

FUTURAMA

one

Space Pilot 3000
The Series Has Landed
I, Roommate
Love's Labours Lost In Space

SPACE PILOT 3000

DECEMBER 31ST 1999. PANUCCI'S PIZZA. FRY IS PLAYING AN ARCADE GAME.

Fry: Space. It **seems to go on and on** forever. But then you get to the end and the gorilla starts throwing barrels **at** you. And **that's how you play** the game!

Boy: You **stink, loser!**

Panucci: Fry! Pizza going out! C'mon!

FRY CYCLES PAST PEOPLE ENJOYING NEW MILLENIUM EVE. A CAB PULLS UP.

Fry: Michelle! Baby! Where are you going?

Michelle: It's not **working out**, Fry. I **put your stuff out** on the **sidewalk!**

Fry: I hate my life I hate my life I hate my life!

APPLIED CRYOGENICS. FRY STEPS OUT OF THE ELEVATOR.

Fry: Hello? **Pizza delivery** for... (*reads delivery note*)... I. C. Wiener! Aw, **crud!** I always thought **at this point in** my life **I'd be the one making the crank calls!** (*gets out a beer*) **Here's to** another **lousy** Millenium. (*falls into a cryonic chamber*) My God! It's the future! My parents, my **co-workers**, my girlfriend. I'll never see any of them again. ... Yahoo!

Terry: Welcome to the world of tomorrow!

Lou: Why **do you always have to** say it **that way?**

Terry: Haven't you ever heard of a little thing called **showmanship?**

THE TECHNICIANS LEAVE FRY OUTSIDE THE FATE ASSIGNMENT OFFICER'S OFFICE.

Lou: **Have** a nice future.

Woman: Good afternoon, sir! I'm Leela. **Now**, it's **New Year's Eve** so I'd like to decide your **fate** quickly and get out of here!

Fry: Can I **ask you a question?**

Leela: **As long as** it's not about my eye. Is it about my eye?

Fry: Sort of.

Leela: Just ask the question.

Fry: **What's with** the eye?

Leela: I'm an alien, alright? Now, let's **drop the subject.**

Fry: **Cool**, an alien! Has your race **taken over** the Earth?

Leela: No, I just work here.

A PASSING BLIMP SHOWS THE MESSAGE HAPPY NEW YEAR 3000.

Fry: Wait a minute, is that blimp **accurate**?

Leela: Yep! It's December 31st 2999.

Fry: My God! A million years!

Leela: I'm sure this **must be** very **upsetting** for you.

Fry: You know, I **guess** it should be but **actually** I'm glad. I **had nothing to live for** in my old life. I was **broke**. I had a **humiliating** job and I was beginning to **suspect** my girlfriend **might be cheating on** me.

Leela: Well, **at least** here you'll **be treated with dignity**. Now **strip naked** and get on the probulator! ... Interesting. Your DNA test shows one living relative. He's your great (...) great nephew.

Fry: That's great! **What's the little guy's name**?

Leela: Professor Hubert Farnsworth.

Fry: I'm the **luckiest** guy in the whole future! **I've been given** a second chance and **this time**, I'm not going to be a **total loser**. (*buzzer buzzes*) What's that?

Leela: Your **permanent career assignment**.

Fry: Delivery boy? No! **Not again!** Please! **Anything else!**

Leela: **Take your hands off** me! **You've been assigned** the job you're **best at just like** everyone else.

Fry: **What if** I refuse?

Leela: Then you'll **be fired**...

Fry: Fine!

Leela: ... out of a cannon into the Sun!

Fry: But I don't **like being** a delivery boy.

Leela: Well, that's **tough!** Lots of people don't like their jobs but we do them **anyway**. **You gotta do what you gotta do!** Now, **hold out** your hand, I'm going to implant your career chip. It'll permanently **label** you as a delivery boy.

Fry: **Keep that thing away from** me!

Leela: **Hold still, dammit!** I don't have good depth perception! (*falls into a cryonic chamber*) You've got **until the count of 5** to let me out of here. 1...

Fry: **See you in** a thousand years! (*changes the freeze time to 5 minutes*) You **owe me one!**

STREET. SUICIDE BOOTH.

Fry: Hey, a **phone booth**, I can call my nephew... Wow, a real live robot! Or is that some kind of **cheesy** New Years costume?

Robot: Bite my shiny metal **ass!**

Fry: It doesn't look so shiny **to** me.

Robot: It's shinier than **yours**, meatbag! Listen buddy, I'm **in a hurry** here, **let's try for a twofer!**

Voice: Please, select mode of death. Quick and Painless or Slow and Horrible.

Fry: Yeah, I'd like to **place a collect call.**

Voice: You have selected: Slow and Horrible.

Robot: Great choice! **Bring it on**, baby! C'mon, c'mon! Kill me already! By the way, my name's Bender!

Fry: Help! What's happening?

Voice: You are now dead. Thank you **for using** Stop-N-Drop, America's favorite suicide booth since 2008.

Bender: **Lousy stinking rip-off!** Well I didn't have anything else planned for today! **Let's go get drunk!**

IPGEE'S OFFICE. LEELA'S BOSS DISCUSSES WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

Ipgee: This is **unacceptable**, Leela! You must find this Mr Fry and install his chip!

Leela: Look, he's just a **nobody** who doesn't want to be a delivery boy. **I'd really rather not force it on** him.

Ipgee: Well, that's your job **whether** you like it or not and it's my job to **make you do** your job whether I like it or not - **which I do** - very much! Now, **get to work!** ... Life is good!

O'ZORGNAX'S PUB. FRY AND BENDER ARE SAT AT THE BAR.

Fry: Why would a robot need to drink?

Bender: I don't need to drink, I could **quit** anytime I want! So they made you a delivery boy, huh? Man, that's **as bad as** my job!

Fry: Really? What **do you do**, Bender?

Bender: I'm a bender. I bend girders, **that's all** I'm programmed to do.

Fry: You **any good at** it?

Bender: You **kidding?** I was a star! I could bend a girder to any angle! 30°, 32°, **you name it!** 31. But I couldn't **go on living once** I found out what the **girders were for**. Suicide booths! Well, Fry, it was a pleasure meeting you, I'm gonna go kill myself!

Fry: Wait! You're the only friend I have!

Bender: You really want a robot **for** a friend?

Fry: Yeah, **ever since** I was 6.

Bender: Well, ok. But I don't want **people thinking** we're robo-sexuals, so **if anyone asks**, you're my debugger.

Fry: Oh no, it's the cyclops!

Bender: We can hide in here... it's free **on Tuesdays!**

HEAD MUSEUM.

Nimoy: Welcome to the Head Museum, I'm Leonard Nimoy.

Fry: Spock? Hey, **do the thing!**

Nimoy: I don't do that **anymore!**

Fry: This is unbelievable! What **do you heads do** all day?

Nimoy: We **share our wisdom** with those who **seek** it. It's a life of quiet **dignity**.

Leela: I'm sorry Fry, but I have to install your career chip.

Fry: Yeah well, if you're sorry why are you doing it?

Leela: It's my job. You gotta do what you gotta do!
(*Fry hits a shelf*) **Watch it!**

Nixon: **That's it!** You just **made my list!**

Smitty: Alright, buddy! **Step away from** the head!

