

FUTURAMA

"PILOT"

written by

David X. Cohen
Matt Groening

CRYRON: "DECEMBER 31, 1999"

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Action music plays as a rocketship travels through space. (It faces right, but moves only upward and downward in a haphazard fashion. A field of stars and several identical planet Saturns scroll past from right to left to indicate movement.)

FRY (V.O.)

(Serious Tone) Space is pretty
good. It's full of planets and
stuff. But you have to be careful,
'cause Saturn's full of monsters.

The planet Saturn opens up and a green blob with one eye emerges. It begins FIRING at the rocket with a handgun.

PULL BACK TO:

INT. PANUCCI'S PIZZA PALOR - CONTINUOUS

We see that the action is on the screen of a video game called "Futurama." FRY, a 25 year-old guy in a pizza delivery jacket, is playing the game as an attractive woman looks on.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

(WEARY YAWN)

MR. PANUCCI

Hey, Fry, pizza going out. I'm not
paying you 3.25 an hour to play
[vihttps://writerduet.com/
script#YJZTGdeo](https://writerduet.com/script#YJZTGdeo) games.

MR PANUCCI, a pizza chef, holds a box of pizza.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRY

(DISAPPOINTED MOAN.)

Fry takes the box, which reads, "PANUCCI'S PIZZA" A stereotypical chef on the box has a word balloon that reads "Don't tip the delivery boy."

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREET - NIGHT

Fry rides by on his beat up bicycle. The pizza and a six-pack are strapped to the back. He stops at a tall office building, gets off and locks his bike to a lamp-post.

INT. TALL OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The night watchman is reading the New York Post, with a huge headline "2000!" A sub-headline reads "Story, pg. 8" Fry walks past, pizza and beer in hand.

FRY

Working the New Year's Eve Shift,
eh?

The Watchman points at Fry sarcastically.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

(TONGUE CLICK "YOU GOT IT SOUND")

FRY

(CHUCKLES: THEN, MUTTERS) LOSER.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 64 FLOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Fry steps out of the elevator and approaches a door labeled "Applied Cryogenics -- A division of Good Humor, Inc." He **KNOCKS**... there's no answer. He pushes the door open.

INT. CRYOGENIC LAB - CONTINUOUS

Fry steps into a eerily quite room, and the door seals behind him with a **HISS**. Several human sized frosted glass tubes line the back wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRY

(CALLING). Hello? Pizza delivery
for...

Fry pulls a slip of paper from his pocket and sees the name
"I.C. Wiener."

FRY (cont'd)

Icy Wiener? (Grumble) Great.

He drops the pizza on a desk, takes off his coat, and sits
down wearily.

FRY (cont'd)

Man, I always thought by this point
in my life, I'd be the one making
the crank calls.

He **POPS** a can of beer open. Foam dribbles down his hand and
drips on his shoes. He raises it for a toast.

FRY (cont'd)

Here's to another lousy millineum.

He takes a **SLURP**. Through a window beside him, we see the
glowing ball being to drop in Times Square. We **PUSH IN**.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

There's an excited **BUZZ** from the crowd. A counter lights up
"10."

NEW YORK CROWD

Ten!

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT

PARIS CROWD

Neuf!

EXT. MIR SPACE STATION - NIGHT

Through the porthole, we see TWO COSMONAUTS toasting with vodka glasses. A tiny corner of the solar panel is on fire.

RUSSIAN COSMONAUTS

Vosem!

EXT. GREAT PYRAMIDS - NIGHT

EGYPTIAN CROWD

Sabah!

EXT. PARTHENON - NIGHT

GREEK CROWD

Eksi!

INT. CRYOGENIC LAB

A lonely Fry his watch, pulls a noisemaker from his pocket, and puts it in his mouth.

EXT. GREAT WALL OF CHINA - NIGHT

CHINESE CROWD

Wu!

EXT. TAJ MAHAL - NIGHT

INDIAN CROWD

Chaar!

EXT. MASAI CAMP - NIGHT

MASAI CROWD

(LOUDER) Thathu.

EXT. TOKYO - NEON LIT STREET - NIGHT

TOKYO CROWD

(LOUDER) Ni!

EXT. EARTH (AS SEEN FROM SPACE)

HUMAN RACE (V.O.)

ONE! / UNO! / UNI! / EIN! / E! /

ICHI! / ECHAD! / WAHID! / ET!

INT. CRYOGENIC LAB - NIGHT

Fry, leaning back in his chair, blows his noisemaker. It unfurls with a **CRINKLY PAPER SOUND** and a pathetic **BRAAAP**. The recoil tilts him backwards, and he flips head over heels into an open cryogenic tube. The lid **SNAPS** shut, and the dial **CLICKS** to "1000 Years". A horrified Fry peers out, still clutching his beer can.

FRY

Uh-oh.

A dribble of beer suddenly freezes solid, as does Fry.

