I am a pancake man who likes the best pancakes

[Open to Morty’s room]

Rick: (stumbles in drunkenly, and turns on the lights) Morty! You gotta come on. Jus'... you gotta come with me.

Morty: (rubs his eyes) What, Rick? What’s going on?

Rick: I got a surprise for you, Morty.

Morty: It's the middle of the night. What are you talking about?

Rick: (spills alcohol on Morty's bed) Come on, I got a surprise for you. (drags Morty by the ankle) Come on, hurry up. (pulls Morty out of his bed and into the hall)

Morty: Ow! Ow! You're tugging me too hard!

Rick: We gotta go, gotta get outta here, come on. Got a surprise for you Morty.

[Cut to Rick's ship]

Rick: (Rick drives through the night sky) What do you think of this... flying vehicle, Morty? I built it outta stuff I found in the garage.

Morty: Yeah, Rick... I-it's great. Is this the surprise?

Rick: Morty. I had to... I had to do it. I had— I had to— I had to make a bomb, Morty. I had to create a bomb.

Morty: What?! A bomb?!

Rick: We're gonna drop it down there just get a whole fresh start, Morty. Create a whole fresh start.

Morty: T-t-that's absolutely crazy!

Rick: Come on, Morty. Just take it easy, Morty. It's gonna be good. Right now, we're gonna go pick up your little friend Jessica.

Morty: Jessica? From my math class?

Rick: (puts an arm around Morty’s shoulders) When I drop the bomb you know, I want you to have somebody, you know? I want you to have the thing. I'm gonna make it like a new Adam and Eve, and you're gonna be Adam.

Morty: Ohh...

Rick: And Jessica's gonna be Eve.

Morty: Whhhh-wha?

Rick: And so that's the surprise, Morty.

Morty: No, you can't! (shoves Rick away) Jessica doesn't even know I exist! But—but, but forget about that, because you can't blow up humanity!

Rick: I-I get what you're trying to say, Morty. Listen, I'm not... (spills alcohol down his shirt) You don't got... Y-you don’t gotta worry about me trying to fool around with Jessica or mess around with Jessica or anything. I'm not that kind of guy, Morty.

Morty: What are you talking about, Rick?

Rick: You-you don't have to worry about me getting with Jessica or anything. Sh-sh-she— she, she, she's all for you, Morty.

Morty: I don't care about Jessica! Y-Yyyyyyyyyyou—

Rick: You know what, Morty? You're right. (throws empty bottle into the backseat) Let's forget the girl altogether. She, she's probably nothing but trouble, anyways. (presses a button)

Robot Voice: Arming neutrino bomb.

Morty: (unbuckles his seatbelt) That's it... that's it, Rick. I'm taking the wheel. (jumps up on Rick and starts fighting with him over control of the wheel)

Rick: Get off of me, Morty! (they begin to talk over each other)

Morty: I'm taking charge of this situation, buddy! (starts kicking Rick's face while grabbing the wheel) I'm put—I’m, I'm, I'm, I'm puttin’... I-I’m, I’m, I’m not gonna stand around like some sort of dumb... dumb person and just le-let you ruin the whole world!

Rick: (at the same time) Come on! What’s gotten into you? If you love Earth so much why don’t you marry it? (pushes Morty) What are you, crazy? Alright, alright, Morty. (pushes Morty off of him)

Rick: Alright. I'll-I'll land. I'll land. I'll land. I'll land the thing. I’ll land the thing. Big tough guy all of a sudden.

[Cut to desert]

Rick: (Rick lands the cruiser in an open desert; he opens the door and tumbles out among dozens of empty alcohol cans and bottles) We'll park it right here, Morty. Right here on the side of the ree... road here.

Morty: Oh, thank god.

Rick: You know what? That was all a test, Morty. Just an elaborate test to make you more assertive.

Morty: It was?

Rick: Sure. Why not? I don’t, I don't know. Y-you know what, Mo— (falls asleep and begins snoring)

Robot Voice: Neutrino bomb armed.

Morty: Um...

[Cut to opening theme]

[Open to Smith residence, dining room]

Jerry: I see there's a new episode of that singing show tonight. Who do you guys think is gonna be the best singer? (Morty falls asleep at the table, smashing his face into his plate)

Summer: Oh my God, his head is in his food. I'm going to puke.

