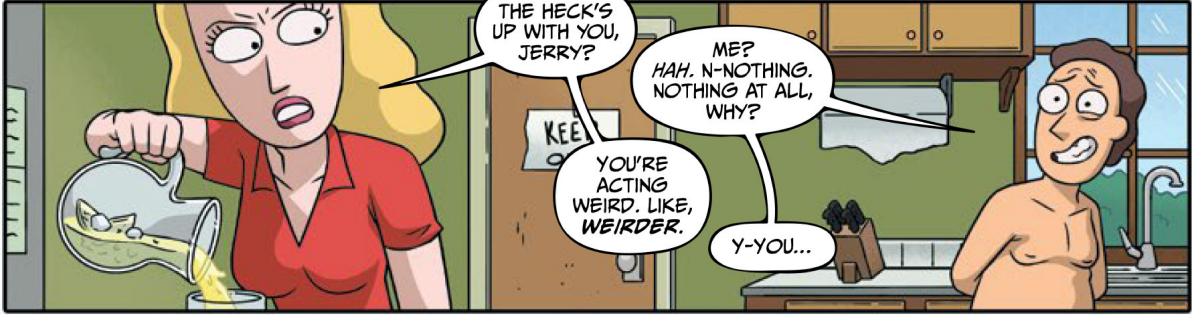


HEY, CAN YOU PASS ME SOME OF THAT LEMONA--

ACK! NOTHING! UHH--SORRY, BETH! SORRY, SORRY.

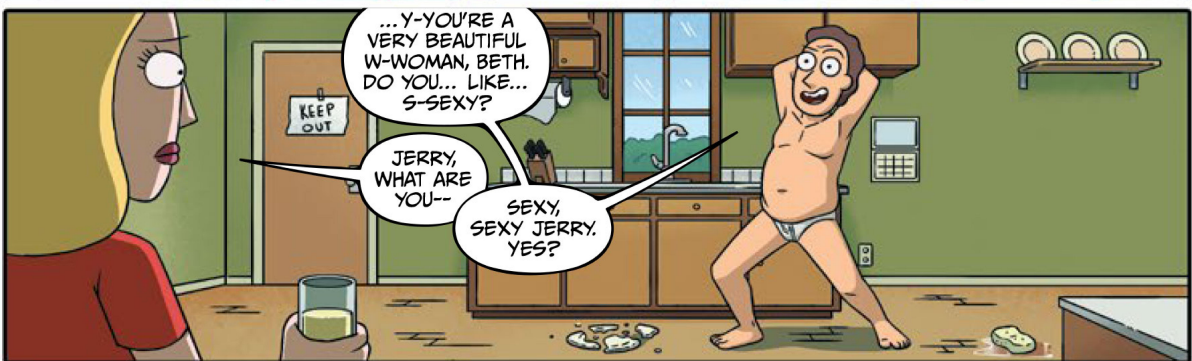


THE HECK'S UP WITH YOU, JERRY?

ME? HAH. N-NOTHING. NOTHING AT ALL, WHY?

YOU'RE ACTING WEIRD. LIKE, WEIRDER.

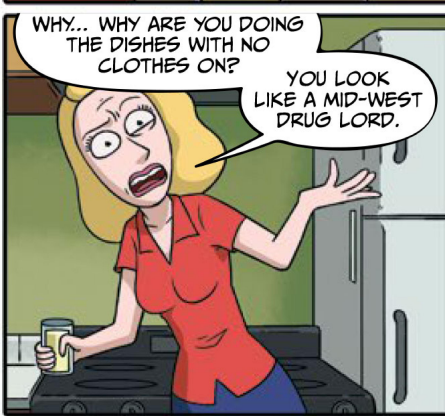
Y-YOU...



...Y-YOU'RE A VERY BEAUTIFUL W-WOMAN, BETH. DO YOU... LIKE... S-SEXY?

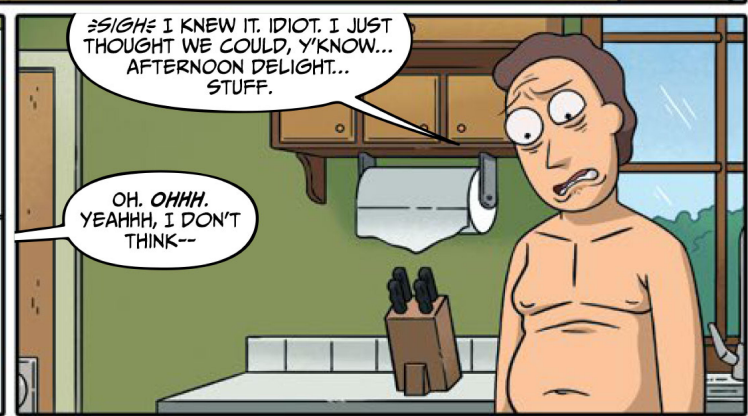
JERRY, WHAT ARE YOU--

SEXY, SEXY JERRY. YES?



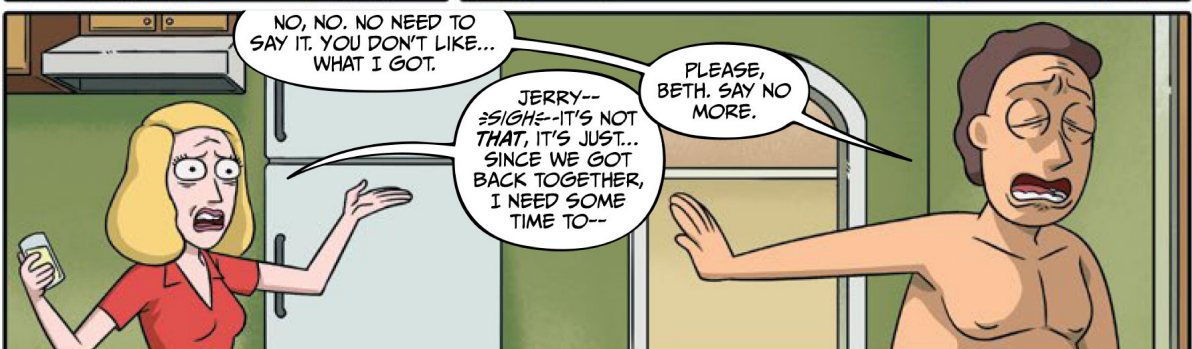
WHY... WHY ARE YOU DOING THE DISHES WITH NO CLOTHES ON?

YOU LOOK LIKE A MID-WEST DRUG LORD.



SIGH I KNEW IT. IDIOT. I JUST THOUGHT WE COULD, Y'KNOW... AFTERNOON DELIGHT... STUFF.

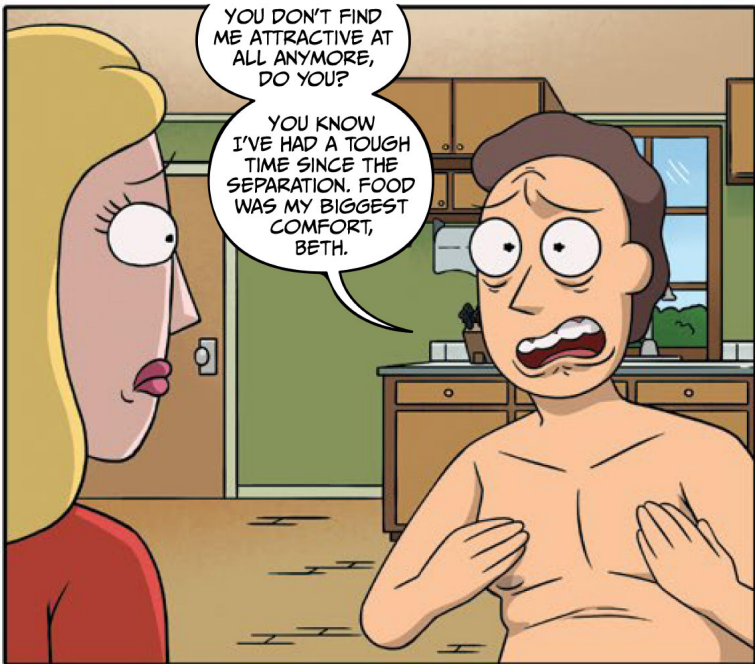
OH. OHHH. YEAHHH, I DON'T THINK--



NO, NO. NO NEED TO SAY IT. YOU DON'T LIKE... WHAT I GOT.

JERRY-- *SIGH*--IT'S NOT THAT, IT'S JUST... SINCE WE GOT BACK TOGETHER, I NEED SOME TIME TO--

PLEASE, BETH. SAY NO MORE.

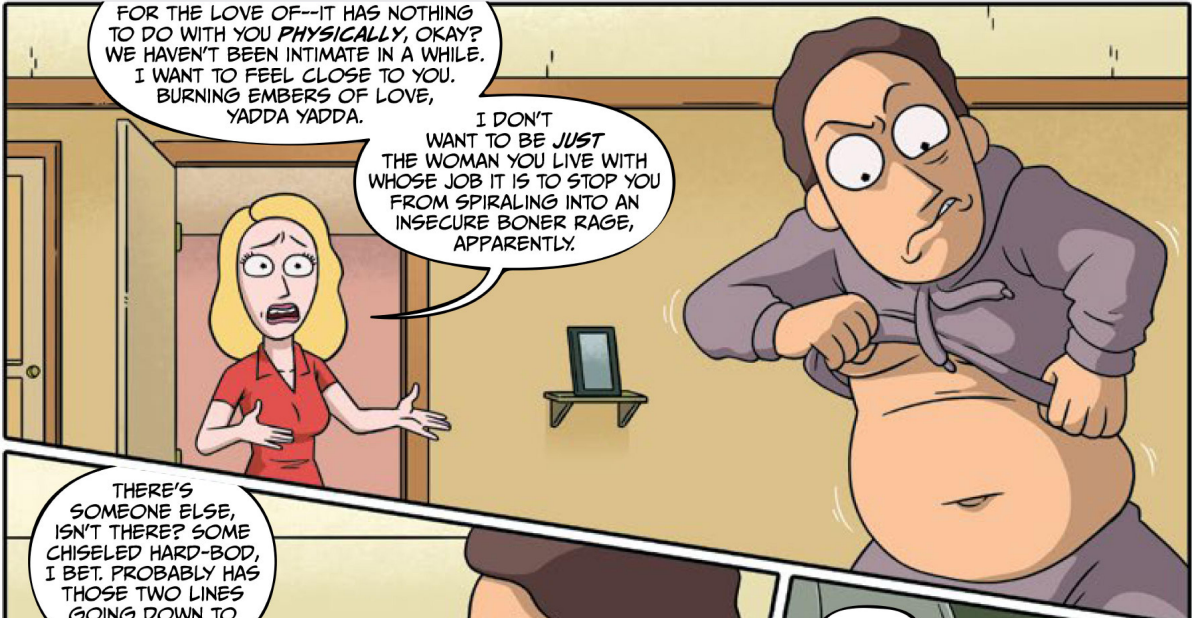


YOU DON'T FIND ME ATTRACTIVE AT ALL ANYMORE, DO YOU?

YOU KNOW I'VE HAD A TOUGH TIME SINCE THE SEPARATION. FOOD WAS MY BIGGEST COMFORT, BETH.

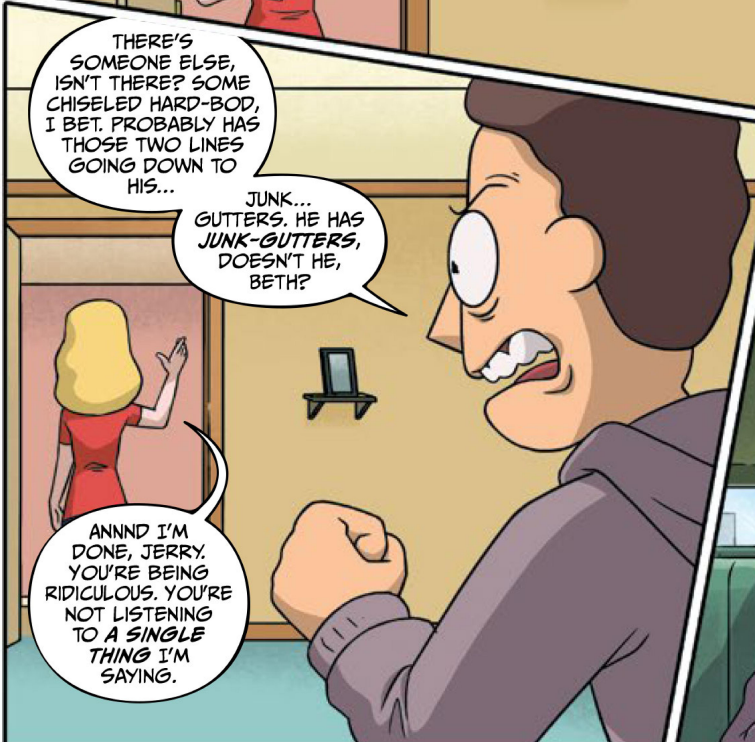


OF COURSE YOU DON'T WANT ME!



FOR THE LOVE OF--IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU *PHYSICALLY*, OKAY? WE HAVEN'T BEEN INTIMATE IN A WHILE. I WANT TO FEEL CLOSE TO YOU. BURNING EMBERS OF LOVE, YADDA YADDA.

I DON'T WANT TO BE *JUST* THE WOMAN YOU LIVE WITH WHOSE JOB IT IS TO STOP YOU FROM SPIRALING INTO AN INSECURE BONER RAGE, APPARENTLY.



THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE, ISN'T THERE? SOME CHISELED HARD-BOD, I BET. PROBABLY HAS THOSE TWO LINES GOING DOWN TO HIS...

JUNK... GUTTERS. HE HAS JUNK-GUTTERS, DOESN'T HE, BETH?

ANNND I'M DONE, JERRY. YOU'RE BEING RIDICULOUS. YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO A *SINGLE* THING I'M SAYING.

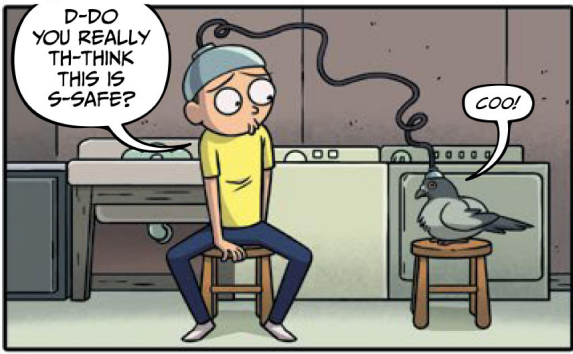


≡SOB≡
≡SOB≡

PULL IT TOGETHER, JER. YOU'RE A MAN. A MAN. FORGED IN A HEARTH OF FLAME AND STEEL.

I HATE MYSELF.

CRUDE FOOD



D-DO YOU REALLY TH-THINK THIS IS S-SAFE?

COO!



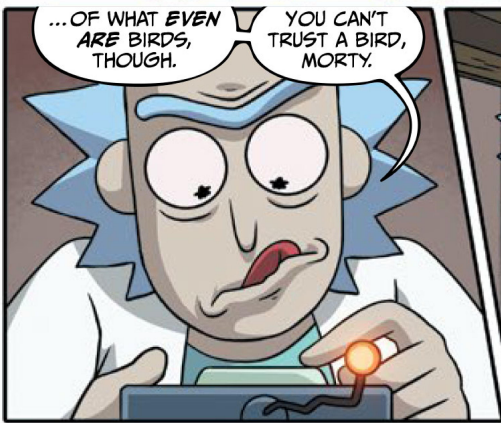
MORTY, HOW DARE YOU EVEN ASK ME THAT. I AM A MAN OF SCIENCE AND INTEGRITY. I DON'T THINK ANYTHING. I OPERATE ON FACT.

AND, NO, I ABSOLUTELY DO NOT THINK IT'S SAFE.



UHH, RICK, THIS IS STARTING TO HURT--

ZIP IT, MORTY. ONCE I PUT YOUR CONSCIOUS-- URRRRRP--NESS INTO THIS PIGEON WE CAN FINALLY ANSWER THE GENERATIONS-OLD QUESTION...

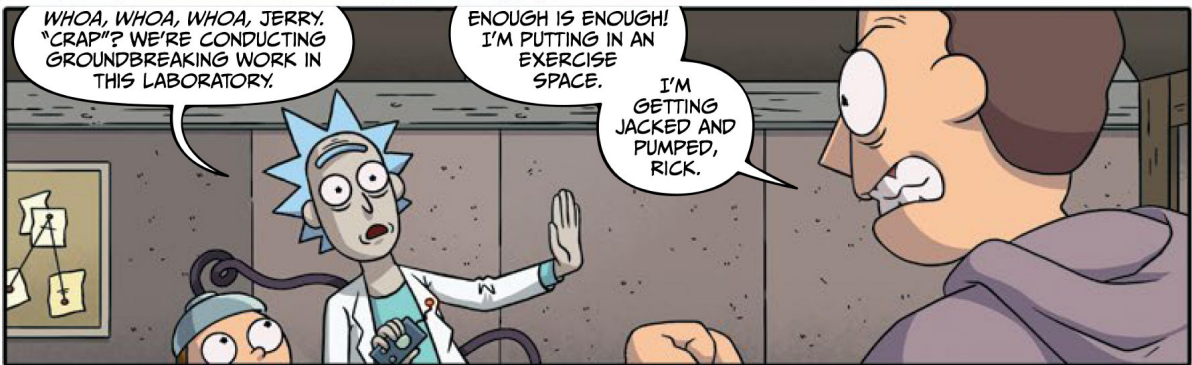


...OF WHAT EVEN ARE BIRDS, THOUGH.

YOU CAN'T TRUST A BIRD, MORTY.



THAT'S IT! EVERYBODY OUT OF MY GARAGE! AND TAKE ALL THIS SCIENCE CRAP WITH YOU. I NEED THE ROOM, AND I PAY THE BILLS AROUND HERE, AND--



WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, JERRY. "CRAP"? WE'RE CONDUCTING GROUNDBREAKING WORK IN THIS LABORATORY.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! I'M PUTTING IN AN EXERCISE SPACE.

I'M GETTING JACKED AND PUMPED, RICK.



YOUR FATHER'S GETTING WORSE THAN I THOUGHT, MORTY. HE'S KICKING US OUT TO MAKE SOME KIND OF DEVIANT SEX DUNGEON.

EWWW!

