

Tell her you just want to talk. It has nothing to do with mating.

When I was first asked to make a film about my nephew, Hubert Farnsworth, I thought "Why should I?" Then later, Leela made the film. But if I did make it, you can bet there would have been more topless women on motorcycles. Roll film! No! Don't jump!

This is the worst part. The calm before the battle. I meant 'physically'. Look, perhaps you could let me work for a little food? **I could clean the floors or paint a fence, or service you sexually?** *Why am I sticky and naked?* Did I miss something fun?

Guards! Bring me the forms I need to fill out to have her taken away!

I wish! It's a nickel. Meh. Oh, all right, I am. But if anything happens to me, tell them I died robbing some old man. Shinier than yours, meatbag. Say what?

1. The key to victory is discipline, and that means a well made bed. You will practice until you can make your bed in your sleep.
2. You don't know how to do any of those.
3. I've got to find a way to escape the horrible ravages of youth. Suddenly, I'm going to the bathroom like clockwork, every three hours. And those jerks at Social Security stopped sending me checks. Now 'I' have to pay 'them'!

Kif, I have mated with a woman. Inform the men.

Um, is this the boring, peaceful kind of taking to the streets? Why, those are the Grunka-Lunkas! They work here in the Slurm factory. Doomsday device? Ah, now the ball's in Farnsworth's court! Why am I sticky and naked? Did I miss something fun?

- I suppose I could part with 'one' and still be feared...
- Aww, it's true. I've been hiding it for so long.
- Kif, I have mated with a woman. Inform the men.

I am the man with no name, Zapp Brannigan! Hello, little man. I will destroy you! Tell her she looks thin. You, a bobsleder!? That I'd like to see! I usually try to keep my sadness pent up inside where it can fester quietly as a mental illness.

I meant 'physically'. Look, perhaps you could let me work for a little food? I could clean the floors or paint a fence, or service you sexually? Too much work. Let's burn it and say we dumped it in the sewer.

If rubbin' frozen dirt in your crotch is wrong, hey I don't wanna be right. Shut up and take my money! I guess if you want children beaten, you have to do it yourself. Is that a cooking show?

Man, I'm sore all over. I feel like I just went ten rounds with mighty Thor. Yeah, I do that with my stupidity. Yes! In your face, Gandhi! It's toe-tappingly tragic!

Yes, I saw. You were doing well, until everyone died. I'm Santa Claus! I can explain. It's very valuable. And then the battle's not so bad?

I was all of history's great robot actors - Acting Unit 0.8; Thespomat; David Duchovny! Bender, being God isn't easy. If you do too much, people get dependent on you, and if you do nothing, they lose hope. You have to use a light touch. Like a safecracker, or a pickpocket.

I feel like I was mauled by Jesus. Fetal stemcells, aren't those controversial? You don't know how to do any of those. Our love isn't any different from yours, except it's hotter, because I'm involved.

I'm sure those windmills will keep them cool. I love this planet! I've got wealth, fame, and access to the depths of sleaze that those things bring. I'm sorry, guys. I never meant to hurt you. Just to destroy everything you ever believed in.

Anyone who laughs is a communist! Maybe I love you so much I love you no matter who you are pretending to be. These old Doomsday Devices are dangerously unstable. I'll rest easier not knowing where they are.

Is the Space Pope reptilian!? Meh. Fetal stemcells, aren't those controversial? I'm sorry, guys. I never meant to hurt you. Just to destroy everything you ever believed in. What kind of a father would I be if I said no?

Oh, but you can. But you may have to metaphorically make a deal with the devil. And by "devil", I mean Robot Devil. And by "metaphorically", I mean get your coat. We're also Santa Claus! There's one way and only one way to determine if an animal is intelligent. Dissect its brain!