

JAYONNA WICK

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FADE IN:

EXT. JIFFY CHURCH - DAY

A banner strung across a watering hole chapel; *We'll have you out of here in fifteen minutes or less!*

Deep bass *THUMP-THUMP* from inside. A GOSPEL SINGER butchers a rendition of *Lord, kumbaya, Oh Lord, kumbayah.*

INT. JIFFY CHURCH - DAY

A Gothic cavern of worship. CHURCHGOERS are sobbing. Some "*Amens.*" Then a woman's voice -- cold, detached.

VOICE (O.S.)

You should leave. Now.

Everyone turns to see whence it came, behold --

JAYONNA WICK, 30 - took her fashion cue from the Matrix. Dark Ray Bans, everything about her screams, "*Fuck with me at your own peril.*"

A murmur passes through the crowd. Then the distant, but unmistakable, pop-pop of gunfire. Screams. A mass exodus.

Wick pushing her way through bodies like a Roman phalanx. Brushes aside her trenchcoat to reveal guns and knives.

Unlocks her cell. Selects 'photos.' Stares at one. Wick and her 8-year-old SON. Genuine, warm smile, then:

Genuflects. Whips out a matte black pistol, its barrel extends into a built-in silencer. Now intercepted by --

-- an offbeat PRIEST in his mid-40s, shaggy haircut.

PRIEST

Holy Mother of God!

WICK

Not exactly. Father, time to go.

Priest points to... the pulpit tented in light, a statue: *the ARCHANGEL OF FIRE with the wings of a predator about to strike, wielding a golden spear.*

PRIEST

They fight. Destroy. Avenge.

The only response from Wick is that hard-to-resist grin.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY

A YOUNG LATINA (19), in Sunday best is on her knees
 fellating a busted-nose handsome CLERGYMAN (30), while
 clutching a Bible. *She throws in some porn-y sex moans.*

YOUNG LATINA

Dude, are you close? Cuz' my jaw's
 locking up.

WHAM - Wick kicks in the door. Clergyman wants to fight
 but Wick strong-arms him out the door.

INT. JIFFY CHURCH - DAY

KRUK, sporting a cruel, superior grin, raps Priest across
 the jaw with a pistol. Points the gun at his head.

Priest stares at him in abject, uncomprehending terror.

KRUK

Where is the bitch?!

WICK (O.S.)

Hey, asshole. Looking for me?

Kruk spins. Points his gun at Wick with shaky hands.
 Gives her a stone-cold *"what-did-you-just-call-me?"* look.

KRUK

You're deadmeatdeadmeatdeadmeat!!

She moves faster than Kruk expect, disarms him and upends
 Kruk onto the floor. Wick pummels him. Finally lets up.

Kruk beaten so badly that he vomits all over the floor.

Priest nods *"Thanks for that"* before Wick grabs his ear.
 So sudden, it's weirdly comic...

WICK

I thought I told you to leave!

PRIEST

The Lord will provide.

WICK

Did he give you a gun?!

Wick, instantly alert. Outside: cars *SCREECH* to a stop.

Grabs Kruk's arm, swings him in front of her as a human
 shield, just as three ARMED MEN burst through the door.

JUAN (30), deadlier than a black mamba, flanked by two villainous-looking men: CHACON and VICTOR.

Wick looks at them: not-to-be-fucked-with. It gets quiet.

WICK

I believe you have something that belongs to my son.

JUAN

You mean this.

Juan brandishes a rare baseball card in mint condition; 1910 Honus Wagner in plastic holder.

WICK

A trade.

JUAN

For what? Him? His life?

WICK

No! Yours.

A nervous TITTER of laughter in its wake.

Kruk's EYES go WIDE. Wick fires point-blank. Blows his head off. He crumbles - blood pooling underneath him.

Guns blazing... walls, glass, furniture are shredded as the scene descends into a vicious gunfight, quick.

Wick barrels over the pews, bullets nipping her heels.

Hunkered down, Priest clutches a rosary, hands trembling, as bullets *RICOCHET* everywhere - perforates the pulpit.

PRIEST

Hail Mary, full of grace. Our lord is with you. Blessed are you among, and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now at the hour of our death.

Upon hearing this: Wick's mind calculates a desperate, last minute Hail Mary. Brazenly rises in the cross-fire -- lobbs a concussion grenade. BANG AND FLASH.

The goons overwhelmed by the godawful amounts of smoke clouding the room instantaneously, loses sight of -

Wick, moving, now a dark form framed against flickering shafts of incendiary light. A frantic Chacon searches --

Suddenly grabbed by Wick, who jams her pistol under his chin -- *Pfft!* His head explodes in a puff of crimson.

Victor turns purple, having trouble breathing. Fumbles for his asthma *inhaler*. Puffs.

Pfftpfft! He drops like a rag doll, gurgling blood.

Bambambam! A hell of gunfire raking the skylight, which explodes; a shower of glass and plates rain down.

A half-crazed gunman plummets onto the alter with an uzi. SPIDER (30), twisting his scarred face into a grim smile.

Wick freezes. Face tight. Like somehow seeing a ghost.

WICK

I'll go out on a limb and say you didn't come for Sunday services.

SPIDER

You thought wrong -- I'm here to administer last rites.

In a raging frenzy, unleashes a blistering fusillade.

Wick dives and rolls, unhit, squibs the corner -- hurls a Spetsnaz knife --

Schlick! Its blade slices through his neck, decapitates Spider - his legs still taking him a few feet before his body collapses under its own weight.

Juan eyes his fallen comrades - anxiety spiking. He gathers quick. Sound of rounds chambered, guns cocked --

Wick wills herself up, unloads dual pistols. *Boom! Boom!*

Bullets pockmark a statue. Grout and ceramic dust, cascading onto Juan.

He emits a guttural, almost inhuman cry of pain. Holds his bleeding hand, checks his load. No round left.

JUAN

Uh oh. Think, Juan. Think.

In a split second, she's on him, levelling a .45 at Juan. Resigned to his fate, Juan shrugs. Waiting for death.

JUAN

Adio, cabroncito.

Click. Juan can't help but grin, lunges with a guttural roar! Her gun skitters across the floor.

A brief, Bourne-style fight ensues -- savage and fast.

Juan gets the better of her, wraps his vice-like hands around Wick's throat until --

She breaks free, follows through with a heel-palm to sternum, an inside-out roundhouse kick to his head.

Juan flies back against a wall. Fights for breath.

Wick, face bloodied, one eye swollen, gun in hand -- opens fire, double-fisted.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Blows Juan to hell, his chest explodes.

Wick's pistol runs dry. Dust and smoke fill the room.

Now tracking blood with boots as Wick trudges through the carnage, face full of emotion. Spots something, the card strewn amongst the rubble. Snatches it up.

A terrified Priest emerges. Rattled, perhaps, relieved.

In the distance, the first squawks of a police response.

Priest resumes fast-balling questions at Wick.

PRIEST

Eh? Must be worth millions.

WICK

Not for sell.

PRIEST

The police. What shall I tell them, my dear?

A staredown between Wick and the Priest before departing. Wick definitely not grinning but pretty damn close to it.

WICK

Jayonna Wick was here.

With a wink and a wave, she heads for the exit --

FADE OUT.