**Sequence 2 – Chapter 1 – El *Naya***

**The Protagonist**

Steve Piasecki is approaching Leo’s Cheese Steaks on Chester Pike in Folcroft. It’s the next evening and he’s driving a reddish Chevy Suburban SUV.

His cell phone rings.

It’s mounted on the air-conditioning vents in the middle of the dashboard. Steve looks at the caller ID and sees *My Friend*. He taps the phone to answer and puts the call on speaker.

“My Friend,” Steve says. “I see your beater phone’s working tonight, eh?”

“Ha-ha-ha.” My Friend fakes a laugh. “I got a good phone.”

They repeat this routine every time My Friend calls – yet it never gets old.

My Friend’s real name is Mike. He’s Steve’s best friend and a professional wrestler with the ECWA, which stands for East Coast Wrestling Association. He goes by Hit Man Bruno in the ring.

“What’s up?” Steve says.

“Just got the word I’m wrestling.”

“No shit. What happened?”

“The Black Cat sprained his shoulder.”

“Just tell me when and where,” Steve says.

“Saturday night at the Springfield Ice Rink. Doors open at seven – you’re coming, right?”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world,” Steve says. “Just etched it into my brain.”

“Thanks – You Ubering?”

“Yep,” Steve says. “But I’d like to quit around eight. Another ride or two and I’ll call it a night.”

“Sounds good.”

The Uber driver’s app pings.

“Hang on,” Steve says while immediately accepting a request from a female named Valentina. “Just got a request.”

“To where?’

“Looks like SAP,” Steve says.

“Where’s SAP?”

“Newtown Square.”

“Where are you now?”

“Just passed Leo’s,” Steve says.

“That’s a hike.”

“The app says twenty-one minutes,” Steve says. “But it’s a scheduled ride, so she’s probably going to the airport. Nice fare – and brings me back close to home. Win-win. So it’ll be worth it.”

“What the hell is SAP?”

“German software developer,” Steve says. “One of the biggest in the world. I’ve been there at least a dozen times, and, trust me, they employ some of the best-looking women in the world. So far I’ve had them from Italy and Spain and Venezuela – all beauties.”

“Hope you get another good one. Look, call me when you’re on the way home. I’ll pick up a pizza and bring it over.”

“Sounds good,” Steve says. “See ya later.”

Steve ends the call and makes a right turn.