

[Opening Credits. Caption: Love It Or Shove It.]

[Scene: Lodgatorium Comfort Dome Inn Corridor. A man attaches a "5" to a sign reading "Planet Express stockholders Meeting" so the third word reads "5stockholders".]

Man: Yes! Good thing I noticed the similar shapes.

[Cut to: Lodgatorium Comfort Dome Inn: Ballroom A. Hermes hosts the meeting of stockholders. Present are the Planet Express staff and Hattie. Amy, Hermes, Leela, Bender and Hattie sit in the front row on the right with Fry and Zoidberg a few rows back and Scruffy sits with his feet up on the left.]

Hermes: (from behind curtain) Planet Express stockholders, I present our chief executive officer, Professor Hubert Farnsworth.

[The curtain opens and he pushes Farnsworth forward.]

Farnsworth: Oh!

[The stockholders cheer.]

Amy: There he is!

Hattie: (shouting) Take it off!

Farnsworth: Where am I?

Hermes: Move forward. Walk into the light.

Farnsworth: Oh, God, I'm dead! Well, no matter. [He takes some cards out of his coat and walks under the spotlight to the lectern.] (reading) Thank you all for coming. I don't recognise any of you, nor can I recall why I am here. Now, without further ado, a film highlighting Planet Express Inc.'s latest fiscal year.

[The stockholders applaud and a film comes on showing the Planet Express ship flying over water with a sunset behind.]

Narrator: [voice-over; in movie] Planet Express is on the move. For this hip, young delivery company, tomorrow is today and today is yesterday. You heard me. [The ship zooms off and the scene cuts to Fry handing a package to Kug.] It was a year of soaring profits and significant one-time losses.

[The ship takes off from Amazonia and immediately crashes.]

Fry: (whispering) Psst! Watching myself work is making me hungry. Help me find some food somewhere.

Zoidberg: I'll not only help you find it, I'll help you do more to it!

[Scene: Lodgatorium Comfort Dome Inn Corridor. Fry and Zoidberg walk out of Ballroom A and Fry sees a sign outside Ballroom B.]

Fry: Ooh! A Bot Mitzvah. Shalom, hunger! Shalom, free food!

[He walks in and Zoidberg follows. A robot blocks Zoidberg's path.]

Robot #1: No shellfish!

[He slams the door.]

Zoidberg: That is so unfair!

Pig: Tell me about it.

[Cut to: Lodgatorium Comfort Dome Inn: Ballroom B. The Jewbots dance and Fry gets some food from the buffet.]

Fry: So what's the deal? You guys don't believe in Robot Jesus?

Rabbi-bot We believe he was built and that he was a very well programmed robot. But he wasn't our Messiah.

[Cut to: Lodgatorium Comfort Dome Inn: Ballroom A. The film continues. The Planet Express ship soars into space with fireworks trailing behind it.]

Narrator: [voice-over; in movie] And so our company flames onwards. Planet Express: Limitless potential, boundless horizons, the unstoppable juggernaut of the corporate universe.

[The Planet Express ship passes through a ring and forms the company logo. The film ends.]

Hermes: It's been a terrible year, people. The company is on the verge of bankruptcy.

[The stockholders gasp.]

Leela: But the movie--

Hermes: Was a substantial loss for the company. [A pie chart appears on the screen showing a large green slice and a small blue slice.] The blue slice represents the money we earned from shipping packages, while the green slice represents an \$8 bank error in our favour.

Leela: This toads the wet sprocket. What about out thousands of shares of stock?

Hermes: Worthless.

[The stockholders gasp.]

Bender: (shouting) I'll kill you!

Hattie: I own one share of Planet kajiggers so I'm entitled to some answers. Question 1: Why does no one visit me in my home?

Farnsworth: 'Cause your apartment smells like Polygrip and cat pee.

[Scene: Lodgatorium Comfort Dome Inn Corridor. Fry sees a sign outside Ballroom C for a cryogenic support group. He gasps.]

Fry: This is perfect for me.

[He indicates the "free food" sign underneath and goes in. A man mark something on a clipboard. Zoidberg follows.]

Zoidberg: Question: Do you have to have been cryogenically frozen to get the free-- [The man slams the door in his face.] You didn't let me finish. I was going to say "to get the free food".

[Cut to: Lodgatorium Comfort Dome Inn: Ballroom C. Fry gets food from the buffet while the support group discusses things.]

