

THE CASINO

IAIN RYAN

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respects to their Elders past and present.

CHAPTER 1

IT ALL STARTS WITH a girl at the wrong party. Grace Holloway is a regular kid. Nineteen years old and acting up. Nothing out of the ordinary there, except her father writes for the newspaper: a man with a conservative audience and a flair for outrage.

The father calls Ewan Hayes personally.

He's frantic. 'I need you to go get her.'

He spits out a dollar amount.

It's a *lot*.

The deadline's insane. An hour from now, at best.

Ewan takes the job and then the father faxes over a picture of her.

•

The girl is in Toorak, twenty minutes down the road. It's the luxury end of town. Big money and quiet streets. Ewan has the cab drop him right out front. As soon as the cabbie drives off, Ewan drags a trash can off the kerb and uses it as a step stool to jump the fence. He finds the house wide open, a party in full swing. Music reverberates out alongside the muffled drone of a hundred voices. Ewan comes in the front door and moves through the rooms of pissed-up teenagers. He checks the kitchen and lounge. It's a full minute before someone clocks him.

'Do you live here?' a girl asks.

Ewan keeps scanning faces. 'I'm looking for Grace Holloway.'

'Who are *you*?'

'I'm her weed dealer.'

The girl grabs a friend and whispers in her ear.

The friend says, 'Try outside.'

There's a pool house out back, but no one's in the water. Plenty of action in the enclosure, though. A dozen bodies draped over a lounge around a glass-top coffee table, and the table has white powder residue all over it. Grace Holloway is in the thick of it, halfway under some guy in a denim jacket.

As soon as Ewan steps through the doorway, one of the boys arcs up. 'Who the fuck are you?'

Ewan grabs the denim jacket guy by the arm and peels him off the girl. 'Your father sent me,' he says to her. 'Time to go.'

The other boy is moving around. 'Mate, I said who the fuck—'

Ewan slams his right palm up under the boy's chin and follows through with a punch to the balls. The kid folds over and pukes on himself.

The rest of them freeze.

Ewan holds out his hand. 'Grace, come on.'

'I don't know you. I—'

'It doesn't matter. We're leaving. *Now.*'

There's a commotion up in the house. They all hear it.

Ewan grabs the girl and pulls her outside. Kids are sprinting out of the mansion doors. One kid scrambles out a window. Ewan spots flashes of blue uniforms inside.

'Come on,' he says.

They run down the yard to a seven-foot concrete wall. Ewan boosts the girl up and into the neighbour's place before searching around for something to stand on. There's a rusty wheelbarrow full of bird feed a few feet away. He tips it out and pushes the barrow over to the wall. He's on top of it, dragging himself up the concrete when a pair of hands grab hold of his legs and yank him down onto the grass.

It's a cop. A young constable with a flashlight baton. The cop brings the baton down. Ewan rolls out of the way and springs up. The cop swings again, but it's desperate and open, and Ewan catches him inside,

putting him over. To keep him down, Ewan pounces on the cop and punches him twice in the face.

Then back to the wheelbarrow.

Back up the wall.

‘Stop. Stop what you’re doing!’

Ewan looks back.

It’s another cop, gun drawn.

‘Get down on the ground. Now! Joey, are you okay?’

The other cop groans.

Ewan drops. He puts his hands up. ‘Look, this is—’

‘Shut up.’

‘If we can just—’

Something large and long sails down from the sky above, collecting the cop in the head with a loud metallic clang before landing at Ewan’s feet.

It’s an aluminium ladder.

Ewan is stunned but forces himself to move. He collects the ladder and climbs the wall, landing in the neighbour’s yard where Grace is waiting.

‘I found a ladder,’ she says.

‘Yeah, I . . . I know.’

They dart towards the street, along a paved pathway down the far side of the neighbour’s house and out onto the driveway. At the gate, they come across a man in a dressing-gown and slippers. He’s watching the flashing lights of the police cars on the street. Ewan and Grace come up behind him.

The man makes a noise. ‘Umm . . .’

‘Keep quiet or I’ll come back,’ Ewan says.

The neighbour stays quiet.

Ewan and Grace slip past, out into the shadows of the tree-lined streets.

•

Ewan checks into a motel for the night. The Victorian Police will be looking for him and someone in there will know his home address.

In the morning, he calls his answering service and it's bad news.

Alfie Chapman needs you to call him back.

Ewan calls.

'You've been busy,' Alfie says. 'Heard you had a bit of a run-in with some young fellas last night?'

'Just some cops.'

'That's not what I hear. What I hear is you also punched Leo Norton's nephew in the balls, then absconded with his son's date. It's all over town. Did you not recognise the kid?'

Fuck.

Leo Norton is a former bikie turned kingpin. A bloke with a hand in everything. A blood-soaked hand.

'It happened fast. I didn't recognise anyone.'

'Well, needless to say Leo's not happy,' Alfie says. 'His people are making the rounds. I'd make yourself scarce if I were you.'

'Can you fix it, Alfie?'

'I can try, but it's not going to happen overnight.'

•

Grace Holloway and her father live in a place overlooking the ocean down in Brighton. Her father answers the intercom himself, then meets Ewan at the door. The man looks like death warmed up.

'Come through. There's coffee on.'

The house is opulent but lived in. Lots of wall space and white surfaces. There's a collection of dishes piled up in the kitchen sink, and opened mail spread across the fancy marble bench.

'Thanks for last night,' the father says. He hands over an envelope of money. 'As agreed.'

Ewan doesn't bother counting it. They don't stiff you when their kids are involved. 'Do you know who your daughter is fooling around with?'

'She doesn't tell me anything.'

‘Leo Norton’s kid, Sam. You know who that is?’

He takes a moment. ‘That fucking prick. I should’ve known. I’ve been reporting on Leo for years. He’s my white whale.’ The father takes a mouthful of coffee. ‘This isn’t good.’

‘You don’t need to tell me. I’m leaving town for a while.’

‘Because of Norton?’

‘Because of all of it.’

‘Hold on a sec.’ The father walks over to the stairs and yells, ‘Grace!’ then he comes back around the bench to his coffee.

Grace pads down the stairs. ‘What?’

‘Go and pack your bags. You’re going away for a bit.’

‘No, I’m not.’

Her father rolls his neck. ‘The police called an hour ago. You can either go in and talk to them and stay the night in the lock-up, or you can go on holidays for a few weeks. Which one is it?’

‘What is this?’ Grace asks, more frustrated than confused.

‘Go and pack your bags.’

‘Who’s taking me?’

The father looks at Ewan.

‘Me? No,’ Ewan says. ‘That’s not my line of work.’

‘Name your price.’

‘No.’

‘You sure?’

Ewan sighs. ‘Twenty-five—no, fifty.’

‘Fuck me. Really?’

‘I don’t want to do it.’

‘Thirty, inclusive of what I just paid you.’

‘No, fifty. On top.’

Grace groans. ‘I’m not going away with this guy, Dad. What are you doing?’

‘Okay, fifty on top.’ The father offers his hand.

‘I’m going to need a car and expenses.’

‘She has a credit card. Will that work?’

'Dad!' Grace screams.

Ewan shakes on it.

'Go and pack.'

The girl storms off.

Ewan says, 'You sure about this?'

'I can't keep track of her. This is all . . . it's more complex than it looks. Grace is pretty self-sufficient. She won't need much tending to.'

'I'm not sure I'd trust some guy I just met with my kid.'

'I don't. You've been vetted.'

'By who?'

'We have something in common, I'm afraid.'

'What's that?'

'Your ex. Andrea. She gave me your number. She was the one who told me to call.'

Ewan doesn't know what to say. He knew Andrea lived down this way, but he hasn't seen her in years.

'I'll wire you the money when you're settled,' the father says, keen to move on.

'That'll work. How is she?'

'Andrea? She's fine.'

'She's not caught up in any of this, is she?'

'No.'

An awkward silence settles in the room.

Then the father says, 'I want you to take Grace to Queensland. I know a place.'

'What place?'

'The Gold Coast.'

PART ONE

PARADISE POISONED: COCAINE EPIDEMIC GRIPS THE COAST

BY ANGELA OWENS

THE GOLD COAST BULLETIN, 17 JANUARY 1986

POLICE DETECTIVE BRANCH Head Inspector Ronald Bingham yesterday described drug problems on the Coast as his top priority. He was speaking on his return from a trip to Brisbane where various drug enforcement police met at the Hilton Hotel to discuss the issue.

‘The Coast is currently flooded with cheap cocaine, and I’m advising anyone foolish enough to take this stuff to please exercise extreme caution. We’ve had a spike in overdoses. There’s a dozen kids in the ICU as we speak,’ said Inspector Bingham. ‘Unfortunately, it has nothing to do with organised crime on the Coast. To the best of our knowledge, this is a localised problem with an outlaw crew, and we’re looking forward to prosecuting the people responsible in the coming days.’

Inspector Bingham said extra police resources have been deployed, with the Gold Coast Investigations Branch actively pursuing leads.

CHAPTER 2

DETECTIVE LANA COHEN WATCHES the wind lash the pines through the car windscreen. She gets a cigarette going, steps out onto Nobby Beach in the pre-dawn twilight. Lana doesn't live far from here, but close as she is, she hasn't beaten Bruno Karras to the crime scene. He's standing on the lawn by the foreshore, where the green grass meets the cold sand. The two of them go way back. They used to be partners. This morning, the man looks for all the world like he has been here all night, just waiting for something like this to unfold.

Lana walks over. 'Morning.'

Bruno nods, lips pressed tight. 'Thanks for coming.'

'It's fine. Where's Pete?'

'I don't know. Holing up a bar somewhere, probably.' Bruno is now partnered with a man called Pete Reynolds. Pete is a wreck of a cop, but he's a mate of Bruno's these days. Lana's never understood it. The talk all over the station is that Pete is under review from Internal Investigations. 'You ready to take a look at this?' Bruno says, staring out at the beach.

'Is it really just a . . .'

'That's what they're saying. Deceased female. The science crew are en route. Those two down on the beach.' He points at two uniforms standing about thirty metres apart. 'They're doing their best to keep the surfers and joggers out of the way.' Bruno opens his notebook, making to head off.

'Hold your horses,' Lana says, taking a final drag of her smoke. 'Bit early for this shit,' she says, dropping the butt.

As they trundle through the sand, Bruno asks after Charlie. 'How's his head?'

‘He’s fine.’

Charlie is Lana’s new boyfriend. He’s a blackjack dealer at the casino. Last week, someone threw a glass ashtray at him, collecting him in the back of the skull. Charlie wasn’t fazed. *The punters act up.*

‘Has he still got you out jogging along the beach?’

‘He does, unfortunately. Have you ever run on sand? Fuck me.’

‘Well, the beach is closed today.’

‘Thank god for small mercies.’

•

The scene cordon is barely surviving the wind. The uniforms have marked out the main site in a wide square, but two of the poles have collapsed and now the yellow crime scene tape is billowing out of the sand.

Lana moves inside the cordon, towards a small, folded towel. ‘Footprints are fucked,’ she says.

‘I don’t think it matters.’ Bruno squats down beside the towel and lifts it up.

There it is: a severed human hand, palm up. The skin is antiseptic white, except for the wound at the wrist. It’s slender, with thin fingers.

‘Jesus. Never seen that before,’ says Lana.

‘Me neither.’

Lana gets down and takes a closer look. ‘I guess we just work with what we’ve got, right?’

Bruno snaps on a flashlight. ‘White woman. No ring. Not old, not young. Red nail polish.’

‘The missing nails indicate she put up a fight. I think we can rule out an accidental dismemberment.’

The two detectives stand up, their eyes fixed on the hand.

‘I hate it,’ says Lana. ‘This is going to suck.’

‘Yeah,’ Bruno replies. ‘It’s not going to be easy.’

•

They split up and talk to the uniformed coppers who were first on the scene, both of whom are on perimeter duty on the beach. Lana's bloke is a veteran officer called Big Karl. Everyone on the Coast knows him.

Big Karl takes one look at Lana as she approaches and says, 'Need a hand?'

'Yeah, yeah. How are you doing?'

'Bit fucking windy, isn't it?'

'You can say that again. Wanna lead me through it?'

Big Karl took the call from dispatch. Someone phoned in the hand anonymously, said they were down at the beach and saw something strange. 'We took a look and I thought they were having me on until I nearly stepped on the bloody thing.'

'Anyone else in the area?'

'Nah, no one. We've turned two surfers away, and one old bloke out for a walk. That's it.'

'Anything else out of place? Cars, bikes, people on the street?'

'Nope.'

'No disturbances leading up to tonight?'

'Nah,' says Big Karl. 'Bit quiet down this way. You live down here, don't you?'

'Yeah, but I didn't do it. You need anything out here?'

'Nah, I'm good.'

Bruno and Lana reconvene back up on the grass and toss ideas around as the rest of the team arrives. The science technicians and extra uniforms file through. Soon the place will be swarming with onlookers and media.

Lana takes it all in, silently cursing. 'I guess I better get the canvass fired up.'

'I've got a list,' Bruno says.

'What kind of list?'

'A list of houses to try first.'

'Where'd you get that?'

‘My uniform, down on the beach. He wrote down which houses had their lights on after they found the hand.’

‘Bloody hell. Who is this genius?’

‘Some new guy.’

‘I wasn’t like that when I was in uniform.’

‘Me neither,’ says Bruno.

CHAPTER 3

LANA AND BRUNO WORK with what they have. Prints are taken from the fingertips of the severed hand. A medical officer tells them it was removed quickly and violently. 'We'll know more once we're in the lab, but these contortions around the inner wrist look consistent with a saw or blade, rather than an axe or some such. See how the skin is slightly charred here?' The same guy tells them he has no idea if the limb was removed pre- or post-mortem. 'If it's pre, he cleaned it off. This is going to sound weird, but I think this thing has been frozen. It's bloody cold, even for a dead person.' Otherwise, the hand is undamaged. It hasn't been in the ocean. To the contrary, it appears to have been placed, or dropped, on the beach on purpose. It did not wash ashore.

By midday, the two detectives are grasping at straws. They're back at the station, calling local hospitals, asking after backyard amputations. Bruno ploughs through files on similar crimes, or crims who have a suitable MO, but it's slim pickings. Removing limbs is not common. Updates come in from the neighbourhood canvass, but it's the usual dreck.

A few sightings of mysterious men in the area.

A couple of aggressive teenagers.

Plenty of racist conspiracy and shit-talking from the neighbourhood weirdos.

One of the uniforms working the door-to-door tells Lana about an old biddy who reckons a satellite beamed the hand down from outer space. 'It's from Pluto, apparently.'

'Keep at it,' Lana says. 'Give it another couple of hours.'

In the afternoon, Bruno's partner, Pete Reynolds, puts in an appearance. Despite his issues, he's a senior officer with sway. Pete reallocates

fresh detectives from the next shift, bringing in a team to follow up missing persons reports. There are four white women unaccounted for this year. They start running that down.

At 6.15 pm, Lana and Bruno brief Ron Bingham. This is the Inspector, an old foe and as crooked as they come. Bingham remains eternally leery of Lana and Bruno, both of whom have caused him plenty of heartache over the years. Try as he might, Bingham has been unable to dislodge the two of them from their Gold Coast postings.

‘So, where are we on the hand?’ Bingham barks.

Lana takes the lead. ‘All the usuals are accounted for. We’re working it.’ She gives him a summary of the rest.

‘Has Pete turned anything up?’

Lana shakes her head.

Bingham scratches at the edge of his desk. ‘And the prints are in?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Are there any prints on the hand itself?’

‘A partial on one of the nails, but the techs aren’t hopeful.’

‘Well then, down tools on it. If the fingerprint bureau comes back with an ID, we’ll circle back, but until then I think this is cactus. Shelve it. Tomorrow, I want you to assist Siegler until further notice.’

Bruno looks at Lana, confused.

Lana comes forward in her chair. ‘Siegler’s shoplifting thing, sir?’

‘That’s right. We need extra people on it. It’s the priority.’

‘Sir, I—’

‘I’m not pulling you off the homicide, if this even is a homicide. I’m just saying, you’re with Siegler while we wait on the print work. The superintendent has been up my arse about our stats lately, and the local retailers association has been almost as bad. If you two help Siegler get those shoplifting arrests, you can spend however long you like pondering this whodunnit bullshit.’

‘Sir, I really think—’

Bingham waves his hand. No eye contact.

They’re dismissed.

•

The two detectives head straight to the pub for knock-off drinks.

Lana necks her beer. 'Fucking Siegler. *Shoplifting*. Christ almighty.'

Bruno agrees.

And the other Criminal Investigation Branch men at the front bar all agree; they've been roped into Siegler's case, as well.

Even Siegler isn't pleased. 'Can you all please get off my fucking back? This case is giving me a stomach ulcer. I've gotta catch these shoplifters or Bingham's gonna shitcan my transfer.'

Bruno brightens at this. 'So, if we catch these idiots, you're moving on?'

'That's the plan,' says Siegler.

This goes over well with the boys. There's a toast. 'Here's to never seeing Siegler again!' They all clink glasses.

'Thanks guys,' says Siegler. 'I appreciate it. Time for a change.'

Lana asks him where he's headed.

'Brisbane.'

'Robbery Branch?' says one of the men.

'Maybe. I was actually thinking I might take a run at Licensing.'

'Jesus, you're game.'

The Brisbane Licensing Branch is all the talk at the moment. Licensing head Barry Caller dropped dead of a heart attack in his kitchen a week ago. Caller and his crew were up to their necks in graft money, and now no one knows what'll leak out and what will hold. The energy radiating off the whole branch is pure evil.

'Maybe you're the guy to turn it around?' suggests Lana.

'Yeah, why not,' Siegler says. 'To be honest, I just want off the Coast. I swear to god, nothing good ever happens to me down here.'

'Hey, what about me?' asks Siegler's partner.

'You'll get over it.'

His partner nods. He's hammered. 'I guess so.'

One of the others stands up. 'Fuck, you're a morose cunt, Siegler. I was having a good night up until this. Now, are we in for another?'

They all give a half-hearted *aye*.

Lana takes a look at Bruno. He's looking at his watch, counting down the seconds until he can slip away.

CHAPTER 4

EWAN HAYES STEPS OUT of the elevator of the Saturn Hotel and into the atrium that separates the hotel from the gaming floor. The space is eight storeys high: a bowed arcade with a glass roof. The interior of the whole building is white, every finish—all the better to catch the lavender pastel lighting tucked into every corner and alcove. The whole thing has a dreamy, hazy feel to it. A cathedral giving off a down-rent glamour.

Ewan arrived two days ago, after a crawl up the eastern coast of Australia. His plan was to drive straight through from Melbourne to Queensland, but the girl, Grace Holloway, needed time.

The first day in the car, she barely said a word. The second, she was visibly irritated in a way that seemed a step beyond the strangeness of the situation. She was obviously coming down off something. In the car, she alternated between reading a worn fantasy novel and staring out the window. She chain-smoked and popped painkillers. As such, Ewan kept them in Coffs Harbour for almost a week, hoping she'd come good. She did—a little—but the girl remained quiet. One night in their shared motel room, he asked her outright. *What is it?* Her answer: *Nothing I can't handle.* So they muddled through. He let her laze around and sleep for fourteen hours a night, insisting only that she stay hydrated.

When they got on the move again, they took it slow, driving only a couple of hours a day. In Yamba, they stopped for fish and chips, and took the hot parcel down to the empty beach. The waves thrashed and boomed.

'This is getting cold,' Ewan said, nodding at the food between them. She took a single chip.

'How old are you?' he asked her.

'Nineteen.'

That tracked. She drank a bottle of white wine every night and had no trouble at the bottle-o.

‘Uni, yeah? What are you studying?’

‘Nothing now.’

‘What *were* you studying?’

‘Journalism.’

‘Like your dad.’

‘I guess. Can I ask you something?’

He nodded.

‘Are you angry at me?’

‘No.’

‘You seem angry.’

‘You don’t need to worry about me. You miss your friends?’

Grace shook her head, like the idea was off, but then asked him, ‘How long do you think we’ll be up here?’

‘It’s gonna be a few weeks.’

‘Where are we going to stay?’

‘There’s a new casino on the Coast. No one will give us any trouble there, especially anyone from down south.’

‘Why’s that?’

‘It’s Colleen Vinton’s turf. She’s sort of like your boyfriend’s dad, Leo, except, I dunno, scarier. She built the casino.’

‘Is it safe?’

‘I wouldn’t take you anywhere that isn’t safe. It’s brand new. It’s got a pool, places to eat. The beach is nearby.’

‘Sounds nice.’

‘It probably is. Can you eat something, please?’

Grace grabbed another chip.

•

That was yesterday. Today they checked into the Saturn. Two adjoining rooms with two king-sized beds and a connecting door.

Now he has the night off.

The first of many, I guess.

Ewan checks on the girl before stepping out—she's asleep.

It's a weird feeling. This babysitting gig will pay well, but he hasn't had a holiday in years. Ewan isn't entirely sure what he's going to do in the coming weeks, but walking the plush carpet of the gaming floor, he feels a strange dread announcing itself.

