One dark steamy night, a figure appears through the headlamps, Carl in a trench coat walking to an apartment complex lighting a cigarette.

He heads to the front of that apartment building only to be greeted by a woman. A dress that goes far above her knees, her hand planted on the wall to hold her staggered body off the wall. He lifts his head and as he sees her, a grin rises on his face as he walks closer and closer towards her.

“Where you been baby? I’ve been waiting all night for you.” She slurs excitedly.

“Not waiting alone I see.” as he smells, the cheap liquor off her breath. He takes her inside the complex and escorts her by the stairs to the central door of 3 apartments on the 2nd floor. As she is carried across the hall, her hands roaming in his coat pocket looking for something.

“Did you see him and get it?” She slurs.

“Yeah babe, 4 grams, now stop talking and get that dress off.” He replies as he rushes her to his bedroom.

“Rough and direct, I like that.” She says giggling drunk as he slams his apartment door.