The same evening in Texas at the police station, Joey and his lawyer are in the interrogation room waiting. Ritchie enters the room and leans on the chair, arms on the table looking at Joey. He then gets a remote and turns off the camera that is on the corner of the room. Joey looks at the recording device on the side with a raised smile on his face.

“Aint you going to turn that on?” Knowing the stakes and knowing Ritchie can’t afford to as he continues to grin.

“What do you think?”

Joey lies back on the chair looking confident, his lawyer doesn’t change expression, as he knows the situation as Joey’s lawyer.

“So, no witnesses, no other cops here. You have leverage, I have some leverage, so let’s work on something.”

“What’s that, I have Carl right in the palm of my hand, now he is on the rampage for me. What can you possibly do to tarnish that?”

“How about a recorded account of the whole messy meeting. It is great where you can place a device and even how much smaller and smaller these devices can be, but just as effective.”

“Carl is nothing to you cops anymore, just let me have him and this will be over, he cost me my ticket out of something much bigger than he can ever imagine.”

The lawyer whispers something in his ear.

“Alright.” Joey looks at his lawyer who nods yes back at him.

“Ok.” as leans forward to Ritchie. “I propose this, you get me out this mess, I’ll make sure Carl is not shown as the murderer. I have the pieces that could put the murders onto someone, my men will be perfect.”

“They are your men, It will be traced to you as your limo was there.”

“Do you know what? Picture it, Vice President is cosy not with a wife, but Malena. They have a love affair that is perfect for anyone with a brain cell to take and blackmail in order to get rich, they have the meet at the warehouse, and it gets a bit nasty everyone is dead, case close. No one needs to know about Malena love affair with Carl.”

“What about Carl’s prints, need to explain why he is there?” he thinks for a minute. “Ok, Carl could be protection for the Vice President, he wont trust certain people in politics, and he sure as hell won’t want to let anyone else know. Ok hire Joey, ill come along for any nasty stuff as it would be quick and easy.”

“There’s me thinking I would think it all up for you.” as he looks at his lawyer and back at Ritchie. He gets up with his lawyer and go out to leave he whispers in Ritchie’s ear. “The house always wins.”

Ritchie gets up and grabs Joey and slams him to the wall. His lawyer looks to get someone.

“Its ok, Ritchie was just escorting me out.”

“That’s right, Daddy won’t wipe your backside forever.” as he lets Joey go, Joey straightens himself up and leaves.

Joey leaves and stands outside the police station, he is annoyed at the comment about his father, as he is always known of having a silver spoon not being his own man. He knows that he in the end has lost out, as he couldn’t get Carl done for the murders, but is confident there will be another day as they are now both in the clear.

He waits for a taxi or the car his lawyer would come in with. He turns to his lawyer asking where his car is, before he can even say a few sentences he get whacked in the head with a fist**.** He places a phone and speaks in a European language, not an obvious, but more from Serbia, Soviet. Then a van turns up, two men get out and pick up Joey and dump him in the back. The lawyer speaks to the men as and he gets in the passenger seat, they return to the van and they drive off.