



Scripts.com

Futurama: Into the Wild Green Yonder

By Matt Groening

You and I will be reborn
In a future place and time
If everything our|Hindu brethren say is true
In an age of things that hover
You and I will still be lovers
And we'll say to ourselves
That was then and this is, too
Doo-doo-be-doo, doo-doo
'Cause we'll still find|the happening hot spots
We'll still cruise the cool casinos
You'll still fly me to the moon
Although the moon to which you fly me
Could be Phobos or Deimos
The psychic worms from Rigel nine
Who control everything we do
Will make us think that was then
And 3010 is exactly the same as 1962
Don't expect any changes, my friend
That was then and this is, too
Wow, Mars Vegas.|Long live the eternal city.
Two, one, zero!
Rest in hell, Crapville!
Out here in the desert,|we're gonna build bigger, better Vegas.
Bathtubs size of oceans,|hookers size of bouncers.
Hamburger!
Stand clear of the closing jaws.
Yo, you need any|girders bent, I know a guy.
So what's gonna|be over there, Dad?
That? That the oasis.
Future site of Oasis Hotel.
Take that,|you stupid Mother Nature.
Okay. Let's hit him hard.
This land is your land|This land is my land
Who are you noisy women?
I'm Frida Waterfall, leader of the|Greenorita Eco-Feminist Collective,
and we will not let you man-doze|this beautiful gyno-desert.
Well, I'm Leo Wong, and I say, "Boom. "
Hey, what happened to my femi-necklace?|And where's my mega-fem?
Is he badly hurt, Dr. Zoidberg?
I don't quite know how to say this.
Fry is dead!
Wait, not dead.|The other thing.
Damn eco-broads!
You can't even spray for eagles|without upsetting these kooks.

Now, hang on. | Before you do construction,
don't you have to make sure | you're not harming any native species?
You mean, cursory | environmental survey?
Already done! By top scientist.
Oh, my, yes. | You've got the go-ahead, Mr. Wong.
This place is deader than last year's cat.
No, it's not!
There's precious life | right here in this scum puddle.
Ah!
Cyprinodon martius. | The desert muck leech.
Amazingly, the entire species | lives in this one tiny stinkhole.
Killing these will be so much easier | than exterminating those ponies.
Wait a second.
Leeches may not be | cuddly like pandas or tribbles,
but these poor | endangered creatures deserve...
Get off me!
I'll get it with my trusty foot cups: | Stompy and Smashy.
No, don't kill it! We have to...
There. They're not endangered anymore. | They're extinct.
No, they're not. I saved this one.
And I'm gonna raise it and care for it,
so the world will | forever know what it's lost.
You freaking slime wad!
No. I killed it. | It was the last of its kind.
Mother. | Let go of me, you...
Poor thing.
Tell you what, Fry. | You all promise not to sue me,
I give you token for free | entry in poker tournament.
He took it, you all saw it!
Maybe we did, maybe we didn't. | What's in it for me, Bender?
Okay, okay. Come back | when New Vegas opens,
I give you all free rooms,
free dinner and | free tickets to Celine Dion.
Lose the Celine Dion tickets | and you got yourself a deal.
All right, damn it, done!
All right, I scored.
Look out, Vegas, I've got a system.
Oh.
I'm bankrupt.
You said it, Hermes. | He is pathetic, but lovable.
Yup. What? I said no such thing, man.
I am not acting weird, Leela. | Why is everyone talking at once?
Fry, calm down and stop braining.
Yeah, Fry, maybe you need...

You're right, Amy!|Maybe I do need some fresh air.
Man, I'm worried about him.
But not enough to stop|gambling for even a single second.
You win, damn it!
It's all in the wrist.
Voices always yelling.
Who said that? I'm not insane.|Stop it. Stop talking in me!
Voices bothering you, man?|I've been there.
You need one of these doodangs.
A foil hat?|Of course, he likes pastrami.
What about the dog's testicles?
Hey, it worked.|The voices stopped.
They've got a huge|selection of carburetors...
Hang on. Hang on.
That's better. My name's Hutch.
Hi, Hutch. So what's with the|obnoxious, shrieking voices?
Are my fillings picking up The View?
No, man. Truth is,|it's other people's thoughts.
You're a mind reader.
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!|Although, actually, it was sort of obvious.
You don't believe me?|Take off the helmet.
- I believe you.|- Seriously, do it.
Testing, testing.|Do you read me?
Loud and clear.|- What?
I said, "Loud and clear. "
Only I said it with my|thinker, not my talker.
Whoa! Freaky.|Why can't I read your thoughts?
I don't know. Wait.|What's that about a secret society?
Never mind that. Just keep|the foil on and you'll be okay.
Also, it'll keep the Dark Ones|from incinerating your brain.
That's a plus.
And don't ever, ever, ever|tell anyone you can read minds,
or the Dark Ones|will get you like that.
Hang on, pizza grease.
Like that.
Jeez, get a load of|the batteries on her.
I'd like to get my clamps on those.
Give her a jump,|you know what I mean?
Whoa, whoa.
Show some decorum there,|Clamps. This ain't no strip show.
This is a beguiling display|of the pornographic arts.
Yo, Skip, I can see a guy's butt.
Oh, Michael, this is the perfect|end to a perfect honeymoon.
I love you so much.

- Is this seat taken?|- Actually, we...

Slide me those chicken wings.

So what part of|Podunk you rubes from?

The north-eastern.

Monsieurs et mademoiselles,

our circus of the senses now arrives|by steamboat in New Orleans, circa 2873.

The muted lament of a trombone|resonates through the fog, which lingers even now, months|after the attack of the fog monster.

With but one hope of restoring|Gearoticus to his throne,

our sensual fate|rests in the gyrations of

Fanny.

Oh.

Yes?

I'm Bender. Let's do it.

Who is it, the Feds?

Aren't you the Donbot,|head of the Robot Mafia?

Allegedly.|And this is my beloved wife, Fanny,

whose honor I would|proudly defend with a power drill.

Well, I gotta go drown a stoolie.

I'm gonna be in here a while, so do|me a favor and drive my wife home.

It's one of them self-driving cars, so|just sit in the back and do whatever.

Oh, Bender,|your lips are intoxicating.

It's like kissing|an ashtray full of hot wings.

My God, I really can read minds.|I have a superpower!

There must be something|great I can do with this.

Hello, ladies,|I can read your thoughts.

Oh, wait, that's invisibility.

Poker. With my mind-reading|abilities and my invisibility...

Wait, no, just the mind reading.|I can't lose!

