

The Real Housedads of Suburbia

written by  
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EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD (MAHOGANY HILLS)- DAY

The episode opens with a shot of two houses next to each other. The suburban quiet is interrupted by the sound of an increasingly loud lawnmower. The image is soon accompanied by a narrator with a voice appropriate for a classic western.

NARRATOR (V.O)

In Mahogany Hills, Lawnmower racing  
ain't no joke.

INT. LARRY'S GARAGE

We get a quick montage of lawnmower racing preparation (akin to the opening titles of *Grand Prix*), and after we are introduced to LARRY H.G. TUFFIN (a 40 year old man who looks like he escaped the music video for "Sabotage") sharpening the blades of his LAWNMOWER. Some dad rock blasts on the soundtrack triumphantly.

NARRATOR (V.O)

For ten whole years, every Sunday  
on this block has been dedicated to  
one thing- lawnmower racing. And  
every time, there's only been one  
winner-

Larry stands up revealing himself, tool in hand like a badass.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Larry H.G. Tuffin.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

We get footage of Larry being interviewed (captions cite him as the retired owner of Tuffin Plumbing Inc.)

LARRY

My name is Larry H.G. Tuffin, and  
I've lived in the neighborhood of  
Mahogany Hills for ten whole years.

(beat)

And I am the best fuckin' lawnmower  
racer on God's green earth.

INT. LARRY'S BASEMENT

We see HUNDREDS OF PLASTIC TROPHIES decorating Larry's man den celebrating his lawnmower racing victories. One is being held by a picture of his wedding like a coffee mat.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It's a boastful claim, but he might not be exaggerating- of all the lawnmower racers in Mahogany- hell, of all the lawnmower racers in the state, none come close to the sheer skill of Larry H.G. Tuffin. Dare I say, Larry H.G. Tuffin is the closest lawnmower racing's ever gonna get to its Michael Jordan.

(beat)

Shame he only has one opponent.

The dad rock song abruptly ends here.

INT. HAROLD'S GARAGE

We cut to HAROLD MAGOFSIN (a 40-year old man who looks like Paul Blart) badly singing along to a cheesy 80s pop song playing on his phone while lovingly painting his RIDING LAWNMOWER.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Harold Magofsin- loving husband, caring father of two...

HAROLD starts dancing

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Absolute shit racer.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Harold is giddily talking to the camera. The description labels him as a retiree also.

HAROLD

Hello! I'm Harold, and- you know, I just love lawnmower racing.

INT. HAROLD'S GARAGE

Harold is still dancing and singing along

HAROLD (V.O.)

I've been doing this for ten years, and- I mean, I haven't won yet, but I think I got some victories in me. Mama always said I was tough.

Harold accidentally knocks some stuff over while trying to dance, startling him.

NARRATOR

Hey, there's always a chance.

EXT. MAHOGANY HILLS- DAY

Harold and Larry walk out of their garages, lawnmowers in hand. Their neighbor BRAD BARCHEZKY (an innocuous man in a bland polo shirt with glasses) walks over carrying a folding chair.

NARRATOR (V.O)

That's Brad Barchezky. He used to work for the government, although nobody knows what he did.

BRAD

Hey guys! Getting ready for the race?

HAROLD

Yeah! Still got the rulebook?

Brad reaches into his pocket and reveals a folded up piece of paper that looks like it's been in use since the 1970s.

BRAD

Yeah, just revised it last Tuesday.

LARRY

Hey, why don't you ever join in?

BRAD

Well, I just have Harold's kids mow my lawn for me.

LARRY

Oh. Yeah, makes sense.

As the dads sit there discussing, we see Larry's wife MRS. TUFFIN (an ordinary looking suburban wife) loading up her CAR in his driveway while her kids NICK and NASH sit in.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And those there are the rest of Tuffin family- Mrs. Darla Tuffin and their kids Nick and Nash. They've got a trip to Wisconsin planned for the week. ...Hell if I know why.

MRS. TUFFIN  
 (yelling)  
 Are you sure you don't want to  
 join?

LARRY  
 Darla, I told you! You can't skip  
 lawnmower racing day!

Mrs. Tuffin rolls her eyes and gets in the car before driving  
 away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Actually, curiously, all the dads  
 families are heading to Wisconsin.  
 None of them planned it. For  
 whatever reason they all just...  
 had to go to Wisconsin.

Larry waves goodbye to the family.

LARRY  
 Huh. Well, uh, guess we should get  
 back to the race then.

We cut to the dads preparing for their races- Brad unfolds  
 his chair and takes a sip of a DR. FRESH soda can while  
 waiting.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Mr. Barchezky has been the judge of  
 every lawnmower race in Mahogany  
 Hills for the past ten years.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Brad is in the interview room. The description labels him as  
 a retired government employee.

BRAD  
 Yeah, uh, I just pay Harold's kids  
 to mow my lawn for me, so I don't  
 really race.  
 (beat)  
 You already recorded me saying this  
 so I don't know what you want me to  
 add-(cut off mid sentence)

EXT. MAHOGANY HILLS- DAY

The dads are getting ready to race. Brad sets his watch.

BRAD

On your mark... get set... MOW!

The dads burst off mowing their lawns with the intensity of a nascar race, visibly sweating from the intensity. After a montage of hardcore lawnmower racing action, Larry looks about ready to win with one single patch of unmowed grass left on his lawn. As he bolts towards it, however, his lawnmower hits something, before sputtering out.

LARRY

(grunting) Hey, HEY MY  
LAWNMOWER'S STUCK!

Harold stops mowing and turns to Larry.

HAROLD

Want me to wait?

LARRY

No! No, I'm...  
(grunts)  
I'm gonna catch up....

Harold nervously continues mowing his lawn while Larry struggles to get his lawnmower out of the bump. Brad is seen flipping through the rulebook, before he yells out to the guys.

BRAD

Harold is our winner!

LARRY

WHAT?!

HAROLD

I... I win?

Brad runs over to the two, holding out the rulebook.

BRAD

According to the 493rd commandment  
of lawnmower racing, "if thy  
lawnmower is stopped by external  
forces, the owner must forfeit and  
allow the competitor the victory".

Larry sits there in shock.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Larry is back in the interview room.

LARRY

You know, uh, considering the circumstances I think I took it well.

EXT. MAHOGANY HILLS- DAY

Larry starts screaming ferally and kicks the shit out of his lawnmower before it eventually topples over, revealing it had been stuck on a molehill. After a few seconds of animalistic anger (during which he tears the unmowed grass right out of the earth with his bare hands), he spots the molehill. He stares at it with the intensity of a hawk spotting prey, before wheeling the lawnmower away in defeat. Harold and Brad watch on before Harold finally says something.

HAROLD

(giddily)

...I JUST WON MY FIRST LANWMOWER RACE!

Harold gives Brad a double high five and does the worst goddamn dance known to man. The camera pans over to Larry walking away angrily. Suspenseful music builds up.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Now, it's never easy losing your first lawnmower race. But after ten years of winning... it does things to a man. Strange... terrifying things....

EXT. HAROLD'S BACKYARD (DAY)

Harold and Brad are sitting on Harold's porch, with way too much cheap party decor celebrating his victory and cheesy hair metal faintly playing in the background. Neither attendee is really doing anything exciting.

BRAD

...Uhm, how much of this stuff did you buy?

HAROLD

Oh, uh, I just bought most of this over the years in case I ever won.

(beat)

You know, I never thought it would ever be this much, but... uh, it accumulated.

The two sit there bored.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

You know, I was hoping the kids  
would be here too on the day I  
finally won-

BRAD

Hey, isn't Larry supposed to give  
you your trophy about now?

INT. LARRY'S GARAGE

Larry is hurling his beloved lawnmower racing materials in search of something, the way Gollum would hunt for the ring. Tense music accompanies the scene. After digging through various oddities, he finds it- a giant toolbox labeled "ANTI-MOLE MATERIALS"

EXT. LARRY'S FRONT YARD

Larry drags the toolkit to the molehill, with the determination of someone ready to kill. He busts open the toolkit, and leans over to the molehill and yells directly into it.

LARRY

(unhinged)

HEY! You want war? I'LL GIVE YOU  
WAR!

The intense music stops.

EXT. HAROLD'S BACKYARD (DAY)

Brad and Harold are sitting there bored. One of the victory balloons slowly and loudly deflates while both dads remain apathetically. When it's done, Brad gets a phone call.

BRAD

Hello? Hey! How's Wisconsin? ....  
uh huh. Uhm... no, I don't think  
so. ....Yeah, I can grab some more.  
No, no you're not interrupting  
anything. Alright, love you too.

He hangs up and turns to Harold

BRAD (CONT'D)

Hey, I gotta go grab some milk.  
Need anything?



HAROLD

No, uh, I think I'm okay. See ya.

Brad leaves, and Harold sits there bored. Eventually he starts drifting off to sleep.

EXT. LARRY'S FRONT YARD

Larry is now shirtless, covered in dirt and warpaint and looking like a crazed Vietnam soldier. He chugs a Dr. Fresh like alcohol and starts ranting.

LARRY

(slurred) you dumb mole...  
you think... you think  
you can stop a...  
lawnmower racer?! THIS  
LAWNMOWER RACER?!

Larry then lets out a very deranged laugh, as the camera pans out to reveal a lawn that looks like mole hell- every square inch is covered in traps.

INT. GROCERY STORE

Brad is at a grocery store, looking at the milk isle. As he reaches for a seemingly safe gallon, he's interrupted by a HIPSTER (suspiciously clean looking, probably smells like bleach) inexplicably appearing next to him.

HIPSTER

WOAH! Hey man, uh, you don't wanna drink that.

BRAD

Why? I mean, it's just milk-

HIPSTER

Oh no man- just go check the label.

Brad turns the carton to read the label, and finds a list of health problems that could come from drinking it. They include things like a .00000001% chance that drinking will make your bladder spontaneously combust and a microscopic (but not zero) risk of giving the drinker dwarfish.

BRAD

Oh my... Thanks for the warning! I was even gonna let my kids drink this!

HIPSTER

Don't worry man, everyone finds out eventually.

BRAD

Thanks! ...But, uhm, I still need to get milk-

HIPSTER

Oh, try this stuff.

The hipster hands Brad a gallon of weird chunky looking milk (like the stuff in *Troll 2*).

BRAD

...Is that safe to drink?

HIPSTER

Yeah, I drink it everyday!

The hipster then pulls out a gallon from their backpack and chugs it from the carton while looking Brad in the eyes for an uncomfortable few seconds. This does nothing to the milk.

HIPSTER (CONT'D)

Ahh... It's all natural man!

Brad gives an uneasy smile, nods, and puts the gallon in his cart.

BRAD

Well, um, thanks mister-

When Brad turns to thank the hipster, they're gone. Brad looks around for a second, before quietly wandering out of the isle, milk in hand.

EXT. HAROLD'S BACKYARD (AFTERNOON)

Harold is fast asleep when he hears Larry yelling. He stumbles to get up, nearly trips over his endtable, and hurries over to Larry's yard.

EXT. LARRY'S FRONT YARD (AFTERNOON)

Larry is yelling at the mole to come out of it's hole like a madman when Harold lumbers in. Harold accidentally sets off a mole trap, startling him. Larry turns around.

LARRY

GOT YA YOU- oh. It's you.

HAROLD

Larry- what- what's going on?!

LARRY

Well, remember that time we were  
lawnmower racing and then a mole  
ruined my chance at victory?

HAROLD

.... You mean three hours  
ago?

LARRY

WELL NEVER AGAIN! I'm gonna stop  
that mole! ONCE! AND! FOR! ALL-  
(burps loudly)

Larry awkwardly tries wiping the burp particles from his  
mouth, accidentally spilling some Dr. Fresh in the process.

HAROLD

(concerned) Larry... have  
you been drinking Dr.  
Fresh?

LARRY

Uh- (hides can behind his back) no!

HAROLD

Larry! Darla asked you to lay off  
the stuff!

LARRY

Well, uhm, it's- uh-

Larry chugs the whole can

HAROLD

Larry!

LARRY

Well, what's one can gonna hurt?

Larry throws the can away- directly into the molehill.  
Directly into the opening of the molehill. It can be heard  
clanging around like it's falling down a deep well, before  
finally hitting something deep below. Larry and Harold stare  
on.

