"Scammer Aliens"

By

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Episode 103

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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

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)
The truth is, I couldn’t ask for a better staff.

He pours the water into the collider.

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
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