

RICK AND MORTY

"Summer's End"

Written by

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INT. SMITH HOME - SUMMER'S BEDROOM - DAY

SUMMER SMITH lays in bed, sleeping. A CHIME sounds on her phone. She YAWNS, sits up, and grabs it.

A cheesy 8-Bit style animation with balloons, a birthday cake, and celebratory 8-bit music displays. "Happy Birthday!" Summer smiles, dismissing the notification.

INT. SMITH HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

JERRY stands at the counter, icing a cake. Summer walks in, a smile on her face as she grabs milk from the fridge. She sees Jerry while pouring a glass.

SUMMER

Aw, you didn't have to!

JERRY

Oh, I know, but it seemed so wrong not to celebrate.

SUMMER

I appreciate it, Dad.

JERRY

(pleasantly surprised)

I'm glad you do. Sometimes I feel like I'm the only person in this family who celebrates the things that truly matter.

SUMMER

That's so sweet!

Summer approaches him. She sees the cake he is icing. On the magnificently decorated cake, it reads, "Happy Arbor Day!"

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Arbor Day, really?

JERRY

(unsure)

Yes? That's exactly how your mom reacted. Huh.

SUMMER

And you didn't think, maybe there's something else about today that's, truly important?

It clicks. Jerry understands.

JERRY

No, of course not! I was joking! I know it's your birthday.

Summer glares at her dad, then leaves.

JERRY (CONT'D)

The cake is ironic!

INT. SMITH HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

BETH closes the door of the bathroom, lifts the lid of the toilet tank, and pulls out a bottle of red wine.

She grabs the cup holding two toothbrushes, throws them into the sink, and pours herself a glass and gulps it down, then pours another.

Jerry bursts through the door, breathing heavily. Beth quickly puts the wine on the vanity and stands in front of it.

JERRY

Red alert, Beth. Today is Summer's birthday.

Beth SIGHS.

BETH

I know, Jerry. I seem to remember how excited you were when I gave birth to our firstborn on your favorite holiday.

JERRY

When will the world stop giving me a hard time about my arboreal festivals? They basically give us life, we should celebrate them!

BETH

Jerry, normal people celebrate Arbor Day by planting trees.

JERRY

Okay, fine. I screwed up, now are we going to try and salvage this for our daughter? Or are we going to keep making Jerry feel stupid?

BETH

So what's your plan then?

JERRY

Let's tell Summer we need to go sign some insurance forms so we can get party supplies!

BETH

Why insurance forms?

JERRY

That's our excuse! It's perfect, no one will be the wiser!

Beth sighs again. She reveals the wine and gulps what was left in the cup. She BURPS. Jerry frowns. Her face hardens.

BETH

Let's go.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY

RICK and MORTY, wearing aprons and safety goggles are gathered around Rick's desk. A plant grows in a small petri dish. It looks similar to a bonsai tree, but with glowing pink buds.

RICK

Okay Morty, this is the tricky part. If we- if we don't do this just right, we'll die, Morty.

Rick takes a long swig from his flask. He hands Morty a mirror.

RICK (CONT'D)

Morty. Hold it in front of the plant, Morty.

MORTY

Geez, Rick. I-I don't think this'll work.

RICK

Of course it'll work, Morty! Zorgfillian Pine Trees are plant philosophers, Morty. If you hold up the mirror, they'll be so entranced by the idea of identity that we can harvest it's pods without it excreting its poison gas, Morty.

Summer walks into the garage.

SUMMER

Guess what day it is! I'll give you
a hint!

RICK

We know it's Arbor Day, Summer. Why
do you think we're doing this?
Think before you talk!

Summer SIGHS, and walks outside the open garage door.

EXT. FRONT OF SMITH HOME - DAY

Summer walks out of the garage, the big door closing behind her. She walks across the yard and stands on the sidewalk by the street. A few flying ships pass overhead. Alien and normal cars pass by.

Summer SIGHS.

SUMMER

(to herself)

Happy Birthday, Summer.

END COLD OPEN

OPENING TITLES

EXT. FRONT OF SMITH HOME - DAY

A futuristic car pulls up and stops in front of Summer. The window rolls down to reveal SUMMER PRIME, a hardened Summer from a post-apocalyptic dimension, wearing a cool black leather jacket with a #1 patch sewn on the sleeve. She gets out of the car and leans against the hood.

SUMMER

Um, two questions: why do you look
like me? And why are you dressed
like you just came from an 80's
action movie?

SUMMER PRIME

I am you, Summer. A you from
another dimension. And I'm here to
celebrate your birthday.

Jerry and Beth walk out the front door towards the family car. Jerry waves nervously at Summer, not even noticing the other Summer standing nearby.

JERRY

Hey honey! We're just going out to get some insurance papers signed! We'll be back later for your big party! Be excited! She should be excited, right Beth?

Beth still looks extremely depressed.

BETH

Sure, Jerry. Summer should be excited.

JERRY

See? This'll be great. Love you honey!

Jerry and Beth get into the car, reverse out the driveway and leave.

SUMMER

I honestly don't know why I expect anything differently.

SUMMER PRIME

My parents forgot my birthday too. That's actually why I'm here. Did you know there's a planet in another dimension that's sole purpose is to hold raves with hot celebrities in attendance?

SUMMER

Really?

Summer Prime nods, a grin on her face.

SUMMER PRIME

Want to go?

SUMMER

Um, does my Dad have an irrational fear of someone seeing his toenails?

SUMMER PRIME

Absolutely.

Summer and Summer Prime laugh as they get in the car and drive off.

Another car pulls up behind them, stopping in front of the Smith home.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY

Rick lifts his safety goggles, removes his apron and rubs his hands together. The Zorgfillian Pine Tree is now completely free of its blossoms. They sit in a small dish.

RICK

We did it, Morty. [BURP] You can put the mirror down, Morty. With its blossoms gone, the thing is now only a danger to itself.

MORTY

It's weird that a tree can be prone to depression, right Rick?

RICK

Actually Morty, plants getting depression is relatively normal. There are-- there are entire fields of medicine devoted to plant therapy.

MORTY

I just, I don't know what plants have to worry about.

RICK

Use your head, Morty. We just roofy'ed it with existentialism and plucked it's precious fruit. On Arbor Day!

MORTY

Ah geez, that's-- that's terrible, Rick!

Rick takes a swig from his flask.

RICK

The universe is a wild place. But you know Morty, it's actually a beautiful day, Morty. I don't say this often, but it's a beautiful day. Really nice. It feels like nothing could go wrong.

MORTY

Yep.

Rick sits down on a stool and takes another swig from his flask. He sighs contentedly, putting his feet up on his desk.

RICK
That's right, nothing could ruin
today.

He takes another swig.

MORTY
Yeah, plus it's Summer's birthday,
so, that means cake and ice cream!

Rick does a spit take.

RICK
IT'S HER BIRTHDAY? WE'RE F-[BLEEP]-
ED, MORTY. DO- DO- DO- DO- DO YOU
HEAR ME? WE'RE F-[BLEEP]-ED!

Rick springs out of his chair and runs to the washer and dryer, presses a button, causing a false wall to open up, revealing an arsenal of guns.

MORTY
What's going on, Rick?

Rick grabs the biggest gun he has, and tosses another to Morty.

The door to the garage EXPLODES, filling the garage with smoke. Rick and Morty are on the ground, COUGHING.

Through the smoke, five different SUMMERS reveal themselves. All are identical except one is a huge BEEFCAKE SUMMER. All are wearing cool leather jackets with numbers sewn onto the sleeves.

Rick COUGHS, holding his gun, pointing it at the Summers. A foot comes down and slams his gun hand to the ground. The gun is wrestled from his fingers by Summer #2, while Summer #3 points a gun at his head.

SUMMER #2
Keep still, old man.

END OF ACT I.

INT./EXT. SUMMER PRIME'S SPACESHIP

Summer Prime and Summer sit in an identical version of Rick's spaceship waiting in a long line of spaceships, all waiting to get through Earth's border security.

SUMMER
 (sarcastic)
 Wow, quite the party.

SUMMER PRIME
 Yeah, border security is always a
 hassle.

SUMMER
 Can't we just, you know, fly in any
 other direction?

SUMMER PRIME
 Some of us have to obey the laws to
 get anywhere. Not all of us can be
 Rick.

At the border crossing, an ALIEN SMUGGLER starts begging
 BORDER PATROL to grant him mercy. His ship is disintegrated.
 Summer's eyes get wide at the sudden violence.

SUMMER PRIME (CONT'D)
 Not everyone is okay with his
 flagrant disregard of the rules.

SUMMER
 Well, that's Grandpa. He does what
 he wants.

SUMMER PRIME
 For now. But that's the amazing
 thing about there being an infinite
 number of universes, each one
 infinite in its own right. Even
 someone as powerful as Rick, is
 still insignificant.

SUMMER
 Wow. And here I thought we were
 going to a party, not start a
 nihilism book club.

A ship passes through security without any issue.

SUMMER PRIME
 Just because life doesn't have
 meaning doesn't automatically make
 it bad! If everything is
 probability, that means the odds of
 a beneficial outcome are just as
 likely as our little anthill of
 humanity getting kicked aside by a
 superior life form.

Another ship is disintegrated by border security. The SCREAMS of the pilot are heard muffled through their ship.

SUMMER

But don't our actions have meaning?
Or is chaos only kept at bay by the
halfhearted efforts of our society?

The ship in front of them flies away, revealing that they are next to deal with Earth's border security.

SUMMER PRIME

Oh, we're next. Act casual, we
don't want them to look under your
seat or we're toast.

SUMMER

What?

Summer's eyes get wide, gripping the seat of her chair with sudden intensity.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY

Rick and Morty are sitting back to back on chairs, tied together. Summer #3, Summer #4 and Beefcake Summer stand guard holding guns. Summer #2 paces back and forth.

SUMMER #2

Tell us where the fuel cell is!

RICK

I'd tell you to look up my ass, but
unfortunately for all of us, you
already did.

SUMMER #2

Do not play games with us! We are
serious, Grandpa!

(looks at other Summers
for support)

We're serious, right ladies?

BEEFCAKE SUMMER

(deep manly voice)
YEAH! You tell 'em.

Rick lifts his leg, and FARTS.

RICK

Liberate that!

The Summers GROAN, fanning their hands in front of their faces.

MORTY

Ah geez, Rick. I- I- I- I- just wanted some cake and ice cream, Rick! Why don't you just give them what they want so they'll leave?

