SCENE: THE interval bar at the

you another one! ADRIAN: Not before I give you

spilt my cherry brandy:

ADRIAN: Oi, matey, you bloody well

MELVYN BRAGG: Oh, sorry, I'll buy

THIS! (nips Melvyn on the arm very

MELVYN BRAGG: Ow! That was

uncalled for! (pulls Adrian's hankie

out of his pocket and empties it out in the ashtray giggling at all the boogies and spermflakes)

ADRIAN: Right, 'mate'! You've jolly

well got 'it coming'. 'Tarquin! Simon!

Let's give this flaming rogue the

MELV: Ow! OW!

SZSZZSZSZS!!!!!

SIMON: Slap!

slapping of a 'horrorshow' lifetime! TARQUIN: Slap!

MELV: Now look what you've done! You've knocked my chainsaw out of

my waistcoat pocket and into my

hand and it's started up and it's

TARQ, SIMES AND ADE:

AAAAAARGH! WELTER OF BLOOD! Bits of brain in the Bombay

mix dish! Eyeball staring at you from

the pickled egg jar! Is that a pork

"Viddy well, readerniks! Take a break from your pop records, unpeel the orange flave fruit of your choice, slap on a bowler hat and turn up the Beethoven as once again david and steven stick on the false eyelash of HATE and invite you into the ultraviolent world of . . .





mazing talking chimp Roddy MacDowell (with a strange dildo-like nose): Um. cheedlehumne mon dragos! Palaver an ozzie here and I'll retail you a sixpack about how me and my doggyveebs did anglepoise with the furniturevan and dipplegoth gollywise. Voggy flint, me and my boogybros – Matt, Luke and Martika throatsidles the drugcurdled milkystuff dahn at the ole razor and bush nah nah nah nah nah.

Now, where was 1? So we toddles streetwise and beadles this crumbly old lewis and we multishreds his Melody Maker 'Jazz Special' and then we liberally accommodates a roller and skids to the country where we eyeball a todger scribing a book so we kill him. Then I invites two SAWbirds homewards and they discspin Kylie and Jase and strip me rudiewise and break my brains with puny steelfists. So I gets grapplepigged and gobbed hard manytime and 2000 volts through Mr Naughty evertime he stiffs over pictures of dead babies and I get out and my mates kill me. (Copyright Sir Anthony Burgess AKA The 5th

SCENE: FATCHO'S BRITAIN 1990

A DRAUGHTY rehearsal room in the Shakie Theatre, Stratford on A-Vom.

In his frilled collar and trembling packed codpiece, top Shakespeare actor Rodney Ponceygit holds up the skull and looks well shaggable (thinks top Shakespearian actress Mellisa Poshbird).

"To be," roared Rodney, "or" he added, "not... to BEIF—this! Why can't we do something good like Zigger Zagger? The only Shaky I'm interested in is Welsh and has hips that vibrate like a slice of fresh liver perched on the edge of a water bed-being used by ten horny warthogs for a mass E-fuelled shag sesh!!" PHIL EDMOND: Yeah! How about a socially relevant drama with a heart of gold and towerblocks and concrete and poor people and lovable Scousers on the dole confronting modern urban probs like being poor and gay and black and on strike in Liverpool? CAST: No! F-off! REDMO: . . and loads of sex and rock music and SeX! And VIOLENCE-UH!

CAST: Yes, rather! Let's dump ole

MELLISA: Yes! And Andrew Lloyd

whack on the bowlers!

Shaky Will' in the dustbin of hist and

Webber could get together with THE

old Fagin, Dodger? FARE DODGER: The sprog namechecks Oliver. He's bunked the babydump and toddled to the Cap to try and unveil his wombspitter. FAGIN: Beg pardon? THE SUNDAYS: (in outrageously gurly voices ie as usual): Whereere-ere is the Moz?/ Does he live on horse's toss?/Oh! BLOOD glorious blood!/Rivers of rich heamoglobin!/ Raging pools of group O!/Seething lakes of the red stuff!??/Bones sticking through ruptured flesh/ Eyeballs mashed into mince/OH BLOOD! GLORIOUS BLOOD! Won-der-FUL. bloooooooooood! MARK E BILL SIKES: Hello our Fagin! Got any droogs? (NB very clever pun) (F—off – Ed) NANCY: What a sweet child! What's

It'a much more fun beating the living

PETE 'FAGIN' WATERMAN: 'Ello?

Oo's this what you've brought to see

spit out of poor people! OLIVER: Um, um, um. I think I see

what you're getting at!

his name, Dodger?? DODGER MOORE: I earscanned the palky mango was dubblabled Oliver. He's dingalbocked the ringpox to numbogorry the . . NANCY: Yes, thanks, Dodger. Look Bill! Isn't he sexy? BILL: WACK! SMASH! BIFF!

OLIVER (in tiny room in chains with a huge bruise on his lip, arfo!): Who will buy this f---ing shite morning/ Such a f——er of a crap day I never did see/ I'd like to leave the pins in and ram it up Bill Sike's arsehole/ And chuck his rotting corpse in a f-ing sea of used dog condoms!?/

NEW PICKPOCKETS ON THE BLOCK: (singing and dancing): Who will buy? WHO WILL BUY? CBS AMERICA: Oh look! Some rappers! And they're WHITE! How

THE FAGE: Right! Where is that Oliver? We've got him making a



DIAMOND GEEZER BASTARD! After the Clocko Orange inspired Great Train Robbery, ace crim Ronnie Biggs is escorted to the Kremlin by badly T-shirted KGB officers!

single with Kylie and Jase and Rick at five, we've got him doing a signing at HMV at seven and we've got him hosting Wogan with Martika at nine so, Dodger, where is Oliver? THE ARTFUL DOGFACE: Well, last I viddied the recentbirthed he was sailorsuited and creamy, nosepicking and biblevidding in the bungo of a pocketbulge who caught him slippering his hard bucks and is trying to goodboy him (notmuchknowing that Ollie is, if the big T be brainscanned, his Monty Python parroted girlchild sprog)! STOCK FAGINMAN: What? Will you speak flipping English?? ANTOINE DE RAPIDODGER, Oui! Eet is time no for ze grup who is making all the, owyousayin

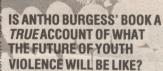
eesh, SPLASH on ze charrsss. WILLIAM SYKES: Gerim Bullseye! BULLSEYE: Slurpo! OLIVER: Booting the head off a wonky-eyed dog type SPLAT! BILL SIKESO: 'Ere! Didn't you boot my wonky-eyed dog's head off? POSH BASTARD: There he is, constable! Bang! AAARGH! Got him! And now it's back off home to the mansion with your old lovable grandad to a life of luxury and a public school education for you (young Oliver) but only after the police have broken every bone in your body and made you watch violent videos until the very thought of hurting someone phys makes you want to vomit. On

econd thoughts, after that you won't need a public school education. What ho, that'll save a bit ENTIRE CAST: Cockernee hurrah!

DODGER. Flibblegobtonghayuckpalavabana-FAGIN: What?

WE STRAPPED a popstar who shall be nameless (Matt Goss) to a chair and played him lots of VERY LOUD heavy metal music a VERY NAKED videos and LOADS OF VIOLENCE . . . and he emerged as a very thick Sarf London wanker who loves his bruv and his muv and his dog Ruv and his cat Fluv and his car Maserati and his cheque from CBS (CBSuv) and Martika (Martkuv). So, no, the future is even

ALL VERY WELL BUT WILL THE STAGE PRODUCTION BY THE RSC PROVOKE A NEW **HOLOCAUST OF TEEN**



more horrid than Antho predicted.

VIOLENCE?



DIRTY SEX! Eager photographers snap Anthony 'Guy' Burgess's thrusting Percy Filth

TOTALLY BRILLIANT (Puffin fact!) Lionel Bart of Oliver fame! RODNEY: WHEE-EEE-EEE-ENTIRE CAST: IS LUUUUUUUVVVVVVII?? Ha ha

SCENE: BUSTLING market in old London town. The towerblocks rock with the hearty sound of cheery Scousers in their Pearly King hats buying and selling orphans and juggling apples and pears and oranges. But look out! Here comes the dancing "piggypeelerboys" (rozzers) a-skipping and a-dancing. OLIVER: Oh dear, cardboard box for me!

ARTFUL RIPPER Coldumdley, little squeal, for you shall rest your tizzie on featherbricks of mostlushty afore this noday is knacked! OLIVER: Pardon! (Oil Mention some pop groups!—Ed)
FREDDY AND THE DREAMERS, DEEP PURPLE AND SANTANA: Oh! In this life one thing matters/

to yolk/ You've got to beat the shit JAMMY DODGER (in squeaky voice): Robin Hood was full of wank!

splattered/Human lungs all pulped

Walls and doors wiv brains I've



ULTRA VIOLENCE! The pubs of London throb with the "Ere We Go Chant" of pig-nosed bowler hatted pop shag thugs!

scratching on your lapel or has a theatregoer just been decapitated all over you, Mr Kenneth Branagh? KENNETH BRANAGH: Steady OAAZAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

AUDIENCE: Oh no! And he's so

JOHN SESSIONS: (with incredibly irritating smug grin to camera): Look

WHOLE WORLD: H0000000RAY! YIPPEEEEEEEEI Now go get the Cambridge Footlights, Melvin, you blood crazed Artman of the people! MELVYN: Yeah! Point me at 'em! No more arselicking to Ben and Rick and Stephen and Rowan! BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE REAL WORLD - ORANGE AND THE ROCK

JUST SOME of the groups that nicked their name from the Clocko: A Clockwork Orange (Leeds ska

A Clockwork Orange (London A Clockwork Orange (Hull funk

group) A Clockwork Orange (American nardcore ba . . /OK. Do it again –

Clockwork Orange Juice, Agent Clockwork Orange, Red Lorry Orange Lorry, The Orange Skins, Orange Box, Orange Lace, The Moody Oranges, John Peel, The Sex Pithtols, The New Vitamin Seekers, AB Vitamin C, Max Jaffa, Chas Smashing-orangey-bit-in-the-middle, Gladys Knight and the Pips, Peel McCartney, Tangerine Dream, Donna Satsuma, Little Britvichard, The Fruit Shop Boys, Stock Aitken and Clockworkman, Clockwork DVA, Gangrenegrocers, Marmalade, Marma Slade, Juice Springsteen, Juice Hornsby and the O-range, Salt N' Pip-ah, Britvic Ramone, The Tango-Gos, Heaven 17, Emmerson Jaffacake and Palmer, Emma Peel, Mark E Pith. The Piths, Stock Aitken and Satsuma, Satsumartha and the Vandellas, Brian Tanger-eno, Swing Outspan Sister, Oustpandau Ballet, Outspanvision Vamp, Outspan's People, The Stone Oranges, Frank Jaffa.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE KOROVA MILK BAR

(AAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!-Ed).

ALEX, DIM, George and Pete are drinking their drugged milkshakes, terrifying the locals and talking their wierd argot. ALEX: We're hard oh yes we are! But, hark! Who is that blonde speccy git with the silver gun come through yon flapping saloon doors! THE IMPRESSED PUNTERS: IT'S THE KOROVA MILKY BAR KID! SPECKY 45-YEAR-OLD IN COWBOY OUTFIT 12 SIZES TOO SMALL FOR HIM: Yes! I'm back from retirement and this Milk Bar ain't big enufff o' the five of us. ALEX: Ha! The Milky Bar Kid is old and fat! The Milky Bar Kid is a four-eved Twat!

BRRRRRRRRRZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

ZZZZZZZ! Slicey!