

CHAPTER 3 – ANGELO RESORTS TO DEVIOUS SCHEMES.

*05 03 2022 Saturday. Sharon says
Tommy is being squeezed by Paneladro.
Angelo goes mad.*

Angelo drives to his office. Walks straight past his secretary with a big smile on his face. She had not seen such a beam for a long time.

"Good morning Angelo."

"Good morning Sharon."

"Can you get me Tommy."

"Tommy is on the phone to Valentino Paneladro. Seems to be having a heated argument. Been going on for a while."

"Yeah? How long?"

"30 minutes."

"Valentino eh? Young stud Vale. God's gift to women. Son of a bitch. You know what Paneladro means?"

"No idea."

"Thief of bread. He takes your lunch off the table. He eats your dinner. He steals your earnings. He steals your livelihood. I wonder how he got that fucken name. Son of a bitch. I'll fix the fuckers one day. All the three of them. You wait."

"Okay get me 4 Fingers."

Angelo walks in his office. Slams the door so hard a picture falls off the wall.

*05 03 2022 Saturday. Chapter 3 Section
Break*

*4 Fingers presents Angelo with pictures of
the Models.*

Knock Knock.

“Come in.”

Johnny walks in. Angelo greets Johnny with a big grin and a healthy handshake.

“JAAAHNNNY. Come in my boy. He shakes hands. How you doing?”

“Good Boss, Good.”

“I am glad we shake with the right.” (Pauses)

“How you lose your little finger? Be honest. You’re not a mobster.”

“You’re right. Not a mobster. Long time ago.”

“One day, I may still have to turn you into one. I guarantee I will not ask for the one on your right. I trust you. Ha, ha, ha.”

“Oh thanks Angelo. Glad to hear that. I haven’t seen you in a good mood like this for a while.”

“Well, I went to the doctor. And he told me that I am a “Supremo and Innovator”. You like that? What you think Johnny?”

“I think your doctor is right.”

Johnny looks closely at Angelo who slowly wipes his smile off his face. Now, he is acting more like the real Angelo he thought.

“Come on tell me the truth.”

“I lost that while I was sunbathing on a beach in Sydney Australia.”

“Really? You’re having me on. What happened?”

“I was looking at this nice piece in her tiny bikini. Teeny Weeny. There were hundreds of girls literally, parading up and down. She caught my eye. I was observing the way she walked, her movements, the way she turned her head from one side to the other. Not surprisingly, many young studs were looking at her too.” (Pauses)

“And? What happened Johnny? She came over and chopped it off? Was it the Yakuza?”

“She started chatting to a group of four. I was trying to get a better glimpse of her this piece of art. Her face was now partly hidden. So I tried to straighten myself on this fucken deckchair to make myself comfortable. Know what I mean. I tried to adjust it up by two notches and the fucker collapsed with my weight on it. My finger snapped ending up in the sand. Blood pouring out.”

(Pauses).

“The surf boys came to my rescue. Next thing I was in an ambulance on the way to hospital. But they could not sew it back. Yeah, I

remember, she came to have a look at me bleeding and shouting in pain. Quite a crowd. Huh. That was my luck.”

“Sorry to hear that Johnny, but which beach was that? I been once in Sydney myself.”

“Bondi, where else.”

“Really, sorry to hear that buddy. Nice beach though. Good memories for me.”

“It’s all right. I thought losing my finger was part of my CV to get me in with a tough mob where I can earn some real money. That’s why I’m here boss.”

“Okay, I take it the rest of the CV is in that envelope on your lap.”

“No boss. That’s the job you asked me to do for you. I got a plan. Part of it anyway.”

“Okay, Johnny let’s have it. That’s what I wanted to see you about.”

4 Fingers hands him the envelope. Angelo takes it, opens the envelope and slides out the photos inside. Looks at them carefully. Lays them on his desk. All six of them. Looks at them left to right. And then right to left. And again and again.

“Few good pieces Johnny. Veery nice. They all look reeeeeeal good.”

“Gonna be a hard choice, boss.”

“Any CV’s.”

“In the envelope.”

Angelo looks inside again and slides out two pieces of paper. Reads the short CV’s carefully reading the names and glancing at the photos. Selects one photo and puts it aside. Flips the picture so Johnny could see it. Angelo reads the name slowly. It was written in pencil on the back of the photo.

“Jaqueline ... eh ... ‘the Boys’.”

“Sorry Boss. You have to improve on your French. Pronounced ‘du buwa’ ‘du buuuuwa’.”

“OK ‘du-buuuuuwa’.”

“You see boss. Been on Google. Bois means wood in French. Wood, like the one with trees. In Italian, it’s giardina.”

“So what the fuck?”

“A wood can be a very wild place, unforgiving and enchanting. Like Jaquie. Short for Jaqueline. I can see her now, running through the woods in the nuddies. Like a bird flapping its wings. And me chasing after her but getting out of breath fast.”

“Johnny, Johnny you’re not on a fucken deckchair now. And don’t get personal shorting her name. Her name is Jaqueline and it stays Jaqueline. And your Google is wrong. In Italian it’s giardino not giardina.”

“Sorry boss. I was being carried away. And I have to say no emergency helicopters or ambulances around here either.”

“Okay whatever. You know why I picked her.”

“She’s pretty.”

“They all are.”

“So why?”

“She has a Masters in Psychology. Meaning she not only looks smart but she probably is too. My father used to say ‘University is for those who can’t get a job’ Look at you and me.”

Angelo stops and reflects for a few seconds.

“My father was wrong at times. We’re both in the gutter Johnny. You and me and the rest of us. You better believe it.”

Angelo pauses to reflect further.

“We need somebody smart, cluey and with a fast mind. Okay we will settle for this one.”

“What’s her background?”

“French parents. Catholic. Private School. 2 sisters. 1 brother. Pop died in car accident. She was only 10. Spent 2 years in a convent getting educated. She didn’t like the discipline. Quit the convent school. Continued studying in a local college. Excelled at her studies. Competed in endurance games. Did very well. Apparently she has nerves of steel. Decided to use her looks and got into modelling.”

“Pretty impressive memory Johnny. You are impressing me more and more. You are good Johnny, I mean it. You said “nerves of steel. I like that Johnny – Nerves of Steel. With what I’m thinking, she might very well need all those nerves.”

“What you thinking then boss?”

“Never mind what I’m thinking. Continue with her story.”

“Just about it I suppose. She likes to spend money on clothes, bit more than she could afford. Into modelling she developed a taste for fast cars. One important thing. Always out of cash. But no drugs.”

Johnny pauses.

“Johnny, a bad quality and a good quality. In a perfect bind.”
He claps his hands together putting them in a perfect unison.

“Bingo! We got our girl. How you get all this?”

“Contacts Angelo, Contacts. Ones I built in Europe in my younger wilder days.”

“But How?”

“But How What?”

“How you get her name, dummy.”

“Friend of a friend. Put me in touch with this Italian model agency called ... hold on. I can’t remember the name. Bloody difficult. It’s one word. Actually I got the card.”

Johnny reaches for the business card in the shirt pocket. He takes the card out and stares at it.

“Gimme the card. CorpoSupremo. Agency headquartered in Rome. Offices in Milan and Modena. It means Supreme Body. Maybe my doctor could already see this clearly. Remember, he called me Supremo. Of course in Italian, you say it slower and with more passion ‘Su-pre-mo’. Corpo is body.”

“Ha, Ha I know what you mean boss.”

“No you don’t know what I mean. Get your mind off the pussy will you, otherwise I can’t trust you.”

“Don’t worry Angelo. I am like you. I only trust one pussy, the one I have at home. Meao. Meao. Her name’s Buffy.”

Johnny pauses and raises his eyebrows.

“But I got to give it to you. Jaqueline is far more agile. Hate to have her claws into me. Remember, myself I got one claw less.”

“I am waiting. A complete answer, your contact Johnny.”

“Anyway. Giacomo is my contact. He’s a bit shady. I slipped him 1500 euros. Just a taste. You know what I mean – Keep our relationship steady. We will need him again. I thought he was worth it.”

Johnny looks at Angelo and pauses.

“Oh, and 500 to the receptionist who did the legwork. She is Giacomo’s girlfriend. Her name is Lisa.”

“Like Mona Lisa.”

“No boss. She looks a bit mean and could lean on you heavily like the Tower of Pisa.”

“Okay, put your mind back to business. This is what I want you to do.”

“But boss I greased their hands. You think that was enough.”

“I gave you an advance didn’t I. Also expenses. Oh that reminds me.”

Angelo reaches in his shirt top pocket and pulls out the 500.

“Grazie. Bessima did tell me.”

4 Fingers reaches out for the cash without taking it. Their hands meet half way over the desk. He keeps looking at Angelo. Angelo looks back. Raises his eyebrows. Angelo, opens the top drawer, pulls out another wad of cash and passes it to 4 Fingers who reaches out for it, grabs it with a smile and slips all the cash in his shirt’s pocket.

“Always make sure my people are happy.”

“Thank you boss. Feeling better already.”

Phone rings. It is a call from John Sonnerfeld. Angelo answers the phone.

“Hi Angelo. It’s Sonnerfeld. Bess Credit Cards. Can we make it four more - 18 in all.”

“Fuck it, that bitch got me by the balls. Do it. What the hell. Thanks John.”

He puts the phone down.

“Okay Johnny I have to go soon. You’re smart and creative.”

“Thank you boss.”

“I will make it short. Find somebody of substance in London who owns a business. Cleaning, waste management, car dealership, whatever. Playboy. A weak old fart with a bad heart and an eye for pussy. Vulnerable. We want to get our model in bed and get him to sign some papers, in bed, restaurant even in a church. It doesn’t matter where. I want his signature. Company worth \$20 million up. Use young “du Bois” to lean on him.”

“When do I start.”

“Now. Move.”

“On my way boss.”

“Johnny. I need Research, Plans, Details. On my desk. 2 weeks. Okay get moving. John Sonnerfeld will put 20 big ones in your account tomorrow. Got to go.”

4 Fingers gives him Thumbs Up. Walks to the door. Turns back to Angelo and says to him ...

“Backwards and forwards to Europe Guv. Start to feel a bit like an executive. Delta or Lear Jet this time?”

“Piss off!”

Angelo sees more dark clouds ahead. But he remembers what the doctor told him ‘Supremo and Innovator’.

He leaves for the day and walks past Sharon. Two people were in reception waiting to see his accountant Sonnerfeld.

“Okay Sharon off for the day.”

He acknowledges the visitors on his way out.

“Goodbye Mr. Da Vinci.”

He stops and walks back to Sharon.

“You know what the Da Vinci name means in Italian?”

“No idea.”

“It means “Family of Winners”.

“Oh, you are one of them for sure, Angelo.”

And he walks out with a smile. The visitors look at each other and smirk.

*11 03 2022 Friday. Chapter 3 Section
Break*

*4 Fingers calls Giacomo. Confirms
Jaqueline du Bois (JdB). Books a flight to
Rome for 15 03 22.*

4 Fingers makes long distance call to Giacomo.

“Pronto. Giacomo.”

“Giacomo, it’s Johnny Bristow. Lisa passed me the photos last week. I passed them to the boss. He likes them.”

“Did he pick one?”

“Yeah, Jaqueline du Bois.”

“She’s really good. Like a prima donna. She has brains.”

“Modelling is her job. She gets involved in marketing, advertising, escorting. That kind of thing. Has contacts with people high up in business. But likes posing in expensive Alpha Romeos and Ferraris. Knows lots of bosses.”

“Bono. Bono. Bono.”

“Johnny, I think you mean Bene. Bene. Bene.”

“Whatever. Giacomo, I like to see you again. It will be good business this time. We will meet in that coffee shop at the airport. ‘Cafe Giu-sti-zia.’ I will call you with the date and time.”

“Bene! Arrivederci.”

“Oh Giacomo. Heads up. I am trying to get to a top car dealer. With money. Getting a bit tired on his legs. Ready for the taking. Got it. Must be based in London.”

“Capisce. I do some thinking now.”

4 Fingers puts the phone down. Walks in the nearest Travel Agency.

“Good morning. Want a one way ticket to Rome, early next week.”

“Good morning. This way sir. First available flight is Tuesday 15th March, 7.30 pm from JFK. Arrives in Rome 10.15 next morning. Ponte Airlines. Business Class. \$750.”

“I’ll take it. Thank you.”

Pays and leaves.

4 Fingers calls Giacomo. Phone Engaged. Leaves a message. It reads.

“Giacomo. This is Johnny Bristow. I arrive in Fiumicino at 10.15 Wednesday 16th in the morning. I will meet you at the Cafe Giu-sti-zia at 12.15. Call immediately if you can’t make it. Ciao.”