Leela: Please, officers! **There's no need to** use force!

URL: Let us **handle** this **weirdy!**

Leela: Oh, come on! He's just a poor kid from the stupid ages!

Smitty: **Keep your big nose out of** this, eyeball!

Leela: No-one **makes fun of** my nose! You guys were totally **out of control**.

Smitty: It's our job. We're peace officers.

URL: Yeah, you know the law! You gotta do what you gotta do!

HALL OF CRIMINALS. BENDER LOCKS THE DOOR.

Bender: Oh! We're **trapped!**

Fry: Wait a second! You're a bender, right? We can get out of here if you just bend the bars!

Bender: **Dream on**, skintube. I'm only programmed to bend for constructive **purposes**. What, **do I look** like a de-bender?

Fry: **Who cares** what you're programmed for. If someone programmed you to jump **off** a bridge, would you do it?

Bender: I'll have to **check** my program... yep!

Fry: C'mon, Bender! It's **up to** you to **make** your own decisions in life. **That's what separates** people and robots from animals and animal robots.

Bender: You're **full of crap**, Fry! (*electrocutes himself on a dangling wire*) You **make a persuasive argument**, Fry.

Fry: Come on, Bender! You **can do it!**

Bender: You were right, Fry! **From now on** I'm going to bend what I want, when I want, who I want! I'm unstoppable! **Looks like** one of us **will have to** bend this grate. Hehe!

Fry: Good lord! What is this?

Bender: It's the **decaying** ruins of old New York. Welcome home, pal!

Fry: It's my old neighbourhood. Man, this **brings back a lot of memories**.

Bender: Keep 'em to yourself, pops.

Fry: **This is where** I brought my girlfriend on our **very** first date. My God, she's **gone**. Everyone I ever knew or **cared about** is gone.

Bender: Wait, there's someone you know! (*points at Leela*)

Fry: Oh! Can't you **leave me alone?** I'm **miserable enough already**.

Leela: Look, I know it's not much **consolation** but I understand **how you feel**.

Fry: No, you don't. I've got no home, no family.

Bender: No friends.

Fry: My whole world is **gone**. You can't **possibly** understand **what it feels like** to be so alone.

Leela: I understand. I'm the only one-eyed alien on this whole planet. My parents **abandoned** me here as a baby and I don't **even** know what galaxy they were from. I know **how it feels** to be alone.

Fry: Look Leela, I don't understand this world but, **you obviously do** so I give up. If you really think I should be a delivery boy, I'll do it. ... What are you doing?

Leela: **Quitting. I've always wanted to.** I just never realised it before I met you. (*holds his hand. Bender puts his hand on top*)

Fry: **What is the matter with you?**

Bender: I just wanted to be **part of the moment**.

Leela: Hey! He stole my ring!

Bender: Right! Well, that **solves the mystery** of the **missing ring**. This **calls for** a drink.

Leela: I don't want to **spoil the party** but we're all job deserters now. We're unemployed and we **have nowhere to go**.

Fry: **Correction.** We're unemployed but we have a **doddering old relative to mooch off of**.

PLANET EXPRESS.

Farnsworth: Who are you?

Fry: I'm your dear old uncle Fry.

Farnsworth: I don't have **an** Uncle Fry.

Bender: **You do now!**

FARNSWORTH AND FRY ARE HOOKED UP TO A DNA MACHINE.

Farnsworth: By God, I am your nephew! This is **absolutely incredible!**

Bender: Can we **have** some money?

Farnsworth: Let me **show you around**. This is my lab table and this is my workstool. And over there is my intergalactic spaceship! And **here's where I keep assorted lengths of wire**.

Fry: Whoa! A real live spaceship!

Farnsworth: I **designed** it **myself**. Let me show you some of the **different** lengths of wire I used.

Smitty: Attention, job deserters! Come out with your hands up! We have you partially **surrounded**.

Fry: Oh no!

Nixon: **Get those bums!**

Bender: Well, we're **boned!**

Leela: Can't we **get away** in the ship?

Farnsworth: I **suppose** it is technically possible. **Though** I am already in my pyjamas. Can anyone drive stick?

Leela: I can. **As long as I don't have to parallel park**.

URL: If they try to **take off, give them an assful of laser**.

Leela: Prepare for liftoff. ... Blastoff!

Fry: So I guess without jobs, we'll be **fugitives** forever.

Farnsworth: **Not necessarily**. Are you, **by any chance, interested in becoming** my new spaceship crew?

Bender: New crew? What happened **to** the old crew?

Farnsworth: Of those poor sons of... but that's not important. **The important thing** is I need a new crew. **Anyone interested?**

Fry: Yes! That's exactly the job I've always wanted!

Leela: Thanks for the offer Professor, but we don't have the **proper** career chips.

Farnsworth: Oh, that won't be a problem. As luck would have it I saved the chips from my previous crew.

Fry: This is awesome! Are we gonna fly through space fighting monsters and teaching alien women to love?

Farnsworth: If by that you mean transporting cargo, then yes. It's a little home business I started to fund my research.

Fry: Cool! What's my job gonna be?

Farnsworth: You will be responsible for ensuring the cargo reaches its destination.

Fry: So I'm gonna be a delivery boy?

Farnsworth: Exactly!

Fry: All right! I'm a delivery boy!

The Series Has Landed

PLANET EXPRESS. THE CREW ARE SAT AROUND THE BIG TABLE.

Farnsworth: As new employees I'd like your opinion on our **commercial**. I paid to **have it air** on the Superbowl. Not on the same channel, of course.

Announcer: Interplanetary deliveries - **what a headache!** When those other companies aren't **brave or foolhardy enough to go trust** Planet Express **for reliable on-time delivery**. Planet Express! Our crew is **replaceable**. Your package **isn't**.

Fry: Are there really **giant birds like that?**

Farnsworth: No no! That was all just special effects! Now, let's all **have** breakfast. I hope everyone likes eggs.

Fry: I'm never going to **get used to** the 31st Century. Caffeinated bacon? Baconated grapefruit? Admiral Crunch?

Leela: If you don't like that, try some Archduke Chocula.

Farnsworth: Crew, **meet** Hermes Conrad. He **manages** my delivery **business**, **pays the bills**, notifies next of kin, **what have you**.

Hermes: Someone came and **dropped** this package through the **slot** last night. Now, **which one** of you is the captain?

Farnsworth: Oh my! I **haven't picked** a new captain yet. It's always so hard to choose. (*points at Leela*) You!

Hermes: Ok, Captain, this is just a standard legal release **protecting** Planet Express from **lawsuits in the event of** the unforeseen.

Leela: "Death by airlock failure" "Death by brain parasite" "Death by sonic diarrhea."

Hermes: Oh, **you don't want that!**

Leela: Look, I don't know about any of your previous captains but I **intend to do as little dying as possible**.

Hermes: Sign the paper!

CORRIDOR.

Farnsworth: Now, Fry. **Before you go** into space, **you'll need to see** our **staff doctor**. I should warn you **though**, he's a little unusual. He **wears** sandals! Dr Zoidberg, this is Fry, the new delivery boy. He needs a **physical**.

Zoidberg: Excellent, excellent! Now open your mouth and let's **have a look at** that brain. No, not that mouth!

Fry: I **only have** one. Is there a human doctor **around**?

