

I Want To Hold Your Rotting Hand

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OVER ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A Pan-Am commercial airliner soars over the water.

SUPER - FEBRUARY 7 1964

SUPER - FIFTY MILES OUT OF NEW YORK CITY

WILLIAM(O.S.)
This is William Jones from
Radio WKIP, broadcasting live
on the Beatle's jet from
England. We are very close to
landing at John F Kennedy
Airport. I'm talking to John
Lennon...

INT. JET - DAY

The other Beatles - PAUL, GEORGE and RINGO - are scattered
about the plane, talking to different reporters. William
grins at JOHN.

JOHN
Well, it's nice to be here, innit?

WILLIAM
John, you must be getting very
excited.

JOHN
Aye. Apparently, my meal's
almost ready.

WILLIAM
Ha...um, now a serious
question...are you and the
other Beatles concerned by
what's been happening in New
York the last two days?

JOHN
You mean the snow?

WILLIAM
No, I'm talking about the
zombie outbreak.

JOHN
Oh that...

WILLIAM
Are you worried your shows
might be marred by disturbances?

John laughs.

JOHN

No, not really. We've always had disturbed people at our gigs. Ever since the Cavern. Liverpool is full of disturbed people.

WILLIAM

Right...so, John, what do you and the other Beatles expect to find in America?

JOHN

Well, zombies, I guess.

In another seat, Ringo is being interviewed by an English reporter, ROGER.

ROGER

Ringo, we've received word that Beatle fans are clashing with zombies at the airport as we speak. Do you fear for your safety, and that of your band mates, if the zombies get within biting range of you?

Ringo frowns, thinks deeply, finally...nods.

RINGO

No.

Paul is making eyes at his interviewer, a pretty American columnist, LINDA.

LINDA

Paul, have you had a chance to see any zombie women on TV?

PAUL

Oh, yeah.

LINDA

And how do think they'll be? Compared to say, English girls?

PAUL

Well, they're bound to be more active, aren't they? Able to fend for themselves. I can't wait to meet some.

LINDA

What if they become aggressive and try to rip your throat out?

PAUL
 (shrugs)
 Shouldn't be any different to
 playing in Manchester.

George chats to an elderly Scottish newsman, KEITH.

KEITH
 George, some of the zombies
 haven't made up their minds
 about the Beatles. What do you
 think about them?

GEORGE
 Oh, I like the Beatles. They're
 cool.

There's a commotion from the rear of the plane. George stops talking, looks up, frowns. Suddenly, a young male zombie, drooling, GROWLING, smashes out of the toilet. He charges up the aisle. George confronts him, holds up pen and paper.

GEORGE(CONT'D)
 Would yer like an autograph, then?

The zombie stops, grins hideously. George signs the bit of paper, hands it over. The zombie GURGLES happily, scans the writing. George reaches under his seat, pulls out a razor sharp sword.

GEORGE(CONT'D)
 Works every time...

The zombie looks up, tries to duck. Too late...the sword neatly decapitates him. George steps back as the body crumples.

JOHN
 Nasty bugger.

GEORGE
 Aye, he is.

RINGO
 Was.

JOHN
 I meant you, George, yer sod.

A second zombie emerges from the toilet, rushes down the aisle. He ducks George's new swipe, charges on.

GEORGE
 Don't let him get to the cockpit!

John stands up, makes spastic faces. The zombie slows, giggles harshly. A HOSTESS appears with a food tray.

HOSTESS

Tea, anyone? Oh...

The zombie grabs her, sends the tray CLATTERING. He feeds on her neck, chomps viciously. Blood spurts onto the surrounding seats.

JOHN

Leave her alone, you fiend!

HOSTESS

Oh, Mr.Lennon...

JOHN

Call me John.

HOSTESS

John...I'm a huge fan. I have all your albums.

JOHN

We've only made two.

HOSTESS

Well, you know...

She slumps forward as the zombie lets her go. The sword whistles over her to take off the zombie's head. Paul wields the sword this time.

JOHN

So, does your ability with sharp objects run in the family?

PAUL

Oh, sure. Me Dad was a champion fencer.

RINGO

Olympics?

PAUL

No, Merseyside Fences. Did lovely work with barbed wire.

Suddenly, the hostess springs up, GROWLING, already a zombie.

GEORGE

Must be the altitude.

The hostess lurches towards the cockpit, just as the door opens. The boys are helpless They watch as the door slams shut, locks.

RINGO

Oh, dear...time to buckle up. It's gonna be a rough landing.

SCREAMS and RIPPING sounds are heard over the intercom.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Utter chaos...thousands of Beatle fans clash with hundreds of zombies. POLICE OFFICERS try to help but their numbers are dwindling. Humans are being bitten, turning into zombies enmasse.

COP 1

Have the Beatles arrived?

COP 2

Landing now. Thank Christ we've got the zombies isolated.

He peers out to the tarmac, through huge plateglass windows.

COP 3

For now...

COP 4

Is that jet gonna stop?

They all watch as the Beatles jet heads towards the terminal. It's still moving quite fast. At the last minute it pulls up, feet from the glass.

The zombie hostess flies through the windscreen, through the windows, into the terminal. A REPORTER runs up with a microphone.

REPORTER

Which one are you? Ringo?

The hostess rips his throat out. The cops open fire, blow her head to pieces.

The fans break through the barriers, flood into the arrival lounge. Outside, the door of the jet opens. The Beatles emerge, waving, smiling. A TV crew starts filming. The NEWSMAN fronts the camera.

NEWSMAN

...and the Beatles have arrived on infected American soil. Despite some minor skirmishes in the terminal, everything is calm, with little trouble. I can see__

The zombie reporter jumps on him, gnaws into his chest. The screen goes black.

SOUND MAN(O.S.)
 Ok, cut to a commercial...NOW!
 (clears throat)
 And now a word from our
 sponsors...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

a teenage boy sits on his bed, glum, shaking his head. At the window, zombies snarl and drool. A small TV shows the Beatles onstage.

AD MAN(V.O.)
 YEAH, YEAH, YEAH...we know what
 it's like! Your friends have
 all got tickets to see the
 Beatles, but you're barricaded
 in your house. Those zombies, huh?

The boy looks around, frowns...nods.

AD MAN(V.O.)
 Well, son, we can change all
 that! You need the...
 (drum roll)
 ...all new Paul McCartney
 signature Hofner bass chainsaw!

ZING!! The boy suddenly has a guitar strapped on. The body is the classic Hofner violin shape but the neck ends in a small spiked wheel. He flicks a switch, plucks the strings. The saw WHIRRS into life viciously.

AD MAN(V.O.)
 After a brief tutorial, you'll
 be carving a swathe through the
 zombie hordes in no time!

The boy runs to the window, smashes the saw through it. He slices into the zombies, heads tearing, limbs removed.

AD MAN(V.O.)
 As an added bonus, you can
 learn the bass lines of five,
 yes, count 'em folks, FIVE
 Beatle songs. Powered by a
 battery pack that lasts twelve
 hours, you'll have more than
 enough time to fight your way
 across the city to Manhattan.
 Imagine it...

MONTAGE - DREAM SEQUENCE

The boy runs along ravaged streets, killing zombies by the dozen. Beatle songs play in the background.

Teenage girls follow the boy, professing their love for him. He laughs, continues to dissect zombies.

At last the boy is outside a theatre. A sign reads THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW PRESENTS - THE BEATLES. Girls fall at his feet sobbing as he holds the guitar aloft in triumph.

END MONTAGE - DREAM SEQUENCE

The boy stands in his room again, the guitar gone.

AD MAN(V.O.)

Call us now on 1-700-BEATLE.
At only forty four ninety five
it's a steal. And for our
customers who call in the next
twenty minutes, we'll throw in
a free plectrum cyanide capsule.
For the unlikely scenario that
things just don't work out...

The boy dials the number on a phone, talks excitedly.

AD MAN(V.O.)

After ordering your Hofner bass
chainsaw, please proceed to
your rooftop. Our delivery men
will airdrop your purchase to you.

The boy gives the zombies at the window the finger. He heads out the door...

AD MAN(V.O.)

(speaks fast)

Please note that Hofner takes
no responsibility for misuse
of product. Hofner chainsaw
guitars are made from high
quality materials, but over
exuberant treatment and foolish
bravado may result in customers
underestimating the size of the
zombie army. Thank you and good
hunting.

(beat)

And now its back to JFK, for
the Beatle's first press
conference...

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - DAY

The Beatles stand behind a table, facing the dozens of media people. Camera flash, as the police barricade the doors. THUMPS, SCREAMS and TEARING sounds from outside...

COP 1

We can't hold them for much
longer!

COP 2
The zombies or the Beatle fans?

COP 1
Both!

The media bombard the lads with questions.

REPORTER 1
What is the secret of your
success?

JOHN
We're not zombies.

PAUL
Yet.

REPORTER 2
What is the biggest threat to
your career - dandruff or zombies?

RINGO
Zombies...we've already got
dandruff.

REPORTER 3
Will the zombie outbreak affect
your future music?

GEORGE
Only if they catch us.

REPORTER 4
Is it true you re-recorded some
songs for the zombie market?

PAUL
Yeah. We did 'Love Me Drool',
Not A Second Life', and Hold
Me Tight, I'm Decaying'.

REPORTER 5
You've been described as Elvis
mixed with four zombies.

RINGO
It's not true!
(does zombie walk)
Ooooaargh...

REPORTER 6
Some people believe the zombie
virus is linked to your
publicity department. Is it all
a hoax?

The cops at the door YELL. The wood splinters, zombie crash in, Beatle fans mingled with them. Reporter five has his head ripped off.

JOHN

Oh yeah, it's a hoax! That was real fake, yer nob!

COP 4

Quick, protect the Beatles! Get them out to the car.

The lads duck into the fray, wielding their swords.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A limo waits at the front entrance. Cops surround it, fighting off zombies and Beatle fans. The Beatles race out, hacking at the undead. They climb into the limo. It speeds off. Zombies fling themselves at it, getting crushed in the process.

INT. LIMO - DAY

The boys laugh as zombie parts fly off the car. The DRIVER is dressed immaculately - uniform, peaked hat.

PAUL

Wow, this is our best reception yet!

JOHN

It's our Beatle charisma. It brings together all manner of festering classes.

GEORGE

Always taking it down to your level, aren't yer?

RINGO

If this was a horror film, our driver would be a zombie.

The driver turns his head...yes, his face is a ruined mess. The flesh is rotted through, showing black teeth.

DRIVER

Gaaarr...

PAUL

Oh, great...

GEORGE

Sounds like he's from Cleveland...

JOHN

I've had enough of this.

He leans forward, clips the zombie's head.

JOHN(CONT'D)
Concentrate on the road. What
would your mother think?

The driver seems to consider this. Nods his foul head
slowly. Turns back to the wheel.

RINGO
Always had a way with the
undead? Family tradition?

JOHN
Aye. Me mum used to regale me
with tales of battling ravenous
blood suckers and parasites.

PAUL
Liverpool cemetery?

JOHN
No. Christmas Day lunch with
the rellies.

LATER

The limo pulls up outside the Plaza Hotel. A huge police
cordon hustle the boys in. Fans SCREAM and fight lone
zombies. A group of diehards sit on the pavement across
the street. Two young girls, RITA and LUCY, chat to an
elderly ZOMBIE GRANNY...

ZOMBIE GRANNY
Well, yes, I look like a zombie
but I don't have their
murderous nature. I was only
half bitten last week. Mind you,
I tore the brains out of him
still.

She smiles as she knits. Despite her facial horrors, it
comes over as friendly.

RITA
I think it's wonderful you're
here to see the Beatles.

ZOMBIE GRANNY
Oh, I wouldn't miss it. Loved
them right from the start. Nice
boys. If I was fifty years
younger...

LUCY
Well, now you're a zombie, your
lifespan will be much longer.

RITA

Unless someone...

ZOMBIE GRANNY

...decapitates me? It's ok,
dear, you can say it.

LUCY

Is your husband still...alive?

ZOMBIE GRANNY

Oh, yes. Last I saw of him was
yesterday. He was heading to
Queens with his friends from
bingo. Said he'd always wanted
to wipe out an entire suburb.

She laughs quietly.

RITA

So he was a zombie?

ZOMBIE GRANNY

Oh, sure. There, I'm done.

She holds her knitting project. It's a sweater, with 'I
LOVE THE BEATLES' embroidered on it. The girls frown,
glance at each other.

RITA

Um, i don't mean to be rude,
but...

LUCY

...but you've only knitted one
sleeve on it.

The zombie granny blinks - pus drips from one eye - then
giggles.

ZOMBIE GRANNY

Well, fancy that! Silly old me.

(beat)

Oh, that's easily fixed.

She grabs her left arm with the other, starts pulling. A
TEARING sound as her arm rips away from her shoulder. The
girls watch with interest. The old zombie tosses the arm
aside.

ZOMBIE GRANNY(CONT'D)

There we go...ready to wear.

Lucy CLAPS her hands. Rita high-fives the zombie granny's
remaining hand.

LUCY

You zombies are so self sufficient, so...adaptive! We humans can learn from you.

RITA

That's right. The people who are giving the zombies bad press should just...well, they should__

SCREAMS from around them. Fans point up to the hotel.

ZOMBIE GRANNY

Oh, there they are! The tenth floor, oh my...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The Beatles wave out of the windows. On the other side of the city, smoke and flames are visible.

RINGO

So this is New York. They're all crazy.

PAUL

When in Rome...

JOHN

...act like a Roman zombie?

GEORGE

Yer all soft in the head.

The Beatle's manager, BRIAN EPSTEIN, hurries in.

BRIAN

Boys! Thank heavens you're safe. I got stuck at the airport. It was horrific!

RINGO

Aye, them zombies are tenacious buggers.

BRIAN

Zombies? I'm talking about the local businessmen! All over me like fleas trying to make money off your name. Parasites...

JOHN

And naturally, you did make money for us from these parasites?

There is a SCRATCHING sound at the windows. George wanders over to the heavy drapes.

BRIAN

Of course!

He opens up his briefcase, produces a doll. Its dressed like a Beatle, with a zombie head. A left handed bass is attached to the body.

BRIAN(CONT'D)

Zombeatles...these will sell by the thousands. Maybe millions...

PAUL

Here! Is that meant to be me?

He takes it from Brian, indignant. Examines it.

JOHN

Spitting image of you, son.

PAUL

Spitting alright...that's real drool, yech!

BRIAN

(excited)

Oh, yes, completely lifelike. The Ringo doll is filled with maggots.

RINGO

That'd be right. The drummer always get kicked when he's down.

The SCRATCHING gets louder. George frowns.

JOHN

Well, you've earned it, haven't you...ah, I wouldn't do that, laddie.

George opens the drapes.

GEORGE

Why?

Zombies cover the windows outside! They hang off drainpipes and cleaning platforms. Some just stick to the glass via body fluids. Beatle fans and undead are mixed together. The windows CRACK...

PAUL

Where's the bloody police when you need them?

The windows SHATTER! Dozens of zombies and fans crash into the room. A couple of zombie cops snarl at the boys.

JOHN
There's the police. Stop
complaining and RUN!

BRIAN
Oh, dear. Everyone to the roof!
I have a helicopter waiting.

GEORGE
Does being prepared for all
contingencies run in yer family
then, Brian?

BRIAN
Not really. I'm a gay
jew...we're always organised.

They all run to the door except Ringo. He holds the
zombeatle doll up in the air. Everyone in the room
stops...silence. The zombies gaze in awe at the object.

GEORGE
You seem to have tamed the
savage beast with your toy.

JOHN
Does that run in your family,
Ring? Soothing wild creatures?

RINGO
Aye. Me granddad was an animal
tamer.

PAUL
Liverpool Circus?

RINGO
No...my nan's pension cheque
day.She was a right nutter for
the pub.

He hurls the doll at the zombies. The spell is broken.

GEORGE
To the roof!

JOHN
I'll second that.

PAUL
I'll third that.

RINGO
I'll fourth__

JOHN
Shurrrup! Jokes finished.

They rush out of the room. The zombies and fans follow close behind. However, two female FANS stay and look about.

FAN 1
Wow, we're really here..the
Beatles hotel room.

FAN 2
Yeah. Too bad we missed them.

FAN 1
Should we go up to the roof?

FAN 2
No, let's stay here. The
Beatles will be back at some
stage.

FAN 1
But I heard on the radio the
zombies could take over the
whole world.

Fan 2 is examining the table. She triumphantly holds up a chewed piece of toast.

FAN 2
Oh, I feel faint...one of
them...ate this!

They both SIGH, long and hard, before sharing the toast.

FAN 1
Who cares about zombies...

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - DAY

The Beatles and Brian emerge from the stairwell. Around them, New York City is chaotic. Zombies teem in the streets. cover the buildings. The lads sprint to the chopper, a small Bell Huey.

RINGO
If this were a movie__

GEORGE
Yeah, we know...the pilot would
be a zombie.

Brian opens the side door. The chopper PILOT turns from the controls.

PILOT
Hi guys! Action aplenty. Let's go!

BRIAN
Thank__aargh, aargh!

JOHN
What's wrong?

BRIAN
The pilot...the pilot's a zombie!

RINGO
Told you...

Sure enough, the pilot's face is covered in festering sores. Rotting teeth grimace out of a hideous mouth. At the stairwell, the first wave of zombies and fans burst out, SHRIEKING.

PAUL
Looks like our fabled career is over, lads.

RINGO
Two years is hardly a 'fabled career'.

PILOT
I'm not a zombie! Hurry, get in!

BRIAN
I...you're not?

PILOT
No! This is my natural look!
Honest! Now, COME ON!

The Beatles and Brian clamber in. The chopper rises, just as the pursuers reach it. A zombie launches himself at the chopper, but is sliced into chunks by the rotor blades.

GEORGE
Ha! Chopped up by a chopper!

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

The Beatles watch as the rooftop fills with the undead. The streets below are a heaving mass of zombies and fans. John chats to the pilot.

JOHN
It must be hard for you.

PILOT
No, not really. I just pull back on this stick, the chopper goes up...

JOHN
I meant going through life so hideously revolting.

The pilot shrugs.

PILOT

Nah, it was ok. I was one of the better looking people in Cleveland.

PAUL

Still, its, well, it just doesn't seem fair.

GEORGE

Ooh, Mr. Sensitive...

BRIAN

I suppose you've been safe from the zombies? You could blend in.

PILOT

True! That's what my better half said!

The boys wince.

RINGO

You have a wife?

PILOT

(laughs)
No, a husband.
(beat)
I'm actually a woman.

JOHN

Ouch...

A silence as even the wisecracking Beatles are stumped.

PAUL

We're sorry...ma'am?

PILOT

Hey, I'm used to it. Besides, my husband recently became a zombie. So our relationship has strengthened.

BRIAN

I imagine the dinner conversation is interesting.

PILOT

Sure is...now, we off to the Ed Sullivan show? The theatre?

RINGO

Our show tonight! I'd almost forgotten about it.

PAUL
Can we still do it? The zombies...

JOHN
Hey, we're the Beatles! Where's
that old Liverpool spirit?

GEORGE
Yeah! We aren't letting some
ugly, decaying filth stop us.
(beat)
No slight intended on present
company.

PILOT
None taken! I'll radio ahead.

LATER

The chopper sets down on the Capitol Theatre building roof.
Armed soldiers escort the Beatles to the stairs.

BRIAN
Mr. Sullivan hired the best
people to protect you.

A gang of zombies appears, smashing into the soldiers. Its
carnage...in seconds, the army guys are ripped apart.

JOHN
Obviously he picked the lowest
bidder....run, lads!!

INT. STUDIO - LATE AFTERNOON

Cameramen and crew hurry around the studio. The audience
seats are filling, teenagers, adults and a few zombies.
ED SULLIVAN gives orders. He shakes his head as the
Beatles appear.

ED
You're twenty minutes late!
What sort of operation are you
running, Epstein?

BRIAN
I'm terribly sorry, Mr.
Sullivan. It won't happen again.

JOHN
Won't happen__we've just fought
our way through the zombie
apocalypse! Of course we're late!

PAUL
Yeah! Lucky to be here at all.

ED
 Well, you obviously have
 different standards in Britain.
 Here, you turn up no matter what.

George has been snooping around the studio. Now he sees
 Ed for the first time.

GEORGE
 Aaagh! They're here...a zombie,
 aargh...

John SLAPS him hard. Takes him to one side.

JOHN
 (low voice)
 Ed always looks like that. He's
 not a zombie. Be subtle.
 (beat)
 An arsehole maybe, but not a
 zombie.

GEORGE
 I...alright. But, look at him...

He shivers.

RINGO
 (murmurs)
 Maybe he's related to the
 chopper pilot...

ED
 You've got ten minutes till the
 show goes live. Please get your
 gear ready!

He storms off to the side.

PAUL
 Why are there zombies in the
 crowd?

BRIAN
 To fill the seats. There just
 aren't enough humans left alive.

JOHN
 So this could be our last ever
 gig, lads.

PAUL
 That's right! Let's give them
 the greatest experience of
 their lives.

In the background, zombies are biting humans, crating more
 zombies.

GEORGE

Who, the zombies?

PAUL

no, yer daft sod. The audience.

RINGO

...who are all now zombies.

The cameramen are all zombies. The entire studio, except for the Beatles, Brian and ED, is a haven for the zombie horde. The lads strap on their guitars. Ringo gets behind his kit.

BRIAN

But why aren't they attacking us?

Ed sweeps in.

ED

Because they aren't so
brainless as to spoil MY show.

(beat)

Ok, we're going live in three,
two, one...ladies and gentlemen,
I've dispensed with the usual
show intro, to cut straight to
the chase. In a week of extreme
events, tonight, live here in
the studio, these four talented
young men from Liverpool,
England, will create another
golden chapter in television
history.

The zombies in the seats get restless.

ZOMBIE 1

Gaaar...phffftt, get on with
it. Raaarggg...

ZOMBIE 2

Sssh! Why do we have to be
shown as talking funny? It's
not true for some of us at all!
I have perfectly good control
of my motor function cortex
stem. My vocabulary is totally
unaffected as you can see.

Suddenly, one of his arms falls off. His shirt rips open as his chest caves in with rot. A great SQUELCH from his tattered pants.

ZOMBIE 2 (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Of course, I have absolutely no control from the lower brain down...

ZOMBIE 1

Raar...snarl...gibber...you always were a dick, Stan. Even before you converted.

Ed pulls out a telegram.

ED

Before the Beatles perform, I received a telegram from Elvis Presley himself. Unfortunately, the king of rock and roll is now a zombie. But he still wishes the Beatles a safe, and successful time here in the U.S. I'll read it out.

(beat)

'Congratulations to the Beatles...gaaargh...Love Me Tender...drool...enjoyable trip...riiii...Heartbreak Hotel...love Elvis Presley'.

RINGO

Wow, Elvis a zombie? Who'd of thought?

GEORGE

(shrugs)

He's been making horror movies for years.

ED

Ladies and gentlemen...the Beatles!

The boys start playing 'All My loving'. The zombie audience sit still, but not for long. They jump and swarm towards the Beatles. It doesn't look good. Suddenly, John stops playing, gives a loud WHISTLE. Five scruffy longhaired MEN run out from backstage.

ED

God, now what? More zombies? These are disgusting!

JOHN

No, Eddie baby, these are friends our ours. I took the liberty of arranging a little back up before we flew over.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
Meet the Rolling Stones! Hey
up, lads.

The Stones take over the Beatles instruments, and start playing. It's a rough, edgy SOUND. The zombies pause, confused. Some start to WAIL and HOWL, covering their ears.

PAUL
It's working! The Stones music
is great but can cause immense
damage to the unprepared.

ED
You're not wrong! It's
unbearable. I almost feel sorry
for the zombies.

He runs off. The Beatles sprint to the cameras, zoom in on the Stones performance. Zombies flail and hide as MICK's lips fill the screens.

JOHN
These images beamed around the
country will stop any zombie.

Indeed, the zombies are curling up to die. Some explode in sheer frustration and anguish.

RINGO
(frowns)
John, you sure this is a good
thing? What if the Stones
become bigger than us? We'll
be out of a job.

GEORGE
Nay, Ringo, have faith. Normal
humans won't go crazy over them.
(beat)
Well, maybe in Cleveland and
other cesspits...

John shakes Mick's hand.

JOHN
Well done, lads. I knew you
could do it.

MICK
No worries, John. Glad to help.
We didn't realise the zombie
problem was so big over here.
Actually, some of them looked
like our fans back home...

PAUL
Ok, now what?

JOHN
 Party back at the hotel.
 Brian's shout.
 (beat)
 Brian? Where's he gone, then?

GEORGE
 Probably hiding with Ed somewhere.

Ringo opens his mouth to speak. John leaps to put a hand on his face.

JOHN
 Don't even think about it, son.
 We've seen enough horror today.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John sits beside a bed, with a large storybook. Shapes are moving under the covers.

JOHN
 ...and so, the free world was
 saved from the zombie threat,
 thanks to the Beatles.

He closes the book. GIGGLING from the bed.

JOHN(CONT'D)
 And now it's time for little
 Beatles to go to sleep. We have
 a big tour coming up tomorrow,
 touring the Far East Australia
 and New Zealand.

Paul pops his head out.

PAUL
 Did everyone live happily ever
 after, Mr. Lennon?

JOHN
 Aye, laddie, we all did.

George pops his head out.

GEORGE
 What about the chopper pilot?

JOHN
 Yes, even him, uh, her...Ringo,
 come on, son.

Ringo pops his head out. He's a zombie...

JOHN(CONT'D)
 Take the mask off and settle down.

RINGO
It's not a mask! I was bitten
by a fan yesterday.

He leaps at the camera, spraying drool and bits of flesh.
FREEZE FRAME.

BLACK

JOHN(O.S.)
Bloody drummers...always let
you down, don't they?

'I Want To Hold Your Hand' plays.

END