Sign me up for the tournament, please.

Okey-doke, Jiffy Pop.|Entry fee's 50,000 smackers.

50,000?

Drat, all I have is my life savings

and a token for free admission|to this poker tournament.

Close enough.

You're having an affair with|the head of the robot mafia's wife?

Yup, this is|her I'm making out with.

Bender, are you crazy?

No, it's Fry who's crazy in this one.

I'm not crazy.

You sure you're okay, Fry?

I mean, you do have|tin foil on your head.

So? You got a leech on your neck.

And speaking of sucking on your|neck, want to go to a movie later?

Hey, there!|How are you folks doing tonight?

Great. What are the specials?

Well, let's see now.|We've got a wonderful grizzly bear
that's been dipped in cornmeal|and lightly tormented.

- Questions?|- What was the bear's name?

- Jojo.|- Ooh, I'll have him.

- Hide me!|- Hey, Donbot,

ain't that your wife what|with you had that wedding with?

Donbot, honey!|What a pleasant shock!

I was just having dinner alone,|when suddenly you walk in on us.

Alone, huh?

Where am I?

I was exploring a wormhole through space|many light years from this
restaurant,

when suddenly I was|surrounded by darkness.

Hot, sexy darkness.

Why, hello, Donbot! Hello, miss,|have we met? I'm Bender.

The world's most sexual robot.

I mean, the world's most|boundary-respecting robot.

Nice to see you, Bender.|Welcome back to our universe.

Listen, sugar, I stuck up|the Burlington Coat Factory
and got you a little something.|It's a \$49 value.

Donbot, I love you!

- Not really.|- Man, this is great!

I always wanted to nail a dame|in a fur coat, and now's my chance.

I mean, if you'll introduce me to|one, sir. One as sexy as you, baby!

Bender out.

I never felt so alive, Bender.

Listen, this turquoise-encrusted|bra is worth 50 grand.

Let's sell it and run off|before the Donbot gets wise.

No. It will take a lot more money|than that to make a girl like you happy.

- No, it won't.|- Yeah, it will. Shut up!

We'll run off, but not till after I win|the Universal Poker Championship!

One entry, please.

Bender, no! You can't beat|the best players in the universe.

- You're not lucky enough.|- Oh, no? I'm 40% lucky.

The scrap metal I'm made from|included a truckload of horseshoes
from the luckiest racehorses in Mexico,|who had just been sent to a glue
factory.

- They don't sound so lucky to me.|- Not without their shoes.

That's great!

Here, Bendy, take this.|It will give you 70% more luck.

It's the Donbot's lucky robot's foot.
All right!|With two kinds of luck, I can't lose.
No, wait, three.|I stepped on a leprechaun.
Yo, you see this over here over there?
I'm powering up the clamps.
Whoa, whoa, whoa.|Let us not rush to judgment.
But, Skip, that was your lucky robot's|foot what came off of your lucky leg.
While it is true that I did wake up|with only one foot this morning, there is no proof that my|beloved Fanny was involved.
Aside from the hacksaw|I found under her pillow.
Well, what about that Bender guy?|You want I should give him the clamps?
Not yet, Clamps. Only one thing|can prove that he has my lucky foot.
Torture with the clamps|or a clamp-like device?
No. We are gonna sit tight and see|if he wins the poker tournament.
He does, that proves|he's packing my lucky foot, in which event...
The clamps!
Or a clamp-like device.
Welcome viewers|who fell asleep with the TV on!
It's the 3009 no-limit|hold 'em championship.
I'm the massive head|of Penn Jillette, and here with a color|commentary, my partner Teller.
Our act really didn't|change much when he died.
Pardon me,|I'm new to this game.
Is this duffle bag big|enough for all your money?
Bender? Oh, boogers.|We're in the same tournament.
Quick, get your entry fee|back before I bankrupt you.
In your dreams, nutloaf.
Bite my shiny metal hat.
Tex Connecticut,|the pride of Kansas City, first to act.
Smiley Spiff, up next.
Looks like Boobs Vanderbilt|has a decent pair.
Also, she's got two eights.
And Bender Rodriguez picks|up a lucky deal right off the bat.
Two aces.|I'm thinking guitar solo.
I fold.
Holy crap! A stunning play by|mentally ill newcomer Philip Fry.
It's almost as if|he knew Bender had two aces.
Bender has two aces? I'm out.
- I'm out.|- I'm out.
Suck my luck!
See this gun?
That's what I'm gonna|do to Bender if he wins.

All in. Call my mighty bid at your peril.
My cards are awful, and I need a hug.
I call your bluff.
I shall annihilate...
I just wanted to|make my daddy proud.
Well, you didn't. I want you and|your junk moved out by Monday.
It's getting|pretty intense, folks.
Based on the state of|decomposition of Teller's head,
we're now in hour|19 of the tournament.
And the first bad deal|of the night for Bender.
Hey, pal, help me out here.|This is the worst possible hand, right?
I'm all in.
All in! I mean, fold. Whatever.
Well, Bender's luck just ran out.|No card can save him from elimination.
Oh, my gourds! He's dead.
21, winner!
I'm so full of luck,|it's shooting out like luck diarrhea.
Wake up, poker fans!
We're down to our final two players in|heads-up action for the
Championship.
Your perspective, Teller?
All in.
But you didn't even|look at your cards!
Looking at one's cards is|a crutch for players who rely on skill.
Any day now, Fry. You in or out?
What's the matter, Fry,|you scared? Or just crazy?
All right, all in.
Yes! Four aces!
Ah-ah-ah.
Read 'em and weep,|and then tell me what they are.
Two kings. And with three on the board,|that gives Bender five kings.
- But how is that...|- I don't believe it.
Bender has just been|dealt the King of Beers,
a coaster from the bar that|somehow got mixed into the deck.
But it still counts!
Bender win the Championship!
That's some good money.
You did it, Bender.|You're the greatest.
Tell me something|I don't know, sweetass.
Now, let's boogie.
We'll be in Space Tahiti before|the Donbot knows what hit him.
Now I am suspicious.
Okay, we finished digging this|shallow grave. Can we go now?
Poor Bender left me one last voicemail