Zoidberg: Young lady, I'm an expert on humans. Now **pick** a mouth, open it and say (*makes a noise, Fry imitates*) What? My mother was a **saint**! Get out!

FARNSWORTH'S LAB.

Farnsworth: Dear Lord, Bender, you're **filthy**.

Bender: Yeah, **like** you don't have **crap** in your neck!

Farnsworth: Amy, **why don't you give his body a going over** with the cleaning pick.

Amy: OK. **Does it hurt** when I **go** like this?

Bender: A little.

Fry: Well, the doctor says I'm as healthy as a crab. Can I go into space now?

Farnsworth: **As soon as** we **finish cleaning** Bender. Oh and Fry, this is our intern Amy Wong. She's an engineering student **of mine**. I like **having** her **around** because she's the same blood type **as** me.

Amy: Hey! You're the unfrozen guy! From the 20th Century, **right**?

Fry: **Last time I checked**.

Leela: **Hang on**. Amy Wong? Of the Mars Wongs?

Amy: Look. We're not **as rich as everybody says**.

Bender: Hey rich girl. Look over here! It's me Bender. I'm **being entertaining**. (takes out her wallet) Alright show's **over**, I'm tired.

Farnsworth: Ah, to be young again. And also a robot! Now, **as I recall**, you **youngsters have a package to deliver**.

Fry: Finally! Come on, Bender, let's **mosey**!

HANGAR.

Fry: So where are we going, **anyway**?

Leela: Nowhere special. The Moon.

Fry: The moon? The moon moon? Wow! I'm gonna be a famous hero just like Neil Armstrong and those other brave guys **no one ever heard of**!

Amy: I love **stuff** like the moon! Can I come, Leela?

Leela: Well, **I guess so**. Just be careful. I'd like to **hold off** any **major screw-ups** until **at least** my second day as captain.

Fansworth: Nothing will **go wrong**. (to *Leela*) If something **goes wrong**, bring back the blood.

SHIP'S COCKPIT.

Fry: Can I **do the countdown**?

Leela: Huh? Oh sure, **knock yourself out!**

Fry: Ten, nine... Hurry up, I wanna see the moon!

Leela: Relax, it's open til 9.

OUTSIDE SHIP.

Fry: That's one small step for Fry...

Man: And one giant **line for admission!**

Fry: Wow! Can I have **cuts**?

Man: Hmm...no!

SHIP'S COCKPIT.

Fry: You're not going to believe this! They landed an **amusement park** on the moon! Let's go already!

Leela: Fry, we **have a crate to deliver!**

Fry: Let's just **dump** it in the **sewer** and say we delivered it!

Bender: **Too much** work. Let's burn it and say we dumped it in the sewer!

Leela: OK, if everyone's **finished being stupid...**

Fry: I had more but **go ahead**.

Leela: We'll deliver that crate like professionals and then we'll go home.

Fry: But **I've never been to** the moon before.

Leela: Alright. We'll deliver that crate like professionals, then we'll go **ride the bumper cars**. Amy, **why don't you** help Fry hoist down the crate. Then lock up **when you're done**. Just be careful.

Amy: Aye aye, Captain! I mean, only one eye, yes sir - ma'am!

LUNA PARK: RECEIVING DEPOT.

Fry: My first space delivery. Greetings Moon Man, we come in peace. I am Fry from the planet Earth.

Sal: **Wise guy**, huh? If I wasn't so lazy I'd **punch** you in the stomach.

Fry: But you are lazy, right?

Sal: Oh, don't **get me started**.

SOUVENIR STALL.

Leela: Ugh, who buys this **trash**?

Bender: Idiots who need gifts for other idiots.

Fry: Hey, I **got** you guys refrigerator magnets.

Bender: Get it **off!** **Keep those things off of** me!
Magnets **screw up** my inhibition unit!

Fry: So you **flip out** and start **acting** like some crazy folk singer?

Bender: Yes. I guess a robot **would have to be** crazy to **want to be** a folk singer.

THE CREW WALK PAST SOME STALLS. FRY LOOKS UNHAPPY.

Leela: What's **wrong**, Fry?

Fry: I don't know. This place is great **and all** but it's just so **artificial**. The gravity, the air, the gophers. **You might as well** stay on Earth. *(looks out)* **That's what** I came to see! I wanna go out there and jump **around** like an astronaut. **Screw this phoney stuff!**

Leela: But the phoney stuff **is what's** fun. It's boring **out there**.

Bender: Yeah! You're **the kind of guy** who visits Jerusalem and doesn't want to see the Sexeteria!

Leela: Maybe I should take Fry on the Luna Rover Ride. You **get to** wear a space suit and drive **around** on the surface. And the line's short because it's **educational**.

Fry: I don't **care** how educational it is. Let's do it!

LUNA PARK: DESTINATION MOON.

Fry: Finally! **Get ready for some serious moon action**.

Announcer: The story of lunar exploration started with one man. A man with a dream.

Man: **One of these days**, Alice. Bang! Zoom! **Straight** to the moon!

Leela: Wow, I never realised the first astronauts were so fat!

Fry: That's not an astronaut, it's a TV **comedian**. And he was just using space travel as a metaphor **for beating** his wife.

ARCADE. AMY IS PLAYING VIRTUAL VIRTUAL SKEEBALL.

Amy: Wow! I **could swear** I was really playing virtual skeeball!

Bender: Look, it's that crate we **were gonna** throw in the sewer.

Amy: The keys to the ship! They **must have fallen** into the crate! Leela's gonna kill me!

Bender: Nah. She'll probably **make me do** it.

Amy: Mister? Could you please get those keys out for me?

Sal: What, **do I look** like a guy who's not lazy?

DESTINATION MOON.

Announcer: No one knows where, when or how Man first landed on the moon.

Fry: I do.

Announcer: But our fungineers think it **might have happened something like this**.

Fry: That's **not how** it happened.

Leela: Oh really? I **don't see you with** a fungineering degree!

Fry: This is stupid. I'm taking this thing out to the real moon.

Leela: Fry, no. This is my first mission and I'm not gonna **let us get in any trouble**. Besides, the car's on a track.

Fry: **Not for long!**

Leela: Ok, you're on the surface. Now I'll give you 10 minutes. Then you'll **get bored**, turn around and apologise **for being such a jerk**. Agreed?

Fry: Agreed. Yee-ha! Woo! Yeah! **Crank up** the radio!

Leela: Time's up. **Make a U-turn at** the next crater.

Fry: No, **not yet**. **How about we go look for** the original moon landing site?

Leela: That's crazy! **It's been lost** for centuries!

Fry: Well I'm **feeling lucky!** (*car falls into a huge crater*) I'm ready to go back now. We're gonna die! **It's every man for himself!** Help me, Leela! ... You **did it!** We're safe!

Leela: No. Now we're gonna die.

ARCADE. AMY IS STILL TRYING TO GET THE KEYS.

Bender: Hey, look what I won from **a tourist's pocket!**

Amy: Shut up. You're **distracting** me.

Bender: Come on, it's just like **making love**. You know. Left. Down. Rotate 62 degrees. Engage rotor.

Amy: I **know how to** make love!

Bender: Here. **Let me do** it. (*grabs the keys but drops them*) Ah, **lousy arm**. **Must be rigged!** ... That's her,

officers! That's the woman who programmed me for evil!

