

Turn Me On Dead Man

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

A sixties style recording studio.

JOHN (26), thin build, mop top hairdo, dressed in a leather jacket and sporting horn rimmed glasses and GEORGE (23), rail thin, floppy hair parted in the middle sit next to each other at a sound mixer.

**SUPER: NOVEMBER 9th, 1966**

JOHN

No, it's not supposed to be cheerful, mate. It's a solemn song. We need a C-minor chord. Like this.

John presses a button on the console. A somber PIANO sound is heard.

George takes a long drag on a cigarette. The smoke fills the air.

GEORGE

Nice, mate. You took a sad song and made it better.

RINGO (26), dark floppy hair, with a very large nose bursts into the studio. He is visibly upset.

RINGO

Did you hear the news today?

JOHN

No, the Wednesday morning papers didn't come.

RINGO

Paul is dead. There was a car accident.

JOHN

What?

GEORGE

Where?

RINGO

Behind the shelter in the middle of a roundabout. He didn't notice that the lights had changed.

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A large residence on the outskirts of Liverpool. John, George and Ringo sit on a large sofa - nervous, fidgety.

BRIAN (32), jet black, clean cut hair, dressed in a black business suit with a glass of scotch in his hand, paces back and forth.

BRIAN

So, the police have taken the body to the morgue. No release of the identity yet. I'll make sure that doesn't happen.

GEORGE

How can you do that?

BRIAN

I know the press clerk at the station - sweet Loretta Martin.

JOHN

But there were witnesses.

BRIAN

Yes, a crowd of people stood and stared. They'd seen his face before. But no one was really sure.

JOHN

What about the funeral. Paul was Catholic for Christ sakes. That'll be public.

BRIAN

It won't. I've arranged for it to be secret. As we speak, Father McKenzie's writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear.

GEORGE

So, you really think that we can just replace Paul with a double?

BRIAN

It's doable. And it's the only way this band keeps making money.

GEORGE

Ringo, you haven't said a thing.

JOHN

He doesn't have a point of view.

GEORGE  
Isn't he a bit like you and me?

John stands up and places his curled fist in George's face.

JOHN  
I'm not like that.

GEORGE  
Get back.

BRIAN  
Settle down, John.

JOHN  
(to Brian)  
And I'm not doing this. I don't  
give a damn about the money.

BRIAN  
Really. Who finds the money - when  
you pay the rent?

JOHN  
(shouting)  
What do you want?

BRIAN  
Money. That's what I want.

Brian gulps back the rest of his scotch and slams the empty  
glass on a counter.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Now you all meet me at the studio  
tomorrow morning. I'm bringing the  
new Paul.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

John, George and Ringo are at opposite corners of the room,  
each quietly strumming a guitar.

Brian enters with BILLY, (26), mop top hair, handsome in a  
boyish way.

BRIAN  
Boys, let me introduce you to the  
one and only Billy Shears.

BILLY  
Hello, mates.

GEORGE  
My God, he looks just like him.

JOHN  
I still don't want to do this.

Ringo removes a picture of Paul from his wallet

RINGO  
(to the photo)  
Sorry, Paul. All I got is a  
photograph. And I realize you're  
not coming back anymore.

BRIAN  
Give it a chance, John.  
(to Billy)  
Why don't you sing *Please, Please  
Me* for the boys.

INT. LIVERPOOL CONCERT ARENA - NIGHT

A darkened concert stage, curtains closed.

**SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER**

Stage lights scanned across the capacity crowd as they shout -  
BEATLES, BEATLES.

INT. BEHIND THE STAGE CURTAIN - DAY

John, George, Ringo and Billy are dressed in identical, gray  
collar-less suits. John, George and Billy have guitars  
strapped around their shoulders.

Ringo nervously clasps his drumsticks.

Brian, in formal business attire, writes on a note pad. He  
rips off a piece of paper and hands it to John.

BRIAN  
That's the set you ought to go  
with. It'll give Billy a chance to  
get his feet wet.

