That evening Jennifer performs at the club but struggles a little bit, but then keeps her composure as she comes to the end of the song. She is consumed with the grief of the death of Malena. The mood of the club is a bit muted from the recent events but somewhat upbeat as the drink takes over.

She then goes back to her dressing room; the sight of Malena’s dressing room that doesn’t have her name on the door anymore stops her. The entrance is flooded with flowers and cards of customers who loved her performing. As she goes into her own dressing room, a head pops closes up which was Carl. Jennifer sees him and freezes, then goes towards to her phone only to be stopped when Carl tries to reason with her.

“Jennifer please, I need to talk.”

“You killed Malena, why would you do that?” as she starts to dial.

“Listen to me I didn’t kill anyone, there is a lot to explain.”

As she waits on the line and an officer answer on the other side, she freezes by Carl saying. “I saw my sister killed at the warehouse.” Jennifer puts the phone down confused. She turns to him at the window.

“What?” she couldn’t believe what she heard as he plants the picture of her on the window.

“Joey Marciano, have you heard of him?”

“Malena has mentioned him once or twice, she was not really one for being open about things, she didn’t really mention in glowing terms though.”

“She got into bad dealings with him, he was the one who killed her, please let me come in and explain.” as he holds up his hand and the gun placed on the window with the handle facing her, she opens the slider window and takes the gun using a towel and takes it onto the side. Carl climbs into the room through the window saying thanks to her as he enters the room.

They both head to the sofa, Jennifer looking slightly nervous with the gun on the table opposite them not sure what to take with what Carl is saying.

“I know there will be a way to get into your dressing room.” Trying to ease the situation with humour. She smiles at him “So, you going to tell me what the hell is going on.” she asks calmly at ease.

“It’s a long story with no much time to explain it.”

“Try.”

“I was in the CIA a few years ago, that didn’t work out in the LAPD, they found I would work with the Marciano family, more history there, not important. To get some money and contacts I went rogue for a while I was in the LAPD. I worked along side him for some dealings…” “Try and get deeper and well Marciano Snr were a kind of father to me.”

“Never thought you were this soppy, glad I didn’t kiss you now.”

“You always like this?”

“So you chose blood money over a LAPD pension.”

“Ok, he used to run an underground fighting ring that I was a part of.”

“Gets better and better.”

“Yeah, betting on men who wanted to let out frustration by kicking the crap out of each other.” “Joey Snr can be persuasive, I found out my sister was working undercover there while in the CIA at one of their sting operations. She tried to help me out of this, there was a problem where she was shot.”

“Wait, this was two years ago, what was the warehouse about then, you said she was killed there.”

“Joey kept her alive and kept in captivity because he wanted to kill her in front of my eyes.”

“Ah Jeez, how did you find?” as she comforts him.

“Malena.” Finishing her question.

“That’s why you were always around her, you used her.” Jennifer makes the connection.

“At first, then I felt guilty, I backed off.”

“Because of me.”

“No, I could see it was toxic, I drank more and more and slept around, promising girls success to stroke my ego.”

“Nice way of putting.” Knowing what he really meant.

“How the hell did the Vice President get involved in this?”

“Blackmail, I found it was a deploy to frame me for the murders.”

“Just go to the cops and explain this.”

“A disgraced ex cop, might as well walk the green mile.”

“Have you other family, friends.” He nods no. “Ok, I haven’t got much but I’ll get a good lawyer and straight this out.”

“I have a friend, a cop. He was at the warehouse so I just need to lay low till he settles it.”

“You actually going to do that?”

“No, but I have no choice, I need to do the smart thing for the second time this week.”

“What was the first?”

“Finally having the courage to talk to you.” as he smiles at her. She smiling back at him looking a little embarrassed. They have moment where something may happen; he thinks about it but decides for the right time, not while he’s on the run.

Carl gets up, he looks at the gun on the table and picks it up and puts it into a holder under his hoodie top. He turns to her ready to kiss her, and then kisses her on the forehead. He goes outside the window and looks around to check street clear.

“What you going to do?”

“The right thing for once.” as he heads off into the night.