before the Robot Mafia|buried him in the desert.
Fry, old friend,|before I die, I just wanted to say...
Hang on, I'm getting another call. Hello?
Line up, people! Everyone take|a shovel and one sixth of the planet.
We'll meet back here in 50 years,|our bodies broken and our lives wasted.
And you say these are free shovels?
I'm back, baby.
Bender! I thought the|Robot Mafia killed you.
Nah, they just shot us and buried us|a few times as a warning.
Bender was so brave.
He never stopped making out with me|the whole time they were shooting us.
I sure didn't.
I gotta get back to my husband, baby.|Will I see you tonight?
Probably not.
It's a 14-footer with a clown hazard.|What club you recommend, Baggy?
As on every hole,|I suggest the putter.
Your golf club sure is classy,|Mr. Wong. Naked statue classy.
It is very nice.
I just wish Amy and I didn't have to|wear these sexist badges on our
melons.
We're lucky even to play as guests, Leela.
Dad's club has a very|strict "No girls allowed" policy.
- That doesn't seem fair.|- It really is.
Everybody knows women|don't have the focus
to play miniature golf|at a professional level.
But that's the|best shot of the day!
Is that my ball?|I think that my ball.
- Great putt, Dad.|- Okay, we're done.
Mr. Wong, how do you keep this place|so green in the middle of the desert?
Doesn't that waste a lot of water?
Nah, we got plenty water,|pumped directly from flamingo lake.
They'll be fine.
Oh, yeah, I love miniature golf.|Love everything about it,
except how damn miniature it is.
That's why I'm building the universe's|biggest miniature golf course.
- This the first tee.|- Where's the hole?
On Pluto's moon, Hydra.
It's a six-billion-mile par-two.|Tough shot, even for a man.
Around the sun.|Bank off Jupiter.
And right into the...
I'll be right back.
It dropped in!|Put me down for a two.
Two.
Keep in mind,|that just the first hole.

For full course, we gonna bulldoze|this entire arm of the Milky Way.
What? You're gonna wipe out 10%|of the galaxy for a stupid golf course?
First of all, it 12%.|Second, yes, you betcha.
But you have no idea what life|forms might be evolving out there.
That's exactly why|I'm hiring an impartial scientist
to perform an environmental survey.|That's him in the money shower.
Delivery boy's log. Having fallen|asleep on what I thought was the toilet,
I awoke to find|the environmental survey in progress.
- Status reports, Science Officer.|- Zilcho. No sign of life or
intelligence.
Just like Fry on a date.
Hey!
Okay, so we haven't|found any life yet.
I still don't see why you men can't be|happy with regular-sized miniature
golf.
Leela, evolution has|programmed our fabulous male brains
to take anything anybody else thinks|is important and make it bigger.
Have you seen my new 301-inch TV?
Hypnotoad is brought to|you by the MagnaPhallix 302-inch TV.
It's bigger!
Oh, hell!
Captain, I'm detecting|life on the spock-o-scope!
It's amazing. It's like|a textbook on evolution.
Except in Kansas.
But isn't Mr. Wong|building the 18th hole here?
And the golf pants museum?
Indeed so. This whole|area will be incinerated
when he implodes that|sun there into a black hole.
That beautiful violet star?
It's so you can't keep|your ball at the end of the game.
Yo, that's messed up.
Well, there won't be any imploding once|they read our environmental review.
- Right, Professor?|- Twaddle-squat.
There's no scientific|consensus that life is important.
Yeah. Life, schmife.
Approved for demolition.
It's you and me, ponytail.
We're here, Mr. President.
Let's play some mini-golf.
Now, just give it a light tap, Agnew.|No, no, no, just a light...
Now for a triple clam dip, with a double...
Ow!
Tough luck, Agnew. Looks like you|and Wong owe me a Charleston Chew.
- Shut up and hear our wisdom.|- Shut up and hear our wisdom.

- Save the ecosystem.|- Save the ecosystem.
Shut up and hear|our wisdom! Save the ecosystem!
What gives, Wong?|You said no chicks allowed.
We are the Greenorita|Eco-Feminist Collective,
and we will not let you...|What was it again?
We will not let you implode|the violet dwarf star
at galactic coordinates|167.84, -58.03, mark 948.
Already approved, you cackling hens.
So get out, or I'll have vice-president|Agnew's headless body throw you
out.
I'd like to see him try.
Me, too. Should look funny.|Sic 'em, Agnew.
Runaway golf cart!
Look out, Agnew!
- Whoa!|- Aah!
Is he okay?
No pulse.
They killed the headless|remains of Agnew. Arrest them!
All feminists|she-vacuate the premises.
I mean "femises. "
My fellow Earthicans,
these eco-crooks will|face the maximum sentence.
For killing a headless|torso, that's six weeks.
Well, this is embarrassing.
Here I've been blabbing on|for years about killing all humans,
and who actually does|something about it? Some chick.
Leela's not a killer,|and she's not some chick.
She's the chick I love.
And don't tell her|I called her a chick, or she'll kill me.
Everyone stay absolutely quiet!
- That thing's on.|- Turn it off!
Oh, sorry.
How do you turn it off?
There. Did that do it?
No. Stop it. Shut up.
Here's the button here.
And I think I... Now I got it.
Let me give you a hand.
This is awful.
I never meant for our protest to|have any effect. Now what do we do?
Maybe we should just surrender|and serve our six weeks in jail.
Hey, yeah! We could do each|other's toenails and make shivs.
That's crazy.|We've done nothing wrong,
other than killing and|dismembering the vice-president.

We need to make a choice, sisters.

We can either keep pestering criminals|like Leo Wong with silly slogans...

- Yeah.|- Let's do that.

Actually, I meant that to be|the less preferable alternative.

We can either chant slogans|or we can take action.

What was the first choice again?

I choose to save the environment by|sabotaging Leo Wong's golf course.

Who's with me?

Could we still use our bullhorns?

Absolutely.

Bullhorns are a core|principle of eco-feminism.

Then I'm in.

Uh, take that

Yeah, yeah

Uh-huh, uh-huh, yeah

Izzy, Izzy, ah|Zizah, zizah, zizah

Girls be talkin'|Like they all rah, rah

Who's ready to kick|some sweaty man-butt?

I've got my pointy|man-kicking shoes on.

Those are cute.

Aren't they?|I got them at Nine West.

Simmer down, warriors. |Full power to the vagyroscope!

Those dirty rings.

I tried soaking them out,|even blasting them out.

Are you sure about this?

It would be better for propaganda|if we weren't using refined sugar.

It's okay. The potato we're|shoving in the tailpipe is organic.

I smell sabotage.

And potatoes.

Now, unfortunately, the media is|going to put a negative spin on this,
like when we killed that guy,

so to win public support,|we'll need a lovable mascot.

Squirm all you want,|you nasty dumpling.

One less species for the universe,|one more breakfast for...