Joe: My name's Joe and I'm a defrosteer.

All: (monotonous) Hello, Joe.

Joe: When I was frozen, giant carrots ruled the Earth, but now they don't. It takes some getting used to.

[He sits down and the group applauds. Fry has sat down with a plate of food. Another man stands up.]

That Guy: Back in the 1980's, I was the toast of Wall Street. I was having whiskey with Boesky and cookies with Milken. But then, I was diagnosed with terminal boneitis.

Fry: Boneitis? Pft! That's a funny name for a horrible disease.

That Guy: There was no cure at the time. One drug company was close but I arranged a hostile takeover and sold off all the assets. Made a cool hundred mil. [He laughs and coughs. The group applauds.] Naturally I froze myself until a cure was found. Now here I am, ready to sleaze my way back to the top, 80's style!

[He sits down next to Fry.]

Caveman: As a caveman frozen in a glacier, I face different challenges. (crying) The hardest thing was seeing my wife on display in the British Museum.

[The group murmurs.]

Fry: (whispering) Hey, buddy, I'm from the same time as you. Remember that song, *Safety Dance*?

That Guy: Sure do! We can dance!

[He hums *Safety Dance* and they both laugh.]

Fry: Y'know, that dance wasn't as safe as they said it was.

That Guy: I tell you: Two go-go 80's Reagan-auts like us, we could rule this world!

Fry: No question!

That Guy: If only someone would give us a shot.

Fry: They're scared of our raw power. Oh, but if you want a job, I could beg everyone at the company where I work.

That Guy: Awesome. Awesome to the max!

[Scene: Lodgatorium Comfort Dome Inn: Ballroom A. Enter Fry and That Guy.]

Hermes: And finally, the post office meter is for business mail only.

Bender: Aw, come on! I've got a lot of ransom notes to send!

Hattie: Enough talk. It's time for action. I move that everyone come to my apartment to snuggle my cat.

Scruffy: Second.

Farnsworth: I move that your cat stinks and is ugly.

Scruffy: Second.

Hattie: I move that we vote on a new chief executive officer and oust this old creep. And also that make cat smells good and is pretty.

Scruffy: Second.

Hermes: Very well. I nominate the Professor.

Amy: Second.

Leela: Second.

Bender: Second.

Farnsworth: I'm your man.

Leela: I vote my 10,000 shares for the Professor.

Hermes: Yeah, the Professor!

Farnsworth: Me!

[Hermes writes 50,000 on a chart for Farnsworth.]

Fry: I nominate That Guy. Not just because he has a suit but because he knows about business and stuff and he has a tie. [Everyone mutters. Fry pulls out a crumpled piece of paper from his jacket.] My shares still count if they went through the washing machine, right?

[Hermes starts a new chart for That Guy next to Farnsworth's and write 10,000 under his name.]

Hermes: Well, if I know anything about which number is bigger than the other number, I'd say that--

Scruffy: Now hold on there. Scruffy votes his 40,000 shares for the mysterious stranger.

Leela: 40,000? How come you have four-times as much stock as the rest of us?

Scruffy: Scruffy believes in this company.

[He sniffs and wipes away a tear. Hermes changes That Guy's total to 50,000.]

Hermes: Then we have a tie. And in the event of a tie, the Professor, as the current CEO remains--

Hattie: I demand the floor. I may only have one share but I get to vote same as anyone. And I'm voting against the cat-hater. [She pulls a cat out of her handbag.] Isn't that right, kitty? [The cat meows.] Hey! You ate my change!

[She shakes the cat and the money inside it jingles. Hermes changes That Guy's total to 50,001.]

Hermes: Then it's settled. The new chief executive officer of Planet Express corporation is That Guy.

[That Guy hums *Safety Dance*.]

[Scene: Planet Express: Meeting Room.]

Hermes: Please welcome our new chief executive officer, That Guy.

[Fry applauds and hoots. The rest of the crew glare at him.]

That Guy: Let's cut to the chase. There are two kinds of people: Sheep and sharks. Anyone who's a sheep is fired. Who's a sheep?

Zoidberg: Uh, excuse me? Which is the one people like to hug?

That Guy: Gutsy question. You're a shark. Sharks are winners and they don't look back 'cause they don't have necks. Necks are for sheep. [Everyone sinks down and covers their necks.] I am proud to be the shepherd of this herd of sharks and I am gonna lead you to the top in this industry of ... of--

Fry: (whispering) Package delivery.

That Guy: *Package delivery?* Oh, God! [He covers his face.] Fantastic! Now, the first order of business is to blame everything on the guy before me. Professor?

Farnsworth: I'll ruin you like I ruined this company.

That Guy: Terrific. Question number one: What was your overall business plan?

Farnsworth: Um, business plan, uh, yes. I keep it here, right next to my heart.

[He opens a drawer and pulls out a file next to a jar with a heart in it. He hands the file to That Guy.]

That Guy: This isn't a business plan, it's an escape plan.

Farnsworth: So long, suckers!

[He climbs down a ladder and runs across the hangar floor laughing madly.]

That Guy: Fry, as a fellow 80's dollar-jockey, I'm making you my new vice chairman.

[Fry cheers.]

Fry: I'm rollin' up the corporate ramp.

[Bender groans.]

Zoidberg: It's the end of the line!

Hermes: We're ruined!

Scruffy: What fevered dream is this that bids to tear this company in twain?

[He leans back and reads *National Pornographic*.]

[Scene: Outside Giorgio Armonster. Exit Fry and That Guy from the shop, sporting designer suits. The monster waves them off.]

Monster: Thank you, come again!

That Guy: That's what I call a hostile makeover! Hair gel?

Fry: No, thanks. I make my own.

[He slicks his hair back.]

[Scene: New New York City Street. The Planet Express ship passes 2nd Avenue, 3rd Avenue and Pi-th Avenue and stops at a transport tube-crossing.]

[Cut to: Ships Cockpit. Leela, Bender and Fry sit at their stations and Zoidberg, Amy and Hermes sit on the couch. That Guy stands at the front. There are Venetian blinds on the windows.]

That Guy: This company's gonna shoot straight to the top and stay there, like Cindy Lauper! I ask you: Who is the number one delivery service on Earth?

Zoidberg: Is it Planet Express, master?

[That Guy laughs.]

That Guy: Is this guy a shark, or what? Seriously though, we stink out loud. Here's the big enchirito. [He opens the blind revealing Mom's building. The sign on the top of the building shows Mom bottle-feeding a parcel like a baby.] Mom's Friendly Delivery Company.

Hermes: We can't compete with Mom! Her company is big and evil. Ours is small and neutral.

That Guy: Switzerland is small and neutral. We're more like Germany; ambitious and misunderstood.

Amy: Look, everyone wants to be like Germany but do we really have the pure strength of will?

That Guy: I say we do! Now are we gonna let ourselves get beaten by an old lady?

[Zoidberg bows.]

Zoidberg: Yes, my liege!

Fry: No, we're not. And as vice chairman, I believe I speak for the entire board when I issue this challenge to Mom. [He pulls his trousers down and moons Mom.] Look at my butt!

[He presses it up against the window and hoots.]

[Cut to: Mom's Office. Mom, Walt, Larry and Igner look out the window.]

Mom: You call that a pressed ham? Walt, hit the retaliate button.

[Walt looks at a control panel.]

Walt: Uh ... um ... hmm ... let's see.

Mom: (shouting) Any button! They all retaliate!

[Walt presses a random button.]

[Cut to: Outside Mom's Building. The bottle on the sign turns towards the ship and fires lasers at it. The crew scream from inside and the ship flies away.]

[Scene: Madison Cube Garden. Fry and That Guy sit in the VIP section with Zapp, Calculon, Morbo and Jackie Anderson watching the big ape fight. The apes fight and scream. Fry hoots.]

Fry: Woo! Yeah! Hit him, hit him, hit him! [He laughs.] Now this is the high life; watching apes mangle each other near celebrities.

That Guy: In my day we went to coke parties but the principle's the same.

[An ape screams and throws a trike at Calculon.]

Calculon: Get your stinkin' trike off me, you damn dirty ape.

That Guy: Listen, big guy, now that you're my protégé, it's time I cut you in on the secret to success. Any guesses?

Fry: Uh, work really, really hard?

That Guy: No.

Fry: Oh, thank God!

That Guy: It's all about appearances. That's why it's time to update our company's stodgy image and give it the sleek, dazzling veneer of the 1980's!

[Scene: Planet Express: Meeting Room. Fry and That Guy fly in on rocket-powered chairs. The rest of the staff are asleep at the table. Fry claps and they wake up.]

Fry: This company's on the fast track to the "It" list. Blast back kudos all around!

Leela: Uh, hello? We haven't made one delivery since you two took over.

That Guy: Delivery has nothing to do with the delivery business. Image, people, image! Scope out this new ad!

[He presses a button on the remote and an advert spoofing Apple's 1984 ad comes on the big screen. A woman runs into a building with a Planet Express package. Mom is on a huge screen.]

Mom: [on screen; in movie] We are all one, with one mind, one purpose and one act. Our enemies shall be eaten by squirrels. [The delivery woman starts spinning around.] We shall bow down and worship to ourselves. [The woman hurls the package at the screen.] We shall prevail!

[The package hits the screen and it explodes. A man in the audience stands up.]

Man: [in movie] Hey! We were watching that!

[The scene freezes and a "PlanEx" logo appears on the screen à la the FedEx logo.]

Leela: That was terrible! People won't even know what we do.

Bender: I don't even know what we do. Nah, just kidding! What are, like, a bus or something?

Leela: Did you approve that awful ad, Fry?

Fry: Yes I did, Leels. And I'll tell you why. Because it *grows* the brand.

[That Guy pats his shoulder.]

Leela: Oh, Lord!

[Zoidberg growls.]

Zoidberg: This company's circling the drain, I tell you. I'd sell my stock right now for a *sangwich*!

That Guy: Sold!

[He takes a sandwich out of a *Miami Vice* lunchbox and hands it to Zoidberg.]

Zoidberg: A complete sangwich? [He laughs.] You got fleeced! I would have settled for a hard roll with ketchup inside!

[Scene: Mom's Office. She runs on a running machine while looking at *Mentor* magazine and *Protégé* magazine. That Guy and Fry are on each cover.]

Mom: What is this moose drip? [She opens the magazines and holograms of Fry and That Guy wearing crowns appear under the headline "The New Delivery Kings?"]. (reading) The new delivery kings? (talking) I'm sick of hearing about those turtle squirts!

Igner: But they're kings, Mommy!

Mom: Jam a bastard in it, you crap!

[She slaps them.]

[Scene: Elzar's Fine Cuisine: Private Dining Room. That Guy and Fry are seated in a small room.]

Elzar: Enjoy our private dining room, folks. This is where we serve our richest, most successful chumps!

Fry: Tonight, that's us!

That Guy: What have you got that's really overpriced?

Elzar: Everything.

That Guy: Bring me that.

Fry: Make it two. And a glass of all your water.

[Elzar leaves and That Guy takes out some cards from his jacket.]

That Guy: OK, let's work on your execu-speak. I'm worried about "blank".

Fry: Don't you worry about "blank". Let me worry about "blank".

That Guy: Good. I also would have accepted, "Blank? *Blank?* You're not looking at the big picture!"

[Mom coughs from behind Fry and he and That Guy look up.]

Fry: (weakly) What a pleasant surprise!

Mom: Shut up, booger blaster! It's time the three of us had a talk.

That Guy: I'll handle this, Fry. You get back to the farm, shift some paradigms, revolutionise outside the box.

Fry: I'm on it. But if you need me, you know where I'll be.

[He walks through a door to the wine cellar and falls down the steps.]

[Scene: Planet Express: Fry's Office. Fry irons his tie.]

Fry: (muttering) Call me a "booger blaster"! I'll blast a booger so hard that--

[Enter Leela, Bender, Hermes, Zoidberg, Amy, Scruffy and Farnsworth.]

Leela: Fry, we're worried about Planet Express.

Fry: Don't you worry about Planet Express. Let me worry about "blank".

Hermes: That Guy is nothing but a flashy con man! And you've been hypnotised by his swinging baloney!

Leela: You've changed, Fry.

Fry: What? I haven't changed. [He presses his intercom.] Suz? Have I changed?

Suz: [on intercom] No, sir, Mr. Fry.

Fry: Thanks, doll.

Leela: I don't care what Ms. Johnson says. That Guy's turning this place into some kind of *business*.

Farnsworth: This isn't a business. I've always thought of it more of a source of cheap labour, like a family.

Fry: You're right, Professor. We might not be a traditional family like the Murphy's next door or the lesbian coven across the street. But we are a family and That Guy understands that.

[He points to a photo of That Guy on the wall. A screen next to the photo comes on and That Guy is in the same pose as on the photo.]

That Guy: [on screen] Everyone's fired and we're out of business.

[Everyone gasps.]

Amy: Oh, no!

Hermes: How?

That Guy: [on screen] I'm gonna sell Planet Express to Mom so she can gut the company and eliminate us as competitors.

Mom: [on screen] Don't let the door hit you on the way out, 'cause I don't want ass prints on my new door!

[The screen cuts out and the staff glare at Fry. He presses the "launch" button on his chair and it takes off, struggles, and crashes down. Fry presses the intercom.]

Fry: Uh, Ms. Johnson? Please bring in some more chair fuel.

[Scene: Planet Express: Locker Room. Everyone clears out their lockers.]

Fry: I had no idea the company would be sold. I was just an innocent suck-up. You've gotta believe me!

[Leela slams her door shut.]

Leela: Just leave us alone and let us clear out our lockers.

Bender: Yeah!

[He slams Hermes' door shut and chuckles. Amy clears out her locker and puts her stuff in a box a man is holding for her.]

Amy: (crying) It's so sad, where will I go? What will I do?

Lackey: You have Mrs. Darlinghaven's cotillion at 7, ma'am.

Amy: (crying) Oh. That'll be fun.

[Scene: Planet Express: Fry's Office. Fry sighs and presses the intercom button.]

Fry: Ms. Johnson, you've never lied to me. Am I still a good person?

Suz: [on intercom] I don't know, sir. I'm a program built into the intercom.

Fry: I've got to redeem myself. Somehow, sometime, for some reason. I'll block this takeover!

Suz: [on intercom] Mr. Fry, your two o'clock magician is here.

Fry: Believe it or not, I have more important things to do today than laugh and clap my hands. [He gets his hat and coat then hesitates.] Reschedule.

[Scene: The Planet Express ship flies towards the Intergalactic Stock Exchange and the huge Momcorp ship follows.]

[Cut to: Intergalactic Stock Exchange Trading Floor. Robots buy and sell stock.]

Broker-bot #1: (shouting) Sell 100 soylent beans!

Broker-bot #2: (shouting) Buy 3,000 cornbellies!

Broker-bot #3: (shouting) 200 canned whoop-ass!

Broker-bot #1: (shouting) Three big bags of trash!

[Everything goes silent and a large holographic head appears in the middle of the room.]

Jor-El: Attention, please. The takeover of PlanEx Corp. by Mom's Delivery Company will take place in the business centre in 10 minutes. I am Jor-El, master of scheduling!

[Scene: Intergalactic Stock Exchange Business Centre. Hundreds of people fill the room. The Planet Express employees sit angrily next to Mom's sons.]

That Guy: OK. We've got the hot tub hot, the wine cooler's cool. It's Hammer time!

[The Planet Express employees "boo" him.]

Bender: You suck!

[Mom takes the stand.]

Mom: According to regulations, both companies must approve the takeover. Planet Express shareholders, cast your votes.

Hermes: Great Bonda of Uganda! We can vote against it!

[Everyone cheers.]

Bender: I'll vote it down like a raise for school teachers!

[They all vote "No" and a chart appears behind That Guy and Mom. 49% have voted for "No". That Guy votes "Yes" and the chart changes to 51% for "Yes". The others gasp.]

Bender: What the--?

Hattie: How the--?

Amy: Oh, no!

That Guy: I neglected to mention that the shares I bought from Dr. Zoidberg gave me majority control.

Leela: Zoidberg owned 51% of the company?

Hermes: The shares were worthless and he kept asking for toilet paper.

Mom: And now if Momcorp shareholders will cast *their* ballots.

[She selects "Yes" and the Momcorp vote goes up to 99.7% "Yes". Walt votes "Yes" and it changes to 99.8%. Larry votes and it changes to 99.9%. Igner has a little trouble.]

Igner: Um ... uh... [He votes and a new total for "Pat Buchanan" appears. Larry and Walt glare at him.] Uh, the ballot was confusing.

Mom: How about a hand recount?

Igner: OK. [She slaps him.] Ow!

Mom: The takeover of Planet Express is approved.

[The Planet Express crew "boos".]

Amy: This stinks!

Lackey: Madam is outraged.

That Guy: Security, I want that bunch of rowdies outta here.

[The security-bots lift the staff out of their seats.]

Bender: Hold on a minute!

Scruffy: Hey! Hey!

[The security-bots take away the staff leaving only Hattie and a sleeping Farnsworth in their seats.]

Mom: Momcorp will now purchase all outstanding shares of Planet Express at the current market price, which is:

["PLNX 107" appears on the screen behind her.]

Jor-El: 107.

[Cut to: Outside Business Centre. The security-bots drop the staff onto the floor.]

Bender: Ow! And also it hurt my feelings!

Horrible Gelatinous Stockbroker: What are you solids griping about? Your shares are worth \$107 apiece.

Leela: They are? Oh, my God! I'm a millionaire! Suddenly I have an opinion about that capital gains tax!

Bender: Yeah! Alright!

Amy: I'm even richer!

Zoidberg: Oh! I have no shares! [He cries.] Wait! My sangwich! Has it also appreciated in value? [His sandwich has turned green.] Please, oh, please!

Hermes: You didn't even refrigerate it, you spineless lobster!

Zoidberg: You had to drag *spines* into this!

[He cries. Fry appears on the overhead monitors. He clears his throat.]

Fry: [on screen] As vice chairman of Planet Express, I'd like to say a few words. There comes a time for every man who becomes rich and deserts his friends, when he goes back how it was. For me, that time is now.

[Cut to: Intergalactic Stock Exchange Business Centre. Fry turns to That Guy.]

Fry: So I ask you, as a friend, won't you stop this deal?

That Guy: Fry, I'm an 80's guy. Friendship to me means that for two bucks I'd beat you with a pool cue till you got detached retinas. The deal will go ahead as-- [His fingers and jaw suddenly twist. He screams. He falls to the floor and his bones crack and twist.] My bones!

[The crowd gasps.]

Fry: Oh, my God! His boneitis!

That Guy: I was so busy being an 80's guy, I forgot to cure it. [He twists some more.] My only regret is ... that I have ... boneitis!

[He stops twisting.]

Fry: He's dead.

[The crowd gasps.]

Mom: Pry out his fillings, feed him to the jackals and let's get on with the sale.

Fry: I don't think so. 'Cause, as vice chairman of the company, I gain voting control of his shares.

Mom: Don't be a fool, you idiot!

Fry: I'll be whatever I wanna do! That Guy was the greatest businessman that ever lived. And before his mysterious death, he taught me everything he knew. [The stock price changes to 114.] But some things I had to learn myself. [It changes to 99.] I learned that money is fine but in the end what counts is people ... [57.] ... people you love. [46.] You can't put a price on that. [28.] So I'm giving up control of the company ... [107.] ... to a man of enormous experience ... [115.] ... Professor ... [150.] ... Hubert Farnsworth.

[Farnsworth is still asleep but is now wearing a sleeping cap and bunny slippers. He wakes up.]

Farnsworth: Oh, uh, what? I'm awake, I'm awake!

[The stock price rapidly fluctuates. Tape falls from the ceiling and the Planet Express staff slide down.]

Bender: Fry! Stop doing the right thing, you jerk!

Leela: Let Mom buy the company! We all wanna be filthy, stinking rich!

Zoidberg: Trust me, two out of three doesn't cut it!

Fry: You mean you'd rather be rich than work together?

Leela: Hell, yeah!

Fry: In my whole life, this company was the only place I'd ever really felt at home. If being millionaires is more important to you than our--

Bender: It is!

Fry: Friendship, then I'll sell Planet Express, for you.

[He prepares to press "Yes".]

Hattie: "Millionaires" nothing! The stock's only worth three kajiggers!

[The staff mumble.]

Bender: Oh, come on!

Hermes: My Jah! It's worth less now than when it was worthless!

Fry: It is? Yahoo! We're poor no matter what I do! The deal is off!

[He selects "No" and the Planet Express vote changes to 100% for "No".]

Zoidberg: Aha! Once again the conservative sangwich-heavy portfolio pays off for the hungry investor! [He eats the sandwich.] Oh! I'm ruined. [He cries.] Why? Why?

Fry: Look, so we're not millionaires. At least we all still get to work together.

Bender: Shut your fat mouth!

[The crew walk out muttering.]

Fry: (shouting) See you guys Monday!

[Closing Credits.]