THE MOON PATROL OFFICERS THROW BENDER OUTSIDE.

Bender: Yeah well, I'm gonna go build my own theme park, with blackjack and **hookers**. **In fact**, forget the park!

FRY AND LEELA ARE WALKING BACK TOWARDS LUNA PARK

Fry: I'm sorry, Leela, I can't go on **any further**. Just leave me to die in that barn over there.

Farmer: **Trepassers**, eh?

Fry: No, sir. We're amusement park patrons.

Farmer: Ooo that's a wicked **sinful** place. Tilt a whirl's OK, but the rest is mighty wicked.

Leela: Our car **broke down** and **we're out of** oxygen. Can we borrow some?

Farmer: Look here, city girl. Oxygen **doesn't grow on trees**. **You'll have to** earn it **doing chores** on my farm. You can go back to your **precious** theme park **at sun up**.

Fry: I guess we could do chores for a few hours.

Leela: Fry, night **lasts** two weeks on the moon.

Farmer: Yup. **Drops down to** -173!

Fry: Fahrenheit or Celsius?

Farmer: First one, then the other. And the spacesuits ain't **heated** so you ain't going anywhere til sunrise. You can sleep in the barn. Just don't you be touching my three beautiful robot daughters. You hear?

Leela: I told you to turn around and go back to the park. But oh no, the park was **too phoney**. We had to see the real moon.

Fry: And it was great! We **got to see** craters and rocks and that one incredible rock that looked like a crater.

Leela: Fry, **face it**. The moon is **a dump**. It's a boring **dried up** wasteland. And the only reason **anyone ever comes** here is for the **tacky** little amusement park. Can't you just accept that?

Fry: I **guess** I can't.

A SHOT IS FIRED. BENDER RUNS OUT OF THE FARMHOUSE.

Farmer: I'll learn you to sleep with my robot daughters!

Fry: Ugh, Bender. You didn't touch the Crushinator, did you?

Bender: Of course not. A lady **that** fine **you** gotta romance first.

Leela: **Nightfall's** coming. Hurry, before we freeze.

Bender: **What do you mean** "we," mammal?

Fry: Over there! Look! It's the moon landing site! We found it! It's that flag from MTV! And Neil Armstrong's footprint! Hey! My foot's bigger! Leela, isn't this the greatest thing **you've ever seen?**

Leela: Fry, look around. It's just a **crummy** plastic flag and a **dead man's tracks** in the dust. Now get in here before you freeze.

Bender: Oh, no **room** for Bender, huh? Fine. I'll go build my own lunar lander. With blackjack and hookers. **In fact**, forget the lunar lander and the blackjack. Ah, **screw the whole thing.**

APOLLO 11 CAPSULE.

Leela: Well, if the oxygen **holds out** we **might** live long enough to starve to death.

Fry: Look Leela, I'm sorry. I **never should have** dragged you out here.

Leela: That's right, you **shouldn't have.** I still don't **get** what the **big attraction** is.

Fry: I never told anybody this but a thousand years ago I **used to** look up at the moon and dream **about being** an astronaut. I just never had the **grades.** **Nor** the physical **endurance.** Plus I **threw up** a lot and nobody liked **spending** a week with me.

Leela: A week would be a **little too much.**

Fry: The moon was like this **awesome**, romantic, mysterious thing, hanging up there in the sky where **you could** never reach it, **no matter** how much you wanted to. But you're right. **Once** you're **actually** here it's just a big **dull** rock. I guess I just **wanted you to see** it through my eyes **the way I used to.**

LEELA LOOKS THROUGH A WINDOW. SHE SEES THE EARTH.

Leela: Fry, look. It really is beautiful. I don't know why I never noticed it before. ... Amy? Where'd she learn to **operate the controls like that?** So Fry, was the real moon **anything like** the moon **you used to** dream about?

Fry: Well, close enough!

I, ROOMMATE

PLANET EXPRESS.

Hermes: Fry, if you're **going to be living** in the office you could **at least be on time** for work.

Fry: I'm sorry. I was up really **late poking through people's desks**.

Hermes: I will now **outline today's 12-point agenda**. We'll begin with point one, then **race forward**. **Concerning** our **pest** problem. Somebody's **been leaving food around** and it's attracting owls. And I, **for one, am getting tired of cleaning** those owl **traps**. Now, as this shocking graph **indicates**, our water consumption **has tripled** in the last month. I notice Fry **has been** here a month, so I'm **appointing** him **head** of a **committee to find** who's responsible. Fry? (Fry is taking a shower) Am I **cracking up**, or is **Fry's living** here starting to **get in the way of bussiness**?

FRY IS DRYING HIS HAIR USING THE SHIP'S ENGINES.

Leela: What **the hell** are you doing? You're getting a huge **dose** of radiation! Do you know how long it's going to **take** me to recalibrate these engines?

Fry: Hey, when you look **this good**, you **don't have to** know anything!

FARNSWORTH'S LAB.

Leela: Professor. We need to talk to you about Fry.

Bender: That's right, we want some money. Wait, **what's this about** Fry?

Leela: He's a nice guy but we think **it's about time he got his own place**.

Farnsworth: He's not **causing** any trouble. Now if you **don't mind** I'm rather busy. I **seem to have mislaid** my alien mummy. This sarcophagus should **contain** the remains of Emperor Nimballa, who ruled Zubin 5 **over** 29 million years ago.

FRY WALKS PAST THE LAB EATING THE MUMMY.

Fry: Hey Professor, great jerky!

Farnsworth: My God, this is an **outrage!** I was going to eat that mummy! Fry has got to go!

LOUNGE. FRY IS WATCHING TV.

Fry: Sheesh! 40,000 channels and only 150 **have anything good on!**

Announcer: All My Circuits is brought to you by Robo Fresh: **Designed by** a robot, for a robot.

Calculon (on TV): **I've been processing** this for some time Monique, and, well, will you marry me?

Monique (on TV): Oh Calculon! (*Calculon takes out a nut and screws it onto Monique's finger*) It **fits!** Then you **must know** that I'm...

Calculon (on TV): Metric? **I've always known.** But for you my darling I'm willing to convert.

ANOTHER ROBOT WATCHES THEM FROM IN THE HEDGE.

Fry: Hmm, **must be a friend of theirs.**

Bender: Fry, we've got to discuss your **living arrangements.**

Leela: We've all **talked it over** and...

Bender: Hey, All My Circuits! **Move over!**

Leela: Fry, sometimes **in close quarters,** people do **inconsiderate** things **without realising** it.

Fry: I know but I forgive you.

Leela: No Fry, **by** "close quarters" I mean this office... and by "people" I mean you! And by "inconsiderate" I mean -

Fry: Leela! We're trying to watch TV!

Bender: Yeah, would you **kindly** shut your noise hole!

Fry: So, who's that **weird-looking** guy?

Bender: That's **a human.**

Fry: What **does he do?**

Bender: Eh, the usual human **stuff.** He laughs, he learns, he loves.

Human (on TV): Calculon? I thought you **were** in a coma!

Calculon (on TV): **That's what I wanted you to think** with your soft, human brain.

Fry: Hey! Why is the **TV getting** smaller?

THE OTHERS ARE PUSHING THE COUCH OUT.

Hermes: We'll **bill you** for the couch!

FOOD-O-MAT. A SMALL CAFE WHERE CUSTOMERS SIT AT TABLES AND SELECT THEIR FOOD FROM A CONVEYOR BELT AS IT PASSES THEM.

Bender: **Cheer up,** meatbag, **you've barely touched** your amoeba!

Fry: It looked good but I just don't **feel like eating.** You want it?

Bender: Nah, I'm trying to **watch** my **input**. I need plenty of **wholesome**, nutritious alcohol! The chemical energy **keeps** my fuel cells charged.

Fry: What are the cigars **for**?

Bender: They **make me look cool**.

Fry: I **can't believe** they threw me out **like that**. I **must have been really acting** like a **jerk**!

Bender: Yeah, but everybody's a jerk. That's my philosophy. So, where you gonna stay?

Fry: I don't know. Do refrigerators still **come in cardboard boxes**?

Bender: Yeah, but the **rents** are **outrageous**. **Why don't you** just come **move in with** me?

Fry: Really? That'd be great! You sure I **won't be imposing**?

Bender: Nah, I've **always wanted** a pet.

ROBOT ARMS APARTMENTS.

Bender: Here we are! Your new home!

Fry: Cool! You know, I've **never even seen** a robot's apartment before!

Bender: **Come on in**, I'll **give you the tour**! Let's see, where to start. OK, this is the TV area, that over there's the breakfast **nook**, and over there **is where you'll be living which** is great because, **until now, it's just been wasted space**!

Fry: It's **kinda cramped** in here, I don't **even** have room **to hang** my clothes.

Bender: Look pal, you've only got one **set** of clothes and **you're not taking them off** while I'm here! Well I'm **bushed**! G'night! (*sleep-talking*) Kill all humans, must kill humans!

Fry: Bender, wake up!

Bender: I **was having** the most wonderful dream. I think you were **in it**!

Fry: Listen Bender, where's your bathroom?

Bender: What room?

Fry: **Never mind**!

HANGAR. LEELA AND AMY ARE WORKING ON THE SHIP. BENDER WALKS PAST WHISTLING.

Leela: We **sure** are **cheerful** this morning!

Bender: Yeah, this **past** week with Fry **has been a blast**! Y'know, beneath this warm, **sunny exterior**, beats the cold, mechanical heart of a robot!

FRY COMES IN WITH A TWISTED NECK.

Leela: What happened to you?

Fry: Oh, it's Bender's apartment. He put in carpetting yesterday so now my head hits the ceiling! Hey, do you realise you're standing at a weird angle?

Leela: Look at yourself! You're a wreck! You've got to find a new place to live.

Fry: Is that an invitation?

Leela: I love your optimism, Fry, but seriously, you've got to tell Bender you're moving out!

Fry: Yeah but he might get kinda upset. I don't think I can do that to him.

Bender: Hey! There's my little space heater!

Fry: Well, I'm moving out! I'm sorry, Bender, but there's just not enough room!

Bender: Not enough room? My place is 2 cubic metres and we only take up 1.5 cubic metres! We've got room for a whole another two thirds of a person!

Leela: What if I just helped the two of you find a bigger apartment?

Bender: I don't know. I've got a lot of great memories in my old place. (*presses some buttons*) And now they're gone!

UNDERWATER APARTMENT.

Landlord: Sure, it ain't one of those la de da above ground places. But if you like dank, hey, forget about it!

Leela: At least it's got a great view.

Landlord: Excuse me, I gotta go change a lightbulb.

SUSPICIOUSLY FANTASTIC APARTMENT.

Fry: Well, I give up. What's the catch?

Landlord: No catch. Although we are technically in New Jersey.

PLANET EXPRESS: LOUNGE.

Fry: Not one place even remotely livable!

Farnsworth: (*on phone*) Oh, how awful. Did he at least die painlessly? ... To shreds, you say. Well, how is his wife holding up? ... To shreds, you say. Very well, then. (*hangs up*) Sad, terrible, gruesome news about my colleague Dr Mobootu.

Leela: Was his apartment rent controlled?

BIG APARTMENT. THE LANDLADY - HATTIE - SHOWS THE NEW TENNANTS AROUND.

Bender: What's with all the **crap**?

Hattie: Dr Mobootu collected this crap while he **was exploring** the **watcha-call-it...** universe!

Fry: Well, this thing has everything **except** the only thing I **care about**, a TV!

Hattie: It's got a TV, you young watch-call-it... idiot!

Bender: Whoa, **slow down!** This place just doesn't feel like home. It just isn't... **cosy**.

BENDER AND FRY HAVE MESSED THE PLACE UP.

Fry: Man, it's a total **sty!** For the first time **in** a thousand years, I feel like I'm home!

Bender: Yeah! It's gonna be **fun on the bun!** Y'know Fry, **of all the friends I've had**, you're the first!

Leela: Happy **housewarming**, Fry!

Bender: Wow, **heavy** drinking crowd! I'd **better go** out for more beer!

Fry: Hey **hang on**, All My Circuits is **about to** start!

Bender: I know, but I need alcohol to **power up** my batteries. If Calculon's wedding **doesn't go just right** I'll be emotionally and electrically **drained**.

ZOIDBERG PASSES AROUND CRAB CLAWS ON A PLATE.

Hermes: These are **mighty tasty!**

Zoidberg: Thank you, I made them **myself**.

Fry: Shh, the wedding is **about to** start!

Robot Reverend (on TV): If anyone here **objects to** this union, **let** them speak now or forever hold their...

Fry: Is he objecting or **backing up**?

Amy: Looks like both.

Calculon (on TV): I'm afraid my half brother is correct. **You see**, I have a terrible secret. And that secret is...

Bender: Hey, what happened **to** the TV?

Fry: It just **went out**.

Bender: This is an **outrage!** I'm gonna go **yell at** the manager!

Fry: Come back Bender, it's working!

Calculon (on TV): **To reiterate**, my terrible secret is...

Fry: It's **out** again.

Bender: What? That's **the last straw!**

Fry: It's **back on!**

Hattie: Pardon me. I **don't mean to pry** into what you're doing in here with the crab and the one-

eyed lady and the Chinese girl but everyone on this floor is **having trouble** with their **TV reception**.

Bender: Yeah! And **you'd better get rid of what's causing it or we're outta this dump!**

Hattie: Relax, sonny. This cajigger will find the source of the interference.

Amy: Oh my God, Bender, it's your **thingy!**

Tennants: Then **get rid of it!** Get out!

Bender: You people are **nuts**. My antenna never **interfered with** my old TV.

Leela: You had cable. This is satellite!

Farnsworth: **Obviously** your thoughts **are being transmitted** on the same frequency.

Woman: They're on my **cell phone**, too.

Bender: Madam, I **believe** you're **mistaken!**

Woman's Phone: Wow, that lady's got a huge ass!

Bender: Those could be **anyone's** thoughts, **fat ass!**

Mob: The robot has to go!

Hattie: Well, you heard **the mob!**

Bender: Fine! Come on, Fry, let's move into that apartment that smelled like a **sewer**. You liked **that one**, right?

Fry: It's **tempting**, but, well, I am already **kinda settled** in here!

