



RICK AND MORTY


"M. NIGHT SHAYM-ALIENS"

**Episode 103
Written by**

Tom Kauffman

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Rick and Morty

"Scammer Aliens"

By

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Episode 103

Network Draft
2/8/13

ACT ONE

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Birds are chirping. The sun is shining. An otherwise perfectly normal day.

INT. LAB - DAY

Rick stands at his workbench, dissecting a road-killed opossum.

RICK
Well, this is just sloppy
craftsmanship.

He takes a drink from his flask. Morty enters.

MORTY
Hey, Rick, is it me, or this an
especially beautiful day?

Rick doesn't bother looking up.

RICK
(sarcastic)
Ohhh yes, Morty. Almost
unbelievable, isn't it?

MORTY
Yeah, there's something about the
air, and the sunshine, it's got me
in a real mood, like anything's
possible.

RICK
Sure, buddy, sure. Brilliant. Very
convincing.

MORTY
Convincing?

RICK
Oh, responsive, too, in real time,
I love it.

MORTY
Um. Okay.

Beth enters. Something is "off" about her.

BETH

I'm going to work. Morty, good morning. Dad, good morning. I'm going to work. Goodbye.

She leaves.

MORTY

What's with Mom?

RICK

Oh, "what's with Mom?" So, you're saying that *she's* acting weird. How sophisticated --

(shouts at ceiling)

Careful, guys, you're going to burn out the CPU with this one!

MORTY

Okay, you're acting weird, too. I'll see you after school.

RICK

Sure thing, quote unquote "Morty."

Morty leaves. Rick watches him go, intrigued.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Morty is seated at his desk. GOLDENFOLD begins class.

GOLDENFOLD

All right, I'm your teacher so let's begin this class. Who can tell me what five times nine is?

All the students but Morty audibly murmur to each other in intrigue and confusion.

GOLDENFOLD (CONT'D)

Morty?

MORTY

Hm?

GOLDENFOLD

Five times nine.

MORTY

Um. You know, it's, uh.
(nervous, counting)
It's. It's at least forty, so --

The class **gasps** in astonishment and **murmurs** to each other.

GOLDENFOLD

Morty, that's exactly correct. Five times nine *is* at least forty, come up here.

The class **applauds** as Morty cautiously walks to the front. Goldenfold puts an arm around him.

GOLDENFOLD (CONT'D)

This is the best student.

(to Morty)

You're the best student, Morty. I want you to be the teacher today.

MORTY

You do?

JESSICA smiles at Morty and gives him a thumbs up.

EXT. CLASSROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Rick approaches the classroom window and peers in suspiciously.

RICK

Interesting.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Goldenfold takes a seat in the class.

GOLDENFOLD

Teach us, Morty.

MORTY

Teach you what?

A random student raises his hand.

STUDENT #1

Oo! How do you make concentrated dark matter?

GOLDENFOLD

Oh, that's a good question.

MORTY

Concentrated huh?

GOLDENFOLD

Concentrated dark matter. The fuel,
for accelerated space travel. Do
you know how to make it?

MORTY

Um...

JESSICA

Come on, Morty. Isn't your grandpa
like a scientist?

MORTY

Oh. Yeah, but Rick doesn't really
like me talking about his science
with anyone -

JESSICA

I bet you've seen him make
concentrated dark matter a lot. If
you tell us, I'll be your
girlfriend.

MORTY

You will?

GOLDENFOLD

Seems like a rare opportunity,
Morty.

MORTY

Uh, well, first you, I think he
might have used... something...
positronic... or plutonic... or...
proto --

Rick bursts into the classroom.

RICK

(feigning concern)
Morty! There's a family emergency!

Rick pulls Morty away by his arm.

GOLDENFOLD

If he leaves I'm giving him an F!

RICK

He doesn't care!

MORTY

Aw, man!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Rick drags Morty through a locker room into the shower and starts disrobing.

MORTY

Rick! I have to go back! I think I was about to get married!

RICK

Take a shower with me, Morty.

MORTY

What?

RICK

Listen to me, Morty! Get your clothes off and get in here, NOW. TRUST ME.

Rick is now naked and turning on a shower head. Morty begrudgingly removes his clothes and joins Rick in the shower.

MORTY

I'm gonna get an F in class, Rick!

RICK

That's not class, Morty. That wasn't your teacher, this isn't your school, this entire world is not the world. We're inside a huge simulation chamber on an alien spaceship.

MORTY

What?

RICK

It's all fake, Morty, all of it. Nanobotic renderings. I couldn't say so until we got in the shower, they won't monitor us in here.

MORTY

Monitor us? Who?

RICK

Zigerion Scammers, Morty. The galaxy's most ambitious, least successful con artists. Lucky for us, they're also very uncomfortable with nudity.

MORTY

Aww, come on, Rick! If everyone's going to be insane today, at least let me be with insane Jessica!

Morty heads for his clothes.

RICK

I can't let you do that, Morty!

Rick runs past him and grabs his clothes.

MORTY

Rick! What the hell, man! Give me!

RICK

No, you!

As they nude-struggle over Morty's clothes:

We PULL BACK, through the locker room wall, through the walls of the school, past trees that are still being rendered and unrendered by gaseous clouds of nanotech, and finally out of a computer monitor in:

INT. ALIEN CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The control room of an alien ship. We move down a bank of computer monitors aligned in a row like an internet cafe, with an ALIEN at each one, monitoring some scene from Morty's fake world.

When we arrive at the monitor displaying Rick and Morty wrestling in the locker room, the volume is down, and we see that the alien at that monitor has his back turned to it. He's grossed out.

ALIEN #1

Sir. They're... still *naked*.

The alien leader, PRINCE NEBULON, doesn't want to look either.

PRINCE NEBULON

Well, check every five quintons and tell me when they're not.

ALIEN #1

I think we should make Kevin look, sir.

KEVIN

What? No! No way! What? Why would you say that?

ALIEN #2

Uh, sir? We have a situation over here.

PRINCE NEBULON

Now what?

ALIEN #2

Something's drawing a lot of processing power. Wait... no wonder. There's another real human in the simulator. He's driving.

One of the aliens is seated in front of a monitor looking at: JERRY, in the driver's seat of a car.

INT. JERRY'S CAR - DAY

Jerry is driving along, intently focused, talking to himself.

JERRY

Okay, Jerry. Big pitch meeting. Make or break time. You can do this.

INT. ALIEN CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Prince Nebulon angrily addresses the control room.

PRINCE NEBULON

How did this happen? Where's the Abductions department?

ABDUCTIONS ALIEN

Hey, man, Abductions just follows the acquisition order.

ACQUISITIONS ALIEN

Don't put this on Acquisitions. We only acquire humans that haven't been simulated.

SIMULATIONS ALIEN

Well, Simulations doesn't simulate anybody that's been abducted --

PRINCE NEBULON

Oh my God, what does it take to get you guys in a room together before you screw up like this? Who's this extra human we picked up?

ALIEN #2

Rick's son-in-law, Jerry Smith. So far he hasn't noticed he's in a simulation.

PRINCE NEBULON

Well, cap his sector at five percent processing, keep his settings on auto and we'll deal with him later, Rick Sanchez is the mark.

INT. JERRY'S CAR - DAY

Jerry is still driving, but now he's passing the same three stores and two kinds of tree. He doesn't notice. Too stressed out.

JERRY

Gotta relax. It's just a pitch.
Gotta relax.

He reaches out and turns on his radio.

RADIO VOICE

This is Earth radio. Here's human music.

A ridiculously simplistic, three note song plays. Jerry looks at it for a moment, then nods his head to it.

JERRY

Human music. I like it.

We PULL BACK from Jerry's car until it's revealed that Jerry is technically stationary while clouds of nanotech "render" the road, trees and stores moving past him.

We move away from this, across a bit of empty space and then through a chunk of rendering neighborhood, arriving at:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Rick finishes throwing his and Morty's clothes down a storm drain as Morty runs up to him cupping his own privates.

MORTY

Rick!

RICK

(grabbing his arms)

Ah ah, Morty! Keep your hands off your ding-dong, it's the only way we can speak freely.

(turning him)

Look around you, Morty. Do you really think this world is real? You'd have to be an idiot not to notice all the sloppy details.

He gestures toward a hot dog vendor.