LARRY (CONT'D)

...You know, that sounded pretty  
deep for a molehill-

Larry is then interrupted by the ground violently shaking like an earthquake. He and Harold try to maintain their footing, before falling over. They scamper away to Harold's lawn next door (no mole traps), and as they get there a kaiju-like roar comes from the earth's core before a giant mole (clearly a guy in a suit with some green screen) bursts through Larry's lawn roaring.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 ....sweet jesus.

The mole lashes out, destroying most of the lawn with ease (and some of his house, including clawing open a wall in the upstairs bathroom), before stopping and sniffing the air. It turns to Larry and Harold sniffing.

HAROLD  
 (whispering) what do we  
 do?

LARRY  
 (whispering) I have no  
 fucking idea.

They sit paralyzed in terror as the mole sniffs them menacingly. Harold is visibly whimpering. Eventually the mole lumbers back into it's crater-sized molehill as the dads can only watch.

HAROLD  
 ....Larry? .... You got any Dr.  
 Fresh left?

Larry hands Harold a can with a shaky hand. Harold chugs it all, before dropping the can.

LARRY  
 ....That... thing wasn't... no...  
 mole.

INT. GROCERY STORE (CHECKOUT)

Brad's in line for checkout when he gets a phone call.

BRAD  
 Hello? ...Oh! Well, I just found  
 some, want me to put it back? ...Oh  
 no, it's- ah, it's supposed to be  
 really healthy- ....well, okay.  
 Hey, love you too.

Brad hangs up and ponders upon the milk carton when it's his turn in line.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
 ....Well, that one guy seemed to  
 like it.

He then purchases the milk.

EXT. HAROLD'S BACKYARD (DAY)

Harold and Larry sit on Harold's porch terrified out of their  
 minds.

HAROLD  
 ....Hey Larry?

LARRY  
 ...Yeah?

HAROLD  
 ...We gotta kill that mole.

LARRY  
 Yeah. ....Any ideas?

HAROLD  
 ...No.

EXT. MAHOGANY HILLS- DAY

Brad is driving home milk in passenger seat listening to 70s  
 soft rock when he sees Larry's decimated lawn. He abruptly  
 stops the car and surveys the carnage.

BRAD  
 ....Well darn.

INT. HAROLD'S GARAGE

Larry and Harold are digging through the garage to find  
 things that could kill the mole.

HAROLD  
 I got some hedgetrimmers! Think  
 that could do it?

LARRY  
 ... We're gonna need more than  
 that.

HAROLD  
 ...Yeah.

Harold puts the chainsaw back.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Hey Larry?

LARRY  
Yeah?

HAROLD  
I'm sorry you lost the lawnmower  
race.

Larry stops what he's doing and reflects for a moment.

LARRY  
Okay.

There's a knock at the garage door. Both dads tense up.

BRAD  
Hey guys! I see you got a mole  
problem.

The dads let out a sigh of relief and open the garage door-  
revealing Brad covered head to toe in black ops tactical  
armor, with a gym bag in hand and a katana strapped to his  
back.

LARRY  
...What the fuck is this?

BRAD  
It's my old work uniform!

HAROLD  
You look like one of those GI Joe  
guys!

BRAD  
Yeah! I always thought it made me  
look like Snake Eyes-

LARRY  
What did you do exactly?

BRAD  
Oh, that's a secret.

He then tries covering the part of his uniform that blatantly  
reads BLACK OPS in all caps.

LARRY  
Well, uh,  
(beat)  
(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)  
any ideas of how we can kill a  
mole?

BRAD  
Well, judging by the size of the  
craters in your lawn, it's gonna  
take a bit more than just mole  
traps to take it out.

Brad then pulls out an old board game map.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Just give me a second...

He then finicks with models of everything (monopoly houses  
for the homes, a stuffed animal for the mole, etc.) for a  
while in a very dad-like manner.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Okay. So, uh, first thing's first-  
who knows how to operate a land  
mine?

The dads look at each other.

EXT. LARRY'S FRONT YARD

The dads set up something around the lawn in a montage with  
the intent to kill the mole.

BRAD (V.O.)  
We set up a bunch of traps around  
the mole hill, right?

INT. VANTAGE POINT

We see Brad (still in tactical armor) set up in the upstairs  
bathroom of Larry's house, with a sniper pointed at the  
molehill.

BRAD (V.O.)  
While you guys are doing that, I'll  
be lookout.

