

TPB: Greasy Money - Tom Green

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EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK, OUTSIDE JULIAN'S TRAILER - DAY

JULIAN, RICKY, and BUBBLES talk to J-ROC and various members of the Roc Pile in front of Julian's trailer . We see an array of stolen speakers and audio equipment strewn about Julian's lot. CORY and JACOB fumble with a knot of tangled cables in the BG.

JULIAN

Alright J-Roc, everything's all set for the rap concert this weekend... How are ticket sales coming?

J-ROC

Why you sweatin' me, dawg? I sell out shows like it's a bodily function, knowmsay'n? Wake up in the morning, stumble to the bathroom: sell out a show. Drink a bunch of coffee and eat a bran muffin: sell out another show. Cruise over to T's place, feel a rumble in my tizzummy on the way over: jump the fence into Marguerite's back yard and sell out another show.

BUBBLES

J Roc... have you been poopin' in Marguerite's back-yard?

PAN over to special guest-star: TOM GREEN

TOM GREEN

Excuse me fellas, Is this where I sign up for the rap battle?

RICKY

Well slap my tits and call me Suzy... TOM GREEN? What the FUCK are YOU doing in Sunnyvale?

TOM GREEN

Well, as you know, I've been living in Hollywood... Hollywood, California? No big deal. Anyways, I started getting sick of all the glitz and glamour... The fabulous parties, the multitudes of big-breasted women... It was all getting a bit played out. So I decided to move here to Sunnyvale... get back to my down-home Canadian roots. Ya dig?

JULIAN

Well fuck, that's cool, man. Which trailer's yours?

TOM GREEN

It's the big luxurious double-wide right over there. The one with the gigantic Hollywood sign on the lawn.

CUT

EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK, OUTSIDE JULIAN'S TRAILER - DAY

TOM GREEN is yuks it up with various members of the Roc Pile, and has them hanging on his every word. JULIAN speaks privately with T and a sullen-looking J-ROC. We see MR. LAHEY and RANDY trying to sneak up on the group to eavesdrop...

JULIAN

Holy fuck, boys! With Tom Green on board this rap concert could be HUGE...

J-ROC

Hold up, Jules. This wack sucka just walks in here and you wanna throw him on the bill?

T

C'mon J-Roc, Julian's right! Tom Green's a celebrity, yo!

TOM GREEN sidles right in close between JULIAN and T.

TOM GREEN

Actually I'm a huge Hollywood celebrity. From Hollywood.

JULIAN

You know how many tickets we could sell with Tom's name attached to this?

TOM GREEN

Listen J-Roc, I'm not trying to step on anyone's dick here... I just want to help out any way I can.

JULIAN

Well hey, if that's the case, I think I've got a job for you, Tom.

As MR. LAHEY and RANDY creep around a shed to eavesdrop, they knock over a bunch of paint cans, which clatter noisily to the ground.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Getting this show together will go a lot smoother without Lahey and Randy breathing down our necks... You think you could go fuck with those guys a bit? Distract them while we get shit organized?

TOM GREEN

Well golly gee, I think I might be able to get 'er done...

CUT

EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK, OUTSIDE MR. LAHEY & RANDY'S TRAILER - DAY

RANDY wakes up, duct-taped to the side of his trailer. He is in his undies, painted plaid from head to toe (in a callback to a bit from MTV's "The Tom Green Show", when Tom painted his parents' house plaid).

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK, OUTSIDE BUBBLES' SHED - DAY

TOM GREEN (TO CAMERA)

You think Mr. Lahey will be happy when he comes home and sees that I've done some work on Randy? I hope Mr. Lahey likes my surprise... Randy looks better than all the other shirtless fat guys in the neighborhood.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK, OUTSIDE RICKY'S TRAILER - DAY

BUBBLES, RICKY, and TOM GREEN are fiddling around with some old scuba equipment. MR. LAHEY storms up the driveway with a plaid RANDY in tow.

BUBBLES

Oh my fuck boys, would you look at that?

