

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

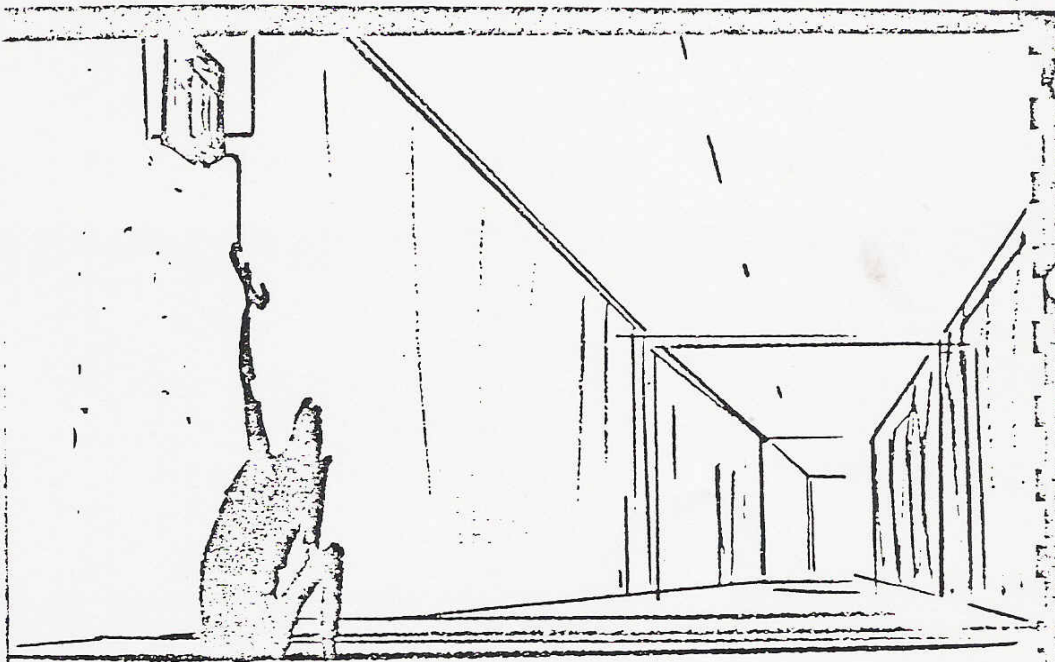
"Mother will she tear your
little boy apart? Mother
will she break my heart?..."

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.

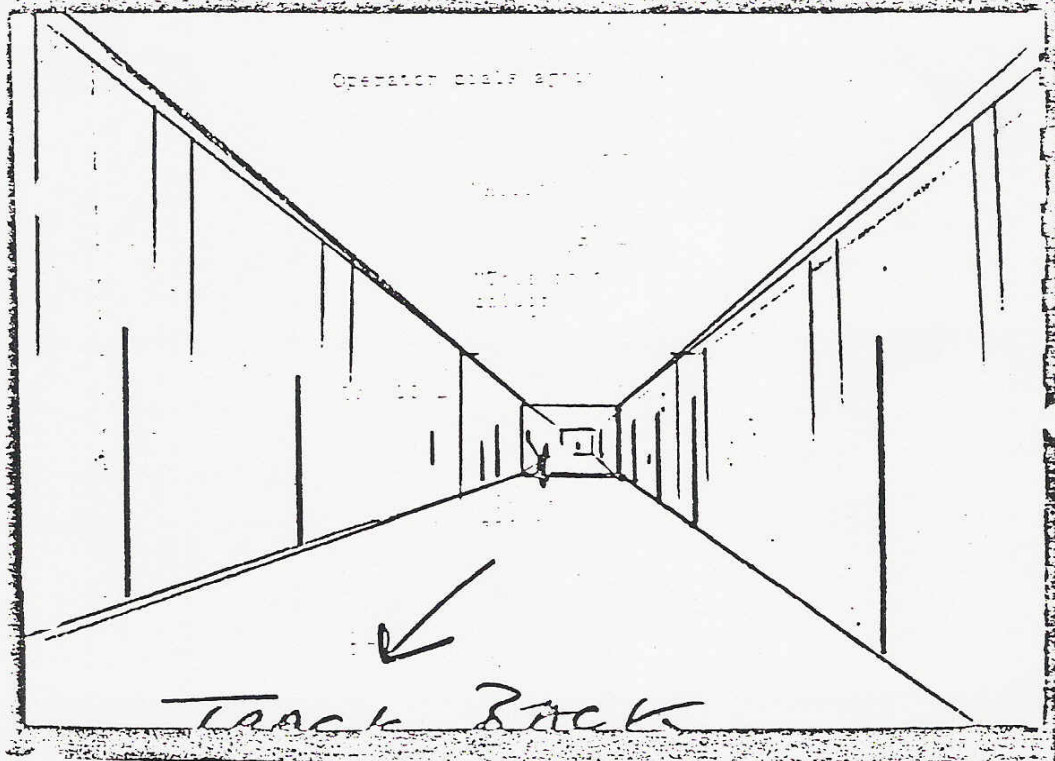
"Mother did it need to be
so high?"

39 EXT. ANZIO. BATTLE. DAY

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



18



Operator only 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

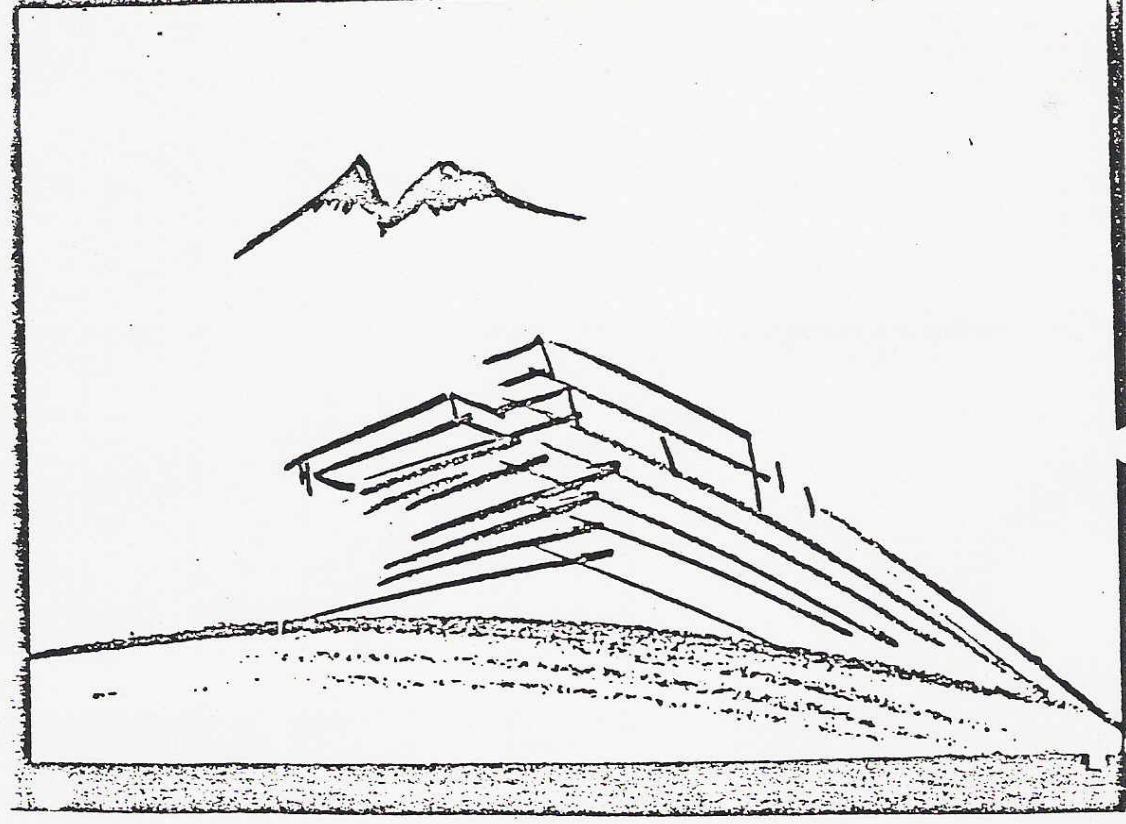
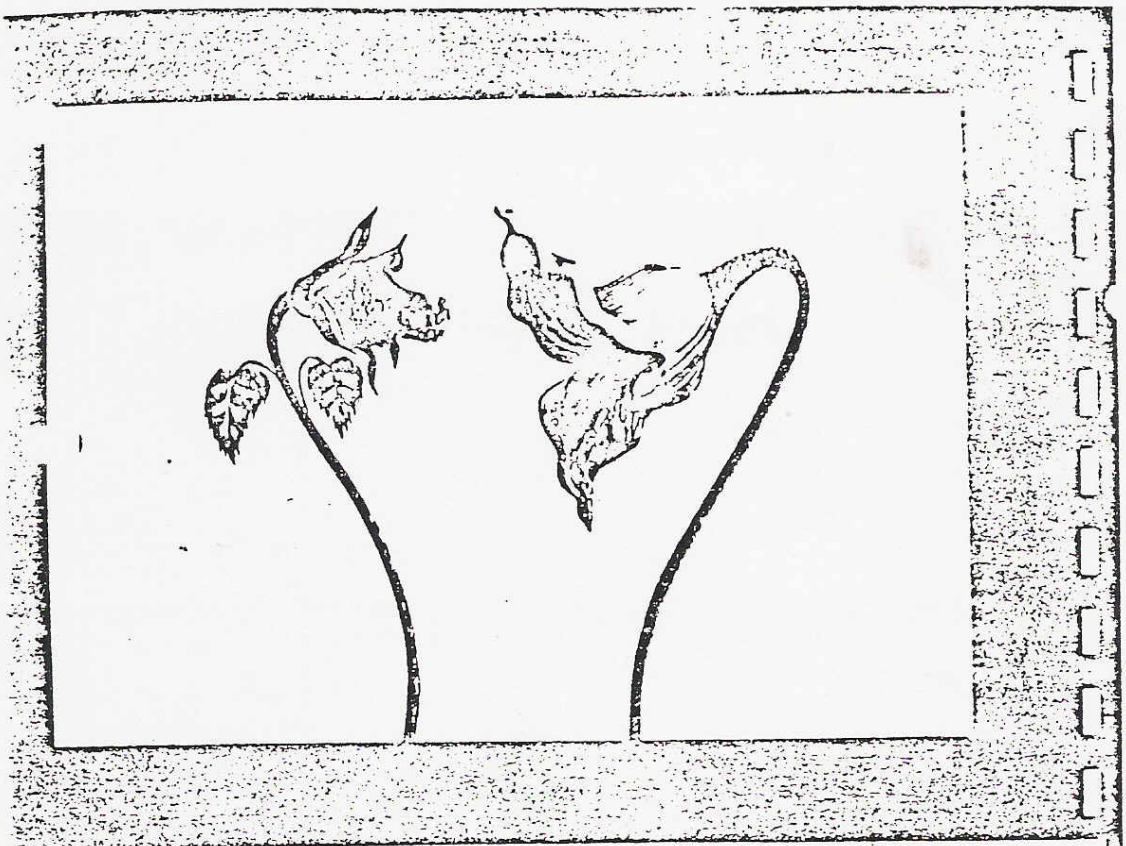
"See - he keeps hanging up,
and it's a man answering."

