

MORTY!
WAKE UP!



MORTY!
MORTY!
GET UP BROH!
I NEED YOUR
HELP!

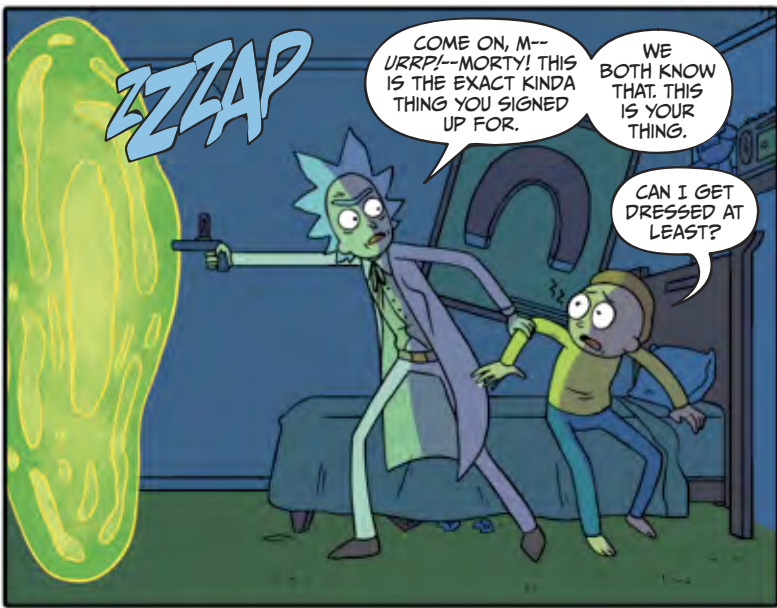
AW,
GEEZ!
RICK? WHAT
THE HECK IS
THIS?!



AW,
COME ON,
MAN! ARE YOU
DRUNK?

AND
WHAT ARE
YOU WEARING?
I JUST WANT
TO SLEEP,
RICK!

GLUG
GLUG



ZZZAP

COME ON, M--
URRP!--MORTY! THIS
IS THE EXACT KINDA
THING YOU SIGNED
UP FOR.

WE
BOTH KNOW
THAT. THIS
IS YOUR
THING.

CAN I GET
DRESSED AT
LEAST?



WE'LL
BE BACK
IN LIKE FIVE
MINUTES--

DON'T
BE A
BABY.







OH, GEEZ. I DON'T KNOW IF I FEEL COMFORTABLE SPYING ON PEOPLE, RICK. IT FEELS KINDA GROSS.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS PLACE EVEN IS, MORTY? HUH, SMART GUY?



IT'S A NON-PROFIT FARM WHERE I TAKE IN ALIENS ORPHANED BY THEIR STUPID HOME PLANET'S WAR AND GIVE THEM A DECENT WAGE AND A WARM BED. IS THAT SO BAD?



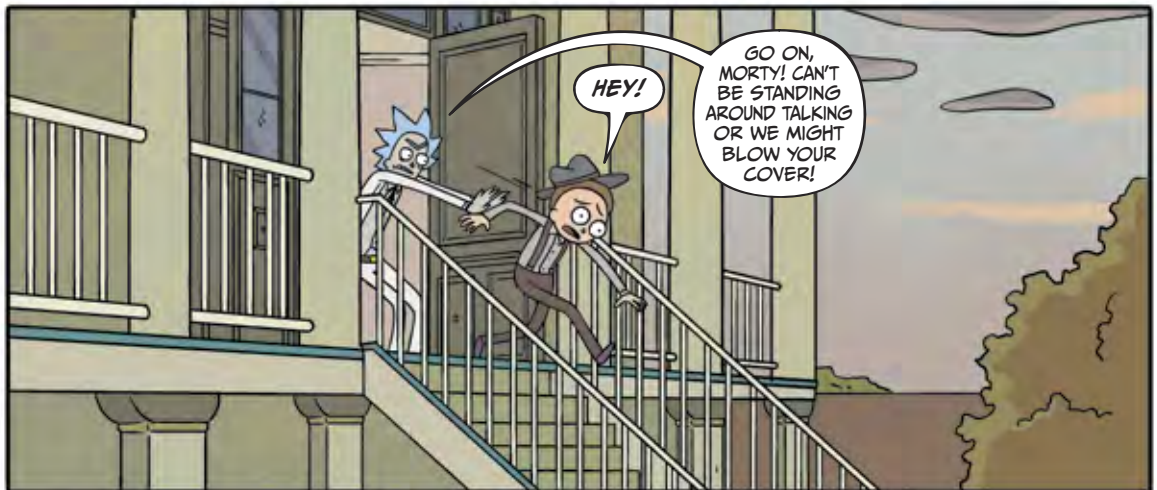
AND HOW DO THEY REPAY ME?

THE FIRST CHANCE THEY GET, THEY STAB ME IN THE BACK. THEY THREATEN TO STRIKE, TO SLOW DOWN PRODUCTION UNTIL WE'RE ALL OUT OF JOBS. DO YOU SEE WHY I NEED YOUR HELP, MORTY?

I GUESS SO, RICK.



I MEAN, I GUESS I CAN SEE BOTH SIDES OF IT, KINDA. MAYBE IF WE COULD ALL JUST SIT DOWN AND TALK IT THROUGH, WE--



HEY!

GO ON, MORTY! CAN'T BE STANDING AROUND TALKING OR WE MIGHT BLOW YOUR COVER!