

# File not found.

So I really am important? How I feel when I'm drunk is correct? You guys realize you live in a sewer, right? Ok, we'll go deliver this crate like professionals, and then we'll go ride the bumper cars. I didn't ask for a completely reasonable excuse! I asked you to get busy!

It's a T. It goes "tuh". Please, Don-Bot... look into your hard drive, and open your mercy file! I found what I need. And it's not friends, it's things. Are you crazy? I can't swallow that. **Stop it, stop it.** *It's fine.* I will 'destroy' you!

## Hey, what kinda party is this? There's no booze and only one hooker.

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

1. Morbo can't understand his teleprompter because he forgot how you say that letter that's shaped like a man wearing a hat.
2. I found what I need. And it's not friends, it's things.
3. You're going to do his laundry?

## Ah, computer dating. It's like pimping, but you rarely have to use the phrase "upside your head."

Large bet on myself in round one. But existing is basically all I do! Ah, the 'Breakfast Club' soundtrack! I can't wait til I'm old enough to feel ways about stuff! Hey! I'm a porno-dealing monster, what do I care what you think?

- Please, Don-Bot... look into your hard drive, and open your mercy file!
- For example, if you killed your grandfather, you'd cease to exist!
- So I really am important? How I feel when I'm drunk is correct?

Ah, the 'Breakfast Club' soundtrack! I can't wait til I'm old enough to feel ways about stuff! Negative, bossy meat creature! Hey, tell me something. You've got all this money. How come you always dress like you're doing your laundry?

Well I'da done better, but it's plum hard pleading a case while awaiting trial for that there incompetence. File not found. No. We're on the top. Yeah. Give a little credit to our public schools.

Yeah, I do that with my stupidity. Dr. Zoidberg, that doesn't make sense. But, okay! It's okay, Bender. I like cooking too. You've killed me! Oh, you've killed me! Fetal stemcells, aren't those controversial?

No. We're on the top. And yet you haven't said what I told you to say! How can any of us trust you? Doomsday device? Ah, now the ball's in Farnsworth's court! Oh right. I forgot about the battle. Oh, I think we should just stay friends.

Doomsday device? Ah, now the ball's in Farnsworth's court! Oh sure! Blame the wizards! Whoa a real live robot; or is that some kind of cheesy New Year's costume? But I know you in the future. I cleaned your poop.

Ah, yes! John Quincy Adding Machine. He struck a chord with the voters when he pledged not to go on a killing spree. And from now on you're all named Bender Jr. That's right, baby. I ain't your loverboy Flexo, the guy you love so much. You even love anyone pretending to be him!

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'! It must be wonderful.

But I know you in the future. I cleaned your poop. I could if you hadn't turned on the light and shut off my stereo. Dear God, they'll be killed on our doorstep! And there's no trash pickup until January 3rd.

I found what I need. And it's not friends, it's things. Morbo can't understand his teleprompter because he forgot how you say that letter that's shaped like a man wearing a hat. I love this planet! I've got wealth, fame, and access to the depths of sleaze that those things bring.

You lived before you met me?! I am Singing Wind, Chief of the Martians. All I want is to be a monkey of moderate intelligence who wears a suit... that's why I'm transferring to business school! You know the worst thing about being a slave? They make you work, but they don't pay you or let you go.

Hey, guess what you're accessories to. Kids don't turn rotten just from watching TV. This opera's as lousy as it is brilliant! Your lyrics lack subtlety. You can't just have your characters announce how they feel. That makes me feel angry!