

**RICK & MORTY**

(SPEC)

**EPISODE 000:**

**"Ricktervention"**

**Written By**

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1

**EXT: SMITH RESIDENCE- DAY**

1

The sun is rising. The early birds are chirping. We hear the faint squeak of a kitchen cabinet opening.

**RICK (V.O.)**

What the-*belch*-hell? Who's been eating my fucking eyeholes!

We hear the cabinet door slam.

2

**INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - DAY**

2

We're looking at a closed door that leads into the garage from the home. The door swings open.

Enter RICK. RICK barges into the garage, angrily muttering to himself.

**RICK**

Every goddamn time...  
(*inaudible*)

3

**INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

3

RICK stands over his workbench and slams sci-fi metal together.

**RICK**

*Son of a bitch.*

RICK grabs a welder's mask (from a place unseen), slides it over his face, and begins welding something (also unseen). Angry sparks flutter about.

**RICK (CONT'D)**

I should have done this YEARS AGO!

RICK takes off the welder's mask and smiles.

**RICK (CONT'D)**

Welcome to the-*belch*-world.

**MORTY (V.O.)**

Hey, Rick.

RICK is surprised.

4

**INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

4

RICK is holding a "Men in Black"-style bazooka behind his back and looking guilty. MORTY peeks behind RICK and then looks up at him. MORTY's chewing on something--A MOUTHFUL.

**RICK**

Morty!?...uh...

**MORTY**

Whatcha' got there?

RICK's guilty gaze becomes deadly as he leans toward MORTY.

**RICK**

WHAT ARE YOU EATING?!

MORTY shrinks back. And swallows.

**MORTY**

(guiltily)

Nothing...

RICK presses in closer--intense and unhinged. MORTY cowers.

**RICK**

You lying sack of shit, YOU'RE EATING MY EYEHOLE! I got kicked in the dick for those, Morty. Eyeholes numb the pain. It's a catch-22 you little twat-bird.

**MORTY**

I-I didn't...

5

**INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

5

JERRY and BETH enter the garage, looking concerned. They're followed by SUMMER (who's nose-deep in her cellphone).

**JERRY**

What the hell is going on in here!?

**BETH**

Dad... We've talked about yelling.

**RICK**

This aborted cum stain's been eating my eyeholes, Beth. MY EYEHOLES.

BETH looks at MORTY with maternal love in her eyes.

**BETH**

Morty, is that true?

MORTY cautiously slides a few feet away from RICK. RICK's angry eyes stay on MORTY.

**MORTY**

Nope.

6 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

6

JERRY charges over to RICK--furious. RICK is unimpressed.

**RICK**

Don't.

**JERRY**

RICK, THIS IS THE LAST TIME...

**RICK**

(to Garage A.I.)  
LaFonda...?

**GARAGE A.I**

"Cry-baby"-protocol: INITIATED--

A giant glob of blue-goo drops onto JERRY and seals around him like loose saran-wrap. JERRY freaks out. RICK smiles.

7 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

7

BETH approaches RICK, disapprovingly. RICK looks at BETH and his smile shifts into addict-like pleading.

**RICK**

It's not my fault! I'm just a man seeking justice.

RICK passionately rants while gesturing to his groin.

**RICK (CONT'D)**

I got kicked in the dick for those, Beth! My taint still isn't right. Ground zero feels like Groot lovingly tending to my needs. It's splintery and it burns!

**BETH**

Calm down, Dad. We'll get you more.

RICK throws his arms in the air.

**RICK**

My dick can't take anymore!  
*(gestures in refusal)*  
 It just can't.

RICK crosses his arms.

8

**INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

8

MORTY and SUMMER are staring curiously at JERRY. JERRY is still sealed in blue sci-fi placenta--sobbing into his hands. SUMMER pokes at the dripping blue goo.

**SUMMER**

What the *flubber* is this?

**MORTY**

Xhlorpian krill wrap. They use it to calm the egglets.

**SUMMER**

Then why is he crying?

Enter RICK.

RICK kneels down, sticks a finger in the goo, tastes it, swishes the goo around in his mouth, spits it on the ground, removes a flask from his lab-coat, unscrews the cap, and takes a swig. RICK exhales--silent and content.

**MORTY**

**RICK?!**

RICK gets angry all over again, screws the top back onto his flask and stands.

**RICK**

It's supposed to be relaxing. Don't blame me if bliss makes him cry.

Enter BETH, exasperated, grabs the bridge of her nose.

**BETH**

*(exhales)*  
 Dad, let him go.

RICK lays a hand on BETH's shoulder. JERRY continues audibly sobbing (in the fetal position and covered in blue-goo).

**RICK**

He's letting go now, Beth. In a perfect world, we'd be so lucky.

RICK turns away from BETH, determined.

**RICK** (CONT'D)

Now...

9 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS** 9

RICK aims the MIB-style bazooka at the SMITH's as it whirs to life. MORTY, SUMMER, and BETH bunch together and shriek.

**RICK**

WHICH ONE OF YOU GAPING ASSHOLES IS  
IT?!

[TITLE SEQUENCE]

10 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, RICK'S BEDROOM - DAY** 10

RICK awakens to the sound of furious knocking on his bedroom door. He slowly comes to.

**RICK**

(agitated grunts)

**BETH (V.O.)**

Dad? Are you up?

11 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, RICK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** 11

RICK stands in front of his bedroom door, wipes a glob of slobber from his mouth, and drops his head.

**RICK**

What?

**BETH**

We're having T.V. trouble.

**RICK**

Then read.

**BETH**

Could you fix it before Jerry fries  
himself?

**RICK**

(tired and defeated)

Out in a minute.

**BETH**

Great! Thanks, Dad.

We hear the footsteps as BETH walks away.

12        **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, RICK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**        12

RICK walks to his bed and stares down at something on it.

**RICK**

Decisions.

13        **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, RICK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**        13

We're in RICK's POV, looking down at his bed. Lying on top of it are a bunched up blanket, a flask, and a box of eyeholes.

RICK reaches for the eyeholes, hesitates, and grabs the flask instead.

14        **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, RICK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**        14

RICK drinks from his flask, wipes the slobber from his mouth, puts on his lab-coat, and walks out of frame.

15        **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY**        15

The SMITH's are sitting on the couches in their living room, looking concerned. SUMMER spies down the hallway.

**SUMMER**

(lowly)

Okay...

SUMMER turns to MORTY, BETH, and JERRY.

**SUMMER (CONT'D)**

He's coming. He's coming.

SUMMER rushes to the couch and takes a seat. MORTY, SUMMER, BETH, and JERRY sit up straight and proper.

Enter RICK--annoyed.

**RICK**

The fuck is this?

JERRY starts to get up from the couch.

**RICK** (CONT'D)

Not you.

JERRY sits down. BETH gets up from the couch and approaches RICK.

**BETH**

*(worried)*

Dad, we're concerned about you.

**RICK**

*(defensive)*

And I'm concerned about the 2040 election. But you don't see me ruining Senator Rogan's morning.

**BETH**

It's 3pm.

**RICK**

EVENING then.

*(turns to leave)*

Bye Felicia...

RICK stops as MORTY approaches.

**MORTY**

Please just let us talk.

RICK turns back around, arms-crossed. Defensive.

**BETH**

Then you can do whatever you want.

RICK thinks over the scenario.

**RICK**

Fine.

16

**INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

16

RICK walks to the recliner. MORTY and BETH take a seat on the couch across from him.

**RICK**

I'll be drinking throughout and if you bore me, I'm replacing this memory.

RICK stands beside the sofa and reaches into his lab-coat.

**RICK (CONT'D)**

You'll remember me saving your life  
or sodomizing your soulmate. I'll  
be choosing at random.

RICK turns to JERRY and tightens his eyes (a threat).

17           **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**           17

RICK sits on the recliner, sips from his flask, puts it back  
in his lab-coat, and poses like a *Bond*-villain without a cat.