MONTAGE

FUTURISTIC SOUND EFFECTS (an extended lead-in to our theme.) Generally build. Fry's contorted face remains motionless in the foreground as the rotating timer **CLICKS** faster and faster. Through the window, days, years, and centuries past as we dissolve from one image to the next:

- A. Glorious fireworks illuminate the sky.
- B. The next day, sanitation men with push brooms sweep up trash, party hats, and a few bodies.
- C. The sun and moon race overhead, more and more rapidly.
- D. Fly saucers cross from left to right, destroying the city with lasers.
- E. A jungle grows amid the ruins of the city.
- F. The city is rebuilt with medieval castles.
- G. Flying saucers cross the city right to left, destroying the city with lasers once again.
- H. Buildings rise and fall in indistinct blurs. The small overall effect is that the street level rises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN A CLOSE UP, the timer **dings**. The door **POPS** open, and the beer re-liquefies and **DRIBBLES** on the floor. A dazed Fry wobbles out.

FRY (cont'd)

(GROGGY NOISES)

He turns and gazes out upon New New York City.

FRY'S POV

It's a wonderland of futuristic buildings, hovering cars, blazing advertisements, tubeways and rockets overhead.

BACK TO SCENE

Fry's eyes widen.

FRY (cont'd)

(Surprised) Holy sh-

MAIN CUT TO:

THEME MUSIC and opening title.

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. CRYOGENIC LAB - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

FRY

- -it!

FRY'S POV

We see pedestrians in futuristic garb, flying cars, monorail schoolbuses, winding tubeeways, blue traffic lights, advertisement for Slurm, billboards of Mom, etc.

FRY (cont'd)

(AMAZED) Whoa, I must have been
frozen for months.

LEELA (O.S.)

Good morning.

Fry turns.

FRY'S POV

He looks down at a pair of boots. Then he gaze slowly moves up a shapely female body.

FRY (V.O)

(INTRIGUED SOUND)

We continue panning up, then come to an abrupt stop... the woman, Leela, has only ONE LARGE EYE in the middle of her forehead.

FRY (V.O.)

(ALARMED SOUND)

BACK TO SCENE

LEELA

I'm Leela.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRY

Hello, I'm Fry.

She enters this into an electronic notepad.

LEELA

I'll be your guidance councilor. My
job is to help you adapt to the--

FRY

(INTERRUPTS) Can I ask you a
question?

LEELA

Sure, as long as it's not about my
eye.

FRY

Uh... (FALLS SILENT)

LEELA

It it about my eye?

FRY

Sort of.

LEELA

All right, just ask the question.

FRY

What's with the eye?

LEELA

(SLIGHTLY ANNOYED) I'm an alien.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRY

Whoa, cool. Welcome to Earth. If
you ever need someone to show you
around...

He gestures at himself as if to say "I'm your man."

LEELA

(SMILES) I'll keep that in mind.

FRY

Well I should go, Mr. Panucci is
going to be P.O.'d

Fry turns to go. Leela gently turns him to face a digital
wall calendar, which reads "Dec. 31, 2999"

FRY (cont'd)

Oh, no. Oh, no! Please tell me that
calendar cost twenty-nine, ninety
nine.

LEELA

Actually, it did. But I'm afraid
that's just a coincidence.

FRY

My god. A million years.

LEELA

A thousand.

FRY

A thousand years! Everyone I know
is dead. My girlfriend, my old frat
brothers, Mr Panucci...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEELA

You were lucky to have so many
people that cared about you.

FRY

[LOOKS UP, REALIZING] They didn't
care about me. They all thought I
was a loser. Those jerks. [EXCITED]
Who's the loser now, dead guys?!

LEELA

All right, calm down. I don't want
to--

FRY

In your face, Mr. Panucci! IN YOUR
FA--

Leela **SIGHS**, removes a high tech syringe from her notebook,
then whacks Fry over the head with the notebook.

FRY (cont'd)

[CALM] You were saying?

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Leela leads Fry toward a door which reads "Medpod Alpha."

LEELA

We'll start with a few tests.

The door slides open with a quiet **WHOOSH**. She enters. Fry
steps into the doorway and looks up at it.

FRY

Wow, just like in Star Tr--

The door suddenly drops, **WHACKING** him on the head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRY (cont'd)

[PAINED SOUND]

INT. MEDPOD AREA - LATER

Fry, wearing only his underwear, lies suspended a few inches above a metal table. A cylindrical **FIRES** a green laser into his ear, making his eyes glow green. The laser stops, but Fry's eyes continue to glow. He **TAPS** the side of his head as if he has water in his ear. A brief laser burst **SHOOTS** from his ear, and his eyes stop glowing. A print-out emerges from a dot matrix printer. Leela tears it off.

LEELA

Interesting. Your DNA test shows
one living relative... He's your
great-great-great-great-great-
great...

INT. MEDPOD AREA - LATER

LEELA

...great-great-great nephew.

FRY

Wow, that's great! What's the
little guy's name?

Leela turns his paper towards Fry. On it's some information and a photo of PROFESSOR FARNSWORTH -- a wrinkled, 149-year-old-man.

