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A Clockwork Orange

By Stanley Kubrick

FADE IN:

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INT. KOROVA MILKBAR - NIGHT

Tables, chairs made of nude fibreglass figures.

Hypnotic atmosphere.

Alex, Pete, Georgie and Dim, teenagers stoned on their milk-plus, their feet resting on faces, crotches, lips of the sculptured furniture.

ALEX (V.O.)

There was me, that is Alex, and my three droogs, that is Pete, Georgie and Dim and we sat in the Korova milkbar trying to make up our rassoodocks what to do with the evening. The Korova Milk Bar sold milkplus, milk plus vellocet or synthemesc or drenchrom which is what we were drinking. This would sharpen you up and make you ready for a bit of the old ultra-violence. Our pockets were full of money so there was no need on that score, but, as they say, money isn't everything.

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INT. PEDESTRIAN UNDERPASS TUNNEL - NIGHT

A Tramp lying in tunnel, singing.

TRAMP:

In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through streets wide and narrow...
Shadows of the boys approaching fall across Tramp.

TRAMP:

Crying cockless and mussels alive,
Alive O...
Alive, alive O... Alive, alive O...
Crying cockless and mussels alive,
Alive O...

ALEX (V.O.)

One thing I could never stand is to see a filthy, dirty old drunkie, howling away at the filthy songs of his fathers and going blerp, blerp in between as it might be a filthy old orchestra in his stinking rotten guts. I could never stand to see anyone like that, whatever his age might be, but more especially when he was real old like this one was. The boys stop and applaud him.

TRAMP:

Can you... can you spare some cutter, me brothers?

Alex rams his stick into the Tramp's stomach. The boys laugh.

TRAMP:

Oh-hhh!!! Go on, do me in you bastard cowards. I don't want to live anyway, not in a stinking world like this.

ALEX:

Oh - and what's so stinking about it?

TRAMP:

It's a stinking world because there's no law and order any more. It's a stinking world because it lets the young get onto the old like you done. It's no world for an old man any more. What sort of a world is it at all? Men on the moon and men spinning around the earth and there's not no attention paid to earthly law and order no more.

The Tramp starts singing again.

TRAMP:

Oh dear land, I fought for thee and brought you peace and victory.

Alex and gang move in and start beating up on old Tramp.

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INT. DERELICT CASINO - NIGHT

Billyboy gang on stage tearing clothes off a screaming Girl.

ALEX (V.O.)

It was around by the derelict casino that we came across Billyboy and his four droogs. They were getting ready to perform a little of the old in-out, in-out on a weepy young devotchka they had there.

Alex and gang step out of the shadows.

ALEX:

Ho, Ho, Ho... Well, if it isn't stinking Billygoat Billyboy in poison. How are thou, thou globby bottle of cheap stinking chip oil? Come and get one in the yarbles, if you have any yarbles, you eunuch jelly thou. Billyboy snaps open a switchblade knife.

BILLY BOY:

Let's get 'em boys.

The fight begins, chains, knives, kicking boots. Police siren.

ALEX:

The Police... come on, let's go... come on.

Alex and the boys rush out of casino.

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EXT. / INT. CAR - NIGHT - FAST DRIVING SHOTS

Swerving car, forcing other cars off the road, trying to hit pedestrians, etc.

ALEX (V.O.)

The Durango-95 purred away real horrorshow - a nice, warm vibraty feeling all through your guttiwuts. Soon it was trees and dark, my brothers, with real country dark. We fillied around for a while with other travelers of the night, playing hogs of the road. Then we headed west, what we were after now was the old surprise visit, that was a real kick and good for laughs and lashing of the ultra-violent.

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EXT. "HOME" - NIGHT

A cottage on its own, on outskirts of a village.

Bright moonlight. Cheery light inside.

Car pulls to stop.

Alex shushes his giggling boys and gets out of the car.

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INT. "HOME" - NIGHT

Mr. Alexander typing. Bell rings.

MR. ALEXANDER

Who on earth could that be?

MRS. ALEXANDER

I'll see.

Mrs. Alexander, a good-looking red head in a red jumper suit.

MRS. ALEXANDER

Yes? Who is it?

ALEX:

Excuse me, Mrs... will you please help, there's been a terrible accident.

She opens the door on the chain and peeps out.

ALEX:

My friend's lying in the middle of the road bleeding to death. Could I please use your telephone for an ambulance?

MRS. ALEXANDER

I'm sorry, but we don't have a telephone. You'll have to go somewhere else.

ALEX:

But Mrs... it's a matter of life and death.

From inside the sound of clack clacky clack clack clackity clackclack
of Alexander typing stops.

MR. ALEXANDER

Who is it, dear?

MRS. ALEXANDER

There's a young man here. He says there's been an accident. He wants to
use the telephone.

MR. ALEXANDER

Then you'd better let him in.

MRS. ALEXANDER

Wait a minute.

ALEX:

Thank you, Mrs.

Mrs. Alexander opens door, saying...

MRS. ALEXANDER

I'm sorry, we don't usually let people in the middle of the night.

Alex and boys have put on their masks and rush into house, carrying and
dragging Mrs. Alexander along with them.

:

INT. HOME - NIGHT

They go roaring in.

Mr. Alexander is kicked in the face and goes down. Georgie leaps on
him. Pete jumps up and down and the settee. Dim grabs hold of Mrs.
Alexander. Alex whistles piercingly.

ALEX:

Right, Pete. Check the rest of the house.

Alex turns to Dim who holds the struggling Mrs. Alexander.

ALEX:

Dim...

Dim sets her down but holds her firmly. Alex starts to sing - "Singin'
in the Rain", accompanying it with a kind of tap dance.

ALEX:

(singing)

I'm singing in the rain...

He kicks Mr. Alexander accenting the lyrics.

ALEX:

(singing)

Just singing in the rain...

He clubs Mr. Alexander with stick, in the time to the music.

ALEX:

(singing)

What a glorious feeling, I'm happy again.

He pushes a rubber ball into Mrs. Alexander's mouth and binds it with sellotape.

ALEX:

(singing)

I'm laughing at clouds so dark up above.

The sun's in my heart and I'm ready for love.

Let the stormy clouds chase...

He kicks Mr. Alexander again.

ALEX:

(singing)

... everyone from the place.

Come on with the rain...

He puts ball in Mr. Alexander's mouth and sellotapes it.

ALEX:

(singing)

... I've a smile on my face.

I'll walk down the lane... to a happy refrain.

I'm singing... just singin' in the rain.

He knocks down the book cases and moves to Mrs. Alexander being held by Dim. Starts to repeat on song as he cuts slowly up each leg of her cat suit, until she is naked. This coincidences with the song finishing.

He turns to Mr. Alexander.

ALEX:

Viddy well, my little Brother. Viddy well.

:

INT. KOROVA MILKBAR - NIGHT

The boys enter yawning..

ALEX (V.O.)

We were all feeling a bit shagged and fagged and fashed, it having been an evening of some small energy expenditure, O my brothers, so we got rid of the auto and stopped off at the Korova for a nightcap.

Dim moves over to milk machine and speaks to the statue of the nude

girl.

DIM:

Hello Lucy, had a busy night?
Puts money in machine.

DIM:

We've been working hard too.
Takes glass.

DIM:

Pardon me. Luce.

He raises glass to breast, pulls red handle between her legs. Milk spurts into glass.

Dim joins the others. Alex looks at a party of tourists.

ALEX (V.O.)

There was some sophistos from the TV studios around the corner, laughing an govoreeting. The Devotchka was smecking away, and not caring about the wicked world one bit. Then the disc on the stereo twanged off and out, and in the short silence before the next one came on, she suddenly came with a burst of singing, and it was like for a moment, O my brothers, some great bird had flown into the milkbar and I felt all the malenky little hairs on my plott standing endwise, athe shivers crawling up like slow malenky lizards and then down again. Because I knew what she sang. It was a bit from the glorious 9th, by Ludwig van.

Dim makes a lip-trump followed by a dog howl, followed by two fingers pronging twice in the air, followed by a clowny guffaw.

Alex brings his stick down smartly on Dim's legs.

DIM:

What did you do that for?

ALEX:

For being a bastard with no manners and not a dook of an idea how to comport yourself publicwise, O my Brother.

DIM:

I don't like you should do what you done. And I'm not your brother no more and wouldn't want to be.

ALEX:

Watch that... Do watch that, O Dim, if to continue to be on live thou dost wish.

DIM:

Yarbles, great bolshy yarblockos to you I'll meet you with chain, or nozh or britva, any time, not having you aiming tolchocks at me reasonless. It stands to reason, I won't have it.

ALEX:

A nozh scrap any time you say.
Dim weakens.

DIM:

Doobidoob... a bit tired maybe, everybody is. A long night for growing malchicks... best not to say more. Bedways is righthways now, so best we go homeways and get a bit of spatchka. Right, right.

:

INT. ALEX'S FLATBLOCK - MAIN LOBBY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Alex passes a mural in the hall. Nude men and women. Their massive stylised bodies embellished and decorated by handy pencil and ballpoint.

The elevator door is buckled.

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INT. ALEX'S FLAT - NIGHT

Alex pees in toilet.

Alex goes into his room. Tosses his loot into a drawer, full of money, wristwatches, cameras, etc.

Fifty small loudspeakers cover one wall.

He puts his pet boa constrictor on tree branch mounted on the wall, above four Christ figures who have their arms intertwined like a chorus line.

He puts a cassette into the tape player.

A heavy shockwave of sound - Beethoven's 9th.

ALEX (V.O.)

It had been a wonderful evening and what I needed now to give it the perfect ending was a bit of the old Ludwig van.

Music starts.

ALEX (V.O.)

Then, brothers, it came. O bliss, bliss and heaven, oh it was gorgeousness and georgeosity made flesh. The trombones crunched redgold under my bed, and behind my gulliver the trumpets three-wise, silver-flamed and there by the door the timps rolling through my guts and out again, crunched like candy thunder. It was like a bird of rarest spun heaven metal or like silvery wine flowing in a space ship, gravity all

nonsense now. As I slooshied, I knew such lovely pictures. There were veeks and ptitsas laying on the ground screaming for mercy and I was smecking all over my rot and grinding my boot into their tortured litsos and there were naked devotchkas ripped and creeching against walls and I plunging like a shlaga into them.

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INT. ALEX'S FLAT - DAY

He is asleep. The boa curled up at his feet. There is a knock on the door.

ALEX:

What d'you want?

EM:

It's past eight, Alex, you don't want to be late for school, son.

ALEX:

Bit of pain in the gulliver, Mum. Leave us be and I'll try to sleep it off... then I'll be as right as dodgers for this after.

EM:

You've not been to school all week, son.

ALEX:

I've got to rest, Mum... got to get fit, otherwise I'm liable to miss a lot more school.

EM:

Eeee... I'll put your breakfast in the oven. I've got to be off myself now.

ALEX:

Alright, Mum... have a nice day at the factory.

:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Pee sitting at breakfast table.

Em enters.

EM:

He's not feeling too good again this morning, Dad.

PEE:

Yes, I heard. D'you know what time he got in last night?

EM:

No I don't know, luv, I'd taken my sleepers.

PEE:

I wonder where exactly is it he goes to work of evenings.

EM:

Well, like he says, it's mostly odd things he does, helping like... here and there, as it might be.

:

INT. EM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alex comes out of his room and finds P.R. Deltoid sitting on bed in parent's room.

ALEX:

Hi, hi, hi there, Mr. Deltoid, funny surprise to see you here.

DELTOID:

Ah, Alex boy, awake at last, yes? I met your mother on the way to work, yes? She gave me the key. She said something about a pain somewhere... hence not at school , yes?

ALEX:

A rather intolerable pain in the head, brother, sir. I think it should be clear by this afterlunch.

DELTOID:

Oh, or certainly by this evening, yes? The evening's a great time, isn't it, Alex boy?

ALEX:

A cup of the old chai, sir?

DELTOID:

No time, no time, yes. Sit, sit, sit.
Alex sits next to him.

ALEX:

To what do I owe this extreme pleasure, sir? Anything wrong, sir?
Deltoid "playfully" grabs Alex's hair.

DELTOID:

Wrong? Why should you think of anything being wrong, have you been doing something you shouldn't. Yes?

He shakes Alex's hair.

ALEX:

Just a manner of speech, sir.

DELTOID:

Well, yes, it's just a manner of speech from your Post Corrective Advisor to you that you watch out, little Alex.

He puts his arm round Alex's shoulder.

DELTOID:

Because next time it's going to be the Barry place and all my work ruined. If you've no respect for your horrible self, you at least might have some for me who's sweated over you.

He slaps Alex on the knee.

DELTOID:

A big black mark I tell you for every one we don't reclaim. A confession of failure for every one of you who ends up in the stripy hole.

ALEX:

I've been doing nothing I shouldn't, sir. The millicents have nothing on me, brother, sir, I mean.

Deltoid pulls Alex down on the bed.

DELTOID:

Cut out all this clever talk about millicents. Just because the Police haven't picked you up lately doesn't, as you very well know, mean that you've not been up to some nastiness. There was a bit of a nastiness last night, yes. Some very extreme nastiness, yes. A few of a certain Billyboy's friends were ambuenced off late last night, yes. Your name was mentioned, the word's got thru to me by the usual channels. Certain friends of yours were named also. Oh, nobody can prove anything about anybody as usual, but I'm warning you, little Alex, being a good friend to you as always, the one man in this sore and sick community who wants to save you from yourself.

Deltoid makes a grab for Alex's joint but finds his hand instead. Alex laughs. Derisively and rises. Deltoid distractedly reaches for a glass of water on the night table, and fails to notice a set of false teeth soaking in them. He drinks from the glass. The clink of the teeth

sounding like ice-cubes.

DELTOID:

What gets into you all? We study the problem. We've been studying it for damn well near a century, yes, but we get no further with our studies. You've got a good home here, good loving parents, you've got not too bad of a brain. Is it some devil that crawls inside of you?

ALEX:

Nobody's got anything on me, brother, sir. I've been out of the rookers of the milicents for a long time now.

DELTOID:

That's just worries me. A bit too long to long to be reasonable. You're about due now by my reckoning, that's why I'm warning you, little Alex, to keep your handsome young proboscis out of the dirt. Do I make myself clear?

ALEX:

As an unmuddied lake, sir. Clear as an azure sky of deepest summer. You can rely on me, sir.

Deltoid drinks again but this time sees the teeth in the glass. He groans and retches.

:

INT. MUSIC BOOTICK - DAY

Alex enters. Two pretty micro-boppers, Marty and Sonietta, sucking phallic ice sticks.

ALEX:

Pardon me, brother. I ordered this two weeks ago. Could you see if it's arrived.

CLERK:

OK. I'll see if it's in.

Clerk exits. Alex turns to the girls.

ALEX:

Pardon me, ladies

He steps in between them and goes through the motions, looking through.

ALEX:

Enjoying it then, my darling?... A bit cold and pointless isn't it, my lovely... What's happened to yours, my little sister?

Marty giggles.

MARTY:

Who you gotten bratty, Goggly Gogol? Johnny Zhivago? The Heaven Seventeen?

ALEX:

What you got back home, little sister, to play your fuzzy warbles on? I bet you got little save pitiful portable picnic players. Come with Uncle and hear all proper. Hear angel trumpets and devil trombones. You are invited.

:

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - DAY

The two girls, naked, jumping up and down on Alex's still unmade bed zonked by the booming, all engulfing sound of Alex's incredible Hi-Fi.

:

INT. ALEX'S FLATBLOCK - LOBBY HALL - DAY

Alex finds the gang waiting for him.

ALEX:

Hi, hi, hi, there

ALL THREE:

Well, .

DIM:

He are here! He have arrived! Hooray!

ALEX:

Welly, welly, welly, welly, welly, welly, well. To what do I owe the extreme pleasure of this surprising visit?

Georgie rises.

GEORGIE:

We got worried. There we were waiting and drinking away at the old knify Moloko and you had not turned up and we thought you might have been like offended by something or other, so around we come to your abode.

ALEX:

Appy polly loggies. I had something of a pain in the gulliver so had to sleep. I was not awakened when I gave orders for awakening.

DIM:

Sorry about the pain. Using the gulliver to much like, eh? Giving orders and disciplining and that perhaps, eh? You sure the pain's gone? You sure you'll not be happier back up in bed.

ALEX:

Lets get things nice and sparkling clear. This sarcasm, if I may call it such, does not become you, O my brothers. As I am your droog and leader, I am entitled to know what goes on, eh? Now then, Dim, what does that great big horsy gape of a grin portend?

GEORGIE:

All right, no more picking on Dim, brother. That's part of the new way.

ALEX:

New way? What's this about a new way? There's been some very large talk behind my sleeping back, and no error. Let me hear more.

GEORGIE:

Well, we go round shop crasting and the like, coming out with a pitiful rookerful of money each.

DIM:

Pitiful rookerful...

GEORGIE:

And there's Will the English in the Muscleman coffee mesto saying he can fence anything that anything that any malchick tries to crast.

DIM:

Yeah... Pete the English.

GEORGIE:

The shiny stuff. The Ice. The big, big, big money is available's what Will the English says.

DIM:

Big, big money.

ALEX:

And what will you do with the big, big, money? Have you not everything you need? If you need a motor-car, you pluck it from the trees. If you need pretty polly, you take it.

GEORGIE:

Brother, you think and talk sometimes like a little child. Tonight we pull a mansize crast.

ALEX:

Good. Real horrorshow. Initiative comes to them as waits. I've taught you much, my little droogies. Now tell me what you have in mind, Georgie Boy.

GEORGIE:

Oh, the old moloko-plus first, would you not say

DIM:

Moloko-plus.

GEORGIE:

Something to sharpen us up, you especially. We have the start.

:

EXT. FLATBLOCK MARINE - DAY

The gang come out of the flatblock and walk along the marina.

ALEX (V.O.)

As we walked along the flatblock marina, I was calm on the outside but thinking all the time, so now it was to be Georgie the General, saying what we should do and what not to do, and Dim as his mindless, grinning bulldog. But, suddenly, I viddied that thinking was for the gloopy ones and that the oomny ones use like inspiration and what Bog sends, for now it was lovely music that came to my aid and I viddied at once what to do. There was a window open with the stereo on.

:

IN SLOW MOTION:

Alex clubs Georgie into water with his stick. Dim swings chain. Alex ducks. Dim goes into water.

Alex kneels, hands behind back, takes knife from sword stick, offers hand to help Dim, and slashes Dim when he gets it.

Dim falls back into the water.

Alex laughs.

:

INT. DUKE OF NEW YORK PUB

The four boys sit round table.

ALEX (V.O.)

I had not put into any of Dim's main cables and so, with the help of a clean tashtook, the red, red kroovy stopped, and it did not take long to quieten the two wounded soldiers, down in the snug in the Duke of New York. Now they knew who was Master and Leader. Sheep, thought I, but a real leader knows always when like to give and show generous to his unders.

ALEX:

Well, now we're back to where we were. Yes? Just like before and all forgotten? Right, right, right.

ALL BOYS:

Right. Right. Right.

ALEX:

Well, Georgie Boy. This idea you've got for tonight. Well, tell us all about it then.

GEORGIE:

Not tonight - not this nochy.

ALEX:

Come, come, come, Georgie Boy. You're a big strong chelloveck like us all. We're not little children, are we, Georgie Boy? What, then, didst thou in thy mind have?

Confrontation. Georgie backs down.

GEORGIE:

It's this Health Farm. A bit out of the town. Isolated. It's owned by this like very rich ptitsa who lives there with her cats. The place is shut down for a week and she's completely on her own, and it's full up with like gold and silver and like jewels.

ALEX:

Tell me more, Georgie Boy.

:

INT. CATLADY'S HOUSE

Catlady doing yoga exercises.

Room is full of cats. Doorbell rings.

CATLADY:

(softly to herself)

Oh shit.

She goes to the door.

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EXT. CATLADY'S HOUSE

CATLADY:

Who's there?

ALEX:

Excuse me, missus, can you please help? There's been a terrible accident. Can I please use your telephone for an ambulance?

CATLADY:

I'm frightfully sorry. There is a telephone in the Public House about a mile down the road. I suggest you use that.

ALEX:

But, missus, this is an emergency. It's a matter of life and death. Me friend's lying in the middle of the road bleeding to death.

CATLADY:

I... I'm very sorry, but I never open. I'm very sorry but I never open the door to strangers after dark.

ALEX:

Very well, madam. I suppose you can't be blamed for being suspicious with so many scoundrels and rouges of the night about.

Alex walks away from door, then ducks into the bushes where the others are hiding. They put on their maskies and follow Alex round to the rear of the house.

ALEX:

Dim, bend down.

(Alex points to an upstairs window)

I'm gonna get in that window and open the front door.

He climbs up drain-pipe to the bathroom window.

:

INT. CADLADY'S HOUSE

The Catlady enters and dials a number.

CATLADY:

Hullo, Radlett Police Station. Good evening. It's Miss Weathers at

Woodmere Health Farm. Look, I'm frightfully sorry to bother you but something rather odd has just happened... Well, it's probably nothing at all, but you never know... Well, a young man rang the bell asking to use the telephone... He said there had been some kind of accident. The thing that caught my attention was what he said - the words he used, sounded exactly like what was quoted in the papers this morning in connection with the writer and his wife who were assaulted last night... Well, just a few minutes ago... Well, if you think that's necessary, but, well, I'm quite sure he's gone away now. Oh... alright. Fine. Thank you very much. Thank you.

She puts phone down, turns and nearly jumps out of her leotard when she sees Alex in the doorway.

ALEX:

Hi, hi, hi there, at last we meet.

CATLADY:

What the bloody hell d'you think you're doing?

ALEX:

Our brief govereet thru the letter hole was not, shall we say, satisfactory, yes?

CATLADY:

Now listen here, you little bastard, just you turn around and walk out of here the same way as you came in.

Alex eyes a giant white, fibreglass phallic sculpture on the table beside him.

ALEX:

Naughty, naughty, naughty, you filthy old soomaka.

CATLADY:

No! No! Don't touch it. That's a very important work of art. What the bloody hell do you want?

ALEX:

You see, madam, I am part of an international student's contest to see who can get the most points for selling magazines.

CATLADY:

Cut the shit, sonny, and get out of here before you get yourself in some very serious trouble.

He rocks the giant phallus which has a special weight swinging inside

causing it to swing up and down an eccentric motion.

CATLADY:

I told you to leave it alone. Now get out of here before I throw you out, wretched slummy bedbug. I'll teach you breaking into real people's houses. Get out!

She grabs up a bust of Beethoven and rushes at Alex. He grabs the giant phallic sculpture.

Circling, Alex fends off her mad rushes with skilful jabs of the giant phallus.

She ducks under and clobbers him with the heavy bust of Beethoven.

He goes down, pulling her off balance and they both wind up the floor.

In the struggle, Alex bashes her with the phallus.

Distant Police sirens.

He exits.

:

EXT. CATLADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex rushes out. Dim and the others are waiting.

ALEX:

Come on. Let's go, the police are coming.

DIM:

One minoota, droogie.

Dim smashes Alex in the face with a full milk bottle. He goes down. The others run away, laughing.

ALEX:

(screaming)

You bastards... bastards.

:

INT. POLICE HQ - NIGHT

Inspector takes out cigarette and lights up.

INSPECT:

Right. Right , Tom, we'll have to our little friend, Alex, here that we know the law, too, but that knowing the law isn't everything.

He nods to Fatneck.

FATNECK:

That's a nasty cut you've got there, little Alex. Spoils... all your beauty. Who gave you that then... eh... eh...

He presses Alex's nose, inflicting great pain. Alex sinks to his knees.

ALEX:

Ow... what's that for, you bastard?

FATNECK:

That was for your lady victim. You ghastly wretched scoundrel.

Alex grabs his balls.

Alex is beaten by the other Cop.

Inspector exits to outside office where Sergeant sits, sipping a cup of tea.

Deltoid has just entered.

INSPECTOR:

Sergeant.

SERGEANT:

Sir.

INSPECTOR:

Ah, good evening, Mr. Deltoid.

DELTOID:

Evening, Inspector.

SERGEANT:

Would you like your tea now, sir?

INSPECTOR:

No, thank you, Sergeant. We'll have it later. May I have some paper towels, please.

SERGEANT:

Yes, sir.

INSPECTOR:

We're interrogating the prisoner now. Perhaps you'd care to come inside.

DELTOID:

Thank you very much

They move into Interrogation Room.

Alex is on the floor in the corner covered with blood.

DELTOID:

Evening, Sergeant. Evening, all. Dear, dear, this boy does look a mess, doesn't he? Just look at the state of him.

FATNECK:

Love's young nightmare like.

INSPECTOR:

Violence makes violence. He resisted his lawful arrestors.

DELTOID:

Well, it's happened, Alex boy, yes. Just as I thought it would, yes. Dear, dear, dear. Well, this is the end of the line for me... the end of the line, yes.

ALEX:

It wasn't me, brother, sir. Speak up for me, sir, for I'm not so bad. I was led on by the treachery of others, sir.

INSPECTOR:

Sings the roof off lovely, he does that.

ALEX:

And where are my stinking traitorous droogs. Get them before the get away. It was all their idea, brothers. They forced me to do it. I'm innocent.

DELTOID:

You are now a murderer, little Alex. A murderer, yes.

ALEX:

Not true, sir. It was only a slight tolchock. She was breathing, I swear it.

DELTOID:

I've just come back from the hospital. Your victim has died.

ALEX:

You try to frighten me, sir, admit so, sir. This is some new form of torture. Say it, brother, sir.

DELTOID:

It will be your own torture. I hope to God it will torture you to madness.

FATNECK:

If you'd care to give him a bash in the chops, sir. Don't mind us. We'll hold him down. He must be a great disappointment to you, sir. Deltoid spits in Alex's face.

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HELICOPTER VIEWS OF PRISON

ALEX (V.O.)

This is the real weepy and like tragic part of the story beginning, O my brothers and only friends. After a trial with judges and a jury, and some very hard words spoken against your friend and humble narrator, he was sentenced to 14 years in Staja No. 84F among smelly perverts and hardened prestoopnicks, the shock sending my dad beating his bruised and kroovy rookas against unfair Bog in his Heaven, and my mom, boohooing in her mother's grief as her only child and son of her bosom, like letting everybody down real horrorshow.

:

INT. PRISON CHECK-IN ROOM - DAY

A bell rings and a Warder goes and unlocks first a wooden door and then a barred door.

GUARD:

Morning. One up from Thames, Mister.

WARDER:

One in from Thames, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Right. Open up, Mister.

WARDER:

Yes, sir.

He opens door and steps back. Alex and another Warden move to Reception desk.

WARDER:

Good morning, sir. Committal sheet.

CHIEF GUARD:

(who shouts everything)

Thank you, Mister.

He signs sheet.

GUARD:

Name?

ALEX:

Alexander de Large.

CHIEF GUARD:

You are now in H.M. Prison Parkmoor and from this moment you will address all prison officers as sir! Name?

ALEX:

Alexander de Large, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Crime?

ALEX:

Murder, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Right. Take the cuffs off him, Mister.
The cuffs are removed.

CHIEF GUARD:

You are now 655321 and it is your duty to memorise that number.
He hands clipboard back to Warder.

CHIEF GUARD:

Thank you Mister. Well done.

WARDER:

Thank you, chief.

CHIEF GUARD:

Let the officer out.
Officer exits.

CHIEF GUARD:

Right. Empty your pockets!
Alex moves to desk and leans forward.

CHIEF GUARD:

Are you able to see that white line painted on the floor directly

behind you, 655321?

ALEX:

Yes, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Then your toes belong on the other side of it!!!

ALEX:

Yes sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Right carry on.

Alex tosses a bar of chocolate on the desk.

CHIEF GUARD :

Pick that up and put it down properly.

Alex does so, and continues to empty his pockets.

CHIEF GUARD :

One half bar of chocolate. One bunch of keys on white metal ring. One packet of cigarettes. Two plastic ball pens - one black, one red. One pocket comb - black plastic. One address book - imitation red leather. One ten penny piece. One white metal wristlet watch, "Timawrist" on a white metal expanding bracelet. Anything else in your pockets?

ALEX:

No, sir.

CHIEF GUARD :

Right. Sign here for your valuable property.

Alex signs.

CHIEF GUARD:

The chocolate and cigarettes you brought in - you lose that as you are now convicted. Now go over to the table and get undressed.

Alex walks to table and undresses. Chief Guard moves to table with his clipboard.

CHIEF GUARD :

Now then, were you in Police custody this morning?

ALEX:

No, sir.

CHECK-IN

One jacket - blue pinstripe.

CHIEF GUARD:

Prison custody?

ALEX:

Yes, sir On remand, sir.

CHECK-IN

One neck tie - blue.

CHIEF GUARD:

Religion?

ALEX:

C of E, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Do you mean Church of England?

ALEX:

Yes, sir, Church of England, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Brown hair, is it?

ALEX:

Fair hair, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Blue eyes?

ALEX:

Blue eyes, yes, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Do you wear eye glasses or contact lenses?

ALEX:

No, sir.

CHECK-IN

One shirt - blue, collar attached.

CHIEF GUARD:

Have you been receiving medical treatment for any serious illness?

ALEX:

No, sir.

CHECK-IN

One pair of boots - black leather, zippered, worn.

CHIEF GUARD:

Have you ever had any mental illness?

ALEX:

No, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Do you wear any false teeth or false limbs?

ALEX:

No, sir.

CHECK-IN

One pair of trousers - blue pinstriped.

CHIEF GUARD:

Have you ever had any attacks of fainting or dizziness?

ALEX:

No, sir.

CHECK-IN

One pair of socks - black.

CHIEF GUARD:

Are you an Epileptic?

ALEX:

No, sir.

CHECK-IN

One pair of underpants - white with blue waistband.

CHIEF GUARD:

Are you now, or ever have been, a homosexual?

ALEX:

No, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Right. The mothballs, Mister.

CHECK-IN

Mothballs, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Now then. Face the wall. Bend over and touch your toes.

Chief Guard inspects Alex's anus with a penlight.

CHIEF GUARD:

Mmmmmmm... any venereal disease?

ALEX:

No, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Crabs?

ALEX:

No, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Lice?

ALEX:

No, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Through there for a bath.

ALEX:

Yes, sir.

:

INT. PRISON CHAPEL - DAY

Priest in pulpit big rough state-proper type.

Convict audience.

Alex sits apart tending an overhead projector.

PRIEST:

I ask you friends. What's it going to be then? Is it going to be in and out of institutions like this? Or more in then out for most of you? Or are you going to attend the divine word and realise the punishment that awaits unrepentant sinners in the next world as well as this. A lot of Idiots you are, selling your birthright for a saucer of cold porridge.

The urge to live easy. I ask you friends, is it worth it? When we have undeniable proof - yes, my friends, incontrovertible evidence that Hell exists. I know, I know, my friends. I have been informed in visions that there is a place darker than any prison, hotter than any human flame of fire, where unrepentant criminals, sinners like yourselves... A convict burps.
All laugh.

PRIEST:

Don't you laugh, damn you, don't you laugh. I say like yourselves - scream in endless and unendurable agony. Their nostrils choked with the smell of filth, their mouths crammed with burning ordure. Their skins rotting and peeling. A fireball spinning in their screaming guts. I know... oh yes, I know.
A convict lets rip some lip music - prrrrrrrrp. There is laughter. Chief Guard moves forward - points.

CHIEF GUARD:

I saw you, 920537. I saw you.

CONVICT:

Up yours, mate.

CHIEF GUARD:

Just you wait, 744678. One on the turnip coming up for you.

PRIEST:

Quiet, my friends. Quiet. Quiet, I say. We will now sing Hymn 2in the Prisoner's Hymnal.
Piano starts up and Alex starts up overhead projector which displays the words of the hymn.

CHIEF GUARD:

Show a little reverence, you bastards. Quiet!
Convicts and all start to sing.

SINGING:

I was a wandering sheep.
I did not love...

CHIEF GUARD:

Sing up damn you. Louder, sing up.

SINGING:

... the fold
I did not love my shepherd's voice.
I would not be controlled.

CHIEF GUARD:

Come on, sing up, damn you.

SINGING:

I was a wayward child
I did not love my home
I did not love my father's voice
I loved afar to roam.

ALEX (V.O.)

It had not been edifying, indeed not, being in this hell hole and human zoo for two years now, being kicked and tolchoked by brutal warders, and meeting leering criminals and perverts ready to dribble all over a licious young malchick like your story-teller.

:

INT. PRIEST'S LIBRARY - DAY

Alex reading the Bible.

ALEX (V.O.)

It was my rabbit to help the prison charlie with the Sunday service. He was a bolshy great burly bastard, but he was very fond of myself, me being very young, and also now very interested in the big book. Priest walks by and nods pleasantly.

ALEX (V.O.)

It had been arranged by the prison charlie, as part of my further education to read him the Bible. I didn't so much like the latter part of the book which is more like all preachy talking, than fighting and the old in-out. I liked the parts where these old yahoodies tolchock each other and then drink their Hebrew vino and, then getting on to the bed with their wives' handmaidens. That kept me going.

:

BIBLE FANTASY - FIGHTING - DAY

Biblical fighting shot. Alex slashing away. Blood spurting.

:

HANDMAIDEN FANTASY IN TENT - DAY

Alex lying with three semi-nude handmaidens.

:

EXT. BIBLICAL STREET

Christ being whipped on by Alex, dressed as a Legionary.

ALEX:

Move on there. Move on.

ALEX (V.O.)

I read all about the scourging and the crowning with thorns and all that, and I could viddy myself helping in and even taking charge of the tolchocking and the nailing in, being dressed in the height of Roman fashion.

:

BACK TO THE LIBRARY

Alex sits with his eyes closed.

Priest comes over and squeezes his shoulder.

Alex looks up at him and smiles.

PRIEST:

(reading from Alex's Bible)

Seek not to be like evil men, neither desire to be with them, because their minds studieth robberies and their lips speak deceits.

ALEX:

If thou lose hope being weary in the days of distress, thy strength shall be diminished.

PRIEST:

Fine, my boy, fine, fine.

ALEX:

Father, I have tried, have I not?

PRIEST:

You have, my son.

ALEX:

I've done my best, have I not?

PRIEST:

Indeed.

ALEX:

And, Father, I've never been guilty of any institutional infractions, have I?

PRIEST:

You certainly have not, 655321. You've been very helpful, and you've shown a genuine desire to reform.

ALEX:

Father - may I ask you a question in private?

PRIEST:

Certainly, my son, certainly. Is there something troubling you, my son? Don't be shy to speak up. Remember, I know all the urges that can trouble young men deprived of the society of women.

ALEX:

No Father. It's nothing like that, Father. It's about this new thing they're all talking about. About this new treatment that you out of prison in no time at all and makes sure you never get back in again.

PRIEST:

Where did you hear about this? Whose been talking about these things?

ALEX:

These things get around, Father. Two Warders talk as it might be, and somebody can't help overhearing what they say. Then somebody picks up a scrap of newspaper in the workshops and the newspaper tells all about it. How about putting me in for this new treatment, Father?

PRIEST:

I take it you are referring to the Ludovico Technique?

ALEX:

I don't know what it's called, Father, all I know is that it gets you out quickly and makes sure that you never get in again.

PRIEST:

That's not proven, 655321. In fact, it is only in the experimental stage at this moment.

ALEX:

But it is being used, isn't it, Father?

PRIEST:

It has not been used yet in this prison. The Governor has grave doubts about it and I have heard that there are very serious dangers involved.

ALEX:

I don't care about the danger, Father. I just want to be good. I want for the rest of my life to be one act of goodness.

PRIEST:

The question is weather or not this technique really makes a man good. Goodness comes from within. Goodness is chosen. When a man cannot chose, he ceases to be a man.

ALEX:

I don't understand about the whys and wherefores, Father. I only know I want to be good.

PRIEST:

Be patient, my son, and put your trust in the Lord.

ALEX:

Instruct thy son and he shall refresh thee and shall give delight to thy soul.

PRIEST:

Amen.

They cross themselves.

:

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Prisoners walking in circles.

:

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR

Guards stand either side of cell doors.

Chief Guard with Governor, Minister and entourage.

CHIEF GUARD:

Mister.

GUARD:

All present and correct, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Right. All present and correct, sir.

GOVERNOR:

Very good, Chief.

They inspect cells.

CHIEF GUARD:

Leave to carry on, sir, please?

GOVERNOR:

Carry on, Chief.

CHIEF GUARD:

Sir.

:

EXT. PRISON YARD

Chief Guard comes out of door.

CHIEF GUARD:

Right, pay attention. I want you in two lines. Up against that wall facing this way. Go on move! Hurry up about it and stop talking. The men line up. Chief Guard moves back to door and comes to attention.

CHIEF GUARD:

Ready for inspection, sir.

He stands back and salutes as Governor, Minister and entourage enter and walk along line of men.

MINISTER:

How many to a cell?

GOVERNOR:

Four in this block, sir.

MINISTER:

Cram criminals together and what do you get - concentrated criminality... crime in the midst of punishment.

GOVERNOR:

I agree, sir. What we need are larger prisons. More money.

MINISTER:

Not a chance, my dear fellow. The Government can't be concerned any longer with outmoded penological theories. Soon we may be needing all of our prison space for political offenders. Common criminals like these are best dealt with on a purely curative basis. Kill the criminal reflex that's all. Full implementation in a year's time. Punishment

means nothing to them, you can see that... they enjoy their so-called punishment.

Alex seizes his chance as they pass by.

ALEX:

You're absolutely right, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

Shut your bleedin' hole!!!

MINISTER :

Who said that?

ALEX:

I did, sir.

MINISTER:

What crime did you commit.

ALEX:

The accidental killing of a person, sir.

CHIEF GUARD:

He brutally murdered a woman, sir, in furtherence of theft. 14 years... sir!

MINISTER:

Excellent. He's enterprising, aggressive, outgoing. Young. Bold. Viscous. He'll do.

GOVERNOR:

Well, fine... we could still look at C-Block.

MINISTER:

No, no, no. That's enough. He's perfect. I want his records sent to me. This vicious young hoodlum will be transformed out of all recognition.

ALEX:

Thank you very much for this chance, sir.

MINISTER:

Let's hope you make the most of it, my boy.

GOVERNOR:

Shall we go to my office?

MINISTER:

Thank you.

:

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Governor seated at his desk. There is a knock on the door.

GOVERNOR:

Come in.

Door opens. Chief Guard enters with Alex.

CHIEF GUARD:

Sir, 655321, sir.

GOVERNOR:

Very good, Chief.

Chief Guard turns to Alex.

CHIEF GUARD:

Forward to the white line, toes behind it. Full name and number to the Governor.

Chief Guard closes door.

ALEX:

Alexander de Large, sir. 655321, sir.

The Governor takes off his glasses.

GOVERNOR:

I don't suppose you know who that was this morning, do you? That was no less a personage than the Minister of the Interior and what they call a very new broom. Well, these new ridiculous ideas have come at last, and orders are orders, though I may say to you in confidence that I do not approve. An eye for an eye, I say, if someone hits you, you hit back, do you not? Why then should not the State very severely hit by you brutal offenders not hit back also? But the new view is to say no. The new view is that we turn the bad into good. All of which seems to be grossly unjust. HMMMMMM.

ALEX:

Sir...

CHIEF GUARD:

Shut your filthy hole, you scum!!!

GOVERNOR:

You are to be reformed. Tomorrow you go to this man, Brodsky. You wbe leaving here. You will be transferred to the Ludovico Medical Facility. It is believed that you will be able to leave State custody in a little over a fortnight. I suppose that prospect pleases you?

CHIEF GUARD:

Answer when the Governor asks you a question you filthy young swine!

ALEX:

Oh yes, sir. Thank you very much, sir. I've done my best here I really have, sir. I'm very grateful to all concerned.

GOVERNOR:

Sign this - where it's marked.
Alex turns the paper to read it.

CHIEF GUARD:

Don't read it - sign it!

GOVERNOR:

It says that you are willing to have the residue of your sentence commuted to the Ludovico treatment.
Alex signs. Governor gathers up papers.
Alex dots the last "i" and smiles.

:

INT. LUDOVICO CENTRE RECEPTION DESK - DAY

ALEX (V.O.)

The next morning I was taken to the Ludovico Medical Facility, outside the town centre, and I felt a malenky bit sad having to say goodbye to the old Staja, as you always will when you leave a place you've like gotten used to.

Chief Guard briskly leads the way for Alex and escort. They move into reception hall where the Doctor stands.

CHIEF GUARD:

(shouting like an RSM)

Right. Halt the prisoner. Good morning, sir, I'm Chief Officer Barnes. I've got 655321 on a transfer from Parkmoor to the Ludovico Centre, sir!

