

"The Tony Clifton Story"

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FADE IN

EXT. DEEP AND DARKEST AFRICA

We see the war of the wind as it wrestles against the forest. The weakness of the tree, the strength of the bush. We hear the persistent beat of the drum as it draws us deeper and deeper into the pulsating heart of the jungle.

"CONGO - THE PRESENT" is supered on the screen.

EXT. CANNIBAL VILLAGE

made up of thatched huts and weathered reminders of lost aircraft. We see the inhabitants of this village -- totally uncivilized black savages. Ubangi lips, bones through noses and carved faces. A ritual is taking place. A huge pot of water is being heated. Skulls impaled upon lances, some still wearing aviation goggles, stare piteously down upon the occasion. Just now, a wild enticing dance is taking place. Bodies are sweating. The water begins to boil.

TRIBAL DANCERS

are in a hypnotic frenzy. The dance is building to a crescendo. It is suddenly cut short by the Chief Headhunter, who looks up into the sky, sensing something before we do.

CHIEF HEADHUNTER  
Ola Mu Ta.

Immediately the tribesmen cease their dance and look upward.

CHIEF HEADHUNTER  
(pointing up)  
Ola Mu Ta.

The magic has worked. Soon we hear the distant sound of an airplane, its engines failing, followed by the fall to earth and the crash. The savages let out a bloodcurdling scream and dash for the crash sight.

CRASH SIGHT

Pieces of a small cargo plane strewn throughout the jungle. The pilot is dead. Like hungry birds of prey, the tribe tears

through the debris looking for other less fortunate victims. One savage spots what appears to be an arm sticking out from under some twisted metal. Excitedly he pulls at it, releasing a life-size cut-out of Frank Sinatra.

#### SPLINTERED CRATE - SHIPPING PANEL

it reads: "RECORD PROMOTION - LICORICE PIZZA, ZAIRE, AFRICA." Camera opens up to reveal scattered record albums, tape recorders, cassette tapes, etc.

#### A NATIVE

quizzically studying a Frank Sinatra album as if it were some sort of strange new fruit. He unpeels the cover, revealing a shiny black disc; he sniffs it and ever so gently puts it to his ear. Finally, he takes a bite and spits it out in disgust.

#### CHIEF HEADHUNTER

ravaging through debris. Something captures his attention ... a Sony tape recorder that is bent ridiculously out of shape. He picks it up, looks at it from every angle, licks it -- not edible. He throws it down, and in doing so the playback switch flips on. Immediately the jungle is filled with the voice of Frank Sinatra.

#### SINATRA'S VOICE

"Strangers in the night ... exchanging  
glances, wond'ring in the night ...  
what were the chances ..."

All the natives hit the deck. The whole jungle is cast into silence as Old Blue Eyes tells it like it is.

#### SINATRA'S VOICE

"We'd be sharing love ...  
before the night was through..."

As the natives lie there petrified, our camera pans up through the trees into the clouds. TITLES OVER:

#### SINATRA'S VOICE

"Something in your eyes ... was so  
inviting, something in your smile...  
was so exciting ... something in my

heart ... told me I must have you...  
Strangers in the night ...  
two lonely people we were ...  
Strangers in the night ...  
up to the moment when we said our  
first hello ... Little did we know,  
love was just a glance away, a warm  
embracing dance away and ..."

We travel from the jungles of Africa to the jungles of South  
Philadelphia. Dawn is breaking.

SINATRA'S VOICE  
"Ever since that night ... we've been  
together, lovers at first sight ...  
in love forever. It turned out so  
right ... for strangers in the night."

EXT. LOW INCOME DISTRICT - MORNING

As the do-be-do-be-doo's fade to an end, our camera closes in  
on an open second-story window. Faded curtains wave in the  
breeze as the camera moves into the room. We see a TV that  
has been left on all night with a test pattern that is not  
quite holding vertical. Then we see a nightstand; on it is an  
ashtray overflowing with burned out Lucky Strikes. Also a  
newspaper, with headlines: "ILLEGAL ALIENS ENTERING COUNTRY -  
- POLICE CHECKING FOR GREEN CARDS." A black toupee sits on a  
headstand next to an autographed picture of Frank Sinatra.  
The signature looks as if a child had written it. All this  
belongs to a baldheaded figure who is lying in bed talking in  
his sleep.

TONY  
Oh baby, one thing I know for sure,  
as long as I have you, we can move  
to da country and raise chickens for  
all I care. 'Cause honey, I love ya.  
(puckers his lips)

Camera focuses on a large Mickey Mouse Clock. The time is  
7:15. We hear a click and Mickey speaks.

MICKEY CLOCK  
Good morning, Mousekateers!  
Time to wake up! Brush your teeth.  
Comb your hair. Eat breakfast.  
Have a nice day.

Tony starts to mumble and moan.

TONY

Getcha hands off me.  
Getcha hands off me.

MICKEY CLOCK

Good morning, Mousekateers!  
Time to wake up! Brush your teeth.  
Comb your hair. Eat breakfast.  
Have a nice day.

TONY

Come on, give me a break ...  
I'm sleepin' here.

MICKEY CLOCK

Good morning, Mousekateers!  
Time to wake up! Brush your teeth.

TONY

Don't gimme that crap... I'll push  
your face right in your soup.

Tony's hand strikes the clock, causing it to fall on the floor.

MICKEY CLOCK

Comb your hair. Comb your hair.  
Comb your hair.

It stops. Tony is half awake. For the other half to rise, he needs a cigarette. He reaches for the Lucky Strike pack. Empty. More moans. Next he fiddles for his wig and places it on his head. He gets up out of bed.

TONY

Where's a cigarette?  
I gotta have a cigarette.

He walks over to the fire escape facing the street. He looks down and sees the neighborhood kids hanging out on the corner before school starts.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MORNING - KIDS

KID 1

Yeah, so's your old man.

KID 2

Hey, cool it. Tony's up.

KID 3  
Five will get you ten  
he bums a cigarette.

KID 2  
(yelling up to Tony)  
Hey, Tony, how you doin'?

Without a cigarette Tony looks and sounds like a wimp.

TONY  
Yeah, yeah. Please, please.  
How ya doin', how ya doin'.  
Listen, does anybody have  
a cigarette on 'em?

Kid 3 gives others that, "I told ya" look.

KID 2  
(throwing Tony a cig)  
Sure, Ton! ...  
So, how did it go last night?

Tony misses the cigarette; it lands on the fire escape and he has to bend to pick it up. He then tries to get his cigarette lighter working.

TONY  
Come on, come on, light already.

It does -- finally flame meets tobacco. We hear the lungs inhale, the pause and then the exhale. Tony Clifton has risen!

TONY  
(coming to life)  
How ya doin'! How ya doin'!  
So, ya wanna know how she was  
last night? I'll tell ya ... she was  
just like Sophia Loren ...  
coulda' been her twin sister.

KID 1  
(to other kids)  
Who's Sophia Loren?

They shrug their shoulders. By now, Tony is puffing and strutting along the fire escape as only he knows how.

KID 2

Tony, I don't know how  
you do it every night.

TONY

I'll tell ya, it's all in da foreplay ...  
all in da foreplay. Ya gotta use  
your hands. Ya gotta use your  
speech. Ya gotta show da woman  
dat you're not a wimp. Ya gotta be  
a man. Y'know ... da old technique.

While Tony is expounding his philosophy of life, one kid looks  
at his watch, taps the other two guys on the shoulders, then  
they all cut out without Tony knowing.

TONY

And another thing, ya tell 'em da  
natural order a things. Man, woman, dog.  
Ya tell 'em dat an' ya got em' eatin' outta  
de palm a ya hand. As a matter a fact,  
she's waitin' for me inside right dis moment.  
I'm gonna lay a little more pipe before I  
start da old day. If y'know what I mean!

Tony struts back inside his empty room. Sinatra's picture  
seems to be grinning.

SLOW DISSOLVE

INT. SALT & PEPPER SHAKER PLANT - ASSEMBLY LINE - WORKERS

busy on the line. As the camera pans their faces, we see  
bleak expressions mirroring the monotony of their jobs. We  
end on Tony, screwing the tops on salt and pepper shakers as  
they go by on a conveyor belt. Next to him is Bugsy Meyer,  
Tony's pal.

TONY

(bragging)

If ya think that's somethin', ya shoulda  
seen the chiquita I had last night...  
as a matter of fact, I had two of 'em last night.

BUGSY

Two of 'em, wow!

TONY

That's right, two of em ...  
just like a ham sandwich.

BUGSY  
Gee.

CUT TO

KONWAY

another worker who finds Tony definitely not worth the price  
of admission. Nearby is Aunty Deb, a robust black woman.

KONWAY  
(taking toothpick out of mouth)  
We gotta get ourselves a radio around here.

AUNTY DEB  
Who needs a radio when we dun got Tony?

KONWAY  
I wanna listen to music, not bullshit.

TONY  
I'm gonna make believe I didn't hear dat.

KONWAY  
(mockingly)  
Two of 'em, just like a ham sandwich ...  
Face it, Clifton, you've never even  
seen how it looks!

TONY  
Don't tell me I've never seen how it looks.  
I've seen how it looks plenty a times.

KONWAY  
Bullshit!

TONY  
(remembering the kids  
that morning)  
Yeah, so's your old man!

WORKER 1  
Will you guys quit it ...  
the boss is gonna hear you.

TONY

I don't care. He ain't tellin' me  
I've never seen how it looks.  
I've seen it plenty a times.

KONWAY  
Oh, yeah?

TONY  
Yeah!

KONWAY  
Yeah? Tell me how it looks then.

TONY  
I'll tell ya how it looks.

KONWAY  
Okay, tell me.

TONY  
It looks just like a ...  
(stumped)  
... ham sandwich.

KONWAY  
Oh, man. You're so full of shit.

TONY  
Yeah, you're full a shit too.

BUGSY  
Tony, take it easy.

TONY  
He ain't tellin' me I've  
never seen how it looks.

KONWAY  
(giving him the finger)  
Get bent.

TONY  
That's it, fella,  
don't you ever touch me again.

KONWAY  
What are you talking about?  
I didn't even touch you.

TONY  
(rabid)  
Don't you ever touch me mister,  
or I'll call a cop.

KONWAY  
You're wacko, man ...  
nobody's even touching you.

TONY  
Getcha hands off me.  
Getcha hands off me.

CUT TO

FOREMAN

a no-nonsense task master. He hears the commotion and starts  
to walk over.

TONY  
Getcha hands off me.  
I'll call a cop.

WORKER 1  
Now you guys've done it.  
Here come the boss.

FOREMAN  
What the hell is going on here?

BUGSY  
Why nothin', Mr. Rathman.

KONWAY  
I'll tell you what's going on.  
This mental case here is startin'  
with the stories again.  
Now he's tellin' us he had  
two of 'em at the same time.

TONY  
That's right. Just like a ham sandwich.

FOREMAN  
Clifton, I'm not going to warn you again.  
We're not payin' you to tell stories  
about your screwin'.

TONY

(making no sense)  
Yeah, well I'm not payin' you either.

FOREMAN  
(bewildered)  
Now everybody, get back to work or  
I'll fire the whole lot of you. There's  
plenty of guys who would love to have  
your jobs and you, Clifton, no more stories!

He leaves.

TONY  
(to Bugsy)  
He's just jealous 'cause he ain't gettin' any.

They go back to work for a while but Tony can't let it go.

TONY  
(mumbling)  
Tellin' me I've never seen how it looks.  
I don't have ta take dat kind a crap.

BUGSY  
Take it easy, Tony. You heard the boss ...  
there's other guys just waiting for these jobs.

TONY  
Yeah, well, they can have it.  
It's a bunch a crap anyway, if ya ask me.  
What's the sense a standin' here all day  
screwin' on these tops when people get 'em  
home they have ta unscrew 'em anyway.

KONWAY  
Watch it, Clifton,  
talk like that is un-American.

TONY  
Don't talk to me about America, pal.

WORKER 1  
Will you guys stop already?

TONY  
One a these days I'm gonna  
walk right outta here!

KONWAY

Is that a threat or a promise?

TONY

It's a threat and a promise.

WORKER 1

Will you guys please, please stop?

BUGSY

Tony, please.

TONY

All right.

(aside to Bugsy)

Dere must be somethin' more  
ta life than just standin' around here.

I saw dis movie last night on TV.

It's about dis girl, y' know,  
she goes over da rainbow and  
she sees paradise. Y'know, like ... heaven.  
She sees like ... meaninful in life.  
Maybe we should go over the rainbow.  
Y'know what I mean?

BUGSY

(trying to comprehend  
what Tony just said)

Yeah....

(pause)

Tonight you wanna go bowlin'?

TONY

Bowlin'? I'll tell ya what we should do.  
We'll go dancin' ... Disco -- disco-tago.  
I'll show ya how to pick up some chiquitas.

BUGSY

A disco? ... Those girls are a little  
too young for us aren't they?

TONY

Da way I look at it Bugsy is ...  
if they're old enough ta bleed,  
they're old enough to butcher.

BUGSY

(embarrassed)

Gee, Tony, I don't know.

TONY

Come on. We'll get all snazzed up.

BUGSY

But I don't know how to dance.

TONY

Don't worry, I'll show ya. I can do  
the twister better'n Chubby Checker.  
(smirk)

CUT TO

INT. DISCOTHEQUE - LATER

Laser lighting, fog machines, vibrating dance floor. Couples are dancing to the latest disco hits. There's no one over 25 in the place. We hear the theme from "Saturday Night Fever" and at any moment we'd expect Travolta to walk in. Instead, Clifton appears. He's dressed to kill. Peach tuxedo with cumberbun. With him is an uncomfortable Bugsy.

BUGSY

Tony, I don't think this is our kind of place.

TONY

Lemme tell ya somethin' about the female  
species a manhood ... they're nothin' but a  
life support system for a pussy.  
(spots a Girl)  
You see that chick over dere?

We see an attractive Girl standing alone.

TONY

Watch dis ... I'm gonna show ya how it's done.

Tony approaches Girl. Bugsy watches from afar.

TONY

Hey, good lookin', what ya got cookin'?  
How'd ya like ta cook somethin' up with me?  
(stupid grin)

GIRL

Would I what?

TONY

Do ya wanna shake a leg? Y'know,

slice up da dance floor a little?

GIRL  
Get lost, asshole.

She leaves.

TONY  
Okay, okay. I can take a hint.

Tony struts back to Bugsy.

BUGSY  
What did she say?

TONY  
What did who say?

BUGSY  
The Girl you were just talking to.

TONY  
(whispering)  
Oh, her. Well, at closer inspection  
I realized da broad had a hair lip.  
I ain't dancin' wid no broad wid no hair lip.  
(pause)  
Don't worry, I let her off easy.

Camera pans room as we see young people dancing.

CUT TO

A FEW SECONDS LATER - TONY & BUGSY

sitting at the bar drinking.

TONY  
I'd like ta make a toast.  
(seriously)  
To Frank and da boys.

BUGSY  
Frank and the boys.

They clink glasses and drink.

TONY  
Hey, Bartender, did ya hear about da Polish  
whose wife had triplets? ... He went out

lookin' for da other two guys?

Tony laughs, doing the famous "Clifton Smirk." In the b.g., we see the Bartender way at the other end of the bar, busy: he's not even capable of hearing Tony. But to Tony it makes no difference.

TONY  
(smirk)  
Get this one.  
Polish parachute ...  
opens on impact.  
(smirk)  
Polish firin' squad ...  
they stand in a circle.  
(smirk)

A well-endowed young beauty walks by.

TONY  
Get a load a da bazookas on dat one!

BUGSY  
Wow!

TONY  
(getting up)  
Listen, Bugsy, I'm gonna go into da  
old bathroom here and take a load  
off my mind... if y'know what I mean.

INT. BATHROOM - TONY

sitting in a stall without a door. He has no toilet paper.

TONY  
(yelling)  
Hey, where's da toilet paper here?  
I got no toilet paper. Hey, hey,  
is anybody here?

He starts punching the stall.

TONY  
Hey, is anybody home?  
Is anybody home ... I need toilet paper.

WASHROOM VALET

a black midget, smoking a stogie. His name is Pee Wee.

PEE WEE

What's wrong in dere? What's da problem?

TONY

Da problem is dere's no toilet paper.

PEE WEE

Well, why din't ya say so?

TONY

I'm sayin' so.

PEE WEE

Okay already, I'll get ya some.

TONY

What kind a place ya runnin' here?  
I'm droppin' a load ... you got no toilet paper.

PEE WEE

(hands him toilet paper)  
Okay, ya got it now.

TONY

And don't squeeze da Charmin,  
if y'know what I mean.

PEE WEE

I don't know what you mean by dat.  
I'm just tryin' ta do my job here.

TONY

It's a joke. It's a joke.  
Don't squeeze da Charmin.  
It's from television.

We hear a flush. Tony comes out and is straightening himself in front of the mirror. Pee Wee starts brushing him off with a wisk broom.

TONY

Not too hard, not too hard,  
you'll damage da threads.

PEE WEE

Ya need a little cologne?

TONY

Well, whatta ya got dere?

PEE WEE

I got the hottest cologne in town.  
I got cologne here ya can't buy anywhere else.

TONY

Oh, yeah! What's it called?

PEE WEE

Purple Passion.

TONY

Purple Passion?

PEE WEE

Dere it is, right dere.

CLOSEUP - BOTTLE OF PURPLE PASSION

A ridiculous-looking bottle. NOTE: Every time we see the bottle, it is shown radiating bright purple light and we hear bleeding saxophones.

PEE WEE

Ya put dis stuff on, you can go out  
dere an' get any girl ya want.

TONY

Oh, yeah? Any girl I want, huh? ...  
I don't need any help.

PEE WEE

I can see dat! I can see a man in yo' sitchation  
don't need dis. But ya put just a little splash  
a dis stuff on an' it makes it just a little bit easier.

TONY

Dat's right .. a little bit easier ...  
make da girl enjoy it more.

PEE WEE

Dat's right, you got it.

TONY

Not that she's not gonna enjoy me in da first place.

PEE WEE

Oh no, not dat.

TONY

Well, tell me, how much is it?

CLOSEUP - BOTTLE

it says 95 cents. Tony doesn't see it.

PEE WEE

Nine dollars and fi'ty cents.

TONY

Nine dollars and fifty cents?

PEE WEE

But fo' you, I'll sell it fo' nine dollars.

TONY

Nine dollars!

PEE WEE

Dat's right. Take it or leave it. Dis da last  
bottle left. All da rest sold like hotcakes.

TONY

Like hotcakes, huh?

PEE WEE

Dat's right, dis stuff is imported  
all the way from Taiwan.

TONY

Taiwan, huh?

PEE WEE

Dat's right ... dis stuff'll change yo' life.

TONY

Change my life, huh? ...  
All right, I'll take it.

PEE WEE

Here ya go, thank you very much.

Tony pays the midget and then starts splashing the Purple  
Passion all over himself.

PEE WEE

I think you be puttin'  
too much o' dat stuff on!

