ESTABLISHING SHOT. EXT. HOUSE. DAY.
It’s raining heavily.

INT. MORDECAI BEDROOM. DAY.
MORDECAI sits at the computer, typing and sipping coffee. RIGBY bursts into the room with a great sigh and dramatically falls on the floor and awkwardly rolls around.

RIGBY
(dramatically) I’m … so … bored! So-bored! … MORDECAI? … Oh MOR-DE-CAI? … MORDECAI-MORDECAI-MORDECAI-MORDECAI …

MORDECAI
(annoyed) What?!

RIGBY
(long pause) … nothing! … What ya doing?

MORDECAI
(annoyed) Dude, chatting online …

RIGBY
(interrupting) Lame! … I’m bo-red!

MORDECAI
(annoyed) Well go empty the bins or something.

RIGBY
(mocking) Pfft. It’s raining dur! No work on rain days - gees!

RIGBY gets up off the floor and tries to see what MORDECAI is doing.

RIGBY
(uninterested) So who are you chatting too?

RIGBY and MORDECAI wrestle for control of the computer.

MORDECAI
(annoyed) Get off RIGBY!

RIGBY
(childishly) Oooo chatting to MARGARET. (makes kissing noises).

MORDECAI
(annoyed) Shut up RIGBY. (defeated sigh) I’m just chatting about last night’s episode of Daybreak.
RIGBY
(surprised) Daybreak? That show sucks.

MORDECAI
(annoyed) Yeah, but everyone watches it.

RIGBY
(curiously) Everyone? Who are you chatting too?

MORDECAI
(smugly) You know … everyone. SKIPS, POPs, MUSCLEMAN …

RIGBY
(bored) Pfft. MUSCLEMAN? Here I wanna a go.

After more wrestling, MORDECAI reluctantly gives in and RIGBY leans over and starts typing on the keyboard. He talks as he types.

RIGBY
(reading) MAR-GAR-ET … I … love … you …

MORDECAI
(panicked) RIGBY no! Stop it!

MORDECAI and RIGBY wrestle again, hitting a bunch of keys on the keyboard. The gibberish message is sent to the chat room.

CUT TO
INT. SKIPS HOUSE. DAY.
SKIPS is sat in front of the computer and sees MORDECAI’s gibberish message come up and types a response.

SKIPS
(talks as he types) MORDECAI are you okay?

CUT TO
INT. MUSCLEMAN HOUSE. DAY.
MUSCLEMAN and HI5 GHOST are sat in front of their computer. MUSCLEMAN reads out a new message from MORDECAI.

MUSCLEMAN
(reading) MORDECAI says - It’s nothing. RIGBY is being a jerk …

CUT TO
INT. POPS ROOM. DAY.
POPS is standing in front of a massive computer from the 1950s reading a continuous print out with a red squiggly line on it. He smiles to himself as he punches some random buttons.

POPS
(cheerfully) Oh hi RIGBY.

CUT TO
INT. MORDECAI BEDROOM. DAY
MORDECAI and RIGBY are still struggling to take control over the computer. RIGBY finally gives in and stands back.

MORDECAI
(casually) Everyone says hi RIGBY.

RIGBY
(huffing) Well dur. Why wouldn’t they?

A new user enters the internet chat room called ‘Tr0Ll’.

MORDECAI
(to himself) Troll? Who’s that?

RIGBY
(huffing) This is lame, I’m going to play video games.

RIGBY storms out of the room. MORDECAI curiously leans closer to the computer monitor. Tr0Ll suddenly submits a message which MORDECAI reads out to himself.

MORDECAI
(reading) Troll says - If you want to see the definition of dumb ...

CUT TO SPLIT SCREEN of everyone’s computer’s POVs as they read the message.

SKIPS
(reading) … check out the staff at City Park. LOL.

MUSCLEMAN
(angry) Hey? What’s this guy’s problem?

Quickly everyone starts typing their own angry response.

CUT TO

INT. MORDECAI BEDROOM. DAY
MORDECAI’s computer is being flooded with TR0Ll’s new message – lines and lines of ‘HAHAHAHA ROFL NOOBS!’ MORDECAI takes evasive action and quickly types a comeback.

