

## Mowed Down

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**Main house Porch.** *Mordecai and Rigby throw a rock back and forth. A hole the size of the rock can be seen in the sidewalk.*

*Benson enters from the left.*

**Benson:** Hey! Quit... whatever that is and get back to work!

**Rigby:** Aren't we on break?

**Benson:** Don't play dumb. You two had your break twenty minutes ago. I want to see the front lawn finished by the end of the day. *Benson enters the house.*

**Garage.** *The duo take the lawn mower off a shelf.*

**Benson,** *faintly from behind a door:* What about you? Yeah, I can bring candy.

**Mordecai:** What is Benson talking about? *Mordecai walks toward the door.*

**Rigby:** Don't open it!

**Door.** *On the left is Benson, which Mordecai and Rigby cannot see, but the viewer can. On the right is the duo. They have their ears pressed on the door.*

**Benson,** *more audible, pacing around:* Immediately? *Pause.* Sure, I'd be happy to go. *Pause.* For a week, got it. Will the flight be paid for? *Pause.* Yes, I'll bring lollipops. *Pause.* Yes. *Pause.* Bye. *Benson hangs up and walks towards the door.*

**Still the same door, however Mordecai and Rigby do not appear on screen, and there is emphasis on Benson's hand turning the door knob. He opens the door, and the duo are back to playing catch with the piece of sidewalk. Benson doesn't suspect eavesdropping.**

**Benson,** *with intensifying anger and stomping fist-clenched toward the duo:* You two didn't even start mowing the lawn. God, you guys are killing me! If I didn't have to go to the airport right now I'd strangle you two. Be done before I get back. *He gets in the car, and he drives away.*

**Mordecai:** You want to finish the lawn today?

**Rigby:** Nope.

**Mordecai:** That's the spirit.

**Living Room Couch.** *Mordecai and Rigby are sprawled out on the couch in a relaxing manner. Rigby is face first on the couch.*

**Rigby,** *muffled:* wha i e thew a pothy?

**Mordecai:** What?



**Rigby**, *sits up*: What if we threw a party?

**Mordecai**: I guess we could.

**Rigby**: Like an all-out party!

**Mordecai**: Uhhh...

*Rigby pulls out a notepad and gets off the couch.*

**Rigby**: I'll make a checklist for everything we'll need.

*Mordecai stands up.*

**Mordecai**: Well, add "invite people" to it. We can check it off in the morning. *He walks out of camera view.*

**Living Room, Inside Pops's place. Pops sits on a couch while watching TV. The TV screen cannot be seen yet (sideview). Peaceful sounds emerge from the TV.**

**Suddenly, an ad plays.**

*The TV shows dogs cheerfully barking.*

**Announcer**: Do you love puppies?

**Pops**, *leaning forward*: Of course!

*The TV Screen changes to videos of Puppy Bowl gameplay, and then it transitions to "Puppy Bowl XIX".*

**Announcer**: Then tune in to the 19th Puppy Bowl this Friday for the most cuteness one could ever see!

*Pops turns off the TV.*

**Pops**: Oh my goodness! (starts rolling around) I can't wait, I can't wait, I can't- *Rigby knocks. Pops pauses the TV and opens the door.*

**Rigby**: Pops, Mordecai and I are throwing a party on Friday. Everyone I've invited so far said yes.

**Pops**: Well, I hope it will be a splendid party!

**Rigby**: Do you plan on coming? There will be *con-fett-i*.

*Pops, eyes shimmering*: Of course!

**Rigby**: Nice! See you there!

*Rigby leaves the house. Pops sits down to continue watching television and notices the paused Puppy bowl ad.*

**Pops**: Oh no no no no no no no...

**Mordecai and Rigby meet up next to the garage. Muscle Man and High Five are there as well, following Mordecai.**

**High Five**: Do you guys need help setting up the party?

**Mordecai**: No, I think we're good-

*Rigby zooms over to Mordecai.*



**Rigby**, *whispering*: We need confetti.

**Mordecai**, *also whispering*: Why?

**Rigby**, *continuing to whisper*: Pops wouldn't have come to the party unless I said so.

*Mordecai shoots Rigby an angry look.*

**Mordecai**: Okay, we need help finding some confetti.

**High Five**: On it! I have some at home. *High Five leaves.*

**Muscle Man**: Let me help!

**Mordecai**: Sure. I need you to find fuel for a confetti cannon.

**Muscle Man**: WOOOOOOOOO! *Muscle Man dashes away.*

**Rigby**: Confetti cannon?

**Mordecai**: I'll stuff some confetti in your old T-shirt cannon.

**Rigby**, *confrontationally*: Wait-

**Mordecai**: When's the last time you used it, anyway?

*Rigby thinks.*

**Rigby**: I don't remember. And I guess I won't need it anytime soon.

**Mordecai**: Yeah.

*Cue montage of Mordecai and Rigby setting up the party. First, Mordecai sets up lights along the roof. Second, Rigby carries in food dropped off at the porch. Third, Mordecai is shown tinkering with the T-shirt cannon. Muscle Man hands him the fuel. Next, Rigby puts the final touches on the table setup. Then, the camera cuts back to a front view of the entire house. The sky quickly switches between night and day. Simultaneously, the house becomes more and more decorated. The montage ends at nighttime with the house looking party-ready.*

