

Screenplay

FRANKIE

Sit down. (beat) What's the fuckin' deal?

JOHNNY

I don't know what to do.

FRANKIE

What do you mean?

JOHNNY

About the kid. We could be in a lot of trouble.

FRANKIE

Trouble?

JOHNNY

Yeah. Big ass, serious-as-shit trouble. I mean, you can't just take a kid and have no one notice.

FRANKIE

That's what I told you. Didn't I say that?

JOHNNY

You did, alright?

FRANKIE

Fuck.

JOHNNY

But still, we are where we are. Right here, ya know? It's a big problem, and we gotta fix it.

FRANKIE

(beat)

So what do we do?

JOHNNY

I dunno. There's an answer to it, there's like a solution, but I'm just not seeing it. (beat) I dunno, maybe we're fucked.

FRANKIE

We're not fucked. What do you mean, fucked?

JOHNNY

Jail-fucked, mother fucker. If we let the kid go, he runs back to mommmy and daddy and he rats us out.

FRANKIE

Maybe he won't-

JOHNNY

Not to mention Tattooey. Who knows what that crazy mother fucker's gonna do. We're all gonna be lookin' over our fucking shoulders.

FRANKIE

I don't think the kid'll spill. I really don't.

JOHNNY

Yeah, well, what if he does?

FRANKIE

(beat) Fuck that shit.

JOHNNY

You see what I'm saying?

FRANKIE

I'm not fuckin' going to prison! I just won't!

JOHNNY

Yeah, me neither, bitch. What the fuck do you think I'm talkin' about-

FRANKIE

I'm not fucking kiddin', John! This is really fuckin' bad!

JOHNNY

The best thing we could do would be to get a hold of Tattooey and straighten him and all this shit out once and for all.

FRANKIE

Well, where is that mother fucker?

JOHNNY

Who the fuck knows, man?? I dunno, he's probably laying low, looking

(MORE)

JOHNNY (cont'd)
to shoot me in the fuckin' head! I
mean think about it, that's what
I'd be doing.

FRANKIE
Stop already, alright? You know
how I get with this anxiety shit.

JOHNNY
(beat)
Frankie? Frankie...

FRANKIE
Yeah... I swear to god man, I'm
hyperventilating.

JOHNNY
(beat)
I wanna ask you something.

FRANKIE
What? Fuck...

JOHNNY
Hypothetically, alright? This
isn't real. We're just talkin'
here. But, what would you say if I
were to offer you \$2,500 just to
kill the kid?

FRANKIE
Kill him?

JOHNNY
Yeah. Fuckin' wax him.

FRANKIE
(beat)
Are you fuckin' insane? I'm not
gonna fuckin' kill the kid. That's
a fuckin' joke, right??

JOHNNY
Of course it's a fucking joke, man!
You're so fucking stupid!

FRANKIE
You're an asshole, man!

JOHNNY
Alright man, I'm just playin!

FRANKIE

Well stop fuckin' around! Look man, can't we just grease the kid? You know, tell him that we can hang out any time, that he's our boy. Throw a fuckin' arm around him or something.

JOHNNY

Give him a few bucks?

FRANKIE

Right! And tell him, when mommy and daddy ask, to say that he ran away with some girl or something.

JOHNNY

Yeah, yeah.

FRANKIE

I mean look, we have to get the story straight, but we can make it work man, I know we could. If we just grease the kid.

JOHNNY

Yeah.

FRANKIE

And then it's taken care of.

JOHNNY

Yeah.

FRANKIE

And that way we're not running around here like a bunch of fuckin' China men.

JOHNNY

(beat)

Done. See? This is what I love about you man. You're smarter than me.