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.



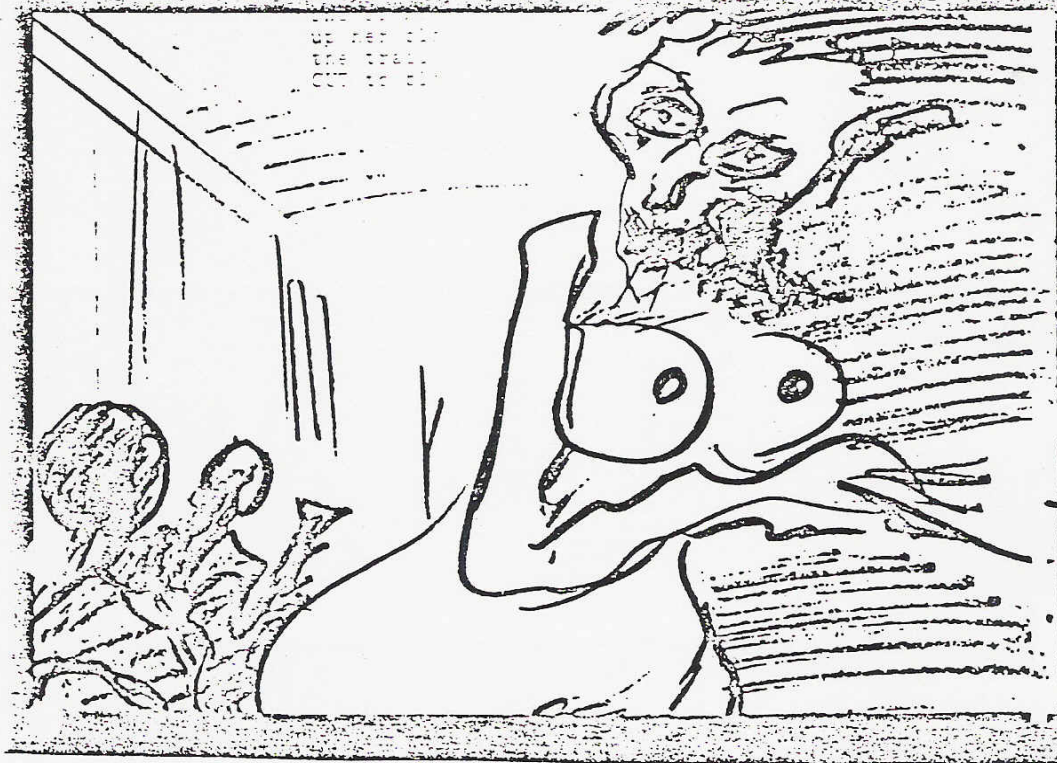
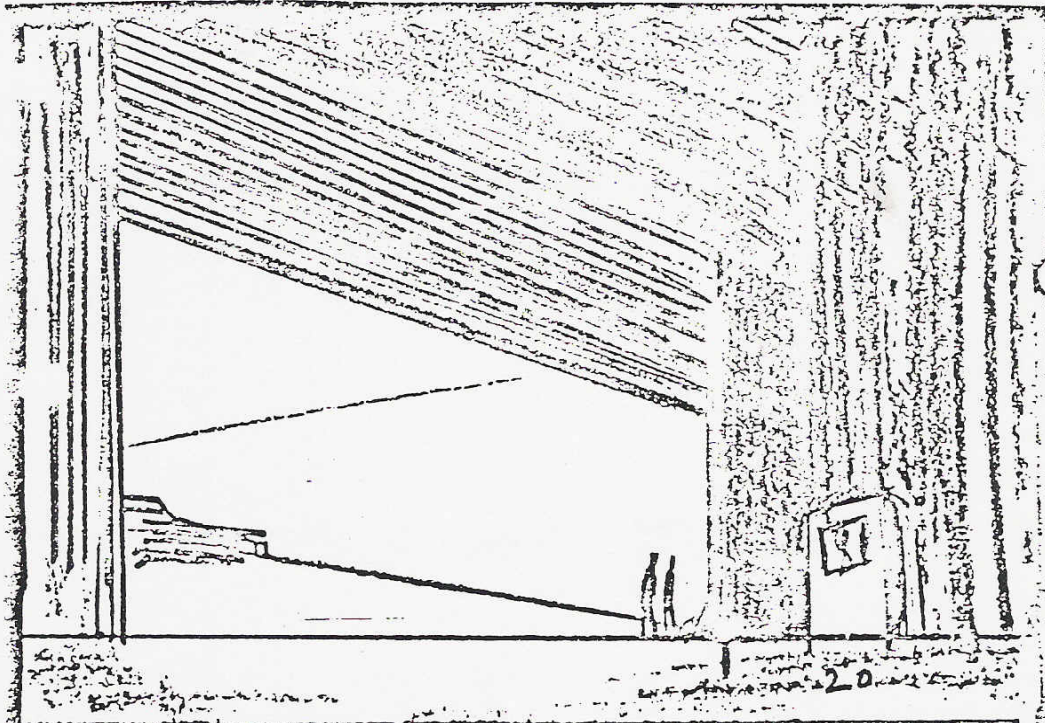
The intro of 'Empty Spaces' continues. A rose and a lily grow and blossom. They are attracted to each other and caress. They make love, but the force of their passion turns to violence. They fight. Finally the female flower consumes the male flower. She then metamorphoses into a pterodactyl which flies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