

Jerk  
By  
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COLD OPEN

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

BETH, JERRY, SUMMER, and RICK are sitting around the table getting ready to eat dinner.

JERRY

Beth, honey, isn't Morty coming down for dinner?

BETH

I called him five minutes ago, Jerry.

JERRY

Oh, so because our son didn't hear you call him once, he has to starve to death?

SUMMMER

Chill out, Dad.

BETH

Yeah, Jerry. If you're so concerned for Morty, why don't you go get him?

JERRY

That's not the point...

RICK

I think we all know why Morty's still in his room and hasn't come down for dinner yet.

Rick makes JERK-OFF MOTIONS.

SUMMMER

Ew, Grandpa. That's disgusting.

BETH

It's not disgusting, Summer.  
It's... natural...

Beth zones out for beat.

BETH (CONT'D)

I need to go check something on Amazon quick.

She grabs her glass of wine and hurries to the living room. Jerry looks at her in suspicion.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Okay...

RICK

Fuck yeah!

SUMMMER

Way to be subtle, Mom. You're being even grosser than Grandpa now.

RICK

As if that's even possible. What what!

He tries to give Summer a high five but she just sits there with her arms folded. Jerry SIGHS loudly.

JERRY

Fine. I'll go get Morty.

RICK

We established that five minutes ago, Jerry. \*burps\* We're on to a whole 'nother sha-bang-a-bang now.

Jerry walks away muttering to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - UPSTAIRS, OUTSIDE MORTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jerry walks upstairs to MORTY'S room. The door is CLOSED. Jerry KNOCKS.

JERRY

Morty, son, aren't you coming down to eat dinner?

MORTY

Ah, geez... n-not right now, Dad. I-I'm not that hungry.

JERRY

Now listen, son. I know what you're doing in there to yourself might feel good, but I'm a little concerned about what you're doing it... uh... in reference to. There's a lot of dangerous websites out there, son.

(CONTINUED)

MORTY

Dad, n-now's really not a good time. C-can you do me a favor and get Grandpa Rick? It's really important that you do.

Jerry SIGHS.

JERRY

I'm just worried about you, Morty. That's all.

Jerry walks back downstairs, defeated.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JERRY (CONT'D)

He wants you, Rick.

RICK

Whoa, I am not that kind of grandpa.

Summer is in the middle of EATING and abruptly DROPS her fork full of food.

SUMMER

Seriously, I'm never eating dinner at home again.

RICK

Fine. \*burps\* I'll go see what, w-what Handy Mc-McMasterbates wants.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - UPSTAIRS, OUTSIDE MORTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick walks upstairs. He knocks on Morty's door.

RICK (CONT'D)

Everything... everything okay in there ch-champ-whatever?

MORTY

Oh, God! Grandpa Rick, g-g-get in here quick!

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Whoa, Morty. I-I don't know what kind of vibes I was giving off on our last adventure but...

MORTY

What the hell, Rick? I-I'm not... why in God's name would you even think I was hitting on you? That's, that's not even... you're sick, Grandpa Rick. Y--y-you know that? Please, just get in here.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - MORTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick BURSTS in. Morty is sitting on the bed with his pants down, socks on, and a laptop on his lap. In the corner of his room is a STONE CHERUB with a comb-over and creepy smile. His hands are REACHING towards Morty.

RICK

Holy angel fuck!

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

Title: "Rick and Morty"

Title: "Jerk"

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - MORTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MORTY

Wh-what, what do I do Grandpa Rick?

RICK

Alright, Morty, j-just stay calm. And whatever you do, don't stop jerking off!

MORTY

I'm not... I mean...

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Geez, Morty. Have some goddamn humility. Do you know how old I am? Do you know how many times I've made God cry in my life? Huh? D-do you? Cuz it's a whole lot, Morty... a whole lot.

MORTY

Yeah, but I... I c-can't do it in...