He has a katana leaning by the toilet and a bazooka in the  
bathtub.

BRAD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And we'll do our communicating with  
walkie-talkies.

INT. HAROLD'S GARAGE

Harold raises his hand

BRAD

Uh, you don't have to do that-

HAROLD

Oh, sorry. Uh, just, uh, had a question.

BRAD

Yeah?

HAROLD

So, uh... I don't know how to use a walkie-talkie.

BRAD

....Oh. Uh, you just press a button to talk and, uh...

Harold stares at Brad blankly.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You know what? We'll use our phones instead! I mean, we got everyone's number right?

EXT. LARRY'S FRONT YARD

The dads talk over their phones in a continued montage of them preparing for war.

BRAD (V.O.)

And when we're all set, we'll have something to lure the mole out.

LARRY (V.O.)

Oh, I know what'll get it's attention.

Larry drinks, then places a single can of Dr. Fresh in front of the molehill.

INT. HAROLD'S GARAGE

Brad's standing in front of his model.



BRAD

And then, uh, we'll blow it up and have a campfire afterwards. Any questions?

LARRY

Yeah, uh, was the model necessary?

BRAD

Well- uh- .... no, but I just got really excited.

HAROLD

Hey, I thought it was really cool.

Larry notices Brad's bag.

LARRY

And uh, what's in there?

BRAD

Oh, just some landmines.

The dad's eyes widen.

LARRY

Wait wha-

EXT. LARRY'S FRONT YARD

We get a wide shot of Larry's lawn covered in landmines. Larry and Harold finish setting one up, and catch their breath for a few seconds. Harold gets a phone call.

HAROLD

Hey, what's up?

INT. VANTAGE POINT

Brad's sitting there, chipperly watching out with his eye firmly in the sniper scope.

BRAD

Hey, just wanted to check in on you guys.

EXT. LARRY'S FRONT YARD

Harold's still on the phone

HAROLD

Oh, uh, we're pretty good. Uhm.. why... why do you have land mines?

BRAD (OVER THE PHONE)

Oh, well they were part of a retirement gift. The office had a wacky sense of humor.

HAROLD

...Alright then. I mean, I got a little watch, you got mines....

BRAD (OVER THE PHONE)

Yeah, funny how life works.

HAROLD

We're not screwing anything up right? It's- it's my first time setting explosives-

BRAD (OVER THE PHONE)

You're doing great! Don't worry, you're already better than half the guys from my platoon. Hey, uh, want anything to drink? I got some milk earlier today. It's supposed to be really good for you-

HAROLD

Uh, I think we're okay- we should probably get back to work anyway. Talk to you later!

Harold hangs up.

LARRY

Hey Harold?

HAROLD

Yeah?

LARRY

I should've let you win more.

HAROLD

...What?

LARRY

The lawnmower races. I mean, I always knew you wanted to win. I should've let you win just once.

HAROLD

Aw, Larry-

LARRY

(passive aggressively)

I mean, I'd be a lot more pissed about you beating me if we weren't currently preping explosives to kill the sixty foot mole that destroyed my entire front yard, but- you know-

HAROLD

(hurt)

Oh! Uhm... okay.

Larry goes back to working, as Harold sits there kinda unsure of how to act.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Harold is in the interview room.

HAROLD

You know, in times like these I think of something my mama would've said. She had some good advice. The problem is, uh, that I forgot most of it, so it's not gonna be much help here.

EXT. LARRY'S FRONT YARD (EVENING)

It's visibly taken a long time, but the dads are now fully prepped. Harold calls Brad again. Larry eavesdrops.

HAROLD

Hey! I think we just prepped the last of your mines.

BRAD (OVER THE PHONE)

Great! Now, uh, why don't you guys run over to my yard and I can take care of your mole?

Larry snatches Harold's phone right out of his hand.

LARRY  
 Brad? Hey, Larry here. Uh,  
 (very long censor hetre,  
 with cuts to Harold's  
 shocked face). I'M NOT  
 LEAVING!

BRAD (OVER THE PHONE)  
 (completely unfazed)  
 ....Alright, I mean it's your yard  
 after all.

Larry hangs up and marches over to his garage. Harold looks concerned, before following him.

