

George: Protesting, political songs; it's no better. It'll sell because that's what the climate is now. We condemn Vietnam and suddenly every hippy kid in the country is yelling our music at the pigs and we're still huge, just for different reasons. But it's just as shallow. We're still not artists.

*He drinks.*

George: Never have been. We're hacks. The sad part is, we could be more. Art is about doing more than what we're doing by doing less. We don't need to say *anything*. We don't even need words if we don't want them. You ever read Oscar Wilde? *All art is quite useless*. The best thing we could make is something that is just beautiful. Something that moves you without you knowing why. The feeling you get when some stupid dusty classical song suddenly makes you tear up, makes your heart race. *That* feeling. The feeling you get when you look at a Da Vinci or a Van Gogh. You don't know *why* you love it, but you do. Art is about letting go of purpose and finding something deeper. Something subconscious that you can't even define properly. If we can tap into that and let that be what our music is, above anything else... then who know what we could make? Something a damn sight better than what we're making now, I'm willing to bet.

*He drinks.*

Ringo: Have you been at my pot stash?

*Beat.*

George: No, I have not been at your pot stash you bloody stooge. I'm speaking my mind.

John: Do you really cry at classical music? Bloody pansy.

George: Did you listen to a word I said?

John: Yeah; I especially liked the part where you admitted you cry at classical music. What next, you wanna take me to dinner?

George: No thanks; I like ladies who aren't only in it for the money.

*Beat.*

John: Pansy.

George: Hypocrite.

John: Well now that we've all heard the gospel according to George and found it very wanting, let's get-

Paul: I didn't find it wanting.

John: Course not; you want to get back in his good books.

Paul: No; I think it's worthwhile stuff. But I also think it's wrong.

*Beat.*

George: Is that so?

Paul: You're not moved by classical music just because it's beautiful. Same with classical paintings. You're moved because it reflects something in your own life.

*Beat.*

John: Sorry, but a bunch of screeching violins doesn't make me-

Paul: John, you wouldn't know a real emotion if it got down on its knees and felated you.

John: Being felated makes me feel plenty of emotions.