

CHAPTER 1 – ANGELO’S TROUBLES IN NEWARK.

19 12 2021 Friday. In his Newark home lounge. Angelo reflects on his troubles.

It is six days before Christmas. It’s a dull and rainy day in Newark. Another year has gone by. Xmas is here but no happiness in the air. Angelo is sitting at home dressed in his robe. He decided he won’t go to the office on this day. He was feeling bit bad and depressed. Sitting down and having a scotch in his lounge on the second floor while he stares at the outside. It was too dull to see the golf course or catch any glimpse of the water.

His wife Antonia walks in, still in her night gowns. She walks past him and stares out of the window with her back to him.

“No work today Angelo?”

“That’s right. I’m taking a rest.”

“I noticed you been having a few of them lately.”

“What do you expect?”

Antonia turns and looks at Angelo.

“Angelo, look, I know we’re somewhat distant especially after the passing of our son. But nobody will bring Peppino back. No miracles. You understand. So you need to pick yourself up and start being yourself again.”

“Sighs. Well, we see how it goes in the next few days.”

“I don’t want anything to happen to you. Tommy still needs you around as much as he needs me. He needs both of us. It may be an idea to re-visit Dr. Henricks. Go spend some time on his couch and I am sure you’ll feel better.”

“Yeeeah.”

“Yeah what? (Raising her voice slightly).”

“Yeah I go see Dr Henricks.”

“Also, a more frequent visit to the church will help. Go talk to Father McConachie. Not Italian. But equally trustworthy.”

“Hey stop busting my balls. I will be okay in my own time. And where are you going today? Hopefully not on your usual jog.”

"It stopped raining so I might just do that."

"Well go to church instead. The place where you will find solace. Anyway, you have been there often enough of late. Well, that's what you been telling me."

"And what's that supposed to mean?"

Antonia goes to the door, looks back at him and walks out and slams the door. Then sticks her head in again.

"And go to your doctor, check your blood pressure. Remember you need to stay in shape .. AMORE."

She walks out.

"Fucken woman!" He mutters under his breath.

*19 12 2021 Friday. Chapter 1 Section
Break*

*Calls Johnny "4 Fingers" Bristow. Bessima
is in trouble. No cash.*

Angelo is still in the lounge staring at the outside. He picks the phone and dials the office. The office is located in the largest of the restaurants all owned by Angelo and Tommy. The "Da Vinci Tavola Calda" consisted of a chain of five restaurants all in Newark. They are run by his son Tommy.

"Sharon hold all calls. It doesn't matter what. I am out of town today. Unreachable. Understand?"

"Okay boss. Oh, Johnny called. He said it was urgent."

"Johnny Who? Including the Chef, we have three of them."

"Johnny 'Four Fingers' Bristow."

"Okay I will call him. Bye. Also Get Sonnerfeld to call me."

Still in the lounge. Picks the phone and dials Johnny 'Four Fingers' Bristow on his mobile who promptly answers the phone.

"Angelo you got a little problem. Bessima called in a panic. Her credit is next to zero. All cards are zero. Including the tank in her BMW. I left her five hundred to pick up from the office."

"Thanks Johnny. You're a good man. I'll fix you when I see you next. I will call her now. Oh, Johnny just had an idea. Get me a portfolio of a few top models in London and Rome, bit loose and daring. Gullible. Bit outgoing."

Four Fingers Chuckles.

"No it's not what you're thinking, Johnny. Photos, addresses, phone numbers, education. As soon as possible. Got to run."

"What you want them for? I need to know."

"To use them intelligently in a business idea I have developed."

"Got it."

Angelo relaxes on his chair. Throws his head back, closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. Slaps his forehead three times. Whack, whack, whack as if in desperation. Lights up a cigarette. And downs another scotch.

*19 12 2021 Friday Chapter 1 Section
Break*

*Angelo calls his girlfriend Bessima. She
ran out of cash.*

Angelo dials Bessima at her place. Her line is out. Tries the mobile and she answers.

"Angelo I just ran out of money. I'm panicking. My tank is near empty. Phone is cut."

“Okay, Okay baby take it easy. Bess, listen to me. Calm down heh. I’ll fix it. I’ll fix it today. I will call Johnny to move some cash in your credit cards, okay.”

“Four Fingers already gave me 500. I will pick the cash from the office.”

“I am talking about John Sonnerfeld, the accountant. Okay. Listen carefully. Whatever you do, DO NOT CALL me at home. You understand? I told Antonia you’re our marketing person. She does not believe it. Also, keep away from fashion shops for while heh? I like you with what you wear. I’ll put 14 big ones on two credit cards. Seven a piece. That should be good for a couple of months.”

“Okay Angelo. Thank you. Thank you so much. You call me pronto.”

“I promise.” Angelo puts phone down.

*19 12 2021 Friday. Chapter 1 Section
Break*

*Makes a call and takes a break to allow
him to think.*

Gets up. Steps out of the room. Goes for a pee. Antonia calls him out from downstairs.

“Finally you got your ass off the chair? You coming down for some breakfast?”

“No I’ll fix it later.”

“Suit yourself. I am going for a walk and a jog. Keep away from the sausages.”

“Smart Ass.”

Angelo relieves himself of some wind. Goes to the basin. Washes himself. Looks at the mirror. Looks closely at this face. Big bags under the eyes. He feels he is losing hair faster than the speed of sound. Hunches over the basin. Then walks back to the lounge.
