

FADE IN:

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the TV, a HANDSOME MAN with sunglasses kicks down a door.

HANDSOME MAN
Sup, I'm Chad, and I'm better than
you!

JERRY sits on the couch.

JERRY
Well that's aggressive.

HANDSOME MAN
But even as legit as I am, I'm not
some nerdy marketer, but man do I
have something to sell!

JERRY
I could do better than this.

HANDSOME MAN
Think you can do better! Well then
buy the sunglasses and make a
commercial and you could be my new
marketer! Yeah, this is a legit job
competition! Bring your A-game!

Jerry raises an eyebrow. He looks left and right before finding a pen and a piece of paper. He scribbles down "Sunglasses are always cool" before imagining Handsome Man praising him for his brilliance and showering him with cash.

BETH, MORTY, SUMMER and RICK all appear in Jerry's musings. All praise Jerry for his creativity and Beth unbuttons her top.

MORTY
Hey, Dad? I've, uhh, got a
question.

MORTY has dark bags under his eyes.

JERRY
Oh, yeah Morty, it's okay. I know
you're proud of me.

MORTY
What? No. Dad, what do you think
the reason for all this is?

Jerry, still stuck in his delusions, rushes off.

JERRY

Sorry, bud, I've got some
sunglasses to order!

Morty slumps forward. He turns and walks out the back door.

EXT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

MORTY stands before his grave in the back yard. He dons a leather jacket as his face hardens.

MORTY

No one knows everything. Not even
Rick... He just doesn't care.

Morty sinks his hands into his jacket pockets.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Maybe I shouldn't care, either.

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

JERRY stares at his computer. The sunglasses are in his cart and he's looking at the shipping options.

JERRY

Hmmm, shipping... Well, the faster
I get them, the faster I can make
a commercial or something.

He hesitates, then pushes the cursor up to one day shipping.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Yeesh. Forty bucks! That's
ridiculous!

He squints his eyes before glancing around the room.

JERRY (CONT'D)

It'd be a good job.

He bites his lip. Then he clicks on the one day shipping.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm sure it'll be fine. This is an
investment.

He looks at the time, taps on his desk and whistles.

JERRY (CONT'D)
This is taking forever.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - DAY

RICK is passed out at his workbench, drooling on a screwdriver. JERRY pokes his head in.

JERRY
Hey, Rick.

RICK
AHHH!

Rick jumps off his chair and falls onto the ground. He tries to rub the hangover out of his temples.

RICK (CONT'D)
Jesus, Jerry. I was out all night with Morty doing really important science stuff! What the Hell are you bothering me for?

JERRY
You know all those other Ricks and alternate realities or whatever?

Rick stands up and glares at Jerry.

RICK
Really, Jerry? You want to do like a fucking rerun or something? Lookin' into all the ways you screwed up in this dimension?

Jerry balls his fist.

JERRY
I'm entering a contest to get a job and I want to talk to the greatest, most accomplished versions of myself to get advice.

Rick stares wide-eyed at Jerry. Rick blinks a couple times.

JERRY (CONT'D)
What?

RICK
Just, uhh, I don't know Jerry. You want to go on an adventure? Seems a little out of character.

JERRY

Come on, what do you have to lose?

RICK

Me? I'm not losing anything. It's you that should be worried. You think you can handle finding the most Jerry Jerry?

Jerry crosses his arms.

JERRY

I didn't ask you to come with me. Think about it, you could have the house to yourself for a day.

Rick's eyes go wide. He dashes over to his shelves, grabs a box, pulls out a few doodads, welds them together, and plops the resulting contraption down over Jerry's shoulders.

JERRY (CONT'D)

So this-

An mic flips out and points at JERRY's mouth.

RICK

Just describe the kind of Jerry you want to talk to and this thing will open a portal to the right dimension.

An antennae uncurls from Jerry's Shoulder.

JERRY

Well, a super successful version of me that's in movies or stuff...

The metal flower fires a laser that opens a pink portal. Jerry stares at the portal. He creeps closer. Rick kicks him in the pants and Jerry tumbles screaming through the portal.

INT. HALLWAY WITH LOCKERS - DAY

MORTY stands at his locker. A shadow creeps up behind him. FRANK PALICKY slams the locker shut. Morty remains stoic.

FRANK

It's been a while, runt.

MORTY

Oh, hey Frank. You aren't dead yet?

Frank drops his fighting stance and takes a step back.

Rogue Jerry

FRANK

Not dead yet? Ain't you supposed to be wetting your pants?

Morty shrugs. Frank gets into Morty's face but Morty doesn't flinch.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Woe, I never took you for the guy that didn't care about anything.

MORTY

Whatever, I don't care anymore.

Frank's eyes grow wide. He sets his hand on Morty's shoulder.

FRANK

You wanna hang out?

Morty raises an eyebrow, then shrugs. Morty walks down the hall as Frank follows him. People stop and watch as Morty walks by.

EXT. FAMOUS JERRY'S MANSION - DAY

FAMOUS JERRY drives into his garage stocked with lots of other expensive vehicles. A pink portal opens and TRAVELING JERRY flies out onto the hood of Famous Jerry's car.

