

6.

Actor 1 has on an overcoat, peaked cap and dark glasses. He is stood bolt still, to the side. He is pointing a gun determinately into the audience. He speaks with an American accent. He repeats at slow intervals....

Chapman Mr Lennon

Wait.

Mr Lennon

Wait.

Mr Lennon.

Stain goes to him.

(A shout) Mr Lennon.

Stain Now don't be hasty.

Chapman Mr Lennon.

Stain It's Mark isn't it.

Chapman points his gun momentarily at Stain.

Chapman You know me?

Stain Don't be hasty.

Wait.

Stain It's a mistake.

Chapman Mistake ? I know him. I love him. Here (His stomach) Mr Lennon. If I took these glasses off you'd see my eyes are raw with tears.

Stain But this, mate.

Chapman Mate? English. He must go

Stain You can't.

Chapman (Looking at him) I think you know that I can.

Stain Leave it. Come on. I'll buy you a drink.

Chapman Drink. You'd take this clarity from me. This vision'd drown in a second. Who are you ? Don't you see ?

Stain I see you doing something you're gonna regret.

Chapman Platitude. Never.

Stain In the cold light of day....

Chapman Phoney. Never. Mr Lennon !

Stain I can't let you.

Chapman points his gun at Stain.

**Chapman** I won't be stopped. No. He lied. I can't listen any longer. He chopped me. You don't see. No. Led us up the aisle and chopped us down. Brought us to a beautiful day and flew. I loved. I hungered. I screamed 'till I was hoarse. I lost something. Gave it up to him. History shall judge me. Not you. When there is justice. When we don't need demi-gods to fix us in our tightening limits. Then I shall be judged. I chase fame like a book chases words. I run from the nothing that life offers. There is more. Who should I kill? The hero snatches my heroism. I'll snatch it back.

**Stain** Don't kill him.

Chapman raises glasses for a moment to look at Stain. Replaces them.

**Chapman** You'd take the bullet?

**Wait**

What is your investment?

**Wait.**

You wouldn't take it.

**Wait.**

Or why not? He lives so much for you.

**Wait.**

I know. My whole project's flawed. I'll deify. An old story. More dangerous dead. I'll set him in dead cold stone. I'll be doing their business. Maybe it should be us. Halt the spread. Starting with you.

**Stain** **(Quietly)** Don't Mark.

**Chapman** Why? Tell me.

**Stain** Wife and kid.

**Chapman** Ha. Predictable. Another.

**Stain** Don't

**Chapman** Why hang on? Perish here. Why him? What does he give you? An ounce of breath. A scent in the wind. A brush with more that really is the tight hem of your life. Take arms against the limit.

**Guitar. Back in the concert.**

**Chapman looks at the stage and then at Stain.**

**Chapman** Hate. Over the line. The creative engine.  
Love's it's fuel. It'll burn away. Shoot.

**He wraps Stain's hands around the gun.**

Mr Lennon. Fell like a building. Crumpled.  
Rubble. There's bullets left.

**He goes.**

**Stain looks at the gun. Thinks about dropping  
it. Stops.**

**Raises it stage-ward. Walks forward.**

**Stain** Heavy. Can't hold it straight. It'll shake and  
I'll miss. Interned for nothing. No. If there's  
a bullet....

**Walks.**

We were at school. Winter. Frost on the pitch.  
We knew nothing of him. Beatle John. Then he's  
dead and explodes in our heads. The face begins  
to haunt. A secret sorrow. A mystery to young  
minds. Across a football match of foggy players  
shuffling. We shared a look and moved on. We  
crossed. Now we shall cross again. A shot at  
life. A shot at life. At last.

**He steady's the gun pointing forward.**

**Black.**