

Untitled

written by

Author

Address  
Phone  
E-mail

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Morty walks into a Rickless garage.

MORTY

Hey R-

INT. RICK'S ROOM - DAY

Rick's room is only lit only through the light of the hallway. Rick is passed out on his cot, alcohol in hand. He doesn't budge when Morty opens the door.

MORTY

Rick are-

Rick snores and gurgles in his sleep.

Morty silently shuts the door, looking disappointed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Silence. Morty sits back and tries to flip on the T.V. But nothing comes through. Jerry and Beth walk by.

JERRY

See ya kiddo.

MORTY

Where ya going? And w-what's wrong with the T.V.?

BETH

Your father and I are having a date night.

JERRY

We're getting el tacos. Oh, and the T.V. broke.

BETH

Be safe and have fun. The no-T.V. Kinda fun.

Jerry and Beth walk out.

JERRY (O.S.)

When I was growing up we didn't even have T.V. We had to make our own fun.

BETH (O.S.)  
Yes you did have a T.V., Jerry.

JERRY (O.S.)  
Oh yeah...

Morty sits back sinking into the couch staring into the ceiling.

Silence.

MORTY  
Fun...

INT. SUMMER'S ROOM - DAY

Morty knocks gently on summers door.

SUMMER (O.S.)  
Come...in...

Morty walks into Summers room. The shades are shut but the room is lit only by candle light. She sits in the center of her room in a lotus position meditating.

MORTY  
Uh, are you meditating?

SUMMER  
I...am...

MORTY  
Do you want to do something?

SUMMER  
I want...to do...nothing...

MORTY  
Oh...Okay. See ya. Later.

He lingers. She doesn't answer. Morty closes his fist and turns around shutting the door on his way out.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Morty walks into the garage, fist still clintched. He kicks a piece of trash on the floor. He looks at Rick's shelf full of things and notices a box with a big red button on it that he hadn't seen before. On it there's a Post-It note that says "Click if bored" written in crayon.

Morty's eyes go wide. He looks around and then reaches out and pushes the button.

Nothing happens. He pushes it again, then again, and again.

Nothing. Morty sighs and turns around only to be grabbed by a hungover Rick.

RICK

What have you done, Morty!?

MORTY

I-

RICK

You've sent millions, no billions to thier death. It's all your fault.

MORTY

Wha-

RICK

Oh god, all the children. All the babies born today. They'll all die because of your incompetitant button clicking.

MORTY

All it said-

RICK

"Click when bored"

MORTY

I-I was bored, Rick!

RICK

You were Morty bored,Morty. Not Rick bored. The level of difference between the two is astronomical. When you're bored, you type "p" into your browser and hit enter. When I'm bored...I like problems to solve, If i can't find any I-God all I wanted to do today was sleep.

Rick massages between his eyes.

MORTY

Wha-What, Rick? What did the button clicking do?

Rick projects from his wrist two solar systems heading to collide with each other.

RICK  
You just sent two fully colonized  
solar system you've never even  
heard of to collide with each  
other.

MORTY  
W-what do we do?

RICK  
We. Get. Unbored.

EXT. SPACE - DAY/NIGHT/DUSK/DAWN

Two giant spaceships approach each other and start up communications. One side Commander GENTILE, 50 the Floglepus' and the Blurpies led by Leader CUZMUTO, 50.

GENTILE (ON SCREEN)  
Blurpie leader, Cuzmoto! What have  
you done? Is this your  
civilization's last futile attack?  
You rather take us both down than  
submit to our rule? Pathetic.

CUZMUTO  
Commander, Gentile, you utter fool  
trying to feign ignorance as you  
destroy both our civilzations, you  
would never be happy until we were  
destroyed, and since you couldn't  
do that you decided to end both of  
us.

(slowly)  
That's so stupid, that it...it  
doesn't actually make sense.

Rick and Morty portal into Cuzmoto's ship.

CUZMUTO (CONT'D)  
WHO IS THIS? IS THIS YOUR DOING  
GENTILE?

GENTILE (ON SCREEN)  
NO! They don't even look like a  
Floglepus.

MORTY  
A wh-

RICK

Hello, I am General, Washington,  
from earth and this is my favorite  
slave, Morty.

MORTY

Your wh-

RICK

(quietly to Morty)

Shh, these people have been at war  
with each other for over 1,000  
years. They are both a war centered  
speciees who only respect soldiers  
having slaves.

