

SHOOTING SCRIPT

"A CLOCKWORK ORANGE"

A

Screenplay

by

Stanley Kubrick

*Septemter*

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September 7, 1970

CAST AND CREDITS

Warner Bros.  
A Kinney Company  
presents

A Stanley Kubrick Production

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

Starring

Malcolm McDowell	as	Alex
Patrick Magee	as	Mr. Alexander

And Featuring in Alphabetical Order

Michael Bates	as	Chief Guard
Warren Clarke	as	Dim
John Clive	as	Stage Actor
Adrienne Corri	as	Mrs. Alexander
Carl Duering	as	Dr. Brodsky
Paul Farrell	as	Tramp
Clive Francis	as	Lodger
Michael Gover	as	Prison Governor
Miriam Karlin	as	Catladay
James Marcus	as	Georgie
Aubrey Morris	as	Deltoid
Godfrey Quigley	as	Prison Chaplain
Sheila Raynor	as	Mum
Madge Ryan	as	Dr. Branom
John Savident	as	Conspirator
Anthony Sharp	as	Minister
Philip Stone	as	Dad
Pauline Taylor	as	Psychiatrist
Margaret Tyzack	as	Conspirator

Produced and Directed by Stanley Kubrick  
Executive Producers Max L. Raab and  
Si Litvinoff

Screenplay by Stanley Kubrick  
Based on the novel by Anthony Burgess  
Lighting Cameraman John Alcott  
Production Designer John Barry  
Art Directors Russell Hagg, P. Sheilds  
Editor Bill Butler  
Sound Recordist John Jordan  
Sound Editor Brian Blamey  
Dubbing Mixers Bill Rowe, Eddie Haben  
Production Assistants Andros Epanimondas  
Margaret Adams  
Location Manager Terence Clegg  
Technical Advisor Jon Marshall  
Promotion Coordinator Michael Kaplan

Associate Producer Bernard Williams  
Assistant to Producer Jan Harlan  
Electronic Music Composed and Realised  
by Walter Carlos  
"Overture to the Sun" Composed by  
Terry Tucker  
"I Want to Marry A Lighthouse Keeper"  
Composed & performed by Erika Eigen  
Costume Designer Milena Canonero  
Continuity June Randall  
Consultant on Hair & Coloring  
Leonard of London  
Makeup Fred Williamson, Geo. Partleton,  
Barbara Daly  
Hairdresser Olga Angelinetta  
Assistant Directors Derek Cracknell,  
Dusty Symonds

A Hawk Film

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1

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: (Voice Over) 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.

1 continued - 1

Alex: (Voice Over) The Korova milkbar  
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.

2 / 3 OMITTED

4 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 cockles and mussels alive  
alive O ...  
Alive, alive O ... Alive, alive O ...  
Crying cockles and mussels alive,  
alive O ...

Alex: (Voice Over) One thing I could never stand was 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  
thee peace and victory.

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

5 INT. DERELICT CASINO - NIGHT

Billyboy gang on stage  
tearing clothes  
off a  
screaming girl

Alex: (Voice Over) 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.

Billyboy: 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 boys  
rush out of  
Casino.

6 OMITTED

7 EXT/INT CAR - NIGHT - Fast driving shots.

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

Alex: (Voice Over) 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  
travellers 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 lashings of the  
old ultra violent.

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

Bright moonlight.  
Cheery lights  
inside.

Car pulls to  
a stop.

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

8.1 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. 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  
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 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.

9 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  
on 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.

continued - 1

Alex: (singing) I'm singin' in the rain ...

He kicks Mr. Alexander  
accenting the lyrics.

Alex: (singing) Just singin' in the rain ...

He clubs Mrs. Alexander  
with stick, in 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 suns 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 coincides with the song finishing.

He turns to Mr. Alexander.

Alex: Viddy well, my little Brother. Viddy well.

10 OMITTED

11 INT. KOROVA MILKBAR - NIGHT

The boys enter yawning.

Alex: (Voice Over) 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?

11 continued - 1

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: (Voice Over) There were some sophistos  
from the TV studios around the corner,  
laughing and govorreeting. 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, 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 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.

11 continued - 3

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

12 INT. ALEX FLATBLOCK. MAIN LOBBY ENTRANCE - NIGHT.

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

The elevator door  
is buckled.

13 INT. ALEX 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: (Voice Over) 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: (Voice Over) Then, brothers, it came. O bliss, bliss and heaven, oh it was gorgeously and gorgeosity 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.



13 continued - 2

Alex: (Voice Over) As I slooshied, I knew such lovely pictures. There were vecks and ptitsas lying 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.

14 INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - 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 a pain in the gulliver, Mum. Leave us be and I'll try and 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.

14.1 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 it is 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.

14.2 INT. EM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alex comes out  
of his room and finds  
P.R. Deltoid  
sitting on bed in  
parents' 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 Adviser to you that you watch out, little Alex.

He puts his  
arm round  
Alex's shoulder.

14.2 continued - 2

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'se 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 everyone 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 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 nastiness last night, yes. Some very extreme nastiness, yes. A few of a certain Billyboy's friends were ambulanced off late, 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 millicents for  
a long time now.

Deltoid: That's just what worries me. A bit too  
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 un-muddied 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.

15 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: O.K. 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 the records.

15 continued - 1

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, Coggly 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!

16. OMITTED

17 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.

18 OMITTED

19 INT. ALEX'S FLATBLOCK LOBBY HALL - DAY

Alex finds the  
gang waiting  
for him.

Alex: Hi, hi, hi, there.

All Three: Well, hello.

19 continued - 1

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 round 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 wakening.

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

Alex: Let's get things nice and sparkling clear. This sarcasm, if I may call it such, does not become you, O my little 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 Musclemans coffee mesto saying he can fence anything that any malchick tries to crast.

Dim: Yeah ... Will 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, but you especially. We have the start.

20 EXT. FLATBLOCK MARINA - DAY

The Gang come  
out of the  
flatblock  
and walk along  
the Marina.

Alex: (Voice Over) 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 a 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.

20 continued - 1

Dim falls back  
into the water.

Alex laughs.

20.1 INT. DUKE OF NEW YORK PUB.

The four boys  
sit round  
table.

Alex: (Voice Over) I had not put into any of Dim's main cables and so, with the help of a clean tashtook, the red, red kroovy soon stopped, and it did not take long to quieten the two wounded soldiers, down in the snug of 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 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?

20.1 continued - 1

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.

21 INT. CATLADY HOUSE

Catlady doing yoga exercises.

Room is full of cats.  
Doorbell rings.

Catlady: (softly to herself) Oh, shit.

She goes to door.

21.1 EXT. CATLADY 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.

21.1 continued - 1

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 rogues 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.

22 INT CATLADY 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 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, they 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 govoreet thru the letter hole was not, shall we say, satisfactory, yes.

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

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

Alex: Naughty, naughty, naughty, you filthy old soomka.

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 students' 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 into some very serious trouble.

He rocks  
the giant phallus  
which has a  
special weight  
swinging inside  
causing it to  
swing up and down  
with 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 on the floor.

In the struggle, Alex bashes her with the phallus.

Distant police sirens.

He exits.

23 EXT. CATLADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Alex rushes out. Dim and the others are waiting.

Alex: Come on. Let's go, the Police are coming.



23 continued - 1

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.

24 INT. POLICE HQ - NIGHT

Inspector takes out  
cigarette and  
lights up.

Inspector: Right. Right, Tom, we'll have to show  
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 was 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 cops.

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.

24 continued - 2

They move into  
Interrogation  
Room.

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

Deltoid: Evening, Sergeant. Evening, all. Dear, 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: Where are my stinking traitorous droogs. Get them before they 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 have just come back from the hospital. Your victim has died.

Alex: You tried 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.

24.1 HELICOPTER VIEWS OF PRISON

Alex: (Voice Over) 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 dadda beating his bruised and kroovy rookers against unfair Bog in his Heaven, and my mum boohooing in her mother's grief at her only child and son of her bosom, like letting everybody down real horrorshow.

24.2: 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 in 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 Warder  
move to Reception  
desk.

