

ANOTHER ENCOUNTER WITH FAT TONY by Thanos Lambrinos

Synopsis:

Fat Tony's Mafia has a warehouse. It appears to be abandoned and Bart stumbles into it. Bart meets Fat Tony again and starts selling Cuban cigars for him. Everyone is buying the Cuban cigars, from Bart, including Police Chief Wiggum. Lisa attempts to talk Bart out of selling the cigars for Fat Tony, but he completely ignores her. She decides to take matters into her own hands, so she calls the police, hoping that they will listen, telling them where the warehouse is located. The best the police can do, is drive Fat Tony out of town because the cigars had mysteriously disappeared (guess who took them)

Scene 1:

(Bart is skateboarding down the sidewalk. He get off of the board because he sees a warehouse. Bart walks up to a cracked window, and looks through.)

Bart: Hey, cool! It's my old boss, Fat Tony!

(The window that Bart is leaning on breaks, and Bart falls through. Fat Tony points a gun at him, but when he notices it's Bart, he puts the gun away)

Fat Tony: Well if it isn't my old pal Bart Simpson. Hey, how would you like to make some easy money?

Bart: Doing what?

Fat Tony: Selling my smuggled Cuban cigars.

Bart: I don't know dude. Remember the last time I worked for you, you almost got me sent to jail for murder! You set me up man!

Fat Tony: It's not going to be that way this time Bart. You just sell my cigars and, to keep your mouth shut, you'll get 10% of what we make. Go ahead and take as many cigars as needed, and when all of them are sold, come back for more. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some crack dealers waiting in the back.

(Fat Tony leaves then Milhouse falls through the already broken window. As he falls, he yells "Bart!" then hits the ground.)

Milhouse: Oww, my glasses!

(Milhouse loses his glasses, then gets up and walks around with his hands out in front of his face, like a blind man. Bart picks up his glasses, hands them to Milhouse and he puts them on.)

Milhouse: Thanks Bart. Hey, you want to go down to the creek where all the nuclear supplies are dumped, and breathe in the fumes?

Bart: Yeah! Want a cigar?

Scene 2:

(At the Simpsons' house, in the living room. Homer and Lisa are on the couch watching TV)

TV: Aye Es Buenos!

(Homer and Lisa giggle)

Homer: Marge! Would you be so kind as to get me a beer?

Marge: We're all out of beer Homer, would you like some lemonade?

Homer: What!?! All out!?! Again!?! And I tried to limit it to one case a day! Marge go to the store and get more Duff!

Marge: In a minute dear, I have to finish dinner!

(Bart walks into the living room holding the box of cigars)

Bart: Hey, dad, I'm working for Fat Tony again.

(Homer shoves Bart out of the way, because he's blocking the TV, then he notices that Bart is holding a box of Cuban cigars so he takes one and lights it)

Homer: Ooooh, Cuban cigars! Thanks boy!

Bart: Uh, fifty bucks dad.

(Homer licks his fingers, puts out the cigar and places it back in the box)

Homer: Nice doing business with you boy! Kids, is there anything they don't sell?

(Bart leaves the room and goes into the kitchen where he is met by Marge)

Bart: Hi mom!

Marge: Hi Bart. (She notices that Bart is carrying cigars) Oh my goodness! Bart, give me those! (Marge snatches the box of cigars away from Bart)

Bart: But, mom!

Marge: No buts! There's no way I'm letting you carry that filth around in this house! I'm not giving them back to you!

(Homer runs into the kitchen)

Homer: Hey, Bart, I found fifty bucks! Can I have a cigar now?

Marge: Did you take that money from our emergency saving hidden you-know-where?

Homer: Umm, no. I just got it from our secret savings, you know, the emergency one. D'oh!

Marge: Ohh, Homer. Selling these cigars is wrong, and it's illegal for a boy underage to carry them, none the less, sell them.

Homer: Well excuse me misses know-it-all, they're not just any cigars they're Cuban cigars. Now apologize.

Marge: I am not going to apologize!

Homer: Apology accepted. Now, give the boy back his cigars and let him go about his business!

Marge: NO!

Homer: You know Marge, when I was a kid, I did some really weird things for money.

Marge: Like what?

(Flash back scene to homer as a child standing in front of a strip joint wearing a sandwich sign and handing out flyers. Vision then fades and they're all back in the kitchen)

Homer: Uhh...

(Homer draws his attention to the pork chops on the table)

Homer: WOO HOO! Pork chop night! Thanks dear, your the best cook in the world!

Marge: Why, thank you!

Homer's Brain: Good work Homer! Way to make her forget about uh... that... thing... that... uh... we were talking about!

(Homer leaves the kitchen and walks into the living room with Lisa following. Bart grabs the box of cigars from the kitchen counter, where Marge had set them previously, and goes into the living room as well)

Marge: Hmmmmmm...

(In the living room, Bart and Lisa are sitting on the couch beside each other, while Homer continues to watch the Spanish Bee)

Lisa: Bart, why are you working for Fat Tony again? Don't you remember what happened last time?

Bart: Fat Tony's changed, he isn't like he was before.

Lisa: Fat Tony will never change, let me guess, he's giving you a percentage of what you make selling the cigars.

Bart: Per-what-tage?

Lisa: Forget it. I really think you should stop working... (Bart isn't paying attention, so he gets off the couch and starts to play with a ball and paddle) Bart! What are you doing!

Bart: Oh, you're still talking. Sorry.

Lisa: Anyway, I highly recommend that you... (Camera is on Lisa's face and a red ball attached to a string hits her in the eye.) Oww! Bart!

Bart: Sorry.

Scene 3:

(At the Kwik-E-Mart)

Apu: Hello steady customer, would you like a chocolate squishy?

Bart: Not today Apu. Hey, why don't you buy a Cuban cigar from me?

Apu: No! Cuban cigars are illegal! And you are a child, I can't believe that you would... (The other customer in the store proceeds out of the automatic doors) Come with me.

(They proceed through the "NON-ALCOHOLIC BEER" door, up the stairs to the roof, which is no longer a garden, but a run down bar setting)

Apu: As you can see, I was also trying to sell beer during the time that the prohibition law was put into place. I was hoping people would open the door looking for beer and be led up here. But who the hell would want alcoholic beer! Anyway, what ever you have, I want it!

Bart: I have a full box, one partially smoked, two thousand dollars.

Apu: I'll take it! Now let us celebrate my purchasing of Cuban cigars, by smoking them! (Apu lights one up and breaths in the smoke) Oh, yeah! That's the stuff!

(Chief Wiggum walks in, and Apu drops the cigar)

Wiggum: What the... where's the non-alcoholic beer!?

(Apu starts to panic)

Apu: No, please do not force me to smoke these little boy! Get out, get out, GET OUT! Oh, and come again!

(Bart leaves with the \$2000 and leaves the cigars with Apu)

Wiggum: Hey Apu... (Apu interrupts him)

Apu: The boy forced me to smoke them! I didn't do anything wrong!

Wiggum: Hey, calm down! I just wanted to know if I could have one.

Apu: Oh, yes kind police man, of course, of course!

(Wiggum and Apu each light a cigar. At the same time they say "Yup, that's the stuff")

Wiggum: Oh yeah, where's the beer?

Scene 4:

(Back at the warehouse)

Bart: Hey Fat Tony! Where are you man!

(Fat Tony walks in)

Fat Tony: Oh, hello there Bart! You sold all of the cigars already?

Bart: Yeah, to Apu.

Fat Tony: Excellent, Bart! I knew Apu would be the first to buy, he's our best customer!
(Fat Tony leans to his thugs behind him and whispers, "Let his family go.")

Bart: Okay, man, here's the two thousand bucks. Now, my 10% please.

Fat Tony: But of course Bart, um, how good are you in math?

Bart: Math? Well I got six out of one hundred on my single digits adding test in my remedial class. I got a sticker, because it was my best mark all year!

Fat Tony: Well then, here is your 10% (Fat Tony hands Bart \$2)

Bart: Two bucks!?

Fat Tony: I'm, you could be disappointed but... (Bart interrupts)

Bart: Wow, two bucks! I could buy a large squishy with this! Thanks Fat Tony!

Fat Tony: Glad to be of service.

Scene 5:

(At the house, Bart and Lisa are watching Itchy and Scratchy)

"Junk Yard of Death"

Itchy and Scratchy are in a junk yard and Itchy decides to have a little fun. He takes Scratchy and nails him to the belt which leads the cars to the pounding machine. He is lead to the first step, the spike roller. It presses against him, blood flies everywhere, and Scratchy screams in agony. When the spikes get to his eyes, they pop like balloons.

Two

of his limbs hurl out of the machine, and then it was on to the next step, the crusher. Scratchy's body is smashed, and out of the machine comes his insides. Itchy catches

them in a paper bag and labels it "Cat Guts." He hands the bag to a man, which throws it in

the back of a truck. As the truck drives away, you can see the side which reads "Animal Intestines." Then on to the last step, the compactor. Scratchy is crushed from both sides, and above the machine, little bits of fur flutter in the air as the cube rolls out on the other end. Itchy picks it up, examines it, and then takes it home to use as a paper weight.

(Lisa and Bart laugh hysterically)

Bart: Ah, Itchy and Scratchy will never get old.

Lisa: Yeah. Oh, and by the way, what ever happened to those Cuban cigars?

Bart: I sold all of them, and I'm going back to Fat Tony later to get more.

Lisa: Wow, how much money did you make?

Bart: Two dollars. I sold two thousand dollars worth of cigars and I got my 10%

Lisa: Umm, Bart, 10% of two thousand dollars isn't two dollars, it's two hundred dollars!

Bart: What!?! Fat Tony tricked me! I'm going there right now to get the money I deserve!

(Bart walks into the basement thinking it's the front door, and slams the door behind him.)

Lisa: Umm... Bart?

(Bart stamps out of the basement, goes through the front door and slams it)

Lisa: He'll never learn.

Scene 6:

(At the warehouse)

Bart: Fat Tony! Show yourself, man!

Fat Tony: What's the matter? Is the Kwik-E-Mart out of your favorite type of squishy? We could fix that problem you know.

Bart: No, you scammed me Fat Tony! I thought you changed, you owe me one hundred and ninety eight bucks!

Fat Tony: Okay Bart, I'm sorry. Here's your money, take some more cigars and this time the target is your school.

Bart: Okay man, will do.

Scene 7:

(At home. Bart walks through the door.)

Homer: Hi boy! I see you have more cigars, can I have one?

Bart: One hundred bucks.

Homer: D'oh!

(Bart leaves the living room and goes into the kitchen to count his money, and screen stays in the living room with Homer on the couch)

Homer: Wait a minute! I don't have to listen to that little brat!

(Homer runs into the kitchen and starts choking Bart, then Marge walks in.)

Marge: Homer stop it!

(Homer continues to choke Bart)

Homer's Brain: Stop choking the boy you moron or we'll have to sleep on the couch again tonight!

Homer: Lousy brain!

(Homer stops choking Bart, then leaves because he hears a knock on the door. Homer answers the door and sees Ned Flanders.)

Ned: Hidily ho neighboroito! I'm having a gambling party do you want to come-didly-um?

Homer: No! (He slams the door in Flanders' face and then walks over and sits on the couch.)

Marge: What did Ned want dear?

Homer: He was having a gambling party and wanted to know if I could come. (Homer clenches his fist) The nerve. I said no. Problem solved.

Marge: But I thought that you liked gambling parties?

Homer: I know, that's why I'm not going. *Pause* Aww, crap.

Scene 8:

(At Springfield Elementary School, in the yard)

Bart: Come one, come all! Cuban cigars only one hundred dollars! (in a whisper) Must be at least eight years old to buy one.

(Seymour Skinner and Edna Krabapple grab Bart and take him into the principals office)

Seymour: Bart, what you're doing is illegal! You could be sent to jail for this!

Edna: Yeah, and we want in!

Seymour: Edna!

Edna: Okay, fine Skinner, I'll scold the boy myself (whispers to Bart) ...and bring the cigars.

(They leave Skinners office and go into Bart's class room)

Edna: Ok Bart, you have the goods, and I want 'em!

Bart: It's one hundred bucks a cigar.

Edna: Fine, here's your money Bart. Now go away and pretend that this never happened.

(Back in the school yard, Bart runs up to Milhouse and taps him on the shoulder)

Bart: Milhouse, you won't believe what just happened! Try to guess!

Milhouse: I dunno Bart, why don't you just tell me?

Bart: I just sold illegal Cuban cigars to Mrs. Krabapple!

Milhouse: Sure Bart, I'm not falling for another one of your lies. You always lie to me! Remember that time you told me that the crazy dog always running around the park would make a good pet!

(Flashback to Milhouse playing frisbee with the dog. Milhouse throws the frisbee and it sails over the dogs head. The dog then charges toward Milhouse and tears him apart as he screams in pain.)

Bart: Uhh... times change and people do too! Get with the program!

(Bart walks away and Milhouse stands there confused. Cut across to the other side of the school yard while Jamie and Lisa are watching Bart.)

Lisa: I don't know Jamie, what Bart is doing is so wrong.

Jamie: Yeah, I know, but what can you do? I mean he is your brother.

Lisa: Yeah, so?

Jamie: So it's not like your going to call the police on him.

Lisa: Why not?

Jamie: You're gonna send your own brother to jail? What are you, crazy?

Lisa: Well, no... but I can call the cops and get Fat Tony arrested!

Jamie: But won't Bart get in trouble also, because he is selling the cigars?

Lisa: Well, maybe, but I really think what Bart is doing is wrong, I going to call the cops on Fat Tony anyway.

Scene 9:

(In Lisa's room she is calling Chief Wiggum, split screen.)

Lisa: I'm calling to report the selling of some illegal Cuban cigars.

Wiggum: Cuban cigars!? We'll get right on it! (Wiggum hangs up, then dials Lisa's number again. Lisa picks up.)

Wiggum: Uh, yeah and where would we be making this arrest?

Scene 10:

(At the warehouse. Wiggum kicks down the door entering the warehouse.)

Wiggum: Hello? Is anybody here? How many abandoned warehouses are there in this damn town!?

Fat Tony: Wiggum!?! Umm, would you like another cigar?

Wiggum: Yes... no wait! You're under arrest!

(Outside, the sound of sirens fill the air)

Wiggum: Uhh, Mrs. Simpson, we'd like to hold him, but the best we can do is drive him out of town. We don't have enough evidence!

Marge: But you have a warehouse full of Cuban cigars!

Wiggum: Uhh, those mysteriously disappeared. (A cigar falls out of his pocket which is stuffed with them.) Well, lookie here... umm... I have to go.

(Marge grabs Bart by the ear and starts walking away.)

Marge: I never ever want to see you working with that man again! Bart: Oww!! You're grounded and you can't come out of your room until you're thirty-five! Do you hear me?

Homer: Your mom's right boy!

Bart: But you bought the cigars from me too dad!

Homer: Why you little!! (Homer chokes Bart until the screen fades)

THE END

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