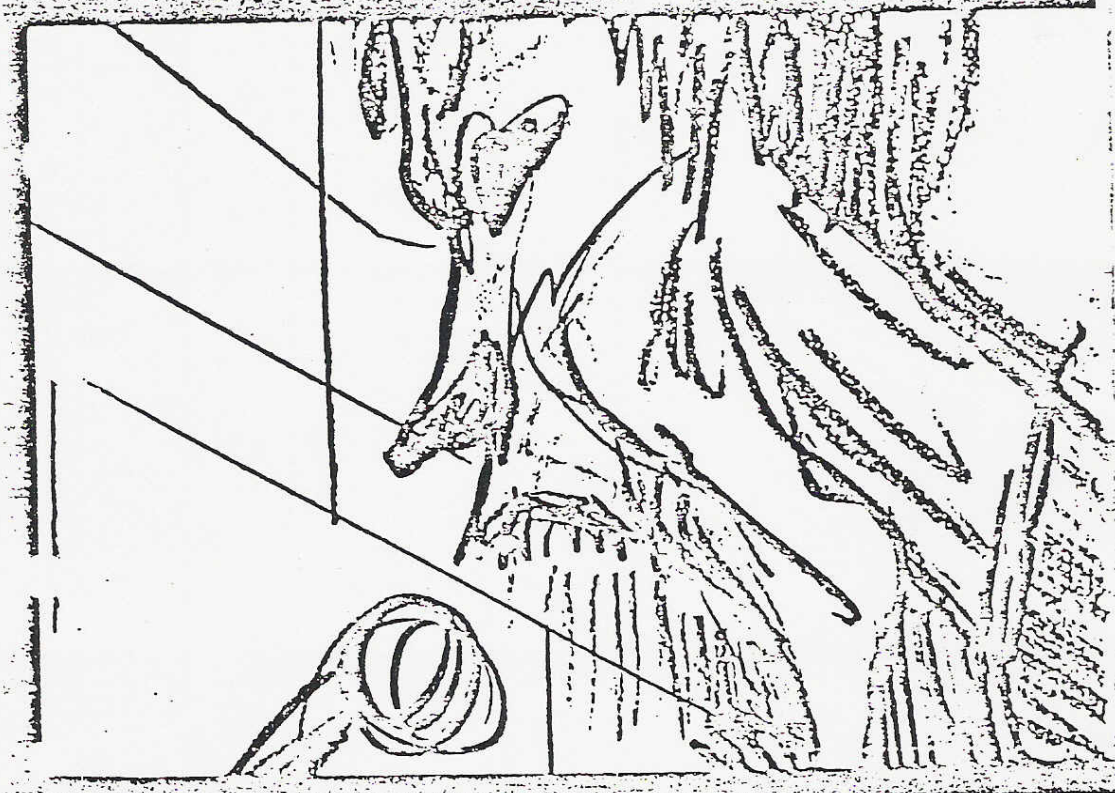
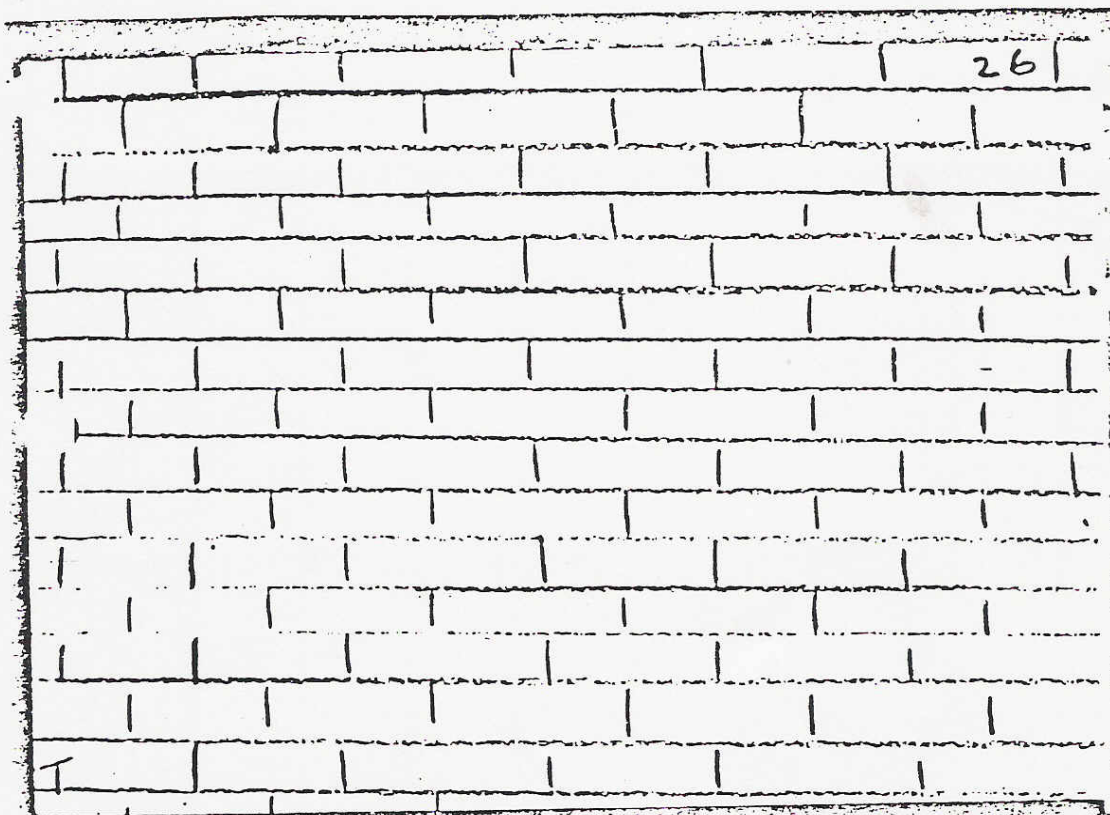


HEY YOU

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? ....."