TRAVELING JERRY

Oww..
(looks around the garage)
Oh, hell yeah!

FAMOUS JERRY

You're scratching the paint!

Traveling Jerry shuffles off the hood and dusts himself off.

TRAVELING JERRY

Oh my gosh, I'm sorry. It's just, I'm you from another dimension! I'm so happy to meet you.

FAMOUS JERRY

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Everyone is happy to meet me. Security!

TRAVELING JERRY

No, you don't understand. I'm from the reality where we married Beth and had two kids.

Rogue Jerry

Famous Jerry freezes. His eyes tear up.

FAMOUS JERRY
Beth, two kids?

Famous Jerry looks down to his feet.

FAMOUS JERRY (CONT'D)
Maybe I should get you a drink.

Traveling Jerry looks left and right as they pass all kinds of expensive sculptures, paintings, trinkets, and furniture.

FAMOUS JERRY (CONT'D)
So you're a version of myself where I had a whole family? So what's with all the sci-fi crap?

TRAVELING JERRY
Well, Beth's dad, Rick showed up out of nowhere. He's this alcoholic mad scientist that's always being a bad influence on Morty.

FAMOUS JERRY
This is all so weird. Like some SPEC a fan sent me once. Maybe I should pay someone to write it for me.

Famous Jerry pours a pair of fancy drinks at a built-in bar.

FAMOUS JERRY (CONT'D)
Oh, by the by, who is Morty?

TRAVELING JERRY
Morty is our son. Well, my son, I guess.

FAMOUS JERRY
(Whispers)
A son.

Famous Jerry sloshes his drink in his hand. Traveling Jerry looks around the cavernous interior of the mansion.

TRAVELING JERRY
Is there anyone else here with you.

Famous Jerry shakes his head and downs his drink in one swig.

FAMOUS JERRY

So, uhh, you aren't with your family right now. What are you doing visiting me?

TRAVELING JERRY

Well, I wanted to see the successful versions of myself.

Famous Jerry taps his fingers on the bar and pours another drink.

FAMOUS JERRY

I'm not some action hero, Mr. Dad. I just play one on TV.

Traveling Jerry looks down to the machine around his collar.

TRAVELING JERRY

Well, if you want, you and I could both go see what a real action hero we are in another dimension.

The laser fires and opens a pink portal. Famous Jerry stares with wonder before opening a secret compartment in the wall and retrieving a shotgun.

FAMOUS JERRY

Oh Heck yeah.

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

RICK sits on the couch eating potato chips and watching TV. SUMMER enters and sits next to Rick. She steals the chips.

SUMMER

This is unusual. Shouldn't you be on some big adventure with Morty?

RICK

I'm taking a day off. I can only take so much of you little shits at a time.

SUMMER

Huh, doesn't usually seem that way.

Rick grabs back the chips.

RICK

I'm charging my portal gun.

Rogue Jerry

SUMMER

What about hooking it up to the miniverse battery?

RICK

Summer, in a universe where everything is meaningless and there are countless other realities, sometimes you gotta just live for the small things. Like, like these chips! They're frickin good, right? Just enough grease to satisfy my hunger without making me sick.

Summer takes a chip and eats it. Rick takes a handful as well. They crunch for a little while before:

RICK (CONT'D)

WHERE THE HELL IS MORTY?

SUMMER

So you are bored!

Enter MORTY. His hair is black and some hangs over one eye. He wears a leather jacket and dark makeup around his eyes. Rick initially jumps up in excitement to see Morty but stops in his tracks once he gets a good look at him.

RICK

Morty! Where were...

(Rick's shoulders sink)

What the fuck, Morty? You selling your soul for some new girl?

MORTY

No.

RICK

What is this then, are you trying some new look?

SUMMER

Morty, you look like an idiot.

MORTY

So?

Summer's mouth falls open.

SUMMER

Ooo, Goth phase. Mom is gonna be so happy about this.

RICK

Hey, yeah, goth Morty, we could go to the beta sigma system, they've invented emo grass there.

MORTY

What is emo grass?

RICK

It cuts itself! Wubalubadubdub! But seriously, the inventor's a billionaire. Like the Steve Jobs of lawn maintenance.

Summer and Morty stare at Rick for a beat.

MORTY

I'm going to my room.

Morty walks off. Rick is shocked. Summer crosses her arms.

SUMMER

It's like he isn't even Morty. Maybe you're rubbing off on him.

Rick becomes horrified before he rushes up the stairs.

EXT. CRONENBERG WORLD - DAY

FAMOUS JERRY and TRAVELING JERRY step quietly through a ruined version of their town. A damaged building shudders.

TRAVELING JERRY

What happened here?

FAMOUS JERRY

There's nothing, no one. What could have done this?

TRAVELING JERRY

Rick, probably.

FAMOUS JERRY

The guy you got that thing from?

Traveling Jerry bites his lip and looks down at his collar.

TRAVELING JERRY

Yeeaahh... but, I mean, I met you and got us here without a hitch.

Rogue Jerry

FAMOUS JERRY

But you believe the same person
that put that thing around your
neck did this to our city?

Something skitters and moans in a damaged building.

