

RickTok

"Pilot Episode: LOLFBA"

written by

Sean Kenniff

SEAN KENNIFF
1041 Poplar Circle
Weston, Florida 33326
305-389-1453
Drseankenniff@gmail.com

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OPEN 1 FROM "TIKTOK"

INT. CRYSTAL CLEARY'S HOME STUDIO - DAYTIME

A self-help influencer named CRYSTAL CLEARY is on camera giving her life-hacks on how to overcome procrastination and achieve goals. She is 25-30, persuasive and smoking hot. She has 5.3 million followers on TikTok.

CRYSTAL CLEARY

Stop procrastinating. Goals are just like sex - thinking about it all day doesn't count. You gotta get in the game. Start with a slow, steady rhythm and once the juices are flowing -- then just fucking pound it out. You want the money shot? You have to earn it.

CUT TO:

ACT 1, SCENE 1: RICK PRINCE HITS ROCK BOTTOM

INT. RICK PRINCE'S LIVING ROOM - DAYTIME

RICK "RICKY" PRINCE is watching Crystal Cleary's TikTok post on his cellphone. He's on the couch wearing pajamas, a brown bathrobe, and he's eating chips.

Rick's girlfriend, JACKIE NIEVES, is an attractive, tightly-wound brunette. She's clearly annoyed, angrily moving boxes of stuff out the front door. Rick doesn't seem to notice.

Rick calls DEWEY JOHNSON, his best friend.

RICK

Dew, did you do that thing for me?

DEWEY

What thing?

RICK

That thing I sent you in the email.

INT. DEWEY'S JOHNSON'S PLACE - DAYTIME

Dewey is chilling on the couch in his messy bachelor pad. Empty pizza cartons, Chinese food containers, cola cans are strewn about. Dewey is unshaved, disheveled, slacking off, wearing a retro decal T-shirt and cargo pants.

DEWEY

Sorry bro, I got like a million things on my plate right now. Why didn't you send me a text or call?

INTERCUT RICK/DEWEY

RICK

I'm calling you now, Dew-che ("douche").

DEWEY

Well that's not gonna motivate me.

RICK

Listen, no more slacking off for me. I'm changing my life. I'm gonna be a guy who gets things done. Great things. Including the thing I sent you.

DEWEY

How inspiring. I just finished a thing.

RICK

What thing? My thing?

DEWEY

No. Someone else's thing.

Jackie continues to angrily shuttle boxes to the front door, and Rick finally notices the commotion.

RICK

Just do the fucking thing for me, would you butt wipe?

DEWEY

Chill. OK. OK.

RICK

Thanks bro. Love you, oh and fuck you.

DEWEY
Love you and fuck you too.

Rick hangs up, springs off the couch and follows Jackie as she carries a large box of stuff.

Jackie places the box on top of a small tower of boxes outside the front door. She re-enters the living room and Rick tries to stop her.

RICK
(panic)
Whoa, honey, honey. Hold on. Don't leave.

JACKIE
It's over Ricky. We broke up last night. Or did you forget? You said you needed to find yourself.

RICK
That's the truth. I do.

JACKIE
And then you asked me for a hand-job.

RICK
I was stressed out.

JACKIE
(incredulous)
Stressed about what?

RICK
The breakup.

Jackie rolls her eyes, exasperated and walks around Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)
Come on. You're never nice to me, and I don't remember the last time you touched me. Would a handy have killed you? It's like you hate me.

Jackie stops and turns to Rick.

JACKIE
I don't hate you, but you *frustrate* me Ricky. You do nothing and you do it all day.
(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
You should be looking for a job
this morning, but instead you're
talking to your shithead friend and
watching TikTok videos.

RICK
I was actually working on myself.

JACKIE
Ha! Good one.

Rick points to his cellphone.

RICK
I was watching a video on how to
stop procrastinating.

JACKIE
Let me get this straight. You were
procrastinating by watching a video
about procrastination? Please tell
me you realize how fucked-up that
is.

RICK
It's part of my new plan, babe.
These are experts. I'm making
changes. I'm gonna watch these
videos every day and do exactly
what they say. Until I become the
very best version of myself.

JACKIE
Sounds like another lame brain
idea. I can't...

RICK
Lame brain? You used to love my
ideas.

JACKIE
Yeah? Like that restaurant you want
to open, half Italian food and half
Mexican?

RICK
Pasta Mañana's?

JACKIE
Nobody wants tortellini and tacos.
How about that social media site
you wanted to build, the one with
the "enemies list?"

RICK

Ever heard of keeping tabs on your
enemies?

JACKIE

Please, you know nothing about
coding. And the *only* apps you know
anything about are on the menu at
Chili's.

RICK

You just made my list.

JACKIE

What an honor! And what's that
other stupid thing you're trying to
do? That stupid LOL thing?

RICK

LOLFBA?

JACKIE

Now that's actually your dumbest
idea ever.

RICK

Laugh out loud, fart by accident –
it's a shared human experience.

JACKIE

It's the most idiotic thing I've
ever heard of.

RICK

Oh yeah? Well, when LOLFBA goes
viral I'm gonna make sure you get
stuck using boring old LOL.

Jackie lifts the final box and carries it to the front door.
Rick keeps pace with her, walking backwards, pleading with
her to stop and rethink things.

At the threshold of the door, Rick notices something inside
the box. He reaches in and pulls it out.

RICK (CONT'D)

Wait, this is my Obi Wan Kenobi
lightsaber. You can't take this.
It's mine.

Jackie pushes the box of things into Rick's chest with a
shove, and Rick is pushed out the front door. He fumbles for
the box while holding his lightsaber.

JACKIE
I'm not taking it. You are. Now get
out Ricky.

Jackie slams the front door leaving Rick outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Rick is in his bathrobe and pajamas, holding his toy lightsaber. He resembles Obi Wan Kenobi from "Star Wars." Dejected he turns to face the street. He flicks the lightsaber on and it hums to life in an iridescent blue.

Suddenly a car, a beat up hatchback going way too fast, careens around the corner of Rick's street. The car zooms past Rick's home then screeches to a smoky stop. The car reverses quickly and screeches again to a stop in front of Rick's home.

The driver of the car, a SUPER-NERD, sticks his entire torso out of the sunroof.

SUPER-NERD
Holy Sith! Is that an Obi Wan-3
Legacy Lightsaber?

RICK
Uh-huh.

SUPER-NERD
Can I see?

RICK
Come look.

The super-nerd driver exits his car and ambles awkwardly to Rick. Rick hands him the lightsaber. The super-nerd driver whistles like an excited R2D2.

RICK (CONT'D)
Big "Star Wars" fan?

SUPER-NERD
The biggest.

RICK
Me too. I'm Rick.

SUPER-NERD
Everyone calls me Adobe. Adobe Wan
Kenobi.

(MORE)

SUPER-NERD (CONT'D)
I'm a digital content creator...
(beat)
And an acrobat.

ADOB WAN performs flashy Jedi moves with Rick's lightsaber as they talk.

Adobe Wan looks into Rick's eyes, concerned.

ADOB WAN
What's troubling you, Jedi?

RICK
Everything. Everything's a mess.

ADOB WAN
Perhaps I can share with you the three principles of the Jedi Code?

RICK
Please.

ADOB WAN
One: Always keep the promises you make to yourself.

Rick nods thoughtfully.

ADOB WAN (CONT'D)
Two: The pain of self-discipline is far less than the pain of self-defeat.

RICK
(makes a "mind blown" gesture)
Words to live by.

Adobe Wan does a wild 360 degree spinning aerial lightsaber slash. He lands holding a hero's pose with Rick's lightsaber ablaze.

ADOB WAN
Three: At Chinese restaurants, skip the chopsticks. Just use -- the forks.

Adobe Wan suddenly launches a kick into Rick's gonads. Rick goes down, clenching his nuts and coughing in pain. Adobe Wan leans over him.

ADOB WAN (CONT'D)
Welcome to The Dork Side, asshole.

Adobe Wan attempts to flee with Rick's lightsaber. Rick trips him up and pounces on him. The two struggle for the lightsaber, rolling across Rick's front lawn.

