



Joanna Pickering as 'Ginny Brown'

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# MERSEY BOYS

## ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

A feature-length screenplay

Running Time: 2 hours

By

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

- 1) Al Moran: a college professor from Chicago. He is roughly about 30. He is good-natured but can be tough if pushed. He is popular with the English because he is laid back and easy going. He has a generous heart. He likes women and they like him but he doesn't chase them except for Ginny Browne.
- 2) Ginny Browne: a student who is around 20 and is beautiful. She is tall and has a great built. Her hair is reddish brown. She is walking sexuality but she isn't trashy or vulgar. She loves life and people. She is working class and speaks her mind. She loves Al but enjoys leading him on. She is such a powerful figure that even the four Beatles are in awe of her. Oddly enough they back off her for Al's sake.
- 3) John Lennon: a sassy college student who is a born rebel and troublemaker. He can be awfully rude. He is talented and has a good voice and he is proud of his abilities to write lyrics of songs and poems. He lost his father when he was young so he has a very conflicted view of adult males. Al is father figure, as well as a mate. He insults Al but likes it when Al fights back. John wants success but he wants the Beatles to be their own men and independent. He calls Al 'Proffy Mo.'
- 4) Paul McCartney: a teenager who is good looking and talented. He likes nice clothes and pretty girls (in that order) He is wants to make money and will do anything to make it big. He will compromise quicker than John. He is respectful and rude at the same time. He views Al as an elderly mate but one to be discarded if need be. He admires John but will stand his ground with him. He cheekily refers to Al as 'Uncle Albert' (later a hit song)
- 5) George Harrison: the youngest one in the group. He a bit naive but he more secure because he comes from a stable family with a father, mother and siblings. He has a healthy respect for Al but he also has very warm affection for him.. Paul is his equal but he is afraid of John. He is loyal to the Beatles above all. He refers to Al as 'Our Albert.'

- 6) Ringo Starr: the oldest of the group and the last addition. He is respectful to everybody and very easy-going. He is a pleaser because he is unsure of his status within the Beatles. Al knows him the least of the 4 Beatles. He usually refers to Al as 'Professor' or 'Doctor.' He is noticeably shorter and homelier than his three band mates.
  
- 7) Gerry Marsden: a happy-go-lucky rock n roller and an art student. His group, Gerry & the Pacemakers, are a distant second to the Beatles in popularity but he doesn't care. He and Al like one another but they both pursue Ginny Browne.
  
- 8) Alan Williams: a middle-aged hurly-burly businessman of questionable moral and ethical character. He's very much a scouse stock character: sassy, kind and tough. He's not even remotely impressed by the Beatles or of their chance at success. He likes them enough to find them the rare paying gig. He is axed completely from the Beatles scene as soon as they make it big.
  
- 9) Steve Farrell: the nephew of Al Moran and he can be played by same actor. A middle-aged professor and writer like his Uncle Al. He's very much in awe of the manuscript: it is like sacred gospel to him.
  
- 10) Cynthia Powell: an art student who is a beautiful blond. She is very polite, formal and demure. She likes to feel the glow off of her best friend Ginny. She is protective of John but she feels put upon by him. He doesn't completely respect her.
  
- 11) Brian Epstein: a record shop owner who is around 35 or so. He is handsome, refined, well-dressed and softly spoken. He is a homosexual and Jewish. He is the outsider trying to fit in. He has a very strange relationship with the Beatles. He is protective and will spare no expense for success. There is an underlining current of sexuality between him and John.
  
- 12) Teddy Griffith: a middle-aged scholar. He's rather on the scruffy side. He desperately wants to be popular with the students but he's considered an affable nerd.

- 13) Bartender: should be Irish and charming. He's ready with a pint and a bit of the gab.
  
- 14) Waitress: she's about 30...older than the art crowd. She is still pretty and a little trashy. She warms up to Al quickly. She likes to put down Alan Williams but she likes him. Alan claims she used to be a stripper.
  
- 15) Stu Sudcliffe: an art student with promise. He gives up his painting to follow John into the Beatles. He has no talent for singing or playing bass. He is bullied by Paul and ignored by George. John loves him like a brother but he torments him too. When Stu dies John can't talk about it because it reminds him of his mother's death.
  
- 16) Jim McCarthy: elderly middle-class scouser. He's more Irish than English. He fawns upon his son Paul but disapproves of his direction away from college into rock n roll. He thoroughly detests John Lennon. He blames all Paul's mistakes on John.
  
- 17) Paul's aunt: tough, kind and Irish.
  
- 18) Ferryboat Man: a middle-aged working man: hard-working, kind and talkative. He enjoys talking to Al the American tourist.
  
- 19) Lizzy Gibson: about twenty and sexy. She'll even have sex with Al to get her hands on the Beatles. Nicknamed 'Dizzy Miss Lizzy.'
  
- 20) Pigtales: Same as Errand Girl but she actually likes Al and gets protective of him.