CUZMOTO

General Washington...from earth.  
We've heard of your victories, and  
the number of slaves you have. We  
are impressed. The Blurpies salute  
you.

GENTILE (ON SCREEN)

The Floglepus also recognize  
General Washington. What brings you  
to this conflict?

RICK

Your civilizations are headed  
towards each other because,  
somehow, out of nowhere, for no  
reason, AT ALL - four giant  
warmholes opened up. You both have  
5 days until both your people are  
wiped out.

CUZMOTO

You mean...our history of 10,000  
years gone?

GENTILE (ON SCREEN)

This cannot be...we're doomed. All  
of our free people will perish...

MORTY

Uh, and your slaves-

Rick steps in front of him.

RICK

Yes, all will die. But, I have a  
plan for a big machine that could  
put your planets back into place.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)  
It will take both your  
civilizations's people working  
together every day and night  
endlessly.

CUZMOTO  
We would do anything.

GENTILE (ON SCREEN)  
The Floglepus' never back down. You  
will have use of our slaves.

RICK  
Your non-slave people will have to  
work too.

CUZMOTO  
Oh.

GENTILE (ON SCREEN)  
Really? Yikes, uh. Yeah okay, sure  
we can get to work too.

CUZMOTO  
Ya, sure why not. It's for a good  
cause.

MORTY  
How can I help?

CUZMOTO  
Hah, You can start by wiping the  
floor over there. One of our slave  
fights got out of hand.

Cuzmoto hands out a rag. The corner is full of green slime.

RICK  
(whisper to Morty)  
Having fun yet?  
(Back to Cuzmoto and  
Gentile)  
Wait, my slave will need to lead  
your slaves in what's to come. I  
will go to commander...  
(Looks at the screen)

GENTILE  
(eyes narrow)  
Commander Gentile.

RICK  
I will go to Commando genital's  
planet. Together we can solve this.

CUZMOTO

(nods)

Very well. My slave, Glizza, will take your slave Morty to our planet and we will begin this project of yours General Washington.

GLIZZA, 15, enters and reaches out her hand which Morty takes and they walk away.

GLIZZA

Thank you for coming to help our people. It's so unfortunate that this has happened.

MORTY

Uh, yeah. Happy to help. Sorry you're a slave.

GLIZZA

(shrugs)

Don't be. Right this way.

INT. SUMMER'S ROOM - DAY

Summer sits in her room in silence still in the lotus position. A fly lands on her nose. She wrinkles her nose a bit and it flies away. The garage door opens in the distance. Car doors shut and she can hear loud mumbling between two people. A door to the house shuts and the mumbles become clear voices of Beth and Jerry arguing.

BETH (O.S.)

You just had to order your food in a Spanish accent.

JERRY (O.S.)

First of all it was a *Mexican* accent, and second of all I was TRYING to connect. We could...connect right now...

Summer's brows narrow.

BETH (O.S)

(softer, flirty)

Oh, connection is that what you want?

JERRY (O.S)

(giggles)

I, y-yeah.

Muffled moans and kisses. Summer's eyes open wide, she gets up and goes down to the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And walks by her parents passionately making out and out the back door to the...

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

And sits down in the middle of the yard in the lotus position and breaths in slowly.

Silence.

BAM! A large object crashes into the backyard and Summer is thrown back. A large crater and smoke billows up from it. Beth and Jerry enter the back yard.

BETH

Summer are you okay?

Summer sits up and coughs.

SUMMER

What - the - hell.

JERRY

Oh my god!

A noise emmenates from the crashed object and the smoke is blown away revealing a spacecraft. The spacecraft door opens and a alien man, Flaps, 20, steps out. He wears what looks to be a monk robe and is bald on the top of his head like a friar would be.

He walks close to the confused family and bows. Leaning back up he puts his hands together.

FLAPS

Hello, holy family of the one. I seek that of Rick Sanchrist. I seek his guidance in finding peace on my planet. Will you show me to him?

BETH

(cringes)

Sanchrist

JERRY

Um, buddy I don't know what god you're selling but if you went to the front door you'd know there's a sign that says no soliciting.

FLAPS

I simply seek to free my mind of all the noise. I believe the holy Sanchrist can provide that. Please do no gate keep my peoples prophet. It took all our resources to send me here.

BETH

Hey, look Mr. Flaps. My father, Rick Sanchrist as you call him, is nothing holy or special I promise. He just visited your planet at one point and did some weird stuff and left when he got bored. Don't take it personally.

