

## CHAPTER 8 – FRANK CONNED INTO ACQUIRING A BUGATTI.

*04 04 2022 Monday. 4 Fingers tells  
Giacomo plan is OK'd. Costanzo conned  
into purchasing a Bugatti.*

On Monday 4<sup>th</sup>, Johnny “4 Fingers” Bristow calls Giacomo in Rome.

“Giacomo, Angelo gave us thumbs up to move. Got the cash. Cafe Giustizia Wednesday?”

“No no no. Listen. I will SMS you Pilot Francesco’s number. Call him pronto. Meet him today. Give him the cash. Then Customs, no problem. You land in Rome. He takes you to the VIP lounge. I will be there.”

“Sounds good.”

“Have a shit shave and a shower. Jaqueline du Bois will be there. She will ask about the missing finger. Give her the deckchair story. Few words only. No Valentino comments.”

“Wow you’re fired up.”

“We got to move fast. I start the first move. Then you take over.”

“So what’s your move?”

“I’m getting Frank his Bugatti. He will pay. Ciao.”

“What the fuck is Giacomo doing with a Bugatti?”

Giacomo calls a Bugatti Agent in France. Calls the big boss Hans Gunther Schneider.

“Gunther, we can shift that bright yellow rose of yours impounded and parked in Modena. The guy who could not pay. You said it had 250 on the clock. Like Brand new. 2 Million euros and a Maserati half mill. And you keep the buyer’s deposit he already gave you. It’s for Frank Costanzo.”

“Frank heh. Ummm. Okay. You arrange it. The car he ordered is not due for another 2 years.”

Giacomo calls Frank Costanzo’s secretary in the London Dealership.

“Mrs. Baxter. It’s Giacomo from Bugatti. We need to talk to Frank urgently.”

“Something happened? His car not even started. 20 months he says. He is angry.”

“Mrs. Baxter. Problem fixed. Where can we find Frank?”

“His special Modena telephone stays only with me. You will always find him at the Cafe Discorso near the famous monastery.”

“Okay I will see him with good news. I want it a surprise. Thank you Mrs. Baxter.”

“Bye bye.”

Next morning Giacomo pulls up by Cafe Discorso. He waits. Frank shows up at the restaurant exactly at 10.30. He sits down. The waiter approaches and asks:

“Bongiorno. The usual?” asks the waiter.

Frank nods while eyeing a couple of brunettes having coffee chatting outside. Giacomo approaches Frank and pulls out a fake business card from his pocket with his name printed on it. He approaches Frank. Frank looks up. Giacomo hands him his card. Frank looks at the card. He looks Giacomo up and down a couple of times. Motions to Giacomo to take a seat.

“Mr. Costanzo, I am representing Hans Gunther Schneider.”

“Oh yes yes how is he? My car ready?”

“No sir. That is the problem. The factory has huge backlog. Your Bugatti agent still have not got your car. Many craftsmen and artisans have been sick. Coronavirus. Your car manufacture will now start in June. It is a fixed date.”

“Then 2 years later I get the car huh. I will be dead by then.”

“I am very sorry. But you still look very well! Please do not worry.”

“So why come here to tell me. He has my office number.”

“In case you want to consider an alternative, perhaps.”

“Surely they must have some second hand Bugatti laying around. Somebody died? Got sick or changed their mind.”

“As a matter of fact we have one. Brand new Bugatti. Well, Second Hand. But, only 250 kilometers on the clock. Yellow. Best Color for young ladies. Beautiful. Mamma Mia. Che Bel...lez...za! Parked in a garage in Modena. Waiting for this international gigolo Pascale Bonhomme to arrive from the French Alps.”

“Eh .... this Pascale character? What happened?”

“Skiing accident near Mont Blanc. Head crashed on a rock. Died. On the spot. It is a shame. Of course our company is waiting for full payment. Big money.”

“Scusami. I forgot. His Bugatti “Chiron” same as yours but with some special modifications.”

“A state-of-the-art eco-friendly micro fridge. Modernissimo.”

“He had to fly in a special mechanical engineer, a computer expert in Robotics from Silicon Valley. A final certificate had to be made by a medical professor in orthopedics stating its 100% safety. All this was done at the ... one moment please. It is a German name. ‘Stuttgart Mechanischen Werkstätte’. Quite a mouthful.”

“It is indeed a mouthful. What has orthopedics got to do with a fridge, eco-friendly or not, in Stuttgart Mech .. whatever?”

“Ah. So sorry. That is the second modification. Cost big money!”

“The passenger seat can massage the body making the passenger feel very very relaxed. The professor had to give certificate in writing so no harm comes to body.”

“Pascale went and tested out the modifications. He was very interested in the passenger seat. Well, he took his girlfriend with him ... to test it out.

“He was very happy with the result. That was very evident by the look on his girlfriend’s face. He paid this special engineering shop 185,000 Euros. Cash. On the spot. Ha ha. Deutsche Marks long gone.”

“British Pounds still there, huh.”

“Very true Frank. Anyway Pascale picked up the receipts, papers and the certificate from the professor and went straight on holidays still driving his 10 year old Ferrari. He was still waiting for his big loan for the final payment on the Bugatti. Unfortunately, the accident happened and all his paperwork got lost. Terrible. Luckily his girlfriend was at the hotel, entertaining. Let’s say, helping with Pascale’s business.”

Frank looks at Giacomo curiously.

“Do you ever write stories Giacomo?”

“No no. God’s Truth.”

“‘Fools rush in where angels fear to tread’ ... Alexander Pope.”

“Never heard of such Pope in the Vatican.”

“English poet. Don’t worry.”

“You say the fridge is eco-friendly?”

“Si si.”

“How about the car itself?”

“Oh...No no no. The Bugatti needs a gas station. Nozzle in the fuel tank all the time. Vrooooooom.

“Ha ha ha. Just a joke.”

“How much they want?”

“2 million euros. And your Maserati. They already hold one million deposit that Pascale gave them. You can have the car Saturday. We bring the Bugatti. We take the Maserati. We park the Bugatti in the same place. The ladies will be surprised. All paperwork will be ready in the car. Just your signature.”

“Special delivery instructions?”

“The money must be with the Bugatti Agency by Friday. Afternoon. Bene? Then I will see you same day. I will teach you all the Bugatti tricks.”

“I have to call the office.”

“If your office accepts it, it will save me a trip to Milano with exactly the same proposition.”

“Now, I will go to the bar. Would you like a Macchiato, Espresso?”

“I am fine. Thank you.”

Frank calls the bank manager holding his special ‘Slush Account’. He tells him the requirements. He gets the nod from the bank and waves to Giacomo. Giacomo promptly comes to the table.

“Giacomo, all is okay. Money no problem. Bugatti here on Saturday. And goodbye to my Maserati.”

Frank stands up. Shakes hand.

“Now, can I have my breakfast?”

“Oh I’m so so sorry. Be sure, Your Bugatti will bring more happiness than the Maserati. Before ... and after breakfast.”

Both smile and shake hands. Giacomo thinks this guy has a good sense of humour. Good to do business with.

Frank mutters to himself

“Bit too smooth this Giacomo. Too slick. Maybe I could use him.”

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*06 04 2022 Wednesday. Chapter 8  
Section Break*

*Giacomo, Jaqueline and 4 Fingers meet in  
the VIP lounge in Rome Airport.*

Giacomo walks in the VIP lounge on Wednesday 6<sup>th</sup> April about 10 am. Makes a few calls. Jaqueline du Bois joins him with a coffee in her hand. Sits down.

“You’re up to it, Jaqueline.”

“Try me.”

“Johnny 4 Fingers Bristow will join us. Cockney. Works for Angelo Da Vinci in Newark. Not Mafia, but shady. You will work with Johnny. You will get \$3500 a week. Paid in advance.”

“Why call him 4 Fingers?”

“He has 9 left. You can ask him why. You have an Alfa Giulia. Sports. On loan. 3 months. We pay rental expenses. You pay for gas.”

“Why 3 months?”

“That is when project finishes. Then back to your full time modelling.”

“So what is the project?”

“Frank Costanzo. London Businessman. Over 70. Big car dealership. Drives Maserati. Has a Bugatti on order. Takes 18 months to deliver. But a new one will be delivered soon. Always at Cafe Discorso 10.30 in the morning. Make friends with him. After a few weeks you get him to sign a paper. Project done.”

“Do I have to fuck him?”

“Charm. Just charm. .... If not successful, then up to you. If you do (big pause) be easy on him. He has medical issues. Blood Pressure.”

“Bellissimo For just \$3500 a week.”

“Be patient. I will get you \$100,000 when successful plus fast car.”

“Bugatti?”

“Maybe more.”

Johnny 4 Fingers creeps in behind them, unnoticed.

“So, you mentioned paper, what’s this paper?”

“Can’t say. Confidential. But nobody gets hurt. Nobody gets killed.”

Both of them turn around. Johnny extends his hand to Jaqueline and shake hands. She looks at the other hand.

“Hello Jaqueline. Giacomo is a very good organizer.”

“Johnny will take over from me, comes Saturday.”

They all nod.

“I briefed Jaqueline. That’s her full name. Always full name, Johnny.”

Jaqueline looks at Johnny’ hand. Raises her eyebrows and looks him in the face.

“Fair enough. True story. Holiday in Sydney Bondi Beach. Many years ago. I was sunbathing on a deckchair. The chair snapped. Likewise my finger. Believe me. Not Mafia.”

“Saturday, Frank loses his Maserati. He gets his Bugatti. He shows up for breakfast every day. He has a reserved parking spot.”

Johnny passes Jaqueline a picture of Frank. She looks at it carefully.

“Rather handsome for his age.”

“Monday, you show up in your Alfa. You pull alongside the Bugatti.”

“Johnny you take over. Got to see somebody.”

Giacomo walks to a brunette and chats. Jaqueline steals a look at the other lady. Never seen her before.

“Angelo did read your bio. He chose you to handle this job. He believes in your capabilities.”

“And why is that...?”

“Looks, brains and determination. He says you have nerves of steel. And you can speak languages. Japanese?”

“Okay.”

Johnny unknowingly, in his excitement looking at this beauty speaks in his native dialect Cockney.

“So you pull next to the Bugatti and marvel at it. Cor blimey waq a nice moqor. That kind of fing.”

“Stop stop I don’t understand your English.”

“Sorry. Forgot. My native Cockney. Now I speak like James Bond. So you pull up by his car. You wait until he is looking at you. Open your door. You bang your door on his passenger door to make a bang and a little dent.”

Giacomo comes back and joins in the conversation.

“So you pretend to panic ... You say loudly No no no. Do some acting.”

“Frank rushes out to his car shouting. You say your insurance will pay. You go to your car. Open the glove box. Grab Santino’s business card.”

“What card is this?”

Giacomo hands her 3 cards. All the same. All for Santino Smash Repairs. Bugatti specialist.

“Santino expects your call. I will be watching. I pretend I know nothing. I will get him a two year old Bugatti for a few days on loan. Then his life and his fortune will be in your hands.”

“Oh Frank’s bio. It turned out his favourite movie is Thomas Crown Affair. You know Steve McQueen, God bless his soul and eh ... what’s her name ...”

“Faye Dunaway. I know what you mean.”

“That’s right he likes her style, the hat, the way she wears it, and what’s under the hat. If you ask me, I say he likes the whole thing.”

“Hold on. Hold on. Who the fuck is this Angelo?”

“He is a man of means. General Business you know what I mean. 5 restaurants in Newark with his son Tommy. All called Tavola Calda, all above board. Lives in Newark and has a house in Lake Como. He entertains.”

“Really. Beautiful. I know Lake Como. Whereabouts. Been there?”

“Yes once. Very nice. Needs a bit of affection though. I noticed he has the name outside. It is *Casa Da Vinci*.”

“Must be nice. On the water?”

“No it’s near a soccer field one block up. We stayed there one night when he asked me to work for him. It was going to be my base. Heh. Nothing happened. I thought I will be a king there.”

“Okay, let’s split. These car keys to your Alfa Jaqueline. Money already in the glove box. A summary of Frank’s Bio is there too. We got a job to do. Good luck.”

Jaqueline and Johnny exchange cards. And part.

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*06 04 2022 Wednesday. Chapter 8  
Section Break*

*Antonia’s formal Confession. Bad News.  
Sacramento. She meets Veronica.*

Antonia walks in for a formal confession, this time in the Church itself. She waits and waits. The young lady is there. No show. She walks out of the church. She approaches the church friar who was busy switching lights on and off, and lighting up candles. He saw her coming towards him and waited.

“May I help you?”

“Has Father Giuseppe changed the confession times? I came in but I did not see him.”

“No my dear. We have some sad news. Father Giuseppe got moved to Sacramento in California. There is a big need for homeless people in Sacramento. He can fulfil his duties in a more satisfying manner. One that is closer to the Lord’s wishes. He won’t be coming back with this



parish. He is much more needed there. But you are still very welcome here. He needs to concentrate 100% on his work. Is there anything else?"

"No, no thank you ... thank you for your help."

Antonia walks straight out of the Church without even looking at the altar. Not even a quick bow. Tears were streaming down her cheeks even on her dress.

The young lady was waiting outside her church. She approaches Antonia. Introduces herself as Veronica.

"My name is Veronica."

"I am Antonia."

"Antonia you seem distressed. So am I."

"Would you like to join me for a coffee?"

"Yes please."

They go to the nearby coffee shop, sit down and order 2 coffees. Veronica looks at Antonia and says.

"One thing Father Giuseppe taught me was to always tell the truth ... where possible ... with a little smile."

Antonia nods.

"Probably we were both attracted to the same man. Giuseppe could not handle it. He was torn between two women. He himself had to confess to Padre Silvio from another parish. He told me this. He decided to do the right thing and ask to be re-posted to Sacramento."

"He asked me to wait for you and call you and tell you. He did not have the courage to break the news to you Antonia. He said you were like very young loving mother with words of consolation for him."

"Myself, I was like an innocent girl finding my way out of the flock, yet stay within the flock. With Giuseppe as my shepherd. If any consolation for you Antonia, both of us are in his heart. But he could not serve 3 masters at the same time. That's the Lord, yourself and myself. He decided the path to salvation is to stick to his vows."

"Veronica. How is the coffee?"

“Good coffee. His last words. Tell Antonia that after the storm she will see the land on a clear day. Build again! They were his last words.”

Both burst in tears, stood up, hugged and walked away. Both seemed lost without a shepherd.

Antonia arrived home, depressed and saddened by the whole affair. She almost felt suicidal. She packed her clothes in one suitcase. She called a cab which took her straight to John F Kennedy Airport. She took the first flight out to Sacramento.

She had left a note for Angelo. I am out looking for my shepherd. Don't worry. I will be in California. I will call you if and when I find him. I took \$10,000 from your box under the bed. I will dip in my account going forward.

The next evening she arrived in Sacramento and booked in a nearby motel where many unfortunates spend miserable nights in a place even more miserable than themselves. And her search for the Lost Shepherd started here. A new chapter in her life ... God willing.

The next day Angelo took another one of his days off, sick to his stomach not only with the scotch and other liquor he had been knocking back but also with a broken heart. He started looking at nostalgia and the obvious first place to look was one of the wedding albums.

He looked carefully one picture at a time and then stopped. He pulled up a piece of paper sticking from behind his favourite photo. It was a copy of a receipt showing purchases of his indiscretions. So much about being an innovator. He put it back and closed the album.

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*08 04 2022 Friday. Chapter 8 Section  
Break*

*Bugatti delivered outside Cafe Discorso  
and parked in place of the Maserati.*

At 10.30 a car transporter arrives by Cafe Discorso. A Bugatti gets unloaded. The Maserati is loaded on the truck. Frank's eyes were only gazed on his new toy. Both cars handled with utmost care. The new car is parked by an Engineer wearing a Bugatti-looking uniform. And the keys are handed to Frank who is chatting to a couple of ladies who stopped to admire this racing masterpiece.

Around 2 pm Giacomo walks in the cafe. Frank examines a bunch of papers he took out of the glovebox while enjoying a Latte. Giacomo comes up and takes a seat across from Frank.

"That is the paperwork you need to sign. The company confirmed that the full payment has been made. Please sign off on your Maserati transfer of ownership. The company signed off the Bugatti solely in your name and is completely unencumbered. A counter signature here is required."

"You got it all worked out Giacomo."

"Ecco. You are the proud owner of a beautiful yellow Bugatti. Let's go for a drive. I take the wheel and I will show you a couple of tricks."

They pull out.

"The fridge is always on ... with champagne inside." (Giggles).

Giacomo turns on the massage.

"Giacomo this is heaven. The massage works wonders for my sciatica."

"Hold on, we ... are ... going ... to ... take ... OOOFF."

"Wow wow wow, slow down I want to live. Ha ha ha."

"You bought this for speed or young ladies?"

"Well, both can easily kill me. What the hell. I got the best car. I need the best woman."

"Cafe Discorso is the best place for that."

"The massage switch is hidden. It is a simple button. That's what Pascale wanted."

“Remember. It is here. But there is a secret.”

“The button is completely incognito, here.”

“Let me slow down to a crawl first. You will need to unbuckle the seat to reach. Here, here, look here Frank. Press it.”

Frank struggled to reach the incognito button with his right hand. It was difficult to reach when in the passenger seat. He had to endure the full punishment dished out by his sciatica condition. He couldn't even find it. He had to feel his way to locate it taking even more punishment while doing so. Frank's seat reclines further. Automatically. He screams.

“Giacomo I am fucken taking off here. Very localized massage. Best ever. Turn it off quick, quick, quick.”

“Ha ha ha. You want to drive Frank?”

“Give me some time to recover.”

They swap seats. Frank drives straight to his hotel parking spot. They get out of the car and shake hands.

“You need a rest now Frank. You will be 100% tomorrow.”

They split.

“Oh Giacomo, does the massage button come with a guarantee too?”

“Cento per cento. 100% Frank.”

Frank chuckles.

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