BILLY  
I'm a bit nervous.

RINGO  
Just act naturally.

BRIAN  
You can do this, Billy.

JOHN  
You say yes. I say no.

John peeks through the stage curtain.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I still think this is a bad idea.

Brian goes over to John, places his hand on his shoulder and whispers.

BRIAN  
You have to do it, John. Nothing's gonna change my world.

VOICE OF EMCEE (O.S.)  
Ladies and Gentlemen - the  
BEATLES!!!!!!!

The stage curtain opens and the band rushes on stage.

INT. LIVERPOOL CONCERT ARENA - NIGHT

John, George and Billy all strum their guitars in unison and take a bow.

The standing crowd roars their approval. John looks up - grabs a microphone.

JOHN  
I'd like to say thank you on behalf of the group and I hope we passed the audition.

INT. BEHIND THE STAGE CURTAIN - NIGHT

Brian greets the band as they come off stage.

BRIAN  
Great job, lads. Billy, you were perfect.  
(to John)  
Why the long face? This is going to work.

JOHN  
Because suddenly, I'm not half the man I used to be.

Ringo gives John a reassuring pat on his shoulder.

RINGO  
Life goes on.

JOHN  
I'm just not sure I can pull this  
off.

Brian gives John a stern look.

BRIAN  
Boy, you're going to carry that  
weight a long time.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY

John (now 40), dark stringy hair wears dark horn rimmed sun glasses as he talks to George, (now 37), dark straggly hair with a goat tee and Ringo (now 40), with a grey peppered beard.

**SUPER - DECEMBER 7, 1980**

JOHN  
And I do appreciate you being  
round.

GEORGE  
Any time at all, all you've gotta  
do is call. I'll be there. You know  
that.

JOHN  
It wasn't worth it, mates. Ringo,  
doesn't it eat at you?

RINGO  
I've got to admit it's getting  
better. A little better all the  
time.

GEORGE  
And you're a rich man.

RINGO  
Baby, you're a rich man too.

JOHN  
But that shouldn't be enough.

RINGO  
I just don't get it, John. It  
worked.

JOHN  
I know. It's just that there's a -  
um, there's this shadow hanging  
over me.

I can't forget what happened. I  
can't live with what we did.

RINGO  
Living is easy with eyes closed.

JOHN  
But I can't keep them closed any  
longer. I need to go to the press  
with this. I'm going to tell the  
dirty story to a dirty man.

GEORGE  
When?

JOHN  
I have a recording session  
tomorrow. Yoko and I are going to  
meet a reporter after we're done.  
You both might want to find a  
secluded place for awhile.  
(beat)  
I hope you both can find a way to  
understand - to forgive me.

Ringo stands up, grabs his coat.

RINGO  
I'd rather you let it be. But I'll  
back whatever you decide.

George stands up.

GEORGE  
Well, I was always waiting for this  
moment to arise.

JOHN  
Sorry, mate. I have to.

George leans over and gives John a kiss on his cheek.

GEORGE  
(whispering)  
I don't want you to carry this  
weight on your shoulder. Do what  
you need to.  
(to Ringo)  
Let's go. The man has a big day  
tomorrow.

RINGO  
I can imagine.



JOHN  
Mates, you know it's going to be  
alright.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT (MOVING).

A Chauffeur drives. John and his wife YOKO (47), Asian, are  
in the back seat.

**SUPER: DECEMBER 8, 1980.**

JOHN  
The reporter's going to meet us at  
the apartment?

YOKO  
Yes. I already called.

JOHN  
You still okay with this?

YOKO  
John, I know it's not easy. What  
you are doing is brave. But I'm not  
sure. I mean, the way things are  
going....

JOHN  
They're going to crucify me.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

John pulls his overcoat tight to protect from the winter  
chill as he exits the limousine. Yoko exits from the other  
door.

A disheveled looking young man (25) appears from the shadows.  
He has a John Lennon album in one hand. A revolver in the  
other.

FADE OUT.