

SCORN

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE COUNTRYSIDE - ESTABLISHING - EARLY DAY

SUPER: ARDMORE, PENNSYLVANIA

A verdant landscape of rolling hills, lush countryside, and ambient peace.

EXT. THE WICK HOME - ESTABLISHING - EARLY DAY

A small, quaint, two-bedroom farmhouse: a classic. Nearby, a small barn -its paint chipped, wood worn- sits nestled within the setting. The homestead feels slightly abandoned, the facade -especially the roof- in dire need of an overhaul.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The hour hand of an old, electric clock shifts slightly, marking six a.m. A soft alarm sounds. Beneath the blankets, a body shifts, a weathered hand reaching out to silence the antique.

A beat... a sigh... a groan... and JOHN WICK -early sixties, salt-and-pepper hair, three-day beard, former boxer, former military, tired, beaten down, and at wit's end- sits up, staring unblinkingly out at the day.

A beat... and he stands, donning a weathered robe and a pair of slippers. John stuffs his hands into his pockets...

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...and shuffles down the corridor, the walls overflowing with family pictures, each badly in need of dusting. They catalogue a long and healthy life with his wife, Norma; the pictures presenting a time line of sorts. No children, yet sheer, unadulterated happiness.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As John makes his way through his home, we can see that it is cluttered and unorganized. Dirty, in fact, as if it hasn't been cleaned in months.

EXT. THE WICK HOME - CONTINUOUS

John opens the door, retrieves the newspaper, closes, and locks the door behind him, without giving the outside so much as a glance.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

John unceremoniously tosses the newspaper onto the table, opens a cupboard, and measures out a couple of tablespoons of Folgers Coffee into an old percolator.

As it begins to bubble, John open the fridge, studies its contents for a moment or two, and then closes it, abandoning the thought of breakfast.

He pours himself a cup of coffee and sits at the table. The newspaper is ignored. He drinks in silence for a long, dark, brooding moment, the loneliness almost unsettling.

Suddenly, the phone on the wall RINGS.

John lowers his cup, staring at the device, his eyes tired. A beat... and he stands, walking slowly to answer it.

JOHN

This is John.

As he listens to the voice on the other end, John remains still... stoic.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Ok.

John hangs up the phone and returns to the table, sinking slowly down into his chair.

A long beat...

...and John begins to weep, his hands trembling as he lowers his face in excruciating, utter, and complete sorrow.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE BARN - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Having shaved and showered, wearing an old -but well-fitted- gray suit, John pushes open the garage door...

...to reveal a legend in dire need of a total overhaul: a black, 1969 FORD MUSTANG 'BOSS 429'.

A smile plays at his lips as John walks into the garage, running a hand along the chassis, desperately in need of a wash and wax. Behind him, the wall is lined with tools: a mechanic's dream enclave.

John enters-

INT. JOHN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

-and closes the door behind him.

John takes a moment to breath it in: he loves this car... although he hasn't taken very good care of it as of late. A beat... and he slips the key into the ignition, twisting it, the motor coughing to life, the exhaust pipe belching black smoke.

EXT. THE WICK HOME - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle pulls out of the garage, stalls briefly, come back to life, pattering on down the road.

EXT. THE HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A soft rain begins to fall.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - A HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carrying a humble bouquet of yellow daisies, John slowly makes his way down the eerily empty corridor. He pauses before a picture on the wall, glancing at his reflection upon the glass. He takes a deep breath, exhales, and enters a room.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - A ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John slowly approaches the figure lying in bed: surrounded by machinery, accompanied by the soft sounds of technology.

He removes the wilted daisies from the vase, tosses them in the trash, and replaces them with fresh ones.

He pulls over a chair, reaches out, and takes Norma's hand: she is comatose, her breathing synthetic... so many machines... so many wires, tubes, and monitors.

We never see her face: just her silhouette.

He holds her hand for a long moment in heavy silence.

Behind him, the DOCTOR -of a similar age to John- enters, placing a hand on John's shoulder. John lowers his head, and nods. With a bit of effort, he stands, staring down at her for a long moment, never once releasing his grip, and leans over to kiss her on the forehead.

JOHN  
 ...it had to be you...  
 (a long beat, then)  
 ...be seein' ya'...

A beat... and John nods.

The doctor turns off the machine; lights dim, the room settles into silence, and Norma's body grows still.

The Doctor leaves John to be alone with his wife.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 Be seein' you.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE BARN - DAY

John pulls into the building...

...and sits behind the wheel for a long moment...

...his eyes unblinking...

...so very alone...

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE HALLWAY - DAY

John stands before the wall of pictures, statuesque as he studies them... unmoving...

And then, he snaps; his hands gnarled into first, roaring with rage as he punches the pictures, ripping them from the wall, tossing them aside, eventually collapsing into a heap, out of breath, his knuckles bleeding.

A long beat... and he chuckles softly, pulling himself to his feet.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE BASEMENT - DAY

Unlike the rest of the house, this space is pristine and organized: one half designated as an impressive wood shop, the other an office space with a lazy boy recliner and tube television.

John sits at his desk with a pencil in hand, a pad of paper before him, thinking.

A long beat... and he sighs with a smile, placing the pencil upon the pad before sliding them both aside.

John unscrews the cap off the bottle of scotch and pours himself a healthy dose.

He opens his desk drawer, reaches into the back, and finds an old pack of cigarettes, half-empty. He taps one from, places it between his lips, and lights it, taking a deep pull. He holds it, and exhales, his body relaxing.

He finishes his drink along with the cigarette, pours himself another...

...and then opens a BOTTLE OF PILLS (The label reading NORMA WICK and OXYCONTIN), pouring them into a small mound upon the desk. He stares at them for a long moment...

...before selecting one, studying it, sighing and-

A KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR.

John freezes, not sure as to how best to proceed.

A beat... and someone KNOCKS a second time.

John sighs, drops the pill back onto the mound, and walks upstairs.

EXT. THE WICK HOME - DAY

A DELIVERY WOMAN waits for him on the doorstep. John opens the door.

DELIVERY WOMAN

John Wick?

JOHN

Yes?

She hands him a clipboard and a pen.

DELIVERY WOMAN  
Sign here, please.

In a daze, John signs the clipboard and hands it back to her.

DELIVERY WOMAN (CONT'D)  
And the pen?

JOHN  
Oh. Sorry.

John hands her the pen.

DELIVERY WOMAN  
Here you go!

The Delivery Woman hands him a card and a PLASTIC CASE by the handle which he takes without looking.

DELIVERY WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Have a good day.

John nods, and -as she takes off- heads back inside.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John closing the door behind him...

...and is startled by a small BARK.

A beat... and he looks down to find that he is actually holding a small PET CARRIER. He lifts it to look inside: the face of a young, tri-colored (black, white, and brown), CHORGI (half-Corgi, half-Chihuahua) looks out at him, her tail wagging fiercely.

She barks again, and John lowers it, confused.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE KITCHEN - DAY

Holding the envelope in his hands, John sits across from the carrier which he has set upon the table. Inside, the Chorgi lies with paws crossed, studying him, tilting her head from side to side.

A beat... and John opens the letter. The card inside is simple; white with a single DAISY drawn upon it. John smiles, instantly knowing who it is from, running a thumb along the face of the flower. He hesitates, but opens the card.

NORMA (V.O.)

Dear, John. If you have received this, then I have not survived the surgery.

(a beat, then)

I am so, so sorry.

Tears begin to well in John's eyes.

NORMA (V.O.)

But you've still got a life ahead of you, and I intend for you to live it. You may think you've hidden things from me, but you haven't. I know you. And should this reach you in time -which I pray it has- I beg you, I implore you, to stop. To think. To live.

(a beat, then)

I love you, John. With all my heart. Our years were good. The best, in fact. But I'd rather see you later... than sooner... your best friend... Norma.

John lowers the letter, wipes the tears from his cheeks, and stares at the puppy... chuckling.

JOHN

Well played, Norma.

John reaches across, and flicks open the pet carrier.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(mutters)

Well played.

The Chorgi scrambles out of the cage and studies him; sniffing, licking, and barking.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So... you gotta' name?

John checks the collar to find a DAISY-SHAPED medallion which reads-

JOHN (CONT'D)

Moose.

(a beat, then)

Seriously?

As if in reply, Moose barks.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 All right, then...  
 (smiles)  
 ...Moose, it is.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE WICK HOME - ESTABLISHING - EARLY DAY

SUPER: THREE YEARS LATER

The homestead has been completely overhauled with a new roof on the house, the barn having been painted, the yard attended to... a picturesque scene worthy of a postcard.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The alarm sounds, followed by silence when a heavy hand drops down upon the snooze button.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Silence.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Silence.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

A beat... and John sighs, pulls back the covers, and kicks out his legs, sitting on the edge of the bed, rubbing his eyes.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

John glances over at MOOSE who lies on the bed, her paws crossed, held tilted, and tail excitedly wagging in notes of three.

JOHN  
 (growls)  
 I'm up, I'm up.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

**BEGIN MONTAGE**

- John fries up a couple of pieces of bacon and adds them to his plate of scrambled eggs and toast.

He kneels down next to Moose's bowl and pours some of the bacon grease over the kibble. As John takes his seat at the table to enjoy his coffee, breakfast, and newspaper, Moose devours her meal.

- With his car tilted up by jack stands, John lays upon a creeper cart beneath it, changing the oil as -nearby- Moose lies in the sun, fast asleep. The vehicle is pristine: fully restored and lovingly detailed. Finishing up, John slides out from beneath the vehicle, and wipes the grease from his hands with a shop towel.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That oughta' do it.

(to Moose)

Wanna' try it out?

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

- At an abandoned airfield, the Mustang roars down the open stretch of landing strip as Moose stands at the open window, tongue wagging in the air. John is in his element: calm, cool, and collected behind the wheel of his car... almost as if it is a natural extension of himself. He deftly shifts gears, reaching speeds in excess of 120 miles per hour before hitting a long patch of gravel, shifting, spinning the wheel, and skidding -while remaining in full control- as the wheels skim over the earth. Moose barks. John smiles, reaching over to scratch her on the back.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Good girl, Moose. Good girl.

- At a small park, John sits at a picnic table, eating a sandwich as he works his way through a small book of crossword puzzles. A cup of hot coffee rests nearby as beneath the table, Moose gnaws on a tough piece of rawhide.

-At a gas station, Moose barks at passing bikers as John fills the tank.

IOSEF TARASOV -mid-twenties, thin, oiled hair, sunglasses, hipster, douche-bag- parks his vintage BMW next to the Ford and as he gasses up, motions.

IOSEF

Nice ride.

JOHN

Thanks.

IOSEF

How much?

JOHN  
It ain't for sale, kid.

Iosef smirks with a shake of his head.

IOSEF  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Everything's got a fucking price.

JOHN  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Maybe so... but I don't.

Taken aback by John's fluency, he watches as John enters the vehicle, guns the engine, and drives off.

- John dozes on the couch as -between his legs- Moose snores softly.

- As John washes his car, Moose chases after birds before - exhausted- laying upon her back in the sun, stretching as she gnaws upon her favorite stuffed animal.

- With a glass of scotch resting on the end table beside him, John sits in his weathered La-z-boy recliner with his reading glasses on, a book before him, and Moose curled up, asleep in his lap. A beat... and John closes his book, finishes his scotch-

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Come on, then.

-and stands, with Moose leaping to the floor, leading the way back upstairs.

- Moose lays on the foot of the bed, tail wagging. John smiles, scratching her belly.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Good night, Moose.

John climbs beneath the covers, sighs, and slips off to sleep as does Moose.

**END MONTAGE**

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

John awakes to hear Moose growling with tail thumping, sitting before the closed door.

JOHN  
Do you need to go out?

John groans as he rolls out of bed.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(mutters)  
So could I, it would seem...

John opens the door. Moose barks, and sprints off into the darkness.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
What's gotten into y-

We hear a THUMP and a YELP.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Moose!

John runs into-

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-and freezes at the sight of two MASKED MEN...

...a half-second before a THIRD MAN steps into frame and drives the butt of his shotgun against the side of John's head. He drops to the floor, hard.

JOHN'S POV:

Across the room, the silhouette of Moose's body faces him, her breathing labored.

VOICE #1 (O.C.)  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
You find the keys?

One of the masked men, LIMPS by, dragging his foot slightly, an old injury or birth defect.

VOICE #2 (O.C.)  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Yeah. He kept 'em in a bowl like  
my old man.

Voice #1 chuckles enjoying this as he sucks on a fresh mint.

VOICE #1 (O.C.)  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Then shit... let the fuckin'  
*babushka* fade away and let's get  
 the fuck outta' here.

One of the men kneels down next to John, pulling back his mask to reveal his mouth which grins upon him with white lacquered teeth: it is IOSEF.

IOSEF  
 I'm glad you didn't wanna' sell,  
 old man.  
 (chuckles)  
 I enjoyed this.

Iosef cold cocks John as we-

SMASHCUT TO:

DARKNESS.

Silence.

...a long beat, then...

...thump...

...long beat, then...

...thump...

...a long beat, then...

FADE TO:

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small tail rises slowly, and lands with a soft "thump".

John stirs with a groan, and opens his eyes...

...to find Moose's nose touching his cheek.

He suddenly sits up, remembering.

JOHN  
 ...Moose...

Moose takes a shallow breath...

...thump...



...and John reaches down to retrieve Moose's stuffed animal from the floor, placing it down beside her.

With a tender -careful- touch, John removes Moose's collar, placing it -almost with reverence- upon a nail in the wall.

John stares down at his dog for a long moment...

...before closing the box.

EXT. THE WICK HOME - THE BACK YARD - EARLY DAY

John digs a small grave...

...places the box, staring at it for a long moment...

...and then fills the hole.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - EARLY DAY

On his hands and knees, John brushes the blood from the floor.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE BATHROOM - EARLY DAY

John takes a long, hot shower.

He sprays a bit of shaving foam into his hand, unfolds his ceramic razor, stares at it for a long moment...

...and begins to shave.

As he does so, the stress leaves his shoulders, his eyes unblinking, his movements precise.

With every flick of his wrist, John seems to change slightly: his features hardening, relaxed, and yet wound tight

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY DAY

John gets dressed, but the outfit is slightly different than we are used to seeing: dark, tailored pants, crisp white shirt, Italian shoes, and a black, leather jacket.

The look suits him although it is a tad bit unsettling, making for an intimidating veneer.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE KITCHEN - EARLY DAY

John sips coffee -no breakfast- alone at the table, staring at the wall.

Like clockwork, he lifts his mug, sips, lowers it, waits patiently, lifts, sips, lowers...

...there are no micro-emotions, but it is anyone's guess what is taking place in his mind.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE HALLWAY - EARLY DAY

John leans heavy against the wall, staring at the pictures. We now notice that among the images of John and Norma...

...are also pictures of John and Moose.

John lowers his head with a sigh, massaging his brow, lost in thought.

When he raises his face...

...the change which has washed over him...

...is complete.

FADE TO:

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A bus roars on by.

INT. A BUS - CONTINUOUS

John sits alone in the middle of the bus...

...staring straight ahead...

...unblinking.

FADE TO:

EXT. A CITYSCAPE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

EXT. AURELIO'S AUTOMOTIVE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. AURELIO'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

A 24/7 chop shop, this facility is populated by dozens of hardened criminals, but has become the only family anyone knows.

This is a tight knit, loyal, and talented crew.

A number of vehicles are being repaired, dismantled, painted, and the like: a non-stop flurry of activity.

Walking the floor, AURELIO -late sixties, hard eyes, soft smile, the father figure of this little family- banter with his crew before pausing to help lower a new engine into a car.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

John's Mustang roars down the street, tires clawing at the earth as it rounds a tight corner.

INT. THE MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Perched behind the wheel, IOSEF smiles as, in the passenger's seat...

...VIKTOR -mid-twenties, short, stout, a pronounced LIMP, well-dressed, gawdy jewelry, terrible glasses- and, in the back seat...

...KIRILL -early thirties, enormous, muscular, meathead- cheers him on.

EXT. AURELIO'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

The Mustang pulls into the lot, and enters-

INT. AURELIO'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

-pulling into an empty space.

A pair of OLDER MECHANICS notice the car, share an emotionless -yet knowing- look, set down their tools, and calmly leave the building.

Iosef, Viktor, and Kirill pour out of the vehicle, laughing.

IOSEF  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Shit, dude!  
(MORE)

IOSEF (CONT'D)  
 I'ma gonna' keep this muthafucker!  
 (to a mechanic)  
 Hey, where's Aurelio at?

Iosef sees Aurelio walking towards him, his gaze locked onto the Mustang, recognizing it.

AURELIO  
 Where'd you get that?

IOSEF  
 I gots my ways, yo! Now, it's hot  
 as shit, so I wanna paint job,  
 papers, fuckin-

AURELIO  
 (interrupting)  
 I said, where... did you get that?

IOSEF  
 (shrugs)  
 Some old fuck.

AURELIO  
 (a beat, then)  
 I know this car.

IOSEF  
 What the fuck are you sayin'?

Aurelio opens the driver's side door, reaches up behind the visor, and pulls out the registration card which reads JOHN WICK.

AURELIO  
 (in Italian, subtitled)  
 Fuck... me.

Aurelio quickly replaces the card.

IOSEF  
 What?

AURELIO  
 Out. Now.

IOSEF  
 What the fuck are you talking  
 about?

By now, everyone in the facility has stopped working, watching the drama unfold.

AURELIO

I'm talkin' about you takin' this fuckin' car and gettin' the fuck outta' my shop.

IOSEF

Did you lose your shit, Aurelio? We own you. You do what we say.

AURELIO

The fuck you do. Tell me...

Aurelio motions towards the car.

AURELIO (CONT'D)

...did you kill him?

IOSEF

No.

(laughs)

But I sure as hell fucked up his dog.

Aurelio's eyes grow wide... knowing.

Surprising even himself, Aurelio rears back and delivers a powerful blow to the center of Iosef's face, shattering his nose.

Stunned, Iosef reels and drops to a knee, cradling his face, blood seeping between his fingers.

In a knee jerk reaction, Kirill pulls his gun.

The atmosphere immediately grows tense, the air still, as - throughout the building- Aurelio's mechanics each reach for a hidden weapon: knives, machetes, guns, and the like.

Aurelio glares -unblinking- at Kirill as he walks towards him.

AURELIO

You pull a gun? On me? In my house?

Aurelio presses his forehead against Kirill's outstretched gun.

AURELIO (CONT'D)

Flick off the safety.

Kirill smirks, and flicks off the safety.

AURELIO (CONT'D)  
Pull back the hammer.

Kirill blinks, faltering in this game of brinkmanship.

AURELIO (CONT'D)  
Now, either shoot me...  
(shouts, angry)  
...OR FUCK OFF!

Silence...

...as Viktor lowers Kirill's arm and we can see he is relieved that Viktor intervened.

VIKTOR  
The old man ain't gonna' like this.

AURELIO  
Maybe not. But he'll understand.

Viktor and Kirill help a still dazed Iosef to his feet.

IOSEF  
(mutters)  
...the fuck jus' happened...?

FADE TO:

EXT. A STREET - DAY

The bus pulls away from the curb...

...and John crosses the street, making a b-line for Aurelio's automotive.

INT. AURELIO'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

John enters the building which is silent: everyone is gone.

John carefully makes his way through the floor, rounding a shelving array to find Aurelio -a cigarette dangling from between his lips- sitting at a folding card table, his hands folded in front of him, a bottle of Campari and two glasses resting nearby.

AURELIO  
Hello, John.

JOHN  
Hello, Aurelio.

Silence.

Aurelio flips over the glasses and pours two drinks.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Have you seen my car?

John takes a glass and slams back the drink, swallowed in a single gulp.

AURELIO  
I have, but it's not here.

JOHN  
Where is it?

AURELIO  
If I turn down the work, the Russians turn to Takeshi and his crew. You'll find them down on Third and Main.

JOHN  
Thank you.

John turns to leave, but hesitates.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(a long beat, then)  
Aurelio...

AURELIO  
Yes, John?

JOHN  
...they killed my dog.

AURELIO  
I know, John. I know... but  
"they"...  
(hesitating, then)  
..."they" are extremely dangerous  
people.

John nods and walks from the room.

JOHN  
(muttering)  
Aren't "they" always...

A long beat, and Aurelio sighs, relaxing as he pours himself another drink.

FADE TO:

EXT. A CITYSCAPE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

EXT. TAKESHI'S AUTOMOTIVE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

An old, quiet, and clean building lost amongst dozens of others in a dying industrial park.

EXT. TAKESHI'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

A bus pulls up the curb, pauses for a beat, and then rolls off...

...leaving behind John who walks across the street, his expression blank.

His gait is steady, his shoulders relaxed, hands limp at his sides, breath steady.

The two GUARDS at the door glance up as he approaches, standing as they shift into character.

GUARD #1

What are you-

Without slowing, John reaches into the man's jacket, slips free the pistol from the shoulder holster therein and-

THUMP! THUMP!

-fires -twice- into the man's heart, before turning-

THUMP!

- to fire once into the other guard's face, never slowing, kicking open the door-

INT. TAKESHI'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

-to enter the facility, shooting anything that moves. He is the angel of death: each target receives two well-placed bullets to ensure incapacitation. He never slows, never misses, and will not stop.

The primarily Japanese crew is in a panic with most fleeing - a number of whom are shot in the back- while those choosing to shoot back are cut down in a blink.

Once emptied, John drops his pistol, kneels, sweeps up a fallen gun up, levels, fires, always moving, and -as he passes by a lift- slaps a button, slowly lowering his Mustang down to the floor behind him.

John is a force of nature as he clears out the building.

Unstoppable.

EXT. TAKESHI'S AUTOMOTIVE - THE REAR LOT - CONTINUOUS

A couple of mechanics escape the building, the last of which is shot in the back; dropping to his knees as a bullet slams into the back of his head.

Running with all of his might, MECHANIC #1 screams into his phone.

MECHANIC #1  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
I DON'T KNOW WHO THE FUCK HE IS!  
HE JUST SHOWED UP AND STARTED  
SHOOTING!

Behind him, John appears in the doorway, aims...

...and decides otherwise, lowering the pistol.

INT. TAKESHI'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

John opens the door to the Mustang, tosses the pistol onto the passenger's seat-

INT. THE MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

-and slips behind the wheel. A slight smile plays upon his lips as he sighs; a part of him having been returned. He turns the key, revs the engine, slams his foot down on the gas-

EXT. TAKESHI'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

-and crashes through the garage door of the building, tires squealing as the Mustang pulls a one-eighty, righting itself before-

EXT. A SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

-leaping out onto the street, furiously gaining momentum, as a trio of heavily-modified NISSAN SKYLINES appear and take chase.

INT. THE MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

John glances into the rearview mirror, takes the pistol in his left hand, shifts, and spins the wheel-

EXT. A SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

-turning to face the oncoming vehicles.

INT. THE MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

John shifts again, and crushes the gas pedal underfoot-

EXT. A SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

-rear wheels smoking as they struggle to grip the road. Once they do, however, the Mustang leaps forward, bearing down on the Skylines.

As the distance between them grows smaller, the passengers of two of the skylines emerge with semi-automatic weapons...

...but before either of them can fire...

...John fires off four shots, killing them each with a pair of bullets...

...before firing until empty...

...killing two drivers, and one passenger...

...leaving one driver barrelling towards him, covered in his passenger's blood, eyes wide with horror...

...as the two other cars crash behind him.

As the two vehicles barrel towards one another...

...John is stoic...

...while the remaining driver is screaming.

At the last moment, the driver violently twists the steering wheel-

-barely avoiding the Mustang-

-but loses control of the vehicle, sending it toppling end over end, cart-wheeling amidst a cloud of debris, before landing upside down-

-the gas tank having ruptured, fuel gurgling out of the tank to pool around the crushed rooftop.

INT. A NISSAN SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

The driver hangs from his seat, his belt keeping him in place, stunned and bleeding from the forehead.

A beat...

...followed by the sound of footsteps.

As the driver shifts in his seat, a ZIPPO LIGHTER falls out of his pocket, landing on the ceiling.

John kneels down beside him.

JOHN  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
Where can I find Iosef Tarasov?

DRIVER  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
I don't know.

A beat... and John reaches inside to retrieve the lighter. He flips it open, and ignites a flame.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
Don't! Please! Iosef! His  
father! He owns a club in  
Manhattan! The Red Circle! The  
Red Circle!

A beat... and John closes the lighter and tosses it back into the vehicle.

JOHN  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
Thanks.

A long beat... and the driver sighs.

DRIVER  
(in Japanese, subtitled)  
Fuck.

EXT. A SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

As John walks back towards his vehicle, we can hear the sound of cop cars approaching...

...as a police chopper soars past overhead.

John doesn't look up as he quickly removes the front and rear license plates -both affixed with quick release clasps- tosses them into the back seat, and-

INT. THE MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

-slips behind the wheel. He twists, the key, revs the engine, and bolts forward as behind him-

EXT. A SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

-a pair of police cars round the corner-

-and overhead, the helicopter banks, its sights set on the Mustang.

**BEGIN INTERCUTS BETWEEN INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS OF THE VEHICLES**

John leads the cops further and further into the city...

...with traffic growing heavier with every block...

...and yet John maintains his speed-

-driving down narrow service alleys with reckless abandon-

-and going against traffic, steering with an apt hand.

Eventually, John creates enough mayhem to tie up the police on the ground-

-leaving the helicopter overhead.

On a long stretch of road, John reaches the vehicle's top speed, reaches down, flips open a hidden compartment, and presses a button for-

-his NITROUS OXIDE SYSTEM-

-which causes the engine to SCREAM, roaring down the road at an incredible speed-

-distancing himself from the helicopter to eventually hide in an abandoned warehouse.

He parks...

...and walks across the street to the local diner...

...as overhead, the police chopper searches in vain.

**END INTERCUTS**

FADE TO:

EXT. AURELIO'S AUTOMOTIVE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. AURELIO'S AUTOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

The floor is empty, the building quiet.

INT. AURELIO'S AUTOMOTIVE - THE MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sitting at his desk, Aurelio -a cigarette dangling from between his lips- works on a model car, carefully gluing pieces together.

The bottle of Campari rests nearby. Music plays softly from a radio nearby.

The phone rings. Aurelio takes a deep breath, exhales, and answers it.

AURELIO  
This is Aurelio.

VIGGO (O.S.)  
I hear you've struck my son.

AURELIO  
(deep breath, sighs)  
Yes, sir. I did.

VIGGO (O.S.)  
Might I ask why?

AURELIO  
Because he stole John Wick's car.

Silence.

VIGGO  
(a long beat, then)  
Oh.

AURELIO  
And Viggo?

VIGGO  
Yes?

AURELIO  
Your son killed his dog.

VIGGO  
(a long beat, then)  
Good evening, Aurelio.

Click - the line goes dead.

Aurelio refills his drink... and chuckles with a shake of his head.

FADE TO:

EXT. A TOWNHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

SUPER: MANHATTAN, NEW YORK

A resplendent home in one of the city's wealthiest neighborhoods.

A trio of military-grade SEDANS -heavily armored, tinted/bulletproof glass, intimidating- pull up to the curb. The first and third empty as the keen eyes of ten gunmen scour the street, buildings, and rooftops.

A beat... and one of them slaps a hand on the middle Sedan's roof.

Preceded -and proceeded- by a gunman, IOSEF emerges; belligerently naive and yet... scared.

INT. A TOWNHOUSE - THE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Lighting himself a cigarette, VIGGO TARASOV -60s, face scarred by a hard life, one eye dead, hair perfectly coifed, expensive suit, a slight limp, relying on a cane- fills a tumbler with ice.

He selects a fresh bottle of JEWEL OF RUSSIAN CLASSIC VODKA and twisting off the cap, hesitating. Deciding otherwise, Viggo dumps out the ice, pours himself a double shot, and slams it back...

...before refilling the glass with ice and pouring himself a healthy dose.

Iosef enters-

VIGGO  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Close the door.

-and closes the door behind him, tilting his chin towards his father with a smirk.

IOSEF  
Poor me a double, aye?

VIGGO  
(sighs)  
Aye.

In a surprising blur of motion, Viggo spins-

-and drives a fist into Iosef's stomach with enough force to lift him -momentarily- from the ground.

With the wind knocked out of him, Iosef drops to his knees, opens his mouth to say something, but instead vomits, gagging as he gasps for breath.

Viggo casually returns to the bar, grabs a towel, and tosses it down onto his son.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Clean that up.

Again, Iosef opens his mouth to say something, but decides otherwise. He grabs the towel and cleans up his mess.

Viggo takes his drink and walks to the window, his cigarette smoldering from the corner of his lips.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
You should know by now that I live  
by one simple rule...  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Should a whelp snap at your  
fingers, you crush it's fucking  
skull.

Iosef pulls himself to his feet, and stumbles to the bar, pouring himself a drink.

IOSEF  
(hushed, pained)  
What'd I do?

VIGGO  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
You fucked up.

IOSEF  
I don't know what y-

Viggo backhands him, the sound more painful than the strike.

VIGGO  
Yes. You do.

IOSEF  
(hesitating, then)  
So I stole a fucking car! So  
fucking what?

Viggo smiles -amused- finishes his drink...

...and drives a fist into Iosef's stomach again, dropping him once more to his knees, tears rolling down his cheeks as he vomits up his own drink.

VIGGO  
Use that tone with me again...

Viggo kneels down next to Iosef, grabs his hair, pulls back his head, produces a switchblade, flicking open the blade and placing it to the flesh directly beneath his son's right eye.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
...and I'll serve your eye to you  
in your martini.

Trembling, Iosef chokes back tears.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Am I understood?

IOSEF  
(gulps, then)  
Yes... father.

A beat... and Viggo removes the blade from Iosef's cheek and stands, folding the switchblade closed as he stands to pour himself another drink.

VIGGO  
It wasn't the "what you did",  
Iosef, which draws my ire, but "who  
you did it to".

IOSEF  
What?  
(a beat, then)  
The old man?

VIGGO

Careful, son... that old man happens to be three years younger than I.

Iosef lowers his eyes, his breath catching in the back of his throat.

VIGGO (CONT'D)

His name is John Wick...

(smirks at the memory)

...and when he was fifteen, he lied his way into the marines and headed off to Vietnam. He specialized in force-oriented reconnaissance, meaning he often crossed over into enemy territory to both collect information and -should the opportunity present itself- fuck with the enemy in whatever way that he saw fit.

EXT. THE WICK HOME - ESTABLISHING - CONTINUOUS

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Wearing an undershirt and pants, sweating profusely, John wields a SLEDGEHAMMER which he swings down onto the floor time and time again, cracking the concrete foundation.

VIGGO(V.O.)

John earned four hundred and seventeen confirmed kills over the course of his five tours. The majority of those were done by hand, by blade, and by small caliber... which is unheard of.

INT. A TOWNHOUSE - THE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Viggo takes a long pull off of his drink as the information sinks into Iosef, the blood draining from his face.

VIGGO

It got to him, though. Hell... How could it not? Even though he won every military distinction on record, including the Medal of Honor-

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

John has revealed an OLD TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR-

VIGGO (V.O.)

-John was eventually discharged -  
with high honors, of course- and  
found himself in the city...

-which he swings open, revealing a ladder.

VIGGO (V.O.)

...lookin' for work.

John grabs a flashlight and heads down.

INT. A TOWNHOUSE - THE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Viggo lowers his empty glass as Iosef refills his glass with  
a trembling hand.

IOSEF

(hesitating, then)  
What kind of work?

VIGGO

(growls)  
What kind do you think?

IOSEF

(a beat, then)  
Oh.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

John shines the light down a thin corridor stacked high with  
a variety of boxes, military containers, and briefcases.

VIGGO (V.O.)

John was the goddamned boogeyman;  
give him a name, request a method,  
and he'd get it done. Come hell or  
high water, by God... he'd get it  
done.

INT. A TOWNHOUSE - THE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Viggo leans against the fireplace, suddenly tired.

VIGGO

Then one day, he fell in love and left the game. The years scrolled past, age set in, and he -like myself- had to watch the love of his life die. Suddenly alone, with no family to speak of, John deserved to live -and die- in peace.

(growls)

Instead...

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

John selects a black case, unclasps it, and swings it open-

VIGGO (V.O.)

(growls)

You went and killed his fucking dog.

-to reveal a number of PISTOLS, SILENCERS, and AMMUNITION.

INT. A TOWNHOUSE - THE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Iosef drops down into a chair, the comprehension of his actions clear.

VIGGO

Until I say otherwise, you are under house arrest. Am I understood?

IOSEF

(mutters)

Yes, sir.

Viggo turns to leave, chuckling softly to himself.

VIGGO

John Wick. Good God...

He pauses at the door, glancing back at his son with a crooked smile.

VIGGO (CONT'D)

(in Russian, subtitled)

Sweet dreams.

EXT. THE WICK HOME - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

John sits at the kitchen table, having cleaned and assembled one pistol, now oiling a second. His hands are steady, his skill impressive.

We slowly move past him, over the counter, to the door whose handle softly turns. We pull back as it opens-

-FOUR MEN in black masks, each armed with a silenced pistol enter, fanning out-

-and yet John is nowhere to be seen...

...and two silenced pistols are missing from the table.

EXT. THE WICK HOME - CONTINUOUS

A COP CAR pulls up in front of the barn.

INT. A COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel, CARLO -late twenties, a bit dim, but nice enough- kills the engine.

CARLO  
Let's see here...

Carlo checks the dashboard computer.

CARLO (CONT'D)  
...a black, 1969 Ford Mustang  
registered to one John Wick.  
Age...  
(deflates)  
...61.

Chuckling EDUARDO -58, nearing retirement, large, heavy, smarter than he looks- takes a sip of coffee from his paper cup before unbuckling his belt.

EDUARDO  
Yeah, I'm thinkin' he's the one.

ROBERTO  
Should we even bother?

eduardo opens his door...

EDUARDO  
Protocol's protocol. Stay put.  
I'll make this quick.

...and exits.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The four masked men enter the living room, each wound tight, their silenced weapons at the ready. The lead among them enters the hallway-

-and is shot twice; once in the chest, and once in the head. As he goes down, John moves past, killing two others, leaving the remaining gunmen-

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-cowering in the kitchen, leaning against the wall.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John aims-

-the kitchen light casting the gunman's shadow-

-and fires twice into the wall-

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-hitting the gunman in the back and the head, dropping him to the floor.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

John lowers the pistol, walks to the door, and peers through the keyhole to see Edwardo standing on his porch. A beat... and John slips the pistol in the back of his pants, unlocks, and opens the door.

An awkward pause, then-

EDUARDO  
Evenin', John.

JOHN  
Evenin', Ed.

EDUARDO  
You workin' again?

John follows his gaze...

...to see that a dead gunman is in Edwardo's direct line of sight.

JOHN

No...just sorting out a few things  
with the Russian mob.

EDUARDO

Ah. Well, then... sort that out  
however you see fit. I'll cover  
your ass on my side of the fence as  
best I can.

JOHN

Thanks, Ed... but you still owe me.

EDUARDO

That, I do.  
(a beat, then)  
Good night, John.

JOHN

Good night, Ed.

Edwardo turns, takes a few steps, hesitates, and turns back.

EDUARDO

Earlier today, there was an  
incident involving a '69 Mustang-

JOHN

Yeah, that was me.

EDUARDO

Oh. Well, then... I'd recommend  
you find yourself a new ride for  
the time being. The heat on that  
make ain't gonna' die down for  
quite some time.

Edwardo leaves. John closes and locks the door behind him.

INT. A COP CAR - NIGHT

Edwardo slips into his seat, closing the door behind him.

ROBERTO

Well?

EDUARDO

(sighs)

He ain't our fuckin' guy.

(motions)

Who's next on the list?

INT. THE BARN - NIGHT

John pulls a large roll of plastic sheeting down from the rafters, balancing it on his shoulder with a grunt.

He grabs a roll of duct tape as he exits.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John drops the plastic sheeting down upon the floor, and rolls it out.

Standing over one of the gunmen, he reaches down, retrieves the man's pistol, and slips it into the holster at the man's side. John then kneels beside him and pushes the body onto the plastic, rolling him up tight.

Using his ceramic straight razor, the plastic is cut off from the roll. Wrapping the feet, arms, and head tight with duct tape, John repeats this process with each body...

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE KITCHEN - LATER

...until they are neatly lined up near the back door.

John takes the phone off the wall, thinks for a long moment, and dials a number.

A long beat, then...

JOHN

This is Wick. John Wick, that's right. Yeah, it has been awhile.

(a beat, then)

I'd like to make a reservation for four.

John glances at the bodies.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ten o'clock? Perfect. Thanks.

John hangs up.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

John casually opens one of a half-dozen, identical, silver cases stacked among the others.

Inside are hundreds of AMERICAN LIBERTY GOLD BULLION COINS.

John counts out SIX of them, and closes the case.

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John mops up the blood...

...and spackles the bullet holes in his wall.

We hear a KNOCK at the back door.

John wipes his hands against his pants, and-

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-opens the door.

Removing his hat, CHARLIE -70s, small, creepy, thin, frail, eyes gentle, a tattooed smirk upon his lips- extends his hand with a smile.

CHARLIE

Good to see you, John.

John shakes his hand.

JOHN

You, too, Charlie.

Charlie enters, followed by two GOONS -forties, tall, muscular, emotionless- who offer John little more than a nod before they begin carrying the bodies out of the house.

CHARLIE

I was sorry to hear about Norma.

JOHN

Thanks.

CHARLIE

She was always kind to me.

(a beat, then amused)

So, what have you been doing to pass the time?

JOHN  
I got me a hobby or two.

CHARLIE  
I can see that.  
(hesitating)  
Tell me, John... are we back in the  
game, now?

JOHN  
Sorry, Charlie, but no. I'm on my  
own nowadays.

CHARLIE  
(sighs)  
That is a pity. I find the new  
breed of your ilk unstable, ill-  
wrought, and tiresome. The  
overused adage holds true: they  
don't make 'em like they used to,  
John.

JOHN  
(smiles)  
No, they don't.

GOON #1  
We're a go, boss.

CHARLIE  
Excellent.

John hands Charlie the six gold coins which he graciously  
accepts with a slight tilt of the head.

JOHN  
Thanks.

CHARLIE  
My pleasure, John... and might I be  
expecting more such visitations?

JOHN  
I make no promises on that.

CHARLIE  
(chuckles)  
Well said.

Charlie extends his hand. John shakes it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Be seein' you, John.

JOHN  
See ya', Charlie.

John closes the door.

FADE TO:

EXT. A TOWNHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - EARLY DAY

INT. A TOWNHOUSE - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cutting vegetables with a large knife, Viggo slides them onto the face of an open omelette simmering in the pan. As he folds the egg over onto itself, his phone rings. He answers it.

VIGGO  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Yes?

Viggo rubs his brow with a frown, his head down.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Of course he did.  
(a beat, then)  
Put the word out. Two million to  
the man who kills John Wick. Three  
million to the man who delivers him  
intact.

Viggo hangs up, thinks for a moment, slips the omelette onto a plate, hesitates, and then dials a number.

EXT. A CITYSCAPE - ESTABLISHING - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: MAJORCA, SPAIN

A beautiful, rustic, Mediterranean setting.

EXT. A MANSION - ESTABLISHING - CONTINUOUS

Situated on a hundred acres populated by thousands of almond trees, the building -complimented by the grounds- is breathtaking.

EXT. THE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Accompanied by CESCO -a middle-aged, Majorcan Shepherd Dog, similar in look to a Black Labrador- as he walks -cane in hand- through his property, MARCUS -seventy, thin, balding, round spectacles, clean shaven, always well-dressed, expensive watch, and although he may look frail, he is anything but- whistles softly to himself.

His cellphone vibrates. He answers it.

MARCUS

Yes?

(a beat, then)

Why, hello, Viggo. What's it been?

Seven years? Seven years...

(a beat, then)

Life?

Marcus looks around with a smile, reaching down to scratch Cesca behind the ears.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Life is good.

INT. A TOWNHOUSE - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Viggo nods, eating a mouthful of the omelette.

VIGGO

Good, good.

(hesitating, then)

I've a favor to ask. One that pays quite well.

INT. A MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Marcus chuckles with a shake of his head.

MARCUS

As I keep telling those -like you- who keep calling, Viggo... I'm retired.

Marcus listens to Viggo talk...

...pausing in mid-step...

...his brow furrowed, eyes still.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 Come again?  
 (a beat, then)  
 John Wick?  
 (a long beat, then)  
 Consider it done.

Marcus ends the call, slips the phone back into his pocket, takes a deep breath, exhales, turns, and starts walking back to his house.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
 (in Catalan, subtitled)  
 Sorry, Cesca... but I've an old  
 friend to attend to.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE TRAIN STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

EXT. THE TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Pushing a cart of luggage before him, John enters, studying the security checkpoint.

He spots EVAN -60s, African-American, weathered, large man with a kind face- who works for the TSA, manning a security checkpoint.

As John approaches the two share a knowing glance.

EVAN  
 (motions)  
 Pockets.

John places his keys, phone, wallet, and TWO GOLD COINS into the tray...

...as Evan casually flips off the x-ray machine, allowing both John and his luggage through without incident.

John retrieves his keys, phone, and wallet from the tray-

EVAN (CONT'D)  
 Good day, sir.

-and walks on as Evan turns the x-ray machine back on, slipping the gold coins into his pocket.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE RAIL TRACKS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A silver-nosed train roars past, its wheels melting snow from the tracks beneath it.

INT. THE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

John sits alone, the train half-empty, staring out at the countryside passing him by.

FADE TO:

EXT. A CITYSCAPE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The city is a roiling mass of activity.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE CONTINENTAL - A HOTEL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Small, trendy, and posh: an upscale, boutique hotel.

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Carrying a bulky briefcase in each hand -with the duffel bag slung across his shoulders- John approaches the front desk where the MANAGER smiles up at him.

MANAGER

Hello, sir. How may I help you today?

JOHN

I called ahead. Reservation for John Wick.

The Manager checks his computer.

MANAGER

Ah, yes. I have you for two nights.

JOHN

Depending on business, it may be more.

MANAGER

That's not a problem, sir. We're only at sixty percent capacity.

(MORE)

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Just let me know should you choose  
to extend your stay.

JOHN

(looking around)  
Y'know, I haven't been here in  
years. When did the old girl get a  
facelift?

MANAGER

About twelve years ago.

JOHN

Same owner?

MANAGER

(nods)  
Same owner.

John slides across a GOLD COIN...

JOHN

Is she still singin'?

...which the Manager -without so much as a blink- slides into  
his pocket.

MANAGER

She is. Daily, in fact. Round  
about midnight.

JOHN

That's good to hear.

The Manager hands him a key.

MANAGER

Floor seven, room nine.  
(motions)  
Would you like help with your bags?

JOHN

No, thanks.

MANAGER

Will there be anything else then,  
sir?

JOHN

(glances at his watch)  
Can you send me up a hamburger -  
rare, mustard, onions, pickle- and  
fries?

MANAGER  
(writing it down)  
Yes, sir. And to drink?

JOHN  
A nice Pinot. Mid-range. I'll  
leave that to your discretion.

MANAGER  
Yes, sir. I have one in mind.  
It'll be up in a half-hour.

JOHN  
Thank you.

FADE TO:

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - ESTABLISHING - DUSK

The sun has begun to set; the street lamps having begun to ignite.

INT. JOHN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A half-eaten meal is scattered upon the table, the bottle of wine half-empty.

Resting upon the bed, the briefcases lie open, revealing a veritable armory of dismantled weapons, numerous clips, and boxes of ammunition.

Sitting at the desk, John pauses from cleaning a pistol to empty the wine into his glass. Once done, he pulls back the slide, studies the pistol with a keen eye, releases it, carefully loads a clip with bullets, and slides it into the pistol: locked and loaded.

From a small wooden case, John selects a SILENCER which he screws onto the pistol. He sets it down next to a pump-action sawed-off SHOTGUN, a SNIPER RIFLE, an old school UZI SUBMACHINE GUN -silenced- with a polished mahogany stock, a K-BAR DAGGER, and another pistol.

A beat... and John stands, slips the silenced pistol into the back of his pants, dons his jacket, turns off the light, and leaves.

EXT. THE RED CIRCLE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

An upscale night club, the line curled around the side of the building, generously serviced by heat lamps to accommodate the almost non-existent dresses of the many young women.

EXT. THE RED CIRCLE - CONTINUOUS

John approaches the BOUNCER -30s, Russian, massive, tattooed neck, intimidating, his suit one size too small on purpose- who controls entry, the guest list glowing upon his tablet computer.

BOUNCER

Name?

John hands him three, hundred dollar bills.

JOHN

Guest.

The Bouncer takes the bills, pockets them, and unclips the red velvet rope, allowing him entry.

BOUNCER

Welcome.

JOHN

Thanks.

As John enters, those in the front of the line complain but are ignored as the rope is re-attached.

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Strangely enough, the lobby is laid back and pleasant.

A single bar is available to the dozen or so patrons who lounge about smoking, laughing, and talking as servers wander the floor, offering a variety of appetizers.

Beyond the lobby, however, is a security station -replete with a METAL DETECTOR- in front of the elevators: the "action" it would seem, is on the top floor.

John approaches the security station and pauses, dropping to a knee to tie his shoe...

...and remove his silenced pistol, shoving it deep into the soil of a potted plant.

John stands, empties his pockets into a small plastic bin, hands it to a guard, and walks through: he is clean.

JOHN

Thanks.

John takes his things, enters the elevator, and presses the red "P" for penthouse.

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE PENTHOUSE LOBBY - LATER

The doors to the elevator open, the music deafening. John exits, turns left, and enters-

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE PENTHOUSE DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

-a two-story structure with the VIPs assembled up top; each having paid for their private tables. John enters, carefully studying the room. He approaches the bar and waves down a bartender.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

John motions upwards as he slides across five, hundred dollar bills.

JOHN

A table.

The Bartender studies him... and then takes his money.

BARTENDER

This way.

John follows the Bartender...

...who slips a hundred dollar bill to each of the goons on either side of the staircase, heads upstairs...

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE PENTHOUSE - 2ND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

...and slips two bills to the Waitress-

BARTENDER

(to John)

Enjoy.

-before returning to the bar.

WAITRESS  
                     This way, sir.

John follows the Waitress...

...to a table with a perfect view of both levels.

                    WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
                     Will this do?

                    JOHN  
                     Yes, thank you.

                    WAITRESS  
                     What would you like to drink?

                    JOHN  
                     Single Malt. Irish, if you've got  
                     it.

John slides her two more hundred dollar bills.

                    JOHN (CONT'D)  
                     And start me up a tab.

                    WAITRESS  
                     Yes, sir. I've got a ten-year  
                     Michael Collins.

                    JOHN  
                     Perfect. Do you have a meat and  
                     cheese plate?

                    WAITRESS  
                     I do. Anything else?

                    JOHN  
                     No. Thank you.

As the Waitress turns to fill his order, John studies the  
 floor...

...and the upper balcony... searching.

EXT. THE RED CIRCLE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A soft snow begins to fall.

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE PENTHOUSE - 2ND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

John nibbles on some cheese and bread as he pours himself a  
 generous helping of whiskey.

Down below, Viktor -finishing off his drink- LIMPS past.

John's eyes narrow.

He finishes his drink, stands, and follows after Viktor, almost breathing down his neck.

Book-ended by a pair of Estruscan bodyguards who follow every move he makes, Viktor slaps a waitress on the ass as he walks past.

VIKTOR  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Another bottle of the Goose, love!

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

As John stares at Moose's silhouette...

...VIKTOR limps past.

VIKTOR (O.C.)  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Yeah. He kept 'em in a bowl like  
my old man.

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Drunk, Viktor and his bodyguards enter the bathroom, pausing to light a cigarette, before limping into-

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE BATHROOM - A STALL - CONTINUOUS

-where he leans against the wall in front of the toilet, eyes at half-mast.

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

John enters as a patron leaves, the bathroom now empty save himself, Viktor, and the bodyguards.

As the door closes, John produces his CERAMIC STRAIGHT RAZOR, drives it between the door and the jamb, and snaps it in two.

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE PENTHOUSE - 2ND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

A patron approaches the door and attempts to enter, but it won't budge. He shrugs and heads off in search of another bathroom.

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

One of the bodyguards turns as John approaches, his eyes instantly wide -uncomprehending- as the broken tip of the blade easily slices open his neck, splashing John with his own hot blood.

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE BATHROOM - A STALL - CONTINUOUS

Viktor glances towards the closed door with a smirk.

VIKTOR

Hello?

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the bodyguard drops to his knees -bleeding out- the second guard produces a pistol and -as John moves into him- manages to fire off a round which punches through John's shoulder.

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE BATHROOM - A STALL - CONTINUOUS

Viktor tenses -eyes wide- shakes off before zipping up his pants, reaches into his jacket, and fumbles for his gun.

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

With a cry derived far more from anger than pain, John head butts the other bodyguard -shattering his nose, his face instantly crimson with blood- before slashing the remnant of the blade wide, severing the bodyguard's artery.

The door to the bathroom stall opens and as Viktor emerges with pistol held out-

-John slaps it aside, breaks his arm and kicks in his leg-

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE BATHROOM - A STALL - CONTINUOUS

-sending him to his knees, screaming.

John grabs the broken arm, twists it behind Viktor's back, drags him towards the towel, grabs him by the hair, and shoves his face into the toilet. He holds him there for a good amount of time...

...before ripping him back out.

Gasping for breath, Viktor's eyes are wide, sobriety having swiftly returned.

VIKTOR  
(choking)  
What the fuck d-

John answers by slamming his head against the rim of the toilet -breaking Viktor's nose- before shoving his face back beneath the water. A long beat...

...and John pulls Viktor back up for air.

JOHN  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
My name is John Wick. You took my car. You killed my dog. Where... is Iosef?

VIKTOR  
Fuck you, old m-

Behind his back, John snaps Viktor's wrist, and -as he drives his face back beneath the water- John snaps one finger after the next.

Underwater, Viktor screams, struggling.

John pulls him free.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)  
(wailing)  
VIGGO! HIS FATHER! HE'S WITH VIGGO!

JOHN  
And where is Viggo?

VIKTOR  
He moves about... from one place to the next... he's put Iosef under his thumb... wherever Viggo goes, so does Iosef.

John twists Viktor's arm, breaking it with a dry SNAP. Viktor screams...

...but John keeps holding his arm painfully in place.

JOHN  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Where... is... Viggo?

VIKTOR  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Please... I don't know... please...

A beat...

...and John drives Viktor's head down upon the toilet rim at an odd angle, his neck snapping.

Silence.

John removes Viktor's wallet and cellphone before exiting the stall.

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He slides Viktor's wallet into one pocket and his cell phone into another. At the sink, he turns on the cold water tap...

...splashes it up into his face, turns...

...and pauses, realizing that he is covered in blood.

John pulls off his shirt, wipes the blood from his face, tosses the shirt aside, reaches down, removes Viktor's shirt, and slips it on, carefully buttoning it up.

He wets his hair, slicks it back, turns, removes the piece of ceramic blade wedged in the door frame, tosses it into the trash, and leaves.

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE PENTHOUSE - 2ND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

John passes by the Waitress, pausing to hand her a couple of hundred dollar bills.

JOHN  
Please close out my tab.

WAITRESS  
Yes, sir.  
(nods)  
Thank you, sir.

The blood from his shoulder wound begins to seep into the shirt, but only he notices it.

JOHN  
Good evening.

WAITRESS  
Good evening, sir.

John heads down the staircase-

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

-and calmly makes his way through the sea of dancers...

...as up top, chaos erupts but is silenced by the deafening music.

INT. THE RED CIRCLE - THE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Using his one good shoulder, John opens the steel door, and - his skin pale, cold sweat upon his brow- moves as fast as he can downwards.

His shoulder hurts.

The blood loss nears critical.

EXT. THE RED CIRCLE - AN ALLEY - NIGHT

John exits the building as he scrolls through Viktor's phone, searching.

He finds Iosef's number, and as he calls it, studies the image of Iosef which appears on screen.

EXT. VIGGO'S TOWNHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. VIGGO'S TOWNHOUSE - A BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Iosef lays on his bed with an arm behind his head, smoking as he stares up at the ceiling.

We hear the vibration of his cell phone. He lifts the phone, smiles at the sight of Viktor's caller I.D., and answers.

IOSEF  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Hey, Vik.

JOHN (O.S.)  
 (a long beat, then)  
 Viktor is dead.

Iosef bolts upright, his breath stuck in his throat, eyes wide.

INT. AN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

John trudges through the snow with Viktor's phone to his ear.

JOHN  
 As for the car, I got that back,  
 but as for Moose, well... I'm  
 takin' a page from Exodus on that  
 one: an eye for an eye.  
 (a beat, then)  
 No... no, better yet, Genesis.

INT. VIGGO'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Iosef swallows hard.

JOHN (O.S.)  
 Adah and Zillah, hear my voice;  
 Wives of Lamech, listen to my  
 speech. For I have killed a man  
 for wounding me, even a young man  
 for hurting me. If Cain shall be  
 avenged sevenfold, then Lamech  
 seventy-sevenfold.

INT. AN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

John peers around the corner.

JOHN  
 Make your peace with God, Iosef...  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 ...for the Devil shall see you  
 soon.

INT. VIGGO'S TOWNHOUSE - A BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A long beat... and Iosef hangs up his phone, staring at the wall... a solitary tear rolling down his cheek.

EXT. AN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

John tosses the phone down into the snow, and jogs across the street...

...as MARCUS -a cigarette smoldering between his lips- watches him from the shadows.

FADE TO:

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The lobby is empty -save the Manager- who glances up from his computer...

...to find a wounded -and quite bloody- John walking towards him.

MANAGER  
(without blinking)  
Good evenin', sir.

JOHN  
Evenin'. Is the doctor in?

MANAGER  
Yes, sir. Twenty-four/seven.

JOHN  
Send him up, please.

MANAGER  
Yes, sir. Anything else, sir?

JOHN  
Depends. How good's your laundry?

MANAGER  
The best, sir, however, I'm sorry to say that...  
(hesitating, then)  
...no one's that good.

John chuckles, sliding a gold coin across to the Manager.

JOHN  
No, I thought not.  
(nods)  
Send me up a beer, too, will you?

MANAGER

Yes, sir. What do you favor?

JOHN

Anything cold.

EXT. THE CONTINENTAL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. JOHN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sitting in a chair with his shirt off and a beer in hand, John grits his teeth as the DOCTOR -80s, steady hands, glasses, thinning hair, frail, but strong- removes the bullet from his shoulder, dropping it into a glass of water.

JOHN

Did she chip off?

DOCTOR

Lucky for you, no. It looks to be a sub-sonic.

JOHN

Good to hear.

The Doctor cleans the wound, dries it off, and begins to sew shut the wound.

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE HALLWAY - LATER

The Doctor exits as John stands in the doorway, his shoulder bound tight with gauze.

JOHN

What sort of movement am I lookin' at?

DOCTOR

If you're lookin' to heal right quick, then keep it marginal. However, if you've still...  
(searching, then)  
...got a bit a' business to attend to...

The Doctor hands him a pill container.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

...take two of these beforehand. You will rip open, you will bleed, but you will have full function.

JOHN  
And after?

DOCTOR  
It'll hurt like hell, son... but  
come the long run, you'll be fine.

John hands the Doctor two gold coins.

JOHN  
Thanks, doc.

DOCTOR  
It's what I do.  
(nods)  
Evenin', John.

JOHN  
Evenin'.

John closes the door behind him.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE CONTINENTAL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The snow now falls harder, although the pace seems lazy.

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dressed in a fresh suit and tie, John strides through the kitchen, ignored by the bustling staff.

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE KITCHEN - DRY STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

John enters the room, and makes his way to the back where a small staircase leads downward.

John walks down them and enters-

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

-walking down the long, brick-enclosed corridor...

...stopping before a large, thick, imposing IRON DOOR.

John removes a gold coin from his pocket...

...and slips it into a slit -similar to that of a pay phone-  
to the right of the door.

A beat...

...and a section of the door slides open, revealing a pair of judging eyes. This is EDDIE -30s, red beard, shaven head, pierced, tattooed, three piece suit- intimidating as hell.

He studies John for a long moment.

EDDIE  
(a beat, then)  
I don't know you.

JOHN  
Maybe not... but I know this place.

A beat... and Eddie slides the view piece shut.

A beat... and the door is unlocked, swinging open.

John enters, and the door is immediately swung shut behind, sealed and locked tight.

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE SPEAK EASY - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The room is small, but comfortable.

To the right are a number of coat/hat racks populated by a dozen or so items.

To the left is a bank of modified cigar locker; dozens of transparent, safety-deposit boxes framed in mahogany with a plaque -etched with a name- upon each.

Eddie hands the coin back to John.

EDDIE  
You carryin'?

JOHN  
No. Wait...

John snaps back his wrist...

...and hands Eddie the ceramic straight blade.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

EDDIE  
You gotta' name?

JOHN  
John Wick.

Eddie recognizes this name, his demeanor changing drastically.

EDDIE

Oh.

Eddie turns, finds a locker with the name JOHN WICK carved upon it, opens the small door, slides in the blade, and closes it.

JOHN

How about you?

EDDIE

What about me?

JOHN

You gotta' name?

A beat... and Eddie smiles, extending a hand, instantly warm.

EDDIE

They call me Eddie.

JOHN

(smiles)

Pleased to meet you, Eddie.

EDDIE

Same goes for me, Mr. Wick.

JOHN

Please... call me, John.

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE SPEAK EASY - NIGHT

John enters the room through a pair of velvet drapes...

...and pauses, taking it all in with a smile.

A luxurious tavern crafted from a long forgotten speak-easy, the room isn't too big, and isn't too small, but... just right.

Booths line the outside walls while a number of tables are scattered about.

Near the stage, a small dance floor has been cleared, the wooden tiles worn, but lovingly cared for.

On stage, JENNY -80s, African-American, petite, a commanding presence- sways behind the microphone, singing an old standard, her voice similar to that of Billie Holiday; strong, tender, and sincere.

Her eyes grow wide at the sight of John, but she never wavers from her tune.

As John makes his way through the room, everyone nods, offers a handshake, or a simple greeting: this is an old family... of a sort.

In the corner, WINSTON -70s, English, tall, lean, well-dressed, glasses, tailored, precise- sits with a worn, paperback copy of THE TELL-TALE SHREW in one hand and a dry sherry in the other.

JOHN  
Hello, Winston.

Winston lowers the book, and glances across at John with a blank -yet warm- look.

WINSTON  
Hello, Jonathan.  
(a beat, then)  
It's been awhile.

JOHN  
That, it has.  
(looking around)  
I'm glad to see the old place still  
up and runnin'.

WINSTON  
(half-smiles)  
I could say the same for you.

John approaches the bar...

...where JIMMY -40s, African-American, three-piece suit, expensive watch, kind eyes, quick to smile- looks up with a grin.

JIMMY  
Ho... lee... shit.

JOHN  
Hey, Jimmy.

The two shake hands like old friends.

JIMMY  
John, my God, it's been... what?

JOHN

I'm no good with time, but... it's been awhile.

JIMMY

That, it has.

(a beat, then)

We we're all broken up over Norma, y'know.

JOHN

She got the card, the flowers... she knows you -all of you- loved her.

(a beat, then)

And thanks, Jimmy. It meant a lot to me as well.

JIMMY

Well, shit, it's good to see you, John. What can I get you?

JOHN

I'd love a martini.

JIMMY

Gin, dry, and onions?

JOHN

Good man.

JIMMY

Go on and take a seat. I'll be with you in a moment.

JOHN

Thanks, Jimmy.

JIMMY

All good, John... and seriously... it's good to see you.

As John leaves Jimmy to make his martini, John strays towards the stage.

Jenny finishes her song, the audiences politely applauds, and she steps down to give him a strong embrace.

JENNY

John Wick in the flesh... my, oh, my... will wonders never cease.

John smiles... almost sheepishly.

JOHN  
Hey, Jenny.

JENNY  
Where've you been keepin' yourself?

JOHN  
I'm not quite sure, but with that  
said... here I am.

JENNY  
Here you are, indeed. My, oh,  
my...

Jenny hesitates, and then clasps a hand to his shoulder.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
I miss her, too, y'know...

JOHN  
I know.

JENNY  
And I haven't... I mean, not since  
the last time...  
(hesitating, then)  
Would you mind... if I sang it?  
(smiles)  
You can say, "no".

JOHN  
(chuckles)  
No, no, Jenny... go right ahead.  
In fact... please do. I'd like to  
hear it, too.

JENNY  
Will do.

Jenny hugs him again, kissing him on the cheek.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
This visit of yours ain't no  
passin' fancy, is it?

JOHN  
No, ma'am.

JENNY  
Well, then... you be safe, you  
hear?

JOHN  
(nods, smiles)  
I hear.

Jenny takes to the stage...

...as John sinks into his booth.

Jimmy nods-

JIMMY  
Enjoy.

-as he slides a martini across to John.

On stage, Jenny whispers to the members of her small band before taking to the microphone.

JENNY  
It's been awhile, but... here's to  
the past... may it influence our  
future.

The music begins...

...and Jenny sings IT HAD TO BE YOU.

Her rendition is powerful, sweet, endearing, passionate, and sincere. As John watches her sing, a smile tugs at the corner of his lips.

On the empty dance floor...

...John watches a younger version of himself with Norma...

...dancing slowly... twirling... her head on his shoulder...

...smiling...

...with a sigh...

...before disappearing.

John swallows -hard- as a trembling hand wipes away a tear.

Jenny smiles at him with a nod.

He returns the gesture.

She continues to sing.

John raises his glass as-

-SNAP. SNAP. SNAP. SNAP. SNAP.

CUT TO:

A CELLPHONE

Five pictures of John are inconspicuously taken...

...by DAVID PERKINS -late twenties, cocky, expensive tastes, lean, cruel- at a table across the way.

David sends them with a text: "Is this him?"

A beat... and he receives a text in return: "Yes. Where are you?"

David texts back: "The Continental."

A beat... and he receives a text: "We may not engage in hostilities upon those premises."

David texts back: "I'm willing to take the risk."

A beat... and he receives a follow up text: "Take him alive. Should you fail, we disavow. Should you succeed, we reward... greatly."

David smiles...

CUT TO:

...as does John.

Once the song is done, Jenny is met with boisterous applause...

...with John clapping the hardest among them.

FADE TO:

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Exhausted -and more than a bit tipsy- John runs a hand along the wall to maintain his balance.

He sings under his breath... humming the tune to IT HAD TO BE YOU.

At his door, he fumbles with his key card, but finally manages to open it.

INT. JOHN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John closes and locks the door behind him. He sheds his jacket, his shoes, and his pants...

...flicks off the lights...

...and crawls beneath the blankets with a sigh.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE CONTINENTAL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The snowstorm ends, the city suddenly still.

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Empty.

A long beat... and two figures appear at one end of the hall while three appear at the other end: suits, ties, gloves, and masks.

One of them inserts a key card attached to his cell-phone and hacks the lock; the light turning from red to green.

Another places a small, MAGNETIC GUN to the door, adjusts the setting, and pulls the trigger-

INT. JOHN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-causing the latch to leap back from the door...

...which opens.

All five men enter, closing the door behind them.

Sound asleep, John lays upon his back beneath the covers, snoring softly.

Well-rehearsed, two men focus upon his legs while two focus upon his arms, their hands hovering above an appendage as they wait for the fifth (DAVID)...

...who produces a plastic baggie, inside of which rests a damp TOWEL.

David removes the towel...

...counts down with a nod from 3... 2... 1...

Like a well-oiled machine, hands clasp down upon John's arms and legs as David slaps the rag down upon John's mouth.

John's body tenses as his eyes snap open...

...but he does not inhale.

A beat... and John twists at an odd angle, causing one of the men holding his arm to lose his grasp. With his one arm free, John reaches up, grabs David's wrist, and snaps it.

As David stumbles backwards with a cry, the others pounce upon John...

...who produces the K-BAR blade from beneath the blankets, driving it into the side of one man's neck once... twice... three times...

...before releasing the blade, arching his back, and wrapping his legs around another man's neck, tensing until -SNAP- the man's neck breaks.

The remaining three -horrified- are at a loss; far removed from their element.

David and a gunman run for the door as a third steps back, removes his silenced pistol from a shoulder holster, and blindly fires.

The bullets etch up along the mattress and into the headboard...

...as John rolls off the bed, reaches beneath it, and grabs the shotgun.

BOOM!

The gunman's left leg disappears as -screaming- he sinks to the ground.

BOOM!

John fires again, hitting the fallen gunman in the chest.

BOOM!

John fires at the fleeing gunman in the open doorway-

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-sending him spinning out into the hallway.

BOOM!

He is shot a second time in the back, dead in a blink.

David rips off his mask as he slides to a stop, hands up, just as John emerges from his room, pumping the shotgun for affect.

A beat... and he walks towards David, the weapon steady.

DAVID  
(trembling)  
...please...

John places the shotgun to the back of David's head.

John is terribly -to an unsettling degree- calm.

He produces a small pill container, taps out two, and swallows them as he rolls his injured shoulder with a groan.

JOHN  
(terribly calm)  
Do you know where Iosef is?

DAVID  
No, sir.

JOHN  
Do you know where Viggo is?

DAVID  
N-no, sir.

JOHN  
(sighs)  
Do you know anythin' worth knowin'?

Tears roll down David's cheeks as he wracks his brain, thinking.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Just because I'm good at killin'...  
doesn't mean I like it all that  
much.  
(a beat, then)  
Give me something.

DAVID  
Wait, wait!  
(swallowing hard, then)  
Little Russia. There's a small  
bank near Cannon Court...

JOHN  
What about it?

DAVID

Viggo owns it. It's where he keeps his money. Every dollar of business he does clears through that building.

JOHN

(a beat, then)  
That'll do.

John swings the shotgun, knocking David out with the butt.

CLICK.

John freezes...

...as HARRY -60s, African-American, former NFL receiver, tall, lean, and imposing, yet currently dressed in boxers, a t-shirt, and dress shoes- aims a pistol at the back of John's head from the open doorway of his hotel room.

Silence.

HARRY

Do I know you?

JOHN

I'm thinkin' so.

John turns...

...and Harry lowers his pistol.

HARRY

Oh. Hey, John.

JOHN

Hey, Harry.

Harry glances about at the bodies...

...and steps back inside his room.

HARRY

Good night, John.

JOHN

(nods)  
Night, Harry.  
(a beat, then)  
Hey, Harry.

Harry hesitates, but glances out from behind his door.

HARRY  
Yeah, John?

JOHN  
You keen on earnin' a coin?

HARRY  
(hesitates, then sighs)  
Times bein' as they are? Yeah,  
John... I am.

JOHN  
Do you mind babysittin' the  
breathin' one for, I dunno...  
(checking his watch)  
...the next six hours or so?

HARRY  
Catch and release?

John tosses Harry a gold coin.

JOHN  
(nods)  
Catch and release.

HARRY  
Can do.

We hear the sound of a phone ringing.

Harry grabs David by the feet as John heads back towards his room.

JOHN  
Good night, Harry.

Harry drags David back towards his room.

HARRY  
Good night, John.

INT. JOHN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John enters his room, and answers the ringing phone.

MANAGER  
Good evening, Mr. Wick. I'm sorry  
to be calling you at this hour, but  
we've received a number of noise  
complaints from your floor.

JOHN

You don't have to worry about that anymore. I'll be going to bed soon.

MANAGER

Have you any need of -say- a dinner reservation, perhaps?

JOHN

Yes, in fact.  
(counting)  
For four.

MANAGER

Six o'clock?

JOHN

Perfect. Oh, and...  
(hesitating, then)  
Do you cater?  
(smiles)  
Excellent. I'll need a car, and...  
well... something a bit less  
trivial.

FADE TO:

EXT. A BRIDGE - ESTABLISHING - DAWN

Well-lit, but empty; a beautiful expanse of architectural history.

EXT. A BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

John walks with his hands in his pockets, his head down, lost in thought. He pauses to light himself a cigarette...

...a long beat...

...and he lowers his head, flicking ash.

JOHN

You willin' to put a bullet in my back, Marcus?

Emerging from the shadows behind him, Marcus holds a silenced-pistol, his leather-gloved hand steady.

A beat...

...and Marcus smiles, slipping the pistol back into his jacket.

MARCUS

I owe you, John.

Marcus joins him at the rail.

John offers him a cigarette-

JOHN

Been awhile, Marcus.

-which Marcus accepts-

MARCUS

Too long, I'd argue.

-leaning forward to ignite the tip from John's lighter. He pulls back with a nod, squinting out into the night.

JOHN

Why'd you take the job then?

MARCUS

Because if not for me, it would have been someone who'd have just now pulled the trigger and simply walked away, leaving you to gasp your last.

JOHN

(nods)

Much appreciated, then.

MARCUS

Besides, we're the last of our kind; an endangered species of a sort. And I find comfort in knowing that there's someone like me still out there.

JOHN

(a long beat, then sighs)

What am I doing, Marcus? I mean... it is just a... was a... dog, but...

John runs a trembling hand through his hair.

MARCUS

It's always "just" something, John.  
"

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Just" a wife, "just" a son, "just" a friend, "just" a house, "just" a car... "just" a dog... or "just" a cat. Each of these I've lost in no particular order, and each time the pain I felt was quite real. And my chosen reciprocity to each was no more -and no less- brutal than any other.

JOHN

(a beat, then)  
This isn't like me.

MARCUS

(smiles, nods)  
Maybe not, but for the rare man of our ilk -those who survived an arguably unsurvivable life- the few things we find time to care for... pass long before we do...

A long silence...

...and Marcus finishes his cigarette, tossing it out into the darkness.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Good night, John.

JOHN

Good night, Marcus.

Marcus turns, and heads back into the train...

...as John continues to stare out into the night.

A long beat... and he produces his cell phone, dialing a number.

FADE TO:

EXT. A DINER - ESTABLISHING - EARLY DAY

A corner dive, popular, but its population is sparse this early in the morning.

A limousine pulls up to the curb.

INT. A DINER - CONTINUOUS

Sipping coffee in a corner booth, John watches the front of the building...

...lowering his mug as VIGGO -accompanied by two men- enter.

VIGGO  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Wait in the car.

The two men exit as Viggo walks towards the booth, shedding his jacket as he does so.

Only one of John's hands is above the table, the other hovering beneath it, a pistol held tight, unwavering.

Viggo slips into the seat.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
Is that really necessary?

John answers by taking a sip of his coffee. Viggo shrugs with a frown, motioning towards the waitress as he flips over his mug.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
So be it.

WAITRESS  
(filling the mug)  
Cream or sugar?

VIGGO  
No, thank you.

As she walks away, Viggo takes a long pull off of his drink.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
It's been what? 30 years?

JOHN  
Yeah, that's about right.

VIGGO  
Left the game, got married, settled down... I envy that.  
(a beat, then)  
Kids?

JOHN  
No.

VIGGO  
Lucky bastard.

JOHN  
We tried, but... wasn't in the  
cards.

VIGGO  
I fucked a bartender and -ta dah!-  
nine months later, I had me a piece  
a' shit tossed on the old doorstep,  
but... when it comes down to it...  
(glowers)  
He's still my son.

JOHN  
(nods)  
I figured as much.

VIGGO  
Funny how one would both die and  
kill for something they do not  
love.

JOHN  
Imagine what one would do if they  
did.

Viggo nods, takes a sip of his coffee, and stands.

VIGGO  
Goodbye, John.

JOHN  
Goodbye, Viggo.

Viggo leaves the diner, and slides into-

INT. A LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

-where four of his men wait, each armed with a silenced,  
submachine gun: intimidating hardware.

Viggo closes the door, takes a deep breath, and sighs,  
rubbing his brow.

VIGGO  
Kill him.

BOOM!

A round slams into his window, barely missing him before hitting the man seated next to him in the side of the head, blood spattering against glass.

Viggo dives to the floor as his men prepare to return fire-

EXT. A DINER - CONTINUOUS

-but John is a crackshot, firing as he strides towards the vehicle-

INT. A LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

-killing two men and wounding a fourth who drops down next to Viggo, screaming.

VIGGO

DRIVE!

EXT. A DINER - CONTINUOUS

John ejects a spent clip, slaps in a fresh one in a blink, and unloads into the limousine which jerks forward, tires squealing as it drives off.

INT. A LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Viggo lies on his back, staring at the ceiling as he lights himself a cigarette.

VIGGO

People don't change. Do they,  
John?

(to the screaming gunman)

SHUT... THE FUCK... UP!

EXT. A DINER - CONTINUOUS

John slips the gun into the back of his pants, turns, and calmly walks away.

FADE TO:

INT. A SUBWAY STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The train pulls up and begins to empty, crowding the platform.

INT. A SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

John exits the train, stuffs his hands into his pockets, and seeks to disappear into the crowd...

...as KIRILL and TWO GUNMEN spot him.

They move towards him...

...following...

...hands reaching beneath their jackets, fingers curling around triggers as silenced pistols are slipped free by steady hands.

KIRILL

*Babushka.*

John slows his stride, hands out to his side, mind racing.

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

With consciousness fading, John leans back upon the floor, listening to the voices of his assailants.

With his face hidden within his mask, Kirill chuckles - enjoying this- as he sucks on a fresh mint.

KIRILL (O.C.)

(in Russian, subtitled)

Then shit... let the fuckin'  
*babushka* fade away and let's get  
the fuck outta' here.

SMASHCUT TO:

EXT. A SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

John tenses, his features hard.

Kirill grins, willing for John to give him reason to fire.

Suddenly, a frail commuter stumbles into their midst-

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

-killing each with a single, silenced round to the heart.

Kirill is dead before he hits the ground.

Amidst a growing sense of chaos, MARCUS shares a parting glance with John, slips the pistol in his pocket, smiles, and tips his hat down low over his eyes.

John returns the nod and disappears in the opposite direction.

FADE TO:

EXT. A PARKING LOT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

EXT. A PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

John walks up to an old, FORD LTD sedan. He reaches up into a rear wheel well, and rips free a set of keys which had been duct-taped within.

He opens the trunk: we recognize the suitcases therein as his own. However, there is also a LARGE DUFFEL BAG as well which he opens, studies its contents, and -satisfied- zips shut.

He closes the trunk, opens the front door-

INT. A SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

-slides inside, starts the engine-

EXT. A PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

-and drives off.

FADE TO:

EXT. A STREET - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A number of the quaint old buildings share both English and Russian signs.

EXT. A STREET - ESTABLISHING - DAY

With his hands stuffed deep into his pockets, John exits an alleyway and ducks into-

INT. A CAFE - CONTINUOUS

-where he motions "one" to the waitress.

She points towards a booth. He nods, sheds his jacket, takes a seat, and glances down at the menu.

Through the window, John studies the front facade of A BANK building.

HIS POV:

The BANK MANAGER -checking his watch- flips over the sign in the door from CLOSED to OPEN.

WAITRESS  
What can I get you?

JOHN  
Americano, please. And a bear  
claw.

WAITRESS  
On it.

JOHN  
Oh, and the bathroom?

WAITRESS  
Down the hall to the left.

JOHN  
Thanks.

INT. A CAFE - THE HALLWAY - DAY

Pulling on a pair of leather gloves, John walks down the hallway, but instead of turning left, he turns right-

EXT. A CAFE - THE REAR - CONTINUOUS

-exiting the building.

He flips his jacket inside-out -from black to gray- and slips on a face mask.

Reaching down behind a trash can, he removes a TWO GALLON PLASTIC GAS TANK and a PISTOL before walking back down the alley, and out into-

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

-making a b-line for the Bank.



INT. A BANK - THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The Bank Manager swings open the door, revealing two walls of safety-deposit boxes on either side...

...with a large door in the rear of the vault leading into a secondary vault. A keypad is attached to its face replete with a fingerprint reader.

John presses the barrel of the gun to the back of the Bank Manager's head and forces him into the vault.

JOHN

Open it.

BANK MANAGER

I can't.

JOHN

Open it.

BANK MANAGER

He'll kill me!

JOHN

So will I.

The bank manager hesitates...

...and then presses a thumb to the reader and types in a code.

A beat... and the door opens with a hiss.

BANK MANAGER

Now, p-

John pistol-whips the Bank Manager, knocking him out.

Without really looking inside-

INT. A BANK- SECONDARY VAULT - CONTINUOUS

-John tosses the plastic gas can into the secondary vault, and unloads the pistol...

...into the gas can which explodes into flame, illuminating the space to reveal pallets of cash, smuggled artwork, jewels, and the like stashed therein.

John tosses the pistol inside, and walks away.

As the fire grows, devouring the millions of dollars in liquid assets...

EXT. A BANK - THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

John casually walks across the street, ignoring the gawkers, and enters the alleyway.

INT. A BANK - THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The Bank Manager comes to with a groan, pulling himself up to his feet. His jaw drops -eyes wide- at the sight of the fire.

BANK MANAGER  
...fuck... me...

EXT. A DINER - THE REAR - CONTINUOUS

John tosses the gloves and mask into the trash, turns his jacket back out, slips it back on, and enters-

INT. A DINER - THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-walking down the hallway to enter-

INT. A DINER - CONTINUOUS

-slipping into his seat as the Waitress arrives with his coffee and donut.

WAITRESS  
Anything else?

JOHN  
That'll do. Thank you.

John takes a deep breath, exhales...

...and relaxes as across the street, the Bank Manager emerges from the building, and flees off down the street.

FADE TO:

EXT. A BANK - LATER

A beat... and the trio of intimidating sedans pull up to the curb.

The gunmen in the rear and front vehicles emerge, studying their surroundings. A beat... and one of the gunman slaps a hand to the roof of the center car.

Proceeded -and preceded- by a bodyguard, Viggo emerges, stuffs his hands into his pockets, and marches into the bank as across the street...

INT. A CAFE - CONTINUOUS

...John watches.

JOHN  
(mutters)  
No cops. That's new.

WAITRESS  
We good, hon?

JOHN  
Yeah. Yeah, we're good. Thanks.

The waitress rips the receipt off of her pad-

WAITRESS  
Anytime.

-and drops it on the table in front of him.

John stands, tosses a twenty down on top of it, turns, and leaves, snagging a toothpick at the cashier's booth before exiting.

INT. AN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

As John walks, he reaches down behind a trash can...

...and retrieves a LARGE BRIEFCASE.

INT. A BANK - SECONDARY VAULT - LATER

Viggo stands in the center of the small room with his head down, prodding a smoldering Picasso with the tip of his foot.

VIGGO  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Where's the manager?

The question is met by silence.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 I'd run, too.  
 (a beat, then in English)  
 What a shame... what a fucking...  
 (sighs)  
 ...shame...

Viggo is trembling with rage, hands clenched at his sides, eyes unblinking.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Iosef... my son... is worth less  
 than this... far less... treasures  
 reduced to ash...  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 ...ash...

EXT. A BANK - LATER

With his head down -hands stuffed deep into his pockets, a cigarette smoldering between his lips- Viggo exits, slowly making his way towards his car.

INT. A DIESEL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Perched behind the wheel -the driver's side window missing- John shifts gears, slams his foot down onto the gas...

...and narrows his eyes, tensing, his knuckles creaking from within leather gloves as his fingers constrict around the wheel of the stolen vehicle.

EXT. A BANK - CONTINUOUS

The gunmen react to the sound of the engine's roar, the two nearest it's approach dropping to a knee, aiming, and firing.

Bullets slam into the windshield -a round slashing into John's cheek, clipping his ear- and engine block before the front left tire blows.

John loses control of the truck which fishtails wildly, slamming into a sedan, crushing two gunmen before it cartwheels through their midst, killing three more before coming to a stop on its side.

A gunmen pushes Viggo towards the center sedan-

GUNMEN  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
GET IN! NOW!

-shoving him inside.

Three gunmen approach the truck, firing repeatedly.

INT. A DIESEL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Dazed, John -his face cut by glass, fresh wounds seeping hot blood- reaches over into the open briefcase, removing the silenced-UZI therein.

John shoots out the sunroof, dragging himself free of the vehicle as he ducks for cover.

EXT. A STREET - CONTINUOUS

As the Sedan peels out, John swiftly ejects the clip, selects another -wrapped in blue tape, these ARMOR-PIERCING BULLETS are dark gray, seemingly sharpened to a tip- from a clip belt, slaps it into weapon, drops to a knee and-

-as the Sedan drives past-

-depresses the trigger.

INT. THE SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Bullets easily punch through the doors and windows, riddling the dash..

...the passenger, the driver...

...the seats...

...one gunmen, Viggo, another gunmen...

...and the seats.

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Sedan veers off, plummeting into the store front of a pharmacy.

EXT. A BANK - CONTINUOUS

John ejects the spent clip, selects another wrapped in blue tape, turns towards the fallen truck, and pulls the trigger.

The bullets punch through the roof, seats/floor, and undercarriage of the vehicle...

...cutting the remaining gunmen to shreds on the sidewalk behind it.

The clip empties.

Silence.

John tosses the Uzi into the truck, turns, and walks towards the store front from which the rear half of a sedan protrudes, pausing to slip free a silenced-pistol from a dead man's hand.

INT. A PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

John enters, glancing into the Sedan as he moves past: the gunmen are all dead, but Viggo is missing, a rear door open.

John rounds the corner...

...to see a trail of blood. He follows it...

...to find Viggo dragging his broken body, his switchblade in one hand, his cellphone in the other. The knife is unceremoniously dropped as he struggles to dial 9... 1...

...before the phone slips through his fingers, slick with blood.

VIGGO  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 NO! NO!  
 (sighs)  
 ...no...

John stands over him, the pistol level.

As if sensing him, Viggo rolls over with a groan.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
 Tell me, John... and please... be  
 honest... am I dying here?

John hesitates, squats, and retrieves Viggo's cell phone.

JOHN  
Unless I complete the call, then...  
yes.

VIGGO  
For me to die like this...  
(spitting, enraged)  
...BECAUSE OF HIM...  
(sighs)  
...would be unfortunate.

Viggo is fading... fast.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
I was sending Iosef to a safe house  
in Moscow. I arranged for  
transport via... a grain ship...  
out of Newark...

Viggo coughs, trembling.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
...please...

John stands, dials an additional "1", and the send button...

...but it is too late: Viggo is dead.

John tosses the phone down onto Viggo's chest, slips the gun  
into the back of his pants, turns and as he walks towards the  
store front...

...grabs a bottle of rubbing alcohol from the shelf,  
unscrewing the cap.

EXT. A STREET - CONTINUOUS

John dumps the bottle onto his head, gritting his teeth, as  
behind him...

...the sedan EXPLODES behind him.

John does not react.

He tosses aside the bottle, stuffs his hands into his  
pockets, lowers his head, and walks on.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE CONTINENTAL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. HARRY'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David sits in a chair with his head down: his ankles, wrists, mouth, and eyes bound by duct tape. A weathered hand reaches over and RIPS the tape off of his eyes.

David winces out of pain and the brutal sensation of light.

HARRY (O.C.)  
Housekeepin'll find ya'.

Dressed in a three-piece suit, Harry places an old -but gingerly cared for- hat upon his head, a ring upon his finger glistening, his watch an enviable antique.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
But son? You done a bit a'  
business on the Continental  
grounds...

Harry lifts his suitcase and turns heading for the door.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
...and management, well...

Harry opens the door...

HARRY (CONT'D)  
...they don't take kindly to that  
sort a' thing.

...and exits, leaving the door ajar.

David slumps in his seat; exhausted, broken, and defeated.

FADE TO:

EXT. A CITYSCAPE - ESTABLISHING - DAY/NIGHT

SUPER: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Day becomes night.

EXT. THE DOCKS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A bustling mecca of commerce, the port never sleeps; ships of all shapes and sizes dock, empty their shipment, refilled with return cargo, and slip out into the night.

A multi-hulled beast of a ship, THE CHAYKA (Seagull) rests dock-side, its bridge guarded by a small army of security guards.

Overhead, scattered throughout the cranes, are a half-dozen SNIPERS, searching/studying the dockyard.

INT. THE CHAYKA - THE HULL - CONTINUOUS

Cellophane-wrapped pallets of WEAPONS and bales of CASH are carried by forklifts into the center of the hull and bolted to the floor.

Meanwhile, two dozen high-end, luxury cars enter the hull, each driven into its own reinforced, steel crate, the doors sealed shut behind them.

As the last WORKER leaves, he shouts into his walkie-talkie.

WORKER  
FILL HER UP!

Overhead, a large chute appears-

EXT. THE CHAYKA - CONTINUOUS

-and the OPERATOR presses a button, sending a seemingly endless stream of grain down into the hull, covering the smuggled goods.

INT. THE CHAYKA - THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Chewing on an unlit cigar, the CAPTAIN -60s, enormous, grizzled, salt-and-pepper beard, long, unkempt hair, dressed in denim and leather- studies paperwork at his desk while Iosef paces; a cigarette in one hand, a drink in the other.

IOSEF  
How the fuck long do I have to stay  
down here?

CAPTAIN  
Until we are at sea, and even then,  
your access up top will be limited.

The Captain's phone rings. He answers it.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Yes?

The Captain's face falls, his jaw clenched.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
I'll let him know. Proceed as  
scheduled.

The Captain hangs up, finds a match, sparks it to flame, and ignites the tip of his cigar, puffing it like an old steam engine.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Your father...

IOSEF  
(scoffs)  
What about him?

CAPTAIN  
He is dead.

Iosef is stunned.

IOSEF  
What?

CAPTAIN  
I'm sorry. He was k-

The Captain is cut off by the intercom which squawks to life, a screaming voice reduced to panicked static. The Captain slaps a hand down onto the call button.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Come again?

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
We're taking fire, sir!

EXT. THE CHAYKA - THE DECK - CONTINUOUS

A number of security guards lay dead upon the deck -bleeding out from single gunshot wounds- as the others sprint for cover. The Operator leans hard against the call button of the intercom.

OPERATOR  
Someone's shooting at u-

A round slams into the side of the Operator's head, killing him instantly, his body sinking to the deck.

INT. THE CHAYKA - THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The Captain stands, checks the chamber of the LUGER PISTOL at his side, and heads for the door.

CAPTAIN  
Until you hear otherwise... stay.

The Captain exits the cabin and slams the door behind him. Trembling, Iosef latches close the door...

...and pours himself a tall drink.

EXT. A CRANE - CONTINUOUS

A SNIPER searches the yard through his scope, his earpiece overwhelmed by panicked chatter.

SNIPER  
This is Alpha. I don't-

TINK!

Across the way, another sniper tumbles off his perch...

TINK!

...as does another...

TINK!

...and another...

SNIPER (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck is he?

TINK!

...and another...

The sniper searches, his skin wet with perspiration, hand trembling upon the stock.

TINK!

...and another, screaming as he falls...

SNIPER (CONT'D)  
WHERE THE FUCK...  
(trailing off)

The Sniper has found John...

SNIPER (CONT'D)  
The old cannery. Southeast of my  
position.

...but it is too late.

WE ZOOM THROUGH HIS SCOPE...

...ACROSS THE YARD...

...AND INTO THE CANNERY WHERE JOHN LIES ON THE FLOOR WITH A SNIPER RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER.

JOHN FIRES...

...AND WE FOLLOW THE BULLET BACK UP TOWARDS THE SNIPER'S PERCH...

...WHERE IT ENTERS THE SNIPER'S SCOPE...

...AND PUNCHES THROUGH THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.

His body goes limp...

...and slides out of his perch, cart-wheeling down to the earth below.

EXT. THE SHIPYARD - NIGHT

EIGHT HEAVILY-ARMORED SUV's bear down on the old cannery building.

INT. THE CANNERY - THE TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

John shifts position, aims, and fires-

EXT. THE SHIPYARD - CONTINUOUS

-but the round ricochets off the bulletproof window.

INT. THE CANNERY - THE TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

John ejects the clip, ejects a round, leans the weapon against the window, and sinks back into the darkness.

INT. THE CANNERY - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The parade of SUVs enter the cannery, their tires screeching to a stop as a swarm of highly-trained gunmen emerge, scattering throughout the building.

INT. THE CANNERY - THE TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

John pries open the doors of an old, wooden, elevator shaft: now an empty cavern disappearing down into darkness.

INT. THE CANNERY - THE TOP FLOOR - A HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A pair of gunmen swiftly close in on John...

INT. THE CANNERY - THE TOP FLOOR - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

...who takes a deep breath...

...and jumps-

-bullets riddling the doors behind him-

-disappearing down into the darkness-

INT. BENEATH THE CANNERY - CONTINUOUS

-his body SLAPPING against the water as he sinks like a stone.

INT. THE CANNERY - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A gunman rounds a corner...

...stepping over the empty duffel bag we last saw in John's trunk...

...and freezes, his eyes wide.

HIS POV: A brick of C-4 is attached to one of the main support beams, the pale red light of the detonator glowing with ominous disdain.

He takes a step back, lowering his weapon, and glances about...

...noticing for the first time the RED LIGHTS of a DOZEN OR MORE C-4 charges scattered throughout the interior.

GUNMEN

RUN!

INT. BENEATH THE CANNERY - CONTINUOUS

Underwater, John lifts his hand...

...to reveal a REMOTE DETONATER...

...which he depresses with his thumb.

INT. THE CANNERY - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The gunman goes pale at the sight of all of those red lights... turning green.

EXT. THE SHIPYARD - CONTINUOUS

A series of powerful explosion tear through the building, reducing it to splinters as it collapses in upon itself.

INT. BENEATH THE CANNERY - CONTINUOUS

As debris begins to sink down all around him, John swims as hard as he can.

Surfacing when he is safe, gasping for breath.

Finding a ladder, John climbs upwards-

EXT. THE DOCK - CONTINUOUS

-emerging from behind an access panel.

John turns towards the ship and moves at a steady pace, eyes roving.

EXT. THE CHAYKA - THE DECK - NIGHT

Surrounded by crewmen and security personnel, the Captain watches the explosion, his eyes wide.

CAPTAIN

My... God.

CREWMAN #1

What do we do?

CAPTAIN

I-

POP! POP! POP! POP!

The sound of a pistol echoes up past them.

CREWMAN

Captain... he's coming.

EXT. THE DOCK - THE CHAYKA - CONTINUOUS

With his pistol held in both hands -soaked to the bone- John strides towards the boat's entryway, dropping five guards with two perfectly-placed shots apiece.

He ejects the spent clips, slaps in a replacement, drops to a knee, and fires off six shots at the two gunmen as they round the corner, dead before they hit the ground.

John drops his pistol, retrieves a submachine gun off a dead guard, unfolds the stock, presses it to his shoulder, and enters the ship.

INT. THE CHAYKA - THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

With a trembling hand, Iosef pours himself a drink, staring at the door...

...from behind which is heard the sound of sheer, unadulterated chaos: gunfire, screams, and explosions.

Silence.

THUM! THUM! THUM!

CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
Open the door, goddammit!

Iosef drops his glass, and unlatches the door.

The Captain stumbles into the room, leaning heavy against his desk, pausing to take a swig of whisky, blood trickling down from his forehead, his left arm limp at his side.

The Captain reloads, reaches into his drawer, finds a snub-nosed .38, and tosses it to Iosef.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Do you know how to use that?

IOSEF  
Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN  
Good. Follow me. And if you shoot me in the back, I'll be the one to fuckin' kill you.

The Captain swings open the door, and -with his pistol in both hands- enters-

INT. THE CHAYKA - A CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

-bodies lay everywhere.

Gunshots ring out.

A number of panicking crewmen flee the ship.

Iosef stays close to the Captain, his sweaty hands clinging to the pistol. As the Captain rounds the corner-

-commotion-

-as he and John collide.

SLOW MOTION...

...as John looks past the Captain, his eyes locking onto Iosef...

...who -panicking- raises his pistol, and FIRES-

BACK TO SCENE

-hitting the Captain in the shoulder.

CAPTAIN

You piece of shit, motherfucker!

Iosef turns and flees...

...as the Captain and John disarm one another.

The Captain roars -in pain and anger- driving a fist into John's side, breaking ribs. He follows through with a wild left, but John avoids it, slapping it aside, the Captain's forward momentum sending his fist to SHATTER again the iron wall of his ship.

The Captain howls, wrapping his arms around John, crushing him...

...and as consciousness begins to fade...

...John's teeth close around the captain's nose, cleaving it from his face.

Stunned, the Captain releases John who kicks out his knee, moves behind him, wraps his arms around the wounded man's head, and SNAPS his neck.

EXT. THE CHAYKA - THE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Iosef emerges from the lower deck, firing back into the darkness as tears roll down his face.

A beat...

...and John emerges, the very visage of death: his chest etched with bullet wounds, blood trickling down his face, wet, dirty, wounded, pale, and yet...

...unstoppable.

John moves at a steady pace, the gun in his hand at his side, arm limp.

Iosef sprints towards the far end of the ship, and climbs up the ladder towards the pilothouse.

John follows.

INT. THE CHAYKA - THE PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Overlooking the entire ship's deck, the pilothouse offers little in the way of escape.

Instead, Iosef now finds himself trapped.

He searches the desk and finds a LETTER OPENER which he yields like a knife, turning...

...as John enters the room.

Silence.

IOSEF

Well, come on, muthafucka! LET'S  
DANCE! YOU AND ME!

A beat... and John raises the pistol, and fires off his last round, punching a hole in the glass.

Iosef grins, laughing as John drops his weapon.

IOSEF (CONT'D)

You missed, bitch!

JOHN

No. I didn't.

John surges into Iosef...

...whose hand comes down with the letter opener. John catches his wrist, and snaps it as his right hand darts up, constricts around Iosef's jaw, cracking it in two...

...lifting him from with the ground...

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(growls)  
For Moose.

...and hurling him through the pane of glass which EXPLODES.

SCREAMING, Iosef tumbles end over end, his body slamming into chute from which grain continues to pour, the hull close to full.

Iosef cartwheels over it and lands half-in/half-out of the hull, SNAPPING his back, as around him...

...grain piles higher...

...as he sinks.

IOSEF  
NO! HELP ME! NO! N...  
(fading)

While his legs remain on deck, his upper torso sinks slightly, the grain covering his face, muting his screams...

...as he suffocates to death.

INT. THE CHAYKA - THE PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

John stares down at him for a long moment, turns...

...and leaves.

FADE TO:

EXT. A CITY STREET - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Silence as a soft snow begins to fall.

A beat...

...and a sedan rounds the corner, takes it too wide, and crashes.

INT. A SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Perched behind the wheel with his head down, John groans, leaning back as snow wafts through the door's broken side window.

EXT. A STREET - CONTINUOUS

John pulls himself out of the vehicle, stumbles a few feet, enters-

EXT. AN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

-leans heavy against the wall, and slides into a sitting position.

John Wick looks to be on death's very doorstep....

...however...

...death will not take him.

With an almost frustrated/irritated groan John pulls himself to his feet, and staggers down the alley.

INT. A VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Small, simple, and clean.

A beat... and an elbow is driven through the door's window. John reaches in, unlocks the door, opens it, enters, and closes it behind him.

INT. A VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - A SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT

John grabs an empty box and begins filling it with instruments, medication, bandages, and the like.

INT. A VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - THE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

John enters to find an empty room...

...save a single YOUNG DOG -a mutt of no distinguishable breed, three years old- who sits staring at him, offering little more than a tilt of its head.

John strips and -using the hose attachment- rinses his body clean: the damage is extensive with cuts, bruises, and three bullet holes (one in his shoulder, one his side, and one in his chest).

John studies the bullet wounds.

JOHN  
(mutters)  
Through and through... through and through...

However when he gets to the one in his chest-

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Buried deep.  
(sighs)  
Fuck.

John swallows a handful of pills, clenches his teeth, and - using a pair of needle nose pliers- reaches into the wound, searching...

...until he finds the bullet which he pulls free.

John cleans the wounds with disinfectant, applies a number of pads/bandages, and studies himself in the mirror: he is a complete and total wreck... but alive.

INT. A VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - THE SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT

Searching, John finds some surgical garb; thin pants and a shirt which he slips into.

INT. A VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - THE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

John takes a jacket off of the rack, tries it on -too small- moves on to the second one, and it fits. John flicks off the light, and leaves the room. A long beat...

...and John returns, turning the light back on. From across the room, he stares at the young dog, studying it.

The dog makes no sound, tilting it's head from side to side.

A beat... and John walks to the cage, removing the clipboard from its side, reading it: we can see that the dog is scheduled to be put down tomorrow.

JOHN  
Miko, huh?

Miko replies with a tilt of her head-

JOHN (CONT'D)  
That's quite the name.

-and a paw pressed to the side of the cage.

John smiles, places the clipboard on top of the cage, and opens its door.

Miko doesn't move.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Are you coming or not?

A beat... and Miko leaps down onto the floor, tail wagging.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
That's what I thought.

John takes a leash off of the wall, and clips it to Miko's collar.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Come on. Let's go home.

EXT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT

John and Miko emerge from the Veterinarian's Office and walk out into the snow...

...disappearing into the night.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE CONTINENTAL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

With his arm in a cast, DAVID makes his way through the kitchen, his expensive suit freshly pressed.

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE KITCHEN - DRY STORAGE - NIGHT

David enters dry storage, makes his way to the back, and walks down the staircase.

INT. THE CONTINENTAL - THE SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

As he approaches the door, he searches his pocket for a gold coin, finding one. He slips it into the slit in the door. A long beat...

...and down below, it clatters out into a small receptacle.

WINSTON (O.S.)  
Mr. Perkins...

...over his shoulder, we see Winston emerge from the shadows behind him, a silenced-pistol held steady in his hand.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
...your membership to the  
Continental has been -by thine own  
hand- revoked.

THUMP! THUMP!

CUT TO: BLACK

Silence.

The sound of a key slipped into an ignition.

It turns, the engine roaring to life, tires squealing.

FADE IN:

EXT. AN ABANDONED AIRFIELD - DAY

The sleek, clean, black as night, 1969 Ford Mustang 'Boss 429' sprints down the tarmac as inside...

INT. THE MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

...Miko holds her head out of the open window, her eyes narrowed, mouth open, and tongue flapping in the wind.

John smiles, reaches over, and scratches her on the back.

JOHN  
Good girl, Miko... good girl.

EXT. AN ABANDONED AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

The Mustang charges off into the distance.

FADE OUT: