

THE HIKE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT DAY.

Simmering hot desert. It is flat and dark beige as far as the eye can see. Heat haze in the distance.

In near distance the silhouette of two figures - a tall one and a short one. This is RICK and MORTY. The tall one, RICK, is all lab coat and unkempt white hair. He talks to the heat haze, gesturing manically.

RICK
We're a little fucked, Morty.

Rick points a SCI FI LASER PISTOL in front of him. There is a GREEN GLOBE of thick green fluid on top of the pistol.

RICK (CONTINUED)
We can't go anywhere...

Rick dramatically pulls the trigger and a small, inert green stream impotently ejaculates from the laser pistol and evaporates into the air before hitting the ground.

RICK (CONTINUED)
No...
(belches)
Portal travel.
(belches, again)
We're stuck.

Rick turns to MORTY (14) a round-faced boy wearing blue pants and a yellow t-shirt. He is worried.

MORTY
(stammering)
What do you mean, Rick? How... How
do we get out of here?.

RICK
I can't create a portal, Morty.
We're gonna hafta walk.

MORTY
Walk, Rick? Which way?

Spinning around, arms outstretched Morty reveals 359 degrees of unbroken, light brown shimmering horizon against a pale florescent sky. Not a tree, rock or hill in sight.

MORTY (CONTINUED)
Where do we go, Rick? There isn't
a tree, rock or hill in sight?

RICK
Pick a direction, Morty.
(shrugs)
Any direction, Morty.

Morty glances down and around himself. He looks around the horizon.

MORTY

No shadows, Rick. There are no shadows!

RICK

You're right, Morty! The light! It's coming from everywhere. No shadows, Morty! No frame of reference!

MORTY

(panicked)

What are we gonna do, Rick? Which way do we go?

RICK

Pick a direction, Morty.

(shrugs)

Any direction, Morty.

The two set off.

MORTY

It's ok, Rick

(stammering)

It's ok. I like road trippin' with you. Something will turn up.

RICK

I hate to break it to you, Morty. This isn't a road trip.

Rick pauses to pull out a flask and take a drink. He belches and continues.

RICK (CONTINUED)

You see, Morty. A 'road trip' requires two things. A 'road' and a 'vehicle'.

Gesturing to the non-existent road.

RICK (CONTINUED)

No road, Morty.

Rick makes a box-like gesture with his hands.

RICK (CONTINUED)

No vehicle.

Rick sighs and looks at Morty.

RICK (CONTINUED)

This is a hike, Morty. And by the looks of it, it's gonna be a long
(MORE)

RICK (CONTINUED) (cont'd)
one.
(belches)
Unless something unexpected
happens.

SUDDENLY and unexpectedly, Morty vertically face-plants into an invisible wall. HARD. He stumbles back, hand-to-face dazed.

A SMEAR of blood hangs in the air.

MORTY
Fuck!

Morty stares at his blood covered hands.

RICK
That, Morty. That was unexpected.

The world blinks and fizzles out to reveal an enormous, expansive holographic grid. Windows on either side reveal WE ARE IN SPACE!

RICK (CONTINUED)
We're in a simulation, Morty. A
very good simulation.

RICK (CONTINUED)
But there is good news, Morty!
We're in a space ship. We're in a
vehicle, Morty. We have half a
road trip.

RICK (CONTINUED)
We just need a road, now.

THE END