ADOBE WAN (CONT'D)
Get off me you fat wookie!

Adobe Wan wriggles free and whacks Rick hard with the lightsaber several times before scrambling back to his hatchback. He jumps in the car and shouts out the window as he peels out.

ADOBE WAN (CONT'D)
Use the forks! Use the forks!

Rick is left on his lawn, defeated.

CUT TO BLACK.

OPEN 2 VIDEO FROM TIKTOK

INT. CRYSTAL CLEARY HOME STUDIO - DAYTIME

CRYSTAL CLEARY continues her TikTok advice on procrastination.

CRYSTAL CLEARY

Beware of The Regret Cafe. The Regret Cafe is a place that all of you slackers know very well. It's where fun activities happen at a time where fun activities are not supposed to be happening. The fun you have in The Regret Cafe isn't actually fun, because it's completely unearned and the air is filled with guilt, dread, anxiety, and self-hatred, all those good slacker feelings.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SCENE 1: NEW RICK IS BORN

INT. DEWEY'S HOME - DAYTIME.

Dewey answers his front door. It's Rick holding a box of random dorky stuff, like trophies, nunchucks, autographed photo of Steven Seagal in a samurai outfit.

RICK

Mind if I crash here for a few days?

DEWEY

What happened?

RICK

I was attacked by a guy named Adobe Wan Kenobi.

DEWEY

He's real? I thought he was a myth.

RICK

No he's very real. Kicked my ass and stole my lightsaber.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)
And Jackie kicked me out of the
house. We broke up.

DEWEY
That's probably for the best. She
was way too hot for you.

RICK
Thanks a lot, Dew. You always know
what to say.

DEWEY
Look at yourself. She's like a
solid 7. She can do way better.

Rick briefly examines himself.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
You're shaped like a slug, all soft
and gooey. Shit's coming out of
your nose and ears. I love you, but
you're kinda gross, Ricky. She
doesn't deserve this. Nobody does.

Rick places his belongings down and sits on Dewey's couch. He
holds his head in despair. Dewey follows and sits on the
armrest, supportively rubbing Rick's shoulder.

RICK
I've let myself go in recent years.
But it's not just physical. She
hates the real me, who I am on the
inside. And get this, she even
hates all my ideas.

DEWEY
Whoa! She can hate your gastropod
appearance all day long. That's
legit. But your ideas are
revolutionary. You're a bonafide
renaissance man.

RICK
She hates Pasta Mañana's.

DEWEY
(as if ordering)
Waiter, I'd like the nachos and the
lasagna, please.

RICK
She hates my social media site, the
one with the enemies list.

DEWEY

StupidFace-book? Gotta keep tabs on
your enemies.

RICK

Thank you. And get this. She said
LOLFBA was my dumbest idea ever.

DEWEY

LOLFBA? That's probably your best
idea ever! So relatable. Happens to
everyone.

RICK

Right? Which reminds me, did you do
that thing for me?

DEWEY

Hey, we're in a crisis right now.
I'll get to your thing. Relax.

RICK

Dew, I don't know. I feel like a
washed up loser. Maybe Jackie's
right.

DEWEY

To be honest, you are
overwhelmingly underwhelming.
You're spectacular at being
mediocre. But that's your
signature. It's so genius, it's
sublime, bro.

RICK

Thanks, Dew.

DEWEY

Hey, come on, I know what'll cheer
you up.

Dewey joins Rick on the couch, handing him an Xbox remote control.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

How about a little "Call of Duty -
Nude Beach Apocalypse"? Killing
naked zombie swingers always puts a
smile on your face.

RICK

OK. But just for a little bit. I
got a lot of stuff to do.

The game starts.

CUT TO:

INT. DEWEY'S LIVING ROOM COUCH - THREE HOURS LATER

Bags of chips are spilled on the couch, and on their clothes. The video monitor shows their game characters getting killed by a sniper. Monitor then reads "game over."

DEWEY

WTF, man? I told you that chick was a double agent. You had a boner for her right from the start, and it got us both killed.

RICK

You wanna get some food? I'm starving.

DEWEY

Two pounds of Doritos didn't fill you up?

RICK

I need real food. Like cheese fries or something.

DEWEY

I'm down.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SCENE 2: SEA CUPS

INT. SEA CUPS RESTAURANT - LATER THAT DAY

Sea Cups is a nautically themed restaurant, modeled on Hooters. They serve mostly seafood, bar food. Scantly clad waitresses hustle about. Rick and Dewey are sitting at the bar. They are drinking beer, eating and flirting with the WAITRESS by telling tired and overused jokes.

DEWEY

I tried to get a job here once...

WAITRESS

Let me guess, the manager just gave you a bra and asked you to "fill it out?"

Rick laughs but Dewey is awkwardly disappointed. Dewey scoffs at the waitress.

DEWEY

Stole my punchline. How about that Sea Cups waitress who lost her leg at work?

The waitress pauses, another awkward silence.

WAITRESS

She works down at the IHOP now?

Both Rick and Dewey are miffed, and they throw their hands up.

DEWEY

There you go again, poaching the punchlines.

RICK

Punchline poacher.

WAITRESS

You two comedians want anything else?

DEWEY

Another round, please. For me and my newly single best friend here.

The waitress smiles unenthusiastically and leaves to get their beers.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

She's totally digging you.

RICK

Hmm, you think? Change feels so good already. This is gonna be good for me. Big changes are coming. I feel it.

DEWEY

Life - it's a lot like your underwear. If you don't change it, it's gonna get shitty on you. It's good to have you back. It feels like old times.

RICK

It does, Dew. It really does feel like old times. Totally.

Rick has an epiphany.

RICK (CONT'D)
Wait, Dew. That's it! This is just like old times. But the new me is never going to make it in old times. I know where we are, where we are right now. This is The Regret Cafe.

DEWEY
The what? This is Sea Cups. How much did you have to drink?

RICK
I know we're at Sea Cups. But mentally, everything we've been doing today--the video games, snacking, drinking--this is all The Regret Cafe. We're trying to have fun, but it's not really fun because we both have so much important shit to do. I'm sorry, but I got to go.

DEWEY
Where you going?

RICK
To the gym.

CUT TO:

ACT II, SCENE 3: THE "CODE CHEDDAR"

INT. FITNESS CLUB - 20 MINUTES LATER

Famous personal trainer and social media "fit-fluencer", CHET WHEATLEY, is intense, borderline sadistic, very muscular and toxically masculine.

Chet is training a female client on the glutes machine. The woman, named KAREN, is on her belly, face down, buttocks up. With each rep Karen groans and whimpers quietly. After each rep Chet attempts to bounce a quarter off her butt.

A pretty assistant trainer named Nadia stands nearby, she's filming the training session.

KAREN
(groans, whimpers)
Thirty-eight.

Chet bouncers the quarter on her butt.

CHET
The quarter didn't bounce, Karen.

Karen does another rep.

KAREN
(groans, whimpers)
Thirty-nine.

Chet bounces the quarter on her butt.

CHET
(increasingly annoyed)
The quarter didn't bounce, Karen!

Karen does another rep.

KAREN
(groans, whimpers)
Forty.

The training session is interrupted. The fitness club MANAGER enters. He looks troubled and short of breath. His long blond hair in a manbun.

MANAGER
Chet. It's an emergency. We have a
Code Cheddar at the front desk.

Chet turns to Nadia, his assistant trainer, and he flips her the quarter.

CHET
(to Nadia)
Don't let Karen stop until her ass
is a Kim on the Kardashian scale.
At least a Khloe. Right now, her
ass is a sad, flat, Rob.

Chet hurries off.

CUT TO:

INT. FITNESS CLUB FRONT DESK AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Rick is sitting in the front office when the fitness club manager enters with Chet.

CHET
Is this the Code Cheddar?

The manager nods nervously.

MANAGER
That's him.

RICK
What's a Code Cheddar?

CHET
You are.

RICK
I don't know what that means.

CHET
Yeah, you do.

RICK
Is it good?

CHET
(makes a face)
Does it sound good?

RICK
No.

CHET
So you do know exactly what it means.

RICK
Do you treat all your clients like this?