TRAVELING JERRY

You don't have to be a dick about
it.

An entire ruined building crumbles. A giant Cronenberg
monster rises up from the cloud of rubble. It wails.

Traveling Jerry squeaks in fear as Famous Jerry takes aim and
blasts the monster with his shotgun. The blasts blow off a
few limbs and an eye, but the fallen body parts just rise up
and start acting as new individuals. Famous Jerry stares in
horror as he passes Traveling Jerry the gun and runs.

TRAVELING JERRY (CONT'D)

Hey! Wait! What the Hell?

FAMOUS JERRY

You think I became famous by
putting myself in danger? Are you
the stupid Jerry?

TRAVELING JERRY

At least I'm not the coward Jerry!

Famous Jerry pokes out from behind a shed down the street.

FAMOUS JERRY

Can't hear you! I'm not gonna be a
dead Jerry.

TRAVELING JERRY

Well isn't this just great! I can't
even rely on myself!

A tentacle taps Traveling Jerry on the shoulder.

TRAVELING JERRY (CONT'D)

Yeah, what do you want? I'm in the
middle of something.

The giant Cronenberg monster flinches as Traveling Jerry
yells at it. Then it remembers it's a giant Cronenberg
monster and shrieks at Traveling Jerry.

TRAVELING JERRY (CONT'D)

Oh Shit!

Rogue Jerry

With a ferocious roar, ACTION JERRY leaps onto the Cronenberg monster's back from the top of a building. He reveals a long knife and cuts his way into the beast's back.

Traveling Jerry stares as Famous Jerry returns. The monster squirms before standing bolt-upright. The knife slices out of the beast and Action Jerry walks out soaked in blood.

The smaller Cronenbergs flee screeching in fear. Action Jerry strides up to the other two. He studies Traveling Jerry.

TRAVELING JERRY (CONT'D)

It's an honor to meet you.

FAMOUS JERRY

We wanted to meet a version of ourselves that's a real action hero.

TRAVELING JERRY

What happened to your world?

Action Jerry sniffs the machine on Traveling Jerry's neck.

ACTION JERRY

Rick.

TRAVELING JERRY

See! Boom! I told you Rick was behind this!

ACTION JERRY

Riiiiiiiick!

Action Jerry screams before lifting Traveling Jerry by the neck. Traveling Jerry kicks as Action Jerry tears the portal gadget off Traveling Jerry and crushes it. Action Jerry drops Traveling Jerry who coughs on the ground.

FAMOUS JERRY

What the Hell was that! That was my ticket home, dumbass!

Action Jerry raises a fist and Famous Jerry covers his face.

FAMOUS JERRY (CONT'D)

Not the money maker!

ACTION JERRY

Why stupid Jerry's smell like Rick?

Traveling Jerry wraps himself in a ball on the ground.

Rogue Jerry

TRAVELING JERRY

I made a deal with the Devil!

FAMOUS JERRY

Get ahold of yourself, asshole! We have to figure something out!

Thunder cracks and the sky turns dark blue.

FAMOUS JERRY (CONT'D)

This normal, Neanderthal?

ACTION JERRY

No. I never seen this before.

TRAVELING JERRY

Goddammit, why!

SOLDIERS dressed in thick armor (think warhammer 40k) begin dropping from the sky. Each stands over ten feet tall. One taps on the side of his helmet as more circle the Jerry's.

SUPER SOLDIER

Sir, we've got more rogue Jerry's. We're bringing them in.

INT. MORTY'S ROOM - EVENING

MORTY gazes through a window at the backyard with his grave. RICK bursts in and grabs Morty by the arm.

RICK

Come on Morty! We've got to go! That's what you do when you have a bad day, push the emotions deep down, let's go snort flugairian crystals off a Glorpial stripper on the moon of zeta prime 9!

MORTY

Whatever.

Rick whisks Morty out of his room.

INT. RICK'S SPACECRAFT COCKPIT - SPACE

RICK and MORTY's small craft enter a colorful, shifting nebula. In the space cloud, a massive space station made of numerous different technologies emerges through the dust.

MORTY

I thought you said it was on a moon.

RICK

Is that all you have to say, Morty? Look at this! A space station with over thirty different alien species that have been around longer than Earth has had mammals.

MORTY

(Dead inside)
Great.

RICK

Morty! These are super peaceful types! Thousands, erp, hundreds of thousands of years of peace. Aliens, they don't even use the same methods of communication. Some use audio vibrations, some use flashing light, one species even communicates by exchanging saliva, Morty. They throw up in each others mouths!

MORTY

So why hasn't anyone killed them, yet?

RICK

What? No! You're supposed to be hopeful. Look Morty, evidence of good in the universe. Cooperation and people, things following rules and living together.

INT. SPACE STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

RICK and MORTY walk into the club.

MORTY

The peaceful paradise has clubs where you can snort crystals off the strippers?

RICK

Come on, you're a teenage boy. This should be the equivalent of Valhalla to someone like you.

The alien women range from the semi-humanoid with three breasts to succulent serpents and strange but alluring squids. They dance on poles and hanging rings. DANCER ONE approaches Morty and bends down to where he sits.

