

NANANANANANANANANANANANA SKREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! Cunk! POW! **BIFF! SOCK!** The production meeting at Warner Bros was in full effect. Top comic writers cried, their synopses openly pooped on by execs.

"But . . . but . . ." whinged top space hippy Alan 'Wellah Wellah HUH! Tell me' Moore, "Why can't we have the sadistic/romantic aspects of Batman's relationship with the Joker (replete with some bloody clever homo-erotic over- and under-tones), er, emphasized, and the vigilante/hero dilemma weighed in the light of contemporary fiction, the rise of the Napoleonistic Fash Thatcherite Junterist Nazi Terror State and that brown acid late in 1968?"

"Because the average American film goer has a head full of dead beetle casings and soda, boy!" spat Frank 'Biz' Miller (No! We will not let him go!) from behind black chrome mirror shades. Everybody looked back at the screen. It read:

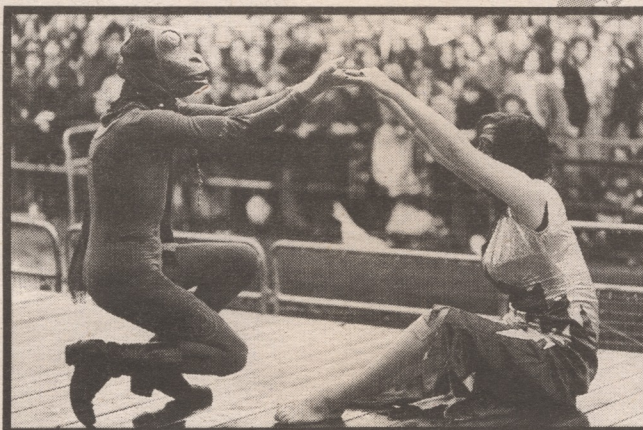
BATMAN THE MOVIE: IN AND OUT CHART

OUT: Pathetic teenage boy in a burglar mask and a fish costume
IN: Groovy blonde chick that shagged Micky Rourke stupid for 9½ weeks and then chucked him.
OUT: Men dressed as Penguins
IN: Midget dressed as a bat.
OUT: Totally unbelievable kid-glove approach to criminal scum.
IN: Blazing mini-guns ripping crim bodies apart, tossing their internal organs into the air and smashing their jerking cadavers into dog food. Yes! Then, this is the good bit, finding out where their parents live and pissing on their sofas and killing them. And then digging up their bodies and giving them strange extra limbs made out of Playdo and generally desecrating them. And then writing rude letters with lots of nasty lies about them to their best friends. And spitting on photos of them and drawing on moustaches and 'I AM A WANKER' speech bubbles with crayons.
OUT: Aunt Harriet
IN: Jack Nicholson—SMART MOVE!
 "Anyway," said top Warners Exec Mr Rotten Deathbasterd, "pliss off back to comic land, you wankers, we're gonna watch a raunchy ACTION FILM with GADGETS aimed at the IQ level of the av. American movie goer ie slightly below that of a piece of deep-pan pizza with anchovies but hold the mayo, to go. So you can keep your dirty sex fantasies to yourself, Mr Moore and get a load of this 'dialog' . . ."
BATMAN: Stop stealing things Mr Joker or it's my fist in your face!
JOKER: Yeah?
BATMAN: Yeah!
JOKER: Yeah?
BATMAN: Yeah!



By DAVID "Manic Jack Nicholson Laughter" QUANTICK and STEVEN "Curious Pig-Like Grunting" WELLS! To the "bathroom", let's go!!!!

This week: BATMAN



PICTURE: ROBERT ELLIS

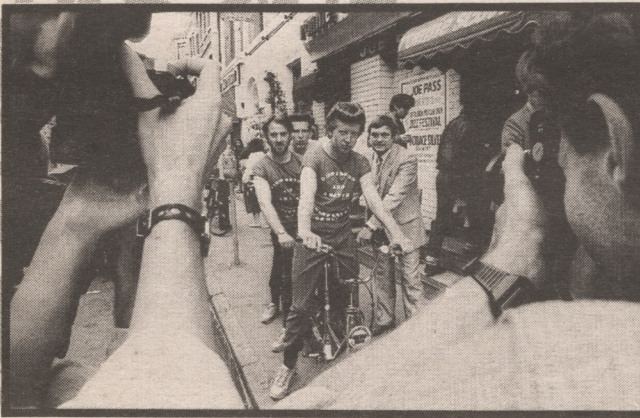
In a scene that was cut from the movie by American censors, Jaques Ribbitt AKA Frogman, taunts Batman by dancing with a hippy chick whom he has chosen to bear his foul spawn.

JOKER: Yeah?
BATMAN: Yeah!
ROBIN: Holy Yeah Yeah!

(Batman and the Joker turn to look at the ridiculously-attired little boy in green knickers waving a girly fist about)

JOKER: Ooh, I'm scared! Go away or I kill the brat!
BATMAN: Won't! (nips him)
JOKER: Will! (nips him back)
BATMAN: Won't! (Slaps his ankles)
JOKER: Will! (takes the top of his skull off with a thermo-nuclear length of rusty lead piping with a serrated edge dipped in month old disease infested monkey dung)
BATMAN: Won't! Won't Won't WON'T, can't and shan't!
JOKER: Ner her ner ner ner!
BATMAN: Nanananananana! Um . . . Won't!
JOKER: Will too! (Pause. Clearly both have said all that there is to be said concerning the matter)
BATMAN: Kill the brat, then. 'Cos then I can go and SNOG-O'ROONIE with Kim Basinger for ten weeks—at least!—instead of having half Gotham City making pathetically unfunny jokes about me and my "little Dick".
JOKER: Hooey! Like that one about the margarine and the Batpole! Arf and a Bat-har! Time for some LAFF GAS! BANG! Pong!
ROBIN: HA HA HA HA HA . . . Oh bollocks! DIE!
JOKER: Who killed "Cock" Robin?

I did! Arfo!
BATMAN: Your dead! CRUNCH! RII! SMASH!
JOKER: Hang on! It should be "you're" dead and anyway—you swore an oath never to take human life, no matter what the justification!
BATMAN: CRUNCH! RII! SMASH!
KIM BASINGER: Ooh, fancy a snog? I must say that your new purple uni and bumfluff moustache make my perfect mouth slobbery.
KIM AND BATPRINCE: SMOOOCH!
SNOG! SLURP!
TEENAGE MALE AUDIENCE:



British vigilantes, inspired by Batman's example, vow to clean our streets of Goffs and jazz freaks: 'Just try and be clever with us and we'll do some serious ass kicking' they snarl.

PICTURE: RICHARD MANN

VOM! SHUDDER! SPEW!
OK! So it was not the greatest film ever made! Why? Miscasting!

THE REAL BATMAN THE MOVIE FILM

BATMAN: Craig Proclaimer
BRUCE WAYNE: Charlie Proclaimer
ROBIN: Michael Jackson
VICKI VALE: (aka BATBIRD): Wendy 'Whalesaver' James
THE JOKER: Tanita Tikaram
COMMISH GORDON: Schoolly D
ALFRED THE BUTLER: Ozzy Osbourne
THE PENGUIN: Morrissey (typecasting we know!)
CATWOMAN: Chaka Khan
THE RIDDLER: Matt Johnson
CHIEF O'HARA: Ice T
BATGIRL: Bjork!
SUPERMAN: Bono (someone on acid at the casting agency, he owns half the company, he gets killed in the second reel anyway, etc.)
CLARK KENT: Shane MacGowan
THE BAT: Nick Cave
SCENE: Wayne Hussey
Mansions: An orange telephone begins to day-glow eerily. ALFRED THE OZZY OSBOURNE LIKE BUTLER reaches out a skeletal claw in a crisp and spotless white-glove.
ALFRED: Oh Chroist! That phone's glow-inger! Oi'm huving an acid flosback!
WACKO ROBIN: Holy F—, Batman! It's Commish Gordon on the Batphone!
CRAIG BATMAN: Nae time tae lose, Jimmy! Down the Batpole and step on it!
 NANANA etc.

TEN MINUTES LATER AT COMMISH GORDON'S PLACE

BATMAN: (rubbing a sore Batpole) OK, Commish, what's the Batscam, the noo?
COMMISH 'SCHOOLLY' GORDO: Yo! You dead, mofo! BAM! BAM! BAM!
VICKI "Save The" VALE: Oh no! The shock of seeing Batman shot at has caused all my clothes to fall off! Boo Doopy do!
BATMAN: Relax! Och aye, the bullets bounced off my stack heels, er, low normal sized person style shoes . . . Ow! Yeah!
 A WINDOW SMASHES AS THE

JOKER AND HIS MEN CRASH IN ON THE INERT FORM OF COMMISH GORD
TANITA JOKERAMA: Oh God. So we meet again Crap Crusader. Ho hum. Have a facefull of this . . .
CRUNCH!

ROBIN: Holy Llamashite! It's . . . an acoustic guitar! Ah! We're done for!
ANOTHER WINDOW SMASHES AS THE PENGUIN ARRIVES WITH HIS MEN.
PENGUIN: Not so fast, Joker! Here! Take this umbrella and put it where the sun shines not!
JOKER: Ouch. I mean, is it really worth it? Hum.

A THIRD WINDOW SHATTERS AS THE RIDDLER AND NO-ONE ELSE (BECAUSE MATT JOHNSON HAS GOT NO MATES AT ALL) CRASH IN!

THE RIDDLER: Hello, my devoted fans. It's ME! Right! My first is in TREE but not in PLANK! My second is in EGO but not in WAAAAOWOWOWARGH!
BJORK CATWOMAN: Hee! Hee! My amazing pixie gas spurting horned helmet has put paid to his little game! That one's for the Ayatollah! Now to unleash the spiders I keep in my cheekpouches!

BATTERS: No! Let me get out my Batarang!
EVERYONE: No way!
BATTO: How about the Batspear?
EVERYONE: No chance!
BATMAN: The Bat-halfbrick?
EVERYONE: Batbollocks!
BATS: OK, Robin, get the Batbike!
SPIDERMAN: What's a Batbike?
BATS: It's a motorbike with a distinctive Bat logo. It's not much different from a real motorbike, it's just got a Bat on the front.
ROBOCOP: So what's the point of it, then?
BATMAN: Er . . . none, really, it just looks nice.

ROBIN: BOLLOCKS! Let's have a dance instead!
EVERYBODY: Yeah!
BATMAN: My sidekick's got no nose!
EVERYBODY: Look out! Behind you! A strange Greek chanteuse with a voice that will melt the most frozen of libidos!
BATMAN: I'm not falling for that old trick!

ROBIN: No . . . It's true! Look out! It's . . .
 NANANANANANANANANA Mouskouri!
NANA ETC: Hey, Boy Wonder! Who are all the guys with no noses?

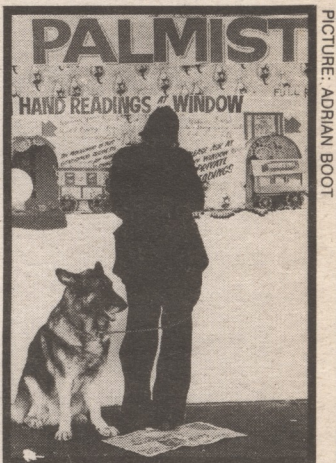
EVERYBODY: Oh no! It's the Zombs from the 'Thriller' vid!
ZOMBS: CHEW! BITE! SNIK!
BATMAN: Right! Robin—the Batzombiedeathray!
ROBIN: Pardon?
BATMAN: Oh, flip. Alfred—what are you doing, Alfred?
OZZY ALFRED: BITE! CHEW! SNIK!
BATMAN: Ha! Ha! Thank heavens I managed to pack my false Bat-head!
OZZY: Curses! And I'da gotten away with it too if it hadn't've been for you darn kids!
SHAGGY: Ha Ha Ha Ha!
SCOOBYDO: Scooooooooooooooby Dooooooooooooooy Do!
BATMAN: Eat Batzombiedeathspray!
VICKI VALE JAMES: Oh no! Batman, stop! Don't you know that Batzombiedeathspurt makes all my

clothes fall off?
BATMAN: Do what, hinnie?
VIX: Oops! Rip! Tear! Naked! Don't look!
EVERYBODY: We're not looking, actually. We're too busy dancin' the BATUZI!
BOY WONDERSTUFF! Cute lickel dicky bird singing inna tree hoppin and boppin etcetera singing this song la la la Rockin' Robin!
EVERYBODY: Twiddly tweet diddly dee! Ha ha ha ha ha!
 THE END

THAT FAMOUS REASON FOR BECOMING THE BATMAN—A TINY QUERY

Bruce Wayne became the frightening Batman because it was the most frightening thing he could think of to scare the shite out of crims. Hang on a moment. Surely everyone over six is more frightened by bears or lions or the threat of nuclear war. I mean—Oh look. A Bat. Watch out girls or he might get tangled in your hair or squeak at you or something. And—it's 11 o'clock in the morningtime—Oh no! A sleeping, blind, flying mammal about the size of a doormouse. Save us! Very scary. So perhaps Bruce should have become . . .

- 1) Bearman
- 2) Lionman
- 3) Threat Of Nuclear War Man
- 4) Mark E Smith Man
- 5) Trapped In A Transit Van With Pop Will Eat Itself Man
- 6) Found Eating A Hamburger In The Meat Cleaver, Chain-Saw And Uzi Department Of Harrods By Chrissie Hynde In A Bad Mood Man
- 7) Forced To Have A Snog With Shane MacGowan Man
- 8) Cornered At A Party By Bono And Matt Johnson Man
- 9) Forced To Read An Intellectual Diatribe By Wendy James On The State Of The Environment Man
- 10) Finding Yourself As The Prince In That Fairy Tale Where You Have To Make The Princess Laugh Or They Chop Your Head Off Man And Discovering To Your Absolute Horror That The Princess is Tanita Tikaram AAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH! Man



PICTURE: ADRIAN BOOT

PC Stefan Golightly turns in agony clutching his chomped nose as his arch enemy Kato The Nose Dog chews some bacon. This was one crime that even Batman was unable to stop.