- Zoidberg?|- Leela.

Me saving things the leech. |Not the eating of it.

Zoidberg, I'm very surprised|at you, slightly.

- Psst! Leela.|- Shh! I'm a fugitive.

I know. I miss you so much, Leela,|even more than when you were here.

I miss you, too, Fry.

And you probably think|what I'm doing is wrong.

But it's something|I really care about...

You don't have to explain, Leela.

You're you. |That's all I need to know.

Goodbye, sweet goofbag.

I'll miss her, too, buddy.

- Dibs on her iPod.|- Dibs on...

Hey, Fry! Long time, man.

Hey, Hutch! What have you been up to?

Same old, same old. | Searching the dumpsters,
protecting my thoughts | with tin foil, peeing myself.

So, what brings you to Earth?

It's top secret. Hey, take off | your helmet and I'll think it to you.

Okay. Here goes.

Where are you? And me?

The Great Hall of | the Ancient Legion of Madfellows.

Welcome, bro.

- Welcome, bro.|- Welcome, bro.

Sorry I bashed your | head in, buddy, but I had to.

You see, the fate of the | universe depends on you.

- Yeah, I get that a lot.|- The Grand Curator will tell you more.

Take me to him.

- Hey, man.|- Hey.

So dig this, Fry.

Our commune has been | monitoring the universe's life energy
for, like, a really long time, | and we're grokking some super weird junk.
I don't mean to be rude, but it's | kind of hard to take you seriously
when you say junk | like "grok" and "junk. "

- What about "commune"?|- Especially "commune. "

Come on, it's the fate of | the universe, puff it up a little.

Like you could say | your ancient order is sensing
deep upheaval in the | cosmic life energy field.

Okay. I'll try. So, like, | a really, really long time ago...

Eons ago!

Cool.

Eons ago, the life force we call | Chee permeated the universe.

The Green Chee generated a great | upwelling of life across the cosmos.

But then, for reasons unknown...

Ooh. "Reasons unknown. "

Now that's the sort of hook that | grabs the attention of me, the viewer.

For reasons unknown...

Nice.

...the Chee began to recede, | and the diversity of life began to wither.
The life forms we know today

are but a fraction of a fraction of | the magnificence that once existed.

But a bunch of dudes, right,

they totally passed this far-out | knowledge down through the ages.

Some with | this knowledge were called prophets,

some, fruitcakes. We, the Legion|of Madfellows, are their heirs.
Hey, I'm on TV.

- Well, that's the show.|- Neat. What's it got to do with me?
Pooperdoodle!|I mean, pardon the omission.

You see, after untold eternities,|we have sensed a resurgence in the Chee.
Hey, that's the violet dwarf star|that Leela wants to save.
Freaking nailed it, corndog.

We believe this star|heralds a new green age,
and it's your destiny to be|its shepherd and protector.
Me? Why?

'Cause you got, like,|no delta brainwave, man.
The Dark Ones can't|groove off your thoughts.
Silence, Hutch!|You shall learn more in time, Fry.

But for now,|let's just say we have enemies,
enemies who can read|minds, except yours.
Cool. I can't wait to tell Leela.

No! If you tell anyone,|then their thoughts could be read,
and our enemies would|know of our existence.
For the sake of those you love,|you must keep this secret.

- Do you foot-swear?|- Okay. I foot-swear.
Good. Now, to save the|coming of the green age,
you must stop this man.

I know him. Leo Wong. |I work with his daughter.
Good, that will cut about|15 minutes of explanation.
You must gain Wong's confidence,|infiltrate his organization
and prevent him from|destroying the violet dwarf.

- Looking for a job, eh?|- Yes, sir.
Nothing fancy. I'm willing to start at|the bottom and infiltrate my way up.
Sorry, no openings right now.

What I need is security guard to|keep nutcases out of my office.
- I'm good at keeping nutcases.|- I said no way.
Security guard gotta be tough.

This idiot don't look like|he could handle those feminists.
I look like an idiot who|can handle those feminists.
He'll have to do better than that.

I'll have to do better than that.
Hmm. You and I think a lot alike.

You really think you can|stand up to those eco-freakos?
Sir, with me around,|they'll be the least of your worries.
Stand by, men. And manly aliens. |Prepare to test fire King Kong hole.
It workses.

Good job, men. And manly aliens.
Construction of|King Kong hole complete.
Typical. |Always King Kong, never Queen Quong.

What are those, hooks?|Get out of heres, you hookers.
This is my turfs.
Helpses!
You go, gorilla!
Our top story.|The string of eco-vandalism
that began with a harmless|vice-presidential killing
has spread across the galaxy.
Why do you always get to|read the top story, Morbo?
Because viewers trust a deep male|voice and huge, throbbing forehead veins.
Not all reaction to the crime|spree has been negative.
We spoke with several people who viewed|these courageous eco-feminists as
heroes.
I just wish there was|some way to... Excuse me.
Some way to show I support 'em.|Send them some smokes or something.
So you make more than|twice what I do. What?

This just in:

from the eco-feminists'|unknown hideout.
This is sub-commander L.,
den mother of the|Feminista Revolutionary Collective,
with a message for Leo Wong.
Leo, you're a parasite on the universe,|and parasites must be destroyed.
That's why we've adopted|this parasite as our mascot.
I know it's a little confusing.
The point is, even this|vicious leech has a right to exist,
because it's a part of nature.
And that's why a vicious leech|like Leo Wong must be exterminated.
Again, confusing.
We call on women|everywhere to join our struggle
against eco-chauvinist Leo Wong.
We especially need|good communicate writers.
Feministas unite!
- In other news...|- Feministas unite!
Feministas unite!
Incredible. Absolutely incredible.
You're telling me this TiVo machine|can pause and rewind live TV?
These crazy broads|gonna ruin me, Nixon.
You gotta help me.|Send the army or something.
Something big that shoots.
Sir, I don't care if you|are my biggest contributor.
Our armed forces do not serve|your private business interests.
Sorry, I...
I'm just yanking your chain, Leo.|I'm on it like boring on Gerry Ford.
Zapp Brannigan purporting for duty.

For the love of God, Kif, |less piccolo, more fife.

Report, Brannigan.

Mr. President, I failed to identify |these curvaceous banditas
despite hours of staring |at their dossiers.

Yet, I seemed to have |stroked myself upon good luck,
for a patriot of the highest order |has volunteered to lead us to them.

These eco-feminists |are ruthless criminals
who'll stop at nothing |to save the environment.

I don't see how |a bending unit can catch them.

Not just any bending unit, |Presidente.

I happen to be brilliant, |fearless and short on cash.

Short on cash.

Slush him, Kroker.

Bender here has identified the femdito |commander as my ex-lover, Turanga
Leela,

whom I once made love at.

And he's willing to fink |her out for a few simoleons?

It's not about the money, Nixon, |though I'd like much more.

It's 'cause Leela's a threat. |A threat to my reputation.

She's committed 30 felonies |in 12 star systems.

If no one stops her, she'll break |my record for longest rap sheet.

That's a despicable motive, |Bender, and I respect it.

Now, I could find Leela, but |you'll need to authorize a wiretap.

- As many as you like. |- I only need one.

Let's call it six.

Question. If you don't know where |Leela is, how can you wiretap her?

I'm not wiretapping her, |Greensleeves.

You see, like all women, |Leela has one weakness.

Hello, weakness!

Hey, Bender, check it out. |I'm Leo Wong's new security guard.

I got an ID badge and a flashlight, |and I ordered this mustache.

Neat. Say, speaking of |whatever the hell you just said,

I need to make a cell |phone telephone call.

Can borrow your |cell phone telephone?

Okay, but don't |restart my Tetris.

I was finally about |to get one of those pieces
that looks like a backwards "L."

Okay, superstud.

Looking good, security. |No feministas getting past you.

No, sir. Not on my |mustache's watch.

Fry, I can't believe you're working |with my dad against Leela.

How can you claim to be |her friend and still want her in jail?

It's a tightrope walk, |I won't deny it.

It takes the kind of multi-sided |thinking your dad's so brilliant at.

- You mean being two-faced?|- Don't mind cranky-pants here.
She been cranky ever since|she was a fat little girl.
Dad!
Can I be brutally honest, Fry?|I always wanted a son.
That hurt, but I can take it.
I knew you wanted a son!
Why do you think I became|a miniature golf champion?
Why do you think I wear|these stupid boys' sweat suits?
To hide your|big, fat butt, that's why.
Now, sir, in fairness,|Amy's butt is actually pretty hot.
What is it with you men?
Why does everything|revolve around my butt?
'Cause it's so big and massive.
- Sorry.|- That's it!
Why don't you just adopt Fry and|make him the son you never had?
That'll replace the daughter|you don't have anymore!
Whoa! What's with Big Butt?
She just hungry.
- Here you go, Fry.|- Thanks.
Oh! FYI, I dropped that Tetris piece in|the wrong place and ended the game.
No!
Great! Now Amy's gonna|tell Leela I'm a jerk.
If only I could explain|I'm on a secret mission against evil.
Wait. Evil? Yeah, yeah, evil.
What's going on in there?|A scary noise?
Hey, you're one of|Leela's feminists.
"Save the environment!|Wo-mandate Leo's retirement!"
That's terrible writing!|Stop making your point so ineffectively!
Take your mands off of me!
I'm on your side.
Don't shush me.
Please, can you take|a message to Leela?
What is it?
Just say her sweet goofbag is working to|save the violet dwarf star, just
like she is.
Very well,|I'll fem-municate your man-formation.
Just tell her.
Well, this is it, old friends.|Planet Express is done for,
what with our|delivery crew missing
and the abysmal sales|of Tickle Me Bender.
Quit touching my junk, pervert!
Hold out your hands|and I'll remove your career chips.
I hate to see it come to an end.
When will it end?

Shouldn't you get that, Professor?

I suppose.

Hello?

Professor, old buddy,

I'm gonna blow up|the violet dwarf star.

So I need you deliver|billion-mile security fence
to keep out protesters.|Dirty business. Lot of money.

You corrupt enough?

Damn skippy!

Good news, crybabies!|We're back in business.

Sweet kookaburra of Edinburgh, Professor.|You sure you know how to fly this
thing?

I invented it, didn't I?|You wouldn't ask Thomas Edison
whether he knew|how to use a sexmatron.

The feminists, probably.

Halt! What are you doing|in this parallelogram of space?

We're delivering a fence to|keep you ladies in your place.

- Amy?|- Labarbara?

That's right, husband.

From now on, you make|your own Manwiches.

Under the articles of the confemiracy,|we hereby wo-mandeer this ship.

Oh, no, you don't.|It's three against three.

That was the greatest play I ever saw.|It must have had 20 acts.

We installed your fence, Leo Wong.

- Yeah!|- Yeah!

Should we shout a clever slogan?

You mean something like,|"The best defense is a good fence?"

Yeah, something|like that, only funny.

I wish we could,

but our chief slogan writer is|back at the Honeybun Hideout.

Does "violet dwarf" rhyme|with "men are dorks"?

It does through a megaphone.

That reminds me, I've got to|tell Leela about that weirdo
who wants to save|the violet dwarf.

So, the Legion|of Madfellows has a new pawn, eh?

Is somebody here?

If you're the DSL guy,|you're two days late.

Who gave you that message for Leela?

I don't know his name.

Then you are of no use to the Dark Ones!

Long lost brother, avenge my death.

Where are your crappy|rhymes now, Frida Waterfall?

I'm dead. I'm dead.

Eat only natural whole-grain bread.

Six, seven, eight|Lock the gate
One, two, three|Turn the key
30, 50, 10
- My dirty, shifty friend?|- Hey, Fry, long time.
Welcome back to the|Legion of Madfellows, man.
Why'd you bonk me, you idiot?
You could have just|asked me to come with you.
And where are we? This doesn't|look like your regular dumpster.
All in good time!
I guess now is a good time.
We are on Mars,|in a forgotten cavern
abandoned by the native|Martians a million years ago.
Actually, it was five years ago.|I remember 'cause they washed my socks.
You have done well, Fry.
You have ingratiated|yourself with Leo Wong.
Yup, I kissed his ass|from cheek to shining cheek.
So, what do I do next?
As Wong security chief,
you will be on hand when|he attempts to destroy the violet dwarf.
You must not let that happen.
"Must let happen. "
Not happen!
"Must let occur. "
Let me tell you a story.|A story of two alien species
so ancient that compared to them|the human race is a mere college senior!
On a distant planetoid they evolved|to cooperate in their quest to survive.
Cooperation, because|life is a team sport.
But, over time,|one species evolved a better strategy,
and an evolutionary arms race began.
That concludes the audio-visual|portion of our head-clonk and lecture.
Wait, what happened|to the snakes and the frogs?
I need to know!
The frogs, or possibly the snakes,|evolved into vicious killing machines,
honed by the merciless forces of|natural selection and intelligent design.
We call these the Dark Ones!
These evil creatures preyed on all life,|driving species after species to
extinction.
Meanwhile, however,
the second species evolved|to fend off the Dark Ones,
befriending and protecting|all other living things.
- Even Celine Dion?|- Probably.
We call these noble|beings the Encyclopods,
because their DNA incorporates
the DNA of every endangered|species they encountered,

so they can recreate|them if they go extinct.
Just as a pillow, a wig and a corn cob pipe|can be used to recreate my old girlfriend!

