

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Once again, the Shanty Town Players, cleverly disguised as officers of the U. S. Navy, emerge to strike frivolity and laughter into the hearts of the people of VC-8. Everyone here is familiar with the movie "The Godfather," and what a great success it was. In addition, I'm sure you're all aware of the media's tendency to beat a dead horse, as evidenced by the movie "Planet of the Apes," and its sequels. Well, the Shanty Town Players felt it would be good for one more fun, so, with this in mind, tonight's spitoon...uh, lampoon, deals with the Mafia, and the unlikely premise that they move into Puerto Rico. (pause) Ladies and gentlemen, I have just been informed by a rep. of the Italian Anti-Defecation...Defamation League that there is no such thing as the Mafia. At any rate, may I present our cast of characters. From left to right, or right to left, depending on where you're standing:

Don Spellmanucci, head of the Ma... "Family." His success has been attributed to his fairness, his generosity, his understanding, and mainly his willingness to rip the face off of anyone who stands in his way.

Roberto Carlcini, Spellmanucci's second in command. Also in charge of gambling on the island. Considered completely fearless by the others, mainly for his penchant for taking long drives in Puerto Rico, at night, ...with American tags on his car.

Angio Paolucci, head of drug trafficking on the island. Is having trouble collecting payments, because his phone doesn't work, and every time he goes in person, they're out to lunch.

Ian Sean McGillicuddy MacKaskill, a Frenchman. Brought in as a token, to keep the D. A. from screaming too loud. "The enforcer."

(everyone at table, talking to each other. disjointed conversations.)

Don: O. K., O. K., knock it off. Let's kick this thing off. First, I want to say we been here six month, and we ain't doing so hot. Now, I want to know why! We'll start with you, Angio. How's it coming?

Ang: Not so good, Don. I...

Don: How many times I told you not to use my first name? You call me Spellmanucci, you hear?

Ang: Excuse me. Anyway, like I was saying, not so good. These crazy Puerto Ricans, they say they got something better.

Don: Better? Better than heroin? What?

Ang: ~~Exhaust fumes~~ ^{POLLUTION!} They just drive into San Juan, roll down the windows, and breathe. In five minutes, they're stoned out of their minds. ~~It's~~ ^{It's} a real

Ian: ~~Mais oui.~~ So that's why it's so crowded there. Why, the

GAS!

MIKE
ROD
JOHN
RICK
MCCUNE
LARRY

Where is every BODY

whole population must be addicted!

Don: Hmmm. Yes, that does seem to be a problem. We worry about that later. Roberto, how about you?

Rob: Not so good either. Horses are out.

Don: Why?

Rob: The jockeys at the track are always on strike.

Don: Hmm. O. K. What about the ~~casinos?~~ TLA

Rob: Worse. We give them the marked decks, and the stupid dealers, they get the marks mixed up, and deal everyone winning hands. Pastafazoola! One night, we lost 50,000 smackers!

Ang: ~~And speaking of stupid, it might help if you'd learn how to mark a deck of cards. My three year old could do better.~~ THAT'S WHAT I SAY - YOU'RE STUPID! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THE BIG MAMAS MY 3-YEAR OLD COULD DO BETTER

Rob: Hey! Watch who you call stupid, linguini-brain. Remember the time you...

Don: Oy Vey! Enough, already! Angio, I didn't know you had a child.

Ang: I don't. That's my three year old pet aardvark.

Don: Oh. Anyway, ~~what about outside the casinos?~~ WHAT ELSE BESIDES THE TLA

Rob: No good either. They say they got something better, too.

Don: I'm almost afraid to ask.

Rob: ~~Church bingo.~~ DOMINOS + DIRTY FIGHTS

Don: (stares for a second, then puts head in arms and shakes it, slowly. regains composure, wipes eyes.) Well, as they say in America, we'll cross that bridge behind us. Ian, you had two things to take care of, and I read in the papers that one of them died of natural causes. Care to explain?

Ian: Mais oui, I took care of him. It was so bad, I still shudder when I think about it.

Don: Well, what did you do?

Ian: You know the road that goes by the airport? I made him cross it.at five o'clock in the afternoon.

SIGN OF A CROSS.

All: (stare at Ian, then cross themselves.)

Don: But the papers, they say natural causes.

Ian: In Puerto Rico, that IS natural causes!

Don: Hmm. yes. OK, what about the other one. Anselitti, or something like that.

THE SKINNY GUIN~~EA~~

Ian: Anselmo. I took care of him too. In a different way.

Rob: shoot him?

Ian: (shakes head no)

Ang: knife him?

Ian: (again, no)

Don: Acid?

Ian: (again, no)

Don: Well, what, then?

Ian: (unwraps package, with fish in it, and lays it on table)

Ang: You mean he's....

Ian: No. I set him up selling tropical fish in the states. This is a sample. He won't bother us again.

All: (nod)

Don: A deal he couldn't refuse, eh? Well, I think that's all for now. Thank you for coming, gentlemen.

- LOMBAGO
- FISHBURN - PHILIPPINE
- SARDIERONO
- HILLOCHO -
- McCLUALCCI
- EL CUSHO
- ISEHERINI