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Lennon Naked

By Robert Jones

JOHN LENNON:

(LOOK AT ME PLAYING)

Look at me
Who am I supposed to be?
Who am I supposed to be?
Who am I supposed to be?
Look at me
What am I supposed to be?
What am I supposed to be?
Look at me
Oh, my love
Who am I?
Nobody else can see
Just you and me
Who are we?
Oh, my love

(CROWD CHEERING)

He tried to kidnap me
once before, you know, me dad.
So hang on to me braces or whatever.
-You don't wear braces, John.
-How do you know that?
I buy your suits, remember?
I might wear braces under me shirt,
where you can't see them.
And what would be the point of that?
They wouldn't attach.
They'd attach to me Y-fronts, Brian.
As a precaution against
your notoriously wandering hands
and other appendages.

(SIGHS) Do you have to be
so crude, John?

I might say these things, Brian,
you're the one who finds some
filthy navvy and actually does them.
I do no such thing.

(FANS SCREAMING)

Well, which one of us
is the crude one, eh?
-Oh, me, no doubt.

-FANS:

-Where are we meeting?
-Secret location.
I used to wait for him at the docks.
In rain, I mean.
All been coming back to me.
Well, quite.
In those days he didn't want to know.
I used to ask the other seamen...
(IN FALSETTO) "Anyone seen Fred Lennon?
Anyone know where me dad is? "
-John, John, can I have a kiss?
-Kiss him instead.
He's never been kissed
by womankind or unkind.
Oh, please.
Okay, girls, sling your hook.
(GIRLS SCREAMING)
The meter's off, John,
anywhere you want, mate.
Secret location, please.
You're never tempted, John, you know?
Not when I've got my Brian.
Oh, like that, is it?
Very much so.
We're only going to Bernard Street,
but maybe you could go round
once or twice,
'cause we don't want to be noticed.
I want to shout our love
from the rooftops,
but he won't have it.

DRIVER:

your secret's safe with me.
Very much appreciate that.
Seriously, John,
don't be promising him anything.
Do you understand what I'm saying, John?
Don't sign me fortune over to him.
Exactly.
Leave it where it is,
signed over to you.
I'm only ribbing you.

-DRIVER:

-Uh, yes, please.

John, John!

Would you sign this, for the wife?

-What's her name?

-Vanessa.

The necessary precautions
will need to be taken.

(CHUCKLES)

Thank you.

He's here now, is he?

John, all I want you to do
is see him and say hello,
and then you can walk out of here
and forget about him.

And then we'll have the papers
off our backs about it.

(SIGHS)

-Can I...?

-No.

He never even turned up,
you know, when me mum died.
John, as far as I understand it,
the man is barely more than a tramp.
He makes his living, such as it is,
washing dishes.

He's a heavy drinker
and he's spent time in jail.

You okay?

Beautiful, you know, me mother.

Feckless, but beautiful.

Auburn hair, vivacious.

Well, then I don't know
what she saw in him.

John?

So what do you want?

Gentlemen, good afternoon,

I'm Brian Epstein.

Now, we're here as arranged
but John does have a film to make,
so we'll have to be very brief.

-I don't want anything, John.

-PHOTOGRAPHER:

John, what Mr Lennon's
trying to say is...
Shut your mouth, you,
and sit down like you said you would.
I just wanted to see you, son,
that's all.
Papers are saying I'm looking to
sponge off you, but it's lies.
They're just saying that 'cause
I won't talk to them.
He's the papers.
I had to do that.
He wouldn't talk to me.
That's 'cause he looks after me,
which is more than you ever did.
You're talking out of your arse, John.
You don't know the facts.
The fact is,
you fucked off when I was six.
What other fact is there?
-It was your decision, son.
- (CHUCKLES)
What are you talking about?
I left it up to you.
Come in, sit down, son. Have a drink.
I can't believe we're both here
in this room together.
Seventeen bloody years.
-Get him a drink, you.

-JOHN:

Scotch.
I need it.
Sit down, John.
Say your piece.
In a word, don't believe
what people say about me.
-I've had a bad press all me life.
-I'll bear that in mind.
Where did you learn that
snotty crap from? Him?
(CHUCKLES)
Last chance to change your mind.
You go ahead.

You know he gets it from me,
don't you, the music?
No stranger to the stage, me.
You've no way of knowing
There's no way of showing
What you mean to me, Sonny Boy #
Told you I'd make him laugh, didn't I?
Now, for heaven's sakes, sit down, son.
Well, with your ambition fulfilled,
we have to be leaving.
He hasn't even sat down yet.
You've not even sat down, John.
I've not sat down since 1962.
Gentlemen, it's been a pleasure.
You look after yourself, John.
I do, yeah. That's right.
I can see your mother in you.
Funny when you think about it.
Me in the movies
and him a kitchen porter.
(ALL SCREAMING)

TV REPORTER 1 :

Even by their own quick standards,
the Beatles will always look back
to 1964 as a top pop year.

TV REPORTER 2:

used to think
MBE stood for Mr Brian Epstein,
now they know better.

TV REPORTER 3:

a million dollars on this tour,
somebody asks?
But the Beatles just smile
and drive off, unworried.

TV REPORTER 4:

clamoured for tickets for a Sunday show
in a hall holding less than 800.

TV REPORTER 5:

the creator of the Beatles,

Brian Epstein, was found dead
in his Central London flat.
The cause of his death remains unknown.

JOHN:

you know, we've only just heard
and it's hard to think of things to say.
But he was just a beautiful fellow,
you know, and it's terrible.

JOURNALIST:

JOHN:

you know, I mean, we've only just heard.
Very good. All right, next question.
Do you have a route planned?
Well, we're going wherever
the spirit takes us, you know.
As long as it's on the A303.

JOURNALIST:

A magic bus.
What's magic about it?
Well, that's the, you know, the mystery.
Who'll be going with you?
Basically anyone who can't
read a map to save their lives.
Whose idea was it?
Mine.
Does that mean
you're leading the band now, Paul?
In circles, maybe, yeah.
We can't replace Brian.
It was Paul's idea
but we all love it, don't we, fellas?
We've all contributed ideas.
I contributed sandwiches.
Brown and white.
Ham and tongue, thick and thin.
And I'm wrapping them
in greaseproof paper.
The most expensive home movie
ever made, that's what this'll be.
If Brian had said do it,

you'd have just done it.
Brian knew what he was doing.
Pity you never told him that
when he was alive.
He knew what I thought.
Brian's dead, the Beatles isn't,
you don't just give up.
You hire a coach.
(CHUCKLES)
-Precisely.
-Fair enough.
Happy now?
Just as a mountain of snow
is nothing but water,
so the whole of the universe
is nothing but anunda,
open brackets, bliss, close brackets.
Couldn't have put it better meself.
I know.
(HORN HONKING)
You're thinking,
"This is going to bring us closer."
You're thinking, "Brian's dead,
"John'll be sad
and it'll bring us closer."
-You don't know what I'm thinking.
-I do.
I just want to hold your hand.

JOHN:

Al Jolson, whatever.
"Thanks for the letter.
"I'm sitting down now. "
Done all right for himself, eh?
Don't worry, Les,
he's not going to steal the spoons.
-Are you?
-Are they hallmarked?
Blimey, John, what a place.
Do you like it?
And here's me, me sum total.
There's no need for this, mate.
-Keep it. Keep it.
-Come 'ead.

(IN AMERICAN ACCENT) Why, you think
you can pay me off to throw the fight?
All right. Inside, Rocky.
Where you putting me, then?
Cup of tea? Put the kettle on, Dot.
Tea? Champagne not called for?
-Do you think I'm made of money?
- (CHUCKLES)
Bigger than most of the hotels
I've worked in, this place.
I only ever sit in here.
Here and the studio.
Your own studio?
Jesus, John, when you think
where you started out.
I still am starting out.
Is that a pool?
(JULIAN CHATTERING OUTSIDE)
Are you happy, John?
I mean,
all this is a dream come true, isn't it?
Heated, you know.
But still, no drinks cabinet.
(JULIAN LAUGHING OUTSIDE)
So what's next, then, for the Fab Four?
I've had a lot of people die on me.
Never thought Brian would.
In the midst of life and all that, John.
Only the good die young, son.
What are you looking at?
Do you get that?
You laugh 'cause the other fella's dead
and not you.
You don't know what to feel.
There but for the grace of God.
People ask me,
"How do you feel about Brian? "
I don't know what to feel.
I feel like
I've stopped feeling anything.
Queen, was he?
What's that got to do with anything?
Nothing.
Knew a lot of them when I was at sea,

good blokes, most of them.
Had a letter from Uncle Charlie,
giving your side of the story.
All you've heard's the gospel
according to your Auntie Mimi,
starring me as Herod, Judas
and Pontius Pilate all rolled into one.
She brought me up.
So you can shut your mouth
on that score.
You treat all your houseguests
like this, do you?
I do if they dump me, aged six,
and don't come back for 17 years.
Like I said, what you've heard's
not the whole story.
No, you left it up to me.
Is that what you told me
last time I saw you?
I could do with
a bit of a lie-down, son.
You want to show us
where you're putting me?
Is this my grandson?
Who do you think this disreputable
old get is, Julian?
-A gardener?
-I'm your granddad.
Can you play football?
I'm talking with your dad, son.
Go on, make yourself useful.
Come on, then, give us a goal.
Ah! Goal! Oh, look at that!
Well done, son.
"Anyone who thought the Beatles
could do no wrong
"should be forced to watch
the Magical Mystery Tour
"and watch them fall flat on their faces
over 100 enervating minutes."
They don't know
what they're talking about.
I hope Paul's seen this.
Do you think Cynthia looks like

Brigitte Bardot, Dot?

Do you think my wife resembles
the famous French sex kitten?

She does, you see.

Mmm. She does,
only she's much better-looking.

-In what way?

-Ignore him, Dot.

Dot?

Well, her hair.

Her hair.

I'm going to be meeting Brigitte
when I get back from India.