Bingo.

Meanwhile, at the Honeybun Hideout.

There! Now you know how it feels|to be locked up in a go-go cage.
What the hell are you talking about?
Shut your man-hole.
I feel dirty.
Are you sure Fry is|working for your father?
It just doesn't seem like him to|be so evil, or to hold down a job.
It's true, Leela.|Cross My Heart bra and swear to Goddess.
But the Fry I know|wouldn't do that.
I'm gonna call his cell phone|telephone and prove you wrong.
Oh, no! Frida's been murdered!
Sweet she-cattle of Seattle.
Not your|strong suit, woman.
Who could have done this?
Your dad? Nixon?
Fry?
No, never. I don't think.
Anyhow, there's a crazed|murderer on the loose,
possibly in the shadows|or hanging from the ceiling.
So just stay calm while I call Fry.
So where are the Encyclopods|and the Dark Ones now?
When the life-giving|Chee receded,
only the toughest organisms|could adapt and survive,
like the Dark Ones.
Many more died out,|like the Encyclopods.
But, and this is the|great secret of our age,
we believe they|left an egg behind.
- Is it edible?|- We're not gonna eat it!
Not unless we find a second one.|No, Fry, we intend to hatch it!
And that's where you come in.
And here I am.
At long last the tide|of Chee has returned,
and its nourishing flow|has awakened the dormant egg.
That's good.
It's better than good. It's better.|With its massive stash of DNA,
the Encyclopod can reconstruct|every species that ever went extinct.
Imagine, all the animals that|failed evolution's test, alive again!
The dodo bird, the brittle-klutz,|the striped biologist-taunter.
- So, where is this egg?|- In the violet dwarf star system.
- And what does it look like?|- A violet dwarf star!

You mean, the whole star|is a single... Whoa! Sci-fi.
Alas! Even now, a Dark One is headed|to the star to ensure its destruction.
Dang! So what does|this Dark One look like?
We don't know. I admit|it's a horrifically grave situation.
Don't sugarcoat it, Nine.
The Dark Ones have|been evolving so long,
it could be anything or anyone.
Or anybody.
You mean, like, people?
Any people. It will kill the egg,
and every dude, woman|and child who knows about it.
Even our crazy caps will|be useless at close range.
That's why only you, with your|defective unreadable brainwave,
may be able to thwart them
and usher in a new|green age of wonder and...
You're on Fry-time. Leela!
- Did you get my message?|- What message?
Didn't you see Frida Waterfall?
So you did|kill Frida Waterfall?
What? No. I told her|to tell you that I'm...
Oh, Jeep! The Dark Ones|got her. It's all true.
We need to talk, Leela.|Then I can explain...
Well, I can't explain anything,|but we should talk anyway.
- Where are you?|- Oh, no.
I'm not gonna expose|the Honeybun Hideout.
Where are you?
Near the Keeler Crater on Mars.|Do you know it?
I think I read about it.
I'll meet you at the south|rims in one hour. No mustaches.
Kif, set coordinates, 36-24-36.
AKA, Leela.
Ten minutes late.|Ain't that just like a womanista?
- Are you alone?|- Of course, don't you trust me?
There's no escape, Leela.
If you surrender,|wave your shirt in the air.
Fry, you traitor!
Hop onto|the magnet, Leela!
Okay. One, two...
I can't believe you|ratted me out, Fry.
I'm not a rat, I swear.
If I'm any rodent, it's the loyal|capybara, king of the rats! No, wait.
This just in, we are about|to get our asses blown off.
- Labarbara?|- That's right, Linda.
Stay strong, ladies. We can lose them|in the giant miniature golf course.

But the course isn't finished. | And there's no girls allowed.
Fore!
So, they want to play mini golf, eh? | Two can play at that game.
Or even four, depending on | the number of ball colors available.
- I choose pink. | - That's their color, sir.
The hell it is.
They're gaining on us. | We need a birdie on the windmill hole.
Wait. Wait.
Drop the boot!
Sir, at our present speed,
the computer predicts | a 100% chance we'll be sliced in half.
We'll never make it.
Not with that attitude, we won't. | Same speed ahead!
We made it through, Kif. | How many men did we lose?
All of them.
Well, at least they won't | have to mourn each other.
Seal the airlocks, | and draw the shades.
Resume shooting.
Oh, no! The gorilla! That's a par-four!
The mouth's too dangerous. | I'm going for the nose.
Don't be a sucker. You won't | come out anywhere near the hole.
You need to aim for the jaws | just when they start to close.
Start to close? | Are you out of your...
We made it!
Captaining 101. Go for the nose.
My arms are broken, | I'll never paint again.
You can't sue the military.
I'm okay then.
Damage report.
We lost all remaining | food and oxygen, Captain.
As well as our XM Radio antenna.
Then this chase is over.
Kif, set course | for the nearest XM repair facility.
Meanwhile, we shall | sing top hits from the '80s.
Which '80s, sir?
For me, there are only one '80s.
Smell like I sound | I'm lost and I'm found
And I'm hungry like the wolf
The shot was too good! | We're jamming straight for the hole.
We're gonna crash, even.
Shmeesh, shmill out, | shmeverybody. It's a wormhole hole.
Of course, a wormhole! | We'll simply disappear and reappear in
another part of the universe.
We made it!

Crud nuggets!|We de-spaced right next to the Nimbus.
Just when you think the chase|is over, it gets twice as exciting!
Hey, look at that.
Well, well, well.
My bloodhound-like instincts|must have hunted them down
while my other parts|were throbbing to Duran Duran.
Shall I initiate a pointless|and potentially fatal pursuit?
Make it so.
It's gonna be fun on a bun, in space.
Look! The asteroid.|Now it's crawling with life.
Like Zoidberg's sandals!
Wow! It's incredible.
But it'll be destroyed when|Leo Wong blows up the violet dwarf.
- So why are you helping him?|- I can't tell you, Leela.
You just have to trust me.
You keep saying that,
but you have to give me|something to go on or I...
Out of whale oil. Out of whale oil.
The out-of-fuel indicator. It's indicating.
Say, what's that violet-colored|dwarf-like star thing we're drifting into?
The violet dwarf star!
Of course. The gorilla was the 18th hole,|so we're headed into the ball
return.
What else now can go wrong?
Ladies, you're under arrest.|Prepare to be boarded again and again.
He'll never take me alive.
Don't give up yet.|I've got one more trick up my sleeve.
That's exactly the number we need.
The fairer sex.
Something's very wrong here,|and yet a little bit right.
Not so fast, Brannigan.
Even less fast, feminists!
Bender?
All two tons of me.
Oye, oye, oye.
All rise for the honorable Chief Justice|D-O-G-G and the Associate
Justices.
Yo. Seat it or beat it.
The charges against|y'all femditos is murder,
mayhem, vandalism,|kidnapping and resisting arrest.
Damn! The big five.
You may now make your opening.|What you got to say for yourselves?
May it please the Court...
I mean, may it plizzle the cozizzle.

- Proceed.|- These charges are outrageous.
Our only goal was to save a rare|violet star and its precious ecosystem.
If protecting the environment is a crime,|then...
Protecting the environment is a crime.
I rest my mouth.
Do you swear to tell the whole|truth and nothing but the truth?
I... Well, now, I... Am I under|oath when I take the oath?
Can the witness identify|the feminista leader?
That's her right there,
with the "I'm gonna kill|you Bender" look in her eye.
Hey, aren't you the robot who|robbed me at gunpoint last year?
No further answers, Your Honor.
Please, Justice Dogg, Leela and|her friends are completely innocent.
Hold up. Were you or were|you not abducted by these hoes?
Well, abducted is such an ugly word.
Mr. Wong, the court cannot compel you|to testify against your own daughter.
No. No, I want to. Also, I got|something to say about my wife.
Aw, yeah.
Having heard some of the testimony|over these jams I've been listening to,
me and my crew will|now kick it in the mix.
All right. We got us|a verdict up in this High Court.
Bailiff, drop it like|it's legal precedent.
In the matter of Leo Wong v. |The Greenorita Eco-Feminist Collective,
four justices vote to convict, |five to acquit.
However, since the vote was|strictly along gender lines
and the female justices' votes only|count half, you are hereby found
guilty.
It's a humiliating and biased system, |but it works.
Fifty years in the maximum|security Dogg house.
Peace.
- Ladies! Welcome to hell.|- Beats Nutley on a Saturday night.
This is a privately-owned for-profit prison, |and I run a tight, cheap ship!
I've done this by cutting cost everywhere, |especially on punishment.
I rely on you inmates to make|prison unpleasant for yourselves.
You're encouraged to |sexually harass new prisoners,
organize no-holds-barred|catfights and maintain poor hygiene.
Try and make me, copper.
A troublemaker.
Taste the lash of my|99-cent-store nightstick!
Yee-ha!
With the feminists in|jail, it full speed ahead.
You and me, Fry. We implode|the violet dwarf star tomorrow.
Ka-boom-boom.
- You and me?|- Yeah.

- Tomorrow?|- Tomorrow.
- Ka-boom?|- Ka-boom-boom.
Hello? Madfellows? I need to...
Okay, Leo Wong's about to|destroy the violet dwarf.
So, whatever I need to know|to stop him, tell me now.
Alas! Stopping Wong|isn't the only problem.
One of the Dark Ones will try to|stop you from stopping him.
So, you must stop it from|stopping you from stopping him.
But how can I stop|it stop me stop him?
Stop it! Behold,|the Omega Device.
That's it?
The name "Omega Device" sort of|conjured up something cooler-looking.
Not that I'm disappointed or anything.
The important thing is what's inside.
- What does that look like?|- No one knows, man.
It was invented|by a blind inventor,
and the one dude he|described it to was deaf.
So the legend goes.
When activated, the device will emit|a localized blast of delta-band noise
to momentarily|disable the Dark One.
- Like farting in a tent?|- No, an elevator.
Which is why you must|strike the enemy at point blank range!
But the Dark One could|look like anything or anyone, right?
Or anywhere.
So, what's your plan to recognize it?
- We don't have one.|- Got it.
And we don't dare|think of one neither.
'Cause if we do, the Dark Ones|might sense kind of the general vibe.
Even through our mighty foil.
Oh, man!|Anyone got some tape or some gum?
As my colleague indicated,|the plan cannot come from us, Fry.
We were counting on you
and your unreadable brain|to come up with something.
- That was a mistake.|- I see that now.
Freaky thing is, the Dark Ones'|thoughts are unreadable, just like yours.
Yes, if we dared unwrap our heads,
we could easily locate the one other being|whose mind we can't read. The
Dark One!
But then the Dark One|would read our minds
and crush them|like blood pumpkins.
Wait. I can read minds|and my mind can't be read.
- I have a plan.|- Great.
Whatever it is, don't tell us.
Wait. Fry can read minds|and his mind can't be read.

So he can safely|scan for the Dark One...
Shut up! Shut up!
Leela, time is running out.|We must get to the violet star.
Okay, okay. Shut up, already.
Huh?
Nobody's talking, Leela.
We're just painting each other's|toenails with rat blood.
Lights out, ladies!
Those compact fluorescent|bulbs waste pennies a day.
Okay, feministas, all clear.
Whoa!
We now go live to Leela|with the escape plan.
- Leela?|- Thanks, Linda.
Now we're in here because we|tried to save endangered wildlife.
So this time,|endangered wildlife will save us.
The Martian muck leech.
That's right. He's been living|off me since we got captured.
Little cutie almost sucked me dry.
Look at him go.
Like a green snake|through a sugarcane cake.
Keep trying.
Our top story. The universe's most wanted|eco-feminists are now behind
bars,
including gang leader, Turanga Leela.|AKA, the Notorious B-I-Itch.
We finished un-pinking|the ship, Hubert. Now what?
Now we get back to work.
And if that means destroying|an ecosystem or two, so be it.
I just meant without our good|friends Fry, Leela, Amy and the robot.
Oh, boo-hoo. This is a business,|not a social club. Money talks.
True wealth is|measured in friendships.
Shut up, you.
Life goes on.
But I believe we'll forever|carry the pain on the inside.
Oh, no, a rooster!|That indicates it's the following morning.
How's that creepy crawler doing?
I'm sorry, femi-sisters,|but it pooped out around 3:00 a. m.
Poor thing couldn't take another bite.
Well, I guess we failed.
But what matters is, we tried our|best and we looked good doing it.
Bender, is that you?
Who does it look like?|My identical cousin Buster?
Yes.
You're here to break us out?|But you're the one who put us in.
But I'm Bender,|king of the combination shot.

