

In Slo-mo...

...Plummets to his death, never breaking eye contact from Xander as he falls smiling.

Zendaya and Troy, up against the glass of the projection booth, watch him fall.

As TJ's body SPLATS on the ground, accompanied by more panicked SCREAMS, every available spotlight cranes upward to where he fell.

Xander's holding the sniper rifle.

BYSTANDER (O.S.)  
OH MY GOD!! IT'S HIM! HE'S THE  
SHOOTER!

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)  
We're getting visuals now of the  
shooter, it's not confirmed yet  
but he clearly fucking lifts--

Hotchkiss makes a meal out of his rise back up, clutching the podium to "Steady" himself.

He ROARS into the mic.

HOTCHKISS  
AMERICA! I AM ALIVE! AND THAT MAN  
IS XANDER CAGE!

Xander looks around, desperately, for a way out.

HOTCHKISS  
BRING HIM TO ME!

Secret service agents are already climbing up after him. He is surrounded.

Just as they appear to be closing in on him, he leaps -

And grabs two giant balloons, one in either hand.

It slows his fall considerably, reducing his plummet to a gentle float. This gives him enough time to rock back and forth, further and further, until he is spinning like a gymnast on the high bars.

Everyone SHRIEKS in terror and rage as they watch Xander float over their heads on two balloons, building up force with his incredible spinning abilities.

Everyone is too stunned to pull out guns or do anything but

SCREAM and step over each other.

Xander lets go, launching himself through a giant banner that reads "DICK." He goes careening clean through to the other side of the convention center rafters.

Having gotten away, he weaves into the darkness from whence he came.

HOTCHKISS

What the shit...

(regains composure)

WE ARE IN A STATE OF EMERGENCY! I  
DEMAND EMERGENCY POWERS! XANDER  
CAGE IS PULIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE!

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Xander runs at top speed into the parking lot. The cars are all locked. Goddammit.

He spies a sweet moped, being currently started up by its owner, who is a GROSS ITALIAN STEREOTYPE.

Xander picks up the Italian man and folds him into a garbage can, hopping on his moped and taking off.

GROSS ITALIAN STEREOTYPE

You are a traitor to this-a  
country! Come-a back here with my  
only mode of-a transportation!

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Xander does an exceptional number of flips and tricks on his stolen moped to evade oncoming cars. He's driving against traffic while several cop cars weave in and out, coming for him.

Four times in a row, we ape the same tracking shot that followed Trinity when she drove against traffic in that Ducati in the Matrix: Reloaded. We show it once, back to a reaction shot of Xander, we do it twice, another reaction shot, three times, a final reaction shot where Xander is like "maybe I shouldn't be going against traffic like this," and then a fourth and final time.

Xander ramps his moped off of a SmartCar and launches into the air, landing on the top of an 18-wheeler's trailer. He grabs hold of the rooftop before he can roll off, evading the line of police cars that was waiting for him.

Secret Service dudes jump from the overpass to land on the roof of the 18-wheeler with Xander.

They fight, with big swooping haymakers and double-kicks. Xander sends most of them packing, each kick knocking a secret service agent to his death down below, but one BIG AGENT will not be stopped.

Xander trades blow after blow with the Big Agent, but each punch doesn't faze him. Xander realizes he's not making an impact on this dude, just in time to get a brutal uppercut that sends him flying back to the edge of the 18-wheeler.

He clings onto the back for dear life, noticing that another agent is doing the same, hanging right next to him.

Xander grabs a grenade and a knife from the agent's vest and kicks him off.

The Big Guy stomps closer and closer to Xander's fingers, barely hanging on.

Xander pulls the pin out of the grenade and wedges it in the backdoor of the trailer.

The Big Guy's feet are right next to Xander's fingers.

Xander stabs the knife clean through the agent's huge foot, pinning him to the very edge of the trailer's roof.

And leaps off the 18-wheeler to smash into the windshield of a car driving right behind.

The Big Agent YELPS in pain, looks down at his immovable foot.

Looks at the grenade.

Looks at an approaching overpass.

BIG AGENT  
N0000000000000000-

The grenade BLOWS UP and the trailer keens up from the back, tipping up up up up up, just like in The Dark Knight-

Only it's still hurtling towards an overpass.

With the big guy pinned to the back end of the trailer, it rears up and is perfectly placed to SMASH the poor idiot into the overpass above.

CONCRETE AND BLOOD RAIN DOWN ON THE FREEWAY. The destroyed trailer SLAMS back down to the ground, with gore spread all

over the back end like a giant bug got splattered.

Xander unsticks himself from the windshield of the car that was driving behind, and hobbles away from the carnage.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Xander is taking on a lot of pain right now, limping under the cover of night while helicopters sweep overhead and tanks RUMBLE past.

He takes out a few sheets of Monster Energy Gel from his board shorts pocket. Hands trembling, he slaps the energy gel on his forehead, trying to soak in the jazzy hateful demon energy.

XANDER

Come on...Come on...

A hand reaches over his mouth. Before he can react and kill whoever would dare touch him:

It's Zendaya and Troy. She brings her other finger to her lips, shushing him.

TROY

(erotic whisper)

*You have a shit-ton of gel on your head dude. Also did you mean to try and kill the president.*

ZENDAYA

(erotic angry whisper)

*Shut up, Troy.*

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Zendaya, Troy and Xander all enter a forest clearing. Xander's energy gel is spent. He peels it off his burning-hot forehead and slaps it onto a nearby tree like a spent stick of chewing gum.

ZENDAYA

Talk.

XANDER

You first.

ZENDAYA

*I whipped your ass the last time, Warped Tour. Don't make me do it again. Talk.*

XANDER

I was set up. Like you. Gibbons - this government lacky, chewed up face, real sharp dresser - he busted me out of a gunrunner den on the condition I'd bring your stolen data to him.

TROY

Wait, Xander - you turned informant on us??

XANDER

I look out for me. Nobody else. So yeah. Call it what you like. But after our last encounter left me under a tree and you without a compound, Gibbons showed back up. He had a bug on me that led him straight to you. And he stole back the info to cover Hotchkiss' ass just in time for his coronation.

ZENDAYA

I made a copy. I was planning to show it at the convention and take him down the good-old-fashioned way. When YOU DECIDED TO GO VIGILANTE and try and kill his ass.

Xander takes a step to her.

XANDER

WRONG! That was your boss. TJ. My compadre from the cocaine compound. He set me up with a fake bullet. Hotchkiss knew it was coming, now he's a hero, and he gets what he wants - revenge on me.

A helicopter passes overhead, to underline his point.

ZENDAYA

Seems like a lot of people want that. For good goddamn reasons.

XANDER

Killing out of revenge is a one-way ticket to ruin. It'll consume you.

ZENDAYA

I was just getting used to you  
being dead. Not so sure I like you  
coming back to life and lecturing  
me for it.

More helicopters overhead.

TROY

Guys, we should really go.

XANDER

I sacrificed EVERYTHING I HAD  
because of revenge! I lost my  
wife! I lost my liver to energy  
supplements and incredibly  
flavorful drinks! I don't want the  
same thing to happen to you!

ZENDAYA

Oh, now you care about somebody  
else?! I like revenge with a  
bucket of blood and a name crossed  
off my list. That's who I am!

XANDER

Gwen Stefani.

Long pause.

ZENDAYA

What?

XANDER

Gwen Stefani, one of the greatest  
songwriters of our time. When her  
band No Doubt was working on their  
seminal masterpiece Tragic  
Kingdom, her boyfriend the  
bassist, Tony Kanal, broke up with  
her. But she didn't kill him. You  
know how she got revenge?

TROY

We absolutely should leave.

XANDER

She made him stay in the band, and  
she wrote her finest song, "Don't  
Speak," all about him. And made  
him play it on the record. She  
made him play it in the music  
video. She made him tour around  
the world, playing that song for

the rest of his career. Every night, up on stage, playing a song about what a douchebag he is for dumping her, while all her fans look at him and know he's to blame! Do you think he got a single blowjob, ANY ONE of those nights? NO! He's the star of her own private diary, made public to the entire world, forever and ever! THAT'S HOW YOU GET REVENGE!

ZENDAYA  
WHO THE FUCK IS GWEN STEFANI?!

XANDER  
(real pain)  
I'M OLD! I'M OLD AND I'M ALONE!

Xander runs away into the forest.

ZENDAYA  
Xander!

But a passing helicopter overhead separates them. Troy wisely pulls her in the other direction. They leave Xander behind.

EXT. DEEPER INTO THE FOREST - NIGHT

Xander is alone. He's always been alone. He is coming to terms with this. We watch the Extreme Sports God finally accept what a losery turdblossom he has bloomed into.

Cue: The Offspring's "The Kids Aren't All Right."

He punch-dances, kick-dances, executes fabulous backflips, all out of rage.

Flash-cuts of happier days, snippets of scenes from the first xXx movie, splice in and out of his consciousness as he grapples with the inexorable weight of time.

He runs up the length of a tree, punching a bird's nest in rage, and backflips off of it.

He runs into a round-off, which he then combos with several dozen backflips.

The world should fear the volcanic rage of the Crown Prince of the X-Games. Lord knows I do.

CUT TO:

Xander cage, resting his droopy eyelids as he slumps against a tree. Some time has passed after he got that out of his system.

A huge crackle of interdimensional energy EXPLODES in front of him. A swirling blue ball of metaphysical electricity splits open a small portal, from which emerges the head of--

ICE CUBE, wearing goggles.

ICE CUBE  
Xander! Xander Cage! I'm too  
early, aren't I?! I'm too early!

Xander stares at Ice Cube, stunned.

ICE CUBE  
It's Lois! Lois Lane is the key!  
She's the key, Xander!

With another bright BLAST of energy, reveal--

Xander waking up, still in the same sleeping position he was in against the tree.

XANDER  
Whoa. What a crazy dream.

He looks around, gets up and leaves.

EXT. STATELY MANSION - NIGHT

A very nice looking house. This would be a super-dope place to live.

SOUND: The DING-DONG of a doorbell.

CU: the xXx tattoo on the back of Xander's neck. We pan to the side to see the front door of this really cool place.

The door opens to reveal TONY HAWK.

TONY HAWK  
Oh my God. I thought you were  
dead.

XANDER  
So did I.

Tony smiles.

TONY HAWK  
Come here, X.

They embrace.

XANDER  
Been watching much news lately?

TONY HAWK  
About that...I think you should  
come inside before the cops see  
you.

INT. TONY HAWK'S MANSION - NIGHT

Tony leads X into the well-appointed kitchen.

TONY HAWK  
What can I get you? Powerade?  
Twelve grapes?

XANDER  
Monster energy drink, if you got  
it.

Tony looks at Xander, concerned.

XANDER  
I'm clean, man. I just need it.  
Desperate times.

TONY HAWK  
I care about you man. All of us  
old-timers do. Muska, McGill...we  
thought we lost you to that stuff.  
Now that we have you back, I don't  
know if I feel right slamming you  
such an electric beverage.

XANDER  
Losing people. I've done that. You  
get used to it.

Tony lets that one just sit there.

TONY HAWK  
You know what would do you well?  
Some time in my rooftop skatepark.

EXT. TONY'S ROOFTOP SKATEPARK - DAWN

Tony slides open the big metal door to reveal a veritable

wonderland of tasty grinds and sick-nasty spinfliptricks.

XANDER

Just like the good old days.