DANCER ONE

I don't recall seeing you around.

RICK

Kinda awesome, right Morty?
Sometimes, real adventurers just
enjoy the ride.

One dancer with cuts and bruises sits alone at a table. Another dancer walks by a table with a tray of food. She trips and spills all the food. An alien dressed like a cook comes out and starts chewing her out.

Morty turns to the dancer before him. Her smile is strained.

MORTY

Are you okay?

Dancer one seems taken off guard. She swallows hard.

DANCER ONE

What's that supposed to mean?

MORTY

I can see something in your eyes.
You've been crying, haven't you?

Meanwhile, Rick is snorting some glistening substance off a strange appendage from a squid girl.

RICK

Holy shit! Morty, oh Morty, this is
the life, right? Morty?

Rick turns to Morty and his mouth falls open. Dancer one has tucked herself under Morty's arm and cries into his shoulder.

DANCER ONE

...And then the bastard left me
with six mouths to feed and his
stupid dog!

RICK

Oh crap.

INT. RICK'S SPACECRAFT COCKPIT - SPACE

RICK seems annoyed, MORTY seems indifferent.

RICK

Come on Morty, your head should have been exploding in a place like that! I know some of them were weird, but some were hot too. I mean most of them had tits.

MORTY

I guess they were attractive, but I didn't really care. They all just seemed depressed.

Rick slams on the break.

RICK

Didn't really care?!? But you have to care! Come on, I'm breaking out the big guns!

INT. SOME WEIRD, 1984-ISH TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT?

MORTY lays strapped to a leather chair with a cage over his head akin to 1984. RICK appears with a bag and begins shoving rats in the cage mask.

RICK

Take some of these you little shit! Rats, Morty! With bad teeth, and shit covered claws, and hepatitis. Feel something, fucker! Feel something!

Morty just lays there while a couple ugly rats sit on his face. Rick reaches into the cage and grabs a rat and starts rubbing it on Morty's face.

RICK (CONT'D)

Bubonic plague, black death, fleas, Morty! Rat nuts! Rat Nuts! RAT NUTS!

MORTY

Are you done yet, Rick?

Rick shoves the whole rat in Morty's mouth.

RICK

Rat Nuts, rat balls, gonads, rat scroat, rat nuts, rat nuts, RAT NUTS!!

INT. CELL OF CAPTURED JERRYS - NIGHT

A SOLDIER opens the door to a cell and the three Jerry's walk in. TRAVELING JERRY's eyes widen. The whole cell is filled with Jerry's.

TRAVELING JERRY
What is this place.

FAMOUS JERRY grabs Traveling Jerry's collar and shakes him.

FAMOUS JERRY
What the Hell did you get me into?

In the corner of the cell, an older Jerry with an eyepatch looks up and studies Traveling Jerry. A bell tolls as a platoon of soldiers enters.

The soldiers gather the Jerry's into lines and lead them out cell. Famous Jerry smacks the back of Traveling Jerry's head.

TRAVELING JERRY
Ow, what was that for?

FAMOUS JERRY
This is your fault!

A few soldiers turn and watch. One approaches.

ACTION JERRY
Now you idiots have done it.

TRAVELING JERRY
No, wait! This is a mistake. I'm sorry, this is my fault.

The soldiers freeze. A DECORATED SOLDIER looks to the others.

DECORATED SOLDIER
An anomaly!

Famous Jerry crosses his arms.

FAMOUS JERRY
Look, I don't want any problems. This isn't my fault. I want talk to the person in charge.

The Decorated Soldier bows.

DECORATED SOLDIER
Of course. That is where we are headed now.

Rogue Jerry

The other Jerry's nod in satisfaction.

DECORATED SOLDIER (CONT'D)
All except for you.
(points at Traveling
Jerry)
You're coming with me.

The other Jerry's laugh. The other Jerry's walk away leaving Traveling Jerry to follow the Decorated Soldier.

TRAVELING JERRY
Me!?! What did I do?

DECORATED SOLDIER
You said it was your fault.

TRAVELING JERRY
What? So what if I had said it
wasn't my fault?

DECORATED SOLDIER
Then you'd be like approximately
97.8% of other Jerry's.

The two walk up a set of enormous stairs and into a room with a thrown and numerous blinking consoles and screens. The Decorated Soldier bows as an enormous armored figure steps out from behind the thrown.

DECORATED SOLDIER (CONT'D)
Great Jetriarche, I've brought an
anomaly.

JETRIARCHE
Anomaly? What kind?

Traveling Jerry stares at the JETRIARCHE, an old Jerry with long gray hair, elaborate gold armor (like the 40k Emperor), and Snowball's intelligence Helmet.

DECORATED SOLDIER
He took responsibility.

TRAVELING JERRY
Are you... me? A Jerry?

JETRIARCHE
Top 2.2%? That is a pretty special
find. General, please take off your
helmet for a moment.

DECORATED SOLDIER
Of course, sir.

Rogue Jerry

The Decorated Soldier reveals himself to be another Jerry, though not as aged as the Jetriarche.

TRAVELING JERRY
You're all Jerry's?

JETRIARCHE
You are dismissed, General. I can take it from here.

The Decorated soldier bows once more before marching away.

JETRIARCHE (CONT'D)
I know you must have questions, and I'd be happy to provide answers. But first, I have my own question. Why are you here?

TRAVELING JERRY
I, uhh, well... I wanted to find the most accomplished version of myself.

The Jetriarche smiles before opening a window, revealing a massive robot hovering outside. The Jetriarche hits a button on a console and the screens show what the robot sees.

The robot flies higher, revealing the massive castle Outside are hundreds of battalions of soldiers and hardware.

JETRIARCHE
Jerry's can be pretty useful when they're given something to do.

TRAVELING JERRY
You must be the most amazing Jerry there is. I mean, the Jetriarche!?

JETRIARCHE
It's funny, all Jerry's want to view our true potential. I was a Jerry with desires like you.

TRAVELING JERRY
No way.

JETRIARCHE
Yes way. I used this intellect amplifying helmet and the VR headset for seeing other realities to create the compendium array.

As the Jetriarche speaks, a screen lights up revealing the array. The line of Jerry's from before each wait for their turn to look into the coin-operated binocular-esque machine.

JETRIARCHE (CONT'D)

The compendium array shows us every possible outcome for one person's life at once. They see the greatest and worst of a person. Most Jerry's want to know what the ultimate Jerry is, and usually what they end up seeing is me.

Traveling Jerry watches as other Jerry's walk up to the array, get zapped, and then walk away like entirely different people. Most march like unfeeling soldiers. ACTION JERRY walks up to the array. He peers in. He screams, gets torn away and breaks down into hysterics.

JETRIARCHE (CONT'D)

It isn't perfect, I suppose. It is a lot to get hit with all the possibilities of a person, thus a person can only ever use it once.

TRAVELING JERRY

What happened to him?

JETRIARCHE

He didn't see into the potentiality of Jerry's. It happens with about 32% of Jerry's. He looked up Beth. You wouldn't be so foolish to do such a thing, now would you.

TRAVELING JERRY

Uh, uhh, of course not?

JETRIARCHE

Good.

TRAVELING JERRY

(Snaps a finger)

Then you can go experience the array for yourself.

The Decorated Soldier enters the Throne and guides Traveling Jerry away.

INT. LUNCHROOM - DAY

MORTY sits at a lunch table surrounded by other students. A goth chick sits on his lap. He gestures to FRANK.

Rogue Jerry

MORTY

More milk.

Frank immediately runs off and returns with a crappy little half pint of 2%.

MORTY (CONT'D)

I wanted chocolate.

A portal opens in the lunchroom and RICK steps out.

RICK

Ready to drop the whole doom and gloom thing, now...

Rick looks around. Frank runs up to Morty and places a small half pint carton of chocolate milk beside Morty.

MORTY

Bendy straw.

Frank pokes a bendy straw into the carton. He bends the straw toward Morty. Morty lifts the drink and sips like a mob boss.

RICK

Got to admit, I'm a little impressed with this one.

PRINCIPAL VAGINA enters.

PRINCIPAL VAGINA

Uhhh, Morty's grandfather, can you do something about this?

MORTY

Don't bother with him. He knows everything is pointless.

RICK

I may agree, Morty, but that doesn't mean you are allowed to think like that. You're an idiot, everyone just thinks you're cool cause you're copying me. But you can't out Rick the Rickest Rick of them all! You want to make this a thing, then it's a fucking thing!

Rick approaches Frank and starts taking off his lab coat.

RICK (CONT'D)

You, give me the jacket.

FRANK

But my mom just got me this.

Rick pulls out a laser and puts it to Frank's forehead.

RICK

I wasn't asking, kid.

Frank pulls off the jacket and hands it to Rick. Rick puts on the Jacket. He snorts and spits into his hands. He rubs the mucus through his hair, slicking it back. He pulls a pair of shades out of the stolen leather jacket.

RICK (CONT'D)

No one can out bad the baddest motherfucker in the universe, Morty.

MORTY

Why would I want to out bad anyone? Why does everything become a contest with you?

PRINCIPAL VAGINA

Uhh, sir? Is this really the most effective way to handle this?

Rick turns to Principal Vagina like a beast turning on its prey. Rick takes a step toward him, playing the part of the edgy greaser.

RICK

You think you can tell me what to do or how to do it? Huh, you oppressive piece of shit?

PRINCIPAL VAGINA

Oppressive?

Rick fake swings at the Principal and the Principal flinches and falls to the floor. All the students gathered around Morty watch intently. GOLDENFOLD enters and seems confused.

PRINCIPAL VAGINA (CONT'D)

Sir?

Rick looks to Goldenfold next. Goldenfold offers his car keys. Rick takes them and turns back to the Morty.

OTHER STUDENTS

That was freaking awesome! Dude, you're a god!

Rick pulls out his flask and takes a swig.

RICK

That's right, bitches, I'm bad.

Morty sits where he was left. Rick looks over to Morty and projects his voice obnoxiously to make sure Morty hears.

RICK (CONT'D)

Really, really bad. I don't care about anything.

Morty stands and starts walking toward Rick and the group of teens surrounding him. Rick beams, expecting victory.

