

Angelo turns abruptly.

ANGELO
So you lied to us before?

GINO
No, wait, that's not what I meant!

Angelo turns, shaking his head. He looks Frank in the eye and nods slightly.

Frank lines his pipe up with Gino's stomach like a baseball player would line up his bat with home plate.

Claire's eyes become large. She looks at Gino's bruised face and legs, then back at his exposed stomach.

Frank adjusts his stance slightly and pulls the pipe back, preparing to swing.

CLAIRE
That's going to cause massive
internal damage!

All five men look towards the voice, startled. Claire's face goes white; her eyes are wide. Oh, shit, did she just say that out loud?

Tony steps forward and grabs her, forcing her arms behind her back. He pushes her into the back room.

TONY
What are you doing here, fishy?

Eyeing Gino's abdomen, a plan begins to take shape in Claire's mind.

CLAIRE
I can get you the money.

Angelo walks up to her and wipes a tendril of hair out of her face.

ANGELO
This is his debt, princess. It
ain't got nothin' to do with you.

CLAIRE
You want to live, don't you, Gino?

They all look to Gino.

GINO
(surprised)
Fuck yeah.