

RICK AND MORTY SPEC EPISODE

COLD OPEN

EXT. SPACE NEBRASKA FARM - EVENING.

A middle aged alien woman stands on the porch of her house and calls out to her husband, working in the nearby field. Space Nebraska is peaceful and resembles the old west. The terrain is earth-like but with an alien color palette.

WIFE (SPEAKING ALIEN LANGUAGE)
Supper, darling!

She re-enters the home.

The middle aged alien farmer unhitches his horse-like creature from his plow.

FARMER (SPEAKING ALIEN LANGUAGE)
Suppertime? Good, I'm starved!

The farmer pats the horse-like creature.

FARMER (SPEAKING ALIEN LANGUAGE)
(speaking to the horse-like creature)

How about you?

The farmer walks, leading the horse-like creature from the field toward the barn which sits next to the house.

The horse creature suddenly stops and whinnies nervously, pulling against the reins.

FARMER (SPEAKING ALIEN LANGUAGE)
What is it girl?

The farmer looks up. Overhead, a fireball is headed towards him. A fiery spaceship crashes and destroys the farm, leaving nothing but a smoking crater where the barn and house were.

The space ship is Rick's car. The door opens and cans fall out. Rick stumbles out of his car drinking a beer, naked, except for one sock. He steps his sock foot in what appears to be manure.

RICK
Sh-t.(belches) F--king Space Nebraska.

MAIN THEME - TITLE SEQUENCE

SCENE I

INT. SMITH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Morty and Summer sit on the couch, flipping through channels. Outside a loud crash is heard, then the sound of a fire extinguisher. Morty and Summer ignore the sounds.

Rick enters the front door, still naked, but with singed hair and burn marks.

SUMMER

Ew Grampa, you smell terrible.

MORTY

Ya, did you...did you like...step on a, a poop? Did you step in poop or something?

SUMMER

Ha. Nice one.

Rick exits briefly and returns looking good-as-new wearing his regular lab coat.

RICK

For your information you dipsh-ts, yes, I did step in poop.

Rick sits on the couch between them and takes the remote. He presses a button on his wrist and a small robot wheels in a six-pack of beers. He immediately begins drinking.

SUMMER

Wow a bender into a bender, how original.

Something on the tv catches Rick's attention.

RICK

Shut up Summer.

Rick turns the volume up on the tv.

SUMMER

Geez, what crawled up your butt?

RICK

No, actually shut up Summer.

CUT TO:

On the tv is a press conference with Intergalactic Baseball Commissioner, Chip-Charles Chitterfacker. He is a large alien wearing a baseball hat with a suit and tie. He is standing at a podium in a futuristic baseball field. His name appears on the channel's graphic.

CHIP-CHARLES

...and that's why beginning this season, the Intergalactic Baseball Symposium will be lifting all previous planetary bans, including Earth's longtime ban, allowing this great sport to reach new audiences and old fans alike.

CUT TO:

Rick solemnly stands up from the couch.

RICK

I need to make a call.

Rick exits. Morty and Summer go back to channel surfing.

After a beat, Rick yells from the other room. He re-enters, dancing, wearing an old, tight-fitting baseball uniform.

RICK

Awww yeah baby!!!

SUMMER

What the?

MORTY

What is this Rick?

Rick puts his arms around his grandchildren as he speaks.

RICK

Oh you sweet, beautiful children, this is it. This is what we've been waiting for. Every moment, every gimmicky adventure for seven seasons has just been leading up to this.

SUMMER

Grandpa, what are you talking about?

RICK

Don't you get it? Don't you see?! The IBS is finally letting me play again! That Chitterfucker doesn't know what he's unleashed! He has no idea the pain I'm going to bring down on this league!

MORTY

Are we talking about baseball?

RICK

Oh no hahah! No you adorable idiot, we're talking about Intergalactic Baseball! It's Spaceball! Ha ha!

Jerry enters from offstage

JERRY

Did somebody say baseball?

RICK

Shut the f--k up Jerry! Get out of here!

MORTY AND SUMMER

Ya, shut up! Ugh, get out of here! Go away dad!

Jerry exits, muttering to himself.

Rick still holds his grandchildren tightly. He sheds a single tear which he gently wipes as he speaks.

RICK

I can't believe it kids, I'm just so happy...Baseball Rick is back, baby. I'm baseball Riiick!!!

SCENE II

INT. UNDERGROUND PRESIDENTIAL SITUATION ROOM - DAY

The President of the United States is on a video call with other world leaders on giant screens; a sort of televised UN meeting. He sits at a table with cabinet members.

PRESIDENT

Ladies and Gentlemen we have an amazing opportunity on our hands to take our rightful place in this

galaxy. As leader of the free world I will be acting as Earth's team manager.

RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR

We do not recognize your authority to make such decisions.

PRESIDENT

(speaking to person next to him) Ugh, this a-shole. (to Russian Ambassador) Do you even play baseball in that wasteland you call a country?

RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR

I...We...

PRESIDENT

All right, get him out of here! In fact get all of these clowns out of here! I don't need a bunch of soccer loving socialists telling me how to play God's game!

A cabinet member begins shutting off screens with a remote, starting with Russia.

PRESIDENT

Actually, wait. Japan can stay...So can the Dominican Republic. But the rest of them, out!

CANADIAN AMBASSADOR

Sorry for interrupting, but we do host some major league teams, eh.

PRESIDENT

Fine. Fine! Canada can stay. And Mexico. But that's it!

CABINET INTERN

What about Puerto Rico, sir?

PRESIDENT

We OWN Puerto Rico, you idiot! Where do you think we farm all our players?

A green portal opens up and Rick, Morty, and Summer step into the room. All three are dressed in futuristic baseball gear.

PRESIDENT

No, no, no! Not here. This one's mine, Sanchez!

RICK

You should know by now Mr. (belch) President that nothing you can do will stop me. I'm taking this team to the Intergalactic Multi-Worlds' Series.

PRESIDENT

Somebody arrest him!

Multiple secret service members advance on Rick. He pulls out a sci-fi bat/gun and shoots sci-fi baseballs at them. They get trapped in baseball bubbles and begin to float away.

RICK

This isn't just a game for me numbnuts (belch). This is personal.

PRESIDENT

All right men, stand down. A truce then?

RICK

Fine. But I pick the players.

PRESIDENT

The best living players are already on their way, we...

The President pulls out a team roster showing the names of the players. Rick takes the roster and looks it over.

RICK

(interrupting) Please tell me why I see your name on here?

PRESIDENT

I played baseball in college, you a-s!

RICK

Ugh! Fine, but you're playing outfield with these two.

Rick gestures towards Morty and Summer.

PRESIDENT, MORTY, AND SUMMER

Outfield?! Aw come on! (etc.)

RICK
 Hey, it's outfield or nothing. I could
 just as easily replace you with
 literally any three random Puerto
 Rican Children.

PRESIDENT
 We kind of already did a Puerto Rico
 joke.

RICK
 Ah, d-mn. Was that before I came in?

PRESIDENT
 Ya it was right before you walked in.

RICK
 Shoot.

PRESIDENT
 Ya.

Rick forcefully gives the roster back to the president.

RICK
 Anyway, have them all meet at Padre
 Stadium in Sunny Sand Diego. Spring
 training begins now motherf--kers!

Rick, Morty, and Summer all jump into a portal on the ground
 which immediately closes behind them. The President doesn't
 make it in time.

PRESIDENT
 That a-shole didn't even offer me a
 ride! I can't stand the nerve of this
 guy ...

A portal re-opens and Rick pops his head through, startling
 the President.

RICK
 Hey, um, did you want to just come
 through the portal with us?

PRESIDENT
 Ah, no, no. I've got some loose ends
 to tie-up. President stuff.

RICK
 Uh huh.

PRESIDENT
Ya, I'll just take AirForce 1.

RICK
Cool. Well, see you there.

The portal closes. The secret service members look judgmentally at the President.

PRESIDENT
Oh shut up!

SCENE III

EXT. TEAM EARTH INTERGALACTIC BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY