

THE INVISIBLES

EPISODE 1

by

Grant Morrison

1

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. HARMONY HOUSE. NIGHT

1

Begin on a photograph of a 15 year old boy - DANE MCGOWAN. The sort of thing mums keep on dressing tables. A man and a woman briefly study the picture. They look like social workers, dressed in black. The faces are bland, barely registering. They look almost like clones, ciphers. The Midwich Cuckoos grown to maturity. The woman slips the photograph into a black zip up folder and they walk out of shot, so that we're looking through the chain link gates at a neo-brutalist reform school/correctional facility. Neat identifying sign on the gates tells us that this is HARMONY HOUSE. Faint screaming and sobbing from within.

CREDITS SEQUENCE

2

EXTERIOR. COUNCIL ESTATE. NIGHT

2

Petrol bomb is lit. Here's DANE MCGOWAN, 15 year old hooligan. Face of an angel, soul of Beelzebub. He pulls back his arm. Petrol bomb poised to throw. An image of revolution. Mad joy on his face.

DANE
YAAAAA

He hurls the petrol bomb.

3

INTERIOR. SCHOOL LIBRARY. NIGHT.

3

Petrol bomb smashes through window, exploding merrily. Liquid flame spills across the floor. The curtains ignite.

4

EXTERIOR. COUNCIL ESTATE. NIGHT.

4

Flamelight on the excited faces of Dane and his partners in crime GAZ and BILLY. Gaz is crop-headed, dumb and always ready for trouble. Billy sports baseball cap, spots, greasy hair. He's less sure of himself, more afraid of being caught. Sound of crackling glass and flames.

GAZ
YES! Nice one, Dane!

Dane, face rapt as a saint's, pauses for just a moment to admire his work, then, reluctantly, makes a decision.

DANE
(shouts)
RUN FOR IT!

He starts running. Billy's right behind him. Gaz waits for just a moment, mesmerised by the flames, then follows. Mad, headlong rush through the neglected streets. Among the graffiti on the wall, we glimpse the words 'KING MOB'. The boys are full of life and vigour. Yelling and laughing.

DANE
 (singing)
 WE ARE THE BOYS! WE ARE THE BOYS!
 WE ARE THE MILTON...

He leaps into the air, triumphantly.

ALL
 PO-SSE!

Laughter as they disappear down the street, kicking refuse sacks open.

5 **EXTERIOR. COUNCIL ESTATE. NIGHT.**

5

Fire engines and police cars racing down street. Bells ringing, caterwaul of sirens.

DANE (V.O.)
 Check it out.

6 **INTERIOR. HIGH RISE BLOCK. NIGHT.**

6

Fire engine sound is more distant. In the afterglow of the arson attack, Dane, Gaz and Billy, drinking beer, jumpy with adrenalin by a broken down lift. Graffiti and misery. We see 'KING MOB' again in background. Dane's looking out of the smashed window, across the rooftops and the wastegrounds, watching the school blaze.

DANE
 Imagine the whole world burning
 down. They'd need a million fire
 engines.

He takes a slug from his can, thoughtful. Gaz has found the 'KING MOB' graffito and picks at it with his nail.

GAZ
 Have you seen this?

BILLY
 It's just a band, I bet.

Dane reaches out to touch the letters. Strange look in his eyes.

GAZ
 (daydreaming)
 I wish I had a band.

Dane's still pondering the graffito.

DANE
 It's weird, that.
 (MORE)

DANE (CONT'D)

It's sort of like you've seen it before but you've not. What's the word for that?

BILLY

Drugs.

DANE

Away and shite. There's a word for it.

GAZ

Deja vu.

BILLY

(camp mockery)

Ooooh! Deja vu!

GAZ

(bristling)

That's what it is. My gran said.

DANE

(getting annoyed)

Your granny's an old drunk loony!

GAZ

Shut up!

DANE

(on the offensive)

There's nothing weird about my dreams, right?

(challenging Gaz)

Who says they're weird?

GAZ

You told us you can see things that are gonna happen, didn't you?

DANE

(escalating anger)

Aye? So? Who made you the expert?

GAZ

That's how we always get away, isn't it? That's how we never get caught doing nothing, isn't it? You've got a guardian angel. Don't try to deny it.

'KING MOB' on the wall.

7

INTERIOR. BOARDROOM. NIGHT.

7

Open on a tabletop model of the Canary Wharf development with the pyramid tower.

BARCLAY

'Look on my works ye mighty and
despair.'

Two men studying the model: PETER BARCLAY - in his 50's, highly successful, good suits but with a whiff of brimstone. He's built an empire on corruption, greed, backhanders. With him is minion WALLIS - in his 30s, a toadie greedy for promotion.

BARCLAY

Have you read Shelley, Wallis?

WALLIS

John Grisham, sir. Not much time
to read...

