

Rick & Morty spec

"The Rickth Element"

by

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INT. MORTY'S HOME - LIVINGROOM. NIGHT

Rick and Morty come in from the kitchen, Rick has his hand wrapped in a bloody cloth.

RICK

Jesus Morty, next time why dont'cha just go for the wrist?

MORTY

Jeez Rick, I'm sorry! I never used a Martian laser-cutter before!

RICK

Martian? Holy shit, you're as racist as you are bad at making ham sammies. You sure got a future cutting fingers off, if that becomes some sorta millennial sex-thing.

MORTY

You're eating it though!

Rick is taking a bite out of a HAM-SANDWICH.

RICK

I'm HUNGRY Morty, you didn't laser off my HUNGER. Still, next time do me a favour, and don't LIFT the laser knife "on accident" as I try to grab a sammy, ok? I'm bossy, point taken.

BETH and JERRY on the sofa, watching this exchange. SUMMER is on the couch, ignoring everyone, on her phone.

MORTY

I didn't--
(gets cut off by Beth)

BETH

Dad, are you at any point going to ask your SURGEON DAUGHTER for help with that?

JERRY

I mean you know he won't.

RICK

No thanks sweetie, not unless I get my HOOF lazered off.

BETH

Fine, take your sawed-off fingers
and shove them up your ass.

(re: wisp of smoke
coming from kitchen)

At least you didn't destroy the
ENTIRE house this time.

RICK

(ignores last part)

SAWED off? Lasered-off, you think
this creamsicle has the patience
and dexterity to saw stuff?

MORTY

Rick, I'm sorry I cut off your
fingers and stuff--

(off Rick's look)

--LASERED, I know, you asshole! But
it was a mistake! And you probably
have a finger reattacher or grower
or something right in the garage,
so maybe you shouldn't be so mean
to everyone!

RICK

Oh shit Morty, you're right, I'm
sorry. Hey, thanks for that finger-
haircut Morty, real swell. Beth
honey, thanks for being crabby I
didn't ask a horse surgeon to
reattach the thing so delicate it
takes a Dr. Strange level genius
like 30 minutes of the first act to
fix. Jerry, thanks for being a
piece of shit. And Summer - and
this one's real - thank you... I
still sound sarcastic, don't I? I
assure you, this one's for real -
Summer, thank you for shutting up
and ignoring me. You're the only
one that's been any fucking help at
all. Come on Morty we got a space
cruise to stage-exit-right to.

Rick stumbles over a small CARDBOARD BOX.

RICK (CONT'D)

What the hell! Who left this here?
Oh never mind, guess I'll pick it
up later... do everything around
here...

Rick kicks the box away from him, and he and Morty leave.

JERRY

Good riddance. I could do with some
peace and quiet around this place.

A quiet BEEPING NOISE begins. Everyone looks around to see
where it's coming from. It's the box.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Should we--...?

The box EXPLODES in a SCI-FI way, emitting a sphere of blue
energy. It evaporates half of the livingroom - you could see
the seared edges of the explosion eerily close to the family -
any closer it would have got them.

The family is shellshocked.

BETH

Oh my--

Inside the box was a small DEVICE with a blinking red
light... which now turns to blue, and emits a GIANT HOLOGRAM
OF RICK - twice taller than the house. Giant hologram Rick,
sombre for a beat... then starts laughing and jumping from
foot to foot, turns around, takes off his pants and moons
towards the sky, laughing.

GIANT HOLOGRAM RICK

HA HA! GIANT HOLOGRAM RICK
PRERECORDED MESSAGE! I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHO I'M ADDRESSING ALL I KNOW
IS THAT I'M ONLY ACTIVATED WHEN I
BEAT YOU, YOU SPACESHIP... YOU
SPACESHIP OR WHATEVER ASSHOLES!
GIANT PRE-RECORDED RIIIIICK!

BETH

Oh fucking COME ON!

End of cold open

ACT ONE

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Rick and Morty fly in the spaceship towards a LUXURIOUS CRUISE VESSEL, like in Fifth Element.

MORTY

So what are we doing on a cruise ship, Rick? Drug deal? Weird sex cult thing I'm not invited to? Huh?

RICK

Just two examples? Kids today don't know the rule of three no more, what a disgrace. We're going to RELAX Morty, we're gonna have a good time. I think a bunch of complimentary-buffet buffalo-wings aren't too much of an ask after being mutilated by kin.

MORTY

Oh please, you already fixed your hand anyway.

RICK

I fixed my MIDDLE FINGER Morty, you can be sure of that.

Rick flips Morty off, but Morty ignores him, stares out the window.

RICK (CONT'D)

...did you hear? Hey, look this way. Hey, Morty, did you hear what I said? ...The longer you're avoiding this burn the longer I'm driving one handed and the higher the chances we end up missing the docking port by two inches and christening the fucking space titanic with our brains, Morty.

MORTY

You're bluffing.

RICK

You think I'm bluffing? You think I'm bluffing about a BURN? Look in your heart Morty, think of everything we've been through together. Would I bluff about a burn? Would I?

Morty begrudgingly looks towards Rick. Rick is still flipping him off, two handed now.

RICK (CONT'D)

Ha ha! Awesome.

MORTY

Such an asshole.

INT. MORTY'S HOME - NIGHT

Summer smashes the hologram device by stepping on it hard a couple of times. The hologram fades away. Beth is rubbing her temples.

