

JOHNNIE WICK

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WRITERS' DRAFT

2nd Revision

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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!*

INT. JIFFY CHURCH - DAY

CHURCHGOERS sobbing. Some "Amens."

SLAM! A BLOODY HAND braces against a back window, STARTLING THE SHIT OUT OF EVERYBODY.

BOOM: the door swings open. The gruesome sight of a DEAD mercenary COLLAPSES to the floor and in comes -

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

JOHNNIE WICK

It's ok, folks. Everything's fine.
Now if you'll just quietly get up--

From out of nowhere, the unmistakable, pop-pop of gunfire causes everyone to freak, run and SCATTER: A mass exodus.

Wick pushing her way through bodies like a Roman phalanx. Brushes aside her overcoat 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!

JOHNNIE 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 heavy-set WOMAN (20), in a cutesy, church-y dress kneels in front of a busted-nose handsome CLERGYMAN (30), and fellates him while clutching a Bible.

She throws in some porn-y sex moans.

WOMAN

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.

WICK

Are you retarded?

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

Please don't point that, sir. It's very dangerous.

KRUK

How do you know this isn't just a machine gun from Toy's R --

Priest stares at him in abject, uncomprehending terror.

KRUK

Where's the bee-itch?!

JOHNNIE WICK (O.S.)

The name's Johnnie Wick, dickweed.

He GOUGES the barrel of the gun into Wick's head -- cocks the hammer back -- *"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...

JOHNNIE WICK

I thought I told you to leave!

PRIEST

The Lord will provide.

JOHNNIE 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 stamped through the door.

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

JOHNNIE WICK

I believe you have something that belongs to my son.

JUAN

You mean Lou Gehrig. The Iron Horse. With certificate of authenticity. You know Gehrig?

Juan brandishes a rare baseball card in mint condition; 1932 Lou Gehrig in a plastic holder.

JUAN

A trade? For what? His life?

JOHNNIE WICK

No! Yours.

Kruk's EYES go WIDE. Wick fires --*PHFT!* Kruk crumbles.

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE! Gunfire - bullets WHIZ - ricochet.

Un-phased, Wick hurls Priest to the floor, shooting back.

She barrels over the pews, rounds nipping at her heels.

Hunkered down, Priest clutches a rosary, hands trembling - high-velocity rounds chewing through the pulpit.

JOHNNIE WICK

Are you hit?

He checks for signs of a wound, doesn't find any.

PRIEST

.. n --no...I -- I... I'm okay.

Wick's devil-may-care attitude -- pulses through her veins.

In a desperate, last minute Hail Mary, rises in the cross-fire -- lobs a concussion grenade. Bang and flash.

Juan and his men STUMBLE -- coughing --

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

TRACK FAST with Wick -- now a dark form framed against flickering shafts of incendiary light.

Chacon searches. Gun ready, eyes burning.

Suddenly a RAZOR WIRE coils around his neck, SLICING HIS WINDPIPE. He drops, revealing Wick behind him.

Victor turns purple, having trouble breathing. Fumbles for his asthma *inhaler*. Goes to puff --

But *PHFT!* -- Wick kills him with a single, silenced SHOT.

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.

A silence that cuts deep. These guys have a tangled past.

JOHNNIE WICK

A little grandstanding, I assume?

SPIDER

I should be in hell, but hell is -- full.

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.

GUNSHOTS from Juan. POP! POP! POP! In rapid succession.

Wick takes cover, returns fire as bullets PING inches from her head.

JOHNNIE WICK
(under her breath)
Damn gun bucks like a mule.

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

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.

In a split second, she's on him, levelling a .45 at Juan.

Resigned to his fate, Juan waits for death. She pulls the trigger... click. No ammo. She's EMPTY!

JUAN
Oh goody.

A Bourne-style fight ensues -- it's savage, fast, bloody.

Wick, face bloodied, swollen, opens fire, double-fisted.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Blows him to hell. Wick's pistol runs dry.

Now tracking blood with boots as Wick trudges through the carnage, desperately searching. Her face full of emotion. Finds what she came for --

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.

JOHNNIE WICK
Not for sell.

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

Wick definitely not grinning but pretty damn close to it.

JOHNNIE WICK
Johnnie Wick was here.

A staredown between Wick and the Priest before departing.

PUNCH TO FADE OUT.