

DRAFT : 8th May 1981

'THE WALL'

SCREENPLAY

by

ROGER WATERS

(C) G R Waters  
1981

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## WHEN THE TIGERS BROKE FREE

It was just before dawn  
One miserable morning in black '44  
When the Forward Commander was  
asked to sit tight when he asked  
that his men be withdrawn.  
The generals gave thanks  
as the other ranks held back  
the enemy tanks for a while.  
And the Anzio bridgehead was held for  
the price of a few hundred ordinary lives.

And kind old King George  
Sent Mother a note  
When he heard that Father was gone  
It was I recall in the form of a scroll  
with gold leaf and all.  
And I found it one day  
in a drawer of old photographs, hidden away.  
And my eyes still-grow damp to remember  
His Majesty signed with his own rubber stamp ....

It was dark all around  
There was frost on the ground  
When the Tigers broke free.  
And no-one survived from  
The Royal Fusiliers Company C  
They were all left behind  
Most of them dead  
The rest of them dying.  
And that's how the High Command  
Took my Daddy from me.

1 INT. AN HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY. UNITED STATES

We open on a long hotel corridor. Almost surreal. Bleached white. The carpet the only colour. Facing in at the opposite end is the door to a suite of rooms. We slowly track in. A Spanish MAID appears pulling a heavy industrial vacuum cleaner. We hear, gradually mixed in a montage of Vera Lynn songs from the Second World War. As we get closer to the MAID she plugs in the vacuum cleaner. The whine of the vacuum cleaner provides the basis of a drone which is the background to our title music "When the Tigers Broke Free".

2 EXT. ANZIO. DUG OUT. 1944

We cut to black. Almost. A match flares and lights up the wick of a hurricane lamp. A glow of light. A dug out. The PLATOON COMMANDER, PINK'S FATHER, unhooks the leather holster from his Sam Browne. He takes out the Webley revolver and looks along the barrel. We see in tight C.U.'s as he meticulously takes his gun apart to clean it. MAIN TITLES over this. As the TITLES finish, he places the hurricane lamp high on a book, next to a field telephone. CUT.

3 EXT. A RUGBY FIELD. DAY

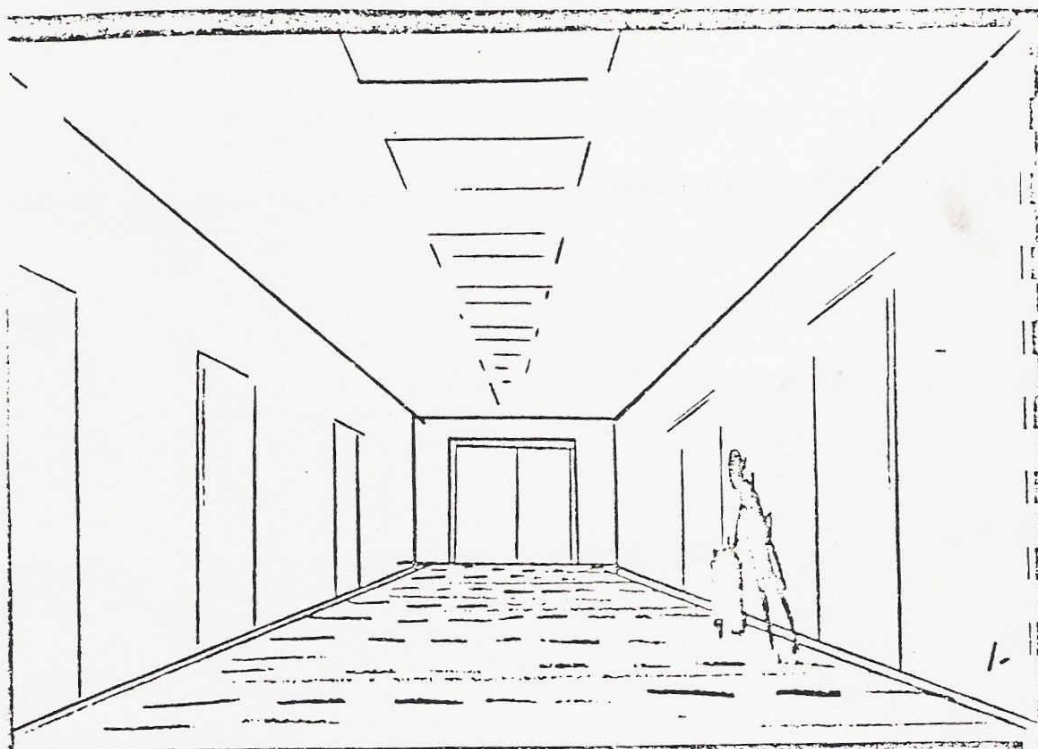
A green rugby field. A wide blue sky. Clouds. In the distance a tiny figure of a small boy runs towards us; YOUNG PINK. He stops in front of us and stares at an object, off camera. We do not see what he sees.

4 INT. AN HOTEL SUITE. DAY

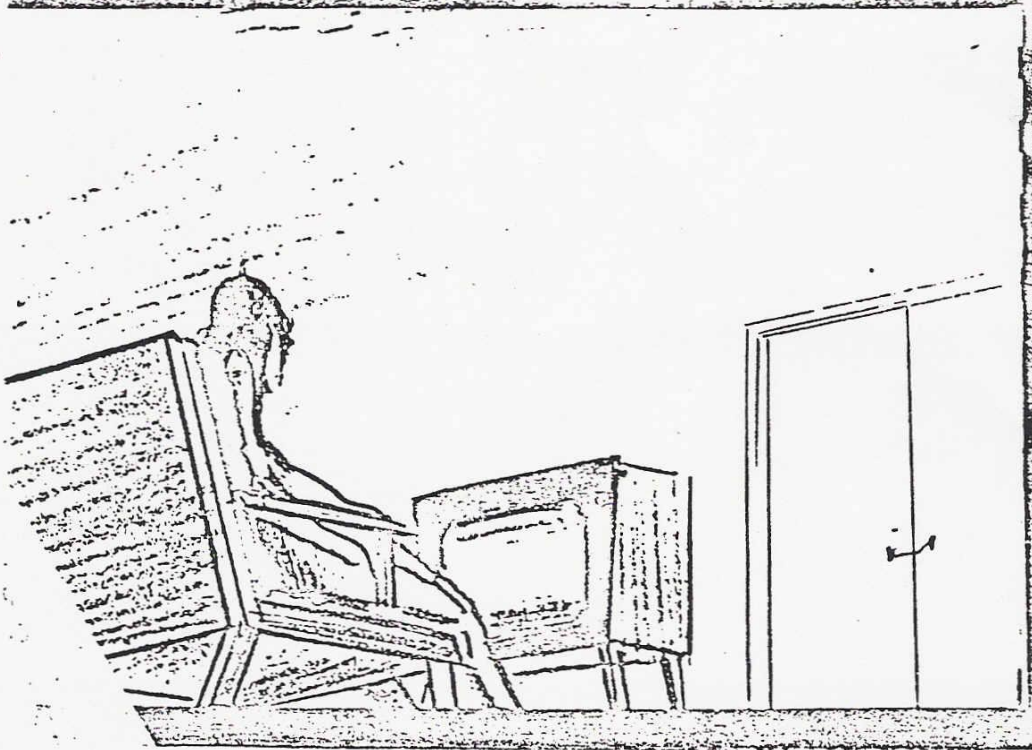
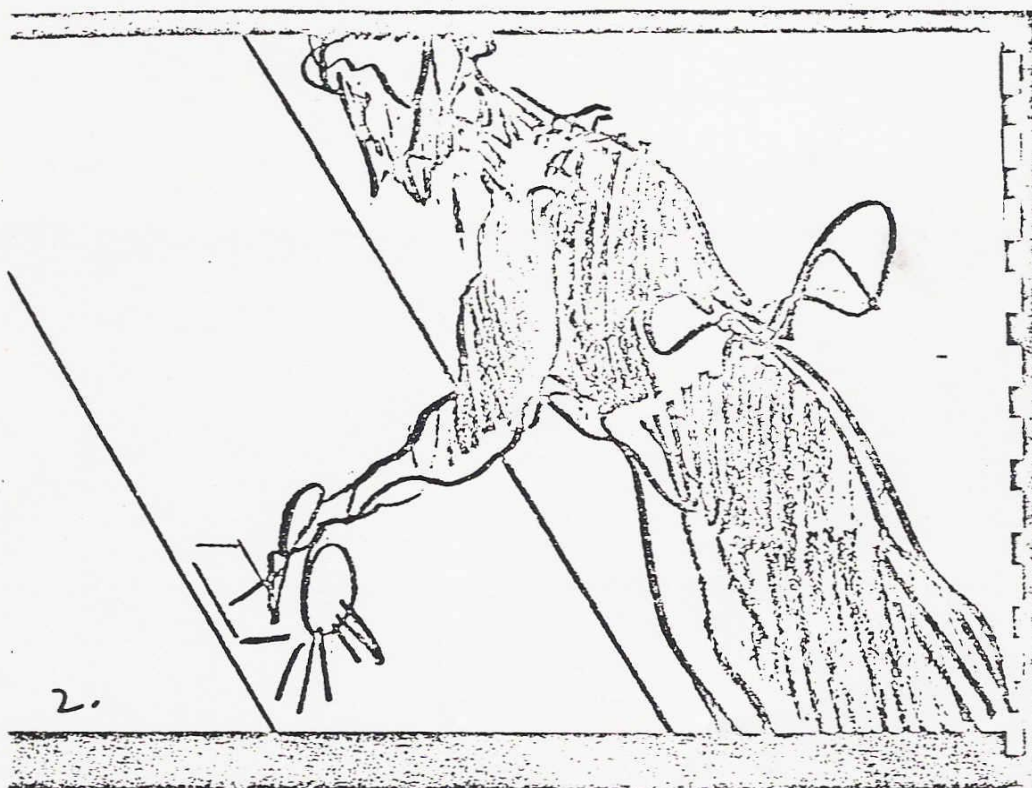
F.X. vacuum cleaner dies down, outside in the hall. Inside, a darkened room. We cut to E.C.U. of a cigarette that has burned its way through the fingers that hold it right up to the filter. We cut to a man's face, PINK. Immobile. Staring. Crazy.

5 INT. AN HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY

The Spanish MAID walks towards PINK'S door. She takes out a large ring with her pass-keys on it. We cut to inside the room.



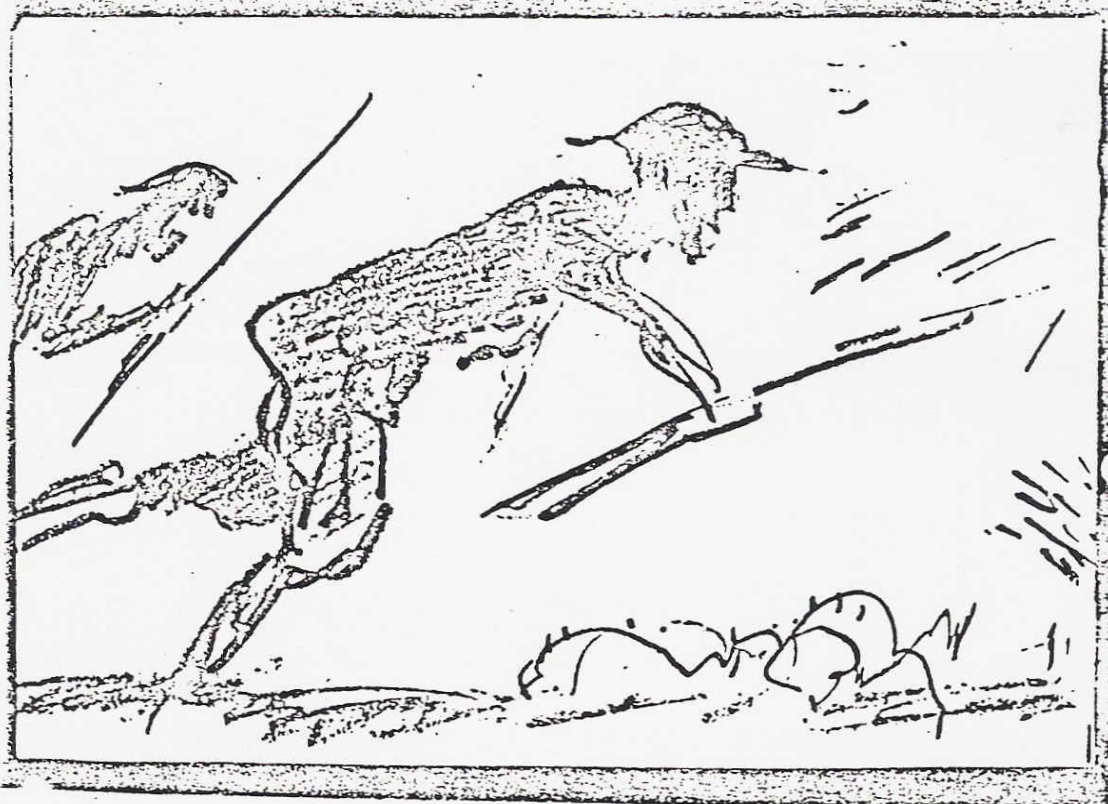




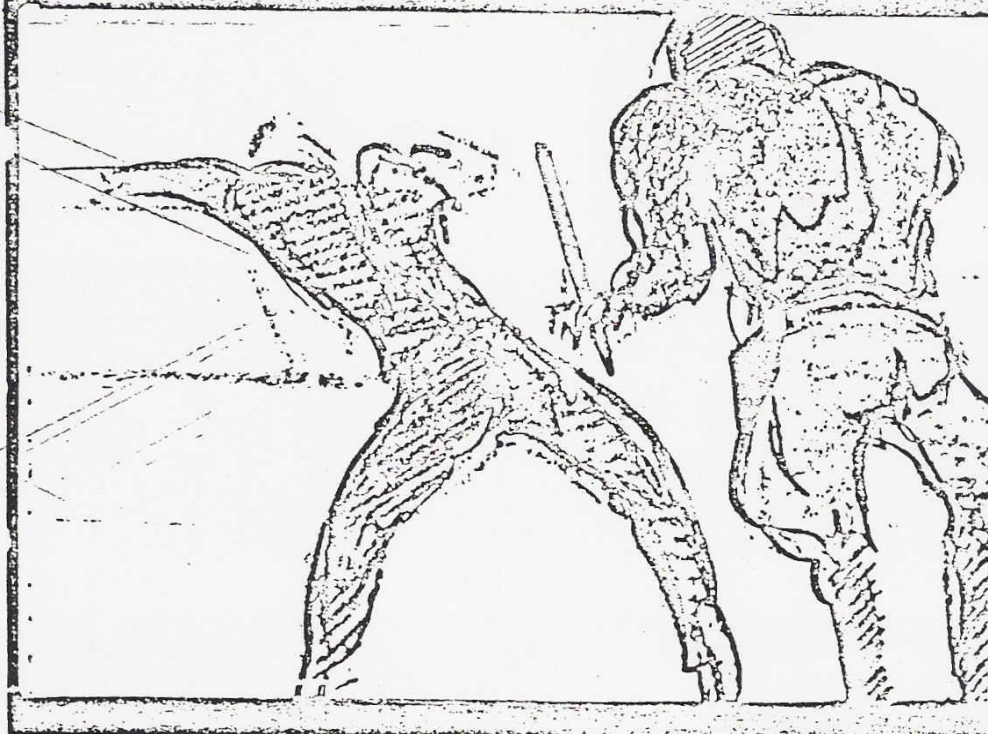
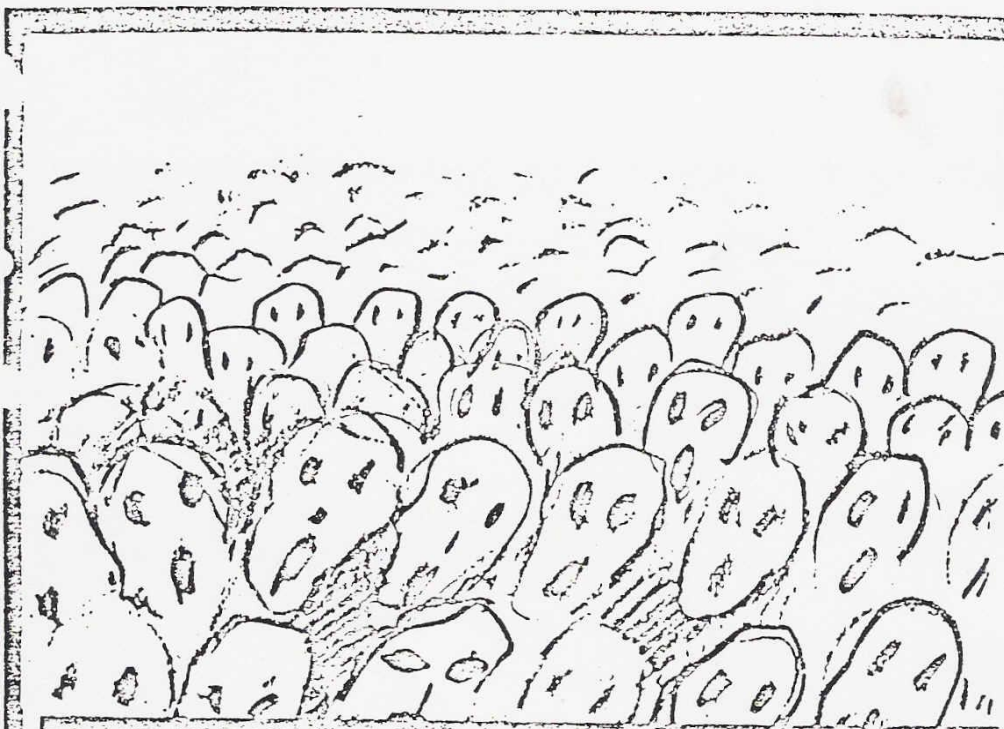
A man, PINK, sits slumped in an armchair. Behind him, an unlit standard lamp. In front of him the T.V. set, still on, no sound, a soft eerie glow. We pan from PINK'S face towards the door. We hear the MAID'S key slip into the lock. We cut closer. A crack of light appears as the door opens a couple of inches, but is brought up short by a chain guard which taughtens. No music. Natural F.X.

IN THE FLESH

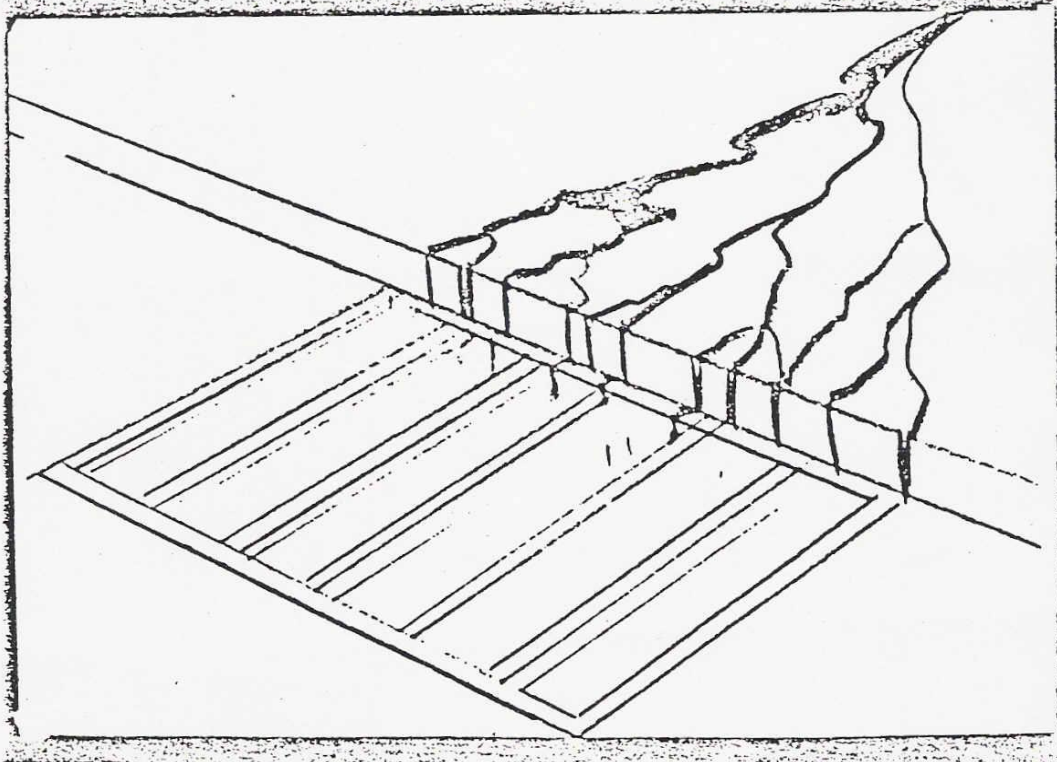
So ya'  
Thought ya'  
Might like to go to the show.  
To feel the warm thrill of confusion,  
That space cadet glow.  
Tell me is something eluding you sunshine?  
Is this not what you expected to see?  
If you'd like to find out what's behind these cold eyes  
You'll have to claw your way through the  
Disguise ...











7 INT. ARENA. UNITED STATES. NIGHT

A thick steel chain holds together some emergency doors. The chain is under enormous tension from the crowds outside. On the first note of 'In the Flesh' the chain snaps. The exit doors burst open and a mass of screaming frantic people surge through. They rush, wild eyed, down the empty corridor. We intercut trampling feet and screaming faces.

8 EXT. ANZIO. DAY

The trampling feet and screaming faces of battle.

9 EXT. ARENA. NIGHT

Police shake down some of the fans, spreadeagling them against cars. Ankles are kicked back. Hair pulled. Faces forced down. Night sticks viciously swing at legs. Fans are bundled, unceremoniously into the backs of police cars.

10 ANIMATION & SCARFIAN IMAGES (Intercut)

A dove explodes into an ominous teutonic eagle. The eagle first menaces the land, and then lays it waste, leaving in its wake a towering War Lord. Dog-like humanoids, their faces like gas masks, run for shelter.

11 INT. ARENA. NIGHT

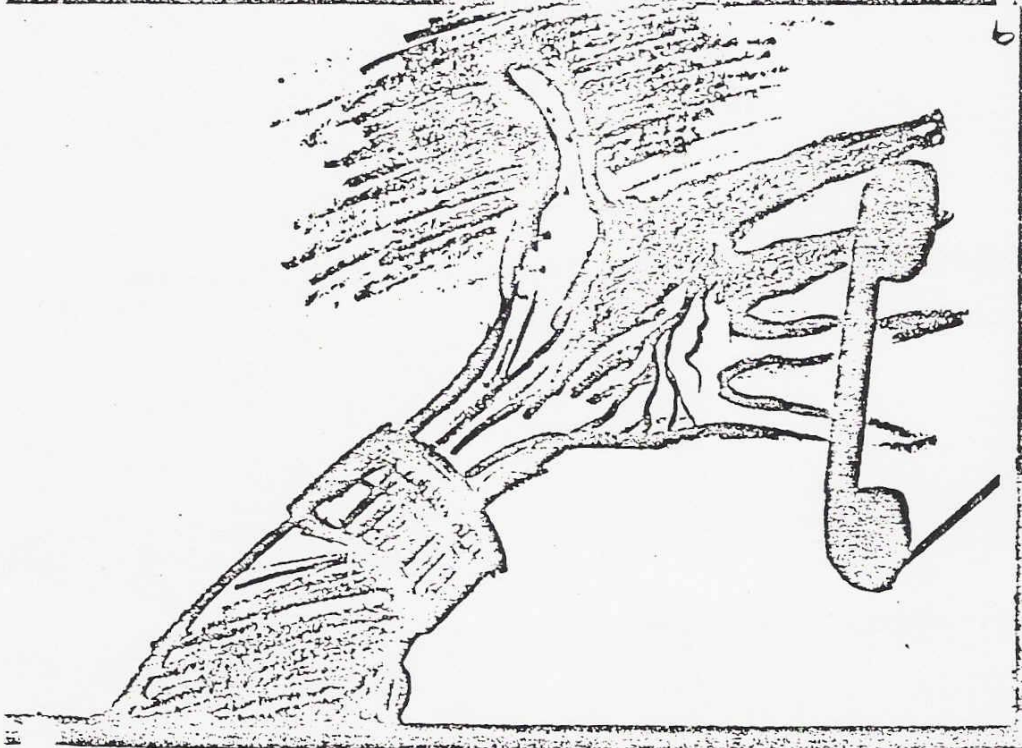
We track along incredulous faces of the fans. We see what they see.  
CUT to ...

12 INT. HALL STAGE. NIGHT

"So ya', Thought ya'  
Might life to go to  
The show ..."

On stage, at the start of the verse of 'In the Flesh' we cut to a neo-nazi, punk/skinhead SINGER.  
Absolutely not the Pink Floyd. Who is this person?





13    SCARFIAN IMAGES OF WAR

On the guitar break we conclude the animation, began in Scene (10). The Germanic eagle crashes, leaving behind a pile of decaying skeletons. We pan across a devastated smoking city. Cut to C.U. Blood trickles into a drain.

14    EXT.    ANZIO.    SKY

A Stuka bomber dives towards the battle.

15    EXT.    ANZIO.    BATTLE.    DAY

On the ground, the COMMANDER of a British platoon cranks a field telephone.

16    EXT.    ANZIO.    SKY

The Stuka continues its dive. We see the pilot's P.O.V.

