

COLD OPEN:

**EXT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - GARDEN - DAY**

Silence.

The peaceful sound of songbirds slowly seep into the magical nothingness. Morty sits on a yoga mat next to a flower bed planted over the graves of this universe's family.

He's deep in tranquil meditation.

RICK'S SPACESHIP **smashes** into the flowers. The driver's door slams open, and Rick stumbles out. The birds fly away in terror.

RICK

M-m-morty! Quick! T-t-theres no time to explain!

Morty doesn't stir.

RICK (CONT'D)

Ok, I'll explain a little bit--R-Roy 3! Blips and Chitz! It's f-f-finally here!

Morty still doesn't budge.

RICK (CONT'D)

Rumor has it there's a House Pet mode! You can play as any dog you want!! Don't you want to live in blissful peace, licking your asshole whenever you want? Morty!!!

Rick is finally acknowledged by his grandson.

MORTY

Thanks for the invite Rick, but I'll have to decline this time.

RICK

W-w-what is this, Morty? Some New Age Zen meditation bullshit? Who put you up to it, that hack Dr. Wong?

MORTY

Yes, it was Dr. Wong. And she's not a hack Rick. The practice actually has been great.

(MORE)

MORTY (CONT'D)

I'm simply counting my breaths and it's helped me really calm down and appreciate the little things.

Rick rolls his eyes.

RICK

Take it from the smartest being in the universe, you're not going to find *enlightenment* by sitting around on your ass!

Morty's silence is deafening. Rick suddenly loses interest in the conversation.

RICK (CONT'D)

Alright, whatever. Enjoy your "practice". Enlightenment is overrated anyways.

Rick continues on, rolling his eyes and throwing his hands back in sarcastic awe.

RICK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

"Oh look my ape brain decided to jerk itself off because it figured out how to connect different synapses for once!" Most beings in the universe call that *Tuesday* Morty. I-I-I've got a bag of Fligordian spice I bought at an Andromeda gas station that'll literally recreate the exact same synaptic relations--and you won't have to spend years coming off as a self-important asshole to get there.

Rick walks away. Morty, curiosity piqued, opens one eye.

**END COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE**INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - DINING ROOM - DAY**

The Smiths are eating some of Jerry's waffles for breakfast. Summer is mindlessly scrolling on her phone. She suddenly perks up as a notification appears on her screen.

SUMMER

Oh. My. Gawd.

Summer drops her fork and stands up to make an announcement.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

I just got invited to live at the *Sinfluencer* house!!

JERRY

The what?

MORTY

A bunch of kids who are popular on the Internet live in a house to make "content".

SUMMER

Way to remove credibility from your generation Morty. The *Sinfluencers* aren't just *any* kids--they're the hottest digital celebrities on Tik Tok right now--and they're giving *this* girl a chance to embrace her destiny. I'll see you losers *later*.

JERRY

That's *former* loser to you.

Jerry stands up as well.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I too have an announcement to make: Your dad's chocolate chip recipe just won honorable mention at the local bake off!

BETH

(to Jerry)

Wow, that's so great honey.

(to Summer)

Summer I'm really happy for you. But how are you going to fit all that in with school?

SUMMER

Thanks mom. Oh, I'm dropping out-- just like all the interesting members of this family did before me. (winks at Rick)

Rick wipes away a fake tear.

RICK

Awww. Continuing a family tradition of abandoning our loved ones. I'm touched.

BETH

(side eyeing Rick)

Ok well even the interesting members of this household need to clean up after their own mess if they want to keep living here. I thought we agreed on no more drunken destruction around the house in this universe dad?

(to Summer)

We'll finish this conversation later.

SUMMER

Whatever.

RICK

Oh the flower bed you've completely ignored until now? Sure, I'll replace it if it helps maintain your sense of authority.

MORTY

Rick, I feel partially responsible. Let me lend a hand.

(to Summer)

Although I disagree with your methods, I'm happy for you Summer. It's important to listen to your heart.

RICK

Ohh the enlightened one has decided to help us mere mortals! Thank you so much Morty! Let me just go get my tambourine from the garage and we can sing Kumbaya to the flowers!

JERRY

(singing)

*Kum bay ya, my Lorddd, kum bay yaa~*

No one else joins in, but Jerry continues on.

**EXT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - GARDEN - DAY**

Rick walks up to the destroyed flower bed with a bag of glowing seeds. He instinctively wipes off something sparkling dripping from his nose.

RICK

Might as well see if some of these  
TrizzMatz Tomatoes will grow on  
Earth. Been a while since daddy got  
*Trizzied!!* Woop Woop!

He reads the instructions written in an alien language on the back of the bag.

RICK (CONT'D)

Huh. Can only be handled by meat  
flesh...  
(annoyed sigh)  
Fine.

He kneels down and carefully starts planting the seeds into the soil by hand.

A beat as we watch Rick slowly work the earth. He accidentally unearths a rotting hand which he quickly covers back up.

RICK (CONT'D)

Wow. Forgot how nice it was to get  
my hands dirty.

Morty walks up.

MORTY

Who were you talking to Rick?

RICK

Nothing Morty. Just an old man  
muttering exposition to himself.

MORTY

Ook. Well, let me help.

Morty kneels down beside Rick, but Rick waves him off.

RICK

Back off Morty! These are TrizzMatz  
Tomatoes Morty! Do you know how  
dangerous it is to introduce a new  
species to a delicate ecosystem?

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

N-n-next thing you know all the whales will be dead! You want to kill all the whales Morty? I didn't think so. Go grab me a shovel from the garage.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

As Morty sulks into the garage, he sees a vial containing a shimmering velvet substance on Rick's workshop table. The vial has a post-it note on it with a crudely drawn third eye.

Morty walks up and looks carefully into the vial. His eyes widen. It's gotta be the Fligordian Spice. He instinctively looks around the garage with cautious eyes.

MORTY

Ha ha Rick. You really got your farts to look pretty great this time.

Morty's wary jab doesn't illicit a response.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Nope, not going to fall for the ol' superdimensional hiding spot again. Just going to walkkk away.

Morty turns around and starts rummaging for the shovel. After finding it, he starts making exaggerated motions of walking away...but at the last minute gives in and swipes the vial from the table.

**INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - MORTY'S ROOM**

Morty tries to meditate on his bedroom floor. The shovel and vial sit next to him.

A beat passes.

Morty adjusts himself. Then scratches an itch.

He frowns. With an impatient sigh, he breaks his meditation and pours out some of the spice into his palm.

The spice swirls and sparkles in his hand. He takes a guilty look at his Darth Buddha poster.

MORTY

Sorry Darth Buddha.

Morty puts his nose up to the spice and takes a big **snort**-- his eyes glaze over and we zoom into the whites of his eyes...

**INT/EXT. ENLIGHTENMENT ACTIVATION**

...And into his synaptic network as thousands of new connections spark into life. The opening guitar riff in Dripping Sun by Kikagaku Moyo begins to play in the background. A new universe of pure color is born.

A crazy psychedelic sequence ensues--raw and euphoric.

Soon, a new universe takes form. We travel in and around colorful nebulae of orange, purple, yellow and green like the Pillars of Creation and the Cat's Eye. Strange and colorful creatures dance at the edge of our view.

Eventually the stars congregate into a scintillating portal. Inside, everything we could ever imagine. Outside, an impossibly pure blackness.

We are slowly drawn into the awe-inspiring beauty within the portal. As we plummet into its depths, everything turns white.

From white, a horizon lines comes into view. Next the room, and finally Morty are slowly sketched back into existence.

As color begins to return, the camera zooms out more and we see Morty on the animator's screen. **Morty looks around frantically before looking up--for the first time, he can see his animator who is out of our view.**

He screams.

Everything turns black.

**INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - MORTY'S ROOM - DAY**

Anddd we're back. Morty's fully colored in again. But he doesn't feel Zen at all.

Not even close.

His eyes dart around the corners of our screen, suddenly fully aware of the rectangle that holds his entire existence.

Taking in his new surroundings, he comes back to stare in fear at his own now artificial-seeming hands before turning his gaze towards us.

Morty walks up to the camera. As he gets disturbingly close, he peers into it as if he can see us. He even taps the screen.

Confirming his suspicions, he starts hyperventilating as his mind struggles with the fact that he's a cartoon.

MORTY

Oh my god. Oh my god!

**INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Beth plays solitaire on her iPad. A badly shaken up Morty walks in.

MORTY

H-h-hey Mom.

Beth doesn't look up.

BETH

Hey kid.

Morty looks around anxiously, deliberately avoiding staring at us.

MORTY

You um, do you ever feel like you're being watched? Like, y-y-you're living on a show or something?

BETH

Ugh. Tell me about it. It's like Instagram knows exactly when my wine fridge is empty.

(beat)

Wait you're not trying to enroll us in some reality show are you? I have my hands full with your sister trying to be the next Kardashian. Although I do admire their business acumen.

MORTY

What? No not at all. N-n-never mind! H-h-have a good day!

Morty staggers off. Beth finally looks up, slightly concerned.



**EXT. THE SINFLUENCER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

An expensive and tacky kitchen. A pink neon sign reminds everyone to: Sin Like You Mean It. A bearded white guy with frosted tips (sketchy, 30s) is muttering to himself while stirring a large pot. This is FLAT DAN.

Behind him is CUMULA, an Atlantean woman (athletic and sexy, looks 25, is actually 325) in a skimpy bikini adjusts her hair using her phone's camera. In the corner is a small hooded figure (looks 13, is actually immortal) hunched over a Steam Deck. Gamertag: B4Ph0M3T.

Summer walks in with a mix of pep and swagger, eager to make friends and impress.

SUMMER

Heyyy guys. Reinforcements have arrived!

No one reacts. Flat Dan serves up some ragu to Cumula and B4Ph0M3T.

FLAT DAN

Alright guys, eat up.

CUMULA

Ugh. This shit again? What do you keep insisting I put your ground up methane bags in my body?

FLAT DAN

Methane bags? Again, I'll remind you my Ragu is pure *reptilian*--and it was so good it made Rogan cream in his pants.

Dan finally notices Summer.

FLAT DAN (CONT'D)

(to Summer)

And who are you?

SUMMER

Sum Sum? You probably heard about my apocalyptic bender video? It hit 5 million views in under a week. But that was the old me. I pivoted.

She flips her hair as she serves up her new tagline.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 I'm the *only* crypto expert that'll  
 make you look as beautiful as your  
 wallet.

She waits for a sign of recognition, but none come.

FLAT DAN  
 Doesn't ring a bell. Guess you're  
 the replacement for that anime  
 girl.

SUMMER  
 What happened to her?

FLAT DAN  
 Got eaten by Cumula's shark. Too  
 bad. She was cute.

CUMULA  
 (to Dan)  
 How many times do I need to tell  
 you Saki wasn't real?? Her creator  
 deleted her after he stole those  
 NFTs from us!

FLAT DAN  
 She's out there. You just need to  
 read the signs.  
 (to Summer)  
 I'm Flat Dan by the way. Host of  
 Third Eye on the Fries.

CUMULA  
 (to Summer)  
 Don't listen to him, he's a nutjob.  
 I can't believe you Terrarians  
 believe his garbage.

FLAT DAN  
 An ATLANTEAN calling me a  
 conspiracy theorist! You're living  
 fucking proof that I'm not crazy!

Cumula ignores Dan and gives Summer an invasive look-over.

CUMULA  
 (to Summer)  
 I'm Cumula. Drop by my room  
 sometime.

FLAT DAN  
 And that little guy over there is  
 B4Ph0M3T.