



YELLOW SUBMARINE
George Dunning, 1968

[Script in Spanish](#)
[Review](#)

00:00:01 PROLOGUE

NARRATOR

Once upon a time, or maybe twice, there was an unearthly paradise called Pepperland. Eighty thousand leagues beneath the sea it lay... or lie, I'm not too sure.

00:01:49 THE BLUE MEANIES OVERLOOK PEPPERLAND

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE

Pepperland is a tickle of joy on the blue belly of the universe. It must be scratched. Right, Max?

MAX

Yes, Your Blueness.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE

What?! We Meanies only take NO for an answer. Is that understood, Max?

MAX

No, Your Blueness.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE

That's better. Are the troops in readiness?

MAX

No, Your Blueness.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE

The Bonkers?

MAX

No.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE

Clowns?

MAX

No.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE

Snapping Turks?

MAX
No.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE
Anti-music missiles?

MAX
No.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE
The dreadful Flying Glove?

MAX
No.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE
Splendid! Today, Pepperland goes blooey! Fire!

The first blue bubble encloses the stand where the band plays. Everybody runs scared.

FRED
The Meanies are coming! The Meanies are coming!

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE
Glove, Glove, come here, Glove! Look out there, and what do you see? Tell him, Max.

MAX
Someone running, Glove.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE
Yes. Well, you'll soon put a stop to that, won't you, Glovey? Go, Glove, point! And having pointed, pounce down! I haven't laughed so much since Pompeii! What?! What?! What?! The Glove is losing his touch. Do your worst! Explode them!

FRED, *to the Glove, which is pointed him*
It's not polite to point!

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE
Thing of beauty... Destroy it for ever!

Fred to the Mayor and other three people who are playing music.

FRED
Sir, Sir, the Meanies are coming!

MAYOR
Not here, Young Fred. They wouldn't dare.

FRED
They would. They are. What are you going to do?

MAYOR
Finish the quartet.

BLUE MEANIES
Fire!

One bomb gets one musician.

FRED
Trio, sir.

Another bomb gets another musician.

FRED
Duet, sir.

MAYOR
Duet?

The third musician is reached too.

FRED
Solo!

MAYOR
Young Fred, the Blue Meanies are coming!

Fred takes the Mayor in his arms and runs.

MAYOR
4 scores and 32 bars ago our forefathers...

FRED
Our quartet?

MAYOR
And foremothers...

FRED
Another quartet?

MAYOR
Made it in this yellow submarine...

FRED
What, that little thing?

MAYOR
To Pepperland. Climb aboard, Young Fred.

FRED

But, sir, I can't even make my soap float.

MAYOR

I'm appointing you Lord Admiral.

FRED

Lord Admiral? In that event, yes.

MAYOR

Hurry, Young Fred. Go! Get help!

FRED

Where should I go?

MAYOR

No time for trivialities.

As the Blue Meanies bomb the Mayor, Fred sails.

CREDITS

0:07:41 THE BEATLES: *YELLOW SUBMARINE*

In the town where I was born
Lived a man who sailed to sea
And he told us of his life
In the land of submarines
So we sailed on to the sun
Till we found the sea of green
And we lived beneath the waves
In our Yellow Submarine

We all live in a Yellow Submarine
Yellow Submarine, Yellow Submarine
We all live in a Yellow Submarine
Yellow Submarine, Yellow Submarine

And our friends are all aboard
Many more of them live next door
And the band begins to play

We all live in a Yellow Submarine
Yellow Submarine, Yellow Submarine
...

Full speed ahead, Mr. Boatswain.
Full speed ahead.
Full speed it is, sir.
Action stations! Action stations!
Aye, sir, aye.
Captain, Captain!

As we live a life of ease
Every one of us has all we need
Sky of blue and sea of green
In our Yellow Submarine

We all live in a Yellow Submarine,
Yellow Submarine, Yellow Submarine,
...

0:10:20 THE YELLOW SUBMARINE GETS TO LIVERPOOL

0:11:03 THE BEATLES: *ELEANOR RIGBY*

Ah, look at all the lonely people
Ah, look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby
Picks up the rice in the church where a wedding has been
Lives in a dream
Waits at the window
Wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door
Who is it for?
All the lonely people
Where do they all come from?
All the lonely people,
where do they all belong?

Father McKenzie
Writing the words of a sermon that no-one will hear
No-one comes near
Look at him working
Darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there
What does he care?
All the lonely people,
where do they all come from?
All the lonely people,
where do they all belong?

Ah, look at all the lonely people
Ah, look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby
Died in the church and was buried along with her name
Nobody came
Father McKenzie
Wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the grave
No-one was saved
All the lonely people,
where do they all come from?
All the lonely people,
where do they all belong?

0:13:14 STREET OF LIVERPOOL

RINGO

Who... is me? Liverpool can be a lonely place on a Saturday night. And this is only Thursday morning. Compared with my life, Eleanor Rigby's was a gay, mad whirl. Nothing ever happens to me. I feel like an old, splintered drumstick. I'd jump into the River Mersey, but it looks like rain. Nothing ever happens to me.

As Ringo walks down Hope Street, is followed by the submarine. A bobby lies on the floor playing with a cat.

BOBBY

Puss, puss-puss. Puss, puss, puss. Here, pussy. Here, pussy, pussy, pussy. Here, pussy, pussy. [*The Bobby sees Ringo*] Ahem, er...

RINGO

Would you believe me if I told you I was being followed by a yellow submarine?

BOBBY

No, I would not.

RINGO

Oh yeah, I didn't think you would.

Ringo goes up a hill to reach The Pier, the house when he lives with the other Beatles.

RINGO

I could have sworn there was a yellow submarine. But that isn't logical, is it? It must have been one of them unidentified flying cupcakes or a figment of my imagination. But I don't have an imagination.

Ringo enters the house. Fred comes and knocks at the door.

FRED

Help, help, help!

RINGO, from inside

Thanks, I don't need any.

FRED

Help! Won't you please, please help me?

RINGO

Be specific.

FRED

... music ... submarine ... Blue Meanies!!!

RINGO

What you need is...

FRED

'H' for hurry, 'E' for urgent, 'L' for love me and 'P' for p-p-p-p-please help.

0:16:08 THE HOUSE OF THE BEATLES

Door opens and Fred enters. There is a long corridor with many doors. A lot of strange things enter and leave the rooms.

VOZ

Hiya, baby!

Ringo goes downstairs in a car.

RINGO

Your story has touched my heart. Jump in, we'll get my friends.

FRED

Bless you!

RINGO

Did I sneeze?

They return to the corridor.

FRED

Just park it here.

RINGO

I'll just park it here.

They enter through a door.

FRED

What would your friends be doing here?

RINGO

Displaying.

FRED

Displaying what?

RINGO

Displaying around.

The room is full of interesting objects, like a museum.

FRED

Can't we take one of these?

RINGO

No, Fred, I only work with me mates.

FRED
Frankenstein?

RINGO
I used to go out with his sister.

FRED
His sister?

RINGO
Yeah. Phyllis. Hey, I wonder what would happen if I pulled this lever.

FRED
You mustn't do that.

RINGO
Can't help it. I'm a born lever-puller.

He does it. Frankenstein gets up and takes a drink. Then he becomes John.

JOHN
Ringo, I've just had the strangest dream.

RINGO
I warned you not to eat on an empty stomach. Now listen to Old Fred.

FRED
... music ... submarine ... Blue Meanies!!!

RINGO
What do you think?

JOHN
I think he needs a rehearsal.

They return to the hall.

JOHN
When do we leave?

RINGO
Let's get the other two, John.

JOHN
What day is it?

RINGO
Sitar-day.

JOHN
Then George will be here.

He opens a door. Indian images.

0:18:55 THE BEATLES: LOVE YOU TO (beginning)

RINGO

George, what are you doing up there?

GEORGE, *driving a red car*

Now, what is it, Ringo? Is there a matter you'd like to take up or down?

RINGO, *pointing Old Fred*

This chap here...

FRED, *John and Ringo also say the last words*

...Blue Meanies!!!

GEORGE

You're nuts, the pair of you.

RINGO

Wait a minute, that's my car.

GEORGE

How do you know it's your car?

RINGO

I'd know it anywhere.

GEORGE

What's it look like, then?

RINGO

It's red with yellow wheels. (*The car changes colours*) I mean, blue with orange wheels.

GEORGE

It's all in the mind.

All they get into the car.

RINGO

Come on, move over, I'm driving.

GEORGE

I got here first.

They argue about who will drive.

RINGO/GEORGE

I'll drive, if you like... No, you sit in the middle... I'm sitting in the middle... You said you were driving... I am driving... I'll get in the back, then.

Finally, they departed. A car crash is heard. They return and open a door. Inside the room there is a girl lying on a bed. King-Kong looks through the window and grabs the girl.

JOHN

Do you think we're interrupting something?

RINGO

I think so. We'd better find Paul, hadn't we?

John opens another door. A train is coming at full speed. John closes scared.

GEORGE

It's all in the mind.

JOHN

Try one of those doors.

Ringo does it. Inside the room there is a loud party.

GEORGE

Yes, they do look very nice, don't they?

RINGO

Yes, they do.

JOHN

They do, though, don't they?

GEORGE

Yes, they do.

RINGO

Don't dey, dough?

GEORGE

Dough?

Paul meets them.

JOHN

Don't ask. Dat's dough.

PAUL

What's the matter, folks?

RINGO

Blue Meanies.

FRED

Well, lads, what do you think?

JOHN, *as they walk*
I think that...

FRED
Remember, there'll be rough seas ahead. So, what do you think?

PAUL
Well, then, um...

FRED
Pounding, overwhelming waves. What do you think of that?

JOHN
Well, I think that...

RINGO
As a matter of fact, I...

BEATLES
I think...

FRED
Well?

RINGO
I've forgotten.

They all go out and stop in front of the submarine.

FRED
Right, then, let's get this vessel shipshape.

JOHN
I kind of like the way it is, submarine shape.

0:22:18 THE JOURNEY BEGINS

We see a series of landscapes. We hear the end of "A day in the life".

0:22:45 INSIDE THE SUBMARINE

PAUL
So, this is a submarine.

JOHN
Soft, isn't it?

RINGO
Not if you're on the bottom.

FRED
All right, lads, time to stow the gab and turn to.

PAUL
Groovy. How do you start this thing?

FRED
It starts with a Blue Meanie attack.

JOHN
Supposing there's no Blue Meanies in the neighbourhood?

FRED
Then you start looking for a switch.

RINGO
Perhaps this is it.

The submarine sails in a strange world.

0:23:22 THE BEATLES: ALL TOGETHER NOW

One, two, three, four / Can I have a little more?
Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten / I love you
A, B, C, D / Can I bring my friend to tea?
E, F, G, H, I, J / I love you

Sail the ship
Chop the tree
Skip the rope
Look at me

All together now
All together now (all together now)...

Black, white, green, red / Can I take my friend to bed?
Pink, brown, yellow, orange and blue / I love you (All together now)

All together now (all together now),
all together now (all together now)...

Sail the ship
Chop the tree
Skip the rope
Look at me

All together now
All together now (all together now)...

0:25:30 THE SEA OF TIME

RINGO
What time is it?

JOHN
It's time to time.

PAUL
Look, the hands are slowing down.

The submarine sails back.

PAUL
Do you ever get the feeling...

JOHN
Yeah.

PAUL
... that things aren't as rosy as they appear to be under the surface?

RINGO
What's happening, John?

JOHN
Well, in my humble opinion, we've become involved in Einstein's time-space continuum theory.

GEORGE
All right.

JOHN
Relatively speaking, that is.

GEORGE
Of course. Maybe time's gone on strike.

RINGO
What for?

GEORGE
Shorter hours.

RINGO
I don't blame it. It must be very tiring being time, mustn't it?

JOHN & PAUL
Why?

RINGO
It's a twenty-four hour day, isn't it?

JOHN
You surprise me, Ringo.

RINGO

Why?

JOHN
Dealing in abstracts.

RINGO
Just because I'm a drummer... I don't half feel funny.

Ringo shrinks.

PAUL, *shrinking too*
You're not half the lad you used to be.

GEORGE, *same*
Look, everything's getting bigger.

JOHN, *same*
It's not. It's us that are getting smaller...

RINGO, *mourning*
I want my mam.

FRED
And younger. There you are, lads. Old Fred will get you out of all this.

RINGO, *pointed outside*
Look at that!

GEORGE
It's all a load of Father Xmas's.

JOHN
It's not. It's Father Time.

GEORGE
How do you know?

JOHN
I read it in a book.

FRED
I don't want to alarm you, but the years are going backwards.

GEORGE
What's that mean, Old Fred?

FRED
It means if we slip back through time at this rate, very soon we'll all disappear up our own existence.

JOHN
What are we gonna do, then?

FRED
We could always try a few buttons.

RINGO, *sobs*
I want my mam.

FRED
Time's fast running out for us, I'm afraid!

JOHN
Can't we do something to the clock?

GEORGE
What do you mean, John?

JOHN
Move the hands forward, see what happens.

FRED
Clever lad.

John forces the clockwise and the submarine goes ahead.

JOHN
Something strange is happening. It's speeding up now.

PAUL, *looking outside*
Funny... a submarine remarkably like our own.

JOHN
Uncannily.

RINGO
There's someone in it. Look.

JOHN
And they're waving.

RINGO
It's a group of fellas.

JOHN
Wave back. Maybe we're both part of a vast yellow submarine fleet.

RINGO
There's only two of us.

JOHN
Then I would suggest that yonder yellow submarine is one of ourselves...

FRED

Going backwards...

JOHN
... in time!

GEORGE
Look at Ringo.

Ringo is getting older, and so the rest.

JOHN
Oh dear, we're all the same.

PAUL
Senile delinquents.

GEORGE
And I can hear my beard growing.

RINGO
We'd better do something.

0:28:20 THE BEATLES: *WHEN I'M SIXTY FOUR*

When I get older, losing my hair
Many years from now
Will you still be sending me a valentine
Birthday greetings, bottle of wine
If I'd been out till quarter to three
Would you lock the door?
Will you still need me,
will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four?

You'll be older, too
And if you say the word
I could stay with you

I could be handy mending a fuse
When your lights have gone
You can knit a sweater by the fireside
Sunday mornings, go for a ride

*As Paul sings, time is going back and The Beatles turn back to their real age.
We can read a title: "sixty-four years is 33.661.440 minutes and one minute is a
long time... Let us demonstrate".*

Doing the garden, digging the weeds
Who could ask for more?
Will you still need me,
will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four?

A series of well illustrated numbers accompany the voice of Paul from 1 to 64, matching the last one with the end of the song.

Every summer we can rent a cottage
in the Isle of Wight, if it's not too dear
We shall scrimp and save
Grandchildren on your knee,
Vera, Chuck and Dave

Send me a postcard, drop me a line
Stating point of view
Indicate precisely
what you mean to say
Yours sincerely, wasting away
Give me your answer, fill in a form,
mine forever more
Will you still need me,
will you still feed me
When I'm sixty-four?

JOHN

Well, correct me if I'm wrong, gentlemen, but would you agree that we have been passing through the Sea of Time?

RINGO

That would explain a few things. I'm glad I'm not young any more. Or was it old?

JOHN

What kind of a sea is this?

FRED

The Sea of Science.

JOHN

Oh, yeah.

0:31:15 THE BEATLES: A NORTHERN SONG

If you're listening to this song
You may think the chords are going wrong
But they're not
He just wrote it like that
When you're listening late at night
You may think the band are not quite right
But they are

They just play it like that
It doesn't really matter
What chords I play
What words I say
Or time of day it is
Cause it's only a Northern Song

It doesn't really matter
What clothes I wear
Or how I fare or if my hair is brown
When it's only a Northern Song

If you think the harmony
Is a little dark and out of key
You're correct
There's nobody there
And I told you there's no-one there.

0:33:46 A MONSTER WITH A TRUNK AND TUSKS

As the song sounded The Beatles evolved through the space. When they come back to the submarine a strange animal enters with them.

GEORGE
He looks wrong.

PAUL
He doesn't look at all well.

GEORGE
In fact, he's horrible.

JOHN, *hiding himself*
He's so ugly.

ALL
Really ugly!

The animal breaks to mourn.

FRED
Somebody push a button.

Ringo does and the animal is ejected outside the submarine to the Sea of Monsters.

0:34:18 SEA OF MONSTERS

JOHN
There's a Cyclops.

PAUL
Can't be. He's got two eyes.

JOHN
Then it must be a bi-Cyclops.

GEORGE
There's another one.

JOHN
A whole cyclopedia.

Among the monsters there is one that swallows everything. The Beatles look out the hatch.

JOHN
There's a school of whales.

RINGO
They look a bit old for school.

PAUL
University, then.

RINGO, *drives the submarine*
University of Whales. They look like dropouts to me.

FRED
You've got to steer clear!

RINGO
Steer clear?

FRED
Yes, steer. Clear?

RINGO
Yes, dear.

Ringo presses a button. The submarine shows a big smile. The whales smile too.

FRED
Now, whatever you do, don't touch that button.

RINGO
Which button?

FRED
That one.

RINGO,
This one?

Ringo presses the button and he is ejected from the submarine on the back of a dinosaur. Before he is eaten he is rescued by a kind of horse.

FRED
That was the panic button.

PAUL

Poor Ringo.

JOHN
Poor lad.

GEORGE
Never did no harm to no-one.

JOHN
Lads, now Ringo's gone, what are we gonna do?

FRED
Learn to sing trios.

PAUL
No, let's save the poor devil.

JOHN
I see footsteps.

FRED
It's a pair of kinky boot-beasts.

JOHN
Preparing to attack.

The boots tries to step on the submarine. But Paul presses a button and the submarine steps on the boots.

JOHN
I don't half miss Ringo.

PAUL
He's far out there.

JOHN
Always was.

RINGO
'H' is for hurry!

PAUL
Here comes Ringo!

Ringo rides horseback.

JOHN
There goes Ringo.

A Boxing monster approaches the submarine.

GEORGE

It's seen us.

FRED
Find a boxing button.

PAUL
Whoever heard of a boxing button?

JOHN
Who cares? Find one.

The Boxing monster hits the submarine.

FRED, *pushes a button*
Fire one!

The submarine expels lot of stranges gadgets, including a banner with the words "The Rolling Sto".

FRED
Uh-oh, wrong one.

JOHN
That.

The submarine flatters the monsters with a cigar. We hear "Air on the G-string", de Bach until the cigar explodes.

GEORGE
There goes Ringo again.

JOHN
Rides well, doesn't he?

RINGO
'E' is for ergent...

The vacuum monster appears again.

FRED
Oh no, not the dreaded vacuum again.

PAUL
We'll be sucked into oblivion.

GEORGE
Or even further.

FRED
Put her in reverse.

JOHN

So long, sucker.

PAUL
Too much.

GEORGE
Too soon.

FRED
Reverse! Reverse!

JOHN
Ringo time.

Another monster is swallowed by the vacuum monster.

RINGO
'L' is for love me...

Indians go chasing Ringo.

JOHN
Indians!

RINGO
Help! Help! 'P' is for please...

JOHN
So, press a button.

0:39:33. The seventh cavalry leaves the submarine and rescues Ringo.

JOHN
How was it, Ringo?

RINGO
'Arrowing.

The vacuum monster keeps gobbling other monsters.

FRED
Look who's back. Full speed ahead.

RINGO
Oh, no.

JOHN
The motor's packing in.

FRED
By all the sea nymphs, we're losing power. We're being swallowed. What shall we do?

PAUL
Serve tea.

JOHN
Lovely.

The vacuum monster swallows everythig, even it self.

FRED
By Neptune's knickerbockers, she's pattered out.

JOHN
Maybe we should call a road service.

PAUL
Can't. No road.

RINGO
And we're not sub-scribers.

JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE
Subscribers! Oh!

GEORGE
I know something about motors. Let me have a look.

FRED
Here.

GEORGE
Is that the motor?

FRED
Can't you tell one when you see one?

GEORGE
Of course I can. Let me peruse it.

Put his finger on the motor and gets a shock.

JOHN
What do you think?

GEORGE
I think I burned my finger.

RINGO, *looking outside*
Here, lads. Look at this.

JOHN
What do you think it is?

GEORGE
Nothing.

RINGO
Looks like nothing.

PAUL
It's a local inhabitant.

RINGO
He's probably one of the nothings.

PAUL
At least that's something. Let's show him our motor.

JOHN
Steady on. You don't want to show your motor to just anybody.

GEORGE
But this is a nobody.

JEREMY
Medic, pedic, zed oblique,
orphic, morphic, dorphic, Greek.
Ad hoc, ad loc and quid pro quo.
So little time, so much to know.

JOHN
Can you tell us where we're at?

JEREMY
A true Socratic query, that.

JOHN
And who the Billy Shears are you?

JEREMY
Who? Who indeed am I?

He gives a different visiting card to anyone.

JOHN
Jeremy?

PAUL
Hillary?

GEORGE
Boob?

RINGO

Ph. D?

ALL
Who?

JEREMY
Eminent physicist, polyglot classicist,
prize-winning botanist,
hard biting satirist,
talented pianist, good dentist, too.

JOHN
Lousy poet.

JEREMY
Critic's voice, take your choice.

RINGO
Must be one of them angry young men.

PAUL
Or a daffy old creep.

JEREMY
I, daffy old creep?

GEORGE
Do you speak English?

JEREMY
Old English, middle, a dialect, pure...

PAUL
Well, do you speak English?

JEREMY
You know, I'm not sure.

RINGO
He's so smart, he doesn't even remember what he knows.

PAUL
Why don't we show him our motor?

JOHN
Should we really... show him our motor?

PAUL
He may not have seen one before.

JEREMY
Turbo-prop, super-combustible spring.

Metrocyclonic and stereophonic,
this motor, I see, has a broken down thing.

JOHN
He fixed it?

PAUL
He fixed it.

GEORGE
Great. Let's go.

JEREMY
I must complete my bust, two novels,
finish my blueprints, begin my beguine.

JOHN
Must you always talk in rhyme?

JEREMY
If I spoke prose, you'd all find out,
I don't know what I talk about.
Ad hoc, ad loc and quid pro quo.
So little time, so much to know.

PAUL
Hey, fellas. Look.

JEREMY
The footnotes for my 19th book.
This is my standard procedure for doing it.
And while I compose it,
I'm also reviewing it.

GEORGE
A boob for all seasons.

PAUL
How can he lose?

JOHN
Were your notices good?

JEREMY
It's my policy never to read my reviews.

JOHN
There must be a word for what he is.

0:43:00 THE BEATLES: NOWHERE MAN

He's a real Nowhere Man

Sitting in his Nowhere Land
Making all his Nowhere plans for nobody
Doesn't have a point of view,
Knows not where he's going to
Isn't he a bit like you and me

Nowhere Man, please listen,
You don't know what you're missing
Nowhere Man, the world is at your command

He's as blind as he can be,
Just sees what he wants to see
Nowhere Man, can you see me at all?

Nowhere Man, don't worry,
Take your time, don't hurry
Leave it all till somebody else
lends you a hand

Doesn't have a point of view,
Knows not where he's going to
Isn't he a bit like you and me

Nowhere Man, please listen,
You don't know what you're missing
Nowhere Man, the world is at your command

He's a real Nowhere Man,
Sitting in his nowhere land
Making all his Nowhere plans for nobody
Making all his Nowhere plans for nobody
Making all his Nowhere plans for nobody

JOHN
Okay, men, all aboard. Let's go somewhere.

RINGO
What about him?

JOHN
He's happy enough going around in circles.

RINGO
Poor little fella.

PAUL
I don't know. Ringo's just a sentimentalist.

RINGO
Look at him. Can't he come with us? *[Goes upto him]*
Mr. Boob, you can come with us, if you like.

JEREMY

You mean, you'd take a Nowhere Man?

RINGO

Come on, we'll take you somewhere.

Inside the submarine, John gives Fred the motor.

JOHN *to Jeremy*

Okay, Booby. Down the hatch.

JEREMY *laughs*

Down the hatch. A quite curious phrase.

The middle South Midlands

Victorian phase.

Its usage undoubtedly on the increase.

I must work it into

my New Statesman piece.

JOHN

That's the hatch, friend.

JEREMY

Indeed.

FRED

Steady now, crew. Prepare to go forward.

GEORGE

Forward.

PAUL

Forward.

JOHN

Forward.

RINGO

Forward.

ALL

Forward!

But the submarine has problems going forward.

JOHN

It's awfully quiet.

GEORGE

What shall we do, Jeremy?

JEREMY

Repair, revive, revamp, renew.
Ipse dixit, just turn the screw. *[Ipse dixit = he said]*

The Beatles and the Nowhere man go outside.

JEREMY
Log sign, clog sign, big thingamabob.

JOHN
What's he saying?

PAUL
What's he doing?

JEREMY
Chewing gum will do the job. A turn of the screw, and all is and all is new.

The submarine stars, but only Fred is on board.

FRED
I can't stop her. 'H' is for hurry, 'E' is for urgent, 'L' is for love me...

JOHN
'P' is for... goodbye?

GEORGE
That was lovely, Jeremy.

PAUL
We've lost the sub for good.

JOHN
Or for bad. Or for worse.

JEREMY
I'm sorry about that.

RINGO
But he did fix the motor.

PAUL
Where are we?

They stand on a head. There are a lot of heads around.

JOHN
It looks like the foothills.

PAUL
The foothills of what?

JOHN

The foothills of the headlands.

0:48:06 THE BEATLES: *LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS*

Picture yourself in a boat on a river
With tangerine trees
and marmalade skies
Somebody calls you,
you answer quite slowly
A girl with kaleidoscope eyes

Cellophane flowers of yellow and green
Towering over your head
Look for the girl with the sun
in her eyes and she's gone

Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds

Follow her down to a bridge by a fountain
Where rocking horse people
eat marshmallow pies
Everyone smiles
as you drift past the flowers
That grow so incredibly high

Newspaper taxis appear on the shore
Waiting to take you away
Climb in the back with your head
in the clouds and you're gone

Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds

Picture yourself on a train in a station
With Plasticine porters
with looking glass ties
Suddenly someone is there at the turnstile
The girl with kaleidoscope eyes

Lucy in the sky with diamonds...

0:51:09 ON THE FOOTHILLS OF THE HEADLANDS

JOHN
Carry on, lads, carry on.

RINGO
Certainly was carrying on.

JOHN
I feel a draft.

PAUL
We must be near the Sea of Holes. Don't you think we should ask somebody for directions?

JOHN, *talks to a mass of heads*
Excuse us...

PAUL
Can you tell us the way to Pepperland?

JOHN
Thanks.

PAUL
Gosh, look at all this dust? Where did it come from?

JEREMY
A chemical error and quite imprecise. This is a condiment...

RINGO
Condi...

JEREMY
A spice.

JOHN
He's right, you know. It's pepper.

PAUL
Pepper?

GEORGE
Pepper.

They smell and sneeze. The mass of heads sneeze too. They fly into the Sea of Holes.

0:52:08 THE SEA OF HOLES

RINGO
John? Paul? George? Is anybody home?

PAUL
Where are we?

JOHN
A holey sea. This place reminds me of Blackburn, Lancashire.

PAUL
Oh, boy...

GEORGE
How many do you think there are in all?

JEREMY
Enough to fill the Albert Hall.

PAUL
Didn't Old Fred mention something about the Sea of Holes just before the Sea of Green?

JOHN
Yeah.

GEORGE
Through one of them spots must be the Sea of Green. But which? Which one?

JEREMY
Thesis, antithesis, synthesis, causes of causal causation.

JOHN
Jeremy, what do you know about holes?

JEREMY
There are simply no holes in my education.

PAUL
You mean you haven't composed a whole book?

GEORGE
Great. What shall we do?

JEREMY
Be empirical. Look.

RINGO
The booby's making more and more sense.

PAUL
It's getting better all the time.

JOHN
Great. Come on, let's all look for the Sea of Green. The Sea of Holes... into the Sea of Green.

JEREMY
Hydrolate, verdant chrysodine.
I think we're near the Sea of Green.

Jeremy Man is caught in a leg by a Blue Meanie. Ringo picks a hole up and plays for a while before to put it in his pocket.

RINGO

I've got a hole in me pocket.

PAUL

Where's Jeremy?

JOHN

He was over there.

GEORGE

He's not here now.

PAUL

He must have jumped ship, then.

RINGO

He wouldn't do that. He's our friend. Booby, Jeremy, Hillary, where are you?

0:54:29 Suddenly, everything is tinted of green as we hear a bit part of the song Yellow submarine: "Sea of green, sea of green, sea of green, green, green, green..." The Beatles arrive to Pepperland, just on the base of the temple.

0:54:41 PEPPERLAND

JOHN

Pepperland. A bit salty around the edges. Looks all dingy.

GEORGE

And drab.

PAUL

And quiet.

Ringo finds a pile of apples. Take one and passes it to Paul.

JOHN

Safe at last.

PAUL

And none the worse for our adventures.

JOHN

Reminiscent in many ways of the late Mr. Ulysses.

RINGO

There's an eye in the apples.

Ringo brings down the apples and uncover the Mayor. The Yellow submarine comes down from the sky and lands on the house of music. Fred descends sitting down in an anchor.

FRED

There she blows! Lord Mayor, sir... I've made it, I'm back.

GEORGE

Who's this?

FRED

Our Lord Mayor. He's been bonked. [*Ringo removes the apples*]. Lord Mayor, sir... unbonk yourself. Even a little snatch of a tune might get him up again.

JOHN

All right, let's sing.

0:55:54 THE BEATLES: HAVE YOU GOT TIME TO RECTIFY

Have you got time to rectify, time to rectify...

MAYOR

Do I hear music? Do I see... Young Fred?

FRED

You do, Lord Mayor.

MAYOR

Bless my metronome. And did you bring the help?

FRED

Yes, yes. Look.

MAYOR

Holy pizzicato, Young Fred. It's quite uncanny, your faces...

PAUL

We're quite cute, really.

MAYOR

You could pass for the originals.

JOHN

We are the originals.

They go downstairs from the house of music.

MAYOR

No, no... Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.

RINGO

They couldn't be much with a name like that. Sergeant Pepper?

FRED

You could impersonate them and rally the land to rebellion.

MAYOR

Where are your instruments?

JOHN

Lost in the Monstrous Sea.

PAUL

Sea of Monsters.

FRED

We'll get other instruments, Lord Mayor.

MAYOR

Not a chance. The Meanies captured everything that maketh music.

PAUL

They hate music that much, do they?

MAYOR

They shrink at the very sound.

JOHN

Okay, you guys. It's shrinking time in Pepperland.

All people in Pepperland keeps grey and motionless (except for escape from the blue meanies).

BLUE MEANIE

Aim, fire!

The Beatles hide behind cut-outs.

PAUL

He reminds me of my old English teacher.

JOHN

Look, if you must shout, shout quietly.

GEORGE

What do we do?

JOHN

Coagulate with the crowd.

PAUL

Cut-outs at the ready.

JOHN

Then let's cut out.

They come to a high bandstand surrounded by thorns.

PAUL
What a grand bandstand.

JOHN
That's where the gear's kept. Come on.

Blue meanies with dogs.

GEORGE
Cavey, cavey.

At dusk.

PAUL
All right, the coast is clear.

GEORGE
Now's our chance.

RINGO
But how'll we get over?

GEORGE
Easy. Follow me.

They jump the fence of thorns

BLUE MEANIE
A-ha! You fools!

*The watch fires his machine gun.
The Beatles reach the bandstand moving between asleep blue meanies.*

RINGO
It's not very light in here, is it?

GEORGE
Shh! Keep the noise down.

JOHN
Look what I found. It's their uniforms.

PAUL
Nice bit of gear, that.

RINGO
They'll look great on, eh?

PAUL
Dey will, won't dey?

RINGO
Won't dey, dough.

JOHN
How do I look?

PAUL
Groovy, groovy. How about me?

RINGO, *looking thru the window*
Bad scene, lads. We're surrounded.

GEORGE
Oh, heck.

RINGO
A million billion Meanies.

PAUL
They're coming this way.

ALL
Hide!

Trying to hide they make a lot of noise.

PAUL
Do you think they heard us?

JOHN
I hope not.

GEORGE
What did you say?

SOMEONE
Shhhh!

GEORGE
Good plan.

1:03:22 **DAWN**, *by Grieg.*

PAUL
Look. They're all asleep.

RINGO
They look cute when they're asleep. Almost human.

GEORGE

Come on. Let's get out of here.

PAUL

On tiptoe.

They take their instruments and go down the hill.

RINGO

Tiptoe through the Meanies...

THE OTHER

Shh!

Ringo steps on the bagpipe. Some meanies wake.

PAUL

Let's exude.

The Beatles are persecuted. Ringo falls down and jumps on the John arms.

GEORGE

Relax, lads. Not a Meanie in sight.

JOHN

Not even a teeny Meanie.

PAUL

Not even a teeny-weeny Meanie.

RINGO

Great.

PAUL

Oh, look. Breakfast.

RINGO

I'm dying for a bit of brekky.

George takes an apple. Four tall meanies do the same.

JOHN

Look out.

A blue meanie heads the four tall meanies.

CHIEF

Sound off, one, two, three, four...

TALL MEANIES

One, two, three, four...

The Beatles, one above the other, march behind the row of tall meanies.

JOHN
Five.

CHIEF
Five? [*John eliminates the last one with an apple stroke.*] Sound off, one, two, three, four.

TALL MEANIES
One, two, three...

JOHN
Four.

John eliminates another one.

TALL MEANIES
One, two...

JOHN
Three.

CHIEF
Three?

JOHN
Two.

CHIEF
Two?

JOHN
One.

CHIEF
One? [*The chief stares at the column made of the four Beatles*] Are you Bluish? You don't look Bluish.

JOHN
Run for it.

The Beatles escape again.

PAUL
Right, men. We've made it.

GEORGE
Instruments at the ready.

JOHN
Okay, on the beat. A-one, a-two, a-three, a-four, a-five, a-six...

RINGO

Hey, can't you make it three?

JOHN

All right. On the beat of three... A-one, a-two, a-three...

1:06:34 THE BEATLES: SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND

It was twenty years ago today,
Sgt. Pepper taught the band to play
They've been going in and out of style,
But they're guaranteed to raise a smile
So may I introduce to you,
The act you've known for all these years
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

We're Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
We hope you will enjoy the show
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
Sit back and let the evening go
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely,
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

It's wonderful to be here,
it's certainly a thrill
You're such a lovely audience,
we'd like to take you home with us
We'd love to take you home

I don't really wanna stop the show,
But I thought you might like to know
That the singer's gonna sing a song,
And he wants you all to sing along
So let me introduce to you,
The one and only Billy Shears
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

Billy Shears!

What would you think if I sang out of tune?
Would you stand up and walk out on me?
Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song
And I'll try not to sing out of key

The inhabitants of Pepperland recover color and smile. Lennon has been presented as Billy Shears, but Ringo's voice is heard.

01:08:49 THE MEANIES GATHER AROUND THEIR CHIEF

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE

Ah! The hills are alive...

ASSISTANT

With the sound of music.

The Chief Blue Meanie hits his assistant. Then he gets a tantrum.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE

Who is responsible for this?

ASSISTANT

Rimsky Korsakov?

The assistant is shot and kicking, but still resurfaces.

ASSISTANT

Guy Lombardo?

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE, *laughs*

My dear friend... let us not forget that heaven is blue. [*Suddenly choleric*] Tomorrow, the world! Bring in my Bluebird.

PEPPERLAND INHABITANTS

Who? Who? Who?

PAUL, GEORGE, RINGO

Who? Who? Who?

The mouth of John expels the question WHO?

A blue big glove crosses the air.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE

Ah! Here you are, my little Glovey-dovey. Go get thee hence and destroy yon upstarts. [*New rage*] Smash them! Squash them! Crash them! Oblue-terate them!

MEDICAL DOCTOR, *as the Chief collapses*

Here, your Blueness, have some nasty medicine.

CHIEF, *exuberant*

The Glove, the Glove, the Glove!

PAUL, GEORGE, RINGO

Glove? Glove? Glove?

From the mouth of John emerge the word GLOVE.

GEORGE

He's a clever lad, isn't he?

RINGO

Open your mouth, it won't hurt. [*Try to see into the mouth of John*] John, you haven't half got a big mouth, haven't you?

GEORGE

It's easy. All you need is love.

JOHN

Yes.

And expels again the word GLOVE, but this time the initial G vanishes.

1:12:02 THE BEATLES : ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE

Love, love, love (x3)

There's nothing you can do that can't be done
Nothing you can sing that can't be sung
Nothing you can say but you can learn how to play the game
It's easy

All you need is love
All you need is love
All you need is love, love,
Love is all you need

Nothing you can know that isn't known,
Nothing you can see that isn't shown
There's nowhere you can be
that isn't where you're meant to be
It's easy

All you need is love, (All together now)
All you need is love, (Everybody)
All you need is love, love,
Love is all you need

All you need is love
All you need is love
All you need is love, love

The words emerged from the mouth of John neutralize the glove attacks.

JOHN

Go, Glove, lovely Glove.

RINGO

You took the words right out of my mouth, John.

GEORGE

Hey, wait, and watch. [*Floating*] It's all in the mind, you know.

Love is all you need
Love is all you need

Everything revives in Pepperland. The word NO becomes NOW and then KNOW.

She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah

*The meanies flee and The Beatles are acclaimed by the crowd.
A little bit further they find a blue glass ball.*

GEORGE

Hey, that's a funny place to leave a goldfish bowl.

JOHN

In Pepperland all things are possible.

PAUL

It's not a goldfish bowl.

RINGO

Just a big glass bowl, then.

PAUL

Yes, blue glass.

RINGO

It must be from Kentucky.

Paul knocks the bowl. Some music starts to sound.

JOHN

There's something inside.

RINGO

Four fellas.

GEORGE

What are they doing there?

PAUL

They're not having a ball, that's for sure.

JOHN

It can't be.

PAUL

It's us.

JOHN

But we're here.

PAUL

It's Sgt. Pepper's...

RINGO

Lonely...

GEORGE
Hearts Club...

GEORGE
Band.

JOHN
The resemblance is truly striking. If I could come in here I think the theory put forward by Einstein...

PAUL, *spoofs an old song called 'Any old iron'*
Any old Ein, any old Ein, any, any, any old Einstein.

JOHN
... could well be applied here. The people in the ball are obviously extensions of our own personalities, suspended, as it were, in time, frozen in space, according to the now famous Theory of Relativity, which, briefly explained, is simply a matter of taking two eggs...

The other three try to break the ball.

PAUL
John!

JOHN
... beating lightly and adding a little salt and pepper...

GEORGE
John!

JOHN
George?

GEORGE
How do we get them out?

JOHN
Break the glass.

GEORGE
We can't. It's Beatle-proof.

JOHN
Nothing is Beatle-proof.

PAUL, to Ringo
Have you got your drumsticks with you? A drum break might shatter it.

RINGO
No, I haven't.

GEORGE

Have a look in your pocket.

1:15:50 *"Baby you're a rich man" is heard.*

RINGO

I've got a hole in my pocket. I wonder if...

Ringo sticks the hole on the ball. The ball gets empty.

RINGO

Yeah, it still works.

GEORGE

We take back all we said.

JOHN

You're a genius.

PAUL

A sheer genius.

RINGO

I know, I know, I know. [*Some colors get out of the ball*] Like coloured telly.

GEORGE

Like crystal.

PAUL

They're decanting.

The members of the Band face their peers.

RINGO 2

Hello, brother.

RINGO

Yeah, without a doubt.

GEORGE

We're the spitting image of each other.

GEORGE 2

Golly, yeah.

JOHN

I'm led to believe that you're an extension of my personality.

JOHN 2

Yes, I'm your alter-ego man.

JOHN

And I'm the ego man, goo goo, g'joob. [*They walk together*] I'm glad you asked me that. Because as a matter of fact there's a war on. Then, brothers in war, to the skirmish must we hence.

JOHN 2

Shall we hence?

PAUL

Let's not waste time sitting on the hence. Beatles to battle. Charge!

The Blue Meanies attack again. The Beatles run for a hide.

JOHN

We're surrounded.

RINGO, *pointing the four-headed dog*

Nice dog, though.

The Beatles hide inside a hurdy-gurdy. John turns the crank and sings:

1:17:26 THE BEATLES : HEY BULLDOG

Sheepdog... standing in the rain
Bullfrog... doing it again
Some kind of happiness
is measured out in miles
What makes you think you're
something special when you smile?

Childlike... no one understands
Jack knife... in your sweaty hands
Some kind of innocence
is measured out in years
You don't know what it's like
to listen to your fears
You can talk to me
You can talk to me
You can talk to me
If you're lonely you can talk to me

Big man... walking in the park
Wigwam... frightened of the dark
Some kind of solitude
is measured out in you
You think you know me
but you haven't got a clue
You can talk to me,
You can talk to me
You can talk to me...
if you're lonely you can talk to me
Hey, bulldog (x4)

John to the dog:
What do you say? Sing it.
Do you know any more? Play it!

Todos
Hey, bulldog.

The Beatles escape from the dog and the guards. Ringo finds Jeremy hanging from the branch of a tree.

RINGO
Jeremy, can it be you?

JEREMY
Can it be me? I think you'd better
inquire of the guards,
for when I was captured,
they took all my cards.

RINGO
Shh, that's enough, Jeremy. Come on, the whole world's being attacked.

JEREMY
What do you want me to do?
Do you recommend fisticuffs
versus the guard?
[With a fighting manual in his hand Jeremy challenges the guard]
Oh, guard! Blue Meanio!
Left to the nostril, right uppercut,
right to the eyebrow, left to the gut.

Jeremy stumbles into a tree. An apple falls down and knocks out the meanie. Ringo congratulates Jeremy.

RINGO
Jeremy!

JEREMY
Come on, Ringo!

The Chief treats to stem the rout.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE
Get back! Get back! Once more unto the breach, dear Meanies! You're advancing
the wrong way! Retreat backwards! Get back there now!

The Chief is swept along.

CHIEF BLUE MEANIE
My kingdom for a horse! *[Jeremy comes close to him]* I think I'll tear him up into little
pieces.

JEREMY

He does, does he?

CHIEF

I think I'll make a blueburger out of him.

JEREMY

Ha-ha, I don't care what you think.

CHIEF

You don't, eh? We'll soon see about that.

JEREMY

He does in truth seem quite annoyed,

[Opens the manual]

some reference material

before I'm destroyed.

Where ground is soft most often grows,

Arise, arise, arouse, a rose.

[Suddenly, a rose arise in the Chief nose]

A rosy nose?

CHIEF

Speak your last piece!

JEREMY

Peace, peace,

supplant the doom and the gloom.

Turn off what is sour,

turn into a flower and bloom, bloom.

Ha-ha, bloom, ha-ha, bloom,

bloom, bloom...

A lot of pink roses cover the whole body of the Chief. He flees crazy.

RINGO

First time I saw that Nowhere Man, that nobody, I knew he was somebody.

JOHN

You're right. Hello there, blue people. Won't you join us? Buck up, and otherwise go mingle. What do you say?

CHIEF

Max?

MAX

Your Blue... I mean your Newness!

CHIEF, takes some flowers

It's no longer a blue world, Max. Where could we go?

MAX
Argentina?

JOHN
Are you with us? Will you join?

CHIEF
Shall we?

MAX
No!... [*Chief threatens to hit him*] Yes, your Newness!

CHIEF, *smiles*
Yes, Max...

JEREMY, *close to them*
Yes. Oh, yes is a word with a glorious ring,
A true, universal, euphonious thing.
In genders embracing
and chasing of blues,
the very best word
for the whole world to use. Ha-ha!

CHIEF
Yes, let us mix, Max. I've never admitted it before, but my cousin is the Bluebird of Happiness.

1:24:41 THE BEATLES : IT'S ALL TOO MUCH

It's all too much
When I look into your eyes,
Your love is there for me
And the more I go inside,
the more there is to see
It's all too much for me to take
The love that's shining all around here
All the world is birthday cake,
So take a piece but not too much

Everybody dance. Jeremy and the Chief reconcile. The Chief cries of emotion.

Nice to have the time
to take this opportunity
Time for me to look at you,
and you to look at me
It's all too much for me to see
The love that's shining all around you
Everywhere, it's what you make
For us to take, it's all too much
It's too much

1:26:55 PAUL, RINGO, GEORGE AND JOHN IN PERSON

PAUL
Catchy tune, that.

RINGO
I can't seem to get it out of my head.

GEORGE
Then shake it.

RINGO
That's what we've been doing all night.

PAUL
Yeah, it was a great party.

GEORGE
And we brought back lots of lovely souvenirs. Here is the motor.

PAUL
I've got a little love.

RINGO
And I've got a hole in my pocket.

PAUL
A hole?

RINGO
Half a hole, anyway. I gave the rest to Jeremy.

GEORGE
What can he do with half a hole?

PAUL
Fix it to keep his mind from wandering.

RINGO
Look at John, will you?

John has been looping through a telescope.

PAUL
What's the matter, John? Blue Meanies?

JOHN
Newer and bluer Meanies have been sighted within the vicinity of this theatre.
There's only one way to go out.

GEORGE
How's that?

JOHN
Singing!

RINGO
One...

PAUL
Two...

GEORGE
Three...

JOHN
¡Fire!

1:27:33 THE BEATLES : *ALL TOGETHER NOW*

One, two, three, four / Can I have a little more?
Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten / I love you
A, B, C, D / Can I bring my friend to tea?
E, F, G, H, I, J / I love you

Sail the ship
Chop the tree
Skip the rope
Look at me

All together now
All together now (all together now)...

1:28:42 CREDITS