

Goodbye, Johnny!

by

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EXT. A CEMETERY IN HACKENSACK, NJ USA - DAY

SUBTITLE: "Cemetery, Hackensack, New Jersey, USA. December 25, 2009"

Cloudy winter day. It is raining with tiny snow flakes. Black naked trees make crack-noises by its frozen branches.

A group of people dressed in similar black coats stay around new grave. The man MIKE WOLLY (33, fatty, wide shoulders, dark hair, short beard) says a speech loudly, trying make a smile on his sad face.

THE MAN

And as you all know pretty well, he was not only skilled professional in his day-by-day routine, but also he was the great joke teller.

(pause)

My favorite ones is about a fly, who goes down six inches.

Some men around make quite sound of laugh. Women smile a little, continuing to wipe tears off.

THE MAN

And let me finish with his own words... not his own, let say, but the words of Charlie Chaplin, who Johnny liked very much.

(pause)

Life laughs at you when you are unhappy, life smiles at you when you are happy... But life salutes you make others happy!

(pause)

In loving memory to you, Johnny. Be well over there. And hold the nice spot for me too.

The man becomes quite and other people starts to approach around a grave one by another. Everyone puts flowers over a grave and steps aside. Women wipe tears off. Men stay in calm.

In a moment people starts to leave a ceremony. One by one or a couple they return to a line of few vehicles, mostly Fords The Crown Victoria and Explorer, all in black or gray.

Last couple walks away a grave slowly. Young woman VICKY (25, blond, beautiful, dressed in black scarf over her head in tragedy manner) is held by Mike Wolly. Her shoulders shiver of crying.

Mike talks to her while they walk to a black Nissan Murano, as a last car in an area of cemetery. Their voices are not heard. A couple gets in SUV and it drives away through opened cemetery's gate.

In a few minutes, a black Ford Crown Victoria with deeply tinted windows drives in cemetery slowly. It stops not far away from the new grave, where the ceremony was just gone.

A driver's door opens. A leg in a man's shoe steps out a car.

Catching himself on a slippery walkway, a MAN (short dark hair, average height, average body-type, dressed in a long black coat with high collar stays up to man's ears) slowly walks to the grave. His right hand holds a few yellow roses.

The man comes closer and stops, looking down. A dark-gray gravestone glitter by wet snow.

A name of person in grave written as John McKein, Born November 27, 1976 - Dead December 23, 2009.

A man puts his flowers over a grave and carefully wipe snow-flakes off a little rounded picture.

JOHN MCKEIN (33, dark short hair, handsome, dressed in black suit and white shirt) smiles out of picture widely and happy.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. "DOUBLE TREE" HOTEL'S ROOM, FORT LEE, NJ - EVENING

John McKein smiles widely out of picture in wooden frame, that stays on a coffee table in a hotel room. Blue-gray smoke comes out of ashtray with few stubs of Marlboro in it. Half-empty bottle of vodka in a company with empty short glass is nearby a picture frame.

Man's hand picks a bottle sharply and fills up a glass with a hard-liqueur. A hand is decorated with watches on a wide leather belt-bracelet. It is ten minutes to eight o'clock.

A window is opened a little. Curtains shiver by a wind. Loud noise of fast-moving cars and trucks are heard over shown-slippery road, approaching in a front of hotel.

A room is furnished in typical cheap hotel's design: a bed, a table with mirror over it, a small TV turned off, green-gray wallpapers, and gray carpet. Small luggage-bag is on a bed, staying closed.

A man's hand picks a glass and pulls it over a coffee table with noise of glass-by-glass scratching. A glass with vodka flies away by hand.

Next moment a hand puts empty glass back on a table and picks a new cigarette out of pack. A puff of smoke approaches to a picture frame and covers smiled face on.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. "COFFEE TREE" CAFE, PALISADE AVE, FORT LEE, NJ - LATE EVENING (FLASHBACK)

John McKein puffs a smoke out of his mouth and laughs loudly. He takes a tall glass with iced coffee and drinks. After few sips John puts a glass back on a table.

JOHN MCKEIN

There is another joke, guys... Do you know what will be happen if fly goes down six inches?

Mike kicks John's shoulder with his fist. He makes silent glance to his right.

MIKE WOLLY

Stop it, nasty boy. Here some girls around...

JOHN MCKEIN

Whatever, Your Shyness. As you're asking for.

LUCY (25, curly dark hair, beautiful) glances on Mike as blaming him and turns her look to Vicky, who is sitting next to her. Vicky tries to hold laughing hopelessly.

VICKY

Yeh, Johnny-boy, tell us what will happen with this fly. I really want to know.

JOHN MCKEIN

Nothing, baby. Six inches are just nothing for any fly.

LUCY

It's not fare! You all know what will be happen with a fly, but I don't. Common, guys! Tell me...

JOHN MCKEIN

Well, Luz. It's really not that fly you are thinking about... I guess Mike will explain it to you later tonight better than us.

LUCY

Mike?

Mike's face becomes red. He negatively waves his right hand in an air, while his left hand takes a glass of iced coffee and pulls it over.

JOHN MCKEIN

It's really long story, Luz.

LUCY

Vicky?

Vicky moves closer to Lucy's face and says quietly.

VICKY

Johnny mentioned old dumb-joke about a hunter who plans to shoot a duck... who was staring at a fly... who should go down about six inches... But at a same time a cat was waiting for all of it to steal some food out of hunter's basket.

LUCY

And then?

VICKY

Then... when the whole plan begins to happen, everything masses up. So, cat falls down in the water.

LUCY

So? What's funny in it?

VICKY

Don't be a stupid, girl!.. If fly goes down six inches, the pussy-cat gets wet, don't you know that yet?

Vicky pulls her hand under a table and moves her index-finger over jeans' fly-zipper down and up. John and Mike start laughing loudly.

One of a car parked on a small parking lot in a front of cafe turns on its' head-lights suddenly. A bright light puts over cafe's clients. John covers his eyes with a palm and screams aggressively.

JOHN MCKEIN  
What's the hell, idiot?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SOME COMPANY'S IT-DEPARTMENT, BEIJING, CHINA - NIGHT  
(FLASHBACK)

A bright light comes through a deep dark of a room, right after a door opens suddenly.

Covering his face with right palm, John waves his left hand up forward. A gun with silencer shoots twice immediately.

A flashlight falls down on a floor with sharpen metal noise. In a moment after a heavy body falls down too.

John packs his tools back in pockets quickly and runs to a dead guard's body. He pulls guard into a room and closes a door behind. A deep dark covers a room of IT-department.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. "DOUBLE TREE" HOTEL/BATHROOM, FORT LEE, NJ - EVENING  
(PRESENT)

In a moment as a door closes, a light turns on. A noise of started ventilation system fills up a typical hotel's bathroom.

There are light-green ceramic walls, a green plastic curtain over a bath, a small rounded carpet on dark green ceramic-tiled floor.

A man slowly walks to a sink. His hand turns faucet on. Water comes down.

A man fills up both his palms with water and pulls it to his face.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE FAUCILLE, OZ, FRANCE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

John dives in a lake and swims fast. Lights search around deserted shore and over lake's surface. Siren's noise is heard in the night. Two guards (dressed in french military uniforms) run on lake's shore.

FRENCH GUARD #1  
 Arrêt! Vous êtes en état  
 d'arrestation!

SUBTITLE: "Stop! You are under arrest!"

FRENCH GUARD #2  
 Ne pas tirer! Nous avons besoin de  
 lui vivant!

SUBTITLE: "Do not shoot! We need him alive!"

A noise of turned on boat is heard. Blue-and-red lights  
 spark in a dark.

FRENCH GUARD #1  
 Capral, mais il s'échappera!

SUBTITLE: "Capral, but he is going to escape!"

FRENCH GUARD #2  
 Juste l'obtenir! Autrement...

SUBTITLE: "Just get him! Otherwise..."

Non-stop swimming John dives deeper into dark water. Noises  
 disappear.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE/BATHROOM, FORT LEE, NJ - EVENING  
 (FLASHBACK)

John's face dives out a water. His hands hold borders of  
 bath. John wipes his face with a hand and gets out of a  
 bath.

VICKY  
 Johnny, where are you?

JOHN MCKEIN  
 I'm taking a bath... Wait a minute,  
 Vicky. I'm done.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE/DINNING AREA, FORT LEE, NJ - CONTINUOUS

John sits at a round table, served in style of romantic  
 dinner. He is dressed up in casual, but elegant manner.

Two long candles fire up in a center of table. A bottle of  
 wine is opened and empty in half of it.

Vicky sits on opposite side. She is dressed up in sparkling red dress. Vicky smiles in silent. She touch shinning diamond ear-ring, what is in her left ear.

Smile gets away of John's face. John looks sad and extremely serious.

JOHN MCKEIN

There is another little thing I have to tell you about, Vicky--

VICKY

Don't stop to spoil me, Johnny! You're doing it fabulous!

JOHN MCKEIN

Well... I try my best, but--  
(pause)

Could you listen me carefully and try to understand every word I'll say?

VICKY

Of course, darling. I'm reading your sweetest lips up.

JOHN MCKEIN

Vic, I love you...

VICKY

I love you too!

JOHN MCKEIN

Vicky... Listen, I have to tell you something very important.

VICKY

So, tell me! I cannot wait to say yes... Of course, I was expecting a ring, but these ear-rings are beautiful too--

JOHN MCKEIN

Vicky! I'm not that guy... I really love you a lot. And I'd love to merry you, but... My job--

VICKY

What's wrong with your job? Kids love you. You are the great teacher. I wish my teacher of geography better knows this subject as well as you do.

JOHN MCKEIN

Vicky, I'm not a teacher. I don't teach geography for real.

VICKY

So, who are? Russian spy or C.I.A. agent?

Vicky starts laughing. She picks an empty glass and waves it in an air. John stands up, takes a bottle and fills Vicky's glass with red wine.

JOHN MCKEIN

Yes, I am. I work for CIA. I am CIA agent...

VICKY

Get out here! Stupid joke.

JOHN MCKEIN

No, I'm serious. I want you to know that because--

VICKY

What are you talking about, John? I'm not a girl, who can easily believe in some kind of fairy tale.

JOHN MCKEIN

I'm serious, Vicky. I'm telling it because I really want you to know who I am. I am--

VICKY

You are fucking lair! Let's assume it's true... what is really bad for you. Just bad, because I'll never ever could believe you... How long did you work for CIA?

JOHN MCKEIN

Since right after a college...

VICKY

That's fucking great!.. That's mean you gave me just bullshit for all these years I know you. How can I believe you now?

JOHN MCKEIN

But, Vic! I did it because it's rule of the Agency. I could not tell a truth to anyone--

VICKY  
Stop it! Shut up, John!

Vicky becomes quiet. Her hand holds a glass of wine in a half way to her face, but cannot approach to it. Vicky's face looks shocked.

JOHN MCKEIN  
I am sorry...

VICKY  
Did you kill someone?

JOHN MCKEIN  
Yes, but all those were bad guys. I work for a department of support. America owns me, but I promise--

VICKY  
Shut up, John. Too much information.

JOHN MCKEIN  
I'm sorry, Vicky.

VICKY  
You're sorry! That's fucking great... But who will be sorry, if you won't come home some other day? If you'll be killed? What should I do with a baby on hands without you?

JOHN MCKEIN  
A baby?

VICKY  
Yes, Johnny. You're big boy already. And I guess you have to know what could happen if boy and girl sleep together...  
(quietly)  
I'm pregnant, John--

JOHN MCKEIN  
That's great, Vicky! Wow! I'll be the-e daddy!

VICKY  
No, you won't. I'm not going to keep a baby if you'll keep this job.

JOHN MCKEIN

Vicky, sweetheart! I promise I'll  
take care of you and our baby no  
matter what. I love you, Vicky.

A phone rings suddenly. A glass of wine gets out of Vicky's  
hand and falls down. A red wine splashes over white carpet.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEONE'S PRIVATE HOUSE, MOSCOW, RUSSIA - NIGHT  
(FLASHBACK)

A blood splashes over snow. John covers his shoulder. A red  
spot appears over white suit, immediately increasing. He  
looks around, pulls his hand into a snow and picks a pair of  
skies. John wears it on and runs down a hill.