CHET
Of course not. I'm not a monster.
Just the actual Code Cheddars.

RICK
I'm sorry, I still don't know what that means.

Chet picks up a clipboard and writes.

CHET
(reading aloud as he writes)
Pretends not to know what a Code Cheddar is. But clearly, he does.
That's lie number one.

RICK

Wait, what? That's not a lie.

CHET

Three lies and you're out. OK.
Let's move on. What are you here
for?

RICK

I'd like to get back in shape.

CHET

(incredulous)

Were you ever in shape?

RICK

Not really.

CHET

So you want to get *in* shape. Not
back in shape. That's lie number
two.

Chet scribbles again on the clipboard.

RICK

I...I, ok listen. I'm really
desperate. And I hear you're the
best. I just really, really need
your help. Can you help me?

CHET

To be honest, I'm not sure.

RICK

Why is that?

CHET

You're what we call "facefat."

RICK

I'm facefat?

CHET

Even if I gave you a body like a
Greek god, you'd still look fat
because you're...

RICK

Facefat.

CHET

Exactly. You'd be a big risk for
me.

RICK

Please, please, you gotta take me on. My girlfriend kicked me out of the house this morning, then I got beat up by a Star Wars nerd. I'm so lost, I'm starting to hate myself. I want to be somebody significant. I know I can do great things, and turn it all around. I'm just stuck. Please, help me. I'll do anything. Anything you say.

CHET

Have you ever heard the saying, you are what you eat?

RICK

Of course.

CHET

What does that mean to you?

RICK

It means...

CHET

(interrupting)

It means you're gonna have to eat a skinny person.

RICK

I don't think that's legal...

CHET

Close your eyes.

Rick closes his eyes. Chet bends, placing his face inches from Rick's face.

CHET (CONT'D)

I want you to think of that skinny person.

RICK

OK.

CHET

Got a good mental picture?

RICK

Uh-huh. Got one.

CHET

Now eat.

RICK

What?

CHET

Eat him. And I want to see you chewing.

Rick chews and chews.

CHET (CONT'D)

Now swallow him. Eat him until you're full.

Rick makes a disgusted face, and repeatedly chews and swallows. He finishes.

CHET (CONT'D)

Now open your eyes. What'd that taste like?

RICK

Bone, fleshy bits, and tough skin with hints of clove and curry.

CHET

Clove and curry?

RICK

(embarrassed)

I ate Mahatma Gandhi.

CHET

Disgusting. But impressive. Let's get you dressed.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM WEIGHT ROOM FLOOR - 10 MINUTES LATER

The weight room is full of buff bodies, bulging muscles. Rick, Chet, and a small entourage of trainers walk in a group. The assistant trainer, Nadia, is using her Iphone to take video of the training session.

Rick is wearing sneakers, sweat pants, and a t-shirt that says "gym life."

CHET

Nadia here will be capturing your fitness journey on video for all the world to see.

Chet yanks two very light dumbbells off the weight rack and hands them to Rick.

CHET (CONT'D)
Here, take these. Let's start with some girls.

RICK
You mean curls?

CHET
You don't get to call them curls until you've made some progress. Give me 5 sets of 10.

MONTAGE OF RICK IN THE GYM

-Rick curling the dumbbells, and being a real weakling in the weight room.

- Rick struggling to do pull-ups and sit-ups.
- Rick being nearly choked-out by the bench-press bar.
- Lat pulldown bar hitting Rick in the face, etc.
- Rick tangled in the weight machine cables. Once untangled he's thankful to the team and they exit scene.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM CARDIO MACHINE ROOM - 45 MINUTES LATER

Rick is in a good sweat. He, Chet, and the fitness team walk into the cardio room, it is full of exercisers on steppers, treadmills, rowers and ellipticals.

CHET
We always finish with cardio.

Rick notices the elliptical machines.

RICK
I've always wanted to try one of these.

CHET
Hey! Don't let me ever catch you on an elliptical. Ever.

RICK

Why?

CHET

They don't pass The Brad Pitt Test.

RICK

The Brad Pitt Test?