A sudden interruption. Boardroom doors fly open and a man enters like a little tornado. A frustrated, spoilt child in adult form, wearing the Harry Palmer 60's look - the suit, the polonecks, glasses. This is COLIN RANSOM, a major player in the struggles to come. Ransom is in his late 30s, the manager of Britain's most successful band. A cross between Alan McGee and Chris Evans, he's a media brat for the 21st century. Info-literate, superficially hip. He's done drugs, he's been through the therapy. He has a lava lamp. And he represents one of the biggest and most dangerous tentacles of the global conspiracy against Freedom and Evolution. He should seem hip and connected, obsessed with the 60's and scared to face the future. Ransom is accompanied by his 'PA', MISS DWYER - Dwyer is an upper echelon, elite agent for the dark side of the conspiracy. She's an attractive woman in her late 20s - outwardly power-dressed and efficient but with a subtle air of corruption and... 'tightness'. She's like a spinsterly schoolteacher but something about the way she moves suggests restriction, almost torture, as though she's wearing some lethal bondage wear under her ladyboss clothing. She's in charge here but she's pretending not to be. She wears a pair of round, black blindman shades. Ransom storms past Wallis.

WALLIS

(uh-oh)

Shit.

(tries to recover, a wan
smile)

Mr. Ransom...

BARCLAY

(trying to stay cool,
worried)

Colin! Is there something wrong?
I wasn't expecting to see you.

Ransom takes a look at the desktop model, then turns on Barclay.

RANSOM
You! Right? You.

Barclay is seething but the balance of power is very obvious here.

BARCLAY
Colin?

RANSOM
(pulling rank now)
This thing...this monolith
monstrosity thing here's finally
ready to do what it was built to
do. Right?

Ransom gestures dismissively at the Canary Wharf model.

RANSOM
I've got the single of the year
all set to come out dead on time
for April 31st.

Miss Dwyer hands him a fizzy drink can. It should have a distinctive platinum and gold design with bands of red through it. Ransom's own Solar Cola drink.

RANSOM
Everything's smooth as baby oil
on our end.

Crack. Fizz. Ransom takes a slug of cola, deliberately building the tension. Lowers the can, quietly menacing in that schoolboy fashion he remembers from being on the receiving end in the classroom.

RANSOM
Why is Ladyhill's still a
problem? How come everybody's got
their shoulder to the wheel
except you, Pete? What is it
we're waiting for here? You're
two million over budget.

WALLIS
Well, you can blame those
crusties in the woollen
pullovers. Mr. Ransom, we...

BARCLAY
(taking out his anger)
No-one's talking to you, Wallis.
(to Ransom)
We're facing terrorists. It's
that simple.
(MORE)

BARCLAY (CONT'D)
They've blown up equipment,
threatened employees, spiked
trees...

Ransom pulls out a color printout of Michael Warren's face -
front cover of 'The Face'.

RANSOM
Look at this! Michael bloody
Warren.
(exasperated)
He's got internet sites! He's on
the front cover of The Face!
Maybe you've missed all this,
Peter.

Ransom spikes the Warren picture on one of the little
buildings on the model. The whole thing shakes. Suddenly it's
more Potty Time than James Bond. Barclay can't keep his mouth
shut. The model cost money.

BARCLAY
Careful! Those things don't grow
on trees...

Ransom empties his can in a stream down the side of a model
building, along the street.

RANSOM
(astounded, the effrontery!)
What? It's balsa wood!

Ransom hurls the half full can into the model, smashing the
pyramid top of Canary Wharf. Barclay looks pained,
restraining himself.

RANSOM
It is a bloody tree!

Turns to Dwyer.

RANSOM
Balsa wood's a tree, isn't it?

She makes a note to find out as Ransom turns on Barclay
again.

RANSOM
Bottom line; I don't care who's
shitting in your nest, Peter.
Deal with Michael Warren and the
eco-warriors, get that site
cleared and get that road built.
Sort it.

He turns to leave.

BARCLAY
Get me more security. These
activists know their stuff.

Ransom moves to collect his cool coat, making Barclay sweat a little.

BARCLAY
(trying to save face)
This is as important to me as it
is to you. It's just...

Ransom is putting on his coat. He's seething.

RANSOM
It's just what? What is it just?

BARCLAY
I've been threatened. Personally.

RANSOM
And? What d'you want me to do?
Hold your hand? Sort it. And you
can take that as a threat.

Pause.

BARCLAY
(gritted teeth)
Leave it to me.

Ransom turns as he's leaving.

RANSOM
See what happens when you let the
working classes get to the top?

Through the big picture window we see the real Canary Wharf,
ominous under a gloomy evening sky.

8 **INTERIOR. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

8

Barclay and Wallis are walking down a tastefully decorated
corridor. The scent of design money well-spent. Barclay looks
impatient, irritated. The meeting with Ransom has set his
nerves on edge. Wallis scurries along beside him, yes-man to
the end.

BARCLAY
Working class! His mother's a
doctor.

Barclay stops outside the washrooms.

BARCLAY

(pausing at the open door)
I'm going to dump my shit into
the Thames and when I come back I
expect you to be a goldmine of
useful information. I want to
know about the resistance our
project is facing, I want to know
about the protest campaign.
Names. Addresses. I want the
opinion polls and I want to know
everything about Michael Warren
and his friends.
(tense beat)
Everything, Wallis.

He goes into the washroom.

WALLIS

(quietly)
Mr. Barclay.
(exhales deeply, bites lip)

9 **EXTERIOR. STREET. NIGHT.**

9

Ransom and Miss Dwyer leave the building and head for
Ransom's psychedelic Rolls Royce - either the real thing or a
copy of John Lennon's famous painted Rolls.

RANSOM

What a prick!

DWYER

Arrange a meeting with Sir Miles.
Barclay can have all the security
he wants, if that's what it
takes.

10 **INT. ROLLS ROYCE. NIGHT.**

10

The pair get into the Rolls.

RANSOM

I've got to be at the studio
tomorrow. We're putting the
subliminals into the chorus of
the single and I want it done
right.

Relaxing behind blacked out windows, Ransom leans back in his
seat as the car moves off. Miss Dwyer throws him a little
plastic sachet of black powder.

DWYER

It'll have to wait.
(MORE)

DWYER (CONT'D)

The child we've been anticipating has turned up. He began transmitting recently and we want to bring him in before the other side does. We sent a couple of our... social workers to pick him up.

Ransom pours some black crystalline powder from the sachet. Chopping and scraping, he makes a couple of coke-style lines.

RANSOM

No shit. Yeah? So this is Little Buddha, is it?

He snorts a line of black crystal.

RANSOM

The first of the Midwich Cuckoos. 'Humanity's successor...'

He seems briefly dreamy and then a strange look crosses his face as the rush hits. He looks out of the window. Something like awe, mingled with disgust and fear, creeps across his face. We hear Miss Dwyer snorting. Then...

DWYER

Not once we've finished with him.

Ransom turns to look at Miss Dwyer with that same awful expression. Outside the car lights flicker and smear. Miss Dwyer is opening her jacket.

RANSOM

Fair enough.

(pause)

Show me your scars again.

Miss Dwyer sniggers, unbuttons her blouse. Brief hint of ghastly victorian/alien corset. Hellishly restrictive and technorganic in design. Ransom looks up, biting his lip, humming 'Strawberry Fields Forever'.

11

INTERIOR. EXECUTIVE WASHROOM. NIGHT.

11

Barclay enters the washroom, glances at himself in the big mirrors. Vanity. He walks to a toilet stall, pushes open the door. There's someone in there, a man dressed in fetish clothing - KING MOB of the Invisibles. Black leather, scorpionic. He wears a gasmask/headress, cyber-shamanic medicine man feel.

BARCLAY

(tiny voice)

OH MY GOD...

King Mob's arm swings up. An automatic in his gloved hand is pointing directly between Barclay's eyes. Point blank.

BARCLAY

Don't...

12 **INTERIOR. OFFICE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

12

Wallis starts with fright as he hears a loud gunshot.

WALLIS (quietly, afraid)

Mr. Barclay?

A moment's indecision, then company loyalty overrides personal survival instinct and Wallis opens the washroom door.

13 **INTERIOR. EXECUTIVE WASHROOM. NIGHT.**

13

Wallis enters nervously.

WALLIS

Mr Barclay...

Looks down to see Barclay lying in a pool of blood. He starts to snigger quietly, almost hysterically.

WALLIS

Bastard...

Wallis becomes aware of the sound of a toilet flushing. It sobers him up. Tentatively, he goes to the cubicle and peers inside. Flush of water, gurgle and hiss of cistern, nobody there. Wallis' eyes widen in reaction to what he sees spraypainted on the wall of the cubicle - the words 'KING MOB'.

14 **INTERIOR. COUNCIL FLAT. NIGHT.**

14

A TV is showing news footage of a protest camp which has been set up in a woodland.

NEWSREADER (V.O)

The news of Peter Barclay's murder had a different reception tonight in the 'Green Nation' protest camp. The camp, set up to oppose the building of the Ladyhill road route through an area of historic woodland, has been registered as a so-called 'Free State' but protesters may still face prosecution under the Criminal Justice Act if they continue to obstruct the new motorway.

EXTERIOR. GREEN NATION CAMP. DAY.

Lots of young crusties, in heavy pullovers and tatty combat jackets: Earth First campaigner types. Some older New Age characters. Ex-Ban the Bombers. Carved totem poles. Huts. A fire (the camp, or 'Free State' has been set up in this woodland area to protest against and hopefully halt, a road-building project. The depiction here is based on the the 'Pollok Free State' protest against the construction of the M77 link through Pollok Estate in Glasgow), there's a big significant looking oak tree somewhere in shot. Policemen stand around, looking wary. The leader of the protesters - MICHAEL WARREN - is talking. He has wild-looking thick hair and a beard. Around 27, 28, articulate with an accent which is man-of-the-people Northern.

WARREN

Peter Barclay wasn't our enemy.
I'd be lying if I said I liked
him and I'm certainly no big fan
of the road he was building but
right now, I'm sorry for his
family.

16

INT. COUNCIL FLAT. NIGHT.

16

We're watching telly again and here's Warren talking. His name and the words 'Protest Camp Organiser' are on screen but everything else is subtly different. The real Michael Warren whom we just saw has now been replaced by a digitally-detourned propaganda image. Warren's words and image have been electronically doctored. His voice has been slightly slowed down and flattened out to give it the faintest slurred brutishness and lack of emotional tone. He seems slightly hesitant and unconfident. His words are a cut-up of various things he's said, seamlessly edited to make him sound heartless. His insistence that his protest is peaceful has been omitted. He's been made to blink too fast and looks slightly shifty. Subliminals - red field with white death's head are flashed on the perimeter of awareness.

WARREN

I'd be lying if I said I was
sorry to hear the news about
Peter Barclay. I'm sorry for his
family but if this latest
development helps slow down or
put a halt to the destruction of
this ancient English woodland
then... you know... so be it.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

Police say they are investigating
the possibility that the killing
is the work of a terrorist group
connected with the 'Green Nation'
protest.

Picture fizzles, changes channel. Some kind of weirdshit cable documentary, which seems to be about the end of the world.

17 **INTERIOR. TV STUDIO. NIGHT.**

17

PRESENTER

Hindu tradition calls this period in time, the Kali Yuga, the Dark Age, and predicts that it will terminate shortly with the destruction of not only mankind and the Earth but the gods themselves. Legends of the Hopi Indian tribe tell of a now-imminent catastrophe which will end this, the 'Fourth World'. And Norse mythology speaks of the Ragnarok or Twilight of the Gods...

18 **INTERIOR. COUNCIL FLAT. NIGHT.**

18

Zap. An advert's on TV now. Dane's sitting on the sofa in a small, fairly tidy dead end flat. He's staring intently at the TV. The channel changer's on the seat beside him but too far for him to have used it comfortably. His face is intense. The advert on telly fritzes out and we're looking at some war scene. Deans leans forward a little in his seat. Zap. It's clear now that he's not using the channel changer. He's doing this with his mind. Zap. It's MTV. Zap. Some kraut quiz on cable. Zap. Zap. Zap. Channels strobing together, changing at incredible speeds. Cut with the ads and pop videos are scenes of oil washing in, engulfing birds to a burst of laughtrack, dead fish in rivers, soap stars, the oil fires of Kuwait, Peter Sissons. Apocalyptic blur of images. Dane looks bored, drops his concentration and turns away.

DANE

 (under breath)

Shite.

 (shouting)

Ma!

TV'S back on the end of the world documentary. Dane gets up and walks to his mum's little bedroom off the living room.

PRESENTER (V.O.)

What all these widely differing cultures agree on is that human history is coming to an end and the process has already begun.

Dane's Mum sitting at a cheesy little dressing table wearing a slip, putting on her makeup. Mrs. McGowan is a worn, hardened 32 year old bottle blonde. Too much, too young. The bitterness of a life thrown away, no-hope single mum poverty.

DANE
Have you got the video card?

MUM
(not turning)
Take that money on the
mantelpiece. Buy yourself a
kebab.

She gestures vaguely, applying lipstick to her bottom lip.

DANE
What? Aww, come on! I was gonna
get a video! It's freezing out
there.

MUM
(turning now, getting angry)
What did I tell you? I said 'No'.
Didn't I? Are you deaf as well as
stupid? I told you I'd Donnie
coming up, didn't I?

DANE
I'm not stupid.

MUM
That's not what your teachers say
at the school. You're never
there.

DANE
Just 'cause I don't wanna listen
to all their shite, doesn't mean
I'm stupid. What's it got to do
with you?

MUM
Well, what about they two I had
at the door this morning? It's
got a lot to do with me.

DANE
(suspicious)
What two?

MUM
Police. Social. You tell me. It's
you they're looking for.
(pleased, 'I told you so')
They've got their eye on you,
boy.

DANE
(he doesn't like this idea)
I haven't done nothing. What did
you say to them?

MUM
(impatient)
None of your business. Out.

DANE
How have I got to go? I live
here, don't I? It's my house.

MUM
Your house? Oh, so suddenly it's
your house now, is it? That's
funny, 'cause I didn't notice
your name on the rent book last
time I had a look.

DANE
No wonder Dad left you.

MUM
Dad? Dad? Don't bring that
bastard of hell into it. Dad?
You're just like him. You're all
the same.

DANE
All the same as what?

MUM
Shut up will you. You! You think
you've got an answer to
everything, you.

A moment of impasse. Mum's back to the makeup. Dane turning
things over in his head.

DANE
You're not shagging that guy
Donnie, are you? He's got crabs.

MUM
(losing it, throwing a
brush)
Right! I've had enough of your
shite! You dirty wee bastard!
Out! Get yourself out of here
before I have to put my toe up
your arse and kick you out that
door myself.

Dane storms out, pausing to take Mum's condoms off the mantle
and throw them onto the fire where they begin to bubble and
melt.

DANE (V.O.)
He's got lobsters as well.

Door slams. Silence. Mrs. McGowan dabs at her makeup. She
looks suddenly lost and sad.

TV PRESENTER (V.O.)
 What inner human need does this
 concept of global Apocalypse
 appeal to?

Mrs. McGowan's face hardens. Lifts her eyeliner pencil.

MUM
 Wee bastard.

19

INTERIOR. SCHOOLROOM. NIGHT.

19

Close up on Tarot Trump 18, THE MOON, from the Aleister Crowley deck. It's part of a collage of images, mostly photographs cut from magazines and pasted together. Photos of Royalty. 'Loaded' front covers, Tony Blair, Paula Yates, ads for dog food, 'Skin Two' pictures, Princess Di, whatever.

RAGGED ROBIN
 We got The Moon as a fate card.

A feathered dart from an air pistol thuds into The Moon card.

RAGGED ROBIN
 Trials, initiations. Death,
 rebirth.

We're in what looks like an old-style schoolroom. Wooden desks with inkwells. Blackboard, duster, teacher's desk. On the blackboard, the words 'BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU' are written in 'psychedelic' font. King Mob (KM's out of his assassin/shaman kit and dresses in simple black. His head is shaved, High cheekbones, strong jaw, voice like Mick Jagger. Supercool 60's spy hero update) is amusing himself with an air pistol, loading darts and firing them at the collage as he talks. An elegant looking young American woman of around 26 - leather coat, trousers, wonderbra, flaming red curls. Queen of the Gestapo - sits at the old wooden teacher's desk, in front of the blackboard. She's RAGGED ROBIN of the Invisibles. There's an apple on the the desk, a pack of Tarot cards and a photograph of Dane McGowan. King Mob's taking aim.

RAGGED ROBIN
 So what's the plan?

Another dart strikes home with a small but satisfying thud. (It's going to depend on what sort of photographs we can cull but each time King Mob fires a dart it hits the least likely, most amusing element in the picture.

KING MOB
 Get on the telephone, gather the
 rest of the merry men and hope to
 baby Jesus above that we get to
 the kid before the Enemy does.

Ragged Robin picks up the photograph of Dane McGowan. The same photograph we saw in the opening scene.

RAGGED ROBIN
Fifteen hours from San Francisco.
The guy beside me was a groper. I
feel like shit.

Dart impact. Robin looks up at King Mob.

KING MOB
(aims, fires)
May you be cursed to live in
interesting times.

Dart hammers into a photo of the Earth as seen from space.

20

EXTERIOR. DOCKLAND. NIGHT.

20

Winter chill of the water. Dane huddled, smoking, by the river, perched on a capstan. Alone and isolated. he looks like someone who's used to being alone. He just sits, looking at nothing. Smoking. Thinking. Slowly, sounds begin to fade up, first one, then another, getting louder, blending together: ship's horns, voices, snatches of conversation, a rising babel of ghost words. A crowd of people all around him but no-one visible. He closes his eyes lightly, trying to shut it out but it just becomes more and more clamorous. Then the voices are cut dead... The docks are silent and abandoned. Dane sits alone.

DANE
I'm not listening.

21

INTERIOR. NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT.

21

Lord Fanny's holding court with a couple of fellow trannies. Disco flashing lights and glamour.

LORD FANNY
'Have you ever shagged a tranny,
darling?' That's what I'd say to
the little tease.

TRANNNY
You would not!

LORD FANNY
If Prince William walked in here
right now? That's exactly what
I'd say... Somebody needs to
cheer him up.

An oiled stud in a thong delivers a mobile phone on a silver tray.

STUD
Phone for Lord Fanny.

Fanny picks it up.

LORD FANNY

Darling !

KING MOB

This is the Headmaster. Final term tonight.

LORD FANNY

School uniform! Darling, I'm wet!

Disco music.

22

INTERIOR. COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL. DAY.

22

Bored kids. Dane and Gaz can be seen. Dane's scratching into his desktop, ignoring the teacher. The teacher's MR. MALCOLM - wishy-washy liberal type whose attitudes and fashion sense were forged in the 70's. Worn suit, big tie. Hair long at the back, curling. The remnants of a Zapata moustache. His university years were a whirl of radical chic and shitty tailoring. High and dry in the 90's, out of date and spreading socialism to his disinterested brood.

MALCOLM

Anyway, as I say, the library was pretty badly damaged in the fire and we lost most of the project Mr. Barnes had you working on. So... don't blame me, blame the hooligans. In the meantime, I thought we could maybe talk a bit about the period between the two world wars this century...

GAZ

(goggle-eyed)

Ey, Dane! I'm out my face, man. See them two jellies got...

DANE

You might have kept one for me, eh?

MALCOLM

I'd like us to have a wee look at some of the ways that early links between the Communist Party and some of the other radical movements were severed following the Revolution.

(hopeful)

I don't suppose anybody knows the name of the anarchist writer of a book called 'Mutual Aid'...

Dumbfounded silence. Who's he kidding?

GIRL
Sir, we haven't done that.

MALCOLM
Come on. Mr. Barnes said you saw
a video all about this last week.
(looks around class, stops)
McGowan?

No response from Dane, still carving. Gaz grins madly and looks around.

MALCOLM
Gallagher?

Gaz looks up, soft and wandered.

MALCOLM
The Russian Anarchist theorist
who denounced the October
revolution?

Dane looks up, guileless.

DANE
Sir? Was it Molotov?

Gaz snorts, stifles laughter. Dane casts a quick glance in Gaz' direction, coolly conspiratorial. Malcolm changes suddenly, subtly. A new command, an icy intelligence enters his eyes. Even his posture alters slightly, becoming more powerful. He's found what he's looking for. He looks at Dane. Malcolm opens his mouth to speak but the period bell interrupts the fun. Everybody leaps up to leave. Malcolm sucks in his lower lip, considers, gives up. No-one's interested anyway as they all pile out of the door before the bell's even finished bleeping.

MALCOLM
Six hundred words on the
political conditions in Imperial
Russia leading to the Bolshevik
uprising. It's in your book. For
Wednesday.

Class disperses. Dane slouches towards the door, with wide-eyed Gaz.

GAZ
Do I look normal?

Dane snorts, is about to speak.

MALCOLM
McGowan? Can I have a wee word?

DANE
Shite.

Malcolm leans back against the desk, arms folded. He's not quite the limp liberal he seemed. Suddenly he's probing, almost stalking Dane with his words. Dane looks around.

MALCOLM

Why do you do it, McGowan?

DANE

Do what, sir? I haven't done nothing.

Malcolm is suddenly ironic, acting the teacher.

MALCOLM

'Anything'. I haven't done 'anything'.

DANE

Me neither, sir.

Malcolm tuts.

MALCOLM

You're not really like these other boys you're hanging around with, are you?

DANE

Sir.

MALCOLM

You're not stupid. You could have answered that question.

(pause. Doesn't want to say too much)

I'm here to help McGowan. I won't be here for long but I want you to know that..

DANE

I'm all right. I don't need help.

MALCOLM

(testing)

And I'm hoping that 'Molotov' comment was just a joke. Only Nazis burn books, you know that, don't you?

Dane's staring at his feet, at the ceiling, anywhere. Itching to get away.

MALCOLM

You can carry on the way you're going if you want to end up in jail or as just another blank, brutalised face drinking beer in front of the telly.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

It's your choice but I think
you're wasting your talents. Is
this mean little world really all
you want?

Feigning boredom, Dane checks out Malcolm. Why is the teacher saying these things, what does he know? It's a strange moment.

DANE

No sir.

They stand in silence for a moment. Malcolm knows he's gone as far as he can today. He lets go.

MALCOLM

All right then. Off you go.

Dane heads for the door, already lightening up now that he's been set free.

MALCOLM

(calling after him)
It's your choice.

DANE

Sir.

23 **EXTERIOR. SHOPS. NIGHT.**

23

Dane, Billy and Gaz hanging around outside a block of shops - off license, chippy, launderette etc. More 'KING MOB' graffiti. The lads are drinking beer, nothing to do. Quiet build up. Dane, who's been studying his beer can, looks up.

DANE

Let's nick a motor.

24 **EXTERIOR. STREET. NIGHT.**

24

Pumping techno. A Vauxhall Astra is parked by the side of the road. It seems vulnerable as a gazelle by a watering hole as they boys move in from all sides.

DANE (V.O.)

Right.

The boys surround the car.

BILLY

You're mad. Nobody nicks Astras.
It's got a deadlock. You'll never
do it.

Billy holds up an unopened beer can.

BILLY

This can says you can't do it.

Dane looks pleased. He slides a small crowbar from his inside pocket.

DANE

Two minutes.

Dane slides under the car and gets to work. Rapid cuts as he levers off the deadlock. Pulls out the earthwire. Rolls out from under the car. Billy's checking his watch.

BILLY

Minute left.

DANE

Pull the earthwire off and the whole thing stops working, see?

Dane jams the crowbar under the bonnet and cracks it open. Reaches into the engine space and rips out the alarm.

BILLY

You've got thirty seconds. Told you.

Dane discards the alarm. He's under the car again. Gaz looks excited.

GAZ

A pound says he does it. Come on!

BILLY

(studying his watch)
All right. Wait a minute.

Dane rolls out once more.

GAZ

Get a move on. I've got a pound on this.

BILLY

I never said anything. He's still got to get the door open.

Dane pushes up the tension by slowly and deliberately putting the crowbar back in his jacket.

BILLY

Ten seconds.

MAN (V.O.)

Hey!

The boys turn. Two people are coming down the street towards them. The mystery social workers are back on the scene.

MAN
Get away from that car!

Dane's head snaps round to look at the car door.

BILLY
Shite.

Dane's focussed, intent. He stares down through the car windshield. The little lock buttons on the windows suddenly click up. Dane wrenches the door open.

DANE
In!

The boys pile into the car. The social workers run forward, reaching into coats..

BILLY
Move it!

Gaz is wide-eyed.

GAZ
Dane! They've got guns!

The social workers run closer. Lit by the flare of the headlights as they come on. Engine rev.

DANE
All right!

The car lurches forward, barrelling into the man. He's sent sprawling. Something that looks like a surgical instrument clatters across the pavement. The car speeds away.

25 **INTERIOR. CAR. NIGHT.**

25

DANE
Wankers!

26 **EXTERIOR. STREET. NIGHT.**

26

The car's hurtling through the nighttime streets. Pumped up drum and bass, speeding blur of lights.

27 **INTERIOR. CAR. NIGHT.**

27

GAZ
I'm telling you! They'd guns!
Don't tell us they're giving them
guns at the social now!

DANE
They're not social. No way.

BILLY
What were they then?

DANE
Dunno. Who cares? We got away,
didn't we?

GAZ
We get away every time but.
That's your guardian angel.

BILLY
I feel sick.

28 **EXTERIOR. STREETS. NIGHT.**

28

The car slews wildly, narrowly missing other cars on the road. Screech of brakes. Near miss collisions. Billy vomits.

DANE
Dirty bastard!

29 **EXTERIOR. ST. AUGUSTINE'S SCHOOL. NIGHT.**

29

The stolen Astra pulls up, crashing into bin bags, mounting the pavement. The boys get out. Billy spits at the pavement a few times. Gaz is waving his hand in front of his nose.

GAZ
Urrr! You smelly bastard!

Gaz looks up realises where he is.

GAZ
School? What's the point of
coming here?

He kicks off the car's wing mirror, looks at it, then turns to the school fence. He's serious now.

DANE
They fill your head with shite in
here. They just want you to be
the same as them.

Billy's set to work, hammering at the car windows with a crowbar. Gaz looks at Dane, admiring but uncomprehending.

DANE
They think you're that daft you
can't see it but I can.

Sound of glass shattering. Dane climbs the fence. The others watch.

DANE
Let's blow the whole fucking
place up.

30 **EXTERIOR. TAE KWON CLASS. NIGHT.**

30

A black girl comes out of a building, into the street. She's carrying a holdall and looks very sporty - lycra and trainers and a big jacket. This is BOY, the final member of the Invisibles team. Other people leave the building and disperse down the street. Some kind of martial arts class. Boy shoulders her bag and sets off. A phone is ringing and ringing. She walks past the phone box. Stops and turns. She picks up the receiver.

BOY
(enquiring)
Hello?

KING MOB TELEPHONE VOICE
Boy?

BOY
Yeah? How did you?

KING MOB TELEPHONE VOICE
This is the Headmaster. Final
term starts tonight. Be seeing
you.

Click, burr of telephone line going dead, fading to black.

31 **INTERIOR. SCHOOL. NIGHT.**

31

A pile of heaped papers is being set alight by Dane. Gaz is hastily, eagerly building a petrol bomb. Billy plays scout, nervous.

BILLY
This is mad. What if we get
caught?

DANE
Shurrrup and give us a hand. Come
on.

32 **INTERIOR. SCHOOL. NIGHT.**

32

The flames lick higher up the wall, blistering school paint. Dane's eyes are alight.

DANE
Yes!

MALCOLM (V.O.)
Here!

Malcolm's coming around the corner, somehow purposefully. It's like he's been here, waiting, ready. The boys turn, caught in the act. Dane is more aware than the others of what's suddenly at stake.

BILLY

Shite!

DANE

Big Malkie! What's he doing?

BILLY

Oh shite!

MALCOLM

(starting forward)

Don't do this. Boys, wait a minute. Gary. Dane. Put the matches down. Just listen to me for a minute.

He's moving forward, heading for Dane. The voice of reason. The boys separate and move away to let Mr. Malcolm through. Dane looks a little worried as Malcolm moves towards him.

MALCOLM

Dane. You're making a big mistake...

Gaz takes matters into his own hands. He lifts the petrol filled bottle he's been preparing and hammers it down across the back of Malcolm's head.

GAZ

Wanker.

Brutal clunk and shatter of glass against bone. Petrol spills. Malcolm gasps and goes down on buckling knees. His briefcase flies from his grip, hits the wall, opens. Papers scatter. Gaz drops the broken bottleneck and runs. Billy's losing it. He grabs Dane's arm. Dane seems frozen, watching Mr. Malcolm.

BILLY

I'm getting out of here! The polis'll be here any minute.

Malcolm's crawling blindly, reaching up to finger the back of his head. His fingertips come away bloody. He's groaning and sobbing. Dane just watches.

MALCOLM

Shit!

DANE

Go if you want.

Billy runs. It's just Dane, looking down at Mr. Malcolm in the firelight. Malcolm crawls towards Dane, reaching out.

MALCOLM

(hurt)

Dane. Wait. Please. I know what you're feeling. I understand your frustration.

Dane looks at him, almost relents. Then...

MALCOLM

There are other ways to...

Dane delivers a hard, vicious kick to Malcolm's head. The teacher topples back, felled.

Flames behind Dane. His eyes are wild. For a moment he seems to be some terrible, implacable teenage angel of the apocalypse.

DANE

Kroptokin. It was Kropotkin. And you'll never fucking understand me.

Sound of police sirens. Dane turns walks downstairs into the playground.

33 **EXTERIOR. PLAYGROUND. NIGHT.**

33

He looks to his left. The social workers point and close in. In background, Malcolm's weak moans. Dane stops. The sirens get louder and the social workers shrink back a little into the shadows. Dane makes his decision. And waits. The sirens whoop. Lights flash on his face.

34 **EXTERIOR. COURTROOM CARPARK. DAY.**

34

Van doors slide open. Dane is hustled into the back of the van. Doors close.

JUDGE (V.O.)

This was a particularly brutal and senseless crime, which went far beyond the limits of what might be regarded as legitimate youthful rebellion against authority. Indeed, were it not for the youth of the defendant, I would have no hesitation in sending him to prison. Unfortunately, my hands are tied in this respect and I'm forced to resort to the Intensive Probation Programme.

35 **INTERIOR. VAN. DAY.**

35

The van's driving along the motorway. Dane sits in the back with Gaz and another couple of boys. No-one speaks.

JUDGE (V.O.)

Nevertheless, this young lout is about to learn to his cost that we have been developing new ways to deal with his brand of rebellion. He'll be learning the hard way.

Dane looks to the front of the van. Two people sit in front, one driving. The passenger turns. Miss Dwyer smiles - a gut-freezing narrow smile.

36 **EXTERIOR. MOTORWAY. DAY.**

36

Doppler shift of sound, rising and peaking like an alarm as the van drives past us. We're out in the country.

37 **INTERIOR. VAN. DAY.**

37

Dane looks up as the van pulls to a stop. Van doors rattle open.

SECURITY GUARD

Everybody out!

Dane and Gaz exchange glances. A weak grin from Gaz. Dane just looks grim. He knows something bad's going on.

38 **EXTERIOR. HARMONY HOUSE. DAY**

38

The boys are ushered out of the van and through the gates. Armed WOTAN security. A real sense of menace. The van backs away. Dane turns to watch it go. Miss Dwyer stands at his side. The social workers are her too. Dane knows he's in trouble now.

MISS DWYER

Welcome to Harmony House.

Dane turns, The gates slide shut, 'Prisoner'-style, over Dane's face.

39 **INTERIOR. SCHOOLROOM. DAY.**

39

Close up on a tarot card snapped down on a desktop - Nine of Swords or Oppression in the Crowley deck.

King Mob's helmet lies on an old school desk. There's an automatic pistol beside it. The photograph of Dane McGowan.

MALCOLM (V.O.)
Bad timing. Sorry.

Malcolm's in the Invisibles classroom, combing his hair in front of a mirror. With only a few little changes, he's turned his 70s teacher look into Jason King. Shirt open, he picks up a groovy 70s jacket. Checks out the window where a beautiful blonde in a sports car waves up to him. The full Invisibles team is assembled here but they're little more than vague presences in the scene. Ragged Robin is laying out tarot cards. Tarot trump 20 - the Aeon, which represents the Crowned and Conquering Child of the coming Aeon of Aquarius/Horus. Malcolm slings his jacket on.

MALCOLM
The ball's in your court now,
young man.

KING MOB
These things happen.

He picks up his gun.

KING MOB
When I was a kid, I always wanted
to grow up and find myself living
in a 60s spy series.

Pause. He smiles a dangerous smile.

KING MOB
Funny how things work out, isn't
it?

Close shot of magazine slamming into the handle of King Mob's automatic.

Tarot card close up as it snaps down on the table - Trump 16
- The Tower.

END THEME