

**JOHNNIE 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!*

INT. JIFFY CHURCH - DAY

CHURCHGOERS are sobbing. Some "Amens." BANG, BANG... CRASH. The door explodes inward, the jam splitting.

Everyone turns to see whence it came, behold --

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

JOHNNIE WICK

You should leave. Now.

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 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 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.*

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.

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?!

JOHNNIE 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...

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 burst through the door.

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

JOHNNIE 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.

JOHNNIE WICK

A trade.

JUAN

For what? Him? His life?

JOHNNIE WICK

No! Yours.

A nervous TITTER of laughter from our goons, chastened by Wick's deadly stare.

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

All hell is breaking loose, weapons blazing, hundreds of rounds rip through the room. Wick and Priest ducking as bullets ricochet everywhere --

Wick barrels over the pews, rounds nipping her heels.

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

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.

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.

Chacon searches - suddenly grabbed from behind by Wick, she fires point-blank -- *Pfft!* Blowing off his head.

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

*Pfftpfft!* His head EXPLODING in a puff of crimson.

*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.

JOHNNIE 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 waits for death.

She pulls the trigger...CLICK. No ammo. She's *EMPTY!*

JUAN

...Should have counted.

A gloating smile breaking, Juan charges, tackles Wick.

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

Juan rains ferocious blows on Wick until she breaks free. Lunges at him - attacks Juan with more savagery than she thought she had in her.

Juan flies back against a wall, sags to the floor. He spits, wipes his bloody mouth, and grins.

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

*Bam! Bam! Bam!* Blows him to hell. Wick's pistol runs dry. Dust and smoke geysering all around them.

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?

A staredown between Wick and the Priest before departing.

Wick definitely not grinning but pretty damn close to it.

JOHNNIE WICK

Johnnie Wick was here.

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

FADE OUT.