

THE BEATLES

Adapted by
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The Beatles

Gruppo musicale britannico, originario di Liverpool, attivo dal 1960 al 1970, i Beatles hanno rivoluzionato la storia della musica, divenendo la più famosa rock band di tutti i tempi. La portata della loro vicenda travalica i confini strettamente musicali, condizionando mode, costumi e comportamenti dagli anni sessanta ai decenni a seguire. Tutto comincia nel 1956, quando John Lennon, sedicenne, fonda il gruppo *The Quarrymen*, che nel 1960 diventa *The Beatles*. Oltre a Lennon, gli altri componenti della band sono Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Stuart “Stu” Sutcliffe e Pete Best. Dopo la gavetta ad Amburgo e le prime promettenti esibizioni, la formazione si assesta con l’uscita di Sutcliffe e di Best, l’ingresso di Ringo Starr, e con l’arrivo del manager Brian Epstein. Il resto è storia nota: le hit in vetta alle classifiche, la “beatlemania” imperante in tutto il mondo e le sperimentazioni musicali unite ai sorprendenti successi commerciali, fino allo scioglimento ufficiale del gruppo, nel 1970, e alla tragica morte di Lennon, che segna il tramonto del sogno coltivato dai numerosi fan di poter rivedere, un giorno, di nuovo insieme i Fab Four.

Le canzoni del musical

Love Me Do (1962); Please, Please Me (1963); I Saw Her Standing There (1963); She Loves You (1963); I Want to Hold Your Hand (1963); Twist and Shout (1963); Help! (1965); Yesterday (1965); All You Need is Love (1967); Magical Mystery Tour (1967); Penny Lane (1967); Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da (1968); Hey Jude (1968); Back in The USSR (1968); Get Back (1969); Come Together (1969); Yellow Submarine (1969); Let it Be (1970); The Long and Winding Road (1970); Imagine (1971).

La trama

Omaggiamo i baronetti di Liverpool con un musical che ne ripercorre la storia, attraverso lo sguardo di John Lennon che ricompono in un lungo flashback l’avventura straordinaria dei Beatles. Il sipario si alza su Mark Chapman, il fanatico che uccise Lennon nel 1980, che ritroviamo in palcoscenico mentre impugna l’arma con cui spara all’ex-Beatle, il quale, in quell’ultimo istante di esistenza, ripercorre magicamente la sua storia personale e musicale. John Lennon adulto introduce via via personaggi e situazioni, dalla madre Julia alla zia Mimi, dai compagni Beatles alle donne della sua vita, Cynthia prima e Yoko Ono poi. Nei fitti dialoghi, punteggiati dai grandi successi musicali della band, emerge la storia dei Fab Four, ricca di particolari e curiosità sulla carriera, ma anche sulla loro vita privata: gli anni spensierati, l’amore per la musica e i primi successi, ma anche le

difficoltà ad essi legate; il rispetto per i fan così come l’insofferenza di fronte ad un’ingerenza che condiziona fortemente le loro scelte quotidiane. E poi la droga, il viaggio in India e la ricerca spirituale; i momenti bui, come la morte del manager Epstein, il crollo finanziario e il triste epilogo con lo scioglimento della band, fino alla conclusione della parabola narrativa di Lennon, colpito a morte da quel proiettile sospeso.

Note di regia

L’esperienza straordinaria dei quattro baronetti di Liverpool rivive in un musical avvincente; *The Beatles* ritrae con cura filologica e poesia la storia della famosa rock band e gli anni indimenticabili della Swinging London. In palcoscenico ventisette personaggi - oltre ai quattro musicisti anche il loro mondo affollato di amici, manager, giornalisti, fan e, naturalmente, compagne di vita - sono interpretati con versatilità da otto giovani attori-cantanti-ballerini, protagonisti anche di colorati numeri coreografici. Accanto ai brillanti dialoghi, lo spettacolo del giovane regista **Daryl Branch** seduce per le musiche: una vasta scelta di pezzi dal repertorio dei Beatles con brani proposti anche in originali arrangiamenti, tutti interpretati dal vivo. Il viaggio nella memoria dei Fab Four si fa infine più vivido grazie ai preziosi materiali video che arricchiscono lo spettacolo; sono documenti provenienti dalle registrazioni pubbliche, estratti dai film, immagini dei concerti e testimonianze di momenti privati, ma anche foto dei luoghi consacrati dal loro passaggio, come Liverpool e il Cavern Club, dove tutto ebbe inizio.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

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CHARACTERS
(in order of appearance)

MARK CHAPMAN
OLDER JOHN
JULIA LENNON
GEORGE STANLEY
JOHN LENNON
MIMI
PAUL McARTNEY
STUART SUTCLIFFE
CYNTHIA
GEORGE HARRISON
ASTRID
PETE BEST
RAY McFALL
BRIAN EPSTEIN
RINGO STARR
GEORGE MARTIN
HELEN SHAPIRO
ED SULLIVAN
DIRECTOR
MAUREEN CLEAVE
MAHARISHI
REPORTER 1, 2, 3
ACCOUNTANT
YOKO ONO
NIXON

ACT I

December 8th, 1980. Mark Chapman enters.

Mark Chapman. John Lennon just gave me his autograph. It's so exciting. I've always been a big fan of his. He is the greatest. The one and only. And now I've got his autograph! Wow! It will be my treasure... I wonder how much it will worth then! I am. I am. I am. Lines on a page. Bits of ink! But this ain't going to save the world. It ain't going to save me. It ain't going to save you, Mr Lennon. You didn't believe enough in it. You're not the saviour of the world. You're a major disappointment!

Chapman aims the gun at the image of Lennon. Older John enters.

Older John. They say your life flashes before your eyes. What a cliché! With my eventful career, there just wouldn't be time. *(Julia Lennon enters. Sequence of images of an approaching 1950s car commences on backdrop.)* I should know. My mum was dead in the blink of an eye. Waiting for the bus home. Knocked down by a drunken, off-duty policeman who mistook his accelerator for a brake. *(By now the car is in close-up. Stage and screen dissolve into blackness. Older John stays visible.)* I imagine this incident explains my attitude to those in authority. In my view, their authority's as fragile as the lives they so often destroy. I'd like to say your story was my story, mum. Penny Lane. 1940. *(Rooftops illuminated by bomb explosions.)* Into the blitz, into hell arrived a burbling bundle of joy.

Julia Lennon, John's mother, enters.

Julia. Oh dad, with Alfie away and this war raging, a baby's the last thing I need!

George Stanley. Get down the shelter now, you daft girl!

Julia. Sorry, dad.

Older John. To ward off enemy bombs, mum called me Winston. That's no lie. Winston's my middle name. And, like all children, what I needed most was love.

John sings.

LOVE LOVE LOVE
LOVE LOVE LOVE
LOVE LOVE LOVE

THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO THAT CAN'T BE DONE
NOTHING YOU CAN SING THAT CAN'T BE SUNG
NOTHING YOU CAN SAY BUT YOU CAN LEARN HOW TO PLAY THE GAME
IT'S EASY

NOTHING YOU CAN MAKE THAT CAN'T BE MADE
NO ONE YOU CAN SAVE THAT CAN'T BE SAVED
NOTHING YOU CAN DO BUT YOU CAN LEARN HOW TO BE YOU IN TIME
IT'S EASY

ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE LOVE
LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED

ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE LOVE
LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED

NOTHING YOU CAN KNOW THAT ISN'T KNOWN
NOTHING YOU CAN SEE THAT ISN'T SHOWN
NOWHERE YOU CAN BE THAT ISN'T WHERE YOU'RE MEANT TO BE
IT'S EASY

ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE LOVE
LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED

ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE (ALL TOGETHER NOW!)
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE (EVERYBODY!)
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE LOVE
LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED (LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED)
(LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED) (LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED)
(LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED) YESTERDAY (LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED)
(LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED) (LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED)

YEE-HAI!
OH YEAH!

LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED
LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED OH YEAH OH HELL YEA! LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED
LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED

Julia welcomes a soldier.

Older John. Dad left us. So much for love. Mum went out with several fellas. Sailor. Soldier. *(The soldier and Julia embrace.)* She lived for the moment. You had to in war. *(The soldier leaves.)* There was a child. My sister.

George Stanley re-enters.

George Stanley. Don't even think about it. You will not bring any more disgrace upon this family.

Julia. What do you mean, dad?

George Stanley. The child must be adopted, of course.

Julia. What?

Older John. I believe the child lives in Norway now. *(George Stanley exits. Mimi enters.)* After Granddad died, my Aunt Mimi took over. And when I say 'took over', I mean everything. What you could and couldn't do. Finally my mum met Bobby. Decided to move in with him. Mimi said she couldn't. But this time she did.

Julia starts to exit.

Mimi. Do as you like, then. But don't expect any help from me!

Julia *(exiting)*. I wouldn't want it anyway.

Older John. A spirited lass, my mum.

Mimi. And don't expect to keep that son of yours either. I certainly won't allow him to live in a house of sin.

Older John. Mimi eventually got her way.

Mimi. John! Your tea's ready.

Older John. She persuaded social services to let her replace my mother.

Mimi. For what we're about to receive, may the Lord make us truly grateful.

Mimi starts to pray.

Older John. Amen. My mum lived nearby but I saw little of her. She and Bobby had two daughters. Two more sisters from whom I was kept apart. Life improved. I got into Quarrybank High School. Despite Mimi's best efforts, though...

Mimi *(still praying)*. Bless John's studies and let him become a successful doctor.

Older John. ...my main passion was music. Not any old kind of Swing Band music, mind. Our first band, The Quarrymen, was something else!

Younger John appears, grabs a guitar and contorts himself into Rock'n'Roll leaps.

John. Yeah!

Polite applause follows. Paul McCartney enters.

Paul. That was amazing. I might join your band.

John. Might you, now? And who might you be?

Paul. Paul McCartney.

John. Never heard of you.

Paul. We can soon change that.

John. What do you play?

Paul. You name it. Keyboard. Guitar. And I sing.

John. We should talk.

Paul. And sing?

John. Quite possibly.

John and Paul shake hands. Paul exits. Julia returns.

Older John. Things were getting better, eh mum? But life goes on. The Quarrymen went on. Me. Stuart Sutcliffe. Paul McCartney. Pete Best. George Harrison. A right collection! Playing our little hearts out.

John steps out of band. The playing stops.

John. This is better than our old stuff. We don't sound like Cliff Richard anymore.

Stuart. That's a result.

John. We're more like Buddy Holly.

Stuart. What a result!

Paul. I think we're more like ourselves.

John. You're a wise man, Paul McCartney. *(John pretends to knight Paul.)* Rise, Sir Paul! So what should we be called, now we're ourselves? We're the revolution. We've got to get a revolutionary name.

Paul. I'm thinking. I'm thinking.

John. We've been The Quarrymen. We've been Johnny and The Moondogs.

Paul. Too long.

John. We've been The Silver Beetles.

Paul. Too long.

John. Hang on a second, Paul. We're beatniks, right? We're the beat generation, aren't we? I've an idea, what about calling ourselves the Beat-les, still beetles but with beat!

Paul. Brilliant idea, John! I like it. The Beatles. It says everything about who we are and what we're about.

John. Despite the fact it makes us sound like insects?

Paul. Despite that.

Older John. Beatles we were.

All band members return to their places. Cynthia sits beside phone.

Cynthia. How's your first tour going?

John interrupts playing to pick up his own old fashioned phone.

John. Something else, Cyn. I know it's only Scotland but it's something else.

