



JEFF! TELL ME IT WAS LAST NIGHT!

SORRY, ROSIE.

DAMMIT, MAN. I'M STARVIN' OUT HERE.

I KNOW, ROSIE.

* **SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA**
(THEME FROM 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY)



HEY ROSIE,

HOWS-COME THEY CALL YOU ROSIE?



DUE TO MY HORRIFICALLY DISCOLORED TORSO DUE TO ALCOHOLISM.



FAIR ENOUGH.







HOLD IT TOGETHER, JEFF. YOU CAN DO THIS.



THIS IS YOUR MASTERPIECE!



DUDE!

DUDE!



GOTTA GO, ROLO. IT'S TIME.

SWEET.

SHOULDN'T YOU BE AT WORK?



WHATEVS.

YOU PROMISED YOU'D STOP GIVING SHELLEY SUCH A HARD TIME--



DUDE,
SHE SUCKS.

WELL,
SHE'S MY
GIRLFRIEND.



SHE'S SEEING
OTHER DUDES,
YOU KNOW.

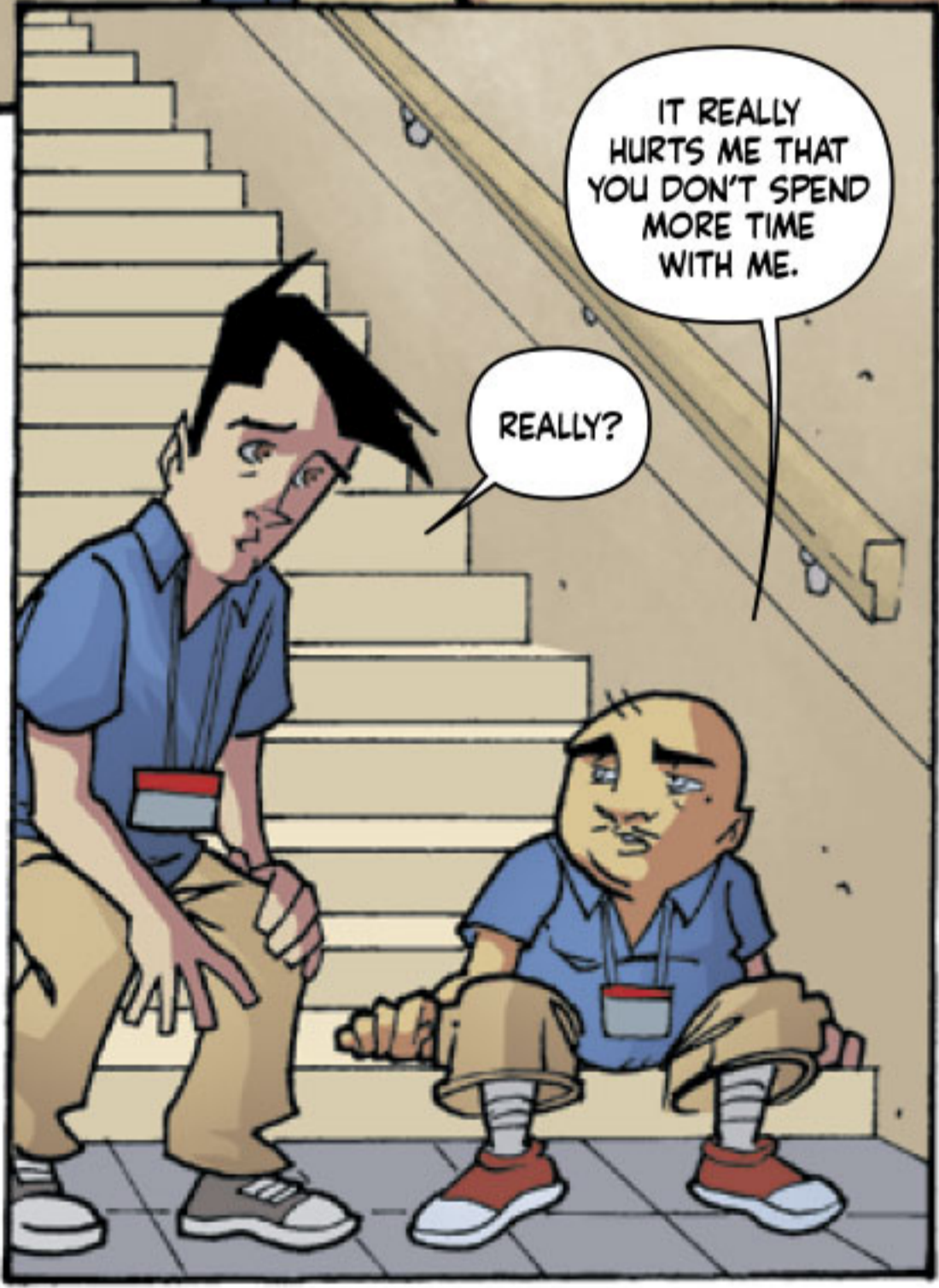
ROLO, I
DON'T HAVE
TIME--

A LOT OF
OTHER DUDES.
AT LEAST
FOUR DUDES
I KNOW.

MAYBE
SIX.

REALLY
DON'T HAVE
TIME.

NO, YOU
NEVER DO,
DO YOU?



IT REALLY
HURTS ME THAT
YOU DON'T SPEND
MORE TIME
WITH ME.

REALLY?



NAH, I JUST
BET JIMMY DOUBLE
OR NOTHING THAT IT'D
BE BETWEEN 10:10
AND 10:15, AND IT'S
ONLY 10:05.



YOU
SUCK ASS,
ROLO.

TAKE
A PICTURE
FOR ME!

OBVIOUSLY.

HUH. GIANT SPACESHIP. WEIRD.

7683

OH WELL.





OH MY GOD!

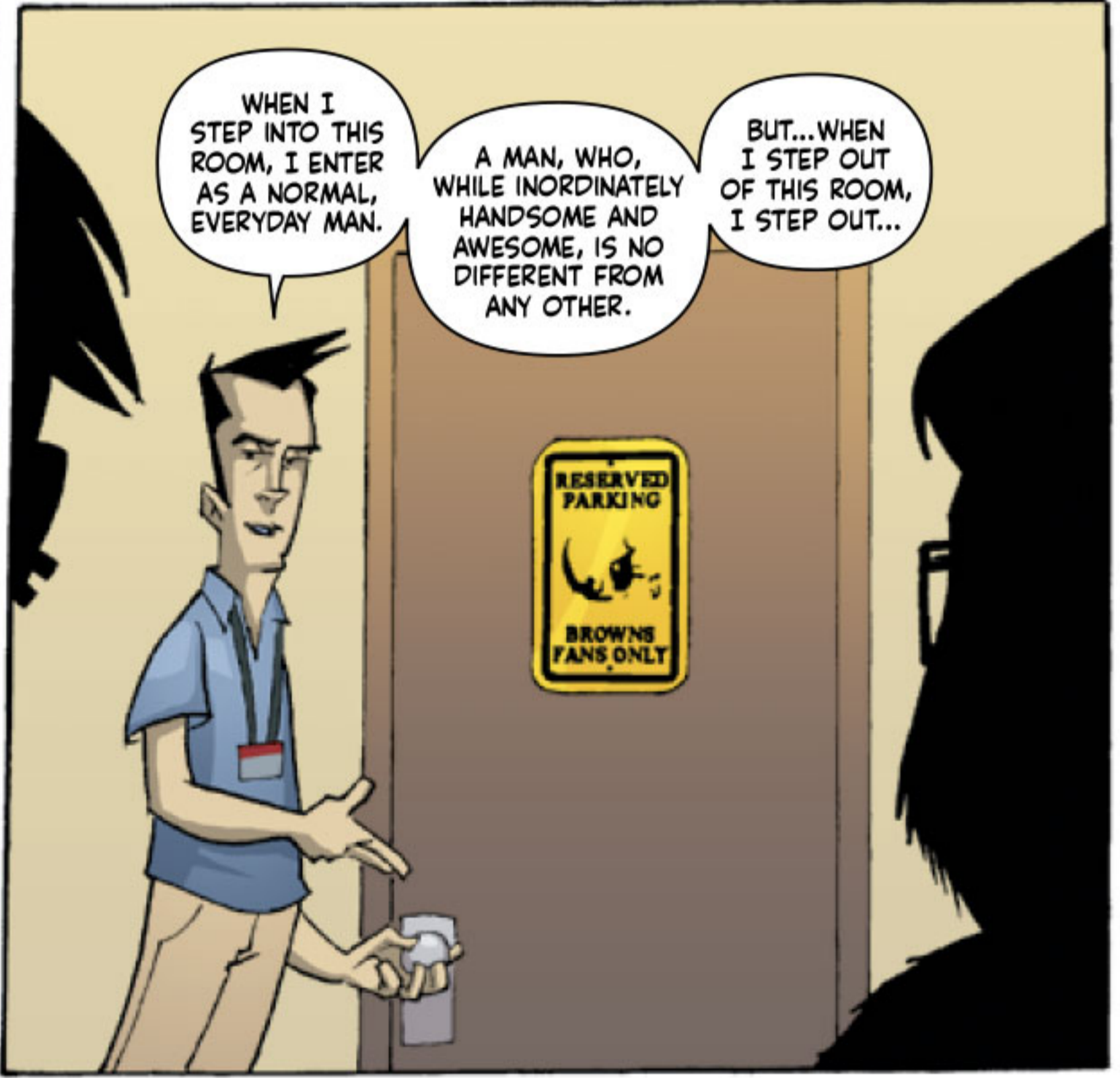
IT CAN'T BE!



SILENCE.

JAMES. SIENNA.

I'M ABOUT TO MAKE HISTORY.



WHEN I STEP INTO THIS ROOM, I ENTER AS A NORMAL, EVERYDAY MAN.

A MAN, WHO, WHILE INORDINATELY HANDSOME AND AWESOME, IS NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER.

BUT...WHEN I STEP OUT OF THIS ROOM, I STEP OUT...



A CHAMPION!

CLAP CLAP CLAP



WISH ME LUCK.

SLAM!!

THIS IS NOT AS EXCITING AS I EXPECTED.

AND TEN TIMES AS CREEPY.

RESERVED PARKING
BROWNS FANS ONLY

ALRIGHT [REDACTED], LET'S DO THIS.

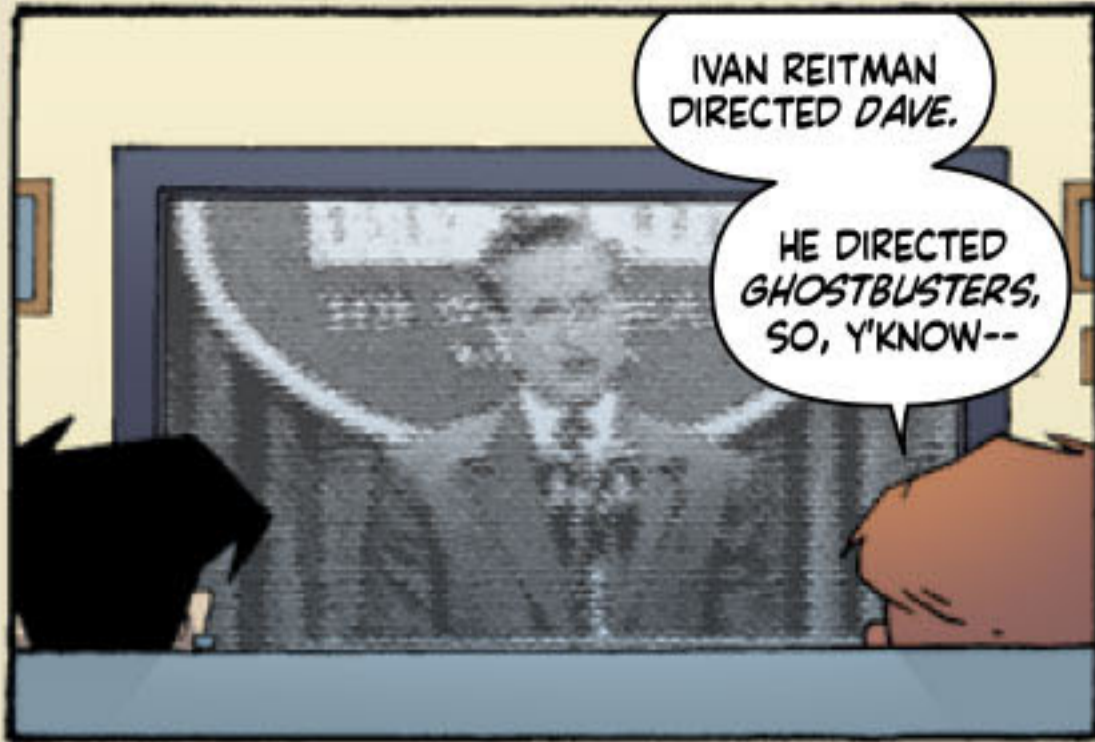
YEEAAAAHHH!

REALLY, REALLY CREEPY.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT?

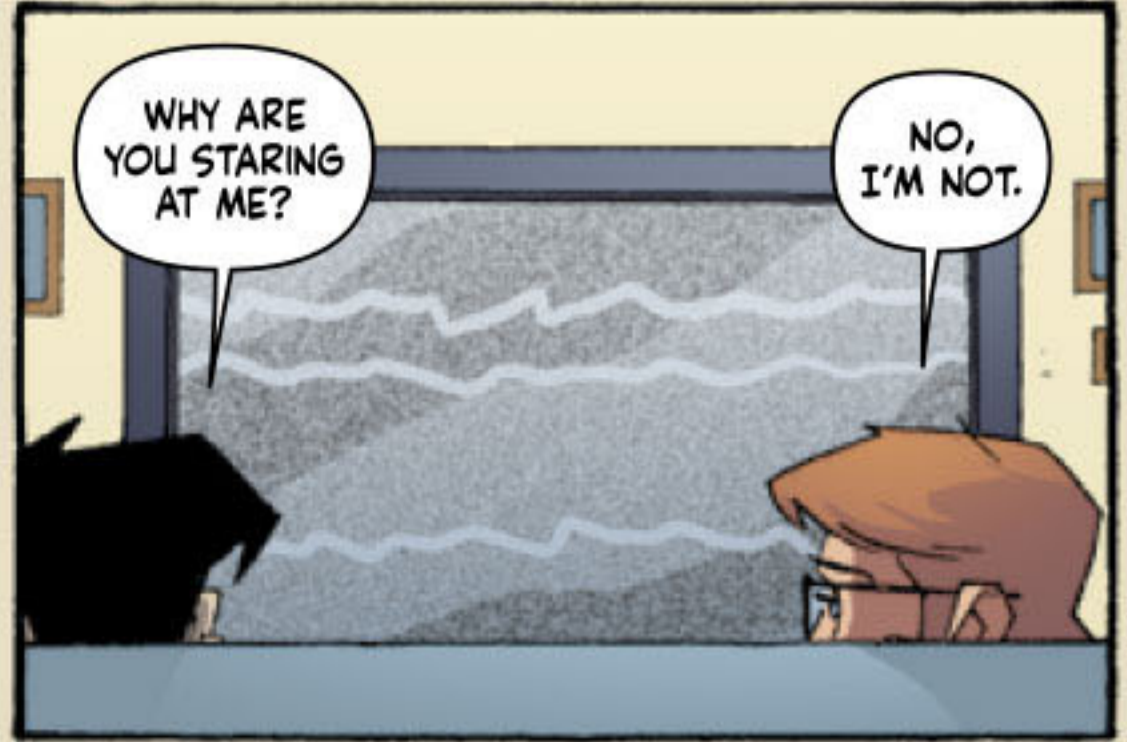
IT'S NO DAVE.

YOU'RE A MORON.



IVAN REITMAN DIRECTED DAVE.

HE DIRECTED GHOSTBUSTERS, SO, Y'KNOW--



WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME?

NO, I'M NOT.



I HATE THE [REDACTED] SCI-FI CHANNEL, TURN IT OFF...

PEOPLE OF EARTH. WE ARE THE INTERGALACTIC COUNCIL OF PLANETARY RELATIONS.

YOU ARE ON THE VERGE OF MAKING THE NEXT EVOLUTIONARY STEP AND BECOMING AN INTERSTELLAR SPECIES.



IT'S PRONOUNCED SYFY!

AND THEY'RE FINALLY MAKING GOOD SHOWS LIKE BATTLESTAR AGAIN!

CLICK



AS SUCH, YOUR SPECIES IS TO BE JUDGED.

PASS OUR TEST AND ENTER THE BROTHERHOOD OF PLANETS.

FAIL, AND YOU ALL DIE.

TVGA



AMERICAN PRESIDENT!

CLICK



I...DON'T THINK THIS IS SYFY ANYMORE, SIENNA.

IF YOU SAY SYFY ONE MORE TIME--



A CHAMPION WILL BE CHOSEN TO REPRESENT YOUR PEOPLE.

JEFF?!?

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE TV!

NOT RIGHT NOW!

UH... JIMMY?

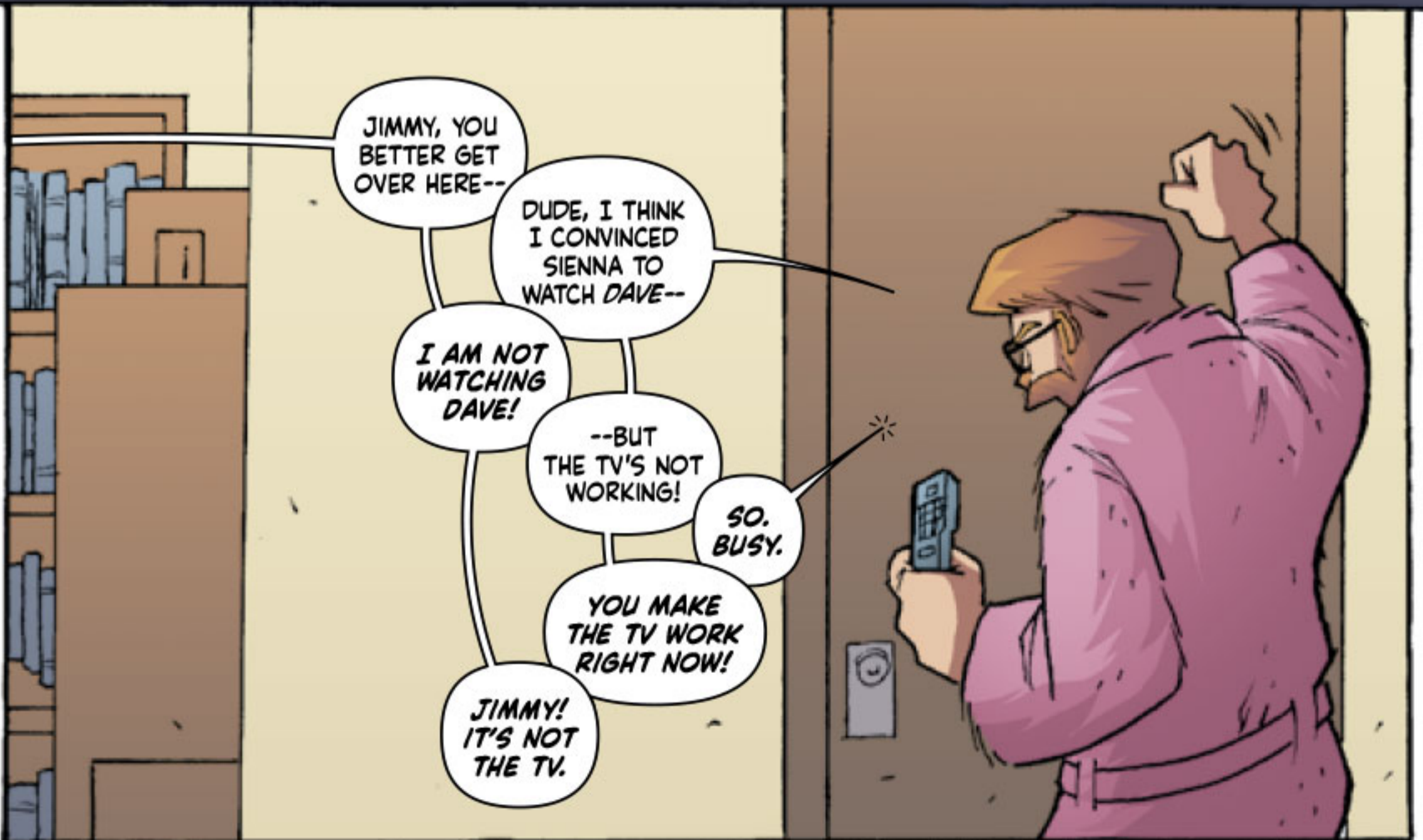


THIS CHAMPION
WILL REPRESENT THE
BEST YOUR PEOPLE HAVE.
THE MOST INDOMITABLE
SPIRIT YOUR SPECIES
HAS EVER SEEN.

HE WILL BE ABLE
TO TRIUMPH OVER
ADVERSITY, A MASTER
OF SELF, TRULY THE
GREATEST MANKIND
HAS TO OFFER!



REOPSOLOM!
PREPARE THE
**CHAMPION
PICKER!**



JIMMY, YOU
BETTER GET
OVER HERE--

DUDE, I THINK
I CONVINCED
SIENNA TO
WATCH DAVE--

I AM NOT
WATCHING
DAVE!

--BUT
THE TV'S NOT
WORKING!

SO.
BUSY.

YOU MAKE
THE TV WORK
RIGHT NOW!

JIMMY!
IT'S NOT
THE TV.



HOLY
[REDACTED]