

Rick AND Morty

"Tales From The Citadel"

By

Ryan Ridley & Dan Guterma

Episode 307

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ACT ONE**EXT. MORTY'S HOME - DAY - ESTABLISHING****INT. MORTY'S HOME - GARAGE - DAY**

Rick finishes loading a spear into spear gun. Morty is wearing flippers, a scuba tank, and mask.

RICK 1
Alright Morty, you ready for our
adventure to the Lost City of
Atlantis?

MORTY 2
(muffled)
Ready as I'll ever be, Rick.

A portal opens and ANOTHER RICK and MORTY come through.

RICK (CONT'D) 3A
Oh, for fuck's sake!

OTHER RICK 3B
Hello, I'm Rick K-22, this is my 3F
Morty, we're going from reality to
reality asking Ricks to contribute
to the Citadel of Ricks
Redevelopment Fund.

RICK 3G
What are you, stupid - we're done 3I
with the Citadel of Ricks, I was
(BURP) never on board with it in
the first place, that's why I
murdered everyone in charge and
left it to rot.

OTHER RICK 3J
(consulting clipboard)
Oh, that was you.

MORTY 3K
They tried to murder him first.

OTHER MORTY 3L
Aw, geez, well, you'll be happy to
know, that council's gone now -

MORTY 3M
Yeah, he knows. He murdered them.

OTHER RICK 3N
(to Rick)
You want to reign in your Morty?

RICK 3O
Every day.

OTHER MORTY 3P
(back into pitch)
The Citadel of Ricks Redevelopment
Fund donates -

OTHER RICK 3Q
- Morty, he's not going to (BURP)
donate. You're pitching the
Policeman's Ball to a black
teenager here.

Other Rick shoots a portal.

OTHER RICK (CONT'D) 3S
Let's go.

Other Rick ushers Other Morty through the portal.

RICK 3T
You don't have to be a dick.

OTHER RICK 3U
(as he leaves)
I think you know that's not true.

He leaves. Portal closes.

Morty raises his scuba mask thoughtfully.

MORTY 8
Geez, I didn't know there were
still Ricks and Mortys living on
the Citadel. I wonder what their
day to day lives are like.

RICK 9
Well, you keep wondering that while
we go on a fun, fresh, self
contained adventure to Atlantis -

Rick shoots a portal.

RICK 9A
- anyone continuing to explore the
Citadel is either stupid or one of
the unfortunate millions held
hostage by their terrible ideas.

MORTY

10

(lowering mask, excited)

Man, I'm glad I'm not one of them!

Rick and Morty charge gleefully through it as we cut to:

EXT. SPACE - CITADEL OF RICKS

The CITADEL OF RICKS. We push in on it. Joe Walsh's "In The City" begins to play.

TITLE: "Rick and Morty: Tales From The Citadel."

EXT. CITADEL OF RICKS - DAY

We take in the complex majesty of the Citadel of Ricks.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Thousands of Ricks walk the bustling sidewalk on their way to work.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE - DAY

A construction zone rebuilding a city skyscraper. A large metal beam is lowered as Rick construction workers mill about.

INT. CITADEL DINER - MORNING

CAMPAIGN MANAGER MORTY, a world weary Morty wearing a button up shirt and tie with rolled up shirt sleeves, reads the paper. He throws some money on the counter, and walks out the door.

EXT. CITADEL DINER - MORNING

Campaign Manager Morty tries to hail a passing Rick hover-taxi. It blows past him and picks up a BUSINESS MAN RICK.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - MORNING

A Rick in the uniform of a police lieutenant walks behind a line of RICK COP CADETS in a firing range, each shooting freeze rays, each wearing a "CRPD" sweatshirt. The lieutenant arrives at a focused cadet who's faster than the others.

In front of them on the firing range, nozzled vats of goo slide forward and backward in each lane on a ceiling mounted track, depositing wads of goo that instantly grow into armed Gromflomites, each of which charges forward before getting taken out by the freeze ray.

Randomly, one of the wads grows into a Gromflomite with 14A crutches. The focused cop cadet pauses, then blasts the Gromflomite. The impressed lieutenant checks the box on a Rickpad, which displays "Accuracy: 100%". The lieutenant salutes the cadet, who just became a RICK COP.

INT. THE RICK SCHOOL FOR MORTYS - MORNING

A picture of Jessica is taped to the inside door of a locker. The bell rings. A Morty student gathers books and closes it, revealing rows of other MORTY STUDENTS at their lockers with similar pictures of Jessica. They rush off to their classes around a vigilant, judgmental RICK TEACHER.

EXT./INT. CITADEL TRAIN - DAY

A commuter train filled with blue collar Ricks, who all simultaneously sip from their flasks. A WORKING CLASS RICK looks out the window at a FANCIER RICK commuting in a sweet looking hover car, eating sardines and drinking champagne.

Working Class Rick sighs.

24A

EXT. CITADEL OF RICKS - DAY

The train they're on speeds by on its way to the Factory District. We stay behind on one of the Citadel's many Times-Square-style billboard media panels which is showing the title graphics for Citadel Morning News.

"In The City" fades out as the news titles begin to play. The video from the billboard goes full screen...

INT. CITADEL NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Titles and music for:

ANNOUNCER RICK (V.O.)
Citadel Morning News. News about
the Citadel in the morning, pretty
self explanatory.

25

A RICK NEWS CO-ANCHOR greets the audience. He has a horrible scar down one side of his face.

RICK NEWS CO-ANCHOR 26
Good morning, I'm Rick D-716B.

The RICK NEWS ANCHOR is identical but without the scar.

RICK NEWS ANCHOR 27
And I'm Rick D-716.

RICK NEWS CO-ANCHOR 28
(under breath)
Must be nice.

A holographic "mortise" over his shoulder shows Ricks and Mortys floating around in Sanchez Heights.

RICK NEWS ANCHOR 29
Coming up: Gravity outages in the
East Sanchez Heights...

We then see a holographic image of an arm with a "uranium powered subdermal cellular matrix".

RICK NEWS CO-ANCHOR 30
And, is your uranium powered
subdermal cellular matrix making
you sick? The answer may... not
surprise you because it's yes.

RICK NEWS ANCHOR 30A
Those stories and more, after this
break.

INT. EARTH GARAGE - DAY - (COMMERCIAL)

A RICK in a short sleeve button shirt and no lab coat is making something at a work bench. SAM ELLIOT does a voice over befitting a serious domestic beer commercial.

SAM ELLIOT (V.O.) 17
Sixty iterations off the central
finite curve, there's a Rick that
works more with wood than polarity
plating.

Reveal this Rick is finishing making a shitty jewelry box. As Sam Elliot continues, Rick gift wraps the jewelry box.

SAM ELLIOT (V.O.) 18
His name is Simple Rick but he's no
dummy.

INT. EARTH DINING ROOM - DAY - (COMMERCIAL)

Rick looks through a camcorder as THREE YEAR OLD BETH 18A
blows out candles on a cake.

SAM ELLIOT (V.O.) 19
He realized long ago that the
greatest thing he'd ever create was
his daughter.

THREE YEAR OLD BETH 20
I love daddy!

Rick lowers the camera, a tear forming in his eye.

SAM ELLIOT (V.O.) 21
We captured that moment -

We pull out from that memory and are looking at the tear
stained face of a catatonic Rick (aka SIMPLE RICK), strapped
to a platform with a cyberhelmet on his head.

SAM ELLIOT (V.O.) 22
We run it on a loop through Simple
Rick's mind -

We pull out further, revealing that Simple Rick's platform is
part of a complex machine that involves a thin hose coming
from the back of his head.

SAM ELLIOT (V.O.) 23
And the chemical it makes his brain
secrete goes into every Simple Rick
Simple Wafers Wafer Cookie.

GLAMOUR SHOT

Tight close ups of a wafer cookie being assembled - chocolate
descending onto a wafer, etc.

SAM ELLIOT (V.O.) 24
Come home to the impossible flavor
of your own emotional completion.
Come home to Simple Ricks.

INT. CITADEL NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Back in the news studio.

RICK NEWS ANCHOR 31

Just one day remains before our newly democratic Citadel elects its first President, it's anyone's race among the Rick candidates...

A GRAPHIC of Five Rick Candidates with poll numbers split - Retired General Rick, Private Sector Rick, Juggling Rick, Rick Guilt Rick and Reverse Rick Outrage Rick.

RICK NEWS CO-ANCHOR 32

But a certain *other* candidate should be getting at least *one* vote for most *adorable*.

HOLO-CLIP: a CANDIDATE MORTY visits with injured Mortys in a hospital. He shakes hands with an elephant trunk Morty, then takes pictures with a Morty trapped in a crystal.

RICK NEWS CO-ANCHOR 33

That's right, the *Morty* Party candidate still in the race and you just gotta love him for that.

RICK NEWS ANCHOR 34

Here you see him in his little Morty suit, waving -

HOLO-CLIP: Candidate Morty waves in front of a campaign van.

RICK NEWS CO-ANCHOR 35

- Aww, I want one of those for my Morty.

HOLO-CLIP: Candidate Morty gives a speech next to a newly-unveiled statue of a Morty being pulled through a portal.

RICK NEWS ANCHOR 35A

(re: news clip)
Uh yeah, I think we actually have the audio for this speech here:
(bad Morty impression)
Aw man, I'm gonna lose this election and stuff.

The anchors laugh together. 38A

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Campaign Manager Morty and a room of MORTY STAFFERS watch the coverage on a monitor. **Morty staffers boo and heckle.** 39A

CAMPAIGN MANAGER MORTY 42
Yes, people, the game is rigged.
But what if I told you this
campaign wasn't about winning?

CANDIDATE MORTY (O.S.) 43
I'd say that sounds like a losing
strategy.

The incredibly charismatic CANDIDATE MORTY has entered the room. The Morty Staffers rush back to work, covering their defeatism. Campaign Manager Morty is equally embarrassed and takes it out on the staff as Candidate Morty approaches.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER MORTY 44
Alright, back to work!
(to Candidate Morty)
I- I was ramping up to something
inspirational.
(then)
About tonight's debate. I think we
should skip it.

CANDIDATE MORTY 45
You're just full of ways to give up
today.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER MORTY 46
Sir, someone has to say it. You
can't win. What you can do at this
debate is be ridiculed on camera by
five Ricks and become part of the
reason Mortys lose their faith in -

CANDIDATE MORTY 47
(gentle, smiling)
- sounds like you've already lost
faith, young man.

He turns and walks off. Campaign Morty watches him go.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER MORTY 48R
You pay me to be practical, sir.
Also, we're both fourteen.

EXT. CITADEL STREET - DAY

A MORTY PRIDE PARADE marches down the street. Mortys hold up "Vote Morty" signs. Some have their faces painted. The Rick Cop (from the cadet scene earlier) watches from across the street as he takes a sip of coffee.

A squad hover-car zooms around the corner, Mortys jump out of the way to avoid being hit. The car pulls up in front of the Rick Cop. The window rolls down revealing a paunchy, jaded MORTY COP.

RICK COP 49
Oh. Sorry, I- I was expecting -

MORTY COP 50
- a Rick partner? Lesson one, rookie, expect the unexpected. Now get in.

Rick climbs in and buckles up. Morty Cop flashes his lights, honking and nudging Mortys out the way. A MORTY VOTER jumps in front of the car.

MORTY VOTER 51
Mortys are human!

MORTY COP 52
(rage)
Get the fuck off the car, you Rickless fucking animal!

Morty Cop pushes a button on the dash and the **Morty Voter is hit with a zap of electricity.** 52A

MORTY COP 53
The election's got these yellow shirts more riled than a picture day Jessica. Turns out you don't fix a zoo by opening the cages, you just make a jungle.

RICK COP 54
That's pretty harsh, sir.

MORTY COP 55
So report me, nobody gives a fuck.

RICK COP 56
Look, I'm just saying, makes me a little sad to hear a Morty cop calling Mortys animals.

MORTY COP 57
Well, it makes me sad to hear another Rick Cop buying into his sensitivity training.

RICK COP 58
Well I'm glad to know there's more like me.

MORTY COP 59R
There was one, why do you think
that seat was empty?

A call comes over the radio.

RICK DISPATCH (V.O.) 60
Robbery at Fifth and
(belch)
Avenue.

RICK COP 61
(concerned)
Fifth and
(belch)
That's Morty Town.

MORTY COP 62
(into radio)
Unit seven responding.
(to Rick Cop)
Welcome to the jungle.

The siren roars to life as Morty Cop aggressively **zaps a** 62A
Morty pedestrian and turns down a road.

EXT. WAFER COOKIE FACTORY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. WAFER COOKIE FACTORY - DAY

FACTORY WORKER RICKS work at various stations along a wafer
cookie production line. We follow a wafer down the line,
watching it get assembled, until it reaches WORKING CLASS
RICK. He uses a machine to stamp a Simple Rick's logo on the
wafers as they roll past him.

A SUPERVISOR RICK strolls onto the floor with a clipboard.

SUPERVISOR RICK 63A
Alright, listen up fuck nuts, the
Ricks upstairs tell me if we hit
our quota this week, we can expect
a little something extra in our
stockings. So I wanna see asses in
gear today. That means you B-44,
you lazy Gold Ricker.

Some chuckles from the floor. 63AA

WORKING CLASS RICK 63B
Excuse me, sir.

SUPERVISOR RICK 63C
You hear what I just said, J-22?

WORKING CLASS RICK 63D
Yeah, about that sir. Well... I've
been on the line for awhile now and
I was wondering...
(steels himself)
I want a promotion.

Supervisor Rick can't believe it.

WORKING CLASS RICK (CONT'D) 63F
Surely you must know that my skills
can be put to better use. I mean,
after all, I'm a -

SUPERVISOR RICK 63G
A genius?
(to the room)
Hey, we got any other geniuses
here?

The Factory Worker Ricks **all laugh.** 63GG

WORKING CLASS RICK 63L
But I was told when I arrived at
the Citadel that I would eventually-

SUPERVISOR RICK 63M
Look. Pal. If you're not happy
here, you're free to go back to
whatever podunk reality you came
from.

(then)
My advice: Use that genius IQ of 63N
yours to figure out a way to be
happy making cookies.

