

SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE, *Scene One:* London. The Ministry of Truth, Morning.

Scene Two: Winston's apartment. Months later.

ACT TWO, *Scene One:* A rented room. A week later.

Scene Two: O'Brien's apartment. Weeks later.

Scene Three: The rented room. Weeks later.

ACT THREE, *Scene One:* A cell in the Ministry of Love. Immediately following.

Scene Two: The Ministry of Love, Room #101. Months later.

Scene Three: The Chestnut Tree Café. Year later.

ACT ONE

Scene One

BEFORE RISE OF CURTAIN: *The loudspeaker voice is heard. The voice should be strident and disagreeable.]*

LOUDSPEAKER. Comrades of Oceania. Attention. Attention to news: A dispatch has this moment arrived from the Malabar Front. Our forces in South India have won a glorious victory. Thousands of the enemy have been annihilated.

SCENE: *The office in the Ministry of Truth. Morning. Four card tables utilized as desks are lined in formal order across the stage from L to R in front of a gray curtain backdrop. The tables (or desks) are squared off to face the audience directly. Each desk has a chair behind it and, if possible, they should each have identical wastebaskets and in-and-out wire trays. The entrance to this office from the outside is D R; other parts of the building are offstage D L. U C, hanging on the wall, is a large poster of BIG BROTHER. BIG BROTHER has black hair, piercing black eyes, and a large black mustache. The picture is so designed that the eyes seem to follow one about. A legend across the bottom of the poster reads: "BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU." This poster is the so-called "telescreen" which appears in each scene of the play. The poster should remain in the same U C position throughout the production. All announcements to the citizens of Oceania are made through a loudspeaker behind this poster and it is through this telescreen/poster that the citizens of Oceania are constantly watched by the Thought Police, though from our side of the telescreen we can only see the everpresent face of BIG BROTHER as portrayed on the poster. Throughout the play, whenever the loudspeaker behind the poster is used, a spotlight focused on the poster should be turned on full. As other*

times, the spotlight should be dimmed out. Hang in other appropriate places about the room are three party slogans: "WAR IS PEACE," "FREEDOM IS SLAVERY," and "IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH."]

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: SYME is seated at the desk far L. SYME is a pale, timid, scholarly person, beset and self-effacing in manner, preferably wearing large horn-rimmed glasses as a sort of mask, and played by either a man or woman. A huge dictionary is open on the desk and is referred to constantly as SYME works with a stack of papers, seemingly paying no attention to the loudspeaker voice, which continues to drone away. The spotlight is focused on the poster.]

LOUDSPEAKER. The action we are now reporting may well bring the war within measurable distance of its glorious end. All Hail Big Brother!

[The brassy sounds of trumpets blare from the telescreen. The spotlight winks out. PARSONS enters D R. She is a jovial, stupid, and unpleasant-looking woman approaching middle age. She goes directly to her desk at L C.]

PARSONS [to SYME]. Good morning, comrade! SYME [looking up absently]. Uh-oh . . . yes, Comrade Parsons. Good morning.

PARSONS. And how is the news this morning?

SYME. The usual. Another victory for our army in India.

PARSONS. Then the war should be over soon. That's good. Very good. It's dragged on long enough now. . . .

[The spotlight snaps on and trumpets blare from the telescreen/poster. PARSONS jumps and half turns toward the screen. SYME looks up, blinking nervously. From behind the telescreen/poster we hear a voice on a loudspeaker.]

LOUDSPEAKER. Attention, comrades! This morning three spies

confessed to being members of the Goldstein Brotherhood of Traitors. This afternoon at 1700 hours they will be hanged in Victory Square. All Party members are invited to attend. [Trumpets sound again. PARSONS sighs and seats herself slowly at her desk. SYME returns to work with a grunt.] Here is more glorious news! We have won the battle for production. The Ministry of Plenty has announced the overproduction of shoes by 483,961,202 pairs for the second half of the Sixth Third-Year Plan.

[WINSTON SMITH enters D R as the loudspeaker voice is telling of the shoes. He pauses and looks down at his own shabby shoes but quickly recovers and goes to his desk at R C. WINSTON is an intelligent young man, who manages to look just a bit neater than the others although he, too, wears the blue coveralls of the Party. He carries an old black brief case. As the loudspeaker voice continues, WINSTON sits at his desk and takes from his brief case a battered edition of The Newspeak Dictionary. He very methodically arranges a row of pencil stubs on his desk and puts on a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles. The loudspeaker continues.]

LOUDSPEAKER. Our standard of living has risen twenty per cent over the past year. All over Oceania workers are parading through the streets with banners voicing their gratitude to Big Brother for the new, happy life which his wise leadership has bestowed upon us. All Hail Big Brother! All Love Big Brother! [Trumpets blare again and the loudspeaker voice goes silent. Spotlight dims out.]

PARSONS [to WINSTON]. A little late this morning, aren't you, comrade?

WINSTON [nervously]. They haven't brought this morning's work around yet.

PARSONS. You missed the morning newscast. I should report you.

WINSTON [quickly, to change the subject]. What is the news, Parsons?

PARSONS [*glancing guiltily at SYME, who is busy with the huge dictionary and pays no attention*]. As I was coming in, they were announcing still another victory. I'm not sure just where . . .

WINSTON [*disgusted*]. So, you were late, too.

PARSONS [*glancing over her shoulder at the telescreen*]. Of course, I was here. I heard the news—all of it. I . . .

[*A MESSENGER, a teen-age girl, enters D. L. SYME is carrying an armful of manila folders stuffed with papers. She goes to each desk in turn.*]

MESSENGER. Good morning, comrades. Big Brother has plenty for you to do today. [*To SYME.*] Comrade SYME, this is for you. [*She hands over a folder jammed with papers.*] You are told to have it translated into Newspeak no later than 1230 hours. [*SYME takes it silently and goes right to work on it. The girl turns to PARSONS.*] Comrade Parsons—nothing for you.

PARSONS [*astonished*]. Nothing? I don't understand.

MESSENGER [*shrugging insolently*]. You are ordered to report to the Bureau of Hate. You have been reassigned.

PARSONS. Reassigned? But, why?

MESSENGER [*teasing, but not nicely*]. Ignorance is strength, comrade. Don't ask me why—ask the Thought Police. [*PARSONS shudders.*] Have you been making mistakes? Have you been indulging in crimethink?

PARSONS. No, certainly not. That's a terrible suggestion. . . . Hum. The Bureau of Hate. It must be a promotion. [*To WINSTON.*] That's it, isn't it, Smith? I'm being promoted? WINSTON. I wouldn't know.

PARSONS [*mumbling to herself*]. They wouldn't reassign someone who'd failed them. . . . There isn't a more devoted party member than I in all of London.

MESSENGER [*to PARSONS*]. Just be there by 0930. They'll be expecting you. [*To WINSTON, handing him a folder of papers.*] And this is for you, Comrade Smith. A whole month's work of malreports from the *Times*.

WINSTON. Thank you. [*As the MESSENGER turns to leave, he stops her.*] Wait! What about Withers? You forgot him.

MESSENGER [*turning back, blankly*]. Withers? I have nothing here for any Withers.

WINSTON [*pointing to desk at far R.*]. This desk right here. The man who's been working with us—next to me—Withers.

MESSENGER [*shortly*]. There's no such name on my route list.

[*Turns.*] Good morning, comrades. [*She exits D. L. WINSTON and PARSONS stare at each other. SYME does not look up, nor pay any attention to any of this.*]

WINSTON [*slowly, to PARSONS, pointing toward desk at far R.*]. Did you know about . . . about this, Parsons?

PARSONS. Yes.

WINSTON. But what . . . PARSONS. Let's not talk about it. He's not here. That's all we need to know.

WINSTON. Then he was . . .

PARSONS. Yes.

[*The spotlight snaps on and there is another blast of trumpets from the loudspeaker.*]

LOUDSPEAKER. Attention. . . . Attention, all comrades under the age of sixty. Calisthenics! Out of your seats and on to your feet. Calisthenics! [*WINSTON, PARSONS and SYME immediately go to the center of the room and face the telescreen.*] Good morning, comrades. First, we'll do our deep-breathing exercises. Hands raised slowly over your head as you inhale. Lower them slowly as you exhale. Now, by the numbers. [*WINSTON, PARSONS and SYME follow the directions of the voice. PARSONS works hard at her exercises, demonstrating that she is a good Party member. SYME goes through them completely mechanically, not caring or thinking about what is being done. WINSTON does them gaudily, bating and resenting both the fact and the idea of public exercises.*] One—two. One—two. Keep it up. One—two. One—two. One—two. One—two. Keep it up. One—two. One—two. There, doesn't that make you feel better? One—two. One—

two. Oh, it's good to breathe the fine, clean air of Oceania. One—two. Don't—stop. One—two. Not like the old days, is it, comrades? Before the Revolution children went to work in factories . . . men died of tuberculosis before they were thirty. Keep it up, comrades. One—two. One—two. All rest! [WINSTON, PARSONS and SYME stand wearily in their places.] Our exercise period is to be cut short this morning. We have to be ready for the Two Minutes Hate. All ready? Last exercise! Hands on hips! Touch your toes with your fingertips and don't bend those knees. All ready? One—two. One—two. Down—up. [WINSTON is unable to come close to his toes. He is barely able to get his hands much below his knees. PARSONS and SYME do only a little bit better, but they are trying.] Down—up. Don't bend those knees. One—two. One—two. You, Smith! Number 6079. Comrade Winston Smith! [WINSTON comes to shaking attention.] You can do better than that. Your hands are barely reaching your knees. [The others turn their heads and verify the truth of this.] You're not trying. Now: for Oceania—for Big Brother, Smith. Make the effort. One—two. Let's see you do it. [WINSTON bends, and with a valiant effort just manages to touch his toes. He almost falls when he straightens back up.] One—two. That's better. All rest! That will be all for this morning. Back to your work. See you tomorrow. [The spotlight snaps off and the loudspeaker goes silent. WINSTON moves toward his desk and almost collapses before he can reach it. He slumps on the corner of it, fighting off a dizzy spell.]

SYME. Are you all right?

WINSTON. Of course, I'm all right.

PARSONS. You look pale.

WINSTON. I'm naturally pale.

SYME. I just thought . . .

WINSTON. Well, don't. [He pulls himself together and walks around to sit behind his desk.] It's time to get back to work. [PARSONS and SYME move away toward their own desks.]

[Another teen-age GIRL enters D. L. She is dressed the same as

the messenger. This girl is pushing a coffee cart before her.]

COFFEE VENDOR. Victory Coffee. Victory Coffee, comrades. [WINSTON groans slightly as he gets up and goes toward her.] Big Brother's compliments, and it's time for your morning stimulation. Get your coffee, comrades, and praise the bounty of Big Brother. [She continues to prattle on as she serves coffee to WINSTON, PARSONS and SYME in turn as they come to her.] Have you heard about the Two Minutes Hate this morning? I'm told it's something special. Something plusgood. Doubleplusgood.

WINSTON. It's always something special.

COFFEE VENDOR. We need something special. It keeps us interested in the war.

PARSONS. That's right, Smith. We who don't have the privilege of fighting on the front lines must fight the best we can here at home.

WINSTON [wearily, to the COFFEE VENDOR]. What is the hate today?

COFFEE VENDOR [confidentially]. I hear it's going to be Goldstein himself. Isn't that exciting?

WINSTON [moving away, back to his desk]. Doubleplus exciting.

COFFEE VENDOR. I can hardly wait. . . . Well, drink up. [She turns cart around and starts for exit.] Next coffee period at 1100 hours, comrades. Get your refills then. [She exits D. L.]

SYME [sipping coffee, grimacing]. This stuff gets worse every day. I can hardly drink it.

PARSONS. That verges on cimethead, comrade. Really, it's quite good. [She gulps her coffee down as though she relishes drinking it.] I always feel much better after my Victory Coffee. Calmer, you know. . . . And—and more at ease about things.

SYME [looking morosely into cup]. I wonder what they put in this stuff? [Calls over to WINSTON.] Uh-ah, I say, Smith—do you know what they put in our coffee?

WINSTON [looking up, carefully placing his coffee on the far

corner of his desk; he hasn't touched it]. I really wouldn't know. I never drink it, anyway.

SYME [*sipping again*]. Whatever it is, I'm sure it isn't coffee.

PARSONS [*officiously*]. You're finding fault with Big Brother. That's crimethink. I had better report you to the Thought Police.

[*She is interrupted as two black-uniformed GUARDS appear in the entrance D. L. They take positions at either side of the doorway, flanking it. Both have heavy revolvers at their waists.*]

FIRST GUARD [*shouting*]. Attention. Attention for a member of the Inner Party!

[WINSTON, PARSONS and SYME jump to attention behind their desks as O'BRIEN and JULIA appear in the entrance D. L. O'BRIEN wears the black coveralls of the Inner Party. He is coarse, humorous, brutal. JULIA is a small, beautiful young woman.]

SECOND GUARD [*announcing*]. This is Comrade O'Brien!

[*Turns respectfully to O'BRIEN, then points at WINSTON.*]

He is Smith, sir. That one . . . number 6079.

O'BRIEN. Thank you. [*To FIRST GUARD.*] Turn the screen down.

FIRST GUARD. Do you mean to turn it off?

O'BRIEN. Of course not! Just turn the volume down!

FIRST GUARD. Yes, sir! [*Crosses to the telescreen and makes an adjustment in the knob below the telescreen.*]

O'BRIEN. I don't want any interruptions. [*The others, a little shocked, say nothing.*] It's all right if I turn the screen down. You must remember that although you cannot hear it and can only see the picture of Big Brother, it can still both hear and see you. Many thought criminals have been trapped by that. [*He advances toward WINSTON.*] Comrade Smith—I would like to talk to you.

WINSTON. Of course, Comrade O'Brien. I'll see that it doesn't

happen again, I wasn't very late . . . only a few seconds, really.

O'BRIEN [*brushing aside the excuses*]. Never mind that now. [*Significantly.*] There are more important things than lateness. [*He turns to PARSONS and SYME.*] I'd like to be alone with Comrade Smith. [*PARSONS and SYME exit D. L, silently and hurriedly. They sidle between the two guards as though afraid of being struck. JULIA still stands quietly just inside the door. O'BRIEN takes WINSTON by the arm and leads him aside D. R.*] Comrade Smith, I was reading one of your Newspeak articles in the *Times*. You take a scholarly interest in Newspeak?

WINSTON [*trying to recover his self-possession*]. I'm only an amateur. It's not my subject. Syme is the expert. I have never had anything to do with the actual construction of the language.

O'BRIEN. You're too modest, Smith. You write it very elegantly. That is not only my own opinion. I was talking recently to a friend of yours. . . . [*He glances at the empty desk at far R.*] His name has slipped my memory for the moment. But—no matter. [*He turns and beckons JULIA to come forward. She does, slowly.*] This is Comrade Julia. She is to take the place of—the vacant place next to you. [*WINSTON turns and looks at JULIA for the first time. He is visibly startled. O'BRIEN notices this, and speaks sharply.*] You know each other, Smith?

WINSTON. No, Comrade O'Brien! It's . . . I just didn't expect a woman.

O'BRIEN. She's young, but she's worked here in the Ministry of Truth for three years now—in the Friction Department. We of the Inner Party have watched her work closely. We believe she's capable of a more serious job.

WINSTON. Yes, of course, Comrade O'Brien.

O'BRIEN. Teach her. Answer her questions. You are fully capable of that, Smith. More so than you realize, perhaps.

WINSTON. Yes, Comrade O'Brien. Thank you, Comrade O'Brien.

O'BRIEN [*nodding to them shortly and turning abruptly*]. Good morning, comrades. [*The FIRST GUARD makes another adjustment to the telescreen, then, in company with the SECOND GUARD, falls in step behind O'BRIEN. All three exit silently*]. D. L. WINSTON is nervous and very worried. He turns to JULIA *hesitantly*.]

WINSTON [*indicating it*]. That will be your desk, comrade.

JULIA [*formally*]. Thank you, comrade.

WINSTON [*looking at her carefully*]. Why are you here, comrade?

JULIA. I . . . Comrade O'Brien told you.

WINSTON. I heard him. He said the Inner Party thinks you are capable.

JULIA [*smiling faintly*]. That must be why they reassigned me.

WINSTON. But why here? You're not suited for this job.

JULIA [*indignant*]. I'm a loyal Party member.

WINSTON. That's not what I mean. [*Slowly*]. I've . . . I've seen you before, comrade.

JULIA. And I've seen you. What of it? We both work in the same building.

WINSTON. But we don't *live* in the same building. I've seen you in the street outside my apartment. Why?

JULIA [*drawing herself up, speaking very formally*]. I'm not here to be cross-examined, comrade. I'm here to do a job.

WINSTON [*speaking with great effort to be correct*]. I beg your pardon. I'll be glad to answer any questions, comrade.

JULIA [*still formal*]. Thank you. [*She settles herself behind the desk. She doesn't quite know where to begin.*] Whose place am I taking?

WINSTON. Bob Withers'. [*Angrily*]. I mean, no one's place. You are taking no one's place.

JULIA [*innocently*]. Who used to work here?

WINSTON. No one, I tell you. An unperson. Don't you understand an unperson?

JULIA. Unperson? No, no I don't understand.

WINSTON. Aren't you familiar at all with Newspeak?

JULIA. A few words. Cinnethink, duckspeak, goodthink. Mini-

true, I know, means the Ministry of Truth. Proles means the workers, the proletarian—they aren't really human. Child-hero means a child who is a member of the children's Spies organization who has turned in one of his own family for thought-crime. But . . . but I've never heard of an unperson. WINSTON. I'll ask Comrade Syme, the expert, to explain Newspeak to you. In the meantime, here is a Newspeak dictionary. In it are all Oldspeak words—what we used to call Standard English—translated into Newspeak.

JULIA. But, an unperson?

WINSTON [*exasperated*]. An unperson is a person who's been vaporized—hanged—killed. He no longer exists.

JULIA. Oh! Vaporized. Of course . . . but, he did exist at one time.

WINSTON [*practically yelling*]. He never existed. That's your job here. [*He takes folded paper from the folder on his own desk*]. Look here! This message: "Times 17 slant 3 slant 82 Bob Withers malreported award rectify."

JULIA. What does that mean?

WINSTON. That in the March 17, 1982 edition of the *London Times*, Bob Withers was awarded the goodworker medal. So we choose the name of another worker in the Ministry of Truth on March 17, 1982. Any name. And send it to the *Times* with the correction.

JULIA. Then what happens?

WINSTON. That issue of the *Times* is re-run with the corrected name, and all old editions of that issue are destroyed. We toss this message in the incinerator . . . destroy it! Then—there is no record any place on earth that Bob Withers ever existed.

JULIA. But you know he existed.

WINSTON [*warily, certain she is trying to trap him into a speak-crime*]. I do not know he existed.

JULIA. But you just said . . .

WINSTON [*patiently*]. Comrade, you know the word double-think?

JULIA [*doubtfully*]. Yes. . . .

WINSTON. You must use doublethink. Every good loyal Party member is capable of doublethink. I'm capable. You must be capable.

JULIA. But why change the records?

WINSTON. You know the Party slogan: "Who controls the past — controls the future. Who controls the present controls the past."

JULIA. I didn't know it had a meaning. I thought it just didn't mean anything . . . like the other slogans: [*She points them out.*] War is Peace . . . Freedom is Slavery . . . Ignorance is Strength.

WINSTON. Of course it has a meaning. It's our job here in the Ministry of Truth to carry out that slogan. [*His voice grows louder as he loses control.*] To control the past!

[*The spotlight snaps on the telescreen. The loudspeaker voice interrupts him.*]

LOUDSPEAKER [*commanding*]. Attention, comrades! Attention for the Two Minutes Hate. The Two Minutes Hate is about to begin!

[*The spotlight on the telescreen has dimmed down to about half strength. WINSTON and JULIA leap up from their chairs as PARSONS hurries in from D. L.*]

PARSONS. It's Hate time, Winston.

WINSTON. Yes, I know.

JULIA. Where do we go?

WINSTON. Here.

[*The two GUARDS enter from D. L. Each is carrying two folding metal chairs, which they arrange in rows at D. L., angled from offstage so they face directly the poster of BIG BROTHER. The two teen-age MESSENGERS also appear with chairs. The GUARDS set up the chairs and exit D. L., returning with two more chairs which they also set up. There are now three*

lines, with three chairs in the first two and two chairs in the last row. WINSTON, JULIA, and PARSONS cross to the front row of chairs and sit in them. The two teen-age girls sit in the second row and are joined by SYMÉ, who slips in D. L. unobtrusively. In the last row of chairs, the GUARDS leave a space for O'Brien. The trumpets blare forth again and the spotlight on the telescreen comes to full brightness.]

LOUDSPEAKER. Comrades of Oceania in England, North America, South America, Australia—stand by for a message from our devoted leader, Big Brother. [*Trumpets blare forth again, a long fanfare this time. Intensity of the spotlight increases once more.*]

[O'BRIEN quietly slips in D. L. and into a seat in the last row. His two black-uniformed GUARDS stand unobtrusively behind him.]

BIG BROTHER'S VOICE [*harsh, grating, unpleasant, bigly amplified and louder than in other scenes*]. Comrades, repeat after me: [*The entire group repeats in unison, after BIG BROTHER, the three Party slogans.*] War is Peace! [*Pause; the group repeats it.*] Freedom is Slavery! [*Pause; the group repeats it.*] Ignorance is Strength! [*Pause; the group repeats it.*] Comrades—in a moment you will hear the despised Goldstein, whose shadowy army conspires to destroy our new happy life. Listen to his lies, comrades . . . then show him what you think.

[*There is a moment of silence and a new voice is heard. It is a quiet, undistinguished voice. At every pause there are individual cries of "Liar!" "Swine!" "Criminal!" "Traitor!" from the GUARDS, MESSENGERS and others.*]

GOLDSTEIN'S VOICE. Friends . . . Countrymen of Oceania. I am Emmanuel Goldstein. Your ex-leader and still your friend. I am still fighting for your liberty, your freedom, your hope.

I am no traitor. In the past I was one of the leaders of your Revolution. Today I am in hiding . . . sometimes in exile . . . but eternally working for your liberation. Big Brother is false to you. He has usurped power. He is a ruthless, bloody tyrant. He lies. He talks of a new happy life while he starves your bodies and denies your souls. . . . [GOLDSTEIN continues to talk, but his voice is now drowned out by the hissing, boosing and stamping of the seated group.]

PARSONS [springing to her feet]. Fool! Fool! Fool! [She shouts at the telescreen and turns and faces the seated audience.] Big Brother is starving me! [Comically she slaps her rolls of fat so that all can see.] He says Big Brother is starving me. Ha, ha, ha, ha. [She turns back and shouts angrily at the telescreen.] Oh, you fool! You fool! You fool! WINSTON [half rising from his chair]. Traitor! Liar! Spy! [The others continue to boo, but Goldstein's voice can again be heard and understood.]

GOLDSTEIN'S VOICE. Remember that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights . . . that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. . . . Remember the past. Cast off your chains! Free yourselves! Down with Big Brother! Down with Big Brother! [JULIA leaps to her feet with a scream and hurls the dictionary she has been carrying at the telescreen. The sound stops instantly and the spotlight snaps off. This is something that has never happened before. The Hate ends abruptly. The audience is stunned and silent. JULIA is still standing.]

PARSONS [gasping]. You broke it!
JULIA [almost hysterical]. I couldn't help it! I couldn't help it! I hate him so. [She sobs and runs across the stage toward the door D. L.] I hate him! [She exits D. L. O'BRIEN stands, speaks sternly to the seated group.]

O'BRIEN. Our comrade has the right spirit, but we have been deprived of forty-seven seconds of our Hate. We will make up for it tomorrow. Now—back to work, comrades. All Hail Big Brother. [He goes out D. L. The group disperses. The black-uniformed guards and messengers fold and remove

the chairs, going out D. L. SYMBE also sips out D. L. Only PARSONS and WINSTON are left in the office.]

PARSONS. By jove! Did you see that girl, Winston? Absolutely splendid! Why, I thought she was going to try to climb right through the telescreen to get at Goldstein's throat. A tigriss!

WINSTON [desperate, feeling he must talk to someone about JULIA]. She's a member of the Thought Police.

PARSONS [startled]. The Thought Police! How do you know? WINSTON. I know.

PARSONS. How?

WINSTON. She's been watching me. It's been going on for weeks. A month ago I saw her looking at me in the Mess Hall. That was the first time I noticed her.

PARSONS. That's hardly reason to . . .

WINSTON. But there were other times—lots of them. Last week I was in the prole section of London—[He notices PARSONS raised eyebrows and adds quickly.]—looking for shoes.

PARSONS [immediately more interested]. Find any? I say, old man, I need shoes—badly.

WINSTON. No.

PARSONS. Been wearing the same pair for two years now.

WINSTON. I found no shoes, but I saw her watching me from across the street. I see her on the bus when I come to work.

. . . She stands near me at neighborhood Hates . . . sits near me in restaurants. Everywhere I go, she turns up.

PARSONS. Well?

WINSTON. What else could it mean but Thought Police? Today she begins work at the very next desk. Why? [Despairingly.]

What have I done?

PARSONS. Well, of course . . . after all—Bob Withers . . .

WINSTON [instantly]. He is an unperson.

PARSONS. Well, yes. He was vaporized as a thought-criminal.

Worked right beside you for eighteen months.

WINSTON. What do you mean?

PARSONS. Nothing, Winston. We are not only co-workers, we

are also neighbors. I know *you* are a good Party member.

WINSTON. Yes?

PARSONS. Well, I simply mean you should have recognized his defection.

WINSTON. We never spoke while we worked. It's not allowed. PARSONS. But still, Winston—instinctively you should have known. I knew. I was the one who turned him in to the Thought Police.

WINSTON [*surprised*]. You were?

PARSONS. Yes. Found him committing facecrime. I saw he wasn't hissing Goldstein at all. Didn't even look angry.

WINSTON. What happened?

PARSONS [*with great satisfaction*]. He confessed everything.

WINSTON. Of course he would have. He was even afraid of heights. Why, one day I saw him turn white just looking out the window . . . and the window was *shut*.

PARSONS. You think it was fear? [*Suspiciously*.] You think he wasn't guilty, then?

WINSTON. Of course he was guilty. But just knowing he had that fear of height, it would be simple for them to get him to confess his crimes. I mean—if I were a thought criminal and they put a rat in with me . . . [*He winces as he says the word*.] I'd confess to anything!

PARSONS. Well, yes—I suppose. You know, something's wrong in this room. [*She looks around, puzzled*.] Something . . . Why, of course—it's the telescreen. Imagine! First time I can remember ever having been in a room without a telescreen on.

[JULIA enters D 1, crosses directly to her desk, and sits. She is completely comported. Once again she looks prim and firm, like a schoolteacher.]

WINSTON [*to PARSONS*]. Yes, it is strange being without it.

PARSONS [*looking meaningfully at JULIA*]. Well, I must report to my new job. It is a promotion, Winston. I'm to help organize the Hates. [*Turns to JULIA with great joviality*.]

Good girl, comrade! You showed the right spirit! Fine idea . . . perfectly fine. [PARSONS exits D 1, and WINSTON slowly goes to his desk and resumes his seat. He looks at JULIA.]

WINSTON. Now—where were we?

JULIA. You were explaining doublethink.

WINSTON. Yes, comrade—thank you. But Comrade Syme is due back any minute and can explain it better than I can. Syme is compiling the Eleventh Edition of the Newspeak Dictionary.

JULIA. I'm sorry I'm so ignorant.

WINSTON. I don't think you're ignorant. [*He looks at her with loathing*.] You're smart. Very smart.

JULIA. Why, thank you, comrade.

WINSTON [*bitterly, in spite of himself*]. Perhaps "cunning" is a better word.

[JULIA looks at him worriedly. SYME walks in from D 1, carrying a large new book.]

SYME. Ah, there, comrades.

WINSTON. Hello, Syme. Comrade Syme, this is Comrade Julia.

SYME. Ah-uh, yes! Why, you are the one who threw the dictionary. Prophetic! The right spirit, comrade. A bit hysterical, perhaps—but the correct attitude, nevertheless. Uh-ah, in Newspeak I would say simply: goodthinkful!

WINSTON. We need your help, comrade.

SYME. My help? How can I help?

WINSTON. Comrade Julia has been in the fiction department of Minutiae and they still use Standard English there. Here, of course, she must understand Newspeak. She doesn't.

SYME. Indeed, yes. [*Syme is embittered about explaining*.]

We're getting the language into its final shape . . . the shape it's going to have when nobody speaks anything else.

JULIA. It must be a lot of work inventing new words.

SYME. Oh, dear me! Uh-ah, we don't invent words—we destroy them . . . scores of them . . . hundreds of them . . . every day.

JULIA. Destroy them?

SYME. Yes. We're cutting the language down to the bone. The Eleventh Edition of the Newspeak Dictionary won't contain a single word that will become obsolete before the year 2050.

JULIA [*in wonder*]. Do you really destroy words?

SYME. Indeed, yes. A beautiful thing—the destruction of words. Absolutely the best way to control thought. Of course, verbs and adjectives are the easiest to destroy . . . and, uh—nouns, too.

JULIA. But how?

SYME. Well, what justification is there for a word that is the opposite of some other word?

JULIA. Well, you must . . . I mean—well, take a word like "good."

SYME. All right, take "good." What need is there for a word like "bad"? "Ungood" will do just as well . . . Better, in fact, because it is an *exact* opposite.

JULIA [*interested*]. How about "better" and "best"?

SYME. Eh? How's that?

JULIA. Good . . . better . . . best!

SYME. We simply say: plusgood or doubleplusgood. Simple, isn't it? In the end the whole notion of good and bad will be covered actually by one word. See the beauty of it? [*Both JULIA and WINSTON nod their heads silently. SYME looks from face to face and then adds quickly.*] Of course, it was Big Brother's idea originally.

JULIA. You make it sound as though the language will eventually be cut to where it will be difficult to think at all.

SYME. Exactly! We'll defeat Goldstein that way. Newspeak is the only language whose vocabulary gets smaller every year. Why, the whole aim of Newspeak is to narrow the range of thought.

JULIA. But—how does that stop Goldstein or—or have any effect on thought-crime?

SYME [*patiently, as though to a child*]. Why, because in the end it will make thought-crime literally impossible, for there will be no words to express it.

JULIA. No words?

SYME. Well, for instance, take that gibberish of Goldstein's about "all men being created equal," and so forth. That would be impossible to render into Newspeak. Why, literally the closest you could come would be the one word: crime-think. You understand that, don't you, Winston? [*WINSTON nods dumbly.*] By 2050—when everyone speaks nothing but Newspeak—not a single human being alive would understand the conversation we are now having.

WINSTON. Except for the proletarians.

SYME [*quickly*]. The proles are not human beings. . . . All real knowledge of Oldspeak will be destroyed by 2050. Even literature! Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton. All will exist only in Newspeak. [*Proudly.*] I'm working on that now.

JULIA. But—their meanings?

SYME. The meaning? Oh, that will be changed into something quite different.

JULIA. But why?

SYME. Orthodoxy.

JULIA. Orthodoxy? Why, there'll be no thought at all as we understand it now.

SYME. But, of course! Orthodoxy means not thinking—not needing to think. [*JULIA frowns worriedly. It is all a little too much for her. SYME gets up and places the huge dictionary on the desk in front of her.*] Read it, comrade . . . and call on me for any explanations.

JULIA. Thank you.

SYME. This afternoon at the public hangings, Winston? [*SYME says this and crosses to the door D.R.*]

WINSTON. I'll be there. [*SYME exits D.R. WINSTON turns to JULIA.*]

JULIA. Now do you understand Newspeak?
JULIA [*very confused*]. Yes . . . I mean—no! I understand the words.

WINSTON. Well?

JULIA. The *why*? I don't understand the *why*?

WINSTON [*looking at her suspiciously*]. Well?

JULIA [*struggling helplessly*]. Oh—I can't explain it. I should never have been given this job.

WINSTON [*with exaggerated patience*]. What do you want explained?

JULIA. The *why*? Nothing adds up. I . . . I'm . . . it's like saying that two plus two make five.

WINSTON. And if two plus two do make five?

JULIA [*near tears*]. Do you believe that?

WINSTON [*suddenly all his hate and anger spilling out*]. You want me to commit a thought-crime, don't you? A speak-crime—so you can report me. Do you think I'm a complete fool? I already know that you are a member of the Thought Police!

JULIA [*amazed and terrified*]. Oh—no!

WINSTON. What proof are you after? You can frame me. You could say I said anything. [*Points*.] The telescreen is broken. You broke it. Why continue this foolish game?

JULIA. Oh, don't think that of me. Please!

WINSTON. What do you want me to say? I'll say it.

JULIA. I'm not a member of the Thought Police.

WINSTON. Then why have you been spying on me for the past month? Why do you follow me around? Why are you suddenly working here?

JULIA. I . . . I . . .

WINSTON. You think I didn't notice you following me . . . watching me . . . looking at me out of the corners of your eyes. I decided once that I would kill you. But what good would that have done? They'd have known who did it.

JULIA [*shaking her head*]. I'm not . . .

WINSTON [*screaming at her, shaking her by the shoulders*].

Then why?

JULIA [*breaking down completely*]. Because I love you. [*JULIA begins to weep softly, hiding her face in her hands. Her body is racked with her crying. WINSTON stands above her, too dumfounded to move. But the expression on his face slowly changes, softens, becomes tender.*]

[O'BRIEN, followed by his two GUARDS, steps suddenly into the room from D L.]

O'BRIEN. What is all this? [*WINSTON turns in terror. He cannot speak.*] What is wrong here?

WINSTON [*thinking quickly, speaking angrily as if he were very angry at JULIA*]. You sent me a fool, Comrade O'Brien. Please have her transferred. She is no good.

O'BRIEN. You mean that Comrade Julia is not a good Party member?

WINSTON. Oh, no, Comrade O'Brien. She's a devoted member of the Party. But she . . . she makes mistakes. Repeatedly she has made the same mistake in punctuation. Three times!

O'BRIEN [*smiling and speaking almost gently*]. Comrade Smith—what I am about to say cannot be said in Newspeak. But some words of Oldspeak I still like to use. . . . Instead of wrath, try a little gentleness—a little kindness. I believe then that Comrade Julia will learn. [*He turns to his GUARDS and points to the telescreen as he leaves the office. He speaks in his former firm voice.*] Why hasn't this telescreen been fixed? See to it immediately.

FIRST GUARD. Yes, Comrade O'Brien. Immediately. [*The two GUARDS follow O'BRIEN out D L. JULIA rises from her desk, and she and WINSTON stand looking at each other for a moment. Finally, WINSTON goes to her and takes her hands.*]

JULIA. You saved my life.

WINSTON [*softly*]. You're beautiful.

JULIA. You lied to him.

WINSTON [*softly*]. You're so small—like a child.

JULIA. You protected me.

WINSTON [*still softly, almost tenderly*]. I've never seen a woman cry before.

JULIA. I am a thought criminal. Why didn't you report me? WINSTON. Because, Julia, I also believe that two plus two must always be four.

CURTAIN

ACT ONE

Scene Two

BEFORE RISE OF CURTAIN: *As before, the loudspeaker voice is heard speaking through the telescreen poster.*]

LOUDSPEAKER. Comrade . . . are you a thought criminal? Yes, you sitting there. You are capable of it, you know. But you say, "How could this be?" You say you love the Party . . . that you worship Big Brother.

THE CURTAIN STARTS TO RISE slowly as the voice drones endlessly on.]

SCENE: *Months later. Winston's room in Victory Mansions. This is a drab and bare room dominated by the telescreen/ poster of BIG BROTHER. Beneath the poster is a single bed or cot. U R is an old chest of drawers. U L C, not too far from the bed, is a plain wood or metal chair.*]

LOUDSPEAKER. How can you be a thought criminal? I'll tell you how, comrades. There are agents of Goldstein everywhere. They are lurking—waiting to poison your minds.

THE CURTAIN IS UP. WINSTON is revealed sitting in the chair, facing the telescreen. As he listens to the loudspeaker, he is busily sewing buttons onto his coveralls. At appropriate intervals he murmurs approval of what the voice is saying or hisses softly at mention of Goldstein or his agents. It is apparent that this is an automatic reaction with him. He is not really listening.]

LOUDSPEAKER [*continuing*]. But there is one way to stop them . . . to make yourself immune to their lies and trea-

sons. And that way, comrades, is by using crimestop. Crimestop is political goodthinking. Practice crimestop and you can never be guilty of thought-crime. But these agents of Goldstein's who are trying to destroy our new happy life, what of them? [*There is a light knock at the door off D L. WINSTON looks startled, worried, as he pulls his sewing down and crosses to the door.*] Well, they can be the one who works next to you. Perhaps even your next-door neighbor.

[WINSTON exits to open the door, and reappears in a moment followed by JULIA. He is shocked at her visit. He grabs her arm and forcibly pulls her toward the area to the right of the dresser and close against the upstage curtain or wall, where they are theoretically out of sight of the telescreen.]

WINSTON [*hissing at JULIA*]. Stay there. They won't be able to see you. [*He hurries back U C and turns down the volume on his telescreen as low as it will go. The voice fades into a low murmur, little more than a muffled sound. At the same time, the spotlight on it dims almost completely out. WINSTON returns to JULIA.*] What are you doing here?

JULIA. I had to come.

WINSTON. Right in view of the telescreen. Oh, Julia . . . Julia. You know we agreed never—never—to be seen together.

JULIA. They can't watch everybody all the time. Can they?

WINSTON. I don't know. If they can—if they saw you come in, we'll know it soon enough.

JULIA. Darling, I had to come.

WINSTON. It will be death for us both if they catch you here.

JULIA. Don't look that way—please. I know it is a gamble. Please don't be angry. Kiss me. [*Softly pleading.*] Please.

WINSTON [*kissing her quickly*]. Oh, Julia! What if someone saw you in the hallway?

JULIA. Everyone is listening to the propaganda. I'm not stupid, Winston. I take risks, yes, but they are calculated risks. Only a child saw me.

WINSTON. Not Parsons' brat?

JULIA. Who's Parsons?

WINSTON. That fat cow who works in the next office. You've seen her. She's my neighbor—right across the hall.

JULIA. I'm sorry . . . but I've got such good news. I had to tell you.

WINSTON. Then tell me quickly. You must leave before the guards close the streets. What is it?

JULIA. We can be married!

WINSTON. What!

JULIA. We can be married. I've found someone to marry us.

WINSTON. You couldn't have. It's not allowed.

JULIA. It may not be allowed, but it's going to happen.

WINSTON. How? Where? Whom did you find?

JULIA. [Laughing]. One question at a time.

WINSTON. Then for heaven's sake, tell me about it. Quickly.

JULIA. Well, some of the proles still have churches.

WINSTON. [astonished]. I didn't know that.

JULIA. They're all hidden and hard to find, but a few still exist.

WINSTON. And you found one?

JULIA. Um-hum.

WINSTON. And someone who can marry us?

JULIA. Um-hum, an old priest or minister or—well, I don't

exactly know *what* he is. But he says he can marry us.

WINSTON. [happily excited]. When? When will he do it?

JULIA. Any time.

WINSTON. Tomorrow?

JULIA. No. Next week sometime. [She sees his disappointment.] I've been elected block chairman of the Anti-Sex

Week committee. Our meetings start tomorrow. [She

giggles.] Wouldn't they be surprised if they knew?

WINSTON. We can really be married next week?

JULIA. Yes.

WINSTON. It may be a trap.

JULIA. [mock severity]. Winston Smith, are you trying to get

out of marrying me?

WINSTON. [putting his arms around her]. Not for anything. I

want to marry you more than I've ever wanted anything.

[Relates her, steps back.] It's just that I'd about given up hope. Big Brother doesn't believe in marriage. How on earth did you do it?

JULIA. I went to O'Brien.

WINSTON. [shocked]. What?

JULIA. He told me whom to contact.

WINSTON. You idiot. You stupid little idiot. How could you?

[Looks wildly around.] You've killed us both.

JULIA. [frightened by his vehemence]. Don't say that. I've

saved us.

WINSTON. Oh, you fool. O'Brien's a black suit. He's Inner

Party.

JULIA. O'Brien is a friend. He won't harm us.

WINSTON. How can you say that?

JULIA. Because it's true. Who do you think made it possible

for me to work with you in the Ministry of Truth?

WINSTON. O'Brien?

JULIA. Of course.

WINSTON. But that means he's a . . . a traitor.

JULIA. I don't know about that. [Grins at him.] But he's very

understanding.

WINSTON. Julia, can you be sure?

JULIA. I've known him for years. He's an old friend. He's

always been helpful to me.

WINSTON. You're lucky to have a friend in the Inner Party.

JULIA. Isn't it wonderful?

WINSTON. [hesitantly]. Yes.

JULIA. [confidently]. He'll help us.

WINSTON. And you think he will help us get married? I

don't understand you.

JULIA. [exasperated]. What's there to understand? He's a

friend! Big Brother hasn't stamped that out. Not yet, any-

way. Let's be glad we've got a friend.

WINSTON. But . . . it's so dangerous . . .

JULIA. If you won't trust him, will you trust me?

WINSTON. Of course.

JULIA. All right. [Stamps her foot.] Then marry me!

WINSTON. I want to. I . . . [He looks at her angry face and breaks off. He laughs in spite of himself and takes her in his arms.]

JULIA. I love you so much. It's been terrible to work side by side and not show it—even to be afraid to glance at you because of the tele screen.

WINSTON. I know—but we must be careful. It could mean our lives.

JULIA. And when we're married? . . . We *must* find a place to be together.

WINSTON [happily]. I have the place, Julia. I found one. It's over a little junk shop 'way down in the prole section. There's a room . . . a lovely, happy little room. I've rented it. We can move in next week.

JULIA. Oh, Winston! [Julia throws her arms around his neck and hugs him tightly.]

WINSTON. Julia, Julia. What do you see in me? What can you possibly see in me? I'm ineffective, ugly, old-fashioned . . .

JULIA. I couldn't care less.

WINSTON. But you're young. You're beautiful. Why me, Julia?

JULIA. It's your face. Something in your eyes. I recognized it immediately. I knew you hated the Party as much as I did.

You get so you can tell. One look at you, and I knew.

WINSTON. Kiss me, darling, quickly. Then you *must* go.

JULIA [kissing him]. You're not angry?

WINSTON. No. I've never had such good news.

JULIA. You understand why I had to tell you?

WINSTON. Yes.

JULIA [looking at him closely]. Aren't you happy? You look nervous. Is anything wrong?

WINSTON. Nothing, really.

JULIA. What is it, Winston? [WINSTON peeks quickly out and around the chest of drawers at the tele screen, then pulls a torn piece of newspaper out of an inner pocket in his overalls and shows it to JULIA.] It's a picture. Who are they?

WINSTON. They were Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford. The

original leaders of the Revolution . . . along with Goldstein and Big Brother.

JULIA. I remember! They turned counter-revolutionists, didn't they? I read about them in my history book. They confessed in the purge of 1970 and were vaporized.

WINSTON. Goldstein escaped.

JULIA. And only Big Brother was left. Well, what about them?

