

1984

George Orwell

Adaptation by Paul Stebbings & Phil Smith

Draft from rehearsal (subject to minor changes)

TNT Theatre August 2023

Original Cast:

Jack Herlihy - Winston

Avena Mansergh-Wallace - Mavis, Prostitute, Torturer, Washerwoman,
Telescreen, Gertrude, Rat

Bruno Roubicek - O'Brien, Cook, Telescreen

Tom Vercnocke - Parsons, Charrington, Torturer, Telescreen, Rat

Ellen Victoria - Julia, Doctor, Neighbour, Prol Youth

SFX = recorded special effects.

SFX - Pre-Show - Industrial Landscape - Audience Enter Auditorium – police monitor audience.

Scene 1 - Ministry of Love

SFX - Torture Sequence –

Winston is tied to a table with a chief torturer (O'Brien). Two masked officers inflict pain on the victim.

O'BRIEN: How many fingers, Winston?

WINSTON: Four

O'BRIEN: Wrong

Waterboard torture

O'BRIEN: How many fingers?

WINSTON: Tell me. Tell me. Please.

O'BRIEN: No.

Waterboard

O'BRIEN: Tell me Winston, how many?

WINSTON: Five, Four, Six ...

O'BRIEN: This is useless. Room 101

SFX: Rat Music – and screeching

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). We 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. And you, Winston, can make Big Brother very happy. How will you make Big Brother happy?

WINSTON: Confession. I want to confess.

O'BRIEN: Good.

WINSTON: I want to confess from the depth of my heart to my dear, kind, caring, all seeing, all loving -

ALL: Big Brother.

Scene 2 - The Confession, (dramatic structure of a play within a play).

O'BRIEN: (To audience) Comrades, you will now witness the confession of prisoner Winston Smith, traitor to Ingsoc and the nation of Oceania. After his confession you will witness his punishment. It will be a lesson to you all, but I believe you are all innocent, that you too love Big Brother. And that you can enjoy the story you are about to see, the punishment we are about to deliver, on this day in London in 1984. (snaps fingers at Winston).

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!

O'BRIEN: Newspeak, double plus good Newspeak, Winston. One day Newspeak 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 Newspeak because you are already starting to speak like this. The party does not care what you do! Your thoughts are all we care about! And your words will shape your thoughts.

WINSTON: Double plus good.

O'BRIEN: Double Double plus good. (To Winston) Carry on with your confession, Winston.

(Start of flash back / confession)

CON W: Thank you, brother. My name is Winston Smith, I am an outer-party member in London, 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?

CON W: I had everything! And I pissed it away. Look at me, can I leave the cage?

O'BRIEN: Yes Winston. (gestures to audience).

SFX - Loneliness with Big Ben chimes.

O'BRIEN: The clock is striking 13. It is an April day in 1984.

Scene 3 - Apartment

WINSTON: I am going home after a 10 hour shift at the Ministry of Truth where I work. It is a bright cold day in April. (Gets into fake elevator created at back of the stage, after several attempts he realises that it doesn't work). Damn elevator, always broken. Like everything in this damn tower block! (Inner Voice) I can say 'damn elevator' because I am alone in the Hall

...

NEIGHBOUR: Ah Comrade Smith, have you noticed?

WINSTON: What?

NEIGHBOUR: The elevator has been disabled to save power for the war effort.

WINSTON: I am happy to serve the war effort, Comrade.

NEIGHBOUR: Me too!

WINSTON: God help us ... There is no God. Only seven flights of sodding stairs.

Winston's apartment

WINSTON: Oh what a wonderful day. 13 o'clock and home already and oh so healthy

TELESCREEN: We need healthy workers Smith 643725

WINSTON: Thank you Comrade.

CON W: Big Brother is watching from the Telescreen on the wall. Which listens, speaks and observes every year, every month, every week, every day, every hour and every minute. But there is one place, by accident that the screen cannot see... To the left of the Telescreen there is an alcove, a space where once a bookcase stood. The books are long gone, of course... Nobody reads books anymore. Why would you read books when there are telescreens? See me pass to the alcove, where the telescreen cannot see and look how I remove the thought crime thing! Double Bad!

