

Flembark's Night Off

Written by

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INT. GARAGE LAB - EVENING

RICK SANCHEZ fiddles with a weird sci-fi syringe, flicking it twice. His face is shrouded in shadow, with faint light illuminating him from behind.

RICK

This...geez, haven't used it in forever.

He presses down on the plunger a few times, inciting a surprising number of noises from it and even a few lights.

RICK (CONT'D)

A bit delayed.

(beat)

Whatever, not like it really matters, considering--

JONASIN (O.S.)

(wailing)

Please, you don't have to do this!

Rick rolls his eyes, turning to face JONASIN, an alien with an appearance on the subtler end of the "phallic monstrosity" spectrum, who is currently strapped to what looks like it might have been a ping pong table at some point.

The room is dark, save for the one dim light above Jonasin.

RICK

Watch me. And, not that you'll have the chance to take advantage of my excellent advice, but interrupting the person who has you strapped to a table? Not the best play.

JONASIN

(comically overplayed)

I'm sorry, I just don't wanna die, please, you have to understand!

RICK

Well duh. No one *wants* to. And yet, most of us end up doing it.

JONASIN

But--

RICK

Oh, calm down. I've bitten it plenty of times. It's not that bad. Better than--

The overhead lights switch on suddenly, causing Rick to flinch.

MORTY
 (annoyed)
 Rick, could you please keep it down
 in--

JONASIN
 Oh, thank *God!*

Morty hardly even seems shocked; more just tired.

Rick blinks repeatedly, shielding his eyes.

RICK
 Geez, Morty, warn a guy next time.

JONASIN
 Please, child, this lunatic plans
 to kill me!

Morty does not acknowledge him.

MORTY
 (to Rick)
 I thought Dad talked to you about
 keeping aliens here?

RICK
 I thought we agreed your Dad was a
 complete idiot.

MORTY
 Rick, you know that's not my point.

RICK
 Yeah, well, whatever you wanted
 your point to be, it doesn't
 matter. I'm not keeping him here.

Rick gesticulates vaguely with the syringe.

MORTY
 (with building dread)
 Rick, what is that?

RICK
 It's a plasma vacuum. Well,
 improvised. Sucks targeted cell
 types out of a vi--subject's body.
 This one's specialized to target
 this guy's plasma.

He pats Jonasin's stomach proprietarily.

JONASIN
I have a name, you know!

RICK
Which is?

JONASIN
Jonasin.

RICK
You call that a name?

MORTY
Rick!

Rink tinkers with the settings on the syringe.

RICK
(annoyed)
Yeah, what, Morty?

MORTY
You can't kill someone in my
parents' garage!

Rick pauses his tinkering.

RICK
You don't know that this will kill
him. You're making an assumption
based on ignorance, and I find it
offensive that you would think so
little to me as to have murder as
your first guess.

MORTY
Will that thing kill him?

Rick continues fiddling with the settings.

RICK
Yes, but I find it offensive that
you just assumed that.

MORTY
Yeah, well, *I* find it offensive
that--that you would...uh, go
behind my family's backs like that.

Rick stares at Morty in judgmental silence for a moment as
the boy tries to appear confident in that line.

RICK
 (deadpan)
 Wow, Morty. You been thinking on
 that one for a while, huh?

Morty glares at him.

RICK (CONT'D)
 Listen, why don't you just get back
 to "studying" the redhead search
 filter on Pornhub and leave the big
 stuff to the *literal geniuses*?

MORTY
 Well--I--hey, I don't have to be a
 genius to have ethical convictions,
 and I know that murder is *wrong!*

JONASIN
 Yes, thank you, Morty!

RICK
 Can it, Sinbad.

Rick sets down the syringe.

RICK (CONT'D)
 (to Morty)
 While I can conceptually understand
 your need to claim a moral high
 ground, I'm afraid you're not gonna
 find one here, buddy.

MORTY
 What are you talking about, Rick?

RICK
 Cardinal Sin here might seem
 helpless right now, like this, but
 I can guarantee you that if I was
 out of the picture and it was just
 the two of you alone in this
 garage, you'd be singing a
 different tune.

Morty stares at him, deadpan.

RICK (CONT'D)
 A much higher-pitched one.
 (beat)
 He'd--I'm saying he'd rape you,
 Morty. Guy's a serial rapist.

Morty swallows and looks at Jonasin, whose body undulates in a guilty way.

MORTY

So you're just going to kill him?

RICK

Would you rather he go free?

MORTY

Of course not! But you can't--you shouldn't just kill him like this, it seems, I dunno, cruel and unusual.

RICK

(holier-than-thou)

And rape isn't?

MORTY

I didn't say that!

RICK

Relax, Morty, I wasn't saying you did. I wouldn't do this for no reason; he's Flembarkian, his plasma is extremely va--uh, rare, and it just so happens that Shrimply Pibbles is in dire need of it. He'll die without it. You remember Shrimply Pibbles, right?

MORTY

He's a...civil rights leader, right?

RICK

Well, look who bothered to remember the lore. Yeah, that's him.

Morty looks into the camera playfully.

MORTY

(conspiratorially)

He sure does need a lot of transplants.

RICK

(serious)

He has terrible health conditions, Morty. Why would you joke about that?

MORTY

Sorry, sorry. So, you're killing him to save Shrimply Pibbles?

Morty circles the table a bit, looking at Jonasin and the various tools and papers surrounding him.

RICK

Of course. I'm a real complicated character, Morty.

Morty picks up a piece of paper and scans it as Rick speaks, his expression going from skeptical to fed up as he does.

RICK (CONT'D)

I don't always do things for selfish--personal gain. Sometimes I have uncharacteristically selfless moments which play into my larger character arc.

Morty holds up the paper.

MORTY

So the fact that Flembarkian plasma is currently valued at two thousand Flurbos a milliliter has nothing to do with it?

Rick purses his lips, caught.

RICK

(dragging out the "o")

No.

Morty pinches the bridge of his nose.

MORTY

Listen, I honestly don't care what you do with this guy. Just take him somewhere else. I don't want Dad to annoy Mom into asking me what I knew about this.

JONASIN

Wait, no, please--

RICK

(ignoring him)

Yeah, seems fair.

JONASIN

You can't do this!

Rick tosses a pill into Jonasin's open mouth as he cries out, causing him to choke it down and pass out.

MORTY
(warning)
Rick...

RICK
Chill out, buzzkill. It was just a tranquilizer. I'll move him before extracting the plasma.

MORTY
Thank you.

RICK
Yeah, you're welcome.

Morty goes to pull the door shut, but pauses.

MORTY
Don't bring the body back here, either. He reeks.

RICK
Of course, Morty, I wasn't going to.

His body language and tone suggest otherwise.

Morty leaves, flicking the overhead light off behind him, and as Rick shoots a portal into the wall, he turns off the single bulb.

The only light is the green glow of the portal, and after Rick wheels the table through it, it dissipates, and we

FADE TO BLACK.