RICK

Everybody jerks off, Morty. Everybody. Every fucked up space creature. Every planet. E-every dimension. Every alternate timeline. Hell, I've been to dimensions where it's weird to not constantly jerk-off. \*burps\* Spent a few months there and still, despite my incessant need to always have my hand on my penis, was seen as a non-masturbating creep to everyone in that dimension and was \*burps\* forced out. Look, what I'm saying is, I've never met anyone who didn't masturbate. Case closed.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beth is sitting on the couch with her laptop on her lap, sipping on her wine. She has a huge smile on her face. Jerry walks in.

JERRY

Beth, uh... aren't you gonna finish eating dinner?

BETH

Not now, Jerry. I've got some shopping to do. Oh, that looks like a fun one.

JERRY

Wh-what are you shopping for exactly, sweetie?

(CONTINUED)

BETH

A... a personal massager.

JERRY

What? Why would you need one of those? Those things are a waste of money. I can give you a massage, Beth. There's more than one reason they called Jerry Smith, "Señor Magic Fingers" in college.

BETH

What was the other reason?

JERRY

I'm sorry?

Beth SIGHS.

BETH

What was the other reason they called you... God, I can't believe I'm saying this... "Señor Magic Fingers" in college?

JERRY

Uh, look, can we, uh, just stick to the conversation at hand for now? It's a long story and the point still stands. Jerry Smith, your husband, can give you the best darn massage of your entire life!

BETH

Not like this thing can. (beat). Oh yeah, definitely not like this thing can.

JERRY

Oh, so I see what's going on here, Beth. You're getting a... a dildo!

BETH

Jerry, plenty of women my age have one. It's not a big deal.

JERRY

Wha... not a big deal? Not a big deal? This is the final nail in the coffin that is our marriage. Nay! This is the dildo in our coffin.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

If you really think a dildo is the thing that's going to make or break this marriage, you need to re-evaluate your life, Jerry!

Beth leaves the living room.

JERRY

(calling after her)

Well at least I'm not a dirty, filthy... masturbator! Have fun replacing my close to perfectly functional penis with your new devil stick, Beth.

At that moment, Summer walks into the living room.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Oh, hey, Summer. What'cha got planned for tonight?

Summer runs out of the house screaming.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - MORTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Stone Cherub has crept a little closer to Morty.

MORTY

Oh, God, Rick! It's... i-it's getting closer!

RICK

Well, it'll keep getting closer unless you start jerking off again.

MORTY

W-what? I don't get it, what's happening here?

RICK

Look, Morty. We've done a lot of dimension hopping together, and sometimes the residual dimensional energy you pick up can be transferred through electronics. It seems like this time, you accidentally accessed the Dark Matter Net and set one of these bad boys loose.

(CONTINUED)

MORTY

I was just browsing reddit, I swear!

RICK

That's what they all say. Besides, "reddit" means something completely different on the Dark Matter Net, Morty. Trust me, there's some super dark shit on there, Morty. Suuuuper dark shit. Like super dark shit so super \*burps\* fucking dark y-you didn't even think you wanted to see it! It changes you, Morty...

MORTY

Well, w-what the hell is that thing anyway? Some sort of outer space stone murder angel?

RICK

They're called, "Peeping Cherubs." One of the oldest, \*burps\* and therefore creepiest creatures in the whole freakin' Universe. They're quantum trapped until someone accesses their cloud on the Dark Matter Net. Once that happens, they're invisible to the naked eye unless someone around them starts jerking off. The only reason we can see this one now is because you still have your hand on your junk and it thinks you're masturbating. But these things are fucking smart, Morty. I-it'll figure out soon enough that you aren't and then...

MORTY

Th-then what, Rick?

RICK

Then you're fuuuuuuucked, Morty.

MORTY

Seriously? Oh, God, Grandpa Rick, I-I don't wanna die tonight. E-especially not like this!

