

Completely Unauthorized  
A Clockwork Orange  
Movie Script

Alex:

There was me, that is Alex, and my three droogs, that is Pete, Georgie Boy and Dim. And we sat in the Korova Milk Bar trying to make up our rassoodocks what to do with the evening. The Korova Milk Bar sold milk plus - 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.

Bum:

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 broad and narrow  
Crying Cockles and Mussels Alive, Alive, OH

Alex:

One thing I could never stand is to see a filthy old drunk 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.

Bum:

Can you spare some cutter me brothers?  
Oh, go on do me in ya 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?

Bum:

It's a stinking world cause there's no law and order any more.  
It's a stinking world because it lets the young get on to the old like you've done.  
Oh, it's no world for an old man any longer.  
What kind 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.  
Oh dear dear land I fought for thee

Alex:

It was around by the derelict casino that we came across Billy Boy 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.  
Ho Ho Ho if it isn't fat stinking Billy Goat Billy Boy 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 unic jelly thou.

Billy Boy:

Lets get 'em boys.

Alex...

The Durango 95 purred away real horrorshow. A nice warm vibratey 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.

Writer:  
Who on earth could that be?

Wife:  
I'll go and see.

Yes, who is it?

Alex:  
Excuse me misses can you please help?  
There's been a terrible accident.  
My friend's in the middle of the road bleeding to death.  
Can I please use your telephone for an ambulance?

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

Alex:  
But misses it's a matter of life and death.

Writer:  
Who is it dear?

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

Writer:  
Well I suppose you'd better let him in.

Wife:  
Well, wait a minute will you?  
I'm sorry but we don't usually let strangers in the middle of :..

Alex:  
Right, Pete check the rest of the house. Dim.  
I'm singing in the rain  
Just singing in the rain  
What a Glorious feeling I'm Happy again  
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, everyone from the place  
Come on with the rain, I've a smile on my face  
I'll walk down the lane, with a happy refrain  
And I'm singing, singing in the rain

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Viddy well old brother, Viddy well.

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

Dim:

Hello Lucy.  
Had a busy night?  
We've been working hard too.  
Pardon me Luse.

Alex:

There was some sophistos from the T.V. Studios around the corner. Laughing an govoreeting the Devotchka was smecking away and not caring about the wicked world one bit. Then the disk 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 milk bar and I felt all the malenky little hairs on my plott standing endwise and the 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:

What did you do that for?

Alex:

For being a bastard with no manners.

Without a dook of an idea about how to comport yourself public-wise, 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 bouncy yarblockos to you I'll meet you with chain, or nudge, or britva, any time, I'm not have you aiming tolchoks at me reasonless. It stands to reason, I won't have it.

Alex:

And I'll scrap any time you say.

Dim:

Right, right. Doobidoob. A bit tired may be best not to say more. Bedways is righthways now, so best we go homeways and get a bit of spatchka. Right, right.

Alex:

Where I lived was with my Dada and Mum in municipal flat block 18-A Linear North. 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.

Oh bliss, bliss and heaven. Oh it was georgeousness and georgeosity made flesh. It was like a bird of rarest spun heaven metal, or like silvery wine flowing in a spaceship gravity all nonsense now as I slooshied I knew such pretty pictures.

Mum:

Alex, Alex, Alex, Alex.

Alex:

What do you want, Mum?

Mum:

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

Alex:

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

Mum:

But you've not been at school all week, son.

Alex:

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

Mum:

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

Alex:

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

Mum:

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

Dad:

Yes, yes I heard, do you know what time he got home last night?

Mum:

No I don't, when I take my sleepers.

Dad:

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

Mum:

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

Alex:

Hi, hi, hi, Mr. Deltoid. Funny surprise seeing you here.

Mr. Deltoid:

Well 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 after-lunch.

Mr. Deltoid:

Or certainly by this evening, yes?  
The evening is the great time, isn't it Alex boy?

Alex:

Cup of the old chai, Sir?

Mr. Deltoid:

No time, no time yes?  
Sit, sit, sit.

Alex:

To what do I owe this extreme pleasure, Sir?  
Anything wrong, Sir?

Mr. Deltoid:

Wrong? Why should you think of anything being wrong? Have you been doing something you shouldn't, yes?

Alex:

Just a manner of speech, sir.

Mr. Deltoid:

Yes, well it's just a manner of speech from your post corrective advisor to you, that you watch out little Alex. Because next time it's not going to be the corrective school any more. Next time it's going to be the Barley place with all my work ruined. If you've no respect for your horrible self, you at least might have some for me, who sweated over you. 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 stripee hole.

Alex:

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

Mr. Deltoid:

Cut out all this clever talk about milicents.

Just because the police haven't picked you up lately doesn't as you very well know mean that you haven't 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 Billy-Boy's friends were ambluenced off late last night, yes?

Your name was mentioned the words got through 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.

What gets into you all?

We studied the problem, we've been studying it for damn well near a century, yes.

But we get no farther with all 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.

Mr. Deltoid:

That's just worries me, a bit too long to be safe 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.

As clear as an azure sky of deepest summer.

You can rely on me sir.

Excuse me brother, I ordered this two weeks ago can you see if its arrived yet please.

Clerk:

Just a Minute.

Alex:

Pardon me ladies. Enjoying that are you my darling? A bit cold and pointless isn't it my lovely. What's happened to yours my little sister?

Devotchka:

Who you getting bratty? Goggly Googol? Johnny Shivago? The Heaven 17?

Alex:

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

Hi, hi, hi there

Gang:

Well Hello.

Dim:

He are here, he has arrived , hooray.

Alex:

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

Georgie Boy:

We got worried, there we were waiting and drinking away at the old knifey 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 my guliver so I had to sleep. I was not awakened when I gave orders for awakening.

Dim:

Sorry about the pain. Using the guliver to much like maybe. Giving orders and disciplining and such perhaps. You sure the pain is gone? You sure you might be happier back in bed.

Alex:

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

Georgie Boy:

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, I know it.

Georgie Boy:

Well, if you must have it then have it then. We go around shopcrasting and the like coming out with a pitiful rooker full of money each time. And there's Will the English at the Musclemann Coffee Mesto saying he can fence anything that any malchik tries to crast.

Pete:

The shiny stuff. The Ice. The big, big, big, moneys available is what Will the English says.

Alex:

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

Gerogie Boy:

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

Alex:

Good. Real Horrorshow. Initiative comes to those that wait. I've taught you well my little droogies. Now tell me what you had in mind, Georgie Boy.

Gerogie Boy:

Well, The old Moloko plus first. Would you not say. Something to sharpen us up. You especially cause we've got a start.

Alex:

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 bulldog. But suddenly I viddied that thinking was for the gloopy ones and that the oomny ones used like inspiration and what Bog sends. Well now, it was lovely music that came to my aid. There was a window open with the stereo on and I viddied right at once what to do.

I had not cut into any of Dim's main cables and so with the help of a clean kashtook the red, red kroovy stopped and it did not take long to quiet 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.

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

Pete:

Right.

Dim:

Right.

Georgie Boy:

Right.

Alex:

Well Georgie Boy, this idea of yours, for tonight, tell us all about it thou.

Georgie Boy:

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?

Georgie Boy:

It's this health farm, a bit out of the town. Isolated. It's owned by like this very rich ptitsa that 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, tell me more.

Ptitsa:

Oh shit.

Who's there?

Alex:

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

Ptitsa:

I'm frightfully sorry, there's a telephone in the public phone about a mile down the road, I suggest you use that.

Alex:

But misses this is an emergency, it's a matter of life and death. My friend's lying in the middle of the road, bleeding to death.

Ptitsa:

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. I'll try to get help at the pub then. Sorry if I disturbed you. Thank you very much. Good night.

Dim, bend down. I'm going to get in that window and open the front door.

Ptitsa:

Hello. Bradford police station. Good evening, it's Miss Wethers at Woodmeir health farm. Hello, 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's been some kind of an accident. Well, the thing that caught my attention was what he said. The words he used sounded very like what was quoted in the papers this morning in connection with the writer and his wife who were assaulted last night.

Just a few minutes ago.

Well, if you think that's necessary, but I'm quite sure he's gone away now.

all right, fine, thank you very much. Thank you.

Yikes!

Alex:

Hi, hi, hi there. At last we meet. Our brief goveret through the letter-hole was not, shall we say, satisfactory, yes?

Ptitsa:

Who are you? How the hell did you get in here? What the bloody hell do you think you're doing?

Alex:

Naughty, naughty, naughty you filthy old soomaka.

Ptitsa:

Now listen here, you little bastard. Just turn around and walk out of here the same

way as you came in.

Leave that... hell, no, don't touch it!

It's a very important work of art. Well, what the bloody hell do you want?

Alex:

Well, to be perfectly honest, madam, I'm taking part in an international student contest to see who can get the most points for selling magazines.

Ptitsa:

Cut the shit, sonny and get out of here, before you get yourself in some very serious trouble. I told you to leave that alone, now get out of here before I throw you out, you wretched slummy bastard, I'll teach you to break into real people's houses.

Fuckin' little bastard.

Alex:

Come on, let's go. The police are coming.

Dim:

And for you my droogie.

Alex:

You bastards, I'm blind you bastards, I can't see.

It's no good sitting there in hope, my brothers. I won't say a single solitary slovo until I have my lawyer here. I know the law, you bastards.

Officer:

Righty, 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.

Cop:

Nasty cut you've got there, little Alex. Shame it spoils all your beauty. Who gave you that then, eh? How'd you do that then.

Alex:

What's your point, you bastard?

Cop:

That is for your lady victim, you ghastly wretched scoundrel.

Sergeant:

Good evening Mr. Deltoid.

Mr. Deltoid:

Good evening Sergeant.

Sergeant:

They're in room B, sir.

Mr. Deltoid:

Thank you very much.

Inspector:

Sergeant. Ahh, good evening Mr. Deltoid.

Mr. Deltoid:

Good 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?

Sergeant:

Yes, Sir.

Inspector:

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

Mr. Deltoid:

Thank you very much. Good evening, Sergeant. Good evening all. Oh dear, oh dear. This boy does look a mess, doesn't he? Just look at the state of him.

Cop:

Loves young nightmare.

Inspector:

Violence makes violence. He resisted his lawful arresters.

Mr. Deltoid:

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 the others, Sir.

Cop:

Sings the roof off lovely, he does that.

Alex:

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

Mr. Deltoid:

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

Alex:

Not true, Sir. It was only a slight tolchok, she was breathing, I swear it.

Mr. Deltoid:

I've just come from the hospital, your victim has died.

Alex:

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

Mr. Deltoid:

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

Cop:

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.

Alex:

This is the real weepy and tragic part of the story being O my brothers and only friends. After a trial with judge and a jury and some very hard words spoken against your friend and humble narrator, He was sentenced to fourteen years in Stargent number 84-F among smelly perverts and hardened crustoodniks\*\*. The shock sent\*\* my Dada beating his\*\*\* and\*\*\* rookas against unfair bog\* in his heaven. And my mom, boo hoo hooing in her

mothers grief as her only child and son of her bosom, while letting everybody down real horrorshow.

Guard:

One up from Thames, sir.

Guard:

Right, open up the cell

Guard:

Yes sir.

Guard:

Good Morning sir here are the prisoner's committal forms.

Guard:

Thank you.

Guard:

Names?

Alex:

Alexander De Large.

Guard:

You are now in this prison proper and from this moment you will address all prison officers as sir.

Name?

Alex:

Alexander De Large, sir.

Guard:

Sentence?

Alex:

Fourteen years sir.

Guard:

Crime?

Alex:

Murder sir.

Guard:

Right. Take the cuffs off him Master Sergeant.

You are now 655321 and it is your duty to memorize that number.

Thank you Master Sergeant. All Done.

Master Sergeant:

Thank you chief.

Guard:

Let the officer out.

Guard:

Yes sir.

Guard:

All right empty your pockets.

Are you able to see the white line painted on the floor directly behind you 655321?

Alex:

Yes sir.

Guard:

Then your toes belong on the other side of it.

Alex:

Yes sir.

Guard:

Right carry on.

Pick that up and put it down properly.

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, Timearest on a white metal expanding bracelet.

Anything else in your pockets?

Alex:

No sir.

Guard:

Right, Sing here for your valuable property.

The Tobacco and chocolate you brought in, you lose that as you are now convicted.

Now over to that table and get undressed.

Now then, were you in police custody this morning.

Alex:

No sir.

Guard:

One jacket blue pinstriped.

Guard:

Parent custody?

Alex:

Yes sir, on remark.

Guard:

One neck tie blue.

Guard:

Religion?

Alex:

C of E sir.

Guard:

Do you mean the Church of England?

Alex:

Yes sir, the church of England sir.

Guard:  
Brown hair isn't it.

Alex:  
Fair hair sir.

Guard:  
Blue eyes?

Alex:  
Blue sir.

Guard:  
Do you wear eyeglasses or contact lenses.

Alex:  
No sir.

Guard:  
One shirt blue collar attached.

Guard:  
Have you been receiving medical treatment for any serious illness.

Alex:  
No sir.

Guard:  
One pair of boots, black leather, zippered, worn.

Guard:  
Have you ever had any mental illness.

Alex:  
No sir.

Guard:  
Do you wear any false teeth or false limbs?

Alex:  
No sir.

Guard:  
One pair of trousers, blue pinstriped.

Guard:  
Have you ever had any attacks of fainting or dizziness?

Alex:  
No sir.

Guard:  
One pair of socks, Black.

Guard:  
Are you an epileptic?

Alex:  
No sir.

Guard:

One pair of underpants, white with blue waistband.

Alex:

No sir.

Guard:

Are you now or have you ever been a homosexual?

Alex:

No sir.

Guard:

Right. The mothballs.

Guard:

Mothballs sir.

Guard:

Now then, face the wall, bend over and touch your toes.

Any venereal disease?

Alex:

No sir.

Guard:

Crabs?

Alex:

No sir.

Guard:

Lice?

Alex:

No sir.

Guard:

Go over there for a bath.

Alex:

Yes sir.

Chaplain:

What's it going to be then? Eh?

Is it going to be in and out of institutions like this though more in then out for most of you. Or are you going to attend to the divine works and realize the punishments that awaits unrepentant sinners in the next world as well as this.

Allot of Idiots you are selling your birthright for a saucer of cold porridge.

The thrill of theft, of violence. The urge to live easy.

Well I ask you what is it worth when we have undeniable proof.

Yes, 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 then any flame of human fire. Where souls of unrepentant criminal sinners like yourselves.

Don't you laugh damn you, don't you laugh.

I see souls like yourselves scream in endless and unendurable agony. Your skin rotting and peeling a fireball spinning in your screaming guts. I know, oh yes,

I know. Allright we'll end by singing hymn 258 in the prisoners Hymnal.

Guard:

And lets have a little reverence you bastards. Come on, sing up damn you.

Alex:

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 lucious young malchick like your storyteller. It was my rabbit to help the prison Charlie with the Sunday service. He was a bolshy great bastard, but he was very fond of myself. Me being very young and now interested in the big book. I read all about the scourging and the crowning with thorns and I could viddy myself helping in and even taking charge of the tolchoking and the nailing in. Being dressed in the height of roman fashion. I didn't so much like the latter part of the book which is like all preachy talking than fighting and the old in-out. I like the parts where these old yahooties tolchok each other and then drink their Hebrew vino and getting on to the bed with their wife's handmaidens. That kept me going.

Chaplain:

Seek not to be like evil men. Neither desire to be with them. Because their minds studyth robberies and their lips speak deceits.

Alex:

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

Chaplain:

Fine, my son, fine.

Alex:

Father, I have tried, have I not?

Chaplain:

Well, you have my son.

Alex:

I've done my best, have I not?

Chaplain:

Indeed.

Alex:

I've never been guilty of any institutional infraction, have I father?

Chaplain:

You certainly have not, six double-five three two one. You've been very helpful, and you show a genuine desire to reform.

Alex:

Father, can I ask you a question in private?

Chaplain:

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:

It's nothing like that, father. It's about this new thing they're all talking about, father, about this new treatment. It gets you out of prison in no time at all. Makes sure you never get back in again.

Chaplain:

Where did you hear about this? Who's been talking about these things?

Alex:

These things get around, father. Two warders talk as it might be. Somebody can't help overhearing what they say, then somebody picks up a scrap of newspaper in the work shops, and the newspaper tells all about it. How 'bout putting me in for this new treatment, father?

Chaplain:

I take it you are referring to the Ludavico 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 back in again.

Chaplain:

That's not proven, six double-five three two one. In fact it's only in the experimental stage at this moment.

Alex:

It has been used, hasn't it father?

Chaplain:

It has not been used in this prison, yet. 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 dangers, father. I just want to be good. I want for the rest of my life to be one act of goodness.

Chaplain:

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, I only know I want to be good.

Chaplain:

Be patient, my son. Put your trust in the lord.

Alex:

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

Chaplain:

Amen.

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 and more money.

Minister:

Not a chance, my dear sir. The government can't be concerned any longer with out-moded 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:

You're absolutely right, sir.

Head Guard:

Shut your bleeding hole.

Minister:

Who said that?

Alex:

I did, sir.

Minister:

What crime did you commit.

Alex:

The accidental killing of a person, sir.

Head Guard:

He brutally murdered a woman, sir. In furtherance of theft. Fourteen years, sir.

Minister:

Excellent, he's enterprising, aggressive, outgoing, young, bold, and vicious. He'll do.

Governor:

Well, fine, sir. 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.

Governor:

Come in.

Head Guard:

Sir, six double-five three two one, sir. Over to the white line, toes behind it, full name and number to the governor.

Alex:

Alexander De Large, sir. Six double-five three two one, sir.

Governor:

I don't suppose you know who that was this morning, do you? That was no less a person than the minister of interior. What they call a very new broom. Well these new ridiculous ideas have come at last, and orders are orders. But I may say to you in confidence, 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 hooligans, not hit back? Also, the new view is to say no. The new view is that we turn the bad into good. All of which seems to me to be grossly unjust.

Alex:

Sir.

Head Guard:

Shut your filthy hole, you scum.

Governor:

You are to be reformed tomorrow. Tomorrow you will go to this man, Brodsky. You will be leaving here, you will be transferred to the Ludavico 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?

Head Guard:

Answer when the governor asks you a question.

Alex:

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

Governor:

Sign this, where it's marked.

Head Guard:

Don't read it, sign it.

Governor:

It says that you are willing to have the residue of your sentence commuted to submission to the Ludavico treatment. And this. And another copy.

Alex:

The next morning I was taken to the Ludavico Medical facility outside the town center, and I felt a malenky bit sad having to say good-bye to the old Staja, as you always will when you've like gotten used to\*\*

Head Guard:

Right, hold the prisoner. Good morning, sir. I am Chief Inspector Barnes. I've got six double-five three two one on a transfer from Bradford to the Ludavicocenter, sir.

Doctor:

Good morning, yes, we've been expecting you. I'm Dr. Alcot.

Head Guard:

Yes, Alcot. Very good, sir. Are you prepared to accept the prisoner, sir.

Doctor:

Yes, of course.

Head Guard:

Then I wonder if you'd mind signing these transfer documents, sir.

There, sir. And there, sir. And there.

Prison escort, move forward.

Halt.

Excuse me, sir, is that the officer that will take charge of the prisoner, sir?

If I might offer a word of advice, Doc. You have to watch this one. A right brutal bastard he's been, and will be again despite all his sucking up to the prison chaplain, and reading the bible.

Doctor:

I think we can manage things.

Charlie, will you show the young man to his room now.

Guard:

Right sir.

Come this way please.

Dr. Brannon:

Morning Charlie.

Guard:

Morning Doctor.

Dr. Brannon:

Morning Alex. My name is Dr. Brannon. I'm Dr. Brodsky's assistant.

Alex:

Good Morning misses. Lovely day isn't it?

Dr. Brannon:

Yes indeed it is.

May I take that. How are you feeling this morning?

Alex:

Fine, fine.

Dr. Brannon:

Good now in a few minutes you'll meet Dr. Brodsky and we'll begin your treatment.

Lucky boy to have been chosen.

Alex:

I realize that misses and I'm very grateful to all concerned.

Dr. Brannon:

Were going to be friends then aren't we Alex?

Alex:

I hope so misses. What's the hypo for then. Going to send me to sleep?

Dr. Brannon:

Oh no, nothing of the sort.

Alex:

Vitamins will it be then?

Dr. Brannon:

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 you pajama pants and pull them half way down.

Alex:

What exactly is the treatment here going to be then?

Dr. Brannon:

Quite simple really. Were going to show you some films.

Alex:

You mean like going to the pictures?

Dr. Brannon:

Something like that.

Alex:

Well that's good.

I like to viddy the old films now and again.

And viddy films I would. Where I was taken to, Brothers, was like no cine I ever viddied before. I was bound up in a straight jacket and my guliver was strapped to a headrest with like wires running away from it. Then they clamped like lidlocks on my eyes so that 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 it. If I was to be a free young malchick again in a fortnights time I would put up with much in the meantime, O my Brothers. So far the first film, was a very good professional piece of cine. Like it was done in Hollywood. The sounds were real horroshow, you could slooshie the screams and moans very realistic. You could even get the heavy breathing and panting of the tolchcoking 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 was put out by the same big firm, began to flow. It was beautiful. It's funny how the colors of the real world only seem really real when you viddy them on the screen.

Now all the time I was watching this, I was beginning to get very aware of like not feeling all that well. And this this I put down to all the rich food and vitamins. 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. When it came to the sixth or seventh malchick leering and smecking and going into it, I began to feel really sick. But I could not shut my glassies and even if I tried to move my glassballs about, I still not get out of the line of fire of the picture.

I'm going to be sick.

Get something for me to be sick in.

Dr. Brodsky:

Very soon now the drug will cause the subject to experience a deathlike 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 that we have found the subject will make his most rewarding associations between his catastrophic experience and involvement with the violence he sees.

Dr. Brannon:

Dr. Brodsky is very pleased with you. You've made a very positive response.

Now tomorrow there will be two sessions of course. Morning and afternoon.

Alex:

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

Dr. Brannon:

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

Alex:

It was horrible.

Dr. Brannon:

Of course it was horrible. Violence is a horrible thing. That's what you're learning now, your body's 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.

Dr. Brannon:

You felt ill this afternoon because you're getting better. You see, when were 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.

Alex:

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 cooperative 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 my pain and sickness what music it was that like cracked and boomed. It was Ludwig Van's. Ninth Symphony, fourth movement. Ahhggggg! No. No. Stop it. Stop it. Please I beg of you. It's a sin. It's a sin.

Dr. Brodsky:

Son, what's all this about sin?

Alex:

That. Using Ludwig Van like that. He's done no harm to anyone. Beethoven just wrote music.

Dr. Brannon:

Are you referring to the background score?

Alex:

Yes.

Dr. Brannon:

You've heard Beethoven before/

Alex:

Yes.

Dr. Brodsky:

So, you're keen on music.

Alex:

Yes.

Dr. Brodsky:

Can't be helped. Here's the punishment element perhaps. The Governor ought to be pleased.

I'm sorry Alex. This is for your own good. You'll have to bare with us for a while.

Alex:

But it's not fair, It's not fair that I should feel ill when I hear lovely,  
lovely, lovely, Ludwig Van .

Dr. Brodsky:

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

Alex:

You needn't take it any further sir. You've proved to me that all the  
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 God

Dr. Brodsky:

Your not cured yet boy.

Alex:

But sirs, misses, I see that it's wrong. It's wrong because it's like against 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. Now be cheerful about it. In less  
than a fortnight now, you'll be a free man.

Minister:

Ladies and Gentlemen. At this stage we introduce the subject himself. He as you will  
perceive, fit and well nourished. He comes straight from as nights sleep and a good  
breakfast, undrugged, un hypnotized. Tomorrow we send him out with confidence 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 the false smile, the rubbed hands of hypocrisy.  
The fawning greased obsequies leer. Other vice it taught him, as well as confirming  
those he had long practiced before. Our party promised to restore law and order and to  
make the streets safe again for the ordinary peace loving citizen. This pledge is now  
about to become a reality. Ladies and gentlemen, today is an historic moment the  
problem of criminal violence is soon to be a thing of the past. But enough of words.  
Actions speak louder than words. Now, observe all.

Our necks are out a long way on this one.

Minister:

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

Dork:

Hello. Heap of dirt.

Ew, 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.

Dork:

Oh he had a shower this morning.

You trying to call me a liar?

Alex:

No Brother.

Dork:

Well you must think I'm awfully stupid.

Alex:

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

Dork:

You want to know why I did that? Well you see, I do this and that and this, cause I don't like your horrible type do I. And if you want to start something. If you want to start then you just go ahead. Go on please. Do go on.

Alex:

I'm going to be sick. I'm going to be sick. I'm going to be sick.  
Please let me get up.

Dork:

You want to get up. Well now you listen to me. If you want to get up you've got to do something for me. Here, here you see that, you see that shoe. Well I want you to lick it. Go on, lick it.

Alex:

And O my Brothers, would you believe your faithful friend and long suffering narrator pushed out his red yazzick a mile and a half to lick the grazny 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:

Enough thank you very much. Thank you my dear.  
Not feeling to bad now, are you Alex?

Alex:

No sir. Feel really great, sir.

Minister:

Good.

Alex:

Was I all right sir? Did I do well?

Minister:

Fine my boy. Absolutely fine.

You see ladies and gentlemen, our subject is impelled toward the good by paradoxically being impelled toward evil. The intention to act violently is accompanied by strong feeling of physical distress. To counter these the subject has to switch to a diametrically opposed attitude. Any questions?

Chaplain:

Choice. The boy has no choice has he? Self interest. The fear of physical pain drove him to that grotesque act of self abasement. It's insincerity was clearly to be seen. He ceases to be wrongdoer. He ceases also of being a creature capable of moral choice.

Minister:

Padre, these are subtleties. Were not concerned with motives. With the higher ethics. We are concerned only with cutting down crime, and 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 of the thought of even killing a fly.

Reclamation. Joy before the angels of God. The point is that it works.

Alex:

And the very next day, your friend and humble narrator was a free man.

Dad:

Son.

Alex:

Hi, hi, hi there my "pee and em"

Mum:

Alex.

Alex:

Mum. How are you love? Nice to see you.

Dad.

Dad:

Lad. What a surprise. Good to see you.

Alex:

Keepin fit?

Dad:

Oh, yeah.

Alex:

How are you then? How are you?

Dad:

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

Alex:

Well, I'm back.

Dad:

Yes, good to see you lad.

Mum:

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.

Dad:

It's a surprise all right. A bit bewildering too.

Mum:

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

Dad:

Oh, you should have let us know lad. Not that were not very pleased to see you again and all cured too eh?

Alex:

That's right Dad they did a great job on me. I'm completely reformed. Well, still the same old place then, eh?

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

Dad:

That's Joe. He, he lives here now. A lodger that's what he is, he rents you room.

Alex:

How do you do, Joe?

Find the room comfortable do ya? No complaints?

Joe:

I've heard about you. I know what you've done. Breaking the hearts of your poor grieving parents. So your back eh? Back to make life a 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 then like a lodger.

Mum:

Joe, Joe, don't go fighting here boys.

Joe:

Well do put your hand over your mouth please, it's bloody revolting.

Dad:

Are you all right lad?

Mum:

Dad, it's the treatment.

Joe:

Well it's disgusting. I mean it's enough to put you off your food.

Mum:

Ah leave him be Joe, it's the treatment.

Dad:

Do you think we ought to do something?

Mum:

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

Alex:

What have you done with all my own personal things?

Dad:

Oh, well, that was all took away son, by the police. New regulation about compensation for the victims.

Alex:

What about Basil? Where's my snake?

Dad:

Well, he met with like an accident. He passed away.

Alex:

What's going to 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?

Dad:

All this needs thinking about, son. 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. We made like an agreement, didn't we Joe? You see son, Joe's paid next months rent already so well, whatever we do in the future we cant just say to Joe to get out now can we?

Joe:

No, but it's much more than that though, I mean I've got you two to think of, who've been like a father and mother to me. Well it wouldn't be fair now or right I mean 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. Well, look, he's weeping now, but that's all

his craft and artfulness. Let him go and find a room somewhere else. Let him learn the errors of his way and that a bad boy like he's been doesn't deserve such a good mum and dad as he's had.

Alex:

All right, I've a lot of things out 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 right that you suffer proper. You know, I've been told everything you've done sitting here at night around the family table, and 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.

It' all right now, now.

Alex:

Right, I'm leaving now. You won't ever viddy me no more. I'll make my own way. Thank you very much. Heavy on your conscience, it might lie.

Dad:

Now, don't take it like that son.

Bum:

Can you spare some cutter me brother?

Can you spare some cutter me brother?

Can you spare some cutter me brother?

Thanks, brother.

Jamey Mack. Be the hokey fly. Holy Mother of God and all the Brits and saints in heaven preserve us, I never forget a face. I never forget any face.

Alex:

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

Bum:

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

Stop him! Stop him!

They laughed at me blood and my moans, this murderous dog.

Alex:

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 sick and feel that horrible pain.

Dim:

All right, all right. Stop breaking his face. Police here. Back away, away with you. What's your trouble sir?

Alex:

Oh no.

Dim:

Well, well, well, well, well, well, well, well. If it isn't little Alex. Long time no viddy, droog. How goes?

Alex:

It's impossible, I don't believe it.

Billy Boy:

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

Dim:

Come on, Alex. Go for a walk, eh?

Alex:

Come, 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. I've been cured.

Dim:

\*\*\*

Alex:

What is all this? 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 little bit of revenge after all this time. Remember, Dim?

Dim:

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

Billy Boy:

Enough is remembered though little Alex.

Dim:

We want to make sure you stay cured. We'll viddy you some more some time droogie.

Alex:

Where was I to go, who had no home and no money. I cried for myself. Home, home, home.  
It was home I was wanting and it was home I came to not realizing in the state I was in  
where I was and had been before.

Writer:

Who on earth could that be?

Julian:

I'll see who it is.

Yes, what is it?

Alex:

Police.

Julian:

Frank, I think this young man needs some help.

Writer:

My God, what's happened to you my boy?

Alex:

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 realizing where he was and why  
"home" on the gate looked so familiar, but I knew I was safe. I knew he would not  
remember me, for in those care-free days, I and my so-called droogies wore our maskies,  
which were like real horrorshow disguises.

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

Writer:

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

Alex:

Yes, sir. That's exactly who I am and what I am. A victim, sir

Writer:

By God, you've 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. You are not the first to come here under stress. The police are fond of bringing their victims to the outskirts of the village. But it is providential that you who are also another kind of victim should come here. Oh, but you're cold and shivering. Julian, draw a bath for this young man

Julian:

Certainly, sir.

Alex:

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

I'm singing in the rain.

Just singing in the rain.

Writer: can be the most potent weapon imaginable to ensure that the government is not returned in the fourth coming election.

The government's big boast as you know sir is the way they have dealt with crime during the last few months, recruiting brutal young roughs into the police, proposing debilitating 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 will 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 is old. The common people will let it grow old, yes. They will sell liberty for a quieter life that is why they must be led driven, pushed.

Fine, oh, thank you very much.

He'll be here.

Alex:

I'm singing in the rain

Just singing in the rain

What a Glorious feeling I'm hap hap happy again

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, everyone from the place

I'm on with the rain, I've a smile on my face

I'll walk down the lane, with a happy refrain

And I'm singing, just singing in the rain

Good evening, sir.

Writer:

Good evening.

Alex:

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

Writer:

Of course.

Food all right?

Alex:  
Great, sir. Great.

Writer:  
Try the wine.

Alex:  
Thank you, sir. Cheers, happy day, sir.  
Won't you join me?

Writer:  
No, my health doesn't allow it.

Julian:  
No thank you.

Alex:  
1960, Chateau Saint Estef Edock.\*\*\*  
Very good brand, sir.  
Very good color, sir.  
Smells nice, too.  
Very nice little number, sir.  
Very refreshing, sir sir.\*\*

Writer:  
I'm pleased you appreciate good wine.  
Have another glass.

Alex:  
Thank you, sir.

Writer:  
My wife used to do everything for me and leave me to my writing.

Alex:  
Your wife, sir. Is she away?

Writer:  
No, she's dead.

Alex:  
I'm sorry to hear about that, sir.

Writer:  
She was very badly raped ya see.  
We were attacked by a gang of viscous young hoodlums in this very room you're sitting in now. I was left a helpless crippled. Doctors said it was pneumonia, because it happened some months later during a flu epidemic. The doctor told me it was pneumonia, but I knew what it was. Victim of the modern age.  
Poor, poor girl. And now you, another victim of the modern age, but you can be helped. I phoned some friends while you were having your bath.

Alex:  
Some friends, sir?

Writer:  
Yes, they want to help you.

Alex:

Help me, sir?

Writer:  
Help you.

Alex:  
Who are they, sir?

Writer:  
Very important people and they're interested in you. Julian, this will be these people now.

Alex:  
I don't think I want to trouble you further, sir. I think I should be leaving.

Writer:  
No, no, no my boy, no trouble at all. Here, let me fill your glass.

Guy:  
Hello, Frank.

\*??:  
Good evening, sir.

Chick:  
Oh, Frank.

Guy:  
So this is the young man?

Alex:  
How do you do, sir?

Guy:  
Hello.

Alex:  
Misses?  
Pleased to meet you.

Chick:  
Hello.

Guy:  
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 by to see if we could be of any help.

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

Guy:  
I understand you had a rather unfortunate encounter with the police tonight.

Alex:  
Yes sir, I suppose you could call it that, sir.

?:  
How'd you feel now?

Alex:  
Much better, sir.

?:  
Feel like talking to us, answer a few questions?

Alex:  
Fine, fine, sir.

Guy:  
Well, as I said, we've heard about you. Were interested in your case we want to help you.

Alex:  
Thank you very much, sir.

?:  
Well, shall we get down to it?

Alex:  
Fine, fine, sir.

Chick:  
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, I think that was something that they didn't plan for. You see, misses, I'm very fond of music. Especially Beethoven, Ludwig Van Beethoven. B - E -

Chick:  
That's all right, 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.

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

Alex:  
No, misses. You see, it's not all music, it's just the 9th.

Chick:  
You mean, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony?

Alex:  
That's right. I can't listen to the 9th anymore at all. When I hear the 9th, I get like this funny feeling and then all I can think about is like \*\*\*\*\* to snuff it.

Chick:  
I beg your pardon?

Alex:  
Snuff it, sir I mean death misses. I just want to die peacefully like with no pain.

Guy:  
Do you feel that way now?

Alex:

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

Chick:

Do you still feel suicidal?

Alex:

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.

Chick:

Well done Frank, Julian, get the car would you please.

Alex:

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

Open the door, open the door.

Turn it off, turn it off, turn it off, turn it off, turn it off.

Stop it. Turn it off. Turn it off. Turn it off. Turn it off.

Please, turn it off.

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 from this wicked cruel world. One moment of pain perhaps and then sleep forever and ever.

I jumped, O my brothers and I fell hard, but I did not snuff it, if I had snuffed it e would not be here to tell what I told. I came back to life after a long black black gap of what ought have been a million years.

Nurse:

He's recovered conscienceness, Doctor.

Dad:

Hello, lad.

Mum:

Hello, son. How are you?

Dad:

Are you feeling better.

Alex:

What gives, O my P and M. What makes you think you are welcome?

Dad:

There, there, there mother, it's all right. 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 is your home when it's all said and done, son.

Doctor:

Good morning.

Guard:

Good morning, Doctor.

Doctor:

Good morning.

Alex:  
Good morning, misses.

Doctor:  
How are you feeling, today?

Alex:  
Fine, fine.

Doctor:  
Good, May I? I'm doctor Taylor.

Alex:  
Haven't seen you before.

Doctor:  
I'm your psychiatrist.

Alex:  
Psychiatrist? Do I need one?

Doctor:  
Just part of hospital routine.

Alex:  
What are we going to talk about, my sex life?

Doctor:  
No, no. I'm going to show you some slides. And your going to tell me what you think about them, all right.

Alex:  
Jolly good. Do you know anything about dreams?

Doctor:  
Something, yes.

Alex:  
Do you know what they mean?

Doctor:  
Perhaps are you concerned about something?

Alex:  
No, not concerned, really, but I've been having this very nasty dream very nasty. It's like, well. When I was all smashed up you know 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 my brains I seem to have this dream over and over again. Do ya think it means anything?

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

Alex:  
Ah.

Nurse:  
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.

Alex:  
Right, right.

Nurse:  
Isn't the plumage beautiful?

Alex:  
I just say what the other person would say?

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

Alex:  
\*\*\*\*\*

Nurse:  
Good.

The boy you always quarreled with is seriously ill.

Alex:  
My mind is a bland and I'll smash your face for you yarblocks.

Nurse:  
Good.  
What do you want?

Alex:  
No time for the old in-out, love. I've just come to read the meter.

Nurse:  
Good  
You sold me a crummy watch, I want my money back.

Alex:  
You know what you can do with that watch, stick it up your ass.

Nurse:  
Good. You can do whatever you like with those.

Alex:  
Eggie-wegs. I would like to smash 'em, pick 'em all up and throw... aw, fuckin' hell!

Nurse:  
Well there, that's all there is to it.  
You all right?

Alex:  
I hope so, is that the end then?

Nurse:  
Yes.

Alex:  
I was quite enjoying that.

Nurse:

Good, I'm glad

Alex:

How many did I get right?

Nurse:

Oh, it's not that kind of a test but you seem all on your way to making complete recovery.

Alex:

When do I get out of here then?

Nurse:

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

Alex:

So I waited and O my brothers I got a lot better, munching away at eggie-weg, and luntiks of toast and lovely steakie-wakes, and then one day they said I was going to have a very special visitor.

Doctor:

Just wait outside for a moment, will you officer?

Minister:

I'm afraid my change of schedule has rather thrown you. I seem to have arrived while the patient's in the middle of supper.

Alex:

That's quite all right, Minister. No trouble at all.

Minister:

Good evening, my boy.

Alex:

Hi, hi, hi there, my little droogies.

Doctor:

Well, how're you getting on today, young man?

Alex:

Great, sir. Just great.

Doctor:

Can I do anything more for you, Minister?

Minister:

I don't think so, sir. Leslie.

\*\*?\*\*\*

Then I leave you to it, nurse.

Minister:

Well, 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 mid of the night with my pain.

Minister:

Yes, well, anyway, good to see you on the mend. I kept in constant touch with the

hospital of course and now I've come down to see you personally to see how you're getting along.

Alex:

I suffered the tortures of the damned

Minister:

Yes, I can appreciate that you have had and extremely dis-  
Oh look. Let me help you with that, shall I.

Alex:

Thank you, sir. Thank you.

Minister:

I can tell you with all sincerity that I and the government which I am a member, are deeply sorry. We tried to help you. We followed recommendations which were made to us that turned out to be wrong. An inquiry will place the responsibility where it belongs. We want you to regard us as friends. We put you right, you're getting the best of treatment. We never wished you harm, but there are some who did and do and I think you know who those are. There are certain people who wanted to use you for political ends. They would have been glad to have you dead, for they thought they could then blame it all on the government. 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 in you, but you're safe from him now. We put him away. He found out that you had done wrong. He formed this 'em in his head that you had been responsible for the death of someone near and dear to him. He was a menace. We put him away for his own protection, and also for yours.

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 interest. We are interested in you and when you leave here you'll have no worries. We'll 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 you're 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? It is no secret that this government has lost a lot of popularity because of you, my boy. There are some that think that in the next election we shall be out. The press has chosen to take a very unfavorable view of what we tried to do, 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's verdict. So you understand, Alex? Do I make myself clear?

Alex:

As an unmuddied lake, Fred. As clear as \*\*\*\* 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 that I hope that you will like as a symbol of our new understanding.  
An understanding between two friends.

Alex:

I was cured all right.