

Treatment

LUCKY

Written by

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"LUCKY"

A Feature Film Series Treatment

Super: January 26, 1962-Naples-Preface

LUCKY stands looking through the open shuttered windows of his bedroom. Outside on the street the sound of children laughing and playing fill the piazza; he moves to and stares into the mirror that is attached to the bathroom medicine cabinet door. Reaching in he pulls out his shaving brush. As he starts to manufacture lather with his brush and tub of soap, he finds himself staring at the left side of his face. The signature sleepy eye accentuated with the telltale scar below it become the object of his concentration. He laughs. He's wearing a smoking jacket robe.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JlEpgabmSFE> *Music plays in the BG*

LUCKY continues and lathers his face, the left side first and then under his chin. He finally moves to the right side continuing the circular motion of lathering with the badger-hair brush. His eye is still the centre of his attention even as he washes his face and dries it with a white towel. He sets down the towel and he covers the left side of his face and then uncovers it, in an adult version of peek-a-boo, deciding on whether it affects his looks; he is finally satisfied.

LUCKY starts to put on a clean white shirt and reaches for a pack of cigarettes next to a photograph of him and IGEA

IGEA LISSONI summons LUCKY from the kitchen. Camera does not see her, we only hear her. She is very pretty and 20 years LUCKY's junior. She calls out asking whether he wants a coffee.

IGEA

Uei, vuoi un caffè?

CAMERA now exposes her partially to the viewer.

She continues to smoke and prepare her breakfast when she gets no reply from Charlie. She lights another cigarette before extinguishing the one she is already smoking. She is the age they met; 29 or 30 years of age in 1948.

IGEA (O.S.)

Carlu!! Rispondetemi...

(She's getting slightly
irritated)

LUCKY

In English, for fuck's sake...
 (his accent is that of an
 Italian immigrant with
 only a year or two of
 high school English)
 How many times I gotta tell ya'?
 Speak American.

He makes his way to the kitchen in the comfortable apartment. On the way he hears a rustling of POTS and PANS and the crash of a SUGAR BOWL on the ceramic tile floor.

LUCKY

IGEA! IGEA! What the hell's
 goin' on?

As he enters the kitchen, he sees no one, but then spots the shattered sugar bowl on the floor and the sugar scattered around it like beach sand.

His Miniature Pincher, BAMBI, quickly moves to a neutral corner after rattling the pans over the sink dish dryer just one more time making his escape.

LUCKY

Come here, Bambi. Come...

He stubs out a plain tipped cigarette and leaves the kitchen. As he starts to dress in the bedroom, the telephone rings. He grabs the receiver of the rotary dial desk telephone

LUCKY

Yeah, it's me... I can be there in a
 jiffy.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e4lowlHq0do> *Naples traffic 1960s*

[Napoli tour tra pizza e monumenti \[xiaomi yi 4K\]](#) outside *The Californian Restaurant* **see time: 1.47/3.58 on screen**

Super: The Californian Restaurant, Naples Italy

MARTY, an American film producer is seated at a table where a waiter fusses over him.

LUCKY walks in; there a great deal of tugging forelocks by the owners and servers.

MARTY pushes for a production start on the biographical film, "LUCKY by LUCKY". MARTY loves his title.

LUCKY reserves decision.

GOSCH feels the sooner the better and is insisting on LUCKY narrating the film. LUCKY is pushed back and wants nothing to happen until after his death; he's been requested by MEYER LANSKY and the New York families to hold off and to refrain from naming names and events.

LUCKY

They're pissed off.
There's Vito handing out contracts
like confetti at an Italian
wedding. Then there's Meyer,
telling me no... no
So, don't look at me like that.
Everybody thinks I got
a boner for him.

MARTY

Well?

LUCKY

You fuckin' with me?
(he stares long and hard
at MARTY, then picks up
like nothing happened)
...Tony. Tony Bender disappeared,
and Joe Di Palermo just got by
because Valachi doesn't see so good
no more--
(he gestures to his eyes
with a dismissive wave)
and iced some innocent fuckin'
bystander citizen instead. Fuckin'
idiot..

FACT: To avoid antagonizing other Mafia members, LUCIANO has previously refused to authorize a film, but reportedly almost relents in this meeting well after IGEA Lissoni's death.

Super: January 26, 1962, Naples International Airport

LUCIANO is standing at a caffè bar with MARTY; they discuss possibilities but LUCKY is still non-committal.

MARTY is talking at him and appears to LUCKY that GOSCH is a slowed down cine projector image, his movement and speech are warbled and stretched out.

LUCIANO pushes down on his sternum and grimaces.

LUCKY

I should stop using pepperoncino on my pasta. Gives me this awful indigestion.

LUCKY looks at the young BARISTA.

LUCKY

Uei, ragazzi'...

BARISTA

Si signore... Can I help you? Another caffè?

LUCKY

No... Cold water with three tablespoons of sugar. Now!

MARTY

Do you want something sweet? A pastry, maybe?

LUCKY

No. Sweet lukewarm water gets rid of heartburn. Works like a charm. Something IGEA used to do.

MARTY

I'm sure living with you, you gave her plenty of heartburn...
(He laughs at his own joke)

LUCIANO slides against the bar, and then starts to slide to the floor. He pulls his jacket coat open as he slips and falls over. The pain leaves his voice but remains on his face as he collapses on the floor. The young BARISTA brings a couple of chair cushions and places them under LUCKY's head and shoulders.

Two ITALIAN UNDERCOVER AGENTS, come from no where, making their way through the group of GAWKERS.

They identify themselves and back the group away as much as possible. They pick him up; one by his feet and the other by his armpits to move him and drop him on to two airport sofa cushions utilizing the least possible respect for the man.

LUCKY stares blankly out toward nothing; he is trying to speak but only gibberish comes out.

LUCKY
 Yiara ca' nondro u fidio neno
 mandra!
 (**gibberish slang...I'm not going
 don't send me!**)

ITALIAN AGENT leans down and tries to discern what he is saying.

AGENT
 Che? Come? Che dici?

LUCKY
 (soft, almost inaudible,
 and painful)
 Nonnuccia bodu sta cu' te. Ne me
 manda cu ida pu favor'.
 (*Grandma, I want to stay with you.
 Don't send me away with her,
 please*)

He's fading fast.

CUT TO:

Super: Palermo Docks 1900

<https://www.google.com/imgres?imgurl=https%3A%2F%2Fmedia.gettyimages.com%2Fphotos%2Fthe-port-of-palermo-sicily-with-the-city-behind-it-circa-1900-picture-id72043572&imgrefurl=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.gettyimages.com%2Fdetail%2Fnews-photo%2Fthe-port-of-palermo-sicily-with-the-city-behind-it-circa-news-photo%2F72043572&tbnid=QqT9ka5S18rHrM&vet=12ahUKEwiv3-H5vsrpAhVJG6wKHWpXBqIQMygEeqUIARDXAQ..i&docid=J8OgyTTTGkiokM&w=1024&h=763&q=palermo%20docks%201900&ved=2ahUKEwiv3-H5vsrpAhVJG6wKHWpXBqIQMygEeqUIARDXAQ>

CLOSE TO SEE:

LUCKY as a young 9-year-old-boy hugging his ELDERLY GRANDMOTHER while his MOTHER pulls him away.

MOTHER

E smovete Salvato'. Sempre cu sta nonna! Stu figlio de puttana!
(*Move it Salvatore. Always with that Grandmother of yours! You son-of-a-bitch!*)

FATHER

Yamu, ya...
(Let's move it...)

GRANDMOTHER

(hugging and kissing young Salvatore)
Nende scorda mamma-nonna!
(*Don't forget me!*)
(she kisses him again almost smothering him)

His FATHER pulls him away as his MOTHER continues to cuss.

SALVATORE and his two BROTHERS and two SISTERS are shepherded up the gangplank.

SALVATORE looks back at his GRANDMOTHER and cries. She calls after him screaming.

GRANDMOTHER

Fidio de mamma-nonna... fidio bedro!
(*Grandma's sweet boy...My beautiful boy!*)

The old woman, legs giving up from under her, and she crumples onto a box on the dock.

Super: Ellis Island April 1906

<https://images.app.goo.gl/pfDTJdVCbsk14jaN9>

SALVATORE, his parents, and his siblings carry all their worldly possessions as they make their way to the processing building.

SUPER:

New York 1914-THE EARLY YEARS-Chapter One

https://www.google.com/search?q=new+york+1914&rlz=1C1AVFC_enCA873CA873&source=lnms&tbm=isch&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwjJ1sbJ-tHpAhVZHMOKHQRQBr8Q_AUoAXoECA0QAw&biw=1745&bih=881#imgrc=9T43311MkzMJnM&imgdii=ibvFiIrntrwRw0M

Super: Meet George Scanlon

SALVATORE LUCANIA sits across the desk from Max Goodman-Hatter; we know that because the tacky brass sign with black scrolling lettering tells us so.

Salvatore fixates on the curly-cue writing on the signage.

GOODMAN

So, you think you can do it?

LUCKY

Wha'...? Go back to school?

