

INT. MADISON SQUARE YARD - MAIN YARD

The bell rings - Ding! Ding! Ding! The lights go down. Spotlight on the center of the ring. And old microphone comes down from the ceiling and into the hands of MICHAEL PUFFER-FISH, spiny in a tuxedo.

MICHAEL PUFFER-FISH

Ladies and gentlemen, mammals and marsupials, welcome to the hip-hop battle of all time. In the corner to my right, weighing in at 423 lbs, from the murky waters of the west side, the master of disaster, the man who always knows what time it is. Croc. O. Style!

Spotlight on Croc-O-Style sportin' a brand new Croc-clock and a Flavor Flav mad hatter-hat. Blowin' kisses.

CROC-O-STYLE

You all know what time it is!

MICHAEL PUFFER-FISH

And in the corner to my left, weighing in at a svelte two tons, from the concrete jungle of the East Side, he's the biggest thing in Hip Hop today! Fresh from the test halls of Abraham Stinkin' Middle School! The round mound of hip-hop sound. The Hippo who needs no introduction... Hippo. T. Hopp!

Go-Fer squeezes water into Hippo T's mouth, fans him with a towel.

Hippo-T and Croc-o-Style meet in the center of the ring. Stare each other down.

MICHAEL PUFFER-FISH (CONT'D)

(to the battlers)

As you know, tonight's contest is a classic free-style battle. All rhymes must be made on the spot - with nothing pre-written. Winner will be judged by audience applause and will take home the Clammy for best artist of the year.

Crowd is going nuts with anticipation.

MICHAEL PUFFER-FISH (CONT'D)

And now for the thousands in
attendance and the millions
watching around the world...let's
get ready to rummmmmble!

Puffer puffs up blowing his bow tie off into the crowd.

MICHAEL PUFFER-FISH (CONT'D)

Croc-O-Style as the challenger -
you're up first.

Croc-O-Style walks to the mic. Kid Crock - heads to the
turntable and starts a beat. To HT and Go-Fer's surprise -
it's the beat they put together on the street - STOLEN!

GO-FER

(to HT)

He stole our beat!

CROC-O-STYLE

(starts to rhyme)

I'm Croc-O-Style and this is how I
sound - I got more rhymes that
Hippo-T got pounds. He claims he's
the king and the very best, but
word on the street is he never
passed a math test.

Croc reads off his hands. The crowd can't see it, but Go-Fer
can.

GO-FER

He's cheating!

HIPPO T

(smiles)

But he sounds good.

Hippo-T doesn't worry about the small stuff. He enjoys the
music - always finding the best in every moment.

CROC-O-STYLE

Heard about the sandbox from when
you were three - now you takin' an
even bigga beatin' from me. If you
disappear from hip-hop no-one'll
miss you. About to cry again? -
here I brought you some tissue.

Ooohs from the crowd as he hands Hippo-T a tissue - with
words bled out onto it. Croc looks down- sees he's sweated
off the rhymes on his hands. He's lost...recovers.

CROC-O-STYLE (CONT'D)
 You all know what time it is!

The crowd goes nuts. Croc-throws the mic to HT. Who steps to the center.

Sam's back opens - Go-Fer gets on the wheels of steel, starts spinnin.

HIPPO T
 My name is Hippo T or haven't you heard? I'm not going to cry but blow my nose on your words.

He blows his nose into the crib sheet tissue.

HIPPO T (CONT'D)
 When it comes to Hip Hop the music's the thing, it does really matter who's the queen or the king.

Go-Fer pushes a button on Sam and it becomes a merengue beat.

HIPPO T (CONT'D)
 My rhymes come from all languages and all styles. I'm big, I'm hip, I'm versatile.

Out of nowhere, the big breasted chickens from the laundramat become his FLY-Girls, shake their tail-feathers in synchronicity with Hippo-T.

HIPPO T (CONT'D)
 Now croc is a artist on Croc-a-Fella, but I'm about to rock this thing acapella

The Fly Girls disappear. Go-Fer and Sam go silent, and the old stray cats from the hood, come up and bust it acapella.

HIPPO T (CONT'D)
 Don't need a beat when the words are right. I think we know who's goin' home with the Clammy tonight!

Hippo-T raises his arms, and the cat's stop too. It's just him alone on the mic in front of the audience. The battle is now his for the taking.

HIPPO T (CONT'D)
 Just listen to my rhymes and you know what's up, don't need a croc clock to know your time is up!

The crowd now has gone totally bananas. He offers Croc the mic to respond, but Croc-o-Style, for the first time, is speechless. Hangs his head in defeat.

HIPPO T (CONT'D)
And I won't stop!

Puts his hand to his ear.

CROWD
(roaring)
Hippo T HOPP!

HIPPO T
Maybe I could be older and maybe I
could be thinner, but as long as I
try my best, I'm always a winner.

Michael Puffer-Fish raises HT's hand in victory and gives him the Clammy. Fade out as the crowd chants...Hippo T! Hippo T! Hippo-T!

CLOSE ON THE CLAMMY

MATCH CUT TO:

The Clammy in the position of honor in HT's crowded trophy room - where there's gold and platinum records, an Animal's choice award, MVP from Pee-Wee hoops, etc.

Hippo T takes down the Clammy and hands it to Go-Fer...

HIPPO T (CONT'D)
Here G. You deserve this. For the
world's greatest d.j. And an even
better friend.

GO-FER
(misty eyed)
You sure, HT?

Go-Fer cradles it like a baby.

HIPPO T
Yeah, I got an even better award.

HT lifts a framed copy of his math test. On top is written... "B+"

GO-FER
You passed?!!!

HIPPO T
Yeah... That's Hip!