

ACT ONE

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Rick sits at his workbench making tweaks to his portal gun.

RICK
That's the last time I take this
thing to an intergalactic strip
club.

Rick sticks his finger in a glob of goo that was hidden behind the handle.

He slowly pulls his hand away as the goo stretches thin between the two.

RICK (CONT'D)
Well, that's nasty.

He shakes the goo off his finger. It splats on the floor. Morty enters.

MORTY
Hey Rick.

RICK
Well if it isn't my prepubescent
(burp) chud of a grandson. What
brings you to my lair of creative
genius?

Rick takes a drink from his flask.

MORTY
I was wondering, since you're such
a smart scientist--

RICK
Smartest. I'm the smartest
scientist.

MORTY
Yes, since you're the "smartest"
scientist of all time, how come you
haven't figured out a way to travel
back in time?

Rick immediately stops working on his gun. Turns to look at Morty, irritated.

RICK

What makes you think I haven't figured out time travel?

MORTY

I don't know. We've never, uh, gone on any time travel adventures before, or even tried to fix any of the messes we've made.

RICK

So, you expect by traveling back in time we can just fix any mistake we've made and alter the past in whatever (burp) way we please?

Morty shrugs.

MORTY

Yeah, why not?

RICK

Why not? One does not simply just travel back in time to fix their problems Morty.

MORTY

It seems pretty simple.

RICK

You're pretty simple, Morty. Your tiny brain can't begin to comprehend the complex nature that goes into time travel.

MORTY

Maybe you're right... Or maybe you're just saying all that because you don't know how to do it.

Morty smirks. Rick lets out a sarcastic laugh.

RICK

Well, look who's balls dropped overnight! You think you can just walk in here and talk down to the great Rick Sanchez like that?

MORTY

I think I just did.

Rick glares at Morty and grinds his teeth. He shoots up from his workbench, walks to the shelving unit located against the wall, and grabs a cardboard box labeled "time travel stuff" from the top shelf.

He drops the box on the ground and digs through it, tossing items everywhere.

RICK
(under his breath)
I'll show you, you little piece of
shit.

Rick finds a wand looking device and holds it up in the air. He gets up from the ground, grabs Morty by the arm and presses the one button located on the side of the wand.

They instantly disappear.

JERRY (O.S.)
Hey Morty?

Jerry enters.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Can you help your old man glue the
last piece of his P-40B Tiger Shark
model plane?

He looks around the empty room, confused.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Could have sworn he was out here...

EXT. PREHISTORIC ERA JUNGLE - DAY

Rick and Morty appear, surrounded by overgrown wild life and gigantic herbivorous dinosaurs.

MORTY
Holy shit, Rick! Are those
dinosaurs?

RICK
Why yes they are Morty!

MORTY
How did you get us here?

RICK
Remember that time I said I DO know
how to travel through time? Boom,
Uncle Rick strikes again.

"The Mortyfly Effect"

He takes a drink from his flask.

MORTY
This is incredible Rick.

Morty begins to step forward.

RICK
NOOO!

Morty puts his foot down and steps on a plant.

RICK (CONT'D)
What have you done! You can't
interfere with anything in the past
Morty!

MORTY
What did I do?

RICK
You stepped on a plant!

MORTY
So?

Rick drops down to look under Morty's shoe. He slowly lifts
Morty's foot from the plant.

RICK
Damn it, Morty! You really fucked
this one up!

MORTY
What's the big deal? It's just a
tiny plant.

RICK
This tiny plant could alter
everything we know back home! Do
you have any idea what chain of
events you might have disrupted by
stepping on this one, magnificent
little plant?

Rick tries to lift the plant back up, but it crumbles to the
ground immediately.

MORTY
Maybe it didn't alter anything.
Maybe you're just overreacting.

RICK

You really have no concept of anything involving an ounce of intelligence Morty.

MORTY

(upset)

Sorry if I'm trying to be a little optimistic here, Rick.

Rick adjusts his time travel device.

RICK

Well, I guess we will see if your optimism translates to anything worth while in a moment then, won't we.

Rick grabs Morty by the wrist again and proceeds to press the same button on the wand. They disappear.