**House Interior. Party music is fairly loud. The couch is now gone. Mordecai and Rigby stand in the center of the room, and the other characters can be seen socializing and smiling. Pops is also in the background playing with the confetti cannon.**

**Mordecai**: Does it feel worth it?

**Rigby**, *turning around*: Huh?

**Mordecai**: The party. Was it worth the effort?

**Rigby**: Oh yeah. Seems great to me!

**Mordecai and Rigby**, *loudly*: Yay-YUH!

**House Interior, Upstairs. Skips, Mordecai, Margaret, and other unnamed people play Twister. Pops is the referee and even has black and white referee clothes on.**

**Pops**: Right foot yellow!

Everyone desperately attempts to move their feet to the yellow spots. They all fall down and burst into laughter.

**Pops:** Tie!

**Margaret:** Hey Mordecai?

**Mordecai:** Yes?

**Margaret:** Where did you get a confetti cannon?

**Mordecai:** Rigby had a T-shirt cannon, I was able to rework it.

**Margaret:** Where did you learn to do that?

**Mordecai:** Benson gave me a few pointers. Also checked the Web for help.

**Margaret:** Hmm.

**Mordecai, nervous:** I'm planning on getting coffee tomorrow morning because I'll be tired from this party. Would you want some too?

**Margaret, smiling:** Sure!

**House Interior, downstairs dining room. Rigby serves himself some food. Eileen walks in.**

**Rigby, turning around:** Hey!

**Eileen:** Hi.

**Rigby:** Liking the party?

*In the background, Mordecai can be seen going downstairs.*

**Eileen:** Soooooo much. If there was "go big or go home," this party went big.

**Rigby:** Maybe you should thank the people behind it.

**Eileen, confused:** I'm not sure what you're- Ohhhhh. Wait! You *did* all of this?

**Rigby:** Well, he helped.

*Rigby shakes his head in Mordecai's direction.*

**Rigby:** But I had the idea! And I came up with the food as well! Pineapple and ham do wonders to salad.

*Eileen giggles.*

**Eileen:** I'll take your word. Yeah, so...

**Rigby:** What the matter?

**Eileen:** I have to go study.

*Rigby checks his watch.*

**Rigby:** Will it even help? It's already 10:06.

**Eileen:** Better late than never.

**Rigby, a bit down:** Better late than never.

**Eileen:** Bye, I enjoyed the party!



**Rigby:** Bye!

**Muscle Man:** Hey dude!

**Rigby:** What's up?

**Muscle Man:** Marco Polo. Next round's 'bout to start. WOooooooooo!

**Rigby:** Count me in!

*Camera cuts to a shot of the whole house. The sky transforms back to day.*

**House Interior, upstairs. Pops is passed out on the floor. He wakes up.**

**Pops:** Wow, that confetti was quite nice. So was that twister game, hee hee!

*Pops now realizes he missed the Puppy Bowl. For the viewer, there is a flashback to the Puppy Bowl ad.*

**Pops:** Oh my! I missed the Puppy Bowl. How could I have forgotten?

*Moments of Pops trudging home. The sky becomes gray and cloudy. Animals in the background look somberly toward Pops.*

*The camera now cuts to Pops at his home, softly crying on the couch in the fetal position.*

**Pops:** Why did I let myself forget? *Sniffing.* If only I just remembered. *Sniffing.*

*During this time, the camera zooms in on Pops. The background turns into solid pink. An angel version of Pops flies down toward him.*

**Angel:** Let me guess. Sad about the Puppy Bowl.

**Pops, bawling:** Yes! Yes I am!

**Angel:** There might be a fix for this.

*Pops stops crying.*

**Pops:** Wh-What?

**Angel:** Ask around to see if anyone recorded the Puppy Bowl. They might even let you borrow their VHS tape.

*Pops stands up.*

**Pops:** That's a great idea!

**Angel:** Happy to help.

*The angel snaps their fingers. Pops is now back in the living room.*

**Pops, walking towards the door:** I'm going to watch the Puppy Bowl if it's the last thing I do.

*Pops goes out the door.*

**Garage. Again, the two take the lawn mower off the shelf.**

**Rigby, smirking:** Do me a solid and-

*Mordecai hushes Rigby.*



**Mordecai:** We are *not* doing that again.  
*Mordecai tries to start the lawn mower.*

**Rigby:** Pfft, fine.  
*Slight pause.*

**Rigby:** Eileen told me she liked the party.

**Mordecai:** Did you take credit for it?

**Rigby:** I did.

**Mordecai:** Good. Margaret also seemed to enjoy it. We went out for coffee this morning, and she seemed to enjoy that too.

**Rigby:** That's nice.

**Mordecai, frustrated:** The lawn mower isn't working.

**Rigby:** Oh god.

**Mordecai:** Benson gets back home *today*.

**Rigby:** Oh god! Let me see the lawn mower.

**Mordecai:** Ok.

*Mordecai hands the mower to Rigby, then Rigby opens the fuel tank.*

**Rigby, mad:** There's no fuel in here!

### Commercial Break

**Mordecai, astonished:** Seriously?

**Rigby:** Just a few drops.

*Mordecai face palms.*

**Rigby:** What is it?

**Mordecai:** *That's* where Muscle Man found fuel for the confetti cannon. Gah!

*Mordecai recomposes himself.*

**Mordecai:** Rigby, we need to find that confetti cannon.

Rigby: On it.

**Pool area (zoomed out, diagonal birds-eye shot).** *Mordecai and Rigby stand next to the pool, looking at the confetti cannon. The cannon is underwater, out of reach.*

**Rigby:** Aw man! There goes our chances.

*Mordecai sighs.*

**Mordecai:** This can't get any worse.

*Both Mordecai and Rigby's phones ring. They check who the caller is.*



**Rigby:** It's Benson!

**Mordecai:** He's calling me too!

*They put their phones on speakerphone.*

**Benson:** Hello.

**Mordecai:** Hi. How's it going?

**Benson:** Okay. The airport is nowhere as great as Egypt.

**Mordecai:** Egypt? How'd you manage to pay for that?

**Benson:** I did a favor for an old client that could have saved his career. He wanted me to see how much he'd accomplished since then.

*Benson holds in a laugh.*

**Benson:** He also mentioned his children liked lollipops, so I brought some along. I still have some left that you guys could finish off.

**Rigby:** Sweet!

**Benson:** I'll be back in about a few hours.

*Mordecai and Rigby look at each other with panicked looks.*

**Rigby:** Why did you leave early?

**Benson:** I found a cheaper flight.

**Mordecai, incredulous:** How did you find a cheaper flight than *free*?

**Benson:** He's *paid* me to go on the next flight home.

**Mordecai:** Ah.

**Benson:** Before I go, I have to say this. I'm- I'm sorry I yelled at you two about mowing the lawn.

**Rigby, whispering to Mordecai:** Is he apologizing?

**Mordecai, whispering back to Rigby:** Don't jinx it.

**Benson:** I know it's my fault. I know I get angry easily and show dislike-

**Mordecai:** Hatred.

**Benson:** -hatred easily. I know I don't show much gratitude, so here it goes.

*Quick shot of Benson in the airport taking a deep breath.*

**Benson:** Thanks for always doing my errands. You two have always done the work, and to an acceptable level. Although I wanted the lawn done last week, it doesn't make a big difference if it's only finished now.

**Rigby:** Exactly.

**Benson:** See you guys at home. Bye.

**Mordecai:** Bye.

*Benson hangs up. Rigby walks away.*

**Mordecai:** Where're you going?

*Rigby turns around.*

**Rigby:** Going to cut the grass.

**Mordecai:** With?

**Rigby:** Scissors? Nail Clippers? Forks?

*Mordecai sighs angrily. He puts his hands on his head and follows Rigby.*

**Mordecai:** How will this work, how will this work...

**Skips's living area. Skips is eating a meal.**

*Someone rings the doorbell. Skips opens the door and recognizes Pops.*

**Skips:** Hey.

**Pops:** Hi!

**Skips:** What're you here for?

**Pops:** I missed the Puppy Bowl, so I'm-

**Skips:** Puppy Bowl?

**Pops:** From the ad I think it's cute dogs that play football. Anyway, I'm wildly checking around to see if anyone has a recording of it.

**Skips, mumbling:** Puppy Bowl... Puppy Bowl? Puppy Bowl...

*Skips stops mumbling.*

**Skips:** I think I know what you're talking about.

*Skips montages up to his attic.*

**Skips's attic.**

**Skips walks up to a box scrawled with the words "Skips's Prized Possessions". He reaches in and pulls out some tapes.**

**Skips's front door.**

**Pops:** What is it?

**Skips:** I found...

*Skips reveals the tapes.*

**Skips:** ...these.

*Skips hands the tapes to Pops.*

**Pops, elated:** Ohhhh myyyyy gooooooodness! How many times did you record it?

**Skips, talking to himself:** Oh god, what do I say, what do I say?

**Skips:** Well, I didn't record it. When my baby cousins were over I remember them recording a show, one of which contained dogs with uniforms on. They forgot a few of the tapes they recorded here. So, one of those could be the recording for the whatchamacallit.