Working Class Rick lowers his head in shame.

EXT. THE RICK SCHOOL FOR MORTYS - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. THE RICK SCHOOL FOR MORTYS - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

A stern-looking Rick Teacher (from the earlier hallway scene)
lectures a classroom of Mortys.

RICK TEACHER 66
When meeting your new Rick, you'll
greet him in a manner befitting an
Academy Morty. "Hello, Rick."

The class repeats "Hello, Rick." 66A

RICK TEACHER 67
"...I'm Morty."

SLICK, a cool Morty, sits in the back with his friends:
SCALES, a cynical, lizard Morty, TUBS, a chubby Morty with a
speech impediment, and SPECS, a sensitive, thoughtful Morty.

The class repeats "I'm Morty." 67A

SLICK 68
(along with class)
I'm Farty.

The classroom titters. 68A

RICK TEACHER 69
Something you'd like to share with
the rest of the class, E-34B?

SLICK 70
I was just saying how you're a true
inspiration to Mortys everywhere.

More titters. 70A

RICK TEACHER 71
Very amusing, Mr. Smith. Almost as
amusing as when your first Rick was
decapitated on Zorpantheon Nine.

A hush falls over the class room.

RICK TEACHER 72
Or was that your third Rick? How
many Ricks have you had?

SLICK 73
(embarrassed)
Five.

RICK TEACHER 74
I see. So you are top of the class
in *something*.

Some of the other students giggle. This stings Slick. 74A

RICK TEACHER 75
(to class)
Tomorrow you'll be transferred to
your new Ricks. Hopefully they will
be your last.
(to someone else)
(MORE)

RICK TEACHER (CONT'D)
Yes, Slow Ri -
(correcting)
- Tall Morty?

SLOW RICK, a Rick dressed like a Morty seated among the students, has his hand up.

SLOW RICK 76
Did - did I gradgitate this time
yet?

RICK TEACHER 77
Anything's possible, Tall Morty.

Rick Teacher makes a wide eyed "yeeesh" face at the rest of the class. The Mortys **all laugh**. 77A

The bell rings and all the students exit, except for our "Four Mortyteers", who stay in their seats, looking somber.

SCALES 82
I guess we won't be seeing each
other after this, huh?

The Mortys know he's right. Slick makes a decision.

SLICK 83
I say we make our last day count.
I say... we go to the Wishing
Portal?

The other Mortys have clearly heard of it.

SPECS 84A
That's a myth.

TUBS 84B
It's not a myth. My first Rick's
fourth Morty knew a Rick whose
Morty went there.

SCALES 86R
If we're not here for graduation,
our butts are gonna wind up in
Mortytown.

SLICK 87
I thought your last Rick fused you
with a lizard, not a chicken.

SCALES 88R
(calling his bluff)
Okay, fine. I'm in.

He puts his hand in center.

SPECS 89A
Me too.

One by one the rest of them join their hands.

SCALES 88
(calling his bluff)
Okay, when do we go?

SLICK 89
Now.

They all smile at each other.

EXT. MORTY TOWN - STREETS / INT. COP CAR - DAY

The cop car rolls through Morty Town. SKETCHY MORTYS with urban affectations (like Tupac style rags and cigarettes behind ears) regard them with suspicion and challenging glares as bass-laden music adds to the tension of simmering class warfare. Rick Cop tries to keep a poker face.

MORTY COP 91
No Ricks, no families, high off their asses and running amuck. Mortys are raised to be sidekicks. Without a side to kick, they just start kicking.

EXT. MORTY TOWN - LIQUOR STORE - LATER

Rick Cop questions a MORTY STORE OWNER outside his shop.

MORTY STORE OWNER 92
They were- they were about my height, around fourteen years old... oh, their- their shirts were yellow.

Morty Cop smirks as Rick Cop writes it all down.

MORTY COP 93
Yeah, make sure you get that down.

RICK COP 94
Any mutations, augmentations? Uh- Three eyes? A tail? Maybe a buzzcut?

MORTY STORE OWNER 95
No. Just four normal Mortys.

A PURPLE MORTY with a mouth on a stalk sweeps nearby.

PURPLE MORTY 96
(seething)
Normal.

MORTY STORE OWNER 97
Put it in your blog.

MORTY COP 97A
(noticing Street Punks)
Let me turn over a few rocks.

Morty Cop approaches a pair of STREET PUNK MORTYS spray painting an "M" over a Citadel "R" down the street.

MORTY COP 98
(to punks)
Aw geez hey what's goin' on fellas?

STREET PUNK MORTY #1 99
Aw geez man, nothing man, we're just hanging out and stuff.

MORTY COP 100
I hear that aw geez. I guess I'm supposed to be figurin' out who robbed the store across the street, but aw geez, I don't know.

STREET PUNK MORTY #1 101
Aw geez man, that sucks that your Rick's making you do that.

Morty Cop's expression changes.

MORTY COP 102
He's not my Rick. He's my partner.
(adding, dry)
Aw geez.

STREET PUNK MORTY #1 103
Aw geez, well, maybe the uniform makes a big difference, who am I to say, to me you just look like a sidekick -

Morty Cop throws Street Punk #1 against the wall and shoves his sci-fi gun in his mouth. Rick Cop watches concerned. 103A

MORTY COP 103B
Call me a sidekick one more time!
Call me a sidekick!!

STREET PUNK MORTY #2 104
Hey man! Come on! Aw geez!

MORTY COP 105
You want to see how I paint a wall?

STREET PUNK MORTY #2 106
It was the Morty Town Locos man!
The- the Morty Town Locos!

Morty Cop removes the gun from the thug's mouth. The street punks run off. Morty Cop walks back over to Rick Cop.

RICK COP 107
Do you realize how many codes you just violated?

MORTY COP 108
Aw geez Rick, what do I know about knowin' stuff. Get in the fucking car.

INT. AMPHITHEATRE - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Five CANDIDATE RICKS stand at a row of podiums. The Morty Candidate is among them.

RETIRED GENERAL RICK 109
More lasers.

MODERATOR RICK 110
You can take more time to answer the question if you like.
(off his silence)
Okay, Juggling Rick, how would you solve the Citadel's financial crisis?

JUGGLING RICK, an otherwise regular Rick in a suit, gives a nod from his podium.

JUGGLING RICK 111
First off, can I just say that I believe this Citadel is the greatest in the entire multi-verse. Now, I believe the answer to your question has three parts.
(he pulls out three balls)
(MORE)

JUGGLING RICK (CONT'D)
First, education spending must get
muuuuch higher...

INT. AMPHITHEATRE - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Campaign Manager Morty is watching the debate on a monitor.

JUGGLING RICK (O.S.) 113
But it has to be balanced with
defense...
(juggling)
Whoa whoaaa! Haha Yeah!

Juggling Rick pulls out a chainsaw, throws that into the mix.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER MORTY 112R
(to staffer)
Can we fact check this please?
(then, realizing)
Nevermind. Who am I kidding, this
race is over.

INT. AMPHITHEATRE - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Juggling Rick finishes juggling, takes a bow.

JUGGLING RICK 115
And that's how you run a Citadel!

Polite applause.

MODERATOR RICK 116R
Candidate Morty. The number of
displaced Mortys is soaring, while
Rick satisfaction levels are
plummeting, and the divide between
the two groups has never been
wider.
(smiling)
Solve that one real quick.

CANDIDATE MORTY 116A
I don't see a divide between Ricks
and Mortys -

RETIRED GENERAL RICK 116B
Shocker.

Retired General Rick farts. The audience laughs.

PRIVATE SECTOR RICK 118
I'd like to offer a re-buttal.

He farts a really long, sustained fart.

RICK GUILT RICK 120
Gentlemen, gentlemen, I think we
can all agree on one thing:
(he farts, twice)
Well, it came out as two things but
you get the idea.

After a bit more laughter, Candidate Morty continues.

CANDIDATE MORTY 121A
The division I see is between the
Ricks and Mortys that like the
citadel divided... and the rest of
us.

A RICH RICK in the audience shifts in his seat.

CANDIDATE MORTY (CONT'D) 124A
I see it everywhere I go...

EXT. RICK SCHOOL FOR MORTYS - DAY

Slick, Specs, Scales and Tubs sneak out of school, climbing
down a rope hanging out the window.

CANDIDATE MORTY (V.O.) 124C
I see it in our schools where they
teach Mortys we're all the same,
because they're threatened by what
makes us unique.

INT. MORTY COP CAR

Rick and Morty Cop watch as a Morty Loco enters a building
across the street.

CANDIDATE MORTY (V.O.) 124G
I see it on our streets where they
give guns to teenagers, so we're
too busy fighting each other to
fight real injustice.

Morty Cop cocks his gun and smirks. Rick Cop adjusts his
flack jacket with a look of trepidation.

INT. WAFER FACTORY - FACTORY FLOOR - SAME

Working Class Rick watches wafers come down the assembly line and loses it, angrily ripping the wafer stamp gun off the factory line.

CANDIDATE MORTY (V.O.) 124D
I see it in our factories where
Ricks work for a fraction of their
boss' salary even though they're
identical and have the same IQ.

INT. WAFER FACTORY - SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Supervisor is watching the debates on a TV. 124DD/EE
Working Class Rick enters and **screams as he** blasts his
Supervisor with the wafer stamping gun. He fires repeatedly,
embedding a wafer cookie logo deep into his Supervisor's
forehead and body.

CANDIDATE MORTY (V.O.) 125E
The citadel's problem isn't
homeless Mortys or outraged Ricks.

Working Class Rick looks out the office window onto the
assembly line below, realizing everyone just saw him murder
his boss.

WORKING CLASS RICK 130C
Holy shit.

He hurries out of the office.

INT. WAFER FACTORY - CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

Working Class Rick speeds across a catwalk as RICK SECURITY
closes in.

RICK SECURITY OFFICER (O.S.) 130D
He's headed for the flavor core!

INT. WAFER FACTORY - FLAVOR CORE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Working Class Rick punches a few keys on the door's key pad.
It opens. He runs inside as the door shuts behind him and
Security Ricks close in.

INT. WAFER FACTORY - FLAVOR CORE - CONTINUOUS

Working Class Rick runs to a panel and punches buttons that lower blast shields in the chamber.

Simple Rick is hooked up to a machine in the center of the room. His memory plays on a screen above, causing him to twitch and discharging fluid from his brain into a tube that runs into a complex series of tubes.

CANDIDATE MORTY (V.O.) 131A
 The Citadel's problem is the Ricks
 and Mortys feeding on the citadel's
 death...

Working Class Rick slumps to the floor as Security Ricks bang on the blast shields outside.

INT. AMPHITHEATRE - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The audience is captivated as Candidate Morty continues.

CANDIDATE MORTY 131B
 But I've got a message for them,
 from the Ricks and Mortys keeping
 it alive. You're outnumbered.

The entire amphitheater bursts into **applause and cheering.** 131C

INT. AMPHITHEATER - BACKSTAGE

Campaign Manager Morty watches the ovation on the monitor, amazed. On screen, his Candidate waves, leaving the stage.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER MORTY 130A
 Holy shit.

Candidate Morty makes his way toward Campaign Manager Morty.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER MORTY 138
 I don't believe it. I- I can't
 believe it.

CANDIDATE MORTY 139
 I know.
 (then)
 That's why you're fired.

He pats his Campaign Manager on the shoulder and walks away.

Campaign Manager Morty stands there, dumbfounded. Juggling Rick approaches him somewhat bashfully.

JUGGLING RICK

140

Sounds like you're looking for work. I can offer you a very enticing compensation package.
(pulls out juggling pins)
First, let's talk benefits...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. WAFER FACTORY - FLAVOR CHAMBER - DAY**

Working Class Rick sweats and paces like a caged tiger. Simple Rick, whose brain is being milked for love juice, murmurs to himself as he twitches.

SIMPLE RICK 141
(twitch)
Daddy loves you.
(twitch)
That's Daddy's good girl.

WORKING CLASS RICK 142
(to Simple Rick)
Your life is a lie, man.
(to cops)
All your lives are lies! Don't you get it? They told us we were special because we were Ricks, but they stripped us of everything that made us unique!

NEGOTIATOR COPS are outside a glass panelled room, trying to coax Working Class Rick out of the Flavor Chamber. The lead one talks into a megaphone.

NEGOTIATOR RICK 143
(through megaphone)
We know how you feel. We're working stiff Ricks just like you but our assembly line is justice.

WORKING CLASS RICK 146
I-I-I want a portal gun.
Unregistered, untraceable, with enough fluid to take me off of this GOD DAMN PRISON!

The lead Negotiator Rick is approached by NEGOTIATOR RICK #2.

NEGOTIATOR RICK #2 146A
The media's outside.

NEGOTIATOR RICK 146B
Well keep 'em there.

EXT. WAFER FACTORY - DAY

RICK CORRESPONDENT, a Rick with two scars and severe facial burns wraps up.

RICK CORRESPONDENT 147
Anyway, so yeah, the suspect says
the Citadel is a lie, built on
lies, and some other shit.

We now see the Correspondent in a three-way split screen with
the two Rick News Anchors.

RICK CORRESPONDENT 147
I say appreciate the life you have,
because it can always be worse.
Back to you Ricks.

RICK NEWS ANCHOR 148
Thank you Rick 716-C...
(to Co-Anchor)
That fucking guy. 149

RICK NEWS CO-ANCHOR 150
Tell me about it.

INT. CITADEL NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The news goes full screen as the Rick Anchor continues. An
image of Candidate Morty is over his shoulder.

RICK NEWS ANCHOR 151
(clears throat)
Meanwhile, in election news, an
unexpected turn of events as Morty
from the Morty Party soars to the
top of the polls.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Candidate Morty is giving a press conference. RICK 151A
REPORTERS shove their microphones at him. **We hear a
cacophony of "Morty! Morty! Morty!"**

CANDIDATE MORTY 152
(points to a Rick)
Yes.

RICK REPORTER 153
Morty, what's your original reality
and where's your Rick?

CANDIDATE MORTY 154
Gosh, we moved around so much it's
hard to remember. I see every Rick
as my Rick, I hope they see me as
their Morty.

The reporters laugh, completely taken in by his charms. 154A

INT. MORTY BAR - CONTINUOUS

Campaign Manager Morty is drinking at a bar, watching Candidate Morty on TV.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER MORTY 155
(to Morty bartender)
Another? Please? With less water?

The Morty Bartender gives him a drink.

MORTY BARTENDER 156
Hey, cheer up pal, a Morty's gonna
be president. Who would have
believed that?

CAMPAIGN MANAGER MORTY 157
Not me.

DEEP THROAT RICK (O.S.) 158
Oh I'd believe that Morty is
capable of just about anything.

Campaign Manager Morty looks up to see DEEP THROAT RICK, a disheveled Rick wearing a dirty trench coat drinking next to him.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER MORTY 159
Well, if enough Ricks feel the way
you do, he just might win.

DEEP THROAT RICK 160
That's what I'm afraid of.

He slides over a manila folder.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER MORTY 161
What's this?

DEEP THROAT RICK 162
The truth.

Deep Throat Rick downs his drink, exits. Campaign Manager Morty opens the folder. Pages through contents. We can't see them. His eyes widen.

RICK REPORTER (O.S.) 163
(on TV)
Having taken aim at the system, are
you afraid at all for your safety?

CANDIDATE MORTY

164

(on TV)

I'd rather live in hope than fear.
If I had to fear anything, I'd fear
other people being afraid. Of fear.
Itself. But. No, I'm not afraid.

Campaign Manager Morty, jaw dropped, looks up at the tv.

INT. MORTY TOWN LOCO'S HIDE OUT - CONTINUOUS

The MORTY TOWN LOCOS, four gangster Mortys (shirts off, covered in tats), are in a dirty living room with blacked out windows. They're watching Candidate Morty on the tv.

MORTY TOWN LOCO #1

165

Hey Rick, man, when there's a Morty
president, you gonna lick my balls
or what?

They laugh, including A SKETCHY RICK with long stringy hair, who "cooks" a green liquid with complex lab equipment. 165A

SKETCHY RICK

166

Sheeet, grandson, you keep me
peeling skrabquams and slappin' nib
nibs, I'll lick whatever ain't
nailed down.

They all laugh and high five. Work doesn't have to be all work. 166A

The door is kicked open. Rick and Morty Cop storm in, guns drawn.

RICK COP

167

Hands in the air!

MORTY TOWN LOCO #1

168

What the hell man?! What the
hellin' hell?!

MORTY COP

169

You guys doing a little chemistry
homework with grandpa?

RICK COP

170

(examining liquid)
Is this what I think it is?

MORTY COP

171

Bootleg portal fluid.

Sketchy Rick pushes over the equipment and shoots a portal. It looks like a regular portal for a beat but as the Rick walks into it, it peels apart and lands on top of him. His flesh disintegrates as if he's going into a portal molecule by molecule. 171A

SKETCHY RICK 172
Aaaaaaahhh!!!

MORTY COP 173
Guess his math was off.
(to Rick Cop)
Search the place.

Rick Cop goes into a hallway.

INT. MORTY TOWN LOCO'S HIDE OUT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rick Cop hears a sound from a bedroom. He draws his gun and inches toward the open door.

INT. MORTY TOWN LOCO'S HIDE OUT - CHILD'S BEDROOM - SAME

Rick Cop expertly rolls into the room, gun raised.

Reveal a SCARED MORTY in the middle of this dirty child's bedroom, **crying**. 174A

SCARED MORTY 175
(sniffing)
Are- are you... my new... R-Rick?

Rick Cop is touched. He lowers his gun.

RICK COP 176
It's okay, Morty.

Rick Cop extends a hand. Rick scoops Scared Morty up with his free arm like a toddler.

Scared Morty stabs Rick Cop in the shoulder blade with a knife. **Rick Cop screams in anguish** and instinctively blasts Scared Morty with his gun while flinging him across the room. 176A

Scared Morty, already dead, hits a nursery mobile, which plays a haunted lullaby as the boy's body drapes like a dishrag over the edge of a crib beneath.

Morty Cop enters, gun drawn, sees Rick Cop on the ground, holding his shoulder.

MORTY COP 177A
Jesus.

RICK COP 177B
He stabbed me. He got me bad,
Morty.

Morty Cop holsters his gun and kneels down to attend to Rick.

MORTY COP 177C
Shh. It's okay. You're okay.

RICK COP 177D
You were right.
(coughs)
Everything I learned at the academy
was -

MORTY COP 177E
It doesn't matter. Nothing wrong
with putting your faith in a Morty-

Morty Cop slowly **lifts Rick Cop to his feet.** 177F

MORTY COP (CONT'D) 177G
- you just gotta pick the right
one.

Rick Cop smiles. As Morty Cop helps Rick Cop out of the room,
Rick Cop realizes something.

RICK COP 177H
Why is there a crib in here?

MORTY COP 177I
Something they do. To make you feel
bad.

INT. MORTY TOWN LOCO'S HIDE OUT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They walk past the cuffed Morty Town Locos.

RICK COP 177J
Man, look at all this paperwork.

MORTY COP 177K
Go to the car and grab a medi-pack.
Let me worry about this.

Rick Cop walks out. Morty cop walks to the portal fluid vat,
pops a cartridge from his sidearm and drops it into the
liquid, then cranks a dial on the vat up to maximum.

EXT. MORTY TOWN LOCO'S HIDE OUT - MOMENTS LATER

Rick tends to his wound, leaning against the squad car. Morty walks out. Behind him, explosions rock the house as the entire thing disintegrates.

MORTY COP 178A
See? No more paperwork.

RICK COP 178B
What happened?

MORTY COP 178C
Same old story: Mortys killing
Mortys.

EXT. MEGA SEED ORCHARD - DAY

Scales reaches for a megafruit, hanging from megafruit tree. He stands on Specs' shoulders who's on Slick's shoulders.

SCALES 188A
Almost got it. Almost... got it...

A laser shot rings out. **The Mortys tumble to the ground.** 188B
They look up to see a FARMER RICK with his dog creature. He fires a laser shotgun at the ground near them.

FARMER RICK 194
Hey! Ya'll get the hell away from
my damn mega fruit!

The Mortys freak out and make a run for it. Slick stands his ground. 194A

SLICK 194B
Come on!

FARMER RICK 194C
Looks like we got ourselves a Tough
Guy Morty.
(whistles)
Sic 'em, boy.

The creature tears after Slick. Specs grabs Slick by the arm, shaking him out of his trance. **The four Mortys yell and run as they're chased by** Farmer Rick and his dog creature. **They tumble down a hill into the river below.** 194D/E

FARMER RICK (CONT'D)

194F

Come back here! I don't wear this
dag nab hat and commit to this
rural character so you can eat for
free while you come of age!

The Mortys are carried downstream by the river.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - LATER

The Four Mortytees sit around a camp fire. Slick is mid
story.

SLICK

195A

Meanwhile, Rick's over in the
corner with an armful of eggs
yelling "Run, Morty, run!"
(leans in)
"Run? Motherfucker, we're on a
web."

The other Mortys **laugh**.

195B

SPECS

195G

I'd spend all day with a googa if
it meant I never had to hand a Rick
another screwdriver.

SCALES

195H

That dude loves screw drivers.
Hello, there's other tools you
know? It's like, you sure you don't
want a hammer this time? Some
pliers?

TUBS

195J

I'd love to hand Rick some pliers
just once. It would be like a
vacation to hand him some pliers.

SPECS

195K

We bitch and moan, but we love
going on adventures as much as they
do. And what would we be without a
Rick, anyway?

The others **murmur in agreement**.

195L

SLICK

195M

Free.

The other kids fall silent for a moment, then:

SPECS 195N
Aw, come on, Slick, I bet your next Rick -

SLICK 195O
It's not gonna make a difference. I could have a thousand Ricks and nothing would ever change. I'm not like the rest of you.

TUBS 195P
We know, your sleeves are rolled up-

SLICK 195Q
No. I'm a vat Morty.

Slick stands, lifts up his shirt to reveal he has no belly button and a bar code tattooed on his body. **The other three gasp.** 195S

SLICK (CONT'D) 195T
I was designed in a lab by Ricks to be the perfect Morty, and yet again and again, I watch as my Ricks keep dyin'. And it's all my fault. I'm a bad luck Morty and science can't fix bad luck.

Specs squares off with him.

SPECS 195U
Hey. I don't want to hear that kinda talk. You're the best Morty I know and if science can't fix bad luck, then maybe wishes can.

The two hug.

EXT. RICK RESTAURANT - DAY

Candidate Morty shakes hands with working class Ricks. SECURITY FORCE RICKS in black uniforms scan the perimeter for suspicious looking Ricks.

CANDIDATE MORTY 216
Hey there. How you doing? Great to meet you.

PLUMBER RICK 217
I'm a plumber sir, I'm a Rick and I'm a plumber.

CANDIDATE MORTY 218
That doesn't sound like Rick work.
You didn't come to the Citadel to
be a plumber, did you?

PLUMBER RICK 219
Ha ha! I sure didn't, sir!

A CLONE MAKING RICK holds out a Rick Baby.

CLONE MAKING RICK 220
Mr. Morty! Mr. Morty! I cloned
myself so you could kiss me as a
baby!

Candidate Morty kisses the baby then thrusts it into the air.

CANDIDATE MORTY 221
This is just like a Morty baby!

The crowd cheers. Everyone is taking pictures. 221A

Candidate Morty goes to a FACE PAINT MORTY and extends his
hand. Face Paint Morty shakes it.

CANDIDATE MORTY 222
How can I change your Citadel,
Morty?

FACE PAINT MORTY 223
You can die.

Face Paint Morty pulls a laser pistol and **shoots** 223A-C
Candidate Morty through the shoulder. Security Ricks
taze and tackle him. The crowd screams as he's dragged away.

Ricks and Mortys gather around Candidate Morty as he clutches
his wound laying on the sidewalk.

CANDIDATE MORTY 224
I'm okay.....I'm okay...
I'm....oh... ugh....

INT. MORTY TOWN - THE CREEPY MORTY - DAY

Morty Cop and Rick Cop enter The Creepy Morty, a weird go go
club where Mortys dance for other Mortys.

MORTY DANCER 225
(to Rick Cop)
You look like you could use a good
time. One dance for ten, two for
twenty five.

RICK COP 226
No thank you. And bad math.

They move past some BUSINESS MAN MORTYS having a good time as a **MORTY DANCER dances.** 226A

BUSINESS MAN MORTY 227
Ha ha! Yeah! This is a good time!

RICK COP 228
What is this place?

MORTY COP 229
The Creepy Morty. As a wise man once said: "Don't think about it."

They walk over to a booth with a tough looking Morty (BIG MORTY) eating food with his fingers. He's flanked by two MORTY GOONS wearing sunglasses and black turtle necks under blazers.

MORTY COP (CONT'D) 230A
Come on. There's someone important I want you to meet.

BIG MORTY 230B
Bubbala!

Big Morty gives Morty Cop a big welcome, shakes Rick's hand. They take a seat at the booth.

BIG MORTY (CONT'D) 230C
Thank you for taking care of those Morty Town Loco scum bags. Those were bad Mortys. Bad, bad Mortys.

Big Morty snaps his fingers. A Morty Goon pulls out an envelope of cash and hands it to Morty Cop.

MORTY COP 230D
The Citadel was supposed to be a sanctuary from the systems that control the universe, but it ended up just being corrupt. In Morty Town, the rules are simple: Big Morty keeps the peace...

Morty Cop slides the stack of bills to Rick Cop.

MORTY COP (CONT'D) 230E
And he takes care of those who help him do it.

Rick Cop looks down at the stack, counting the bills, considering this opportunity.

RICK COP 230F
You're right. Ricks are inherently selfish. Narcissists and nihilists who sold out our dream.

BIG MORTY 230G
I'll drink to that!

Rick Cop looks up from the money.

RICK COP 230H
So what's your excuse?

The Mortys are taken aback.

RICK COP (CONT'D) 230I
You've been telling me all day this is a jungle you can only survive by thinking like a predator, but it looks to me like you're just a bunch of scavengers feeding off the rot.

He pushes the money back. Big Morty and the goons get frosty. Morty Cop tries to defuse.

MORTY COP 230J
Alright, haha, okay, he's just messing with us.
(through gritted teeth)
Come on, man, take the money. Don't be another shmuck who gave up everything for a place that never gave you anything back.

RICK COP 230K
They gave me one thing...
(burp)
A badge.

Morty Cop clocks the Goons going for their guns.

MORTY COP 230L
(shakes his head)
Smartest man in the universe.

Morty Cop punches the goons. Rick and Morty Cop run for cover as the goons open fire. Everyone else in the bar hides and takes cover. Rick and Morty flip a table, firing back at the goons.

A Morty dressed as a cowboy hides behind a pole.

COWBOY MORTY 243
They're just props!

Other Morty Dancers flee in the chaos as the fire fight 243A
takes out the remaining Morty Goons.

When the firing stops, Morty Cop is on top of Big Morty.

MORTY COP 244A
Not so big now, are you?

BIG MORTY 244B
I never was! It was figurative!

He's about to kill Big Morty when -

RICK COP 244C
That's enough.

Rick Cop trains his gun on his partner.

MORTY COP 244D
If we don't kill him, he'll talk.

Rick Cop takes a step closer. He cocks his gun.

RICK COP 244E
If you do, I'll talk.

Cowboy Morty Dancer gathers his stuff.

COWBOY MORTY 244F
One thing's for sure, y'all don't
have to worry about Cowboy Morty
talkin'. He's just gonna moooosey
on out of here.

Rick Cop keeps his gun trained at Morty Cop. Morty Cop
eventually puts his hands up, drops his gun.

MORTY COP 244G
Ricks should have never brought
Mortys onto the Citadel man. It's a
messed up place. I just wanna go
home and go to school and play
video games. Will you take me home
Grandpa Rick?

BIG MORTY 244H
Yeah Grandpa Rick, please take us
home. I don't wanna be a crime lord
any more. Guns scare me.

Both Mortys start crying and begging him to take them home. 244I

RICK COP 244J
Shut the hell up! I'm not taking you home and I'm not turning you in. There's no justice on the Citadel. But this is Morty Town. And in Morty Town...

Rick Cop slides the gun to Big Morty.

RICK COP (CONT'D) 244K
Big Morty keeps the peace.

He walks out. Big Morty looks at the gun in his hand. A sinister smile creeps across his face.

EXT. THE CREEPY MORTY - DAY

Rick Cop walks outside as backup arrives. He gets on his knees with his hands in the air.

BACKUP RICK 255
What the hell happened in there?

RICK COP 256
Mortys killing Mortys.

INT. WAFER FACTORY - WAFER CORE - DAY

Negotiator Rick holds up a portal gun on the outside of the flavor core blast shields.

NEGOTIATOR RICK 259
Okay man, okay, we got you your portal gun.

Working Class Rick momentarily deactivates the blast shields. A tiny portal opens up in the room and a Rick hand comes through with a portal gun and lays it on the ground, the hand retracts and the portal closes. Working Class Rick picks up the gun and inspects it.

After he's satisfied, he holsters it and walks over to Simple Rick. He starts hitting buttons and pulls the hose out from the back of his head. Alarms start going.

NEGOTIATOR RICK 260
What the hell's he doing?

Working Class Rick wakes Simple Rick up.

SIMPLE RICK 261
Where- where am I?

WORKING CLASS RICK 262
A bad place. But you're going to a
better one soon.

Simple Rick stands up. Working Class Rick shoots a portal.

NEGOTIATOR RICK 263
No, no, no, no...

Working Class Rick pushes Simple Rick through. **We hear** 263A
screams as blood mists out of the portal.

The cops all wince.

NEGOTIATOR RICK 264
God DAMN IT!

WORKING CLASS RICK 265
You tried to kill me with a fake
portal?? I'm a Rick! I'm more Rick
than any of you!

NEGOTIATOR RICK 266
Then you should know you just
killed your only leverage!

WORKING CLASS RICK 267
Then come and get me mother
fuckers!!

The RICK SWAT TEAM uses a laser to cut a hole in the door to
the flavor core. They're about to charge in when:

TYCOON RICK (O.S.) 268
STOP!

Everyone stops. TYCOON RICK, a Rick with a lab coat over a
suit and a tall white hat, walking with a cane topped by a
wafer cookie, walks toward the front of the crisis.

TYCOON RICK 269
I'm Rick D. Sanchez the Third,
owner of this here wafer
establishment and I say that Rick
in there is right. He's more Rick
than any of you.

NEGOTIATOR RICK 270
He's a terrorist!

TYCOON RICK 271
What Rick isn't?! This Citadel was
founded by Ricks for Ricks to be
free!
(to Working Class Rick)
What's your name, young man?

WORKING CLASS RICK 272
Rick. And I'm -

TYCOON RICK 273
- The same age as me, I know. How
long have you worked here?

WORKING CLASS RICK 274
Fifteen years.

TYCOON RICK 275
What the hell have we become?
Whatever time you were going to
make him serve, he's served it. It
ends now. Come with me, friend.

WORKING CLASS RICK 276
Where are we going?

TYCOON RICK 277
To your new life. Which starts with
walking the fuck out of here.

INT. WAFER FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Working Class Rick walks with Tycoon Rick down the assembly
line past Working Class' former coworkers.

FACTORY RICK #1 278
Yo J-22, give 'em hell!

This inspires the rest of the factory Ricks to **whoop** 278A
and holler and applaud and whistle. Working Class Rick
looks around at it all, waving back, taking it in.

SAM ELLIOT (V.O.) 279
There's a Rick that held a factory
hostage after murdering his boss
and several coworkers. The factory
made cookies, flavored them with
lies.

EXT. WAFER FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Press and public applaud as Tycoon Rick and Working Class Rick head to an awesome looking car waiting outside for them. Tycoon Rick smiles and unlocks it with a key fob, then hands it to Working Class Rick. The door opens, beckoning to Working Class Rick. 279A

SAM ELLIOT (V.O.)

280

He made us all take a look at what we were doing, and in the bargain, he got a taste of real freedom, not some simulated bullshit in a can.

As Working Class Rick heads for the car, Tycoon Rick stays behind him, raises a gun and fires. The gun makes a silencer-type sound. Working Class Rick gets a stupid, stunned grin on his face.

We pull out of his grinning face as we dissolve to -

INT. WAFER FACTORY - FLAVOR CORE - CONTINUOUS

He's still grinning, eyes closed, twitching, as the memory of walking through the factory and to his new car replays on a loop on a monitor attached to his helmet. He's strapped onto the same chair that Simple Rick was in earlier. Fluid is being milked from the back of his head.

SAM ELLIOT (V.O.)

281

We captured that taste, and we keep giving it to him so he can give it right back to you, in every bite of new Simple Rick Freedom Wafer Selects.

GLAMOUR SHOT

Tight close ups of a wafer cookie being assembled - chocolate descending onto a wafer, etc.

SAM ELLIOT (V.O.)

282

Come home to the unique joy that comes with shattering the grand illusion. Come home to Simple Rick.

EXT. ABANDONED PORTAL DUMP - DAY

The Four Mortytees arrive at a barbed wire fence surrounding a giant swirling portal.

Slick walks up to the fence and **bashes the lock open.** 283A
The gate swings open.

SLICK 284
After you.

The boys exchange nervous looks and walk in. They approach
the rim of the portal.

SPECS 284A
There it is... the Wishing Portal.

TUBS 284B
They say for your wish to come
true, you have to give up something
important. For me, that's my panini
maker.

He grabs a panini maker from his backpack, steps to the edge.

TUBS
I wish for a million sandwiches! 284C
(throws it in, then)
And yes, I see the irony.

Scales walks up.

SCALES 290
I wish that my next Rick has some
kind of degenerative bone disease
and that when he dies he leaves me
a treasure.

He takes off a "fang" necklace and throws it in. Specs walks
up, takes out a harmonica, throws it in.

SPECS 288
I wish to meet a Jessica some day.

Slick walks up to the portal and stares into it.

SLICK 291A
None of those things are gonna
happen, you know. Morty's wishes
never come true. Not on the
Citadel.

SCALES 291B
Then why did you bring us here?

SLICK 291C
Because I wish that would change. I
wish anything about this life would
change.

(MORE)

SLICK (CONT'D)
I wish we could stop being
reassigned to Ricks. I wish we
could all be free.

SPECS 291D
Well I hope you're putting
something pretty god damn important
in there.

SLICK 291E
Me too.
(looks down)
I doubt it.

Slick leaps into the portal. 295A

SPECS 296
NOOOOOOOO!

SCALES 297
SLIIIIICK!

They all stand on the edge of the portal, look down into it.

SPECS 298
(crying)
M-maybe... maybe it went somewhere
nice.

AUTOMATED RICK (V.O.) 299
Garbage dump. Stand (BURP) back.

A bunch of garbage released from above pours into the portal.

INT. CITADEL SECURITY - AIR LOCK - DAY

Security Force Ricks toss a limp Face Paint Morty onto the
floor of the air lock bay. They stare down at him as he comes
to.

FACE PAINT MORTY 300
(groggy)
He had to be stopped. He- he cou-c-
couldn't be allowed to win...

SECURITY FORCE RICK #1 301
Then you should have (BURP) worked
on your aim, bro.

FACE PAINT MORTY 302R
He's alive? No. You gotta listen to
me.
(reveals badge)
(MORE)

FACE PAINT MORTY (CONT'D)
I worked for him. I was his
campaign manager.

He shows them his credentials.

FACE PAINT MORTY 303
That Morty is not what he seems.

SECURITY FORCE RICK #1 304R
Yeah, well, no Morty seems like a
president.

FACE PAINT MORTY 305
He... won?

SECURITY FORCE RICK #1 306
Yeah.

A glass door closes between them. Face Paint Morty bangs on
the door and produces the manila folder he received in the
bar from his satchel. He's yelling, but we can't hear him.

SECURITY FORCE RICK #1 307
It was a *blow out*.

Face Paint Morty is ejected into space.

SECURITY FORCE RICK #2 308
I would hardly call it a blow out.
It was almost close enough to
trigger a recount.

SECURITY FORCE RICK #1 309
Jesus. What are you joke security
now too?

INT. CITADEL POLICE STATION - DAY

Rick Cop sits in the interrogation room, hands cuffed on the
table.

Two Security Force Ricks enter. One stands by the door while
the other heads for Rick Cop.

RICK COP 315
Why am I still here, I already
confessed to everything.

SECURITY FORCE RICK #3 316
Your case has been reviewed. You're
free to go.

Rick Cop's cuffs are undone by the other Security Force Rick.

RICK COP 317
But... I violated at least a dozen
departmental codes.

SECURITY FORCE RICK #3 318
New department. New codes.

SECURITY FORCE RICK #4 319
New Citadel.

The Security Force Ricks exit. Rick Cop seems a bit unnerved
by this new status quo.

EXT. THE RICK SCHOOL FOR MORTYS - DAY

Scales, Specs and Tubs arrive back at the school. The front
doors are being locked by Rick Teacher.

SCALES 310
Did we miss graduation? Where are
the new Ricks?

RICK TEACHER 311
No graduation. No new Ricks. The
school's curriculum is changing.

SPECS 312
To what?

RICK TEACHER 313
I don't know and I don't have to
know, I've been fired. G(BURP)ood
luck, turds.

He walks away drinking from his flask. A smile creeps over
all the kids faces.

SCALES 314
Holy crap. Slick's wish came true.

INT. PRESIDENT'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Tycoon Rick enters and sits at the head of a large oval
table. Several WEALTHY BUSINESSMEN RICKS surround it as well.

TYCOON RICK 320
Sorry I'm late "Mr. President." Had
a little crisis at work.

He kicks his feet up on the table and lights a cigar.

NEW MEDIA RICK 321
(eats wafer)
Worth it!

PRESIDENT MORTY (formerly Candidate Morty) is in the middle of having his hair styled by a HAIR STYLIST RICK.

PRESIDENT MORTY 322
It's quite all right. Hope you
don't mind, I'm getting a
Presidential haircut.
(to stylist)
Let's j-just take a little more off
the top, please.
(to businessmen)
So how can I help you fellas?

ENERGY RICK 323R
You can help us by understanding,
"President" Morty, it's business
that built this citadel, it's
business that ran things from
behind the council, and it's
business that will continue to run
it. And as long as you play nice,
you'll be very happy.

PRESIDENT MORTY 324
(holding mirror)
Does he really speak for everyone
here?

Murmurs of mostly affirmative. 324A

PRESIDENT MORTY 325
Well, I think it's important to be
clear, raise your hand if he speaks
for you.

The Business Ricks, with varying degrees of confidence, shoot up hands. Two Business Ricks do not but the rest finally settle into holding their hands up.

President Morty observes in his hair-cutting mirror, 325A
then snaps. Security Ricks enter and **taze everyone with their hands up**. They slump onto the table. The two Ricks that didn't raise their hands are frozen with fear.

The Hair Stylist Rick is also frozen, unsure of what to do.

HAIR STYLIST RICK 326
Is...that enough off the top?

PRESIDENT MORTY 327
I don't know.
(to the table)
Is it?

The two Business Ricks that didn't raise their hands nervously blurt answers.

NEW MEDIA RICK 329
Yes, yes god damn, yes.

TECH BILLIONAIRE RICK 328
I think it's great.

PRESIDENT MORTY 330
Good.

President Morty gets up while Security starts dragging the unconscious tycoons out of the room. He walks to a bar and starts pouring himself a drink.

PRESIDENT MORTY 331
This would be a great time for a speech, wouldn't it?

EXT. CAPITAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The new symbol of the Citadel: an R entwined with an M unfurls on a giant banner over the original Citadel R symbol.

PRESIDENT MORTY (V.O.) 332
A speech about politics...

INT. SECURITY FORCE HQ - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Rick Cop is finishing putting on his Security Force uniform. He looks at the new Citadel symbol looming on the wall above him and regards it with uncertainty.

PRESIDENT MORTY (V.O.) 333
About order...

EXT. MEGA SEED ORCHARD - DAY

The three remaining Mortytees now in new "Morty Brigade" uniforms load mega fruit into wheel barrows and roll them past the helpless Rick Farmer who is flanked by Rick Security Forces. The Mortytees look like they're having a great time.

PRESIDENT MORTY (V.O.) 334
Brotherhood...

INT. AIR LOCK CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Tycoon Rick's unconscious body is tossed into the air lock. Security Ricks pick up the next Business Rick and toss him in too.

PRESIDENT MORTY (V.O.) 335
...Power.

INT. PRESIDENT'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The President walks with his drink to a large window looking out into space.

PRESIDENT MORTY 336
But speeches are for campaigning.

EXT. CITADEL OF RICKS - SPACE - NIGHT

The President looks into his drink.

PRESIDENT MORTY 337
Now is the time for action.

We pull back from the President's window...

A hiss sound is heard as the Business Ricks are ejected into space and **struggle with their last breath** as they drift into frame. Blonde Redhead's "For the Damaged Coda" begins playing.

As the camera continues to pull back, we pass the Morty Cop, Deep Throat Rick, the Rick Teacher, Juggling Rick with three balls floating around him, and dozens of others until we land on Campaign Manager Morty (aka Face Paint Morty). A folder floats out of his hand. As the folder opens up, several documents drift out, including a surveillance photo of someone shot through a telescopic lens. It's EVIL MORTY.

Evil Morty now controls the Citadel of Ricks.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG**INT. MORTY'S HOME - GARAGE - DOOR OPEN - DAY**

A portal opens, Rick and Morty come back into the garage, soaking wet.

RICK 338
Woo. Haha. Yeah! Atlantis baby!

MORTY 339
That was amazing.

RICK 340
You got some of that mermaid puss.

MORTY 341
I'm really hoping it wasn't a one off thing and I can see her again. By the way, hey um- you're still not curious about what might have happened at that crazy Citadel place?

RICK 342
Pssh. Not at all, Morty. That place will never have any bearing over our lives ever again. Unlike that mermaid puss! Yeah!!

This gets Morty pretty pumped up.

RICK 342
We're going back for seconds! We're gonna do that shit every week, man! That was Atlantis!

MORTY 342A
Oh shit!

END OF EPISODE