GOODMAN nods gentle understanding uncle.

LUCKY

Sho'.

GOODMAN

After school and weekends. And no more trouble with bulls* and coppers...

*Railroad Police

LUCKY

Ma, sho'.

GOODMAN

All you gotta do is deliver the hats to those ladies on the list I give you every day and keep your nose clean ...

LUCKY

Sho'.

CUT TO:

ANGLE to see LUCKY pushing his cart along the street. He spots GEORGE SCANLON come out of a bar. SCANLON's well-dressed and is affluent looking for that era.

SCANLON

(sucking on a toothpick)
 Hey, you. Come here kiddo... You
 from East 10th on the Lower East
 Side?

LUCKY

Yeah, sho'. Who's askin'?

Montage as LUCKY gets a quick education in carrying narcotics
 in his push cart from George Scanlon and how to collect and
 distribute.

CUT TO:

LUCKY is doing a sale, when he's done a man in his mid
 twenties approaches him. He is of average height and sports a
 bowler hat and wears his broken nose well, making him (PAUL
 KELLY) almost handsome.

LUCKY

Whadya' starin' at? You a cop or
 you writin' a book?

PAUL KELLY

D'you know who I am?

LUCKY pushes cash deep into this hat boxes.

PAUL KELLY

I'm PAUL KELLY. And you're doing
 business in my fuckin' living room.
 Who you working for?

LUCKY just stares at him.

PAUL KELLY

Monk Eastman? Jack Shimsky?

LUCKY shakes his head "no". As KELLY takes the money and
 drugs from LUCKY's pushcart he hands him back some cash.

PAUL KELLY

Here you are... The New
 Brighton/Little Naples Café.
 Come by and see me later tonight.

LUCKY retreats to SCANLON'S candy store in Manhattan on its
 Lower East Side. SCANLON explains who KELLY is; a prize
 fighter, and head of the Five Points Gang. Not someone you
 want to f**k with.

SUPER: The Little Naples Café and New Brighton Athletic Club

PAUL KELLY sits at a table with a large hard looking MAN (JACK MCMANUS) drinking espresso coffee with a liqueur which he pours right into the coffee cup.

PAUL KELLY
 (offering a waved hand as
 an invitation)
 Siddown...
 (to LUCKY which also signals the
 LARGE MAN to leave without
 even a glance)

LUCKY understands it's a command.

LUCKY
 I didn't know I was in your...

PAUL KELLY
 Kitchen?

LUCKY
 Yeah, right. 'cept ya said "living
 room"...

PAUL KELLY
 So where do you come from?

LUCKY
 265 East 10th

PAUL KELLY
 (lets out a little laugh)
 Nah, I mean where in the old
 country.

LUCKY
 Oh? Lercara Friddi.

PAUL KELLY
 What's your name?

LUCKY
 SALVATORE LUCANIA. But my pals call
 me Charley.

PAUL KELLY
 Yeah? Mine's Paolo Antonio
 Vaccarelli. But my friends call me
 PAUL KELLY.

(MORE)

PAUL KELLY (CONT'D)
 (he eyes LUCKY carefully
 and takes a sip of his
 espresso)
 Can I trust you?

LUCKY
 Ma shorr... Why not. Mister Scanlon
 says you got a gang. The Five
 Points Gang. Dat true?

PAUL KELLY
 Maybe you can do some work for me?
 What'dya say?

LUCKY smiles at his good luck.

LUCKY leaves the building and makes his way Max Goodman's Hat Shop. As he gets to the front of the building TWO POLICEMEN approach him from either side and slip their arms under his as if going for an evening stroll.

LUCKY
 Hey, wha' the fuck!

He attempts to struggle free, but the bigger of the TWO POLICEMEN knocks him unconscious with one good punch aimed at his upper cheek.

WE CUT TO:

EXT. HAMPTON FARMS PENITENTIARY. DAY

A late model Buick driven by a CHAUFFER lets off PAUL KELLY who enters the building.

INT. HAMPTON FARMS PENITENTIARY. SAME DAY

PAUL KELLY makes his way from a DESK SARGEANT toward a cell block accompanied by an OFFICER.

The OFFICER opens the door to a caged box.

OFFICER
 Charles LUCIANO step forward...

PAUL KELLY
 Yeah... That's him.

LUCKY sports a fresh black eye.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAMPTON FARMS PENITENTIARY. SAME DAY

LUCKY and PAUL KELLY step into the Buick and it drives away.

INT. BUICK. DAY

LUCKY eyes KELLY with a "What just happened?" look.

KELLY

Do you know what Tammany Hall is?

LUCKY

Yah, I seen it over in Union Square.

KELLY

Charlie Murphy.

LUCKY

Who? Some Catholic Mick?

KELLY

(He speaks gently and elegantly)
Yeah the fuckin' mick that got you sprung.

LUCKY looks out the window.

KELLY (CONT'D)

We do you think I changed my name? Tammany Hall and the Irish are very good to me...We'll be doing some work for them in a couple of days.

(He leans over to the

DRIVER)

Jack, this is Charlie.

JACK MCMANUS

Nice ta meet ya kid.

KELLY

Jack McManus is kind of a jack-of-all-trades.

JACK MCMANUS

Yeah, dat's me alright.

KELLY

Jack'll be showing you what we do
for a living if you're up to it.

LUCKY

You betcha.

<https://infamousnewyork.com/2013/12/28/the-death-of-eat-em-up-jack-mcmanus/>

VAGRIOUS SCENES TO SHOW:

PAUL KELLY introduces LUCKY to his world. Disciplined, literate and viciously criminal. Members of the FIVE POINTS GANG are AL CAPONE, JOHNNY TORRIO, MEYER LANSKY and FRANKIE YALE. Bonds are formed that will endure time and transient wanna-be gangsters.

KELLY speaks French, Italian, and Spanish fluently. He dresses well and surrounds himself with fine art and listens to classical music and opera.

He works with Tammany Hall politicians which allows him to in turn pay them to corrupt policemen and judges. But his real talent is his ability to organize elections, bordellos and smart young men.

His Catholic Church education in the Bowery, Manhattan taught him that crime can be organized like the Catholic Church itself.

Rumor has it that he was educated and groomed for the priesthood at The Basilica of St. Patrick's Old Cathedral on Mulberry Street. MEYER LANSKY swore to it.

LUCKY instinctively liked PAUL KELLY, the soft-spoken boxer-priest and received a considerable volume of tutorials on politics in the Catholic Church and financial infrastructure, organization and blind obedience. Translate that as "loyalty".

SUPER:

New York-Chapter Two The Roaring Twenties

By 1920, LUCIANO has met many future Mafia leaders, including VITO GENOVESE and FRANK COSTELLO, his long-time friend and future business partner through the FIVE POINTS GANG.

INT. MASSERIA'S OFFICE. DAY

GIUSEPPE "JOE THE BOSS" MASSERIA sits in a small cluttered office on 80 2nd Avenue.

A SHORT POWERFUL BUILT MAN lets LUCKY into the office.

MASSERIA
 (To LUCKY)
 Si'down.
 (to the POWERFUL MAN)
 You ca'(n) go. Vattene.

LUCKY
 Enlish? Or Italian?

Masseria pushes an envelope across to LUCKY.

MASSERIA
 English; ...is okay.

LUCKY
 So what's this for?

MASSERIA
 For a jobba.

LUCKY
 I ain't done nuthin' yet.

MASSERIA
 But you gonna.

LUCKY looks into the envelope and whistles softly.

LUCKY
 That's a lotta cabbage for what I'm gonna do, for doing nuttin' so far.

MASSERIA
 It's enough for what you gotta do.

LUCKY
 (indicting the POWERFUL
 MAN)
 What'a 'bout him? He just for looks?

MASSERIA
 Cataldo?
 (he laughs a kind uncle
 laugh)
 He's very loyal to me. Idu e liali;
 (MORE)

MASSERIA (CONT'D)
me fido de idu... But he's old. His
arthritis is slowing him down.

LUCKY
So what's the deal? You don't know
me so good.

There's a knock at the door where LUCKY entered and a
GIUSEPPE MORELLO, a slight-built man (almost delicate in
stature) and about 50 years old also known as "CLUTCH HAND"
or the "FOX "enters without ceremony.

MASSERIA
I know you *abbastanza bene*...
you're young, you pack heat, you
can run fast, and ain't got
fingered yet by the coppers...

HE watches LUCKY measuring him in every way he can.

MASSERIA (CONT'D)
This is Piddu Morello.

LUCKY
Dat's a nice... LUCKY...

MASSERIA
You're neighbours back home. Piddu's
from Corleone
(LUCKY smiles like he
cares.)
LUCKY's from Lercara Friddi...
(PIDDU' produces his own
counterfeit smile.)

MASSERIA (CONT'D)
Piddu's gonna be with you. Just to
make sure it all goes easy. You
okay wid dat?

LUCKY
Sho' I got no problem wit dat.

MASSERIA
Good... He'll point out the
stronzo. His name's Umberto
Valenti.

LUCKY nods in agreement. No point in negotiating when it's
three against one.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND AND MULBERRY STREETS.DAY

Both LUCKY and MORELLO sip on espresso seated at a cafe at Mulberry and Grand. TWO MEN cross the street toward them. Both are in deep discussion and the corner is quite busy. UMBERTO VALENTI, thirty-one, well groomed and dressed is doing the talking and the other, SILVIO TAGLIAGAMBA, a thick set man with a large round head and almost bursting from his ill-fitting suit, listens attentively.

MORELLO

Silvio, the big man is mine. Yours
is Valenti

(He mocks straightening an
invisible tie with a smug
look)

Wait 'til I put one in his
head...Now!

(he stands and heads for
the street holding a
cocked revolver behind
his back)

MORELLO walks quickly up behind the two men and without hesitation shoots the bodyguard in the base of his neck.

LUCKY is just a couple of feet behind him.

He steps forward as VALENTI drops to his knees next to his bodyguard.

VALENTI

Please, don't...

LUCKY doesn't hear VALENTI.

LUCKY

Don't move!

LUCKY fires twice into his face, turns and runs toward the alley adjacent to the Cafe where MORELLO waits.

MORELLO

Hurry up! C'mon!

MASSERIA explains to LUCKY that he doesn't want to start up the Castellammarese Rivalry and make it a full out war. When it's all over he guarantees LUCKY a position high up in the pecking order for the job he's going to do. All this while MORELLO watches.

LUCKY explains that he is working with ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN and that ROTHSTEIN is bankrolling LUCKY as well as VITO GENOVESE and FRANK COSTELLO.

MASSERIA

If that fuckin' Jew, Rothstein is such a fuckin' good guy how come he sold you out?

LUCKY

Sell me out? Whatdya talkin' about?

MASSERIA

Who do ya think ratted you out?

In 1923, LUCIANO is caught in a sting selling heroin to undercover agents.

The Courtroom is filled with ONLOOKERS. MOSES POLAKOFF hands the BAILIFF a folded piece of paper which the BAILIFF hands to the JUDGE MCGUIGAN, a thin clean-shaved very clean-shaved man in his sixties. He is meticulously arranged.

JUDGE MCGUIGAN

Counsel for Mr. Lucania, please approach.

MOSES POLAKOFF

Yes, your Honor...

(TO LUCKY)

I'll be right back. Just sit tight.

LUCKY

What's goin' on?

MOSES POLAKOFF

He got engaged yesterday and I gotta congratulate him.

LUCKY

Yeah...? Sho...?...Okay, Moses...

JUDGE MCGUIGAN waves POLAKOFF forward.

MCGUIGAN

Bailiff, please call a fifteen minute recess.

(gestures to POLAKOFF)

My chambers...

The BAILIFF opens the door to the Judge's Chamber, shuts it after MCGUIGAN and POLAKOFF and stands blocking the door as if to guard it.

Inside the Judge's chambers MCGUIGAN rolls a cigarette and pours himself and POLAKOFF a whiskey.

MCGUIGAN (CONT'D)
 Real Irish; just off the boat.
 (he throws the drink to
 the back of his throat
 followed by one quick
 swallow)

POLAKOFF
 (he raises the glass and
 then sips delicately)
 To you and your fiancé... we wish
 you well...
 (he hands MCGUIGAN a thick
 envelope)
 A token of our affection.

MCGUIGAN
 Well it sure makes this job easier.

MCGUIGAN and POLAKOFF are back in the Courtroom.

BAILIFF
 All;... seated!

MCGUIGAN
 Due to the noticeable lack of
 witnesses the Court judges in
 favour of the Defendant.

The young PROSECUTOR THOMAS DEWEY jumps up.

DEWEY
 I object your Honour; the three
 agents who apprehended the Accused
 are here and stand as witnesses for
 the State.

MCGUIGAN
 Overruled! I find the evidence
 presented by the Prosecution to be
 not credible and unreliable.
 (he stands)
 Case is closed.

BAILIFF
 All stand!

LUCKY shakes POLAKOFF's hand.

LUCKY
So it's okay, Moses? Right?

POLAKOFF
You betcha.

Although LUCKY saw no jail time, being outed as a drug peddler damaged his reputation among his high-class associates and customers. To salvage his reputation, LUCIANO purchases 200 expensive seats to the *Jack Dempsey-Luis Firpo* boxing match in the Bronx and distributed them to top gangsters and politicians. Rothstein then takes LUCIANO on a shopping trip to Wanamaker's Department Store in Manhattan to buy expensive clothes for the fight. The strategy appears to work, and LUCKY's reputation is saved.

The New York District Attorney's office is one those dark woody 1920's rooms. The wood panelling appears to have been there since the turn of another century. The transom is open above the door leading to the hallway and all the windows have been thrown open. All the LAW MEN in the office appear to be melting from the July heat. There is plenty of cigarette smoking and a large fan in the corner trying to keep up with the smoke and humidity.

THOMAS DEWEY is trying to catch the wind created by the fan.

Then cut to the LAW MEN discussing below. A small be-speckled accountant type with a receding hairline that is badly disguised with a thin comb over.

WILLIAM
For the last three years Mr. Lucania grossed over 12 million yearly through his various companies and an additional personal income of 4 million for 1925 and 1926 and '27.

THOMAS DEWEY
That's a lotta scratch. Where's it all coming from?

WILLIAM
My guess is gambling and booze. Maybe women...extortion?

THOMAS DEWEY

Pinning him with extortion is going to be very difficult... let's not go there.

WILLIAM

All we know is that Arnold Rothstein bankrolled him since the end of the war. And we can't interview him. He was murdered in a card game last week At the Central Park Hotel.

THOMAS DEWEY

And let me guess... The cops have no witnesses. Am I right?

WILLIAM

Insiders are saying it was payback by Dutch Schultz for murdering Joey Noe.

The Castellammarese War

LUCKY and Masseria sit having lunch. "Joe the Boss" aka "Joe the Glutton" Masseria are having lunch. Masseria, his third lunch and LUCKY his first and it's only 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

Things are good; Masseria is gaining more power (and weight) since he's taken over the Morello Family. Masseria and Giuseppe "Clutch Hand" Morello get along as they share in Morello's well-established businesses--loan sharking, numbers, robbery, money laundering and counterfeiting. Morello, lean and hard, picks at some black olives and some bread. LUCKY pokes away at his pasta. He pushes it away and lights a cigarette.

Morello, from Corleone, Sicily was known for having anyone who challenged him put to death immediately.

During lunch the three men talk about business and the ways of the future (mainly LUCKY)

LUCKY tries to get Masseria to relax on his greed and be more advanced and less of a Mustache Pete. Morello spots the friction right away, but since it is not his business he defers.

Besides the war against Salvatore Maranzano and Joe Bonanno is going very well.

MORELLO

I gotta go.

MASSERIA

Have an Amaro per digestire.

MORELLO

Nah. Me'n Joe Perriano gotta do a fuckin' collection in East Harlem.

MASSERIA

Sho' Aje capito...Aje capito.

LUCKY using a story-telling technique tells the audience that Masseria and Morello have been fighting against a rival group based in Brooklyn, led by Salvatore Maranzano and Joseph Bonanno. Masseria is beginning to like Morello because of his tenacity and traditional Sicilian values... Birds of a feather.

After Morello leaves LUCKY questions having Morello as a war chief and strategist since he's a Moustache Pete and doesn't understand the American way. LUCKY maintains Morello is out of touch and out of time. Masseria turns a deaf ear and LUCKY takes this as his cue to exit.

Morello and Perriano are collecting cash receipts at their office. It's a smallish room with only one door in and a window looking out on the street. Two men walk in and one engages Perriano in conversation and they walk out of the office toward the stairs. From behind the second man sticks a leather hole punch in the base of Perriano's neck with one hand while holding him still with the other hand on his forehead. Perriano stumbles and fails at his attempts to get away; the first man holds a .38 to his head and fires.

Morello is very quick and already fleeing down the back stairway; the second man is in hot pursuit. He is a big man and cannot outrun the sinewy Morello. When they reach the alley Morello tries sprinting away but his hunter stops and aims carefully.

Morello is hit in the base of his back and drops straight down. The shooter approaches calmly, finishes his task, then walks away toward the front of the building.

He waits for his partner to come out through the door and offers him a cigarette.

LUCKY leaves the restaurant and steps into the car waiting at the curb; a Packard Deluxe Eight.

LUCKY

Leze' go. 230 Park Avenue. Step on it.

At 230 Park Avenue takes the lift and LUCKY gets off on the 9th floor.

Two big men block LUCKY's way into Maranzano's office. LUCKY smiles as he hands them his revolver.

Maranzano's office is tastefully appointed with expensive furniture and fine paintings of the era.

The two men discuss LUCKY joining Maranzano to improve his lot. They speak in hushed tones and in the Sicilian dialect resembling two cats hunched over devouring their prey while checking over their shoulders for a possible interloper.

LUCKY confesses that he is not sure about a new alliance with Maranzano as he will be inheriting Masseria's booze and prostitution empire and is willing to wait it out, "not being a greedy man".

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Che serve a bestiacciare...? Meglie a guadania' i scuddi...

Maranzano tries to convince LUCKY not to wait; he can have it now. Maranzano asks LUCKY to engineer the death of his boss, Masseria, and in return LUCKY would receive Masseria's rackets and become Maranzano's second-in-command.

Masseria contemplates ordering a hit on LUCKY when he discovers from Joe Bonanno that he's been meeting with Maranzano.

In October 1929 LUCIANO meets Gay Orlova a featured dancer in a Broadway nightclub. He stays with her until he is sent to prison. But by 1938 LUCKY has moved on and while in Italy in the late 1940's he falls in love with Igea Lissoni.

There is a rumor that around the same time that LUCKY met Igea, Gay Orlova committed suicide in the late 1940's.

In the same year that he meets Orlova LUCIANO is forced into a limousine at gunpoint by three men, beaten and stabbed, and strung up by his hands from a beam in a warehouse in Staten Island. He survives the ordeal, but is forever marked with a scar and his identifiable lazy eye.

A bloodied and severely beaten LUCKY, is found staggering along Hylan Boulevard, near the old Terra Marine Inn Grand Hotel in Huguenot, at 1 o'clock in the morning on Oct. 17, 1929.

Turns out that person is a cop, who takes LUCIANO to the 123rd Precinct stationhouse. There, a surgeon from the old Richmond Memorial Hospital treats LUCIANO's wounds.

COP

That's good enough, Doc.

LUCKY

What's your wife's name, Detective?

SURGEON

That's the best I can do for now.
You'll have to come back.

COP

That depends on him.

LUCKY

In my line of work, I don't gotta
be pretty.

The Cop ushers LUCKY into a dingy little room decorated with only a table which is fastened to the floor accompanied by a cheap hand painted chair. The table top has a pair of handcuffs bolted down securely waiting for LUCKY.

COP

You gonna cooperate?

LUCKY

Ma sho'. Why not?...

The COP lights a cigarette and inhales deeply.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Can I buy one of those from you?

LUCIANO tells the cop that he'd been abducted by men he'd never seen before at 50th Street and Third Avenue in Manhattan, beaten and dumped. He had no idea he'd been taken to Staten Island. He thought it was New Jersey he says slyly.

More cops have come into the tiny janitor-closet-like room. Deep in his eyes LUCKY is worried.

The Cops have reservations with his odd story and charge him with grand larceny of an automobile, pursuant to an earlier police call, arraign him in court and release him on \$25,000 bail.

He returns to Richmond Memorial (now Staten Island University Hospital, Prince's Bay) for more treatment.

The SURGEON eyes his face with skillful curiosity.

SURGEON

Looks like some fresh damage occurred.

LUCKY

You could say a little bit fresh.
Yeah, a little bit.

Twelve days later, LUCIANO is before a grand jury at Richmond County Court House in St. George. In answer to borough District Attorney Albert Fach's questioning, LUCIANO said he couldn't remember how he got the wounds on his neck.

LUCIANO says that he had no idea who did it.

However, in 1953, LUCIANO told an interviewer that it was the police who kidnapped and beat him in an attempt to find Jack "Legs" Diamond.

1948-IGEA AND LUCKY IN BED-*The Truth*: Masseria orders the beating when he hears from Joe Bonanno about LUCIANO's meeting with Maranzano.

When Masseria hears about LUCIANO's betrayal, he approaches Joe Adonis about killing LUCIANO.

But LUCKY's old friend from East Harlem, Adonis, tips off LUCIANO that he is marked for death.

In the courtroom LUCKY practices omertà.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
I can' remember nu-ting...

LUCKY (CONT'D)
I was knocked out by some guys and
that's all I remember until I woke
up in the woods on Staten Island.

LUCIANO sticks to his story while he plans revenge.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
I had the feeling all along it was
one of those cases of mistake
an(sic) identity...

LUCKY sees this as an opportunity to move forward with
Maranzano and at the same time pay his debt to Masseria back
ten-fold.

On April 15, 1931 Nuova Villa Tammaro Restaurant

MASSERIA is "seated at a table playing cards with two or
three unknown men" when he was fired upon from behind.

Vito Genovese, Albert Anastasia, Joe Adonis and Benjamin
"Bugsy" Siegel walk into the dining room and empty their
handguns into MASSERIA.

He dies instantly from gunshot wounds to his head, back, and
chest.

No witnesses come forward, though "two or three, maybe even
four" men were observed leaving the restaurant and getting
into what turned out to be a stolen car.

Outside Albert Anastasia, Vito Genovese, Joe Adonis, and
Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel squeeze into a waiting parked car.
Ciro "The Artichoke King" Terranova is in the driver's seat
of the getaway car. All four men are seated. Terranova is
shaking like a leaf in a New England autumn.

BUGSY
Go! Go! Drive...
(He jumps out and races to
the driver's door)
Get the fuck out! You old woman.

BUGSY pulls TERRANOVA out of the car, slaps him and sits in
behind the steering wheel. He drives off without shutting the
door and leaves TERRANOVA behind as the car screeches away.

LUCKY lights a cigarette in the Autopsy Room as the Detective
in charge of MASSERIA's murder investigation remarks that his
stomach was empty. LUCKY doesn't miss a beat.

LUCKY
 (to the Detective and the
 examining pathologist)
 Hmmmpf...Odd... Figure dat? Joe
 with an empty stomach.

With Maranzano's blessing, LUCIANO takes over Masseria's gang and becomes Maranzano's lieutenant.

No one is convicted or even charged in MASSERIA's murder as there were no witnesses and LUCKY had an alibi; everyone saw him enter the washroom and exit after the shooting. And his performance exhibiting surprise is worthy of an Oscar.

With MASSERIA gone, MARANZANO quickly reorganizes the Italian American gangs in New York City into Five Families headed by LUCKY, PROFACI, GAGLIANO, VINCENT MANGANO and himself.

MARANZANO then calls a meeting of crime bosses in Wappingers Falls, New York, near Poughkeepsie, where he declared himself capo di tutti capi ("boss of all bosses"). MARANZANO also whittled down the rival families' rackets in favor of his own. LUCKY appears to accept these changes, but is merely biding his time before dealing with MARANZANO. Although MARANZANO is slightly more forward-thinking than MASSERIA, LUCKY had come to believe that MARANZANO is even more greedy and hidebound than MASSERIA had been.

SUPER:

Chapter Two--The Dirty Thirties

Or "THE DIRTY 1930s and a NEW DEAL"

September 1931,

TOMMY LUCCHESI and LUCKY are seated in a car in a downtown alley. A few kids play stick ball. The ball hits the windshield and ricochets off. TOMMY LUCCHESI yells at the kids.

LUCCHESI
 Maranzano wants a meeting.
 (he turns on the kids)
 Watch out for the fuckin' car you
 little shits.

KID # 1
 (the oldest and tallest)
 I'm crapping myself tough guy.

LUCKY

Wanna I shou' tell you' pop about
what you' doin'?

KID # 1

If you can find my father, you'd
make my ma and me real happy,
'cause even the law can't find 'im
since he skipped out.

The KID runs off and a smile crosses LUCKY's face.

TOMMY LUCCHESE watches the KID run off noting his patched
clothes and ragged shoes.

LUCCHESE

So he's gonna call a meeting with
you and Vito Genovese and Frank
Costello in two days at his office.
He's figured it all out and he
wants all of you gone.

(He makes a gun out of his
thumb and index finger)

LUCKY

He ain't figured shit out. Let's
move; we ain't got a lotta time
Gimme a ride to Meyer's place.

LUCCHESE

He's still on the Lower East Side
Manhattan in that brownstone?

LUCKY

Nah. Go left. I'll tell ya how ta
get there...

INT. WALK-UP APARTMENT. SAME DAY.

LUCCHESE and LUCKY climb up the stairs and start to break a
sweat.

LUCCHESE

What's that smell?

LUCKY

Cabbage and onions.

LUCCHESE

Lansky lives here? You're kidding
me, right?

LUCKY

Yeah... you were expecting tomato sauce with basilico. It's Sunday after all. Right?

LUCCHESE

He's a Jew. Do Jews eat pasta with homemade tomato sauce on Sunday too.

LUCKY

Fo' sho'... after mass... Regular like.

INT. DOOR. SAME WALK-UP HALLWAY. SAME DAY

LUCKY knocks at a door adorned with a Mezuzah. ANNA LANSKY answers the door but does not open it beyond a six-inch crack. She is petit and well groomed.

ANNA

Hello. Can I help you?

LUCKY

Hello Mrs. Suchowlański. Is Maier at home?

ANNA

One moment; may I say whose calling?

LUCKY

Charlie and Tommy.

She shuts the door and TOMMY LUCCHESE makes a face and pushes up his nose with his right forefinger finger indicating she is a snob.

The door opens up again and MEYER LANSKY stands smiling his big friendly, dopey kid smile.

LANSKY

C'mon in... Can you get the fellows a cup of tea?... Thanks, dear.

LUCKY

You seem like you've been married twenty years.