SUMMER #2

Yes, Rick. Why don't you give us what we want?

BEEFCAKE SUMMER

TELL US!

RICK

What I want, is to know whose idea it was for the jackets? I mean, you look great.

Beefcake Summer blushes.

BEEFCAKE SUMMER

Thanks, Grandpa!

Morty snorts, causing Beefcake Summer to frown, causing Rick to break a smile. Beefcake Summer ROARS then presses the barrel of her gun to Rick's chin.

BEEFCAKE SUMMER (CONT'D)

You were being facetious!

RICK

I was! But in all seriousness, you should lay off whatever supplements you're taking. They are frying your brain.

Beefcake Summer looks confused. Summer #3 and #4 take Beefcake Summer and walk her away, consoling her.

SUMMER #2

Just. Tell us where the fuel cell is!

RICK

The fuel cell? I've got a million fuel cells! That's like asking Morty which sock he uses to masturbate in! You're gonna have to be more specific!

SUMMER #2

Stop it Rick! We're serious! We aren't leaving without the fuel cell that utilizes gravitational waves as energy.

Rick LAUGHS. Really LAUGHS, like, the kind of laugh that happens when you're writing at 3 A.M. trying to figure out why the hell you didn't become an accountant.

RICK

It doesn't exist. The odds of having a working fuel cell of that design are so astronomical, that I'm more likely to get struck by lightning, while getting bit by a shark that just won the lottery.

SUMMER #2

Fine. You don't want to give it to us? We can wait. Our leader is recruiting your Summer as we speak. If you won't give it to us, perhaps you'll give it to her.

RICK

Unlike you turds, my Summer has a brain. She'll see right through your idiotic group.

INT./EXT. ELECTRIC RAIN TRAIN - NIGHT

Loud rave music BLASTS through the high speed train as it zips through the Beverly Hills style city. Tall skyscrapers in the distance, billboards for breast augmentation, and religious style billboards with Tom Cruise.

The flashing neon lights reflect through the smoke filled train car. Colorful people of countless species throw their arms, tentacles, and other appendages in the air, bouncing to the beat of the music.

Summer, eyes closed, holding two glow sticks (which are also alive, and distressed) in each hand dances her heart out.

INT. MISTER PARTY TOWN STORE - DAY

Jerry walks down the balloon aisle. Balloons for Mother's Day, for deaths in the family, one even says "Congratulations On Your Successful Bris!" Next to it one says, "Sorry About Your Botched Bris!"

Jerry grabs a "Happy Birthday!" Balloon with a gorilla on it. He looks up the aisle to see a CREEPY ALIEN that looks like ET on steroids with twenty arms, staring at Jerry. Jerry makes uncomfortable eye contact with it.

Beth comes around the corner, cart full of party supplies. With Jerry's attention on her, Creepy Alien resumes staring.

JERRY

See? We can pull this off! We'll just get the insurance papers signed, then be home for the party!

Something about this shocks Beth out of her depression.

BETH

Insurance papers? I thought the insurance was just an excuse?

JERRY

Well, insurance companies are changing now that Earth is an intergalactic hub. I spoke to our adjustor and we should make changes.

BETH

What was wrong with our old policy?

JERRY

Nothing, but Ed says we can have coverage throughout the galaxy with a different plan.

BETH

And who is Ed?

JERRY

Ed? Our insurance adjustor? He's the Tralaxian from planet Tralax? We had dinner with his family!

BETH

So you consulted with Ed about our health insurance, but not your wife?

Jerry frowns pushing the cart to the next aisle, glancing at Beth.

JERRY

Okay, sorry. Do you want me to postpone the meeting to discuss it?

BETH

(sarcastic)

Oh no! We wouldn't want to inconvenience him. It's not like I have a choice in the matter, anyway.

JERRY

I said I'm sorry! You're always getting on me for not getting things done! Well the universe has thrown me a bone with this new job and I'm trying to be better. To be more of an active person. Will you support me in that?

BETH

Fine!

JERRY

Thank you!

Beth folds her arms. Jerry SIGHS.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY

The Summers are gathered at one end of the garage, discussing in anxious whispers.

BEEFCAKE SUMMER

(not whispering)

He insulted our jackets! He has to pay!

Even though he is tied up, Rick has somehow managed to slump down in his chair.

MORTY

Uh, Rick, you have a plan, right?

RICK

No, Morty, I don't have a plan.

MORTY

Well then how are you going to get us out of here, Rick?

RICK

I don't know, Morty! I-I-I-I don't always have a plan, Morty. Plans don't just fall out of your Grandpa like a slugfillion shits applesauce!

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

Why don't you ever come up with plans, Morty? Huh? Sometimes the sidekick gets to be the hero for an episode, Morty. So what's your plan? Where's your magical method of getting us out of this, Morty?

Morty looks around at different items in the garage. The box labelled Time Travel Stuff. The washer and dryer. Rick's workbench with various odds and ends. He frowns.

MORTY

Maybe we could just give them what they want?

RICK

Son of a bitch. You're- You're a real disappointment, Morty.

INT. ELECTRIC RAIN TRAIN - CABOOSE

The caboose looks like an alien custodial closet. The loud BOOMS from the rave music sound far away.

Summer Prime sits at a rickety wooden table. On the table is a small monitor displaying Summer #2. Summer Prime impatiently places her hand on her forehead.

SUMMER PRIME

That's your solution? You're going to 'beat him up a little?'

SUMMER #2

He's an old man....

SUMMER PRIME

Lieutenant, do you really believe Summer's End should fail because of a little sentiment?

SUMMER #2

It's not sentiment, Summer Prime, it's mercy.

Summer Prime SLAMS her hand on the desk.

SUMMER PRIME

It's SENTIMENT! We cannot protect the multiverse from him if you still care about his fate!

SUMMER #4 (O.S.)
 (to Summer #2)
 Don't let her talk to you that way.

The other Summers agree, whispering encouraging words. Summer Prime rolls her eyes.

Summer enters the room.

SUMMER
 There you are.

SUMMER #2
 Summer Prime, I know he abandoned
 you on a broken world, but-

Summer Prime presses a button on the monitor, it goes black.

SUMMER PRIME
 Enjoying yourself?

SUMMER
 I was, until I realized how creepy
 this place is. So what's our next
 stop? The night is young!

SUMMER PRIME
 I'll be honest, Summer. I'm not
 here to celebrate your birthday. I
 am the leader of a small group of
 Summers that travel the multiverse
 helping people. We want you to join
 us.

SUMMER
 That sounds really great. But
 unfortunately I'm not a
 humanitarian, I'm a birthday girl,
 and today is for partying.

SUMMER PRIME
 Summer, it sucks that your family
 forgot your birthday, but you can't
 use their thoughtlessness as an
 excuse to be self destructive. I
 have things to do, so, the party is
 over, do you want to join us or
 not?

SUMMER
 I'm not going to leave my family.

SUMMER PRIME

Your family? I really don't have to explain to you how awful they are, right?

SUMMER

Sure, they forgot my birthday, and I'm pissed at them. But I'm not going to leave them! What about school? My parents? I mean, Morty sucks, but I can't leave him!

SUMMER PRIME

Morty is guilty of having destroyed two civilizations, Summer. Two. Entire. Civilizations. Your parents are so selfish and unaware of anyone else's needs, that it is statistically more likely that a Summer dies of parental negligence than of old age.

Summer folds her arms, closing herself off from this speech.

SUMMER PRIME (CONT'D)

You asked me if chaos is only kept at bay by the efforts of society, and no matter how you look at it, you're absolutely right. With the world becoming more like Rick, the more chaos reigns. But it doesn't have to be that way. We can make a difference. Join our little group.

Summer looks hesitant.

SUMMER PRIME (CONT'D)

C'mon, I have something to show you.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Jerry and Beth enter the office lobby.

BETH

I'm going to use the bathroom.

JERRY

I'll let them know we're here.

Beth walks to the bathroom. Jerry watches her go with a satisfied smile. Jerry turns to the secretary.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 Hi, I'm Jerry Smith, here to see Ed
 Reuben about health insurance.

SECRETARY
 Just one moment.

The secretary types on her computer.

Beth stops at the bathroom, turns and sees Jerry speaking to the secretary. She then sneaks towards the office's entrance.

Jerry drums on the desk with his fingers. Beth opens the front door slowly, unnoticed by anyone. The secretary eyes Jerry's tapping and frowns. He stops, awkwardly.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
 Ed is at lunch right now, but he
 should be back in a few minutes.
 Would you like to wait?

Through the large front windows, Beth rushes across the parking lot, hails a cab, gets in, and leaves.

JERRY
 That'll be fine.

Jerry sits down and picks up a magazine about the mating rituals of giraffes. He opens it, turns it sideways, which causes several pages to unfold downward like a centerfold.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 (grimacing)
 Oh, bad decision. Bad decision.

He squints open one eye, looking back at the centerfold.

INT./EXT. SUMMER PRIME'S SPACESHIP

Summer and Summer Prime stop near a small dim blue star.

SUMMER PRIME
 This is HIP 85605. An isolated
 rogue neutron star. It moves
 through this galaxy, tearing apart
 solar systems, and causing chaos
 wherever it goes.

SUMMER
 So?

SUMMER PRIME
 Sounds a lot like your family.

SUMMER

I got it. So what do we do?

Summer Prime points at a red button on the dashboard.

SUMMER PRIME

Press it.

Summer does. A missile shoots out of the ship, flies at the neutron star, and blows up. Not very impressive.

SUMMER

Um, cool?

SUMMER PRIME

Summer, you just altered the trajectory of that star's movement. Which means in 2349 years it won't tear through a nearby solar system, destroying a planet that had intelligent life spring up about 50,000 years ago.

SUMMER

(coming around)

Oh. Wow.

SUMMER PRIME

You just saved the lives of millions of people. This is what Summer's End does! Separate yourself from the destructive orbit of your family. Join us!

Summer looks out her window at the star, thoughtful.

SUMMER

I don't know.

SUMMER PRIME

Most Summers end up just like Mom; pregnant early, pressured to marry some dope.

SUMMER

So I don't get married.

SUMMER PRIME

All the rest suffer from near constant UTI's from stripper poles.

SUMMER

(eyes wide)

I'll join.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE WORKSHOP

Summer #3 and Summer #2 approach the tied up Rick and Morty with long tazers. Summer #4 watches with arms folded.

SUMMER #3

All right you two, are you ready
for some real pain?

BEEFCAKE SUMMER

YEAH! Real pain!

Beefcake Summer HOWLS like a wolf. Rick and Morty GROAN.

RICK

Just do something! Actual torture
would be less torture than this!

Summer #3 clicks a button on her tazer, electricity BUZZING between the metal rods.

SUMMER #2

I'm going to taze you!

MORTY

(bored voice)
Oh no, please don't.

SUMMER #2

Why aren't you guys taking us
seriously?

Summer Prime's ship lands in the driveway. Summer Prime and Summer enter the garage.

Summer Prime rips the tazer out of Summer #3's hand and TAZES Rick. Rick SCREAMS. Morty YELLS.

MORTY

Rick, oh no! Oh no!

Summer grabs Summer Prime's arm.

SUMMER

Stop it!

SUMMER PRIME

Summer, Rick is the rogue neutron
star. This is what needs to happen
for the greater good!

Summer looks down, then nods. Summer Prime commences the tazing. Rick SCREAMS.

MORTY

Oh no! Rick, Rick, are you okay
Rick? Oh no! Oh-- oh no! Rick!

The tazing continues. The Summers grimace.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Oh! Oh! Oh no! Oh no, Rick!

The tazing stops.

RICK

F[BLEEP]ck me, that sucked.

Summer Prime whips the tazer around, smacking his face with the butt of the weapon. Morty struggles in his bindings. The other Summer's avert their eyes.

Rick spits out some blood at Summer Prime's feet. She grabs him by his lab coat and pulls him up towards her.

SUMMER PRIME

Give us the fuel cell.

RICK

IT DOESN'T EXIST!

Summer Prime punches Rick in the face. His eye starts swelling a purple color.

RICK (CONT'D)

I- I don't know who pissed in your
fruit loops this morning, but no
amount of Guantanamo-ing is going
to get me to tell you where a
completely hypothetical fuel cell
is.

Summer Prime TAZES Rick again. Summer looks down, Summer #3 puts her hand on Summer Prime's shoulder. Summer Prime shoves her away, knocking her down. The other Summers GASP.

MORTY

Stop it!

SUMMER PRIME

Tell me where the fuel cell is!

Rick is breathing hard. Drool coming out of his mouth.

RICK

Wow, what the hell did your Rick do
to you to make you hate me so much?

SUMMER PRIME

My Rick?

Summer Prime steps back from Rick. Her eyes grow distant. Behind her, half faded in the background, a vision of a world on fire. Rivers of blood, buildings crumbling, roads lined with abandoned cars.

SUMMER PRIME (CONT'D)

Distant cries in the moonlit night.
Smoke, heavy in the air. Remnants
of a broken world. The Earth still
spins when the last breath of
humanity is spent. We are fools to
deny we were born astride a grave.

Summer Prime blinks, looking down at a confused Rick. The vision fades away.

SUMMER PRIME (CONT'D)

My Rick abandoned me. Leaving me
stranded on a Cronenberged Earth.

Rick and Morty's eyes get big.

RICK

F[BLEEP]ck.

MORTY

F[BLEEP]ck.

INT./EXT. TAXI CAB - DAY

An ALIEN CAB DRIVER with oozing orifices, huge bug-like eyes, and ant-like limbs, wearing the clothes of a typical immigrant cab driver, drives Beth in the back seat.

Beth looks miserable.

ALIEN CAB DRIVER

Hey lady, what's buggin' you?

BETH

Funny.

(sighs)

Look, I don't want to talk about
it.

ALIEN CAB DRIVER

As a licensed cab driver from the
Horphiblydips galaxy, I also have a
degree in primate psychology. I'm
literally a cosmic mentor. Speak
your heart, darlin'.

BETH

Today is my daughter's birthday.

ALIEN CAB DRIVER

Uh oh, while the trunk may be where passenger's usually put their baggage, it sounds like you brought yours with you.

BETH

It's the usual story. Got pregnant at 17, married the father because it seemed right.

ALIEN CAB DRIVER

Tale as old as time. Or my Ma! You know what I'm sayin'?

BETH

And now, as if today isn't enough of a reminder that I feel like a failure, my husband is trying to get us new health insurance.

ALIEN CAB DRIVER

Somethin' tells me this isn't about the insurance, lady.

Tears fill Beth's eyes. She wipes them away, SNIFFING.

BETH

I lied about being 18 so that we could get married. I don't know why I suddenly cared about not having a baby out of wed-lock a week after I almost aborted the thing. But it suddenly seemed really important.

ALIEN CAB DRIVER

Let it out, hun. Let it out.

BETH

But I'm reminded of my lie every time I fill out any form requiring my date of birth. I've always dealt with it in the past, but I realized that my daughter is now older than I was when I made such a life altering decision. I can't help but realize what I've missed in life. All because of that lie.

Alien Cab Driver pulls over. He turns around in his seat.

ALIEN CAB DRIVER

That's heavy stuff, hun. Have you told your husband?

BETH

Jerry already feels self conscious enough about our relationship. I can't burden him with this.

ALIEN CAB DRIVER

Darlin', what makes you think that your marriage will be better if you don't tell the truth? I can't promise your husband will understand what you need, but if you tell him, at least he can try.

Beth SIGHS nervously, looking out the window of the cab.

BETH

Hey, we're back at the insurance adjustor's office.

ALIEN CAB DRIVER

I told you, as a cab driver from the Horphiblydips galaxy, it's not my job to drive you where you want. It's my job to get you where you need.

BETH

Wow. Thank you.

Beth CHUCKLES embarrassingly as she wipes away tears. The Alien Cab Driver does the same. They both smile as Beth opens her door to get out.

ALIEN CAB DRIVER

Whoa whoa whoa, that'll be \$50!
What am I, a charity?

BETH

50 bucks? That's bullshi--

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S GARAGE WORKSHOP

Rick and Morty are still tied up. The Summers are gathered nearby, with Summer Prime standing in front of Rick.

SUMMER PRIME

You destroyed my world, and then
you abandoned me to it!

RICK

Well if you want to get real
technical, it was Morty here that
destroyed your world.

MORTY

Aw, geez, Rick.

SUMMER PRIME

But after wandering the wastes, I
found your ship. Exactly what I
needed to leave my world behind.

RICK

My ship?

SUMMER PRIME

It's my ship now. Parked just out
front. Maybe I'll use it to level
this place when we're done with it.

RICK

Your group is a joke! Want to know
the real impact of Summer's End?
Most Rick's just stage an accident
for their Summer the night before
her 18th birthday. If you really
want to help the other Summers,
then leave the Ricks alone!

SUMMER PRIME

Do you think I want to be here
bothering you? You're the only Rick
in the multiverse that has gotten
the tech to work. We need it to
power our new world, where we'll
help people, help Summers, and
anyone else cast off by the Rick's
of their world.

RICK

That's a lot of crap you're piling
up there. Reeeeeeeal steamy load.
Don't pretend this is for
humanitarian reasons.

SUMMER #2

Of course it is. If we had free
renewable energy, think of how much
we could do for others.

RICK

Or you know, reverse the flow of gravitational waves and create a black hole anywhere you want it.

SUMMER PRIME

Huh, never thought of that. No wonder you're hiding it.

RICK

Listen, you-- you little shit. Don't you think if I had a working fuel cell that I'd be using it? Instead I'm stuck using dark matter like an asshole! The tech doesn't work!

Summer Prime fishes her hand into Rick's lab coat, pulling out his flask. She holds it aloft, threateningly.

SUMMER PRIME

Don't lie to me. We detected the anomalous gravitational waves coming from your coordinates.

SUMMER

Grandpa, Rick, will you please just give it to us?

RICK

Stay out of this, Summer.

Summer Prime holds the flask, threateningly.

SUMMER PRIME

Don't make me use this.

Morty LAUGHS.

MORTY

What are you-- what are you gonna do with that? Cure Rick's alcoholism?

RICK

Shut up, Morty!

There is real fear in Rick's eyes. Something about this flask has shaken him.

Morty and the Summer's eyes go wide. Summer Prime smirks.

END OF ACT II.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

CREEPY ALIEN enters the office and sits. Jerry looks up, realizes it is the alien from the party store, and uncomfortably looks back at his magazine. Creepy Alien picks up a magazine and starts reading.

Jerry frowns, CLEARING his throat. Creepy Alien slowly lowers its magazine, intensely staring at Jerry again.

JERRY

Okay, are you stalking me?

CREEPY ALIEN

Excuse me?

JERRY

(stands up angrily)

You heard me! Staring at me!
Following me around!

CREEPY ALIEN

Wow, we must all look alike to you!
You know, I was a respected surgeon
on my planet!

JERRY

Oh oh oh, I'm so sorry. A surgeon,
huh? My wife is a surgeon. A horse
surgeon. Which is a real surgeon.
Phew, I'm really digging myself a
hole here.

Through the windows of the office door, Beth approaches. She stops at the doors, takes a deep breath, then walks in.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Honey! What are you doing? I
thought you were in the bathroom.

BETH

No Jerry, I was going to gamble at
the Indian Reservation.

JERRY

What?

BETH

But I came back, because I need you
to understand that I can't keep
lying about my age.

(MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)

I mean I've been doing it for 18 years and it has become this symbolic representation of the fact that I've sacrificed every dream I've had in life, all to marry you.

CREEPY ALIEN

Daaaaaaayuuuuuuuumn.

BETH

Hey asshole, can't you see we are in the middle of talking?

JERRY

(gesturing between him and Beth)

You see this? This is a private conversation.

Creepy Alien looks down at his magazine. The Secretary awkwardly types at her computer.

BETH

I don't have anything against you, Jerry. You've done nothing but fight for the affections of a woman who has been half invested in this relationship at best. You deserve better! I deserve better!

CREEPY ALIEN

(coughs)

Divorce.

(coughs)

Excuse me. So sorry.

Jerry's eyes go wide with worry. Beth frowns in concern.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE WORKSHOP

Summer Prime holds Rick's flask. Summer stands nearby, looking confused.

SUMMER PRIME

Don't make me start pressing buttons on this thing.

BEEFCAKE SUMMER

(manly voice)

What are you doing, Summer Prime?

Summer Prime unscrews the metal lid.

RICK

Don't. We can talk about this, it-
it- it doesn't have to be this way.

SUMMER PRIME

You made it this way, every time a
Rick abandoned one of us!

Summer Prime flips a switch, a strip of red lights light up
on the side of the flask.

Summer #2 puts her hand on Summer Prime's shoulder.

SUMMER #2

Hey, why don't we go. We can make
do without him. Right ladies?

Summer Prime pulls out a gun and points it at Summer #2.

SUMMER #2 (CONT'D)

Whoa! Summer Prime what's going on?

SUMMER PRIME

Back the hell up.

(to Rick)

So who should it be? Jerry? Nah.
What about your daughter? Beloved
Beth. No. Morty?

(shakes her head)

Morty's are expendable. You'd just
get another.

MORTY

What?

SUMMER PRIME

How about your Summer? The one you
didn't abandon?

Summer Prime is about to press one of the red buttons when:

RICK

Ship, open fire!

A panel on Summer Prime's ship opens up, revealing laser
guns.

Rick YELLS, heaving his body to the side, knocking his and
Morty's chairs onto their side. Rick kicks Summer's feet out
from under her.

The guns open fire, lasers shooting all through the garage.
Equipment explodes, smoke fills the room as silhouettes of
alternate Summers SCREAM, falling to the ground.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Beth and Jerry still stand in the middle of the Lobby. Secretary types awkwardly, Creepy Alien stares.

JERRY

I don't know what you want me to say, Beth! I want you to be happy, I do! I don't want you to feel like you've thrown away your identity. But... what do we do?

BETH

I don't know, Jerry. But I need a change.

JERRY

(thinking about it)
Well, I was waiting till your birthday to tell you, but with my new job, we can probably afford you to finally go to medical school.

Beth blinks, the realization of what he just said setting in.

BETH

What? Wow. Wow!

JERRY

Is this good? Is this helping you feel better about everything?

BETH

Yes! Wow, thank you, Jerry!

Beth and Jerry hug. Secretary TAPS on her keyboard.

JERRY

To be honest, I'm just relieved you don't want to divorce me.

SECRETARY

Um. I hate to break it to you, but according to Section 2.133 of intergalactic marriage law, because you lied about being underage, your marriage isn't legally recognized on Earth, or anywhere in this galaxy.

Beth and Jerry's eyes go wide. They pull apart from their hug. Jerry awkwardly LAUGHS. Beth blinks, her face blank.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY

The ship's lasers continue to fire, the garage exploding around them.

RICK
Ship, cease fire!

The lasers stop firing. Rick, and Morty COUGH, their bindings now loose. They wave their hands through the smoke.

MORTY
That was brilliant, Rick!

RICK
Your old Grandpa still has a few more tricks up his sleeve, Morty.

As the smoke begins to dissipate, they notice Summer isn't where Rick kicked her to the ground.

RICK (CONT'D)
Wait, where's your sister Morty?

SUMMER PRIME
Right here, old man.

The smoke dissipates. Summer Prime stands above Rick and Morty, alternate Summer's litter the garage, dead. Summer Prime has Summer in a headlock, holding Rick's flask in the other hand. Rick quickly grabs a discarded gun and points it at Summer Prime.

RICK
That's-- that's it. Summer's End is gone. Just let my Summer go and I won't kill you.

SUMMER PRIME
Your Summer? I'm your Summer! Me!

RICK
I'm not giving you the fuel cell. And I'm not going to let you kill my grandkids.

SUMMER PRIME
Don't pretend like you care about them! If you cared you wouldn't have this!

She shakes his flask.

MORTY

What is she talking about, Rick?

SUMMER PRIME

This isn't just a flask, Morty. At the press of a button, he can cause a chip he planted in your brain to explode.

SUMMER

Wait, so every time you've been annoyed with us, and took out your flask, you were a button press away from killing us? That's f[BLEEP]cked up!

RICK

It's a fail safe! Excuse me for wanting to have an easy way of putting you out of your misery if you got seriously injured, or turned into zombie!

MORTY

Aw, geez, Rick!

SUMMER PRIME

Give me the fuel cell or I start pushing buttons!

RICK

Fine! You win! It's in a temporal canister, hidden in the orbit of a nearby blackhole, the coordinates are-

SUMMER PRIME

-I'm not a fool! It's here! Tell me where it is or Summer dies!

MORTY

Give it to her, Rick!

SUMMER

Please! Grandpa Rick!

Rick frowns. He looks Summer Prime in the eyes. He squints his eyes in scrutiny.

RICK

This is bullshit. You're a Summer, you don't have it in you.

Summer Prime and Rick lock eyes.

SUMMER PRIME

You don't know what I've had to do
to survive.

(to Summer)

Happy Birthday, Summer.

Summer Prime presses the button. Summer bursts into tears.

RICK

NOOOO!

Summer Prime LAUGHS villainously.

Summer's eyes are wide as tears stream down her face. She
looks around as if waiting for the axe to fall.

Suddenly, Summer Prime GASPS, grabbing her head, surprise
evident on her face. She falls to the ground.

Rick's eyes go wide. Morty covers his eyes.

SUMMER PRIME

No! You'll pay, for this!

There's a sickening sound, like an exploding slurpee inside
of a refrigerator. Summer Prime falls to the ground, her eyes
looking in different directions. Blood trickles out of her
nose.

Rick lets out a BREATH of relief.

RICK

You kids all right?

MORTY

No.

Summer doesn't answer. She is staring at the bodies of the
other Summer's, her eyes wide.

Rick helps her up.

