

Jerky Boys, Furby Prank Call

Woman: Thanks for calling (beeped out)
this ishow may I help you?

Milton: Oh thank god you answered;
let me speak to the toy department!

Woman: OK please hold.

Milton: Yes I've got an emergency!

Deborah: This is Deborah, can I help you?

Milton: Oh thank god you've answered!

Is this the toy department?

Deborah: Yes it is.

Milton: I have an emergency! I'm calling about Furby!

Deborah: I'm sorry, I don't have any.

Milton: No! I'm not calling because I need the Furby;

I'm calling because I have a defective Furby
that's spitting all kinds of violent words at me!

Deborah: Yes ma'am.

Milton: I'm a sir!!!

Deborah: Y-yes sir.

Milton: My name is Milton;

I bought little Furby for my 14 year old boy Chauncey, he's 493 pounds,
and I promised that I would get him a Furby if he dropped 25 pounds.

He's down from 520 you know!

Deborah: Yes ma...yes sir.

Milton: Listen to this Furby!

I'm gonna put the phone next to the Furby right now!

It's making all kinds of demonic noises

and its making all kinds of cursing and gestures at me!

Furby: Listen here you little brat, I'LL KILL YOU! He-he-he!

Milton: Did you hear that?

Deborah: Yes, yes sir.

Milton: It said it was gonna kill me! Did you hearoh hold on it's talking again!

Furby: Oh-h, eat me!

Milton: Now it's using profanity! Did you hear that!

Deborah: Yes sir.

Milton: Where is this coming from; I think we're looking at a lawsuit here!

Deborah: Where are you calling from?

Milton: I'm from my house right now.

Furby: I'm going to kill your mommy with an ax!

Milton: DID YOU JUST HEAR THAT!?

Deborah: Yes sir, can you hold on a minute please?

Milton: It said it was going to kill my mommy with an ax!

What kind of crap are you people' selling over there!

Deborah: Where are you from sir?

Milton: Oh! It's talking again!

Furby: Shut the hell up jackass!

Milton: LISTEN TO THAT! How can

Furby: I smoke crack! Oh-h-h!

Milton: It just said it smokes crack!

Deborah: Sir, can I let you talk to my manager please.

Milton: Little Furby here is promoting drug use! Yes,
put your manager on the phone immediately because I'm calling a lawyer next!

Deborah: OK, hold on please.

Milton: Yes!

Manager: Hello how may I help you please?

Milton: Yes is this the manager?

Manager: Yes it is; how can I help you.

Milton: Is this a decision making manager or a patsy for the higher-ups!

Manager: Sir, how can I help you, I'll try my best.

Milton: I have a defective Furby that I purchased from you guys, it's spitting out all kinds of vulgar a

Manager: What did you say the Furby was doing, and where did you buy it?

Milton: I bought it from your store here...
Furby: (making Exorcist noises)
Milton: Now its making the Exorcist noises! Hang on. Hang on;
let me...let me shake it a little bit to see if I can get it to talk.
Furby: You're a little whore. He-he-he!
Milton: did you hear that!
Manager: Sir, are you sure that's a Furby doll?
Milton: Yes I am it just called me a whore did you hear that!!!
Manager: Uh-uh um...
Milton: Hold, listen...
Furby: You smell like a camel's ass! Oh-h-h.
Milton: Now its' calling me a camels ass!!!
Manager: Uh-OK-uh
Milton: What are you people' selling there!
Manager: Well, as far as I know we sell uh, good s...
Milton: I'm gonna to turn that into Fludgecow mart when
I get through with you! This thing is starting to scare the hell out of me!!
Furby: DIE! DIE! DIE! He-he-he.
Milton: It just told me to die, die, die!
Manager: Where did you say you...

Furby: I will spit acid into your eye and blind you!! He-he!
Manager: Oh my god!
Milton: Now it's threatening to spit acid into my eyes and blind me!
Manager: I heard!
Milton: I thinkshould I call the police???
Manager: Il don't know what to do!
Milton: WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! YOU'RE A MANAGER!
I THINK IM GOING TO CALL THE BOMB DISPOSAL UNIT, AND HAVE THEM TAKE THIS DAMN
Furby: Oh-h... I'm going to give you diarrhea!
Milton: Now it's threatening me with sexually transmitted diseases! He-he
Manager: I've never heard a Furby doll say any of those things!
Milton: Oh right! What the hell is goingis this some kind of joke!
Manager: No! I
Milton: If this is your idea of a joke, I'm going to sue your ass off personally too!!
You're going to be living in a street pushing a shopping cart in about 3 weeks!
Manager: Sir I understand that...
Furby: I have a gun! I'm going to shoot you now! He-he-he-he-he-he-he!
Milton: Now it's threatening to shoot me with a gun!
Manager: Sir, I hear these things, but I just...
Milton: ITS' GOT A GUN! IT'S GOT A GUN!
(Gun sounds, Milton screaming and Furby laughing)
Manager: Sirsir? Oh my god! loh (dial tone)