Warder: Good morning, sir. Committal sheet.

Chief Guard: (who shouts everything) Thank you, Mister.

He signs sheet.

Chief 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?

24.2 continued - 1

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 on it.

Chief Guard: Are you able to see that white line painted  
on the floor directly behind you, 655321?

Alex: Yes, sir.

24.2 continued - 2

Chief Guard: Then your toes belong to the other side of it!!!

Alex moves  
back behind  
the line.

Alex: (quietly) 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 bar of chocolate. One bunch of keys with 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

24.2 continued - 3

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?



24.2: continued - 4

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 any false limbs?

Alex: No, sir.

Check-In: One pair of trousers - blue pinstripe.

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.

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 than 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 thrill of theft, violence. 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 -  
Prrrrrrrp.

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 258 in 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.

25 continued - 3

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

26 INT. PRIEST'S LIBRARY. - DAY

Alex reading the Bible.

Alex: (Voice Over) 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: (Voice Over) 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 drink their Hebrew vino, then getting onto the bed with their wives' handmaidens. That kept me going.

27 BIBLE FANTASY - FIGHTING - DAY

Biblical fighting  
shot.

Alex slashing away.

Blood spurting.

27.1 HANDMAIDEN FANTASY IN TENT - DAY

Alex lying with  
three semi-nude  
handmaidens.

28 EXT. BIBLICAL STREET

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

Alex: Move on there. Move on.

28 continued - 1

Alex: (Voice Over) 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.

26

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 day 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?

26 continued - 1

Priest: Indeed.

Alex: And, Father, I've not 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 of the urges that can trouble young men deprived of the society of women..

Alex: No, Father. It's not that, Father. It's about this new thing they're all talking about. About this new treatment that gets 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 you never get in again.

Priest: That is 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 the rest of my life to be one act of goodness.

Priest: The question is whether or not this technique really makes a man good. Goodness comes from within. Goodness is chosen. When a man cannot choose he ceases to be a man.

Alex: I don't understand 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.

26.1 EXT PRISON YARD - DAY

Prisoners  
walking  
in circles.

29 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.

29.1 EXT. PRISON YARD

Chief Guard  
comes out of  
door.

427

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 is 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 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.

29.1 continued - 2

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 furtherance of theft. 14 years... sir!

Minister: Excellent. He's enterprising, aggressive outgoing. Young, Bold. Vicious. 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.

30 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 personage than the Minister of the Interior. The new 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 will be 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.

30 continued - 2

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.

31 OMITTED

32 INT LUDOVICO CENTRE RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Alex: (Voice Over) 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 got 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 Doctor 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. Prisoner and 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 may 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 of 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.



33 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 be  
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.

33 continued - 1

Dr. Branom: We're going to be friends then, aren't we, Alex?

Alex: I hope so, Missus.

Nurse takes  
hypo from tray,  
fills it from  
serum bottle.

She hands it  
to Dr. Branom.

Alex: What's the hypo for then - gonna send me to sleep?

Dr. Branom: Oh, no, nothing of the sort.

Alex: Vitamins will it be, then?

Dr. Branom: Something like that. You're a little undernourished, so after every meal we're going to give you a shot. Roll over on your right side, please, loosen your pyjama pants and pull them half way down.

33 continued - 2

Alex rolls over,  
pulls down pants.  
Dr. Branom injects  
him.

Alex: What exactly is the treatment going to be then?

Dr. Branom: Oh, it's quite simple, really. We're 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.

Alex: (Voice Over) And viddy films I would.  
Where I was taken to, brothers, was like no sinny I  
ever viddied before.

34 INT. AUDIO-VISUAL THEATER. LUDOVICO CENTRE - DAY

Group of doctors  
seated at one end of  
theatre. Alex strapped  
to a chair, tended  
by another doctor.

Alex: (Voice Over) I was bound up in a straitjacket and my gulliver was strapped to a headrest with like wires running 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.

Doctor leans over  
Alex and puts drops in  
his eyes.

Dr. Brodsky and  
Dr. Branom join  
group of doctors.

Alex: (Voice Over) If I was to be a free young malchick again in a fortnight's time, I would put up with much in the meantime, O my brothers.

35 MUGGING FILM

Music  
Man being kicked  
punched  
down fire escape.

Alex: (Voice Over) So far, the first film was a very good, professional piece of sinny like it was done in Hollywood.

- Screams
- Moans
- Kicks
- Punches

Alex: (Voice Over) The sounds were real horrorshow. 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 colors 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: (Voice Over) 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: (Voice Over) When it came to the sixth or seventh malchick, leering and smeking 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 could 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 early test subjects described it as being like death, a sense of stifling or drowning, and it is during this period we have found that the subject will make his most rewarding associations between his catastrophic experience 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.

39 INT ALEX'S ROOM LUDOVICO - DAY

Alex in bed.

Dr. Branom  
seated next  
to him with  
cup of tea.

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 or 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.



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

Alex: (Voice Over) 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 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. Branom: 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, 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.

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

Dr. Brodsky: No, no, my boy. You really must leave it to us, but be cheerful about it. In less than a fortnight now, you will be a free man.

41 OMITTED

42 INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

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

Dressed in his street  
 clothes  
 Alex enters  
 led by a white-coated  
 technician.

He is  
 led onto stage and  
 left standing there,  
 blinking into the  
 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 hypnotised. Tomorrow, we send him with confidence out into the world again, as decent a lad as you would meet on a May morning, inclined to the kindly word and the helpful act. 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 - actions speak louder than. Action now. Observe all.

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 your 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  
do something for me first. Now see that shoe ...  
you see... well I want you to lick it. Go on..  
Lick it.

42 CONTINUED 4  
Alex,  
gagging and  
coughing  
licks the sole  
of his shoe.

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

Alex: (Voice Over) 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 whooshed  
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: (Voice Over) 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: Feeling not too bad now are you?

Alex: (pulling himself together) No, sir, I feel great.

Minister: Good.

Alex: Was it 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 towards 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?



42 continued - 6

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 to be a wrongdoer. 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!

43 OMITTED

Applause.

44 EXT. FLATBLOCK

Alex walking  
carrying his  
prison parcel  
wrapped in  
brown paper.

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 own  
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, fine. Keeping out of trouble, you know.

45 continued - 1

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 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 me 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 rises and squares off eyeball to eyeball with Alex.

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 once more, 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.

45 continued - 3

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 see 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?

Pec: 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's 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 may do in the future, we can't just say to Joe 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, he's weeping now, but that's all his craft and artfulness. 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 me own way. Thank you very much. Let it lie heavy on your consciences.

Alex exits.

Pec: (shouting after him) Now don't take it like that son.

Em boohooohoos

Joe comforts her.

46

EXT. EMBANKMENT - 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.  
The penny drops.

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 tramps 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: (Voice Over) 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 tramps  
crowd round Alex,  
shouting.

Tramps: Young hooligan ... Vagabond ... Kill him...  
Villain ... Toad ... Bastard ... Kick his teeth in ..  
Near killed poor old Jack, he did.

Police move in  
and push off  
crowd.

1st Policeman: Alright, stop it now.

2nd Policeman: Alright, stop it now. Alright!  
Come on. Stop breaking the State peace. You  
naughty boys. Alright, that's enough.

Alex looks up.

2nd Policeman: What's the trouble, sir?

Alex sees the  
Policemen are,  
in fact,  
Dim and Georgie.

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.

47 continued - 1

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 at 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 filled 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 trough.

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,  
half-drowned.

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

48 EXT. "HOME" - NIGHT - Heavy Rain.

Alex stumbles  
up the road to  
the entrance gate.

Alex: (Voice Over) 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.

48.1 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 goes to door.

Julian: Yes, what is it?

No reply.

He opens 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.

Alex: (Voice Over) 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 he 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.

48.2 continued - 1.

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.

48.3 INT. "HOME" BATHROOM

Alex soaks,  
eyes closed,  
in a hot tub.

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

48.4 INT. HOME - 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 debilitating and will-sapping techniques of conditioning. Oh, we've seen it all before in other countries. The thin end of the wedge.



Mr. Alexander (continued): 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 great 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 led, sir, driven ... pushed !!! Thank you very much, sir. He'll be here.

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.

48.5 INT. BATHROOM

Alex in bath,  
singing.

Alex: I'm singin' in the rain,  
Just singin' in the rain, etc.

Mr. Alexander  
his face  
horribly distorted  
in a Homeric rage.

49 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's 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: 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. Well 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 that, sir.

His face contorted  
in rage.

Mr. Alexander: She'd been 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, but for her the shock was too great. The doctor said it was Pneumonia, because it happened a few 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.

49 continued - 4

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.

49.1 INT. "HOME" - NIGHT

Dolin and  
Rubinstein  
enter with  
Julian.

Dolin: (genial) Hullo, Frank.

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 and 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.

49.1 continued - 1

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...

49.1 continued - 2

He leans over  
and looks at her  
writing in  
notebook.

Rubinstein: It's alright, thank you.

Alex: And it just so happened 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 Ninth Symphony?

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

Dolin: When you say this funny feeling, you mean the  
state of mind brought on by the treatment they gave  
to 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.



49.1 continued - 3

Dolin: 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 meself. 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.

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

50 OMITTED

51 INT HI FI ROOM - DAWN

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

51.1 INT. DOLIN'S HOUSE - PRISONER BEDROOM - DAWN

The Ninth Symphony  
booming up through  
the floor.

51.1 continued - 1

Alex slowly regains  
consciousness.

Alex: (Voice Over) 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 ninth  
symphony.

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

Alex: Open the door ... turn it off ... turn it off.

51 continued - 1

CUT to the billiard  
room below.  
Hi-fi gear laid out  
on the table.  
Large speakers facing  
upward.  
Mr. Alexander  
trembles and twitches.  
He is now completely  
mad. The others  
merely wait, coolly.

51.1 continued

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

51.1 continued - 2

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

Alex: (Voice Over) 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.

51.2 EXT WINDOW - DAWN

Alex leaps  
out of window.

52 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: (Voice Over) 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 consciousness, Doctor.

.53/54/55/56/57 - OMITTED

.58 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Em and Pee  
sitting around  
the bed.

Pee: Hullo, lad.

Em: Hullo, son, how are you?

Pee: Are you feeling better?

58 continued - 1

Alex: What gives, oh 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 all's said and done, son.

Em sobs.

59 OMITTED

60 INT. HOSPITAL DAY

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.

60 continued - 1

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 something to me first.

Dr. Taylor: Yes?

Alex: Well, when I was all like smashed 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 have 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: Right then, shall we start?

Alex: Right.

Dr. Taylor: Now then, each of these slides needs a reply from one of the people in the picture. You 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. Tavior: Isn't the plumage beautiful?

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

Dr. Tavior: 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. Tavior: 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. Tavior: Good. It was 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: Eggiwegs. I would like to smash em. Pick up the lot 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.



60 continued - 4

Alex: How many did I get right?

Dr. Taylor: It's not that kind of 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.

61 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Alex sitting up  
being fed by  
nurse.

Alex: (Voice Over) So I waited and, O my brothers, I got a lot better munching away at eggwegs, 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.

61 continued - 1

Doctor: Can I do anything more for you, Minister?

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

Doctor: 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 lonely place it is too, sir, when I wake up in the middle of the night with me 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 which had been made to us that turned out to be wrong. An enquiry will place the responsibility where it belongs.

61 continued - 2

Minister: (continuing) We want you to regard us as friends. We've put you right, you're getting 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 for you to be 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 had been responsible for the death of someone near and dear to him. We put him away for his own protection. .. I'm sorry, I thought you were ready.

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.

61 continued - 3

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 who think that at the next election  
we shall be out. The press have 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  
can be changed 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 unclouded 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've prepared 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~~ cameramen  
and reporters ~~enter~~.  
rush in.

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

Alex: (Voice Over) And what do you  
know, my brothers and only friends,  
it was the Minth, the glorious Ninth  
of Ludwig van. Oh, it was gorgeosity  
and yummy yum yum. I was cured.

CLOSE SHOT ALEX

Alex: (Voice Over) 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.

THE END