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.