TONY

Dat's all right, I know what I'm doin'.

Don't tell me how ta put on cologne ...  
you're talkin' ta Mr. Cologne himself.  
Mr. Cologne from Cologne. I'll tell ya  
that much. If y'know what I mean.

PEE WEE  
I don't know what you mean.

TONY  
Dat reminds me a da time I was in the war.  
I was stationed in Cologne and ---

PEE WEE  
(interrupting)  
I wish I could stay here all day an' listen  
to ya, but I got some urinals to clean.  
Maybe you can just give me somethin'  
fo' myself an' we can call it a day.

He puts his hand out for a tip.

TONY  
Whatta ya got ya hand out dere for?  
Whatta ya talkin' about?

PEE WEE  
Whatta ya think I'm talkin' about? I'm talkin'  
about the tip. Whatta ya think, I make money  
offa dis stuff? Dis all goes to da management.  
I live offa my tips. If I didn't get tips,  
I'd have ta find myself another job.

TONY  
Ya want a tip, huh?

PEE WEE  
Dat's right.

TONY  
Tell me, how much ya want?

PEE WEE  
Well, whatever ya wanna give me.

TONY  
Whatever I wanna give ya?

PEE WEE  
Dat's right.

TONY  
How about a penny?

PEE WEE  
A penny! I don't want no penny.

TONY  
Here's a penny.

Tony takes out a penny and flips it on the floor.

PEE WEE  
(furious)  
What? Get outta here!

TONY  
Here. See if ya can catch  
this one in your mouth.  
(flips another coin)

PEE WEE  
You're crazy, man -- get outta here.

TONY  
(authoritative)  
By da way ... I wanna see your green card.

PEE WEE  
Green card! I don't need no green card.  
My mappy and pappy dun worked  
on da plantation.

TONY  
Mappy? Sounds just like happy,  
if y'know what I mean.

PEE WEE  
I don't know what you mean!  
You just get outta here!

TONY  
Shut up. Why don't ya get a ladder  
so I don't have ta look down at ya.

Tony pushes the midget in the face. The midget starts to kick  
Tony in the shins. Tony fends him off and leaves.

OUTSIDE OF MEN'S ROOM - TONY

douses himself again with Purple Passion. We can actually see the fumes rising off his person. Tony makes his way through the crowd, which parts like the Red Sea to let him and his scent pass. He walks up to a Girl.

TONY  
How ya doin', honey?

GIRL  
You smell!

She walks away holding her nose.

TONY  
Why, thank you very much. Dat's my secret.  
Dat's for me ta know and you ta find out.

Next, Tony sees four eligible girls sitting at a table. They are heavy into conversation. Tony struts over and stands right next to them.

TONY  
Well, well, well ... what have we here.  
It looks ta me like da whole kit and kaboodle.  
She's da kit ...  
(points to one girl)  
... and you all are the kaboodle.  
(smirk)

The girls are totally oblivious to Tony.

TONY  
(continuing anyway)  
Kaboodle ... kaboodle ... sounds just like ah ...  
noodle. As in, gimme a bowl of noodles.  
(laughs)  
Dat reminds me a da time I was eatin' a bowl  
a noodles. I was sittin' in a restaurant in Cologne.

The girls' boyfriends return and they all get up and leave. Tony, now alone, stops his story, looks around, sees another table of people and struts up to them.

TONY  
Dat reminds me a da time I was  
in Cologne, eatin' a bowl a noodles.

CUT TO

BUGSY

at the bar drinking.

BARTENDER  
You want another one?

BUGSY  
No thanks, one's plenty.

Tony walks up and sits down next to Bugsy.

BUGSY  
Gee, Ton, what didja do, fall in?

TONY  
Well, I'm pleased ta report  
that everything came out alright.  
(smirk, smirk)  
Did I miss anything when I was gone?  
Were dere any chiquitas lookin' for me?

BUGSY  
No. Jesus! What's that smell?

TONY  
Dat's my little secret, Bugsy,  
my little secret.  
(proud smirk)  
Hey, Bartender, another round here.  
(continuing)  
Bugsy, tell me, what's that  
dance they're doin' dere?

BUGSY  
I think they call it the hustle.

TONY  
The hustle! It looks more like da bustle ta me.  
That's no way ta dance. I think these kids  
need ta learn a little lesson here.  
(getting up)

BUGSY  
Tony, don't.

Tony steps onto the dance floor.

TONY  
(yelling)  
Stop da music ... stop da music.

The DJ stops the music, thinking it might be something important. The place is silent.

TONY

I've been watchin' you people here and it seems ta me you all don't know how ta dance.

We hear numerous boos and catcalls.

BOY 1

Get lost!

BOY 2

I think your prom date just left without you!

TONY

I think you better watch your mouth or I'll push your face right into your soup!

At this point the DJ realizes the man's crazed and puts the music back on. (Hit song written especially for the film.) Tony unbuttons his coat and starts to twist. It's a pitiful spectacle to behold.

TONY

(twisting)

This is how it's done. Okay, okay, get your mojo's workin'. Groovy, groovy. Where's Bugsy, he should be out here learnin' dis step.

Bugsy is embarrassed and tries to hide his face.

TONY

Here's a new dance sensation  
I call da "Clifton Strut".

He starts puffing and strutting back and forth in tempo with the music.

INT. DISCO - LATER - CLOCK

reads, 2:20 AM and the place is almost empty. The Bartender is cleaning up. The Owner is counting the drawer. Bugsy is passing out at the bar. Tony's still carrying on.

TONY

I'm sittin' in dis restaurant in Cologne,  
eatin' dis bowl a noodles.

BUGSY

Tony, I can't stay up any longer.  
We have to work tomorrow.

TONY  
Whatta ya mean ... da evenin's still young.  
We're gonna pick up some chicks.  
Lemme buy ya another drink.  
Hey, Bartender, another drink for old Bugsy here.

BARTENDER  
Hey, that's it fellas, we're closed.

TONY  
Whatta ya mean?

BARTENDER  
We closed the bar twenty minutes ago,  
you're gonna have to leave.

TONY  
Okay, look. Just lemme have one more drink.

BARTENDER  
No. You're not getting any more drinks.

TONY  
Why didn't ya tell a guy?

BARTENDER  
I told you three times in the last  
fifteen minutes, the bar is closed.

TONY  
Look, I'll just nurse my drink here.

BARTENDER  
You ain't nursing no drink.  
We're not losing our liquor license.  
(reaches for Tony's drink)

TONY  
Getcha hands off me, mister.  
Getcha hands off me, I'll call a cop.

BARTENDER  
I didn't touch you.

TONY  
Just keep your hands to yourself.

The owner comes over.

OWNER

What seems to be the trouble here?

TONY

I don't care, what seems ta be da trouble wid you?

OWNER

Why, there's no trouble with me.

BARTENDER

Billy, he wants another drink.  
I told him a half hour ago last call.

OWNER

I'm sorry, sir. He told you we're closed.

TONY

Closed, huh? Okay, fine!

OWNER

Okay, fine. No problem.  
If you just leave with your partner here ...

TONY

Dis ain't no partner, dis is my associate,  
Bugsy Meyer of Clifton and Meyer Esquire,  
and I'm Tony Clifton Esquire.

OWNER

Fine, Mr. Clifton Esquire,  
now if you would just ...

TONY

You better get some better records  
around here, pal, or next time I'm gonna  
take my gang somewhere else.

BARTENDER

(pissed)

Come on, come one, get out of here  
before I take a club to you.

OWNER

(aside to Bartender)  
Take it easy, the guy's a nut.

TONY

All right fine, I'll take a club ta you.  
As a matter of fact ...

BUGSY  
(interrupting)  
Come on, Tony, let's go.

TONY  
... You will never see my face  
around here again ...

They start to leave but Tony walks back in.

TONY  
... And I'm not gonna tell my friends  
about dis dump. And I know people  
in high places. As a matter of fact,  
Frank Sinatra is a personal friend a mine.  
(struts back and forth)

OWNER  
(to Bartender)  
Don't even look at him. He'll leave.

TONY  
Well, I guess I'm gonna leave.  
I can tell where I'm not wanted.  
I'm gonna go back where I belong!

Tony walks into the hall and back in again.

TONY  
What? Did I hear somethin'?  
I'm waitin' ... did I hear somethin'?

Owner and Bartender are silent.

Tony leaves, only to appear once more.

TONY  
And another thing ... I'm gonna tell da  
Federal Drug and Administration Building  
that you're waterin' your drinks.  
He leaves and before he has a chance to return, the Owner  
rushes over and locks the door.

OWNER  
(to Bartender)  
We gotta put up a new age restriction --  
no one allowed over thirty!!

EXT. DISCO - NIGHT - BUGSY

getting into a cab.

BUGSY

Can I drop you anywhere, Tony?

TONY

No, I think I'm gonna walk around a little ...  
y'know, communicate wid Mother Nature.

BUGSY

Yeah, well, when you see her,  
communicate her one for me.

TONY

Dat I will Bugsy, dat I will.

Tony sees the taxi drive is black.

TONY

(to driver)

If he doesn't get ta his destination,  
I got your number.

(to Bugsy)

Take care, Bugs.

The cab peels away. One by one the colorful outside lights of the disco go out, plummeting the street into a gray darkness. Tony lights up a Lucky, pulls up his collar and struts down the street.

EXT. UNSAVORY PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

We see adult movie theatres, massage parlors, etc. Tony is standing before a storefront with a sign that reads, "PARADISE MASSAGE PARLOR" and a much smaller sign that reads, "Your Wildest Dreams Come True."

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - WAITING ROOM - NORMAN

the receptionist / bouncer, is sitting behind a glass partition reading the latest issue of "Soldier of Fortune". Tony enters.

TONY

Well, well, well. What do we have here?

NORMAN

Did you read the sign outside, baby?  
It says "massage"! That's what it is.

(continues reading)

TONY

What kind a massage do ya got here?

NORMAN

(by rote)

We have three different types ...  
The half hour, the hour,  
and the "deluxe" three hour massage.

TONY

What's da difference?

NORMAN

(puts down magazine)

You come in here every other night  
and I explain the whole thing to you ...  
I'm not going to explain it to you again.

TONY

Well just tell me,  
which one's with the oil here?

NORMAN

(losing patience)

First massage you receive hot towels.  
Second massage is the one with the oil.  
Third massage you get both.

TONY

What if I want a hot towel,  
but I don't want a massage?

NORMAN

That's it. I've had enough.  
You know damn well you have no plans  
of ever going in the back.

TONY

Wait a minute ...

NORMAN

You're just trying to see the girls for  
free again and it's not going to work.

TONY

All right, I just wanna ask one

more question, if I may.  
(smirk)  
Were you born or hatched?

Norman stands up ready to go after Tony.

TONY  
It was a joke! ... Really. I was only kiddin',  
it was just a joke! Just one last question,  
I promise. What does da deluxe mean?

NORMAN  
(stepping out of booth)  
That's it. Either put up or get out.

TONY  
No really, tonight I'm gonna go for it.

NORMAN  
(for the last time)  
The deluxe. Four girls take you in the back,  
they oil you, they rub you, you soak in the  
Jacuzzi, the whole bit. Finally, you choose one  
of 'em, go upstairs, and you do the "real thing".

TONY  
The "real thing", huh?

NORMAN  
Correct.

TONY  
That sounds good ta me.  
Could I see da girls first?

NORMAN  
Get the fuck out of here!  
The day you buy the deluxe  
is the day I become pope.

TONY  
Well, get ready ta genuflect then,  
my good man, because ...  
here is da bucks for da deluxe.  
(hands Norman money)  
And a little somethin' for you.  
(hands Norman ten-dollar tip)

NORMAN  
(money always does the trick)  
Why, thanks. Underneath it I always thought  
you had a lot of class. Let me buzz you in.

TONY  
Thank you, my good man.

NORMAN  
Now, I want you to stand right  
on the X on the floor there.

TONY  
(interrupting)  
That X must symbolize X rated.

NORMAN  
(agreeing)  
That's right, X rated.

Norman presses the buzzer; the door opens, spilling a red light across Tony's face.

NORMAN  
May your wildest dreams come true.

Tony enters as the door slowly closes behind him.

CUT TO

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - A BIRD

standing on the back of a snoozing cat. Camera opens up to reveal more birds and more cats. This harmonious little setting belongs to Anna.

ANNA  
(putting on coat)  
All right, you guys ...  
moma's got to go to work.

A bird lands on her shoulder.

ANNA  
No, no Jennifer, you can't go with me.

She gently takes the little bird off her shoulder, kisses it and places it on a perch. She starts walking out of the house but remembers something.

ANNA  
Oh! Sorry guys, I almost forgot!

She walks over to the TV and turns it on.

ANNA  
Bye!

She walks out the door.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF ANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - ANNA

getting into her little Honda wagon and pulling away. On the back bumper is a sticker that reads: "I Brake for Animals".

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

We see Anna just arriving.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - WAITING ROOM - NORMAN

is at the desk still reading.

ANNA  
Hi, Norman!

NORMAN  
Hello, baby. You're late.

ANNA  
I'm sorry, Norman, I had to feed --

NORMAN  
Yeah, yeah I know, the animals!  
It's always the animals with you, isn't it?

ANNA  
If I didn't take care of them, who would?

NORMAN  
Gas 'em.

We hear Tony's singing coming from the back room.

ANNA

What's that?

NORMAN

We got a real swinger back there tonight.  
He's throwing money around as if it were  
water. I'd catch some before it's all gone.

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR - PROPER - TONY

sitting in a bubbling Jacuzzi. He is surrounded by four  
beautiful topless girls. He is wearing a pink shower cap and  
singing the end of the song.

TONY

(big ending)

"When I come home to you, San Francisco ...  
your golden light will shine on me."

Girls applaud.

CANDY

Tony, that was wonderful!

TONY

Really! Ya think so?

CANDY

Really! I think you sounded  
just like Tony Bennett.

MARGO

(winking to Candy)

Oh, no! More like Frank Sinatra.

TONY

I sound like Frank?

MARGO

Better!

KITTY

Tony, what do you do for a living?

TONY

Well, I've sorta been workin'  
on this assembly line, y'know,  
waitin' for somethin' else to open up.

KITTY

How long have you been there?

TONY  
Eighteen years.

CANDY  
Eighteen years! You're being wasted  
there. A guy with your voice should  
have a singing career.

TONY  
Oh, yeah! Ya think I could become big, huh?

CANDY  
Sure! You could have records out.  
Couldn't you just see it girls,  
"Tony Clifton Sings Just To You".

The other girls are trying to stifle themselves from laughing.

TONY  
(dreamlike)  
Just like Frank!  
Get a load of dis one.  
(singing)  
"I have often walked down  
this street before."

CANDY  
Tony, we'd love to stay but  
it's that time again and we  
have other customers waiting.

TONY  
Oh! Well, here's some more money for ya.

Tony reaches for his wallet and hands each girl a twenty.

TONY  
(singing)  
"I have often walked down this  
street before; but the pavement  
always stayed beneath my feet  
before. All at once am I ..."

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR - EMPLOYEE ROOM - ANNA

getting out of her street clothes into a bikini. Candy walks  
in.

CANDY

We got a fat pig in there who's handing  
out twenties just to listen to him squeal,  
no back massage, nothin'.

Candy senses something wrong from Anna's silence.

CANDY  
What's the matter?

ANNA  
Nothing. I believe in working  
for my money, that's all.

CANDY  
Come on, the guy's a fat jerk.

ANNA  
The man's a customer and he  
should get what he paid for!

CANDY  
All right! Then you take him upstairs.

Candy hold a twenty out. Anna stares at it for a moment and  
then takes it.

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR - PROPER - ANNA

walks in. Tony spots her.

TONY  
Well, well, well ... what have we here.  
What's your name, little girl?

ANNA  
My name is Anna.

TONY  
You're a very pretty lady.  
Here's a twenty for ya, honey.

ANNA  
You've spent enough.  
It's time for you to go upstairs now.

Other girls sensing the jig is up, begin to leave.

TONY  
Where's everybody goin'?

ANNA  
It's all right. Just follow me.

Tony steps out of the Jacuzzi. He is wearing boxer shorts.

TONY  
Where are we goin'?

ANNA  
Upstairs.

Anna leads Tony up the stairs into a room with a large round bed and mirrors.

TONY  
(nervous)  
Wait ... wait ... wait a minute.  
What ... what are we doin' here?  
Before we do anything,  
I'd like ta know what we're doin'.

ANNA  
(undressing)  
Just leave everything to me.  
Tony sees her nude.

TONY  
Somebody pinch me. You're beautiful.

She moves closer to Tony. He moves away.

TONY  
Wait ... wait ... wait a minute.  
I wanna tell ya somethin'.  
(staring down at his feet)  
I'm a little embarrassed about this.  
Ya see, I ain't never done this before.

Gently she puts her finger over his mouth.

ANNA  
Ssssh.

Together they descend to the bed as we:

SLOW FADE

INT. TONY'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING - CLOSE ON MICKEY CLOCK

MICKEY CLOCK  
Good morning, Mousekateers!  
Time to wake up! Brush your teeth.

Comb your hair. Eat breakfast.  
Have a nice day.

Camera opens up to reveal Tony's unslept-in bed.

CUT TO

INT. SALT AND PEPPER FACTORY - ASSEMBLY LINE - WORKERS

busy on the line. There is an empty space where Tony usually is. We see the Foreman pacing back and forth. Conway is picking his teeth with delight. Bugsy worriedly looks up at the clock. The time is 10:17.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

The street has taken on a new look. Merchants have replaced hookers. The sun is shining and birds are singing. Anna's car is in the same spot. Tony is just now leaving, obviously a changed man. He reaches for a cigarette, thinks twice and puts it back in the pack. He starts strolling down the street greeting each and every person he passes.

TONY

How ya doin'! Beautiful day,  
isn't it. Top a da mornin' to ya!

A woman pushing the baby in a stroller walks towards Tony.

TONY

Oh, look at that, look how cute!  
Coo che coo che coo. Coos che coo  
che coo. looks just like a human  
bein'. Just like a human bein'.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SALT AND PEPPER FACTORY - FOREMAN

explaining Tony's job to a new worker, Pee Wee ... the black midget. Bugsy looks at the clock; the time is 12:10.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF PLAYGROUND - DAY - TONY

strolling down the street licking an ice cream cone. He passes the neighborhood kids playing basketball.

KID 1

Hey, Tony! Just gettin' up?

KID 2

Yeah! She must of been a real "hot one" last night, huh, Ton?

TONY

I don't know what you're talkin' about.  
I spent da evenin' readin' a book.  
(smirk, smirk)

He continues on his way.

KID 1

Gee, I wonder what got into Tony?

KID 2

Maybe he dropped acid!

CUT TO

INT. SALT AND PEPPER FACTORY - FOREMAN

taking a little round pill with a glass of water. Pee Wee is working in Tony's spot, feeling very much at home.

PEE WEE

(yapping)

Dis is much better den workin' fo' tips.  
I'll tell ya that much. Why just last  
night da craziest lookin' mother  
I'd ever seen flipped me a penny  
and wanted to see my green card!

WORKER 1

Green card!

(to Conway)

Hey, Conway, this midget's as bad as Clifton.

KONWAY  
(assured)  
No one's as bad as Clifton!  
(smiles at Pee Wee)

Just then we hear a commotion coming from the back of the plant.

PEE WEE  
(popping eyes)  
I can't believe my poppin' eyes!

We see Tony strutting confidently down the aisle.

KONWAY  
Clifton!

FOREMAN  
(running to Tony)  
Clifton, you're fired!

TONY  
Fired?  
(spots Pee Wee)  
Hey! What's he doin' here?

PEE WEE  
Your job! You've been dumped, chump!

TONY  
Dis guy's an illegal alien.  
He doesn't even have a green card.

FOREMAN  
Tony, in case you haven't been  
listening ... you're four hours  
late ... you're fired.

TONY  
Fired, huh? Well, well, well. It just  
so happens I came back to tell you ...  
I don't need dis job anymore. I quit.

Some of the workers applaud.

BUGSY  
Quit! Gee, Ton, what didja win,  
da sweepstakes?

TONY

Somethin' just as good, Bugsy.  
Last night I made two discoveries  
dat changed my life. The first  
is my own personal secret.  
(smirk, smirk)  
The second is dat for da first time  
I was made aware of a rare talent  
dat I possess. I ... am a singer of songs.

KONWAY

Oh, Christ!

TONY

And I have decided ta embark  
on a singin' career.

PEE WEE

Ya better embark ...  
you ain't gettin' dis job back!

TONY

No cracks from da peanut gallery.  
The next time you're gonna see dis face,  
it's gonna be on television.

FOREMAN

(unimpressed)  
Wonderful, Tony.  
I'm happy for you.  
Could you leave now?

TONY

I'm leavin', I'm leavin.  
(not leaving)  
I'll probably have my own TV show ...  
record albums, "Tony Sings Just To You".

BUGSY

I'll buy one, Tony!

AUNTY DEB

I'll buy two, and give one to Konway here.

FOREMAN

(to Bugsy and Aunty Deb)  
Both of you back to work!  
Or I'll can you, too!

TONY

Okay, okay, take it easy ...

I'm leavin'. As a matter of fact,  
you will never see my face in  
dis place again and that's a promise.

Some workers applaud. He leaves ... he returns.

TONY

And another thing. When I play Vegas, none a  
ya except for Bugsy and Aunty Deb are gettin' in.

More workers boo. He leaves ... he returns.

TONY

I just wanna say one last thing,  
if I may. Thank you and good night.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

"HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA"

is supered on the screen.

INT. IMPROVISATION CLUB

The well-known Hollywood night spot, considered the granddaddy  
of the comedy showcase. The joint's jammed. On stage a  
stand-up comedian is plying his trade ... in the kitchen so is  
the cook.

INT. IMPROVISATION - KITCHEN - ZMUDA

the cook, is slapping hamburgers onto a grill. A Waitress  
stomps in and throws down her checkbook.

ZMUDA

What's wrong?

WAITRESS

(ready to crack)

This idiot customer is busting my chops.

ZMUDA

(matter of factly)

So bust his.

WAITRESS

Sure, and get myself fired!

ZMUDA

Not fired, just a little revenge.  
What's his order?

WAITRESS

Cheeseburger, medium rare, lettuce,  
tomato and mayo. What an asshole!

ZMUDA

Take it easy. All right, let's see.

Zmuda serves up a cheeseburger and places it on a bun.

ZMUDA

Cheeseburger, medium rare. Lettuce.  
(adds lettuce)  
Tomato ...  
(adds tomato)  
Mayo ...  
(adds mayo)  
And now ... revenge.

Zmuda makes a "hocking" sound in his throat and spits directly on the burger. He plops a bun on top, slides it onto a plate and hands it to the Waitress. She stares back in disbelief ... soon the shock fades. She picks up the violated entree, smiles and breezes out the swinging kitchen doors. A few beats go by and then in pops the face of Foreign Man.

FOREIGN MAN

(to Zmuda)

Excuse me, pleeze ... is dis dee kitchen?

ZMUDA

Who the hell are you?

Foreign Man enters the room carrying a suitcase.

FOREIGN MAN

Dee boss ... he tell me ... I am to go on dee  
stage next and I should wait in dee kitchen.

ZMUDA

Oh, he did, did he?

(getting mad)

Well, I don't like anybody in my  
kitchen. As a matter of fact, I'm

gonna take this butcher knife here ...

Zmuda picks up a butcher knife and threateningly walks toward Foreign Man.

ZMUDA  
... and cut off ...  
... your FUCKING HEAD!!!

Foreign Man, terrified, cringes in the corner. Just then Budd Friedman, the emcee/proprietor, enters. Zmuda abruptly turns away, concealing the knife.

BUDD  
(to Foreign Man)  
You're next, kid.

CUT TO

INT. IMPROVISATION CLUB - THE STAGE - FOREIGN MAN  
is performing.

FOREIGN MAN  
For my next impression,  
I'd like to do dee Archie Bunker.

He turns his back to us but when he turns back around, he looks and sounds exactly the same.

FOREIGN MAN  
You meathead! Get out of dee chair.  
You dingbat! Get back in dee kitchen  
and fix me dee food ... everybody is stupid.  
(bowing)  
Dank you veddy much.

The audience breaks up.

FOREIGN MAN  
And now, I'd like to do dee last,  
but not to be dee least, dee Elvis Presley.

The band vamps as Foreign Man turns around once more. He puts on an Elvis jacket, combs his hair and straps on a guitar. When he turns back around the metamorphose is complete. He IS the King of Rock and Roll. He approaches the mike and this time speaks in an exact Presley dialect.

ELVIS  
Thank you very much.

Audience goes crazy.

ELVIS  
The first song I ever recorded ...  
I think it was in 1921 ...

Audience laughs, Elvis smiles.

ELVIS  
I was walkin' down the street in  
my home town of Tupelo, Mississippi ...  
and I passed this record store ...  
there was a sign in the window that  
said, "make your own record for \$2.95".  
So I did ... like I said, it was the first  
song I ever recorded and I made it  
for my moma as a birthday present  
and it went something like this.

The stage lights dim and the band starts to play.

ELVIS  
(singing)  
"When you find your sweetheart in  
the arms of your best friend, that's  
when your heartaches begin.

You see that love's a thing that you  
never can share, when you bring a  
friend into your love affair."

A few women in the audience scream and swoon. At the end of  
the number, Elvis receives a standing ovation and leaves.

CUT TO

INT. IMPROVISATION - KITCHEN

Andy enters. We can still hear the audience applauding.

ANDY  
(routinely; to Zmuda)  
So, what did you think?

ZMUDA  
The ballad is definitely stronger

Budd enters with George Shapiro.

BUDD  
Andy, I want you to meet somebody.  
This is George Shapiro.

ANDY  
(shaking hands with George)  
Hello.

GEORGE  
First of all, I just want to say that I  
thought you were great! I really did.

ANDY  
Oh, thank you.

BUDD  
George manages talent, Andy.

ANDY  
Oh! This is my friend, Bob Zmuda.  
He writes some of my material.

Zmuda wipes his hand off on a towel and shakes with George.

GEORGE  
Oh, yeah?

ZMUDA  
Just the stuff that works.

GEORGE  
Well, it was just terrific ... I'm very  
impressed. But let me get right to the  
point. Andy, there's a part in a new  
sitcom that ABC is trying to cast, and I  
think you'd be just perfect. If it's all right  
with you, I'd like to set up an audition.

ANDY  
You mean it? Wow!

BUDD  
Well, say thank you to the man.

ANDY  
(to George)  
Thank you.

GEORGE  
My pleasure. Listen, I have to get

back to my table ... here's my card.  
    (hands him card)  
Call me first thing in the morning.  
    (shakes again with Andy)  
Thank you, . you made my night ...  
    Bob, nice meeting you.

ZMUDA  
You too, George.

George leaves with Budd. Kaufman appears lost in a dream-like state. Zmuda intuitively knows what he's thinking.

ZMUDA  
    (whispers)  
Thinking about her, aren't you?

Kaufman nods.

ZMUDA  
    (tries to get  
    Kaufman out of it)  
Come on, Kaufman, you can't  
possibly still be serious about that!  
    (realizes Kauman is serious)  
    You are!!  
    (seriously)  
Tell me the story again. Who knows,  
    maybe you can use it in the act.

ANDY  
    (intrigued)  
You think so?

ZMUDA  
    Why not?  
    (presentational)  
And now, ladies and gentlemen ...  
    settle back while Andy Kaufman  
    tells us a true life story.  
    (applauds)

ANDY  
Thank you. This true life story  
is called ... it's ... called?

ZMUDA  
    (helping him out)  
Why you went into show business.

ANDY

Why I went into show business.

ZMUDA  
Now, be serious.

ANDY  
I am.

Andy clears his throat. Camera closes in on his face.

ANDY  
When I was eleven years old,  
in Great Neck Grammar School ...

CUT TO

EXT. GREAT NECK GRAMMAR SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND

We see a gym class of both boys and girls. Two team captains (both boys) are choosing players for a game of baseball. Little Andy Kaufman, along with two other boys and six girls, has yet to be chosen.

CAPTAIN 1  
I'll take Mike.

Mike walks over and joins the team.

CAPTAIN 2  
I'll take ... Paul, Paul Hollis.

Paul Hollis walks over. Only Little Andy and the six girls are left.

CAPTAIN  
I'll take ... Mary Lou.

She walks over.

CAPTAIN  
I'll take Peggy.

CAPTAIN 1  
Carol.  
CAPTAIN 2  
Sue.

CAPTAIN 1  
Ruth.

CAPTAIN 2  
I'll take ... Barbara.

PLAYER  
That means we're stuck with Kaufman!

Little Andy walks over to his team.

CAPTAIN 1  
(threateningly)  
Kaufman, you better not drop any balls!

CUT TO

LEFT FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

where we see Little Andy talking to himself and totally oblivious to the game he's playing. A fly ball has been hit deep into left field. Eventually the shouts of his own teammates bring him around, but they're too late. The ball flies over his head. He runs after it. It rolls to a stop right at the feet of an adorable little girl. She reaches for it at the exact same moment Andy does. Their hands touch; she looks him in the eye and smiles.

ANDY (v.o.)  
At that precise moment I knew I  
had fallen in love, innocently ...  
and totally. Just her and me ... in left field.

The b.g. noises of the teammates snap Little Andy out of his trance. He clumsily scrambles for the ball and throws it.

CUT TO

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD CLOSE TO THE SCHOOL - LITTLE GIRL

walking home. We see she is being followed by Little Andy, who ducks in and out from behind trees.

ANDY (v.o.)  
Every day for over a week I'd follow her  
home from school, always telling myself  
that today would be the day I'd walk up  
and talk to her. But that day never came.  
I was too shy to tell the love of my life ...  
that I loved her.

CUT TO

INT. LITTLE ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LITTLE ANDY  
in bed, tears in his eyes.

ANDY (v.o.)  
It was that night that I made a promise  
to myself. "I would have to become  
famous" ... because then and only then  
would I have the confidence to talk to her.

INT. LITTLE ANDY'S BEDROOM - DAY - LITTLE ANDY  
studiously looking through a microscope.

ANDY (v.o.)  
For awhile I looked into various  
fields to become famous in.

INT. LITTLE ANDY'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER DAY - LITTLE ANDY  
playing the congas.

ANDY (v.o.)  
But after careful consideration, I decided  
on show business. It seemed easier that  
anything else. Besides, it was a field where  
total idiots could become famous overnight!  
And since fame was my only prerequisite,  
it was the logical choice.

End flashback.

INT. IMPROVISATION - KITCHEN - ZMUDA  
mesmerized by the story.

ANDY  
And that's why I went into show business.  
The mood is broken only by the entrance of the Waitress.

WAITRESS  
Another cheeseburger ... and guess who for?

(she smiles)

FADE OUT

FADE IN

"SIX MONTHS LATER"

is supered on the screen.

INT. "TAXI" SET

We see a segment of the hit TV show, "Taxi", being filmed. Andy Kaufman is now playing Latka.

LATKA  
(straight into camera)  
Dank you veddy much.

The studio audience laughs and applauds.

DIRECTOR  
All right, that's a rap!

The audience applauds at the end of the taping. The crew moves in and begins to strike the set as Andy starts to make his way back to his dressing room. The Director passes him.

DIRECTOR  
Great show, Andy!

ANDY  
Thank you! Thank you very much.

FAN  
Can I have your autograph, Mr. Kaufman?

ANDY  
Sure! Sure here you go. What's your name?

FAN  
Mary.

ANDY  
(signing autograph)  
To Mary, with love, Andy Kaufman.

FAN

Why, thank you. I watch you  
every week. You're the best.

ANDY  
You're welcome. Take care now.

INT. ANDY'S DRESSING ROOM

George Shapiro and Bob Zmuda are already present. Andy  
enters.

ANDY  
Hey! Hi, George.

GEORGE  
Hi! Terrific show!

ANDY  
Thank you.

GEORGE  
Hey, listen guys, I've got your  
plane tickets for your first tour.  
(hands them to Zmuda)  
You open Tuesday night at San Diego State.

ANDY  
Really!

GEORGE  
On Thursday you're at the Park West Theatre  
in Chicago. Friday and Saturday you're at  
the Playboy Club in Lake Geneva.

ZMUDA  
Things are looking up.

GEORGE  
Next you'll play Macomb University ...  
and finally, Philadelphia.  
The Valley Forge Music Fair.

ANDY  
(excited)  
Am I headlining?

GEORGE  
No. You're opening for Sha Na Na.  
But! Get this ... when you return,  
I have booked you at the Main Room

of the Comedy Store ... headlining!

ANDY  
Really!!

GEORGE  
You even get to pick your opening act.

ANDY  
I do!?

GEORGE  
(proud)  
You see what six months  
on a hit sitcom can do.

There is a knock at the door.

ANDY  
Come in.

A Security Guard enters.

SECURITY GUARD  
Excuse me, Mr. Kaufman, there  
is a young lady here to see you.

ANDY  
To see me?

SECURITY GUARD  
Yes, she says she went to  
grammar school with you.

Kaufman turns pale.

SECURITY GUARD  
Her name is ... Marilyn Comstack.

Zmuda picks right up on it.

ZMUDA  
Andy, that's not?

ANDY  
(stunned)  
It's her.

GEORGE

Who?

ANDY  
Marilyn Comstack ... from grammar school.

ZMUDA  
Jesus Christ!

ANDY  
(nervous)  
What am I gonna do?

ZMUDA  
First thing is to calm down.

ANDY  
I don't believe it!

ZMUDA  
Take it easy. The second thing is,  
you're going to invite her up.

ANDY  
No!

ZMUDA  
(to Security Guard)  
Have her come up, please.

The Security Guard leaves.

ZMUDA,  
Now, George and I are going to split.

ANDY  
Please don't.

GEORGE  
Who is Marilyn Comstack?

ZMUDA  
The love of his life. I'll explain the  
whole thing to you on the way out.

George and Zmuda walk toward the door.

ANDY  
What am I going to talk to her about?  
It's been over seventeen years.

ZMUDA

(ensuring confidence)  
Your career -- remember?

They leave. Kaufman frantically paces. Soon there is a knock at the door. He summons all his courage and opens it. We see Marilyn Comstack, grown up. She is still adorable. She smiles exactly like she did that day in left field.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. SPEEDING LOCOMOTIVE

"San Diego, California" is supered on the screen.

INT. COLLEGE GYMNASIUM - COLLEGE AUDIENCE

There is foot stomping in the bleachers as they await the beginning of the show. A few are holding up signs that way, "Dank You Veddy Much", "San Diego State Welcomes Andy". Zmuda walks out on stage as the audience applauds in anticipation. The band starts to vamp. Zmuda approaches the mike.

ZMUDA

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, here he  
is ... Andy "Dank You Veddy Much" Kaufman.

The audience goes crazy. Kaufman bounces on stage like a pogo stick and sings, "Oklahoma". In the wings, Marilyn Comstack looks on gleamingly.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. SPEEDING LOCOMOTIVE

"CHICAGO, ILLINOIS" is supered on the screen.

INT. PARK WEST THEATRE - ANDY

is performing his famous Mighty Mouse routine. He just stands there, waiting for the recorded Chorus to finish their stanza.

CHORUS

"Mr. Trouble never hands around  
when he hears this mighty sound."

Kaufman, on cue, takes a Mighty Mouse stance and lip synchs, along with Mighty's voice.

MIGHTY MOUSE'S VOICE  
"Here I come to save the day."

The audience goes crazy. In the front row we see Marilyn Comstack, still gleaming. Andy sees this and gleams back.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. SPEEDING MOTORBOAT

"LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN" is supered on the screen.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB THEATRE - ANDY

is about to perform his famous "Caspian Sea" routine.

ANDY  
For my next number, I'd like to  
sing a song which is sung every  
year at harvest time in the  
islands of the Caspian Sea.

Andy plays his congas and sings "Caspian Sea". The audience is thoroughly enthralled. In the wings we see Marilyn Comstack. She no longer gleams.

DISSOLVE TO

PLANE

in flight. "PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA" is supered on the screen.

INT. VALLEY FORGE MUSIC THEATRE - ANDY

on stage, has just finished impersonating Elvis. He strips off his Elvis attire and flings it into the exhilarated crowd. He approaches the mike.

ANDY  
(in Latka voice)  
Dank you veddy much.

The audience goes crazy.

ANDY

(own voice)

Ladies and gentlemen, you've been  
a wonderful audience, and I'd like  
to sing this next song just for you.

The stage lights dim as Andy sings his closer ... "Friendly World". The song is quite touching, especially aided with Andy's naive sentimentality.

ANDY

(singing)

"The world is such a wonderful place to  
wander through when you have someone  
you love to wander along with you..."

We see Zmuda watching from the wings, enjoying the sheer simplicity of the moment. A few yards behind him, in one of the more darkened and secluded backstage areas, is Marilyn Comstack ... she's giving her phone number to an attractive-looking stage hand. Zmuda spots her. She sees him and quickly adjusts her stance, confirming his suspicions. Meanwhile....

ANDY

Come on, everybody, put your arms around  
the person sitting next to you and sway  
back and forth to the rhythm of the music.

Everybody sing!

(singing)

"The world is such a wonderful place to  
wander through when you have someone  
you love to wander along with you."

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. THEATRICAL RESTAURANT - LATER

Philadelphia's answer to Sardi's. Glossies of celebrities adorn the walls. Kaufman and Zmuda are eating.

ANDY

Maybe I should order something  
"to go" for Marilyn.

ZMUDA

Andy, if she wanted to eat,  
she would have come along.

ANDY

No, you don't understand. She had  
a headache -- she just wanted to  
get back to the hotel and lie down.  
She still might be hungry.

ZMUDA

Andy, look. I don't want to say  
anything, but you're traveling all  
around the country with this woman  
and you don't know a damn thing about her.

ANDY

Don't you understand, Bob? This is the  
first woman I ever loved! The first.

That makes her the perfect love.

Zmuda is about to speak but is sidetracked by a commotion  
coming from the front of the restaurant. People start turning  
around.

ZMUDA

What the hell is that?

INT. FRONT OF RESTAURANT - TONY CLIFTON

being thrown out. He is holding a stack of 8 x 10 glossies of  
himself.

TONY

Getcha hands off me.  
Getcha hands off me.

WAITRESS

I'm not touching you. We told you before,  
we don't want you coming in here putting  
your pictures up all over the place.

TONY

I'm in the business here. I deserve ta have  
my picture up here with them other guys ...  
last night I put my picture up here and you  
took it off ... I put it up da night before ...  
you took that off, too. Whatta you doin',  
sellin' my pictures? I want some a da profits.

WAITRESS

I can assure you, sir -- no one is  
selling your pictures. Your pictures  
are going right in the garbage.

TONY

(pointing to wall)  
Look here, look who ya got here.  
You got a picture a da Harmonicats  
up there. Those guys died years ago.

WAITRESS

Just move along. I don't  
want to call the police.

TONY

Yeah, I'll move along on you.  
(spotting Andy)  
Hey, I know dat guy. He's from TV.

TONY

(continuing)  
Wait a minute, getcha hands off me ...  
he happens ta be a friend of mine,  
he's in da business wid me ... Hey ...

ZMUDA

Oh man, get a load of this  
character. He's coming over.

ANDY

Just make believe we don't see him.

ZMUDA

Too late.

Tony walks up to them.

TONY

Hey, hey, I've seen you on da TV.  
Yeah, you're ... Steve Martin.

ANDY

No, no, I'm Andy Kaufman.

TONY

That's right, Kaufman ... Kaufman.  
I've seen you plenty a times. You  
do that "wild and crazy guy". Hey,  
folks, this is the guy here, he  
does that "wild and crazy guy".

ANDY

No, I go, "dank you veddy much".

TONY

Yeah, well, you're welcome.

ANDY

No, no, that's what I say on TV --  
"dank you veddy much".

TONY

(exploding)

Oh yeah -- that's right, now I remember --  
dank you veddy much, dank you veddy much.  
Just like an illegal alien. Hey, folks, this is the  
guy here ... the illegal alien, "dank you veddy much".  
Waitress walks over to Kaufman.

WAITRESS

I'm sorry, is this man bothering you?

TONY

Hey, honey, I'm just askin' him for his  
autograph. This is da guy here, Steve Martin.

ANDY

It's all right, miss.

TONY

You heard him, honey, back in  
the kitchen where you belong.

Waitress leaves in a huff.

TONY

(man to man)

If they didn't have "you know whats",  
there'd be bounties on 'em.

(smirk, smirk)

Lemme get your autograph here. I got  
some paper on me somewhere ... here it is.

ANDY

(about to sign)

What's your name?

TONY

Tony ... Tony Clifton.

ANDY

(writing)  
To Tony, best wishes, Andy Kaufman.

TONY  
Thank you, thank you very much ... or should  
I say, "dank you veddy much!" I see you  
sign your autographs "best wishes" here.

ANDY  
Yeah.

TONY  
I sign mine "lots of luck".

Zmuda almost chokes on his food.

TONY  
I'll tell ya what -- you signed one  
for me -- I'll sign one for you.  
That's the least I could do. Here we go.  
(writing)  
To Andy, lots of luck, Tony Clifton.

ANDY  
Why, thank you. Exactly what do  
you do in the business?

TONY  
I do it all. I sing songs ... I dance ... I tell  
stories. Listen, I happen ta be starrin' in  
my own little show in town and I'd like ta  
invite you guys ta come on down.

ANDY  
Well, thank you.

TONY  
I'll be performin' over at da  
Porterhouse Lounge. It's on  
Market and Fifth. I'll be there  
in about an hour doin' my last  
show of the evenin'. I'm on break  
right now ... as a matter of fact,  
I better get back.

ANDY  
Well, Mr. Clifton, it's a pleasure meeting  
you and we'll try to catch your act.

TONY  
(leaving)

Okay, bye. I'll see ya later.  
And don't take any wooden nickels.  
If y'know what I mean.  
(smirk)

He leaves.

ZMUDA  
Unbelievable.

ANDY  
(holding photo)  
Didn't George say I get to choose my  
own opening act at the Comedy Store?

Zmuda and Kaufman smile knowingly.

EXT. PORTERHOUSE LOUNGE - SIGN

A tacky lounge that not too long ago might have been called  
the Porterhouse Restaurant.

INT. PORTERHOUSE LOUNGE - STAGE

A singing act has just finished. We hear applause. The  
Emcee walks up to the mike, applauding.

EMCEE  
All right, that was ...  
(looking at list)  
Maureen Bakula.  
Let's hear it for Maureen.

Applause.

EMCEE  
All right, now we're going  
to call number twenty-seven ...  
number twenty-seven  
is a magician, Harold Wagner.

Applause. Magician walks on stage and starts performing. Pan  
lounge and as we get to the front door, in walk Zmuda and  
Kaufman. A Hostess greets them.

HOSTESS  
Yes, two?

ANDY  
Yes, has Tony Clifton been on yet?

HOSTESS  
Who?

ANDY  
Tony Clifton. He's singing here tonight.

HOSTESS  
Singing here ... so are they.

She points to a gathering of about twenty-five performers, all holding number cards and sheet music.

HOSTESS  
Along with musicians, comics ...  
I think we even have a dog act.

A dog barks.

ZMUDA  
(to Kaufman)  
Headlining, huh?!

HOSTESS  
This way, please.

Zmuda and Kaufman are seated at a booth. We watch the magician doing the Chinese linking rings. When he is finished the audience politely applauds and the Emcee mounts the stage.

EMCEE  
Let's hear it for him. The magic of Harold Wagner.

The magician bows. More applause.

EMCEE  
All right, next is number  
twenty-eight, Budd Lewis.  
(looks into audience)  
Budd Lewis. What? He left already?  
Well, he missed his big chance.  
All right, moving right along ...  
number twenty-nine, Tony Clifton.

ZMUDA  
Here we go.

ANDY  
Oh, man.

EMCEE

Tony Clifton ... Tony Clifton.

TONY

I'm comin', I'm comin' ...  
keep your pants on.

Tony makes his way to the stage.

EMCEE

Are you a singer or a comedian?

TONY

I happen ta be a singer of songs.

EMCEE

All right, where's your music.

TONY

I don't have any music.

EMCEE

Well, do you need our piano player.

TONY

No ... I don't need no piano player.

EMCEE

Oh, you brought your own accompaniment.

TONY

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I got accompaniment!  
I got accompaniment. Here, here's a dime,  
just put it in the jukebox dere, and play B-46.

The Emcee, very confused, does what Tony asks. Zmuda and Kaufman are dumbfounded. The record starts to play. It's Frank Sinatra singing, "Come Blow Your Horn". Tony sings along.

ZMUDA

(through teeth)

Oh, my God, Kaufman ...  
the man's singing to Sinatra!

ANDY

(captivated)

Get a load of this guy.

Tony finishes the song. Mild applause.

TONY

(bowing)

Thank you, thank you very much.  
For my next number, I'd like ta ...

EMCEE

Excuse me, Mr. Clifton, it's only  
one song. One song per singer ...  
five minutes per comedian.

TONY

Well, in that case, I'm a comedian,  
so give me five more minutes.  
For my next song ...

EMCEE

I'm sorry, you came up here as a  
singer. Your time's up ... so, if  
you would just get off the stage.

TONY

I came here with da understandin'  
that I was gonna get ta do a few  
numbers here. I got da old wild  
and crazy guy sittin' there,  
he flew in all da way ...

EMCEE

Sir, there are other performers  
who want to go up.

TONY

Other performers! Who wants ta see  
these risin' stars here, when ya got a  
chance ta see a star that's already risen.

We start hearing boos.

TONY

If ya wanna get rid a me, you're  
gonna have ta drag me off bodily!

The Emcee does just that.

TONY

(yelling)

Getcha hands off me.  
Getcha hands off me! I'll call a cop!

Zmuda and Kaufman are hysterical. Tony is literally thrown outside by the seat of his pants. The place is in chaos. People are booing; the dog is barking and running loose. Kaufman and Zmuda step outside.

EXT. PORTERHOUSE LOUNGE - A FEW SECONDS LATER - KAUFMAN  
is speaking to Tony.

TONY  
Mr. Kaufman, I'm sorry for da little  
turmoil dere, but it's a rinky-dink  
operation. When I play da big rooms  
in Vegas, that sort a thing never happens.

ANDY  
(interrupting)  
Tony, listen ... would you consider playing  
someplace else besides Philadelphia?

TONY  
Whatta ya talkin' about?

ANDY  
I'm headlining in L.A. on October  
24th, and I need an opening act.  
I'd like you to be my special guest.

TONY  
(reaching in coat)  
Lemme check my book here.  
(pulls out datebook)  
October 24th ... October 24th.  
Ya want me to be your special guest, huh?  
(flipping pages)  
I don't know, it looks bad -- it looks bad.  
I got a Gong Show down da road here.  
Maybe I could change somethin' around here ...  
yeah, I'll do it for you.

ANDY  
Well, that's great. Now, do  
you have any arrangements?

TONY  
What kind a arrangements ...  
hotel arrangements?

ANDY  
No, musical arrangements.

TONY  
Whatta ya mean, musical arrangements?  
I was gonna sing with da record here.

ANDY  
No, no Tony.  
I'd rather we use a real band.

TONY  
You wanna use a real band. Oh yeah,  
that's much better than usin' da records.  
Because then you can get the full flavor...  
savor da voice of Tony Clifton.

ANDY  
Yes, that's exactly what I want ...  
your full voice.

TONY  
(rambling)  
You can savor da flavor in  
da mayvor in da payvor !!

ANDY  
Yeah, Tony, that's great.

Zmuda shakes his head in disbelief.

ANDY  
So, it's all set ... October 24th,  
eight o'clock, the Comedy Store.  
You will be my opening act.

They shake hands.

INT. CAR - LATER THAT EVENING

Kaufman and Zmuda are riding through the deserted streets of Philly. Zmuda is at the wheel laughing, while Kaufman is imitating Tony singing.

ANDY  
(singing)  
"Don't be a Mister Milk Toast  
or you'll be put out ..."

A light turns red and they come to a stop. Soon another car pulls up beside them, and Zmuda nonchalantly looks in. The driver is none other than the same stagehand Marilyn took such a liking to. The thought alone makes Zmuda anxiously await

the changing of the light. He looks again. This time he sees a woman's hand slithering up the stagehand's neck -- it belongs to Marilyn Comstack. She proceeds to lick the stagehand's ear. Zmuda protectively tries to block the view from Andy. But it's too late. Kaufman has seen everything. Zmuda stomps on the gas and runs the light, leaving behind a cloud of carbon dioxide ... and Andy's "perfect" love.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. COMEDY STORE - NIGHT - THE MARQUEE

that reads, "Tonight -- Andy Kaufman -- With Special Guest, Tony Clifton".

INT. COMEDY STORE - AUDIENCE P.O.V. - THE STAGE

House lights go down, curtains open and out walks Kaufman on stage. Applause.

ANDY

(changed)

Ladies and gentlemen, it is with great pride that I introduce to you, a man that I believe will be the next Eighth Wonder of the World, my own personal discovery, Mr. Tony Clifton!

Music up. Into to "Street Where You Live". Applause. Kaufman leaves. Tony steps out on stage.

TONY

(singing)

"I have often walked down this street before. But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before".

(speaking to audience)

Come on, everybody, clap your hands.

TONY

(singing)

"All at once am I -- several stories high -- knowing I'm on the street where you live. And oh -- the towering feeling just to know --

wo -- wo -- somehow you are near.  
The overpowering feeling that  
any second you may suddenly appear.  
(drops to knees)  
I said -- I said -- I said people stop  
and stare ... they don't bother me.  
For there's nowhere else on earth  
that I would rather be. Let the time  
go by -- I won't care if I -- can be here  
on the street -- I saida here on the  
street -- I saida here on the street  
where you livvvvvvvve!  
On -- the -- street -- where --  
you -- live !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Audience applauds and laughs ... surely Kaufman isn't serious  
about this guy.

TONY  
(bowing)  
Thank you, thank you very much.  
(holding side)  
I think I hurt myself on that one.  
(smirk, smirk; lights cig)  
I want ta thank you all for comin'  
to see me. How's everybody doin' ...  
feelin' good?  
(loud)  
Come on, wake up! Let's have a  
little reaction here. Say yeah!

AUDIENCE  
(half-heartedly)  
Yeah.

TONY  
(serious)  
Let's get one thing straight here, people ...  
I don't have ta do this. I'll walk right outta  
here. You can have a strip show for all I care.

BACKSTAGE

ANDY  
(to Zmuda)  
Look at them, they don't  
know what to make of him.

BACK TO TONY

TONY  
All right, I'd like to do a little  
audience participation. I'd like  
ta call up a few volunteers.

A few volunteers walk on stage.

TONY  
Okay, now who do we have here?  
What's your name, please?

MAN 1  
Joe Lauer.

TONY  
Joe Lauer as in ... as in ... a power ...  
how's your power or howowya ...  
how are ya ... chihuahua ... I got a  
little ... chihuahua at home ...  
(smirk, smirk)  
... y'know. Chihuahua -- a little  
miniature dog, like Lauer.

Moving on to the next person.

TONY  
What's your name?

M.J.R.  
Mary Jane Rodgers.

TONY  
Like in Roy Rogers ... Roy Rogers.  
Dale Evans ... so, Mary Jane, how's Trigger?  
Y'know, your horse ... come on, answer me ...  
see if ya can come up wid somethin' witty.  
Come on, how's Trigger?

TONY  
(whispering to her)  
Say back at da old ranch.

M.J.R.  
Back at the old ranch.

TONY  
(laughing)  
Back at the old ranch. That's right.  
Okay, a woman after my own heart.  
(aside)

Listen, honey, I'll see ya after da show.  
(to audience)  
Okay, movin' right along ...  
(to next volunteer)  
And what's your name?

MEL SHERER  
Mel Sherer.

TONY  
Mel Sherer as in .. sherer ... let's see ...  
Mel ... as in Mel Brooks.  
(smirk, smirk)  
Y'know, but seriously folks, he's a maker  
of wonderful, funny movies. Mel Brooks  
made a lot a funny movies here.  
(aside to Mel, seriously)  
Listen, Mel, I want ya ta understand  
one thing ... just because you have the  
same name as Mel Brooks, doesn't mean  
you're a funny man. Don't come up here  
and try and crap up my act, or I'll throw  
ya right off the stage.  
(yelling)  
Understand? Compranday? Com-pran-day-vu?  
(calming down)  
Okay now, if I may. I want all you people on stage  
ta clap your hands in rhythm to the music. All right,  
one-two-three-four, one-two-three-four.  
(singing)  
"If you're happy and you know it,  
clap your hands!"

Volunteers clap hands twice.

TONY  
"If you're happy and you know it ..."  
  
Mel claps his hands too soon.

TONY  
Okay, pal, what is this here?  
What's your name again?

MEL  
Mel.

TONY  
Mel -- what's a matter,  
can't you clap in rhythm.

MEL  
I was thrown off.

TONY  
Oh, you were thrown off!  
We'll give ya one more chance  
and then if ya mess up -- we'll  
throw ya right off the stage ...  
All right, here we go again.  
(singing)  
"If you're happy and you know it,  
clap your hands."

They clap.

TONY  
"If you're happy and you know it,  
clap your hands."

They clap.

TONY  
"If you're happy and ..."

Mel mistakenly claps.

TONY  
Okay, that does it ... what are you ...  
stupid or somethin'? Tell me, Mr. Mel,  
what do you do for a livin' anyway?

MEL  
I'm not working right now.  
I'm out on workmen's compensation.

TONY  
Workmen's compensation,  
what the hell does that mean?

MEL  
I hurt myself on the job.

TONY  
What were ya doin'?

MEL  
I was working construction and I  
lifted something and hurt my back.

TONY

Why don't ya learn how to lift things?  
So, whatta ya mean ... you're on workmen's  
compensation? How do you support  
yourself now that you've hurt your back?

MEL

Well, that's how I support myself --  
workmen's compensation.

TONY

So that means ya sponge  
off a people like me?

MEL

No, that's not how workmen's  
compensation is.

TONY,

Well, explain it to me, please.

MEL

Well, it's ...

TONY

It's welfare! I work my tail off  
up here so people like you can sit  
in da audience and enjoy da show  
and now I have ta pay on da welfare.

MEL

No, that's not the ...

What? No!

(looks at Mel's stomach)

Hey, whatta ya growin' dere,  
a bowlin' ball? Suck your stomach  
in, pal. Suck your stomach in.  
Hey, whatta ya growin' up there?  
(refers to Mel's loss of hair)

Bend down, show the people.

(laughing)

Look at that, folks. He's goin' bald.

(serious)

You fat pig. You fat, balding sponge.  
I've never seen a sponge more balding  
than you. You are a no-good, dirty,  
fat, balding sponge of society.

The Audience is booing Tony. Kaufman and Zmuda are  
hysterical.

TONY

Listen, don't boo him just 'cause  
he's a fat sponge. We'll give him  
another chance. Hey, Mr. Mel ...  
Mr. Fat Sponge, I'm only kiddin'.  
It was all in fun ... put it there, pal.

Tony holds out his hand to shake Mel's. Mel reaches for  
Tony's hand, but Tony pulls it away, giving him the old fake  
handshake.

TONY

(laughing)

Listen, Mr. Mel, I'm only foolin'.  
Do ya have a sense of humor?

MEL

Yes, I do.

Tony picks up a glass of water and takes a sip.

TONY

Well this is humor, pal.

Tony pours entire glass over Mel's head. Mel runs off stage.

BACKSTAGE - GEORGE SHAPIRO

GEORGE

Andy, this isn't funny.

ANDY

George, don't you see the  
drama that's unfolding?

GEORGE

Drama? This is shit!

TONY

strutting around shoving the other people off the stage. The  
place has gone wild. People are throwing their rolled up  
programs at Tony. Tony drops to one knee, mockingly begging  
Mel's return.

TONY

Oh, Mel, don't leave me now. Come back.

It was all in fun. Where's your sense of humor? Everybody say "awwwww".

A Woman yells out from the audience.

WOMAN

I think you're disgusting!

TONY

Why don't ya just sit back and relax. You do your thing and I'll do my thing. Your thing is ta sit back and enjoy the show. My thing is ta entertain ya.

WOMAN

Entertain me! How could anyone find anything entertaining about this?

TONY

Then why don't ya go home to the kitchen where ya belong? Go back home and wash your dishes and your pots and pans ... scrub your floor and raise your babies.

WOMAN

You chauvinist pig!

TONY

What are you? Women's lib? Hey listen, guys, I should call it women's lip ... that's all it is, is a lot of lip service. Hey listen, lady, you want my respect? You're gonna have ta earn it. The day you could come here and knock me down, that's the day you'll get my respect. Until then ... stay in the kitchen where ya belong. Okay, for my next song ...

The Woman furiously gets out of her seat and starts walking onto the stage. The Audience has gone wild.

TONY

Lady, what are you doin'?  
Would ya please get off the stage?

WOMAN

No! You said if I could  
come up here and ...

TONY  
Lady, I was only kiddin' around ...  
it was a joke!

WOMAN  
I want an apology!

TONY  
You're not gettin' any apology.  
Get off the stage.

He shoves her.

WOMAN  
Oh! I'm warning you,  
don't try that again.

TONY  
Get off the stage.

He goes to shove her again but this time she grabs his arm and gives him a judo flip. The audience jumps to its feet and cheers. Tony is crawling around the floor. The Woman kicks him in the rump and he falls flat.

TONY  
(begging; aside to Woman)  
Please ... please, lady, lemme get up.  
Give me a little bit of dignity here.

He starts to crawl away only to be kicked once more. She bows and leaves. Tony gets up -- rubs hands together as if to say, "I showed her!"

BACKSTAGE - GEORGE SHAPIRO

GEORGE  
I'm stopping this!

Zmuda and Kaufman are laughing. George signals to close the curtain.

TONY

TONY  
For my next number ...

Curtains close, knocking Tony down.

TONY  
What's goin' on here?  
What about my big close?

A security guard runs out and tries to get Tony off.

TONY  
Getcha hands off me.  
Getcha hands off me.  
People wanna see my next number.

Tony starts to sing, only to be drowned out by the sound of sirens. We see police running into the theatre as the reporters are running out.

TONY  
You people shut up! You get me sick!  
And someday when I'm playin' Vegas,  
I'm gonna remember each and every  
one a your faces and you're not gettin' in.

He leaves ... he returns.

TONY  
I just wanna say one thing ... if I made  
just one person happy, it's all been worth it.  
Thank you and good night.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NEXT MORNING - KAUFMAN

is sitting down at a table with a large collection of newspapers on it. He is speaking on the phone. Shapiro is furiously pacing back and forth.

ANDY  
I'm sorry, Tony Clifton is granting no interviews.  
I'll let you know as soon as he does. Bye.  
(to George)  
That's the fifth call this morning.

Zmuda runs into the room with a stack of papers.

ZMUDA  
Here's some more. The Herald:  
"Audience storms stage in Hollywood".

GEORGE  
Terrible! Just terrible!

ZMUDA  
Here's another, The Times: "Last night  
the most obnoxious act in show biz  
history opened for Andy Kaufman."

ANDY  
(lost in thought)  
"The most obnoxious act in show biz  
history". Who was it that said, "It doesn't  
matter what they print, just as long as  
they spell the name correctly"?

ZMUDA  
P.T. Barnum.

GEORGE  
Andy, that is nothing to be proud of ...  
people hated him.

ANDY  
That's right, and they're going to hate  
him more and more. They're going to  
love to hate him. And more important,  
they're going to pay to hate him.  
I got myself the next ... hoola-hoop.

MONTAGE OF TONY'S RISE TO FAME

HUNTINGTON HARTFORD THEATRE - MARQUEE

that reads, "Tonight Andy Kaufman -- Special Guest Tony  
Clifton".

INT. HUNTINGTON HARTFORD THEATRE - TONY

pouring glass of water over a man's head. The audience boos.

DISSOLVE TO

PARK WEST THEATRE - MARQUEE

that reads, "Andy Kaufman with Guest Star Tony Clifton".

INT. PARK WEST THEATRE - TONY

pouring glass of water over an old lady's head. The audience is in an uproar.

DISSOLVE TO

AERIE CROWN THEATRE - MARQUEE

that ready, "Andy Kaufman presents Tony Clifton".

INT. AERIE CROWN THEATRE - TONY

pouring two glasses of water of the heads of twins. Audience going wild.

CUT TO

BOX OFFICE "SOLD OUT" SIGN

CUT TO

ANOTHER BOX OFFICE "SOLD OUT" SIGN

CUT TO

YET ANOTHER BOX OFFICE "SOLD OUT" SIGN

CUT TO

COVER OF "TIME" MAGAZINE

Tony Clifton and Andy Kaufman shaking hands.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. TUXEDO SHOP - PEACH TUXEDOS

being grabbed one after the other off the racks.

DISSOLVE TO

COVER OF "COSMOPOLITAN" MAGAZINE

A beautiful girl dressed in a "Clifton Tux". She wears a "Clifton Moustache".

CUT TO

CLOSEUP - MIKE WALLACE

standing outside a theatre where Tony will be performing.

MIKE WALLACE

Hello, this is CBS news correspondent,  
Mike Wallace ... Clifton Mania is sweeping  
the nation. From small towns to major  
cities ... What started out as a hoax by  
ex-performer, now turned promoter/  
producer, Andy "dank you veddy much"  
Kaufman ... has turned into a multi-million  
dollar-a-year industry. Tony Clifton  
medallions, record albums, t-shirts ...  
there is even a Tony Clifton doll that  
sings off key and repeats such  
memorable phrases as ...

Mike Wallace pulls the string on the doll.

TONY CLIFTON DOLL

Getcha hands off me.  
Getcha hands off me.

MIKE WALLACE

... Exactly what the mass appeal is  
of this heavy-set, middle-aged man,  
who appears on stage dressed in a  
peach tuxedo and abuses his audience,  
has the sociologists still guessing.  
But one thing is clear ... the fans  
turned out in droves. We asked some  
of them exactly what they get out of  
coming to one of Tony's concerts.

SPECTATORS

standing in line to buy tickets.

MALE COLLEGE STUDENT

I like to bring unsuspecting friends  
and watch their reactions. You  
never know what Tony's going to do  
next ... I don't even think he does.

FEMALE CLIFTON GROUPIE

I think Tony's greater than Elvis Costello.

TRUCK DRIVER

Elvis who?  
(dismissing it)  
Clifton's crap ... I come  
to throw things at him.

FEMALE CLIFTON GROUPIE

Life's crap .. I come to love him.

GAY MALE

I think Clifton has his  
finger up America's ...  
(he's bleeped)

LITTLE OLD LADY

(wearing hearing aid)  
I enjoy the way he sings.

CLOSEUP - MIKE WALLACE'S FACE

MIKE WALLACE

Well, whatever the reason ...  
one thing is for certain ...  
Tony Clifton is a box office sensation ...  
As a matter of fact, I'd better hurry,  
the show's about to start.

Camera opens up to reveal Wallace in peach colored tuxedo.

MIKE WALLACE

This is Mike Wallace ...  
CBS News. Good night.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. DODGER STADIUM - NIGHT

The stadium is empty and dark. Just a few hours before, Tony had just finished performing to 55,000 screaming fans. Now he's on stage... alone. Feeling melancholy, he approaches a piano and starts to plink out a melody. With no one around, his singing isn't all that bad.

TONY

(singing)

"In me you see a man alone behind  
the wall he's learned to call his home.

A man who still goes walking in  
the rain expecting love again.

In me you see a man alone drinking  
up Sunday's and spending them alone.

A man who knows love is seldom what it seems.  
Just other people's dreams."

(speaks)

Anna, I miss you so much.

Tony hears a sound.

TONY

Hey! Who's there?

CUT TO

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE STADIUM

ANDY

No one, Tony ... just me.

TONY

Oh, Mr. Kaufman, it's you.

(embarrassed)

I was just practicin' the old  
piano here. Playing this stupid  
song. You didn't hear me, did ya?

ANDY

No, Tony, I didn't hear you.  
(changing subject)  
Hey, shouldn't you be in bed?  
You know tomorrow's a big day.  
Not every day a performer gets to  
entertain at the White House.

TONY  
Oh yeah. I suppose that means somethin'.

ANDY  
Tony, is there something on your mind?  
If there is, you can tell me.

TONY  
Well, it's nothin' important,  
Mr. Kaufman. It's just that ...  
there's this chick I know ...  
and I've been so busy lately ...  
that I haven't had a chance ta ...

ANDY  
See her!

TONY  
Yeah.

ANDY  
No problem, Tony ...  
I'll take care of it.

TONY  
(childish excitement)  
Ya will?

ANDY  
Sure. Just leave it all to me.  
What's her name?

TONY  
Anna Fingerhut. She lives in Philly.  
She works at da Paradise Massage Parlor.

ANDY  
(trying not to laugh)  
A massage parlor? She could come visit  
when you're taping your special next week.

TONY  
Ya mean it? But what if she has ta work?

ANDY

Just leave it all to me, Tony.  
I'll call her up and make her an offer ...  
I mean explain the situation.

TONY

Ya will? ... Why thank you, Mr. Kaufman.  
I don't know what I'd do without ya.  
Here's her phone number.

Tony hands card to Andy.

ANDY

Now get some sleep.

TONY

Yes, sir.

He starts to leave.

ANDY

Oh, Tony, just a minute.  
(hands him papers)  
Here's a few ideas that should go  
over real well at the White House.

TONY

Anything you say, Mr. Kaufman.  
Thanks for everything. Good night.

He leaves.

ANDY

Good night, Tony.

Kaufman walks to the piano and starts to play -- he imitates  
Tony singing.

ANDY

"In me you see a man alone behind  
the wall he learns to call his home.

A man who still goes walking in the  
rain expecting love again."

He runs his fingers across the whole keyboard.

ANDY

Sentimental slob.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

INT. WHITE HOUSE - GUESTS

are being seated ... lights go down. Out walks the President of the United States. Much applause.

PRESIDENT

Good evening, Senators, Congressmen,  
Mr. Vice President and especially a  
warm welcome to our guests for the  
evening, the Delegation from the  
People's Republic of Red China.

Applause. We see the Chinese Delegation seated in front,  
bowing to the introduction.

PRESIDENT

Tonight's entertainment, I must confess,  
I've never had the pleasure of viewing  
before, but I'm told that he's the latest  
rage. I do know he's received more press  
than yours truly.

Polite presidential laughter. Interpreters fill in Red  
Chinese, who laugh.

PRESIDENT

So, it's a pleasure to welcome my guest  
this evening at the White House,  
Mr. Tony Clifton.

Applause. Out walks Tony in his familiar outfit. He is  
wearing a set of Jerry Lewis "Chinese teeth".

TONY

Thank you, Mr. President, Senators,  
Congressmen, and you short people down front.

Audience at first politely laughs. Interpreters fill in the  
Chinese Delegation, who are smiling until they hear what's  
said.

TONY

That reminds me, what time does

da Chinaman go ta the dentist?  
Two-thirty ... get it ... "tooth hurty".  
(smirk, smirk)

Interpreters repeat it to Chinese Delegation that is becoming more and more agitated. Kaufman is laughing in the wings.

PRESIDENT  
(to aide)  
Is this someone's idea of a joke?  
I want him off.

TONY  
I knew a guy, went ta five different  
doctors, thought he had yellow jaundice.  
Finally, he found out he was Chinese!

Chinese Delegation is beginning to stand. Aide comes on stage and whispers in Tony's ear.

TONY  
Whatta ya talkin' about? I'm entertaining  
the little people here. If they can't take a  
joke, maybe they should take a "slow boat  
to China" where they belong. Get it ...  
"slow boat to China".  
(smirk, smirk)

The aide is trying to pull Tony off stage. Chinese Delegation is storming out.

TONY  
Don't let those chinks leave.  
We should make 'em hostages  
until they lower the oil!  
Getcha hands off me.  
Getcha hands off me.  
Grab 'em, they don't even  
have green cards ...  
at least frisk 'em ta see if they're  
walkin' out with the china.

The place is in shambles. White House security men are tugging at Tony. The President is vomiting.

CUT TO

INT. NEW YORK NBC STUDIO - INFORMATION DESK - GUARD

sitting at desk. A couple of people come up to him; he checks their names against a list and lets them pass. Anna Fingerhut, being the free spirit that she is, walks past him without stopping.

GUARD  
Just a minute, miss.  
What's your name?

ANNA  
Anna Fingerhut.

GUARD  
(checking list)  
Fingerhut ... Fingerhut. Here it is ...  
Anna Fingerhut, Tony Clifton Show.  
That's taping in studio fourteen ...  
straight out this door and to the right.

ANNA  
Thank you.

GUARD  
You're welcome.

We follow Anna walking down the corridor. She passes various technicians and prop people. One technician checks her out and whistles. Her response is a pleasant smile as she keeps walking.

INT. KAUFMAN'S NBC OFFICE

A very posh one. Kaufman is briefing Zmuda on today's show.

ANDY  
And no matter what happens,  
I want those cameras to keep rolling.

ZMUDA  
Don't worry, I'll be in the control room.  
We won't miss a thing.  
Hey, what's with the seal?

Andy walks over to the painting of himself on the wall and looks at it.

ANDY  
(mysteriously)  
The seal's a surprise!

He slides the painting to the side, exposing a little window from which he can look down into the studio. He spots Anna among the technicians who are busily at work.

ANDY  
Where's Tony now?

ZMUDA  
In his room meditating,  
just like you told him to.

ANDY  
Good. Go check to see if Igor arrived yet.

ZMUDA  
I just checked five minutes ago.

ANDY  
(stern)  
Go check again.  
(smile)  
Please.

Zmuda gets up and walks out of room and down stairs. He is stopped by Anna.

ANNA  
Excuse me, can you tell me  
where Andy Kaufman's office is?

ZMUDA  
His royal majesty is straight up those stairs.  
(begins to walks off)  
Wait a second, you're not Anna, are you?

ANNA  
Yes, I am.

ZMUDA  
Well hello, hello. I'm a friend of Tony's.  
Boy, is he gonna be happy to see you!  
That's all he's been talking about lately ...  
Anna this, Anna that.

ANNA  
(flattered)

Tony is a good man.

ZMUDA

Yeah, he is.

(in direction of Kaufman's office)

Though you wouldn't know it  
if it were left up to some people.

ANNA

What do you mean?

ZMUDA

Nothing, just show biz.

(changes subject)

Hey, are you going to stick around  
and watch the taping?

ANNA

Yes, I'd like to very much.

ZMUDA

Good, then I'll be seeing you later.  
I have to run now. Bye.

ANNA

Bye.

INT. KAUFMAN'S OFFICE - KAUFMAN

is chilling a bottle of wine. There is a knock on the door.  
Kaufman runs back behind his desk and makes believe he is  
studying something.

ANDY

Come in.

Anna enters.

ANNA

Hello.

ANDY

(looking down)

Yes, what is it?

ANNA

I'm Anna Fingerhut, Tony's friend.

ANDY

(looking up)  
Oh yes, Anna. Hello. I'm Andy Kaufman.  
(expecting big response,  
but not getting it)  
I hope you had a pleasant flight.

ANNA  
Yes, I did.

ANDY  
(walks to wine)  
Would you care for something to drink?

ANNA  
(senses scam)  
No, thank you.

ANDY  
(changing approach)  
I see you're a woman who doesn't  
beat around the bush ... I like that.

Very businesslike he goes back to his desk and takes out  
checkbook and pen.

ANDY  
Let's see, I believe you said three  
hundred the first night, and two  
hundred each additional night ...  
that comes to seven hundred ...  
make than an even eight hundred dollars.  
(giving knowing look)

ANNA  
You owe me nothing extra.

ANDY  
I want my star to stay happy!

ANNA  
We've already agreed on a price.  
No extras.

ANDY  
(sensing put down)  
Suit yourself. Seven hundred dollars.  
(tears out check)  
Do me a favor, I'd appreciate it  
if you went back to the hotel and  
waited for him there. Can't tell --

there might be some press hanging  
around and it wouldn't look good if  
it got out that Tony ... had to pay for it.  
You understand.  
(hands her check)

ANNA  
You can tell Tony I'll be at the hotel.

She starts walking to the door. Andy gets up to see her out  
and gives it one last try.

ANDY  
Who knows, maybe we could work out  
some sort of arrangement.

ANNA  
I don't think so; it wouldn't look  
good if it got out that Andy Kaufman  
had to ... pay for it ... you understand.

She closes the door in his face. Kaufman walks back to his  
desk, pissed. Zmuda enters.

ZMUDA  
Isn't Anna staying for the taping.

ANDY  
No, she wanted to get back to the hotel.  
You know, turn a few extra tricks.  
Is Igor here?

ZMUDA  
He just arrived.

ANDY  
(excited)  
Good! Go get that idiot, Clifton.  
We're starting the show.

INT. STUDIO FOURTEEN - STAGE

The show is about to start. Drum roll.

ZMUDA  
And now, ladies and gentlemen, the  
moment you've all been waiting for ...  
Andy Kaufman Productions is proud  
to present, The Tony Clifton Show!

Music in. Audience applauds.

ZMUDA

Tonight, Tony's guests are Raquel Welch,  
Joan Embry, from the San Diego Zoo  
and Tony's special guest, Igor Vorst.  
And now here he is, a man that some  
critics are calling the Bob Dylan of the 80s ...  
Mr. Entertainment himself ... Tony Clifton!

Fanfare. Curtains open and Tony enters. Audience goes crazy.

TONY

(bowing)

Thank you very much. Thank you.  
It's wonderful ta look out and see  
all your smilin' faces.

The audience boos.

TONY

All right, all right, let's not have  
a few wreck it for everyone else.

Audience laughs.

TONY

We got a big show here tonight.

AUDIENCE MEMBER (yelling out)  
Do some of your rhymin'.

TONY

Oh, you want me to do some  
of my famous rhymin'.

Audience goes crazy.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Sammy!

TONY

Sammy, let's see ... Sammy ...  
sounds just like Hammy!

Audience laughs.

TONY

Okay, give me a word.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Shine!

TONY

Shine ... let's see. Shine ... vine ...  
kind ... dine ... fine ... gine.  
(gradual pick up in tempo)  
... hind, line, nine, pine, cline, rine ...  
(fast now)  
sign, tine, vine, wine, yine, gine,  
zine -- That's every word in the  
world that rhymes with shine --  
I just went down da alphabet.

Audience applauds.

TONY

As a matter of fact,  
do ya wanna hear da alphabet?

AUDIENCE

(yelling)  
Yeah!

TONY

All right ...  
(singing)  
"A,B,C,D,E,F,G ... H,I,J,K,L,M,N,O,P ...  
Q,R,S,T,U,V ... W,X,Y,Z. Now I said  
my A,B,C's ... tell me what you think of me."

The Audience gives Tony a standing ovation.

TONY

Thank you, thank you.  
Now, without further ado,  
I'd like ta bring out my first guest,  
Miss Raquel Welch.

Fanfare. Raquel enters and sits down on panel.

TONY

So tell me, Raquel, how are you doin'?

Audience giggles.

RAQUEL

Real good, Tony.

TONY

Nice to have you here. Tell me,  
I hear that you are a completely  
fabricated human bein'.

Audience laughs.

TONY

I heard you had a nose job,  
tush job, and silicone breasts.

The Audience becomes hysterical.

RAQUEL

(standing up)

I don't have to take this.

She leaves.

TONY

That's right. You don't have to  
take this. Let's hear it for Raquel.

Audience applauds.

TONY

My next guest is from the San Diego  
Zoo. Her name is Joan Embry, and  
she brought with her a little friend.

Joan walks out holding an adorably cute baby seal.

TONY

Welcome to our show. So tell me,  
what is this here ya brought wid ya today?

JOAN

This is an Icelandic hard seal, Tony.  
As you can see, he's a cute little guy.

TONY

He's a very cute little guy.  
Can he talk? Let's hear him talk.

Audience giggles.

JOAN

No ... he's sort of quiet today.

TONY

Maybe if I squeezed his ear there.

Can I pick him up by da tail?

Audience laughs.

JOAN

No, you shouldn't do that.

TONY

I'm only foolin'. I love animals.  
Well listen., we're gonna cut to  
a commercial now, but we'll be  
right back. Joan, you just stay  
where you are. We shall return.

Music. Applause. Taping light shuts off. Tony gets up from  
desk and walks over to where Kaufman is standing off stage.

TONY

Mr. Kaufman, can I speak ta ya  
alone for a minute?

ANDY

Sure, Tony ...

They move to a more private spot.

ANDY

(serious)

What is it?

TONY

It's just that I don't feel right about  
doin' some a these things ya got me  
doin'. Like insultin' Raquel Welch like that.

Andy looks around to make sure no one is listening.

ANDY

Tony, she was acting ...  
Believe me, it was all set up.

TONY

I don't know, Mr. Kaufman. I'm confused.

ANDY

Tony, that's what's making you a big  
star ... the people love it. We're just  
giving the public what they want.  
Tony, statistics show that what we're  
doing actually lowers the crime rate.

TONY

(humbled)  
It does?

ANDY  
Of course. The audience gets to work  
out their aggression coming to your shows.

TONY  
What about this seal thing here?

ANDY  
Look, let me show you again.  
(calling to prop man)  
Hey, Rudy, give me that special prop I wanted.

Prop man walks over to Kaufman, hands him a noticeably fake  
baby seal and leaves.

ANDY  
You see ... here it is.

TONY  
That doesn't look real ta me.

ANDY  
That's because it's not turned on.  
Believe me, Tony, out there you  
won't know it from the real thing.

TONY  
Ya won't forget ta switch 'em, will ya?

ANDY  
Tony, trust me.  
(purposely changing subject)  
Oh, I almost forgot to tell you ...  
Anna arrived.

TONY  
(excited)  
She did! Where is she?

ANDY  
Calm down, she's at a hotel.  
Here's the key.  
(hands him key)  
I had everything arranged.  
Now I want you to go to makeup  
and get touched up a little. Let's

finish this show so we can all  
get out of here. Okay?

TONY  
(almost childlike)  
You bet, Mr. Kaufman. Oh boy,  
Anna's here! I better hurry!

Tony runs off. Kaufman is standing there holding the fake  
seal.

TONY  
(to nearby prop man)  
Rudy! Here, take this.  
(tosses seal)

RUDY  
What do you want me to do with it?

ANDY  
(coldly)  
Ditch it!

PANEL - A FEW MINUTES LATER - TONY

is seated once again. Joan is still holding the baby seal.  
Stage Manager begins counting down. Tony leans over to Joan.

TONY  
(winking)  
Looks just like da real thing.  
(smirk, smirk)

Joan smiles, not sure what he means.

STAGE MANAGER  
Five-four-three-two-one --  
We're on the air.

Applause.

TONY  
(reading from paper)  
Okay, welcome back. My next  
guest is from the regions of  
Newfoundland. Let's have a big  
hand for Mr. Igor Vor ... Vorst.

Applause. Igor Vorst walks out. A mountain of a man, dressed in his native garb. Everything about Igor is big -- except his brain.

TONY  
How ya doin', Igor? It's good  
ta have ya on the show here.

IGOR  
(broken English)  
Good ... yes, good.

Laughter.

TONY  
So tell me, why is it you  
like ta kill baby seals?

Audience is shocked, but laughs.

IGOR  
No like to kill. This is how make living.

Giggles.

TONY  
I see, so you justify your means  
of existence by clubbin' the baby  
seals over da old head dere.

Laughter.

TONY  
That's how you make your bread and butter.

Louder laughter.

IGOR  
No eat bread butter ...  
eat beechuck whale blubber.

Audience is in hysteria.

TONY  
All right, all right, dont' get excited  
dere, Igor. It's just an old sayin' --  
"bread and butter". It's like sayin'  
"here's mud in your eye".

IGOR  
(rubbing eyes)  
No mud in eye. Wash face before come out.

Audience breaks up.

TONY  
(to Audience)  
i think someone clubbed Igor a few times.  
(smirk, smirk)

Audience roars.

TONY  
(back to Igor)  
Well, all right. By some strange  
coincidence, it just so happens that  
we have a baby seal right here on the show.

Laughter. Joan moves over, clutching the baby seal.

TONY  
And if ya like, maybe ya could  
give us a little demonstration.  
Laughter.

IGOR  
I club seal now?

Louder laughter.

JOAN  
What????

TONY  
Sure, go right ahead.

Igor gets up, walks behind a curtain and pulls out a large  
bloodstained club. Tony walks over to Joan.

TONY  
Okay, give him da seal.

JOAN  
(shocked)  
I will not!

TONY  
I said, give him da seal, honey.

Tony reaches ... Joan quickly pulls back. The seal breaks  
free from her hold and falls on the floor. A woman in the  
audience screams. Igor leaps toward the seal, wildly swinging  
his club. The Audience jumps to its feet.

JOAN  
No!! Don't!!!

IGOR  
He no feel! He no feel! I hit him good!

TONY  
(to band)  
How about a little seal killin' music, boys.

Some of the Audience laughs. The seal frantically flees in the nick of time. Igor follows in hot pursuit. Igor swings again, missing the seal, but smashing Tony's desk.

JOAN  
Please, someone help!

The Audience is going wild. Zmuda runs out of the control room with some security guards. The baby seal, tired and out of breath, is sitting helplessly in the middle of the floor. Igor swings again. The club comes smashing down as Zmuda, in the nick of time, grabs the seal. The security guards grab Igor. Tony struts back and forth as the boos, but also laughter, get louder and louder.

INT. ANDY KAUFMAN'S OFFICE - LATER - GEORGE SHAPIRO

is pacing back and forth. Andy is leisurely sitting behind his desk.

GEORGE  
(upset)  
This time you have gone too far ...  
Somebody could have been hurt.  
Thank God Bob save the seal  
from that maniac.

ANDY  
Tony got a little carried away.

GEORGE  
Don't give me that Tony crap, Andy.  
I have eyes. I see what's been going  
on around here lately ... and I don't like it.

ANDY  
Oh -- you don't like it?

GEORGE

No, I don't. Pouring water over someone's head is one thing, but this ... this whole Clifton thing has gotten totally out of proportion. Did you see that audience? They actually wanted that seal to be clubbed.

ANDY

George, you're taking this whole thing too seriously.

GEORGE

Too seriously? Well, somebody had better start taking it seriously ... and somebody had better clue Tony in ... that poor schmuck doesn't even know people are laughing at him.

ANDY

George, you have to learn to relax. You should really start meditating.

Zmuda enters the room.

GEORGE

Andy, I'm warning you ... something has got to change!

ANDY

(had enough)

Yes, something does.

(getting up)

All right, George ... you're fired.

GEORGE

What?!

ANDY

I said, you're fired.  
Pack your things and get out.

ZMUDA

Andy, you can't fire George -- he's the man who discovered you.

ANDY

That's right ... and I'm the man who discovered Clifton.

(to George)

So ... why do I need him?

GEORGE  
(almost relieved)  
You don't need me, Andy ... you don't  
need anyone any more ... you've got  
it all. You're right at the top ...  
just watch yourself on the way down.

ANDY  
(triumphant)  
I don't have to, George.  
'Cause I ain't never comin' down.

George walks to the door.

GEORGE  
Eventually all the assholes come down.  
(opens door)  
Bye, Bob!

ZMUDA  
(fondly)  
Talk to you later, George.

George leaves. From out in the hall we hear:

GEORGE'S VOICE  
Yahoooooo!!

Zmuda laughs to himself.

ANDY  
(catches him)  
And is there anything on your mind?

Zmuda looks Andy straight in the eye.

ZMUDA  
No, but she's still on yours.  
Forget her, man! Quit beating  
yourself up over her.

CUT TO

INT. NEW YORK ESSEX HOUSE - TONY

getting off elevator. He is carrying a small bouquet of  
daisies. He walks down a long hall and stops in front of a  
double door marked, "Suite 2241". He reaches in his pocket

and takes out a key. He is just about to put the key in the keyhole, thinks twice, puts the key back in his pocket and decides to knock first. He is just about to knock, thinks twice about that also.

TONY

(to himself)

Tony, take it easy ... calm down.  
The woman's drivin' you crazy.  
Where's that stuff ...

He reaches in his coat for the Purple Passion. We hear the familiar theme. Tony unscrews the top, turns the bottle over, but only one precious drop drips out. We hear the sax discord down the scale and die.

TONY

What a time to run outta Purple Passion!

He puts the bottle back in his coat, takes a deep breath and knocks on the door. Anna answers.

ANNA

Tony!

TONY

(loss for words)

Hi.

He shifts his weight back and forth.

ANNA

Would you like to come in?

TONY

Yeah, if it's okay.

ANNA

Of course it's okay, it's your room.

TONY

Oh yeah, I almost forgot.

He enters.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

piano, wetbar, everything ... very posh.

TONY  
Wow, what a layout!  
(spots vase with bouquet of roses)  
Hey, who are the flowers for?

Tony walks over to flowers and reads note to himself.

INSERT NOTE

"To Tony and Anna -- Have a wonderful weekend, "if you know what I mean" -- Andy Kaufman

BACK TO TONY

feeling very uncomfortable at Kaufman's insinuation and at the flowers themselves. He takes his flowers and hides them behind his back.

ANNA  
Is that for me?

TONY  
What?

ANNA  
Those flowers you're holding behind your back.

TONY  
Oh, that.  
(pulling out flowers)  
It's nothin'. It's just some old ...

ANNA  
Daisies are my favorite flowers.

TONY  
(excited)  
They are?  
(sheepishly)  
They're for you then.  
(hands her flowers)

ANNA  
They're beautiful. Thank you, Tony.

She kisses Tony gently on the cheek.

TONY  
(flustered)  
Well ... let's see ... you're here ...  
I could hardly believe it ... I'm  
sorta at a loss for words ...  
what would ya like ta do?

ANNA  
We can do whatever you want.  
Isn't your TV show on this evening?

TONY  
(unenthusiastic)  
Oh, that.

ANNA  
Tony, what's the matter?

TONY  
Well ... ta tell ya the truth, Anna ...  
I'm gettin' a little sick a ... Tony Clifton.

ANNA  
Tony, one should never be sick of oneself.

TONY  
It's just that Kaufman's got me doin  
things -- things that I would never even do.

ANNA  
Tony, you should do what you want to do.  
A man should do what makes him happy.  
What makes you happy?

TONY  
I don't even know any more ...

ANNA  
Well, think.

TONY  
... Well, ah ... you make me happy ...

ANNA  
Besides me, Tony.

TONY  
Well ... I don't know ... let's see,  
amusement parks make me happy.

When I was a kid, I used ta go all the time.

ANNA

There you are. What else?

TONY

Let's see ... amusement parks ...  
Bugsy and Aunty Deb make me happy.  
We used ta do a lot a laughin ' ...  
before this big star business.

ANNA

Well, there you have it. Go to an  
amusement park. Go see your friends.  
You have money now, you can do what  
you want. Have some fun.

TONY

Yeah, fun. That's what I should do.  
Have some fun. Have a few laughs,  
a few chuckles.

ANNA

That's the spirit!

TONY

Will you come with me?

ANNA

Of course I will.

TONY

(excited)

You will? Great! Let's see, the first thing  
I'm gonna do is get outta this outfit and  
put on somethin' a little less conspicuous.  
Excuse me, darlin', I'll be right back.

Tony goes into the bedroom.

TONY

(o.s.)

It'll be just like old times ...  
the ferris wheel, cotton candy ...  
I'll even win ya a kewpie doll ...  
I'll see Bugsy, Aunty Deb ...

There is a knock on the door. Anna walks over and opens it.  
In walks a Waiter in tails, wheeling a cart full of caviar and  
champagne.

WAITER  
(very proper)  
Good evening, miss.

ANNA  
I don't believe we ordered anything.

Tony walks out in an outfit that is even more conspicuous than the tux -- orange ascot, bright red pants, an iridescent shirt, etc.

WAITER  
(shocked at Tony's attire)  
My word!

TONY  
What's all this?

WAITER  
Compliments of Mr. Kaufman.

TONY  
Oh, Kaufman again.  
(gets idea)  
I'll tell ya what, my good man ...  
I want ya ta sit right down here ...  
(sits Waiter at table)  
Have yourself a little champagne and  
caviar -- make yourself right at home.  
Here, take your shoes off.

Tony takes Waiter's shoes off.

WAITER  
But sir, this is quite out of the ordinary.

Anna giggles.

TONY  
That's right, it is quite outta  
da ordinary, isn't it? Lemme ask  
ya ... what makes you happy?

WAITER  
I beg your pardon, sir?

TONY  
What do you do ta have fun?

WAITER  
Fun ... well, I don't have fun, sir.

TONY  
No fun?! Well, you're gonna have  
fun tonight, pal. Here's the keys  
to the room, it's good for the whole  
weekend. There's a limo and  
driver downstairs ... they're yours.

ANNA  
Do you have a girl friend?

WAITER  
I have a wife.

ANNA  
Well, give her these.

Anna hands the Waiter the roses from Kaufman, then Tony and  
Anna begin to leave.

ANNA  
Oh, I almost forgot ...

She runs back and gets Tony's bouquet.

WAITER  
But where are you going?

TONY  
Ta win da little lady a kewpie doll.

Anna smiles.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY

B.g. music up. Riding along the highway in a peach-colored  
'57 Chevy convertible, with its top down, are Tony and Anna.  
We can almost feel the warm country breeze, carrying with it  
the fresh euphoric scent of the wide open spaces. THIS is  
what life's all about.

MONTAGE OF TONY AND ANNA HAVING "FUN"

Water skiing, skeet shooting, riding horses; enjoying the  
rides at a county fair ... Tony wins Anna a kewpie doll; late  
night dining and dancing.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT- SIGN

that reads, "Whispering Pines Motel -- Pets Welcome". A quaint little refuge off the beaten track. Tony's car is parked out in front.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - TONY AND ANNA

are sitting up in bed watching TV. On the screen we see:

SCENE FROM "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"

The Hunchback, played by Charles Laughton, is tied to a pillary. He is being whipped unmercifully as the unfeeling townspeople throw garbage at him. Anna, with tears in her eyes, buries her head into Tony. Tony, fighting to hold back his own tears, continues to watch. The poor Hunchback calls out for water, but nobody will give him any. Nobody until Esmeralda (a beautiful peasant gypsy) mounts the pillary. The crowd goes silent. She brings a cup of water to his lips as he pathetically and lovingly looks up at her.

TONY

incapable of holding back his tears any longer, cries. Anna turns to him. Embarrassed, he turns his head away.

ANNA

It's beautiful when people cry together.

Tony turns, looks at her, tears streaming down his cheeks. Anna reaches over and wipes away a tear. Tony lovingly pulls her to him.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. SALT AND PEPPER PLANT - ASSEMBLY LINE

We see Aunty Deb, Conway, Bugsy, and in Tony's old place, Pee Wee.

PEE WEE

(bragging)

Lemme tell ya, last night I had  
myself a great sitchation ... I had  
two of 'em at the same time. One  
looked just like Donna Summer and  
the other looked just like Lola Falana.

KONWAY

(disgusted; he's heard this before)

I suppose it was just like a ham sandwich.

PEE WEE

Dat's right ... how did you know that.  
That's just how it was ...  
like a ham sandwich.

AUNTY DEB

Sounds more to me like a turkey sandwich.

PEE WEE

(upset)

What do you mean by that?

AUNTY DEB

(laughing)

You know what I mean.

PEE WEE

(starting to fight)

No, I don't know what you mean ...  
'splain yo' sef.

The discussion is cut short by the sound of a salt shaker  
shattering to the floor.

AUNTY DEB

What the heck was ...

Bugsy looks as if he has just seen a ghost.

AUNTY DEB

Bugsy, what's gotten ...

CUT TO

TONY

standing a few feet from him.

TONY  
(softly)  
Hi, Bugsy.

BUGSY  
(overwhelmed)  
Hi, Ton.

AUNTY DEB  
Lordy all mighty ...  
it's Tony ... dun come back!

TONY  
Long time no see ...

Bugsy wipes his hands on his shirt and shakes Tony's hand.

BUGSY  
Yeah ... long time no see.

Tony tries to make his friends, whom he hasn't seen in a long time, feel comfortable.

TONY  
(looking around)  
Same old place.

BUGSY  
Yeah, same old place. Nothing ever changes  
around here ... Boy, a lot's happened to you.  
We've seen you on television.

AUNTY DEB  
That's right, Tony, just like you said the day  
you walked outta here ... "the next time you  
see this face it's gonna be on TV" ... and sho 'nuf  
it was! You 'member that day, don't ya Conway?

Konway, still working, looks down grudgingly.

KONWAY  
(mumbling)  
Yeah, I remember.

BUGSY

Yeah, Tony! On TV ... you were  
doin' that Sammy-hammy business.

TONY

Oh yeah, I used ta do stuff like  
that here, remember?

BUGSY

Sure, I remember. And you used  
to get in trouble for it, too!  
(imitating Foreman)  
Clifton, get back to work!

They laugh together again for the first time in a long while.  
The comraderie has been missed.

TONY

(serious)

It sure is nice seein' ya again, Bugsy.

BUGSY

You too, Ton.

TONY

So tell me .. how's everything goin'?  
Are you happy?

BUGSY

Well, yeah ... it's all right ...  
it's not like the good ol' days though.

TONY

Oh no, nothin's like the good ol' days.  
Hey, Bugsy, that reminds me.  
Coulda ya do me a favor?

BUGSY

Sure, Ton, anything. Just name it.

TONY

Ya think I could try the old ...  
(making screwing gesture)

BUGSY

Sure ... go ahead!

Bugsy steps aside as Tony approaches salt shakers. Very  
solemnly he reaches down and screws on a top.

TONY

Thanks, Bugs, I needed that. Hey, listen ...

things are gettin' pretty busy for me lately ...  
there's a few job openin's in my organization.

BUGSY  
(not one to speak up)  
Yeah, Ton?

TONY  
Yeah. As a matter of fact, I'd appreciate  
it if you came and worked for me.

BUGSY  
Tony, you don't owe me nothin'.

TONY  
No, it's not charity ... I mean it.  
I can't do it all by myself.  
I would consider it a privilege  
and an honor if you worked with me.  
Please, Bugs. I need ya.

BUGSY  
Well, since you put it that way ...  
(smiling)  
I accept.

AUNTY DEB  
Hallelujah! Bugsy done got his freedom!

TONY  
That goes for you too, Aunty Deb.

AUNTY DEB  
Me? What are you goin' to use me for?

TONY  
Well, I don't know anybody who  
makes mumbly pie as good as you.

AUNTY DEB  
That's the Lord's truth. I accept ...  
befo' you come ta your senses, child!

BUGSY  
When do we start?

TONY  
Right now. I got a car  
waitin' outside. Let's go.

PEE WEE

Hey, wait a second dere ...  
how about me?

TONY

What about you?

PEE WEE

Ya mean you're gonna leave me here?  
I'm the guy who sold ya da Purple  
Passion in the first place. I told ya  
it would change your life.

TONY

Don't give me any a that "change my  
life" business ... you sold me that bottle  
for nine dollars. I found out later that  
it was only ninety-five cents!  
You ripped me off.

PEE WEE

Can I help it if my eyesight  
ain't what it used ta be?

TONY

Get outta here. Go join a circus before  
I report ya to the Irrigation Department.

Tony turns to leave.

PEE WEE

Wait a minute ... I'd just like ta  
say one thing, if I may.

TONY

(stopping)

All right, but make it snappy.

Pee Wee gets down on one knee and sings a brief heartrending  
rendition of "Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen". By the  
time he's finished, Bugsy, Auntie Deb and Tony all have tears  
in their eyes.

TONY

Okay ... you can come too.

PEE WEE

Thank You, boss ... thank ya.

Pee Wee walks up and joins them. Long shot of all of them as  
they leave the plant. B.g. music playing "Nobody Knows The  
Trouble I've Seen".

CLOSEUP - KONWAY

alone now, working. For the first time we see a different side of him. He appears somewhat saddened. He senses someone and looks up ... it's Tony.

TONY  
(softly)  
You come, too.

Konway looks straight into Tony's eyes for the first time ever. Words are not necessary. They leave together, walking down the long narrow aisle of the factory. When they reach the door that opens to the outside, Conway turns and takes one final look at the last twenty years of his life. Tony puts his arm around him and they leave.

EXT. ANDY KAUFMAN'S HOME - DAY -ESTABLISHING

INT. KAUFMAN'S OFFICE - BEDROOM

round bed that puts Hefner's to shame. Built-in wetbar, stereo, a very erotic painting adorning the wall, etc. Kaufman is in bed wearing silk pajamas and gold chains around his neck. Sharing the bed with him are Mary and X-mas, two sisters whose motto is, "double your pleasure, double your fun". Kaufman is doing just that. There is a knock on the door. Kaufman continues to make out. Another knock.

ANDY  
(yelling)  
Dammit! Just a second!

He gets out of bed and walks to the door.

ANDY  
Who is it?

ZMUDA  
It's me ... Zmuda.

Kaufman opens door just a crack.

ANDY  
I'm busy.

ZMUDA  
(holding up check)

This just came in the mail,  
I thought you might want to see it.

ANDY  
What is it?

ZMUDA  
The check you wrote to Anna.  
She sent it back.

Andy opens the door all the way.

ZMUDA  
It looks like she endorsed it ...  
had second thoughts, then crossed it out.

ANDY  
What? Give me that check.  
(grabs check; stares at signature)  
Smart lady ... She's playing him  
for the big bucks.

ZMUDA  
Oh, come on.

ANDY  
Believe me, I've been there.  
File it away, it just might come in handy.

ZMUDA  
Okay.  
(whispering)  
What've you got goin' in there?

ANDY  
(doing Elvis)  
Two of 'em ... I don't want to be  
disturbed, you understand me, boy?

Kaufman closes door and walks macho-like back to the bed.

ANDY  
How about you two wrestling each other?  
The winner gets me.

They prepare to wrestle. The intercom rings.

ANDY  
(abruptly; into intercom)  
I thought I told you ...

ZMUDA'S VOICE  
Clifton's here.

ANDY  
Clifton! What the hell does he want?  
Tell him I'm meditating.

ZMUDA'S VOICE  
I think you better see him ...  
he's not wearing his tuxedo.

ANDY  
(shocked)  
Not wearing the tux!  
All right, give me a few minutes  
and then send him in.  
(to girls)  
Girls, beat it. I'll call you later.

They start to leave through the front door.

ANDY  
Not that way ... the back!

He slaps one on the ass on the way out. They leave. He walks over to the central control panel and pushes a button. The room mechanically changes. The bed disappears and is replaced by a straw mat. The wetbar rolls into a wall and a juicer with a basket of fresh carrots appears. The erotic art on the wall turns over, revealing a picture of a guru in the lotus position. As Andy begins to change his clothes:

ANDY  
(to himself)  
Someday it's going to give me  
immense satisfaction telling that  
jerkoff exactly what he really is.

There is a knock on the door.

ANDY  
(friendly)  
Just a second, please.

Kaufman has put on a pair of pants and a sweatshirt that reads: "I Love Grandma". He walks over and opens the door. Tony is standing there with a very determined look on his face. He is not wearing the tux.

ANDY

(big smile)  
Tony, it's so good to see you.

Tony enters.

ANDY  
I was just meditating ...  
Would you care for some carrot juice?

TONY  
No, Mr. Kaufman.  
(to the point)  
I've been doin' some talkin'  
ta Anna lately and ...

ANDY  
Yes, Tony?

TONY  
I've decided ...  
I don't wanna do my act any more.

Kaufman's heart skips a beat. The outfit is one thing, but this is a tux of a completely different color.

ANDY  
You don't want to do your act any more.  
But Tony, your concerts draw thousands  
of bucks ... I mean people. You can't stop now.

TONY  
Well, I was thinkin' maybe  
I could do ... a movie.

ANDY  
A movie!

TONY  
Yeah. The other night I was watchin'  
TV and I saw this old movie about a  
hunchback -- y'know, and he was  
callin' out for "wadda -- wadda",  
y'know, somethin' ta drink. But the  
people were throwin' things at him.  
It reminded me when I was a little kid.  
I was yellin' out "wadda -- wadda",  
but nobody would give me any wadda.

ANDY  
(puzzled)

You must be referring to ...  
"The Hunchback of Notre Dame".

TONY  
Yeah, that's it!  
"The Hunchback of Notre Dame".  
Wadda, wadda ... that's the movie I  
wanna do. I wanna play the old hunchback.

ANDY  
(trying not to laugh)  
Tony! "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"  
is a beloved classic. You can't expect  
to do that ... people will die lau ...  
(catches himself)  
... wait a second.  
(the idea sinks in)  
"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" ...  
(excited)  
Tony, I think you've got something there.

TONY  
Ya do?

ANDY  
Yes ... it's wonderful. I can just see it...  
you playing Quasimoto ... the king of fools ...

TONY  
Yeah ... it'll be my dramatic debut.

ANDY  
Oh, it certainly will ...  
(into it)  
I'll even direct it myself.

TONY  
I'm glad ya liked the idea.

ANDY  
Like the idea! I love the idea!  
(leading Tony to the door)  
Just go home and don't worry about a thing.  
(opens door)  
By the way, how's the meditation going?

TONY  
I can't seem ta remember my mantra.

ANDY  
I'm sure if you go home right now

and think about it, it'll come back.

TONY  
(stepping into hall)  
Well, thanks for everything ... Andy.

ANDY  
Don't mention it ... Tony. Bye.

Andy shakes Tony's hand, then closes the door in his face. He runs to his desk, sits down, picks up the phone and dials.

ANDY  
(into phone)  
Hello, operator ... I'd like to place a  
person-to-person call to Mr. Sean Daniel  
at Universal Studios in Hollywood, California ...  
it's from Andy Kaufman. Thank you ...  
Hello, Sean ... dank you veddy much.  
(laughs)  
How are ya ... the golf game's going good ...  
listen ... remember you told me the guys  
in the Tower are going comedy crazy?  
Well ... do I have a movie for you!

Kaufman turns his back to us in his swivel chair.

CUT TO

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE

There is a spectacular Hollywood premier in progress. Kleig lights, red carpets, thousands of fans, limos arriving with "big name" stars. We see a gigantic marquee that reads: "Andy Kaufman Presents Tony Clifton in THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME". Kaufman's extravagant limo pulls up. Kaufman and the two sisters step out. They are all dressed in peach tuxedos. The fans go crazy -- Kaufman yells to them.

ANDY  
(in Latka's voice)  
Dank you veddy much.

The fans love it. He waves and enters the theatre. Next we see Tony and the gang pulling up in his car. The crowd spots Clifton and begins to boo.

TONY  
(raising fist)  
Ah, shut up!

The crowd goes wild and applauds. Tony enters theatre with his friends.

INT. THEATRE LOBBY

Much hoopla. A Photographer comes up to Tony.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Excuse me, Mr. Clifton, could we get a picture of you and Mr. Kaufman together?

TONY

Well ... I'm here with my friends.

ANNA

Tony, it's all right, you go ahead.  
We'll be inside.

BUGSY

Yeah, Tony ... we'll save you a seat.

TONY

Thanks, Bugs, but I think I'm gonna stand in the back. I'm a little nervous.

KONWAY

Tony, you're going to be fine.

TONY

Thanks, Conway.

PEE WEE

Well, let's get a move on.  
I don't wanna miss da comin' attractions.

AUNTY DEB

Dere ain't no comin' attractions, dummy.  
Dis here is a premier.

TONY

Anna, can I talk t'ya a moment?

ANNA

Sure, Tony.  
(to the gang)  
I'll meet you all inside.

The others leave.

ANNA  
What is it?

TONY  
I just wanna say that ...  
(nervous cough)  
This is the most important day in my life ...  
and I'm happy I'm sharin' it with you.

ANNA  
You're a wonderful man, Tony.

TONY  
As a matter of fact, after the movie,  
dere's somethin' special I wanna ask ya.

Anna, almost realizing what it might be, smiles and kisses him.

ANNA  
(straightening Tony's tie)  
Now you go and get your picture taken.

TONY  
(smiling)  
Whatever you say, dear.

Tony leaves.

INT. THEATRE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

filled to capacity. House lights go down. Projector starts up.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE

The camera holds on the facade of the building. At first silence, then we hear the sound of uproarious laughter coming from within. It becomes louder and more frequent.

CUT TO

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - THE SCREEN

At first we see only the back of the suffering Hunchback tied to a rotating pillary. He is wearing a peach colored peasant shirt. The townspeople in the film are laughing at him. Our camera pulls back, revealing the crowd in the movie theatre doing the same. As the pillary turns the Hunchback into view, we see it is Tony Clifton. His face has been deformed to look ridiculous. One eye has been placed in the center of his forehead and two of his teeth curve upward like elephant tusks. To make matters worse, there is a Lucky Strike dangling from his mouth. Even if we don't want to laugh, we do.

HUNCHBACK

Wadda ... wadda ... wadda ...

The audience is hysterical. People are rolling in aisles and slapping the floor. Anna and the gang look around, confused. On the screen we see a henchman wearing a black mask. He begins to whip the Hunchback. Every time the whips meets flesh, he lets out an agonizing "ouch". One audience member is laughing to hard he has to leave. He runs up the aisle, passing Tony, who has been watching from the back.

CLOSEUP - TONY'S FACE

a man whose dream is turning into a nightmare right before his very eyes.

TONY

(to himself)

It's not supposed to be funny.  
Somebody's gotta do somethin'.  
Someone's gotta stop this!

He runs into the lobby. Roars of laughter follow him.

INT. THEATRE OFFICE - KAUFMAN

sitting on the edge of a desk, talking on the phone.

ANDY

Can you hear the laughter? It's a  
hit, baby! I told you, fucker, not  
to make a presale to TV. Now,  
I want ten mil for one run ...  
Let's stick it to those network assholes.

The door flies open and Clifton rushes into the room. Andy changes his voice.

ANDY

Yes, Grandma ... it's very nice  
you called. I love you too, bye.

He hangs up.

TONY

(out of breath)

Mr. Kaufman ... you ... gotta ... stop this.

Kaufman walks towards the open door.

ANDY

Stop what, Tony?

TONY

Stop what? ... Why da movie ... they're laughin'.

ANDY

Oh, that!

(closes door)

I wouldn't pay it any mind, Tony.

TONY

Not pay it any mind ... but it's suppose  
ta ... but, it's suppose ta be a serious film.

ANDY

(as if forgetting and  
suddenly remembering)

Oh, yes ... it was, wasn't it?

(takes out cigar)

Well, you win some, you lose some.

TONY

Win some and lose some ...

I gotta stop it.

Tony makes a move to leave.

ANDY

(strong)

Stay where you are.

Tony, never hearing this tone from Kaufman before, stops in  
his tracks.

ANDY

Tony, I think the time has come for me

to tell you ... the facts of life ... sit down.

TONY  
I don't wanna.

ANDY  
I said, sit down.

Tony slowly does.

ANDY  
Good.

He lights his cigar and settles down to tell "his story".

ANDY  
Do you remember ...  
dank you veddy much? Do you?  
TONY  
Sure ... you were known for that.

ANDY  
That's right ... that's what I was  
known for ... dank you veddy much.  
(louder)  
Dank you veddy much. Do you think  
for one moment I liked doing that?  
A grown man walking around going,  
"dank you veddy much, dank you  
veddy much". Have you any idea  
what it does to you, to say that  
asinine phrase, in that nauseating,  
high-pitched voice, day in and day  
out? And yet I did it ... and why?  
Because it was my gimmick ... my  
trademark ... my five syllable, easily  
remembered combination. It's a  
simple enough formula to understand.  
You take any four or five syllable  
combination that makes up a catchy,  
easily remembered phrase, and spoon  
feed it to the ignorant masses ...  
(counting on fingers)  
"Wild-and-cra-zy-guy".  
"You-can-call-me-Ray".  
"Na-no, na-no".  
"It's-not-my-job-man".  
"Dank-you-ved-dy-much".

He looks Tony straight in the eyes.

ANDY

"Get-cha-hands-off-me". Five  
little words, Tony -- your gimmick.

TONY

I don't understand any a this.  
I'm not a gimmick. I'm a artist.

ANDY

(laughing)

An artist! Theyre are no artists,  
Tony! They all died of starvation,  
or cut their ears off and gave them  
to sluts as going away presents.

ANDY

(continuing)

All that will survive, Tony, are  
men like me ... men who are clever  
enough to know how to make a buck ...  
milk a gimmick ... come on, you didn't  
really believe the audience wanted you  
to play "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"  
seriously! To them, you've never been  
anything more ... than a buffoon ...  
a jerkoff ... and I made that buffoon  
jerkoff ... a SUPERSTAR.

TONY

I'm not a buffoon jerkoff ...  
and you didn't make me anything.

ANDY

(sadistic)

In the beginning you were nothing  
more than ... a pitiful mental case,  
living under the delusion that you  
had what it took to go straight to  
the top. Left alone, after a few  
years of defeat ... you would've been  
forced to face facts and give up that  
ridiculous goal. But, fate entered in ...  
I came along and I took that "pitiful  
delusion" and shaped it into a  
"multi-million-dollar-a-year reality".

(pause)

One could go so far as to ask ...  
Who is the real Tony Clifton?  
The puppet? Or ... the puppeteer?

TONY

(stands)  
I'm ... I'm me ... I'm Tony Clifton ...  
and I'm gonna go out there and tell  
those people what you've been doin'.

ANDY  
It won't do you any good, Tony ... You see,  
I've taken care of that also. I not only created  
you, but I also created the audience's reaction  
to you. They're conditioned at this point.  
No matter what you possibly tell them ...  
they're going to laugh right in your face.

TONY  
Anna warned me about you ...  
but I wouldn't believe her.

ANDY  
(derisively)  
Anna!  
(walking to desk)  
Tony, Tony, Tony ...

Andy reaches in drawer and takes out a check.

ANDY  
I believe you'll recognize  
the signature on the back.

He hands the check to Tony, who turns it over and stares at  
the handwriting.

ANDY  
Anna was being paid to sleep with you.  
They're all alike, Tony ... believe me, I know.  
The trick is to fuck them before they fuck you.

Tony let's out a wounded cry and runs from the room.

MOVIE SCREEN - THE HUNCHBACK

being pelted with ridiculous fruits and vegetables --  
coconuts, zucchinis, watermelons, whole stalks of bananas.  
The audience is hysterical. Tony runs down the aisle onto the  
stage.

TONY  
(screaming)  
Stop the movie! Stop the movie!

The audience, thinking this is all part of the show, laughs louder.

TONY

Stop laughin' ... this isn't a joke!

You people don't understand ...

He was usin' me -- he was usin' all of us.

CUT TO

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - SECONDS LATER - PROJECTIONIST

on phone.

PROJECTIONIST

I understand, Mr. Kaufman ...

under no circumstances stop the film.

The door opens and in runs Conway, advancing threateningly towards the projector. Projectionist attempts to stop him.

PROJECTIONIST

You stay away from that!

Konway hauls off and slugs the man, who falls limp to the floor. Conway then attempts to shut off the projector. Now knowing how, he pulls a fire ax off the wall and begins to smash it. The projector starts sparking ... and comes to a halt.

MOVIE

going dead on screen. Some members of the audience are almost beginning to believe this might be for real.

TONY

Listen ... listen ta me. We've all been duped.

He's not what he seems ta be ... Kaufman is a ...

A tomato hits Tony smack in the middle of the face. He falls to the ground. The audience jumps to its feet. We see Kaufman preparing to throw another one, as ushers are running down the aisles handing out baskets of tomatoes to the crowd.

ANDY

(chanting)

Hit the hunch, hit the hunch, hit the hunch ...

The audience, now thoroughly convinced this must all be planned, begins to unleash a fury of flying tomatoes. Tony is struck repeatedly. He struggles to rise to his feet, only to be knocked down again and again. The audience has gone wild. This is more than mere audience participation ... it is a vindictive mob that has fallen into Kaufman's trap. After the last remaining missiles have found their target, the audience is left not only spent, but almost ashamed. For lying lifelessly before them, in a tomato strewn heap in the center of the stage, is Tony Clifton, their superstar, their five-syllable-easily-remembered-buffoon ... who has just now become ... their victim.

Thunder resounds outside. We see Anna in tears being comforted by Bugsy. Kaufman has a grin of immense satisfaction on his face ... and then ... Tony begins to move. The audience stirs.

TONY

slowly and painfully rising up, tomato guts dripping off him. He is a changed man.

TONY

I ... I feel sorry for you people ...  
I don't think you even know why  
you did this ... I ... I was performin'  
from my heart ... Well, you won't  
have Tony Clifton to kick around  
any more ... 'cause I'm leavin' ...  
and I ain't never comin' back.

Tony walks off through the wings. The camera follows him and for the first time we are made aware of the fact that this is actually being filmed as it happens. A movie within a movie. Camera tremor is evident and we begin to see equipment and crew in the shot. Tony walks up to Zmuda, who appears taken aback with the authenticity of the moment.

TONY

(emotionally)

Zmuda, I thought you and I were  
friends ... why didn't you tell me  
this is what he was leadin' to?

Zmuda looks away, embarrassed. The camera pulls back, revealing the mike boom dangling over Tony's head. Tony runs out of the backstage door.

SLOW FADE

FADE IN

INT. EDITING ROOM - KAUFMAN

the filmmaker, is seated at a Steenbeck editing console. Frozen on the console screen is the footage of what we have just seen. Kaufman turns straight to the camera and speaks:

ANDY

My name is Andy Kaufman, maker of the film you are now watching, "The Tony Clifton Story". On June 12, 1980, nine weeks into the shooting ... and just three scenes away from the completion of this film ... Mr. Tony Clifton, at the age of forty-five, died of cancer at Cedar Sinai Hospital in Hollywood, California. On June 26, 1980, Universal Pictures unanimously decided to support the countless actors, technicians, and various other production staff members, in the completion of "The Tony Clifton Story".

The camera moves in closer.

ANDY

In memory of Tony ... and in all due respect to him and his family, I decided the last remaining scenes would be completed, as written, with myself playing the role of ... Mr. Tony Clifton.

FADE OUT

READER'S NOTE: From now until the end of the film, Andy not only plays himself, but also Tony Clifton. No attempt whatsoever has been made to make him look like Tony except for a moustache and hairpiece. Even the tuxedo hangs loosely from his frame. His portrayal of Tony is exaggerated, to say the least. The film continues where it just left off.

FADE IN

EXT. STAGE DOOR - TONY

(played by Andy) running out of the door, into the rain. He hails a cab, jumps inside and speeds away.

EXT. AIRPORT - HANGAR AREA - CAB

pulls up in the rain. Tony gets out and tosses a handful of money towards the driver. Distraight, he runs off in the direction of the parked planes.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TONY

runs from plane to plane checking to see if any keys are left in the ignition. He finds one, jumps inside and starts flipping and pushing instruments, obviously not knowing what he's doing. The engine starts and the plane heads down the runway and takes off. The plane climbs, dips, climbs, dips and finally ascends into the clouds ...

TIME LAPSE

TONY'S PLANE

flying in the clouds. Over this, newspaper headlines, spinning to f.g., "Clifton Quits -- Steals Plane". Time lapse ... plane in flight ... "Clifton's Plane Still Missing". Time lapse ... plane in flight ... "Tony Lost At Sea -- Feared Dead". Plane still in flight as we hear ... the jungle drums.

INT. NATIVE VILLAGE

Same ritual that took place in the beginning of the film is taking place again. The Chief Headhunter looks up and speaks:

CHIEF HEADHUNTER  
Ola Mu Ta.

Soon we hear a plane's engines failing and ... the crash.

CUT TO

CRASH SIGHT - TONY'S PLANE

crumbled up into a ridiculous smoldering ball ... surely no one survived. The door falls off and Tony steps out, unharmed. He looks at the thick forboding jungle before him.

TONY  
Must be Central Park.

Spots cannibals cautiously approaching with spears.

TONY  
Yep. I was right.

They circle around him.

TONY  
Hey, look guys ... I got no change.

One native pokes him with spear.

TONY  
Hey, take it easy, pal ...  
I'm a personal friend of Muhammad Ali's.

Two more natives poke him.

ANDY  
The way I see it, fellas ...  
(pause)  
... if you don't have green cards ...  
it's all right with me.

They start to close in on him.

TONY  
Come on, guys ...  
let's not lose our heads over this.

They grab him and carry him off.

TONY  
(screaming)  
Getcha hands off me.  
Getcha hands off me ...  
I'll call a cop.

INT. TV STUDIO - WALTER CRONKITE

sitting behind desk.

WALTER CRONKITE  
Hello, this is Walter Cronkite ...  
from presidents to popes to  
assembly line workers in Philadelphia...  
all the world is mourning the  
now-believed death of performer,  
Tony Clifton. Tony, you may recall,  
stormed out of his own premier two  
nights ago, vowing never to return  
again. According to his producer  
and deep personal friend, Andy  
Kaufman, "Tony was in a fit of  
artistic inertia, brought on by  
his ever growing dependency to  
heroin." In a detailed suicide  
letter, found by Mr. Kaufman  
himself, Tony stated ... Life had  
become too much for him ... he  
wanted out. The note went on to  
personally thank Mr. Kaufman for all  
he had done for him. And to show his  
appreciation, he wanted all proceeds  
from any Tony Clifton memorabilia,  
which he was certain would spring up  
after his death, to go directly to  
Mr. Kaufman ... But then, he left these  
last final words to his fans, "I love  
each and every one of you ... remember me ...  
(beat)  
... keep buyin' my records." In life  
he was a giant ... in death, a star who  
will be immortalized throughout eternity ...  
(pause)  
... and that's the way it is ...  
This is Walter Cronkite ... Good night.

MONTAGE OF CLIFTON MEMORABILIA

selling like hotcakes. Various shots of eager fans buying up  
Clifton records, dolls, posters, tuxedos, T-shirts, etc.

Clifton dolls are literally being taken out of store windows ... shop keepers are shaking their heads "no" through locked doors.

INT. GYMNASIUM - A HUGE BANNER

stretched across the wall, reads: "TRIBUTE TO CLIFTON". Zmuda, dressed in a peach tux, is talking over business with Kaufman.

ZMUDA

According to the latest sales figures ...  
record sales have quadrupled in the last  
week ... they can't press them fast enough.

ANDY

How are tickets going  
for the Forest Lawn concert ...  
(correcting himself)  
... I mean, services?

ZMUDA

Went on sale at five-thirty this morning ...  
sold out two hours later.

ANDY

Great! Release the rest to the scalpers,  
at triple the price.

ZMUDA

Gotchya.  
(starts to walk away)

ANDY

And do me a favor ...

ZMUDA

(stopping)  
Sure, what?

ANDY

(referring to the tux)  
Put on something else.

Zmuda leaves. Kaufman walks out onto the gym floor and blows a whistle. From his p.o.v., we see fifty Tony Clifton-Lookalikes lining up.

ANDY

Okay, let's try it again ...  
and remember, men ...

it's up to you to keep the  
legend of Tony alive ...  
in every state of the Union.  
They applaud exuberantly.

ANDY  
First, the cigarettes and strut ...  
  
They all take out cigarettes and light up.

ANDY  
Okay ... Getcha hands off me.

CLIFTON-LOOKALIKES  
(strutting)  
Getcha hands off me.

ANDY  
I'll call a cop.

CLIFTON-LOOKALIKES  
(in unison)  
I'll call a cop.

ANDY  
So, I'm eatin' this bowl a noodles in Cologne ...

CANNIBAL VILLAGE - CLOSEUP - TONY

TONY  
So, I'm eatin' this bowl a noodles in Cologne ...

Camera pulls back to reveal Tony in a large pot of water with a fire lit underneath. The savages are eagerly awaiting the outcome. They are wearing fine French napkins around their necks and grasping silverware... probably left over from the Amelia Earhart crash. One native is chopping carrots into the "stew". Tony speaks to him.

TONY  
Don't skimp, my good man ...  
you wanna be able to savor my flavor.

Even in his last minutes, Tony is "cookin'."

TONY  
Well, since we're waitin' for  
things to heat up here a little ...  
(smirk, smirk)

TONY

(continuing)

... I thought I'd go out on a song ...  
and since we're all strangers  
here -- and it is a lovely night --  
all things considerin' ... I'd like  
ta sing a song that was sung by a  
man named Francis Albert Sinatra ...  
it was a big hit for him in 1964 ...  
let's just hope we can make it a big  
hit underneath the stars here tonight.

A one, and a two ...

(singing)

"Strangers in the night,  
exchangin' glances ..."

The Natives do.

TONY

"Wonderin' in the night, what were  
the chances -- We'd be sharin' love  
before the night was through.  
Do-be-do-be-do -- do-be-do-be-do".

Natives begin to turn to each other and murmur.

NATIVES

"Do-be-do-be-do"?

TONY

Ya wanna hold it down, please ...  
You can all sing after the meal.  
(continues to sing)  
"Do-be-do-be-do".

The Natives excitedly pull Tony from the pot. Clifton  
believes his time has come.

TONY

(scared)

What are you doin'? Please, don't!  
As a matter of fact, let's forget  
the whole thing ... I'll take  
ya all out ta Bob's Big Boy.

They grab him, he faints and his toupee falls off his head.

INT. JUNGLE TEMPLE - MOMENTS LATER

Standing majestically on top of an altar is the Frank Sinatra cut-out. At his feet lay offerings of exotic fruits. Camera pans over to reveal Tony, still passed out, seated upon a jungle throne. The Natives are on their knees, silently bowing in his direction ... his toupee has been placed religiously on top of a nearby skull. Tony is just now coming around.

TONY

(dazed)

Oh ... I must be dreamin'.

Tony's eyes open and slowly begin to focus in ... he sees the skull. Tony screams -- so do the Natives.

NATIVES

Do-be-do-be-do!

Tony faints dead away ... a few beats go by and he begins to come around.

TONY

(eyes closed)

Uh, oh ... I'm wakin' up again.

I hope I don't see ... what I just saw ...

Tony opens his eyes and sees the skull, almost faints, but doesn't.

TONY

Wait a second ... dat ain't me ...

(pinching face)

... Dis is. What's goin' on around ...

(spots Sinatra cut-out)

FRANK!!

NATIVES

(loud)

Do-be-do-be-do.

Tony almost faints again, but this time he investigates further.

TONY

(testing them)

Do ... be.

NATIVES

Do ... be.

TONY

Do ... be.

NATIVES  
Do ... be.

TONY  
(softly)  
Do.

NATIVES  
(exuberantly)  
Do-be-do-be-do.

TONY  
(figuring it out)  
Oh ... I get it ... you think I'm ...  
Well, well, well, wellllll!

Tony starts strutting, picks up a piece of fruit from the altar.

TONY  
Dis is more like it ...  
do-be-do-be-dooooooooo.  
(spots beautiful native girls)  
Yeah, things are beginnin'  
to shape up around here ...

From outside the temple we hear the voice of a Newsboy.

NEWSBOY  
(o.s.)  
Extra ... extra ... read all about it!

TONY  
What's that?

He leaves the temple; the Natives follow.

EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE

NEWSBOY  
Extra ... extra ... read all about it ...  
Clifton burial to be held ...

TONY  
Hey, boy, come here.  
The Newsboy walks over to Tony.

TONY

What's this all about?

NEWSBOY

Golly, mister. Haven't you heard ... they're  
holdin' Tony Clifton's funeral tomorrow!

TONY

What are you talkin' about! ...  
Give me one of those ...  
(grabs paper; reads aloud)  
"Services will be held tomorrow  
for Tony Clifton ... Tickets can  
be purchased through Kaufman  
Productions." Why, that creep ...  
he's still cashin' in on me.

(to Newsboy)

By the way ... what are you doin' sellin'  
papers in the middle of the jungle?

NEWSBOY

Can I help it if they gave me a bad corner?

(beat)

Extra ... extra ...

Newsboy leaves. Tony does a double take as we:

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. FOREST LAWN CEMETERY - NEXT DAY

We see a ludicrous granite statue of Tony pouring a glass of water over the head of John the Baptist. Camera opens up to reveal thousands of people, most of them wearing peach tuxes with black arm bands. A few fanatics are carrying signs that read, "TONY DIED FOR OUR SINS". They have all come to pay their last respects. And pay they will, as the numerous ticket turnstiles can attest to. We see an expensive peach-colored casket sitting open. Lying inside is Tony's peach tuxedo. On the satin pillow we see the last remains of Tony Clifton -- moustache and toupee. Anna and the rest of the gang are present. Kaufman is about to give the eulogy ... he steps up to the podium and points to the organist, who starts playing.

ANDY

(laying it on thick)

We are all gathered here today to  
bid one final farewell to Anthony

Sebastian Clifton -- who passed  
from our midst far too soon. The  
world has lost the greatest superstar  
of all time ... and I ... have lost my ...  
best friend.

Mourning in the b.g.

ANDY

But grieve not, my brothers, for  
Tony need not be forgotten.  
Fortunately, he can be remembered  
forever ... through this magnificent ...  
(pulls album out  
from behind podium)  
DOUBLE MEMORIAL ALBUM. Eighteen  
ninety-five -- album. Twenty-one  
ninety-five -- cassette tape.  
With this priceless recording,  
Tony's voice ...  
(booming)  
Will echo through the canyons and  
resound from the hills, just as if ...

VOICE (o.s.)  
(yelling)  
You creep!

We see Tony charging over the hill riding an elephant,  
followed by the entire Ubangi tribe, in full war dress.

TONY  
(yelling)

That's him, fellas -- grab him!

Natives run after Kaufman, screaming, "do-be-do-be-do". The  
others present are speechless. Kaufman tries to escape only  
to be caught and dragged back to Tony.

ANDY  
(pleading)

Tony, please! Look, I'll give you a  
third of the money! I'm a nice guy ...  
remember "dank you veddy much"?

TONY

Don't give me any a that crap,  
Kaufman ... I've been waitin' ta  
do this for a long time.

Tony takes a major league windup and belts Kaufman right in  
the kisser. Kaufman goes flying straight up in the air, then

falls down and lands in Tony's freshly dug grave. Dazed, he tries to crawl out, only to be clunked over the head with a shovel swung by the Chief Headhunter. Kaufman crosses his eyes and slithers back down. The Natives let out a bloodcurdling "do-be-do-be-do". Everyone else applauds. Tony struts jubilantly back and forth.

TONY

Justice is done ... justice is done.  
Every dog will have his day ...  
Hammy - Sammy ... noodles for everyone.

Tony struts obscenely up to Anna.

TONY

Come here, you two-bit whore,  
let me lay some pipe into ya.

He grabs her forcibly. Just then we hear ...

VOICE (o.s.)

Getcha hands off her.

Tony (played by Andy) turns to see who this voice belongs to. We see it is the real Tony Clifton ... he has returned! Once more we are aware of the fact that this is actually being filmed as it happens.

TONY

Kaufman, where do you get off ...  
tellin' people I died a cancer?

Kaufman lets go of Anna. The entire "cast", especially the girl playing Anna, is genuinely shocked. This is really happening. Even the savages drop their characterizations.

ANDY

Keep the camera going -- this is gold!

TONY

(belligerently; to crew)  
Yeah, you wanna keep playin' with  
your little cameras, go right ahead ...  
it makes no difference ta me.  
(walks right up to Andy)  
And, Kaufman, take off that ridiculous  
disguise before I rip it off your face.

Andy appeasingly takes off the toupee and moustache.

ANDY

Tony, I don't know why you're so upset. If you hadn't walked off the film, you would have seen that you're the hero -- you get the girl. You even get to punch me out.

TONY

Oh ... I get to punch you out? ... Well, maybe I really should. Yeah, that's it! ... 'Cept this time you're not gonna go flyin' thirty feet in the air ... you're gonna be bleedin' in Technicolor.

ANDY

Tony!

TONY

(strong)  
Shut up!

Kaufman does.

TONY

"The Tony Clifton Story ...  
The Tony Clifton Story".  
What bullshit! This movie  
has nothin' whatsoever  
to do with my life ...  
it's total fabrication...  
that Kaufman made up!  
(mockingly)

Hammy - Sammy ... wadda, wadda ...  
I don't even talk like that.  
It was all a lie ... a fantasy.

TONY

(continuing, to Andy)

And where do you get off tellin'  
people I didn't get any until I  
was forty-five years old?

(getting mad)

I oughtta give you five across the face ...  
(a few in the crowd snicker)  
... but that's probably just what  
you want, isn't it? ... So you can  
ge it all on your little cameras

here. Well, I'm sorry to disappoint  
you, Mister Kaufman, but I'm not  
gonna do that. That's not why I  
came back ... not at all. Instead  
I want you to watch very closely,  
because I'm gonna show you the  
difference between me and you.

Tony walks over to Anna. The strut is gone.

TONY  
(tenderly)  
I just wanna tell ya ... that I met  
you while workin' on dis here  
movie ... and I don't even know what's  
goin' on any more, but one thing  
I know for sure ...  
(tears forming)  
... as long as I have you, we can  
move to da country and raise  
chickens for all I care.  
'Cause honey, I love ya.

ANNA  
Oh, Tony! ... I love you, too!

They embrace and kiss lovingly, tears streaming down both of  
their faces. We hear a lone musical intro. Tony and Anna  
turn to see who is playing. It's Pee Wee on a harmonica,  
tears streaming down his face too. Tony begins to sing.

TONY  
(singing)  
"We always have a roof above us  
as long as there's a star, and if  
we have someone to love us,  
we're sure of getting far."  
TONY  
(continuing, singing)  
"You don't need a lot of log and  
stone, build a home on happiness ..."  
(falsetto)  
Alone.  
(loud)  
Come on, everybody, sing along.

The entire cast, Bugsy, Auntie Deb, Conway, Shapiro and Zmuda  
join in.

CHORUS  
"With a million little stars

we can make a raise the ceiling  
with an optimistic feeling  
when we build a little home."

Kaufman appears dumbfounded.

TONY

"Every single little dream  
is a shingle or a rafter.  
We can paint the house with laughter,  
when we build a little home."

Soon it turns into a grand scale musical finale, complete with grave diggers singing and digging in rhythm to the music. The elephant dances in circles. We see caskets spring open as corpses sit up and harmonize. Kaufman takes off for the hills, only to be chased back by the strutting Clifton-Lookalikes, followed by the Natives, all carrying large green cards, followed by tap-dancing bottles of Purple Passion, followed by a gigantic cake on wheels that ominously approaches Kaufman, stopping a few feet from him. The inscription on the cake reads, "To Kaufman, From Tony". The cake begins to vibrate and out pops Marilyn Comstack. Kaufman is stunned.

TONY

Go on, Kaufman. If you don't  
tell her now, you never will.

ANDY

No, I can't.

TONY

Tell her!!

ANDY

(to Marilyn; haltingly)  
One thing ... I know for sure ...  
as long as I have you, we can  
move to the country and raise  
chickens for all I care ...  
'Cause honey ... I love you.

MARILYN

I love you, too.

They embrace. Kaufman smiles tenderly at Tony, who winks back.

EVERYONE  
(singing)  
"With a million little stars  
we can make and raise the ceiling  
with an optimistic feeling  
when we build a little home".

As the spectacular musical number comes to a close, Tony and the entire cast break into "The Clifton Strut". Tony looks directly into the camera and speaks.

TONY  
I just wanna say one last thing,  
if I may. If I made just one  
person happy ... it's all been  
worth it. Thank you and ... good night.

BLACK OUT

ROLL CREDITS as Frank Sinatra sings, "Come Blow Your Horn" --  
Alone.

# THE END