TONY HAWK

Yeah man! Remember the X-Games when I did that 900?

XANDER

How could I forget? I taught you how to do it.

TONY HAWK

Nobody coached me to greater heights than you, X. Let's see if you still got it.

Tony hands Xander a board.

XANDER

I don't know if I feel comfortable exposing myself to potential police at a rooftop skatepark-

TONY HAWK

Do 100 tricks with me.

XANDER

All right.

They dive in and start getting mad air, rolling all over Tony's skatepark.

Tony laughs. Xander smiles. This is just like the old times.

TONY HAWK

What was your favorite band from back in the day man?

XANDER

Back in the day? Queens of the Stone Age, Three Days Grace, I dabbled in Bizkit some...

TONY HAWK

I got it all on my speakers dude. Let's party like it's 2002!

Tony Hawk claps twice and "Feel Good Hit of the Summer" from Queens of the Stone Age starts blasting out of the speakers.

XANDER

Tony! I appreciate the trip down  
memory lane but this is not the  
time!

TONY HAWK

Just groove along with me!  
Remember how it used to be, dude?

Helicopters FWUMP-FWUMP-FWUMP-FWUMP over the Hollywood  
Hills, getting closer to them.

XANDER

TONY! SHUT OFF THE MUSIC!

TONY HAWK

IT'S QUEENS, BRO! TUNES AND  
TRICKS!

The helicopters dazzle their skating bodies with  
spotlights. Bullets start raining down on them.

HELICOPTER PILOT (O.S.)

<Tony Hawk! Stand down! You have  
delivered the package! Get out of  
the way!>

XANDER

YOU SET ME UP!

TONY HAWK

SORRY X! IT WAS YOUR LIFE OR MY  
FAMILY'S!

They continue skating past each other, Xander out of  
necessity to avoid helicopter gunfire, Tony out of  
necessity to avoid Xander's meaty hatepaws.

Xander goes big on a trick as a helicopter approaches  
closer. He goes so high he launches himself into the open  
bay doors of the helicopter, kicking out the guy who was  
shooting at him.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAWN

With Xander now inside of the helicopter, he grabs the deck  
and bashes the pilot across the head with it, knocking him  
out.

EXT. TONY'S SKATEPARK - DAWN

Xander emerges from the helicopter and drops back into the

skatepark, perfectly slotting into the halfpipe as the helicopter SMASHES DOWN and EXPLODES BEHIND HIM.

He doesn't miss a beat: He goes back up the other side of the pipe, and does a McTwisty right into the face of another helicopter gunner. He careens out the other side of the chopper, landing smoothly into the drop of another pipe as the second helicopter in a row EXPLODES on impact with Tony's beloved rampscape.

TONY HAWK  
MY RAMPSCAPE!

The two other helicopters are catching wise.

HELICOPTER PILOT (O.S.)  
<EVACUATE FROM HIS SICK TRICKS!>

But it's too late. Xander does a 900 and smacks the turret gun of one helicopter into the path of the other helicopter, and the bullets punch into the fuselage, EXPLODING it immediately. As it tumbles down to a fiery end, the falling helicopter's turret gun accidentally returns the favor, sending bullets of its own right back to the other chopper.

Xander cleanly evades the friendly fire of both remaining helicopters, coming up to rest at the top of a ramp as they crash in front of him.

Through the quivering heat waves, Tony can see his vengeful trickfriend, rippling with catastrophic musculature.

TONY HAWK  
Time to execute my best skates  
ever.

Tony Hawk skates away from Xander, but just like you can't evade your own shadow, even with sweet fast ducking skills and stuff, so too does Xander descend upon poor Mr. Hawk.

Tony looks behind him, but Xander's not there. Did he even drop in?

Xander skates past him with such skill and speed that he grabs Tony by the throat with one hand and it doesn't even break his skating momentum.

Holding Tony aloft with one beefy arm, Xander calmly skates towards the edge of the park.

XANDER  
It's a great view you have, Tony.  
Why, I can see the Mountain Dew

Baja Blast Arena from here.  
Remember that place?

Xander has come to a hauntingly perfect, immediate stop, dangling Tony one-armed over a very steep drop into the Hollywood Hills down below. Tony is reminiscing for his life here.

TONY HAWK

Y-y-yes, X! It was where I did the 900! But I couldn't have done it without you! Everyone knows you're a better skater than me, Xander! Smarter and more handsome and a better businessman, too! I'm sorry I didn't make you a playable character in Tony Hawk Underground, it was out of my hands! N-n-n-neversoft put their foot down!

Xander cracks a wry smile.

XANDER

Good old 900 Tony. I see you still know how to spin.

Xander lets go of Tony, and indeed, Tony spins down, down, down, down, screaming all the way:

TONY HAWK

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-

We don't see Tony Hawk hit the ground but we sure feel it. Xander turns to look in the direction of Downtown Los Angeles.

Giant banners of Dick Hotchkiss unfurl, in glorious crimson red backgrounds. Air raid sirens ring out across the land. It's full-on war down there, and Xander is their target.

XANDER

(erotic whisper)

*Let's finish this, Hotchkiss.*

EXT. DOWNTOWN WAR ZONE - MORNING

A new day is here. One with Emergency Powers President Hotchkiss in command. His jackbooted troops line the streets, with riot shields, tanks, and all-out war gear.

They're decked out for the goddamn apocalypse, and motherfucker is it coming.

POLICE CHIEF  
ALL RIGHT TROOPS! YOU HEARD OUR  
EMERGENCY POWERS PRESIDENT. WE'RE  
COMING FOR ONE MAN AND ONE MAN  
ONLY. YOU KNOW HIS NAME. YOU KNOW  
HIS WORKS. NOW STOP THINKING  
"POLICE OFFICER" AND START  
THINKING "PLAYSTATION!"

The battalion of police let out a fearsome WAR CRY.

From a distance, behind walls of bulletproof glass,  
Hotchkiss sits, observing his minions with glee. This is  
his time.

EXT. STREETS NOT FAR FROM THE WAR ZONE - MORNING

Xander walks past scene after scene of carnage. Destroyed  
storefronts. Flaming cars. Debris pouring out of evacuated  
apartment buildings.

An overturned truck of Monster Energy Drink.

Xander surveys the burbling jolt jism of the Almighty Bang  
Gods with lip-licking glee. He wants that Monster so bad he  
can taste it. Then he hears a THROAT CLEARING behind him:

It's Zendaya. Wearing a signature xXx tank top.

And next to her is Troy. Wearing a tank top just like his  
idol currently is.

And behind them stand hundreds of woke af millennial teens  
with great abs and strong hungry minds, all gathered before  
the aging great.

ZENDAYA  
Thought I could welcome a few more  
people into your Xander Zone.  
TROOPS!

They all immediately pull out tank tops and sunglasses and  
put them on. Within seconds, it becomes apparent Zendaya  
has amassed an army of multi-culti xXx lookalikes.

Just like how Eminem stormed the VMAs with identically-  
dressed extras when he performed "The Real Slim Shady."

Xander's smile is real this time. Not like the smile of the  
hand of death that he wore when he dropped his friend Tony  
Hawk 300 feet.

This is a smile of love. Of acceptance. Of self-acceptance.

XANDER  
Welcome to my zone, teens.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WAR ZONE - MORNING

Silence. Too much silence.

It. Is. Too. Quiet. For. These. Cops.

POLICE OFFICER  
I don't like the sound of this.

Then, a slow rumble. The officers start to get nervous.

POLICE CHIEF  
HOLD THE LINE!

A stray rock, thrown against the dawning daylight, glitters in the sun as it smashes down against a riot shield.

Around the corner, hundreds of tank-topped twenty-somethings emerge, running and yelling and parkouring over parked cars, newspaper stands and various debris and detritus.

We hear the REVVING of two-stroke engines as multiple xXx-dressed teens ROAR out of alleyways on rad dirt bikes, doing fantabulous flips and furious tricks.

POLICE OFFICER  
WHO DO WE SHOOT?!

POLICE CHIEF  
XANDER CAGE! WE'RE AIMING FOR  
XANDER CAGE!

But as we can see on the Chief's face, even he's not sure who the hell that is or where he's supposed to be in this big rippling crowd of tank tops and wraparound shades.

Meanwhile, behind the bullet-proof glass sits Emperor Hotchkiss:

HOTCHKISS  
Two can play that game, Xander.

He picks up a walkie-talkie.

HOTCHKISS  
New orders. Kill them all. Every  
impostor.

CUT TO the Police Chief, who seems mighty unsure about that

direct order:

POLICE CHIEF

Mr. President, these are innocent  
millenials. Aren't we just here  
for Xander Cage? The Extremist?

HOTCHKISS (O.S.)

(walkie-talkie)

Look at that, you fucking idiot!

The chief observes a xXx clone doing an unbelievable  
double-backflip superman grab, landing it cleanly.

HOTCHKISS (O.S.)

(walkie-talkie)

How is that NOT Extreme?! Kill  
them all!

POLICE CHIEF

KILL ALL THE EXTREMISTS!

The police officers OPEN FIRE. Many millennials get to  
cover in time. Others are mowed down.

Slo-mo: The agony of war. On our own streets. Innocent  
people falling down. Militarized police exacting horrible  
justice. It's terrible. We need a savior.

Xander Cage himself answers the call, riding around the  
corner on a GOTDAMN HORSE.

Zendaya looks. Troy looks. They all look.

Xander rides bareback, gripping the horse's mane for  
stability. He whispers into the mare's ear:

XANDER

(erotic whisper)

All right Bastion. I need you to  
turn the heat on. All the heat.

Hotchkiss stands up from his throne. It can't be.

The police chief has just run out of ammo, but he draws his  
pistol ready to fire.

Xander murmurs into the horse's ear, stroking it fondly.

XANDER

(erotic whisper)

Do it for America. Do it for the  
teens.

Behind Xander's back, reveal: A skateboard is duct-taped to him, for one shining moment.

The horse FLOORS IT, running up a cop car and leaping into the air.

The shadow of the horse washes over everyone, gawping at its majesty.

Clearly visible as well is the shadow of the horse's fully erect dick.

The police chief fires a shot into the horse, tipping it backwards. Xander grabs the emergency deck, ripping the tape off his back and dismounting the horse.

He places the deck under his feet, and in mid-air...

...Kickflips off the horse's dick to get extra-air.

Dodging another shot from the Police Chief, Xander Supermans it clear across the battle lines to tuck and roll before Hotchkiss' three layers of bulletproof glass.

XANDER  
DEAL WITH IT, DICK!

Coming out of the roll, Xander tomahawk-throws his wraparound shades with such furious force that they SHATTER ALL THREE WALLS OF BULLETPROOF GLASS.

The temples of the sunglasses pierce Hotchkiss' eyeballs, shunting clear into his skull. The impalement knocks his instantly-dead body back into his presidential chair, and it looks like he's just wearing a normal pair of shades.

But the trails of blood oozing from beneath the shades tells a different story.

Xander struts towards the dead President's convulsing body, the brain going through some minor power surges before it shuts down completely.

He's about to grab the shades back, but then Hotchkiss stops moving. Every ounce of life is gone.

Xander smiles.

XANDER  
Nah. They look better on you,  
Dick.

Xander turns back around to address the police, terrified.

XANDER

Those of you who opened fire on innocent people - those who only wanted to live in a country that celebrated freedom for all people, not just a chosen few - fucking just kill yourselves now.

The dirty officers comply, turning their guns on themselves and blowing their heads off.

The remaining millennials (and really, it's most of them) stand up and CHEER. They high-five and talk about intersectionality amongst themselves.

Zendaya walks up to Xander.

ZENDAYA

Not bad, for an old-timer.

XANDER

Not so bad yourself.

ZENDAYA

So, vengeance. Not so bad, is it?

XANDER

I see what you mean. But not anymore. I'm leaving this part of me behind completely.

TROY

To do what? This is who you are, man. You live for this shit!

Xander hops on a police motorcycle.

XANDER

Now it's time to live for something else.

He kickstarts it and POWERS away. Zendaya and Troy watch him go.

TROY

Do you think he'll be back?

ZENDAYA

Extreme measures call for extreme men. Let's rebuild.

They walk off together into the light of a new day.

FADE TO:

EXT. BORA BORA ISLANDS - DAY

**SUPER: THREE WEEKS LATER**

We sweep over the crystal blue waters of Bora Bora, stopping on the overwater vacation hut of Xander Cage as he steps out to observe the waters for himself.

He smiles. Then he pulls out a photo of him and his Russian ex-wife from the first xXx.

It may have been ripped up, but he recovered both halves. And sutured them together with tape.

Then, a pair of hands GRABS his shoulders from behind. He's spooked momentarily, but a reveal shows it's--

ZENDAYA and TROY, all outfitted for the surf and sand. They smile.

XANDER

What are you guys doing here?

ZENDAYA

We thought you could use some company! No man is a Xander Zone unto himself.

TROY

Yeah man, why keep all this good stuff to yourself bro? Woo-hoo!

Troy cannonballs into the ocean. Xander and Zendaya laugh at his antics.

XANDER

You're probably right. All this time, the Xander Zone was just me. I needed to welcome everyone into it. All races, all creeds, all sexualities. That's what the Xander Zone is really about.

ZENDAYA

There's hope for you yet, you old Puddle of Mudd.

They PREDATOR HIGH-FIVE.

Then Zendaya jumps in after Troy. They splash water on each other, having a great time.

Xander has one more private moment to himself. He regards the photo of him and his ex-wife.

The good times taped together, the way they should always remain in his memories.

But he doesn't need those memories anymore.

He tosses the photo into the ocean.

Cue: OPM'S "Heaven is a Halfpipe."

XANDER (V.O.)  
Welcome to the Xander Zone,  
motherfuckers.

Xander jumps into the water as we pan out, further and further away.

THE END

POST-CREDITS SCENE:

THIS IS FOR THE TRUE BELIEVERS WHO STAY DURING THE CREDITS  
FOR ANY TRACE AMOUNT OF REMAINING CAGE.

INT. XANDER'S BORA BORA HUT - NIGHT

Xander lights a fire in the fireplace and lounges on the couch with a sparkling water.

A slight CREAK of the floorboards causes him to pull out his gun. Who goes there?

From the shadows emerges NICK FURY (Samuel L. Jackson), clad in his famous eyepatch and black trenchcoat.

NICK FURY  
Good evening, Mr. Cage. You can  
put the gun down now.

XANDER

Gibbons. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't blow your head off.

NICK FURY

All right. Here's one: My name is Nick Fury. Don't know who Gibbons is, but sounds like something I don't want to get in the middle of.

Xander stands up.

XANDER

Talk.

NICK FURY

You may think you're the only one of your kind, Xander. But I'm here to show you there's more.

XANDER

"My Kind"?

NICK FURY

An alien who can see in the dark. A walking tree who can only say his own name, but it's all he needs to say. A wanted criminal who may be the best damn driver in the world. See, I'm putting together a crew. But we need one more--

Xander PLUGS NICK FURY FULL OF BULLET HOLES, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY.

The body crumples to the ground as Xander holsters it.

XANDER

Nice try, Gibbons.

CUT TO BLACK.