

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 ...

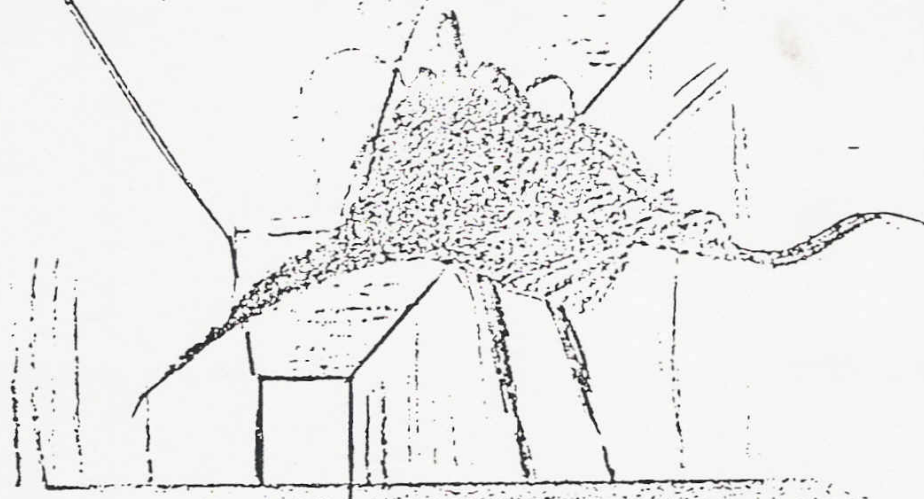
81 INT. CADDY LIMOSINE. NIGHT

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.

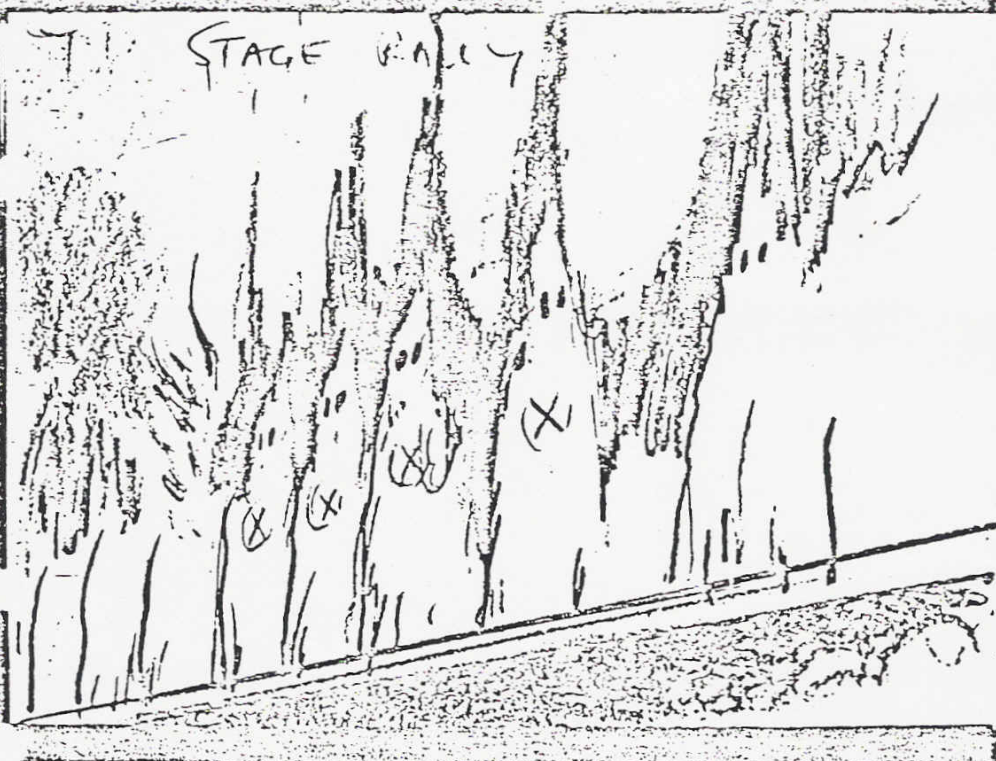
IN THE FLESH

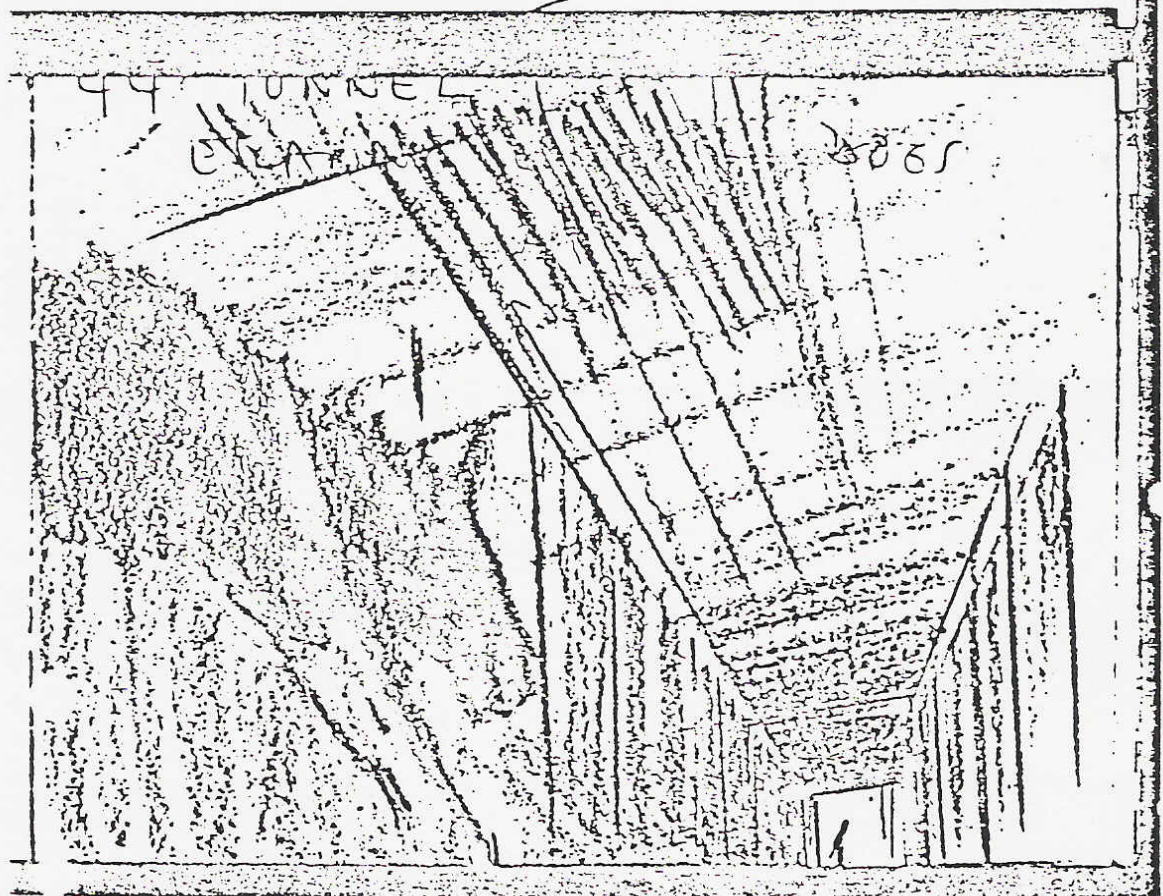
So ya'
Thought ya'
Might like to
Go to the show.
To feel the warm thrill of confusion,
That space cadet glow.
I've got some bad news for you sunshine,
Pink isn't well, he stayed back at the hotel,
And they sent us along as a surrogate band,
And we're going to find out where you fans
Really stand.
Are 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

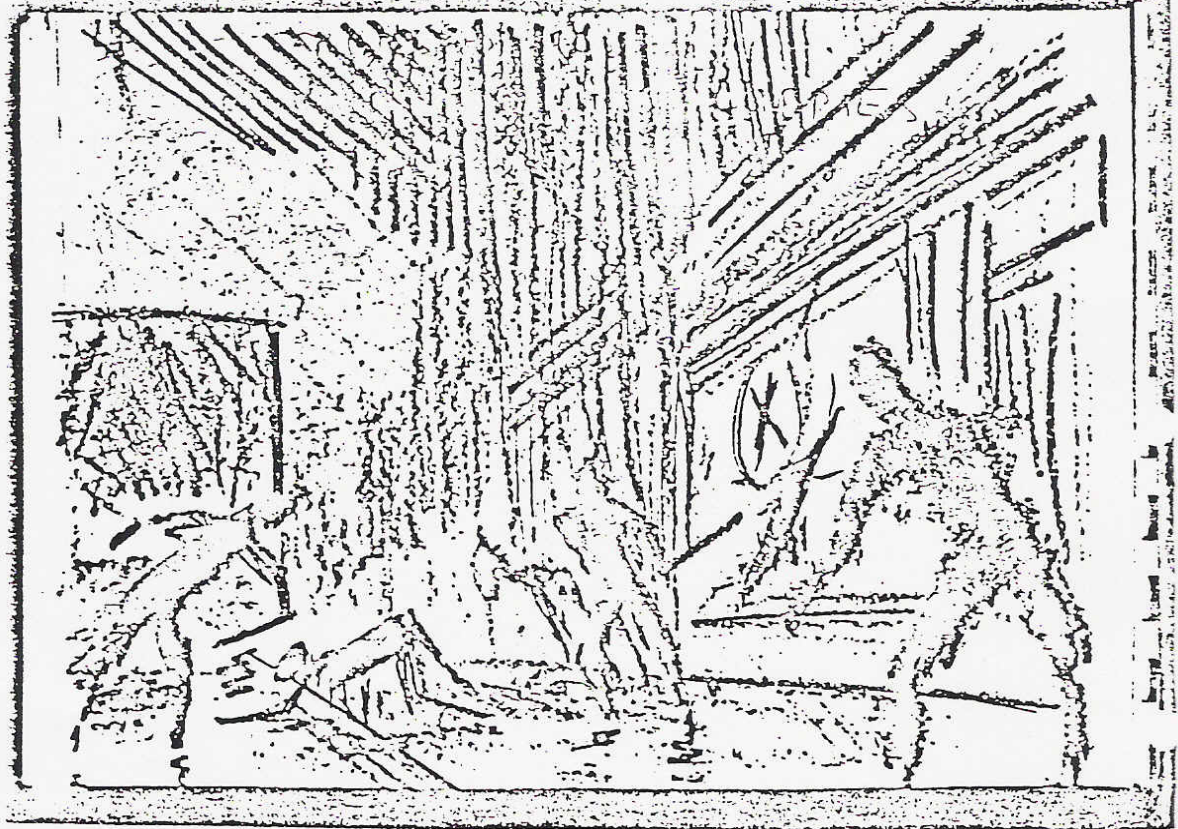
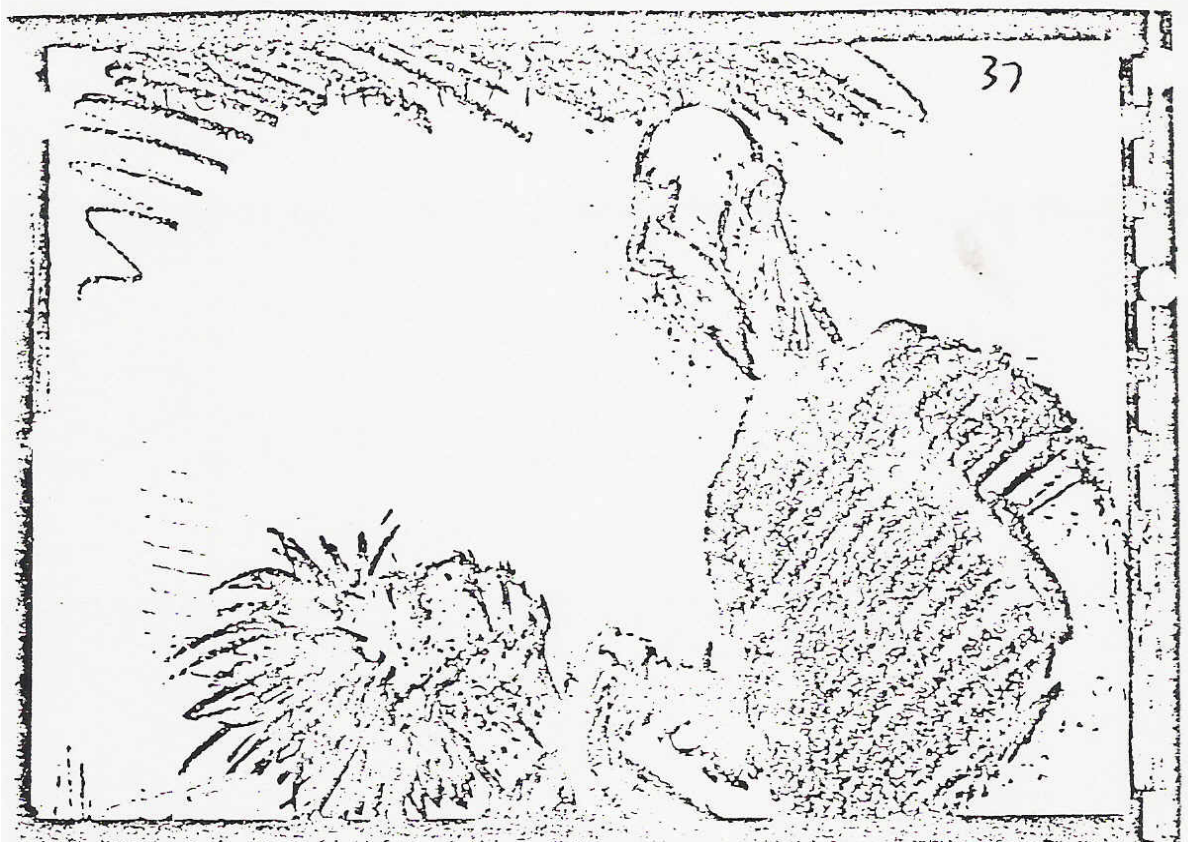
"Hammer, hammer, hammer".

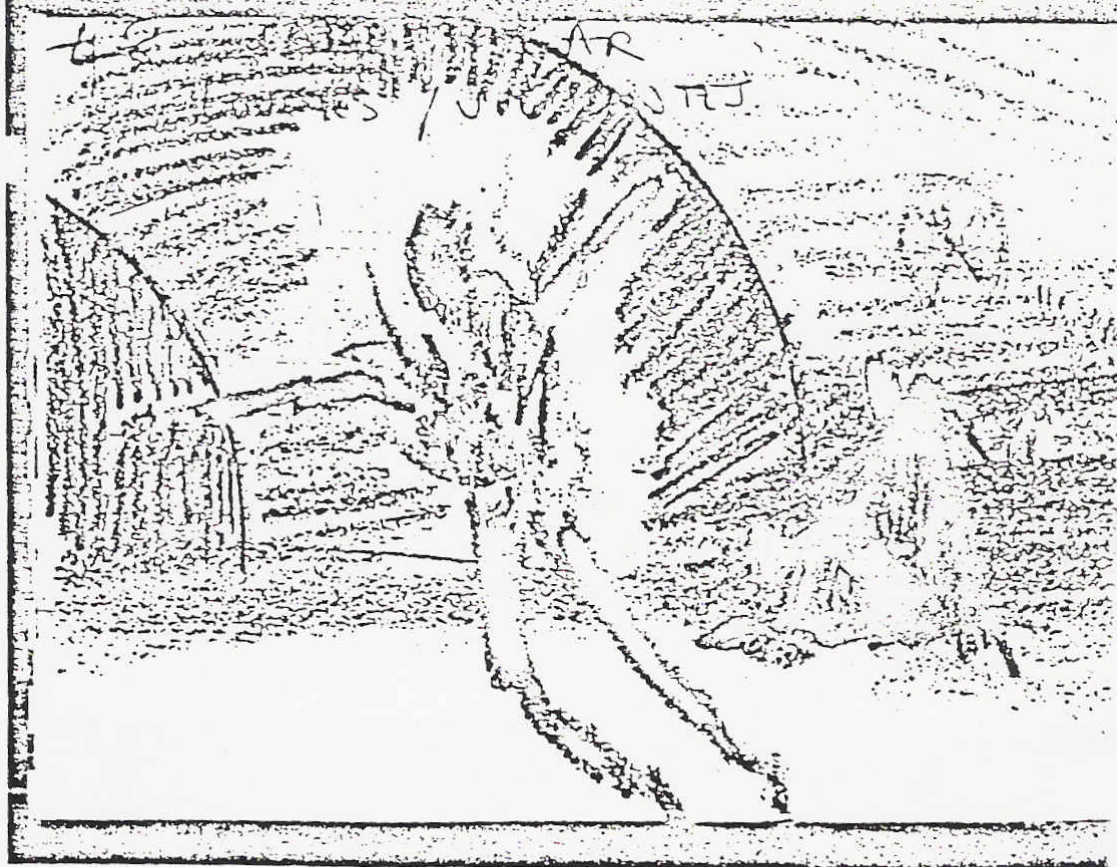
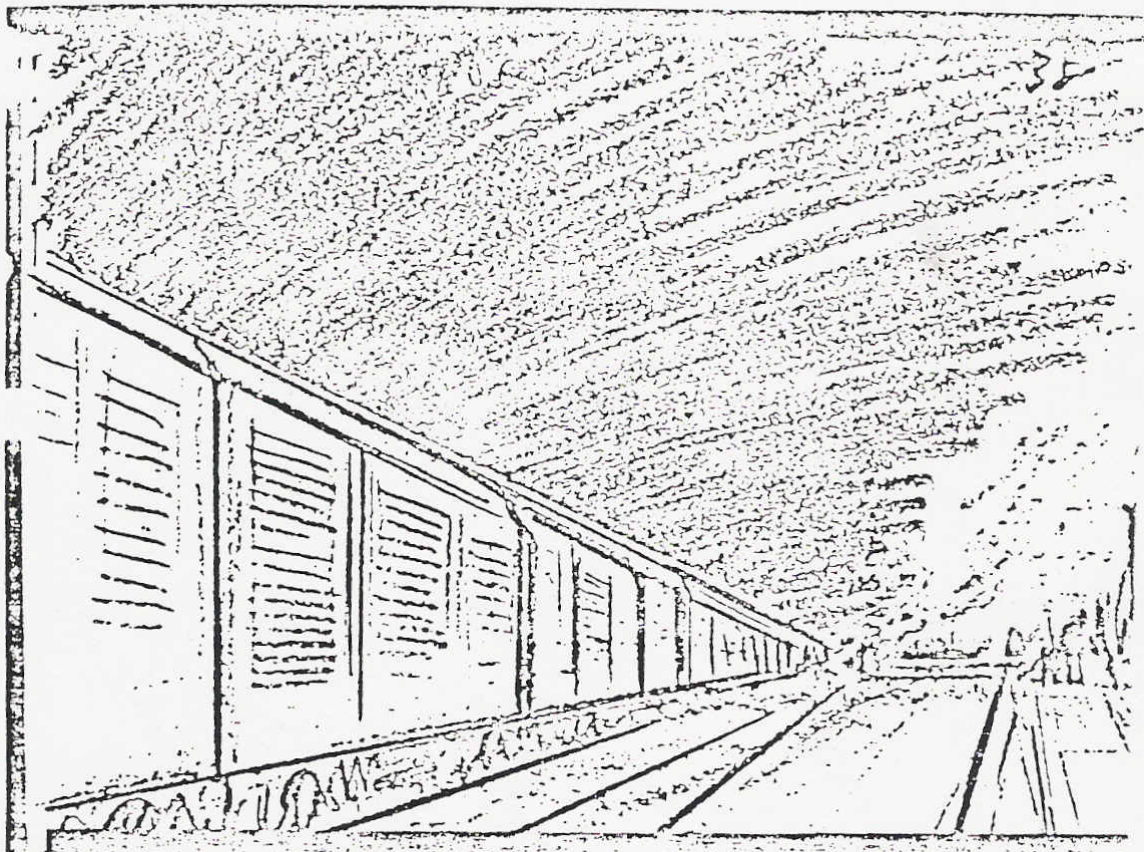
85 INT. HALL. NIGHT

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.