



SCRIPTS

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John Wick: Chapter 2

By Derek Kolstad

Almost.

"Almost."

Sir, with all due respect,

are you sure

this is our best option?

I mean, why can't we just

correct the problem?

Because my fuckin' nephew

killed a dog.

And he stole a car.

A car,

which currently

is among our inventory.

So we're giving everything up

for a car?

It's not just a car.

It is John Wick's car.

Oh.

Sir, why don't we just

give it back?

He killed my nephew.

My brother.

And a dozen of my men.

Over his car.

And a puppy.

And you...

You think he will stop now?

Hmm?

Sir, he's one man.

Why don't we just eliminate him?

John Wick

is a man of focus...

Commitment...

And sheer fuckin' will!

He once killed

three men in a bar...

With a pencil. I know.

I've heard the story.

With a fucking pencil!

Who the fuck can do that?

I can assure you

that the stories you hear

about this man,

if nothing else,

has been watered down.
Mr. Wick.
Hey, buddy.
Hey.
Good dog.
What are you doing, John?
Looking at you.
What are you doing?
I'm waiting for you.
Come here.
Hey, boy.
Nice peaceful place
you got here.
Hey, Aurelio.
Hey.
John, what the hell?
I thought you loved this car.
What do you think?
Well, your motor's
about to fall out
and the chassis's all bent up,
the Driveshaft is all destroyed.
And I don't know if you noticed,
but you got a crack
in your windshield.
I mean...
What do I think?
I could fix this.
Thanks for finding her.
Not a problem, man.
I just made a few calls.
No big deal.
Let me know when it's fixed.
All right.
It'll be ready Christmas...
Ciao, John.
Santino.
Good to see you.
Good to see you.
I was sorry to hear
about your wife, John.
Thank you.
Hi.
And the dog,

does he have a name?

No.

Listen, John,

with all sincerity...

I don't want to be here.

Please, don't.

I'm asking you not to do this.

I'm sorry.

No one gets out and comes back
without repercussions.

I do this

with a heavy heart, John.

But remember,

if not for what I did

on the night

of your impossible task,

you wouldn't be here

right now, like this.

This is because of me.

This, in part, is mine.

Take it back.

"Take it back"?

Take it back.

A marker is no

small thing, John.

For a man to Grant

a marker to another,

is to bind a soul

to a blood oath.

Find someone else.

Listen to me.

What is this? Hmm?

Do you remember?

This is your blood.

You came to me.

I helped you.

And if you don't do this,
you know the consequences.

I'm not that guy anymore.

You are always that guy, John.

I can't help you.

I'm sorry.

Yes. You're right.

You can't.

But he can.
I'll see you soon, John.
You have a beautiful home, John.
Well, good evenin', John.
Hey, Jimmy.
Gas leak?
Yeah, gas leak.
You workin' again?
I'll see you, Jimmy.
Come on, boy.
Good night, John.
Oh, shit.
I'd like to see the manager.
How good to see you again
so soon, Mr. Wick.
Shall I announce you?
Yes, please.
Stay.
Mr. Wick is on his way
to see you, sir.
Impeccable.
Put these into circulation.
Where is he?
Thank you, my friend.
Beautiful work.
Beautiful.
What are you doing, Jonathan?
He burned my house down.
You rejected his marker.
You're lucky he stopped there.
What the hell were you thinking,
giving a marker to a man
like Santino D'Antonio?
It was the only way
I could get out.
Oh. You call this "out"?
What did you think
was gonna happen?
What did you expect? Huh?
Did you really think this day
was never going to come? Hmm?
What does he want you to do?
I didn't ask.
I just said no.

Two rules that cannot
be broken, Jonathan.
No blood on continental grounds,
and every marker
must be honored.
Now, while my judgment comes
in the form of excommunicado,
the high table demand
a more severe outcome
if their traditions are refused.
I have no choice?
You dishonor the marker,
you die.
You kill the holder
of the marker, you die.
You run, you die.
This is what you
agreed to, Jonathan.
Do what the man asks.
Be free.
Then, if you want
to go after him,
burn his house down,
be my guest.
But until then...
Rules.
Exactly. Rules.
Without them,
we'd live with the animals.
Do you board?
I'm sorry to say, sir,
but this facility does not.
I, however,
would be willing to accept
the responsibility,
should you wish.
Appreciate that.
Does he have a name, sir?
No.
Good dog.
Stay.
This was my father's collection.
I see little more than just
paint on canvas, of course.

