

GEORGE ORWELL'S 1984

Adapted for the Stage by Stephanie Sandberg

George Orwell's 1949 Novel 1984:
Nineteen Eighty-Four by George
Orwell (Copyright, 1949) by
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Estate of the Late Sonia
Brownell Orwell.
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CAST (all roles in the chorus and films are played by members of the central cast. In addition, there are two children's roles that could be played by the adults in the cast or played separately by children cast in the roles. The roles may be played cross-gender as well.)

Winston

Julia

O'Brien

Child 1

Child 2

Charrington

Martin

Syme

Parson

Mrs. Parson

Costume note: All those in the party wear their utilitarian overalls and grey shirts, with DocMarten like work boots. Winston wears a bowler hat and trench-coat, invoking Magritte's common man when he is walking on the streets, coming and going. Julia wears a red-sash around her waist. O'Brien should be different. He is Inner Party and needs to be distinguished. The people from the future need to be distinguishable in some way, with costume. Something that is easily slipped on and off.

Note on the language: Very often it should dovetail. Characters may interrupt one another as needed to create the arguments, especially at escalation points in the scene.

A trailing off a language is indicated by ...

The play uses multi-media presentation on screens of the director and design staff's choosing. Live camera feeds should be used to film the audience and the action.

The action is continuous. There are no scene or act breaks. There is no intermission.

Beginning.

A Clock. It strikes 13.

Traffic noise, an urban center.

We see a man, Winston, exiting the door of a shop, holding his arms close by his side, perhaps concealing something inside his coat. We see him walking down the street and we move to slow motion as he passes a young woman with brown hair, they look at each other, in slow motion, as they pass, and on the screen we see her face as he sees it, her eyes piercing through him. Her musical theme is heard. Then almost as abruptly as it began, the action speeds up and he walks home.

Blackout

*On the screen: **Ignorance is Strength***

We see Winston seated, his profile to the audience. We see him close up with a camera on his face. We hear his breathing. He is holding a pen and clearly about to begin writing. Something is holding him back.

VOICE (we do not know if this is Winston's or another voice). *We continue to hear breath. We hear the ticking of a clock. Loud. A large clock, not in the distance, but as though it is in Winston's head. He beats at his head in time with the clock. Camera moves to reveal his pen suspended above the paper. It is dripping ink onto the paper, like blood.*

The voice speaks. This voice becomes the voice of a kind of choral leader from the future who observes Winston's life in the past. He travels with others from the future. The cast plays these roles.

Voice of the man:

What should be written? If detected this is punishable by death.

Commented [MR1]: Future Underscore

The light in the space flickers. Winston still holds the pen above the paper. Alone in the room, we see him trembling.

Voice of the man:

Do you see? There is no way of knowing if you are being watched. Or how often. Or where the thought police are watching. Or if they are. They are watching sometimes. Or all of the time? There is no way of knowing.

Now we see him write the date on the paper. April 4, 1984. He writes. ?????

The voice speaks.

Voice of the man:

Is it 1984? There is no way of knowing with any certainty. He did not know. He does not know.

He writes one large question marks in the middle of the paper. ?

The voice speaks.

Voice of the Man:

This is a crime. Even if he had never written down a thing. Thoughtcrime.

On the Screen: **THOUGHTCRIME**

Voice of the Man:

This is thoughtcrime and they will get you. Sooner or later they will get you. Sooner or later they would get you.

And you would be deleted.

Every thought you ever had. Everything you had ever done. Deleted.

No existence.

Unpersoned.

The ink continues to drip, like blood onto the paper and he begins to blot it out with his handkerchief.

Flickering lights. Winston looks up and around. Blackout. Breathing only is heard.

Lights up.

Assembled now on the stage is a company of people in a different time. They are reading out loud from a journal titled 1984, the same voice reading and they are passing another copy of the journal among them, reading from it.

Child:

And why is he writing? And for who?

Mother:

for whom? (*correcting him*).

Man:

For the future?

Child:

What future?

Man:

For those who are yet to come....?

Child:

Who are they?

Flickering lights. Winston looks up and around. Blackout. Breathing only is heard.

Lights up. Passing the journal. Various people read.

Other members of the Chorus:

He writes of Newspeak. Doublethink.

Child: (*reading*)

How can you speak to the future?

A Young man: (*answering the child*)

It is impossible.

(*and then continuing to read*)

Newspeak was founded on the English language as we now know it, though many Newspeak sentences, even when not containing newly created words, would be barely intelligible to an English-speaker in our own day.

Child: *(not reading but asking in earnest)*

And is that today?

Man (the voice):

He was writing this diary for the future. For the unborn. For you. *He takes the book and closes it.*

Man (the voice):

He was, with these words, with the touch of ink to paper, to change the world.

Woman: *(holding her daughter's hand)*

This book is so important, even though I've never read it before, I know it is the most important book ever written.

Young man:

Yes, but what is he trying to say to us?

(taking up the book)

Woman:

Yes, what is trying to say?

Man: It is the most important book ever written....

Young Man:

Because it saves us?

Woman:

Because it is the most significant words ever put onto paper.

Winston *(still looking at his journal before him. Grabs a remote and turns on the screen)*

Young Man:

Because it tells the truth about what is uncertain.

Man: Yes, about reality.

Child:

Mama, what is reality?

Woman:

It's where we are now.

Man: *(taking the child's hand)*

It requires us to accept where we are right now.

Young Man: But it's about uncertainty. We can never truly know anything.

Man:

We must know two things at once. That we can know and that there's always another thing and that this might not be true.

Young Man:

Uncertainty. War, Politics, what we think we know. Politics.

Woman: *(lifting up her child)*

Love. Hope. Freedom. Humanity. Love

Man:

And the future.

Woman:

And the future.

Young Man:

And the nonfuture.

Woman:

We must imagine something better. Learning from what he wrote.

Man:

Precisely true.

Young Man: How do you know anything in this world is real? Is true?

Man:

Objective truth. Does it exist?

Woman:

We must look to the past and imagine something better.

Man:

We must let this book speak to us and see where it takes us.

Young Man: It is calling to us. To pay attention. To stop looking down and believing whatever shows up on the screen before us and to....

Woman:

Yes, to change.

Man:

To pay attention.

Young Man:

To stop looking down and start looking out.

Man:

To pay attention. We will never be the same.

Woman:

Once you read this book, you will never be the same. You will see yourself reflected.

We are Winston.

Child:

What will happen to him?

Cut back to WINSTON as the future persons begin to fade away, they slowly recede, watching the next scene unfold.

Telescreen voice:

6079. Report in.

Winston: (Approaching screen)

Here. 6079. Smith, Winston. Reporting in.

Telescreen voice:

It has been seven days since your last community service. Report in at District 20 Community Service Centre within two days.

Winston:

Affirmative. 6079. Signing off.

He goes to a table or cupboard and pours himself a giant cup of victory gin. Takes a look at it. Downs it. We see its awful effect on his face. He sits. He begins writing furiously something.

Music plays haunting in the distance. A music box playing 'Oranges and Lemons play the bells of St. Clemens.' The clock strikes 14. We are back looking at Winston in profile, alone in the dark with his pen suspended over the journal.

Telescreen voice:

6079. Report in. Compulsory exercise in T-30 seconds.

Winston: (*snapping to life*)

Here. 6079. Smith, Winston. Reporting in.

Abruptly we cut on the screen to a woman performing vigorous calisthenics and yelling through the screen.

Exercise Instructor:

BEGIN. ANNND 1,2,3,4. ANND 1,2,3,4. GET UP! GET UP there I say! You there. Yes you Smith, 6079.

She is yelling at Winston

Winston arises and feebly attempts the exercise. Coughing his way through it.

Exercise Instructor:

ANNND 1,2,3,4. Take it deeper. Faster. Put a bit of life into it! We're all not on the front lines, but we owe it to Big Brother to keep fit. Remember our boys. I want to see you doing it.

Winston tries harder

That's it. That's better comrade!

Words on the screen: FREEDOM IS SLAVERY.

Winston returns, slumping into his chair, begins writing.

Winston: (*writing and speaking*)

What am I doing? I hardly know what I am doing.

He continues to write furiously as the exercise video continues to blare.

Exercise Instructor:

Smith, 6079. Where are you? I can't see you. Report in.

Winston, after furiously writing, lays his head down on the desk. Sound of breath. Clock strikes 14 and he startles awake to see his journal and clearly written on it over and over again are the words:

On the screen: DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER! DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER! DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER!

Winston abruptly covers the words with his inky hands. A sign of incrimination. He breathes faster. Flickering lights. Lights go out.

Words on the screen. FREEDOM IS SLAVERY.

Lights flicker back on.

A Knock on the door. Winston is clearly frightened at the knock. Jumps up, afraid. Goes to the door.

Mrs. Parson:

It's just us Mr. Smith, comrade 6079. We are 8081 and 8084 from next door. You work with my husband. I'm Mrs. Parson.

Winston:

Yes, of course.

He opens the door and Mrs. Parson and one of her children barge in. Child blows a whistle. Running into the space, around and around Winston.

Parson child: *(playful and disturbing)*

Thought Criminal. Traitor. Stay where you are.

Child blows a whistle again.

Mrs. Parson:

Sorry to disturb. *(to child)* Stop that. *(to Winston)* So sorry. Just wondering if you've been having trouble with the electrics? With the lights? Ours have been in and out.

Winston:

Yes, er....

Mrs. Parson: *(child faintly blowing on whistle)*

I said stop that.

Parson Child: *(under her breath)*

Thought criminal.

Mrs. Parson: *(To Winston)*

Sorry. She gets into this a bit I'm afraid. Wants to see the executions.

Parson Child:

Please Mommy!

We hear a bomb drop. Lights flicker.

Winston:

Sorry. Er...a no. Just a bit of flickering.

Mrs. Parson:

Ours seem to be out for good.

Parson Child:

Executions! Executions! Now.

Mrs. Parson:

Stop that!

(To Winston)

Sorry. Just checking. Looks like we're stuck in darkness...as usual. We'll leave you alone.

Parson Child: *(whispering loudly to Winston)*

Big brother is watching you!

Mrs. Parson:

Stop that! Get on now.

Winston shuts the door behind them. He walks back to the diary. He clearly sees written there his writing:

On the screen: Down With Big Brother! Down With Big Brother! Down With Big Brother!

Lights flicker. Clock strikes 15. Winston hurriedly puts on his coat and grabs his briefcase.

Lights flicker. Winston looks up to see:

On the screen: Fade to the visage of Big Brother's eyes and the words Big Brother is Watching You.

Lights up.

On the screen: THE MINISTRY OF TRUTH.

Voiceover as he enters:

This just in. Victory for Oceania. On the Eurasian front we are absolutely victorious.

In celebration of our victory, chocolate rations will be increased

to twenty grams as our reward from Big Brotherand in preparation Hateweek, all comrades are asked to report to the community center to help with the creation of banners and signs and the assembly of the Hate parade.

Winston at a cafeteria table with Parson and Syme. They have trays of food and cups of victory gin.

Commented [MR2]: NEED CAFETERIA SOUNDS?

Parson:

Just came from the community center myself. Making the biggest sign of them all. Invigorating. Got any razor blades either of you?

Winston and Syme: *(mumbling)*

No. No. Not today.

Parson:

Shoelaces?

Winston and Syme: *(mumbling)*

Sorry. Sorry.

Syme:

This stuff gets worse every year.

Downing his gin.

Parson:

Puts hair on the chest eh?

The girl with the brown hair walks past them. Winston looks up and sees her. Flashing on the screen, her piercing eyes from the beginning when he passed her on the street. All else fades away and we hear Julia's theme and see her eyes. Then we bump back to normal time.

Commented [MR3]: Cue 26 is very long for the actual short moment that has been staged.

Syme:

You don't really appreciate Newspeak do you my friend? Do you Smith? You know, you do not in any way have to be an expert to understand that this is the only language whose vocabulary gets smaller every year. Astounding! Victorious! Beautiful! We can reduce all the waste of the adjectives, the verbs. We can get rid of the nouns too. Every word can be reduced. So take the word 'good' for example. This word contains the opposite of itself inside it. You don't need the word 'bad' you just need to add an 'un.' Add an 'un' I always say. Ungood. It's just as good. Ha ha! Got that?

Ungood is just as good! Newspeak is beautiful. Beautiful. Or if a thing is atrocious, we don't have to say so, we can just say that's 'double-un-good' my friend. Big Brother's idea originally. Brilliant man. We shall make thoughtcrime absolutely impossible because there will be no words left to express it! When the language is complete, our project will be complete. And by the year 2050, my friend, there will not be one person on this earth who will understand what I'm speaking to you know. That language will be obsolete and we will be living inside a perfect language. Do you see what I'm saying?

Winston:

But I thought --

Syme:

Our very thought is changing. The fabric of our minds. Changing. And by 2050 thoughtcrime will be impossible. It's only a matter of discipline. Orthodoxy you know. Sticking to the plan.

Parson:

You want to know what that girl of mine did last week? On an outing with her troop, training them for the trenches. Out in the country. My girl sees this man and my girl, she is suspicious, and she and a couple of her young comrades, they slip away and follow him. Follow him in silence for two hours and then, once they get into town, the second they see a ministry office, they hand him in! And guess what?

Winston:

Why did they follow --?

Parson:

Sure he was an enemy agent. And here's the really brilliant part. Guess how she picked up on his enemy status?

Syme and Parson together:

Funny shoes.

Syme:

He told me earlier. Can't stop repeating himself.

Parson:

Shoes. He was wearing a funny pair of shoes.

Winston:

So she knew ~?

Parson:

~knew he was some foreigner. Pretty smart eh? For a girl? They're training them better these days. Far better at spotting the enemy than they taught us to be in those days.

Julia, the girl with the brown hair, walks past again. Winston looks up. Her eyes pierce him and we see them on the screen. Briefly, we hear her musical theme. Cut back to men at the cafeteria table.

Commented [MR4]: Cue 27, Same

Winston: *(bringing himself back)*

So what happened?

Parson:

OH, you know....probably....

He takes an imaginary gun to his head and shoots himself, tongue hanging out, laughing, and we can hear the gunshot loud and clear inside Winston's head and it startles him but everything else goes on as normal.

Winston: *(rattled and downs his gin, with resultant gasp)*

Oh...

Parson:

...and you know last year, she earned the youth of the year award in our district. Remember that my men? Saw that lazy woman just leaning leaning on a poster of Big Brother and just lit her skirt on fire. Saw that thoughtcrime getting ready to happen. Burned her quite badly and she was taken to the Ministry of Love for investigation, rightly so. Rightly so. You know, they give them these whistles and now these little spyglasses where they can see right into keyholes, everywhere they go. Our children are the future. They'll sort out this thoughtcrime business for us. They're just toys right? Brilliant.

Bells ring for a return to work.

Voiceover from the screen with a countdown:

Work commencing in T-30 seconds.

(countdown on the screen)

The men get up to leave. As they do, Julia is standing there, looking at Winston. She turns to go. Flash of her eyes on the screen.

Another Bell ring indicating the beginning of work.

On the screen: Two Minutes of Hate commencing in, and there is a countdown on the screen.

Winston goes to his desk and settles in. O'Brien, whom we've never seen before, walks past. Winston glances over his shoulder at him. They nod. We see a close up of O'Brien's face on the screen. Then back to the countdown to 2 minutes of Hate

Voiceover from the screen at Winston's desk:

6079. Name please

Winston:

Winston 6079

Voiceover:

6079 Welcome. Commencing work. Article number 4,223,445. Please rectify all references to unperson 5988, name Ogilvy. Rewrite fullwise.

Winston:

Call. Birth records. Search. Comrade Ogilvy. Select Ogilvy. Unwrite.

Voiceover:

Name selected. Assent unwrite?

Winston:

Assent.

Voiceover:

Complete.

Winston:

Call. Newspapers. Search. Ogilvy.

Voiceover:

Two instances.

Winston:

Select Ogilvy. Unwrite.

Voiceover: Name selected. Assent unwrite?

Winston:

Assent.

Voiceover: Complete.

Winston:

Call. Images. Search. Ogilvy

Voiceover: 46 instances

Winston:

Select Ogilvy. Totalunwrite.

On the Screen: The images from a baby to an old man pass on the screen.

Winston:

Select All. Totalunwrite.

Voiceover: Selected All. Assent Totalunwrite?

Winston:

Assent.

Screen goes blank.

Voiceover: Totalunwrite complete.

Winston:

Check all records. Ogilvy.

Voiceover: No records. No existence of person Ogilvy. 5988.

On screen and voiceover:

THE TWO MINUTES OF HATE WILL COMMENCE IN T-10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1.

Siren. As the countdown has been happening, all members of the cast assemble with their chairs before the screen for the TWO MINTUES OF HATE. Julia and O'Brien sit on either side of Winston.

Silence. Then. A terrible sound. Like a screeching screaming.

Sound cuts off.

On the screen: Flashing on screen our enemy Goldstein.

We See Goldstein's face come onto the screen. It morphs into a sheep and then back into the Face of Goldstein. Goldstein's voice is altered to sound like a sheep.

Goldstein on screen:

Down with Big Brother! The Party is not the party of the revolution. The revolution has failed. The poor are just as poor as before and the party elites live in their glamorous mansions hiding from the people. Big Brother is the end of us all! Big Brother is the evil among you! Don't you see it? If you are complicit with this, then you are complicit with the evil! Ignorance is ignorance. Slavery is slavery. Freedom only comes when you demand peace with Eurasia. Freedom of speech! Freedom of the Press! Freedom to gather together, to think what we please and go as we will! The Revolution has been betrayed and we have all been brainwashed into this new reality! Look away from your screens I tell you! Look away! They are only hypnotizing you and poisoning you, like the soil and the atmosphere are poisoning you with Big Brother's pollution. Don't give in. I am real. I am real.

His face morphs into a sheep again and back.

I am not the enemy. Big Brother is the enemy. Big brother is the swine. He calls me the sheep. He calls me the swine. He is the sheep. He is the swine. He turns you, the people, into his servants of swine and sheep. The thoughtpolice are after you. Don't let them. Free yourself. The book. The book of the Brotherhood. Peace with Eurasia. Peace on earth. End the endless wars that we don't even know are happening. The Brotherhood is real. Our Book is real. Let the revolution rise. Let the people find their voice. Free speech is our only hope. Peace and prosperity for all, not just for the party elites. Take them down. Have hope. Not hate. Have honor. Not hate. Have love. Not hate. Down with Big Brother!

As the two minutes of hate have been going on, the audience begins with just kicking their chairs and stomping their feet. They raise terrible voices back at the screen. They bleat like sheep. They laugh and cry out "swine". As the book says, "a hideous ecstasy of fear and vindictiveness, a desire to kill, to torture, to smash faces, flows through the whole group like an electric current. A rage. Julia picks up a Newspeak dictionary and hurls it at the screen. Silence.

On the Screen: Then Big Brother appears on the screen. Only his eyes and nose, as before.

A sigh of relief comes into the room. A melting.

Big Brother's voice and face on the screen: *(melifluous voice)*

War is peace. Freedom is Slavery. Ignorance is Strength.

A Woman in the audience of hate:

My savior.

And she sinks to her knees in a prayer

A slow, rhythmical chant begins in the crowd.

All:

B-B!...B-B!....*(and on and on)*

The crowd grabs their chairs and, still chanting, methodically return to their workstations.

O'Brien faces Winston. They nod at one another.

On the screen: O'Brien's visage flashes on the screen.

Julia, walking in front of Winston, Falls down and in pain...

Julia:

Oh...Ow...ow!

Winston bends down to help her up and she clasps his hand.

Winston:

Are you all right?

They look at one another.

On the Screen: Her eyes piercing.

Julia:

Yes, nothing. Just a little scrape.

She presses his hand. He is left alone on stage. He opens his hand and we see him peering down into it and we hear her voice and see these words on the screen.

On the screen: We are seeing the scrap of paper in his hand.

Julia's voice and words on screen:

I love you.

Commented [MR5]: Could use a little theme for this moment.

Winston looks up. Closes his hand. Places it on his heart. Screen goes dark.

Transition in music and the flashing of light

On the Screen: War is Peace. Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength.

Winston, coat on, hat on, walking on the street with his briefcase, enters Charrington's curiosity shop.

Charrington:

Welcome back my friend!

Winston:

Er...eh...hello. Just popping in to have a look.

Charrington:

Have a look. Have a look. At all the forgotten things. You have an eye I tell you. That bit of paper I sold you....prime choice. Crème paper. Your little diary? How is it?

Winston:

What? The paper. Fine. Fine.

He picks up a piece of glass.

Charrington:

That there is coral. Coral trapped in glass. Ever seen it?

Winston:

No, what is it?

Charrington:

A discarded object. Doesn't exist anymore. The party bought anything that mattered. The metal especially. Melt it down for whatever use. But that, that object you hold there. Magical. Creature of the seas that once were.

Silence as Winston gazes at the coral in glass.

Winston:

What else do you have in here?

Charrington:

Room in the back. Place of peace. Privacy if you want it. Objects of a forgotten past. Things no one cares about. No screens back there if you care to look.

Winston:

Where is it?

Charrington:

Behind me here. Behind this door here. Just a room.

Winston opens a music box and the music from the children's song at the beginning plays and he sings along with it:

Winston: *(Singing along with the music box)*

Oranges and lemons', say the bells of St. Clement's'.

That was a rhyme we had when I was a little boy. How it goes on...can't remember. But...

Charrington:

'You owe me three farthings', say the bells of St. Martin's.

Winston:

Yes, yes, that's it!

he sings it: 'You owe me three farthings', say the bells of St. Martin's.

Charrington:

St. Martin's-in-the-Fields it used to be called. Though I don't recollect any fields anywhere in those parts. There's a picture of it in the back room. Like to see?

Winston:

Yes, yes.

He carries the music box and the coral trapped in glass with him.

They go into the back room.

Charrington:

There, there you see the picture there on the wall. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields it used to be called. Though I don't recollect any fields....

Winston:

No. No.

Charrington:

I've been here 33 years in this shop. And here, this room. Just peace and privacy if you're ever looking for it. No telescreens here. Rent it to you for nothing. Stay as long as you like.

Winston:

No. No. Thank you. But I'll pay you for these.

As he digs in his pocket for the money he sings the song again.

'Oranges and lemons', say the bells of St. Clement's.

'You owe me three farthings',....and there you go. Got to remember the rest.

Charrington:

Let me wrap those up for you.

Winston:

No. No. Thank you.

He conceals the objects under his coat.

He exits the shop and Julia is there, watching him. He walks away and she follows. He enters his flat and looks back to see her still there, watching.

On the screen: Her eyes flash on the screen.

He goes to his desk and places both music box and coral trapped in glass before him and opens his journal.

The people from the beginning, from the future, appear around him, as he begins to write.

Commented [MR6]: Future Underscore?

Child:

What is he doing?

Man:

He is writing. *(He reads over Winston's shoulder)*

Child:

Won't he be caught?

Man:

Listen.

Winston and the Man's voices meld:

"Evidence. That in all this insanity there is one person who holds tight to the truth. I can see what the future looks like. A future free of the Party. People will talk free. People will think free. Talk and think. It must change. There is no other choice."

Child: Was there another choice?

Mother:

No. Isn't it beautiful? The only book that ever mattered.

Man:

2+2=4. Over and over again. 2+2=4

Child:

But isn't that always true?

Young man: Not always. People are not always free to know what is true.

Man: *(reading over Winston's shoulder)*

I'm writing for you. For the future. The unborn. We shall never meet. But you shall know me.

Woman:

And we do...

Younger man: And we do...

Child:

And we do.

Man:

And we thank you.

The people from the future fade away.

Commented [MR7]: Future Underscore Fades

Winston closes his journal. Picks up the coral. Telescreen comes to life.

Telescreen voiceover:

6079. Report in.

Winston: *(Approaching screen)*

Here. 6079. Smith, Winston. Reporting in.

Telescreen voiceover:

Commence community service work. It has been six days since your last service.

Winston:

Reporting in. Leaving now. 6079 Signing off.

Winston puts on his coat and hat and exits, coming around to The Community Centre.

On Screen: Welcome to District 20 Community Centre. Preparations for HateWeek in Progress. Commencing in T-7 days, 3 hours, 20 minutes, 19 seconds. Counting down.

Winston enters the community centre where the actors are all around, creating banners, signs, shooting film for HateWeek. Julia is among them. Winston sees her. A look.

On the screen: Her eyes flash up on the screen.

They both move toward the center of the space, she holding a large banner.

Julia:

Comrade 6079. Welcome. Here's a job for you. Painting in the letters on this sign for District 20.

Winston:

Certainly. Uh. Where's the paint?

Julia:

Here. Come with me.

They head downstage and there she stops him and whispers.

Julia:

Tomorrow. Take the 7 train. 2 pm. Take it to stop 38. Get off. Go left head down the lane into the woods. There's no other way. I'll see you there.

Winston:

Yes. Good comrade. Let's get to work.

They go back and bend down over the banner and begin to paint.

Everyone looks up as O'Brien, Central Party member, enters the space.

O'Brien:

Fine work everyone. Preparations in full mode. Keep it up.

Passes by Winston and Julia working.

O'Brien:

Smith. 6079. Correct? You work in my division.

Winston: (*Winston stands up*)

Yes, sir. I do.

O'Brien:

Just checking in. Saw your immaculate display of hate with this one (*Julia*) in the 2-minutes. Good on you both.

Winston:

Yes, sir.

Julia:

Thank you sir, I do my best.

Winston:

Yes, thank you sir.

O'Brien:

Just checking in.

O'Brien surveilles the space and walks out. Julia and Winston look at one another. Sheepishly. And look back down.

Winston:

There. Finished. And tomorrow.

Julia:

And tomorrow.

Winston and Julia: And tomorrow.

Immediately the stage transforms into the cast members on a train traveling.

Loudspeaker from train:

Stop number 37. Exit to the left of the platform. Mind the gap. Next stop. 38.

Some passengers exit. Train begins again.

Loudspeaker from train:

Stop number 38. Exit to the left of the platform. Mind the gap. Next stop. 39.

Winston exits the train and turns to walk. The stage transforms into a glade. Julia is there.

Commented [MR8]: Speed Up Train

Julia:

Hello. Fancy meeting you here.

Winston:

Look. I found you some flowers. *(He hands her a bunch of wildflowers.)*

Winston:

Are we safe here?

Julia:

They used to have monitors in these forests, but they've gone bunk. Not working. See there, the loose wires. And there's a stream!

She runs off. We hear a babbling brook. Light suggests a stream. Winston follows her. They bend and drink handfuls and handfuls of clear water.

Winston:

I've never tasted anything like that since...

Julia:

Since when...

Winston:

OH, you know it's just strange how tastes, sounds, smells, bring up memories. I lived out in a place like this once.

Julia:

I'm just going to lay back and look at the leaves up above.

She spreads a blanket in a patch of sunlight in the trees and lays down, taking off her overalls, and pulling Winston toward her. They make love rolling through the blankets, twilight begins to fall.

After.

Winston:

I'm sorry....I just realized....what is your name? I only know you as 7311.

Julia:

Hello. I'm Julia. And I know yours. It's Winston Smith.

Commented [MR9]: May need cue to fade up the music here and then back down after mimed scene.

Winston:

How do you....?

Julia:

I know more than you think I do....Have to....have to be smarter than them. *(Pointing up above them.)*

This is an apple tree, and look up there. A beautiful one, just hanging there. Lift me up to it.

Julia crawls atop Winston's shoulders and she picks the apple. Still on his shoulders she bites into it and sighs in ecstasy.

Julia:

Oh my God, you have to try this. You don't get this kind of taste, even from inner party apples.

Winston:

Let me try.... *(She feeds him the apple as she sits atop his shoulders.)*

Winston:

Oh...oh...God...that's good!

Julia:

Here put me down, I have something else...a surprise.

She gets down from his shoulders and pulls out a bar of chocolate.

Winston:

Chocolate! REAL chocolate. Not that party ration shit. Oh....how I can remember...

Now Julia feeds him the chocolate and he melts.

Winston:

Oh....how on earth?

Julia:

Inner party elite. Know my way around. I've done this hundreds of times before.

Winston:

hundreds?...of times?

Julia:

Don't worry. You're different. You're better than all of them.

Winston:

I am?

Julia:

Yes. Now kiss me.

Winston:

How did you know my name?

Julia:

I'm better at finding things out than you are, dear. Now kiss me.

They kiss and collapse down onto the blanket, wrapped up in one another.

Julia:

Tell me, what did you think of me before I gave you the note?

Winston:

I hated the sight of you. I wanted to rape you and murder you afterwards. I thought you were a member of the thoughtpolice. I wanted to smash your head in when I saw you on the street.

Julia:

Not honestly?

Winston:

Yes.

Julia:

Here, have a bit of chocolate. Ease that thought. *(She slips it into his mouth.)*

Winston:

Ah...that reminds me...of my...I don't know...of my mother.

Julia:

Tell me where you used to live. Tell me about your mother.

Winston:

It's funny. Since I met you and came here it's like the memories are just flowing from me. It's a stream of images. She was....well...she was my mother.

We revert into his memory and a mother appears.

Mother:

Winston, over here! Bring your sister!

Winston as a boy:

Coming mama!

Mother:

Here you two, come and dance with me. *(The children dance with their mother singing.)*

Mother and children:

'Oranges and lemons', say the bells of St. Clement's

'You owe me three farthings', say the bells of St. Martins

The continue to dance silently in the twilight. And then, as Winston speaks the next line, they fade away.

Winston:

I can't remember any more. Only that it all ended badly sometime after.

Julia: *(climbing atop him)*

I do love you. I wasn't lying. From my note. I see you.

Winston: *(sitting up)*

How? You know, I love it that you've been with hundreds of men? I wish it were thousands. I hate goodness, I hate purity. I don't want virtue....I want everyone to be corrupt to the bones.

Julia:

Well....then I should suit you perfectly. They want to abolish sexual pleasure. You know, it's the biggest threat. They want to keep us perfectly miserable. So that we don't know what's going on. The war. Goldstein. The Brotherhood. It's all made up. Doesn't exist.

Winston:

But I saw you! I saw you screaming and shouting at the hate! You were loving it.

Julia:

Have to. All that matters are feelings. It doesn't matter what you say or do.

Winston:

And they will get us in the end. Can't defeat them. *(She kisses him.)*

Julia:

We just did. *(She kisses him again.)*

And we just did it again. Tiny acts of disobedience is the only way to destroy them. Secret pleasure that we keep. We are real. This is real. *(she pulls his hand to her heart).* This is real..

Winston:

Let's defeat him again.

He kisses her. They laugh and twirl in the twilight, the color deepens.

Julia:

I have to go. My train leaves in a few minutes. Take the next one. We can meet here again, but not for a couple of months.

Winston:

Months....no?

Julia:

Meeting in town would be death to us.

Winston:

This never happened. We are dead. We are the dead.

Julia:

Never acknowledge me. Not a smile. Not a nod. This never happened.

Winston:

We have to find a way.

Julia:

In the city....

Winston:

We could....

Julia:

It's suicide.

Winston and Julia overlapping:

Winston: But we are already dead. **Julia:** We are the dead. Find a place.

Winston:

I have one. A room behind a shop. The one where you saw me.

Julia:

Yes. Charrington's Curiosities. All right. Tuesday next.

Winston:

While everyone's preparing for the hate!

Julia:

Yes, we'll be forgotten.

Winston:

It's suicide.

Julia:

We are the dead. It doesn't matter then, right?

She exits. Leaving him to watch. He turns and is immediately on the train, heading back.

