

CHAPTER 2 – ANGELO'S BUSINESS PRESSURES AND MEDICAL ISSUES.

*19 12 2021 Friday. Angelo discusses
Business Funds with his accountant
Sonnerfeld.*

Phone rings. Angelo picks it up.

"Hi Angelo, this is John."

"John, I need you to do some quick work. Check the Slush Fund. Transfer 14 big ones to Bess' credit cards. Do it as soon as I put the phone down. Okay? What do we have in the fund at the moment?"

"Thirty five and going down. Our other expenses are what we expect. But the Paneladro family is trying to squeeze us a bit further."

"How you know this?"

"They told Four Fingers when he delivered their take from last week."

"What does Johnny 4 Fingers think of this?"

"He likes to break bones, but I told him to keep a calm head."

"Jesus, I wish I had not denounced guns. Otherwise they all will be six feet under with bullets in their heads."

"We have crow bars in the garage and baseball bats too."

"I want to keep away from violence unless we absolutely have to use it."

Angelo pauses, stares at the outside, and stays pensive for a while.

"You're there Angelo?"

"Yeah. What we have coming in?"

"This month we should take hundred fifty big ones. 20 less than last month. Keeps going down Angelo. Six months ago we were taking 200, month in, month out. That's a drop of 50 a month. Real bad."

"How you make the 150?"

"Thirty from Tavola Calda. Thirty from dope. Ten from Loan Sharking. Eighty from the girls. That's one fifty."

"Hmmm"

"What you think boss?"

"Don't know what to think at the moment? (Pauses). Expenses? What they like?"

“Paneladro upped them by 10 % claiming the Covid Pandemic. Girls doing a bit less. Means less money going in the slash fund. And sorry to say this to you boss, but expenses on Bess’ car and other luxuries have increased from 4,000 a month to about 8,000 per month. Now it’s a hit of fourteen. That will leave the fund with just under 50 big ones after we take out the 14 today.”

“Don’t be sorry John. I am the one to blame. Okay, we will do that fourteen today. Get Four Fingers to see if he can go and round up a few more girls. Make life a bit better for the girls in our restaurants, free meals, good wine and dangle a few extra bonuses. They work hard enough for us. I will talk to Tommy about that. And tell 4 Fingers not to cross any turf. Just develop what we have. Make it grow from within.”

Angelo pauses for a few seconds.

“I will get Bess to do some marketing. Maybe she can do some magic with her design and attract a better niche of clients for the girls. I will ask her to write to some professionals. All those stiff pushing paper. And ask Bess to cut some expenses.”

“Okay Angelo, I’ll talk to Johnny 4 Fingers about the broads. Okay I have to make a trip to Montana. My mother is in a bad shape. Maybe I will be away for a couple of days.”

“Sorry to hear that. Hope she improves.”

25 12 2021 Chapter 2 Section Break

*Wednesday. Tommy too busy to go and
see Angelo and Antonia.*

Tommy calls Angelo and Antonia to wish them a merry Christmas.

“Hi Tommy are you coming for a drink?”

“Sorry mum a bit too busy with the business. I have to skip it. I sent you a card though.”

Angelo barks out in a loud voice to Antonia.

"Ask him when he is going to find a serious girl and get married."

"Did you hear that? Your Dad is still loud and clear when he wants to be."

"Tell Dad I am working on it. I hear the same comment every time I see him in the office."

"You tell him that when you see him again at work. Put some sense in his head. Okay we love you."

"Same here mum."

*28 02 2022 Monday. Chapter 2 Section
Break*

*Angelo makes an appointment with his
doctor.*

Angelo has been thinking about visiting the doctor for the last fortnight. It's the end of February now. He is scared of doctors like many people of his vintage and demeanour. Picks the phone and dials. Telephone answers.

"Hi this is Angelo Da Vinci. I need to see Dr. Smith today. Without delay please."

"Just one second please. You came on our VIP list of patients."

Angelo keeps his phone on speaker, switches on the TV and watches the CNN News while he waits. Swaps channels mindlessly without thinking.

"Hi Mr. Da Vinci. Dr Smith says please make it March 1st exactly at 2 pm. That's tomorrow. Thru the back door. Your PassKnock. Knock, knock, knock. Knock knock. Knock. 3.2.1. That is the special knock for VIP's so he knows to switch rooms without other patients seeing him."

"Thank you. Will be there at 2 with a 3.2.1."

Angelo puts the phone down.

01 03 2022. Tuesday. Chapter 2 Section
Break

Angelo sees the doctor.

Angelo looks at the time. Just past 12. Lights up a cigarette. He feels all tensed up after talking to Sonnerfeld. Switches on the TV. Stares at it. Switches it off again. Goes in the bathroom for a shower. He needs to hurry to make the doctor's appointment on time. Finishes, puts on his usual blue suit. Goes downstairs. Opens the fridge and grabs himself a glass of milk. Antonia glanced at him. In an unusual gentle tone she asks.

"You're going out? Late for church? Just Joking!"

"No, the doctor. Blood Pressure check."

"Take it easy and see you when you get back."

"Why can't you always be nice like this?"

"I try but it's difficult. Off you go."

Gets in his SUV. Drives 5 miles. Stops by the Clinic. Time is 10 to 2. Stays in the car and he is feeling even more stressed. He gets out of the car. Promptly at 2, he knocks on the door using the 3. 2. 1. PassKnock.

The door leading to a separate surgery room opens. The doctor greets him and points him to the chair.

"Hey Angelo, nice to see you back. Welcome to the VIP room. Not looking too bad."

"I certainly don't feel that way. I feel like shit if you really want to know."

"Yeah? Why's that?"

"I'm getting older, fatter, slower with a tired ticker. The wife keeps at me. The business is taking in less money and expenses are going up."

Angelo pauses and the doctor looks at him.

“Certain expenses keep climbing up faster and faster.”

Angelo pauses again. The doctor listens with a fixed look on him.

“Of course this all happened after the loss of Peppino. He was a lovely kid. I thought he would make it to University and become somebody, someday. Would have liked to see him becoming a Doctor. That would have made me really proud. Wasn’t meant to be.”

“Angelo, look, I understand why. But you’re getting yourself in a depressed state. In a rut if you like. Tablets are for immediate therapy. Diet, exercise and relaxation can help. A visit to the shrink will be beneficial. I know how you feel about Peppino but there is nothing you can do. You need to build again. Go out more, enjoy life, have fun. Do some yoga.”

“Well I am trying to have fun but my kind of fun is giving me a few more headaches.”

“Ha, I think I know what you mean” says the doc with a cheeky smile.

“Okay let’s have your arm. Roll up your sleeve.”

The doctor wraps the blood pressure cuff around his arm, gently squeezes the inflation bulb and starts monitoring the Mercury. He talks to Angelo to keep him calm. Angelo was listening ... but only to his heartbeat going tik tok, tik tok like a clock. Not exactly like an Omega judging from the sound echoing in his head.

“Angelo, you know what. I always admire a man whose arm is clean of tattoos. You don’t need have a Michelangelo painting on your body to prove yourself. And you’re certainly not the Sistine Chapel.”

The doc speaking with his usual cheeky smile slowly releases the pump on his arm. He takes the cuff off Angelo’s arm and carefully places it on his desk.

“Okay, your blood pressure is certainly higher than it was last time. Let’s see. I will increase the tablets to 80 milligrams. Watch your diet. And watch your sugar. Apart from that, you should be OK. I still haven’t seen the result of your blood test. That’s because you skipped, again. Your diabetes was high if I remember correctly.”

“Oh doc, am I all OK for ... er ... you know ... er ... my other duties?”

“Oh sure, I thought Antonia would be understanding of your business pressures, medical condition. Is she pushing you too hard?”

“Oh, it’s not Antonia Doc.”

"Who is it then?"

"It's somebody else, Doc. (Pausing). You understand From time to time."

"Sure."

"Her expectations are Let's say a bit different from Antonia's. She's only 28."

"And you are having some issues with that? Is that what you're telling me?"

Angelo smiles with relief that the doctor understands his situation and looks down.

"Look, you must feel tensed up. You need to relax wherever you are. Whatever you do, or about to do. Look at me Angelo."

Angelo looks up at the doctor's face again.

"I am not here to give you any moral advice. Not at all. You understand? It's none of my business. But whatever you do and whoever you do it with, just feel relaxed and let your body take over. You are a supremo. You are an innovator. Sorry, I can't give you any moral guidance, though."

"But Doc. I understand that. Is there anything to help me bridge the gap Huh, 'bridge the gap', you know I kind of like those words."

"You're after Viagra."

"Eh Well."

"I take that as a 'Yes'. Okay I write you a script. Don't overdo it! I don't want to be called and find you as a stiff!"

The doc chuckles again.

"I'll be careful. Don't worry. Thanks so much Doctor. I'll send the check in the mail."

Goes to the door. Turns back, smiles at the doctor and gives him thumbs up.

"That should help me with Antonia too. I always like to ... morally justify things like this."

He mutters under his breath. “Supremo and Innovator”. (Pauses) “
Huh. What do you know. I like that”.
