

THE INVISIBLES

EPISODE 1

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1. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. HARMONY HOUSE. NIGHT

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

an
to
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.

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

4. EXTERIOR. COUNCIL ESTATE. NIGHT.

and
sports
afraid
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!

work,
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.

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.

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. 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.

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.

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

Solar 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 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. 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.

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.

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.

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. 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

15. 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.

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

and
been electronically doctored. His voice has been slightly slowed down
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 fizzes, changes channel. Some kind of weirdshit cable
documentary,
which seems to be about the end of the world.

17. INTERIOR. TV STUDIO. NIGHT.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

TRANNY : 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.

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. 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.

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.

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.

DANE : Wankers!

26. EXTERIOR. STREET. NIGHT.

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

27. INTERIOR. CAR. NIGHT.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 : Shurrup and give us a hand. Come on.

32. INTERIOR. SCHOOL. NIGHT.

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 : Kropotkin. 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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 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