(Winston reaches behind the flat on stage left to reveal a red diary - Avena holding diary)

WINSTON: (Whispers) My diary! (Cradles it – removes pen). The Notebook is old. I bought it almost by mistake from a 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 4th 1984. I hate Big Brother. I hate Big Brother. I hate Big Brother. I hate Big Brother. And all I am writing is: I hate Big Brother.

SFX - Telescreen Newsflash

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.

TELESCREEN (cont): Thank you Big Brother for your leadership. And now we present the youth choir of Oceania. With their number one hit single. We Love Big Brother!

SONG: I Love You Big Brother

I love you Big Brother you're bigger than me.

This love is a light that permits me to see.

Permits me to see.

My love is so deep and so strong and so clear.

I've nothing to hide and have nothing to fear.

Once I was hopeless and lived in despair.

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, was apart.

Then I found a song, now it trips of my tongue.

The words of this song, they come rushing to me.

In my heart, in my thoughts, in my eyes, through and through.

Our dear loving leader: Big Brother we love you.

My love is so deep and so strong and so clear.

I've nothing to hide and have nothing to fear.

In my heart, in my thoughts, in my eyes, through and through.

Our dear loving leader:

WINSTON: Big Brother I hate you. (Winston exits)

O'BRIEN: Wake up Winston. Get out of the darkness and into the now.

SFX - Exercise Telescreen - Avena with Radio Mic - BRUNO

Scene 4 - A New Day

TELESCREEN: Good morning, comrades - time for your freedom exercises! And go!

Winston starjumps

ALL: We are free. We are free. We are free.

WINSTON: Oh fuck!.... o, I mean, what luck!

ALL: We are free. We are free. We are free.

Winston breaks down

TELESCREEN: Winston Smith! Stand up and pull yourself together. What are you doing? Get back to your freedom!

TELESCREEN: We are free. We are free. We are are are are ...

WINSTON: I have to get to work. Ministry of Truth. It's important.

SFX: Door Slam - TOM

SFX - Loneliness - TOM

WINSTON: Stupid cow! Off to work. Seven flights of stairs, stinking of piss, every bloody day ... at least this way it's going down.

Transition into Office - Bruno to get Radio Mic

O'BRIEN: He had so much privilege, yet he betrayed the Party despite all that the Party gave him. He had his own apartment with a kitchen and running water.

CON W: I have a job and a free ticket on the underground to get to work, ten days a week. I work in a modern skyscraper at the Ministry of Truth. I am a Truth Editor.

(WINSTON enters his office. A Telescreen stage centre, a clerk is stacking papers stage right.)

The Ministry of Truth -

WINSTON: Good morning, Comrades.

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 comes your work quota for today. (A large pile of newspapers are placed onto Winston's desk)

WINSTON: The elevator was broken. (Sighs as he takes the heavy pile of newspapers) 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, getting his scissors out of his bag.) 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.

(Interlude of typing with lighting change in state)

PARSONS: 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: Double 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 chocolate 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: 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.

TELESCREEN (Radio Mic): Well done team!

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).

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

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

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

SFX - Memory Suck - ELLEN

GERTRUDE: (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. I like to keep them. (Sniffs one)

GERTRUDE: 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...

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

PARSONS: Victory! The future is Victory.

WINSTON: I was rather hoping the future was lunch!

(PARSONS & GERTRUDE laugh and then freeze)

O'BRIEN: Look how he was using irony and sarcasm. Pretending to be funny in order to undermine his fellow workers. Double deep thought crime!

(PARSONS and Woman unfreeze. Back to replaying the scene)

WINSTON: I was rather hoping the future was lunch!

GERTRUDE: hah ha.

PARSONS: How funny! I am dying for a drink.

GERTRUDE: Count your lucky stars you work at the Ministry of Truth.

PARSONS: Free food and no worries!

ALL: Thank you Big Brother.

WINSTON: Oh you dropped a chocolate wrapper, Parsons. 30 grams? Where did you get that? The old bars were 20 grams!