LUCCHESE

Yeah, and you don't gotta do 20 years if you shoot her now... 'cause with good behavior, you'll be out in 10 and ya don't gotta put up with her for all dem years.

LUCKY

Can we talk somewhere... alone?

LANSKY leads them down the hall and they enter a room that appears to be a living room designed not for comfort but rather privacy.

INT. LANSKY'S LIVING ROOM.DAY

LANSKY

Sit down. What's on your mind?

LUCCHESE

Well seems like Maranzano hired "Mad Dog" Coll to bump off LUCKY...

LANSKY

You don't say.

LUCKY starts to speak and CAMERA sees what he describes.

LUCKY

I need three, maybe four good men. They gotta look like dey're G-men. Good-lookin' guys with fair hair; dey can't look Italian...

LANSKY

I have just the men you'll need and Ben Seigel will be in charge (like before, right?)...

LUCKY

How's Benny doin'?

LANSKY

Usual.

September 10, 1931.The New York Central Railway Building (now The Helmsley Building).

FOUR MEN in cheap, but clean suits climb up stairs, breathing heavily.

MAN#1

We couldna taken the elevator? How many more floors?

MAN#2 (BEN "BUGSY" SEIGEL)
 (handsome and fit; well-dressed and
 not as sweaty as the other three)
 This is the sixth; three more...
 I told yaz to lay off the booze and
 those alley-cats you had come over
 last night...

INT. MARANZANO'S OFFICE. DAY

MARANZANO leans close to his PRETTY SECRETARY as the FOUR MEN walk down the hall to his office.

MARANZANO
 His name is Mr. Vincent Coll. I
 expect him any moment. Show him in
 as soon as he arrives. I'm also
 expecting Mr. LUCIANO; let me know
 when he gets here and have him wait
 in the boardroom.

The secretary nods.

SECRETARY
 Yes, sir.

INT. LANSKY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY

LANSKY
 They did good by you before...

LUCKY
 Tell them to avoid making a lot of
 noise shooting off those cannons.
 Knives are good... Don't want any
 of those hoity toity tenants in the
 building calling the cops.

BUGSY SEIGEL walks past a tough looking BODYGUARD as he shows his badge first to the BODYGUARD and then to a PRETTY SECRETARY.

SECRETARY
 Is Mr. Maranzano expecting you?

BUGSY SEIGEL
 We're from the Tax Department. We
 don't need no appointment. Get me
 the last 4 years records, now!

First she opens MARANZANO'S door and announces the FOUR MEN. Then she heads back out to a file cabinet.

Maranzano quickly realizes that these men are not the law. They follow orders and begin to stab Maranzano who is surprisingly nimble and tough for his age.

He manages to keep fighting in spite of the multiple stab wounds and finally a slashed throat. He persists until his secretary enters and he counter attacks as the four men let down their guard momentarily in response to the secretary's scream.

Seigel has had enough; he empties his revolver into a prostrate Maranzano. As they leave they dispose of the bodyguards who are slow to respond even to defend themselves.

LUCKY is on his way to independence...

Birth of The Commission - 1931

The Commission in 1931 The Commission was established in 1931 by LUCKY LUCIANO in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

LUCIANO becomes very influential in labor union activities and controls the Manhattan Waterfront, garbage hauling, construction, Garment District businesses, and trucking.

LUCIANO does not discard all of Maranzano's changes. He believes that the ceremony of becoming a "*made man*" in a crime family was a Sicilian anachronism. However, Genovese persuaded LUCIANO to keep the title, arguing that young people needed rituals to promote obedience to the family. LUCIANO remained committed to omertà, the oath of silence, to protect the families from legal prosecution. In addition, he kept Maranzano's structure of five crime families in New York City.

Later in 1931, LUCIANO calls a meeting in Chicago with various bosses, where he proposes a Commission to serve as the governing body for organized crime. Designed to settle all disputes and decide which families control which territories, the Commission is called LUCIANO's greatest innovation. LUCIANO's goals with the Commission were to quietly maintain his own power over all the families, and to prevent future gang wars; the bosses approved the idea of the Commission.

LUCKY
So what's this philandering shit?

DAVEY BETILLO

It's pandering..."allowing the practice of prostitution..."

LUCKY eyes BETILLO suspiciously as if he is the butt of his condescending attitude. In fact BETILLO, a small built wiry well-dressed man is laughing at him inside.

In June 1935, New York Governor Herbert H. Lehman appoints DEWEY, a U.S. Attorney, as a special prosecutor to combat organized crime in the city.

Dewey's assistant district attorney EUNICE CARTER leads the investigation into prostitution racketeering that connects LUCIANO, the most powerful gangster in New York, to this prostitution network.

On February 2, 1936, DEWEY authorizes CARTER to raid 200 brothels in Manhattan and Brooklyn, earning him nationwide recognition as a major "gangbuster". CARTER takes measures to prevent police corruption from impeding the raids: she assigned 160 police officers outside of the vice squad to conduct the raids, and the officers were instructed to wait on street corners until they received their orders, minutes before the raids were to begin. Ten men and 100 women are arrested. Unlike previous vice raids, the arrestees are not released, but taken to court, where a judge set bails of US\$10,000, far beyond their means to pay. CARTER builds trust with a number of the arrested prostitutes and madams, some of whom report being beaten and abused by the defendants. She convinced many to testify rather than serve additional jail time. By mid-March, several defendants had implicated LUCIANO. Three of these prostitutes implicated LUCIANO as the ringleader, who made collections. LUCIANO associate DAVID BETILLO was in charge of the prostitution ring in New York; any money that LUCIANO received was from BETILLO.

LUCIANO hearing he is to be arrested flees to Hot Springs, Arkansas but is recognized by a New York Detective and arrested and brought back to the Big Apple on a criminal warrant.

LUCIANO are indicted along with his accomplices on 60 counts of compulsory prostitution.

LUCIANO's lawyers in Arkansas then began a fierce legal battle against extradition.

On April 6, Owney Madden, one time owner of the Cotton Club offered a \$50,000 bribe to Arkansas Attorney General Carl E. Bailey to facilitate LUCIANO's case. However, Bailey refused the bribe and immediately reported it.

On April 17, after all of LUCIANO's legal options have been exhausted, Arkansas authorities hand him to three NYPD detectives for transport by train back to New York for trial.

When the train reaches St. Louis, Missouri, the detectives and LUCIANO change trains. During this switchover, they are guarded by 20 local policemen to prevent a mob rescue attempt. The men arrive in New York on April 18, and LUCIANO is sent to jail without bail.

On May 13, 1936, LUCIANO's pandering trial begins.

EUNICE CARTER- Lotsa Trouble for LUCKY

<https://themobmuseum.org/blog/eunice-carter-key-player-in-LUCIANO-conviction/>

While making a living as a social worker in New York and New Jersey in the 1920s, EUNICE CARTER took classes at Fordham Law School and became the first African-American woman to receive a law degree there.

Her talents drew the attention of New York Mayor Fiorello La Guardia and newly appointed state special prosecutor DEWEY in 1935. La Guardia and DEWEY hired a large staff to fight organized crime and selected CARTER to work in the predominately black area of Harlem. CARTER thus became the first female African-American assistant district attorney in the state of New York.

Her boss was THOMAS DEWEY, who while chief assistant U.S. Attorney had won a conviction against New York bootlegger Waxey Gordon in 1933 and whose 1935 prosecution of mobster Dutch Schultz crippled Schultz's operations.

Many of CARTER's cases as assistant district attorney in 1935 were brought against women charged with prostitution. As prosecutor, she notices that some defendants are using the same bondsman and lawyers and tell similar stories while trying to beat their raps. CARTER reasoned that this cast of characters meant that hoodlums perhaps control New York's prostitution as a racket. She approached DEWEY and an investigation by his office confirmed her theory - racketeers were indeed deeply entrenched in illegal prostitution and collected 50 percent of their employees' earnings.

Dewey orders a raid of scores of brothels and arrested 100 illegal sex workers, several of whom agreed to testify about the Mob's ties to the business. LUCIANO is charged with pandering on a large scale. His defense was that he was not directly linked to the brothels and was being railroaded by the prosecution.

But DEWEY, in a dramatic cross-examination of LUCIANO, asks how the rich mobster can afford an extravagant lifestyle on the \$22,500 reported on his tax returns. The sensational trial ends in a guilty verdict and a sentence of 30 to 40 years for LUCIANO

Many question whether LUCIANO is directly involved in "the Combination".

There may have been evidence that LUCIANO profited from prostitution, and several members of his family ran a protection racket that ensnared many of New York City's madams and brothel keepers but many believed that it would have been "out of character" for a crime boss of LUCIANO's stature to be directly involved in a prostitution ring.

The evidence DEWEY presents against LUCIANO is "astonishingly thin," and it could be argued that it would have been more appropriate to charge LUCIANO with extortion. But DEWEY is well aware that extortion is very difficult to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt.

LUCIANO's defense team err in allowing him to take the stand in his own defense, opening the door for DEWEY to attack his credibility on cross-examination.

