

My Old Friend

by Stephen Larsen

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### Cast of Characters

**JOHN LENNON**, 40 years old, white, 5'10" tall, rail-thin, with longish reddish-brown hair; he is acerbically witty, speaks with a Liverpool accent (this actor must have a good singing voice).

**PAUL McCARTNEY**, 38 years old, white, 5'11" tall, thin, with dark longish but well-trimmed hair; he is a natural charmer/politician, speaks with a Liverpool accent (this actor must have a good singing voice).

**LINDA McCARTNEY**, 39 years old, white, 5'9" tall, with long layered blonde hair; she is easy going, friendly, has a drowsy look to her eyes and speaks with a mixture of a New York and British accent.

**CARL PERKINS**, 52 years old, white, 6'1" tall, good-natured, wears a curly dark hairpiece, a dark moustache, and dark bushy sideburns; he is good-natured and speaks with a Tennessee accent (this actor must have a good singing voice).

**WAITRESS**, late 30s, 5'9" tall, speaks with a New York accent - doubled by the actor playing LINDA McCARTNEY, but must wear a wig of a different hair style and color.

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**, late 40s-early 50s, 6'1" tall, speaks with a trace of a New York accent - doubled by the actor playing CARL PERKINS, but must wear a wig of a different hair style and color.

**NOTE ABOUT DOUBLING OF ROLES:** The table below shows how the playwright intends to have actors double roles, and to also possibly do voice-over roles (V.O. roles are described following the table).

PRIMARY ROLE	DOUBLED ROLE	POSSIBLE V.O. ROLES
JOHN LENNON		
PAUL McCARTNEY		
LINDA McCARTNEY	WAITRESS	YOKO (V.O.) JULIA (V.O.) FIVE-YEAR-OLD JOHN (V.O.)
CARL PERKINS	FAN IN RESTAURANT	NEWS ANNOUNCER ON RADIO (V.O.) RONALD REAGAN ON RADIO (V.O.) PITCHMAN ON RADIO (V.O.) FREDDIE (V.O.) MALE THERAPIST (V.O.) FM DJ ON RADIO (V.O.)

**Voice-Overs:**

**NEWS ANNOUNCER ON RADIO (V.O.),** can be pre-recorded, or played by the actor who plays CARL PERKINS.

**RONALD REAGAN ON RADIO (V.O.),** must be an accurate impression of RONALD REAGAN; can be pre-recorded, or played by the actor who plays CARL PERKINS.

**PITCHMAN ON RADIO (V.O.),** must be an accurate impression of the famed Crazy Eddie pitchman; can be pre-recorded, or played by the actor who plays CARL PERKINS.

**YOKO (V.O.),** with Asian voice, soft-spoken, cold; can be pre-recorded, or played by the actor who plays LINDA McCARTNEY.

**FREDDIE (V.O.),** speaks with a thick Liverpool Scouse accent; can be pre-recorded, or played by the actor who plays CARL PERKINS.

**FIVE-YEAR-OLD JOHN (V.O.),** speaks with a Liverpool accent; can be pre-recorded, or played by the actor who plays LINDA McCARTNEY.

**MALE THERAPIST (V.O.),** speaks with an American accent; can be pre-recorded, or played by actor who plays CARL PERKINS.

**FM DJ ON RADIO (V.O.),** speaks with a throaty New York accent; can be pre-recorded, or played by actor who plays CARL PERKINS.

**NOTE ABOUT SONGS:** It is the playwright's intention that productions of this play utilize recordings and performances of the songs that are sung/performed by the cast members; this will require acquiring performance rights to some of the songs.

### Setting

The play takes at the following locations:

- John Lennon's apartment at the Dakota building, New York, NY;
- A Restaurant, New York, NY;
- Associated Independent Recording (AIR) Studio, Montserrat Island, West Indies.

Sets should include the bare-minimum of set pieces and props to suggest each location; projections can be used, where noted.

### Time

The play takes place on two days: November 5, 1980; and February 26, 1981.

#### ACT I

SCENE 1	John Lennon's apartment at the Dakota building, New York, NY	Nov 5, 1980
SCENE 2	Restaurant, New York, NY	Nov 5, 1980

#### ACT II

SCENE 1	John Lennon's apartment at the Dakota building, New York, NY	Nov 5, 1980
SCENE 2	John Lennon's apartment at the Dakota building, New York, NY	Nov 5, 1980
SCENE 3	AIR Studio, Montserrat Island, West Indies	Feb 26, 1981

## ACT I

## SCENE 1

*(Lights down. A radio fades in.)*

**NEWS ANNOUNCER ON RADIO (V.O.)**

... in the news today, Wednesday, this November the Fifth, Nineteen-Eighty... Ronald Reagan resoundingly defeated President Carter yesterday with a more than eight million vote edge in the popular vote, out of more than eighty million votes cast. On the national map, Reagan won forty-four states with four-hundred-seventy-nine Electoral College votes - while Carter had only fifty-nine Electoral votes.

*(beat)*

When asked on ABC News today if he planned to take any action or make any statement to persuade the Iranians to deal with President Carter now - to release the Hostages now - President-Elect Reagan had this to say:

**RONALD REAGAN ON RADIO (V.O.)**

Well, I realize that this of course is, you know, the President is still the President, until there's an inauguration - but I have made it plain to him in our conversation - that if there is anything that they think of in any way, that I can, uh, be helpful, uh, on any subject, uh, in these intervening months, that I would be most happy to cooperate...

*(STATIC - the station is changed.)*

**PITCHMAN ON RADIO (V.O.)**

- a portable T-V - a calculator - a clock radio - get it NOW.

*(Lights fade up - John Lennon is standing by the radio tuner in the White Room of his apartment in The Dakota building, New York city.)*

*(John is 40, 5'10", rail-thin and wears rounded, clear-framed horn-rimmed eyeglasses; a blue-gray turtleneck sweater and his favorite pair of jeans - blue Lee Riders. He has on red socks but no shoes. He sips a cup of tea.)*

**PITCHMAN ON RADIO (V.O., CONT'D.)**

Because Crazy Eddie can't be beat, with prices so low he's practically giving it all away -

*(John frowns. He changes the station - we hear STATIC, then the sound of a tinkling piano - the intro to a song. He puts his cup of tea on the window seat at Upstage Center.)*

*(Sunlight streams into the sparsely-furnished room from the window, which overlooks Central Park [the view from the window can be accomplished with a projection]. On the window seat is a pack of Gitanes French filter cigarettes, a cigarette lighter and a glass ashtray. The window's trim is white, as is nearly everything else in the room: the walls; the deep plush wall-to-wall carpet; the bookshelves; the sofa [at Stage Left] - which has a black sports jacket draped on it; an end table with a drawer next to the sofa; and the piano [at Stage Right]. Atop the piano are medium-sized framed photos of Yoko Ono as a little girl with her mother and father; John, as a young boy, wearing short pants, straddling a bicycle; and five-year old Sean Lennon, among a few others.)*

*(Past the piano is a doorway at Upstage Right. The only splash of color is added by a plant next to the window - a large green-leafed fig tree with ferns around its base. A portable color T.V. set [white, of course] with the sound off flickers atop the base unit of the bookshelves.)*

*(John seems mesmerized, staring at the soundless T.V., as he slowly heads towards the window seat.)*

**SONG ON RADIO**

I was dreaming of the past...  
And my heart was beating fast...

*(John picks up the pack of Gitanes and slides one out.)*

I began to lose control...  
I began to lose control...

*(John sighs - he slides the cigarette back in the pack. He goes back to the radio tuner - )*

I didn't mean to hurt you  
I'm sorry that... I made you cry -

*(He changes the station - we hear STATIC, then he finds a station with upbeat music - a catchy beat.)*

*(The pack of Gitanes still in his hand, John bops his head to the music as he heads back to the window seat. Then his jaw drops as he recognizes the tune. The vocal starts.)*

**SONG ON RADIO (CONT'D.)****JOHN**

You want a love to last forever  
One that will nevah - fade away -

*(with a Liverpool accent)*  
Bloody 'ell! I'm infested with  
Beatles - they're all over me  
bleedin' dial!

I want to help you -  
with your problem  
Stick around, I sa-a-aay -

*(to the radio)*  
Not fer all the tea in China!  
*(John coughs - he reaches for  
the dial. His head starts to bop  
again - he lowers his hand.)*

Coming up - Oooooo -

Coming up - Yeah -

*(John heads back to the window  
seat. He sits atop it; he keeps  
the beat, drumming the pack of  
Gitanes against his knee.)*

Coming up - like a flower

Coming up - I say - Oooooo -

You want a friend you - can rely on  
One who will nevah - fade away  
And if you're searchin' for an answer  
Stick around I saaay -  
Coming up - Oooooo -  
Coming up -

*(John looks pensive -)*  
*(From offstage, Stage Right,  
the FRONT DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS -  
John jumps -)*

Coming up - like a flower

**JOHN**  
Not even a call?! They're just  
lettin' people up?!

Coming up - yaaay

*(John freezes - What to do? The musical break in  
the song starts. Then we hear a KNOCK on the front  
door. John throws up his hands -)*

**JOHN**

Bloody 'ell!

*(The FRONT DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS - John coughs -)*

**JOHN**

Right! I'll sort this out!

*(John jumps off the window seat. Loaded for bear, he exits through the doorway at Upstage Right, as the musical break in the song continues. He is there only long enough to look through the peephole - then he enters again - stunned -)*

*(John raises his hand holding the pack of Gitanes over his open mouth - he looks in amazement at the radio tuner -)*

**SONG ON RADIO (CONT'D.)**

You want some peace -  
and understanding  
So everybody can be free  
I know that we can get together -

**JOHN**

*(throws up his hands -)*  
YESSS!  
*(The FRONT DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS - he CLICKS OFF the tuner.)*

*(John takes a steps - stops - puts the pack of Gitanes on the window seat - then exits again through the doorway at Upstage Stage Right.)*

*(We hear SEVEN KNOCKS on the front door, in the pattern of "Shave and a Haircut - Two Bits".)*

**JOHN (offstage)**

*(sighs)*  
Someone's knockin' on me door. Someone's ringin' me bell.

**PAUL (offstage)**

*(with a Liverpool accent)*  
Do me a favor - open the door. An' let us in -

**JOHN (offstage)**

*(reluctantly)*  
Yeah, yeah...

*(Pause. We hear the HINGES SQUEAK as the front door opens.)*

**PAUL (offstage)**

Sign on the door says "Nut-toopian Embassy" - so you're the Ambassador.

**JOHN (offstage)**

They let anybody in, eh? Was the Concierge - on a coffee break -?



**PAUL (offstage)**

Ah, nice auld gent. He recognized me - I told him, I wanted to surprise ya -

*(beat)*

*Surprise!*

*(Pause.)*

**JOHN (offstage)**

You know the drill. Shoes.

**PAUL (offstage)**

Right -

*(After a few moments, John returns through the doorway at Upstage Stage Right, followed by Paul McCartney, in his stocking feet. Paul is 38, 5'11", thin, and wears smart dress trousers and a white band-collar shirt, topped by a dark grey sports coat and a maroon scarf. Paul looks around the room.)*

**PAUL**

Looks... about like I remember it... very -

**JOHN**

White -

**PAUL**

*(raises his index finger -)*

I was gonna say - spacious -

**JOHN**

Yes... it's quite spacious... for a Madhatter apartment.

**PAUL**

*(smiles at the pun)*

So... did I hear the radio on?

**JOHN**

I wuz listenin' to some... Muzak -

*(Paul looks around - listens, to the silence.)*

**PAUL**

So... where is... everybody?

**JOHN**

Yoko's out -

**PAUL**

Is Sean - around -?

**JOHN**

Believe me - if Sean wuz around - you'd *hear* him -

**PAUL**

*(disappointed)*

Oh...

**JOHN**

Sean's out, with Yoko - and Helen -

**PAUL**

Helen -?

**JOHN**

Sean's Nanny. They're gone fer the day -

**PAUL**

*(nods; looks around)*

What about the Maid...? The Cook... The Chief Bottle Washer...  
etcetra, etcetra...

**JOHN**

I ran the lot off. Told 'em I needed some 'me' time.

*(beat)*

Y'know, I saw ya, the other day - last week -

**PAUL**

Nah - I just got in yesterday -

**JOHN**

I wuz walkin' up Columbus Avenue, an' you were across the street -

**PAUL**

No - it wuzn't me -

**JOHN**

'Look, Honey - it's Paul -

*(hand cupped by his mouth - calls out)*

'Good mornin' Paul - how are ya, Paul' -

**PAUL**

It wuzn't me, I tell ya -

**JOHN**

*(calls out)*

'You know, you ought'a form a band - with four guys and a girl, that don't look like anybody - an' call it 'Wings' - an' tour the world -'

*(Paul stares, bewildered, at John - finally, John chuckles.)*

**JOHN**

It was Mitch Weissberg - or Weissman - or whatever the hell his name is. The bloke that plays you - in "Beatlemania" -

**PAUL**

*Ohhh* - so he looks like me, then?

**JOHN**

*(nods)*

Like yer evil twin. So I arsked him, 'Are ya still doin' the show, are ya surviving it?' He said, he wuz tryin' ta get out - I told him 'Ah... I can really feel for ya... once yer a Beatle, gettin' out - can be tough...'

**PAUL**

You know, we should do somethin' about that show...

**JOHN**

Whatever for -?

**PAUL**

Well, it impinges on our ability, to release our own bloody songs, and make money on it - doesn't it.

*(John folds his arms about himself; he stares at the soundless T.V. set. Paul wanders over; looks at the soundless T.V., too. The News is on.)*

**PAUL**

Some election, huh? What a drag. Four years o' that dodgy Cowboy - Reagan -

**JOHN**

I *like* 'im. I'd'a voted for 'im - if I were an American.

*(Paul's jaw drops -)*

**JOHN**

Well, Carter's a bit soft. Isn't he.

*(beat)*

Y'know, I met Ronnie Reagan. On Monday Night Football.

**PAUL**

Monday Night *Football*? American *football*?

**JOHN**

Nice guy, The Gipper. He explained all the rules ta me -

**PAUL**

Cor! You're becomin' a real Yank, like -

**JOHN**

*(with New York/Brooklyn accent)*

I'm assimilatin' - ya know?

**PAUL**

Yeah - great accent, that -

**JOHN**

*(with New York/Brooklyn accent)*

I took some - *electrocution* lessons - *fuhgeddaboudit!*

*(Paul chuckles; he wanders to the piano. He leans over and looks at the photos atop it - picks up the photo of John. John gets nervous. He goes to the window seat - picks up the pack of Gitanes, slides one out.)*

**PAUL**

*(nostalgically)*

You... just a la', on your bike... This is at Mimi's... in front'a Mendips, right...?

*(John picks up the lighter and lights the Gitanes. He puts the lighter back on the window seat as he takes a puff - he coughs.)*

**JOHN**

Me Uncle George gave me that bike. When I graduated - Dovedale Primary School -

*(Paul puts down the photo of John and picks up the photo of Sean. John puffs the Gitanes, annoyed that Paul is touching his things, but Paul doesn't pick up on it.)*

**PAUL**

Go on! Lookit Sean! The spittin' image of ya -  
*(turns to John)*  
My James is three, now... how auld is Sean...?

**JOHN**

*(puffs his Gitanes)*  
Five. Last month.

*(The pungent odor of John's Gitanes reaches Paul - he makes a face.)*

**PAUL**

Oh... pity, I missed 'im...

**JOHN**

*(tersely)*  
Well. If you'd'a rang, first -

*(Paul puts the photo back atop the Piano.)*

**PAUL**

I did - I rang. And I left a message -

*(John puffs his Gitanes - he tries not to show his surprises. He stares impassively.)*

**PAUL**

Spoke to a fella named... Fred? Didn't he give ya - the message?

*(John looks annoyed.)*

**JOHN**

All me messages - they go through Muther.

**PAUL**

Muther -?

*(frowns, nods)*

Right -

**JOHN**

Yoko -

*(puffs his Gitanes)*

An' Yoko's fine. Thanks for arskin'.

**PAUL**

*(bites his lip; smiles - doesn't take the bait)*

Tell her Cheers, Mate - when ya see 'er - from me an' Lin.

So... she won't be back... today?

*(John puffs his Gitanes.)*

**JOHN**

Not until quite late -

I think -

*(narrows his eyes)*

So why - is Sir Paul here?

**PAUL**

Oh -

Oh -

**PAUL**

Well... me an' Lin's over at the Stanhope. We're just here for the day. I'm doin' the final edits on "Rockshow" - Lin's up seein' her Da', an' her Bruther... so I thought I'd stop by, an' see... me old friend.

*(John sighs; he goes to the window, rubs his eyes; squints out at Central Park.)*

**JOHN**

And whut - pray tell - is "Rockshow"?

**PAUL**

Oh - it's brilliant! A concert film - Wings' Nineteen-Seventy-Six tour of the States. We cobbled it together, from all our clips.

*(beat)*

Y'know, it's gonna premiere, Twenty-Eight November - right here, in New York city - at the Zigfield Theater.

*(pulls two tickets from his breast pocket)*

An' I got two tickets, here - with your name on 'em -

**JOHN**

*(disinterested)*

Uh huh...

*(Paul slides the tickets back into his pocket.)*

**PAUL**

Well, what's this I hear about *you*, lad? A new *album*, cumin' out!

*(like a cheesy radio DJ)*

After *six years* - John Lennon - is *baaack!!!*

**JOHN**

*(stares impassively at Paul)*

It's five years. You think I wuz doin' sod all? Yer forgettin' me

"Rock 'n' Roll album -

**PAUL**

Oh - I just meant - songs that you - *wrote* -

**JOHN**

An' I haven't gone anywhere. Have I.

*(beat)*

So there's nowhere for me to have come back *from*. Is there.

*(John turns his back. He stares at the soundless T.V.)*

**PAUL**

I just mean... it's good to see... you're doin' somethin' -

**JOHN**

'Blessed are the peacepipes... For they shall inherit - inertia.'

**PAUL**

So the new album - when's it cumin' out?

**JOHN**

Seventeen-November. In both the U-K and the States -

**PAUL**

So - it's done, like?

**JOHN**

Yeh. But Muther can't decide on the cover photo.

**PAUL**

She's decidin' -

**JOHN**

Well, it's *both* of our album. One song of *mine* - then one'a *hers*.  
One song of *mine* - then one'a *hers* -

*(John picks up the pack of Gitanes from the window seat. Paul raises his eyebrow.)*

**PAUL**

I had heard - it wuz just *your* album - your tunes -

**JOHN**

Well, it wuz supposed to be. It started that way. Then it became...  
both of ours. 'Double Fantasy.'

*(John puts the pack of Gitanes back down on the window seat.)*

**PAUL**

*(wants to say more; considers it)*

Hmm... good title, that -

**JOHN**

Yeh. It's a *fantasy*, all right. Word on the street, from advance  
copies, is - it's *rubbish*. Neither fish nor fowl.

*(John picks up the pack of Gitanes. He flips opens the pack, puts a cigarette in his mouth, and lights it.)*

**PAUL**

Well... it's still *you*. I'm sure it will *sell* -

**JOHN**

*(puffs his Gitanes)*

Yeh - an' maybe I'll sprout wings out me arse - an' I'll fly  
across Central Park -

*(John offers a cigarette to Paul.)*

**PAUL**

Oh - no thanks, Mate - I quit.

*(John raises his eyebrows. He closes the pack, puts it back down. He takes the lighter from then window seat, lights his cigarette -)*



**JOHN**

Me too. Only the cure -  
*(puffs his Gitanes)*  
- it didn't take.

**PAUL**

Yeh - it is tough. Quittin' -

**JOHN**

Muther set it up - some hypnotist -  
*(coughs -)*  
I wuz smokin' two packs of Goul-a-WAZ a day. Coughin', all the  
time..  
*(coughs -)*  
... losin' me breath - when singin'...

*(Paul gets a strong whiff of the Gitanes smoke -  
he puts his hand up, in front of his face -)*

**PAUL**

*(tongue-in-cheek)*  
Good thing, you had the cure -

*(John finishes coughing. He clears his throat;  
stubs out his Gitanes.)*

**JOHN**

The cure wuz worse than the bloody disease! They'd give me this  
stuff to drink... an' I would fall asleep... then they'd wake me up -  
arsk me about all me worst fears...

*(beat - John shivers as he remembers)*

Then when I wuz blubberin' like a baby, they'd give me this stuff  
to drink... an' I would fall asleep... then they'd wake me up... start  
the process all over again! It was like bloody Primal Therapy -  
only with me pukin' me guts out -

**YOKO (V.O.)**

*(with cold Asian voice)*

When Paul used to come to visit - you couldn't stand it -

**PAUL**

*(puzzled)*  
The smokin' cure - made you puke your guts out -?

*(John looks disoriented...)*

**JOHN**

Whatever that stuff wuz, they gave me ta drink... I was chookin' me guts up...

**PAUL**

So... *when* wuz this...?

**JOHN**

I dunno... maybe four... five... years ago...

**PAUL**

*(narrow his eyes)*

Y'mean - right about when I last saw you? That time we watched Satdee Night Live on the telly - an' we almost went down to the Studio -?

**JOHN**

*(thinks)*

Nah... before that... I wuz still livin', with May...

**PAUL**

Right - that great flat, over by the River -

**JOHN**

*(remembers)*

Right before - when I wuz gonna go meet you -

*(his jaw drops)*

**PAUL**

Meet me? Where? You mean the Studio - in New Orleans?

**JOHN**

*(confused; looks shaken)*

I wanted... to cume -

**YOKO (V.O.)**

*(harshly - in a cold voice)*

You don't need to do this -!

*(John suddenly feels angry - he doesn't know why. He grabs the pack of Gitanes. Takes one out - puts it in his mouth - lights it. He flips the cigarette lighter closed. Glaring, he wraps one arm around himself, walks towards Centerstage, and stares out.)*

**JOHN**

After the cure... when I started back up... 'Muther' said I couldn't smoke *Goul-a-WAZ* anymore -

*(takes the Gitanes from his mouth; smirks)*

- but I could smoke *ZHI-tanz* - with the filter.

**PAUL**

*(grimaces - raises his hand over his mouth, nose)*

Well she must wanna keep you away from people - *ZHI-tanz* are the stinkiest smokes out! No joke - the breath of a *ZHI-tan* smoker -

**JOHN**

*(puffs)*

Well. Sorry if I offended you - Guv'nor.

*(Paul runs his stockinged feet through the plush carpet; he wanders over by the window; looks out.)*

**PAUL**

Lookit... all those people, in the Park. After that spot'a rain yesterday, it's so nice out... like a Spring day...

**JOHN**

*(talk/sings)*

*When the red, red robin... comes Bob, Bob, Dylan... along -*

**PAUL**

It must feel - 'Positively Fourth Street' -

**JOHN**

But I knew - 'All Along - the Watchtower' -

*(pulls a Lennon face - this consists of sticking his tongue behind his lower lip, to make it protrude, while he grins, insanely)*

**PAUL**

Ouch -

*(beat)*

Hey - why don't we talk a walk? An' we can grab a bite - me belly thinks me froat's cut -

**JOHN**

*(angrily puffs)*

I'd luv to, Son. But Muther said - I should stay in. Mercury is goin' retrograde -

**PAUL**

Mercury is goin' - *whut?*

**JOHN**

Retrograde. It's a perilous astrological period - the planet Mercury - the "Messenger" - is movin' *backwards*, against the Sun. Which is causin' massive disruptions in communications, and creating chaos, in the cosmos -

*(Paul looks incredulous. John puffs his Gitanes. He looks like he's getting angrier by the minute.)*

**JOHN**

Aww, fook it! Enough chit chat!

*(John goes to the window seat. He stubs out his Gitanes in the ashtray. Then he picks up the pack of Gitanes and the lighter and goes to the sofa, grabs - his black sports jacket - looks at Paul.)*

**JOHN**

Wait here.

**PAUL**

Okay -

*(John bounds through the doorway at Upstage Right. He is gone a good fifteen seconds - then he returns. He stands in the doorway at Upstage Right - looks at Paul, as he puts on his black sports jacket.)*

**JOHN**

Right. Are ya cumin', then.

**PAUL**

*(gestures)*

Lead on, MacLennon -

*(John turns, bounds through the doorway at Upstage Right - Paul exits behind him.)*

*(Lights fade down to Black.)*

SCENE 2

*(Lights down. "I'm Stepping Out"  
by John Lennon plays.)*

**SONG**

Woke up this morning, blues around my head  
No need to ask the reason why  
Went to the kitchen and lit a cigarette  
Blew my worries to the sky  
I'm stepping out  
I'm stepping ow-ha-ha-howit  
I'm stepping out  
I'm stepping ow-ha-ha-howit...

*(The song fades out, as Lights  
fade up, on John Lennon and Paul  
McCartney sitting at a small table  
at a Restaurant, as they look at  
menus.)*

*(They are dressed as before, except that Paul is  
wearing fancy sunglasses. Their table is by a  
brick wall, in the back of the Restaurant, away  
from the other diners - though we hear moderate  
RESTAURANT HUB-BUB in the background.)*

**PAUL**

So... what's good here...?

**JOHN**

*(squints at the menu)*

I know what I'm gettin' - a nice, juicy hamburger!

**PAUL**

Well... I'm a vegetarian, y'know - oh good - they have Eggplant  
Parmigiana -

*(looks up)*

A nice, juicy hamburger? Last time I saw you, you wuz on this -  
'macrobiotic' diet? Brown rice - Miso soup -

**JOHN**

*(rubs his hands together, fiendishly -)*

Well, when Muther's away - Johnny will play.

*(Paul puts the menu down. He takes off his sunglasses - admires them.)*

**PAUL**

Boss sunnies, eh? An' they sell 'em, right there, on the street -  
Look - a posh label - "Versace" -

*(Paul shows the sunglasses to John. John looks over his own eyeglasses at Paul.)*

**JOHN**

I hate to be the one ta take the wind outta yer sails -  
but you got jarg sunnies, there Son -

*(Paul's mouth opens - he looks at them -)*

**PAUL**

Nah. Sezzit, right here - "V-e-r-s-a-c-i" -  
*(beat - takes a closer look at the sunglasses -)*  
Hold on... that's spelled with an "e", innit...

**JOHN**

*(chuckles)*

Those are plazzy shades, Son. Knock-offs. Whyd'ja think they only  
cost'ya Twenty bucks?

**PAUL**

Arghhh...!

*(reaches into his inside jacket pocket - pulls out his wallet - looks inside)*

An' that wuz me last Twenty!

*(raises a finger)*

I *thought* that fella wuz a bit dodgy - Well, at least I got *this* -  
*(removes his American Express card from his wallet - in an American accent)*

'Don't leave home - *without it!*'

*(John chuckles; he slowly shakes his head.)*

**JOHN**

Paulie - look over there - by the register -

*(Paul turns. He squints -)*

**PAUL**

*(reads aloud)*

"Cash - ONLY" -

*(thrusters his hand into his pants pocket - it emerges with a few coins.)*

I'm skint -!

**JOHN**

*(exhales - with mock indignation)*

Well. Isn't that typical. You an' yer filthy Eastern ways -

**PAUL**

*(innocently)*

No. Ya got me wrong. I'm a Northern Man -

**JOHN**

Don't worry, Son. I got ya covered.

**PAUL**

Thanks, Mate. I knew I could count on ya -

**JOHN**

Look - there's somethin' I wanted to arsk ya about --

*(John stops talking as a Waitress enters, Stage Left. She is in her late 30s, 5'9" tall; she smiles as she places a glass of water by each of them. She takes her pad from her back pocket -)*

**WAITRESS**

*(speaks with a New York accent)*

Can I get you anything else, maybe... to drink...?

**PAUL**

Oh... I'll have a cuppa, Luv...

**WAITRESS**

A - cupper - ?

**JOHN**

He doesn't speak our language, Luv... he wants - tea.

**WAITRESS**

Ohhh -

*(writes it on her pad - looks at John)*

**JOHN**

I'll 'ave a Doctor Pepper. And an espresso - a double -

**WAITRESS**

*(writes it on her pad)*

I'll be right back with your--

**JOHN**

*(to the Waitress)*

Well, we know what we want, Luv -

**WAITRESS**

Oh. Okay -

*(John gestures to Paul -)*

**PAUL**

*(points to the menu)*

I'll 'ave the Eggplant Parmigiana, please..

**WAITRESS**

*(writes the order on her pad)*

That comes with a salad... oil and vinegar?

**PAUL**

Luvly -

*(The Waitress writes on her pad - she looks at John -)*

**JOHN**

An' I'll have a nice juicy hamburger -

**WAITRESS**

*(writes it on her pad)*

Rare -?

**JOHN**

Bloody -

**WAITRESS**

Fries -?

**JOHN**

Yes. Please.

*(to Paul)*

What you call "chips" - in your native land -



**PAUL**

Johnny - I been around the block, y'know -

**JOHN**

*(to the Waitress)*

And y'know whut? Ix-nay on the tea - and the Doctor Pepper - an' th'espresso. Why don'tcha bring us a bottle'a that Red I like -. You know - that Beaujolais - I always get...

*(Paul nods, gives a thumbs-up. The Waitress scratches out the Doctor Pepper, tea and espresso, and writes the wine order on her pad.)*

**WAITRESS**

A bottle of Beaujolais - you got it -

*(The Waitress smiles, then exits, Stage Left.)*

**PAUL**

I like the cut'a yer jib, Lad. That Doctor Pepper, that's habit-formin'. 'Fore ya know it, you'll be mainlinin' that stuff -

**JOHN**

Well, I did start out on tea, at an early age... back in me deformative years. But it's just like the Government warned, isn't it. 'Fore ya know it, I graduated to coffee -

*(takes his pack of Gitanes and his lighter from his jacket pocket - takes a ciggy from the pack, puts it in his mouth)*

- via ciggys, of course.

*(puts the pack on the table; he lights the Gitanes - puffs - puts the lighter on the table)*

And now I'm onta Beaujolais -

*(coughs -)*

But aren't we all?

**PAUL**

So - you were sayin'. Somethin' you wanted to arsk about -

**JOHN**

Yes...

*(John sighs...)*

**PAUL**

Go on -

**JOHN**

Well... it's...

*(Paul puts his wallet back in the inside pocket of his sports jacket - John is distracted - leans over, looks -)*

Whut... is it...?

**JOHN**

*(loses his courage - changes course)*

So Sonny Lad - you wouldn't have any -

*(pulls a Lennon face)*

- bifters in there - would'ja Soony Lad, would'ja, huh?

**PAUL**

*(with mock shock)*

I'm taken aback. Me carryin' reefer? No, Lad - not after Japan -

**JOHN**

Cume ta think of it... I might'a read something about that unfortunate incident... in The New Yawk Times... or maybe the Wall Street German...

*(cradles his hands - bows his head)*

So, Macca-San. How were - your humble accommodations - in Japan?

**PAUL**

It was bloody hell! I expected - to be *raped* - in prison. The British vice-consul told me - the sentence could be up to - *eight years!* I thought - I might nevah see Lin and the kids - for years!

*(beat)*

So - anyways - whut did you wanna arsk me?

*(Paul looks at John - is he trying to tell him something? But as he tries to read John's face, John pulls a Lennon face. Paul laughs.)*

**JOHN**

Well you didn't bring anything... but I got somethin' -my private stash -

*(John looks around conspiratorially - he puts his Gitanes in the ashtray - then he reaches into the side pocket of his sports jacket - )*

**PAUL**

John - are ya sure that's a good idea - here -?

*(John's hand emerges with something wrapped in tissues - he carefully unwraps it, like treasure - it is a large Hershey Bar. Relieved, Paul laughs.)*

**JOHN**

*(excited, like a kid)*

Want some?

**PAUL**

No thanks -

**JOHN**

Just don't tell Muther - she doesn't want me doin' this anymore -

*(Paul makes the 'mum's the word' gesture -)*

**PAUL**

Your secret's safe with me, Mate -

*(As John opens the Hershey bar wrapper, Paul looks around the Restaurant.)*

**PAUL**

Nice place, this... cozy, like...

*(John breaks off a piece of the Hershey bar. He puts it in his mouth and savors it; he looks like he might have an orgasm.)*

**JOHN**

Ohhhh...

*(Paul smiles; but after a moment, John's expression changes...)*

**JOHN**

Peter Sellers died...

**PAUL**

Yeh... he's as late as British Rail...

**JOHN**

Borrowed time - borrowed time.

*(John wraps the rest of the Hershey bar back in the tissues and stuffs it back into his jacket pocket. He takes his Gitanes from the ashtray and takes a long drag - he exhales.)*

**JOHN**

Ya know... he was the first one, made me realize... it wuz possible, ta use ya... weirdness... in makin' a livin'...

**PAUL**

*(nods)*

Yeh...

*(John takes a puff of his Gitanes, coughs - he stubs out the ciggy in the ashtray.)*

**JOHN**

*(mimics dramatic music)*

Duh-duh-duh-DUHHH -

*(mimics Peter Sellers as Bloodnok)*

Five thirty - Bogg hasn't returned yet. Still too dark to see a thing.

Thurn me blins! Who is it? Hands up!

**PAUL**

*(mimics Spike Milligan as Eccles - sings)*

*Oh, I travel the road... oh...*

**PAUL (CONT'D.)**

I can't put me hands up, I am --

**JOHN (CONT'D.)**

Hands up - or I *fiiirre!*

Okay - *arggghh! Crash - smash!*

Now - what's happened -?

I wuz - *ridin' a bike!*

*(They both crack up. Then John looks wistful.)*

**JOHN**

How will they... remember him...?

**PAUL**

I'll remember him - as *good* - and *weird*.

*(John looks upset. He puffs his Gitanes.)*

**JOHN**

People will remember him as a nutter. If 'e 'adn't made it in show business... he'd a died in the *natty* bin. Wouldn't he.

**JOHN (CONT'D.)**

*(beat - Paul nods)*

If you're a 'nobody' - and you're *that* crazy - they lock you up.  
But - if you're *famous*... well, then. You're just - *eccentric*.

*(John stubs out his cigarette; stares off. Paul studies him.)*

**PAUL**

How's Jules...? You see him much?

That's good -

*(nods)*

Oh -

Well, that's nice -

Wha' -?

**JOHN**

I *hear* from 'im -

When he wants *money*. He's become  
*obsessed* with motorcycles.

So I sent him some money, ta buy one -

He's a semi-orphan -

*(John reaches for the pack of Gitanes - he stops - looks ashamed.)*

**JOHN**

Julian... is a semi-orphan...

**PAUL**

Whut are you goin' on about -?

**JOHN**

I led a real bachelor's life, back then... Didn't I.

*(beat)*

I mean, I wuz *married*... I had a *wife*. I had a *child*.

But I didn't want the responsibility. Did I.

I wuz too busy... pursuin' me dreams.

"*Where are we goin', fellas?*"

"*To the Top, Johnny -*"

"*And whut Top is that, fellas?*"

"*To the Toppermost - of the Poppermost!*"

*(beat)*

The only reason I wanted to be a star... to reach the top... wuz so I  
could say to Julia... "*Now, Mummy... will you luv me...?*"

*(grabs the pack of Gitanes - light one - puffs)*

Now I have this sixteen-year-old kid. An' I don't even *know* him.

I don't. He's a stranger to me. A total stranger.

**PAUL**

Ah, John... he's not - a *stranger* -

**JOHN**

He is, Y'know. I have no *idea* - what 'e's *thinkin'*.  
What 'e's *feelin'* -

*(stares off)*

Has he a *girlfriend*? I don't even *know* - if's he's *inta* girls..

**PAUL**

Well - *ask* him.

*(John stares off. His mood is plummeting.)*

**JOHN**

Y'know... part of it - wuz this bloody Green Card - rubbish.

*(beat)*

He's *into* all these - *weird* bands. Steely Dan. Led Zeppelin -

**PAUL**

*(with mock disgust)*

That lot! Ugh - that's *terrible!*

*(John stares off - looks at the pack of Gitanes.)*

**JOHN**

John Bonham... he died... end'a September...

**PAUL**

Yeah - I knew Johnny Bonham -

**JOHN**

Choked on his own vomit. Typical Rock Star death.

**PAUL**

Johnny Bonham was a mate of Denny Laine's, from Birmingham... he  
played on a few tracks for me...

*(beat)*

His drooms... they were a bit overpowerin'... not like Ringo -

*(does air-drums)*

Ring can really keep a steady beat, y'know - maybe not *technically*  
the best. But for *feel* - *emotion* - Ring's always there -

**JOHN**

*(disinterested)*

Hmm...

**PAUL**

Robert Plant told me - Johnny died, whilst they wuz rehearsin', for a North American tour - wuz supposed to start, las' month - they wuz all stayin' at Jimmy Page's house in Clewer, Windsor.

*(beat)*

In the middle of rehearsin', Johnny fell asleep... so they took 'im to bed... placed him, on his side, nice-like... next afternoon -

*(looks around)*

'Where's Johnny?'

'Oh - he must still be up in bed.'

So their tour manager, an' John Paul Jones, they go up.

They find 'im. Stone cold.

**JOHN**

*(morbidly interested)*

Huh...

**PAUL**

*(leans over)*

So anyroad - Robert told me, he an' Maureen, they went over, to tell Johnny's wife, Pat. They go to the back door - knock.

Johnny's son, Jason, opens up -

**JOHN**

*(grimaces)*

Ugh... how auld?

**PAUL**

Fourteen -

**JOHN**

Poor lad -

**PAUL**

Yeah - So Jason, he's standin' there, in his school uniform.

Robert sez, 'So... is your Mum here...?'

So Jason goes - he gets his Mum. Robert tells her.

Pat calls Jason back.

'Son... your father - he's passed away.'

Jason goes - 'Oh... okay. Am ah still goin' to school, t'morrhuh?'

**JOHN**

*(empathetically)*

The lad wuz in shock. Wasn't he.

**PAUL**

Same age I wuz... when me Mum, passed.

**JOHN**

*(bitterly)*

I wuz Seventeen... when that fookin' cop, ran down Julia...

**PAUL**

Ya know what *I* said, when me mum died?

"So what are we gonna do for money, now...?"

*(rationalizes)*

See - she brought home extra *dosh* - fer the family -

*(ashamed)*

But that wuz all I could - say then. It's like - a lotta kids - you tell 'em someone's died - they *laugh* -

*(uneasily)*

I've never forgiven myself - fer *that*.

**JOHN**

Yer daft! You were only - *Fourteen* -

**PAUL**

Yeh... that is... kind'a a strange age, to lose yer Muther...

*(ticks off on his fingers)*

You're dealin' with puberty -

You're starting to be a man - to be macho -

*(beat - embarrassed at the thought)*

Ugh... you remember that gag we use'ta pull? When someone would come up, innocently ask one of us - "Oh... and how's your Mum?"

**JOHN**

*(matter-of-factly)*

"She died."

**PAUL**

Their face would get *red*. Then they'd recover a bit, an' ask the other of us - "And how's... *your* Mum?"

*(matter-of-factly)*

"Oh. She died."

And that person would become *incredibly* embarrassed - and we'd have a joke with it...!

*(The Waitress enters, Stage Left. She carries a tray, upon which are a bottle of Beaujolais and two wine glasses. She puts the tray on the table,*



*then puts one glass in front of John and one in front of Paul.)*

*(John and Paul absently watch as she takes a corkscrew from her pocket, opens the bottle of Beaujolais, and pours some in John's glass. On automatic pilot, John picks up the glass, swirls the wine in the bowl, sniffs it, then takes a sip. He smiles, benignly.)*

**JOHN**

Very good. Thank you.

*(The Waitress smiles. She pours more wine in John's glass, then pours wine in Paul's glass. She puts the bottle of Beaujolais on the table then picks up the tray.)*

**WAITRESS**

Your meals will be out, shortly -

**PAUL**

Thank you, Luv.

*(The Waitress smiles, then exits, Stage Left.)*

*(Paul and John pick up their wine glasses. After a moment, they clink their glasses together -)*

**JOHN**

To royalties -

**PAUL**

And - a quick climb, up the charts, fer yer album - Cheers!

*(Paul sips his wine, but John takes a big swig - he half-empties half his glass. Paul raises an eyebrow, but says nothing.)*

**PAUL**

So. Whut's on yer mind, Lad? You were sayin' - there's something you wanna know -

*(John looks down, trying to formulate what he is going to say; as he looks up, he sees something past Paul - he looks pissed off -)*

**JOHN**  
Oh, sod off -

**PAUL**  
Wha' -?

*(Paul starts to turn - John grabs his arm -)*

**JOHN**  
Don't look. We're about to have - a Close Encounter - of the Fourth Kind -

**PAUL**  
Aliens -?

**JOHN**  
Worse. A Beatles fan.

**PAUL**  
*(in mock horror)*  
Oh! The humanity -!

*(John swigs his wine - he wipes his mouth.)*

**JOHN**  
Y'know, I've been spoiled. Most people in New York are cool. They'll just say 'Hi, John...' or 'Good mornin', John...' But they leave ya bloody alone!  
*(looks over)*

That one - he's a Fab-Four-Fanboy, if I've ever seen one. He's got that - lean and hungry look -

**PAUL**  
"Such men - are dangerous -"

*(John takes a Gitanes from the pack - he lights it. Paul surreptitiously turns - steals a glance. John throws up his hands -)*

**PAUL**  
Nah... he looks harmless -

**JOHN**

*(waggles his finger)*

Mark me words! Before the Tides Of Lunch are up - he's gonna cume over here! "Oh, I'm you're biggest fan - I just luv'd - 'Lucy in the Scarf - with Diabetics' -"

**PAUL**

"And 'Sergeant Pepper's Lonely - Hearts Club Sandwich' -"

**JOHN**

*(takes his Gitanes from his mouth - does Bogie)*

All the gin joints in the world - he's gotta come inta - mine!

**PAUL**

*(raises his glass - does Bogie)*

Here's lookin' at you - Kid -

**JOHN**

*(flutters his eyebrows - in a feminine voice)*

Oooo - you must remember this - a piss, is just a piss -

*(Paul sips his wine, and John swigs his, emptying the glass. John grabs the bottle and half-fills his glass.)*

**PAUL**

Easy, la'... you gotta walk home from here, y'know -

**JOHN**

Who're you - me Mum?

**PAUL**

I'm just sayin'... it doesn't take much with you - does it.

**JOHN**

So? Just means - I'm a *cheap* drunk.

*(John takes a healthy swig of his wine -)*

**JOHN**

Y'know... the worst part is - Sean has discovered - I wuz a Beatle! He plays our stuff non-stop! Goes around, pesterin' the staff -

*(in a child's voice)*

'What's your favorite Beatle song??! Mine is Yellow *Submarine!*'

**PAUL**

Ah - now *that's* cute. Y'know, I did write that one, for the kids -

**JOHN**

Well it's not so bloody cute when he goes runnin' through the apartment, bloody screamin', at the top of his lungs -  
'*In the town!!! Where I wuz born!!!*'

**PAUL**

Ooo - sorry about that, Mate -

**JOHN**

He tells me - '*Daddy! You should be a Beatle, again!*'

**PAUL**

*(getting interested)*

Hmm... *does* he, now...

**JOHN**

I tell him - '*Well Sean... if Daddy becumes a Beatle again... then we can't go out to see Peter Pan... or go to the toy store...*

*(getting agitated)*

... or do bloody *anything!* Without bein' mobbed - an' pawed at -

**PAUL**

Oh, I dunno... I think people are over it... for the most part...

*(The Waitress enters, Stage Left. She carries a tray with their meals atop it. She places a plate in front of John, who fills his wine glass -)*

**WAITRESS**

Burger n' fries - bloody -

*(places a plate in front of Paul)*

Eggplant Parmigiana... and salad -

Can I bring you anything else?

Oh - sure -

**JOHN**

Thank you, Luv -

**PAUL**

*(smiles)*

Great - Thank you -

Maybe some - Parmesan -?

*(She places the tray on the table and takes a device from it - a Parmesan Grater. She cranks the handle, grating some Parmesan over Paul's salad -)*

**WAITRESS**

Say when -

**PAUL**

*(nods)*

When -

*(The Waitress smiles; she picks up the tray.)*

**WAITRESS**

Well - let me know if you need anything -

*(John raises his eyebrows, devilishly -  
Paul raises a finger, to shush him -)*

**PAUL**

*(to the Waitress)*

We're good - thanks, Luv.

*(The Waitress smiles, then exits, Stage Left.  
John leers, watching her butt as she walks away.)*

**JOHN**

Oh - I need somethin' -  
*(pulls a Lennon face)*

I bet'cha she kin eat a  
bananer - sideways -  
As George Harrysong says -  
'All Things Must Pass' -

**PAUL**

Easy, Lad -  
*(Paul laughs - he pours oil and  
vinegar on his salad.)*  
Steady - you're a happily married man -  
Well - *that's* true -

*(John bites into his hamburger; juice runs down  
his chin. Paul starts eating his salad.)*

**JOHN**

Whatta you think... of Goldie Hawn...?

**PAUL**

Goldie Hawn? Wasn't she that... blonde girl... from "Laugh-In"?

**JOHN**

Yeh... and the film - "Private Benjamin".

**PAUL**

Right. I saw an advert - just opened up, didn't it?

**JOHN**

Last month -

*(beat)*

So whattaya think of 'er?

*(Paul sips his wine; tilts his head.)*

**PAUL**

I dunno... she's all right, I guess. Why?

**JOHN**

My Producer. His girlfriend - she knows 'er.

**PAUL**

Okay... so?

*(beat)*

Wait a minute - are you tellin' me - you - and her?

*(John stares off; his mood darkens.)*

**JOHN**

Aww, fook it!

*(John takes a big swig of wine. Paul's eyes narrow - he takes a forkful of Eggplant Parmigiana -)*

**PAUL**

What about - Yoko?

**JOHN**

*(starting to slur a bit)*

Aww, whadda you care? You never liked Yoko, anyway - Did'ja -

*(Paul puts down his fork.)*

**PAUL**

Are you forgettin' who brought you that message - from Yoko - on yer 'Lost Weekend', out in L-A -

"She loves you - she wants you ta to cume home, but she says, you gotta win 'er back -"

**JOHN**

Yeah - an' why did you?!

*(fumes)*

She wuz screwin' David Spinozza!  
Suddenly, you're her best friend?!  
I wuz happy - with May!!

**PAUL**

Yoko came 'round Cavendish -

*(does sad Yoko voice)*

'John's left - he's off with May' -  
Oh... well, she asked me - ta help --  
She just looked so - pathetic --

*(Paul sighs...)*

**PAUL**

No good deed...

*(John grabs his hamburger, rips off a bite.  
Paul sips his wine... he carefully considers what he  
says next; he wipes his mouth with his napkin.)*

**PAUL**

Look... that was before we *knew* May, wasn't it. And ta tell ya the  
truth, we wuz worried about ya - out in L-A with that wild bunch -  
*(beat)*

Harry - Keith - Jesse Ed. Gettin' *chooked* from nightclubs, with'a  
Kotex on yer bonce. Hecklin' the Smothers Brothers --

**JOHN**

*Tampax!*  
It wuz a Tampax on me head! Not a Kotex!  
An' it wuz a restaurant! Norra club!  
And I didn't heckle the Smothers Brothers --  
I heckled *Dickie* Smothers --  
The bloody difference - Dickie is a *twat!*  
I would nevuh heckle *Tommy!*

**PAUL**

Wha --?  
*Oh - I stand corrected --*  
*Oh - Okay --!*  
Did so --!  
Whut's the difference --?!  
*Ohhh -*

*(Paul sighs; he knows he can't win. He throws down  
his napkin. John glares - stuffs some French fries  
in his mouth. They both realize that the  
Restaurant is suddenly quiet - no RESTAURANT HUB-  
BUB in the background. Paul stares down at his  
plate. After a moment -)*

**PAUL**

You're right. I should'a minded me own. Kept me nah outtuvit.  
*(beat)*

I'm sorry.

*(John looks morose. He stares down at his lap.)*

**PAUL**

All right, John?

**JOHN**

Yes... fine.

*(They both silently eat their meals. The  
RESTAURANT HUB-BUB slowly fades up again. John*

*stuffs some French fries in his mouth, slowly  
chews them... after a while, his eyes soften a bit.)*

**JOHN**

Paulie... do y'suppose I could... I mean, do ya think, I *should*...

**PAUL**

What, John...?

*(John exhales - he is about to speak, when he  
throws down his hamburger, in disgust.)*

**PAUL**

Wha -?

Oh, the guy -

*(sips his wine)*

Don't worry about it -

*(beat)*

Tell me - whut do you want?

*(John hesitates.)*

**JOHN**

I need ta... start writin' songs... I mean, keep *goin'* with it...

*(trails off...)*

**PAUL**

Go on...

**JOHN**

I started... writin' again... this past summer... after the Megan Jaye...

**PAUL**

The Megan Jaye...? Whut's tha'?

**JOHN**

A forty-three-foot sloop... I sailed 'er, from Newport,  
Rhode Island... down to bloody Bermuda...

**PAUL**

*(trying to follow)*

And... ya started writin' songs again...?

**YOKO (V.O.)**

Nobody wanted it. It just happened.



**JOHN**

It... just happened...

**PAUL**

How...?

*(John stares off.)*

**JOHN**

Muther told me... the Numerologist said... I had'ta sail South - *and* to the East. Only thing there - Bermuda.