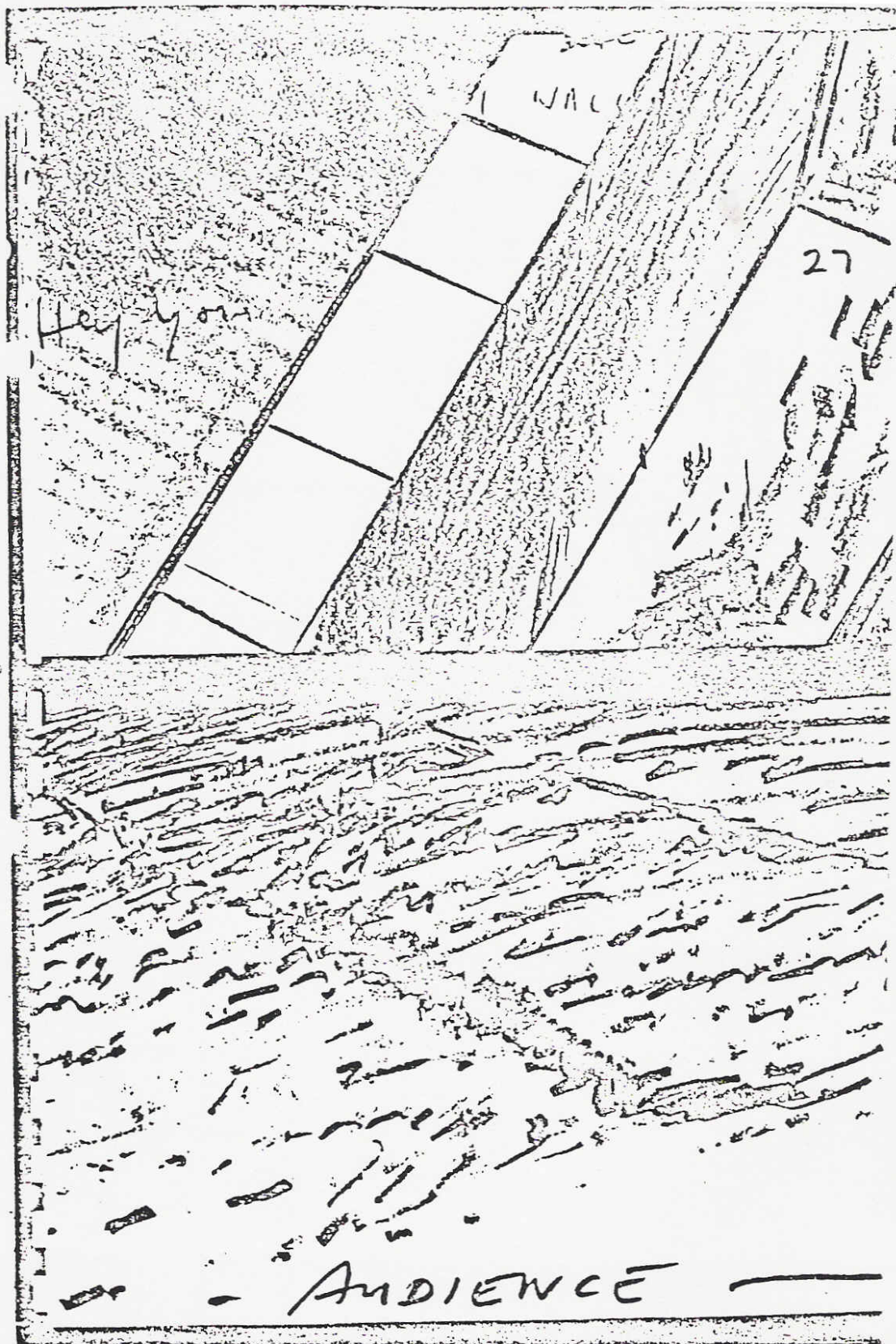
The camera cranes up slowly from his face until it reaches the top of the wall; the impenetrable barrier between performer and audience. We crane