

WEIRD
THE AL YANKOVIC STORY

written by
Al Yankovic & Eric Appel

OVER BLACK

GRIZZLED NARRATOR (V.O.)
Life is like a parody of your
favorite song. Just when you think
you know all the words, surprise...
you don't know anything.

1 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 1

A GURNEY crashes through double doors and barrels down a long hallway, escorted by a team of frantic paramedics.

As the gurney zooms through several pools of florescent light, we see who's strapped to it: a bloody and battered "WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC.

CUT TO:

2 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT 2

WEIRD AL is heaved onto a table. A doctor RIPS open his Hawaiian shirt while another charges defibrillator pads.

DOCTOR
CLEAR!

BOOM! They shock Al's chest... no, he's still flatlining.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
We're losing him!
(to Al)
Come on, buddy, stay with us!

BOOM! They zap Al again. Nothing. The doctors are deflated.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Okay, let's call it. Time of death,
seven thir--

The monitor BEEPS and Weird Al bolts upright, SCREAMING. We FREEZE-FRAME on this.

GRIZZLED NARRATOR (V.O.)
But maybe I'm getting a little
ahead of myself. Why don't we start
back at the beginning?

3 ESTABLISHING SHOT - LYNWOOD, CALIFORNIA - DAY 3

CHYRON: Lynwood, California, 1969

Late afternoon sun bathes a depressing factory town as we CRANE DOWN onto a depressing little house. We hear the MUSIC of "Pico and Sepulveda" - the Dr. Demento theme song.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 INT. YANKOVIC HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 4

We pan across a room littered with various weird toys and novelty items (including a stack of MAD magazines and an Alfred E. Neuman bobblehead), and land on a bed with a large mysterious lump in it. We reveal this to be YOUNG AL (9), hiding under the covers with a clock-radio pressed up against his ear. He is in heaven.

DR. DEMENTO (O.S.)
Wind up your radio! It's time for
the Dr. Demento show! Two hours of
mad music and craaaazy comedy from
out of the archives and off the
wall...

Al's mother MARY (46) enters suspiciously, rips away the covers and shuts off the radio.

MARY
Alfy! Now what did we tell you
about listening to that garbage?

YOUNG AL
Aw, mom! It's Dr. Demento! It's my
favorite show in the whole world!

MARY
It's going to rot your brain!
You're just lucky your father
didn't catch you, mister. You know
how he feels about that kind of
music.

YOUNG AL
Yeah. I know.

MARY
All right then. Well, you go wash
up - dinner will be ready in a few
minutes.

Al sulks out of the room. Mary starts tidying up and remaking the bed as she hums "Onward Christian Soldiers." When she tucks in the sheet, she feels something under the mattress.

She pulls out a crumpled HAWAIIAN SHIRT. She's horrified - it's as if she's found drug paraphernalia.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. YANKOVIC HOUSE - THE DINNER TABLE - NIGHT - LATER 5

Al's father NICK (52), a hard-working blue-collar man, sits at the head of the table, wearing his filthy factory uniform. A black glove covers his wooden hand. There's a tension in the room as they eat their mashed potatoes and peas.

MARY

Alfy, aren't you going to ask your father how his day was?

YOUNG AL

Um, how was your day, Dad?

NICK

How was my day? You want to know how my day was?

He lets out a long SIGH.

NICK (CONT'D)

Well, we had another fatality down at the factory. A real grizzly one too. It was that McKinley kid that started last week. I kept telling him to quit messing around near the industrial shredder, but he just wouldn't listen.

The camera slowly PUSHES IN on Nick as he describes the scene.

NICK (CONT'D)

First it grabbed onto his shirt and started pulling him in backwards. I screamed for him to take it off... and he tried to... but there were just too many buttons. I wanted to reach out and grab him, but I've already lost one hand to that cursed machine. Now it had the kid and it wasn't about to let him go. Grinding. The sound of crunching bones. And as it squeezed the last bit of life out of him... just before it pulverized his skull...

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
he looked me right in the eyes and
mouthed the words, "I'm sorry."

Mary and Al stare horrified.

NICK (CONT'D)
Anyway, there's an opening down on
the floor now. Maybe I can pull
some strings and you can spend the
summer working with your old man.
How's that sound, bucko?

YOUNG AL
No thank you.

NICK
Well, you're going to have to learn
sooner or later. That factory will
make a man out of you.

YOUNG AL
But I don't ever want to work at
the factory. I want to make songs.

NICK
Ohhh, you hear that, Mary? We've
got a regular Bing Crosby on our
hands. Well, go on then. Why don't
you sing a little ditty for us?

Al just stares at his plate.

MARY
Nick, you're embarrassing him.

NICK
Come on, boy. Cat got your tongue?
Let's hear it. You're such a little
songbird, let's hear one right now.

A tense beat. Al looks to his mother's sympathetic eyes and
musters up the courage.

YOUNG AL
(singing)
*"AMAAAZING GRAPES, HOW SWEET THE
JUICE / IT TASTES SO GOOD TO MEEEE"*

Nick angrily SLAMS his fists on the table.

NICK
Stop! That's enough! What in God's
name are you doing?! Those aren't
the right words!

YOUNG AL
I know... I made it better.

NICK
By changing the lyrics to a well-known song?! No, boy. What you're doing is confusing and evil, and I will NOT have that kind of blasphemy in my house!

YOUNG AL
But, Dad--

NICK
What has gotten into you lately, Alfred? The songs, the crazy magazines... let me tell you, it all stops now! You will not besmirch the good name of this family with that cockamamie nonsense!

Young Al scowls and pushes his plate away.

MARY
Honey, I know it's hard to hear this, but I've had a long talk with your father and... well, we agreed it would be best for all of us if you just stopped being who you are and doing the things you love.

YOUNG AL
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME!

A teary-eyed Al gets up from the table and runs to his room. After the door SLAMS...

MARY
I wasn't sure how to bring this up to you, but I found something in Alfred's room today.

She produces the Hawaiian shirt.

NICK
What is this?

MARY
It's a Hawaiian shirt.

NICK
That doesn't even make sense. We're thousands of miles from Hawaii.

MARY

He was hiding it under his mattress. I just don't know where we went wrong with him.

Nick grabs the shirt and examines it for a long time.

NICK

Face it, honey. Our boy is weird.

MARY

I know he's weird... I think I've always known.

They hold each other tight.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 EXT. YANKOVIC HOUSE - DAY - WEEKS LATER 6

A man carrying a bulky suitcase jauntily walks up the steps to the Yankovic residence.

GRIZZLED NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was a few weeks later when a mysterious stranger showed up at my door and changed my life forever.

7 INT. YANKOVIC HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 7

Nick is busily trying to fix a plumbing problem under the kitchen sink when the DOORBELL RINGS.

NICK

Alfred! Go see who that is!

Al opens the door, revealing a door-to-door accordion SALESMAN - a slick, fast-talking, overly enthusiastic "Music Man" type.

SALESMAN

Good afternoon, sir! You're the man of the house, I take it? Well, congratulations, today is your lucky day, because I'm about to make all your dreams come true! Say, want to be the envy of all your friends? The most popular guy in the whole town? Well, everything you need to make that happen is right here inside this box.

He pushes past Al into the living room.

YOUNG AL
Um, my dad is actually--

SALESMAN
Voila!

He opens the box, revealing a shiny new ACCORDION. Young Al's eyes go wide.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
Feast your eyes. Have you ever seen such a gorgeous instrument? Just look at it. Better yet, here, try it on!

The salesman straps it onto Al.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
Remember, when you play the accordion, you're a one man band - the life of any party! There, how's that feel?

YOUNG AL
It's a little big--

SALESMAN
You'll grow into it. Okay, now play something. Go on, tickle the ivories. Don't be afraid. Just play.

Al makes a horrible SQUOOOONK noise.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
Look at that - a natural talent! Don't let that go to waste, son! Buy this little beauty right now and I guarantee you, girls will be lined up around the block! You'll need to hire a lifeguard, 'cause you'll be drowning in so much p--

NICK
What is going on here??!

Al's dad enters, apoplectic with rage.

SALESMAN
Well, good day, sir, I--

NICK

What are you doing in my house? And why is my innocent young child wearing that "devil's squeeze box"?

SALESMAN

Well, sir, that's actually our newest--

NICK

I thought I told you to shut up!!

Nick COLD-COCKS him, sending him into the wall, knocking down some framed pictures. Al is horrified. The salesman dizzily picks himself up.

SALESMAN

Well, no, sir, I'm pretty sure you hadn't asked me to shut up before. But if you'd like me to shut up now, I'll gladly--

Nick HITS the salesman again, and continues WAILING on him through an extended (mostly one-sided) fight during which he is punched repeatedly and heavy objects are broken over his head. At one point Nick SLAMS him back and forth on the floor as if he were a rag doll. It's brutal.

Finally Mary walks in, carrying two bags of groceries. When she notices what's going on she drops them on the floor and rushes over to the bloodied salesman.

MARY

Nick! NO!! What are you doing? Stop it! Stop it right now!!

Nick stops, breathing heavily. He fixes his gaze on Young Al.

NICK

YOU made me do this, boy. You invited this evil into our house. And now look at you. Look at you! Take that sick monstrosity off this very instant. I don't EVER want to see you wearing that thing again!

MARY

(pointedly)

Why don't you go for a little walk, Nick. I think you'd better cool off.

NICK

Yeah. I could use a little fresh air. 'Cause it STINKS in here.

Nick walks out the door, but not before STOMPING the (O.S.) salesman one last time. As soon as Nick is out of earshot, Mary leans down close to the brutally-beaten, barely-alive salesman.

MARY

I'll be right back - don't go away!

SALESMAN

Okay... I'll be right here...

Mary rushes off, leaving the salesman and a traumatized Al to make awkward small talk.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

So... how's school?

YOUNG AL

Um... good.

SALESMAN

Doing okay in your classes?

YOUNG AL

Sure, I guess so.

SALESMAN

Great, great. Well, study hard, kid, or else one day you might wind up having to take a job as a door-to-door accordion salesman.

The salesman COUGHS UP BLOOD and Al grimaces. Mary rushes back into frame holding an old coffee can full of money.

MARY

Mister, we are so, so sorry about this. I'm afraid my husband has a bit of a temper, but he's a good man and he means well. Anyway, if you're amenable... we'd like to buy that accordion.

YOUNG AL

Mom! You mean it?

MARY

Well, I WAS saving this money for an emergency gall bladder operation, but...

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
 how would you feel about an early
 Christmas present?

Young Al is near tears. He HUGS his mother tightly.

YOUNG AL
 This is the greatest thing ever!
 Thank you so much!

MARY
 Just one thing. No one can ever see
 you playing this... ESPECIALLY your
 father. This has to be OUR SECRET.
 You understand me?

Al nods. But something's troubling him.

YOUNG AL
 Mom... does dad hate me?

MARY
 What? No, of course not, sweetie.

YOUNG AL
 Then why is he always so hard on
 me?

MARY
 Listen, you're too young to
 understand now, but just trust
 me... your father has his reasons.

SALESMAN
 I think I've... Yeah, I'm pretty
 sure I've got a collapsed lung.

MARY
 We're trying to have a conversation
 here, sir!!

8

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY - 1974

8

A preppy TEENAGE AL YANKOVIC (aviator frame glasses, attempted mustache) sits alone in the back of the bus. He pulls a MATH BOOK from his backpack and places it on his lap.

GRIZZLED NARRATOR (V.O.)
 For the next few years I kept to
 myself and tried my best to please
 Mom and Dad, but deep down I felt
 like I was living a lie. I was well-
 behaved, I got good grades... but I
 never let anyone know the real me.

Al furtively looks around, then opens the book, revealing that he's sneaking a peek at ACCORDION WORLD magazine, with a hot accordion-playing woman on the cover.

Two teenage boys, KIP and ROBBIE, pop up from the seat behind Al. He quickly stashes the reading material.

KIP

Hey, Yankovic, you going to that party at Hofstadter's tonight? His parents are out of town.

TEENAGE AL

Aw jeez, I don't know. I'm not really allowed to go to parties.

ROBBIE

Come on, man, don't be square. It'll be fun.

TEENAGE AL

Yeah, I'm not really allowed to have fun.

KIP

You don't have to get permission from your parents. Just sneak out.

TEENAGE AL

I don't think I can. My mom tucks me in at night and makes me sleep with the door open in case I have night terrors.

ROBBIE

You have night terrors?

TEENAGE AL

No, but just in case, you know?

KIP

Well... why don't you just use a hay boy then?

TEENAGE AL

A hay boy? What's that?

ROBBIE

You don't know what a hay boy is?! Aw, dude, you've got a lot to learn.

KIP
 Just let us handle everything.
 We'll pick you up after school.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 EXT. YANKOVIC HOUSE - NIGHT 9

MARY (O.S.)
 Nighty night, Alfy...

10 INT. YANKOVIC HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 10

Mary stands in the doorway of Al's bedroom.

MARY (CONT'D)
 Don't let the bedbugs give you
 night terrors.

She clicks off the light and we reveal that in Al's bed is a crudely put-together boy made out of hay. It doesn't even have a face and both of its arms are sticking out the sides of the covers.

11 INT. TEEN PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT 11

Al and his friends open the front door and survey the room. Several teens wear LEDERHOSEN, BAVARIAN SOCKS, and ALPINE HATS. Polka music blares from the speakers. Two HIPSTER TEENS hold court by the record player.

HIPSTER TEEN
 I mean, Myron Floren is great and
 all - Lawrence Welk sure likes him -
 but he's way too overexposed. For
 my money, it's "Whoopee" John
 Wilfahrt that really gets me
 hoppin' and steppin'. I'm all about
 that Minnesota sound, man.

Al stands frozen in the entryway.

TEENAGE AL
 You didn't tell me this was a POLKA
 party!

KIP
 What, do you not like polka?

TEENAGE AL

No, it's not that. It's just... my parents would freak if they knew I was here. I've gotta go.

Al turns to leave. Kip grabs his arm.

KIP

Come on, Al. Live a little. What's the worst that could happen? You might actually let your guard down and enjoy life for once?

Al thinks about it.

CUT TO:

12 INT. TEEN PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

12

The music is blaring, and Al seems to have loosened up a bit - he's even trying to join in on the polka dances. Then, RECORD SCRATCH - the music stops and KIP, grinning conspiratorially, enters the room holding an accordion.

KIP

Hey, you guys! Look what I found!

Everyone OOOHS excitedly and forms a circle around him. Al starts getting nervous.

ROBBIE

Dude! Pass it around! Pass it!

Kip passes the accordion to Robbie like it's a joint. Robbie quickly straps it on and ham-fistedly plays "Chopsticks." The crowd is titillated.

KIP

Awesome! Now, me! Me!

Robbie passes the instrument to Kip, who just makes horrible NOISES with it. The crowd LAUGHS. Al is almost having a panic attack.

ROBBIE

(laughing)

Al, here, you gotta try this.

TEENAGE AL

No thanks. I'm good.

KIP
Yeah, I bet he's got his own
accordion at home.

TEENAGE AL
(nervous)
What? Why would you say that?

KIP
Uhhh, Frankie Yankovic? America's
polka king? Hello!

TEENAGE AL
You KNOW we're not related. At all.

ROBBIE
Aw, come on, Al. Don't be a
chicken.

TEENAGE AL
I'm not. I just-- I just don't want
to play it, okay? Lay off me, man!

ROBBIE
Al's afraid his mommy and daddy are
gonna find out he tried an
accordion.

The teens LAUGH. A needle drops on a record and "The Chicken Dance" begins playing over the speakers. The teenagers all start mocking Al, making CLUCKING NOISES and doing the chicken dance around him.

Finally Al caves in and picks up the accordion. The music stops and the crowd goes quiet. As Al gets the feel of the new instrument, he makes a few SQUONKING SOUNDS with it and the crowd SNICKERS derisively. Then, he takes a deep breath and...

PLAYS AN INCREDIBLE, LIGHTNING FAST version of "The Clarinet Polka."

Teens look around at each other in disbelief. He's an accordion prodigy! When he finishes, he looks up to find a room full of open-mouthed stares. And then, they ERUPT into CHEERS and THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

KIP
Holy crap! You're a genius, Al!

ROBBIE
That was unbelievable!

Suddenly, we hear a POLICE SIREN. The HIPSTER TEEN runs in from outside.

HIPSTER TEEN
It's the cops! Everyone run!

Teens SCREAM and scatter. Al is left holding the accordion.

CUT TO:

13 INT. YANKOVIC HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER 13

A sleepy Mary opens the front door to find Al, escorted by two POLICE OFFICERS.

POLICE OFFICER
Sorry to disturb you, ma'am, but
I'm afraid we found your son at a
polka party. He was playing... an
accordion.

MARY
(genuinely confused)
But that's impossible. Alfy's in
his--

Nick comes out of Al's room, carrying the hay boy.

NICK
A hay boy? Really?!

CUT TO:

14 INT. YANKOVIC HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER 14

Al sits on the couch next to the slumped-over hay boy as Nick paces back and forth.

NICK
What did I do to deserve this? I
feel like I don't even know you
anymore.

TEENAGE AL
You want me to be like you, but I'm
nothing like you. You want me to
work at that factory... I don't
even know what you make down there!
You just call it "the factory"!

NICK

You'll find out what we make at the factory when you work there!

TEENAGE AL

Well, it's my life and I want to make music. And I want to play the accordion!

NICK

Hogwash!

TEENAGE AL

And I'm good at it! I'm really good!

NICK

How did you ever get good at playing the accordion? It certainly wasn't under my roof. Or what, do you sneak out and practice in the woods at night?

TEENAGE AL

No... I play it here at home, quietly, in the closet, when you're not around.

(gaining confidence)

But I'm not a closet accordion player anymore. Now I'm out of the closet, and it feels good!

Nick stares at Al for a long hard beat, then makes a beeline for the closet.

TEENAGE AL (CONT'D)

Wait, what are you doing?

NICK

The closet, you say?

Nick flings the closet door open and starts digging around, chucking things out into the room - boots, coats, brooms.

TEENAGE AL

Dad, come on! Stop it!

Nick pulls the accordion out of the back of the closet. The ultimate betrayal. He slowly turns around and looks at Al with dead eyes, speaking very calmly.

NICK

This is for your own good, boy.

And with that, he lifts the accordion high up above his head and whips it down on the ground as hard as he can, over and over.

TEENAGE AL
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

SMASH! SMASH! Splinters of wood and black-and-white keys fly all over the room. Al runs to the door.

TEENAGE AL (CONT'D)
You think you're going to stop me from playing?! You'll see...
Someday I'm going to be the best-- well, perhaps not technically the BEST, but arguably the most famous accordion player in an extremely specific genre of music! I'll show you! I'll show everybody!

Al runs out the front door, SLAMMING it behind him. Mary comes running down the stairs.

MARY
Goodness! What was all that commotion? What happened? Where's Alfie?

NICK
He's dead.

MARY
WHAT???

NICK
...to me. He's dead to me.

15 EXT. COLLEGE TOWN STREET - MORNING - 1979

15

We tilt up from a pair of CHECKERED VANS and reveal the adult WEIRD AL YANKOVIC walking down the sidewalk, rocking his full classic look: GLASSES, MUSTACHE and LOUD HAWAIIAN SHIRT. He approaches and studies a cork message board.

GRIZZLED NARRATOR (V.O.)
Things at home never got any better after that. But within a few years I graduated, and I was able to move out and live on my own. Well, with three other guys in a dirt-cheap apartment, but the point is, I didn't have to answer to anybody.
(MORE)

GRIZZLED NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Now I'd have a chance to find
 others who would truly understand
 me. I could find "my people."

Al rips the phone number from the bottom of an ad that reads:
 PUNK BAND - LOOKING FOR NEW MEMBERS.

16 INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

16

We see Al's solo audition: he plays accordion while singing a wildly energetic version of "Beat on the Brat" by The Ramones. Unfortunately, it's just not very punk - it sounds like a bouncy, happy polka.

WEIRD AL
 (singing)
 "BEAT ON THE BRAT / BEAT ON THE
 BRAT / BEAT ON THE BRAT WITH A
 BASEBALL BAT / OH YEAH / OH YEAH /
 OH-HO... / OH YEAH / OH YEAH / OH HO
 / HEY! / HEY! / HEY! HEY!"

We reveal that Al is playing for an extremely hardcore-
 looking punk band. They are frozen in disgust and shock.
 Finally, the band's frontman, JOHNNY BARF, stops the
 performance.

JOHNNY BARF
 Okay, that's enough, thank you.
 Yeah. Um, interesting. So... we'll
 let you know.

WEIRD AL
 Great! When?

JOHNNY BARF
 Right now. You didn't make it.

17 INT. AL'S COLLEGE APARTMENT - DAY

17

Still wearing his accordion, Al returns home to the small shabby apartment that he shares with his roommates JIM, STEVE and BERMUDA. He plops down on the sofa with a horrible NOISE.

WEIRD AL
 This sucks. That's the fifth
 audition I've been kicked out of
 this week. It's almost like nobody
 wants to have an accordion player
 in their band!

JIM

That just doesn't make any sense!

STEVE

Yeah, accordions are cool!

BERMUDA

That's the problem with being on the bleeding edge. You gotta wait for the rest of the world to catch up with you.

WEIRD AL

I don't have time to wait. If nobody wants me in their group, I'm just gonna have to go it on my own. I'll prove everybody wrong!

BERMUDA

I know you will, man. Don't worry, it's gonna happen for you. Just hang in there. We got your back.

WEIRD AL

Thanks, Bermuda. All you guys - you've just been so great. I mean, you really get me. It's such a difference after living with my folks for so long.

JIM

Yeah. And you know, the best part of living away from home is you can do anything you want. Hook up with girls...

STEVE

Get high all the time...

JIM

I mean, literally anything. There are no rules!

STEVE

Just last night I was driving down the wrong side of the 101 with my eyes closed, not knowing if I was going to live to see another day or die in a horrible fiery wreck. Suck on *that*, Mom and Dad!

BERMUDA & JIM

You show 'em, Steve! / Stick it to the Man!

High fives all around.

BERMUDA

How 'bout you, Al? What's the one thing you've always wanted to do but were never allowed to?

Al thinks for a minute, then answers wistfully:

WEIRD AL

Make up new words to a song that already exists.

The roommates are briefly dumbfounded. Then:

BERMUDA

Well, you should do that then.

JIM & STEVE

Yeah, absolutely. / No judgements here.

JIM

So why don't you do it right now? Go for it. Make up something brilliant. You can do it.

Al closes his eyes and thinks hard. Nothing.

WEIRD AL

No. It's not that easy. I gotta wait for inspiration to strike. And I'm pretty sure that well dried up a long time ago.

JIM

Oh... well, if you're not going to write us a song... why don't you make us some sandwiches??

STEVE

Yeah, dude, I'm starving!

JIM, STEVE & BERMUDA

Sand-wich! Sand-wich! Sand-wich...

WEIRD AL

(laughing)

Okay, you guys, I'm on it. Hey, Jim, put on some tunes.

Al loads some sliced bread into the toaster as Jim turns on the radio.

"MY SHARONA" by The Knack is playing: "OOH, YOU MAKE MY MOTOR RUN, MY MOTOR RUN / GOT IT COMING OFF OF THE LINE, SHARONA..."

Al digs around in the fridge and pulls out a pack of bologna.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
Hey, Steve, this bologna's got your name on it, can we--?

STEVE
Yeah, sure, open up a package of my bologna.

Al plops down the package of Oscar Mayer bologna on the counter as the song reaches the chorus: "M-M-M-MY SHARONA! / M-M-M-MY SHARONA!"

Only the song doesn't continue on to the next verse, it begins SKIPPING. Al cocks his head and stares at the radio. "M-M-M-MY SHARONA! / M-M-M-MY SHARONA!"

As the chorus repeats, Al looks back down toward the bologna.

We PUSH IN on the package from Al's perspective and then back on Al's face from the bologna's perspective.

BERMUDA
Is this DJ asleep or something? The record's skipping!
(knocking on radio)
Hey! Wake up!

We PUSH IN even closer to Al's face. He's lost in thought.

Closer on the bologna. Then closer on Al.

WEIRD AL
(singing under his breath)
"M-M-M-MY BOLOGNA / M-M-M-MY BOLOGNA..."

Jim taps Bermuda and points to Al, who looks to be having some sort of out-of-body experience.

BERMUDA
Hey, Al... you okay?

Bermuda shuts off the radio and Al snaps out of it. Without saying a word, he grabs his accordion and starts playing the "My Sharona" riff.

BERMUDA (CONT'D)
Uhh...

WEIRD AL
 (singing)
*"OOH, MY LITTLE HUNGRY ONE, HUNGRY
 ONE / OPEN UP A PACKAGE OF MY
 BOLOGNA"*

Al stops playing and breathes deep. His roommates look around at each other, unsure of what they just witnessed. Suddenly, the toast pops up. Without missing a beat, Al immediately launches back into the song.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
*"OOOH, I THINK THE TOAST IS DONE,
 THE TOAST IS DONE / TOP IT WITH A
 LITTLE OF MY BOLOGNA"*

His roommates give each other knowing looks - THEY'RE WITNESSING MAGIC.

STEVE
 Where did that come from?!

JIM
 Dude, I've got chills.

WEIRD AL
 I don't know. It just... came out of me.

BERMUDA
 I've never heard anything like that before. You've got to record it.

WEIRD AL
 Record it? I don't know.

JIM
 Al, you've got something here, and I'm not sure if it comes from God or the devil... but the world needs to hear it.

WEIRD AL
 Aw, forget it, I don't have the money for a recording studio.

BERMUDA
 I think the bathroom at the bus station has pretty good acoustics...

They all look at each other.

SMASH CUT TO:

MONTAGE - SET TO "MY BOLOGNA"

18 INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - DAY 18

The guys burst into a public restroom carrying a chair, a mic on a stand and a reel-to-reel tape deck. There's a SURPRISED MAN standing at the urinal. They hurry him along, help him zip up, and push him out of the room.

Bermuda adjusts the microphone. Jim, wearing headphones, gives a thumbs up. Steve presses record. The tape reels begin spinning.

As Al is performing (now in sync to the music track), someone sneaks out of a bathroom stall behind him and slinks out the room.

19 INT. AL'S COLLEGE APARTMENT - DAY 19

As his roommates look on proudly, Al labels the cassette tape "MY BOLOGNA - Al Yankovic." He slides it into a padded envelope and labels it: "ATTN: THE CAPTAIN BUFFOON SHOW"

20 EXT. COLLEGE TOWN STREET - DAY 20

An OLD WOMAN stands at a MAILBOX, removing a letter from her purse with a shaky hand. Al enters the frame and SHOVS HER OUT OF THE WAY. He SLAM DUNKS his envelope into the mailbox, SPINS AROUND like James Brown and DOES A SPLIT. He gets back up, does the "YES!!" gesture, then runs off excitedly.

END SONG AND MONTAGE.

21 INT. AL'S COLLEGE APARTMENT - DAY - A LITTLE LATER 21

Al enters excitedly.

WEIRD AL

All right! Just mailed the tape off to Captain Buffoon. Whew! Now, I guess all I gotta do is kick back and wait to become famous.

BERMUDA

(laughing)

Yeah, that's not quite how it works, Al. Nobody gets famous overnight - that's a myth.

(MORE)

BERMUDA (CONT'D)

Sometimes it takes years - DECADES
of hard work to get noticed. Look,
I believe in you - I know it'll
happen someday. But you can't just
mail your tape to a disc jockey and
expect to instantly become a
sensation!

Al plops down on the couch.

WEIRD AL

Ugh. Why can't I catch a break?

He flips on the radio and we hear:

CAPTAIN BUFFOON (V.O.)

Captain Buffoon on your radio dial -
no, I'm not making this up, I just
received this tape in the mail a
few minutes ago, and what can I
say... it's an instant sensation!

Al and his roommates' eyes get big as they slowly look around
at each other. Could this really be happening?

CAPTAIN BUFFOON (CONT'D)

It's already the number one most
requested song of the week and
we're playing it all day long, so
here it is once again: Al Yankovic
with "My Bologna"!

The SONG STARTS PLAYING on the radio and the guys proceed to
go COMPLETELY INSANE. Al and Bermuda start LAUGHING and
shaking each other violently, then doing a wild happy dance
where they slap each other HARD. Jim looks like he's
possessed - he starts breaking plates over his head, kicking
over trash cans and destroying kitchen appliances. Steve rips
his shirt off and runs around in circles SCREAMING before
throwing himself through a plate glass window (O.S.) Then
Bermuda squishes Al's face in his hands and says:

BERMUDA

You know what this means, right?
You've gotta get yourself a record
deal!!

"My Bologna" plays continuously as we CUT TO:

Establishing shot of a monolithic building - this is the home
of Scotti Brothers Records.

23 INT. SCOTTI BROS. RECORDS - DAY

23

Tight shot of a portable cassette player playing "My Bologna" on a fancy wooden desk in the Scotti brothers' private office. Al is sitting nervously while TONY and BEN SCOTTI listen to the recording - they are extremely confused and definitely not impressed. (NOTE: TONY SCOTTI is played by the real-life Al Yankovic.) Finally, Tony presses the stop button.

TONY SCOTTI
I've heard enough.

Painful pause.

WEIRD AL
Well? Whaddaya think?

TONY SCOTTI
(sighs)
Let me try to explain something to you. You know why they call it the "record *business*"?

WEIRD AL
Why?

TONY SCOTTI
Because it's a business!

BEN SCOTTI
It's a BUSINESS!

TONY SCOTTI
And this is the stupidest business model I've ever seen. Use your head, kid. Nobody wants to hear a parody song when they can hear the real thing for the same price! I mean, what's the point?

WEIRD AL
With new lyrics, the song kind of takes on a life of its own.

TONY SCOTTI
(stammering)
It's not even a unique talent. Anyone can change the words around to a song. Ben, gimme a song, just name any song.

BEN SCOTTI
Y.M.C.A.

TONY SCOTTI

Okay, great, Y.M.C.A. Here's a
parody off the top of my head.

(thinks, then sings)

"IT'S FUN TO STAY AT THE Y.M.C."--
no, those are the real wor-- wait,
hold on, hold on... Okay, I got it.

(hums, then sings)

"M.C.Y.A..." There, see? Easy.

BEN SCOTTI

What does that stand for?

TONY SCOTTI

It doesn't matter! The point is, if
I had enough time, I'm sure I could
come up with something great.

WEIRD AL

Well, my song was a big hit on the
Captain Buffoon show.

TONY SCOTTI

Wait a minute - hold on - are you
saying Captain Buffoon actually
played your song... on the radio??

WEIRD AL

Yeah...

TONY SCOTTI

Well, why didn't you say so! This
changes everything! Ben, give that
young gentleman a record contract.
We are gonna sign him to a fourteen-
album deal!

Ben hands Al a piece of paper.

WEIRD AL

Really??

TONY SCOTTI

NO!! What do you think I am, an
idiot?

BEN SCOTTI

He's not an idiot.

TONY SCOTTI

I'm not an idiot!

We see that Al was handed a Chinese take-out menu.

BEN SCOTTI
If I may interject here--

TONY SCOTTI
Please.

BEN SCOTTI
I'd just like to say that you've got some nerve coming in here and wasting MY time, and my brother TONY'S time. I'm going to remember your name. Because you, Al Yankovic, are the most untalented, pathetic loser I've ever met in my entire life.

Tony (played by Al Yankovic, remember) gets progressively uncomfortable during this speech. He does a furtive take to camera and pats Ben on the shoulder. Tony very quietly tries to interject, but Ben is on a roll.

TONY SCOTTI
Um, maybe uh--

BEN SCOTTI
You're nothing but a hack! A stupid, useless parasite.

TONY SCOTTI
Take it down a notch--

BEN SCOTTI
A grotesque blotch on humanity. And you're so UGLY.

TONY SCOTTI
Ohhhkay--

BEN SCOTTI
That ridiculous hair, that horrible mustache... You make me want to THROW UP!

TONY SCOTTI
All right, that's enough! Thank you, Ben, for your thoughts.
(to Al)
Look, kid, I'm gonna do you a favor and give you a little free advice. If you've really got your heart set on doing this stupid music of yours... two things. First - maybe you should write more than one song?

BEN SCOTTI

All the biggest musical acts have more than one song in their catalogue.

TONY SCOTTI

That's true. And also - this is important - get yourself out in front of a live audience. Any audience. Just do a few gigs, build up your chops, and then who knows? Maybe... someday... we'll talk again.

BEN SCOTTI

But don't count on it... 'cause you TRULY SUCK.

TONY SCOTTI

Right. Okay, so... we done here?

WEIRD AL

(defiantly)

No... I've got one more question for you.

Ben and Tony are taken aback.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

Do you validate parking?

TONY SCOTTI

Oh yeah, sure. Ben?

Ben stamps Al's ticket.

BEN SCOTTI

There ya go.

WEIRD AL

Thanks.

24

EXT. THE COBRA PIT - NIGHT

24

Dirtbag bikers scuffle on the sidewalk as loud rock music emanates from inside the divey rock club. A marquee above the door reads "OPEN MIC NIGHT."

25 INT. THE COBRA PIT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 25

* The audience violently thrashes around as SKUNK BARF (the same band we saw Al auditioning for earlier) ROCKS OUT on stage. They actually sound really great.

Al peeks out from behind the curtain as the band finishes up.

* JOHNNY BARF
Thank you, we are SKUNK BARF.

HECKLER
YOU GUYS SUUUUUCK!

The audience starts hurling everything that's not nailed down at the stage as bikers and hoodlums swarm the stage and pull the band members into the crowd. Fists fly - bottles are broken - chairs, knives and chains are thrown. It's a melee.

The only person in the club not involved in this fight is a bearded man wearing a top hat and tails, who sits in the back of the room, nursing a fancy drink as chairs fly past him. He actually seems drolly amused by it all.

Al, on the other hand, looks terrified. He quickly shuts the curtain and retreats backstage.

26 INT. THE COBRA PIT - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 26

WEIRD AL
(hyperventilating)
I can't do this, I can't do this...

Jim, Steve and Bermuda hang out on the couches.

JIM
Just relax, you'll be great.

STEVE
Yeah, the new song is a bonafide hit!

WEIRD AL
It's about ice cream!

BERMUDA
Everybody likes ice cream.

WEIRD AL
This seems like more of a whiskey and... heroin crowd. Look, I appreciate you guys being here for moral support and all, but...

(MORE)

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
they are *literally going to kill*
me. We need to leave RIGHT NOW.

BERMUDA
Don't be silly, man, they're going
to love you!

The roommates continue with their positive reinforcement as a
SLEAZY MC pops his head into the room.

SLEAZY MC
Okay, we got most of the blood
cleaned off the stage, so... you're
on. Now.

He leaves.

WEIRD AL
Go start the car.

JIM
Nah, you got this, Al.

STEVE
This is your moment. Go get 'em,
champ!

Al gulps hard and exits the room. The roommates immediately
drop their smiles - they're actually really worried for him.

CUT TO:

27 INT. THE COBRA PIT - THE STAGE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 27

The SLEAZY MC steps up to the microphone.

SLEAZY MC
All right, all right, who's ready
for some more music?

He ducks a bottle. It SMASHES on the brick wall behind him.

SLEAZY MC (CONT'D)
Coming to the stage next, this
guy's a first-timer... Al Yankovic.

Al trepidatiously walks toward the mic stand. There's a
smattering of light applause, some dismissive snickering and
a few BOOOOOs.

The microphone feeds back when Al taps it. SQUEEEEEEEEE!

WEIRD AL

Uh... I hope you guys are ready for this.

Al looks back into the wings - the guys are peeking through the curtain, giving him thumbs up. Al takes a breath, and then launches into the accordion intro for "I LOVE ROCKY ROAD" (his parody of Joan Jett's "I Love Rock n' Roll").

The audience is stunned - their attitude is somewhere between extreme confusion and sheer hatred. Bermuda can't take this anymore - he walks past Jim and Steve onto the stage.

BERMUDA

This guy needs some help.

WEIRD AL

(singing)

"I HEAR THOSE ICE CREAM BELLS AND I
START TO DROOL / KEEP A COUPLE
QUARTS IN MY LOCKER AT SCHOOL..."

As soon as Bermuda starts playing the abandoned drum set, Al smiles and loosens up. We see the crowd starting to nod along to the music - hey, this kid ain't bad.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

"YEAH, BUT CHOCOLATE'S GETTIN' OLD
/ VANILLA JUST LEAVE ME COLD..."

The bearded man in the top hat has taken notice as well - he slowly lowers his drink. Jim and Steve look at each other, shrug, then hurry on stage to play guitar and bass.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

(singing)

"THERE'S JUST ONE FLAVOR GOOD
ENOUGH FOR ME, YEAH ME / DON'T
GIMME NO CRUMMY TASTE SPOON, I KNOW
WHAT I NEED, BABY..."

By the time the first chorus hits, the whole band is playing and the crowd is totally into it - they're pumping their fists along to the beat.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

(singing)

"I LOVE ROCKY ROAD / SO WON'T YOU
GO AND BUY A HALF A GALLON, BABY /
I LOVE ROCKY ROAD / SO HAVE ANOTHER
TRIPLE SCOOP WITH ME... OW!"

Huge CHEERS! As we go into the instrumental section, we see a BIG BIKER (MAMA BEAR) from the crowd approach the BARTENDER (WAYNE).

MAMA BEAR
Gimme a shot of tequila and two
scoops of Rum Raisin.

WAYNE
Uh, we don't sell ice cream here.

Mama Bear grabs him by the collar.

MAMA BEAR
Well, you better start selling it
before this song's over, or you're
gonna have a riot on your hands!

WEIRD AL
(singing)
"WHEN I'M ALL ALONE / I JUST GRAB
MYSELF A CONE / AND IF I GET FAT
AND LOSE MY TEETH, THAT'S FINE WITH
ME / JUST LOCK ME IN THE FREEZER
AND THROW AWAY THE KEY, SINGIN'..."

The entire crowd is now SINGING ALONG enthusiastically.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
"I LOVE ROCKY ROAD / SO WON'T YOU
GO AND BUY A HALF A GALLON, BABY /
I LOVE ROCKY ROAD / SO HAVE ANOTHER
TRIPLE SCOOP WITH ME! / I LOVE
ROCKY ROAD / SO WON'T YOU GO AND
BUY A HALF A GALLON, BABY / I LOVE
ROCKY ROAD / SO HAVE ANOTHER TRIPLE
SCOOP WITH--"

The crowd is going absolutely crazy. This is the greatest thing they've ever seen and the most fun they've ever had in their lives.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
"I LOVE ROCKY ROAD / SO WON'T YOU
GO AND BUY A HALF A GALLON, BABY /
I LOVE ROCKY ROAD / SO HAVE ANOTHER
TRIPLE SCOOP WITH ME!"

Al finishes with a flourish and the crowd goes INSANE. The band members join Al for bows.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
Why didn't you tell me you guys
could play? You're great!

Jim and Steve shrug.

JIM
I guess it didn't feel relevant
until now.

We hear an ICE CREAM TRUCK in the distance as Mama Bear comes running in from outside.

MAMA BEAR
HEY, EVERYBODY! AN ICE CREAM
TRUCK'S DRIVIN' DOWN THE STREET!

The club immediately clears out as people stampede to the door - REVVING MOTORCYCLES and GUNFIRE can be heard from outside. Only the bearded man in the top hat is left behind. He SLOW CLAPS.

28 INT. THE COBRA PIT - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT - LATER 28

As Al packs up his accordion, the bearded man in the top hat appears in the door frame and watches him. Al snaps the locks on the box and stands.

WEIRD AL
Oh hey, I didn't realize...

He recognizes the man.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
Wait a second... you're Dr.
Demento!

DR. DEMENTO tips his hat.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
Oh wow, I am such a huge fan! I
can't believe this - I've been
listening to your show my whole
life! "Wiiind up your radio--"

DR. DEMENTO
Don't do that.

WEIRD AL
Sorry. Um... did you see the show?

DR. DEMENTO
I did. And let me tell you
something. Every once in a great
while I see a talent that I know is
going to make it all the way to the
top. Nervous Norvus.

(MORE)

DR. DEMENTO (CONT'D)
 Wildman Fischer. And now... you.
 What I saw on that stage tonight
 blew my mind. You cracked the code.
 I think you've really got something
 special.

WEIRD AL
 WOW. Thank you so much, you have no
 idea what it means for me to hear
 you say that. I only wish the
 Scotti brothers felt the same way.

DR. DEMENTO
 The suits couldn't spot real talent
 if it was smacking them in the face
 with a dead fish... But I could get
 them to notice you.

WEIRD AL
 How?

DR. DEMENTO
 Leave it to me. I know a thing or
 two about the biz.

WEIRD AL
 Are you saying you want to be my
 mentor?

DR. DEMENTO
 No. I want to be your DEEEEEmentor!

Dr. Demento laughs WAY too long at this.

DR. DEMENTO (CONT'D)
 But first of all, we've got to get
 you a better stage name. Al
 Yankovic? No no no. Terrible name.
 Terrible. *Al Yankovic*. Doesn't
 exactly roll off the tongue, does
 it? It's long, clunky, hard to
 remember. Now, just throwin' this
 out there, but - what would you
 think about changing it to... WEIRD
 Al Yankovic?

Al ponders it.

WEIRD AL
 I love it.

DR. DEMENTO

Great. Hey, I'm having a little pool party at my house this weekend. There are some people I'd love to introduce you to. Why don't you come by and we'll continue this conversation in the grotto?

As Demento heads for the exit he calls back.

DR. DEMENTO (CONT'D)

Oh, and don't forget to staaaaay demented!

WEIRD AL

You got it!

Al laughs and watches him go with stars in his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

30

EXT. DR. DEMENTO'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

30

A pool party is in full swing, packed to the gills with a Who's Who of pop culture weirdos, all decked out in their most iconic looks. As we pan the crowd, we see huge rock stars (ALICE COOPER, DAVID BOWIE, ELTON JOHN, FRANK ZAPPA) and cult figures from movies and TV (ELVIRA, GRACE JONES, etc).

Al enters the party, followed by his roommates/band. Dr. Demento greets Al warmly.

DR. DEMENTO

Ah, there he is, my newest superstar! So glad you could make it! I've been telling everybody about you-- oh. I see you brought your band.

He regards them - they obviously weren't invited.

DR. DEMENTO (CONT'D)

That's... fine. The canapes are over that way, gentlemen, go ahead and grab yourselves a plate. Anyway, Al, let me show you around the place - everyone's dying to meet you.

We follow Al and Demento as they approach PEE-WEE HERMAN and TINY TIM. Pee-Wee does a triple-take as they approach.

DR. DEMENTO (CONT'D)
 Ah, Mr. Herman! I'd like you to
 meet "Weird Al" Yankovic.

PEE-WEE HERMAN
 Ahh, rising young star... pleased
 to meet you!

Pee-Wee extends his hand and when Al grabs it, he pulls it
 off -- a fake hand! Pee-Wee clutches his wrist and falls to
 the ground.

PEE-WEE HERMAN (CONT'D)
 AAAGH! AAAGH! AAAGH!

DR. DEMENTO
 And this, of course, is Tiny Tim...

Tiny Tim flutters his hand in front of his face, clutching
 his ukulele in the other.

TINY TIM
 Ohhhhh, Mr. Yankovic! Ohhhh! Why,
 you're just the cat's pajamas!

WEIRD AL
 (to Demento)
 Is that good?

DR. DEMENTO
 (who knows?)
 Sure.

Demento tips his hat and they move on.

DR. DEMENTO (CONT'D)
 Gentlemen...

We CUT around to other areas of the party - Al is creating
 major buzz. We see ALICE COOPER (with a HUGE SNAKE around his
 neck) and GALLAGHER (with a WATERMELON and SLEDGE-O-MATIC)
 sitting together at a patio table.

GALLAGHER
 So that's Demento's new protégé? I
 heard they don't even hand out
 raincoats and tarps at his shows.
 Pfft, amateur hour.

We see ANDY WARHOL approach SALVADOR DALI (who speaks in a
 thick Catalanian accent).

ANDY WARHOL
 Well, hello, Dali.

SALVADORE DALI
 (thick Catalanian accent)
 Andy, what do you think of this...
 Weird Al? I have a feeling he will
 change everything we know about
 art. I think he will change the
 WORLD.

ANDY WARHOL
 Pfft. I give him fifteen minutes.

*

We see "Pink Flamingos" drag queen star DIVINE chatting with
 a friend while holding what appears to be a fresh dog turd.

DIVINE
 He changes the words to songs?? I
 find that *extremely* offensive.

As Al and Demento approach the cabana, WOLFMAN JACK steps
 directly in front of them, blocking their path.

WOLFMAN JACK
 Well well well, if it isn't Dr.
 Demento.

DR. DEMENTO
 Wolfman Jack? Who let YOU in here?

WOLFMAN JACK
 The Wolfman goes where the Wolfman
 wants, baby. Ow-Ow-Owooooo!

DR. DEMENTO
 Security!

WOLFMAN JACK
 Relax, I just came by to lay my
 eyes on this cat you've been
 parading around - the one who takes
 pre-existing musical compositions
 and completely changes the lyrics.

DR. DEMENTO
 His name's Weird Al.

WOLFMAN JACK
 Well then...
 (extending hand)
 Put 'er there, Weird Al.

Al reaches out, but Wolfman quickly pulls his hand away and
 slides it across the side of his head.

WOLFMAN JACK (CONT'D)
Ooooh, too slow.

A few people SNICKER. Al is embarrassed. A crowd starts to form.

DR. DEMENTO
Hey, what is this?

WOLFMAN JACK
This is me telling you that I know
a hit artist when I see one, and
this kid ain't it. He'll never
crack the top 40. He's too niche.

DR. DEMENTO
This "kid" happens to be the future
of music.

WOLFMAN JACK
Right. Well if he's so great, how
about he comes up with a new parody
song right now, on the spot.

The crowd is intrigued.

WEIRD AL
I don't think that's such a good
idea--

BRITISH VOICE (O.S.)
Do "Another One Bites The Dust!"

WOLFMAN JACK
Haha, that seems fitting. Who said
that?

A very average looking guy with curly brown hair raises his
hand. It's JOHN DEACON from the band Queen.

JOHN DEACON
I did.

He's met with blank stares.

JOHN DEACON (CONT'D)
I'm John Deacon. From Queen. I play
the bass.

Everyone collectively has an "oh right, I sort of recognize
him now" moment. Wolfman turns back to Al.

WOLFMAN JACK
 All right, future boy. Let's hear
 what you can do with "Another One
 Bites The Dust."

The gauntlet has been thrown. Al looks to Demento for help,
 but Demento just gives him a subtle "*you've got this*"
 gesture.

WOLFMAN JACK (CONT'D)
 We're waiting...

Al is frozen. Wolfman smirks and walks back to John Deacon.

WOLFMAN JACK (CONT'D)
 Come on, "guy from Queen," let's
 go find a party with some real
 talent!

Wolfman HOWLS as he puts his arm around John Deacon. The two
 of them LAUGH as they head toward the exit.

Al has a fire in his eyes.

WEIRD AL
 Anyone got an accordion?

Immediately, three accordions are thrust into frame. Al
 considers them all, then chooses the middle one. He straps it
 on.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
 Let's do this.

He launches into "Another One Rides the Bus." Wolfman Jack
 and John Deacon stop in their tracks and turn around. Al's
 band members gather by his side. Bermuda starts THUMPING on
 the accordion case for percussion, Steve makes vocal noises
 ("YEAH!") and Jim does "hand farts." Dr. Demento hands out
 duck calls, sirens, whistles, and various other toys and
 noisemakers to his guests. There is electricity in the air -
 the crowd is spellbound.

*
 *
 *

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

(singing)

"RIDIN' IN A BUS DOWN THE BOULEVARD
/ AND THE PLACE WAS PRETTY PACKED /
COULDN'T FIND A SEAT SO I HAD TO
STAND / WITH THE PERVERTS IN THE
BACK / IT WAS SMELLIN' LIKE A
LOCKER ROOM / THERE WAS JUNK ALL
OVER THE FLOOR / WE'RE ALREADY
PACKED IN LIKE SARDINES / BUT WE'RE
STOPPIN' TO PICK UP MORE - LOOK
OUT! / ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS /
ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS / AND
ANOTHER COMES ON, AND ANOTHER COMES
ON / ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS /
HEY, HE'S GONNA SIT BY YOU /
ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS"

Wolfman Jack and John Deacon are visibly impressed. As the song goes into the breakdown section, members of the crowd join in with clapping and percussion. Pee-Wee Herman does the "Tequila" dance. Salvador Dali plays a large fish with a violin bow.

*
*

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

"ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS /
ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS - OW! /
ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS, HEY HEY!
/ ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS, HEY-Y-
Y-Y-Y-Y!"

The whole crowd is rocking. This is history in the making.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

"THE WINDOW DOESN'T OPEN AND THE
FAN IS BROKE / AND MY FACE IS
TURNIN' BLUE / I HAVEN'T BEEN IN A
CROWD LIKE THIS / SINCE I WENT TO
SEE THE WHO / WELL, I SHOULDA GOT
OFF A COUPLE MILES AGO / BUT I
COULDN'T GET TO THE DOOR / THERE
ISN'T ANY ROOM FOR ME TO BREATHE /
NOW WE'RE GONNA PICK UP MORE,
YEAH!"
"ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS /
ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS / AND
ANOTHER COMES ON, AND ANOTHER COMES
ON / ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS /
HEY, HE'S GONNA SIT BY YOU /
ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS"

*
*

They finish - the crowd GOES WILD. Gallagher SMASHES his watermelon. Wolfman Jack is in complete shock. When he finally speaks, it's in a soft, completely "normal" voice.

WOLFMAN JACK

I don't know what to say. That was the most beautiful thing I've ever heard in my life. You truly have a rare gift, Weird Al.

John Deacon wipes his tears away and approaches Al respectfully.

JOHN DEACON

Listen, mate... we're doing a little show called next week called Live Aid. We would be honored if you would join the band and sing that song on stage with us. What do you say?

He looks at Al hopefully. PUSH in on Al for a dramatic beat. Then...

WEIRD AL

Harrrrrrrd PASS!!

The whole crowd LAUGHS at John Deacon. Dr. Demento makes an L with his fingers on his forehead. Deacon turns and walks away in shame.

A security guard grabs hold of Wolfman Jack's arm and looks to Demento for confirmation, then TASES Wolfman Jack and drags him away.

As we push in on Al's smug expression, the sound of STUDIO AUDIENCE APPLAUSE rises.

CUT TO:

31 INT. THE OPRAH WINFREY SHOW - DAY

31

OPRAH stands in front of a small section of audience holding a microphone.

OPRAH

"Weird Al" Yankovic is one of the most exciting new artists in pop music today. His self-titled debut album, featuring the hit singles "My Bologna," "I Love Rocky Road" and "Another One Rides The Bus," was just certified quintuple platinum. I caught up with "the weird one" himself when he gave me a tour of his brand new Bel Air mansion.

32

INT. AL'S MANSION - DAY

32

Al is taking Oprah through his giant walk-in closet, showing off his Hawaiian shirt collection. He himself is shirtless, with several miniature platinum records dangling over his chest.

OPRAH

I have never seen a collection of Hawaiian shirts like this!

WEIRD AL

Thanks Oprah.

(re: shirts)

This one was given to me by Bob Dylan - cool guy... And this one was custom-designed for me by Giorgio Armani - he doesn't normally do Hawaiian shirts, but he made an exception for me... oh, and this one I picked up at Goodwill - I like it 'cause it's covered with humuhumunukunukuapua'as. That's Hawaii's state fish, y'know.

OPRAH

I did not know that! And what about these necklaces you're wearing?

WEIRD AL

Oh, these? Yeah, I wear one solid platinum record medallion for each time my album went platinum. So... one, two, three, four, five.

OPRAH

They look *heavy*.

WEIRD AL

They are SUPER uncomfortable.

OPRAH WINFREY SHOW INSERTS:

FOOTAGE OF AL AND HIS BAND PERFORMING IN A HUGE ARENA.

FOOTAGE OF AL WAVING TO THRONGS OF FANS AS HE EXITS HIS PERSONALIZED PRIVATE JET.

RONALD REAGAN AND THE POPE BRANDISH THEIR WEIRD AL ALBUMS.

OPRAH (V.O.)

Simply by taking well-known pop songs and changing the lyrics, Yankovic has taken the world by storm. He has the number one album in twenty countries around the world, and he counts among his fans such luminaries as President Ronald Reagan and Pope John Paul II. Even international drug lord Pablo Escobar calls Weird Al his favorite musician.

GRAINY FOOTAGE:

33 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

33

Pablo Escobar and a few of his soldiers fire guns in the air set to the claps in Weird Al's "Ricky."

"HEY, RICKY!" (BLAM... BLAM BLAM) "HEY RICKY!" (BLAM.. BLAM BLAM)

34 INT. SCOTTI BROS. RECORDS - DAY

34

Ben and Tony Scotti (chyroned) sit for an interview.

TONY SCOTTI

The second Al walked into our office I immediately knew... *that kid's got the goods.*

BEN SCOTTI

I took one look at that beautiful, beautiful face - and without hesitation I said, "If we don't sign him TODAY... I will literally kill myself."

INSERT: PHOTOS OF AL ON THE COVERS OF ROLLING STONE, TIME, GQ, TIGER BEAT AND WEEKLY WORLD NEWS.

OPRAH (V.O.)

And it's not just the record company that's cashing in on Weird Al fever - the artists he's parodying are experiencing a phenomenon that's being called "The Yankovic Bump."

CUT TO:

35 INT. NAIL SALON - DAY - SAME TIME

35

As Oprah continues, we see MADONNA getting her nails done. She gestures to a TV mounted on the wall.

MADONNA

Hey, turn this up.

OPRAH (O.S.)

...The Knack, Joan Jett and even Queen have seen their album sales DOUBLE after Weird Al put his own unique spin on their songs, which begs the question: who will be next?

We push in on Madonna's devious expression.

MADONNA

Who indeed...?

CUT BACK TO:

36 EXT. AL'S MANSION - POOLSIDE - DAY

36

Oprah and Al sit across from each other.

OPRAH

Well, you really seem to have the Midas touch. In all my years, I've never seen anything quite like this. Your parents must be very proud.

WEIRD AL

(lost in thought)
Yeah... My parents...

OPRAH
Is everything okay?

WEIRD AL
(snapping out of it)
Huh? Yeah. Yes. Of course. Whose
parents wouldn't be proud?

The camera holds on Al, who is obviously lying to himself.

HARD CUT TO:

37 INT. YANKOVIC HOUSE - NIGHT

37

Mary answers.

MARY
Hello?

WEIRD AL (O.C.)
Hey... Mom, it's me.

MARY
Alfy?

38 INT/EXT. AL'S MANSION - NIGHT - INTERCUT

38

City lights twinkle in the distance as Al stands on the balcony of his master suite. He speaks into a large cordless phone.

WEIRD AL
It's, uh, been a long time, hasn't
it?

MARY
We saw you on the TV.

WEIRD AL
Crazy, right? Who would have
thought? Yeah, I'm actually gearing
up for a residency at Madison
Square Garden. Sold out, 25 nights
in a row. They're moving the Knicks
to some hockey rink in Jersey for a
month.

MARY
Huh!

WEIRD AL

Yeah, livin' the dream. I mean, to have 20,000 people every night singing along to my words to other people's music... I feel truly alive when I'm up on that stage.

MARY

Well, that's nice... Are you eating enough bran?

WEIRD AL

What?

MARY

It's important. Keeps you regular. You know how you get when you're not having regular B.M.s, Alfy.

WEIRD AL

Sure.

MARY

Good.

WEIRD AL

Yup... So... How's Dad?

MARY

Oh, do you want to talk to him? He's right here.

REVEAL: Nick is sitting in a chair next to Mary. He rolls his eyes and motions that he's *not there*.

WEIRD AL

Does he want to talk to *me*?

MARY

Oops, never mind. He just went into the bathroom. I think it's gonna be a long one.

Nick winces. He mimes driving.

MARY (CONT'D)

Nope. Not the bathroom. He's outside. He just got in the car. Want me to get him before he leaves?

Nick violently shakes his head NO and gesticulates wildly. Mary is getting flustered.

WEIRD AL

Uh...

MARY

Never mind. He's speeding away. Oh jeez, he just hit someone!

Nick's eyes go wide - is she crazy?

WEIRD AL

What??

MARY

Not someone! It was just the mailbox! Guess I gotta go fix the mailbox now--

WEIRD AL

He's right next to you, isn't he?

REVEAL: Nick is gone.

MARY

Well... he *was*, but he just got mad and now he's really gone. Your father's a complicated man.

WEIRD AL

Does he ever talk about me?

MARY

Oh sure, all the time. There are so many things he really wants to tell you, but it's difficult for him.

WEIRD AL

Like what? What does he want to tell me?

MARY

Well, mostly, he really just wants to let you know that... he is definitely NOT proud of you.

WEIRD AL

What?

MARY

He told me to be crystal clear about that. Also, he still thinks your parody songs are stupid. And I guess I don't need to tell you how he feels about the accordion, do I?

WEIRD AL

Look, ma, I really-- I gotta go.

MARY

You know, he never really wanted to have kids.

WEIRD AL

Okay, well, it was nice talkin' to ya...

MARY

Listen, if you ever want that job at the factory, I'm sure your dad can pull a few strings...

WEIRD AL

Take care now. Bye.

MARY

Love you!

WEIRD AL

Yep!

Al hangs up, dwells on the moment, then YELLS and throws the phone across the room, SMASHING it. We cut wide to reveal that Dr. Demento (still wearing his top hat) is soaking in a hot tub in the middle of the room, eating guacamole and chips off a tray. He's been there the whole time.

DR. DEMENTO

Tough call with the folks, huh?

WEIRD AL

You know, I can fire up the downstairs hot tub for you if you'd like.

DR. DEMENTO

Nah, don't trouble yourself.

WEIRD AL

It's no trouble at all. There are actually *three* other jacuzzis in the house that aren't here in my bedroom.

DR. DEMENTO

Very kind of you, but honestly, I'm good... You, on the other hand, don't seem to be doing well at all. You wanna talk about it?

Al doesn't at first, but pulls up a chair to the edge of the jacuzzi.

WEIRD AL

It's just... All my life I've wanted my father to accept me for who I am. And I thought that if I became this huge success it would change things, but he still hates everything about me... I don't know. Maybe parody songs ARE stupid.

Dr. Demento slides the tray of chips and guacamole toward Al, who starts snacking on them. Demento gets serious.

DR. DEMENTO

Look. You don't have to do parodies if you don't want to.

WEIRD AL

What are you talking about?

DR. DEMENTO

You can write your own music. You think I took you under my wing just because you did parody songs? I could tell you were a visionary - a true artist with so much to say to the world. I saw something special in you. Something that your father doesn't see, and that... even you don't see... yet.

WEIRD AL

This guacamole tastes funny.

DR. DEMENTO

(laughing)

Of course it does! It's LOADED with LSD.

Al SPITS it out.

WEIRD AL

What??

DR. DEMENTO

You need to open your heart AND your mind. Confront your fears and break the chains. Come with me on a spiritual journey. Find your inspiration!

WEIRD AL

That is totally not cool, man! You
can't just-- Whoa, what's happening
to your head?

We see AL'S POV: Dr. Demento's head now looks weirdly Ganesh-
like. He has sprouted a third eye. We hear SITAR MUSIC.

DR. DEMENTO

Oh! That would be the drugs taking
effect. Just relax and ride it out -
you'll be fine in a couple hours.

Al shuts his eyes tightly and rubs his face.

WEIRD AL

No no no - I'm just gonna close my
eyes, and when I open them,
everything's gonna be completely
back to--

Al opens his eyes, and we see his POV:

39

FULL-ON PSYCHEDELIC NIGHTMARE FREAK-OUT SEQUENCE

39

This is the ultimate bad LSD trip. We're engulfed in a
nightmarish fiery hellscape haunted by the souls of the
damned - Dante's Inferno on acid - where visions of people
who rejected Al earlier in life appear through the flames.

NICK

What in God's name are you doing,
boy?! Those aren't the right words!

MARY

Please, just stop being who you are
and doing the things you love!

*

JOHNNY BARF

You suck, dude.

BEN SCOTTI

You, Al Yankovic, are the most
untalented, pathetic loser I've
ever met in my entire life.

Al's teenage friends, Kip and Robbie, appear making CLUCKING
NOISES and doing the chicken dance.

WEIRD AL

Stop it! Leave me alone!

Suddenly, Dr. Demento floats in, Vishnu-like, as a calming presence.

DR. DEMENTO
Alfred Yankovic. This is your time.
Trust in me, young padawan...

WEIRD AL
Padawan?

DR. DEMENTO
Stupid word I just made up, never
mind. Just believe in yourself and
the song will come to you.

Al concentrates hard and looks as if he's about to have a breakthrough when Nick suddenly reappears looking extra demonic.

NICK
Don't listen to him, boy! You
belong with me! In the factory! It
is your destiny!

Several monster arms enter the frame and pull Al down. He
SCREAMS.

Al is now strapped to a conveyor belt, heading directly into
the mouth of THE INDUSTRIAL SHREDDER that killed "the
McKinley kid" at his dad's factory.

DR. DEMENTO
He's losing his power over you!
Keep going!

WEIRD AL
I can't!

DR. DEMENTO
Maybe you should have a little...
Cap'n Crunch?

Dr. Demento extends a glowing bowl full of Cap'n Crunch
cereal.

WEIRD AL
What?!

Dr. Demento taps the bowl with his spoon. The Cap'n Crunch
turns to...

DR. DEMENTO
Raisin Bran, perhaps...?

WEIRD AL
 (struggling)
 No! I don't want no Cap'n Crunch--
 don't want no Raisin Bran!

Demento now has several arms, all holding different food items: a bunch of bananas, chicken, pie, an egg. He addresses Al with a burning intensity.

DR. DEMENTO
 Eat it. Just eat it.

AL
 I... I don't understand!

DR. DEMENTO
 (deadly serious)
 Don't you make me repeat it.

Al looks down at his feet, which are now inches away from the shredder. He SCREAMS.

WEIRD AL
 WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?!

DR. DEMENTO
 (whispering)
 Now you must die... in order to be
 reborn.

And with that, Al is sucked into the industrial shredder.

His screams turn silent. The screen goes black.

In the distance we see an egg. We hear a muffled GUITAR RIFF coming from inside it. As we get closer to the egg, the guitar becomes louder and clearer - it's the opening riff from "Beat It/Eat It." Finally, the egg hatches and a naked Weird Al (covered in goo) emerges, playing an electric guitar. He slowly raises his head, looking directly into camera, and his face melts off, "Raiders" style.

HARD CUT TO:

40 INT. SCOTTI BROTHERS RECORDS - DAY

40

We DOLLY IN fast on Al kicking open the door to Ben and Tony's office. He throws them a cassette tape as he marches toward Tony's desk.

WEIRD AL
 Put it in.

Confused and a little frightened, Ben puts the tape in the cassette player and presses play. We hear the first few lines of "Eat It."

WEIRD AL (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*"HOW COME YOU'RE ALWAYS SUCH A
 FUSSY YOUNG MAN / DON'T WANT NO
 CAPTAIN CRUNCH, DON'T WANT NO
 RAISIN BRAN / WELL DON'T YOU KNOW
 THAT OTHER KIDS ARE STARVING IN
 JAPAN / SO EAT IT, JUST EAT IT--"*

Tony reaches over and stops the tape, stone-faced.

TONY SCOTTI
 I've heard enough.
 (painful pause)
 It's BRILLIANT!

Al subtly pumps his fist.

BEN
 I'm sorry, I don't recognize the
 tune - what song are you parodying
 here?

WEIRD AL
 I'm not parodying anything. This
 song is completely original.

BEN SCOTTI
 Wait, you wrote the words... AND
 the music?

WEIRD AL
 That's right.

Long pause.

BEN SCOTTI
 Just to be perfectly clear, you're
 saying this is not a parody of an
 existing song, but an entirely
 original composition which you
 wrote *all by yourself*?

WEIRD AL
 Yep.

BEN SCOTTI
 Not based on anybody else's song in
 any way?

WEIRD AL
Did I stutter??

Ben shrinks. This new version of Al is a little meaner.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
I'm tired of people thinking I'm
some kind of *joke*. I'm done writing
parody songs. Done! From now on,
I'm only going to do totally
original music.

Al puts a cigarette in his mouth and flips open a zippo
lighter.

TONY SCOTTI
Well, I am blown away. This is a
bold new direction. I mean, the
parodies were fine, but... you've
completely changed the game here.
This is gonna be your biggest hit
yet!

BEN
(realizing)
Oh, Al, you can't smoke in--

Al grinds out his cigarette on the back of Ben's hand.

BEN (CONT'D)
Ow! Y'know, I totally deserved
that.

CUT TO:

41 INT. AL'S MANSION - DAY

41

The DOORBELL is ringing over and over and over. Al (now
wearing a Hawaiian silk robe) makes his way across the large
room.

WEIRD AL
Okay, okay! Hold your horses!

Al irritably opens the door and finds Madonna posing there
(in her "Desperately Seeking Susan" look) chomping gum. Their
entire conversation is extremely flirty and sexually charged.

MADONNA
"Weird Al" Yankovic...

WEIRD AL
Um, do I know you?

*
*

MADONNA

I don't know... do you?

She blows a bubble. It pops.

WEIRD AL

Well, that's sort of why I'm asking, because I'm not sure if I do or if I--

MADONNA

Madonna. Ring any bells?

WEIRD AL

Oh, riiight. Madonna. Lucky Star, Holiday, Borderline... Born in Michigan. Catholic school girl. Dropped out of college and moved to New York City with nothing but the clothes on your back and 35 dollars in your pocket. Maybe it was to become the "Queen of Pop," maybe it was to get back at Dad for marrying the housekeeper.

MADONNA

Wow. Sounds like you know a lot more about me than you let on.

WEIRD AL

What can I say? I'm full of surprises.

She crosses into the foyer. Looks around.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

So, what brings you here, Madonna?

MADONNA

Oh, I was just in the neighborhood. Wanted to find out if my Map to the Stars' Homes was accurate.

WEIRD AL

Guess you won't need a refund then. Is that... all you wanted?

Madonna eyes the gold and platinum records hanging on the wall.

MADONNA

No. I want a lot of things. But the truth is, I'm a big fan of yours.

WEIRD AL
Join the club.

MADONNA
Have you heard my new single, "Like
a Virgin"?

WEIRD AL
Oh, I've heard it. And I'm curious -
is that song... autobiographical?

Madonna turns and walks toward Al. She gets very close.

MADONNA
Yes. Well, I'm *technically* a
virgin. Except for the fact that
I've had a lot of sex... I mean, a
LOT.

WEIRD AL
I see.

MADONNA
Anyway, I was wondering if you were
going to do a parody of my song?

WEIRD AL
(coyly)
Maybe...

MADONNA
(turned on)
I like that.

Their faces are now inches apart.

WEIRD AL
So... would you like to see the
rest of the house?

MADONNA
There's only one room I'm
interested in seeing.

WEIRD AL
Well I'm doing some work to the
bathroom, but there's another one
downstairs.

MADONNA
Oh, I'm not talking about the
bathroom.

WEIRD AL
Then let me show you to the laundry
room.

MADONNA
Al Yankovic, are you playing games
with me?

WEIRD AL
...Yes?

SMASH CUT TO:

42 INT. AL'S MANSION - MAKE OUT SPOTS - DAY 42

Al and Madonna are making out all over the house, SLAMMING
against walls, SLAMMING into the floor, crashing into
everything not bolted down. It looks incredibly intense and
sort of painful. Madonna cries out in ecstasy:

MADONNA
Oh! You're SO WEIRD!

DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. AL'S BEDROOM - DAY 43

We see Al and Madonna in bed, exhausted, ostensibly post-
coitus. They smoke while they share pillow talk.

WEIRD AL
So... are we like boyfriend and
girlfriend now?

MADONNA
(coyly)
Maybe...

They both LAUGH like a giddy couple in their honeymoon
period.

WEIRD AL
Well now that things are official,
I have to be honest with you. When
I said I might do a parody of your
song? I lied.

MADONNA
So what they're saying *is* true.
You're *not* doing parodies anymore.

WEIRD AL

My song "Eat It" - which, as you know, is 100% original - is the biggest hit by anybody, ever. So I've decided that's all I want to do from now on. Completely original songs.

Madonna is disappointed, but somehow even more turned on.

MADONNA

See, that's what I love about you, Al. You know what you want, and you know how to get it... just like me.

She fixes on him with an intense, almost creepy stare. It's bordering on uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

A44 INT. POOL HALL

A44

We see a clip of the pool table scene from the "EAT IT" video (Daniel's face replaces Al's):

WEIRD AL (IN VIDEO)

(singing)

"JUST EAT IT, EAT IT / DON'T YOU
MAKE ME REPEAT IT / HAVE A BANANA,
HAVE A WHOLE BUNCH / IT DOESN'T
MATTER WHAT YOU HAD FOR LUNCH /
JUST EAT IT, EAT IT, EAT IT, EAT IT
/ EAT IT, EAT IT, EAT IT, EAT
IT..."

We pull back to reveal the video playing on a TV in...

44 INT. DR. DEMENTO'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

44

Demento turns off the TV and sits down behind his desk, chuckling.

DR. DEMENTO

Welp, I just got the official word - you've broken the Beatles' record for most songs in the Billboard Top Ten!

WEIRD AL

(unimpressed)

Oh. Cool.

Demento was expecting a bigger reaction, but - whatever.

DR. DEMENTO

Okay! Well, I also have some very exciting offers to, uh...

We reveal that Madonna is sitting right next to Al, fiddling with his shirt. She's a pretty distracting presence in the room, and Demento is obviously uncomfortable that she's there. Throughout the meeting, she engages in various inappropriate PDA with Al.

DR. DEMENTO (CONT'D)

...to discuss with you. We've been getting a lot of calls.

Demento picks up a notepad and begins reading.

DR. DEMENTO (CONT'D)

Let's see here - Led Zeppelin has been talking about getting back together, but they said they'd only do it if they could open up for you on tour.

WEIRD AL

Oh. That's sweet, but I already offered the gig to Howie Mandel.

DR. DEMENTO

Yes, but this would be... um...

We see that Al and Madonna are full-on MAKING OUT. Finally Demento CLEARS HIS THROAT to get Al's attention.

WEIRD AL

Look, I'm not bumping Mandel for Zeppelin, all right? Pass!

DR. DEMENTO

Okay... Well, there's now a serious offer on the table for you to replace Roger Moore in the James Bond franchise, and I really think it's worth--

WEIRD AL

NO. I'm not gonna be the new James Bond, I'm not gonna be the new Indiana Jones... everything I do from here on out is going to be *original*! How many times do I have to say that?

MADONNA

Listen, Mr. Pimento, we got places to be. How much longer is this gonna take?

Demento is clearly not liking this new dynamic.

DR. DEMENTO

Almost done. We also got another request for Al to play Pablo Escobar's 40th birthday party.

MADONNA

(interested)

Ooh! I saw him on the news. He's a really big deal.

WEIRD AL

The drug lord? Ugh. Why is that guy so obsessed with me?

DR. DEMENTO

He's increased his offer to three billion pesos.

WEIRD AL

How much is that in American money? Eh - never mind, I don't feel like doing the math. Pass.

DR. DEMENTO

Oh, I've already done the math. It converts to--

WEIRD AL

Bup, bup, bup - I can do my own math, and I said I don't want to. So, pass.

Dr. Demento closes the notebook. There's definite tension in the room, which Madonna quickly makes worse.

MADONNA

Hold up... Alfie, are you chewing *my* gum?

WEIRD AL

I don't know... maybe. You wanna come get it?

Madonna growls like a cat as she climbs on top of Al. Demento, grossed out, pulls his top hat down over his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

45 INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

45

Al and Madonna sit at a table surrounded by fancy diners in black ties and evening gowns. They stick out like sore thumbs.

WEIRD AL

You don't think things are moving too fast with us, do you?

MADONNA

Baby, don't be silly. We're soul-mates. This is true love. I mean, when you know, you know.

WEIRD AL

You're right. This has been the happiest six hours of my life.

They reach across the table and hold hands. A WAITER approaches.

WAITER

Mr. Yankovic, you have a phone call at the bar.

WEIRD AL

(to Madonna)

Excuse me, my love.

Al makes his way over to the bar and picks up the phone.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

This better be good.

46 INT. SCOTTI BROS. RECORDS - NIGHT - INTERCUT

46

Tony Scotti is on the other side of the phone.

TONY SCOTTI

Well...

WEIRD AL

What's going on, Tony?

TONY SCOTTI

I thought you should hear it from me first. Michael Jackson has just released a new single called "Beat It." It's... well, it's a parody of "Eat It."

WEIRD AL

(stunned, sputtering)

What the-- You mean that kid from the Jackson Five? Why is that has-- been trying to ride my coattails?

TONY SCOTTI

Uh, he's actually got a pretty successful solo career now--

WEIRD AL

Whatever. You're telling me Michael Jackson recorded a parody... of MY SONG.

TONY SCOTTI

Yeah, that's what I'm saying. Same music, different words.

WEIRD AL

What kind of sick freak changes the words to someone else's song?

Tony starts to reply, but then thinks better of it.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

"Beat It," huh? Wait, so it's about eggs?

TONY SCOTTI

Well, no, it's not even about food, it's about fighting...? Or avoiding a fight? I'm not entirely--

Al angrily SLAMS the phone down on the bar several times.
SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! Other patrons look over nervously.

WEIRD AL

What gives him the right?! Can he even do this?

TONY SCOTTI

I think you're maybe overreacting a little. Hey, this might even help promote *your* song, sell a few more records--

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!

WEIRD AL

I don't need to sell more records, Tony! I need people to start taking me seriously as an artist that creates original music!

(MORE)

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

Now some idiots will probably get confused and think "Beat It" came first!

TONY SCOTTI

(scoffs)

Nobody's going to think that.

WEIRD AL

This is a DISASTER. For the rest of my life I'm gonna be linked to this Michael Jackson guy.

TONY SCOTTI

And why would that be so bad? Look, maybe it's a good thing. I think it's a huge honor, Michael's one of the biggest stars in the world. And I highly doubt an association or relationship with Michael Jackson could ever wind up being awkward or problematic at any point in the future.

Tony winces as he hears: SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!

CUT TO:

47 INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - AL'S TABLE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 47

Al sits back down with Madonna.

MADONNA

Is everything okay?

WEIRD AL

Everything's pretty freaking NOT okay. I finally created something on my own, and now people are just going to think I'm ripping off Michael Jackson.

(agonized soul searching)

Am I doing the right thing? Maybe I *should* have stuck with parody songs. I don't know. I'm so confused.

The waiter approaches with two dinners.

WAITER

Your filet.

Al SMACKS it out of his hand. Food spills all over the floor.

WEIRD AL
I think I lost my appetite.

MADONNA
Babe, you seem really upset. You
should have a drink.

WEIRD AL
I don't really drink.

MADONNA
If there's one thing I've learned
in life... the only thing that'll
clear your head and make you feel
better is hard alcohol. And lots of
it.

WEIRD AL
Well... okay. You know me better
than anyone. I trust you.

Madonna leans in to the waiter, who is on the ground,
cleaning up the mess.

MADONNA
He'll have a whiskey - neat.

She looks back over at Al. His head is down on the table and
he's CRYING.

MADONNA (CONT'D)
(to waiter)
You know what - maybe you should
bring the whole bottle.

A duplicitous smile grows on her face.

48 EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - JOE ROBBIE STADIUM - DAY 48

We see the huge arena in Florida where Al and the band are
playing. The marquee says SOLD OUT.

49 INT. JOE ROBBIE STADIUM - STAGE - DAY 49

Jim, Steve and Bermuda are on stage, pacing and noodling
around with their instruments, looking extremely bored. Weird
Al stumbles on stage - clutching a half-empty bottle of
whiskey, EXTREMELY drunk. Madonna is with him.

WEIRD AL
The king is here! Let's get this
party started!

JIM

Dude. Sound check was supposed to start, like, three hours ago.

WEIRD AL

Well, I wasn't *here* three hours ago, so it's starting *now*!

BERMUDA

Whoa, is that Madonna? What's she doing here--

WEIRD AL

Hey! My GIRLFRIEND has every right to be here! We're in LOVE, okay?

The bandmates sneak concerned looks at each other.

STEVE

You're drunk, aren't you?

WEIRD AL

I'm not drunk, YOU'RE all drunk...

JIM

This is pointless. Hey man, why don't you just get out of here.

WEIRD AL

I need to get out of here? YOU need to get out of here.

BERMUDA

Guys, guys, come on. Look, Al, this is the first show of the tour, it's kind of a big deal - do you think maybe you can manage not to screw this up for everybody?

WEIRD AL

What are you gonna do, fire me? Ha! You guys are nothing without me. You know why people are coming to this show? To see ME! I'm indispensable! You... are the *opposite* of indispensable! I could replace you with a *drum* machine!

(motions to Jim)

And you with a *guitar* machine!

(motions to Steve)

And you with... I don't know-- some *other* machine! You're all just a bunch of normals. I'm the weird one. I'M THE WEIRD ONE!!

The band collectively gives up and starts walking off the stage.

JIM
Okay, that's it.

STEVE
You've changed, man. The fame's
really gotten to you.

BERMUDA
Just clean yourself up before the
show tonight, all right? You're a
mess.

After they've left, Al takes another huge swig from the bottle.

MADONNA
(re: band)
They seem nice!

Dr. Demento hesitantly walks on stage, catching Al's attention.

WEIRD AL
Oh, great, what do YOU want?

DR. DEMENTO
Uh, Al? May I talk to you for a
minute? Privately?

WEIRD AL
Look, anything you wanna say to me,
you can say in front of my
GIRLFRIEND!

Dr. Demento acknowledges her, SIGHS, then awkwardly begins.

DR. DEMENTO
Okay then. I think Madonna is a bad
influence on you. I think she's an
evil, conniving succubus who's just
using you for her own pathetic,
selfish needs.
(to Madonna)
No offense.

Madonna waves it off.

DR. DEMENTO (CONT'D)
All she wants from you is that
sweet, sweet Yankovic bump.
(MORE)

DR. DEMENTO (CONT'D)

She knows her record sales will go through the roof if you parody her.

WEIRD AL

This woman is the best thing that's ever happened to me. And besides, I already told her I wasn't doing any more... wasn't doing any...

DR. DEMENTO

You're so drunk you probably couldn't even GIVE her the Yankovic bump!

WEIRD AL

That's not true! I'll come up with a parody right now! Instead of "Like a Virgin," it'll be... "Like a... Like a..." Shut up! It's impossible, nothing rhymes with "virgin"!

DR. DEMENTO

Just be careful, Al. Once she's done with you, she's gonna drop you like a sack full of spoiled cabbage.

WEIRD AL

Shut up! Shut up!! You're not my DAD!

He stomps out off the stage. Demento shrugs at Madonna.

DR. DEMENTO

I never claimed that I *was*. Odd of him to say that.

(beat)

I did like "Lucky Star."

MADONNA

Oh, thanks. Excuse me...

She runs to catch up with Al, still stumbling drunk.

MADONNA (CONT'D)

Baby, where you going?

WEIRD AL

Gotta go for a little drive. On my own. Clear my mind.

MADONNA

No, honey, stop! Wait! You can't do that... without your car keys!

She smiles and hands him a ring of keys.

CUT TO:

50

EXT. LONG LONESOME ROAD - EARLY EVENING

50

Teary-eyed, Al drives recklessly down the road while taking swigs from his whiskey bottle. He CLICKS on the radio to distract himself from the travails of superstardom. We hear:

RADIO DJ

(laughing)

Wow, well, we can't wait. Weird Al hits the stage at Joe Robbie Stadium tonight at eight o'clock, and it's gonna be off the chaaaaaaain--

Al disgustedly changes the station. It's playing "EAT IT." He changes it again. "I LOVE ROCKY ROAD." He changes it again. "ANOTHER ONE RIDES THE BUS." He changes it again. It's the SPANISH STATION. Al smiles... finally, an escape!

SPANISH DJ

(rapidly, in Spanish)

This is ground-breaking. Earth-shattering. We have never seen or heard anything like this since the dawn of mankind. Ladies and gentlemen, witness the power and majesty of Mr. "Weird Al" Yankovic!

Al rolls his eyes when he realizes the DJ is talking about him. He changes it again. "I LOST ON JEOPARDY." He changes it again. "MY BOLOGNA." Al changes it again, back to the original station. He looks down as he begins lighting a cigarette with both hands.

RADIO DJ

--multi-platinum smash hit recording artist "Weird Al" Yankovic. I tell ya, there's just no stopping that guy - Weird Al can do no wrong!

When Al finally looks up, he sees headlights coming straight for him. He jerks the wheel and SCREAMS as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

51 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT 51

We're back at the first scene of the movie. A GURNEY carrying Weird Al crashes through double doors and barrels down a long hallway, escorted by a team of frantic paramedics.

CUT TO:

52 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT 52

They ZAP Al with defibrillator pads. No response.

DOCTOR

Okay, let's call it. Time of death,
seven thir--

Suddenly, the monitor BEEPS back to life and Weird Al bolts upright, SCREAMING. The doctors are taken aback. Al realizes where he is, takes it all in, and then... inspiration strikes.

WEIRD AL

Quick! I need some paper... and a
number two pencil!

REVEAL: Madonna is there to hand it to him.

MADONNA

Here you go, baby.

Al starts scribbling lyrics furiously. The doctors are concerned.

DOCTOR

Uh... ma'am, I don't think he's in
any condition to be doing this
right now--

MADONNA

Look, there's no time! He's got a
show in thirty minutes!

CUT TO:

53 INT. JOE ROBBIE STADIUM - STAGE - NIGHT 53

The lights come up on Weird Al's band, playing the opening to "LIKE A SURGEON." Al is dressed in O.R. scrubs, writhing around on a hospital bed. Male dancers wearing cone-bras are doing a choreographed routine around it (a la the performance from Madonna's Blonde Ambition Tour). The crowd is losing their minds.

*
*

WEIRD AL

(singing)

"I FINALLY MADE IT THROUGH MED
SCHOOL / SOMEHOW I MADE IT THROUGH
/ I'M JUST AN INTERN / I STILL MAKE
A MISTAKE OR TWO / I WAS LAST IN MY
CLASS / BARELY PASSED AT THE
INSTITUTE / NOW I'M TRYING TO AVOID
/ YEAH, I'M TRYING TO AVOID A
MALPRACTICE SUIT"

We see Madonna watching from the wings of the stage with a satisfied look on her face. This is exactly what she wanted.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

(singing)

"HEY, LIKE A SURGEON / CUTTIN' FOR
THE VERY FIRST TIME / LIKE A
SURGEON / ORGAN TRANSPLANTS ARE MY
LINE / BETTER GIVE ME ALL YOUR
GAUSE, NURSE / THIS PATIENT'S
FADING FAST / COMPLICATIONS HAVE
SET IN / DON'T KNOW HOW LONG HE'LL
LAST / LET ME SEE THAT I.V. / HERE
WE GO, TIME TO OPERATE / I'LL PULL
HIS INSIDES OUT / PULL HIS INSIDES
OUT AND SEE WHAT HE ATE / LIKE A
SURGEON, HEY! / CUTTIN' FOR THE
VERY FIRST TIME / LIKE A SURGEON /
HERE'S A WAIVER FOR YOU TO SIGN"

The band keeps playing as Al stumbles over to Madonna.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

This is all for you, baby! I love
you so much--

He starts to collapse and Madonna props him up.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

I think I should have stuck around
for that blood transfusion. I feel
like I'm gonna pass out.

MADONNA

You're killing it, babe! Now get
back out there!

*

Madonna signals to Al's dancers who carry him back on stage.

WEIRD AL

(singing)

"LIKE A SURGEON / OOH, LIKE A
SURGEON / WHEN I REACH INSIDE /
WITH MY SCALPEL, AND MY FORCEPS,
AND RETRACTORS / OH OH, OH OH, WHOA
OH / OOH BABY, YEAH / I CAN HEAR
YOUR HEARTBEAT / FOR THE VERY LAST
TIME..."

*

Al collapses. The crowd goes WILD. The dancers carry him backstage.

54 INT. JOE ROBBIE STADIUM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 54

Madonna hands him a bottle - he swigs from it.

MADONNA

Come on, babe, you've got a costume
change - one more song, then we can
go home and sleep it off.

Madonna helps him to his feet and helps remove his scrubs. Underneath, Al is wearing nothing but tight leather pants. He looks up and sees his wardrobe assistant walking toward him carrying his RED "EAT IT" JACKET. Al looks at it with great disdain.

WEIRD AL

Wait - what is this? I'm not
wearing that.

MADONNA

It's your "Eat It" jacket, babe.

WEIRD AL

Not any more it's not. That's a
Michael Jackson jacket now! I don't
want to look at it, get that thing
out of my face!

The wardrobe assistant is dumbfounded - she takes it away. Al starts staggering toward the stage, bare-chested.

MADONNA

Honey, wait! Aren't you forgetting
something?

She hands Al a fresh bottle of whiskey. Al drunkenly blows her a kiss and stumbles back onto the stage.

CUT TO:

55 INT. JOE ROBBIE STADIUM - STAGE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 55

The band starts playing "Eat It" as Al enters, chugging whiskey. He pulls the bottle away from his mouth and SPIT-SPRAYS into the air. The song clumsily falls apart as the band notices his condition. The audience starts to BOO. Al grabs the microphone.

WEIRD AL
Oh, BOOOOOOOO! BOOOOOOOOO! Right?
That's you guys! BOOOOOOOOOO!

The BOOS continue.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
Oh, what - you wanna hear "Eat It"?
Do ya?!

The crowd starts CHEERING.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
Okay, here you go!

He makes a LOUD, WET FART SOUND into the microphone.

The crowd goes back to BOOING. Al goes on a drunken Jim Morrison-style rant.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
You're all a bunch of slaaaaaves!
You're idiots! You're morons! But
oh, you paid good money to see the
show? You worked your little butts
off at some dangerous factory? God
only knows what they make there!
Nobody'll tell ya that!

Al's bandmates look around at each other, shrug, and launch into a Doors-like GROOVE. The booing calms down.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
You like getting pushed around? You
like letting everybody push you
around? I think you do! You like
letting your DAD push you around?
You like letting MICHAEL JACKSON
push you around? Well... what are
you gonna do about it?! What are
you gonna do about it?! What are
you gonna doooo...

Al chugs more whiskey. POLICE OFFICERS begin gathering in the wings.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
So, do you wanna see it?

The audience CHEERS. Al starts gyrating his hips.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
You want me to show it to you?!

More CHEERS.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna whip it out! You don't
think I'll do it, do you? I haven't
whipped it out yet, but I'm gonna
whip it out for you... but only if
you realllly want me to.

The crowd starts chanting "WHIP IT OUT! WHIP IT OUT!"

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
All right, here goes...

Al turns around and bends over. The cops are ready to pounce.
When he stands back up and spins around we see that he's...
HOLDING HIS ACCORDION!

Cops rush the stage and TACKLE Al to the ground. SQUOOOONK!

CUT TO:

56 INT. NEWS DESK - NIGHT

56

CONNIE CHUNG sits in front of an unflattering photo of Al
with the graphic: "WEIRD ALCOHOLIC?"

CONNIE CHUNG
We're sorry to interrupt the
president's address, but we have
breaking news. Parody songsmith
"Weird Al" Yankovic was arrested
earlier tonight in Miami-Dade
County for lewd behavior. We bring
you now to the jail...

57 EXT. MIAMI-DADE COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

57

LIVE news camera footage of Madonna escorting Weird Al out of
the jail. They're surrounded by shouting reporters and
paparazzi. Al is still shirtless, with a blanket draped over
his shoulders.

MADONNA

Give him some space, you vultures!
Can't you see he's in pain?!

She pushes Al into the back of a limo as the cameras continue flashing.

58 INT. DINER - LATE NIGHT

58

CLOSE ON: A coffee mug is refilled.

Al and Madonna sit across from each other. Madonna is excitedly pitching future plans, while Al - now sobered up but looking like he's been through the wringer - passively goes along with them. He's in a very fragile place, emotionally vulnerable, near tears.

MADONNA

So here's my thought - I really think this is a great idea, I hope you like it... We team up, right? I'll write all the... y'know, "good" songs - the real songs - and then you follow them up every time with a parody! Bam! Bam! It's perfect.

WEIRD AL

(smiling weakly)
Sounds great.

MADONNA

It's foolproof. We'll be unstoppable. We'll be the hottest power couple in the entire music industry. What would our power couple name be? I'm thinking "Madankovic," or maybe "Madonnavic"... Or maybe just "Madonna!" Ah, there'll be time to figure all that out. But can you imagine the world tour? "MADONNA... with Weird Al." All that money. Ooh, I just got the tingles. But, I mean, you're okay with all this, right?

*

WEIRD AL

(long sigh)
Look, babe, I'm seriously okay with anything you want to do... I mean, look at me. I'm a train wreck. I'm barely holding it together.

(MORE)

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

My parents wrote me off... I pushed away my band, Dr. Demento, everyone who was important to me... You're all I've got. You are literally the *only thing* I've got left. If anything happened to you... I don't know what I'd do.

Madonna smiles appreciatively... and a BAG GOES OVER HER HEAD. She's being kidnapped! Two men in ski masks drag her out of her seat, kicking and SCREAMING. Al stands up in a panic - what's going on here? A guy in a nearby booth stands up and points an Uzi right at Al.

TERRORIST DINER PATRON
Relax, Mr. Yankovic. We just want to borrow your girlfriend. Just stay calm and nothing will happen to you.

Al starts SOBBING and freaking out.

WEIRD AL
Oh please, sir... oh please... whatever you do...

With lightning fast reflexes, Al kicks the butt of the gun, sending a string of bullets into the ceiling.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
(suddenly ice cold)
Don't hurt me.

He grabs his mug off the table and splashes hot coffee in the waiter's face. He goes down.

Al turns to see the masked men dragging Madonna out the door. He calls out after her.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
MADONNA!

Two sets of hands grab onto Al's shoulders. It's the guys that were sitting at the table behind him. This was all a trap! It's Al versus everyone in the restaurant.

Like John Wick in a Hawaiian Shirt, Al stomps down and breaks one of their legs. He goes down SCREAMING. Al smashes a coffee mug on the other guy's head and lays him out.

The diner patron gets back up and tries to tackle Al. They fight their way across the diner before Al gets the better of him and throws him into a jukebox. Sparks fly.

When Al looks up, a short order cook is running at him with a raised kitchen knife. Al grabs a metal napkin holder off the table and launches it at the cook's face so hard it knocks him backwards off his feet.

* Al jumps over the counter and fights two more cooks. He gets one of them tangled in his apron and then runs his head down the counter, smashing through cake displays.

* Another large cook comes out of the kitchen with a frying
* pan. After a brutal fight, Al comes out on top and presses
* the cooks face into a panini press. It sizzles as his arms flail. Then they stop.

Al DINGS the bell on the counter.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

Order up.

Al runs out into the street, just in time to see a windowless van pulling away. One of the ski-masked assailants leans out of the back and yells to him:

KIDNAPPER

PABLO ESCOBAR SENDS HIS REGARDS!

He LAUGHS and SLAMS the back door. Al stands in the middle of the street, silently watching the van as it burns rubber down the road. Then he says with grim determination:

WEIRD AL

Pablo Escobar... you just made the biggest mistake of your life.

DISSOLVE TO:

59 OMITTED 59

A60 EXT. JUNGLE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY A60

Beautiful aerial footage of a lush jungle. It's peaceful... but not for long.

60 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 60

Two guards armed with assault rifles patrol the jungle. They speak to each other in subtitled Spanish.

GUARD 1
 (swatting his neck)
 Ugh. Getting eaten alive out here.
 (then)
 Hey, you got a smoke?

GUARD 2
 Yeah, here you go.

As he lights his partner's cigarette, we hear a twig SNAP in the distance. The guards perk up.

GUARD 1
 You hear that?

GUARD 2
 (pointing)
 Yeah, I think it came from over there.

The guards raise their rifles and step away from their vehicle, slowly entering the jungle.

ANGLE ON: Their boots CRUNCH on the ground below. It's impossible to move through this jungle undetected.

They both come to a stop and survey the area. Beads of sweat drip from their brows. It's tense.

We hear another twig SNAP.

GUARD 1
 OVER THERE!

Pointing their weapons at the same target, they both UNLOAD THEIR CLIPS! When the dust settles...

GUARD 2
 We got him.

They relax their weapons and walk over to the dead body, give it a kick...

GUARD 1
 Wait a second. This isn't a man...

We reveal the body on the ground...

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
 It's a hay boy!

Ninja-like, Weird Al drops down from the trees, landing behind them.

He grabs one of the guards from behind and uses his gun to shoot the other, then breaks that guard's neck. Al bends down and picks up a weapon.

WEIRD AL
This'll do.

CUT TO:

62 INT. PABLO ESCOBAR'S COMPOUND - DAY

62

Al kicks the door in and is surprised to find a large BIRTHDAY PARTY in progress. Balloons, streamers, a piñata, and a huge banner that reads HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PABLO! Pablo Escobar is happily celebrating - he's front and center at the table (think "The Last Supper") with Madonna bound and gagged at his side, and a dozen or so sicarios and henchmen wearing dopey party hats. A three-piece MARIACHI BAND is playing. Al sets his gaze on the drug lord.

WEIRD AL
ESCOBAR!

Escobar speaks loudly over the music.

PABLO ESCOBAR
Ah, Mr. Yankovic! We were expecting you. Welcome! As you know, I'm a huge fan of your music. You're very big in this country. I got all your albums through the Columbia House Record Club. Twelve for a penny - great deal! Anyway, I hope that you will forgive me for kidnapping your lovely girlfriend, but it seems that was the only way I could guarantee that you'd show up at my birthday party. Your agent is a real nightmare to deal with. Excuse me, let me just turn down the music...

He SHOOTS his gun over the heads of the band - they duck, cover, and run for the exit.

PABLO ESCOBAR (CONT'D)
That's better, now I can hear myself think. Anyway, we're just about to cut the cake - can I offer you a slice?

Al's still trying to process all this.

WEIRD AL
Uh - no. No cake.

PABLO ESCOBAR
Fine. Well, more for us! Haha!

WEIRD AL
I just want my woman. Then I'll go.

PABLO ESCOBAR
I'm afraid that's not how this works, Mr. Yankovic. You can't leave until you perform for us.

WEIRD AL
No dice. Not gonna happen. I'm not your monkey...

Madonna has managed to get the gag out of her mouth.

MADONNA
I can do "Borderline"...

Pablo waves her off - not interested.

PABLO ESCOBAR
Really, Mr. Yankovic - why all the drama? You're already here. Just sing one measly song for us, and we'll let you go. Just one song. How about... that wonderful Michael Jackson parody you did.

Oops. Wrong thing to say. There's fire in Al's eyes.

WEIRD AL
That's. Not. A. PARODY!!!

Al OPENS FIRE on the narcos - a brief gun battle ensues in which all of Pablo's men are killed. It's insanely violent. Weird Al lights these dudes up.

PABLO ESCOBAR
Stop! Stop stop stop!

Cease fire. Pablo looks around at his men on the ground.

PABLO ESCOBAR (CONT'D)
Well, first of all... RUDE... and second of all, if you really, really don't want to entertain us, fine. You and your lady-friend can just leave.

WEIRD AL
 (taken aback)
 So... we can go now?

PABLO ESCOBAR
 Oh, sure, whenever you like...
 PSYCH!

Pablo Escobar SHOOTS Al in the chest. He drops to the ground.

MADONNA
 NOOOOO!

PABLO ESCOBAR
 Very unfortunate. He was a god
 among men, but now - worm food. Oh
 well! Back to the party! Shall we
 cut the cake?

Pablo swivels the cake around and shows it to Madonna - it
 looks like a cake for a 7-year-old ("HAPPY 40th PABLO! YOU'RE
 AWESOME!")

Al's eyes open. He slowly staggers back up.

WEIRD AL
 Pablo, you forgot one thing...

Al rips his shirt open. We see the bullet lodged in one of
 Al's platinum medallions.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
 I'm certified platinum.

Escobar is in shock. Al yanks the chain off his neck and all
 the medallions drop to the ground in slow motion. All but
 one. Al brandishes it.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
 Hey, Escobar... *Eat it.*

Al flings the remaining medallion at Pablo and it embeds
 vertically in his forehead. A single drop of blood runs down
 his face and he falls backwards to the ground. Madonna looks
 at Al in disbelief. He runs over and starts untying her.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
 Come on, let's get out of here...
 Lemme just grab these necklaces.

Madonna stands and surveys the carnage as Al pulls the
 platinum medallion out of Escobar's forehead.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

Gross.

He wipes the blood off on the leg of his pants. And heads off to collect the rest.

MADONNA

You just killed Pablo Escobar!

WEIRD AL

Yeah, I know. I've killed *so many* people this week. Before last Thursday, I never really killed anyone. Huh, the things we do for love, right?

Al's already half-way to the door, but Madonna hasn't moved. She's lost in thought. He turns back.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

Come on!

MADONNA

Wait, wait... Just... hear me out here. With Escobar out of the picture, maybe... maybe WE can run the drug cartel.

WEIRD AL

What are you-- what??

MADONNA

Supply and demand, baby. Look, SOMEBODY'S gotta run the cartel. And it might as well be me-- US!

WEIRD AL

You can't be serious. What about all our plans... writing songs together, touring together...?

MADONNA

Yeah, but why rule the music industry when we can rule the WORLD?! All the money and power is *right here*.

WEIRD AL

Madonna, that's... No way. My life is in America. And my family would never forgive me if I became involved in a drug cartel.

MADONNA

Your family has already disowned you, Al. I'm all you've got, remember? And we'll still be together. I'll be the head of the cartel, and... and you'll be my number two!

WEIRD AL

...Your number two?

Suddenly it all becomes very clear to Al.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

I can't believe this. Dr. Demento was right. You WERE just using me to further your career, weren't you?

MADONNA

Well... Yeah. My relationship with you was a business decision. So is this. It's all just... business.

WEIRD AL

Wow. Well... okay, then, that's it, I guess. Um, have a nice life.

Al reluctantly turns to go. A bullet WHIZZES past his head.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

WHOA!!

Al turns around and sees Madonna holding Escobar's gun. She looks a little crazy.

MADONNA

(starting to weep)

You know I can't let you leave, Al. You know too much.

WEIRD AL

What are you talking about??

More bullets WHIZ past him. They hit bags of cocaine which are piled up by the door, creating a cloud of white dust.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

Whoa!! STOP that!!

MADONNA

We could have been such a beautiful team.

(MORE)

MADONNA (CONT'D)

And by the way, I decided I do like
 "Weirdonna" better than
 "Madankovic." But that's all over
 now. Our partnership is officially
 dissolved.

She FIRES more shots. They miss, but hit more bags of coke,
 creating a larger cloud.

WEIRD AL

Goodbye, Madonna.

Al sadly disappears through the cloud of white powder. When
 Madonna runs out of bullets, she drops the gun and SOBS while
 doing "VOGUE" moves with her hands.

63 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

63

Al solemnly walks back through the jungle staring at the sun
 through the trees.

GRIZZLED NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yeah, I had a lot of soul-searching
 to do. Was I a parody singer? An
 original artist? The most dangerous
 assassin in the world? Maybe I *had*
 lost my way. Don't get me wrong,
 there were things I loved about
 being Weird Al... the fame, the
 money, the fancy dinners, joining
 the Illuminati, going to the
 Illuminati holiday party, learning
 the truth about the moon landing
 and JFK... but without my *family*,
 none of that mattered. I knew what
 I had to do.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 EXT. THE FACTORY - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

64

We finally catch a glimpse of the miserable factory where
 Nick Yankovic works. Brick buildings. Smokestacks. Definitely
 doesn't look like it belongs in Southern California.

65 INT. FACTORY - DAY

65

CLOSE ON: A time-card punches in and is placed in a rack. It
 reads "Alfred Yankovic."

Al, now wearing a blue work uniform like the one we saw his dad wearing earlier, is being ushered to his work station by a FLOOR MANAGER. There are buttons and levers and cranks and lots of SPARKS flying everywhere.

FLOOR MANAGER

It's pretty simple. When the light turns green, you turn this crank to the left. When it turns red, you stop and pull this lever down. When it turns green again, you push the lever up and turn the crank back to the right, and... Yep, that's it. Lunch is at 12:30.

WEIRD AL

Hey, can I ask you a question?

FLOOR MANAGER

Sure.

WEIRD AL

What exactly do we make at this factory?

FLOOR MANAGER

(laughing)

Your old man *said* you were funny.

(walking away)

Ha! That's a good one...

Al watches him go, then turns back to his station. The light turns green, he cranks left. SPARKS. The light turns red, he pulls the lever. SPARKS. He lets out a SIGH. Repeat. Repeat.

A SIREN BLARES. Al looks to the other end of the factory. A worker has just been torn to pieces by a machine. Factory workers scramble around, slip on the blood. Al continues to mindlessly turn cranks and pulls levers as he watches the mayhem.

NICK (O.C.)

Hey...

Al turns around and finds himself face to face with his father for the first time in years.

NICK (CONT'D)

You got a minute?

Al stares at him for an uncomfortable beat.

WEIRD AL

Well? What? You wanna take a swing,
old man?

NICK

No. It's just... What are you doing
here?

WEIRD AL

What am I doing here. Really? My
whole life, I've been trying to
please you. But I was never enough.
You were always disappointed in
your *weird son*. So yeah, I gave up
the most successful music career in
history to come work at this
miserable factory. Because that's
exactly what *you've* always wanted.
And it's *STILL* not good enough for
you?

NICK

Look. I appreciate what you're
doing here, but... this isn't the
life for you.

WEIRD AL

What, I'm not even good at turning
cranks?!

NICK

Alfred, that's not what I'm
saying...

WEIRD AL

Well, what are you saying then?!

NICK

I was wrong to stand in your way.
This isn't what you're meant for.
You're special. You're *Weird Al*.
And you're my *son*. And I wanted to
tell you... I'm so proud of you.

Music SWELLS as Nick starts unbuttoning his uniform.

WEIRD AL

Wait - what are you doing?

Nick opens his uniform up and reveals what he's wearing
underneath: A HAWAIIAN SHIRT. Al is confused. Emotions are
swirling around in his head.

With tears in their eyes, the two men hug.

ANOTHER SIREN BLARES. Screams can be heard from the other end of the factory. Nick pulls away from the hug.

NICK
I'm gonna have to go help clean up
the blood. Why don't you come by
the house for dinner tonight? Mom'd
love to see you.

Al watches as Nick hurries away.

66

INT. YANKOVIC HOUSE - EVENING

66

Al and his parents are having a lovely dinner at home (NOTE: Mary has literally gained about a hundred pounds since we last saw her). They really seem to be enjoying each other's company - all the wounds have now healed. They LAUGH as they sing dumb parody songs together.

NICK
Or how about this one...
(singing)
*"JINGLE BELLS, BATMAN SMELLS /
ROBIN LAID AN EGG..."*

WEIRD AL & NICK
(singing)
*"THE BATMOBILE LOST A WHEEL / AND
THE JOKER GOT AWAY!"*

WEIRD AL
(laughing)
Ah. All-time classic.

NICK
So. Your mother tells me you're
dating that singer Madonna!

WEIRD AL
Oh. Um, no. We broke up.

MARY
Oh honey, I'm sorry. What happened?

WEIRD AL
It's... complicated.

NICK
Well... lotta fish in the sea,
right, son? So tell us, what's it
like, being you? Being a world-
famous superstar and all?

WEIRD AL

Well, it's fun, but it's also a lot of pressure. The hardest part for me is just coming up with new songs. I never know where my next idea is gonna come from. And honestly... well, it's been a while. I cancelled my tour. I burned a lot of bridges. The next song I write, I'm gonna have to prove myself to the world all over again... and I just don't even know if I have it in me anymore.

MARY

Nonsense. I'm sure that next big idea is just right there in front of you.

WEIRD AL

Thanks, I hope so. Anyway, uh... mom, I wasn't going to say anything, but... I can't help but notice you've put on a couple pounds.

NICK

Alfred!

MARY

(laughing)

No, it's okay, Nick. It's not like it's a secret or anything.

NICK

Well, sweetie, I think you look *better* with a little meat on your bones. You're pleasingly plump.

MARY

Oh, stop it. You know I'm fat. I'm fat! You know it.

Mary and Nick look at Al expectantly. Beat. No reaction.

WEIRD AL

(re: their stares)

What?

NICK

(moving on)

Well, this is a lovely dinner spread. What kind of sandwiches are these, honey? Ham on...? ham on...?

MARY
Ham on whole wheat!

NICK
All right!

Nick picks up a sandwich and takes a big bite. Al's still oblivious. He decides to bring up a tender subject.

WEIRD AL
You know, Dad, Mom told me a long time ago that... well, that you had a reason for always being so hard on me.

Nick and Mary share a look.

MARY
I think it's time, dear.

NICK
All right.

Nick leaves the table, and a moment later, PLOPS a thousand-page hand-written manuscript down on it.

NICK (CONT'D)
I wrote it all down here. This should explain everything.

WEIRD AL
(not loving this idea)
Yeah, um... Do you have maybe, like, a photo album or something instead? Maybe just go over the bullet points?

NICK
Well... I don't have a photo album, but I do have a SKETCH book.

WEIRD AL
A sketch book?

Nick brings that to the table and opens it up to an illustration of an Amish barn raising.

NICK
There weren't any cameras around when I was growing up, because you see... I was raised *Amish*.

WEIRD AL
What, really??

We go tight in on the sketch, until it fills the screen and comes to life as Nick tells his story.

What follows is a MOTION-GRAPHIC ANIMATED SEQUENCE of Nick's flashback, drawn in the crude style of the illustrations.

MOTION GRAPHIC ANIMATED SEQUENCE

We pull back from a shot of Amish people raising a barn to reveal YOUNG NICK (9) sitting in front of an easel, sketching the scene. But then we reveal that, along with his traditional Amish clothing, he's wearing a fake "Groucho" nose and glasses. An Amish elder busts Young Nick and angrily removes the glasses, scolding him harshly.

NICK (V.O.)

Yep, I grew up Amish, lived in the community for the first 16 years of my life. And frankly, I don't think I ever really fit in because, well, if I'm being honest... I was just as weird as YOU when I was a kid.

Young Nick and his family are in church, sitting in a pew singing hymns. Nick is smiling as he sings - the people all around him gradually stop singing and stare at him in horror.

NICK (V.O.)

I even made up new words to the hymns that we sang during church services. That didn't go over too well.

We see Young Nick in the stockades. In the rain.

NICK (V.O.)

I was in the stockades for a week.

We see Teenage Nick (16) packing suitcases in his room.

NICK (V.O.)

Then, when I was a few years older, I was able to go on Rumspringa.

Teenage Nick walks down a city street, staring open-mouthed at everything.

NICK (V.O.)

I finally had a chance to go out into the great big world and see what it had to offer.

Teenage Nick looks into a store window - his eyes go wide.

NICK (V.O.)
 And that's when I saw the love of
 my life...

We see what he's staring at: a beautiful accordion.

NICK (V.O.)
 A 1933 Excelsior. The finest
 accordion there ever was.

We see him buying the instrument from the storekeeper.

NICK (V.O.)
 Cost me every penny I had in the
 world, but it was worth it.

The animation match cuts to an illustration in the book,
 which is lowered, bringing us back to the dinner table.

WEIRD AL
 Wait, YOU had an ACCORDION?

NICK
 Yep. And I got pretty good on it
 too. I wasn't bad.

MARY
 I thought *I* was the love of your
 life.

NICK
 You come later, dear. Anyway...

Back to the book and the animated flashbacks.

Teenage Nick energetically busks with his accordion on a
 street corner, with his case open for change. People walk by,
 ignoring him or cruelly mocking him. He has a drink THROWN IN
 HIS FACE from a passing car.

NICK (V.O.)
 I tried for months to make it as a
 professional musician, but it just
 wasn't in God's plan. Failure
 mocked me at every waking moment.

A gang of street toughs throw him and his accordion in a
 dumpster.

NICK (V.O.)
 I knew that I had to give up my
 dream and go back to the only life
 I knew.

Teenage Nick, wearing his accordion, knocks on the door of an Amish church. When the door opens and the people inside see the instrument, they are horrified and deeply offended - one woman faints. They slam the door shut in poor Nick's face.

NICK (V.O.)

But when I tried to come back to the Amish community... well, the second they saw that squeeze box, I was immediately excommunicated. Banished forever.

Teenage Nick, now homeless, warms himself in front of a burning trash can. He throws the accordion in. We PUSH IN on the flames reflecting in his eyes.

NICK (V.O.)

My whole world was torn away from me. And all I knew was, I never wanted to see another accordion again for as long as I lived.

We see Teenage Nick approaching the same factory he works at today. As a HEARSE drives off, a "HELP WANTED" sign goes up.

NICK (V.O.)

So I got a job at the factory - a place where I knew you could get an honest day's wages for an honest day's work.

Back to the dinner table.

NICK

And shortly after that, I met your mother - the new love of my life.

Mary smiles.

WEIRD AL

Wow, dad, I never knew.

NICK

Well, of course not, how could you, I just told you. Anyway, I hope you can forgive me, and I hope you understand, son. See, I lost everything, and I was just terrified that you would suffer the same sad fate. I didn't want you to get your dreams crushed, so I felt like I had to crush your IDEAS... before they could turn INTO dreams.

WEIRD AL
 (very confused)
 That makes sense.

As Al lifts the sketch book onto the table, two time-worn pieces of paper fall out.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
 Whoops.

Nick's eyes widen as Al bends to pick them up. He hasn't seen these papers in a long time.

NICK
 Uh, hey, you don't have to, uh--

WEIRD AL
 (reading)
 "Amish Paradise?"

NICK
 Ok, just hand them over to--

WEIRD AL
 Wait... are these song lyrics?

Nick is caught.

NICK
 It's just a little something I
 wrote back then. It's dumb.
 Whatever. You can just throw them
 out--

Al shushes Nick, waving him off as he scans the lyrics in awe. Nick looks at Mary and then nervously giggles to himself.

WEIRD AL
 Dad, these lyrics, they're...
 they're like a window into your
 soul. I don't know that I've ever
 felt more connected to you in my
 entire life...

Nick is moved.

NICK
 I... never got the chance to
 perform it myself. The dream had
 already died. I was kinda thinking -
 no, never mind. I guess no one will
 ever get to hear this song...

WEIRD AL
 (eureka moment)
 That's it! That's IT! Mom! What did
 you say about being fat? Like a
 minute ago?

MARY
 (a little annoyed)
 We're on to something else now.

NICK
 Yeah, I kinda thought we were
 having a moment here.

Confused, Al looks back down at the lyrics as his parents
 continue berating him. We hear the MUSIC of "Gangstas
 Paradise/Amish Paradise" fade in as we...

CUT TO:

* 67 INT. AWARDS SHOW - NIGHT 67

Al is on stage, performing his Coolio parody, "Amish
 Paradise."

* Al and his bandmates are all dressed in traditional Amish
 garb, wearing large fake beards. A full Amish chorus sings
 behind them - it's a huge, flashy production.

WEIRD AL
 (singing)
*"WE'VE BEEN SPENDING MOST OUR LIVES
 / LIVING IN AN AMISH PARADISE /
 I'VE CHURNED BUTTER ONCE OR TWICE /
 LIVING IN AN AMISH PARADISE / IT'S
 HARD WORK AND SACRIFICE / LIVING IN
 AN AMISH PARADISE / WE SELL QUILTS
 AT DISCOUNT PRICE / LIVING IN AN
 AMISH PARADISE"*

Al and his band look at each other with enormous grins. WEIRD
 AL IS BACK!

We PAN across some happy faces in the crowd and wind up on
 COOLIO, who is staring daggers at Al.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*"HITCHIN' UP THE BUGGY, CHURNIN'
 LOTS OF BUTTER / RAISED A BARN ON
 MONDAY, SOON I'LL RAISE ANUTTER /
 THINK YOU'RE REALLY RIGHTEOUS?
 THINK YOU'RE PURE IN HEART?
 (MORE)*

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
 / WELL, I KNOW I'M A MILLION TIMES
 AS HUMBLE AS THOU ART / I'M THE
 PIOUS GUY THE LITTLE AMLETTES WANNA
 BE LIKE / ON MY KNEES DAY AND NIGHT
 SCORIN' POINTS FOR THE AFTERLIFE /
 SO DON'T BE VAIN AND DON'T BE WHINY
 / OR ELSE, MY BROTHER, I MIGHT HAVE
 TO GET MEDIEVAL ON YOUR HEINIE"

Dr. Demento and Tony Scotti are also in the audience,
 enjoying the show.

CUT TO:

68 INT. YANKOVIC HOUSE - NIGHT

68

Al's parents proudly watch the broadcast from home.

MARY
 That's our boy.

NICK
 (beat)
 Man. I should have kept the
 publishing rights.

CUT BACK TO:

* 69 INT. AWARDS SHOW - NIGHT

69

WEIRD AL
 (singing)
 "WE BEEN SPENDING MOST OUR LIVES /
 LIVING IN AN AMISH PARADISE / WE'RE
 ALL CRAZY MENNONITES / LIVING IN AN
 AMISH PARADISE / THERE'S NO COPS OR
 TRAFFIC LIGHTS / LIVING IN AN AMISH
 PARADISE / BUT YOU'D PROBABLY THINK
 IT BITES / LIVING IN AN AMISH
 PARADISE."

The song ends and the crowd erupts into wild CHEERS and
 APPLAUSE. Al and the band head backstage with their arms
 around each other.

JIM
 It's great to have you back, man.

STEVE
 (laughing)
 Yeah, I was starting to miss "the
 weird one."

WEIRD AL

Ugh, I can't believe I ever said that. I'm so sorry.

BERMUDA

Hey, you're an artist - being an abusive jerk is all part of the process.

JIM

Yeah, name me one creative genius that doesn't have a checkered past involving drugs, alcohol and a murderous rampage in the heart of the jungle.

WEIRD AL

I guess you're right. I love you guys.

They all group hug. When the guys disperse, Al turns around and sees Dr. Demento.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)

Dr. D! You came!

DR. DEMENTO

Of course! And let me just say, you were amazing out there, as always.

WEIRD AL

Hey, look, all that stuff I said to you before. I just wanted to apologize--

DR. DEMENTO

Stop. No need. You know, it really got me thinking... I do sort of think of you as a son. And I never had children of my own, so...

He produces some papers and a pen.

DR. DEMENTO (CONT'D)

I'd like to adopt you.

WEIRD AL

(awkward)

Oh. Uh... Well, I uh, actually made up with my dad.

DR. DEMENTO

(surprised/embarrassed)

Oh. Oh! Okay then...

WEIRD AL
Yeah, we're like all good now,
so...

DR. DEMENTO
No, cool. That's cool. That's
great.

WEIRD AL
Yeah... Well, my category's coming
up, so I should probably--

DR. DEMENTO
Right, go get changed. Good luck!

WEIRD AL
(crossing off)
See ya!

Dr. Demento HONKS a squeaky horn that he's pulled out of his pocket. He watches Al go, then frustratedly RIPS up the papers.

CUT TO:

70 INT. YANKOVIC HOUSE - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER 70

The audience applauds as Al, now wearing a Hawaiian tuxedo, is shown on the TV screen. Mary gasps and clutches her pearls.

MARY
Oh my, he's so... colorful.

NICK
I still don't get the Hawaii thing.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And now, please welcome our next
presenters, Grammy Award Winner
Diana Ross and Intercontinental WWF
Champion Hulk Hogan!

CUT BACK TO:

* 71 INT. AWARDS SHOW - NIGHT 71

The audience APPLAUDS as DIANA ROSS and HULK HOGAN approach the microphone.

DIANA ROSS

As artists, we learn to express
ourselves through our instruments.
Louis Armstrong had his trumpet,
Jimi Hendrix had his guitar, and
for me, my instrument is my voice.

Light applause.

HULK HOGAN

That's right, Diana. And my
instruments are these 24-INCH
PYTHONS!

Hulk flexes, rips his shirt open. The crowd goes CRAZY.

DIANA ROSS

And now, the award you've all been
waiting for. In the category of
"Perhaps Not Technically the BEST,
But Arguably the Most Famous
Accordion Player in an Extremely
Specific Genre of Music," the award
goes to...

Tense moment - who's it gonna be? We see Prince seated in the
audience, anxiously crossing his fingers.

HULK HOGAN & DIANA ROSS

"Weird Al" Yankovic!

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE. Al is overwhelmed. The crowd gives him
an enthusiastic STANDING OVATION.

Prince is super bummed. He leaves in a huff. As he vacates
his seat, he is replaced by a SICARIO in battle fatigues.

Filled with emotion, Al makes his way up the steps and
crosses to the microphone. Diana Ross hands him the award and
Hulk Hogan kisses him on the cheek. When the audience finally
calms down, Al begins his speech, barely holding back the
tears.

WEIRD AL

Thank you. This award means so much
to me. And in front of the billions
of people watching around the world
right now, all I want to say is...
See, Dad! I told ya! In your face,
old man!

The audience CHEERS. We CUT TO Nick and Mary at home. Nick
laughs, bursting with pride.

WEIRD AL (CONT'D)
 There are so many people here
 tonight that I'd like to thank.
 People who mean the world to me and
 made me everything I am today. But
 they know who they are, and I'll
 thank them all later privately.

In the audience, Dr. Demento rolls his eyes.

DR. DEMENTO
 (bitterly disappointed)
 Great.

WEIRD AL
 I better wrap this up, I don't have
 much time left. I mean, haha, I'm
 going to be around for a good LONG
 time, don't you worry about that!
 You're not going to get rid of me
 THAT easy!

The audience CHUCKLES. We see the SICARIO in the audience,
 talking sotto into his headset.

SICARIO
 Waiting on your signal.

Al continues his speech, oblivious to the danger.

WEIRD AL
 But in my remaining few seconds, I
 just wanna say... Live the life you
 wanna live. Be as weird as you
 wanna be. Believe me, you will
 never find true happiness until you
 can truly accept who you are.

The soldier hears a female voice on his headset.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)
 Stand by.

WEIRD AL
 (tearfully)
 And standing before all of you
 right here, right now... I've never
 been so happy... and I've never
 been so proud... in my entire life.

Al hoists his Grammy in triumph and the audience APPLAUDS WILDLY as we reveal that Al has managed to wet his pants, "A Star Is Born"-style.

CUT TO:

72 INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

72

Madonna, in an undisclosed location. She's now got a long scar on her face and wears an eyepatch. A single tear rolls down her cheek as she gives the command:

MADONNA
Okay, take the shot.

CUT BACK TO:

* 73 INT. AWARDS SHOW - NIGHT

73

As Al continues to bask in the love of the crowd, the sicario stands up brandishing a Gatling-style crank machine gun. Al notices him and his eyes go wide.

WEIRD AL
NOOOOO--!

CUT TO BLACK.

* We hear MACHINE GUN FIRE along with SCREAMS and PANDEMONIUM.

* The cacophony fades down, and then we see TITLES over black:

* "Weird Al" Yankovic was assassinated by members of Madonna's drug cartel... but his music will live on forever.

BEAT. Then more TITLES underneath:

Madonna Ciccone is still at large.

The END CREDIT TITLE SEQUENCE begins. We see photos of the REAL AL YANKOVIC... a childhood pic, a teenage pic, an early performance pic, a pic of him receiving gold records with the band... but then we start seeing aggressively Photoshopped images where the real 1980s Al is seen doing some of the more ridiculous things from the movie (making out with the REAL Madonna, being drunk and dragged off stage by police, firing a machine gun in a diner, getting riddled with bullets at the Grammys, etc.) and a few other things the movie didn't cover (putting Queen Elizabeth in a friendly headlock, getting inducted into the Illuminati, etc.)

We also see and hear archival footage of the "actual" funeral - the flowers, the tributes, the worldwide mourning, the 21-gun salutes - and of course, President Ronald Reagan delivering a heartfelt EULOGY.

After the main titles, we dip to BLACK and fade up on ONE FINAL SCENE...

74 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

74

ANGLE ON: Weird Al's grave.

A woman dressed all in black steps toward it with flowers in her hand. She kneels down and raises the scarf covering her face. It's Madonna. She smiles wistfully.

As she's placing the flowers on the grave, Al's hand suddenly BURSTS UP out of the ground and grabs her by the wrist. She SCREAMS.

Cut to BLACK. CREDIT CRAWL BEGINS.