Older John. If you're wondering, that's Cynthia. My soon-to-be wife.

John. Sorry, Cyn. I've got to go.

Older John. And so I did, again and again. They got us a gig in Hamburg. Eh! Where's the sound, fellas? I said, where's the sound?

John *(while playing)*. We've written nothing original yet. And we've made no records.

Older John. But you will. You will.

Stuart. Who's that you were talking to?

John. Myself.

George. Are you going mental?

Paul. Sign of genius. What were you saying to yourself?

Astrid enters club, she cranes her neck and stands on tiptoe.

John. I said, we gotta do better. We gotta write our own stuff. This is second-hand crap. (*Drunken shouting and boos from the crowd. John shouts over it all.*) We gotta make records!

Crowd noise stops. Astrid steps to front of the crowd, politely applauding.

Pete. She's sorry for us.

Astrid. Not at all. These people don't know talent when they hear it.

John. And who are you?

Astrid. My name is Astrid. I am a photographer.

Paul (*to John*). Publicity shots.

John (*to Paul*). Publicity shots.

Pete (*to both of them*). Why do we need publicity shots?

Astrid. Would you all like to visit my flat for tea? English tea.

John. You bet! I haven't had a decent cuppa since I got here. Come on, lads.

The band leave their instruments and, in joining Astrid, effectively enter her apartment.

George. Wow!

Stuart. This is amazing. Did you take all these pictures yourself?

Astrid. I did. Ham sandwiches? The English like ham sandwiches.

John. We're not English! We're from Liverpool. But we do like ham sandwiches.

Paul. Sarnies!

John. Sarnies.

Pete. Don't confuse her.

Astrid. No. I like your humour. What is your name?

John. John Lennon. John Winston Lennon. After the great war leader. Oops!

Astrid. Don't worry. Shouldn't we try to forget the war?

John. Give peace a chance.

Older John. I'll use that later.

Astrid. Exactly. I assume you boys have your own photographer?

Pete. Yeah, we got all that sorted.

John. No, we haven't.

Paul. Don't mind Pete. He's camera shy.

Astrid. I would love to take some pictures. Would you be so kind?

Stuart. It would be a pleasure.

Astrid. And your name is...?

Stuart. Stuart. Stuart Sutcliffe.

Beatles pose.

Astrid. That's no good. Relax.

Astrid photographs them. She exits with Stuart, followed by Pete, George and Paul. John takes copy of same photo from his jacket pocket and admires it. Cynthia enters carrying bag of chips.

Cynthia. There. Got them at last. Help yourself. Is it good to be back home? (*John's gaze remains on the photograph.*) John, have some chips.

John. We don't look too bad.

Cynthia. Course you don't! Give us a look. *(She inspects photograph.)* How stylish! Who took that?

John. Astrid.

Cynthia. Oh, her. I hope you behaved yourselves.

John. Most of us did.

Cynthia. What do you mean?

John. Stuart didn't.

Cynthia. He tried to seduce her? I hope she told him where to go.

John. She must have. They're engaged now.

Cynthia. Wow! You mean they're both in Liverpool?

John. No, they're both in Hamburg and likely to stay there.

Cynthia. What about gigs?

John. What about gigs? What gigs!? Stuart's gone native in Germany. George was deported for playing his guitar in an adult club, underage. Pete and Paul were arrested for starting a fire in the hotel by accident. Which leaves me. What a success story!

Cynthia. You're a wild lot, aren't you?

John. Except me.

Cynthia. Especially you.

John. Look what I bought you with my earnings.

John produces stylish leather coat.

Cynthia. That is stunning. You shouldn't have. I bet it cost you a lot and that money should have gone into promoting the band.

John. What band? I've lost touch with them all. I may never see them again.

Cynthia. Don't be daft. They'll have got back somehow.

John. Except Stuart, he won't get back. We've lost one Beatle before we've even started.

Cynthia. He needs to do what makes him happy. And if this means getting out of the band, it is right for him to do it.

John. So make the most of the coat. It may be the last I can afford.

Cynthia. Still, you shouldn't.

Mimi enters.

Mimi. You shouldn't!

Older John. Mimi agreed.

Mimi. How dare you waste your money on that... that gangster's moll?!

John. I'll catch up with you, Cyn. You don't need to hang around and be insulted. Go on.

Cynthia exits.

John. What the hell do you mean by that? Are you off your head?

Mimi. Are you questioning my judgement?

John. I certainly am!

Ray McFall enters, unseen by the others.

Older John. That's Ray McFall, owner of the Cavern Club.

John (to Mimi). All you care about is money and cats! I don't stand a chance with you.

John turns to leave, walking straight into Ray as he does so.

Ray. Evening. Are you the Lennon boy?

Mimi. So? What's he done wrong now?

Ray. Well, Mrs Lennon...

Mimi. My name's Smith.

Ray. Really? Well, this boy and his band, The Bluebottles...

John. Beatles.

Ray. Beatles... have been recommended by the one and only Bob Wooler...

John. DJ extraordinaire!

Ray. Indeed... to take the lunchtime slot at my club.

John. What club's that, then?

Ray. What club? The club! The Cavern.

Mimi. Sounds a bit seedy.

John. Thank you, God!

Mimi. Don't take the Lord's name in vain.

Mimi storms off. John returns to his guitar. Ray exits.

John. Are there any Beatles out there?! I said, are there any Beatles out there?!

Pete enters and returns to drums.

Pete. Alright, alright, I heard you.

George enters and returns to guitar.

George. I was on my way.

Paul enters and makes his way to the keyboard. Cynthia enters, too.

Paul. I know what you're going to say. The band's not complete without Stuart. But ask yourself this, John. Was he ever the world's best guitar player?

John. He was...

Paul. Your mate. But now we're professionals. A "one"?

John. A "two".

Beatles. A "one, two, three, four"!

Band freezes.

Brian Epstein enters cautiously, bumping into Cynthia as he does so.

Brian. Terribly sorry. It's rather dark down here. Puts me in mind of Calcutta's black hole.

Cynthia. Yeah. It is, a bit.

Brian. Can I just check that this is the Cavern?

Cynthia. Oh yeah.

Brian. And these are the Beatles?

*Two lines from 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean' from Beatles.
They stop and freeze.*

Cynthia. They've really found their voice!

Brian. An excellent voice, I must say.

Beatles relax. Ecstatic cheering is heard.

Cynthia. They seem to agree.

Brian. And who are you, if I may ask?

Cynthia. Me? I'm Cynthia Powell. John Lennon's girlfriend.

Brian. I'd make myself scarce in a place like this. You've got a lot of competition.

Cynthia. Oh, I see. Excuse me.

Cynthia exits. Cheering suddenly ceases.

John. Now all we need's a decent song.

Brian. And a manager.

All Beatles leave instruments and approach Brian.

Paul. We hear... er...

John. ...you'd like to meet us.

Brian. A shame about the dingy venue. A shame about your scruffy clothes, your swearing and your drinking. Otherwise you've got bags of talent.

George. Thank you very much.

Brian. I can sell your discs. We just need to persuade someone with musical taste that you have the sound he needs.

Pete. Do you really think you can do that?

Brian. I know I can, sooner or later.

John. You know what? I've got a good feeling about you, Mr... Oh yeah! We don't even know your name.

Brian. Epstein. Brian Epstein, seller of records. Anymore questions?

Paul. No.

Brian. Good. Put a comb through your hair.

Paul. Me?

Brian. All of you. *(Brian hands some cash to John.)* And buy some suits.

John. Suits!

George. Ties!

Brian. You sound smart. Try looking smart.

*The Beatles turn away from the audience as one.
They turn back, transformed into the Beatles' image that we all recognise.*

Paul. Well, Mr Epstein...

Brian. Brian.

John. Have you found us a record contract?

Brian. Funnily enough...

Pete. No.

Brian. Yes. Yes. Yes.

George. No!

Brian. Or, as you'd put it, 'Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!'

John. Who's the man with taste?

Lights increase, reflecting shift from dingy Cavern Club as George Martin starts to arrange recording equipment around instruments.

Brian. Chap called George Martin intends to help you cut a record. On one condition.

Paul. We don't sing 'My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean'?

Brian. To really make your own sound, you need...

John. Our own songs! Tell us something we don't know! Mr McCarthy, shall we get to work? (*John speaks confidentially to Brian.*) Brian, I think we've got a condition too.

George scurries up to Brian too.

George. Oh yes.

John. Can you possibly sack Pete? He doesn't share our enthusiasm.

Paul. Or talent.

Brian. You'll need a drummer.

John. We've got a drummer. Perhaps... if he wants to.

Brian. Tell me more.

John. It's only an idea... can I use your phone?

Brian. If it's local.

John. It is. It is. (*He picks up phone.*) Hello, is that Butlin's holiday camp? Yeah, I'd like to speak to Ringo Starr... No, Ringo Starr... Yes, the drummer... the one with Rory Storm and the Hurricanes... Yes, I'll hang on... Hiya mate, how's it going then?

Image and voice of Ringo.

Ringo. John?

John. Yeah, that's me... how's life treating you then?

Ringo. Not bad. Lots of chicks here...

John. In that case I'm on the first train up. No, I was joking. Listen, how would you like to be part of our band?

Ringo. Another joke?

John. No, I'm serious. Quit Rory and join us.

Ringo. But I can't, I'm under contract for the next three weeks.

John. Listen Ringo, you've always been the guy we most wanted on drums.

Ringo. OK, we'll talk when I get back to Liverpool.

John. You haven't understood a thing, have you? We're recording some new tracks. We're going to be a hit, Ringo, and we want you in.

Ringo. But, I'm skint.

John. What are they paying you?

Ringo. Fifty a week after tax, plus board and lodging.

John. What do you say to 125, plus board and lodging?

Ringo. What?

John. You heard me! 125. Now that's more than twice as much. What say you?

Ringo. I'll be there tomorrow. When do we start recording?

John. In three days' time.

Ringo. Okay, I'm on my way and thanks.

John. Oh, one last thing, Ringo. (*Pause.*) Sorry, but you've got to wash - feet too - and get that hair cut. We'll worry about the clothes.

Ringo. Oh, hell!

Ringo enters.

Paul. Meet Ringo.

Ringo. Alright?

Brian. I hope you're good.

Older John. We were cowards. We got Brian to do our dirty work.

John. Never mind. *(He leads Beatles into newly prepared recording studio.)*
We've got a brilliant new drummer, Mr Martin. He's called Ringo Starr.

George Martin. Jolly good. Well, let's hear the evidence.

Drums solo.

George. What, now?

George Martin. That's what you're here for, isn't it?

John. Gosh. I'm a bit nervous.

Paul. That's unlike you.

Brian. Forget the studio, John. Forget the new faces. Sing your song and think of Cynthia.

Beatles approach instruments and George Martin silently counts them down.

LOVE LOVE ME DO
YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU
I'LL ALWAYS BE TRUE
SO PLEASE LOVE ME DO
WHOA LOVE ME DO

LOVE LOVE ME DO
YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU
I'LL ALWAYS BE TRUE
SO PLEASE LOVE ME DO
WHOA LOVE ME DO

SOMEONE TO LOVE
SOMEBODY NEW
SOMEONE TO LOVE
SOMEONE LIKE YOU

LOVE LOVE ME DO
YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU
I'LL ALWAYS BE TRUE
SO PLEASE LOVE ME DO
WHOA LOVE ME DO

LOVE LOVE ME DO
YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU
I'LL ALWAYS BE TRUE
SO PLEASE LOVE ME DO
WHOA LOVE ME DO
YEAH LOVE ME DO
WHOA OH LOVE ME DO

Brian. Well, George, what do you think?

George Martin. I don't know. It's about there. It certainly had the personal touch. Technically, it's a bit rough.

Ringo. What's he talking about?

George Martin. You say you replaced the drummer?

John. Yeah. We got a better one.

George Martin. That may be but what I'm hearing is slightly hit and miss. *(To staff in wings.)* What do you think, chaps?

Voices. Yeah. Get Frankie in.

George Martin. I've a session drummer. I'd like to try him out.

John. What?! Ringo's one of us.

Brian. OK, George. You're the boss here.

John. I don't believe this. Brian, have you set us up!?

Brian. John, do this my way.

Ringo. Alright, alright. Bring the expert on.

Ringo exits. Frankie enters and gives the drums a thoroughly arrogant and flamboyant bashing.

George Martin. When you're ready, Frankie.

Brian. When you're ready, boys. And, John, keep thinking of Cynthia.

First few bars of 'Love Me Do' again. Band freezes.

Older John. I could hardly help thinking of her. We'd just got married. Without a photographer! It was all rather hush-hush. Cyn was already pregnant and Brian, well Brian reckoned...

Brian. She should stay in the background. You're meant to be young lovable boys, not careworn fathers. *(Band play last few bars of 'Love Me Do'. There is a huge crash and Frankie falls off his stool.)* That didn't sound too good.

George Martin. What do you mean? The drumming or Frankie's accident?

Brian. You tell me.

George Martin. Use the Ringo version.

George Martin and Frankie exit.

Paul. Well done, Brian.

John. Didn't doubt you for a moment.

Brian. No, I don't think you did.

Ringo returns.

Ringo. Thanks a lot, Brian.

Brian. Entirely your doing. What about a tour?

George. What about one?

Brian. You'll be travelling the country with Helen Shapiro.

John. Is she our backing artist, then?

Brian. No. You're hers.

John. What!?

Brian. Have you not heard of Helen Shapiro? A rising star.

Paul. 'Walking Back to Happiness'!

George. She's only sixteen.

John. You're not much older. We'll take it.

Brian. I should think so too! She's a number one hit. You've barely sold a record yet.

Brian exits.

George. I hope they like us.

Ringo. They did in Liverpool.

George. This isn't Liverpool.

Paul. It's better than Liverpool. It's Bournemouth.

John. Why's Bournemouth better than Liverpool?

Paul. It's nearer to London.

George. Nobody's heard of us.

Ringo. What worries me is that this is an entirely new song. We've never played it before.

John. That'll make it nice and fresh.

Compere's Voice. Ladies and gentlemen, first up tonight...

George. Oh my God!

Compere's Voice. ...are the Beatles, singing 'Twist and Shout'.

WELL SHAKE IT UP BABY NOW (SHAKE IT UP BABY)
TWIST AND SHOUT (TWIST AND SHOUT)
C'MON C'MON C'MON C'MON BABY NOW (COME ONBABY)
COME ON AND WORK IT ON OUT (WORK IT ON OUT)

WELL WORK IT ON OUT HONEY (WORK IT ON OUT)
YOU KNOW YOU LOOK SO GOOD (LOOK SO GOOD)
YOU KNOW YOU GOT ME GOIN' NOW (GOT ME GOIN')
JUST LIKE I KNEW YOU WOULD (LIKE I KNEW YOUWOULD)

WELL SHAKE IT UP BABY NOW (SHAKE IT UP BABY)
TWIST AND SHOUT (TWIST AND SHOUT)
C'MON C'MON C'MON C'MON BABY NOW (COME ONBABY)
COME ON AND WORK IT ON OUT (WORK IT ON OUT)

YOU KNOW YOU TWIST YOUR LITTLE GIRL (TWIST LITTLE GIRL)
YOU KNOW YOU TWIST SO FINE (TWIST SO FINE)
COME ON AND TWIST A LITTLE CLOSER NOW (TWIST A LITTLE CLOSER)
AND LET ME KNOW THAT YOU'RE MINE (LET ME KNOW YOU'RE MINE)

WELL SHAKE IT UP BABY NOW (SHAKE IT UP BABY)
TWIST AND SHOUT (TWIST AND SHOUT)
C'MON C'MON C'MON C'MON BABY NOW (COME ON BABY)
COME ON AND WORK IT ON OUT (WORK IT ON OUT)

YOU KNOW YOU TWIST YOUR LITTLE GIRL (TWIST LITTLE GIRL)
YOU KNOW YOU TWIST SO FINE (TWIST SO FINE)
COME ON AND TWIST A LITTLE CLOSER NOW (TWIST A LITTLE CLOSER)
AND LET ME KNOW THAT YOU'RE MINE (LET ME KNOW YOU'RE MINE)

WELL SHAKE IT SHAKE IT SHAKE IT BABY NOW (SHAKE IT UP BABY)
WELL SHAKE IT SHAKE IT SHAKE IT BABY NOW (SHAKE IT UP BABY)
WELL SHAKE IT SHAKE IT SHAKE IT BABY NOW (SHAKE IT UP BABY)

Massive applause supplied, hopefully, by the audience.

Compere's Voice. And now, ladies and gentlemen, our star turn, Miss Helen Shapiro.

Some polite clapping.

Older John. That says it all. We had to be polite, though.

Beatles in tour bus with Helen Shapiro.

John. So, Helen, how do you think your tour's going?

Helen. Well, the tour's going very well for you.

Ringo. How's that?

Helen. Screaming crowds. Thunderous applause.

John. Really? I must turn my hearing aid up.

Paul. I'm sure some of it was intended for you.

George. Creep.

Ringo. Who are all these people?

Helen. Hysterical teenage girls.

George. Like yourself.

John. Shouldn't you be out there with them?

Helen. How dare you! (*John blows her a kiss.*) Bully!

Helen turns her back on him, pretending to sulk.

Paul. She loves you.

Ringo. She loves you...

George (*singing*). She loves you. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Helen. No, I don't.

John. Don't spoil the makings of a great song.

SHE LOVES YOU YEAH YEAH YEAH
SHE LOVES YOU YEAH YEAH YEAH
SHE LOVES YOU YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH

YOU THINK YOU'VE LOST YOUR LOVE
WHEN I SAW HER YESTERDAY-YI-YAY
IT'S YOU SHE'S THINKING OF
AND SHE TOLD ME WHAT TO SAY-YI-YAY

SHE SAYS SHE LOVES YOU
AND YOU KNOW THAT CAN'T BE BAD
YES SHE LOVES YOU
AND YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BE GLAD

SHE SAID YOU HURT HER SOUL
SHE ALMOST LOST HER MIND
AND NOW SHE SAYS SHE KNOWS
YOU'RE NOT THE HURTING KIND

SHE SAYS SHE LOVES YOU
AND YOU KNOW THAT CAN'T BE BAD
YES SHE LOVES YOU
AND YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BE GLAD

OO SHE LOVES YOU YEAH YEAH YEAH
SHE LOVES YOU YEAH YEAH YEAH
AND WITH A LOVE LIKE THAT
YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BE GLAD

YOU KNOW IT'S UP TO YOU
I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR
PRIDE CAN HURT YOU TOO
APOLOGIZE TO HER

BECAUSE SHE LOVES YOU
AND YOU KNOW THAT CAN'T BE BAD
YES SHE LOVES YOU
AND YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BE GLAD

OO SHE LOVES YOU YEAH YEAH YEAH
SHE LOVES YOU YEAH YEAH YEAH
AND WITH A LOVE LIKE THAT
YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BE GLAD
AND WITH A LOVE LIKE THAT
YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BE GLAD

Cynthia lies on a hospital bed with new born baby Julian.

Older John. She loves you. Yeah, yeah, yeah. She loves... (*John approaches Cynthia and baby.*) Though, why on earth she should, Heaven knows. She's just given birth to your first son alone in a strange hospital.

John. I'm sorry I couldn't get back sooner. This tour's been so hectic.

Cynthia. Don't worry.

John. Oh, Cyn! He's marvellous.

Cynthia. I was wondering. Should we call him Julian in memory of your mum?

John. She wasn't called Julian.

Cynthia. Julia.

John. Julian sounds a bit fancy-pants but you know what? I like it.

Cynthia. You'll like something else as well. That new song of yours, 'She Loves You, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah', all about me, I assume?

John. Of course.

Cynthia. It's number one in the charts.

John. Don't mess about.

Cynthia. It's true. (*Teenage fans break into hospital ward.*) Excuse me. What do you want?

*Pretending not to know Cynthia,
John ushers fans downstage and signs autograph.*

John. There you go. Off you go.

Teenager. We love you, John.

John. Thanks. Bye, now.

Teenagers reluctantly leave.

Cynthia. John, they just broke in.

John. They're the folks that get us to number one, Cyn. We gotta be polite.

Older John. I was polite for the next four years.

Brian enters with flowers.

Brian. There you are, John. Congratulations, Cynthia. What a bonny boy! (*Brian hands flowers to Cynthia and escorts John away.*) John, you really must keep to the schedule. Time is always going to be short.

John. Sorry, Brian, but I had to see my son.

Brian. And so you have. And so you have. Do you think those fans noticed?

John. Noticed what?

Brian. That you've got a wife. That you've got a son.

John. No, I don't think they saw beyond me and my magnetic personality.

Brian. Don't get big-headed until you've done Sunday Night at the Palladium. That's the one that could make us.

John. Or break us.

Older John. It made us.

Brain. Congratulations. Try the Royal Variety Show next. Let's see if you can sing 'I Want to Hold Your Hand' to the Queen Mother and mean it.

John. I'll be thinking of Cyn and Julian.

Brian. Of course you will.

Announcer's Voice. Your Majesty, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, the one and only Beatles.

John joins the band.

John. If you like it, the ones in the cheap seats, clap their hands; the rest of you, just rattle your jewellery. One, two, three...

OH YEAH, I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING
I THINK YOU'LL UNDERSTAND
WHEN I SAY THAT SOMETHING
I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND
I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND
I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND

OH PLEASE SAY TO ME
YOU'LL LET ME BE YOUR MAN
AND PLEASE SAY TO ME

YOU'LL LET ME HOLD YOUR HAND
NOW LET ME HOLD YOUR HAND
I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND

AND WHEN I TOUCH YOU I FEEL HAPPY INSIDE
IT'S SUCH A FEELING
THAT MY LOVE
I CAN'T HIDE
I CAN'T HIDE
I CAN'T HIDE

YEAH YOU GOT THAT SOMETHING
I THINK YOU'LL UNDERSTAND
WHEN I SAY THAT SOMETHING
I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND
I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND
I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND

AND WHEN I TOUCH YOU I FEEL HAPPY INSIDE
IT'S SUCH A FEELING
THAT MY LOVE
I CAN'T HIDE
I CAN'T HIDE
I CAN'T HIDE

YEAH YOU GOT THAT SOMETHING
I THINK YOU'LL UNDERSTAND
WHEN I SAY THAT SOMETHING
I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND
I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND
I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND
I WANNA HOLD YOUR HA-A-A-A-A-A-AND

Beatles get on the plane.

George. That was a disappointment. I couldn't hear any jewellery rattling.

Paul. If I can't hear myself think, how the hell am I supposed to notice a few old trinkets in the Royal Box?

Ringo. That's not a very nice way to talk about the Queen Mum. Where are we off to now, anyway?

John. Oh, only America.

Paul. Well done, Brian.

John. Brian says, if we can't conquer America, we're no good.

Brian enters with Cynthia.

Brian. I didn't say 'no good'. I said 'mediocre'. There is a difference.

John. Brian! I thought we were keeping Cynthia a secret.

Cynthia. Your fans aren't daft. A woman and baby coming and going through your front door can only mean one thing.

Brian. That you're a married Beatle. And do you know what? They like it. They think of you as the father figure, the sensible one.

Cynthia. Which you're not.

John. Eh, watch it! Where's Julian?

Cynthia. With mum.

John kisses Cynthia.

John. I'm glad you were allowed to join us.

Brian. Belt up.

Brian and Cynthia sit down too.

George. Does this mean we can get married too now?

Brian. Yes, but not till we've done America. Stay young as long as you can.

The plane takes off.

Ringo. Here's hoping, eh?

John. We can always turn round and go home again if no one likes us.

Brian produces a bottle of champagne and pours a glass each.

George. What's this?

Brian. A bit of bubbly to say 'thank you'.

Paul. For what? We haven't even got there yet.

Brian. 'I Want To Hold Your Hand' has got there and made its way to number one.

John. Number one in the States?

Brian. It certainly is. So, no promises but there may be a few enthusiasts waiting to greet you.

Plane comes in to land and comes to a standstill.

George. Is there anybody out there?

John. Go on. Open the door.

Brian. Yes, boss.

There is the sound of a plane door opening, followed by hysterical screaming.

Ringo. I think someone famous has arrived.

Paul. Perhaps we coincided with Elvis.

Brian. No, they're all chanting the same thing. 'We love you, Beatles, oh yes we do'.

Cynthia. How many?

Brian. A million or so.

Beatles and Cynthia get off the plane.

Interviewer 1. What's your ambition?

Paul. To come to America. Oh, we have!

Interviewer 2. Do you hope to take anything home with you?

John. The Rockefeller Center.

Interviewer 3. What do you think of Beethoven?

Ringo. I love him, especially his poems.

Brian. This way.

Beatles and Cynthia get in the elevator.

George. Peace at last.

Brian. Oops. Wrong floor.

John. How many floors are there?

Paul. Oh, double figures, John. Double figures.

John. Why have they parked us at the top?

Brian. So the fans can't climb the side of the building and break in.

Beatles and Cynthia get out the elevator.

Paul. Well, we have gone up in the world.

Brian. Right, there are your rooms.

Cynthia. Suites, more like.

Brian. Time to go.

Ringo. No chance of a cuppa?

Brian. It's time for the Ed Sullivan Show.

John. Let's just watch it on our colour tellies.

Brian. Don't be so naïve. You're on it, boys.

Ed Sullivan Show.

Ed Sullivan. My main guests tonight are, I think you've guessed it! That Fab Four from Liverpool: the Beatles!

LAST NIGHT I SAID THESE WORDS TO MY GIRL
I KNOW YOU NEVER EVEN TRY GIRL
COME ON COME ON COME ON COME ON
PLEASE PLEASE ME WO YEAH LIKE I PLEASE YOU

YOU DON'T NEED ME TO SHOW THE WAY LOVE
WHY DO I ALWAYS GAVE TO SAT LOVE
COME ON COME ON COME ON COME ON
PLEASE PLEASE ME WO YEAH LIKE I PLEASE YOU

I DON'T WANT TO SOUND COMPLAINING
BUT YOU KNOW THERE'S ALWAYS RAIN IN MY HEART
I DO ALL THE PLEASING WITH YOU
IT'S SO HARD TO REASON WITH YOU
WO YEAH WHY DO YOU MAKE ME BLUE?

LAST NIGHT I SAID THESE WORDS TO MY GIRL
I KNOW YOU NEVER EVEN TRY GIRL
COME ON COME ON COME ON COME ON
PLEASE PLEASE ME WO YEAH LIKE I PLEASE YOU
WO YEAH LIKE I PLEASE YOU
WO YEAH LIKE I PLEASE YOU

Ed Sullivan. So, how different do you find the American fans?

Paul. They're just the same.

George. Only more of them.

Hotel suite where Cynthia is watching same interview on the TV. John enters.

John. Do you mind? *(He switches channels. More Beatles music. He switches again. Same result.)* Is there no escaping these English mop-heads? *(He switches TV off.)* Yes, there is!

Cynthia. No. I think there's still one in the room.

John. Damn it, so there is! Let me don a cunning disguise and no one will spot me. We'll go out unrecognised and dance the night away.

Cynthia. We tried that last night and someone pulled your false nose off.

John. Tonight, though, my disguise is more ingenious. Behold!

John puts on a pair of pebble glasses.

Cynthia. Why are you talking funny?

John. Because I am funny. What do you think of my new disguise?

Cynthia. All the long words?

John. The world's finest minds live in New York. I mean to impress them.

Cynthia. You'll impress them most by being yourself. A working class boy from Liverpool who never got through Art College.

John. Thanks for the compliment. You're sounding like Mimi.

Cynthia. All I'm saying is 'Be yourself'.

John. How can I? I'm in disguise.

Cynthia. You call that a disguise? They're almost the same as your National Health specs.

John. But I never wear them.

Cynthia. Which is why you're always bumping into things.

John removes pebble glasses.

John. Actually, I can't see a thing through these. Oh well. Another night in while the crowds mill outside.

Cynthia. Aren't you enjoying the States? Success?

John. Yeah. No. Yeah. But I think I'm becoming a commodity. A cartoon character. I might as well be in a film.

The Ed Sullivan interview continues.

Ed Sullivan. And I hear you're about to make a movie. And it's called...

Ringo. 'A Hard Day's Night'.

Paul. Ringo invented the title.

Ed Sullivan. Very witty. Who will be your leading lady?

George. We're trying for the Queen.

Laughter on screen as interview fades away. Section of 'A Hard Day's Night' played out. It is sequence when Ringo has vanished and Beatles gather outside TV Theatre.

Director. Cut, cut. Diction!

John. Don't be rude.

Director. Use your lips.

Paul. Watch it.

George. Are you casting aspersions on our Liverpudlian accents?

Director. The audience need to be able to match words to lip movements.

George. It's not that difficult. We're talking, aren't we?

Director. Yes, but we'll be re-recording all the dialogue in the studio later.

John. What a waste of time!

Director. So try and avoid talking over each other as well. It's hard to remix. Right. (*Clipperboard produced.*) And action. (*Beatles replay scene onstage and afterwards part in their different directions.*) Perfect. All angles covered? OK, let's move on. Alright, George?

George and Paul return.

George. Did I look a bit distracted?

Director. Course you did. It's part of your charm. Don't overact, Paul. Where's John?

Paul. John!

George. John!

Director. We need to find him, We've a lot to get done today.

Paul. I'll go this way. (*He heads towards John. George and Director head off.*) Don't mess about.

John. How much of us do they want? He's right. Or, rather, I'm right when I'm playing me. We're a public limited company.

Paul. Such is success.

John. Well, that's it. It's limited. Limiting. I'm losing track of any aspect of my personality that doesn't involve only mop-heads and Liverpudlian wisecracks.

Paul. He said, wisecracking.

John. You prove my point. Remember how we used to be, our dreams, our enthusiasm?

Paul. Before the suits?

John. Before the Beatles.

John and Paul sing.

YESTERDAY
ALL MY TROUBLES SEEMED SO FAR AWAY
NOW IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY'RE HERE TO STAY
OH I BELIEVE IN YESTERDAY

SUDDENLY
I'M NOT HALF THE MAN I USED TO BE
THERE'S A SHADOW HANGING OVER ME
OH YESTERDAY CAME SUDDENLY

WHY SHE
HAD TO GO I DON'T KNOW SHE WOULDN'T SAY
I SAID
SOMETHING WRONG NOW I LONG FOR YESTERDAY

YESTERDAY
LOVE WAS SUCH AN EASY GAME TO PLAY
NOW I NEED A PLACE TO HIDE AWAY
OH I BELIEVE IN YESTERDAY

WHY SHE
HAD TO GO I DON'T KNOW SHE WOULDN'T SAY
I SAID
SOMETHING WRONG NOW I LONG FOR YESTERDAY

YESTERDAY
LOVE WAS SUCH AN EASY GAME TO PLAY
NOW I NEED A PLACE TO HIDE AWAY
OH I BELIEVE IN YESTERDAY

Ringo, George and Director find John and Paul.

George. Hey, what are you doing?

Ringo. We've been looking everywhere for you.

Director. Time is money, John.

John. And money is God.

Ringo. It bought you that mansion in Surrey.

Director. Look, you've a gig in Salisbury tonight, another in Macclesfield tomorrow. Every minute of the day is therefore precious.

John. In other words...

Beatles. Get to work! (*Introductory chords of 'Help'.*) Help!

Teenage London Girl. They're alright. They're more than alright.

Teenage Birmingham Girl. I'd like to marry Paul. I think he's gorgeous.

Teenage Welsh Girl. I love you, John! I love you!

Older Yorkshire Boy. It's the music I love. It's something new – entirely new.

Teenage Birmingham Girl. Ringo's great too. I'd marry him. I'd marry any of them.

Teenage American Girl. The Beatles! Oh my God! Did you say the Beatles?

Older Yorkshire Boy. Not Jazz. Not Rock. Something new.

Teenage Welsh Girl. I left home to camp outside John's house. I see him arrive and go out. He waved once.

Teenage American Girl. They changed my life.

Older Yorkshire Boy. They changed my life.

Teenage Welsh Girl. My life'll never be the same again.

Fans repeat the refrain, 'They changed my life'.

HELP I NEED SOMEBODY
HELP NOT JUST ANYBODY
HELP YOU KNOW I NEED SOMEONE HELP

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER SO MUCH YOUNGER THAN TODAY
I NEVER NEEDED ANYBODY'S HELP IN ANY WAY
BUT NOW THESE DAYS ARE GONE I'M NOT SO SELF ASSURED
NOW I FIND I'VE CHANGED MY MIND AND OPENED UP THE DOORS

HELP ME IF YOU CAN, I'M FEELING DOWN
AND I DO APPRECIATE YOU BEING ROUND
HELP ME GET MY FEET BACK ON THE GROUND
WON'T YOU PLEASE PLEASE HELP ME?

AND NOW MY LIFE HAS CHANGED IN OH SO MANY WAYS
MY INDEPENDENCE SEEMS TO VANISH IN THE HAZE
BUT EVERY NOW AND THEN I FEEL SO INSECURE
I KNOW THAT I JUST NEED YOU LIKE I'VE NEVER DONE BEFORE

HELP ME IF YOU CAN I'M FEELING DOWN
AND I DO APPRECIATE YOU BEING ROUND
HELP ME GET MY FEET BACK ON THE GROUND
WON'T YOU PLEASE PLEASE HELP ME

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER SO MUCH YOUNGER THAN TODAY
I NEVER NEEDED ANYBODY'S HELP IN ANY WAY
BUT NOW THESE DAYS ARE GONE I'M NOT SO SELF ASSURED
NOW I FIND I'VE CHANGED MY MIND AND OPENED UP THE DOORS

HELP ME IF YOU CAN I'M FEELING DOWN
AND I DO APPRECIATE YOU BEING ROUND
HELP ME GET MY FEET BACK ON THE GROUND
WON'T YOU PLEASE PLEASE HELP ME HELP ME HELP ME OH

Mark Chapman. He changed my life.

Older John. Never mind them. What about us? We were all married or engaged by now. Happy ever after! And so were the fans. (*Beatles pick up instruments once more.*) Life goes on.

John. Life goes on.

Beatles sing 'Obladi-Oblada'.

DESMOND HAS HIS BARROW IN THE MARKET PLACE
MOLLY IS THE SINGER IN A BAND
DESMOND SAYS TO MOLLY GIRL I LIKE YOUR FACE
AND MOLLY SAYS THIS AS SHE TAKES HIM BY THE HAND
OB-LA-DI OB-LA-DA LIFE GOES ON BRAH!
LALA HOW THE LIFE GOES ON
OB-LA-DI OB-LA-DA LIFE GOES ON BRAH!
LALA HOW THE LIFE GOES ON

DESMOND TAKES A TROLLEY TO THE JEWELRY STORE
BUYS A TWENTY CARAT GOLDEN RING
TAKES IT BACK TO MOLLY WAITING AT THE DOOR
AND AS HE GIVES IT TO HER SHE BEGINS TO SING
OB-LA-DI OB-LA-DA LIFE GOES ON BRAH!
LALA HOW THE LIFE GOES ON
OB-LA-DI OB-LA-DA LIFE GOES ON BRAH!
LALA HOW THE LIFE GOES ON

IN A COUPLE OF YEARS THEY HAVE BUILT A HOME SWEET HOME
WITH A COUPLE OF KIDS RUNNING IN THE YARD
OF DESMOND AND MOLLY JONES (HA HA HA HA HA)

HAPPY EVER AFTER IN THE MARKET PLACE
DESMOND LETS THE CHILDREN LEND A HAND
MOLLY STAYS AT HOME AND DOES HER PRETTY FACE
AND IN THE EVENING SHE STILL SINGS IT WITH THE BAND
OB-LA-DI OB-LA-DA LIFE GOES ON BRAH!
LALA HOW THE LIFE GOES ON
OB-LA-DI OB-LA-DA LIFE GOES ON BRAH!
LALA HOW THE LIFE GOES ON

IN A COUPLE OF YEARS THEY HAVE BUILT A HOME SWEET HOME
WITH A COUPLE OF KIDS RUNNING IN THE YARD
OF DESMOND AND MOLLY JONES
HAPPY EVER AFTER IN THE MARKET PLACE
MOLLY LETS THE CHILDREN LEND A HAND
DESMOND STAYS AT HOME AND DOES HIS PRETTY FACE
AND IN THE EVENING SHE'S A SINGER WITH THE BAND
OB-LA-DI OB-LA-DA LIFE GOES ON BRAH!
LALA HOW THE LIFE GOES ON
OB-LA-DI OB-LA-DA LIFE GOES ON BRAH!
LALA HOW THE LIFE GOES ON

AND IF YOU WANT SOME FUN TAKE OB-LA-DI-BLA-DA

Beatles shift into their transport.

John. Are you still enjoying this?

Paul. Yeah, it's cool.

Ringo. Cool? How trendy!

George. I'd enjoy it more if they'd actually listen to what we're singing.

John. George is right.

Paul. George is your stooge.

John. What?

Paul. Nothing.

John. No, Paul. It wasn't nothing. What are you trying to say?

Paul. All I'm saying is that you've made it all too clear that you're bored with touring and you'll use any means...

John. Like George?

Paul. To end it.

John. I used to get the buzz but surely we've grown up a bit since then. We've been loved enough. Now it's time to actually express ourselves to people who are listening and not screaming.

George. It's time to stop touring, so we can start making music.

Ringo. I agree.

Paul. Oh. Great.

Brian appears from behind the chairs.

Brian. And when were you thinking of consulting me about all this?

All Beatles except John depart. Brian follows them. Maureen Cleave from the London Evening Standard appears.

Maureen Cleave. Hello, John. I don't know if you remember me? Maureen Cleave, Evening Standard?

John. Oh yes. As if it were yesterday!

Maureen Cleave. When all your troubles seemed so far away?

John. Oh, very good, yes.

Maureen Cleave. Are you admitting, then, that there are troubles?

John. Nothing of the sort. We're enjoying every last, crazy moment.

Maureen Cleave. Does that include touring? Rumour has it that someone's getting bored with it.

John. I can't think where you'd have heard that. Look at us. We're embarking on a massive tour of America.

Maureen Cleave. The number 1 hits are slightly less frequent now. Do you think you're having the same impact?

John. Nothing stays the same. Nonetheless, we're enjoying cult status.

Maureen Cleave. What do you mean by that?

John. Christianity will go. It will vanish and shrink. I needn't argue with that. I'm right and I will be proved right. We're more popular than Jesus right now.

Older John. I'm sorry but it was true.

Maureen Cleave. Are you still revolutionary. Are you singing anything new?

John. The songs are about more than young love now.

Maureen Cleave. What will be different about this American tour?

John. Well, for a start, we're going by submarine.

A yellow submarine arrives.

IN THE TOWN WHERE I WAS BORN
LIVED A MAN WHO SAILED TO SEA
AND HE TOLD US OF HIS LIFE
IN THE LAND OF SUBMARINES

SO WE SAILED ON TO THE SUN
TILL WE FOUND A SEA OF GREEN
AND WE LIVED BENEATH THE WAVES
IN OUR YELLOW SUBMARINE

WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE
YELLOW SUBMARINE YELLOW SUBMARINE

WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE
YELLOW SUBMARINE YELLOW SUBMARINE

AND OUR FRIENDS ARE ALL ABOARD
MANY MORE OF THEM LIVE NEXT DOOR
AND THE BAND BEGINS TO PLAY

WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE
YELLOW SUBMARINE YELLOW SUBMARINE
WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE
YELLOW SUBMARINE YELLOW SUBMARINE

FULL SPEED AHEAD MR. BOATSWAIN FULL SPEED AHEAD
FULL SPEED AHEAD IT IS SGT
CUT THE CABLE DROP THE CABLE
AYE AYE SIR AYE AYE
CAPTAIN CAPTAIN

AS WE LIVE A LIFE OF EASE
EVERY ONE OF US HAS ALL WE NEED
(ONE OF US HAS ALL WE NEED)
SKY OF BLUE AND SEA OF GREEN
(SKY OF BLUE SEA OF GREEN)
IN OUR YELLOW SUBMARINE
(IN OUR YELLOW SUBMARINE AHA)

WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE
A YELLOW SUBMARINE YELLOW SUBMARINE
WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE
A YELLOW SUBMARINE YELLOW SUBMARINE

WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE
YELLOW SUBMARINE YELLOW SUBMARINE
WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE
YELLOW SUBMARINE YELLOW SUBMARINE

ACT II

Beatles are greeted by Brian.

WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE
A YELLOW SUBMARINE YELLOW SUBMARINE
WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE
A YELLOW SUBMARINE YELLOW SUBMARINE

WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE
YELLOW SUBMARINE YELLOW SUBMARINE
WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE
YELLOW SUBMARINE YELLOW SUBMARINE

Brian. That's a strange song.

Paul (*indicating audience*). Well, they liked it.

Brian. Pull yourself together, Paul. I thought you were the sensible one.

Paul. I'm on a high. The tour was a success.

George. Shouldn't that be a low when you're in a submarine?

John. We were low but now we're high.

Brian. Well, I'm not sure you deserve to be. Comparing yourselves with Jesus just before visiting the bible-belt of America! I've had to apologise on your behalf several times. Where's your judgement gone?

Paul. We've all made a judgement.

Brian. All of you?

Paul. All of us. We've stopped developing as artists.

Brian. What should you have developed into?

John. We don't know till we've done it.

Ringo. All we need is a studio and a bit of time.

Brian. Well, that can be arranged.

John. A lot of time. We will tour but our next tour will be a tour of the mind.

Brian. Well, I hope it produces something I can sell.

John. It will produce visions of what life might be.

Psychedelic imagery on back screen including John's illustrated Rolls Royce.

Paul. It will produce Sergeant Pepper's...

George. ...Lonely Hearts...

Ringo. Album.

Beatles burst into hysterical laughter.

Paul. Roll up for the magical mystery tour.

This song is sung without instruments.

ROLL UP ROLL UP FOR THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR STEP RIGHT THIS WAY
ROLL UP ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR
ROLL UP ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR
ROLL UP (AND) THAT'S AN INVITATION ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR
ROLL UP TO MAKE A RESERVATION ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR
THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR IS WAITING TO TAKE YOU AWAY
WAITING TO TAKE YOU AWAY

ROLL UP ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR
ROLL UP ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR
ROLL UP GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR
ROLL UP SATISFACTION GUARANTEED ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR
THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR IS HOPING TO TAKE YOU AWAY
HOPING TO TAKE YOU AWAY

A MYSTERY TRIP

THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR
ROLL UP ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR
ROLL UP ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR
ROLL UP (AND) THAT'S AN INVITATION ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR
ROLL UP TO MAKE A RESERVATION ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR
THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR IS COMING TO TAKE YOU AWAY
COMING TO TAKE YOU AWAY
THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR IS DYING TO TAKE YOU AWAY
DYING TO TAKE YOU AWAY TAKE YOU TODAY

Brian. Genius.

Brian exits. Cynthia enters.

Cynthia. John. (*John does not respond.*) John! Wake up. I'd like Julian to eat his breakfast without his father and friends lying around the floor like debris.

John. Are we not on holiday yet?

Cynthia. You just happen not to be touring. Which means that you should be stretching your creativity to greater heights. Is that what you're doing, John?

John. Do you realise how tired I am?

Cynthia. Yes. So spend your time relaxing with the son you hardly know rather than...

John. Rather than what?

Cynthia. Doing drugs. I assume that's what keeps you up all night and asleep all day?

John. It's only 9 o'clock in the morning.

Cynthia. And how glad are you to be awake?

John. If only you'd experiment a bit more, Cyn, you'd understand where I am and who I am at the moment.

Cynthia. How glad are you to be awake?

John. Not very. Not that glad to be alive.

Cynthia. Yes, it's been really tough, all this fame and success, hasn't it? Wouldn't you rather be a struggling musician?

John. You're right. I'm not awake. I'm not alive. But you know who is?

Cynthia. Who?

John. George. (*George is into pure yoga position.*) He's joined the Spiritual Regeneration Movement.

Cynthia. Good for him. Why don't you?

John. Oddly enough, I might. The movement's leader, the Maharishi, is running a conference in Wales.

Cynthia. Wales?

John. This weekend.

Cynthia. This weekend?

John. This weekend. Where's that free spirit of yours? You surely can't disapprove of this.

Cynthia. Don't you have commitments?

John. You've just been asking me for commitment. Well, this is what I understand by it. Commitment to life. Commitment to you. I've obviously not been showing much of either.

Cynthia. So you'd like me to come too?

John. I always want you with me. Especially now that I'm beginning my spiritual journey with the Maharishi.

Cynthia. On condition that you stop using drugs, John.

John. The Maharishi accepts me for what I am.

Maharashi enters.

Maharashi. All are welcome. All are needed. For the matter from which we are all made binds each and every one of us to a common consciousness which, at its best, is called Nirvana.

All sing 'Come Together'.

HERE COME OLD FLATTOP HE COME GROOVING UP SLOWLY
HE GOT JOO-JOO EYEBALL HE ONE HOLY ROLLER
HE GOT HAIR DOWN TO HIS KNEE
GOT TO BE A JOKER HE JUST DO WHAT HE PLEASE

HE WEAR NO SHOESHINE HE GOT TOE-JAM FOOTBALL
HE GOT MONKEY FINGER HE SHOOT COCA-COLA
HE SAY I KNOW YOU YOU KNOW ME
ONE THING I CAN TELL YOU IS YOU GOT TO BE FREE
COME TOGETHER RIGHT NOW OVER ME

HE BAG PRODUCTION HE GOT WALRUS GUMBOOT
HE GOT ONO SIDEBBOARD HE ONE SPINAL CRACKER
HE GOT FEET DOWN BELOW HIS KNEE
HOLD YOU IN HIS ARMCHAIR YOU CAN FEEL HIS DISEASE
COME TOGETHER RIGHT NOW OVER ME

HE ROLLER-COASTER HE GOT EARLY WARNING
HE GOT MUDDY WATER HE ONE MOJO FILTER
HE SAY ONE AND ONE AND ONE IS THREE
GOT TO BE GOOD-LOOKING 'CAUSE HE'S SO HARD TO SEE
COME TOGETHER RIGHT NOW OVER ME

Reporter 1 interrupts.

Reporter 1. Excuse me, John. May we hear your reaction to the tragic news?

John. Haven't been watching the news. I'm on a spiritual retreat. But if it's the usual war and destruction, then I'm against it. We're forging a brotherhood between peoples and cultures with the Maharashi; not fostering war. I'm anti-Vietnam and I'm anti-arms race.

Reporter 1. You haven't heard, then?

Paul. Heard what?

Reporter 1. That Brian Epstein's dead.

John. What was that? Sorry?

Reporter 1. May we hear your reaction to the news of Brian Epstein's death?

Ringo. He can't be dead. He's our manager.

George. He's our friend.

Paul. Our elder brother.

John. Our guiding father.

Reporter 1. Thank you very much.

Reporter 1 exits.

Paul. He is so much more than a manager.

John. Was.

Beatles turn to the Maharashi.

Maharashi. Is. Nothing and no one dies. We are simply born again and again. And for the good we do, we are reborn to better things. Brian has already reached a higher level of existence. Be happy for him.

Paul. It's the truth we've all embraced. We've got to go with it.

Ringo. I'm not so sure. He's gone. Dead and gone, as far as I'm concerned.

Maharashi. Accept and be happy.

Ringo. I can't.

George. Open your mind to what the Maharashi's saying.

Ringo. I'm not spiritual like you, George. All I know is that we've lost Mr Fixit.

Paul. We've got to speak as one to these guys. We are the Beatles, after all.

John. Sod the Beatles. All we need to do is make sense of the Maharashi's teachings and pass them on.

George. Together!

Paul. Together?

Ringo. Together.

Beatles turn together to face press.

John. Accept and be happy, my friends.

Voice of Reporter 2. What was that?

Paul. Accept and be happy.

Voice of Reporter 3. Can you explain what you mean?

Ringo. What do we mean?

George. We mean...

Beatles sing 'Let it Be'.

WHEN I FIND MYSELF IN TIMES OF TROUBLE MOTHER MARY COMES TO ME
SPEAKING WORDS OF WISDOM LET IT BE
AND IN MY HOUR OF DARKNESS SHE IS STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME
SPEAKING WORDS OF WISDOM LET IT BE

LET IT BE LET IT BE LET IT BE LET IT BE
WHISPER WORDS OF WISDOM LET IT BE

AND WHEN THE BROKEN HEARTED PEOPLE LIVING IN THE WORLD AGREE
THERE WILL BE AN ANSWER LET IT BE
FOR THOUGH THEY MAY BE PARTED THERE IS STILL A
CHANCE THAT THEY WILL SEE
THERE WILL BE AN ANSWER LET IT BE

LET IT BE LET IT BE

AND WHEN THE NIGHT IS CLOUDY THERE IS STILL A LIGHT THAT SHINES ON ME
SHINE UNTIL TOMORROW LET IT BE
I WAKE UP TO THE SOUND OF MUSIC MOTHER MARY COMES TO ME
SPEAKING WORDS OF WISDOM LET IT BE

LET IT BE LET IT BE

Paul. Well, I...

Ringo. Massive role.

John. It was a partnership.

George. We're happy for him.

Paul. No, we're not. We're bloody devastated. You realise, we're our own masters now?

John. Free to do what the hell we like.

Paul. Artistically.

George. Spiritually.

Ringo. What shall we do, then?

Paul. I don't know. What do you wanna do?

George. Apple.

Ringo. You what?

George. Let's call ourselves Apple.

Ringo. But we're called the Beatles, aren't we?

John. That's the band. This is the company. The recording company. The studio. This company will not only control the production and distribution of The Beatles' records, but it'll also be a foundation: got a dream, an ambition? Well, Apple will let you fulfil it. Come to me, you writers, artists, painters. We can finance you.

Accountant (*at desk with typewriter and ledger*). Gentlemen, you're now up to your neck in troubles. Debts to pay, tax cases pending. Your personal finances are a disaster!

Paul. What! We've just invested a million pounds in a new company.

Accountant. All gone. In fact, we've already spent another one.

John. Impossible!

Accountant. And that's not all. You've let yourselves be ripped off by everyone on your staff, from the secretaries to the managers. Want some advice? Go back to being musicians - you're no good at business. Good afternoon.

Accountant exits.

George. Any ideas?

Paul. Yes, we've got to start playing live again. That's what the public wants.

George. I don't agree, people just want our records, that's all. They all think the White Album is better than Pepper.

Paul. Yes, but they still want to see us live. Truth is, on the contrary, you've got stage-fright, haven't you?

George. Now you're exaggerating!

Paul. We haven't played in front of an audience for over two years. We've got to start again. We're scared stiff! Do you remember how we felt that first time in Hamburg? We were petrified, just like we are now.

George. So you want to go back to playing the clubs?

Paul. No, but we've got to start playing again. What do you others think?

John. OK, OK. Paul, you want to perform live while George, you'd prefer to continue recording new songs, right? (*They nod.*) Well, why don't we record our next album as though it were a live concert? We can get rid of all the special effects and arrangements, just use our voices and the instruments. Like we did at the start.

Paul. OK, John, good idea.

John. We never go back. Why look back?

George. Because it's where we've come from.

Paul. Because, without it, we're as paper thin as... I don't know...

John. The Rolling Stones?

Paul. Exactly.

Ringo. Remember Penny Lane?

'Penny Lane' sung with the accompaniment of one guitar.

PENNY LANE THERE IS A BARBER SHOWING PHOTOGRAPHS
OF EVERY HEAD HE'S HAD THE PLEASURE TO HAVE KNOWN
AND ALL THE PEOPLE THAT COME AND GO
STOP AND SAY HELLO

ON THE CORNER IS A BANKER WITH A MOTORCAR
THE LITTLE CHILDREN LAUGH AT HIM BEHIND HIS BACK
AND THE BANKER NEVER WEARS A MAC
IN THE POURING RAIN
VERY STRANGE

PENNY LANE IS IN MY EARS AND IN MY EYES
THERE BENEATH THE BLUE SUBURBAN SKIES
I SIT AND MEANWHILE BACK

IN PENNY LANE THERE IS A FIREMAN WITH AN HOURGLASS
AND IN HIS POCKET IS A PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN
HE LIKES TO KEEP HIS FIRE ENGINE CLEAN
IT'S A CLEAN MACHINE

PENNY LANE IS IN MY EARS AND IN MY EYES
FOUR OF FISH AND FINGER PIES
IN SUMMER MEANWHILE BACK

BEHIND THE SHELTER IN THE MIDDLE OF A ROUNDABOUT
A PRETTY NURSE IS SELLING POPPIES FROM A TRAY
AND THOUGH SHE FEELS AS IF SHE'S IN A PLAY
SHE IS ANYWAY

PENNY LANE THE BARBER SHAVES ANOTHER CUSTOMER
WE SEE THE BANKER SITTING WAITING FOR A TRIM
THEN THE FIREMAN RUSHES IN
FROM THE POURING RAIN
VERY STRANGE

PENNY LANE IS IN MY EARS AND IN MY EYES
THERE BENEATH THE BLUE SUBURBAN SKIES
I SIT AND MEANWHILE BACK
PENNY LANE IS IN MY EARS AND IN MY EYES
THERE BENEATH THE BLUE SUBURBAN SKIES
PENNY LANE

Security Guard enters with visiting card.

Security Guard. Excuse me. Message for Mr Lennon.

John. Call me John. *(Takes card.)* Cheers, man.

Ringo. Penny Lane's very mellow.

George. Nice.

Paul. Who's stealing your attention, John?

John. No one.

John flippantly passes card to Paul.

Paul. Noko Yono. Chinese?

John. Yoko Ono. Japanese.

Ringo. Thought you said it was no one.

John. No one I know.

Paul. You know she's Japanese.

John. No one I know in particular.

George. What does she want?

Paul. To come up into our studio and steal John away.

Ringo. Like he's some form of public property.

John. Perhaps I am public property. What do you see me as, Paul? A toilet or a dustbin?

Ringo. You don't even let Cyn up here. Who does this Yoko think she is?

Door opens. Yoko Ono enters.

Yoko. Hello, John.

John. Hi.

Ringo. How did you get up? Who are you?

Yoko. I'm Miss Yoko Ono. I've searched everywhere for you.

Paul. Sorry, we don't usually let fans in here.

Yoko. John, I have come for my imaginary five shillings.

Paul. Oh dear. Unbalanced too.

Yoko. No, it is the perfect balance. I allowed John to hammer an imaginary nail into my art display and now I claim the imaginary five shillings the he promised me in return.

Paul. Where was this, John?

John. The Indica Gallery.

Ringo. I thought you'd never met her.

John. I didn't know your name.

Yoko. I introduced myself.

John. I wasn't listening.

Yoko. You were too entranced by my beauty.

John. Yeah, that was it.

Paul. Shall we leave you to it? (*John and Yoko stare intently at each other.*)
Come on, boys.

Ringo. We need to talk.

George. See you around.

Paul, Ringo and George exit.

Yoko. Sing a song for peace.

John. I'll sing a song for you. It's an old one of ours about suddenly spotting strangers in an art gallery, or anywhere for that matter.

Yoko. Is it a love song?

John. No.

John sings 'I Saw Her Standing There'. Yoko gets up and dances to the tune.

WELL SHE WAS JUST 17
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN
AND THE WAY SHE LOOKED WAS WAY BEYOND COMPARE
SO HOW COULD I DANCE WITH ANOTHER (OOH)
WHEN I SAW HER STANDIN' THERE

WELL SHE LOOKED AT ME AND I COULD SEE
THAT BEFORE TOO LONG I'D FALL IN LOVE WITH HER
SHE WOULDN'T DANCE WITH ANOTHER (WHOOH)
WHEN I SAW HER STANDIN' THERE

WELL MY HEART WENT BOOM
WHEN I CROSSED THAT ROOM
AND I HELD HER HAND IN MINE

WELL WE DANCED THROUGH THE NIGHT
AND WE HELD EACH OTHER TIGHT
AND BEFORE TOO LONG I FELL IN LOVE WITH HER
NOW I'LL NEVER DANCE WITH ANOTHER (WHOOH)
WHEN I SAW HER STANDING THERE

WELL MY HEART WENT BOOM
WHEN I CROSSED THAT ROOM
AND I HELD HER HAND IN MINE

OH WE DANCED THROUGH THE NIGHT
AND WE HELD EACH OTHER TIGHT
AND BEFORE TOO LONG I FELL IN LOVE WITH HER
NOW I'LL NEVER DANCE WITH ANOTHER (WHOOH)
SINCE I SAW HER STANDING THERE

Older John. I expect you think I'm turning weird. Many people thought so at the time, including my colleagues, including...

