The next night, Carl walks down a street filled with pubs, shops and clubs. He comes heads to an entrance of an underground club that isn’t clear to view on the outside, but the sounds of cheering, shouting of excitement of the drunk customers gives it the atmosphere of a club.

This is a club he visits every night to fill the void of a not being able to get the image of Kiera’s lifeless body out of his mind. As he heads down the stairs, there is a sound of a woman singing the song from Caro Emerald called “That man.”

He enters the main room where the room that has round tables, a side bar filled with drooling drunk men with their wives, girlfriends and even the few with their mistresses all have a good time. Carl stops in the centre at the back of the room and stops a passing waitress and calls for a shot of bourbon.

“You got it Carl.” As she gives him a smile, a cheeky one that would indicate it wasn’t the pure waitress customer interaction but more of a more of an interaction like he had with the woman last night, a means to an end. In his world now, he makes delusional promises to women stardom, using his charm but doesn’t deliver on it.

As he takes a sip of his drink, he looks straight forward to have a clear of the woman on stage, as she performs, her head raises up to Carl. As she is singing and glaring at him, she continues to sing with passion full of lust in her eyes. Her voice was very much like Amy Winehouse, a voice that could tell you a story that could never end, a book that Carl could not put down. Her eyes are dark and mysterious but also troubled.

As the song comes to an end, she disappears into the darkness as the spotlight fades; the club then erupts with applause. Carl heads towards the woman’s dressing room with the name “Malena” on a star on the door. As he enters the door, he is greeted by a passionate kiss by her, so delighted to see him.

“I missed you, where were you this morning?”

“I had an acquaintance I was meeting.” hiding the fact he was getting rid of the girl he was dealing drugs to last night.

“So what did the director say…I got the lead didn’t I…I knew you would come through…finally a ticket out this dump…. I always…”

“Did you see him?” as he stops her in mid sentence.

“Who?”

“You know who?”

Her smile goes away as she goes to sit down opposite her mirror. “No just one of his minions, he will only come when the deals is to completed, he needs to sell these goods first?”

“Do you know what the goods are?”

“No he is tight lipped, so…”

“You got a date and time?”

“Wednesday night, so what did she say?” with an impatient tone in her voice.

“I’m sorry babe, they wanted someone else.”

“What? You said it was a done deal? Why do I bother with you seriously.”?

“I need a drink anyway.” As he leaves and head towards the bar.

He orders another drink while sitting at the bar, his back facing the stage. As the barman pours the scotch, the lights starts to dimmer that transforms the stage to be black as night, only a single spotlight reveals the main event of the night.

The scent a sweet familiar singing voice attracts the attention of Carl. He turns towards a beauty on the stage, he comes to see her but because she intrigues him as they haven’t spoken to her, compared to the other female staff that work in the club. There is something that attracts him to her; he can’t understand what it is. Usually he meets these girls, over keen and a bit naïve. He has been at the club when she has performed and seen her for the last couple of months and she has a confidence of independence, which he is wondering whey would she be working in a run down club for chump change.

She performs her music with the band of sweet slow jazzy tunes. She sings the song called “Mean O’ Moon.” By Norah Jones. As she raises her head, her red rosy lips to the microphone and a sweet smile that mesmerises all the men in the club. As Carl watches her with a smile on his face, unaware that through the shutters of her dressing room is Malena looking on at the woman, green with envy and seeing Carl looking at her, knowing that she is a threat to her. As much as Malena hates him, love and hate intertwine.

As the song draws to a close, she sits down on the chair to do the closing of the song. This gave an opportunity for a man at the front to get over excited while stinking drunk, he tries to be over friendly with the long leg of the beauty, as her legs are folded sitting on the chair. His reward was a right hook from her and was dragged out of the door by Carl, chucking him out of the club.

“Some people don’t think to buy a lady a drink first.” Carl says as he returns to her.

“You offering?” she replying flustered.

“As along as I can kept my face in mint condition.”

She smiles at him “I needed something after singing all night, white wine.” She calls to the barman.

They continue to chat as the club closes for the night. Malena comes out of her dressing room, sees them and looking a little bit annoyed. As she passes her she hugs her and says goodbye, she continues out of the club ignoring Carl. Carl looks towards Malena as she leaves not surprised by her attitude.

“Is it something you said?” she wonders.

“Long story, so is there a name to that singing voice?”

“Jennifer.” as she smiles.

“Jennifer, I have seen you here perform, its only now that I have been able to talk to you.”

“Lucky you, I’ve only worked this late recently, you don’t want an autograph do you?” she says with a little bit of sarcasm, quick witted.

“Ill take a number.”

“You don’t waste time.” as she chuckles. “Drink first.” She sips down some wine.

“For the right girl, so have did you end up in this place?”

“I just came here to Nirvanna about six months ago, got stopped in the street by this guy, said I could do some modelling, while I was doing that the photographers’ cousin owned this place, found that I can sing and could got my work here, saw me, hired me on the spot and here I am.”

They continued to chat as they left the club, they were laughing and joking as they head down the streets covered in lighted headlamps. As they head through one of the side streets, a robber holds a gun at them confronts them. Jennifer is terrified, Carl looks at him deadpan and disarms him in one swoop and holds him to the ground. He plants his knee into the back of the robber’s neck, as the robber is face down.

“That way of life will only end one-way, the morgue. I would consider my career options.” as he is face to face with the robber. The robber runs off as fast and as far as his legs can take him.

“You a cop or something?” Jennifer says after composing herself.

“Was.” He replies.

They head to his apartment, despite knowing about his connection with Hollywood and getting to know his charm, she wasn’t convinced by his intentions.

“Want to come in for a night cap?”

“Do you know what, Ill take a rain check, maybe further down the line.” as she walks off and down the stairs.

Carl looks at her not really looking disheartened, he has a smile on his face as he goes into his apartment, knowing she isn’t as easy as the others.