RICK (CONT'D)

That guy is putting a bun between two hot dogs.

MORTY

I've seen people do that before at school.

RICK

Well look at that old lady. She's walking a cat on a leash.

MORTY

Mrs. Spencer does that all the time!

RICK

I don't want to hear about Mrs. Spencer, Morty. She's an idiot. There, what about that?

Rick points over to a giant toaster where a house should be. A large pop tart walks out holding a briefcase. It gets in a smaller toaster and drives away.

MORTY

OK, you got me on that one.

RICK

(sarcastically)

Oh, really, Morty? Are you sure you haven't seen that somewhere before?

MORTY

No, no. I haven't. I mean, why would a pop tart want to live inside a toaster? That would be the scariest place for them.

RICK

You're missing the point, Morty. Why would he drive a smaller toaster with wheels? Does your car look like a smaller version of your house? No.

MORTY

So... why are they doing this? What do they want?

RICK

That would be obvious to you, Morty, if you'd been paying attention.

An ambulance screeches around the corner, the doors fly open and two paramedics pop out.

PARAMEDIC

Help! We've got the president of the United States in here! We need ten cc's of concentrated dark matter stat or he'll die!

Rick kicks the doors closed and continues walking with Morty.

MORTY

Concentrated dark matter. They were asking about that in class.

RICK

It's a special fuel I invented to travel through space faster than anybody. These Zigerions are always trying to scam me out of my secrets. But they made a big mistake this time, Morty. They tried to get to me through you. They dragged you into this. Now they're gonna pay.

MORTY

What are we gonna do, Rick?

Rick and Morty keep walking.

RICK

We're going to scam the scammers, Morty. And we're gonna take them for everything they've got.

INT. PITCH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry stands at the end of a long boardroom table filled with business people.

JERRY

National Apple Farmers of America,
welcome to our ad agency. I'm Jerry
Smith.

All of the simulated business people stare at him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

All right. I'll just get to the
pitch. Um. Simple question,
gentlemen.

(dry throat)

What are apples -- excuse me.

Jerry nervously takes a sip of water.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What are apples? Apples are food.
And when do we need food? When
we're hungry. With that, I give you
your new slogan:

He unveils a picture of an apple with the slogan "Hungry for Apples?"

JERRY (CONT'D)

Because when people bite into an
apple, they want to feel like God
is feeding them.

There is a long pause. Jerry gets increasingly nervous, and finally:

JERRY (CONT'D)

Well, say something, do you like
it?!

OLD MAN

Yes.

Jerry is taken aback.

JERRY

You do?

EVERYONE

Yes.

JERRY

So... I sold it? I sold the idea?

EVERYONE

Yes.

JERRY

Oh my God. Thank you.

EVERYONE

(re: everyone else)

Thank you. You're welcome. Thank
you. You're welcome.

We push on Jerry. "Baker Street" by Gerry Rafferty starts to
swell.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Jerry struts down the sidewalk as the sexy saxophone riff
continues. Dialing his cell phone. He passes three people
standing in a group: BLACK MAILMAN, HOT WOMAN, and OLD MAN.

JERRY

I just sold my first pitch!

OLD MAN

Slow down!

HOT WOMAN

Looking good!

BLACK MAILMAN

My man.

Jerry puts his ear to the phone.

SPLIT SCREEN with empty space. Nanotech clouds render a
phone, then render the kitchen counter it's on, then render
Beth next to it. She picks up.

BETH

Hello.

JERRY

Guess who just sold the apples
campaign.

BETH

Who just sold the apples campaign?

JERRY

Me! I guess it *wasn't* a rip-off of
Got Milk after all? Guess someone
was wrong?

BETH

Yes.

JERRY

Well, all is forgiven, because
right now, I've got an erection the
size of an east coast lighthouse
and I'm coming home to share it
with my beautiful wife. Okay?

BETH

Okay.

JERRY

Really?

BETH

Yes.

JERRY

Yes! See you in ten minutes.

Jerry hangs up the phone.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm going to make love to my wife!

An identical set of Old Man, Hot Woman, and Black Mailman
appear just out of Jerry's view. The mailman is "clipping"
into an adjacent tree.

HOT WOMAN

Looking good!

OLD MAN

Slow Down!

BLACK MAILMAN/HALF-TREE

My man.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Rick and Morty are standing behind a large curtain, dressed
in hip-hop clothing and gold chains.

MORTY

I don't know about this plan, Rick.
Crowds make me nervous.

RICK
Morty, it's a bunch of ones and
zeros out there, you'll be fine.
Just follow my lead.
(yells offscreen)
Drop the beat!

EXT. STAGE - DAY

Rick and Morty burst onto a large stage set-up on the street,
like *Dave Chappelle's Block Party*. A moderately sized crowd
has gathered. Hip hop music blasts from the speaker columns.

RICK
(into microphone)
Uh oh, Morty. This crowd looks too
small for one of *our* famous rap
concerts. I don't think we can
perform our new song, "The Recipe
for Concentrated Dark Matter" for a
crowd this tiny.

MORTY
You got that right, Rick!

RICK
I guess we should just cancel the
concert, then.

Hundreds more gather, and scream. The crowd quickly reaches
critical mass.

RICK (CONT'D)
That's more like it. Morty, here we
go!

The beat fills out and Rick hypes up the crowd.

RICK (CONT'D)
Let me hear everybody say "hoooo"!

CROWDMEMBERS
Hooo!

RICK
All the ladies say "yeah"!

FEMALE CROWDMEMBERS
Yeah!

RICK

(gestures)

Everybody over thirty do this with your hand!

(gestures)

Everybody with a red shirt jump up and down!

(to Morty)

Yo, Morty, I don't think they understand. I don't see the ladies in red shirts over thirty saying "yeah" while doing this gesture and jumping!

MORTY

I guess they're just not ready for a rap about concentrated dark matter, Rick!

The crowd follows his instructions. Things are becoming visibly laggy.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

A simulated girl is playing with a ball as Jerry's car pulls into the driveway. He doesn't notice her ball "dropping frames" or the tree in the front yard re-rendering its leaves as he gets out and enters his home.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A frozen Beth is still on the phone in the kitchen. Jerry walks up to her, takes the phone out of her hand and starts kissing her all over. She's unresponsive. He doesn't care. He's in the zone.

EXT. STAGE - DAY

The crowd at the rap concert are doing individual activities.

RICK

Everyone whose first name begins with L who isn't Hispanic, walk in a circle the same number of times as the square root of your age times ten!

As a few people start to engage in that activity..

The glitching worsens.

RICK (CONT'D)

Morty, quick. Rap some nonsense.
Make them process your rhymes.

MORTY

A chicken in a peanut and a house
with a raisin /
run around together in a tiny
little station... (Justin will
adlib more at the recording here.)

The simulated crowd glitches until everything suddenly
FREEZES. The simulation has crashed. Rick grabs Morty and
pulls him from the stage. They sprint between frozen people.

RICK

Run, Morty! Before the system
reboots!

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cars and people have frozen outside of the Smith household.
We hear the bed squeaking.

JERRY (O.S.)

Yeah, you like that? Now who's
unremarkable? You hungry for these
apples? Are you hungry... for...
(straining)
Apples?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jerry collapses next to Beth in a sweaty heap. She is
completely frozen with her arms outstretched.

JERRY

My God. That's the best sex I've
ever had in my life.

Jerry looks happy for a beat before his expression changes to
concern.

JERRY (CONT'D)

It's too good. My life is too good.
I don't deserve this.
(deciding)
I'm a fraud.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rick and Morty run through the frozen world.

MORTY

Rick, where are we running?

RICK

Out of the simulation, Morty!
Normally, the chamber operates like
a treadmill, with the virtual world
disappearing behind us and being
rendered in front of us as we move
through it. But while it's frozen,
we can get to -

REVEAL: Rick and Morty stop running at the edge of the
simulation. Down below lies a massive network of cables and
metal spaceship innards.

RICK (CONT'D)

The edge. Here we go.

Rick leaps over the edge to the floor down below.

MORTY

Holy crap!

RICK

Come on, Morty!

Morty follows him into the bowels of the alien mothership.

INT. ALIEN CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An alien watches this happen on a monitor.

ALIEN #2

Sir? They're over the edge.

PRINCE NEBULON

Yes they are. Just. As. Planned.

All the aliens laugh.

PRINCE NEBULON (CONT'D)

This is going to be such a mind f-

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. MOTHERSHIP - DAY**

Rick and Morty stealthily make their way through alien corridors.

RICK

Keep your eyes peeled for the central processing room, Morty. That's how we're going to scam these idiots.

MORTY

Why do these aliens keep coming after you, Rick, if you're so much smarter than them?

RICK

It's an obsession for them at this point. The Zigerions have been trying to outsmart me for years, and every time they do, I'm one step ahead of them. Some people just can't make the heroic leap of accepting my superiority. It's a common crime in this galaxy.

Rick identifies a large sign pointing to the "CPU room" and the "escape pods".

RICK (CONT'D)

Aha! Here we go.

INT. CENTRAL PROCESSING ROOM - SOON

The processing room is full of giant servers. Rick and Morty enter.

RICK

Grab as many processors as you can carry, Morty. These guys aren't good at much, but they're great at making these chips.

Rick and Morty pluck the processors from different servers. Each unit powers down when the processor is removed.

MORTY

I've got so many I can barely hold them all! I might accidentally drop a few, actually...

RICK

That's fine, Morty. Come on. Let's get out of here.

Rick and Morty stealthily make their way out of the room and back into the corridor. They head towards where the sign says the escape pod room is.

INT. ESCAPE POD BAY - SOON

They sneak past alien guards, into an escape pod, and blast off.

EXT. SPACE, OUTSIDE THE MOTHERSHIP - SOON

The escape pod flies out into space. We see Jupiter in the foreground and Earth in the distance. They aren't far from home.

INT. ESCAPE POD - CONTINUOUS

Rick and Morty fly away, happy.

MORTY

Well whatya know, ha. That was easy.

RICK

Hey, listen, sometimes stuff is easy.

MORTY

Yeah, I guess so. Just kinda hard to believe.

RICK

Believe it, Morty. Once again, I'm flying away with everything I can carry and the Zigerions got nothing of mine.

We move from the escape pod, back to the alien mothership, through its hull, through the wall of a simulation chamber and into:

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerry shyly opens the door of his boss' office.

JERRY

Mr. Marklevitz, do you have a minute to talk?

Jerry's boss, MR. MARKLEVITZ, a Roger Sterling type, is standing in the corner of the room, facing the wall.

His boss's legs start moving forward before he makes a turn, like a character from *Goldeneye 007* for Nintendo 64. He executes a finger-point gun gesture to his left.

MR. MARKLEVITZ

Yes.

Every Mr. Marklevitz line ("Yes") from now on is accompanied by the same finger-point gun gesture.

JERRY

I'm a fraud. I mean, let's face it. Hungry for Apples is just a rip-off of Got Milk. It's almost identical.

MR. MARKLEVITZ

Yes.

He tugs at his hair, devastated.

JERRY

Okay, I deserved that. Um. I guess... I'll just pack up my desk.

MR. MARKLEVITZ

Yes.

Jerry slinks toward the doorway, crying. He pauses. He turns around and storms back into the room.

JERRY

You know what? No! The Milk people don't have a patent on simple rhetorical questions! There's not even a single word in "Hungry For Apples" that's shared by "Got Milk," and it's not the same number of words! It's a completely different slogan! It's different! And I shouldn't be fired, I should be promoted!

MR. MARKLEVITZ

Yes.

JERRY

Yeah! Wait, really?

MR. MARKLEVITZ

Yes.

JERRY

Yes. Yes! I mean, it may be derivative, but it's the most successful campaign to come out of this agency in a long time!

MR. MARKLEVITZ

Yes.

JERRY

I'm not saying it should win an award for commercials, but it could certainly be nominated for an award for commercials specifically about Apples, like an Appy or something!

MR. MARKLEVITZ

Yes.

JERRY

Hold on, really? Is there an award called the Appys for apple related ad campaigns?

MR. MARKLEVITZ

Yes.

JERRY

Holy crap! Could we nominate me?

MR. MARKLEVITZ

Yes.

Jerry composes himself. His confidence at an all time high.

JERRY

Thank you, Mr. Marklevitz.

Jerry exits stoically. Mr. Marklevitz glitches into the middle of the board room table.

EXT. MORTY'S HOME - GARAGE - DAY

The escape pod lands in the Smith's front yard. Rick and Morty exit carrying the stolen processors.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Rick darts over to his workbench and pulls a lever, revealing a hidden safe.

RICK

We did it, Morty. I'm going to use these processors to make some real important science stuff.

He types in the code on a digital number pad. Nothing happens.

RICK (CONT'D)

Huh. I thought I entered the code right.

He enters the code again. Something is wrong.

The keypad dissolves away. Then the safe. Then the entire garage, leaving Rick and Morty in a large, empty simulation chamber. A door slides open and the aliens enter, sarcastically clapping.

PRINCE NEBULON

Surprise! You thought you were in a simulation, but you were in a simulation INSIDE a simulation! You're still on the ship! We fooled you!

RICK

What the hell? Why?

PRINCE NEBULON

(laughing)

We've known how to make concentrated dark matter for a long time. But *now* we *also* know the code to your fabled safe, Rick Sanchez. ALL your most valuable secrets will now be ours!

RICK

Uh, yeah, until I get home before you and change the combination, you bunch of idiots.

PRINCE NEBULON

That is why you're never getting home. GET THEM!

Alien #1 and Alien #2 grab Morty. Rick instinctively pulls down Morty's pants, exposing his genitals. The guards are repulsed and stumble backwards.

RICK
Run, Morty!

Morty shuffles a short distance before pulling up his pants.

They run out of the simulation chamber and enter the mothership. As they run down different corridors, they pass several different scams in progress. Finally, they arrive at a dead end, next to the entrance to another simulation chamber.

RICK (CONT'D)
It's a dead end, Morty. We're going to have to go through this thing to get out of here.

Rick fries the panel near the entrance, crippling the simulation system. They sprint into the chamber.

INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY

An awards show is in full swing. It's filled with elegantly dressed businesspeople. A banner above a podium reads "The 75th Annual Appy Awards." Jerry is holding a freshly won Appy Award while giving an acceptance speech.

JERRY
I gotta tell you, this morning, I didn't know this award existed. Now I'm holding one, and...
(overwhelmed)
Um. Look, I want to say that today was the best day of my life, but, the truth is, it was more meaningful than that.

The apple executives begin to glitch. Jerry is too in the zone to notice.

BLACK MAILMAN
My man!

JERRY
Yes, thank you sir. I've experienced the pride of true accomplishment. And the hubris that comes with pride. The fall that comes after hubris and the resurrection after that. I. Am.
(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)
(hefting award, deciding)
Finally complete. Thank you.

The simulated crowd begins to transform into different people and objects. His boss turns into a banana. A few people turn into the black mailman and say "my man." The entire room disappears, revealing a massive football field sized simulation chamber.

JERRY (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Rick and Morty run toward Jerry in the distance.

MORTY
Dad?

RICK
Jerry?! What are you doing here?
Why are you dressed like a waiter?

Jerry is in shock and can't respond.

RICK (CONT'D)
Screw it, we don't have time.
C'mon.

Rick grabs Jerry and they run toward an exit door at the other end of the simulation.

INT. CORRIDER - CONTINUOUS

The gang exits the simulation chamber and runs past several rooms where the aliens are running other scams. Crazy "Cabin in the Woods" type stuff. We see the aliens running a scam on a race of toaster pastries, and 101 other zany things!

INT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

Rick, Morty, and Jerry climb into a docked spaceship and launch into space.

EXT./INT. SPACESHIP - CONTINUOUS

The hangar bay doors close as the stolen ship just barely makes it out in time.

INT. COCKPIT - SPACE

Jerry sobs weakly in the corner.

RICK

Man up, Jerry, I may need you to
work the lasers.

A large, dangerous looking space vessel is gaining on their
small ship.

MORTY

Crap, they're gaining on us fast,
Rick!

RICK

I guess they really do have
concentrated dark matter. We don't
stand a chance.

MORTY

But you know how to make it, too,
right, Rick?

RICK

Sure, but there's no way all the
ingredients would be on this tiny
ship.

MORTY

Well, I should at least look right?
What are they?