MR. LAHEY

What the shit? Who did this? Which one of you shit-clowns painted my beautiful Randy?

RANDY

It was Tom Green! He must have knocked me out with knock-out gas.

BUBBLES

Oh, he used some knock-out gas on ya, did he? Are you sure you didn't gas yourself, bud? Those greasy tailpipe emissions of yours could drop a moose...

RANDY scrubs his gut furiously with a dirty old rag.

RANDY

I think it's house-paint, Mr. Lahey. I've been scrubbing and scrubbing and it won't come off...

MR. LAHEY

Listen asshole, Mr. Big-shot Hollywood shit-wig... You keep rocking the shit-boat and I'll be more than happy to broadside you with a shit-torpedo!

TOM GREEN

You don't like my surprise? Well gosh, I'm disappointed. But this next part shouldn't come as a surprise to anyone... Mr. Lahey, you're a lousy trailer park supervisor, and frankly, Jim, YOU'RE FIRED! You too, Randy!

MR. LAHEY

You can't fire us! You don't have the authority!

BARB LAHEY saunters up to the group to see what's going on.

TOM GREEN

No? Well who DOES have the authority? Your ex-wife Barabara? Hey there she is now! There's Barabara! What if I gave Barbara oh, I don't know... Ten thousand dollars? Would THAT be enough to get Mr. Lahey fired, Barbara?

BARB LAHEY

Ten thousand dollars? Works for me!
Step into my office, Jim... because
you're fired!

TOM GREEN

I'll give you another five thousand
dollars if help me catch that
Scottish whale!

RICKY

Fuck yeah! This Red Green guy is
fuckin' awesome!

CUT

EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK - DAY

CORY and JACOB hound J-ROC to let them perform in his
concert. J-ROC walks fast, trying to ditch them as if they
were paparazzi.

JACOB

J-Roc, can me and Cory please
please please rap in your big
concert?

J-ROC

Aw hell naw! Listen up Stretch Arm-
weak, the Roc Pile ain't takin' new
membership applications.

TOM GREEN pulls up on a tricked-out BMX with a huge ghetto-
blaster on the back.

TOM GREEN

Hey fellas... Maybe you'd like to
join my crew?

CORY

What? For real, dude?

TOM GREEN

Sure! It could be like Organized
Rhyme Version 2.0! "MC Bones
featuring Prime Minister C and
Mixmaster Scrawn-dogg"...

J-ROC has doubled back, concerned about what's taking shape
in front of him.

J-ROC

Shit dawg, no 'fense? But you's WAY
outta your element, cuz. You ain't
gonna be able to hang wit 'dis,
nomesay'n?

TOM GREEN

Oh really? Really Jamie? How many
Junos have YOU ever been nominated
for?

TOM GREEN'S face pops up in the near FG

TOM GREEN (OVERLAY) (CONT'D)

A Juno is a Canadian music award.
See? Video games can be
educational.

CUT

EXT. SUNNYVALE, OUTSIDE MARGUERITE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

TOM GREEN, CORY, and JACOB kick it old-school on the stoop in
front of MARGUERITE'S trailer. TOM GREEN fiddles with the
dials on a bullhorn that squeals with feedback.

TOM GREEN

Gimme a beat, Prime Minister C!

CORY hits "play" on an oversized ghetto-blaster and a hip-hop
beat plays at max volume. CORY bobs along to the beat while
hype-man JACOB dances energetically.

TOM GREEN (RAPPING) (CONT'D)

I will test ya. From the west of
ya. Now ya know - that I'm better
than the best of ya. I'll remove
you quicker than a Band-Aid. Paid
backstage and I'm gone like a
renegade--

MARGUERITE rips open her blinds and leans out her window,
just above TOM GREEN'S head.

MARGUERITE

What in the name of Napoleon's
tingling testicles is all that
racket?

TOM GREEN

Good afternoon, ma'am. Me and my crew were just spitting some fresh beats. I'm Hollywood celebrity Tom Green. Would you like an autograph?

MARGUERITE

I most certainly would not. What I would like is to take that radio of yours and ram it up your stupid piss-hole!!!

TOM GREEN

Gosh, that's not very neighborly... not in Hollywood, where I live. Is that a nice, neighborly thing to do around here? Jam a big radio like this one into a man's tiny urethra?

CUT

EXT. SUNNYVALE, OUTSIDE RICKY'S TRAILER - MORNING

RICKY and BUBBLES eat cereal as TOM GREEN leafs through a tabloid magazine. MARGUERITE storms up covered in white fire extinguisher powder.

BUBBLES

What in the name of the Easter bunny's fluffy white cock happened to YOU?

MARGUERITE

That MANIAC woke me up in the middle of the night with a Goddamn fire extinguisher!

TOM GREEN

Sorry Marguerite, I was thinking that MAYBE your bed was on fire... so I ran over there really quickly to save your life.

MARGUERITE

Very funny. You know, you're about as sharp as the leading edge of a bowling ball.

TOM GREEN

Well next time there IS a fire, you'll be thanking your lucky stars I was around!

Still fuming, MARGUERITE turns on her heel and begins to storm off.

TOM GREEN (CONT'D)

Hey, where are you going? Could you tell me where you're going?

MARGUERITE

It's none of your business where I'm going.

TOM GREEN

Could you tell me anyway? Could you tell me where you're going?

MARGUERITE

It's none of your damn business! Go and take a flying fuck!!!

CUT

EXT. SUNNYVALE, OUTSIDE JULIAN'S TRAILER - DAY

JULIAN emerges from his trailer, portable phone in hand. RICKY and BUBBLES are trying to untangle a giant ball of wires.

JULIAN

Alright boys, I've got security all lined up and all the liquor for the bar... Ricky, you got the lights?

RICKY

All taken care of. Reggie hooked me up with 20 big-rig headlights.

BUBBLES

I got all the security fencing, Julian. I can have it up faster than a toupee in a hurricane!

JULIAN

Nice work boys, it's all coming together... But where the fuck is Tom with those posters?

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK - DAY

TOM GREEN is holding a cardboard box full of keychains. He is handing them out to passers-by in the park. JULIAN walks up to him in a hurry.

TOM GREEN

Hi, I'm international celebrity Tom Green. Would you like a keychain? I'm handing out keychains.

JULIAN

Tom, what the fuck man? We sent you out to get posters four hours ago!

TOM GREEN

Yeah, I got them. And then I got this box of keychains. I'm handing them out.

JULIAN

Nobody said anything about any fucking keychains! Get the goddamn posters up!

TOM GREEN

You seem a bit tense, Julian. You know what might cheer you up?

JULIAN glares at TOM GREEN as if to say "Don't say a key-chain"...

TOM GREEN (CONT'D)

A keychain!

CUT

EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK - DAY

The trailer park is plastered with posters advertising the big rap concert. TOM GREEN's name is in huge letters at the top of the poster. J-ROC and T approach CORY and JACOB, who are wearing flashy urban attire and dripping with gold jewelry.

J-ROC

Yo! The fuck you two bustas doin'?

CORY

We just finished putting up the posters for the big rap concert. And you better show us some friggin' respect, dude.

JACOB

Yeah! Tom Green made us part of his MC crew and now we rock the mic and we're cool!

J-ROC

Respect? COOL? Yo, you know what AIN'T cool? Your boy Green Tom put HIS name at the top of MY posters. He's jackin' my joint!

JACOB

Don't forget about us. We're rapping too! We're part of Tom's MC crew now.

T and the ROC PILE wander over and gather around J-ROC.

T

Fo real tho'. The Roc Pile was supposed to headline this concert, yo. That's wack.

CORY

What can I say, dudes? Just make sure you get the crowd warmed up for us.

JACOB

And don't be spitting all over the microphones either!

CUT

EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK - DAY

Cory and Jacob are standing in the park decked-out in their flashy attire, surrounded by a gaggle of random young ladies from the park. Julian's ride screeches to a halt and Ricky jumps out of the passenger side.

RICKY

Well, well, if it isn't the cock-donkey twins.... Smokes, let's go.

CORY

Fuck you, Ricky! Get your own fuckin' smokes!

RICKY

What... the fuck... did you just say?

JACOB

You heard him, bitch. Tom Green said we don't have to take any shit from anybody anymore!

JULIAN

Oh he did, did he? Where the fuck IS Tom anyway? He's supposed to be helping us set up for the show.

TOM GREEN pulls up in a jankety old pickup truck, driven by SHITTY BILL. There is a dead moose strapped to the roof, and TOM is in the passenger side holding an antique sausage-grinder in his lap.

TOM GREEN

Oh, hey Julian! Shitty Bill and I were just about to make some sausages. You wanna come with?

JULIAN

No! Goddammit Tom, the concert is tomorrow! We don't have time to make fuckin' sausages!!!

TOM GREEN

You sure? They're going to be really really tasty. Ricky, would you like some sausages?

RICKY

Tom, fuck off with your sausages! Cory, Jacob... I'll deal with the two of you later...

CORY

Yeah, whatever dude. Cory and Jacob in the muthafuckin' house!

CUT

EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK - DAY

BUBBLES speaks to the camera about the state of anarchy in the park. Behind him, TOM GREEN is dressed up like Napoleon in a nod to his hit video "Lonely Swedish". He is touching his butt to a dilapidated old snowmobile.

BUBBLES (TO CAMERA)

At first I wasn't sure what to think about this Tom Green fella...

(MORE)

BUBBLES (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
 but I'm startin' to think he's a
 few cig'rettes short of a full
 pack.

TOM GREEN (SINGING)
 My bum is on the sled! My bum is on
 the sled! Look at meee! My bum is
 on the SLED!

BUBBLES (TO CAMERA)
 He's really gettin' on everyone's
 nerves, what with the keychains and
 the sausages... He's got Cory and
 Jacob goin' around actin' all
 tough... I genuinely think he's got
 a fuckin' screw loose!

Tom Green is now touching his bum to Orangie's fishbowl.

TOM GREEN (SINGING)
 My bum is on the fish! My bum is on
 the fish! I hope I get my wish! My
 bum is on the fish!!!

BUBBLES (TO CAMERA)
 I tell ya right now, Ricky's not
 gonna take kindly to someone
 rubbin' their arse on Orangie...

TOM GREEN
 I wanna hear the cannon! Not the
 loon! The cannon!!!

CUT

INT. JULIAN'S TRAILER - NIGHT

J-ROC, RICKY, JULIAN and BUBBLES sit around Julian's table,
 conspiring to get rid of TOM GREEN. RICKY is polishing
 ORANGIE'S bowl.

RICKY
 Nobody disrespects Orangie like
 that! Nobody!!!

BUBBLES
 I can't fuckin' take it anymore,
 boys. He's driving me up the
 fuckin' wall...

JULIAN

I hate to say it, but you're right.
So how the fuck are we gonna get
rid of Tom?

J-ROC

Yo, Juno nomination or not, I could
take that sucka on the mic any day
of the wiz-EEK.

BUBBLES

Why don't we do what they'd do in
wrasslin'? J-Roc challenges Tom to
a rap battle... with the
stipulation that the loser leaves
the park!

J-ROC

And then I smoke his candy like a
hickory Slim Jim? Oooooohhhh
yeeeeeah-irra!

CUT

EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK - DAY

J-ROC rolls up on TOM GREEN, who is happily cranking his
sausage grinder. Sausage links are draped everywhere. SHITTY
BILL can be seen inspecting a pile of sausages.

J-ROC

Yo, whatup you moose-humpin' maf'k?

TOM GREEN

Something I can help you with,
Jamie?

J-ROC

You 'bout to go down hard, yo. Fo'
real. Nomesay'n?

TOM GREEN

Are you saying that you'd like to
challenge me to a rap-battle? Is
that what you're saying?

J-ROC

That's right, B. Oh, and to make it
innestin', the loser of the battle
has to bounce from Sunnyvale
forever. Ain't room up in this
piece for the two of us -- HANHH!

TOM GREEN

Loser leaves town, eh? Why don't we make it even more interesting... If you and your crew can out-rap Organized rhyme 2.0, I'll throw in fifty pounds of beautiful home-made moose sausage! How does that tickle your fancy?

J-ROC

Yo, my fancy ain't even ticklish, dawg. You's on! See your candy on stage, beeeatchh!

J-ROC (RAPPING) (CONT'D)

My rhymes and a mic are like a corporate merger. Go together like Randy's gut and a cheeseburger.
PEACE!

CUT

EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK, OUTDOOR CONCERT - NIGHT

Local newsman STEVE ROGERS reports from the middle of the rap concert, which is in full swing. The show is well-attended. Puffs of marijuana smoke billow off the crowd. TOM GREEN and J-ROC face off on-stage, with their respective crews at their backs.

STEVE ROGERS (TO CAMERA)

This is Steve "Home Slice" Rogers reporting live from Sunnyvale trailer park, where Hollywood celebrity Tom Green is about to compete in a rap battle of epic proportions! Let's go to the stage, where the action is already underway...

The crowd erupts as Tom Green grabs a microphone and starts aggressively rapping at J-ROC.

TOM GREEN (RAPPING)

I go off like a canon, you're a copier- Much sloppier so I'm gonna drop ya. You got a demo? Well I guess I'm gonna' shop ya- Take a risk, like a disk you're floppier--

J-ROC (RAPPING)

J-Roc's in tha house, so you better get ready.

(MORE)

J-ROC (RAPPING) (CONT'D)
 My flow is tighter than Randy in a
 teddy. The Roc Pile ridin' hard and
 heavy as fuck, like ten thousand
 pounds of granite in a one ton
 truck--

TOM GREEN (RAPPING)
 I recieve honors, make you goners-
 Break the deuce like Jimmy Connors-
 I'm not a phoney, preaching
 testimony- Send you down to the
 bank for the alimony--

STEVE ROGERS (TO CAMERA)
 We'll be back with more funky fresh
 action after these messages! Are we
 clear? Somebody hand me one of
 those forties, will ya? What? I
 don't care if it's warm, pass that
 shit over...

CUT

EXT. SUNNYVALE TRAILER PARK, OUTDOOR CONCERT - NIGHT

TOM GREEN, CORY, and TREVOR stand onstage, opposite J-ROC, T,
 and the ROC PILE. STEVE ROGERS makes his way to the front of
 the stage to announce the winner.

STEVE ROGERS
 Attention folks! The winner of the
 rap battle is... TOM GREEN!

STEVE ROGERS (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)
 Hey, are we still gonna hit up the
 massage parlour on the way back to
 the station? What do you mean,
 we're still on? Still on for the
 massage parlour or... still on the
 air? Ohhhh boy.

TOM GREEN, CORY, and JACOB high-five each other excitedly.

JULIAN
 What the hell, J-Roc? I thought you
 said you could beat him!!!

J-ROC
 Shit dawg, what's can a ma'fucka
 say?... I thought I had him,
 nomestay'n?...

RICKY

Well that's just fine and candy,
what the fuck are we supposed to do
now?

TOM GREEN

Boy oh boy, we really got 'er done.
I'm afraid I'll have to be getting
back to Hollywood though...

BUBBLES

What? You're leaving? For good?

TOM GREEN

Afraid so. I just got a call from
my big-shot Hollywood agent, who
also lives in Hollywood. I've just
been cast in a re-make of Dirty
Dancing. I have a feeling it's
gonna be much MUCH better than the
original.

TOM GREEN exits as JULIAN seethes at the blasphemy he's just
heard.

BUBBLES

Julian, are you alright? Big vein
pokin' out of your forehead there,
bud.

CUT TO BLACK.