FADE IN

INT: A STUDY-Day

There are many bookcases filled with books. There are boxes on the floor filled with files and keepsakes. The room is comfortable, crowded, and shabby. *STEVE FARRELL*, a middle-aged man, is packing up the belongings of his uncle Al. He pauses to look at the wall. He picks up a picture of his uncle that dates back many, many years before. Steve recognizes the four young men with his uncle.

TIME CUT:

*Liverpool 2009* flashes across the screen

STEVE

Uncle Al and the Beatles?

Steve goes over to the desk and starts to pull things out of the drawers. He comes up short when he finds a battered and old manuscript.

Steve

*Being a True Account of my Life with the Beatles' by Professor Albert Moran.*

Steve sits at the desk and begins to read.

TIME CUT:

EXT: THE BEATLES PLAYING AT SHEA STADIUM-DAY

CUT TO:

*AL MORAN* is handling some letters

Voiceover

Steve: Dear Uncle Adam:

Uncle Al passed away in his sleep. He had been anticipating his death long before I arrived here in Liverpool, England to assist him in his final arrangements and his final days. He had done me a huge courtesy of making all of the necessary arrangements before I arrived. There isn't much for me to do but sort out his things.

Whew! You wouldn't believe all the junk! You know how Uncle Al liked to collect odd things, especially books, records and newspaper clippings. I have come across many black and white photographs from the Fifties and Sixties. Wait until you get a load of some of the people in the pictures!

One curious side note is that Uncle Al bequeathed to us a rather thick and grubby manuscript. Before he died he gave me strict instructions on how to handle his memoir. I finally had the time to sit down and read it. It is an account about his time with John Lennon and the Beatles. He said that he had been 'poking' at it, off and on, for many, many years.

To me it reads like a secret history of the famed Beatles and the Mersey Beat days of the 1960's.

I recall my mother, God Rest Her soul, bragging about how her brother was a lecturer of John Lennon at the local art college in Liverpool. However, I had never known that the relationship had gone much deeper.

I wonder how much of his book is true? After all, Uncle Al was a master of that Midwestern cracker barrel style of humor. You know, all pulling your leg with a serious expression on his face, and then some hardcore facts popping up to the surface out of all of the myths, tall tales and Irish blarney.

Anyway, I have an old Wisconsin Irishman to bury. I'll be back to Chicago in about a week. I am sorry none of the clan will be able to make it over to Liverpool for the burial.

Your nephew,  
Steve Farrell

DISSOLVE TO:

LIVERPOOL 1959

INT: A CROWDED PUB

Young college students sit at tables while a more working class clientele lines the bar.

Two middle aged men enter and elbow their way to two stools at the bar. They are hip college professors from the nearby art college

TEDDY GRIFFITH

Two bitters!

AL MORAN is listening to the strange accents all around him. He is newly arrived from Chicago, USA.

AL MORAN

I can't understand a word these folks are saying , Teddy."

TEDDY

Wot's that, then, whacker?

AL

Et tu, Brute?"

TEDDY

Just using the Scouse on you, Al? It's the local lingo here in Liverpool. It's a pinch of Welsh, a dash of northern English, and several scoops of Irish thrown in for good measure. It'll grow on you, mate."

Al

It sounds interesting.

Teddy

I say, do you fancy C and W, old man?

AL

More Scouse talk?"

TEDDY

It's what we call Country and Western music. It's right gear to all of us Scousers

AL

That's more of a southern thing. I'm from Chicago. We like jazz and folk music.

TEDDY

We Scousers must be hillbillies, yokels and hicks, for we're daft for the sound. Slim Whitman and Ernst Tubbs, both Yanks, are top billers all over England.

Al

Southerners hate being called Yankees. I doubt if they'd be third billing in Nashville.

Al feels bad because he realizes he has hurt his new friend's feelings. He makes amends by ordering a fresh round. His attention is drawn to two pretty young women who have approached them at the bar. One of the ladies attracts his attention. She must be the most beautiful woman has ever seen.

GINNY BROWNE AND CYNTHIA POWELL

Professor Griffith!

Teddy

Well, well, well, are you all behaving like proper English ladies.

GINNY BROWNE

Calling me English is a stab to me proper Irish heart.

Teddy

Professor Albert Moran I am pleased to introduce you to Cynthia Powell, Ginny Browne.

Al can't take his eyes off of Ginny Browne.

Al

The Pleasure is all mine.

Ginny

You're a Yank!

Al

I'm direct from Chicago, Illinois

Teddy

Yanks are very much in!

Cynthia

Do you swing to R and B?

Al

Is that anything like C and W?

Ginny  
It's rhythm and blues, professor.

Al  
Do you like rock n roll?

Cynthia  
Ah, roll over Beethoven.

Ginny pulls Al to his feet and drags him by the hand over to an empty corner. Al is delighted as well as flustered.

Ginny  
Did you bring any discs with you like Elvis, Little Richard or Buddy for homesickness?

Al  
I have stacks of them.

Ginny  
Would it be dodgy of me to request if I may have a listen sometime?

Al:  
Anytime.

Ginny  
Fancy buying me a black and tan before the music starts?

Al

I could use one myself.

Ginny collars a passing barman.

Ginny

Clancy, Squire Clancy, that is, two pints of Black and Tan. It's the Yank's first pull of the stout.

Al

I have had it before on St. Patrick's Day.

Bartender

Will you be of Irish blood, sir?

Al

I'm half Irish.

Bartender

You're about as close to Ireland as you can get without actually being there. Most of the people here in Liverpool are Irish. We call Liverpool the capital of Ireland.

A young man with greasy hair and a defiance attitude slouches his way up on the make-shift stage and began to tune his guitar and tamper with the microphone. Before he started to sing the young man put on a pair of heavy framed black glasses. He began to sing *MY BONNIE*

Al

This guy is rather good.

Ginny

You mean Johnny? Don't tell him that because he already knows he a cross between Jesus Christ and Buddy Holly.

Al

The glasses explain Buddy but how does the Lord factor into it.

Ginny

He's a terrible lad that one but really he's a sweetie pie. Be wary of him, Professor; he's one of your students at the Arty and he eats instructors up with his kippers....that is if he shows for class.

In between sets John walks over to Ginny and Al.

JOHN LENNON

Gin, love, who's the gaffer?

Al

Should I buy him a brew?"

Ginny

A brew! Oh, how Yankee. Yes, please do but you'll not be able to shake him after. He's a sponge.

John drains the pint without a word of thanks.

Al

He's pretty cocky if you ask me.

Ginny:

Give him time to warm up to you, sir.

Al

Should I order another round, Miss Browne?

Ginny

At the college I'm 'Miss Browne.' The rest of the time I'm 'Ginny'. And I'll call you 'Al.'

Al

Maybe I shouldn't be doing this.

Ginny

Don't be a square!

Al tries his luck with John.

Al

I like you're stuff.

John  
It isn't me stuff, granddad.

Al  
I like the kick you put into it.

John  
Are you a Yank?

Al  
I'm an American.

John  
So you're just off the bloody ship?

Ginny  
Guess again, darling; he's our new instructor over yonder at the college.

John  
What's your game, Ginny?

Ginny  
Let me introduce you to Professor Albert Moran.

John  
So you're Al Capone from Chicago.

Al was beginning to sour on the young man. He didn't want to appear weak before Ginny.

Al  
Don't say it if you can't spit it out correctly.

John  
Wasn't Moran another gangster in Chicago who put in the boot to Capone?

Al  
Yeah, Bugs Moran was my great-great uncle.

John  
Bugs Bunny. Now you're a bloody rabbit. Do you like your carrots cooked or raw, doc?

Al  
I like them far away from drunks who can hum a tune much less sing or play a guitar.

Gin burst out laughing but John only glared a long moment before slamming down his empty glass and storming back to the stage. Al attempted to make peace by sending a fresh drink up to the angry singer.

Ginny

Round one goes to the Yank!

John, turning on the microphone: Before I start me next set I want Mr. Al Bugs Moran Capone Bunny to come up for a song from America the land of Frito Corn Chips or is it the Land of the Fee bumble b buttocks. Then come on up, Al, before our Ginny bestows a majestic knee trembler upon thee for services render to her majesty.

Hands steer Al up to the stage where John started him off with Woody Guthrie's *This Land is your Land*. Al was visibly relieved when John and the audience joined in. The bartender got everybody to cheer. Al stumbled back to Ginny who rewarded him with a kiss on the mouth and a fresh drink. It was the stuff that dreams are made out of.

Al  
Do you like that Johnny?

Ginny  
John Lennon is a lovable swine. He'll grow on you.

Al  
But warts grow on people too.

Ginny  
He likes you, Al. You're cut from the same cloth perhaps.

Al

By the way, what is a knee trembler?

Ginny

John is a terrible, terrible lad.

Al

Now I'm dying to know what it is.

Ginny

You'd already be dead if you knew exactly what it is. I'll show you if you promise not tell a soul.

Al

You have my promise.

Ginny takes Al by the hand and leads him outside. She guides him to a secluded spot in the night. They are safe in the dark of an alley.

Ginny:

Get up against the wall, Al.

Al

Like this?

The sounds of unzipping and heavy breathing can be heard.

Ginny  
Are your knees trembling yet?

INT: A RATHER RUNDOWN HALLWAY-DAY

It is the first day of classes so students and professors rush to their assigned classroom. A visibly nervous Al Moran, a briefcase in hand, loiters in the hallway trying to gain his composure. He steps in to address his new students. The buzzing stops as he approaches the lectern. He spots Ginny Browne sitting off to the side. She is next to Cynthia Powell. She smiles at him and lowers his eyes.

Al  
Good morning, class. I'm Dr. Moran and I will be your lecturer in Art History for this term. Oh, by the way, if you think I'm talking funny it's not because I'm from Birmingham.

There is delighted laughter.

Al  
And I'm not a Cockney from London.

More laughter rings out in the classroom.

Al

I'm an American from Chicago and I'm certain you'll soon get used to my  
Midwestern monotone voice.

Their curiosity appeared to grow with their smiles. Knowing he was off to a good start,

Al begins to take roll.

Al

Anderson?

Here I am sir.

Al

Browne.

I'm right over here, Professor Moran.

Al

Carricker?

Aye!

Al

Furlong?

Present, sir.

Al  
Lennon?

There was no response from the class.

Al  
Mr. Lennon isn't here for the first day of classes?

A student puts up her hand. Al nods to her.

Cynthia  
Johnny, I mean Mr. Lennon will probably not be here today. Headache, I should think.

Several snickers greet her remark.

GERRY MARSDEN  
I'm Gerry Marsden, Professor. I'm always at your service, sir. Our John will probably have a headache the entire week.

Ginny  
The entire term is more likely.

Cynthia looks at Ginny with displeasure.

Al

So Mr. Lennon is a slacker?

Gerry

Maybe you'll eventually smell the rotter, sir. He smells like fish n chips, that one does.

Ginny

It hangs all over him, that.

Cynthia

You're all terrible liars.

Gerry

Cynthia loves our John.

Al

He maybe a slacker but he can sure rock and roll. Let's continue with the roll call, not rock and roll.

A voice can be heard singing outside of the classroom.

John

Sugar in the morning, sugar in the evening, sugar at supptime.

Some of the students are aghast; others are amused. The door opens and John Lennon.

John

Bless me soul if it isn't Mr. Al Capone from Chicago.

There was an uneasy silence as Al tried to sort out the situation.

Al

I'm pleased to see you again, Mr. Long john Silver. Ah, but that's only on Saturdays when we're off duty, but for the rest of the week you're Mr. Lennon the serious student and I'm Dr. Moran the serious lecturer. Please join the rest of the class and please listen with attention to my lecturer the way I listened to you when you sang. John silently took a seat behind Cynthia.

INT: HALLWAY AFTER CLASS-DAY

Al

Lennon, your presence has an electrifying effect.

John

Does it now, Dr. Moran?

Al

It'd be great if we could have you in earlier so we can savor your presence a bit longer.

John

Earlier it is. Ten minutes, certainly.

Al

Five minutes before the bell rings would suffice.

Al smiles and shakes his head as John and Cynthia walk away, arm in arm. Ginny, smiling, winks at him before wiggling away. His smile broadens as he watches her swaying bottom. His thoughts are interrupted by Gerry Marsden.

Gerry

If you fancy an earful of home grown American music have a listen to Radio Luxembourg. It's a radio station for your fighting lads over in Germany.

EXT: A CITY STREET-NIGHT

Al is walking down a street with his briefcase when he sees John Lennon up ahead. John, in a black leather jacket, ducks into a crumbling fish and chip shop with two other young men in the same style of clothing. Al decides to follow to question John about his poor attendance at the college.

John

Dr. Moran! Over here!

Al  
John, long time, no see!

John is puffed up in front of his buddies who gawk at the American.

John  
Sorry about that, guv. Me auntie has been sick and on me hands these past weeks.

The two boys twittered at John's rudeness. One is dark and handsome and the other is rail thin and has an elfin look. They are both respectful and disrespectful at the same time.

Al  
I hope she's on the mend soon for we all miss you at the Art College.

Lennon shrugs his shoulder but the other two are impressed.

George  
Hon, mister, his aunt, that'll ne Mrs. Mimi Stanley, this autumn time. Doctor Roberts, most respected in Wooltron, has announced her fit only just this after.

Al  
Are you two art students?

Lennon hoots while the boys look downwards.

George

I'd be lucky to earn one O level much less get into any college in England. Me auntie doesn't have the influences and pounds to get me into the arty like Jonny's auld one.

John

Have done with it, son. It was me bleeding natural talents that battered down the castle door. The Professor hasn't seen art like the stuff me pencil wheels to life.

Paul

My name is Paul McCartney and I'm at the Liverpool Institute for now but soon I'll be under your tutelage at the Liverpool Art College. My father, Jim McCartney, wants me to read literature at Oxford.

John

That one won't be happy until he has you working at the Cotton Exchange with him. Stick with the song writing and leave the art to me. There is only one bloody painter per group.

Al

Group as in gang?

John

Group as in Band. You know, with guitars and such.

George  
I play lead and I'm George Harrison.

John  
This is Al Moran and he's just off of the boat from America so don't slag the poor man until he gets his footing here on foreign soil.

George stands up to leave. Paul reluctantly got to his feet.

Al  
It's been nice to meet you, Mr. Harrison.

George  
Mr. Harrison is me Da and I'm just George.

Paul  
It was our pleasure, professor. We're sorry to rush but we have to catch the number seventy-one.

George  
Me da is at the wheel and we ride for free.

Al felt awkward with John once the others left.

Al  
Nice guys.

John

They're gear in me band 'Johnny and the Moon Dogs.' We used to be 'The Quarrymen' named after me old school. We're floating the idea around of ' Long John and the Silver Beetles.'

Al

Your name is too long. The word Beetles stands better alone. Maybe you can have fun with the name by changing the second e in Beetles to link your name to the Beat generation.

John

Sod bloody Jack Kerouac and the Beatniks. We're a right proper English band, not American.

Al

I'm off as well because I have drawings to grade.

John watches Al leave.

John

Bloody Beatles with an 'A,' my ass! Typical American nonsense!

Ext: OFFICE- DAY

Al Moran is watching the clock as well as grading papers. There is a gentle rap at the office door. Al frowns before responding.

Al

You may enter.

Ginny Browne slowly opens the door and slowly curves her head inwards with a cautious look. She then smiles.

Ginny

Dr. Moran? Al!

Al

Miss Browne. 'Ginny' if we're no longer on a professional basis just now.

Ginny

Johnny wanted to remind you about the Beatles gig at the Jac Coffee House tomorrow night. It'll be smashing! The scene will be happening even if he and the lads are off tune.

Al

I'd hate to sit all by myself.

Ginny:

Maybe I'll sit with you myself or maybe I won't sit with you. I'm asking myself why I should worry over your comforts.

Al

I'm sorry I asked.

Ginny

You sound like a bloke who has big ideas.

Al

A simple "buzz-off buster" will get me to back-off.

Ginny

Really, Al, I like you but let's have fun and not get ahead of ourselves. Is that okay by you?

Al

Okay by me.

Ginny

It's a wee early but I could go for a drop and I'd be civil if you were to suggest one.

INT: A PUB-DAY

Ginny and Al walk into the same pub where they had been the night John had been playing up on the stage. The same Irish bartender waits on them.

Bartender:

Ah, the Irish-American gent and the lovely tart from the neighborhood.

Ginny

Two bitters, Clancy, me bold man. Do you have a copy of the *Daily Worker* somewhere about the place?

Bartender

Coming right up, luv. It's a good issue.

Al

Is it a commie rag?

Ginny

You Yankees don't cotton much to Marx do you?

Al

Joe McCarthy and the Red Scare drove the communists underground. I'm a Democrat myself. Besides, it isn't likely there's ever going to be any workers' revolution in the States since the Russians cocked theirs up.

Ginny

Don't be such a sourpuss of an industrialist.

Al:

I'm a realist. As long as the workers have their beer, sex and television they'll continue to pop out babies for the factories and the salt mines. Most people are destined to be laborers.

Ginny:

You're not in the lecture hall, luv. Be a dear and rub my shoulders for me.

The bartender arrives with two pints and a newspaper and he smiles at Al who has begun to massage Ginny's back.

Ginny:

If you must know I am looking for articles about the Beat and Jive scene here in Liverpool. The *Daily Worker* is the only paper in town who writes about the musical scene. Save the political talk for your professor friends.

Al:

Do they ever write about John Lennon's band?

Ginny:

They wouldn't waste their time on that lot. Beatles, my foot! What a dreadful name. He's just trying to rip-off buddy Holly and the Crickets. They'll not travel far with a name like the Beatles.

Al:

At least the Beatles is an easy name to remember.

Gin looks over her shoulder and gives Al a gentle look before kissing him. He is startled but pleased.

Ginny:

John and his lads have never rated very high with anybody in Liverpool. Only you seem to care....and maybe me a little bit. Rory Storm and the Hurricanes are the big headliners in this old port city.

Bartender:

Don't forget about Gerry and the Pacemakers.

Ginny:

Al, you know Gerry Marsden, the daft lad with the goofy smile in my morning class. He sings ballads while Rory screams and hip hops all about the stage like a mad man!

Al:

Is Gerry a close friend of yours?

Ginny flashes him an angry glare before choosing to ignore his question. Instead, she buries her head in the newspaper. Al stops rubbing her back and sinks back into his seat. He is upset at his own envy.

Ginny:

Listen to this, Al: "The Mersey sound is the voice of 80,000 crumbling households and 30,000 people on the dole. It sounds like Liverpool sure enough.

Al:

Tell me about the Mersey Sound.

Ginny:

The named it after our dirty Mersey River. It is English R&B mixed with American C&W. It's Irish too. You'll get an earful of it tomorrow night if you show-up at the Jac. I'll be there by your side for some of it.

0

Al:

Do you want me to show-up, Ginny Browne?

Ginny:  
Suit yourself, luv.

Al:  
Why do you have to be so hardboiled?

Ginny:  
Bartender, make it another Hodgson beer for me. Make it a small one, please.

Al:  
I'll take a Guinness, Mr. Clancy.

Ginny:  
It's high time that the paper is noticing our rocking lads from Liverpool. We haven't had much good news around this port since the 14-18 war.

Al:  
We call it World War One.

Ginny:  
Leave it to the Yanks to change the name of a bloody war.

Bartender:  
So the guv here is into Scouse Swing."

Al:  
If that's another name for the Mersey Sound you can put me down for a 'yes.'

Ginny pulls al close to her. She kisses his ear before whispering.

Ginny:

Talk only to me, my sweet, or you'll have a major conversation going with Clancy and the crowd.

Al:

If that's the way you want it.

Ginny:

You're a proper gent when you have a mind to be. I'll always have you remember that I'm not a Ruttly Judy. I go my own way!

Al:

What is a Ruttly Judy?

Ginny:

I'll wise you, mate; it's a bar whore.

Al:

You're a nice girl, Ginny.

Ginny:

Am I, now?

Al:

You're jumping down my throat for no reason.

Ginny:

Ach, now, sweetie pie, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

Al:

Give us a kiss, luv.

The two kiss as the bartender pulls two more.

EXT: ALBERT DOCKS-DAY

Al is walking aimlessly around to kill some time. He sees a sign that read ALBERT DOCKS. The daylight starts to fade and he decides to take a ride on the ferryboat that works the Liverpool-Speke's line. He watches the rolling waves of the Mersey and approaching shore of Birkenhead. He takes a seat next to a young woman who is focusing on her paper cup full of tea. The musical version of *This Boy* can be heard in the background.

Al:

Gray day, huh?

Woman:

It is indeed. It's Liverpool weather.

He is disappointed when she gets off at the stop. Al stays on his bench.

Ferryboat Man:  
Not going ashore, sir?

Al:  
No, I'm just on here for the ride and the view. I'm just a tourist. I'll glad to pay extra.

Ferryboat Man:  
No need to trouble about it, sir. Enjoy your stay with us. Beneath all of the dust it's a grand place. I've been here me entire life. But if they ever stop this old tug's run, Ill pack me things and head over to Detroit in the big parish across the ocean. I have a brother in Detroit, Michigan.

EXT: COFFEE SHOP-NIGHT

Al is walking down the street, He finds the correct entrance and enters. The place is a tiny and very crowded coffee shop filled with a younger college crowd. Al recognizes several of his students who wave and call out his name. Up on a tiny stage he sees John Lennon, Paul McCartney and George Harrison huddled together in a discussion. Lingerling close by is *STU SUTCLIFFE* another art student who looks out of place with a bass dangling around his tiny body.

John:

Get in tune, Stu, or we'll thump you.

Stu visibly flinches but he recovers when he sees Al.

Stu:  
Professor Moran.

Paul:  
Hello, Dr. Al, take a seat as I play a smashing opening chord on *Twenty Flight Rock*.

Gerry Marsden:  
Over here, Professor Moran!

Al feels pains stabbing inside of him as he joins Gerry and Ginny at a table.

A waitress:  
"What's your pleasure, handsome?"

Al:  
Stout!

Gerry:  
It isn't a boozier, sir. Only coffee, tea, orange juice and such served on the premises.  
Join Ginny and I later for a real nightcap.

Waitress:

And what's wrong with a cup of good English tea.

Al:

English tea it shall be, my good woman.

Gerry:

Mr. Williams, over here!

ALAN WILLIAMS, the stocky owner of the coffee house, joins the table.

Williams:

What's all the shouting about, Marsden.

Gerry:

I wanted to prove to you that we're attracting a tonier crowd these days. Let me introduce you to Professor Moran of the Liverpool Art College. We're cleaning up the naughty 8 district that gives our fair city such a black eye.

Williams:

Glad to hear it, lad; now if we could only class-up the Beat and Jives bands around here we'd be on a roll.

Al:

I like your place here, Mr. Williams.

The two shake hands.

Williams:  
I own several clubs in the area.

Waitress:  
Strip joints, he means.

She playfully pokes Al in the ribs as she put his tea down in front of him. Al finds her attractive and he hopes that Ginny picks up on his wavelength.

Williams:  
Hush, darling.

Waitress:  
Tell the nice gent about your nudie dive over on Seel Street.

Williams:  
Well, luv, you didn't mind taking off your clothes then when you were in your prime.

Everybody share a laugh before Williams wall Al off from the others with his bulky body.

Williams:  
Would you happen to have any ties with any American record labels back home? We have a good thing going here and I rather the Yanks pick-up on it before the Germans.

Gerry popped over Williams shoulder to listen.

Gerry:  
Are you getting all of the lads a record deal, Mr. Williams?

Williams:  
I was thinking of Rory Storm and the Hurricanes not about the rest of you dole boys. Just listen to the noise coming from up there.

Gerry:  
We all have talent.

Williams:  
Talent for painting the walls of me shithouse walls.

Paul:  
George will now play some raunchy 5 note blues riff from Arthur "Guitar Boogie" Smith. Let's have a nice hand for George Harrison.

John:  
And let's have a nice handout for Lennon and McCartney.

Ginny decided to get Al's goat by kissing Gerry all over his face. Al responded by moving to another table filled with his students who greet him with open arms.

John:

Tommy Moore, our drummer, shall now start us all marching to the beat of *Blue Suede Shoes*.

Williams:

Get professional up there before I come up there and put in the boot.

During the break John troops his band over to Al's table. John notices Ginny with Gerry.

John:

Is the tart doing you wrong, Al?

Al:

She's a big girl, John.

John:

Let's march over there and punch them both out. Marsden needs his ears pulled for him.

Al:

What if we lost?

John:

I fought the Brownie and the Brownie won.

Ginny:

Have done with it, Johnny, you swine.

Paul:

Mr. Williams have you meet the great Dr. Moran from the windy City of Chicago, Wisconsin in the USA.

Williams:

I met the bloke. Nice and all but he doesn't have any pull in entertainment like Lew Grade.

Paul:

He's a scholar and I wager he speaks German.

John:

And how would you know that, son, if you're not even a college student yet?

Paul:

I'll be there soon enough.

George:

Our Dr. Albert is full of manuscript reading and arcane knowledge.

Williams:

I'm planning a trip over to Hamburg, Germany to pitch the Mersey sound to the krauts.

John:

That'll learn the buggers for World war Two.

Ginny pulls Al away.

Ginny:

Don't have any of it. Al. Williams is the local bullshit artist. He's filling the lads' heads with impossible dreams.

Williams pulls Al away from Ginny's hold.

Williams:

Can you speak German natural- like.

Al:

My grandparents were from Berlin and I served in the Army over in Stuttgart for two year.

George:

Our Albert was a short-0haired squaddie like Elvis. He can do more than order a lager

Williams:

The Christmas holiday will be upon us soon. We could then.

Ginny forcefully drags Al out of the pub. In the night air she begins to kiss him. A foghorn can be heard in the background.

EXT: AL'S OFFICE-DAY.

Al sits behind his desk and John Lennon is parked next to him. Al is going over a file of John's drawings and he is clearly unimpressed. Ginny is standing by the window and looking out. She bemused by John's failure. The two are clearly very competitive with one another for Al's attention.

John:

If you don't fancy me works you mustn't be much of a Greenwich Village intellectual.

Al:

I'm from Chicago's Old Town. Regardless of locale, I'm not digging your scene.

John:

I'd think a real American beatnik would have more appreciation of the sublime.

Al:

You need more substance and less sublime.

John:

Maybe I need more drawings of naked men with huge..."

Al:

This is a college and not a pub.

Ginny:  
I hate you, John Lennon, with all of my might.

She storms out of the room.

Al:  
You're obsessed with the vulgar, Lennon.

Lennon:  
I know what her obsession is with, mate.

Al:  
So now you're Sigmund Freud.

The two share a laugh.

John:  
It bothers you, Al. Her, I mean. It's serious, mate, I can see it before me very eyes. Don't turn red on me, son. We're mates to an extent. Own up to it! She's daft but she'll come around. She likes you too. Now I'm off to Teddy's Life session in Room 71. Some bird is painting me portrait. I should charge her for me services.

Al:  
Cheeky

John:

The lads and I are playing one of the local striptease clubs, but we'd rather you didn't drop by unless you're desperate and you want your uncle John to fix you up with one of the talents. Otherwise, you can find us over at the Jac on any given Sunday afternoon. We go there in hopes that Allan Williams has booked us a date.

INT: COFFEE SHOP-DAY

It is a bleak winter's day. Al, in a winter overcoat, enters. Allan Williams is tending the cash register.

Williams:  
Good to see you, professor.

Al:  
It is turning colder by the second out there.

Williams:  
Those dole boys the Beatles are here and taking up valuable space. Can't you find them jobs mopping up floors at the Albert Docks?

Al:  
They'll do just fine.

Williams:  
What can my girl get you?

It was the waitress that Al found appealing. She gave Al a warm, smile.

Al:

How about a coffee and a bacon sandwich?

Waitress:

Java and and butties coming right up, honey.

Al:

Make that a round for me and the Beatles.

Williams:

If you like, sir, but I wouldn't encourage that lot of loafers.

Al:

They'll buy me plenty of bacon butties and coffees in the future.

The Beatles ears pricked up when they heard the mentioning of food.

Williams:

Professor, I took the time off to go to Germany with a tape recording of what I thought was music. Instead it was Lennon and his lot yodeling, farting and making a din. No sale! They deserve the gallows.

Al takes a seat next to the 4 Beatles.

Al:

Where's Tommy Moore, your drummer?

John:

He's 36 and in a nursing home where he belongs.

George:

He means Tommy took his drum kit and went home because John insulted him.

Paul:

Can you play the drums, sir? We need one that badly. You're American and so cool.

Al:

How's life treating you, Lennon? And, Paul, I don't play the drums.

George:

His auntie gave him the boot over his grades.

John:

Gis a break. There's no shame in it. I'm an artist and artists suffer all of the time.

Paul:

You're so noble, John.

Al:

You can stay with me until you find another dig.

John:

Thanks, whacker, but I have already taken up lodgings on Percy Street and Gambler.

Stu:

He means he's freeloading off of me now.

The food arrived and the Beatles tore their food apart like ravished wolves.

Al:

More beacon butties, Mr. Williams

John:

Did the arty finally give you a pay increase, Al?

Al:

Speaking of the Arty...

John:

Don't start, mate. I'm out of that can at the end of terms.

Paul:

And John is leaving without his certification.

John:

Bugger the piece of paper, Paul. I'll only regret losing the grant money.

Al:

I'm sorry, John.

John:

Don't bother over it, Al. We're off to Germany when Alan gets us some bookings. There are plenty of American and British soldiers and tourists over there who'll like our beat and give.

George:

We'll make plenty of dosh!

Paul:

Too blinking right!

Stu:

Germany's only the first stop.

John:

And where are we going, lads!"

The other three shouted in union: To the top of the pop!

Williams:

We'll have none of that shouting in here.

George:

We want to go to Germany, Mr. Williams.

Williams:  
So start swimming.

John:  
Don't beg the rotter.

Williams:  
You didn't much appreciate the last gig I found for you at the Garston Bath.

George:  
The Blood Baths, you mean.

Paul:  
The bloody tiger Boys almost castrated us for chatting up their birds.

Stu:  
We're lucky we got out alive.

Williams:  
How's about the Blue Angel?

John:  
No more nudie places.

Williams:  
Now I can't very well book you lads if you're too high and mighty to play the usual fare in Liverpool.

Paul:  
We're ready for the Krauts.

Williams:  
In a pig's eye.

Al:  
Let's go listen to my records before we all get in a Donnybrook.

George:  
Sometime you should come over to 25 Upton Green in Speke for tea with me parents. They'd like you, I'm sure.

EXT: OFFICE-DAY

Stu:  
Sir, we're off to Germany soon.

Al:  
So Allan Williams found you work over there?

Stu:  
We have been slotted in a three month engagement at the Indra Club.

Al:  
Tell the Beatles I wish them all well.

Stu:

We want you to visit us, Professor, especially John. We'll be lonely for a friendly face.

INT: RAILWAY STATION IN LIVERPOOL-DAY

Al is waiting inside for his train. Two bags sit beside him. He hears somebody call out his name. He is shocked to see Ginny Browne running towards him.

Al:  
Ginny!

Ginny:  
Are you leaving us, Al?

Al:  
I'm off to Germany to see the Beatles. I figure you'd never miss me as I never see you around much.

Ginny:  
You're a foolish man who is too old to be so lovesick.

She pulls him to her for an embrace and a kiss.

Al:

Want to come?

Ginny:  
Not here and now, sweet one.

Al:  
I mean Hamburg.

Ginny:  
I know what you mean. I'm off to Scotland to see some cousins of mine. I'd rather go to Germany.

Al:  
I'm seeing Lennon and the boys play in front of the German.

Ginny:  
Stay out of the German rain.

Al:  
I have more than enough for another ticket.

Ginny began to run away.

Ginny:  
Stay away from the German whores and don't drink too much German beer.

EXT: A RAILWAY STATION IN GERMANY-DAY.

John, Paul, Stu and George are seeing Al off. Ringo Starr, the drummer of Rory Storm and the Hurricanes, has tagged along for the ride. Al has the same two bags with him that he had when he left Liverpool. All four have hangovers and are slightly depressed. Al doesn't want to go home and the Beatles want to go home.

John:  
Bloody weather!

Al:  
Want to come home with me, Stu? I think you're failing at being a rock n roller.

John:  
He'll stay here with the rest of the Beatles.

Al:  
Stu is more artist than bassist. He should be finishing up his studies at the college.

A fight is ready to breakout so Ringo steps in diplomatically

Ringo:  
I hope we treated you well while you were here in Hamburg, skin...I mean Professor Moran.

Al:

Ringo, I liked you in Liverpool and I like you better here in Hamburg. You should jump the Rory Storm and the Hurricanes and join the Beatles. You'd fit in better with the Beatles than Pete Best. Pete is a fine drummer but too crabby to be one of the group.

John:

Pete Best is a Beatle, Al.

Paul:

Pete Best is a wanker, John!

John:

Moran, go form your own group and stop messing about with the Beatles. Better yet: go back to the Arty and tell me old mates to get on with their blessed studies and to stop sniffing the paint.

Al:

George, now that I'm leaving with my thick wallet, you'll be back to eating cornflakes three times a day.

George:

See me mum and da for me, Al, but leave out the retched cornflakes.

John:

So it's back to Liverpool, the pubs and Ginny Browne, is it?

Al:

Liverpool and the pubs at least.

Paul:

And you'll call me gaffer and the brother Michael, Uncle Albert?

Al:

I'll contact them for sure.

John:

And you'll see Cynthia for me?

Al:

I'll contact them all.

Ringo:

Too bad you didn't see more historical sites: cathedrals, museums and such.

John:

Methinks our Moran was more interested in the blonds and the beer.

George:

Bloody weather.