

**RICK AND MORTY**  
**"ASSAULT ON PRECINCT RICK"**

Written by

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INT. HOUSE - DAY

JERRY, SUMMER, BETH AND MORTY sit in the living room and watch Friends on TV.

ROSS  
Joey, I'll always be there for you.

CHANDLER  
Will you Ross?

ROSS  
As long as my monkey likes you, I will.

The monkey shits on Joey. The audience laughs.

CHANDLER  
Your monkey just shat on me!

The audience laughs and applauds. TV music.

JERRY  
I love that episode.

BETH  
The golden age of television.

MORTY  
Is there anything else on? I'm so fucking bored right now.

JERRY  
That show never gets old.

BETH  
Jerry, yes it does.

SUMMER  
Reruns are like finding old potato chips in the couch. You want to enjoy them, but they're stale.

MORTY  
There's no way those people would be friends in real life.

SUMMER  
They're only friends because nobody else wants to be near them; that's why Grandpa Rick hangs out with you.

MORTY  
Summer, go take a bitch bath and wash some of the bitch off of you.

BETH

Morty!

SUMMER

You know I'm right.

MORTY

Summer, put on some bitch cream while you're at it! You'll never completely hide it, but you can try.

BETH

Morty!

JERRY

Beth maybe we should ask ourselves, did our kids swear like this before your father moved in? I'm just saying.

Friends is on TV again.

BETH

We need more therapy, or some kind of family thing.

JERRY

I hear Lake Flabanaba has a deal on tubing.

Enter Rick.

RICK

Jerry, stop turning my grandkids into idiots.

JERRY

Beth!

Rick grabs Morty.

RICK

Morty, I need your help in the garage.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Rick and Morty enter the garage.

MORTY

What is it Rick?

RICK  
Morty! They found us! We have to  
get ready!

Rick opens a wall revealing a gun room. He tosses a laser rifle and tactical gear at Morty. Rick guns up and gears up like a boss.

MORTY  
Who?

RICK  
The Little Bastards, Morty! The  
Little Bastards!

MORTY  
The word bastards was used instead  
of rascals in the 20's.

A car pulls up across the street.

RICK  
Not really Morty. Not really. I've  
been there. Oh shit! They're here!

50 Little Bastards sporting space tattoos and big guns jump out of the car. The unit bosses look like the Little Rascals. They start firing.

Rick presses a button and blast shields cover the house. Guns unfold from the walls and start firing.

RICK (CONT'D)  
You want to know why I bunkered the  
shit out of this place Morty? This  
is just one of a thousand reasons!

MORTY  
Who did you piss off now, Rick?

RICK  
I pissed off their leader,  
Dickspank. He lost his entire  
planet to me in a card game and I  
sold it to a Targoolian mining  
company. He didn't like it because  
him and his little dirt people  
lived underground and had to move.

MORTY  
That sounds racist Rick.

RICK  
No Morty! Who do you think I am?  
The Little Bastards are actually  
made of half dirt.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

If you look at their DNA under a microscope, you'll see it.

Rick tests his personal forcefield and makes an adjustment with a screwdriver.

RICK (CONT'D)

Racism is just a tool used by the elites to manipulate weak minded people into believing that they are better than others, so that they are distracted from living under economic duress. It's a learned behaviour taught by those that benefit from keeping people divided!

MORTY

Ah jeeze, Rick. Don't make it political. Do you call their leader Dickspank to be mean?

RICK

No Morty! In their culture "dick" means great and "spank" means fire.

MORTY

Sounds like VD.

RICK

They're worse than VD, Morty! They're bullies, rapey and ruthless. I knew the Little Bastards were coming for me! And now I can finish them Morty! I can finish them all! You know why? Because I'm Mother Fuck'n Rick! This is just like that movie, Assault on Presinct 9 or 19 or whatever. I can't remember the number. It's a Rick and Morty Assault on Presinct 19 episode!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Dickspank, their leader directs his gang. The Little Bastards exchange fire with the house.

DICKSPANK

Activate the portal blocker.

ALFALFAFELFA, the second in command, presses a button and a pink plazma field surrounds the house.

The shooting stops.

DICKSPANK (CONT'D)

Rick Sanchez! There is no way out.  
If you come out now, we will be  
merciful to your family!

Rick talks over a loudspeaker.

RICK

Uh, yeah, not going to happen.

DICKSPANK

You have two minutes to decide.

RICK

And you have less than that to save  
yourselves.