CHET

Imagine the actor, Brad Pitt, walks into the gym. You know, just a great looking guy trying to stay fit. He hits the bench press and pumps some iron. He's still a great looking guy, right?

RICK

Yeah, sure. I guess so.

CHET

Brad Pitt then goes for a run on the treadmill. He's still a stud, treadmill's a good look for him. But Brad Pitt on the Stairmaster is where things start to break down. The Stairmaster is the gray zone. You follow me?

RICK

Kind of.

CHET

Now imagine Brad Pitt on the elliptical. Not a good look for him. Suddenly he's a dorky asshole. With his arms and legs circling and jerking furiously back and forth -- it's like his muscles are...masturbating.

A nearby man exercising on an elliptical machine overhears Chet talking. Chet waves at him with a fake friendly smile.

CHET (CONT'D)

That's The Brad Pitt Test. If Brad Pitt can't do it, neither can you. Understand?

RICK

Got it. No elliptical ever. OK, so then what?

CHET
Get on that treadmill.

Rick holds his stomach, he's not feeling well. But he climbs onto the treadmill and starts walking.

CHET (CONT'D)
No walking. No jogging.

RICK
You want me to run?

Chet taps the speed button on the treadmill, increasing its speed.

CHET
No. You're going to skip.

RICK
(starts skipping)
Skip? I'm not sure I remember
how...and how does skipping pass
The Brad Pitt Test?

CHET
It doesn't. But you're not Brad
Pitt. And it's a great exercise.

Rick maintains a lumbering skip on the treadmill. Chet and the team of trainers start to giggle and laugh at Rick.

CHET (CONT'D)
I need to see more arm swinging.
Really get your arms into it.

Rick swings his arms back and forth. His skip is now more rhythmic and childlike.

RICK
This does feel pretty good.

The laughing from Chet and his team intensifies. They're having a great time at Rick's expense. Nadia is catching it all on video.

CHET
Now add some vocalizations. Lah-la-la-la-la-la, Lah-la-la-la-la-la.
(tune of Ring Around the Rosie)

Rick is reluctant. Other gym goers are staring at him.

CHET (CONT'D)
Do it.

RICK

Lah-la-la-la-la-la, Lah-la-la-la-la-
la. Lah-la-la-la-la-la, Lah-la-la-
la- la-la.

Rick feels more sick. Chet and his entourage snicker. Nadia is still shooting the video.

Just then, Rick vomits his lunch. Beer and half-digested shrimp splatter onto the treadmill belt. The belt becomes slippery. Rick skids and then belly flops right onto it. The belt is still spinning and it flings Rick backwards off the machine. Rick's pants get caught in the belt, and after a brief frantic struggle, his pants are ripped clearly off.

Rick is left sitting on the floor, in his underwear, sweaty and covered in puke.

Chet and his team are now laughing hysterically, and pointing at Rick.

CHET

Oh my God! Nadia, please tell me
you caught that entire thing.

Nadia nods affirmatively and gives a thumbs up.

RICK

(sarcastic to camera)

No pain, no gain. That felt
amazing.

Chet and his entourage of trainers laugh even more haughtily after Rick's comment.

Chet laughs so hard that he farts by accident. Everyone hears it, and it's caught on camera.

CHET

(fanning his butt)

Whoa, excuse me! It's the protein
powder.

Chet laughs. And the team erupts in laughter. Another trainer laughs so hard, he also farts. This brings more laughter. Soon everyone in the gym--including Rick--is laughing hysterically and farting.

The entire gym becomes a cacophony of laughs and farts.

Rick, laughing, lays flat on his back on the gym floor. He raises his arms over his head to catch his breath. He squeaks out one last high-pitched fart.

Chet hovers over him.

CHET (CONT'D)
Cheddar, you ok? That was
incredible! I'm gonna post the
video, farts and all, to my army of
followers.

RICK
(catching his breath)
Hold on, OK? Just give me a couple
of hours before you post. There's a
thing I need to finish first.

CHET
This is going to be more viral than
herpes--it's going full-blown
Ebola.