But I do find myself here.
Please.
I didn't want to do this, John.
Had you stayed retired,
I would have respected it.
Look at you.
You're thinkin' about it,
aren't you?
You're counting exits, guards...
Could you get to me in time?
How would you do it, I wonder?
That woman's pen?
His cane?
Maybe his glasses?
My hands.
Ah.
How exciting.
Yet, you know you
cannot, can you?
I told you I needed that guy,
the way you are looking
at me right now.
I needed the boogeyman.
I needed John Wick.
Just tell me what you want.
I want you to kill my sister.
Why?
There are 12 seats
at the high table.
Camorra, mafia, and Ndrangheta.
The Chinese, the Russian.
When my father died...
He willed his seat to her.
She represents Camorra now.
And I can't help but wonder
what I might accomplish
in her stead.
You want me to kill
Gianna D'Antonio?
I could never do it.
She is my blood.
I still love her.
It can't be done.
She's in Rome

for her coronation.
You will take
the catacombs in...
It doesn't matter where she is.
That's why I need the ghost,
lo Spettro, John Wick.
That's why I need you.
Do this for me,
and your marker is honored.
What say you?
Never one to waste words.
Fifty-nine, zero, 3.5.
Jonathan!
Julius.
Ciao. Nice to see you.
I fail to recall the last
time you were in Rome.
And here I'd heard
you had retired.
I had.
Then humor me with
but one question.
No.
All right, then.
One of our finest rooms.
And enjoy your stay.
Mr. Wick.
Is the Sommelier in?
I have never known him
not to be.
Good afternoon, Mr. Wick.
It's been a long time.
I'd like a tasting.
I am quite excited
to show you something.
First...
Buongiorno, signor Wick.
Ciao, Angelo.
Welcome back to Rome.
I am.
I know of your past fondness
for the German varietals,
but I can wholeheartedly endorse
the new breed of Austrians.

Glock .34 and .26.

This is the original map
of the D'Antonio estate.

Here, you have
all the ancient ruins.

Tell me, Mr. Wick, is this a
formal event or a social affair?

Social.

And is this for day or evening?

I need one for day
and one for night.

Recontoured grips.

Flared Magwell
for easier reloads.

And I know you'll appreciate
the custom porting.

What's next?

I need something robust.

Precise.

"Robust. Precise."

This is the map of the temple
and catacombs underneath.

In what style?

Italian.

How many buttons?

Two.

Trousers?

Tapered.

How about the lining?

Tactical.

Ar-15, 11.5-inch.

Compensated with
an ion-bonded bolt carrier.

Trijicon Accupoint
with one-six magnification.

And this is
the modern blueprint.

There are one, two, three gates.

Silicon carbide discs.

Ceramic matrices.

Accompanying laminates.

Cutting-edge body armor.

We just sew it between
the fabric and the lining.

Zero penetration.
However...
Quite painful, I'm afraid.
Could you recommend anything
for the end of the night?
Something big, bold.
May I suggest the Benelli m4?
Custom bolt carrier release
and charging handle.
Textured grips,
should your hands get wet.
An Italian classic.
Dessert?
Dessert.
The finest cutlery.
All freshly stoned.
Well done.
Could you do a rush order?
I sure can.
Where would you
like to have it sent?
The hotel.
Shall I have everything
sent to your room?
Yes. Thank you.
Excellent.
Mr. Wick?
Do enjoy your party.
Good evening.
Are you enjoying the party?
Mr. Akoni.
Are you enjoying
the festivities?
Please. Sit.
Ms. D'Antonio,
you can't just take
what is rightfully mine.
Nothing was taken.
Those among your own came
to us with these territories.
A knife was pressed
to their throats.
Semantics.
Besides...

That blade you speak of
was meant for their children.
They were only meant to watch.
What is yours is now ours,
Mr. Akoni.

Now go.

Enjoy the party.

Have some fun.

John.

Gianna.

There was a time not so long ago
in which I considered us
as friends.

I still do.

Yet here you are.

What brought you back, John?

A marker.

Held by?

Your brother.

Tell me, John.

This marker...

Is it how you got out?

And what was her name,
this woman whose life
has ended my own?

Helen.

"Helen."

This Helen...

Was she worth the price
that you now seek to pay?

Now,

let me tell you what happens
when I die.

Santino will lay claim
to my seat at the table.

He will take New York.

And you will have been the one
who gifted it to him.

What would your Helen
think about that, John?

What would your Helen
think about you?

Hmm?

Why?

Because I lived my life my way.
And I will die my way.
Do you fear damnation, John?
Yes.
You know,
I always thought
I could escape it.
That I'd see it coming.
That I'd see you.
John?
Cassian.
You working?
Yeah.
You?
Yeah.
Good night?
Afraid so.
I'm sorry to hear that.
Loose ends?
Yeah...
You're not havin' a good
night, are you, John?
Gentlemen!
Gentlemen!
Do I need to remind you
that there will be no business
conducted on
the continental grounds?
No, signore.
No, sir.
Now, may I suggest
a visit to the bar,
so you can calm yourselves.
Gin, wasn't it?
Yes.
Bourbon, right?
Yeah.
I had a marker.
Whose?
Her brother.
I see.
You had no choice.
He wants her seat at the table.
He'll get it now.

Yeah.
Yeah.
So you're free.
Am I?
No.
Not at all.
You killed my ward.
Someone I was close to.
An eye for an eye, John.
You know how it goes.
Yeah.
I'll make it quick.
I promise.
I appreciate that.
I'll try and do the same.
This round's on me.
Consider it
a professional courtesy.
No. Thanks.
Hello, John.
I understand if you are upset.
And I know it might
feel personal.
But what kind of man would I be
if I didn't avenge
my sister's murder?
John?
Could you let management know
I'll be checking out
in the morning.
Operator. How may
I direct your call?
- Accounts payable.
- One moment, please.
Accounts payable.
How may I help you?
I'd like to open an account.
Name on the account?
John Wick.
Verification?
9305-05.
State of contract?
Open.
Denomination?

Seven million.
Processing. Please hold.
I appreciate the service.
My pleasure.
You will find
safe passage below.
Transportation is
waiting for you.
May you have
a safe journey, Mr. Wick.
Order confirmed.
What is this?
He completed the task.
The marker is over.
Mark it.
If Mr. Wick
isn't dead already,
he soon will be.
Will you mark it, sir?
You have no idea
what's coming, do you?
I have everyone
in New York looking for him.
I doubt we will see him again.
Do you now?
You stabbed the devil
in the back
and forced him back into the
life that he had just left.
You incinerated
the priest's temple.
Burned it to the ground.
Now he's free of the marker,
what do you think he'll do?
He had a glimpse
of the other side
and he embraced it.
But you, signor D'Antonio...
took it away from him.
He was already back.
Oh, he came back for love,
not for you.
He owed me.
I had every right.

And now he's coming again.
He did tell you not to do this.
He did warn you.
Please notify MTA personnel
of any suspicious activity.
Your attention, please.
The broad street bound
c train is now arriving.
Your attention, please.
The broad street bound
c train is now arriving.
Next stop, canal street.
This is canal street.
This is the broad street
bound c train.
The next stop is rector street.
This is rector street.
This is the broad street
bound c train.
The next stop is broad street.
This is broad street.
This is the last stop
on the southbound c train.
The blade is in your aorta.
You pull it out, you'll
bleed, and you will die.
This is the end of the line.
Consider this
a professional courtesy.
This is broad street.
This is the last stop
on the southbound c train.
This is the end of the line.
We say things, we see things.
The things you see
are nightmares, man.
Like this one time...
Take me to him.
Tell him it's John Wick.
You know, they just...
They put it in everything!
Hey, man. You got a quarter?
As I live and breathe!
John Wick.

The man.
The myth.
The legend.
You're not very good
at retiring.
I'm workin' on it.
Mr. Wick doesn't remember,
but we met many years ago,
before my ascension...
When I was just
a pawn in the game.
We met and you gave me a gift,
the gift that would
make me a king.
You don't remember, but there I
was, standing in an alleyway.
I didn't even hear you comin'.
You gave me this.
Gift from the boogeyman.
Perfect for every occasion.
But you also gave me a choice.
Pull my gun, shoot you
in the back, and die.
Or keep the pressure
on my neck...
and live.
And so you see, I survived.
No one sneaks up on me
anymore, thanks to you.
I am all-seeing
and all-knowing.
Then you know why I'm here.
Santino D'Antonio, yes.
Your contract went wide, John.
That's bad for your health.
What's the number
up to now, Earl?
\$7 million! Damn!
It's Christmas. We're going
to Applebee's after this.
I need your help.
You have eyes begging for change
on every corner in the city.
I'm thinkin'

you can find Santino.
I need you to move me.
Underground.
Get me to him.
How sweet it is!
The boogeyman
begging me for help.
Well, of course, John.
Yes, John.
Whatever you'd like, John.
Would you like a back rub
with that, John?
You're going to help me.
Why the fuck would I do that?
Because I'm the only one
that can help you.
You're gonna help me out?
That's downright
upright of you, Mr. Wick.
You sound positively
magnanimous.
But look around you.
How much help does it
look like I need?
It seems to me that the
real question, Mr. Wick,
is who in this cruel world of
ours is going to help you?
There's a storm coming.
Not just for me.
For all of us.
For everyone under the table.
Yes, killing someone who has
a seat at the high table
does create a problem.
But it's your problem, baby.
After all, none of my people
sent Gianna D'Antonio
to the hereafter.
That being said,
Santino has her seat now.
And he wants the city.
When he's done uptown, you think
he's gonna stop at 14th street?