So I'll be able to make
a proper comparison.

(DOOR SLAMS)

A gamekeeper run him down?

It was the chimney sweep who saw him.

He took him for an intruder.

Very brave of him, as it happens,
to apprehend him.

So rare these days that chimney sweeps
get the credit they deserve.

I could have called the police.

For that matter, I still can.

Then why don't you?

(SIGHS)

All right?

All right, John, glad to see you.

What are you doing, you stupid sod?

I was trying to find a boozier,
took a bit of a shortcut.

Come on.

I thought this was a path.

Do you think I've got nothing better
to do than babysit you?

That's a laugh, I hardly ever see you.

Oh, is that what this is about?

Oh, well, I'm sorry, John,

if I've embarrassed you

in front of your snooty

sodding neighbours.

But where you live is a maze,
there's not a boozier for miles.

I'm rattling around
in that house of yours
on me own half the time.
Feel like the nutter in the attic.
I like people around me, John.
You know, I want to have a good time.
Well, you've come to the wrong place.
So what are you doing here?
Get in the car.
Get in the car.
I've met someone, John.
-That's where I was going, to see her.
-Sod off, then.
She's 19.
-You're 54.
-I know.
I keep saying to her, go find yourself
some young good-looking fella
but she won't have it.
-What's her name?
-Pauline.
I hope I'm still shagging
You're a Lennon, aren't you?
I am, yeah, and you're a dirty old goat.
(CHUCKLES)
She's the reason I was thinking
about getting me own place, John.
Doesn't have to be far.
Ah, come on, John!
-You know as well...
-You're putting it on me again?
You what?
Fucking off and saying it was my fault?
I never said it was your fault, John.
Not now and not then. I said...
Talk to the office,
they'll sort you out.

TV REPORTER:

Maharishi insists,
Lies deep within everyone.
He doesn't require you
to give anything up,
except drugs and a week's salary,

in the Beatles' case,
around \$ 1 1, 000 apiece.
To attend this s, they have to have
a deep and clear experience of being.
(ALL CHATTERING)
Thank you very much for coming.
We've got a limited amount of time,
so if you keep your questions brief,
we'll try to get through
as many of you as possible. Yes.
Yeah, why did you come back from India
in such a hurry?
Well, the plane wouldn't fly any slower.

JOHN:

-What do you mean a mistake?
-We made a mistake.
Do you think other people are making
a mistake to go and see him now?
That's up to them.
How would you characterise your mistake?
We're human, you know, that's all.
We thought there was more to him
than there was, you know.
We thought... But he's just human.
And for a while we thought
he wasn't, you know.
We thought he was, you know...
You know...
Do you have any new
philosophical leaders?

JOHN:

JOURNALIST:

that's what we've come here to...
Why Apple Corps?
We just thought, what shall we call it?
Apple, Apple Corps.
It's a play on words.
Is business a subject for humour?
Anything's a subject for humour.
-Death?
-Your death.

-Why are you here today?

-To do this.

-What is this?

-What's it look like?

It looks like a shambles.

Well, you know, what are you here for?

What is the Apple Corps
function that you initiate?

It's business.

It's a business concerning records,
films and electronics,
and as a sideline,
whatever it's called,
manufacturing or whatever.

But we just want to set up a system
whereby people who want to
make a film about anything
don't have to go on their knees
in somebody's office,
probably yours.

(REPORTERS LAUGHING)

Derek?

The Jap girl? She's there, yeah. Yoko.
She sends me cards.

"Breathe," one of them said.

John, please make up your mind because
we're going to be late for Brigitte.

"Dance."

"Watch all the lights till dawn."

Mr Lennon! Mr Lennon!

You coming in or not?

Can you give this to John, please?

Yes, of course.

Whose idea was that,
asking people for tapes?

Mine.

You know we've got about
half a million now?

You should be glad,
the only decent thing Apple are doing.

Is that right?

Had her on the ceiling, you know.

-Who's that?

-Brigitte Bardot.

I had her behind the bike sheds.

Mint?

Are you nervous or something?

That was the one sure thing, you know.

When I'm rich and famous,

Brigitte Bardot will want to meet me.

She's had her suite kitted out

Indian style, you know,

-to make you feel at home.

-Has she?

(DEREK CHUCKLES)

You met the Queen, John,

MBEs at the palace.

Didn't notice you quaking

in your boots then.

Well, I never spent three years

wanking off

to a picture of the Queen in a bikini.

(LAUGHING)

Spare us the details.

Do you ever think about Brian, Derek?

I think about him a lot.

Sometimes,

I think I'm Jesus Christ.

(LAUGHING)

Fucking hell, John,

don't start all that stuff.

Jesus always gets us in trouble.

I'm trying to talk to you.

Well, don't. Jesus.

Jesus Christ.

Isn't being John Lennon enough?

Everybody loves you, John,

you walk on water.

-Everybody loves me?

-It's true.

That's like saying nobody does.

Do you want me to call this off?

What else have you got, Derek,

in your little pill pocket?

Oh, now hang on, you're about to fulfil

the ambition of a lifetime here.

We'll have a drink in the bar downstairs

before we go up, settle her.

Open your pill pocket, Derek.

John, think about it.

(IN FRENCH ACCENT) Brigitte Bardot.

Let's have it.

I know nothing.

I'll have you home in 10 minutes,
Mr Lennon. It's five in the morning.

Why don't I wait here for a bit,
then catch you up?

Because I don't want you to, Les.

Because I'm a big boy now.

You don't even know the way.

Shall I call Mrs Lennon?

(DOG BARKING)

TV REPORTER:

it will vanish and shrink.

"We're more popular than Jesus now. "

John Lennon quoted in
the London Evening Standard, March 4th.

JOHN:

popular than Jesus,

I might have got away with it.

In reference to England, that we
meant more to kids than Jesus did.

WOMAN:

between Jesus Christ and John Lennon,
because I don't think that
Christ came to be popular.
As a matter of fact, he was
one of the most unpopular...

MAN:

his answers are so flippant,
his attitude is so bizarre
in many instances.

You never know whether
he's honest or not.

I want to see him grow up
a little bit, I guess.

What are you doing?

John!

John!

John!

John!

John, I'm not going to stand here
all day.

John, for God's sake!

John, I was worried about you.

Derek said...

I can't walk on water.

Fetch Pete.

We're supposed to be going on holiday.

Your whole life's a holiday, girl.

You said you wanted a break.

You said I wanted a break. Fetch Pete.

You're not 14 any more.

People don't have their school friends
living with them

when they get married

and start families.

-Don't they?

-No, they don't.

Or their dads.

He's gone. You know that.

Get out of the water.

Why don't you come in?

Come in.

Maybe people don't go in the water when
they get married and start families.

You don't even know what a family is.

Fetch Pete.

(CYNTHIA SIGHS)

(DOOR CLOSES)

I'm living in a stockbroker's house
and I'm running a company.

Are you stuck, Daddy?

I am, Julian, yeah. I'm stuck fast.

I once got my foot stuck in the ladder.

Let me talk to Pete.

Right.

I want to hear every detail.

Leave nothing out.

There's nothing to leave out.

You did everything?

Oh, the years I've thought about it.

-We did nothing.

-You what?

-She's better as a picture.

-John!

Maharishi's got big tits

and long hair, too.

And even he talked more sense.

John, mate.

I was on acid, she was on the wane.

For crying out loud, John,

what did she do to piss you off?

She disappointed me.

Imagine if she'd just said...

(IN FRENCH ACCENT)

"John, take me. I am yours, have me."

You know, like we used to imagine.

The days of mutual masturbation

are over, Pete.

I'm sorry.

What are you thinking about?

Cynthia said something about Jesus.

-Derek rang her.

-I'm thinking about that girl.

Big house.

Yeah, there was a big gap in Weybridge

they had to fill, you know.

There was all sorts of things

they could have put here

but this was just the right size

and shape.

She didn't know who I was

when she met me. Did you, Yoko?

No.

Not that he knows himself.

It's good to be fluid.

See? I'm forever getting told off

for being fluid.

Other people like to pin a star.

What else is crucifixion?

What are you working on

at the moment, Yoko?

I'm thinking about acorns.

Just thinking about them?

Mmm-hmm.

Right.

(CLANGING)

(BOTH HOWLING)

(BOTH BAYING)

(BOTH SHOUTING)

(TAPE RECORDER PLAYING BACK HOWLING)

I like that.

Mmm.

(BOTH CHUCKLING)

That was... That was cool.

-Mmm, it was cool, yeah.

-Yeah.

I did that with a spatula, you know.

(CHUCKLES)

I haven't let rip like that
since the early days.

Hamburg.

Before Brian.

We were wild then.

Jesus, like animals.

You should have seen us.

Not like now,

the nation's little pets.

What did you think when I called you?

I was glad.

Surprised?

Yes.

You never thought I'd call you?

I thought maybe one day you would,
not that day.

But you thought I would?

Yes.

'Cause I didn't have a clue.

All right, John?

Have a good time last night?

Unbelievable.

I heard you messing about
with the tapes.

Never met anyone like her.

Just thinking about acorns.

She's as cracked as I am.

Are you going to see her again?

Still here.

I want you to find me somewhere to live.

You've got somewhere to live.

Somewhere to live with Yoko.

(ALL CHATTERING)

(CORK POPPING)

You are here. What more can I say?

The press are going to have those
doors in if you don't open them soon.

Let them wait,
the balloons aren't ready yet.

-How many now?

-MAN:

John, those art college students
are back.

-John!

-Hey up.

Well, what are the balloons for?

I'm setting them free.

I'm setting everything free,
me included.

I'm the liberator.

They've got a little tag on
so people can write to me.

-To say what?

-Whatever they like.

Derek, give these thirsty
young artists a drink.

I think we should

let the press in, John.

Balloons aren't ready.

No one out there's going to know that.

But everyone in here is.

So, what have you got for me?

-It's sort of a protest.

-I like a protest.

It's because of you getting all this
publicity just because of who you are.

And who am I?

John Lennon.

Okay, right.

Well, maybe,

because of all the publicity,

I can make a few changes.

Maybe I can make things a bit better

for people like you.
Yoko's very big on all that,
aren't you, Yoko?
John and I want to change the world.
This kind of thing
is our way of doing it.
This exhibit was unaccountably left out.
That's great!
It's a beautiful bicycle.
Pick your spot.
I declare these balloons high.
(WHOOPING)
(CHEERING)
(CLOCK CHIMING SOFTLY)
(CLOCK TICKING)
Mr Lennon.
(EXHALES DEEPLY)
-Call me John.
-I'd prefer to call...
I'd prefer John.
He never did take anything seriously.
I said that to you, Cynthia.
Mum!
He's a long-haired Teddy Boy and he
never gave you the respect you deserve.
How much respect is that?
-See?

-CYNTHIA:

- (CYNTHIA SIGHS)
-Cynthia?
Mr Lennon,
I am Mrs Lennon's representative here
and any communication with her
should go through me.
You're a lying little drug addict.
-Through the lawyer please, Lil.
-Mr Lennon.
I must have loved you once
but I don't any more.
-Mr Lennon.
-Communicate that to her, please.
Mr Lennon.
She thought I was going mad,

has she told you that?
This is the bloody madness
right here, look at us.
You are mad.
What are you still doing in my life?
I never wanted to be in your life.
I never wanted her
in your life, neither.
Well, you should have spoken up,
you'd have saved
a lot of bloody heartbreak.
You're cruel. You're cruel and spiteful.
And you can't keep your hands
to yourself.
I can feel it falling off me right now.
I'm getting lighter by the minute.
He's a sex maniac, just like his mother.
-You never knew my mother!
-Nor did you.
Adultery you're citing, is it?
-With Yoko?
-Mr Lennon.
Do you wanna know how many
other women I've adulterated
-since we got married?
-No, I don't.
Too many to count, girl.
We'd be here all day.
Shut up!
Shame on you and your little whore.
-Mr Lennon...
-Oh, for God's sake, call him John!
-John.
-That's better.
This is our last chance.
Think of Julian.
Go on, then.
It's me or her.
(QUAVERING) You must be
able to see that.
It's me and Julian. Or her.
Is that it?
What else is there to say?
You or her?

Yes.

Then it's her.

Have it all, you've won the pools.

(EXHALES)

-No one does double albums.

-Dylan does.

DEREK:

What's up?

The cards, there are so many.

It's the Beatles' first release
on Apple.

All the more reason.

"John, you Scouse twat,
you know nothing about art.

"I wish that Jap bird of yours
had fried at Hiroshima."

They can't all be like that.

Don't know who's worse,
them or the fucking press.

"Stuff it up your arse, Lennon,
Cynthia is worth 10 of that Chink."

One from Lil there.

(LAUGHS)

"You're a disgrace to your middle name.

Get a haircut and learn some manners."

Middle name?

-Ooh, walked into that one, Winston.

-Thank you, Mother.

YOKO:

Yeah, we're like peas in a pod,
wouldn't you say?

(HUMMING)

Apple's losing money hand over fist,
a double album...

Brings in double the money, right, Paul?

Way too much to go on a single album.

So pare it down.

It's not like it's all number ones.

Are you saying it's all a load
of number twos, Derek?

(LAUGHING)

I'm saying there's songs there that...

They're not really...Beatles songs,
are they?

Like?

Julia. That's just you, John. Blackbird.

Julia was my mother,
she wasn't George's or Paul's.

I know that, I'm just saying.

I'm just trying to communicate
the financial side of this to you.

I mean, Revolution 9?

We're the Beatles, Derek,
we made the music.

Ergo, it's Beatles music.

-She is not a Beatle.

-Shut up, George.

What's "the Beatles", Derek,
if it's not what we say it is?

A box to put us all in,
something suits like you decide for us?

John, it's our company,
we'll do it how we want it.

And how do we want it?

Are you going to tell us?

Eh?

Come on.

-Where's Ringo?

-Doesn't live here any more.

-Is it true you take drugs?

-Only Vicks Vapour Rub.

Hey, slit-eyes!

Couldn't you get an English girl?

Little tarts like you?

Ask yourself this, girls,
would I want to?

Everything off.

-Everything off.

-And you, too.

(GIGGLING)

Jesus Christ. Bra straps.

The last bastion of 1 9-fucking-50.

I can't do it.

YOKO:

JOHN:

Slash and burn.

Bollock naked.

Born again.

(CAMERA WHIRRING)

Adam and Eve.

The whole world, just us.

Reverse shot, arse before tit.

You're perfect, I hope you know that.

Us. Not me and not you.

We are perfect.

I was a mess before I met you.

Together we're good.

I'm pregnant, John.

We're starting again.

Naked in an empty flat.

With a baby in your belly.

Here's what we're going to do.

I've got an island

with a gypsy caravan on it.

That's all there is on it.

-I own the whole thing, it's all mine.

-Island John.

Island John and Yoko

and little Yoko John.

Listen, listen. We can live there.

We'll fly out in secret,

you, me and the baby,

and we'll live there,

in the gypsy caravan.

They've never even heard of

the Beatles there.

No Beatles?

-Say it again.

-No Beatles!

There's not even anyone there to

have never heard of the Beatles.

It'll be our realm, our little paradise,

our sceptred isle.

We don't need it.

This is our island, John.

This is our oasis.

In the middle of London?

Shut your eyes.

Shut them.

This is our island.

(DOG SNARLING)

Police. Open the door!

There's a pregnant woman in here.

There's a pregnant woman in here.

(REPORTERS CLAMOURING)

(PEOPLE SHOUTING)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

Hello.

I'm sorry about this, Mr Lennon,
but we're going to need that bed.

Oh, right.

Sorry, John.

-That's okay.

-Sorry, mate.

Okay.

What's the word on the blood tests?

I'll tell Matron that you
want to see the consultant.

The heartbeat is still weak.

Weaker, in fact.

-But it's there?

-It is, but I'm afraid...

If it's there, it's there.

Let me listen.

It's like a little steam engine,
what are you talking about?

A little steam engine. Listen.

-Go and bring the tape recorder.

-For what?

For after.

(HEARTBEAT PLAYING ON TAPE)

-Yoko?

-John.

Marry me?

TV REPORTER 1 :

United States helicopter gunships
backed up ground forces
in a strong assault
on a Viet Cong position
only three miles from
Saigon 's Tan Son Nhut Air Base.

JOHN:

this is one other way of doing it.
This money, I'm using me money
and me time to promote peace.
And when the money runs out
and the time runs out,
we should have peace by then.
Violence begets violence,
as far as I'm concerned,
it's been proved by protest marches
in Grosvenor Square in London.
The only result of that
was a lot of smashed heads
and front-page headlines
about violence.

TV REPORTER 2:

General Ojukwu's successor,
the bloodbath of Biafra
seems to be at an end.
Your Majesty, I'm returning this MBE
in protest against Britain's
involvement in the Nigeria-Biafra thing,
against our support
of America in Vietnam
and against Cold Turkey
slipping down the charts.
(LAUGHS)

You can't put that.
Put whatever I want,
she never bought a copy.
Stick it in the envelope with the letter
and send a copy
to the Prime Minister, too.
Are you going to sign it?
With love, John Lennon of Bag.

JOURNALIST:

and you're giving your press conferences
in pillow cases, are you laughing at us?
I don't want to sound unkind,
but don't you think that this
may have been construed

as just another Lennon stunt?
If I'm going to get on the front page,
I might as well get on
the front page with the word "peace".
-But you've made yourself ridiculous.
-To some people. I don't care.
You are too good for what you're doing.
If it saves lives...
You don't think... Oh, my dear boy,
you are living in a never-never land.
You don't think you've saved
a single life.
What do you know about a protest
movement anyway? You're a fake.
We did an advertising campaign
for peace, can you understand that?
No, I can't.
It shouts of vulgar
and self-aggrandisement.
Are you advertising John Lennon
or peace?
You want nice, middle-class
gestures for peace?
Manifestos written by a lot of
half-witted intellectuals
and nobody reads them.
That's the trouble
with the peace movement.
You know, I can't think of anyone
who seems more remote
from the ugliness
of what is happening than you,
and I'm someone who
admired you very much.
Well, I'm sorry you like
your mop tops, dear,
and you thought
I was satirical and witty
and you liked A Hard Day's Night, love,
but I've grown up.
You obviously haven't.
Have you?
-Yes, folks.
- (CROWD LAUGHING)

She didn't want to listen.
We were making good points
but she didn't want to hear them.
Me dad's a dad again.
That young wife of his, Pauline,
she's had a baby.
I've got a half-brother, David.
Me mother had two more,
three more after me.
Now he's at it again.
We'll have a baby, John, you'll see.
I feel like I'm the father
and he's the son.
John. You helped him,
you gave him money and a house
and you helped him.
Can you believe they got me to choose?
-Choose what?
-Choose this, choose that.
John, when you are
bringing up children...
Excuses, don't make excuses for him.
(THUNDER CLAPPING)
It's not peace I want, it's pandemonium.
(CHILDREN CHATTERING)
(GULLS CAWING)

JOHN:

swap Winston for Ono.
They wouldn't let me.
I said, "What am I paying
all these lawyers for
"if I can't even change me name? "
"I'm sorry if it comes
as a disappointment," he said,
the commissioner for oaths.
I said, "I renounce it,
I renounce Winston.
"Okay? Is that all right with you
if I do that, any objections? "
"Disappointment."
What a British word that is,
it's like fog or mushy fucking peas.
What is that?

Heroin, Pete, have a little taste.

She's pregnant again.

-Great.

-Yeah.

We can't be living like this.

We're cleaning up our act.

So you told her you'd get me in
to sort it out.

Well, I can't very well
find a cleaner, can I?

Look at all the fucking...

Take it all out in the yard and burn it.

Get off your arse.

Pete, it'll only take you half an hour,
there's an Hoover in there somewhere.

We're in pain, Pete. We're like
bears in a cave, licking our wounds.

You think you've got it hard?

Oh, 'cause I'm not a miner
or a steelworker I can't have it hard,
or on the dole or whatever?

You're wasting your talent.

What do you know about my talent?

I've known you all me bloody life.

An artist has to destroy
as well as create.

(SCOFFING)

If you say so.

You're a shopkeeper, Pete.

Keep your little thoughts to yourself.

I haven't even started.

The Beatles, all that, it's music hall.

It's bollocks, most of it.

I've stuck with you, John,
these last months,
when a lot of people haven't.

I'm paying you, Pete.

You know that's not what it's about.

But I'm not cleaning up this shit.

Then why are you still here?

I'm not.

(JOHN AND YOKO SCREAMING

ON TAPE RECORDER)

REPORTER:

What is that saying to us, John?

JOHN:

whatever you want it to say,
it's just us expressing ourselves
without any words or format,
you know, not formalising
the sound we make.

REPORTER:

between that, obviously,
and a child is that
a child doesn't 't actually
put it on record and sell it.

JOHN:

but in a couple of years they will.

(SCREAMING CONTINUES)

(BABY CRYING)

I'm sorry, John.

The proportion you'd pay in tax
on Arrangement A is on the pink sheet.

The proportion for Arrangement B
is on the yellow sheet.

Sorry, the yellow sheet...

Uh, actually, let's keep this simple.

Let me have the yellow sheets back.

Forget the yellow sheets,
or just turn them over.

The tax liability for Arrangement A
is on the green sheet.

I liked it better when Brian
used to slap sweaty fivers on us
after the gig.

We might have been poor
but what we had, we had in our hand.

I know it's a little complicated
but the fact is, you're rich men.

That's a good fact. I like that fact.

Well, here's another, fellas,
and it's not on coloured paper.

It's over.

-What's over?

-Us.
The Beatles.
It's finished.
The album's coming out in 10 days.
So? That's it, then.
-Abbey Road and out.
-Hang on a minute.
I started this band, I'm finishing it.
There's four of us in this band.
There is, yeah, and if there
isn't four of us, there isn't a band.
-You're jetlagged, John.
-I'm not.
We just need to do something fresh,
we need to get out there on the road,
we need to get out there
in front of people and make music.
That's what I've been doing in Toronto
with Yoko and Clapton.
I don't need the rest of you to do that,
you're a weight round me fucking neck.
-Thanks very much.
-Do you want me to toss you off
or you want me to tell you
what I'm really thinking?
What you're really thinking
or what she's really thinking?
Face it, we're not doing anything
that means anything any more.
You know it, admit it.
That's not my view,
that's not George's view,
that's not Ringo's view.
Christ, the voice of reason.
You just spoke for them, Paul.
Don't you ever want to strike out,
start afresh,
feel what it is to be creative?
-The Beatles is creative.
-It was once, maybe,
for six months in Hamburg,
but it isn't now.
-We're family, John.
-Fucking family.

Look, John,
you do what you're doing,
you have your fun.
Why say it's over
when you can't see the future?
'Cause up here it's over.
But out there it's not.
What are you saying? Keep me mouth shut?
You think that means it isn't true?
No announcement, no news.
We never perform anyhow, what's changed?
-Everything.
-Nothing.
Maybe that's the difference
between me and you, Paul.
Maybe it is.
I won't be changing me mind.
If you do, you do,
if you don't, you don't.
Could be a song there.
(LAUGHS) Well, get your guitar.
See ya.

REPORTER:

of the Beatles?
-Do you feel you're still a group?

-JOHN:

You know, we're closer now, you know,
than we ever were.

REPORTER 1 :

some kind of solo John Lennon act?

JOHN:

at all, you know.
I mean, if I feel like performing...

REPORTER 2:

are you going to last?
-That's all we want to know.

-PAUL:

REPORTER:

become an MP? Or...

GEORGE:

engine driver.

Paul says the Beatles have broken up.

-You said it yourself.

-Not like this.

You already knew it.

He didn't want me to do it,

now he's done it.

So it's done.

So what's the difference?

The Beatles was my band, not his.

Not his.

John...

-MAN:

-WOMAN 1 :

MAN:

-WOMAN 1 :

-WOMAN 2:

He's only a stupid sod.

Call the police.

(GASPS)

(PANTING)

ART:

JOHN:

MAN:

WOMAN 1 :

ART:

because all the hurt and fear

accumulated over a lifetime

find their incubator in the hurt

and fear we experienced

between the ages of five and seven.
That's where it sits
and that's where it festers.
Unless you scream.
Some people don't scream.
Maybe they tremble or sob
or bang their heads.
What we're looking for
is a primal reaction,
something bold and unprecedented
and rooted in hurt.
I'm a good screamer.
The screaming I hear
in the Beatles music is composed,
in both senses of the word.
You want abandon.

ART:

Play a role, John, if it helps.
Take your mother.
Or your father.
The three of you at Blackpool.
Take your six-year-old self.
They're arguing. She says
he was trying to run off with me.
They can't decide which one
should have me.
Both of them want me.
Or maybe neither of them want me
but they don't want
the other one to have me, either.
And what do you want?
I'm not thinking about what I want.
What are they saying?
They stop arguing.
They can see me watching them
and they stop arguing.
And me dad says, "John, you decide.
"Which one of us is it going to be?
"Do you want to come
to New Zealand with me
"or do you want to go back
to Liverpool with her?
"You decide."

That's been going round
in me head ever since.
What do I want? What do I want?
But what do you say to your father?
I say him.
It was Blackpool.
We were having fun and she
had a new fellow with her, Dykins,
I didn't like him.
I took his hand, I said him.
What did she do?
She walked away, with Dykins.
I saw her walking away.
What did you do?
-I couldn't take it.
-But what did you do?
-I ran after her.
-And your father?
He doesn't move.
I catch her up and I'm walking
along with her and Dykins
and I'm trying to drag them back
-and I'm shouting back to him.
-What are you shouting?
"Daddy, come with us, Daddy!
"Daddy, come with us, Daddy!"
What does he do?
He turns away.

ART:

And I keep walking
and he doesn't come.
And I get to the corner
and he doesn't come.
And I go round the corner
and he doesn't come.
And we get to the station
and he doesn't come.
And we get the train to Liverpool.
And we get back to Liverpool
and she says, "You're going to
live with your Auntie Mimi."
(SOBBING) And he doesn't come.
(BELL TOLLING)

(PEOPLE CHATTERING)

John!

It's from your dad.

He's writing a book about his life
and he wants to talk to you.

-His life?

-Yeah.

His life that was going nowhere
till I came back into it?

Tell him come and see me.

Yeah, tell him come, by all means.

Tell him, come to the house.

Give him directions, send him a map.

Tell him, come on me birthday.

Father, you left me

But I never left you

I needed you

You didn't need me

So I

I just gotta tell you

Goodbye

Goodbye

Mama, don't go

Daddy, come home

Mama, don 't go

Daddy, come home

Mama, don 't go

Daddy, come home

So what do you think of that, Dad?

It's not like the Beatles, is it?

Not like the Beatles?

-Bit rowdier.

-Rowdier?

Bit more heartfelt, maybe.

What do you think it's about?

Well, it's personal stuff, isn't it?

What makes you say that?

Well, John, I'm not a music expert.

No.

So I'm probably the wrong person
to be asking.

What is your area of expertise?

-Well, you know me, John.

-Do I?

Come on, son.

-What makes you think I know you?

-We're blood, aren't we?

-I know you 'cause we're blood?

-Bang on, yeah, that's right.

-I don't know you.

-John!

And you sure as fucking hell
don't know me.

John! Son, just take it easy, yeah?

Not a music expert.

Do you think you're an expert as a dad?

I did me best, John.

-Your mother...

-Leave her out of it.

How can I leave her out of it?

She left me out of your life.

Seventeen years I never saw you.

-I tried, John.

-How did you try?

Well, John, I was at sea.

-Are you an expert as a dad?

-No.

No, I'm not.

Have you told your new wife that?

Have you told your son?

-They know me, John.

-Like I do?

What do you want from me, son?

What I want from you

you can't give me, it's too late.

-Well, let bygones be bygones.

-You'd like that, wouldn't you?

What else can we do?

It's all water under the bridge now.

My life you're talking about there,
my life.

Mine, too.

-I did me best, John.

-Your best?

Fuck me.

You think I never wanted you?

Growing up with Mimi, growing up
half a mile from where me mum was,

with her new husband and her new kids?

-Julia...

-Julia was a whore.

And then she died and you
were a fucking waste of space.

Do you think I couldn't have done
with a visit from you?

They didn't want me there.

She didn't want me there.

-Your Auntie Mimi didn't want me there.

-What about me?

I'm sorry.

-What about me?

-John!

-What about me?

-Son.

What about me? What about me?

REPORTER:

JOHN:

Why are you lot not all leaving with us?

(ALL CHUCKLING)

Any specific things?

-Decimalisation.

-Come on.

Northern Ireland, Biafra, the weather,
you lot, the way you treat her,
the way you treat me.

Do you think you'll be happier there?

-Do I think what?

-You'll be happier there?

It's like heaven there,

it's like the Rome of today,

-and people are nice to Yoko.

-It's true, New York is a world city.

New city as a new world.

In the States

we're treated like artists.

Over here it's like 1 940 or something,
it really is the sticks.

REPORTER:

that you've alienated

a lot of the British public, John?
They've alienated me.
Listen, I can't be a slave
to gold records forever.
I've grown up and now I'm leaving home,
and in my case that means kissing
goodbye to Mummy country
and Daddy... You know, Daddy
whatever it is that daddies stand for.
What about your son?
I don't believe in Beatles
(PA ANNOUNCEMENT, MUFFLED)
I just believe in me
Yoko and me
That's reality
The dream is over
Yesterday
I was the dreamweaver
But now I'm reborn
I was the Walrus
But now I'm John
And so, dear friends
You'll just have to carry on
The dream is over