

THE INVISIBLES

EPISODE 2

by

Grant Morrison

1 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. HARMONY HOUSE. NIGHT**

1

Harmony House gatesign by night. Lit by the periodic flashes of a Polaroid camera. Faint, hopeless cries from deep within the awful building.

2 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE OPERATING THEATRE. NIGHT.**

2

A white tiled room, like something from a snuff movie or a fetish photoshoot. Overlit. A brutal, antique operating table in the middle of this terrible room. The screams are suddenly loud now. A boy is being held down on the table by doctors in strangely out of date outfits. Their clothing is immaculate but all wear white rubber boots splashed with ancient and fresher blood. A similarly eerie masked nurse is unscrewing the lid of an outsize jar and the noise of the threads biting and turning gets louder, drowning out the screams and whimpers of the boy.

TITLES

3 **EXT. HARMONY HOUSE. DAY.**

3

Establishing shot. Fences, brutalist blocks. Grey clouds in a cold sky.

GELT
Conformity.

4 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE ASSEMBLY. DAY.**

4

The Harmony House Assembly Hall, packed with rows of quiet boys, dressed in grey V-neck pullovers and plain ties (including the boy from the pre-creds scene). At the lectern is DR. GELT in his black suit and his round, blindman shades. He stands like some old time preacher but there's an oily, reptilian, predatory quality to him. He gives off child molester vibes. Also present, sitting on a chair on the podium or stage, is MISS DWYER. Prim, predatory. Scanning the room. Security men with batons sit in seat around the hall, watching for any trouble.

GELT
People like to sneer at that word
these days, don't they? But
according to my dictionary it
means 'compliance, in actions and
behaviour etc. with certain
accepted standards.'

Moving across the unnaturally-rapt audience of shining faces. In the midst of the throng, DANE MCGOWAN and GAZ GALLAGHER. Gaz fidgets and makes furtive faces at Dane.

Dane is quietly making an inventory of the place as Gelt speaks - bars on the windows, the weapons carried by the guards, the location of fire alarms and surveillance cameras. A screw begins to turn, winding out from its place underneath a chair.

GELT

'Certain accepted standards'.
That seems reasonable enough,
doesn't it? You boys on the
Intensive Probation Programme are
here because you have refused to
comply with accepted standards
you probably didn't even know
existed.

There's a strange poster on the wall - three schematic faces, one happy, one angry, one impassive. Beneath the emotional faces, the word 'BAD' is written, beneath the masklike face, 'GOOD'. The screw keeps working its way loose in the bottom of the chair.

GELT

We understand your rage. We're
not afraid of you and we don't
pity you or hate you.

A smartarsed, pre-op kid near the back of the hall pipes up cockily.

SMARTARSE

Sir, is it all right if we hate
you?

No-one reacts. The boy looks around, nervous, grinning. Gelt pauses very briefly - a swift exchange of curt nods with two security guards. Dane catches Miss Dwyer's eye. She smiles a soulless smile behind her black shades.

GELT

We acknowledge that every one of
you is an individual.

Miss Dwyer shifts sexily but with an undercurrent of restriction and pain.

GELT

We value your individuality.

As Gelt continues, the guards move in and haul the smartarse out of his seat. No-one helps the kid as he's hustled up to the back of the hall where a white-coated doctor awaits.

GELT

But we're in the business of
making round pegs for round
holes.

Dane watches the smartarse being hustled out of the hall. He sits with folded arms, glances at the blank, impassive faces of the other boys and shrinks a little in his seat. He doesn't like this. Gaz nudges Dane.

GAZ

Ey! What's conformity?

DANE

It's a perfume by Calvin Klein.

A chair collapses out from under one of the security men. He falls on his arse, startled, perplexed. Dane smirks. Gaz knows. His eyes light up.

GAZ

(whispers)

Was that you?

DANE

Shut up

One of the boys behind looks suddenly angry.

BOY

SHH!

Gelt looks towards Gaz, then at the guards. Gaz sneers. Dane dunts him with his elbow. The guards stand ready. Gelt has turned all of his attention in the direction of Gaz and Dane as he winds up for the big finish.

GELT

You will conform. And what is more, in the end you'll thank us for showing you how.

Dane looks up. Gelt 'smiles'. The alarm bell rings.

5

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY

5

The interrogation room: there's a long black table, weirdly long. Gelt sits at one end, Miss Dwyer at the other. Dane is seated in the middle. He has to keep turning to look at Miss Dwyer and Gelt as they take turns speaking. Everything is sunshine yellow. There's some kind of machine on the table in front of Dane. Nothing too obtrusive. Dane is guarded. He checks out the machine. There are TV monitors showing CCTV images of Dane, shot from different angles. Dane sits in something that looks like a retro designer dentist chair. Miss Dwyer breathes deeply, weirdly loud in the stillness. Dane's eyes flicker to her. He takes in the room. There's a cabinet somewhere in the room - also yellow but somehow medical. An instrument cabinet, with trays etc.

GELT

You tested exceptionally highly on the questionnaire we asked you to fill in when you arrived here, Mr. McGowan. Well above the national average.

Miss Dwyer glances at her case notes. Dane looks dumb but we know he's picking up every undercurrent. He shakes his head. Miss Dwyer looks up, cold, and suddenly throws a pack of cards directly at Dane's face. Dane catches them. He's ready to catch them even before she throws them. Dane's on the verge of flaring angrily. Then defensiveness. He knows he's just given himself away.

