

Rick and Morty
"Rickquiem for a Dream"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. MORTY'S HOME - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

JERRY sits on the couch watching golf. We hear the whisper of the ANNOUNCER describing the scene.

ANNOUNCER
He lines up for the putt.

BETH walks in.

BETH
(sarcastic)
Nice, Jerry. You're watching TV. Of course. What a surprise.

Jerry gives a confused look.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SUMMER and MORTY sit at the dining room table eating breakfast. Beth and Jerry burst in.

JERRY
Family meeting! I'm calling a family meeting right now!

RICK stumbles into the room.

RICK
Morty, stuff, now.

JERRY
Rick, we're having a family meeting.

RICK
A family meeting? I'll put you in touch with my family secretary about scheduling.
(to Morty)
Come on Morty.

Rick grabs Morty's arm. Jerry becomes flustered and tosses something on the table.

JERRY
Exhibit A!

It's a tattered ziplock bag of brightly colored mushrooms.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Illegal drugs! I think. My children
brought probably illegal drugs into
this house!

Everybody in the room freezes.

Rick walks over to the table and scoops the baggy up. He
examines it.

BETH
Morty, honey. Is there anything you
want to tell us?

MORTY
Why are you asking me?

JERRY
Now our own son is lying to us. We
find drugs in his room and then he
lies about it.

MORTY
What?!

JERRY
Drugs, lying, what's next Morty?

SUMMER
I don't really want to get in the
middle of this, but isn't this
classic Grandpa?

Everybody looks to Rick, who happens to be slipping the baggy
of mushrooms into his pocket.

RICK
Why you two little...

Rick closes his eyes and subdues his anger.

RICK (CONT'D)
(feigning disappointment
to Summer and Morty)
How could you two do this to the
family?

MORTY
What!?

RICK

I didn't want to betray your confidence Morty. But you forced my hand.

(to Jerry)

They're Morty's drugs.

(beat)

And he got them from Summer.

SUMMER

Oh, hell no!

(to Beth and Jerry)

Guys, come on!

RICK

You're right, Jerry. Strict punishments are in order.

Rick pulls out a communicator and begins to type something in.

RICK (CONT'D)

(to Summer)

Since Summer seems to be so chatty

(to Jerry)

You should take her to volunteer teaching drug awareness.

JERRY

(to Rick)

Volunteer? I don't know. The Masters is on today, I was thinking just maybe ground them?

BETH

Ground them, Jerry? Really?

RICK

Don't second guess yourself, Jerry. You've done some really excellent parenting today.

Jerry develops a smug smile. He turns to Beth expectantly. Beth rolls her eyes.

RICK (CONT'D)

(turns to Morty)

As for you, Morty.

(turns back to Jerry)

Don't worry. I'll scare our little burnout straight.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT 1**INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Rick pulls Morty into the garage behind him.

MORTY

Rick! I can't believe--

RICK

Morty, you steal my shit and then tell on me, you little turd!

MORTY

What?

RICK

I've been looking for these for weeks. This is some serious shit. I mean this is next level, special grandpa strength shit. You take these, and it hits you all at once, Morty. All at once! Next time just steal some of Summer's Mexican jumping weed or whatever other crap she probably has.

MORTY

Rick, I--

RICK

Actually, now that you mention it, I do have vague memories of stashing some of these in your room. That's my bad, Morty.

MORTY

What?! Why would you stash things in my room?

RICK

I store lots of stuff in your room, Morty. Usually drugs... and bees.

MORTY

Bees? Stay out of my room!

RICK

Morty, you're obviously hysterical, probably from all those drugs. Now listen, I need your help.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

I won a ton on Sarilean horse racing and I need your help to collect it.

Rick pulls a helmet onto his own head, shoots open a portal with his portal gun, and pulls Morty through with him.

EXT. INNER-INTERGALACTIC SCHOOL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The gray-purple sky only adds to the rundown look of this school. The windows have thick bars over them. The building is grimy and covered with graffiti. A **gunshot** sounds out in the distance.

INT. INNER-INTERGALACTIC SCHOOL - DAY

Summer is led down a hall by SHEILA, a green pear-shaped humanoid alien. Jerry follows slightly behind the two holding his cell phone up in the air.

