

## TNT theatre January 2023

Adaptation by Paul Stebbings & Phil Smith  
 (Set: a huge hanging portrait of Big Brother; the image in this frame can be changed. Some functional and moveable objects that serve as desks, beds, office furniture, etc. Plus, suspended, a telescreen which flickers throughout all indoor scenes, except in the bedroom at Charington's shop while O'Brien is able to turn it off, mostly with blurry silent images of warfare, interposed with occasional still portraits of BB.)

A soundscape playing as the audience enter – and throughout the performance – of distant tannoy announcements and martial or light orchestral music and 40s style popular songs, along with the sounds of ventilation units, the hum of electronics, the crackle of static and radio interference, the whirring of surveillance machines.

In flashing and difficult to focus light a man in overalls is being beaten by 3 guards, mercilessly. The guards carry either very long sticks, taller than they are. Or huge whips [sjamboks]. A man in a chair watches, smokes. This beating could take place just as the audience are seating themselves so it's not clear if it's the performance. At a certain point – the man (O'Brien) – crosses the floor and burns the prisoner, who collapses into the arms of two torturers. The third torturer re-emerges in a white coat, checks the prisoner's pulse, nods and injects the prisoner's neck. The prisoner convulses and now the Guards or guard become a giant rat/s that squat/s on the chest of the shrieking prisoner [an image like Fuseli's 'night imp']. Blackout. Taped applause.

Lights up and the Guards salute the audience. As the taped applause dies away, O'Brien re-enters, or come forward and bows. If/when the audience do not applaud, they are menaced by the guards – a thunder of more recorded applause.

The costumes: the guards are dressed in filthy uniforms, heavily spattered with WINSTON's blood, while O'Brien's well cut uniform is immaculate and untouched by blood spatter. Later, when the torturer-guards reappear they wear the same clothes, but they are clean and then change back into these earlier, grimy, blood spattered costumes as WINSTON's torture proceeds. WINSTON, like the other Outer Party members wears a tatty Party uniform, with elbow, and maybe knee patches, over which he wears a tatty sports jacket; other Outer Party members like PARSONS and the TENANT wear the same. JULIA and the other Anti-Orgasm League WOMAN wear the uniforms, but less baggy, more stylishly cut and they wear a red sash. The WOMAN

with the waste bin in the Ministry of Truth and the WASHERWOMAN wear 1940s style working class printed dresses with aprons.

Then O'Brien waves for quiet and then, as the applause dies away again, he speaks):

O'BRIEN: Welcome, welcome to the Ministry of Love. (He raises Winston, the prisoner, covered in blood, and wearing 'broken teeth' dentures perhaps, to his feet). I love you, Winston. But, Winston, who is it that you love?

WINSTON: I. I.

O'BRIEN: Yes? Don't be shy...

WINSTON: I...I... I love him. (Indicates portrait that dominates the stage)

O'BRIEN: Big Brother is watching you. Always watching over you. (Smiles at last.) And you, Winston, you have made Big Brother very happy. Do you see how he smiles down on you? (Winston nods weakly. O'Brien gestures to the Guards; they take Winston, plunge his face into an iron bucket of water and then roughly wash it down.) And what is next in this catalogue of Love?

WINSTON: Confession. I must confess.

O'BRIEN: (Harsh) No! (A Guard elbows or hits Winston).

WINSTON: I must confess, I wish to confess from the depth of my heart! I have to offer my confession to my dear, kind, caring, all seeing, all loving -

ALL: Big Brother.

## Scene 2

(There are several ways to handle the narration/confession: a screen mounted stage centre above head height of actors which can also become the Big Brother screen on which the black and white image of Winston is projected so that he can narrate and be. This also allows the technology or internal thought to take place because his recorded voice can comment or become internal and private while his public self inter-reacts. The recordings are always possible but in the event of black out not being available, or too great a distance to project, then a static photograph that can be rotated between Winston's bruised face and Big Brother is also possible – it is the voice that matters.)

Indeed, it may be preferable to just have the voice – that suggests something more 'inner'.

At most times, however, the Winston character can address the audience directly, with his thoughts in the present, or his reflections from the future on what is happening in the action.

The stage is empty.)

Confessor Winston on Tannoy (CON W): I Winston Smith. I double plus traitor, I double plus crime think, I speedful shoot gun. Execution Winston Smith double plus good. Help you many good think. Ungood crime think! Un good me! Un-me. Kill me double good, double double good unlive me. English Socialism equals Ingsoc! (Raises fist on the screen if there is a moving image).

(O'Brien enters.)

O'BRIEN: Newspeak, double plus good Newspeak, Winston. One day this will be all the language there is, all the words we need to live for our country, Oceania. All the thoughts behind these beautiful words we need to live for and by The Party. But for now, these plebians, these slow people with wandering brains they need you to speak Old Speak. (To audience) But one day you too will speak like this because you are already thinking like this. The party does not care what you do! Your thoughts are all we care about!! And your thoughts will shape your words. Double plus good. (To Winston) Confess... then you can die.

WINSTON: Thank you, brother.

CON W: My name is Winston Smith, I am an outerparty member in Lon-don, the provincial capital of Oceania. I have no family. My mother was killed in the atomic war.

O'BRIEN: Do you love your mother, Winston?

CON W: No, my love is reserved only for Big Brother. The family is anti-social.

O'BRIEN: Double plus good.

CON W: Before I became double good, I lived in a high rise, damaged in the war, but even so far better than the old houses in the proletarian sections of the city.

O'Brien: You had privileges, then?

CON W: I had everything! And I pissed it away. Look at me (Winston now enters; all the blood and broken teeth have gone, but he appears slightly stopped already, pale complexion, unwell looking, slightly jaundiced). Going home. It is a bright cold day in April, and the clocks are already striking thirteen. I climb the stairs to the seventh floor. I am out of breath because the elevator is broken.

O'BRIEN: The elevator has been disabled to save power for the war effort.

WINSTON: (inner voice) I am happy to serve the war effort. But I am also out of breath, exhausted from work, sick from smoking and eating bad food. (outer voice) Fucking elevator, always broken. Like everything in this damn tower block!

CON W: I can say 'fucking elevator' because I am in the Hall. Even when I open the door to my small apartment I say:

WINSTON: What a wonderful day! 13 o'clock and I am home already and so healthy that (wheezes, can hardly breathe)... I enjoy climbing the seven flights of stairs. (He stumbles and falls to his knees. Still kneeling, WINSTON fumbles for a cigarette and coughs, the cigarette disintegrates in his fingers). God help me... (looks about him)... there is no God.

CON W: I say that because:

(The other performers, all in the character costumes we will see later, gather round and cradle the now prone WINSTON, like the farmhands and family gathered around Dorothy at the end of 'The Wizard of Oz'.)

ALL: Big Brother is watching me!

CON W: Watching from the Telescreen on the wall. Which listens, speaks and watches every year, every month, every week, every day, and all day long. But there is one place, by accident that the screen cannot see...

WINSTON: (staggeres to his feet, helped by the other actors, goes downstage to the alcove.) To the left there is an alcove, a space where once a bookcase stood. The books are long gone, of course...

CON W: Nobody reads books anymore. (The other actors nod their heads.) Why would you read when there are telescreens? (The other actors shrug.)

WINSTON: Screens to watch, all day, every day, watching you. How comforting to be so watched and protected from anything and everything... particularly ourselves... (WINSTON is cheating – saying one thing but slipping out of sight of the screen).

CON W: Liar! (The other actors scatter and exeunt from the stage.) See me go to the alcove there, where the telescreen cannot see and look how I remove the thought crime thing!

WINSTON: (Whispers) My diary! (Cradles it – removes pen). The Note book is old. I bought it almost by mistake from an old shop in the proletarian district. Because it looked so beautiful. I didn't know why then, but now I know it was for me to write the truth and today I shall begin. Page one of the Diary of Winston Smith; April 4<sup>th</sup> 1984. (The TELESCREEN has been vaguely audible since Winston entered the apartment now it blasts out as Winston sits out of its sight writing).

TELESCREEN: Citizens, comrades, wonderful news! The production of tractors has more than doubled in the last six months, this will mean more food and cheaper food for everyone. More good news from the war front in Malabar. Our enemies in Eurasia are running from the battlefield.

One hundred thousand prisoners have been taken. Our brave soldiers have taken losses which is why we must all tighten our belts to support the War and the food ration will be cut by ten per cent. For our boys, for them, for our heroes to repay them for defending our way of life, our prosperity, our happiness!

Which now we celebrate with the Youth Pioneers of Oceania choir!

(The screen swallows the stage and the cast sing as Winston scribbles in a low light upstage).

We love you Big Brother we love you. You know

It's a love that is deep, strong and always will grow

We love you Big Brother you're bigger than me

This love is a light that permits me to see

Oh my love is so deep so strong and so clear

I have nothing to hide and nothing to fear.

(Sad)

Once I was hopeless and lived in despair

My life was so selfish and I had no care

For my fellow men, I lacked love in my heart

I was cold, I was cruel I was wrong

Then I found a melody of love, a song

Now it trips of my tongue

And the words of this melody

Come rushing to me

Now and forever a love for my neighbour,

A love for each other

Inspired, gifted and mine forever

The love, the deep love for Big Brother.

We love you Big Brother we love you. You know

It's a love that is deep, strong and always will grow

We love you Big Brother you're bigger than me

This love is a light that permits me to see

Oh my love is so deep so strong and so clear

I have nothing to hide and nothing to fear

In my heart, my thoughts, there is no other

Than our dear loving leader: Big Brother.

(Thunderous applause).

CON W: And all you had written was:

WINSTON: I hate Big Brother.

CON W: That would be illegal if there were any laws.

O'BRIEN: Is that a good thing Winston?

CON W: Yes because laws give rights. And there is only one right which is the Party.

WINSTON: I hate Big Brother. I write that. Again and Again, and Again.

I hate Big Brother. I hate Big Brother. I hate Big Brother. I hate Big Brother. I hate Big Brother. I hate Big Brother. I hate Big Brother. I hate Big Brother. I hate Big Brother. I hate Big Brother.

(Blackout).

SCENE 3

(Sound of snoring)

WINSTON: (Sat on his bed, Inner Voice, speaking to the audience): Winston is asleep. But even in our sleep we are not pure. I was not pure. I dream of: (Outer Voice:) My mother. My Mum. Gone. Come back. Don't go. Come back to me. (A few bars of music; Inner Voice:) I confess to longing for the past. Even though the past is terrible, the past is a bad place. A not now place, an unplace. There was no Party, then, no Brother of any kind to protect us. The past is a crime and to think of the past as a better place than the now – to think of repeating the mistakes of the past! – is a double double crime.

O'Brien: Wake up Winston! Get out of the darkness and into the now!

(Harsh alarm).

VOICE (from telescreen): Wake Up, comrades! Good morning, comrades - time for your exercises!

WINSTON: Oh fuck!.... o, I mean, oh what luck! Ugh... I need an ersatz coffee!

VOICE: It's zero six thirty precisely, comrades! There's not time like the present! So.... stretch and bend and touch your toes! You lucky people! Stretch to the left and to the left again. And left and left and left and left....

(WINSTON collapses.)

WINSTON: O G.... I need a cigarette!

VOICE (from telescreen): Acorn coffees – as good as the real thing! You'll never guess the difference! How blessed are the children of Big Brother! See you tomorrow, comrades! And stretch!!! Ha ha ha ha!

WINSTON: Thank you, thank you, comrade... (retches). I must smoke a lot more, then maybe I won't be have to do this...

VOICE: What was that, Smith 643725?

WINSTON: Ah sister, sorry, I was saying.... I must do more! More exercise... to be able to do stretch further... now, I must be going. Off to work. Seven flights of stairs, I have to take... at least this way it's going down.

CON W: I had so much privilege, yet I betrayed the Party despite all that the Party gave me. I had my own apartment with a kitchen and running water. Most of the time. Not always cold... I had a job and a free ticket on the underground to get to work, ten days a week. I worked in a modern skyscraper at the Ministry of Truth. I was a Truth Editor.

(WINSTON enters his office.)

WINSTON: Good morning, Comrades.

(Similarly dressed workers at desks).

ALL: Good morning, Comrade Smith.

WINSTON: Long live Big Brother. (Flat).

ALL: (Energised) Long Live Big Brother!

PARSONS: You're four minutes late, Smith. Watch it... Here – this is your work quota for today.

WINSTON: The elevator was broken. (Sighs as he takes heavy box of files) If only the truth were more fixed... or change more truthful, eh?

PARSONS: Oh come on, Smith, we would all like to put our feet up like those pampered cats at the Ministry of Love, but we have a job to do and a jolly important one.

WINSTON: (As if correcting Parsons.) Of course our work is important, comrade! But there is so much of it.

PARSONS: (Trying to out-toady WINSTON.) I am proud of being chosen to do a difficult job, think of all those fool proletarians, scraping the cement off bombed out house bricks! And collecting the dead! It's a lot warmer here, I can tell you! And don't we get Victory Gin?

WINSTON: Ah, yes, Victory Gin!

PARSONS: Tastes like paraffin, ha ha, isn't that what they say, but wow – does the business. Eh?

WINSTON: How long till lunch?

PARSONS: Four hours. I say, old man, can you help me with this?

WINSTON: What is it?

PARSONS: Well, I have yesterday's wonderful news that the chocolate ration will stay at 30 grams a month....

WINSTON: Good, I save my ration and swap it for cigarettes.

PARSONS: Well, no, it's rather ungood, you see. (Looks about to check no one else is listening. Shows WINSTON the work order.) This morning I got a new news item to edit: Chocolate ration to be fixed at 25 grams a month. O jolly heck, Smith, what shall I do? What can I write? I need to... you know... make – it - right... but I am not so good at that as you are. You can make anything sound right!

WINSTON: 25 grams from tomorrow, eh? (PARSONS nods furiously.) Then you write: Doubleplus good News! Chocolate ration increased tomorrow from 20 to 25 grams a month!

PARSONS: Brilliant! ...(pause) oh, but won't people remember the 30 gram bars?

WINSTON: People don't remember anything. You'll have forgotten we ever had this conversation the moment it is over, won't you? (PARSONS nods.)

PARSONS: (the penny drops) Ah! I get it...

WINSTON: Who controls the past controls the present, and who controls the present controls the future.

PARSONS: Are we allowed to think that?

WINSTON: (Inner Voice:) No, but... (Outer Voice, direct to PARSONS:) It's not a thought Comrade, it's a fact. Thought crime is in your head. This is not in my head, it's in this room, this whole country. It's true in the whole of Oceania, and it's as real as a bar of chocolate. No matter how many grams.

PARSONS: (Now, a little worried, backing off.) Thanks for your help, Comrade. But please don't talk to me about things like that. We have nothing to hide of course. (The, loudly:) Nothing to hide. Just doing our jobs.

WINSTON: Just doing our jobs. Yes, and I have to unperson someone, right now.

PARSONS: Oh that's easy, just cut em out the photos. Vanish them.

WINSTON: Well they are already vanished, aren't they? Or didn't you understand that?

PARSONS: Did you go to the last execution?

WINSTON: I was busy, too many new orders to process... while you were at the parade...

PARSONS: You missed a really good one. Lots of crying before the shooting. The crowd roared with laughter! He he.

WINSTON: I must get on. I've a lot to get through before lunch.

PARSONS: And at lunch! Gin rations! (he makes drinking gesture.)

WINSTON: Toodle oo.

(A woman walks by with a dustbin on her back).

Woman: Any waste for the Memory Hole? Any waste for the 'ole?

WINSTON: Yes! Here! Copies of last week's newspapers that some idiot filled with unpeople! (Look across to PARSONS, who tries to ignore him.)

Woman: (Sliding lid to reveal red light as if fire). Pop it in, Comrade. (WINSTON puts

the papers in the bin.) There! As though they never existed! (Turns to PARSONS.) Got any 30 gram chocolate wrappers, you two? They've all got to go in!!

WINSTON: (Shakes his head.) I swap all mine for cigarettes. What about you, Parsons?

PARSONS: Me? Oh, I have a nice collection of old chocolate wrappers, don't you know? I like to keep them, you know. (Sniffs one; then to WINSTON:) I can get you cigarettes, old man... (then looks nervously at the Woman.)

Woman: What you keeping anything for? You know how soon they go out of date!

WINSTON: Yes, why remember anything, Parsons? The past is thought crime.

PARSONS: (Now, really worried.) Gosh! Don't say that...

Woman: We have the future to look forward to, don't we?

PARSONS: Victory! The future is Victory.

WINSTON: I was rather hoping the immediate future was lunch!

Woman: hah ha.

(PARSONS & Woman freeze)

WINSTON: (Inner Voice, to audience confidentially:) You see how I was using irony and sarcasm. I pretended to be funny in order to undermine my fellow workers. Disgusting, really... My brain said one thing and meant something else. How could I live like that? I am better off dead.

(Siren. PARSONS and Woman unfreeze.)

WINSTON: Lunch!

PARSONS: I am dying for a drink.

Woman: Count your lucky stars you work at the Ministry of Truth, you two devils!

PARSONS: Free food and no worries!

ALL (except WINSTON): Thank you Big Brother.

WINSTON: And let's not forget the increased chocolate ration.

PARSONS: (stupidly) That's true!

WINSTON: Oh you dropped a wrapper, Parsons. 30 grams? Where on earth did you get that? It must be a forgery! Everyone knows the old bars were 20 grams!

PARSONS: (Panic) It must have been slipped in my pocket by a spy. I couldn't collect a 30 gram chocolate wrapper, because there never were any! (Triumphantly.) It's a forgery! A patent forgery!

(PARSONS elaborately puts it in the Woman's bin.)

Winston: Everyone knows the old bars were 20 grams. I just wrote it in the newspaper.

Woman: I remember that! And there's a rumour they're increasing the ration to 265 grams!

PARSONS: Double plus good!

WINSTON: Then we are all agreed.

PARSONS and Woman: Of course we all agree.

ALL: Long Live Big Brother!!

WINSTON: And his chocolate bar! Come on. If we are late, we will miss the gin.

PARSONS: Victory Gin!!

WINSTON: Well I wouldn't like to taste defeat gin!

PARSONS: Ha ha! Jolly funny, Smith, jolly funny!

Woman: Was that a joke?

WINSTON: (Viciously, to the Woman.) We will never taste defeat! We are Oceania!

PARSONS: Victory!

Winston: And lunch! (Exits followed by PARSONS.)

(Woman, taken aback, looks about her, then slopes off into red light.

Blackout.

Canteen.)

COOK: Comrades, we are gathered here together under the gaze of Big Brother to celebrate lunch, generously provided by the Party.

(Sings)

Food glorious food.

Spam turnips and mustard

Food glorious food

Saccharine flavour custard

Food glorious food

Gravy to dunk your crust in

And Victory Gin!

Here at the ministry, we have no sin!

But we do have sausage and we do have gin

(This becomes a stamp feet chant then all applaud).

PARSONS: A singing cook, they should give that man a medal.

WINSTON: They have. Don't you ever read The Times? (PARSONS is crestfallen. They collect their food on trays – sit) Is this actually meat?

PARSONS: Yes, of course it is. What else would it be?

Winston: It just looks... (He holds up a piece.)

PARSONS: Well, it's pink. And it's free.

Winston: Yes, but what is it? (Pushes the plate away.) You have it.

PARSONS: Really? I say, Smith, that jolly good of you! (Grabs it and wolfs it down – then with full mouth) Aren't you 'ungry?

Winston: I'll just get some gin.

PARSONS: Victory Gin. This is the Ministry canteen, please use the right phrase.

WINSTON: Of course, comrade. Shall I get you yours? (a nod) Or do you prefer "paraffin"? (PARSONS is frozen, horrified.) Ration coupon, please.

(PARSONS hands it over – WINSTON goes to the counter, gets gin but tips half of PARSONS's into his own as he returns.

WINSTON's Inner Voice addressed audience.) That was the day I first noticed the traitor woman. She was sitting with her comrades in the Anti-Orgasm League. I did not guess then that she was using them as a cover. That was stupid of me! It was an old trick of the Resistance, to seem passionately orthodox while working as a counter-revolutionary. The bigger the lie the bigger the spy! That someone so obsessed with sex could pretend to hate sex for so long and so loudly!

JULIA: (loud, standing on the table) And that is the trouble with men. They have not developed. Women have always known that sex is for reproduction, something that we have to bear. For men no. Sex is orgasm. But they have to orgasm! For the sake of the Party! To make new Party members!

WOMAN: But for women orgasms are not necessary for conception...

JULIA: That's right. That's why we can learn to stop this nonsense. Why should we behave like men? I have spent the last two years fighting against this. Two years persuading outer party members and proles to stop orgasming. It's hard work, sisters! No one listens!!

WOMAN: I see you have been promoted for that. Is that an award badge?

JULIA: Order of Labour... second class.

WOMAN: Did you get anything for that?

JULIA: We are not supposed to say.

Woman: Sorry. But about orgasms...

JULIA: They are a thing of the past. I never want to hear the word again! They create personal bonds. Chains! That way you end up with families....

WOMAN: Yuck. Disgusting bourgeois perversion!

JULIA: The only bond a woman needs is her bond with the Party.

WOMAN: Too true! (nods vigorously) Too true! (shaking her head)

JULIA: I am all for artificial insemination. If it's good enough for cows it's good enough for us! The human body is a burden on the aspirations of the Party – we must not let it hold us back! We must breed but no personal bonds, no kissing; drive the yuck

out of procreation! It's unhygienic, it spreads diseases...

WOMAN: And craziness!

JULIA: (nods) We have to stamp it out!

WOMAN: (as if suddenly struck by a thought, a little reluctant) So no orgasms... (she looks about her, self-consciously)

JULIA: If you care anything about Oceania and the society we are building....

WOMAN: I do, I do, I do!

JULIA: No more orgasms. In a generation no one will even know what it means to orgasm. How absurd, anyway. (imitates one and Woman joins in then they collapse in laughter). Like monkeys!

WOMAN: Or steam engines ooh ooh!

WINSTON: (Who was eavesdropping – did she know do their eyes meet). I admire your conviction, Comrade.

JULIA: Thank you, Comrade.

WINSTON: (Inner Voice:) And then I walked on.

WOMAN: Who was that?

JULIA: Someone from the Ministry of Truth.

(WOMAN wolf whistles, quietly.)

JULIA: Stupid little fool. (JULIA STORMS OFF.)

WOMAN: What? (Exits after JULIA.)

WINSTON: (Inner Voice) I hated her at that moment. But I recognised in that hatred something electric. She fooled me. That is not an excuse. I have no excuses. (WINSTON returns to the table with the gins.)

PARSONS: You took your time!

WINSTON: I was listening to a comrade explain Party policy.

PARSONS: Fascinating, I should think.

WINSTON: Do you think so? I didn't know you were such an intellectual.

PARSONS: O, I'm not... I mean... if only we could stop thinking. Just be. Wouldn't that be... (WINSTON lets him run out of steam)

WINSTON: Well, cheers to that! (drinks, the spirit bites) Agh, this stuff is ... (struggling to tell truth).

PARSONS: (downs his gin) Ho argh....ooo...now the hit!

Both: Ahhh! (release).

WINSTON: Tastes like...

Both: Victory!

(A hooter sounds).

TANNOI: Two minutes Hate! Two minutes hate!

(WINSTON staggers, the large gin on the empty stomach, the room swirls and voices

distort – now his mother is walking towards him, bloodied and in a burnt dress).

WINSTON: Mother! Mum! Mamma! (She cradles him – she sings a lullaby but the out of focus people in the canteen take it up and distort it so she moves away from him – he tries to follow her I into the audience but she is gone).

Mamma! Get to the bomb shelter – Mamma, run to the shelter. Mamma! (Doubled up with pain, drops his lunch tray and gin beaker.) Mamma! (Then, slowly recovering. Inner Voice:) This unnatural attachment to my mother lies at the root of my anti-social disfunction. Now I understand that this emotion is disgusting. It is a type of mother obsession, a repressed incestuous desire. I deserve to be punished!

PARSONS: Are you alright, old man?

WINSTON: Mamma mia, that gin packs a kick!

PARSONS. Mine was rather small. Have they dropped... changed... I mean maintained... the regular ration? (Trying to get back at WINSTON.) “Mamma mia”? Isn't that foreign, Smith?

WINSTON: (Breaking away from PARSONS, Inner Voice, to audience) It was then that Comrade O'Brien first spoke to me. If he had not, I might never have gone on my long journey towards the light of wisdom and the darkness of a death I truly deserve.

O'Brien: Ah, Comrade Smith, isn't it?

Winston: Yes, sir.... I mean, Comrade... (starts coughing) I fell just now.... Comrade?

O'Brien: Comrade O'Brien.

PARSONS: (Interrupting.) I...I...hardly ever speak to Inner Party members.

(Without looking at PARSONS, O'Brien waves him away and PARSONS scuttles offstage.)

WINSTON: Excuse me... (controlling his coughing, glancing at the retreating PARSONS.)

O'Brien: Is it those terrible Victory cigarettes? Here, have one of mine – Virginia tobacco, real filter. You deserve it, Smith.

WINSTON: I do? For what?

O'Brien: People care about chocolate, Smith. It could have been a tricky one for the Party. Not now. Well done, Comrade.

TANNOI: To your seats for Hate Speech!

WINSTON: (Suddenly anxious.) I have to go to Hate.

O'Brien: I am permitted not to go. I think, instead, I will inspect the latest edition of the Newspeak dictionary.

Winston: Is there a new one, Comrade?

O'Brien: Of course!! Newspeak is a project that will only end when it becomes impossible to formulate thoughts that undermine the Party. We have arrived at M. You will be glad to know that we are taking out all the Ms.... Mother and so on... (Siren. WINSTON cringes.) Oh you had better go. Sirens jar my nerves so. What's wrong with bells? Or drums. (He leaves.)

(WINSTON's mother, covered in blood appears, waves and collapses – she is dragged off – by a rat-headed guard. WINSTON cowers at the sight.)

PARSONS: (Re-entering) Winston, are you alright?

WINSTON: (Recovering.) Yes, yes, perfectly fine... just surprised to be... honoured... by that... er.... man. Come along. We'll be late for the Hate!

PARSONS: O dear! O dear!

(WINSTON and PARSONS go – although the PARSONS actor exits to change costume and only Julia and Winston are in the audience.)

TWO MINUTE HATE

(A prisoner is dragged out onto the stage and caught in spotlights, bruised and obviously tortured. Recorded boos and hisses.)

PRISONER: I was an agent of Goldstein. (boos). Goldstein seduced me, he told me of the days when he knew Big Brother, was Big Brother's friend and worked with him in the highest ranks of the Party. Goldstein told me that he was the only true Revolutionary and that Big Brother had betrayed the Revolution!

JULIA: Lies, lies!

PRISONER: Goldstein told me that there is no Revolution without freedom: free speech, a free Press, freedom of assembly, freedom of thought.

JULIA: Double double untrue!

PRISONER: And Peace, Goldstein wants Peace with Eurasia and all our neighbours!

JULIA: No peace with murderers, no peace with terrorists!

(Her replies are met with cheers and applause. WINSTON applauds and cheers.)

PRISONER: I was seduced by Goldstein's words. I returned to Oceania from the Malabar Front where we had met in secret. I sabotaged the war effort, poisoned the water supply of our army, spread false rumours that we are losing the war and substituted palm oil for cocoa in the chocolate rations of this city.

(A great chorus of boos).

JULIA: Death to the traitor!

PRISONER: I did all this for Goldstein who I loved with all my poisoned heart. I was weak, have pity, have mercy!

JULIA: No pity, no mercy! Hate hate hate!

ALL CHANT: No pity, no mercy, hate, hate, hate!

VOICE: Comrades, shall we show mercy to this vermin, this rat of Goldstein?

ALL: No no no no no!

PRISONER: Please..

(A masked Guard walks up behind her takes out a pistol and fires one shot into the back of her head. She falls, writhes).

ALL: More more more more!

(The guard empties the revolver into the dying prisoner then drags her off – WINSTON, spilt in the auditorium, has looked away, he places his head in his hands.)

JULIA: Long live Big Brother! Long Live... (She catches sight of WINSTON and looks, predatorily, at him.)

CON W: (Voice over the TANNON) See me looking away. It was an act of rebellion. I could have been punished, I should have been punished. I thought I was safe in the crowd. (WINSTON sees JULIA looking at him.) But one person saw me. She saw me and she knew.

(Then an almost priest-like Voice).

VOICE: Please stand, for the slogans of the Party! Citizens of Oceania, the slogans of Oceania:

ALL and recording as if in church:

WAR IS PEACE  
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY  
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

WAR IS PEACE  
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY  
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

WAR IS PEACE  
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY  
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

VOICE: Amen! Our men and women – are struggling to create a better society, a stronger party and an absolute Victory. United nothing can stop us!

ALL: United nothing can stop us.

VOICE: Now back to work!

ALL: Nothing can stop us!

(Exeunt all but WINSTON.)

WINSTON: (Alone) Nothing can stop me.

THE DIARY AND THE FOREST  
(Two actors enter, dressed as trees.)

WINSTON: (Inner Voice, addressing audience:) Something snapped inside me that day. I felt absolutely alone in the crowd. I was not one of the mass. I began to hallucinate that I was no longer in the

crowd, I was in a forest and the people around me were trees whose inner life was utterly inaccessible to me. And their chants and cries were like the wind passing through the forest in an autumn storm. I breathe deeply as if I were truly alive. (This is enacted, WINSTON walking about as if in the forest). This was more than a mere thought crime that can be forgiven, this was worse. This is creative thought. This forest here is not an idea, it is a state of being that must be eradicated! These are feelings more powerful than thoughts. Punish me!! I love it!! I love it!! I must be punished!!

(The trees exeunt. Lights change. Screen changes to a sign; OUT OF ORDER.)

WINSTON: (Reading sign) "Out of order. This elevator will be repaired tomorrow...." Oh yes? Hahaha.. Tomorrow? (Re-examines the sign.) Dated January 6<sup>th</sup>... the notice is three months old...

Tenant: (entering) Good evening, Comrade! Finished work? I'm just starting.

Doubleplus good, eh? Bet you can't wait until tomorrow... I heard you! Isn't it marvellous, we don't need a sissy elevator, anymore! Climbing the stairs every day has cured my asthma! (Has a coughing fit.)

WINSTON: I say, do you have any spare cigarettes?

Tenant: Gave them up. Gin too. I've never felt so good. (Wheezes.) Must get to work, comrade! The Ministry of Love never sleeps – night shift – we're gonna give those traitors Hell. Toodle oo.

WINSTON: Seven fucking floors. (Coughs. Inner Voice:) Look at us, hacking and coughing – what specimens of degenerate humanity! Well, I still have the energy to dodge the Big Brother screen, remove my diary from the alcove and pour out my poisonous treason. (This is acted out; writing.) April 5<sup>th</sup> 1984. Let me start by writing about writing: I love this pen, which has ink. I got it in that old shop I found! Writing has almost disappeared, everything is tapped out now on a keyboard or spoken into a recording machine. (Stops writing and speaks his thoughts.) My mother had beautiful handwriting. Before he was killed at the front my mother would write my father long letters that were as beautiful to look upon as the feelings they expressed. But today this diary does not record beauty. In the crowd at the Two Minute Hate I was surrounded by people who have turned their beauty into ugliness, like that young woman twisting her face into hatred and her mouth into a stinking pit. I do not know her name, but her tainted beauty physically disgusts me. If I ever set eyes on her again I may vomit at her feet.

(He wretches and coughs).

TELESCREEN: Citizen Smith, Citizen Smith, do you require medical assistance?

WINSTON: (slamming diary, hiding it and dragging himself in front of the screen) Thank you, thank you Big Brother, I am fine. Merely clearing my throat before enjoying another smooth Victory Cigarette! Everything is wonderful.

(Blackout).

A JOURNEY

WINSTON: (Inner Voice) One of the things about myself that disgusts me most is that I lie to myself as easily as I lie to the Party. See me now descending these seven flights of stairs to the street and heading, with a quick look behind me to see if I am followed, to the forbidden zone of the Proles, the den of the working poor. As an outer party member I know that I should not stray into these areas but I also know that many of us do, going there for black market razor blades, unused teabags and the like. It's not a serious crime. The Party turns a blind eye. While Thought crime is always serious... but, hey, I need new razor blades. That's all. (Inner Inner voice:) Liar. I want Sex. (Inner Voice) My skin is savaged by the rusty blades they sell in official stores. It is as if everything you get on the ration is designed to laugh at you, to send you mad because it is a parody of what it is supposed to be. (Inner Inner Voice) I know, I know! Sex without procreation, sex with joy is always a crime. (Inner Voice) I just want to buy a sharp blade or.. (Inner Inner Voice) Or? (Inner Voice) I just want to buy – you know.... (he lights a cigarette). I keep to the shadows, cobbled streets that shine with dirty rain water and the effluence of broken sewers. No one has swept these streets since the atom bombs fell. Why couldn't I just go home to my clean Party Apartment? I couldn't, something wouldn't let me, it had its teeth in me. The truth is I was at home in this dirt and filth, because my mind was as dirty and filthy as its broken streets.

(The raucous sounds of a Pub, a song – ROLLOUT THE BARRELL - first soft then loud as Winston pushes open the door. Bright lights up. WINSTON waves his hand under his nose.)

WINSTON: (Inner Voice) Phwarr! Warm ale, stinking breath, stale sweat and pork scratching!. Two cheap beers later I left, but not alone. (Winston with painted woman).

PROSTITUTE: Five dollars in coins, we can do it behind the bus stand. The walls are quite dry there.

WINSTON: Don't you even have a room? A bed of some kind?

PROSTITUTE: Yeah, but I shares me bed with me brother and he's got TB. You'd not want to kiss 'im, do you?

WINSTON: Four dollars then. But naked.

PROSTITUTE: Nah, make it two and I'll just lift me skirt.

WINSTON: Very well.

(They go behind a wall. Sounds of a 'doodlebug' missile overhead. The sound grows, then cuts out. WINSTON angrily appears, doing up his flies).

WINSTON: Is that it?

PROSTITUTE: I could ask the same of you!

WINSTON: How old are you behind that make-up?!

PROSTITUTE: Old enough to open my legs and piss on you!

(At that moment a huge explosion afar off).

WINSTON: (Inner Voice) I disgust myself – even now I feel my hands are dirty from touching –

(Suddenly a huge explosion – screams, sirens – Winston throws himself to the floor. A shoe flies from the wings and lands near WINSTON. The PROSTITUTE is killed by the blast. Slowly, WINSTON pulls himself up from the ground. His face and hands are covered in white dust.)

CON W: A rocket bomb had landed. Those bastards in Eurasia had fired at innocent civilians and nearly killed me. A row of old brick houses further down the street were completely demolished by the blast. A shoe had hit me. (He picks up the shoe.) When I looked, a human foot was still inside that shoe. Aggh! (He throws the shoe offstage.) At that moment I should have turned back. Reported this atrocity to the Ministry of Truth as proof of the barbarity of our enemies. But... (Outer Voice) Where are you? I paid for you, darling... I...

(The PROSTITUTE stands; she is WINSTON's Mother, appearing through the smoke and rubble).

MOTHER: Little Winston, what are you doing here. I told you not to play on the bomb sites. It's not safe.

WINSTON: Sorry, Mother, but it was such fun. There's a staircase that leads nowhere, like into space! Like to the stars!

MOTHER: Oh you and your stars! Look at you! You're all filthy, come here! (She dabs at his face with her handkerchief.) Let's go home and clean you up.

WINSON: I hurt my hand, Mamma... kiss it better?

MOTHER: Yes, Mamma will kiss it all better. (She does so but then collapses)

WINSTON: Mother, no! (Inner Voice) Why is my head so full of useless feelings that have no practical use?

(WINSTON coughs, the handkerchief he holds to his mouth has blood on it. Two youths enter to collect the dead; they carry a makeshift stretcher. Maybe just a door.)

PROL YOUTH: (To WINSTON.) Oi, Mister, you alright? Want to buy some razor blades. (Display them on the inside of his jacket.) They're sharp, mind.

WINSTON: Oh yes of course. That's why I'm here, actually... That woman, is she dead?

YOUTH: It's a rocket bomb. Sucks the air out of the lungs, see. People get killed. Like every day. So? How about one dollar a blade? It's the goin' rate.

WINSTON: (Stepping over the body). I'll take two. Thank you.

YOUTH: She's got a decent skirt on, eh? Stockings too. Very nice. Your girl, was she? I think I'll strip her down if you don't mind? Here, give me an hand and I'll give you another blade for nothing!

WINSTON: No, that's not... I can't –

YOUTH: Suit yourself! Snob!

(He runs as the two youths carry off the body).

WINSTON: (Re-entering. Inner Voice:) That is when I found the shop. Bumped right into it, I did. Unless the shop was put there for me to find it! Maybe, everything that happened had been ordained from the very beginning, set up that way by the Party, just to save me? If so, I am truly thankful. (Outer Voice) The old shop again! How did I find it! I thought I was running away, but I was always running towards this place! (He opens the door and the shop bell rings. Mr Charrington appears). Ah, hello, you are still... er... open this late... Mr... er...  
CHAR: Charrington. Mr Charrington. And you are, if I recall correctly, the Party Member who bought the blank note book? Such fine quality paper! They simply don't make that quality any longer. O, and the pen and ink! Do you use them to write?

WINSTON: Oh their use is long past, hah! Don't you think?

CHA: (sadly) Ah, I suppose so, I suppose so...

WINSTON: I gave them away... as a present to my superior. An Inner Party member you understand.

CHA: O, I would never understand an Inner Party member. Though they say they are allowed to own beautiful objects, so I am sure your gift was appreciated. Have a look around! See if anything else catches your eye!

WINSTON: I know of no other shop like yours, Mr Charrington.

CHA: (Smiling kindly) It's very kind of you to say so...

WINSTON: (Shrugs.) Antiques are hardly the fashion...

CHA: You are right. No one is interested in the past these days. I get so few customers I may have to close... Are you interested in the past, Sir? The past that lives in these old objects?

WINSTON: (Quickly.) Oh no, not at all, why should I... when the future is so bright? But I like... curiosities. You might say. Things with a little...

CHA: *Je ne sais quoi?*

WINSTON: (Quickly.) What's this?

CHA: It's a coral embedded in a glass paper weight. But we have less and less paper nowadays, I doubt if any anybody will ever buy it.

WINSTON: It's... (he holds it up to the light) ...what's a coral?

CHA: Oh, a piece of colourful natural reef – under the sea – beautiful things, before the radiation wars destroyed them all. (Shakes his head sadly.) That's a small piece...

WINSTON: It's like a tiny coloured tree. I want it.

CHA: Four dollars to you?

WINSTON: Done. (Gives money). Thank you. (Suddenly the screen bursts to life)

VOICE/Light: We interrupt your business today to announce that the Oceanian Air Force has destroyed a huge Eurasian fuel dump in southern Malabar. The sky is lit up for a hundred miles!! Huge numbers of soldiers and vast amounts of equipment are burning!! And now back to your work. (Light music plays.)

WINSTON: Such good news. Fuel dump Pow! (Makes explosion noise and flashes hands. Charrington looks embarrassed).

CHA: If you say so, sir, if you say so. I wonder.... You seem such a curious individual... I keep a few special objects in a room at the back of the shop. Would you like to have a quick look?

WINSTON: Might I?

CHA: Of course, follow me.

WINSTON: (Inner Voice, to the audience) That is when I was taken to the old bedroom.

Charrington: We lived here till my wife died. I'm selling the furniture off little by little, you know.... Now that's a beautiful mahogany bed, or at least it would be if you could get the insects out of the mattress.

WINSTON: It's so quiet here. Just the ticking of that beautiful old clock. (He looks out of the window.) And the view! That's countryside, isn't it? It must be wonderful in the day!... oh!

CHAR: Oh?

WINSTON: (Half whispers) There is no telescreen here, no Big Brother?

CHAR: When they came to fit one in the shop they completely forgot about this room. But then no one was living here, so why install anything? This chair is over one hundred years old, you know, it's built for comfort, not utility. I can't sell it though; no one wants that sort of thing anymore.

WINSTON: And what's this painting on the wall? I think I recognise the place? It's a ruin now, isn't it?

CHAR: Ah. Yes, a church. Not many of them left! St Clement Danes by the Law Courts, it was called. (Sings) Oranges and Lemons say the bells of St Clemens. How it goes on I don't remember...

WINSTON: O, what a shame...

CHAR: There was a type of game, I think, it went with the song but I don't seem to remember.

WINSTON: I like the tune. I like the painting.

CHAR: Do you like the room. It could be rented for a few dollars?

WINSTON: Oh no, thank you, but that wouldn't be correct. Lovely as it is. I need to go. The Ministry never sleeps, you know.

CHAR: Of course. My mistake, Sir. Long Live Big Brother.

WINSTON: (Suddenly) There is no one to hear that, in this room I mean. No screen surveillance?

CHAR: (Says nothing but shakes his head – they walk into the shop)

WINSTON: (Holds finger to lips). Good bye, Mr Charrington.

CHAR: Good bye, Sir.

WINSTON: Comrade.

CHAR: (nods head, smiling).

(WINSTON goes to open the door, then panics and throws himself back inside the shop.)

CHAR: What is it?

WINSTON: That woman, out there, she's following me.

CHAR: Who is she? Why should she do such a thing?

WINSTON: (Gathering himself) No treason, er... er... no reason.... (Inner Voice)... I said "treason" and there was treason and she knew!

CHAR: (Whispers) Use the other pavement, sir. Just walk straight by, pretend you never recognised her. Never even saw here.

(Loud) Pleasure to be of assistance, Comrade. Anything for the Party!

WINSTON: Yes I shall make my report, immediately. Good night.

(Julia is walking across the stage, she carries a heavy rucksack).

WINSTON: (Inner Voice, to the audience) Everything had led me to this moment. As if the pressure that built behind a dam was about to burst, drowning me in my own foolish self.

(As Winston cross the street and sets off down the opposite pavement at pace, without eye contact with Julia, she falls, cries out. Winston falters. Freezes. Turns to look.)

JULIA: Comrade, please – (she holds out her hand – Winston hesitates then takes her hand.) Thank you, Comrade.

WINSTON: I am glad to be of assistance, Comrade.

JULIA: I must be going. An important official errand.

WINSTON: Of course, Long Live –

BOTH: Big Brother!

WINSTON: (Inner Voice) She had passed me a scrap of real paper as I helped her up. In it were written the most dangerous words in the world.

VOICE OF JULIA: I love you.

(The sound of trees swaying in wind – both beautiful and threatening- the cry of a raven. Blackout then Winston is writing in his diary.)

WINSTON: April 6<sup>th</sup> 1984. (He takes the paper that was given him)

I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. (repeats) (Inner Voice.) I was behaving like an idiot. I covered a whole page then turned the leaf to write. (Outer Voice, to himself) Now, only now, at last, do I wish to stay alive. (Inner Voice) Idiot. I was dancing with my own deserved death!

(Seated in the alcove Winston dances the paper around his head then tears it into little pieces. Hiding the pieces so the telescreen cannot see him he goes to the front of the stage and throws the scraps into the audience to a sombre waltz).

WINSTON: (Inner Voice, to the audience) Julia did not appear again for days. I was thrown into confusion by an absurd romantic fantasy, as if love actually existed, when I knew that at best it was banned or at worst it was doomed. Then on the third day Julia was in the Ministry of Truth canteen, again. We both knew not to exchange looks, such an act would be suicidal. Which, given everything, might have been for the best.

(Winston and Julia and Parsons all have trays, the queue for food – Winston separated from Julia by Parson. O'Brien appears.)

O'Brien: Ahah, Comrade Smith. We have our eye on you.

WINSTON: (Hides panic) Really? Er, have I – I don't mean... I... I...

O'Brien: Of course, of course. (Holds his hand up to silence WINSTON.) No need to stammer. Comrade. Your thoughts are pure. I can see that from your eyes. As you see purity in mine. (Stares at him. WINSTON open-mouthed, speechless.) Comrade, your work has come to our attention. You have a natural talent for (the very slightest of pauses) working with the truth.

WINSTON: Thank you, Comrade.

(He collapses, spotlight just on O'Brien bending over the stricken WINSTON. Strange music.)

O'Brien: One day, we shall meet in the place where there is no darkness.

(The spotlight fades to black. O'Brien last phrase echoes on reverb, then winds down to slurred slowness. Suddenly the lights switch on and PARSONS is bending over Winston.)

PARSONS: Are you alright, old chap?

JULIA: Overwork, of course. This section is famous for meeting its quotas, Comrade.

PARSONS: (To WINSTON) You should eat more and smoke less, dear fellow.

JULIA: Let me help him to a chair, Comrade. (To PARSONS) Can you get him some pudding? Extra saccharine, perhaps?

PARSONS: Of course, Comrade Sister. (A little unnerved at being ordered around by a female comrade. Goes to queue.)

WINSTON: (Inner Voice, looking at Julia, attraction and disdain mixed) She was tricky that Julia, a cunning bitch on heat. She helped me up, holding my hand, caressing the palm with her delicate finger. (Act this out.) Sending my head, already spinning with fear and wonder, into strange spaces where time hardly existed.

JULIA: (Whispers) Can you hear me?

WINSTON: Yes.

JULIA: (She checks they are not overheard.) Can you get Sunday afternoon off?

WINSTON: Yes.

JULIA: Then listen carefully. At Paddington Station, take the midday train to Oxford and get off after 47 minutes. Turn left outside the small station and walk for two miles until you see a dead tree by a gate with no top bar and a broken post. I will meet you there at 15.00.

WINSTON: Yes, yes.

JULIA: Can you remember all that?

WINSTON: Yes.

JULIA: I must get away from you now.

WINSTON: (Loud) Thank you, Comrade Sister, I feel much better now.

JULIA: Good. Back to work. (Exits coldly).

PARSONS: Pudding!

(PARSONS holds the bowl of sickly pudding under WINSTON's nose.)

WINSTON: (Lifts spoon then suddenly) I think I am going to be sick.

Blackout.

NATURE

(Sounds of WINSTON retching morph into sounds of a steam train in the darkness. Sound of it pulling to a halt, a hiss, a puff of smoke from the wing, through which Winston emerges blinking in the daylight as the light come up. A sunny day. Checks his bearings and walks across the stage. Gradually the sound of birds, the soghing of trees, the only set is a rustic gate post with no gate. Winston leans on the post, stroking its gnarled wood, almost caressing it).

WINSTON: (Inner Voice, to the audience) 15.00 came and went. Maybe Julia was an informer, an agent of the thought police, at any moment I could be arrested having fallen for the most banal of honey traps. Without even tasting the honey. Should I run back to the station? (Looks around at the way back to the station.) Get back to London? Or should I hide and kill her? Smash her head in with the coral paper weight? (He takes the paperweight from his pocket; the scene starts to happen as he imagines, except that Julia is masked and he is masked and he watches the two other actors enact his fantasy which is also erotic. WINSTON goes to the 'masked Winston' and places the paperweight in his hand, the two of them holding the paperweight and hitting the 'masked Julia'. No real screams, but musical scream-like sounds.) Smash her face with the only beautiful thing I had ever owned. It would have been better for both of us if I had killed her that day.

(The figures vanish as the lights change and Julia lightly touches Winston on his shoulder. He shouts out in surprise.)

JULIA: Shh. (She smiles and holds a finger to her lips. Gestures to him to follow her. He obeys, at a distance – she leads him into a forest glade – achieved only with gobos and green lights and heightened soundscape. WINSTON checks his hand and is surprised there is no paperweight in it, looks about as if he might have dropped it.) Here we are. (He is distant, not daring to approach). I didn't want to say anything in the lane, in case there's a microphone hidden there. There's always the chance of one of those swine recognizing our voices. We're all right here, though.

WINSTON: We're all right here? (He repeats stupidly).



JULIA: Yes the trees are new growth, too thin to hold microphones. I've been here before. (She takes out lipstick and applies it with a smile. Then holds out her hand. He takes it).

WINSTON: Until this moment I didn't know what colour your eyes were? When I look at you I wonder at your beauty and I ask myself how you can bear to look at me. Can you?

JULIA: Yes, very easily.

WINSTON: I'm thirty-nine years old. I smoke so much that my lungs are damaged. I've got varicose veins, five false teeth and a wife who hates me as much as I do her, and though I have not seen her for five years I am not permitted to divorce her...

JULIA: I couldn't care less. I love you.

WINSTON: What is your name?

JULIA: Julia. I know yours, it's Winston, Winston Smith. Can we stop talking now?

WINSTON: If you want that.

JULIA: I want you. Now.

(Snap to darkness, with shafts of light cutting through, illuminating their faces – they caress and touch the other one's face in a suggestion of sex without undressing or their bodies touching. Julia's lipstick is smeared over both their faces. There is a great rush of bird noise and wind. Finally, WINSTON breaks from JULIA, who lays out a picnic blanket on the ground.)

WINSTON: (Inner Voice, to audience) This memory disgusts me. The future is artificial insemination. What is good enough for cows is good enough for women. (Outer Voice, to JULIA) I think I am supposed to smoke a cigarette, but I would rather inhale you. (He joins her on the blanket. They lean against each other holding hands).

JULIA: Isn't this a splendid hide-out? I found it when I got lost once on a Youth League hike. Tell me, what did you think of me before that day I gave you the note?

WINSTON: I hated the sight of you. Thought you were a spy for the Thought Police. I wanted to force my cigarette stained tongue into your mouth and then murder you. Smash your head in with a cobblestone.

JULIA: (Laughs) How wonderful! You see I am a master of disguise. They will never get me. Chocolate? Real chocolate.

WINSTON: No! (Takes a piece, smells it.) Ummm (Eating) Where did you get this stuff?

JULIA: I am naughty.. No one guesses who I really am. I play perfect. I was a troop-leader in the Spies. I do voluntary work for the Junior Anti-Sex League. Hours and hours I've spent pasting their bloody rot all over London. I always carry one end of a

banner in the processions. 'Always look cheerful and yell with the crowd', that's what I say. It's the one way to stay safe.

WINSTON: What could you see in a man like me to attract you?

JULIA: I thought I'd take a chance. I'm good at spotting people who don't belong. As soon as I saw you I knew you were against THEM. And their stupid fucking party. Actually they are not the fucking party, they don't know how to fuck - except with the inside of your head. I know how to fuck. Would you agree?

WINSTON: I am hardly an expert. But, yes... Have you done this a great deal before?

JULIA: Of course. Hundreds of times.

WINSTON: With Party members?

JULIA: Yes, always with Party members. And with their 'member' (she laughs lightly).

WINSTON: With Comrades in the Inner Party?

JULIA: Not with those swine, no. But there's plenty that WOULD if they got half a chance. If any of them try it on, I get all Anti-Sex-League-Sister on them and that scares them! They're not as holy as they make out!

CON W: (ON TANNON) It was all lies. Every word she spoke had been carefully scripted by the members of Immanuel Goldstein's Resistance.

(Winston pulls her up so that they are kneeling face to face).

WINSTON: Listen. The more men you've had, the more I love you. Do you understand that?

JULIA: Yes, perfectly.

WINSTON: I hate purity, I hate goodness! I don't want any virtue to exist anywhere. I want everyone to be corrupt to their bones.

JULIA: Well then, I ought to suit you, darling. I'm corrupt to my bones. Have a feel.

WINSTON: You like doing this? I don't mean just with me: I mean the thing in itself?

JULIA: I fucking adore it.

(WINSTON laughs uproariously, then stops suddenly, scared.)

WINSTON: Is that voices I can hear, over there?

JULIA: (Calmly.) It's just a stream. It leads to a pool full of fish, they swim there under the willows, waving their tails.

(WINSTON stands and moves to admire the view.)

JULIA: Careful. Stay within the shadow of the trees.

(WINSTON takes a step back and looks at the view.)

WINSTON: It's the Golden Country – almost? (A murmur to himself really).

JULIA: The Golden Country?

WINSTON: A landscape from my dreams. (Green fades to Gold – his Mother cradling a child enters and sings in the golden spotlight then fades and the stage is back to the forest).

WINSTON: Listen, a blackbird. (pause birdsong).

WINSTON and JULIA: I love you.

CON W: (OVER TANNON) To her, "I love you" was nothing more than a political slogan. A way to get back at the Party. I meant nothing to her.

Blackout.

CON W: (OVER TANNON) She worked in the Pornosec department of the Ministry of Truth, operating the visual-novel writing machines, making automatic cultural material following patterns fixed by Party Controllers to keep the less-educated masses happy with their lives. I sneered at such things at the time. But then, such arrogance is the maggot that burrows in the head of every intellectual.

(JULIA is working, frantically operating a type writer while tubes are attached to a sort of "steam punk" screen and machine). She calls thru a megaphone).

JULIA: Add Spanking meme, yes that's the girl's school setting plus the spanking and add old man in rain coat -- no not a goat, a coat! Well, we could have a goat... no! No! That's disgusting!! Cut the goat, but add a whip! Well, a whipping scene. With cream, whipped cream – what? Well, then, use soap if there's no cream. Keep it realistic, comrades!! That is going to be hot! Add the music, please, comrade, no! That's far too dark - something lighter... bouncy rhythms... (different music plays). Hmmm, maybe – can I have some panting over that, comrade? No, that is far too serious. They sound like London buses going at it! And fuzz out the stickiness... it doesn't need to be *that* realistic! You know what the rules are down there! And cut! Whew. So the paperback versions and the disks are ready to go. Print and press them by 13 0'clock, if you value your... On the shelves by tomorrow!! Good. Tea break?

(She goes to a hatch as the machine is wheeled away).

WOMAN SERVING TEA: My oh my, you are sweating, duck. You should slow down. Half the men in here haven't broken a sweat in twenty years at their desks!

JULIA: That's because they do not truly believe, comrade sister. I know what I am

doing and I know why. It is for the good of all in Oceania.

WOMAN: Good for you, Sister. (Conspiratorially.) Now, I'm gonna give you a fresh tea bag. Don't let the rest of the queue see, or they will all want one! (She laughs.)

WINSTON: (Having raced to be behind JULIA). Oh give me a fresh tea bag, Mavis. The reused ones taste of nothing.

WOMAN: And what's in it for me, young Comrade Smith?

WINSTON: A piece of chocolate? I can afford it now that the ration has been increased!

WOMAN: Has the ration gone up?

WINSTON: To 25 grams! Doubleplus good, eh? (He takes his tea, brushes past Julia). Love you.

JULIA: (Whisper) Love you too.

WINSTON: (Loud) Parsons? How's your boy?

PARSONS: Just been awarded a child's medal third class, Smith!

WINSTON: Really?

PARSONS: Yes, informed on his newspeak teacher for doubting our Victory. Teacher was found guilty and got five years hard labour. You should see the medal. I'm so proud of my boy!

WINSTON: (slapping PARSONS too hard on the back) Doubleplus good, old man!

JULIA: I don't need saccharine, this tea is so fresh. Would you like mine, Comrade?

WINSTON: Yes, but I will need a spoon. (Under breath, to Julia) I can't stand this, when can we meet?

JULIA: Meeting's not enough. We need somewhere private.

WINSTON: They won't give me a day off to get to the country. Besides, it never stops raining.

JULIA: They say it's bombers seeding the clouds for cover.

WINSTON: Even the weather is at war.

JULIA: I'm going to die if I can't be with you. Properly. Nakedly.

WINSTON: (loud) Mavis! Sister! Give Parsons a fresh tea bag too! He's celebrating. His son won an informer's medal. At six years old! What a future he has! (Back to JULIA.)

JULIA: Let's meet in public, then. As usual – Oxford Street, 21.00. It'll be busy. Safe.

WINSTON: Nowhere's safe.

JULIA: Safer.

WINSTON: (Inner Voice, direct to audience) That night we meet among the crowds that throng the great shopping street, (begin to act this out) even if the items on

display there are never for sale. Just for desiring. What good is a society without aspirations? That used to make me bitter, but now I understand that we need goals that we can never reach.

(Soundscape of night street, faces, people).

JULIA: Do not look at me. You never know.

WINSTON: Your hand (he holds it carefully) so soft.

JULIA: I want more.

WINSTON: I have a solution, a plan. Meet me at this address in two days time. 21.00 after your volunteer munitions session. (He passes her a note).

JULIA: It's suicide. There will be a telescreen.

WINSTON: There is no telescreen at that place.

JULIA: (Seeing O'Brien.) Oh fuck!

WINSTON: Shh. (loud, not seeing O'Brien yet, to cover JULIA's exclamation) Yes, I say, look at the vacuum cleaner! It looks like a rocket!

O'Brien: Actually only a rocket looks like a rocket, Smith.

WINSTON: Sir... sir... I... - Comrade O'Brien! I mean... a rocket is a rocket...I c... c... can only agree with you...

O'BRIEN: (Smiling) Most people usually do. (Alarmed, JULIA slips away into the crowd with a meaningful glance back at WINSTON, while WINSTON furtively glances her way.) I am very pleased to have this chance opportunity to speak to you in the fresh air. Away from the... (O'Brien waves his hand airily.)

WINSTON: Really?

O'BRIEN: I have a draft copy of the latest Newspeak dictionary, and I wanted to go over some of the new entries with you. Why not pop round to my apartment when you have the time. Here's the address (He holds up a digital card) I am at home most evenings from 19.00.

WINSTON: Certainly, Comrade, it will be... um... um... an honour, Comrade!

O'BRIEN: I'll tell my butler to keep an eye out for you. (Turns away, turns back.) And, Winston? This is just between me and you. (Conspiratorially.) We don't want the dictionary getting into just anybody's hands before all the new words are approved, do we! Double good?

WINSTON: Double double good. (Winston nods vigorously)

O'Brien: Toodple-pip. I say, Taxi!

Blackout.

(The ring of a shop door bell. Charrington is standing, polishing an old clock. WINSTON and JULIA enter).

WINSTON: Open late again, Mr Charrington?

CHAR: Ah, Mister Smith. Madam. Come in, come in! Out of the cold! I've nothing much else to do since my wife died, but keep the old shop open... for as long as it lasts...

WINSTON: Well, Mr Charrington, this is my assistant from the Ministry, Comrade Brown.

CHAR: Delighted to meet you, my dear, we see so few young women in this shop. It is as if the past no longer delights them.

JULIA: Well, the future will be bright with Big Brother looking after us.

CHAR: Oh, yes, of course it will. The future... (he waves his hand in the air in an ambiguous gesture) ...it's so...

WINSTON: (Interrupting.) I am interested in renting your back room, Mister Charrington, if it is still available, that is?

CHAR: Available? Of course, of course it is available! I was sure you would come back! (Sings) Orange and Lemons Sing the Bells of Saint Clemens. (Pause) Two dollars a week? (Winston nods) Good! Gentlemen's agreement, then? Here's your key. If the shop is locked you can climb out the back window. It leads into a yard but the washerwomen who works there doesn't mind strangers. Quite a character, almost an antique herself, if I dare say so!

JULIA: It will be very useful to have somewhere quiet to work.

WINSTON: The latest Newspeak Dictionary (he pats a document case), highly confidential.

CHA: I am very honoured to be of service, Comrades. (Winks).

(They make for the backroom).

WINSTON: What do you think?

JULIA: Anything I choose to think here – there's no telescreen to tell me otherwise! How did you find this place? Look at this old painting. Is that a church there? I'm not even sure I know what happened in a church...

WINSTON: (Shrugs.) I don't know. No one does. "Oranges and Lemons say the bells of St Clemens". (Shrugs.) That's all I know.... They had bells, then... Maybe they were watch towers, defending the city?

JULIA: We are wasting precious time. Take your clothes off.

WINSTON: (Starting to undress) I love you.

JULIA: Words are shit. Show me. (She flings her arms round his neck and kisses him – he lets out a cry of ecstasy that blends with the Confessing Winston's cry of despair).

(Blackout)

CON W: (Lets out a cry. ON THE TANNYOY:) I am sorry that I did this. (weeping) So sorry. How could I do it? Commit this crime!! I am so, so sorry.

(Lights up slowly, JULIA and WINSTON are lying in bed with naked shoulders. WINSTON reading and smoking – JULIA half asleep resting on his shoulder).

WINSTON: O'Brien asked me to visit him.

JULIA: What? (Half awake) Who?

WINSTON: O'Brien. He wants me to go to his apartment after work.

(Now JULIA is wide awake, alarmed.)

JULIA: Impossible! He's inner Party.

WINSTON: I would never lie to you.

JULIA: How boring you are! (She tickles him he laughs).

WINSTON: Be serious.

JULIA: Must I? Ok. But it's a trap, obviously. If you go, you will be arrested at his door the moment you press the buzzer – I can see it now.

WINSTON: I think O'Brien is part of the Resistance. I think he knows about us and he wants us to join him and Goldstein in overthrowing the Party.

JULIA: There is no resistance. It's made up by the Party to give us someone else to hate that isn't them. Think about it? How could anyone really resist? The only resistance is only ever in here (she taps her head) Or maybe down there (She pokes under the sheet and he laughs).

WINSTON: I'm serious.

JULIA: Oh no a serious lover. Yuck!

WINSTON: I think this might be the most important thing that has ever happened to me.

JULIA: Oh thank you very much!

WINSTON: No, I meant in the real world.

JULIA: This is the only real world. Don't you get it, Winnie? The only reality is in here. (Taps her own head) And here. (Taps WINSTON's head.) And here. (Taps her groin.) Their reality is a lie. Oceania, Eurasia, London, this old shop, this room, nothing is real.

WINSTON: So you would do nothing? Not even try to tear down that lie?

JULIA: I am tearing down that lie when I tear off your clothes. But..

WINSTON: But what?

JULIA: Very well. I will let you go, but on one condition. That I come with you to Comrade Inner Party O'Brien's flash pad. I want to be with you when they take you. They will kill us one day, it's a certainty, so why not set it up in a comfortable apartment. Besides, I think being killed together is rather erotic. Don't you?

(Blackout.)

(Machine guns. Spotlight on Julia and Winston writhing in a Saint Sebastian-like ecstasy.)

CON W: (OVER TANNYOY) It was a death wish of course. It was always there. That is why I can embrace my own death now. Because I understand that my corrupt psychology has always been the same. I see my death now as a real act, a sacrifice rather than just a repressed wish; my willing martyrdom to honour the Party.

Washerwoman: (Hanging up clothes as she has been maybe throughout).

It's a lovely day tomorrow,  
Tomorrow is a lovely day,  
So forget your troubles and learn to say  
Tomorrow is a lovely day.

(She bends to pickup washing bowl, farts loudly and laughs at herself).

Blackout. Lights up on WINSTON, downstage, in the 'alcove' area.)

WINSTON: (Inner Voice, to audience) At 21.00 two days later, Julia and I press the buzzer at the entrance to O'Brien's apartment. We are not arrested – as we deserve to be – but told to enter and take an elevator to the top floor. This elevator, unlike the ones in the housing blocks, does not stink of urine and rises swiftly and silently to the apex of the tower. A Butler meets us and leads us into a large room with wood panelling and a thick pile carpet. It is not so much the luxurious surroundings that shock us as the absence of all the little oppressions of smell and sight that have dogged us all our lives. Pure jealousy! What I now know is just how much Comrade O'Brien deserves his luxury.

BUTLER: Your guests, Comrade.

O'BRIEN: (Speaking into a receiver – he does not acknowledge Julia and Winston when they are ushered in by the white gloved Butler). 'Items seven approved fullwise stop suggestion contained item six doubleplus ridiculous verging crimethink cancel stop unproceed constructionwise antegetting plusfull estimates machinery overheads stop end message.'

(Julia and Winston, struck dumb, look silently around the room in awe – perhaps reaching out to touch a wall and marvelling that there is no dust on their hand).

JULIA: (Whispers) No dust.

TELESCREEN: Tractor production mumble mumble bombs..(the screen is hard to decipher).

O'Brien: Done. I think we should switch this off? (Turns off the telescreen.)

WINSTON: You can switch it off?

O'Brien: Inner Party privilege! Sorry about that, I had business to conclude. Welcome, welcome... yes, of course, we can turn off the screen. (Pointing to himself.) The Inner Party have the privilege of switching off that idiotic device for at least an hour a day. (Pause for their shock). Coffee – or wine? Even better! Come on we have a great deal to celebrate. James, the Barbera D'Asti, if you please. (Butler exits). Oh don't worry about James. He is one of us. Assuming you are one of us – I mean, otherwise, why are you here? You have taken an extraordinary risk. I don't think it's just for the fine wine...

WINSTON: We believe that there is a Resistance, some kind of secret organization working against the Party, and that you are a part of it.

JULIA: We want to join it and work for it. We are enemies of the Party. We are thought-criminals. We are also adulterers.

WINSTON: Sex criminals.

JULIA: And we like it that way.

Winston: We place ourselves at your mercy.

(Butler re enters a tray is set with three glasses).

O'BRIEN: Ah James, thank you. Take it. It is wine. You may have heard of it. I think it is fitting that we should begin by making a toast. To our Leader: To Emmanuel Goldstein.

(Amazed, they lift their glasses).

BOTH: To Our leader

Julia: Emmanuel...

Winston: Goldstein.

(They drink.)

O'Brien: Good, I think you will agree? (JULIA and WINSTON nod, nervously.) Nt too sweet? (They shake their heads, nervously.)

WINSTON: Then... there is such a person as Goldstein?

O'BRIEN: O yes, and he is still very much alive. Where? I do not know.

JULIA: And the conspiracy—the organization? Is it real? It is not simply an invention of the Thought Police then?

O'BRIEN: No, it is real. The Brotherhood, we call it. You will never learn much more about the Brotherhood than that it exists, its name and that you belong to it. You will understand that I must start by asking you certain questions. In general terms, what are you prepared to do?

WINSTON: Anything.

O'Brien: You are prepared to give your lives? To die for the Brotherhood?

Both: Yes.

O'BRIEN: You are prepared to commit murder?

BOTH: Yes.

O'BRIEN: To betray your country to foreign powers?

BOTH: Yes.

O'BRIEN: Are you ready to cheat, to forge, to blackmail, to corrupt the minds of children, to distribute hard drugs, to encourage prostitution, to spread syphilis — to do anything to weaken the power of the Party?

BOTH: Yes.

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

WINSTON: Yes.

JULIA: (A moment later) Yes.

O'BRIEN: Are you prepared to separate and never see one another again?

JULIA: No!

(Lights flicker. Animal sounds.)

WINSTON: (Inner Voice) Maybe it was the wine, but at that moment the room starts to turn a somersault (He staggers.) and I have a vision of Julia running like a trapped animal around the apartment until she races into my arms (this happens – then lights and sound change).

WINSTON: Yeeees Yees... (Then in a real place): NO!

O'BRIEN: You did well to tell me, we must know everything.

CON W: (TANNOY) How could I tell him everything when I did not even know myself?

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. Here is Goldstein's book from which you will learn the true nature of Oceania and the strategy by which we shall destroy it. When you have read the book, you will automatically be full members of the Brotherhood. When you are finally caught, you will confess. That is certain. You will even betray me. But by that time I may be dead, or I shall have become a different person, with a different face.

(A golden light).

WINSTON: Gold, golden. Now I know: the Golden land has a golden God. I worship you.

JULIA: Winston, Winston are you alright?

WINSTON: I worship you.

(O'Brien climbs to the table and his voice reverberates perhaps records an almost ecstatic sermon like speech):

O'Brien: Your acts of resistance will have few or no results. You will work for a while, you will be caught, confess, then die. There is no possibility of change within our own lifetime. We truly are the dead. Our only real life is in the future. We shall take part in it as handfuls of dust and splinters of bone. We cannot act collectively. We can only spread our knowledge from individual to individual, generation after generation. In the face of the Thought Police there is no other way. No other hope. We can only delight in a life without hope! (Lights and image change). Too much wine, Winston?

WINSTON: Not enough! It is quite excellent, miraculous, as is this meeting. This liberation.

O'Brien: Then let us drink again: (wine is poured) A toast to – what? To the death of Big Brother? To humanity? To the future?

WINSTON: To the past.

O'BRIEN: (Grave) The past is more important.

ALL: To the past.

(They freeze, glasses raised.)

CON W: (OVER TANNOY) I am without hope for my own life. But I have found hope for my country and for the Party from which I have been expelled, quite correctly, as if from Paradise.

(A siren sounds)

VOICE: Take cover, take cover. We are at war! The Air forces of Eastasia are upon us. Take Cover!

BUTLER: You had better get out of here. Our bunker is only for the Inner Party.

JULIA: East Asia? East Asia – I thought they were our Allies.

BUTLER: Forget all that! Eurasia is our Ally from now on! We are at war with East Asia! Down with East Asia!!

JULIA: That's stupid. That's not possible!

BUTLER: (Suddenly assuming authority; is he the real master here?) No, not stupid, my child, it is the strategy for the numbing of brains, with ever more perplexing twists and turns. (Shooing them away.) Now run, run! We need you alive!

(Vast explosions, anti aircraft fire, flashes of light, Winston and Julia dash and crawl through a landscape of violent terror.

WINSTON: Here! Down here!

(They cower in a shell hole. Winston cradles Julia.)

JULIA: I think these bombs are our own. I think its own air force bombing us! Everything is a lie! It's not real!! I don't think this is Eurasia or any other enemy. This is to fool us into thinking that a life is only struggle, only fear, only threat and uncertainty!

WINSTON: You are right. (He opens the book) Listen! Goldstein understood all along, it is here in his book, under the heading War. Goldstein tried to stop this endless war and was repaid by expulsion from the Party.

(Bombs, rockets, screams.)

JULIA: Read it to me.

CON W: (TANNOY) So I read it to her, Immanuel Goldstein's book, all its lies, all the pathetic untruths of that vermin Goldstein and the effect was...

WINSTON: Julia, Julia – are you asleep? (More crashes.)

JULIA: (Half awake). Your voice is like liquid. It washes all this away.

(A scream. Blackout).

WASHERWOMAN: (Sings a love song as she puts out washing on a line).

If you were the only boy in the world  
And I was the only girl..(etc).

(The stage has now changed. A large window frame is hung/descends. Set back but above the window is the frame with the print of St Clemens Church, larger than life. Winston and Julia are standing on a podium so they are higher than the Washerwoman. Winston and Julia's level of undress is up to the director/cast but the wall below the window frame – even if stylised - block their lower bodies and Julia has a towel around her. The mood is post-coital and Winston smokes a cigarette while she breaks off chocolate from a bar).

WINSTON: Spring turns to summer this 1984. Animals can hope.

JULIA: Look at that blackbird. Do you remember our first blackbird, singing in the forest.

WINSTON: Whatever they do to me I will always hold on to that day.

JULIA: I just want to hold on to you. Full stop. (Throws arm round him, the chocolate bar falls).

WASHERWOMAN: Oi, you dropped something! Oh chocolate!

JULIA: Keep it! Eat it yourself! You deserve it!

WASHERWOMAN: Is this real?

JULIA: No saccharine or soya – that's Inner Party chocolate, that is!

WINSTON: How did you get it, really?

JULIA: By lying! So, why do you think I'm going to tell you the truth? (Laughs, kisses his cheek) .

WASHERWOMAN: Look at you love birds, eh!

WINSTON: Is she dangerous?

JULIA: (To WASHERWOMAN) Are you going to inform on us?

WINSTON: (To JULIA, in a panic) Hush! No!

WASHERWOMAN: Then I'd best inform on those two blackbirds. They've been at it all morning. It's natural, innit? Them's us bootiful and so is you two lovebirds bootiful.

WINSTON: (Quietly.) I think she is beautiful too.

(WASHERWOMAN hums as she works.)

JULIA: She must measure a meter around her bum. I bet she's had at least 15 kids. Look how her breasts... dangle (giggles).

WINSTON: After you, she is the most beautiful woman in the world, she fills me with hope. She is hope itself.

JULIA: You better tell her, then. (Whispers) Tell her you want her.

WINSTON: (Shouts.) Madame, you are a truly beautiful being!

WASHERWOMAN: Lord a mercy. You're a cheeky bugger, but bless you. But I can't be stood standing here gossiping with you, you daft h'apenny! I got another load of washin' to collect. Twenty two grand kids, it's like an industry wivout a five year plan. (She laughs. Exits singing).

WINSTON: She is stronger than us. She acts and we only think. Our thoughts are vulnerable, they can be taken and twisted. But they cannot get at her or her type. They are too honest and simple. All we can do, Julia, before we die, is to hold on to a few of the simple truths: grass is green, blackbirds sing, love is free and two plus two is four, and, if we are lucky, to pass that on.

JULIA: And one plus one is two. (Smiles kisses him).

WINSTON: (Shakes his head.) We are the dead.

JULIA: We are the dead.

(The picture frame drops or turns and reveals the face of Big Brother).

VOICE: You are the dead.

JULIA: (Turning) The telescreen, it was behind the picture. They saw everything!

WINSTON: O.... (broken) ...always they see everything...

VOICE: Always we see everything. Stand back to back. Clasp your hands behind your heads. Do not touch one another. Big Brother is Watching You.

(The WASHERWOMAN returns to the yard but CHARRINGTON is there now too. He has a party armband and carries a machine gun – he is smiling).

WASHERWOMAN: Oi what's going o... (But she is interrupted by the gun stock being rammed into her stomach, she drops the washing bowl and, staggering, runs off, screaming. Charrington raises his gun and

points it up at Winston and Julia who are standing back to back as ordered in the window.

WINSTON: Mr Charrington, is that you?

CHARRINGTON: Charrington, First Officer, Thought Police, at the Party's service. Not yours, dear boy.

VOICE: Smith. Do not speak.

CHARRINGTON: Never speak again, without our permission.

O'BRIEN: (Entering and picking up the wash bowl which he may use as a drum or just a grotesque prop) But you may sing along with me. How does it go now?

Oranges and Lemons  
Say the bells of St. Clement's  
When will you pay me?  
Say the bells of Old Bailey  
When I grow rich  
Say the bells of Shoreditch  
And when will that be?  
Say the bells of Stepney  
Oh, I do not know  
Say the great bells of Bow  
Here comes a candle  
To light you to bed  
And here comes a chopper  
To chop off your head

(Charrington joins in as the song progresses. WINSTON and JULIA are transfixed by the song, terrified.)

WINSTON: My head?

Blackout

VOICE: Welcome to the Ministry of Love. (the physical torture is represented by two masked guards, in clean uniforms, who stand in a spotlight stage left and stage right while Winston is in a central shaft of down light. When they punch Winston reacts. Then each produces a pair of pliers and a hammer. They attack his finger nails and mouth. The wounds appear, perhaps doctored to by a woman in white coat and surgical mask, who injects WINSTON with a drug. When Winston collapses, he is placed on a plank by the guards and lifted into place on the table/podest – he is splattered with his own blood, his own blood. Now the music is clearly hallucogenic and the guards vanish to be replaced by Julia and His Mother).

JULIA/MOTHER: We love you we love you we love you.

WINSTON: I am pain, I am only pain. If you love me please make this pain stop!

O'BRIEN: No one can stop your pain.

JULIA/MOTHER: We are the dead. (They vanish)

WINSTON: I know, I know, I know...

O'BRIEN: You know NOTHING!!! And now I am going torture you until you accept

that. (Archly.) But you KNOW that, don't you, Winston?

WINSTON: I do accept it, but, please, no more pain. You are right. I know nothing. Not more pain, please, please. Please!!!

O'BRIEN: You are lying, Winston. You are only saying what you think we want to hear! And liars must be punished.

(Throws a switch – an electric charge runs through Winston who screams).

O'BRIEN: How many fingers am I holding up, Winston? (Four).

WINSTON: Four. (Electric shock).

O'BRIEN: Learn to ask me. Now. How many fingers am I holding up, Winston?

WINSTON: Tell me. Please.

O'BRIEN: Five. (He holds up four). So how many fingers am I holding up, Winston.

WINSTON: Five, five ,five!

O'BRIEN: No. Not good enough. It isn't enough to say what you know I want to hear! You have to believe five! Until you believe there are five, i will continue to hurt you...

WINSTON: No, please...

O'BRIEN: Two plus two equals: What?

WINSTON: Four. (Electric shock).

O'BRIEN: No. Ask me...

WINSTON: Tell me, tell me!

O'BRIEN: No! Not good enough! YOU tell me, prove to me you are returning to the normal state of humanity. Show me you believe! So, two plus two is what?

WINSTON: Five, two plus two is five. Two plus two is five.

O'BRIEN: This is useless. He's a lost cause. Kill him.

(Winston can only whimper as he is dragged to his feet and set against a post, it's the gatepost from the countryside 'Golden Country' scene. He is blindfolded).

O'BRIEN: Fire! (O'Brien presses a button on a control panel to trigger the sound of machine gun fire.)

(Julia in a light holds out her arms, then collapses as Winston does as the burst of machine gun fire rings out. It is a fake execution. O'Brien goes over to him in the darkness and takes out a torch. He pulls the blindfold from his eyes and kisses him gently on the forehead).

O'BRIEN: You are the dead now. We must bring you back to life. (Cradling Winston, holding his head). Clean out your brain. There are nasty little bits of thought and emotion, even of love, hiding in the corners of your inner being like naughty children hiding in a bedroom. To chase them out we will need you to experience the greatest terror you can imagine. (Winston cannot

speaking, he whimpers but is listening). For each one of us that terror is different. Even the party cannot standardise such fear. In a moment we will take you to a new place. Room 101. In Room 101 we save lives by cleaning out brains. Killing you would be too easy. Killing only makes martyrs. The dying man shouts defiance. But in your case, there will be no defiance. True terror removes all resistance, deep fear cauterises all thoughtcrimes. One man here fears burial alive, a woman there is terrified of poisonous snakes, for others the worst thing is the idea of watching their own children die. But for you, it is more simple, yes? Julia told us what you really fear. Take him to Room 101.

WINSTON: (weakly) No... no...

(The guards, now in the filthy and blood spattered uniforms we saw them in at the start of the performance enter. They carry the long rods or whips. They walk or drag WINSTON around the stage. Lights up on the frame to the back of the stage, which is now a brilliant white sheet. WINSTON is placed before it; he stands, trembling. O'Brien enters. The guards exeunt.)

VOICE OF JULIA: (Clearly talking under duress) He told me his worst fear, his greatest fear.... he said, he said... Rats.

O'BRIEN: The rats you saw eating your mother's face. So wake up. Drink this water. (Offers him the flask, then throws the rest on his face.) I know you remember the moment of panic in your dreams, when you began to suspect what lay behind the wall of blackness in front of you. Now you know. It was the rats waiting for you, and they're very impatient for you, Winston, they want to be biting into your eyeballs....

WINSTON: No, no, no!

(Rats are projected across the stage – their squealing merges into violent music – then suddenly a light illuminates Julia bound to a chair. The guards enter, in their filthy uniforms; they carry some Heath Robinson-like contraption, over which there is a cover thrown.)

O'BRIEN: Well? Do you want us to strap the cage of rats to your face, or...

WINSTON: Spare me the rats, spare me the rats!

O'BRIEN: Very well. You are the healthy comrade here. You are the redeemed man, Winston. The party respects the wishes of a penitent traitor. (O'Brien waves the guards away, then begins to follow them.) Goodbye, Winston, until we... (He stops. To

the guards.) Wait. (The guards turn and O'Brien beckons them to bring the contraption back to WINSTON. O'Brien approaches Winston, the guards with the contraption just behind him, with JULIA, bound to the chair, close to them.) Do you expect that we will meet again, comrade? (WINSTON cannot answer.) You do not know, but you have always suspected that this drama that we have acted out these last – how many years, since you heard my voice in your dreams? Seven? (WINSTON, weeping and shaking, nods.) – you always suspected that we would be playing it out over and over again? (WINSTON nods.) So, what shall we do with the rats?

WINSTON: No, no, please, not the... not me, not me...

O'BRIEN: But what should we do with these rats, Winston?

WINSTON: Set them on Julia, set the rats on Julia! Do it to her! Do it to her! Set the rats on Julia!

(Blackout. An eruption of grandiose music. Choruses lauding Oceania. A terrified looking PARSONS enters holding a Ministry of Truth banner. The WOMAN who collects the waste pushed her bin on, parks it, and joins PARSONS. They are awaiting some sort of ceremony.)

CON W: (TANNOY) Thank you comrade O'Brien. You have taken me out of the darkness into the light as you promised so long ago.

(WINSTON walks onto the stage with his food tray; he is surprised to see the banner and the formal line up. He is dressed just as he was in the early scenes after the first torture scenes; the blood has all gone, and his uniform and jacket is tatty.)

WINSTON: (nervously) What is this?

(O'Brien enters, WINSTON recoils. The grandiose music begins to fade away.)

O'BRIEN: (To WINSTON.) Come here, comrade, come here! Welcome back to the Ministry of Truth, Comrade Smith! (He offers his hand and WINSTON obediently takes it in his, which is awkward as he has to hold the tray in one hand.) We are promoting you, Winston. Congratulations.

WINSTON: O.... well... I don't know what to.... thank you, Comrade O'Brien... this is a... well... it is an honour, (Then, quickly.) as always, to serve the Party....

O'BRIEN: No, no, no, comrade. I don't think so. (Speaking quietly to WINSTON, PARSONS and the WOMAN craning their

necks to eavesdrop.) There is no honour, Winston. We in the Party are not on a mission to improve humanity. Our mission is power. That is all. Pure and simple. Keep it pure and simple. Your mission is to serve our power. Yes?

WINSTON: (Nods.) It is a... privilege to understand, to be in the light... so to speak... (Pauses, uncertain what to do.) Should I eat now?

O'BRIEN: There's plenty of time for that. (The WOMAN takes the banner from PARSONS and exits. PARSONS takes the tray of food from WINSTON, handing him the glass of gin, and exits.) Right now, you may meet Julia. Take your Victory Gin and go outside, where there are no telescreens and I will not be watching, and you will find her there. Goodbye, Winston, until we meet again, in the place where there is no darkness...

(Winston takes his gin and walks outside/downstage. O'Brien watches him go and then exits. Outside, birds sing. Julia approaches him from behind, from upstage. She touches him on the shoulder. This time he does he does not react with fear, but turns slowly around, numbly. They stand looking at each other.)

JULIA: Winston...

WINSTON: Julia

(He offers her a drink from his glass, she shakes her head and he gulps down the harsh liquid. He does not cough.)

JULIA: I betrayed you, you know.

WINSTON: (Nods, numbly.) I betrayed you. (Pause.)

JULIA: I have to go now, Winston, I have a train to catch

WINSTON: We must meet again.

JULIA: Yes, we must... (They stand looking at each other. Finally, she turns to go.)

WINSTON: Julia... (JULIA stops and turns around)... Julia, you must know that – after everything that happened, after everything that we have learned about... everything, that deep, deep down, the one person I have always loved, the one love I have always always through everything held onto is... (beat) Big Brother.

(Blackout. Immediately, the flash and sound of a gun shot in the darkness, which triggers loud grandiose pompous music. Light fades up on the framed poster of Big Brother at the back of stage. Music fades as the light on Big Brother fades to blackout).

**THE END**