GELT

Very good reaction time. Almost telepathic. Shuffle the cards, Mr. McGowan. Let's talk about why you're here.

Miss Dwyer makes a notes, impassive. Dane unwraps and starts to methodically shuffle the cards.

GELT

You set fire to your school on at least two occasions. You stole cars. You abused drugs. You battered a teacher so severely he was hospitalised and forced to quit his job.

MISS DWYER

Quite the little rebel.

Dane's not sure if she's being encouraging or not.

DANE

What have I to do with the cards?

Gelt gestures. Dane gets up and walks to the end of the table. He pushes the cards towards Gelt and returns to his seat. Miss Dwyer makes a note.

MISS DWYER

Imagine if we asked you to tell us what order you thought they were in now, what would you say?

Pause. She looks up at Dane. Gelt looks at the top card.

DANE

What? Just guess one?

GELT

You can do it.

Dane thinks.

DANE
Is it the three of hearts?

GELT
Keep trying.

He turns over another card.

DANE
The Queen of Diamonds?

Gelt turns again. Dane's getting everything wrong.

DANE
Four of spades.

Wrong again. Miss Dwyer, picking up on the lack of success, is becoming impatient (She's also trying the overload technique which is supposed to detect for ESP by exciting rather than calming the mind: the theory is that by distracting someone during a test, the examiner can divert the conscious mind, allowing the unconscious to perform the psychic feat).

MISS DWYER
Are you scared of the voices you
hear or do they seem friendly?
Card!

Dane almost guesses right but catches himself. He's stumbling but he doesn't fall yet. Miss Dwyer catches it.

DANE
Jack of...Spades.

Gelt looks at him. Another card.

DANE
Six of clubs.

MISS DWYER
When your father died, did you
ever think you saw his ghost at
any time after his death?

DANE
(rattled)
My dad's not dead...

MISS DWYER
(alert)
Card!

DANE
Jack of diamonds. ...My dad's
not dead.

Gelt has the Jack of Diamonds in his hand. Miss Dwyer is aware and crosses something out on her notes. She exchanges a smile with Gelt.

MISS DWYER
My mistake.

Dane knows he's been cornered.

6 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE SURVEILLANCE UNIT. DAY.**

6

In the clean, neat, bright little surveillance monitor room of Harmony House (important to distinguish it from Sir Miles hi-tech James Bond surveillance central. This place is small and functional and ordinary looking) screens show the yard and the library and the dorms and the corridors and the dining hall. Electricity zaps on and off. Everything flickers. The guy on monitor duty bangs his console. The images flutter back onto the screens. In the dining hall, Dane McGowan, in line, for lunch, glances up at the camera.

7 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE DINING HALL. DAY.**

7

Dane looks away from the camera. He and Gaz file along in a queue with trays in their hands.

GAZ
So what happened to you?

Dinner ladies with blue eyeshadow and fake smiles ladle insipid gravy and instant potatoes onto their plates. The other boys move quietly, in an orderly fashion. Gaz seems unconcerned by it all, in his own private, invulnerable world. Dane, not so dumb, is on the alert.

DANE
A lot of shite. I'm getting out of here.

Dane's looking around, checking everything.

GAZ
They do electronics. I was in the workshop. You get to make things for tellies and all that.

Dane's not interested. He looks at the little plastic cup of orange juice that's been placed on his tray.

DANE
What's that?

DINNER LADY
Orange juice. What's it look like?

Dane lifts the cup, noses it.

DANE
Have you not got any Coke?

Polite mutterings of discontent from the queue. The dinner lady smiles a flat, creepy smile.

DINNER LADY
You're new.

8

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

8

Gelt is setting up the machines for the next session, plugging things into the dental chair where Dane will sit.

GELT
Well? I think we can work with him but we need time. He's talented but he's headstrong.

MISS DWYER
One day. Those are direct instructions.

GELT
Of course but if he is what we think he is...

MISS DWYER
Then either he joins us today or he doesn't.

Gelt's not happy. He has something to prove, cold and perverted though it may be.

GELT
In which case?

Miss Dwyer shrugs. For a split-second, subliminal, we can't believe we've seen it - a flicker of insect legs over the rim of her black glasses.

MISS DWYER
If we can't use him, we'll have to ensure that there's nothing left for the Enemy to recruit.

9

INT. INVISIBLES SCHOOLHOUSE. DAY.

9

LORD FANNY, in full drag, is laying out polaroids of the Harmony House gatesign and other views of the building and its fences and surveillance equipment. She's humming 'Wannabe' as she makes a big circle of Polaroid shots.

KING MOB
Robin. How's the kid doing?

RAGGED ROBIN sits and reads a 'Beano'. As she reads, she's lifting a mobile phone to her ear.

RAGGED ROBIN

His mind is intact and
transmitting a beautiful and
distinctive psychic waveform.
He's fine. He's scared. What's
the IRA codeword this week?

KING MOB

Excalibur.

RAGGED ROBIN

(to phone)

Oh, yeah. Hi. I planted four
bombs in the National Lottery
Show studio? Uh-huh, they're all
set to go off when the bonus ball
is picked...Excalibur?

Clicks phone off.

BOY

What are you doing? I could have
won the rollover, girlfriend! 35
million dollars. I worked it out.
Do you how many SS120 Stingray
ground-to-air missiles with
optional laser targetting 35
million dollars is gonna buy? I
mean, seriously.

KING MOB

Okay. How's your end coming
along, Fanny? All right?

LORD FANNY

(thumbs up, sardonic)

Darling. You could walk in there
wearing Dior and the cameras
wouldn't blink.

BOY, hyper, bouncing with adrenalin, takes the head off a
store dummy with a Tae Kwon Do kick and a yell. Slouches to
join Fanny. Boy's bored.

BOY

So what is this?

LORD FANNY

Call it what you like. The gift's
hereditary, darling. Smuggled
down the generations from mother
to daughter. Of course, my mother
didn't have any daughters.
So...she had to make one.
Fabulous moi.

Fanny places the now familiar photo of Dane directly in the
centre of the ring of Harmony House polaroids.

LORD FANNY
And there's the poor little baby
locked up like an animal.

Fanny squirts lighter fuel on the circle of polaroids. Almost sexual.

LORD FANNY
And here comes the fire.

Fanny strikes a match. Wild-eyed and witchy with sudden excitement as she sets light to the polaroids. Boy watches, mesmerised.

BOY
Voodoo bullshit.

King Mob picks up his fetish mask.

KING MOB
All right. Let's do one for Guy
Fawkes.

The pictures of Harmony House crackle blister and burst into flames.

10 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE DINING HALL. DAY.**

10

Dane and Gaz at a table together in the stark dining hall. White walls, too much echo. We notice, almost peripherally, with Dane, that boys play with cards which are blank, except that some have the word 'YES' printed on them and others have 'NO'. Dane's taking it all in quietly, mind working. Gaz just keeps talking, self-obsessed as they find a table and sit down.

GAZ
I was thinking about joining the
army. If you just want to go
about fighting that's the best
way to do it. I'm telling you.

DANE
I'm not fighting for anybody.

GAZ
You'd fight for the money but. I
would.

Gaz drinks his orange juice. Dane realises but says nothing. Gaz can't undrink it.

DANE
(preoccupied, looking
around)
There's something funny about
this.

GAZ

(looks around)

It's just dead strict. What d'you think they do to you? Check that guy but.

Smartarse sits at a table on his own. Bruised circles under his eyes. He's quiet now. His fingers twitch a little as he eats. His hair is neat, his tie is neat. Suspicion on Dane's face.

GAZ

Tell you this: you've just gotta play the game and have a laugh when they're not looking. That's what my big brother says.

He looks around. Strange boys in a strange room. Dane and Gaz suddenly seem like the only normal people in this chilling zombie lounge. A door opens. Gelt and a white-coated DOCTOR appear but Dane hasn't seen them.

DANE

Aye, well, you go first, wee man.

Gaz sees authority bearing down on.

DANE

Try and get a smile out of any of these c...

Gaz kicks Dane's shin. Gelt approaches, hands clasped. Unctuous but somehow frightening. A living oil slick oozing in for the kill. The doctor stands behind Gaz ominously, checking a clipboard. Gaz smiles and nods.

GAZ

All right?

GELT

I hate to break up your chat but Gary here is due for his medical, eh?

GAZ

That's me, sir!

DANE

(suspicious)

There's nothing wrong with him.

Gaz is getting to his feet.

GELT

Are you a doctor, Mr. McGowan?

DANE
 (mock innocent)
 No, sir, but I'd like to be one
 when I grow up.

GAZ
 (anxious not to make waves)
 I'm not that hungry anyway.

He shrugs sheepishly. Dane looks worried. Everyone is hiding their true emotions here.

DOCTOR
 This way.

Gaz gives a little mocking wave as he walks away with the doctor. Dane looks down at Gaz's unfinished meal.

GELT
 You'll need your strength, Mr.
 McGowan. Eat up. Drink your
 juice.

Gelt stares as Dane picks up his cup, smiles wanly and knocks back the juice. Gelt's hand grips Dane's shoulder. Dane looks at it. Gelt walks away. Dane turns and spits his orange juice out into whatever's handy. He looks at a boy who sits reading a book. Dane realises as the boy turns the pages, that they're all blank. He glances at the alarm on the wall, eyes intense with panic and fury. The bell begins to ring again.

11 **EXT. GREEN NATION CAMP. DAY.**

11

MICHAEL WARREN onscreen, delivering his passionate response to an interviewer's question. He's a powerful speaker.

WARREN
 ...What I'm saying is this and
 it's trying to be sane and
 rational in the face of hysteria
 and to actually look at what's
 going on here... and what I'm
 saying is that cars kill more
 people than drugs do. And we have
 this incredibly well-funded 'War
 on Drugs' going on in the name of
 public health and safety. When
 the truth is that our governors
 have no concern for either our
 health or our safety and if they
 really, honestly wanted to stop
 people dying, they would ban
 motor cars.
 (MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

Maybe we can't win but when they
try to trample and bulldoze their
way through Ladyhill we're
prepared to put our convictions
to the test and I prefer to think
we will win because we're right.

(tape rewind)

Maybe we can't win.

(tape rewind)

We can't win.

12

INT. SURVEILLANCE CENTRAL. DAY.

12

TECHNICIAN

This is the footage from the
'Green Nation' road protest, this
one speech is enough to crucify
the bastard.

Walls of screen, endless screens blue-lighting everything.
Surveillance footage on every monitor - roads, alleyways,
people sitting watching telly, watching the watchers, people
in bed, people in hotel rooms and boardrooms and discos.
COLIN RANSOM looks around.

And deep within surveillance heaven, RANSOM and SIR MILES
stand by a booth where a video surgeon TECHNICIAN reworks the
Michael Warren footage. SIR MILES is in his 50's, the civil
service arm of the conspiracy. Waspy, queenish, like that guy
who tends the Queen's art treasures. We observe the Warren
footage as the Tech plays around and Sir Miles watches,
growing ever more bored. There are WOTAN logos. Michael
Warrens eyes blink faster as the techie slides a fader switch
up a few notches and points at the screen.

TECHNICIAN

Speed up his blink rate a little,
suddenly he's a mental patient.
Make his skin look like he's
sick. This rig'll do anything you
want.

SIR MILES

We're not buying it from you.

RANSOM

(bored)

I'm sicking of looking at his
face. Why is this wanker getting
so much press?

SIR MILES

(to Ransom)

We're doing our bit to undermine
his support. Mr. Ransom. What
about your end? I heard your...
record.

RANSOM

The master. The master disc.

SIR MILES

Straight to number one, I expect.
Who implanted the trigger signal
in the chorus?

RANSOM

Young bloke called Rodchenko.
It's good, isn't it? It comes
out the week before April 31st.
The soundtrack for the summer of
surveillance. When we come out on
the side of Big Brother,
everybody will. 'I'm A Policeman'
will be number one for as long as
it takes.

(pause)

It's a great single.

SIR MILES

(crossing the room)

I'm sure it is. I'd like you to
look at something.

RANSOM

(reluctant)

Look, this is just a flying
visit, Sir Miles. I just want to
make sure the Ladyhill site gets
proper protection. It was Peter's
last wish, god rest his bankrupt
soul.

Sir Miles takes a CD from its case, inserts it in a player.

SIR MILES

Convince the media to look the
other way and I'll ensure that
WOTAN troops do what needs to be
done with the minimum of fuss.
No-one wants to jeopardise the
experiment. We all stand to
profit, each in our way, don't
we?

Sir Miles presses some buttons and looks at a black screen.

RANSOM

(working it out in his head)

I just have to think of something
mildly inflammatory the boys can
say. Something to piss off the
Archbishop and steal the front
pages away from Michael bloody
Warren's boring New Age
bullshit...

The screen comes to life. Static.

SIR MILES

(dry)

'We are now bigger than Diana.'

RANSOM

(amused)

You should be in PR, Sir Miles.

Ransom is looking the other way, checking out a girl undressing in her bedroom.

RANSOM

Are we ready yet? We can't all be paid to sit in front of the telly all day.

Sir Miles nods, directing Ransom's attention to the screen where the static hisses. Sir Miles fast forwards. Surveillance shot of the toilet cubicle where Peter Barclay lies dead in a spreading puddle of blood.

RANSOM

Christ. At least he died with dignity. What's your point?

As he talks, Sir Miles rewinds into static, static, static, then the picture returns. Sir Miles allows the image to play - Barclay comes into the men's room, walks towards the toilet door... Then static.

SIR MILES

Systems failure apparently. For exactly the three minutes thirty eight seconds it took Barclay's killer to get himself into position, do the dirty deed and exit, stage left.

Sir Miles suddenly seems like he knows more than he's telling. Ransom is off balance for a second.

RANSOM

Systems failure?

The tape fast forwards through static to the image of Barclay dead. It becomes a still image.

SIR MILES

(reptilian)

We have you on disk, threatening Barclay minutes before his death.

Ransom suddenly sees what he's supposed to see. 'KING MOB' sprayed on the wall.

RANSOM

What?

SIR MILES
'KING MOB' seems so very you, Mr.
Ransom. So populist.

RANSOM
(taken aback)
This is a joke, right? We're
supposed to trust each other, Sir
Miles.

SIR MILES
(coolly appraising)
I'm in the business of National
Security.

Ransom is suddenly caught in a snare of class. He tries to
recover. Barclay's dead on screen. Ransom musters up a final
weak bite as he turns, leaves.

RANSOM
Your eyesight needs testing.

Sir Miles regards his screens, ignoring Ransom's departure.

SIR MILES
If there are terrorists, we'll
find them. No-one's invisible.

Sir Miles watches Ransom stalk off down the corridor, pushing
the doors open angrily. Elsewhere, onscreen, an image from
Ladyhill suddenly fizzles out.

13 **EXT. GREEN NATION CAMP. EVENING.**

13

Michael Warren's taking a piss in the dusk, away from the
fires and drums of his camp. He's suddenly alert as leaves
fall down in front of him. There's someone standing there,
then that someone coming out of the woods then motionless by
his side once more. A weird distortion of perception. The
figure's silhouetted, backlit by fire, but it's King Mob.
Background sound fades down.

WARREN
You didn't have to kill the poor
bastard.

KING MOB
Come off it. You hated Barclay
more than anybody else. He's
digging a hole through your
sacred pagan grove or whatever it
is.

WARREN

I didn't like working for him,
that doesn't mean I want to see
the inside of his head splattered
across a toilet wall. This won't
help us.

KING MOB

You're part of something bigger,
Michael. Cold war. We're living
in an occupied country.

WARREN

I'm a pacifist.

KING MOB

Then it's lucky for you we're
not. It's the end of the world
as we know it, Michael. Things
get fuzzy when it all starts to
speed up.

WARREN

I just want to save the planet.

KING MOB

The planet doesn't need you to
save it. It's people who need to
be saved. We'll be in touch.