Beth: Morty, are you getting sick? (Morty lifts his head, clearly exhausted,

and wipes food from his face) I told you not to practice-kiss the living room

pillow. The dog sleeps on it.

Morty: I wasn't kissing a pillow, mom. I just I didn't get a lot of sleep last night. Maybe my dreams were just too loud or something.

Summer: Or maybe you were out all night again with Grandpa Rick.

Jerry: What?

Beth: Dad?

Rick: What, so everyone's supposed to sleep every single night now? You realize that nighttime makes up half of all time?

Jerry: Damn it!

Beth: Jerry!

Jerry: Beth!

Summer: Oh my god, my parents are so loud, I want to die.

Rick: Mm, there is no God, Summer. You gotta rip that band-aid off now. You'll thank me later.

Jerry: (glaring at Rick) Okay, with all due respect, Rick— what am I talking about? What respect is due? How is my son supposed to pass his classes if you keep dragging him off for high-concept Sci-Fi rigamarole?

Rick: Listen, Jerry. I-I-I don't want to overstep my bounds or anything. It's your house. It's your world. You're a real Julius Caesar but I'll tell you something—tell you how I feel about school, Jerry. It's a waste of time. (Jerry stares incredulously at him) Buncha people running around, bumping into each other. G-guy up front says, "two plus two." The people in the back say, "four." Then the—then the bell rings, and they give you a carton of milk and a piece of paper that says you can go take a dump or something. I mean, it's not a place for smart people, Jerry. And I know that's not a popular opinion, but it's my two cents on the issue. (wipes his mouth and gets up, stopping behind Beth and putting a hand on her shoulder) This was a good breakfast, Beth. You really made the crap out of those eggs. I wish your mother was here to eat them. (Rick gives Beth a kiss and walks away)

Beth: (tears up in happiness) Oh, dad…

Jerry: What? For real? (Morty's face slams into his plate again)

[Cut to Ext. Harry Herpson High School]

Mr. Goldenfold: Alright, now, everybody get settled. Get away from the windows!

[Cut to Int. Mr. Goldenfold’s class]

Mr. Goldenfold: Now, look, we're gonna be dealing with some real serious stuff today. You might have heard of it. It's called math? And without it, none of us would even exist, so let's jump right in. Two plus two.

All classmates except Morty: Four. (Morty, sitting in the back row, stares at Jessica, who sits in the front row, answering Jessica’s name for the questions)

Morty: Jessica.

Mr. Goldenfold: Five plus five.

All classmates except Morty: Ten.

Morty: Jessica. (Jessica hears Morty and looks back, confused, not sure who’s saying her name)

Mr. Goldenfold: Okay, good. It's time for the quiz.

Class: Awwwwww.

Mr. Goldenfold: Yeah, you know what?! Aw, too bad! Tough! First row, take one. Pass it back for me. The stakes are high in this room. (Morty stares at the quiz; the numbers on the quiz jumble together as Morty falls asleep) There's crucial things happening here every day. People getting smarter. Some of y'all getting dumber. Some of y'all ain't gonna see 3:00. (Morty falls into a dream world filled with large number-shaped blocks; Jessica steps out from behind some of the numbers)

Jessica: Hi, Morty.

Morty: Whoa! Hi, Jessica.

Jessica: Can I show these to you? (Jessica opens her shirt, showing Morty her breasts)

Morty: Wow. Th-they're both great. Thank you!

Jessica: You know what I named these? My little Morties.

Morty: (rubs the back of his neck) Uh, that's flattering... and a little weird.

Jessica: Do you know what I want you to do with them?

Morty: Rename them?

Jessica: Squeeze them. Manhandle them. Give them the business. See if you can shuffle them. I mean, really get in there and knock them around. No wrong answers.

Morty: Wow. Well, okay, Jessica. L-let's give this a shot. (Morty grabs her breasts and starts fondling her)

Jessica: Mm. Oh, Morty. What are you doing to me?

Morty: Uh, I-I'm just doing my best. (in real life, class has ended and Morty is fondling Mr. Goldenfold)

Mr. Goldenfold: Morty! What are you doing to me?!

Morty: (sleep-talking) Ah, Jessica.

Mr. Goldenfold: Morty!

Morty: Jessica.

