As the night reaches the early hours towards the sun rising, Joey steals a car and heads back towards the Plaza to collect his passport and some other essentials. He then drives south to get the borders to get into Mexico. Once he gets there, he needs to think up of a strategy in order to clean up the mess he is in. He reaches Texas where he reaches the town of El Paso.

When it comes to Joey being at the top of the business empire, he is always wanting more. In his early years when he had some small businesses, he meet a young Turkish man which he went into business with them to clear up a debt he had various people, one a Turkish mobster.

As time went on, they found him in Las Vegas and have been trying to get the money back, he tried on a previous occasion and didn’t work out well and the interest went up. He was going to make it another casino as a front to launder money and to help the Turks expand on their business dealings overseas. It was also an opportunity for him to get richer and become a billionaire. The Turks have been lenient on him because of the good working relationship with Marciano Snr.

Now on the run he has five hundred dollars in his pocket. He drives through discreetly not to draw attention while in the town, he then stops at the traffic lights. As he waits impatiently, he gets his phone to call his dad only to be harassed by a random guy cleaning his windscreen.

As Joey is distracted trying to get him to go, a head pops out and points a gun at him. Joey catches him in the corner of his eye, quickly whacks the gun to the side and slams his foot on the throttle that drives the car into the crossing; a four-wheeler truck crashes into the passenger’s side of the car. The two robbers ransack Joey and the trucker of their money has they are on their vehicles, the robbers and run off.

Joey is sitting in his cell two days later still in Texas, unscaved from the crash but annoyed as he looks forward at the overweight guard scoffing a donut down his neck.

“I want my lawyer.” He says calmly but frustrated.

“He’s coming, takes time to come from Las Vegas, so you just sit there like a good little boy.” the guard suggests as he examines the gun Joey had.

“Better watch out, you will lose something,” he says with a smirk on his face.

The guard who is wearing gloves places the gun in an evidence bag.

“I want my phone call.” as Joey has his head down. Being ignored by the guard.