The next morning in a café diner on the corner of the street, Carl and an old partner from the LAPD are sitting in the diner.

His name is Ritchie, he is a bit of a joker, but good at his job, unlike Carl who let his career slip after Kiera’s incident. Carl was let loose after a mental break down where he has been on Joey’s trail ever since working alongside Ritchie.

“So, what do you want to tell me?” Richie asks.

“What you talking about?”

Ritchie chuckles “You don’t call first thing if it wasn’t important.”

“I need something, a favour.”

“I guessed that, who you after?”

The waitress places two black coffees to the table. Ritchie looks at her with a smile on his face.

“Thanks, does a phone number come with that?”

“Funny Richie.” as the waitress walks off.

“Give it a rest man, she wont budge.” Carl suggests.

“You wont succeed without trying.” Ritchie responds.

They start to drink their coffees and after Carl takes a sip of his, he says the name. “Joey Marciano.”

“Jeez, you know we been chasing him, we have his plaza on surveillance, checking his accounts, all clean so my boss is calling to drop it.” “Politics is a dangerous game, just like the one Malena is playing.”

“What do you mean?”

“Last week while we were tailing some of his men, a tip off, from a source found them while watching outside Vice President Westwood’s house. He was getting into a car with Malena in which we tailed them to a motel off the outskirts of Nirvana.”

“What the hell has she got herself into? She was being acting weird lately, even weirder than usual.” “What I need is some Intel on Joeys’ recent movements from the past month, there is something going on with Westwood and Joey with Malena in the middle. I presume he is the contact that will meet Joey. ”

“What meet? When and where are they having it?”

“Tomorrow evening.”

“Ill set up a team.”

“No, No police, this is small piece of a puzzle I presume, you’ll spook Joey and we will have nothing.” Carl tells Ritchie.

“Your right, he is being tight lipped, could be lots more of them.”

“I just need you and a gun.”

“You know you aren’t Rambo right, you can’t go in all guns blazing… alright I’m arresting him when the time is right when we have enough on him.”

“Ok, bring the gun to me tonight.”

Ritchie looks around while agreeing with him, only to have his eye caught by some clicking on the pavement. As Carl looked on, he couldn’t believe his eyes, as it was the sight of Jennifer from the club. But she isn’t the Jessica rabbit style he was used to seeing at night, but in a T-shirt and jeans with a cap covering her ponytail. She was reading the newspaper with her thick black glasses. She stopped by the sight of Carl staring at her; she raises a smile and continues walking down the street.

Carl and Ritchie look back at each other, Ritchie starts to shake his head and smile. Ritchie knows Carl smitten with the ladies.

“Listen to me, when you see Joey, keep your cop head on and don’t let your emotions controls this situation.”

“I wondered when you were going to mention Kiera.”

“Killing Joey won’t bring your sister back.”

“I rather see him rot watching as he grabs the soap, the gun is for protection, she died trying to straighten me out.”

When Carl went rogue, Kiera went undercover earning Joey’s trust as a supplier trying to persuade Carl away from the Marciano family.

They have breakfast; Carl has a full English will Ritchie have pancakes while he continues to check out the waitress. He wondering about the plain girl who walked past, as it isn’t usually the type Carl goes for.

“Who was the girl?”

“Someone I met in the club but watched perform for the last couple of months. Her name is Jennifer, trust me if you had seen her perform, god damn.”

As Ritchie gets up and is ready to leave, he leaves Carl with these words.

“Don’t let Joey control your emotions with Jennifer, if he finds out her, well she shouldn’t be involved in your crazy world.”

“I know what I’m doing.” as Carl gets up and they both leave the diner.