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Rick and morty mortynight run script

These are the Rick and morty episodes used to get the data. We have made it available on the site only for the purpose of providing a vast amount of warriors (via the Rick and Morty wiki page) that are better than what is already available. Now Togglebox emphasizes the stage direction and speakers. In the future, I'd like to parse the transcript file and separate each individual speaker so that lines can be highlighted for each speaker. To highlight the directions to Morty's room, Rick staggers drunk and lights up. Morty! You must come on. Juice... I have to come with me. Mort rubs her eyes. What, Rick? What is going on? Rick: I got a surprise for you. Mort: Mort! It's midnight. What are you talking about? Rick poured alcohol on Mort's bed. I got a surprise for you. hurry to bring Mort to his ankles. Take Mort out of bed and into the hallway. Mort: Oh! You're pulling me so hard! Rick: We've got to go, get out here, come on. I was surprised by Mort. Rick: Rick's boat cut through the night sky. What do you think of this... Flying vehicle. Mort? I built out the stuff I found in the garage. Mort yes, Rick... It is great. Is this a surprise? Rick: Mort. I had to... I had to do it. I did - I did - I had to make a bomb. Mort: I had to make a bomb. Mort what? Bomb? Rick: We're just going to drop down there to get a completely fresh start. Mort: Create a whole new beginning. Mort: T-t- That's absolutely crazy! Come on Rick. Mort: Just easy. Mort: It's going to be good. Now, we're going to pick up your little friend Jessica. Mort: Jessica? In my math class? Rick: Rick pats his arm on Mort's shoulder. When I drop a bomb you know, I want you to have someone, you know? I want you to have a job. I'm going to make it like the new Adam and Eve, and you're going to be Eve. With Mort: Ha! Rick and so amazing. Mort: Mort no, you can't! Push Rick out. Jessica doesn't even know I exist! But, though, forget about it, because you can't blow up humanity! Rick: I-I get what you're trying to say. Mort: Listen, I'm not... Pour alcohol under the shirt. You don't have... Y- You don't have to worry about Jessica or Jessica or me trying to fool around with pranks, messing around with anything. I'm not that kind of person. Mort: Mort, what are you talking about Rick? Rick: You - You don't have to worry about Jessica or me getting anything. Sh-sh-she-she, she, she's all for you. Mort: Mort! I'm not worried about Jessica! Y-You... Rick you know what, Mort? You are right. Throw an empty bottle in the back seat and completely forget about the girl. She is, anyway, she's probably just a problem. (Press the button, robot voice-armed sino-sar bomb. That's it... That's it, Rick. Jump on Rick and start fighting him to take control of the wheel. Rick get off me, Mort! they start talking to each other. Mort! I'm in charge of this situation, mate! I start kicking Rick's face while caught on wheels. I have to put it in - I'm putting... I'm not going to stand around stupid. I'm going to... Stupid people and just le- you can run the whole world! Come on Rick at the same time! What comes in? If you like the earth so much, why not get married? What's crazy. (pushes Mort)? All right, all right, Mort. (Push Mort. Rick ok. I'm going to land. I'll land. I'll land that job. I'll land that job. all of a sudden, big tough guy. Rick: Rick cuts into the desert and lands the cruiser in the open desert; he opens the door and pops out dozens of empty cars and bottles; we're going to park right here. Mort: right here on the side of the ree... road here. Oh Mort, thank God. Rick you know what? That was the whole test. Mort: Just a sophisticated test to make you more active. Was it Mort? Rick of course. Why not? I don't know. Y-you know what, mo-pg asleep and start going to work. Robot voice-to-be-armed star bomb. Mort um... To open the Smith Residence Open, diner Jerry's, you'll see a new episode of that singing show tonight. Who do you guys think will be the best singer? Mort: I fell asleep at the table, his face banged on a plate. Summer: oh my God, his head is in his food. I'm going to poke you. Beth: Mort, are you hurting? Mort: Ifts his head, is clearly exhausted, and wipes food from his face, which he told him not to practice on the living room pillow. The dog slept on it. Mort: I didn't pillow. Mammakis. I didn't get much sleep last night. Maybe my dream was too loud or something. Summer or maybe you went out for a night with grandpa Rick. What's Jerry? Beth: Daddy? Rick: what, so everyone should sleep every night now? Do you realize that nighttime makes up half of the time? Jerry: damn it! Beth: Jerry! Jerry: Beth: Summer on my God, my parents are so loud, I want to die. Rick: Mm, God, there is no summer. You have to bear up that band aid now. I'll thank you later. Jerry is shining a binding look at Rick. Ok, all respect, Rick - what am I talking about? What respect do you have? I'll keep pulling him in for high-concept sci-fi rigardis, how does my son have to go through his classes? Listening to Rick, Jerry: I-I don't want to cross my boundaries or anything. It is your home. It's your world. You are the real Julius Caesar, but I will tell you something... tell me what I think about school, Jerry. It is a waste of time. Jerry is staring at him tremendously) and the people of the branch run around bumping into each other. C-guy says two plus two in front. The people in the back. The bell then rings and says that if you give them a piece of milk and a trash can, you can take a dump or something. I mean, it's not a place for smart people. Jerry: And I know it's not a popular opinion, but it's my two cents on this issue. This is a good breakfast. Beth (get up, wipe his mouth, stop behind Beth and put your hand on her shoulder). You really had crap from those eggs. I want my mother to eat here. (Rick kisses Beth and walks away. Beth tears up in happiness, oh, Dad... What's Jerry? For real? Mort's face hit the plate