**Pops:** The Puppy Bowl.

**Skips:** That's what it is. I'm going to need them back though, for the next time they visit.

**Pops:** No problem!

*Pops leaves. Skips walks back to his meal.*

**Skips, talking to himself:** That was some pretty quick thinking right there. Hopefully he never learns I don't have cousins.

**Sidewalk. Pops walks happily toward his home carrying the tapes.**

**Pops:** These voices I have in my head are surprisingly helpful!

*A faint whirring appears.*

**Pops:** Hmm?

*Pops looks at the camera. Then, the camera zooms out, refocusing on Mordecai and Rigby. The two of them try (and struggle) to cut the grass with electric toothbrushes. The camera zooms back to Pops.*

**Pops:** I need a closer look.

**Backyard lawn. Mordecai and Rigby are loudly huffing and puffing. Sweat is dripping as well. They're now using rakes instead of electric toothbrushes.**

**Mordecai:** How much of the lawn have we cut yet?

**Rigby:** Eleven blades.

**Mordecai:** Ugh! We'll never get done at this rate.

*Pops enters the scene.*

**Pops, frowning:** You two shouldn't be messing with nature like that. What did it ever do to you guys?

**Rigby:** We're just cutting the lawn!

**Pops, dumbfounded:** Then... W-Why... not the... lawn mower...

**Mordecai:** It ran out of fuel.

**Pops, nodding in understanding:** Oh. I can help.

*Pops's eyes turn radiant gold. Neither Mordecai nor Rigby notice.*

**Rigby:** Go ahead. You might want to grab some nail clippers or some other-  
*Rigby gasps. His rake turns into a golden lawn mower. He looks up at Mordecai. His rake is also now a golden lawn mower.*

**Mordecai:** Pops!

*Pops creates a lawn mower with the same golden look.*

**Pops:** Let's do this.

*Rigby gets a phone call.*



**Rigby**, to *Mordecai*: It's Benson.

*Mordecai* nods.

**Rigby**: 'Sup?

**Benson**: Can you read me the security question answers?

**Rigby**: Where are they?

**Benson**: The fridge.

**Rigby**: Sure thing.

**Main house kitchen.** *Rigby is staring at a sheet of paper clipped to the refrigerator.*

**Rigby**: "Reed Elementary", "forty" in word form, and "amalgamated bricks".

What do you need this for anyway?

**Benson**: I downloaded an app that I can download TV shows on. It lets me watch it on my phone.

*Rigby smiles.*

**Rigby**: Getting modern, aren't we?

**Benson**: Depends on how well this app works on the plane.

**Rigby**, *diluted worry*: You're boarding?

**Benson**: Yep.

**Rigby**: Got it. Bye.

**Benson**: Uh, Bye?

*Rigby hangs up.*

**Backyard lawn.**

**Rigby**: We gotta hurry! Benson's boarding the plane!

**Mordecai**, *confident*: Then we'll just have to finish before him.

*Cue switches between montage of Pops, Mordecai, and Rigby all mowing the lawn while Benson gets closer to home.*

*Mordecai notices some dog poop on the lawn and hesitates. Rigby rushes by and mows over it. It disappears without any consequence.*

*Benson sits in the plane watching TV shows.*

*Pops stomps the ground, which causes a shockwave which mows the grass within.*

*The duo see this and look back at each other in awe. They try it themselves; it works.*

*Benson places his luggage in the car and gets inside. He drives away. During this scene, the airport can be seen in the background.*

*Pops, Mordecai, and Rigby all have golden wings now. They mow the lawn with incredulous speed.*



*Benson grabs a bottle of water at a red light. The camera zooms in to the GPS, claiming to be just one mile away from the house.*

*Pops throws his lawn mower across the lawn, finishing off the backyard. Pops faints in exhaustion.*

*Mordecai and Rigby run very, very fast with the lawn mowers. These transform back into rakes, and they get stereotypically injured by those.*

*Benson pulls up next to the house.*

*End of montage.*

### **Main house porch.**

*Benson leaves his car. Mordecai and Rigby walk toward him.*

**Mordecai:** Hey Benson!

*Benson turns deep red.*

**Rigby:** We mowed the backyard.

**Benson, yelling:** Why didn't you guys do the front yard?! That's the one everyone sees!!!

**Rigby:** Well we just didn't have enough time-

**Benson:** Oh, *that's* your excuse?! You guys should've had a *day* to mow the lawn. But even with a *week* you two *still* managed to waste time. You could've, I don't know, thrown a party and *still* mowed the lawn in time.

**Mordecai:** Actually, we did.

**Benson, pointing towards the duo:** YOU'RE FIRED!!!