

# **RickTok**

"Pilot Episode: LOLFBA"

written by

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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 shithhead 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.

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

Adobe Wan looks into Rick's eyes, concerned.

ADOBE WAN  
What's troubling you, Jedi?

RICK  
Everything. Everything's a mess.

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

RICK  
Please.

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

Rick nods thoughtfully.

ADOBE 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.

ADOBE 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.

ADOBE 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 wookiee!

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-  
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 many 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.

LOLFBA



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.**