Two guards in Russian military uniforms chase John skiing  
down.

RUSSIAN GUARD #1

Stoi! Ti arestovan!

SUBTITLE: "Stop! You're under arrest!"

RUSSIAN GUARD #2

Stoi, grebannaya svoloch! Stoi,  
sukin syn!

SUBTITLE: "Stop, fucking bastard! Stop, son of a bitch!"

RUSSIAN GUARD #1

Strelyaite, tovarisch kapitan!  
Ukhodit zhe!

SUBTITLE: "Shoot him, comrade captain! He is leaving!"

RUSSIAN GUARD #2

Vzyat zhivym!

SUBTITLE: "Get him alive!"

John skis down a hill. Trees run back. Few bullets of  
machine-guns AK-47 fly around. Some of those reach trees,  
some get into snow closer to John's feet. He skis down a  
hill non-stop.

Suddenly, a hill cuts off and John fly as a bird freedomly.  
In a moment he falls on a snow.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. "DOUBLE TREE" HOTEL'S ROOM, FORT LEE, NJ - NIGHT  
(REALITY)

A man lies on a bed face down, over snow-white bed-dressing. His right hand grabs a pillow and moves it over his head.

Hotel's phone rings few times while a man's hand moves to a coffee table and picks phone up.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF C.I.A. DIRECTOR OF SUPPORT, WASHINGTON DC,  
USA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A man's hand picks phone up and moves it to his face. JOHN PEREIRA (50th, tall, wide shoulders, dressed in dark-gray suit) listens in silent.

JOHN PEREIRA

Yes, sir... No, sir... Indeed!

John Pereira hangs phone on and turns to his left. John McKein sits in an arm-chair in front of his boss.

A room is furnished in manner of typical municipal office: metal file-cabinets, table with few huge manila-folders, phone-fax machine on it. High American flag decorates one of the corners. Closed up blankets are on two high windows.

JOHN PEREIRA

Johnny, I've got two news for you. One is good, but another is as it must be...

JOHN MCKEIN

Something bad, I guess, mister Pereira.

JOHN PEREIRA

Exact! One on hand we all glad to see you happy. Vicky Moore is really cute girl, and I know you know her since high-school--

JOHN MCKEIN

Do you, sir?

JOHN PEREIRA

That's my job, you know.

JOHN MCKEIN

Yeh, sure... So, what's the bad one?

JOHN PEREIRA

You signed for it when you filled up an application for this job.

(pause)

Friends, family, individuals, or organizations may be interested to learn that you are an applicant... And as for now, an employee for the CIA--

JOHN MCKEIN

Yeh, yeh, I've got it, mister Pereira... And then...

(pause)

Their interest, however, may not be benign or in our best interest. We cannot control whom they would tell. We therefore ask applicant-slash-employee to exercise discretion and good judgment in disclosing their interest in a position with the Agency...

(pause)

But what's the matter to recollect about it now, sir?

JOHN PEREIRA

The matter is you, MacKein!

JOHN MCKEIN

Me?

JOHN PEREIRA

Exact! As well as I do, the Agency knows inspector MacKein cannot keep his tongue behind his mackeinish teeth!

(pause)

What's fucking for, you said to your fiance who you fucking are?!

JOHN MCKEIN

I did not--

JOHN PEREIRA

Yes, you did!.. MacKein, you are not a junior at CIA. I know that, and I tried my best to cover your proffy-ass, but...

(pause)

Vicky Moore knows for sure you are CIA agent. And I'm pretty fucking sure, she believe in each word you put into her ears including with diamonds ear-rings during yours romantic dinner.

JOHN MCKEIN

But, John... I mean, mister Pereira--

JOHN PEREIRA

Yes, just because your name is same as mine, I tried to explain to Chiefs that the Agency cannot afford to lost such a brilliant, skilled, professional, fucking part out of well-running machine. They are still thinking about your career, but...

(pause)

You have to... You must deal with this situation on your own. And sorry, I really don't know how you will do it.

