"THE WASP FACTORY"

Screenplay by
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From the novel by
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1st DRAFT
EXT. OCEAN AND ISLAND DAY

We're flying above the ocean. It's a tranquil, sunny day. There's an abstract mass of land and sea, islands, mudflats, rocks. Then a beach comes into view and dunes, with an old wartime bunker half-hidden by the dune above. There's rough pasture land with fields, wind-stunted trees. There's a suspension bridge, connecting this island to the mainland across the estuary. And as the camera circles round, right near the beach and dunes and old bunker is a large house. Once part of a big estate, it's a solid, substantial Gothic building, though much less than a mansion.

Down below there's some activity ...

EXT. HOUSE AND ORCHARD DAY

The large orchard adjoins the house, and the summer sun is shafting through the trees, shimmering on the ripening fruit and dappling the scene underneath. A party is in progress, home-made goodies arrayed on a large trestle table. It looks like a TV ad set in some wonderfully golden past. There are various GROWNUPS and KIDS - but we're primarily interested in

ANGUS CAULDHAME -

who is wearing a bizarre Merlin the Magician-type outfit and doing conjuring tricks for

FOUR CHILDREN -

who watch with varying degrees of delight and scepticism. FRANK is about five, ERIC is about ten, and they look like brothers with dark bushy hair and intense eyes. PAUL and ESMERELDA are around Frank's age and have wavy blond hair. Lovingly-made Victorian-type place cards bearing their names are on the table with their party hats and serviettes, but just as ANGUS says:

ANGUS
Abracadabra ...!

THE TREES -

shiver in a sudden sharp breeze, which also sweeps along the table blowing the place cards, hats and serviettes into swirling chaos. ERIC, PAUL and ESMERELDA jump up and chase the flying objects. But

FRANK -

doesn't move. We HEAR what sounds like the voice of a teenage boy.
FRANK'S VOICE
Once upon a time, we were a family. Me and Eric, Paul and Esmerelda, cousins and uncles and aunts. Coming together for birthdays or Christmas or some such symbolic stuff. That's all over now, though the symbols still remain...

THE OTHER KIDS -

Shriek and tumble about, trying to catch up with their hats and their names, until as abruptly as it came the wind dies down. All the objects flutter to the grass like spent darts.

FRANK -

isn't even watching. His attention has been grabbed by

A WASP -

which is hovering, buzzing angrily, over a jamjar, trying to find a way in. The SOUND of the buzzing gets louder and louder.

EXT. BEACH AND OCEAN DAY

Another wasp, another jamjar. But this one has no lid, and the blood red jam on the bottom is just a lure. For as the wasp slowly descends towards the jam, a hand slams down, screwing the lid with air holes onto the jar, trapping the wasp inside. We see FRANK's face, smiling. A teenage face now, bony, thin and gangly with close-cropped black hair like a soldier's under a combat cap. He moves off, whistling and we CRANE UP to see the beach and the surging ocean beyond.

FRANK'S VOICE
... because all our lives are symbols. Everything we do is part of a pattern we have at least some say in. The strong make their own patterns. The weak have theirs mapped out for them.

As he moves away we see that FRANK is tall and coltish, all arms and legs but moves with the loping grace of an animal - and that he wears a combat jacket with a sheathed knife and catapult hanging from a studded belt.

FRANK'S VOICE
The weak, the unlucky and the stupid...
EXT. HARBOUR  DAY

Long shadows are sliding over the small, busy commercial harbour as a brilliant sunset brings the day to an end. Dwarfing the brightly decorated fishing boats, the ketches, and the private pleasure craft bobbing at their moorings is the car ferry, coming into the bay.

EXT. FERRY/DECK AND OCEAN  DAY

From behind, and from a low angle, a WOMAN walks along the deck, to climb up the for'ard companionway for a better view of the orange, purple, pink of the sky, the water, and the misty land. Or so we think. We don't see her too clearly.

IN THE SKY -

there's a line of billowing clouds, like fluffy, overgrown sheep. Tinged by the sun, they look like they're on fire.

ON THE FERRY -

one moment the WOMAN is there, the next, her footsteps have stopped echoing on the iron steps.

A CHILD NEARBY -

screams in fright. THE WOMAN has thrown herself into the ocean.

A LIFEBELT -

hits the water. All engines stop on the ferry. PASSENGERS crowd at the rails, watching. TWO CREWMEN jump into the ocean.

UNDERWATER -

THE WOMAN floats like an image in a dream. Her long hair drifts lazily like pale weed. It's hard to tell how old she is (somewhere in her late teens, you'd guess). Or if she's pretty or plain - for her face is like a mask, washed clean of all character, all life. Abruptly we see

A SHOVEL -

digging into soggy ground. It's night. There's a rainstorm. It looks as though somebody is digging a grave. We HEAR the sound of a bulldog's deep, menacing growling. Then

THE SLAVERING MOUTH -

of the bulldog, a blurred closeup of its vicious face and bared teeth as it runs (slow mo) towards us then leaps into focus. The vicious jaws seem to snap over the camera lens. There's a loud SCREAM.
HANSD -

are now digging into the wet earth and out of the thick, muddy soil they wrench a skull. The screams turns into a cry of triumph. The skull is held up in the air, the rain drenching down and cleansing it of its mud. It's the skull of the bulldog.

Lightning flashes, and the screen goes white.

INT. HOUSE/BATHROOM DAY

In big close up, a pair of eyes, staring right at us. They're seemingly frozen. Is this a still image? No, the eyes blink. A finger comes up and pulls each eye down, looking at the bloodshot colouring. Then we pull slowly back and see the teenage boy, FRANK. He's naked from the waist up, and is spraying shaving foam on his stubbled chin, and starts to shave with formalised ritualistic strokes. We glimpse posters on the walls for Rambo movies, and images of action man stuff, model planes, missiles etc. Then there are footsteps outside in the corridor. And the sinister tap of a walking stick.

ANGUS'S VOICE
Just off, Frankie-boy. Be okay on your own?

FRANK
Aren't I always? 'Bye.

EXT. HOUSE/ CORRIDOR, HALL AND STAIRS DAY

The feet and the tapping stick, as ANGUS CAULDHAME comes down the thick oak stairs, and we get a chance to study him more carefully. His left leg is lame, won't bend properly, causing an odd bird-like hop. He's ten years older now, is dark, handsome in a rather Byronic way, the unkempt wavy hair constantly needing flicking back giving him the air of the abstract academician. We recognise the resemblance between father and son. ANGUS also has his son's androgenous looks but his face has some history. He is observant but with an air of an absent-minded professor, his thoughts elsewhere. His eyes have a steely toughness though, yet his mouth is sensual. He is a man of such contrasts - or contradictions.

IN THE HALL -

there are more shadows than light, though here and there the sun shafts beams of orange and yellow across the windows where motes of dust dance furiously. There are antlers nailed above doorways; heads of various animals killed in the hunt; stuffed foxes in art deco glass cases; landscape paintings of the Scottish Highlands by minor or local artists; and a gloomy, Victorian dark-wood-and-heavy-furniture feel to the whole place like a kind of dead zoo. ANGUS comes down the stairs towards the front door.
EXT. HOUSE AND SURROUNDS SERIES OF SHOTS DAY

ANGUS can walk surprisingly fast once he's got a good clear road. He doesn't see FRANK hurtle out of the house behind him and dart out of sight, still struggling into his clothes, military regalia, flak jacket, shoulder bag etc.

EXT. DUNES AND BRIDGE DAY

FRANK is trailing ANGUS, but at a lower level, around the dunes, along the beach, climbing a dune to a promontory of the island with the agility of a goat. We GO WITH HIM to the top and with a sudden shock see a row of 'SACRIFICE POLES' -
cut-down limbs of trees secured on the dunes, bearing skulls and the severed heads of various birds and small animals. Sightless eyes stare out at the ocean forming a line of defence. FRANK lifts his binoculars, follows a flight of gulls then picks up ANGUS down below, crossing the swaying suspension bridge that leads to the mainland.

EXT. ROAD TO PORTNEIL DAY

ANGUS comes up a narrow road and onto a two-lane highway. Portneil, a harbour town, is laid out on a gently sloping hillside. ANGUS sets off with FRANK coming into view behind him - keeping ANGUS continually spotted without being observed.

EXT. PORTNEIL/SERIES OF SHOTS DAY

Across in the high street, ANGUS comes into view. A lot of PEOPLE are around now, making it difficult for FRANK to follow without being seen. But he doesn't have the problem long - for ANGUS has disappeared somewhere.

EXT. PORTNEIL/HIGH STREET DAY

A gun and tackle shop. Through the window FRANK can be seen ordering and being served. Slowly we're zooming in, visually traversing the array of lethal looking hunting knives, shotguns etc. to end on a close up of what FRANK is buying. Four boxes marked 'Detonator Caps' and bearing the 'Highly Dangerous' symbol. Suddenly we HEAR the wall of an ambulance siren. FRANK's head whips round to stare out of the window - and right at us.

EXT. HARBOUR DAY

The sky is red with sunset. An ambulance races along the harbour, to where a SMALL CROWD is gathered. They move apart
and we see the two CREWMEN from the ferry, dripping wet. Lying at their feet is

THE WOMAN -

hair matted across her face, unconscious. The ambulance doors open, a stretcher is handed out, the WOMAN placed on it and lifted inside, the doors slam closed, the ambulance drives away.

INT. AMBULANCE/TRAVELLING NIGHT

AMBULANCE MEN are giving the WOMAN oxygen. We move in close on her face, light and shadow alternate across it - suggestive of life and death. Over this we HEAR a doorbell ringing. Then something RED wipes across the frame as we

MIX TO

INT. PORTNEIL/ROOMING HOUSE DAY

A red door opens. For a second, the WOMAN's face is superimposed over that of JO, a rough, bikerish-looking girl in her early 20's, who is smiling through layers of paint.

JO

'Lo, sugar.

She's smiling at

ANGUS -

who stands in the dimly lit hall. He is flustered.

ANGUS

Who are you? Where's Sandy?

JO

She's off sick. You could say I'm filling in for her.

ANGUS

Sorry, I don't think so ...

JO

It's okay. Whatever you want. Life's rich pageant and all that jazz.

ANGUS

(almost accusingly)

You're very young.

JO

Then don't just stand there. Help me get older.
INT. PORTNEIL/JO'S ROOM DAY

A garish interior, a parody of a 'love-nest'. ANGUS goes towards a niche in the wall covered with plastic curtain material.

ANGUS
She keeps them in here.

He opens the curtain. Hanging inside are studded leather belts, handcuffs, silver chains, various kinds of whips.

JO -
runs her hand through her short, spiky hair.

JO
I knew it. You're the masterful type.

ANGUS TURNS -
and smiles like Vincent Price. We HEAR the sound of one, two, three blows being struck.

EXT. PORTNEIL/BUILDERS YARD DAY

A hammer is expertly banging nails into raw two-by-fours, constructing some kind of scaffolding. Pulling out we see JAMIE's face, concentrating on his task. Pulling out more we see that he only about three feet tall.

JAMIE
Right. That's it. I'll get 'em for you now ...

He puts down the hammer, crosses the yard full of timber, pipes, bags of cement, bricks, tiles etc. FRANK, carrying his other packages, crosses with him to a warehouse. JAMIE drags out some offcut lengths of black metal tubing.

FRANK
Thanks Jamie, they're great. How much?

JAMIE
No use to us now. We'd only throw 'em away. Saves me some work. Buy me a beer. Nearly opening time.

FRANK
Later in the week, okay? Got to get back before Angus. Something I want to do.

JAMIE
Get into the secret room?

FRANK
No. Marinate some meat.
JAMIE

Huh?

INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN DAY

A large country-type kitchen with quarry-tile floor, old fashioned sink, butcher's blocks etc. ANGUS enters and reacts in surprise.

ANGUS

What the hell are you up to?

FRANK -

has a messy array in front of him on the worktop, mixing bowls, marinated meat squares, empty packets, grimy saucepans etc. and an open cookbook, "Secrets of the Great French Restaurants."

FRANK

I thought it was about time I learned to cook properly.

ANGUS

Cook?! What on earth for?

FRANK

I'm not going to live here forever, am I? Got to learn to look out for myself. It's something you should have taught me.

ANGUS

(defensive)

What's wrong with my cooking?
Don't you like it?

FRANK

It's just always the same. Shepherd's pie Monday, fish cakes Tuesday ...

ANGUS

Then I'll do some new recipes. Look at all this mess ...

He's shouldering FRANK out of the way, as though commanding him to give up, which makes FRANK angry.

FRANK

Why shouldn't I learn? What's the big deal?

ANGUS looks him in the eye. For a brief moment we think maybe there is some big deal. Then ANGUS smirks.
ANGUS
Okay. But then – why stay here at all any more? You've been old enough to get married for a year now.

FRANK
Ha ha, heap big joke.

ANGUS
I mean that makes you old enough to leave home. Get a job. Earn your own money. Mix with people your own age. So why not? Find yourself a girlfriend ...

FRANK
Shut up!

ANGUS
Why? There are people who'd be rather turned on by you. Shouldn't be too hard to find one.

FRANK
(angry)
Shut up!!!

ANGUS
(losing his temper)
So why? Why not leave? Huh? I know why. You know why. Because you couldn't carry on the way you do if you didn't live here. You can kick and scream and moan. About how unfortunate you are ...

FRANK
I don't! I never complain!

ANGUS
But you're really like a Peter Pan. Who won't grow up.

FRANK
Can't grow up, Dad! Can't!

In furious anger, FRANK slams his way noisily out of the kitchen, like the hurt adolescent; he doesn't show how near he is to tears but acts sullen to annoy his father.

ANGUS calls out after him.

ANGUS
There's all sorts of ways to grow up, Frankie-boy! Those that don't find them – they just grow old ...
But FRANK is gone and doesn't shout back. The front door slams. ANGUS has an odd, sinister grin at the corners of his mouth. He turns his attention to the work table, scrutinising the display with distaste. Impatiently he sweeps Frank's cooking into the sink with his arm.

OVERHEAD -

two Air Force Jaguar jets scream out of the cloud, wing to wing about a hundred meters up, to cross the whole island in an eye-blink and racing out to sea, which is getting rough as the wind freshens.

EXT. HOUSE/ORCHARD DAY

Gulls shriek, the wind billows, mirroring FRANK's mood. His knife tumbles through the air and whacks into the back of an old tree. Repeatedly he retrieves it and throws it, working off his anger.

EXT. BEACH AND DUNES DAY

FRANK is out by an old winch near another set of sacrifice poles at the tip of the island. He has some cans set up on the rusty iron for catapult practice. He sees a dead GULL lying on the beach, takes his knife and cuts off the head. Keeps it. Then he digs a hole in the ground by the poles and buries the rest of the gull.

FRANK stops, lifts the binoculars to his eyes, before he descends to the bunker half-buried in one of the dunes. He unlocks the padlock securing the steel door and goes inside.

INT. BUNKER DAY

FRANK bolts the door from inside, takes off the shoulder bag and binoculars, hanging them on nails hammered into the slightly crumbling concrete. He reaches for a tin of matches and lights four home made candles. The bunker brightens as the candles take hold. In their yellow light, we can see the bodies of several WASPS are imprisoned in the candle wax.

ONE CANDLE FLAME -

is maybe a centimeter behind a wasp's wax-gummed head, and as its antennae come free from the grease they pop upright for a while, before they fizzle. The head starts to smoke as the wax dribbles off it, then the wasp body flickers and crackles as the fire incinerates the insect from its head down.
FRANK SMILES -

with satisfied pleasure. Then he crosses to where

THE SKULL -

that we saw in the earlier 'drowning' images is the centrepiece of a kind of altar. FRANK lights a candle inside the skull and a fetid light starts to glow from the eye sockets.

FRANK'S FACE -

glazes in a kind of trance.

A HUMAN FACE -

appears as if superimposed on the skull. We HEAR the roar of a motor bike and

MIX TO

EXT. MAINLAND/BRIDGE TO ISLAND DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

The face is that of AGNES CAULDHAME, she's tanned, her hair flies in the wind, she wears no helmet and is riding a BSA 500 with swept-back handlebars and the eye of Sauron painted red on the petrol tank. She's thundering like a Valkyrie towards the bridge to the island. And she's heavily pregnant.

EXT. THE HOUSE AND SURROUNDS DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

FRANK, about three years old, wearing only shorts is playing outside the house. He hears the approaching bike. An ugly bulldog, Old Saul, lumbers up from the side of the house as AGNES roars up. She dismounts and straightens up painfully. Old Saul, barking and yowling, approaches her dangerously. But she lifts one leg and kicks him with her boot and he whines and shuffles away.

FRANK -

is watching in surprise, puzzlement and some fear. AGNES comes toward him as the front door opens and

ANGUS -

comes out, looking at AGNES with equal surprise. FRANK runs up to him, clutching onto his hand. ANGUS is appropriately younger too, of course (and doesn't need to use a walking stick - yet)

AGNES ignores FRANK now, pecks ANGUS on the cheek and pushes ANGUS ahead of her into the house, slamming the door on the bewildered FRANK. We HEAR

ANGUS'S VOICE
You're going to have another little brother.
AGNES' VOICE

Or sister.

INT. HOUSE/BEDROOM DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

It's a heavily, almost aggressively, masculine room and we guess from this that AGNES is now as much a stranger to ANGUS as she is to Frank. However it has been expertly prepared for the birth, just as expertly ANGUS is helping her through her labour, heaving, grunting, pushing, sweating. She's in the lotus position and is going 'Omm' as often as she can.

EXT. HOUSE/ORCHARD  DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

FRANK, still wearing only his shorts, his tanned body grimy with dirt and sand is shooting stones with his catapult, punctuating the sounds coming from the open bedroom window in the house. Old Saul sleeps, panting in the heat. A catapulted stone lands on his rump and he wakes with a menacing growl, wondering what hit him. FRANK, across from him, giggles. As Old Saul's eyes droop again, another stone hits him and his growl is more maddened, FRANK's laugh more delighted.

INT. HOUSE/BEDROOM  DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

AGNES' cries are also louder - but suddenly the noise from outside seems to muffle them. The frenzied barking of Old Saul - and a high-pitched scream from FRANK. ANGUS runs to the window and looks out.

IN THE ORCHARD -

he can see Old Saul attacking FRANK, his teeth clamped on his shorts around the groin and shaking what could be just a rag doll.

EXT. HOUSE/ORCHARD DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

ANGUS comes running out with a roar.

ANGUS

Saul! Get away you bastard dog.

Old Saul lets go of FRANK and lopes off, terrified at what he's done. FRANK is unconscious, the front of his shorts ripped and torn and oozing blood. ANGUS picks him up and hurries into the house, as AGNES' screams sound even louder than before.
EXT. HOUSE AND GROUNDS  SUNSET  (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A shovel is digging out the soft soil from the slope behind the house; digging a grave. ANGUS props the spade up, wipes his brow. We hear a baby begin to cry in the house. ANGUS drags the dead body of Old Saul into the grave and begins to shovel the earth back over it. We hear the sound of a motorbike.

EXT. HOUSE/GROUNDS  DAY  (DREAM SEQUENCE)

ANGUS comes running out as AGNES starts the bike off. He shouts and screams at her. She ignores him. He heads her off as she gets onto the path leading to the bridge, trying to block her way. But she simply keeps on driving. At the last minute the look of incredulous realisation on ANGUS' face shows she isn't going to stop. He tries to jump out of the way, but the bike catches him as he tumbles over, screaming in pain and rage, at the side of the path. AGNES keeps control of the bike and keeps on going until she is out of sight. ANGUS tries to get up, but the pain in his leg is tremendous.

FRANK'S VOICE

That was my mother's last visit to the island or the house. She left one dead, one born, and two crippled for life, one way or the other. Not a bad score for a fortnight.

AGNES' FACE -

momentarily in big CLOSE UP. Receding into the background as the CAMERA SWOOPS AWAY.

MIX TO

INT. BUNKER  DAY

The glowing eye sockets of the skull with the receding face of AGNES momentarily visible. FRANK comes out of his reverie, moves across the bunker, switching on a cassette player. Heavy rock pumps out. Now we see that

ON THE WALLS -

are the severed heads of gulls, rabbits, crows, mice, owls, moles and small lizards, hanging from short loops of black thread suspended from lengths of string.

MORE SKULLS -

of horses, dogs, birds, fish, horned sheep are on plinths of wood or stone, on bottles and cans around the foot of the walls. FRANK brings his shoulder bag to a work bench
under the window, where there's a vice, various tools neatly laid out. He deposits the boxes of detonator caps in a drawer, takes the pieces of metal tubing and puts all but one into another drawer. Then, expertly, FRANK's precise and sensitive hands seal off the end of the tube in the vice, and he fills the open end with a mixture of some strange powder.

THE SKULL -

of the dog glows eerily.

INT. HOUSE/FRANK'S ROOM  NIGHT

FRANK undresses down to his underpants then gets into bed. He closes his eyes and sees

THE SACRIFICE POLES -

near the bridge. The image changes to

THE VIEW OF THE OCEAN -

from the POV of the heads on the poles.

FRANK'S EYES -

open again. Then close. Like a security guard checking cameras on a monitor screen, in succession he sees

OTHER SACRIFICE POLES -

all around the island and the respective views that the sightless eyes in the heads look out onto.

FRANK RELAXES -

satisfied that all is well with the world. He reaches out for a book - 'Macbeth' in an examination edition. He flicks it open at a marked page, looks briefly, closes it and recites:

    FRANK
    "Tomorrow and tomorrow and
tomorrow ..."

He yawns, tired, and puts the book down.

    "Out brief candle ..."
He switches off the light. We HEAR the sound of a vehicle driving up, doors being opened.

**EXT. HOSPITAL NIGHT**

The ambulance doors open, the stretcher bearing the WOMAN is wheeled out down a ramp. Her face passes underneath an overhead camera.

**INT. HOSPITAL/PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT**

From another overhead angle, the WOMAN's face comes up on the frame as she is wheeled up beside a bed and lifted in by two ORDERLIES. Two DOCTORS look on, consulting clipboards and notes.

1ST DOCTOR
No ID of any kind, nothing in her pockets or bag to say who she is or where's she's from ...

2ND DOCTOR
Not your classic suicide. Chances are she'll try it again.

1ST DOCTOR
If she ever comes out of it.

2ND DOCTOR
Better have someone stay close, even so. And keep the door locked.

The ORDERLIES and DOCTORS leave the room. The door closes. The lock clicks.

THE WOMAN -
lies immobile, insensible. But there's a calm and soothing, floating feeling in her long, rhythmic breathing.

**MIX TO**

**EXT. OCEAN AND DUNE LANDSCAPE DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

The WOMAN's face again, underwater, as in the earlier sequence. But now, her eyes open as if in surprise.

THE SCARLET SUNSET -
is a series of sensuous strokes against the purple hills and pink dunes which rise above the beach. The ocean laps onto the smooth, untrod sand. THE WOMAN appears out of the water. She is miraculously dry. Her dark glasses reflect the golden light.
ON THE HILLSIDES -

beyond the dunes, sheep graze, then begin to move, startled by something.

ETCHED AGAINST THE SUNSET -

on the crest of the hillside, A MAN comes into view. Just his dark, blank silhouette. He stretches out his arm, and his hand becomes a flaming torch.

THE SHEEP -

are now running in panic, bleating and screaming, over the dunes. Flames are leaping over the grass and weeds - and the sheep too are on fire.

THE WOMAN -

reacts in horror, starts to run from the beach, from the dunes, from the flames, from the agonised torment of the animals, from the MAN on the hillside.

EXT. THE HOUSE ON THE ISLAND DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Long, flickering, sinister red shadows are cast over the house - making it look as though it's alive, moving, breathing.

THE WOMAN -

approaches, seeking sanctuary from what's behind her. But as she sees the house, and THE CAMERA becomes her POV, the forward movement is checked, as though what's inside is just as bad as what's out here. But she moves on towards the thick, heavy front door, which opens with a fateful, echoing sonority.

INT. HOUSE/SERIES OF SHOTS DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

We move along the corridor and up the stairs to the first floor landing. Ahead is a heavy oak door to what would likely be a large and imposing study.

A KEY -

is in the lock. The WOMAN'S HAND stretches out, inch by inch, shaking nervously and grasps the key. Freezing for a beat or two - then the hand turns the key. But suddenly there's the SOUND of ANGUS' footsteps and stick and

ANGUS' VOICE

What the hell are you up to?

Like before, the key breaks in the lock.
ANGUS -

looms up in the corridor, menacingly, and bigger and
taller and younger again.

ANGUS
I've told you never to go in there.
Never! Can't you understand?

He raises his hand and it's not the woman he's talking to -
but a YOUNGER FRANK, who shrinks back in guilty fear. ANGUS
lashies out and slaps him in the face, but he ducks away
from another blow and scuttles along the corridor. ANGUS
leans heavily on his stick, knowing it's useless to try
and catch up.

THE CAMERA -
hurts along the corridor to where a ladder leads up to
the attic. As we get tight on the ladder

THE WOMAN'S HANDS -

grab the rungs and she begins to climb. At the top of
the ladder is a trap door, with bolts. Her hand reaches
out again. Decisively, in rapid order, she draws the first
bolt, then the second, with rasping finality. And a low,
droning BUZZ increases in volume and intensity as her hand
pushes at the trap door.

LIGHT -

filters out. And also, falling in slow motion as though
from a cloudless sky, a cluster of pretty pink, yellow and
blue wildflowers.

THE WOMAN -

gasps in shock, covers her face with her hands as the
flowers fall towards her - and thereby loses her grip on
the ladder. With a scream, she falls ... 

INT. THE WASP FACTORY DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Not just a dream now - more like a nightmare, for the WOMAN
finds she has fallen into some strange chamber, with smooth
metal walls stretching out and widening into a triangle-
shape. A glass ceiling admits coloured light as though
through a stained glass window. And her multi-coloured
shadow stretches ahead of her, into the wide part of the
triangle, like an image from an expressionist movie.

UP AHEAD -

there's another window, clustered at the end of the chamber.
Edging forward, we see that it's the reflection of the Roman
numeral XII, set on the glass above, as though on the face
of a clock, seen from the inside. As the WOMAN moves forward, trying to find a way out, running her hands along the wall seeking some hint of an exit - she triggers off a hidden mechanism, the front wall falls away and she is presented with a gaping chasm beyond. As she peers over the edge

A SHEET OF FLAME -

shoots up in front of her, licking into the chamber hungrily. The WOMAN backs off - turns to run, and pulls up short again in fear and shock.

A GIANT WASP -

is coming towards her, the SOUND of loud, angry buzzing echoing deafeningly around the chamber, melding with the roar of the gushing flame.

INT. HOSPITAL/PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT

The WOMAN wakes up screaming, sits bolt upright, can't figure where she is in the gloom, throws off the covers, falls to the floor, crawls to the wall, gets to her feet, searching for the door. She finds it, tries to get it open, but it is locked. She hears RUNNING FOOTSTEPS outside - and wants to hide, but there's nowhere, and she sobs in hysterical frustrated panic.

THE DOOR OPENS -

TWO ORDERLIES come in, trying to seize the WOMAN and get her subdued. But she shrieks hysterically, kicks and thrashes and throws punches and the struggle is very rough and clumsy, but eventually two beats one and the WOMAN is trapped in their right, powerful holds.

A NURSE -

hurries in, loading a hypodermic.

THE NEEDLE -

stabs into the WOMAN's arm. Almost instantly

THE SCREEN -

goes black.

INT. HOUSE/FRANK'S BEDROOM NIGHT

FRANK wakes with a start, sits bolt upright hitting a shaft of moonlight, sweating as if coming out of a nightmare. Then he HEARS the phone ringing down below. Puzzled, he checks the time, pulls back the covers to get up.
INT. HOUSE/HALL AND STAIRS NIGHT

FRANK comes hurrying down the stairs but as he switches on the light and gets to the hall table - the phone stops ringing. Still puzzled, he's now annoyed too. Then there's a sudden gleam in his eye, as though he has an idea who was trying to get through.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE AND CROSSROADS NIGHT

At a crossroads, a telephone booth; an oasis of light in the rural darkness. The shadow of an unidentified MAN is lurching away, bouncing crazily over the cats eyes at the side of the road, jumping over a fence into the undergrowth. Noisily crackling footsteps die away as the MAN vanishes in the darkness. We have seen nothing to identify him by - but have the visual feeling of the Man with the fiery hand from the dream sequence.

INT. HOUSE/HALL AND STAIRS NIGHT

FRANK stands as if transfixed, as if he has been 'seeing' the last images. Then he comes to life again - and looks at the photographs which line the wall above the phone. Family photographs. One of them taken at the party we saw in the opening sequence. There's Angus in his Merlin outfit.

There are the two dark haired boys, FRANK and ERIC.

We frame them both in CLOSE UP.

And HEAR another kind of bell ringing.

EXT. HOUSE DAY

ANGUS stands at the door of the house, ringing a handbell. Then he goes inside. FRANK appears, hurrying over the dunes towards the house.

INT. HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM DAY

A richly gleaming oblong mahogany table. ANGUS brushes his hair back in his reflection, finishes polishing the table top. Then sets up a blotter, a row of pens and pencils, indiarubber. There's the ponderous ticking of a grandfather clock.

FRANK -

comes into the room. It's the drawing room. Even mustier, mustier than anywhere else we've seen in the house. The room which traditionally nobody ever goes into except when "company" is here. And, we are sure, there never is "company" here. Any more.

FRANK is anxious.
FRANK
Dad, I had this weird feeling last night ...

ANGUS
(firm)
Uuhh. You're not going to talk me into putting it off again. There are some things you just have to do, and this is one of them.

FRANK
No, it's about Eric. I think he tried to phone ...

ANGUS seizes him like an angry schoolmaster and shoves him into a chair.

ANGUS
Shut up, sit down, take seven deep breaths and compose yourself. Then I'll start the clock and we'll have total and utter silence for the whole ninety minutes.

Resigned, FRANK takes deep breaths. ANGUS takes out a stop watch. Unzips a briefcase and takes out a thin document. As he slaps it down on the table in front of FRANK his finger starts the stopwatch.

ANGUS
Begin.

THE DOCUMENT -

is an 'A' level examination paper in "English Literature". FRANK slides it closer, and opens it up, reaching for a pen. Question one is about 'Macbeth'.

EXT. BRIDGE /ISLAND DAY

Coming into view onto the bridge from the mainland is a middle aged police constable on a bicycle, DIGGS. He pedals onto the path that leads to the house.

INT. HOUSE/DRAWING ROOM DAY

The sound of the clock ticking, FRANK's scratching pen, ANGUS' slow pacing as he supervises the exam. He turns and looks out of the window and sees DIGGS pedalling up. A look of alarm crosses ANGUS' face. He starts out. FRANK puts his pen down, is about to speak but ANGUS puts a finger to his mouth for silence and signals for FRANK to continue. Mystified, FRANK gets up, creeps to the window and sees ANGUS crossing the yard to meet DIGGS.
They speak briefly, then DIGGS cycles away. FRANK hurries back to his seat before ANGUS comes back into the room. FRANK is about to speak, ANGUS puts a finger to his lips again.

FRANK
For f**ksake, dad, I've finished!

ANGUS
Oh! Well done.
(clicks off stopwatch)
Seventy-two minutes and nineteen seconds. Four minutes better than History - but twelve minutes worse than Maths part two. So, ha ha - I win the bet. Fork up.

He takes the exam paper from FRANK, who takes a banknote from his pocket and passes it over. ANGUS pockets it, then his face clouds, thoughts returning to the conversation with DIGGS.

ANGUS
What were you saying earlier about Eric?

FRANK
(gets it)
Is that what Diggs cycled over to tell you?

ANGUS
Yes. Eric's escaped from the hospital. They figure he'll head this way. Diggs'll be rushing through town "lock up your hounds, the mad kid who sets fire to dogs is loose again!!"

Dad!

FRANK gets up, hurt by ANGUS' cruel outburst.

ANGUS
And feeding maggots to little children? God! With you sticking up for him as if he were your real brother.

FRANK
(angry)
You should stick up for him too.

ANGUS
He's got all his mother's madness. He's weak and stupid like she was.
FRANK
You picked her, mistake number one.

Brooding, FRANK goes to look out of the window.

ANGUS
They're all the same, I didn't know that then. They're either weak and they die on you like Eric's mother, or they treat you like pigs and run out on you, like yours, mistake number two. How did you know, anyway? About Eric?

FRANK
(shrugs)
Magic.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM DAY

A severed human head is held aloft, put on a silver platter, and presented before a voluptuously lovely, but mad young woman. It's a show on TV but not a horror movie. The head is John the Baptist's. The woman is 'Salome' in Strauss' opera. She sings her final aria to the severed head.

ANGUS -

is glued to the screen, to the dissonant, horrendously powerful music.

INT. HOUSE/CORRIDOR DAY

FRANK is looking down to the hall. The sound of the music like a whisper on the wind from up here. FRANK moves off and we see the ladder leading up to the attic. His hands grasp it, and he hauls himself up.

THE TWO BOLTS -

are drawn back. FRANK's hand pushes at the trap door. All exactly like the earlier dream images. But no flowers fall out ... 

INT. ATTIC DAY

FRANK hauls himself up through the trap door, switches on a naked light bulb, closes the trap door and bolts it from inside. Then he crawls on all-fours through the narrow space around the chimney pieces until he is in the attic proper, and can stand up and move around.

SUNLIGHT -

slants in through the attic windows. Dust moves in it, among the junk and rubbish stacked around the walls. Below the window on a ledge is
A KIND OF ALTAR -

holding the jar with air-holes and the trapped wasp, moving sleepily around in the strawberry jam. Either side are two wasp candles, and a small red book, which FRANK opens. Going CLOSE, we see that it contains a set of Time, Tide and Distance tables. FRANK's finger find the time of local high tide. He lights the two candles and picks them up, and as he does, we begin to CRANE UP slowly to an overhead shot, to see a strange circular contraption maybe a meter in diameter, the top surface being an old clock face. FRANK has placed the candles on the positions the tips of the clock's hands would occupy if showing the time of high tide. But there are no hands - and this isn't a clock any more. It's the upper level of

THE WASP FACTORY -

a complicated, highly-ingenious, irregular, and slightly ramshackle tangle of metal, wood, glass and plastic. It's a machine. But is also like a modern sculpture. FRANK places some other objects on the altar by the wasp jar. A photograph - of ERIC. A shattered fragment of metal, in the approximate shape of a star; a piece of orange fabric; and a dish of a half-dozen yellow, worn teeth. Then he takes the jar containing the wasp, crawls under the Factory, taking the lid off the jar and holding it under the hole in the dead centre where the clock mechanism once connected with the hands.

THE WASP -

rushes eagerly through the hole up into the Factory and crawls across the face of Eric in the photograph.

A WALL -

of plywood a couple of inches deep, seals the edge of the clock face and there's a meter-circle of glass topping it, trapping the wasp inside the Factory, forcing it into one of twelve stainless-steel lined chambers that are built under what were once slices of time, with their twelve Roman numerals above. (Plainly, this is the 'reality' behind the images in the strange dream earlier.) Circling round with the wasp, we see weird attachments built, nailed, soldered and variously secured at the ends of the chambers - an air gun; a little vat of smoking acid. Each of these has names neatly written on small pieces of white paper stuck beside them - 'The Boiling Pool', 'The Ice Chamber', 'The Acid Pit', 'The Spider's Parlour', 'The Venus Cave'. The 'Twelve' segment houses 'The Fiery Lake'.

THE WASP -

makes its way into this chamber and a delicately mounted door, like on a doll's house, snicks quietly closed. Then it goes at a fast crawl along the chamber, to where the
shadow of the 'XI' numeral lies like a trap. It passes through a lobster pot funnel made from Thread to stop it turning back, into a highly polished steel funnel which forces it to slip down into a rainbow-coloured bowl of steel mesh (an ex-tea strainer) over a bowl of petrol.

FRANK'S HAND -

reaches out and pushes down on a button. We watch as a length of dowling slides down its guide of aluminium tent-pole, and comes into contact with the wheel and gas release mechanism on top of a disposable lighter poised over the pool of petrol.

THIN FLAMES -

burst up first time, curling and licking around the rim of the mesh, incinerating the wasp. We go in CLOSE on the flames. And HEAR

FRANK'S VOICE
The Wasp Factory is beautiful, deadly and perfect. It has given me some idea of what will happen, will help me know what to do when Eric gets here ...
Motherly. Strikingly interesting. She shuts the door, sits on the bed beside the WOMAN. Strokes her forehead, talking soothingly in the darkness.

REBECCA
Okay, okay, someone's here. You're okay. You're safe. You're only dreaming ... What can you tell me? What can you see? Help me see it too. Help me help you.

while one-handed she expertly unfastens the straps. The combination of her soothing words, stroking hand and the liberation from the straps quickly calms the WOMAN, who drifts back into partial slumber.

WOMAN
I'm in the Factory. I'm a wasp.

REBECCA
A wasp?

WOMAN
They're getting their revenge.

Her arms free now, she reaches up and grasps REBECCA's wrist, for some kind of extra comfort. And as the scene continues, the need for such physical comfort increases, very slowly, so that the WOMAN is being held, tenderly, by REBECCA as though they were mother and child. REBECCA of course is baffled by what she's hearing - it's like a litany of insanity.

WOMAN
Nearly fell into the Volt Room.
Got away. Trip the Deadweight,
get crushed start to ooze. Ugh.
Chop and squirm. Poisoned jam?
Oh no, too clever. Twelve. It
has to be twelve. The fiery lake.

REBECCA
Why? Why does it have to be that?

WOMAN
Someone has to push the button.
Flick the flame. Ignite the petrol.
Knew I'd be safe.

The WOMAN becomes conscious now of the comforting arms and the way she is being sheltered. She slowly pushes away from them and looks at REBECCA dreamily, yet suspiciously.

WOMAN
Who the hell are you? Why am I
a prisoner here?
REBECCA
I'm a doctor. Rebecca. Doctor Hamilton. They assigned you to me. You tried to kill yourself. Don't you remember?

WOMAN
(surprised)
Kill myself? How?

REBECCA
You jumped off the ferry. Two crewmen saved you just in time.

WOMAN
What date is it? Where am I?

REBECCA
The twenty first. It was a week ago. You've been in and out of consciousness. You were touch and go. You're in hospital. We're trying to help you.

WOMAN
I used to be good at doing things. You'd think killing myself would be the easiest thing possible.

REBECCA
Then maybe you don't, really, want to die.

WOMAN
(curious)
No?

Now she yawns, blinks sleepily, settles back onto the pillows, content now to stay here.

WOMAN
Tired again.

REBECCA
Wait. Tell me your name.

WOMAN
Drowning? Doesn't make sense.

REBECCA
Why?

WOMAN
The sea. My greatest enemies are women. And the sea.
With that she's asleep again. REBECCA thinks about strapping her in again - but doesn't. She opens the door. In the light from the corridor we see her expression of fascination - and total bewilderment. Faintly, we hear THE RAIN.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM SUNSET

It sounds like a torrential rainstorm outside. But there's no rain on the windows. The golden light of sunset shines. The room is crepuscular, enhanced by the flickering images of a video which FRANK is watching. Where the sound of the storm is coming from. It's the 'creation' sequence from 'Frankenstein'.

THE DOOR OPENS -

and ANGUS comes in. He picks up the remote control and turns down the soundtrack.

ANGUS
I've done the washing-up so you don't need to bother. Broke another cup so we only have eleven now, just in case you think one's gone missing. I'm going to be up in the study. Something I have to finish. 'Night.

He turns the soundtrack on again, and backs out of the room, watching the screen, and looking at FRANK as if wondering about his reactions to the movie. FRANK is totally engrossed.

INT. HOUSE/STAIRS AND CORRIDOR SUNSET

ANGUS climbs the last stairs to the upper corridor, selecting a key from a bunch he wears on his belt. He comes to the heavy oak door (which we remember from the dreams) and unlocks it. It creaks open. He enters and locks it again behind him. Our angle leaves us on a big CLOSE UP of the keyhole.

EXT. LANDSCAPE SUNDOWN

The gloriously scarlet sunset. Everywhere we look, the sky is alive with glowing colours. And coming into view, on a hillside, etched against purple and pink mountains, is the black, silhouetted figure of the MAN.

EXT. VILLAGE NIGHT

A small village of half a dozen shops and two pubs. Some cars are parked. There's nobody in view. Some music wafts out of an open window. And there is a telephone booth.
THE UNKNOWN MAN -
darts toward the telephone booth, his shadow moving
crazily ahead of him.

HIS HAND -
reaches out to open the door.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM  SUNSET

The movie still runs, FRANK is still engrossed. Out in
the hall, the phone starts to ring. FRANK jumps excitedly
to his feet and runs out to get it, leaving the video
running.

INT. HOUSE/HALL AND STAIRS  SUNSET

Up above, there's the click and creak of the study door
being unlocked and opening, the sound of ANGUS coming along
the corridor, as FRANK hurtles out and into the hall and
grabs the phone. The soundtrack of the movie on the video
screams and reverberates plangently as a continued aural
underlay.

FRANK
(into phone)
Hello ...?

ON THE VIDEO -
the Creature lumbers threateningly forward.
The pips sounds from the call box.

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. VILLAGE/PHONE BOOTH  SUNSET

We're right on a hand, the mouthpiece of the handset, the
man's lips with stubble round them. Money is pushed into
the box. The pips stop. The MAN makes a weird noise, a
cross between a shriek and the squawk of a bird.

ERIC
Scr-aw-aak!!

FRANK jumps out of his skin. There's giggling laughter
then

ERIC
Frank? Frank! It's me. Me!
Hello there. Hello.

FRANK
Is there an echo? Or are you
saying everything twice?
ERIC
Both! Ha ha ha ha ha ...!

ANGUS looms up on the stairs, his feet above FRANK's head through the banisters. FRANK calls up.

FRANK
It's okay. I've got it.

ANGUS
Who is it?

FRANK
It's Jamie.

ANGUS
Oh.

He heads back along the corridor.

ERIC
No it's not you moron. It's me. It's Eric. How the hell are yer, me young bucko?!

FRANK
Where the hell are you ...?

ERIC
Here. Where are you?

FRANK
You know where I am. I'm here.

ERIC
If we're both here - why are we bothering with the phone?

FRANK
You know what I mean! What's going on? Are you okay?

ERIC
I'm coming back, Frankie-boy. So I must be okay.

FRANK
Are you hitching lifts? Have you got any money? How are you eating?

ERIC
I'm doing fine. I eat dogs. Heh heh.

FRANK
Oh God ... not really ...
ERIC
What could be simpler? Good fat juicy dog, make friends, take it in the woods, kill it and eat it. I do love the outdoor life.

FRANK
You are cooking them ...

ERIC
Of course I'm fucking cooking them ... What do you think I am?

FRANK
Don't you eat anything else?

ERIC
Whatever I can steal. But I steal things I can't eat, for the hell of it. Tampons and dustbin liners, heh, he. One hundred cocktail sticks, double-action air freshners. Slimming magazines, packs of artificial lashes, party size packets of crisps ...

FRANK
Don't you eat crisps any more?

ERIC
Huh?

FRANK
You said you steal things you can't eat.

ERIC
For Christ'sake - could you eat a party size packet of crisps?

FRANK
Listen - Diggs was here. They're searching for you. They're out on the moors.

ERIC
I'm not on the moors. I'm here.

FRANK
Where?!

ERIC
I'm not saying where. You'll only tell Angus and he'll tell the police and they'll take me back to the fucking hospital. But I'll see you soon, little brother. So there ...!
He hangs up. FRANK is both nervous and exhilarated. He hangs up, staring intently at the photograph of himself. And of ERIC. As the sun finally dies, an oblong shadow darkens the image in the photograph.

MIX TO

EXT. VILLAGE/PHONE BOOTH NIGHT

The face from the photograph seems to metamorphose and become older, like Jekyll into Hyde as we see ERIC's reflection in the phone booth mirror which is also going dark as the sun disappears. He is staring at himself as closely as FRANK stared at the photograph. There, he looked serious, sensitive and brooding.

Here he's much older.

And haunted.

HEADLIGHTS -

from a passing car sweep across the scene in a blinding brilliant arc. When they pass, the mirror is black and empty. ERIC has gone. We HEAR harsh, dissonant, climactic chords of music.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM NIGHT

The end title music from the movie on the video. FRANK's not in the room.

INT. HOUSE/HALL NIGHT

The telephone and the photographs on the wall. FRANK is not here either. But we TRACK IN again on the family photograph - and isolate in CLOSE UP ESMERELDA, the blond haired girl, who's probably about five years old. We HEAR a child's voice singing

CHILD'S VOICE
"Red and yellow and pink and blue,
purple and orange and green ..."

EXT. BEACH AND OCEAN DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

And see a riot of highly-intensified colours -
a small bouquet of wild flowers. As the angle keeps on widening, we see ESMERELDA, the young blond girl from the party and the photograph, picking the wild flowers which grow in the crevasses of the sheltered rocks along by the shore line and dunes. Her voice continues to "Sing a Rainbow".
It's an impossibly beautiful day. The sun is more brilliant than it ever could be. The ocean is a smooth sheet of glass. The beach and dunes have the pale glow of some wonderfully-remembered perfect summer. The whole sequence has the impeccably clear lines, forms and primary colours of a children's picture book, or a highly-stylised commercial. But there's a slightly jarring image as the frame is suddenly

FULL OF ORANGE -

which looks frozen until it flaps and rustles heavily in an abrupt breeze. It's some sort of tent fabric and we pull out to see that, painted on it, is an even more jarring image - the head of a fierce wild dog, plainly drawn by a child's hand. A huge kite, with the dog design painted on, being lugged down the dunes to the beach by YOUNG FRANK.

ESMERELDA
"I can sing a rainbow, sing a rainbow ..." Frank, what makes a rainbow?

The fresh wind tousles his black hair as he kneels beside the kite, making adjustments to it. It looks even larger here on the sand.

FRANK
When the sun comes out while it's raining, Esmereelda. It's something to do with refraction.

ESMERELDA looks impressed.

ESMERELDA
Don't you know a lot of things. What's ref- refraction.

FRANK
You wouldn't understand, you're only a stupid girl ...

He stands up, the kite finished.

But you can help me test the kite, if you like ...

ESMERELDA is excited at the prospect.

THE KITE -

lies, rippling ominously as the wind ruffles it, like a manta.

IT'S UNCLEAR -

what happens now, in a flurry of alternating FAST CUTS and SLOW MIXES - as though the 'dream' wants to be ended quickly, but also lingered over, either to be savoured or studied. But HANDS untangle the nylon control lines and
unknot any knots, while OTHER HANDS, holding the flowers still, seem to have the lines looped round them. FRANK'S foot kicks the top edge of the kite up a little and almost instantly it takes the wind and lifts.

THE KITE -
bloWS into the sky like something wild.

FRANK'S FACE -
breaks into a grin, like something equally wild.

THE KITE -
hoists its tail with noise like tearing cardboard. It shakes itself, cracks in the air, slices its tail, flexes its bones. The lines come taut. FRANK digs his heels in, holding the lines with all the strength he can muster.

ESMERELDA -
reacts with extreme excitement, looking up at the huge dog-headed canvas flapping above her. Then her reaction changes to one of bewilderment, and extreme fright.

FRANK'S FACE -
gleams with evil like something from a monster movie.

THE KITE -
soars aloft. And with it, the lines looped round her wrists, goes ESMERELDA, hauled into the air by the snapping, flapping canvas.

THE DOG'S HEAD -
seems to snarl and bite as the canvas is whipped by the elements. The kite, ESMERELDA, are now in the jaws of the wind and leaving the beach, the ocean, far below. We HEAR SCREAMS of panic - but also GALEs OF LAUGHTER, and can't tell who is who and which is which now as the faces of FRANK and ESMERELDA seem to merge together in laughter and tears.

THE WILDFLOWERS -
fall from the sky in a now-familiar image as the kite disappears. They fall into the water like strange rain. But surrealistically, the water breaks as they land, like glass. Or ice - for water begins to seep through.

THE ALTAR -
in the attic of the house. A piece of orange fabric is placed beside the jar containing the drowsy wasp. The fabric is, we now realise, a piece of the material which made the deadly kite. Suddenly there's a road of flame and
A FIRE -

licks at a pile of brightly-coloured, many-shaped kites. ANGUS and DIGGS, the policeman watch as the flames destroy the kites. But MIXING THROUGH comes a sort of ghost-image of

THE DOG'S HEAD -

on the orange kite and then

OUT OF DARKNESS -

the slavering mouth of the bulldog, the blurred CLOSE UP of its vicious face and bared teeth before it runs and leaps into violently shocking focus, jaws snapping the frame BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL/PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT

THE WOMAN wakes again, screaming. Comes to, gets a grip on herself, takes deep breaths. The door opens quickly and REBECCA comes in. This time, she switches on a soft, diffused strip of light above the bed. Slowly, gently, calmly she crosses the room to sit on the bed - voice soft, and soothing, but oh-so busy ...

REBECCA
Good. You're controlling it better. How do you feel? Ready to talk? What are you going to tell me? Who you are? Who's likely to be worried about you?

THE WOMAN stares at her silently for a few beats. Then, dreamily

WOMAN
Nobody can win against the water. It always triumphs in the end. Seeping and soaking, building up, undermining, overflowing. Even the ice thaws.

She continues to speak in a dreamy, other-worldly reverie. REBECCA is fascinated - and also confused, irritated.

WOMAN
Could have wound up at the bottom of the ocean. Or washed up on some craggy shore. Been eaten by gulls or eagles.

REBECCA
Is that what you wanted? What you feared?
WOMAN
Could have landed safe somewhere,
on the other side of the sea. But
we'd have heard about that. Maybe
went round and round the world,
higher and higher, riding the jetstream
of the planet. A flying Dutchwoman.
Very romantic. Hardly likely to be
what really happened.

She turns and stares at REBECCA, who can't hold her gaze.
Undermined by this, REBECCA becomes stern, severe.

REBECCA
Physically you're out of danger.
You could be discharged tomorrow.
But mentally? You could try to
harm yourself again, maybe other
people too. We can't take that
chance.

WOMAN
That sounds like a threat.

REBECCA
Doctors are dedicated to life.
We don't like suicides, my dear.

WOMAN
I'm a failed suicide ...

REBECCA
You're the only kind we get to see.
Now I think you're playing a game
with me. Unfortunately for you, I'm
not a shrink. If I don't get any
sense out of you by tomorrow, I'll
have to hand you over to my psychiatric
colleagues. They'll probably be kind
to you. Let you stay with them. A
long, long, time, if you like. Here,
we need the bed.

We've gone in close on the WOMAN who now looks frightened.
REBECCA snaps off the light. The door opens and closes.
THE LOCK clicks ominously.

EXT. BUNKER NIGHT
FRANK inserts his key in the padlock and opens the bunker.

INT. BUNKER NIGHT
The skull glowing eerily, the candles lit, FRANK is
kneeling before the 'altar'. Fists clenched, eyes closed.
Praying, or communing, with something, or someone.
EXT. DUNES/SERIES OF SHOTS DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Solarised maybe, slowmoed? THE YOUNG FRANK and ERIC are playing Commandoes around the dunes, alternately shooting and being shot as they stalk and skirmish.

EXT. HOUSE/ORCHARD DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

It's the party in the orchard again - that image of superficial family happiness, with ANGUS doing conjuring tricks. Then the YOUNG ERIC gets a painful headache, and the party is silenced as he is led mournfully away.

INT. HOUSE/BEDROOM NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

The door opens. YOUNG FRANK comes in with a tray of food. YOUNG ERIC lies quietly in bed, looking out at the night.

ERIC
See the stars, Frank? I read somewhere, there's so many stars there's one for every single boy and girl who's ever been born, or ever will be born. Isn't that incredible?

YOUNG FRANK's spellbound, for he looks up to ERIC as a wise and older mentor. He is therefore duly impressed by ERIC's observation.

FRANK
Which one's mine?

ERIC
The one right next to mine.

FRANK
Oh! Which one's yours?

ERIC
I haven't seen it yet.

ERIC'S FACE -

looks painfully out at the stars. He rubs his head with his hands.

TWO STARS -
glimmer brightly.

MIX TO

INT. BUNKER NIGHT

The eyes glow in the skull. FRANK's mouth looks like it's forming into a kiss. But it's blowing out the candles.
We HEAR a telephone ringing.

INT. HOUSE/HALL  NIGHT

FRANK hurries in and grabs the ringing phone.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. PHONE BOX  NIGHT

ERIC in GIANT CLOSE UP, but we can't identify him because he's in heavy shadow, making a Woody Woodpecker cackle, wild shadows all around and inside the telephone box.

ERIC
Har-de-de-har-har old bean, young sprout, me old china, pip pip, toot toot, and all that old rot.

FRANK
Eric! You're still free!

ERIC
I was born free. Actually, I was born 'four', but I lied about my age. Heh heh. 'Course I'm still free. 'Cos they can't creep up on me!

FRANK
Why not?

ERIC
'Cos I'm not sleeping, idiot!

FRANK
Not sleeping?

ERIC
There's no law says you have to! It's something they tell you to keep control over you! You're taught to sleep when you're a kid, remember? That's why people have nightmares! So they can wake up! But they don't realise the truth! Never sleep, then you can keep watch. You can keep on going too. Nothing like keeping going. You become like a ship.

FRANK
(bewildered)
A sheep?

ERIC
There's the crash of the receiver falling, but not
being hung up. It dangles loosely on its cord. ERIC's
voice fades out. FRANK can't understand what's happening -
then there's a terrible yelping noise, painful whining
and a prolonged howl - followed by silence, and then
ERIC's breathless voice.

ERIC
Lovely fat one. Hope it isn't
pregnant. Urgh, what a mess.

FRANK
Jeez, Eric. You really are
fucking crazy.

ERIC
Me? Me! What do you think I'm
doing it for? These aren't
fucking goldfish! These are dogs,
you brainless shitbag. Like Old
Saul! Remember him? Remember what
he did to you? What's happened
to all your brains?

FRANK gets it now, and he's greatly disturbed.

FRANK
That's why you're killing dogs?
Shit, Eric! I took care of that
myself! Old Saul's been in my
power for ages ...!

ERIC
Well, there's gratitude for you!
I don't know why I bother sometimes,
so fuck you ...!

The line goes dead. FRANK hangs up, deeply thoughtful.
We HEAR the clump-clump-click of ANGUS' feet and the
stick echoing up the stairs.

INT. HOUSE/FRANK'S BEDROOM  NIGHT

YOUNG FRANK is in bed, but his eyes are open. Thunder
booms and rolls heavily overhead and dies away. The
sound of ANGUS' feet and stick pass outside, we HEAR
another door open, close and lock. YOUNG FRANK slides
out of bed in the moonlight and starts to dress.
EXT. HOUSE/GROUNDS NIGHT

Quietly, YOUNG FRANK opens the door of an outhouse and reaches for a spade. Thunder booms again, a wind whips up and rain begins to fall.

EXT. HOUSE AND SLOPE NIGHT

Lit suddenly by a flash of lightning, YOUNG FRANK looks like a thing possessed, hair slicked down by the rain, eyes gleaming in rage and fury as he attacks the ground one final time with the spade, then roots around with his hands - and yanks out, like an old tooth, the skull of the old bulldog. He lifts it up like a trophy as another flash of lightning radiates the strange scene.

INT. BUNKER NIGHT

YOUNG FRANK enters the bunker, dripping wet and scared. He lights a candle, making the scene look spookier. He sets the skull of Old Saul down on a ledge. There's nothing else here - no altar, no artefacts. There are some old rags and he clears the rest of the dirt from the skull, and sets the candle inside it.

THE EYES -

Start to glow.

EXT. BUNKER NIGHT

Lashed by the storm, the bunker is a tiny haven of flickering light.

 Abruptly

EXT. BUNKER DAY

Daylight now. The sounds of the storm are gone.

OVERHEAD -

A Jet plane roars out of the cloud.

DOWN THE DUNES -

FRANK comes running, dropping shoulder bag and binoculars, wriggling free of the flak-jacket, then extending his arms and making jet-plane noises. He runs and roars - "Trrrrrrfffaow, Trrrrrrrrrrrrfffaow" - checking the flotsam and jetsam that has been washed up on the tide. There's an old purple jellyfish which FRANK banks and alters course to
overfly, kicking it on the run, blasting up a dirty fountain of sand and jelly. "Puchrrrt!" goes the noise of his explosion, then he banks and runs on.

INT. HOUSE/STAIRS AND CORRIDOR DAY

We're tight on the keyhole of the study door for a beat - then the key turns in the lock and ANGUS comes out, in a terry-towel robe, stubble on his chin, etc. having just got up.

INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN DAY

Signs on the table that FRANK has already breakfasted. ANGUS pours some coffee from a jug.

INT. HOUSE/STAIRS AND CORRIDOR DAY

Shaved and dressed, ANGUS comes along the corridor and reaches for his key. We follow it in CLOSE up into the lock. It clicks. The door opens ...

INT. HOUSE/STUDY DAY

A sudden bizarre image of ANGUS, like a reflection in a distorting mirror in a funfair. But it's his reflection in a green demi-john jar. As he crosses the room, all we see are further distorted images of him caught by an extensive array of jars, jugs, bottles, vials, medical and chemical apparatus. He gets to a work bench by the window and sits down on a high stool, as if in a laboratory.

THRU THE WINDOW -

FRANK can be glimpsed, a tiny figure, digging on the beach with his trowel, almost like a little boy on holiday with bucket and spade.

ANGUS REACHES OUT -

for a large red-covered book and opens it at the marker. We see that it's a diary, a day to a page but already divided up in hand-written columns with the headings "Food", "Clothing", "Speech Patterns", "Relationships" etc. In the "Food" column he writes - "Breakfast. Cornflake packet empty. Two eggs, free range, size A, evidently boiled. 13/4" of bread cut. Jam used, no butter. 2 warm tea bags in bin."

EXT. BEACH DAY

Here, the beach is broad, has a good slope, and a fair-sized stream. The wasp jar, top open, stands beside it. Strawberry jam shimmers invitingly. FRANK, jacket, bag and
binoculars in a neat pile nearby, is constructing an elaborate triple-deck dam, with a metal overflow piece, and aqueduct bottomed with a black plastic garbage bag, which carries the overflow stream over three sections of a by-pass channel cut from further up the dam, the main section of which backs up the water in the stream for some eighty paces. Downstream, a few model buildings suggest a village, and some toy cars and people are dotted about. Finished, FRANK goes to his bag and takes out one of his homemade, metal tubing bombs, burying it in the sand at a strategic point. There’s a sudden loud BUZZING - whips round.

A WASP -

has landed on the jar and is crawling down towards the jam. FRANK’s hand puts the top back on, trapping the wasp.

INT. HOUSE/STUDY DAY

ANGUS is still writing in his journal. We see: "If anything, more dams get built now than ever before. This is the third this week". We PAN UP to his face as he looks again out of the window.

EXT. BEACH DAY

The dam bursts as the bomb is detonated, water cascading in tremendously satisfying deluges across the miniature landscape.

TOY PEOPLE -
cars, houses are all swept away in the flood.

FRANK -

watches the torrent wash away and sink into the sand. His satisfied smile fades a little. As a dark cloud travels over, his face seems to cloud with it.

EXT. BEACH/BOMB CIRCLE DAY

A part of the island we haven’t seen before. Skeleton heads lie at the foot of two more sacrifice poles. The magnetic tape tied on is old and tattered, suggesting that these poles have been abandoned.

FRANK comes into view, walking slowly, almost reluctantly, as though impelled. As he comes, we CRANE UP, to see that he is walking into a strange area where jagged rocks jut up like broken teeth. And when FRANK is framed dead centre, he is also dead centre of what looks like a circle of standing stones from some earlier civilisation.

MIX TO
EXT. TOWN DUMP DAY

The circle becomes a clock face, maybe a meter in diameter, probably from some demolished church, which has fetched up here on the town dump, amid cardboard boxes, black plastic bags, abandoned washing machines, fridges and other typical urban debris. It's all smoking quietly, remorselessly.

YOUNG FRANK -

is looking closely, questioningly, appraisingly, at the clock face. Looking at the triangular segments of time, at the Roman numerals, at the maker's name and the date around the central hole where the hands used to be. Made in Edinburgh in 1864. Then the face itself starts to move in a circle because

QUICK MIX TO

EXT. HOUSE ON THE ISLAND NIGHT

The clock face is being wheeled along the narrow lane leading down from the mainland to the house on the island. Obviously it's the major component to 'The Wasp Factory'. As it passes, the MOON comes into shot behind it. YOUNG FRANK, pushing the clockface is silhouetted against the big circle of white.

MIX TO

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM DAY

Another clock face. An old-fashioned brass alarm clock. Two WASPS are tied to the striking-surface on each of the copper-coloured bells on the top. And get pummelled by the little hammers as the alarm goes off.

YOUNG FRANK -

is propped up on the pillows, watching. But we don't hear alarms. We HEAR the ocean.

EXT. BEACH AND OCEAN DAY

It's another impossibly perfect day - YOUNG FRANK is wading out into the ocean. Nearby, splashing around in rock pools, hitting the water with a thick, stout piece of driftwood is another boy, PAUL - the blond-haired boy from the family photograph.

FRANK'S VOICE

Paul! Look what I've found ...

PAUL hurries excitedly over to where FRANK stands in the water, indicating a rusted object sticking out of the water and sand at a steep angle, maybe a meter and a half of rust-red and black tapering cylinder. It may not be entirely clear what it is. PAUL certainly doesn't know.
PAUL
What is it, Frank?

FRANK thinks for a beat or two. At last he answers.

FRANK
It's a bell. Like the ones we hear from the church in town, after Sunday breakfast. Great big hollow pieces of metal filled up with noises.

PAUL
'B'. 'B' is for bell.

FRANK ruffles his hair.

FRANK
That's right. It must have fallen off a ship or perhaps got washed out here in a flood. Hey, I've got a great idea. I'll go up on the dunes -

UNDERWATER NOW -
we move down the shape of the cylinder. And realise with unmistakable clarity that the 'bell' is a bomb.

FRANK'S VOICE
- and you hit the bell with your bit of wood and we'll see if I can hear it. Would you like that? It'll be very loud and you might get frightened.

PAUL SPLASHES TOWARDS THE BOMB -
wood raised with fierce determination.

PAUL
Won't get frightened!!!...

FRANK grabs him and swings him back.

FRANK
Whoa! Not yet. Wait till I'm up on the dunes. It's an old bell. It might only have one good sound left. Don't want to waste it. Okay?

PAUL nods, licking his lips, eager, impatient. FRANK hurries away. Then PAUL calls.

PAUL
Frank ...!
FRANK

What?

PAUL

Can I hit it really, really hard?

FRANK

Hard as you can. When I wave from that dune...

GULLS WHEEL -

in the ragged sky. The dunes and rockpools are desolate.

PAUL -

is practicing by hitting the sand with his piece of wood. Then he looks up.

ON THE DUNES -

FRANK takes a quick look every which way - and waves the signal. Then ducks safely out of sight as PAUL brings the wood down heavily on the side of the bomb.

UP IN THE DUNES -

FRANK is huddled under cover. But the only noise is from the gulls. There's no explosion. Cautiously he looks over the rim of the dunes. Down below, a tiny figure against the reflected brightness of the pools and wet sand, PAUL is jerking and leaping and whacking the wood down hard on the bomb - to no avail. He calls up.

PAUL

I can't make it make a noise!

But this time as the wood comes down

THE HIGH EXPLOSIVE DETONATES -

the bomb, the pool and everything else for about ten meters vanish in a climbing column of sand and steam and flying rock, lit just once from inside, in the blindingly brief moment of true impact.

The rising tower of debris blossoms and drifts, and the noise rolls over with a twisting crack and thunderous rumble. An ever widening circle of splashes go out from the centre of the explosion as the debris falls back to earth. The pillar of gas and sand is pulled out by the wind, darkening the sand under its shadow and forming a curtain of haze under its base.

And the crater becomes clear.
The edge marked with huge splinters of stone torn up from the bedrock under the sand, pointing at the sky or fallen, slanted over. Silence falls. And then again comes the timeless cry of the gulls.

FRANK'S VOICE
Often I've thought of myself as a country, at the very least a city. The different ways I feel and think are like the political moods countries go through. Sometimes my thoughts and feelings don't agree, so there must be lots of different people in my brain.

IN THE SAND –

a jagged fragment of the bomb has embedded itself. YOUNG FRANK's hand reaches out, and pulls it clear. It is the fragment of metal in the shape of a star. He holds it in the palm of his hand then

FRANK'S VOICE
A part of me always feels guilty about murdering Paul and Esmerelda. But it's like an opposition party, acting as a conscience, but not in power.

ON THE ALTAR –

in the attic of the house, the fragment takes its place next to the piece of orange fabric from the kite, in the candle-lit darkness.

FRANK'S VOICE
So a part of me thinks the Wasp Factory and all the rituals and trappings are mad and stupid. But that part's the minority. The rest of me knows this kind of thing works. It gives me power. It makes me a part of what I am. It makes me feel good.

A WASP –

is scuttling thru the Wasp Factory. And gets to the end of 'The Blade Corridor'. A razor blade scythes down and the Wasp is sliced ...

FRANK'S VOICE
Anyway, I've only killed two people.
AT HIS DESK -

FRANK is writing in his journal. The Wasp Candles are reflected in his eyes as we GO IN CLOSE.

FRANK'S VOICE
It was years ago and I don't intend to kill anyone ever again. It was just a stage I was going through.

Slowly his eyes close.

INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM NIGHT

THE WOMAN'S eyes flicker open - momentarily we're confused as to whose eyes are which. Then THE WOMAN wakes, screams, rolls from the bed crawls over the floor to the corner by the door. Yet when she gets there the hysteria is magically quieted. She slides herself upright, as though she's carrying out a plan.

THE DOOR OPENS -

and REBECCA comes in like before. But before she knows what's happening, now

THE WOMAN'S HAND -

grabs her round the waist, whirls her round and cracks her in the face with a short, powerful jab. REBECCA crumples to the floor. THE WOMAN unites the hospital gown and slips it off. We see the voluptuous body of a coltish young girl as she begins to undress REBECCA.

INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR NIGHT

Dressed in REBECCA's clothes, and carrying the clipboard from the foot of her bed, THE WOMAN comes out of her room and moves along the corridor, disappearing round a corner.

EXT. DUNES SUNSET

A flock of birds wheel in the air, over a path across the dunes, where their nests are. FRANK comes into view, trudging back to the house. He lifts his binoculars, scours the landscape. Stiffens suddenly. Looks closer, but can't see anything significant after all. He moves on.

EXT. CEMETERY SUNSET

The dying sun sends purple shadows over the mournful cemetery - one of them moving. It's ERIC - who comes up to a large
family vault. There are no flowers around in tribute, and no sign of it being looked after. The names of those buried there are etched in relief on the stone. ERIC's fingers dig the dust and dirt away so that the names become clear - 'Mary Cauldhame', 'Paul Cauldhame', 'Esmerelda Cauldhame'.

INT. HOUSE KITCHEN SUNSET

It's twilight here. ANGUS is peering at the 'French Restaurants' cook book, making some elaborate mousse. A saucepan simmers on the stove. FRANK comes in and switches on the light. ANGUS reacts. That's why he couldn't see too well. FRANK dumps his things on the table, takes off his coat.

ANGUS
Take those things off the table. How many times do I have to tell you?

FRANK ignores him - until ANGUS is about to turn around, and then he scoops the things off the table on to the floor.

FRANK
How did you get on?

ANGUS
With what?

FRANK
With whatever you're up to in the study. Did you get it finished?

ANGUS
You know very well that's no concern of yours.

FRANK
(mimicking) "But thanks for asking though".

ANGUS
One of these days, surprise me. Don't ask.

FRANK
One of these days I'll wrestle those keys off you and get in there and see for myself what you get up to.

ANGUS
I don't nose around in your life, why should you nose around in mine? Look at those filthy hands ...
FRANK negotiates his way round ANGUS and scrubs the dirt and mud off his caked hands under the tap.

FRANK
Only because you can't get up to the attic with that leg of yours. You'd be poking around soon enough if you could.

ANGUS
You lock your bunker the way I lock my study. What's the diff?

FRANK
Okay. I'll trade you. My key for yours.

ANGUS thinks a moment. Then takes the key from the bunch on his belt. Holds it out to FRANK, who is genuinely surprised. Then suspicious.

FRANK
Some new trick, dad? Some new lie?

ANGUS
(innocent)
When did I ever lie to you?

FRANK
'Pathos' is a character in 'Three Musketeers'? The Irish make Guinness by treading the peat . . . ?

ANGUS
(smiling delighted)
They weren't lies. They were jokes. Frankie-boy . . .

ANGUS holds the key out again. FRANK's hands up to now have been wet and soapy. Now he's practically got them dry.

ANGUS
(taunting him)
Time's up.
(puts key back)
You want to know - but you don't want to know. Or you'd have figured out a way to find out before now. You think there's some big, big secret up there - and you're afraid it'll hurt you if you find out.
FRANK
Or find out there's no big secret. All these years of speculation wasted.

ANGUS
Just like life. Eye of the beholder. What we choose to believe. Get a plate.

He has sniffed the soup. It's ready. FRANK gets a plate out (ANGUS's already laid) and sits at the table.

FRANK
Mark my papers yet?

ANGUS
No.

FRANK
Why the hell not?

ANGUS stirs the soup one final time, pours it out through a strainer into a tureen.

ANGUS
I didn't set the questions Frank. Mr A Level did. I might not know the answers. Have to waste time looking them up.

FRANK is blazing angry, hurt.

FRANK
Dad!!! I really sweated and swotted. I thought there was some point...

ANGUS
The point was 'The Psychology of the Examination'. Have to know how to take exams ... One of these days, who knows? University? Med School? Like Eric.

FRANK
Like Eric? You want me to be like Eric?

ANGUS
No! Eric is weak and sensitive, like a woman. You understand death, the way a man should. You don't sentimentalise. You can pull the trigger, throw the knife. You wield a mean scalpel ...!
FRANK
I'm not going to follow in your footsteps, if that's what you're hoping.

ANGUS
(sneering)
The army, then! A legitimate reason to go round killing
God's creatures. I know, the foreign legion! They ask no questions!

FRANK
I've already got enough reason!

ANGUS
You've got excuses, not reasons. You blame the world. You blame your mother for running out. You blame Old Saul. Look inside yourself, boy. That's where the answers always are ... 

FRANK
(confused)
Inside? How I came to be like I am?

ANGUS
(ladies out the soup. Doesn't respond. Sits down. Was that all a lie? What you've always told me?

ANGUS
starts slurping his soup, making outrageous noises of delight at his gastronomic prowess.

ANGUS
Why should you suddenly think it isn't true? Why should it matter anyway? You never were a real boy, you'll never be a real man. There's nothing either of us can do about it.

FRANK
(angry)
You never sound sorry about it! About me, or Paul, or Esmerelda, or Eric ...

ANGUS
opens his hands in a gesture of emptiness.

ANGUS
(bland)
You suffer from the bitter gall of envy, Frank. Doctors don't cry
ANGUS (Cont)
and they only like black comedy.
At least I taught you to feel as well as think.

This really tears it for FRANK. He slams up from the table, eyes burning fiercely. Momentarily we can see that ANGUS is nervous. Then FRANK storms to the door, grabbing his things from the floor. Then turns back.

FRANK
Maybe you wanted to help make me fearless, Dad. But that also makes me powerful ... He storms out. ANGUS is quite shocked. And also, in a way, rather pleased.

EXT. HOUSE NIGHT
FRANK slams the door behind him and stalks off into the night.

EXT. HOSPITAL/AMBULANCE BAY NIGHT
Now THE WOMAN peers out into the shadows, and comes out through the ambulance bay. She has discarded REBECCA's white coat, and looks a little odd in the ill-fitting outfit. She also heads into the night. We HEAR a rough-sounding but powerful BAND doing Neil Young's song "Violent Side".

SONG
Here comes the night,
Here comes the anger,
Hidden so deep inside,
No one can see ...

EXT. CITY/STREETS/SERIES OF SHOTS NIGHT
It could be any modern city. Desolate architecture, punks n' drunks, slot palaces, smart restaurants, fast food joints, derelicts and inner delirium. THE WOMAN comes through the streets. Variously dazed, purposeful, confused.

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. ROAD TO PORTNEIL/SERIES OF SHOTS NIGHT
FRANK is heading up the road, then down to the harbour town. His initial angry, fast pace inevitably slows - and he too begins to mirror the confusion in his soul. The song continues over each set of images.
SONG
Behind these eyes
There walks a stranger
Wandering through the dark
Following me
Control ...
... the violent side (etc)

INT. PORTNEIL/PUB NIGHT

"Violent Side" is being performed by a BAND in the small back room of a pub. It is jammed with KIDS bopping or boogieing or, 'if cool' comes back, being existential.

EXT. PORTNEIL/PUB NIGHT

FRANK and JAMIE are ambling across the forecourt, heading for the sounds.

JAMIE
He made little kids eat maggots
and worms? He set fire to dogs?
Jeez! What the hell for?

FRANK
We've never found out exactly.
But his mum died when he was born.
Something about his head being too large. He's always had migraines,
stuff like that. He was brought up with his mum's parents at first,
and just came back here on holidays. Then he went to med school,
and the next thing we knew he'd gone loopy.

JAMIE
Not med school, then - mad school.
But then you're a mad bunch, the lot of you, from what you say.

FRANK
Maybe everybody is.

JAMIE
Yeah. And the real loonies seem to be presidents and politicians and leaders of countries or religions.

FRANK
Maybe they're the only sane ones.
After all, they're the ones with the power and riches. Getting everyone else to do what they want them to do.
Die for them, work for them. If they thought like Joe Blow, they'd be Joe Blow, and somebody else'd be having all the fun.
JAMIE
Survival of the fittest.

FRANK
Or the nastiest.

FRANK gives him a look.

INT. PORTNEIL/PUB NIGHT

THE BAND rocks away. FRANK is digging the sounds - and we see that JAMIE is sitting on his shoulders so he can see over the crowd. Both of them have pints of beer. JAMIE holds his with both hands, tapping out the beat on FRANK's forehead.

INT. HOSPITAL/PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT

REBECCA comes to her senses again ... the main one being pain from her jaw and bleeding lip, the next one being anger, then the sense of danger, she struggles to her feet. A PHONE rings.

INT. HOUSE/HALL NIGHT

ANGUS is coming down the stairs and answers the phone. There's the SOUND of pips and money going into a call box.

INTERCUT WITH

INT.- COUNTRYSIDE/CALL BOX NIGHT

ERIC - madder-eyed than before - is confused.

ERIC
Frank? What's happened to your voice?

ANGUS
This is Angus Cauldhame. Who is this?

ERIC
'Who is this?' It's me! Don't you recognise me? I'm your son, you bastard.

ANGUS
Eric, for godsake, where are you?

ERIC
Didn't anybody tell you? I'm here ... I'm there! I'm all around. I'm everywhere ... I'm out!!!
ANGUS
Wait there. Tell me where. I'll come to you.

ERIC
Like you said, dad. Life is hard and bad. And only hell is waiting. Thanks Dad. I got tough. Thought you'd be happy, heh, heh.

ANGUS
How can you remember such a stupid thing? Come to your senses. Think of your training, for once.

ERIC
Your training. Your idea. Become a doctor? What was the fucking point? All there is, is death. The worm. The maggot.

ANGUS
It should have trained you to be in control, son.

ERIC
I am! I'm in control now. Death always is in control!

ANGUS
Listen to me ...

ERIC
Listening to you was the worst thing I ever could have done. Now you're going to listen to ME!!!

Suddenly there are a series of deafening crashes that make ANGUS jump out of his skin. ERIC is smashing the receiver up against the wall, the windows, the frame of the box. Finally there's an especially loud thump followed by a low buzz as the line is literally broken.

ANGUS -

is greatly disturbed. He starts towards the stairs - but is startled by the phone ringing again. Warily he answers.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. PUB/TELEPHONE CUBICLE NIGHT

It's JO, the prostitute ANGUS visited in Portneil. We can't identify where she's calling from.
JO
Mr Cauldham? I think he's here.
Want me to do it now?

ANGUS
(relieved)
Now? Good a time as any, my dear.

JO
What's the name again?

ANGUS
Frank.

JO hangs up, opens the door of the cubicle, and now we hear heavy rock music. As she walks down a corridor, the music gets louder and we realise we're in the pub where

FRANK and JAMIE -
are bopping to the music as they cross to the bar. DUNCAN
the barman sees them, moves to the taps.

DUNCAN
Same again, lads?

IMPASSIVELY -
JO is watching from across the room.

INT. HOUSE/STUDY NIGHT

ANGUS is at his work top, writing his journal. He finishes his entry, closes the book and puts it into its niche on a shelf next to the worktop. It has a number on the spine, '17' - and as ANGUS gets up and walks along the study, we see there are sixteen other identically numbered journals on the shelf. ANGUS goes to another part of the study, takes a cigar from a box and lights it. As he blows out the smoke, he is looking at something up above on the shelf.

THE CIGAR SMOKE -
wafts like swirling fog. As it drifts away, we see a small specimen jar. Inside, floating in formaldehyde, a tiny set of male genitals.

EXT. GUN AND TACKLE SHOP NIGHT

The lethal-looking row of guns and knives. THE WOMAN's reflection appears in the window from the street outside. She breaks the glass - the burglar alarm activates.
HER HAND -

stretches in to reach for something. We don't see exactly what as the screen goes BLACK.

EXT. PORTNEIL/PUB NIGHT

Car headlights flare into focus and sweep past the pub. FRANK and JAMIE are getting some air during a break between the BAND's sets. They're looking at a Suzuki motorbike parked along with some others in the yard.

JAMIE
I thought of getting a Gold Wing, but it'd be too heavy. Maybe a Moto Guzzi. What d'you reckon?

FRANK
How you ever going to reach the pedals?

JAMIE
I'm working on that. You any closer to getting one?

He hops up onto the Suzuki. FRANK squats down so they're about eye level. His speech is slurred from the beer.

FRANK
I want to start practicing before the skiddy weather sets in. But Angus is never going to agree. My dreaded mother on a motorbike busted his leg. Plus he might not want me getting too much independence. Or he just might be scared I'll kill myself. I don't know. I never know how much he feels for me. But then, I never know how much I feel for him. So I suppose we're even.

JAMIE
Heard any more news about Eric?

FRANK
He hasn't called again as far as I know, and I haven't heard if they caught him. But I had a sort of 'vision' of him. And a fire ...

JAMIE
You lot are a weird bunch. Makes me count my blessings. But then - we probably wouldn't be friends if you were normal, would we?
FRANK

Why?

JAMIE

Doesn't being round me make you feel better about yourself? At least you look normal.

FRANK

(aggrieved)

That's a terrible thing to say.

JAMIE

(contitive)

Daresay it was. Sorry ...

He ruffles FRANK's hair. There's a sudden shriek of anger across the yard.

JO’S VOICE

Hey you!!!  Geroff my bike...!

Hurrying footsteps bring JO over. JAMIE clambers apologetically off the Suzuki.

JAMIE

Always wanted something like this, that's all. Sorry ...

JO

Aw, that's okay. You live round here? I'll give you a ride sometime.

FRANK is getting to his feet. JO smiles at him through her layers of paint.

JO

Hello. I'm Jo. Give you a ride too. Your name Frank?

FRANK

(suspicious)

How'd you know?

JO

Asked the barman. Who's that hunky kid. 'Frank', he said. 'Bit odd.' 'Maybe I like 'em a bit odd' I said. 'Cos there has to be someone for everyone, don't there, like my old granny used to say.

FRANK blinks. Then grins shyly.
EXT. VALLEY NIGHT

Down in the valley, there's an isolated cottage. With flames licking around it. Wailing sirens herald police cars and an ambulance. Pulling out we see

UP ON THE ROAD -

leading down to the valley, is a phone booth at a junction. ERIC lurches into view, looking down at the blazing building, hiding as the flashing lights of the emergency vehicles bounce off the glass of the phone booth.

EXT. PUB NIGHT

CUSTOMERS are leaving, the BAND is coming out with their instruments, loading up their van. FRANK and JAMIE say goodnight - and JAMIE nudges FRANK, indicating.

JO -

leaning on her bike. As JAMIE walks away, FRANK comes over to her, a mixture of shyness and bragadoccio. He is also covetous of the bike.

JO

Ready for the ride?

FRANK

Why? Why me?

JO

Maybe I like you.

FRANK

You don't know me.

JO

Won't I like you if I know you?

FRANK

I don't know what you're after.

JO

Then how do you know I won't like you? ... Come on.

FRANK looks at the bike.

FRANK

I want to drive.

JO

Know how? Had lessons?
FRANK
(lying)
Sure.

JO
(doesn't believe him)
Okay. When we get clear of town.

She kicks the bike ready. FRANK climbs on behind her.

JO
Grab on.

Shyly, FRANK puts his arms around her.

JO
Tight. Get closer.

He slides closer to her, clasps her more firmly. Then with a roar the bike streaks away.

EXT. PORTNEIL/SERIES OF SHOTS NIGHT
The bike streaks through the largely deserted town, along the harbour, up the hill. The wind whips at JO and FRANK - and he particularly is exhilarated, letting out whoops of enjoyment. JO smiles to herself at his innocent reactions. Maybe he's even making bike noises, the way he pretended to be the plane on the beach.

EXT. ROAD TO ISLAND NIGHT
Now JO heads the bike off the road, onto the track leading to the island. FRANK is puzzled, apprehensive.

FRANK
Hey - where you going?

JO
The barman said you live out here.

FRANK
He's got a big mouth.

JO
Lots of empty space, huh? If you want to drive ...

INT. HOUSE/STUDY NIGHT
ANGUS is peering at a slide under a microscope. Then HEARS the bike in the distance, coming closer. He looks apprehensive.
EXT. HOUSE NIGHT

ANGUS opens the door. There's the SOUND of the ocean. The wind blowing the trees in the orchard. And on the wind - the SOUND of the bike. But it's hard to fix its location, and it's not coming towards the house. Still puzzled, ANGUS comes out into the night.

EXT. DUNES AND BEACH NIGHT

The moon is a big white eye. The silhouette of FRANK and JO on the bike roar across the path over the dunes and down to the beach. The tide is out. There's a vast stretch of flat, firm sand. JO dismounts, FRANK slides up front. JO gets back on behind him, clasping her arms around him.

JO
Sure you know how?

FRANK
I don't know this bike.

JO
Just like any other. What did you learn on?

FRANK
Uh - a Gold Wing.

JO
This is a helluvalot lighter. So take it easy at first; just let it out slow - that's it ...

The bike starts off with a jerk, lumbering and lurching round in a big circle. But FRANK's speed and confidence grow all the time until he whoops jubilantly again, really in control.

EXT. BEACH/SERIES OF SHOTS NIGHT

Overjoyed, FRANK is powering along, JO wrapped around him.

HER HANDS -

now beginning to fiddle with his shirt front, unbuttoning it, sliding in to touch his flesh.

FRANK -

shudders, with a new kind of pleasure. But the pleasure quickly becomes apprehension as JO's hands move down to his belt and his zip. Abruptly, he slides and skids the bike
to a halt, dismounting. JO slides up front again. FRANK walks off quickly, fastening his clothes.

JO
What's up? Hey!!!

FRANK
Thanks for the ride. You better get home.

JO cradles the bike, starts off after him. They're slipping and sliding up and down the dunes, the moon alternately coming into and out of shot.

JO
What's the matter?

FRANK
I've just got to go home now, okay?

JO
Why? You gay?

No.

FRANK

JO
You shy?

No.

FRANK

JO
Got some fucking disease?

FRANK
No. You don't understand!

JO slides down ahead of him, entwines her legs in his and topples him over, rolling down over him. He struggles to get loose - but not as much as he could. And tears are in his eyes.

JO
(gently, sexily)
I understand. You've never done it before. You're just a kid. Hey - it'll be nice, really nice, you'll see.

JO puts her mouth to his and they lock in an embrace. In time, his arms enfold her. Then her hands go to his shirt front again, to his belt, to his zip - while her mouth is constantly working on his. Until she gets the zip undone, puts her hands inside - then jerks crazily away, feigning surprise.
JO

Jeez...

FRANK rolls clear, ashamed, embarrassed, defiant, huddling up in a ball, arms round his legs.

FRANK
Get it now? It's just a waste of time...

JO inches over towards him.

JO
But... listen... I'm fed up with being fucked by 'em, wham bam, thank you ma'am, getting their rocks off at my expense.
Well, sod it - I want to get my rocks off too...

FRANK turns to look at her. She smiles encouragingly, sadly.

JO
Fact is, no man's ever really satisfied me. Just prick-stickers, the lot of 'em and if they can't do that, they're into pain and torture S & M merchants. Competition, to come or not to come that is the question. Wham bang then it's floppy prick-time and what the hell use was it to me? It's all so fucking boring.

FRANK doesn't really understand what she's getting at. But her hand touches his face and he doesn't shake it away. She gets closer and closer, putting her arms round him, running her hand over his chest while she speaks, gently, hypnotically, like a snake charmer.

JO
See, women are different. Hang on a bit" I say, "it'll be better for both of us" but no, men can never wait. A man without a prick must be like a hunter without a gun. A wasp without a sting. He'd have to think of new ways of making a kill. Wouldn't he? It could all be wonderful. For both of us. You and me, see?

FRANK is utterly stunned.
FRANK
You're crazy.

JO
Let's see how crazy.

She starts to get him out of his clothes, and now he shyly, gets determined, as if in some dream where he can't control his actions, tugs her loose from her clothes too.

We PULL BACK to see

ANGUS -
hidden in the tall grass up on the dunes, watching with binoculars.

BACK ON THE BEACH -

FRANK AND JO lock into another torrid embrace, their hands exploring each other. Until, slowly, in complete confusion, JO takes her mouth away and her hand.

JO
What the merry fuck are you trying to pull? You and your dad?

FRANK is dumped back down into panic and confusion.

FRANK
Dad? What ... what do you mean?

JO
You're both a couple of perverts. You disgust me ...

She's angrily getting to her feet, grabbing her clothes. FRANK is stunned. He grabs her, pulls her down again with powerful force. The light of the devil in his eyes.

FRANK
(manic)
Tell me what the hell you mean!

JO realises that he genuinely doesn't understand.

JO
OH, you poor kid ...

EXT. DUNES NIGHT

ANGUS is watching from atop the dunes, as FRANK and JO talk, their words lost on the SOUND of the wind and waves. Then he moves away, when FRANK grabs for his clothes and runs off along the beach the way they came, JO hurrying after.
EXT. DUNE  NIGHT

With a roar, FRANK rides the bike up into view from the beach and along the path over the dunes, a look of fury on his face.

EXT. HOUSE  NIGHT

The headlight sweeps across the front of the house as FRANK hurtles up, skidding the bike to a standstill and running into the house, yelling for ANGUS.

EXT. HOUSE/ORCHARD  NIGHT

ANGUS is still on his way back. He hesitates when he sees lights snapping on in different rooms, hears FRANK's hysterical voice, inside. Then he moves on again.

INT. HOUSE/ORCORRIDOR AND STAIRS NIGHT

FRANK is hammering on the study door. Then, down below, he hears the clump-clump-click of ANGUS returning. He goes to the bannisters and looks down.

ANGUS
I see you've taken my advice.
Found yourself a girl-friend.

FRANK comes hurtling down.

FRANK
You set it up. She told me.
Why? What's going on? Who
the hell - what the hell am I????!

He grabs ANGUS violently, slams him up against the wall.

ANGUS
An experiment.

FRANK grabs for the bunch of keys on ANGUS' belt. He meets no resistance, yanks them loose. ANGUS begins to cry.

ANGUS
I'm sorry. Truly I am. Forgive me. Listen ...

FRANK
Doctors don't cry, dad.

FRANK doesn't want to listen. He pushes ANGUS aside - runs up the stairs again.

THE KEY -

in FRANK's hand. Trembling, he inserts it in the lock.
INT. HOUSE/STUDY NIGHT

The door inches open. FRANK comes hesitantly in looking round the dark interior of the hitherto forbidden realm. Finally, he switches on the light. And we move with him as he explores the cluttered room - bookshelves, desks, an old TV, a sink, a camp bed with a rumple of twisted sheets etc.

PHOTOGRAPHS -

look down from the walls. All 'candid' pictures of FRANK at various ages, unaware of the presence of a photographer.

CHEMICAL APPARATUS -

is in the centre of the room, complicated retorts, measuring jars, glassware, pipes, tubes etc; and an array of microscopes, a stack of slides, a box of cultures. (All of which in its layout and disordered orderliness is similar to the Wasp Factory ...)

THE WORKTOP -

by the window, with an open journal laid out. FRANK flips through it, with an ever-growing feeling of betrayal and disgust - then he sees the other sixteen volumes, wrenches one out at random, reads - and starts to rip at the pages to obliterate them, before he flings the journal aside. He opens a drawer - sees

ENVELOPES -

with folded banknotes inside. A box marked 'Hormones - Male'.

ON THE WORKTOP -

other books with titles like

'Hormone Imbalances: Effects and Treatment'; 'Hormones in Man' etc. Plus 'Sex and Gender - Volume 1'.

FRANK -

hears ANGUS coming into the doorway.

FRANK
Hormone effects and treatment. Sex and gender. Sixteen years of scientific journals and observations - about me!

He whips round to face ANGUS, who limps across the room to pour himself a drink. He's weary, guilty, genuinely contrite - and glad in some deep way that 'the truth' is about to come out into the open, but also very nervous about it. FRANK is almost hysterical in his confusion and fear.
FRANK
Who am? What am? I'm a man ... aren't I?!

ON THE SHELF -
he sees the specimen jar and the tiny set of genitals. FRANK's hand grabs it, reaches it down.

FRANK
... this was part of me. Until Old Saul attacked me. Wasn't it?

BLIP IMAGES -
the slaver ing bulldog hurtles into close-up, snapping the screen black on a scream; YOUNG FRANK being shaken like a rag doll.

THE SPECIMEN JAR -
smashing into jagged fragments, the liquid gushing out, the piece of flesh and muscle flopping onto the worktop.

FRANK -
looking on with fascinated disgust. ANGUS slugging down a whisky, pouring another.

FRANK
That's what I've always believed, all these years. Now - she says - the girl you set me up with - I'm not half a man. I'm not any kind of man ...

ANGUS -
slugs down his drink and pours another for himself. Then he reaches out over the glistening genitals. Closes his hands on them, squeezes. Makes a flourish like a conjuror. Opens his hands again. They have become a small sphere. ANGUS tosses it to FRANK, who catches it instinctively, then grimaces, and shudders ... then reacts in altogether different surprise.

ANGUS
Not real. Wax. I made them. False. To fool you. When you asked. To back up the story.

FRANK
You said you cut Old Saul open ... found them in his stomach. That he'd bit them off, and eaten them ...
ANGUS
Old Saul attacked you. Bit you.
Mutilated you. But, there was
nothing there to bite off. You
were born a female. You've always
been a girl, a woman, just like
your mother, or Eric's mother or
those fucking whores from town.
And I didn't want any more little
bitches on my hands.

FRANK's mind races - he doesn't know what to believe any
more.

FRANK
It's another one of your tricks,
for some mad reason ... 

ANGUS
Once it started I didn't know how to
stop it. And anyway - I thought you
of all people would have found out
years ago, or that your own natural
female hormones would counteract the
male ones I've been feeding you.
Would that and my conditioning
override your innate genetic make-
up? Evidently. It's so absurdly
simple I had no idea it would work
so well.

Now he sounds rather proud of himself. FRANK comes
towards ANGUS anger and turmoil boiling

FRANK
Do you know what you've done?
The things I've done? Because of
what I believed ...

He grabs ANGUS furiously -

What's going to happen to me now?

ANGUS
What happens to experiments? They
succeed or they fail ...

FRANK doesn't know what to do, save throw ANGUS from him
with all his might. He crashes into the chemical apparatus
and in a slow motion flow the equipment pours off the table
like lava, the crashing and smashing of glass filling the
screen.

EXT. BEACH/DUNES NIGHT
FRANK runs blindly down the dunes to the beach. We follow
his footprints in the sand.
EXT. PORTNEIL/STREETS AND HARBOUR  NIGHT

A street-cleaning truck is spraying the road and pavements. And through the spray we see the feet of the WOMAN as she lurches to the harbour rail, leans over, being violently sick. She looks up and around, wipes her mouth, gazes out to sea, at the range of dark shapes of the mainland across the water. Then she HEARS a police car sirening closer, and hastens away into the shadows.

INT. HOSPITAL/LOBBY  NIGHT

There's a little island of consternation around the general office as REBECCA confers with the SECURITY STAFF. Emergency phone calls are made etc. We're down on a LOW ANGLE looking across the lobby, and suddenly a man's legs walk into shot. Dirty shoes, muddy cuffs. And a walking stick. We CRANE UP as he goes across to the reception desk and we see that it is.

ANGUS -

though may be it takes a beat or two to recognise him. He looks a lot older. There are many days of stubble on his chin, though it's not yet formally a beard. His hair is matted and straggly, his eyes wild. A RECEPTIONIST gives him a wary glance.

ANGUS
I'm looking for a missing person.
Who should I talk to ...?

RECEPTIONIST
I'll find out. Take a seat please.

ANGUS sits down, near the glass walls of the general office. Behind him we can see REBECCA on the phone. He is unaware of her, she of him. He puts his head in his hands. And now we should realise - if this ANGUS is in this part of our narrative ...

INT. HOUSE/STUDY  NIGHT

This ANGUS (the one picking himself up from the broken glass and debris of his chemical equipment) and FRANK and all the components of the FRANK story, must be taking place in the past. That our narrative so far has not really been two parallel stories, but one story at different time periods ...

EXT. DUNES/SACRIFICE POLES  NIGHT

JO is stumbling around the dunes - has lost her bearings in the dark night. She climbs up to the top of the dunes -
and sees the sacrifice poles. Scared, she turns and trips over and falls at a man's feet.

JO
Who the fuck ...

A MATCH FLARES -
and she sees ERIC's face in the flickering glow. She gets to her feet, stumbles on and runs. Checks that she isn't being followed - and sees

THE HOUSE -
laid out below.

EXT. HOUSE NIGHT
ANGUS is stumbling out of the house as JO runs up to her bike.

ANGUS
What did you do to him? Why did you tell him?

JO

She whaps him in the face. He staggers, but doesn't try to retaliate. Instead he reaches in his pocket, takes out his wallet.

ANGUS
For someone in your business, you're very trusting. Here, we had a deal.

JO knocks it out of his hand.

JO
I did it for me. I wanted him to be like you said he was. I believed you. Like Frankie did.

She stalks to her bike, kicks it started and roars off into the night.

EXT. BUNKER NIGHT
FRANK comes down to the bunker, needing to think things out - but to his surprise sees flickering light inside and music coming from the radio. The padlock has been busted loose and is lying on the ground. Cautiously he enters.
INT.  BUNKER  NIGHT

ERIC is rummaging around on the work bench, has found FRANK's home made bombs and is pocketing a couple excitedly. He looks round and gives FRANK a loony smile, clasping him in an embrace, bopping around to the music, in hyperactive overdrive.  FRANK is angry at his intrusive presence here.

ERIC
Frankie-boy...see?  I'm here.
You're here!  What's all this?
You call me crazy ...

He grabs for the skull of Old Saul and lifts it up curiously. FRANK pushes him away.

FRANK
That's Old Saul's skull.  Leave it alone!

ERIC barks at the skull as FRANK wrests it from him, putting it back in place.

ERIC
Dead dogs!  I get it, you dug it up - extra punishment for what he did to you.  No rest - Grab his soul.  Old Saul's soul.  Ha!
Doubly dead.  And the wasps.  Like sharks.  Tame the wasp - steal the sting!  Brilliant!  We're not crazy!  We're brothers in death! Heh, heh ...

FRANK is trying to edge ERIC to the door, but he can't be caught or cornered.

FRANK
Eric, listen, let's get out of here.  I need to talk to you. My head's spinning ...

ERIC
Oh, no!  I'm not going back.
I've only just come back.  Don't you want to see me?

FRANK
Of course I do.  But why did you break out?  Couldn't you wait to be released?  Come on ...

ERIC shakes him off, keeps moving around the bunker, refusing to be made to go.

ERIC
I'll never be released.  I told them what I am, see?  Made a mistake.  Thought I could trust them.  They said they wanted to help.
FRANK
(puzzled)
What you are? What's that?

ERIC
Death! So they had to shut me away. To stop me from killing you and dad.

FRANK
Why the hell would you want to kill us?

ERIC
I don't want to! I can't help it, can I? First there was my mother ...

FRANK
Christ, Eric! She died giving birth to you. It happens to women all the time. You can't say you killed her.

ERIC
If I didn't, who did? And anyway - what about Paul? And Esmerelda?

FRANK feels a frisson of apprehension. He whispers.

FRANK
What about them ...?

ERIC
It was me. Don't you see? Every time I came back on holiday - some- body died! I'm an evil spirit! Killing all the innocents ...!

FRANK
(appalled)
No, you're wrong! You don't know how wrong ...!

ERIC
Then how do you explain the little boy ...?

FRANK
(whisper)
What little boy ...?

ERIC pulls FRANK to him, slides the both of them down into a corner, the skull of Old Saul glowing above them.
ERIC
When I was at med school, I helped the nurses on night shift. There was this special ward for children and babies born with deficiencies. And this little boy was not much more than a vegetable. He wore a metal plate on his head because the bones that should have made up his skull didn't grow together. The skin over his brain was thin as paper ...

ERIC pauses. Screws up his eyes. Rubs his temples. His head pounding.

ERIC
I only worked there unofficially. If I hadn't been there ...

FRANK
What happened, Eric ...?

ERIC
He had to be fed a special mixture every few hours. He was sitting in his chair. And he had this weird but peaceful expression. I tried to feed him, but it's as if he couldn't see me. Then I saw a movement. A tiny little movement. Under the skull cap.

His voice has dropped to a frightening low pitch. FRANK is hypnotised. He knows he doesn't really want to hear any more of this ... but he has to ask.

FRANK
What was it ...?

ERIC
I lifted up the cap to see if anything was wrong ...

Suddenly he screams, pushes FRANK away, crawls into another corner of the bunker, head down between his knees, half-kneeling, half-lying, foetal on the concrete floor. He's pointing to where FRANK still crouches.

ERIC
Flies had got into the ward. They'd got underneath the skull cap. There was a - writhing nest of fat maggots - swimming in their digestive juices - eating the little boy's brain ...
ERIC can't stand the vision - he wants to throw up. He staggers to his feet and lurches out into the night.

FRANK -

has tears in his eyes.

EXT. PORTNEIL/HOTEL BAR NIGHT

THE WOMAN also has tears in her eyes. She's drinking a half bottle at the bar. She wipes away the tears. A LECHEROUS CUSTOMER leans towards her, with mock solicitude.

CUSTOMER

Cheer up, luv. Be another one along in no time. Never know - maybe he's here already ...

He puts his hand on her shoulder, but she pushes him away, lurches off her stool and out into the night.

INT. HOSPITAL/LOBBY NIGHT

A DOCTOR is checking with the RECEPTIONIST then crosses to where ANGUS still waits.

DOCTOR

Who exactly are you looking for? Have you been to the police?

ANGUS looks at him for a long beat, then pushes past him.

ANGUS

I should have known better.

EXT. PORTNEIL/STREETS NIGHT

THE WOMAN leans in a doorway. She HEARS another police siren. Looks up - but not in alarm or fear. She's made up her mind about something. And as she comes out of the doorway and under a street light, we should realise, if we hadn't already, that she 'is' FRANK, in the 'present tense' of our narrative. From here on in, to distinguish between the male/female incarnation and the past/present, let's call her FRANKIE.

As the police siren dies away, there's another SOUND. The clump-clump-click of ANGUS walking, echoing through the otherwise silent street.

FRANKIE moves off to locate the sound.
EXT. PORTNEIL/STREETS NIGHT

ANGUS shambles along, morose, unsteady. Then he seems to hear something, or sense something. He looks up, like a dog catching a scent.

INT. ATTIC NIGHT

The trap door slams open. FRANK clambers in, locking it behind him. He switches on lights, and in a FAST SERIES OF CUTS, prepares to program the Wasp Factory, as he did before. But this time, he's in utter turmoil, and in no kind of control and he's doing everything too fast and clumsily and he's furious and angry with himself. He tries to calm down, but is unable to. When he gets the wasp jar under the opening beneath the factory, his hand is shaking.

THE WASP -

crawls up into the Factory, and is hesitating at the cross-roads in the little corridor. Then it sets off on its journey.

FRANK -

is down on his knees and crawls anxiously around to follow.

THE WASP -

moves through the tubing and side-corridors through the strange structures glimpsed through wire mesh like bars and windows spattered with dried fluids.

UNDER THE FACTORY -

FRANK twisting, craning his neck, is searching for the wasp. He fumbles in his jacket pockets; finds a small torch and switches it on. He shines it up through the structure, casting bizarre shadows on the clock-face.

THE WASP -

continues its journey through corridors and tubes like parts of the digestive tract, or arteries or lungs. Then it disappears from view.

FRANK'S TORCHLIGHT -

searches desperately for the wasp. He scrambles back out from under the Factory. He picks his way round the outside shining the torch down through the glass. Suddenly there is a sharp 'chink' and an angry buzzing noise. FRANK whirls round; catching the Wasp in the beam of light, flying away from the Factory. It can be heard buzzing away, far into the recesses of the attic. And now
AN EXPLOSION -

goes off outside, somewhere near. FRANK hurries to the skylights and looks out.

EXT. ISLAND LANDSCAPE NIGHT

Flames are spiralling on a nearby hillside. Another explosion erupts, setting more grass on fire.

ON THE HILLSIDE -

ERIC is silhouetted against the full moon. He holds a burning torch, and it looks like his hand is on fire. He runs down the hillside, away from the spreading flames, out of sight. We recognise another image from the dreams.

INT. HOUSE/ATTIC NIGHT

FRANK hurries toward the trap door. But pauses, looking back at the Wasp Factory, and up into the eaves where the SOUND of the buzzing wasp can still be heard. Then, bewildered, he unbolts the trap door.

THE WASP -
flies out of the open skylights.

EXT. HOUSE AND SURROUNDS/SERIES OF SHOTS NIGHT

There is a backdrop of fire beyond the hill. Suddenly a burning shape appears over the summit, running down the facing slope; second then third appears; accompanied by frenzied, agonised bleating. The burning shapes are sheep; more and more appear, burning, over the top of the hill, scattering down the slope, heading for the garden and the house. A sudden arc of flame appears in the sky, and a roaring noise comes; a Molotov cocktail lands in the back garden, near the shed; another one is launched from behind the hill, rising up into the darkness. The washing – mostly sheets – still on the lines in the orchard catches fire.

FRANK -
comes running out of the house. As burning sheep come running past setting bushes on fire, scattering pools of flame all over the garden and orchard. More Molotov cocktails come roaring out of the sky as ERIC, silhouetted against the flames, heaves them at the house.

FRANK
Eric! Eric! Stop! Stop it!
ANOTHER EXPLOSION -
comes from the direction of the beach.

FRANK -
reacts in horror and despair.

EXT. BUNKER NIGHT

The bunker and the dune above it erupt like an atomic
explosion.

INT. BUNKER NIGHT

The skull of Old Saul, the Wasp candles, the animal and bird
heads, the skulls at the foot of the walls - all explode,
erupt, fragment, disintegrate in an orgy of slow motion
destruction and are engulfed in flame.

FRANK WATCHES -
from an adjacent dune, then turns and hurries back to the
house.

EXT. HOUSE AND SURROUNDS NIGHT

The huge shadow of ERIC is thrown up on the side of the
house. Joined by the limping, lumbering shadow of ANGUS,
raising his stick, whacking it down across ERIC's shoulders.
Then the two shadows merge like a spider.

FRANK RUNS UP -
and sees ANGUS straddling ERIC's body, hysterically
raining blows to his head with the stick.

ANGUS
You're not my son! You were always
hers. Weak and stupid. Always ill,
for Christ's sake. Why were you always
ill?!!

FRANK yells for ANGUS to stop. And slips

THE KNIFE -
out of the sheath. In slow motion it tumbles through the
air and whacks into the back of ANGUS' hand, piercing the
palm and embedding into the handle of the stick. ANGUS
screams in agony and rolls clear of ERIC.

POLICE SIRENS -
come wafting on the night air. FRANK takes one last look at
ANGUS AND ERIC -

the one yowling in pain on the ground, the other lying unconscious.

And then

FRANK RUNS -

into the house.

INT. HOUSE/STUDY NIGHT

FRANK yanks open the drawer in ANGUS' desk. He grabs some of the transparent packets of cash. And, as an afterthought, a box of tampons too ...

EXT. BRIDGE TO ISLAND NIGHT

A police car comes tearing across the bridge. When its flashing light is lost in the darkness - FRANK appears atop the dune by the sacrifice poles. He salutes the heads in farewell, then runs down and across the bridge. We HEAR the combined jangle of police/ambulance/fire truck sirens.

THE SACRIFICE POLES -

and the heads staring out with their sightless eyes. The SOUNDS of the sirens fade. And through an imperceptible series of MIXES, the heads decay, decompose, become tiny skulls, fall to the ground. There's silence.

Then the wind. And the ocean. And the clump-clump-click of

ANGUS -

walking across the bridge. The dishevelled, red-eyed ANGUS of the present-tense story. As he gets across to the island we see that

FRANKIE -

is tracking him, the way 'Frank' did at the front of the movie.

ON THE DUNES -

She pauses to look at the decayed sacrifice poles, then moves down to the beach and across the path to the darkened house.

The two stories have finally converged.
INT. HOUSE/ATTIC NIGHT

The skylights have broken in. Leaves and assorted debris have wound up here. FRANKIE is searching among the junk and rubble — and finds 'Frank's' journal. She flicks through the pages, then snaps it shut decisively. She turns, and looks at the remains of the Wasp Factory. It seems dead, forlorn. But she is drawn hypnotically towards it ...

EXT. HOUSE/SURROUNDS NIGHT

ANGUS comes along the path. Looking back behind him. There's nothing in the darkness. Then he sees lights in the house. He grins. Knew he was right. Shouts.

ANGUS
Frankie-boy!!

INT. HOUSE/ATTIC NIGHT

FRANKIE hears the voice outside. But she is still staring at the Wasp Factory. Abruptly —

INT. WASP FACTORY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

As before, FRANKIE finds herself in the stainless steel chamber. Her eyes open. She looks up through the glass. And hears

FRANK'S VOICE
Nobody up there, don't bother looking.

FRANKIE WHIRLS ROUND —

and sees FRANK haul himself up into the chamber from the entry point in the centre.

FRANK
I'm here. You're here.

INT. HOUSE/HALL NIGHT

ANGUS comes into the hall calling

ANGUS
You are! I know you're here.

INT. HOUSE/SERIES OF SHOTS NIGHT

FRANKIE is coming down from the attic. Calling
FRANKIE

Yes Dad. I'm here ...

Her voice ECHOES through the house.

INTERCUT WITH

ANGUS -

hearing the voice, not knowing where it's coming from. He tries

THE KITCHEN -

which is in a hideous mess compared to the shipshape order it was always in before.

THE LIVING ROOM -

in a similar state of neglect. White noise buzzing from the T.V.

HE LOOKS -

up the stairs through the banisters.

ANGUS

I knew you couldn't make it on your own! How could you survive without all your charms and totems? This is the real world, Frankie-boy. Not the one out there ...

FRANKIE -

looks down from the top stairwell. ANGUS is a tiny figure looking up from below.

ANGUS

It's the only world we've got.

INT. WASP FACTORY/SERIES OF SHOTS (DREAM SEQUENCE)

FRANK is stalking through the chambers. He speaks with ANGUS' VOICE.

FRANK

The only world ... The wasp stings for the sake of stinging. Let yourself be a wasp again.

FRANKIE is backing off through chambers and compartments.

FRANK

We sting. We sting. We sting. We like the taste of blood.
FRANKIE
That's it? That's all?

FRANK
What else is there? The blood is the life.

FRANKIE
Then let's make life, not take life.

A WIND -

suddenly rushes through the chamber, blowing FRANK off his feet and hurtling him backwards through the chamber.

INT. HOUSE/STAIRS NIGHT

ANGUS is getting to the top of the stairs. FRANKIE lurks in the shadows. He can't see her yet.

FRANKIE
You think I'm your creature.

ANGUS
Yes! I made you.

Now she steps from the shadows. For the first time ANGUS sees her as a woman. He is dumbfounded.

ANGUS
No!

FRANKIE
Am I Frank? Or Frankie?

ANGUS
If you're Frankie - you'll pity me.
If you're Frank you'll kill me.

He holds his hands wide to indicate the choice. We see

THE SCAR -

on the hand where the knife hit him before. And now with a snap of the wrist, FRANKIE hefts a gleaming hunting knife into view. It must be what she stole from the shop break-in.

ANGUS -

is now riddled with fear. He takes a step backwards - and loses his footing on the stairs. With a scream he plunges over backwards.

INT. WASP FACTORY NIGHT

FRANK blown by the wind along the chamber. Into the killing space. He screams as he sees.
THE RAZOR BLADE -
suspended above him.

OUTSIDE THE FACTORY -
FRANKIE looms up, looks down. And pushes a button.

INSIDE THE FACTORY -
the blade plummets down. Slicing off FRANK's head.

MATCH CUT TO

INT. HOUSE/STAIRS AND CORRIDOR NIGHT

ANGUS landing with an alarming crack at the junction of the stairs, to lie half-backwards, suspended slightly over space. He is in terrible pain.

FRANKIE -
looms up, looks down.

FRANKIE
Did Pavlov's dogs love him or hate him, Dad?

ANGUS
He never gave them - time to - think about it ... Jeez ... I think I've ... broken my back. Help me, Frankie ...

FRANKIE
Everything I thought I was, is gone, Dad. I tried to kill myself rather than face you again. But they saved me. So I thought I'd have to kill you.

She lifts the knife. Stabs it down, but only into the wood of the stairs. ANGUS' eyes flicker - as he begins to lose consciousness.

FRANKIE
But all my life it seems I've invested my energies in death. Killing those I jealously thought would grow up to become what I could not; an adult.

ANGUS
Don't ... leave me ...
FRANKIE
Eric thought he was death. I thought I needed death. You're the one who caused it ... and you've always been dead.

FRANKIE starts down the stairs. ANGUS summons some spark to try to get her back.

ANGUS
I'm ... your father for fucksake. You're alive because ... of ME. I'm ... your life. Whatever you are ... whoever you are. You - owe me. You're - a miracle. My miracle ... mine ... 

EXT. HOUSE AND SURROUNDS SUNRISE
FRANKIE comes out of the house heading for the path over the dunes.

FRANKIE'S VOICE
There was no revenge that needed taking. Only a lie, a trick I should have seen through. I guess I didn't want to. I enjoyed my power too much. Enjoyed the lies, the make believe, the killing. Thought I was strong, that everyone else was weak and stupid.

EXT. BEACH AND DUNES SUNRISE
The first time we have seen the sun rise. FRANKIE's initially shadowy, silhouetted figure slowly becomes clear in the crystal dawn.

FRANKIE'S VOICE
The murders were my conception; my sex. The Wasp Factory was my attempt to control life. But each of us, in our own personal Factory, thinks we've stumbled down one corridor, and that our fate is sealed and certain. But a word, a glance, a slip - anything can change it entirely. Our marble hall can become a gutter, our rat-maze a golden path.

EXT. HOUSE DAY
An ambulance arrives. Two AMBULANCE MEN ring the bell, bang on the door.
INT. HOUSE/STAIRS DAY

ANGUS still lies on the stairs - unconscious? Dead? He sure can't get up to open the door. Will they break it in? We're never going to know.

EXT. BRIDGE AND ISLAND DAY

FRANKIE walks across the bridge, casting a look back at the dunes and the estuary.

FRANKIE'S VOICE
Our destination is the same in the end, but our route on the journey - part chosen, part determined - is different for us all, and changes even as we live and grow.

EXT. FERRY AND ISLAND DAY

FRANKIE climbs to the top deck of the ferry, as the land recedes. She looks down into the waters which she previously threw herself into.

FRANKIE'S VOICE
I thought one door had snicked shut behind me. In fact I was still crawling around the Factory's face. I was weak and stupid. Now I'm strong. Now the door really closes and my journey begins.

'FRANK'S' JOURNAL -

drops into the ocean, floats a while, the pages turning, the ink running, until it is engulfed by the waves.

ON THE FERRY -

A MAN comes up and leans on the rail beside FRANKIE.

MAN
Lovely view.

FRANKIE
What the hell do you know?

Jagged words - but as she turns she smiles confidently at him. His smile is now weak, off-centre. What's he getting into?

INT. HOUSE/ATTIC DAY

The Wasp Factory in an even more complete state of ruination. But now, on its surface, among the moss and little sprouts of vegetation which have begun to grow, flies hover and
crawl. Ants, spiders - and wasps. As if a miniature jungle of organic life has taken over.

THE END

of

THE WASP FACTORY