RICK

Okay, fine, try the engine room,
Morty. We just need caesium,
protonic quarks, and bottled water.

Morty darts into the engine room, and reappears with his arms
full.

MORTY

It's all here Rick!

RICK

Wow, lucky break. Grab that bucket.

Morty picks up a bucket.

RICK (CONT'D)

Two parts protonic quarks, one part
caesium. And just shake it.

Morty mixes the ingredients and shakes the bucket.

RICK (CONT'D)

Now empty the water bottle into the bucket and pour it all into the fuel tank so we can get the hell out of here!

Morty doesn't do it.

RICK (CONT'D)

What are you doing, Morty? There's no time!

The ship and the environment dissolve away, sending everyone falling a few feet to the ground. They are now inside the biggest simulation chamber we've seen thus far. Morty slowly dissolves into a cloud of nano particles.

JERRY

What the -

RICK

No. NO!

A door swishes opens up and the alien leader walks in, **laughing maniacally.**

PRINCE NEBULON

Ho ho ho, game, set and match! You were in a simulation of a simulation inside a giant simulation! We never had the recipe for concentrated dark matter! BUT NOW WE DO! NOW WE DO!

RICK

You simulated my grandson reacting to simulations of simulations, you diabolical sons of bitches!

All the aliens **laugh**, high-five, and backslap.

RICK (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah. Great. You win. Can we go home now?

ABDUCTIONS ALIEN

I don't know, *can you?*

PRINCE NEBULON

Ha! Good one J.D.! Okay, okay. Show this gullible dumb ass to a shuttle. I'm done with him.

J.D. escorts Rick and Jerry out of the massive simulation chamber.

EXT. SPACE OUTSIDE OF THE MOTHERSHIP - SOON

The pod blasts off into space. Jupiter can be seen in the foreground. Earth in the far distance.

INT. ESCAPE POD - LATER

Rick and Jerry sit quietly. Jerry traces an apple into the condensation on the window as he stares solemnly into space.

RICK

Hey, Jerry, don't worry about it. So what if the most meaningful day of your life was a simulation operating at minimum capacity. How could you have known, right?

JERRY

You know what, Rick? Those guys took you for a ride too. You should try having a little respect for the dummies of the universe now that you're one of us.

RICK

Maybe you're right, Jerry. Maybe you're right.

Jerry smiles, knowing that, at least in this instance, he and Rick are in the same boat.

INT. ALIEN CONTROL ROOM - THAT VERY MOMENT

The aliens have thrown an impromptu party to celebrate their victory. They drink and laugh. Ticker tape and confetti fly. The leader reads Rick's instructions for anti-matter, while a subordinate carefully mixes the ingredients together.

PRINCE NEBULON

Two parts plutonic quarks, one part caesium...

He holds up the water bottle.

PRINCE NEBULON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for yelling earlier. This ship is going to feel real small with outbursts like that.

(MORE)

PRINCE NEBULON (CONT'D)
The truth is, I couldn't ask for a
better staff.

He pours the water into the collider.

PRINCE NEBULON (CONT'D)
And the final ingredient...

EXT. ALIEN MOTHERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

Rick's escape pod flies toward camera in the foreground. In the distance behind it, the alien mothership explodes into a giant ball of blue energy.

INT. ESCAPE POD - CONTINUOUS

Rick is unaffected by the explosion, but Jerry is startled and whips around in his seat to look.

JERRY
What the hell?
(looks at Rick)
What happened back there?!

RICK
Why don't you ask the smartest
people in the universe Jerry? Oh
yeah, you can't. They blew up.

Rick turns on the radio. The sexy saxophone riff from "Baker Street" by Gerry Rafferty plays. Rick reclines back in his seat.

The pod continues on toward Earth.

END ACT TWO

TAG

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jerry is pitching Hungry for Apples with vigor and confidence.

JERRY

...because when people bite into an apple, they want to feel like God is feeding them.

He unveils a picture of an apple with the slogan "Hungry for Apples?" The businessmen stare at him for a long beat.

MR. MARKLEVITZ

You're fired.

JERRY

Okay.

Jerry exits. Everyone is bummed out.

MR. MARKLEVITZ

Man, how does a guy like that go home and have sex with his wife?

END OF EPISODE