BETH

Thank you, sweetie.

SUMMER

My pleasure.

Summer steps out of the room.

JERRY

Ok, what do we do?

BETH

I'll grab some brooms and a dustpan.

JERRY

No, what do we DO? This happens every other saturday!

BETH

It's Monday, Jerry.

JERRY

It is? Holy crap, I'm skipping work. But that's besides the point! I'm tired of my house getting demolished several times a month!

Summer comes back to the room with BROOMS, DUSTPANS.

SUMMER

Doesn't grandpa Rick own the house? Like, it's his name on the deed?

JERRY

(sarcastic)

Thank you, sweetie.

SUMMER
(smartass)
My pleasure.

Summer starts sweeping, leaves the other brooms next to Beth.

BETH
Yeah well usually he helps clean up. I'm sure he went somewhere important to have his hand fixed, we'll talk to him when he gets back-

JERRY
And then what? He magically stops destroying my home? I mean, our home - his home, whatever, this residence! AND not to mention, put us in DANGER? Beth, we need to put our foot down.

BETH
Grab a fucking broom and put your foot down on a step-on garbage can.

Beth shoves a broom at Jerry.

SUMMER (O.S.)
AW SNAP! OWNED!

INT. CRUISE SPACESHIP, LOBBY - DAY

Passengers of every species swarm into the main hall of the cruise ship. Two greeters come and give Rick and Morty fancy tropical COCKTAILS and place Hawaiian-Wreaths on their necks. One of them kind of pokes Rick in the eye by mistake.

RICK
Ow, hey watch it, idiot! I don't have time to replace my eye! I already had to FINGER myself once today, I don't want to do it again.
(hitting on them)
Not that I mind extending the favor, ladies... if you want, me and my grandson are at suite 309, I can shove'm in a closet for a while.

The greeters are grossed out. Rick and Morty keep going, Rick takes a sip of his drink.

RICK (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Damn, nice Gooby-Goos they make here. Lots of Gooby.

MORTY

(re: greeters)

Man, what is with you lately? It's one thing to be a complete shit to your family, it's another to take it out on strangers! Actually... I don't know which one's worse... but they're both pretty bad anyway.

RICK

Come on, take a load off! Let's go get more Gooby-Goos at the bar and yell at them if they get it slightly wrong... or even if they get it perfect. We can be like "this is boring! I was secretly hoping for you to surprise me!", and we can throw it in their faces. It's a cruise, have some fun!

Rick slaps a waiter's tray of drinks and keeps going.

INT. MORTY'S HOME - NIGHT.

The family finished cleaning up the mess. It's now a clean, destroyed livingroom.

JERRY

Well, we're probably done for the night.

BETH

There's still shelves and stuff to put up.

JERRY

We've done enough! Now let's all go to a part of the house we can securely lock, in case there are any burglars or interdimensional assassins hunting Rick. I say we all sleep in Summer's room.

SUMMER

Eww, dad!

JERRY

What's the big deal? Beth honey back me up here.

BETH

You're right Jerry. We should go to sleep. ...I'll just put up that one shelf over there...

Beth picks up a shelf and places it back on the wall. With a snapping noise, it immediately falls down, creating a crack that starts running all the way up the wall, causing a huge chunk to fall out.

Beth evades just in time, but there's a domino effect causing large chunks from other walls to fall as well. One of them crushes the TV; Another almost crushes Jerry, but Summer manages to push him out of the way just in time.

Finally, a full wall comes down... which reveals Summer's room, now completely breached.

JERRY

Oh, GREAT! NOW where do we sleep?

BETH

(distracted)

Don't blame me, I was just...

JERRY

I wasn't blaming you! I'm blaming RICK! ...and your inability to reach out for help.

BETH

At least I can get things done ON MY OWN!

SUMMER

GUYS! Chill! You're both fighting about the same solution - fixing the house on our own before grandpa comes back! It's, like, a non-argument!

JERRY

MARRIAGE is a non-argument, sweetie.

SUMMER

REALLY, it's not a big deal - even though it's MY ROOM, thanks a lot! - I think grandpa Rick has a wall-rebuilder or 3d holo-printer or something, I'll just go grab it from the garage.

JERRY + BETH

NO!

SUMMER

(realizes its bigger
than her)

Oooh, shiiiiit. This is one a' them
deeeep fights.

INT. CRUISE SPACESHIP, POOL - DAY

Rick and Morty lounging by the pool on chairs, with fancy
Gooby-Goo drinks, getting massages from masseuses.

RICK

Ooh, that's nice, harder. Ouch, no,
too hard, go easy. ...OUCH!
Shoulder-blades! Are you kidding
me? Get the fuck out of here!

MASSEUSE #1 starts walking away.

RICK (CONT'D)

Where are you going? I just meant
do a better job! Aw, Jeezus... I
hurt your feeling, didn't I?

Masseuse #1 nods, agreeing.

RICK (CONT'D)

Let me apologize. I'm sorry you're
such a pussy. No, really, I know
it's not my fault but you're such a
mega, pan-universal pussy that it
feels like the entire multiverse is
just a sick joke played on you, and
as part of that multiverse, I feel
I have to apologize for what a
ginormous pussy you are. Now get
back to work!

MORTY

Ok, that's enough, Rick!

RICK

Really, NOW'S your breaking-point?
Not when I STARTED, with the
misogynistic slurs? Way to hang
back in the privilege zone, Morty.

MORTY

I'm sorry you fellas have to take
this. I think you're doing a great
job!

(MORE)

MORTY (CONT'D)

Hey, why don't you take a break?
You like Gooby-Goo cocktails? They
don't skimp on the gooby here! Go
on, take a sip, you look tired. In
fact why don't you sit down a
moment? I'm no professional
masseur but I can give it a try!

MASSEUSE #2 sits down with the drink, Morty gets up and gives
the masseuse a shoulder rub.

RICK

Oh real mature, Morty! What, are
you teaching me some kinda lesson?

MORTY

It's not all about you Rick! Just
trying to be a good person, y'know?

In one swoop, Rick finishes his Gooby Goo, smashes the glass
on the floor, and licks the remainder of Gooby Goo off his
lips, as if it's too good to waste a drop. Then he snaps:

RICK

YEAH WELL--

A large EXPLOSION, screams. Looking up, a PIRATE SPACESHIP
crashed into the cruise ship, stuck halfway through the
ceiling; a brief vacuum sucks a few passengers out, before
getting sealed off with debris.

The pirates are ZOOPIZOO aliens, humanoid-crabs. They start
pillaging, attacking passengers. Another zoopizoo spaceship
crashes, more pirates invade.

MORTY

Oh shit, Rick! What do we do?

RICK

Zoopizonian Pirates! There's only
one thing to do, Morty!
(dramatic pause... then
mocking)
...Be super fucking nice to them!
Right? Like you just said?

MORTY

What?

Rick grabs a PIRATE, hugs him. The pirate hesitates.

RICK

Hi buddy, how you doing? Hoo boy,
you had quite a landing didn't you?
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

Hey, you like cocktails and resting
and handjobs and shit? Take a load
off, sit down!

The pirate sits on the chair, unsure. Massuesse #1 runs away.

MORTY

Rick are you fucking kidding me?
This is no time to be teaching me a
lesson!

RICK

It's not all about you, Morty! Just
trying to be a better person!

(to pirate)

There you go, what's your name? I
want you to know I'm respecting you
as an individual, not as just a
generic nameless pirate! Here you
go, relax!

Rick starts doing stuff to the pirate out-of-shot.

MORTY

Real funny, Rick, I get it, you can
stop your little charade-- holy
shit, you're actually jerking him
off! Are you proud? Is this worth
it? Ask yourself Rick, if you're
literally jerking off a pirate are
you really still doing it
ironically?

RICK

Quiet Morty, grandpa's following
your lifehack advice! Looks like
it's working, huh? Everyone's
happy! Woah, here's comes the
crabjuice!

End of act One

ACT TWO

INT. CRUISE SPACESHIP, MAIN HALL - NIGHT

The pirates have overtaken the ship. Some passengers are held captive, some are tortured, torn clothes, wounded, bleeding.

A pirate is tying Rick and Morty up.

RICK

Hey, great job buddy! You don't do knots these good without putting in your ten-thousand, y'know? Making Malcolm Gladwell proud!

The pirate tightens the ropes on purpose, so it hurts.

RICK (CONT'D)

Ouch! Aw, thanks! Putting the extra effort in really shows you care!

The pirate leaves.

MORTY

Ok Rick, I've been through enough revenge-bits to know you're not gonna let go of this too soon, so I'll let you play it out for a while. Like, you're punishing me for saying you need to be less mean sometimes, hoo boy, the nerve on me. All I ask is, maybe this time, kinda speed this lesson shit up, you know? Give me the cliffnotes of why I'm wrong and you're right and let's get this over with soon, without too much... escalation.

A loud CLANG: a pirate-spaceship's bay door opens. Out steps the fearsome CAPTAIN FNOZZLES. The passengers quiet down in fear; the pirates quiet down in awe...

And Rick jumps up, a bit off-balance because of being tied.

RICK

Welcome to the cruise, mon capitan! Say, do you like Gooby-Goo cocktails? Let me tell you, they do NOT skimp on the gooby here!

MORTY

Oh jeez...

Behind his back, Rick takes out a small SWISS ARMY KNIFE.

RICK

(whispering)

See Morty? See where being a nice
guy gets you? I'm probably gonna be
brain splatoned by this space
Clancy Brown just for standing up--

Rick starts cutting at the rope with the swiss army knife.

FNOZZLES

(formidable Clancy Brown
voice)

YOU. The nice guy who was brave to
stand up. You are better than the
rest of this cattle. You will serve
me in my quarters, without fear of
harm from my underlings.

Fnozzles signals subtly to a gun-toting pirate, who then
immediately executes several people around Rick.

Rick considers whether to drop the act, takes a look at
Morty... and decides to go ahead with it, drops the knife.

RICK

Oh, how... Nice of you! Thanks...

(to Morty)

Bet you're fucking LOVING this.

Morty buries his face in his hands.

INT. MORTY'S HOME - DAY

Beth and Jerry angrily finish cleaning the house: Beth puts
the tv back on its stand, Jerry puts pillows back on the
sofa; Beth throws a big chunk of rock into a wheelbarrow,
Jerry empties a small dustpan into the step-on bin.

Summer, tying off large garbage bags, exhausted.

SUMMER

You know it would have gone a LOT
faster if I brought the reatomizer--

BETH

Summer, STOP that. We don't need
grandpa Rick's sci-fi doodahs to
handle this, we're perfectly
capable on our own.