again. Harry Hudson High School cut to Mr. Goldenfold: Alright, and now, everyone settles down. Get out of the window! Int. Mr. Goldenfold's class: Mr. Golden fold cut now, look, we're going to deal with real serious stuff today. You may have heard about it, it's called math! And without it, none of us would exist, so let's jump right in: 2 plus 2. All my classmates, except Mort: Pomoni, sitting in the back row, stare at Jessica as she sits in the front row in answer to Jessica's name. Mort: Jessica. Mr. Golden Fold Five Plus 5. All classmates except Mortier. Mort: Jessica. Jessica listens to Mort, is confused, and is not sure who is saying her name. Golden fold good, great. It's time for a quiz. Class aw. Mr. Goldenfold: Yes, you know what? Oh, it's so bad! Hard! Take the first row, one, pass back for me. The steak is high in this room. Mort take the quiz. As Mort falls asleep, the numbers in the quiz scramble together, and there are important things that happen every day. People are getting smarter. Some of the dudes are getting dumber. You can't see 3:00. Mort falls into a dream world filled with large numbers of blocks. Jessica steps out behind some of the numbers. Hello Jessica. Mort, Mort: Hello, Jessica. Jessica can I show you this? Jessica opens her shirt, revealing her breasts to Mort. Mort: Wow. Th- They are all wonderful. I appreciate it! Jessica you know I'm this? My little Mort. Mort rubs the back of her neck. Uh, that's flattering... And a little weird. Jessica: Do you know what I want to do with them? Morty changed the name? Jessica squeezes them out. Handle manhandles, give them business. Make sure you can shuffle them. I mean, I really went in there and knocked them out. There is no wrong answer. Mort: Wow. Well, all right, Jessica. I-Let's offer this opportunity. Mort grabs her breasts and begins caressing her. Jessica: Mm. Oh. Mort: What are you doing to me? Mortier, I'm just doing my best. In real life, the class has ended and Mr. Mort has caressed Mr. Golden Fold. Mr. Goldenfold: Mort! What are you doing to me? Mort: sleep story. Oh, Jessica. Mr. Goldenfold: Mort! Mort: Jessica. Mr. Goldenfold: five more minutes of this, and I'm going to get angry. I lean down and bite my lips. Mortimer Jessica. Jessica. The Golden Fold is happening my fault. In Frank: Mort's locker cut into the hallway, he faced harassment. Frank: Palicki. It's okay. Mortimer, morning, Frank. Frank: notpin in his locker morning? What did that mean? You mocked me? Are you trying to say the poor words of our family? Pull out a pocket knife and point it at Mort's neck. Mort:O, Giz, Frank. I don't know if I need a knife. I mean, you know, y-you kind of did things that were handled without it. Frank: tell me how you are bullies now? Big mistake. Mort and now I'm going to cut you off. Cause my family's rich. Frank suddenly and Rick comes out from behind. Rick: there, Mort. Listen to me. I got an errand to run in a completely different dimension. I need an extra pair of hands. What are you going to do to Frank? W-ew- are you? Rick: It's pretty clear. Mort: I hate him. Now for I need your help. Mort: I mean, we've got to get to go to get the hell out of here and take care of the business. Burps. It's important. Come on. Mort: Mort! I don't know. Rick: do you have the notion of how high the stakes are. Mort? Do you think I can do everything by myself? Harry: up! Mort: Aw, Giz. Ok. I suppose I can skip history. What about Frank? I mean, shouldn't you freeze him? Rick: I'm going to do it later. Mort: He'll be fine. Let's go. Take off with Mort and then see Frank's frozen body when summer comes. Oh, my God, in her head in the summer. I'm about to pass Frank: Palicki. This is a story we will tell our children. Approach: Frank and talk to him without knowing he's frozen. Good summer, Frank. Frank's frozen foot is broken and dropped to the ground, shattered into one million pieces and dying. Summer: AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH! Beth performed heart surgery on a horse out to a horse hospital. Metz: Davin: Meth. Jerry enters the room. Jerry: Jerry's manager gave me an hour for lunch and I thought, hey, why not swing to where your wife works? The horse's heart rate starts ringing really fast. Tom: offscreen! We're losing him. (Beth adjusts the horse's organs. Tom: offscreen: ok, he's back; Beth: Jerry, tell me you're here for incredibly urgent reasons. Jerry: well, it's lunch. I mean, it's one of three meals that's existed for a thousand years; heart rate starts ringing again. Tom: offscreen) losing him. (Beth tweaks the organ again. tom: offscreen: stable. Beth: O.K., I just ask, Jerry, because, you know, my job involves performing heart surgery. Crazy ideas, honey! Let the pitch put did here. Let's put dad in a nursing home. Beth looks at Jerry angrily, and the heart hate begins to ring again. Tom: offscreen. We are losing him. Beth: hey, Tom! We know when we're losing him. We can hear the sound of a warning! Cut into an alleyway Rick has she. It's good. Come on, Mort. Let's go. Mort: oh, Giz, it's all right. Rick and Mort pass through the portal and end up in a crazy alternate dimension. Mort: Oh, man, Rick. Rick says it's 35-C in dimensions, and it's the perfect climatic condition for a special type of tree, called Moi. Mega Tree, and that tree has fruit, and there are seeds in that fruit. I'm talking about mega seeds. They are incredibly powerful, and I need them to help my research. Moi, I'm looking for this place, I started to address some anxieties about all this. Rick: ok, it's okay, calm down. Listen to me, Mort. I know that new situations can be threatening. You're looking around, you're scary and different, but you're m-meeting, and you charge right in like a bull, which is 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, Mort, we'll be -- a giant alien monster suddenly appears behind them. Rick: Holly Crab! Mort: Run!! They take off, running in complete and total fear as

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