

"Why MCA?" by Tom Santini

Summary : Episode 2--Why MCA?--Tom Santini

Blackboard Gag: I will never do this again

Couch Gag: The family runs in to find the couch and the TV about the size of a shoe box. Homer accidentally steps on the TV and breaks it. He hops around in pain until he trips over the couch

( Scene at the Kwik-E-Mart)

Homer: 'Morning Apu.

Apu: Good morning, what would you like today, Mr. Simpson?

Homer: I'll try the Liquor Squishee.

Apu: What a fine choice! One shotglass is enough to give anyone a hangover.

Homer: Make it two.

( Bart walks in)

Apu: Hello, Mr. Simpson.

Homer: You said that already.

Apu: No, I am talking to your son.

Homer: Huh?

( Homer turns around)

Homer: Bart! Why aren't you in school?

Bart: Uhh...It's a field trip.

Homer: Where are the other kids?

Bart: Uhhh...We get to pick where each of us wanted to go.

Homer: Fair enough.

Bart: Why aren't you at work?

Homer: Uhhhhh...It's a field trip.

( Bart stares at him)

Homer: Gotta go!

( Homer runs out)

Bart: Hey, Apu, do you sell any comic books?

Apu: Indeed I do. I have a wide selection of Computer Brown's Nerd Mysteries.

Bart: Any Radioactive Man?

Apu: Just one.

( Apu points to a comic that says "Radioactive Man & Computer Brown Crossover. The Search of the Radioactive Mousepad)

Bart: No thanks. I'll just have a Squishee. Make it Pure Cherry Syrup.

Apu: With purchase of that, you get a lottery ticket.

Bart: Cool.

( Apu hands him his Squishee and the ticket)

Apu: Just scratch it off and see what you won.

( Bart does that)

Bart: Lifetime membership of the MCA? What the hell is that?

( Scene at Simpson's dinner table)

Bart: So, after I scratched it off, it said I had a lifetime membership of the MCA, and it said all meetings are mandatory.

Lisa: MCA? You mean the Microchip Computers Association?

Bart: Aaaaugggh!

Homer: Heh heh heh! Bart won a membership to nerd central!

Bart: Microchip Computers Association? Oh no! I'm too cool to be surrounded by geeks!

Homer: What about that little wiener, Milhouse?

Bart: I'm just teaching him how to be cool. He would never join some stupid nerd club.

( Scene at the MCA)

Milhouse: Hey, Bart! I never knew you would come here.

( Bart groans)

Bart: I "won" some stupid membership here.

( Martin and Lisa walk by)

Bart: Lisa? Since when have you been a member?

Lisa: Well, it did give me extra credit for school.

Martin: This club was formed only three months ago. It is very exhilarating to find a computer club that can really reach to young individu...

Bart: Shut your yap!

Milhouse: Did you bring your disk?

Bart: Huh?

Milhouse: It's for programming and downloading stuff. We do it at every meeting.

Lisa: You can also come here anytime you want to finish up homework or just surf the web.

Martin: It's too bad you don't have a computer, but this club provides much more fun in learning. Excelsior!

( Bart shudders)

Bart: I gotta get out of here.

Milhouse: Don't worry, the meetings only last 45 minutes. I usually stay after to get information on stuff for school.

( Bart grabs Milhouse's shoulders)

Bart: All those days of teaching you to be cool...WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM!

Milhouse: You're scaring me, Bart!

Bart: This sucks! Who's the guy that runs this club?

Martin: Database.

( Bart goes over to Database)

Bart: Can I leave this club? For the love of God, can I?

Database: Sorry, Bart. Membership is a three year minimum.

Bart: WHAT?

Database: We'll try to make this a fun experience for you.

Bart: Why the hell do you think this is fun?

Lisa: ( smiling) It's a three year minimum, Bart.

( She laughs, Bart groans)

Bart: I need a miracle.

Database: Ok, members, listen up. Today's mission is to search the Internet for info on a tree frog. The person who finds the most good information will be rewarded with a free disk!

Milhouse: All right!

( Bart stares at him)

( Caption: 45 minutes later)

Database: This meeting is about over. Who has the most information?

( Lisa, Martin, and Milhouse hold up a huge stack of papers each. Bart has nothing)

Database: Bart, where is yours?

Bart: I don't like learning, man.

Database: In that case, disks for everyone except Bart!

( Lisa, Martin, and Milhouse cheer)

Martin: Excelsior!

( Scene at Simpson's dinner table)

Marge: So, how was the MCA?

Bart: Pointless!

Lisa: Great! We learned about tree frogs!

Marge: That's nice.

Homer: Pfft. Tree frogs? Who needs to learn that junk?

( Thought balloon over Homer's head)

Biology teacher: Now, this is your final exam on tree frogs. Pass it, and you move up to tenth grade, ( eyes fixed on a fourteen-year-old Homer) fail it, and you will repeat the ninth grade.

( He passes back the exams. First question is "Are tree frogs amphibians or reptiles?")

Homer: This is easy.

( Still in Homer's thought balloon, next shot is the teacher giving him an F)

Homer: D'oh!

( Homer's thought balloon goes away)

Homer: ( muttering) Lousy ninth grade!

Bart: The meetings are every day! The membership is also a minimum of three years!

Marge: Maybe you'll get used to it.

Bart: Yeah, like fish get used to being hooked.

Homer: Mmmm...fish.

( Scene at the MCA)

Database: Attention, Microchip Computers Association, this will be our first time buying something off of the Internet.

Lisa: Could it be anything?

Database: Anything.

Bart: All right!

( Bart is typing on his computer)

Bart: Hey, where can I find a video game site?

Database: Sorry, Bart, we can't allow you to buy video games.

Bart: I thought you said anything.

Database: Anything constructive.

Bart: Oh, this is it! I'm leaving this stupid club! I'm never coming back even if your meetings are mandatory!

Milhouse: Watch out, Bart! If you don't come they send you threatening E-mail!

Martin: I've never experienced it, though, but I sure don't want one.

Bart: I don't even have a computer.

( A siren goes off)

Lisa: All right!

Bart: What?

Lisa: I found blueprints to building a house off the Internet!

Database: Oh, very good, Lisa! That was this year's main objective for members! You win a computer!

Bart: Huh?

Lisa: Woo hoo! Uh...I mean, splendid.

Database: Looks like we can send you threatening E-mail after all.

Bart: Ugh! I still need a miracle!

( Scene at another MCA)

Burns: Where is that child?

Smithers: Calm down, sir.

Burns: No, where is...

( He looks at a piece of paper)

Burns: ...Brat!

Smithers: You mean Bart, sir.

Burns: Whatever, this is the second meeting he skipped. Is there any other MCA club he could have accidentally joined?

Smithers: Unless it's some school club, the Millionaires Cash Association is the only MCA there is.

Burns: Maybe we should call Brat's house.

Smithers: Bart, sir. And leave it to me.

( Phone rings in the Simpson'd house. Marge picks it up)

Marge: Hello?

Smithers: Yes, your son never showed up for any of our meetings.

Marge: I'm sure he did. He goes to every one.

Smithers: You must be mistaken.

Marge: Is this the Microchip Computers Association?

( Pause)

Smithers: No, this is the Millionaires Cash Association.

Marge: Oh...thank you.

( Hangs up)

( Scene outside, Bart and Lisa are walking home. Lisa is carrying a heavy box)

Lisa: This is so heavy! Can you carry it for a minute?

Bart: It's your computer.

( Lisa groans, then Marge rides by in her car)

Lisa: Mom! Thank God!

( Lisa puts the box in the back seat)

Marge: What's that?

Lisa: Computer I won at the MCA.

Marge: Speaking of that, Bart, you went to the wrong MCA.

Bart: Huh?

Marge: The ticket you won is actually for something called the Millionaires Cash Association.

Bart: All right!

Lisa: So, Bart can quit because he wasn't really a member?

Marge: Right.

Bart: Cool, man!

( Scene at Millionaires Cash Association)

Burns: Where is he? I want to tell him something important.

( Bart runs in)

Burns: Ah, Brat!

Bart: Bart.

Burns: Your name isn't important, what's important is to tell you you're out of the club.

Bart: What?

Burns: It seems you've slacked off these past couple days. So you're out. So long.

( Bart leaves)

( Scene at the Kwik-E-Mart)

Bart: Rough day, Apu. Gimme a Pure Cherry Syrup Squishee.

Apu: With purchase of that you get a free lottery ticket.

Bart: Keep it.

( Bart pays then walks out)

Apu: Ok, then, it's mine.

( Apu scratches it off. It says "You won the grand prize, \$100,000,000 dollars!"

Apu: Oh, yes! I thank Vishnu and Ganeesha for this humble reward!

The End