

STALKING THE BEATLES

By Maureen Brady Johnson

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STALKING THE BEATLES*A One Act Comedy***By Maureen Brady Johnson**

SYNOPSIS: Four friends are sure that the signs are favorable and they are destined to meet the Beatles. After spending the night outside the hotel where the Beatles are staying, they argue and encourage each other to believe that their dreams will come true.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(4 females)*

- CYNTHIA (f)..... The leader of the group who's in love with John Lennon.
(67 lines)
- JANE (f)..... A good friend of Cynthia, very stylish and fashion-conscious who's in love with Paul McCartney. *(65 lines)*
- PATTIE (f)..... A wispy, giggling hippie girl who loves George Harrison
(57 lines)
- BARBARA (f)..... Aka. BABS. A bit of a complainer and a skeptic, who is in love with Ringo Starr.
(54 lines)

DURATION: 30 minutes.

TIME: 1960's.

SETTING: Outside one of the hotels where the Beatles stayed while on tour.

COSTUMES: Everyone should be in 1960's mod style clothing. Cynthia should wear a wrist watch.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The girls are camped out on the sidewalk to wait for their chance to see the BEATLES walk out on the balcony. Throughout the play, the girls will be clustering center stage and looking up, all together, at the “window” where they think the Beatles are staying.

PROPS

- 4 Purses/Handbags
- 4 Combs/Brushes
- 4 Compacts with Mirrors
- 4 handkerchiefs for hair
- Box of Chinese Fortune Cookies
- Magic Eight Ball
- Thermos or Styrofoam coffee cup
- Magazines
- Bottle of Mouthwash
- Apple (with the stem still attached)
- Piece of Gum
- Cigarette Butt
- Guitar Pick
- Sleeping Bags
- Folding Chairs

PRODUCTION HISTORY

Stalking the Beatles was first produced as one of three plays for the international competition, “Ticket to Write” in Liverpool, England on October 15 and 16, 2015. It was the only play from the USA that was chosen and the original cast and crew is as follows...

JANE ----- Katie Burke
 CYNTHIA ----- Lucy Griffiths
 PATTIE ----- Ellie Turner
 BABS ----- Siofra McKeon-Carter

DIRECTOR ----- Rio Matchett
 ASSISTANT DIRECTOR ----- Darren Begley
 PRODUCER ----- Jamie Gaskin

SET DESIGN ----- Sophie Bursnoll and Heledd Rees
 From Sir Paul McCartney’s Liverpool Institute for Performing Arts

This play is dedicated to Jamie Gaskin, producer of *Ticket to Write* and the Beatle I liked the

best, Sir Paul McCartney.

AT RISE: *All the girls are sleeping Center Stage. Their hair looks really awful and ratty. Jane's mascara has run a bit and all of their clothes are rumped. BARBARA is snoring. CYNTHIA slowly stands up, stretches and looks for her purse. PATTIE and JANE slowly wake up...sit up and look for their purses. BARBARA continues to snore. CYNTHIA, JANE AND PATTIE find their compacts in their purses all at the same time and open them to look at themselves in the mirror.*

CYNTHIA: Oh my God! I look terrible.

JANE: Well, look what the cat dragged in!

PATTIE: Whoa! I look awful.

BARBARA wakes up from her dream.

BARBARA: *(Mumbling.)* Ringo, you are not the ugliest Beatle... I love you. *(Sees the girls. Still groggy.)* Did I miss the Beatles? Did they come out on the balcony??? Why didn't you wake me????

CYNTHIA: No Babs... *(Looks at her wrist watch.)* It's only 7:00 am.

BARBARA: But I saw Ringo. He was eating a Krispy Kreme donut.

CYNTHIA: No. You were dreaming. You wouldn't want him to see you looking like this...

CYNTHIA puts the mirror in front of BARBARA and BARBARA shrieks.

BARBARA: I need a comb. I need my compact. I need to brush my teeth before I meet Ringo. What's for breakfast, fearless leader?

CYNTHIA: I didn't plan for everything.

BARBARA: Well, you're the one who dreamed up the master plan to meet the Beatles. Let's take the train downtown and meet the Beatles, you said. Let's camp out on the sidewalk, you said. I'm cold and hungry and I'm ready to catch the train back home and have some poached eggs.

JANE: Or a nice croissant.

PATTIE: Or some herbal tea!

CYNTHIA pulls out a bottle of mouthwash and takes a swig, gargles and swallows it. The other girls react.

CYNTHIA: Listerine. Minty Fresh. Here, Jane. Take a swig.

JANE: OK. But I will NOT swallow.

CYNTHIA hands the bottle to JANE who takes a swig followed by BARBARA and PATTIE. They make horrible faces as they swish the mouth wash around their mouth and then search for a place to spit. BARBARA finally decides to run off stage left to spit. JANE runs off stage right to spit. PATTIE spits into the coffee cup. Puts the lid back on.

CYNTHIA: There you go. We will be ready if the Beatles decide to, well, you know...

PATTIE: (*Giggles.*) Kiss US!!!! Oh, Cyn, we can't kiss them looking like this. My hair is a rat's nest.

CYNTHIA: I just saw the rat that made that mess over there in the alley...

PATTIE: EEEWW!!! I have bags under my eyes because Babs kept me awake. She snores.

BARBARA returns from offstage.

BARBARA: I DO NOT!

PATTIE: You do SO!

BARBARA: Cynthia, do I snore?

CYNTHIA: Maybe.

BARBARA: I do NOT! I'll get some sleep at home. If I hurry I can catch the bus over there on the square.

CYNTHIA: You can't give up after all these months of planning.

BARBARA: The Beatles are never going to come out on that balcony. (*Picks a piece of gum off her sweater.*) I just found gum on my elbow and (*Takes off her shoe and finds a cigarette butt.*) a cigarette butt in my shoe. I'd trade them both for a cup of coffee.

PATTIE: Babs, Calm down. Here, have some chamomile tea.

BARBARA takes the coffee cup that PATTIE has used to spit in and takes a sip.

BARBARA: Strange flavor. Kind of minty.

JANE returns onstage...looking beautiful.

CYNTHIA: Wow! Where did you go to spit?

JANE: There's the most luxurious bathroom just inside the front door of the hotel. The lady at the desk said we can use the facilities but we're only allowed in one at a time.

BARBARA: I'm going in next!

BARBARA grabs her purse and runs offstage right.

JANE: Don't forget to tip the attendant! She's really in a bad mood with all these crazy fans trying to sneak upstairs to see the Beatles. She loved my new lipstick. I told her I wanted to look my best when I met the Beatles. She laughed and said, "You and a hundred other girls." She told me someone tried to hide in a pastry cart and someone else tried to ride the dumbwaiter and got stuck. Pattie, if you want to fill your cup, there's free hot drinks in the lobby.

PATTIE: Thanks. (*Giggles.*) This stuff taste like mouthwash.

JANE: They're going to put some donuts out later in the lobby. The lady said that she doesn't want anyone fainting in the street. Hey Pattie, do you want me to fix your hair?

PATTIE: No thanks. I'll use the bathroom as soon as Babs is done. Do you think she's really going home?

CYNTHIA: I hope not. I want us to stick together. There are so many girls around the other side of the building screaming for the Beatles. I got some sleep when the police showed up and came over here to this alley.

PATTIE: I've camped out in a lot of places at the community farm but we sleep in the barn. It was so cold last night.

JANE: Are you leaving, Pattie?

PATTIE: I think I owe it to Cynthia to stay.

CYNTHIA: We owe it to each other to stay.

JANE: Yeah. I still get the feeling that the Beatles are going to step out on that balcony and invite us to come up. But I always imagined it would be all FOUR of us meeting all FOUR of them, face to face.

CYNTHIA: That was the plan.

PATTIE: I think I'll go and try to convince Babs to stay.

JANE: Promise her some of those sweet pastries I make. Bribe her with my desserts!

PATTIE exits with her purse.

How about you, Cyn? I can tease you up a bit. I'll make you look so gorgeous, John might leave his wife for you.

CYNTHIA: Sure, Jane.

