

RON & MARVIN

by

Julian Babad

Based on

Rick & Morty, by Justin Roiland and Dan Harmon

julian.d.babad@gmail.com
(562) 631-5937

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMPFIRE CIRCLE - NIGHT

A group of eight TEENS, 17-19, sit around a campfire in a clearing, accompanied by an American/Egyptian MALE COUNSELOR, 21-30, and a redheaded FEMALE COUNSELOR, 21-30.

One NEW ZEALAND TEEN PLAYS guitar, while everyone obnoxiously SINGS along to *Riptide*, by Vance Joy.

There's a sudden Si-Fi PORTAL SOUND, and a flash of light from the trees nearby. The teens stop, look.

RON, a 60-75 year-old sociopathic genius scientist, and MARVIN, Ron's 14-16 year-old nervous grandson, run into the clearing.

MARVIN

Geez, look, Ron! Th-there's-
there's a whole campfire thing
going here!

RON

Wow, you're right, Marvin! Oh boy--
we really lucked out, didn't we.

MARVIN

Uh, R-Ron I don't think it's that
kind of a camp.

RON

Oh.

MARVIN

But they-they seem nice enough, you
know?

RON

I dunno, M-Marvin, they seem kind
of uptight. Careful--it might be
one of those spiritual youth
brainwashing things. You can't say
words like "coitus".

MARVIN

Uh, oh, okay, alright.

MALE COUNSELOR

Hi, um, I'm in charge here--you two
are. . ?

MARVIN

Um, well we're--

RON

Damn, you're in charge? I'm surprised. Tell me, how many *burp* times do you get stopped at airport security? Get it, M-Marvin?

MARVIN

Hey, geez, Ron, that was uncalled for!

RON

Don't get all millennial on me, Marvin. Life's tough; stop being so offended. Besides,

Ron takes the guitar.

RON (CONT'D)

These people should know better. This whole Kumbaya mumbo jumbo is really pointless, Marvin.

MARVIN

R-really?

RON

Yeah, Marvin, it's really inefficient. I mean, I could accomplish the same thing with some Xanax and *Planet Earth* on Blu-Ray.

Ron throws guitar in the fire. Teens GASP.

MARVIN

Oh-oh wow.

RON

I mean look--look at these people. Real "bottom of the barrel" demographic, M-M-Marvin.

(to Male Counselor)

But to answer your question, we're a morally questionable, copyright safe rip-off of a beloved cartoon duo.

Ron looks at the audience, deadpan.

FEMALE COUNSELOR

(beat)

Listen, we're having a private--

RON

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I get it.

(to Marvin)

Look, Marvin, the Kate Winslet of soccer moms doesn't want us here.

MARVIN

Aw.

RON

This place is a drag, anyway.

(to Teens)

You all look like the cover of a brochure about pervasive anxiety disorder.

(to a Teen with dyed hair)

And I wanna know, who won: you, or the cotton candy machine?

MARVIN

Hey, hey, Ron, c-can, can I try one?

RON

Yeah, Marvin, go for it!

MARVIN

Okay, uuuh. . .

(beat)

Hey, that guy kinda sounded like Steve Irwin.

RON

You're right, Marvin!

MARVIN

Yeah, so. . . So, uh, don't go swimming with sting-rays anytime soon.

RON

Ooh! Nice burn, Marvin that--

NEW ZEALAND TEEN

I'm from New Zealand. Steve Irwin is Australian. . .

MARVIN

Oh.

RON
Potato tomato, Marvin, they all
descended from convicts and Frodo
Baggins.

MALE COUNSELOR
You two need to leave. Now.

RON
Alright, you heard Bin Laden,
Marvin. Let's get out of here.

MARVIN
See you, uh, losers.

Ron and Marvin disappear into the woods. Teens sit, stunned.

Ron returns after a beat.

RON
Also, I'm seventy-three percent
sure that a meteorite will make
impact at this location in about
twenty minutes. So. . . Ball's in
your court.

Ron runs away again.

RON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Eighty percent sure! Eighty
percent!

FADE TO BLACK.