

## **Lady Madonna Needs a Holiday**

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## Characters

TV-announcer (F/M)

Interviewer (F): *bright and enthusiastic, occasionally puzzled by John*

John: *subject to rapid mood-changes*

## Stage and Props

*The scene can be done on a bare stage, but was first done on a stage with two chairs and a microphone stand between them.*

*JOHN could have some toy to play with, we used a rubic's cube in our version.*

*The INTERVIEWER might have cue cards as a prop but the scene can also be done without props.*

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*Lights up on ANNOUNCER:* Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I'm sure you've been looking forward to yet another episode of interviews that reveal THE TRUTH. Ladies and gentlemen, today we are going to hear about John Lennon. Because John Lennon, against all contrary evidence, is, like Elvis, not dead. At least not in spirit. We have found one man who firmly believes he is John Lennon. This exclusive interview is brought to you by our celebrity journalist Jude Miller.

*Lights up on stage. We see JOHN, waiting, he is not very enthusiastic. The interviewer enters.*

INTERVIEWER: (*vigorously advancing towards JOHN*) Hello, um, John. I may call you John, may I? This is a very special occasion, for, as I hear, you are not very often inclined to give interviews!

JOHN (*morosely*): Get back to where you once belonged.

INTERVIEWER: (*taken aback*) Oh, but I was told you had agreed to this interview. There are thousands of people watching their telly and wanting to see you. Isn't that great?

JOHN: Can't buy me, love. (*vanishes offstage*)

INTERVIEWER: (*persuasively*) Listen, this is not going to take very long and many people are really so interested in hearing about you. (*puzzled by his absence*) Um. So I'll just do a very short interview and then I'll just go back to where I belong, okay?

JOHN: (*has entered from the other side of the stage, sneaking up behind the interviewer, resignedly*) Let it be.

INTERVIEWER (*jumps a little*): Okay, wonderful. Maybe you could just tell us who you are?

JOHN (*sadly*): I'm not half the man I used to be.

INTERVIEWER: Oh. I'm very sorry to hear. Don't you feel well?

JOHN: There's a shadow hanging over me.

INTERVIEWER: Oh. How unpleasant. And since when do you feel like this?

JOHN: Yesterday.

INTERVIEWER: Ah, so there's still hope that it's nothing chronic. Or do you feel strange often?

JOHN: Eight days a week.

INTERVIEWER: Oh dear. John, let's talk about something more pleasant. I was told that you might tell me something about your ... um, the, um place, where you live, which is quite exciting. So, where *do* you currently live?

JOHN: We all live in a yellow submarine.

INTERVIEWER: How picturesque. And I was told the submarine was made of-

JOHN: Norwegian Wood.

INTERVIEWER: That really is very fascinating, because I always thought that wood is, sort of, unsinkable and a submarine made of wood is something quite unheard of, I think.

JOHN: I've been working like a dog.

INTERVIEWER: To keep your submarine under water?

JOHN: We can work it out.

INTERVIEWER: (*cautiously*) Um, does that mean that your submarine is not a real submarine yet? Because it's still above the waterline? This is *really* intriguing. And you think you'll keep on working on that problem? You are not going to give up?

JOHN: When I'm sixty-four.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, so you've still got some years to work on it. (*searching for another question*) Yes, um, well, um...

JOHN: (*suddenly accusingly*) Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away.

INTERVIEWER: Oh.

JOHN: Now it looks as though they're here to stay. (*looks gloomily at interviewer.*)

INTERVIEWER: Right, um, let's get on with our little interview. Ummm. Do you live there alone, in your submarine? I think you said "we" live in a yellow submarine, not just you? Who else lives there?

JOHN: Eleanor Rigby.

INTERVIEWER: Ah. And what-

JOHN: Penny Lane.

INTERVIEWER: I see. And-

JOHN: Our friends are all on board.

INTERVIEWER (*drily*): How lovely. (*Pause*) But isn't that a bit inconvenient, I mean, isn't it a bit crowded?

JOHN: Many more of them live next door.

INTERVIEWER: Do they? How romantic. A whole colony. And your two friends that you just mentioned, are they close friends of yours? Or just your um, submarine-mates, like, um house-mates, you know? Because, on a submarine, there's not that much room and so I wondered...

JOHN: I'm in love with her and I feel fine.

INTERVIEWER: Oh! Um, which one? Penny or Eleanor?

JOHN: We can work it out.

INTERVIEWER: Oh yes, (*aside*) I'd indeed be glad if we could...

JOHN: With a little help from my friends.

INTERVIEWER(*puzzled*): You mean, you need *them*, I mean Penny and Eleanor, to tell *you* which of them you are in love with?

JOHN: She's got a ticket to ride.

INTERVIEWER: Um, I don't think we've got the time to wait until the lady in question arrives. Not even if she's got a bus or a train ticket. John, could you maybe-

JOHN (*tragically*): I think I'm gonna be sad -

INTERVIEWER: Oh God, but why? (*a little desperate*) Because I wouldn't let your friend come here?

JOHN: (*ignoring her*) While my guitar gently weeps...

INTERVIEWER: I think, to be honest, our audience would be more interested in happier themes. (*Pause*) Maybe you could tell us something about your hobbies. I was told you had taken up gardening lately?

JOHN (*happily*): Strawberry fields forever.

INTERVIEWER: And when did you start gardening, John?

JOHN: When I was younger, so much younger than today.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, so you've been doing this for quite a long time. And what do you like about it?

JOHN: Doing the garden, digging the weeds. Who could ask for more.

INTERVIEWER: Yes.

JOHN: There beneath the blue suburban skies.

INTERVIEWER: Oh yes. Nothing like fresh air. Being out in the sun.

JOHN: And the fool on the hill sees the sun going down.

INTERVIEWER: Hmhm. And you just cultivate strawberries? Or do you also do flowers?

JOHN: Cellophane flowers of yellow and green. (*Pause, enthusiastically*) The pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray.

INTERVIEWER (*laughing with him. Then, suddenly*): Oh. I don't quite understand. Do you want to say that you trade with, um, poppies and other flowers?

JOHN: With a little help from my friends.

INTERVIEWER: Yes, friends are invaluable today. Do you make any money selling... flowers?

JOHN: I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love.

INTERVIEWER: Well, maybe I'm just a sort of... material girl. (*laughs, a bit embarrassed*) But you'll need *some* money to live on, don't you?

JOHN: All you need is love.

INTERVIEWER: Well, yes, don't we all.

JOHN: Hey Jude, don't be afraid.

INTERVIEWER: Afraid, me? No, why should I?

JOHN: I want to hold your hand.

INTERVIEWER: What? Why?

JOHN: There will be an answer.

INTERVIEWER (*making a gesture as if to stop him*): Yes: let it be... (*Pause*) I don't understand. You wanted to throw me out of the room some minutes ago?

JOHN (*pleading*): Help. I need somebody. (*takes her hand*)

INTERVIEWER: (*panicking*) But how could I help you?

JOHN: She asked me to stay and she told me to sit anywhere,  
So I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair

INTERVIEWER: Oh, that wasn't very nice of her. But, who are you talking about? Not Penny? Or Eleanor, by any chance?

JOHN: Do you need anybody,  
I just need someone to love,  
Could it be anybody,  
I want somebody to love.

INTERVIEWER: Well...

JOHN: You don't know what you're missing.

INTERVIEWER: Oh please...

JOHN: Lady Madonna.

INTERVIEWER: (*after a pause, baffled*) How did you recognize me?

JOHN: Lady Madonna.

INTERVIEWER (*melting*): When you say my name, it's like a little prayer.

JOHN: If there's anything that you want,  
If there's anything I can do,  
Just call on me and I'll send it along  
With love from me to you.  
I've got everything that you want,  
Like a heart that is oh, so true.

INTERVIEWER (*surprised*): I made it through the wilderness, Somehow I made it through.  
Didn't know how lost I was, until I found you.

JOHN: *gets on his knees in front of her* Now let me hold your hand,  
I want to hold your hand.

INTERVIEWER (*shily*): Touched- for the very first time.

JOHN: Love, love me do.

INTERVIEWER(*gets down on her knees too, more and more enthusiastic*): We could take a holiday. Just one day out of life. It would be, it would be...

JOHN: It would be so nice...

INTERVIEWER: If we took a holiday, took some time to...

BOTH: Celebrate! (*both break into song (“Holiday” by Madonna, could also be playback) get up and dance off together*)

*Blackout.*

*Lights up on* ANNOUNCER: So it turned out that not only John Lennon is alive but that the lady currently known as Madonna is a fake. The real Madonna had been working as a journalist for THE TRUTH for more than three years. Asked how she proposed to proceed against the fake Madonna, the real one, who has resigned from her job at THE TRUTH in order to marry the reincarnation of John Lennon, just told us that we should “cherish the day”. Well, we wish the young couple all the best of luck in their yellow submarine and I hope that you’ll tune in next week when it is again time for THE TRUTH. Good night.