DICKSPANK

If you care about your family, you  
will come out and surrender.

RICK

I don't feel like it.

DICKSPANK

Come out now!

RICK

Not by the hair of my chinny chin  
chin, or whatever.

DICKSPANK

Fine then. We're coming in.

RICK

Urp. You can try it. Your funeral.

DICKSPANK

Your funeral!

RICK

Uh. I don't think so! Your funeral!

DICKSPANK

Your funeral!

RICK

I agree. Your funeral. Instead of  
getting all hard thinking about  
killing me, you should learn how to  
play cards better.

DICKSPANK

Cheating motherfucker!

RICK

Card counting doesn't count as cheating, Dickspank. Nor does freezing time and looking over someone's shoulder while adjusting their hand and putting different cards under their sleeve.

DICKSPANK

Motherfucker! I knew it!

RICK

The cheater becomes the cheated. Cheating is okay, as long as you're cheating a cheater. In fact, it cancels itself out because cheating is all relative. It's not cheating if cheating is an unspoken rule of the game!

DICKSPANK

You lying piece of shit! You sold my motherfucking planet!

RICK

I did you a favour Dickspank! Maybe your people can better themselves now and stop living under ground or something. Just because your people are half dirt, doesn't mean they have to live like dirt.

DICKSPANK

Arrogant son of a bitch!

RICK

Nope, just trying to help.

DICKSPANK

Patronizing too.

RICK

I guess we're at an impasse. Come and get me.

DICKSPANK

Oh, I will.

RICK

You'll try, just like with cards. Urp. The Rick, over and out.

DICKSPANK

Motherfucker!

Dickspank turns to Alfalfafelfa.

DICKSPANK (CONT'D)  
It's time to teach Rick Sanchez a  
lesson about cheating.

INT. GARAGE

Rick and Morty talk.

MORTY  
I think you just pissed him off.

RICK  
Angry people make stupid mistakes,  
Morty. That's why his biggest  
mistake is coming after me out of  
anger!

Rick talks into his watch.

MORTY  
Ship. Defend house.

INT. RICK'S SHIP DAY

SHIP  
Order received. Keep house safe.

Rick's ship takes down Little Bastards all over the place,  
zapping, flaming, frying, cutting and blasting.

Rick presses a button and spiderbots deploy from the house.  
They jump and latch onto the Little Bastards faces and blow  
up. The Little Bastards launch and fight back with their own  
waspbots. Waspbots attack the ship and swarm the house.

Rick closes the vents. A never ending supply of Little  
Bastards get out of the car.

MORTY  
Uh Rick, can't we just use the  
portal gun to get out of here? We  
look a little outnumbered.

RICK  
We can't Morty. They've put a  
tacion plazma field around the  
house that stops all portal  
technology from working!

MORTY  
Ah jeeze.

Rick frantically opens another panel exposing numerous  
buttons and starts pressing them.

RICK

I must admit, I would have done the same thing, but the Little Bastards are going to pay for doing it first! Another Rick must have built it for them. When I find out who, and I will. I'm going to make him pay as well. I'll make them all pay, Morty! All of them! Come and get me you Little Bastards!

Rick presses a button releasing hundreds of little marbles from the house gutters. They roll down the driveway and blow up taking out more Little Bastards. The Little Bastards keep coming.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Beth, Jerry and Summer enter.

BETH

Dad, why are the blast shields down again?

Rick throws tactical gear and laser rifles at Beth, Jerry and Summer.

RICK

Hi sweetie, you know, just a little confusion between associates. No big deal, but I need you to put this on, hold this and hide upstairs in the bedroom while daddy takes care of a little home invasion. Use Jerry as a body shield if all else fails.

JERRY

For the sake of my marriage I'm going to say this as nicely as possible. What the fuck is going on, Rick?

RICK

Jerry, it's the idiot police. They've had enough of you making the neighbourhood more stupid. I think they're here to lobotomize you.

JERRY

Beth!

BETH

Dad, are you telling me our home is under attack?

RICK

No Beth, It's poor disposition to explain when I can just show you. You know, like in story telling.

Rick turns a monitor showing the war outside.

JERRY

They're destroying our house!

RICK

Jerry, don't sweat the little things. You should be more worried that they teach their kids to torture small animals. When they get through those blast shields, and they will, we've got two choices. Have all of our favourite body parts sewn together as a Little Bastard art project or fist the little Bastards into our own.

MORTY

Awe jeeze, Rick, isn't there a way we can just compromise with them? Why does everything have to be so extreme with you? We can't just fight one guy. We have to fight an entire civilization!

RICK

Because Morty, you little shit. There's no compromising with these A-holes. Can you negotiate with a flaming asshole after eating out at Tomale Hut? No, you have to shit out the flames and make the best of it. The only relief is after you flush! You have to move forward Morty!

On the monitor, MRS. STABELTO from across the street, brings lemonade to the Little Bastards.

BETH

Is that Mrs. Stabelto? That bitch! She's giving refreshments to them!

RICK

She must be mad about your shitty lawn.

BETH

I thought she liked us!

MORTY

Mom, it isn't any surprise that the neighbours don't like us. I mean, look at our lawn.

RICK

Maybe you should cut the grass once in a while Jerry!

JERRY

Maybe you should build a lawn mower to do that for us, Rick! After all, you live here for free!

RICK

Actually, I did! I forgot about that. Jerry, you're a real idiot, but once in a million years you say something helpful, not really helpful, just not quite as stupid as usual.

Rick opens a drawer and moves some things around. He hands Summer a controller and VR goggles.

RICK (CONT'D)

Dimsum, this is the controller to our lawnmower. It's pretty badass, just run over some of our enemies with it.

SUMMER

Boofuck'nya!

RICK

And cut our lawn while you do it. Maybe we can win back Mrs. Stabelto. Planting a nice flowerbed would help, but in all honesty, her lemonade tastes like feet and she smells like patchouli oil. She's like a dirty hippy that shit herself in College and forgot to shower. I tried to get over it a few weeks ago, but couldn't do it.

MORTY

Why does Summer get to drive?

RICK

Because Morty, you piece of shit, we have a simpler thing for you to do. Press that button over there.

Morty looks at Rick with disdain and presses the button. Outside, a remote control shed opens and a badass remote control lawnmower shoots out of it.

MORTY

Oh, I get to open the door. Thanks Rick!

RICK

Shut up Morty!

SUMMER

It's because Grandpa Rick likes my driving better.

MORTY

Shut up Summer! Your driving sucks! You drive like a hamster in a ball.

RICK

Summer, I gotta back up Morty on this one. It's exactly why you're in the drivers seat. You don't have to try to hit things! It just comes naturally to you!

MORTY

See Summer! Rick thinks you suck!

RICK

Shut up you two. You both suck and you're both pieces of shit! I already proved it with math. Don't make me write a musical about it! It definitely crossed my mind, a magnus opus titled The Sound of Bickering Little Shits! Starring you!

MORTY

Your words hurt Rick! You gotta stop hurting us with your words!

RICK

I'll take notes for when I clone myself Morty.

Summer controls the lawnmower and runs over some Little Bastards. Blood and guts splatter everywhere. Little Bastards run for their lives and shoot at it as more Little Bastards jump out of the car. Mrs. Stabelto brings more lemonade.

SUMMER

Can't outrun the mower, bitches!

RICK

Good job Summer. There's nothing better than killing your enemies behind a remote control. I feel patriotic just saying it!

Everyone laughs.

RICK (CONT'D)

There! You caught that one? Did you? Yeah, I like that one. Needed to be said. Waballubdubdub!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The carnage continues.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Rick, Morty, Beth, Summer and Jerry watch the monitor.

MORTY

Ah Rick, why don't we try blowing up that car? They seem to keep coming out of it.

RICK

Because Morty! I want to kill more of them!

MORTY

Are you trying to kill us?

RICK

No you little turd bank! Why end a war, when you can keep it going? I need to use up all of my old weapons so I can make new ones! The old ones are getting stale Morty!

MORTY

Ah jeeze Rick! You're destroying the neighbourhood for this!

RICK

Morty, who cares? It happens on a global scale every day! I must say, I outdid myself with these defenses.

JERRY

You outdid yourself destroying our lives.

RICK

Jerry, I can hear you talking under your breath, but it doesn't matter because everything you say is idiot talk.

MORTY

Maybe there's nothing to freak out about. Everything looks like it's going to be okay.

BETH

Maybe I should make some dinner. Does anyone want spaghetti?

RICK

Looks like I over estimated them. I guess their tattoos worked on me.

MORTY

Ah Rick, what's that?

The Little Bastards wheel up a new weapon. They blow up the lawnmower and the ship.

RICK

Until now.

Summer gets a blast shock and rips off the VR goggles. The controller and goggles makes a high pitch beeping noise. Rick grabs them and throws them into a metal containment box. They blow up.

RICK (CONT'D)

We spoke too soon. We're going to need to strike fear into them. Sorry about the lawn you two.

JERRY

What!

Rick pulls a lever.

A giant POTATO-BOT unearths itself from the front lawn, leaving a big crater. It fires a sink hole gun at the cannon and every Little Bastard it can. It's giant fist, hammers down Little Bastards all over the place, but more Little Bastards keep coming out of the car.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Our lawn! Jesus Rick!

RICK

Jerry, it wasn't much of a lawn in the first place.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

Don't pretend to care about a lawn you didn't take care of. Jeeze, you'd think you were high school sweethearts or something, since you're so in love with the lawn. You should have knocked up the lawn instead of my daughter.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The war rages on.

The Little Bastards pile ontop of potato-bot and bring him down. Potato-bot struggles and gets back up, throwing them off. He hammers down six more.

SPANKDICK

Buckwheeties. Take out the potato-bot.

BUCKWHEETIES, a cunning Little Bastard, points an arc gun at the potato-bot. The potato-bot stares him down.

BUCKWHEETIES

Hey Potato-Bot! Do you want fries with that?

Boom! The potato-bot blows up. It rains frenchfries and robot parts.

LITTLE BASTARD 1

Lucky for me, I travel with these little packets of ketchup!

INT. GARAGE - DAY

RICK

They're going to pay for that! I loved Potato-bot. He was cool!

MORTY

Destroy the car Rick!

RICK

Shut it, Morty! I'll handle it.

The Little Bastards assemble a new weapon, much more menacing than the last one.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh shit! They have a liquifier! They're coming in!

MORTY

Ah jeeze!

JERRY

I don't want to die!

RICK

Jerry, what you want doesn't matter. It's a meaningless artificial construct derived from your pathetic ego.

MORTY

Ah Rick, this doesn't look good. Blow up the car!

RICK

Morty, I know you're afraid because you're my little guy and just a change of lighting makes you shit your pants, but when you have something that's trying to kill you, you have to face it head on.

Rick presses a button on Morty's body armour. Morty turns invisible.

RICK (CONT'D)

Or you can hide and kill your enemy like a coward with an upper hand! Now you're invisible Morty! Go hide! Hide! Everyone hide!

Rick frantically presses buttons on everyone's body armour, turning them invisible.

RICK (CONT'D)

They'll only see you when you fire at them, so make sure you move after firing every time! Scatter everyone! Scatter!

Jerry's armour dysfunctions, leaving him visible.

JERRY

Uh Rick, are you sure I'm invisible? Am I suppose to be able to see myself?

RICK

I don't have time for this Jerry! It's working fine.

JERRY

Then why can I see myself?

MORTY

I can see him too.

SUMMER

He's standing right there.

BETH

Dad?

MORTY

Ah Rick, can you try a little harder to make my dad invisible?

RICK

I've been trying to do that for years, Morty. If I tried any harder, I might get an aneurysm or something.

JERRY

Beth? Help me? Please?

BETH

Dad?

SUMMER

Grandpa Rick?

Rick uses a screwdriver and tinkers with Jerry's armour.

RICK

Okay, okay! Jeeze, I told you people to go hide and all I get is a demonstration. Do you want yellow vests while you're at it? You'd think you have a death wish or something!

Jerry phases out and is invisible.

RICK (CONT'D)

Here Jerry, you're invisible. Hope you stay that way. Now everyone hide and be careful not to shoot each other. If you want to help out, try to shoot them from behind. Now you're an invisible family. It goes without saying because you're kind of invisible to each other when you're watching TV and playing on your cellphones.

Rick phases out. The garage looks empty.

RICK (CONT'D)

Is everyone still here?

BETH  
I wanted to make sure you didn't  
kill Jerry.

JERRY  
Ah, I love you Beth!

BETH  
You're a lot of work, Jerry.

RICK  
Who'se still in the garage?

MORTY  
I haven't left.

SUMMER  
I'm standing near the table.

RICK  
Well, get out of here! Spread out!  
Go! Go! Go!

Everyone bumps into each other as they try to leave the  
garage.

MORTY  
It's hard being invisible.

BETH  
It's hard walking without seeing  
where your feet are.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The war continues.

DICKSPANK  
Is it charged?

LITTLE BASTARD 1  
Ready to blow like an episode of  
Full House.

DICKSPANK  
Nice one. Fire the liquifier.

LITTLE BASTARD 1  
Why do they call it that? It just  
cuts a hole through blast shields.

DICKSPANK  
I don't give a shit about  
technicalities, just cut a hole in  
the house!

LITTLE BASTARD 1  
 Certainly your testiness.

They fire. It melts a hole in the house. Little Bastards run at the house and are gunned down in masses. Some step on landmines and blow up. They funnel into the house, but Rick defends the entrance with a mini-gun.

RICK  
 Aaaaaaaah!

Bodies of Little Bastards pile up everywhere as they crawl over each other trying to get in.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 Come on bitches!

Summer, Morty, Beth, Jerry defend the entrance.

MORTY  
 You want to come in? You too? Have some cake and cookies motherfuckers! The cheese and crackers are on the table!

SUMMER  
 Aaaaaah! Fuck you Ethan! Fuck you too!

BETH  
 Aaaaaah! I am too a doctor! Come on bitches!

JERRY  
 Ewe gross. Don't splatter on me! Please! Stay away!

RICK  
 You want to fuck with the Rick? Aaaaah!

Rick presses a button on his keychain, setting off an electric current electrifying a daisy chain of Little Bastards. There is a pause, but a few more units trickle in.

Later:

Little Bastards enter the house and take position.

Flash: Summer shoots several, disappears and relocates.

Flash: Beth guns down several, disappears and relocates.

Flash: Morty guns down several and disappears and relocates.

Flash: Jerry's armour short circuits. He becomes visible. They train their guns on him. He tries to move from left to right, but the Little Bastards' muzzles follow him.

JERRY

Ah Rick? Anybody?

The Little Bastards jump on Jerry and beat him, taking him to Dickspank.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Help!

MORTY

This is bullshit Rick! You did that on purpose!

RICK

I swear I fixed it!

MORTY

You didn't even try you big dick!

BETH

Dad!

RICK

I swear I did! Honest!

SUMMER

A real asshole move Grandpa Rick!

RICK

No! I fixed it! I swear!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The Little Bastards bring Jerry to Dickspank. Dickspank slaps Jerry around.

DICKSPANK

That's for your shitty lawn. Poor Mrs. Stabelto was crying because you're a bad neighbour. Rick! We have your Jerry!

RICK

Keep the piece of shit! I don't care. Go and make an art project out of him. You can sell it to Toronto! They buy useless pieces of shit every week!

JERRY

Oh Jesus! Fuck you Rick!

BETH

Dad!

RICK

Don't worry sweetie. I don't want them to think he's important.

DICKSPANK

Not only do you insult my art work and Toronto, a great city by the way, though too expensive. You pretend not to care about your family!

Dickspank shoots Jerry's shoulder.

JERRY

Ah! He shot me!

BETH

Jerry!

SUMMER

Dad!

DICKSPANK

Do you value his leg?

Dickspank shoots Jerry's leg. Jerry collapses.

JERRY

Aaaaaah!

DICKSPANK

How about his hand?

Dickspank shoots Jerry's hand. Jerry's hand explodes.

JERRY

Aaaaaah! Please don't!

DICKSPANK

How about his foot!

Dickspank shoots his foot.

JERRY

My foot! Motherfucker! You shot my foot!

DICKSPANK

And now his other hand!

Dickspank shoots Jerry's other hand. It explodes.

JERRY

Aaaaaaah!

RICK

Jesus Christ! Okay! Okay!

Rick uncloaks and walks out of the house with his hands up.

RICK (CONT'D)

Alright, you win Dickspank. You can have me. Killing me is one thing. Hurting my family is another, even Jerry. I don't want them to think I rigged his invisible armour because you know, that is a dick move, even though I thought about it and chose not to. Do what you have to, just spare my family and let Jerry go.

DICKSPANK

I'm going to enjoy this Sanchez.

Dickspank points his gun at Rick.

The Little Bastards surround Rick, guns pointing at him.

DICKSPANK (CONT'D)

Do you want us to shoot from the bottom up, or from the top down?

RICK

Doesn't really matter, just get it over with.

They fire, but Rick's forcefield protects him. He raises his arms above his head like a rockstar and flips his middle fingers at Dickspank.

RICK (CONT'D)

You thought I would be easier to kill, didn't you?

DICKSPANK

End him!

They fire everything they have. The forcefield withers away to nothing. Rick gets nicked by a shot.

The blasting stops.

Dickspank points his pistol at Rick.

RICK

You didn't count on one thing, Dickspank?

DICKSPANK

What's that? Tell me before I kill you.

RICK

Ricks have Morties.

Suddenly, Morty appears beside Dickspank and shoots him.

MORTY

That's for shooting my dad and this is for invading my house!

Morty has a belt, loaded with cold fusion grenades. He pulls the pin out of a grenade and throws the entire belt in the car and disappears. The car blows up.

Beth, Summer and Rick shoot the remaining Little Bastards.

BETH

Aaaaaaaah!

SUMMER

Aaaaaaaah!

They're all dead. Dickspank is barely alive, clumsily trying to reach for a gun. Rick walks up to him and steps on his hand.

RICK

You got your people killed because you were angry, proud and stupid, but don't feel bad about it. You and your people are going to be the proud fertilizer feeding the flowerbed on my daughter's shitty lawn. Mrs. Stabelto gives thanks.

Dickspank smiles at Rick.

Rick pulls the trigger.

Rick walks up to Jerry and injects him with a needle.

RICK (CONT'D)

Jerry, this'll help you.

Jerry heals.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Later: Jerry, Beth, Rick and Morty collect the bodies and pile them in the crater sized hole in the front lawn.

They spread a layer of soil ontop of the bodies, then roll sod over the dirt.

Beth plants flowers ontop of them and waters them.

Jerry cuts the lawn.

Rick fixes his flying saucer.

Morty vacuums frenchfries off the street and scrubs blood with Summer.

Mrs. Stabelto admires the cleanup and flowers from across the street. She waves at Beth, but Beth doesn't wave back.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The house is shot to hell. Rick, Beth, Morty, Jerry and Summer sit in the living room. They all look like shit. Awkward fatigue sets in.

Jerry turns on the TV.

JERRY

Hey! The TV still works!

Everyone is quietly unenthused.

MORTY

You really have to start being accountable Rick.

BETH

Right?

SUMMER

We have nowhere to live.

JERRY

I won't say I told you so, but I told you so. It was only a matter of time. Yup, just a matter of time until...

RICK

Yeah Jerry, we get it.

Quiet pause.

RICK (CONT'D)

Thanks for letting me live here. It means a lot to me.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

I should say that more often and I'm sorry my actions led to an intergalactic home invasion and the destruction of your house and shitty lawn. None of you deserved that, not even you Jerry.

BETH

I love you dad.

JERRY

You gave yourself up for me, but you let him almost kill me and you destroyed our house! But, thanks I guess.

MORTY

We should have blown up the car first.

RICK

Yup, that would have made sense and I'll own that. You're right. Should have ended it quickly. Long wars are stupid.

SUMMER

Maybe the lesson to be learned is it's good to be bored at home and that we can overcome any obstacle if we work together.

RICK

Summer, I'm about to forget everything you just said because it has no value coming from you.

JERRY

Our house isn't a house anymore. It's a frame with holes.

RICK

Jerry, I'll make a better house. Here, I'll show you so you can stop freaking out, but we have to step outside for a little while. I have an idea! While our house is being rebuilt, why don't we go tubing at Lake Flabanaba! My treat. Jerry, you can come too.

BETH

Friends is on again. Can we go after the show?

RICK

Oh! This is the one where Chandler shits on Ross's monkey and says, "Now, am I still your friend?" Or whatever. It's payback for the monkey! Ha! Ha!

SUMMER

I like this one.

MORTY

I'll say it again; there's no way they would ever stay friends after that.

RICK

Hey, we do impossible things all the time!

MORTY

You should thank me for saving your ass Rick. It's really uncool that you didn't thank me.

RICK

Well Morty, I'm sorry that you think you need to hear me say it. Maybe I don't say it because the coolest things don't need to be said.

MORTY

They don't need to be said do they?

RICK

Maybe. I'm not saying anything.

MORTY

Thanks for not saying it then Rick.

RICK

Don't let it go to your head, Morty. You're still an insignificant little sack of farts.

Rick farts.

RICK (CONT'D)

See! I just said it again!

SUMMER

Hold on, I have to Morty.

Summer farts. Everyone laughs.

Friends starts playing on TV

BETH

We are way too comfortable with one  
another.

RICK

I wouldn't have it any other way!  
Hope you're farting too!  
Wabalubdubdub! See you next week!