Cynthia enters. Julian's voice is heard.

Julian. Mummy!

Cynthia. Wait a minute, Julian. Just collecting the post. (*She picks up pile of letters.*) Fan mail's still getting through, despite Brian's best efforts over the years. Bills – easily paid. Postcard from Mimi.

Mimi image appears downstage.

Mimi. Tell that husband of yours it's never too late to get a decent education. Who knows what tomorrow may bring.

Lighting on Mimi fades.

Cynthia. Thanks, Mimi. This looks very official.

Julian. Mummy! (*Cynthia opens final envelope. She stares at its contents in silence.*) Mummy!

Cynthia. I'll always look after you, Julian. You'll be safe with mummy.

Julian (*still offstage*). What are you talking about?

Cynthia. Your father is going away for a long time. It's a thing called divorce. It means just you and me for a while. It means a different smaller house. It's the end of... us three. Of everything you've known.

Older John (*to audience*). It's time for the older and – God help us! – not much wiser John to join the story. Here goes. You can't turn the clock back, Cyn.

Cynthia. You never talked to me. You despised me for saying no to LSD, for being your...

Older John. ...safe, provincial, little wife.

Cynthia. For reminding you of the man you once were.

Older John sings 'Get Back' as Cynthia turns downstage.

JOJO WAS A MAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS A LONER
BUT HE KNEW IT WOULDN'T LAST
JOJO LEFT HIS HOME IN TUCSON ARIZONA
FOR SOME CALIFORNIA GRASS

GET BACK GET BACK
GET BACK TO WHERE YOU ONCE BELONGED
GET BACK GET BACK
GET BACK TO WHERE YOU ONCE BELONGED
GET BACK JOJO GO HOME
GET BACK GET BACK
BACK TO WHERE YOU ONCE BELONGED
GET BACK GET BACK
BACK TO WHERE YOU ONCE BELONGED
GET BACK JO

SWEET LORETTA MARTIN THOUGHT SHE WAS A WOMAN
BUT SHE WAS ANOTHER MAN
ALL THE GIRLS AROUND HER SAY SHE'S GOT IT COMING
BUT SHE GETS IT WHILE SHE CAN

GET BACK GET BACK
GET BACK TO WHERE YOU ONCE BELONGED
GET BACK GET BACK
GET BACK TO WHERE YOU ONCE BELONGED
GET BACK LORETTA GO HOME
GET BACK GET BACK
GET BACK TO WHERE YOU ONCE BELONGED
GET BACK GET BACK
GET BACK TO WHERE YOU ONCE BELONGED
GET BACK LORETTA

YOUR MOTHER'S WAITING FOR YOU
WEARING HER HIGH-HEEL SHOES
AND HER LOW-NECK SWEATER
GET ON HOME LORETTA

GET BACK GET BACK
GET BACK TO WHERE YOU ONCE BELONGED

Ringo, Paul and George are looking at newspapers.

Paul. It's too bad.

Ringo. How could he do that to the woman who's been his strength longer than, well longer than I've know you all.

Paul. It's Julian I feel sorry for. John's lost interest in his own son.

George. It's too bad.

Paul. I've written a song that'll help him remember. *(Singing.)* Hey, Jules, don't make it bad..

Older John and Yoko enter.

Yoko. What a sweet song.

Older John. Couldn't wait for me?

Paul. We don't all have to be in the same room every minute of the creative day.

Yoko. What's the song called?

Ringo. What did you say it was called, Paul?

Paul. Hey... Jude.

Older John. Short for Judas. I like it. Let's see how we can develop it. You know, for a minute I thought I heard 'Hey Jules' but that would have been unfair on my son, wouldn't it?

George. He's suffered enough.

Yoko. We will take perfect care of him. We don't do drugs anymore.

Ringo. That's alright, then.

Older John. Never mind Jules; what about Jude? Is it another of your perfect melodies, Paul? One more cute song for the Beatles archive? Give us a rendition, Paul.

Paul sings 'Hey Jude' with George and Ringo joining in.

HEY JUDE DON'T MAKE IT BAD
TAKE A SAD SONG AND MAKE IT BETTER
REMEMBER TO LET HER INTO YOUR HEART
THEN YOU CAN START TO MAKE IT BETTER

HEY JUDE DON'T BE AFRAID
YOU WERE MADE TO GO OUT AND GET HER
THE MINUTE YOU LET HER UNDER YOUR SKIN
THEN YOU BEGIN TO MAKE IT BETTER

AND ANY TIME YOU FEEL THE PAIN HEY JUDE REFRAIN
DON'T CARRY THE WORLD UPON YOUR SHOULDERS
FOR WELL YOU KNOW THAT IT'S A FOOL WHO PLAYS IT COOL
BY MAKING HIS WORLD A LITTLE COLDER
DA DA DA DA DA
DA DA DA DA

HEY JUDE DON'T LET ME DOWN
YOU HAVE FOUND HER NOW GO AND GET HER
REMEMBER TO LET HER INTO YOUR HEART
THEN YOU CAN START TO MAKE IT BETTER

SO LET IT OUT AND LET IT IN
HEY JUDE BEGIN
YOU'RE WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO PERFORM WITH
AND DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IT'S JUST YOU
HEY JUDE YOU'LL DO
THE MOVEMENT YOU NEED IS ON YOUR SHOULDER

DA DA DA DA DA
DA DA DA DA YEAH

HEY JUDE DON'T MAKE IT BAD
TAKE A SAD SONG AND MAKE IT BETTER
REMEMBER TO LET HER UNDER YOUR SKIN
THEN YOU'LL BEGIN TO MAKE IT BETTER
BETTER BETTER BETTER BETTER BETTER YEAHYEAHYEAH

George. What do you think, John?

Older John. I dunno. What do you think, Yoko? (*Yoko whispers into Older John's ear.*) A bit sentimental for us.

Paul. Since when was Yoko part of the band?

Older John. Yoko and I are one. We're joining our names together.

Ringo. This is too much for me. I simply don't understand.

Paul. You're not even married.

Older John. That'll soon change and, when it does, we're inviting the world to our honeymoon.

Paul. How humble and unassuming of you!

Ringo. You're what?

Yoko. You are invited too, Ringo. We'll grow our hair and we'll get into bed.

George. Why are you inviting the world?

Repeating photographers' flashes.

Voice of American Journalist. Why are you inviting the world?

Older John. Because we want world peace to break out in this hotel room.

Voice of Irish Journalist. How is that realistically going to happen?

Older John. Because, my friend, right here right now, I'm telling you that each war being fought as we speak is motivated by greed, not honour. America and Russia both want to own Vietnam. Greed! No one wants to share and I'll tell you why. There's not enough love around.

Yoko. That is your answer.

Older John. We are more famous than President Nixon and Chairman Mao put together and our voice has now been heard. Peace will break out.

Yoko. Peace must break out.

Older John. It will.

Voice of American Journalist. Where are you going next?

Older John. Wherever the mood takes us. The Bahamas.

Yoko. Montreal.

Voice of Irish Journalist. And where are the rest of the Beatles?

Older John. Back in history.

Yoko. Back in antiquity.

Someone switches radio on.

Dutch Radio Announcer. Back in the USSR.

Older John. Turn it off, for God's sake.

Yoko turns radio off. Paul, George and Ringo sing 'Back in the USSR'.

FLEW IN FROM MIAMI BEACH BOAC
DIDN'T GET TO BED LAST NIGHT
ON THE WAY THE PAPER BAG WAS ON MY KNEE
MAN I HAD A DREADFUL FLIGHT
I'M BACK IN THE USSR
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE BOY
BACK IN THE USSR

BEEN AWAY SO LONG I HARDLY KNEW THE PLACE
GEE IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK HOME
LEAVE IT TILL TOMORROW TO UNPACK MY CASE
HONEY DISCONNECT THE PHONE
I'M BACK IN THE USSR
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE BOY
BACK IN THE US BACK IN THE US BACK IN THE USSR

WELL THE UKRAINE GIRLS REALLY KNOCK ME OUT
WE LEAVE THE WEST BEHIND
AND MOSCOW GIRLS MAKE ME SING AND SHOUT
THAT GEORGIA'S ALWAYS ON MY MIND

I'M BACK IN THE USSR
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE BOYS
BACK IN THE USSR

WELL THE UKRAINE GIRLS REALLY KNOCK ME OUT
WE LEAVE THE WEST BEHIND
AND MOSCOW GIRLS MAKE ME SING AND SHOUT
THAT GEORGIA'S ALWAYS ON MY MIND

SHOW ME ROUND YOUR SNOW-PEAKED MOUNTAINS WAY
DOWN SOUTH
TAKE ME TO YOUR DADDY'S FARM
LET ME HEAR YOUR BALALAIKAS RINGING OUT
COME AND KEEP YOUR COMRADE WARM
I'M BACK IN THE USSR
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE BOYS
BACK IN THE USSR

Paul. Up the revolution!

Older John. Russia's just as bad. Those guys don't know what they're on about. Besides, they just sing it. We do it.

Yoko. Be polite.

Voice of American Journalist. What's your message to those fans of yours who've been called up to fight in Vietnam?

Older John. Throw your weapons away. Talk to your enemies. Talk to your friends. It's the same thing. But do it together. You'll achieve nothing unless you do it together.

Yoko. Give peace a chance.

Ringo. I'm glad he's into peace.

Paul. Perhaps he'll share some with us.

George. He'll be professional. It's our last album.

Ringo. Who says?

Paul. Fate. George has a good ear for fate.

Ringo. Why should we call it a day just because John's having an affair?

Paul. Ringo, he married Yoko. It's not just a fling.

Ringo. So? It's not us he divorced.

George. Wasn't it?

Younger Mark Chapman listens to the radio.

Announcer. ...live from the Hilton Montreal.

Voice of Older John. We achieve nothing unless we do it together. Ghandi almost brought tyranny to its knees through peaceful protest. We can do the same and we can do more.

Mark Chapman turns radio off.

Mark Chapman. I'll drink to that.

Paul, George and Ringo start to record 'Long and Winding Road'.

THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD
THAT LEADS TO YOUR DOOR
WILL NEVER DISAPPEAR
I'VE SEEN THAT ROAD BEFORE
IT ALWAYS LEADS ME HERE
LEAD ME TO YOUR DOOR.

THE WILD AND WINDY NIGHT
THAT THE RAIN WASHED AWAY
HAS LEFT A POOL OF TEARS
CRYING FOR THE DAY
WHY LEAVE ME STANDING HERE?
LET ME KNOW THE WAY

MANY TIMES I'VE BEEN ALONE
AND MANY TIMES I'VE CRIED
ANYWAY YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN
THE MANY WAYS I'VE TRIED

AND STILL THEY LEAD ME BACK
TO THE LONG WINDING ROAD
YOU LEFT ME STANDING HERE
A LONG LONG TIME AGO
DON'T LEAVE ME STANDING HERE
LEAD ME TO YOUR DOOR

BUT STILL THEY LEAD ME BACK
TO THE LONG WINDING ROAD
YOU LEFT ME STANDING HERE
A LONG LONG TIME AGO (OHOO)
DON'T KEEP ME WAITING HERE (DON'T KEEP ME WAITING)
LEAD ME TO YOUR DOOR (YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH)

George Martin enters.

Older John. Well, George, what do you think?

George Martin. It certainly had the personal touch.

George. Technically...

Beatles. It's a bit rough.

George Martin. Might I suggest replacing the drummer?

Ringo. Bless you, George.

George Martin. Long and winding road, eh?

Ringo. From your door, to your door.

George Martin. Something tells me this is the end.

*Beatles split. George, George Martin, Ringo and Paul exit,
leaving Older John alone.*

Older John. Fulfilment as a solo artist. World peace. Life with Yoko in New York. The Beatles split can only mean one thing. (*Lights up very slightly on the image of Mark Chapman and gun.*) I haven't long to go.

Yoko. You have no self-control. You are a slob. Go – have your affairs. I have done with you.

Yoko exits.

Older John. I'm caught in the story. I can't tell it anymore. It's beyond my control.

Voice of President Nixon.

Nixon. What's this Lennon freak doing in my country anyway? Get him deported. I'm trying to win a war here.

Older John. Don't care where I live. I just need to get my voice heard.

Paul. He corrupted us. He slowed us down with his obsession with Yoko. And now what is he? Singer? Politician? Self-styled Messiah? Until he makes his mind up, he's nothing.

Older John. You're just envious, McCarthy.

Voice of Julian. Where are you, daddy?

Older John. Don't you get it? I'm moving on. Aren't I, Yoko? Yoko? What the hell's going on? Yoko? Julian? Cynthia? Singer! Singer. I'll settle for being a decent singer, true to myself; a man with integrity. I've no other ambitions. Accept me for what I am. Accept me, please!

Yoko re-enters.

Yoko. Since you ask so nicely, yes, I do. And we lived happily ever after.

Older John. No, we didn't. I suffered writer's block. I hardly left the apartment.

Lights on Mark Chapman.

Mark Chapman. It was most disappointing. Why's the new Ghandi skulking in his bedroom? I thought this guy was supposed to be a leader! I've followed you. I've adored you. I've certainly lost my sense of direction, thanks to you, John Lennon. You've made me attempt suicide three times. How much more dangerous can you get? And when Mr Lennon finally emerges from his apartment, what do I get for my pains? A lousy autograph! A bit scribbled. Rather messy. All too human. Not good enough, John. Your death, not mine, is now the solution.

Older John. But I've launched a new album at last. It's 'Double Fantasy'. I'm starting out again.

Mark Chapman. That's what they all say.

Older John. It's been trauma after trauma after trauma. I needed time to make sense of it all and, now I have, well, imagine...

Sound of shot. Blackout. Older John sings 'Imagine'.

IMAGINE THERE'S NO HEAVEN
IT'S EASY IF YOU TRY
NO HELL BELOW US
ABOVE US ONLY SKY
IMAGINE ALL THE PEOPLE
LIVING FOR TODAY

IMAGINE THERE'S NO COUNTRIES
IT ISN'T HARD TO DO
NOTHING TO KILL OR DIE FOR
AND NO RELIGION TOO
IMAGINE ALL THE PEOPLE
LIVING LIFE IN PEACE

YOU MAY SAY I'M A DREAMER
BUT I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE
I HOPE SOMEDAY YOU'LL JOIN US
AND THE WORLD WILL BE AS ONE

IMAGINE NO POSSESSIONS
I WONDER IF YOU CAN
NO NEED FOR GREED OR HUNGER
A BROTHERHOOD OF MAN
IMAGINE ALL THE PEOPLE
SHARING ALL THE WORLD

YOU MAY SAY I'M A DREAMER
BUT I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE
I HOPE SOMEDAY YOU'LL JOIN US
AND THE WORLD WILL LIVE AS ONE

THE END

ENJOY YOURSELF WITH OUR GAMES!

Practical exercises edited by Gianfranca Olivieri
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The Beatles



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FILL IN THE FORM IN BLOCK LETTERS USING A PEN

Surname: _____ Name: _____ F M

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Postcode: _____ Town: _____ Province: _____

Telephone: _____ Mobile: _____

E-mail: _____

Date of birth: _____

School: _____

N.: _____ Address: _____

Postcode: _____ Town: _____ Province: _____

Telephone: _____

English teacher: _____

Date _____ Signature _____

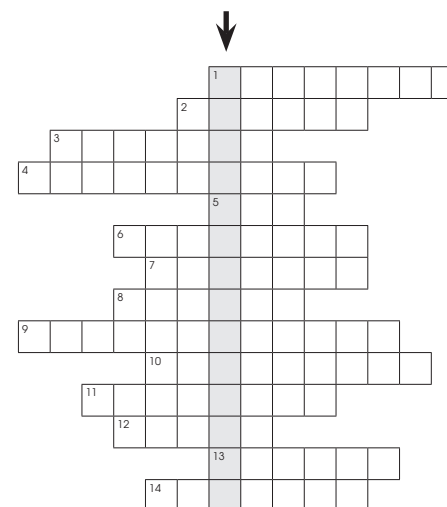
Il Palchetto Stage s.a.s. ai sensi e in conformità con l'art. 13, D. Lgs 30 giugno 2003 n. 196, informa che i dati raccolti saranno utilizzati per informarla in merito a nuove iniziative.

1. PUZZLE

How were young people in the late 1950's called?

Find the missing words in the sentences below, contained in the text to complete the sentences and then write them in the puzzle.

- The accountant said: "You're no good at"
- Brian Epstein was a of records.
- John said: "We're more than Jesus".
- John said: "We're the"
- The Beatles got their first in Hamburg .
- John joined the spiritual regeneration
- Brian said: "If we can't America we are no good".
- Ray McFall was the owner of the club .
- Astrid was a
- Older John said: "Our first band was the"
- Older John said: "You'll achieve nothing unless you do it"
- The Beatles first was "a hard day's night".
- John and Cynthia got married in registry
- Older John middle name was



Now read the column under the arrow to find the solution.

Solution:

2. LADDER

Can you turn a note  into a song?

You have to change one word into another by changing one letter at a time. Each change must leave a real word.

Look at the example: TURN MILK INTO WINE

MILK	CLUES
MILD	AMIABLES
WILD	SAVAGE
WIND	A CURRENT OF AIR
WINE	

NOTE	CLUES
	NOBODY
	LEFT
	MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
SONG	

3. LETTERS AND NUMBERS

What raged among the teenage generation in the 1960's?

In each of the 14 sentences in box (A), quoted from the text, there is a missing word. Find it in box (B) to complete the sentence.

Example: (1) We are not English! We're from Liverpool = (T)

SENTENCES BOX (A)

1. We are not English! We're from LIVERPOOL.
2. You're meant to be young lovable boys, not fathers.
3. Is there no escaping these English
4. Screaming crowds. Thunderous
5. Don't get until you've done Sunday night at the Palladium.
6. We're scared
7. All I'm saying is "Be".
8. Let me do a cunning disguise and no one will me.
9. Ghandi almost brought tyranny to its knees through protest.
10. It's time to stop touring, so we can start making
11. You're now up to your in troubles.
12. We're as paper as... I don't know...
13. Nothing and no one dies. We are simply again and again.
14. It's never too late to get a decent

BOX (B)

- | | |
|---|------------|
| I | BORN |
| A | STIFF |
| L | SPOT |
| T | LIVERPOOL |
| M | MUSIC |
| N | THIN |
| E | PEACEFUL |
| H | CAREWORN |
| E | BIG-HEADED |
| A | EDUCATION |
| E | MOP-HEADS |
| A | NECK |
| T | YOURSELF |
| B | APPLAUSE |

Now match letters to numbers in box (C) to find the solution.

BOX (C)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
(T)													

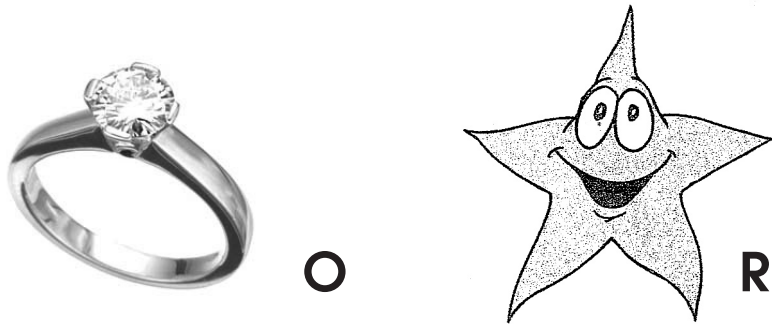
Solution:

4. REBUS

Who is Richard Starkey?

Write on the broken lines the names of the objects you see in the picture and you'll find the solution.

Phrase: 5 - 5



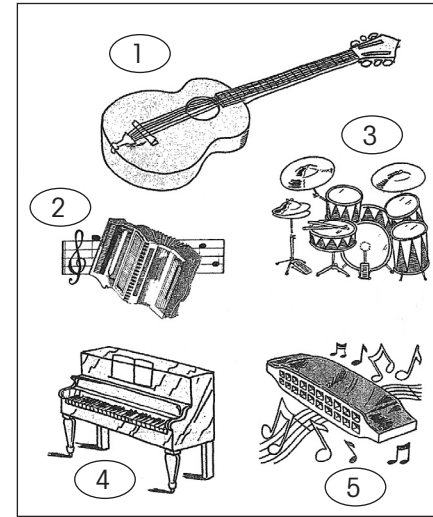
Solution:

Richard Starkey, the drummer of the group, is the oldest of The Beatles. He used to wear as many as four rings at once and for that reason he was called "Rings" which was later turned into "Ringo".

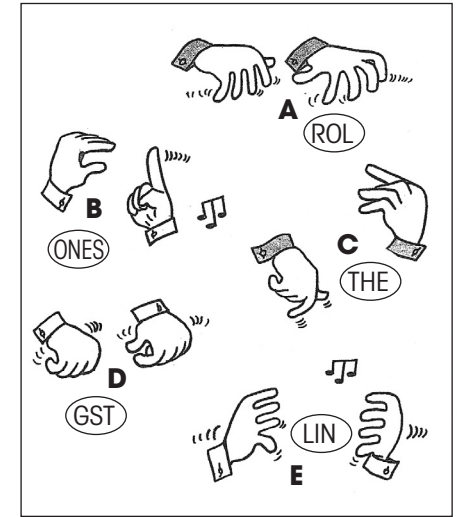
5. A SPOT OF RELAXATION

Write the names of the musical instruments in box (A) on the lines below and connect each of them with the corresponding hands that are playing them in box (B). Then write the letters in the circles in the correct order to find the name of another famous rock band of the 1960's.

BOX (A)



BOX (B)



1. _____ ○
2. _____ ○
3. _____ ○
4. _____ ○
5. _____ ○

Solution:

TEXT ANALYSIS

1) Who is granted custody of little John, during his childhood, and how was he raised?

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2) The "Fab Four" became famous with the name "The Beatles", but before this they had several other names. What were they?

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3) Which is the name of the singer they supported on their first tour?

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4) The Beatles and the States: what was their first song to top the charts in the United States? Which famous TV programme were they invited to appear on? Which symbolic means of transport did they choose for the American tour?

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.....

5) What was John Lennon's spiritual guide called and what country was he from? Have the "Fab Four" ever visited this country and have they been influenced by it?

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.....

6) Where did John Lennon and Yoko Ono meet? Who was the one more determined in wanting to deepen the simple acquaintance?

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7) Who was the song "Hey Jude" originally dedicated to and what was its initial title?

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8) What kind of relationship did the Beatles have with their fans? Give an example.

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9) Who is the narrator? What is the technique used for this type of narration called?

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