PARSONS: (Panic) It must have been slipped in my pocket by a spy. 30 grams? It's a forgery! A patent forgery!

SFX - Memory Suck - ELLEN

WINSTON: Everyone knows the old bars were 20 grams. I wrote in tomorrow's newspaper.

GERTRUDE: I remember that! And there's a rumour they're increasing the ration to 25 grams!

PARSONS: Double plus good!

WINSTON: Then we are all agreed.

PARSONS and GERTRUDE: All agreed.

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 tries not to laugh but can't help himself)

GERTRUDE: Was that a joke?

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

O'BRIEN: Feed us Big Brother!

SFX - We Are Oceania Song.

Transition into the canteen

Scene 5 – Ministry of Truth Canteen

WINSTON: 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. It's almost 13:50.

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.) Joke. (Parsons realises) Ration coupon, Parsons. (PARSONS hands it over)

COOK: 13:50. Victory Gin Time.

(Winston collects their gin, on his return subtly pours some of Parson's gin into his own glass)

WINSTON: Here you go Comrade.

PARSONS: Has the gin ration been dropped ...

WINSTON: Surely not ...

PARSONS: I mean changed ... I mean increased.

WINSTON: To the increased Gin Ration ... Cheers.

(motive of drinking gin - difficult to start then a slow exhale)

JULIA: Just Say No!

(Characters on stage freeze with lighting shift)

O'BRIEN: That was the day he first noticed the traitor woman. She was sitting with her comrades in the Anti-Sex League. It was an old trick of the Resistance, to seem passionately orthodox while working as a counter-revolutionary. That someone so obsessed with sex could pretend to hate sex for so long and so loudly!

(Return to scene - characters unfreeze)

JULIA: Just Say No! You see 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. Sex is orgasm. But they have to, for the sake of the Party! To make new Party members!

MAVIS: But for women enjoying sex is 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 women to stop enjoying sex. It's hard work, sisters!

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

JULIA: Order of Labour... second class.

MAVIS: Did you get anything for it?

JULIA: We are not supposed to say.

Mavis: Oh sorry, Comrade.

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

MAVIS: 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 women! We must breed but no personal bonds, no kissing; drive the yuck out of procreation! It's unhygienic, it spreads diseases...

MAVIS: And craziness!

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

MAVIS: (as if suddenly struck by a thought, a little reluctant) So no kissing or...?

(she looks about her, self-consciously)

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

MAVIS: I do, I do, I do!

JULIA: In a generation no one will even know what it means to enjoy sex. How absurd, anyway. (seriously) Like monkeys!

MAVIS: Or steam engines ooh ooh!

JULIA: Yes, sister! Yes!

WINSTON: (Who was eavesdropping – then sarcastically remarks). I admire your conviction, Comrade.

JULIA: Thank you, Comrade. (Sits down)

MAVIS: Who was that?

JULIA: Someone from the Ministry of Truth.

MAVIS: Oooo.

JULIA: Mavis!

(Freeze with lighting shift)

CON W: (Inner Voice) I hated her at that moment. But I recognised in that hatred something electric.

(Unfreeze with lighting shift)

JULIA: Someone from the Ministry of Truth

MAVIS: Ooooo

JULIA: Mavis!

PARSONS: What are you up to Smith?

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

PARSONS: Fascinating, I should think.

WINSTON: Do you, think, Parsons? 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: Yes ...

PARSONS: (in panic) Big Brother!

SFX - TANNON: "Two Minutes Hate! Two Minutes Hate!" -

Transition to Prisoner

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

WINSTON: Yes, sir.... I mean, Comrade... (starts coughing) Comrade?

O'BRIEN: Comrade O'Brien. (Parsons rushes in.)

PARSONS: Winston! Oh Inner Party Member ... Victory!

WINSTON: Excuse him (continues coughing)

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.

SFX - TANNON: To your seats for Hate Speech! To your seats for Hate Speech! -

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

O'BRIEN: There are more important matters such as 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 almost all the Ms.... Murder, Miracle ... Mother ... and so on.

SFX - Siren on MEGAPHONE - Two Minutes Hate -

O'BRIEN: Oh you had better go. Winston, we will meet in a place where there is no darkness.