Chet nods enthusiastically and "hi-fives" a pantless Rick on
the gym floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

OPEN 3 VIDEO FROM TIKTOK

INT. CRYSTAL CLEARY HOME STUDIO - DAYTIME

Crystal Cleary wraps up her TikTok advice from her home.

CRYSTAL CLEARY

Don't wait too long on your goals,
because your goals will start
ghosting you. And the universe
will assign them to someone more
competent. More hungry. Clarity
comes from doing, not dreaming.

CUT TO:

ACT 3, SCENE 1: LOLFBA GOES VIRAL

INT. DEWEY'S LIVING ROOM. THREE DAYS LATER - MORNING

Rick and Dewey are sitting on the couch, drinking coffee. Dewey is on his cellphone watching Chet Wheatley's video post of Rick. The television is also on. Rick flips through the TV channels and stops at NBC's today show.

RICK

How may views we have now?

DEWEY

This is unbelievable. Almost ten
million views in less than 72
hours.

RICK

Wow! Hey Dew, thanks again for
doing that thing for me.

DEWEY

The emoji? My pleasure, bro.

RICK

It looks fucking perfect, I don't
know how you...

Dewey interrupts Rick, pointing at the television.

DEWEY

Wait, here it is, here it is! Turn
it up, bro. Turn it up!

Rick uses the remote to turn the volume up.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION SCREEN--THE TODAY SHOW SET - MORNING

SAVANNAH GUTHRIE, HODA KOTB and AL ROKER are chatting. Then Savannah transitions to a new story.

SAVANNAH GUTHRIE

Have you heard about this? Move over LOL, there's a new emoji sweeping across the internet. It's called LOLFBA. That's for laugh out loud, fart by accident.

A photo of Dewey's emoji appears over Savannah's shoulder.



LAUGH OUT LOUD, FART BY ACCIDENT

SAVANNAH GUTHRIE (CONT'D)
I think it's kind of cute. The emoji, I mean. Not the farting.

AL ROKER

It's just one of those things that happens to everyone. It's happened to me three times since I've been on set this morning.

HODA KOTB

Ewww Al, yuck. Are we even allowed to say fart on television?

AL ROKER

Well, we're saying it. Fart, fart,
fart, fart, fart.

Savannah Guthrie laughs and toots a short fart.

SAVANNAH GUTHRIE

(laughing)

Oh my, excuse me. Stop Al, or
you're going to make us all LOLFBA.

Hoda Kotb laughs at Savannah's fart, and then Hoda farts.
it's a wet one.

SAVANNAH GUTHRIE (CONT'D)

Ooh, good one, Hoda.

Savannah's laughter is contagious, she keeps farting. The camera pans to Al Roker, who is shaking his head, laughing and farting.

Hoda finally composes herself on camera, holding back laughter. The video of Chet and Rick at the gym rolls over her shoulder.

HODA KOTB

This trend all started when fitness guru and influencer, Chet Wheatley, posted this hysterical video online of a man at the gym, who had his pants yanked off by the treadmill. The trainers start laughing so hard that they all, well, LOLFBA. And it's all caught on video.

SAVANNAH GUTHRIE

The original video has millions of views so far on TikTok and YouTube. And it has spawned thousands of copycat videos from around the world.

CUT TO:

Today show. Full screen montage of video clips from the internet with LOLFBA emojis and videos.

Savannah, off camera, can be heard giggling. She farts and loses her composure again.

SAVANNAH GUTHRIE (CONT'D)

(off camera)

Oh my God, this is terrible.

Camera then comes back to Al Roker.

AL ROKER
(chuckling, shaking head)
And just like that, a new era is
born. LOLFBA. It's genius, even
sublime. OK, let's now turn to the
weather.

Farts and laughter heard off camera.

CUT TO:

INT. DEWEY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rick and Dewey are on the couch at Dewey's apartment. They are in shock with it all. There is a long silence.

RICK
You know, Dew. In today's world,
maybe being a joke is the only way
to be taken seriously.

DEWEY
Big things are happening, I feel
it. You have unstoppable BDE my
friend...

Rick looks inside his pants.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
Big dream energy. Your dick's still
the same size.

RICK
Yeah. Perfect.

THE END.