At least two of LUCIANO's contemporaries denied that LUCIANO was ever part of "the Combination" or "the syndicate". In her memoirs, New York society madam Polly Adler writes that if LUCIANO had been involved with "the Combination", she would have known about it. Bonanno, the last surviving contemporary of LUCIANO's who wasn't in prison, also denied that LUCIANO was directly involved in prostitution.

LUCIANO continues to run his crime family from prison, relaying his orders through acting boss Vito Genovese. However, in 1937, Genovese fled to Naples to avoid an impending murder indictment in New York. LUCIANO appointed his consigliere, Frank Costello, as the new acting boss and the overseer of LUCIANO's interests.

LUCIANO was first imprisoned at Sing Sing Correctional Facility in Ossining, New York.

However, later in 1936, authorities move him to Clinton Correctional Facility in Dannemora, a remote facility far away from New York City. LUCIANO is assigned a job in the prison laundry. At Clinton, DAVID "LITTLE DAVIE" BETILLO prepares special dishes for LUCIANO in a kitchen set aside by authorities. BETILLO is well known by the FBI as a gay transgender male.

LUCIANO uses his influence to help get the materials to build a church at the prison, which becomes famous for being one of the only freestanding churches in the New York State correctional system and also for the fact that on the church's altar are two of the original doors from the Victoria, the ship of Ferdinand Magellan.

Firmly believing that he would win his appeal, **Inmate #24806** resolved that he would be a model—albeit privileged—prisoner, a resolution no doubt appreciated by Warden William Snyder who assigns LUCKY a cell in "the Flats," the first floor gallery in West Hall, that came equipped with an electric stove, curtains and a pet canary.

LUCKY is less pleased with his assignment to work in the prison laundry. Neither the heat nor the physical labor suits him, and he doesn't care for being "some kind of washerwoman." A couple hundred dollars—LUCKY never wanted for cash—got him transferred to the prison library, where he is able to indulge a newfound interest in books about American history, geography and his native Sicily. He also works diligently on his penmanship.

LUCKY's status and munificence cushions him from most of the physical hardships of prison life. But confinement took a mental toll.

He suffered from nightmares, and "whenever somebody from my family come up . . . I couldn't talk to nobody for a week. I'd see my brother walk out and then I'd go back to my cell and hit my head against the wall. One time it started to bleed and they sewed it up." While medics had him under the knife, they also sewed up his trademark droopy right eyelid.

In March 1937 LUCIANO was transferred to C Block, "one of the best and cleanest blocks," according to Jimmy Horan, a fellow inmate who recalled his hard time with LUCIANO in his 1959 autobiography. Horan gladly accepted the daily job of cleaning LUCKY's cell and pressing his clothes (silk shirts and creased slacks), for which he was paid handsomely in cigarettes, candy and salami.

LUCIANO's culinary needs are taken care of by BETILLO, his former first lieutenant, who had received 24 to 40 years for a supporting role in LUCIANO's prostitution empire. In a corner of the prison kitchen that had been made available to him in exchange for some payola, BETILLO prepares LUCIANO's meals before serving them to him in the privacy of his cell, where the gangster would listen to comedy shows on the radio. (LUCIANO's favorite was "Abbott and Costello".)

This homey little arrangement came to an end when LUCIANO said something that infuriates his hot-tempered chef. BETILLO bit his lip and bided his time.

Eventually he caught the boss alone and began beating him with a baseball bat. Another con heard the commotion and came to LUCIANO's rescue, an act which earned the inmate an early release from Dannemora. After that incident LUCIANO never went anywhere on the grounds without a full complement of bodyguards.

Also at one particular Dannemora visit, LUCIANO was told of a skinny kid from around Hoboken with a terrific voice whose parents came from Lecara Friddi-- also LUCIANO's place of birth. That kid was Francis Albert Sinatra, and LUCIANO okayed an investment of some \$50,000 (\$720,000 by today's standards) to "help Sinatra across with the public, for publicity, and clothes, to supplement the \$150 a week he was getting from Tommy Dorsey. Sinatra would later show his appreciation by singing at LUCIANO's mobster conclave in Havana on Christmas Eve 1946.

World War II, Freedom, and Deportation.

During the early days of World War II, the U.S. Office of Naval Intelligence suspects that Italian and German agents are entering the United States through New York, and that these facilities are susceptible to sabotage. The loss of *SS Normandie* in February 1942 in NYC's Pier 88, especially, raises fears and suspicions in the Navy about possible sabotage in the Eastern ports. A Navy Intelligence Unit, B3, assigns more than a hundred agents to investigate possible Benito Mussolini and Hitler supporters within the predominantly Italian-American fisherman and dockworker population on the waterfront. Their efforts are fruitless.

<https://www.newyorkalmanack.com/2014/09/the-sinking-of-the-s-s-normandie-at-nycs-pier-88/>

EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS. DAY

A INTELLIGENCE OFFICER in Plain Clothes approaches a small group of LONGSHOREMEN eating sandwiches, drinking coffee or smoking.

NAVAL OFFICER

Hello, gentlemen...

(he hands out a card to
whom he believes is a
leader of the group)

(MORE)

NAVAL OFFICER (CONT'D)

I'm Officer Adamson Naval Intelligence, I'd like to ask you a few questions.

The BIG MAN accepts the card and smiles. He examines the card with great interest and smiles a bigger smile. That's followed by an adolescent laugh.

A leather-faced SMALL MAN (FOREMAN) with a muscular sinewed body in the group eyes the OFFICER.

FOREMAN

Sure. We're listening. But he ain't. He's a little weak upstairs. And he don't speak English. Most of these guys don't speak English. They're just off the boat...

NAVAL OFFICER

I see. So none of them speak English?

FOREMAN

Yeah. That's about it. No speakienglish.

NAVAL OFFICER

Can you explain to them that we are concerned about spies from the old country an the Germans.

FOREMAN

I'll let them know. But I'm pretty sure that they are loyal citizens.
(in Italian with a Sicilian accent)
Vuole saper' se per caso avede visto qualcuno in giro che vi sembrava un fascista...

The LONGSHOREMEN shrug their shoulders and turn down the corners of their mouth or simple shake their head "NO".

NAVAL OFFICER walks away and mutters under his breath.

NAVAL OFFICER

If they wanna be citizens they could start by speaking English.

The US government wants to strike a secret deal with the imprisoned LUCIANO.

Even though LUCIANO, is serving his 30 to 50 years sentence for compulsory prostitution in the Clinton Prison negotiations with the Navy and the State are facilitated by agreeing to transfer LUCIANO to Great Meadow Correctional Facility in Comstock, New York, which is much closer to New York City.

Out of frustration, and knowing that the Mob controls the waterfront, the US Navy contacts MEYER LANSKY, a known associate of LUCIANO and recognized as one of the top non-Italian associates of the Mafia (actually Cosa Nostra), about persuading LUCIANO with a possible deal.

The State of New York, LUCIANO and the Navy strike a deal in which LUCIANO guarantees full assistance of his organization in providing intelligence to the Navy. In addition, LUCIANO associate Albert Anastasia—who controls the docks and who runs Murder, Inc.—guarantee no dockworker strikes throughout the war. In return, the State of New York agrees to commute LUCIANO's sentence. LUCIANO's actual influence is dubious and at best uncertain, but the authorities do note that the dockworker strikes stop since the deal is reached with LUCIANO.

In the summer of 1945, LUCIANO petitions the State of New York for executive clemency, citing his assistance to the Navy. Naval authorities, embarrassed that they had to recruit organized-crime to help in their war effort, decline to confirm LUCIANO's claim.

Governor Thomas Dewey, the former prosecutor who placed LUCIANO into prison, commutes LUCIANO's sentence on the condition that he did not resist deportation to Italy.

Dewey states, "Upon the entry of the United States into the war, LUCIANO's aid was sought by the Armed Services in inducing others to provide information concerning possible enemy attack. It appears that he cooperated in such effort, although the actual value of the information procured is not clear."

LUCIANO is deported to his homeland Italy on February 9, 1946. There is media hype of LUCIANO's role after his deportation. The syndicated columnist and radio broadcaster Walter Winchell even reported in 1947 that LUCIANO would receive the Medal of Honor for his secret services.

There is considerable public controversy during the late days of the war and afterwards surrounding the connection between the U.S. Government and the Mafia.

In 1953, Governor Dewey, pushed by allegations that he sold LUCIANO his pardon, orders a confidential investigation by the state's commissioner of investigation, William Herlands. Herlands released his 2,600-page report in 1954, which offers proof of LUCIANO's involvement with the Navy without finding any wrongdoing by Dewey. Naval officials review the report and requested Dewey to not release it on the grounds that it would be a public-relations disaster for the Navy and it might damage future similar war efforts. Dewey agrees, and the report will not be released until after his death in the mid-1970s.

NOTE: Many questioned the effectiveness of the Mafia and their help during Operation Husky. It's been stated that LUCIANO could not have helped during the invasion of Sicily, as he was out of touch with the Sicilian Mafia, and neither he nor the Cosa Nostra had any significant contribution to the Allied victory in Sicily.