Loudspeaker from train:

Stop number 98. Exit to the left of the platform. Mind the gap.

Winston exits. He seems lighter than before. Looks up. People pass by him. He lifts his eyes. He sees the sky.

On the screen: a sky.

Winston: *Winston moves into his room. Sits down and takes out the bar of chocolate. Eats one piece.*

Ah...yes.

He begins to write. The people, from the beginning move on. The man stares over his shoulder.

Commented [MR10]: Future People theme

Mother:

What does he write now?

Man: *(reading)*

She is like the light in the glade itself, and when we made love, I finally knew what that word meant. I can't

bear it. Cannot bear being without her although it is certain death.

Child:

He loves her mama! Doesn't he?

Mother:

Yes. Yes. He does.

Child:

Because love is the only hope?

Mother:

Yes. We must always remember that.

Man: *(reading)*

I heard a thrush singing in the twilight as I stroked her hair. There is nothing pure anymore. Everything is mixed up with fear and hatred. And yet we triumphed. We defeated them with a kiss.

Child:

Is that possible?

Mother lifts of the child, twirls her and kisses her. Child laughs.

Mother:

Anything is possible with love.

Winston shuts his journal. The people fade away.

Telescreen voiceover:

6079. Report in.

Winston: *(facing the screen)*

Here. 6079. Smith, Winston. Reporting in.

Telescreen voiceover:

Affirmative. This just in. We are no longer at war with Eurasia. We have never been at war with Eurasia. The war has always been with Eastasia. Our comrades in arms have had a decisive victory today on the Eastasian front, keeping back scores of them from entering our lands. In celebration...the chocolate ration is increased to 20 grams. In other news, shoe production is up. Let's us speak our mantra.

Commented [MR11]:

Commented [MR12R11]:

Commented [MR13R11]: Future Theme Out

Telescreen and Winston together (and we can hear Mrs. Parson and the children next door):

War is Peace Freedom is Slavery Ignorance is Strength

Winston: *(under his breath)*

Blood hell. What am I living in?

Lights flicker. He puts on his coat and hat and exits. Trudging on. Passes the community center where it reads:

On the Screen: Welcome to District 20 Community Centre. Preparations for HateWeek in Progress. Commencing in T-7 days, 3 hours, 20 minutes, 19 seconds.

Counting down. He stands watching it and it counts down very fast, a time collapse to T-5 days, 4 hours, 16 minutes, 5 seconds. He moves on.

Winston stands in Charrington's shop.

Charrington:

Like I said, you can have it for a song. Rent it to you for very little...bit of privacy.

Winston:

Of course. Yes. Just need to get away. Can we do it without any....?

Charrington:

...paperwork? No need for a trail. There's that painting you like so much. I'd sell it to you too but it was a wedding gift. Can't part with it. Well, I'll leave you to it.

Winston pays him and he exits. He opens a window and we hear a woman singing.

Woman singing:

They say that time heals all things.

They say you can always forget,

But the smiles and the tears across the years

They twist my heart strings yet.

Julia enters. In her overalls. Red sash on waist. With a large toolbox that she sets down as she says...

Julia:

How can she do that?

Winston: *(Winston wheels around, caught off-guard.)*

Oh my darling!

He embraces her, whirls her round, kisses her.

Winston:

How can she do what? Take a song made by a machine and turn it into a graceful moment of....Oh I don't know....

Julia:

Life. Of life. Yes. Where does she find that life?

Julia bends down to open up her box.

Winston:

I don't know....

Julia:

I've brought you more surprises.

Winston: *(Winston jumps onto the bed.)*

Look at this bed. It's big enough for two people at once.

She jumps up onto the bed with him and they jump together.

Julia:

I've never been on a bed big enough for two!

They continue to jump.

Julia:

Look what I've brought you. *(She holds it out.)*

Winston:

What is that? Bread, Jam, real sugar. And what's that....

Julia:

Coffee! Smell it! It's real!

They plop down on the bed as he grabs it and smells it.

Winston:

Oh...the things you do to me!

They face one another, they kiss. Sound of scuffling.

Winston: *(clearly alarmed at the sound)*

What was that?

Julia jumps up.

Julia:

It's just a rat. He was poking his nose through a hole there. Have you seen them? They're everywhere. Swarming.

Winston:

Stop it.

Julia:

They've been attacking babies, tearing them to shreds, reducing them to bones in just minutes.

We hear Winston's breath.

Winston:

I said stop it. Please can you stop it.

His breath quickens and he chokes back nausea.

Julia:

Winston. What? What is it.

Winston: *(regaining a bit of control)*

Rats. Anything but rats.

Julia: *(calming him)*

I'll take care of them. I'll plug up every damn hole in the place. It's all right. Here we are safe.

She pulls him close and then she sees the painting.

What's that? What's that place? I recognize it.

Winston:

A painting of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Although Charrington says he can't remember any fields.

Julia sings:

'Oranges and lemons', say the bells of St. Clement's.

'You owe me three farthings' say the bells of St. Martins.

'When will you pay me?' say the bells of Old Bailey.

Winston:

You know more of it! That song....

Julia:

Have you seen an orange ever? Thick skin that you peel off and they sparkle with flavor

Winston:

I can remember lemons. So sour they set your teeth on edge. How do you know that song? My mother....

Julia:

I've had it here forever. (*touches her head.*) Don't know. Grandfather. He must've sang it to me....

Winston:

Your grandfather?

Julia:

They unpersoned him.

Winston:

I never knew any grandparents. Did he tell you anything? About before. Before the bomb and the party takeover?

Julia:

Can't recall anything.

Winston:

Please....you must.

Julia:

Please. Here. All he said is that we should never have trusted them. That their lies were going to take us over. And he said it all the time.

Winston:

Are you real?

Julia:

How can I prove myself to you? You still doubt me. Go over there. Look out the window.

Woman singing:

They say that time heals all things. / They say you can always forget,

But the smiles and the tears across the years./ They twist my heart strings yet.

Winston:

This woman singing. She's as big as a house. She is life.

He sings a line with her until...

Julia:

Turn around.

He does. She is in a beautiful red dress with high heels and lipstick on her lips.

Julia:

See me. I am real.

Winston: *(He gasps)*

There's nothing for me to say. No words. I used to have words. We did. They've been stolen away. We're losing it all.

Julia:

Remember. We are victorious here. In love. Nothing you say matters. The words do not matter.

Winston:

No. They do. Words do matter. Facts matter. Like your Grandfather said. We should've never trusted them. They delete things. I delete things for a living. It could've been me that deleted your grandfather....

Julia and Winston overlapping:

Winston: That's what you do. **Julia:** What I do.

Julia:

Shhhh.

Winston:

I'll tell you. Once. I could've stopped it and I didn't.

Julia:

Shhhh.

Winston:

Listen....There were three men....they were accused of terrorism. Of planning attacks and carrying them out. Jones, Aarsonson, Rutherford. They did it on the Day of Plenty. When everyone was out. They hit, around the globe. They planned it all. To bring the party down.

They were caught.

Julia:

And....

Winston:

Confessed. Execution.

Julia:

And so....

Winston:

And so years later I was deleting someone else and all of a sudden, in the Times, there they were. A photograph of them in a café. Smiling altogether. And they were....

Julia:

They were criminals? They weren't criminals?

Winston:

No. They were not. They were there in that picture. The couldn't have been. And I had the evidence. Right there.

Julia:

And....

Winston:

I deleted it.

Silence.

Winston:

And now. Now. I'll be deleting every mention that we were at war with Eurasia. Now we'll be at peace with them and war with Eastasia.

Julia:

Hmmm...I thought we were always....

Winston:

What? What are you saying?

Julia and Winston overlapping:

Julia: I thought we were always at war with Eastasia. **Winston:** What are you saying? Do you hear yourself?

Julia:

Doesn't matter love. It's all just lies anyway. Let's resist. *(Kisses him.)*

Winston: *(Pulling away)*

How can you not remember that? *(Julia Kisses him again)*

Winston:

We're being LIED TO!!

Julia:

Oh...who cares. It's all just a waste of time so why should we talk about it? We can't do anything about it anyway. The lies....they just go on and on, like cockroaches they are, replicating and reproducing until they take over our lives....can't let it upset us.

Winston:

But history. We don't know anything. Nothing exists outside of the party. But it DOES. I know it DOES. It has to.

Julia:

Darling. Love. Don't go insane over this. If you think about it for too long it'll do that to you. Drive you bonkers.

Winston:

Don't you want to....?

Julia:

Resist. Yes. Rebel yes. But only in the sack!

Winston:

You're only a rebel from the waist down!

Silence.

Erupting into laughter. They jump up onto the bed and embrace.

Julia and Winston together, interweaving these lines as a poem:

We are dead. We are the dead. Nothing else matters. Only this present moment. It is all we have. This is all we are.

In between the lines they kiss and the light fades as we hear Winston speak...

Winston:

There's more. We can change things.

The clock strikes 23 as the stage transforms back to the cafeteria at the Ministry of Truth.

On the Screen MINISTRY OF TRUTH.

Commented [MR14]: Cafeteria

Voiceover from Telescreen:

Comrades at the Ministry of Truth, this year we have a special position in the Parade of Hate and three of our members will have the opportunity to carry the forward banner! The most productive members of our team will take that honor. It will be announced in just two days.

This just in. The war continues. On the Eastasian front our troops were victorious once again. To celebrate the chocolate ration will be increased to 20 grams.

Winston enters during the midst of this, as does Parson

Winston:

Same as last time.

Parson:

What?

Winston:

Nothing.

Parson:

Hear that? More chocolate leading up to the Hate! My banner is the biggest of them all! You should see it Smith. Maybe they'll choose it as the lead banner and I'll get to carry it! What an honor. I tell you, with my girl.....did I tell you what she did Saturday last? Suspicious of a fellow....slips off with some of her mates to follow him....tipped off by what? Can you believe this?

Winston:

by his funny pair of shoes.

Parson:

How did you?

Winston:

Where's Syme?

Parson:

Dunno. Haven't seen him all day. I'll take his share of victory gin though! *(Raises his glass. Downs it.)*

O'Brien enters. Stands still. Watches.

Parson:

Me personally? Glad they're watching us. Keeps us on it you know. So many people out there hate the way we live. They're being watched too. It's all of us.

Winston:

What happened to him? To Syme....

Parson:

Probably...you know....

Uses imaginary gun to off himself, tongue out. Laughs.

O'Brien: *(O'Brien approaches them.)*

Winston. 6079. Smith. Yes?

Winston: *(choking after downing his gin)*

Yes. *(He is visibly shaken by O'Brien approaching him.)*

O'Brien:

I've heard you're excellent with Newspeak. Made an artform of it have you?

Winston:

No...uh...not exactly.

O'Brien:

It came up to me from your colleagues in the department of persons that you take a very scholarly interest in it indeed.

Winston:

Uh...well...hardly. The construction of the language...that was my...friend...Syme

(Winston looks over at where Syme always sat.)

O'Brien:

Who?

Winston:

No one.

O'Brien:

If you care to, I have an early release copy of the new Newspeak Dictionary in my possession. Might it interest you to have a look?

Parson raises his eyebrows and takes his leave. Winston realizes what is being offered.

Winston:

Absolute...yes. Yes.

O'Brien:

Good. You can pick it up from my apartment. Here's my address.

Writes it down on his notepad, tears it off and hands it to Winston.

O'Brien:

Normally I am there in the evenings, but if I'm not my help will give it to you.

He exits and Winston stands.

Winston:

Goodbye.

He stands in silence. Watching him leave. Winston walks to his cubicle. Sits.

Voiceover from the screen at his desk:

6079. Name please

Winston:

Winston 6079 Smith

Voiceover:

6079 Welcome. Commencing work. Article number 4,445,332. Please rectify all references to unperson 6002, name Syme. Rewrite fullwise.

Commented [MR15]: Many people working/typing.

Winston:

No. No.

Voiceover from Telescreen: Beg your pardon Comrade 6079?

Winston:

Resume.

Voiceover: Resuming.

Winston: *(Winston collects himself. Looks around. He clearly is disturbed. He sees Julia walk past. He returns to his work.)*

Call. Birth records. Search. Comrade Syme. Select Syme. Unwrite.

Voiceover: Name selected. Assent unwrite?

Winston:

Assent.

Voiceover: Complete.

Winston:

Call. Newspapers. Search. Syme.

Voiceover: Four instances.

Winston:

Select Syme. Unwrite.

Voiceover: Name selected. Assent unwrite?

Winston:

Assent.

Voiceover: Complete.

Winston:

Call. Images. Search. Syme

Voiceover: 33 instances

Winston:

Select Syme. Totalunwrite.

The images from a baby to Syme as we last saw him pass on the screen.

Winston:

Select All. Totalunwrite.

Voiceover: Selected All. Assent Totalunwrite?

Winston:

Assent.

Screen goes blank.

Voiceover: Totalunwrite complete.

Winston:

Check all records. Syme.

Voiceover: No records. No existence of person Syme. 6002.

Winston, drops his head to his desk. Abruptly aware, looking around. Takes his hat. His coat. Puts them on. Takes his briefcase. Exits.

He walks through the city. We hear the pounding music for HateWeek playing as he passes the Community Centre.

On the screen: Sign on the Community Centre reads: Welcome to District 20 Community Centre. Preparations for HateWeek in Progress. Commencing in T-5 days, 6 hours, 17 minutes, 44 seconds. Counting down. He stands watching it and it quickly counts down to T-1 day, 14 hours, 4 minutes, 52 seconds.

Winston is back at his flat. Journal before him. Picks up pen, begins to write.

The people from the beginning enter, as before.

Man: *(looking over Winston's shoulder and reading)*

I deleted a man today. Syme. One of my only friends. And then IT has happened. IT is happening. The Brotherhood is real. O'Brien has invited me to meet him. He is, as I always suspected, on the inside.

Commented [MR16]: Future Theme

Mother:

What's that? Is he a madman? Shouldn't trust him.

Child:

Mama, I'm afraid. Can't we go back to the part about love?

Mother:

shhhh. listen

Man: (*reading*)

And in the end. No matter what happens. I was always dead anyway. The truth must be told. I'm telling it here. You reading this. You will know.

Mother:

And we do.

Child:

We do?

Winston shuts the diary. The people fade away.

Commented [MR17]: Fade Future Underscore

Telescreen voiceover: 6079. Report.

Winston: (*facing the screen*)

6079. Smith. I am here.

Telescreen voiceover:

Affirmative. This just in. On the Eastasian front, our comrades in arms have defeated the Eurasian enemy in a decisive Victory. In Celebration, our Victory Gin ration is increased to 1.2 litres. Let's us speak our mantra.

Telescreen and Winston together we can hear Mrs. Parson and the children next door:

War is Peace. Freedom is Slavery. Ignorance is Strength

Winston: (*under his breath*)

Bloody Hell. Will this never end!?

He exits.

He walks past the Community Centre who's sign reads:

On the Screen: Welcome to District 20 Community Centre. Preparations for HateWeek in Progress. Commencing in T-3 days, 7 hours, 4 minutes, 31 seconds. Counting down.

Winston is hurrying past. The music for hateweek blaring from the community centre.

Then. Winston is in the backroom of Charrington's shop. Julia is there.

We hear the woman singing her song outside.

Winston:

What do you think of O'Brien?

Julia:

Chap from the inner party?

Winston:

Yeah. He asked me to come to his place? To pick up a forward copy of the Newspeak dictionary?

Julia:

So?

Winston:

He's one of us.

Julia:

One of who?

Winston:

US. US.

Julia:

I'm frightened. What are you saying?

Winston:

He came to me and said to come to his house. That's never happened before. It's happening now.

Julia:

Will you go?

Winston:

Will you go with me?

Julia:

It's sheer craziness but I will.

Winston:

I remembered something else.

Julia and Winston overlapping:

Julia: You did? **Winston:** When I was writing in my diary. I remembered the chocolate.

The mother singing outside becomes his mother. We watch.

Mother:

Winston? Come here and bring your sister!

Winston as boy:

Mother, did you get the chocolate ration?

Mother:

Yes. I did. Saved for later after. Bit of enjoyment after our chores.

Winston as boy:

I want it now.

Mother:

Winston, no. You know the rules.

Winston as boy:

I don't want rules, I want the chocolate. Give it to me. NOW.NOW. *(He throws a fit and sister just stands watching.)*

Winston as boy:

I'm hungry. Look at me.

Mother:

We're all hungry Winston.

Winston as boy:

But I'm growing. And there's no food.

Mother:

Your sister's growing too.

Winston as boy:

I want it NOW. NOW. I NEEDED It.

Mother: *(giving in)*

Here. Here. There are four squares. You may have three, but one is for your sister.

Winston greedily grabs it all and runs from the room.

Mother:

Winston! Winston! Come back here! *(Sister is Crying. Mother is calling after him)*

Winston Winston!

Winston as adult:

And when I came back. They were gone. My mother and my sister. Never saw them again. I'm sure she was taken to the work camps and my sister sent to God knows where. My mother sacrificed it all. I was that baby's big brother and my selfishness...

Silence

Now it is my turn to sacrifice, as my mother did. She was the dead. I am the dead. We have to do this for the future.

You said you'd go with me? To O'Brien's

We have to change things. We have to declare ourselves an enemy of the party.

Today....Today...Oh...I had to unperson my friend....my longest friend at the ministry of truth.

Gone.

I hate them. The party. I hate them. I want to destroy them. Smash in their skulls....

Julia:

That's how all of us feel. All the time. The rage.

Winston:

I am the dead. We are the dead. And it's us who can take back the power.

And we have to give the power back to them. To the woman singing outside. The people on the very bottom. We have to give it back because we are....

Julia:

The dead.

It's suicide. But yes, I'll go with you. You go first.

Winston:

Yes, we must go separately.

Julia:

I'll meet you there. This is for us.

Winston:

I love you.

We shift to O'Brien's apartment. He is sitting in front of the telescreen, consulting. Talking into a device in his hand.

Commented [MR18]: Classical Music in O'Brien's Apartment

O'Brien:

Consulting document 33330022244. Items one comma five comma seven approved fullwise stop suggestion contained item six doubleplus ridiculous verging crimethink \cancel stop unproceed constructionwise antegetting plusfull estimates machinery overheads stop end message.

Winston enters with Julia and Martin, who shows them in.

O'Brien swivels around in his chair and faces them, using a remote control to turn off the telescreen.

Winston:

You can....?

O'Brien:

...turn it off. Yes. That is our privilege. Do you know where you are Winston?

Winston:

Inner party housing circuit.

O'Brien:

Yes.

Winston:

And...?

O'Brien:

Ask it.

Winston:

Is everything off?

O'Brien:

Yes. Everything is turned off. We are alone. Please. Sit.

Martin exits. Julia and Winston sit.

Julia:

This is so soft. So beautiful.

Winston:

Everything. Yes. Thank you. We have come her for. *(He looks at Julia, not knowing what to say.)*

For...we believe that there's some kind of conspiracy, some kind of secret organization working against the party and that you are involved in it. We want to... to join it and work for it. We are enemies of the party. We are thought-criminals. We are adulterers. We are willing to incriminate ourselves in any way.

Martin returns with four glasses and a bottle.

O'Brien:

Martin is one of us. Thank you Martin.

Martin serves the wine.

O'Brien:

You maybe have never had this before. It is called wine. Probably read about it books. Not much gets to the outer party. But I think it's fitting that we begin by raising a glass to our health. To our Leader: To Emmanuel Goldstein.

Winston and Julia overlapping: *(As he takes up his glass)*

Winston: Yes. There is? There is such a person called Goldstein? **Julia:** Yes...we were wondering...

O'Brien: *(emptying his glass)*

Yes. There is such a person and he is alive. Where, I do not know.

Winston:

And the conspiracy....the organization....is it real?

O'Brien:

It is real. It is not an invention of the thought police. The Brotherhood, we call it. You will never learn more about it than that it exists and you belong to it. I will come back to that. (*Looks at his watch.*) It is unwise for a member of the inner party to turn off the telescreen for more than ½ of an hour. You should not have come here together. You will have to leave separately. You (*referring to Julia*) will leave first. I must begin, quickly, to ask you some certain questions. (*O'Brien Looking at both of them.*) You are prepared to give your lives?

Winston and Julia:

Yes.

O'Brien:

You are prepared to commit murder?

Winston and Julia:

Yes.

O'Brien:

To commit acts of sabotage which may cause the death of hundreds of innocent people?

Winston and Julia:

Yes.

O'Brien:

To betray your country to foreign powers?

Winston and Julia:

Yes.

O'Brien:

To cheat, to forge to blackmail, to corrupt the minds of youth, to distribute habit-forming drugs, to do anything which is likely to cause demoralization and weaken the power of the party?

Winston and Julia:

Yes.

O'Brien:

If, for example, it would somehow serve our interests to throw sulphuric acid in a child's face - are you prepared to do that?

Winston and Julia:

Yes.

O'Brien:

You are prepared to lose your identity and to commit suicide if and when we order you to do so?

Winston and Julia:

Yes.

O'Brien:

The two of you, you are prepared to separate and never see one another again.

Julia:

No! *Silence*

Winston:

No!

O'Brien:

I'm glad you told me. It is necessary for us to know everything. Do you understand, young lady, that he may look like a different person. His face, his movements, all of him altered? And you too? Sometimes we even must amputate limbs?

Julia:

Yes. I understand.

Winston:

Yes.

O'Brien:

Good, then that is settled. Martin, you had better return to your station. Take a good look at these comrades' faces before you go. You will be seeing them again. I may not.

Martin looks at them. And he leaves.

O'Brien:

You understand that you will be fighting in the dark. You will always be in the dark. You will receive orders and you will obey them, without knowing why. Later I shall send you a book from which you will learn the true nature of the society we live in. The book of the Brotherhood which explains why we are fighting. Goldstein's book. You will come to understand that the Brotherhood does not exist in the ordinary sense - nothing holds it together, except an idea...

...which is indestructible. An idea that is the dream OF THE FUTURE.

It is this idea that will sustain you.

Winston:

Yes...the idea. The book....it exists?

O'Brien:

Yes, there are only a few dozen copies in existence, but I will get it to you. After you read it. Destroy it. When you do receive orders, you know that they are coming from me. *(pause)* Let's drink together one more time. To what? To the death of Big Brother? To the future? To the two of you?

Winston:

To the past.

O'Brien:

Yes, the past. It is more important.

All:

To the past.

They all drink.

O'Brien: *(giving them small white tablets)*

Here, let these dissolve under your tongue. It is important for you not to leave here smelling of wine. My lady comrade. If you would please?

Julia:

Thank you.

She exits, glancing back.

On the screen: Her eyes appear on the screen.

O'Brien:

And you, do you have any questions before you go?

Winston:

Anything? Is it...?

O'Brien:

Switched off. Yes.

Winston:

Did you ever hear an old rhyme that begins: '*Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clements, 'You owe me...'*'

O'Brien: (*overlapping and speaking with Winston*)

'You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's. 'When will you pay me?' say the bells of Old Bailey. 'When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch.

Winston:

Yes Yes! How does it end? Do you know.

O'Brien:

I do. I know how it ends. (*pause*) Now....the book... one more thing Winston. Do you carry a briefcase with you to work?

Winston:

Yes, but O'Brien, the song...I-

O'Brien: (*ignoring and interrupting him*)

Leave your briefcase at work tomorrow. You must read the book. Then you will understand the true reality of things.

Winston:

The true reality....

O'Brien's voice continues but all of a sudden Winston is standing on the street in front of the Community Centre whose sign reads:

On the screen: Welcome to District 20 Community Centre. Preparations for HateWeek in Progress. Commencing in T- 2 days, 6 hours, 22 minutes, 12 seconds. Counting down.

Winston:

The true reality of things.

O'Brien:

On the street someone will touch you on the arm and he will say....

Martin enters, holding Winston's briefcase. He touches Winston's arm and presses the briefcase into his hand.

Martin/O'Brien:

I think you've dropped your briefcase.

Winston:

Thank you.

O'Brien:

Goldstein's book will be inside.

Winston:

Thank you.

Martin exits. Winston stands.

O'Brien:

It is the most important book ever written. You will never be the same. Once you read it nothing is the same. It's an idea that sustains us and we must never forget this. That an idea can change the world.

And then we shall meet again....

O'Brien and Winston:

In the place where there is no darkness.

Winston returns to his room, where he sits, takes out the book, holds it in his hands, sets it down, begins writing in his journal.

The People from the beginning appear.

Commented [MR19]: Future People Underscore

Man: *(reading over Winston's shoulder)*

I have the book. It is the only book that ever mattered.

Child:

But what about his book? The one we're reading?

Mother:

He's passing the brotherhood onto us. We are reading their book through him.

Man: *(reading)*

If I can do this, if I can read this and Julia and I can carry on. Then we are not dead. We are alive. I'm meeting her tonight. To read it together.

Child:

But won't they be caught?

Mother:

We'll see. I don't want to spoil the end for you.

Child:

But I want to know.

Mother:

and you will.....

Winston shuts the journal and they fade away.

Commented [MR20]: Future People Fade Away

Telescreen voiceover: 6079. Report.

Winston: *(facing the screen)*

6079. Smith. I am here.

Telescreen voiceover:

Affirmative. This just in. Hateweek commences in just two days. Report to you community centre in District 20 for service. It has been six days since your last service. This just in. Our comrades in arms have made a decisive strike and victory against the Eastasian army, preventing millions of their people from entering our lands. In celebration our chocolate ration is increased to 20 grams.

Winston:

It was 20 grams last week!

Telescreen voiceover: In celebration our chocolate ration is increased to 20 grams.

Winston:

I SAID it was 20 grams last week! Didn't you hear me?

He picks up the journal from the desk.

Telescreen voiceover: In celebration our chocolate ration is increased to 20 grams.

Winston:

You're not listening! I know the truth.

Telescreen: In celebration our chocolate ration is increased to 20 grams.

Winston:

Liars. All if it! Lies and Liars.

Telescreen voiceover: In celebration our chocolate ration is increased to 20 grams.

He hurls the book at the telescreen in rage. He grabs his coat, the book, his hat, and leaves.

Telescreen voiceover:

Let us recite our mantra.

and we can hear the neighbors Mrs. Parson and the children reciting along as Winston leaves.

War is Peace. Freedom is Slavery. Ignorance is Strength

Winston walks, briskly, to Charrington's shop as the clock strikes 18. He enters and goes to the back room. Julia is already there.

Julia:

Darling. Finally. I have coffee. I have real cigarettes. I have tea. I think they toppled India or something.

Winston:

I have the book.

Julia:

Yes?

Winston:

Shall we read it together?

Julia:

You read it to me. I'll listen. Wait....listen. *(She hears the woman singing outside. Singing her song.)*

Woman Singing:

They say that time heals all things.

They say you can always forget,

But the smiles and the tears across the years

They twist my heart strings yet.

Winston and Julia overlapping:

Winston: Yes, she's doing it again. **Julia:** You're right she's as wide as a house. How does she do it?

Winston:

Baby after baby. She is free. She is the future. That's where it will rise from.

Julia:

Read it to me. Outloud. It's the best way.

Winston:

All right.

They sit, leaning against one another, Winston with the book on his knees:

Winston:

The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism by Emmanuel Goldstein.

Ignorance is Strength. Chapter I

Throughout recorded time, and probably since the end of the Neolithic Age, there have been three kinds of people in the world, the High, the Middle, and the Low. They have been subdivided in many ways, they have borne countless different names, and their relative numbers, as well as their attitude towards one another, have varied from age to age: but the essential structure of society has never altered.

The Clock Strikes 3

War is Peace. Chapter Three.

The splitting-up of the world into three great superstates was an event which could be and indeed was foreseen before the middle of the century. In one combination or another, these superstates are permanently at war.

Winston:

Are you awake?

Julia:

Yes. I'm listening.

Winston: *(reading again)*

Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and

accepting both of them. To tell deliberate lies while genuinely believing in them, to deny the existence of objective reality and all the while to take account of the reality which one denies - this is indispensably necessary.

The clock strikes 4.

Thus throughout history a struggle which is the same in its main outlines recurs over and over again. For long periods the High seem to be securely in power, but sooner or later there always comes a moment when they lose either their belief in themselves or their capacity to govern efficiently, or both.

The clock strikes 5.

And Here we read the central secret. AS we have seen. The mystique of the Party, and above all of the Inner Party, depends upon DOUBLETHINK but deeper than this lies the original motive, the never questioned instinct that first led to the seizure of power and brought DOUBLETHINK, the Thought Police, continuous warfare, and all the other necessary paraphernalia into existence afterwards. This motive really consists....

The clock strikes 6.

Winston:

Are you awake?

She is asleep. And he lays down with her to sleep.

I'm not crazy. There is truth and there are lies. I hold onto truth, even if the whole world is shouting out that the truth is lies and the lies are truth.

The truth is true. The truth is true. *(and he goes on and on until....silence....sleep)*

The clock strikes 7.

Winston: *(awakes with a start and Julia rises to meet him and holds him)*

Oh....oh....what....where are we? Where am I?

Julia:

Winston, where do you think you are?

Winston:

Here. Oh, I've had a terrible dream. The scuffling....those things. The worst things.

Julia:

I know....*(cradling him)*. I know

Winston:

The worst thing in the world.

Julia: *(easing away from him)*

I'm hungry. Let's make some more coffee. Damn! The stove's gone out and the water's cold. There's no oil in it.

Winston:

I'll get some from Charrington.

Julia:

But I made sure it was full. It's cold. I have to put my clothes on. So cold.

She dresses. As does Winston.

A Song drifts in from the yard below.

Woman Singing:

They say that time heals all things. /That say you can always forget;

But the smiles and the tears across the ears. / They twist my heart-strings yet.

Winston:

She's beautiful.

Julia:

She's a house size across the hips.

Winston:

She's had a hundred children.

Julia:

Something we'll never have. Did you finish the book?

Winston and Julia overlapping:

Winston: Yes. No. Nearly. **Julia:** What now? **Winston:** We wait for our orders.

Silence.

Julia:

I will never betray you.

Winston:

I will never betray you.

Julia:

You know, once they get us we have to confess.

Winston:

Confession isn't betrayal. Like you said, it isn't what you say or do, it's what you feel that matters.

Julia:

I'm here. I'm real.

Takes his hand and places it on her heart.

This will always belong to you. Beat. I'm hungry. I'll find something.

Song echoes in from outside again:

Woman Singing:

It was only a hopeless fancy/ It passed like an April day,

But a look and a word and the dreams they stirred -/ They have stolen my heart away.

Winston:

There are millions like her around the world. Our resistance is for them. They don't know about one another. They are held apart by the lies and the hatred. The division. Even though they're all exactly the same. They didn't go to school. But they can overturn the world. They are the hope. In her. Singing out there. In people like her. And her

children, and her children's children, and her children's children's children, and her children's children's children's children....

Julia:

I understand. Is that the message of the book?

Winston:

I'm not finished with it yet. But it's clear that the future belongs to them. Equality. Truth. There is truth in the true.

And they will go on....all across the planet from New York to London to Beijing to Johannesburg. Everywhere across it all. They are the same. And they will go on. I am the dead. You are the dead. We are the dead. But they are alive. And they will carry on the secret.

Julia:

Winston.

Winston:

Julia

Julia:

I love you.

Silence.

Winston:

We are the dead

Julia:

We are the dead

VOICE: *(A terrifying voice)*

YOU ARE THE DEAD

They back away, abruptly and they freeze.

VOICE:

YOU ARE THE DEAD.

Julia:

It was behind the picture.

VOICE: *(It is behind the picture)*

It was behind the picture. Remain exactly where you are. Make no movement until you are ordered.

Winston:

It's starting.

VOICE:

It's starting

Julia:

They can see us

VOICE:

We can see you. Stand out in the middle of the room. Stand back to back. Clasp your hands behind your heads. Do not touch one another.

The picture shatters. The sound of shattering glass. The sound of trampling boots.

Winston:

The house is surrounded

VOICE:

The house is surrounded.

Julia:

I suppose we may as well say good-bye.

VOICE:

You may as well say good-bye.

The Voice of O'Brien:

And to finish the song, 'Here comes a candle to light you to bed, here comes a chopper to chop off your head.'

All of a sudden the room is filled with people in solid black uniforms. One of the kicks Julia. Another kicks Winston. Winston and Julia are on the floor. Two men cover Julia's head and drag Julia out of the room, screaming. Winston is dead still.

Charrington steps into the room. His appearance has changed.

Charrington:

Clean up that glass. *(Then, to Winston)*

They should've never trusted them. Truth. Truth in lies. Take him away.

Winston's head is covered by the men and he is taken away.

Blackout.

A white room.

Winston sits, in a room flooded with cold light and a dead, low humming sound. The Telescreen says: Ministry of Love. Winston looks up at it. There are others around him, sitting. Hunched. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a hunk of bread.

Telescreen voiceover: 6079. Smith. Hands out of pockets.

Winston drops the bread. Sits still. A woman is brought in, kicking and screaming.

Woman:

Fucking bastards! Pardon me dearie. They don't know how to treat a lady do they? *(She looks at Winston.)*

Woman:

Pardon me dearie, What's your name?

Winston:

Smith.

Woman:

Funny. That's my name too. I might be your mother!

Winston:

You might be.

Voice from telescreen: 6022. Room 101

Woman:

No! No! Anything but that!

Men enter and drag her off screaming.

Winston: *(Commenting on his surroundings.)*

In the ministry of love, there are no windows.

A man is dragged in and he sits.

Winston: *(recognizing him)*

Aren't you....Ampleforth? The poet?

Ampleforth:

Yes, yes.

Winston:

They got you too. I've read your...uh...stuff.

Ampleforth:

yes, yes. What are you in for?

Winston:

What are you in for?

Ampleforth:

To tell you the truth - there is only one offence, is there not?

Winston:

And have you committed it?

Ampleforth:

Apparently I have. I vaguely remember working on an edition of Rudyard Kipling's poems and I rhymed the word rod with God. Couldn't be avoided. Do you realize that there are only twelve rhymes to rod in the entire language. There WAS no other rhyme. Has it ever occurred to you that the whole history of English poetry has been determined by the fact that the English language lacks rhymes?

Winston:

No. No. That never occurred to me.

Silence.

Do you know what time of day it is?

Ampleforth:

Hardly occurred to me. I was arrested. Two days ago - perhaps three. There is no difference between night and day in this place. I do not see how one can calculate the time.

VOICE from the Telescreen: KEEP STILL!

Silence.

VOICE from the Telescreen: 4599. Ampleforth. Room 101.

Men come in and take Ampleforth away. He does not resist.

Silence. Stillness.

Winston leans forward to touch the discarded bread.

Voice from the Telescreen:

6079. Smith. Keep still.

Winston withdraws, staring at the bread. Door opens. Men bring Parson in.

Winston:

YOU here!

Parson:

Silence. Then. Parson looks at Winston.

Winston:

What are you in for?

Parson:

Thoughtcrime!

Winston:

Really? You?

Parson:

You don't think they'll shoot me, do you, old chap? They don't shoot you if you haven't actually done anything - only thoughts, which you can't help. I tried to do my best for the Party, didn't I? You'll speak up for me won't you? Over ten years, making myself useful for the party.

Winston:

Are you guilty?

Parson:

Of course I'm guilty. Thoughtcrime is a dreadful thing. Insidious. I t can get hold of you without you knowing it. Got hold of me in my sleep. And I was talking in my sleep. My girl. Smart as a whip. She uses her spyglass to catch me saying in my sleep:

Down with Big Brother! Down with Big Brother! Down with Big Brother!

She turned me in.

Do you know what I'm going to say to them when I go up before the tribunal? "Thank you, thank you for saving me before it was too late."

Voice from the telescreen:

8223. Parson. Room 101

Men enter to take Parson away. He struggles.

Parson:

No! Please no! Anything but that! I'll do anything! I'll confess to anything! Shoot me! Anything but room 101!

Winston:

What's in Room 101? What's in Room 101?

O'Brien enters. A man in black uniform enters with him.

Winston:

O'Brien! They got you too!

O'Brien:

They got me a long time ago. You know this Winston. Don't deceive yourself. You did know it - you have always known it.

Winston:

I have.

Silence.

O'Brien:

Do you know where you are Smith?

Winston:

No. Maybe. The Ministry of Love.

The man in the uniform hits Winston on the arm. Winston gasps, collapses in pain. O'Brien and the man in black uniform look down on him, laughing. The man in black kicks him.

Winston:

I will confess, but not yet. I must hold out till the pain becomes unbearable.

The stand over him laughing. Another kick.

Blackout. A cot, Winston lying on it, in the center of the room. O'Brien at his side. Martin, in a white coat, standing with a hypodermic syringe.

Winston:

Where am I?

O'Brien:

Do you know where you are?

Winston:

The Ministry of Love.

O'Brien:

I told you when we met again it would be the place here?

Winston and O'Brien overlapping:

Winston: The place with no darkness. Is this room 101? **O'Brien:** You know what's in Room 101?

The lights flicker and grow brighter.

Winston:

The worst thing in the world.

O'Brien:

No. You are not ready for that yet.

Winston:

What am I here for?

O'Brien and Winston, almost overlapping:

O'Brien: Isn't there only one offense? **Winston:** Thoughtcrime?

O'Brien and Winston, almost overlapping:

O'Brien: You've confessed a great deal. **Winston:** What is it you want me to confess?

O'Brien:

You know. You will know.

Martin hooks up wires to Winston's head.

O'Brien:

You are afraid. You are afraid that in another moment something is going to break. Your especial fear is that it will be your backbone. Of the vertebrae snapping apart and the spinal fluid dripping out of them. You see these dials. I have the ability to inflict pain. *(pause)* What is it you are afraid of?

Silence. O'Brien nods. Martin turns the dial. Winston shakes and shudders in pain.

O'Brien:

That was forty. You see the dial there goes up to a hundred. Please remember my ability to inflict pain on you at whatever moment I choose, at whatever level. If you tell me any lies, or attempt to prevaricate in any way, or even fall below your usual level of intelligence, you will feel pain. Do you understand that?

Winston:

Yes.

O'Brien:

I am taking special trouble with you Smith. Because you are worth the trouble. You have known it for years, you have fought against the knowledge. You are mentally deranged. You suffer from a defective memory. You are unable to remember real events and you persuade yourself that you remember other events which never happened.

Fortunately this is curable.

You cannot cure yourself now. You are clinging to your disease under the impression that it is a virtue.

I'm going to cure this and when you are cured, when you love Big Brother. You will be HAPPY.

Winston:

There is truth in the true.

O'Brien:

I know you Winston, I know your mind. I'm going to cure you. It's time.

Let's begin.

Other torturers enter the room.

Sit.

They sit.

O'Brien:

Now, Smith, which power is Oceania at war, at this moment?

Winston? Smith?

Winston:

When I was arrested, Oceania was at war with Eastasia.

O'Brien:

Good. Good. And has Oceania not always been at war with Eastasia? Your truth Winston. What you remember.

Silence.

O'Brien:

Ah...you are scared to answer. Because I can inflict pain. But pain will cure you. Tell me what you think you remember.

Winston:

Well...up until a week before I was arrested we were at war with Eurasia. We were allies with Eastasia. That lasted for four years and then.....

O'Brien signals and the dial is turned. Winston shrieks and stiffens in pain. The men hold him down.

O'Brien:

That was 50. Remember it goes up to 100. Let's try another example.

Some years ago you had had a very serious delusion indeed. You believed that three men, Jones, Aaronson, and Rutherford, were not guilty of the crimes they were charged with. You believed you had unmistakable documentary evidence proving that their confessions were false. You had seen a certain photograph. Something like this.

O'Brien holds up the photograph of the three men. We see it on the screen.

Winston:

It exists! Yes! Yes. It exists!

O'Brien:

No Winston. It does not.

Winston:

But it does. You're holding it... it's right there.

O'Brien:

No it does not exist. It never did exist.

And he destroys the photograph.

Winston:

But it does...it did....It's in my head. I saw it. I remember it.

O'Brien:

And I do not remember it.

Winston:

It exists!

O'Brien:

No. I do not remember it.

Winston: *(Blankly, from reflex, without emotion, speaking the party line, in obedience)*

Who controls the past controls the future. Who controls the present controls the past.

O'Brien:

Does the past have real existence?

Winston:

Yes. It does. I've seen it. In the shop. Where I was arrested.

O'Brien gestures. Martin turns the dial. The men hold Winston down. The men back away, leaving Winston limp but heaving with breath. O'Brien approaches Winston, placing a hand on his head.

O'Brien:

60. I am taking my time with you Winston. Because you are worth the time.

Winston: *(groans)*

O'Brien:

Yes, yes that's it.

And what year is it Winston?

Winston:

19....20....I19....20....two thousand....

O'Brien:

And what is memory? Winston?

Winston:

It is in the history books. In the records.

O'Brien and Winston almost overlapping:

O'Brien: And where else? **Winston:** In memory. In memory.

O'Brien:

And we control all the records and all the memories. And we control the past. Yes?

Winston:

You can't control my memory! You can't control people's memories!

O'Brien:

When you delude yourself into thinking that you see something....that you remember something....you assume everyone else sees and remembers the same as you. But I tell you Winston that reality is not external. Reality exists in the human mind, and nowhere else. Not in the individual mind, which can make mistakes, as you have. You must relearn. You must go through an act of self-destruction. In an effort of the will. You must become sane. *(pause)* Let's try another. From your diary. Here you wrote:

O'Brien pulls out Winston's diary. Winston gasps. Reaches for it. The men pull him back.

O'Brien: *(reading from the diary)*

"Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four." Do you remember writing this?

Winston:

Yes.

O'Brien holds up four fingers.

O'Brien:

How many fingers am I holding up Winston?

Winston:

Four.

O'Brien:

And if the party says that it is not four by five, then how many?

Winston:

Four.

O'Brien makes a gesture. Martin turns the dial. The men hold him down. They back away. O'Brien approaches Winston and places his hand on his head.

O'Brien:

70. I am taking my time with you Winston, because you are worth the time.

Now. How many fingers am I holding up Winston?

Winston:

Four. Four. What else can I say? Four!

O'Brien backs away, gestures, dial turns. Men hold him down. They back away. O'Brien approaches. Lays his hand on Winston's head.

O'Brien:

80. I am taking my time with you Winston, because you are worth the time.

Now. How many fingers, Winston?

Winston:

Five! Five! Five!

O'Brien:

No, Winston, that is no use. You are lying. You still think there are four. How many fingers, please.

Winston:

Four! Five! Four! Anything you like. Only stop it, stop the pain!

Winston clings to O'Brien like a baby.

O'Brien:

You are a slow learner, Winston.

Winston:

How can I help it? How can I help seeing what is in front of my eyes? Two and two are four.

O'Brien:

Sometimes. Winston. Sometimes they are five. Sometimes they are three. Sometimes they are all of them at once. You must try harder. It is not easy to become sane.

O'Brien gestures. The dial turns. The men hold him down. They back away.

O'Brien:

90. Now. How many fingers Winston?

Winston:

Four. I suppose there are four. I would see five if I could. I am trying to see five.

O'Brien:

Which do you wish: to persuade me that you see five, or really to see them?

Winston:

Really to see them.

O'Brien Gestures. The dial turns. The men hold him down. They back away.

O'Brien:

100. Now. How many fingers Winston?

Winston:

I don't know. I don't know. You will kill me if you do that again. Four, five, six - in all honesty I don't know.

O'Brien:

Better.

O'Brien gestures. Martin moves forward to slide a needle into Winston's arm. And all is still. Fade to black.

In the darkness, we see a dream of Julia. The song "The Bell's of St. Clement's" sung by the children, echoes through the space. Julia appears.

Julia: *(her head covered with a black sack and her voice is altered)*

Do you have any chocolate?

Winston:

What's your name?

Julia:

Fancy meeting you here. My name is Julia.

Winston: *(He pulls the bag off her head)*

They got you too! What're you in for.

Julia:

Do you have any chocolate.

Winston:

No, no Iconfess...I ate it all!

Julia: *(standing up and backing away from him laughing)*

Thoughtcriminal! Thoughtcriminal! Thoughtcriminal! Where do you think you are Winston?

Winston:

I had a nightmare. The worst thing in the world.

JULIA and O'Brien's Voice:

Room 101. You know what's in there. You've always known it.

Winston:

The worst thing in the world?

What? I can't hear you?

Julia and O'Brien with Winston overlapping:

Julia and O'Brien: Love. **Winston:** What? What?

Julia and O'Brien:

The Ministry of Love.

He collapses backward and now O'Brien is standing straight over him. Martin is in the room as well, standing behind.

O'Brien:

Welcome back. Submission is good is it not Winston? *(pause)* We are converting you. We are perfecting you. But you are not perfect yet. You still believe that you can save the world.

Do you still believe in the future Winston?

Winston:

Yes.

O'Brien:

And who were you writing for?

Winston:

For them. For the unborn.

O'Brien:

For what purpose Winston? Nothing can change.

Winston:

I wanted to inspire them. To leave them a message.

O'Brien:

Well, here we all are. *(referring the entire audience)* Talk to us.

Winston: *(he sits up and looks out at the audience)*

I...

O'Brien:

Yes. We're listening. What does the future look like? How will they defeat the party?

Winston:

I....

O'Brien:

Yes?

Winston:

Brotherhood. The spirit of humanity. The brotherhood of man

O'Brien:

Ah yes, the brotherhood of man. The spirit of humanity. Are you one of them Winston?

Winston:

Yes. I am a man.

O'Brien:

If you want a picture of the future, Winston, imagine a boot stamping on a human face -- forever. And remember that it is forever. The face will always be there to be stamped upon. You will be defeated. We are preparing a world of victory. Of victory after victory, triumph after triumph: an endless pressing, pressing, pressing upon the nerve of power. You will accept it, welcome it, become part of it.

Winston:

You, can't

O'Brien:

What do you mean by that remark, Winston?

Winston:

You could not create such a world as you have just described. It is a dream. It is impossible.

O'Brien:

Why? Can you not understand that the death of the individual is not death? The Party is immortal?

Winston:

I don't know -- I don't care. Somehow you will fail. Something will defeat you. Life will defeat you.

O'Brien:

We control life, Winston, at all its levels. You are imagining that there is something called human nature which will be outraged by what we do and will turn against us. But we create human nature. It is malleable.

Winston:

Love. Love. It will win.

O'Brien:

Oh yes, your love is the most important thing to you. But it is only to you. You alone. It is nothing. It achieves nothing. You will never see her again, but that doesn't matter. The love only matters to you. And you are selfish. You care only for yourself. You. You believe, in your own self-important world, that YOU are being watched. That Big Brother is Watching YOU! But you are big brother, Winston. You are watching yourself. Trying to change the world, forging the Brotherhood. It is all in vain. You are satiated by small desires. Coffee. Chocolate. Sex. Love.

You are trapped in yourself. Imprisoned. And we will let you out. We will release you from this illusion.

O'Brien reads from Winston's diary:

"I can defeat them now. I can do anything. With her on my side."

Do you know what happened to her?

He sets the diary down. It lays on a table with a light upon it. Clearly marking where it is in the space.

Winston:

No! No...I don't want to know. I do. I do want to know.

O'Brien:

She betrayed you. Immediately. Straight over.

Winston:

No! But she had to....to survive.

O'Brien and Winston nearly overlapping:

O'Brien: You do not exist to her Winston. You do not exist. Not in any real sense.

Winston: But I do. I'm here. (*Winston is touching his heart*) I breathe, I live, I die. I am here.

O'Brien:

Only a fabrication of your skull.

Winston:

But the book! What about the Brotherhood. Is it real?

O'Brien:

I wrote the book Winston...I helped to write it. It is my fabrication.

Winston:

Then...but, is it true?

O'Brien:

In its words, yes. In its action know. The people will never revolt. They are satiated like you. With chocolate, coffee, sex, love. With being watched. With watching themselves. The individual is dead. The party is immortal.

Winston:

No....no.

O'Brien and Winston overlapping:

O'Brien: You are nearly perfect. You can withstand anything now I believe.... **Winston:** I still have her here. (*He touches his heart.*)

O'Brien and Winston overlapping:

O'Brien: Yes. You have not betrayed her. **Winston:** I never betrayed her.

O'Brien:

No you never did.

Winston:

Never.

O'Brien:

Where are you Winston?

Winston:

The Ministry of Love.

O'Brien:

And where inside the Ministry of Love are we Winston?

Winston:

Room 101.

O'Brien:

And what's in room 101 Winston?

Winston:

The worst thing in the world.

Three men enter carrying a metal box, a kind of cage, in it we can hear scuffling, scratching, the sound of hungry rats. During this moment, Martin takes the diary from the table and puts it in his pocket. Hiding it.

Winston: (*horrified*)

What's that? What's in there?

O'Brien:

The rat, although a rodent, is carnivorous. You are aware of that.

There is outburst of squeals from the cage and Winston tries to get away. Although he is now strapped down.

O'Brien brings the cage closer. He pushes a lever.

O'Brien:

I have pressed the first lever. You understand the construction of this cage. The mask will fit over your head, leaving no exit. When I press this other lever, the door of the cage will slide up. These starving brutes will shoot out of it like bullets. They will leap on to your face and bore straight into it. Sometimes they attack the eyes first, sometimes the tongue.

Winston continues to try to break free. He is nauseated. Holding back vomit.

You can bring this to a close whenever you choose. You know what to do.

Winston and O'Brien overlapping:

Winston: No. I can't. **O'Brien:** Please? You can't? **Winston:** I can't. You can't.

O'Brien:

You know how to save yourself. He brings the cage closer still. *(calculating)* You know what you need to do.

Winston:

I don't I don't....how can I know....how can I know?

O'Brien:

You've known it forever....you have always known it.

On the screen: Julia's eyes appear on the screen.

The Sound of rats, the screeching and hissing increases.

Winston:

Please please...stop this from happening...somebody help me....somebody stop them!

O'Brien:

I am now preparing to open the second gate.

Winston:

Julia! Julia! Do it to Julia! Do it to Julia! Not me! Julia! I don't care what you do to her. Tear her face off, strip her to the bones. Not me! Julia! Not me!

Blackout.

A cacophony of sound, of the various pieces of music interlayed and overlapped, of the rats, of the traffic and it all ends in a flickering of lights and then just the sound of traffic in an urban center with Winston standing alone, silent, in his hat and coat, now with a cane to help him walk. He is not old, just hobbled by the experience of torture.

He looks up and about.

Coming toward him he sees the girl with the brown hair, Julia. As she passes, we move to slow motion and we see her eyes on the screen. And then there is a very slow-motion moment between them.

Winston:

I betrayed you.

Julia:

Sorry?

Winston and Julia overlapping:

Winston: I betrayed you. **Julia:** I betrayed you.

Winston:

They can get inside you. Sometimes they threaten you with something....something you can't stand up to, can't even think about.

Julia:

And then you say, 'Don't do it to me, do it to somebody else, do it to so-and-so.'

Winston:

And you might pretend, afterwards, that it was only a trick, and that you didn't really mean it.

Julia:

But that isn't true.

Winston and Julia overlapping:

Winston: You mean it. **Julia:** You mean it.

Winston:

You WANT it to happen to the other person. All you care about is....yourself.

Julia and Winston simultaneously:

Yourself. And after that, you don't feel the same towards the other person any longer.

Winston:

No. You don't feel the same.

Julia:

I have to catch my train.

Winston:

We should meet again.

They walk apart from one another. He turns around to watch her go.

A table is brought on with a chess game atop it. A café. A waiter pours him gin.

Waiter:

There you are Mr. Smith.

Winston motions for him to stay. He downs the glass and motions for another which the waiter pours. Winston sits and plays chess.

Martin emerges (he was the MAN all along from the beginning). We've seen this, but now, he takes the diary from his pocket and reads the final entry again.

Man/Martin: (reading)

I have the book. It is the only book that ever mattered. And now that she is by my side, that we know the Brotherhood exists, now we can go on. I can defeat them now. I can do anything. With her on my side.

Child:

Is he going to be all right?

Mother:

Shhh. Just listen.

Man/Martin:

It is all right. Everything is all right. He is troubled by his memories, or his false memories now and again.

Child:

What's a false memory mama?

Mother:

A memory that isn't...that we don't know if it's true.

Child:

What happens to him? Is this the end?

Young man:

This is the end.

Child:

But did it really happen? Did 1984 really happen?

Mother:

No one knows. It was so many years ago.

Man/Martin:

No one really knows.

Child:

Will he be all right?

Mother:

No one really knows.

Child:

Was he real?

Man/Martin:

No one really knows. He may have existed, may have not.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.