**PAUL**

Her - *Numerologist* - said -

**JOHN**

The numbers - they don't lie.

*(sighs)*

Once we were out on the ocean... you can't imagine... surrounded, as far as the eye can - by water. Sky. All around you.

*(beat)*

An' as it gets dark, they seem... connected... you can't tell the water... from the sky. Bein' out there... such a sense... of *freedom* -

*(beat - looks down)*

There's no place... like *nowhere*...

**PAUL**

So that... *inspired* you?

**JOHN**

*(nods; stares off)*

Ironic, innit. Y'know - I always had a *fear*... of the sea.

*(looks at Paul)*

I know - undoubtedly cos me Da' wuz a Sailor - an' he abandoned me - blah, blah, blah...

*(beat)*

But me fear wuz tested, a couple days out... we sailin' right into a storm. Nowhere, to run from it.

*(beat)*

The sky got dark - in the middle of the day.

'Fore we knew it - we're getting dashed about - twenty-foot waves.

*(beat)*

I wuz down below. Makin' a cuppa. Suddenly - *Wham!* The doors to the cabinets fly open - cups, plates, get thrown about, all over the cabin. I thought - a *whale* had rammed us -

**PAUL**

Moby Dick -

**JOHN**

I wuz *sure* we were gonna sink. But I got me pecker up -  
and I went up on deck.

*(stands - acts it out)*

The boast was rockin' - arse over tit - like ridin' a bleedin'  
roller-coaster - fer two days, straight!

The waves crashed up - an' with 'em, all my old *fear* - surged up  
in me -

*(beat - proudly)*

The entire crew got sick. I wuz the only one, left standin' -

**PAUL**

And you - a landlubber!

**JOHN**

*(sardonically)*

I attribute me unusual forty-tude to me macrobiotic diet -  
brown rice - an' Miso soup -

**PAUL**

*Touché* -

**JOHN**

*(acts it out)*

So Cap'n Hank - 'e staggers over ta me. He sez -

'It's up to you, John. You've got to pilot the boat!'

'But I don't know *how* to - pilot a boat -'

'Ah, don't worry. I'll stay here, right next ta ya - guide ya  
every step'a the way -'

*(beat)*

So Cap'n Hank - he straps me to the cockpit rails.

There I am, at the wheel -

*(beat)*

The wind - the sea, *lashin'* out at me - wave after wave -

*(We hear THE WIND HOWL - THE WAVES CRASH - )*

**JOHN**

I was *terrified*. But I figure - Cap'n Hank, he won't let me do  
anything stupid. But then Cap'n Hank starts pukin' - pukin' his  
bloody guts out. An' he goes down below - so I'm all on me bill -

**PAUL**

Proper devoed, Man! You must've been scared - outta yer nut -

**JOHN**

I wuz. Until, I accepted - the reality of the situation -  
It was 'do or die' - lit'rally .

*(beat)*

And once I accepted that... me fear... washed off me... like water, off  
a drake's back -

*(beat - acts it out)*

So I clung to the wheel. The waves pounded me - knocked me, to me  
knees -

*(raises his fist)*

"Take me God! I don't give a shite!"

*(beat)*

I started singin' sea shanties -

**JOHN**

*(claps, sings)*

To Liverpool I'll make me way!

To Liverpool, tha' Yankee school!

There's Liverpool Paul,  
we're inna squall -

And Yankee John, sailin' to dawn -  
Across the Western Ocean!  
Beware the music publisher, I pray  
Amelia, where ya bound for?

Across the Western Ocean!

**PAUL**

*(claps, sings)*

Amelia, where ya bound for?

Across the Western Ocean!

*(laughs)*

Amelia, where ya bound for?

Across the Western Ocean!

*(laughs)*

Amelia, where ya bound for?

They'll steal yer pay,

like Maggie Mae -

Across the Western Ocean!

*(Unseen PATRONS APPLAUD. Paul joins John, standing  
- in unison, they bow to the waist, as they did on  
the Ed Sullivan Show. They clap each other on the  
back, then fall back to their seats, laughing.)*

**PAUL**

Brilliant! Hey - whatta'ya say, we record that?

**JOHN**

Yer daft!

**PAUL**

Me last record contract - It's got a  
clause that allows me to --

**JOHN**

*(blurts it out)*  
I'm gonna leave Yoko --

*(Paul's jaw drops. Neither of them notice as  
The Fan who has been watching them enters,  
Stage Left. He is in late 40s-early 50s, 6'1" tall  
- he approaches, timidly.)*

**PAUL**

*(stunned)*  
That's - whut you wanted to ask me - about?

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

*(with a trace of a New York accent)*  
Mister Lennon -

*(John sighs. Paul looks frustrated.)*

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

Mister Lennon, I can't tell you - what your work has meant to me -

**JOHN**

*(curtly)*  
Then don't.

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

*(gulps)*  
I'm - your biggest fan -

**JOHN**

*(eyes him, up and down)*  
You look quite average-sized - to me -

*(The Fan laughs, nervously -)*

**JOHN**

Well, speak up! I 'aven't got Aldo Ray -

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

*(confused; plows ahead)*  
Mister Lennon - "Yesterday" - is my favorite -

**JOHN**

*(indicates Paul)*

Well tell *him*. He wrote it -

*(to Paul)*

Y'know, every bloody time I go to the Plaza Hotel, the fookin' violinist plays *Yesterday!* 'Cept once - he played *Eleanor Rigby!*

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

*(recognizes Paul)*

Paul - Mister McCartney - *you're* my favorite - *too* -

**PAUL**

*(laughs - to John)*

Quite fickle... innit'e...

**JOHN**

*(to Paul)*

Next he's gonna say *George* is his favorite -

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

Oh, I *do* love - "Something" -

**JOHN**

*(blankly)*

Well then. I can give'ya *George's* number, if you'd like.

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

You-you- *can* -?

*(sees John's blank expression - realizes)*

Oh - you're kidding -

**PAUL**

*(diplomatically)*

Look, Mate... we're in the middle'a somethin', here --

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

*(to John)*

"Norwegian Wood" - is a *masterpiece!* Created with - so very little. More *sophisticated* songs - aren't that good -

**JOHN**

There's a compliment in there, somewheres -

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

*(tries to explain)*

I mean - its structure - it's so simple - only *six* chords. And the way you change the chord, from D major to D minor, in the Bridge - or "the middle eight", as you call it - the *modulation* -

**JOHN**

*(to Paul)*

I'm well-known, fer doin' things in moderation. Aren't I -

**PAUL**

It looms large - in your Legend --

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

- you *could* argue - it's a modulation - or a key change.  
You know - a Modal Interchange? When the root *note*, it stays the  
same, but the *quality* of the chord, it changes -

**JOHN**

*(looks at the Fan)*

You got all that, from that one tune, did'ja...?

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

Oh - and don't get me started, on the *harmonics* -

**JOHN**

Ok. I won't.

*(John looks away. The Fan is dismissed. His face  
reddens. He stands there, frozen -)*

*(Paul takes pity on him.)*

**PAUL**

Look, Mate... you want us to... *sign* somethin', for ya...?

*(The Fan's eyes widen - he nods his head,  
repeatedly -)*

**PAUL**

Well, we're in the middle'a sumthin' here... do us a favuh...  
Just let us finish our meals. Then, we'll meet you, outside -  
real quiet, like - an' we'll sign for ya. Okay?

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

*(nods; barely audibly)*

Yes -

**PAUL**

*(conspiratorially)*

But like I said - real quiet, like. Don't tell the uthers.

**FAN IN RESTAURANT**

*(nods; barely audibly)*

O-okay -

*(Paul gently waves, Goodbye. The Fan starts to raise his hand, but stops. He slinks off - exits, Stage Left.)*

*(John and Paul go back to eating their meals.)*

**JOHN**

What wuz that punter - bloody goin' on about?

**PAUL**

'Modal interchanges' -

**JOHN**

Thank God 'e didn't get into the Aeolian cadence in -  
"It Won't be Long" -

**PAUL**

*(raises a finger)*

No - the Aeolian cadence wuz in "Not A Second Time" - the bit at the end -

**JOHN**

Oh. I guess I wuz confused by the pandiatonic clusters -  
an' the flat-subdeviant key-switches -

*(John is about to bite his hamburger... he throws it down, in disgust.)*

**JOHN**

Phuh... los' me bloody appetite...!

*(Paul picks up a forkful of Eggplant Parmigiana.)*

**PAUL**

So - you - an' Yoko -

*(John takes a cigarette from his pack of Gitanes and lights it - he takes a long drag; as he exhales, he looks, confused, at the cigarette in his hand.)*

**JOHN**

Remember the time... we all smoked a joint... in Bucking'am Palace?

*(Paul tilts his head; he swallows the Eggplant Parmigiana he was chewing, then wipes his mouth with his napkin.)*

**PAUL**

Johnny... *that* didn't happen...

**JOHN**

Are you soft, la'? When we went there to get our M-B-Es - we stopped off in the Royal Loo - blazed up a big, fat spliff -

*(Paul wipes his mouth with his napkin.)*

**PAUL**

Yeh... we stopped off in the loo... and we lit up - a ciggy...

*(John narrows his eyes. He thinks -)*

**JOHN**

A ciggy...?

**PAUL**

Yeh! Not a *joint* -

*(John wracks his brain... his expression changes - he remembers - Paul is right.)*

**JOHN**

Norra joint... huh...

*(beat)*

Y'know... I've told that story so many times... how we *blazed up* in Bucking'am Palace... I wuz *believin'* me own bullshit...

**PAUL**

*(laughs)*

Don't worry, La'. It's just old age -

**JOHN**

*(puffs his Gitanes.)*

Ehh... anyroad... whole thing was just a publicity stunt, fer the Government, wasn't it... givin' M-B-Es to the lot of us.



**JOHN (CONT'D.)**

*(beat)*

What are they gonna do next - *Knight* us?

**PAUL**

Yer getting cynical - in yer old age.

*(John puffs his Gitanes - coughs.)*

**JOHN**

*(dead serious)*

I'm as auld - as I'm gonna get.

**PAUL**

Yeh - if you keep smokin' *those* -

*(beat)*

So. About Yoko - how did this - come on?

*(John looks at the cigarette; he frowns - stubs it out in the ashtray. He stares off; his mood darkens.)*

**JOHN**

You remember... when I wuz livin' in that apartment... with May...

**PAUL**

Right - the *flat* - over by the River -

**JOHN**

I wuz happy as a clam... 'til Muther -  
lured me back...

Called me... like a Siren, to the rocks...  
'Cume back to the Dakota - I found this  
smokin' cure... '

**YOKO (V.O.)**

*(soft, like a whisper)*

*John...*

*John...*

*John...*

**PAUL**

And this *smokin'* cure... was like Primal Therapy?

**YOKO (V.O.)**

When Paul used to come to visit - you couldn't *stand* it -

*(beat - harshly - in a cold voice)*

You don't need to *do* this - he *abandoned* you -

*(John reaches for the cigarette in the ashtray... he stops... stares off, somberly.)*

**PAUL**

So... whut is it... ya need frum me?

**JOHN**

Help.

**PAUL**

Help -?

**JOHN**

Am I doin' the right thing? With Yoko -

**PAUL**

The right thing...? That's up to you, John.

*(beat)*

Why... are ya... doin' it?

**JOHN**

*(angrily)*

So I can bloody be me!

*(swigs the wine)*

I still love her, y'know... but I'm *suffocatin'*. I'm *dyin'*, a slow death. She won't let me write - do an album - unless *she's* involved -

**PAUL**

*(thinks)*

Hmmm... maybe... you can use that...

**JOHN**

Y'know... me Da' died.

*(beat)*

One April. Nineteen-Seventy-Six. Stomach cancer.

**PAUL**

Yeh, I know... I *did* send condolences - right before - last time I saw you, here, in New York - that time we watched Satdee Night Live on the telly -

*(John reaches for his glass - it is empty.  
He grabs the bottle of Beaujolais - gives his  
glass a healthy pour.)*

**JOHN**

Y'know, it wasn't all Freddie's fault - when we wuz all livin' in that flat, in Penny Lane - Nine Newcastle Road - Julia often went out by herself... 'til the wee mornin' hours... leavin' me, home alone, all on me bill... to fend fer meself...

*(beat)*

I often had trouble sleepin'. One night - I saw a *ghost* -

*(takes another swig of wine -)*

**PAUL**

Nah -

**JOHN**

Oh yeah - just outside the window. I screamed me head off - 'til the neighbors came, runnin'...

**PAUL**

*(empathetically)*

Oh, no... poor la'...

**JOHN**

I remember Freddie showed up - whilst Julia wuz - "entertainin'"...

**PAUL**

No -

**JOHN**

I wuz up, the top of the stairs - shiverin' - coverin' me ears - while they had a rau -

**FREDDIE (V.O.)**

*(shouts - thick Liverpool Scouse accent)*

WHO WUZ THAT SONUVABITCH!!

**JULIA (V.O.)**

*(screams - Liverpool accent)*

HE'S MORE A MAN THAN YOU EVER WERE!!

**PAUL**

Oh, Man...

**JOHN**

*(incredulously)*

Sometimes... I would run away - to Mimi's - you believe *that*...?!

**PAUL**

Well... children... they need... *stability*...

**JOHN**

Oh yeh. Mimi wuz stable. Stable as the Rock'a Gibraltar.  
About as affectionate, too -

*(John takes another swig of wine - empties the glass. Pours more - empties the bottle. He holds up the empty bottle - offstage, the Waitress nods - John smiles.)*

**JOHN**

Freddie married this young bird... did'ja know?

**PAUL**

Sure - Pauline. I met her -

**JOHN**

Younger than me.

*(wryly)*

A Stones fan.

**PAUL**

Well. Nobody's perfect -

*(John takes another swig of wine.)*

**JOHN**

Freddie came to see me, at Weybridge... I slammed the door in his face. His bruther, me Uncle Charlie, wrote me a letter -

*(beat)*

'It's about time you stopped listenin' to lies about yer father. It was not Freddie's fault the marriage broke up.'

*(beat)*

'You're an adult now. You need to meet him. Talk to him, man-to-man. Make up yer own mind, about him.'

**PAUL**

Right... you even invited Freddie to live with ya... for a while -

**JOHN**

Remember Hunter Davies - he wrote our 'authorized' biography -

**PAUL**

Sure -

**JOHN**

I told him - 'Do some diggin'. Find out, the true story, about Freddie. An' you know whut? It was pretty mooch as Freddie - an' me Uncle Charlie - wuz tellin' me.

*(beat - angry at himself)*

But I wuz a coward. I caved in, like a pussy - to Mimi.

*(clenches his fist)*

I let 'her expunge - any good word, about Freddie - from the bloomin' book. So Freddie wuz painted - the villain 'a the piece.

**PAUL**

*(sympathetically)*

It wuz... complicated. Wuzn't it.

*(The Waitress enters, Stage Left, with another bottle of Beaujolais - she is about to pour some in Paul's glass - he raises his hand -)*

**PAUL**

Just leave it, Luv. Thanks -

*(The Waitress picks up the vibe. She grabs the empty bottle - she exits, Stage Left.)*

**JOHN**

You remember the fancy dress party... fer the release'a "Magical Mystery Tour"?

**PAUL**

- at the Royal Lancaster. Of course. I came dressed - as a *King* -

**JOHN**

- an' I wuz a Teddy Boy - and Freddie came kitted out in a Dustman's outfit -

**PAUL**

*(smiles)*

Right! The ol' wack even carried a dustbin lid, didn't he. That said on it - "My Old Man's - a Dustman" -

**JOHN***(talk-sings)*

Now here's a little story... to tell it, is a must...  
about an unsung hero... whut moves away'a dust...

**PAUL**

Lonnie Donegan!

*(starts clapping out the beat)*

Ohhh -

*(John gets what Paul is doing - he picks up the  
tune -)*

**JOHN***(sings)*

My old man's a dustman  
'e wears a dustman's 'at -  
*(gestures to Paul)*  
And he lives in a Council flat!  
He looks a proper narner  
In his great big hobnail boots -  
He's got such a job to pull 'em up  
That he calls 'em daisy roots!

**PAUL***(sings)*

'e wears cor blimey trousers -  
And he lives in a Council flat!  
  
In his great big hobnail boots -  
That he calls 'em daisy roots!

*(Unseen PATRONS APPLAUD. This time John and Paul  
ignore them. John stares off; his mood starts to  
plummet.)*

*(After a few moments, the HUB-BUB in the  
Restaurant picks up again.)*

**JOHN**

After the party... in the Rolls, on the way 'ome... I wuz dead  
knackered... next to Freddie in the back seat... I lay me head on his  
lap -

*(disgusted with himself - gets loud)*

- like a FOOKIN' - little boy!

*(wide-eyed)*

He stroked me neck... fer thirty minutes... the whole ride to their  
flat... in Kew...!

*(John laughs, bizarrely; but his eyes look  
unspeakably sad.)*

**PAUL**

*(sympathetically)*

John -

**JOHN**

After that, I didn't see him... for years... 'til he wrote me a letter. He wuz gonna write his life story. He wanted me approval - an' ad-vice.

**YOKO (V.O.)**

You don't need to do this -

**JOHN**

I had 'im invited to Titten'urst... Nine-October - he came with his *replacement* wife, Pauline - and David Henry - their eighteen-month-old *replacement* Son -

**YOKO (V.O.)**

He *abandoned* you -

**PAUL**

Nine-October... yer *Birth*day, innit -

**YOKO (V.O.)**

You don't need him!

**JOHN**

He thought he wuz cummin' - for a bloody party!!

*(beat - loudly)*

But I bloody threatened ta *kill* him!! Case'im up in a *box*!!

Dump 'im out in the *ocean* - a hundred fathoms *deep*!!

*(The HUB-BUB abruptly stops - you can hear a pin drop. John realizes people are staring - he looks around the Restaurant -)*

**JOHN**

What're you lookin' at...?! Ya bloody punters...!!

**PAUL**

*Easy*, John -

*(John looks disoriented -)*

**PAUL**

*(dismayed; sighs)*

Ah, John... ya didn't threaten to kill 'im... in front'a yer little Step-Bruther... didja...?

*(John clenches his fist - leans into Paul -)*

**JOHN**

Fook you! Whatta yew know!

**PAUL**

*(quietly)*

I know that the lil' lad didn't deserve that.

*(beat)*

Just like yew didn't deserve - whut happened to yew - when you were a lad -

**YOKO (V.O.)**

You don't need him!

*(John reaches for his glass - he swigs it, emptying his glass. He grabs the bottle of Beaujolais - he is about to pour it - then swigs from the bottle.)*

**PAUL**

Easy, John... maybe you had enough'a that, eh...?

*(John slams down the bottle of Beaujolais - jabs his finger in Paul's face.)*

**JOHN**

Who're yew?! Me Mum?! Me Da'?! All rolled inta bloody one?!!

**PAUL**

*(quietly)*

No, John. I'm yer best friend.

**YOKO (V.O.)**

He abandoned you -

*(John bolts up from his chair - covers his ears -)*

**PAUL**

C'mon, John... sit down -



**JOHN**

Me best *friend*?! You don't even know me!!

**PAUL**

*(incredulously)*

Who knows ya *betta* - ?

**JOHN**

*(right in Paul's face)*

*Friendship* is an *illusion*!! I 'ave no friends!!

*(Paul raises his hands to calm John -)*

**PAUL**

Easy, now --  
Whut -!?

**JOHN**

*FOOK YOU!!* You bloomin' fookin' -  
*hypocrite!!*

*(John makes a fist - Paul stands. John cocks his fist and Paul backs into his chair, knocking it over -)*

**JOHN**

Ahm *onta* you!! *FOOK - YOU!!* An' the fookin' horse ya rode in on!!

*(grabs Paul's lapels)*

See ya - in another bloody four years!

*(John through Paul backwards, then grabs the bottle of Beaujolais from the table. He stalks off, exits Stage Left.)*

*(The Waitress, shocked, enters Stage Left - John has nearly run her over. She clutches the check - looks back, behind her -)*

*(Lights fade down to Black.)*

*(Intermission.)*

ACT II

SCENE 1

*(Lights down. A re-mix of "Mother" by John Lennon plays; the music is an acoustic guitar and a simple beat on a snare drum.)*

**SONG**

Motherrrr - you had me  
But I never had you-oo-ou...  
Oh, I-I-I-ay - wanted youuu...  
You didn't want meee...

*(music)*

Fatherrrr - you left me  
But I never left yooooo-oo-ou...  
Whoa, I-I-I-ay - needed you-oo-ou...  
You didn't need meee...

*(The song fades out. Lights fade up - John Lennon is sitting on the floor in the White Room of his apartment in The Dakota building, New York city.)*

*(John sits on the White Carpet in front of the window and window seat. He clutches the bottle of Beaujolais; he is still wearing his black sports jacket over his blue-gray turtleneck sweater and his favorite pair of blue Lee Riders. He has on red socks but no shoes.)*

*(From offstage, Stage Right, we hear the FRONT DOOR BUZZER -)*

**JOHN**

Awww - Fook off!!!

**PAUL (offstage)**

Johnny! Open up!

*(Pause. After a moment, we hear the DOOR BUZZER, again - this time, a long BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ.)*

**JOHN**

(looks towards Stage Right)  
I said - *FOOK OFFFFFF!!!*

**PAUL (offstage)**

*Cume on! Open the fookin' DOOR!!*

*(BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ.)*

*(Pause.)*

*(BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ... BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ.)*

*(Pause.)*

*(We hear POUNDING on the door - then the HINGES  
SQUEAK as the Front Door swings open - )*

**JOHN**

*(does a double-take towards Stage Right)*  
Ooops!

*(HEAVY FOOTSTEPS come from Stage Right -)*

**JOHN**

*(talk-sung, to the tune of 'Eleanor Rigby')*  
Here's Paul McCartney -  
rushin' to give me a trashin',  
he's cume through me door -  
Oh whut a bo-ore -

*(From Upstage Right, Paul McCartney enters, fuming  
boiling over, wearing his knock-off sunglasses.  
Paul jabs his finger at John - struggles, in his  
anger, to find words - points again - )*

**JOHN**

Cat got yer toongue?

**PAUL**

Right!! That's it! You and I - are gonna have this out!

**JOHN**

*(suggestively)*  
Ooo - have whut out?

**PAUL**

You lef' me at th' restaurant! Stook me wi' th' bill!  
You *knew* I had no cash!

**JOHN**

*(with a New Yawk accent)*  
Hey - dem's the breaks -  
*(beat)*  
You born in a barn -?

**PAUL**

*Whut?!*

**JOHN**

Shoes!!

*(Angrily, Paul kicks off his shoes - they go  
flying about the room -)*

**JOHN**

So - you wind up havin' t'do the dishes?

**PAUL**

No! No thanks to you! That *fan* - who liked your *harmonics* - and  
*Aeolian cadences* - he paid the bill! All it cost me - wuz was an  
*autograph* -!

**JOHN**

He bloody got *gypped* -

**PAUL**

- and - your bloody tickets - to the Rockshow film premiere!

**JOHN**

*(steeple his hands - looks up, as if praying)*  
Thank you... there iz a God!

**PAUL**

Aww, *FOOK* you!!

*(beat)*  
I'm the hypocrite? You're the hypocrite! A rough n' tough  
Teddy Boy?! Workin' Class Hero?! You grew up in a fookin' *palace*!  
*(beat)*  
George wuz a real wacker! *Ritchie* grew up in *The Dingle*! I grew up

**PAUL (CONT'D.)**

in a fookin' *Council flat!* But y'don't 'ear us, goin' on about it!  
*(jabs his finger)*

You - were *middle class!* Nice an' cumfortable, like - in yer nice detached 'ouse - in the *suburbs!*

**JOHN**

*Semi - detached --*

**PAUL**

- with'a bloomin' *garden!* 'Workin' *Class Hero' - me arse!!*

**JOHN**

*(stares up at Paul)*

Hey - Mister 'Council flat' - why don'cha take off them - foogazy sunglasses -

**PAUL**

Foo - *whut?!*

**JOHN**

*Foo-gazy!* It means *fake - like you!!*

*(Paul snatches off his sunglasses - he whips them across the room -)*

**PAUL**

*FOOK YOU!!* Real New Yawk tough guy!!

**JOHN**

*(with a New Yawk accent)*

You're all pizza and fairy tales!

**PAUL**

*What?!* Aw, fook off, Kojak!

**JOHN**

*(does a Telly Savalas impression)*

Who loves ya, baby?

*(Paul paces, totally frustrated -)*

**PAUL**

Let's sort it out - right here, right now - fer once, and fer all! I've been tryin' - fer *years -* to be yer *Mate!* And ya keep pushin' me away! Whut do yew want from me?!

**JOHN**

I want *nuthin'* - from yew.

*(Paul throws up his hands - he paces -)*

**PAUL**

Yew tell me yer leavin' Yoko - yew say yew want me help - then yew tell me ta fook off! Look - *Whut - is your problem?!*

*(John jumps up from the floor. He slams the bottle of Beaujolais on the window seat - gets right in Paul's face.)*

**JOHN**

Whut's - me - problem?!

**PAUL**

John - it's me!! I wuz with you, when youse wuz pissin' off the balcony at Nuns, in *Hamburg* --

*(ignores that)*

I wuz with you - on the tour in America - after you said we were better'n *Christ* --  
- an' it looked like those nuts were gonna bloody crucify you!  
I wuz right there, with ya -  
cos we're *Mates* -  
Oh yeh? Well whut about that night in Florida -  
When we got diverted - Key West -  
cos'a that hurricane -

*(John's mouth opens - he knows what's coming. He walks away - Paul follows -)*

**PAUL**

We stayed up all night... *talkin'*...  
Yeh! We got so pissed we ended up *crying* -  
Talkin' about our Mums - how *no one* else knew - whut we went through - losin' our Mums, like that...  
How we had'ta put on a brave face -

**JOHN**

*(jabs his finger in Paul's face)*

Ya mean - in *Hamburg*, when you wuz takin' the piss outta Stu - every chance ya got!!

*(throws up his hands)*

More *popular* -!

*They should 'ave!!*

You wuz just a guy - in me band!

Whut night -?!

**JOHN**

We wuz *drunk* -

*(scoffs)*

Fook you! I don't *cry* -

*(John turns his back to Paul)*

**PAUL**

cos we were teenage guys - Northern  
Men - an ' you don't talk about *that*  
kind'a thing where we came from -

*(beat)*

And between tears... we told each other...  
how much... we loved each other -  
Right.

*(winks)*

Nudge, nudge, wink, wink -

**JOHN**

Yer daft!

That... never happened..

*(John folds his arms around himself. Paul walks  
closer, behind him.)*

**PAUL**

C'mon, John... let's sort this out..

*(John takes another step away... he looks hopeless...  
closes his eyes.)*

**PAUL**

*(exasperated)*

... whut's your *problem*, Man...?

*(John clenches his fists. His eyes open - he  
abruptly wheels around, faces Paul -)*

**JOHN**

WHUT'S ME *PROBLEM*?!

**PAUL**

WHUT'S YOUR *PROBLEM*?!

**JOHN**

NOBODY LUVS ME!!

*(John swipes the photos off the piano - they go  
flying, crashing about the room -)*

THAT'S ME *PROBLEM*!!

*(Paul is stunned. There is silence.)*

*(Pause.)*

**PAUL**

John... everybody... luvs you -

**JOHN**

NO!!! They don't luv ME!!!  
They luv "JOHN LENNON"!!!  
*(raps his own chest)*  
They don't luv - ME -

**PAUL**

That's not... true -

*(John makes a fist - he cocks it - Paul, out of reflex, leans backward, but stands his ground.)*

*(After a tense moment, John punches his own thigh, repeatedly - he starts to... laugh... the saddest laugh imaginable -)*

**JOHN**

It's a cosmic - joke!!

**PAUL**

Everybody - luvs you -

**JOHN**

But they all die! Don't they?! Julia! Uncle George! Stu! Brian! Freddie!

*(John fights to hold back tears. Paul embraces him - John pushes Paul away - turns his back.)*

**PAUL**

It's... okay...

*(John takes a breath; tries to compose himself.)*

**JOHN**

I been goin' through... a lot... you know...? Like... I'm at a... crossroad... do I go left... or right...?

*(wipes his eyes)*

Flashes cume ta me... May... the bloody smokin' cure... me whole... life!  
It just - washes over me - like I'm back in *Primal* -

*(beat - ironically)*

Y'know, sometimes... I go in me Music Room... pick up me guitar... turn off the lights... and yell out a Primal Scream-version of *Yesterday*... over... and over...



**PAUL**

Y'know... you nevah told me abou' tha'... whut it wuz like - Primal -

*(John sighs. He takes off his eyeglasses - rubs his eyes - puts his eyeglasses back on. He grabs the bottle of Beaujolais from the window seat, then slides down onto to the floor and sits in front of the window.)*

*(Paul walks over to John. He slides down and sits on the floor, on John's right.)*

**PAUL**

I remember... you slagged me off, pretty good... that Rolling Stone interview... back when you first 'ad Primal...

*(John takes a swig from the bottle. He stares out at nothing.)*

**JOHN**

Ah, ya wouldn't understand... unless you've gone through it...

**PAUL**

Well, *tell* me! *Make me* understand!

**JOHN**

It's bloody *hell!* That's whut it is! Like - a very slow *acid* trip! Only it happens - in your *body* - without *takin'* acid!

*(beat)*

You roll up on the floor... in the fetal position, like yer back in the womb... an' you re-live - all the trauma of yer life -!

**PAUL**

Sounds - *brutal* -

**JOHN**

Doctor Yanov told me... I had about the most pain, he'd ever seen - in his entire *therapeutic* career -

*(John stares out. Paul touches his shoulder.)*

**PAUL**

Tell us about it...

**JOHN**

Yer *daft!* I'm not goin' back *there*, agin -!

**PAUL**

Cume on...

*(John rocks back-and-forth a bit... he takes a swig from the bottle - liquid courage - then he puts the bottle back on the window seat.)*

**JOHN**

I remember... layin' on the floor... all curled up...

*(close his eyes... goes back)*

I wuz five-and-a-half years old... in Blackpool - at the Hall's house, in Ivy Avenue... I could smell...

*(takes a sniff)*

... the pungent odour, of me Da's cigarettes... *Woodbine's*...

**PAUL**

Oh, yeh - *Woodbines* - they were *strong* -

**JOHN**

*(rocks back-and-forth)*

I wuz sittin'... on me Da's knee... then -

*(sniffs -)*

I could smell... me Mum's perfume -

*(turns his head, to his left - his eyes widen)*

She's *standin'* there - right in fron'a' me.

She smiles... me heart melts...

*(he stares off...)*

**FREDDIE (V.O.)**

*(thick Liverpool Scouse accent)*

*Johnny...*

*(John turns his head - to his right -)*

**FREDDIE (V.O.)**

*Johnny... Mummy's goin' away. She won't be comin' back, agin.'*

*(beat)*

*Do y' wanna go with 'er? Or stay with me -*

*(beat)*

*Do ya wanna go'ta New Zealand? With me?*

*(Beat. John looks left - then right - then left -)*

**JOHN***(anxiously)*

I'm stayin' - with me Daddy -

**FIVE-YEAR-OLD JOHN (V.O.)***(with Liverpool accent - anxiously)*

I'm stayin' - with me Daddy -

I don't wanna leave - me Daddy -

*(John reaches his hand out -)***JOHN**But me Mummy - she's walkin' down the road. I run *after her* -*(hyperventilates)*

I grab 'er hand. I turn back ta the house. Daddy's standin' there

- in the doorway -

*(motions - )***FIVE-YEAR-OLD JOHN (V.O.)**

Cume on, Daddy! Cume on!

**JOHN**- but he won't *cume* -**MALE THERAPIST (V.O.)***(calmly; with an American accent)*

John... tell your father... what you need of him -

**FIVE-YEAR-OLD JOHN (V.O.)***(choked sob)*

Cume Daddy! Cume with me - an' Mummy!

**JOHN***(with anguished scream)*

Don't leave me!!!

**MALE THERAPIST (V.O.)**

Your Daddy can't hear you, John...

*(John hugs himself - he rocks back-and-forth -)***JOHN***(anguished scream)*

Cume after me!!! Hold me!!!

*(rocks back-and-forth, frantically)*

DADDY!!! DADDY!!!

*(John looks around, terrified - he is surrounded on all sides by dark walls of sand, closing over him, smothering him. He hyperventilates, flails away at the sand -)*

*(Paul grabs John's hands - John stops flailing, pants... Paul holds him; John rocks back-and-forth in Paul's arms. Paul looks stunned.)*

**PAUL**

*(quietly)*

There, there... there there...

*(As Paul comforts him, John rocks, slower and slower... he takes a deep breath - laughs sardonically, at himself.)*

**JOHN**

Yeh... a real rough Teddy Boy... aren't I.

**PAUL**

Johnny... you shouldn't'a had to go through that... no kid should -

*(John takes another deep breathe... he finally feels like he can breathe again... he exhales; laughs...)*

**JOHN**

To this day... I *hate* makin' decisions...

**PAUL**

I can understand *why* -

**JOHN**

... me heart pounds... I get a *headache*...

*(breathes)*

Even small things... so I let Muther... make all me decisions...

**PAUL**

But John... you bloody - *abdicated* -

**JOHN**

She arks the Tarot Card Reader... or the Numerologist... an' I let them... make the decision fer me...

*(sighs)*

I can't go on like this...

**PAUL**

You don't *have* to...

*(John looks wistful. He reaches up and grabs the bottle from the window seat. He takes a swig.)*

**JOHN**

Y'know... *after* I threatened Freddie... he gave his solicitor... instructions... ta withhold all details of his whereabouts, from me...

*(beat - astonished - ashamed)*

I threatened ta kill 'im... right in front of his lil' Eighteen month-old son... I'm goin' straight ta *hell!*

*(John takes a swig from the bottle - then he holds the bottle out to Paul.)*

**PAUL**

Oh - no thanks, Mate -

**JOHN**

Some 'Mate' - so ya want me ta drink alone -?

**PAUL**

You're gonna make an alcoholic outta me -

**JOHN**

Don't worry. Yer no alcoholic.

*(beat)*

Alcoholics - go ta meetings -

*(Paul laughs. He takes the bottle - takes a swig.)*

**JOHN**

Abou' four years ago... Pauline, she rang Apple...

*(beat)*

She let a message... Freddie wuz ill... he wished to speak with me. So I rang him up.

*(smiles wanly)*

Wuz like... nuthin' ever happened. He told me, he'd read about me, havin' Sean...

*(beat)*

And get this - the ol' wack, he had another lil' lad, himself - Robin Francis!

**PAUL**

Go on -

**JOHN**

The cheeky bastard!

*(Paul passes the bottle to John - John takes a swig.)*

**JOHN**

We made plans... ta see each other, soon as I could get over there.  
Sort things out... put the past behind us. Once and fer all.

*(remembers the phone call)*

'See ya, la' -

'See ya, la' -

*(his expression changes)*

Then I spoke to the Surgeon. Cancer of th' stomach.  
Hopeless, you see.

*(takes a swig; wipes his mouth.)*

Got me Green Card... three months after... he died.

**PAUL**

Oh... Man...

*(John passes the bottle to Paul.)*

**JOHN**

A week or two later, Freddie's manuscript came in the post...  
along with a letter he'd written, years before... right after...  
the las' time I'd seen 'im.

*(sadly)*

Said he hoped... readin' his life story would fill in the gaps fer  
me... an' ease me distress...

**FREDDIE (V.O.)**

*(thick Liverpool Scouse accent)*

... it is my sincere hope... that when you have read this book...  
you will no longer bear me... any malice...

*(Paul takes a swig - passes the bottle to John.)*

**JOHN**

Y'know - after I read it - I started to keep me own journal -  
a record'a me life -

**PAUL**

Cor! That'll be worth money, some day, that will -

**JOHN**

No, no... this is fer Julian. To be given to him, upon me death.

*(beat)*

I hope it will have the same effect on him... as Freddie's book... had on me.

*(reaches into one side pocket of his jacket - then the other -)*

Bloody 'ell - where -?

*(Paul reaches into the side pocket of his own jacket - he produces John's pack of Gitanes and lighter.)*

**PAUL**

You left them behind. In the Restaurant.

*(Relieved, John takes the pack of Gitanes and lighter.)*

**JOHN**

Oh - bless you kind, Sir! Valiant Paul McCartney!

**PAUL**

*(with upper-crust British accent)*

Sir Jasper Lennon - I presume?

**JOHN**

*(with upper-crust British accent)*

Tally ho - pip, pip!

*(John takes a Gitanes from the pack and lights it; he stuffs the pack and lighter in his jacket pocket. He puffs the cigarette.)*

**JOHN**

Paulie... remember when you played "Hey Jude" for me, the first time?

**PAUL**

When wuz that...?

*(thinks... remembers)*

Oh, yeh, in me music room - up at the top of the house - Cavendish -

**JOHN**

*(nods)*

When you got to the line: "The movement you need - is on your shoulder" - you said "I'll fix that - it's just a placeholder -"

**PAUL**

And you said - "You won't, you know. That's the best line in it."

**JOHN**

*(nods; turns to Paul)*

Because you wrote that line to me. I wuz leavin' Cyn, for Yoko - and you were tellin' me - I could do it! The movement - wuz on me shoulder - "You have found her - now go and get her -"

*(beat - looks away)*

I need ya... to tell me that... again.

*(Paul absorbs this; he nods.)*

**PAUL**

John. The movement... is on *your* shoulder.

*(beat)*

Whatever you want to do... you can do it...

*(John exhales, deeply... he crosses his fingers...)*

**JOHN**

Y'know... I been talkin', to me Sisters...

**PAUL**

Julia - an' Jackie -?

**JOHN**

*(nods)*

Makin' plans t'go see them...

*(blows out smoke)*

... and Julian... and Mimi...

and Pauline an' David Henry an' Robin Francis... they would be... abou' eleven...? and seven, years old... now...?

*(takes a puff of his Gitanes)*

Anyroad, I'm gonna go ta England - see the lot of 'em.

I don't know how I let it... go so long...

*(beat)*

Yes I do. Yoko. And I wuz such a coward - I let it happen.

*(Paul pats John's knee.)*



**PAUL**

Well, *good* for you -

**JOHN**

Oh Paulie... we can't let things go on like this, between you an' me... You nevuh know when... it's gonna be... too late...

*(Paul looks directly at John.)*

**PAUL**

John. I'm *here*. I haven't gone *anywhere*. An' I'm not gonna. Much as you've *tried* - to drive me away -

*(John slides his glasses down his nose; looks over them at Paul.)*

**JOHN**

It's only me, Paulie...

**PAUL**

Yeh - an' I know you better - than *anybody* -

*(Paul takes a swig. He passes the bottle to John; John takes a swig.)*

**JOHN**

In the spirit of *détente*... there's somethin' I wanna arsk ya -  
*(John shifts his position - he faces Paul.)*  
Stu Sutcliffe -

*(Paul steels himself - knows what's coming.)*

**JOHN**

Why'd'ja - *hate* him so?

**PAUL**

I didn't - *hate* him -

**JOHN**

Could'a fooled me. And George. And Astrid. And Klaus -

*(Paul holds up his hand -)*

**PAUL**

Okay. I *admit* - I wuz - a right bastard to 'im.  
(*tries to explain*)

But I didn't *hate* him - it's just - he wuz takin' me best *Mate* -  
from me -

**JOHN**

I figured... it wuz somethin'... like tha'...

**PAUL**

No, but it's not - just that.

(*searches for the right words*)

As *good* an Artist - as he wuz - he wuz - that *bad* - a bass player.

**JOHN**

Go on! 'e wuzn't *that* bad -

**PAUL**

(*nods*)

Oh yes - he wuz. He wuz draggin' us *down*. Him an' Pete.

(*shifts his position - faces John*)

See, I *knew* - we - the *group* - we were *goin'* places - to the *top* -

**JOHN**

(*smiles, wanly*)

'To the *Toppermost* - of the *Poppermost*' -

(*takes a swig*)

**PAUL**

But not with *them* - in the band -

**JOHN**

I killed 'im -

**PAUL**

Who -?

**JOHN**

Stu. I killed 'im -

(*John takes another swig. Paul studies John's face  
- sees he is dead-serious.*)

**PAUL**

Oh, cume on now - are ya *daft*...? He 'ad a brain hemorrhage!  
From those Teds - who ambushed him in the khazi - backstage, at  
Lathom Hall - kicked 'is bloody head in!

**JOHN**

An' why, Son, d'ya think it wuz, they *done* that?

**PAUL**

Because their *birds* - they were all gathered-up, in front'a  
th'stage - swoonin', like, over Stu - when he stepped up an' sang  
"Love Me Tendah"! Those Teds were, all -

*(pumps his left fist into his right hand)*

- *glarin'*! 'Right! You'll get yours!'

**JOHN**

An' ya know whut *I* did? When they wuz standin' there, *glarin'* at  
Stu?

*(beat)*

I winked at 'em! Made *kissy-faces*!

*(demonstrates)*

Like they wuz - bloody *poofers*! *Fairies*!

*(The air goes out of Paul. He collapses back,  
against the wall; he exhales.)*

**PAUL**

Look - you don't know - whether or not that -

*(turns to John)*

But remember - you rushed up there - waded into the fray, an'  
pulled them off Stu - you broke yer bloody finger, bashin' 'em  
about!

*(John fights back tears... he lowers his head...)*

**JOHN**

Oh, Stu... it's all my fault... all my fault...

*(Paul takes the bottle from John; he pats John's  
shoulder...)*

**PAUL**

John... Astrid told me... Stu's X-ray's... he had this rare condition.  
His *brain* - it wuz *growin'*. Pressin' against his *skull*...

*(beat)*

**PAUL (CONT'D.)**

She said, if he'd'a cume outta the coma... he'd'a been *blind*... probably not able to *walk*... or even *hold* a *paintbrush*...

**JOHN**

*(laugh/sobs crazily)*

A blind artist?! What a fookin' joke...! A fookin' - cosmic - joke...!

*(John laughs/sobs a bit more; his head droops; he is getting sleepy... Paul sighs.)*

**PAUL**

La'... I wish... I *had* been nicer to 'im... but what can ya do? You know - ya can't change the past - much as ya might try. So ya just gotta... move on.

*(When John doesn't respond, Paul looks at him, sees his head drooping... he nudges John -)*

**JOHN**

*(with a start)*

Whut -?

*(John, in a stupor, looks at Paul...)*

**PAUL**

You can't change the past... can ya.

*(beat)*

I mean... we've all had... rough childhoods...

*'Oh, it's not my fault - it's me rough childhood -'*

*(John listens as intently as he can, in his stupor. Paul takes a swig.)*

**PAUL**

But you can't sit around an' moan... there comes a time... ya gotta take charge... of yer own life...

**JOHN**

You know... we're all responsible - for our own childhoods -

**PAUL**

Wha'?

**JOHN**

We're responsible fer everything that happens to us.  
Whether we like it - or not.

*(matter-of-factly)*

It's Karma. Isn't it.

**PAUL**

*(half-joking)*

You been talkin' - to Our Kid, George...?

*(John grabs the bottle from Paul - he takes a swig.)*

**JOHN**

You remember, our first tour - through the States? We wuz stayin at that rented mansion in L-A - an' you, George and Ritchie went to Burt Lancaster's place, across the way - to watch that Peter Sellers film?

**PAUL**

*(thinks)*

Right... "A Shot in the Dark" - Inspector Clouseau -

**JOHN**

I stayed back, broodin', in the mansion - and Jayne Mansfield shows up - with her Tarot Card Reader -

**PAUL**

*(remembers)*

Right... the night you got in the papers with her, at the 'Whisky A Go Go' - you an' George -

**JOHN**

That wuz later. First, she just shows up, uninvited at our rented Mansion. An' it wuz all I could do to tolerate her. Then her Tarot Card Reader starts drawin' cards - an' each card's sayin' how bloody marvelous we are - an' whut a great career lay ahead of us. 'Til he drew this one bloody card -

*(pantomimes drawing a Tarot Card - gasps)*

"My God - this is terrible. I see - an awful end - to all this -"

*(points)*

"Out!" - I grabbed the bleedin' bugger, by the scruff - and chooked him out. But even then - I knew he wuz *right*.

**PAUL**

Are yew *soft*? Whut are you goin' on about'?

**JOHN**

Remember whut happened to Jayne? *De-capitated* - in that car wreck?

**PAUL**

Yeh... bloody awful, that...

**JOHN**

*(knowingly)*

Well, Jayne wuz born *Nineteen* April... she died, *Twenty-Nine* June.

**PAUL**

So...?

**JOHN**

April is the *fourth* month - June is the *sixth*. Four plus six equals *ten*. I wuz born *Nine* October - the *ninth* day of the *tenth* month. And Jayne died - *two months* - after her birthday.

**PAUL**

*(totally confused)*

Yeh...?

**JOHN**

Which means - I'm gonna die on a day with a *nine* in it - two months after me birthday - in December.

*(Paul is flabbergasted. He doesn't know what to say. He takes the bottle from John.)*

**PAUL**

*(playing along)*

Whut year...?

**JOHN**

That... I dunno...

*(beat)*

You ever have recurrin' dreams... nightmares...?

**PAUL**

*(snaps his fingers -)*

Yeah! Fer a while there, I wuz 'avin' this 'orrible dream. Allen Klein - wuz me *Dentist*. I'm strapped in th' chair - e's givin' me *injections*, ta put me out -

*(struggles, against the bonds)*

An' I'm thinkin' - 'Fookin' hell! I'm powerless!'

**JOHN**

Yer subconscious - it wuz tellin' ya somethin', there -

*(John takes the bottle from Paul.)*

**PAUL**

Scared th' bloody *hell* outta me! I'd wake up - *sweatin'* -

**JOHN**

Ya ever wonder... *how* yer gonna die...?

**PAUL**

Y'know, I almost did die - *twice* - in Lagos, when we went to make "Band on the Run" -

**JOHN**

*(nods)*

Good album...

*(Paul's jaw drops - a rare compliment from John Lennon. He waits for more... but there is none.)*

**PAUL**

First time, me' an Lin are takin' a stroll one evenin'.

This car pulls past us. Slows down. Stops. 'Are you travelers?'

*(shrugs)*

I figure - they're offerin' us a ride, right?

'Thanks, Mate. We're all right.'

*(beat)*

So these five fellas... they pile outta the car. Surround us.

This lil' squat one, he hold's a knife at me froat... Lin goes -

*(waves his hands)*

'Don't kill him - he's a musician - he's *Beatle Paul!*'

I gave 'em me wallet... me camera... me watch... me bag - with all me demo tapes, notebooks - all the songs I'd written fer the album!

**JOHN**

Oh, *fook* no...!

**PAUL**

The Studio Manager there - 'Odion' wuz his name - he'd been a guerrilla down there an' had been shot in the face - the bullet wuz still lodged behind his eye, givin' him a *ferocious* stare -  
(*mimics Odion's ferocious stare*)

Anyway, Odion tol' me that it wuz a good thing I wuz a white man, they'd'a *killed* me if I wuz a black man. Cos they 'ave the death sentence for robbery in Nigeria, but they figured a white man couldn't tell 'em apart - so they spared me.

(*Paul takes a swig.*)

Another time... one afternoon, we 'ad just started the session. I'm at the microphone, I've got the cans on, I'm layin' down the vocals, y'know? Then, all of a sudden-like, I'm *gaspin'* - can't catch me *breath*. So they take me outside fer some air - but the air there is like a *wall* of heat - a hundred-plus degrees. *Wham* - I'm down, like a ton'a bricks.

(*beat*)

So they pile me inta Odion's car - take me to th' *ozzy* -

**JOHN**

(*concerned*)

Did you 'ave... a heart attack...?

**PAUL**

That's whut *Lin* thought. But the Doctor said it wuz a 'bronchial spasm' - triggered by me - 'excessive smoking.'

**JOHN**

Ah. So that's when... you quit.

**PAUL**

I *tried*... but it didn't take. Not that time. Not until me daughter got 'urt - an' I'm *runnin'* to help her - an' I can't do it - I'm bent over - *pantin'* -

(*beat*)

"Right," I said. "That's it. Enough's enough -"

(*John takes a swig from the bottle. He stares out.*)

**JOHN**

I know... how *I'm* gonna die.



**PAUL**

Yeah... *right*.

**JOHN**

*(matter-of-factly)*

I do, Paulie. I have these weird... recurrin' dreams...

*(beat)*

In the old days... they'd crucify ya. But not today -

**PAUL**

Today, they just - *shoot* ya -

*(John nods...)*

**JOHN**

*(matter-of-factly)*

Somebody's gonna bump me off... I've known it for years.

**PAUL**

Aw, Lennon -! You got a bloody overactive imagination -

**JOHN**

It's Karma... isn't it? I've lived a violent life.

*(beat - with certainty)*

I'm gonna die that way.

*(Paul gets a chill down his spine. John stares off...)*

**JOHN**

*(wistfully)*

Remember... 'Sara Sequin'...

**PAUL**

Ah... good 'ol Alma Cogan... you use'ta take the piss outta her -  
until you actually *met* her -

**JOHN**

My ideal fantasy woman... a dark-haired artist... a Julia Greco-type...

*(John passes the bottle to Paul; Paul takes a swig.)*

**PAUL**

You did have a soft spot... fer older women -

**JOHN**

Cyn said... *Alma* wuz me one true luv... an' *I* thought - Cyn didn't even *know* about her...

*(beat)*

God... if she didn't die... borrowed time... borrowed time...

**PAUL**

Yeh... an' it wuz only a few weeks after *Alma* passed... this uther dark-haired artist-type shows up -

*(Paul passes the bottle to John.)*

**JOHN**

Yeh... *Yoko* started turnin' up *everywhere*, didn't she... like a bloody *stalker*... handin' me... little bits'a paper - "*breathe*" - "look up in the sky, I'm *there* -"

*(laughs)*

Y'know... she irritated the *shit* outta me, at first...

*(stares off...)*

I couldn't understand it... if a woman wuz *nice* ta me...

**PAUL**

John... you gotta decide whut it is you *want*. A Muther... or a lover... It's not gonna *work* - to ask one person to be *both* -

**JOHN**

*(trying to figure it out)*

May... wuz so *nice* ta me...

**PAUL**

I *like* May. Me an' *Lin* - we both *like* her. We were *surprised* - when you *left* 'er -

**YOKO (V.O.)**

Nobody wanted it. It just happened.

*(John stares off...)*

**JOHN**

I wuz afraid... I wuz gonna hurt her...

**PAUL**

Don't you think you hurt her - when you suddenly just up an' left her?

**JOHN**

No, not like that... I mean - *hurt* her -

*(beat)*

We wuz in a hot tub... out in California... me, Harry an' May... as usual, me an' Harry, we were boozin' it up... like there wuz no t'morruh...

*(beat)*

May said... *somethin'*... I don't remember *whut*...

She's *smilin'* at me - real *luv* in her eyes...

*(looks at his hands - they belong to someone else)*

Then - me hands - are aroun' her froat... *chokin'* the life... outta her...

**PAUL**

Oh, my God -

**JOHN**

Thank God - Harry - pulled me away -

*(Paul is stunned - silent. John takes a swig... his head droops...)*

**JOHN**

Karma... is a bitch...

*(beat)*

She wants'ta even the scorecard... so you kin, move on, t'yer next life, as a *cat* - or a *dung Beetle*...

*(beat)*

With a clean... Karmic slate...

*(slurs his words)*

Y'know - I arsked Art Garfunkel - abou' you...

**PAUL**

Art Garfunkel... *when*...?

**JOHN**

Right before... I wuz goin' to see you - in New Orleans -

**PAUL**

*Why didn't you go?* It would'a been *great*, Man -

**JOHN**

*I wuz plannin' ta go -!*

**YOKO (V.O.)**

You don't need to *record* anymore -

**PAUL**

Well what happened? I called you after we'd gotten there, and the sessions had started - you sounded - *excited* - but you nevah called back!

**YOKO (V.O.)**

You have already *proven yourself* to the world.

*(John gags - like he's going to vomit -)*

**JOHN**

I *did* call you down there - the hotel - to discuss arrangements -

**PAUL**

*When?*

**JOHN**

They said you were asleep - couldn't be disturbed -

**PAUL**

*Aw, rubbish!* Who'd you talk to -?

**JOHN**

*I don't know -*

**PAUL**

Did you tell them who you were -?

**YOKO (V.O.)**

You're John Lennon!

**JOHN**

I don't - *urrgh -*

*(gags - like he's going to vomit -)*

**PAUL**

*Aw, fook!* It would'a been great, Man...

*(John clutches his gut... recovers...)*

**JOHN**

*(sadly)*

Thas' what... Artie said... he had... just gotten back... with *his* Paul...

*(beat)*

He said... 'If you can return... to the *fun*... of the musical blend'...  
find the harmony... an' the sound... it'll be... fantastic...'

**PAUL**

He's right! We *do* work *well* together... that's just the *truth* of it.

*(beat)*

And it's a *special* thing. When you find someone you can *talk* to -  
it's a special thing. But when you find someone you can play *music*  
with? That's *really* somethin' -

*(John's head swirls...)*

**JOHN**

Artie said... 'you'll have fun... if you can ignore... the strands... and  
complications... of history...'

*(laughs)*

Sounds like the bloody title... of a *history* book! -

*(John's head droops onto Paul's shoulder; his hand releases the bottle, but Paul catches it before it hits the White Carpet.)*

*(Paul reaches up - puts the bottle atop the window seat, above him. As he does so, John's head slides down, onto Paul's lap.)*

*(Paul looks down, with affection, at his old friend. He gently rubs John's neck - like John's father did, all those years ago. Paul's head bobs... his eyelids droop...)*

*(Lights slowly fade down to Black.)*

## SCENE 2

*(Lights fade up - Paul McCartney is sleeping, sitting on the floor, his back against the wall under the window seat in the White Room of John Lennon's apartment in The Dakota building, New York city. He snores.)*

*(Through the window, we see it is now dark out. John enters, humming his tune "Beautiful Boy". He looks refreshed. He is dressed as before, except that he no longer wears his black sports jacket - it is draped on the sofa. He carries a tray with two cups of tea on saucers atop it. Seeing Paul is still sleeping, he puts the tray atop the end table, next to the sofa. He picks up a tea cup and saucer and brings it over to Paul. Paul snores. After a moment, with his foot, John lightly nudges Paul's foot.)*

**PAUL**

*Urrhhh...*

*(John goes to the end table and puts the tea cup and saucer back on the tray. He goes to the bookshelves and CLICKS on the radio tuner - the song "Real Love" by the Doobie Brothers plays.)*

**SONG ON RADIO**

Real love - I need to believe in

*(John turns it louder - Paul is startled, awake)*

Real love - Real love, darlin'

**PAUL**

*Whah' - ?!*

Real love - oh just one minute of

*(John's head tilts - he listens -)*

Real love - Real love, baby -

**PAUL**

*Me head's poundin'! Can y'turn that thing off?*

Real love - yah, yah -

*(the song fades out...)*

**FM DJ ON RADIO (V.O.)**

*(with throaty New York accent)*

That's "Real Love" - the Doobie

*(John's mouth opens -*

Brothers -

*he CLICKS OFF the tuner.)*

**PAUL**

*(holds his head)*

Y'tryin' ta catch flies, are ya...

**JOHN**

The Doobies - they *bogarted* me title!

**PAUL**

Cume again...?

**JOHN**

"Real Love"! I wrote a song - with that bloody title!

*(frustrated)*

It keeps happenin' to me! I have a song called "Starting Over" on the new album - only Tammy Bloody Wynette just released a song called "Starting Over" - so I had ta change my bloody title to - parentheses - "Just Like - Starting Over"!

*(beat)*

It nevuh bloody ends...!

**PAUL**

*(looks around - disoriented)*

What time is it...?

*(John takes a tea cup and saucer from the tray and brings it to Paul.)*

**JOHN**

*(brightly)*

It's tea time -

**PAUL**

*(grimaces - he takes the tea cup and saucer)*

An' whutta you so cheery about? You had twice as much wine as me - You should be - gozzified!

**JOHN**

And you said - *I wuz a cheap drunk* -

**PAUL**

No - you said that -

*(takes a sip)*

Ah... English Breakfast...

**JOHN**

*(wags his finger - speaks in a high-pitched voice,  
like a Monty Python Pepperpot)*

Now don't you go spillin' any tea - on me nice white rug!

**PAUL**

*(smiles)*

Blimey... I didn't expect a kind'a... Spanish Inquisition...

*(John takes the other tea cup and saucer from the  
tray - he turns to Paul -)*

**JOHN**

*(clipped - like the Monty Python Colonel)*

Right! Too silly! Get on with it!

*(beat)*

Get on with it!

**PAUL**

*(clutches his head)*

Owww -!

**JOHN**

*(lower - in the high-pitched Pepperpot voice)*

Ooops - sor-ry.

*(They both sip their tea. Paul looks up at John.)*

**PAUL**

You said you got a song... "Real Love"...?

**JOHN**

Well, tha's the latest title... first, I called it "Girls and Boys"...

**PAUL**

Hmm...

*(nods towards the piano)*

Can you... give us a play, then...?

**JOHN**

Well, I don't even - remember -

*(thinks - like Peter Sellers as Bloodnok)*

Wait a minute... thurn me blins!



*(Excitedly, John puts his tea cup and saucer on the tray. He opens the drawer of the end table... sorts through a mess of papers inside...)*

**JOHN**

I stashed some'a me tunes in here -  
*(like Peter Sellers as Bloodnok)*  
 Hide'em in plain sight, I say...

*(Paul pushes himself up from the floor. He goes and looks over John's shoulder, as John takes bits of paper - envelopes, napkins, even a few whole sheets of paper - and piles them atop the end table, as he sorts through them.)*

**PAUL**

You gotta get organized, Mate -

**JOHN**

*(shuffling through the papers)*  
 I wonder... if Muther nicked it...  
*(puts more papers atop the end table)*  
 I gotta be careful, whut I leave around. I wuz workin' on a song fer May Pang - "Forgive Me, My Little Flower Princess" -  
*(like Peter Sellers as Bloodnok)*  
 But drat! Muther found it! She nicked it! My faithful 'batman', Fred, found it atop her piano. She said - she'd "borrowed" it -

**PAUL**

Borrowed it -

**JOHN**

*(as himself)*  
 She bloody turned it into a song of 'er own! Called it "Forgive Me" -  
*(mimics Yoko's voice)*  
 'John is always asking me to forgive him... so, as a joke, I made it the title of my song - he he he...'  
*(beat)*  
 She bloody well knew I knew whut she did - but that I wuzn't gonna say anythin', and risk getting' into a discussion about May -  
*(beat)*  
 Ah - here's one -

*(John grabs a scrap of paper from the drawer - squints as he scans the word -)*

**JOHN**

*(sings - with a Reggae beat)*

Living on borrowed time -  
Without a thought for to-morrow  
Living on borrowed time -  
Without a thought for to-morrohhh...

**PAUL**

*(tries to be diplomatic)*

Uhh... *catchy* beat... but the lyric... a bit morbid, that one...

*(beat)*

Let's shovel that sideways, fer now. What else, y'got there?

*(John goes back to rummaging through the drawer. Paul looks over his shoulder. Suddenly, Paul's eyes widen - he points -)*

**PAUL**

Hold on - whut's that one? "For Paul" -?

*(John picks up the scrap of paper Paul is pointing to - he squints as he reads it...)*

**JOHN**

Oh, yes... I wuz a bit stook on the middle eight...

*(looks up)*

I wuz thinkin'... of ringin' you up, actually...

*(Paul puts his tea cup and saucer on the tray.)*

**PAUL**

Go on - let's 'ear it -

*(John nods. He goes to the piano and sits at bench. He props the scrap of paper on the piano, then flexes his fingers - like Art Carney -)*

**PAUL**

Cume on, Liberace - play -

**JOHN**

*(like an FM DJ)*

Bubble, bubble, toil and NO trouble... this **PAUL**  
 one goes out to Dave Dee, Dozy, an' Beaky - - and Mick and Tich -  
 - and Heuey, Dewey, an' Louey -

*(John starts to play - a VERY slow, dirge-like  
 tune. Paul listens, carefully.)*

**JOHN**

*(sings)*

Free... as a birrrrd...  
 It's the next best thing to be-e-e  
 Free as a birrrrd -

**PAUL**

Wait - do it again. A bit faster, this time - more like -  
*(demonstrates the tempo)*  
 duh... duh, duh, duh...

*(John nods; he plays it at the faster tempo.)*

**JOHN**

*(sings)*

Free... as a birrrrd...  
 It's the next best thing to be-e-e  
 Free as a birrrrd -

*(Paul listens carefully...  
 gives it the thumbs up -)*

**PAUL**

*That's it -*

*Ho-oh-oh-ome - home and dry  
 Like a homin' bird I fly  
 As a bird on wings...*

*(speaks)*

Now here's the middle eight -  
*(plays the chords to the  
 Bridge -)*

*(Paul listens carefully...)*

**PAUL**

Okay - pick it up from -  
 "Like a homin' bird" -

*(plays - sings)*

Like a homin' bird I fly  
 As a bird on wings...  
*(plays the chords to the  
 Bridge -)*

*(sings)*

What ever happened to...  
 The life that we once knew...  
 Can it really be -

*(sings)*

*(raises his palms, upwards)*

- you lost - your knick-ers -

*(John pulls a Lennon face - they both crack up, laughing.)*

**PAUL**

Yeah, la'... I kin help you wi' that - definitely!

**JOHN**

Well, write down - wha' you just sang -

*(John hands Paul the scrap of paper, then he grabs a pencil from atop the piano and hands that to Paul as well. Paul puts the paper atop the piano and starts to write - John stands and leans over Paul's shoulder, squinting -)*

**PAUL**

*(reads aloud as he writes)*

Whatever... happened to...

The life that... we once knew...

Can it really be...

*(thinks - )*

What about -

*(sings)*

Whatever... happened to...

The life that... we once knew...

Can we really live without each other -

**JOHN**

*(excited)*

Yeah - that's it!

*(Paul erases the word "be" -)*

**PAUL**

*(reads aloud as he writes)*

Can we really live... without... each... other.

*(nods; looks up)*

You've got to admit - it's getting better -

**JOHN**

*(rolls his eyes)*

It couldn't get much - worse -

**PAUL**

See? That's whut made us good. That - balance -  
*(holds his left hand flat, palm downward -)*  
I'm - optimistic - but you -  
*(slides his right hand under his left hand -)*  
You say - 'hold on' - let's think about this -'

*(Paul hands the scrap of paper with the amended lyrics to John; John squints, reads it...)*

**JOHN**

Yeah -!

*(Paul stands - stretches - he looks at the clock on the bookshelves.)*

**JOHN**

*(excited)*  
I got another one -

**PAUL**

Sorry, la'... Lin's gonna be here... any minute...

**JOHN**

Right. Whut about tomorrow?

**PAUL**

We're... flyin' back... tomorrow...

*(John is clearly disappointed. He nods, goes to the end table, puts the scrap of paper with the amended lyrics back in the drawer - closes it.)*

**PAUL**

Hold on - Ringo's makin' an album -  
*(pulls a notepad from his inside jacket pocket -)*

**JOHN**

Yeh. I gave 'em a demo, for it -

**PAUL**

*(scans through his notepad)*  
I cut some tracks for him, meself, this past summer... in Paris...  
*(flips a page -)*  
He's out in L-A, right now - with Ronnie Wood -

**PAUL (CONT'D.)**

*(flips another page -)*

He's gonna be... back in England, later this week -

*(looks up)*

Oh... y'know, Ring said, he's gonna be askin' George... to help out, a bit, too -

*(John folds his arms... he walks to the window... stares out.)*

**JOHN**

You know... I sometimes worry about Ritchie... and George...

*(beat - hurt)*

Though I'm right cheesed off at George, right now -

Did you see his bloody autobiography - "*I Me Miney Mine*" -

**PAUL**

Yeh... he sent me a copy...

**JOHN**

Well Kaptain Kundalini goes on and on, about every bloody two-bit sax player or guitarist he ever played with - but me - who brought him into me band - when 'e was just a *pup* - there's barely a mention of me - at'all!

**PAUL**

John... he hardly mentions me, either. I'm sure... he didn't mean anything... by it...

**JOHN**

Well, hell must've frozen ovuh -

**PAUL**

Whut -?

**JOHN**

Listen to you, defendin' *George*. After bossin' him about like a bloody no-mark session man, all those years -

*(does impression of Paul)*

"Here - play it this way - no, no - not that way - like *this!*"

**PAUL**

*(chastened)*

Okay... I *might've* tended to talk down to 'im, a bit... but, cume on, I knew him since he wuz *Thirteen* - and I wuz *Fourteen* -

**JOHN**

*(sarcastically)*

Oh! *Eight* bloody months! Of course! Yew were his *elder*!

**PAUL**

The point is - we've moved *past* that. In fact, I just saw him - las' May - when Eric and Pattie got married. They 'ad one'a those large marquee tents set up on the grounds - an' me, an' George, an' Ring, we all had a few jars, so we got up on stage. We ripped through "Sergeant Pepper" - "Get Back" - "Lawdy Miss Clawdy" - it wuz a *blast*, Man!

*(John is silent.)*

**JOHN**

*(envious)*

Y'know... I would'a cume.

**PAUL**

Oh... you would'a...?

**JOHN**

I rang bloody Esoteric Clapton - told him I'd'a been there - *if* I had bloody *known* about it -

*(hurt)*

But no one thought to invite me. After I had *him*, as an original member, of the Plastic Ono Band.

*(Beat. Paul takes the plunge.)*

**PAUL**

*(flips another page)*

Y'know - Ring's gonna be back in L-A - in *December*.

*(beat)*

And... if George is there...

*(Pause. Johns hears what Paul is suggesting. He thinks.)*

**JOHN**

I'd luv to.

*(throws up his hands)*

But Yoko -

*(Paul thinks.)*

**PAUL**

In the restaurant... you said - you still love her - but you're *suffocatin'* -

**JOHN**

*(embarrassed)*

Did I...?

*(beat)*

I had too much... Beaujolais -

**PAUL**

And you said - she won't let you *write* - do an album - unless *she's* involved -

**JOHN**

Well, that didn't bloody work with bloody 'Double Fantasy', did it. If it *tanks*, they'll say - "Oh, Yoko dragged it down" - And if it's a *smash*, they'll say - "John did it - despite Yoko -"

**PAUL**

So *do* an album - for *her* -

**JOHN**

*(frustrated)*

I just *did!*

**PAUL**

No, no - an album *just* for *her*. Not you - just *her* on it -

*(John's mouth opens... he runs through possibilities in his mind...)*

**JOHN**

That's bloody brilliant...

*(beat)*

There's this one track... "Walking on Thin Ice"... I think, that's the one that'll make her a "Star", on her own -

*(beat)*

Then she can bloody go off on tour, with David Spinozza, or whoever... an' I can bloody - live my *life*...

*(John's mood brightens noticeably - like a cloud that was darkening his world has dissipated.)*



**JOHN**

This is... *brilliant*...

**PAUL**

Well... one step at a time -

**JOHN**

I'm gonna ring May up - when I'm done, with Yoko's album -

**PAUL**

Oh - yeah -?

**JOHN**

*(wistfully)*

I haven't seen May... nearly two years... but I spoke to her, y'know...

**PAUL**

Oh. Really...

**JOHN**

This past May. Yoko sent me off - her Numerologist detected clouds of evil beginnin' to form above me head. The direction I needed to travel - I wound up in Cape Town, South Africa -

*(conspiratorially)*

But I rang May up - from there -

**PAUL**

'Clouds... of evil...'?

**JOHN**

*(waves his hand)*

Oh, I know - it's a load'a crap. But - it wuz *wonderful*, down there... one day, I took a nap, under a tree, on the hotel grounds -

*(chuckles)*

They called security - thought I wuz a *vagrant* - then were quite red-faced when they recognized - "Johnny Beatle" -

*(Paul chuckles; he turns another page in his notepad... he looks up.)*

**PAUL**

*(tilts his head)*

Y'know... in February... I got these sessions cumin' up... Montserrat -

**JOHN**

Where -?

**PAUL**

Montserrat. It's a luvly island, in the Caribbean. Warm tropical breezes -

*(beat)*

George Martin - he's got a new studio down there. I'll be havin' all kinds'a people down - Ringo... Carl Perkins... Stevie Wonder... maybe even - George Harrison...

**JOHN**

Well. Hopefully George Hari-Krishna won't be otherwise detained - readin' "Autobiography - of a Yogurt" -

*(Linda McCartney tentatively pokes her head around the doorway at Upstage Stage Right - John catches her out of the corner of his eye - is startled -)*

**LINDA**

*(with a mixture of a New York and British accent)*

Oh - I'm sorry - the Front Door was wide open -

**JOHN**

Yeh - I had someone come to thrash me -

*(smiles - waves her in)*

C'mon in -

*(Linda enters - she is 39, 5'9", and has a drowsy look to her eyes. She wears a long blue denim skirt, a teal scarf and a brown casual coat. She goes straight to John - hugs him -)*

**LINDA**

Ohhh... hello, Duckie -

**JOHN**

Good ta see ya, Lin...

*(Linda steps back - looks at John -)*

**LINDA**

Lookit you! You look great!

**JOHN**

*(smiles)*

You too -

**LINDA**

*(looks at Paul)*

You two lads - stayin' outta trouble?

**JOHN**

Well...

*(Paul and Linda smooch - she smells the wine on his breath - waves her hand -)*

**LINDA**

Phew! I guess not -

**PAUL**

*(sheepishly)*

Well... we might'a 'ad a few glasses -

**JOHN**

- a few bottles...

**LINDA**

*(cheerily)*

Well - as long as you had fun. Right?

*(Paul looks at the clock.)*

**PAUL**

Well, look John - we gotta take off -

**JOHN**

Right. I'll see ya - at Ringo's session -

*(Linda's jaw drops - she looks at John -)*

**PAUL**

Good. Y'know... I think I can come back to the States, couple'a days early... maybe I can nick in, an' we can finish off that tune'a yours... an' any others you may have, layin' about...

*(Linda's eyes pop - she looks at Paul -)*

**JOHN**

*(nods)*

Yeh - good -

*(Linda looks at John -)*

**PAUL**

*(points)*

An' don't forget - Montserrat, in February - I'll ring you up with some dates, when we get closer -

**JOHN**

Right -

*(Linda is flabbergasted - she doesn't know where to look -)*

**PAUL**

Assumin'... my messages - get to ya...

**JOHN**

*(nods; firmly)*

I'll make sure of it.

*(John walks Paul and Linda towards the doorway at Upstage Stage Right; he stops.)*

**JOHN**

Lissen... you may hear some... publicity... for 'Double Fantasy'...

*(beat)*

It might sound like... I'm slaggin' ya off... slaggin' off The Beatles. Please don't pay it any mind. It's just *marketin'* -

**PAUL**

*(confused)*

Okay...

**JOHN**

See, I'm just tryin' to boost sales - but if people think' The Fabs are gettin' back together - well they're not gonna pay any attention, then, to 'Double Fantasy' - are they.

*(Linda is confused -)*

**PAUL**

*(narrows his eyes)*

I get it - clever that -

**JOHN**

And that thing you mentioned - about "Beatlemania" - impingin' on our ability to sell our own records, as a group... I've got an idea about that -

*(Now, Linda is totally confused -)*

**PAUL**

Yeh -?

**JOHN**

I know some Lawyers - they could get blood from a stone - or even dosh, from Allen Klein -

**PAUL**

*(chuckles)*

Good -

*(They all slowly walk... they stop just short of the doorway at Upstage Right. Neither John nor Paul really want the day to end.)*

**JOHN**

You know, I do think about you... quite a lot.

*(beat - tentatively touches Paul's shoulder)*

Think of me... every now and then... my...

*(beat - his eyes glisten)*

... old friend.

**PAUL**

Ah, c'mere - you auld sod!

*(Paul embraces John - a bear-hug. After a moment, John's arms raise; he hugs Paul back.)*

**LINDA**

*(tears well in her eyes)*

Ohhh...

*(Beat.)*

**JOHN**

*(to Paul - stage whisper)*

Not in front - the wife.

**PAUL**

Ooo - right!

*(They let go of each other. Paul points his index finger, thumb up, at John and winks. Paul and Linda exit.)*

*(After a few moments, we hear the HINGES SQUEAK - and the Front Door CLOSES.)*

*(John paces... he goes to the sofa - grabs up his black sports jacket and takes the pack of Gitanes from his pocket. He opens the pack, takes a cigarette out and looks out towards Central Park.)*

*(John puts the cigarette back in the pack and puts the pack down on the window seat. He goes to the end table - opens the drawer. He rummages through the papers - pulls out a small piece of paper and goes to the piano. He props the piece of paper up, and sits at the bench.)*

*(John squints at the piece of paper and starts to play a slow chord progression...)*

**JOHN**

*(sings)*

I know it's true...

It's all because of you...

And if I make it through...

it's all because... of yo-oo-ou...

*(thinks; he plays the chord progression again... sings)*

And now and then...

If we must start again

Think of me, oh my old friend...

duh duh... doo-doo-doo-doo-do... oo-oo-ou...

*(The piano continues, as Lights fade down to Black.)*

*(In the total darkness, the sound of the piano blends with a RISING CRESCENDO - as at the end of The Beatles' song "A Day in The Life" - as it reaches the HEIGHT OF THE CRESCENDO - it stops, abruptly -)*

*(There is complete silence.)*

## SCENE 3

*(Lights down.)*

*(We hear SURF CRASHING ON A BEACH... SEAGULLS  
CAWING... the sounds fade out, as...)*

*(Lights fade up. Linda McCartney  
stands at the huge picture window  
of the AIR Studio, Montserrat  
Island, West Indies.)*

*(It is a bright morning. Linda, wearing a  
comfortable summer dress, is lost in her thoughts.  
She stands at the huge picture window, which is  
angled at Stage Right, looking out at the aqua-  
blue ocean [the view of the ocean can be  
accomplished with a projection]. Towards Stage  
Left, perpendicular to the window, is a Recording  
console, with two chairs behind it, looking out  
towards Downstage Center - where there is a single  
stool, with a microphone by it.)*

*(Carl Perkins, carrying a guitar case, enters from  
Downstage Left. Carl is 52, 6'1" tall, wears a  
curly dark hairpiece, dark-framed Aviator  
eyeglasses, a light blue denim shirt and darker  
blue denim jeans. Carl stands there politely, not  
wanting to interrupt Linda's private moment.  
After a moment, Linda senses Carl's presence -  
she turns -)*

**LINDA**

Carl!

**CARL**

*(with a Tennessee accent)*

G'mornin', Darlin' -

*(They walk towards each other. Carl puts down his  
guitar case, and they hug.)*

**LINDA**

Oh, you're the best! Thank you so much - for coming!



**CARL**

Well thank you, for havin' me. I really do appreciate it -

**LINDA**

You did a *great* job! And you know Paul - he's such a perfectionist - but he hasn't had a chance to work with the best - not since... you know...

*(Her voice trails off. A pall falls over both of them. After a few moments...)*

**CARL**

You know... I didn't wanna say anything... in front'a Paul, the other day... I'm so sorry... what happened...

**LINDA**

I know... it's been, what... two months? Paul still hasn't... really talked about it... it... it's just too... *difficult*...

**CARL**

I know...

**LINDA**

His manager rang him... early, that morning... I wish *I* had been there. I had driven the kids to school - when I got back - oh, Paul's *face* -

*(she starts to tear up)*

Even now... I can't even *think* of it...

*(wipes her eyes)*

**CARL**

I'm know...

**LINDA**

Then those reporters - they ambushed him, outside of George Martin's studio, in London. And Paul said - "Well, it's a drag." Now they're saying - he didn't *care*!

*(beat)*

You know - all of us, that day - the three Beatles, all our friends - we *all* reacted the same way. Everyone went to work - tried to carry on. *Nobody* could stay home - with that news!

*(beat)*

And they stick a microphone in Paul's face - "What do you think of John's death?"

*(beat)*

**LINDA (CONT'D.)**

*(frustrated)*

Well, you know, he meant *drag* in the *heaviest* sense of the word -  
"It's a - *draaaagggg*."

**CARL**

I know...

**LINDA**

*(quietly)*

Paul's not tawkin' about it... but he saw John... just a month before...

**CARL**

Oh... really...?

**LINDA**

They were even... *writing* together...

*(chokes up - recovers)*

John told Paul... he had... a recurring dream... that he was gonna...

*(can't bring herself to say it -)*

*you* know...

**CARL**

Oh man... that is *spooky*, Girl...

**LINDA**

John was into numbers, numerologists - an' he told Paul - it would happen - on a day with a *nine* in it - two months after his birthday. He was born in October - so he knew -

*(chokes up - recovers)*

December Ninth... but he didn't know... what year...

**CARL**

*(quietly)*

December Ninth...

*(beat - thinks)*

That's spooky... only one day off... December Eighth...

*(Linda touches Carl's arm.)*

**LINDA**

Carl... the time difference... it was already December Ninth...  
in England...

**CARL**

Oh my God...

*(Behind them, Paul enters from Downstage Left. He is wearing blue jeans and a white T-shirt, topped with a black vest.)*

**PAUL**

Hey! Carl! Great session, Man!

**CARL**

Hey, Paul -

**PAUL**

So - you sleep okay last night?

**CARL**

*(spooked by the question)*

Well... kinda -

**LINDA**

Well, maybe you can sleep on the plane -

*(Paul extends his hand to Carl.)*

**PAUL**

Listen, Man - thank you so much - for cumin' -

*(They shake hands.)*

**CARL**

No, I'm the one's gotta thank you. I really appreciate it. Invitin' me - helpin' me out, like that -

**PAUL**

What *help*? You're Carl Perkins! You're the one helpin' me -

**CARL**

Well... I appreciate it...

**PAUL**

Okay. We *both* do -

**LINDA**

You all packed? Can we give you a ride, to the airport -

**CARL**

That would be nice... but before -

*(Carl falters - looks disoriented. Linda touches Carl's shoulder.)*

**LINDA**

What is it, Carl?

**CARL**

Well... this song... it came to me last night... jus' before I woke up... I didn't even have to... write it down. It just came to me - whole -  
*(looks at Paul)*

That ever... happen to you?

*(Paul looks at Linda. They exchange a smile.)*

**PAUL**

Well... once or twice.

**CARL**

Well... kin I... play it for ya...?

**PAUL**

*(enthusiastic)*

Sure. I'd luv to hear it -

*(Carl goes to the stool at Centerstage. He lays his guitar case on the floor, opens it, and takes out an Acoustic-Electric guitar. He sits on the stool, and moves the microphone to the side.)*

*(Paul steps back. He and Linda lean against the console. Carl starts to play some chords.)*

**CARL**

This song... is a gift... from me... to you...

*(Paul smiles at the unintended irony in Carl's choice of words - the name of The Beatles' third single.)*

**PAUL**

Well, thank you -

**CARL**

I call it - "My Old Friend" -

**CARL**

*(sings)*

On the Isle of Montserrat...  
Though I never shall forget...  
Just a country boy, a guitar and a song..

*(Paul and Linda listen -  
they smile.)*

You invited me in...  
And you treated me like kin...  
And you've given me a reason to go on...

You're my old friend -  
Thanks for inviting me in  
My old friend  
May this goodbye never mean the end  
If we never meet again this side of life -  
In a little while, over yonder,  
Where it's peace and quiet -

*(Paul gets a chill down  
his spine - Linda senses  
it - she touches him -)*

*(closes his eyes)*

My old friend,  
Won't you think about me  
every now and then -

*(Linda's mouth opens -  
Paul looks stunned -)*

If I told you how I feel  
Oh, it wouldn't sound so real  
'Cause emotions, they are  
just now settin' in  
But it sure is great to know  
That wherever we may go  
We can always be  
the best of friends...

*(Paul struggles not to  
cry. Linda holds him - her  
eyes moisten -)*

*(opens his eyes)*

My old friend -  
*(sees Paul - stops singing  
and playing -)*

*(Paul stands - he rushes  
out of the Studio. Linda  
starts to follow, but lets  
him go - Paul exits  
Downstage Left.)*

**CARL**

*(confused)*

What...?

*(Linda goes to Carl; she wipes her eyes.)*

**LINDA**

Thank you Carl... *thank you... so much...*

**CARL**

Well... what'd I do...?

**LINDA**

He needed that... he hasn't been able to - he hasn't *cried* -  
*(chokes up -)*  
since - *John* -

*(Carl puts his guitar in the guitar case and goes to Linda... he touches her shoulder. She turns to him and buries her head in his shoulder. Carl's eyes moisten; he holds back tears.)*

**LINDA**

But - how - did you know?

**CARL**

Know... what...?

**LINDA**

"Think about me... every now and then..."  
*(beat)*  
Those were... John's last words... to Paul...

**CARL**

Oh my... God...

*(Carl fights back tears; Linda holds him tight.)*

*(Lights fade down to black.)*

*(In the darkness, we hear a BIRD CHIRPING... then we hear SOME CHORDS being strummed on a guitar.)*

*(After a few moments, a spotlight fades up on Paul McCartney at Stage Right - strumming his Acoustic-Electric guitar, which is strapped around his shoulders.)*

*(The spotlight follows Paul as he walks, strumming his guitar, towards Downstage Center. He looks stoic; he sits on the stool, as he plays...)*

**PAUL**

*(sings)*

And if I said... I really knew you well,  
what would your answer be?

If you were here today, Ooo ooo ooo, here today...

*(plays some chords...)*

Well, knowing you-ou-ou, you'd probably laugh  
and say that we were worlds apart -

If you were here today, Ooo ooo ooo, here today...

*(plays some chords... thinks...)*

Didn't understand a thing, but we could always sing -

*(plays some chords... thinks...)*

And what about the night we cried?

Because there wasn't any reason left,

*(falters)*

- to keep it all inside...

*(plays some chords... stares off...)*

And if I sa-a-ay... I really loved you -

And was glad you came along...

*(chokes up - )*

And you were here today...

Ooo ooo ooo... here... to...day...

*(Paul strums a final chord; he bows his head, in grief...)*

*(Spotlight slowly fades down to Black.)*

*(End of play.)*