

Tulsa Rick Riots

written by

Wade McGrath

859-462-0638  
wade.a.mcgrath@gmail.com

INT. BETH AND JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

BETH, JERRY, RICK, MORTY, and SUMMER are eating breakfast.

RICK  
Which is why they'll think twice  
about invading earth again.

BETH  
Oh how exciting! How about you,  
Jerry? How was your day yesterday?

JERRY  
Well, a new guy started working in  
our department.

RICK  
That's a riveting tale, Jerry.

BETH  
Dad, be nice.

Jerry looks indignantlly at Rick.

JERRY  
Thank you, Beth. The boss brought  
in a closer, and he's as cool as a  
cucumber. We sat and talked about  
sales tactics for a few hours. I  
think I really like him!

BETH  
Aww, sounds like you made a friend.

JERRY  
I've always wanted a Black friend!

SUMMER  
Oh my god, dad, do you just want to  
be friends with him because it  
makes you seem less racist?

RICK  
Valid question, Summer. Jerry?

JERRY  
Come on, I'm not--

Everyone looks at Jerry.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I mean, I'm not \*that\* bad, am I?

The family continues to stare at Jerry.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Ouch... Is this the wrong time to say I wanted to pick up some of that good barbeque for dinner?

SUMMER / MORTY

Yes! / Yes!

RICK

You can't *bribe* me to care about your meaningless life, Jerry.

JERRY

(attempting to be casual)  
Say, Rick, I actually promised I would shoot some hoops at the gym with the new guy today. Do you--

RICK

No.

JERRY

But I didn't even ask--

RICK

No.

BETH

Come on, dad. Just hear him out.

RICK

Uuuuugh. Fine, Jerry. Do you want shoes that make you better at basketball? Or is it something *more* stupid than that?

Jerry pauses and looks around at everyone's blank expression.

Jerry shrinks a little in his chair.

JERRY

N-no... Just that...

Rick finishes his meal, stands up from the table, looking irritated, and walks quickly into the garage.

Beat.

Rick returns with a pair of nice athletic shoes.

Rick twists a dial on the side of each shoe, placing it on the table in front of Jerry.

RICK  
There, go nuts.

Jerry picks up a shoe, looking at it from underneath.

JERRY  
Uh... how do I--

RICK  
You play basketball, Jerry. Do I  
have to explain *everything*?  
(to Morty)  
Morty, let's go.

Rick walks to the end of the table, grabbing Morty's arm, and pulling him away from his dinner into the garage.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rick drags Morty to the SPACESHIP.

MORTY  
R-Rick! I was eating!

RICK  
I didn't want Jerry to ask me for  
any more pointless favors. Besides,  
we gotta pick something out for  
movie night.

MORTY  
Can I at least grab some bacon to  
eat on the way?

RICK  
There's Bacon Breakfast Bars in the  
ship, let's go.

INT. RICK'S SPACESHIP - CONTINUOUS

Rick's spaceship travels over the city at a fast pace. Morty is eating a Bacon Breakfast Bar.

MORTY  
I'm really glad we started movie  
night. It's been nice to h-have  
something low-key to do every week.

RICK  
Exactly, Morty. Not everything has  
to be this big event.  
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)  
I'm even finally getting an  
appreciation for Hugh Jackman.

MORTY  
What did I tell you, Rick? He's a  
treasure.

RICK  
I never should've doubted you,  
Morty. You know, I'm even glad you  
talked me into going to the movie  
store for this. I really think it  
sets the right tone.

MORTY  
Casual, but personal.

EXT. MEDIOCRE BUY STOREFRONT - MOMENTS LATER

Outside of Mediocre Buy, a crowd of protestors has gathered  
nearby, but out of the way.

The spaceship lands and Rick and Morty exit, walking swiftly  
into the store.

The protesting crowd is growing closer to the store.

INT. MEDIOCRE BUY - DAY

Rick and Morty stand in the DVD section of the store. Rick is  
holding a DVD with a picture of gunmen firing at each other.

Morty looks at the backs of several cases one after another.

RICK  
I didn't realize we came here so  
you could ogle the anime girls.

MORTY  
Aw, come on, Rick. I-I thought I  
changed your opinion on cartoons.

RICK  
Yeah, I updated my opinion from  
"cartoons are for idiots" to  
"cartoons are for *lonely* idiots."

MORTY  
W-well, maybe you shouldn't have  
used three picks at once to make us  
watch the Godfather trilogy.

RICK  
It's a masterpiece, Morty! Just  
because you can't appreciate it  
doesn't mean it's worse than "The  
Schoolgirl who Cried 'Senpai.'"

Rick holds up a cliché anime DVD of the same name.

EXT. MEDIOCRE BUY STOREFRONT - DAY

Rick approaches the sliding doors of the store as Morty  
trails behind him.

RICK  
It's just meaningless escapism,  
Morty. Try watching something that  
makes you *think* for once.

The two are met with a crowd of protestors holding signs and  
talking indistinctly as they walk past the store.

MORTY  
What's goin' on, Rick?

RICK  
Ugh, protestors.

Rick pulls out his portal gun, turning the dial before aiming  
it straight down and firing. A portal opens beneath them.

INT. RICK'S SPACESHIP - CONTINUOUS

Rick falls perfectly into his seat in the spaceship while  
Morty falls awkwardly into the leg room in front of the back-  
seat with a **<THUD>**.

Morty sits up, rubbing his head.

MORTY  
Protestors? Did something happen?

RICK  
Absolutely nothing.

A BLACK PROTESTOR jumps up behind the spaceship, holding a  
sign that says "LET ME BREATHE"

A RIOT OFFICER immediately collides with him, putting him in  
a chokehold.

MORTY  
Ah! Oh my God, Rick!

The two bump around the back of the spaceship for a few seconds before the Riot Officer pulls the Black Protestor down below the window.

Rick sighs and lifts the spaceship off the ground. Morty looks on in horror.

RICK  
Or at least nothing new.

BEGIN TITLES

END TITLES

INT. RICK'S SPACESHIP - MOMENTS LATER

MORTY  
W-why are they protesting though?

RICK  
Come on, Morty, don't you watch the news? Or look out a window?

The spaceship lands and parks in the garage.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rick and Morty exit the ship, walking inside. Morty's holding a DVD case.

MORTY  
I-I thought there were laws against things like racial profiling.

Rick facepalms without losing stride.

RICK  
Are you also surprised that there are still murderers despite it being against the law? The world is a shitty place full of shitty people, Morty.

INT. BETH AND JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rick strides past Jerry toward the living room as Morty tries to keep up.

Jerry pulls a bottle of water from the fridge and walks through the house to the door. He's carrying a basketball.

EXT. BETH AND JERRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry walks up to the basketball hoop on the garage, sizing it up and looking down at himself.

Jerry is wearing the scientifically-enhanced shoes.

JERRY  
So, how do I..? Are they voice-activated?

Jerry looks around sheepishly.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Shoes on!

Beat. The wind blows.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Shoes... activate?

Beat.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Uh... Okay, maybe if I just try--

Jerry dribbles poorly twice, and before he can attempt a shot, a BIRD flies in front of him.

**Jerry** makes a **<shrill cry>**, losing his grip on the ball as his hands shoot up in defense.

Jerry's shoes glow and shift slightly on the ground.

The bird flies off harmlessly. The ball gently arcs in the air, falling perfectly through the hoop. Nothing but net.

Jerry picks the ball up and looks at it thoughtfully.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I think I get how this works.

Jerry starts to throw the ball tentatively at the garage.

Jerry's shoes light up and his feet shift.

The ball hits the garage, bounces off the ground and into Jerry's head with a **<SMACK>** and lands in the hoop.

Jerry rubs his head.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I hope no one saw that...

INT. BETH AND JERRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rick is sitting on the couch looking irritated and bored.  
Morty is sitting next to Rick, pestering him.

MORTY

I mean, that doesn't make sense to me, Rick. Can't w-we do something?

RICK

I *am* doing something, Morty. I'm watching TV. And I'd like to *keep* watching TV if you get my drift.

MORTY

Aw, come on Rick. You're always goin on about how I should pay more attention to the world and stuff.

RICK

Yeah, so you can rise above your own mediocrity, Morty. But that's kinda hard if you stop to ask me about every single thing you see.

Morty lowers his head sadly.

Beat.

Rick catches it out of the corner of his eye and sighs, rolling his eyes.

RICK (CONT'D)

Uuuugh.

Rick stands up. Morty gets briefly excited.

MORTY

Thanks Ri--

Rick grabs Morty's wrist and walks quickly toward the garage with him in tow.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rick enters the garage from the house, holding Morty by the wrist and walking too quickly for Morty to keep up.

Rick leaves Morty to stand in front of a plaid lawn chair. Morty rubs his wrist while looking unsure.

The chair grows both ends of a seatbelt and wraps them around Morty's waist, pulling him down into the chair as they buckle together on their own.

Rick grabs a small Q-tip from a cabinet and wheels a TV in front of Morty.

Rick sticks the Q-tip into Morty's mouth, immediately pulls it out, and places it into a nearby machine.

Rick twists several knobs on the back of the machine as it hums to life.

MORTY

W-wait, what's goin on, Rick? Why are we in your garage?

RICK

Well Morty, since you won't let me watch TV until I explain things, I wanted to make sure we did it right so that the next time you thought about asking me a stupid question, you might remember how you got your answer.

Rick hits a button on the machine as the TV briefly shows static before showing twelve scenes from Morty's life.

RICK (CONT'D)

This monitor shows all the times you've come into contact with cops since you were born. Here's the time Jerry got a ticket and wouldn't stop shouting "I know my rights." Here's the time Summer shoplifted from the mall and blamed it on you. Oh, here's the time you had a toy gun and you waved it around in front of a cop. That was real smart, Morty.

As Rick explains each scene, it grows larger on the monitor, showing police officers treating Morty nicely, patting his shoulder, and letting Morty hold their taser respectively.

MORTY

W-what's your point, Rick?

Rick twists another knob before pressing the button again.

All of the scenes loop to the start with the only other change being that Morty is Black in each scene.

RICK

Now, it shows all the times you've  
come into contact with cops except  
you're Black.

The scenes play out one at a time on the monitor.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - DAY

COP#1 is standing impatiently with JERRY outside of his car  
before Morty steps out of the back seat.

COP#1

Sir, you're not under arrest, but  
you were going 20 over, and I have  
to at least give you a warn--

Cop#1 spots Morty and pulls out his gun, ignoring Jerry.

COP#1 (CONT'D)

Get down on your knees! Were you  
carjacking these people?

Without waiting for an answer, he talks into his radio. Morty  
looks around with growing fear.

COP#1 (CONT'D)

We've got a hostage situation on I-  
90, suspect is a young Black man,  
appears to be six-foot-two, heavily  
armed, requesting immediate backup.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

COP#2 is interrogating Summer, who's holding a bikini in  
front of a store.

SUMMER

(crying)

I'm sorry, officer, I didn't want  
to, but he *made* me!

Summer points at Morty who's looking at his phone on a mall  
bench. Cop#2 draws his gun, pointing it at Morty.

COP#2

You sick pervert, you make other  
people steal so you can cross dress  
for a night on the town?!

MORTY

W-what?

The scene starts to transition as multiple gun shots are heard and people scream in the background.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD LAWN - DAY

The next scene shows Morty holding a toy gun in their front lawn as a young child waving it around, smiling broadly.

COP#3 is walking by and, upon seeing Morty, dives behind a hedge, talking into his radio.

COP#3  
Requesting immediate assistance,  
taking fire from an African  
American youth, he's armed and is  
charging right at me! God help us.

Cop#3 peeks out from the side of the bush before firing his gun several times as the scene transitions.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The TV shows Morty jogging in the neighborhood at around his current age. The sun is setting.

Morty looks at a stopwatch on-screen and nods, smiling.

MORTY  
I-I don't remember seeing any  
police when I started running.

RICK  
Yeah, there's a reason for that.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

COP#4 and COP#5 sit in a nearby, unmarked car as Morty passes by. Their faces turn grave.

Cop#4 looks at Cop#5 and nods solemnly. Cop#5 reaches to talk into his radio.

COP#5  
We've got a suspected burglary,  
young urban male, in pursuit.

Both cops pull their gun out, cock them, and nod in unison.

COP#4  
It's time to live out my high  
school fantasy of being a hero.

Cop#5 pantomimes the cross in front of his face.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Morty looks upset, facing partially away from the monitor with one eye closed, grimacing.

MORTY

Jeez, o-okay Rick, I get it.

Rick puts his hands on the chair, bending down to get in Morty's face, a bit of drool leaking from the his mouth.

RICK

I don't think you *do*, Morty. I just gave you forty seconds in that life. *Forty seconds*. Imagine living with it for your entire life and never knowing anything different. I thought you of all people might know what that feels like because this is how every other Rick treats his Morty: as expendable.

Morty tries and fails to unbuckle his seatbelt. Rick presses a button on the side of the chair which releases Morty.

MORTY

So w-what can we do about it, Rick?

RICK

(incredulously)

"We"? Morty, there's no "we" here. Black lives matter, just not to politicians, cops, or me. No lives matter to me beyond the extent to which I can use their collective suffering and oppression as a tool to make you stop bothering me when I'm trying to watch TV.

Rick starts to leave, his hand on the doorknob to the house.

Morty pulls out his phone, reading from it as he follows.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh, and tell Jerry that when he goes to pick up barbeque tonight, if he forgets the sauce again, I'll replace him with a clone that has four ears so it actually listens.

Morty points at his phone.

MORTY

O-oh man, I think the owner of that barbeque place was arrested protesting. They're talking about it on social media.

Rick stops, facepalming and thinking to himself.

RICK

Shit, they're closed?! I love their ribs, Morty.

Rick turns and walks towards his spaceship.

He pulls a remote from his pocket and presses a button on it, which opens the garage door.

RICK (CONT'D)

Alright Morty, get in the ship, we're going to fix racism.

EXT. GYM PARKING LOT - DAY

Jerry tentatively gets out of his car and walks toward the gym. He's dressed in ill-fitting and hideous athletic wear. The scientifically-enhanced shoes glow.

JERRY

Alright, Jerry. You've got this.

Jerry looks at his shoes and smirks. He enters the gym.

INT. BASKETBALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

As Jerry approaches the court, RAPHAEL (52, Black) stops playing and walks over to meet him. He's tall, attractive, and wearing nicer athletic gear than Jerry.

A group of Raphael's friends continue playing.

RAPHAEL

Hey, Jerry! Glad you could make it!

JERRY

Raphael! Ready to see my skills?

Raphael's friends look at Jerry and try not to laugh. One passes the ball to Raphael.

Raphael hands it to Jerry.

RAPHAEL  
Alright, Superman, let's see what  
you got. You gonna dunk on me?

Jerry pauses confidently.

JERRY  
You bet I am.

Raphael shifts to half-heartedly block Jerry.

Raphael's friends laugh.

Jerry moves to jump, and the shoes glow, rocketing him up.  
**Jerry** starts flipping over and over, **<screaming>**.

Jerry's hand collides with the rim, dunking the ball.

Raphael and his friends are stunned.

RAPHAEL  
Holy shit...

A nearby SUITED MAN pulls out a phone and dials it quickly.

SUITED MAN  
Hey, Scott? You gotta get down to  
the gym. You wanted me to scout for  
talent, but this is ridiculous.

Jerry remains hanging from the rim. He looks around.

JERRY  
Can someone help me down?

INT. RICK'S SPACESHIP - DAY

Rick and Morty sit in Rick's ship as it flies through space.

MORTY  
W-well, if it's part of the human  
condition, how are we gonna fix it?

RICK  
Change the human condition, Morty.  
We're going to Raijulon-2. There's  
a plant we need to harvest.

EXT. RAIJULON-2 - CONTINUOUS

The ship lands on a jungle planet thick with vegetation.

Rick exits onto a worn field.

As soon as Morty exits on the other side, a plant wraps him up and starts choking him out.

Without looking, Rick shoots above the plant with a small gun. The area grows a storm cloud and rains on the plant, shriveling it and killing it instantly.

Morty chokes, trying to breathe again.

MORTY

W-what the hell was that?

Rick continues looking around unconcerned.

RICK

All these plants need a very specific amount of water to maintain life. Anything more will kill them. Keep your eyes open for a plant that knows too much.

MORTY

Like it went to college?

RICK

No, Morty, then it would be a plant that knows too much about Shakespeare or Greek history.

Morty backs up, looking around as he bumps into a small FLOWER with a mouth.

FLOWER

Oh hi there. You must be Morty.  
Lovely day. How's Jessica?

Morty turns around, half jumping in surprise.

MORTY

R-Rick, what is this thing? How does it know about Jessica?

Rick pulls out a device with a glass tube housing on top.

RICK

It's a plant that knows too much, Morty. Pay attention.

The Flower turns in Rick's general direction.

FLOWER  
(nervous)  
Now, I know what you're thinking  
Rick, but I promise--

Rick plucks the Flower out of the ground and shoves it in the glass housing of his device.

The device starts <WHIRRING> as the flower is blended into a green cream. The **Flower** <screams>.

RICK  
This is an Empathy Flower. It can  
be used to increase a person's  
sense of-  
(disgusted)  
Ugh, moral obligation and social  
awareness.

MORTY  
A-and we're just gonna spray it all  
over earth?

RICK  
Well, first we have synthesize  
enough, but yeah. Here, hold this.

Rick hands Morty the device as he pulls out a scanner.

MORTY  
Ah geez, Rick, we kinda messed  
things up the last time we did  
that, you know?

RICK  
Science is all about learning from  
our mistakes and trying again.

A vine with teeth crawls up Morty's hand.

Rick scans the device. The scan catches the vine on Morty.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Hey, be careful with--

The vine bites Morty. Morty twitches his hand and he throws the device at Rick on accident while shaking off the vine.

The device's glass housing shatters and the cream gets on Rick's shirt. Rick breathes in and the flower's molecules enter his nose and mouth, nesting on his lungs.

MORTY

O-oh my gosh, Rick- I'm so sorry!  
Are you alright?

Rick's eyes dilate and he looks around.

RICK

(politely)

Yeah, I'm fine Morty, thanks for  
asking. Don't worry about it.

The two share a look.

RICK (CONT'D)

Ah shit.

INT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

SCOTT BROOKS (55, White, coach of the WA Wizards) stands next  
to the SUITED MAN. Raphael sits nearby.

Jerry is in the background repeatedly failing to perform  
basic basketball maneuvers, but launching the ball into the  
hoop every time anyway.

SUITED MAN

I'm serious, Scott, this guy's the  
real deal.

SCOTT

He can't even dribble! Look at him.

SUITED MAN

But *every single thing* he does gets  
the ball where it needs to go.

Scott watches Jerry as ball-after-ball go in. Scott strokes  
his chin. Raphael walks over.

RAPHAEL

I don't mean to pry, but are you  
the coach of the Wizards?

SCOTT

Scott Brooks.

Raphael shakes Scott's hand. Scott motions toward Jerry.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Did you train this guy?

RAPHAEL

Nah, I'm just a friend from work.  
Dude wanted to come out to play a  
bit, but he's unbelievable. You  
lookin to recruit him?

SCOTT

Let's find out.

Scott picks up a ball and hurls it at Jerry.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Head's up!

Jerry holds up his arms and one leg to protect himself as the  
ball hits him. Jerry's shoes glow and shift him slightly.

JERRY

(pitifully)

Ow!

The ball bounces off Jerry and flies straight into the net.

SCOTT

How is that even possible..?

RAPHAEL

Right? Jerry's got the magic touch!  
I've never seen anything like it.

SCOTT

(calling over)

Hey superstar; over here!

Jerry walks over. Scott puts his hand on Jerry's shoulder.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

How do you feel about the NBA,  
Jerry?

INT. RICK'S SPACESHIP - DAY

Rick and Morty are sitting in the spaceship.

RICK

Alright, alright, just gimme a  
second to come up with a plan.

Beat. Rick's eyes get larger as the distant screams of  
victims and laser/explosion sounds echo in his mind.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Dammit, I can't think with all this  
repressed guilt!

MORTY  
I-it's okay, Rick. Just breathe.

RICK  
Morty, I'm so sorry about  
everything. I've done so much to  
you. Can you ever forgive me?

MORTY  
It's fine, Rick. C'mon just snap  
out of it. We're gonna go fix  
racism, right?

Rick breathes.

RICK  
Yeah. Yeah, Morty. Let's go. One  
step at a time.

The spaceship lands in Rick's garage.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rick and Morty step out of the spaceship. Several beer  
bottles fall out on Rick's side.

**Rick** looks down at the beer bottles and **<groans>**.

Rick walks up to his workbench, slotting his scanner and the  
device into a machine. He presses several buttons.

RICK  
Okay, Morty. This'll create a whole  
batch of that empathy chemical, but  
not for a few days; we lost a lot  
of the sample when it landed on me.

MORTY  
I-I guess that's that then. Does  
that mean we won't be able to get  
barbeque tonight?

RICK  
I'm sorry, Morty. I hadn't thought  
this whole adventure through. I  
just play things by ear a little  
too often, you know? I value your  
opinion of me, so I try to seem  
like I can do anything on demand.

MORTY

It's all good, Rick. I-I'm just  
glad you're opening up. Maybe we'll  
take it easy for a couple days?

RICK

That sounds good, Morty.

Morty walks into the house.

Rick looks around at his wall of weaponry and sighs.

RICK (CONT'D)

What have I become?

Rick looks out to the neighborhood.

A BLACK WOMAN is driving through the neighborhood with her  
HUSBAND. A police car behind them chirps.

Both cars pulls over. Rick's eyes narrow as he walks outside.

COP#6 speaks over the car's megaphone.

COP#6

(nervously)

Step out of the vehicle and lay  
down! No funny business!

EXT. BETH AND JERRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rick approaches the police car and leans to the window.

The couple gets out of their car and lays down.

RICK

Is there a problem here, officer?

COP#6

T-these two were casing the  
neighborhood for a burglary spree!

BLACK WOMAN

We're just shopping for houses!

Rick turns back and glares at Cop#6.

RICK

Alright, you can either drive away now and stop being racist, or I attach a rocket to your car and you fly off to a re-education planet where they teach you to be less of a shithead.

COP#6

You can't threaten me!

Cop#6 pulls his gun out and fires it at Rick. It bounces off a forcefield.

Rick sighs and places a small device on the back of the car.

The device unfurls into a large rocketpack and the car blasts off into space with **Cop#6 <screaming>**.

The Black Woman and Husband slowly stand up to look.

HUSBAND

Is... Is he gonna be okay?

RICK

Probably.

Rick walks away. The couple is confused and concerned.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Rick walks slowly, lost in thought.

RICK

That... was great. Is that what helping people is supposed to feel like? Have I been missing out this whole time?

Rick looks around and sees an OLD LADY in her lawn nearby. She's struggling to tend her garden. She's in pain.

Rick pulls out a gun, points it at her, and fires a blue ray.

The Old Lady stands up and looks around, testing her body.

OLD LADY

M-my back...! It's healed!

Rick looks down at the gun.

RICK

Huh...

Rick smiles.

INT. BASKETBALL STADIUM - DAY

A small crowd sits in the stadium, bored. A buzzer sound indicates someone has scored.

The scoreboard shows the Washington Wizards losing badly to the Utah Jazz. 100 - 50. The number increases to 102.

The clock is paused at 1:50.

The Wizards players on the court look discouraged. Scott Brooks stands nearby, holding a clipboard.

Scott signals for a timeout to the refs.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The Wizards call a time out, but  
they're only staving off the  
inevitability of defeat.

Scott looks at a clipboard, pinching the bridge of his nose.

The paper on the clipboard reads "Secret Plays" with "Durant" written under it. Scott crosses it off angrily with a pen.

Underneath is written "Smith???" Scott sighs and turns to Jerry, who's sitting on the bench nearby.

SCOTT

Alright, Jerry. Time to see your  
crazy superpowers in action.

Jerry looks excited and enthusiastic. He jumps up and runs onto the court.

The whistle blows as a Wizards player passes to Jerry.

Jerry turns to start dribbling, but trips immediately. His shoes glow and reposition slightly as his arms fly up.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ooh- and the Wizards' surprise new  
player takes a dive the instant he  
gets on the court. But wait..!

The ball sails from his hands and goes the entire length of the court into the Jazz's net.

The crowd is stunned.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 In all my years of telecasting...  
 Folks, even for a hopeless game,  
 that was one of the wildest shots  
 I've ever seen. And I once mixed  
 bourbon with battery acid!

A Jazz player tries to pass the ball around Jerry, but Jerry's shoes glow and his foot slides so that his knee collides with the ball mid-pass.

The ball ricochets perfectly off of Jerry's knee and lands straight through the hoop.

The **crowd <goes ballistic>**.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 What on earth am I watching here?  
 Did the Wizards pick up an *actual*  
*wizard* to play for them?

MONTAGE - BASKETBALL STADIUM - DAY

A. Jerry jumps six feet to block a shot, but isn't prepared to catch it. It bounces off his face, another player's head, and sails into the Jazz's net.

B. Jerry shoots the ball from half court granny-style. It falls perfectly through the hoop.

C. Jerry's shoes glow and shift Jerry's stance.

D. Jerry's shoes glow and Jerry jumps.

E. Jerry's shoes glow and Jerry's foot kicks the ball.

F. The scoreboard indicates the Wizards' score increasing continuously as the clock approaches 0:02.

END MONTAGE

Jerry holds the ball. The clock only has a second left.

Scott is biting his nails on the sidelines.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 The Wizard's walking miracle has  
 the ball and they're down by just a  
 point! Folks, I've never been more  
 invested in a game, and I once bet  
 my life savings on the outcome of  
 Space Jam.

Jerry smirks as his shoes glow, and he crouches to jump.

The entire crowd stands up to see the play.

The air is silent in anticipation.

**Jerry** jumps twenty feet over the rest of the players, flailing and **<screaming>** as he dunks the ball.

A buzzer blares as the **crowd <explodes>**, cheering wildly.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've never seen anything like this!  
A veritable god among men has just  
redefined everything I thought I  
knew about basketball!

CROWD

Jerry! Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!

A tear forms in Jerry's eye.

JERRY

This is the best moment of my life.

Jerry is still hanging from the basketball hoop.

INT. INTERNMENT HOME FOR THE INFIRM - DAY

Rick is walking gleefully through an assisted living facility. Morty walks behind him, confused.

MORTY

W-what are we doing here, Rick?

Rick begins blasting sick and disabled people with his heal gun. Each person seems happier, and more physically fit.

RICK

I think I've found my calling,  
Morty. I think helping people is  
really what I needed in my life.

A NURSE sees Rick down the hallway and walks towards him.

NURSE

Hey, you can't be here!

Rick shoots the Nurse with his heal gun.

The Nurse pauses, looking down at his own hands.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
 M-my carpal tunnel is gone..! I'm  
 gonna go home and write that novel!

The Nurse rushes out of the building triumphantly. Rick continues walking through the building with Morty.

RICK  
 See, Morty? I can make everyone's  
 life better.

Rick approaches a room with a sign above the door reading "Supernatural Victims Ward".

MORTY  
 Rick, maybe this isn't a good idea.  
 We don't know what kinda problems  
 they have.

RICK  
 It'll be fine, Morty.

Rick opens the door. His confidence turns to confusion and then realization.

INT. INTERNMENT HOME FOR THE INFIRM - SVW - CONTINUOUS

Inside the ward are dozens of sick or injured people from Rick's adventures.

There's a Cronenberg; Maximus Renegade's top half clings to life; Some bug creatures from the former galactic government in various states of injury; a greenish toxic human.

Rick approaches several beds with unconscious people in them. He reads the signs aloud.

RICK  
 Caught in explosion caused by a  
 pickle creature. Mind control  
 victim stuck in a permanent coma.  
 Caught in the crossfire by a bird  
 cyborg. Shot by futuristic laser.

Rick continues walking until he comes to the last bed.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 Oh God...

The final bed has a Morty with alien wounds in it.

MORTY

How did all these people get here?  
It's like a hospital just for  
people--

RICK

Who were hurt by me. Morty, I'm the  
problem.

INT. BETH AND JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The family is sitting down to eat. The meal is not the  
barbeque that Jerry promised.

Jerry is wearing a Wizards jersey. Rick is somber.

SUMMER

So, what happened to the barbeque?

JERRY

They were closed, so I figured I'd  
pick up some Taco Bell. Kids like  
tacos, right?

SUMMER

Those things aren't even remotely  
the same.

JERRY

Look, I had a lot going on with the  
basketball game that I single-  
handedly won.

SUMMER

We get it, dad, you're good at  
something for once.

Jerry looks a little deflated.

BETH

Summer! Your father is finally  
doing something with his life. Try  
to be supportive.

Jerry looks even more deflated.

BETH (CONT'D)

What about you two? Any fun  
adventures?

MORTY

W-well, we were trying to cure  
racism, but we ran into a problem.

BETH

That's very thoughtful of you, dad.

RICK

No. I think I really screwed the pooch on this one. I-I've hurt people. I've hurt this family.

Beth looks touched, but worried.

BETH

Oh, dad, no, it's fine.

MORTY

R-Rick. Are you okay?

RICK

I don't think so, Morty. I think everything terrible I've done is finally catching up to me.

JERRY

(without irony)

Well, that's what you get for trying to play God all the time, Rick. Maybe this'll be good for your ego.

RICK

Maybe you're right, Jerry...

Rick stands up and sighs. He walks sadly out to the garage.

Morty gets up and runs after him. Beat.

SUMMER

These tacos suck.

JERRY

Summer!

BETH

She's right, Jerry.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Morty walks into the garage. A green portal sits near Rick's workbench. Morty tentatively walks through it.

EXT. CALM LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Morty exits the portal to see Rick sitting on a small log in front of a pristine lake. Rick is troubled.

MORTY

R-Rick?

Rick doesn't look at him.

RICK

You shouldn't be here, Morty. You don't need to see this.

Rick puts his portal gun on the ground in front of Morty.

RICK (CONT'D)

Go home, Morty.

MORTY

What are you doing, Rick?

RICK

Morty, I've hurt too many people. I see that now. Too many bodies left behind. Too much sadness. And it took me too many years to see that I was the problem. My super science was the problem.

Rick looks down.

RICK (CONT'D)

I can't fix that with empathy.

Rick stands up and approaches the lake.

MORTY

T-there's still time, Rick. If you just help enough people--

RICK

I'll never wash the blood off these hands, Morty. I can't. And I can't keep messing with humanity on a cosmic scale. Even if I'm trying to help, I don't... think I can live with the pain I cause on the way. "Cure" racism? What was I thinking, Morty? I'm not a god...

Rick steps halfway into the lake.

RICK (CONT'D)

I'm just...

Rick walks into the lake, submerging himself.

MORTY

No! Rick!!

Morty runs to the water and starts taking off his shoes, but he trips in his panic.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Dammit, Rick!

INT. CALM LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Underwater, Rick closes his eyes and breathes in the water.

Inside his lungs, the water dissolves the Empathy Flower's bulbs attached to his lungs.

Immediately afterwards, some nanobots vacuum out the water and blow air back into Rick's lungs.

EXT. CALM LAKE - CONTINUOUS

As Morty finishes taking off his shirt, about to dive in, Rick emerges from the lake.

RICK

I'm just a fuckin GOD!

MORTY

Rick?!

RICK

I forgot I'd installed nanobots to save me from drowning *years* ago.

MORTY

B-but what about a-all that guilt stuff, Rick?

RICK

I was so caught up in my stupid emotions, I forgot that water kills the plants from Raijulon-2! I'm back, baby!

Rick, while soaking wet, pulls a small creature from his coat, twists its head, and applies it to his back.

The creature quickly absorbs all the water on Rick's clothes, then shrivels up and dies, falling to the ground.

MORTY

D-didn't you learn anything?

RICK

Not a thing, Morty. Let's go. This place smells like the dramatic overtones in a David Lynch movie.

Rick looks at the portal through which they came.

RICK (CONT'D)

Shit. Also, it might be next week by the time we get back. I apparently picked a universe where time passes faster because I was a compromised idiot.

Rick grabs Morty and heads through the portal.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rick and Morty exit the portal and Rick opens the door to the kitchen. The two walk in. The lights are off.

MORTY

W-where is everyone, Rick?

RICK

Not sure, Morty. Hopefully not holding a funeral for us while we were "missing."

Rick pulls out a tracking device that has three dots near each other on a grid.

RICK (CONT'D)

Looks like they're all downtown somewhere.

Rick twists a knob on his portal gun and fires straight down.

Rick and Morty plummet through.

INT. BASKETBALL STADIUM - STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Rick and Morty fall directly next to Beth and Summer in courtside seats. Morty is dazed, Rick is irritated.

BETH  
Oh, hey Morty - dad.

RICK  
This is where you are?

Rick spots Jerry on the court.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Jerry's stupid basketball game?

SUMMER  
It's the championship. Dad's  
actually doing well.

RICK  
Of course he is, he's wearing--  
Rick pinches the bridge of his nose.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Nevermind. C'mon, Morty.

BETH  
Don't you want to stay and watch  
the end? It's a tie game!

RICK  
Of course I don't; it's *Jerry*.

MORTY  
C'mon, Rick. Just give it 5 minutes  
and we'll go home.

INT. BASKETBALL STADIUM - COURT - CONTINUOUS

ANNOUNCER  
Truly, this has been one of the  
most exciting games of basketball  
ever. It's a safe bet that however  
this game ends, no one will walk  
away unhappy.

Jerry starts to jump toward the hoop from the 3-point line.  
He's fouled by a player who grabs at his shoe, pulling him  
down to the ground.

Jerry's kneeling for a moment in panic, looking at his shoe,  
which is now sparking.

Scott looks at Jerry and hastily calls a time out.

Scott runs over to Jerry and leans over him.

SCOTT

What's wrong, bud. Did you get hurt? There's three seconds left and you're all I've got; **please** tell me you didn't get hurt.

JERRY

I-I'm fine. I just need a minute.

Jerry runs off the court in a panic toward his family.

INT. BASKETBALL STADIUM - STANDS - CONTINUOUS

JERRY

Hey Rick! Glad you could make it. Listen, someone just grabbed the shoe, and now it's broken, and I really need to win this game.

Jerry holds out the shoe.

Rick gives Jerry a stink eye, but takes the shoe and looks at it from several angles.

RICK

Ya know, you're never gonna believe this, Jerry, but the shoes have been 'off' for a couple days.

JERRY

That's impossible, Rick. You saw me out there.

RICK

I actually didn't, and no, it's not impossible. See?

Rick holds up the sole, which has a dial set to "off."

RICK (CONT'D)

Maybe you've just gotten amazing at basketball.

Jerry looks down at the shoe in thought. He regains his confidence.

JERRY

Thanks, Rick.

Jerry walks back to the court. Morty looks unimpressed.

MORTY  
So, you really didn't learn  
anything, huh, Rick?

Rick takes a sip from his flask.

RICK  
Sure I did, Morty. I learned not to  
try to play god *all* the time.

INT. BASKETBALL STADIUM - COURT - CONTINUOUS

Jerry takes a confident stand at the free throw line. He gives a thumb's up to his family.

Jerry crouches with terrible form and throws the ball far to the side of the hoop.

The crowd is silent as the ball bounces away. A loud buzzer indicates the end of the game as the timer hits 0:00.

The crowd starts rioting immediately. People start flowing down to the court. Chairs are flying. People are screaming. A tooth soars across the court.

Jerry panics and starts running to the locker room.

JERRY  
No no no no no no no!

MORTY  
Ah, geez, Rick, maybe the lesson was to use a light touch. Not be totally on or totally off? It's every person's job to be a little less shitty and make the world a little better, you know?

RICK  
Shut up, Morty. Let's go.

Rick pulls out his portal gun and gestures to Morty.

MORTY  
No thanks, Rick. I think we're gonna go find dad and make sure he's okay.

Rick shrugs, opens a portal, and walks through.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rick stands in the garage alone, unmoving for a beat.

Rick looks at the device with the synthesized empathy serum.  
Rick scoffs at it.

Rick pulls out a dropper, taking a drop of the serum.

Rick deposits the serum on his tongue and breathes in.

Rick opens another portal, walking through and back out with several boxes of donuts.

Rick hooks the serum up to a spray bottle and douses all of the donuts lightly.

Rick opens a final portal and walks through.

INT. POLICE CHARITY FUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

Rick arrives at an auditorium filled with police officers.  
They're listening to speakers on-stage talking about sensitivity training.

A shrine indicates mourning over the policeman that Rick sent off-world, who is now presumed missing.

Rick approaches a caterer in the back.

RICK  
This the police charity ball? I  
brought some donuts for everyone.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Rick returns through a portal into his garage.

Rick looks almost appreciative of the moment.

RICK  
A light touch, eh?

RUN CREDITS

INT. BASKETBALL COURT - TV ADVERTISEMENT - DAY

A sad Jerry-lookalike is missing multiple basketball shots.

A glorious, golden OWL with MR. POOPY BUTTHOLE's voice descends nearby.

OWL  
Oooh-weeee! Are you bad at  
basketball? Do you want to stop  
being bad at basketball?

The Owl does a flourish and some "magic" particles surround the Jerry-lookalike's shoes.

The Jerry-lookalike is excited and starts shooting perfectly.

OWL (CONT'D)  
Then try Rick Airs! They'll make  
you really good at that one, super-  
specific thing.

Close-up on the shoes.

OWL (CONT'D)  
Is it the shoes? Y-yes. It's the  
shoes. Can I get paid now?

INT. RAPHAEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Raphael is sitting on a couch watching the commercial.

The Jerry-lookalike trips as the ball hits the Owl, flying into the hoop.

RAPHAEL  
Shit, I shoulda known I was just a  
plot device for some white  
asshole's character arc.

PAN OUT to reveal THE PRESIDENT reclined in a chair nearby. He's wearing an unbuttoned shirt and holding a can of beer.

THE PRESIDENT  
Tell me about it.

FADE OUT