CYNTHIA sits on a camping chair facing the audience. JANE takes out a comb and begins to tease/comb CYNTHIA'S hair.

JANE: Do you think they're up yet?

CYNTHIA: I don't think any Beatle gets up before noon. We could be here for awhile.

JANE: I love Paul so much.

CYNTHIA: Hold that thought. It might just get you through.

JANE: I can feel his presence. That's a sign, right?

CYNTHIA: Of course, it's a sign. Love does strange things to people.

JANE: I had a dream about Paul last week.

CYNTHIA: We all dream about our favorite Beatle.

JANE: This was different. I put a piece of Sally Andretti's wedding cake under my pillow. They say that if you put a piece of wedding cake under your pillow, the man you dream of will marry you. I dreamt Paul was singing "Til There was You" directly to ME. I woke up so in love with him I didn't even notice the purple and pink frosting all over my pillow and the cake in my hair. All I could think of was, "I LOVE you, Paul" and then I thought, "EEew! I need a shower to wash all this gunk out of my hair" I thought about Paul FIRST...that's a definite sign I love him, isn't it?

CYNTHIA: Yeah. That's a sign, all right. Do you have your copy of Sixteen magazine? I want to see if they mention when the Beatles wake up the day after a concert.

JANE: *(Pulls out a magazine with SIXTEEN written on the cover.)*
Here you go.

CYNTHIA: *(Reads the cover out loud.)* "Who is the cutest Beatle? American teens want to know!"

JANE: Paul McCartney, of course!

PATTIE enters. Pulling a copy of Tiger Beat out of her purse.

PATTIE: I have a copy of Tiger Beat that says different! And I quote: "Paul McCartney may have gorgeous eyes but George Harrison has a toothy smile that melts this reporter's heart. George is the cutest Beatle" *(Giggles.)* Sorry, Jane.

JANE: That's an old copy of Tiger Beat. I have the latest copy of HEP CATS. Take a look. Hot off the presses! Paul was voted the most adorable Beatle. They asked all the girls in America.

PATTIE: They didn't ask ME!

BARBARA enters.

BARBARA: Or ME!

JANE: *And this month's Teen Life says that when asked which Beatle they would marry, George was second and Paul was first.*

BARBARA: Where was Ringo?

JANE: In last place. Face it Babs, Ringo's face could stop a clock.

BARBARA: He may be ugly but he's beautiful to me.

CYNTHIA: Love is blind.

JANE: Cynthia, you decide this! Once and for all. Who is the cutest Beatle?

CYNTHIA: I have to use the lavatory.

CYNTHIA exits.

PATTIE: We don't need Cynthia to decide this. I have a magazine here that is the only true voice of Beatlemania. It's from ENGLAND...You know...the place where the Beatles live...the place where they grew up...

JANE: How did you get that? They don't sell those here in America.

PATTIE: I got it from my third cousin once removed who lives near Liverpool in London.

JANE: London is NOT near Liverpool.

PATTIE: *(Pulls out a magazine with the name "JACKIE – for GO Ahead Teens" on the cover. SHE shows it to the girls.)* "Jackie...the magazine for Go Ahead Teens" Who's the Cutest Beatle? Love-struck British Teens have made their decision!" Take a look inside...Page 56...

PATTIE hands the magazine to JANE.

JANE: There are some really cute outfits in here. I wish I could go to Carnaby Street someday.

PATTIE: Maybe once you meet Paul, he'll take you there...now, READ!

JANE: *(Reading.)* I'm starting with Fifth Place. In fifth place: RINGO

BARBARA: Wait a minute, there's only FOUR Beatles.

PATTIE: Not if you count Stu Sutcliffe.

BARBARA: He's dead.

JANE: Fourth Place: Stu Sutcliffe

BARBARA: I am blocking my ears. *(Covers her ears and says.)* NA NA NA NA NA I can't hear you.... NA NA NA

PATTIE grabs the magazine from JANE. Gently hits her on the head.

PATTIE: FIRST PLACE: George Harrison. *(Giggling.)* Jackie and the Go Ahead Love-Struck Teens of England have spoken.

JANE: We are Americans. And the Americans in these magazines, *(Pulls some of the magazine out of her handbag.)* Teen Life, Pop Shop AND Teen Beat all agree that Paul is the cutest Beatle.

PATTIE: The only ones who can really decide are the teens from the UK. The Beatles belong to them...and maybe the Australians who voted George the sexiest Beatle in GO-SET magazine.

JANE: It doesn't matter. WE are Americans...

JANE hits PATTIE gently with one of her magazines.

PATTIE: Brits RULE.

PATTIE hits JANE with her magazine. The battle is on. They start hitting each other with the magazines. The battle should start out as fun and playful with the two of them laughing and running around and then get serious...perhaps building to the point of anger. BARBARA is cheering them on and getting in the way so she gets a smack every now and then.

JANE: *(Hits PATTIE with three hits.)* USA. USA. USA!

PATTIE: Here's one for George.

JANE: ...and here's one for Paul!

PATTIE: George is voted best boyfriend!

JANE: SIXTEEN says it's Paul.

PATTIE hits JANE.

PATTIE: FAB says GEORGE is the FAB one.

JANE hits PATTIE.

JANE: Thousands of American teens love PAUL!

PATTIE gives JANE a hard hit.

PATTIE: Millions of Brit teens love George! That's the Truth.

JANE gives PATTIE two hard hits. CYNTHIA enters.

Hey, that hurt!

JANE: The Truth hurts.

PATTIE gives JANE a hard hit.

CYNTHIA: What the heck...

CYNTHIA begins to break up the fight.

Break it up...Stop it...Cut it out...Break this up!

CYNTHIA has all the magazines.

Do you want the police to come out here? After all we've been through together you're going to throw it all away in a fight to the death with a couple of fan magazines? What if the Beatles look out the window and see you two birdbrains whacking each other with fan magazines? Do you think they will want to meet us?

BARBARA: We are never going to meet them, Cynthia. We don't even know if we're in the right place. I'm going home. *(Starts to pack up.)*

JANE: What about the signs, Babs? The dreams?

BARBARA: That's all a bunch of baloney. You don't really believe in all that mumbo jumbo, do you, Cynthia?

CYNTHIA: I believe in THIS!

CYNTHIA takes out an apple with the stem still attached and hands it to PATTIE.

BARBARA: You have FOOD???

PATTIE: That's not food, right Cynthia? That apple can predict the future. Watch.

CYNTHIA holds the apple up and grabs the stem.

PATTIE: I'll give this a twist for each letter of the alphabet. When the stem falls off that letter is the first letter in the name of the man I will marry. Watch. *(Begins to twist the stem.)* A B

BARBARA: This is a waste of a perfectly good, nutritious snack.

PATTIE: Sssshh! *(Continues to twist the stem.)* C D

CYNTHIA: *(Joins in.)* E F

PATTIE: G!!!! *(The stem comes off. She shows it to everyone.)* I will meet George Harrison today!!!! The apple has spoken. *(Takes a bite.)*

BARBARA: C'mon, share. I'm starving.

PATTIE tosses the apple to BARBARA.

That apple trick is crazy. Try twisting the stem all the way to R for Ringo. That's all I've heard about for months, omens and signs that tell us we will meet the Beatles. The signs never said I'd be hungry and tired and rumped. The omens never told us there'd be hundreds of other girls here. I am not going to meet the Beatles or any other day. No sign or omen is going to change my mind.

CYNTHIA: What about the white horses?

JANE: Yeah, what about the white horses, Babs?

BARBARA: What about them?

CYNTHIA: You yourself told me that we had to count 50 white horses and the next unmarried man we shook hands with was the one we would marry.

BARBARA: What?

PATTIE: She's right! I saw you refuse to hold hands with Tony D'Amico at the dance at Holy Rosary Church last Saturday night. You're saving yourself for RINGO! (*Giggles.*)

BARBARA: Well...maybe. But I'm not so sure driving around and around and around the block fifty times to see Vinnie Capaletti's 1962 white Mustang parked in his driveway, actually counts as seeing 50 white horses.

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