JERRY

You guys, don't seem to have the best coverage...

SHEILA

Yes, well we generally want the students focused on their work, not their phones.

JERRY

Right, well there's a rather important golf...

(beat)

business that I need to attend to. How long is a volunteer shift?

SHEILA

Well, if you have some important golf business I wouldn't count on getting to it anytime soon. The class usually takes the full day, but you can leave early if you fill the pledge sheet before then.

SUMMER

(to Jerry)

Or we could just leave now because you trust your daughter wasn't taking shrooms.

JERRY

Shrooms? See that is the exact type
of degenerate slang that got you
here.

Summer rolls her eyes as Jerry leans in toward Sheila.

JERRY (CONT'D)

The things we do for our children.
You know, I was just recently
commended for my excellent
parenting.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sheila leads them into the empty classroom.

SHEILA

Class will be starting soon. Here's
the syllabus.

(hands Summer a packet)

Good luck you two.

Summer opens the packet and **rustles** through it. Sheila exits.

SUMMER

(looking in the packet)

Hey, so what are we supposed to do
with this?

Summer pulls out a disk and remote. She looks up to find only
Jerry left, who is busy circling the room while holding his
cellphone in the air.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Dad, can we please just do this? It
says we're supposed to play...

(squints at packet)

An Interactive Holographic Disc?

A class bell **rings** and a crowd of students funnel into the
classroom. They take their seats.

Summer has found a pile of outdated looking AV equipment on a
wood paneled cart. She pushes the disk into a worn slot and-

A projector on the cart shoots a grainy hologram of two young
guys, LUKE and BRENT, to the front of the class. Luke is
wearing a backwards baseball cap and a red tank top, while
Brent has on a generic 50s cardigan-style letterman jacket.

LUKE

Whoa! What a dope looking class!
(looks to Brent)
I must be at-
(metallic voice)
SCHOOL NAME NOT FOUND.
(returns to normal voice)
It sure is fire to be here! My name
is Luke and over here
(references Brent)
is my main man Brent.

BRENT

That's right! You cats ready to
learn about sex and your bodies?

The class looks extremely bored but Jerry looks mortified.

JERRY

Wait, no, no, no. We're here to
teach drug awareness and the havoc
drugs wreak on a young person's
life.

BRENT

Uh, no we're here to teach sex ed
and the havoc sex wreaks on a young
person's life.

JERRY

No, no, here. Look at the drug free
pledge sheet.

Jerry whips out the sheet, presenting it to Luke and Brent.
They look at it then back at Jerry.

Jerry stares back at them smugly before flipping the sheet
back towards himself-

Where he finds it's an abstinence pledge sheet.

Jerry stares at the sheet in disbelief as Luke and Brent turn
back to the class.

LUKE

Your bodies are going to be going
through some changes. You may have
some questions like: What's that
new smell? What are these new
feelings? What's happening to my
ploovlve sack?

EXT. SARILEAN RACE TRACK - DAY

The race track sits in front of a large set of bleachers.

Under the bleachers, diverse aliens **scream**, **hoot**, and **squawk** at the track as Rick and Morty walk through. Rick still has a helmet strapped to his head.

MORTY

Uhhh, Rick? Is there a reason
you're wearing a helmet?

RICK

Well obviously, Morty. I normally
don't go for mentally handicapped
chic.

MORTY

Do I need one too?

RICK

You're fine Morty.

A bell **clanks** and Rick and Morty look out at the track.

RICK

Oh shit, Morty. Come check this
out. You're in for a real treat.

Three Surilean race horses, neon-colored anteater looking creatures, zoom around the track with a truck-sized duck chasing after them.

Morty looks back over at Rick.

MORTY

It just seems like you have a
helmet, maybe I should have a
helmet?

RICK

You're fine Morty.

Rick's eyes remain glued to the race.

MORTY

Well why do you need me here to
help you?

RICK

(exasperated)
Uhhhhh, with all the questions!
(turns towards Morty)
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)
Here on Surilea the local
inhabitants have a shared
consciousness.

MORTY
Shared consciousness?

RICK
(impatient)
Like telepathy, Morty. Maybe
you've heard of that before? They
can all read each other's minds.
When I placed a bet online I didn't
have to communicate with them, but
now that I need to collect, it's a
problem.

MORTY
Why is that a problem? Does the
helmet help you communicate, or
something?

RICK
Jesus Christ, Morty. Did I say
that? What's with this fascination
with my helmet? I wear it because I
don't like these crafty Surileans
in my head. I need you because they
have a hard time understanding
people when they can't read their
minds. Now can we just enjoy the
rest of the race?

Rick turns to the race. Morty hesitantly turns back towards
the track as well.

The duck catches one of horses and begins devouring it.

Morty covers his face as the crowd is splashed with blood.
The crowd **cheers**.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Luke is at the front of the class with a large holographic
powerpoint presentation behind him. Brent sits off to the
side. The current slide reads "The only safe Shmooples is..."

LUKE
So now that you know how to-

Brent presses a button on a remote. The slide behind them
changes to one that now reads "No Shmooples."

LUKE AND BRENT

Don't.

The class looks extremely bored.

LUKE

Great! Now, we're one cool squad
repin' real teenage life.

Brent stands up and lovingly places his hand on Luke's shoulder. Luke breathes a deep **sigh**, looking back at Brent with a warm smile.

BRENT

And we understand that sometimes
these things are easier said than
done.

Luke takes a lingering look at Brent for a moment before looking back to the class.

LUKE

That's right. So next we'll be
putting on a little skit filled
with realistic situations and
settings that a typical young teen
might run into.

BRENT

This first one takes place down at
the local soda fountain.

Jerry leans over to Summer

JERRY

Is this all we do? Just sit here?

SUMMER

(reading packet)

It just says we're supposed to
watch over the holograms.

JERRY

Well, how many people have signed
the pledge sheet?

SUMMER

Dad, it's an abstinence pledge.
Nobody has signed.

JERRY

So? If this were your school, you'd
sign an abstinence pledge, right?

Summer looks at the packet again, searching desperately for a way she can change the subject. She looks around and pulls out a remote from behind her.

SUMMER

It says we can bump up the
intensity setting
(references remote)
if the students seem bored. But
don't go any higher than necessary.

The class sits bored and motionless.

Jerry looks at the empty pledge sheet, then up at the full classroom. Jerry grabs the remote and **clicks** the intensity up a notch.

A grainy holographic set of a 1950s soda fountain disappears as Brent and Luke turn back to the class.

LUKE

Wasn't that totally dope?

BRENT

You bet your britches, Luke.

Luke and Brent both have a mild spasm. They regain their composure with slightly more serious expressions on their faces.

LUKE

Sometimes, it feels like I'm not
reaching you guys. How about we try
something a bit more hands on. Do
you guys have any questions for us?

BRENT

Nothing's off limits you guys,
we're here to help you out.

A lone student, MARTIN, raises his hand. He **says something** in an undecipherable language.

BRENT

Well there's no need to be afraid
now, Martin.

LUKE

That's right. There's no judgement
here. What's your question?

Martin continues **speaking** in his own language.

Brent and Luke keep a neutral gaze on Martin for just a second to long.

LUKE
Right... Well, that's... Right...
(beat)
I think I heard somebody ask
earlier how to tell your partner
that "No" means no.

Luke and Brent continue on while Summer turns to Jerry.

SUMMER
Dad, It just started, turn it back
down.

JERRY
Summer, honey. The Masters is a
very important historic event.

Jerry bobs his knee for a bit, trying to distract himself. He looks back to the front of the class.

LUKE
And that's how you really tell them
that you just don't feel like it's
the right time.

Luke keeps eye contact with Brent. Brent returns the gaze.

BRENT
Even if your body screams with
desire.

Jerry gives up on distracting himself, grabbing the remote and turning the intensity all the way to ten.

Brent and Luke morph into grotesquely muscular men during the middle of the skit.

Luke's head whips around. He grabs Martin by the collar while Martin makes feeble **whimpers**.

LUKE
Sign the Pledge!

SUMMER
Dad! Turn it back down!

Martin makes sheepish **squeals** as Brent presents the pledge sheet. Martin quickly signs it. Luke sets Martin back down and hands him a lanyard.