Mr. Goldenfold: Five more minutes of this, and I'm gonna get mad. (leans back and bites his lip)

Morty: Je-Jessica. Jessica.

Mr. Goldenfold: Not my fault this is happening.

[Cut to hallway]

Frank: (Morty is at his locker, where he is confronted by a bully, Frank Palicky) Well, well, well.

Morty: Uh, morning, Frank.

Frank: (pins Morty to his locker) "Morning"? What was what is that supposed to mean? You making fun of me? Are you trying to say my family's poor? (takes out a pocket knife and points it at Morty's neck)

Morty: Oh, geez, Frank. I don't know if a knife is necessary. I mean, you know, y-you kind of had things handled without it.

Frank: You telling me how to bully now? Big mistake, Morty and now I'm gonna cut you, 'cause my family's rich. (Frank suddenly freezes and Rick steps out from behind him)

Rick: There you are, Morty. Listen to me. I got an errand to run in a whole different dimension. I need an extra pair of hands.

Morty: Oh, geez, Rick. W-w-what'd you do to Frank?

Rick: It's pretty obvious, Morty. I froze him. Now listen I need your help, Morty. I mean, we got we got to get get the hell out of here and go take care of business. (burps) It's important. Come on, Morty.

Morty: I don't know, Rick. I can't leave school again.

Rick: Do you have any concept of how much higher the stakes get out there, Morty? What do you think I can just do it all by myself? Come on!

Morty: Aw, geez. Okay. I guess I can skip history. What about Frank? I mean, shouldn't you unfreeze him?

Rick: I'll do it later, Morty. He'll be fine. Let's go. (takes off with Morty and then Summer comes by, seeing Frank's frozen body)

Summer (in her head): Oh, my God. I'm about to walk past Frank Palicky. This is the story we'll be telling our children. (walks up to Frank and talks to him, oblivious to the fact that he's frozen)

Summer: Hi, Frank. (Frank's frozen foot breaks and he drops to the ground and shatters into a million pieces, dying)

Summer: AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!!

[Cut to horse hospital]

Beth: (performing heart surgery on a horse) Scalpel.

Davin: Scalpel. (Jerry enters the room)

Jerry: Knock, knock.

Beth: Jerry?

Jerry: My manager gave me an hour for lunch, and I thought, "hey, why not swing by where your wife works?" (The heart rate for the horse starts beeping really fast)

Tom: (offscreen) We're losing him. (Beth adjusts the horse's organs)

Tom: (offscreen) Okay, he's back.

Beth: Jerry, please tell me you're here for an incredibly urgent reason.

Jerry: Well, it's lunch. I mean, it's one of three meals that have existed for millennia. (the heart rate starts beeping again)

Tom: (offscreen) Losing him. (Beth adjusts the organs again)

Tom: (offscreen) Stabilized.

Beth: Okay, I only ask, Jerry, because, as you know, my job involves performing heart surgery.

Jerry: Well, yeah, on horses.

Beth: Excuse me?

Jerry: Okay, Let's not rehash that fight. I sense that you're busy and will now be on my way. (drops a pamphlet on the ground)

Jerry: Whoa! What is this on the floor? Some kind of literature for a really nice-looking nursing home. Hey, honey, crazy idea bad pitch let's put your dad here. Let's put your dad in a nursing home. (Beth looks at Jerry angrily and the heart hate starts beeping again)

Tom: (offscreen) We're losing him.

Beth: Hey, Tom! We know when we're losing him. WE CAN HEAR THE BEEPS!

[Cut to alleyway]

Rick: There she is. All right. Come on, Morty. Let's go.

Morty: Oh, geez, okay. (Rick and Morty go through the portal and end up in a crazy alternate dimension)

Morty: Oh, man, Rick. What is this place?

Rick: It's Dimension 35-C, and it's got the perfect climate conditions for a special type of tree, Morty, called a Mega Tree, and there's fruit in those trees, and there's seeds in those fruits. I'm talking about Mega Seeds. They're they're incredibly powerful, and I need them to help me with my research, Morty.

Morty: Oh, man, Rick. I'm looking around this place, and I'm starting to work up some anxiety about this whole thing.

Rick: All right, all right, calm down. Listen to me, Morty. I know that new situations can be intimidating. You're looking around, and it's all scary and different, but, you know, m-meeting them head on, charging right into them like a bull that's how we grow as people. I'm no stranger to scary situations. I deal with them all the time. Now, if you just stick with me, Morty, we're gonna be— (a gigantic alien monster suddenly appears behind them)

Rick: HOLY CRAP, MORTY RUN!!! (they take off, running in complete and total fear as the monster chases them)

Rick: I never seen that thing before in my life. I don't even know what the hell it is! We got to get out of here, Morty! It's gonna kill us! We're gonna die! We're gonna die, Morty!

[Cut to black]

Rick: (having apparently escaped, they are walking through Dimension 35-C, continuing their adventure) Oh, Morty, take a deep breath. Breathe that breathe that fresh air in, Morty. Y-you smell that? That's the smell of adventure, Morty. That's that's the smell of-of-of-of a whole different evolutionary timeline.

Morty: All right, Rick, look how much longer is this gonna be? Shouldn't I be back at school by now?

Rick: Are you joking me? I mean, look at all the crazy crap surrounding us. Look at that thing right there. (a weird looking monster is seen cooing and rolling around on the ground) What the hell is that thing? You think you're gonna see that kind of thing at school? (offscreen) Look at it just lumbering around. (onscreen) It defies all logic, that thing.

Morty: Yeah, Rick, I get it. We're surrounded by monsters. That's kind of the reason why I want to leave. (they come up to a cliff and Rick stops him there)

Rick: Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta. Morty, you see this? (he and Morty are looking down upon a vast forest of interdimensional trees)

Rick: You see what we just stumbled upon, Morty? Any idea what that is down there?

Morty: The mega trees?

Rick: That's right, Morty the mega trees with the mega fruit on them and that's what I'm talking about, Morty. That's where my seeds are. If we would have done what you wanted, I would have never have found them, because you're so in love with school.

Morty: All right, all right. So, what's so special about these seeds, anyways?

Rick: You ask a lot of questions, Morty. Not very charismatic. It makes you kind of an (burps) under- (burps) underfoot figure. (Rick gives Morty a pair of shoes and Morty proceeds to put them on)

Rick: Just take these shoes, Morty. They're (burps) special grappling shoes. When you're wearing these things, these babies, you can basically just walk on any surface you want, Morty up, down, below, turn around to the left. These things really bring it all together.

Morty: (walks off the cliff and plummets to the ground, screaming and smashing into rocks) AAAAAAAHHHH!!!!!!

Rick: You have to turn them on, Morty! The shoes have to be turned on!

[Cut to hospital]

Beth: I am not putting my father in a home! He just came back into my life, and you want to grab him and stuff him under a mattress like last month's Victoria's Secret?

Jerry: I told you I was ordering you something for Valentine's Day. More importantly, your father is a horrible influence on our son.

Davin: Everything cool in here, Beth?

Beth: It's fine, Davin.

Davin: Okay, cool. You know, we did something great today. There's nothing more noble and free than the heart of a horse. (Jerry closes the door on Davin)

Jerry: Since we're fighting, if you ever have an affair with that guy, I will come to the hotel room and blow my brains out all over your naked bodies.

Beth: Look, I appreciate the stress you're under, but Morty was having trouble in school way before my dad moved in, and the only influence I can see Rick having is that, for the first time in his life, Morty has a friend. (the phone starts ringing)

Jerry: (sighs) Well, maybe you're right.

Beth: Uh, yeah, maybe I am. I'm my father's daughter. I'm smart. Why do you think I'm a heart surgeon?

Jerry: (coughs) Ahem, Horse heart surgeon. (Beth answers the phone and gets a call from Morty's principal, Gene Vagina)

Principal Vagina: Hello? Mrs. Smith? This is Principal Vagina, no relation. I wonder if you and Morty's father might be able to have a chat with me this afternoon?

[Cut to Dimension 35-C]

Rick: (standing by Morty, who is lying on the ground with his legs broken) Morty, oh, you really d-did a number on (offscreen) your legs right now. You know, you got to turn (onscreen) the shoes on, Morty, for them to work. Yeah, look I turned mine on. I had no problem getting down here. It was a leisurely breeze.

Morty: I'm in a lot of pain, Rick!

Rick: Yeah, I can see that. But do you think you'll still be able to help me collect my seeds, Morty?

Morty: Are you kidding me?! That's it, Rick! That's the last straw! I can't believe this! I'm sitting here with both of my legs broken, and you're still asking me about getting those seeds?! Ooh! Ow! Oh! Y-y-you're a monster. Y-you're like Hitler, but-but even Hitler cared about Germany or something.

Rick: Okay, hold on just a second, Morty. (opens another portal and leaves Morty behind, lying on the ground to suffer for a few seconds)

Morty: Ooh! Ohh! Ooh! Hnngh! Hoo! Ooh! Ohh! Aaaaagh! Oooooh! (Rick finally returns and injects Morty's legs with medicine, healing them to perfection)

Morty: Ooh, Ohh, Ooh. Wow, Rick. That stuff just healed my broken legs instantly. I mean, I've never felt so good in my life. Thank you.

Rick: Don't worry about it, Morty. Just come help me get these seeds, all right, buddy?

Morty: Sure thing, Rick. (goes up the tree and gets the Mega Fruit while Rick talks to him)

Rick: Not that you asked, Morty, but what just happened there is I went into a future dimension with such advanced medicine that they had broken-leg serum at every corner drugstore. (offscreen) The stuff was all over the place, Morty.

Morty: Wow, that's pretty crazy, Rick.

Rick: There's just one problem, Morty one little hang-up. The dimension I visited was so advanced, that (burps) they had also halted the aging process, and everyone there was young, Morty, and they had been forever. I was the only old person there, Morty. (burps) It was like I was some sort of, you know, celebrity, walking around. I-I was fascinating to them. There were a lot of attractive women there, Morty, and they-they-they— they all wanted time with me. I had a lot of fun with a lot of young ladies, but I spent so much time there, my interdimensional portal device it's got no charge left, Morty. It's got no charge left.

Morty: What?!

Rick: It's as good as garbage, Morty. It's not gonna work anymore, Morty.

Morty: Oh, geez, Rick, that's not good. W-what are we gonna do? I-I have to be back at school right now. How are we gonna get back home?

Rick: There's ways to get back home, Morty. It's just it's just gonna be a little bit of a hassle. We're gonna have to go through interdimensional customs, so you're gonna have to do me a real solid.

Morty: Uh-oh.

Rick: When we get to customs, I'm gonna need you to take these seeds into the bathroom, and I'm gonna need you to put them way up inside your butthole, Morty.

Morty: In my butt?

Rick: Put them way up inside there, as far as they can fit.

Morty: Oh, geez, Rick. I really don't want to have to do that.

Rick: Well, somebody's got to do it, Morty. Th-these seeds aren't gonna get through customs unless they're in someone's rectum, Morty

Morty: Uuuh.

Rick: And they'll fall right out of mine. I've done this too many times, Morty. I mean, you're young. Y-y-you've got your whole life ahead of you, and your anal cavity is still taut, yet malleable. You got to do it for grandpa, Morty. Y- (burps) you've got to put these seeds inside your butt.

Morty: In my butt?

Rick: Come on, Morty. Please, Morty. You have to do it, Morty.

Morty: Oh, man.

[Cut to high school]

Principal Vagina: The fact is, your son, Morty, has attended this school for a total of seven hours over the last two months.

Beth: What? Why didn't you notify us?

Principal Vagina: I done been notifying you. Have you not been getting the messages I've been leaving with Morty's grandfather?

Jerry: Boom! Told you! In your face! He is ruining our child! Wait, what am I celebrating?

Principal Vagina: Yeah, see, I thought something was fishy there, because it's usually Morty's grandpa that's taking him out of school. (they stop to see Summer and some other students, crying at an obituary for Frank)

Beth: Summer?

Summer: (sobs) What kind of God lets this happen?

Principal Vagina: We had a little incident. A student was frozen to death. (chuckles) And there's no evidence that a Latino student did it! Everyone wants to take this to a racial place. I won't let them.

[Cut to Intergalactic Customs]

Announcer: The glarp zone is for flarping and unglarping only.

Alien: So, I told him, "give me the blimfarx," you know? This-this guy he doesn't understand interstellar currency.

Alien: It's, like, I'm trying to eat a flimflam like, that's what we eat on Girvonesk.

Announcer: The glarp zone is for flarping and unglarping only.

Rick: (Morty comes up to him, who is waiting in line to get through security) I don't like it here, Morty. I can't abide bureaucracy. I don't like being told where to go and what to do. I consider it a violation. Did you get those seeds all the way up your butt?

Morty: Yeah, Rick. Let's just get this over with, okay? I mean, these things are pointy. They hurt.

Rick: That means they're good ones. You're a good kid, Morty. Those mega seeds are super valuable to my work. You've been a huge help to me. I'm gonna be able to do a-

(burps) all kind of things with them. It's gonna be great, Morty. A- (burps) all kinds of science. (aliens are going through security with a Gromflomite, letting them through)

Gromflomite: Okay, next through. (stops Morty) Except you. You go over there.

Rick: Why does he have to go over there?

Gromflomite: Random check. He's got to go through the new machine.

Rick: What new- (burps) what new machine?

Gromflomite: It's a new machine. It detects stuff all the way up your butt.

Rick: Run, Morty! Run! (grabs Morty and they run through security and dart for the exit)

Morty: Aaaaaah!

Gromfomite: Red alert! (team of Gromflomites starts chasing after Rick and Morty)

Morty: Ohhhhh! (Rick pushes over a giant capsule, with an alien fetus over, smashing some Gromflomites, to slow them down)

Morty: Ohhhhhh! (an alien is seen smoking a hookah and Morty runs past him and accidentally inhales the smoke from the hookah while Rick comes from behind and slaps the alien in the face, causing the alien to cry; he then coughs up a life form from the smoke and the lifeform starts running through the glarp zone and goes through the entire aging process from developing fetus to decomposing corpse, over the course of three seconds)

Morty: Aaaaah!

Rick: Don't think about it! (he and Morty are cornered but Morty activates the grappling shoes and runs up the wall with Rick)

Rick: Ooh! Oh, nice, Morty! The student becomes the teacher. (the Gromflomites reveal that they can fly and then Rick and Morty start running away)

Morty: Whoooooo! (he and Rick run through the equipment on the ceiling, before they slip off to the ground)

Alien: Aah! Aw, hell, no, dawg. You know me I'm just trying to— (Rick and Morty crash to the ground and he dies; they then run to the portal computer)

Rick: I need to type in the coordinates to our home world, Morty. Cover me. (he tosses Morty a gun)

Morty: Oh, man. I mean, you know, I-I don't want to shoot nobody.

Rick: They're just robots, Morty! It's okay to shoot them! They're robots! (Morty shoots a Glenn, blowing his leg off, and making blood gush out as he drops down in pain)

Glenn: Aaaaah! My leg is shot off!

Other Gromflomite: Glenn's bleeding to death! Someone call his wife and children!

Morty: They're not robots, Rick!

Rick: It's a figure of speech, Morty. They're bureaucrats. I don't respect them. Just keep shooting, Morty. You have no idea what prison is like here! (Morty continues shooting the Gromflomites and even kills some innocent bystanders while Rick hacks into the portal to take them back home)

Morty: Holy crap! This is insane! (Rick opens the portal and takes Morty in with him)

Rick: Come on, Morty! We got to get the hell out of here! (the portal opens up in the lunchroom at school and Rick and Morty land on the table where Jessica and her friends are eating)

Jessica: Wow. Did you just come into the cafeteria through a portal?

Morty: Uh, yeah. Well, you know, my-my Ferrari's in the shop. (nervously laughs) Just kidding.

Jessica: You're Morty, right?

Morty: Yeah. (Rick grabs Morty and takes him way)

Rick: You can get his number later. Come on, Morty. We got to get out of here. You got to get those seeds out of your ass. (Rick and Morty are stopped by Jerry, Beth, and Principal Vagina)

Jerry: Oh, look, honey. It's our son with Albert Ein-douche.

Beth: What?

Jerry: I'm an angry father, not an improviser.

Rick: Oh, hi, Jerry. Oh, my goodness, Morty! What are you doing out of class? We talked about this. Your-your parents and I are very disappointed in-in this behavior... No? No takers? (Rick and Morty are back at home in the garage while Jerry and Beth start taking all his things and packing them up so he can move to the nursing home)

Rick: You guys should really not be touching that stuff. It's beyond your reasoning.

Jerry: You're beyond our reasoning!

Rick: Takes one to know one.

Beth: Dad, how could you make my son miss an entire semester of school? I mean, it's not like he's a hot girl. He can't just bail on his life and set up shop in someone else's.

Rick: What what are you guys doing with my stuff?

Beth: We're moving you to a nursing home.

Rick: A nursing home? What are what are you, nuts? I'm a genius. I build robots for fun.

Jerry: Well, now you can build baskets and watch Paul Newman movies on VHS and mentally scar the Boy Scouts every Christmas.

Beth: What does that mean?

Jerry: It's personal.

Morty: Dad, mom, come on. Rick just needed my help is all.

Jerry: Morty, stay out of this. You are obviously not capable of judging these situations on your own.

Rick: What are you trying to say about Morty? That he's stupid or something?

Beth: Oh, don't high-road us, dad. You know fully well that Morty is the last child that needs to be missing classes.

Rick: I-I-I don't know what you mean by that. Can can can you be a little bit more specific?

Jerry: Oh, for crying out—he's got some kind of disability or something. Is that what you want us to say?

Morty: I do?

Jerry: Well, duh doy, son. Look, I love you, Morty, but we both know you're not as fast as the other kids, and if you want to compete in this world, you got to work twice as hard.

Morty: Aw, geez, dad. Y-you know, that's a lot to drop on a kid all at once.

Rick: Morty, t-tell your parents the square root of pi.

Morty: Oh, come on, Rick. You know I can't.

Rick: The square root of Pi, Morty. Go!

Morty: 1.77245385... Whoa!

Beth: What the hell?

Jerry: (checks Morty's answer with calculator) Holy crap. He's right.

Rick: Morty, tell your parents the first law of Thermodynamics.

Morty: "The increment in the internal energy of a system is equal to the increment of heat supplied to the system." Wow! I'm so smart!

Jerry: But—

Rick: I told the both of you school is stupid. It's not how you learn things. Morty's a gifted child. He has a special mind. That's why he's my little helper. He's like me. He's gonna be doing great science stuff later in his life. He's too smart for school. He needs to keep hanging out and helping me.

Beth: Jerry, I don't want whatever's happening here to stop.

Jerry: No, I-I understand. Uh, maybe we overreacted. But he has to keep going to school.

Rick: Okay, Jerry. You drive a hard bargain, but what am I supposed to do? Say no? You-you really wear the pants around here. I just want you to know, between us, from now on, it's gonna be clear communication. (Summer butts in, crying over the death of Frank)

Summer: (crying) Frank Palicky was frozen to death today!

Rick: No idea what you're talking about. (Summer leaves, crying)

Jerry: Okay. Well, uh, Morty, it's your bedtime in an hour. Don't stay up all night again. This is good, though. This can work. I think we can be a family and now, Beth, if you'll have me, I would love to have you.

Beth: You know what? Okay. (she and Jerry leave)

Morty: Holy cow, Rick. I didn't know hanging out with you was making me smarter.

Rick: Full disclosure, Morty it's not. Temporary superintelligence is just a side effect of the mega seeds dissolving in your rectal cavity.

Morty: Aw, man.

Rick: Yeah, and once those seeds wear off, you're gonna lose most of your motor skills, and you're also gonna lose a significant amount of brain functionality for 72 hours, Morty.

Starting right about now.

Morty: Ohh, man. (losing consciousness) Oh, geez! Ohh. (drops to the ground and starts moaning as he has a seizure)

Rick: I'm sorry, Morty. It's a bummer. In reality, you're as dumb as they come and I needed those seeds real bad, and I had to give them up just to get your parents off my back, so now we're gonna have to go get more adventures. (excitedly looks down upon him, telling him about their future adventures) And then we're gonna go on even more adventures after that, Morty and you're gonna keep your mouth shut about it, Morty, because the world is full of idiots that don't understand what's important, and they'll tear us apart, Morty but if you stick with me, I'm gonna accomplish great things, Morty, and you're gonna be part of them, and together, we're gonna run around, Morty. We're gonna do all kinds of wonderful things, Morty. Just you and me, Morty. The outside world is our enemy, Morty. We're the only friends we've got, Morty. It's just Rick and Morty. Rick and Morty and their adventures, Morty. Rick and Morty forever and forever. Morty's things. Me and Rick and Morty running around, and Rick and Morty time. All day long, forever. All a hundred days. Rick and Morty forever 100 times. Over and over, rickandmortyadventures.com. All 100 years. Every minute, rickandmorty.com.