

Jojo's Bizarre Adventure: Silver Strings

Chapter 5: Franz's Boys Part 1

May 2nd, 8:00 AM

Although many hours had passed since their brief interaction both outside and in Sherman Ferrel's cabin, Sue Lanier was in no hurry to forget what had happened. Once again he had seated himself across from Jose in the security detail's cart.

"Just drop it already. It's been a long time since I've seen the guy. I don't care." Jose laid down across the two seats, not that he was taking away space from anyone else as only a few other men were inside the cart.

"And it's been half a day since I've learned you were in a damn gang… a gang a good deal of people know about too for christ's sake!" Sue leaned over the table so he could look down at Jose in the eyes.

"I fail to see your source of information on that. The guy knew me. That's it." Jose turned to face the back of the seating, refusing Sue's glares. "He didn't just know you, he knew you well. And why exactly is it Mr. Sherman threatened to kill him for being with that gang so long ago when as far as I know, you only just left and now he's hiring you!"

“If you’re looking for answers I’ve got none. Nothing to do with that gang, nothing to do with Ivan either.” Sue sat back into his seat, crossing his arms. “I guess that settles it Mr. Jontana. I’ve tried to, I really have. But I don’t like you.”

“Wonderful. This means you’ll leave me be right?” Jose awaited this to happen, as its what he wanted this whole time he’s been on the train. “You really don’t give a damn…do you?”

“Not a single one.” Sue stood up, exiting the table but still standing close by. “What’s the deal with that right hand of yours Mr. Jontana?”.

Sue wouldn’t be able to see Jose’s reaction to the question, though he did stay silent.

“Well? Not feeling like you wanna open up on it? Something must be going on with it cause you keep it hidden in your pocket when you don’t gotta use it. You know something, I bet you assume I’m just some… naive fool. Who don’t know when to piss of because I ain’t wanted. I was well aware you couldn’t stand me the moment we first spoke. But you know something? I stayed close because I pitied you for how damn miserable you acted.”

“Just… leave already.”

“I will.” With that, Sue took his leave and made his way to the dining cart for a breakfast he had no longer had an appetite for. Jose looked on.

“I’ve only known you a day… prick.”

In stark contrast to the poorly furnished cart in which the security detail had been staying, the dining cart was rather well-presented in decorated. The walls were lined with a kindly pink candy-striped wall paper, and the tables this time all had cushions to comfort passengers when sitting down.

Sue tried to get his mind off the conversation he’d just had, focusing instead on the hot bowl of oatmeal before him. But mutch like scratching a mosquito bite he found himself unable to resist.

“Why would one of Franz’s boys be fine… but the other he threatens to kill. What is so precious about the cargo any-”

Sue soon felt a small yet powerful hand smack the back of his head, slamming his face down into the meal he originally had intended to eat. After wiping the slop off his face he looked to see who his assailant was, the short Maya Needles with a look of soulless rage.

“Aren’t you s’posed to be locked up now?" He asked with a lack of any positive emotion.

“You… you hurt my Franky you bastard!” Before Maya had a chance to do anything else however, the aforementioned lover stepped in from behind to pull her back. “Calm down Maya… we don’t need to get in any more trouble with these people.”

Maya tried to break his grip anyways, to no avail “C’mon Frankie! That man hurt you yesterday, we can’t just let em-” she was cut off “Well we can’t exactly blame them Maya… I mean I’m not happy over that other man shooting you but-”

“But what Franky? I know how you think on all this but I still think you should be a little more upset!” Francis pinched the bridge of his nose, “Maya I know that just… Can you just let me talk to this man for a moment.”

Maya let out a loud sigh before obliging, walking to the other end of the dining cart where she’d begin to eat a meal alone. Francis meanwhile, sat in the chair across from Sue.

“Some lady you got there.” he said as he gazed into now-ruined bowl of oatmeal. “So from the fact she’s calling you Franky I’m guessing she doesn't know about your past, does she Ivan?” Sue put extra emphasis when saying Francis’s real name, continuing to stare at him with an unimpressed glare.

“So why aren’t you locked up anyways? After that whole debacle last night I’d figure Mr. Ferrel would want nothing but for you to be locked in a dark cell as far from this train as possible.”

“I… thought that as well but he made an offer to us last night… to join the security detail.” Sue crossed his arms, staring down Francis for a moment before letting him continue.

“Right… well I just wanted to make it clear that yesterday… I meant it when I said I didn’t have any intentions of anybody getting hurt-” Sue finally broke his silence, cutting Francis off to get his own two cents in, “And yet despite this facade you put on trying to be a moral man, there you were yesterday, comitting an immoral act. Don’t you realize a bullet ain’t the only thing that can hurt someone?”

Francis looked down towards the floor, lightly shuffling his feet around, “I am… aware of that but I don’t exactly enjoy having lived that life.”

“Aren’t you still living it though?” Sue asked with an eyebrow raised. Francis looked back up at him, “Well… look I’m trying to get out of it… this job opportunity from Mr. Ferrel I think is a way to do that. I’m hoping I can get Maya out to.”

While not totally trusting of Francis, Sue figured it was best to just leave it be for now. The question of why Sherman Ferrel offered him to work security would be a question saved for later. “So, you know Mr. Jontana?”

“Jose… well he and I… we ran in the same gang together for a while. I’m guessing you knew that already though. Did all the normal stuff you’d expect… wagon raids, bank robberies, train-” Francis stopped himself from listing that last thing, as it’d likely not help liberate him from Sue’s animosity, “We did… a lot of bad things. But two years ago we had a heist where I was the first to go into a bank… turns out Maya came on the same day with the same idea and… well a few things happened and I ran off with her.”

“That so… now what exactly is all this I heard about it all the men in your gang being stand users?” Sue leaned forwards, resting an elbow on the table.

“I don’t know exactly… Vern always just told us… he had a sense for those things. I don’t know honestly.” A single cold bead of sweat dripped down Francis’s forehead as Sue pressed him. It didn’t seem like he had any intention of causing harm, but after the experience he had with Mr. Ferrel the night before and being asked about the same things from then he was having some negative flashbacks.

“Tell me, what do you think would be in the caboose’s cargo that your old boss would wanna steal?”

“I… I mean it would be something valuable I’m sure but I don’t think Vern would take the risk of coming on here if he knew all the stand users on this train.”

“That so…” Sue leaned back, taking his elbow off the table and looking at Francis as his glare faded away. Slowly, a smile began to take shape, “Well thank you for the information. Apologies if I came on too spiteful but these are serious questions I’m asking you. Knowing you’re gonna use this job to get out of… well I’m just glad to see someone trying to change themselves.”

With that Sue stood up to make his way out of the cart, but not before going to whisper into Francis’s ear, “You still don’t have my whole trust. Just remember.”

Francis nodded and watched as Sue made his way out.