SFX - TWO MINUTE HATE recorded chant

Transition into Prisoner

Scene 6 – Execution

(A prisoner is dragged into a public place)

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

JULIA: Lies, lies!

ALL: Lies, Lies! (the crowd repeat and cheer throughout)

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!

ALL: Double double untrue! Double double untrue!

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

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

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

PRISONER: I was seduced by Goldstein's words. I returned to Oceania from the Malabar Front. 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.

JULIA: Death to the traitor!

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

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

ALL: No. No. No no no! No. No. No no no! No. No. No no no!

PRISONER: Please..

GUARD: Fire

SFX - Machine Gun Fire -

O'BRIEN: 25 bullets and her family will pay for every single one. (notices Winston looking away) See him looking away. It was an act of rebellion.

CON W: I think I am safe in this crowd. (WINSTON sees JULIA looking at him.) A crowd so full of hate. That none of you could imagine that I ... am not.

O'BRIEN: How magnificent is this Hate! IngSoc Double Double Power Slogans.

SFX - War is Peace - Gregorian Chant -

(Movement sequence - Soviet Statue and then to the front before being shot)

Song: War is Peace

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

WINSTON: I am alone. I am utterly alone.

Transition back into Apartment

Scene 7 – Winston’s apartment

WINSTON: April 5th 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. 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. (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.

TELESCREEN: A smooth Victory Cigarette! Everything is wonderful.

(Both the telescreen & Winston smoke - although Winston starts to cough up his lung whilst the telescreen is happy)

Scene 8 - A Journey to the Proletarian area of London

SFX - Proletarian Sector - London Rain -

O’BRIEN: One of the things that disgusts me most about Winston Smith is that he lies to himself as easily as I lie to the Party. See him now descending these seven flights of stairs to the street and heading to the forbidden zone of the Proletarians, the den of the working poor.

(Winston leaves his stairs and puts up an umbrella)

WINSTON: I keep to the shadows, with a quick look behind me to see if I am followed. Along the 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. 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 illegal luxuries. It's not a serious crime. The Party turns a blind eye. While thought crime is always punished ..

TRADERS: (behind screen) We know what you want! Soft Toilet Paper. Unused Tea bags. Instant coffee. Nylon Stockings. Real Scotch Whiskey. Sharp Razor Blades. Go on!! Soft Toilet Paper. Nylon Stockings. Unused Tea Bags. Real Scotch Whiskey. Instant Coffee. Sharp Razor Blades. We know you want it!

WINSTON: I want all these things.

O'BRIEN: Liar.

CON W: I want Sex.

O'BRIEN: Sex without procreation, sex with joy is always a crime.

WINSTON: I just wanted to buy a sharp blade or.. (Hair and a hand appears from behind the flat) Or? I just want to buy – you know

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 Tuberculosis. You'd not want to kiss 'im, do you?

WINSTON: Four dollars then. If you are not naked.

PROSTITUTE: Five! I am naked.

WINSTON: Very well.

(They go behind the bars now covered in hessian.

The sound grows, then cuts out. WINSTON angrily re appears)

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 screw you!

WINSTON: You disgust me. I disgust myself.

SFX - Huge Explosion, Screams, Sirens fade out -

(Huge explosion – screams, sirens – Winston throws himself to the floor. The PROSTITUTE is killed by the blast.)

O'BRIEN: A bomb had landed. The enemy in Eurasia had fired at innocent civilians. That row of old brick houses further down the street have been completely demolished by the blast. At that moment he should have turned back. Reported this atrocity to the Ministry of Truth as proof of the barbarity of our enemies. But he did not.

PROL YOUTH: (To WINSTON.) Ah, you're alive?

WINSTON: What are you doing?

PROL YOUTH: Selling razors blades.

WINSTON: What on earth are you talking about? ... That woman, is she dead?

PROL YOUTH: It's a rocket bomb. Sucks the air out of the lungs, see. People get killed. (Kicks the prostitute foot) Like every day. She's got a decent coat on, eh? Very nice. Your mother was she? (Winston shakes his head) I think I'll strip her down if you don't mind? Here, give me a hand and I'll give you a blade for nothing!

