In a motel on the outskirts of the Las Vegas, Carl is sitting on the edge of the bed. He stares at the photo of Kiera looking with no expression as it is unusual for him as he already grieved for her once thinking she was dead and doesn’t know how to react. He feels useless, as he knows that Joey got his vengeance and could be out of the country by now.

The phone starts to ring as Carl continues to look at the photo. He on an out stretched arm answers the phone and says nothing as he listens to hear Ritchie’s voice on the other end.

“Listen to me, promise to me you won’t do anything rational, they found him in Texas, he is in a police cell waiting for his lawyer, I’m heading down there now to interrogate him. It will be just him, his lawyer and me.

This is in order to straighten this out, so sit tight. I promise I will get him for Kiera….” as Carl hangs up the phone. He grabs his coat and puts his hoodie up with shades on as he heads out the motel.