FLAPS

You too see him as your father. So you know of his teachings?

BETH

He is my ACTUAL father.

Flaps bows his head and holds up his hands.

FLAPS

And may he be EVERYONE'S father.  
(lowers hands)  
Gaymen

SUMMER

Ah-what now?

FLAPS

That's what the Sanchrist taught us to say after every blessing.  
Gaymen.

JERRY

(eyes narrow)  
I'm calling Rick.

FLAPS

Thank you. All I see is peace of mind.

SUMMER  
Me too, Flaps.

FLAPS  
How have you tried to achieve this?

SUMMER  
I uh, meditate.

Flaps has a blank look on his face.

SUMMER (CONT'D)  
I sit in silence and try not to think.

FLAPS  
Ah, the father Sanchrist taught us this. We call it masturbation.

Beth puts her hand to her forehead.

BETH  
Oh my god.

Flaps faces Summer and reaches out his hands.

FLAPS  
Will you masturbate with me while we wait for Sanchrist?

Summer takes his hands.

SUMMER  
Go inside, Mom. I want some quiet while I medi-masturbate.

BETH  
I-

Summer and Flaps sit down in silence. Beth rolls her eyes and walks away.

EXT. PLANET BLURPIE - STAGE - DAY

Thousands surround a stage that at the head of a podium stands Morty, with Glizza behind him.

MORTY  
Hello people of planet Blurpie. I stand before you today.

BOOO. Thousands of boos fill the air. Morty looks confused.

GLIZZA  
(whispers to Morty)  
They are Slaves, we don't refer to  
ourselves as people of Blurpie.

MORTY  
Uhhh, s-slaves. I mean slaves of  
Blurpie.

The crowd calms.

MORTY (CONT'D)  
I stand before you as a  
representative of the slaves of  
planet Earth. You know of the  
calamity that is coming your way.  
It's going to be hard, it's going  
to be difficult, you will want to  
quit-

Boos fill the audience again.

GLIZZA  
(Whisper)  
Slaves can't quit, can they on  
Earth?

MORTY  
(louder)  
But you can't because you're a  
slave of Blurpie!

Cheers erupt in the crowd. Glizza guides Morty off the stage.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONT.

MORTY  
It almost sounds like they enjoy  
being slaves.

GLIZZA  
What? We do. Do you not on Earth?

MORTY  
Why would we enjoy being slaves?

GLIZZA  
I don't know if this is true where  
you come from but the slaves here  
have to do all their master's work  
for them.

MORTY

No that tracks, same as Earth.

GLIZZA

And for that work we get fed and a place to rest and free medical treatment. Do slaves on Earth not get that treatment?

MORTY

N-no, well. Maybe some. I guess a lot probably got fed for free. But they lived in harsh conditions and shared a room.

GLIZZA

We often have to sleep many to a room, but that means just more friends.

MORTY

B-but you aren't allowed to leave.

GLIZZA

We can.

MORTY

What?

GLIZZA

We can leave whenever we want but then we have to get a job and work all day at a job that might not even pay enough for us to get a home to stay in. It's very risky not to be slave.

MORTY

But, if you stay then you aren't allowed to do what you want.

GLIZZA

But if we leave we still wouldn't be able to do what we want because then we would have to work to survive.

MORTY

But at least you choose a job and you can keep your dignity!

GLIZZA

Dignity? If you get injured at a job the owner will hire a replacement, at least a slave owner has a incentive to keep us healthy.

(Eyes narrow)

Are you really a slave?

MORTY

(Depressed)

I-I am of some kind for sure.

GLIZZA

Okay, then let's get this construction underway!

Morty takes out his blueprints and looks at them and shrugs.

INT. FLOGLEPUS - GENTILE'S HOME - DAY

Rick enters following Gentile. The entire room is huge and extremely rich. Even the paint looks expensive.

GENTILE

Welcome to my humble abode General Washington.

Multiple slaves rush up and take off Gentile and ricks clothes leaving them in their underwear.

RICK

Whoa what's happening.

Gentile hits a button and a jacuzzi opens up in the middle of the room. Gentile holds out his arms and two slaves pick him up and gently lay him in the jacuzzi.

Rick steps in.

GENTILE

Uh uh no. Step out

Rick steps back embarrassed. Then two slaves pick him up and place him in the jacuzzi.

RICK

Oh.

(He is handed a martini)

Shouldn't we be getting to work on the machine?

GENTILE

Hah, that's slave work, and they are hard at work. Thank you so much by the way for your support in saving **our** world.

RICK

Worlds.

GENTILE

Eh. About that. Can't you be convinced to just save...one...world? Ours.

RICK

You know, that's not really how the machine works that they're crafting and I don't really want to get involved. You know the saying not my clowns not my circus.

GENTILE

(eyes narrow)

I thought you chose to come with me because you understood our peoples plight.

RICK

(sips from martini)

No not at all. You were just the ship I was on and I liked your name. Don't make it mean anything more please, I'm really that simple.

Gentile claps his hand. A slave appears.

GENTILE

Slave, splash water in his face.

The slave splashes Rick in the face. Rick looks upset.

RICK

Aw, hell. Hey. Do your own splashing.

GENTILE

Do my..own...

(eyes narrow again)

You do your own splashing? Don't you own slaves?

RICK

Uh no. That was a lie. Owning people, our planet worked through that.

(Shrug)

Mostly.

GENTILE

(disgusted)

What a backwards people.

RICK

Hah, you think owning someone makes them better off. How would you like it being a slave?

GENTILE

I was once. I understand that pain the strife it takes to become a master. You have no idea what it means to be a master.

RICK

You're right buddy and I'd never want to be a master.

Rick stands up out of the jacuzzi, he looks done with all of this.

RICK (CONT'D)

You know what. I'm done with all this.

Rick pulls the portal gun out of his underwear and shoots a portal and walks through it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONT.

Rick walks through dripping wet only in his underwear. Jerry is in the room reading and he stares at Rick, obviously disturbed. He sits and turns on the TV.

JERRY

H-Hhhhey.

RICK

(looking at the TV)

Hey.

Jerry gets back to reading.

Pause.

Flaps walks in the back holding a soda. He pops it open and then stops when he notices Rick. He rushes in front of the couch and falls to his kness and bows his head in worship. Rick sits up eyes wide, and concerned.

FLAPS  
SANCHRIST! I AM HEAR TO SERVE YOU,  
MASTER.

RICK  
(cringes)  
Oh. This isn't a good look.

COMERCIAL BREAK

FLAPS  
Please master, you taught us so many ways to calm our selves, but our descruective ways push through. War rages on my planet. We knew you could bring salvation. Tell me what I must do.

Rick stands up.

RICK  
Make your own choices.

Rick walks towards the back sliding door.

FLAPS  
Own...choices?

Summer walks in.

SUMMER  
Well look it's Sanchrist.

Rick stops.

RICK  
Shut up Summer. It was years ago, I was on a bender somewhere in the galaxy it was a mistake.

FLAPS  
What was a mistake?

RICK  
Me landing on your planet and pretending to be your prophet. I was messing around.

FLAPS  
 Messing...around?  
 (starts breathing heavy)  
 But...we...  
 (Rage fills his eyes)  
 YOU MONSTER!

He lunges at Rick and they start to fight on the floor.

RICK  
 S-STOP.

INT. BLURPIE CONSTRUCTION FACILITY - SPACE - DAY

Morty looks out into the vastness of space and sees the construction of the machine being built. Cuzmoto enters with Glizza behind Morty.

CUZMOTO  
 It's coming together quickly.

MORTY  
 (turns and faces Cuzmoto)  
 Ye-

CUZMOTO  
 Look down when you speak to me!

MORTY  
 (looks down and annoyed)  
 Yeah. Only after a few hours and  
 we're halfway done.

Cuzmoto slaps Morty.

MORTY (CONT'D)  
 Hey! Wha-

Cuzmoto slaps Morty again.

CUZMOTO  
 Double your speed and never talk  
 back to me again.

He leaves the room. Glizza looks sad.

GLIZZA  
 Why do you back talk the masters?  
 Do you have no respect for them?

MORTY

Of course not they own people.  
That's cruel and no one should hold  
that power.

GLIZZA

You truly believe that.

MORTY

Would you treat someone like that  
if you owned them?

GLIZZA

I'd be better.

MORTY

That's what they always say. Maybe  
you would be, but in the end you'd  
still own another living thing.

GLIZZA

Don't you own pets.

MORTY

(throws his arms up)  
You're not a pet!  
(shakes his head)  
I-I don't have time for this I need  
to fix this problem and then I'm  
going home with my gra-I mean  
master.

Morty walks away. Glizza looks down at her hands and seems  
like she is realizing something.