WINSTON: No, that's not...I can't –

PROL YOUTH: Suit yourself! Snob!

WINSTON: Stop that! Leave her alone!

(Prol youth drags body away.)

WINSTON: I run in shock through the streets. Not knowing where to turn. Not knowing where to go. Until I can see the shop. The shop I remembered. The shop of beautiful things.

Scene 9 – The Antique Shop

WINSTON: 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 notebook? Such fine quality paper! They simply don't make that quality any longer. O, and the pen and the ink! Do you use them to write?

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

member you understand.

CHAR: 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.

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

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

CHAR: 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...

CHAR: Je ne sais quoi?

WINSTON: (Quickly.) What's this?

CHAR: 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 truly beautiful ... (he holds it up to the light) ...what's a coral?

CHAR: 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.

VOICE: Newsflash: The Oceanian Air Force has destroyed a huge Eurasian fuel dump in Southern Malabar. Huge numbers of enemy soldiers and vast amounts of equipment are burning!! And now back to your work.

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

CHAR: 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?

CHAR: Of course, follow me.

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

(clock ticks)

CHAR: We lived here till my wife died. I'm selling the furniture off little by little, you know.... Now that's a lovely 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 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?

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? (Notices Julia outside the window) 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....

CHAR: (Whispers) Use the far exit, sir. Just walk straight by, pretend you never even saw her. (Loud) Pleasure to be of assistance, Comrade.

(WINSTON leaves the shop through another route. Julia, she falls, cries out.

Winston falters. Freezes. Turns to look.)

WINSTON: Terribly sorry, Comrade.

JULIA: It was nothing, comrade. (passes note) Long Live 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.

SFX Julia's voice: - I love you – (repeated).

O'BRIEN enters handing Winston his diary

WINSTON: I love you. I covered a whole page in 'I love you' then turned the leaf to write. Now, only now, at last, do I wish to stay alive. Julia does not appear again for days. I was thrown into confusion by a romantic fantasy, as if love actually existed, when I knew that at best it was banned or at worst it was doomed.

Transition into canteen.

WINSTON: Then suddenly on the third day Julia is in the Ministry of Truth canteen. We both know not to exchange looks, such an act would be suicidal. (Winston and Julia and Parsons all have trays, the queue for food – Winston separated from Julia by Parson. O'Brien appears.)

Scene 10 - Canteen

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

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

O'BRIEN: Of course, of course. 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 editing with the truth.

WINSTON: The truth. (Winston collapses with lighting shift)

PARSONS: Are you alright, old chap?

JULIA: Overwork, of course.

PARSONS: You should eat more and smoke less, dear fellow.

JULIA: (To Parsons whilst helping Winston up) Then go get him some pudding!

Extra saccharine!

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

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. 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! Extra Saccharine!! (Winston starts to retch)

Transition - Steam train created from canteen

Transition - Into Forest

Scene 11 - Nature

WINSTON: 15.00 came and went. Maybe Julia is an informer, an agent of the thought police, and I will be arrested having fallen for the most banal of honey traps. Without even tasting the honey. Should I run back to the station? Get back to London? Or should I hide and kill her? Smash her head in with this rock? Smash her face into a bloody bloody bloody pulp (As Winston is miming smashing Julia's head in. Julia enters behind him and startles him. Julia kisses him.)

WINSTON: Now I know the colour of your eyes.

Julia and Winston go behind the flat – music.

WINSTON: How you can bear to look at me.

JULIA: Very easily.

WINSTON: I'm thirty-nine years old. I've got varicose veins and five false teeth. And I smoke so much that I cough up blood each morning.

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

WINSTON: What is your name?

JULIA: Julia. I know yours, it's Winston.

WINSTON: I think I am supposed to smoke a cigarette now, but I would rather inhale you.

JULIA: Tell me, what did you think of me before that day I gave you the note?

WINSTON: I hated the sight of you, suspected you were a spy for the Thought Police. I wanted to force my cigarette stained tongue into your mouth and 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. I have my ways. No one guesses who I really am. I play Socialist - perfect.

WINSTON: Then, what could you see in a man like me?

JULIA: I thought I'd take a chance. As soon as I saw you I knew you were against THEM. And their stupid sexless party. They are frightened of sex because it's too much fun, too individual. Too wonderful. You know that, don't you?

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'.

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 want everyone to be corrupt.

JULIA: I am 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 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.) Careful. Stay within the shadow of the trees.

(WINSTON takes a steps forward, entranced by the water.)

WINSTON: It's the Golden Country – almost?

JULIA: The Golden Country?

WINSTON: A landscape from my dreams. (pause birdsong) Listen, a blackbird.

WINSTON and JULIA: I love you.

O'BRIEN: To her, "I love you" was nothing more than a political slogan. A way to get back at the Party.

Scene 12 – The Pornsoc office

CON W: Julia works in the Pornosec department of the Ministry of Truth, operating the visual-novel writing machines, making automatic erotic material following patterns fixed by Party Controllers to keep the less-educated masses happy with their miserable lives.

(JULIA is working with a headset, MAVIS is frantically operating a typewriter while tubes are attached to a sort of "steampunk" screen and machine. JULIA calls the TELESCREEN, who is listening intently. Doctor was standing behind the telescreen)

JULIA: Are you there Comrade? Can you hear me. 5. 4. 3. 2. 1. Go. ... Add Spanking meme, yes that's the girl's school setting plus the spanking and add old man in raincoat -- 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!! This is going to be hot! Add the music, please, comrade, yes ... bouncy rhythms... can I have some panting over that, comrade? That's too much. You know the rules. No female pleasure – be careful. And fuzz out the stickiness... it doesn't need to be that realistic! Love it. Marvellous. Double plus double double good.

MAVIS: Double Double Good.

JULIA: And cut! Mavis ... (Enter Torturer. Handing over the disc to the Torturer) Print. The discs are ready to go. Just think tomorrow Comrade, thousands of copies of our work, out there, in the Proletarian districts.

MAVIS: Bringing a little sunshine to their hard lives

ALL: Love Live Big Brother!

JULIA: Lunch?

Transition into Canteen

SFX - We are Oceania sung.

Scene 13 - Canteen

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 in prison with 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!

COOK: 13:30

(Winston is away with his plate.)

JULIA: I love you. (Julia hits his plate to the floor and they begin clearing up)

WINSTON: I love you too.

JULIA: I can't stand this, where can we meet? I'm going to die if I can't be with you. Properly. Naked.

WINSTON: I have a solution, a plan. Meet me at this address in two days time.

At 21.00.

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

WINSTON: There is no telescreen at that place.

JULIA: What?

WINSTON: (loud) Thank you Comrade Sister. (Panic sets in) I say give Parsons my gin ration today. He's celebrating. His son won an informer's medal. At six years old! What a future he has! (cheers) To informers!

ALL: Informers. Cheers. (Winston does cheers with a ketchup bottle)

O'BRIEN: I am very pleased to have this chance, opportunity to speak to you in the fresh air. Shall we step outside away from the... (O'Brien waves his hand airily.)

Transition into Charrington's Shop

WINSTON: Really? Yes of course, Comrade O'Brien.

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: (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! You me secret top?

WINSTON: Double hush hush good. (Winston gestures)

O'BRIEN: I say, Taxi!

SFX - Oranges & Lemons Bells

Scene 15 - Shop

(Winston knocks on the side of the prison bars to indicate a door)

CHAR: We're closed. I said we're closed. Alright I'm coming.

WINSTON: Mr Charrington. Mr Charrington.

CHAR: Who is it?

WINSTON: It's the Comrade who bought the diary and pen.

CHAR: I knew you'd come back.

WINSTON: It's about the /

CHAR: the room, at the back of the shop?

WINSTON: Yes

CHAR: Come in, come in! Out of the cold! Delighted to see you again Sir.

SFX - Physical Bell Rung Offstage - BRUNO

SFX - Tiktok Bedroom - BRUNO

(Winston & Charrington walk into the back room - and it is created on stage)

CHAR: The room's still available. Two dollars a week?

WINSTON: Thank you.

CHAR: Gentleman's agreement. If the shop's closed don't worry this window leads to a fire escape. You can pop in and out through the yard. There's a washerwoman works down there but don't worry about her. She's quite a

character. Doesn't mind strangers.

WINSTON: It will be very useful to have somewhere quiet to work on the latest Newspeak Dictionary ...

CHAR: Oh

WINSTON: highly confidential.

CHAR: I suppose we do need new words. But frankly I like the old ones best.

(Sings) Orange and Lemons Sing the Bells of Saint Clemens. (Pause)

(WINSTON lets JULIA through the window. Julia is surprised)

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. (Shrugs.) Maybe they/

JULIA: We are wasting precious time.

WINSTON: (Starting to undress) I love you.

JULIA: Words are shit. Show me. (She flings her arms round his neck and kisses him. Winston withdraws from Julia.)

JULIA: What?

WINSTON: O'Brien asked me to visit him.

JULIA: What? Who?

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

JULIA: Impossible! He's Inner Party.

WINSTON: I would never lie to you.

JULIA: How boring you are!

WINSTON: Be serious.

JULIA: Must I? Fine. 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 invented by the Party. How could anyone really resist? The only resistance is in here. Or maybe down there.

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 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, Big Brother. 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. 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 luxurious apartment. Besides, I think being killed together is rather erotic.

SFX - Machine Gun

Transition into O'Brien's apartment – Bach music.

Scene 16 - O'Brien's Apartment

O'BRIEN: (Into the Intercom) Send them down. (Julia and Winston, struck dumb, look silently into the room from the lift.)

TELESCREEN: Tractor production. Steel production has tripled in the last quarter, well ahead of our five year plan. And /

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

WINSTON: You can switch it off?

O'BRIEN: Yes, of course, we can turn off the screen. The Inner Party have the privilege of switching off that idiotic device for at least an hour a day. (Pause for their shock). Welcome, welcome ... Some wine?

WINSTON & JULIA: (confused and startled) Yes.

O'BRIEN: Barbera D'Asti? (Winston and Julia appear confused - handing over wine glasses) We have a great deal to celebrate. 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.

O'BRIEN: I think it is fitting that we should begin by making a toast. To our Leader: To Emmanuel Goldstein. (Amazed, they lift their glasses).

WINSTON: To Our leader

ALL: Emmanuel Goldstein. (They drink.)

O'BRIEN: Good? (JULIA and WINSTON nod, nervously.) Not too dry? (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 resistance? 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 are prepared to separate and never see one another again?

JULIA: No!

(Beat)

WINSTON: No

O'BRIEN: You did well to tell me, we must know everything. 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. You understand, that you will be fighting in the dark. Your acts of resistance will have few or no results. You will work for a while, you will be caught, confess, then die. That is certain. 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!

WINSTON: This is the Golden Country. And you are the Golden God.

SFX - - TANNY: Take cover, take cover. We are at war! The Air forces of Eastasia are upon us. Take Cover! –

Bombs explode.

O'BRIEN: 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.

O'BRIEN: It's all lies. Now run, run! We need you alive!

WINSTON: Here! Down here!

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

JULIA: I think these bombs are our own. It's our own air force bombing us!

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.

JULIA: Read it to me.

TANNOY: Chapter Four: War. Oceania. Eurasia. East Asia. They are not at war. They do not exist. There is only one country. And it is at war with its own citizens.

WINSTON: Julia, Julia – are you asleep?

JULIA: Your voice is like liquid. It washes all this away.

Scene 17 - Finale

Transition into Charrington Back Bedroom

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).

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.

WASHERWOMAN: Look at you love birds, eh!

WINSTON: Is she dangerous?

JULIA: (Panic sets in) 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 is bootiful and so is you two lovebirds bootiful.

WINSTON: And you, you are beautiful too.

WASHERWOMAN: Oh Lord a mercy no one told me that for twenty years! You watch you don't make your young lady jealous!

JULIA: I am jealous, jealous of you for being so happy!

WASHERWOMAN: It's a rotten world, ain't it? All that (makes V gesture) nonsense and spyin' an' hatin' - but you gotta smile for the sake of the kids, eh? Well I can't stand about chattin' it's wash day! Tarra lovebirds!

WINSTON: She's like my mother. They can't get at her (Starts to cry) I saw rats, rats on my mother's face after she died.

JULIA: Think of her face before that, full of love. Like mine.

WINSTON: 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, we get 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).

SFX - BRUNO ON MICROPHONE - VOICE (TANNOY): You are the dead. Always we see everything. Do not speak. Put your hands behind your back. Do not touch one another. Big Brother is Watching You.

(CHARRINGTON enters with a gun in hand singing Oranges & Lemons. He has a party armband and carries a machine gun. He hits the Washerwoman).

WINSTON: Mr Charrington, is that you?

CHARRINGTON: Charrington, Second Officer, Thought Police.

O'BRIEN: O'Brien. First Officer, Thought Police.

JULIA: But I thought you were part of the Resistance.

O'BRIEN & CHAR: There is no Resistance!

(Two guards enters and place hoods over Julia's & Winston's head - they move down stage)

SFX - Punk Oranges & Lemons

CHARRINGTON: (Sings)

Oranges and Lemons

Say the bells of St. Clement's

When will you pay me?

Say the bells of Old Bailey

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

SFX - Torture Sequence - Winston Re-entering Ministry of Love

O'BRIEN: Welcome to the Ministry of Love.

(The opening torture sequence is repeated)

O'BRIEN: Two plus two equals what?

WINSTON: Four.

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O'BRIEN: Wrong

SFX - Waterboarding

(Winston is waterboarded)

WINSTON: Tell me. 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!

(Winston is waterboarded)

O'BRIEN: 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, Six, Nine, Seven, Four.

O'BRIEN: This is useless. (Signals to guard) Room 101.

SFX - Rats scream

Guard exits to get a syringe

O'BRIEN: You see Winston, killing you would be too easy. What is difficult is to 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. (Winston cannot speak, he whimpers but is listening). In Room 101 terror will save your life. (Guard enters with a plastic bag and places it over Winston's head to suffocate him) True terror removes all resistance, all thoughtcrime. 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.

JULIA: Rats. Rats. Rats. He told me his worst fear, he said, he said... Rats.

(Guard enters with bag of rats and taunts Winston with them)

O'BRIEN: The rats are here now. Listen, they are hungry for you Winston. They want to eat your eyes. Shall we release the rats onto your face?

WINSTON: No, no, no! Spare me the rats, spare me the rats!

(Guard puts rats on his face then takes them off)

O'BRIEN: So what shall we do with the rats?

WINSTON: Julia. Set the rats on Julia's face. Do it to her. Set the rats on Julia's face. Do it to Julia!

SFX - Rats

(Guard takes bag of rats to Julia and exit stage left)

O'BRIEN: Well done. I have taken you out of the darkness and into the light as I promised.

Reprise of I Love You Big Brother - Acapella

Transition into Ministry of Truth Canteen

O'BRIEN: Time to go back to work. Back to the Ministry of Truth.

PARSONS: Winston Smith!

Applause on stage

PARSONS: Hero of Truth! Second Class. Victory Gin!

MAVIS: You deserve it. Our Hero.

PARSONS: Cheers! To Winston Smith!

ALL: Cheers.

SFX - Bittersweet Symphony music

O'BRIEN: Right, now, you may meet Julia. Go outside, where there are no telescreens and nobody will be watching. There you will find her. Goodbye, Winston, we have met in a place where there is no darkness.

Transition into Forest

(Julia approaches him from behind, from upstage. She touches him on the shoulder. This time he does not react with fear, but turns slowly around, numbly. They stand looking at each other.)

JULIA: Winston...

WINSTON: Julia

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 has happened, after all that we have learnt ... 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.

O'BRIEN: The End.

(Cast form in a line for bow. Only O'Brien bows. The rest do the Big Brother salute.)

THE END

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tnttheatre1@gmail.com

tnttheatre.com

Music Christian Auer.

Producer Grantly Marshall ADGE