INT. LARRY'S GARAGE

Larry grabs a hedge trimmer from his garage, and slaps on some gardening gloves and protective glasses. Harold runs in after him.

HAROLD  
 Don't you think that what you said  
 was a little rude to Brad?

LARRY  
 Look, it's MY yard that mole  
 ruined!

HAROLD  
 ...This is all about the race,  
 isn't it?

LARRY  
 .... yeah.

HAROLD  
 Look, I love lawnmower racing as  
 much as the next guy but... it's  
 just a race!

LARRY  
 Harold. When I'm not the ten year  
 winner of the weekly lawnmower  
 races, all that's left of me is a  
 father of two, husband of twenty  
 years, and a retired co-founder of  
 one of the most profitable plumbing  
 companies in the tri-state area.  
 (beat)  
 That... really isn't much.

Larry walks out of the garage hedgetrimmer in hand. Harold stands concerned, before sitting on his riding lawnmower in contemplation.

INT. VANTAGE POINT

Brad finishes sharpening his katana, which we see is labelled "Holy Diver" on the handle. He then calls Larry.

BRAD

Hey, ready for some mole hunting?

LARRY

You bet your ass.

BRAD

Awesome. You should probably get in position- we're gonna wake the big guy up now.

Brad gets in his sniper position, and aims at a single empty can of Dr. Fresh placed right in front of the crater where the molehill was. He fires at it, knocking it into the void.

EXT. LARRY'S FRONT YARD

Larry stands hedgeclippers in tact amidst the mines and explosives prepared for pesticide. The tumbling of the can echoes through the air until it finally hits something. A few seconds of silence ensues. Larry grips onto the hedgeclippers tighter. When it seems like the mole might not be there, the ground starts shaking- mildly at first, but getting increasingly intense. A familiar roar bursts through the air before the mole reemerges angry.

INT. VANTAGE POINT

Brad abandons the sniper rifle and grabs his bazooka from the tub, pointing it right at the roaring mole's face.

BRAD

INCOMING!

EXT. LARRY'S FRONT YARD

The bazooka shell blasts the side of the mole's face (it doesn't look very convincing), and further agitates the beast. It starts climbing out of it's hole- setting off the mines, harming it. It shrieks in pain, and retreats back into the hole. And Larry charges after it.

INT. VANTAGE POINT

Brad lowers the bazooka

BRAD  
LARRY! THAT'S NOT THE PLAN!

EXT. LARRY'S FRONT YARD

Larry dives in, hedgeclippers in hand while letting out a primal yell that echoes as he descends through the molehill.

INT. VANTAGE POINT

Brad watches on in shock. He looks about ready to realize he's lost Larry when a loud animalistic shriek comes from the molehill, and we watch in awe as the mole burrows through the ground with Larry sticking out from the surface, hands glued to hedgetrimmer like a cowboy riding a deranged bull (Larry is "definitely" not a dummy during this sequence).

LARRY  
HOW DO YOU LIKE ME NOW, YOU  
OVERSIZED RODENT?!

Eventually, the mole shakes Larry off, sending him flying into Harold's yard while covered head to toe in dirt. The mole resurfaces, and stares him down snarling. Right when the mole's about to attack, the sound of a riding lawnmower being activated distracts it. Larry turns around, to reveal Harold sitting on his riding lawnmower holding a Dr. Fresh.

HAROLD  
Hey Larry! Remember when you said  
that if it weren't for the  
lawnmower races you'd only be a  
husband, father, and a man of  
ambiguously middle class standing?

Harold takes a big gulp of Dr. Fresh

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Well you forgot one thing.... YOU'D  
STILL BE MY NEIGHBOR! ...AND  
NEIGHBORS  
(revs up engine)  
DON'T LET GIANT MOLES  
(giant reving up engine)  
EAT THEIR NEIGHBORS!

The mole hisses and charges at Harold, and Harold throws out the can and charges directly at the mole at an absurdly fast speed before jumping out, with the lawnmower ramming the mole directly in the face. The mole is sent flying back (looks fake as hell but somehow still epic) and lands directly in front of the vantage point. As it lies there winded, Harold calls Brad.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

BRAD! THE MOLE'S DOWN!

BRAD (OVER THE PHONE)

About time! I'd reccomend running for cover about now- it's gonna get gross fast.