RICK

Oh, you won't die, Morty. \*burps\* I mean you will, but it'll just be excruciatingly horrifying.

(CONTINUED)

Rick takes out his flask and starts to down the entire thing.

MORTY

Why would you say "but it'll just be excruciatingly horrifying?" Don't you mean "and excruciatingly horrifying?" Oh, geez. Making that correction out loud didn't change how I felt about the situation at all!

Rick finishes what's in his flask and burps loudly.

RICK

See, Morty, these things, th-they feed off of potential "masturbatory energy." I-imagine every last drop of that happy juice you were trying to get out manually earlier being sucked out involuntarily. And, a-and not the good kind of sucking either, Morty. Imagine you juiced an orange and the orange had a skeleton and every time you made orange juice, \*burps\* you had a skeleton left over. Now imagine that b-but ten billion times worse and with your jizz and skeleton.

A bird appears on the windowsill next to the Peeping Cherub. A beat later, the bird explodes. Blood and semen fly everywhere.

RICK (CONT'D)

Kinda like that. \*burps\* But worse.

Morty starts crying.

RICK (CONT'D)

Better save up those tears, Morty. You might need 'em later. \*burps\* Anyway, I need to go refill and figure out how to take care of this mess.

MORTY

Aw, geez, Rick. D-don't leave me alone in here with this pedo-angel.

RICK

Calm down, Morty. These things don't strictly target \*burps\* the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICK (cont'd)  
underage. We're all real fucked if  
we don't figure this out. Just give  
me some time.

MORTY  
W-what do I do in the meantime?

RICK  
Geez, Morty. H-haven't you been  
listening to literally anything  
I've been fucking saying?

Morty turns his attention to the Cherub and shakes  
nervously.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Oh. Right. That thing. Just \*burps\*  
just keep your hand on your dick,  
Morty. For the love of God. Keep.  
Your. Hand. On. Your. Dick. (beat).  
Peace!

Rick leaves, slamming the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - GARAGE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Rick is at his work bench constructing something. Jerry  
knocks and walks in.

RICK  
Let me ask you something, Jerry.  
W-why the hell even knock if you're  
just gonna walk in anyway? Huh?  
E-either knock o-or just come in!

JERRY  
Uh, sorry Rick, but can I talk to  
you for a minute? I could really  
use your, uh, sage, advice.

RICK  
Sage advice, huh? R-really, really  
digging deep for \*burps\* that one,  
Jerry. I'm kinda doing something  
important here. Can it wait?

JERRY  
It's about Beth.

Rick looks up from working and SIGHS.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

What happened this time?

JERRY

Well, you see... ugh, this is so embarrassing.

RICK

Spit it out, Jerry. Shit is about to hit the fan in a big way. Y-you understand? Diarrhea is about to get all up in the Central Air. You feel me? Th-that's a lot of fucking shit to clean up, man. Lot of \*burps\* fuckin' shit.

JERRY

Okay. Okay. \*sighs nervously\* Beth is... Beth is buying a dildo.

RICK

What? I-is that...? Fuuuuuck you, man. Fuck. You.

JERRY

Wh-what did I say?

RICK

I don't need to hear about my daughter. Yeah, that's right. Your wife, my daughter, buying a goddamn dildo, Jerry.

Rick turns and starts working at his bench again.

RICK (CONT'D)

Especially not when your son is about to get all of the semen forcibly removed from his body.

JERRY

What?

Rick SIGHS and stops working.

RICK

Look. Just tell Beth how you feel about it and get the hell out of here.

JERRY

You know Beth, Rick. Once she makes a decision about something, it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (cont'd)  
takes an act of God to get her to  
change her mind. (beat). Besides,  
I've already tried telling her how  
I feel and she just doesn't care.

RICK  
Did you, Jerry? (beat). Did you?

JERRY  
(annoyed)  
Yes.

Rick starts working again.

RICK  
Then stop being a pussy and get  
over it. Peace!