CHAPTER 5

THERE'S A LONG, PARTITIONED-OFF bar on the casino floor. As soon as Ewan steps past security, he regrets his suit jacket. It's too much. The locals are gambling in nightclub attire. No ties. Short sleeves. Lots of boat shoes and Lowes Menswear. It's late, almost eleven. Ewan orders a Coke and takes it to a low table with three upholstered armchairs. He sits there and people-watches. Smokes a couple of cigarettes, barely touching his drink.

Fuck this.

He moves on.

There's a VIP area upstairs and the guy on the door lets him through after checking his room number. The upper floor is quieter and more moneyed. Ewan puts his jacket back on. He finds a bar and flirts with some bird in a cocktail dress. She looks at his glass of Coke and says, 'On the hard stuff, I see.'

'I like to stay in control. What's your name?'

'Julie.'

'Ewan,' he says. 'You from around here, Julie?'

'Yep.'

'I'm new in town. What do people do for fun on the Coast?'

She blows a long breath. 'You name it. What are you into?'

'Nothing.'

She likes that, leans in conspiratorially. 'Same here.'

'You fancy a walk around?'

Before she can answer, the barman taps the bar by her drink. Julie gives him a nod. 'Time for my doctor's appointment,' she says. 'It was nice meeting you, Ewan. Enjoy the Coast.'

Ewan watches her move along the room to a table against the far wall where a bearded man—mid-fifties, close-cropped sandy hair—waits with another woman. He looks like an academic or a banker. Julie gives the man a quick curtsy then a peck on the cheek.

So much for that.

It's been years since Ewan had a girlfriend. His work takes him all over, often at a moment's notice, and the hours are long. It's a lot to put on someone else—too much for his ex-wife—and the truth is, his life is easier alone. It keeps things on track. Ewan fixes other people's problems: their dirtiest, vilest moments; the big messes. His job is to insert himself into whatever disaster is unfolding, like a clean steel scalpel. That's what the best clients buy, and it doesn't mix well with a regular life.

•

Later, in the same bar, Ewan finds himself standing next to the bearded man from before. The man snaps his fingers at the bartender. 'What champagne do you have?'

The bartender serves him without a hint of resentment. When it's Ewan's turn, the barman says, 'What can I help you with, sir?'

Ewan shakes his lighter, an unlit smoke draped from his mouth. 'Soda, with lime if you have it.'

'You need a hand with that light, sir?'

He does.

Ewan takes his smoke and his drink out through the gaming area, watching all the chancers piss their money away, then over to an outdoor area to get some fresh air. He finds himself on a balcony overlooking the canal. Across the canal stand the high-rises of Broadbeach, a wall of them on the edge of the ocean, creeping north to the Strip.

After a while, a woman steps onto the balcony through a door further along. She's in a short black dress with full sleeves. Even from ten metres away, Ewan can tell she's drunk, almost toppling in her heels. She curses and swings her head around, trying to sweep a wisp of

strawberry-blond hair out of her face. Ewan turns back to the canal. A few seconds pass, but he can feel her grabbing the handrail. The steel in his hands vibrates. She's taking off her shoes.

'Hey,' she says, close now. She has bright turquoise eyes. 'Got a light for me, friend?'

'My lighter's out. The bartender had to do this one for me.' He holds out his smoke.

Instead of lighting her own off the cherry, the woman plucks the cigarette from his hand and takes a drag.

'I was enjoying that,' Ewan says.

She closes an eye and studies him. 'You don't work here, do you?'

'Do I look like I work here?'

'You do, actually.' She touches her brow delicately. There's an excess of make-up.

Ewan has seen this before. 'Who gave you that shiner?'

The woman leans against the rail, swaying, both eyes closed now. 'It's rude to ask questions like that. What are you going to do about it? You can't even light your own cigarette.'

'I can do all sorts of things.'

She almost laughs. 'I'm sure you can.'

'You ever need a hand, I'm in room 501.'

'I guess that's easy to remember. You're not a fucking cop, are you?'

'No. What's your name?'

'Beth.'

Beth makes to leave. She still has his smoke.

'I'm Ewan,' he says. 'You know where to find me.'

Beth drags a lazy finger across his chest as she walks past. 'You never know your luck in the big casino.' She stops at the door, slips her shoes back on then disappears inside.