King Mob looks at his watch. Presses it. Fluttering of
perception again and Warren is alone with the sound fading
back up. Somewhere on the building site, a piece of plant
blows up.

WARREN

Christ!

14

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

14

Dane is wired up to the machine on the desk. It should be of
pyramid design to recall the Canary Wharf Tower. He sits
nervously awaiting instructions. He's wearing headphones. His
breathing is loud in his head. White noise as he looks at
Gelt and Miss Dwyer. They position little microphones on the
desk. Dane's chair has been turned around so that he can look
at monitors on the walls. Scenes from the workshop come up.
Boys at conveyor belts. Production line computer circuit
boards.

GELT

We already know what you can do,
Mr. McGowan.

MISS DWYER

Now we'd just like you to do it
for us.

GELT

What do you see on the screens in front of you?

DANE

(talking loud over headphone noise)

Wee guys working, sir.

Miss Dwyer switches on the machine. Dane reacts slightly as the white noise pulses produce an alpha wave rhythm.

GELT

We're connecting you to a transmitter, Mr. McGowan. What you can hear are alpha waves. Now look at the young man on the screen.

A kid sits at a conveyor, wiring up a circuit board.

GELT

Just a drone really. As you say, a worker.

Dane watches the kid. Miss Dwyer is monitoring brain waves on her machine.

GELT

I want you to make him move his arm just by looking at him, just by telling him with your mind.

DANE

I don't think I can do anything like that, sir.

GELT

What? You can't give orders? Rubbish. You're the sort of person who likes to give orders, Mr. McGowan.

DANE

I don't think so.

MISS DWYER

Who was the leader of the little gang of boys you ran around with?

Gelt looks up at the monitor. The boy on the conveyor has stopped. Dane thinks 'fuck you' and goes for it.

MISS DWYER

Wasn't it you?

The boy onscreen lifts his arm slowly, hypnotised. Gelt is eager. Miss Dwyer looks up.

The boy onscreen, dreamily turns his hand around and makes a two-fingered gesture at the screen. Dane's not stopping. He had no idea he could do this. Brainwave traces peaking. As Gelt and Miss Dwyer watch, another boy in the workshop down tools and raises two fingers to the camera. Then another.

15 **INT. WORKSHOP. DAY**

15

Chaos in the workshop as silent boys drop what their doing and salute the cameras. Guards move in, trying to pull down the arms, which bob back up.

16 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY**

16

Dane lets go. Brainwave traces flatten.

MISS DWYER

Two fingers to the establishment.
Well done, Mr. McGowan.

Gelt's pleased. He looks at Miss Dwyer as though this one is in the bag. She's not completely convinced but the display has intrigued her.

GELT

Quite a display.

Dane knows he's gone too far.

DANE

It's nothing to do with me, sir.
It was them.

The boys onscreen silently return to their tasks. Mr. Dwyer nods to Gelt.

GELT

Of course it was.
(now brisk, getting on with it)
These boys are particularly susceptible to remote control. I'd like you to make them work harder.

Dane looks at the screen. The brainwave patterns begin to peak.

GELT

Push them. All of them at once.

Dane's getting fired up. Mr. Dwyer and Gelt exchange triumphant glances. Hers colder than his.

GELT

If you think you can. Just give the order.

Dane stares at the screen.

17 **INT. WORKSHOP. DAY.**

17

The boys begin to accelerate their productivity. It's a visible difference. We follow the final stages down the production line of a CCTV camera being assembled at record speed. A whitecoat times a boy at the end of the progress. Looks at the completed camera and nods to someone who picks up a phone.

18 **INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.**

18

Gelt lowers his phone.

GELT
Congratulations.

Dane is soaked with sweat as Gelt removes the headphones. He looks a little dazed. Orderlies enter to help him from the chair.

GELT
Perhaps we can move you from the
dormitory.

Dane is gone. Gelt, satisfied turns to Miss Dwyer.

GELT
Well. What did I say? He's ours.

On the screens, boys work faster and faster. Blood leaks from a boy's nose.

19 **INT. DANE'S ROOM. NIGHT**

19

Dane comes into his airy personal room. A neat little bed and chest of drawers etc. He lays his little bag down on the bed, looks up at the camera in the corner of the room. Smiles a wicked smile.

20 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE WORKSHOP.**

20

Close up of a light bulb exploding.

21 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE WORKSHOP. NIGHT.**

21

Disaster area. Gelt stands holding a CCTV camera. Boys have fainted on their machines. Others are being carried out by orderlies, twitching spastically. Others are conscious, twitching or laughing suddenly then stopping, or getting up from chairs to move purposefully straight into a wall, then be helped back into the chair, only to do it again. Somebody is binning cameras.

MISS DWYER
I'm going back to London.

A machine explodes, then a lightbulb pops.

GELT
(looks at the camera)
Give me a week. You see what he's
capable of.

A technician is laying down circuit boards. Everything's
wired up wrong and circuits are rearranged to make letters.
The technician lays down three 'F's, stacking them, three
'U's, three 'C's...

GELT
Imagine what we could do with
him.

MISS DWYER
I have no imagination, Doctor
Gelt. All I see is chaos.

GELT
I can break him.

MISS DWYER
We've run out of time. It's over.

Miss Dwyer leaves the workshop, with Gelt in futile pursuit.

MISS DWYER
Process him like the rest. Do it
now.

She's gone. Overhead, another lightbulb explodes. The alarm
goes off again. Stops. Starts. Gelt addresses an ORDERLY
who's come in.

GELT
Have theatre prepared for an
emergency operation.

The orderly looks disgruntled as he crumples his lottery
ticket and tosses it in the bin. He turns back the way he
came, pissed off. Gelt has a moment's thought and makes the
decision that kills him.

GELT
No. Wait. Give me an hour.

22 INT. DANE'S ROOM . NIGHT.

22

Dane sits carving his name into the desk in his new room.
Gelt appears. Dane looks up.

GELT
Mr. McGowan. A word.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE SHOT - VAN ON MOTORWAY. NIGHT.

The image fritzes and goes out.

24

INT. INVISIBLES VAN. MOTORWAY. NIGHT.

24

Invisibles girls in the wagon. Ragged Robin driving. Boy and Fanny squeezed in. Ragged Robin checks her watch.

RAGGED ROBIN

Okay. King Mob will be at the
perimeter fence and we are
synchronising watches... NOW!

She makes a face. The others smile. King Mob's passion for spy mission bullshit is unspoken between them.

BOY

Wait a minute! Wait a minute!
What is the nature of this
evening's mission exactly?

RAGGED ROBIN

We're going to screw up
surveillance. We do the girls
stuff while the self-styled King
springs the kid.

BOY

I like the King, you know what
I'm saying, but the man has some
psychological problems which I
blame directly on James Bond. He
should get in touch with his non-
aggressive nature every once in a
while...

LORD FANNY

(trash exasperation)
What is this, darling? A Diane
Keaton movie?

BOY

(grins)
Kiss my ass.

LORD FANNY

Spy music!

Hits the tapedeck. Supercool spy theme heavy on the bassline.

25

EXT. MOTORWAY. NIGHT.

25

Motorway Surveillance camera in shot. As the Invisibles-Mobile goes by, the camera fuses and shorts out. Spy theme fade.

INT. HARMONY HOUSE CORRIDORS. NIGHT.

Gelt and Dane are walking together down a long and overlit corridor, lined with doors. White tiles, hissing heating systems. Clinical ambience. Weird schematic posters on the walls, like the ones previously seen. Pipes everywhere, feeding in and out of walls, carrying what? And to where? Everything is subtly wrong. Dane glances at a light and it goes out. Gelt is not entirely unaware that something is going on. As the scene progresses, we see that he is pacing Dane, imitating the boy's rhythms of speech, subtly mirroring his gestures and his breathing, trying to slip through Dane's defenses. Implanting Ericksonian hypnotic commands like 'You'll be glad to sleep'. And all the while Dane keeps wriggling out of Gelt's grasp and taking in everything, memorising the layout of the place, checking the alarms and the cameras.

GELT

You'll be glad to sleep, after today. You know the best leaders always begin as rebels.

DANE

It's nothing to do with me, sir. Honest.

GELT

I'm giving you one last chance because I want to work with you. Miss Dwyer doesn't agree with me that you should be here at all.

DANE

I don't really want to be here, sir.

GELT

Don't worry about what she thinks. You and I can work together.

DANE

(shrugs)

Sir. Is there any chance of getting into see Gaz, sir?

GELT

In the morning.

Dane looks at a door with a red glass window in it. He presses his face to the glass. Through the red glass. Darkroom lighting.

GELT (V.O.)

It's called the Shock Room. It's not as bad as it sounds.

INT. SHOCK ROOM. NIGHT

Silently screaming boys wired up to weird headsets- pipes lead from their eyes and connect to a spherical machine in the centre of the room.

GELT

Particularly violent offenders are allowed to relive and discharge the traumatic childhood experiences which led to their antisocial behaviour.

28 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

28

Gelt steers Dane away.

GELT

It can be bitter medicine but...our success rate is 100%.

29 **INT. SHOCK ROOM. NIGHT.**

29

A red-lit, soundless screaming face.

GELT (V.O)

Harmony House boys don't re-offend.

30 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

30

Gelt walks with Dane.

GELT

You needn't be like them I can save you from having to go through that kind of thing. If you work with us.

Dane glances through a brightly lit round window in another set of doors.

31 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE GYMNASIUM. NIGHT**

31

In a white gymnasium, boys crawl around the floor wearing sensory deprivation masks, with three strange protrusions from eyes and mouths. Their blind, meaningless motions are silent and terrifying.

DANE (V.O. guileless)

Have I to get a medical as well?

32 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE CORRIDOR. NIGHT**

32

GELT

It's all done alphabetically.

Dane desperately glances at the burglar alarm on the wall as they reach the open doors to the dormitory. A NURSE walks out.

NURSE

Lights out. Five minutes.

33 **INT. DORMITORY. NIGHT.**

33

A boy lays his book down on his bookcover for lights out. The pages are blank. A pause. The boy looks up. Everything is suddenly strange and threatening.

34 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

34

GELT

Let me ask you a question, Mr. McGowan. In a world where there are clearly masters and slaves, which would you rather be?

DANE

Have I only got two choices, sir?

GELT

(insistent)

Master or slave.

Pause. The glass over the alarm cracks suddenly. The bell rings. Gelt cringes slightly. The bell stops.

DANE

You better get that fixed, sir.
It just keeps going off.

GELT

(looking at alarm then Dane)

Master or slave, Mr. McGowan?

On the wall, there's another odd poster with three strange schematic faces on it. Gelt looks down at Dane, smiles that paedophile's smile. Insinuating. The overhead light pops, shattering. Glass rains down. Gelt and Dane face one another outside the dormitory. The bell begins to ring persistently.

DANE

I don't know, sir.

(pause)

What did you decide?

Gelt stiffens. It's over and he knows it. They can't use this one and although Gelt would love to spend time breaking Dane, he knows he has to let this one go. He is suddenly cold. A thin smile.

GELT

Your privileges have been
suspended. Goodnight, Mr.
McGowan.

35

INT. HARMONY HOUSE DORM. NIGHT.

35

Dane lies awake on his bed, alert. Listening to the far off echoing night sounds of the place. A trolley's creaking wheel comes closer. Vague voices. Then the alarm goes off. Dane sits up, spooked. He looks around to see sleeping boys grumble and roll over in the dark. Gaz' bed lies empty. Over the sirens, we hear the voices. More distinct now.

ORDERLY

I'm getting sick of this! How
many times has that bloody thing
gone off tonight? I mean, how
many?

Dane leaps lightly out of bed and makes for the dorm doors as they open.

SECOND ORDERLY

You're just mad they had to
cancel the lottery.
(knocks at a ringing wall
alarm)
My brother-in-law would have that
fixed in five minutes. He's the
one did our microwave.

ORDERLY

So what's the story with this
then? We getting overtime?
(bitter)
I could have won that!

Dane's hiding behind the doors as they swing open and the orderlies come in carrying bedding.

SECOND ORDERLY

Dump this little bastard, get the
other one down to theatre and
then off home in time for some
half-baked bollocks on night-time
telly. What's it usually?

36

EXT. HARMONY HOUSE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

36

Dane sneaks out into the corridor. There's a trolley there, with someone in it.

ORDERLY
 (world-weary)
 They don't usually do theatre
 this late.

SECOND ORDERLY
 Special case or something. I
 don't know. Christ, that siren's
 doing my head in! That's noise
 pollution, that. You can claim
 for that.

Dane take a moment to look at the trolley. It's Gaz,
 partially-conscious, lying stiffly. His eyes are dark-
 shadowed. He's not the cocky little kid we remember.

DANE
 Gaz?

Slowly Dane moves around the trolley.

DANE
 You all right, Gaz?

GAZ
 Good.

37 INT. HARMONY HOUSE DORM. NIGHT.

37

The orderlies walk towards Dane's empty bed.

ORDERLY
 Bed number 17. There we go.

38 EXT. HARMONY HOUSE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

38

Dane's fussing around Gaz, building suspense. The eerie
 poster on the wall with the schematic faces.

DANE
 Gaz. What's up? What did they do?

GAZ
 Good.

Dane's scared. Creepy scalp-crawling fear of the uncanny. He
 knows something is badly wrong. Reaches for the edge of the
 bedcover and lifts it up. The poster faces gaze down.

DANE
 Gaz, it's all right, wee man.
 We're getting out of here. I've
 worked it out. Come on!

GAZ
 Bad.

DANE
Come on...

We don't see what Dane sees under the cover but it's bad.

DANE
For fuck's sake.

39 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE DORM. NIGHT.**

39

The orderlies approach Dane's bed, beginning to realise something's up. Second Orderly looks over to Gaz's bed.

ORDERLY
You sure it's 17?

SECOND ORDERLY
That's what it said. 17. There's
the other one's bed.

They look at one another.

40 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

40

Dane beyond horror. Backing away from Gaz.

DANE
Just wait there. Gaz...just wait
there.

GAZ
Good.

41 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE DORM. NIGHT.**

41

ORDERLY
Runner.

42 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

42

Dane gets some sense back in his head. Gaz is making horrible weak noises, trying to attract attention. As the orderlies burst out of the room, Dane is already running, pulling the trolley into their path, kicking things over as he goes. Dane bounds down a flight of stairs. He doesn't care where he's going as the siren continues to sound. Everything is panic and flight. There are doors ahead which he recognises - the 'interesting looking swing doors' from the earlier scene with Gelt. He bursts through the doors.

The siren stops dead.

43

INT. SOUL STOREROOM. NIGHT.

43

Ambient blue light. Dane freezes as the doors languorously flap to behind him.

DANE

Shite.

A room with shelves all around the walls. On the shelves are countless ranks and rows of what look like big specimen jars. In each jar, floating in a blue-lit solution, are strange foetal shapes - luminously blue, ectoplasmic figures which squirm, unformed in their bottles. Dane picks up one of the bottles and looks at it with quiet awe. The little soul-thing inside moves sluggishly.

GELT (V.O.)

We can remove all your anger and frustration.

Dane turns, panicked, dropping the jar.

DANE

Fuck.

The jar smashes, releasing a swirl of blue smoke and a terrible lost scream. Gelt, with the white-coated doctor in tow, enters the room, closing in.

GELT

We can make you better and return you to society.

Gelt fingers the disintegrating soul-smoke and licks his finger.

GELT

Isn't that what you want? In the end.

Dane's backed up against the wall, eyes searching for a way out.

DANE

I wasn't doing nothing. Honest. It was all that noise.

GELT

We're not listening to you now. You wanted to be normal, like everyone else.

Gelt and the doctor advance menacingly. Gelt holds out a fatherly hand while the doc prepares a hypo.

GELT

I gave you the choice and that's what you wanted, isn't it?

(MORE)

GELT (CONT'D)
 You chose a bed in the dormitory,
 like these. You chose to sleep.

We can tell that Dane is no longer human in Gelt's eyes. It's over. Gelt speaks to him the way an owner would a dog.

GELT
 Here. Come here. Good boy. Come on.

As the two men move in on him, Dane's expression changes. He's looking between them and he's seen something. Someone coming in through the door.

DANE
 I don't wanna cause any trouble,
 mister.

GELT
 You won't.

Gelt turns to the doctor, about to speak. Explosions of glass then a gunshot. Everything happening rapidly. Gelt's words freeze in his open mouth as he is splatted with blood and tissue. The doctor goes down with a soft, heavy thump. Gelt manages a gasp and turns to face King Mob in full totemic battle dress. Dane can't believe this. Gelt makes his escape as King Mob closes on Dane.

DANE
 Who the fuck are you?

KING MOB
 I'm your Fairy Godmother. What's
 it look like? Stay behind me.

44 **INT. HARMONY HOUSE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.** 44

King Mob emerges, shooting. He seems totally outnumbered by armed security men.

45 **INT. GELT'S OFFICE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.** 45

Wheezing, Gelt makes it to his office.

46 **INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.** 46

Dane, wide-eyed, follows King Mob down the corridor. Blood puddles and dead soldiers everywhere.

DANE
 Jesus!

Boy is crouched here, emptying the bullets from the rifles of a couple of unconscious soldiers. King Mob's unpacking some plastic explosive.

KING MOB
 Want to see how plastic
 explosives work? I learned it on
 'Blue Peter'.

BOY
 (impatient)
 Forget it.
 (gesturing To Dane)
 We're out of here. Come on.

47 INT. GELT'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

47

Gelt's throwing papers into a brief case. He takes some glowing gizmo from his desk and throws that into the case too. The door bursts open, locks flying.

KING MOB
 Is the doctor in?

Gelt turns to confront King Mob with his gun. We can hear an explosion in the distance. Another. Gelt struggles to retain his composure.

GELT
 There are dozens of places like
 this. We're building them
 everywhere.
 (pause)
 We just want to help you.

He reaches up to his glasses.

GELT
 Look. It's a thing they do to
 the eyes here.

King Mob pauses for a moment, fighting some kind of hypnotic spell. Then he raises his gun.

KING MOB
 You find them I'll look at them.

Gunshot. Gelt falls heavily back into the dentist chair. King Mob reaches into his jacket, withdraws a dayglo pink hand grenade. He looks at Gelt's body.

KING MOB
 Take one of these and call me in
 the morning.

He flips the pin loose and tosses the grenade into Gelt's lap.

Dane stands outside a big hole in the chain link fence. Firelight on his face, muffled explosions as the buildings burn merrily. King Mob's suddenly standing beside him. Dane's expression is one of rapt delight as he watches the fires. An almost devotional look on his wild, young face.

DANE

What about my mate?

KING MOB

Too late.

DANE

(knowing this is true)

He was an all right wee guy.

(pause)

This is what you do? You just go about killing people and blowing things up and that? That's brilliant, that is.

King Mob pins a blank badge on the coat he's slung over Dane's pyjamas.

KING MOB

You have that. It's sort of a secret society, see? Call it the Invisibles - like the Avengers or the Persuaders...

DANE

What?

KING MOB

(kids nowadays)

We've been watching you, Dane.

We thought you might want to join us.

Dane is instantly suspicious. Unpins the badge from his lapel but slides it into his pocket. King Mob takes a spray can from his own pocket.

DANE

Aye? Funny how suddenly everybody's saying that. Nobody gave a shite about us before. What am I supposed to have done?

King Mob's spraying something across the 'HARMONY HOUSE' gatesign.

DANE

I don't even know who you are or nothing.

KING MOB

Yes you do.

He turns and walks away. Dane looks at what's been written. Understanding dawns.

Dane joins King Mob as they disappear into the woods. We return to the 'HARMONY HOUSE' sign. The words 'KING MOB' have been sprayed across it.

Explosions offstage.

49

EXT. LONDON. NIGHT.

49

King Mob and Dane wander like ghosts down the overlit avenues displaying TVs and stereos and clothing and cars.

DANE

All right. Thanks for getting us to London, eh? If you could give us a couple of quid I'll go and give my Auntie Diane a phone. I mean, I'm not saying I don't want to join up with you or nothing but I can take care of myself.

KING MOB

Pretty hard, eh? You've got a lot to learn.

Dane entranced by a sportscar in a window. There's an old dosser: TOM O'BEDLAM - nearby. He looks up at Dane. Some understanding passes between the dosser and King Mob.

DANE

AW! Check that out! Imagine you'd one of them.

King Mob stands behind him. He looks over at the old man who tips his bottle. His eyes seem suddenly bright and intense.

KING MOB

Dane. Have you never thought about just how strange all this is? You see ghosts, don't you? You've got the power; that's why they all want you. Maybe you're seeing ghosts now, eh?

DANE

Ghosts, yeah. That's a good one.

King Mob's reflection is in the glass over Dane's shoulder. Ghostly. The other Invisibles stand with him. Just a flash.

DANE

What's it all about anyway?

And then a car light smears the reflection and King Mob and the others are no longer there and Dane's aware of it.

DANE
Invisibles?

Dane alone and lonely on the suddenly threatening streets of night-time London. King Mob has gone.

Tom O'Bedlam cackles.

END THEME