LEELA

[READS] "Professor Hubert
Farnsworth."

Fry takes the picture and looks at it.

FRY

[SHORT BEAT] Cute kid.

INT. CRYOGENIC LAB - MAIN ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Fry sits in an odd looking chair across from Leela.

FRY

What's that?

A paper emerges from a printer. Fry grabs it. It read
"Category: **DELIVERY BOY** His eyes widen in horror.

FRY (cont'd)

Noooo! Not again! [POUNDING ON
DESK] Please, please anything else!

LEELA

That's why society works, you gotta
do what you gotta do.

FRY

But I don't like being a delivery
boy!

LEELA

A lot of people don't like doing
their jobs. But we do them anyway.

FRY

What if I refuse?

LEELA

Then you'll be fired --

FRY

[INTERRUPTING] Fine.

LEELA

...out of a cannon, into the sun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRY

What?! That's not fair. I should be able to do what I want. It's a free country.

LEELA

Shhh. That's the copyrighted slogan of the US government.

She picks up a hole-punch-like device.

LEELA (cont'd)

No hold out your hand [HE DOES] so I can install your career chip. It'll identify you as a delivery boy.

Fry yanks his hand back.

FRY

Keep that thing away from me!

LEELA

[FRUSTRATED SIGH] People who hate their job, that's the part of this job I hate.

She approaches Fry with the chip implanter. He backs up until he is against the cryogenic tube he came out of earlier.

FRY

Look, lets just pretend I never work up. I'll get back into the tube and take my chances in another thousand years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEELA

[FED UP] Fine.

She lowers the implanter. Suddenly, Fry whirls, pushes Leela into the tube, and **SLAMS** the door. The timer **CLICKS** as she suddenly freezes solid.

FRY

Now that's what I call giving the
cold shoulder. [CHUCKLES] Actually,
both shoulder. And the rest of you.
Anyway, that's what I call it.

He picks up a beer can and takes a **SIP**, and strolls confidently to the door. It slides upward with a **WHOOSH**. We see just a hint of the wonderland beyond. He starts to step out, then hesitates and looks back over his shoulder.

FRY (cont'd)

[Sighs]

He lowers his head, returns to the freezer tube, and twists the timer dial all the way down to "5 Minutes".

FRY (cont'd)

You owe me one.

He turns and hurries back toward the exit. The door drops and **WHACKS** him on the head.

FRY (cont'd)

Ow!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW NEW YORK CITY - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Fry hurries out of the building (still carrying his beer can) and walks out onto the street. He looks around, trying to decide which way to go.

FRY

[PANICKED] Gah! What am I gonna --

[LOOKS AROUND, AMAZED] Whoa, baby!

Five kids on flying scooters **WHIZ** by in a geese like V formation. A cat with a jet-pack **ROCKETS** by in the opposite direction, chased by a dog with a jet-pack.

CAT

[DOPPLER YOWL]

Fry's gaze comes to rest on the TUBE, a winding, clear glass tubeway that transports people around the city. Several people rocket through feet-first, some reading newspapers. (There's a newspaper vending machine near the tube entrance. In it, we see the New New York Post. The headline reads "3000!" and a sub-headline reads "Moon Pie Fight in Mars Bar.") Fry watches a man approach the tube stop.

TUBE PASSENGER

JFK Junior Airport.

The man is instantly **SUCKED** into the tube and whisked away. Fry approaches hesitantly.

FRY

[HESITANTLY] Uh, China --

He gets sucked into the tube.

WHIP PAN TO:

EXT. GREAT WALL OF CHINA - DAY

Fry plops out of the tube.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRY

-- Town.

Fry glances around at the magnificent wall and rolling hills.

FRY (cont'd)

[IMPRESSED WHISTLE] Empire State
Building.

He's **SUCKED** back into the tube.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - TUBE STOP

A subway-style tiled sign reads "Empire State Building." Several people fly out of the open end of the tube, feet first, they smoothly **HIT** a padded wall, dropping casually to the ground and walking off.

FRY (O.S.)

[HAPPY SHOUTING, GRADUALLY GROWING
LOUDER] Yeeeah! Weeah!

Fry flies out head-first and **THUMPS** his head on the wall.

FRY

[PAINED GRUNT]

He drops to the ground in a heap.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Fry strolls along happily. In the background, we see the Empire State Building, but only the top half protrudes through the current street level. He passes a row of vending machines "Slurm... \$1" "Human Organs.. \$1" and "Sex.. \$1.25" Fry only has one dollar in his pocket.

Fry sips the last of the beer from the can, then casually tosses it to the ground. Instantly, a slot open in the curb and a small cleaning robot **ROLLS** out. It quickly sweeps up the can and rolls offscreen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRY

Thanks, little sucker.

Fry walks offscreen. The cleaning robot rolls into a store with a sign reading "Antiques Bought and Sold." A moment later, a hand places the beer can on a window with a price tag of "5,000" The cleaning bot exits, clutching a wad of bills.

Fry walks along, whistling happily. He notices a phone booth.

FRY (cont'd)

Hey, I can call my nephew!

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a sheet with Professor Farnsworth's photo and information on it. He gets in line to use the phone. There are a couple people in front of him. A robot, BENDER, gets in line behind him and taps his foot impatiently. Fry sees him.

FRY (cont'd)

Whoa! A real live robot! [THEN
SUSPICIOUSLY] Or is that some kind
of cheesy New Year's Eve costume?

BENDER

Bite my shiny metal ass.

FRY

[LOOKS] It doesn't look shiny to
me.

BENDER

Shinier than yours, meatbag.

The door of the booth **SLIDES** open, and a woman enters. The line moves forward. We WIDEN to reveal that the side of the booth (unseen by Fry) reads, "Suicide - 25c ... Cheap / Odorless / Reliable" The word "suicide" flashes.

FRY

[WHISTLES OBVIOUSLY]

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see a flash of light around the door. The door opens again and Fry steps in.

INT. BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

A single button reads "START." Fry **SLAPS** it repeatedly. Bender pushes his way into the booth.

BENDER

I'm in a hurry. Let's try for a
two-fer.

Bender inserts a coin in the slot, then sneakily yanks it back out with a thread.

BENDER (cont'd)

[SNEAKY CHUCKLE]

The booth begins to **RUMBLE** ominously.

BOOTH (V.O.)

[CALM FEMALE VOICE] Please select
mode of death... "Quick and
painless" or "slow and horrible."

FRY

I'd like to place a call.

BOOTH

You have selected "slow and
horrible."

BENDER

Good choice.

A panel slides open, revealing several instruments of death-- a spring loaded knife, a tiny circular **SAW**, a **SPARKLING** Jacob's ladder, and a small **FLAME THROWER**.

BENDER (cont'd)

Bring it on, baby!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRY

What is this? Some kind of suicide
booth? Oh my god! Help!

One of the knives springs forward. Fry dodges, **KNOCKING**
Bender out of the way as well. The knife comes to a stop and
slowly twists side to side before withdrawing.

BOOTH (V.O.)

You are now dead. Thank you for
your patronage.

Bender angrily **KICKS** the booth.

BENDER

Great, now I lost my nerve. Come
on, lets get drunk.

INT. BAR - LATER

Fry and Bender sit at a bar. A neon sign advertises
"Slurm -- It's Highly Addictive!" Bender drinks from a
bottle of "OLDE FORTTRAN." Fry has several empty cans of
Slurm in front of him.

FRY

Why would a robot need to drink?

BENDER

I can quit anytime I want.

Fry takes a sip of Slurm and **BELCHES**. Bender sips his malt
liquor and **BELCHES** as well, sending a small flame shooting
from his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENDER (cont'd)

So those beepers made you a
delivery boy, huh? Man, that beeps
as bad as my job.

FRY

Why? What the bleep do you do?

BENDER

Hey -- watch your language.

FRY

Sorry.

BENDER

I'm a bender. I was programmed to
bend girders. That's all I can do.

FRY

You must be pretty strong.

BENDER

Oh yeah, I was the best. I could
bend a girder at any angle -- 30
degrees, 32 degrees -- you name it.
[SOLEMN] But, then one day, I found
out what the girders were for. It
makes me sick...

FRY

[CURIOUS] What?

BENDER

Suicide booths.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bender drinks the last of his malt liquor, then eats the bottle with a loud **CRUNCH**. He stands up.

BENDER (cont'd)

Well, it was nice meeting you. I'm going to go kill myself.

FRY

Wait! You're the only friend I have.

BENDER

Robot friend, huh? [RELUCTANT SIGH]

All right, let's go get a drink.

Fry stands up to leave, but immediately notices Leela not far away, showing his picture to passersby. Fry quickly ducks behind the bar.

FRY

It's her, the cyclops.

Bender's head rotates 180 degrees to look at Leela.

FRY (cont'd)

[LOUD WHISPER] Don't look! Don't look!

BENDER

I'm not looking.

Bender's eyes focus in and out like zoom lenses, **BUZZING** slightly as he stares directly at her. Just then, the entire bar starts moving. We **WIDEN** to reveal it's actually just a pushcart with two fold-out stools and a hot-dog-cart-style umbrella. The bartender pushes it offscreen, leaving Fry totally exposed. Leela turns and sees him.

LEELA

[PLEASANTLY] Hi there.

EXT. STREET - A MOMENT LATER

Fry and Bender are running for their lives.

BENDER

Come on, this way!

He turns and runs up the steps of an impressive, pillared building. Lettering above the main doors reads "MUSEUM." Bender's wiry legs take four steps at a time. Fry struggles to keep up.

INT. MUSEUM - HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Fry and Bender push through a door labeled "20th Century."

INT. MUSEUM - 20TH CENTURY GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

They quickly duck behind some shelving units. Fry lifts his head cautiously and looks around.