MORDECAI
(smugly as he dramatically hits enter) What a loser. This’ll show him!

CUT TO

INT. POPS ROOM. DAY.
POPS is reading the continuous print out and gasps! The squiggly line is going crazy.

POPS
(shocked) Who knew MORDECAI was capable of such blasphemy!
Suddenly POPS’ computer lets out an explosion and turns off.

CUT TO

SPLIT SCREEN of everyone’s computer’s POVs. Simultaneously they all turn off.

CUT TO

INT. MORDECAI BEDROOM.
MORDECAI starts banging the side of the monitor.

MORDECAI
(confused) Hey what happened?

SKIPS, POPS, MUSCLEMAN and HI5 GHOST enter the room and all stand around the computer.

MUSCLEMAN
(cheerfully) Hey MORDECAI you the man! I don’t know what happened, but you totally owned that troll guy …

MUSCLEMAN is interrupted as a pixilated troll head appears on the computer monitor and starts laughing.

A wave of electric sparks flash around MORDECAI’s computer and 20 trolls climb out of the monitor. They scamper around the room, crawling up the walls and some onto the ceiling. TROLL1 crawls out last and sits on the keyboard.

TROLL1
(evilly) Ha ha you’ve been trolled! Stupid noobs!

TROLL1 pulls out a big stamp and stamps the word ‘Trolled’ in big red letters on the shocked MORDECAI’s forehead. The trolls all run out of the room, leaving the group standing there speechless.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.
BENSON is sitting on a chair with his feet on the table, talking on the house phone. Trolls flood into the room and start pulling things out of the fridge and cupboards and gnawing on the curtains.

BENSON
(annoyed) Yes Mum … I know Mum … I said I would didn’t I? Just …

TROLL1 starts gnawing on BENSON’s head.

BENSON
(shouting) Hey! Leave me alone! (apologetic) No Mum not you … (shouting) Ahh monster! (apologetic) Oh no Mum I didn’t mean you … No Mum … Don’t hang up!

We hear the click of a phone as BENSON’s Mum hangs up. TROLL1 starts laughing and stamps BENSON’s head with the ‘Trolled Stamp’.
TROLL1
(evilly) Ha ha trolled!

The trolls exit the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.
RIGBY is sitting on the couch frantically playing a video game, oblivious to the swarm of trolls entering the room and gnawing on the wall paper and pulling books off shelves.

TROLL1 pops his head up behind the couch and then causally slides over the top and down next to RIGBY. TROLL1 starts checking his nails.

TROLL1
(casually) So ... er ... playing kick-boxing ninjas 3 ey?

RIGBY
(pre-occupied) Yeah ... Last level ... Almost clocked ...

TROLL1
(provoking) So ... er ... you know this game ... was rated best game of 2014 ... for girls!

RIGBY’s jaw drops and he slowly turns to face the smug looking TROLL1.

RIGBY
(gasps, horrified) What ... did ... you ... say ...

RIGBY is interrupted by the sound of him losing the video game. RIGBY turns back to the TV and begins to twitch with rage.

RIGBY
(to himself) Almost ... clocked ...

His body turns red as he turns back to TROLL1. TROLL1 laughs and stamps RIGBY’s forehead with the ‘Trolled Stamp’.

TROLL1
(evilly) Ha ha trolled!

RIGBY loses it and lets out an angry scream of frustration. He chases after all the trolls who pile out the front door and into the park where they continue to destroy things and start arguments.

VO PERSON 1
(angry) How dare you say that!

VO TROLL1
(evilly) Ha ha trolled!

We hear the sound of someone being stamped with the ‘Trolled Stamp’.

CUT TO
EXT. FRONT PORCH. DAY
MORDECAI, RIGBY, SKIPS, MUSCLEMAN and HI5 GHOST all run out onto the 
front porch to see the trolls running around the park tearing things 
apart, causing arguments and laughing.

EXT. PARK. DAY.
A young couple are casually walking in the rain. BOY has his arms around 
GIRL keeping her warm.

GIRL
(sweetly) I just love walking in the rain, 
it’s so romantic don’t you think?

BOY
(nervously) Yes and ... beautiful ... just like 
you.

They stop walking and GIRL turns to face BOY.

GIRL
(giggling) You think I’m beautiful?

The group of trolls runs past them, some on the path, some in the trees, 
but BOY and GIRL are too busy engaged in each other’s eyes to notice. 
TROLL1 stops behind GIRL.

BOY
(smoothly) Yes my darling, you’re as sweet 
and beautiful as a ... (surprised at seeing 
TROLL1) ... troll?!

GIRL
(horrified) A troll!? A troll am I!?
(crying) Mother was right about you!

GIRL angrily slaps BOY and storms off. TROLL1 starts laughing and stamps 
BOY on the forehead with the ‘Trolled Stamp’.

TROLL1
(evilly) Ha ha trolled!

BOY shakes in rage and storms off in the other direction while TROLL1 
rolls around the ground laughing before getting up and scampering off.

CUT TO

EXT. FRONT PORCH. DAY
Everyone is still standing on the porch.

VO BENSON
(angrily shouting) MORDECAI! RIGBY!

BENSON angrily storms out while rubbing off the ‘Trolled Stamp’ on his 
forehead with a dishcloth.

BENSON
(angry) Well don’t just stand there! Stop them! They’re ruining everything!

RIGBY timidly puts his hand out into the rain and quickly withdraws.

RIGBY

(sulking) But ... it’s raining.

BENSON gets right into RIGBY’s face.

BENSON

(shouting) Do it now or YOU’RE FIRED!

BENSON’s shouting causes RIGBY to fall off the porch and into the mud.

EXT. PARK. DAY

MORDECAI and RIGBY are walking through the rain. MORDECAI is holding an umbrella and RIGBY is shuffling along with hunched shoulders trying to rub the ‘Trolled Stamp’ off his forehead. Behind them trolls are jumping through the trees or bushes, popping up from behind park benches, tearing things apart and making a general nuisance of themselves.

RIGBY

(muttering) This is so stupid. This is all your fault MORDECAI! Why couldn’t you talk on the phone like a ‘normal’ person?

MORDECAI

(sighs) Do me a solid RIGBY and ... (frantic) Oh no! The ducklings!

MORDECAI and RIGBY run over to the duck pond where a bunch of ducklings are angrily quacking at each other on the shore. TROLL1 stands over them laughing while stamping each one with the ‘Trolled Stamp’.

RIGBY

(angrily waves his fist) Hey!? What’s your problem?

TROLL1

(evilly) My problem? What’s your problem?

RIGBY

(angry) My problem!? I don’t have a problem?! It’s you who’s got the pro...

TROLL1

(interrupting) What are you supposed to be anyway? Some kind of weird cat?

RIGBY

(shocked) A ... a ... Cat!? (angry) I’m a ...

RIGBY puts up his fists ready to fight with TROLL1, but MORDECAI holds him back.
MORDECAI
(pleading) RIGBY no! Don’t do it! Just ignore him … wait a minute …

MORDECAI lets go of RIGBY as an idea suddenly dawns on him. RIGBY runs straight at TROLL1 and lands face first in the lake. TROLL1 laughs and stamps RIGBY’s butt with the ‘Trolled stamp’ before running off.

TROLL1
(evilly) Ha ha double trolled! Stupid noobs!

MORDECAI
(excited) RIGBY that’s it! Back to the house!

CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.
MORDECAI, RIGBY, SKIPS, MUSCLEMAN, HI5 GHOST, POPS and BENSON are all stood in the living room.

MORDECAI
(knowingly) Everyone knows the best way to defeat trolls is by ignoring them!

RIGBY
(sarcastically) But they’re so annoying!

SKIPS
(casually) Here we can all wear these ignoring helmets.

SKIPS pulls out a bunch of paper-mache helmets with horse blinkers and hands them out. RIGBY looks at his helmet.

RIGBY
(confused) Since when is there such a thing as ignoring helmets?

MORDECAI
(annoyed) Shut up RIGBY and put it on.

RIGBY
(annoyed) No way, it’s stupid.

MORDECAI
(annoyed) Okay whatever. Guys put on the helmets and try to ignore them.

MORDECAI puts on his helmet and heads to the front door. RIGBY’s POV as he watches everyone else put their helmets on and grumbling puts on his own.

CUT TO

EXT. HOUSE. DAY.
MORDECAI opens the front door.
MORDECAI
(shouting) Hey! Some guy just posted a picture of himself with ear gauges on a public forum!

All the trolls in the park immediately stop what they are doing and excitedly bound for the house.

INT. HOUSE. DAY.
EVERYONE is casually sitting around the living room in their ignoring helmets minding their own business. SKIPS is reading the newspaper, MORDECAI and RIGBY are playing video games, BENSON is doing the accounts, MUSCLEMAN and HI5 GHOST are playing dominos and POPS is standing in the corner.

The trolls swarm inside and try to get EVERYONE’s attention and starting arguments.

TROLL 2
(smugly) Punctuation police! It’s spelt Y-O-U-'R-E not Y-O-U-R!

TROLL 3
(matter of fact) Don’t take it personally. Being a noob isn’t bad, but being a stupid noob is different.

TROLL 4
(disdainfully) Worst park ever!

TROLL 5
(sarcastically) Hey Skips, mind if I comb over?

TROLL 6
(provokingly) Everyone knows that Zombie Samurai’s has better game play than kick-boxing ninjas 3.

Ignoring the trolls just makes them angrier and more unruly. They frantically try to upset EVERYONE, but EVERYONE carries on doing what they are doing. TROLL1 is standing in front of MORDECAI trying to get his attention.

TROLL1
(evilly) So ... um ... what about that MARGARET ey? She thinks’ she’s so good with that red hair ...

MORDECAI starts to twitch angrily. RIGBY leans over and whispers to him.

RIGBY
(scared) It’s not working MORDECAI!

TROLL1
(mocking) Oh look at me, I’m MARGARET, I think I’m so cool ‘cause I work in a coffee shop.

MORDECAI
(angry) That’s it!

MORDECAI rips off the ignoring helmet and punches TROLLl in the face.

MUSCLEMAN
(cheering) Right on MORDECAI!

MUSCLEMAN rips off his ignoring helmet and punches the nearest troll in the face. Suddenly everyone breaks out into a huge fist fight in the living room. A huge dust cloud surrounds the mob. MORDECAI’s head appears from the cloud.

MORDECAI
(shouting) Take that you stupid trolls!

MORDECAI’s head disappears into the dust cloud and TROLLl’s head pops out.

TROLLl
(laughing) Ha ha MORDECAI and MARGARET!

TROLLl’s head drops back into the cloud and TROLL2’s head pops out.

TROLL2
(mocking) And why are you even called MUSCLEMAN? More like flabby boob man. I bet you like cupcakes don’t you?

TROLL1
(joking) Yeah you love those cupcakes!

MUSCLEMAN’s head pops out of the dust cloud.

MUSCLEMAN
(angrily shouts) Well you know who else likes cupcakes? … MY MUM!!

TROLL2
(stuttering) Well … er … er … um … Crap!
We’ve run out of comebacks!

Everyone suddenly stops fighting and the dust cloud disappears to reveal everyone in a huge tangled mess. All the trolls start to shake and one by one they disappear like a computer monitor being switched off.

EVERYONE looks around and cheers.

POPS
(excited) Hooray! We did it!

MORDECAI and RIGBY punch the air and play air guitar.
MORDECAI & RIGBY
(cheering) Ooooo yeah!

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

MORDECAI and RIGBY are sitting on the couch vigorously playing video games.

MORDECAI
(casually) You were right Rigby, no more internet chat rooms for me. From now on I’m just texting and sticking to video games.

RIGBY
(smugly) See, I told you chat rooms were l-l-lame.

Benson angrily marches into the room.

BENSON
(angry) Why aren’t you guys outside working? (shouts) IT STOPPED RAINING 3 HOURS AGO!

THE END.