

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

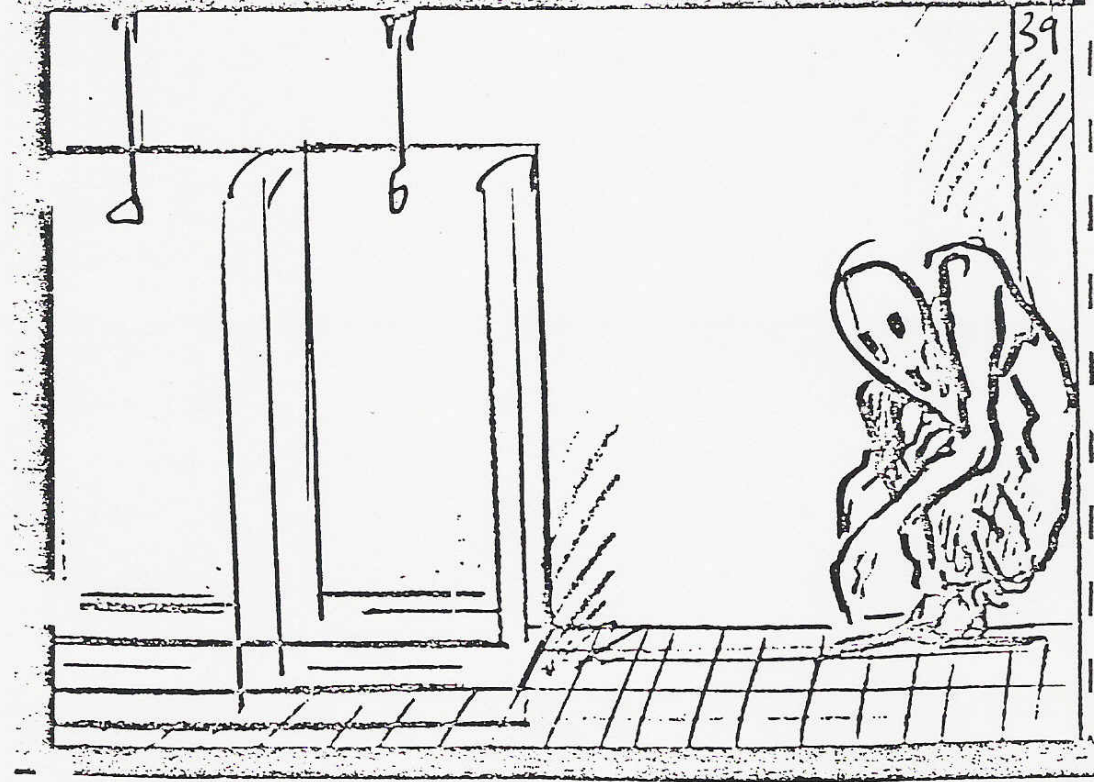
We see time lapse photography as maggots eat into a fleshy head of PINK, exposing the skull and cheekbones.

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?



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

PINK

"Stop!"

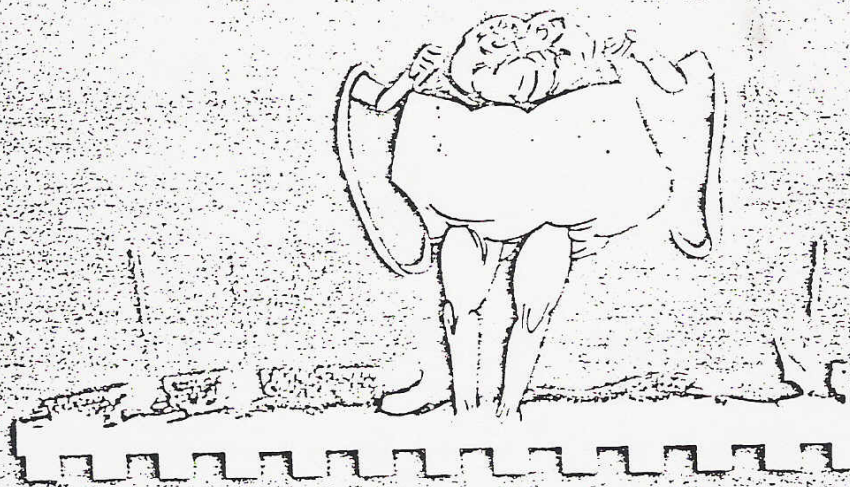
Silence. Fade in natural F.X. We cut wider. PINK is cowering in a corner of the arena bathroom, dressed in T-shirt and jeans. A line of white chipped enamel urinals to one side. A MAN comes in left of frame. Urinates. Throws a glance at PINK. Natural F.X. The MAN leaves the frame. We slowly move in on 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 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

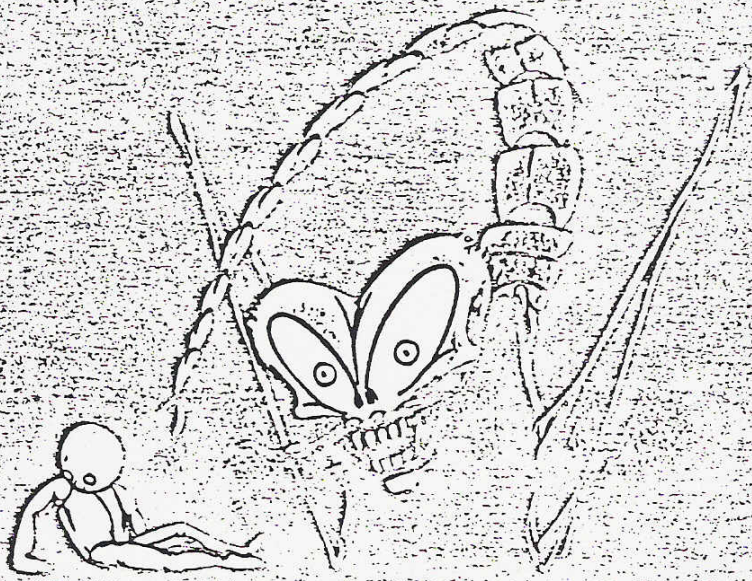
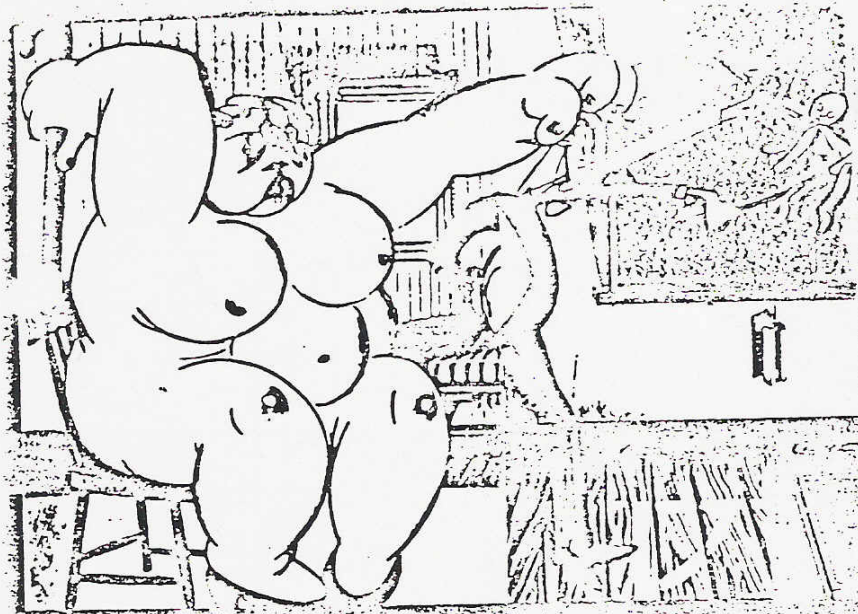
The schoolmaster, portrayed as a marionette, is dropped over the wall by his gross wife. He gives his evidence and at the finish metamorphoses into a hammer.

"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."



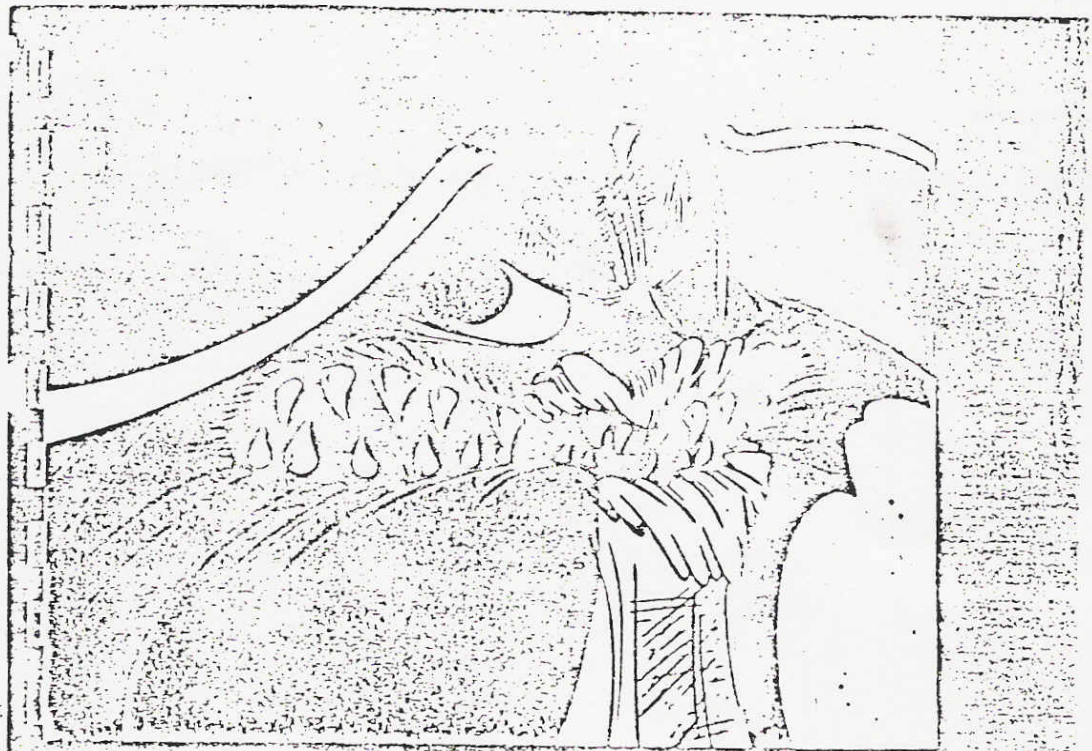
Appearing, snakelike, from a crevice in the wall, the wife spits out her attack on the passive PINK. She turns into a scorpion, and stings him, and then adopting more human form she picks him up and wears him like a stole. He slips to the ground as she, her hair bursting into flame in her fury, asks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

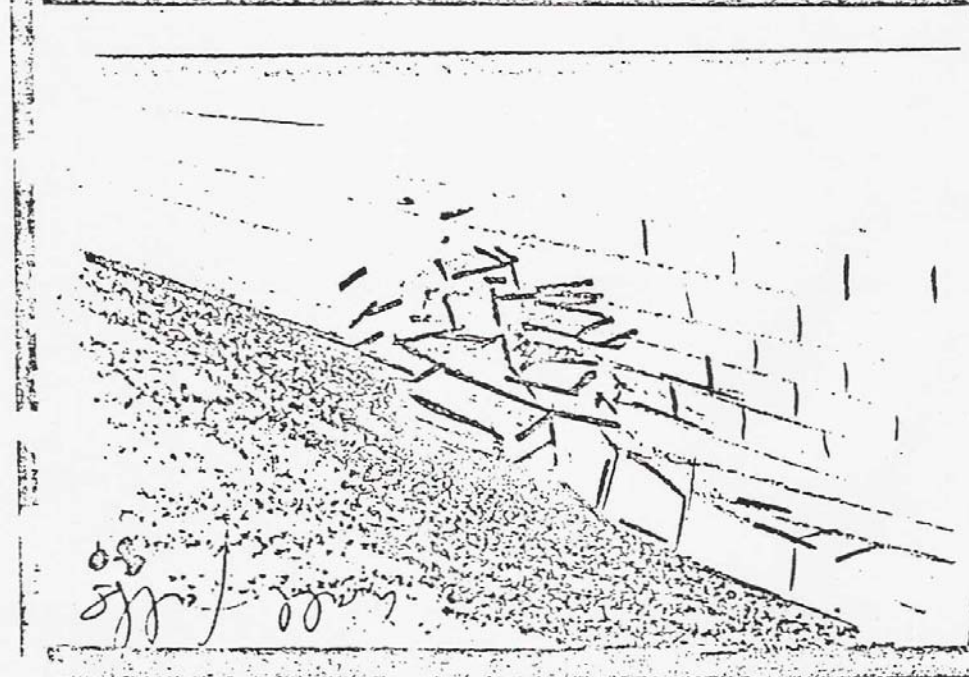
"Crazy, over the rainbow ..."

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 ..."



08
8/11/88

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.