**RICK**

Go on. *Dazzle me.*

**BETH (V.O.)**

That's your queue.

18           **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**           18

Enter INTERVENE.

INTERVENE is an 8-foot tall, sentient plush doll that looks  
suspiciously similar to the bicycle-puppet from the SAW-  
franchise. INTERVENE enters with a lascivious grin.

**INTERVENE**

I would like to play a game.

INTERVENE clasps her hands together, like a therapist, and  
looks off-screen with disarming intent (at RICK).

19           **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**           19

WIDE SHOT- MORTY, BETH, SUMMER, and JERRY are sitting on the  
couch--watching INTERVENE walk and talk to the center of the  
living room. RICK looks at them, disapprovingly.

**RICK**

Are you *hacks* really doing this?

**INTERVENE**

Rick, my name is Intervene. This is  
all because your family loves you.

**RICK**

(*sarcastic*)

Worked hard on that name, did ya'?

**INTERVENE**

It's a happy coincidence.

INTERVENE removes a remote control from her pocket and presses the big red button on its face. Metal restraints suddenly clink and seal around RICK's wrists and ankles--trapping him. RICK remains angry as hell.

**RICK**

You modified my living room?!

**INTERVENE**

I've minimized distraction.

INTERVENE takes a seat on the floor (at the center of everyone) and places the remote beside her.

**INTERVENE (CONT'D)**

Now we can begin.

INTERVENE looks at JERRY.

**INTERVENE (CONT'D)**

Jerry, preliminary reports cite you as 'of least consequence'. Would you like to go first?

20

**INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

20

JERRY stands while removing a piece of paper from his pocket.

**JERRY**

(*smug*)

Delighted too. Rick, ever since--

**INTERVENE**

One moment, Jerry.

INTERVENE picks up the remote, studies it, then aims it at JERRY.

**INTERVENE (CONT'D)**

We should recalibrate.

INTERVENE presses the big red button.

A "Clockwork-Orange"-style headpiece suddenly appears on JERRY's face--prying his eyelids open. JERRY panics.

**JERRY**

My face! Something's on my face!

**INTERVENE**

Merely a visual aid. Relax, Jeremy.

JERRY pauses and stomps, offended.

**JERRY**

My name's not Jeremy!

**INTERVENE**

Gerald, then. The Ludovico will allow us to see. Please sit.

Jerry sits.

**INTERVENE (CONT'D)**

Whenever you're ready.

21           **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**           21

CLOSE UP and slowly PUSH IN on JERRY--sitting back on the couch, with a Ludovico head-strap prying his eyelids open.

JERRY unfolds his speech paper, holds it far out in front of him, and reads.

**JERRY**

Rick, you've been hurting for a long time now. Even though you pretend to enjoy it, I don't think you truly do. Just last week--

22           **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, BETH & JERRY'S BEDROOM - (FLASHBACK)**           22

*NIGHT:* JERRY is sleeping in bed beside BETH (also sleeping). Suddenly, the black barrel of a handgun raises to JERRY's forehead and nudges him awake.

**RICK (V.O.)**

Wakey-*belch*-wakey.

23           **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, BETH & JERRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**           23

RICK stands above JERRY, wearing a black suit, white dress-shirt, and black sunglasses. RICK aims the gun with one hand and eats eyeholes with the other. JERRY looks up, terrified.

**RICK**

Time to make the-*belch*-donuts.

**JERRY**

RICK?! What the hell are you doing?

**RICK**

Not asking twice.

24           **INT: RICK'S HOVER-CAR, SPACE - MOMENTS LATER**

24

RICK (still wearing the black suit and sunglasses) is flying his hover-car through space, sloppily eating handfuls of eyeholes. JERRY (still wearing his pajamas) is in the passenger seat, anxious and afraid.

**JERRY**

So uh... What's this about?

**RICK**

(swallows)

You-belch-had me fooled, "Jerry."  
I'll give you that.

**JERRY**

What are you talking about?!

**RICK**

It'll all be over soon.

JERRY gulps in terror.

25           **EXT: UNKNOWN PLANET - MOMENTS LATER**

25

RICK and JERRY are on the surface of an unknown planet. RICK stands beside JERRY, watching and eating eyeholes. JERRY cries profusely while digging his own grave.

**JERRY**

Please just listen! I'm me! I'M ME!

**RICK**

Nice try. Flibmorphians have no-  
belch-endocrine system.

RICK cocks his gun and aims it at JERRY. JERRY cowers.

**RICK (CONT'D)**

They can't...

26           **EXT: UNKNOWN PLANET - CONTINUOUS**

26

CLOSE UP: Tears flow down JERRY's cheeks and a wet-stain grows on his pajama bottoms.

**RICK**

Oh.



INTERVENE presses the big red button on her remote.

31 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 31

Focus on RICK, a fifth metal strap extends from the back of the recliner and fixes itself over RICK's mouth. Silenced.

**INTERVENE**

Thank you.

32 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 32

RICK, MORTY, BETH, JERRY, and INTERVENE are all looking at SUMMER--curiously. SUMMER puts her phone down.

**SUMMER**

Can I skip the Elon headset?

**INTERVENE**

Of course.

**JERRY**

WHAT?!

**INTERVENE**

(to Jerry)

Shh.

PUSH IN on SUMMER. SUMMER unfolds a sheet of paper and reads from it.

**SUMMER**

(clears throat)

Grandpa Rick, adding to what was said, because I never expected to go first...

SUMMER drops the paper, cuts her eyes, and leers at everyone in the room, judging. SUMMER returns to reading from her paper.

**SUMMER (CONT'D)**

I don't think you realize how serious your addiction has become.

33 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE (FLASHBACK)** 33

RICK is passed out at his workstation, facedown in drool. Beside RICK is a pile of eyeholes with bite-marks in them.

We hear a door open and slam shut. RICK angrily awakens.

**SUMMER (V.O.)**

*(anxious)*

Grandpa Rick?! I need your help.  
It's an emergency.

Enter SUMMER. SUMMER stands beside RICK and shakes him.

**SUMMER**

Grandpa Rick?

34 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

34

We're in RICK's POV, looking up at SUMMER. SUMMER is panicking and has an EXTREMELY LARGE zit on her chin.

**RICK**

What happened to your face?

**SUMMER**

It's the last day of school. I can't go like this.

**RICK**

Then don't.

**SUMMER**

I HAVE TO. Missing the last day is social suicide!

35 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

35

RICK slows to attention, sits upright, and rubs his temples. SUMMER stands beside him, hands on her hips and demanding.

**SUMMER**

You have to do something?!

RICK stands.

**RICK**

Okay. Okay. Let me think.

RICK walks off screen. SUMMER watches him.

36 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

36

RICK haphazardly searches through a withered cardboard box.

**RICK**

I left it somewhere... Ah! Got it.

RICK rises from his boxed crap with a cool-looking laser (like the "noisy-cricket" from MIB) and admires it.

**RICK** (CONT'D)  
Thing of beauty.

37 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

37

RICK tosses the laser to SUMMER and returns to his chair. SUMMER catches the laser and looks at it excitedly--smiling.

**RICK**  
It's non-lethal. Go nuts.

**SUMMER**  
What does it do?

**RICK**  
It was supposed to kill mice but it just made them sentient and sexy.

We hear small squeaks.

38 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

38

CLOSE UP: We're looking at an incredibly sexy mouse, posing like its a photoshoot. The mouse flips it's silky hair, blows us a kiss, and winks.

39 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

39

RICK and SUMMER are looking away from us (at the sexy mouse) silently. Then they look at each other.

**RICK**  
Now it kills skin cheese. Enjoy.

SUMMER hugs RICK. RICK accepts but doesn't reciprocate.

**SUMMER**  
Thanks Grandpa Rick!

**RICK**  
Uh huh.

SUMMER exits.

40           **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)**           40

SUMMER lowers the paper from her face and looks at RICK. RICK remains bound to the recliner with his mouth covered by a metal strap. MORTY, BETH, and JERRY are sitting on the couch.

**RICK**  
(inaudible)

**INTERVENE**  
Yes, Rick?

INTERVENE raises the remote, aims it at RICK, presses the big red button, and lowers the remote. The metal strap retracts. RICK's mouth is free at last.

**RICK**  
See, that wasn't so bad. It had everything--love, war, sex, mice. How does that make me the bad guy?

**INTERVENE**  
It doesn't.

**SUMMER**  
(bitterly)  
The ending does.

41           **EXT: FASHION SHOW, RED CARPET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**           41

We're looking at a television screen. On the screen, camera lights flash and sizzle behind crowded velvet ropes. RANDOM REPORTER stands in front of us, smiling with a microphone.

**RANDOM REPORTER**  
Welcome to fashion-week. I'm Random Reporter, here to narrate how ugly you are by comparison and--oh!

A limousine arrives in the background. The back door opens. SECURITY GUARDS surround the vehicle.

**RANDOM REPORTER (CONT'D)**  
Oh my god! She's here! **She's here!**

Summer's ZIT is now sentient, with her voluptuous body barely covered by a revealing red gown. ZIT's head is a puss-filled, off-white, dripping bubble of GROSS. ZIT exits the vehicle and walks up to RANDOM REPORTER like Marilyn Monroe--smiling.

**RANDOM REPORTER (CONT'D)**  
Summer's Zit, you look AMAZING!

**ZIT**

I know! And I do! It's all thanks  
to my number one, Summer! Hi, Mom!

The television shuts off.

42

**INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)**

42

RICK is still bound to the recliner by metal straps (his mouth is free). SUMMER, BETH, MORTY, and JERRY are all sitting on the couch. INTERVENE is sitting on the floor between them all--legs crossed, remote in hand.

**RICK**

I don't see the problem.

SUMMER stands, stomps, and points at the television.

**SUMMER**

That bitch is dating Pete Davidson!

**RICK**

Really?! *Gross.*

SUMMER is still standing but suddenly relaxed, distracted.

**SUMMER**

What?

**RICK**

*Pete Davidson.*

*(a beat)*

By the way your skin was flawless  
that week. You're welcome.

**SUMMER**

*(touching her face)*

*Just the week?*

**INTERVENE**

We're getting off-track.

INTERVENE aims the remote at RICK and presses the big red button. The metal strap pops out and refits around RICK's mouth. RICK angrily stares at INTERVENE.

**INTERVENE (CONT'D)**

Beth, would you like to share?

**BETH**

I don't know. This is all starting  
to sound like basic human error.

JERRY balks.

**JERRY**

He was going to kill me!

**BETH**

*(to Jerry)*

To protect the rest of us.

**BETH (CONT'D)**

*(to Summer)*

--and you should've just asked me for concealer.

**BETH (CONT'D)**

*(daydreaming/remembering)*

Even me...

43

**INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

43

RICK is at his workstation, drilling away at something unseen. We hear a door open.

**BETH**

*(drunkenly)*

Dad?

RICK stops drilling, drops his head, and grunts.

**RICK**

*(annoyed)*

Yes, sweetie.

Enter BETH.

BETH drunkenly walks over and puts one arm over RICK. BETH is drinking red wine, which spills and splatters from its glass.

**BETH**

Why don't we do the thing anymore?

RICK lightly rubs the bridge of his nose.

**RICK**

What thing?

**BETH**

*You know the thing!*

44           **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

44

BETH drops the wine-glass and it shatters. Then she bounces up and down like an excited infant.

**BETH**

Head, shoulders, knees and toes.  
Knees and toes... Come on! Do it!

RICK slumps back, defeated and grabs a box of eyeholes.

**RICK**

*(disgusted grunt)*

RICK goes to BETH's side and mimics her dance--lazily and unenthusiastically--while shoveling eyeholes into his mouth.

**BETH**

*(happily)*  
Head, shoulders, knees and toes.  
Knees and toes.

**RICK**

*(disdain)*  
Head...Shoulders... Toes and toes.

45           **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)**

45

BETH is still looking off into the distance as we PULL OUT.

**BETH**

He promised to never speak of it.

46           **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)**

46

MORTY, SUMMER, BETH, and JERRY are all sitting on the couch, opposite RICK. RICK is still bound to the recliner by metal straps. INTERVENE sits on the floor between them all.

**INTERVENE**

Right... Moving on. Morty?

INTERVENE aims the remote at MORTY and smiles. MORTY raises his hands in defense.

**INTERVENE (CONT'D)**

Would you like to share?

**MORTY**

I yield my time.

**INTERVENE**

Very well.

INTERVENE lowers the remote.

**JERRY**

I could have just skipped my turn?!

JERRY throws his arms in the air, upset.

**INTERVENE**

*(to Jerry)*

Yes. These sessions are voluntary.

*(a smile)*

For now.

**RICK**

*(inaudible rage)*

**INTERVENE**

Yes, Rick?

INTERVENE aims the remote at RICK and presses the big red button. The metal strap around RICK's mouth retracts.

**RICK**

If that's true, I'd like to be freed.

**INTERVENE**

Very well.

**JERRY**

*(pouting/complaining)*

Oh, come on!

INTERVENE presses the big red button and RICK is free.

RICK walks to INTERVENE, grabs the remote out of her hands, throws it on the ground, and stomps on it repeatedly.

**RICK**

THIS SHOULD BE YOUR FUCKING FACE!

**INTERVENE**

I'd quite like that...

*(sensual smile)*

Are you ready to share?

RICK stops stomping and stands defiantly. Fists-balled.

**RICK**

*(reaching for flask)*

I am.

47

**INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

47

RICK stares down MORTY, SUMMER, BETH, and JERRY like they're his worst enemies. The family bunch together on the couch. INTERVENE stands beside them, smiling (TOO HAPPILY).

**INTERVENE***(licking lips)*

The floor is yours.

**RICK***(unscrewing flask)*

You're all a bunch of hypocritical ass-clowns projecting your insecurities onto the world because you're too dumb to understand and articulate what you actually feel.

RICK takes a sip from his flask, drinks, puts it back in his lab-coat, and wipes the spit from his mouth with his sleeve.

**RICK (CONT'D)***(swallows)*

That doesn't make you virtuous--*belch*--it exposes the shit-fueled dumpster fire that you call consciousness--bereft of introspection and devoid of rationality. Exhibit A: We've been here all afternoon--WHAT HAVE WE ACCOMPLISHED? Nothing!

RICK turns to leave and stops when SUMMER speaks up.

**SUMMER***(a beat)*

Um... That's the most you've said to us in months.

RICK is surprised. Then angry all over again.

**RICK**

I'm over this. Eat *belch*-dicks.

RICK exits. We hear a door slam. INTERVENE smiles.

**INTERVENE**

Seems like enough for today.

**JERRY***(exhales)*

Well it was certainly... *something*.

INTERVENE perks up.

**INTERVENE**

And my fee?

**BETH**

Space-Beth said she covered it.

**INTERVENE**

Of course! I'd forgotten.  
*(turning away)*  
 Pleasure doing business.

INTERVENE exits.

**BETH**

*(annoyed)*  
 The nerve...

**JERRY**

What? Was that a "girl" thing?

BETH walks out of frame, annoyed. SUMMER follows behind her.

**BETH**

Pull your head out, Jerry.

**SUMMER**

*Seriously.*

**JERRY**

Was that **not** a girl thing?

JERRY reaches into the box of eyeholes and eats a few.

**JERRY (CONT'D)**

Damn.  
*(chew.chew.)*  
 These are good.  
*(chew.chew.)*

48

**INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - LATER**

48

RICK stands by his workbench, holding the MIB-style bazooka. The large sci-fi cannon whirs on. Bright lights spin around.

We hear a door open and shut.

**MORTY (V.O.)**

Hey, Rick.

RICK powers down the gun.

Enter Morty.

**RICK**

Did I not say fuck-off clearly?

**MORTY**

I wanted to apologize.

(nervously)

I-uh. I'm the one who's been eating your eyeholes.

RICK starts to get angry. MORTY prepares his defenses.

**RICK**

I KNEW IT! You little...

RICK hesitates and calms.

**RICK** (CONT'D)

You know what, don't worry about it. Eat as many as you'd like.

**MORTY**

Really?

RICK turns to his workstation, sadly.

**RICK**

(grimly)

Grandpa's scrote's a fighter, Morty. But I need to prepare.

**MORTY**

O-Okay, Rick. Are you--

**RICK**

Lock the door behind you.

MORTY almost says something but doesn't.

MORTY turns and walks out of frame.

We hear a door open and slam. RICK exhales, finally alone.

49

**INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

49

RICK reaches into his lab-coat, pulls out his flask, takes a sip, and puts it back in his lab-coat. Contemplative.

**RICK**

I really hope that was about the booze.

RICK raises the MIB-style bazooka, powers it up, and shoots it somewhere unseen. Shades of bright lights tint the room.

50           **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

50

The laser beam zaps an empty space on RICK's workstation. The lights fade. Fresh eyeholes have appeared out of thin air.

Enter RICK.

**RICK**

*(excited)*

Because I can't live without these.

RICK grabs a handful of eyeholes.

**RICK (CONT'D)**

*Lafonda...*

RICK puts the eyeholes in his mouth and ravenously chews.

**GARAGE A.I.**

Securing garage.

51           **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

51

The garage defenses activate. This place is now a fortress. RICK sits at his workstation. Chewing contently.

**RICK**

And hit me with some of that krill.

RICK leans back. A glob of blue-goo covers his face (it's the same drippy blue-goo from earlier). RICK seizes for a moment before falling face down onto his workstation table.

[QUEUE MELANCHOLIC MELODY]

**["I love every little mistake that makes you, you."]**

52           **INT: SANCHEZ RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY (RICK'S DREAM)**

52

YOUNG-RICK (30's) and YOUNG-BETH (5-8) dance along to a playful children's tune.

**YOUNG-RICK**

*(joyous)*  
The wheels on the bus go  
round and round!

**YOUNG-BETH**

*(happy)*  
Round and round! Round and  
round!

YOUNG-RICK suddenly drops in pain, holding his groin.

**YOUNG-RICK (CONT'D)**

Ah...AH! AH!!

**YOUNG-BETH**

Poppa?

**YOUNG-RICK**

MY DICK!! AND FUCKING BALLS!!!

YOUNG-BETH watches her father in horror.

53 **INT: SMITH RESIDENCE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS (REALITY)**

53

RICK is passed out on the garage floor with blue-goo splattered all over his face and eyeholes scattered about.

The EyeHole Man is standing between RICK's legs, furiously kicking his dick. RICK's body jumps a little with every landed blow. But he remains unconscious.

**EYEHOLE MAN**

You did this to yourself!

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**CREDITS**

**[POST CREDITS]**

54 **EXT: ALIEN CITY STREET - DAY**

54

We're looking at a television screen. On screen, RANDOM REPORTER holds a microphone and speaks to the camera. Behind her, ALIEN PROSTITUTE, dressed like "Daisy Duke," waves and poses--advertising the goods.

**RANDOM REPORTER**

Eyehole addiction is destroying our country. Just look at that broke-down crack-hoe over there.

RANDOM REPORTER looks behind her, at ALIEN PROSTITUTE. ALIEN PROSTITUTE waves and poses seductively.

**ALIEN PROSTITUTE**

Hey, miss reporter! Wanna try some of this fizzy-tizzy?

RANDOM REPORTER looks back at us--dead serious.

**RANDOM REPORTER**

Addiction is no laughing matter.

ALIEN PROSTITUTE twerks in the background.

**END.**