FRY'S POV

The shelves are lined with rows of HEADS IN JARS. Each has a name plaque under it. Some of the nearby heads include "Dennis Rodman", "Oprah!" and "Matt Groening."

FRY

Where the hell am I?

LENARD NIMOY'S HEAD

Welcome to the Head Museum. I'm

Lenard Nimoy.

FRY

Wow, Lenard Nimoy. Do the thing...

Fry makes the Spock "Live Long and Prosper" sign with his hand and presses it against the jar.

LENARD NIMOY'S HEAD

I don't do that anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRY

So what's the deal with being a
head in a jar?

LENARD NIMOY'S HEAD

We share our wisdom with those who
seek it. It's a life of quiet
dignity.

An attendant enters.

ATTENDANT

Feeding time!

She begins shaking fish food into the jar. Nimoy and the
other heads rise to the surface and begin feeding like
hungry goldfish. We hear a door **OPEN**. Fry whirls nervously.

NEW ANGLE

Leela enters the hall and looks around.

LEELA'S POV

We pan along a shelf of heads. Among them are Fry and
Bender, who are attempting to blend in with the heads. We
pan past them, then quickly **WHIP** back to them and **ZOOM** in.
Fry smiles cheesily.

FRY

Uh... welcome to the Head Museum.

Bender leans over and whispers in Fry's ear.

BENDER

I'll see you in the gift shop.

Leela approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEELA

Thanks for only freezing me for
five minutes. That was relatively
considerate.

FRY

Let's just say you owe me.

She **SLAPS** him across the face.

FRY (cont'd)

Ow. [NOTICES SOMETHING] Hey!

We see Leela brandishing the Chip Implanter.

LEELA

Sorry, Fry, but I have to install
your chip. I'm just doing my job.
You gotta do what you gotta do.

Fry backs off, nowhere to run, until he is against a shelf.
A sign reads "U.S. Presidents - Do Not Tap On Glass."

We see several Presidents in jars, including "F.D.R."
"NIXON" and "CLINTON." They're surrounded by a number of
Secret Service heads with earpieces and sunglasses. Fry
backs up one step further and hits the shelf, shaking it.

F.D.R./NIXON/CLINTON HEADS

Whoa-oa-oa / [WORRIED SOUNDS]

LEELA

Look out!

Nixon's jar falls and hits Fry in the head.

FRY/NIXON'S HEAD

[PAINED GRUNT]

The jar smashes open, and Nixon's head drops to the floor.
An **ALARM** sounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIXON'S HEAD

That's it! You just made my list!

Fry bends down to help Nixon, but the crazed **GROWLING** President bites down on his arm, latching on. Fry tries to shake him loose.

FRY

Hey I'm on your side! My dad said I
was conceived during your
resignation speech.

In the background, Bender picks up Boris Yeltsin's jar and **SIPS** some of the liquid. He looks pleased.

NEW ANGLE

Two policemen rush in -- SMITTY, a white guy, and URL, a black robot. Bender hurriedly puts up his hands, **DROPPING** Yeltsin's jar. Fry continues struggling with Nixon.

SMITTY

Freeze! You're both under arrest
for defacing the heads.

URL

Let's go 24th Century on his ass.

The cops draw their lightsticks, which glow and **HUM** like light sabers. They rush at Fry and start **BEATING** him. Each blow from the high-tech weapons produce a dull, wooden **THUD**.

LEELA

Come on, it's not his fault. He's
just a poor kid from the backwards
era.

FRY/NIXON'S HEAD

Hey! / I resent that!

Smitty turns to Leela.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMITTY

Keep your big nose out of this,
eyeball.

LEELA

[SEETHING] No one makes fun of my
nose.

Leela unleashes a high roundhouse kick that **KNOCKS** Smitty
across the room.

SMITTY

[PAINED MOAN]

URL turns and menacingly approaches Leela with a raised
lightstick.

ANGLE ON FRY AND BENDER

Fry motions Bender towards a back exit. They both sneak out
and close the door behind them.

ANGLE ON LEELA AND URL

Leela ducks under URL's lightstick, grabs it from behind.,
and twists him to the floor in a Jackie-Chan-like move. He
ends up lying on his back.

URL

Damn.

LEELA

Sorry, but you guys were out of
line.

SMITTY

Hey, we were just doing our job.
You gotta do what you gotta do.

Leela reacts. We drift in on her face as the words sink in.

INT. MUSEUM - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bender hits the bolt button, and the door **LOCKS**. He and Fry looks around to see they are in a smaller room with only a single barred window. Fry tries the bars on the window, with no success.

FRY

Great, we're trapped. Why would
they lock a bunch of heads up like
this?

Bender points to a sign.

BENDER

It's the hall of criminals.

We see that a row of heads that includes John Dillinger, Manuel Noriega, Dorothy Hamill (other heads for Freeze-Framers include John Gotti in a luxury jar, D.B. Cooper who's jar is empty, and Bonnie and Clyde in a jar riddled with bullet holes.

CRIMINAL HEADS

[HOOTING AND HOLLERING] / Fresh
meat!

BENDER

Let's turn ourselves in.

We hear a **BANGING** on the door.

LEELA (O.S.)

Give it up, guys.

FRY

[POINTS] Wait a second! You just
have to bend the bars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENDER

I'm only programmed to bend for construction purposes. What the hell do you think I am, a de-bender?

FRY

Who cares what you were programmed for?! If someone programmed you to jump off a bridge, would you do it?

BENDER

I'll have to check. [THINKS, THEN]
Yup.

Leela **POUNDS** on the door again.

FRY

Come on, Bender! You have the power to do whatever you want. That's what separates people -- and robots -- from animals. And robot animals.

Bender looks up at Fry, as if considering.

BENDER

You're full of crap, Fry.

Bender turns away, accidentally bumping his antenna into a bare lightbulb. There's a loud **ELECTRIC ZAP** as Bender's head pulses with electricity. He suddenly turns back, excited.

BENDER (cont'd)

You make a persuasive argument,
Fry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bender grabs a bar in each hand. He begins to pull them apart with tremendous force.

BENDER (cont'd)

[STRAINING SOUNDS]

FRY

Come on Bender, you can do it!

Metal **CREAKS** as the bars slowly bend... further and further, until they **SNAP** off completely.

BENDER

I did it! Look at those 31 degree

angles. You set me free, Fry!

There's nothing I can't do!

He raises the bent bars in victory. **TRIUMPHANT MUSIC** swells. Then both his arms fall off and **CLATTER** to the floor.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. MUSEUM - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fry is attempting to reattach Bender's arms.

BENDER

From now on, I'm going to bend what
I want, when I want, who I want!
[TURNS TO FRY] How those arms
coming?

FRY

Don't worry. I was in A.V. Club.

BENDER

I don't know how to thank you,
meatbag. I'd kiss you, but you'd
get electrocuted. Also people might
think you're a robosexual.

Benders arms **SNAP** into place. Suddenly Leela **KICKS** in the door.

FRY/BENDER

[FRIGHTENED SCREAMS]

EXT. ALLEY - SECONDS LATER

Fry and Bender climb out the window into an alley. Bender quickly bends the remaining bars to block off Leela. She arrives at the window, but can't get through. Fry and Bender run to the end of the alley, but a gate blocks their path.

BENDER

Looks like one of us will have to
bend this grating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bender flexes his arms in preparation. Meanwhile, Fry turns a handle and the gate **SWINGS** open.

BENDER (cont'd)

[DISAPPOINTED SOUND]

They exit through the gate. A beat later, Bender leans back into frame and **BENDS** the gate for no reason.

BENDER (cont'd)

[SATISFIED CHUCKLE]

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

They look around, worried. Bender lifts off a manhole cover.

BENDER

Down the hatch.

Fry climbs in. Bender follows, pulling the manhole cover closed behind him.

INT. MANHOLE SHAFT - A MOMENT LATER

They're on a ladder in a narrow shaft.

BENDER

Hey, check this out.

Benders starts **BENDING** the ladder poles apart. After a short beat, the entire ladder splits open like a zipper, and the rungs all fall off.

BENDER (cont'd)

Oops.

He and Fry start sliding down the poles like firemen.

FRY/BENDER

[FALLING SCREAMS]

EXT. DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

They **LAND** in a pile of rungs. Fry dusts himself off, then looks up at his surroundings.

FRY

[HUSHED] Oh my God...

FRY'S POV

We see the ruins of old New York City. Some buildings (including the Chrysler) lie on their sides, strewn as rubble; others (including the Empire State Building), remain standing and pierce the ceiling at street level. The area is dimly lit by light streaming through cracks high above. A couple of large lizards scramble over the wreckage.

BENDER

Hey, it's the ruins of everything
you ever knew and loved. This must
cheer you up.

Fry nods for a second, then bursts out **CRYING**.

FRY

It's all gone. Yesterday it was
here, and now it's gone. Even the
urine smell is gone! It's like some
horrible nightmare!

EXT. DOWNTOWN - A FEW BLOCKS AWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Fry and Bender are seated at the steps of the same office building seen in the cold opening. To one side, we see the rusty wheel of Fry's old bike still locked to the lamp post.

FRY

[SADLY] I've got nothing left. No
home. No family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENDER

No friends.

FRY

[SNIFFLE] You don't know what it's
like to be so alone.

He puts his head in his hands and **SOBS** quietly for a beat.

LEELA

I'll tell you what it's like to be
alone.

We widen to see Leela standing nearby.

LEELA (cont'd)

But you don't see me crying my eye
out.

FRY

[DEFEATED SIGH] Oh, great.

LEELA

I was abandoned on Earth as a baby.
I don't even know what galaxy I'm
from.

BENDER

You want alone? I'm one of only
four hundred thousand identical
units.

LEELA

[GRADUALLY BUILDING] I'm a one-eyed
woman in a two-eyed man's world. I'm
a freak and I'm thirty and I don't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEELA (cont'd)

have a date for New Year's
Eve.[FIGHTS BACK A TEAR, THEN
QUIETLY] I know how it feels.

FRY

I guess you do. [SNIFFLES]

Leela sits down next to Fry and puts her hand on his.
Neither speaks for a beat. Then Bender puts his hand on top
of theirs.

FRY (cont'd)

[DISGUSTED] What are you doing?

BENDER

[SHRUGS] I just wanted to be part
of the moment.

LEELA

[ANNOYED] Hey, you stole my ring!

BENDER

[LOW, QUICK] Sorry.

Bender returns the ring. Leela puts it back on.

FRY

Look, Leela, you understand this
world better than I do. If you
really think I should be a delivery
boy. I'll trust you.

Fry holds his hand out. He closes his eyes and winces like
he's about to receive a shot. Leela raises the chip
installer and moves it towards his hand. Dramatic **MUSIC**
starts to play. Suddenly she turns the device around and
presses the rear "claw end" to her own palm and slowly pulls
a chip out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEELA

[SLIGHTLY PAINED NOISE]

FRY

What are you doing?

LEELA

I'm quitting.

FRY

Why?

LEELA

You gotta do what you gotta do.

BENDER

Well this calls for a drink. And
maybe a smoke. And a quickie lube
job.

LEELA

I'm not sure we should be
celebrating. We're all job
deserters now. We're unemployed and
have nowhere to go.

FRY

Relax, you just described every
other year of my life.

BENDER

So you're saying we should head for
the nearest suicide booth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRY

No. All we need to do is find a relative with a TV, a couch, some hamburger buns, and a lot of butter.

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Fry, Leela, and Bender stand at the entrance to a brick townhouse (next door to the "Planet Express" office). Fry **KNOCKS** on the door. We hear **FOOTSTEPS** inside. The door opens and PROFESSOR FARNSWORTH leans out.

PROFESSOR

Who are you?

FRY

I'm your old Uncle Fry.

PROFESSOR

I don't have an Uncle Fry.

BENDER

You do now.

Bender starts pushing his way in.

INT. PROFESSOR'S LAB - A MINUTE LATER

Fry and the Professor each have their index fingers inserted in a high-tech panel. After a second, the machine **DINGS**.

PROFESSOR

By God, I am your nephew. This is incredible. Absolutely incredible!

BENDER

Can we have some money?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR

Oh my, no. But I insist you stay
and celebrate the millennium with
me.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

We see Dick Clark's head in a jar.

DICK CLARK'S HEAD

Hello, I'm Dick Clark's head.
Welcome to our special year 3000
edition of New Year's Rockin' Eve.

CROWD

[CHEERS]

PULL BACK TO:

INT. PROFESSOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bender is lounging on a couch, smoking a cigar and watching TV. His feet are off and his legs are up on the coffee table. Fry, Leela, and the Professor are standing nearby.

PROFESSOR

So you're job deserters, huh? It
must run in the family.

FRY

Really?

PROFESSOR

You can never reveal this, but I'm
not technically a Professor.

[HUSHED] My original category

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

was... professional jai alai
player.

He pushes a button. A panel slides open and reveals numerous trophies.

FRY

Cool.

PROFESSOR

[DISMISSIVE] It's all fixed.

Bender approaches.

BENDER

Hey Professor, where do you keep
the fortified wine?

PROFESSOR

It's over here, in the
refrigerator. Make yourself at
home.

BENDER

[MODESTLY] Oh no, I couldn't.

Bender takes several bottles from the fridge and places them into the cabinet in his chest.

PROFESSOR

Let me show you around. The coffee
maker's over there, here's the
thermostat, that's the
intergalactic spaceship, and here's
where I keep assorted lengths of
wire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He opens a tiny drawer filled with wire. Fry looks back at the spaceship.

FRY

Whoa, a real live spaceship!

PROFESSOR

I designed it myself. Let me show you some of the different lengths of wire I used.

The Professor starts to open the drawer again.

FRY

When can we ride on it?

PROFESSOR

It just so happens I'm in the need of a new crew for the ship.

LEELA

What happened to the old crew?

PROFESSOR

That's not important. The important thing is, I need a new crew. Interested?

FRY

Yes, yes! It's the job I've always wanted!

LEELA

But we don't have the proper career chips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR

No problem... I still have the
career chips from the previous
crew.

The professor picks up an envelope labeled "CONTENTS OF SPACE WASP'S STOMACH." He empties it onto the table. There are three small chips and a pair of sunglasses. Fry picks up the sunglasses.

FRY

I'm the coolest guy in the whole
future!

Fry puts on the sunglasses. They are terribly mangled and sit on his nose in an extremely cockeyed fashion. Suddenly, there's a loud **BANGING** at the door.

SMITTY (O.S.)

[THROUGH MEGAPHONE] Attention, head
defacers! Come up with your hands
up! Don't make us surround you!

FRY/LEELA/BENDER

No! / Not now! / Crap!

They whirl towards the door. We see two eyes peering through the mail slot.

EXT. PROFESSOR'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The police are outside the front door. Url holds Nixon's head (in a taped up jar) in the mail slot.

NIXON'S HEAD

Get those bums. If you guys won't
break in, I know people that will.

INT. PROFESSOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LEELA

Can't we get away in the ship?

PROFESSOR

[CONSIDERING] I suppose it is
technically possible...

Leela motions Fry and Bender toward the ship. Bender picks up the Professor and carries him out of the room after them.

EXT. SPACESHIP HANGER - CONTINUOUS

PROFESSOR

...though then again, I am already
in my pajamas. I suppose if you
give me ten or twenty minutes to
move my--

Bender carries him to the ship and the hatch **CLOSES**.

INT. PROFESSOR'S SHIP - CONTINUOUS

They rush in, and Fry steps up to an impressive-looking control panel.

FRY

I'll get us out of here!

Fry pulls a lever and presses a couple of buttons. A paper cup drop into a slot in front of him and start **FILLING** with coffee.

PROFESSOR

Can anyone drive stick?

Leela sits down in the pilots chair and tries out the gear shift. The others takes seats and fasten their seatbelts. The ship begins to **POWER UP**. They all brace themselves.

EXT. PROFESSOR'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The police are setting up several terrifying-looking laser Howitzers.

URL

If they try to take off, give them
an ass full of laser.

INT. PROFESSOR'S SHIP - CONTINUOUS

The ship is **SHAKING** as the engines continue powering up. We see Fry holding his cup of coffee. A few drops splash on his lap.

FRY

Ow! Son of a--

NEW ANGLE

PROFESSOR

Don't worry about the warning
lights. Those things are always
going on and off.

LEELA

Prepare for lift-off. [CHECKS
TIMER] Ten.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The crowd watches a giant counter click from 9 to 10.

NEW YORK CROWD

Nine!

EXT. GREAT PYRAMIDS - NIGHT

The pyramid hovers and rotates

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EGYPTIAN CROWD

[IN ARABIC] Eight!

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT

The Eiffel Tower now has futuristic fins and tubes on it.

PARIS CROWD

[IN ENGLISH] Seven!

INT. ALIEN KEG PARTY - NIGHT

Several bizarre aliens watch a timer click from one unrecognizable symbol to another.

BIZARRE ALIENS

Blglgl!

EXT. PROFESSOR'S TOWNHOUSE

The police man their laser guns

SMITTY

Prepare to fire.

INT. PROFESSOR'S SHIP

Bender sits stiffly in his chair, looking terrified. He grips his armrests so tightly that they begin to bend.

CLOSE UP - TV

DICK CLARK'S HEAD

Five!

INT. ROBOT GET-TOGETHER - NIGHT

Numerous robots stand around holding bottles of beer.

ROBOT CROWD

[SOME MECHANICAL VOICES] Four!

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

There's a party hat perched on Leonard Nimoy's jar.

LENARD NIMOY'S HEAD

Three.

INT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

PROFESSOR

Two...

BENDER

One...

LEELA

Ignition...

FRY

Blastoff!

The spaceship **SHUDDERS**. The roof of the hangar opens and the ship **ROCKETS** upward.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

The full moon illuminates with a **SPARKLING** "3000".

NEW YORK CROWD

[CHEERS]

A massive display of **FIREWORKS** goes off, completely blanketing the sky.

EXT. PROFESSOR'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

NIXON'S HEAD

Fire, damnit! Fire!

The confused sharpshooters **FIRE** in all directions, hopelessly thrown by the bursts of fireworks. The Professor's ship disappears into the beautiful, swirling colors.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE EARTH - CONTINUOUS

The ship emerges from the fireworks unscathed. It hurtles away from Earth and out into space.

FRY/LEELA/BENDER/PROFESSOR (V.O.)

[HAPPY CHEERS]

The ship passes Mars, Saturn, and Pluto, then moves out into the void; they drift silently past beautiful nebulae. As the ship passes across the screen, we see Fry with his face pressed to the window.

FRY (V.O.)

[BEAT; THEN, QUIETLY] Whoa.

EXT. PROFESSOR'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Smitty and Url turn to Nixon's head.

SMITTY

We failed, Mr. President. We want us to send a killbot and [AIR QUOTES] "arrest" them?

NIXON'S HEAD

No, let 'em go. It's New Year's Eve, goddamnit. I'm issuing a full pardon. C'mon, I'll take you boys out for a slice of poundcake.

INT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Fry turns to the Professor.

FRY

So what kind of ship is this? An adventure ship?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR

That's right, it's a cargo ship.
It's a little side business I
started to fund my research.

FRY

And what's my job going to be?

PROFESSOR

You'll be responsible for ensuring
the cargo reaches its destination.

EXT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

FRY (V.O.)

[UNSURE] So I'm a delivery boy?

PROFESSOR (V.O.)

Exactly.

FRY

[BEAT; THEN] [HAPPY CHEERS]

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE