

"A HARD DAY'S NIGHT"

Screenplay by

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EXTERIOR STREETS OUTSIDE RAILWAY TERMINAL DAY

The film opens with crowds of girls, shot in a sequence of CLOSE-UPS, chasing after GEORGE, JOHN and RINGO. The boys hare off just ahead of them. They take a turn down a back alley way and the crowds of screaming girls are after them.

EXTERIOR TERMINAL

They rush on through the narrow cobbled passageway and into the main station, quickly show their tickets at the barrier for the London train, and get onto the platform as hordes of yelling and screaming girls reach the closed gates.

EXTERIOR TERMINAL PLATFORM

We see the fans rushing to the few platform ticket machines, and endless pennies being dropped and tickets torn out in their haste to get onto the platform to see the boys.

NORM has been waiting for the boys and he hurries them to where all their baggage, instruments and the drums are waiting, piled up to be put into the guards' van. The boys turn and see the oncoming stream of girls pushing through the barriers and descending on them with yells and shouts. They grab their instruments, RINGO makes for the drums.

NORM plugs into a handy transformer and using their instruments like a gun volley to stop the onrush of females, the boys blast fire into a number and start to sing. This stops the girls in their tracks and they settle down on whatever they can to listen to them playing.

As the boys are playing, we CUT BACK into the crowds. In the centre we see PAUL struggling and pulling to fight his way through the girls to join the other boys. He is dragging a very reluctant old man behind him. The old man seems most disgruntled and we can see by his gestures how unwilling he is to be pulled and pushed forward through all the girls.

At last PAUL reaches the other boys. He sits the old man down on a pile of cases and joins in the number to the squeals of delight from the fans. The old man sits aloof and proud ignoring the whole proceedings.

JOHN, GEORGE and RINGO look enquiringly at PAUL who gives a noncommittal shrug of the shoulders as if to say, "it's not my fault" and the number proceeds.

SHOT of sudden horror on JOHN's face. PAUL follows his eye line only to see the old man has doffed his cap and is busily collecting money from a disconcerted crowd. PAUL dives hastily into the crowd, and with suitable apologies extracts the old man and with a long suffering sigh drags him back to the group. GEORGE and PAUL hold him firmly as they finish the number, the old man standing there between them.

As the number finishes and the girls scream and shout with delight, the guard blows his whistle. NORM and SHAKE grab the instruments and the drums, and with the rest pile the lot into the guards' van. The BOYS head into their reserved compartment pursued by the fans but the train moves off. They have successfully repelled all extra boarders.

THE BOYS stand and wave to the fans until out of sight line... the girls running along to the end of the platform waving and calling out.

INTERIOR RESERVED COMPARTMENT IN THE TRAIN

The boys relax, sitting down on one side of the compartment. They are about to settle down and make themselves at home when first RINGO nudges GEORGE who in turn nudges JOHN. Opposite them is sitting the LITTLE OLD MAN. He is holding himself stiff, erect and very aloof.

The three boys look at him enquiringly but with an elaborate sniff he looks away from them and out of the window.

PAUL catches his eye and winks at the LITTLE OLD MAN. He winks back at PAUL, scowls at the other three then looks firmly out of the window again.

The boys turn on PAUL crowding around him.

JOHN

Eh... pardon me for asking but who's that little old man?

PAUL
What little old man?

JOHN
(pointing)
That little old man.

PAUL
Oh, that one. That's me Grandfather.

GEORGE
That's not your Grandfather.

PAUL
It is, y'know.

GEORGE
But your Grandfather lives in your
house. I've seen him.

PAUL
Oh, that's me other Grandfather, but
this one's me Grandfather and all.

JOHN
How d'you reckon that one out?

PAUL
Well... everyone's entitled to two,
aren't they, and this is me other
one.

JOHN
(long suffering)
Well we know that but what's he doing
here?

PAUL
Well, me mother thought the trip 'ud
do him good.

RINGO
How's that?

PAUL
Oh... he's nursing a broken heart.

The lads all look intently at the GRANDFATHER.

JOHN
Aah... the poor old thing.

He leans across to GRANDFATHER.

JOHN
Eh, Mister... are you nursing a broken heart then?

The GRANDFATHER nods soulfully glares at him, in a way that indicates yes.

PAUL
(whispering)
You see, he was going to get married but she threw him over for a butcher.

GEORGE
A butcher?

PAUL
Yeah, she was fickle.

JOHN
Aye and fond of fresh meat and all.

PAUL
(seriously)
No... it was his sweetbreads. She was dead kinky for sweetbreads. Anyroad, me mother thought it'ud give him a change of scenery, like.

JOHN
Oh, I see.

He inspects GRANDFATHER carefully.

JOHN
(to PAUL)
Eh, he's a nice old man, isn't he?

PAUL
Oh yeah, he's very clean, y'know.

They all agree with PAUL.

JOHN has been examining GRANDFATHER. He now leans forward to him.

JOHN
(in an over-friendly
voice)
Hello, Grandfather!

GRANDFATHER
Hello.

JOHN
(delightedly)
He can talk then?

PAUL
(indignantly)
Course he can talk. He's a human
being, like. Isn't he?

RINGO
(grinning)
Well... if he's your Grandfather,
who knows?

The lads all laugh.

JOHN
And we're looking after him, are we?

GRANDFATHER
I'll look after meself.

PAUL
Aye, that's what I'm afraid of!

JOHN
He's got you worried, then?

PAUL
Him, he costs you a fortune in breach
of promise cases. He's a villain and
a right mixer as well.

GEORGE
(disbelieving)
Gerron.

PAUL
No, straight up.

GRANDFATHER
The lad's given you the simple truth.
I'm cursed wid irresistible charm,
I'm too attractive to be let loose.

At this moment, SHAKE, a tall man who works with the BOYS,
pulls open the door of the compartment.

SHAKE
You got on all right then?

BOYS
Hi, Shake.

SHAKE
We're here. Norm'll be along in a
mo' with the tickets.

He sees GRANDFATHER.

SHAKE
Morning!
(whispers)
Who's that little old man?

GEORGE
It's Paul's grandfather.

SHAKE
Oh aye, but I thought...

JOHN
(cutting in)
No, that's his other one.

SHAKE
That's all right then.

JOHN
(displaying Grandfather)
Clean though, isn't he?

SHAKE
Oh yes, he's clean all right.

NORM the road manager appears behind SHAKE.

NORM
Morning, lads.

BOYS
Morning... Hi, Norm.

NORM
(checking them quickly)
Well, thank God you're all got here.
Now, listen, I've had this marvellous
idea... now just for a change, let's
all behave like ordinary responsible
citizens. Let's not cause any trouble,
pull any strokes or do anything I'm
going to be sorry for, especially
tomorrow at the television theatre,
because...

He looks sharply at JOHN who is polishing his nails.

NORM
Are you listening to me, Lennon?

JOHN
(off-hand)
You're a swine, isn't he George?

GEORGE
(disinterested)
Yeah... a swine.

NORM
(just as indifferent)
Thanks...

He sees the GRANDFATHER.

NORM
Eh...

BOYS IN CHORUS
...Who's that little old man?

NORM
Well, who is he?

RINGO

He belongs to Paul.

NORM

(accepting the
situation)

Ah well, there you go. Look, I'm
going down the diner for a cup of
coffee, are you coming?

PAUL

We'll follow you down.

GRANDFATHER rises.

GRANDFATHER

I want me coffee.

NORM

He can come with Shake and me if you
like.

PAUL

Well, look after him. I don't want
to find you've lost him.

NORM

Don't be cheeky, I'll bind him to me
with promises. Come on, Grandad.

GRANDFATHER joins SHAKE and NORM.

NORM

(over Grandfather's
head)

He's very clean, isn't he?

SHAKE and NORM collect GRANDFATHER and are in the process of
leaving the compartment when a fat upper class city
Englishman, JOHNSON, attempts to enter. There is a bit of
confusion and they get tangled up with each other.

JOHNSON

Make up your minds, will you!

At last SHAKE, NORM and GRANDFATHER sort themselves out and
JOHNSON enters with his case. The other three go to coffee.

JOHNSON puts his case up on the luggage rack, then sits down. All his movements are disgruntled... he finally picks up his copy of the Financial Times and burying himself behind it, starts to read. After a moment he looks up, notices the compartment window is open. He gets up and without so much as a "by your leave" he closes it, glares at the BOYS and sits down again.

The boys exchange looks as if to say... "Hello, Saucy!!"

PAUL
(politely)
Do you mind if we have it opened?

JOHNSON
(briefly)
Yes, I do.

JOHN
Yeah, but there are four of us, like,
and we'd like it open, if it's all
the same to you, that is.

JOHNSON
(rudely)
Well, it isn't. I travel on this
train regularly twice a week, so I
suppose I've some rights.

RINGO
Aye, well, so have we.

He disappears behind his paper before the BOYS can say another word.

RINGO pulls a face at the raised paper and switches on his portable radio. A pop number is playing.

JOHNSON puts down his paper firmly.

JOHNSON
And we'll have that thing off as
well, thank you.

RINGO
But I...

JOHNSON leans over and switches it off.

JOHNSON

An elementary knowledge of the Railway Acts would tell you I'm perfectly within my rights.

He smiles frostily.

PAUL

Yeah, but we want to hear it and there's more of us than you. We're a community, like, a majority vote. Up the workers and all that stuff!

JOHNSON

Then I suggest you take that damned thing into the corridor or some other part of the train where you obviously belong.

JOHN

(leaning forward to him)

Gie's a kiss!

PAUL

Shurrup! Look, Mister, we've paid for our seats too, you know.

JOHNSON

I travel on this train regularly, twice a week.

JOHN

Knock it off, Paul, y' can't win with his sort. After all, it's his train, isn't it, Mister?

JOHNSON

And don't you take that tone with me, young man!

GEORGE

But...

JOHNSON

(accusingly)

I fought the war for your sort.

RINGO

Bet you're sorry you won!

JOHNSON

I'll call the guard!

PAUL

Aye... but what? They don't take kindly to insults you know. Ah, come on, you lot. Let's get a cup of coffee and leave Toby the manger.

The boys troop out of the door into the corridor. JOHNSON smiles triumphantly. He is about to settle down to his paper when there is a tap on the corridor window. He looks up and we see pressed against the window a collection of hideous Beatle faces.

PAUL

Eh, Mister... can we have our ball back!

The man jumps to his feet.

INTERIOR OF THE CORRIDOR

The boys run away like a pack of school boys and disappear round the corner.

INTERIOR OF THE TRAIN CORRIDOR

From the P.O.V. of the door leading to the restaurant car.

The boys come down the corridor in full flight, laughing away like happy idiots. GEORGE and PAUL pull open the sliding doors. The boys look inside.

INTERIOR RESTAURANT CAR

From their P.O.V. we see the car is half empty and at a table in the centre SHAKE and NORM and GRANDFATHER are sitting. On the table is a pile of photos of the boys. NORM and SHAKE are arguing. NORM is being very aggressive, much to SHAKE's discomfort.

NORM

Yeah, you want to watch it.

SHAKE
(unhappily)
It's not my fault.

NORM
Well, you stick to that story, son.

SHAKE
I can't help it, I'm just taller
than you.

GRANDFATHER
(To NORM slyly)
They always say that.

NORM
Yeah, well I got me eye on you.

SHAKE
I'm sorry Norm, but I can't help
being taller than you.

NORM
Well, you don't have to rub me nose
in it. I've a good mind to...
(he is about to thump
SHAKE.)

JOHN
(enjoying himself)
If you're going to have a barney
I'll hold your coats.

NORM
He started it.

SHAKE
No, I didn't you did...

GEORGE
Well, what happened?

SHAKE
The old fella wanted these pictures
and Norm said he couldn't have 'em,
all I said was 'aw go on, be big

about it.'

PAUL

And?

NORM

Your Grandfather pointed out Shake was always being taller than me just to spite me.

PAUL

I knew it, he started it, I should have known.

NORM

Y'what?

PAUL

You two have never had a quarrel in your life and in two minutes flat he's got you at it. He's a king mixer. Adam and Eve, meet the serpent. Anthony and Cleopatra, there's your asp. Divide and Conquer, that's this one's motto. He hates group unity so he gets everyone at it.

The BOYS, i.e., JOHN, GEORGE and RINGO, look at each other then at PAUL.

PAUL

Aye and we'll have to watch it and all.

GEORGE

I suggest you just give him the photos and have done with it.

NORM

You're right. Here you are, old devil.

SHAKE and NORM leave. GRANDFATHER grins triumphantly and collects them, then with a sweet smile he turns to PAUL.

GRANDFATHER

Would you ever sign this one for us, Pauly?

PAUL does so automatically but in the middle of signing he gets suspicious. GRANDFATHER smiles at him charmingly so PAUL finishes signing.

JOHN

Come on let's get this coffee.

GRANDFATHER

Before you go, I think it's only fair to warn you about me Grandson... don't let our Paul have his own way all the time, 'cos if you do he won't respect you!

JOHN, RINGO and GEORGE take this up straight away. They all pretend to be girls, RINGO jumps into PAUL's arms.

GEORGE

(cooly)

Oh, Paul, you can't have your own way!!!

JOHN

(invitingly, in a Marlene Dietrich voice)

If I let you have your own way, you little rascal, will you respect me?

PAUL

(choked)

I'll murder you, Grandfather!

JOHN waltzes PAUL down to an empty table and the lads sit down.

GEORGE

Eh, look at that talent.

They all gaze across the aisle. From their P.O.V. we see two very attractive young girls, RITA and JEAN, having coffee.

JOHN

Give 'em a pull.

PAUL

Shall I?

GEORGE

Aye, but don't rush. None of your five bar gate jumps and over sort of stuff.

PAUL

Now what's that supposed to mean?

GEORGE

(grinning)

I don't really know, but it sounded distinguished, like, didn't it?

JOHN

George Harrison, The Scouse of Distinction.

We follow PAUL as he crosses over to the two girls. He places a bowler on his head.

PAUL

(in posh accent)

Excuse me, but these young men I'm sitting with wondered if two of us could join you; I'd ask you meself only I'm shy.

The two girls giggle together.

JOHN and GEORGE are about to move over when GRANDFATHER suddenly appears by their sides.

GRANDFATHER

(sternly)

I'm sorry, miss, but you mustn't fraternise with my prisoners.

JEAN

Prisoners!!

GRANDFATHER

Convicts in transit to Wormwood Scrubs. Typical old lags, the lot of 'em.

THE BOYS

Y'what!!!

GRANDFATHER

Quiet, you lot, or I'll give you a touch of me truncheon.

(He points at Ringo)

That little one's the worst. If we don't keep him on tablets he has fits.

RINGO

(protesting)

Now look here!!

GRANDFATHER grabs two lumps of sugar from the table and forces them into RINGO'S mouth.

GRANDFATHER

Get out while you can, ladies, his time's coming round for one of his turns.

The frightened girls scurry out of the restaurant car. The boys look in amazement and horror at GRANDFATHER. They are completely flabbergasted.

GRANDFATHER smiles at them benignly.

INTERIOR OF RAILWAY COMPARTMENT

SHAKE and NORM are seated. SHAKE is buried in a science fiction book.

NORM looks at his watch, slightly worried.

NORM

He's been gone a long time.

SHAKE

(without looking up)

Who?

NORM

Paul's grandfather.

SHAKE

Oh, I didn't notice, where'd he go?

NORM

Down the... er...

SHAKE

Oh, down the... er...?

NORM

Yeah, down the... er...

SHAKE

Well, give a couple of minutes...

He resumes reading. But NORM goes on worrying.

INTERIOR OF ANOTHER RAILWAY COMPARTMENT

Grandfather is in full flight of conversation with a charming elderly lady, AUDREY, who is listening intently.

GRANDFATHER

(proudly)

Yes, I'm their manager, I discovered them.

LADY AUDREY

Did you indeed, Mr. McCartney?

GRANDFATHER

Now, Audrey, I told you, the name's John. We show biz people are a friendly lot.

AUDREY

Of course, John.

GRANDFATHER

Yes, they were playing the queues outside the picture palaces of Liverpool. Scruffy young lads, lacking even the price of a jam roll. Orphans, every Paddy's son of 'em. I saw their potential at once although I had me doubts about the little fella, a savage primitive, that Ringo, but it was him what gave in first. He picked up a brick and heaved it at me and I quelled him wid one fierce flash of me eyes. "Mister, can you spare us a copper?" he said. I was disarmed by the grubby little outstretched

mauler... So, I took them under me managerial banner.

AUDREY

The usual ten per cent?

GRANDFATHER

Oh, not at all, I let them have twenty-five; sure aren't there four of them?

AUDREY

(her eyes lighting up)

How fascinating. Do go on...

(pause)

...John.

GRANDFATHER

...Oh, I'm all heart, Ma'am, all heart... Well, I let...

INTERIOR CORRIDOR OF TRAIN

NORM and SHAKE meet with the BOYS as they are returning from coffee.

NORM

Eh, have you got Paul's grandfather?

JOHN

Of course, he's concealed about me person.

NORM

No... he's must have slipped off somewhere.

PAUL

(accusingly)

Have you lost him?

NORM

Don't exaggerate.

PAUL

You've lost him.

SHAKE

Put it this way, he's mislaid him.

PAUL

You can't trust you with anything,
Norm, if you've lost him, I'll cripple
you.

SHAKE

He can't be far.

JOHN

I hope he fell off.

PAUL

(mildly)

Don't be callous.

RINGO

He doesn't like me, honest, I can
tell... It's 'cos I'm little.

GEORGE

You've got an inferiority complex,
you have.

RINGO

Yeah, I know, that's why I took up
the drums. It's me active compensatory
factor.

JOHN and PAUL run down the corridor. SHAKE and NORM turn from the door and go in the opposite direction, GEORGE and RINGO follow after the other two boys.

INTERIOR CORRIDOR OF TRAIN

PAUL and JOHN look into various compartments. CLOSE SHOT of RINGO looking into compartments in the manner of Groucho Marx. In one of the compartments we see from RINGO'S P.O.V. the occupant, a glamorous woman, TANIA, with a small lap dog.

She is beautifully and most expensively dressed. She looks up and sees RINGO.

RINGO smiles at her and she smiles back. She then beckons him to join her.

He looks around to see if she means someone else. She nods a

negative.

RINGO looks back enquiringly then points at himself as if to say: "Who, me?"

TANIA smiles enthusiastically.

GEORGE has been watching all this.

GEORGE
Are you going in?

RINGO
No, she'll only reject me in the end
and I'll be frustrated.

GEORGE
You never know, you might be lucky
this time.

RINGO
No, I know the psychological pattern
and it plays hell with me drum skins.

He blows the glamorous lady a kiss, then moves sadly on.

INTERIOR FURTHER DOWN THE CORRIDOR

PAUL enters a compartment followed by JOHN. The TWO GIRLS, RITA and JEAN, from the restaurant car are sitting there.

PAUL
Excuse me but have you seen that
little old man we were with?

The girls jump up, surprised.

JOHN
We've broken out, oh, the blessed
freedom of it all!
(he extends his hands
as if handcuffed)
Eh, have you got a nail file, these
handcuffs are killing me. I was
framed. I was innocent.

PAUL
Will you stop it! Sorry to disturb

you, miss...

He starts to drag JOHN after him.

JOHN

I was innocent. I was framed. I won't go back.

JOHN is now by the door; he leers at the girls horribly.

JOHN

I bet you can guess what I was in for.

He cackles like a maniac before disappearing, the door closing after him.

A waiter carrying a tray with champagne and glasses on it passes into one of the compartments with the blinds down.

PAUL

How about that one?

He moves towards the compartment.

PAUL

(to Ringo and George)

Did you look in here?

GEORGE

No. I mean, it's probably a honeymoon couple or a company director or something.

PAUL

Well, let's broaden our outlook.

PAUL opens the door of the compartment.

INTERIOR OF COMPARTMENT

From the BOYS' P.O.V. we see GRANDFATHER and the elderly lady, AUDREY, sipping champagne and nibbling caviar on toast.

GRANDFATHER

(looking up)

Congratulate me, boys, I'm engaged.

PAUL enters and crosses over to him.

PAUL

Oh no, you're not. You've gone too far this time... and who's paying for all this?

GRANDFATHER

It's all taken care of. It's down on our bill.

PAUL

Oh, well that's all right.
(realising)
What?

AUDREY

Young man, kindly moderate your tone when you address my fiance.

PAUL

I'm sorry, Missus, but the betrothal's off.
(he grabs GRANDFATHER by the arm)
I'll refuse me consent, he's over-age!

AUDREY grabs GRANDFATHER's other arm and pulls back.

AUDREY

Leave him alone, after all he's done for you is this the way you repay him?

A tug of war now starts between PAUL and AUDREY.

PAUL

(pulling)
Him? he's never done anything for anybody in his life.

AUDREY

(pulling)
You dare to say that when even those ridiculous clothes you are wearing were bought when you forced him to sell out his gilt edged Indomitables!!

JOHN and GEORGE jump on the seat egging PAUL and AUDREY on.

JOHN

Come on, Auntie, you're winning.

GEORGE

Get in there, Paul, she's weakening.

RINGO attempts to interfere.

RINGO

Look, Missus, this is all a misunderstanding, you see, he's...

AUDREY

Keep away from me, you depraved lout, I know all about your terrible past.

RINGO

Y'what?

She hits RINGO with her handbag and continues struggling with PAUL for GRANDFATHER. RINGO grabs her handbag to stop her hitting him.

RINGO

He's given me a bad character, blackguarding me name to all and sundry. He's got to be stopped. It's not fair.

RINGO pushes out into the corridor, forgetting that he is holding the woman's handbag.

A voice shouts off from outside.

VOICE OFF

That's one of them... stop thief!

INTERIOR CORRIDOR

From Ringo's P.O.V. we see down to the right the city man, JOHNSON, approaching with a GUARD. RINGO turns the other way to the left when he is joined by [the] three other boys. From their P.O.V. down the corridor we see the two girls, autograph books in hand, followed by ten girls from the same school.

Both groups are closing in on the BOYS. There's no escape.

RINGO
(looking down at the
handbag in his hand)
Oh Mother!!

INTERIOR LUGGAGE VAN

Very dark, and behind bars we see GRANDFATHER. He is sitting crouched up on a wooden box tea chest and looks pretty miserable. He turns towards the CAMERA; in the foreground of the SHOT we see PAUL standing.

In the background an impassive GUARD is reading a paper which he does throughout the scene.

GRANDFATHER
(bitterly)
And to think me own grandson would
have let them put me behind bars!

PAUL
Don't dramatise.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see GRANDFATHER in the luggage compartment of the guards' van. In with him are a crate of chickens and a dog. The chickens peck at him; GRANDFATHER moves listlessly away.

PAUL
Let's face it, you're lucky to be
here. If they'd have had their way
you'd have been dropped off at
Stafford already.

GRANDFATHER proudly turns away from PAUL who dodges round so he can still see his face.

PAUL
Well, you've got to admit you've
upset a lot of people. At least I
can keep my eye on you while you're
stuck in here.

GRANDFATHER turns away again.

PAUL

All right, how about Ringo? I mean... he's very upset, you know... and as far as your girlfriend, little Audrey's concerned, she's finished with men for the rest of her natural, and another thing...

GRANDFATHER

A harmless bit of fun, aah, none of you have any sense of humour left these days.

PAUL

Oh, it's all right for you but those two girls were scared to death! Honest, Grandad, why? I mean, why do you do these things?

GRANDFATHER

(cutting in)

You're left-handed, aren't you, Paul?

PAUL

Yeah... so what?

GRANDFATHER

Why do you always use your left hand?

PAUL

Well, don't be daft, I've got to.

GRANDFATHER

And I take a left-handed view of life, I've got to.

PAUL grins. After a moment of looking at him, PAUL opens the door of the luggage compartment and joins GRANDFATHER on a box.

PAUL

Shove up!

GRANDFATHER produces a penny.

GRANDFATHER

Odds or evens?

PAUL sighs.

PAUL
Odds.

GRANDFATHER flips the coin.

The guards' van door opens and JOHN, GEORGE and RINGO come in, with them are the girls, RITA and JEAN.

JOHN
(as he sees PAUL behind
the bars)
Don't worry, son, we'll get you the
best lawyer trading stamps can buy.

PAUL
Oh, it's a laugh a line with Lennon.
(to Ringo)
Anyroad up... It's all your fault.

RINGO
Me? Why?

GEORGE
Bag-snatcher.

GRANDFATHER
That's right; convict without trial...
Habeas corpus.

JOHN
(casually)
Every morning.

JOHN has been looking around the guards' van.

JOHN
Gaw, it's depressing in here, isn't
it? Funny...
(he pats the dog)
'cos they usually reckon dogs more
than people in England, don't they?
You'd expect something a little more
palatial.
(he shudders)
Come on. Let's have a little action.
Let's do something, then.

PAUL
Like what?

JOHN
Well, I've got me gob stopper.
(he produces his mouth
organ.)
Look, a genuine Stradivarius, hand
tooled at Dagenham.

And to RINGO's beat on a tea chest they are off, PAUL and GEORGE improvising other sounds, much to the GIRLS' delight. During the number, GRANDFATHER quietly lets the latch off the chicken crate and chickens begin to wander through the scene.

EXTERIOR TRAIN IN MOTION FROM ABOVE (NIGHT)

While the number is progressing, the train is getting nearer and nearer to London.

EXTERIOR PLATFORM TERMINUS (NIGHT)

SHOTS of the station full of GIRLS waiting for the BOYS.

INTERIOR GUARDS VAN

By the time the number finishes the train pulls up with a sharp halt that sends them all sprawling, BOYS and GIRLS.

NORM enters the guards' van.

NORM
Don't move, any of you. They've gone potty out there. The whole place is surging with girls.

JOHN
Please, can I have one to surge with?

NORM
No.

JOHN
Ah, go on, you swine.

NORM

No, you can't. Look, as soon as I tell you, run through this door here and into the big car that's waiting.

He points and we see a big car parked across the road.

The BOYS prepare to depart, lining up with GRANDFATHER at the door.

EXTERIOR PLATFORM TERMINUS

Just as they are ready to go, a line of taxis draws up parallel to the train and now separates them from the big car waiting for them.

NORM

Oh no!

GRANDFATHER pushes past the BOYS, holding his coat closed.

GRANDFATHER

All right, lads, follow me.

And before NORM can stop him, he darts out of the door, PAUL after him.

The fans further down the platform see PAUL and charge forward... in a panic NORM and the others follow, JOHN just having time to kiss both the girls.

JOHN

Vive l'amour!

NORM drags him away.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY STATION

The BOYS manage to follow GRANDFATHER by leaping onto a motorized luggage carrier, GEORGE driving and the other three posing as a frozen tableau on the back. GRANDFATHER has arrived at a taxi door. He flings it open and runs through, opening the other door, thus making a safe bridge to the car.

The BOYS follow and manage to make it to the big car safely. They run towards grandfather's taxi. The FANS have followed the BOYS and we see streams of GIRLS piling through all the taxis one of which contains JOHNSON the city man, opening

and shutting the doors to get through, much to the indignation of the TAXI DRIVERS.

INTERIOR BIG CAR

NORM is sitting in front with the driver, FRANK. The four BOYS and GRANDFATHER are squashed together in the back.

NORM
(to the driver)
Go like the clappers, son!

FRANK
(smoothly)
That was my entire intention, sir.

EXTERIOR STATION

The car moves off surrounded by the FANS; from a height we see them converge on the car but it moves forcefully out of the station and off.

It moves into the traffic in the main road and the journey to the hotel begins.

INTERIOR HOTEL SUITE NIGHT

There is a reception room and off it lead rooms that are presumably bedrooms, bathroom, etc. JOHN is lying sprawled out on a settee listening to a transistor radio, demolishing a basket of fruit. PAUL is sitting at an upright piano and GRANDFATHER is mooching about the room.

One of the doors opens and GEORGE enters followed by RINGO, none of the BOYS are wearing coats.

RINGO
I don't snore.

GEORGE
You do – repeatedly.

RINGO
(to John)
Do I snore?

JOHN
(eating a banana)

You're a window rattler, son.

RINGO

Well, that's just your opinion. Do I snore, Paul?

PAUL

(stopping playing)

With a trombone hooter like yours it'd be unnatural if you didn't.

GRANDFATHER

Don't mock the afflicted, Pauly.

PAUL

Oh for Pete's sake, it's only a joke.

GRANDFATHER

Well, it may be a joke, but it's his nose. He can't help having a horrible great nose, it's the only one he's got. And his poor little head's trembling under the weight of it.

NORM enters with three piles of fan mail and places them in front of JOHN on a table. RINGO is almost in tears, examining his nose in a mirror.

NORM

Paul, John, George – get at it.

JOHN

Hello the income tax have caught up with us at last.

PAUL and GEORGE gather round the low table. RINGO is left out of it.

RINGO

None for me, then?

NORM

Sorry.

John hands RINGO a single envelope.

JOHN

That'll keep you busy.

GRANDFATHER

It's your nose, y'see. Fans are funny
that way. Take a dislike to things.
They'll pick on a nose...

RINGO

You go and pick on your own.

SHAKE enters with a stack of mail about three times larger
than all the others put together.

JOHN

Is that yours?

SHAKE

For Ringo.

He dumps it in Ringo's arms who staggers into an armchair.
The BOYS send him up.

JOHN

That must have cost you a fortune in
stamps, Ringo.

GEORGE

He comes from a large family.

RINGO

(dumping the letters)

Well.

RINGO opens his letter and reads it. It contains a large
embossed card.

RINGO

Eh, what's Boyd's Club?

The lads gather round him and PAUL takes the card from him
and reads.

PAUL

"The Management of Boyd's takes
pleasure in requesting the company
of Mr. Richard Starkey, that's you,
in their recently refinished gaming
rooms. Chemin de Fer. Baccarat,
Roulette, and Champagne Buffet."

Blimey!

RINGO
(surprised)
And they want me?

JOHN
Oh, it's got round that you're a
heavy punter.

NORM
(snatching the card)
Well you're not going.

RINGO
Ah.

GRANDFATHER
(taking card from
Norm)
Quite right, invites to gambling
dens full of easy money and fast
women, chicken sandwiches and cornets
of caviar, disgusting!

He pockets the card himself.

RINGO
That's mine.

NORM
Have done, and you lot get your pens
out.

BOYS
Why?

NORM
It's homework time for all you college
puddings. I want this lot
(he indicates the fan
letters)
all answered tonight.

The BOYS all protest.

NORM
I'll brook no denial!

JOHN

It's all right for you, you couldn't
get a pen in your foot, you swine.

NORM

Come on, Shake, we'll leave 'em to
their penmanship.

He goes followed by SHAKE.

There is a pause and JOHN deliberately rises slowly and
crosses to his coat. He puts it on and walks to the door.

JOHN

While the swine's away the piglets
can play. Well, come on, what are we
waiting for?

With a whoop PAUL, GEORGE and RINGO collect their coats and
head for the door.

GRANDFATHER

What about all these letters?

BOYS

Read 'em!

They disappear. After a moment GRANDFATHER takes out Ringo's
card.

C.U. GRANDFATHER

GRANDFATHER

And a free champagne buffet.

He grins to himself. At this moment a WAITER enters with a
tray. He is clad in tails and GRANDFATHER eyes them longingly,
measuring himself the while alongside the startled waiter.
He leaves us with no doubt in our minds what he wants, i.e.,
the waiter's suit.

INTERIOR DANCING CLUB NIGHT

The club is the latest in modern decor and full of teenagers
all enjoying themselves. The CAMERA wanders around the club
till it finally picks out JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE and RINGO all
crowded around one small table. The music is blaring away

from a juke box and the BOYS join the dancers. They are recognised and given smiles and nods of encouragement by all the other customers. During this scene we

CUT AWAY:

INTERIOR BOYD'S CLUB NIGHT

The whole atmosphere is of quiet elegance and loud wealth. Around the baccarat table the rich, bored customers sit barely moving a face muscle as they languidly murmur "suivez" and "banco" to the dealer as he operates the shoe. The manager of the club is beaming with satisfaction as he surveys his customers. One of these customers is clad in evening dress and he has his back to us. The rest of the players (male) are in suits. By each of them is standing a lush lady with a bored sophisticated face that looks as if it has been painted on. From the REVERSE of the LAST SHOT we now see the solitary evening dress player is GRANDFATHER. He looks around him and wipes off his look of enjoyment and elaborately out-bores everyone in the room.

DEALER

Alors, M'sieur?

GRANDFATHER

(nonchalant)

Soufl,e.

He turns to the buxom BLONDE, who is dripping over him.

GRANDFATHER

I bet you're a great swimmer. My turn? Bingo!

CROUPIER

Pas "Bingo," M'sieur... Banco.

GRANDFATHER

(taking)

I'll take the little darlings anyway.

He takes up the cards and can't understand that they are unnumbered.

GRANDFATHER

Two and one is three, carry one is four.

The buxom BLONDE leans over him.

BLONDE
Lay them down.

GRANDFATHER
(disturbed by his
eyeline)
Eh?

BLONDE
Lay them down.

GRANDFATHER
We'd be thrown out.

BLONDE
Your cards... lay them down... face
up.

He does so.

CROUPIER
Huit , la pointe... et sept.
(He pushes chips and
box to Grandfather.)

BLONDE
You had a lovely little pair, y'see.

GRANDFATHER
I did?

CROUPIER taps impatiently on box (shoe).

BLONDE
They're yours.

GRANDFATHER
They are?

BLONDE
The cards... you're bank.

INTERIOR DANCING CLUB

The BOYS are having a rare old time and the place is really

moving.

INTERIOR BOYD'S CLUB

GRANDFATHER is playing and a waiter is checking the requirements of the players.

GRANDFATHER
Bingo!

CROUPIER
(wearily)
M'lord dit "Bingo."

WAITER
(to Grandfather)
A little light refreshment.

GRANDFATHER
(lordly)
A glass of the old chablis to wash
down a gesture of giblets wouldn't
go amiss.
(He resumes his game.)
Soufl,e, chop chop.

The CROUPIER uses the spatula to pick up a card. GRANDFATHER grabs it and scoops some sandwiches off a passing tray.

INTERIOR DANCING CLUB

The BOYS are at their table again laughing and enjoying themselves, when suddenly their faces freeze.

From their P.O.V. we see NORM standing glowering down at them. With him is SHAKE. Reluctantly the BOYS arise and follow NORM out.

INTERIOR BOYD'S

GRANDFATHER is looking worried at the call of the card he loses and we see that all his chips have gone. He notices the waiter delivering snacks and champagne to a couple, so quick as a flash, he places a handkerchief over his arm and writing a bill out on a piece of paper, presents it to the couple and collects payment in chips. He then resumes playing.

INTERIOR HOTEL ROOM

Waiter is sitting on chair in underclothes, reading. He hears a noise, says "The manager!" and hides in outer clothes closet. NORM and the BOYS enter saying:

NORM
Now get on with it.

JOHN
We were going to do it.

NORM
Aye, well, now!
(He goes through
bedroom)

RINGO goes to hang up coat in closet. He does so, then crosses to rest.

RINGO
Any of you lot put a man in that
cupboard?

ALL
A man? No.

RINGO
Well somebody did.

GEORGE goes to cupboard. We see the WAITER from his P.O.V. He closes door, returns to group.

GEORGE
He's right, y'know.

BOYS
(disinterested)
Ah well, there you go.

SHAKE enters front door, goes to hang up coat and drags WAITER out.

SHAKE
Eh, what's all this?

PAUL
Oh, him... He's been lurking.

JOHN
Aye, he looks a right lurker.

SHAKE
(to WAITER)
You're undressed. Where are your clothes?

WAITER
The old gentlemen borrowed them to go gambling at Boyd's.

PAUL
No!

RINGO
Oh, he's gone to my club, has he?

PAUL
(turning on Ringo)
Yeah, it's all your fault, getting invites to gambling clubs. He's probably in the middle of an orgy by now.

JOHN
Well, what are we waiting for?

SHAKE
Aye, come on, honest, that grandfather of yours is worse than any of you lot.

INTERIOR BOYD'S

GRANDFATHER is drinking champagne in locked arms with BLONDE.

WAITER
Encore de champagne, Monsieur?

GRANDFATHER
Yes, and I'll have some more champagne as well.

He takes another swig of his glass.

MANAGER
(beaming)

Lord John McCartney, he's the millionaire Irish Peer, filthy rich of course.

CUSTOMER

Oh I don't know, looks rather clean to me.

The MANAGER comes to grandfather's side.

MANAGER

Play is about to resume, m'lord.

GRANDFATHER

(handing him a chip)

Lead me to it, I've a winning itch that only success can pacify.

He takes his place at the table. The MANAGER watches for a moment then moves away from the table towards the club reception desk.

INTERIOR RECEPTION DESK BOYD'S CLUB

JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE, RINGO, NORM and SHAKE are trying to gain entrance.

ATTENDANT

I'm sorry sir, members and invited guests only.

PAUL, GEORGE, RINGO, JOHN

I've got to get in.

It's urgent and important.

I've had an invite.

Take me to your leader.

NORM

Shurrup.

The BOYS do and meanwhile the MANAGER has walked into SHOT. He recognises the BOYS and welcomes them with false enthusiasm. They all start to enter the main room.

NORM

All we want to know is have you got a little old man in there?

MANAGER
(pleasantly)
Do you mean Lord McCartney?

CLOSE-UP PAUL

PAUL
He's at it again. Look, I'm his
grandfather... I mean...

BLONDE
(standing next to
Grandfather)
Oh, it must be the dolly floor show.

JOHN
Stay where you are everybody this is
a raid and we want him.

GRANDFATHER
Who are these ruffians?... I've never
seen them before in my life!...
(etc.)

They grab the protesting GRANDFATHER and drag him into the
reception area. He keeps trying to return to BLONDE and table.
GEORGE and RINGO each take an end of the velvet cord hanging
between the two stanchions.

They exchange ends and re-hook it, thus encircling GRANDFATHER
by the entrance desk. They then go to settle up.

MANAGER
(with false charm)
Before you go, gentlemen, there's
the small matter of the bill.

He snaps his fingers and a waiter hands him the bill.

NORM
(taking it)
I'll settle that.

He glances at it.

NORM
A hundred and eighty pounds!

MANAGER

(icily)

I beg your pardon, guineas.

At that moment a WAITER appears with a tray full of pound notes.

WAITER

Your winnings, my lord, one hundred and ninety pounds.

The MANAGER tears up the bill and takes the money.

GRANDFATHER

How about me change?

MANAGER

Cloak room charge.

He hands GRANDFATHER his old mackintosh.

RINGO

(brightly)

Ah well, easy come, easy go.

The others glower at him.

RINGO

Well.

INTERIOR BIG CAR (MOVING ON WAY TO STUDIOS)

The BOYS have settled down.

JOHN

Should I say it?

GEORGE

Follow your impulse.

RINGO

It'll only get you into trouble.

JOHN

(to RINGO)

Aah, shurrup, misery!

JOHN slouches forward.

JOHN
(urgently)
O.K. Driver, follow that car!!

The driver [Frank] is an urbane young man in a handsome grey uniform.

FRANK
(indicating the traffic)
Would you like to be a little more precise, sir?

JOHN
Well, that's the wrong line for a start.

FRANK
Sorry?
(meaning: "I beg your pardon.")

GEORGE
Oh, don't pay any attention to him, he was just fulfilling a lifelong ambition.

FRANK
I see.

JOHN
Yeah, you know, "O.K. Buster, follow that car, there's a sawbuck in it for you if you get real close!"

FRANK
Oh, yes, now I'm with you.
([he changes his accent])
But, gee, Mister, I've got my license to think of... we're doing a hundred now...

The car is stopped in traffic behind a bus. JOHN gets out of car and walks to the front. JOHN leans in window delightedly, he flashes his wallet.

JOHN
Ever seen one of these before?

FRANK
Ah... a shamus, eh?

JOHN
I see you go to the night court.

FRANK
I've made the scene.

JOHN
Well, remember, its Leathery Magee
up ahead in that convertible, so
cover me in the stake-out.

GEORGE
I don't think that bit's right.

JOHN
What do you expect from an ad lib...
Raymond Chandler?

EXTERIOR STREET

As the big car overtakes a Company Director's Rolls. JOHN lowers his window and the boys let out an imaginary hail of bullets at the Executive in the back. He reacts violently and starts to shout at them.

As he does so, he presses the button of his window, so that we hear only part of it. But what we do is unpleasant. He immediately presses the button and the window rises.

RINGO and PAUL jump out of the car. RINGO takes two drumsticks from his coat pocket and, using them as banderillas, inserts them with style into the radiator grill (V.O. "Ole" from the BOYS). PAUL, then, using his coat as a matador's cloak, does a butterfly pass at the car which has just started up, narrowly missing him, but he keeps in the matador position.

INTERIOR CAR

NORM
Will you all stop it, you're like a
gang of school kids. I knew this was
going to happen one day.

JOHN
(as Ringo and Paul
climb in)
Well, you shouldn't have had bacon
for your breakfast, you cannibal.

FRANK
(to Norm)
We're nearly there, sir.

JOHN
Eh... don't call him sir, he's got
enough delusions of power as it is.

CLOSE SHOT of a long suffering NORM.

NORM
And I was happy in the bakery. I'll
never know why I left.

EXTERIOR OF AN OLD VICTORIAN MUSIC HALL THEATRE

Which has been converted to the T.V. studios.

There are a few groups of GIRL FANS standing outside the
front of the theatre, but against the kerb of the pavement
is a night-watchman's canvas hut and brazier.

The car approaches.

INTERIOR OF THE CAR

NORM
Get ready John, open the door and as
it draws up, out you go and straight
in.

JOHN nods and opens the door. The FANS start to swarm 'round
them. To escape, the BOYS dash into the night-watchman's
canvas hut, pick it up and run with it to the stage door,
revealing the night-watchman, staring in astonishment.

At the door the BOYS put the hut down and enter the theatre.

INTERIOR STAGE DOOR ENTRANCE

As the BOYS enter, two P.R.O. men in dark suits, stiff white

collars and old school ties step forward and smile menacingly.

FIRST P.R.O. MAN

(menacingly)

Press conference, they're waiting
for you.

NORM

(jovially)

Give us a couple of shakes to get
our breath.

FIRST P.R.O. MAN

(more menacingly)

They're waiting now!

And without more ado they grab an arm each and march the protesting NORM towards the stairs that lead to the dress circle.

PAUL

Eh this lot means it. They're even
taking hostages.

The BOYS, SHAKE and GRANDFATHER rush after the rapidly disappearing NORM, who by now is half way up the stairs.

INTERIOR OF DRESS CIRCLE LOUNGE BALLROOM

It is empty except for two barmaids poised ready to serve, standing behind trestle tables full of drinks and sandwiches. The dark suited MEN enter with NORM and close behind them follow GRANDFATHER, SHAKE and the boys. The group arrives at the centre of the lounge and have time to look about and see the food but before they can get to it, from all directions NEWSPAPERMEN and PHOTOGRAPHERS converge upon them.

Now begins an elaborate tug-of-war between various PHOTOGRAPHERS using their flash attachments and REPORTERS to capture a Beatle and in the midst of this running battle a man with a portable recorder is trying to interview them. Together and singly the BOYS are pushed about the room and while this goes on a hard core of NEWSPAPERMEN are busily devouring sandwiches and pouring themselves drinks, to the annoyance of the BARMAIDS.

Every time one of the BOYS attempts to get a sandwich or a drink, it is either too late, the plate is empty, or they

are intercepted. The single and constant thing we see in the scene is the pushing and pulling, heavy impersonal handling, the boys are just things to be placed like still life in one advantageous position after another.

During the scene these individual exchanges take place:

SOUND REPORTER

What's your philosophy of life?

JOHN

I'm torn between Zen and I'm all right, Jack.

REPORTER

Has success changed your life?

RINGO

Yes.

REPORTER

Do you like playing the guitar?

GEORGE

Next to kissing girls it's favourites.

PAUL is surrounded by newspapermen.

PAUL

No, actually, we're just good friends.

HIGH SHOT of the press reception and we see the BOYS ease their way out until they get to the curtained entrance to the dress circle; completely unnoticed, they slip through.

INTERIOR THEATRE DRESS CIRCLE

The BOYS come up the stairs into the Dress Circle proper. GRANDFATHER and SHAKE are sitting there having a picnic of beer and sandwiches.

PAUL

(ironically)

Anything to spare?

GRANDFATHER

We've just finished, Pauly. Hey George, write us your John Henry on

this picture.

GEORGE

Sure.

(He does so)

PAUL

Ah well. Eh, look!

He points, and from PAUL'S P.O.V. we see on stage, the setting up of the show, scenery and lights, cameras and sound equipment are being put into position by a small army of studio staff. DANCERS and SINGERS are milling about as well.

PAUL

Let's go and muck in.

JOHN

Aye, before anyone stops us.

They exit to rows of the dress circle and go through the entrance down the narrow stairs to the stalls and on to the stage that is built and extended right into the stalls, which are partly covered up.

INTERIOR STAGE

Everyone is so busy that they hardly notice the BOYS, who wander about and examine the studio equipment. A load of three drum sets are being brought on stage and a voice shouts out:

VOICE

Here, what about these electric guitars?

SHAKE

Where are they?

VOICE

Back here, mate.

SHAKE

(going towards the voice)

I'm coming.

RINGO is busy setting up his drums, and men are setting up

the other sets. He drops a stick and the FLOOR MANAGER retrieves it and is about to tap the drum. The FLOOR MANAGER is a languid young man.

RINGO

Leave them drums alone.

FLOOR MANAGER

Oh, surely one can have a tiny touch.

RINGO

If you so much as breathe heavy on them, I'm out on strike.

FLOOR MANAGER

Aren't you being rather arbitrary?

RINGO

That's right retreat behind a smoke screen of bourgeois cliches. I don't go round messing about with your ear-phones, do I?

FLOOR MANAGER

Spoil sport!

RINGO

Well!

RINGO fusses like a mother hen clucking over his drums. The FLOOR MANAGER is furious.

GEORGE

He's very touchy about those his drums, they loom large in his legend.

RINGO gives his drums a defiant crash and JOHN and PAUL stop whatever they are up to and hurry over.

PAUL

What's up?

GEORGE

(pointing)

He's sulking again.

JOHN

I'll show him.

He picks up a set of drum sticks and bashes back at RINGO, who does a more complicated drum roll. GEORGE now joins in and to PAUL'S encouragement a drum duel starts completely naturally and improvised.

During this encounter the work proceeds around them and the guitars are brought on and SHAKE sets them to working order. PAUL first, then JOHN and GEORGE take up their own instruments and out of the drum duel emerges one of their numbers.

INTERIOR RAMP

As the number finishes a baldheaded man (he is the T.V. director) storms down the ramp that leads from the control box under the dress circle.

DIRECTOR

(with over-exaggerated calm)

All right I'm sorry and let's hear no more about it. If that's your opinion, you're probably right. Look, if you think I'm unsuitable let's have it out in the open, I can't stand these back-stage politics.

By the end of this speech he is standing in front of JOHN who takes the scene in his stride.

JOHN

Aren't you tending to black and white this whole situation?

DIRECTOR

Well, quite honestly I wasn't expecting "a musical arranger" who would question my ability... picture-wise.

JOHN

(to the others)

I could listen to him for hours.

PAUL

Heave to, what's all this about a musical arranger?

DIRECTOR
Mr. McCartney Senior!

The BOYS have a giggle at the very idea and at this moment GRANDFATHER appears from behind the DIRECTOR.

GRANDFATHER
Hey Pauly, they're trying to fob you off wid this musical charlatan but I've given him the test.

DIRECTOR
(bravely)
I'm quite happy to be replaced.

GRANDFATHER
(indicating the director)
He's a typical buck-passer.

DIRECTOR
I won an award.

JOHN
A likely story.

DIRECTOR
It's on the wall in my office.

At this moment NORM comes on the stage, confident, cigar in mouth and serene.

NORM
Hello our lot, everyone happy?

The BOYS, the DIRECTOR, FLOOR MANAGER and GRANDFATHER turn on him and stare silently.

NORM
All right, all right. If you don't need this lot, I'll lock 'em up in the dressing room till you do.

DIRECTOR
Please do, I'll not need them for fifteen minutes. Thank you.

He glares at GRANDFATHER who glares right back. The DIRECTOR

walks away with the FLOOR MANAGER pacifying him.

DIRECTOR

Give me a bottle of milk and a packet
of Oblivion. Oh, it's a plot, I see
it now, it's all a plot.

They go left towards the back-stage.

NORM

(producing key)

Now, come on, I've got the key.

He leads the lads off right. RINGO is last as he is putting
his drum sticks down safely.

NORM and the BOYS turn on him.

NORM

Let's have you.

JOHN

Come on speedy!

PAUL

Ringo!

GEORGE

Wake up!

RINGO glares at them and follows quickly. As the BOYS move
off after NORM, they pass the next act waiting for rehearsal.
It is an elegant man in full-tail suit meticulously adjusting
his cuff-links. Beside him is a free-standing sign reading
"Leslie Jackson and his ten disappearing doves." The BOYS
pass him and go through the door.

GRANDFATHER stops and looks at the performer with respect.

GRANDFATHER

I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed
your act.

He slaps the man on the back with happy camaraderie. There
is the sound of a dove, a few feathers fall out of the sleeve
of the man's coat and he and GRANDFATHER look down at the
floor. The man glares at GRANDFATHER, takes out a pen from
his pocket, crosses out "10" on his sign, and writes "9" in

its place, puts the pen back in his pocket and starts towards the centre stage putting on a false performer's smile as he does.

INTERIOR THEATRE BACK-STAGE CORRIDOR

The BOYS move down the narrow stairs, and out of the ground floor dressing rooms stream a steady flow of costumed actors and actresses.

They engulf the lads and force them against the wall – the actors are all making for the stage door. As the actors push past the boys we see the boys' excited faces, their mouths watering for the costumes. JOHN touches the costume on one actor.

JOHN
(to actor)
Gear costume!

ACTOR
(eyeing him)
Swap?

NORM
Right, first floor and no messing
about.

NORM, leading the way, goes up the stairs but as they turn the first corner they are confronted by a group of girls, a game of manners starts, "after you," "No, after you." NORM who is ahead of the group looks down on them in disgust.

NORM
Lennon, leave them girls alone or
I'll report you.

The BOYS let the GIRLS pass and resume the journey, always surrounded by people.

INTERIOR DRESSING ROOM AND CORRIDOR

RINGO'S attention is caught by a door. He crosses and opens it, looking out to a fire escape. The others join him and the four boys step through the door and onto the fire escape.

EXTERIOR TOP OF FIRE ESCAPE

From the BOYS' P.O.V. we see down below into the property yard behind the theatre. It is a long narrow yard full of old coaches, motor cars and all the general debris of hundreds of sets from past theatre shows.

Through the piles of heaped high junk there are a couple of narrow alleyways.

The BOYS scamper down the fire escape.

When they reach the bottom of the alleyways, there is a large door.

They open it and look through.

From their P.O.V. we see a large green field quite empty. The boys step through the doorway into the field. We now see from a HELICOPTER SHOT the four BOYS standing together surrounded by space.

It is the first time they have been alone and unconfined all day.

They look at each other and grin... then first GEORGE and PAUL let out a whoop and run towards the centre of the field, after a moment JOHN and RINGO follow them. The BOYS pick up some loose straw and insert it under JOHN'S cap and sleeves, turning him into a scarecrow.

The four BOYS dash about madly calling out to one another and generally horsing around. Out of this emerges an imaginary game of soccer and although there is no ball the game is fast and furious. After a few moments the long shadow of a man falls across the grass.

MAN'S VOICE

(off)

I suppose you know this is private property.

The boys freeze.

From their P.O.V. we see a big burly middle-aged man glowering at them.

The boys exchange rueful glances and, under the big man's eye, mooch back towards the gateway they came in by. JOHN is the last to go through. He turns to the man.

JOHN

Sorry if we hurt your field, Mister.

INTERIOR CORRIDOR BACK-STAGE

GRANDFATHER is sneaking down the corridor, a pile of photos under his arm.

INTERIOR T.V. THEATRE UNDERNEATH THE STAGE

Under the stage the usual set of wooden columns that support the stage with lots of furniture and a single light is on; it is placed by the orchestra's entrance to the orchestra pit. GRANDFATHER comes down the stairs and winds his way through the columns until he finds himself a safe little cubby hole and settles himself under the light. He spreads the signed photos of the BOYS in front of him and, adjusting an old-fashioned pair of glasses, ball-point pen in hand begins to copy the BOYS' signatures on to the fresh photos, tutting at his failures and chuckling at his successes. After a moment, there is a sound of someone coming down the stairs. GRANDFATHER darts into a dark patch out of sight.

The menacing shadows appear on the stairway.

NORM (VOICE OFF)

There's no one here.

SHAKE (VOICE OFF)

This is the only way they could have gone.

We now see GRANDFATHER holding himself stiffly in, he is on some sort of raised platform and he fidgets and in doing so he knocks a lever of some sort. Slowly GRANDFATHER ascends out of shot with a light that grows bigger above him.

INTERIOR T.V. THEATRE STAGE

A rehearsal of the toast scene from a Strauss Operetta. The entire stage is full of SINGERS, glasses in hand they are singing away at each other but in true opera tradition they are addressing out to the audience. Slowly in-between the leading man and leading woman, who are about to embrace, a stage trap opens and a blinking, surprised, GRANDFATHER appears. Here we INTERCUT to the T.V. Control Room for amazed reaction shots of the DIRECTOR and control room CREW.

Back now on the stage the toast song reaches its climax and the leading man and woman rush into each other's arms, GRANDFATHER sandwiched between them.

INTERIOR CORRIDOR AS BOYS PASS THRU ON WAY TO DRESSING ROOM

JOHN is behind them. JOHN, BOYS and MILLIE are walking towards each other.

MILLIE
(as all pass)
Hello.

JOHN
(stopping... the boys
carry on past, not
noticing her)
Hello.

MILLIE
Oh, wait a minute, don't tell me
you're...

JOHN
No, not me.

MILLIE
(insistently)
Oh you are, I know you are.

JOHN
No, I'm not.

MILLIE
You are.

JOHN
I'm not, no.

MILLIE
Well, you look like him.

JOHN
Oh do I? You're the first one who
ever said that.

MILLIE

Oh you do, look.

JOHN looks at himself in the mirror.

JOHN examines himself in the mirror carefully.

JOHN
My eyes are lighter.

MILLIE
(agreeing)
Oh yes.

JOHN
And my nose...

MILLIE
Well, yes your nose is. Very.

JOHN
Is it?

MILLIE
I would have said so.

JOHN
Aye, but you know him well.

MILLIE
(indignantly)
No I don't, he's only a casual acquaintance.

JOHN
(knowingly)
That's what you tell me.

MILLIE
(suspiciously)
What have you heard?

JOHN
(blandly)
It's all over the place, everyone knows.

MILLIE
Is it? Is it really?

JOHN

Mind you, I stood up for you, I mean
I wouldn't have it.

MILLIE

I knew I could rely on you.

JOHN

(modestly)

Thanks.

MILLIE touches his arm then walks away. After a moment she turns.

MILLIE

You don't look like him at all.

JOHN winks at her and she winks back.

INTERIOR DRESSING ROOM

NORM and SHAKE enter the room. The BOYS' TAILOR is there waiting for the BOYS.

SHAKE

Oh they've probably gone to the
canteen, cup of tea, like.

NORM

That's too easy for Lennon.

He crosses to door leading to fire escape.

NORM

(dramatically)

He's out there somewhere, causing
trouble just to upset me.

SHAKE

You're imagining it. You're letting
things prey on your mind.

NORM

Oh no... this is a battle of nerves
between John and me.

SHAKE

But John hasn't got any.

NORM
What?

SHAKE
Nerves.

NORM
I know, that's the trouble.

He puffs nervously at his cigarette.

NORM
Oh, I've toyed with the idea of a
ball and chain but he'd only rattle
them at me... and in public and all.
Sometimes I think he enjoys seeing
me suffer.

He hears something.

NORM
Get behind that door, they're coming.
Someone's coming. Quick, hide!

The two men hide behind the door. The boys enter the room,
as JOHN is last he shuts the door and faces SHAKE and NORM.

JOHN
What are you doing there?

SHAKE
Hiding.

JOHN
I think you're soft or something.

NORM
We weren't hiding.

TAILOR
Now?

NORM
Now. We were trying to catch you
redhanded. I thought I told you lot
to stay here?

RINGO

Well...

NORM

When I tell you to stay put, stay put.

JOHN

(down on his knees)

Don't cane me, sir, I was led astray.

NORM

Oh shurrup and come on John. They're waiting for you in the studio.

RINGO

Oh dear, I feel like doing a bit of work.

NORM

Good lad, Ringo.

PAUL

Oh, listen to teacher's pet.

GEORGE

You crawler.

JOHN

He's betrayed the class.

RINGO

Oh, leave off!!!

JOHN

Temper! Temper!

RINGO

Well...

CLOSE-UP on NORM's long suffering face.

NORM

Will you all get a move on! They're waiting for you!

By this time the TAILOR has his tape stretched between his

hands to measure GEORGE's shoulders. But since GEORGE has moved away, he is measuring space. JOHN takes up his scissors and cuts the tape.

JOHN

I now declare this bridge open.

The BOYS run out the door.

INTERIOR BACKSTAGE AREA

Five beautiful MODELS are standing about in costume. One is knitting a loose wool sweater which is almost completed. There is the sound of a juggler's music off and a few of the girls are looking off towards the centre stage. At the edge of frame is a collapsible table covered with green baize. On it are three spaced white plates.

From the door off stage, above which is a sign "To Canteen and Production Offices", GRANDFATHER enters eating a plate of spaghetti on toast. The knitting GIRL sees him and, in mime, asks him to stand still so that she can measure the sweater against him. GRANDFATHER, eager to help, puts his plate of food on the green table between plates two and three. He goes to be measured with the sweater.

From the onstage area, a juggler's ASSISTANT (pretty girl) in costume backs up and with the usual theatrical flourishes picks up, without looking, plate number ONE and throws it off screen towards centre stage. There is a drum roll from orchestra. She then throws plate number TWO. We CUT on stage to the JUGGLER now balancing the two spinning plates on two poles, one in each hand. He has another pole in his mouth and nods to his ASSISTANT, asking for the THIRD plate.

We CUT BACK to the ASSISTANT who, still not looking, throws plate THREE which is GRANDFATHER's. There is the sound of an orchestra raggedly stopping and all the hangers-on in the scene look off interestedly.

We hear the DIRECTOR's voice.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

All right, hold it, hold it... O.K.

John, wipe him down and we'll carry on with the next act.

WE CUT TO:

centre stage. The JUGGLER is as before but the spaghetti is covering his head, having slipped off the third plate.

The FLOOR MANAGER is bustling around, trying to help.

We CUT BACK to back-stage. GRANDFATHER has finished being measured and goes to the green table where he put his plate down. He picks up the only remaining plate, looks at it, wondering where his food has gone, shrugs and heads back towards the exit door as we hear the DIRECTOR's VOICE.

INTERIOR T.V. STUDIO FLOOR

CLOSE-UP on the distraught DIRECTOR.

DIRECTOR

Where are they? I said, where are they? Where are they?

FLOOR MANAGER

(placating)

They're coming, I promise you.

DIRECTOR

(fiercely)

Now look, if they're not here on this floor in thirty seconds there's going to be trouble... understand me... trouble!!!

Two STAGE HANDS are walking disinterestedly past, they look at the DIRECTOR.

1ST STAGE HAND

What's he on about, Taff?

WELSH STAGE HAND

Well... he's being the director. Of course, he lives in a world of his own, mind.

At this moment the boys, NORM, SHAKE and GRANDFATHER appear. The BOYS grab their instruments and prepare to play.

JOHN

(to the director)

Standing about, eh? Some people have

it dead easy, don't they?

The director is about to blow his top but manages to hold on and mutter to the heavens.

DIRECTOR

(to himself)

Of course, once you're over thirty, you're finished. It's a young man's medium and I just can't take the pace.

RINGO

Are you as young as that, then?

BOYS

Shurrup!

GRANDFATHER

Isn't it always the way? Picking on us little fellas.

PAUL

(to Shake)

Shove the gentleman jockey in the make-up room or something and keep your eye on him, will you?

SHAKE

I'm an electrician, not a wet nurse, y'know.

PAUL

(threateningly)

I'll set John on you!

SHAKE

(hastily)

Oh, anything you say, Paul.

He leads GRANDFATHER away.

The BOYS are placed in position, instruments ready. The boom moves in near them. There is a mike hovering just over JOHN'S head. JOHN starts attacking it.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

(over Tannoy)

Run through the number and try not to jiggle out of your positions.

The BOYS start the number, as the stage hands adjust their settings.

When they've finished, they stand about spare.

INTERIOR T.V. CONTROL ROOM

The room is crowded with the usual personnel, P.A., elects, racks, etc.... make-up supervisor and wardrobe mistress.

DIRECTOR

That was more or less all right for me. I'll give them one more run through then leave them alone until the dress...

(to make-up woman)

Oh how about make-up?

MAKE-UP WOMAN

Not really, they don't need it any. We'll just powder them off for shine.

DIRECTOR

Good. Norm, get them along to make-up will you?

NORM

(rising)

Sure.

DIRECTOR

(looking into the monitor)

And hurry, they're not looking too happy.

From the director's P.O.V. we see into the monitor. The boys crowding around RINGO. We cut through the monitor into the same position in the studio.

INTERIOR T.V. STUDIO FLOOR

PAUL

(to Ringo)

What's the matter with you? You were

bashing away like a madman.

RINGO

(briefly)

You were twanging too loud.

JOHN

How'd you like a dirty great drum roll giving you a clout right in the middle of your solo?

GEORGE

You're getting out of hand. I don't know what's come over you today.

RINGO

That's right. It's always me, isn't it?

JOHN

Since you ask, yes.

(he laughs)

Aah, come on, Ring, we love you.

He puts his arm around Ringo's shoulder.

RINGO

Well!

JOHN

He'll get over it.

NORM appears down the ramp speaking as he approaches.

NORM

All right, our lot, make-up.

INTERIOR MAKE UP ROOM

A smallish room with a line of chairs facing a wall mirror and a long table. Each place is clearly marked and above each mirror a girl's name: Betty, Angela, Deirdre, Jenny.

SHAKE and GRANDFATHER are sitting in splendid isolation. They are staring each other out.

SHAKE

You blinked!

GRANDFATHER

I never did, you did.

The BOYS enter.

SHAKE

Hello, he's not talking to me. He's having a sulk.

GEORGE

Well, it must be catching. He's given it to the champ here.

He indicates RINGO who ignores him.

NORM

Stop picking on him.

RINGO

I don't need you to defend me, y'know, Norm.

JOHN

Leave him alone, he's got swine fever.

NORM

Sit down, the lot of you.

At this moment several actors come into the room. They are all dressed in the uniform of officers in Wellington's army. Together with the boys they sit down, Beatles and soldiers all mixed up.

Now a group of several pretty make-up girls make an entrance and the boys herald their arrival with a chorus of "aye aye's" and wolf whistles. JOHN meanwhile has helped himself to a big beard and the other lads are generally messing about with assorted make-up things.

HEAD MAKE UP GIRL

Oh, this is impossible! We'll never get you all done in time.

ACTOR

Well, you'll just have to do us first... It makes no difference to them whether they're made up or not.

(sees John with beard)
And who's me, then?

JOHN
(charmingly)
My name's Betty...
(pointing to the name
on the mirror)
Do you want a punch up your frogged
tunic?

NORM fights his way to JOHN.

NORM
Now listen, John, behave yourself or
I'll murder you and, Shake, take
that wig off, it suits you.

SHAKE has a long blond girl's wig on. With the assistance of the girls, NORM gets the boys seated into the chairs nearest the door. For some reason RINGO now has a Guardsman's busby wedged down almost over his eyes and is sitting with it under a hair drier, reading a copy of "Queen" Magazine.

NORM
(to Ringo)
What do you think are you're up to?

RINGO
Someone put it on me.

JOHN
Excuses, that's all we get and you
know you fancy yourself in the
Coldstreams.

The GIRLS now move in and put make up bibs on the BOYS and start to powder them off.

JOHN
You won't interfere with the basic
rugged concept of my personality,
will you, girl?

PAUL
Eh, don't take out me lines.

GEORGE

Yeah, they give him that "Je ne sais
quoi" rakish air.

The lads laugh with pleasure.

RINGO decides to try a little joke.

RINGO
(indicating the busby
he is still wearing)
Short back and sides, please.

The other look at him with mock disgust.

PAUL
Behave...

JOHN
Foreign devil ...

GEORGE
Control yourself...

GRANDFATHER has been watching the powdering process.

GRANDFATHER
In my considered opinion you're a
bunch of sissies.

JOHN grabs a powder puff from his girl.

JOHN
You know you're only jealous!

And dabs the old man liberally with the powder much to
GRANDFATHER's annoyance.

NORM
Leave him alone, Lennon, or I'll
tell them all the truth about you.

JOHN
You wouldn't!

NORM
I would though.

NORM goes out.

PAUL

What's he know?

JOHN

Nothing, he's trying to brainwash me and give me personality doubts... oh, he's a swine but a clever swine, mind.

GRANDFATHER

(impatiently)

Lookit, I thought I was supposed to be getting a change of scenery and so far I've seen a train and a room, a car and a room and a room and a room. Well, that's maybe all right for a bunch of powdered gee-gaws like you lot but I'm feeling decidedly strait-jacketed. This is no life for a free-booting agent of my stamp. I'm a frustrated man and that class of McCartney is a dangerous McCartney.

GIRL

(admiringly)

What a clean old man.

GRANDFATHER

(touchingly)

You're too young for a fella of my cosmopolitan tastes, so don't press your luck.

JOHN

He's sex-obsessed, the older generation are leading this country to galloping ruin.

NORM returns leaving the door open, the boys hear the sound of music coming from the studio.

NORM

They're nearly ready for you. They're just finishing the band call.

JOHN

(jumping from his

seat)
Gear! Come on, girls, let's have a
bit of a dance.

JOHN'S GIRL
I don't think its allowed.

JOHN
Well... it wouldn't be any fun if it
was!

The BOYS drag the make-up GIRLS out of the room and into the
studio.

The GIRLS are still trying to finish making the BOYS up.

As the BOYS and MAKE-UP GIRLS dance past, we see one of the
"Strauss" singers combing his long hair straight back. Two
STAGE HANDS swing a wind machine past him and his hair is
blown straight forward into a Beatle cut.

JOHN
(passing him)
Never.

During dance, GEORGE takes off wig and places it on dummy,
revealing identical hair underneath.

INTERIOR T.V. STUDIO FLOOR

The work is still going on and the music is up full blast,
the BOYS enter and with the GIRLS [and] they start a wild
dance, hippy, shake, zulu, blue beat, the lot. LIONEL and
DANCERS are doing their routine on one side of the stage...
it becomes a challenge dance between both groups. JOHN swings
his GIRL onto the motorized CAMERA, Western style, and starts
to track through the GROUP. GEORGE is on another CAMERA.

INTERIOR CONTROL ROOM

The whole control room crew are watching the dance on all
the monitors.

The DIRECTOR is about to stop the boys but his GIRL P.A.
glares at him, with a shrug he lets the dance go on.

We now cut between the dancers on the monitors and the boys
actual dancing down on the studio floor. When the recorded

music stops, they grab their instruments and go into a number.

So we can watch every aspect of their work and with so many monitors it gives the impression that there are many more boys than just four.

When the number finally ends we are back in the studio on the floor.

INTERIOR T.V. STUDIO FLOOR DIRECTOR'S VOICE OVER TANNOY

Thank you gentlemen, you can break now while we push on with the show.

The boys acknowledge this with a quaver of guitar chords and a drum roll.

NORM is on them at once.

NORM

That was great, you've got about an hour but don't leave the theatre.

JOHN grabs the arm of a sexy girl dancer.

JOHN

She's going to show me her stamp collection.

PAUL

(grabs a showgirl)
So's mine.

NORM

John, I'm talking to you. This final run through is important. Understand? Important.

JOHN

(like a pig)
Oink! Oink!

They dash off with the two beauties.

GRANDFATHER is hovering in the background with SHAKE.

GRANDFATHER

I want me cup of tea.

NORM

Shake.

SHAKE

I'm adjusting the decibels on the
inbalance.

NORM

Clever.

(he turns)

George.

But GEORGE is disappearing out of the door.

NORM turns to RINGO.

NORM

Look after him.

RINGO

But...

NORM

Do I have to raise me voice?

RINGO

(choked)

Oh, all right. Come here, Grandad.

And the two of them walk off, Ringo leading.

INTERIOR BACKSTAGE

A man, whose act is playing tunes by hitting himself on the head, is swallowing a handful of aspirin tablets. He starts rehearsing his act, which consists of throwing his head back and slapping his cheeks. Next to him, a JUGGLER is practising with four table tennis balls.

GRANDFATHER passes him and bumps his arm slightly. Only 3 balls come down. There is the sound of coughing off.

WE CUT TO:

THE HEAD-PLAYER being patted on the back. The ball drops out of his mouth and bounces slowly on the studio floor.

INTERIOR T.V. STUDIO CANTEEN

The canteen is about half full of actors many of which are dressed as Nazi soldiers, with mock blood bandages and arm bands. Also there are a sprinkling of T.V. people. At a table sits GRANDFATHER and RINGO. RINGO is deeply engrossed in a book and GRANDFATHER has a near empty cup of tea in front of him. The old man is bored and looks about him slyly. He then looks at Ringo who is innocently occupied, a malicious gleam comes into GRANDFATHER's eye. He decides to have a go at RINGO and sits staring at him. RINGO gradually becomes aware of the stare and shifts uncomfortably then tries to continue reading his book.

GRANDFATHER

(disgustedly to no
one in particular)

Will you ever look at him, sitting
there wid his hooter scraping away
at that book!

RINGO

Well... what's the matter with that?

GRANDFATHER

(taking the book from
him)

Have you no natural resources of
your own? Have they even robbed you
of that?

RINGO

(snatching back his
book)

You can learn from books.

GRANDFATHER

Can you now? Aah... sheeps' heads!
You learn more by getting out there
and living.

RINGO

Out where?

GRANDFATHER

Any old where... but not our little
Richard... oh no! When you're not
thumping them pagan skins, you're

tormenting your eyes wid that rubbish!

RINGO
(defiantly)
Books are good!

GRANDFATHER
(countering)
Parading's better!

RINGO
Parading?

GRANDFATHER
(marching up and down
the canteen)
That's it, parading the streets...
trailing your coat... bowling along...
living!

RINGO
Well, I am living, aren't I?

GRANDFATHER
You're living, are you? When was the
last time you gave a girl a pink-
edged daisy? When did you last
embarrass a sheila wid your cool
appraising stare?

RINGO
Eh... you're a bit old for that sort
of chat, aren't you?

GRANDFATHER
At least I've a backlog of memories,
but all you've got is that book!

RINGO
Aaah... stop picking on me... you're
as bad as the rest of them.

GRANDFATHER
So you are a man after all.

RINGO
What's that mean?

GRANDFATHER

Do you think I haven't noticed... do you think I wasn't aware of the drift? Oh... you poor unfortunate scuff, they've driven you into books by their cruel, unnatural treatment, exploiting your good nature.

RINGO

(not too sure)

Oh... I dunno.

GRANDFATHER

(confidingly)

And that lot's never happier than when they're jeering at you... and where would they be without the steady support of your drum beat, I'd like to know.

RINGO

Yeah... that's right.

GRANDFATHER

And what's it all come to in the end?

RINGO

(defensively)

Yeah... what's in it for me?

GRANDFATHER

A book!

RINGO

Yeah... a bloomin' book!

He throws the book down.

GRANDFATHER

When you could be out there betraying a rich American widow or sipping palm wine in Tahiti before you're too old like me. A fine neat and trim lad the class of you should be helping himself to life's goodies before the sands run out. Being an old age pensioner's a terrible drag

on a man and every second you waste is bringing you nearer the Friday queue at the Post Office.

RINGO

Yeah... funny really, 'cos I'd never thought of it but being middle-aged and old takes up most of your time, doesn't it?

GRANDFATHER

(nodding)

You're only right.

RINGO

(nodding back)

I'm not wrong.

There is a pause, then RINGO rises and crosses to the door.

GRANDFATHER

Where are you off to?

RINGO

I'm going parading before it's too late!

RINGO leaves and GRANDFATHER laughs at what he has done, then realizes its full meaning and looks worried.

INTERIOR CORRIDOR AND STAIRWAY

RINGO comes along the corridor then down the narrow stairs. Half-way down he comes face to face with GEORGE who is coming up the stairs.

GEORGE

Eh, Ringo, do you know what happened to me?

RINGO

(passing him)

No. I don't.

As he goes round the corner RINGO turns on the surprised GEORGE.

RINGO

You want to stop being so scornful,
it's twisting your face.

INTERIOR T.V. THEATRE NEAR STAGE DOORMAN'S OFFICE

JOHN and PAUL are chatting up a couple of girls, when they see RINGO approaching they break off the conversation.

JOHN
Here he is, the middle-aged boy
wonder.

RINGO looks at JOHN hard.

PAUL
Eh. I thought you were looking after
the old man.

RINGO
(with simple dignity)
Get knotted!

PAUL and JOHN gape at him. For good measure Ringo takes a quick photograph of them before he leaves them flabbergasted and walks off into the street.

PAUL
We've got only half an hour till the
final run-through. He can't walk out
on us.

JOHN
Can't he? He's done it, son!

GEORGE runs towards them.

GEORGE
Eh, I don't know if you realise it,
but...

PAUL
We do.

GEORGE
Yes. Your grandfather's stirred him
up.

PAUL

He hasn't.

GEORGE

Yes, he's filled his head with notions seemingly.

PAUL

The old mixer, come on we'll have to put him right.

The three of them go into the street.

EXTERIOR T.V. THEATRE STAGE DOOR ENTRANCE

The boys look up and down but RINGO has completely disappeared.

PAUL

We'll split up and search for him, he can't be far.

They now all start to go off in the same direction, they pause, there are three roads they can take but each time they begin to move they all go the same way.

JOHN

It's happened at last, we've become a limited company.

GEORGE

I'll look in here again.

PAUL gives him a push to the left and GEORGE to the right and going straight ahead himself they part and go their separate ways.

EXTERIOR STREET

RINGO is walking along taking photographs with his camera when some girls recognise him and start to follow him. They quicken their pace and RINGO runs ahead of them. He turns and comes into another street.

He sees a second-hand clothes shop with a sign saying "We Buy Anything" and enters the shop just before the pursuing girls come round the corner. The girls stand about looking in all directions. After a moment RINGO comes out of the shop. He is wearing a long mackintosh and a natty cap pulled

well down. He is ignored by the girls who don't recognise him. Realising this he goes back and ogles one of them. She glares at him.

RINGO

Hello.

GIRL

Get out of it, short house!

CLOSE-UP on Ringo's secret but happy smile as he walks briskly down the road.

EXTERIOR TOW PATH CANAL

RINGO kicks at a brick. He kicks stylishly but misses so tries again, misses again, but finally kicks the stone which doesn't budge so he bends down and pulls it out of the ground. It is quite big. Three quarters of it being below the surface. Having got it he now decides to throw it away. As he does so the same POLICEMAN rides past on a bicycle.

POLICEMAN

Ain't you got no more bleeding sense
than to go round chucking bricks
about.

Before RINGO has time to answer the man has disappeared.

RINGO

(shouting after him)
Southerner!

He looks at the canal water moodily; at this moment a large lorry tyre rolls down the incline and bashes him slap in the back, sprawling him on the path, the tyre on top of him. A small boy appears after the tyre and stands over the prostrate RINGO.

BOY

Here, mate, that's my hoop, stop
playing with it.

RINGO

Hoop, this isn't a hoop, it's a lethal
weapon. Have you got a licence for
it?

BOY
Oh don't be so stroppy!

RINGO
(getting up)
Well! A boy of your age bowling "hoop"
at people. How old are you anyway?

BOY
(aggressively)
Nine.

RINGO
Bet you're only eight and a half.

BOY
(countering swiftly)
Eight and two thirds.

RINGO
Well, there you are and watch it
with that hoop.

BOY
Gerron out of it, you're only jealous
'cause you're old.

RINGO
Shurrup!

BOY
I bet you're
(searching for an age)
– sixteen!

RINGO
Fifteen and two thirds, actually.

BOY
Well –

RINGO
All right, take your hoop and bowl.

He moves off and the BOY follows.

BOY
Oh you can have it, I'm packing it

in – it depresses me.

RINGO
Y'what?

BOY
You heard, it gets on my wick.

RINGO
Well that's lovely talk, that is.
And another thing, why aren't you at
school?

BOY
I'm a deserter.

RINGO
(smiling in spite of
himself)
Are you now?

BOY
Yeah, I've blown school out.

RINGO
Just you?

BOY
No, Ginger, Eddy Fallon and Ding
Dong.

RINGO
Ding Dong? Oh Ding Dong Bell, eh?

BOY
Yeah, that's right, they was supposed
to come with us but they chickened.

RINGO
Yeah? And they're your mates are
they?

BOY
(sighing)
Yeah.

RINGO
Not much cop without 'em, is it?

BOY
(defensively)
Oh, it's all right.

RINGO
(disbelievingly)
Yeah?

BOY
Yeah.

RINGO
What they like?

BOY is glad to have something to talk about.

BOY
(enthusiastically)
Ginger's mad, he says things all the time and Eddy's good at punching and spitting.

RINGO
How about Ding Dong?

BOY
He's a big head and he fancies himself with it but you know it's all right 'cos he's one of the gang.

RINGO nods his head understandingly and they mooch on together.

BOY
Why aren't you at work?

RINGO
I'm a deserter, too.

BOY
Oh.

At this moment a child's voice shouts out "Charley" and from RINGO'S P.O.V. we see three kids. RINGO turns to the BOY and looks at them enquiringly.

BOY

(to Ringo)
See you.

The BOY runs off to join his mates. As he joins them they punch and scuffle together. They are obviously a gang. RINGO is left alone.

INTERIOR CORRIDOR T.V. THEATRE

GEORGE comes round the corner, looking for RINGO, then grins and walks past a sign saying "Canteen and Production Office Opposite." He comes to the exit door, crosses to a modern building across from the theatre.

He enters [the] building.

INTERIOR OFFICE

It is the reception room that leads to an inner office. Behind a desk sits a smart young woman typing busily as GEORGE enters. He is surprised when he sees the girl; she looks up and speaks to him at once.

SECRETARY

Oh, there you are!

GEORGE

Oh, I'm sorry, I must have made a mistake.

SECRETARY

(tartly)

You haven't, you're just late.

(She rises and crossing over to him examines him critically.)

Oh, yes, he's going to be very pleased with you.

GEORGE

Is he?

SECRETARY

Yes, you're quite a feather in the cap.

(She crosses to the desk and picks up the inter-office

phone.)
Hello, I've got one... oh, I think
so... yes, he can talk... Well... I
think you ought to see him.
(she smiles)
Of course, right away.

She crosses to the inter-office door. On the door is written
SIMON MARSHAL... she opens it.

SECRETARY
Well... come on.

GEORGE
Sorry.

He follows her quickly in.

INTERIOR THE INNER OFFICE

A large room, part production office with models and sets,
drawing board with ground plans, the other part of the room
a mixture of Pop and Queen's magazine decor.

Behind a large desk sits SIMON MARSHAL, a bland but slightly
irritable young man of about thirty-five. He is wearing the
ultimate in the current smart set fashion. He is attended by
a couple of underlings ADRIAN and TONY and behind him on the
wall is a poster of a girl.

Across the poster is printed, "Way Out, your own T.V. Special
with Susan Campey. Director, Simon Marshal."

SECRETARY
(proudly)
Will this do, Simon?

SIMON
(looking at George)
Not bad, dolly, not really bad.
(he motions to George)
Turn around, chicky baby.

GEORGE does so.

SIMON
Oh yes, a definite poss. He'll look
good alongside Susan.

(he indicates the
girl on the poster)
All right, Sunny Jim, this is all
going to be quite painless. Don't
breathe on me, Adrian.

ADRIAN has recognised GEORGE and is trying to stop SIMON.

GEORGE
Look, I'm terribly sorry but I'm
afraid there's been some sort of a
misunderstanding.

SIMON
(sharply)
Oh, you can come off it with us. You
don't have to do the old adenoidal
glottal stop and carry on for our
benefit.

GEORGE
I'm afraid I don't understand.

SIMON
Oh, my God, he's a natural.

SECRETARY
(anxiously)
Well, I did tell them not to send us
any more real ones.

SIMON
They ought to know by now the phonies
are much easier to handle. Still
he's a good type.

He now speaks to GEORGE in the loud voice that the English
reserve for foreigners and village idiots.

SIMON
We want you to give us your opinion
on some clothes for teenagers.

GEORGE
Oh, by all means, I'd be quite
prepared for that eventuality.

SIMON

Well, not your real opinion,
naturally. It'll be written out and
you'll learn it.

(to secretary)

Can he read?

GEORGE

Of course I can.

SIMON

I mean lines, ducky, can you handle
lines?

GEORGE

I'll have a bash.

SIMON

Good. Hart, get him whatever it is
they drink, a cokearama?

GEORGE

Ta.

SIMON

Well, at least he's polite. Tony
Show him the shirts, Adrian.

A collection of shirts are produced and GEORGE looks at them.
While he is doing this SIMON briefs him.

SIMON

Now, you'll like these. You really
"dig" them. They're "fab" and all
the other pimply hyperboles.

GEORGE

I wouldn't be seen dead in them.
They're dead grotty.

SIMON

Grotty?

GEORGE

Yeah, grotesque.

SIMON

(to secretary)

Make a note of that word and give it

to Susan. I think it's rather touching really. Here's this kid trying to give me his utterly valueless opinion when I know for a fact within four weeks he'll be suffering from a violent inferiority complex and loss of status if he isn't wearing one of these nasty things. Of course they're grotty, you wretched nit, that's why they were designed, but that's what you'll want.

GEORGE

But I won't.

SIMON

You can be replaced you know, chicky baby.

GEORGE

I don't care.

SIMON

And that pose is out too, Sunny Jim. The new thing is to care passionately, and be right wing. Anyway, you won't meet Susan if you don't cooperate.

GEORGE

And who's this Susan when she's at home?

SIMON

(playing his ace)

Only Susan Campey, our resident teenager. You'll have to love her. She's your symbol.

GEORGE

Oh, you mean that posh bird who gets everything wrong?

SIMON

I beg your pardon?

GEORGE

Oh, yes, the lads frequently gather round the T.V. set to watch her for

a giggle. Once we even all sat down and wrote these letters saying how gear she was and all that rubbish.

SIMON

She's a trend setter. It's her profession!

GEORGE

She's a drag. A well-known drag. We turn the sound down on her and say rude things.

SIMON

Get him out of here!!

GEORGE

(genuinely surprised)
Have I said something amiss?

SIMON

Get him out of here. He's knocking the programme's image!!

The underlings hustle GEORGE to the door.

GEORGE

(smiling)
Sorry about the shirts.

He is ejected through the door.

SIMON

Get him out.
(he stops in mid-shout)
You don't think he's a new phenomenon, do you?

SECRETARY

You mean an early clue to the new direction?

SIMON

(rummaging in his desk)
Where's the calendar?
(he finds it)
No, he's just a trouble maker. The

change isn't due for three weeks.
All the same, make a note not to
extend Susan's contract. Let's not
take any unnecessary chances!

EXTERIOR STREET PUB ON THE CORNER

The sign on the pub is Liverpool Arms. RINGO is standing
looking up at it. He decides to go in and does so.

INTERIOR T.V. CONTROL ROOM

The atmosphere is tense. GRANDFATHER is standing miserable
in front of the DIRECTOR, the criminal confronted by the
judge. SHAKE and NORM are flanking him grimly.

GRANDFATHER

I'm sorry lads, I didn't mean it,
honest.

DIRECTOR

If he says that again, I'll strike
him.

SHAKE

(unconvincingly)

They'll be back, they're good lads,
they'll be back.

DIRECTOR

(disgusted)

Yes? Well they've got only ten minutes
to the final run-through.

GRANDFATHER

I meant no harm. I was only trying
to encourage little Ringo to enjoy
himself.

NORM

(grimly, C.U.)

God knows what you've unleashed on
the unsuspecting South. It'll be
wine, women and song all the way
with Ringo once he's got the taste
for it.

INT. PUB PUBLIC BAR

CLOSE-UP on RINGO. He is eating a bone dry sandwich that curls up at the end. He puts it down with disgust. He has a lager glass in his hand.

BARMAID

(accusingly)

That was fresh this morning.

We now see the pub is full of enormous cockney workmen downing pints.

RINGO is very much alone. He moves away from the bar towards a group that is standing together, they've an average height of over six-foot.

There is a group at a dart board. Another group is playing bar skittles and a third group is around a pin-ball table.

Near the bar is a shove-halfpenny board with two players. There is a caged parrot nearby.

BARMAID

(to Ringo)

That'll be two and nine...

RINGO fumbles some change out of his pocket. A few coppers fall from his hand on to the shove-halfpenny board just as the crucial point has been made. The men glare at him. Embarrassed, he moves away and without looking, places his glass on the skittles table just as a player swings the string, which hits Ringo's glass. More embarrassed, RINGO backs away, unfortunately into the pin-table just as a winning score is about to be reached. He bumps it very slightly, but enough to cause it to TILT. He then moves to the dart board. By this time most of the pub is staring at him. With great style he takes the darts. The first throw goes into a cheese sandwich which a man is pointing in demonstration.

The second we see arrive into a pint of bitter and then we see RINGO shoot the third dart and hear the sound of the parrot shouting angrily, off. The BARMAID has had enough.

BARMAID

Right... On your way!

RINGO

Y'what?

BARMAID

You heard, on your way, troublemaker!

Now the centre of attention, RINGO backs out of the pub, followed by every eye in the place, the BARMAID and a few players following him to the door...

EXTERIOR STREET OUTSIDE PUB

RINGO comes out and crosses road, watched by the POLICEMAN who is now quite suspicious.

EXTERIOR STREET

PAUL comes down the street looking about him for RINGO. In the street is an old building, the sort of place that is highly favoured for TV rehearsals. There is a sign on the door, "TV Rehearsal Room." As PAUL draws near, a load of actors and extras, etc. are leaving, they are in costume, they are the ones who earlier had been going to a word rehearsal. When PAUL gets near the entrance he decides to go inside.

INTERIOR HALL

PAUL enters and wanders about. He reaches a door, pushes it open and looks in. He sees a GIRL clad in period costume. She is moving around the room and obviously acting. PAUL watches her for a moment and then decides to go in.

INTERIOR REHEARSAL ROOM

PAUL goes into the room. The GIRL is in mid-flight. She is very young and lovely and completely engrossed in what she is doing. The room is absolutely empty except for PAUL and herself. She is acting in the manner of an eighteenth-century coquette, or, to be precise, the voice English actresses use when they think they are being true to the costume period... her youth however makes it all very charming.

GIRL

If I believed you, sir, I might do
those things and walk those ways
only to find myself on Problem's
Path. But I cannot believe you, and
all those urgings serve only as a
proof that you will lie and lie again

to gain your purpose with me.

She dances lightly away from an imaginary lover and as she turns she sees PAUL who is as engrossed in the scene as she was.

GIRL
(surprised)
Oh!

PAUL
(enthusiastically)
Well... go 'head, do the next bit.

GIRL
Go away! You've spoilt it.

PAUL
Oh, sorry I spoke.

He makes no attempt to go. He simply continues to look steadily at the girl; then he smiles at her. She is undecided what to do next.

GIRL
Are you supposed to be here?

PAUL
I've got you worried, haven't I?

GIRL
I'm warning you, they'll be back in a minute.

PAUL
D'you know something, "They" don't worry me at all. Anyroad, I only fancy listening to you... that's all but if it worries you... well...

GIRL
You're from Liverpool, aren't you?

PAUL
(ironically)
How'd you guess?

GIRL

(seriously)
Oh, it's the way you talk.

PAUL
(innocently)
Is it... is it, really?

GIRL
(suspiciously)
Are you pulling my leg?

PAUL
(looking her straight
in the eye)
Something like that.

GIRL
(unsure)
I see.
(airily)
Do you like the play?

PAUL
Yeah... I mean, sure, well, I took
it at school but I only ever heard
boys and masters saying those lines,
like, sounds different on a girl.
(smiles to himself)
Yeah, it's gear on a girl.

GIRL
Gear?

PAUL
Aye, the big hammer, smashing!

GIRL
Thank you.

PAUL
Don't mench... well, why don't you
give us a few more lines, like?

GIRL pouts.

PAUL
You don't half slam the door in
people's faces, do you? I mean, what

about when you're playing the part,
like, hundreds of people'll see you
and ...

GIRL
(cutting in)
I'm not...

PAUL
Oh, you're the understudy, sort of
thing?

GIRL
No.
(aggressively)
I'm a walk-on in a fancy dress scene.
I just felt like doing those lines.

PAUL
Oh, I see. You are an actress though,
aren't you?

GIRL
Yes.

PAUL
Aye, I knew you were.

GIRL
What's that mean?

PAUL
Well, the way you were spouting,
like....
(he imitates her)
"I don't believe you, sir..." and
all that. Yeah, it was gear.

GIRL
(dryly)
The big hammer?

PAUL
(smiling)
Oh aye, a sledge.

GIRL
But the way you did it then sounded

so phony.

PAUL

No... I wouldn't say that... just like an actress... you know.

He moves and stands about like an actress.

GIRL

But that's not like a real person at all.

PAUL

Aye well, actresses aren't like real people, are they?

GIRL

They ought to be.

PAUL

Oh, I don't know, anyroad up, they never are, are they?

GIRL

(teasingly)

What are you?

PAUL

I'm in a group... well... there are four of us, we play and sing.

GIRL

I bet you don't sound like real people.

PAUL

We do, you know. We sound like us having a ball. It's fab.

GIRL

Is it really fab or are you just saying that to convince yourself?

PAUL

What of? Look, I wouldn't do it unless I was. I'm dead lucky 'cos I get paid for doing something I love doing.

He laughs and with a gesture takes in the whole studio

PAUL

...all this and a jam butty too!!

GIRL

I only enjoy acting for myself. I hate it when other people are let in.

PAUL

Why? I mean, which are you, scared or selfish?

GIRL

Why selfish?

PAUL

Well, you've got to have people to taste your treacle toffee.

She looks at him in surprise.

PAUL

No, hang on, I've not gone daft. You see, when I was little me mother let me make some treacle toffee one time in our back scullery. When I'd done she said to me, "Go and give some to the other kids." So, I said I would but I thought to meself, "She must think I'm soft." Anyroad, I was eating away there but I wanted somebody else to know how good it was so in the end I wound up giving it all away... but I didn't mind, mind, 'cos I'd made the stuff in the first place. Well... that's why you need other people... an audience... to taste your treacle toffee, like. Eh... does that sound as thickeheaded to you as it does to me?

GIRL

Not really but I'm probably not a toffee maker. How would you do those lines of mine?

PAUL

Well, look at it this way, I mean,
when you come right down to it, that
girl, she's a bit of a scrubber,
isn't she?

GIRL

Is she?

PAUL

Of course... Look, if she was a
Liverpool scrubber...

(Paul starts acting a
Liverpool girl, he
minces about then
turns, extending his
leg)

Eh, fella, you want to try pulling
the other one, it's got a full set
of bells hanging off it... Y'what?...
I know your sort, two cokes and a
packet of cheese and onion crisps
and suddenly it's love and we're
stopping in an empty shop doorway.
You're just after me body and y'can't
have it... so there!!

GIRL

(shattered)

And you honestly think that's what
she meant?

PAUL

Oh, definitely, it sticks out a mile,
she's trying to get him to marry her
but he doesn't want... well... I
don't reckon any fella's ever wanted
to get married. But girls are like
that, clever and cunning. You've got
to laugh.

He laughs.

GIRL

Well, it's nice to know you think
we're clever.

PAUL

(grinning)
And cunning.

GIRL
And what do you do about it?

PAUL
Me? Oh, I don't have the time, I'm
always running about with the lads...
no, we don't have the time.

GIRL
Pity.

PAUL
(not noticing the
invitation)
Aye, it is but as long as you get
by, it's all right, you know... bash
on, happy valley's when they let you
stop. Anyroad, I'd better get back.

GIRL
Yes.

PAUL
(going)
See you.

GIRL
Of course.

PAUL stands at the doorway, shrugs then goes out.

EXTERIOR STREET

In the street, workmen are collecting shovels, drinking tea
and doing all the things people do around building sites.
RINGO mooches around.

In the road is a hole with a diameter of about 3 feet, and
at least 6 feet deep. RINGO looks down and a man is busily
working at the bottom of the hole. He glares at RINGO. After
a moment RINGO turns away. We now see a very elegant young
lady coming towards RINGO. She is daintily avoiding a series
of puddles. RINGO has an idea and does a Sir Walter Raleigh
with his large Mac spreading it over one of the puddles. The
girl walks across it smiling graciously. RINGO proceeds with

the coat to the next puddle and to the next backing gradually towards the hole.

At last he spreads the coat, without noticing what he is doing, over the hole. The girl steps onto the coat and disappears sharply. RINGO looks down the hole where the girl is held in the workman's arms. The workman rises out of the manhole until he is waist height. At this point an elegantly dressed gentleman appears (the girl's husband) he looks at his wife in the workman's arms and hits the workman. RINGO backs away through the puddles, and is nicked by the POLICEMAN.

[Scenes 75 and 76 deleted in revision.]

INTERIOR T.V. THEATRE NEAR STAGE DOOR

The DIRECTOR is pacing up and down the corridor. NORM is also walking up and down, SHAKE is leaning against the wall quite unconcerned. NORM gives SHAKE a push.

NORM
Worry, will you!

SHAKE adjusts his features to a worrying expression.

DIRECTOR
(bitterly)
Well, that's it, two minutes to the final run-through... they're bound to miss it...

NORM
I'll murder that Lennon.

DIRECTOR
But I suppose we can survive a missed run-through as long...

SHAKE
...as they head up for the show. Oh yes, well I mean it'd be a pity to miss the show, wouldn't it like.

NORM
Shurrup, cheerful.

The horrible prospect hits the DIRECTOR.

DIRECTOR
You don't think...

NORM
(reassuring him)
They'll be here.

DIRECTOR
Oh now, they can't do that to me.
(turning on Norm)
It's all your fault.
(overriding Norm)
Oh yes it is and if they don't turn
up I wouldn't be in your shoes for
all the...

SHAKE
(helping out)
...tea in China. Oh you're right,
neither would I.

He steps away from NORM and stands near the DIRECTOR.

NORM
Traitor!

SHAKE nods his agreement to this assessment of his character.

SHAKE
Of course.

At this moment JOHN, GEORGE and PAUL enter from the stage door. They are completely unconcerned and walk past the DIRECTOR, SHAKE and NORM.

JOHN
(as he passes by)
Hi Norm!

NORM
(preoccupied)
Hi, our lot!

The BOYS walk on when after a moment NORM snaps to.

NORM
Our lot!

GEORGE
(mildly)
Did you want something.

NORM
(beaming with delight)
I could eat the lot of you.

JOHN
You'd look gear with an apple in
your gob.

DIRECTOR
(accusingly)
Do you realise you could have missed
the final run-through?

GEORGE
Sorry.

SHAKE
Eh, there's only three of them.

PAUL
Aye, we were looking for Ringo. But
we realised he must have come back.

DIRECTOR
Do you realise we are on the air,
live, in front of an audience, in
forty-five minutes and you're one
short.

JOHN
Control yourself or you'll spurt.
He's bound to be somewhere.

NORM
Aye, let's try the dressing room.

Everyone starts along the passage. NORM and PAUL last.

PAUL
Eh, where's my grandfather?

NORM
Don't worry about him. He can look

after himself.

PAUL

Aye, I suppose so.

They run after the others.

EXTERIOR T.V. THEATRE CLOSE-UP

GRANDFATHER

Here they are, personally signed and
handwritten by your own sweet boys.
The chance of a lifetime. Be the
envy of your less fortunate sisters!

The CAMERA PULLS back and we see GRANDFATHER is surrounded by girls who have broken from the queue and are doing a brisk trade with the old man. He has a large sign on which is written: "Get your genuine autographed Beatles photographs." On the edge of the crowd two POLICEMEN are trying to force the girls back into the queue. Finally they wade through the girls and confront GRANDFATHER. They look at the old man quizzically; he stares back coldly. They indicate he should hop it and quick but GRANDFATHER defiantly glares back at them. So with a sigh, they grab an arm each and escort the old man off.

INTERIOR POLICE STATION

It is the reception desk and behind it is the DESK SERGEANT. After a moment RINGO is dragged in by the POLICEMAN we saw him with before.

RINGO

Look, I'm Ringo Starr... I've got a
show to do in a few minutes you've
got to let me go... I'm Ringo...

POLICEMAN

Sure, they all say that these days...
Anyway... I don't care who you are...
you can save that for the stipendary.
Here you are, Sarge.

SERGEANT

What is he?

POLICEMAN

(reeling off the list)
I've got a little list here. Wandering
abroad. Malicious intent. Acting in
a suspicious manner. Conduct liable
to cause a breach of the peace. You
name it, he's done it.

SERGEANT
Oh, a little savage, is he?

POLICEMAN
A proper Aborigine.

RINGO
(on his dignity)
I demand to see me solicitor.

SERGEANT
What's his name?

RINGO
Oh, well if you're going to get
technical –

At that moment there is a loud series of noises off camera,
furious shouting and dull crashes of wood.

SERGEANT
Hello, it's going to be one of those
nights, is it?
(to policeman)
Sit Charley Peace down over there.

The POLICEMAN takes RINGO to a bench and sits him down as
GRANDFATHER and the two POLICEMEN who were with him enter.
The sign is tattered and is being lugged after them.

GRANDFATHER
Well, you got me here so do your
worst but I'll take one of you with
me.
(kicks the nearest
policeman)
Oh, I know your game, get me in the
tiled room and out come the rubber
hoses but I'll defy you still.

SERGEANT

Is there a fire, then?

GRANDFATHER leans across the desk and hisses at the SERGEANT.

GRANDFATHER

You ugly, great brute you, you have sadism stamped all over your bloated British kisser.

SERGEANT

Eh?

GRANDFATHER

I'll go on a hunger strike. I know your caper.

The kidney punch and the rabbit-clout. The third degree and the size twelve boot ankle-tap.

SERGEANT

What's he on about?

GRANDFATHER

(squaring up)

I'm soldier of the Republic, you'll need the mahogany truncheon for this boyo. A nation once again.

SERGEANT

(to policemen)

Get Lloyd George over there with that mechanic in the cloth cap while I sort this lot out.

The POLICEMEN hurtle GRANDFATHER firmly but gently over to the bench on which RINGO is sitting and then return to the desk for a whispered conference with the SERGEANT. Meanwhile in full conspiratorial fashion GRANDFATHER talks to RINGO out of the side of his mouth.

GRANDFATHER

Ringo, me old scout, they grabbed yer leg for the iron too, did they?

RINGO

Well I'm not exactly a voluntary patient.

GRANDFATHER

Shush! Have they roughed you up yet?

RINGO

What?

GRANDFATHER

(whispering)

Keep your voice down, this lot'll
paste you, just for the exercise. Oh
they're a desperate crew of drippings
and they've fists like matured hams
for pounding defenceless lads like
you.

RINGO

(disturbed)

Have they?

GRANDFATHER

That sergeant's a body-blow veteran
if ever I measured one. One of us
has got to escape. I'll get the boys.
Hold on son, I'll be back for you.

RINGO

(horrified)

Me!

GRANDFATHER

And if they get you on the floor
watch out for your brisket.

RINGO

(hopefully)

Oh, they seem all right to me.

GRANDFATHER

That's what they want you to think.
All coppers are villains.

SERGEANT

(calling)

Would you two like a cup of tea?

GRANDFATHER

You see, sly villains.

RINGO
(miserable)
No thanks, Mr. Sergeant, sir.

We now have a CLOSE SHOT of POLICEMEN around the sergeant's desk.

SERGEANT
So you just brought the old chap out
of the crowd for his own good.

POLICEMAN
Yeah, but he insisted on us bringing
him to the station.

SERGEANT
Well, he can't stop here.

Shot of GRANDFATHER watching POLICEMEN intently and muttering words as he does.

RINGO
What are you doing?

GRANDFATHER
Lip reading.

RINGO
What are they saying?

GRANDFATHER
Nothing good.

The POLICEMEN make a move towards GRANDFATHER and RINGO.

GRANDFATHER
Well son, it's now or never.

He jumps to his feet and scurries towards the door.

GRANDFATHER
All right, you paid assassins. Johnny
McCartney'll give you a run for your
threepence ha'penny.

He dashes out of the door followed by the POLICEMAN who has his pile of photos.

SERGEANT
Now, what's he up to?

RINGO
He's allergic to Bobbies, especially
English Bobbies.

The POLICEMAN with the photos returns.

POLICEMAN
(Irish accent)
Your man disappeared like a leveret
over a hill.

RINGO
Turncoat!

The POLICEMEN turn on RINGO and walk towards him.

CLOSE-UP RINGO

RINGO
Mother!

EXTERIOR STREET

GRANDFATHER is running at top speed down the street. He is breathing heavily and runs as if pursued by the hounds of hell. The street however is entirely empty and no one is even in sight. As he reaches the top of the street he pauses and turning, looks around him. From his P.O.V. we see just how empty the street is and heaving a sigh of relief GRANDFATHER cackles to himself. His triumph is short lived. At this precise moment down the street comes a parade of police vehicles, a Black Maria, an escorting police motor bike patrol and an ordinary squad car. The procession draws up and the street is full of policemen getting out of the Black Maria and squad car and off motor bikes.

CLOSE-UP GRANDFATHER's horrified face.

GRANDFATHER
Be God, they've called up
reinforcements, the dragnet's out!

He dashes off wildly in the general direction of the theatre. He has been completely unnoticed by the policemen who are lining up for a last minute inspection by the inspector in

charge. The inspector is like a commander-in-chief of a spear-head attack force.

They smartly march off in the direction taken by GRANDFATHER.

INTERIOR T.V. THEATRE CONTROL ROOM

DIRECTOR
(watching the clock)
Only half an hour and you're on!

GEORGE
Can I say something?

The director clutches at any straw.

DIRECTOR
(hopefully)
Yes, anything.

GEORGE
(earnestly)
It's highly unlikely we'll be on...
I mean the law of averages are against
you and it seems that, etc., etc....

But his speech is drowned by the pitiful moans of the DIRECTOR.

EXTERIOR T.V. THEATRE STAGE DOOR

The four little boys from the canal are being driven away by the security guard.

GUARD
(going back into
theatre)
I'll have the hides off of you lot.

The kids retreat as GRANDFATHER pants into shot, ignoring the kids he enters the stage door but in a second he is out again, grasped firmly by the collar by the security guard.

GUARD
You ought to be ashamed of yourself.
Go home!

GRANDFATHER

I must see Pauly.

GUARD

Go home then and see him on the telly.

The GUARD re-enters the stage door.

GRANDFATHER looks around him and sees the four kids. He hustles over and after a whispered conference we hear his offer.

GRANDFATHER

Can you fix him for me?

BOYS

Yeah.

GRANDFATHER

Sixpence.

BOY

Each?

GRANDFATHER is about to argue.

GRANDFATHER

Oh, all right.

BOY

And in advance.

GRANDFATHER

(disgusted)

Mercenary!

But he hands over the money. The kids rush in the stage door and after a moment the furious GUARD chases them out and down the alley.

GRANDFATHER, chuckling, nips in the door.

INTERIOR T.V. CONTROL ROOM ON STAGE

GRANDFATHER is being chased by several studio attendants; he is dodging behind equipment. He finally gets on a sound boom trolley and uses it as a weapon to keep his pursuers at bay.

INTERIOR T.V. CONTROL ROOM

The DIRECTOR, BOYS, and NORM and SHAKE see GRANDFATHER on the monitors.

They dash out of the room and on to the stage.

DIRECTOR
(shouting)
It's all right, leave him alone.

PAUL
Granddad, where's Ringo?

GRANDFATHER
The police have the poor unfortunate
lad in the Bridewell.

BOYS
The police station.

GRANDFATHER
He'll be pulp by now.

JOHN
What are we waiting for?

GEORGE
Come here.

PAUL, JOHN and GEORGE rush off.

CLOSE-UP DIRECTOR

DIRECTOR
We've only got twenty minutes.

EXTERIOR STREET OUTSIDE POLICE STATION

PAUL, JOHN and GEORGE come running down the street in single file, their knees high in the air, they skid to a halt at the police station and without pausing they dash inside. After a moment they reappear – only this time RINGO is behind them. They dash off down the street.

They are followed at once by ten POLICEMEN also in single file. They are also pounding along knees high in the air. The BOYS and the coppers disappear around the corner. At once, they reappear from the other direction, then run down

the street still followed by the policemen.

When they reach the police station another group of police bars their way so they are forced to run up the stairs and inside.

INTERIOR POLICE STATION

The DESK SERGEANT is standing behind his desk looking very surprised.

At this moment the boys run in and stand panting in front of the desk.

Before the SERGEANT can start speaking the pursuing POLICEMEN arrive.

They, too, are out of breath.

SERGEANT
What is all this?

JOHN
(heaving and panting)
Hold on until we get our breath.

The BOYS and POLICEMEN pant on until JOHN seems to have recovered.

SERGEANT
All right now?

JOHN
Sure.
(to boys)
Ready?

The BOYS nod and without further ado they turn and run through the surprised rank of POLICEMEN and out into the street.

EXTERIOR STREET

THE CHASE CARRIES ON.

Shots of BOYS being pursued (still in single file) by police, including the sergeant with one shot where the BOYS are chasing the POLICEMEN.

Finally, as they approach the theatre, they are seen by the girl fans who swarm around the police, over running them. The boys grin to each other and are about to make off when from their P.O.V. we see the INSPECTOR and POLICEMEN blocking it.

JOHN

Ah well, it was worth a try.

INSPECTOR

(calling to Sergeant)

What do you think you're up to?

SERGEANT

Arrest those boys, sir.

INSPECTOR

That's all we need to start a real riot!

(to Boys)

Come on lads, they're waiting for you.

INTERIOR THEATRE BACKSTAGE

The Inspector now hustles the BOYS through the crowds and in through the main entrance of the theatre where SHAKE and NORM are waiting. NORM looks suspiciously at RINGO who is still wearing his cap. RINGO whips it off and NORM delightedly hugs him. The BOYS dash through the stalls entrance and on stage. The DIRECTOR sees them and bursts into tears with relief. NORM hustles the lads into the wings to be changed into their show costumes. All around them last-minute preparations are going on.

DIRECTOR

Boys, you don't know what this means to me. If you hadn't come back it would have been the epilogue or the news in Welsh for life.

NORM

Aren't you supposed to be in that box?

The DIRECTOR gives NORM a final glare and dashes off.

PAUL

And another thing, where's that old mixer?

GRANDFATHER
Here, Pauly.

And sitting on a box sadly chastened sits GRANDFATHER.

PAUL
Well, I got a few things to say to you, two-faced John McCartney.

JOHN
Aw, leave him alone Paul, he's back, isn't he? And it's not his fault he's old.

PAUL
(hotly)
What's old got to do with it?

JOHN
You needn't bother.

PAUL
Y'what?

JOHN
Practising to be thick-headed, you're there already.

PAUL
Look he's a mixer and a trouble maker!

JOHN
That's right, but he's only asking us to pay attention to him, aren't you?

From JOHN's P.O.V. we see GRANDFATHER. He looks what he is, a tired old man.

JOHN
You see.
(to Grandad)
You know your trouble – you should have gone West to America. You'd have wound up a Senior Citizen of

Boston. As it is you took the wrong turning and what happened, you're a lonely old man from Liverpool.

GRANDFATHER
(fighting back)
But I'm clean.

The BOYS giggle and slap him on the back.

INTERIOR TV THEATRE AUDITORIUM

We see the audience of girls streaming in and settling down in their places for the show. There is the usual business of getting the show ready and we see SHOTS of the girls' faces, then JOHN, PAUL, RINGO and GEORGE looking at them. At last on cue from the floor manager the BOYS start their act to the audience's screams.

During the number we constantly CUT away to the audience with various SHOTS of the ecstatic girls. In the middle of these shots we see NORM standing at the side of the audience his face glowing with satisfaction. We follow his gaze and from NORM'S P.O.V. we see GRANDFATHER handcuffed to SHAKE, but in spite of this, the old man is enjoying himself.

The BOYS now perform a medley of numbers, i.e., a little of all the songs we have heard during the story. This gives the impression of a full set and we finish after their bows. While they are doing so they look again in the general direction of SHAKE and GRANDFATHER and from their P.O.V., we see SHAKE is beating time to the music but from his wrist dangles an empty set of handcuffs. GRANDFATHER has gone again.

As the BOYS are reacting to GRANDFATHER's disappearance once again, the trap door on the stage opens and GRANDFATHER appears in the centre of the group as they finish their act and take their final bows.

INTERIOR STUDIO CORRIDOR

NORM is waiting for the boys. With him are two studio attendants carrying the boys' luggage. As the BOYS excitedly appear he speaks to them.

NORM
I've got the stuff. Come here.

PAUL
Aren't we...

NORM
No, we're not!

He hurries them along.

NORM
The office was on the phone, they think it'd be better if we pushed straight to Wolverhampton.

JOHN
Tonight? We can't make it...

NORM
You've got a midnight matinee.

JOHN
Now, look here, Norm...

NORM
No, you look here, John. I've only one thing to say to you.

JOHN
What?

NORM
You're a swine. So hurry up... we're travelling!

NORM turns down a side exit where the door is open to the field. In it is an eight-passenger helicopter.

EXTERIOR STAGE DOOR T.V. THEATRE

The BOYS and NORM come out of the building and start to run towards the helicopter.

PAUL
(looking behind him)
Where's my grandfather?

NORM
(arriving at helicopter door)

Don't start. Look.

The boys look in the passenger bay and there is GRANDFATHER. He is still handcuffed to SHAKE but clutching his pile of photos.

GRANDFATHER
(beckoning them in
with his free hand
which holds the photos)
Come on, you're hanging up the parade.

The boys shout "Get rid of those things, etc."

EXTERIOR FIELD

The final shot is of the helicopter rising up (SHOT FROM BELOW). As it disappears, a shower of photos come from its window.

We cut to a CLOSE-UP of one signed photo as it hits the ground and SUPER the closing credits over it.

THE END