A ‘JOHN WICK’ EXCERPT

by

D. Kolstad

Derek Kolstad
1640 Riverside dr.
Hill Valley, CA
555-555-4385

FADE IN:

EXT. THE WICK HOME - DAY

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

DELIVERY WOMAN
John Wick?

JOHN
Yes?

She hands him a clipboard and a pen.

DELIVERY WOMAN (CONT'D)
Sign here, please.

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

DELIVERY WOMAN (CONT'D)
And the pen?

JOHN
Oh. Sorry.

John hands her the pen.

DELIVERY WOMAN
Here you go!

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

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

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

INT. THE WICK HOME - THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John closing the door behind him...

...and is startled by a small BARK.

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

INT. THE WICK HOME – THE KITCHEN – DAY

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

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

NORMA (V.O.)
Dear, John. If you have received this, then I have not survived the surgery.
(a beat, then)
I am so, so sorry.

Tears begin to well in John’s eyes.

NORMA (V.O.)
But you’ve still got a life ahead of you, and I intend for you to live it. You may think you’ve hidden things from me, but you haven’t. I know you. And should this reach you in time --which I pray it has-- I beg you, I implore you, to stop. To think. To live.
(a beat, then)
I love you, John. With all my heart. Our years were good. The best, in fact. But I’d rather see you later... than sooner... your best friend... Norma.

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

JOHN
Well played, Norma.

John reaches across, and flicks open the pet carrier.

JOHN (CONT’D)
(mutters)
Well played.

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

JOHN (CONT'D)
So... you gotta' name?

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

JOHN (CONT'D)
Moose.
(a beat, then)
Seriously?

As if in reply, Moose barks.

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

FADE OUT:

EXT. THE WICK HOME - ESTABLISHING - EARLY DAY

SUPER: THREE YEARS LATER

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

EXT. THE MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - EARLY DAY

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

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Silence.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Silence.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

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

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

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

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

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

BEGIN MONTAGE

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

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

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

JOHN (CONT'D)
That oughta' do it.
(to Moose)
Wanna' try it out?

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

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

JOHN (CONT'D)
Good girl, Moose. Good girl.

- At a small park, John sits at a picnic table, eating a sandwich as he works his way through a small book of crossword puzzles. A cup of hot coffee rests nearby as

beneath the table, Moose gnaws on a tough piece of rawhide.

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

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

IOSEF
Nice ride.

JOHN
Thanks.

IOSEF
How much?

JOHN
It ain't for sale, kid.

Iosef smirks with a shake of his head.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN
Come on, then.

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

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

JOHN (CONT'D)
Good night, Moose.

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

END MONTAGE

FADE OUT: