

DRAFT : 8th May 1981

'THE WALL'

SCREENPLAY

by

ROGER WATERS

(C) G R Waters  
1981

The contents of this  
screenplay are  
confidential and not  
to be reproduced witho  
ut permission.

## 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that his men be withdrawn.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 hook, next to a field telephone. CUT.

3 EXT. A RUGBY FIELD. DAY

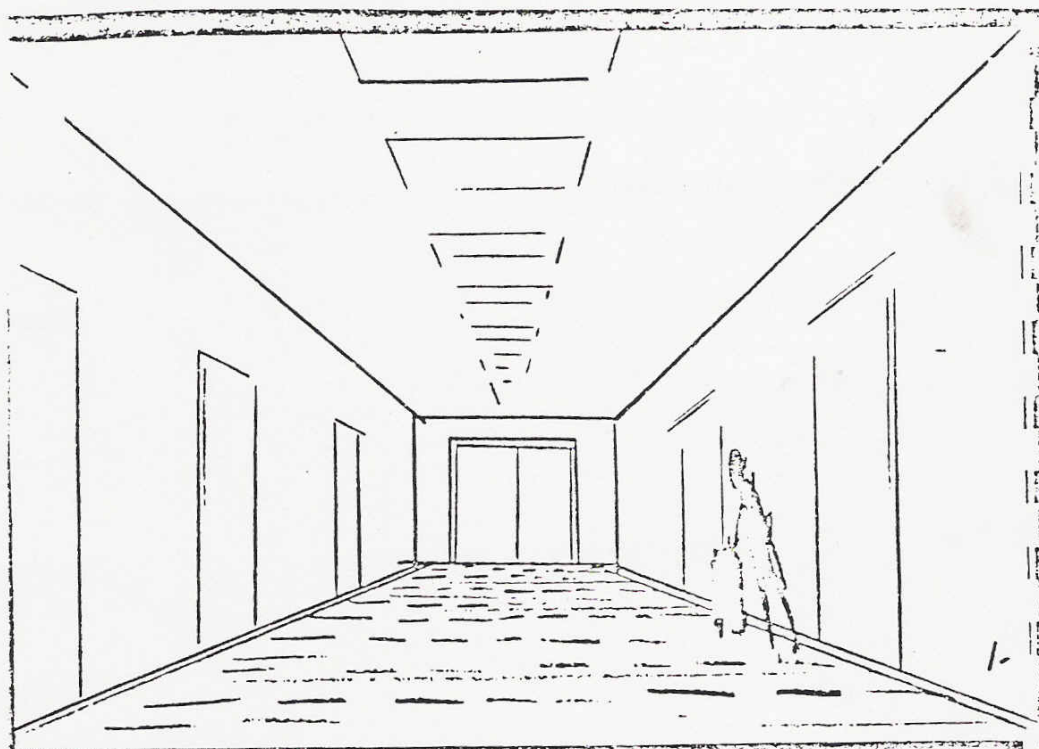
A green rugby field. A wide blue sky. Clouds. In the distance a tiny figure of a small boy runs towards us; YOUNG PINK. He stops in front of us and stares at an object, off camera. We do not see what he sees.

4 INT. AN HOTEL SUITE. DAY

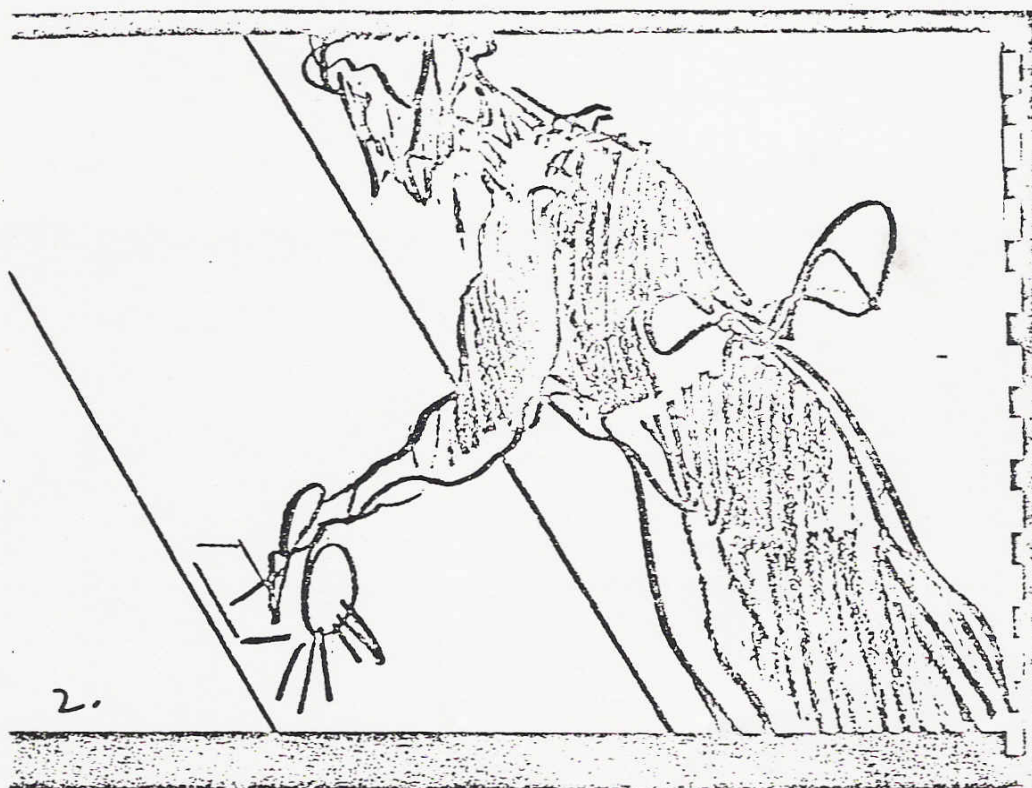
F.X. vacuum cleaner dies down, outside in the hall. Inside, a darkened room. We cut to E.C.U. of a cigarette that has burned its way through the fingers that hold it right up to the filter. We cut to a man's face, PINK. Immobile. Staring. Crazy.

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.



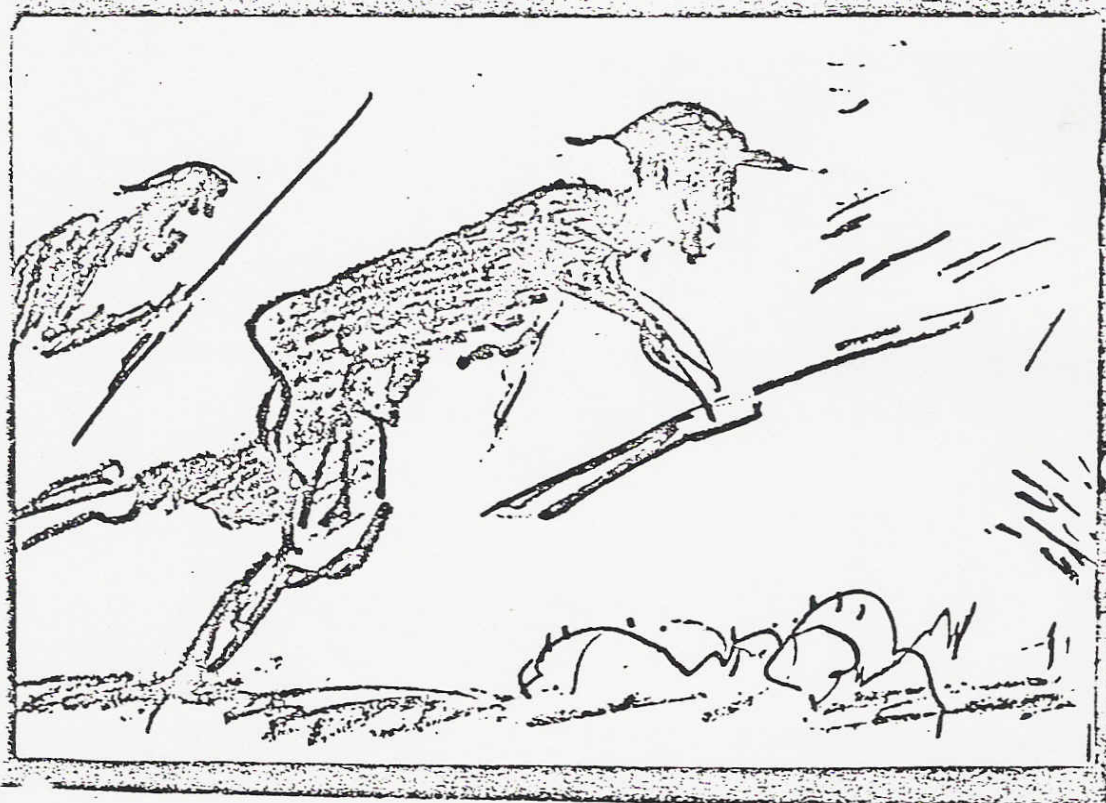




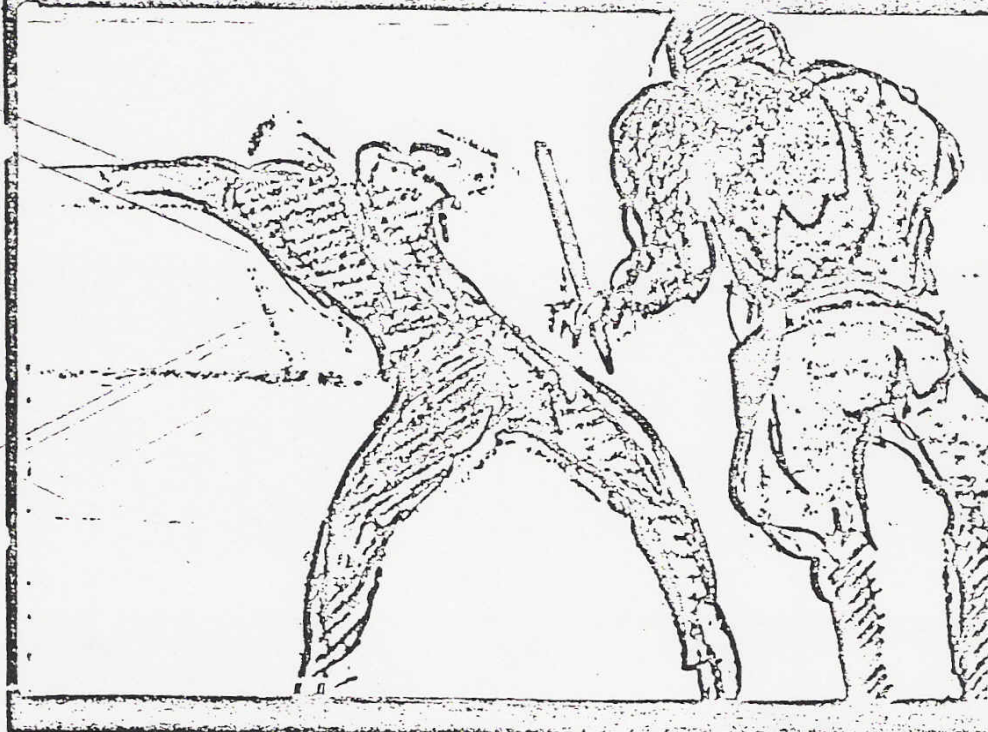
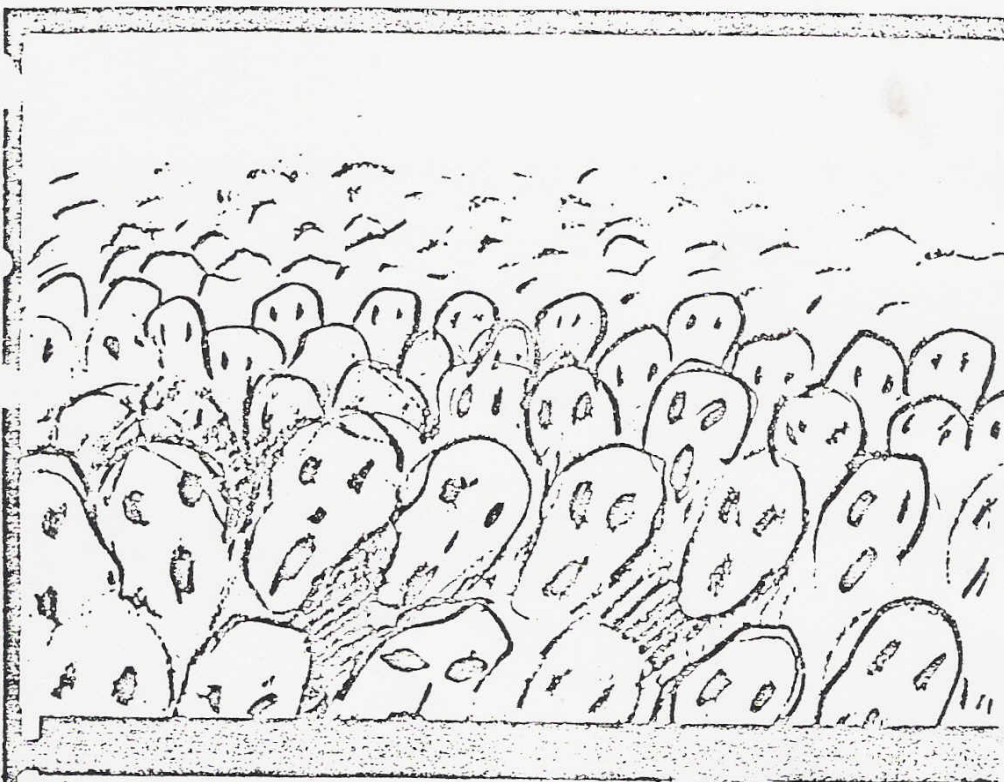
A man, PINK, sits slumped in an armchair. Behind him, an unlit standard lamp. In front of him the T.V. set, still on, no sound, a soft eerie glow. We pan from PINK'S face towards the door. We hear the MAID'S key slip into the lock. We cut closer. A crack of light appears as the door opens a couple of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

IN THE FLESH

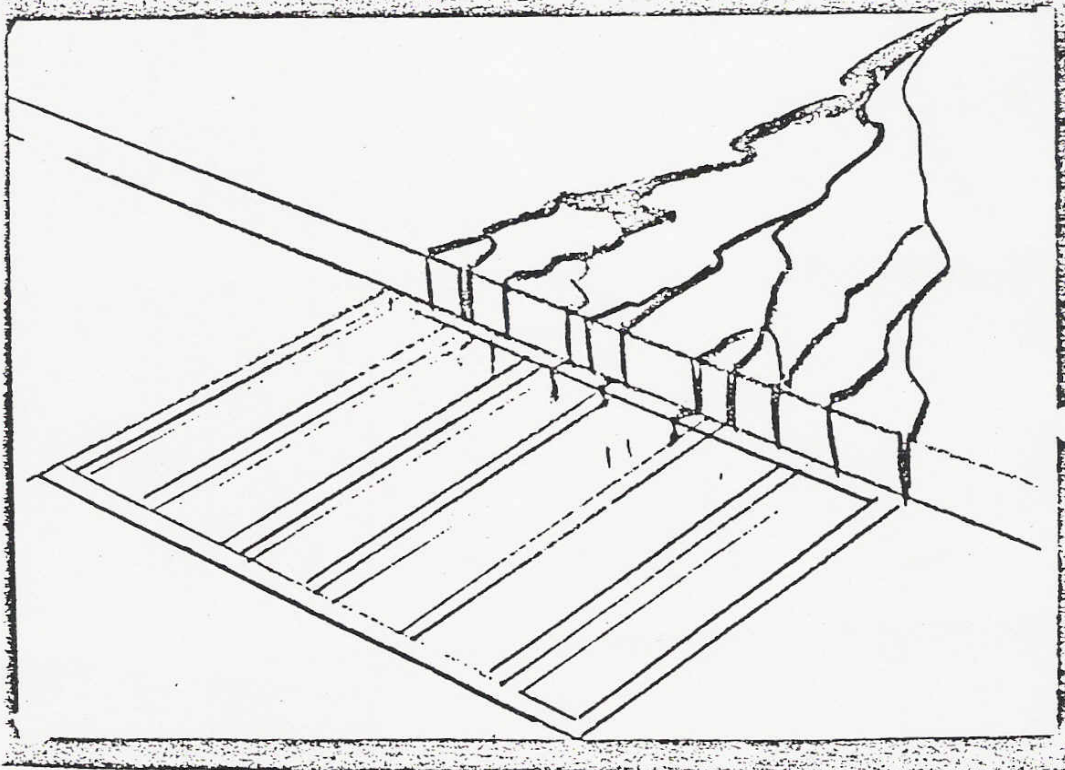
So ya'  
Thought ya'  
Might like to go to the show.  
To feel the warm thrill of confusion,  
That space cadet glow.  
Tell me is something eluding you sunshine?  
Is this not what you expected to see?  
If you'd like to find out what's behind these cold eyes  
You'll have to claw your way through the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