over the top and reveal the vast crowds in the auditorium.

"Together we stand, divided  
we fall."

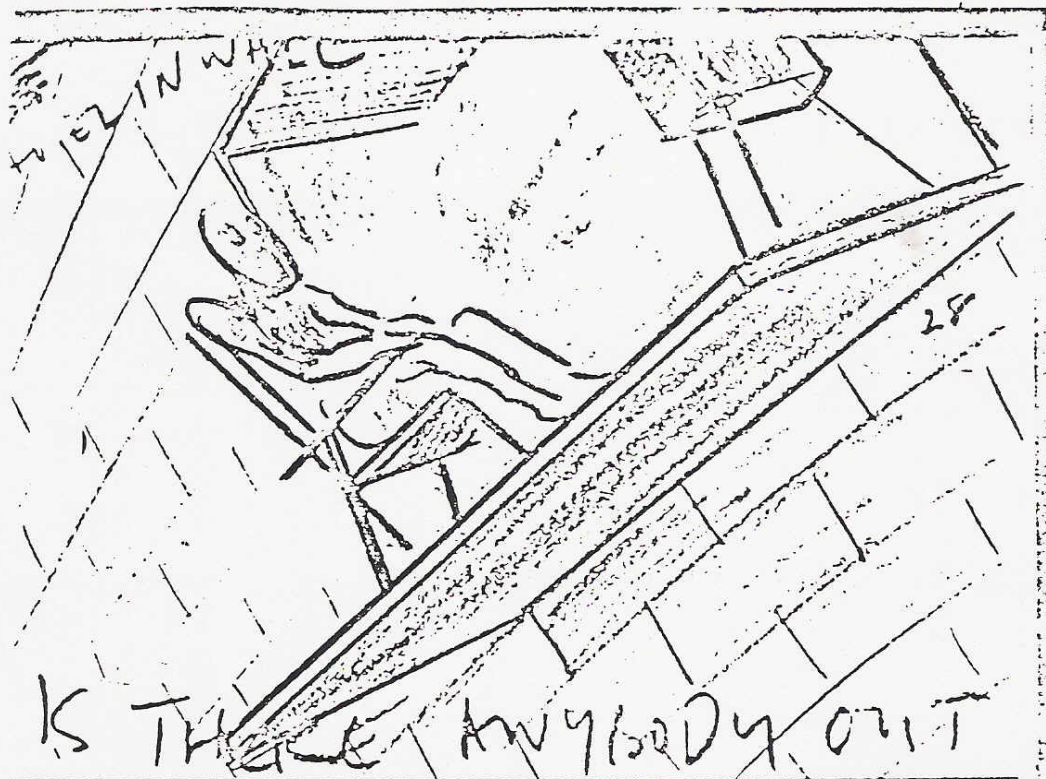
IS THERE ANYBODY OUT THERE?

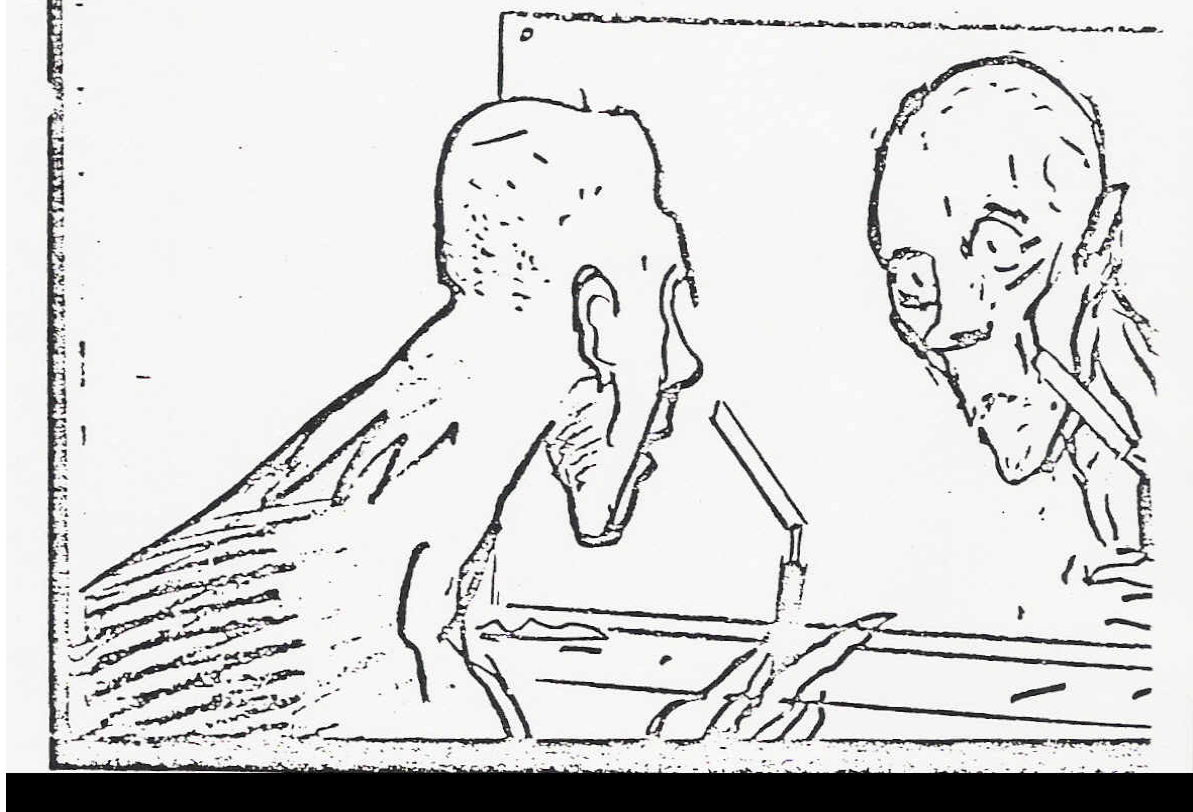
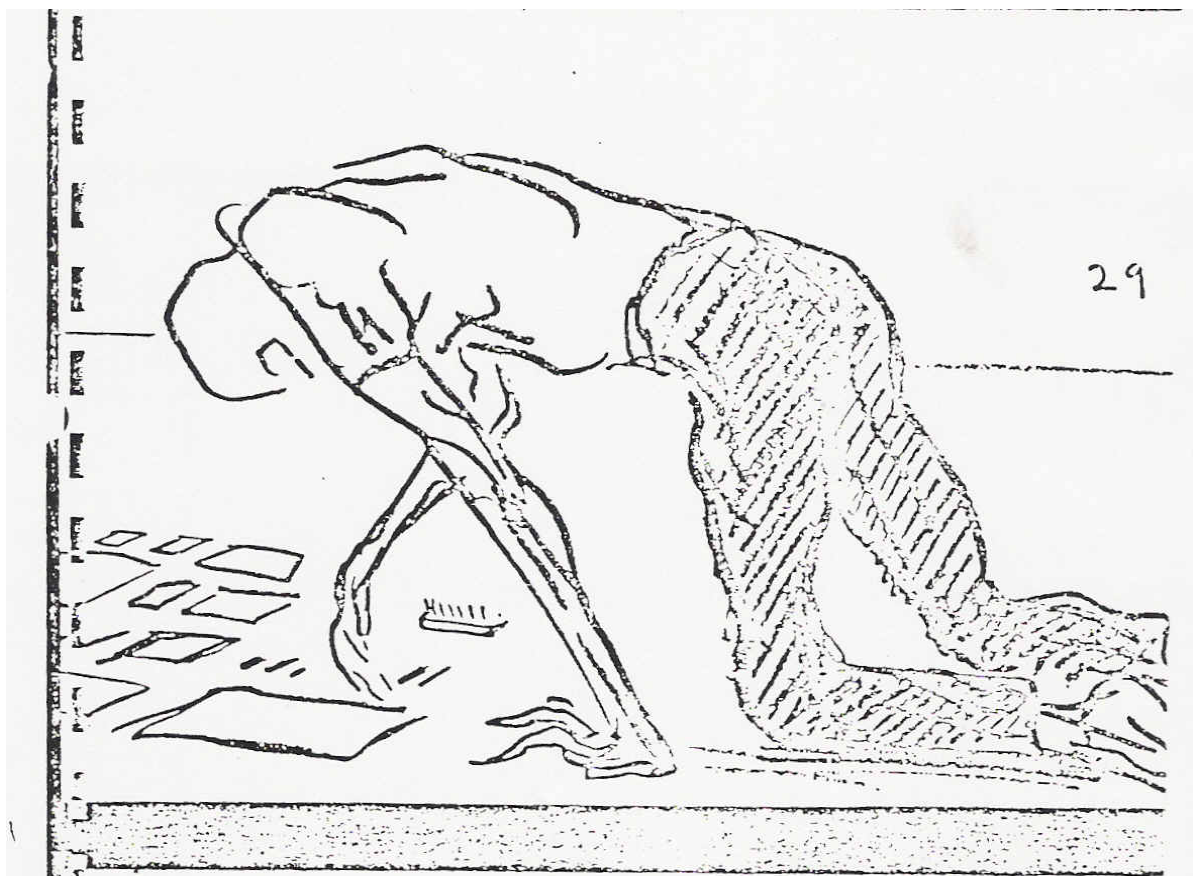
Is there anybody out there?  
Is there anybody out there?  
Is there anybody out there?













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.

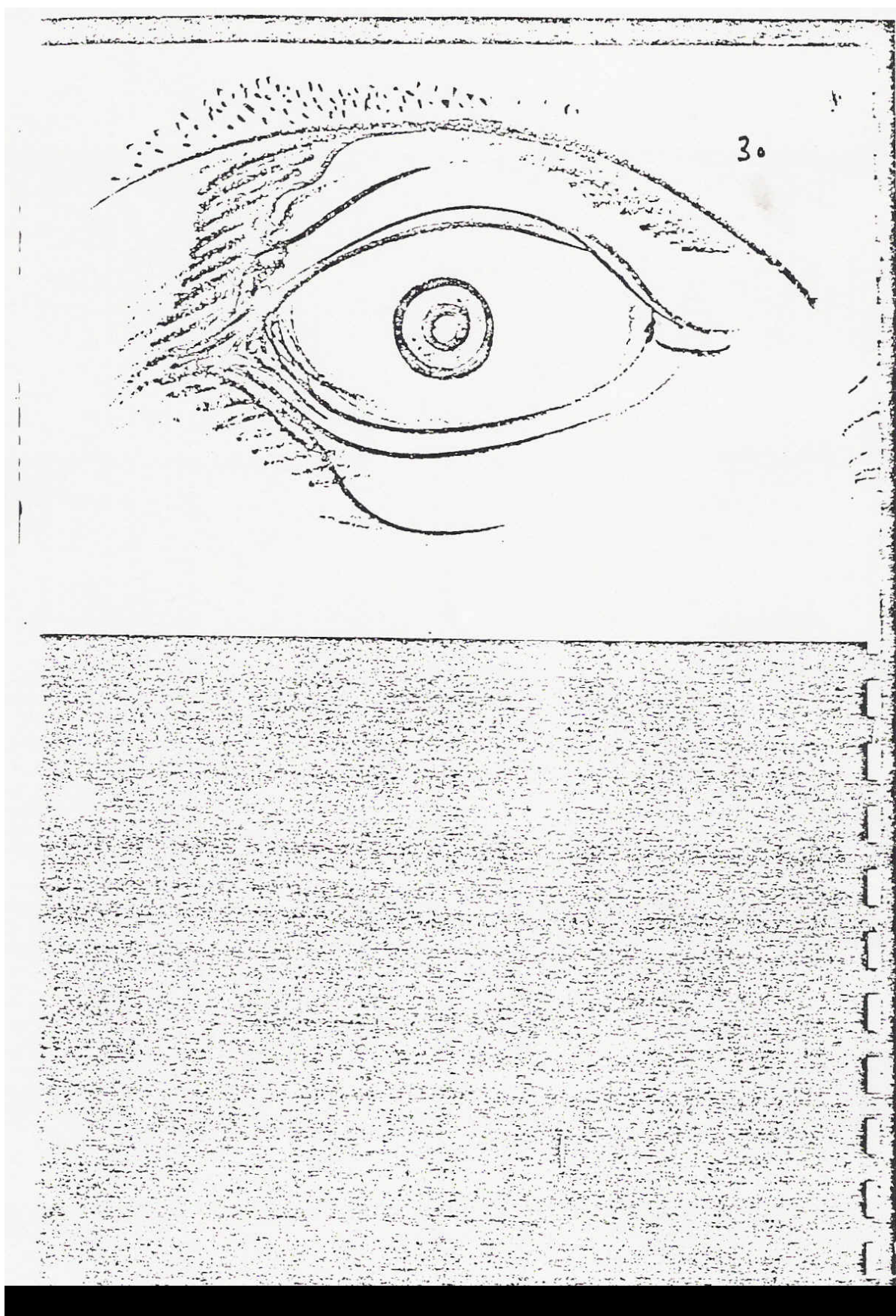
57    INT.    HOTEL SUITE.    BATHROOM

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.







HOTEL ROOMS - PINK - 10-11-68

