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 Beatles' 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 boys 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
Gaaarrr...

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 Beatles' 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
Shurrup! 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, bit 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, creating 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
Gaar...phffttt, 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