You killed a man on company grounds, Jonathan. You leave me no choice but to declare you excommunicado. The doors to any service or provider in connection with the Continental are now closed to you. I am so sorry. Your life is now forfeit. Then why am I not dead? Because I deemed it not to be. Now. You have one hour. I can't delay it any longer. You might need this. Down the road. Winston. Tell them. Tell them all. Whoever comes. Whoever it is. Whoever comes. Whoever it is. I'll kill them. I'll kill them all. Of course you will. Jonathan. Winston. I'm sorry. Accounts payable. One one. One one. One. One hour. John Wick. Excommunicado. Order one one one one one confirmed. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. .