RICK

Get inside, Summer. Me and Morty'll
bury them.

MORTY

What? Rick, you made me bury
myself! Why does she get out of it?

RICK

It's her birthday, you freakin'
moron.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

You don't have to bury alternate dimensional versions of yourself on your birthday, okay Morty? Is that a deal, Morty?

Summer's face hardens.

SUMMER

No, I'll help. I-- I want to help.

EXT. SMITH HOME - BACKYARD

Next to two slight mounds in the back lawn, Rick, Morty, and Summer dig holes.

INT./EXT. SMITH FAMILY CAR

Jerry and Beth drive home in silence. Jerry glances at Beth, worried, while Beth just stares out the window. Birthday decorations and a grocery store cake sit on the back seat.

EXT. SMITH HOME - BACKYARD

Summer uses her foot to push the body of Summer Prime into a hole. Rick frowns, before dragging Summer #3 into the same hole. Morty and Summer drag a few more, all unceremoniously dropped into the mass grave of Summer's End.

INT. SMITH HOME - LIVING ROOM

Rick and Morty come in from the back yard. Morty sits down on the couch, turning on the TV.

Summer enters, staring off at nothing. Rick sees the look on her face, his shoulders slump. He SIGHS.

RICK

Follow me, Summer.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE WORKSHOP

Rick and Summer enter the still destroyed garage. Rick presses a button on the wall, it slides open to reveal a safe.

He opens it, and pulls out a small metallic orb. Pale blue light emerges from the seams.

RICK

This is the fuel cell they were looking for.

He looks at the glowing light for a moment, before SIGHING and giving it to Summer.

RICK (CONT'D)

I know it's morbid, but this is what the Summer's died for, you should have it.

Summer stares at it, still shocked. Rick SIGHS.

RICK (CONT'D)

Summer the only reason why you didn't die today, is because the Rick from this dimension used a different frequency than I used. There's some scary crap out there, Summer. I've tried to protect you kids from most of it, but I can't always protect you from yourselves. With that fuel cell, you can keep our family safe when I no longer can.

Summer looks up at Rick, light glowing on her face.

SUMMER

The other Summer. She said that you don't actually care about anyone. That the universe is random. That life doesn't have meaning.

RICK

Some people find God in a burnt piece of toast, Summer. Meaning is what you make of it.

Summer's eyes get wide. This isn't what she's hoping for.

Rick SIGHS, he walks to his desk and picks up one of the pods of the Zorgfillian Pine Tree.

RICK (CONT'D)

You see this, Summer? This tree's fruit was plucked away while it was stuck trying to find meaning. This isn't some Saturday Morning cartoon with a nicely packaged moral of the story at the end of it to tell you how to feel.

SUMMER

But Grandpa, if I can't find meaning in this, then what separates me from her?

RICK

Literally everything. From the fact that you have that fuel cell, to the fact that she's dead and you're not. And so what if you have a little super villain in you. Now Morty knows not to cross you!

Summer looks sick.

RICK (CONT'D)

Sorry about your birthday.

Summer hugs Rick, he resists, before hugging her back.

Rick leaves the garage, leaving Summer alone. She pulls out her phone and holds it close to the orb. Her battery charges almost instantaneously.

SUMMER

Cool.

Beth and Jerry pull up in their car. They see Summer in the garage and awkwardly start pulling birthday party stuff out of the car.

JERRY

Oh, hey Summer! You ready for your birthday surprise?

Summer walks up to her parents and hugs them both. They both look surprised before smiling at each other and hugging her back.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday, Summer.

BETH

We love you, honey.

SUMMER

I know.

JERRY

Should I even ask about the garage?

SUMMER

No.

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS.

TAG:

INT. SMITH HOME - LIVING ROOM

Rick, Morty, and Summer sit on the couch with the TV on. Jerry and Beth hand out slices of cake to each of them.

MORTY

You know, Summer. This isn't- this isn't that bad of a birthday.

SUMMER

You're right, Morty! Who cares about the existential crisis that led to a grisly mass death, because hey, at least Mom and Dad aren't fighting.

RICK

Wow, you've been a real whiny bitch today, Summer. Why don't you count your blessings? Your entire family is sober for once. Usually your Mom is at least a little hammered by now.

JERRY

Rick, please don't talk about my wife like that.

RICK

I wasn't talking to Beth, Jerry. I was clearly addressing Summer.

SUMMER

I'm just saying that we might be setting ourselves up for disappointment if the bar of quality for a good day is whether or not Mom and Dad threaten divorce.

Beth and Jerry look at each other, before leaving the room.

INT. SMITH HOME - DINING ROOM

Jerry and Beth rush into the room.

BETH

Are we going to tell them?

JERRY

What, that the outdated institution that was symbolically holding their parent's relationship together by a thread doesn't actually exist, and that the hassle of getting a divorce was often the only thing keeping us together?

BETH

Yes, that's exactly what I mean!

JERRY

I don't know, maybe we should wait a few weeks? We don't want to spoil her birthday even more, right?

BETH

But Morty's birthday is in a month!

JERRY

Fine, we'll tell them on Christmas!

BETH

Fine.

Beth hands him a small plate with a slice of cake on it.

JERRY

Can I have the one with the racecar?

Beth SIGHS.

BETH

Fine.

They switch plates, before joining the others.

FADE OUT.

THE END