RICK (CONT'D)

Yeah, I don't blame you for-

Morty walks right past Rick without even sparing him a passing glance. The other students gasp.

RICK (CONT'D)

Morty? Morty!
(To the group of teens)
Move you failed abortions.

Rick struggles out of the crowd of students. He rushes after Morty. Morty leaves the lunchroom and Rick follows.

INT. HALLWAY WITH LOCKERS - CONTINUOUS

RICK

Morty, you little shit! You can't just leave me hanging like that!

MORTY keeps walking. RICK catches up. Rick scans Morty's head. He pokes Morty's head. Then his arm. Then his ribs.

RICK (CONT'D)

Come on! You aren't some clone sent to screw with me, and I can't pick up any signs of a personality altering parasite. This ruins the whole damn dynamic! If you aren't the oblivious, naïve, hormonally stressed out teen you always are, then it could screw up our whole adventure of the week formula!

MORTY

Am I supposed to be a teen forever?
Am I supposed to always be some stupid kid to entertain you?

RICK

What is it with all the questions?

MORTY

Well, that is your responsibility, isn't it? If you have all the answers, then you should be able to handle all the questions.

Rick starts poking Morty, but harder, even pushing Morty.

RICK

No, no no, logic isn't the way to appreciate the universe, it's how I control it! It's my shtick, Morty, not yours.

Morty continues to walk at a steady pace through the halls. Rick pokes harder until he pushes Morty to the floor.

RICK (CONT'D)

Come on! Fight back! You always fight back. When it's one sided like this, you end up making me look like a dick, Morty. Do you want me to look like a dick?

Morty stands and brushes himself off. Rick stares at him.

MORTY

I don't really care.

Morty continues walking, leaving Rick stunned.

INT. THRONE OF THE JETRIARCHE - DAY

TRAVELING JERRY looks to the DECORATED SOLDIER and shivers.

TRAVELING JERRY

Do you like being a soldier?

DECORATED SOLDIER

I could never live up to the Jetriarche's perfection, thus it is an honor to serve him in whatever way I can.

TRAVELING JERRY

Great, uhh, you wouldn't happen to have a restroom around here, would you?

DECORATED SOLDIER

Of course, they are just down the
hall and to the left.

Traveling Jerry heads down the hall and spots a SOLDIER. The Soldier has drawings of Beth on his armor. Traveling Jerry does a double take before following the soldier.

The Soldier opens a secret hole in the wall and sneaks inside. Inside are other Jerry's with different markings and images of Beth on their armor

HERETIC SOLDIER

I don't know how much longer I can
go on with this.

TRAVELING JERRY

You guys okay?

HERETIC SOLDIER 2

Idiot! You let in an uninitiated!

Another soldier enters with ACTION JERRY. Action Jerry is still sobbing.

HERETIC SOLDIER

We don't have time for this!

The Heretic soldier pulls a cord and the wall lifts away revealing a shrine to Beth.

TRAVELING JERRY

Did you all look up Beth when you
used the array?

HERETIC SOLDIER 2

How can he be uninitiated and know
about the array?

ACTION JERRY

She doesn't need me! She's better
off without me! I only make her
life harder! I can never go home!

A Heretic soldier puts his hand on Action Jerry's shoulder.

HERETIC SOLDIER

It is okay. You can find a place
with us. We are here for you.

The Decorated Soldier bursts in.

DECORATED SOLDIER

There you are! There's something wrong with the Jerry you brought!

Traveling Jerry runs after the Decorated Soldier.

TRAVELING JERRY

You aren't mad at me for sneaking away?

DECORATED SOLDIER

I'm not here to force you to do anything.

(Shrugs)

You were catching up with a Jerry.

They turn a corner to find FAMOUS JERRY on the floor in a fetal position. He's silent but tears flow from his eyes. Traveling Jerry grabs him by the shoulders and sits him up.

TRAVELING JERRY

Hey, hey. It's okay. You don't need to worry about Beth.

FAMOUS JERRY

I didn't look up Beth.

DECORATED SOLDIER

Who did you see?

FAMOUS JERRY

My precious little girl. Her name would've been Summer! Summer!

Famous Jerry starts screaming and convulsing on the floor. Famous Jerry's head explodes at the blast of an oversized gun. The JETRIARCHE appears sporting the smoking weapon.

JETRIARCHE

Strange. No one has ever deviated like that before.

The Jetriarche points his gun at the Decorated Soldier and Traveling Jerry.

JETRIARCHE (CONT'D)

You will use the array immediately. You'd be wise to learn from these other anomalies' mistakes.

The Jetriarche picks up Traveling Jerry by the back of the neck, lifts him off his feet and thrusts him into the array.

Rogue Jerry

INT. COMPENDIUM ARRAY - CONTINUOUS

JERRY stands in a black void. He taps his fingers together.

JERRY

So, what, I just choose someone? Do
I want to know my potential?

Eyes open in the void and snap to Jerry.

ARRAY

What do you seek?

Jerry looks down to his feet. He shrugs.

JERRY

Show me Morty.

EXT. CITADEL OF RICKS - SPACE

Establishing shot. Typical day at the citadel.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF RE-INRICKPORTATION - DAY

RICK approaches a counter with a short-haired CLERICAL RICK.

CLERICAL RICK

Hi, what can I do for you?

RICK

Isn't this a little demeaning?

Clerical Rick shrugs.

CLERICAL RICK

It's a living. Besides, I got tired
of my earth and my dimension.

RICK

Did you Cronenberg everything?

CLERICAL RICK

Fuck you, man. You Cronenberged,
too. No Rick talks about that.

RICK

Fine, fine.

Rick searches in the pocket of his leather jacket. He pulls
out the replacement Morty voucher.

RICK (CONT'D)

I haven't used one of these before,
so I wasn't sure how this worked...

Clerical Rick's eyes go wide as he grabs the voucher.

CLERICAL RICK

Holy crap, man! You know what this
is worth? How many Ricks even have
these-

Clerical Rick's eyes narrow. He turns to Rick. Rick has a
laser discreetly aimed at Clerical Rick.

CLERICAL RICK (CONT'D)

Of course, you're C-137. Don't
worry. I don't really give a shit.

Rick lowers his laser.

RICK

Really sure about that?

CLERICAL RICK

Sure. So let's see here. One Morty
voucher, very nice. I sure miss
mine. Now, since you've never used
one of these vouchers before, you
probably don't know your options.
You could leave your dimension
entirely and get incorporated into
a new home with a new Morty, or we
can pick up a new Morty off the
street in the citadel. Gotta be
careful with those Morties, though.
Some are more disturbed than
others.

RICK

Those are my options? The citadel
doesn't use clones or something. I
expected more of myself.

CLERICAL RICK

Hey, I didn't come up with this,
besides, it'd be a waste of
resources. There are plenty of
Rickless Morties. Here, let's fill
out the form. First question, What
happened to your original Morty?

Rick freezes and swallows hard.

RICK
My... Original Morty?

CLERICAL RICK
Yeah. Did he get vaporized, eaten,
stolen into the sex trade? I've
heard of Morties going nuts or
getting lost, too.

Rick stares at his feet.

RICK
Give me the coupon back.

Rick takes the coupon and turns toward the door. He takes off
the leather jacket.

CLERICAL RICK
Okay, whatever you want. Don't go
too long without a Morty, though.
It messes with you.

INT. CELL OF CAPTURED JERRYS - DAY

TRAVELING JERRY gets thrown into the cell with EYEPATCH
JERRY. Traveling Jerry just lays there. He blinks, sits up
and looks at his hands before smiling.

Eyepatch Jerry rushes over.

EYEPATCH JERRY
Not Beth, Not Jerry. Who did you
seek?

JETRIARCHE
He sought something heretical!

TRAVELING JERRY
I didn't realize there was a wrong
answer.

The JETRIARCHE grabs Traveling Jerry by the collar and lifts
him into the air.

JETRIARCHE
Who did you seek?

TRAVELING JERRY
What makes you think I saw what you
didn't want?

Rogue Jerry

JETRIARCHE

You do not bow, and you are not broken! You are worthless as a soldier! Who did you seek!?

EYEPATCH JERRY

He didn't seek Rick.

Traveling Jerry shivers. The Jetriarche growls.

JETRIARCHE

Don't say his name. He took them away. My son, my daughter, my wife! He killed them and left me to rot!

The Jetriarche reveals a huge knife and puts it against Traveling Jerry's neck.

JETRIARCHE (CONT'D)

You will ruin my Jerrymada! Rick is the epicenter of this nightmare! He warps everything he's near! We are what will be left when he finally burns out! Who did you seek!?!

TRAVELING JERRY

I sought Morty. And I want to go home.

JETRIARCHE

You are no great Jerry. You would choose an insignificant existence?

TRAVELING JERRY

Being a father isn't insignificant.

The Jetriarche's head explodes, painting Traveling Jerry red. Traveling Jerry falls out of the Jetriarche's grasp. Eyepatch Jerry stands holding a blaster.

TRAVELING JERRY (CONT'D)

(Looks to Eyepatch Jerry)

You've seen the array.

EYEPATCH JERRY

I committed the greatest heresy. I looked into the potential of Rick.

Traveling Jerry turns to him.

EYEPATCH JERRY (CONT'D)

Rick may be the epicenter, but he's apathetic.

(MORE)

Rogue Jerry

EYEPATCH JERRY (CONT'D)

Rick won't admit it, but Morty
balances him, and he knows it.

Eyepatch Jerry spins a nob on his laser and creates a pink portal. Traveling Jerry looks to Eyepatch Jerry as soldiers gather at the door to find the Jetriarche dead.

EYEPATCH JERRY (CONT'D)

I'll take care of things here. Get
home to the kid.

Traveling Jerry nods before lunging into the portal.

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MORTY looks at himself in a mirror. He wipes off the makeup and combs his hair back. Without the makeup, large bags are revealed under his eyes. Morty's eyes are blood shot.

He lays on the couch, his eyes flutter before slamming shut.

RICK appears silently behind him, rising as a shadow in the darkness. He is back in his lab jacket. He reaches for Morty's shoulder, but stops before disturbing him. He reaches for a blanket and pulls it up to cover Morty.

Rick turns and quietly leaves the room.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

RICK sits down at his workbench. The Morty voucher sits before him. A ball of blue light appears in the middle of the garage spitting bolts of electricity this way and that. Rick raises a laser.

Different objects fly toward the sphere of light. The voucher goes flying at it. Rick lunges for it but misses. The light fades as a huge, jacked robot steps out of the sphere. The voucher lands at the bulky robot's foot. Rick aims the laser.

RICK

Hey, asshole!

The robot bends over and lifts the voucher, studying it. Rick hollers and fires his laser at the robot. It bounces off.

ROBOT

Cool it!

The robot turns around, revealing its head: a jar of liquid with Rick's head floating in it grounded by a variety of wires. The head is far, far older with digital, red eyes.

Rogue Jerry

RICK
Holy shit.

ROBO RICK
No kidding.

RICK
What would do something like that
to me?

ROBO RICK looks around the garage.

ROBO RICK
More like when would something do
that to me. I think you are a past
me.

RICK
But we don't do time travel.

Rick puts away his laser.

RICK (CONT'D)
There are time lines that are out
of sync. Perhaps your present is
many years ahead of mine.

ROBO RICK
Yeesh, since when are you the one
stating the obvious.

Robo Rick studies the voucher.

RICK
Look, I've been having a hard week.

ROBO RICK
Did you lose your Morty?

RICK
Well, kind of, but...

The Robo Rick stares at Rick, waiting.

RICK (CONT'D)
Okay, my Morty is going through a
phase, but he's not giving a fuck
and it's driving me crazy. He is
supposed to care, but he doesn't!

ROBO RICK
How old is your Morty right now?

RICK

I don't know, he's in high school.

ROBO RICK

Is this before or after you resolved the Cronenberg incident?

RICK

Uhh, after... How did you solve that, by the way?

ROBO RICK

In my reality, I never caused a Cronenberg incident. I'm hardcore, bitch!

RICK

Oh, of course... yeah

ROBO RICK

An odd predicament, though. An unfeeling Morty is unheard of. I mean that's his thing. It's all my Morty ever did! You'd think he'd...

Both Rick's eyes light up, they point at each other as they speak at the same time.

RICK AND ROBO RICK

Burnout!

RICK

Of course! I've been doing night adventures with him! Without rest, he feels too much and goes numb!

ROBO RICK

And adolescent Morties require more sleep while their bodies grow.

RICK

Oh yeah, his shrimpy, weak body.

ROBO RICK

It doesn't stay that way for long.

RICK

I suppose.

ROBO RICK

Well, if anyone could figure that all out, it'd be us.

Robo Rick looks down longingly at the voucher. He hesitates, then tries to hand it back to Rick. Rick looks down at it.

RICK
How's your Morty?

Robo Rick's brow furrows.

ROBO RICK
Not good, but I don't want a replacement. He's a good Morty, and he's mine. I'll get him back together for crazy adventures soon enough. So, you take this damn thing.

Rick nods and pockets the voucher. Robo Rick turns and starts punching keys on his mechanical forearm.

RICK
Uhh...

Rick stops looking at Robo Rick, instead focusing on taking a drink from his flask. Robo Rick turns and glances at him.

RICK (CONT'D)
Thanks...

ROBO RICK
You're going to ruin our streak.
(goes back to typing)
You're welcome.

Robo Rick's robot body glows blue and disappears again.

RICK
Jesus Christ, there goes my dreams
of the sweet release of death.

Rick sits back down.

RICK (CONT'D)
Sleep tight, Morty.

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MORTY sleeps on the couch. A pink portal opens and JERRY flies out and splatters on the ground. Morty wakes with a start.

MORTY
Wuh, wuh, what? Where did you go?

Rogue Jerry

JERRY

On an adventure to find the
ultimate me.

RICK enters with a beer.

RICK

The most Jerry Jerry.

Morty rubs his eyes and yawns.

MORTY

You found you're ultimate
potential?

RICK

I'm kinda surprised, myself.
Shouldn't you be sinking in self
loathing at your pathetic life?

JERRY

Nope. My life doesn't matter as
long as I've got my kids.

RICK

You, know, Jerry, I think a package
came last night.

JERRY

Really! Sorry, I gotta go!

MORTY

Well, see you dad.

RICK

You going to school?

MORTY

Oh crap! I can't be late! I'm
finally cool and popular!

Rick raises an eyebrow.

RICK

Wait, you actually care again?

Morty becomes horrified.

MORTY

No. No! It was all finally good!

RICK

Welp, now you're a loser again just
like your dad.

(MORE)

Rogue Jerry

RICK (CONT'D)

Let's get you to school to finish
off that undeserved confidence!

Rick grabs Morty by the arm and rushes away.

EXT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - FRONTYARD - DAY

JERRY picks up a beat up package and tears it open. He pulls
out the sunglasses, tries them on and puffs out his chest.

JERRY

Time to make my boy proud!

On cue, one of the lenses pops out and shatters on the
ground. Then the entire frame cracks over Jerry's nose and
fall off his face.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Yep. Should've seen that one
coming.