

EXTRACT FROM UNFINISHED BUSINESS



Franky Shaw stood up politely at the plastic table as Roger Laverick entered the visitors room at Wakefield Jail, escorted by a prison guard.

“Good to See you, Boss,” Franky smiled. “You’re looking well.”

Laverick huffed. “Looking well in this shithole? You’ve got to be joking.”

“Is there anything I can get you? Smokes, tobacco, anything?”

“You can get me Karl Maddox’s head on a plate, that’s what you can get me.”

Shaw Scowled, “Are you serious? You want him dead?”

Laverick shrugged. “Don’t look so surprised. That bastard is the reason I’m in here. But no, I don’t want him dead. Not yet anyway. Me and Karl, we have unfinished business. He owes me.”

“I can’t see how you’re gonna get your money back, Boss.”

A wry smile crept across Laverick’s face.

“I can,” he said, “I have a plan. Now listen, very carefully.....”