

AMERICA

IS

FOR

SALE....

AND

I'M

GETTING'

MY

PIECE

## CHAPTER ONE

### A PERSONA IS CREATED

It was Christmas morning 1962. The tree in the Frantatelli household was decorated with lights, garlands and tinsel. The memory trinkets were sparse as were the presents under the tree, giving indication as to the standard of living of the family. No one ever went hungry and there was always a roof over their head, but there was room for little else. The parents always made sure that the one time of year, Christmas, was always special.

Each child would get at least one present and the two youngest had a couple of small gifts each. Johnny's was a fairly large box and when he opened it a large grin spread across his face. It was his Junior High School's jacket with the school logo on the left breast. The deep blue jacket with white trim on the sleeves and collar was exactly what he wanted. He thanked his Mom and Dad and was pleased to find that it fit perfectly when he slipped it on. He wore it the whole of Christmas day, never even taking it off for dinner. His Mom finally convinced him to take it off at bedtime.

It was only three days later that three older boys mugged him behind the school and tried to take the jacket from him. They didn't get the jacket, but it was irreparably torn and ripped in several places including both sleeves and down the back. Johnny took a beating but he wouldn't give up the jacket. Being a slim 5'8", at eleven years old, he was big for his age but not as big as the ninth graders he had to fight. He gave as good as he got but it didn't save his jacket.

Walking in to the Boy's Bathroom bruised, battered, his face dirty, with tears in his eyes, Johnny looked at the damaged jacket and threw it into the trash can, making sure he covered it with toilet paper and towels so no one would see it.

Staring at himself in the mirror with a steely-eyed look and glaring into his own green eyes he made a vow to himself;

**“THIS WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN. I WILL KILL THEM FIRST. I SWEAR, I WILL RIP OUT THEIR EYES. NO ONE WILL EVER DO THAT TO ME AGAIN. SO HELP THEM ‘GOD’ AS THEY WILL NEED YOU MORE THAN I!**

He threw cold water on his face and exited the bathroom for the mile and half walk home. By the time he reached home he had control of his

emotions, his face, stone-like was void of expression. It was a face and demeanor he would carry through his life. It was a face and demeanor many an adversary would fear, awaiting the wrath to come, and many others would regret seeing.

Johnny would grow to a height of 6'2" and weigh 240 pounds. His large muscular upper torso gave him an appearance of being even taller. His slicked back black hair, olive complexion, penetrating steely green eyes and deep voice made him an intimidating presence. He commanded attention when he entered a room. The fact that he was also a handsome devil made him a sexual magnet for women and created instant jealousy of his male counterparts. Add to the fact that one look told you, you didn't want to fuck with Johnny Lee Frantatelli, soon to become "Johnny Lee" and soon to find his calling.

## AN EVENT OF NOTE

Johnny awoke to the ringing of the phone, reaching across the naked blonde in his bed he answered it.

“YO what’s up?”

It was Lenny. “Hey we got a run to Miami and have to be there by noon.”

“What time is it now?”

“8:45”

“YO, we’re gonna be late”

“How long before you can be ready?”

“How long will we be goin’ for? I mean do I have to pack?”

“Nah, maybe an extra shirt and an extra pair of underwear.”

“I don’t wear underwear and I’m too beautiful to have to wear a shirt. Give me thirty and I’ll meet you downstairs. Have some coffee and a bun of some kind for me.”

“See you in thirty.”

Johnny jumped up; hit the shower, shaved and brushed his teeth and combed his hair back straight, slipped on a pair of jeans (he was kidding about the underwear) with topsiders, no socks, chose a black muscle T shirt, his lightweight jean jacket, threw an extra shirt and underwear in a small black duffle-like bag. Out of his locked desk drawer he added his two 9mm semi-automatic pistols, four extra clips and two shoulder holsters and he was off downstairs in twenty-five minutes.

Before leaving, his bedmate a 5’8” model with long blonde hair named Sheila got up to give him a proper send-off. A long wet kiss with her naked body pressed up against his, Johnny squeezed a handful of sweet ass cheek and was out the door. “Stay as long as you like hon’ I don’t know when I’ll be back so please lock up when you go.”

Lenny was waiting downstairs, the motor running, top down on a white Cadillac Eldorado convertible. Johnny jumped over the door and slid into his seat, grabbed the cup of coffee and bun as Lenny gunned it, heading for I-4 to connect with the Florida Turnpike toward Miami.

“Now what’s the deal” Johnny asked.

“We’re heading to Miami and then a boat to just outside of Cuba. We’ll pick up 100 kilo’s of coke there, head back to Miami and drive to D.C. We will drop off in D.C. and get paid. We will be directed to a bank where no questions are asked and deposit \$350,000 in cash to the account of Senator Charden of Florida. Our take is \$250,000 on the drugs. In Texas there is a heist scheduled along with a hit on a corporate head that is not cooperating. Actually the heist is a cover for the hit and is also our payment for the hit.

Then we fly back home. They promise a minimum of two million in jewelry, which we should be able to fence in Orlando for about twenty cents on the dollar.”

“Sounds like a busy week. What about clothes? And what about the caddy?”

“We turn it over to a contact in Texas, he runs a chop shop in Dallas. We’ll buy clothes and stuff as we go. Travel light.”

As Lenny veers onto the Florida Turnpike, Johnny puts his head back on the seat and closes his eyes. “Wake me when we get near Miami

At twelve fifteen they arrive at a Marina outside of Miami on the Intracoastal Waterway. They park the car at a designated house at the designated marina and board a custom made Scarob speed boat. Its gas tanks are about 4” wide which run the length inside the boat to give them extra fuel in case a chase or evasion of the Coast Guard is necessary. The Scarob is the fastest thing on the water.

Heading towards Cuba, Johnny drives the boat and Lenny is the lookout and navigator to make sure they are on course based on fixed preset coordinates. It is now dark and pitch black on the ocean. Two hours later about three miles outside Cuba, they rendezvous with contacts and pick up 220 pounds of cocaine wrapped in one-pound bags. It has been arranged that no money changes hands at this point, it has already been paid for but Lenny gives them a package with five grand for their trouble. Opening the package they all smile, thank him and leave.

“What was that all about Johnny asks, “I thought no money was involved?”

“You’re right. But I always give the hired hands something. It’s a cost of doing business. After all these are laborers. This way he or they are glad to see me come and glad to see me leave and I never have any problems with the exchange and they don’t rat us out.”

Johnny gives Lenny a “thumbs up” and takes off.

Heading back toward Miami they are spotted by the coast guard and a chase ensues.

“We got trouble Johnny, do your thing baby shake these mothers.”

This is where the adrenaline rush that he had become addicted to comes over Johnny, as he guns and directs the boat to outrun and out maneuver the Coast Guard. And he is good at it. As they flee the Coast Guard fires at the boat but scores no hits due to the zigzagging as Johnny speeds into the night leaving the Coast Guard in their wake. The Coast Guard had not yet upgraded it’s fleet and cannot keep up with the speed of their boat. After a half hour they successfully elude the coast guard.

Turning to Lenny, “I think they’re gone we’ll sit for a half hour and then move slowly again. Lenny how did you know Louie Spats was cutting his own deal? I don’t care, I just want to know what to watch for in a situation like that.”

From old man Crittendon the inventor of the water treatment process. He told me a week ago that Louie promised him a better deal than what we gave him. But because he was looking to cut me out he didn’t trust him and told me. I became close with the old man. He is in very poor health and they doctor’s give him maybe a year. I promised him that no matter what I would always see to it that he was taken care of. And I will keep my word. If there is a lesson here it is that I established a good rapport with him and a trust and a bond with him. It’s a sales technique I believe in and that is what we were doing, Selling. Remember Johnny even in our business, when two people get together one buys and one sells, which are you?

“I get it, thanks!”

Sitting in the dark like that for a half hour with the sea waves slapping up against the side of your boat and the rocking of the boat to the beat of the sea is no picnic. It is really weird. You literally can’t see your hand in front of your face and as it happens there was no moon that night. It was actually a blessing for both the men. Even lighting a cigarette in that situation can give away your position miles away. Time loses all value. It was the stopwatch that Johnny carried that gave them their sense of time and when the half hour was up. They headed back toward Miami with no further incidents. The Marina they docked at was between Miami and Ft. Lauderdale and was at the home of a local Mafia Lieutenant. He was paid with a pound of coke worth \$10,000 for the use of his dock. They moved the rest of the “junk” into the caddy and headed for D.C., using Interstate 95. Lenny takes it easy never going more than five miles per hour above the speed limit.

“Not bad \$10,000 just for letting us park a car and a boat” Johnny offered.

“It could be more if he cuts the stuff. By the way your cut on the Pittsburgh deal will be sixty grand I will get you your money when we get paid in D.C. Your cut for this deal will be \$125,000 which is half of what I get. The jewelry heist should net about 100g’s your cut will be half.”

Johnny jumped in at Lenny’s comment, “I thought you said the jewelry would be at least two mil and we could get twenty cents on the dollar. That would be 400gs split two ways is 200g’s apiece.”

Lenny smiling broadly, “Oh, so you do listen to me. You say so little I never know when you are listening or not. The jewelry is only worth about half a mil which should net us 100g’s. I just wanted to see if you actually paid attention to what I say. Let’s face it 100g’s for a hit and heist ain’t too bad.”

“I agree. I am not bitching and believe me I hear everything you say. I trust you until you prove to me you’re not trustworthy. Then we’ll part ways. Until then I will always have your back even at the expense of my own. I just hope it never comes to that.” Johnny extends his right hand and Lenny turning toward him while driving extends his right. They clasp hands and grip tightly and each has a broad grin on his face.

## DEALING WITH THE LAW

The plan was to drive straight through to D.C. but they were both getting hungry so in Wilson, North Carolina they decided to stop in for a bite to eat at a Cracker Barrel restaurant. These two large handsome men of presence walking into anyplace, creates a stir of whispers and comments. Having to walk through the general store part of the restaurant first they are seated and choose a table in the back against a wall where they can almost see the entire restaurant. Trying to be as inconspicuous is impossible. Johnny Lee orders a pot roast meal with veggies and mashed potatoes and corn bread. Lenny gets a roast beef sandwich on a roll and a cup of coffee.

Waiting for their food they sit and view the people. As bad luck would have it a Local Deputy Sherriff middle aged about 5'11" with a paunch hanging over his utility belt, wearing his sheriff's hat, sun glasses and in uniform, decides to stop by their table. Johnny seeing him approach buttons the bottom three buttons on his denim jacket hiding the 9mm pistol in his shoulder holster under his left arm. Just before he gets to the table the waitress brings their food. Johnny starts to eat letting Lenny do the talking.

The deputy looks both of them over as he approaches and stands over them seated at their table. Hands on hips and a snide grin, "Where you boys from? I know tain't from 'round heah," he spouts in his thick overdone Southern drawl.

Lenny with a slight drawl of his own replies, "No sir we're from Oh-lando Florida and we are on our way to D.C. to visit Senator Charden And run an errand for him. He said he wanted us to pick up and hand-deliver an important package to Senator Jesse Helms. We just stopped by here to get a bite to eat and we'll be hot footin' it to D.C. We sure don't want to disappoint either one of those gentlemen now do we?"

Mr. Deputy perked up slightly at the mention of Jesse Helms' name and seemed to lose a bit of his swagger, "No, no I reckon not." And in a very condescending manner couldn't resist, "Just obey the speed limit as y'all pass on through my state now Heah."

You best believe we will, Sherriff." Lenny shot back, "You take care now too."

The deputy tipped his hat and walked out of the restaurant. As he did Johnny got up to go to the men's room knowing he had to go through the Cracker Barrel store to get to it and sure enough there was the deputy coming on to

the young cashier an attractive blonde about 5'2" in her early twenties dressed in her Cracker Barrel uniform.

Johnny continued on to the restroom. As he was throwing some cold water on his face after finishing his business, the deputy walked in. In the reflection of the mirror his and Johnny's eyes met. Johnny saw him look down at the pistol under Johnny's Denim Jacket. Trying to be cool and unobtrusive, the deputy unhooked his holster and put his hand on his .38 revolver. Johnny saw the move in the mirror. Still facing the mirror and looking at the Deputy Johnny, in a calm but menacing voice and a deranged look on his face suggested, "I would leave that right where it is if I were you. This is no time to play hero. I'm just passing through getting a bite to eat and within five minutes I will be out of here and you will never see me again. Chances are you don't even remember the last time you pulled that gun from the holster never mind the last time you fired it in the line of duty."

Johnny turned slowly as he spoke to face the Deputy who hesitated just slightly and in the same calm menacing voice with the same deranged look he promised, "if you go any further with that gun I will literally rip both of your eyes from their fucking sockets."

Johnny in a flash put his left hand on the Deputy's right hand forcing the gun to remain in the holster. Johnny's right hand immediately went to the left eye of the deputy knocking off his sunglasses and hat and applying excruciating pressure while throwing his body against the smaller Deputy and forcing him against the door. While the deputy tried to pry Johnny's hand from his eye he was no match for the strength of Johnny at that moment. "Damn! Sumova a bitch! Leggo my eye, Fuck that hurts! Leggo my eye I'll kill ya, ya sumovabitch

Johnny, with a calm, menacing and now threatening voice and wild look, physically overpowering the deputy, "I promise you I want no trouble but I can't take the chance you won't escalate this situation because I don't know you. So please for your own sake and the sake of whatever family you have calm down." Johnny, carefully enunciating every word slowly and with emphasis continues, "Now understand this, I am the meanest, baddest, craziest, motherfucker you will EVER meet. If you don't do as I say and cause me any trouble whatsoever I swear I will come back and kill, maim and torture you, your family, wife, kids and anyone else who gets in my way. This is what I do for a living I kill people for the Mob. Now ease your hand off that revolver or I'll rip out your fucking eye." Calming down just a

bit Johnny explains, “Look,” Johnny pauses looking at the name tag on his shirt, “Deputy Healy, I could very easily kill you right now. I can snap your neck and just sit you down in that stall and walk out of here. By the time anyone finds you I will be long gone and no one will know anything. So I really hope I am getting through to you. Now just chill out and I’ll ease up.” The deputy moaning in pain from the pressure on his eye releases his now shaking hand from the gun. The onslaught surprised him. He was in shock and did as he was told.

With his left hand Johnny took his gun from the holster and put it in the sink, stuffed the drain with paper towels and let the water run submerging the gun. All the while holding the deputy against the door with his right hand still on his eye. He then backed off straightened the deputy’s shirt picked up his hat and sunglasses from the floor and handed them to him. The deputy was just frozen as sweat came to his upper lip and brow and tears to his eyes. As he was gently rubbing his left eye, Johnny in a reassuring tone complimented him, “You did the right thing and the smart thing, sir. I thank you. I really do. Now I will be going and get my partner and we will pay our bill and leave and you will never see us again and we will obey your speed limit as we exit your town. You might do well to stay in here until we have gone and take ten minutes or so to compose yourself and then you can go out and continue hitting on that sweet little cashier. Have a good life sir.”

Exiting the restroom and returning to his table, where Lenny is waiting. Johnny hurriedly suggested, “We have to leave now and I mean now I will fill you in on the way.”

Lenny seeing the quickened stride and the look on Johnny’s face moved as he spoke, “What took you so long? We gotta get going!”

As Johnny grabs a few biscuits in a napkin and heads for the exit, Lenny leaves fifty dollars on the table for the bill as they split from the restaurant.

Lenny gets in the drivers side and guns the motor as they exit the driveway heading north and toward D.C. Johnny fills Lenny in on what happened as they continue their trek and making sure they obey the speed limit to the letter until they got well past Wilson, North Carolina

Lenny laughing and driving at the same time, “Boy I’d love to have seen the look on that Rednecks face in that restroom.”

Johnny now laughing himself, “You know I almost felt sorry for him he was in such shock. But then I remembered his “I’m the Man” attitude and I

couldn't trust him not to make a scene. I really hope he doesn't do anything stupid like put out a complaint on me, or something."

"I don't think he will from what you told me, I believe he'll go to church on Sunday and thank the Lord he is still alive."