



LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE...
MRS. DANES.

A man and a woman are standing in a room with brick walls and a large window. The man is shirtless and wearing black briefs, looking surprised. The woman is wearing a pink lace bra and matching underwear, looking at him with a concerned expression. A desk with a laptop and a floor lamp are visible in the background.

WHAT A SURPRISE.

MR. MARINO...



I TOLD YOU TO KILL HIM.

BUT JUDGING FROM... UH-WELL,
I'D SAY YOU JUST FUCKED HIM.



MR. MARINO, I-I'M SORRY!
WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS!



TALK? A DEAL?
WHAT COULD POSSIBLY
CHANGE MY MIND?

I ALREADY BROUGHT MY MEN
TO PAINT THE WALLS RED.



WHAT-

IF--IF YOU SPARE HIM... JOHN WILL
MAKE SURE THE COPS STOP BOTHERING YOU.
YOU AND YOUR BUSINESS.





OH YEAH? IS THAT TRUE, PRETTY BOY?

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is shown from the chest up, looking slightly to her left with a distressed expression. She has a tear on her cheek and is wearing a dark red lace-trimmed top. To her left, the back of a man's head and shoulders are visible; he is wearing a white shirt and a light blue bow tie. The background features a brick wall on the left and white horizontal blinds on the right. A small table with a black top holds a bottle, glasses, and a silver container. A white plate with a fork is in the lower-left foreground.

WHISPER
JOHN, PLEASE... JUST GO
ALONG WITH IT.



WELL, MARINO... WHAT'S GOT
YOU SO SCARED OF THE COPS YOU
HAD TO BRING YOUR CREW?

COME ON-MAN TO MAN.
OR IS THAT TOO MUCH FOR YOU?



YOU IDIOT!



**HAHAHA! BIG MOUTH FOR
SOMEONE ABOUT TO GET VENTILATED.**

**I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS BULLSHIT.
SHOOT HIM!**



I SAID, SHOOT HIM!

HEY, MARINO... NEXT TIME, MAKE SURE
YOU CHECK YOUR MEN CAREFULLY BEFORE
ORDERING THEM TO DO ANYTHING.



UH... BOSS...



WHAT THE FU-



HELLO, MR. MARINO!



SURPRISE, SURPRISE!



WAIT-WAIT, SAUL!

WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS.
I-I GOT MONEY. I GOT CONNECTIONS.
JUST NAME IT. I CAN CUT YOU IN.



GUESS WE'RE DONE TALKING!

UGH!!!