He kicks Jerry out. Jerry SIGHS.

JERRY  
You know what... Rick's right! I  
really do need to stop being a  
pussy and get over it. (beat). Two  
can play this game Beth...

Jerry rubs his hands together and smiles.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
...two can play this game.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - MORTY'S ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

MORTY  
Oh, thank God, Grandpa Rick. You're  
back!

Rick walks in with the gadget he was working on in the  
garage. He starts setting it up in between Morty and the  
Cherub.

RICK  
God, Morty. If you somehow survive  
today, you better not grow up to be  
like your dad. C-cuz I swear to  
everything that is sacred in the  
Multiverse I will beat the  
ever-living shit out of you.  
Y-y-you hear me Morty? I will fuck  
you up!

(CONTINUED)

MORTY

Somehow survive? Th-there's gotta be a way out of this. I mean, you always figure out how to save the day, Rick... right?

RICK

Calm your shit, Morty. Of course I've figured out a way to save the day. It's real simple.

MORTY

Wh-what do I have to do?

RICK

Lick my balls, Morty.

MORTY

Wh-wh-what?

RICK

Lick my fucking, balls.

Morty looks traumatized. Rick bursts out laughing.

RICK (CONT'D)

Ah ha ha. Oh man! \*burps\* Y-you, you should've seen your face. I'm just fucking with you, Morty. A little interdimensional inside joke. Just keep doing what I told you and everything should be fine.

MORTY

W-well that's the thing, Grandpa Rick. It's starting to get a little... uh, complicated.

RICK

W-w-what the hell do you mean, "complicated?" Now's really not the time to start getting coy, Morty. You have your dick in your hand and you're talking to your Grandpa in front of a cum-draining stone cherub for fuck's sake!

MORTY

Gee, Grandpa Rick. W-well, when you put it that way, it... it's just that, if I keep going, well, eventually... y-you know...

Rick drops what he's doing.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Morty. Morty. Whatever you do. Do not blow your load in front of this, this Masturbangel. Y-you hear me, boy? You do not blow your load under any \*burps\* circumstances.

MORTY

Ah, geez. W-what happens if I do?

Rick gets back to work.

RICK

It'll attract the rest of that guy's host. Do you have any idea what that fucking means? W-what that could mean for the rest of our galaxy? Best case scenario: we have to blow up Earth to save the rest of the galaxy from getting devoured by these things.

MORTY

Jesus Christ, Rick!

RICK

I know, Morty. You fucked up reaaaal big this time.

MORTY

Me? Me? Th-th-this is all your fault. It's always your fault. You... y-you stupid piece of shit! Fuck you, Grandpa!

Rick's gadget begins to malfunction.

RICK

Dammit! My invention isn't working. Be \*burps\* right back.

Rick rushes out.

MORTY

I hope you don't come back at all. Y-you octogenarian shithead. I can hold this thing off myself. I-I could do this all day. I've done it all day ple-plenty of times. I... I... ohhhhh God. Oh geez. Oh...

Morty breathes in deeply and smiles. Suddenly, in the space between the first Cherub and Morty's bed, more Cherubs begin POPPING in.

(CONTINUED)

MORTY (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
Grandpa Rick!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - GARAGE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Rick is trying to fix the new gadget he's invented. Beth knocks on the door.

BETH  
Dad, I know you're probably busy with some universe saving invention, but can I talk to you for a minute?

RICK  
Come on in, Beth. You know I always have a minute for my little girl. (beat). But seriously, only a minute. If your son is anything like I think Jerry probably is, that's probably all the time we have.

BETH  
What does that... nevermind. That's actually why I came here to talk to you. Jerry's been freaking out all night because...

RICK  
I'm gonna stop you right there, Beth. Look. You're my daughter. I \*burps\* love you to death. But don't you think this is one of those situations where it's a little too personal for your father to be getting involved?

BETH  
Oh... my god. Oh my god! Did Jerry already come in here and tell you why we've been fighting?

(CONTINUED)

RICK  
(annoyed)  
Yes. Does that honestly surprise  
you?

BETH  
(angry)  
Ugh! Of course he would come  
straight to you. I wasn't going to  
tell you the, uh, intimate details  
about our fight but I still needed  
some advice. Do you think it's...  
wrong?

RICK  
You heard me at dinner, Beth. You  
know how I feel about all that good  
stuff. It's just Jerry being a  
little insecure bitch as usual.

BETH  
But he's my little insecure bitch.

RICK  
Exactly. So do what you wanna do.  
He'll get over it eventually. Or  
not. Whatever. He's your problem,  
not mine.

Beth seems disappointed with Rick's answer. Rick SIGHS.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Look, right now, our whole galaxy,  
nay, the whole universe, nay, the  
horse universe, is in danger of  
getting real fucked up, Beth. Real  
fucked up. But do I seem that  
stressed to you?

BETH  
Well, maybe a little.

RICK  
Trust me, I've dealt with a helluva  
lot worse. The point is, I'm  
dealing with it. Not worrying. Not  
complaining. Not freaking out about  
a \*burps\* dildo. I may be your  
father, Beth, but you're also an  
adult now. I mean this with  
complete and total love when I say:  
deal with your own fucking problems  
and leave everyone else the hell  
out of it.

(CONTINUED)

BETH

That was... surprisingly inspiring,  
Dad. Thank you.

She kisses him on the cheek.

BETH (CONT'D)

By the way, what was up with Morty  
before? Is everything okay?

RICK

Oh yeah. Th-that little scamper is  
in tip-top shape. Nothin'...  
nothin' to worry about with, with  
that ol-old sport. Heh heh...

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - MORTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Multiple Cherubs are now in Morty's room.

MORTY

Oh God, oh God, oh God!

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

BETH

I know I don't say this enough but  
you're a great grandpa. Morty's  
lucky to have you in his life.

Rick starts pushing her out of the garage.

RICK

However long that is!

BETH

What?

Rick slams the door on her.

BETH (CONT'D)

Ugh. Where the hell is Jerry?

CUT TO:

## INT. PERFECT PURCHASE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry is at Perfect Purchase (a Best Buy-type store). He is speaking to an EMPLOYEE.

EMPLOYEE

Good evening, sir. I'm sorry to say, but we'll be closing in about ten minutes. Do you need help making any final purchases?

JERRY

Uh, uh, yes! As a matter of fact, I do. I-I'm looking for something very specific.

EMPLOYEE

Okay...?

JERRY

Do you know where I can find any, uh, fake, um... models of the, uh, female reproductive system?

EMPLOYEE

Um... what?

JERRY

You know... like a, like a fake vagina?

A CREEP in a trenchcoat in the next aisle peeks his head up.

EMPLOYEE

We don't sell those here.

JERRY

Are you kidding me? I need one by tonight! You see, my wife decided that she wanted to buy a dildo--as if our marriage wasn't in jeopardy enough--and her father thinks it's fine but I think it's outrageous that she even thought of the idea. You know what I'm saying? And then my son won't stop masturbating for even a second to eat dinner!

Jerry sighs.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I guess what I'm just trying to say is...

(CONTINUED)

He grabs the employee by the collar.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
...do you have any idea how  
important it is for me to buy a  
fake vagina tonight?

He shakes her.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
Do you?

The employee screams.

EMPLOYEE  
Security!

CUT TO:

EXT. PERFECT PURCHASE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry is getting dragged out of the store by security.

JERRY  
(screaming)  
A store that doesn't sell fake  
vaginas is no store of mine! I'm  
never shopping here again! (beat).  
And I'm telling all of my friends  
that you don't sell fake vaginas!

They leave Jerry on the sidewalk.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
I just can't seem to catch a break  
tonight.

He puts his face in his lap and starts crying.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Damn you, Jerry Smith. Get it  
together!

CREEP  
Psst.

From the bushes, Jerry hears something.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Is-is somebody there?

The voice has an Eastern European accent.

CREEP

Over here, behind bush.

JERRY

Just so you know, I-I wasn't crying just there. Some dust got in my eyes and I think one of the security guards had some cat dander on him, which I'm allergic to...

CREEP

No need for explanation, you sad, disgusting man. I am only here to be offering that which you are looking for.

JERRY

(excited)

You mean?

CREEP

Yes. Fake woman hole. Just for you, my friend.

He pulls out what looks to be a FLESHLIGHT.

JERRY

Is that it?

CREEP

Yup. Only used once. Guaranteed to be having good time.

JERRY

How much is this gonna cost me?

CREEP

For you my weeping friend, fifty dollar American. Cash only. No refund.

JERRY

But you just said it was used.

CREEP

That is why cost is so much. It's how you say... "broken in." Eh?

(CONTINUED)

He smiles and elbows Jerry gently in the rib. Both he and Jerry start laughing.

JERRY  
You drive a hard bargain, sir. But  
I'll take it!

CUT TO:

EXT. PERFECT PURCHASE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Over in the parking lot, Summer is sitting with her friends. One of her friends, CINDY, spots Jerry.

CINDY  
Hey, Summer, isn't that your dad  
over there?

SUMMER  
Where?

CINDY  
Over there in front of the store,  
buying a dude dildo from that  
homeless guy.

SUMMER  
Ahhhhhhh!

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - MORTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morty is trapped on his bed. The Cherubs have taken over his room.

MORTY  
Rick! Rick! Rick!

Rick tries to open the door.

RICK  
What the hell, Morty? How did you  
lock the door?

MORTY  
I-I-I didn't, Rick! A Peeping  
Cherub is blocking it. Oh geez,  
Rick. I messed up big time. Y-you  
were right. I'm always fucking up,  
Rick.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

What the shit happened, Morty? I need answers fast.

MORTY

I, uh, I f-finished and uh...

RICK

Jesus Christ, Morty! I mean, Jesus fucking Christ, Morty. You fucked up real bad now, Morty. Real bad. I-I-I fucking told you not to do that. D-didn't I? Didn't I fucking tell you?

MORTY

Oh man, Grandpa Rick. Y-you did. I admit, I shit the bed o-on this one.

RICK

This isn't a time for shitty puns, Morty. Everything we know and love is at stake right now. Even your, y-your shitty fucking wordplay. And since you "finished", I gotta know. H-how many are in there, Morty? It's a lot, isn't it?

Rick downs his flask.

MORTY

Aww, geez. Th-there's gotta be at least... at least ten of them in here with me, Rick. They're close, Rick. I'm really scared.

RICK

Just, j-just try and relax, Morty. I've been trying to get this Quantumizer piece of shit to work all night and it keeps jamming up on me. I'm the one shitting the bed on this one, Morty. I'll try to help you as fast as I can, but I still need more time. Hang in there, kid.

MORTY

G-grandpa Rick?

(CONTINUED)

RICK  
Y-yeah, Morty?

MORTY  
Please don't let me die.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beth is sitting on the couch. Summer angrily walks into the house.

BETH  
Hey, Summer. How was your...

SUMMER  
Don't talk to me. I'm going to my room and going to bed.

BETH  
Okay...

Jerry walks in with a bag in his hand.

JERRY  
Why hello, hello. Fancy seeing you here, Beth.

BETH  
Listen, Jerry. Before you say anything, I've been thinking all night about what we talked about and I've decided...

JERRY  
Eh, eh, eh! Before you say anything... do you like loads?

BETH  
(angry)  
What did you just say to me, Jerry?

JERRY  
Then get a load of this!

Jerry pulls out his "fleshlight."

BETH  
What am I supposed to be looking at exactly?

At that moment, Rick runs in from the garage.

(CONTINUED)

RICK  
(to himself)  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!

He spots Jerry waving his "Fleshlight."

RICK (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, Jerry. You went and bought yourself a dude dildo? That's what you took away from our little heart-to-heart before? Y-you went out and \*burps\* bought yourself a Fleshlight? (to Beth). You sure know how to pick 'em, don't ya?

He gently punches her cheek.

BETH  
Oh my god, Jerry. Are you serious?

JERRY  
What? What? What? You're angry at me? I'm still angry at you!

BETH  
For what, just saying I wanted to buy a sex toy? You went out and actually did it!

JERRY  
So what? You had no problem with getting one for yourself!

RICK  
Oooh. This is getting good. Even with everything happening upstairs. I could wait a second. I feel like, l-like it's gonna tie in somehow.

BETH  
Well, this is completely different.

JERRY  
How so?

BETH  
That thing's just... just gross!

JERRY  
It's only been used once!

Everyone is silent.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Aw, man. Why didn't I realize that before?

RICK

Holy fuck, Jerry! Where'd you buy that?

JERRY

Uh, Perfect Purchase.

RICK

Bullshit. They don't sell those there. \*burps\* I've looked... for science.

BETH

Have you no shame, dad?

RICK

\*burps\* A little.

MORTY (O.S.)

Rick! Oh my fucking God!

BETH

Is that Morty?

RICK

Oh fuck!

Rick runs upstairs. Beth and Jerry chase after him.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - OUTSIDE MORTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MORTY

Grandpa Rick! They're getting really close now. I can't take this much longer.

RICK

God dammit, Morty. I-I-I don't know what else to do. I'm so sorry, Morty. W-we had some great adventures. I thought we'd have a lot more.

BETH

Dad, what the hell is happening?

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Is Morty okay?

RICK

M-Morty's fucked right now unless we can get into his room.

JERRY

So just open the door!

RICK

Don't you think I fucking tried, Jerry? I-it's a lot more fucking complicated than that.

BETH

Why won't it open?

RICK

There's a group of homicidal stone alien cherubs on the other side blocking it.

BETH

And my son is gonna die unless you somehow make it in there?

RICK

I'm so sorry, Beth. Even if we did, I can't get my goddamn Quantumizer to function. Unless... Jerry, you gross son of a bitch. Give me your fake vag!

JERRY

We never established that it wasn't gross. (beat). Oh, alright. But I don't see how this is supposed to help.

He hands it over to Rick. He starts taking it apart.

RICK

I know a Flarglakian that hangs out around Perfect Purchase trying to sell unsuspecting humans what they believe is a fake vagina.

JERRY

You mean... i-it's not?

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Nope. It's a high-caliber, massively pain inducing laser. This would've blown your dick clean off, Jerry. \*burps\* Too bad.

JERRY

Oh... my God!

RICK

But you just saved your son's life, so there's that.

Rick blasts a hole through the wall and then proceeds to blast apart every angel until they're dust.

MORTY

Holy shit, Grandpa Rick! Y-y-you just kicked angel ass!

JERRY

I helped too! It's because of me that you're alive right now.

Morty looks at Rick. Rick nods his head.

MORTY

R-really, dad? H-how'd you do that?

JERRY

Well, you see, it all started when you weren't coming down for dinner and your mom got this idea in her head...

Beth pushes him out of the way.

BETH

He never has to hear that story, Jerry. (beat). Honey, are you okay?

MORTY

I-I think so, Mom. But can you, uh, not look at me.

BETH

Oh, geez! I didn't notice! I'm sorry. Let's get out of here, Jerry. Morty's been through enough today.

JERRY

I think we all have.

Everyone looks at Jerry. He sighs.

JERRY (CONT'D)

C'mon. Let's just go.

At that moment, Summer walks into Morty's room.

SUMMER

What the fuck?

JERRY

Language, Summer!

SUMMER

Oh no. No. No. No. No. No. We're  
way past "language," Dad.

BETH

Summer, sweetie, I don't think now  
is the best time...

SUMMER

Then when is the best time, Mom?  
What the hell is going on with this  
family? Every single time I walk in  
the room, someone in this family is  
either talking about or doing  
something weirdly sexual!

RICK

Summer...

SUMMER

You shut your goddamn mouth,  
Grandpa Rick! I draw the fucking  
line at my parents and grandpa  
sitting around my brother's bed  
while he has his dick out!At that moment, a straggling Stone Cherub quickly begins  
approaching Morty.

BETH

Morty! Watch out!

Summer grabs the "weapon" out of Rick's hand and starts  
continually blasting the Stone Cherub, well after it's  
become dust.

(CONTINUED)

SUMMMER  
(screaming as she's shooting)  
Ahhhhhhhh!

Summer starts breathing heavily.

SUMMER (CONT'D)  
I'm... going... to bed. (beat).  
Peace!

Summer exits.

JERRY  
Well... goodnight, son.

BETH  
We love you.

Beth and Jerry exit.

MORTY  
So you could've just, like, blown  
them up the entire time?

RICK  
Guess so, Morty.

MORTY  
Goddammit, Rick! Why didn't you  
just do that in the first place  
then?

RICK  
Are you kidding me, Morty? Y-you  
think I just wanted to explode  
these guys, huh? Y-you think my  
\*burps\* my master plan was to turn  
these extremely intelligent angel  
fucks to dust? And on top of that,  
I barely got any new information  
about them. If we ever run into  
these fuckers again, we're fucked  
Morty.

MORTY  
W-well, gee, Grandpa Rick. How do  
we make sure not to do that?

RICK  
My advice to you? Stop jerking off.  
For like, \*burps\* ever.

(CONTINUED)

MORTY

Aww, man.

RICK

C-cheer up, Morty. You're lucky you even still have a dick right now.

MORTY

Thanks, Grandpa Rick.

Rick goes to leave.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Hey, Grandpa. (beat). Rick and Morty forever.

RICK

Rick and Morty forever.

Morty puts out his hand.

RICK (CONT'D)

Aw, dude, what the fuck man? I-I-I ain't touchin' that shit. Go, g-go wash your hand. Y-you think I want touch my teenage grandson's spermy dick fingers? Get that shit out of my face, Morty. \*burps\* You're fucking gross.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE

TAG

INT. JERRY'S COLLEGE - JERRY'S COLLEGE DAYS

Jerry is practicing sawing a woman in half for his magic act. There is an old Latina woman, ROSALINDA, in Jerry's box.

ROSALINDA

Excuse me, Señor Jerry.

Jerry's hands are SHAKING as he holds a saw in his hands.

JERRY

Yes, Rosalinda?

(CONTINUED)

ROSALINDA  
Señor Jerry, my back... it is  
itchy.

JERRY  
Do you, uh, need me to scratch it  
for you?

ROSALINDA  
Yes, please. If it is not too much  
trouble for you, Señor Jerry.

Jerry places his hand in one of the boxes openings.

JERRY  
Am I getting it?

ROSALINDA  
Oh yes, Señor Jerry... oh yes. Your  
fingers feel amazing. They are  
unlike any I've ever felt.

JERRY  
R-really? Am I that good at this.

ROSALINDA  
Oh, si, si, Señor... Magic Fingers.

JERRY  
Señor Magic Fingers, eh? I bet  
Bradley Reynold's girlfriend never  
calls him that.

Jerry starts rubbing her back harder.

ROSALINDA  
Oh, Señor...

JERRY  
Yeah? You like that, Rosalinda?  
I'll rub your back all night if I  
have to. They don't call me Señor  
Magic Fingers for nothing!

Rosalinda doesn't respond. Her limbs go limp.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Uh... Rosalinda?

Jerry SIGHS.

FADE OUT.