We'll just have
to take care of ourselves.
Oh, yeah?
For how long?
And how much blood?
You kill Santino,
the Camorra, and the
high table come for you.
I kill Santino,
they come for me.
He's offered \$7 million
for your life.
\$7 million is a lot
of money, Mr. Wick.
So I guess you have a choice.
You want a war?
Or do you wanna
just give me a gun?
Somebody, please!
Get this man a gun!
Kimber 1911, .45 ACP.
Seven-round capacity.
Seven rounds?
\$7 million gets you
seven rounds.
That's a million dollars
a round, baby.
Let's go.
Your descent into hell
begins here, Mr. Wick.
He's at the museum.
Earl will guide you.
Do be careful on your way down.
Oh, and remember, you owe me.
You don't want me owing you.
Welcome, everyone.
Let us toast to the future
of the high table
and of course, to the
memory of my dear sister.
Nice to see you.
Mr. Akoni, how are you?
Wick is here.
Yeah.

You and you, with me.
You, go.
Welcome to "reflections of the
soul" at the new modern NYC.
Within this exhibition,
the interplay of light
and the nature of self-images
coalesce to provide
an experience
which will highlight
the fragility
of our perception of space
and our place within it.
We hope through this exhibit
we can provide new insights
into your understanding
of the world,
and just possibly lead you
to deeper reflection
into the nature of self.
The marker is complete, John.
You should have just run away.
You know what the Camorra
will do to you.
You think you're old testament?
No, John.
No.
Killing me won't
stop the contract.
Killing me will make it
so much worse.
John,
you know what I think?
I think you are addicted to it.
To the vengeance.
Welcome to "reflections of the
soul" at the new modern NYC.
No wife.
No life.
No home.
Vengeance, it's all you have.
You wanted me back.
I'm back.
You are now exiting "reflections of

the soul" at the new modern NYC.
We hope that your journey
through the exhibit
has been one of
reflective contemplation
allowing for a new
perspective and insight.
You are now exiting
"reflections of the soul..."
You are now exiting
"reflections of the soul..."
Good evening.
Is the manager in?
The manager is always in.
Winston.
Mr. D'Antonio.
Your evening has
been colorful, I see.
Seeking safe harbor, I presume?
I want his membership
revoked. Now.
In the eyes of this institution,
Mr. Wick has breached
no legalities.
Then you know that I have the
right to demand of you...
Nothing. You demand nothing
of me, Mr. D'Antonio.
This kingdom is mine
and mine alone.
All right.
Then enjoy your kingdom,
Winston, while you still can.
And you its privileges, sir.
I'm here to see
Santino D'Antonio.
He's waiting for you
in the lounge, sir.
Duck fat.
Makes all the difference.
Jonathan...
Have you seen the menu here?
Lot of options. Jonathan,
listen to me...

A man can stay here a long time
and never eat
the same meal twice.
Jonathan, just walk away.
Yeah, Jonathan.
Walk...
What have you done?
Finished it.
How was he?
He was a good dog. I have
enjoyed his company.
Let's go home.
Mr. Wick?
If you would be so inclined.
Come on, boy.
It has been
a pleasure, Mr. Wick.
Goodbye.
Jonathan.
Winston.
What am I lookin' at?
The Camorra's doubled
Santino's open contract.
It's gone international.
High table?
Mmm-hmm.
And the continental?
You killed a man on company
grounds, Jonathan.
You leave me no choice but
to declare you excommunicado.
The doors to any service or provider
in connection with the continental
are now closed to you.
I am so sorry.
Your life is now forfeit.
Then why am I not dead?
Because I deemed it not to be.
Now.
You have one hour.
I can't delay it any longer.
You might need this...
Down the road.
Winston...

Tell them.

Tell them all.

Whoever comes,

whoever it is,

I'll kill them.

I'll kill them all.

'Course you will.

Jonathan.

Winston.

Accounts payable.

One-one-one-one-one.

In one hour.

John Wick.

Excommunicado.

Order 11111 confirmed.