DOCTOR:

Good morning, we've been expecting you. I'm Dr. Alcott.
Chief Guard checks the name from his clipboard.

CHIEF GUARD:

Yes, Dr. Alcott. Are you prepared to accept the prisoner, sir?

DOCTOR:

Yes, of course.

CHIEF GUARD:

Well, I wonder if you'd mind signing these transfer documents, sir.
Doctor signs.

CHIEF GUARD:

Thank you, sir. There, sir... there, and there, sir... and there. Thank
you, sir. Prison escort move forward. Halt. Excuse me, sir. Is that the
officer that is to take charge of the prisoner, sir?
Doctor nods. Officer steps forward.

CHIEF GUARD:

If I might offer a word of advice, Doc. You'll have to watch this one.
A right brutal bastard he has been, and will be again. In spite all his
sucking up to the prison Chaplain and reading the Bible.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I think we can manage things. Charlie, will you show the young man
to his room now.

CHARLIE:

Right, sir. Come this way, please.
Alex exits with Officer.

:

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - LUDOVICO CENTRE - DAY

:

Alex finishing breakfast tray in bed.
Room bright and cheery.
Dr. Branom, a tall woman in her fifties, enters with nurse carrying a
sterile tray.
DR. BRANOM
(very briskly)

Good morning, Alex, my name is Dr. Branom. I'm Doctor Brodsky's assistant.

ALEX:

Good Morning, Missus. Lovely day, isn't it?

DR. BRANOM

Indeed it is. May I take this

She removes his tray.

DR. BRANOM

How're you feeling this morning?

ALEX:

Fine... fine.

DR. BRANOM

Good. In a few minutes, you'll meeting Dr. Brodsky and we'll begin your treatment. You're a very lucky boy to have been chosen.

ALEX:

I realise all that, Missus, and I'm very grateful to all concerned.

DR. BRANOM

We're going to friends now, sir.

ALEX:

I hope so, Missus.

She inserts a needle into the medicine vial.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What's the hypo for then? Going to send me to sleep?

DR. BRANOM

Oh no, nothing of the sort.

ALEX:

Vitamins will it be then?

DR. BRANOM

Something like that. You are a little undernourished, so after each meal were going to give you a shot. Roll over on your right side please, loosen your pyjama pants and pull them half-way down.

He does, somewhat reluctantly. She gives him a shot in the bum.

ALEX:

What exactly is the treatment here going to be then?

DR. BRANOM

It's quite simple really. Were just going to show you some films.

ALEX:

You mean like going to the pictures?

DR. BRANOM

Something like that.

ALEX:

Well, that's good. I like to viddy the old films now and again.

:

INT. AUDIO VISUAL LUDOVICO CENTRE - DAY

Auditorium setting. Alex is bound in a examination chair in front of a large video screen. A white-coated Technician is strapping Alex's head to a medical device.

He then carefully attaches the eyelid locking to Alex's eyes.

ALEX (V.O.)

And viddy films I would. Where I was taken to, brothers, was like no cine I'd been in before. I was bound up in a straight-jacket and my gulliver was strapped to a headrest with like wires running away from it. Then they clamped like lidlocks on my eyes so I could not shut them no matter how hard I tried. It seemed a bit crazy to me, but I let them get on with what they wanted to get on with. If I was to be a free young malchick in a fortnight's time, I would put up with much in the meantime, my brothers.

At the back of the auditorium are ten or fifteen solemn medical Professionals in white coats watching the proceedings and occasionally taking notes. A film begins showing on the screen.

The Technician drops eyedrops into Alex's eyes.

:

VIOLENCE FILM:

Man being beaten by four toughs wearing white.

Punches, kicks, grunts, blood.

ALEX (V.O.)

So far the first film was a very good professional piece of cine, looked like it was done in Hollywood.

Screams, moans, kicks, punches.

ALEX (V.O.)

The sounds were real horroshow. You could slooshy the screams and moans very realistic and you could even get the heavy breathing and panting of the tolchocking malchicks at the same time. And then, what do you know, soon our dear old friend, the red, red vino on tap. The same in all places like it's put out by the same big firm, began to flow. It was beautiful. It's funny how the colours of the real world only seem really real when you viddy them on a screen.

More kicks, punches, groans, thumps.
Girl being beaten, raped by six toughs.
Screams, music, laughing, grunts, heavy breathing.

ALEX (V.O.)

Now all the time I was watching this, I was beginning to get very aware of like not feeling all that well, but I tried to forget this, concentrating on the next film, which jumped right away on a young devotchka, who was being given the old in-out, in-out, first by one malchick, then another, then another. This seemed real, very real, though if you thought about it properly you couldn't imagine lewdies actually agreeing to having all this done to them in a film, and if these films were made by the good, or the State, you couldn't imagine them being allowed to take these films, without like interfering with what was going on.

Girl being raped.

ALEX (V.O.)

When it came to the sixth or seventh malchick, leering and smacking and then going into it, I began to feel really sick. But I could not shut my glazzies and even if I tried to move my glazballs about I still not get out of the line of fire of this picture.

Alex squirming and retching.

Dr. Brodsky clears his throat and quietly addresses his colleagues seated in the back of the room.

DR. BRODSKY

Very soon now the drug will cause the subject to experience a death-like paralysis together with deep feelings of terror and helplessness. One of our earlier test subjects described it as being like death, a sense of stifling and drowning, and it is during this period we have found the subject will make his most rewarding associations between his catastrophic experience and environment and the violence he sees. Alex retching violently and struggling against his strait jacket.

ALEX:

Let me be sick... I want to get up. Get me something to be sick in... Stop the film... Please stop it... I can't stand it any more. Stop it please... please.

:

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - LUDOVICO - DAY

DR. BRANOM

Well, that was a very promising start. By my calculations, you should be starting to feel alright again. Yes? Dr. Brodsky's pleased with you. Now tomorrow there'll be two sessions, of course, morning and afternoon.

ALEX:

You mean, I have to viddy two sessions in one day?

DR. BRANOM

I imagine you'll be feeling a little bit limp by the end of the day. But we have to be hard on you. You have to be cured.

ALEX:

But it was horrible.

DR. BRANOM

Well, of course, it was horrible. Violence is a very horrible thing. That's what you're learning now. Your body is learning it.

ALEX:

I just don't understand about feeling sick the way I did. I never used to feel sick before. I used to feel like the very opposite. I mean, doing it or watching it, I used to feel real horrorshow. I just don't understand why, how what.

DR. BRANOM

You felt ill this afternoon because you're getting better. You see, when we're healthy we respond to the presence of the hateful with fear and nausea. You're becoming healthy that's all. By this time tomorrow you'll be healthier still.

:

INT. AUDIO VISUAL LUDOVICO CENTRE - DAY

Alex retching and screaming - restrained again by a straight-jacket.

ALEX (V.O.)

It was the next day, brothers, and I had truly done my best, morning and afternoon, to play it their way and sit like a horrorshow co-operative malchick in the chair of torture, while they flashed nasty bits of ultra-violence on the screen.; though not on the soundtrack, my brothers. The only sound being music. Then I noticed in all my pain and sickness what music it was that like cracked and boomed. It was Ludwig van - 9th symphony, 4th movement.

ALEX:

Stop it... stop it, please!!! I beg of you!!! It's a sin!!! It's a sin!!! It's a sin, please!!!

Brodsky leans forward and turns down the sound.

DR. BRODSKY

What's all this about sin?

ALEX:

That!... Using Ludwig van like that! He did no harm to anyone.
Beethoven just wrote music.

DR. BRANOM

Are you referring to the background score?

ALEX:

Yes!!!

DR. BRANOM

You've heard Beethoven before?

ALEX:

Yes!!!

DR. BRODSKY

You're keen on music?

ALEX:

Yes!!!

DR. BRANOM

(quietly)

What do you think about that, Dr. Brodsky?

DR. BRODSKY

(softly)

It can't be helped. Here's your punishment element perhaps. The Governor ought to be pleased... I'm sorry, Alex, this is for your own good, you'll have to bear with us for a while.

ALEX:

You needn't take it any further, sir. You've proved to me that all this ultra-violence and killing is wrong and terribly wrong. I've learned my lesson, sir. I see now what I've never seen before I'm cured, praise Bog!

DR. BRODSKY

You're not cured yet, my boy.

DR. BRODSKY

You must take your chance boy. The choice has been all yours.

ALEX:

But, Sir... Missus... I see that it's wrong! It's wrong because it's like against like society. It's wrong because everybody has the right to live and be happy without being tolchoked and knifed.

DR. BRODSKY

No, no, boy. You really must leave it to us, but be cheerful about it. In less than a fortnight now, you'll be a free man.

:

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

VIP audience including Minister, Junior Minister, Prison Governor, Priest, Dr. Branom, Dr. Brodsky.

Dressed in street clothes Alex enters led by a white-coated Technician. He is led onto stage and left standing there, blinking into lights. The Minister rises and walks to the front of the auditorium.

MINISTER:

Ladies and Gentlemen, at this point, we introduce the subject himself. He is, as you will perceive, fit and well nourished. He comes straight from a night's sleep and a good breakfast, undrugged, un hypnotized. Tomorrow, we send him with confidence out into the world again, as decent a lad as you would meet on a May morning. What a change is here, Ladies and Gentlemen, from the wretched hoodlum the state committed to unprofitable punishment some two years ago, unchanged after two years. Unchanged, do I say - not quite. Prison taught him a false smile, the rubbed hands of hypocrisy, the fawning, greased, obsequious leer. Other vices prison taught him as well as confirming him in those he had long practised before. Our party promised to restore law and order and to make the streets safe for the ordinary peace loving citizen. This pledge is now about to become a reality. Ladies and Gentlemen, this is an historic moment. The problem of criminal violence is soon to be a thing of the past. But enough of words - act
He returns to his seat and leans close to his Junior Minister.

JUNIOR MINISTER:

Our necks are out a long way on this, Minister.

MINISTER:

I have complete faith in Brodsky. If the polls are right, we have nothing to lose.

Lights are dimmed. Enter Lardface, an elegantly dressed fag.

LARDFACE:

Hello, heap of dirt. Pooh, you don't wash much do you, judging by the horrible smell.

ALEX:

Why do you say that, brother? I had a shower this morning.

LARDFACE:

Oh, he had a shower this morning. You trying to call me a liar?

ALEX:

No, brother. What d'you want?

LARDFACE:

What do I want?

ALEX:

Sorry, brother. I didn't mean any offence.

LARDFACE:

Oh. Oh, you're sorry are you, well you must think I'm awfully stupid.
He slaps Alex in the face.

ALEX:

Why did you do that, brother? I've never done wrong to you.

LARDFACE:

You want to know why I did that, well you see - I do that...
He stamps on Alex's foot.

LARDFACE:

... and this...
He pulls Alex's nose.

LARDFACE:

... and that...
He pulls Alex's ear, pushes him off balance and plants his foot on his chest.

LARDFACE:

... because I don't like you horrible type, do I, and if you want to start something... if you want to start... go on... well, you just start. Please do.
Alex retching.

ALEX:

I'm gonna be sick.

LARDFACE:

You're gonna be sick are you?

ALEX:

I wanna be sick.

LARDFACE:

You wanna be sick?

ALEX:

Let me get up.

LARDFACE:

You wanna get up? Well, you've gotta you see... well I want you to lick it. Go on... Lick it.

Alex, gagging and coughing, licks the sole of his shoe.

LARDFACE:

... And again... Go on!!! Again! There's a good boy.

ALEX (V.O.)

And, O my brothers, would you believe your faithful friend and long suffering narrator pushed out his red yahzik a mile and a half to lick the grahzny, vonny boots. The horrible killing sickness had wooshed up and turned the like joy of battle into a feeling I was going to snuff it.

Minister rises.

MINISTER:

Enough! That will do very well. Thank you.

Lardface does leading-man-bows. A smattering of applause.

LARDFACE:

Thank you very much, Ladies and Gentlemen... Thank you.

Alex on floor - still retching.

A beautiful nude Girl enters.

Alex looks up slowly.

ALEX (V.O.)

She came towards me with the light like it was the like light of heavenly grace, and the first thing that flashed into my gulliver was that I would like to have her right down there on the floor with the old in-out, real savage. But quick as a shot came the sickness, like a detective that had been watching around the corner and now followed to make his arrest.

Alex retching. Minister rises.

MINISTER:

Thank you very much. Thank you my dear.

Girl bows and exits to loud applause.

MINISTER:

Not feeling too bad now are you?

ALEX:

(pulling himself together)

No, sir, I feel really great.

MINISTER:

Good.

ALEX:

Was I alright, sir? Did I do well, sir?

MINISTER:

Fine. Absolutely fine. You see, Ladies and Gentlemen our subject is, you see, impelled towards good by paradoxically being impelled toward evil. The intention to act violently is accompanied by strong feelings of physical distress. To counter these, the subject has to switch to a diametrically opposed attitude. Any questions?

Priest rises and moves to Alex.

PRIEST:

Choice! The boy has no real choice, has he? Self interest, fear of physical pain drove him to that grotesque act of self abasement. Its insincerity was clearly to be seen. He ceases also to be a creature capable of moral choice.

MINISTER:

Padre, these are subtleties. We are not concerned with motive, with the higher ethics; we are concerned only with cutting down crime. And with relieving the ghastly congestion in our prisons... He will be your true Christian, ready to turn the other cheek. Ready to be crucified rather than crucify, sick to the very heart at the thought even of killing a fly. Reclamation, joy before the angels of God. The point is that it works!

Applause.

:

EXT. FLATBLOCK

Alex walking carrying his prison parcel wrapped in brown paper.

:

INT. ALEX'S FLAT

Ma, Pa and Joe the Lodger reading newspapers. Headlines - all Alex.

Alex enters quietly. Loud radio music from sitting room prevents anyone

from hearing him. He enters his won room which is the first off the hall.

ALEX:

Hi. Hi. Hi, there my Pee and Em.
All three look up startled.

EM:

Alex.

ALEX:

(to his mother)
Hullo love, how are you?
(kisses her)
Nice to see you, Dad.

PEE:

Hullo lad. What a surprise, good to see you.

ALEX:

Keeping fit then?

PEE:

(very ill at ease)
Fine, fine.

ALEX:

Well, how are you then?

PEE:

Oh fine, fi. Keeping out of trouble, you know.

ALEX:

Well - I'm back.

PEE:

(with feigned enthusiasm)
Aye. Glad to see you back, lad.

EM:

Why didn't you let us know what was happening, son?

ALEX:

Sorry, Em, I wanted it to be like... a big surprise for you and pee.

PEE:

Well, it's a surprise all right, a bit bewildering too.

EM:

We've only just read about it in the morning papers.

PEE:

Aye. You should have let us know, lad, not that we're not very pleased to see you again. All cured too, eh?

ALEX:

That's right, Dad they did a great job on my gulliver, I'm completely reformed.

PEE:

Aye.

ALEX:

(looks in the kitchen)

Well, still the same old place then, eh?

PEE:

Oh, aye, aye.

ALEX:

(fake whisper)

Hey, Dad, there's a strange fella sitting on the sofa there munchy-wunching lomticks of toast.

PEE:

Aye, that's Joe. He... ummmm, lives here now. The lodger. That's what he is... he... he rents your room.

Alex confronts Joe.

ALEX:

How do you do, Joe? Find the room comfortable, do you? No complaints?

JOE:

I've heard about you. I know what you've done. Breaking the hearts of your poor grieving parents. So you're back? You're back to make a life of misery for your lovely parents, is that it? Well, over my dead corpse you will, because you see, they've let me be more like a son to them than like a lodger.

Alex cocks his fist and starts to retch violently, almost at the same moment Joe drops back on the couch next to Em.

EM:

Joe! Joe! Don't fight here boys!
Alex burps and retches.

JOE:

Oh, please. Do put your hand over your mouth, it's bloody revolting.
Alex violently ill.

PEE:

Well, what's the matter lad, are you feeling alright?

EM:

Dad... It's the treatment.
More retching.

JOE:

Well, it's disgusting. It puts you off your food.

EM:

Leave him be, Joe. It's the treatment.

PEE:

D'you think we should do something?

EM:

Would you like me to make you a nice cup of tea, son?

ALEX:

No thanks, Mum. It'll pass in a minute...
(after a pause)
... What have you done with all my own personal things?

PEE:

Well. That was all took away, son, by the Police. New regulation about compensation for the victim.

ALEX:

What about Basil? Where's my snake?

PEE:

Oh well, he met with like an accident. He passed away.

Alex becomes a bit weepy.

ALEX:

What's gonna happen to me then? I mean that's my room he's in - there's no denying that. This is my home also. What suggestions have you, my Pee and Em, to make?

PEE:

Well, all this needs thinking about, son. I mean we can't very well just kick Joe out... Not just like that, can we? I mean Joe is here doing a job. A contract it is, two years. Well, we made like an arrangement, didn't we Joe? You see, son, Joe's paid next month's rent already so, well, whatever we do in the future, we cant just say to Joe to get out, now can we?

JOE:

No, there's much more than that, though. I mean I've got you two to think of. I mean you're more like a mother and father to me. Well, it wouldn't be fair now, would it, for me to go off and leave you two to the tender mercies of this young monster who's been like no real son at all. Look, let him go off and find a room somewhere. Let him learn the errors of his way, and that a bad boy like he's been don't deserve such a good mum and dad as he's had.

ALEX:

Alright. I see how things are now. I've suffered and I've suffered, and I've suffered and everybody wants me to go on suffering.

JOE:

You've made others suffer. It's only fair that you should suffer proper. You know I've been told everything you've done, sitting here at night round the family table, pretty shocking it was to listen to. It made me real sick, a lot of it did. Now look what you've gone and done to your mother.

Em bursts into tears.

ALEX:

So that's the way it is then, eh? That's the way it is. Right, I'm leaving now, you won't ever viddy me no more. I'll make my own way. Thank you very much. Let it lie heavy on your consciences.
Alex exits.

PEE:

(shouting after him)

Now don't take it like that son.
Em boohoohoos, Joe comforts her.

:

EXT. AMBANKMENT - DAY

Alex walks along the Thames embankment still holding his paper parcel.
Tramp enters. The same man beaten by Alex and his gang earlier in the film.

TRAMP:

Can you spare me some cutter, me brother? Can you spare some cutter, me brother?

Alex, without looking at him, reaches in his pocket and gives him some money.

TRAMP:

Oh, thankyou, your honour.

The Tramp takes a second look at Alex.

TRAMP:

Jamey Mack! Be the hokey fly! Holy Mother of God! All the Holy Angels and blessed saints in Heaven preserve us.

Alex breaks away but the Tramp toddles alongside him.

TRAMP:

I never forget a face! I never forget any face, be God!

ALEX:

Leave me alone, brother. I've never seen you before.

Tramp shouts to other Meths drinkers and Tramps.

TRAMP:

This is the poisonous young swine that near done me in. Him and his friends beat me and kicked me and thumped me.

Alex breaks away again.

TRAMP:

Stop him! Stop him!

A leg is stuck out and Alex goes down. The tramp swarm all over him.

TRAMP:

They laughed at me blood and me moans. This murderous young pig is a prize specimen of the cowardly brutal young. He is in our midst and at our mercy. Give it to him. That's it.

Old Tramps begin to beat at Alex.

ALEX (V.O.)

Then there was like a sea of dirty, smelly old men trying to get at your humble Narrator, with their feeble rookers and horny old claws. It was Old Age having a go at Youth and I daren't do a single solitary thing, O my brothers, it being better to be hit at like that, than want to be sick and feel that horrible pain.

The Tramp crowd round Alex, shouting.

TRAMPS:

Young hooligan... Vagabound... Kill him... Villain... Toad...
Bastard... Kick his teeth in... Near killed poor old Jack, he did.
Police move in and push off crowd.

FIRST POLICEMAN:

Alright, stop it now.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Alright, stop it now. Alright! Come on. Stop breaking the State peace.
You naughty boys. Alright, that's enough.
Alex looks up.

ALEX:

Oh, no.

DIM:

Well, well, well, well, well, well, well, if it isn't little Alex. Long time no vidy, droog. How goes? Surprised are you?

ALEX:

Impossible... I don't believe it.

GEORGIE:

Evidence of the old glazzies. Nothing up our sleeves. No magic, little Alex? A job for two, who are now of job age. The police.

:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Police Landrover drives up.

Alex is pulled out by Georgie and Dim and hustled up a deserted lane.

DIM:

Come on, Alex. Come for walkies. Hahahahaha.

ALEX:

Come, come, my little droogies. I just don't get this at all. The old days are dead and gone. For what I did in the past I've been punished.

DIM:

Been punished, yeah?

ALEX:

I've been cured.

DIM:

Been cured, yeah, that was read out to us. The Inspector read all that out to us. He said it was a very good way.

ALEX:

I just don't get this all. It was them that went for me, brothers. You're not on their side and can't be. You can't be Dim. It was someone we fillied with back in the old days... Trying to get his own malenky bit of revenge after all this time. You remember, Dim?

DIM:

Long time, is right. I don't remember them days too horrorshow. Don't call me Dim no more, either. Officer, call me.

GEORGIE:

Enough is remembered though, little Alex.
Dim and Georgie laugh.
They drag Alex to a low water through.

DIM:

This is to make sure you stay cured.
Georgie hits Alex in the stomach with his blackjack. Then, they push his head under the water and methodically start to beat him with their blackjacks.
After a full minute of this, they drag him out, halt-drowned,

DIM:

(laughing)
Be viddyng you some more, some time Alex.

:

EXT. "HOME" - NIGHT - HEAVY RAIN

Alex stumbles up the road to the entrance gate.

ALEX (V.O.)

Where was I to go, who had no home and no money. I cried for meself,

Home, Home, Home. It was Home I was wanting and it was Home I came to, brothers, not realising in the state I was in, where I was and had been before.

Alex stumbles and crawls to the door.

:

INT. "HOME" - NIGHT

Mr. Alexander at his typewriter.

Julian a 6'4" - heavyweight weight-lifter lies across an exercise bench working with bar-bells.

The door bell rings.

MR. ALEXANDER

Who on earth could that be?

JULIAN:

I'll see who it is.

He to the door.

JULIAN:

Yes, what is it?

No reply. He opens the door. Alex falls into the hall.

ALEX:

(barely audible)

Help. Help me... Help me... Police.

Julian picks him up like a child and carries him into the living room.

:

INT. "HOME" - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ALEX (V.O.)

And would you believe it, O my brothers and only friends, there was your faithful Narrator being held helpless, like a babe in arms, and suddenly realising where I was and why HOME on the gate had looked so familiar. But I knew I was safe. I knew he would not remember me for, in those carefree days, I and my so-called droogs wore our maskies which were like real horrorshow disguises.

JULIAN:

Frank, I think this young man needs help.

MR. ALEXANDER

Dear, dear, dear. Whatever happened to you, my boy?

Mr. Alexander, now confined to a wheelchair, pushes himself away from his desk, and rolls up to Julian. The water drips off Alex's clothes. They look at each other.

ALEX:

The police... The horrible ghastly Police. They beat me up, sir. The Police beat me up, sir.

Mr. Alexander stares at him. It becomes apparent he is insane.

MR. ALEXANDER

I know who you are! Isn't it your picture in the newspapers? Didn't I see you this morning on the video? Are you not the poor victim of this horrible new technique?

ALEX:

Yes, sir, that's exactly who I am, sir... and what I am... a victim, sir.

Mr. Alexander becomes frenzied as the speech progresses.

MR. ALEXANDER

Then, by God, you have been sent here by providence. Tortured in prison, then thrown out to be tortured by the Police. My heart goes out to you, poor, poor boy. Oh, you are not the first to come here in distress. The Police are fond of bringing their victims to the outskirts of this village. But it is providential that you, who are also another kind of victim, should come here. But you're cold and shivering. Julian, draw a bath for this young man.

JULIAN:

Certainly, Frank.

He carries Alex off.

ALEX:

Thank you very much, sir. God bless you, sir.

Alexander bites his hand.

:

INT. "HOME" - BATHROOM

Alex soaks, eyes closed, in a hot tub.

After a while he begins softly singing to himself: "Singin' in the Rain".

:

INT. "HOME" - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Alexander is hunched over the phone, talking in hoarse whispers. The door to the bathroom is right behind him. While he speaks Mr. Alexander throws nervous glances over his shoulder.

MR. ALEXANDER

I tell you, sir, they have turned this young man into something other

than a human being. He has no power of choice any more. He's committed to socially acceptable acts, a little machine capable only of good... He can be the most potent weapon imaginable to ensure that the Government is not returned at the next election. The Government's great boast, as you know sir, is the way they have dealt with crime in the last few months. Recruiting brutal young roughs into the police, proposing debilitation and will-sapping techniques of conditioning. Oh, we've seen it all before in other countries The thin end of the wedge. Before we know where we are we shall have the full apparatus of totalitarianism. This young boy is a living witness to these diabolical proposals. The people - the common people - must know... must see! There are rare traditions of liberty to defend. The tradition of liberty means all. The common people will let it go! Oh, yes - they will sell liberty for a quieter life. That is why they must be le Trembling with excitement and madness, Mr. Alexander hangs up the phone. His eyes, shiny with anticipation. Then, suddenly, he becomes aware of Alex's voice coming from the other side of the door.

:

INT. "HOME" - BATHROOM

Alex in bath, singing.

ALEX:

I'm singing in the rain,
Just singing in the rain...

MR. ALEXANDER

His face horribly distorted in a Homeric rage.

:

INT. "HOME" - NIGHT

Alex, alone, in complete silence. Eating a large plate of spaghetti. The giant, Julian, appears, carrying Mr. Alexander in his wheelchair. He deposits him at the table.

ALEX:

Good evening, sir.

MR. ALEXANDER

(very weird)

Good evening.

ALEX:

It was very kind of you to leave this out for me, sir. There was no-one around when I finished my bath, so I started. I hope that's alright,

sir.

MR. ALEXANDER

(too loud - voice out of control)

Of course. Food alright?

ALEX:

Great, sir. Great.

MR. ALEXANDER

Try the wine!

ALEX:

Thank you very much, sir. Cheers

Suddenly the thought occurs to Alex that the wine may be drugged or poisoned.

ALEX:

Won't you join me, sir?

MR. ALEXANDER

No, my health doesn't allow it.

ALEX:

(to Julian)

And you, sir?

JULIAN:

No thank you.

Alex, stalling for time, reaches for bottle and reads the label.

ALEX:

1960, Chateau, Saint Estephe, Medoc, very good brand, sir.

He doesn't get a penny's change for his remarks from Alexander and Julian.

He holds the glass up to the light.

ALEX:

Very good colour, sir. Smells nice, too. Very good number, sir. Very good. Here's to it.

He downs the glass.

ALEX:

Very refreshing, sir, very refreshing.

MR. ALEXANDER

(very arch)

I'm so pleased you appreciate good wine. Have another glass!

ALEX:

Thank you, sir.

MR. ALEXANDER

My wife...

Alex freezes.

MR. ALEXANDER

... used to do everything for me and leave me to my writing.

ALEX:

Your wife, sir? Has she gone away?

MR. ALEXANDER

No. She's dead!

ALEX:

I'm sorry to hear about that, sir.

His face contorted in rage.

MR. ALEXANDER

She was very badly raped, you see. We were assaulted by a gang of vicious young hooligans in this house, in this very room you're sitting in now. I was left a helpless cripple. The doctors said it was Pneumonia, because it happened some months later during the 'flu epidemic. The doctors told me it was Pneumonia, but I knew what it was. A victim of the modern age, poor, poor girl.

Suddenly his mood changes. He wheels right up to Alex.

MR. ALEXANDER

And now you, another victim of the modern age. But you can be helped. I phoned some friends while you were having a bath.

ALEX:

Phoned some friends, sir?

MR. ALEXANDER

Yes. They want to help.

ALEX:

Help me, sir?

MR. ALEXANDER

Help you.

ALEX:

Who are they, sir?

MR. ALEXANDER

They're very, very important people and they're interested in you. Bell rings. Julian rises,

MR. ALEXANDER

Julian. This will be these people now.

Alex gets up.

ALEX:

Look, sir. I'm sorry to have troubled you. I think I ought to be going, sir.

Julian bars the way.

MR. ALEXANDER

No, no my boy. No trouble at all.

Alex slowly sits.

MR. ALEXANDER

Have another glass of wine.

He pours. Alex picks up glass and takes a drink.

:

INT. "HOME" - NIGHT

Dolin and Rubinstein enter with Julian.

DOLIN:

(genial)

Hullo, Frank.

MR. ALEXANDER

Good evening, sir.

RUBINSTEIN:

Frank.

DOLIN:

So this is the young man?

ALEX:

How do you do, sir?

DOLIN:

Hullo.

ALEX:

Missus. Very pleased to meet you.

RUBINSTEIN:

Hullo.

DOLIN:

I hope you forgive us for coming over at this ungodly hour, but we heard from Frank that you were in some trouble so we came over to see if we could be of any help.

ALEX:

Very kind of you, sir. Thank you very much.

DOLIN:

I understand that you had a rather unfortunate encounter with the Police tonight.

ALEX:

Yes, sir. I suppose you might call it that, sir.

DOLIN:

Hahaha, and how are you feeling now?

ALEX:

Much better, thank you, sir.

DOLIN:

Feel like talking to us. Answering a few questions?

ALEX:

Fine, sir, fine.

DOLIN:

Well, as I've said, we've heard about you. We are interested in your case. We want to help you.

ALEX:

Thank you very much, sir.

DOLIN:

But first we'd like to find out a few things about you.

ALEX:

What would you like to know, sir?

DOLIN:

Well, shall we get down to it?

ALEX:

Yes, sir.

Rubinstein takes out a notebook.

RUBINSTEIN:

The newspapers mentioned that in addition to your being conditioned against acts of sex and violence, you've inadvertently been conditioned against music.

ALEX:

Well, er, I think that was something that they hadn't planned for, you see, Missus, I'm very fond of music and always have been, especially Beethoven, Ludwig van... Beethoven. B... E... E...
He leans over and looks at her writing in notebook.

RUBINSTEIN:

It's alright, thank you.

ALEX:

And it just so happened that while they were showing me a particularly bad film, of like a concentration camp, the background music was playing Beethoven.

RUBINSTEIN:

So now you have the same reaction to music as you do to sex and violence?

ALEX:

Oh well, it's... it's not all music you see, Missus. It's just the 9th.

RUBINSTEIN:

You mean Beethoven's 9th Symphony?

ALEX:

That's right. Er... I can't listen to the 9th any more at all. When I hear the 9th, I get like this funny feeling.

RUBINSTEIN:

When you say this funny feeling, you mean the state of mind brought on by the treatment they gave you?

ALEX:

That is correct, sir. And then all I can think about is like trying to snuff it.

RUBINSTEIN:

I beg your pardon?

ALEX:

Snuff it, sir... um... death, I mean, missus... Er... I just want to die peacefully like with no... pain.

RUBINSTEIN:

Do you feel that way now?

ALEX:

Um... oh no, sir, not exactly, I still feel very miserable, very much down in spirits.

RUBINSTEIN:

Do you still feel suicidal?

ALEX:

Um... well, put it this way... I feel very low in myself. I can't see much in the future, and I feel that any second something terrible is going to happen to me.

He pitches forward, face into the plate of spaghetti.

RUBINSTEIN:

Well done, Frank. Julian, get the car, will you please?

:

INT. HI-FI ROOM - DAWN

Alexander sits looking up. Rubinstein, Julian and Dolin also listening to Beethoven played loudly on tape recorder.

:

INT. DOLIN'S HOUSE - PRISONER BEDROOM - DAY

The 9th Symphony booming up through the floor.

Alex slowly regains consciousness.

ALEX (V.O.)

I woke up. The pain and sickness all over me like an animal. Then I realised what it was. The music coming up from the floor was our old friend, Ludwig van and the dreaded 9th Symphony.

He staggers to the door. It is locked. He kicks and tugs the door.

ALEX:

Open the door... turn it off... turn it off.

CUT TO:

:

THE BILLIARD ROOM BELOW

Hi-Fi gear laid out on the table. Large speakers facing upwards. Mr. Alexander trembles and twitches. He is now completely mad. The others merely wait, coolly.

:

INT. DOLIN'S HOUSE - PRISONER BEDROOM - DAY

Alex on his knees. His hands cupped over his ears, banging his head on the floor.

Then he stops and slowly straightens up, staring at the window.

ALEX (V.O.)

Suddenly I viddied what I had to do, and what I had wanted to do - and that was to do myself in, to snuff it, to blast off forever out of this wicked cruel world. One moment of pain perhaps and then sleep - forever and ever and ever.

:

EXT. WINDOW - DAWC

Alex leaps out of the window.

:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD

Alex in bed. Camera slowly tracks along length of his body. Everything is bandages and plaster splints, wire cages, blood drips.

ALEX (V.O.)

I jumped, O my brothers, and I fell hard but I did not snuff it, oh no. if I had snuffed it, I would not be here to tell what I have told. I came back to life, after a long, black, black gap of what might have been a million years.

We hear Alex moan, and then another moan. Alex and the other - a few times.

Suddenly, some curtains which have been drawn around another bed in the ward are parted, and a nurse hurries to Alex, hastily buttoning up her uniform. She is trailed by a young Intern fumbling with his trousers.

NURSE:

Oh, he's recovered conscienceness, Doctor.

:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Em and Pee sitting around the bed.

PEE:

Hullo, lad.

EM:

Hullo, son, how are you?

PEE:

Are you feeling better?

ALEX:

What gives, O my Pee and Em, what makes you think you are welcome?
Em sobs. Pee comforts her.

PEE:

There, there mother, it's alright. He doesn't mean it. You were in the papers again, son. It said they had done great wrong to you. It said how the Government drove you to try and do yourself in... and when you think about it, son... maybe it was our fault too in a way... your home's your home when it's all said and done, son.
Em sobs.

:

INT. HOSPITAL

Psychiatrist wheels trolley to Alex's bed. He is sitting up.

ALEX:

Good morning, Missus.

DR. TAYLOR

How are you feeling today?

ALEX:

Fine. Fine.

DR. TAYLOR

Good. I'm doctor Taylor.

ALEX:

I haven't seen you before.

DR. TAYLOR

I'm your Psychiatrist.

ALEX:

Psychiatrist? Huh, do I need one?

DR. TAYLOR

Just part of hospital routine.

ALEX:

What are we going to do? Talk about me sex life?

DR. TAYLOR

No... I'm going to show you some slides and you are going to tell me what you think about them Alright?

ALEX:

Ohhh... jolly good. Perhaps you can explain me something to me first.

DR. TAYLOR

Yes?

ALEX:

Well, when I was all like ashamed up and half awake and unconscious like, I kept having this dream like all these doctors were playing around with me gulliver. You know... like the inside of me brain. I seemed to have this dream over and over again. D'you think it means anything?

DR. TAYLOR

Patients who've sustained the kind of injuries you have often have dreams of this sort. It's all part of the recovery process.

ALEX:

Oh.

DR. TAYLOR

Now then, each of these slides needs a reply from one of the people in the picture. You'll tell me what you think the person would say. Alright?

ALEX:

Righty, right.

The doctor reads aloud the dialogue printed in the cartoon balloon - a peacock.

DR. TAYLOR

Isn't the plumage beautiful?

ALEX:

I just say what the other person would say?

DR. TAYLOR

Yes. Yes, well don't think about it too long, just say the first thing that pops into your mind.

ALEX:

Right... Knickers... Cabbages... It doesn't have a beak.

Alex laughs. Slide of woman speaking to boy.

DR. TAYLOR

Good. The boy you always quarrelled with is seriously ill.

ALEX:

That's right and I'll smash your face for you, yarblockos.

Slide of watch shop.

DR. TAYLOR

Good. It wa your fault... you sold me a crummy watch. I want my money back.

ALEX:

Bollocks. You know what you can do with that watch? You can stick it up your arse.

Slide of nude woman in bed, a man at the window.

DR. TAYLOR

Good. What do you want?

ALEX:

Excuse me, missus. No time for the old in-out, I've just come to read the meter.

Slide of bird's nest with eggs.

DR. TAYLOR

Good. You can do whatever you like with these.

ALEX:

Eggiwews. I would like to smash 'em. Pick up th elot and f... owww ... He slams his hand down and cries out with pain.

ALEX:

Fucking hell...

DR. TAYLOR

Fine. Well, that's all there is to it. Are you alright?

ALEX:

I hope so. Is that the end then?

DR. TAYLOR

Yes.

ALEX:

I was quite enjoying that.

DR. TAYLOR

Good. I'm glad

ALEX:

How many did I get right?

DR. TAYLOR

It's not that kind of a test. But you seem well on the way to a complete recovery.

ALEX:

And when do I get out of here then?

DR. TAYLOR

I'm sure it won't be long now.

:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Alex sitting up, being fed by Nurse.

ALEX (V.O.)

So I waited and, O my brothers, I got a lot better munching away at eggiwegs, and lomticks of toast and lovely steakiweaks and then, one day, they said I was going to have a very special visitor.

Doctor enters followed by Minister and Matron.

MINISTER:

Good evening, my boy.

ALEX:

Hi, hi, hi there, my little droogies.

DOCTOR:

Well, how are you getting on today, young man?

ALEX:

Great, sir. Great.

DOCTOR:

Can I do anything more for you , Minister?

MINISTER:

I don't think so, Sir Leslie. Thank you very much.

DR. TAYLOR

Then I'll leave you to it. Nurse.

They exit. Minister moves to Alex.

MINISTER:

You seem to have a whole ward to yourself, my boy.

ALEX:

Yes, sir, and a very lovely place it is too, sir, when I wake up in the middle of the night with my pain.

MINISTER:

Yes... well good to see you on the mend. I've kept in constant touch with the hospital, of course, and now I've come to see you personally to see how you're getting along.

ALEX:

I've suffered the tortures of the damned. The tortures of the damned, sir.

MINISTER:

Yes I can... Oh look, let me do that for you, shall I?

ALEX:

Thank you, sir.

MINISTER:

I can tell you that I... and the Government of which I am a member are deeply sorry about this, my boy. Deeply sorry. We tried to help you. We followed recommendations had been made to us that turned out to be wrong. An enquiry will place the responsibility where it belongs. We want you to regard us as friends. We've put you right, you're the best of treatments. We never wished you harm, but there are some that did and do, and I think you know who those are. There are certain people who wanted to use you for political ends. People who would have been glad to have you dead because then they would have been able to blame it all on the Government. I think you know who those are. There is also a certain man - a writer of subversive literature - who has been howling for your blood. He's been mad with desire to stick a knife into you, but you're safe from him now, we've put him away. He found out that you had done wrong to him - at least he believed you had done wrong. He had formed this idea in his head that you h

ALEX:

Where is he now, sir?

MINISTER:

We put him away where he can do you no harm. You see we are looking after your interests. We are interested in you, and when you leave here you will have no further worries. We shall see to everything... a good job on a good salary.

ALEX:

What job and how much?

MINISTER:

You must have an interesting job at a salary which you would regard as adequate. Not only for the job which you are going to do and in compensation for what you believe you have suffered, but also because you are helping us.

ALEX:

Helping you, sir?

MINISTER:

We always help our friends, don't we?

(smiles)

It is no secret that the Government has lost a lot of popularity because of you, my boy. There are some that think that at the next election we shall be out. The press has chosen to take a very unfavourable view of what we tried to do.

ALEX:

Well, who can blame them, sir?

MINISTER:

Mmmm, possibly. Yes. But public opinion has a way of changing and you, Alex, if I may call you, Alex?

ALEX:

Certainly, sir. What do they call you at home?

MINISTER:

My name is Frederick. As I was saying, Alex, you can be instrumental in changing the public verdict. Do you understand, Alex? Have I made myself clear?

ALEX:

As an unmuddied lake, Fred. As clear as an azure sky of deepest summer. You can rely on me, Fred.

MINISTER:

Good... good boy. Oh yes, I understand you're fond of music. I have arranged a little surprise for you.

ALEX:

Surprise?

MINISTER:

One I think you will like... as a, how shall I put it, as a symbol of our new understanding. An understanding between two friends.

ALEX:

Thank you, Fred. Thank you.

Minister turns and signals.

Door opens and a crowd of cameramen and reporters rush in.

Aides push two 6-foot loudspeakers and a Hi-Fi on a trolley.

ALEX (V.O.)

And what do you know, my brothers and only friends, it was the 9th, the glorious 9th of Ludwig van. Oh, it was gorgeosity and yummy yum yum. I was cured.

:

CLOSE SHOT ALEX:

ALEX (V.O.)

As the music came to its climax, I could viddy myself very clear, running and running on like very light and mysterious feet, carving the whole face of the creeching world with my cut throat britva. I was cured all right.

:

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THE END: