

JOHN WICK: CHAPTER FOUR

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1                    **EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAWN**                    1

Establishing: An aerial view of New York City's iconic skyline as the sun crests the horizon.

**OPENING CREDITS:**

Titles begin:

**BANG!** *The sound of bone impacting wood echoes.*

1A                    **EXT. NYC / STREET - DAWN**                    1A

A low rent part of town, gritty and industrial. A symbol is spray painted on a wall: an "X" with an "O" on each side and a jagged "line" above. This is HOBO SYMBOL and in the language of the street it means: **"a safe place."**

2                    **INT. NYC / BOWERY KING'S WORLD / UNDERGROUND - DAWN**                    2

A long, dark tunnel illuminated by a lantern. Walls covered in HOBO SYMBOLS. Footsteps echo. Two long shadows stretch out. A familiar voice, loud in the confined space, washes over us:

                                 THE BOWERY KING (V.O.)  
                                 "I am the way into the city of woe,  
                                 I am the way into eternal pain,  
                                 I am the way to go among the lost."

3                    **INT. NYC / BOWERY KING'S WORLD / BOMB SHELTER - DAWN**                    3

**BANG!** A shadow shrouded room illuminated faintly by shafts of blue light angling down from above through an old grate.

**EXTREMELY CLOSE ON** a thick wooden Makiwara board as a FIST slams into it. When the fist pulls back, it leaves a *smear* of blood.

4                    **INT. NYC / BOWERY KING'S WORLD / UNDERGROUND - DAWN**                    4

ANGLE ON a large metal door. An old fashioned SKELETON KEY, *set on a large ring of keys*, slides into the lock.

                                 THE BOWERY KING (V.O.)  
                                 "Justice caused my high architect  
                                 to move,

THE BOWERY KING (V.O.)  
Divine omnipotence created me,  
The highest wisdom, and the primal  
love."

The key turns and the lock disengages with a sharp clang. A hand pulls the door open to reveal stairs dropping down.

5 INT. NYC / BOWERY KING'S WORLD / BOMB SHELTER - DAWN 5

**BANG! WIDER ON** the Makiwara board as the fist SLAMS into it. Violent, brutal. Each punch speckling the wood with blood. We now see that the fist is **MISSING ITS RING FINGER**.

The fist of JOHN WICK.

6 INT. NYC / BOWERY KING'S WORLD / UNDERGROUND - DAWN 6

Man and dog approach a heavy duty grate secured by chains and padlocks. As the man unlocks the locks, we see his face, and that of his companion: the **BOWERY KING** and John's dog. Slung over the Bowery King's shoulder is a black suit in a plastic dry cleaning bag.

THE BOWERY KING  
"Before me there were no created  
things.  
But those that last forever as do  
I."

The King slides the grate over and he and the dog step onto a freight elevator. He pulls a lever. The elevator descends...

7 INT. NEW YORK CITY / BOWERY KING'S WORLD / BOMB SHELTER - DAY

**BANG!** SLIGHTLY WIDER NOW, as we view John's fist punching the board in **SILHOUETTE**. Kettle bells to one side, a work bench that's home to a disassembled Glock and bullet press, on the other. |Light glistening off a knife blade resting on a millstone. Behind it, a worn and duct taped heavy bag.

8 INT. NEW YORK CITY / BOWERY KING'S WORLD / UNDERGROUND - DAY

The Bowery King and the dog move down a long corridor, passing by a stone face carved into a supporting beam: JANUS, the Roman god of beginnings, transitions, duality, endings, and perhaps most importantly, *war and peace*.

As the Bowery King passes Janus's face, we see, on the back of the supporting beam, an identical face.

At the end of the corridor is a metal door. Etched above it is another HOB0 SYMBOL: *a circle set next to a square, both with dots in the center*. The Bowery King inserts a key. **BANG!**

THE BOWERY KING

"Abandon all hope you who enter..."

(to dog, with a sly smile)

...because you are now in the presence of the motherfucking King.

He turns the key and pushes the door open.

9

**INT. NYC / BOWERY KING'S WORLD / BOMB SHELTER - DAWN**

9

**BANG!** As the door opens, a band of light illuminates the room and we finally see John in full: SHIRTLESS, tattoos glistening with sweat, muscles RIPPLING.

THE BOWERY KING

You ready, John?

Finally, John looks over his shoulder at The Bowery King who presents the suit to him. Months have passed. His body is honed by exercise, and his wounds, save that bloody finger, healed by time. The physical ones at least.

It's a long beat as he breathes heavily in and out. Impossible to read his expression.

JOHN

...Yeah.

*As the final titles roll, we focus on the board, pockmarked with John's blood. The blood forms tendrils which in turn form the words:*

**JOHN WICK: CHAPTER 4**

10

**OMITTED**

10

10A

**EXT. THE DESERT - DAWN**

10A

WIDE. The sun -- blood orange, massive -- slowly rises, illuminating the wide and featureless desert flats.

Three Arabians thunder by. The RIDERS, in Bedouin robes, pushing their steeds to the edge of exhaustion.

BOOM! A gunshot reverberates and Rider #1 slumps over his saddle.

REVERSE TO A FIGURE on an Arabian, black against the orb of the rising sun, features distorted by the heat shimmer.

BANG! The Rider #2 is knocked off his horse.

RIDER #3 spurs his mount forward--

BANG! Rider #3 catches a bullet in the shoulder. He spins, losing his saddle, hits the sand as his horse canters away.

As Rider #3 pulls himself to his feet, a long shadow washes over him.

Slowly, he turns and though we don't recognize his face, we know him to be **THE ELDER**; the One Who Sits Above the Table.

THE ELDER'S POV: A single DROP OF RICH RED BLOOD, spatters the fine sand.

PAN UP, over the Arabian's black legs, to black shoes, black suit, left hand, ring-finger severed at the joint, refusing to heal to John Wick, framed by the rising sun. JW dismounts and shoots the 2 bodyguards left standing.

THE ELDER

Mr. Wick. To what do I owe the pleasure?

JOHN

My ring, my freedom.

JW takes a knee .....

THE ELDER

Then I'm afraid you've come a very long way for nothing.

\*

THE ELDER

Your ring is gone , like the Elder before me and if you came here thinking you could end this by killing me , you are mistaken....

My death will not change the outcome any more than you can change your nature...None of us can escape who we are and no one escapes The Table.

(MORE)

THE ELDER (CONT'D)

As I replaced my predecessor , so  
too shall I be replaced , and the  
only way John Wick will ever know  
freedom or peace is in death...You  
are under The Table , and you have  
been judged.

JOHN

I know.

THE ELDER

...Then why are you here?

JOHN

For you to help me change their  
minds.

THE ELDER

As I said , no one escapes who they  
are...Im afraid you've come a long  
way for nothing....

The Elder stands....

JW stands and slowly raises his gun....

JOHN

Yeah.....me too.

BOOM! The shot rings out, echoing across the desert and far  
beyond.

The Elder drops, blood pooling from the back of his head,  
forming a pattern on the sand.

ANGLE ON Rider #2. The man, on the ground, looks up, squints  
into the sun that frames John's face. John grabs the back of  
the man's head and pulls him close.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Tell them. Tell them all. I'm going  
to kill them. I'm going to kill  
them all.

John releases the man and mounts his Arabian. A skin of water  
thuds to the sand next to Rider #2. He watches as John rides  
away.

11	<b>OMITTED</b>	11
12	<b>EXT. MANHATTAN / THE CONTINENTAL - DAY</b>	12
	Establishing: An aerial view of the hotel.	

13

**INT. MANHATTAN / THE CONTINENTAL / LOBBY - DAY**

13

BELLBOYS with luggage, GUESTS checking in, and the true fixture of this establishment, **CHARON**, at his rightful place at the front desk.

A DOORMAN opens the front door. On a dime, the mood changes. Conversations turn to whispers as all eyes turn toward a behemoth of a man in a tweed suit: **THE HARBINGER**.

The Harbinger cuts an imposing path as he walks towards the front desk -- people part to move out of his way. He reaches the desk and looks at Charon for a long beat... then removes a LARGE HOURGLASS FULL OF BLACK SAND from his valise and sets it upright on the counter.

THE HARBINGER

The Manager.

Charon studies him warily...lifts his phone as patrons head for the exit.

CHARON

A Harbinger is here to see you,  
sir.

14

**INT. MANHATTAN / THE CONTINENTAL / WINSTON'S OFFICE - DAY 14**

**WINSTON** sits behind his desk, reading glasses perched on his nose, scanning an official looking DOCUMENT -- something written with quill and ink and sealed with wax. He lowers it.

WINSTON

There must be a mistake.

THE HARBINGER

There is no mistake. By order of  
The Marquis, Vincent Bisset de  
Gramont, this hotel has been  
condemned.

The Harbinger turns the hourglass over and the black sand beings to run through it.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)

One hour.

The Harbinger turns to walk out, pausing by Charon who stands by the door. He turns back to Winston.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)

He's expecting you.



Winston... nods. The Harbinger departs and Winston's gaze shifts to the hourglass.

CHARON

Can he do this, sir?

WINSTON

The decree is signed by all twelve members of The Table bestowing upon him powers *autem imperator*. He is our judge, jury, and now... executioner. Evacuate the hotel.

15      **EXT. MANHATTAN / OFFICE TOWER - DAY**      15

Winston and Charon exit a town car and head for the lobby.

16      **OMITTED**      16

17      **INT. MANHATTAN / OFFICE TOWER / TOP FLOOR / LOBBY - DAY**      17

DING! Elevator doors slide open to reveal Winston and Charon. The two step out into a whole new corner of the world of the High Table.

Sterile, minimalist, the INSIGNIA OF THE HIGH TABLE looming over a desk where several SECRETARIES -- all in white, all with FLEUR DE LIS tattoos or jewelry -- sit. The Marquis' elite guard: **THE MYRMIDONS** line the walls.

**CHIDI** -- lean, hard, condescending, serious and lethal -- waits by massive doors at the opposite end of the space by large doors.

As Winston and Charon walk towards him:

WINSTON

Tradition has it that a condemned man being led to the gallows was permitted a final speech. This public penitence was an affirmation of the necessity of observing divine law.

CHARON

You have done nothing to warrant the gallows.

WINSTON

(a wry smile)

Ned Kelly's final words as the hangman put the noose around his neck were: "Such is life". Such is life! Can you imagine? The defiance! The acceptance!

CHARON

Today is not the day you will die.  
Of that I am sure.

They stop in front of Chidi.

WINSTON

You have the unshakable faith of David, and you are a true friend, but you should not be here. This won't be pleasant.

CHARON

Such is life, sir.

Winston studies his friend for a moment and gives a nod of genuine gratitude.

WINSTON

Thank you.

Doors open and they step into:

18

**INT. MANHATTAN / OFFICE TOWER / PENTHOUSE - DAY**

18

Doors fully open and Winston, Charon and Chidi enter the gargantuan chamber lined with Myrmidons. Scores of high white columns frame a round reflecting pool of still water set in the chamber's center, their capitals, incandescent with diffuse white light, a stark contrast to the pool's dark surface.

At the far end of the space, standing by the floor to ceiling windows, his back to Winston and Charon, one hand holding a cup of coffee, the other stirring it methodically, is a man in a finely tailored suit.

This is **THE MARQUIS VINCENT BISSET DE GRAMONT, the Sheriff of the High Table. He is the undisputed law of this world.**

Resting on the Marquis's glass desk is an identical hourglass to the one delivered to the hotel. The black sand -- now **90%** expended -- runs through it at the same rate.

Winston and Charon walk to the center of the room and stop on one side of the pool.

If the Marquis notices his guests, he doesn't show it. He merely stands there, his back to Winston and Charon. The only motion is that slow and steady stirring. It's a long and uncomfortable moment as Winston eyes the sand flowing through the hourglass. The room is so quiet the only sound is The Marquis stirring his coffee. After a long moment:

THE MARQUIS

My father used to say: "*How you do anything is how you do everything.*"  
Called it the first and the last  
rule of life. Do you believe in  
rules, Mr. Manager?

WINSTON

I do.

THE MARQUIS

And what of consequences?

WINSTON

That depends on the transgression.

THE MARQUIS

You believe in measured responses,  
then?

WINSTON

And in second chances.

THE MARQUIS

That's where we differ, you and I.

The Marquis turns, taking in Winston and Chidi. He sips his coffee. The black sand is **94%** expended.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)

Second chances are the refuge of  
men who fail.

Winston waits for The Marquis to continue. He does not. He doesn't have to. He has all the time in the world.

The silence sits there; heavy, like a weight on a man's chest, every second adding more and more pressure. **95%**.  
Finally, The Marquis turns.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)

There are those on The Table who  
blame this... atrocity on New York.

(MORE)

## THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)

They believe it's this city - with all of its decadence and temptation - that is the cause of this. I take a different view. When a child acts out, I believe the fault lies with the parent. The Table has indulged this place for too long and look where that's gotten us.

## WINSTON

I shot him.

## THE MARQUIS

And yet he lives... polluting everything he touches.

The sand is 97% drained.

## WINSTON

Marquis. Respectfully. My hotel--

## THE MARQUIS

Your hotel?

## CHARON

If I might, sir?

The Marquis eyes Charon, as though noticing him for the first time.

## THE MARQUIS

By all means.

## CHARON

The Continentals, and their management are a reminder to all who sit beneath The Table that *none* of us are above the rules.

## THE MARQUIS

You believe your hotel provides order?

## CHARON

No, sir. Only The Table can assure order. But our hotel, by virtue of the fact that it is a place of sanctuary, ensures that The Table does not have to.

The sand drains, spiraling in the top cylinder: 98%

THE MARQUIS

And yet here we are.

*(alt:)*

*And how is that working out for you?*

CHARON

Mr. Wick--

THE MARQUIS

We are not here because of John Wick.

*(shifting his attention to Winston)*

He is simply the face of your failure, Mr. Manager. That you failed us is why we are here. The sand in that glass is merely an echo of my remaining patience...

A long pause as The Marquis surveys Winston who holds the Frenchman's gaze.

The last grain drops through the glass. A FLASH in the distance. Then a low RUMBLE. The glass shakes ever so slightly. A cloud of debris rises over Manhattan. As it falls away, a column of black smoke rises.

Winston can only watch as The Continental dies.

And with it, a part of Winston dies too. That building was his identity. And now it is gone.

Winston's pain is reflected in Charon. He wants to put a hand on his friend's shoulder, but somehow that would be improper.

The Marquis, who never took his eyes off of Winston, never looked at the hotel, begins the walk towards Winston and Charon. He draws his weapon. Lines it on Winston as he approaches.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)

You were New York. Now, you are nothing. You are *excommunicado*.

WINSTON

Such is life.

THE MARQUIS

Thus you will no longer require the services of a concierge.

Winston stares. A grim and horrifying realization dawns as The Marquis swings the weapon on Charon and *pulls the trigger!*

BOOM! Charon stumbles backward, blood seeping through his white shirt and spreading across his chest.

Winston, his shirt spattered with blood specks, catches him, cushioning his fall, kneeling with him, holding him.

The Marquis walks out, Chidi falling in behind him.

Charon extends his hand and Winston clasps it. There is an absolute calmness to this man; a commitment to exhibit the same dignity and duty in death as he did in life.

CHARON

It has been an honor.

WINSTON

Rest now, friend.

These two old friends share one final moment before Charon slips away.

Winston, on his knees, cradling Charon's head, slowly looks up, eyes locked on the receding Marquis. Shock and anger are slowly morphing to something else: something dangerous.

ANGLE ON The Marquis, Winston and Charon behind him.

THE MARQUIS

*Amène-moi Caine.*

*A soft, lyrical musical piece washes over us, growing in pitch and intensity...*

19

**EXT. PARIS - AFTERNOON**

19

Establishing: Paris, the city of lights, vibrant and alive on  
a summer's afternoon.

PARIS

20

**EXT. PARIS / JARDIN DE LUXENBOURG - AFTERNOON**

20

MIA (20), Chinese, violin to her ear, stands on the steps, playing the piece.

People have stopped to watch and to listen. Her body sways as the pitch builds. She is profoundly connected to this music, almost as though it has meaning outside of the notes.

ANGLE ON **CAINE**, (40s) Chinese, sharp suit, walking cane stands some dozen yards away. Though he is apart from Mia -- his back is to her and his eyes are closed -- in this moment he is very much with her.

As the music builds, we note the locket resting in his right palm. Old and worn by the constant rubbing of his thumb, it has meaning to this man beyond the material. For him, it is beauty and serenity.

The piece reaches its crescendo and stops, bringing Caine back to reality.

People applaud. Mia stares, almost like she's surprised anyone was there. A WOMAN puts a few Euros in her open violin case, a "ENMP" (Ecole Normale de Musique Paris) sticker prominent.

As Mia packs her violin, Caine stands. As he turns into the camera and his face comes into the light, we see his milky white eyes. **Caine is blind.**

He takes a tentative step towards her... stops... pulls a flask from his jacket, and drinks before turning away.

21

**OMITTED**

21



22

**INT. PARIS / GAMBLING PARLOR - NIGHT**

22

CLOSE ON a heavy metal CUP. With a FLASH - two dice are snatched off the GREEN FELT TABLE into the up. We pull back to see the weathered hand that shakes it. Inside the CUP, the dice rattle - a feverish crescendo building. With a flick of the wrist, the dice skitter across the felt, bounce off the runners, settle. A FOUR and a THREE.

The DEALER -- French -- razor slash across his face, bad tattoos creeping over his neckline slides ides cash across the table to Caine who just rolled. In front of him is a pile of cash and a shot glass.

DEALER

(French:)

*Eight in a row.*

Caine's fingers run over the dice, slides them into the cup.

CAINE

*Nine.*

Dice rattle. He rolls. Wins again.

DEALER

*Lucky.*

As Caine collects the dice and cash.

CAINE

*There's no such thing as luck.*

Caine rolls again and wins again. The Dealer stares at the dice.

CAINE (CONT'D)

*Would you look at that.*

Caine's fingers find the shot glass. He grasps it...

CAINE (CONT'D)

*Lucky me.*

Caine downs the shot.

CAINE (CONT'D)

*Again.*

DEALER

*...You should leave now.*

Caine... slides his pile of cash forward.

DEALER (CONT'D)  
Maybe you didn't hear me.

CAINE  
...Again.

The Dealer's eyes flick to two Thugs moonlighting as casino security.

23

**EXT. PARIS / ALLEY - NIGHT**

23

Caine makes his way down the alley, his cane swinging in front of him as the rain pours. Caine finds a dry spot under the eaves, leans against the wall and lights a cigarette.

The lighter flares, briefly illuminating three forms -- The Dealer and the two Thugs from the parlor -- emerging from the darkness.

CAINE  
...Guess I'm not that lucky.

A fist hits him in the gut. He doubles over. A blow to the head sends him reeling against the wall. A leg sweep sends him to the pavement.

Caine makes not effort to defend himself. He smiles through the pain as blows rain down him.

The Dealer grabs him by the hair.

THE DEALER  
You have something that belongs to me.

Caine... LAUGHS. The Dealer... hits him with the gun. The Thugs join in, beating and kicking Caine who's on his knees. Caine holds up a hand. He's done.

CAINE  
Here.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a brick of bills.

CAINE (CONT'D)  
Take it.

A Thug takes the cash and hands it to The Dealer who runs a thumb over it. The Dealer... nods and a Thug kicks Caine. The second joins in. The Dealer hits him!

A blow sends Caine reeling, the force of the impact knocks the LOCKET from Caine's pocket.

He hears it clattering across wet pavement; lunges for it, hands trying to find it.

Caine's fingers brush against the chain and he draws the locket towards him.

The Thug's alligator skin cowboy boot grinds down on Caine's hand, pressing it against the locket and the pavement.

CAINE (CONT'D)

Don't.

The Thug hesitates, glancing at The Dealer who... nods. The Thug reaches for the locket. As his fingers brush against the worn nickel, Caine shifts his weight, freeing his hand.

Fingers wrap around The Thug's ankle. CRACK! Bone snaps and The Thug falls, howling as Caine *pulls* the man's boot off.

The Second Thug produces a straight razor and lunges for Caine who uses the boot as weapon, breaking the man's elbow and jaw. He falls.

The Dealer draws a cheap .38. Caine focuses on the sound. The .38 arcs and Caine uses the boot as a tomahawk, wrapping the man's wrist up with it, then driving the heel into the man's mouth. He falls to his knees, spitting teeth.

The Dealer, on his knees, stares up at Caine who now holds the .38 against the man's forehead with his right hand and holds his left hand out, palm up.

A frozen moment and Caine... snaps the cylinder open. Bullets clatter to the pavement.

CAINE (CONT'D)

Go.

A beat and The Dealer gets up and runs.

Caine stands there, defeated in victory; deflated.

CHIDI

You should have killed them.

Caine ignores Chidi... turns, feet sliding over the pavement. He finds the locket, retrieves it. Starts to walk away.

CHIDI (CONT'D)

You've been summoned.

Caine stops. This is specific word and it means something *more* to Caine.

24

**EXT. PARIS / PALAIS MARQUIS DE GRAMONT - NIGHT**

24

Massive. Gilded. Imposing. Puts Versailles to shame.

25

**INT. PARIS / PALAIS MARQUIS DE GRAMONT / DINING ROOM - EARLY MORNING**

ANGLE ON Caine -- damp, face caked in blood, standing in the majestic space. His body sways slightly. Chidi stands directly behind him.

The Marquis sits alone at the head of a very long formal dining table some distance away. The silence hangs there.

THE MARQUIS

Coffee?

Caine teeters and retches. Bile spatters the marble floor. Chidi steps back reflexively. Caine wipes spittle from his chin.

CAINE

...Tea, please.

The Marquis nods. Servants enter. Cups are poured. Caine accepts his tea with a nod. Both men wait for the other to speak. Finally:

THE MARQUIS

I have a name for you.

Caine tenses as A VALET approaches with an IVORY TRAY; holds it out to Caine. On the tray is a BLACK ENVELOPE. Caine does not take it.

CAINE

...Respectfully, I am retired.

THE MARQUIS

I disagree.

CAINE

I am no longer of use to you or The Table.

THE MARQUIS

I am amused that you think that is for you to decide.

A long moment. This is a battle of wills.

CAINE

...You should find someone else.

Caine nods respect. Carefully places the cup on the saucer that rests on the tray. Turns to go.

THE MARQUIS  
You got close today.

Suddenly Caine if very still.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
Too close. You put her in danger.

CAINE  
(flat and hard)  
I know the deal I made.

THE MARQUIS  
Do you?

An painfully long moment of silence... This is a battle of wills and Caine knows he's already lost. He reaches for the Valet's tray.

Fingers find the envelope. He takes a deep breath and breaks the wax seal; removes a heavy gold trimmed black card marked with brail. His fingers run over the letters... stop at the last.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
A former associate, I believe.

CAINE

...He was... a friend.

The Marquis surveys Caine for a beat almost as though he understands that he is engaged in a silent battle of wills with a man who doesn't know how to bend.

THE MARQUIS

Your agreement with The Table is as it has been: we give you a name, you give us a life, or we take one.

The threat hangs there.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)

Tell me you understand.

Caine... drops to one knee.

CAINE

...I have served. I will be of service.

THE MARQUIS

Excellent. I assume you have a notion of where he might be.

CAINE

...John Wick has few friends remaining in this world. And even fewer he trusts with his life.

A slight smile forms on The Marquis' lips.

25A      **EXT. PARIS / STREET - NIGHT**

25A

An old and run down movie theatre, it's billboard proudly presenting Buster Keaton's *The General*. Laughter washes over us.

25B      **INT. PARIS / MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT**

25B

A fuzzy reel on a big screen. Keaton pulling off an impossible stunt. A dozen FILM BUFFS scattered around the theater. A few laugh.

Caine, who is making his way across the back of the theatre, pauses.

25C

**INT. PARIS / MOVIE THEATRE / PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT**

25C

Film runs through the old fashioned projector. A rectangular beam of light emanates from the lens. THE PROJECTIONIST -- an old and wizened Frenchman with a cigarette, thick glasses, and a black beret, looks up as Caine enters.

ANGLE ON a shelf of film canisters. The Projectionist pulls a canister down, lays it on the table and walks out.



A beat and Caine opens it to reveal a folded tailored suit, a titanium alloy cane with an ornately sculpted handle, a row of gold coins, a Glock G44 22 LR, with tactical shoulder holster rig and magazines, flashbang grenades, and a half dozen small motion sensors...

Caine's fingers run over the box's contents. They find the cane. He lifts it... pulls on the handle, half drawing the razor sharp sword. Laughter echoes from the cinema and Caine *roars in rage and frustration, slamming the sword back in its scabbard!*

He stands there for a moment... pulls a flask from his jacket, unscrews the cap, brings it to his lips... and pours the liquid out onto the floor.

25D **EXT. OSAKA - NIGHT**

25D

Establishing: An aerial view of Osaka's downtown with its bright strobe lights and giant billboards; a miasma of color and cacophonous sound.

OSAKA

26 **EXT. OSAKA / DOWNTOWN - NIGHT**

26

Bright strobe lights flash on a giant billboard. An advertisement. Japanese text. PAN DOWN. More billboards. More advertisements. More colors. Sounds now. Discordant; the kind you hear in a crowded city. At street level now, people walking by billboards. Spray painted on a billboard, and partially lost in the pattern, is a HOBO SYMBOL.

REVERSE TO a BELGIAN MALINOIS sitting on the sidewalk, dark eyes locked on the symbol.

PULL BACK to reveal a MAN (30), standing next to the dog, taking in the symbol. He... smiles.

THE TRACKER

Gotcha.

There's a little twinkle in his eye that suggests he's laughing at a joke; which is just lovely until you figure out the joke's on you.

This is **THE TRACKER** and the dog is **THE TRACKER'S TRACKING DOG.**

27

**EXT. OSAKA / OSAKA STREET - NIGHT**

27

Down a street, the dog's ears are back now, confident, like he's got a scent, off the curb and into traffic... ignoring honking cars... The dog stops, eyes locked on massive ONYX DOORS flanked by two Japanese DOORMEN.

Above them, rising twenty stories into the night sky, is the Osaka Continental.

ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE The Tracker.

28

**INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / LOBBY - NIGHT**

28

Floor to ceiling windows offer 360 degree views of Osaka from on high. The Tracker, the Malinois next to him, stands in the middle of the elegant lobby as guests and Geishas and servers with champagne and hors d'oeuvres pass by.

His phone -- old school flip phone -- buzzes. He checks it. We catch a glimpse of a large number: \$18 million... that snaps to \$20 million.

He whistles under his breath and glances at the dog who's looking at him with interest.

THE TRACKER  
(under his breath)  
Getting there.

He pulls a well-worn NOTEBOOK from his pocket and, with the stub of a pencil, makes a notation. The pages are filled with hand-written notes, symbols (HOB0 SYMBOLS are prominent), sketches (John Wick), flowcharts and Venn diagrams (family/relationship trees with lines leading to Winston, The Ruska Roma, Osaka, etc.)

AKIRA (O.S.)  
I'm afraid this facility doesn't  
allow animals.

ANGLE ON **AKIRA** -- sleek suit, leather folder under her arm, perhaps a touch young for her position as concierge -- standing behind The Tracker, her form reflected in a glass case.

THE TRACKER  
You should tell her that.

Akira glances to the side. A WOMAN wearing a *massive fur coat and hat*, trailed by two laden-down bellboys, passes by.

AKIRA  
Meaning your pet, sir.

The Tracker, intrigued by the scrolls set behind glass doesn't look back.

THE TRACKER  
Emotional support animal.

AKIRA

She's your support animal?

THE TRACKER

Other way around: I'm her's.

AKIRA

...Does she bite?

THE TRACKER

Only when she's hungry.

Akira eyes The Tracker... A SERVER passes by with small and delicate appetizers. She takes one and offers it to the dog whose ears drop and muscles tense. It's about to lunge when the Tracker's hand GRABS her wrist, fast. She looks at him, hard and he looks right back at her. This was a test and The Tracker and his dog failed.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

She's always hungry.

The Tracker releases her wrist and lays a *gold coin* in her palm. Akira eyes it.

Motion catches her eye: A Japanese man we'll come to know by the name of **SHIMAZU** (50s) strolling through the lobby. A slight hitch in his step speaks to battles fought, a scar, just visible on his neck, to mistakes made, and the deference granted by all around him, to the respect he's earned.

AKIRA

She stays in your room.

THE TRACKER

Of course.

The Tracker watches her as she moves to intercept Shimazu.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

Can't take you anywhere.

With that, The Tracker puts the food between his teeth and offers it to the dog who rises on her hind legs and gently takes it.

Akira paces up to walk beside Shimazu. As they move across the lobby, passing the bar and the Exhibition hall, by staff and patrons, their tone, volume and even language shifts.

SHIMAZU

There's a dog in my lobby.

AKIRA

Emotional support animal.

SHIMAZU

Of course it is.

She hands him the folder. He flips it open, scanning it as they walk.

AKIRA

Tomorrow's schedule: Mr. Suzuki at Eleven, the Tarasov's are requesting an audience at Two--

SHIMAZU

What's this at Eight?

AKIRA

Dinner with your daughter. She's concerned that you've been working too hard.

Shimazu hands her back the folder as he and Akira head up a flight of stairs.

SHIMAZU

What must I have done to deserve such a considerate child?

AKIRA

Good karma, I suppose.

SHIMAZU

Indeed. And how are our guests?

AKIRA

Some of our "gold" club members are anxious.

The two emerge on the EXHIBITION HALL level.

SHIMAZU

It's always something.

30

**INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / EXHIBITION HALL - NIGHT** 30

A large and open space cut up by a series of glass partitions housing an assortment of museum grade weapons and armor -- mostly Japanese, some from surrounding regions, including nunchaku -- as well as scrolls -- pressed between panels. As they continue to walk:

AKIRA

Today it's New York.

Shimazu exchanges a small bow with a guest admiring the glass encased art.

SHIMAZU

And my concierge?

AKIRA

Concerned.

SHIMAZU

Perhaps we should get you an emotional support animal.

He shakes his head as he smiles at a European guest.

AKIRA

(Japanese)

*...Should we be worried?*

SHIMAZU

*We've done nothing to offend The Table.*

AKIRA

The Table seems to decide that for themselves.

SHIMAZU

Work must be light for you to be so focused on events a world away.

AKIRA

Your past relationship with Mr. Wick is no secret. The Table will come.

SHIMAZU

And will be met with our grace.

AKIRA

Everything he touches dies.

Shimazu stops, turns his gaze on her

SHIMAZU

(Japanese)

*Don't presume to tell me about a  
man I've known longer than you've  
been alive.*

Akira holds his gaze for a moment... bows.

AKIRA

*Forgive me... Father.*

And now we realize that Akira is Shimazu's daughter.  
Shimazu... nods and angles for a side door. She turns to go.

SHIMAZU

Akira. Please tell my daughter that  
I look forward to our dinner.

Akira smiles a small smile.

31      **INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / KITCHEN - NIGHT**

31

Shimazu moves through the bustling hotel kitchen: cooks, servers... and two SUMO sized men standing guard. They nod respect as he passes between them.

A score of hard looking Japanese men in gray suits, white shirts, open collars, irezumi tattoos visible at necks and cuff lines are scattered around this part of the kitchen -- watching TV, playing cards, etc. Call them Shimazu's RETAINERS.

As Shimazu passes an older, Senior Retainer stationed at the bottom of a flight of stairs:

SHIMAZU

*I'm not to be disturbed.*

The man inclines his head as Shimazu heads up the stairs.

32      **EXT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / ROOFTOP GARDEN - NIGHT**

32

Doors open and Shimazu steps onto the rooftop's manicured garden: a stone path, a water feature, Japanese cherry trees, all framed by Osaka's neon glow.

As Shimazu rounds a bend, a lone figure, in silhouette, gazing out over Osaka, comes into view.

SHIMAZU  
(Japanese; sarcastic)  
*So, you must finally have found  
your peace...*

A worn and weary **John Wick** turns, taking in Shimazu.

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)  
...Apparently not. Killing the  
Elder was a mistake, my friend.

Shimazu motions John towards a small and elegant tea table --  
tea set, kettle, burner, two chairs -- set on the garden  
beneath a cherry tree.

This is an invitation to sit and a gesture of respect.  
John... accepts and moves to the table, bowing slightly  
before he sits - also a gesture of respect. There is a  
closeness between these two that transcends time and place;  
the kind that's hard earned and life long. Shimazu sits, then  
pours the water into the tea pot...

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)  
Their response was the destruction  
of the New York Continental.

John takes Shimazu in as he pours two cups, offering one to  
John.

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)  
My daughter fears we are next.

Shimazu raises his cup. John does the same. They drink.  
Carefully place the cups down.

JOHN  
Winston?

SHIMAZU  
Alive. But they executed his  
concierge. To prove a point.

This hits John hard.

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)  
Have you given any thought to where  
this ends?

John simply looks at Shimazu, unwilling or unable to answer.

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)  
The Table will never stop. You know  
this. It only takes life. And only  
gives death.



JOHN

(stands)

*My apologies for having troubled  
you.*

SHIMAZU

The only thing that would trouble  
me is your leaving before you  
finish your tea.

John eyes Shimazu. Shimazu, for his part, takes John in --  
the fatigue, the wounds...

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)

When was the last time you slept?

John's look tells him that it's been a while.

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)

...I will have a room prepared.

John takes Shimazu in and Shimazu knows what he's thinking.

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)

Friendship means little when its  
convenient. If they come, they  
come.

(motions John to sit)

Until then...

33

**EXT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL - NIGHT**

33

Caine -- clean shaven, fresh haircut, tailored suit -- stands  
in front of the hotel, blind eyes locked on the obsidian  
doors. Chidi steps into frame. Arrayed around him are a group  
of SIX MYRMIDONS, each wearing the Marquis' Fleur de Lis pin.

CAINE

It would be best if I went alone.

CHIDI

For who -- the blind drunk or the  
traitor?

CAINE

For you.

Chidi looks at Caine with contempt and heads up the hotel  
stairs, Myrmidons in tow as, behind them, a black tactical  
bus rolls by, turning into the hotel's underground parking  
structure.

A beat and Caine pulls the locket from his pocket, runs his thumb over.

34

**INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / LOBBY - NIGHT**

34

Akira is at the front desk when the elevator doors open and Chidi and the Myrmidons enter. A half dozen Myrmidons spread out -- like any other guest -- some making their way to the bar, others meandering through the lobby.

The Tracker, enjoying a steak at the bar... smiles as Chidi, alone, approaches Akira who is at her desk.

CHIDI

The Manager.

Akira looks up. The professional smile freezes on her face when she sees the small Fleur de Lis pin on his jacket.

Then quickly and professionally, she makes the Myrmidons spread out in the lobby and bar.

AKIRA

...Of course. Please make yourself comfortable.

She heads out. The Tracker raises a finger, beckoning the hostess:

THE TRACKER

Check.

Then he cuts his steak in half and offers the half to his dog who wolfs it down.

35

**INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / ROOFTOP GARDEN - NIGHT**

35

SHIMAZU

I want you to find your peace,  
John, but the only path this leads  
to is death.

JOHN

We all die.

SHIMAZU

Is that what you want?... Certainly  
killing the spiritual head of The  
High Table is a unique way of going  
about it.

JOHN

I'm going to kill them all.

SHIMAZU

(laughs)

I believe you'll try. But no one,  
not even you, can kill everyone.

He reaches for an elegant cabinet, opens it, pulls out a bottle of Yamazaki 25 and pours to glasses. Offers one to John.

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)

You can't outrun time and bullets.  
All you can hope for is that when  
it's your time, you've done more  
good than harm. You want to die? So  
be it. That's your choice. But a  
good death only comes after a good  
life.

JOHN

You and I left a good life behind a  
long time ago.

John raises his glass. Shimazu studies John for a beat. He's not wrong. He raises his. They're about to drink when Akira rounds the path.

AKIRA

*The Table. They're here--*

She stops mid sentence when she sees John. Before she can react, Shimazu's glare freezes her. Her gaze flits between the men.

AKIRA (CONT'D)

*What is he doing here--*

SHIMAZU

(standing to leave)

Mr. Wick is our guest.

Everything he needs to say to her is encapsulated in that one word: "guest." She knows not to question it.

John stands.

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)

No. They don't know you're here. So  
long as that's the case, they won't  
move against us. I will talk to  
them.

(to Akira)

Stay with Mr. Wick.

Shimazu strides out. Akira glares hate at John. She doesn't know him but she knows the consequence of his being here.

35A      **OMITTED**

35A

36      **INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / LOBBY - NIGHT**

36

Shimazu appears from a door behind the front counter and heads for Chidi. As he approaches:

SHIMAZU

Welcome to the Osaka Continental,  
gentlemen. How may I be of service?

CHIDI

The Table has reason to believe  
that this facility is providing  
services *ut qui excommunicantur*.

SHIMAZU

That is a grave accusation.

CHIDI

We will require full access.

SHIMAZU

Of course.

Chidi eyes Shimazu, then takes a step--

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)

But as you are well aware, no  
business -- not even your kind of  
business -- may be conducted on  
Continental grounds. So I'm going  
to have to ask you to surrender  
your firearms.

CHIDI

We speak for The Marquis.

SHIMAZU

And I speak for Osaka. Your guns,  
please.

CHIDI

Don't repeat the mistake that fool  
in New York made.

SHIMAZU

Fools talk, cowards are silent, but  
wise men--

CAINE (O.S.)

--listen.

Shimazu, recognizing the voice, turns to face Caine who has  
silently entered the lobby and is focused on Chidi:

CAINE (CONT'D)

Which one will you be today? Hello  
old friend,

Caine nods respect to Shimazu.

SHIMAZU

So good of you to visit after all  
these years. If I'd known, I would  
have better prepared.

CAINE

Unfortunately, the result would be  
the same.

SHIMAZU

You're with them now.

CAINE

No.

SHIMAZU

...Your daughter, Mia?

Caine... nods and Shimazu understands that Caine is not here  
of his own volition.

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)

How is she?

CAINE

Alive. And your daughter, Akira?

SHIMAZU

Well.

CAINE

I'm glad.

The two old friends share a moment. Neither wants to be here,  
and neither wants to fight the other.

CAINE (CONT'D)

This doesn't have to end with  
blood.

SHIMAZU

(to Chidi)

Then leave.

CAINE

No one defies The Table. I remember  
a time when you understood that.

SHIMAZU

And I remember a time when you  
understood the meaning of  
brotherhood.

This bites Caine. This is a man trapped between what he knows  
is right and what he must do.

CAINE

I haven't forgotten. But we all  
serve The Table...

Shimazu's eyes move to one of the BELLBOYS -- one with an  
earbud visible in his ear. The man makes a subtle sign with  
one hand: a code... *Shimazu knows the High Table Soldiers are  
already in his building.*

CAINE (CONT'D)

Tell us where Mr. Wick is and  
perhaps you can save a life.

SHIMAZU

You think coming into my home and  
threatening my daughter makes me  
*more* willing to comply?

CAINE

I'm not threatening her; I'm trying  
to save her.

In that moment, we understand that both these men are  
fighting for the same thing in different ways.

CHIDI

Enough! By order of the Marquis de  
Gramont, this hotel has been  
deconsecrated. Step aside.

Shimazu turns his icy and unflinching gaze on Chidi, then  
glances at the Bellboy who utters a command.

A score of Shimazu's Retainers armed with bows and arrows  
appear from behind the mezzanine railings even as Bellboys  
and Doormen hit and kick pieces of furniture and counters.  
Hidden compartments snap open revealing bladed weapons.  
Within seconds, all are armed.

CAINE

(to Shimazu)

Don't do this.

Shimazu eyes Caine... then turns his gaze on Chidi.

SHIMAZU

I won't ask again: leave now.

Caine hears it all and knows what this means. He shakes his  
head ever so slightly--

CAINE

I'm sorry.

Caine turns and walks away.

CHIDI

(to Myrmidons)

...Remove Mr. Shimazu.

Two Myrmidons step forward. As the first's hand touches  
Shimazu's wrist, Shimazu breaks it. Then, eyes on Chidi, he  
utters a single word:

SHIMAZU

*Ute!*

Archers lose their arrows. Most stick in the Myrmidon's  
Kevlar lined suits: one in Chidi's shoulder, three in the  
chest of particularly large Myrmidon, etc. One arrow slides  
over a Myrmidon's collar and through his throat. He goes  
down, gurgling blood.

Chidi eyes the dying Myrmidon without emotion. He breaks the  
arrow stuck in his arm off. The big Myrmidon shatters three  
shafts with a sweep of his arm. Others pull the arrows out.

CHIDI

*...Tuez-les tous.*



The Myrmidons go to guns and blades as Shimazu and his men engage; Shimazu catching a thrown sword even as Chidi draws his cut down lever action .45.

Shimazu's faster! The blade's coming down on Chidi's hand when Caine's sword, drawn from the cane, blocks it!

Bullets and shafts cut through the lobby as men fight in ones and twos.

Men and projectiles cut between Shimazu and Caine, separating them. Shimazu cuts a Myrmidon down, lops off the hand of another as two of Shimazu's men attack Caine! His sword is a blur slicing one man's throat and gutting the second as Chidi shoots two more.

As men drop, Shimazu pulls away, exiting the way he came.

Chidi pans, searching for him... turns to a Myrmidon:

CHIDI (CONT'D)  
Seal the hotel. Find John Wick.

37 OMITTED 37

37A INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / STAIRWELL - NIGHT 37A

The High Table Soldiers move up the stairwells...

38 OMITTED 38

39 INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / ROOFTOP GARDEN - NIGHT 39

John looks out over the city. Akira is a dozen feet away, looking in a different direction.

AKIRA  
(Japanese)  
*You have no right to be here.*

John turns his head, taking her in.

AKIRA (CONT'D)  
If they find you here, The Table  
will kill my father. Me. Everyone.  
Because you broke the rules. You  
shouldn't have come.

A beat and John focuses on two approaching Retainers. They stop at Akira. One whispers in her ear. She turns to John:

AKIRA (CONT'D)  
Do you have a weapon?

John looks at her, then past her into the darkness. A shadow moves within a shadow.

THWACK! THWACK! Flash suppressed rounds slam into the two Retainers as John draws his gun fires!

Akira bangs her fist against the tea table. A drawer slides open to reveal a bow and arrows. In one smooth motion, she grabs the bow and four shafts and looses arrows. Two find their mark as she and John, weapons lined, close the distance on a High Table Tactical team as cherry blossoms rain down on them, surreal in the city's neon glow.

When it's done, seven High Table Soldiers are dead.

AKIRA (CONT'D)  
This way.

She angles for a side door in the rooftop's circular structure, pushes it open to reveal a circular staircase.

39A      **INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / CIRCULAR STAIRCASE - NIGHT** 39A

John and Akira head down as a Tactical Team comes up. Contact. Shots exchanged. High Table Soldiers are dropped.

Two levels down, Akira pushes through another door. She and John step into the Mezzanine level.

39B      **INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / MEZZANINE LEVEL - NIGHT** 39B

Motion ahead. Akira raises her bow. John puts a hand on it as Shimazu, with three of his men, appear from a corner. The two groups meet and move together towards the escalators. As they walk.

SHIMAZU  
They'll be covering the front and  
back. Get out the way you came.  
(MORE)

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)

From there it's a half mile to  
Umeda station.

JOHN

I'll stay.

SHIMAZU

Do not insult my gift to you.

John... nods. The escalators loom ahead. Then motion. High  
Table Soldiers.

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)

And John. Do me a small courtesy:  
(Japanese)  
*kill as many as you can.*

JOHN

*Osu.*

And contact as High Table Soldiers come at the group from  
multiple angles. John cuts a half dozen down, Akira and  
Shimazu the rest.

Then they split, Shimazu and Akira, with his remaining men  
down the hall, and John angling towards the exhibition hall.

40

**INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / KITCHEN - NIGHT**

40

Gunfire rocks the kitchen. Plates and glasses shatter,  
containers of rice spill out as High Table soldiers and  
Shimazu's men fire on each other. Arrows push the soldiers  
back.

ANGLE ON Chidi, his back to the wall in the hall just outside  
the kitchen as more arrows slam into the wall. Caine is next  
to him, along with a half dozen Myrmidons and Soldiers.

Chidi nods to a soldier who opens an electrical panel and  
turns off the breaker. Lights turn off, casting the kitchen  
in to semi-darkness, the only illumination coming from  
abandoned gas burners, flames throwing long shadows on the  
walls.

CHIDI

Earn your keep, blind man.

Caine inclines his head, tracking for sound: a Retainer's foot  
sliding across spilled rice, another pulling a bowstring  
taut, a bead of sweat falling from another's chin... and he  
moves, gun firing and sword a blur.

Cuts down the closest retainers and slides laterally down an aisle, pulling small *motion sensors* (some magnetized some with an adhesive backing) from his jacket and clamping them onto surfaces.

As Retainers move to attack him, they break the infrared beams and the sensors *ding*. Caine keys on that sound and moves. In this enclosed environment, with its low light, Caine can effectively see behind him and around corners.

As he gets between Retainers, he affixes a motion sensor to one's back. As the man moves, the sensor dings on his fellow Retainers and Caine strikes!

Retainers fall. Caine's blade stops a half inch from a COOK who's holding a cleaver up... Caine moves on.

In moments all that remain are the Sumos. One of the Sumos roars and charges Caine who drops to one knee and *slices* the Sumo's left leg. The man tumbles, arteries spewing blood.

The second Sumo roars and attacks. Caine's sword is a blur, punching into the front of his neck and out the back. The big man falls. Silence. Then the lights snap back on and Chidi strides in.

As he passes by Caine, Caine blocks his path with a bloody sword. His contempt for Chidi is evident in every syllable.

CAINE

These men didn't need to die.

Chidi eyes the sword and the blood stain on his suit. Pushes the sword away. To his men:

CHIDI

Find him!

He pulls away, sliding a bucket in front of Caine as he passes.

41

**INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / EXHIBITION HALLS - NIGHT 41**

John moves through the Exhibition Hall -- weapons displays, art, light, etc. Figures appear up ahead, flittering through exhibits. High Table Soldiers.

He drops one, two, three, four! Out. Reloads and repeats-- never pausing, always moving -- drops five, six! Clicks empty. Is reloading when a Myrmidon hits him bodily, driving him *through* a series of display cases.

Glass shatters and weapons clatter to the floor. John's hands find cruelly curved long knives as the Myrmidon closes. They're a blur as they cut the man to pieces. He drops.

More appear. John throws one knife, another, a spear. Grabs a bow and fires! Breaks the bow on an attackers face.

Rolls away as another fires on him, grabbing a pair of nunchaku as he regains his feet and lays into the Soldier, breaking his arm first, then his neck. Shattering another's helmet. Braining another. Breaking the nunchaku on yet another's ballistic breast plate, and driving the shattered handle into another's eye.

As the man falls, John grabs a wakizashi and guts the last two Soldiers.

Bodies thump to the glass littered floor. John picks up one of the men's weapons, checks the load, holsters it, is turning when he freezes!

The soft sound of the song from Caine's locket echoes.

CAINE

John

JOHN

Caine.

A beat and Caine steps out of the shadow of an exhibit about ten yards from John, blocking his exit.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...They gave you my name.

CAINE

I'm afraid so.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

CAINE

...Me too.

And both *draw and fire!* Caine moving laterally, John diving for cover as more exhibits shatter.

John ends up with his back to a large rectangular glass case. Looks for Caine who's lost in shadow. John does a quick tactical check of his magazine. He's light. He's looking for an exit when he hears glass sliding. Hazards a look.

Caine approaches, gun in his right hand, drawn sword in his left, wrists crossed for stability and gun control. The sword's tip touches the glass case, *scrapes* against it as he approaches.

Which is when John sees Caine's blind eyes. He didn't know.

JOHN  
You took a deal.

CAINE  
Same as you.

JOHN  
Family?

CAINE  
Family.

John tries to move away. Glass shifts under his feet. He ducks down as Caine's blade comes around the corner. Caine passes by John who stands. Crunch! Caine's sword shifts, cutting in front of him, freezing John who can't get his gun lined. A frozen moment, then:

CAINE (CONT'D)

You should have stayed out... For all our sakes.

JOHN

...I tried.

CAINE

Did you?

Caine swings the sword and pivots, firing, even as John rotates, firing. Both miss but John's off balance. A blow sends him reeling. A kick propels him through an exhibit, shattering it.

John rolls as Caine's sword slams down where his head had been. He grabs a katana from the floor as he regains his feet, turning in time to block Caine's attack. Weapons are a blur as the two men dance over broken glass, the impacts bone jarring and teeth rattling. Caine pivots, swinging the cane low and sweeping John's legs out from under him.

Caine closes, sliding around John's attack, cutting John across the shoulder! More blows exchanged, fast. Caine's sword grazes John's neck and a line of blood paints the floor. Caine is dismantling John. John lunges for Caine, trying to get inside, which is a mistake. Caine wraps John's arm up, drawing him in even as he draws his Glock and presses it against John's heart,

*Caine pulls the trigger--*

**--CLICK!**

Caine's magazine falls to the ground even as John pushes on the Glock's slide, releasing the chambered round.

A frozen moment as the two, heads close, "look" at one another. Caine shifts his weight, sending John reeling. On his back, John grabs a wakizashi. Caine cuts it in half.

Caine is closing on John when--

BANG! A shot rings out, hitting a glass tower. It sheers and shattered glass tumbles through the hall!

Caine, disoriented, moves for cover as John looks for the source of the incoming fire.



HIS POV: The outline of a dog and a man on the balcony on the opposite side of the hall.

John gets up and runs.

Caine hears it, moves to intercept but bullets rain down, forcing him back.

41A      **INT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / EXHIBITION HALL / BALCONY**      41A  
**NIGHT**

The Tracker pulls back and runs, the dog at his heels.

42      **EXT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / HALLWAY - NIGHT**      42

Shimazu and Akira moving down the exterior hallway. A door looms ahead.

43      **EXT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / BAMBOO GROVE - NIGHT**      43

A door opens and John pushes out of a doorway into the bamboo grove.

Motion all around as he enters the bamboo, angling for the back gate.

CRANE UP: John seen from above. High Table Soldiers and Myrmidons all around, searching.

ANGLE ON John, as he comes around a stand of bamboo, kills one High Table Soldier. Another. Clicks empty. Kills another with his bare hands. He's reaching for the dead man's gun when he sees the Fleur de Lis pin on his vest. John tears it off, regards it as--

--behind him, High Table Soldiers emerge from the shadows. One has a bead on John. Another.

A pile of bamboo leaves shifts! Before John can process what, the Malinois springs forth in a blur of motion and leaps, hitting the closest Soldier, jaws closing on the man's throat as they go down. Heads and guns turn to the dog--

THWACK! THWACK!THWACK!

*Three High Table Soldiers drop instantly.*

John swings around, stops. The Tracker is there, rifle slung over his back, tied down Colt 45 at his hip.

John thinks about raising his weapon and the Tracker draws!  
This man isn't fast, he's lightning fast.

THE TRACKER

God damn, Mr. Wick, this is quite the mess you've made.

JOHN

I don't know you.

THE TRACKER

But I know you.

John focuses on a tattoo just visible on The Tracker's forearm: the amalgam of a skull and a paw, with bones and "K-9" beneath; the mark of a Special Forces dog handler. Above it is another tattoo, this of the Special Forces Combat Tracking and Coutertracking Group.

JOHN

Tracker.

(off The Tracker's smile)

...How much?

The Tracker pulls the flip phone from its belt clip, checks it. The number is... going up.

THE TRACKER

Not enough... but getting there.

Footfalls crunch over dried brush. High Table Soldiers.

The Tracker *fires right over both of John's shoulders!*

The Soldiers drop, holes in their heads. More are coming.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

Please take better care of yourself, John. We're in this together now...

John's eyes follows The Tracker as he disappears into shadow, the dog padding after him.

John heads for the back gate -- a heavy duty gate with an old fashioned lock. John slides the lock to the side to reveal a keypad. He punches in a code. The locking mechanism disengages and he pushes the door open and steps into Osaka.

Simple and elegant -- altar, urns, gravel, hanging chimes, a bridge spanning a tranquil pool that glows with reflected light.

A Myrmidon's body crashes into frame, an arrow through his head.

PULL BACK to Akira as she fires arrow after arrow, driving shafts through helmets and body armor, pinning attackers to columns and walls.

Arrows spent, she runs at an attacker, swinging the bow. The impact shatters the man's face and the bow. She draws two knives and rolls as a Myrmidon fires, regains her feet and slashes the man's throat. A second is turning on her when she slams a knife into his temple.

Another gets a bead on her. She *throws* a knife right into his throat, runs, pulling it out as he falls, rolling between a big Myrmidon's legs and slicing his crotch!

Simultaneously, Shimazu weaves between columns as a Myrmidon tries to shoot him. Suddenly, he is UP CLOSE on the Myrmidon. *Now we see what this man can do with his bare hands.*

In the close quarters of this combat, the Myrmidon's advantage is lost. Shimazu unleashes two strikes -- solar plexus and throat -- and the man crumples to the ground.

He turns in time to see a Myrmidon grappling with Akira. The big man's choking the life out of her when Shimazu cuts his throat.

He helps his daughter up. They turn to cross the bride... stop.

Caine stands at the far end, blocking their path.

Akira, cut and bleeding, moves before Shimazu can stop her, sprinting at Caine. She goes airborne, knife held high. Last second, Caine shifts his weight. She misses him, lands, rolls to her feet, leans forward to attack--

SHIMAZU

NO!

She freezes. Caine focuses on Shimazu who approaches.

CAINE

Tell me where he is.

Shimazu doesn't bother responding. He simply draws his katana, discards the scabbard and raises the sword over his head. Caine, completely still, nods sadly as though he expected this answer. He shifts his weight, senses locked on Shimazu.

And they move, blades flashes TWICE, so quick the movement is nearly imperceptible. A beat--

--and Shimazu FALLS TO HIS KNEES. BLOOD dripping from a wounds and puddling on the platform.

AKIRA

...No.

SHIMAZU

(to Akira)

Don't!

This freezes Akira. Shimazu struggles to his feet.

CAINE

Stay down.

SHIMAZU

You know I can't.

Caine shakes his head at the futility of it all as Shimazu rises... attacks. Blades flash. Shimazu's sword clatters away and he drops to one knee as blood blossoms from a shoulder wound. He's reaching for his sword when Caine's foot clamps down on Shimazu's right wrist.

Caine's blade drops, severing Shimazu's right thumb from his hand. *Blood flows from the stump.*

Akira tenses. A look from Shimazu freezes her.

Shimazu reaches for his sword with his left hand now. Face pale and glistening with sweat, he rises once again.

CAINE

Koji. Please. Think of your daughter.

SHIMAZU

...I am.

Caine nods understanding. These men, like John Wick, are born from the same furnace, molded by the same tools and tempered with the same training. Both men know full well how this ends. Shimazu raises his sword.

SHIMAZU (CONT'D)

...Consequences.

CAINE

...Rules.

Shimazu swings. Caine's sword is a blur. Shimazu's head separates from his body and Shimazu falls!

Akira stares--

AKIRA

NO!

She lunges forward. Caine's sword tip moves to her throat, stopping her. His hand quivers ever so slightly and we realize the pain Shimazu's death caused and will continue to cause him. Though he could kill Akira, he won't.

CAINE

Don't die. Live to remember your father.

Akira stares at Caine for a long moment... tears herself away, backs away... disappearing into the night.

We stay with Caine for a beat as he kneels by his old friend, finding the katana, placing it over Shimazu's chest. He closes his eyes and mutters a prayer for a dead friend.

44A	<b>OMITTED</b>	44A	*
45	<b>INT. OSAKA / UMEDA TRAIN STATION / PLATFORM - NIGHT</b>	45	*
	John makes his way through the all by deserted platform towards a waiting train.		* *
46	<b>INT. OSAKA / TRAIN - NIGHT</b>	46	
	John steps into the train car. Looks left. Empty. Then right.		*
	Akira has just entered from the opposite side of the car. She says nothing and in that moment John knows Shimazu is dead.		* *
	A beat and John makes his way to a seat. Sits.		*
	Doors close and the train glides away from the platform as she approaches John.		* *

AKIRA

...Who is he?

John doesn't answer. She lines a gun on his head. He doesn't flinch.

AKIRA (CONT'D)

WHO IS HE?

John looks right down the barrel of the gun.

JOHN

...He was a friend.

AKIRA

My father is dead because of you! I  
want a name!

\*



JOHN

...Caine.

A beat and she lowers the gun, sits heavily in the seat opposite John on the other side of the aisle. She's mourning and defeated and angry.

AKIRA

He was here for you. Because of what you did.

John takes her in. Doesn't answer. She's right and he knows it. He turns his head away and looks out the window.

JOHN

Let it go.

She raises her head, tear streaked eyes burning into John who is now looking directly at her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What you're thinking right now, let it go.

The train's intercom chimes. The train slows as the automated voice indicates the next stop.

AKIRA

...I can't.

John deflates just a bit. Akira rises, walks to the doors. They hiss open.

AKIRA (CONT'D)

Either you kill him or I will.

JOHN

...I understand.

She eyes him for a beat, then:

AKIRA

Goodbye, Mr. Wick.

She steps out, leaving John alone with his demons.

Doors close.

A beat and John opens his hand. Resting in his palm is the FLEUR DE LIS PIN he took from a dead Myrmidon; The Marquis's coat of arms.

Hold on that pin as the sound of the train builds...

46A **EXT. PARIS / EIFFEL TOWER - MORNING**

46A

Establishing: The Eiffel Tower rises above the waking city.

47 **INT. PARIS / EIFFEL TOWER / HIGH TABLE FACILITY - MORNING** 47

A telex spits out a page. A tattooed hand tears it. The hand belongs to a French SUICIDE GIRL.

She walks to a counter and places the telex in a bin by SUICIDE GIRL #2 who picks it up and scans it, then lifts an old rotary phone, dials.

SUICIDE GIRL #2

John Wick. Open contract increased  
to twenty-four million, U.S.

PULL BACK TO reveal a line of European **SUICIDE GIRLS** on phones...

PULL BACK SOME MORE to reveal the large and open multi-level space populated by SUICIDE GIRLS at typewriters, telex machines and old IBM computers. High Table iconography on walls and equipment.

ANGLE ON a glowing green screen. Cell numbers with global prefixes scroll by. DISSOLVE to--

48 OMITTED

48

49 EXT. OSAKA / OSAKA CONTINENTAL / ROOFTOP GARDEN - NIGHT 49

The Malinois sniffs John's cup.

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE The Tracker looking out at the city, almost like he's waiting.

His PAGER buzzes. There is just a number: \$24. He smiles.

Behind The Tracker, a shadow within a shadow moves. Caine seemingly materializes right next to The Tracker.

The suddenness and the silence of it scares the shit out of The Tracker and the dog. Both flinch!

The Tracker eyes Caine who doesn't pay the slightest bit of attention to him or the dog. The Tracker then glances at the Malinois. 'Really?' If a dog could shrug, it would.

Both The Tracker and the dog watch as Caine moves around the space. There is an undeniable intensity to Caine. He's just killed a man he once called a friend...

CAINE

You're not with him.

THE TRACKER

I'm not with anybody.

CAINE

We're all with somebody. .45 long?

THE TRACKER

You have a good ear.

CAINE

Two actually... Why did you save him?

THE TRACKER

Who says I did?

CAINE

Your rifle...

Caine pulls the tin of chocolates from his pocket, takes a chocolate. As he does:

CAINE (CONT'D)

You're raising his bounty.

THE TRACKER

Well, money talks and bullshit runs  
a marathon.

CAINE

You're not *with* him, but you are  
*like* him.

THE TRACKER

That's where you're wrong... Ten  
fingers, two eyes. Seems to me  
you're the one who's more like him.

CAINE

Maybe. Then again, neither John nor  
I need a dog to guide us.

Caine takes a biscuit from the table and holds it out for the  
dog. It tenses, ears dropping back and teeth appearing.

The Tracker smiles just a bit, enjoying the anticipation of  
the inevitable mauling to come--

And the dog *gently* takes the treat from Caine.

And that is an object lesson in dominance. The Tracker's  
smile fades just a bit. When Caine speaks, any veneer of  
civility is gone, replaced flinty intensity.

CAINE (CONT'D)

You interfered with The Table's  
business.

THE TRACKER

I think I can handle your Marquis.

CAINE

(turning into The Tracker)  
And you interfered with mine.

The Tracker tenses, slightly, his hand shifting closer to his  
holstered weapon. Both Caine and the dog sense it.

THE TRACKER

...Your move, blind man--

The tension is broken as Chidi appears. Without saying a  
word, he lines his gun on The Tracker's head.

CHIDI

Who are you?

THE TRACKER

(eyes on Caine)  
I'm... Nobody.

Chidi pulls the hammer back.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

That would be a mistake.

CHIDI

Why's that?

THE TRACKER

Two reasons. One, I can find John Wick....

CHIDI

And the second?

THE TRACKER

Nuts.

CHIDI

What?

THE TRACKER

I said: nuts.

And then Chidi feels something no one wants to feel: a Malinois snout on his crotch, slowly raising its head and his testicles with it. Chidi is... unimpressed.

CHIDI

Come with me. You too, blind man.

50      **OMITTED**

50

51      **EXT. MANHATTAN / NY CONTINENTAL - DAY**

51

Sheets of rain spatter the still smoking remains of the once proud hotel.

Winston, his back to us, head naked to the rain, stands on the sidewalk, watching.

Winston takes a FLASK out of his coat pocket. Perhaps it's half-empty after the day he's had. He offers up the flask as a toast to his former home, now just rubble and a hole.

WINSTON

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest I go to than I have ever known..."

THE BOWERY KING (V.O)

Well, this sure as shit looks like the worst of times...

A figure in a tattered overcoat, worn umbrella, shuffles up.  
Stops next to the dog. The Bowery King.

The King looks out onto the rubble. Winston offers him the  
flask. The King takes it and takes a long pull.

THE BOWERY KING (CONT'D)

She was glorious, wasn't she?

WINSTON

Thank you for agreeing to meet.

THE BOWERY KING

Well, we homeless folk have to  
stick together now, don't we?

This bites. A beat.

WINSTON

I know you've been supporting him  
in his... travels.

THE BOWERY KING

Who's that?

WINSTON

I need to see him.

The King LAUGHS. Big, booming. Winston waits.

THE BOWERY KING

If memory serves, the last time you  
saw him, you shot him. Off a  
goddamn roof.

WINSTON

I had no choice. The Table held all  
the cards.

THE BOWERY KING

But who held the gun?

WINSTON

Enough! I have to see Jonathan. He  
needs to know the breadth of what  
is coming for him. This Marquis  
isn't constrained -- The Table has  
let him off his leash.

THE BOWERY KING

Ah, your benevolence is touching.  
I'm sure this has nothing to do  
with this pile of rocks. Or the  
gravestone of your former  
concierge...

The Bowery King eyes Winston. Dead serious now.

THE BOWERY KING (CONT'D)

Tell me something and tell it true:  
why did that Frenchman let you  
live?



Winston considers this a second. He has no choice.

WINSTON

To make a point. A dead man can be made a martyr. But you let him live and you tell the world that he is either a turncoat, a coward, or a fool.

THE BOWERY KING

So which are you?

WINSTON

Aggrieved.

The Bowery King... smiles. Perhaps for the first time he sees in Winston a man laid completely bare. He extends his hand. In it is a card. Winston takes it. It is blank save a single HOBO SYMBOL.

THE BOWERY KING

...You have a plan?

WINSTON

(taps the card to his head)

I have John Wick.

51A      **EXT. PARIS / STABLE - DAY**

51A

Establishing: An elegant stable.

52      **INT. PARIS / EQUESTRIAN RING - DAY**

52

The Marquis stands in the center of the ring as a half dozen riders canter around on their Lippizaners to music. The Harbinger is next to him.

THE HARBINGER

The Table is concerned that your recent efforts are becoming quite... public.

THE MARQUIS

The Table needs to let me do what they elevated me to do.

THE HARBINGER

We fail to see how laying waste to Continentals is getting you closer to killing John Wick.

## THE MARQUIS

Which is exactly why we are in this position. This campaign is not alone to kill John Wick; it is to kill the *idea* of John Wick. That is the true threat we face. To do that, I must destroy everything that idea touches.

## THE HARBINGER

The bloodshed in Osaka was not necessary.

## THE MARQUIS

(shaking his head)

The bloodshed was the point.

The Harbinger eyes The Marquis for a beat, then strides away.

AA52

**INT. PARIS / EQUESTRIAN RING / ANTECHAMBER - DAY**

AA52

ANGLE ON the Malinois, eyes tight on something she very likely wants to kill, fuck, or eat.

The objects of her malicious intent, lust or appetite are two IRISH WOLFHOUNDS -- large, powerful, aloof and superior.

If these dogs could look down on other dogs they would, which makes the Malinois want to kill, fuck or eat them even more, possibly in that order.

## CAINE (V.O.)

He'll make it your choice.

ANGLE ON The Tracker, leaning against a post, head down, one knee bent in a classic western pose. He raises his head, eyes Caine sidelong.

Chidi and Myrmidons are arrayed around the three.

## CAINE

...Think twice before accepting.

Doors swing open and Chidi motions the Tracker in. The Tracker pulls himself off the wall and follows Chidi in.

52A

**INT. PARIS / EQUESTRIAN RING - DAY**

52A

The Tracker, Chidi behind him enters. The Marquis waits.

THE MARQUIS  
(to The Tracker)  
And you are?

THE TRACKER  
Nobody.

Chidi *kicks* The Tracker in the back of his knees, driving him to his knees. The dog growls. A look from The Tracker silences him but it remains locked on Chidi, muscles tensing.

THE MARQUIS  
Coyness, *Mr. Nobody*, is a pathetic trait -- a miscalculation in which, by trying to conceal our ego, we let it appear stark naked. I'll ask only once: why were you in Osaka?

THE TRACKER  
The bounty on Wick.

THE MARQUIS  
The stone beneath my shoe. How were you able to locate him?

THE TRACKER  
Pay and find out.

Chidi draws his gun and shoves it against the back of The Tracker's head.

THE MARQUIS  
And what would such a service be worth?

THE TRACKER  
Twenty-five million. Plus the value of the contract when he's dead.

THE MARQUIS  
By your hand?

THE TRACKER  
No. I'm a Tracker. I track.

THE MARQUIS  
Killing pays better.

THE TRACKER  
When you try to kill a man, he generally tries to kill you back. Can't very well spend your money if I'm dead, can I?

The Marquis is almost amused by this sentiment...

THE MARQUIS

We'll never know. We found him  
once; we will find him again.

THE TRACKER

Before or after he puts you in the  
ground?

The Marquis studies The Tracker for a long moment.

THE MARQUIS

I like you.

He motions Chidi to release The Tracker who pulls himself up.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)

Twenty million.

THE TRACKER

Like me more. Twenty-three.

The Marquis holds The Tracker's gaze for a beat, as though he  
is committing the man's face to his memory. Then he  
approaches The Tracker. Extends his hand. A beat as The  
Tracker reaches for the hand with his own. Hands clasp.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

We have a deal.

THE MARQUIS

Not yet...

The Marquis slams The Tracker's hand onto a nearby wooden  
saddle horse and -- THUNK! -- *drives a stiletto through The  
Tracker's hand, pinning it to the wood!*

The Malinois' hackles go up, teeth bare, and muscles tense  
for an attack. Chidi swings its gun to the dog!

THE TRACKER

NO!

The dog doesn't attack, nor does it relax. It remains stock  
still, locked on The Marquis, muscles quivering.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

No. No. No. Look at me.  
(the dog does)  
Easy... I'm okay.

The dog... steps back, relaxing just a little bit.

The Tracker eyes the Marquis who's looking at the dog. He's found the Tracker's soft underbelly and both men know it.

A beat and The Tracker eats the pain as his other hand grasps the knife's pommel. The Marquis places his hands on The Tracker's, stopping him from pulling it out.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

THE MARQUIS

A choice. You can pull the knife out or you can pull your hand out. One shows me a man committed only to himself; the other, a man committed to the cause. One of those men will be privileged to serve.

The Tracker eyes The Marquis as the Frenchman removes his hands... which is when he realizes that all of the Myrmidons, and The Marquis, bear some scar or mark. The choice is now The Tracker's.

Eyes locked on The Marquis, The Tracker *slowly* PULLS his hand towards him - the knife RIPPING through bone and sinew as it makes its way from the center of his hand to the joint between his middle and ring fingers. It takes everything he has not to scream.

ANGLE on the dog, suffering The Tracker's distress.

The Tracker *pulls* his torn hand free from the saddle horse... and extends it towards The Marquis who... reaches out and shakes the bloody hand.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)

*Bonne chasse.*

The Tracker... pulls away. Walks out, dog padding beside him. Valet's open the doors to reveal Caine. The Tracker walks by him without a word.

Caine enters.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)

I misjudged you. I thought you to be a man of conviction.

CAINE

I was interfered with.

The Marquis focuses on Caine.

THE MARQUIS  
I GAVE YOU A NAME!.. We had an  
understanding: a life for a life;  
Wick's life or your daughter's...  
The choice is yours.

The Marquis strides by Caine. As he passes, Caine's cane  
snaps up, blocking his path. Chidi and Myrmidons tense. The  
Marquis studies Caine.

CAINE  
I choose her.

THE MARQUIS  
...I thought so.

The Marquis pushes by. As he exits.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
When Wick is dead, kill *that* Nobody  
and his dog.

Chidi and The Myrmidons melt away, leaving Caine alone. A  
beat and he opens his LOCKET. That music pours out.

53      **EXT. ROOSEVELT ISLAND / MAUSOLEUM - DAY**      53      \*

Establishing: the two mile long 800 foot wide island      \*

bisecting the East River stretches out before us. To the west      \*

is Manhattan, FDR Drive and the UN Building prominent, to the      \*

east, Queens. Spanning the island is the Queensboro Bridge.      \*

We PUSH IN ON the island, passing over manicured lawns to      \*

white marble walls. Over them to an exterior mausoleum      \*

courtyard.      \*

54      **EXT. ROOSEVELT ISLAND / MAUSOLEUM COURTYARD - DAY**      54      \*

Simple. Elegant. Geometric. Winston stands in front of a      \*

large stone plaque, "CHARON" carved into the living stone. No      \*

epitaph. He lights a candle, placing it on a small ledge set      \*

under the plaque.      \*

                                 JOHN (O.S.)      \*

                 Winston.      \*

ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE John standing behind Winston who      \*

doesn't turn.      \*

                                 WINSTON      \*

                 ...Jonathan.      \*

                                 JOHN      \*

                 My condolences... He was a good      \*

                 man.      \*

                                 WINSTON      \*

                 Yes.      \*

                 (turns to face John)      \*

                 And taken for our sins.      \*

The line hangs there like the indictment that it is. The      \*

implication is clear: John Wick (and Winston) is responsible      \*

for Charon's death.      \*

John extends his hand. Inside is the FLEUR DE LIS PIN.      \*

                                 \*      \*

\*

\*

JOHN

Who is he?

\*

WINSTON

The Marquis de Gramont. Elevated  
*solely* on his guarantee of killing  
you. Every resource The Table  
commands is at his disposal.

\*



JOHN  
Where do I find him?

WINSTON  
Paris.

John turns to go.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
Where does this end, Jonathan?

JOHN  
With him dead.

WINSTON  
And then?

John hesitates and doesn't answer. Perhaps he doesn't have an answer. Winston takes in John with tired eyes. Shakes his head at the futility of it all.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
Have you learned nothing? Simply putting a bullet in the man's head won't change a thing. Another will be appointed before his body is cold. Hercules had his Hydra, you have The Table. You'll run out of bullets before they run out of heads and you will succeed only in continuing to bring pain and death to all those you touch... If you're going to kill him, do it the smart way. Make him give you your freedom and end this madness once and for all.

JOHN  
How?

WINSTON  
By using his rules and consequences against him. Challenge him to single combat: a High Table Duel.

JOHN  
A High Table Duels aren't real. They're myth.

WINSTON  
You're wrong. The *Baba Yaga* is a myth.

(MORE)

## WINSTON (CONT'D)

A High Table Duel is a cold, hard law that goes back to the foundation of the Table itself, created to keep its more combustible members from all-out war. Win or lose, it gives you what you want, Jonathan: a way out.

\*  
\*  
\*

John considers.

\*

## JOHN

...I don't sit at The Table, Winston.

\*  
\*  
\*

## WINSTON

Your family does. They can issue the challenge and nominate you as their proxy.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

## JOHN

I don't have a family. The Ruska Roma tore my ticket.

\*  
\*  
\*

## WINSTON

Then go back and fucking beg them to mend it... or pick out a plot.

\*  
\*  
\*

John takes in the wall of the mausoleum... shifts his gaze to Winston who holds out the **HOBO CARD** The Bowery King gave him.

\*  
\*

## WINSTON (CONT'D)

Paris. Three days.

\*  
\*

## JOHN

...What do you get out of this?

\*  
\*

## WINSTON

What you are so very good at... revenge.

\*  
\*  
\*

John eyes Winston for a long moment... and takes the card. PULL BACK as Winston turns back to Charon's plaque and John walks away from a good man's grave.

\*  
\*  
\*

55      **EXT. BERLIN - NIGHT**

55      \*

Berlin's iconic Brandenburg Gate. Even at this hour, there are tourists and street performers. A long shadow crosses the center arch. Then a figure emerges from the west: **John Wick**, a man alone and apart.

BERLIN

As he passes by, a JUGGLER tracks him... lets the balls fall, and makes a phone call...

Across the street, watching both Wick and The Juggler is The Tracker and the dog.

56      **EXT. BERLIN / MONTBIAOU BRIDGE - NIGHT**

56

John walks down the empty sidewalk. Across the street, a cigarette butt glows bright to reveal another FREELANCER. The man stubs out his cigarette and follows John. A third FREELANCER joins him.

As they move away, The Tracker and the dog appear...

57      **EXT. BERLIN / UNDERPASS FRIEDRICH STRASSE - NIGHT**

57

John approaches a HOMELESS MAN sitting by a burning barrel. He drops a gold coin into the man's cup.

JOHN  
(German)  
*Long live the King.*

The Homeless Man looks up at John...

JOHN (CONT'D)  
*I need a gun.*

The Homeless man offers up a card with a HOBO SYMBOL: a triangle with "hands." He looks east. John follows his gaze. In the distance, illuminated by a streetlight, is that same HOBO SIGN scrawled on a covered bus stop.

John takes the card with a nod and starts to walk even as a Freelancer rounds the corner, tracking John.

Neither John nor the Freelancer notices The Tracker and his dog step out of shadow behind them.

58      **EXT. BERLIN / HACKESACHER MARKT - NIGHT**

58

The streets are dark and quiet as John passes by that same HOBO triangle with "hands" etched into a brick wall.

He turns a corner. Across the street is the SYMBOL carved over the door of a TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP. He crosses, bangs on the door.

A long moment and the door opens a crack to reveal a WOMAN (70s) -- pale skin, blue eyes, bifocals, shock of white hair, dressed all in black. **FRAU GOETZ.**

FRAU GOETZ  
(German)  
*We are closed.*

John holds the card with the HOBO SYMBOL out. A beat and she opens the door.

It closes. PULL BACK to Freelancers appear, panning for John. PULL BACK some more to The Tracker and his dog watching them.

59      **INT. BERLIN / TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP - NIGHT**

59

Frau leads John through the musty shop filled with dusty, TAXIDERMIZED ANIMALS: dogs, sheep... a WOLF. Down a hallway to a door. She fumbles through a ring of keys... finally finds the key she's looking for, unlocks the door and pushes it open.

60      **INT. BERLIN / TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP / GUN ROOM - NIGHT**

60

Racks of high-end rifles, pistols, knives and tactical gear line the walls. The very best of the best.

JOHN  
Glock 34. 9 millimeter. 125 grain.

Frau Goetz slowly and meticulously reaches into the cabinet and places the weapon and ammo on a velvet mat. Then, *with a speed and surety that defies her age, she expertly breaks the weapon down, reassembles it* and slides it to John who is... impressed. He takes the gun, checks balance and action.

FRAU GOETZ

A fine weapon... for an Austrian.  
Perhaps I could interest you in a  
German platform.

She motions to a H&K-VP9.

JOHN

No, thank you.

FRAU GOETZ

Very well. Method of payment?

John reaches into his pocket and comes up... empty.

JOHN

...Do you take credit?

Frau Goetz puts a hand on the Glock, pulling it back towards her and indicates a sign over the counter: "NO CREDIT" in half a dozen languages, including English.

FRAU GOETZ

(English)

To contract new debts is not the  
way to pay old ones.

60A      **EXT. BERLIN / TAXIDERMY SHOP - NIGHT**

60A

Four Freelancers have converged on the front door. One picks the lock. It snaps open. The door swings open. The LEAD Freelancer signals his men to spread out. Three head for an adjacent alley as he enters

60B      **INT. BERLIN / TAXIDERMY SHOP - NIGHT**

60B

John... takes his WATCH off, places it next to the gun. Frau Goetz eyes the watch -- dented, face cracked -- then John... A beat and she opens a drawer and tosses his watch on a pile of OTHER EXPENSIVE WATCHES.

FRAU GOETZ

I believe I have something more...  
suitable to your... situation.

She reaches down and pulls a box from under the counter.

John examines the contents: a dozen old revolvers.

FRAU GOETZ (CONT'D)

Vintage.

John takes one of the revolvers -- a .38 Webley, cracks the breach. Dust puffs out of the barrel. He glances at the old woman skeptically.

FRAU GOETZ (CONT'D)

Every gun in my shop shoots  
straight or it would not be in my  
shop.

Footfalls are audible above. Dust falls from cracks in the ceiling.

JOHN

Ammunition?

Frau steps slowly to a dusty box of loose rounds, pulls out... ONE round.

John gives her a look. She reluctantly pulls out another... a third... a reluctant fourth bullet. So FOUR bullets all together. This is all his watch buys him here.

John's about to say something when a shadow crosses the doorway above.

In one motion, John loads one round, lines and fires!

The Freelancer takes the round in the forehead and falls down the stairs!

FRAU GOETZ

As I said.

John glances at her... heads for the stairs... turns and comes back, snatches the two remaining bullets off the counter.

JOHN

Thank you.

Then he's moving up the stairs even as he loads the rounds.

61        **OMITTED**        61

62        **OMITTED**        62

63        **OMITTED**        63

64        **EXT. BERLIN / TAXIDERMY SHOP - NIGHT**        64

He's heading for the street when -- KERCHUNK -- he hears the distinctive sound of a shotgun being pumped. He stops mid-step. Goddamnit.

Three Freelancers -- ARNO, sawed-off shot gun, KARL and GUNTER, automatics -- come out of the gloom, facing off against John.

                 ARNO  
                 (German accented English)  
                 You're a wanted man, Mr. Wick.

                 GUNTER  
                 *Careful, Arno, he's fast.*

                 ARNO  
                 Is that so?. Are you fast? Should I  
                 be careful?... Gun. Left hand. Two  
                 fingers. Slow.

John... raises the revolver. The Freelancers tense.

ARNO (CONT'D)

Slower.

...Slowly, with two fingers, John draws the gun.

ARNO (CONT'D)

Turn around.

John turns, slowly.

ARNO (CONT'D)

Give it to me. Butt first.

John... flips the revolver so that he's holing the barrel, holds it out to Arno.

ARNO (CONT'D)

The *Baba Yaga*... Not so dangerous now, are you?

JOHN

...You can still walk away.

ARNO

Could.

(smiling)

But a man's got to make a living, right?

THE TRACKER (O.S.)

Dying's not much of a living.

Eyes shift to the Tracker as he emerges from shadow, gun still strapped.

The three Freelancers glance at each other and go to guns--

--John flips the revolver, catches it and fires. The round hits Arno in the forehead, blowing out the back of his head--

--as The Tracker quick draws and fires, putting a round into Karl--

--and both John and The Tracker shoot Gunter, blowing him back.

John pivots, gun lined on The Tracker who has his .45 lined on John. Neither fires.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

(re the Webley)

Nice gun.



JOHN

Vintage.

THE TRACKER  
No. Classic. Webley Mark VI.

John notes The Tracker's heavily bandaged hand.

JOHN  
You took a deal.

THE TRACKER  
I made a deal.

JOHN  
You think you can buy your way out?

THE TRACKER  
Everybody's got a price.

JOHN  
No. But everything has a cost. You  
sure you're willing to pay it?

A long moment... then his answer:

THE TRACKER  
Nuts.

JOHN  
What?

THE TRACKER  
I said nuts.

Only John's eyes move as, a few feet from him at *crotch level*, white teeth appear out of inky shadow that resolves into the dog.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)  
Catch you later, Mr. Wick

The Tracker turns and walks into darkness. A beat and the dog growls, then pulls back into shadow...

65      **EXT. BERLIN / CHARLOTTENGRAD / CHURCH - NIGHT**      65

An old Eastern Orthodox church set in the heart of Berlin's Russian expat community.

66      **INT. BERLIN / CHARLOTTENGRAD / CHURCH / NARTEX - NIGHT**      66

An elderly Russian WOMAN behind a counter in a small alcove on the side of the Narthex slides a basket to a BABUCHKA who retrieves a .410 Jury handgun and slides it into her bag.

John's next. He holds out the Webley. The breach drops open of its own volition. The Woman behind the counter eyes the gun.

JOHN  
(Russian)  
*Vintage.*

She... points to the basket and we see the Ruska Roma tattoos on her hands and fingers. He puts the gun in and gets a ticket, then walks into the Church's nave.

67      **INT. BERLIN / CHARLOTTENGRAD / CHURCH / NAVE - NIGHT**      67

Old school. Candles. Stained glass. An altar. A half dozen PARISHIONERS: pensioners, a babushka, etc. John pauses to dip his fingers into Holy Water, crosses himself and moves down the aisle towards the altar where an old PRIEST in collar and robe prepares for a service.

JOHN  
(Russian)  
*Father.*

PRIEST  
*Yes, my son?*

JOHN  
*I need to speak to Uncle--*

BOOM! A round SLAMS into John knocking back a good ten feet.

He stares up at the old Priest who's holding a sawed off 12 gauge.

PRIEST  
*Nice suit.*

Men grab John's arms.

68

## INT. BERLIN / CHURCH / TRIAL ROOM - NIGHT

68

John's eyes squint as he tries to focus but the light is bright and the peripheries of the room dim.

His wrists are tied behind his back, his feet are bound by CHAINS that are connected to an eyebolt set in the floor and a cable hooked to a HYDRAULIC LIFT is looped around his neck.

KATIA (O.S.)

(Russian)

*The prodigal son returns...*

KATIA, late 20s, dark hair and eyes, steps into the light.

KATIA (CONT'D)

*But this isn't your home anymore,  
is it...*

(spitting the English out)

Jonathan Wick?

JOHN

*You grew up, Katia.*

KATIA

*And you got old. Then again, it's  
been a while.*

As John's eyes acclimate, the large room comes into focus. Thirty-six RUSKA ROMA -- dark hair and eyes, tattoos, tailored suits similar to John's -- stand on a series of steps in front of John. Between him and the Ruska Roma is a large and ornately carved baroque chair: THE THRONE.

JOHN

*I need to talk to him.*

KATIA

*Why?*

JOHN

*Business.*

KATIA

(English)

Business? You're forgetting, we're still under The Table...

Katia circles John...

KATIA (CONT'D)

*...and last I checked...*

...and pulls up his shirt, revealing the brand over the tattoo on his back.

KATIA (CONT'D)

...you're *excommunicado* and your ticket was torn. You have no business with us.

She nods. A Ruska Roma pushes a button on the winch control panel. Motors whirr and the winch rolls in cable, lifting John up off the floor. He strains against the tension, choking.

JOHN

That's for Petr to decide.

KATIA

Petr's dead.

John stares, anger cutting the pain.

KATIA (CONT'D)

After you put a bullet in the Elder's head, The Marquis had one put in Petr's. And in fine Russian tradition, he sent us the bill... Because of you, I had to kneel in front of the man who murdered my father and give him our businesses, our accounts, our access... and our self-respect.

JOHN

...Then we have a common enemy...

Katia just watches John die. This is how it ends.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We can help each other!

KATIA

You can't even help yourself. How the hell are you going help us?

JOHN

By killing this Marquis!

KATIA

They'd just appoint another. *His death changes nothing.*

JOHN  
(with what little breath  
he has left)  
*It does if I kill him in a duel!*

...Katia's eyes flick to the old Priest who stares at John... then shifts his gaze to her. A beat and he approaches, whispers in her ear. They speak in hushed tones...

THE PRIEST  
*...The Old Ways are clear on the  
matter. But for a duel to be  
sanctioned by The Table, he'd need  
to be a member of a family... and  
he'd have to have a Crest.*

She returns her focus to the dying John Wick... considers him for a long moment as his life drains.

KATIA  
...How many did you kill to get  
out?

JOHN  
Too many.

KATIA  
...You'll only have to kill one to  
get back in: the bastard who  
murdered my father.

JOHN  
...Give me the name.

KATIA  
Killa Harkan. You'll find him at  
*Himmel und Hölle*. When he's dead,  
I'll mend your ticket.

JOHN  
...And the Crest?

KATIA  
Harkan first. Then we talk. Bring  
proof of death.

Finally, she motions to the winch operator. Tension's released and John falls, collapsing to the chair.

Katia approaches, looming over John.

JOHN  
I'll need a way in.

Katia eyes John... nods.

KATIA

I know a way. Klaus will take you.

KLAUS -- big, powerful, face, beard and body studded with metal and marked with tattoos, steps forward.

KLAUS

I am Klaus.

JOHN

John.

And Klaus *hits* John full in the face. John eyes him. WTF?

KLAUS

I am Klaus.

And Klaus *hits* him again!

70

**EXT. BERLIN / CHARLOTTENGRAD / CHURCH - NIGHT**

70

The Tracker eyes his phone. The bounty has gone up yet again.  
A beat and he dials...

THE TRACKER

He's in Berlin. With the Ruska  
Roma. You can transfer that  
finder's fee now.

71

**INT. PARIS / OPERA HOUSE / STAIRS - NIGHT**

71

The Marquis walks up a wide staircase toward the auditorium,  
phone to his ear, phone cable trailing behind as opera plays  
in the background.

THE MARQUIS

No.

THE TRACKER (V.O.)

Excuse me?

THE MARQUIS

Kill John Wick and you'll get your  
money.



71A      **EXT. BERLIN / CHARLOTTENGRAD / CHURCH - NIGHT**

71A

The Tracker's tone changes. That veneer of invincibility he's so carefully cultivated cracks just a bit.

THE TRACKER

I told you: that's not what I do.

THE MARQUIS (V.O)

It is now.

THE TRACKER

And that wasn't our deal.

71B      **INT. PARIS / OPERA HOUSE / STAIRS - NIGHT**

71B

The Marquis feels The Tracker's distress as he crests the stairs into the Auditorium.

THE MARQUIS

The deal was for your service. And that is the only deal being offered today. A life for a life, Mr. Nobody; yours or his. When it's done, kill the blind man.

72      **EXT. BERLIN / CHARLOTTENGRAD / CHURCH - NIGHT**

72

The Tracker's about to respond when the line goes dead.

THE TRACKER

...Asshole.

He rubs his head with his hands. Shakes his head. Curses under his breath. The dog looks up at him with sympathetic eyes.

73      **EXT. BERLIN / THE CLUB - NIGHT**

73

A massive structure rising up over the river with a long neon lit archway leading to the entrance. The muffled sound of techno throbs.

74      **OMITTED**

74

75

**INT. BERLIN / THE CLUB / VIP GAMING ROOM - NIGHT**

75

CLOSE ON a felt gambling table. Cards with elaborate High Table iconography. Stacks of gold coins. A gold plated ivory handled diamond encrusted .357 Magnum.

Cards are flipped. Winning hand is by the .357. A fleshy hand covered in gold rings and diamonds lifts the Magnum. BOOM!

ANGLE ON black patent leather shoes as blood spatters them, accompanied by the sound of a body thudding to the floor.

PAN UP -- black pants, white shirt, suit and vest, black tie, to John Wick.

His hands are bound in front of him. On either side are big German-Turkish GANGSTERS, and towering over him, is Klaus.

They are just inside the illuminated area set within a massive space with concrete walls and high ceilings, both of which are beyond vision. An overhead fan casts long shadows over the players and light plays off the Persian rugs adorning the floor.

REVERSE TO KILLA HARKAN -- big, powerful but long since gone to seed, his six pack abs replaced by a tractor tire concealed by a fine linen suit and Turkish inspired vest -- seated the gaming table with two men. He owns the club and the gun.

A beat and he turns his gaze to John... then to Klaus who is holding out a an onyx and ivory card out.

Killa nods to one of the Gangsters who takes it, opens it and hands it to Killa who scans it... smiles. Light glints off a big gold tooth. When he speaks, the accent, as well as the words, is a mix of German and Turkish, the tone nasally and high pitched.

KILLA

(to Klaus)

Please tell your mistress that I am honored by this gesture of friendship and that I look forward to our continuing partnership.

KLAUS

I am Klaus.

With that, Klaus turns and walks away. When he's gone, Killa then turns to John. Claps his hands.

KILLA

Must be Christmas... But where are  
my manners?

Killa motions to John and one of his crew cuts John's bonds,  
freeing his hands.

KILLA (CONT'D)

Drink?

John's eyes move to a bottle of Blanton's Special Reserve and  
three glasses.

JOHN

...You were expecting me.

Killa holds Katia's letter over an open flame. It ignites. As  
he watches it burn with a disturbing fascination:

KILLA

Not me. Him.

John's eyes shift as Caine steps out of shadow. A moment of  
tension as John thinks about killing Caine.

JOHN

You knew I'd come.

CAINE

I suspected.

JOHN

...Family.

Caine nods. Killa, releasing the ash, snorts.

KILLA

That "family" sold you out first  
chance they got. They gave you up,  
Mr. Wick, in the vain hope of  
saving themselves. That's why I  
never trust a Cossack. They're a  
dirty people.

Killa's eyes are on John who hasn't taken his off of Caine's.

KILLA (CONT'D)

You two know each other?

CAINE

Mr. Wick blames me for the death of  
a mutual friend.

(Mandarin)

(MORE)

CAINE (CONT'D)

*But I didn't kill Koji, John. You  
did.*

KILLA

I sense tension. This discord  
between old... friends saddens me.  
Let me help.

Killa grabs the .357 and lines it on John. Pulls the hammer  
back. This gets Caine's attention.

CAINE

We have a deal.

KILLA

Had.

CAINE

The Marquis--

KILLA

Will never know who killed him. And  
if he does, I doubt he'll care if  
it's bullets, blades, or a blind  
man.

Caine shifts his weight. Conversations stop. Men rise,  
weapons visible.

Caine... inclines his head, tracking the movement in the  
space, keying on small details... breath, the creak of  
leather.

The doors swing open. Two GANGSTERS enter. The Tracker is  
between them and the dog pads after him. A third trails,  
carrying The Tracker's backpack.

They stop in front of Killa. The Gangster carrying the pack  
dumps it on the table.

GANGSTER

(Turkish)

*We found him outside with this.*

Killa... lowers the .357 and leans in to the pack, looking at  
the contents. Whatever's in there is impressive.

KILLA

These for me, Mr...?

THE TRACKER

Nobody. And no, they're for--  
(glancing at John)  
--him.

KILLA

...A blind man, a guy with a dog,  
and John Wick walk into a bar...  
That sounds either like the  
beginning of a stupendous joke or a  
most profitable opportunity.

(to John)

I don't know if you noticed, but  
you are a very popular man. I mean,  
God damned, is there anyone who  
doesn't want you dead?

CAINE

Let me have him and I'll let you  
live.

THE TRACKER

What he said.

Killa eyes Caine and The Tracker.

KILLA

(to Caine)

So you want to kill him--

(to The Tracker)

--you want to kill him, I want to  
kill him, and you, Mr. Wick...

JOHN

Am going to kill you.

KILLA

For Petr. Of course... Well, it  
sounds like we have ourselves a  
genuine conundrum. A quandary if  
you will. A real life dilemma...

(to John)

Fortunately, unlike your *at lanet*  
Cossack brethren, *Jardani*, we are a  
civilized people and as such we  
settle our differences in civilized  
fashion. So... let's play a game.  
One hand. Winner decides who lives  
and who... doesn't.

Killa flicks a finger and the other players rise, giving up  
their seats.

THE TRACKER

What's the buy in?

JOHN

More than you can afford.

THE TRACKER

I'm one bullet away from being a  
very rich man.

KILLA

Or a dead one.

THE TRACKER

Either way, I'm free.

John glances at The Tracker -- beginning to understand him  
now. The Tracker sits.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

I'm thirsty. You thirsty?

CAINE  
I'm not drinking.

Caine sits.

THE TRACKER

And that is exactly the problem.  
You're no fun when you're sober.

KILLA

Mr. Wick?

A beat and John sits.

ANGLE ON the dog, eyes tight on John's crotch. A beat and John... crosses his legs.

KILLA (CONT'D)

...Five card draw.

Killa takes a deck of cards, spreads them out, flips and fans and waterfalls them with surprising dexterity before dealing five cards to each.

John eyes his cards. The Tracker pulls only the top edge back. Caine doesn't bother to check.

The Tracker discards one card.

JOHN

(to Caine)

...What did the Marquis promise  
you?

John slides two cards to Killa who deals him two.

CAINE

He didn't promise anything. He lets  
my daughter live.

This surprises John. He didn't know.

KILLA

Mr. Wick?

John... slides two cards to Killa who deals him two.

JOHN

...A life for a life.

Caine... nods. Passes his hand over his cards. He'll hold.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And you think he keeps that  
promise?

CAINE

The sun rises and she lives another  
day. That's all that matters.



JOHN  
...I understand.

John lays his cards down. Aces and eights.

KILLA

A dead man's hand, Mr. Wick.

Caine lays his cards down. Four nines.

CAINE

I know.

KILLA

Four of a kind, jack high for my  
blind friend. Very nice.

The Tracker lays down a Royal flush.

KILLA (CONT'D)

Royal flush. Impressive for a  
nobody.

Killa surveys the very impressive hands. Takes a long pull  
from his inhaler.

KILLA (CONT'D)

...A blind man, a guy with a dog,  
and John Wick walk into a bar and  
take a seat at The Table.

Killa flips a 2 over.

KILLA (CONT'D)

(to Caine)

One thinks he can serve his way  
out.

Killa flips a second 2 over. A large GANGSTER steps into the  
light behind Caine.

KILLA (CONT'D)

(to The Tracker)

One thinks he can buy his way out.

Killa flips a third 2 over and a few more large Gangsters  
appear from shadow...

KILLA (CONT'D)

(to John)

And one thinks he can kill his way  
out...

Killa flips a fourth 2 over. A few more Gangsters materialize  
behind John.

KILLA (CONT'D)

Each thinks they have a winning  
hand.

(MORE)

KILLA (CONT'D)

What they all fail to realize is  
that the moment they sat down at  
The Table...

Killa flips a **fifth** 2 over.

KILLA (CONT'D)

...they'd already lost.

A long pause. Killa eyes John...

KILLA (CONT'D)

Just so you know, Petr wasn't  
personal.

He leans forward, and flashes John a big toothy smile  
showcasing a *big gold tooth*.

KILLA (CONT'D)

Maybe a little bit.

And things happen very fast:

John snatches up cards and *throws* them. They cut into two of  
Killa's men, slicing their faces. Same motion, John rolls a  
card and *jams it into* Killa's right eye, then *slices the big*  
*man's throat with it*. Blood spurts and Killa gurgles!

Caine's cane flashes, cutting down three Turks in as many  
slashes.

The Tracker falls back on his chair, evading a straight razor  
as the dog leaps over him, tearing the attacker's throat out!

The dog lands on the man as he falls, then latches on to The  
Tracker's pack and flips it to him. The Tracker catches it,  
reaches in, pulling out a gun and fires!

Then the three, plus the dog, are in motion -- Caine with his sword and gun, The Tracker with his pack and the guns and blades in it, fighting dirty when possible, John with anything he can get his hands on -- fighting on the same side as the entire room goes to guns and knives.

Killa's on John. The two go at it. Killa is fast for a big man, and strong. A blow sends John reeling. Then he's up, attacking Killa who pauses to take a breath, sliding behind him as one of Killa's men tries to shoot John. The bullet hits Killa in the shoulder.

KILLA (CONT'D)

*Orospu çocuğu!*

Killa throws John at the man and heads for the exit, getting out as the last of his men hit the ground, dead. John tries to follow Killa but Caine and The Tracker are blocking his way. The Tracker... shakes his head. John... nods.

**The three face off for a beat... and then they try to kill each other.**

Caine's sword arcs out as John arches his back, the blade missing his carotid by a hair. He rolls, picking up one of the dead men's guns and firing as The Tracker does the same and Caine quick draws his Glock. Nothing static about this gun fight. It is an exercise in perpetual motion with all three men constantly moving as slugs tear through the space slamming into walls.

They click empty and engage. Brutal blows. Fast. A series of combinations. A blow sends John reeling. Caine re-roads his Glock. John anticipates, grabbing Caine's wrist. The Tracker shoots John in the chest even as John shoots him. Both go down.

John's getting up as the dog leaps at Caine who spins, evading it, and driving his sword *into John's shoulder! The tip pierces his suit!*

*Caine pushes as John tries to angle the barrel of the gun against Caine's abdomen with one hand even as he grasps the sword's blade with the other. Blood wells.*

John... shifts aim and SHOOTs Caine's sword. The metal sheers and the *sword's tip breaks off in John's shoulder.* Both men stumble back, Caine's broken sword arcing, forcing John to release the Glock.

Before either Caine or the Tracker can recover, John's running for the exit!

76 INT. BERLIN / THE CLUB / HALLWAY - NIGHT

76

John moves down the hall. The music gets louder. A door up ahead. John pushes it open and he and we are assaulted by light and sound.

77 INT. BERLIN / THE CLUB / WATER LEVEL - NIGHT

77

Music pulses and lasers flash, refracting off the massive industrial space fitted as a night club. A DJ spins tunes. Gogo Dancers gyrate on pedestals. Patrons party.

ON John, moving, searching for Killa. Suddenly, an illuminated "wall" materializes, blocking our view of John. Then it dematerializes.

The wall is made of water. All around, THIN CURTAINS OF WATER shoot down out of the ceiling to the beat of the music, impossibly fast, creating an intricate MAZE OF ILLUMINATED WATER WALLS inside the club as a MASSIVE MECHANICAL SUN glides overhead.

John spots Killa moving through walls of water, heads after him.

WITH KILLA as two of his GANGSTERS approach him.

KILLA

KILL WICK!

One keys an earbud.

WITH JOHN, moving through the water maze... Motion to the left. Three of Killa's men, approaching, drawing weapons. John steps inside, leveraging one's gun into the other's chest, pulling the trigger, killing the man, then twisting the first's arm up and blowing his brains out and shooting the third. John, with the gun now, angles for Killa as behind him, The Tracker and dog emerge from the VIP Gaming room.

WITH KILLA, flanked by two of his men, moving through the maze of ever shifting water walls, huffing and puffing. BOOM! One of his escorts drops. BOOM! BOOM! The other. Killa redoubles his efforts. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The bullets hit Killa squarely in the ass. He stops. Turns as John approaches, gun lined.

KILLA (CONT'D)

*Du hast mir in den Arsch  
geschossen!*

CLICK! John's out. Killa... smiles/grimaces. Raises his fists and stalks towards John who drops the gun.

**Killa vs. John #2:**

Both men SWING and CONNECT. The result is akin to John hitting a wall and being hit by a bus. His head rocks to the side. He spits out a spray of blood and stumbles back.

And Killa's on him moving with shocking speed, fists and feet tearing toward John with unbelievable velocity. John blocks a blow -- throws back one of his own. Both of them are landing punches now -- spitting blood. Killa grabs John and throws him into a wall.

Killa strides towards John -- WHEEZES -- stops, fumbles for his inhaler, holding up a finger like he wants a time out.

John stalks towards Killa, kicks him, knocking him to his ass, then grabs his head and drives it into a large water filled drainage trough. He big man kicks and spits and fights as John drowns him!

JOHN  
(through gritted teeth)  
Die already!

The dog sails through a wall of water, hitting John bodily. The two roll away as Killa sits up, sucking wind.

John shoves the dog. It tries to get purchase on the slick floor and fails, sliding away.

John's focusing on Killa when rounds SLAM into John, knocking him back. He lifts his lapel up and it takes some of the damage as The Tracker appears, *firing* suppressed rounds. The force of the bullets knock John to the floor.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I guess that number's high enough  
now?

THE TRACKER  
'Fraid so.

The Tracker pulls the trigger and clicks empty! He reloads as John who dives through a wall of water.

#### **John vs. The Tracker:**

The Tracker pans, trying to locate John in the ever moving maze of water... Swings around. John catches his gun. The two exchange blows. *The Tracker slams his fist into the shard sticking out of John's chest.* Again! The force and pain drive John back a step. The Tracker lines his weapon. He's about to fire when **a blade cuts the rifle in half!** The Tracker and John focus on **Caine**.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)  
Motherfucker!

CAINE  
He's mine.

## THE TRACKER

The hell he is!

Caine's blade arcs, angling for John's neck. A killing blow. The Tracker quick draws and Caine pivots, cutting the Tracker's side arm in two as The Tracker pulls the trigger. Pieces of gun fall away. The Tracker draws a long knife and tries to cut Caine, who parries the blow. Blades spark!

**John vs. Caine vs. The Tracker:**



Then both turn on John. For a moment, the three go toe to toe, allegiances constantly shifting each trying to kill the other, and both trying to kill John. **What is plain is that both Caine and The Tracker need John dead.**

In the midst of it all, John spots Killa moving away as both Caine and The Tracker get an advantage! They're going to kill him when a dozen of Killa's men appear.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

Shit!

**John, Caine, The Tracker vs. Killa's crew:**

Caine releases, pivoting towards the attackers, getting inside them, redirecting fire and breaking joints and bones as...

...The Tracker gets between two shooters as they dump rounds into each other, grabbing a gun from one and killing another.

A shooter gets a bead on The Tracker. He's pulling the trigger when The Malinois comes out of nowhere, taking the man's legs out. He goes airborne and the dog reverses, leaping, teeth sinking into his throat.

John kills one of Killa's men, a second. A third gets a bead on John. He's about to shoot him when Caine hears the click and throws his sword. It pins the man.

John turns back to Caine who's being pressed by one of Killa's crew as he loses the man in the noise of the water and the music.

John hesitates, pulls Caine's sword out of the dead man and guts Caine's attacker with it.

Caine swings around, locked on John who presses Caine's own, broken sword against Caine's throat...

JOHN

We're even.

John drops the sword and pulls away, looking for Killa. Spots him, running.

WITH KILLA, running. John comes out of a wall of water, slamming into the big man who doesn't seem to feel the impact. But John certainly does -- it's like hitting a wall. Then Killa's on him! Picking John up and slamming him against a railing some twenty odd feet above the lower level. Ham sized fists rain down on John even as he punches and kicks the big man.

The Tracker whistles and the dog attacks, latching onto Killa's leg. The big man grabs the dog and hurls it away, through a wall of water.

**John, Caine, The Tracker and the dog vs. Killa:**

Then The Tracker's there, firing rounds into Killa -- to no discernable effect -- clicking empty. Killa releases John and backhands The Tracker. The blow sends him reeling. Then Caine's there, stabbing the monster of a man who catches the sword and grabs Caine by the neck, squeezing. Then the dog's back, latching onto Killa's leg.

Behind him, John regains his feet, grabs Killa who discards Caine and swings around, right into John's fist which slams into the bridge of his nose -- the same strike as he was practicing on the Makiwara board. Killa stares at John... and falls, collapsing through the railing and falling some fifteen yards to the level below!.

John, Caine, The Tracker and the dog all stare at each other for a beat. Then move! The Tracker, reloads as Caine closes on John, broken sword in hand!

The Tracker fires and Caine's sword flashes as John topples over the edge, falling to the level below, the impact mitigated by Killa's mass.

The Tracker runs to the railing, sees John pulling Killa's gold tooth out. He's about to fire when John pulls away, out of his line of sight.

The Tracker turns back into the club, looking for a way down.

THE TRACKER

Shit.

77A

**EXT. BERLIN / THE CLUB / ARCHED ENTRY - NIGHT**

77A

John runs / limps towards the exit, pushing through a mass of club patrons.

ANGLE ON The Tracker appearing some twenty yards behind John. He pulls the lever action shotgun from his pack, snaps on the barrel, locks the stock, levers a round into the chamber, ad lines the weapon on John's back, trying to get a bead through the throngs of moving club patrons... locks on John. He's about to pull the trigger when--

--the tip of Caine's sword presses against his throat, freezing him.

CAINE

He's mine.

A beat as The Tracker eyes Caine who stands there, one hand holding his sword, the other on his wide eyed and petrified "guide." He looks back at John who is disappearing into the crowd... A beat and The Tracker lowers the weapon.

CAINE (CONT'D)

I told you not to take the deal.

Caine lowers his sword and starts moving away.

THE TRACKER

Guess yours didn't work out either.

Caine keeps walking.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

Helluva a thing for them to take  
your eyes, though.

CAINE

They didn't take them. I gave them.

Tracker can only watch Caine melts into the crowd.

78

**INT. BERLIN / CHURCH / TRIAL ROOM - NIGHT**

78

Candles light reflects off of walls, casting long shadows over Katia who prays at a pew.

A shadow washes over her: John -- bloody, beat up, shot, with a piece of steel in his chest. He holds out his hand to reveal Killa's gold tooth. Katia... nods.

79

**INT. BERLIN / CHURCH / TRIAL ROOM - LATER**

79

A red hot furnace roars under the altar, it's light illuminating John and Katia who face each other.

The Priest -- worn leather apron over a bare chest -- places a gold bar, it's surface acid etched with Ruska Roma symbols, into a red hot cauldron set on white hot coals.

The heat is such that the metal starts to warp and bubble until it has become liquified.

Katia and John are to the side. Using a pair of pliers, she pulls the shard of Caine's sword -- four inches of folded steel -- out of John's shoulder and places gauze over the wound.

PRIEST

*It's time.*

John and Katia move to the Priest.

The Priest tips the cauldron over. Liquified gold pours into an intricately carved steel urn. In moments, the mold glows, radiating heat, tears of gold weeping from pinprick holes.

Katia and John each roll up their right sleeves. The two eye each other over the glow.

Then, together, they place their respective forearms over the urn. Flesh burns as liquified gold bonds with skin.

Each holds the other's eyes and neither flinches.

KATIA

*...You are a child of the Belarus,  
an orphan of our tribe. You are  
bound to us as we are to you in  
this life and the next. Your blood  
is my blood...*

JOHN

*...your pain is my pain...*

KATIA

*...your life is my life.*

They release, pulling their arms back. The brand is already forming: A wolf, the word семья prominent.

KATIA (CONT'D)

*...Welcome back, Jardani.*

John... nods. She takes a bottle of vodka, pour two shots, offers him one. They drink.

KATIA (CONT'D)

The Ruska Roma will issue the challenge. Who will be your Second?

PARIS

80      **EXT. PARIS / LOUVRE - MORNING**

80

A beautiful morning in Paris, light reflecting off the Seine River as it flows by the Louvre.

81      **INT. PARIS / LOUVRE - MORNING**

81

Empty save The Marquis standing in front of '*Liberty Leading the People*' - a striking painting by Delacroix inspired by the Three Glorious Days of the July 1930 Revolution when the people of Paris rose up against King Charles X.

WINSTON (O.S.)

A warning of the cost of tyranny.

THE MARQUIS

A reminder of the price of complacency in the face of dissent.

ANOTHER ANGLE to include Winston standing some dozen yards away, flanked by Chidi and Myrmidons.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)

You must intend to join your concierge.

WINSTON

Not today.

THE MARQUIS

You say that as though you have a choice.

Chidi draws his weapon and lines it on the back of Winston's head.

WINSTON

Per the Old Ways and the old laws, John Wick calls you to a Duel - to settle your differences in single combat, as gentlemen should.

Chidi hesitates, glances at The Marquis -- who has turned his head to take in Winston -- looking for direction.



THE MARQUIS

You talk of the Old Ways as if you know them. A man of Mr. Wick's...  
*comment dit-on...* "station" cannot issue such a challenge.

WINSTON

He has his family's Crest.

A flicker of something passes over The Marquis' face.

THE MARQUIS

Ah, Berlin.

Winston produces a leather folio from his inside breast pocket. Inside is a document, High Table stamps prominent.

WINSTON

The Ruska Roma's challenge. Mr. Wick's acceptance back into the fold... It's all there. A matter of record now.

The Marquis eyes the folio but doesn't take it. He walks. Winston falls in next to him. Chidi and Myrmidons pace them.

THE MARQUIS

And why would I accept this from a second rate seat?

WINSTON

Because there are rules, and without them--

THE MARQUIS

We live with the animals?

WINSTON

Yes.

THE MARQUIS

That time is passed, Mr. Manager. A new day is dawning. New ideas. New rules. New management.

WINSTON

Yet you will accept because we still *all* sit beneath The Table and even you are not immune to the consequences of failure.

The Marquis pauses in front of Gericault's *Raft of the Medusa*.

THE MARQUIS

And what exactly are Mr. Wick's  
terms?

WINSTON

(Latin)

*Victoriae fiducia*; The  
unconditional release from any and  
all obligations to The Table.

THE MARQUIS

(to Chidi)

...*Kill him.*

Chidi is about to when--

WINSTON

"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings!" and yet all that remained of him after he was gone was a shattered statue in the sand.

The Marquis raises a finger, freezing Chidi.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

History is littered with Marquis' who are remembered only by their servants... But you can be remembered as the man who brought John Wick, he who has proved himself to be a threat to The Table and all who sit at it, from the darkness where he resides and into the light; *your* light... Who could possibly predict how high that kind of glory could take a man?

The Marquis eyes Winston for a long moment, those cold eyes burning into him.

THE MARQUIS

...Sunset, *La Tour Eiffel*, to discuss rules. You may go.

The Marquis turns back to the painting.

WINSTON

When I'm done.

The Marquis eyes Winston.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

As his Second, upon his victory, my *excommunicado* is to be lifted, my title restored, and *my* hotel rebuilt and re-consecrated; at The Table's expense, of course.

THE MARQUIS

Of course. *Je suis impressionné...*

WINSTON

Well, how you do anything is how you do everything. Now, I'm done.

THE MARQUIS

You've found renewed purpose.

WINSTON

He who has a 'why' to live for can  
bear almost any 'how.'

THE MARQUIS

I rather think I'll miss you when  
you're gone.

WINSTON

I wish I could say the same.

The Marquis starts to laugh.

THE MARQUIS

...You don't know, do you?

WINSTON

What's that?

THE MARQUIS

A man's Second, like his Sponsor,  
either walks out with his champion  
or is buried beside him... the Old  
Ways.

Blood drains from Winston's face as The Marquis walks away.

82

**INT. PARIS / PLACE DU TROCADÉRO - DAY**

82

Bells echo across the city.

Located just across the Seine, Trocadéro Square offers the  
most spectacular views of the Eiffel Tower.

The tiled plaza is completely empty, save one TABLE, white  
tablecloth, a bottle of wine, two glasses, three chairs.

**The Marquis** sits. **The Harbinger** stands to one side. **Chidi**  
stands behind the Marquis. **Winston**, by the empty chair  
opposite The Marquis.

A dozen **HIGH TABLE GUARDIANS**, six male, six female, all about  
thirty, all sporting identical crewcuts and wearing matching  
suits with Mandarin collars, flank the square. Part Jesuit  
part Immortal, these men and women serve the interests of The  
Table with an unflinching, almost religious zeal. If The  
Table were a Church, The Harbinger would be a Cardinal, and  
The Guardians its warrior monks.

**John** appears. Approaches. Stops six feet in front of the  
Marquis.

THE HARBINGER  
(to John)  
Your Crest.

John pulls his right jacket sleeve back, then rolls up the shirt sleeve to reveal the Ruska Roma family Crest burned into his arm. The Harbinger carefully inspects it... nods, then motions John to sit. A beat and John... sits.

The Harbinger takes a seat between the two and removes a deck of old, HIGH TABLE CARDS, each embossed with family crests and symbols on their backs. He places the deck on the table. John nods. Then the Marquis. The Harbinger deals five cards down in front of each man.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)  
Under the old laws, only one can survive; do you both understand?

Both John and The Marquis nod.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)  
Very well. Rules.  
(motions to The Marquis)  
The Challenged chooses first. Time?

THE MARQUIS  
Sunrise.

JOHN  
Now.

Both flip the first card. John's is the lesser and he loses the round.

THE HARBINGER  
Sunrise. Location?

THE MARQUIS  
You come here thinking there is a way out of this world for you, Mr. Wick?  
(flips a card)  
*Le Centre Pompidu*. There is not.

Light catches his eye: the sun's reflection off of Sacré  
Coeur Basilica, perched on the summit of Montmartre, the  
highest point in the city.

JOHN

*Sacré Coeur.*

They flip the second cards. John's is greater.

THE HARBINGER

*Sacré Coeur. Weapons?*

THE MARQUIS

If you win, The Table will honor  
its word. You will have your  
freedom, but you won't take it.  
Blades.

JOHN

Pistols.

Cards are flipped. John's is greater.

THE HARBINGER

Dueling pistols. Thirty paces. In  
the event that both parties  
survive, each will approach the  
other in increments of ten paces  
until only one remains. Rules of  
engagement?

JOHN

No quarter.

THE MARQUIS

You won't take it as this is who  
you are, who you've always been. We  
allow you to think of yourself as  
some sort of Paladin or Samurai -  
serving nobly at the arm of your  
feudal Lord. Part of the comical  
artifice of this little world of  
ours. But the truth is that you are  
simply a killer. An orphan we  
plucked from the street and honed  
into a knife. And it is the killing  
that gives you purpose. And purpose  
gives men like you identity.

(to the Harbinger)

No quarter.

THE HARBINGER

If there is nothing else--

THE MARQUIS  
A nomination.

Winston tenses and John's eyes shift to The Harbinger.

THE HARBINGER  
...It is his right.  
(to The Marquis)  
You have a name?

THE MARQUIS  
...Caine.

Caine tenses. John's eyes burn into The Marquis.

THE HARBINGER  
Sunrise, Sacré Coeur, dueling  
pistols, no quarter. Mr. Wick  
elects to duel, The Marquis  
nominates Caine as his Champion.  
Should Mr. Wick be victorious, he  
will be free from any and all  
obligations to The Table and his  
Second reinstated as Manager of the  
rebuilt New York Continental.

John looks to Winston - *what the fuck?* Winston shrugs his  
shoulders.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)  
Should The Marquis Vincent Bisset  
de Gramont be victorious--

THE MARQUIS  
John Wick will be dead, as will his  
Second.

Winston looks back at John - see?

THE HARBINGER  
If there is nothing else,  
gentlemen, I will see you at  
sunrise. Failure to meet at the  
appointed hour will result in  
forfeiture and immediate execution.

The Harbinger rises. John and The Marquis remain seated, eyes  
locked on each other.

Finally, John stands and walks away, Winston in tow. The  
Marquis, still seated, still in control, doesn't rise. His  
words give John pause:

THE MARQUIS

I have seen many like you who claim  
to want out. But that is always a  
lie. There is no "John" out there.  
No happy husband with a normal  
life. There is only John Wick.

JOHN

And he is going to kill you.

John...resumes his walk as a silent Marquis stares hate after  
him. Winston falls in next to John and we go with them.

next to him and we go with them.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Your hotel?

WINSTON

Oh, grow up, Jonathan. If I'd asked  
for nothing, he would have shot me  
where I stood.

JOHN

You always have an angle, don't  
you?

WINSTON

Doesn't everyone?... He'll unleash  
the dogs now.

JOHN

Yeah.

WINSTON

We'd best go to safe harbor, then.

JOHN

There's something I need to do  
first.

Winston eyes John... pulls a card with a HOBO SYMBOL from his  
jacket and offers it. John takes the card.

WINSTON

Don't be too long.

ANGLE ON The Marquis, watching as John and Winston walk in  
opposite directions.

CAINE (O.S.)

I won't do it.

ANOTHER ANGLE to include Caine standing behind The Marquis.



THE MARQUIS  
Of course you will.

CAINE  
This is High Table. There are  
rules. Fight your own duel.

Caine turns to go--

THE MARQUIS  
You will because when John Wick is  
dead by your hand in that duel, you  
and your daughter will be free.

Hold on Caine for a beat. Then he starts walking.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

CAINE  
It's personal.

PULL BACK as Caine moves away from the Marquis....



83 OMITTED 83

84 EXT. PARIS / SAINT-EUSTACHE - DUSK 84

Saint-Eustache's flying buttresses rise up, catching the last rays of the setting sun. John enters, passing under the unflinching gaze of gargoyles carved in stone.

85 INT. PARIS / SAINT-EUSTACHE - DUSK 85

A Catholic PRIEST and a NUN stand at the back of the church on one side of the aisle. An Orthodox PRIEST and NUN stand on the other side. All have High Table tattoos visible on hands and necks.

CLINK! John drops a gold coin in the collection plate and walks down the aisle, by a few scattered parishioners seated on collapsible wooden chairs laid out in the cavernous space. He makes his way to a small side altar featuring Julian the Hospitaller (patron saint of, among other things, murderers). Votive candles flicker over the altar. John takes a VOTIVE CANDLE. Lights it. Places it on the altar.

The sound of a cane tap tapping on worn granite echoes. Over John's shoulder, we see Caine approaching. He stops a dozen feet from John.

CAINE  
For your wife?

JOHN  
...Yes

CAINE  
You think she can hear you?

No. JOHN

CAINE  
Then why bother?

John lights a candle. The wick flares, illuminating his features and throwing long shadows.

JOHN  
Maybe I'm wrong.

CAINE  
The dead are gone. Memories.

Caine opens his LOCKET. That music softly plays.

CAINE (CONT'D)  
Only the living matter.

We finally see that inside is an picture of Caine with a beautiful young wife holding an infant daughter, Mia.

CAINE (CONT'D)  
After my daughter was born, I tried  
to leave this life... So The Table  
reminded me--

JOHN  
They do that.

CAINE  
(nods knowingly)  
We're damned, you and I.

JOHN  
On that we agree.

CAINE  
But she's not.

Caine snaps the locket shut.

CAINE (CONT'D)  
I won't enjoy taking your life, but  
if it saves hers, you're going to  
die.

John turns to Caine for the first time.

JOHN  
Maybe not.

CAINE  
(...smiles)  
I've missed you, John.

Caine sits.

CAINE (CONT'D)  
It's good to sit with a friend...  
isn't it?

A beat and John sits on the opposite aisle, one row in front  
of Caine.

PULL BACK. The two men in that great church, at once together  
and apart, illuminated by the setting sun's stain glass  
filtered rays.

85A **OMITTED**

85A

86 **EXT. PARIS / BRIDGE - NIGHT**

86

John walks along the river Seine's bank towards the Bir-Hakeim Bridge. Two HOMELESS MEN lean on the wall by a metal service door. They straighten as John approaches.

He holds up the card with the HOBO SYMBOL Winston gave him. One of the Homeless pushes the door open. Etched into the metal is that same HOBO SYMBOL.

87 **INT. PARIS / ART ANNEX-CELLAR / NIGHT**

87

A set of curving stairs open up to a large space brimming with stored art. A score of HOMELESS are arrayed about, sorting clothes and money and stolen watches and purses as music plays from a circa 1940s Diora Aga Rsz **radio** -- worn wood, analogue dials, tubes, etc.

THE BOWERY KING (O.S.)  
*Bon jour, Monsieur Wick! And  
welcome to La Resistance.*

John turns, taking in The Bowery King, grinning at him with that half mad twinkle in his eye.

JOHN  
A little far from home, aren't you?

THE BOWERY KING  
When you don't have a house, the world is your home. And your little act of uncivil disobedience has inspired me. I'm branching out. Spreading my wings. So, how goes the Grand Farewell Tour?

JOHN  
Rocky.

The Bowery King examines John's shredded and shot up jacket. Peers at the wound on his shoulder. Winces.

THE BOWERY KING  
So it seems... 42 regular, wasn't it?

JOHN  
It is.

The King produces a brand new Kevlar infused ballistic suit.

THE BOWERY KING

Appropriate for all formal  
occasions: weddings, funerals...  
and High Table Duels. After all, a  
man's got to look his best when its  
time to get married... or buried.



88

**INT / PARIS MAP ROOM - NIGHT**

88



ANGLE ON a 3 x 3 meter relief map of Paris. PULL BACK to The Marquis, standing over it.

A very tall female MYRMIDON stands to the side, waiting. Different colored flags rest on a tray next to her. Behind her is an old and very expensive 1935 Zenith Stratosphere 1000Z.

THE HARBINGER (O.S.)

*This is how you resolve this situation?*

ANOTHER ANGLE to include The Harbinger and Chidi. A half dozen VALETS are arrayed around the indoor/outdoor space.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)

By giving John Wick a chance to go free?

THE MARQUIS

It was the most... direct option.

THE HARBINGER

For making you look like a fool. Failure will turn him into a saint.

THE MARQUIS

My victory will do the opposite.

THE HARBINGER

A man's ambition should never be greater than his worth. You'd be wise to remember that, sir.

The Harbinger walks away as church bells strike midnight.

THE MARQUIS

(French)

*Ask not for whom the bell tolls...*

CHIDI

Forgive me, sir, but this is madness.

THE MARQUIS

Madness?

CHIDI

Trusting your fate to a blind man's bullet.

## THE MARQUIS

There are three kinds of men in this world: those who have something to live for, those who have something to die for, and those who have something to kill for. John Wick has none of these things. He is but a ghost in search of a graveyard. But that blind man? Well, he has all three. Besides, I have a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Wick is about to face considerable difficulty making it to the duel by sunrise...

## CHIDI

...Understood, sir...

Chidi pulls a cellphone from his pocket and dials.

89      **EXT. PARIS / EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT**

89

We're at the top of the tower. Antennas bristle. Just below them is a glass encased RADIO STUDIO. We PUSH INSIDE:

90      **INT. PARIS / EIFFEL TOWER / RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT**

90

1970's rock with a decidedly French twist plays as we pan over the old school radio studio: wood panels and analogue gauges. Racks of components. Vinyl records stacked. All of Paris stretches out. "On Air" sign glowing red under the station's name: WUXIA. A set of turn tables. A gold plated microphone.

A hand -- ebony skin, long blood red fingernails decorated with diamonds -- pushes against a "transmit" button.

Full ruby red lips graze the microphone. The voice is rich and lyrical...

THE D.J.

All right now, for all you boppers  
out there in the City of Lights,  
all you street people with an ear  
for the action...

91 INT. PARIS / ART ANNEX-CELLAR / NIGHT 91

John stands in front of a mirror straightening the suit. He looks good. Sharp. The D.J.'s rich and melodious voice rolls out of the old radio:

THE D.J. (V.O.)

...I've been asked to relay a special request...

91A            INT. PARIS / MAP ROOM - NIGHT            91A

The Marquis stares at that map of Paris as the D.J.'s voice pours out of the radio.

THE D.J. (V.O.)

...from a secret admirer...

92 EXT. PARIS / BAR - NIGHT 92

MILIEU CORSO-MARSEILLAIS (Corsican Mafiosos) drinking and smoking react to the voice on the radio.

THE D.J. (V.O.)

...and I know you know who I'm talking about...

92A INT. PARIS / LE MARCHE INTERNATIONAL DE RUGIS - NIGHT 92A

The oldest continuously run market in the world. MEN and WOMEN work the stalls. Several -- members of LE MAIN ROUGE (The Red Hand) -- listen to the D.J.

THE D.J. (V.O.)

This golden oldie -- and I do mean "golden"--

93 OMITTED 93



94

INT. PARIS / ART ANNEX-CELLAR / NIGHT

94

THE D.J. (V.O.)  
-- **hit** goes out to you... Mr. Wick.

At the mention of John's name, Winston, The Bowery King, others, eye John. "Renegade" by Styx comes on.

WINSTON  
So it begins.

JOHN  
I'm going to need a gun.

The Bowery King sets a STAINLESS STEEL GUN BOX on a table and slides it to John.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
With more than seven bullets this time...

The Bowery King grins and opens the box to reveal a tactical gun belt, a knife, a half dozen magazines and...

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(impressed)  
9mm Pit Viper.

As The Bowery King talks, John expertly manipulates the weapon.

THE BOWERY KING  
Twenty-one round capacity magazine, built in compensator for virtually no muzzle flip, fiber optic static front sight, ambidextrous safety, flared magwell for faster reloads, two pound extreme trigger, match grade fully ramped Bull barrel capable of running the spiciest of ordinance and for those more, shall we say, intimate encounters...

As John removes the slide to reveal pointed and gauge ready side rails--

THE BOWERY KING (CONT'D)  
...this Viper has FEROCIOUS fangs...

John reassembles the Pit Viper, slides it into the tactical gun belt, slots the magazines and knife in and snaps the belt around his waist. Behind him, a clock reads: 2:30 am.

JOHN

How close can you get me to the  
Church?

The Bowery King... smiles.

95	<b>OMITTED</b>	95
96	<b>OMITTED</b>	96
97	<b>OMITTED</b>	97
98	<b>OMITTED</b>	98
99	<b>EXT. PARIS / THE SEINE / ST. MARTIN CANAL - NIGHT</b>	99

Two kilometers of stone arch enclosed river stretching out into darkness. Every fifty yards is a large grated oval that allows moon and city light to filter in. The Bowery King at the helm of the BOAT (7 Cuts) they are on. John and Winston are in back, taking in the ethereal space.

Winston runs the tips of his fingers over the water.

WINSTON

When I advised you not to dip a  
pinky back into this pond, I didn't  
realize that it would be me who'd  
be getting wet...

John takes Winston in. This is perhaps the first truly honest thing Winston has ever said to him.

JOHN

It'll all be over after today.

WINSTON

I suppose that's one way to look at  
it. I have to admit that when The  
Marquis pointed his gun at me my  
entire life came into sharp relief.  
(to John)  
Does that happen every time?

John considers it for a moment. Nods.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

I couldn't help thinking: how would  
I be remembered?

(MORE)

WINSTON (CONT'D)

In burying Charon, I was tormented about what to put on his grave. A handful of words trying to sum up an entire life.

JOHN

What did you decide?

WINSTON

... 'Friend.' That's what he was. Above all things. A friend. Made me wonder what they'll put on mine...

THE BOWERY KING

"Long Live the King." Had mine carved years ago.

WINSTON

Ambitious.

THE BOWERY KING

Prophetic.

The Bowery King motions John to a quay. Recessed in the wall is a door.

THE BOWERY KING (CONT'D)

Your stop. I will see you when you are a free man... one way or the other. *Au revoir, Monsieur Wick.*

John... nods to The King.

JOHN

Thank you.  
(regards Winston)  
Winston.

WINSTON

Jonathan.

John... steps off the still moving launch.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Sunrise is at 6:33. Try not to be late. For both our sakes.

As the launch pulls away:

JOHN

'Loving husband.'  
(Winston focuses on John)  
That's what I want on mine: 'John - loving husband.'

Winston nods to him - he understands. Then the launch is gone, subsumed by the darkness. John watches it for a long beat and then turns to go.

100      **OMITTED**      100

101      **OMITTED**      101

102      **EXT. PARIS / LOUVRE - NIGHT**      102

John emerges from a underground entrance. The Louvre looms behind and the city, glistening with light, stretches out before him.

PULL BACK to a man sitting on park bench. He makes a call and John runs.

102A      **EXT. PARIS / STREET - NIGHT**      102A

John running. Headlights wash over him. He turns down a perpendicular street as vehicles accelerate after him. More ahead. Two slide to a stop. Men climb out, weapons lined. John, moving, fires on them. Bodies drop.

A car hits John. He rolls onto the hood, firing on the driver as it accelerates, smashing into a dumpster.

More killers close. John engages. A black 1971 Barracuda almost runs him down, slides to a stop. Driver gets out and gets a round in the head for his trouble.

Then John's in the Barracuda, accelerating away.



103

**OMITTED**

103



103	<b>OMITTED</b>	103
104	<b>INT. PARIS / MAP ROOM - NIGHT</b>	104
	The Marquis stares down at the map as the Myrmidon places a red flag -- JOHN WICK -- moving away from the Louvre and towards the Arc de Triumph.	
105	<b>OMITTED</b>	105
106	<b>OMITTED</b>	106
107	<b>OMITTED</b>	107

108      **INT. PARIS / EIFFEL TOWER / RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT**      108

Those ruby red lips brush the mic:

                 THE D.J. (V.O)  
Seems our Corsican friends dropped  
the ball...

109      **INT. PARIS / MAP ROOM - NIGHT**      109

                 THE D.J. (V.O)  
Let's see who picks it up.

A needle drops. Static. The Marquis surveys the map -- John, alive, moving. Others dead, their flags removed.

                 THE D.J. (V.O) (CONT'D)  
Round and round she goes, where she  
stops, nobody knows.

The Marquis shoots Chidi a look. The big man strides out...

109A      **INT. PARIS / GARAGE - NIGHT**      109A

A row of black BMWs idle. Myrmidons stand at attention. Chidi enters the garage and heads for a sedan. Myrmidons climb in and the six sedans pull out.

110      **OMITTED**      110

111      **OMITTED**      111

112      **OMITTED**

112

113      **OMITTED**

113

114 **OMITTED**

114

115 **EXT. PARIS / ARC DE TRIUMPH / INT. BARRACUDA - NIGHT**

115

The Barracuda slides into frame. The Arc de Triumph looms ahead. John heads for it, entering the circle as the black BMWs converge from the opposite direction. Within moments, we're in a demolition derby with the added fun of guns.

Shots fired. John cranks the wheel and the Barracuda spins on its axis, then accelerates into oncoming traffic.

John and Myrmidons trade paint and bullets.

John pits one BMW.

Power-slides around a second, shooting the driver.

Is rammed by a third and fourth. The Barracuda rolls... coming to rest on its side.

Chidi and Myrmidons roll out of the BMWs, weapons lined and firing as John climbs out of what's left of the Barracuda and returns the favor as the fight takes on another dimension: close quarter combat with guns in the street with cars moving at speed.

A Utility Vehicle (ute) pulls up. The Tracker and the dog exit. The former places an old Walkman radio on the hood. Then, slowly and meticulously, he pulls his rifle from his pack and starts to assemble it even as John fights for his life, dodging cars and bullets. As The Tracker dials the rifle in, he presses his Bluetooth headphone and makes a call...

115A **INT. PARIS / MAP ROOM - NIGHT**

115A

The Marquis stares at the map. A VALET, carrying a corded gold and ivory rotary telephone on a silver tray, approaches. The Marquis takes the receiver.

THE MARQUIS  
How did you get this number?

115B     **EXT. PARIS / UTE - NIGHT**

115B

THE TRACKER

The question you should be asking  
is: "How much?"

THE MARQUIS (V.O./PHONE)

I think we have the situation well  
under control.

ANGLE ON The Tracker, eye pressed against the scope of his  
rifle.

He fires! A Myrmidon drops!

THE TRACKER

Way I see it, if Johnny makes it to  
the church on time, this'll be your  
last day as Marquis. What I'm  
offering is a guarantee that he  
won't.

115C     **INT. PARIS / MAP ROOM - NIGHT**

115C

THE MARQUIS

I seem to remember you had some  
qualms about killing.

THE TRACKER (V.O./PHONE)

Killing pays better. And better is  
now thirty million. Oh, and the  
finder's fee you still owe me from  
Berlin.

The line goes dead. The Marquis is... unsure.

116     **INT. PARIS / UTE - NIGHT**

116

The Tracker sights and fires again! Another Myrmidon drops.  
The dog whimpers. The Tracker looks at him.

THE TRACKER

...Okay, okay... Have fun.

The dog springs forward and hurtles towards the fight.

THE D.J. (V.O)

Word on the street is we have  
ourselves a third party in the mix--

116A     **INT. PARIS / BAR - NIGHT**

116A

Caine sits alone at the bar, untouched drink in front of him,  
listening as the radio plays.

                    THE D.J. (V.O)  
--if you catch my drift.



117 **EXT. PARIS / ARC DE TRIUMPH - NIGHT**

117

John drops a Myrmidon. Another. One gets behind John. He's about to shoot John when the dog hits him, taking the man down. John sees it--

He dives as a BMW almost hits him. A second. Three Myrmidons step out of the first, firing. Chidi is amongst them.

The second tries to run John down. The dog tracks the SUV -- its windows are **closed** -- and leaps as a .45 long impacts the side window, sheering it a millisecond before the dog hits it!

The dog is in, tearing at the occupants. Then the dog is out and the BMW drifts away.

John, under fire, clotheslines an attacker on a MOTORCYCLE. Gets on the bike and burns rubber, accelerating away.

Chidi fires on him, then runs to a sedan, climbs in and follows John.

The dog is ahead of Chidi. He spins the sedan. The back clips the dog, sending it flying.

118 **INT. PARIS / UTE - NIGHT**

118

The Tracker sees his dog hit.

THE TRACKER

You did not--

He opens fire on the sedan! Slugs tear into it as it accelerates after John. Then the Tacker turns the ute's engine over and floors it!

As he pulls away, the dog matches him and leaps into the moving vehicle.

THE D.J. (V.O)

Here's an update for all you  
nightcrawlers, vampires, werewolves  
and things that go bump in the  
night...

119 **OMITTED**

119

120

**EXT. PARIS / STREETS - NIGHT**

120

John drives hard as the first hints of the soon to be rising sun turn the black of night into the gray of pre-dawn.

THE D.J. (V.O)  
I'm hearing the boys in black  
couldn't get it done and the number  
just went up.

A sedan cuts in front of John. He spins. Another behind him.  
Men step out of the sedans.

These have military grade weapons and body armor: **Le Main Rouge**. John "rockets" the bike at one. The bike and the man are propelled through a door.

John follows it as others fire on him.

THE D.J. (V.O) (CONT'D)  
For my special friends Louis and  
Michel...

120A     **INT. PARIS / BAR - NIGHT**

120A

Caine still at the bar, still listening to the radio.

THE D.J. (V.O)  
...Be there or be Square.

CAINE  
(to the female bar tender,  
in French)  
*Could you call me a cab, please?*

BAR TENDER  
*Where too, hon?*

CAINE  
*Square Louis Michel.*

121     **INT. PARIS / APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

121

A Main Rouge is waiting for John, shotgun lined. John shoots the man as he shoots John. Both go down and both get up. But John's faster, dumping rounds into the attacker, knocking him back, grabbing his shotgun, flipping it, shoving it under his helmet and pulling the trigger.

121A     **EXT. PARIS / APARTMENT BUILDING ALLEY - NIGHT**

121A

More Main Rouge enter the apartment.

121B     **INT. PARIS / APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

121B

John moves fast, firing at the door as the attackers pour in.

Then he runs up the stairs. Takes cover behind a solid banister, re-loads. Fires. Runs some more. Puts rounds into a wall and punches through it. Turns up another flight of stairs and come face to face with--

**The Tracker** who puts a few rounds into the wall by his head, forcing him back. He spins, fires as Main Rouge close.

The dog releases, pounding down the stairs, attacking Main Rouge as they corner John.

122      **INT. PARIS / MAP ROOM - NIGHT**

122

The Marquis looks at the clock. **6:12 am.** Then the map. John's flag is close to Sacre Coeur.

THE MARQUIS

Phone.

A Valet approaches with a phone and offers it to The Marquis.

123      **INT. PARIS / APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

123

The Tracker shoots a Main Rouge. Another. His phone rings. He taps the earbud. As the carnage continues -- John killing Main Rouge, the dog killing Main Rouge, and The Tracker killing Main Rouge, we intercut between the Tracker and The Marquis:

THE MARQUIS

You have a deal.

THE TRACKER  
Thirty-five, it is.

THE MARQUIS  
That wasn't our deal.

THE TRACKER  
Well, that is the only deal that is  
being offered today. A life for a  
life, Mr. Marquis; yours or his.

The Tracker hangs up.

124      **EXT. PARIS / MAP ROOM - NIGHT**

124

The line goes dead. The Marquis... throws the phone. It  
bounces off of polished marble, shedding pieces. He paces.  
Stops. Looks at the clock: 6:14, then back at the map...

THE MARQUIS  
(to a Valet)  
*Phone!*

A Valet scurries forward with another phone.

125      **INT. PARIS / APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

125

John backs into an apartment, killing men, moves through it,  
out another door into the hall, killing more as the dog takes  
others down and The Tracker snipes yet others.

The Tracker keys his earbud as his phone rings. He and the  
Marquis continue to negotiate as he kills Main Rouge:

THE MARQUIS  
Thirty-two.

THE TRACKER  
What we've got here is a failure to  
remunerate...

Chidi and a crew of Myrmidons appear, moving up the stairs.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

Hold on...

Tracker shifts his aim, fires on them, killing two. Chidi and the others return fire. The Tracker's response is bullets and a middle finger. As he pulls back to reload.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

Some men you just can't reach.  
Where were we?

THE MARQUIS

(French)

*Now you listen to me, you--*

THE TRACKER

*Forty.*

The Marquis eats a *petite sandwich de merde*.

THE MARQUIS

*D'accord.* But only if the bullet is  
yours.

Tracker whistles. The dog, tearing at a Main Rouge, keys on it.

THE TRACKER

Wick.

The dog locks on John who's now killing Main Rouge on the third floor of the other side of the square apartment's interior courtyard and bounds towards him. The Tracker follows.

WITH JOHN, killing men, clicking empty, throwing the shotgun, drawing his side arm, killing more.

Then the dog hits him. Both go down. The Tracker enters, gun lined. He and John exchange a look. The Tracker shrugs. He's about to pull the trigger when Chide enters, firing. Rounds slam into the Tracker's pack, knocking him out of the way. Chidi's lining his gun on John when the dog leaps, attacking Chidi who swings his own gun around to shoot the dog.

The Tracker fires on Chidi! The man's suit takes the damage and The Tracker clicks empty.

Chidi shakes the dog lose and KICKS it. He brings weapon to bear. He's going to kill the dog.

The Tracker stares. John's lining his gun on The Tracker... and swings it around, putting rounds into Chidi who stumbles back.

Myrmidons and Main Rouge appear.

John and The Tracker share a look... and John runs for the window and leaps through it, falling.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Son of a bitch.

126      **EXT. PARIS / APARTMENT BUILDING / ALLEY - PRE-DAWN**      126

John hits the alley hard. The steps leading to Sacre Coeur are a half block away and he runs for them.

127      **EXT. PARIS / SACRE COEUR - PRE-DAWN**      127

A white Bentley pulls up. Doors open. The Marquis steps out as Winston appears from a side street and approaches.

The Harbinger waits in the courtyard in front of the Church flanked by the dozen High Table Guardians. In front of them is a gravel strip with markers laid out at 30, 20, and 10 yard intervals.

128      **EXT. PARIS / BASE OF STAIRS - PRE-DAWN**      128

John -- bruised, shot, bleeding -- gets to the bottom of the steps. At the top of the hill is Sacré-Coeur. Between him and the church is a narrow and steep stairway consisting of 300 steps framed by cafes, shops, and apartments.

He glances at a clock: **6:20 am. 13 minutes** until sunrise as he starts to limp up those stairs.

As he moves, his eyes pan the doors and windows and rooflines -- a shadow on the roofline, the flutter of a window drape, the tip of combat boot in a doorway. Then the punishment really starts.

Myrmidons step out of doorways and arches, weapons lined and firing. Others lean out of windows. Still others off rooftops. It's an opera of insanity.

John moves, fast, firing and reloading as he climbs the steps -- shooting a Myrmidon who comes from a doorway, another in a window above, two more at the top of the stairs. Slugs hit him. He kills the sniper... then two more...

129      **EXT. PARIS / SACRE COEUR - PRE-DAWN**

129

John crests the top of the stairs with six minutes to spare. The church rises up, beckoning. The Marquis and Winston are there, waiting, as is the Harbinger. John made it.

Then three Myrmidons rush John. He kills one, a second. Clicks empty as the third -- a mountain of a man -- fires. Slugs SLAM into John as the Myrmidon closes. He clicks empty. A sword flashes in his hand. The two engage -- John with knife, Myrmidon with sword.

An elbow to the head knocks John back a step. A kick sends him reeling. The Myrmidon looms over him, sword raised.

As it's dropping, John pivots, rotating his body and driving a knife into the big man's chest and through it.

The Myrmidon stands there, staring hate at John and... wraps his arms around John and *pushes*.

130      **EXT. PARIS / STAIRS - PRE-DAWN**

130

The weight of the man forces them back to the edge of the top stair. They teeter for a moment and--

FALL, tumbling... ass over heels... down... by bodies... more bodies... down some more... for exactly 300 steps...

John pushes the Myrmidon's body off him and looks back up those 300 steps... the sun's cresting the horizon now... You have to be fucking kidding me.

Shadows loom. John focuses. Three more Myrmidons are approaching, weapons lined. John is dead in 3, 2--

The three Myrmidons fall to reveal Caine, sword in hand.

John stares at Caine. He has no idea where this will end...

131      **EXT. PARIS / SACRE COEUR - PRE-DAWN**

131

A pissed off Chidi, with a Myrmidon team in tow, marches by The Marquis and Winston without a word. The Tracker and his dog approach from the other direction. Chidi and the dog exchange an unpleasant look.

132      **EXT. PARIS / STAIRS - PRE-DAWN**

132

Caine... extends his hand. John... takes it and Caine helps him to his feet.



CAINE

How long until sunrise?

John glances at his watch and then the skyline. The crown of the sun is just visible on the horizon.

JOHN

Two, maybe three minutes.

CAINE

I need you to make it to the top of those stairs, John. So... are you ready?

John clenches his fist. A drop of blood **drips** from his severed, spattering against the stone steps.

JOHN

...Yeah.

John reloads and he and Caine, guns firing, start up those stairs --killing Myrmidons with gun and blade. More approach, laying down a barrage. Every time a Myrmidon exposes himself he eats a bullet or a blade. If John's run to the stairs was force of will, this is art and these two are masters of their craft.

As they near the top, the sun crests the horizon. Bells start to toll. **One bell.**

133      **OMITTED**      133

134      **EXT. PARIS / SACRE COEUR - DAWN**      134

The Marquis and Winston eye one another. The **second bell tolls.**

THE MARQUIS

It appears Mr. Wick won't be joining us.

The Harbinger steps up behind Winston, draws a very large handgun and lines it on the back on Winston's head. The **third bell tolls.** The Harbinger cocks the gun.

135      **EXT. PARIS / STAIRS - DAWN**      135

John takes a bullet to the chest. Caine catches him, supporting him as he drops the shooter.

**The fourth bell tolls.** John is not half a dozen steps from the top when he sees The Tracker, rifle lined on him, dog at his side, standing there.

Then Chidi appears, gun lined. John is a dead man twice over now. The dog whimpers. The Tracker eyes him.

TRACKER

...Goddmamnit. Fine... Nuts!

Chidi's pulling the trigger when the dog's jaws latch onto his balls. The force knocks Chidi back. He goes down, screaming as the dog tears into his privates.

A shadow looms. Chidi manages to look up at The Tracker stands over him.

THE TRACKER

You shouldn't have kicked my dog.

The Tracker SHOOTS Chidi in the head even as Caine pushes John to the top of the stairs as **the fifth and final bell tolls and the full sun crests the horizon.** He made it.

Winston lets out a breath as the Harbinger lowers his weapon.

CAINE

You owe me one.

John pulls himself to his feet.

JOHN

...Yeah.

A blade flashes in Caine's hand and **stabs** through John's right hand! Caine pulls the blade out and blood wells on the wound even as John grabs it, trying to staunch the flow. Grimaces at Caine.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...We even now?

Caine takes a silk kerchief from his breast pocket and wraps John's hand with it.

CAINE

It's not personal, John.

John eyes Caine...

JOHN

Shall we?

Caine nods. Together, the two duelists make their way to The Harbinger who is now standing in the center of a gravel runway directly in front of the church, Winston and The Marquis standing on either side of him.

As the duelists approach, feet *crunching* over the gravel, The Harbinger accepts a gold embroidered *stole* adorned with High Table symbols from a High Table Guardian.

The Harbinger takes the stole, kisses it, and places it around his neck. *This duel is as much ritual as it is combat, and every move, save the outcome, is considered and choreographed.*

Behind the duelists, The Tracker makes his way to a low wall and sits. He pulls a bottle of beer and a collapsible dog dish from his pack and pours half the beer into the dish. There, seated and ignoring the two Guardians who move up behind them, man and dog share a well deserved drink.

A High Table Guardian approaches the duelists and their respective Second / Sponsor with a tray that's home to a gold and crystal flask of red wine and five matching glasses.

John takes the bottle and pours Caine a glass. Caine returns the favor.

The Harbinger, as part of the ritual, pours three glasses. He offers one to The Marquis, one to Winston, and keeps the third for himself. All raise their glasses.

THE HARBINGER

'We seek the truth and will endure  
the consequences.'

JOHN/CAINE/THE MARQUIS/WINSTON

Consequences.

They all drink, as does The Tracker who takes a pull of his beer. The Marquis tosses his glass away, as do Winston and The Harbinger. Caine simply lets his slide from his fingers. John tips his, pouring his remaining wine onto the gravel and drops the glass. It shatters.

THE HARBINGER

Jackets, gentlemen.

John and Caine pull off their respective jackets. A few *flattened* rounds fall out of Caine's... About a dozen clatter to the gravel as John removes his. He offers it to Winston who takes it like it was a dead animal.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)

And the vest, Mr. Wick.

John unbuttons his vest with his one good hand. As he pulls it off, three *smashed* 12 gauge shotgun rounds fall to the ground. Winston takes it.

The Harbinger nods and two Guardians holding exquisitely crafted mahogany boxes approach the duelists.

The Guardians open the boxes to reveal finely wrought gold and silver embossed single shot .45 caliber dueling pistols and a row of hand crafted and intricately carved bullets.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)

You may inspect your weapons,  
gentlemen.

The two duelists, bathed in the glorious Parisian sunrise, expertly examine their weapons. As they do -- taking one bullet from the box and loading the weapons:

THE MARQUIS

There is something quite poetic  
about all this, don't you think?

WINSTON

*Il dort dans le soleil, la main sur  
sa poitrine, Tranquille. Il a deux  
trous rouges au côté droit...*

...He sleeps in the sun, one hand  
on his chest, Motionless. He has  
two red holes in his right side.

THE MARQUIS

*...Rimbaud. Très bien.*

John and Caine, satisfied with the guns and the loads, nod to  
The Harbinger.

THE HARBINGER

Positions.

WINSTON

(sotto)

To the end of tyranny...

John, gun in his left hand, and Winston head for one end of  
the gravel runway as Caine, led by The Marquis, make their  
way to the other.

WITH CAINE AND THE MARQUIS:

THE MARQUIS

Helping him was a mistake.

CAINE

For who?

The Marquis wilts just a bit as the two stop at the first --  
thirty yard -- marker.

WITH JOHN AND WINSTON at their marker, taking a quiet moment  
to drink in their surroundings. It's a beautiful morning in  
Paris.

WINSTON

A lovely sunrise...

John gives him a nod. Gratitude? Resignation? Some  
understanding that this is the end? Perhaps all.

THE HARBINGER

Ready, Mr. Caine?

Caine... nods.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)

Mr. Wick?

JOHN  
Last words, Winston?

WINSTON  
Just... have fun.

John eyes Winston who smiles and walks out of the line of fire. Then John inclines his head to The Harbinger who is now at the base of the Church's steps.

THE HARBINGER  
(Latin)  
*I commend your souls to God. We  
begin as we end. Ashes to ashes,  
dust to dust.*

The Tracker, sitting on the wall with his dog raises his bottle to the duelists.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)  
(English)  
Fire!

**Both men raise their weapons and fire!**

Caine's round clips John's left shoulder even as John's tears into Caine's left elbow. Both men keep their feet.

The sound echoes through the streets. All around, pigeons rise up from rooftops and eaves.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)  
Twenty paces.

Winston approaches John, the Guardian with the box in tow as The Marquis strides towards Caine, also with a Guardian.

WITH CAINE AND THE MARQUIS: As Caine cracks the breach, ejecting the smoking shell casing, and chambers a round.

THE MARQUIS  
Remember your daughter.

CAINE  
Remember our deal.

WITH JOHN AND WINSTON: As John chambers a blood stained bullet.

WINSTON  
A word of advice.

JOHN  
What's that?

WINSTON

Perhaps aim for the more important parts.

John... walks to his mark as The Marquis leads Caine to his. As soon as Winston and The Marquis are out of the line of fire:

THE HARBINGER

Fire!

The duelists raise their weapons and fire!

Caine's slug slams into John's left arm as John's slug tears into Caine's thigh. Both stumble but keep their feet, just.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)

Ten.

Winston and The Marquis approach John and Caine respectively as the duelists shuffle forward to the final, ten yard, marker. Guardians offer bullets. Shaking and blood soaked hands crack breaches and fumble for cartridges...

WITH CAINE AND THE MARQUIS: The Marquis is about to speak when Caine cuts him off!

THE MARQUIS

I--

CAINE

Don't speak.

The Marquis holds his tongue.

WITH JOHN AND WINSTON:

As John turns towards Caine:

WINSTON

Jonathan... Good luck.

John... nods. Gravel crunches under his weight as he focuses on Caine who takes the locket from his pocket with his left hand, rubs the worn metal with his thumb. At this range, both know that neither can miss. A long moment, then:

JOHN

'Those who cling to death, live...'

Caine's head tilts ever so slightly, almost like there was a message in that line...

CAINE

'Those who cling to life, die...'

The Tracker keys on those lines, like they mean something...

THE HARBINGER

...Fire!

Both rise their guns with shaking hands and fire! So evenly matched are these men that when the guns fire, it is with a **SINGLE REPORT.**

John takes a step back. His gun clatters to the cobblestones.

**Blood blossoms against his white shirt.**

He drops to one knee.

-- Caine stares at him.

-- The Tracker stares at him.

-- Winston stares....

-- The Marquis... smiles.

Caine... approaches John... stops a few feet from him...

THE MARQUIS (O.S.)

*Arrêter! As your Sponsor, I claim  
the coup de grace.*

Caine turns. The Marquis is striding towards him and John.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)

Your weapon. Give it to me.

CAINE

...Then she's free?

THE MARQUIS

You and your daughter. *Vous êtes  
congédié.*

Caine turns back towards John who looks up at him...



The Marquis takes Caine's weapon, strides to the Guardian holding Caine's gun box an ammo, takes a bullet, cracks the gun open and slides the bullet into the breach, marches back to lord over John...

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
(lines the gun)  
*Rules...*

Winston **LAUGHS!** The Marquis turns his head to the man,  
unsure.

THE MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
...Why are you laughing?

WINSTON  
I'm sorry, it's just that...

Behind The Marquis, **John rises.**

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
You arrogant, bloviating twat... he  
didn't shoot.

Blood drains from The Marquis' face as he turns back to John.  
His eyes go wide as he stares down the barrel of John's  
dueling pistol which is lined on his head.

JOHN  
...Consequences.

**BOOM! The Marquis' head turns to mist.** His body falls.

Caine stares at John as the blood continues to spread over  
his shirt.

The Harbinger checks The Marquis' pulse. He is dead.

The Harbinger looks to John. Sees the significant wound to  
his chest. The look confirms that it is a mortal one.

THE HARBINGER  
Your obligation to The Table is  
satisfied, John Wick. You are...  
free.  
(turning to Caine)  
...as are you and your daughter,  
sir.

The Harbinger eyes Winston, tips his hat.

THE HARBINGER (CONT'D)  
Mr. Manager, you will be satisfied.  
(to all)  
Our business here, now, is  
concluded.

The Harbinger departs, The Guardians falling in behind him. In moments, they, the guns, the boxes and the bullets, even the spent shell casings are gone.

John and Caine share a long look that speaks volumes.

CAINE

Brother.

John... nods respect. Caine turns and walks away.

JOHN

Winston.

WINSTON

Jonathan.

JOHN

...Will You take me home?

WINSTON

Of course.

John... nods. A beat and, holding his side, John limps away, discarding his holster and magazines and carrier as the morning light bathes a waking Paris.

THE TRACKER (O.S.)

Where's he going?

ANOTHER ANGLE to include The Tracker, looking after John.

WINSTON

...To find his peace.

The Tracker... understands. He salutes John, turns and starts to walk away. The dog trails..

THE TRACKER

Well... at least we're not dead.

He flips the dog a treat. She catches it, gobbles it down as The Tracker pulls out his notebook.

We catch a glimpse of a list of names and numbers, "John Wick", with a very large number, being at the top of that list.

THE TRACKER (CONT'D)

...Who's next?

With that, man and dog are gone leaving Winston alone in that courtyard standing by The Marquis's body as blood pools from the back of his head.

A garbage truck, small High Table emblem stenciled on the side, pulls up. Two GARBAGE MEN step out. One grabs The Marquis' feet and pulls him towards the back of the truck as the second pulls out a hose and power washes the blood away. And just like that, The Marquis Vincent de Gramont is gone.

137

**EXT. PARIS / SACRE COEUR / OVERLOOK - MORNING**

137

John slowly makes his way to the railing. Paris stretches out in front of him as the sun rises behind him. John holds the railing for a long moment, and looks out over the city with the eyes of a free man. He slowly slides down to the ground, his back against the railing.

JOHN  
(a whisper)  
...Helen...

He sits there for a beat, looking up at the glorious sunrise... remembering. As the light washes over him, he closes his eyes, slumping a little...

REVERSE TO Winston, watching as two Hobos approach John. One gently places a blanket over him.

As the image softens:

THE D.J. (V.O)  
Bonjour, *Paris*! The sun is shining bright today. And the bells of Sacré Coeur are ringing loudly as we're hearing that there's been a change of management. Our fair city is open once more, *mes amies*. Stay tuned to WUXIA, your home for all your entertainment and informational needs. As always, it has been a pleasure to serve...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

138

**EXT. MANHATTAN / CEMETERY - AFTERNOON**

138

A sun shower gently falls. The drops, illuminated by the sun's rays, seem to sparkle in this, the magic hour. Winston, The Bowery King -- in a tailored suit -- and John's dog stand together, paying their silent respects.

BOWERY KING  
I never thought I'd live to see the day... I wonder where he is?

Winston glances at the King.

BOWERY KING (CONT'D)  
Heaven or hell?

WINSTON

We'll never know... All we can do  
is wish Jonathan the very best.

Now the Bowery King eyes Winston sidelong... then laughs and  
walks away. Winston walks to John's grave, places his hand on  
the headstone.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Farewell, my son...

A beat and Winston heads off in the other direction.

We PUSH IN on two headstones side by side: "HELEN - LOVING WIFE" and "JOHN - LOVING HUSBAND." No last names. Just John. John Wick is dead.

**Roll credits.**

**EPILOGUE:**

139

**EXT. PARIS / OPERA HOUSE - MORNING**

139

The sky is blue and the air crisp. That lovely song washes over the stairs, the notes resonating with power and promise.

Caine's daughter, **Mia** is at her spot, violin to her ear, swaying to the music. She stops to applause.

ANGLE ON Caine standing in his spot. Crisp suit, cool glasses, and something else. A sense of contentment. Happiness even. A beat and he steps forward, walking towards his daughter with purpose.

A group of people walk towards Caine, moving around him as he approaches Mia.

ANGLE ON one of those people's hands. A blade snaps out. As Caine passes, the knife flashes.

Caine takes two steps and his hand moves to his throat. Blood wells from a razor cut.

Another two steps and he stumbles, dropping to one knee. He turns his head, looking back at his killer.

ANGLE ON Akira, walking away. Behind her, and not a dozen feet from Mia, Caine falls to the pavement.

**BLACK****THE END**