17    EXT.    ANZIO.    BATTLE.    DAY

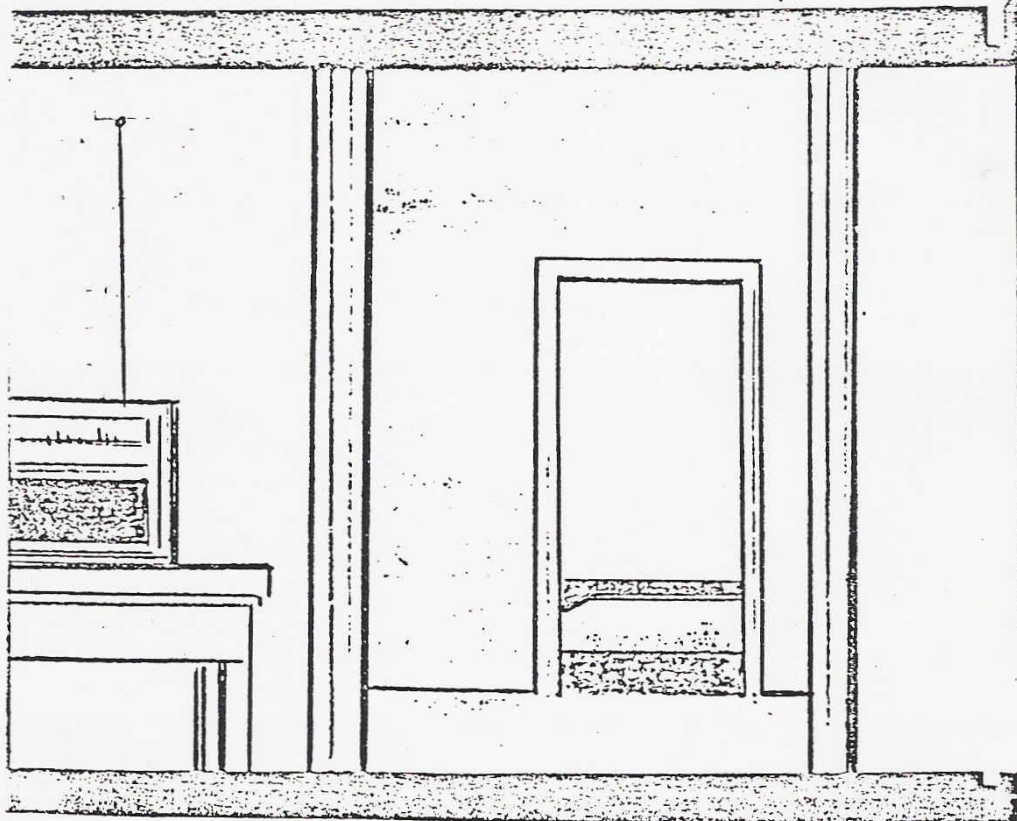
Fear. PINK'S FATHER'S face. The bomb explodes. We flash cut to Scarfian screaming man. We freeze on the bloody hand still holding the telephone. We hold the shot until the hand gradually loses it's grasp. Loud explosions. F.X.

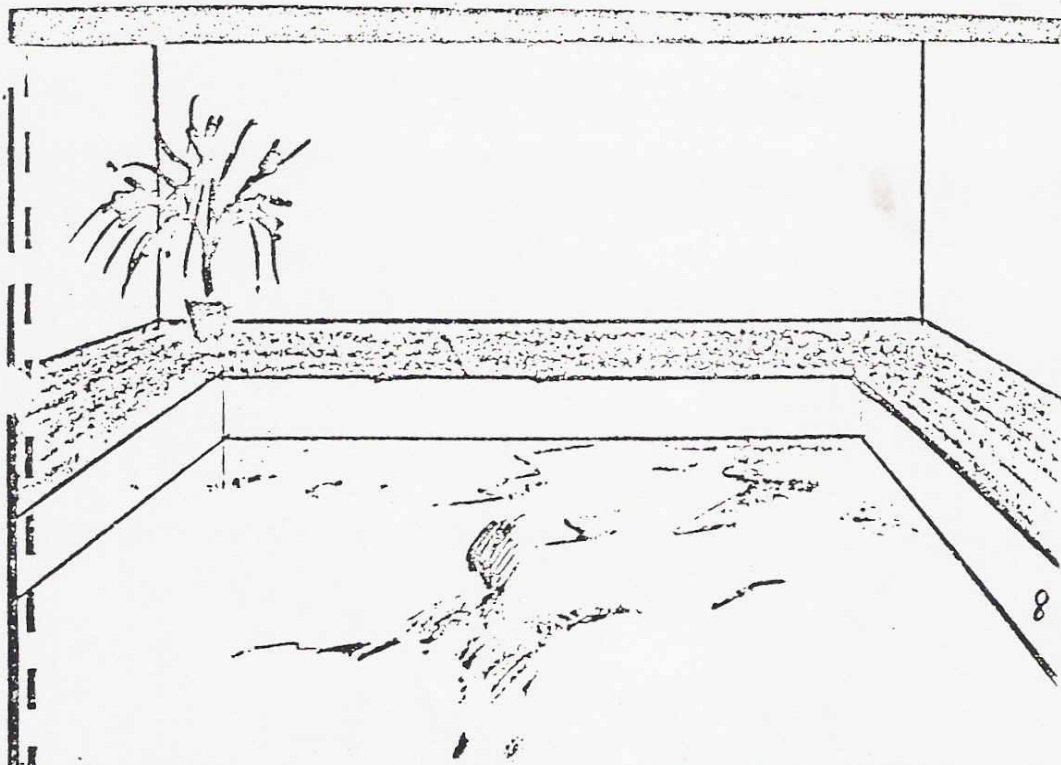
'In the Flesh' concludes.



### THE THIN ICE

Mama loves her baby  
And Daddy loves you too.  
And the sea may look warm to you babe  
and the sky may look blue.  
But Oooh babe,  
Oooh baby blue,  
Oooh babe.  
If you should go skating  
On the thin ice of modern life  
Dragging behind you the silent reproach  
Of a million tear stained eyes,  
Don't be surprised when a crack in the ice  
appears under your feet.  
You slip out of your depth and out of your mind  
With your fear, flowing out behind you  
As you claw the thin ice.







18 INT/EXT. BLACK SCREEN

We hear F.X. of a new born baby crying.

19 EXT. ANZIO. BATTLE. DAWN

"Mama loves her baby  
And Daddy loves you too  
..."

On the first note of 'The Thin Ice' we cut to a wide vista showing the aftermath of the battle at Anzio. We pan slowly from the sea across the smouldering ruin of the battlefield. We see various horrific, bloody images as the medics tidy up.

20 INT. LAVISH HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT

"If you should go skating  
On the thin ice of modern  
Life ..."

The camera slowly tracks through the hotel suite. Across floors. Through doors. A bedroom. A living room. Down a corridor, until we reveal, in the last room, a small private swimming pool. Lit by underwater floodlight, a man, PINK, is barely afloat. We track across the surface of the water until we eventually see his bland, expressionless face.

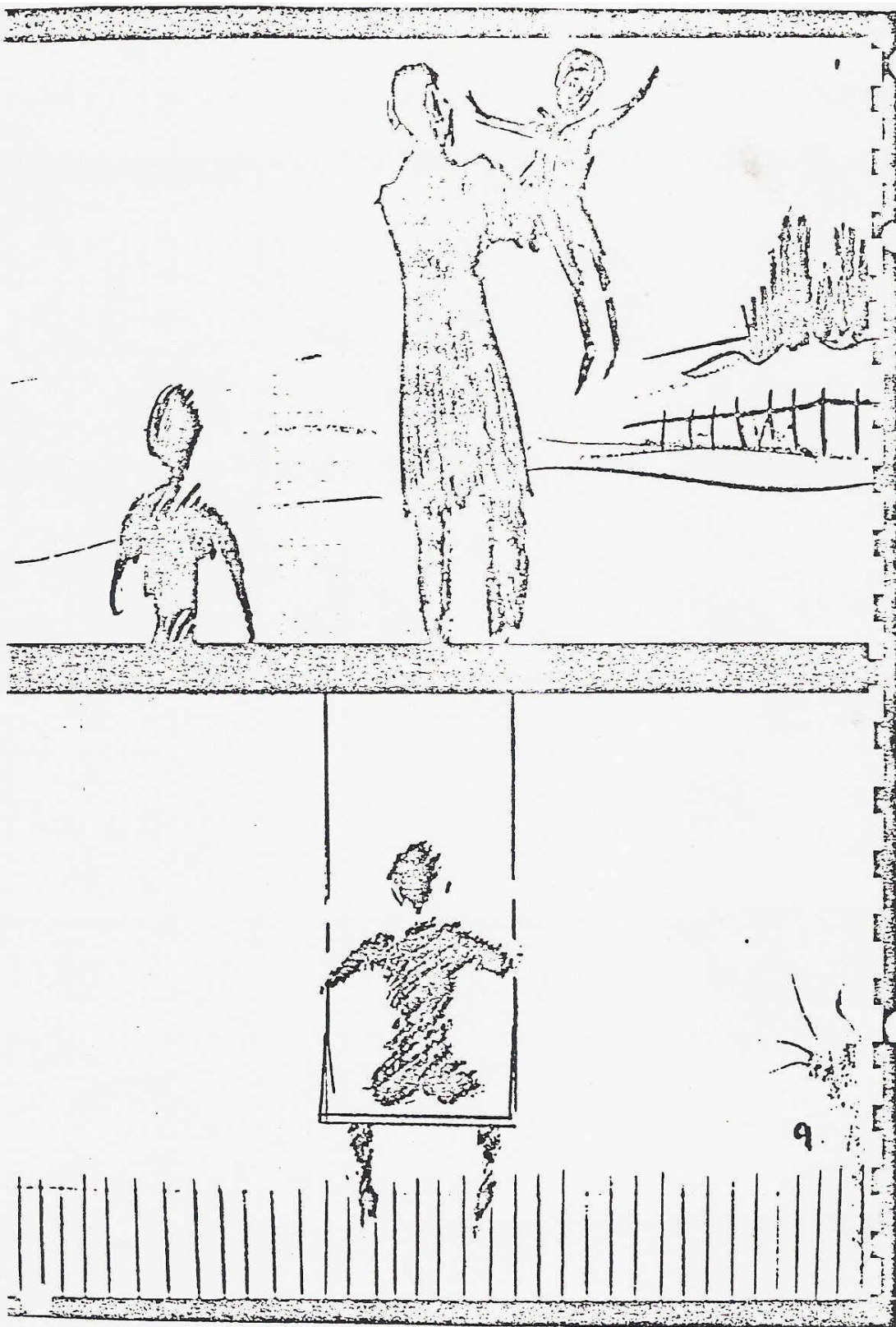
"...you slip out of your  
depth, and out of your  
mind, with your fear flowing  
out behind you, as you claw  
the thin ice."

On the guitar break the water fragments into nightmarish Scarfian visions of impending madness.

#### ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL

Daddy's flown across the ocean,  
Leaving just a memory.  
A snap shot in the family album,  
Daddy, what else did you leave for me?  
Daddy, what d'ya leave behind for me?  
All in all it was just a brick in the wall.  
All in all it was all just bricks in the wall.

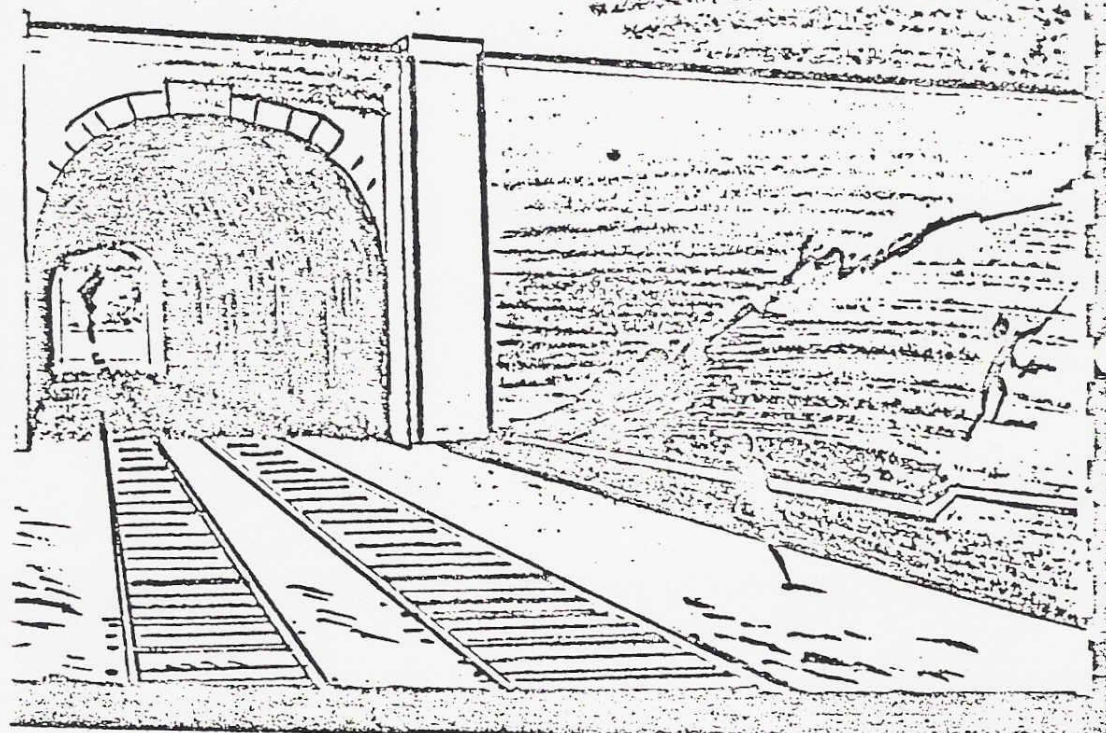
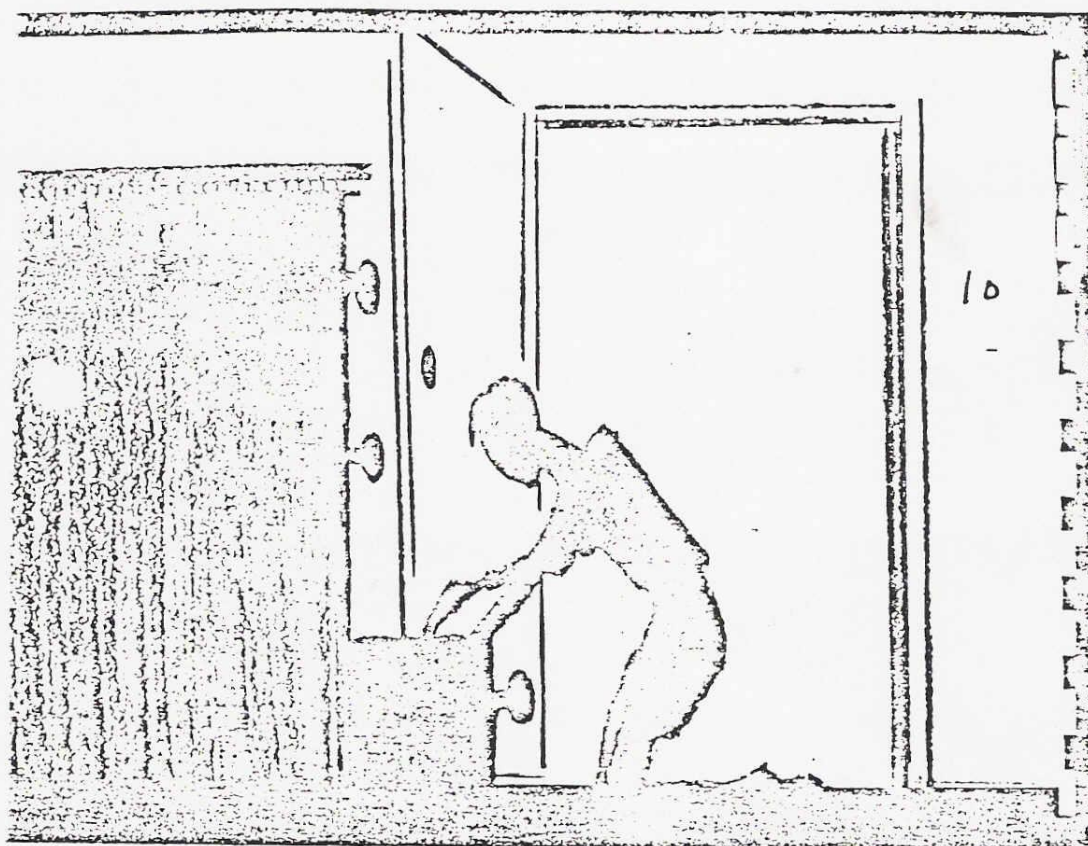




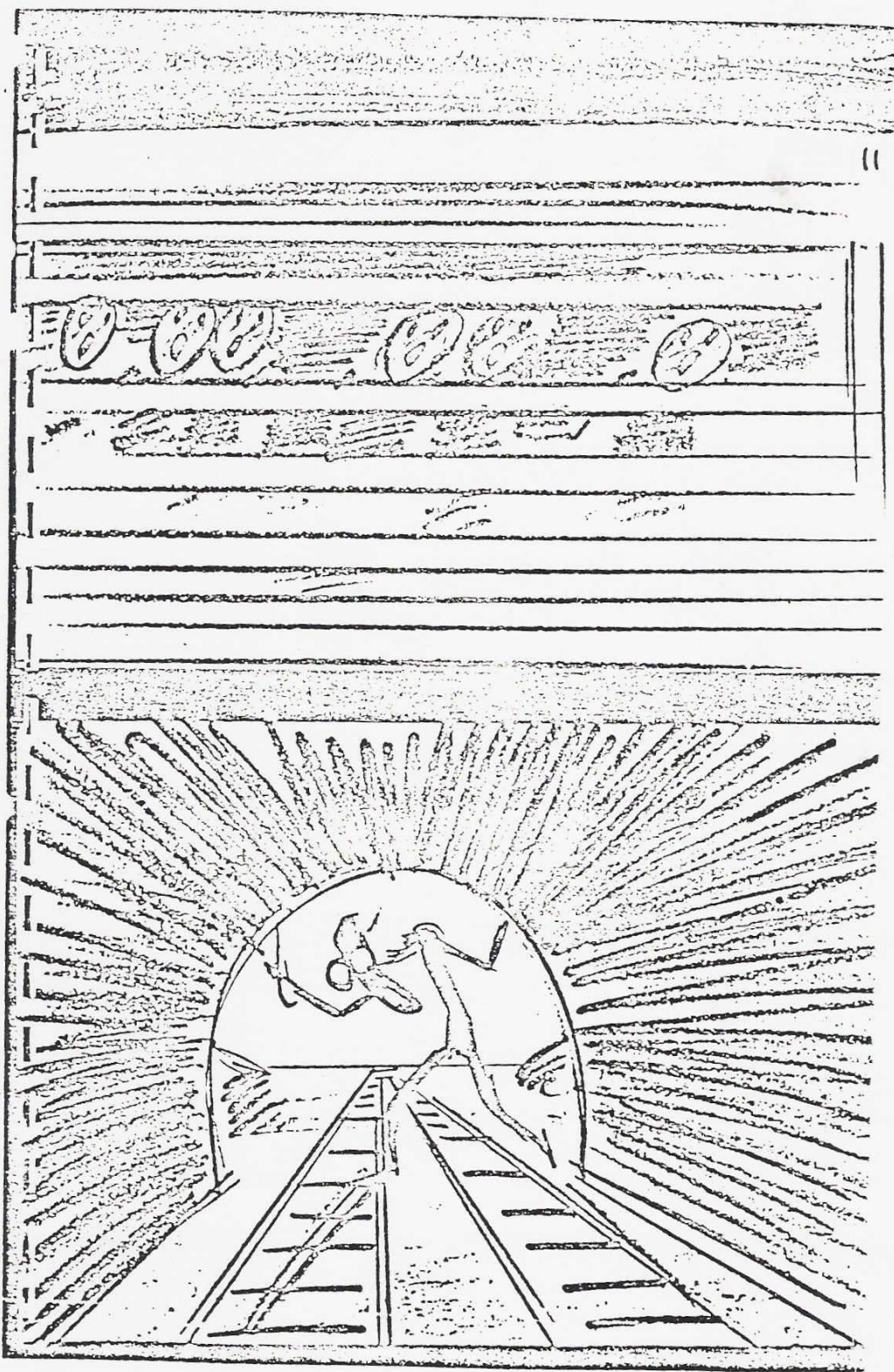
"Daddy's flown across the ocean. Leaving just a memory, A snap shot in the family album. Daddy, what else did you leave for me?..."

YOUNG PINK, now aged five, has been taken to a playground by his MOTHER. She sits apart, separated from him by iron railings, knitting. There are other children, some of whom are playing with their fathers, who are either still in uniform or in ill-fitting demob suits, obviously just out of the Services. YOUNG PINK is extremely jealous of these other children whose father's have come home and attempts to join in the play between one particular father and his son. He asks the father to lift him up onto the swings and help him up onto the slides. He follows the father and son around the playground. After a while the stranger becomes irritated by this invasion upon his relationship with his own child, and makes it clear that YOUNG PINK is not welcome. PINK goes off alone. He just manages to climb onto one of the swings, but without help from an adult he can't make it go, and rocks impotently backwards and forwards.











YOUNG PINK, now aged ten, has come home from school. His MOTHER is still out at work. He makes himself a piece of bread and jam. He wanders up the stairs and hovers outside her bedroom. The door is open. He looks inside. He decides to venture in. Nervously he peeks inside drawers of underwear, examining a voluminous pink bra. He slowly opens a bottom drawer and discovers his Father's uniform wrapped in tissue. He puts on the jacket, the hat and the Sam Browne with revolver holster. He toys with the gun and live ammunition that he has discovered.

YOUNG PINK and two other small boys scramble over a high brick wall at the top of a railway cutting near a tunnel entrance. They buddle at the bottom of the wall as YOUNG PINK shares out his Father's remaining bullets equally between them. There is one bullet remaining. Egged on by his friends YOUNG PINK scrambles down the embankment, gingerly walks into the mouth of a dark tunnel, and places the bullet on the steel rail. A train approaches. YOUNG PINK flattens himself against the side of the tunnel. As the train roars past. C.U. of YOUNG PINK'S face, the wind blasts his hair off his forehead. We see his P.O.V. as the goods train rushes past. Through the slats we glimpse people packed in like cattle. Their faces are pink Scarfian masks. Their fingers reach out like claws. CUT back to YOUNG PINK. His face has also metamorphosed into a terrified pink mask. Over this we hear the TEACHER'S voice.

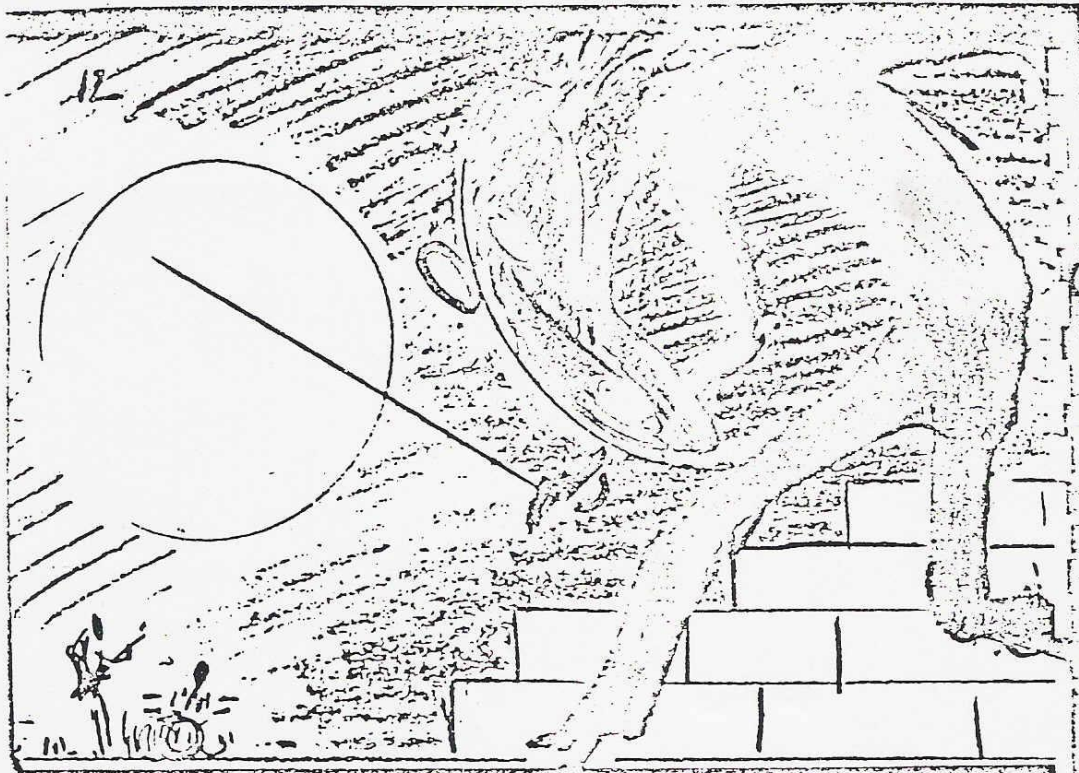
TEACHER

"You - yes you - stand  
still laddie!"

We see YOUNG PINK'S P.O.V. of his teacher strongly backlit, silhouetted at the end of the tunnel. He stands between the rails, brandishing his cane. CUT back to YOUNG PINK'S face, a mask no more. Scared. We CUT to a grotesque puppet of the TEACHER. It dangles menacingly in the mouth of the tunnel. It ducks down and peers in. It's eyes like two car headlights in the night.

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF OUR LIVES

When we grew up and went to school  
There were certain teachers who would  
Hurt the children any way they could  
By pouring their derision  
Upon anything we did,  
And exposing every weakness,  
However carefully hidden by the kids.  
But in the town, it was well known,  
When they got home at night, their fat and  
Psychopathic wives would thrash them  
Within inches of their lives.



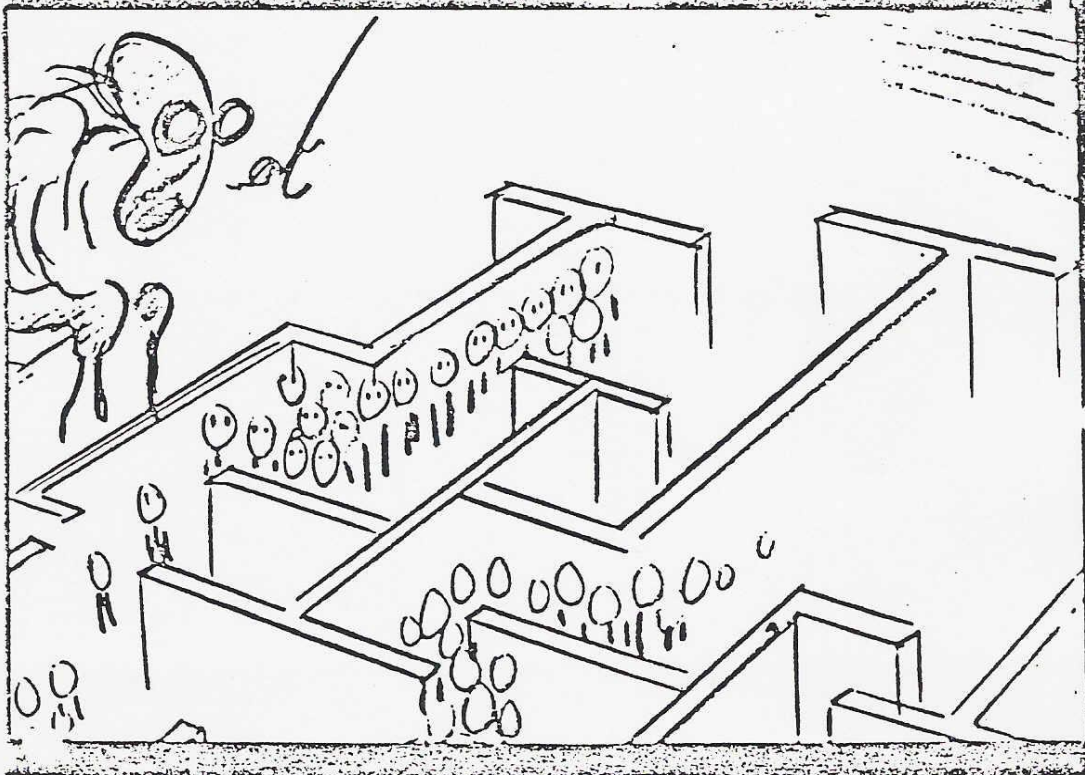
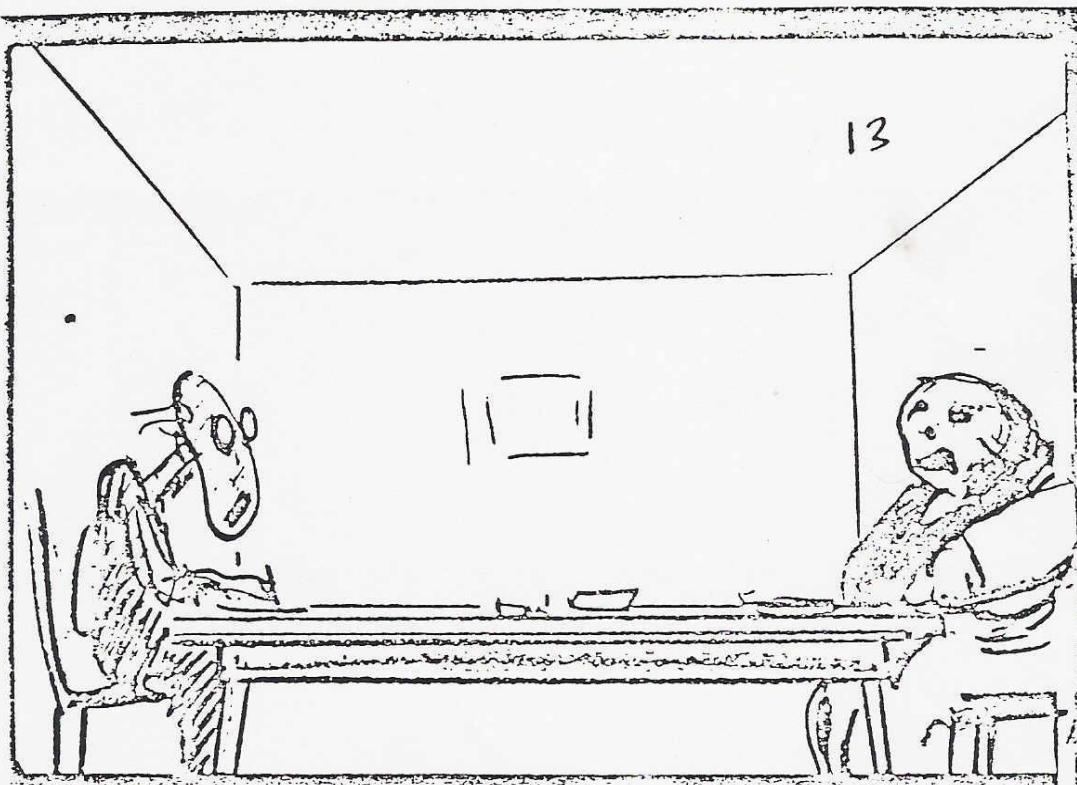
"When we grew up and went  
to school, there were  
certain teachers who would  
hurt the children anyway  
they could .... "

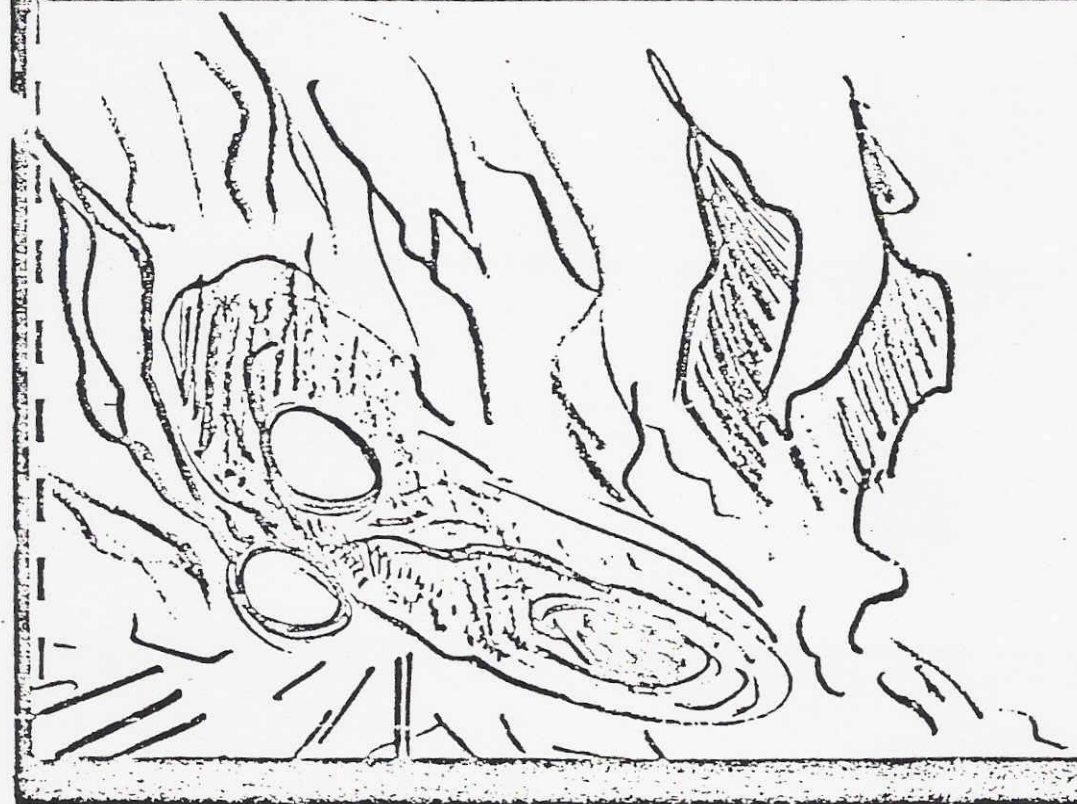
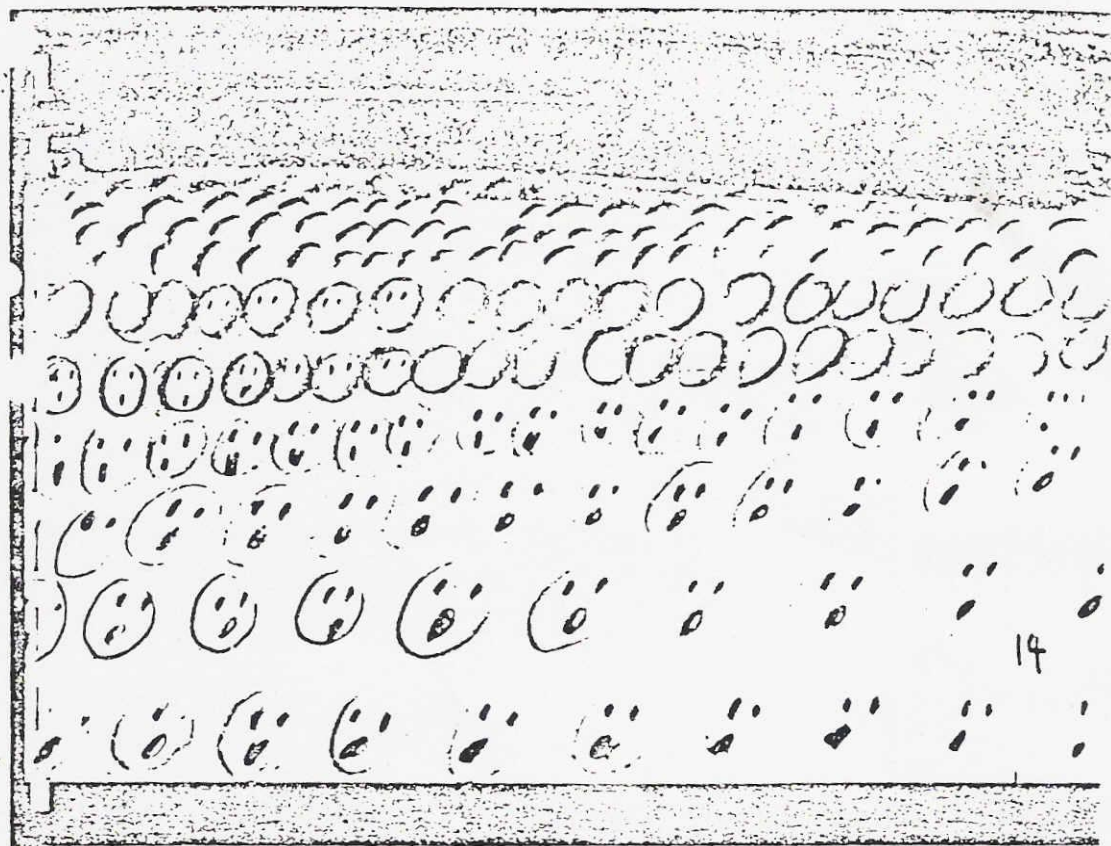
We see the grotesque puppet, in the concert situation,  
approaching the PINK FLOYD, our narrators. They sing  
'The Happiest Days of Our Lives'.  
We mix through to ...

ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL - Part II

We don't need no education.  
We don't need no thought control.  
No dark sarcasm in the classroom,  
Teacher's leave us kids alone.  
Hey - teacher, leave us kids alone.  
All in all it's just another brick in the wall.  
All in all you're all just bricks in the wall.









25 A SYMBOLIC AND SURREAL passage depicting the factory farm techniques employed in schools to produce a docile and unquestioning workforce. The overbearing TEACHER puppet forces pink masked children through the system.

Children being channelled along  
a maze.  
Fed on to conveyor belts.  
Stuffed into a mincer.  
Marching amongst the cogs and  
wheels of a huge 'Metropolis'  
structure.

26 INT. TEACHER'S HOUSE. NIGHT

We see a suburban dining room. Dramatically lit.  
The TEACHER sits opposite his overbearing WIFE.  
Without speaking, they politely and mechanically  
eat their meal.

27 SURREAL SET

"We don't need no education,  
We don't need no thought  
control. No dark sarcasm  
in the classroom ..."

On the drum break preceding the children's vocal entry  
we see row upon row of regimented figures sitting  
perfectly still with their pink masks. A sea of pathetic  
pink faces. As they start to sing they tear the masks  
from their faces, and we see that they are ordinary  
children. Over the guitar solo we intercut the children  
rioting. They tear down the surreal sets from  
Scene (25).

28 EXT. SCHOOL YARD. NIGHT

With the school in the background, the children hurl  
their desks and other debris on to an enormous fire.  
They throw the giant TEACHER puppet, Guy Fawkes-like,  
into the flames. We slowly move in on the grotesque  
face as it begins to melt. We hear the TEACHER'S  
voice.

TEACHER

"Wrong - do it again - if you  
don't eat your meat you can't  
have any pudding."

We CUT to ...

29 INT. TEACHER'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

TEACHER and WIFE still eating dinner. Total silence.  
Natural F.X. The TEACHER has nearly finished his meal.  
He folds his napkin, very precisely, as if finished.  
His wife indicates that he should completely finish  
what is on his plate. He obeys.  
We gradually fade in telephone ringing F.X.



MOTHER

Mother do you think they'll drop the bomb?  
Mother do you think they'll like the song?  
Mother do you think they'll try to break my balls?  
Mother should I build a wall?  
Mother should I run for President?  
Mother should I trust the Government?  
Mother will they put me in the firing line?  
Mother am I really dying?

30 INT. LONDON. BEDROOM. NIGHT

"Mother do you think they'll  
drop the bomb? Mother do you  
think they'll like the song?  
Mother do you think they'll  
break my balls? ..."

We cut to C.U. of SX70 photograph of PINK and his WIFE.  
It sits next to a telephone on a bedside table. The  
telephone rings. Unanswered.

31 INT. AN HOTEL SUITE. DAY. UNITED STATES

We cut to tight C.U. of PINK on the telephone. He  
hangs up. We see PINK lying, pensive, on the bed.  
A crack of light appears through the curtains, and we  
CUT to ...

MOTHER

/cont'd .....

Hush, now baby don't you cry.  
Mama's gonna' make all of your  
Nightmare's come true.  
Mama's gonna' put all of her fears into you.  
Mama's gonna' keep you right here  
Under her wing.  
She won't let you fly, but she might let you sing.  
Mama will keep baby cosy and warm.  
Oooh babe, oooh babe, oooh babe  
Of course Mam'll help build the wall.



32    INT.    YOUNG PINK'S BEDROOM.    NIGHT

"Mama's gonna' put all of her  
fears into you. Mama's gonna'  
make all of your nightmares  
come true ..."

We see YOUNG PINK, aged ten, ill in bed. His MOTHER tidies and fusses the bedclothes, and looks on anxiously as the DOCTOR stuffs a thermometer into his mouth, and tests his legs, as if for Polio. The DOCTOR calls the MOTHER ominously to one side and talks, as grown-ups do. We see YOUNG PINK'S frightened face. The door closes, leaving YOUNG PINK in darkness. He calls out for MOTHER to leave the door open. She opens it a crack. We see a narrow shaft of light across YOUNG PINK'S face.

33    INT.    CONCERT.    NIGHT

We intercut the whole of 'Mother' with our narrators, PINK FLOYD, on stage.

34    INT.    YOUNG PINK'S HOUSE

"She won't let you fly, but  
she might let you sing.  
Mama will keep baby cosy  
and warm. Oooh babe, oooh  
babe, oooh babe, of course  
Mam'll help build the wall"

YOUNG PINK leaves his sick bed and pads down the hall to his MOTHER'S bedroom. He gently opens the door. His MOTHER is fast asleep. She snores loudly. YOUNG PINK gingerly pulls back the bedclothes and climbs in beside her. He snuggles up. We see C.U. of MOTHER snoring. We mix from shot of YOUNG PINK and his MOTHER to ....

MOTHER

/cont'd .....

Mother do you think she's good enough?  
Mother do you think she's dangerous to me?  
Mother will she tear your little boy apart?  
Ooh Aah Mother will she break my heart?  
Hush now baby, baby don't you cry.  
Mama's gonna' check out all your girlfriends for you  
Mama won't let anyone dirty get through.  
Mama's gonna' wait up till you come in.  
Mama will always find out where  
You've been.  
Mama's gonna' keep you healthy and clean.  
Ooooh babe, ooooh babe, ooooh babe,  
You'll always be a baby to me.  
Mother, did it need to be so high?





35 INT. BEDROOM. LONDON. NIGHT

PINK, now grown up, lies awake in bed with his WIFE, who is asleep. He gingerly gets out of bed trying not to disturb her. He takes a cigarette from the bedside table and lights up. He touches her bare arm. She withdraws it under the bedclothes and turns over disinterested. PINK gets up and sits by the window, silhouetted by the yellow light of the street lamp. He picks up his black stratocaster pressing it against his temple. He plucks at the unelectrified strings. Dissatisfied he holds the guitar up, like a rifle, and looks along the fret board.

36 EXT. ANZIO. DAY

We intercut to PINK'S FATHER who does a similar action with his gun.

37 INT. ARENA. BACK STAGE CORRIDOR. NIGHT

In E.C.U. we see a dime going into a payphone. PINK dials the operator. We pan up to see his face and cut to ...

38 INT. BEDROOM. LONDON. NIGHT

"Mother will she tear your  
little boy apart? Mother  
will she break my heart?..."

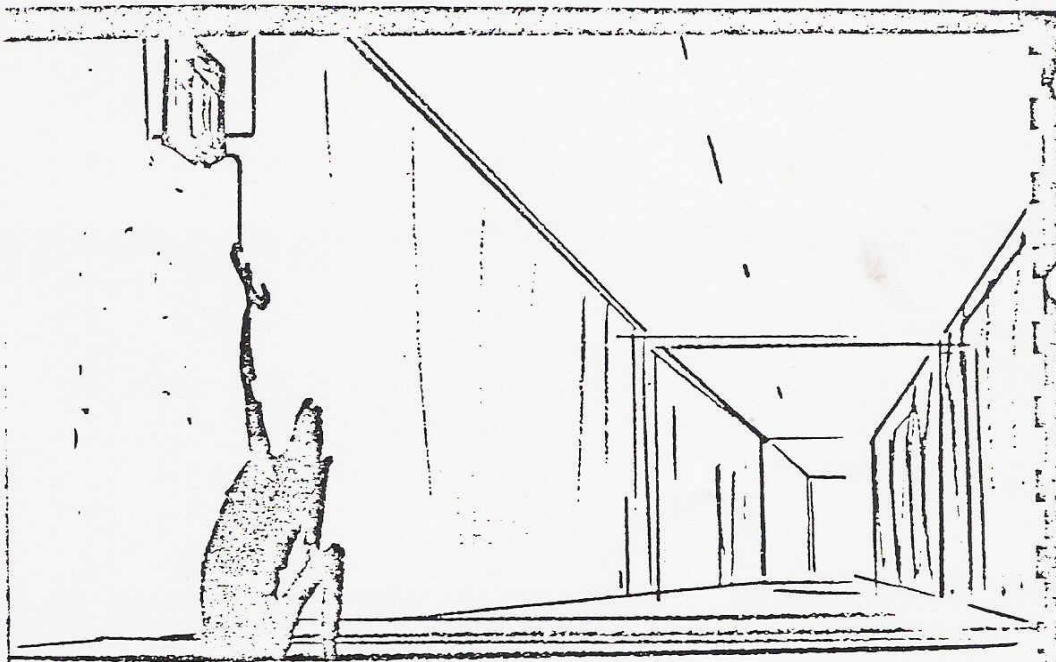
C.U of WIFE'S face, asleep. F.X. telephone ringing. We slowly pan across the bedclothes to the bedside table. A man's hand picks up the telephone. We go with the handset to reveal the LOVER. He mouths "Hello?", and looks quizzically across at the WIFE. She shakes her head. He hangs up. He offers her a cigarette. As they light up the telephone rings once more. He answers it again, and hangs up.

"Mother did it need to be  
so high?"

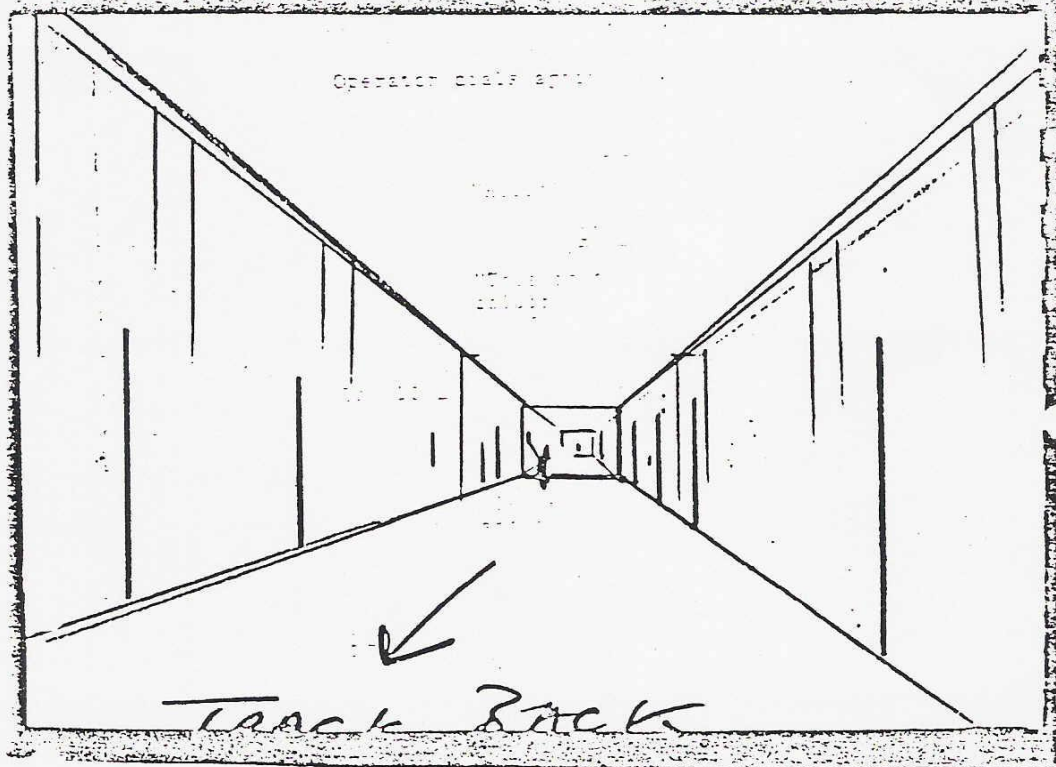
39 EXT. ANZIO. BATTLE. DAY

We intercut PINK'S FATHER. The bloody hand and teleph from Scene (17).





18



Operator's desk area

Track Back



40    INT.    BACK STAGE CORRIDOR.    NIGHT

We see C.U. of handset dangling from the payphone.  
F.X. telephone ringing.

LOVER

"Hello?"

OPERATOR

"Yes - a collect call from  
Mr. Floyd to Mrs. Floyd,  
will you accept the charges  
from the United States?"

London hangs up.

OPERATOR

"No - he hung up. Is this your  
residence? I wonder why he hung  
up? Is there supposed to be  
somebody else there besides your  
wife?"

Operator dials again.

LOVER

"Hello?"

OPERATOR

"This is the United States  
calling, are we reaching  
....?"

The LOVER hangs up again.

OPERATOR

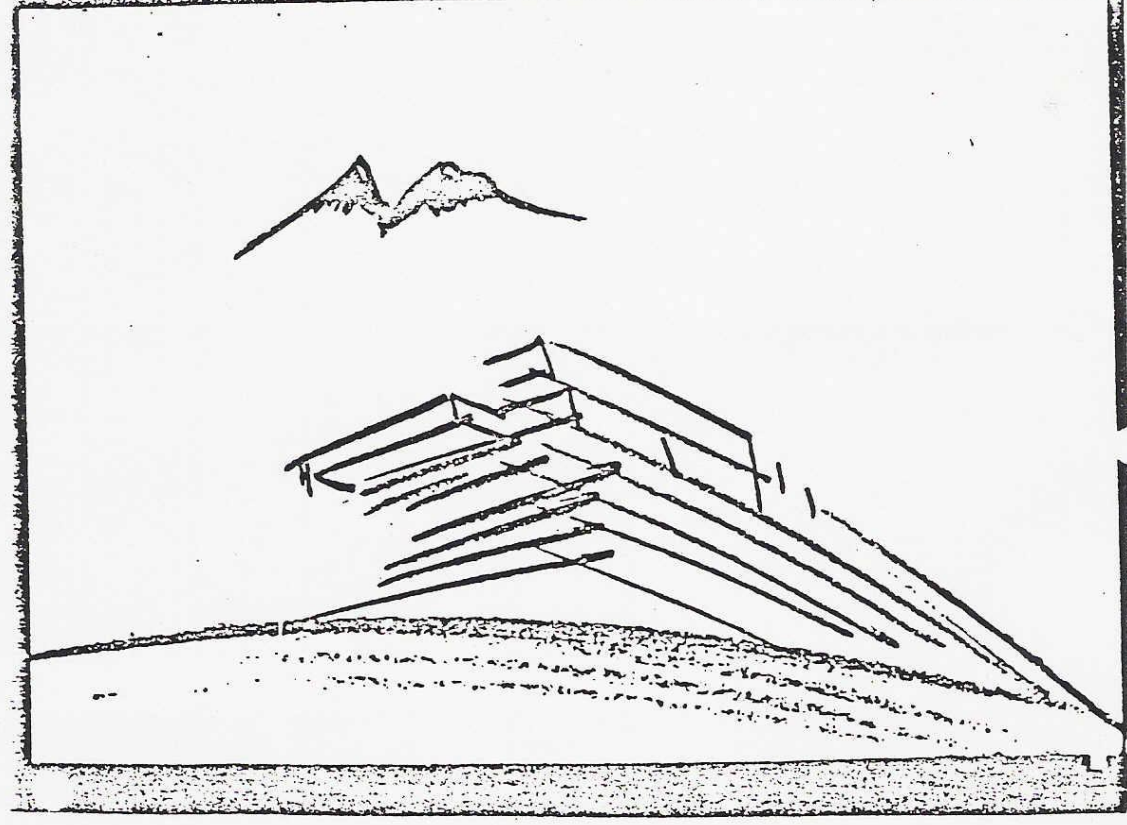
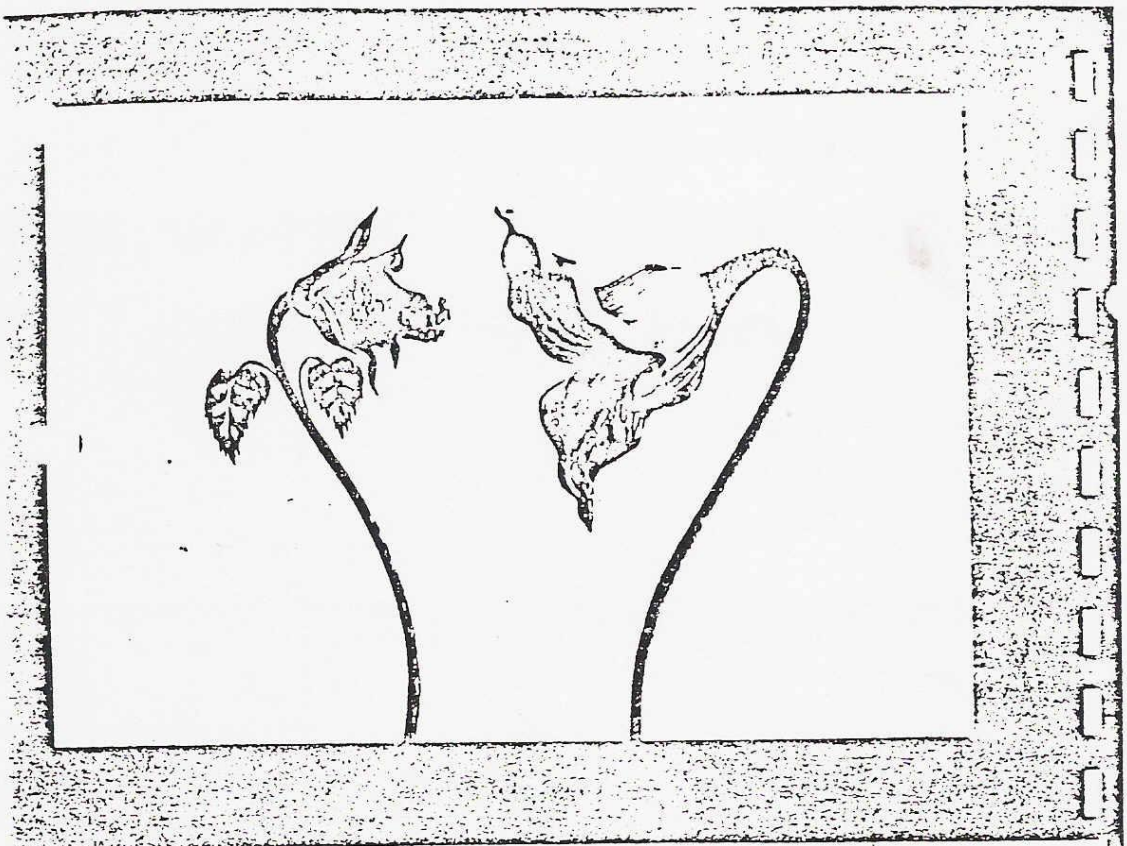
"See - he keeps hanging up,  
and it's a man answering."

Dialling tone.

During this dialogue the camera has pulled out to show  
PINK slumped on stone steps. His hand still clings to  
the handset. As we hear the intro of 'Empty Spaces'  
we slowly track along a grey stone corridor, isolating  
the pathetic slumped figure of PINK.

### EMPTY SPACES

What shall we use to fill the empty  
Spaces where we used to talk?  
How shall we fill the final places?  
How shall we complete the wall?  
Shall we buy a new guitar?  
Shall we drive a more powerful car?  
Shall we work straight through the night?  
Shall we get into fights?  
Leave the lights on?  
Drop bombs?  
Do tours of the East?  
Contract diseases?  
Bury bones?  
Break up homes?  
Send flowers by 'phone?  
Take to drink?  
Go to shrinks?  
Give up meat?  
Rarely sleep?  
Keep people as pets?  
Train dogs?  
Race rats?  
Fill the attic with cash?  
Bury treasure?  
Store up leisure?  
But never relax at all.  
With our backs to the wall.





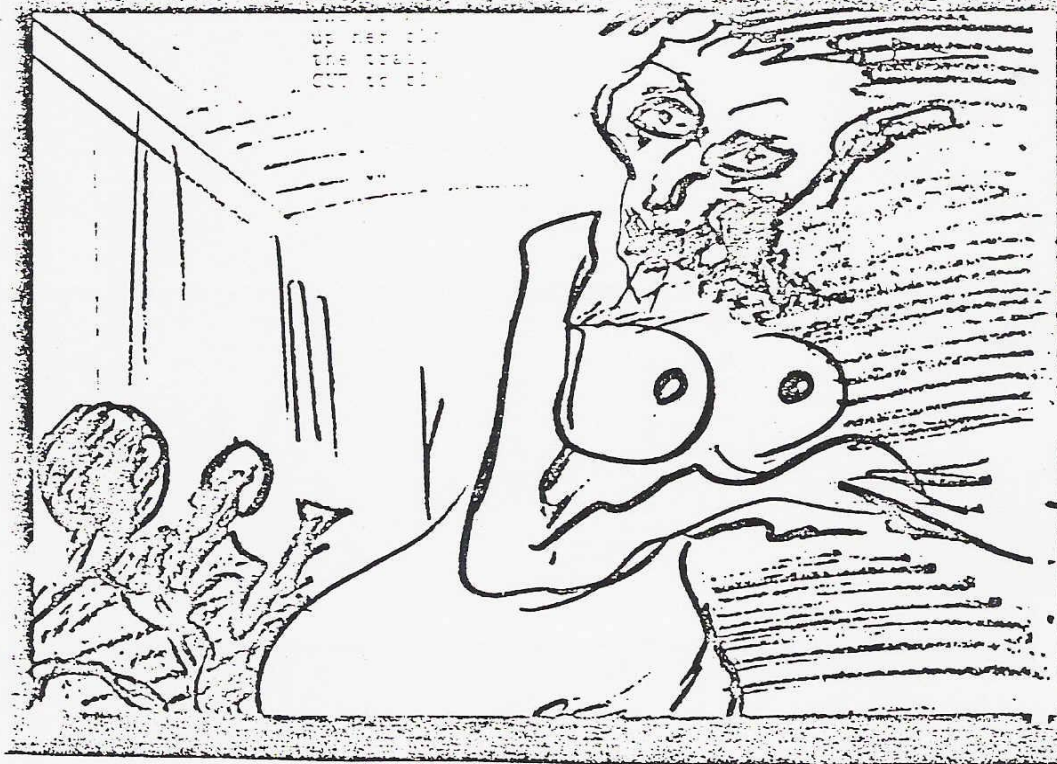
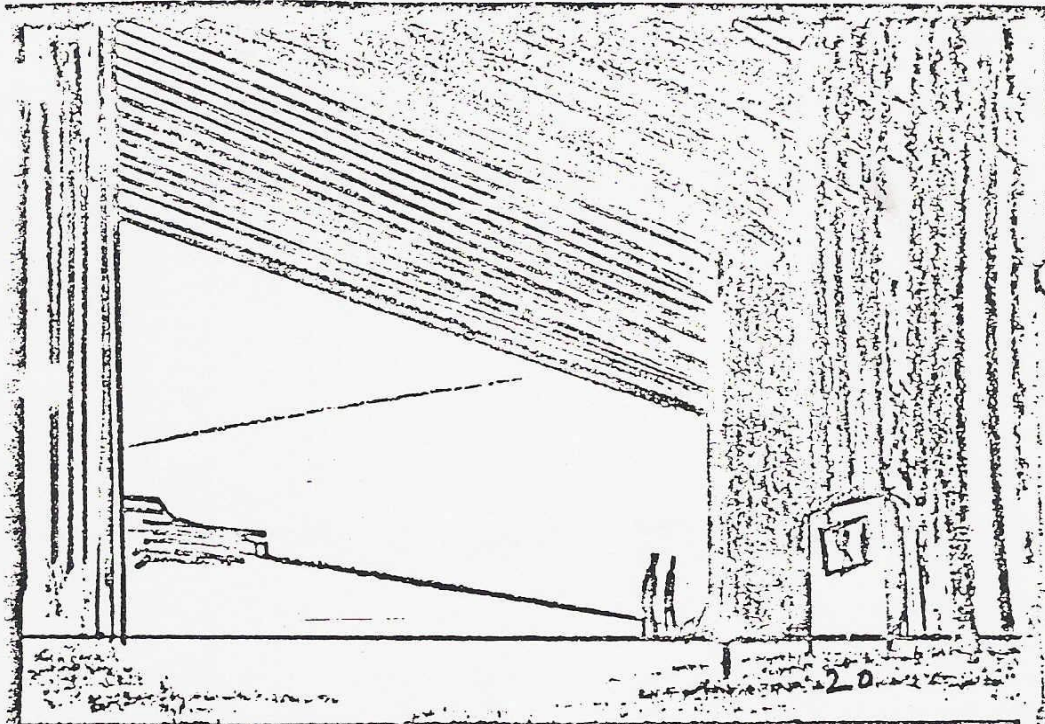
The intro of 'Empty Spaces' continues. A rose and a lily grow and blossom. They are attracted to each other and caress. They make love, but the force of their passion turns to violence. They fight. Finally the female flower consumes the male flower. She then metamorphoses into a pterodactyl which flies away.

"Shall we buy a new guitar?  
Shall we drive a more powerful  
car?  
Shall we work straight through  
the night?  
Shall we get into fights?..."

The wall of post war reindustrialisation approaches. It overshadows human feelings and crushes them beneath the weight of its inexorable cycle of production and consumption. Trapped within it human cogs climb the walls of their high rise prisons in an atmosphere of rancour and despair.

### YOUNG LUST

I am just a new boy,  
A stranger in this town.  
Where are all the good times?  
Who's gonna' show this stranger around?  
Oooooooh I need a dirty woman.  
Oooooooh I need a dirty girl.  
Will some cold woman in this desert land  
Make me feel like a real man?  
Take this rock and roll refugee.  
Oooh babe, set me free.  
Oooooooh I need a dirty woman.  
Oooooooh I need a dirty girl.



42    EXT.    ARENA.    NIGHT

At the bottom of a ramp leading down into the back of the building, two teenage girls, in heavy make-up, stamp their feet in the cold, outside steel roller shutters. A cadillac sways down the ramp flashing its lights. The girls smile into the glare. They try to see who is in the car. It sweeps on into the lit backstage area. There is a security guard in a booth, just inside the doors, he beckons the girls up to his booth, and starts to chat them up. One of them goes into the booth, and the other one leans on the wall outside. The first girl disappears below the sill of the guard's booth, to give him head. When she has finished he picks up a telephone and grins into it, winking at the girls. A roadie arrives. He peels two back stage passes off a wad he carried, done up with an elastic band. He gives them to the girls, who follow him into the backstage area.

43    INT.    TRACTOR/TRAILER BACKSTAGE.    NIGHT

"Ooooooooooh I need a dirty woman  
Ooooooooooh I need a dirty girl"

The groupie strips for the roadies. A naked light bulb swings, throwing deep shadows across the walls. At the end of her strip she curtsies ironically and gathering up her clothes flounces out with her friend, slamming the trailer door behind her.  
CUT to black.



We see a crack of light as the door opens. Silhouetted against the glare of light from the corridor is the GROUPIE from backstage.

GROUPIE

"Oh my God .. what a fabulous room. Are all these your guitars? ..."

PINK has entered behind her, unseen. He switches on the T.V. and slumps into a chair.

GROUPIE

"God, this place is bigger than our apartment.

Er .. can I get a drink of water?

You want some? Huh?

Oh wow, look at this tub!

You wanna' take a bath?..."

The GROUPIE returns to the living room and confronts PINK.

GROUPIE

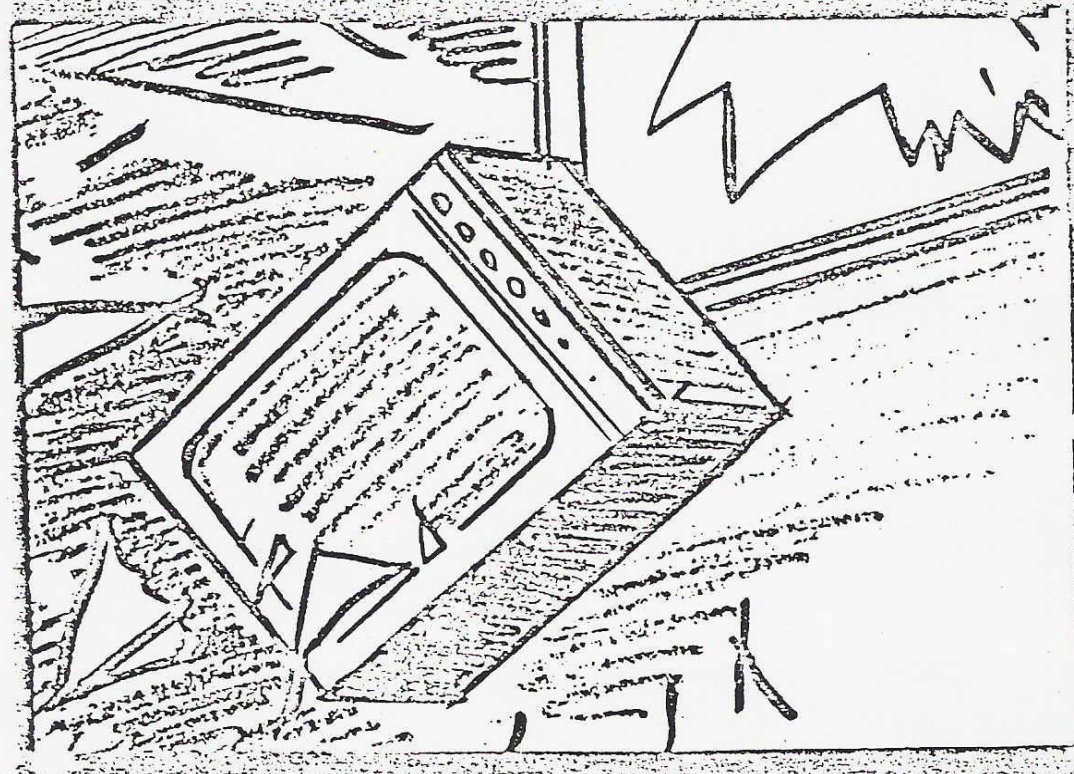
"What are you watching?

Hello?

Are you feeling okay?"

### ONE OF MY TURNS

Day after day love turns grey,  
Like the skin of a dying man.  
Night after night, we pretend it's all right  
But I have grown older and  
You have grown colder and  
Nothin' is very much fun anymore.  
And I can feel one of my turns coming on.  
I feel cold as a razor blade,  
Tight as a tourniquet,  
Dry as a funeral drum.  
Run to the bedroom, in the suitcase on the left  
You'll find my favourite axe.  
Don't look so frightened  
This is just a passing phase,  
Just one of my bad days.  
Would you like to watch T.V.?  
Or get between the sheets?  
Or contemplate the silent freeway?  
Would you like something to eat?  
Would you like to learn to fly?  
Would you like to see me try?  
Would you like to call the cops?  
Do you think it's time I stopped?  
Why are you running away?







PINK does not respond. The camera moves slowly round his face.

"Day after day, love turns grey,  
Like the skin of a dying man.  
Night after night, we pretend  
it's all right ...

... Run to the bedroom, in the  
suitcase on the left  
You'll find my favourite axe..."

From this point on he goes berserk. We see his violence expressed in her fear and her reactions. He is systematically taking the living room apart.

"Or contemplate the silent  
freeway ..."

The camera manically follows him around the suite as he smashes things us. Furniture is broken, the entire living room destroyed. She is terrified. We see PINK'S face hideously distorted by rage. Flash cut to Scarfian screaming mask. The bedroom is also taken apart. She ducks as bottles and debris from the room are thrown at the window. Finally a T.V. set smashes through the window, and in slow motion falls towards the pavement.

"Would you like to learn to fly?  
Would you like to see me try?..."

PINK leans dangerously out of the window, cutting his hand as he grips the mullion. The blood seeps through his fingers.  
CUT to T.V. set shattering as it hits the ground.

45    INT.    CONCERT.    NIGHT

We cut back to our NARRATORS on the guitar solo, and hear,

"Would you like to call the cops?  
Do you think it's time I stopped?  
Why are you running away?"

in tight C.U. NARRATOR'S FACE.

DON'T LEAVE ME NOW

Ooooooh babe

Don't leave me now

Don't say it's the end of the road.

Remember the flowers I sent?

I need you babe,

To put through the shredder

In front of my friends.

Ooooooh babe,

Don't leave me now,

How could you go?

When you know how I need you

To beat to a pulp on a Saturday night.

Ooooooh babe

Don't leave me now.

How can you treat me this way?

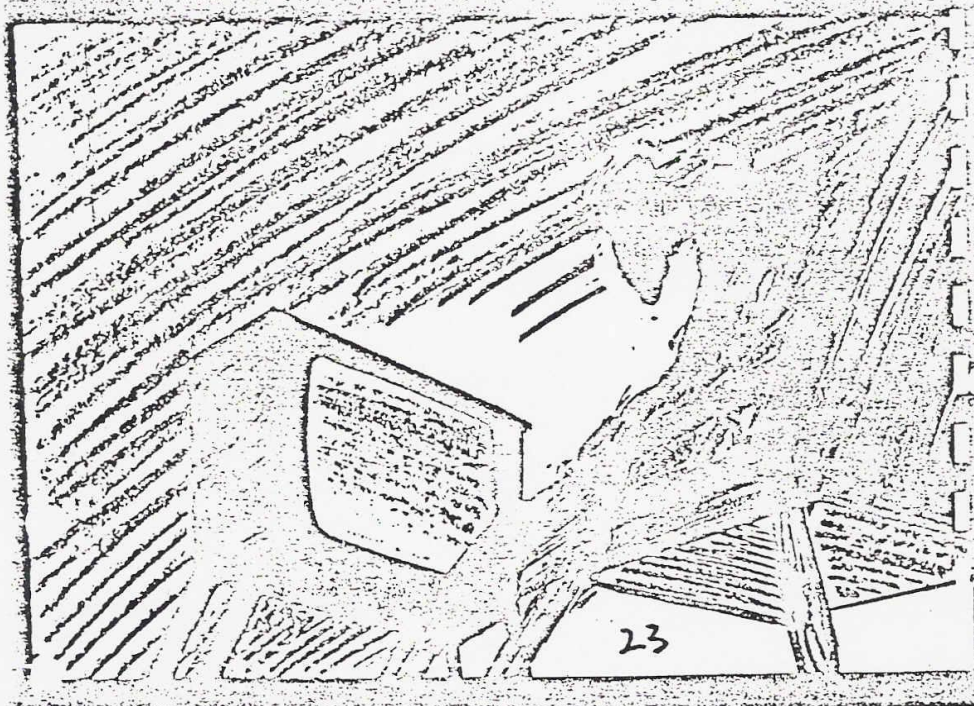
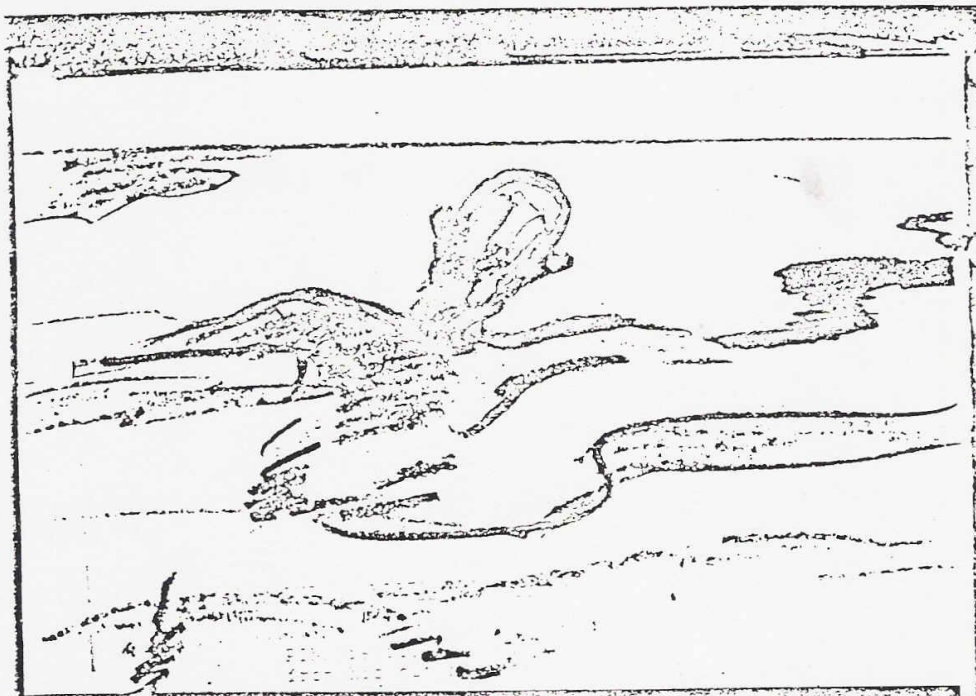
Running away.

I need you babe.

Why are you running away?

Ooooooh babe.





46 INT. HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT

The camera moves slowly, tracks around the floor of the wrecked hotel room. F.X. breathing. We're not quite sure whether we're going to come across the battered body of the GROUPIE or not.

47 INT. BEDROOM. LONDON

We see the WIFE and her LOVER making love. The camera moves slowly over their bodies.

"Ooooooh babe, don't leave  
me now ..."

48 INT. HOTEL SUITE. SWIMMING POOL

PINK is floating, once more, in the pool. The blood from his cut hand clouds the water.

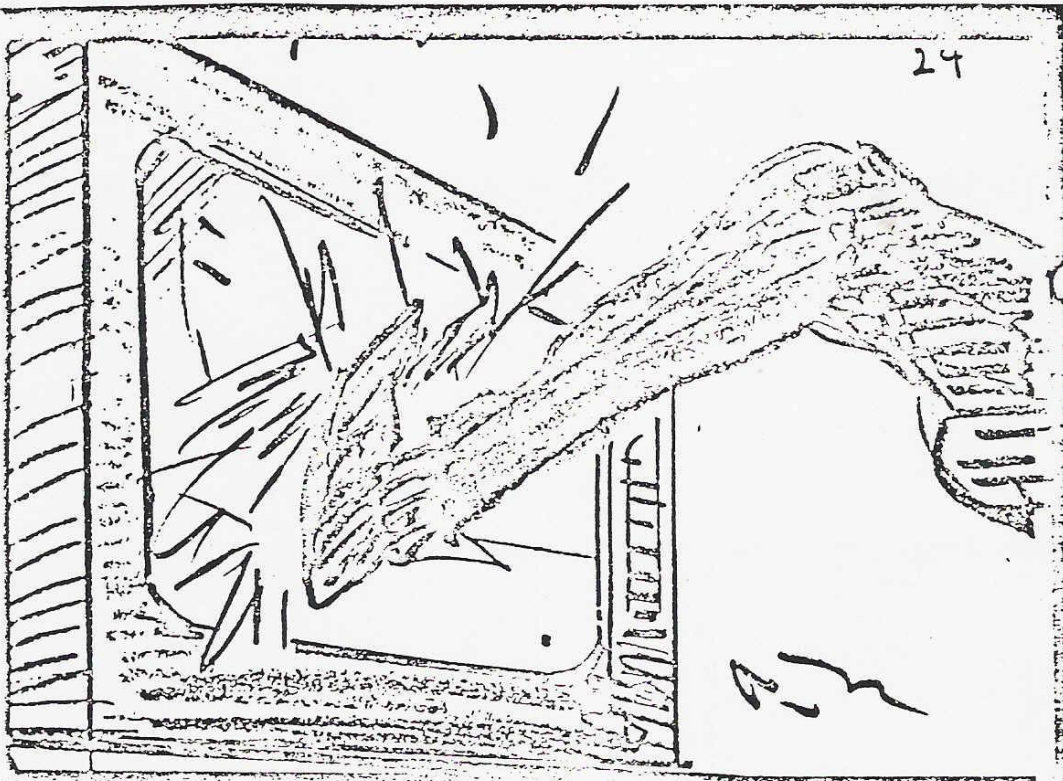
49 INT. HOTEL SUITE

We track along bloody footsteps until we find PINK naked, slumped in his T.V. chair. As we move around PINK'S face and slowly pull out we see PINK, with the T.V. set, the standard lamp and the chair as his only props, now isolated from the real world, and dwarfed by images depicting the painful areas of his past experience, particularly the pain of his relationship with his WIFE.

ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL Part III

I don't need no arms around me.  
I don't need no drug to calm me.  
I have seen the writing on the wall.  
Don't think I need anything at all.  
No don't think I'll need anything at all.  
All in all it was all just bricks in the wall.  
All in all you were all just bricks in the wall.







50    INT.    HOTEL ROOM.    T.V. SCREEN

The previous images now flicker on a T.V. screen.  
PINK kicks the screen with his boot. We repeat  
this image over and over again, from different angles,  
as we hear the F.X. on the intro to 'Another Brick  
in the Wall - Part III'.

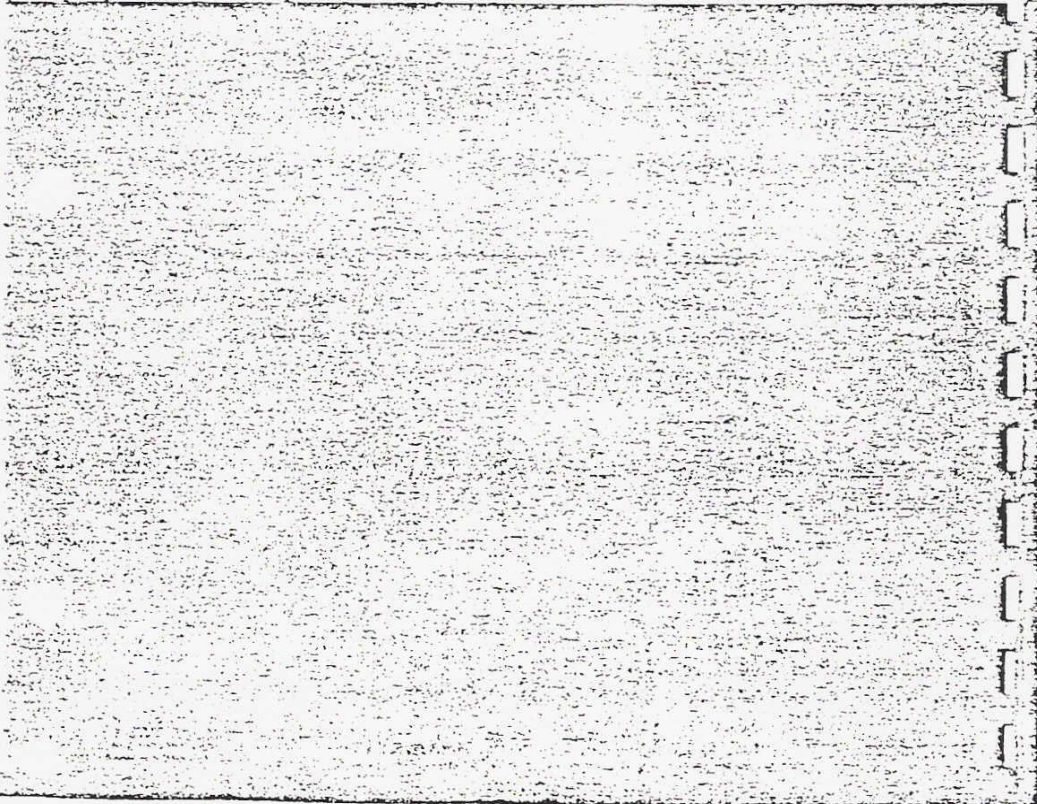
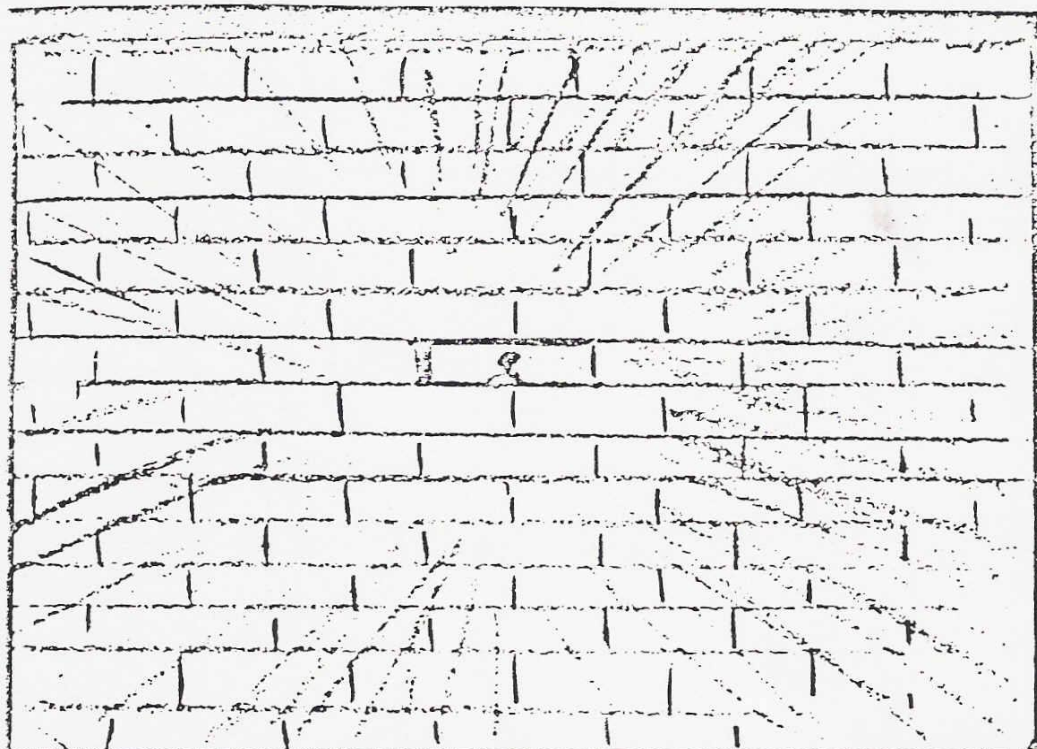
51    MONTAGE RECAP

"I don't need no arms around me,  
I don't need no drugs to calm me.  
I have seen the writing on the wall  
..."

We recap on images that have gone before.

### GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD

Goodbye cruel world  
I'm leaving you today.  
Goodbye.  
Goodbye.  
Goodbye.  
Goodbye all you people,  
There's nothing you can say  
To make me change  
My mind.  
Goodbye.



An enormous wall fills the frame, top, bottom, left and right. In the centre a small hole, the last brick has yet to be placed. PINK is silhouetted within this hole, strongly back lit by powerful white light. We slowly, slowly track in.

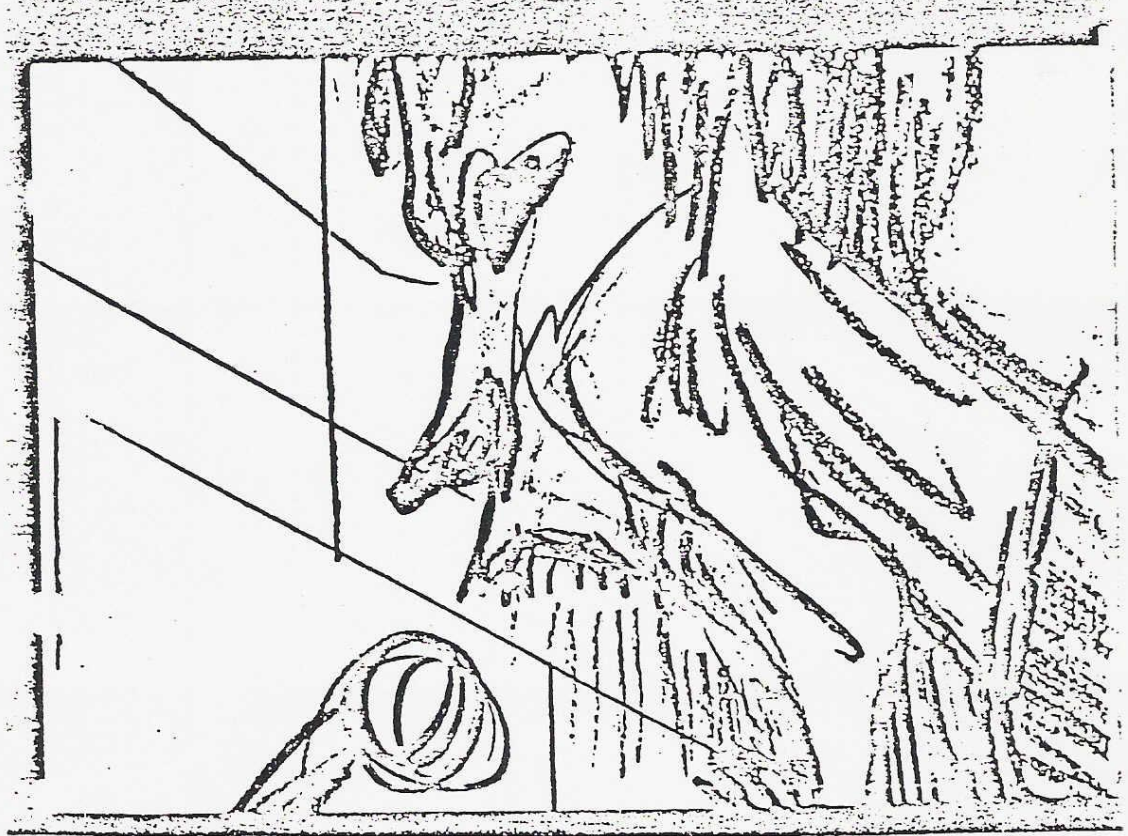
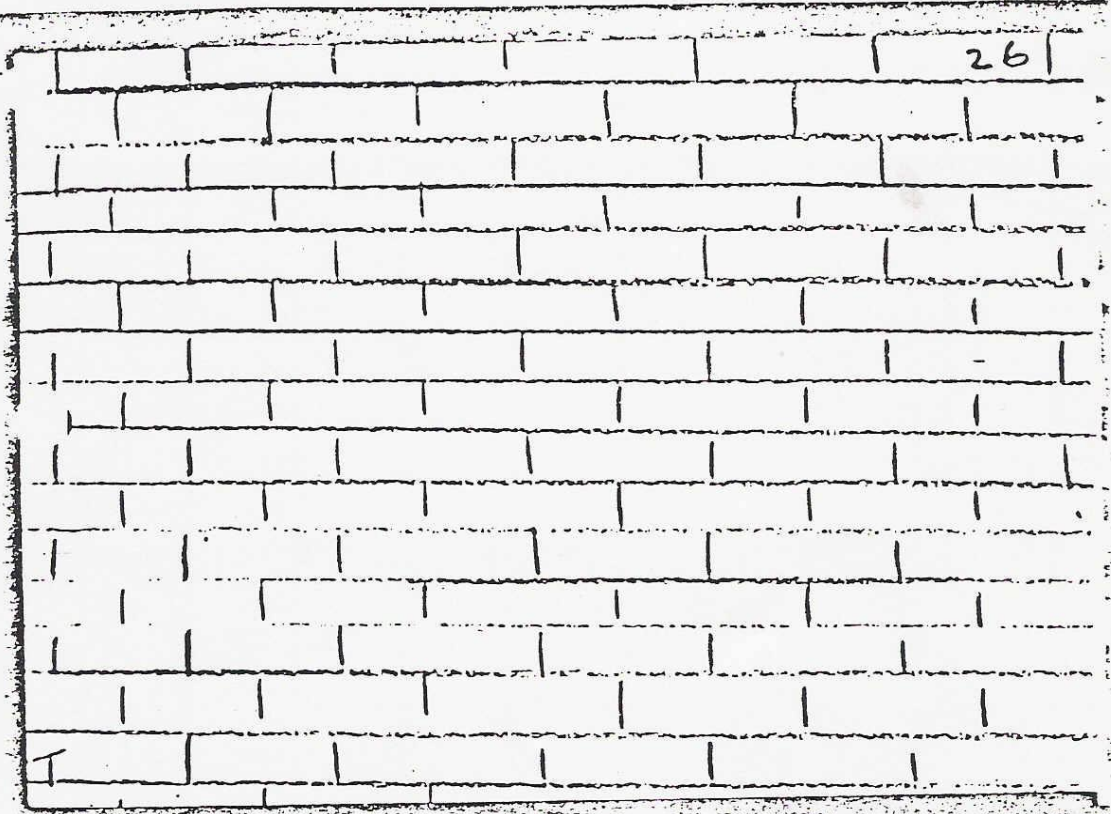
"Goodbye cruel world  
I'm leaving you today ..."

As the song finishes the final brick is placed in the wall and we cut to black. The barrier is complete. F.X. human breathing. The buzzing of hovering flies. A bone drill. We hold the black frame of the unlit wall.



HEY YOU

Hey you! out there in the cold  
Getting lonely, getting old, can you feel me?  
Hey you! standing in the aisles  
With itchy feet and fading smiles, can you feel me?  
Hey you! don't help them to bury the light,  
Don't give in without a fight.  
Hey you! with your ear against the wall  
Waiting for someone to call out would you touch me?  
Hey you! would you help me to carry the stone?  
Open your heart, I'm coming home.  
But it was only fantasy.  
The wall was too high, as you can see.  
No matter how he tried he could not break free,  
And the worms ate into his brain.  
Hey you! out there on the road  
Doing what you're told, can you help me?  
Hey you! out there beyond the wall  
Breaking bottles in the hall, can you help me?  
Hey you! don't tell me there's no hope at all,  
Together we stand, divided we fall.



53 INT. IN FRONT OF THE WALL

On the first note of 'Hey You' lights go on behind the wall. Light bleeds through the cracks, but we hold the frame. Different lights go on behind the wall. The performance continues, but we can't see it. The wall remains impenetrable.

"Hey you! out there in the cold  
Getting lonely, getting old,  
Can you feel me?  
Hey you! standing in the aisles,  
With itchy feet and fading  
smiles, can you feel me?..."

We hold this frame for a long time to emphasise the barr that has been built.

54 INT. ARENA STAGE. CONCERT

We cut hard to a tight shot of our NARRATOR, who screams at the wall from the performers side.

"Hey you! out there beyond the  
wall, breaking bottles in the  
hall, can you help me? ....."

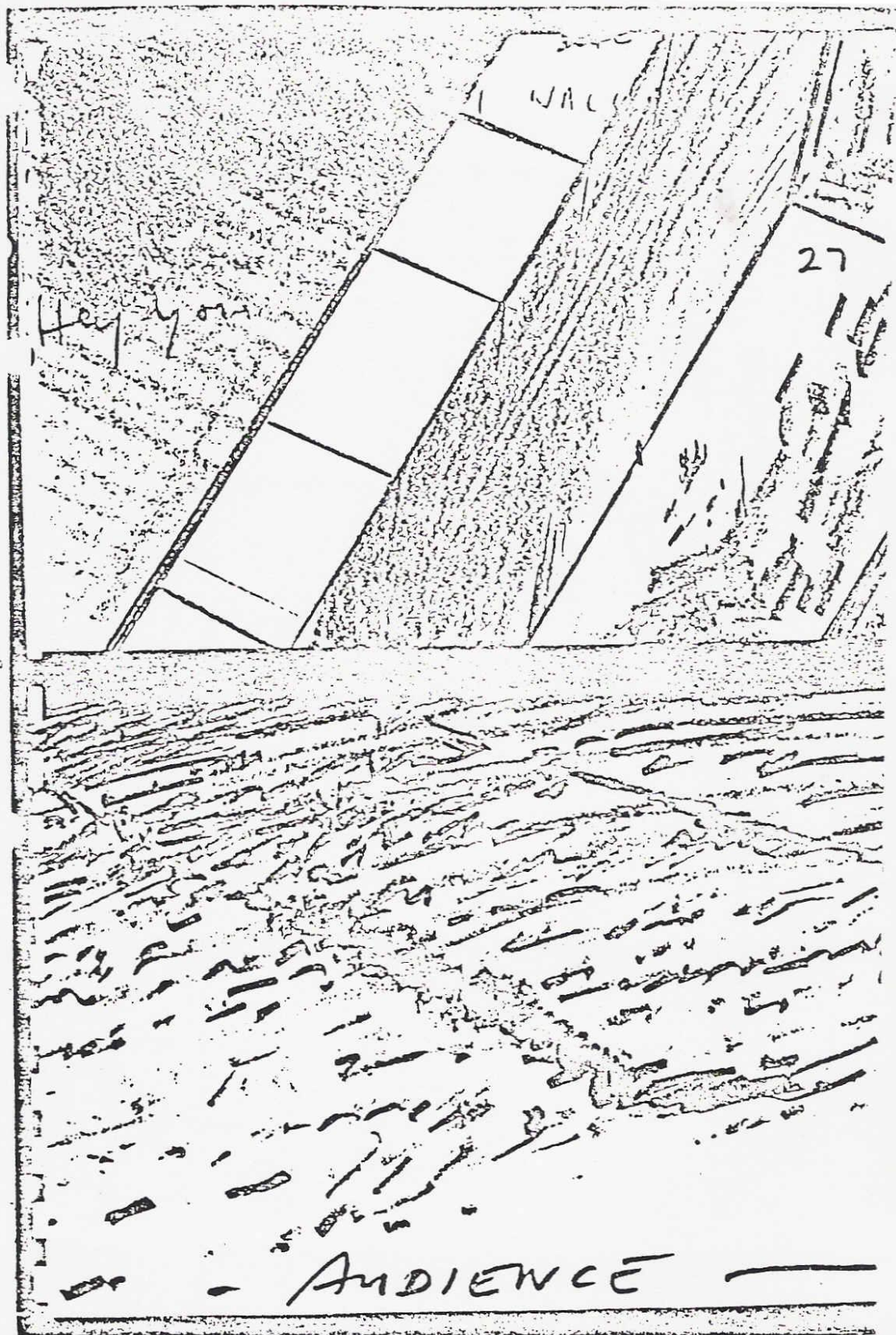
The camera cranes up slowly from his face until it reaches the top of the wall; the impenetrable barrier between performer and audience. We crane over the top and reveal the vast crowds in the auditorium.

"Together we stand, divided  
we fall."

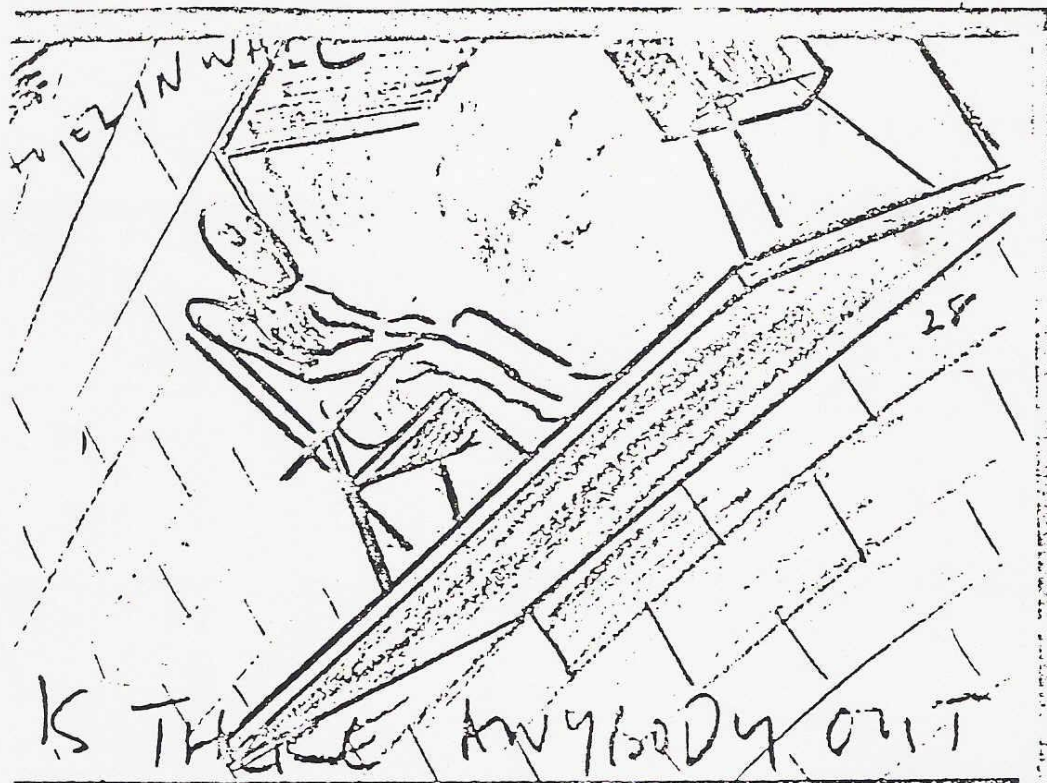
IS THERE ANYBODY OUT THERE?

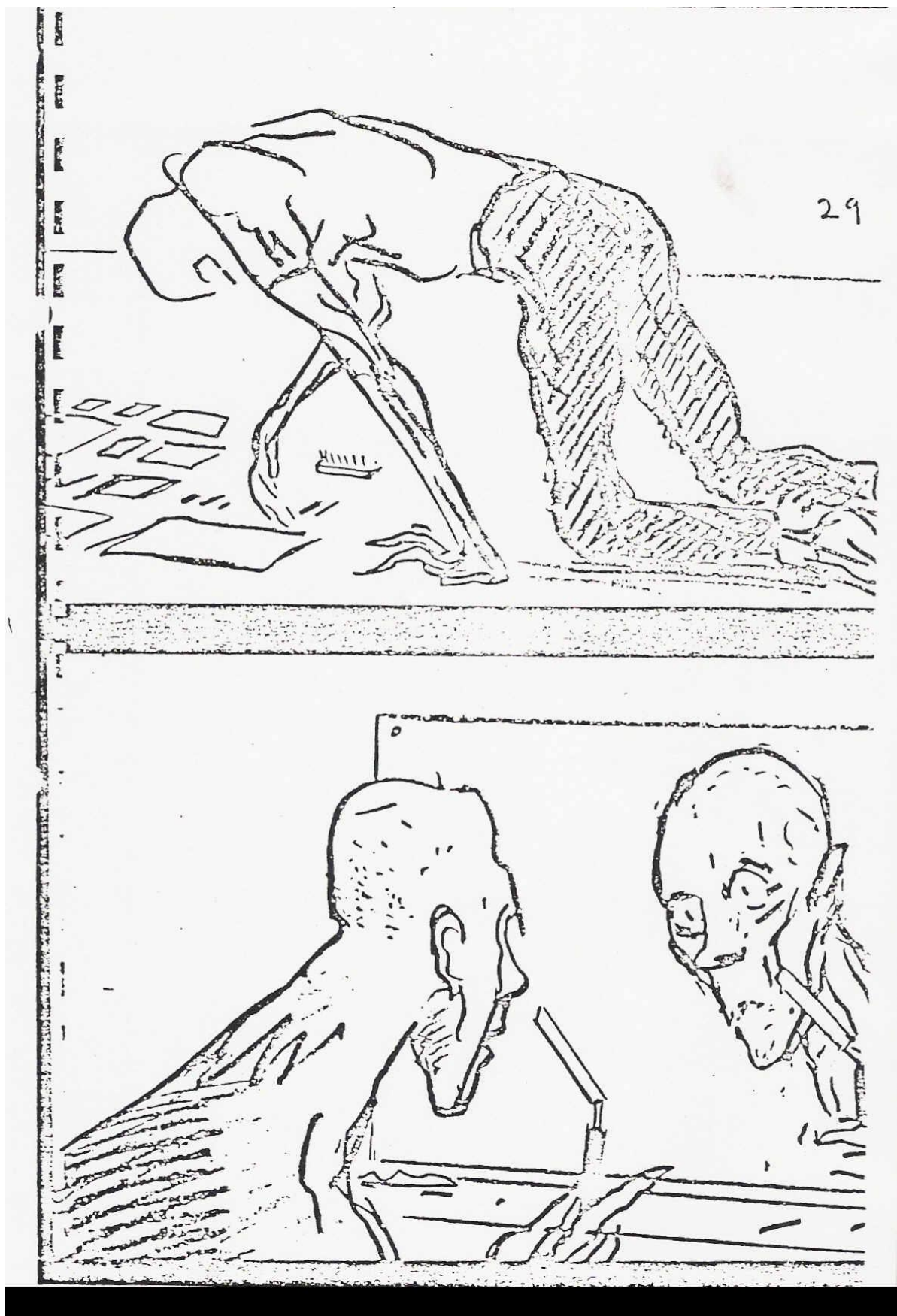
Is there anybody out there?  
Is there anybody out there?  
Is there anybody out there?













55    INT.    THE WALL.    NIGHT

The wall once more fills the frame. Out of the centre a section of brickwork slowly lowers to reveal an hotel room. The camera tracks in during the ominous extended intro.

"Is there anybody out there?  
Is there anybody out there?  
Is there anybody out there?"

As we approach the slumped figure in the armchair we reveal, not the real PINK, but a blank, lifeless dummy. At first we see only a back view, but the camera slowly travels round the figure, where the dummy face of PINK slowly decays.

56    INT.    HOTEL SUITE.    NIGHT

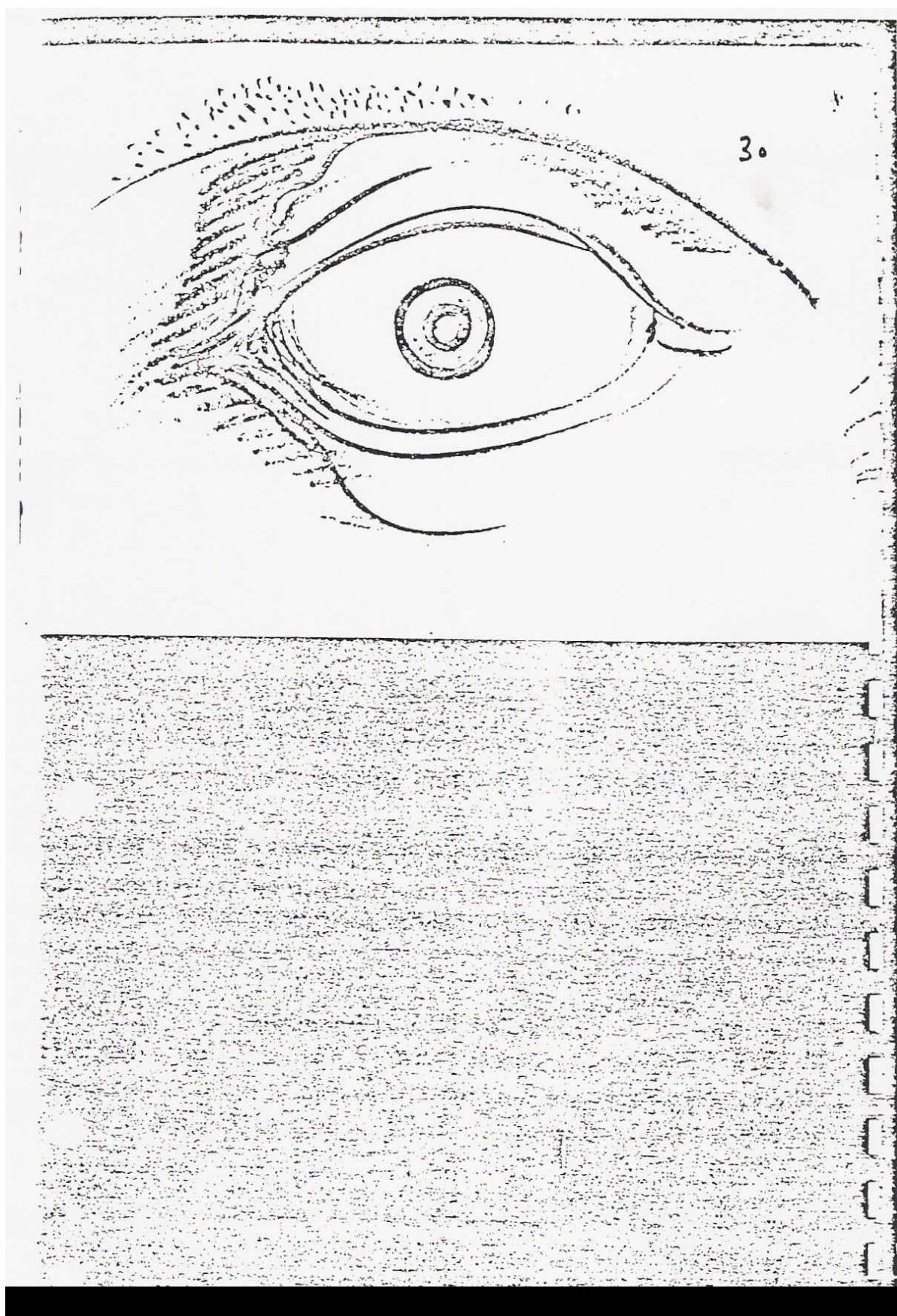
PINK now dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, obsessively sorts all his possessions and lays them out symmetrically down the centre of his living room, like a demented soldier preparing for kit inspection. He lays out everything, paying attention to the minutest details. Having dealt with his own possessions, he then incorporates the remains of several room service meals into the symmetry of his obsession. Stale bread. Chicken bones. Pieces of bacon. Throughout this gentle madness we hear the acoustic guitar bridge.

57    INT.    HOTEL SUITE.    BATHROOM

In the bathroom mirror in C.U. PINK stares intently at himself. We see C.U. his hand clasp a pair of scissors. He begins to chop his hair, obsessively. The hair falls into the basin. A hand in C.U. picks up a razor, and he begins to crudely shave his scalp, clumsily nicking the flesh. The final shot is an extreme C.U. of PINK's eye as he shaves off his eyebrow. This final shot takes place after the guitar bridge has finished, to loud and exaggerated natural F.X. as the steel blade scrapes the skin.

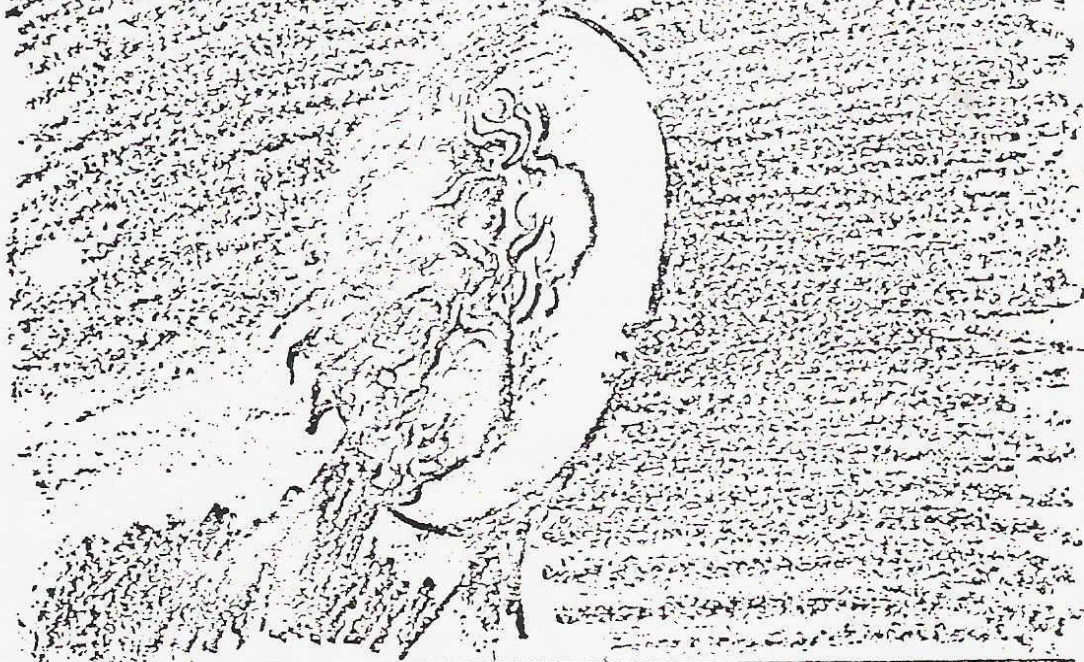
# NOBODY HOME

I've got a little black book with my poems in,  
I've got a bag with a toothbrush and a comb in,  
When I'm a good dog they sometimes throw me a bone in.  
I got elastic bands keeping my shoes on,  
Got those swollen hand blues,  
Got thirteen channels of shit on the T.V. to choose from.  
I've got second sight,  
I've got amazing powers of observation.  
And that is how I know,  
When I try to get through  
On the telephone to you  
There'll be nobody home.  
I've got the obligatory Hendrix perm,  
And the inevitable pinhole burns  
All down the front of my favourite satin shirt.  
I've got nicotine stains on my fingers,  
I've got a silver spoon on a chain,  
I've got a grand piano to prop up my mortal remains,  
I've got wild staring eyes,  
I've got a strong urge to fly,  
But I've got nowhere to fly to.  
Ooooooh babe, when I pick up the 'phone  
There's still nobody home.  
I've got a pair of Gohills boots,  
And I've got fading roots.





HILL ROOMS PINK



58 INT. HOTEL SUITE. LIVING ROOM

"I've got a little black book  
with my poems in. I've got  
a bag with a toothbrush and  
comb in ..."

The grey light of the hotel suite's remaining T.V. screen flickers in PINK'S mad, distant eyes. We cut to the channel selector in his hand. A cigarette again burns close to his fingers. He punches the select button with his thumb. Ash falls. The channel changes. Again and again. Intercut C.U. Face. C.U. T.V. screen. Different programmes. C.U. Mad eyes. As he compulsively punches the buttons his fingers get fatter and clumsier. Like a hand of fat pork sausages.

"I've got second sight, I've  
got amazing powers of  
observation ...."

We track in and through PINK'S face, and out to ...

59 INT/EXT. ALIEN LANDSCAPE. DAY

A three dimensional, surreal, Scarfian landscape. Stunte trees, twisted, metal, rusty barbed wire. A desolate lunatic wasteland of mouldy decay.

In the foreground sits PINK, slumped in his chair - his ever present T.V. set and standard lamp, incongruous, three dimensional additions to this landscape. We see various images as the sky constatinly, subtly changes it's evil shape.

60 EXT. RUGBY FIELD. DAY

The repeated image from before. Wide blue, cloudy sky. YOUNG PINK runs towards us. And falls to his knees.

61 INT. CELL

A fat bald lunatic sits in a padded cell. Bottom right of a black frame. He munches sweets.

"I've got wild staring eyes,  
I've got a strong urge to  
fly ..."



62    INT.    HOTEL ROOM.

We cut to full screen, black and white film of "The Dambusters". We see the horizontal lines of the T.V. screen. Richard Todd gets the bad news.

R.A.F. TYPE

"Sorry Guy, Nigger's dead."

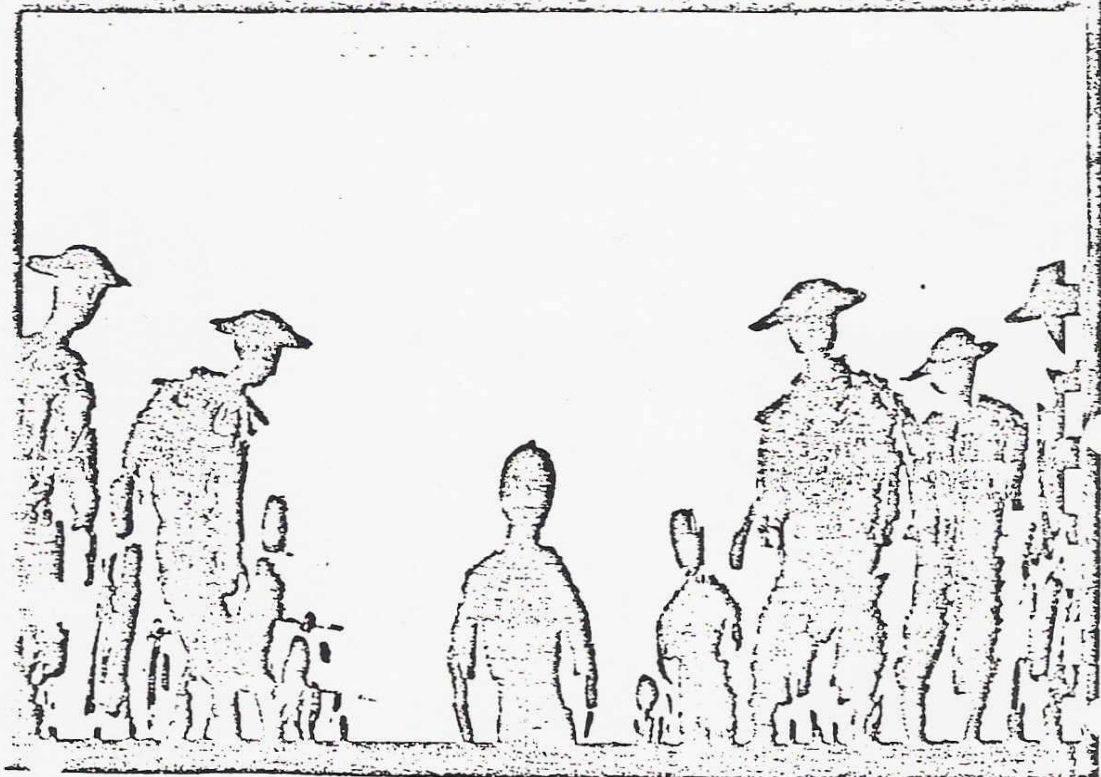
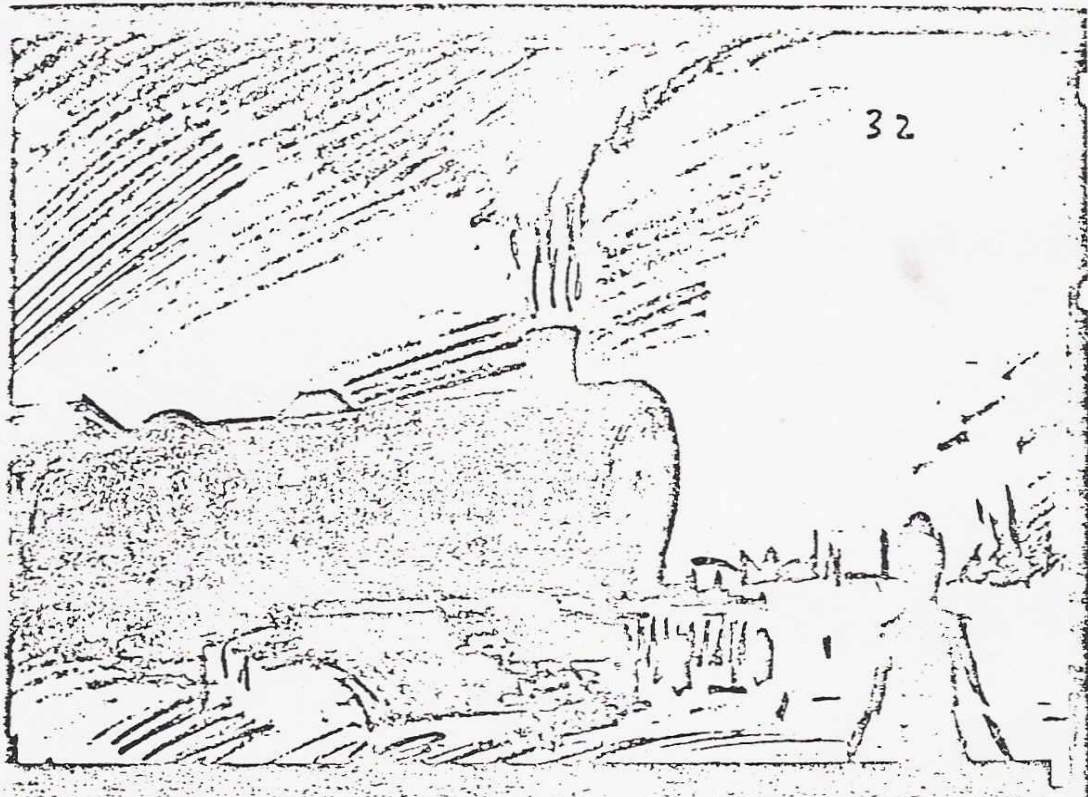
VERA

Does anybody here remember Vera Lynn?  
Remember how she said that  
We would meet again,  
Some sunny day.  
Vera! Vera!  
What has become of you?  
Does anybody else in here  
Feel the way I do?

BRING THE BOYS BACK HOME

Bring the boys back home.  
Bring the boys back home.  
Don't leave the children on their own ....





63    INT/EXT.    ALIEN LANDSCAPE.    DAY

"Does anybody here remember  
Vera Lynn? Remember how  
she said that we would meet  
again some sunny day..."

Out of the mist appears a 1940's steam train. It squeal to a halt at the "platform" amongst the lunatic landscape in front of PINK'S T.V. chair and lamp. Smoke and steam billowing. Doors are flung open and men in uniform get out greeted by their families. In PINK'S T.V. seat sits YOUNG PINK. He swings his legs as we saw before on the swing. He watches fathers greet their sons, with hugs and kisses. He gets up from the chair and meanders in and out of the crowds looking for his own Father. He tugs at a jacket, the man turns round, clasping another child. It isn't PINK'S Father. YOUNG PINK turns, sad.

64    INT/EXT.    ALIEN LANDSCAPE.    DAY

The entire crowd of arriving soldiers and families turn towards YOUNG PINK and sing, with gusto, this choral piece. On the drum beat they are gone. Completely. YOUNG PINK is alone once more. He stands with his hand thrust deep in his trouser pockets. We cut hard as the drum gives way to very loud knocking.

COMFORTABLY NUMB

Hello?

Is there anybody in there?  
Just nod if you can hear me,  
Come on now,  
I hear you're feeling down.  
I can ease your pain,  
And get you on your feet again.  
Relax,  
I'll need some information first,  
Just the basic facts,  
Can you tell me where it hurts?

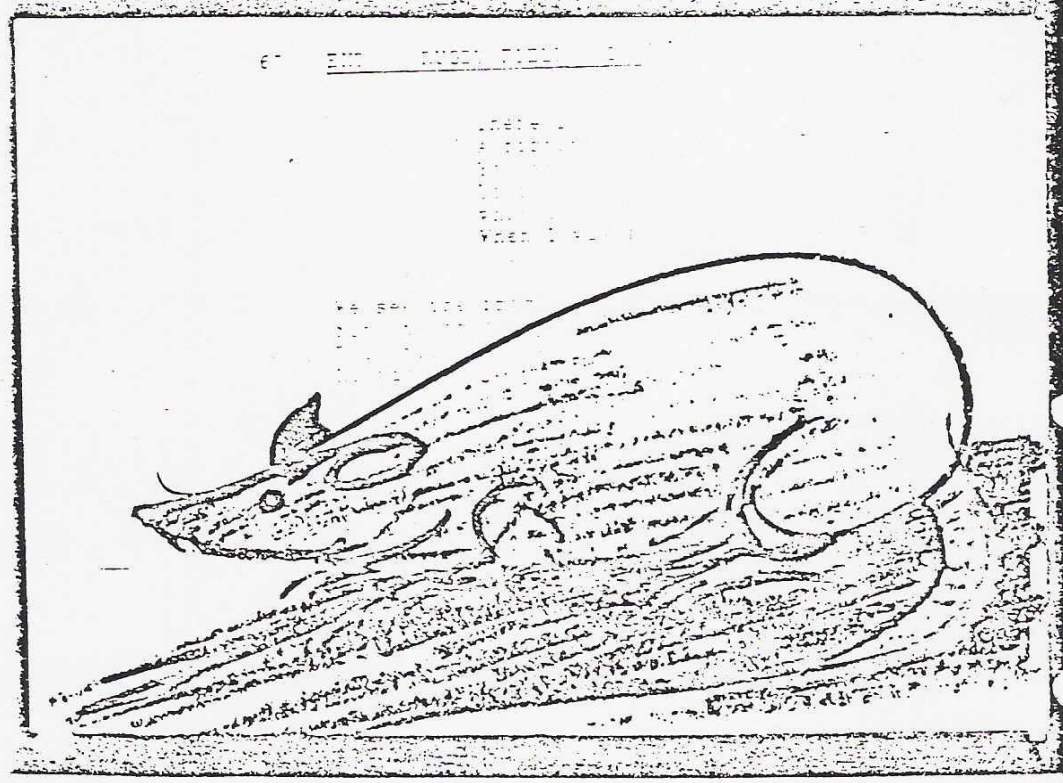
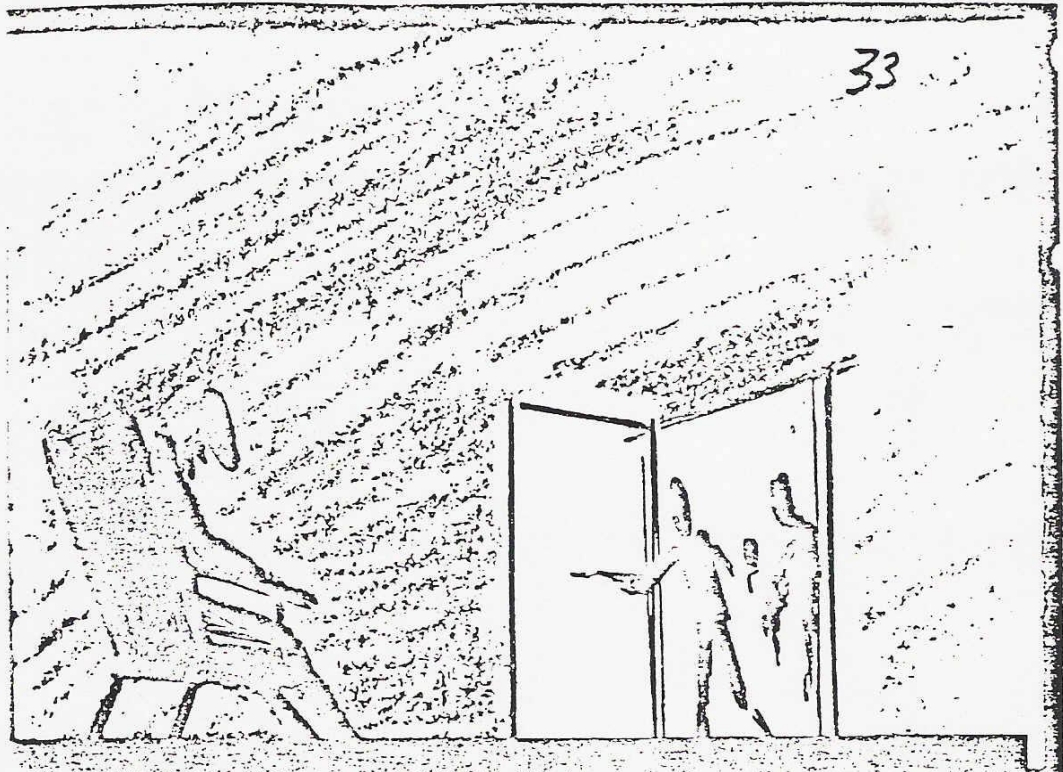
There is no pain, you are receding,  
A distant ship smoke on the horizon,  
You are only coming through in waves,  
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying.  
When I was a child I had a fever,  
My hands felt just like two balloons.  
Now, I've got that feeling once again,  
I can't explain, you would not understand,  
This is not how I am,  
I have become comfortably numb.

O.K.

Just a little pin prick,  
There'll be no more aaaaaaaaah!  
But you may feel a little sick.  
Can you stand up?  
I do believe it's working, good,  
That'll keep you going through the snow,  
Come on it's time to go,

There is no pain, you are receding,  
A distant ship smoke on the horizon.  
You are only coming through in waves,  
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying.  
When I was a child  
I caught a fleeting glimpse  
Out of the corner of my eye.  
I turned to look but it was gone.  
I cannot put my finger on it now,  
The child is grown,  
The dream is gone,  
And I have become  
Comfortably numb.





65    INT.    HOTEL BEDROOM.    NIGHT

Black screen. Almost. A crack of light around a door. There is much confusion outside. People bang on the doors. The door opens a crack. As far as the guard chain will let it. A shaft of light floods in. A hand snakes around the door to undo the guard chain. Unsuccessfully. Large metal wire cutters come in and snap through the steel chain. The door bursts open and a crowd of people rush in, and we track back as they find PINK slumped in his chair. PARAMEDICS, HOTEL STAFF, MANAGERS ETC., slap PINK'S face, move his limbs for sign of life. A DOCTOR pushes people out of the way. Fussess. PINK doesn't respond. MAIDS look at the mad symmetrical debris, and begin to tidy up. PINK is carried to his bed.

"Hello? Is there anybody in  
there? Just nod if you can  
hear me ...."

66    INT.    YOUNG PINK'S BEDROOM.    DAY

YOUNG PINK in bed as a child.  
We flash cut to DOCTOR talking to MOTHER and then closing the door. Leaving PINK alone.

67    EXT.    RUGBY FIELD.    DAY

"There is no pain you are receding,  
A distant ship smoke on the horizon,  
You are only coming through in waves,  
Your lips move but I can't hear  
what they're saying.  
When I was a child I had a fever ..."

We see the image we have often seen before as YOUNG PINK runs towards us he drops down to his knees. As before. This time we see what he sees. A rat. Not quite dead. He picks it up carefully into his arms. Walks off.

68    INT.    KITCHEN.    YOUNG PINK'S HOUSE

MOTHER is at the sink. YOUNG PINK brings in the dying rat. She reacts predictably. PINK doesn't throw the rat away, but takes it into the garage.

69    INT.    GARAGE.    YOUNG PINK'S HOUSE

PINK pulls off his sweater and makes a nest for the rat in a cardboard box. He leaves a piece of bread to tempt the rat into eating.

70    INT.    BEDROOM.    YOUNG PINK'S HOUSE

We cut to Scene (66) as before. DOCTOR talking to MOTHER YOUNG PINK ill in bed. Door is closed once more on PINK. Leaving him in darkness.

71    INT.    GARAGE.    DAY

Black. Door opens. YOUNG PINK runs in. Now well. He pulls off the cardboard boxes, and discovers his rat. Now quite dead. The stiff body rolls over as he pokes it.

72    INT.    HOTEL SUITE.    NIGHT

"O.K.  
Just a little pin prick,  
There'll be no more aaaaaah!..."

We cut to the hotel bedroom where the DOCTOR takes out a hypodermic and injects PINK. The MANAGER and ENTOURAGE watch. Not concerned at what junk is being injected, so long as PINK is O.K. to go on stage. The MANAGER talks on the telephone, looking at his watch.

73    EXT.    ALIEN LANDSCAPE

PINK's delirious vision of the DOCTOR as he approaches through the mist. He wears a Scarfian mask. Other figures from PINK'S story are with him. MOTHER, TEACHER YOUNG PINK'S FATHER holding the dead rat. They all wear Scarfian masks of their own image.

74    INT.    HOTEL SUITE.    NIGHT

The DOCTOR completes the job. ENTOURAGE smile. There is life now in PINK'S eyes. But it isn't human. The ENTOURAGE heavies lift him to his feet and help him to the door.



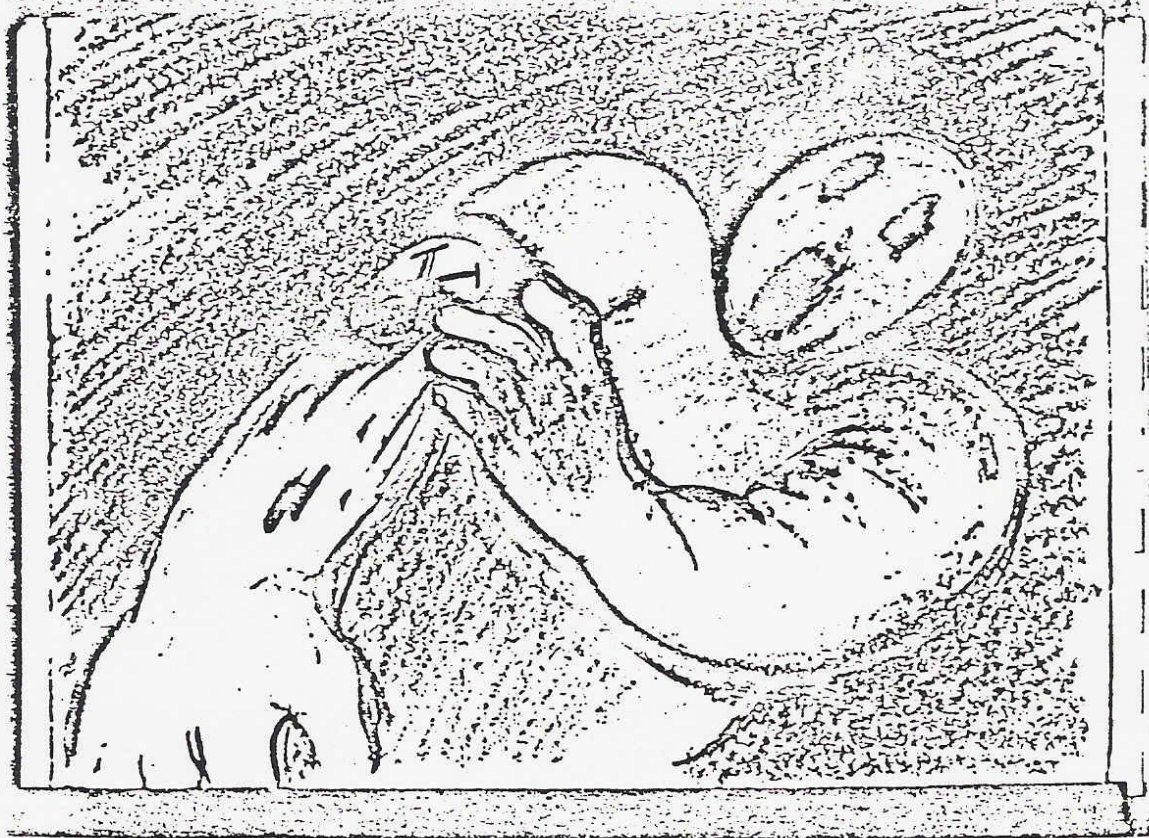
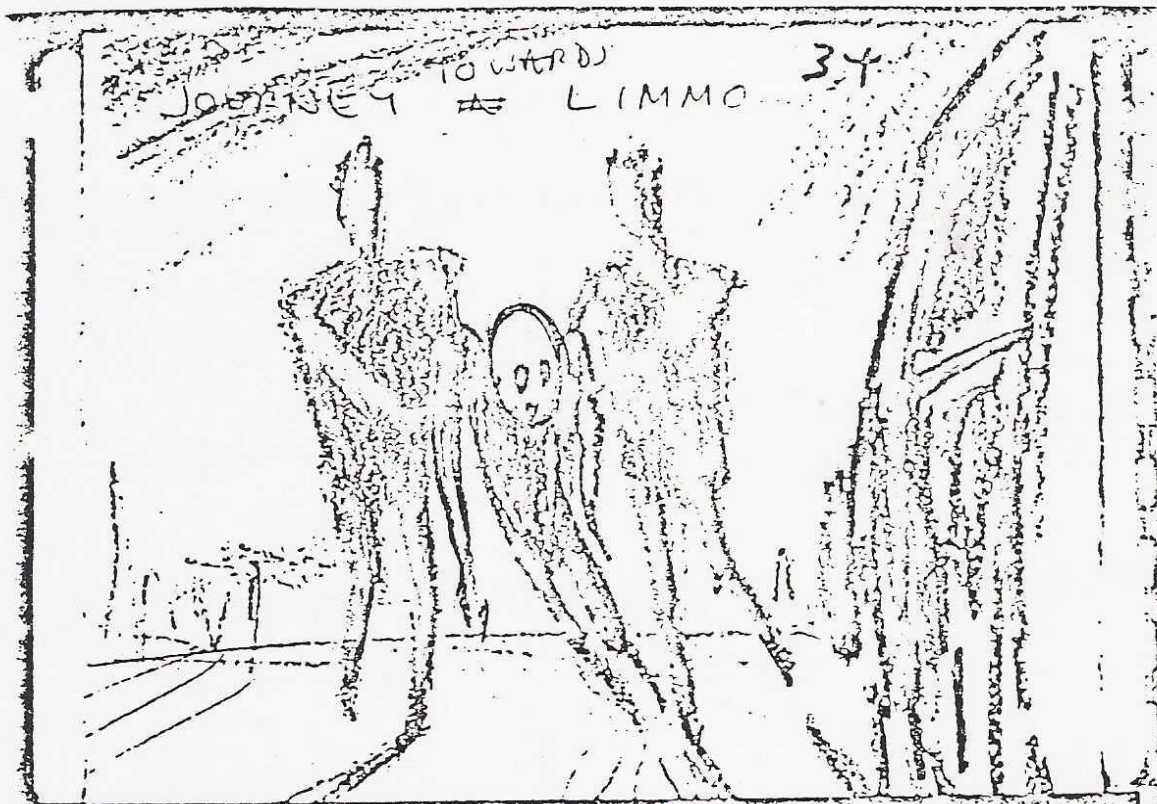
75    INT.    HOTEL CORRIDOR.    NIGHT

We see PINK'S P.O.V. as he is lead into the corridor.

76    INT.    ROOMS.    DAY/NIGHT

"There is no pain, you are receding.  
A distant ship smoke on the horizon..."

We see empty rooms from the film. Places we've been. Places we know. But totally empty. Only the slightest hint of life. We pan across these barren, sterile, lifeless areas. This. No people. No heart. Each succeeding pan joins onto the previous one.





77    INT.    HOTEL.    NIGHT

PINK is now escorted, carried, frog marched, down stairs, through doors, along corridors. During these cuts we see a gradual metamorphosis as PINK becomes the PINK Scarfian dummy.

78    EXT.    REAR OF HOTEL.    NIGHT

Two large rear doors swing open as the ENTOURAGE HEAVIES march PINK out to a waiting black Caddy limosine. They stuff him into the back seat. The door slams closed. Like a prison door. PINK is trapped once more.

79    INT.    CADDY LIMOSINE.    NIGHT

Terrified C.U. The Scarfian mask that we have seen so many times in our story. The deep amorphous black shapes, symbolising the wide eyes and slack jaw of terror. But this face is real.

He starts to fight back for the first time. His hands swell to enormous proportions. He twists and turns from one window to another. His nails dig deep into his own 'flesh'. He begins to rip off the pink skin from his body. Passive no more. Piece by piece the dead layers of decaying skin are torn away revealing first a Nazi-like arm band, and then eventually the whole uniform.

80    INT/EXT.    ABUSE.    DAY/NIGHT

We intercut the DUMMY being kicked, stamped on, dragged along, spat on, kneed in the balls, injected, force fed, abused ...

81    INT.    CADDY LIMOSINE.    NIGHT

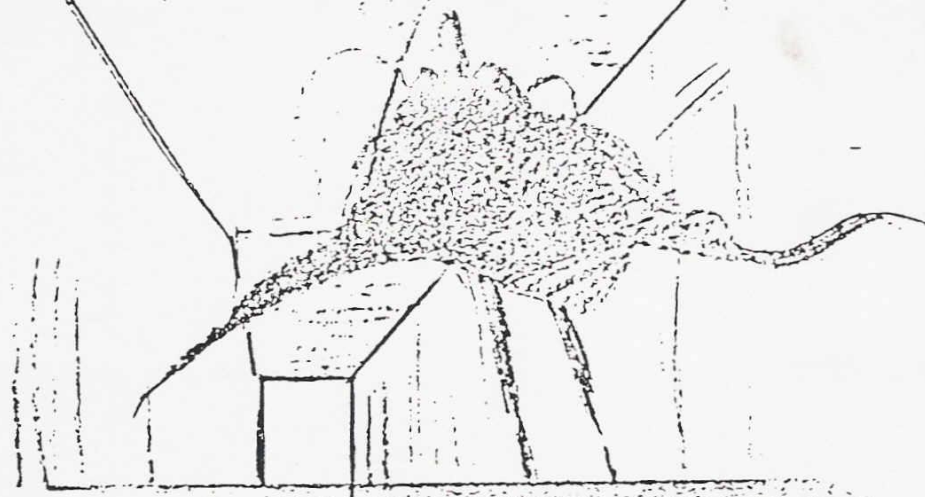
Guitar solo ends. The pink decayed skin has gone. The transformation is complete. He now wears a black uniform, black boots, long black coat. On his arm the red and black insignia : the crossed hammers of decay.



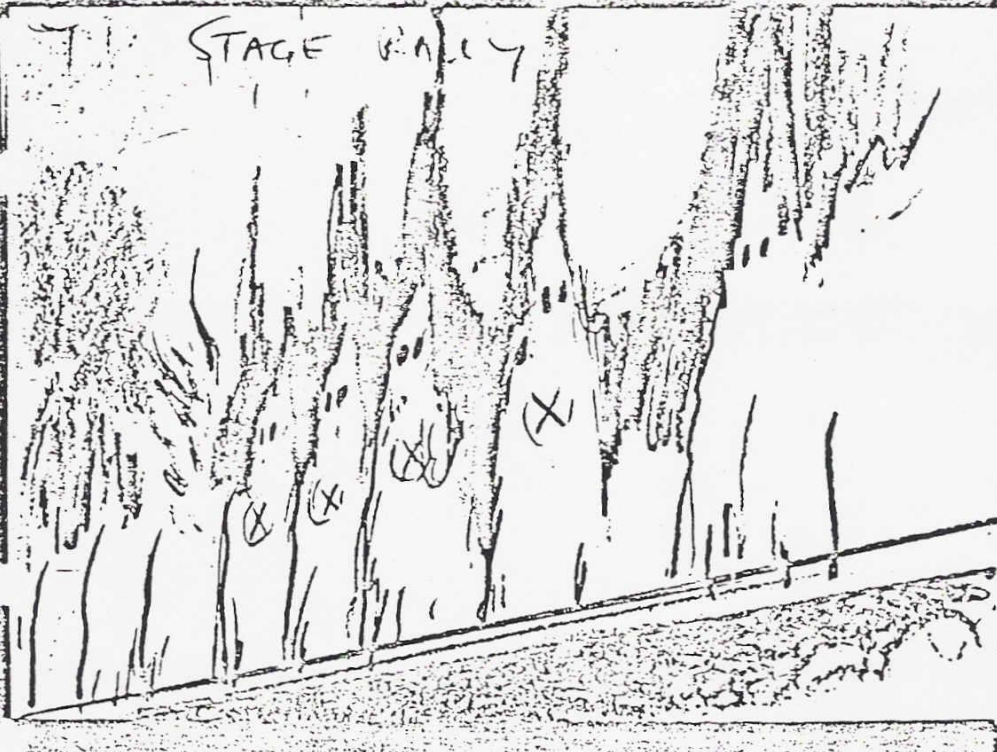
IN THE FLESH

So ya'  
Thought ya'  
Might like to  
Go to the show.  
To feel the warm thrill of confusion,  
That space cadet glow.  
I've got some bad news for you sunshine,  
Pink isn't well, he stayed back at the hotel,  
And they sent us along as a surrogate band,  
And we're going to find out where you fans  
Really stand.  
Are there any queers in the audience tonight?  
Get 'em up against the wall.  
There's one in the spotlight,  
He don't look right to me,  
Get him up against the wall.  
That one looks Jewish,  
And that one's a coon.  
Who let all this riff raff into the room?  
There's one smoking a joint and  
Another with spots,  
If I had my way  
I'd have all of you shot.

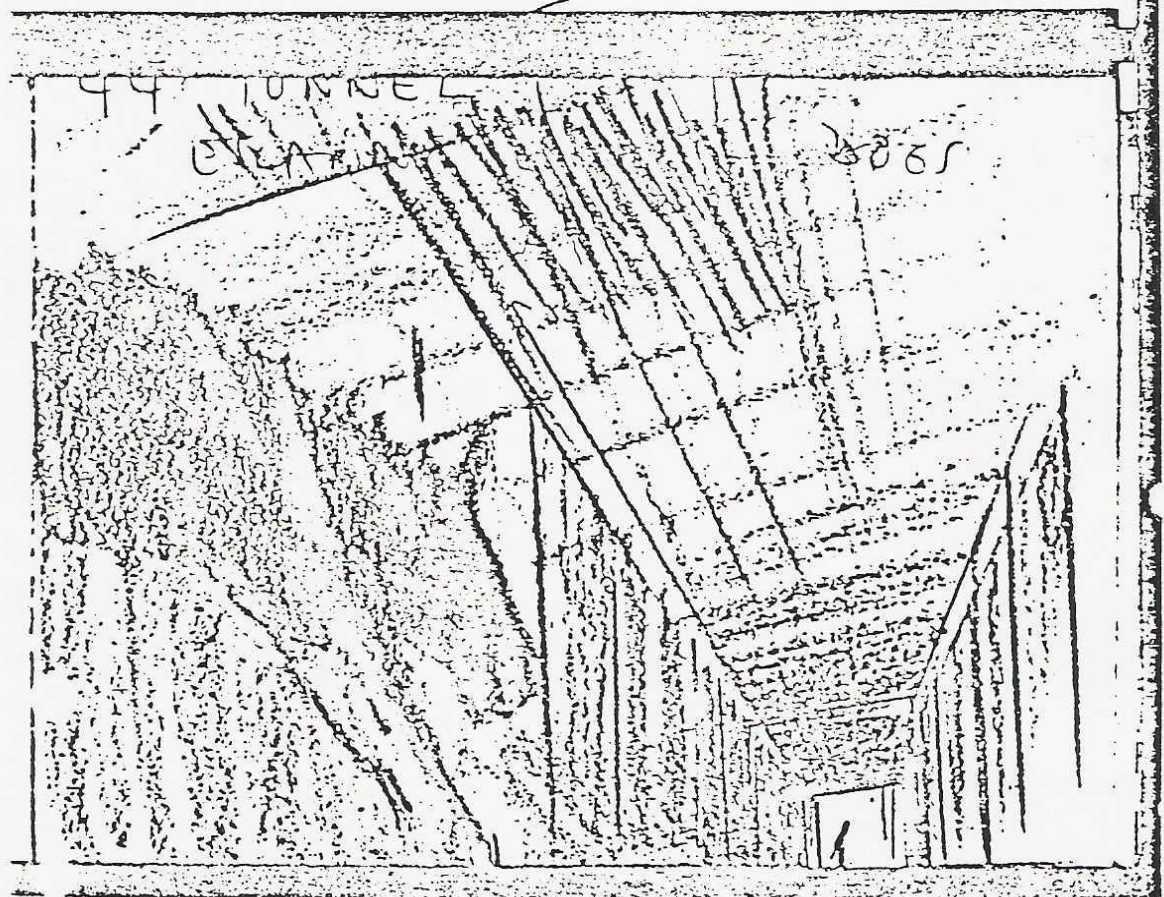
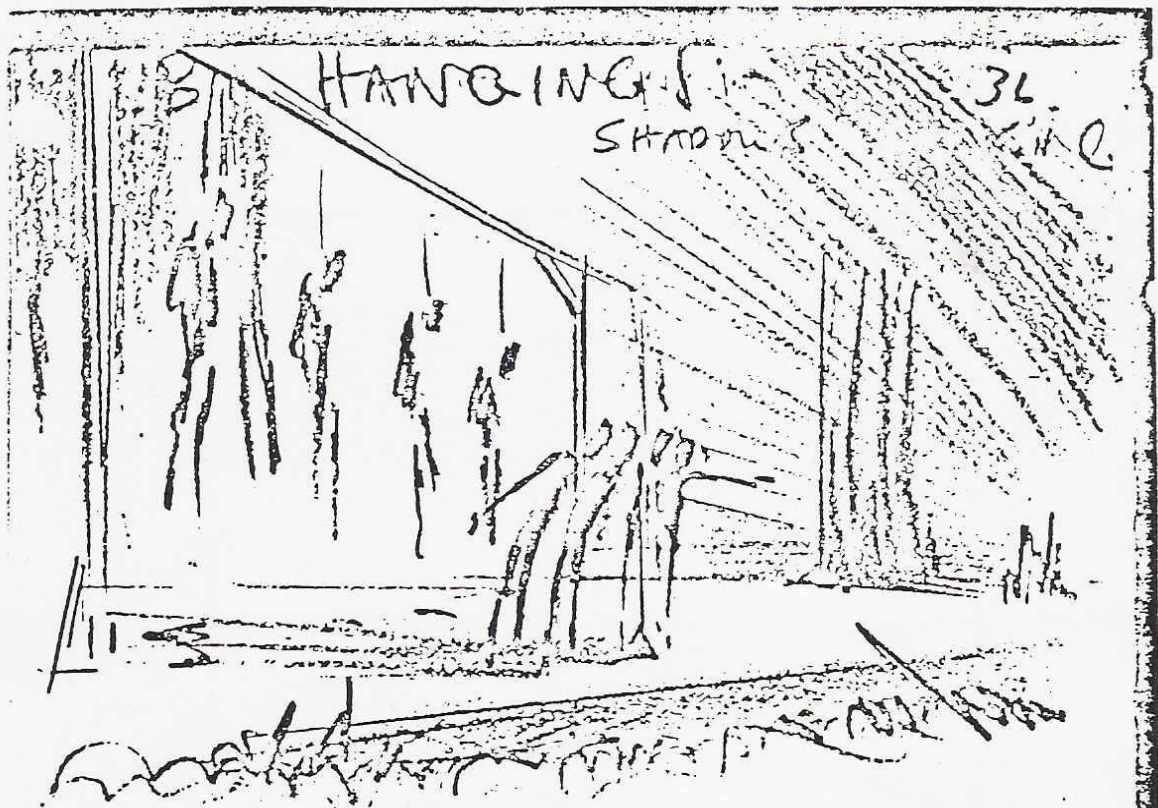
PASSAGES UNDER ARENA  
PINK THRO. CORRIDORS 35



STAGE RALLY









82    INT.    PASSAGES UNDER HALL.    NIGHT

Camera is low, on the ground. F.X. Jackboots. PINK strides purposefully through the stark corridors and tunnels towards the stage, he is followed by similarly black uniformed jackbooted GUARDS. F.X. Jackboots.

83    INT.    HALL.    NIGHT

Through the open doors we see a stage like a political rally. A central podium. A chorus of robed figures. Red and black flags. The crossed hammers of oppression insignia everywhere. An unholy marriage between Nuremburg 1936, Red Square on May Day, and a Ku Klux Klan meeting.

84    INT.    HALL.    NIGHT

On the opening chorus of 'In the Flesh' we reveal the hall in more detail. The audience is a United Nations of Fascists, and Extremists. We examine these people in more detail. The GUARDS. The TEUTONIC NAZI showbiz extravaganza. PINK enters strutting. Adolph and Benito combined. He shakes hands. The crowds welcome him ecstatically. They thrust out their various stiff armed salutes.

CROWD

"Hammer, hammer, hammer".

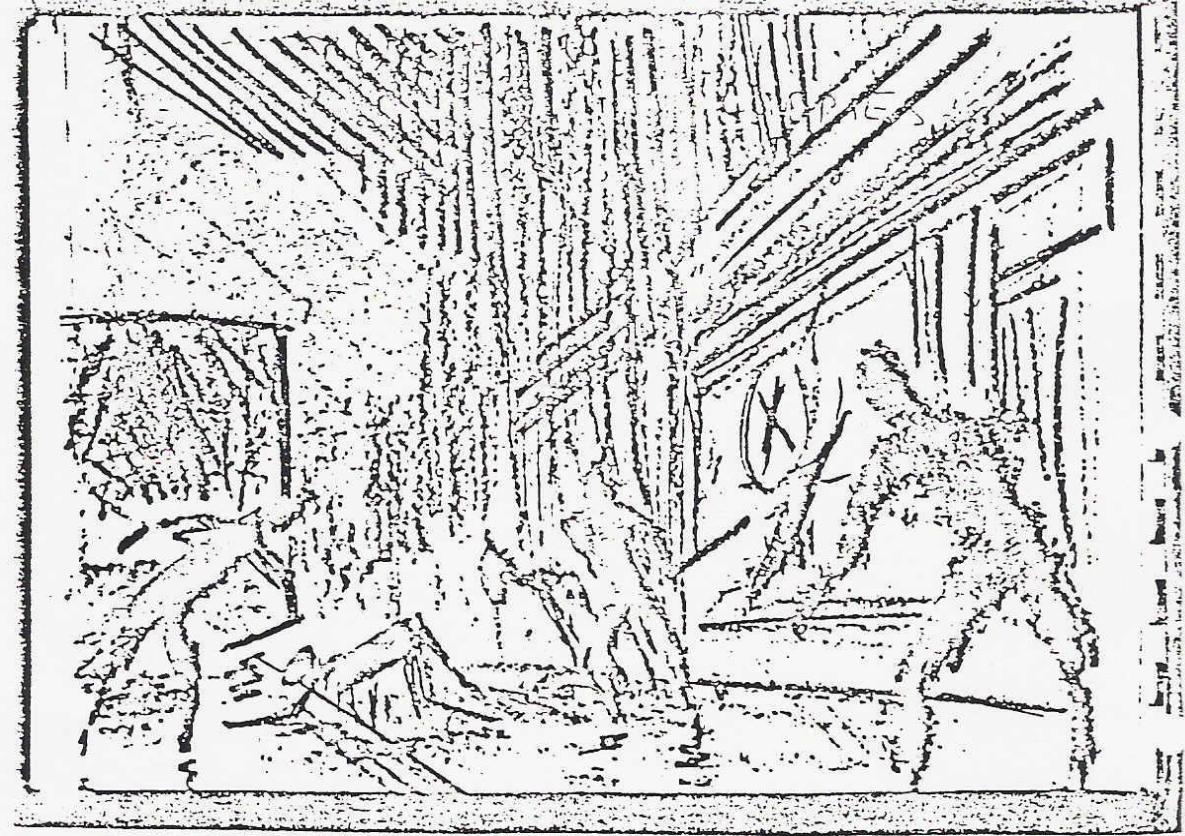
85    INT.    HALL.    NIGHT

The atmosphere has now developed revivalist overtones. PINK sings this horrid song to the great delight of the followers. On 'Are there any queers ....?' we turn spotlights on the audience and start to pick out victims who are taken away struggling by black uniformed SECURITY GUARDS. On stage 'In the Flesh' is performed by PINK. Behind him four pink dummies hang from a gallows. We take in cut by cut this bizarre Fascist Variety Show.

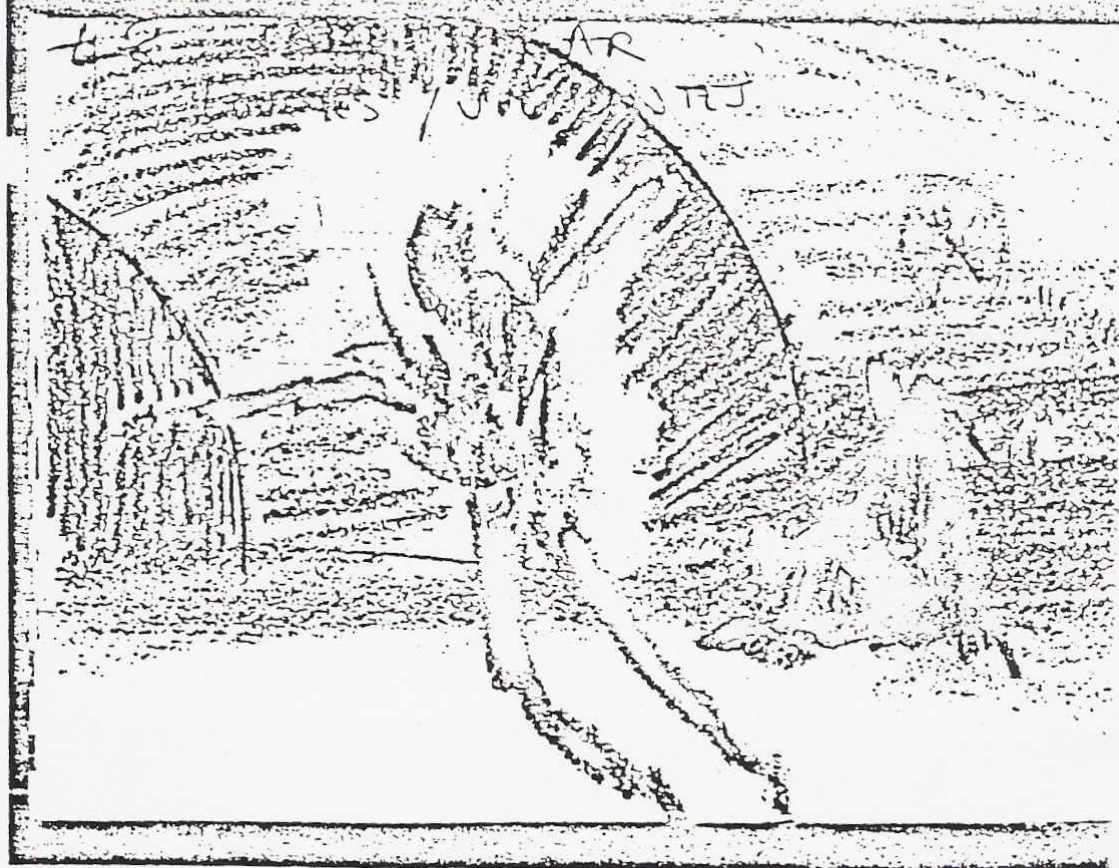
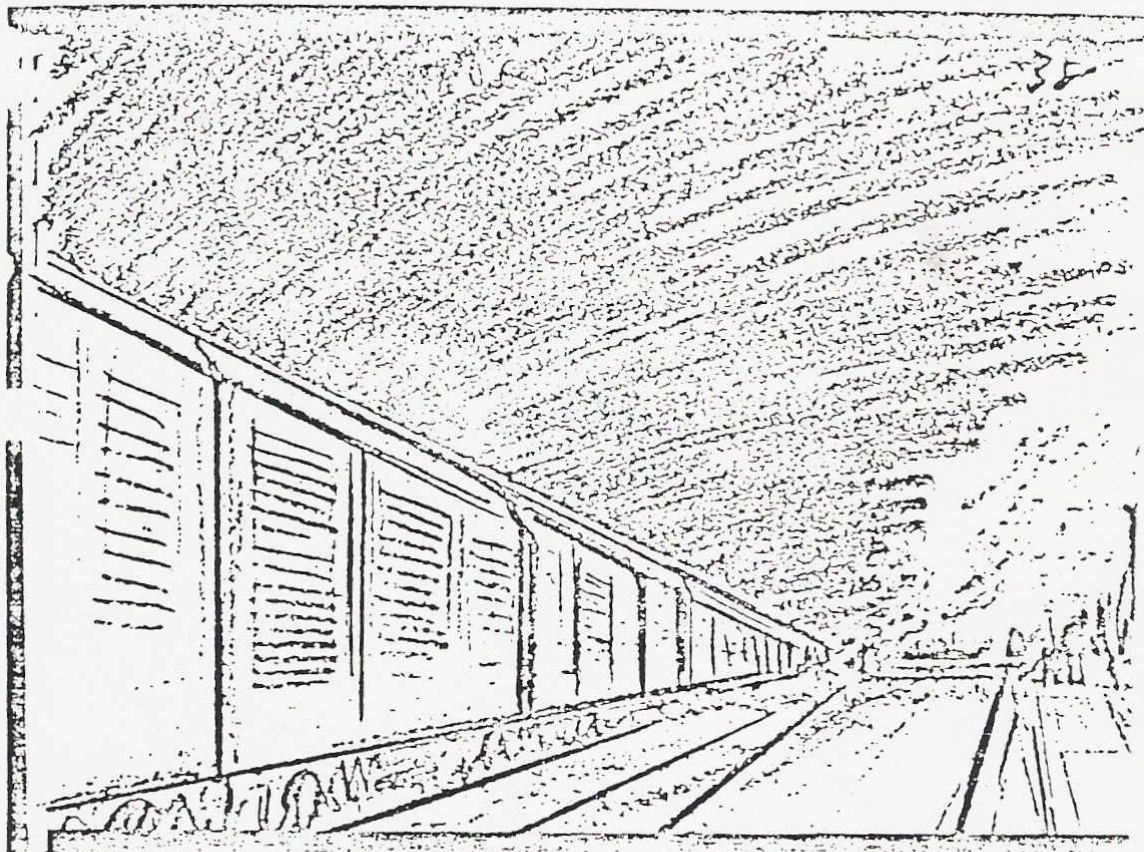
## RUN LIKE HELL

You better run like hell.  
You better make your face up in  
Your favourite disguise  
With your button down lips and your  
Roller blind eyes,  
With your empty smile  
And your hungry heart  
Feel the bile rising from your guilty past.  
With your nerves in tatters,  
When the cockleshell shatters  
And the hammers batter  
Down the door,  
You better run like hell  
You better run all day  
And run all night  
And keep your dirty feeling  
Deep inside. And if you  
Take your girlfriend  
Out tonight,  
You better park the car  
Well out of sight,  
'Cos if they catch you in the back seat  
Trying to pick her locks  
They're gonna' send you back to Mother  
In a cardboard box.  
You better run.









86 INT. CAFE. BRIXTON. DAY

The window is smashed in by SKINHEAD BLACKSHIRTS. Two black men make a break for it. They are chased, caught, and beaten.

87 EXT. TERRACED HOUSE. DAY

A family of Pakistani's are taken and thrown into the back of a waiting lorry.

88 EXT. PARKED CAR. NIGHT

Under a railway arch a car is parked. The windows are steamed up. Inside a couple are kissing and petting. He is black, she is white. The windscreen shatters under a blow from a pickaxe handle. The boy is beaten up. A boot crashes into his face. The girl's clothes are ripped off by three blackshirted hoodlums who leap on her.

89 EXT. RAILWAY SIDINGS. DAY

Cattle trucks are being loaded with people. Mostly long haired Blacks and Indians.

90 INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

The audience hold up cards to form a huge picture of 'The Crossed Hammers'. Columns of guards march into the hall and line the aisles. The audience chant "Hammer, hammer!" A row of torches burst into flame along the top of the wall.

91 INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

Between 'In the Flesh' and 'Run Like Hell', the audience chant "Hammer" in unison, whilst clapping their hands over their heads.

As 'Run Like Hell' starts, the audience and the chorus on stage go into a military disco routine. They are now all wearing identical masks. Occasionally a mask slips, revealing a hippy or black who is taken away. Sometimes those removed simply have different masks.



## WAITING FOR THE WORMS

Ooooh you cannot reach me now,  
Ooooh no matter how you try.  
Goodbye cruel world it's over,  
Walk on by.

Sitting in a bunker here behind my wall,  
Waiting for the worms to come.  
In perfect isolation here behind my wall  
Waiting for the worms to come.  
Waiting to cut out the dead wood,  
Waiting to clean up the city,  
Waiting to follow the worms,  
Waiting to put on a blackshirt,  
Waiting to weed out the weaklings,  
Waiting to smash in their windows  
And kick in their doors,  
Waiting for the final solution  
To strengthen the strain,  
Waiting to follow the worms,  
Waiting to turn on the showers  
And fire the ovens,  
Waiting for the queers and coons  
And the reds and the Jews,  
Waiting to follow the worms.

Would you like to see Britannia  
Rule again my friend?  
All you have to do is follow the worms.  
Would you like to send our coloured cousins  
Home again, my friend?  
All you need to do is follow the worms.



92    INT.    TUNNEL UNDER HALL.    NIGHT

GUARDS with dogs chase an escaping queer through the labyrinth under the hall. The dogs teeth rip into the unfortunate gay.

93    INT.    THE HOTEL ROOM.    NIGHT

The dummy sits in terror as the door shakes to repeated hammer blows from outside.

94    INT.    PADDED CELL.    NIGHT

The bald lunatic still munches away.



95 EXT. SURBURBAN STREET RALLY. DAY

We see the BLACKSHIRT pulling down the tail-gate of a truck. They set up a street rally. Flags. Tannoys. Platforms. Banners. PINK shouts through a megaphone.

"Waiting to cut out the dead  
wood  
Waiting to clean up the city  
Waiting to follow the worms ..."

96 EXT. SURBURBAN STREET TRACK. DAY

We slowly track down the suburban street. As we pass each window we see the inhabitants pull their curtains closed, shutting out the evil below.

97 INT. MAGGOTS. DAY

We see time lapse photography as maggots eat into a fleshy head of PINK, exposing the skull and cheekbones.

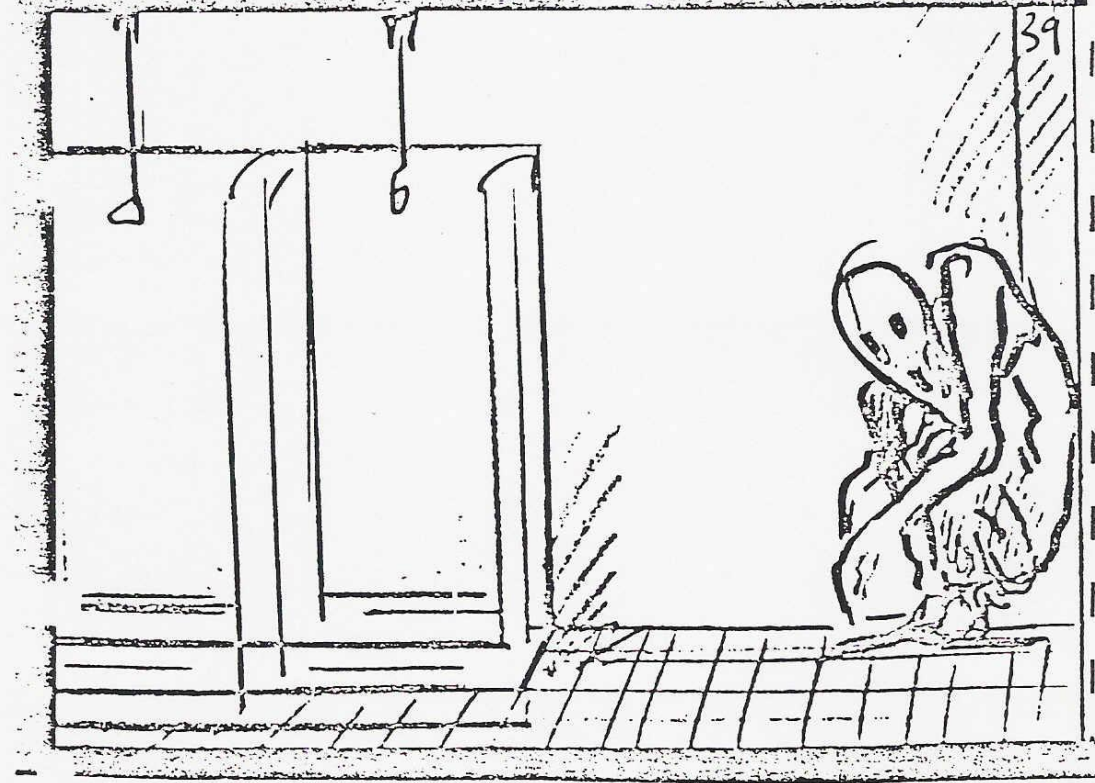
98 EXT. ANIMATION HAMMERS. DAY

We see the advance of the Hammers of repression. They appear menacingly over a hilltop. The sky darkens, a cloud approaches the city. The inhabitants desert the streets, and closing their shutters retreat into themselves. Unopposed, the hammers take over the city, and march triumphantly towards a stadium in the city centre.

STOP

Stop.  
I wanna' go home,  
Take off this uniform  
And leave the show.  
And I'm waiting in this cell  
Because I have to know,  
Have I been guilty all this time?





39

Intercut : C.U. bald PINK. C.U. Scarfian screaming man.  
C.U. PINK.

PINK

"Stop!"

Silence. Fade in natural F.X. We cut wider. PINK is cowering in a corner of the arena bathroom, dressed in T-shirt and jeans. A line of white chipped enamel urinals to one side. A MAN comes in left of frame. Urinates. Throws a glance at PINK. Natural F.X. The MAN leaves the frame. We slowly move in on PINK'S face.

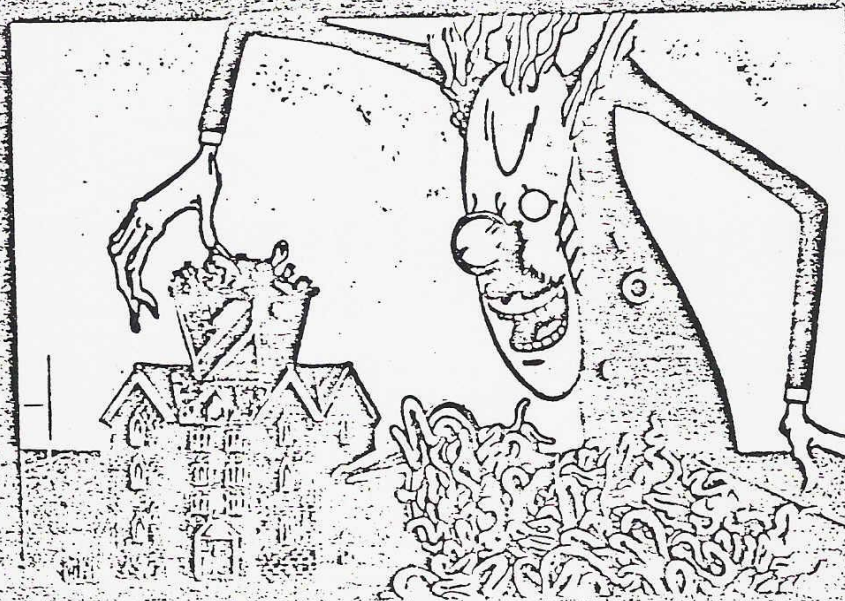
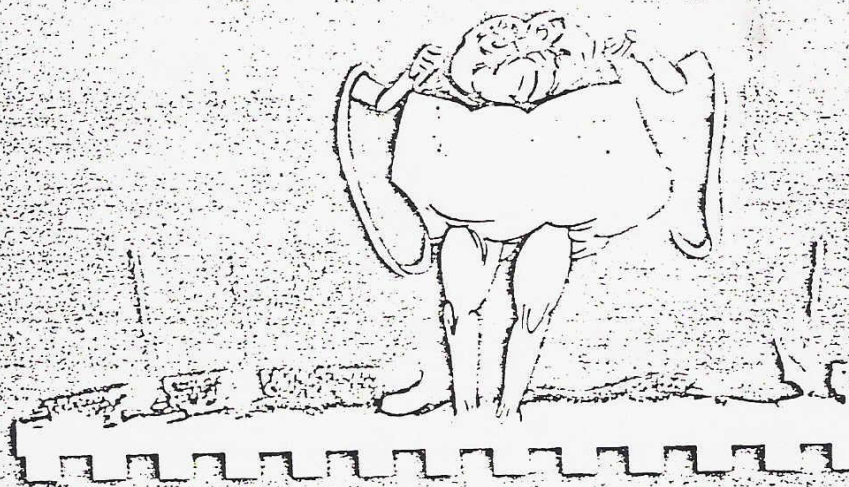
"I wanna' go home  
Take off this uniform  
And leave the show ...  
And I'm waiting in this cell  
Because I have to know  
Have I been guilty all this time?"

We are now tight on PINK'S face. We mix through to the animation of 'The Trial'.

THE TRIAL

Good morning Worm your honour  
The crown will plainly show  
The prisoner who now stands before you  
Was caught red handed showing feelings,  
Showing feelings of an almost human nature.  
Shame on him,  
This will not do.  
Call the Schoolmaster.  
I always said he'd come to no good  
In the end your honour  
If they'd let me have my way I could  
Have flayed him into shape  
But my hands were tied.  
The bleeding hearts and artists  
Let him get away with  
Let me hammer him today.  
Crazy, toys in the attic, I am crazy.  
They must have taken my marbles away.







100 ANIMATION. THE TRIAL

As the door creaks open, light falls across the animated figure of the puppet, slumped in his chair. A double door opens, which gives on to an enormous stadium. Inside the stadium, strange music business figures jabber at one another. A stage, made of writhing worms produces itself, an actor-cum-lawyer preens himself in front of a dressing room mirror. This is the prosecutor, invented by PINK in his subconscious, as a tool with which to pick the locks of his own guilty feelings.

A large worm rears up. Upon its faceless head it wears a judges wig. It sways menacingly in the air, like a cobra ready to strike.

101 THE PROSECUTOR'S ADDRESS

The prosecuting counsel delivers his indictment in the manner of a music hall fop, but behind his foppish manner his teeth are sharp. He performs on the stage of worms, behind the footlights. As he finishes his gown turns into vampires wings, and he flies up, alighting on top of the wall, to call his first witness: the schoolmaster.

102 THE SCHOOLMASTER

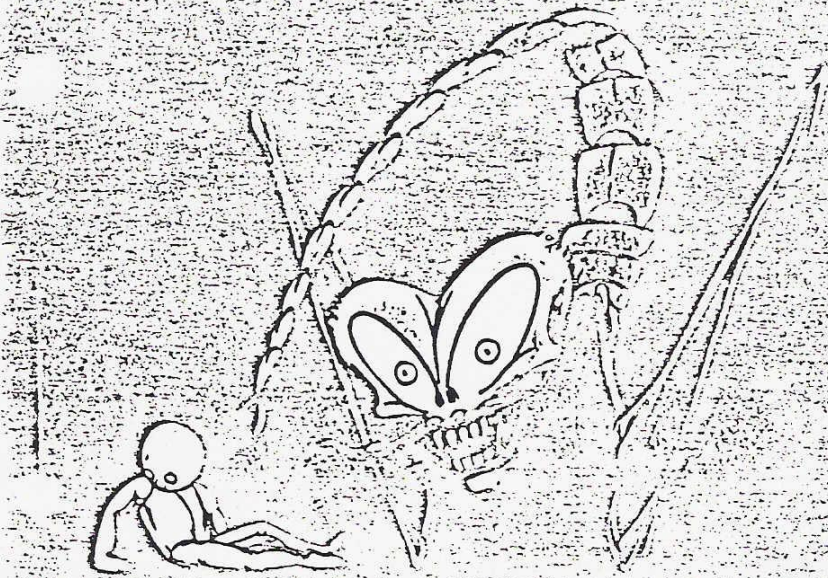
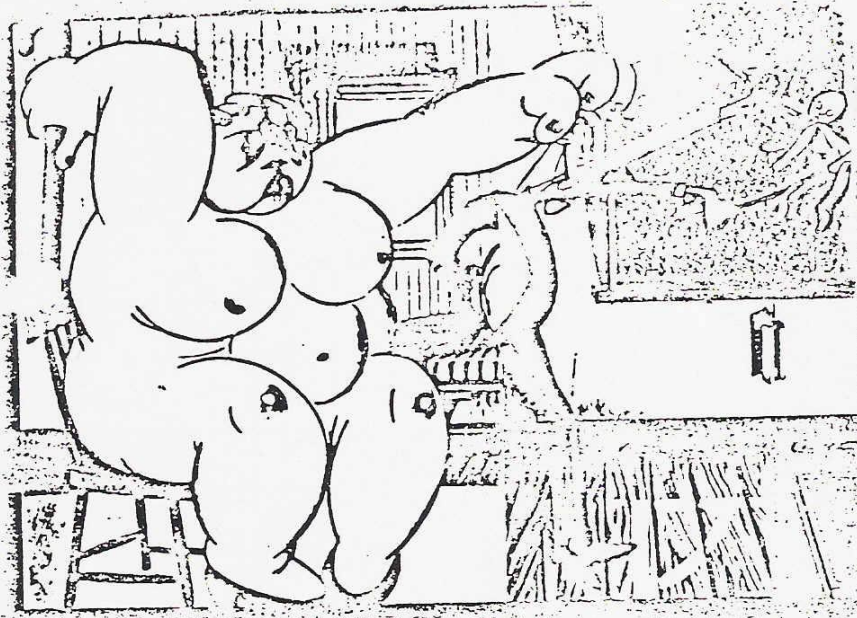
The schoolmaster, portrayed as a marionette, is dropped over the wall by his gross wife. He gives his evidence and at the finish metamorphoses into a hammer.

"Crazy, toys in the attic ..."

THE TRIAL

/cont'd .....

Call the defendants wife.  
You little shit you, you're in it now,  
I hope they throw away the key.  
You should have talked to me more often  
than you did, but no you had to  
Go your own way. Have you broken any  
Homes up lately?  
"Just five minutes Worm your honour  
Him and me alone."





Appearing, snakelike, from a crevice in the wall, the wife spits out her attack on the passive PINK. She turns into a scorpion, and stings him, and then adopting more human form she picks him up and wears him like a stole. He slips to the ground as she, her hair bursting into flame in her fury, asks the judge to give him to her to punish.

THE TRIAL

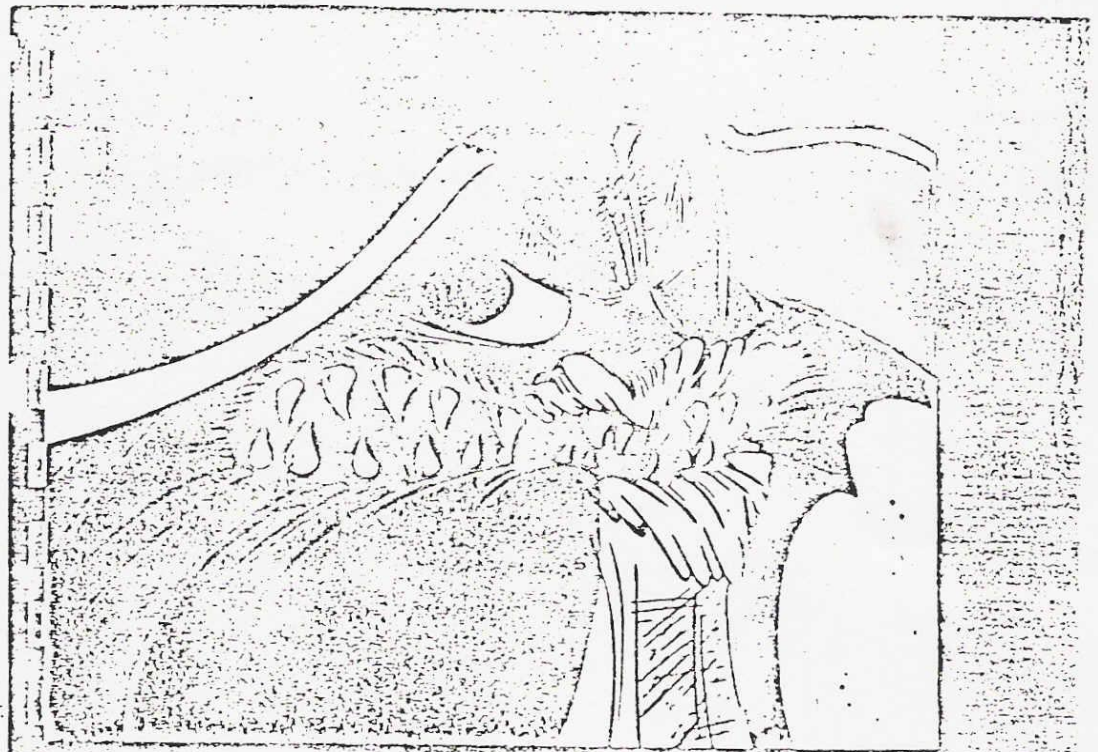
/cont'd .....

Babe,  
Come to Mother baby, let me hold you  
In my arms.  
M'Lud I never wanted him to  
Get in any trouble.  
Why'd he ever have to leave me  
Worm your honour, let me take him home.  
Crazy, over the rainbow, I am crazy,  
Bars in the window,  
There must have been a door there in the wall  
When I came in.  
Crazy, over the rainbow, he is crazy.  
The evidence before the court is  
Incontrovertible, there's no need for  
the jury to retire.  
In all my years of judging  
I have never heard before of  
Someone more deserving  
The full penalty of law.  
The way you made them suffer,  
Your exquisite wife and mother  
Fills me with the urge to defecate.  
But my friend, you have revealed your  
Deepest fear.  
I sentence you to be exposed before  
Your peers.  
Tear down the wall.









104 THE MOTHER'S PLEA

The MOTHER erupts from the wall, like a bursting boil. She flies, dive bomber-like, to PINK'S rescue. Metamorphosing into a pair of giant lips, she sucks him up, and via the form of a large cushion, turns into herself, cuddling him in her arms. As she finishes her plea, her arms turn into a huge wall.

"Crazy, over the rainbow ..."

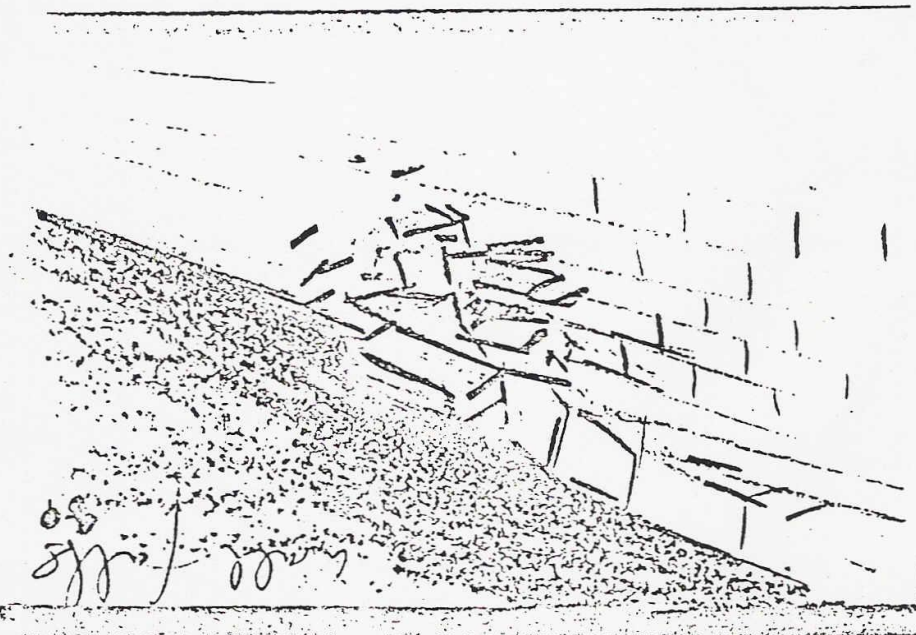
Naked figures, floating aimlessly in a black void.

105 THE JUDGEMENT

The worm judge rears up over PINK and rants at him. We see that he is a huge asshole on legs, wearing a judges wig. Walking ponderously backwards, he approaches PINK, who is now walled in so tightly that he lies at the bottom of a cylinder formed by the wall, which completely surrounds him. But there is no escape from his own conclusions about himself. The Judge squats on the cylinder and shits images of his past life on him, whilst screaming at him to tear down the wall.

"Tear down the wall ...  
Tear down the wall ..."





106 INT. CONCERT. NIGHT

We cut to the wall in the concert. It trembles. Smoke seeps through the cracks. Bulges ominously like a dam about to burst and finally with a crashing roar it falls.

107 BLACK SCREEN

"All alone, or in twos,  
The ones who really love you  
Walk up and down outside the  
wall  
Some hand in hand  
Some gathering together in bands,  
The bleeding hearts and artists  
Make their stand.  
And when they've given you their all  
Some stagger and fall-as after all  
it's not easy  
Banging your heart against some  
Mad buggers  
Wall. "

Black continues. End credits. Silence.