

GEORGE
Maybe if we added some guitar
feedback played backwards—

PAUL
I don't know, I like it better
clean.

RINGO
Hey, does anyone need anything from
me?

Suddenly, the studio lights start to flicker.

GEORGE MARTIN
(concerned)
That's not supposed to happen...

A TECHNICIAN (36) standing next to George Martin takes notice
of this.

TECHNICIAN
I'm on it.

He goes over to the power box.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Hm... there doesn't appear to be
anything wrong with the switches.

As The Beatles keep arguing with each other, strange
phenomena begins to manifest, such as tape machines speeding
up and slowing down on their own.

Ringo notices it first, then his eyes widen as his drums
appear to play themselves.

RINGO
Hey lads, is it just me or is
something... odd happening?

Papers begin to float around. The air starts shimmering
around them. Then, a swirling vortex of energy forms in the
center of the room. That's when John, Paul, and George
finally turn around.

PAUL
Bloody hell! What is that?

JOHN
Should've stuck with Lucy and her
diamonds instead of what those

California blokes sent me.

GEORGE
(mesmerized)
It's... beautiful.

The vortex expands until it envelops the entire studio. For a moment, they're suspended in midair. Then, with a flash of light and a thunderous crack, they vanish, leaving behind only their instruments.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORUSCANT STREETS

A brilliant flash illuminates a busy Coruscant street level, as a swirling rift tears open above a crowded marketplace. Four figures come tumbling out, crashing into a pile of boxes from a vendor's stall.

Paul is the first to untangle himself from the mess, purple fruit dripping from his hair. He looks around at the towering spires that seem to stretch infinitely upward.

PAUL
(dazed)
What... where are we? This... this
can't be real.

John slowly rises with crooked glasses. He adjusts them and squints at the impossible architecture surrounding them.

JOHN
(deadpan)
Well, it doesn't look like the
studio anymore, that's for sure.

Ringo sits up from the ground, rubbing his head. Strange alien chatter fills the air around them.

RINGO
(confused)
Did we just up and die? Is this
what happens when you overdose on
whatever John's been taking?

JOHN
Hey, I haven't taken anything
stronger than tea today.

George, who had been pinned beneath Ringo, manages to sit up. His eyes are wide, yet strangely calm as he takes in their

new surroundings. A sense of wonder crosses his face that the others haven't seen in years.

GEORGE

(with growing amazement)

I think we might be on another planet. I mean, look at it all, it's like every book that I've ever read about higher dimensions manifested.

An ALIEN VENDOR with large black eyes approaches them. It tilts its head, studying them with obvious curiosity.

The four Beatles stare back, mouths agape. The alien vendor reaches down and picks up a piece of the purple fruit, examining it before offering it back to Paul.

JOHN

(to George)

I wonder what gave away that we're not from around here?

Paul stands up slowly, brushing alien fruit pulp off his jacket.

PAUL

Right, look... let's just try to figure out where we are first. And how we got here. And how we get back.

RINGO

(panicking)

But what if we can't get back? What if we're stuck here forever?

GEORGE

Maybe we're not supposed to go back. Maybe this was meant to happen.

PAUL

This has to be some kind of group hallucination. Maybe even mass hysteria...

JOHN

There are literal flying cars and green people, Paul. Unless the entire population of London suddenly got creative with costumes and sets-