INT. GARAGE - PRESENT DAY

They look around the garage for any signs of alteration. Nothing seems out of the ordinary.

MORTY

See Rick, that stupid plant didn't impact anything.

Rick looks at the wall where a red banner hangs behind the shelving.

RICK

Wait a minute.

He walks to the wall and pushes the shelving unit down, exposing a massive Nazi flag.

MORTY

Oh my God!

RICK

Holy shit, Morty! You altered the outcome of World War II! The Nazis were never overthrown! We're Nazis Morty! What the fuck did you do Morty!

MORTY

I-I-I didn't mean to! Oh geez Rick, what do we do! We have to fix this!

"The Mortyfly Effect"

JERRY (O.S.)

Hey Morty?

RICK

Shit Morty, it's your racist Nazi father. Act cool.

Jerry enters. He has a tiny mustache.

JERRY

Son, would you mind assisting your father in assembling the final piece of his Fokker E II Eindecker German fighter model plane?

They both stare at Jerry and his unfortunate facial hair.

MORTY

Uh, yeah, sure Dad. Just give me a few minutes. I'm, uh, finishing up something with Rick.

RICK

Yeah, I'll send him in when we are done here, Jerry.

JERRY

Alright, please meet me in the kitchen once you are willing and able to help--

Rick takes an extra large drink from his flask.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Heil Hitler.

Rick spits the alcohol out all over Morty.

RICK

Sorry.. Wrong pipe.. What you said.

Jerry nods and heads back inside.

MORTY

(to Rick)

Fix this NOW Rick!

RICK

I'm working on it, kid.

Rick continues to adjust his time travel device, turning back the nob several clicks.

RICK (CONT'D)

Alright, Morty, if my calculations are correct, which they are, we should arrive in the past exactly ten seconds before you literally fuck up history in the worst way possible.

MORTY

I don't understand how one plant can alter history that much. Like, what was so special about that plant for it to change the outcome of an entire war?

RICK

Seems a bit farfetched, I know, but it definitely drives home the scientific theory that a single occurrence, no matter how small, can change the course of the universe forever.

Both characters break the fourth wall and stare directly at the screen.

Rick makes one final tweak.

RICK (CONT'D)

OK, here goes nothing.

He presses the button. Both disappear.

EXT. PREHISTORIC ERA JUNGLE - DAY

Rick and Morty reappear at the same location.

RICK

When the other versions of us show up, don't say or do anything.

MORTY

But--

RICK

Not a thing Morty! Stay out of it.

MORTY

OK...

Rick checks his watch as another Rick and Morty appear just feet away.

"The Mortyfly Effect"

RICK
NOBODY MOVE!

The newly appeared Rick and Morty look over, confused.

RICK 2
Damn it, Morty! What did you do!

MORTY 2
I didn't do anything, Rick!

MORTY
Not yet, but you will.

RICK
Shut up, Morty. I said stay out of it.

MORTY
Right, sorry.

MORTY 2
Sorry.

RICK 2
Not you, Morty.

MORTY 2
OK, sorry Rick.

Their conversation catches the attention of a nearby triceratops. It roars and begins to charge the group.

MORTY
Rick! What do we do?

RICK
Crap.

MORTY 2
We're going to die here!

Morty 2 begins to run for it.

RICK
Other Morty! Stop running away, you're only making this worse!

RICK 2
Listen to me, Morty. If you step on anything, you could alter the course of history.

MORTY

Yeah, we learned that the hard way,
right Rick?

The triceratops grows closer to the group.

RICK 2

Morty, wait for me!

Other Rick sprints after his Morty.

RICK

Well, this went horribly wrong.
Again.

Rick readjusts his time travel device. Both Rick and Morty
disappear right before the triceratops spears them.

EXT. PREHISTORIC ERA JUNGLE - SEVERAL SECONDS EARLIER

Rick and Morty reappear.

MORTY

So, what's your plan this time?

RICK

Not sure yet.

MORTY

Well, don't we only have a few
seconds before we appear again?

RICK

I sent us back even further. I've
got some time to work with.

Other Rick and Morty appear next to them.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh for fucks sake.

RICK 2

What'd you expect? We're the same
person. Maybe if you stuck around
to discuss with me before you went
back in time we wouldn't be in this
situation.

RICK

Touche other Rick. Guess it's a bit
late for that now though.

"The Mortyfly Effect"

MORTY 2

So, what do we do? Or not do? I'm confused Rick.

MORTY

Yeah, Rick, what's going on?

RICK

Just don't do anything. Again. And stay quiet so we don't draw any attention.

RICK 2

Do you have a plan for when we appear?

RICK

No, I was hoping you did.

Rick 3 and Morty 3 appear directly in front of them. Everyone stares at each other.

RICK 3

So, this plan didn't work?

RICK

Nope.

RICK 3

What now?

RICK 2

No idea.

MORTY 3

Oh geez Rick. What the hell is going on?

RICK 3

Shut up, Morty.

RICK

Shut up, Morty.

RICK 2

Yeah, shut up, Morty.

MORTY

Leave him alone, Rick! No reason to gang up on the guy.

MORTY 3

Thanks other me.

"The Mortyfly Effect"

MORTY

No problem. Us Morty's need to stick together.

RICK

You're the same Morty!

MORTY 2

But we all exist in this moment.

MORTY 3

Yeah! How is this possible?

RICK

Please Morty! Shut the fuck up and let me think!

All three Morty's look at Rick, upset and quiet.

RICK (CONT'D)

Think Rick, think.

Rick and Morty 4 appear before the group.

MORTY 4

What the hell?

RICK 4

Damn it, Morty! What did you do!

RICK 3

NOBODY MOVE!

RICK

Dammit other Rick! I told you that plan doesn't work!

The same triceratops spots the group again and charges.

MORTY 4

Run for your lives!

RICK 2

Don't move!

Rick takes a drink from his flask.

RICK

Let him go. We already fucked this up. See you all in ten seconds.

Rick readjusts the device and disappears with his Morty.

END OF ACT ONE

"The Mortyfly Effect"

ACT TWO

INT. GARAGE - PRESENT DAY

The garage is empty. Nothing looks the same as before. The room has a very futuristic look with floating furniture and neon lights. Rick's workbench hasn't changed.

JERRY (O.S.)
Hey Morty, are you out here?

Jerry enters garage, looking fit and in shape. His clothes resemble a style that is other worldly.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Morty? Rick? Hmm.. I could have sworn I heard them out here.

He holds an Intergalactic Federation Space Cruiser model kit.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Now who will help me finish my Intergalactic Xeno Omega IV Space Cruiser?

SUMMER (O.S.)
I can help you, dad!

Jerry pokes his head back inside the house.

JERRY
Yeah? You'd do that for your father?

Summer sits on the living room couch.

SUMMER
Of course I would! I always hoped one day you'd ask me to help you work on one of your amazing model ships!

JERRY
Well, OK then! Let's get this ship into orbit.

Jerry walks back inside. The futuristic sliding door closes behind him.

EXT. PREHISTORIC ERA JUNGLE - DAY

There are currently over forty pairs of Rick and Morty, arguing amongst themselves.

MORTY

Geez Rick, this is seriously getting out of hand.

RICK

Thanks for pointing that out, Morty. I'm sure I couldn't have figured that out all on my own, Morty. Real big help you are.

MORTY

I'm just saying. Don't have to be a dick about it.

Rick ignores Morty and counts all the other Rick and Mortys that surround them.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Did you hear me Rick?

RICK

Not now, Morty. Let me think for a minute.

MORTY

You've been thinking for the past hour! It hasn't gotten us anywhere.

RICK

Technically, it's only been a few seconds, but yeah, I'm working on it boss.

A tyrannosaurus rex eats a Morty.

MORTY 26

Oh my god! We're being eaten!

MORTY 32

Everybody run for your lives!

All the Mortys begin to panic and run around aimlessly. Several Ricks take a drink from their flasks.

RICK 17

What do we do now, other Rick?

Rick 17 zaps a charging stegosaurus, it disintegrates. He takes another sip from his flask.

"The Mortyfly Effect"

RICK

I'm working on it. Maybe if some of you lazy assholes helped out a little, I'd be able to solve this problem that much faster.

RICK 7

You're the one that got us into this mess, you can find us a way out.

RICK 29

This is why we NEVER time travel!

RICK

Don't you think I know that? It's all this little bastards fault.

MORTY

I said I was sorry, Rick!

RICK

Well, sometimes sorry doesn't correct the cluster fuck of a situation your dumbass manages to get us in, now does it, Morty?

MORTY

You know what, Rick? You can deal with this on your own. I'm out of here.

RICK

Finally! I've been waiting for you to throw your little bitch fit so you'd storm off and leave me the FUCK alone so I can think.

Rick finishes his count of the group. He pulls out his portal gun and takes off a component. He sticks his time travel device inside, attempting to combine the two.

Morty looks at Rick, eyes welling up. He clenches his fists.

MORTY

Let's go, Mortys. We don't need Rick and his crap attitude.

MORTY 34

But we'll die out there!

MORTY 3

How will we defend ourselves without Rick?

"The Mortyfly Effect"

MORTY

Shut up! All of you! If you die,
you die! Technically, none of you
even exist!

MORTY 6

We don't exist?

RICK

Morty, can you speed up the
dramatic exit please?

Rick continues to tweak his device.

MORTY

Follow me if you want, or don't, I
don't give a shit anymore!

Morty storms off and heads into a dark, swampy marsh. a
majority of the Mortys follow behind.

INT. LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Jerry and Summer, both bald now, assemble the last pieces of
the model space cruiser. The living room is filled with
futuristic decor. Furniture floats around the room as a robot
vacuums the carpet behind them.

JERRY

All this time I had no idea you'd
be interested in hanging out with
your old man.

SUMMER

Of course I did, dad! You saw how
jealous I'd get when Morty got to
hang out with you all the time.
I've just been patiently waiting for
my turn to hang out with my cool
pops.

Jerry smiles and hugs Summer.

JERRY

You truly are a wonderful daughter.

SUMMER

And you're a wonderful dad!

BETH (O.S.)

And an incredible husband!

"The Mortyfly Effect"

Beth, also bald, enters the room with a tray of brownies, apron still draped over her clothes.

JERRY
Are those brownies?

BETH
They sure are! Just a little token of my appreciation for the greatest man in the universe.

Jerry's eyes glow at the sight of brownies.

SUMMER
You know how to pick a winner, mom.

BETH
I sure do.

JERRY
You guys, what did I do to deserve such a loving family?

Jerry grabs a brownie from the tray and takes a bite.

JERRY (CONT'D)
And they're still gooey on the inside! You know just the way I like them, Beth.

BETH
Of course. Only the best for my main squeeze.

She gives him a head rub as he smiles.

SUMMER
Last piece!

Summer attaches the last piece onto the model ship. It snaps onto the wing.

JERRY
It's beautiful. I can't wait to display it in my office.

SUMMER
Now you'll have something that will always remind you me of me!

JERRY
I sure will.

He hugs Summer and rubs her head. Then hugs Beth and rubs her head too.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Boy, will Morty be mad he missed out on this. He better be having the time of his life after missing out on all the fun we're having.

EXT. PREHISTORIC ERA SWAMPY MARSH - LATER

The group of Mortys are frantically running around the jungle, screaming and crying. They are getting picked off by dinosaurs, reptiles, Venus fly traps, and quick sand, among other things.

MORTY 26

Morty number 1! What should we do?

MORTY

I don't know 26! I've never been in this position before!

MORTY 32

Well, you're the one that said we didn't need Rick. Help us!

A Morty without a head runs through the group.

MORTY

Jesus Christ!

Morty frantically looks around the jungle. He notices a large island in the middle of the swamp.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Over there! Let's swim to the island. These creatures can't reach us there!

Morty sprints towards the water. The remaining Mortys follow quickly behind. They enter the water and swim.

MORTY 40

Oh geez! The water is too thick to swim! I can't make it!

MORTY

You have to! It's the only way to survive!

The group of Morty's struggle through the thick, black swamp water. Morty 9 is leading the pack.

"The Mortyfly Effect"

MORTY 9

I'm almost there! We can make it!

An enormous alligator, ten times the size of a regular alligator, surfaces from the swamp, open jaws.

MORTY

Morty 9! Noooooo!

The alligator swallows Morty 9 in one bite and disappears under the muck.

MORTY (CONT'D)

SWIM FASTER!

The group quickens their pace towards the island. The alligator claims another victim as Morty reaches the island and climbs up. He assists the others up as they quickly crowd the small landmass.

MORTY 34

Now what do we do?

MORTY

We sit tight and wait for Rick to fix this. We'll be safe here on this island. Morty's island.

Two alligators circle the island, watching the Mortys.

MORTY (CONT'D)

See! They can't get to us up here.

The group of fifteen celebrate, feeling safe on the island.

MORTY 23

Holy shit!

A pterodactyl swoops down from above and snags a helpless Morty. He screams as he's lifted away.

MORTY

Jesus Christ! I'm sorry Morty 23!

MORTY 4

If Rick doesn't get us out of here soon, we're all going to be dead!

EXT. PREHISTORIC ERA JUNGLE - SIMULTANEOUS

Rick makes some final adjustments to his portal gun. Several Ricks sit around him and watch, bored.

"The Mortyfly Effect"

RICK 37
Are you done yet, your highness?

RICK
As a matter of fact--

Rick raises up his new and improved portal gun.

RICK (CONT'D)
Suck on this mother fucker!

The Ricks look at it in amazement.

RICK 27
What does it do?

RICK
Well, Rick 27, I have managed to reconfigure my portal gun to interact with my time travel device when I select this setting.

He shows the gun to the group. There is now a new setting on the dial that has "fix time" etched in chicken scratch on the side of the handle.

RICK (CONT'D)
Once I establish a portal, I can link one end to this time line, while linking the other end to the present time line. I can then send every Rick and Morty back to the present before anyone can even leave a footprint.

The group of Rick's talk amongst themselves. Once they agree with the plan, they give Rick a round of applause.

RICK (CONT'D)
Thank you, thank you. I know, I'm a genius.

RICK 17
How soon till we can fix the past?

Rick looks around for any sign of Morty.

RICK
As soon as we find that pain in the ass of a grandson.

END OF ACT TWO

"The Mortyfly Effect"

ACT THREE

INT. LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

The world is now in a state of cubism. Everything is two dimensional.

Jerry, oval face with unproportional ears, sits on the oddly shaped couch. Summer texts on her stone tablet. Beth drinks wine from a gold goblet.

Jerry is putting the finishing touches on his model paper airplane, standard five fold.

JERRY

Can one of you wonderful young ladies help the old man out with the last crease on my vintage Fancy Flyer XL Circa 1984 Class III?

BETH

Nope.

SUMMER

Sure.

JERRY

Really? You'd do that for me?

SUMMER

Of course, dad!

Summer, pencil thin with noodle like hair, gets up from her chair and walks over to Jerry. He hands her the paper airplane. She instantly crumbles it up.

JERRY

No! Why would you do that?

SUMMER

Creating model planes is not a productive way to spend your time. You should be doing something that your family can be proud of you for, like working and getting paid.

JERRY

You know what Summer? That's the last time I ask you for anything! I thought we were friends.

"The Mortyfly Effect"

SUMMER

Guess you thought wrong.

She sits back down and begins typing on her stone tablet again.

JERRY

Screw you guys. I'm going to see what Morty is up to. He at least tries to be a half decent person.

Jerry gets up and walks towards the garage.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hey Morty? You out there?

Jerry opens the garage door and looks in. It's empty.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hmmm. I wonder where that boy could be?

EXT. PREHISTORIC ERA SWAMPY MARSH - DAY

Morty lays out on the island next to the remaining three other Mortys. They all scream as they look up at the circling pterodactyls.

MORTY 26

This is it, we're all going to die!

MORTY

Stay calm! Maybe they're full and will leave us alone.

A pterodactyl swoops down and picks off one of the Mortys.

MORTY (CONT'D)

Or not.

The sound of slashing is heard through the thick brush.

MORTY 32

Do you hear that?

Rick slashes through the last of the thick grass and vines. Him and several of the other Ricks spot the group.

MORTY

Rick! Help us! We're trapped out here!

"The Mortyfly Effect"

RICK

Morty! How many of you are left?

Morty looks around at the small group.

MORTY

Four of us.

Rick 29 laughs in the background.

RICK

Dammit! Why couldn't you hang on to just two more!

RICK 29

That'll be 300 tickets to Blips and Chitz! Pay up boys!

RICK 5

Do you accept payment by courier flap?

MORTY

(irate)

You bet on how many Mortys would die before you finally got us out of here? Are you serious Rick?

RICK

Of course we did. That bet was a sure thing, but I guess I gave you more credit than you were worthy of.

Rick perfectly times a jump cross the water. He steps on both alligator heads as he crosses and leaps over to the island.

MORTY

I can't believe you right now, Rick! How could you do that to me.

RICK

Relax Morty, you weren't one of the Mortys I bet against. You made my final six. I could have been like Rick 26 and bet against you.

MORTY 26

You bet on me dying?

RICK 26

Yup, 0 for 2 on bets today, I'm afraid.

"The Mortyfly Effect"

Rick 26 hands over Blips and Chitz tickets to another Rick.

RICK

See? I'm not THAT bad.

MORTY

I guess that kind of makes it better. But only by a little.

RICK

Well, a little is good enough for me. Now, how about we get out of here.

MORTY

I'd like that.

RICK

(to other Ricks)

I am leaving you all now! Nobody follow after me and try to fix this. You will only make it worse. I will be the Rick to restore order as if none of you ever existed. That's the way it has to be.

RICK 2

God speed, Rick! Make us other Ricks proud.

Rick nods and bids the group farewell. He grabs Morty by the wrist, they disappear.

INT. GARAGE - PRESENT DAY

Rick and Morty appear in the cubism reality. Rick and Morty look around the garage confused.

RICK

Whoa... This is trippy.

He walks to his two dimensional workbench and pushes it over. It falls flat to the floor.

MORTY

What is this place?

RICK

I guess it's the garage. Looks like Pacasso took a few too many tabs, am I right?

"The Mortyfly Effect"

MORTY
I don't get it.

RICK
Probably better off that way.

JERRY (O.S.)
Hey Morty? You out there?

Both Rick and Morty turn towards the door as Jerry enters.
Morty shrieks.

RICK
Jesus, Jerry! Your face!

JERRY
(shocked)
My face? What wrong with YOUR face?

RICK
My face is normal, Jerry. Yours is
an abomination.

MORTY
Is that how we all look in this
reality?

JERRY
Of course it is! It's how we've
always looked!

RICK
No, it's not Jerry. Now if you'll
excuse us, we have a mess to clean
up, and by mess, I'm talking about
your face.

Rick walks towards Jerry and leads him back into the house.

JERRY
But I have so many questions!

RICK
No time.

Rick pushes him out and closes the door. He locks it.

RICK (CONT'D)
Geez, Morty, you really did a
number on you father.

MORTY
That was disturbing.

RICK

Very. So here's the plan. I'm going to set up several portals that end here in this garage.

Rick shoots five portal holes at the wall. All are green.

RICK (CONT'D)

I will link these exits to the many portals I will create when I jump back in time.

MORTY

What should I do?

RICK

You are going to stay here and make sure nobody gets out or interferes with anything while I'm gone.

MORTY

You want me to stay here in this ass-backwards world? What's going to happen to me when you fix everything?

RICK

We are still in the present day, but at the moment, our reality is totally fucked. Once I begin to send the other Rick and Mortys through these portals, things should go back to normal. At least that's what I'm banking on.

MORTY

Oh geez Rick, what if this plan doesn't work? Will I be trapped in this reality forever?

RICK

Possibly, but it's a risk we have to take. You saw your father. We can't leave things the way they are.

MORTY

Alright. Please make this work.

RICK

I will.

Rick resets his device.

RICK (CONT'D)
Here goes nothing, kid.

He disappears.

MORTY
Good luck.

EXT. PREHISTORIC ERA JUNGLE - DAY

Rick appears. There are no other Rick and Mortys in the area. He begins strategically placing portals throughout the area, remembering the exact spots that each pair appeared.

Each portal is placed on the ground so that when a Rick and Morty appear, they will immediately fall into the hole and be transported to the present day until they vanish.

RICK
This plan better work.

The first wave of Rick and Mortys appears, all immediately fall into their respective portal.

Others continue to pop up, just to disappear instantly.

RICK (CONT'D)
Alright, Morty. Do your thing.

INT. GARAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Morty watches as Rick and Mortys pour into the garage from each portal. He screams as he watches in horror.

As more pour in, he notices some of the older versions start to vanish.

The garage begins to change around him as more flood the room. The room changes from futuristic decor, to Gothic decor, to all white decor, etc.

MORTY
It's working!

He celebrates as more continue to pour in.

EXT. PREHISTORIC ERA JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

The last few Rick and Mortys appear. Rick takes a sip from his flask as the final, original, time traveling Rick and Morty appear. There is no portal waiting under their feet.

"The Mortyfly Effect"

They both spot Rick leaning against a boulder.

RICK 2
What did he do?

RICK
The plant. Don't step on it.

Morty 2 looks down at the plant.

MORTY
Oh geez. What happens if I do?

RICK
So much. So fucking much.

RICK 2
Well, thanks for the heads up other
Rick.

RICK
My pleasure, other Rick. Now that
you've seen the past--

Rick shoots a portal underneath their feet.

RICK (CONT'D)
It's time to call it a day.

Both Rick and Morty 2 fall into the portal.

INT. GARAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Rick and Morty 2 land in the garage. Only Morty is left.
Everything is back to the way it was before.

MORTY 2
Goodbye other Morty.

MORTY
Goodbye other me.

Both Rick and Morty 2 slowly vanish.

Rick pops out of the middle portal, flask in hand. All five
portals close behind him.

Morty runs over to him and gives him a hug.

RICK
Easy there champ. You're gonna pop
a rib.

"The Mortyfly Effect"

MORTY

Thank you for saving us Rick! I promise never to question your brilliance ever again.

RICK

Good. I'm happy to hear that. And as for this little guy.

Rick pulls the time travel device out of the portal gun and snaps it over his knee.

RICK (CONT'D)

Some things are better left unexplored.

MORTY

You can say that again.

They both have a laugh.

RICK

What do you say we get out of here and grab some ice cream?

MORTY

That sounds perfect, Rick.

Rick puts his arm around Morty as they exit the garage and head out into the sunny afternoon.

RICK

Out of curiosity, what made you want to go back in time in the first place?

MORTY

(uncomfortably)

Oh, uhh, nothing. It wasn't important. Just thought it'd be fun to check out...

RICK

Not sure I believe that answer, but I'll accept it this time.

Morty takes a sigh of relief as they walk off into the distance.

END OF ACT THREE

"The Mortyfly Effect"

TAG

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Morty sits at his desk, staring at Jessica from across the room. He fantasizes about her while Mr. Goldenfold teaches class.

MR. GOLDENFOLD

Now, does anybody know what the square root of 144 is?

He looks around the room.

MR. GOLDENFOLD (CONT'D)

Morty, what about you?

Morty doesn't realize he's been called upon.

MR. GOLDENFOLD (CONT'D)

Morty! Are you listening to me?

Morty snaps out of it and attempts to collect himself.

MORTY

Uhhh, yeah, I'm listening. What's up?

MR. GOLDENFOLD

The question, do you have an answer?

MORTY

Uhhh, yes. I mean, maybe... What was the question?

The class starts laughing at him.

MR. GOLDENFOLD

Morty, I need you to be awake for my class if you plan on passing. How about we do a little mid day stretch to wake you up.

MORTY

(mortified)

Uhh, no, I'm alright. I'm awake, I promise.

MR. GOLDENFOLD

Nope, not good enough Morty, I need you to stand up and stretch. Lift those arms as high as you can.

MORTY

No, really, I'm OK.

MR. GOLDENFOLD

I'm not starting the lecture back up until you stretch.

Morty, panicking, looks around the room at all the eyes staring back at him.

MORTY

Uhhhh, OK...

He slowly stands up with his eyes closed and stretches his arms, praying nobody sees his erection.

The other students notice right away and laugh.

BRAD

Oh snap! Morty's bustin' a chub!

Jessica points and laughs.

MR. GOLDENFOLD

.... You may sit down Morty.

Morty slowly sinks into his chair.

END OF TAG