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# Wanted

By Michael Brandt

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO...

A CLAN OF WEAVERS HAS ESTABLISHED A SECRET ORDER  
THEY SILENTLY CARRIED OUT EXECUTIONS  
TO RESTORE ORDER TO A WORLD ON THE BRINK OF CHAOS  
THEY CALLED THEMSELVES THE FRATERNITY.

SIX WEEKS AGO...

Happy birthday, dear Janice!

My anorexic boss is birthday.

This is a birthday of my boss Janice.

Suffering from anorexia.

All coworkers should stay around the table, eat different shit  
and demonstrate that they adore her.

Smiling on this holiday is the hardest work

I have to do for the whole day.

This fun irritates me.

My job tyre was account manager.

I've used to be called an account service representative.

But the consulter called us so because we needed to manage our clients  
and not service them.

Keeping my need on manage, nor service.

That's my best friend Barry, fucking her on an IKEA kitchen table  
I picked up for a really good price.

Ain't trying to get hard to care about anything these days.

In fact, the only thing I do care about is  
the fact that I can't care about anything.

Seriously, where is me?

My name is Wesley Gibson.

My dad worked out my mom when I was seven days old.

Sometimes I wonder if he ever looked in my baby blue eyes and ask himself:  
Did I just father the most insignificant asshole of the 21st century?

Do we get a consignment... Do you have the numbers of front paper?

Relax. I your name will come up you'll be dead already.

We had some unexpected losses recently.

We'd like to know.

Where our competitor is getting his ammunition.

It's clean.

Meaning?

No one leaves the fraternity, Cross.

I have a new prospective on a fraternity.

Careful. You don't destroying something has been around for a 1000 years.

It's already destroyed.

He broke the code.

I have to stop this.

Really?

You know this.  
So why you don't face me yourself?  
Never send a sheep to kill a wolf.  
They were just a decoys.  
Good bye, Mister X.  
Never send a sheep to kill a wolf.  
They were just a decoys.  
Wesley!  
What is it?  
What do you mean what is it?  
Listen!  
How am I supposed to sleep by that fucking rocket?  
When we'll gonna move so we don't have to wake up at that shit?  
I gotta like it.  
I helps to drain out the sound of your annoying fucking voice.  
Now please let me sleep.  
Have you ever thought about our talk?  
Yeah.  
Which one?  
Perfect.  
That's perfect.  
Feed Annabelle.  
Oh my fucking god!  
I hope that's not my billing report sitting on your desk.  
Holly shit on and after it is.  
I want that report on my desk in one hour.  
Okay everybody. We're all delayed for a hour.  
Weren't you something sad?  
I need an ergonomic keyboard to keep my repetative stress injury in check.  
Just a fact that I repeat something and after  
that causes me - stresses fucking sad.  
Nice job dude.  
Have you seen Barry?  
He'd go to the dantist. Again.  
Yes! Ah! Ah!  
Do you think, are there any morning after pill here?  
Yeah, what? Crushed it in her omelet and "hey baby, bite a some bit".  
Oh, god!  
I lost my wallet somewhere.  
All this together?  
No... no...  
Yes.  
He is the man.  
Which is it?

Oh, plus this.

\$20.42

Watermelon.

Chicks dig it.

Thanks.

See you next time.

Have a good time.

Love these energy drinks, man.

My mom said kind of energy drink cleans.

One for breakfast, then two or three for a lunch...

I am the man.

Yeah, right, Barry, I am the man.

By the fact, I'm so much the man I have a standing perscription from medication to control my exaltnity attacks.

God, I wish to add something else to release my stress!

Hello, Wesley!

You know, there are people. Beatiful people.

You just wish they could see you in a different set or get to different place.

Instead of where you're are, what you've become.

Nicole is so hot!

What?

Boom thousand time laid!

But most of you wish you weren't such a pussy for wishing for things that are never change.

Good god of mine!

You're over here like in spring fucking breaking and I still don't have that fucking billing report.

Why would you to keep you around, Wesley?

I'll get done, Janice.

Oh, I've never heard that before.

I'll get it done

I'll get in done, Janice.

I am sorry!

Fuck that sorry, I don't need that sorry, I've hired you to get things done.

You know what the best thing is about the end of a day?

Tomorrow it starts all over again.

**CHECK ACCOUN:**

**OTHER:**

THIS TRANSACTION CANNOT BE PROCESSED

PLEASE ENTER WITHDRAWAL AMOUNT ROUND TO \$20.0 MAX: \$500

THIS TRANSACTION CANNOT BE PROCESSED  
UNINSUFFICIENT FUNDS YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE  
YOU'RE BROKE.  
YOUR BEST FRIEND IS FUCKING  
YOUR GIRLFRIEND.  
YOU KNOW IT.  
YOU ARE TOO BIG A PUSSY.  
DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

**CORREC INCORREC:**

Hi.  
I am sorry?  
You apologize too much.  
Sorry about that.  
I knew your father.  
My father left me while I was born, so...  
Your father died yesterday on the roof top of the Metropolitan building.  
Sorry.  
Look, the liquor rounds just over there, so ...  
Your father was one of the great assassins who ever lived.  
The man who killed him is behind you.  
DON'T MISS

**LAST CHANCE:**

THANK YOU FOR SHOPPING AT THE EGG STORE  
Sorry.  
Oh, Oh my god! Oh my god! What the fuck is that?  
Shit!  
Please drive faster!  
Please be quiet.  
Please drive faster!  
Quiet.  
Please, understand, I care about my life!  
I don't know what the fuck you've did to piss this guy off,  
but can you let me out and call the cops?  
Ah!  
What are you doing?  
Shit!  
I think we lost him.  
I think we lost him. Please let me  
out on the next corner please.  
Oh! Wow!  
Shit!  
Oh, shit.

He is right there!  
Look I'm just an accountant, accountant.  
This fucking persistent, you know?  
What the fuck?  
Get catch his ass!  
You gotta shoot them!  
What are you doing? Why are you shot that car for?  
Are you crazy?  
Get the wheel.  
Oh, shit! Where you go?  
You, get... Get back right here!  
Right?  
What?  
Under the sheet!  
Keep!  
No!  
No!  
Look out! Look out!  
Oh my god! Sheet!  
I am sorry!  
Shoot the wheels!  
Fuck.  
Shit!  
Hello!  
I have... I haven't any money more.  
I thought he'd be taller.  
Taller?  
Sir... sir, I've been try to explain that lady here I'm an accountant...  
I'm income service representative, I'm an account manager... and... and..  
I'm sure that if you would call my boss Janice she'd whatever...  
If something will go wrong you can cut letter by email... she...  
Shoot the wings off the flies.  
I don't know what that means.  
Shoot the wings off the flies.  
I really think you have me mixed up with somebody else...  
On thirdy. Either you should or I do.  
One.  
Okay.  
Two.  
I can't even see them!  
Three.  
It's impossible.  
A lot of things were impossible for you today.  
Your experience vice was not a panic attach.

Your heart was beat in excess of 400 beats per minute.  
Sending abundant amounts of adrenaline into your blood stream.  
This allows you to see and react faster than normal.  
Only a few people in the world can do that.  
Your father could do it.  
And you can do it.  
With a little work you will find how to control these attacks.  
Get away from me.  
You stay back from me.  
I have a gun, sir.  
All right?  
My name is Sloan.  
This is Fox.  
And all others you see around you are all very good at killing.  
So if I were you, I'd keep your gun pointed at me,  
you don't want it pointed at any of them.  
That's better.  
You're insane.  
No. Insanity is wasting your life for a nothing  
when you have a blood of a killer floating in veins.  
Insanity is being shitted on, beaten down.  
Coasting through life in a miserable existence  
when you have a caged lion locked inside you and the key to release it.  
This gun you holding is an Imanishi-17, it belonged to your father.  
He could conduct a symphony orchestra with it.  
And you going to use it and to kill that man who shot him down and called  
blood.  
The same man who tried to kill you tonight.  
Your father was one of us. A fraternity of assassins. The weapons of fate.  
We've transferred all his savings over to you.  
And let me I show you their awesome ...  
It is your long avoided destiny.  
To join us.  
Back off. Back off.  
You don't know anything about me.  
Stay away from me. Stay away from me!  
Would you stay away from me?  
Would you stay away from me, please?  
You let me through?  
You know, when you have a dream...  
And you're have awake.  
But it still in a fridge in your brain.  
Then you're open your eyes you so then glad it was a dream?  
This was nothing like that.

One second, thank you.

Ok.

AVAILABLE BALANCE - \$3,647,035.59

Shit!

Wesley!

What's up with you?

What do you mean?

Ah, you... you're here early.

Is that... Is that... you seem pepped up. You're all right?

Oh yeah.

Yeah.

I guess I feel... kind of different.

Whatever. I'm gonna get some boosteners do you want?

No.

Really?

Yeah.

Okay.

Jesus age fucking popsicle!

I still don't have my billing reports.

But you have time to sit here and google you ass off...

Fine, but know a thing. You got your review coming up next week.

And can't wait to start checking me off some big fucking boxes.

#### **Attitude:**

#### **Performance:**

Management skills: poor.

Works well with others? Ha, it's a fucking joke.

What is this bullshit?

Who is this prick?

Some looser gets a bullet on a roof top of Metropolitan...

Shut the fuck up!!!

She has one single iota of tenuous power.

And you think you can push everyone around?

You don't need this.

I understand.

Junior high must mean kind of tough.

But it doesn't give you the right to threaten your coworkers as a horse shit, Janice.

I know, we laugh at you, Janice.

We all know you keeping stashing jelly doughnuts on the top of your desk.

But I want you to know...

If you weren't such a bitch we'd feel sorry for you.

I do feel sorry for you. But as it's damaged what you behave...



I feel like I can speak for the entire office... I want to tell you...  
Go fuck yourself.  
Yeah. This was great, bro! Who's the man?

**FUCK YO:**

I'm the man.  
Hi!  
Yeah!  
It's... It's a bad idea.  
Couldn't find your keys, ha?  
It'll be handy, can you teach me that?  
I'd might need that.  
So Fox, right?  
What's that?  
Like Maverick, Topgun?  
You could tell me, but you'd got to kill me?  
I'm just kidding.  
Check and control rotation on this STB, should be three hundred per minute.  
This kind of ... got to be 4000.  
Hey you! This is pretty awesome.  
Ah?  
Is it a front?  
Front for what?  
I don't know. Assassinate suite?  
You may think this is the front for something.  
All I can tell you, this is a textile we own.  
George, George! Go help Peter up there.  
This is textile we own. And a damn good one.  
Yeah, I get it. Keep that bullshit, right?  
But we know these guys are killers, don't they?  
If you own me some answers...  
All right, clearly I don't understand, but...  
Do you make sweaters, or you kill people?  
Is it not a lot of questions on the coffee?  
Are you sure you ready for the answers?  
Yes, I'm sure.  
Yeah, I can't come back.  
Go to my life.  
He's all yours.  
We're up.  
How are you doing? I'm the Repairman.  
What do you repair?  
A lifetime of bad habits.  
Okay.

Would you do me a favor?

Thus put your own if you mind to your back.

Ah, it's okay.

I don't know...

Just put on your back.

Is this okay?

Just relax.

It's a part of it?

Here we go.

You don't put bag over my head?

No. There's no need for a bag.

It's not too tight, is it?

No, that's... nice.

Why did you come here, Wesley?

Well you brought me here, you remember?

What the fuck you do that for?

How many punches did the Repairman throb before ... ?

Oh I haven't spend a lifetime having my face smashed down before, all right?

Did you spend lot of time with knives?

Breakfast, lunch and dinner.

It was a rhetorical question, Uno.

You interrupt me again, I use of ... nose out.

You ... only got to need, puto, Knives are easy to hide.

They own germs and they never run out of bullets.

They cruel and handy... when you gotta do some close contacts.

What the fuck?

Come in.

Come in!

Go try to cut me.

What?

Try to cut me.

Hey, just put it to me here.

Be careful with that, it's sharp!

Just stick, and... stick.

Why?

And...

Seriously, then I can hurt you!

Okay.

Pussy.

I'm not a pussy.

You are pussy.

I'm not a pussy.

You're pussy!

I'm not a pussy, I gotta help you with that for a human condition.  
Fuck that! You're pussy!  
I'm not a pussy!  
You pussy!  
I'm not a pussy!  
Go, pussy.  
I'm not a pussy!  
Hi. How are you doing?  
Fuck!  
Just a moment.  
Sorry.  
Hey, hey, come back, hey!  
You must drink. Drink that.  
Here... It's cold...  
RUSSIAN STANDARD  
What is this?  
This is the recovery room.  
These bath stimulates blood cells and speed up the bruises.  
Injures, briuses, cuts, breaks heal in hours, not days.  
Are you shitting me?  
What is this, Vodka?  
Yeah.  
Are you russian?  
Yeah.  
Get up.  
This is the gunsmith.  
He knows more about that piece than anybody else and going to teach you how  
to use it.  
How are you doing?  
Pretty good.  
You know, Richard broke his leg.  
Oh, really?  
Yeah. In a three places.  
How he did it?  
Jumped off from building.  
Yeah. Bad one.  
Oh my god.  
Oh my god, you guys did it so realistic.  
And he said that they not even let him out.  
Oh my god.  
Oh my god!  
Hey, we can't shoot in a dead woman!  
She might be somebody's mom!  
You need to know what is it like to put a bullet in a body.

Why are you here?

You know, I... I thought I'm learning for a kind of super-assassin.

You know, If I wanted get beat up I would to stay to my cubicle, you know?  
Fuck.

All right, shoot the target.

From there.

You want me shoot through Wilbur?

No I want you to curve the bullet.

How am I supposed to do that?

It's not a question of "how".

It's a question of "what".

If no one told you that bullets flew straight.

And I'd gave you a gun and told you to hit the target, what would you do?

Let your instincts guide you.

How the hell did you do that?

Can you do that? You do that. Hello?

Hey, I can't get, this is rail training?

Then is.

Where it is go?

Come on!

Get go!

Are you out of your fucking mind?

Ah, I feel... I feel...

I feel... I feel kind of good.

He got Victors.

Perfect sacked.

Impossible angle.

Cross is taking us out one by one.

Wesley is the only one who can get to him.

Cross is closer with each hour.

Get back to work.

Do you see that?

Aha.

Look there is a shuttle.

I want you to try to catch it.

You want me to stick my hand in there?

Yes. The way you catch it.

Wouldn't you put a gun on my head? I can pass this exam like with fly.

You need to learn to control that by yourself.

This is bullshit! Fuck this!

How is it going today, Wesley?

No... Fuck the litter, fuck the Repairman.

I can shoot the wings off the back of the fly!

I'm ready!

You will ready when Fox says you ready.  
Who puts her in charge?  
I did.  
Wesley.  
People think you use cheese to catch this beauties.  
But they go apeshit for peanut butter.  
Your farther was a big fan of this.  
Watch!  
Right...  
Plastic explosive of peanut butter.  
Sorry, Mickey.  
Five... four... three... two... one...  
Hey.  
Hey, Russian!  
Good for that one.  
Imagine if you had a thousand?  
Are they fucked you didn't they?  
What the hell did they do to you?  
Threw you in front of a moving train for no reason?  
Beat the shit out of you?  
You know, you gotta say this place is bullshit.  
This is bullshit, ha? Bullshit?  
To Repairman in five minutes.  
Heads ... out of a question.  
Fuck.  
You are wasting my fucking time. Why are you here?  
I don't know, so hit me.  
Why are you here?  
I had shit live, so were wouldn't I?  
I wanna kick your fucking ass!  
What do you want me to say?  
Why are you here?  
I don't know!  
Why are you here?  
I don't know why I'm here.  
Why are you here?  
What did you say?  
I said I don't know who I am.  
Do you really want to know who you are?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, It's my room.  
No.  
This was your father's room.  
What happened?

Remember this fraternity went broke.  
Cross...  
Hi started by killing the one man who was better than him.  
Your father.  
Laid him ... on the roof top.  
Betrayed him.  
Everything in this room - books, weapons, clothes - belong to him.  
Now they belong to you.  
Find a connection in this room, Wesley.  
Maybe beyond we'll find to got who you are.  
Now I know why I can never care about anything before this.  
I was living a lie.  
Finally I have a chance to step into my father's shoes.  
Grow up here.  
Live the life I was born to live.  
I've been pissing it all the way like it was another fucking billing  
report.  
I've to train harder.  
I have to be as good as my father.  
On these shelves, Wesley, are the records of the fraternity kills.  
Everything you will need to kill your attorney.  
To kill Cross,  
the man, who betrayed fraternity and murdered my father  
I must prepare.  
I have to become his student.  
Memorise every move he ever made.  
Every attack he ever executed.  
While he dropped a patient in a ... surrounded by secret service agency.  
And took up that business man in the elevator.  
His bullets untraceable of course.  
Whatever what method, what the weapon and how he eliminates his target.  
He was always one chess move ahead.  
One move more prepared.  
One step quicker.  
One shot more precise.  
In fact in all my research i've found he never missed a target.  
Not until me.  
Yeah!  
First time when you alive, Wesley, you're in control.  
Shoot the target.  
You crazy.  
Welcome to fraternity.  
We call this the loom of fate.  
After today, you will never set foot in here again.

Why not?

Because you're like an apostol.

Your task is not to interpret, but to deliver.

Every culture in history has a secret code, one you'll not find in traditional texts.

A thousand years ago

a clan of weathers discovered a mystical language written in the fabric.

They called themselves the fraternity.

To be honest with you, all I see here are threads.

Come here.

Look here.

Do you see that blind thread that missed the weave and lies on top of the others?

Like in a ... stank?

No, it's a code.

If the vertical thread is on top - it's a one.

If it's below - it's a zero.

Binary code?

What is it say?

It's a name.

A target.

Where that names come from?

A matter of necessity, Wesley. Necessity to maintain balance in a world.

They are orders and must be executed.

Aim ... to us, so that we might afford stability of the chaos.

This one is yours.

But I thought you brought me here to kill Cross.

You will. In a time.

This is your first assignment.

The loom provides, I interpret, you deliver.

You want me to kill Robert Dean Darden?

Not me. Fate.

The target will be in the conference room, sitting at the head chair.

There are six windows.

You will shoot through the fifth.

Fifth window.

Now.

What did he do if he deserved to die?

You don't know.

I don't know he was bad, I don't know he was evil.

I don't know anything about him.

We get all orders from the... loom.

Fate?

How am I suppose to take that as a fate and what we're doing is right?

Killing someone we know nothing about.  
I don't know if I can do that.  
There were 20 years ago. There was this girl.  
Her dad was a federal judge.  
And such her probably had in her mind is ... follow his footsteps.  
So she's home one Christmas.  
And her dad is on a this big racketiring case.  
The defenders want to get this after judge.  
One they can buy off.  
So they hire this guy...  
Max Petridge.  
Get him to pay her father a visit.  
And a way he pays people a visit...  
Is to brake in...  
And tie ... once.  
And force them to watch, while he burns his targets alive.  
And then he takes a wire hanger and twists it around...  
And brands his initials at each one of them so they will never ever forget.  
After I was recruited into the fraternity  
I found out that Max Petridge's is name that come up.  
Weeks before the federal judge was killed.  
At matter fraternity member had failed to pull the trigger.  
We don't know how far do ripples of our decisions go...  
Kill one, and maybe save the thousand.  
That's the code of the fraternity.  
That's what we beleive in.  
And that's why we do it.  
Cross.  
Not yet.  
Your target will be an the black limo.  
He always travels the same six blocks on Holsten.  
You have three blocks to kill him.  
I am sorry.  
Wesley!  
Hey, where have you been, I'm really missed you, man.  
Look at the big man!  
You fucking asshole!  
What, you don't ... for weeks and stopped to use the bathroom?  
You are nothing! No, you are less than nothing!  
You're not even half the man who Barry is!  
Barry, he pleases me in ways that you've never even heard of!  
Who the hell is she, Wesley?  
Your new whore? Is that is a chick that you're paying for it?  
Wesley?



He is the man.  
You all right?  
Yeah. Yeah, okay.  
Go and sit down, I'm gonna find a car.  
Big night! I've ... covering.  
Shit!  
You, fuck!  
Freeze!  
Bullet time...  
What is he doing here?  
Oh god! Pull him up.  
A thousand.  
This bullet...  
is the first traceable bullet he's ever used.  
It was made by this man. His name is Pekwarsky.  
He works this out where is now a monastery of eastern Moravia.  
This place is where our fraternity was born.  
He's taunting me.  
He's sending me a message.  
I'm gonna send one back.  
He's trapping you.  
He think you took place he knows very well.  
Look, I know this... I...  
Isn't this what you've trained me for?  
You can't go alone.  
I go alone or he doesn't show. He's not stupid.  
Remember, one of the fraternity is dead because of me.  
Okay.  
Go.  
Thank you.  
I don't think it's a good idea.  
Your next assignment.  
Pekwarsky?  
Shit.  
What are you doing here?  
Lower your gun.  
You recognize this?  
I pulled this out of my shoulder.  
The guy who put it there killed my father.  
And I know you made it so tell me where it is.  
I did modded this but I can't be responsible for a people who used them.  
I don't give a shit. Tell me where he is.  
Look at my finger.  
I... can try to arrange a meet.

Have you ever thought about doing things differently?  
What do you mean?  
I don't know.  
Being... somebody else... somebody... normal.  
No.  
Get back!  
He is in a train.  
He is alone.  
Thank you.  
I am sorry. Be still.  
Sit down!  
Sit down, I said!  
Sit! Sit! Sit down!  
Wesley...  
Out of the way! Out of the way!  
No... no no no no!  
Wesley...  
Listen to me.  
Shut the fuck off!  
You better don't talk to me.  
You don't get to talk to me.  
Everything they told you - was a lie.  
Shut the fuck up, piece of shit, you shitfucker!  
You are my son.  
What?  
What did you say to me?  
Is that true?  
Yes.  
Why did you make me do that?  
Because you are the only person he wouldn't kill.  
You knew, god damn it!  
You're do ... ha?  
Well, his name came up.  
So did yours.  
I promised to your father I'll bring you back here.  
What the fuck?  
He said it was the only way you'd believe.  
Your father was never ... a common trick way.  
It is me.  
He was my father.  
And I killed him.  
Your father... protecting you was what giving up his life.  
Protect me? He shoot ... to fucking kill me!  
No, he wasn't trying to kill you.

He was trying to rescue you.  
When Cross left the Fraternity Sloan hunted you down.  
Ever since Fox had a ... on you he's been trying to separate you from them.  
Your father never wanted you in the Fraternity, Wesley.  
He wanted a different path for you.  
With things that he could never have.  
Home, peace.  
No.  
He wanted you to find your own way.  
Your father got ... of this.  
Decypher it yourself.  
Sloan began manufacturing targets for his own for profit years ago.  
Your father found out all about it.  
And he was going to do something about it on his own, right?  
But Sloan turned everyone against him.  
My father's name never in came up, did it?  
No. Holding on a code made him a target.  
Yes.  
You want me to run?  
No. I want you to live.  
You can have a different life, Wesley.  
Like your father wanted for you.  
We trained him well.  
My father wasn't right about one thing.  
Everything they told me wasn't a lie.  
It's taught me how to kill, how to feel no pain...  
And most important lead that every job has a perfect weapon.  
Well, I am the perfect weapon.  
I am supposed to run? No, I'm doing that my entire life.  
So I said no.  
I said kill them all and let fate sort out the mess.  
Kill him.  
Pussy. Pussy.  
Sloan!  
Hey.  
My father wasn't a traitor.  
This is a kill order.  
This got Sloan's name on it.  
What did you say to me?  
It's a name. It's a... It's a target.  
I don't want this person dead.  
Fate does.  
Fate wanted you dead.  
And he couldn't take it. So he started manufacturing his own targets.

For his own gains.  
And that's my dad found that. And decided to stand against him.  
And that's one you've send a man's son to kill his father.  
You're not an assassin of fate.  
You just a thug who can bend bullets.  
Is that true?  
Here is what the truth is.  
Your name came up.  
Your name came up.  
Your name came up.  
Your name.  
Your name. Yours.  
Everyone in this room.  
If I had not done what I did,  
You would all be dead.  
I've saved your lives.  
Now look where we are.  
We are stronger than ever.  
Changing a cost of history as we sealed.  
Choosing a targets we select.  
We can redistribute power were we see fate.  
The wolf rule.  
Not a sheep.  
Now if any of you feel the need to follow the code of the fraternity to the latter.  
I invite you to take your gun, put it in your mouth, and pull the trigger.  
That is what Wesley demands.  
Otherwise.  
Shoot this motherfucker.  
and let us take our fraternity lasts to the highs reserved only for the gods of men.  
You choose.  
Fuck the code.  
Sloan!  
Sloan!  
Six weeks ago I was ordinary and patheric.  
Just like you.  
Look at who am I now.  
Account manager?  
Assassin?  
Or just another tool, who was mindfucked and he killed his father.  
I am all of these.  
I am none of these.  
Well who am I now?

This is not me, fulfilling my destiny.  
This is not me, following in my father's footsteps.  
This is definitely not me saving the world.  
Still trying to figure out who you are?  
This is not me.  
This is just a motherfucking decoy.  
Oh, fuck.  
This is me, taking control.  
From Sloan.  
From the fraternity.  
From Janice.  
From billing reports. From ergonomic keyboards.  
From cheating girlfriends and suck-a-shit best friends.  
This is me taking that control of my life.  
What the fuck have you done lately?