With an hour left till the meet, Carl and Ritchie are on top of the hill looking down at the warehouse, they move to the boot of Ritchie’s Mustang.

“Why did you bring this, you know even if you get it scratched you get a hissy fit, god knows how you will react with bullet holes.” as Carl circles around his car and returns to the boot.

“It will be out of sight.” as Ritchie opens the boot revealing a selection of guns.

Carl picks up a shotgun and places a gun tucked in his trousers at his waist. Ritchie takes out a pair of handguns. They compare them and Carl has a cheeky grin on his face as he looks at his shotgun, Ritchie shakes his head knowing the joke but not amused as he loads up the guns.

“It isn’t the size, it’s the accuracy.” Ritchie assures Carl.

“Remember if not necessary, don’t get trigger happy out there especially when the Vice President is vulnerable.”

“Of course” as Carl loads up the shotgun.

They both get back in the car and drive down the windy roads down the hill. The Vice President leaves the Motel with Malena, They head into his car, both looking concerned for different reasons.

Out of the grand entrance of his Plaza comes Joey with an excited smile on his face as he goes into his white stretched limo. The limo heads away from the Las Vegas strip, as it travels through a long highway, a van follows him. He knows that this deal could set him up in the higher nonchalant with political influences from the Vice President, while being an expanding entrepreneur as he wants to be approved by his dad who he looked to his dad during the 80/90s was a big business man in Las Vegas.