

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 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 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.

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 stares at him in abject, uncomprehending terror.

KRUK

Where's the bee-itch?!

JOHNNIE WICK (O.S.)

Hey, asshole. Looking for me?

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 this.

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

JOHNNIE WICK

A trade.

JUAN

For what? Him? His life?

JOHNNIE WICK

No! Yours.

A nervous TITTER of laughter from our goons.

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.

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.

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 makes a sweep. He's shaking, rounds a corner.

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.

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.

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

JOHNNIE WICK

That's just showing off.

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.

QUICK CUTS: Juan and Wick: rounds chambered, guns cocked, bullets WHIZ.

JOHNNIE WICK

Damn gun bucks like a mule.

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.

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.

Juan flies back against the 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.

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.