Brad jumps out of the vantage point, and aims his bazooka directly into the mole's mouth as it roars. The ensuing explosion decimates the mole into bloody chunks, and destroys what's left of Larry's living space. Curiously, no other part of the neighborhood is even scratched by this. Brad is sent flying through the air, somehow landing right next to Harold and Larry. The dads stare at each other, then gaze in awe at their accomplishment.

LARRY

...Is it-

BRAD

Yeah.

(beat followd by groan)

Ah! My back's really acting up-

LARRY

Oh, don't tell me about it-

HAROLD

-I could really use an advil-

EXT. LARRY'S FRONT YARD (NIGHT)

The dads are circled around a campfire with glasses of Brad's weird milk in hand. A gentle acoustic guitar cover of an 80s rock song accompanies the scene.

BRAD

Well, uhm, I'm sorry about your lawn. ...Oh, and, uh, your house too. That looks pretty bad.

LARRY

Oh, uh, it's okay. I mean, there's worse ways to spend a Sunday.

BRAD

Yeah. I have to say too, thanks for giving me a good excuse to break out Holy Diver after all these years. I mean, I didn't get to use him but-

HAROLD

Wait, who's holy diver?

BRAD

My katana.

HAROLD

Why do you have a katana?

BRAD

I thought it would be neat.

HAROLD

...Well can I see it?

Brad hands Harold the katana. Harold inspects it for a bit.

LARRY

Hey Brad? Sorry for, uh, what I said earlier-

BRAD

Oh, don't worry. It's not even the worst thing I've been called in uniform!

LARRY

...Wow, uh, okay then. ....Oh! Uh, Harold-

Larry hands Harold the half-destroyed remains of his last lawnmower racing trophy, glued and taped together from a bunch of trophies remains.

LARRY (CONT'D)

It's... it's the last one I have. The mole kinda destroyed the rest- well it was the mole or the explosion- and, uh, I had to tape a bunch of smashed pieces together- but, uhm.... Here. You earned this.

Harold looks at it, teary-eyed. He then reaches in to give Larry a hug.



LARRY (CONT'D)  
Buddy- love ya too- please put the  
katana down.

HAROLD  
Huh? ...Oh, yeah that.

Harold haphazardly drops the katana and gives Larry a hug.  
Larry then tries handing Harold the trophy.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
You really don't need to.

LARRY  
Take it! I don't even have anywhere  
left to keep it.

Harold takes the trophy and sits back smiling. Brad raises  
his glass.

BRAD  
Wanna toast?

LARRY  
Sure. To, uh, to our victory over  
the mole!

HAROLD  
And to friendship!

LARRY  
That's kinda dumb.... but, uh,  
yeah. Sure. TO FRIENDSHIP!

The dads clink their glasses together and take a swig out of  
the milk- before all spitting it back out.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
WHAT IS THIS SHIT?!

HAROLD  
It tastes like glue!

BRAD  
(gags) I should've just  
left it at the store!

The dads finish spitting the shit out.

LARRY  
Still got the carton?

BRAD

Oh, it's uh... give me a sec-  
 (looks around before  
 pulling it out)  
 right here! Gosh, I should really  
 just go out and trash it-

LARRY

I think I got a better idea. Bring  
 it out.

Larry brings the carton out, and Larry grabs the katana. He gets up then awkwardly swings at the carton for a bit (Larry does not know how to use a katana, and it isn't really as easy as it looks), before he finally manages to slice the carton in half, splattering the chunky milk everywhere. The other dads cheer on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(warmly)

And there you have it folks. The  
 housedads of Mahogany Hills doing  
 what dads do best- being there for  
 each other. They'll have other  
 adventures- obviously anyone with  
 too much time on their hands will,  
 but no matter what life ends up  
 throwing at them, one thing is  
 always gonna remain the same-  
 they're gonna be there for each  
 other through it all.

Suddenly, the reality of Larry's situation finally sets in, and the man gets up in a state of utter terror.

LARRY

(terrified screaming)

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST MY HOUSE IS  
 DESTROYED AND I HAVE TO TELL MY  
 WIFE-

He then quickly scrambles for the katana and prepares for ritual seppuku as the other dads start screaming and rush to yank it from his hands while he screams in protest.

SMASH CUT TO CREDITS