I put you in so that by busting you out, |I could commit 15 felonies at once.

Put my rap sheet miles ahead |of yours on the all-time chart.

You are one devious bastard.

That's what it says on my vanity plate.

- What about the sentries? | - Already taken care of.

I sent them a cake laced with nutmeg. | That's a human sleeping drug, right?

No, it's a human baking drug.

Okay, Plan B. Everyone knows | men have one fatal weakness, they can't resist hookers. | Dixie, Trixie, you know what to do.

Hello, boys!

Your eyes say no, | but your machine gun fire says...

Ladies and gentleman | and whatever,

welcome to my most environmentally | disastrous implosion ever.

A whole star system!

Kif, old boy, mind if I sit on | your shoulders for a better view?

Well, actually, sir, I was hoping...

Thanks.

My associate Philip Fry here will have | honor to blow this ugly, dirty star into nice, clean black hole.

Fry, careful those wires. | What you doing down there?

Just polishing your shoes, Mr. W.

That nice. Get between | the toes there, very dirty.

Well, so much for Plan B.

What's Plan C?

All situations have the same Plan C. | Bending, come on.

We're boned, Bender. | It's a brick wall.

Granted, it's not on | the list of approved bendables, but I'm so great!

Dogs! The boning continues.

Green Bluebird, this is Mr. Fabulous. | We are go for cheesing it.

Professor! Hermes! Zoidberg!

Scruffy. A janitor.

You helped us escape?

Even after we locked you in a go-go | cage like common go-go dancers?

I couldn't live with myself, Leela. | I call myself a scientist, wear the white coat and probe | a monkey every now and again, yet I put monetary gain | ahead of preserving nature.

Can you ever forgive me?

I reckon.

- I could kiss you, Professor. | - Okay, but watch out for my new grill.

Before the grand finale, as it were,

it seems only fitting that I, | Commodore 64 Zapp Brannigan, say a few brief pages in honor of...

Whatever your plan is,|Fry, I suggest you get on with it.
Get... Shoot, I got hot|sauce on my Number 9 shirt.
Okay, locate the Dark One by finding|someone whose thoughts I can't read.
And unaccustomed...
By God!|I'm the greatest speaker of all time.
They're suckling at the|teats of my every syllable.
Allow me now...
His voice is like ear sandpaper.|I miss Amy.
The one secret|no one ever suspected
is that I really did|stage the moon landing.
On Venus.
If I had all the money|in the world, I'd... Oh, wait. I do.
I'd like to thank the academy,|my agent, and most of all,
my operating system,|Windows Vista, for everything it...
System error.
Naked ladies. Naked ladies.|Naked ladies. Naked ladies.
I never should have taken that accent|elimination class from Jackie Chan.
And so, as we obliterate this star,
let us remember those immortal words|once spoken by a great man, moi.
And I quote, "All good|things must come to an end,
"preferably in|a humongous explosion. "
Let's pop this beach ball.
Ten! Nine!
Eight!
There's no one here whose|thoughts can't be read.
No one, except me!
My thoughts can't be read.|But that's crazy.
If I were the Dark One,|I'd know it, wouldn't I?
But, here I am, right where|the Dark One would be,
about to blow up the star.
Oh, God! Somewhere deep|inside of me, it's me!
I'm the Dark One!
Put your hands in the air!
Should we wave them|like we just don't care?
That's optional.
You girl punks gone too far this time.|Your parents should be ashamed.
Yes, you should!
- Amy?|- Amy!
Destroy the star, Leo, hurry.
You got it, Mr. Voice-in-my-head.
I've gotta admit, Amy,|you got a pretty good swing.
Really? Thanks, Dad.
Okay, time to defuse|this star cracker once and for all.
Leela, wait.|You're making a mistake.

You have no idea|what's really going on.
What is really going on?
I can't tell you.
Then why should I trust you? Why?
Because... Because...
You're you. That's all I need to know.
- No! Don't do it!|- Fiddlesticks.
Leela, are you crazy?
We became fugitives|and jail-breakers to stop him.
And hookers, don't forget hookers.
Shame on all of you.
After everything we've been through|together, do you really think Fry
would...
Goodbye, Leela.|I destroy myself to save you.
Where's the boom?|I was expecting a boom.
It didn't work. I'm the Dark One,|and it didn't do anything.
You're not the Dark One, I am.
Leela?
Not Leela, you moron. Me!
What did you do to me?
Ew!
I am the Dark One.|The very last Dark One.
How is it possible|I couldn't read your mind?
Oh, I am momentarily disabled.
What's happening out there?
Somethings wonderful.
The star and the asteroid.|They were an egg and a sperm.
Great moderm of mercy.|Cover the children's eyes.
There are no children here.
Then move your fat head.|I can't see.
The Encyclopod is reborn.|A new green age has begun!
So the legend foretold.
Look! Inside its pouch.|Extinct Tasmanian tigers.
And dodo birds.|And white rhinos.
And striped biologist-taunters.
What are you gonna do, shoot us?
Life!
These once extinct plants|and animals are my gift to the universe.
Through untold generations,|my race has treasured their DNA.
Treat them wisely with the knowledge|that all species are precious.
This is unbelievable. What's going on?
To answer that, I must tell you a story.
A story of two alien|species so ancient that...
- Hutch, are you okay?|- My sister's femi-necklace.

What?

Hey, how come I can't read your thoughts anymore?

I shall avenge you, Hutch Waterfall.

After all these eons, the Dark Ones are no more.

Will you preserve their DNA, O Great Encyclopod?

I suppose I should. Wait, where did it go?

What?

Well, at any rate, I shall preserve the DNA of Homo sapiens.

I thought you only saved the DNA of endangered species.

Farewell.

I guess he didn't hear me.

Well, looks like that wraps everything up in a nice big, old, fat sack of...

I hereby arrest you fugitives on 53 counts of fugivity.

Kif, round them up, and spare me the weary sigh for once.

Kif.

Wait for me.

Well, this is the end. There was so many things I wanted to say to you.

Like what?

Like this is not the end. But mostly just, I love you, Leela.

Maybe I waited too long to say this, but I love you, too. Wormhole!

Sweet topology of cosmology, it's huge!

If we fly into it, it could take us trillions of light years away.

There's no knowing if we'll ever return.

What do we do? Should we go for it?

Into the breach, meatbags. Or not. Whatever.

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go.

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go.