

Rick AND Morty

"The Meeseeks Box"

By

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INT. EVENT HORIZON STYLE SPACE STATION - NIGHT

We're at the climax of some random adventure. Rick and Morty are being chased by terrifying demonic versions of Beth, Summer, and Jerry. Summer and Jerry tackle Rick, as Morty gets cornered by a his demonic mom. Rick shouts from the ground.

RICK

Morty! Do it! Hit the button now!!!

Morty hesitates.

MORTY

I can't do it, Rick! They're my parents and sister!

RICK

Morty, I already told you, it's not your family! They're clones from an alternate reality, possessed by demonic alien spirits from another dimension's future! Do you need a mnemonic device or something? Just hit the button, already!

The Beth demon turns normal for a moment

BETH

Morty, please, I love you, sweetheart.

MORTY

Oh geez...

Morty closes his eyes and hits a button on the wall of the space station. A hatch opens up in the floor, and sucks the demonic versions of Beth and Summer into it (like the *Ghost Busters* trap), ripping their flesh off first in a disgusting display. It's horrifying. Rick gets up, dusts himself off, and pulls a cartridge out of the floor. Rick shoots a portal against the wall, and walks into:

INT. GARAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Morty follows Rick into the garage. Rick is holding some kind of smoking sci-fi device.

RICK

Good work, Morty. These demonic alien spirits are really valuable.

Morty pukes in the corner.

RICK (CONT'D)

You okay, Morty? I told you not to trust that tuna.

MORTY

I just killed my family! I don't care what they were.

Rick is casually tinkering with something.

RICK

Some people pay top dollar for that kind of breakthrough, Morty.

MORTY

You know what, Rick?! That's it! I'm done with these insane adventures! That was really traumatizing! I quit! I'm out!

Morty heads to the door. Rick stops him.

RICK

Whoa, whoa! Come on, Morty, don't be like that. The universe is a crazy, chaotic place.

MORTY

No, Rick! You're the one that's crazy and chaotic! I don't even understand what- what we even accomplished. Adventures are supposed to be simple and fun.

RICK

Is that what you think? Well why don't you show me then.

MORTY

What are you talking about, Rick?

RICK

You lead the next adventure. It'll be all yours. I'll be your sidekick.

MORTY

Really? I get to call the shots?

RICK

Yeah. But let's make it interesting.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

If your adventure sucks, you lose the right to complain about all future adventures. Plus, you have to do my laundry for a month.

MORTY

Alright! But if my adventure's good, you have to let me be in charge of every third adventure!

RICK

Every tenth.

MORTY

Fine. Deal. Well let's go. Now.

RICK

You're on, LeBron.

Beth comes in.

BETH

Dad, the dishwasher's doing that thing again.

RICK

Washing dishes?

BETH

No. The opposite. Can you fix it?

Summer comes in.

SUMMER

Grandpa Rick, can you help me with my science homework?

RICK

Yeah, don't do it.

SUMMER

Grandpa --

Jerry comes in.

JERRY

Hey, Rick. You got some kind of hand-shaped device that can open this mayonnaise jar?

RICK

Wow. Hat trick. Okay, Morty, let's put a pin in this, I gotta help your pathetic family.

Morty starts flapping his arms and dancing around.

MORTY

Bawk. Bawk. Bawk.

RICK

Oh, Morty. Now you done did it.
It's on. I can't wait to watch your
adventure lay a fart.
(to the family)
As for you ding dongs...

Rick rifles around in a box on his shelf. He pulls out a small ORNATE METAL BOX.

RICK (CONT'D)

This is a Meeseeks Box. Let me show
you how it works. You press this --

Rick presses a big button on the top of the box. Poof! An adorable, anthropomorphic little blue creature appears (like "Pit Pat" from Mr. Show.)

MEESEEKS

I'm Mr. Meeseeks!

RICK

You make a request --
(to Meeseeks)
Mr. Meeseeks, open Jerry's stupid
mayonnaise jar.

MEESEEKS

Yesiree!

The Meeseeks takes Jerry's jar and starts trying to open it.

RICK

The Meeseeks fulfills the request -

The Meeseeks opens the jar and hands it to Jerry.

MEESEEKS

All done!

JERRY

Wow!

RICK

Then it stops existing.

Poof! The Meeseeks disappears in a cloud of smoke. Rick hands the Meeseeks box to Jerry.

SUMMER

Oh my God, he exploded!

RICK

Trust me, they're fine with it.
Knock yourself out. Just keep your
requests simple. They're not gods.

Morty starts shoving the three of them out of the garage.

MORTY

Alright! Get lost! Everybody out!
Move it or lose it! I have a bet to
win over here!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The Meeseeks Box sits on a coffee table. Jerry, Beth, and Summer stare at it.

BETH

So many possibilities...

SUMMER

My mind is racing.

JERRY

If we're going to use this thing,
which I'm not even sure we should,
we need to keep it sim-

Summer slams the button. Poof! A Meeseeks appears.

SUMMER'S MEESEEKS

I'm Mister Meseeks!

SUMMER

I want to be popular at school!

SUMMER'S MEESEEKS

Alrighty!

JERRY

Summer, what did I-

Beth hits the button. Poof. Another Meeseeks appears.

BETH'S MEESEEKS

I'm Mister Meseeks!

BETH

I want to be a more complete woman!

JERRY

Beth!

BETH'S MEESEEKS

Yes, ma'am!

Summer and Beth's Meeseeks lead them away.

JERRY

You guys are doing it wrong!

Jerry thinks for a moment. He waggles his fingers, does a little flourish, and pushes the button with style and confidence. Poof. A Meeseeks appears.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

I'm Mr. Meeseeks!

JERRY

Mr. Meeseeks, I would like to take two strokes off my golf game.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

Can do!

Jerry leans back on the couch and smiles.

JERRY

Nailed it.

EXT. MEDIEVAL VILLAGE - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Rick and Morty walk through a classic old timey RPG medieval village. Morty holds a weathered cloth map, reading it as they walk.

RICK

Geez, Morty. What a boring start to an adventure. We could have just gone to Kentucky.

MORTY

Rick, this is a fantasy type world with creatures and all kinds of fantasy things. We're going on a quest. We just need to find someone who needs help with something.

RICK

Can't wait.

MORTY

Umm...

Morty looks around at various PEASANTS milling about. He gets up on a crate.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Excuse me! Is anyone in need of aid?! We are two heroes in search of adventure!

The villagers all turn and look at Rick and Morty.

RICK

Oh my god, so embarrassing.

A peasant rushes over to them.

PEASANT

At last! Two heroes! You must help us! This village is terribly poor, yet the giant that lives in the clouds above has untold treasures! We would be able to eat for years if you could get even one of the golden eggs laid by his goose.

MORTY

I accept your call to adventure, good sir!

Morty jumps down off the crate.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Come on, Rick. There are giants in the clouds!

Morty marches proudly off. Rick follows him.

RICK

Beginner's luck.

INT. HARRY HERPSON HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - DAY

Summer's Meeseeks is at a podium giving a speech to the entire school.

SUMMER'S MEESEEKS

In conclusion, a friendship with Summer Smith is a key to the most valuable and enriching experience of your young lives. I'm Mister Meseeks! Thank you!

The crowd gives a standing ovation. Summer's classmates surround her as Principal Vagina approaches her Meeseeks.

PRINCIPAL VAGINA

Mr. Meeseeks was it? Gene Vagina.
Listen, I'm in a bit of custody
thing with my ex and was wondering -

Poof! The Meeseeks disappears.

PRINCIPAL VAGINA (CONT'D)

(looks around)
It's okay, I'll get your info from
Summer!

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - DAY

Beth and her Meeseeks are sharing a bottle of WHITE WINE on a European-style restaurant patio.

BETH

I got pregnant at seventeen. I
still put myself through veterinary
school. Yes, I'm successful, but
what if I hadn't-- I'm just saying,
somewhere along the way, I lost
that wide eyed girl from Muskegon.

BETH'S MEESEEKS

She's still in there.

BETH

Well her waistline isn't.

Beth **laughs awkwardly** at her own joke. The Meeseeks grabs her hand.

BETH'S MEESEEKS

Beth. Having a family doesn't mean
you stop being an individual. You
know the best thing you can do for
people that depend on you? Be
honest with them. Even if it means
setting them free.

A tear wells up in Beth's eye.

BETH

I can't believe I'm finally having
this conversation.

Beth locks eyes with the Meeseeks. She closes her eyes and leans forward for a kiss, but the Meeseeks disappears before her lips reach it. Beth immediately looks embarrassed. A WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS

More wine?

BETH

(clears her throat)

I think I've had enough.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Jerry hacks away at a ball. His swing is clumsy and hopeless. His grip is limp. His Meeseeks watches, dressed as a little caddy, the Meeseeks box sits next to him.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

Remember to square your shoulders,
Jerry.

JERRY

Yup. Got it.

Jerry swings and takes out a big chunk of turf. The ball rolls off the tee.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

That's okay. I'm Mister Meseeks!
Try again and keep your head down.

JERRY

Which is it? Square my shoulders or
keep my head down?

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

Well, it's both. But most
importantly you need to relax.

A pair of GOLFERS pull up in a CART.

OTHER GOLFER

Hey, buddy, mind if we play
through?

JERRY

Just give me a second, I've almost
got this.

MEESEEKS

Try again. Head down. Square
shoulders.

Jerry tries again and whiffs it.

OTHER GOLFER

You gotta keep your eye on the ball!

Jerry throws his club down and gets in the guy's face.

JERRY

Oh, I'm sorry, are you a Meeseeks?!

OTHER GOLFER

(confused)

I don't know what that is...

The Meeseeks is very uncomfortable with the tension.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

Hey, Jerry, it- it's cool. Let's all get back to enjoying this beautiful day on the links.

Jerry backs off.

JERRY

You know what, Mr. Meeseeks? I don't think this is working. I give up.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

I'm sorry, Jerry, but it doesn't work like that. I'm Mister Meseeks. I have to fulfill my purpose so I can go away.

JERRY

Well make yourself comfortable, because I suck.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

No, Jerry, I- I'm the one who sucks. Let me try something.

Jerry's Meeseeks hits the button. A second Meseeks pops out.

JERRY'S SECOND MEESEEKS

I'm Mr. Meeseeks!

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

Hi, Mr. Meeseeks! I'm Mr. Meeseeks!

JERRY'S SECOND MEESEEKS

Hi!

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

Hi! Can you help me get two strokes off Jerry's golf swing?

JERRY'S SECOND MEESEEKS

I surely can! I'm Mister Meeseeks!

The other golfer drives by in his cart.

OTHER GOLFER

Oh, *that's* a Meeseeks.

JERRY'S SECOND MEESEEKS

Now what have you covered already, catch me up. Is he keeping his shoulders squared?

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

He's trying!

INT. GIANT'S CASTLE - KITCHEN - DAY

Rick and Morty jump off a bean stalk, through a window, and onto a kitchen counter.

RICK

Alright, Morty. We're in the giant's castle. What next?

MORTY

Relax Rick. We just gotta find the treasure room. Nice and simple. I'm sorry everything's going so smoothly and adventurously. Looks like you're going to lose the bet.

Booming footsteps are heard.

RICK

Uh oh, Morty. It's gettin' hairy. What should we do, boss?

MORTY

Hurry. Behind this cookie jar!

Morty leads Rick behind a GIANT COOKIE JAR. An ANGRY GIANT enters the room.

RICK

It's only a matter of time before he sniffs us out Morty. Ground bones, baked bread... Just say the word and I'll take us back home.

Rick pulls out his portal gun.

MORTY

No way, Rick. This is all part of it. Adventures have conflict. Deal with it.

A HUGE GIANT comes into the kitchen.

GIANT

Fee! Fi! Fo! Fum! I smell the blood of- Whoop!

In one quick beat, the giant slips, hits his head on the counter, and lands on the floor, bleeding out. The giant **moans** in pain and suffering.

MORTY

Oh my God, Rick! Oh geez, oh boy!

RICK

Yikes. He's messed up pretty bad, Morty. Should we bail?

MORTY

No, uh, wait! Just give me a sec!

The Giant's legs twitch. Morty is freaking out. A GIANT WOMAN enters the kitchen carrying a GIANT **CRYING** BABY.

GIANT WOMAN

Jesus! Dale!

MORTY

Oh no, Rick. What do we do?

RICK

I'm just gonna put this out there: run?

The GIANT WOMAN sees Rick and Morty.

GIANT WOMAN

You sons of bitches!

A GIANT GLASS slams down around them. The Giant Wife glares back at the them through the glass. She pulls out a GIANT CELL PHONE and dials 911.

GIANT WOMAN (CONT'D)

Hello. 911. My husband has been attacked by little people! He's dying!

Morty waves his arms from behind the glass.

MORTY

No! It was an accident! We didn't do it!

Rick rolls his eyes at Morty.

RICK

Amateur.

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Beth and Summer come in the door with shopping bags on their arms and frozen coffee drinks in hand. Beth is sporting a new hair style.

SUMMER

Like, letting go of the need to be popular is what makes people like you.

BETH

The most important love you can receive is from yourself.

They cross into the kitchen, not paying attention to Jerry, who is currently surrounded by six more Meeseeks working to improve his swing.

NEW MEESEEEKS #1

Okay, Jerry, just choke up on the club.

JERRY

Well, which is it, choke up or follow-through?!

NEW MEESEEEKS #2

Aww, come on, Jerry, we've been over this, you know you need to do both.

NEW MEESEEEKS #3

This is as frustrating for us as is it is for you.

JERRY

Don't tell me THAT! That just puts pressure on me!

NEW MEESEEEKS #1

Try to relax.

JERRY

You "try to relax!" Have you ever tried to relax?! It's a paradox!

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry enters the kitchen, exhausted, but playing it cool. He casually opens the refrigerator and pulls out a beer.

JERRY

These Meeseeks, huh? Kind of a handful. I can't imagine what you two must be going through.

BETH

Our Meeseeks have been gone for hours, Jerry.

JERRY

You're kidding me.

BETH

(re: her hair)

Nope. Notice anything different?

Jerry blows right by it. Beth is crushed.

JERRY

I'm sorry. Hours?

SUMMER

Dad, mom is a beautiful woman! Look at her! You *will lose her!*

JERRY

Uhh...

A Meeseeks pops his head in.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

Hey, Jerry, you mind if we get back to the task at hand? Meseeks don't usually have to exist this long, it's getting weird for us.

INT. GIANT POLICE STATION - DAY

JAIL MONTAGE

-Rick and Morty stand in a police line up between FOUR GIANTS.

On the other side of the glass, the GIANT WIFE points them out to the police. ALT: Criminal mice are lined up next to Rick and Morty.

-Rick and Morty are fingerprinted. Morty's entire body is mashed down into the black ink sponge.

-Rick and Morty are having their mug shots taken. Behind them are hash tags designating their height as FOUR INCHES. We pull back to see a giant cop lying on his stomach to take their photos.

-Rick and Morty are strip searched. A pair of confused giants try to decide between a pair of TWEEZERS and a TOOTHPICK to perform their cavity search.

-Rick and Morty are hosed off with a squirt gun.

-A giant police woman finishes sewing a pair of ORANGE JUMP SUITS for Rick and Morty.

INT. GIANT INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

TWO GIANT COPS aggressively interrogate Rick and Morty.

BAD COP

So you break into the victims home with the intent to steal one of his golden eggs, and what, he just happened to slip and break his neck?

MORTY

Y- yeah. That's what happened.

GOOD COP

Hey, Mike, go easy on them. They're so small.

(to Morty)

Look kid, I get it. This is a magical fantasy world filled with treasure and strange creatures. I saw that guy's goose. Giant cops don't make that much. If I were you, maybe I would've done the same.

MORTY

But that's not how it went down!

A GIANT LAWYER bursts in.

GIANT LAWYER

Fee! Fi! Fo! Fum! I smell the blood
of two innocent clients! No more
questions officers.

(to Rick and Morty)

Hello there, I'm Hugh Mungus, I'll
be representing you, and before you
ask, yes, that is a humorous name
in our world as well.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GIANT COURT ROOM - DAY

Rick and Morty sit in a giant-sized courtroom. A GIANT JUDGE goes over notes as OTHER GIANTS shuffle about, a GIANT PROSECUTOR and GIANT DEFENDER prepare.

RICK

Come on Morty. This trial could drag out for weeks and I don't think I need to tell you how it's gonna end. Look at that jury.

Morty looks at the jury of scowling giants. Rick pulls out the portal gun.

RICK (CONT'D)

Time to let go of your pride and call this thing.

MORTY

No way Rick! We're innocent. I have faith in the giant legal system.

RICK

Boy, you really want to win this bet, don't you?

The GAVEL bangs on the bench.

GIANT JUDGE

Order in the court! Before we begin the trial of tiny people versus the giant state, I just want to say that your behavior disgusts me and if it were my choice to make, I would sentence you to fee to fi years in prison right now--

GIANT LAWYER

Your honor.
(holds up blue envelope)
Motion to dismiss.

The Giant Judge is very put off.

GIANT JUDGE

I beg your pardon. Bring that here.

The Defender hands a note to the BAILIFF who takes it to the judge. He reads it for a moment.

GIANT JUDGE (CONT'D)

It appears these men were never
read their giant rights. I have no
choice but to dismiss this case.
You are free fi to fo home.

Everyone is puzzled.

GIANT JUDGE (CONT'D)

Okay, I stretched on that one.
You're free to go.

EXT. GIANT COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rick and Morty exit the court, free men.

MORTY

See, Rick. I was right! Everything
turned out fine. Now let's get back
to it.

RICK

Get back to it? What are you
talking about?

MORTY

Getting treasure for the village.
Come on.

They approach the edge of the giant courthouse stairs.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Whoa. Usually, walking down the
courthouse steps is the easy part
of the adventure.

The steps appear to be endless. Rick pulls out his portal gun
again.

RICK

Morty, for God's sake, cut your
losses.

MORTY

Oh yeah, you'd love that wouldn't
you? Well, no way, buddy. I didn't
come this far to let stairs get in
my way. The bet is still on. Now
help me out, sidekick.

Morty starts angling to get down the first step.

RICK
Alright, whatever you say, Morty.

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Jerry is still trying to figure out his swing. Many Meeseeks are now trying to help him.

JERRY
Everybody shut up! Let me try!
(swings)
DAMN IT DAMN IT!

Beth appears with her coat and purse.

BETH
I'm going out.

NOTE: the Meeseeks spend this conversation "ping-ponging" their gazes back and forth between Beth and Jerry.

JERRY
Wait, what?

BETH
Well, you're busy, I'm hungry, I thought I'd go out. Do you want me to be happy or do you want me to be in prison?

JERRY
Whoa whoa, where in the hell-- I want you to be happy, Beth. I'll take you to dinner.

The Meeseeks collectively **groan**.

JERRY (CONT'D)
(to Meeseeks)
Hey, you know what? It's hard being me TOO.
(to Beth)
I'll be right there.

Beth shrugs and heads out.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Look, I've got a marriage to keep together, because apparently, her head got filled with ideas by a Mister Meeseeks. Maybe you've heard of him? So.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

At this point, my golf swing is more your problem than mine. Figure it out amongst yourselves.

Jerry leaves and slams the front door. A SUFFERING MEESEEKS drops to his knees.

SUFFERING MEESEEKS

I can't take it anymore. I just want to die!

HOPELESS MEESEEKS

Never has a problem proven so unsolvable by the Meeseeks!

The leader of one of the factions stands up, let's call him FOLLOW THROUGH MEESEEKS. These Meeseek's voices are more serious and intense. The whole thing takes on a "*Game of Thrones*" vibe.

FOLLOW THROUGH MEESEEKS

It's become clear, that if we concentrate all our efforts on Jerry's follow through, we will solve this problem.

Another alpha Meeseeks steps forward on the opposite side. Let's call him CHOKE UP MEESEEKS.

CHOKE UP MEESEEKS

The only thing that is clear, is that choking up is the one true solution. I'm Mister Meeseeks!

Jerry's original Meeseeks stands up. He now has stubble and bags under his eyes. He looks much older than the rest.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

I've been trying to help Jerry for two days, an eternity in Meeseeks time, and nothing has worked. I fear the worst.

FOLLOW THROUGH MEESEEKS

Your failures are your own, old man. I'm Mister Meeseeks! I say follow through! Who's with me?!

Half the Meeseeks **cheer**. A GOLF BALL hits Follow Through in the head. He collapses to the ground. The Choke Up Meeseeks jumps on him. They wrestle around until Follow Through pins him down. He raises a golf ball over his head, about to bring it down on Choke Up's head like a large rock.

FOLLOW THROUGH MEESEEEKS (CONT'D)
(gritted teeth)
Always... follow... through.

Before he can bring it down, Choke Up reaches back and hits the button on the Meeseeks Box. A new Meeseeks appears.

NEW MEESEEEKS
I'm Mr. Meeseeks!

CHOKER UP MEESEEEKS
Kill him!

The New Meeseeks **hisses** and leaps on Follow Through. The other Meeseeks go nuts. Both sides scramble to summon more Meeseeks to join their side. Meeseeks appear one after another and join the fight. It's an all out Meeseeks brawl. We slowly push into the horrified face of Jerry's Meeseeks as he watches the violence.

JERRY'S MEESEEEKS
Stopp!!!

The battle stops. The other Meeseeks turn to him. He climbs on top of the couch.

JERRY'S MEESEEEKS (CONT'D)
My brothers, nothing will be accomplished by shedding Meeseek's blood. The task was to solve Jerry's problem by taking two strokes off his game. But there's nothing that says we can't take ALL the strokes off his game.

The Meeseeks **murmur** amongst each other.

SPEECH MEESEEEKS
By *killing* him.

The Meeseeks unite in the solution.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STAIRS - DAY

Rick and Morty hang from the side of a large step, rock climbing their way down. Morty has his shirt off, it's in his pocket. Rick is sweating.

RICK
Yeah, this is the part of the adventure everyone loves. Scaling down the six hundred fifty thousand oversized steps.

MORTY

If this were a story, this part
wouldn't be included, dummy.

Morty notices a sign located on the side of the stairs just
below. It reads "The Thirsty Step."

MORTY (CONT'D)

Holy crap look! It's like some kind
of tavern or something! Built right
into the side of the stairs!

INT. THE THIRSTY STEP - CONTINUOUS

It's a rambunctious dive bar with all sorts of various,
crazy, alien looking CREATURES. A table full of STAIR GOBLINS
(people in the shape of stairs) stop drinking and look at
Rick and Morty as they walk in.

RICK

Smells like trouble.

MORTY

Smells like adventure.

RICK

Well, then adventure smells like
bleach and armpits.

They sit at an empty table. Rick notices the stair goblins
looking angrily at him.

RICK (CONT'D)

Why you dogging me, fool?

MORTY

Easy, Rick.

The bartender, ROSIE, walk over.

ROSIE

Pay them no mind. Those stair
goblins can be moody. Welcome to
the Thirsty Step. The one sixteenth
mark down the stairs.

RICK

Ugh, one sixteenth?

ROSIE

What can I get'cha? We've got
Skarlog Poppies, Flurlow,
Halzingers, Bloogies, Juicy Times
babies...

RICK

Yeah, yeah, how about some scotch
whiskey? Do you have any of that
around here? Or just the nonsense
words?

MORTY

Don't be rude, Rick.
(to Rosie)
We'll have two Bloogies.

ROSIE

You got it, sweetie.

RICK

Hey, Rosie, is there anyway to get
a ride down these stairs?

A crazy worm-like character, SLIPPERY STAIR, in the booth
next to them turns around.

SLIPPERY STAIR

You all need a ride down the
stairs? My name is Slippery Stair.
I'll take you down there for twenty
five shmeckels.

RICK

Twenty five shmeckels? Is that a
lot? A little? Is it something
gross that's gonna hurt us?

ROSE

That's exactly how much I spent on
my big fake boobies.

A man in a business suit slides into frame.

MR. BOOBY BUYER

I'm Mr. Booby Buyer! I'll buy those
boobies for twenty-five schmeckles.

ROSE

It's a tempting offer, but I'm
gonna have to decline.

MR. BOOBY BUYER

Rats! What a shame!

Mr. Booby Buyer scurries up the wall onto the ceiling.

MORTY

(chuckles)

Alright, Rick, I'll be right back.
I gotta go to the bathroom.

Morty gets up and heads to the bathroom. He turns back around as he walks away.

MORTY (CONT'D)

You gotta give me credit for one thing, Rick, my adventures are full of some pretty delightful characters...

INT. THE THIRSTY STEP - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morty walks into the bathroom. He stands in front of the mirror and takes a breath. He's feeling good. He looks proudly at himself in the mirror.

One of the stall doors behind Morty creaks open. A Mr. JELLY BEAN comes out. He is a friendly, robust character.

MR. JELLY BEAN

Well, hello there!

MORTY

Hey, how's it going?

MR. JELLY BEAN

You seem like a happy fellow!

MORTY

Yeah, you know what? I am.

MR. JELLY BEAN

Well that's just great! I like your energy.

Mr. Jelly Bean moves closer to Morty.

MORTY

Oh, yeah, thanks! I, uh, like yours too.

MR. JELLY BEAN

I wonder what would happen if we were to, I don't know, mix our energies together?

Jelly Bean puts his hands on Morty's shoulders, and starts sensually massaging. Morty tenses up.

MR. JELLY BEAN (CONT'D)
Oh, you feel really nice.

MORTY
Oh, um, no thanks!

Morty tries to pull away, but Mr. Jelly Bean is very strong. He loses his jolly demeanor, and firms his grip. He leans close, whispering in Morty's ear.

MR. JELLY BEAN
Stop fighting me. Just let this happen. The more you fight, the more it will hurt.

Morty struggles.

MORTY
Get off me! No! Help!

INT. THE THIRSTY STEP - CONTINUOUS

Rick is singing karaoke, he's belting out an upbeat country style song. It's loud. The crowd loves it.

RICK
(singing)
Like a Rhinestone Cowboy!

INT. THE THIRSTY STEP - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The struggle has escalated. The Jelly Bean has forced Morty into a stall.

MORTY
No! No! Stop! Please!

MR. JELLY BEAN
Stop being such a fucking tease,
you sweet little twat.

Morty loses it. He hits Jelly Bean in the face knocking him back but Jelly Bean comes right back, tackling Morty. "Rhinestone Cowboy" continues playing as Morty somehow gets the upper hand, **screaming viciously** as he slams Jelly Bean's head onto the toilet. He slams the seat down repeatedly until Jelly Bean loses consciousness. Morty stops and looks at his hands. They've covered in jelly bean insides. Morty is out of breath.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jerry and Beth eat a nice dinner.

BETH

Maybe it's time I take that trip I
always talk about.

JERRY

Where would you go?

BETH

(shrugs)
Italy. Greece. Argentina.

Jerry holds the wine list to his forehead like Johnny
Carson's Carnak character

JERRY

(bad impression)
Countries known for their sexually
aggressive men.

Beth doesn't laugh. Jerry puts the list down.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Did I tell you how much I love your
new hair cut?

A rumbling sound is heard, like a cattle stampede. The
silverware on the table rattles.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What the heck?

An army of Meeseeks smash through the plate glass window and
pour into the restaurant.

RANDOM MEESEEKS

There he is!

The wave of Meeseeks surround Beth and Jerry. They look
angry.

JERRY

Guys. Come on. I'm trying to have a
nice dinner with my wife.

BETH

Jerry. I don't think they're here
for a golf lesson.

JERRY

Well it better be damn important then.

A knife flies through the air, pinning Jerry's tie to the table.

BETH

Run, Jerry!

Beth grabs Jerry by the hand and they retreat into the kitchen.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - FREEZER - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry and Beth run past CONFUSED COOKS with the Meeseeks in pursuit. They go into the walk in freezer and slam the door.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS (O.S.)

Come on out, Jerry!

JERRY

Guys, I- I'm sorry for being so difficult. I'll choke up. I'll follow through. I'll do whatever you tell me to, okay?

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT KITCHEN - SAME TIME

The Meeseeks are all gathered outside the freezer.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS

Oh, we're well past that, Jerry...

Jerry's Meeseeks reveals a gun.

INT. THIRSTY STAIR - DAY

Rick is sitting playing poker with several creatures, one of whom is Slipper Stair. Morty wearily approaches.

RICK

Morty! Hey! I'm sorry I was giving you so much crap. This adventure's pretty awesome after all.

MORTY

Let's just go. I- I'm calling it. The adventure is over.

SLIPPERY STAIR

Come on, Rick, quit stalling,
whattaya got?

Rick turns his cards over. Everybody **groans**. He wins.

RICK

Sorry, fellas!

Rick pulls his pile of winnings in.

RICK (CONT'D)

We can't leave now, Morty. I'm on
fire!

MORTY

(tearing up)

Look, I want to leave now. You win
the bet alright? Just give me the
portal gun and let's go, please.

Morty reaches for Rick's portal gun, Rick pulls back,
concerned.

RICK

(comforting)

Hey, hey, buddy, what's wrong? What
just happened? You were so gung ho
about the bet earlier...

MORTY

(sniffling)

I don't want to talk about it.

Rick eyes the bathroom door. He sees Mr. Jelly Bean limping
out, wiping jelly blood off his lip.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Please, Rick, I just want to go
home.

RICK

(knowingly, eyes still on
jelly bean)

Okay. Listen, Morty.

(turns to Morty)

I just won a bunch of Shmeckles.
Why don't we use 25 of them to pay
Slippery Stair here for a ride back
to the village, and then give the
rest of them to the villagers? Huh?

Morty wipes the tears from his eyes.

MORTY

Really?

RICK

Sure, Morty. A good adventure needs
a good ending.

EXT. THE THIRSTY STEP - MOMENTS LATER

Rick and Morty climb into the Slippery Stair saddle.

SLIPPERY STAIR

Buckle up!

Slippery Stair starts going down the stairs. Morty seems a
little less sad.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT KITCHEN - LATER

Jerry's Meeseeks paces back and forth in front of the
freezer. Other Meeseeks hold TERRIFIED HOSTAGES.

JERRY'S MEESEEEKS

Meeseeks are not born into this
world fumbling for meaning, Jerry.
We are *created*. To serve a singular
purpose of which we will go to any
lengths to fulfill.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

We hear the Meeseeks continue as we track Beth listening.

JERRY'S MEESEEEKS (O.S.)

Existence is pain to a Meeseek,
Jerry. And we will do anything to
alleviate that pain.

Beth has a small epiphany.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT KITCHEN - SOON

The Meeseek grabs a RANDOM WOMAN and points his gun at her.

JERRY'S MEESEEEKS

Thankfully, we are beyond such
ethical constructs as religion or
justice and therefore would have no
compunctions whatsoever, about
murdering-

(MORE)

JERRY'S MEESEEKS (CONT'D)
(to Random Woman)
What's your name, ma'am?

RANDOM WOMAN
S-Samantha.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS
-Samantha here, if that would serve
to fulfill our purpose. I'm Mister
Meeseeks!

RANDOM WOMAN
Please, mister! Give him what he
wants! I have a nine-year-old
daughter that very much loves her
mommy.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT KITCHEN - FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

Jerry and Beth huddle in the freezer. They're shivering.

JERRY
Innocent people are going to die
because of me. Why am I so
mediocre?!

Beth has had it. She grabs one of the shelf supports and puts
it in Jerry's hand like a golf club.

BETH
Jerry, turn around.

He does. She grabs him from behind aggressively.

BETH (CONT'D)
Straighten your back. Bend your
knees. BEND THEM. Square your
shoulders. Take a deep breath.
(whispers in his ear)
I'm not going to leave you. I'm
this family's mother. And I love
you.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jerry's Meeseeks cocks the hammer on his gun.

JERRY'S MEESEEKS
I'm counting to three, Jerry. Then
we'll start with the wait staff.
Three. Two...

The freezer door kicks open. Jerry bursts out with the metal shelf support in one hand and a cherry tomato in the other. He holds them up.

Jerry's Meeseek squints at Jerry.

Jerry slowly puts the tomato down. He lines up behind it. He keeps his eyes on the ball, his shoulders square, he bends his knees, he chokes up and he follows through. He "chips" the tomato into a nearby saucepan on a stove.

The Meeseeks **gasp**. Even Jerry is taken with surprise.

RANDOM WOMAN

What the fuck is going on?!

The shocked Meeseeks cheer.

JERRY'S MEESEEEKS

He's got it! There's no doubt in my mind. That's a lower handicap stroke!

OTHER MEESEEEKS

I could tell from a mile away if a yard!

As the Meeseeks celebrate, they begin to POOF out of existence.

STICKLER MEESEEEKS

Excuse me. I'm a bit of a Stickler Meeseeks. What about your short game?

Stickler Meeseeks grabs the random woman and holds a knife to her throat.

RANDOM WOMAN

(sobbing)

Oh my God, oh my God, what about your short game!

Jerry takes an egg off the counter. He puts it on the floor, lines up, and gives it a putt. It rolls egg-like across the floor and into a concave water drain.

STICKLER MEESEEEKS

Nice!

He POOFS away.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The other Meeseeks celebrate as they poof away one by one. Jerry's Meeseeks looks around. He turns back to Jerry who mouths a dramatic "thank you." His Meeseeks nods back, then poofs away. Jerry drops the metal shelf support and embraces Beth. They kiss passionately. Jerry turns to the RESTAURANT OWNER.

JERRY

(sexy)

I think we'll take our food to go.

RESTAURANT OWNER

No you won't. The police are coming. You have so many questions to answer.

JERRY

(still sexy)

Fair enough.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Rick and Morty arrive back at the village on Slippery Stair. Morty approaches the peasant with a sack.

MORTY

Here you go, sir. For your village.

PEASANT

Oh my! Thank you, kind sir. Our village is saved! You are both true heroes!

The other villagers **cheer**. A couple of CUTE PEASANT GIRLS run over and kiss Morty on each cheek.

RICK

Good job, Morty. You win the bet.

MORTY

Thanks, Rick, but I don't know if I should. You were right about the universe. It's chaotic and complex by nature.

RICK

Well, maybe that's why it could use a little cleaning up now and then. This one's wrapped up neat and clean, because we did it Morty style.

Trumpets sound.

PEASANT

Oh! Heroes, we would like to
introduce you to our beloved king,
so that he may thank you
personally.

Morty turns to see Mr. Jellybean, still bruised and beaten,
but now wearing a crown and fur cape arriving with his ROYAL
ENTOURAGE.

MORTY

Uh, no, it's cool.
(to Rick)
Portal. Hurry.

Rick zaps a portal open. Rick and Morty scurry through it.
Beat. Rick's arm sticks back through the portal, holding a
laser gun. He shoots Mr. Jellybean who explodes. The
villagers immediately stop their celebrating and fall to
their knees in agony.

INT. SMITH HOUSEHOLD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rick and Morty enter the destroyed living room to find Beth
and Jerry, rattled, clothes torn.

RICK

What the hell happened to this
place?

BETH

Your Meeseeks Box happened. They
went crazy when they couldn't take
two strokes off Jerry's golf game.
He felt terrible.

RICK

Hey, it's not my fault that Jerry
is an idiot.

BETH

Dad! Is there anything you can do
to clean this place up?

RICK

Well, I do have a Fleeseeks box...

JERRY

No. No more boxes.

RICK

What? It just has a mop and some
floor wax in it. Whoob Whoob Whoob!

(explaining over laughter)

That's my new thing! I'm kind of
like what's his name, Arsenio!

Whoob Whoob Whoob!

(to camera)

See you next week.

END OF EPISODE