Bender: Or we could live underground with the mutants. A little fire will show 'em **who's boss!**

Fry: Listen, **is there** maybe some way we could do this with **you going and me not going?** You **were gonna** live in the closet **anyway**. Won't you be **just as** happy back **in your old place?**

Bender: But **then** we wouldn't be roommates.

Fry: I'll **come visit sometime**. And you can visit me here.

Hattie: No, he can't.

Fry: **Anyway**, I'm sure it'll **work out**. **This way** we'll both be happy.

EVERYONE IS BEGINNING TO LEAVE.

Farnsworth: Right, **so long**.

Fry: Hey, thanks **for coming**.

Leela: Fry, you're Bender's best friend. How could you **let that mob kick** him out?

Fry: Come on. Bender loves mobs.

Leela: Only when he's **in them** and you know it. You really **hurt his feelings**.

Fry: Don't **girl** me with that girl stuff. Bender and me are guys. Guys don't have feelings.

Leela: Bender's not a guy, he's a robot.

Fry: Same thing.

BENDER'S APARTMENT.

Bender: It's so big and empty. My roommate's **gone**. And **all** he **left behind** was an eyelash and three skin flakes. (*takes out a bottle*) Oh what's **the point**?!

HANGAR.

Leela: Bender? My God, you're a **mess**!

Bender: Leave me alone!

Leela: Look at that five o'clock rust. **You've been up** all night **not drinking, haven't you**?

Bender: Hey. **What I don't do** is **none of your business**.

Leela: Please Bender, **have some** malt liquor. If not for yourself then for the people who love you.

Bender: I hate the people who love me and they hate me.

Leela: **Now look**. It's **obvious** you **miss being** Fry's roommate. But **there's got to be** a better **way to deal with** this.

Bender: Like how? **Having** my antenna removed?

Leela: Well, if that would **work**.

Bender: Are you crazy? That's Little Bender you're talking about. I can't **cut it off**. You're not a robot or a man so you wouldn't understand. I gotta get out of here.

Leela: Wait. I **want you to look** me in the eye and promise you won't **get behind the wheel** without some kind of alcoholic beverage in your hand.

Bender: I **promise nothing**.

BIG APARTMENT. FRY OPENS THE DOOR. LEELA IS THERE.

Fry: What's up?

Leela: I can't just **stand by** and **be silent about** Bender anymore.

Fry: Silent? **You've been meddling** for two **solid** weeks.

Leela: Well, I can't just do that anymore. Your best friend is **out there somewhere destroying himself**.

Fry: Really? I **didn't think he'd** miss this apartment **that much**.

Leela: He doesn't **care about** the apartment, he cares about you. And you **turned your back on** him.

Fry: Oh man. I had no idea. **If only I knew** where he was I could go talk to him. Bender! You're **blind stinking sober!**

Bender: That's right! I'm silly and crazy and I don't know what I **might** do!

Fry: Don't do it!

Bender: I don't know **what it is yet!** Oh yeah, now I remember. I thought I could live alone, but I can't. So, I'm gonna do **what it takes to be** your roommate again. *(takes out a pair of clippers)*

Fry: Bender! Stop! **Cutting Leela's head off** won't solve anything!

Bender: No, I'm going to **chop off** my antenna!

Fry: Hey, yeah! That sounds **good**. Can I **give you a hand?**

Leela: Fry, don't help him **mutilate himself!**

Fry: But it's a **useless** antenna. **It's not like** he's a ham radio **or something**.

Bender: I'm gonna do it! I'm really gonna do it! Don't try and stop me! **Here goes**.

Fry: Hey, it works! The static's **gone**.

Human (on TV): I **hate it that** this came between us Calculon.

Calculon (on TV): Me too. I'm filled with **a large number of powerful** emotions.

Human (on TV): You're my best friend, I'm sorry I **treated** you so **badly**.

Calculon (on TV): **Apology accepted**. **After all**, you're only human.

Leela: You guys could **learn a lesson** from those two. ... Wait a minute! You did it all **backwards**. Fry's **the one who** should be... oh **never mind!**

Fry: What's wrong?

Bender: Nothing. I **guess I'm just going to have to get used to being** half a robot.

Fry: Aww, this isn't right. Listen Bender, if we found your antenna, could they still **reattach** it?

Bender: Maybe. If we get it on ice **right away**.

ROBOT ARMS APARTMENTS.

Bender: **This time**, you'll have all the human comfort. We'll get a couple of toilets, some food cookers, maybe a puppy.

Fry: It's good to be home.

Bender: It **sure** is. By the way, I save your stuff.

Fry: So **that's where** those skin flakes went! Hmm, do you think this fruit tree's going to get enough light?

Bender: **There's a** window in the closet.

A door swings open to reveal a huge living space.

Fry: This is huge! Bender, **why don't I** just live in here?

Bender: In a closet? Oh, **humans!**

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST IN SPACE

RESTAURANT. LEELA IS SAT AT A TABLE WITH A DATE, A MAN CALLED DOUG.

Leela: This place was a great **choice**. The food is **amazing**. And **such generous** portions.

Doug: You like the meal, just wait **until you try** these afterdinner mints.

Leela: You know Doug, **most guys are put off by** my eye. It's nice to finally meet someone who's **open-minded**. (*Doug slips out a long pink tongue*) **Eww!**

PLANET EXPRESS: KITCHEN.

Fry: What was **wrong with** your date **last night**?

Leela: I don't know. Something I **can't quite put my finger on**. Possibly his **vile** lizard tongue.

Amy: You're **too picky**.

Fry: Yeah. If you **rule out** every guy with a lizard tongue or a low I.Q. or an explosive violent **temper**, of course you're going to be lonely!

Leela: There's nothing wrong **with having** high standards. Now, can we please stop...

Zoidberg: The female Leela's problem is **purely** medical. Soon she will drop her eggs and they will hatch and **all will be well**.

Amy: You just have to give guys a chance. Sometimes you meet a guy and think he's a pig. But then later you realise he **actually** has a really good body.

Leela: Thank you all for the **inspiring** advice. But I'm **perfectly** happy with my life **the way it is**.

Bender: That sounds like a **cry for help**.

Amy: Let's all take her out tonight. There's lots of great places **to meet** people.

Hermes: The Federal Sex Bureau.

Bender: A **saucy** puppet show.

Zoidberg: The **rotting** carcass of a whale.

Amy: Hmmm, I'll **pick!**

THE HIP JOINT.

Amy: Oh wow, it's totally retro.

Fry: **Why's everyone wearing** those rings?

Amy: Guh! Because nobody wears them **anymore!**
Rings are stupid!

Fry: I think they look cool.

Amy: Shh! Don't let anyone hear you say that!

LEELA, AMY AND BENDER ARE SAT A TABLE WITH DRINKS.

Amy: So what do you think of that guy by the bar?

Bender: Forget it! He's gay!

Leela: What?! How can you tell?

Bender: I just know these things. I've got what they call "gay-dar".

Leela: There's no such thing.

Bender: No? OK, I got a lock on him. Yep! He's gay!

Amy: Are you sure?

Bender: Definitely. Unless I'm getting interference from a gay weather balloon.

BAR. FRY IS WITH A YOUNG WOMAN.

Woman: You're from the 20th Century? That's incredible. I'm from the 21st Century!

Fry: No way! We've got so much in common!

Woman: We sure do. Remember when those cyborgs enslaved humanity?

Fry: That rings a bell.

AMY, LEELA AND BENDER'S TABLE. A MAN IS WITH THEM.

Amy: This is Bolt Rolands. Bolt is a hyper-sled racer with 10 wins on the pro circuit.

Bender: I think she means 10 wins on the gay circuit.

Bolt: Hehe! I wish! Those cats can really fly!

LATER. A GREEN CLOUD IS HOVERING WHERE BOLT WAS.

Amy: This is M-5438, an entity of pure energy.

Leela: That's great, really. But he's just not what I'm looking for.

M-5438: I understand. One day you will evolve beyond your physical body, and on that day I hope you will pick up the phone. *(flies off)*

Amy: You're impossible.

Bender: Just as well. I think he comes from a dimension that's big on musical theatre.

Fry: I need the apartment tonight. Go see a saucy puppet show.

Bender: Can do!

PLANET EXPRESS: MEETING ROOM.

Bender: So Leela, you must have had your pick of the litter last night at closing time.

Farnsworth: Let's all talk about Leela's personal life later. Right now we have business to attend to. A tax deductible mission of charity. It's a sunny little

doomed planet, inhabited by a number of frisky little doomed animals. Animals in desperate need of rescue. You see, Vergon 6 was once filled with a super dense substance known as dark matter, each pound of which weighs over ten thousand pounds!

Leela: Wait, what about the animals?

Farnsworth: Well, dark matter is extremely valuable as starship fuel. That's why it was all mined out, leaving the planet completely hollow! Now, it seems that the planet will collapse within three days. Incidentally, this will kill all the animals.

Leela: So we have to bring back two of each kind. Just like Noah's Ark.

Bender: Why two? Oh!

SHIP'S COCKPIT. THE SHIP IS EN ROUTE TO THE PLANET.

Fry: I bet Leela's holding out for a nice guy with one eye.

Bender: That'll take forever. What she ought to do is find a nice guy with two eyes, then poke one out.

Fry: Yeah, that'd be a timesaver.

Leela: Do you mind?

Bender: Here you go. *(pulls out a fork)* You can use this as an eye poker.

Leela: Thank you but I don't care how many eyes a man has. As long as it's less than five. All I'm looking for is a guy who's adventurous, self-confident, maybe a snappy dresser.

NIMBUS BRIDGE. THE CAPTAIN, ZAPP BRANNIGAN, IS ADMIRING HIMSELF WHILE FIRST OFFICER KIF DOES ALL THE WORK.

Zapp: These new uniforms are pretty snappy, eh First Officer?

Kif: I suppose, Captain. I'm as big a fan of velour as you are. Now, what do you want to do about that unidentified ship?

Zapp: Destroy them! Captain's journal. Stardate 3000.3. I'm anticipating an all-out tactical dogfight, followed by a light dinner. Ravioli, ham, sundae bar.

Kif: Shall I fire on them now, sir?

Zapp: Not yet, Kif. In the game of chess, you can never let your adversary see your pieces.

SHIP'S COCKPIT.

Leela: Hey look! That's Zapp Brannigan's ship. **They say** Zapp Brannigan **single-handedly** saved the Octillian System from a horde of **rampaging** Killbots.

Bender: A **grim** day for Robotkind.

Leela: He's the most decorated captain in the whole Democratic Order Of Planets!

Fry: Leela's got a boyfriend!

Leela: No, I don't. But I think we **ought to** meet with him and **see if** he'll help us **rescue** those animals.

Bender: Well, **just in case** you guys **hit it off** you'll **wanna** take this with you. (*holds up the fork*)

NIMBUS BRIDGE.

Kif: Sir, they're **headed straight** for us.

Zapp: A **well calculated move straight out of** Sun Tzu's classic text The Art Of War, or my own **masterwork** Zapp Brannigan's Big Book Of War. But **the one thing** their captain doesn't realise **and never will** is that...

Kif: Sir, they've docked with us and have come aboard.

Zapp: Then I **have risked all and lost**. Kif old man, I'll be in the escape pod. If that wicker chair I like **survives the slaughter, have it sent** to my P.O. Box.

Leela: Hello, I'm Leela, Captain of the Planet Express delivery ship. We've come aboard to plead for your assistance.

Zapp: I'm **in command** here. Zapp Brannigan. Has my fame preceeded me or was I **too** quick for you?

Leela: Oh, **not at all**. I'm just so really **thrilled to meet you!**

Zapp: You're **an impressive piece of** captain, beautiful and **deadly**. A potent combination.

Leela: You don't **mean that!**

Zapp: But I do. I **doubt I've seen** three or four captains sexier than you. And only one who was deadlier!

Fry: I heard that **one time** you **single-handedly defeated** a horde of rampaging somethings in the something something system.

Zapp: The Killbots? A trifle! It was simply **a matter of outsmarting** them.

Fry: Wow, I **never would have thought of** that!

Zapp: **You see**, Killbots have a preset kill limit. **Knowing** their **weakness**, I sent wave after wave of my own

men **at** them. **Until they reached** their limit and **shut down**. Kif, show them the medal I won.

NIMBUS MESS HALL. KIF IS GRATING CHEESE OVER ZAPP'S FOOD.

Zapp: More, please. A little more. More. **Keep going**.

Leela: Captain Brannigan, we really need to talk to you about our mission.

Zapp: **Whatever it is** I'm willing to **put** wave after wave of men **at your disposal**. Right, men?

Crewman: You **suck!**

Leela: We're **hoping to** save the animals of Vergon 6 from **extinction**. And if you could just...

Zapp: Vergon 6? This light dinner **is over**.

Leela: Wait. What's wrong?

Zapp: The Democratic Order Of Planets prohibits **interfering with** undeveloped worlds. It's a little rule known as "Brannigan's Law."

Leela: But people already interfered. That planet was mined completely hollow.

Zapp: Yes. **By** a Democratic Order Of Planets mining crew.

Leela: This **doesn't make any sense**.

Zapp: I don't **pretend to** understand Brannigan's Law. I merely **enforce** it.

Leela: Fine! We'll save the animals without your help!

Zapp: I'm afraid I can't **allow** that. **Guards!**

Fry: What just happened?

Bender: He's **throwing** us in prison.

Fry: Dang! Can I **get this wrapped up?**

Leela: I **might've liked** Zapp Brannigan **if he weren't a pompous dimwit** who threw me in prison.

Bender: You really are **too picky**.

NIMBUS CORRIDOR.

Zapp: Kif. Follow me up to the observation deck. I've **got some musing to do**. I'm **facing a formidable** female adversary, Kif. Suggestions?

Kif: I **fail to see** any problem, sir. You already imprisoned her under directive B-10.81.

Zapp: You mean Brannigan's Law?

Kif: Right, that law.

Zapp: Kif. You're my best and **most loyal** friend. But you've **earned my contempt once again**. As my protégé, you should know that the only **way to deal with** a female adversary is to **seduce** her. This time

we are sure she's a woman, right? Good! Invite her to my **quarters!** Oh, and **have** the boy lay out my formal shorts. ...

NIMBUS CORRIDOR.

Kif: The **jackass** wants to see you in his quarters.

Leela: Good. This will be my chance to **reason with** him. Captain to captain.

Kif: And he **wants you to** wear this.

ZAPP'S QUARTERS.

Zapp: Welcome to my **humble** chamber. Or as I call it "The Love-nasium." Champagne?

Leela: I didn't realise you were **such a coin-a-sewer.**

Zapp: Well I **have studied** abroad. Or two!

Leela: Captain... if we could speak seriously for a moment... I'd like you to **reconsider letting** us rescue those animals.

Zapp: Mmm-hmm. I like your style. I **find** it very erotic.

LATER.

Zapp: You look like a woman who **enjoys the finer things.** Come over here and **feel** my velour bedspread.

Leela: I'm not really **in the mood.**

Zapp: Leela, it's real velour. Just **let yourself go.**

Leela: Can I please just go back to prison?

Zapp: **You'd rather sit** in prison than spend one evening with the Zapper?

Leela: **Much rather!** (*Zapp starts to cry*) What are you doing?

Zapp: Oh God, I'm **pathetic.** Sorry. Just go. You want the rest of the champagne?

Leela: No. And **it's pronounced** "sham-pane." It's **not a big deal.**

Zapp: I **get so lonely.** I just thought you, a **fellow captain,** would understand. Yeah, it's great **ordering people around and stuff** but **through it all** you're completely alone.

Leela: It **comes with** the job. Come on, **cheer up,** it's **not that bad.**

NIMBUS BRIG.

Fry: We can definitely escape, Bender. **All you have to do is** bend the hatch **off** this steam pipe. ... **No good.** It's full of steam!

LATER. FRY AND BENDER ARE WEARING TOWELS.

Fry: You wanna **try escaping** again?

Bender: Nah, I'm comfy.

Fry: Man, **Leela's been gone** a long time. I hope she's at least **making progress** with Zapp Brannigan.

ZAPP'S QUARTERS. LEELA WAKES UP.

Zapp: Good morning, lover. Now you're officially my woman. **Kudos!** I can't say I don't **envy** you.

Leela: Zapp, last night was a mistake.

Zapp: A sexy mistake.

Leela: No, just a **regular** mistake. **For a split second** my **common sense was overwhelmed by pity.**

Zapp: A split second **is all it takes.** That's why **sooner or later** you'll **come crawling back** to the Zapper!

Leela: The only kind of crawling I'm doing to you is away - from!

Zapp: Leela, you're **obviously** confused and **aroused.**

Leela: Look. I'm going down to Vergon 6 to save those animals **whether you like it or not.**

Zapp: **Go ahead.** I won't stop you.

Leela: Threaten **all you will** - wait, what?

Zapp: We both know you won't **make it halfway** to Vergon 6 before the craving **sets in.** Then you'll come crawling back for another taste of sweet sweet candy... Bam! Kif! I **have made it** with a woman. Inform the men! Y'know Kif, **once my woman returns** I won't have much time to **hang out** with the boys **anymore.**

Kif: **That's a shame,** sir.

Zapp: So let's **make the most of** our time together, shall we? ... **Never mind.** Just **give me a back rub.**

NIMBUS BRIG. KIF LETS FRY AND BENDER OUT OF THE CELL.

Kif: The **fatso** says **you're free to go.**

Fry: What **does that mean?**

Bender: So should we **get our stuff** and **head** down to the planet?

Leela: We just talked, OK?!

VERGON 6 SURFACE.

Leela: Alright. We don't have much time to collect these animals. The planet **is supposed to** collapse in **approximately...** two hours ago.

A SMALL ANIMAL COMES OUT FROM BEHIND SOME PLANTS.

Leela: Hello there. Hmm, he **doesn't seem to be** on the **checklist.**

Bender: So you're saying we can cook him?

Fry: Yeah, a barbecue. I'll wear my **hilarious** apron!

Leela: No! I don't **care** how hilarious **your apron is**, we're not cooking him. Awww, I'll call him Nibbler.

Bender: I'll **fire up** the grill!

Leela: I hope he'll be OK in there with all those big animals.

SHIP'S CARGO BAY. THE ROOM IS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR NIBBLER.

Bender: Hey, **what the?**

Fry: Where'd they all go? **I can't believe** we flew **halfway across** the galaxy and **enjoyed** a steam just to get lunch for that stupid animal.

Bender: He's pending for a bending.

Leela: **Leave him alone.** It's not his **fault** that he's an unstoppable killing machine. Prepare for liftoff. We're **out of** fuel. Bender, I told you to fill the tank before we left.

Bender: I'll do it **when we get back.**

Fry: Man, **lucky for us** Zapp Brannigan's **nearby.**

Leela: **No way,** forget it! I refuse to go crawling back to him!

Bender: What's your problem? **It's not like** you slept with him. Oh my God!

Fry: How could you, Leela? I thought you had some **standards.** I mean, he's a **dumb gross** gorilla!

Leela: That's enough. Don't you think I feel **bad enough already?** Alright, I'll call him. I mean, if living is **that important to** you.

NIMBUS BRIDGE. LEEA APPEARS ON VIEWSCREEN

Zapp: And that's why you'll never **make** captain, Kif.

Leela: Hello Zapp? Zapp, we're **out of** fuel and Vergon 6 is **about to** implode. We need your help.

Zapp: So, crawling back to the Big Z like a bird on its belly. Delicious.

Leela: Birds don't crawl.

Zapp: **They've been known to.**

Leela: Look, are you going to rescue us or not?

Zapp: Certainly. But first **you'll have to get rid of** that thing. (points at Nibbler) That's the law, Leela. And Brannigan's Law is like Brannigan's Love - **hard and fast!** Now **put** that greasy rat outside and we'll **tow** you **to safety.**

Leela: I would never **abandon** a **helpless** animal. Y'know Zapp, once I thought you were a big pompous **buffoon**. Then I realised that inside you were just a **pitiful** child. But now I realise that outside that child is a big pompous buffoon!

Zapp: And **which one** rocked your world?

SHE CUTS HIM OFF.

Fry: Wow, **way to tell that guy off**. Now, what's your secret escape plan?

Leela: I guess to sit here and wait for death.

Bender: Can do!

SHIP'S CARGO BAY. THERE IS A BIG ROUND BLACK BLOB IN NIBBLER'S LITTER TRAY.

Leela: **I don't believe it!** It's dark matter!

Bender: So this guy just **unloaded** a **steaming pile** of starship fuel?

Leela: His species **must've filled** the entire planet **with it**. Did you do that, you cute little... come on. That should be **more than enough** fuel to get us out of here. Bender. Pick it up and put it in the engine. We **made it!** And some of the animals survived.

Bender: So a couple of animals didn't die and Leela **got lucky**. **That's what I call** a successful mission!

Fry: We're heroes!

LEELA'S QUARTERS. LEELA WRITES IN HER DIARY.

Leela: Dear Captain's Diary. I **may not have found** love on this mission but I **did find** a cute little **companion** who excretes starship fuel and that's **just as good**.

NIMBUS.

Zapp: Captain's journal. Stardate... April 13th - Point two. We **have failed to uphold** Brannigan's Law, **however I did make it** with a **hot** alien babe. And **in the end is that not what** man **has dreamt of** since he first looked up at the stars? ... Kif, **I'm asking you a question!**