Ross: Uh Mr. Morse, can I see you for a moment?

Morse: Yes sir.

Ross: Mr. Morse I need to talk to you about your mid-term exam, I’m afraid I had to fail you.

Morse: (shocked) Why?!

Ross: Well you need 60% to pass…

Morse: What did I get?

Ross: Seven.

Morse: That’s not so good.

Ross: No, it’s not. What-what happened there, Ned?

Morse: Well maybe you can cut me some slack. I’m sort of in love.

Ross: Well I’m sorry but, that-that’s really not my problem.

Morse: I’m in love with you.

Ross: Well that brings me in the loop a little.

Morse: You see, that’s why I did so bad on this test. I’m having a hard time concentrating. When you’re up there and you’re teaching and your face gets all serious…you look so good. (In a sexy voice) You wear that tight little turtleneck sweater…

Ross: Okay! Umm, I’m your teacher. I’m sorry, you’re a student and I like women.