On the other hand, another camp, alleges that Congressman Horan revealed that LUCIANO was visited 11 times by Naval Intelligence Officers throughout his sentence. In addition, Commander Haffenden of Naval Intelligence Section F (foreign intelligence) stated in numerous reports how his men were interviewing many native-born Italians and that they were cooperating because of LUCIANO.

LUCIANO realizes the Allies were on the offensive in the Mediterranean by January 1943. They had held and defeated the Germans and Italians in North Africa and are now looking to open up a second European front to put more pressure on Hitler, while the German army is fighting against the Soviet Union in Russia.

LUCIANO arranges to see MEYER LANSKY and unveils his crazy plan to assist in exposing the soft underbelly of Europe by assisting the Americans and the British to establish another front using Sicily as a beachhead.

And so LANSKY presents the idea to Naval Intelligence and...LUCIANO's wild idea becomes a reality.

Operation Husky is Born.

Having determined the next phase of the war, preparations began for an invasion of Sicily. East Coast Naval Intelligence officers saw an opportunity here to exploit further their connections with Sicilian gangsters.

Naval Intelligence argued the case for LUCIANO, saying they could persuade Governor Dewey to give him a pardon and send him to Sicily via a neutral country, such as Portugal. Full of enthusiasm for the idea, LUCIANO recommends that U.S. forces land in the Golfo di Castellammare—a favorite Mafia drug-smuggling haunt near Palermo and home to many of those mobsters caught up in the gang war of the late 1920s.

The government and Naval Intelligence do not want to release LUCIANO but agree to have LUCIANO recommend certain people who knew Sicily well, and have LANSKY escort them to the Naval Intelligence offices.

"SOCKS LANZA" a mobster who ran the NY docks and JOE ADONIS assist LANSKY in escorting LUCIANO's choices to Naval Intelligence.

"Sometimes some of the Sicilians were very nervous," said Lanza. "JOE ADONIS would just mention the name of LUCKY LUCIANO and say he had given them orders to talk. If the Sicilians were still reluctant, Joe would stop smiling and say, 'LUCKY will not be pleased to hear that you are not been helpful.' "

Five days after the Allied landing, on July 14, 1943, an American fighter plane flies low over the small town of Villalba in central Sicily. As its wings nearly brush the terracotta roofs of the buildings, native Sicilians see a yellow banner fluttering from the side of the cockpit. They swear it bares a large black "L" in the middle of the flag. As the aircraft swoops over a grand farm house on the outskirts of the town, the pilot tosses out a bag that crashes into the dust nearby. A servant from the farm house hurriedly retrieves it and shows it to his master.

The owner of the farm house was Don Calogero Vizzini. A little man in his sixties with a potbelly, he dresses in the usual understated style of a local businessman with his shirtsleeves rolled up and braces hauling his trousers up over his stomach.

The image belied his true importance. Don Calo is, in fact, the leading mafioso of the region, and he will later become a major player in postwar Sicily, with direct links to LUCIANO.

As Don Calo opens the bag dropped by the pilot, he sees at once that an important message had been sent to him by his friend in New York. Inside was a yellow silk handkerchief bearing the "L" of LUCKY LUCIANO. It is a traditional Mafia greeting, and Don Calo knew exactly what he must do next. He writes a coded message to another mafioso, Giuseppe Genco Russo, and instructs him to give every possible assistance to the advancing Americans.

Six days after that, on the twentieth, according to the legend, three U.S. tanks rumble into the town center of Villalba. Children dance around the vehicles, hoping for sweets and chewing gum. A little yellow pennant flew from the radio aerial of one of the tanks—on it a black "L". An American officer emerges out of the tank and, speaking in the local Sicilian dialect, asks to see Don Calo. The crowd parted as the Mafioso makes his way toward the tank. He hands his yellow flag with a black "L" to the American, who helps him climb up onto the hull and then disappears with him into the turret.

Whether or not LUCIANO had any real impact on the Sicilian campaign, he gets his reward for his general war time assistance from the U.S. Government in early January 1946. After spending nine years, nine months in jail, Governor THOMAS E. DEWEY commutes his sentence.

LUCIANO might be free, but he is no longer welcome in America. In preparation for deportation to Italy, he is moved to a cell on Ellis Island, the entry point to the United States for his family and so many other immigrants thirty-nine years before. MEYER LANSKY, FRANK COSTELLO, and MOSES POLAKOFF visited him there for their final instructions from him. To comply with government rules that only \$60 could be taken out of the country, LUCIANO gave up the \$400 in cash he had on him to COSTELLO. With no limitation on the use of travelers' checks, COSTELLO gave LUCIANO \$2,500 in unsigned checks and explained to LUCIANO how to sign for them. Three unnamed relatives visit him on Ellis Island, perhaps his brothers and sister.

On February 9, LUCIANO is escorted by two agents of the U.S. Immigration service onto the seven-thousand-ton freighter Laura Keene, which was shipping a consignment of flour.

SIX POLICE GUARDS working in pairs watched LUCIANO twenty-four hours a day in eight hour shifts during his period of custody on board the Laura Keene. Officially, they deny the presence of any liquor or extra food on board for LUCIANO.

An FBI report gives yet another version of LUCIANO's last days in America. An anonymous FBI agent visited him on board the Laura Keene.

They stated there was "no evidence of any parties, drinking or visitors to LUCIANO during the time he is under their surveillance" from midnight to 8:00 a.m. Saturday the ninth through Sunday the tenth. They also deny he had been visited by ALBERT ANASTASIA.

As the FBI investigation digs deeper, U.S. Naval Intelligence looks to distance itself by claiming that its files fail to indicate that LUCIANO had ever furnished assistance or information to them. On April 17, 1946, Hoover expresses a personal interest in wanting to know the details behind LUCIANO's parole. As Hoover searches deeper he discovers a memorandum of April 18, 1946, saying that a key witness for the prosecution in the LUCIANO trial admitted that "he had perjured himself when he testified against LUCKY LUCIANO" and "states that considerable opinion exists to the effect that LUCIANO was not guilty of the charges for which he was convicted and that Governor Dewey's parole of LUCIANO was motivated partially as an easing of Dewey's conscience." He then added in his own handwriting—"so sorry."

The Havana Conference -1946

In October 1946, LUCIANO secretly makes his way to Havana, Cuba. LUCIANO first takes a freighter from Naples to Caracas, Venezuela, then flies to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He then flies to Mexico City and doubles back to Caracas, where he takes a private plane to Camagüey, Cuba, and finally arrives on October 29. LUCIANO is then driven to Havana.

After LUCIANO sailed back to Italy. He first settled in Lercara Friddi, Sicily, then moved to Palermo, Naples, and Rome. After being forced out of Rome by Italian police, LUCIANO finally settled in Naples. LUCIANO immediately started planning a return to the United States.

In early fall 1946, Luciano receives a sealed envelope from a recently deported U.S. mafioso, which contained three words, "December-Hotel Nacional."

Lansky greeted his old friend on his arrival in Cuba. Following Luciano's orders, Lansky had organized a conference in Havana the week of December 22 of crime bosses from all over the United States. Lansky quickly suggested that Luciano purchase a \$150,000 interest in the Hotel Nacional, a plush casino and hotel owned by Lansky and his silent partner, Cuban president Fulgencio Batista y Zaldívar. Luciano agreed and the Havana Conference was set.

The official cover story for the Havana Conference is that the mobsters are attending a gala party with Frank Sinatra as the entertainment. Sinatra flew to Havana with Al Capone cousins, Charlie, Rocco and Joseph Fischetti from Chicago. Joseph "Joe Fish" Fischetti, an old Sinatra acquaintance, acted as Sinatra's chaperone and bodyguard.

Charlie and Rocco Fischetti and Sinatra delivered a suitcase containing \$2 million (\$55 million today) to Luciano, his share of the U.S. rackets he still controlled.

At Cuban Customs, in a routine stop Sinatra is pulled aside; fortunately he is recognized by some Cuban fans and is whisked through as the crowd starts to grow in size and the fact that he's a star.

Luciano repays favour by voting for death to Bugsy Siegel who did not want Sinatra to open a casino in Las Vegas.

On the conference agenda were the leadership and authority within the New York mafia, the mob-controlled Havana casino interests, the narcotics operations, and the West Coast operations of Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, especially the new Flamingo Hotel and casino in Las Vegas. Luciano, absent from the American underworld scene for several months, was especially concerned with the situation in New York. Boss Vito Genovese had returned to New York from exile in Italy and was not content with assuming a minor role in the organization.

Luciano decided to exercise control behind the scenes. This arrangement had worked until Vito Genovese's return from Italy. Officially, Genovese was now just a caporegime (captain who heads a "crew" of soldiers); however, he had made it clear that he intended to take control of the Luciano crime family. Since Luciano's deportation in 1946, Luciano ally Frank Costello had been the acting boss of the Luciano family. As a result, tensions between the Costello and Genovese factions had started to fester. Luciano had no intention of stepping down as family boss; he had to do something about Genovese. Luciano also realized that Genovese threatened his overall authority and influence within the American mafia, probably with support from other crime bosses. Therefore, Luciano decided to resurrect the boss of all bosses position and claim it for himself. He hoped the other bosses would support him, either by officially affirming the title or at least by acknowledging that he was still "First Amongst Equals".

Luciano allegedly presented the motion to retain his position as the top boss in La Cosa Nostra. Then Luciano ally, Albert "The Mad Hatter" Anastasia (head of Murder Inc.) seconded the motion.

Anastasia voted with Luciano because he felt threatened by Genovese's attempts to muscle in on his waterfront rackets. Checkmated by the Luciano-Costello-Anastasia alliance, Genovese was forced to swallow his ambitions and plan for the future. To further embarrass Genovese, Luciano encouraged Anastasia and Genovese to settle their differences and shake hands in front of the other bosses. This symbolic gesture was meant to prevent another bloody gang war such as the Castellammarese War of 1930-1931. With Luciano solidifying his personal position and squashing Genovese's ambition for now, Luciano brought up discussion of the mob's narcotics operations in the United States.

During the downtime Luciano and Sinatra decide to throw an intimate party in Luciano's Presidential Suite. Four call girls were ordered for the evening and an overnight stay. Much food and champagne came with order. Thirteen point five kilometres away at Convento de Santa Clara de Asis, by Havana Harbour, Mother Superior Alicia inspects the three Grade 5 girls who have readied themselves to meet Mr. Sinatra and procure his autograph.

They have hired a car for the trip to avoid walking and arriving tired and soaked in sweat. In the car the girls keep checking Mother Alicia's silver pocket watch attached to her habit.

They know for a fact it will take 17 minutes and 53 seconds to arrive at the Hotel Nacional, and then 2 minutes and 30 seconds to be knocking at the Presidential Suite Door.

Precisely at the estimated time Mother Alicia and the three young honour students knock on Luciano's door.

There in full nudity while being pleased by one of the call girls is Luciano while in the background Sinatra wearing an open hotel robe entertains two of the ladies of the night.

With Luciano's deportation to Italy, he now had the opportunity to import heroin from North Africa via Italy and Cuba into the US and Canada. Luciano made connections with Sicily's biggest bosses such as Don Calogero "Calo" Vizzini of Villalba who assisted the Allies' invasion of Sicily and had the greatest political connections of all the Sicilian bosses. Also, Don Pasquale Ania, a powerful boss in Palermo who had connections to legitimate pharmaceutical companies because large-scale heroin manufacturing in Italy was legal at the time.

During the Havana Conference, LUCIANO detailed the proposed drugs network to the bosses.

After arriving in Cuba from North Africa, the mob would ship the narcotics to US ports that it controlled, primarily New York City, New Orleans, and Tampa. The narcotics shipped to the New York docks would be overseen by the Luciano crime family (later the Genovese) and the Mangano crime family (later the Gambino). In New Orleans, the operation would be overseen by the Marcello crime family, led by Carlos "Little Man" Marcello. In Tampa, the narcotics shipments would be overseen by the Trafficante crime family led by Santo Trafficante, Jr.

The Havana Convention delegates voted to approve the plan.

The LUCIANO narcotics empire continued to grow and prosper with the help of his U.S. associates. Many of LUCIANO's partners in the narcotics empire were "Havana Conference" delegates such as Joseph "The Old Man" Profaci who was once the biggest importer of olive oil and tomato paste in the United States and quietly used his food importation business to smuggle narcotics for decades, Gaetano "Tommy Brown" Lucchese, a long-time Luciano ally from their days as children in the streets of New York and who along with his Lucchese crime family's narcotics distribution arm, the 107th St. Crew which controlled all heroin distribution in Harlem, New York.

Without a doubt one of the architects of the American heroin network and a partner of Luciano is well known and powerful New York mafia boss, Joseph "Joe Bananas" Bonanno, the patriarch of the Bonanno crime family, who along with the assistance of his cousin, Buffalo crime family boss Stefano "The Undertaker" Magaddino led the American mafia's expansion into Canada.

Bonanno's and Magaddino's crime families in New York and Buffalo opened up Montreal and Toronto in the 1950s as satellite groups or individual operations connected with the famous "French Connection", but eventually the satellite groups would grow into their own powerful crime families and control massive narcotics distribution networks that still operate even today, all of the narcotics networks mentioned help destroy the myth that Charlie LUCIANO and La Cosa Nostra were against narcotics. When Cuban President Fulgencio Batista y Zaldívar was eventually overthrown by Fidel Castro in 1959, the mob had to look elsewhere for a landing and storage facility for their narcotics shipments.

The next item on the agenda at the Havana Conference was what Lansky called the "Siegel Situation".

The Flamingo Hotel was the creation of Billy Wilkerson, a Hollywood nightclub owner and one of the founders of The Hollywood Reporter. By the mid-1940s, it was an unfinished dream deferred.

This Flamingo Hotel project became Siegel's obsession. Siegel persuaded his long time friend and business associate Meyer Lansky to help him sell New York and Chicago crime bosses on investing in this project.

The Flamingo project was also impacted by the rising cost of materials and labor from the post World War II building boom. The bottom line was that a project projected to cost \$1.5 million would eventually reach \$6 million (\$82M today).

Following a discussion, the delegates voted to execute Siegel. The delegates assigned Chicago Outfit consigliere, Charles "Trigger Happy" Fischetti to oversee the contract. The actual hit would be given to Jack Dragna, the Los Angeles crime family boss. Dragna, who despised Siegel, then gave the contract to Mob hitman, John "Frankie" Carbo, a Lucchese crime family soldier.

On June 20, 1947, Siegel was home alone in Los Angeles reading a newspaper by a living room window. A gunman with an army M-1 carbine rose up from the bushes outside and fired four shots into the room.

Siegel was hit twice in the head and twice in the torso and died instantly.

At the end of the Havana Conference, the tension between Luciano and Genovese allegedly reached a boiling point.

Meeting with LUCIANO in his room at the Hotel Nacional, Genovese told him that the U.S. Government knew that Luciano was in Cuba and was pressuring the Cubans to expel him. Since Luciano was going to have to return to Italy, he should turn over leadership of the Luciano Family to Genovese and retire.

Positive that Genovese had tipped off the US government to his presence in Cuba, Luciano finally snapped. He proceeded to beat Genovese and eventually broke three of his ribs; it was three days before Vito could travel again. When Genovese felt better, LUCIANO and Anastasia then put Genovese on a plane to the States. LUCIANO also threatened to kill Genovese if he ever mentioned this incident to anyone.

In February 1947, the New York City papers got wind of the fact that Luciano was in Cuba. U.S. Drug Agent Harry Anslinger (called "that S.O.B Asslicker" by LUCIANO) demanded that Cuba deport Luciano to Italy. Anslinger claimed that Luciano was behind the recent surge of heroin into the United States. When Cuba refused to comply, Anslinger took his case to President Harry S. Truman. The U.S. Government then halted all shipments of medical supplies to Cuba while LUCIANO was still on the island. Later in February, the Cubans caved in; they arrested Luciano and sent him back to Italy.

When his plane landed there, the Italians arrested Luciano, but released him soon after.

The Final Curtain: 1957 to 1962

By 1957, Genovese feels strong enough to move against LUCIANO and his acting boss, Costello. He was aided in this move by Anastasia family underboss Carlo Gambino.

On May 2, 1957, following Genovese's orders, Vincent "Chin" Gigante ambushes Costello in the lobby of his Central Park apartment building, The Majestic. Gigante called out, "This is for you, Frank," and as Costello turns, Gigante shoots him in the head.

After firing his weapon, Gigante quickly left, thinking he had killed Costello. However, the bullet had just grazed Costello's head and he was not seriously injured. Although Costello refuses to cooperate with the police, Gigante is arrested for attempted murder.

Gigante is acquitted at trial, and thanks Costello in the courtroom after the verdict. Costello is allowed to retire after conceding control of what is called today the Genovese crime family to Genovese.

Luciano was powerless to stop it.

On October 25, 1957, Genovese and Gambino successfully arranged the murder of Anastasia, another LUCIANO ally.

The following month, Genovese calls a meeting of bosses in Apalachin, New York, to approve his takeover of the LUCIANO family and to establish his national power.

Instead, the Apalachin Meeting turns into a fiasco when law enforcement raids the meeting. Over 65 high-ranking mobsters are arrested and the Mafia is subjected to publicity and numerous grand jury summonses. The enraged mobsters blame Genovese for the disaster, opening a window of opportunity for Genovese's opponents.

LUCIANO attends a meeting in a hotel in Palermo to discuss the heroin trade as part of the French Connection. After their meeting, Luciano pays part of \$100,000 to a Puerto Rican drug dealer to falsely implicate Genovese in a drug deal. On April 4, 1959, Genovese is convicted in New York of conspiracy to violate federal narcotics laws. Sent to prison for 15 years, Genovese tried to run his crime family from prison until his death in 1969.

Meanwhile, Gambino now becomes the most powerful man in the Cosa Nostra.

On January 26, 1962, LUCIANO dies of a heart attack at Naples International Airport.