BRENT
(to the class)
Everybody, we just had our first
pledge. Let's all give him a round
of applause.

The students stare at the front of the room, some slack-jawed
and the rest with nervous expressions.

LUKE
You may have also noticed Martin's
new extra baller lanyard.
(holds up a lanyard)
Every pledge will recieve one just
like his so that people everywhere
will know that you choose to be
responsible with your genitals.

Jerry leans over to Summer.

JERRY
See, Summer? Everything worked out
just fine. We'll be out of here in
no time.

Brent punches through a desk at the front of the classroom
then **screams** gutturally. Luke grabs another student.

LUKE
Sign it!

INT. MAIN BETTING FLOOR - DAY

Morty sheepishly walks up to a SURILEAN BET TAKER behind the
counter.

MORTY
Uhhh.

SURILEAN BET TAKER
Ticket.

Rick runs over.

RICK
Morty what are you doing?

Rick guides Morty away.

MORTY
You just told me I have to collect
gambling money for you, because...
something about telepathy...
(MORE)

MORTY (CONT'D)

I kinda got lost in what you were saying. This seems awfully complicated, Rick.

RICK

Why do I even bother answering your stupid questions, Morty? I'll state this as simply as possible, I need you to collect my winnings.

MORTY

That's what I was trying--

RICK

But I placed my bet with Benny.

Rick gestures to BENNY standing alone in the corner. He's a slimy green glop in a baseball cap and trench coat.

MORTY

Benny?

RICK

Yeah, Benny.

MORTY

Why did you place a bet with that slimy... thing?

RICK

Morty. Slime-Surilean, please. I mean I don't like those sneaky Surileans any more than you, but at least lower your voice when we're out in public like this.

MORTY

I didn't mean--

RICK

And fucking Christ, are you still asking questions?

MORTY

I was just curious.

RICK

Just, get over there.

Rick gives Morty a little nudge and Morty stumbles over to Benny.

MORTY

Uhhhh, I... uhhh I'm here to--

BENNY

Yeah, yeah, collect for Rick, I got it.

MORTY

Yeah that's right... Um so you just know everything I--

BENNY

Yes.

Benny stares at Morty for a second.

BENNY

Also, I'm just putting in my two cents, but I vote you get it checked out.

MORTY

Checked out?

BENNY

The mole on your back that you've been worrying about. I don't quite understand why we need to think about it now, but...

MORTY

I don't know what you're talking--

BENNY

I mean, I'm no doctor, but my cousin once had a mole like that. Waited forever to go see someone about it, then boom! It's Melanoma. Died two months later. Not from cancer though, turns out he was sleeping with his neighbor's wife and the husband went bat shit when it got out.

MORTY

Can we please just hurry this along?

BENNY

Oh ya, fine. Think I'm wasting your time, just spouting shit you don't care about. You think I'm the bad guy cause I mentioned your freaky mole.

MORTY

I didn't even say anything!

BENNY
You didn't have to!

MORTY
Look, I'm sorry. Can we please just--
-

Morty turns his head to the left quickly. He stares off into the crowd of aliens. Beat. Morty slowly turns back towards Benny.

MORTY
Sorry I thought I saw someone
watching us over there.

Benny looks equally startled looking in the same direction as Morty.

BENNY
Yeah, I thought you saw someone
too.

Benny looks for a second longer before returning his gaze to Morty.

BENNY
Sorry if I overreacted, I was just
trying to help. Anyway, I just need
Rick over here for a second and we
can finish this up.

Morty looks over to Rick standing awkwardly next to a fern.

MORTY
Rick!

Rick walks over.

RICK
Morty, I told you to do this by
yourself. Do I really have to hold
your hand for every goddamn thing?

Two SURILEAN POLICE OFFICERS run in, guns drawn and pointed at Rick and Morty.

SURILEAN POLICE OFFICER #1
Hands where I can see'em!

RICK
What the? Oh god dammit, Morty.

MORTY
It wasn't me!

Benny walks over to the officers.

BENNY

(to Surilean Police
Officer #1)

The tall drunk one seems to be
using some sort of blocking device.
And you can tell the warden I'll be
waiting in his office for my money.

