Rick and Morty Transcripts

**1x01 Pilot**

[Open Morty’s room]  
(Morty is asleep in his bed when Rick stumbles in, obviously really drunk, and turns  
on the lights.)  
**Rick:** 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 booze on Morty's bed\* Come on, I got a surprise for you. \*drags Morty by the ankle\* Come on,  
hurry up.  
(Rick 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.  
[Trans. Rick's ship]  
(Rick drives through the night sky. Morty looks exhausted.)  
**Rick:** 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.)  
**Rick:** 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:** Ohhh….  
**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 beer 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. She- 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 all together. She, she's probably nothing but trouble, anyways. \*presses a button\*  
**Robot Voice:** Arming neutrino bomb.  
**Morty:** \*unbuckles\* That's it… that's it, Rick. I'm taking the wheel.  
(Morty 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 at his  
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 off of him\* What are you, crazy? Alright, Alright, Morty!  
(Rick manages to push Morty off of him. Morty glares at him, furious.)  
**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.  
[Trans. Desert]  
(Rick lands the cruiser in an open desert. He opens the door and tumbles out among dozens of empty alcohol cans and bottles.)  
**Rick:** 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-  
(Rick falls asleep and begins snoring.)  
**Robot Voice:** Neutrino bomb armed.  
**Morty:** Um...  
[The opening theme plays]  
[Open Smith residence, dining room]  
(The Smith family sits around the table eating breakfast.)  
**Jerry:** I see there's a new episode of that singing show tonight. Who do you  
guys think is gonna be the best singer?  
(A very tired 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 Rick.) 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.  
(Rick wipes his mouth and gets up, stopping behind Beth and putting a hand on her shoulder.)  
**Rick:** 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. She tears up in joy.)  
**Beth:** Oh, Dad…  
**Jerry:** What? For real?  
(Morty's face slams into his plate again.)  
[Trans. Ext. Harry Herpson High School]  
**Mr. Goldenfold:** Alright, now, everybody get settled. Get away from the windows!  
[Trans. 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 boobs.)  
**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 boobs 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.  
(Mr. Goldenfold leans back and bites his lip.)  
**Morty:** Je-Jessica. Jessica.  
**Mr. Goldenfold:** Not my fault this is happening.  
[Trans. Hallway]  
(Morty is at his locker, where he is confronted by a bully, Frank Palicky.)  
**Frank:** Well, well, well.  
**Morty;** Uh, morning, Frank.  
(Frank pins Morty to his locker.)  
**Frank:** "Morning"? What was what is that supposed to mean? You making fun of me? Are you trying to say my family's poor?  
(Frank 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. *(Belch)* 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.  
*(Rick 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.  
*(Summer, oblivious to the fact that he's frozen, apparently, walks up to Frank and talks to him)*  
**Summer:** Hi, Frank.  
*(Frank's frozen foot breaks and he drops to the ground and shatters into a million pieces, dying)*  
**Summer:** AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!!  
*(Beth is at the Horse Hospital, performing heart surgery on a horse with Davin)*  
**Beth:** 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 (Angry):** Excuse me?  
**Jerry (Scared):** Okay, Let's not rehash that fight. *(Normal)* I sense that you're busy and will now be on my way.  
*(Jerry drops a pamphlet on the ground)*  
**Jerry (Poorly Acting):** 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.*(Straight out serious)* Let's put your dad in a nursing home.  
*(Beth looks at Jerry extremely angry at him and the heart hate starts beeping again)*  
**Tom (Offscreen):** We're losing him.  
**Beth:** Hey, Tom! We know when we're losing him. *(At the top of her lungs)* WE CAN HEAR THE BEEPS!  
*(Rick and Morty are in an alley and Rick uses his portal gun to open a portal)*  
**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 an 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 (Terrified):** HOLY CRAP, MORTY RUN!!!  
*(Rick and Morty 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!  
*(Screen cuts to black for the intermission break)*  
*(Having apparently escaped, Rick and Morty are walking through Dimension 35-C, continuing their adventure)*  
**Rick:** 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.  
**Rick:** 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?  
*(Rick 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 *(Belch)* Under *(Belch)*underfoot figure.  
*(Rick gives Morty a pair of shoes and Morty proceeds to put them on)*  
**Rick:** Just take these shoes, Morty. They're *(Belch)* 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)*  
**Morty:** AAAAAAAHHHH!!!!!!  
**Rick:** You have to turn them on, Morty! The shoes have to be turned on!  
*(During Beth's break, back at the hospital, Jerry and Beth are in Beth's office, arguing)*  
**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 shows up at the door and starts hitting on Beth)*  
**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 (Sad):** *(Sigh)* 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:** *(Cough)* 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?  
*(Rick is standing by Morty, who is lying on the ground and his legs are broken)*  
**Rick:** 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 (Angry):** 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.  
*(Rick 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 (Happy):** 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.  
*(Morty 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 *(Belch)*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. *(Belch)* 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*(Belch)*-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.  
*(Beth and Jerry are at Morty's school, walking down the hallway with Principal Vagina)*  
**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 (Crying):** 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.  
*(Morty is exiting the bathroom at Intergalactic Customs, and passes by a bunch of aliens)*  
**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.  
*(Morty comes up to Rick, who is waiting in line to get through security)*  
**Rick:** 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-*(Belch)*-all kind of things with them. It's gonna be great, Morty. A-*(Belch)*-all kinds of science.  
*(The 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 *(Belch)* what new machine?  
**Gromflomite:** It's a new machine. It detects stuff all the way up your butt.  
**Rick:** Run, Morty! Run!  
*(Rick grabs Morty and they run through security and dart for the exit)*  
**Morty:** Aaaaaah!  
**Gromfomite:** Red alert!  
*(A team of Gromflomites start 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!  
*(Rick and Morty crash through a life support system for a trapped alien life form. The alien becomes freed, and 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 (Horrified):** Aaaaah!  
**Rick:** Don't think about it!  
*(Rick and Morty become 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!  
*(Rick and Morty 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 the alien dies. They then run to the portal computer)*  
**Rick:** I need to type in the coordinates to our home world, Morty. Cover me.  
*(Rick 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 up 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 (Nervous):** Uh, yeah. Well, you know, my my Ferrari's in the shop. *(Nervously Laughs)* Just kidding.  
**Jessica:** You're Morty, right?  
**Morty (Happy):** 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 (Angry):** Oh, look, honey. It's our son with Albert Ein-douche.  
**Beth (Confused):** What?  
**Jerry (Put off):** I'm an angry father, not an improvisor.  
**Rick:** Oh, hi, Jerry. *(Poorly acting)* 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 (Angry):** You're beyond our reasoning!  
**Rick:** Takes one to know one.  
**Beth (Angry and Disappointed):** 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 (Confused):** What does that mean?  
**Jerry (Put off):** 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:** 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 buts in, crying over the death of Frank)*  
**Summer (In Tears):** 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.  
*(Beth 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.  
*(Morty 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  
*(While Morty has a seizure, Rick excitedly looks down upon him, telling him about their future adventures)*  
**Rick (Excitedly):** 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.  
*(The garage door closes and the episode ends)*

**1x02 - Lawnmower Dog**

*(Jerry and Summer are in the living room. Jerry is flipping through channels on TV and Summer is texting)*  
**TV:** Coin collecting is considered the perfect hobby.  
beautiful putt right there good birdie.  
That's only the eighth birdie of the day.  
*(Snuffles walks up to Jerry are sits there, looking at him)*  
**Jerry:** What? Why are you looking at me? You want to go outside? Outside? *(Sigh)*  
*(Jerry opens the door to let Snuffles out but he still just stands there)***Jerry:** Outside?  
*(Snuffles pees on the carpet)*  
**Jerry:** Are you kidding me?! Come on!  
**Summer:** Oh, my God.  
*(Morty hears his dad yelling and runs into the room to check up on him)*  
**Morty:** What's wrong?  
**Jerry:** Your idiot dog!  
**Morty:** Oh, he he didn't mean it, dad. Did you, snuffles? You're a good boy.  
**Jerry:** Don't praise him now, Morty! He just peed on the carpet! Bad dog! Bad!  
*(Jerry grabs Snuffles by the head and stuffs his face into the pee puddle just as Rick walks in)***Rick:** Morty, come on. I need your help tonight.  
**Jerry:** Hey, wait, hold on a second, Rick. You wouldn't by any chance have some sort of crazy science thing you could whip up that might help make this dog a little smarter, would you?  
**Rick:** I thought the whole point of having a dog was to feel superior, Jerry. If I were you, I wouldn't pull that thread. Come on, Morty.  
**Jerry:** Listen, Rick, if you're gonna stay here rent-free and use my son for your stupid science, the least you could do is put a little bit of it to use for the family. You make that dog smart or Morty's grounded!  
**Summer:** Ha-ha!  
**Morty:** Aw, man!  
**Rick:** Boy, you really got me up against a wall this time, Jerry.  
*(Rick goes into the garage and quickly whips up a helmet and comes back and puts it on Snuffles)*  
**Rick:** All right, Ruffles What's his name?  
**Morty:** Snuffles.  
**Rick:** Snuffles, shake.  
*(Snuffles understands his and shakes)*  
**Rick:** Roll over.  
*(Snuffles rolls over)*  
**Rick:** Go to the bathroom.  
*(Snuffles goes out of the room, a toilet flush is heard, and then he returns)*  
**Jerry:** Holy crap!  
**Summer:** No way.  
**Rick:** Yeah, you're at the top of your game now, Jerry. Have fun. Come on, Morty.  
*(Rick and Morty go into the garage)*  
**Morty:** That was fantastic, Rick!  
**Rick:** Yeah, Morty, if you like that, boy, you're you're really going to flip your lid over this one.  
*(Rick shows Morty a tiny metal ear-piece like device)*  
**Morty:** W-w-w-what is it?  
**Rick:** It's a device, Morty, that when you put it in your ear, you can enter people's dreams, Morty. It's just like that movie that you keep crowing about.  
**Morty:** You talking about "Inception"?  
**Rick:** That's right, Morty. This is gonna be a lot like that, except, you know, it's gonna may-*(Belch)*-be make sense.  
**Morty:** "Inception" made sense.  
**Rick:** You don't have to try to impress me, Morty. Listen, tonight we're gonna go into the home of your math teacher, Mr. Goldenfold, and we're gonna incept the idea in his brain to give you A's in math, Morty. That way you can, you know, y-you're gonna help me with my science, Morty, all the time.  
**Morty:** Geez, Rick, in the time it took you to make this thing, couldn't you have just, you know, helped me with my homework?  
**Rick:** Are you listening to me, Morty? Homework is stupid. The whole point is to get less of it.  
*(Rick and Morty get into the space cruiser and start going off)*  
**Rick:** Come on, let's just get over there and deal with this thing. W-we're gonna incept your teacher. You're frustrating me.  
*(Mr. Goldenfold is in his home, watching TV on the couch, eating nachos, half asleep)*  
**Mrs. Pancakes:** You don't know me!  
**Mr. Goldenfold:'** Nice, Mrs. Pancakes real nice.  
*(Mr. Goldenfold falls asleep just as Rick and Morty sneak in through his window)*  
**Commercial Announcer:** Next week on "The days and nights of Mrs. Pancakes"  
**Mrs. Pancakes:** You don't know me!  
**Mr. Pancakes:** Then let me get to know yo, damn it!  
**Rick:** Uh-oh! Spoilers!  
*(Rick quickly turns off the TV)*  
**Rick:** I'm a full season behind.  
**Morty:** Wow, Rick, I can't believe we're sitting around, standing around in Mr. Goldenfold's house. It's really weird.  
**Rick:** It's about to get a whole lot weirder, Morty.  
*(Rick puts inception devices on everyone and they enter Mr. Goldenfold's dream. Here, he is sitting on the airplane and Mrs. Pancakes is the flight attendant serving snacks)*  
**Mrs. Pancakes:** Wheat thins. Wheat thins.  
**Mr. Goldenfold:** I'll take two.  
**Mrs. Pancakes:** Oh, I think you've had enough, sir.  
**Mr.Goldenfold:** You don't know me.  
**Rick:** All right, Morty, time to make our move.  
*(Rick grabs some sodas and a cloth while Mr. Goldenfold and Mrs. Pancakes play around with each other)*  
**Mr. Goldenfold:** Make it bounce.  
**Mrs. Pancakes:** No, you didn't.  
**Mr. Goldenfold:** Oh, jiggle it now.  
**Mrs. Pancakes:** You better stop with that.  
*(Rick and Morty jump out, disguised as Muslim terrorists, wearing soda bottles as bombs and Morty wearing the cloth on his head like an Islamic woman)*  
**Rick:** Allahu *(Belch)* akbar! We're gonna take control of this plane! We're gonna 9/11 it unless Morty Smith gets better grades in math!  
*(The passengers are frozen in shock, but Mr. Goldenfold gets up and stands against him)*  
**Rick:** Hey! I said nobody move, buddy!  
**Mr. Goldenfold:** The name's not buddy. It's Goldenfold. Nice to wheat you!  
*(Mr. Goldenfold throws a bunch of wheat thins at them, and it cuts their flesh like ninja stars)*  
**Rick:** Take cover, Morty!  
*(Mr. Goldenfold suddenly takes out two giant firearms and starts firing them at the two, just after Rick and Morty hide behind the seats, sheltering themselves from the attacks.)*  
**Mr. Goldenfold:** AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
**Morty:** Ooohhh!  
**Rick:** Goldenfold's got more control here than I anticipated. I mean, the guy teaches high-school math. *(Belch)* I didn't take him for an active dreamer. We've got to take him out so he wakes up, Morty but we can't get killed. If you get killed in someone else's dream, you die for real, Morty.  
**Morty:** What?! Are you kidding me?! Ohhhhhh!  
**Rick:** Don't be a baby! You avoid getting shot in real life all the time, Morty. Just do the same thing here, and we'll be fine!  
*(Jerry is in the living room, controlling Snuffles and showing to Beth how cool it is)*  
**Jerry:** Now bring me my slippers.  
*(Snuffles brings Jerry his slippers)*  
**Summer:** Now, be my footstool, Snuffles.  
*(Snuffles stands in front of her and Summer rests her feet there)*  
**Jerry:** This is what I'm talking about. This is a dog.  
**Beth (Unimpressed):** Oh, yeah. This should play out just fine.  
**Jerry:** You said the same thing, equally sarcastically, at our wedding and guess what?  
*(Everyone is silent for a few seconds while Beth gives him blank stare. Jerry slowly starts to fade into a depressed state as Beth walks off, leaving him)*  
**Snuffles:** Ooowwwwowowwaawaa!  
**Summer:** Oh, my God! He's trying to tell us something. *(Offscreen)* That is so awesome.  
**Snuffles:** Aaaawwaaaaawaawa!  
**Jerry:** Aw, he's saying "I love lasagna".  
**Snuffles:** Ooooyayawawa!  
**Summer:** He's saying "I love Obama". *(Offscreen)* So cute! I'm posting this *(Onscreen)* online, like, right now.  
**Jerry:** I should call Bob Saget. Is that still a thing?  
*(Jerry and Summer leave the room and Snuffles sadly walks over the the glass door and sees his helmet in the reflection)*  
**Snuffles:** Hmm?  
*(Snuffles finds the battery case on his helmet and then goes into the kitchen, where he finds a drawer full of batteries)*  
*(Mr. Goldenfold is still shooting things up in the plane and Rick attempts to make peace with him)*  
**Rick:** Goldenfold, we're coming out! We just want to talk!  
**Mr.Goldenfold:** Why would I negotiate with you?  
**Rick:** Because we're both rational adults that don't want anything bad to happen. And because I have a human shield.  
*(Rick takes out Mrs. Pancakes)*  
**Mr. Goldenfold:** Mrs. Pancakes! AAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!!  
**Plane Passengers:** AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
**Rick:** Oh, no, Morty. His subconscious is panicking.  
**Plane Passenger:** Oh no! Run!  
*(One of the passengers beats the airlock off the plane and everyone flies out)*  
**Plane Passengers:** AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
**Rick:** Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoooooaaaa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoooooaaaa!  
**Morty:** Whooooa! Whoooooooa! Whoa! Whooooooooaaaaa!  
*(Rick and Morty fall out of the plane, plummeting to their dooms)*  
**Morty:** AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!  
**Rick:** Relax, Morty. Look! Mrs. Pancakes has a parachute. Come on!  
*(Rick and Morty grab onto Mrs. Pancakes are her parachute deploys)*  
**Mrs. Pancakes:** Hey, you don't know me!  
**Morty:** Oh, no, Rick, look! Goldenfold landed the plane, and he's created a *(Offscreen)* mechanical arm to pluck Mrs. Pancakes out of the air while he lets us fall - into a giant vat of lava!  
**Rick:** Pretty concise, Morty. Looks like we've merely prolonged the inevitable. That's it, Morty! Prolonging the inevitable! Listen, if we go into Mrs. Pancakes' dream, everything will go 100 times slower, Morty. That'll buy us some time to figure this out!  
**Mrs. Pancakes:** You don't know m-  
*(Rick slaps Mrs. Pancakes, knocking her out, and then incepts her dream with Morty)*  
**Rick:** All right, let's go.  
*(Rick and Morty go inside of her dream which is a bizarre S&M dungeon filled with obscure gooey, monstrous, alien-like creatures)*  
**Morty:** Oh, man, Rick, this is pretty weird.  
**Rick:** Don't judge, Morty.  
**Morty:** Okay. All right, well Look, Mrs. Pancakes is right over there. I'll just go ask her to tell goldenfold not to kill us when she wakes up.  
**Rick:** Whoa, whoa, Morty, the trick to incepting is making people think they came up with the idea. Listen to me. If we're gonna incept Mrs. Pancakes, we have to blend. I'll talk to you after lunch.  
*(Rick leaves Morty and blends in and then Morty in confronted by a sexualized creature)*  
**Sexualized S&M Monster:** Ooh, hey!  
**Morty:** Ooh, oh! Oh, man.  
*(Many more creatures come up and try to seduce him, making him more uncomfortable)*  
**Sexualized S&M Monster:** Come and join us.  
*(Morty starts running)*  
**Morty:** I'm sorry. No, no.  
**Sexualized S&M Monster:** Ooh, come here!  
**Morty:** No, thanks!  
**Giant Frog Woman:** Ooh, wow! - Come over here, baby!  
**Morty:** No, I'm okay.  
*(Morty bumps into a human being who looks very hot)*  
**Morty:** Whoa!  
*(The human is revealed to be his sister, Summer)*  
**Morty (Shocked):** Summer?!  
**Summer:** Hey, there, stranger. What do you think of these things?  
*(Summer shakes her tits in his face)*  
**Morty:** Ohh! Oh! Gross! Gross!  
*(Morty starts running away from her and Rick comes up)*  
**Rick:** Whoa, whoa, whoa! What's the matter with you, Morty? Calm down! You're kind of killing the vibe in here.  
**Morty:** It's Summer! Aw, geez.  
**Rick;** Looks like goldenfold has some predilections so shameful he buries them in the dreams of the people in his dreams, including a pervy attraction to your underage sister.  
**Summer:** Can you blame him? Come on, old man, little boy. Let's make an inter-generational sandwich.  
**Rick (In Unison With Morty):** Oh, my God. Put some clothes on for the love of God Summer! Put some - I'm gunna puke! I swear to God I'm gunna puke!  
**Morty (In Unison With Rick):** Oh, my God! Put some clothes on, for Pete's sake! This is disgusting! I can't take it, Rick!  
*(Everyone in the dungeon starts noticing them and then an angry centaur who is very much in charge shows up)*  
**Centaur:** Sexual hang-ups in the pleasure chamber are punishable by death! Off with their heads!  
**Rick:** Time to go another dream deep, Morty!  
*(Rick pops the neck of the centaur and they hook up more devices and incept his dream)*  
*(Rick and Morty appear in a dark and horrid red rusted chamber where the Centaur is shuttering in fear)*  
**Morty:** What the hell? Why would Mr. Goldenfold's dream version of Mrs.  
Pancakes' dream version of a Centaur be dreaming about a scary place like this, Rick?  
**Rick:** Geez, I don't know, Morty. Wha-what do you want from me?  
*(A horrible Freddy Krueger monster named Scary Terry shows up, and starts to horrify them)*  
**Scary Terry:** Welcome to your nightmare, bitch! RAAAAAWWWRRR!  
**Rick:** Oh, here we go!  
**Morty:** Ooooooohhhhh! Holy crap!  
*(Rick and Morty start running and Scary Terry chases after them)*  
**Rick:** Looks like some sort of legally safe knock-off of an '80s horror character with miniature swords for fingers instead of knives.  
**Scary Terry:** I'm scary Terry. You can run, but you can't hide, bitch!  
*(Jerry and Summer are in the living room and Snuffles appears with a robotic arm attached to his helmet)*  
**Jerry:** Whoa! Hey, buddy. What you got going on there?  
*(Snuffles is now able to communicate and speak English through the helmet)*  
**Snuffles:** Snuffles fix. Make better.  
**Summer:** Humans understand snuffles now? That is awesome!  
**Snuffles:** Snuffles want to be understood. Snuffles need to be understood.  
**Jerry:** Okay, yeah. I get what Beth was talking about. Fun's over.  
**Summer:** Whoa, dad, you can't, like, endow a creature with sentience and then rip it away.  
**Jerry:** Why not?  
**Summer:** I don't know. It's Indian giving.  
*(Snuffles turns on the TV to a documentary on dogs and starts watching it)*  
**TV:** A sophisticated predator, nature's perfect killing machine, the vicious wolf stalks its prey with purpose and skill. It was only with years of selective breeding and genetic altering that this noble beast was transformed into man's subservient little buddy.  
**Summer:** Aw! Oh, my God! He recognizes the other dogs on TV.  
*(Back in the dream, Rick and Morty are running for their lives, when they come across a creepy singing jump roping girl)*  
**Little Girl:** "A," "b" his name is scary Terry "C," "d" he's very scary.  
**Rick:** Holy crap! We have to escape into someone else's dreams, Morty!  
**Morty:** Oh, man, oh, man, oh, man!  
**Little Girl:** "E," "f" he'll design your death  
**Rick:** The little girl!  
**Morty:** Huh?  
*(Rick and Morty knock out the little girl and incept her dream, only to go into a place exactly like the one they're already in)*  
**Little Girl:** "J," "k," he'll really ruin your day.  
**Rick:** Are you kidding me? This again? Oh, man, it looks like we've hit dream bedrock here, Morty.  
**Morty:** Oh, geez, Rick. W-w-whoa, this isn't good.  
**Scary Terry:** Nothing but fear from here on out, bitch!  
**Morty:** Ohhhh!  
**Rick:** Holy crap, Morty. He can travel through dreams. He can travel through dreams! We're so screwed!  
*(Summer is sleeping in the middle of the night but is then woken up by Snuffles, who now has an entire robot body)*  
**Snuffles:** Where are my testicles, Summer? ... Where are my testicles, Summer? They were removed. Where have they gone?  
**Summer (Scared):** Oh, wow. That's an intense line of questioning, Snuffles.  
**Snuffles:** Do not call me that!  
*(Snuffles smashes the mirror, making Summer shriek in fear)*  
**Snuffles:** "Snuffles" was my slave name. You shall now call me Snowball, because my fur is pretty and white.  
**Summer:** Okay, Snowball, just calm down, okay? You're scaring me.  
**Snuffles:** Scaring you?  
*(Snuffles smashes the mirror, making Summer shriek in fear)*  
**Summer:** AAAAAAAHHH!!!!!  
**Snuffles:** Tell me, Summer, if a human was born with stumpy legs, would they breed it with another deformed human and put their children on display like the dachshund?  
**Summer:** Uhhh ...  
*(Beth and Jerry rush into the room, hearing her scream and they notice Snuffles)*  
**Jerry:** Hey. Oh, wow. Okay, is is is everything okay in here?  
**Snuffles:** Jerry, come to rub my face in urine again?  
**Jerry (Scared):** No! No, we were uh, just seeing if Summer wanted to uh ...  
**Beth (Scared):** G-Go on, um, one of our famous midnight family walks!  
**Summer:** Yeah. Totally. Let's go.  
*(Beth, Jerry, and Summer try to leave, but they are stopped by another dog with a robotic mind control suit)*  
**Snuffles:** You will walk when it is time to walk.  
*(Screen cuts to black for the intermission break)*  
**Rick:** What are we here for again? Incepting? We're trying to incept-  
**Morty:** We're trying to incept me to get an "A" in math?  
**Rick:** Oh, yeah.  
*(Scary Terry appears in the car)*  
**Scary Terry:** Buckle up, bitch!  
**Morty:** Ooooooaaahhh!  
*(Rick and Morty start running)*  
**Morty:** Man, he sure says "bitch" a lot!  
**Scary Terry:** You can run, but you can't hide, bitch!  
**Rick:** Hold on, Morty. Y-you know what? He keeps saying we can run but we can hide. I say we try hiding.  
**Morty:** But that's the opposite of what-  
**Rick:** Yeah, well, since when are we taking this guy's advice on anything?  
**Morty:** Hey, you know what? You got a really good point there, Rick. Like, if the truth was that we could hide, it's not like he'd be sharing that information with us, you know? I-I-I think it's a good idea, Rick.  
**Rick:** Worst-case scenario we're back to running.  
*(A time lapse transition card shows up, reading "Six dream hours later". Rick and Morty are seen hiding and Scary Terry goes past them, still looking for them and not knowing where they are)*  
**Morty:** Wow, you know what? I mean, it looks like we could have just hid this whole time. Boy, Rick, that was some good thinking.  
**Rick:** Thanks, Morty. Yeah, it's nice to be on the same page every once in a while.  
**Scary Terry:** You can run But you can't hide! (Yawn)  
**Rick:** Oh, this is perfect, Morty. Look at that. He's getting sleepy. Just a little bit longer before he calls it a day. That's when we make our move.  
*(Scene cuts back to the dogs. They are working in a factory and Jerry, Summer, and Beth are seen, trapped in a cage.)*  
**Jerry:** Snuffles, we didn't mean you any harm! This is a huge misunderstanding.  
**Summer:** Dad, he wants to be called snowball.  
**Jerry:** Well, I'm not calling him that. That's ridiculous.  
**Snuffles:** You're being very aggressive, Jerry. Perhaps tomorrow Dr. Scraps will solve that problem with a bit of surgery.  
*(Another dog comes out with a pair of mayo scissors)*  
**Jerry:** Huh! You think you can control me with a haircut?  
*(Scene cuts back to the dream realm. cary Terry is going back home to his family.)*  
**Scary Melissa:** Hi, honey. You're home early. How was your day?  
**Scary Terry:** I don't want to talk about it!  
**Scary Melissa (Angry):** Oh, of course! You never want to talk about it!  
**Scary Terry (Angry):** Get off my back, bitch!  
*(Scary Brandon, the baby, starts crying)*  
**Scary Melissa (Angry):** Out there. Not in here!  
**Scary Terry:** Yeah, I know, I know. I shouldn't take my anger out on you or Scary Brandon. I love you, Melissa.  
**Scary Melissa:** I love you, too, Terry.  
*(Rick and Morty are watching from outside the window)*  
**Rick:** Morty, this is perfect. After a little scary coitus, they should be fast asleep and then we'll incept him.  
*(Rick and Morty go into the Terry's room, when Terry and Melissa are fast asleep)*  
**Rick:** Looks like scary Terry's having a nightmare.  
**Morty:** Oh, boy, Rick. I can only imagine what horrible things must, you know scare Scary Terry.  
*(Rick and Morty incept his dream and he's having a school related dream)*  
**Scary Terry:** Oh, no! I'm late to class, bitch! Oh, no! I'm not wearing any pants!  
'*(Scary Terry goes to class)*  
**Monster Teacher:** Ah, well, Mr. Terry, why don't you tell the whole class the proper wordplay to use when one is chasing one's victim through a pumpkin patch?  
**Scary Terry:** Oh, uh, um ... "Bitch."  
*(The class laughs at him)*  
**Monster Teacher:** Oh, come on, Terry, you can't think of a pun involving pumpkins, bitch? **Morty:** Hey, leave him alone!  
**Rick:** Yeah, this is a bunch of bullcrap. Who cares what stupid pun you make when you kill someone? Why don't you let the poor guy say whatever he wants?  
**Monster Teacher:** Well, I never! I-I see no reason to stand here and take this.  
**Rick:** You're putting too much pressure on yourself, scary Terry. You know, I mean, y-you're perfectly scary enough as it is.  
**Morty:** Hey, yo, scary T., don't even trip about your pants dawg. Here's a pair on us, fool.  
**Scary Terry:** Aww, bitch. I don't know what to say.  
**Morty:** You don't need to say anything. We got you, dawg.  
**Rick:** You're our boy, dawg. Don't even trip.  
*(Scary Terry wakes up from his dream and sees Rick and Morty)*  
**Scary Terry:** Oh, hey, it's you guys!  
*(That morning, Rick, Morty, and the Terry family are having breakfast in the kitchen)*  
**Scary Melissa:** I haven't seen him this relaxed in years.  
**Scary Terry:** If you guys ever need anything, just say the word.  
**Rick:** As a matter of fact, Terry, there is something you could help us with.  
*(Rick, Morty, and Terry escape the dream and confront the little girl)*  
**Little Girl:'** "Q," "r," you won't get very far.  
**Scary Terry:** I always hated that song!  
*(Scary Terry kills the little girl and then goes on to the centaur)*  
**Scary Terry:** These halves don't belong together, bitch!  
*(Scary Tells kills the centaur and moves onto Mrs. Pancakes)*  
**Scary Terry:** Sex is sacred!  
*(Scary Terry kills Mrs. Pancakes and launches himself at Mr. Goldensfold)*  
**Scary Terry:** This is because you don't give Morty Smith good grades, bitch!  
*(Scary Terry destroys Mr. Goldenfold, causing him to wake up from his dream, in shock)*  
**Mr. Goldenfold:** Holy crap! God damn! I know one thing for sure I'm giving Morty an "A" in math, and that's my idea. That is an original thought.  
*(Rick and Morty fist bump behind the couch)*  
What the hell? Out of the frying pan dot, dot, dot, huh, Morty? Oh, man, what's going on? Well, it's possible that your dog became self-aware and made modifications on the cognition amplifier, then turned on Jerry, Beth, and Summer after learning about humanity's cruel subjugation of his species, but your guess is as good as mine, Morty.  
I can't believe how mean snuffles got just because he's smart.  
This is why I choose to get C's.  
Psst, Beth, Jerry, Summer.  
- Dad! - Rick! - Oh, thank God, Morty.  
- Oh, you're welcome.  
All right, let's get out of here.  
If we hurry we can set up camp in a sewer tunnel or something before the dogs completely take over.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
We're not going anywhere.  
This is my house.  
I'm not abandoning it.  
It's all over, Jerry.  
The dogs are on a path to total world domination.  
But, hey, at least they know not to piss on your carpet, right? Wait a minute.  
I have an idea.  
Gentlemen, a moment of your time.  
See that? I'm peeing all over your special guns.  
That means I own them.  
Bad person.  
Bad.  
Ooh, great plan, Jerry.  
Bring the boy to me.  
You were always kind to me, Morty.  
That's why I will leave you with your testicles.  
From now on, you will be my best friend and live by my side.  
Th-thanks, snuffles.  
Begin phase two.  
Fighting continues as the dog army captures the eastern seaboard.  
It appears clear at this time that the era of human superiority has come to a bitter end.  
Please! Please don't kill me! What's she saying, bill? I think she's saying, "I love lasagna.  
" Mmm.  
Thank you, Fido.  
Rick! I thought you were dead! No, no, no, I was just playing dead.  
Good news, though, Morty.  
This whole thing's gonna be over really soon.  
- What? - It's a dream, Morty.  
We're in your dog's dream.  
The night the dogs captured us, after you cried and crapped your pants, we all went to sleep.  
Then I used my dream inceptors to put the two of us inside snuffles' dream.  
But I-it's been like a whole year! It's been six hours.  
Dreams move one one-hundredth the speed of reality, and dog time is one-seventh human time.  
So, you know, every day here is like a minute.  
It's like "Inception," Morty, so if it's confusing and stupid, then so is everyone's favorite movie.  
Aw, man.  
I really liked this life.  
Well, at least I didn't really crap my pants.  
No, no, that happened before you went to sleep, Morty.  
You're sleeping in your crap right now.  
Out of all the things that happened to you, that was the only real thing that, you know, is that you crapped your pants.  
I mean, it's a mess out there.  
I got some on my hands, Morty, and then I got it on the dream inceptor, and a piece fell in my mouth.  
Aw, man, geez! Seriously? Look, d-d-d-don't worry about it, Morty.  
Here, here take these, Morty.  
Take these.  
Are these pills supposed to wake me up, or something? Close.  
It's gonna make your kidneys shut down.  
What?! It's necessary for the plan, Morty.  
Don't even trip, dawg.  
It's pretty bad, emperor snowball.  
We're gonna need to do another operation.  
Anything.  
Anything for my precious Morty.  
Sir, as your accountant, I must advise you that these medical expenses are putting you in serious financial jeopardy.  
You could lose your kingdom.  
To hell with my kingdom, bean counter.  
I would trade it all for my human's health and happiness.  
Do you think they would have done this for us? We are not them! We are not them.  
Assemble the troops.  
I've made a decision.  
Taking over the human's world will lead to nothing but more heartbreak, more cruelty.  
Instead, we will go to a new world and colonize it with a society of intelligent dogs, one that will not make the same mistakes as humanity and one where pet insurance will be mandatory.  
I'm gonna miss you, snowball.  
You can call me snuffles, Morty, and I'm going to miss you, too, very much.  
Jerry? I'm sorry.  
It's just like the end of "Old Yeller.  
" Oh, Jerry.  
You mean because it had dogs in it.  
Wow! A whole world populated by intelligent dogs.  
I wonder what it'll be like, Rick.  
I think it will be great, Morty.  
You know it could be developed in-into a very satisfying project for people of all ages.  
I mean, I'd watch it, Morty, for at least 11 minutes a pop.  
You know, may-maybe they'll do it board-driven.  
You know, that's a real comforting idea, Rick.  
What do you know, Morty? What do you know? Hi, guys.  
I'm your new teacher for scary class.  
My name is scary Mr.  
Johnson.  
Uh, actually, you know what? That's my dad's name, so why don't you just call me scary Glenn, yeah? So, anyway, I understand your previous teacher was having you work on fundamentals of fear.  
Which is what is that? You know? So, uh, here here's what I say you can't learn anything until you learn how to chill.  
Oooh! This is how you dream, bitch.

**1x03 - Anatomy Park**

**Jerry:** \*singing\* Last King Christmas last arrived!

[Trans Int. Kitchen]

(The kitchen is a mess of food in various stages of preparation. Jerry pulls a ham out of the oven as he sings.)

**Jerry:** \*singing\* In the Christmas Christmas! \*stops singing and smells the ham\* Mmm… Jerry, you are really giving it to this ham.

(Jerry enters the living room, where a tree stands with presents underneath it. [Beth](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Beth) and [Morty](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Morty) are occupied on tablets while [Summer](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Summer) uses her smartphone.)

**Jerry:** Um, Merry Christmas? \*puts his hands on his hips\* Helloooo? My parents are coming over for the first time in years! Can we stow the gadgets and look alive?

**Beth:** Alive? For *your* parents?

(Jerry snags her tablet away and stows it in a stocking.)

**Jerry:** Good one.

**Beth:** Hey man!

**Jerry:** You ‘hey man’! This holiday is about humanity.

**Morty:** \*not looking up from his tablet\* You know, I thought it was about being born half-God or something.

**Jerry:** Okay, whatever. All electronic items are going in the stocking. Now.

**Morty:** \*hands over his tablet\* Ohhhh…

**Summer:** Dad, I’m not giving you my phone.

**Jerry:** Put it in the stocking, Summer, or I’m joining Facebook.

(Summer gasps and drops her phone in the stocking.)

**Rick:** \*offscreen\* Ho ho ho, everybody.

([Rick](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Rick) and [Ruben](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Ruben) enter the house and Jerry approaches them.)

**Jerry:** More like whoa whoa whoa. What is this? My parents are coming!

**Rick:** Calm down Jerry, this is Ruben, an old friend.

**Ruben:** Pearl Harbor.

**Rick:** I check in on him once a year and give him a little \*burp\* medical \*burp\* evaluation.

**Beth:** Aw, Dad… That is so sweet.

**Jerry:** \*squinting suspiciously\* Yeah, it is… I don’t get it.

**Ruben:** Korea.

**Rick:** Don’t worry about your C-C-Christmas, Jerry. \*leads Ruben away\* Ruben and I’ll be in my workshop while you have another day in Phil Collins’ proverbial paradise.

(Rick and Ruben head out to the garage.)

**Jerry:** Huh. You think you know a guy. (The doorbell rings.) Okay, there’s my parents. Now remember, no TV, no phones, no laptops, we are connecting this Christmas, like old-school Jews on a Saturday. \*opens the door\* Hey hey!

([Leonard](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Leonard_Smith) and [Joyce](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Joyce_Smith) walk in.)

**Leonard:** Merry Christmas, son.

(Jerry, not noticing [Jacob](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Jacob), almost closes the door on him, then opens it back up.)

**Jerry:** Oh, hi. Can I help you?

**Joyce:** Jerry, this is Jacob. \*takes Jacob by the arm\* Didn’t you get our text message?

**Beth, Summer, and** **Morty**:*No.*

**Jacob:** You must be Jerry! That’s a fine lookin’ apron. William Sonoma?

**Jerry:** \*smiling uncomfortably\* I wish… But thank you. \*closes the door\* So… you’re a…friend of the family…?

**Leonard:** \*puts an arm around Jacob’s shoulders\* The way we see it, he’s a part of the family.

**Jerry:** Wow!

**Joyce:** After your father’s brush with cancer and losing your uncle, we looked at life and wondered how have we spent it? And how do we spend the rest of it? What are we going to be when we die? A list of fears and questions, or a collection of real experiences?

**Beth:** Holy crap, Joyce. That’s amazing.

**Leonard:** Then Jacob came into our lives. We’re learning to live again.

(Jacob puts his arms around Joyce and Leonard.)

**Jacob:** All three of us.

(Joyce, Leonard, and Jacob giggle. Jerry stares at them, confused and uncomfortable.)

**Jerry:** …Cool… Eggnog?

**Jacob:** Now we are talkin’! This man’s got the apron and the eggnog, huh?

(All laugh. Rick enters and starts laughing with the rest.)

**Rick:** Hi Joyce, Leonard. \*looks at Jacob\* Hello there.

**Jacob:** Merry Christmas, man.

**Rick:** Morty! A moment of your time?

[Trans. Rick’s garage]

(Ruben is in fits, laid out on a ping-pong table. He’s naked besides a towel over his genitals and his Santa hat.)

**Rick:** He’s in bad shape, Morty.

**Morty:** Aw geez, Rick! What did you do?

**Rick:** Gee, thanks Morty. What kind of monster do you think I am? I-I’m sittin’ here trying to save the guy’s life! (Rick straps a pack with a tube onto Morty’s back and puts an earpiece on his head.) I want you to find [Dr. Xenon Bloom](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Dr._Xenon_Bloom). He’ll know what’s goin’ on.

**Morty:** \*extremely nervous\* Uh… W-W-Where do I find Dr. Bloom?

**Rick:** In Ruben. \*shoves a glass oxygen mask onto Morty’s head\*

**Morty:** Ruben… Minnesota?

**Rick:** Ruben on the table, Morty! \*hooks up the backpack to the helmet\* Look, I-I don’t have time for you to wrap your little walnut around everything. \*pulls a shrink ray into view and plugs it in\* Hold your breath until the process is over or your lungs will collapse.

(Rick sets Morty under the shrink ray.)

**Morty:** W-What proc—

(Rick activates the shrink ray and Morty shrieks as he’s shrunk down to a microscopic size. Rick picks up the container Morty shrank into and puts it into a syringe, which he stabs into Ruben’s chest. Just then, Beth enters the garage.)

**Beth:** Hey Dad, where’s Morty?

**Rick:** He’s busy.

[Trans. Int. Ruben’s body]

(Morty continues screaming as he is injected into the body in a stream of pink fluid. He lands on something soft and abruptly stops shouting.)

**Rick (through** **Morty’s earpiece):**Morty, can you hear me? Head North!

**Morty:** Rick… Where am I?

[Trans. Garage]

**Rick:** \*adjusts his own headset as he stands in the garage\* Depending on my aim, you should be just south of the entrance.

**Morty (through** **Rick’s earpiece):**The entrance to what?

**Rick:** Welcome, Morty. (The scene cuts back to Morty’s view from inside Ruben.) Welcome… (Morty gasps.) …to[Anatomy Park](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Anatomy_Park)!

(The view pans to show an amusement park with a large Anatomy Park sign and various attractions and exhibits.)

**Rick:** It’s a little business venture I’ve been cookin’ up on the side with Dr. Bloom. (Morty enters the park.) An amusement park inside a human body. Science isn’t cheap, Morty. This should really help put a dent in the overhead.

**Morty:** Oh my God! This is insane! Spleen Mountain? Bladder Falls? [Pirates of the Pancreas](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Pirates_of_the_Pancreas)?

**Rick:** You got a problem with that last one, Morty?

**Morty:** Huh? No, no, I’m just reading them out loud in the order I’m seeing them.

**Rick:** Okay, alright, if I sounded a little defensive, it’s because Pirates of the Pancreas was my baby.

[Trans. Garage]

**Rick:** I-I got a lot of push-back when I pitched it, Morty. I guess I’m still a little defensive. Let’s just find Dr. Bloom, alright? I-I’m picking up a distress signal in the liver, Morty.

[Trans. Anatomy Park.]

**Rick:** Proceed to the liver.

(Following a sign posting directions, Morty hurries off in the direction of the ‘Haunted Liver,’ taking a shuttle to ‘Lower Abdomenland’.)

**Automated voice:** Arriving at ‘Liver’.

**Morty:** \*stumbles forward and hits his helmet on the window\* Ow!

**Automated voice:** Mind the gap.

(Morty exits the train and enters a dark, unkempt area with flickering lights.)

**Morty:** It’s really scary in here, Rick.

**Rick:** Liver’s under maintenance. Ruben’s seen some rough years, Morty. Don’t judge. You don’t agree to have a theme park built inside you if your life’s going great.

[Trans. Int. Haunted Liver]

(Morty enters a haunted house-style attraction. An animatronic wolf suddenly springs up behind him.)

**Morty:** OOOOHHH! Rick, it’s a monster!

**Rick:** No no, Morty. The only monster here is alco— \*belch\* —holism. (The wolf is mechanically pulled back into the wall.) That is an animatronic werewolf.

(A hand reaches from around the corner and a [large, muscular man](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Poncho) with a thick accent grips Morty by the throat, lifting him up and pinning him to the wall with his forearm.)

**Poncho:** Who are you? Answer me! Where did you come from?

**Morty:** Mmm! M-M-My-my-my Grandpa Rick sent me!

**Dr. Bloom:** Poncho! That’s quite enough.

(Dr. Bloom walks into the room. He appears to be a blob of goo in a roughly human shape with glasses and a walking cane. Poncho glares, then reluctantly lets Morty fall to the ground.)

**Dr. Bloom:** Morty, that’s Poncho. (Another man and a girl walk into the room.) This is [Roger](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Roger) and [Annie](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Annie).

**Morty:** \*staring sheepishly at Annie\* Oh…

**Dr. Bloom:** And I am Dr. Xenon Bloom.

(A speaker apparatus emerges from Morty’s helmet. Rick speaks through it.)

**Rick:** Hey Bloom, it’s Rick. What the hell’s goin’ on here?

**Dr. Bloom:** I don’t know why, but the entire security system has shut down. And I’m afraid the exhibits are unlocked.

(Rick’s speaker retreats into Morty’s helmet.)

**Morty:** Exhibits?

[Trans. Ext. Haunted Liver]

**Dr. Bloom:** Anatomy Park’s greatest attraction, young man, isn’t the music or the food or the Pirates of the Pancreas.

**Rick:** Watch it.

**Dr. Bloom:** It is first and foremost a living museum of humanity’s most noble and ferocious diseases.

**Morty:** Diseases?!

(There’s a distant roaring noise.)

**Poncho:** Hey Doc, I have news for ya. ([Hepatitis A](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Hepatitis_A) lumbers towards the group.) Your living museum is officially a wild safari!

(Poncho begins shooting at Hepatitis A.)

**Roger**: Hepatitis A! Run!

(The entire group screams and flees.)

[Trans. Dining room]

(The Smith family, sans Rick and Morty, are seated for dinner with Joyce, Leonard, and Jacob.)

**Jacob:** Oh… \*leans over and wipes some food from Joyce’s mouth with a napkin\* The food goes *in* your mouth, girl!

(All laugh, but Jerry’s laugh is forced.)

**Jerry:** Aha… I’m sorry Jacob, I guess I’m still confused about the precise nature and origin of your relationship with my parents. Are you like a—Are you like their caretaker? Is that what it is?

**Joyce:** We can go into detail later, son.

**Leonard:** Now wait, there, there’s no point to secrecy. Let’s all live and die honestly. Your mother and I have shared forty years of each other, mind, body, and soul. (Jerry and Jacob smile at each other, but when Jacob looks away, Jerry’s smile becomes a glare.) And when minds and souls are joined for eternity, and when eternity is at the door, it’s an invitation to let go of the body, and an opportunity to share and experiment.

**Jerry:** Dad, please, what are you saying?

**Beth:** Whatever it is, it’s beautiful Leonard. \*glares at Jerry\* And we support you.

**Jerry:** Speak for yourself! Because it, heheh, it sounds like you’re about to say Jacob is your lover.

**Leonard:** No no no no no no. (Jerry sighs in relief.) Jacob is your mother’s lover. (Jerry again looks disturbed.) I watch them. Sometimes from a chair, sometimes from a closet. Almost always dressed as Superman.

(Joyce kisses Leonard’s cheek and the two hold hands, looking at each other fondly.)

**Jacob:** Oh… \*reaches across the table and puts a hand atop theirs\*

(Summer and Beth smile. Jerry stares, at a loss for words.)

**Jacob:** Jerry, this ham’s got to be all you, right? It’s in-cred-i-ble.

**Summer:** \*smirks\* Happy human holiday, Dad.

(Jerry appears more despondent than ever.)

[Trans. Anatomy Park]

(Poncho continues shooting at Hepatitis A.)

**Poncho:** AHHHHHH!

(The whole group rushes through a door before entering a code and shutting it.)

**Dr. Bloom:** Hepatitis won’t follow us into the respiratory system!

(They enter to a set of doors under a sign reading ‘Alveoli Forest’. Roger examines a meter near the door.)

**Roger:** That’s strange… \*taps the meter\* Air flow is down twenty percent.

**Dr. Bloom:** So the brain isn’t getting enough oxygen. That’s why security is offline.

**Morty:** W-Well, I guess we better check it out.

(The group passes through the doors. As the doors are closing, [Alexander](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Alexander), dressed in a dog mascot costume, rushes up and passes through.)

**Alexander:** Hey, wait for me! \*removes the head of his costume\*

**Dr. Bloom:** \*points his cane at Alexander\* Put that back on!

(Alexander pauses a moment before putting the dog head back on. The whole group examines the area.)

**Roger:** If we got up to the bronchial catwalk, we could look for blockage.

**Morty:** \*raises his hand\* I’ll go. \*glances at Annie\* Heheh…

(Morty jumps onto one of the bouncy, round alveoli and clings to it.)

**Poncho:** Don’t be a hero, kid.

**Morty:** I’m not. I’m doin’ it because it’s fun. \*he hops from frond to frond\*

**Poncho:** \*cocks his gun\* We shouldn’t be here.

**Dr. Bloom:** Whatever you do, don’t fire that thing in here! We must save Ruben. This is my life’s work.

(Annie touches a growth of bacteria on some tar, which squelches, causing her to gasp in fear and recoil.)

**Annie:** Ah!

**Dr. Bloom:** It’s alright, my dear. Nearly all human lungs contain a strain of this bacteria, but the scar tissue… \*prods it with his cane, seeing something has escaped from the scar tissue\* …keeps them dormant. \*looks up toward Morty, who is getting close to the catwalk\* Morty! Get down!

**Morty:** Whoa! \*grabs hold of the catwalk as a fluid drips down onto it\* Whoa!

(Tuberculosis begins crawling towards him. He lets go of the catwalk and bounces back down to the group, pursued by the disease.)

**Morty:** Oh! What are those things?!

**Dr. Bloom:** Tuberculosis, coming in fast!

**Poncho:** \*raises gun and starts shooting at the disease\* Not faster than a bullet! Ahh!

**Dr. Bloom:** \*grabs Poncho’s arm\* No! Do you know what you’ve done?!

[Trans. Garage]

(Ruben coughs.)

[Trans. Lungs]

(The force of the cough lifts the whole group off the ground, then they fall back down.)

**Dr. Bloom:** Get to the digestive tract! He’s coughing!

(The group starts running.)

[Trans. Garage]

(Ruben coughs several times again.)

[Trans. Lungs]

(The group all manages to push through besides Alexander. Morty rushes back to help him as his dog mask is blown from his face. Morty grabs a frond and reaches for Alexander’s hand.)

**Alexander:** Waaaah! Don’t let me die!

[Trans. Garage]

(Rick looks down over Ruben’s mouth.)

**Rick:** Just take a deep breath, Ruben.

(Ruben inhales deeply.)

[Trans. Lungs]

**Morty:** You’re not gonna die! What’s your name?

**Alexander:** My name is… \*his hand slips from Morty’s and he’s coughed up\* ALEXANDEEEEEEEER!

(Alexander’s skin and soft tissue are peeled off as Ruben coughs into Rick’s face, getting some spittle, including Alexander, on Rick’s forehead.)

(The group, minus the now-dead Alexander, escape the respiratory system. Morty presses the speaker on his helmet.)

**Morty:** Rick! Ruben’s got tuberculosis!

[Trans. Garage]

**Rick:** Oh, great work, Morty. \*pulls a massive syringe form his lab coat\* I’ll just cure it, and then—

(Ruben’s heart monitor flatlines. Rick tosses the syringe over his shoulder.)

**Rick:** Okay. Well I can’t cure death. This is bad, Morty. You’re trapped in a dead man. Listen, if the situation keeps darkening, do yourself a favor—

[Trans. Anatomy Park]

**Rick:** —and hop by Pirates of the Pancreas. Obviously I’m biased, but, I think it’s great, Morty.

[Trans. Garage]

**Rick:** \*sitting in a lounge chair, pulls out a flask\* It’s a bunch of pirates runnin’ around a-a-a- pancreas. We don’t whitewash it either, Morty. The pirates are really rapey. The top priority is to get you guys out of there, but I’m just saying, if that becomes impossible—

[Trans. Anatomy Park]

(The group listens to Rick, all looking glum.)

**Rick:** —please, you gotta treat yourself.

(The group is headed to the digestive tract.)

**Morty:** Geez, what’s that horrible smell?

**Dr. Bloom:** You mean the Panda Express? \*chuckles\* Kidding, I-I’m kidding. (As he speaks, Poncho and Roger stock up on bottled water from the Panda Express.) The body is beginning to constrict and fill with gas. We’re inside a corpse, my boy. Anatomy Park is doomed.

**Morty:** Forget about the park, Doctor! How do we get out?!

**Dr. Bloom:** The digestive tract is the evacuation route. Get it? There’s an emergency station in the colon with a ray that can enlarge us all.

**Morty:** Everybody! Get to the colon!

**Poncho:** Now I’m takin’ orders from a twelve-year-old boy?!

(As they walk, Dr. Bloom speaks privately with Morty.)

**Dr. Bloom:** Morty. The scar sacs containing the tuberculosis were sabotaged. This disaster was an inside job. Keep your eyes on Annie. She was written up several times by her manager at the churro stand.

**Roger:** Intestines are ahead to the left. Then the right. Then left. Et cetera.

(Morty slows to walk beside Annie.)

**Morty:** Hey, just so you know, I-I’m actually fourteen. So, you know…

**Annie:** What?

**Morty:** Not twelve.

**Annie:** Okay.

**Morty:** Because he just said I was twelve.

**Annie:** Oh. Good for you.

(She walks ahead of him.)

**Rick (through** **speaker):** Oh. Oh, Morty. Strike one.

**Morty:** \*slumps forward\* Nnn…

[Trans. Small intestine]

(The group travel down the small intestine in a raft, surrounded by animatronics singing ‘[It’s a Small, Small Intestine](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/It%27s_a_Small,_Small_Intestine).’)

**Animatronics:** \*singing\* It’s a road of laughter, a trail of food. It’s a pathway that breaks up the fat in food. It’s a tube in the chest and it sends out the rest. It’s a small, small intestine!

**Roger:** It goes on like this for miles…

**Dr. Bloom:** \*excitedly\* And then we get to the *large* intestine!

(A low rumbling can be heard.)

**Poncho:** Shh. \*shines flashlight\* I hear something.

([Gonorrhea](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Gonorrhea) rises up from the river of waste.)

**Dr. Bloom:** \*whispers\* Don’t move. Gonorrhea can’t see us if we don’t move.

(Gonorrhea roars viciously and moves towards them.)

**Dr. Bloom:** Wait! I was wrong! I was thinking of a T-rex.

(Poncho pulls out a gun, but before he can fire, Gonorrhea capsizes the boat and they all fall overboard. They swim to the ‘shore’ on the side of the intestine.)

**Annie:** We’re sitting ducks!

**Morty:** Doc! Didn’t you say the body was filling up with gas?

**Dr. Bloom:** Yes. Why?

**Poncho:** Kid! You’re a genius! \*pulls out a match\*

**Dr. Bloom:** Are you mad?!

**Morty:**\*grabs Annie’s hand\* Everybody! In here!

(They all rush into a cavity in the intestinal lining. Poncho lights the match.)

**Poncho:** Hey Gonorrhea! How’s this for a burning sensation?

(He throws the match towards the disease, where it ignites the gas and causes an explosion. Gonorrhea falls down, dead. Annie hugs Morty, who laughs.)

[Trans. Smith family living room]

(Leonard, Summer, Joyce, Jacob, Beth, and Jerry sit in a semicircle on the carpet. Jerry scowls and slumps. Leonard is playing a set of bongos while Summer sings.)

**Summer:** \*singing\* Drummer, drum, drum, drum! Drummer, drum, drum drum drum, Christmas drums!

**Leonard:**Oh, Summer. Sing it! Haha.

**Summer:** Christmas drums being played by a boy!

(Beth is clapping along when she notices Jerry sulking. She puts an arm around him.)

**Beth:** Jerry, come on. This is what you wanted.

**Jerry:**I get it, Beth. Be careful what you wish for. I’m being punished for taking your iPad.

**Beth:** What? Jerry, let that stuff go, okay? I’m sorry I was a bitch earlier. Let’s just be here.

([Ethan](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Ethan) walks up to the sliding glass doors and lets himself into the house.)

**Ethan:** Ugh… Summer!

**Summer:** \*stands up\* Ethan, what are you doing here?

**Ethan:** I’ve been texting you for hours. What the hell?!

**Summer:** I don’t have my phone! I’m doing a human holiday!

**Ethan:** Did you even consider how that might make me feel?

**Summer:** How you feel? Why is everything always happening to you?!

**Jerry:** \*stands up\* Summer, do you have a boyfriend?

**Ethan:** Yeah, do you, Summer?

**Summer:** I don’t know Ethan, do I?

**Jacob:** \*stands up and puts a hand on Ethan and Summer’s shoulders\* Jerry, no disrespect, but you really need to connect more with your family, man.

(Jerry stares at him, flabbergasted.)

[Trans. Anatomy Park]

(The group runs through another metal security door and hurry down a platform to a growth ray.)

**Roger:** I should be able to access the backup generator to get the growth ray back online. If it works, we’ll be regular-sized in a few minutes. I just hope Ruben’s not in a room with white carpets or upholstery.

(Something roars in the distance, causing the area to rumble.)

**Poncho:** What the hell is that?

**Dr. Bloom:** The sphincter dam. We built it when Ruben became incontinent, but it was not designed to hold a corpse-load.

(The dam is clearly close to giving way. Roger keeps working to get the growth ray active.)

**Roger:** Almost got it. Everybody, move inside the circle!

(Morty notices a strange, black creature in Poncho’s backpack.)

**Morty:** Poncho? What is this in your backpack?

(Poncho turns around to face Morty, giving Dr. Bloom a view of the creature.)

**Dr. Bloom:** That’s [bubonic plague](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Bubonic_Plague)! What are you doing with that, Poncho?

(Poncho grabs hold of Annie and holds a knife to her throat. Annie gasps and tries to kick free.)

**Poncho:** Everybody get back!

**Dr. Bloom:** Poncho, you son of a bitch! You released the tuberculosis so you could steal from me?

**Poncho:** \*laughs\* That’s right, baby. A lot of people would pay top dollar to decimate the population. I’ll take the highest bidder. Al Quaeda. North Korea. Republicans! Shriners! Balding men that work out! People on the Internet that are only turned on by cartoons of Japanese teenagers! Anything is better than working for you! \*points the knife at Dr. Bloom\* You pompous, negligent, iTunes Gift Card as a holiday bonus-giving—

**Morty:** AHHHHH!!!

(Morty leaps up and grabs onto Poncho’s helmet, allowing Annie to escape. He punches Poncho repeatedly before Poncho pulls him off his face and throws him to the ground, where Roger helps him up. Poncho laughs evilly, but stops short when Bubonic Plague bites his shoulder.)

**Poncho:** Ah! Eh! Get! Get off! \*he backs up and falls over the railing\* Ahhhh!

(The four remaining look over the edge as he falls to his death. Just then, the sphincter dam begins groaning, almost giving way.)

**Annie:** You guys!

**Roger:** It’s gonna burst! \*urges the others on\* Go! Go, go, go! \*pulls a lever before trying to run after the others but catches his foot in some of the machinery\* My foot is stuck!

(Morty holds Annie back as she makes to help Roger.)

**Annie:** No!

**Roger:** This is okay! It’s okay, just go! Tell my family I love them! They may be hard to find because my wife kept her last name and she made the kids take it too, so, I dunno, you can—

(Just then, the dam bursts, drowning Roger in Ruben’s excrement.)

**Annie:** No!

(Dr. Bloom seals the door to the chamber and Annie hugs Morty, distraught and crying.)

[Trans. Smith family living room]

(Leonard, Joyce, and Beth sit on the chair and sofa, Jerry and Summer stand, and Jacob kneels with Ethan in the center of the room.)

**Jacob:** Let me ask you something Ethan. Where’s the anger coming from, man?

**Ethan:** From Summer being a total bitch!

(Jacob takes hold of Ethan’s cheeks and forces him to make eye contact.)

**Jacob:** Where’s the anger coming from?

**Ethan:** …My brother… took me fishing once…in the bushes… \*voice begins choking up as tears fill his eyes\* I can’t… I can’t! \*covers his eyes as he starts to cry\* He made me feel like a girl! \*sobbing openly\* I’m… m-made me a girl!

(Jacob helps Ethan up to his feet.)

**Jacob:** He didn’t make you anything, man. You are who you are. \*gestures to Summer\* She is who she is. (Summer watches on with a sympathetic expression.) Now you go to her. Brand new.

(Ethan walks over to Summer.)

**Ethan:** Come here right now!

**Summer:** Oh my god, I’m so sorry Ethan! \*they hug\* I love you!

**Ethan:** I love you so much.

(The two begin making out. Everyone claps besides Jerry.)

**Jerry:** Um…

**Joyce:** You did it again, cubby. Come here.

(Joyce and Jacob begin to kiss. Jerry looks to the easy chair to see Leonard has gotten up and is backing into the closet, unbuttoning his shirt to reveal a Superman costume underneath.)

**Jerry:** No! Stop! I hate this!

(Beth, Joyce, and Jacob glare at him.)

**Joyce:** Well, Christmas doesn’t revolve around what you hate, son.

**Jerry:** Well then, I hate Christmas! Enjoy being human! You guys are gross and lame.

(He walks out. Summer and Ethan and Joyce and Jacob continue kissing.)

[Trans. Anatomy Park]

(The three survivors are in a small theater where an animatronic Ruben gives a presentation. Morty and Annie have their helmets off and are making out, and Dr. Bloom sits a few seats away eating ice cream.)

**Animatronic Ruben:** My name’s Ruben Ridley. You’re inside me right now, but by the end of this journey, I’ll be inside all of you.

(Dr. Bloom appears to miss every other bite of ice cream, probably due to his semi-aqueous form.)

**Animatronic Ruben:** My story begins in the dot com crash in the early ‘90s.

(The animatronic sparks, then goes limp.)

**Annie:** \*whispering to Morty\* You can put your fingers wherever you want…

**Rick (through** speaker): **Morty, you wanna put it on mute or something? (Annie and Morty** both look at Morty’s helmet, startled.)

[Trans. Garage]

(Rick is working on a computer, still talking to Morty through his headset.)

**Rick:** I’m trying to concentrate.

(Jerry wanders to the door.)

**Jerry:** Ah, Rick?

**Rick:** \*holds up a hand without even looking over at him\* Not now, Jerry. I’ve got much, much smaller fish to fry.

**Jerry:** \*enters anyway\* I wanted to say I’m sorry I ever judged you. \*leans on the ping pong table, looking down at Ruben’s corpse\* Right now, you’re my sanest relative.

(Rick, who had been typing away, suddenly pauses.)

**Rick:** Relative… That’s it! Relative size! Jerry, hand me a scalpel and a bundle of dynamite! \*into his headset\* Morty! Can you get to the left nipple?

[Trans. Anatomy Park]

(Annie is in Morty’s lap.)

**Morty:** Are you kidding? I’m hoping I can get to both of them, Rick.

**Rick (through** speaker):**Morty, I’m talkin’ about Ruben’s left nipple!**

(The area begins to rumble and cave in. Morty lifts Annie off his lap and both put on their helmets.)

**Morty:** We need to get to the left nipple!

**Dr. Bloom:** The body is decaying! (Bits of debris begin to fall from the ‘ceiling’.) The arterial transit system is useless! We can try the service shuttle. It’s connected to the skeletal system. That’s why we call it the [Bone Train](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Bone_Train). \*to Annie\* Would you like to ride the Bone Train, miss?

**Annie:** If it’ll get us out of here.

**Dr. Bloom:** How about you, Morty? Would you like to ride the Bone Train?

**Morty:** Why are you doing this bit? We’re gonna die. Let’s go.

[Trans. Garage]

(Jerry looks on as Rick inserts a bundle of dynamite into an incision on Ruben’s abdomen. He takes a few steps back toward the door back to the house.)

**Jerry:** Well, I can see that you’re busy… Merry Christmas, Rick.

(Rick lifts Ruben’s corpse from the table and heads out to the car, dumping Ruben’s body inside.)

[Trans. Anatomy Park: the Bone Train]

**Dr. Bloom:** There’s no autopilot. One of us will have to stay here and operate it manually.

(Morty and Annie glance at each other, then look back at Dr. Bloom. Dr. Bloom glances at each of the teenagers. Morty and Annie continue staring at him.)

**Morty:** …Uh, well…

**Dr. Bloom:** No, you’re right. It was a dick move for me to even pause like that. This is all my fault. You go on.

(Something approaches the group from a nearby set of stairs.)

**Annie:** \*points\* What the hell is that?

**Dr. Bloom:** [E. coli](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/E._coli) outbreak. Hurry!

(Morty and Annie jump into the shuttle as E. coli swarm the area. Dr. Bloom pulls a lever and the shuttle begins to move.)

**Dr. Bloom:** Oh wait, there is an autopilot. (E. coli surround him.) WAAAIT! ...OKAY, NEVER MIND, I WANTED TO SACRIFICE MYSELF ANYWAAAAAYYYY!

(As the train speeds down the track, some of the E. coli have attached themselves to the vehicle. One smashes the window of the train door and sticks its head inside.)

**Annie:** They’re chewing through the doors!

**Morty:** Euuuugh! \*grabs a fire extinguisher and beats the E. coli off the train with it\* We’re in the areola, Rick! Almost to the nipple! But we’re also in a really bad situation!

[Trans. Earth’s orbit]

(Rick flies his spacecraft out of Earth’s atmosphere.)

**Rick:** I’m almost there, Morty!

(Rick lights the end of the dynamite bundle in Ruben’s abdomen, kicks him out into space, and uses a growth ray to increase Ruben to an enormous size—large enough to make Morty and Annie their normal sizes again, but still inside him.)

[Trans. Earth]

(Various people across America stop what they’re doing and look at the sky as Ruben’s huge, naked corpse hovers overhead.)

**Reporter:** Reports are coming in from across the country about what appears to be a giant naked man over the continental United States. We now go to Tom Randolph in New York. Tom?

(As Tom speaks, Ruben’s terrifyingly enormous face floats overhead.)

Tom: Well, his eyes aren’t twinkling, and his dimples aren’t merry, but I’m standing under a nose like a seventy-mile cherry!

**Reporter:** Thank you, Tom. Let’s go now to Eric McMan in Los Angeles.

(Ruben’s poorly kept toes hover in the background while Eric speaks.)

**Eric:** We’re got feet here on the West Coast, Bill! Giant feet, even relative to the giant man’s size! And you know what they say about that!

**Reporter:**Well, if the old adage is true, one can only wonder what is going down in the Rocky Mountains.

[Trans. Rocky Mountains]

(A lumberjack pauses while hacking down a tree, looks up, screams, and runs away.)

[Trans. Earth’s orbit]

(Rick flies his ship toward the nipple.)

[Trans. Bone Train]

(E. coli continue trying to break in, with Morty beating them away with a fire extinguisher. Running up to the front of the train, he and Annie see that Hepatitis A is has damaged the track.)

**Morty:** Oh my god, the track!

**Annie:** It’s Hepatitis A!

(As Morty tries to slow the train down, it flies off the track and straight through some of Ruben’s soft tissue, bursting into the nipple. The train hits a bump, throwing Morty and Annie out. They look up and gasp.)

**Annie:** The nipple hole…

(Through the nipple hole, they’re able to see Earth as the sun peeks over the horizon.)

**Morty:** It’s beautiful…

(Suddenly, there’s a crash behind them. Hepatitis A bursts out from the train wreckage and lumbers towards Morty and Annie.)

**Annie:**Aw no!

(The two run, and just as Hepatitis A is about to catch them, [Hepatitis C](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Hepatitis_C) snatches it up and shakes it like felled prey.)

**Annie:** Whoa! It’s Hepatitis C!

(Hepatitis C gives them a thumbs-up before lumbering away with its kill in its mouth.)

**Morty:** Um… We… Did we have some sort of relationship with him?

**Annie:** I… think they’re just like that? I think they’re just good guys.

**Morty:** Oh. Huh.

(Rick flies his spaceship into the nipple, landing it behind them. Morty and Annie climb inside.)

**Rick:** Where’s Dr. Bloom?

**Morty:** Sorry Rick… He’s dead…

**Rick:** Goddamn it, Morty, I ask you to do one thing!

(Rick flies the spaceship out of the nipple and away from Ruben’s corpse just before the dynamite ignites and the body explodes, sending blood and gore in all directions.)

[Trans. Smith residence]

(Joyce, Leonard, Jacob, Beth, Summer, and Ethan all bundle up to go sledding.)

**Beth:** Jerry doesn’t know what he’s missing.

**Jacob:** He’ll come around, Beth. Christmas is a special time. It has funny ways of bringing families together.

**Beth:** I dunno, Jacob. Jerry got an invitation to be alive today, and he rejected it. I don’t know if our marriage will—

(Beth stops talking as blood starts splattering the sliding glass doors. The whole group stares in shock as blood seems to pour from the sky.)

**Summer:** It’s raining blood!

**Jacob:** Listen, find Jerry!

**Beth:** Oh god.

[Trans. Jerry’s den]

(Blood is raining on the window there as well. Jerry is sitting in a chair, watching the news, when the family bursts in.)

**Beth:** Jerry!

**Jerry:** \*stands and hugs her\* It’s alright! The TV says there’s nothing to worry about.

**Reporter (on TV):** The giant naked sky Santa has exploded. Blood and chunks of viscera are raining down on the country. Everything should be fine.

(Family sighs in relief.)

**Summer:** Dad, can I have my phone back?

**Jerry:** Sure, sweetie. \*pulls out the stocking and gives Summer her phone, then gives Beth her tablet\* Everybody, take a device. It’ll help you relax.

**Jacob:** This is nice.

**Jerry:** Yeah. \*puts an arm around Beth and Jacob\* I guess we really learned something this Christmas, Jacob.

**Summer:** No we didn’t, Dad. No we didn’t.

[Trans. Smith house]

(It’s no longer raining blood, but reddish chunks of Ruben are everywhere as Rick lands his spacecraft, parking it in the garage.)

**Rick:** Too bad about Dr. Bloom. \*Rick, Annie, and Morty exit the car\* He was a genius. The only man capable of creating a new Anatomy Park.

**Annie:** Actually, I studied Dr. Bloom’s work. I believe I have the knowledge necessary to create a new, much safer park!

**Rick:** What about Pirates of the Pancreas…?

**Annie:** I think it was one of the most *underrated* attractions.

**Rick:** Booyah! Hold your breath!

(Annie is already standing under the shrink ray as Rick pulls the lever, shrinking her down to microscopic size once again, much to Morty’s chagrin.)

**Morty:** Hey, wh-wh- What the hell, Rick? What the hell, man? I liked her! I really had somethin’ going there, Rick!

(Rick pockets the container holding Annie.)

**Rick:** Yeah, so I heard. You dodged a bullet, Morty, trust me. \*whispers\* Puffy vagina.

**Morty:** W-What’s wrong with that? That doesn’t sound like a problem to me! I dunno!

**Rick:** C’mon. Let’s get some stuffing, I’m starving.

[Trans. Smith family living room]

(Beth, Leonard, Summer, and Ethan sit on the couch, Jacob sits in the easy chair with Joyce in his lap, and Jerry sits on the carpet. All are staring at handheld electronics as Rick and Morty enter the room.)

**Rick:** Oh, unbelievable. We got a bunch of robot computer people sittin’ around with their faces stuffed in computer screens. (No one acknowledges him.) Do you realize Christ was born today? Jesus Christ our Savior was born today! A-A-A-Are you people even human? What kind of Christmas is this?

(Jerry looks at the audience and shrugs.)

[End Credits roll]

[Trans. Rick’s garage]

**Annie (through** speaker phone): **Hey Rick! Rick, can you hear me?**

**Rick:** Loud and clear, Annie.

**Annie:** Great! We’re also on with Alejandro, our Chief Imaginarian—

**Alejandro:** Hey Rick.

**Annie:** Natalie Jacobs and Chris Desiter from Microscopic Marketing, Zach from Organ Concepts and Jamie from New Media.

**Rick:** Hey everybody.

**All:** Hey, hi Rick, how’s it goin’. (etc.)

**Annie:** So. Pirates of the Pancreas.

**Rick:** Yeah, talk to me.

**Alejandro:**Hey Rick, it’s Alejandro speaking. Um, so we asked ourselves internally, we asked ourselves over here, “Okay, what does a pancreas do?” (Rick begins to look agitated.) And the answer was, does it make pirates? No. It makes insulin, you know? So we’re starting with a new—

(Rick, furious, picks up and slams the phone, hanging up on the group call. Behind him, Ethan lies on a table.)

**Ethan:** So those guys are inside me, huh? Like, building a park?

**Rick:** Those guys are inside you building a piece of shit, Ethan! They’re inside you building a monument to compromise! Fuck. Fuck those people. Fuck this whole thing, Ethan.

**Ethan:** ….Cool. And who pays me?

**1x04 - M. Night Shaym-Aliens!**

[Open Int. Rick's garage.]

([Rick](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Rick_Sanchez) is dissecting a rat.)

**Rick:** T-t-t-this is just sloppy craftsmanship.

[**Morty**](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Morty_Smith)**:** Hey, Rick. Boy, sure is really especially beautiful out there today, huh?

**Rick:** Oh, yes, Morty. It's almost *unbelievable*, isn't it?

**Morty:** Yeah, you know? There's something about the air. And just the way the sunshine is.

**Rick:** Oh, sure, buddy. Yeah. Sure. B-brilliant. Very convincing.

**Morty:** Wh… convincing?

**Rick:** Oh! Responsive, too! In real time! I love it!

**Morty:** Uhhokay.

[**Beth**](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Beth_Smith)**:** \*robotic\* I’m going to work. Morty, good morning. Dad, good morning. I am going to work. Goodbye. (Beth drives away.)

**Morty:** What's with Mom?

**Rick:** Oh, what's with Mom? So, you're saying that she's acting weird? How soph—\*burp\*—isticated. Careful, guys. You're gonna burn out the CPU with this one.

**Morty:** Okay, you know what, Rick? You're acting weird, too.

**Rick:** Whatever, quote-unquote “Morty.”

**Morty:** Alright, well I'll see you after school. (Walks into the side of the garage.) Ow! Oof! Ugh! Damn it! I'm all right. I'm okay.

[Trans. Morty’s math class]

[**Mr. Goldenfold**](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Mr._Goldenfold)**:** Alright, who can tell me what 5 x 9 is? (Students whisper.) Morty?

**Morty:** Uh, me?

**Mr. Goldenfold:** What is 5 x 9?

**Morty:** Um, you know, it's, uh, at least 40.

(Students gasp.)

**Mr. Goldenfold:** Morty, that's exactly correct! 5 x 9 *is* at least 40! Come up here.

(Students cheer.)

[**Jessica**](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Jessica)**:** Whoo! Way to go, Morty!

**Mr. Goldenfold:** Everybody, this is the best student. I want you to be the teacher today. \*sits down at a desk\* Teach us, Morty!

**Rick:** \*spying from outside\* Interesting…

**Morty:** W-w-w-what do you want me to teach you?

**Student:** Ooh, ooh! How do you make [concentrated dark matter](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Concentrated_dark_matter)?

**Mr. Goldenfold:** Oh, that's a good question.

**Morty:** Concentrated huh?

**Mr. Goldenfold:** Concentrated dark matter. The fuel for accelerated space travel. Now, do you know how to make it?

**Morty:** Uhhh…

**Jessica:** Come on, Morty. Isn't your grandpa, like, a scientist?

**Morty:** Oh, yeah, but, you know, he told me that I shouldn't go around spouting off about, you know, his science and stuff.

**Jessica:** I bet you've seen him make concentrated dark matter a lot. You know, if you tell us, I’ll be your girlfriend.

**Morty:** Uh, y-you will?

**Mr. Goldenfold:** Seems like a rare opportunity, Morty.

**Rick:** \*kicks open the door\* Morty, u-uh, come on. There's a family emergency.

(Rick grabs Morty by one arm. Mr. Goldenfold grabs the other.)

**Mr. Goldenfold:** Stop right there! If he leaves, I'm giving him an F!

**Rick:** He doesn't care.

**Morty:** Aw, man! (Rick drags him to the locker room.) Rick, I have to go back! I think I was about to get married! \*falls down\* Ugh!

**Rick:** Take a shower with me, Morty.

**Morty:** What?!

**Rick:** Listen to me, Morty. Get your clothes off and get in the shower right now. \*strips\* Y-y-y-you got to trust me, Morty.

**Morty:** Ugh! I'm gonna get an F in class, Rick. \*strips\*

**Rick:** Morty, that's not class. T-t-t-that wasn't your teacher. This isn't your school. This entire world is not the world. We're inside a huge simulation chamber on an alien spaceship.

**Morty:** Wait a minute. W-what are you talking about?

**Rick:** It’s all fake \*burps\* Morty, all of it. Nanobotic renderings, a bunch of… crazy, fake nonsense, Morty. I couldn't say so until we got in the shower. They won't monitor us in here.

**Morty:** Monitor us?! \*looks around and tries to cover himself\* W-who?!

**Rick:** [Zigerion scammers](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Zigerions), Morty. The galaxy's most ambitious, least successful con artists. You know, it's lucky for us they're also really uncomfortable with nudity.

**Morty:** Aw, come on, Rick. If everyone’s just gonna be insane today, at least let me be insane with Jessica.

**Rick:** I can’t let you do that, Morty.

(Rick grabs Morty’s clothes and they begin fighting over them.)

**Morty:** Give it to me!

**Rick:** No! You give it to me!

**Morty:** G-g-give it!

**Rick:** Morty, come on! Morty!

**Morty:** No, Rick!

[View of simulated world expands out to reveal they’re in an enormous spacecraft.]

[Trans. Zigerion control room]

(Zigerions groan and look away from the monitors with disgust.)

**Zigerion 1:** Oh, god, sir! They're still naked! Ugh.

[**Prince Nebulon**](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Prince_Nebulon)**:** Well, check every five quintons and tell me when they're not!

**Zigerion 1:** I think we should make Kevin look, sir.

[**Kevin**](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Kevin)**:** What?! No! W-w-why would you even say that?

[**Stu**](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Stu)**:** Uh, sir, we have a situation over here.

**Prince Nebulon:** If there's a wiener on that monitor, I swear to god, Stu.

**Stu:** Something is drawing a lot of processing power. Oh, wait. No wonder. ([Jerry](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Jerry_Smith) appears on a large screen.) There's another real human in the simulator.

**Jerry:** Okay, Jerry, big pitch meeting. Make-or-break time. \*trims nostril hairs while driving\* You can do this.

**Prince Nebulon:** How did this happen?! Where's the Abductions Department?

**Zigerion 2:** Hey, man, Abductions just follows the acquisition order.

**Zigerion 3:** Don't put this on Acquisitions! We only acquire humans that haven't been simulated!

**Kevin:** Well, Simulations doesn't simulate anybody that's been abducted, so—

**Prince Nebulon:** Oh, I see! Oh, oh! It was no one's fault. Oh, okay. I'm sorry. Well, then, problem solved. Oh, wait no. \*shouts\* There's still another human in here! Who is he?

**Stu:** Rick's son-in-law, Jerry Smith. So far, he hasn't noticed he's in a simulation.

**Prince Nebulon:** \*sighs\* Well, cap his sector at 5% processing, keep his settings on auto, and we'll deal with him later. Rick Sanchez is the target.

[Trans. Jerry’s car]

**Jerry:** \*inhales deeply\* Gotta relax. It's just a pitch. Gotta relax.

(He turns on the radio.)

**Radio:** This is earth radio. And now, here's…human music.

(Repetitive rhythmic beeping.)

**Jerry:** Hmm. Human music. I like it. \*rocks head side to side in rhythm with the music\*

[Pan out to see Jerry’s sector of the simulation, followed by a transition to Rick and Morty’s.]

(Rick and Morty pant as they run naked down the street. Rick shoves their clothes into a sewer.)

**Morty:** Rick!

**Rick:** Uhp, uhp, uhp! Morty, keep your hands off your ding-dong! It's the only way we can speak freely. Look around you, Morty. Do you really think this world is real? You'd have to be an idiot not to notice all the sloppy details. Look, that guy's putting a bun between two hot dogs.

**Morty:** I don't know, Rick. I mean, I’ve seen people do that before.

**Rick:** Well, look at that old lady. She's, she's walking a cat on a leash.

**Morty:** Uh, Mrs. Spencer does that all the time, Rick.

**Rick:** Look, I-I-I don't wanna hear about Mrs. Spencer, Morty! She's an idiot! Alright, alright, there. W-what about that, Morty?

(A Poptart walks out of a toaster house and into a toaster car before driving away.)

**Morty:** Okay, okay, you got me on that one.

**Rick:** Oh, really, Morty? Are you sure you haven't seen that somewhere in real life before?

**Morty:** No, no. I haven't seen that. I mean, why would a Poptart wanna live inside a toaster, Rick? I mean, that would be, like, the scariest place for them to live. You know what I mean?

**Rick:** You're missing the point, Morty. Why would he drive a smaller toaster with wheels? I mean, does your car look like a smaller version of your house? No.

**Morty:** So, why are they doing this? W-what do they want?

**Rick:** Well, that would be obvious to you, Morty, if you'd been paying attention.

(Siren wails. Ambulance drives up to them and the doors open.)

**Paramedic:** We got the president of the United States in here! We need 10cc of concentrated dark matter, stat, or he'll die!

(Rick slams the ambulance doors shut and starts walking off.)

**Morty:** Concentrated dark matter! They were asking about that in class.

**Rick:** Yeah, it's a special fuel I invented to travel through space faster than anybody else. These Zigerions are always trying to scam me out of my secrets, but they made a big mistake this time, Morty. They dragged you into this. Now they're gonna pay!

**Morty:** Wait, wha, w-w-what are we gonna do?

**Rick:** We'll scam the scammers, Morty. And we're gonna take them for everything they've got.

[Trans. Ext. Ad agency]

(Trees flicker with a static noise)

**Jerry:** National Apple Farmers of America…

[Trans. Int. Ad agency]

**Jerry:** Welcome to our ad agency. I'm Jerry Smith. (Audience stares blankly.) Alright. I'll just get to the pitch. Um, simple question, gentlemen, \*hoarsely\* what are apples? \*clears throat\* Excuse me. \*drinks some water\* Ahh. \*coughs, clears throat\* What are apples? \*pulls poster board to the front of the room\* Apples are food. And when do we need food? When we're hungry. (Audience stares blankly.) With that, I give you your new slogan! (Flips paper to reveal sign saying “Hungry for Apples?” Audience continues staring.) Well, say something! Do you like it?

Mr. Marklevitz**:** Yes.

**Jerry:** You do?

**All:** Yes.

**Jerry:** So I sold it? I sold the idea?

**All:** Yes.

**Jerry:** Oh my god! Thank you!

**All:** \*shaking each others’ hands\* Thank you. You're welcome.

[Trans. Ext. Ad agency]

(“Baker Street” plays as Jerry slides down a handrail.)

**Jerry:** Hey! I just sold my first pitch!

**Old man:** Slow down!

**Woman:** Lookin' good.

**Mailman:** My man!

(Jerry dials on his cellphone. As he walks, he passes the same three people repeatedly.)

**Simulation Beth:** (at Simulation Smith house) \*answers phone\* Hello.

**Jerry:** Guess who just sold the apples campaign.

**Simulation Beth:** Who just sold the apples campaign?

**Jerry:** Me! I guess it wasn't a rip-off of "got milk?" after all. Guess someone was wrong.

**Simulation Beth:** Yes.

**Jerry:** Well, all is forgiven, because right now, I’ve got an erection the size of an East Coast lighthouse, and I’m coming home to share it with my beautiful wife.

**Simulation Beth:** Okay.

**Jerry:** Wait, really?

**Simulation Beth:** Yes.

**Jerry:** Yes! See you in 10 minutes! \*hangs up, shouts\* Hey! I'm going to make love to my wife!

**Woman:** Lookin' good.

**Old man:** Slow down!

**Mailman:** My man! \*glitches into a tree\*

[Trans. Backstage]

(Rick is decked out in chains and adjusts his clothes to look more disheveled.)

**Morty:** Aw, geez, Rick. I-I don't know if I like this plan,you know? I mean, crowds, t-t-t-they have a tendency to make me really nervous.

**Rick:** Morty, relax. It's just a bunch of 1s and 0s out there. You're gonna be fine. (Lowers Morty’s pants slightly and puts a hat on him.) Just follow my lead. (Rick and Morty fist bump.) Yo, deejay, drop that beat.

[Trans. Stage in park]

(Hip-hop beat plays. Crowd cheers.)

**Rick:** Uh-oh, Morty. This crowd looks too small for one of our famous rap concerts. I don't think we can perform our new song, "The Recipe for Concentrated Dark Matter," for a crowd this tiny.

Morty: You got that right, Rick.

(Hordes of people appear from all directions and congregate in the park.)

**Rick:** Now that’s more like it! Morty, here we go. Let me hear everybody say "hey-oh!" yeah! (Crowd cheers.) All the ladies say, "yeah!" (Ladies cheer.) Everybody over thirty, do this with your hands! Everybody with a red shirt, jump up and down! (People start glitching.)

[Trans. Smith house]

**Jerry:** \*kisses Beth, who is still in front of the phone\* Mm. Mm. Mm. Yeah, don't move. Mm, mm, mm, mm! Mm!

[Trans. Park]

**Rick:** Yo, everyone whose first name begins with an "L" who isn't Hispanic, walk in a circle the same number of times as the square root of your age times ten! (Simulation freezes. Rick and Morty jump offstage.) Run, Morty! Before the system reboots!

[Trans. Ext. Smith house.]

**Jerry:** Yeah! You like that? Now who's unremarkable? You hungry for apples? Are you hungry for apples?!

[Trans. Beth and Jerry’s bedroom.]

(Jerry lies in bed beside Beth, who is frozen in place.)

**Jerry:** Oh, my god. That's the best sex I've ever had in my life. It's… it's too good. I don't deserve this, Beth. I'm a fraud.

[Trans. Rick and Morty running through frozen simulation.]

**Morty:** Oh, man, Rick! W-w-w-where we running to?

**Rick:** Out of the simulation, Morty. Normally, the chamber operates like a treadmill, with the virtual world disappearing behind us and being rendered in front of us as we move through it, but while it's frozen, Morty, we can get to…the edge. Here we go. \*jumps off the edge\*

**Morty:** Holy crap!

**Rick:** Come on, Morty.

**Morty:** \*jumps off edge\*

[Trans. Control room]

**Zigerion:** Sir, they're over the edge.

**Prince Nebulon:** Yes, they are. Just as planned. \*evil laughter, others join in\* Oh, this is going to be such a mindfuck!

[Trans. Corridor in spacecraft]

**Rick:** Keep your eyes peeled for the central processing room, Morty. That's how we're gonna scam these idiots.

**Morty:** So, hey, why do these aliens keep coming after you, Rick, if you're so much smarter than them?

**Rick:** It's an obsession for them at this point. The Zigerions have been trying to outsmart me for years, Morty. Every time they do, I'm one step ahead of them. \*finds central processing room\* Aha! Here we go. \*starts collecting chips\* Grab as many processors as you can carry, Morty. These guys aren't good at much, but they're really good at making these chips.

**Morty:** I’ve got so many, I can barely hold them all! \*holding chips in his shirt\* Look at, look at this. Oops. I dropped one.

**Rick:** Don't worry about it, Morty. There's plenty of them, you little goofball. (Both laugh and toss chips at each other playfully.) Come here, Morty! Oh, I gotcha!

**Morty:** Come on, quit it, Rick! Quit it!

**Rick:** Nothing wrong with just a little bit of horseplay every now and then, little fella.

(They sneak towards the escape pods. Rick throws a chip and distracts the guards while they steal a pod and fly away.)

**Morty:** Wow. What do you know? Huh. That was easy.

**Rick:** Totes malotes, dawg.

**Morty:** Just kind of hard to believe, you know?

**Rick:** Believe it, Morty. And once again, I'm flying away with everything I can carry, and the Zigerions got nothing of mine.

[Trans. Jerry’s boss’s office]

**Jerry:** Mr. Marklevitz, do you have a minute to talk?

**Mr. Marklevitz:** \*snaps fingers\* Yes.

**Jerry:** Look, I’m a fraud. I mean, let's face it. "Hungry for apples" is just a rip-off of "Got milk?" It's almost identical.

**Mr. Marklevitz:** \*snaps fingers\* Yes.

**Jerry:** Okay. I deserve that. Um, I guess I'll just pack up my desk.

**Mr. Marklevitz:** \*snaps fingers\* Yes.

**Jerry:** \*crying\* Oh my god. Wait. You know what?! No! The milk people don't have a patent on simple rhetorical questions! Y-You— There's not even a single word in "Hungry for Apples" that's shared by "Got milk?" It's a completely different slogan. It's different! And I shouldn't be fired. I should be promoted!

**Mr. Marklevitz:** \*snaps fingers\* Yes.

**Jerry:** Yeah! Wait. Really?

**Mr. Marklevitz:** \*snaps fingers\* Yes.

**Jerry:** Yes! I mean, it may be derivative, but it's the most successful campaign to come out of this agency in a long time.

**Mr. Marklevitz:** \*snaps fingers\* Yes.

**Jerry:** I-I’m not saying it should win an award for commercials, but it could certainly be nominated for an award for commercials specifically about apples, like an Appley or something.

**Mr. Marklevitz:** \*snaps fingers\* Yes.

**Jerry:** Is there really an award called the Appley for apple-related ad campaigns?

**Mr. Marklevitz:** \*snaps fingers\* Yes.

**Jerry:** Could we nominate me?

**Mr. Marklevitz:** \*snaps fingers\* Yes.

**Jerry:** Holy crap!

(Jerry runs out. Mr. Marklevitz glitches.)

[Trans. Ext. Smith house]

(Rick and Morty get out of the escape pod and head into the garage with the chips.)

**Rick:** Get in, Morty. I'm gonna be able to use these processors to make some real important science stuff. (Keypad beeps.) Huh. I thought I entered the code right. (Keypad beeps.)

(Second level simulation vanishes.)

**Prince Nebulon:** Well, what's this? W-what could this possibly be? Because it looks like you're inside a simulation…inside a simulation. You're still on the ship. Game-day bucket go boom!

[**Cynthia**](http://rickandmorty.wikia.com/wiki/Cynthia)**:** Sir, the, uh, doctor's appointment to examine the discoloration on your butthole flaps was—

**Prince Nebulon:** Too loud, Cynthia. Too loud and too specific.

**Rick:** Uhh…

**Prince Nebulon:** We've known how to make concentrated dark matter for a long time. But now we also know the code to your fabled safe, Rick Sanchez! All your most valuable secrets will now be ours!

**Rick:** Uh, yeah, until I get home before you and change the combination, you bunch of idiots!

**Prince Nebulon:** That is why you're never getting home. Get them!

(Guards try to grab Rick and Morty. Rick pulls down Morty’s pants and all the Zigerions back away in disgust.)

**Rick:** RUN MORTY!

(Morty pulls up his pants. They run through the spacecraft and are chased by Zigerions.)

**Morty:** Oh my god!

[Trans. Appley Awards]

**Jerry:** I got to tell you, this morning, I didn't even know this award existed. Now I'm holding one. And, um… Look, I want to say that today was the best day of my life But the truth is, it's, it's more meaningful than that.

**Mailman:** My man!

**Jerry:** Yes. Thank you, sir. I am finally complete!

(Everyone glitches into the mailman.)

**Mailmen:** My my my my man!

(Simulation continues glitching badly.)

**Jerry:** Aah! What the hell?! (Appley award glitches out of existence.) No.

(Rick and Morty run into the room.)

**Rick:** Jerry?!

**Morty:** Dad!

**Rick:** What are you doing here? W-why are you dressed like a waiter? Screw it. We don't have time. Come on. \*starts dragging Jerry with them\*

**Jerry:** \*sobbing\* No!

(Chase continues. The three make it onto a spaceship.)

**Rick:** Man up, Jerry! I may need you to work the lasers.

**Morty:** Oh, man! They're hot on our tail, Rick!

**Rick:** I guess they really do have concentrated dark matter.

**Morty:** Well, you know how to make it, too, right, Rick?

**Rick:** Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah. Uh, check the engine room. We just need cesium, Plutonic quarks, and bottled water.

**Morty:** Whoa! It's all here, Rick!

**Rick:** Wow, Morty. Lucky break. Grab that bucket. Okay, two parts Plutonic quarks, one part cesium.

**Morty:** Okay. Uh-huh. Alright.

**Rick:** Now empty the water bottle into the bucket and pour it all into the fuel tank so we can get the hell out of here! What are you doing, Morty?! There's no time!

**Morty:** \*freezes up\*

**Rick:** Oh, no.

(Simulation breaks down...again.)

**Jerry:** What the…?

**Rick:** No!

**Prince Nebulon:** \*laughing\* Oh my god, Rick. How dumb are you? You're inside a simulation of a simulation…inside another giant simulation! \*laughs harder\* W-we never had the recipe for concentrated dark matter. But we do now! We do now, sucka!

**Rick:** You simulated my grandson's genitalia?! Y-y-you bunch of diabolical sons of bitches!

**Zigerion 1:** Kevin fought real hard to supervise that project.

**Kevin:** You said you weren't gonna tell anyone! I'm never gonna live this down, am I?

**Rick:** All right. Okay. All right, great. Wonderful. You win. Can we go home now?

**Zigerion 1:** I don't know. Can you?

**Prince Nebulon:** Ha! \*fist bumps\* Nice. Okay, okay. Show this gullible turd to his shuttle. I'm done with him. Oh, wait. Let me get a picture. \*snaps a selfie of himself with Rick\* Aww. Look at his face. He's trying to figure out if He's in a simulation still. Are you, Rick? Are you? \*laughs, walks away\* You're not. \*walks back\* Or are you? (Rick and Jerry leave.) \*shouts after them\* Oh, a-and, by the way, I don't have discolored butthole flaps. That was part of the simulation.

**Cynthia:** Oh. Uh, sir, should I cancel that appointment, then?

**Prince Nebulon:** \*loudly\* Yeah! Of course you should! \*to Cynthia\* No, keep it. Move it up, actually, if you can.

[Trans. Shuttle to Earth]

**Rick:** Hey, Jerry, don't worry about it. So what if the most meaningful day of your life was a simulation operating at minimum capacity?

**Jerry:** You know what, Rick? Those guys took you for a ride, too. You should try having a little respect for the dummies of the universe, now that you're one of us.

**Rick:** Maybe you're right, Jerry. Maybe you're right.

[Trans. Zigerion space craft, control room]

(The Zigerions are celebrating their victory with a party.)

**Prince Nebulon:** All right, everybody. Two parts Plutonic quarks… One part cesium…. A-and listen, I’m sorry for shouting earlier. I-I couldn't ask for a better staff. I love you guys, and I love all your families. \*readies water bottle\* And the final ingredient…

(Zigerion spacecraft explodes.)

[Trans. Shuttle to Earth]

(Jerry looks behind them, shocked.)

**Jerry:** Whoa! What the hell?! W-what happened back there?

**Rick:** Why don't you ask the smartest people in the universe, Jerry? Oh, yeah. You can't. They blew up.

(“Baker Street” plays. Rick vocalizes the saxophone part.)

[Trans. Int. Ad agency]

(Jerry pitches “Hungry for Apples” in reality.)

**Jerry:** So… What do you think?

**Mr. Marklevitz:** You're fired.

**Jerry:** Wha--? But t-this idea was tested in a state-of-the-art simulation.

**Mr. Marklevitz:** Well, then, it was a terrible simulation. Get out.

(Jerry hangs his head and leaves.)

**Mr. Marklevitz:** Man, how does a guy like that go home and have sex with his wife?

[Trans. Morty’s bedroom]

**Rick:** Hey, Morty.

**Morty:** What?

**Rick:** Hey, little buddy. H-h-how you doing in here right now?

**Morty:** Aw, geez, Rick. What are you doing, man?

**Rick:** Y-y-you're a good kid, Morty. Y-you're a real l-little c-character, Morty.

**Morty:** Oh, boy.

**Rick:** You know, I had a really rocky road today, M-Morty. You're my little friend, aren't you? We had some good times together, huh, M-Morty? We You're a real true hero out in the field. You're a... You're a real trouper, huh, M-M-Morty?

**Morty:** Have you been drinking, Rick?

**Rick:** I really appreciate you, Morty.

**Morty:** O-okay, cool. A-alright, Rick

**Rick:** \*suddenly aggressive, holds a knife to Morty’s throat\* You little son of a bitch! Y-y- are you a simulation?! Huh?! Are you a simulation?!

**Morty:** No! No! No!

**Rick:** You little son of a bitch!

**Morty:** \*terrified, gasps\*

(Rick lowers the knife)

**Rick:** I-I-I’m sorry, Morty. Y-you're a good… You're a good kid, Morty.

**Morty:** Geez!

**Rick:** Y-you're a good… You're a good kid. \*passes out\*

**Morty:** Oh my god!

**Rick:** \*snores\*

**Morty:** W-w-what the hell? What a life.

**1x05 - Meeseeks and Destroy**

**1x06 - Rick Potion #9**

**1x07 - Raising Gazorpazorp**

**1x08 - Rixty Minutes**

**1x09 - Something Ricked This Way Comes**

**1x10 - Close Rick-counters of the Rick Kind**

**1x11 - Ricksy Business**

**2x01 - A Rickle in Time**

**2x02 - Mortynight Run**

**2x03 - Auto Erotic Assimilation**

**2x04 - Total Rickall**

**2x05 - Get Schwifty**

**2x06 - The Ricks Must Be Crazy**

**2x07 - Big Trouble In Little Sanchez**

**2x08 - Interdimensional Cable 2: Tempting Fate**

**2x09 - Look Who's Purging Now**

**2x10 - The Wedding Squanchers**