JOHN MCKEIN

I will, sir... I'll solve this problem.

JOHN PEREIRA

Goodbye, Johnny.

John stands up and approaches to an exit door. He comes out an office and closes a door behind him smoothly.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTER AVE./JOHN'S HOUSE, FORT LEE, NJ - EVENING  
(FLASHBACK)

John comes out a house and run down stairs. In a moment door opens again and Vicky comes out after him.

VICKY

Be careful, honey...

JOHN MCKEIN

I will.

VICKY  
 Would you like some tiramisu on  
 breakfast?

JOHN MCKEIN  
 With my pleasure!

John looks down on his watch. The both arrows of the watch  
 stand at the number eleven.

JOHN MCKEIN  
 I'll be back around... eleven.

VICKY  
 (nodding her head)  
 See you at eleven, Johnny. I love  
 you!

JOHN MCKEIN  
 Love you too, Vicky. Sweet dreams.

A driver's side door closes sharply. Black Ford Crown  
 Victoria pulls back out of driveway.

Vicky waits until car disappears in a night down a street.  
 The New Jersey license plate is shown, being lightened in  
 the dark.

Vicky pulls a pack of Marlboro out of her pocket, picks a  
 cigarette and click Zippo's lighter on. A flame appears,  
 dancing of a wind.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. APEX AUTO JUNKYARD, FORT LEE, NJ - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

The New Jersey license plate is under fire. It is dirty in  
 soot, being creased.

Burnt Ford Crown Victoria is in total lost condition. There  
 are no windows, no body paint.

JUNKYARD MAN #1  
 Wow, check this one out... Nice!

JUNKYARD MAN #2  
 Are you fucking idiot? How you can  
 say so? This man got burnt in his  
 car.

JUNKYARD MAN #1  
Don't drink and drive, you know.

JUNKYARD MAN #2  
(quietly)  
Not in this case. Experts say he  
was...

Police car drives in to the junkyard with bright  
blue-and-red lights on its roofs.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ROUTE 4, FORT LEE, NJ - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Police blue-and-red lights bright a road. Siren is over  
night-road's noises of moving traffic.

Silver Toyota pulls over a roadside and stops. Ford Crown  
Victoria stops behind.

INT. "DOUBLE TREE" HOTEL'S ROOM, FORT LEE, NJ - CONTINUOUS

A man stands nearby window and looks out. He closes a  
window. Police siren is still heard, but much quiet.

Someone knocks a door, trying to do some kind of melody.

A man's right hand picks a picture frame out of a coffee  
table. It moves in direction to a bed.

Left hand unzips a luggage-bag and right hand drops a  
picture over packed clothes. John McKein looks up with a  
frozen smile on his pictured face.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY, HACKENSACK, NJ - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

A dark-gray gravestone with a picture of John's on it  
glitter with wet snow.

A name of person in grave written as John McKein, Born  
November 27, 1976 - Dead December 23, 2009.

A man puts his flowers over a grave and carefully wipe  
snow-flakes off a little rounded picture.

John smiles out of picture, attached to gravestone, widely  
and happy.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. "DOUBLE TREE" HOTEL'S ROOM, FORT LEE, NJ - NIGHT  
(PRESENT)

John McKein looks up with a frozen smile on his pictured face.

MAN'S VOICE  
Goodbye, Johnny...

A man zips his luggage-bag, picks it up and walks to a door. Someone knocks again a little louder.

A door opens.

Vicky smiles and hugs a man. She kisses him in a cheek and waves two airplane tickets in front of his face.

A man walks out hotel's room and closes a door behind. They walk over long corridor in direction to an elevator in silent.

A man's finger presses a button. An elevator's doors slide off with a ring bell's sound. It is eleventh floor shown over an elevator cabin. Vicky enters first.

MAN'S VOICE  
Hey, baby... Do you remember what  
Charlie said?

VICKY  
What exactly?

MAN'S VOICE  
Life laughs at you when you are  
unhappy, life smiles at you when  
you are happy... But life salutes  
you make others happy!

A man steps inside an elevator's cabin and turns back.

John McKein smiles widely and happy.

FADE OUT