POLICE OFFICER #1

(to Rick and Morty)

Hands up! You two are under arrest
for counter telepathic gambling.

MORTY

What?

RICK

Yeah, I should have told you,
Morty. Surileans can understand
people without reading their minds
just fine, but it is illegal to
gamble while blocking telepathy.
They seem to think you might be
trying to cheat if they can't read
your mind. Which is obviously
ridiculous. Anyway, I was thinking
that using you was like a legal
gray area since they can read your
mind. But I guess I was wrong.
(chuckles to self)

But hey we all make mistakes right,
Morty? Don't worry Morty cause-

Rick whips out his portal gun.

RICK

Sha-Shaaaaa!

One of the cops **shoots** the gun out of Rick's hand.

RICK

Shit.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2**INT. PRISON - DAY**

A large guard leads Rick and Morty, wearing bright orange jumpsuits, down the jail corridor as other cellmates **whistle** and **holler** at them. Rick still wears his helmet.

The guard stops in front of an open cell and beckons them in.

INT. PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Rick and Morty step inside and the guard **slams** the door shut behind them.

MORTY

Rick, you gotta get us out of here.

RICK

Oh, you think so Morty? You think we should try and get out of this prison? Would you really like to get out of prison?

MORTY

Dammit Rick! You're being a huge asshole! You made my parents think Summer and I are on drugs, you drag me to this telepathic planet, and then you use me to try and collect illegal gambling winnings. Not everything is my fault. Maybe you could try working with me instead of just blaming me.

RICK

Fine, Morty. I guess you're right. It's just really hard to think straight when I'm dealing with these lazy Surileans.

MORTY

Do we have a plan?

RICK

Well, I'd tell you Morty, but unlike me,
(references helmet)
as soon as I did, the whole compound would know.

MORTY

Oh, I guess that's right. Hey why did they let you keep your helmet?

RICK

Surilean's actually have strict privacy laws, they can't forcibly remove anyone's telepathic blocking device.

MORTY

Huh, that's interesting.

RICK

Not really. Now turn around so I can get us out of here.

Morty turns around and looks out of his cell and into the rest of the prison.

Rick sneaks the baggy of brightly colored mushrooms from the beginning of the episode out of his pocket. He removes one of the caps from the bag and examines it.

RICK

Alright now, Morty, I'm going to give you something to eat, but I can't have you asking any questions and I can't have you look at it.

MORTY

Errrr, geez, Rick, I don't know.

RICK

Morty, Do you want to get out of here or not?

MORTY

Yeah, ok.

Morty hesitantly turns around with his eyes closed and eats the mushroom.

MORTY

Ahhh Jesus, Rick! It tastes like bellybuttons. What is it going to do?

RICK

What did I just say, Morty? You can't know anything about this.

Rick pauses then **laughs** to himself.

RICK
Good thing they didn't give me a
cavity search when we got here. Am
I right, Morty?

Morty **gags**.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The students watch in fear as Brent and Luke pace back and forth in the front of the room.

Summer looks worried as she watches from the back of the room. Jerry is huddled in the corner next to her.

SUMMER
Dad, we only need a few more
abstinence pledges before we can
leave. Can we please turn the
intensity down?

Jerry doesn't respond. Summer grabs his shoulder and pulls him back revealing that Jerry is watching golf on his phone. We can hear the announcer.

ANNOUNCER
Mickelson lines up at the tee.

A brisk golf **swing** sounds out.

ANNOUNCER
Oh, he's got to be happy with that
one.

Luke's head shoots up.

JERRY
Summer, If I sit in the corner of
the room just like this I have a
single bar. Look!

Luke walks over.

LUKE
Have you signed the pledge?

JERRY
We're the volunteers. We--

LUKE
Sign.

Jerry attempts to stealthily pull out the remote. It drops to the ground with a loud **clatter**. Jerry and Luke make eye contact.

Beat.

Jerry slowly reaches down to pick up the remote.

Luke stomps his foot onto the remote and it **shatters**. Luke begins **screaming** and picks up Jerry. Jerry also begins **screaming** and flails wildly as Luke takes him away.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Rick has ripped the sleeves off his jumpsuit and is bench pressing while Morty just sits on the ground.

Rick finishes and looks over at Morty.

RICK

Hey, Morty, you feeling anything yet?

MORTY

Rick, I still don't really know what I'm supposed to be--

Morty's eyes widen and his pupils dilate.

The yard slowly becomes fuzzy and bright with neon colors.

MORTY

It's... It's... It's beautiful, Rick.

A rainbow shines down into the yard, as bright green grass sprouts out of nowhere.

Morty walks over into the rainbow and a warm smile spreads across his face. He lays down on the soft grass and rolls around a bit.

Other inmates frolic through the new grassy knoll. Several little garden gnomes scurry about.

Rick looks over. From his perspective Morty is rolling around in the dirt along with a few other inmates.

Rick looks around at the other prisoners and guards. They too have big goofy smiles on their faces and seem to be basking in this invisible glory.

Rick walks over to one of the guards.

RICK

Hey, you wanna let us out of here?

GUARD

Why would you want to leave? Look at this. Look how beautiful it all is.

RICK

You're right, this isn't working.

The guard **giggles** to himself as Rick walks over to Morty.

Rick grabs Morty and starts shaking him violently.

RICK

Morty! We gotta get outta here!
They're coming for us! They're all
coming for us! Look Morty they're
coming through the walls!

Morty's face slowly melts into sheer horror.

From Morty's point of view, the sky has turned a dark black, Rick's Pupils are gone, and his skin is a ghostly white. Rick steps to the side revealing demonic monsters crawling out of the walls.

All the prisoners and guards begin screaming in terror.

RICK

What are you seeing Morty?

MORTY

They're... They're coming out of
the walls!

RICK

That's good, Morty! Good!
(to self)
We could use a bit more though.
(to Morty)
Look out Morty! It's huge! Oh god!
It's coming!

Morty's eyes shoot towards the wall. It begins to **quake** to the beat of **crashing footsteps**. One of the giant ducks from the horse races crashes through the wall. Only now it's even larger, towering over the yard. It lets out a deafening **quack** and begins spraying fire from its beak.

The flames shoot across the yard sending flaming bodies through the air. The flames catch on the grass and begin to burn toward Morty.

RICK
Morty! What are you seeing?

MORTY
Du... Du... Duck.

Rick squints, obviously confused.

RICK
(to self)
I guess that'll have to do.

Rick grabs Morty and walks towards the gate. A guard stares, horrified, at the demon.

RICK
You gotta let us outta here.

The duck rises higher in the air behind Rick

GUARD
I... I...

RICK
They're gonna get us! They're gonna
get all of us!

The world shifts back to Rick's point of view as he surveys the yard. Prisoners and guards **scream** in horror at seemingly nothing on this particularly beautiful day.

Rick's foot taps as sweat pours out of the fearful guard. He fumbles with the keys, shaking violently and **whimpering** as birds **chirp** and fly through the air.

The door swings open and Rick strides through pulling a nearly comatose Morty behind him.

GUARD
(to people still in the
compound)
Dear lord! Everyone run for your
lives!

Two small cute fuzzy squirrels run past the guard, who **screams** in terror and points at them as they pass.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The classroom is in shambles. The doors have been blockaded with broken desks and other assorted objects from the classroom.

The students, as well as Summer and Jerry, all sit tied together in the middle of the class.

Brent and Luke pace back and forth.

LUKE

You can't be trusted! None of you!
There has been too much resistance
to signing our pledge!

BRENT

Do lanyards mean nothing to you
people?

Summer turns to Jerry.

SUMMER

There you go dad, everyone signed
the pledge sheet. Is that what you
wanted?

JERRY

I'm sorry Summer. I should have
listened to you.

SUMMER

Well yeah, you should have. But
it's not too late. I have an idea.

JERRY

An idea? Summer they destroyed the
remote. We can't turn the intensity
down.

SUMMER

No, but if we can distract them for
long enough, there is one way to
turn them off.

Summer references over. Jerry looks over and sees Luke and Brent's holograph projector sitting on the AV cart.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Rick and Morty run down a perfectly ordinary prison hall.

RICK

Morty! Oh god, they're everywhere,
right Morty?

MORTY

Jesus, Rick! Where are they coming
from?

RICK
That's good Morty! Just keep
focusing on them!

Rick pulls Morty into a side room.

INT. PRISON OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The WARDEN sits with Benny. A briefcase filled with money and Rick's portal gun sits between them.

Rick and Morty run in.

RICK
There you are you double crossing
son of a bitch. Hand over my money.

The Warden pulls a gun.

WARDEN
How did you two get out?

RICK
Jesus, Morty! What's on Benny's
face!?

Morty's head darts over to Benny.

Benny's eyes roll backward in his head before tiny legs pop out of them. The eyes slowly crawl out of his sockets like spiders.

WARDEN
Jesus Christ!!

The Warden opens fire and Benny drops to the floor dead.

The Warden drops his gun and hops up onto his desk watching as snakes slither around on the floor.

Rick looks around. Everything is completely average to him, except for dead Benny.

He walks over to the desk, scooping up the briefcase and portal gun.

RICK
Come on Morty, let's get outta
here.

Rick shoots open a portal and leads Morty through.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Brent looks out the window of the classroom as Luke circles the students.

SUMMER

(to Luke)

What do you plan to do with us?

Luke continues to circle them.

LUKE

Well--

SUMMER

Actually I wanted to hear from Brent. It seems like you tend to domineer conversations, Luke.

Luke squints, disgruntled by this. He walks over to Summer.

LUKE

That's ridiculous.

Jerry's manages to slip his hands out of the ropes.

SUMMER

Well then maybe Brent should say that.

Luke looks over to Brent expectantly.

BRENT

Well, actually sometimes it does feel like you don't pay attention to my ideas.

Jerry's hands wrap around a wedge shaped piece of wood like a golf club.

LUKE

What? I always do!

BRENT

What about my idea to kill all of the students? To ensure abstinence forever?

LUKE

Brent... You're right.

Luke touches Brent's face tenderly.

LUKE

I have always loved your drive.

Jerry turns to Luke and Brent.

JERRY

I think you'll find *my* drive is a hole-in-one.

Brent and Luke look utterly confused.

LUKE

What?

Jerry squares his shoulders and takes a **swing** at a piece of debris with his wedge.

It misses the projector.

Jerry's face shows panic.

JERRY

Birdie!

Jerry **hits** another piece of debris at the projector.

It misses.

Luke and Brent move towards Jerry.

JERRY

Par!

Jerry throws the entire wedge at the projector. It **hits**.

Luke and Brent's image cuts in and out. Then off.

EXT. MORTY'S HOME - ESTABLISHING - DAY

JERRY (V.O.)

Come on. Come on. Come on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jerry sprints into the living room. He grabs the remote and speeds through the stations until he reaches an image of a golf course.

ANNOUNCER

And that concludes the Masters, we hope you all appreciated the Jacket Ceremony.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

This certainly was one of the most
memorable tournaments in years.

Summer trudges in as Jerry crashes onto the couch defeated.

JERRY

No, no, no.

A portal opens up in the living room. Rick steps through it,
while Morty trips through. The portal closes behind them.

Morty looks exhausted, barely able to remain standing. Rick
pulls his helmet off. He looks around at the tired, defeated
room.

Beat.

RICK

Woo! Grandpa's rich! Woo!

Rick dances around with his briefcase full of cash.

RICK

Woo!

(losing enthusiasm)

Woo.

(zero enthusiasm left)

Woo.

Rick looks down at his briefcase. He tosses it away.

RICK

I'll be in the garage.

Rick exits. Morty falls forward, his face hitting the floor
with a loud **thump**.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG**INT. MORTY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Morty lays asleep in bed.

Rick bursts in with a bottle of liquor and vomit on his shirt.

Rick pulls something out from under Morty's bed.

It's a tray filled with drugs and mason jars.

Rick taps on the mason jars and we see they're filled with bees.

RICK

Hey buddies. You making honey for
Uncle Rick? You guys are the best.

Rick picks up the tray but accidentally drops it. A loud **buzzing** begins to build. Rick begins slapping bees away from his body.

RICK

Ow, ow!

Rick sprints out of the room and closes the door behind him.

Morty starts to **murmur** as he wakes up.

MORTY

Ow. What the? OW! Shit! OW!

END OF EPISODE