JERRY

That's right Summer-

Jerry drops a small TILE he was carrying onto his foot.

JERRY (CONT'D)

OW! Sonuva--

(sigh, beat)

We've cleared everything on our own. TWICE even, which makes us TWICE as capable. Now, we burned the night away, I suggest we all have a cup of Joe after calling in some emergency repairmen, and maybe do pancakes.

BETH

What? That's crazy.

JERRY

(dead serious)

There is nothing crazy about pancakes. They are good.

BETH

We're not calling anyone, Jerry! It's a couple of walls, I think we can manage.

JERRY

Typical Sanchez attitude! "Let's do everything ourselves no matter HOW many people it hurts or pancake breakfasts it ruins!" I can't COUNT the number of time Rick ruined a perfectly fine pancake breakf--

BETH

ENOUGH WITH PANCAKES! They're TOO SWEET anyway!

Jerry is speechless. He leaves, misty eyed. Beth, immediately remorseful.

SUMMER

You crossed a line, mom.

BETH

God dammit.

INT. CRUISE SPACESHIP, CONVERTED BAR - NIGHT

The pirates have converted the bar into a pleasure-dome. Morty exits the bar to serve Fnozzles a drink, at a makeshift throne with guards and sex-slaves.

Rick is at the bar serving two gross aliens who are crab-versions of Rick and Morty, called CRICK and CRAB MORTY.

Crick is making out with a crying hostage, Crab Morty is just having a drink, sullen.

PIRATE-RICK

Yo no-claws, gimme a Gooby-Goo, and do NOT skimp on the Gooby.

RICK

(to himself)

Fuck, I didn't think it'd be a runner.

Rick begrudgingly makes the drink and hands it to Crick.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hope you're enjoying your stay!

The alien takes it and throws it away without even drinking. He grabs Rick by the neck, choking him.

CRICK

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS? YOU DID IT WRONG, DUMBSHIT! YOU... uh... FORGOT THE LITTLE UMBRELLA!

The sex-hostage tries to stop Crick, limply. He shoves her forcefully to the floor. Crab Morty steps in.

CRAB MORTY

Ok Crick, that's enough! Stop being so mean!

Rick falls to the floor. Morty comes to check on him.

MORTY

Holy shit Rick, that was rough! But you see? That me-looking crab guy was being nice, isn't that better for everyone?

Crab Morty goes to the fallen sex-hostage.

PIRATE-MORTY (CONT'D)

We're getting rid of all of these no-claws anyhow, the nice thing to do is to do it quickly!

Crab Morty grabs the sex-hostage by the head with his giant claw, crushes it like a walnut.

PIRATE-RICK

Fine, I guess you're right Crab Morty - hey, where'd they go?

Rick and Morty scuttled away while the pirates talked.

RICK
(to Morty)
HA HA! Showed YOU!

MORTY
(horrified, nauseated)
The crunching noise...

Still within earshot, they overhear:

CRAB MORTY
Doesn't matter, we need to find the
mark anyhow.

RICK
shit!

Rick looks back towards the retreating pirates.

MORTY
What?

RICK
...nothing, nothing...

Rick stays put for a second... then hurriedly scuttles back
closer to the pirates, eavesdropping intently.

CRICK
What's he look like, anyway?

CRAB MORTY
You just assume it's a "HE"? Mark's
a gender neutral term, crick.

FNOZZLES
It matters not what HE looks like.

CRAB MORTY
Aye aye, cap'n!

CRICK
(to Crab Morty)
Oh, when cap'n does that it's cool?

FNOZZLES
We will know him by the smell of
UNOBTAINIUM.

RICK
shit shit shit!

MORTY

I knew it, something's going on!
What is it?

RICK

What's going on is that those
motherfuckers are trying to dick me
out of my dealer! Quick, we gotta
find him before they do!

MORTY

I KNEW it! There WAS something
going on! And it IS a drug deal!
That was, like, my FIRST guess!

RICK

OH WOW, Noble Prize for Sherlock
Einstein Chomsky FRASIER over here!
As it happens I need some
unobtainium because someone used
the last of it to LASER MY FINGERS
OFF when all I asked was to cut my
sammie into triangles like I like!
Because I'm too "Bossy"!

MORTY

I never SAID that! Where are you
getting this from? Anyway, chill
out, you got your fingers back! Oh,
don't do that *again*...

Rick double flips Morty off again.

RICK

Damn straight! Look at these
beauties! Look at them Morty!
Whatever, the point is I thought
I'd mix my post-traumatic R&R with
some business and told my guy to
meet me here! I didn't know the
Zoopizonians were after it too!
C'mon Morty, we need to find my
dealer before these guys do!

MORTY

Why? Why can't we just go home?

RICK

There's no GOING HOME without
UNOBTAINIUM Morty! I also need it
to run the ship! That's right! Just
raised some desperately necessary
stakes!

MORTY

That's crazy! Isn't unobtainium just that made-up word from Avatar?

RICK

No Morty, that's the one thing avatar got %100 right. Unobtainium is one of the strongest elements in any known universe... plus it's like, really hard to obtain, so the name's super apt, actually. Also, the Na'vi are real, but they don't have those tail genitals, they have regular 9-foot-tall cat ding-dongs flapping all over the place. It's crazy, that whole planet is like someone built a salami shop in a bouncy castle. C'mon, we need to find my dealer, lets go go go!

Morty moans.

INT. MORTY'S HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

Jerry is flipping a PANCAKE on the stove, while eating pancakes off a plate. He's also on the phone.

JERRY

Yes hello, "Bill's fixers"? I need a couple of fellas for a quick job today. It's a real doozy, I got a fully exposed backyard situation, so send me a couple strongmen, you know? Fellas who know how to lay some pipe.

Jerry starts choking on a pancake, drops the phone.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Beth shops around, has a SHOPPING CART full of stuff. She stops at a hammer display, and tries to compare two HAMMERS.

An EMPLOYEE comes over.

EMPLOYEE

Can I help you with anything?

BETH

I'm looking for a good hammer to--

EMPLOYEE

(cuts her off, jokey)
You've come to the right place!

BETH

(unamused)

...yes. Well, I'm looking for something that can handle big carpentry nails but has a soft enough grip so I can use it barehanded without recoil damage.

EMPLOYEE

...uh, if you're... just hobbying... Both hammers should be fine. Who ever heard of a hammer that can't hammer nails, amiright?

Beth grabs him by his collar.

BETH

(terrifying)

Son, I'm gonna need someone who knows his *shit*.

INT. MORTY'S HOME, GARAGE - DAY

Note: this scene should play very quick; 15 second or so.

Summer, complete casual behavior, steps into the garage. She goes to the wall, and looks at a clipboard that lists Rick's devices. She tries to guess where Rick might have left something appropriate. She opens a drawer at random, takes out a Hammer, then a Plumbus, and finally, finds a thing that looks like a GUN with a big rotating dial at the back, a small taped label saying "VisPrizz 02", and two triggers.

She turns the dial, and pulls the first trigger. It lets her do a small hologram blocky doodle - like blocks in Minecraft. She then presses the other trigger, and the hologram takes a physical form, dropping down to the counter.

Satisfied, she leaves the garage.

INT. CRUISE SPACESHIP, RESTROOM - DAY

Rick and Morty enter a giant toilet complex. Urinals of all sizes and shapes. Rick is holding a RADAR DEVICE... with a NOSE on it. He's following the ping, looking around.

MORTY

So how're we gonna find--

RICK

They already said, christ, weren't you listening? That captain dude spits out perfect exposition and you wanna, what, parrot it?

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

Very uneconomical of you Morty. But yeah, Unobtainium, it's got a smell to it. I'm using a digital sniffer to sniff it out. THERE!

Rick kicks in one of the stalls. Sitting on the toilet taking a shit is an ALIEN looking like an 80's drug dealer - big bright suit, sunglasses, ponytail, facial hair.

DEALER

Woah amigo, what's going on?

Rick grabs him by the collar, pulls him up.

RICK

What's going on? What's GOING ON?

Rick shoots Morty a look, then changes his tone:

RICK (CONT'D)

...What's going on is that YOU look tense, oh jeez! Why don't you sit back down and I give you a back rub?

Rick sits him down, steps behind him awkwardly, and starts rubbing his shoulders.

MORTY

(freaks out)

We're in a crisis here! Get this shitbag's uranium or whatever and let's get back home!

RICK

UNOBTAINIUM, Morty! What is this, back to the future? Wait, scratch that, we're incredibly similar to Back to the Future. Like, litigiously almost.

(to Dealer)

You feeling good?

Dealer seems happy; we hear the wet noise of him pooping.

RICK (CONT'D)

Theere we go, let it all out.

Rick kisses him on the forehead.

A blast knocks the entrance doors down. A group of pirates come in, Fnozzles in the lead.

FNOZZLES

Well well well. I see someone has beaten us to the unobtainium. Or should I say, OBTAINIUM, now that we are able to... *obtain* it?

RICK

HA HA! That's fantastic! HA HA!
Yeah! Oh, man. That's some good stuff. Anyway listen, we found the guy for you, and-- watch out, he's got a gun!!!

The dealer seems surprised. The pirates shoot him dead.

RICK (CONT'D)

Sorry! Didn't notice he's carrying! Tell you what though, I did the scans, this guy's clever! Hid the unobtainium in his blood stream. If you have some kinda ultracentrifuge you should be able to separate the unobtainium from... whatever's left of his blood. Whoops - Waste not want not!

Rick cleans off a piece of meat from his shoulder back on to the mangled dealer, makes sure it stays put neatly.

RICK (CONT'D)

So anyway, we'll go back to the bar-

FNOZZLES

Nice AND wise. You will make a good ally-slave-scientist. Googrong, guard him in the gadget dome as he builds this... separating device.

GOOGRONG, a giant strong silent pirate, grabs Rick By the shoulder with his claw, and starts dragging him.

RICK

Ow! Oh my god that hurts!

Rick grabs Morty hard, dragging him along. No one notices.

MORTY

Ow!

RICK

Shut up Morty! They'll hear! OW
fuck!

RICK

You got a lot to learn, son. Didn't you see that guy's vest? His facial hair?

(off Morty's empty look)

For the love of...! He had a ponytail Morty. This dumbass is old-school, ain't no unobtainium in his blood! He had an unobtainium condom up his ass!

Rick holds up a bright glowing CONDOM, with some... stains on it. Real close to Morty's face. He's holding it tight, and the joke is it almost looks like it might explode.

MORTY

Eww! What the hell-- get it away from my face! Jesus Rick, what the fuck! Watch out! Eww!

RICK (CONT'D)

He's an idiot Morty, look at him! He can't combine his blood with unobtainium! I made him shit it out back in the bathroom before those zippizooopies got his scent Morty! *This was all engineered!*

Rick slaps Morty with his clean hand.

RICK (CONT'D)

Now calm down! Don't make me slap you with the OTHER hand!

Rick holds up the gross dirty hand. Morty calms.

RICK (CONT'D)

Anyway we gotsta get outta here dawg. That means taking out the guard and Crab Gale over there.

MORTY

How you gonna do that, Mr. Nice guy?

RICK

No Morty. I'm not gonna be that no more. You could say, like, no more Mr. Nice Guy... If you feel hacky. I'm a big enough man to know when I've made my point and when its time to let go of childish things.

MORTY

What are you TALKING about? You've been CRAZY today!

RICK

Honestly Morty, no joke, I think it's the Gooby Goo. I'm not good with that drink, makes me somewhat... you know... stubborn. BUT FUCK IT! MEAN RICK, COMING BAAAACK!

CLARENCE

I, uh, don't seem to manage to de-plasmify this cube... And now I think of it I'm not sure that's actually a thing...

RICK

Of course you can't. You know why? You're a fucking failure.

Clarence, surprised, about to retaliate, but Rick goes on.

RICK (CONT'D)

(fast, mean)

I mean we can all see you're a gross nerdy loser who'se either too weak to escape these dumb pirates' captivity, or such a creep that you're in it for whatever paltry pillaged reward they let you keep; Either way you're so lonely and pathetic that you were actually glad to see an old fart like me thrown in your golden cage because you thought we could, what? Connect? Appreciate poetry together? Holy fuck, I should bully my young impressionable ward to kill you if it wasn't so hack! I mean it was awesome the first time, but, you know, now it's just... Like, I can get away with saying it's an homage but we all know it'd be a rip off...

(suddenly, halloweeny)

BOO!

Clarence, who takes it all very gravely, is genuinely terrified of Rick's boo - so much so that he has a heart attack, slumping in his chair.

Rick immediately grabs a pair of SUNGLASSES off the table and puts it on Clarence as the door to the room slides open, Googrong peeking in to see what's the fuss.

Rick is manipulating Clarence's arm.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hey, we made a lot of noise huh?
Just playing Weekend at Bernie's!
He's pretending to be dead and I'm
pretending *to be pretending* that
he's alive and talking for him!

(puts on voice)

I'm Bernie and I'm alive!

(normal voice)

See? Just like the movie, but it's
harmless nerdy meta play!

Googrong doesn't seem to understand Rick, but also doesn't notice anything wrong... THEN, the cube Clarence is still holding starts buzzing and vibrating again. Clarence is knocked off-balance, falls to the floor, obviously dead.

Googrong immediately draws his SWORD, gets in the room, and puts it on lockdown - clanging metal SFX, flashing lights.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

INT. MORTY'S HOME, LIVINGROOM - DAY.

Summer's using the gun to slowly build a hologram model of one of the broken walls.

Beth walks in the front door, carrying a STACK OF 2 BY 4's, and a PLASTIC BAG full of hardware tools.

BETH

(surprised)

Summer! What are you doing?

SUMMER

Dirtywork. But it's going great.

Beth drops everything and grabs the gun.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Hey!

BETH

I thought we TOLD you--

Jerry crawls in from the kitchen, on his back, using his legs as propulsion. He's choking, and gesturing for help.

BETH (CONT'D)

Jerry! What's wrong?

SUMMER

Oh my god! He needs a Heimlich!

BETH
JERRY! Hold on--
(Beth pauses, sniffing)
....pancakes?

Jerry, still choking, smiles sheepishly. Beth steps on him hard. He coughs the piece up.

BETH (CONT'D)
Great job Jerry. I'm trying to teach our daughter good judgement, you're choking on soft breakfast.

Jerry gets up, still weak but angry.

JERRY
ME? Where do you think she gets her *stubbornness* from, Sanchez? The pancake guy, or the buy-half-the-hardware-store lady?

Jerry gestures to the 2 by 4's and spilled hardware tools.

BETH
Well at least I've done SOMETHING!

JERRY
SO DID I!

The front door opens. Two buff HOT DUDES in skimpy clothing.

DUDE #1
Anyone call for male prostitutes?

No one responds. Summer leans in closer.

DUDE #2
We're here from Bill's Fixers.

JERRY
Oh yes, hello! You're the construction workers?

DUDE #1
No dude, we are definitely here to have sex with you for money. You were pretty clear on the phone.

JERRY
EXCUSE me? I did not--
(thinks about it)
I guess I did... kind of... speak entirely in double entendres.
(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

But I was being SINGLE in my
entendres at the time!

BETH

My god, Jerry! You're impossible!

SUMMER

You're BOTH impossible.

Summer begins fiddling with the gun again.

JERRY + BETH

NO!

They try to take the gun away, a small struggle ensues, and Summer ends up pulling the trigger just as a hologram happens to be hovering above the two dudes.

A wall materializes mid-air and falls down, crushing the dudes. EVERYONE PANICS:

SUMMER

(worried)

Hot guys!

JERRY

THIS IS HOPELESS!

BETH

Who are we kidding? We can't do
this without RICK! WE'RE LOST
WITHOUT HIM!

Summer runs over to check on the dudes.

INT. CRUISE SPACESHIP, SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Googrong brings down his sword hard, Rick dives.

RICK

Fine, you wanna play it this way? I
just killed your smartest
scientist, you think I can't
Sherlock Holmes my way out of THIS?
The Robert Downy Jr one where he's
so smart he can calculate
wrestling, I mean. It's not just a
generic reference.

Rick starts grabbing things that were in the lab, throwing them at Googrong: glowing rocks, a stack of papers. They get in Googrong's way, so he can't swing his sword.

RICK (CONT'D)

You slow-ass bitch! You're probably a guard for being last at 100m dash in gym class! Let my guess, what did they call you... SLOWbster?

MORTY

Lame.

This seems to connect with Googrong, who becomes more upset.

Rick throws a VIAL with orange bubbling liquid, which smashes across Googrong's face, temporarily blocking his vision. Googrong, enraged, takes a big swing with the sword, but it's way too wide, and Rick easily ducks it by combat rolling.

RICK

HA! Great aiming Helen CRABler!

Rick, crouching, takes out the cube, and presses it in a particular sequence. It starts glowing ominously, beeping.

Rick throws it at Googrong's face - it sticks. Googrong tries to pry it off. Rick ducks to protect Morty.

RICK (CONT'D)

Ok, watch out Morty! Cover your eyes! This thing is basically a tiny localized nuclear reactor!

MORTY

I thought it was a fidget cube!

RICK

That's what fidget cubes ARE Morty! They're a weapon of war!

The cube EXPLODES, sci-fi purple, in Googrong's face. SMOKE obscures his head... but then disperses, showing that he's fine. His head hurts a bit, and he's rubbing it.

RICK (CONT'D)

(astonished)

WHAT, THE, FUCK! This guy's literally a block head! I mean, like, a STARLITE block head! Holy crap! No wonder you're just a guard, you're thick! Really, really thick! Am I getting this across? I'm talking about his density not intelligence, this tracks, right?

Googrong is increasingly insulted... and finally, starts crying. He plops down in place, blocking the exit door.

MORTY

Oh jeez Rick, now look what you've done. You made the guy cry.

RICK

I also killed a couple of dudes and, frankly, kinda crop-dusted the place, I'm sure you've noticed. This is what bothers you?

MORTY

I mean yeah, crying. Crying's sad.

Morty goes over to Googrong, comforts him.

MORTY (CONT'D)

There there, don't worry, he didn't mean all that... well he probably did, but that's what he does. To everyone. To me. ...A lot.

Googrong wipes his tears, a bit cheered up. Morty hugs him. Googrong leans in to hug Morty, leaving the door wide open.

RICK

All right! Good job comforting the idiot, Morty! I forgot you're an idiot whisperer!

Googrong immediately reverts back, crying, blocking the door.

MORTY

Oh my god, can't you turn that off for like, a second?

RICK

Turn what off Morty, being smart? Noticing flaws? Not ignoring them?

MORTY

Being mean! Being mean to feel like you're better than someone!

(off Rick's look)

--EVEN if you ARE, you asshole! I mean, you wanna be smart, or you wanna be alive? 'cause right now we're stuck in a room with a dead guy who was reeeal smart! And all I asked was that you be more NICE!

RICK

Do you have any idea what an ambiguous, non specific request that is, Morty? Be more NICE?

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

BE MORE NICE? Can't EVERYONE be MORE nice at any given time? In case you haven't noticed Morty, I'm the guy who gets us out of these crazy adventures! Keeps us alive! I don't do it by being unconditionally nice to random space pirates, you know!

MORTY

Yeah well in case YOU haven't noticed you're usually the one who gets us into these messes in the first place! So maybe you shouldn't just be nice but be extra double nice! Because it's not vague, it's BASIC! Maybe that way you won't have your goddamn fingers LASERED off by your grandson!

RICK

I KNEW IT! You did that on PURPOSE, didn't you? ADMIT IT! ADMIT IT!

MORTY

OH, MY, GOD, is that what this is all about? NO I DIDN'T! I was trying to make you a sandwich and you were YELLING at me the triangles weren't "isosceles-y" enough! Whatever that means! And then you reached to grab it and got in the way!

RICK

You LIFTED the laser cutter to TAKE OFF my FINGERS! BECAUSE YOU HATE THAT I'M "BOSSY"!

Morty

I DON'T CARE THAT YOU'RE BOSSY! YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT, I KNOW IT, WHY DO YOU THINK I FOLLOW YOUR ORDERS ALL THE TIME! *I WAS LIFTING MY HAND TO WIPE AWAY TEARS!*

Morty is crying. He instinctively reaches to wipe his tears, realizes the irony of the situation, and just lets them roll. Rick feels bad.

RICK

Well... why were you using a laser cutter anyway?

MORTY

Because you like the inner edges
seared.

RICK

I don't remember that--...

MORTY (CONT'D)

You told me when you were
super drunk one time, so you
probably don't even remember.

Rick looks back and forth between Morty and Clarence.

RICK

I'm... I'm sorry... Googrong. I'm
sorry I yelled at you, I guess I
just get frustrated sometimes.
You're not an idiot... ah screw it,
yes you are. And even if you're
not, graded on a curve that
includes me you automatically are,
but so is everyone else, so I
guess... I guess I can't be angry
at you all the time for that. And
maybe it's ok you're an idiot.
Maybe all you ever wanted was to be
a weird scary guard, and... Well I
can't deny you're pretty gosh-darn
good at keeping people in a room.

Googrong cheers up. Rick comes over to him, gives him a hug.

RICK (CONT'D)

And hey, you know what? All those
other pirates, they're pretty mean,
right? I bet they call you names...
How would you like to have real
friends, Gooie? Real FAMILY?

(off Googrong's puppy-
dog look)

That's right. If you let us go,
we'll take you with us. You like
that, dontcha? Dontcha boy?

Googrongs smiles and pants, doglike.

RICK (CONT'D)

Holy shit, this being nice thing
isn't half bad Morty!

MORTY

Hooray! Hooray for progress!

They all run outside.

INT. MORTY'S HOME - NIGHT.

Establishing shot: We see the house from outside (the front, not the destroyed part in the back). We hear a loud BANG.

JERRY

Beth, watch out!

BETH

OH NO!

SUMMER

(frightened)

MOM!

CUT TO:

EXT. MORTY'S HOME, BACKYARD - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

We think something went horribly wrong-- but on the contrary, the house is completely rebuilt. The family is celebrating - there's decorative lights, a small table with some refreshments, the family is dressed smart-casual.

Beth popped open a champagne bottle, foam gushing out.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

(carefree laughter)

Watch out! You almost got me!

BETH

(apologetic but joyful)

Oh summer, I'm so sorry!

JERRY

Next time, let SUMMER handle the heavy-lifting, all right?

They all laugh. Beth starts pouring champagne.

BETH

Anyway, I just want to say again how PROUD I am of all of us. Full disclosure? I did NOT think we'll get through this. Our approaches were just so... perfectly oppositional. I was sure our fight is going to escalate - but I'm glad we managed to calm down, talk things out, and work together. And of course we couldn't have done it without you guys - Robert, Glittersack!

The prostitutes enter frame, slightly bandaged, but otherwise looking great, and shirtless. Beth pours them champagne.

DUDE #1

Aw shucks. It's our job to... calm things down.

DUDE #2

In a very real sense, we're effectively conflict management specialists. It all starts with a cool head, mutual respect, and mature attitude.

JERRY

You said it, Glittersack.

SUMMER

See? We don't NEED grandpa Rick. Sometimes you make him out to be some kinda force of nature or something. But really, he's just... a pretty smart dude. And if we keep our cool - I'm sure we can keep from letting him get to us.

As she monologues, a gradually increasing engine sound.

JERRY + BETH

Here here!

Everyone toasts.

Rick's spaceship comes crashing in from the sky, obliterating the male prostitutes, food table, and finally the livingroom as it comes to a halt midway through the house.

The family has fallen / thrown themselves to the ground, and are now getting up again.

Rest of the scene is loud and hysterical:

JERRY + BETH + SUMMER

Fuck! / Holy shit! / Holy fuck what the shit!

Ricks pulls himself out of the wreck, hurt. He fishes inside for Morty, and drags him out - unconscious, coughing.

RICK

Morty? Holy shit are you ok?

The family crowds around: Beth furious; Jerry crying; Summer mumbling continuously, almost drowning the main dialogue out.

BETH
WHAT THE HELL DAD?

RICK
(re: the crashed ship)
CHEAP ASS MARTIAN UNOBTAINIUM, 75%
PURE MY BALLS!
(to Beth)
Bring me some water, quick! No,
bandages! No, vodka! Bring them
all! Bring the vodka first!

Rick lays Morty on the ground, gently but hurriedly, as he looks inside the spaceship again.

JERRY
You killed Robert! AND GLITTERSACK!

RICK
WHO? WHAT? You're not making any
sense-- who cares, anyway!
GOOGRONG! GOOGRONG, ARE YOU OKAY?
Holy shit! I think Googrong's dead!

MORTY
(in a daze, almost no
energy)
What happened? Did we... Is
Googrong okay? Where's Googrong?

Since the crash, a gradual BEEPING NOISE... Now, from the livingroom, a blue-light EXPLOSION that blows away whatever's left of the livingroom, and the giant Rick hologram pops up again, jumping and laughing and mooning the skies while everyone on the ground panics.

RICK
GOOGRONG TALK TO ME! YOU CAN'T QUIT
ON ME NOW, YOU BEAUTIFUL BASTARD!
GOOGRONGGG!!!

End of act three

Post credits sting

INT. CRUISE SPACESHIP - DAY

Fnozzles sits with the rest of the pirates huddled together.

FNOZZLES

Well, that's it boys. No unobtainium anywhere. We're stuck.

CRAB MORTY

Well we can at least enjoy what's left of the ship. There's still food, drinks, a few sex-slaves in good standing... supplies to last us for a good long time. I say we make the most of it!

FNOZZLES

I suppose so. I just wish that nice scientist guy didn't desert. Maybe if we were nicer to him, he would have stayed. Like poor Clarence.

CRAB MORTY

(comforting)

Hey, come on now. I think he knew we were trying to be nice. When he was escaping, he dropped this big bag that had "Love, Rick!" written on it.

CRICK

What's in the bag?

CRAB MORTY

Looks like... Fidget Cubes! Enough for everyone!

The pirates all cheer like kids, and start playing with the cubes.

Crick's cube starts beeping and glowing ominously... then goes off, blowing Crick to a thin cloud of blood.

Quiet beat... then Crab Morty's cube starts beeping and glowing, then Fnozzle's, then everyone else's. Before an obvious ship-wide explosion, cut to black.

End