WINSTON. They were not vaporized in 1970. It was 1975. They confessed in 1970, but were allowed to go free. I saw them once in the Chestnut Tree Café. They were old, broken men just sitting there—drinking Victory Coffee—I remember tears kept coming down the cheeks of Rutherford. I saw the man take their picture.

JULIA. Why are they so important?

WINSTON. Because later on that same year they were arrested again. They confessed they'd flown to a secret meeting place in India and had given information to the general staff of Eastasia. . . . We were fighting Eastasia then.

JULIA. I still don't understand why you're so excited.

WINSTON. Don't you see—the date's here on the paper—and that was the date I saw them in the Chestnut Tree Café. It means all of their confessions were lies. They weren't in India. They were here in London—in that café.

JULIA. Where did you get this?

WINSTON. It was on my desk this morning . . . brought to me folded up with a lot of other slips of paper. A mistake somewhere.

JULIA. Why didn't you destroy it immediately?

WINSTON. I couldn't, Julia. It's visible proof of what's happening—entire histories being changed.

JULIA. But, Winston . . . that's your job. What's so important about the past? It's the future that is important.

WINSTON. The past has been abolished. Every record has been destroyed or altered . . . every book rewritten. Already we know nothing about the years before the Revolution. I help falsify the past, but I'm only a link in the chain. I've never

before had visible evidence to prove it. [*He waves the paper at her.*] Only this! This!

JULIA [*vehemently*]. You must destroy it, Winston.

WINSTON. You're right. [*He shakes his head sadly.*] But it will mean the final loss of freedom.

JULIA. Freedom, freedom. What is freedom, Winston? Maybe the Party is right . . . maybe freedom is slavery.

WINSTON [*sharply*]. No! [*Thinks a moment.*] Freedom is the freedom to say two plus two is four. If that is granted—all else follows.

JULIA. I love you, darling, but I don't understand you.

WINSTON [*smiling tenderly at her*]. Your whole hatred of the Party is based on the fact that it won't let you do what you want to do. Like—get married to me.

JULIA. But now we're going to be married.

WINSTON. Yes.

JULIA. So now I don't hate anyone. . . . Why do you hate so hard?

WINSTON. I'm not certain, yet. . . . You must go, darling.

[*He kisses her quickly.*] I'd better turn up the telescreen.

[*He crosses to beneath the screen. Just as he is about to reach the controls, there is a loud knocking on the door off D. L. WINSTON turns and, at the same time, a fourteen-year-old girl bursts into the room flourishing a toy gun.*]

GLADYS [*snarling*]. Up with your hands! [*WINSTON starts to comply and then, recognizing the girl, drops his hands.*

GLADYS screams at him savagely.] You're a traitor! You're a thought-criminal! An Eurasian spy! I'll shoot you! You have a woman in your rooms! I'll vaporize you! I'll send you to the salt mines. [*JULIA, thinking all is lost, starts toward WINSTON to be at his side. He waves her back upstage. JULIA backs up against the curtain or wall to the right of the bureau so that she is out of direct view of the telescreen and sheltered from the girl's view by the chest and WINSTON.*]

PARSONS [*offstage D. L., calling*]. Gladys! Stop making all that

noise. You're a good spy but you shouldn't say things like that—

[*PARSONS appears in the doorway D. L.*]

PARSONS. —about Comrade Smith—even in play. Go on to bed. [*To WINSTON.*] I'm sorry, but you know how children are. Gladys is only fourteen but already she knows all the words. Oh, they teach them well in the Spies.

GLADYS [*stepping up to WINSTON and screaming in his face*]. Goldstein!

PARSONS. Gladys! [*GLADYS runs out D. L. A door slams offstage.*]

You know, Winston, she has a toy car trumpet so she can listen through keyholes. [*Advancing toward c.*] Only a toy, of course, but it works. [*PARSONS suddenly sees JULIA and stops smiling. JULIA draws herself up and simply walks past PARSONS, looking the other way, and goes silently out of the door D. L. PARSONS' voice changes abruptly to a cold, incisive tone.*] You know what this means. It's death to be caught with a woman . . . a Party member, too.

WINSTON [*collapsing into chair*]. I know.

PARSONS. I must report you.

WINSTON. Yes, I know.

PARSONS. It's hard to believe. Always thought you were a goodthinker, Smith. Well . . . you never know. All right . . . [*She starts to leave.*] I know my duty.

WINSTON [*suddenly has an idea*]. Parsons!

PARSONS [*turning back*]. What is it?

WINSTON. She is a member of the Thought Police.

PARSONS. My goodness. I did have the right line on you. Well, I'd better hurry. It'll look bad if I don't report you before she does. After all, I'm your neighbor.

WINSTON. Parsons! [*PARSONS stops.*] It's not me she's spying

on.

PARSONS. What? How's that?

WINSTON. It's you.

PARSONS [*incredulous*]. Me! [*She is terrified.*]

WINSTON. She's been questioning me about you. That's why she was here. She asked if I had ever seen you commit a facecrime.

PARSONS. Oh, dear. . . . How could she? Oh, this is monstrous! Why, Winston—I'm your neighbor. You know me. [WINSTON nods sadly. He is enjoying this immensely.]

WINSTON. Yes, Parsons—I know you.

PARSONS. I've been a good party member all my life. I was in the Spies a year before I was of age. When I was only ten my picture was in the *Times* as a childhero.

WINSTON. I know, Parsons.

PARSONS. I'd reported my uncle to the Thought Police. Heard him complain about the chocolate ration. This is monstrous. Monstrous! What shall I do? . . . You—What else did you tell her, Winston?

WINSTON. I told her you were a dogooder. A doubleplus good-thinker—a devoted worshiper of Big Brother.

PARSONS. Love him! I love Big Brother!

WINSTON. I believe I convinced her. But be careful. I wouldn't say anything about it. Not to anyone.

PARSONS. Oh, no! No, no! Not a word.

WINSTON. Just be careful, Parsons.

PARSONS. You're a good man.

WINSTON. You'd better go back to your room. The propaganda hour is almost over.

PARSONS. Yes. Thank you, Smith. Thank you, boy. I'll never forget it. [She disappears hurriedly off D L.]

WINSTON [calling after her]. And, Parsons?

[PARSONS pokes her head back onstage.]

WINSTON. Comrade Julia said that Gladys makes too much racket. She asked if you encourage her to call Party members vile names.

PARSONS. I'll tend to Gladys, Smith. The little brat. I'll fix her. [She disappears D L again. WINSTON closes the door on her and wipes his forehead. Then he moves up to the telestreet

and turns it on full volume again. The spotlight comes back up to full intensity.]

LOUSPEAKER. . . . How can you tell a thought-criminal, comrades? The easiest way is facecrime. Look carefully at the ones you suspect. [WINSTON sinks slowly into the chair and stares solemnly at the telestreet. Slowly his face breaks into a big grin.] Do they look unhelpfully at Goldstein? Do they look unlovingly at Big Brother? Yes, comrades, facecrime is thoughtcrime. [The curtain comes down slowly. The loudspeaker drones on and on and on.] Report these agents of Goldstein's to your nearest Thought Police. The Thought Police helicopter will be there immediately. Yes, comrades . . .

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

Scene One

SCENE: The room over the junk shop, a week later. The most outstanding thing about this room is that there is no telescope in it. Instead, hanging in the U C position, is a painting of an old church. The spotlight is not on it. The furniture of the room may be the same as used in Winston's room; however the positions of the cot and bureau have been reversed, and another chair and a small table between the two chairs have been added. A pathetic attempt at decoration has been made. On the bureau is a shabby scarf or torn cloth runner and on the table, a ragged-edged red-and-whiteingham tablecloth. The entrance to the room is offstage D L. A threefold screen may be placed in the corner D R.]

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: The stage is empty. A voice is heard off D L, singing.]

LANDLADY [off D L].

It was only an 'opeless fancy,

It passed like an Ipril dye,

But a look an' a word an'
the dreams they stirred,

They 'ave stolen my 'eart awye!

[The door D L opens. The LANDLADY enters, followed timidly by WINSTON and JULIA. The LANDLADY is an unkempt old woman. She is one of the proles and is puffing heavily from the exertion of coming up the stairs.]

LANDLADY. Ow, them stairs gets 'igher every year. . . . [To WINSTON and JULIA.] Well, this is it, dearies. This is where my Sam and me used to live. . . . 'fore 'e was killed, that is. 'Ope it suits you.

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Act II

1984

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WINSTON [looking around tentatively]. It's. . . it's very nice. Quite nice, really.

LANDLADY. There ain't no other. If this don't suit, might as well go back where you come from. I dunno of no other rooms to let.

JULIA [advancing into the room, looking around, happily].

Oh! [She throws herself into WINSTON's arms and they kiss each other happily.] Darling! [The LANDLADY looks on, muttering to herself. JULIA breaks away and looks around the room with delight.] Oh, it's beautiful! It's magnificent! It's ours. [In wonder.] And no telescreen! No telescreen!

WINSTON [agreeing happily]. No telescreen.

LANDLADY. Argh, I never 'ad one of them things. They never put one in. Too expensive, I guess. Us proles ain't important enough, some ow.

JULIA [spinning around happily]. And no picture of Big Brother!

WINSTON [agreeing again]. No picture of Big Brother.

JULIA. Winston, Winston— isn't it wonderful!

LANDLADY [looking at them, sniffing loudly]. Maybe I can find a piece of cloth to make a curtain for the window. [She nods toward R, then shuffles tiredly toward the door D L.] 'Eaven knows, you're paying enough. [Exits D L.]

WINSTON [crossing slowly toward JULIA]. Welcome home, darling.

JULIA. Home? Yes—this is our home now, isn't it?

WINSTON. Maybe I should have carried you across the threshold. I think people used to do something like that.

JULIA [laughing]. But it's such a steep threshold. All those steps.

WINSTON [still serious]. There should be something more . . . some symbol . . . some kind of ceremony, maybe. I don't know.

JULIA. What's the matter with the ceremony we just had? [Giggles.] Wasn't the preacher funny?

WINSTON. Funny?

JULIA. Um-hum—the way he whistled when he spoke. He didn't have any teeth in front.

WINSTON. He's an old man. He hates the Party. He knows we do, too.

JULIA. I hate everything about the Party but I'm smart about it. I always hiss the loudest at Goldstein. . . . I devote three nights a week to the Youth movement. . . . and Saturdays to the children's Spies organization. I always carry a flag or a banner in the parades. [*With childlike pride.*] In fact, I'm very well thought of. [*WINSTON sits on the edge of the bed and starts to remove his shoes.*]

JULIA. Why do you hate the Party? What started you?

WINSTON. It's hard to explain. Because two plus two is four—not five or seven or whatever the Party says it is. Because there must have been a time in the past when people lived differently.

JULIA. You really think the old days were better?

WINSTON. They must have been! Thought was free—and men were different from one another and families lived together. . . . [*He shrugs his shoulders and stops, helplessly.*]

JULIA. How old were you when the Revolution happened?

WINSTON. Six, I think. Maybe, seven.

JULIA. Can you remember it?

WINSTON. Not really. Some little, insignificant things. Like. . . . [*JULIA is no longer listening. She stoops suddenly, picks up one of WINSTON'S shoes, and burts it across the room into a corner.*]

JULIA. Missed!

WINSTON. What was it?

JULIA. A rat.

WINSTON [*cringing, pulling both his shoeless feet up onto the bed.*]. Don't say that word.

JULIA. I'll plug up the hole. The filthy thing won't be able to get back in when I finish. I hate rats.

WINSTON. Julia!

JULIA. I'm sorry. [*Notices his reaction.*] Winston, what's wrong? You're actually trembling!

WINSTON. I can't stand them. Not even the word. [*Shivers.*] A—thing happened when I was a child. I can't even bear thinking of them.

JULIA. I'm sorry, darling. I suppose all of us have one thing we literally cannot bear. As for me, it's. . . . oh—never mind. We haven't much time.

WINSTON [*agreeing absently.*]. No, we haven't much time. [*Pause. He's over his scare about the rats but he has something else on his mind.*] Julia? You've heard of the secret organization—the conspiracy? *The book!* Goldstein's book?

JULIA. Certainly. Everyone's heard of them, but no one's ever seen them. They're all invented by the Party to keep us stirred up.

WINSTON. No. They exist.

JULIA. How do you know?

WINSTON. O'Brien spoke to me again yesterday at lunch.

JULIA. I thought you were nervous yesterday afternoon. You just don't trust him.

WINSTON. I think I do—now. He congratulated me on my work. That's the third time. He even invited me to his apartment to pick up the latest edition of the Newspeak dictionary.

JULIA. That means there's a conspiracy?

WINSTON. It must! O'Brien's in the Inner Party. He didn't have to ask me to his house for something as simple as that.

JULIA [*shrugging, unconvinced.*]. That's not proof of anything. WINSTON. Besides, he helped us get married! Would he do a thing like that if he weren't in the conspiracy? Don't you see, Julia? [*Triumphant.*] Bringing us together means that he does care. . . . that he wants to fight back, too. Don't you see that, Julia?

JULIA. I don't know. It doesn't seem reasonable. Helping us be together is one thing but—being a traitor is something else. After all, he is an official—a member of. . . .

WINSTON. A member of the Inner Party. I know! That's what makes it practical for him. I tell you, Julia, there's something

about him . . . something in his eyes . . . a look. He's one of us, I *know* it. Surely you can understand that!

JULIA. Yes, I understand that. That's the way I discovered you, darling. [*She kisses him.*] When shall we go see him?

WINSTON. You agree that we should?

JULIA [*shrugging*]. Where else can we turn?

WINSTON. That's just it. I don't know. [*Takes her by the shoulders and looks at her, very seriously.*] Do you want to get mixed up in the organization?

JULIA. If there is an organization—and if you want to join it—then I want to join. I want to be with you, darling.

WINSTON [*rising, relieved*]. Agreed, then. As soon as possible I'll get in touch with O'Brien. We'll both go to see him. We'll . . .

[*He breaks off as he hears footsteps in the hall outside. JULIA and WINSTON step quickly away from each other. WINSTON begins to examine different portions of the room while JULIA perches cross-legged in the middle of the bed. As the LANDLADY puffs wearily into the room, carrying a patched and threadbare piece of fabric, WINSTON signals warningly to JULIA and puts his finger to his lips.*]

LANDLADY. Well, 'ere you are. I did manage to find a bit of curtain for you. [*She tosses the curtain onto the bed, half covering JULIA.*] Not that it'll do you much good, it's that old. [*She looks appraisingly first at WINSTON, then at JULIA.*] Now, if it was old prints you 'appened to be interested in— [*She gestures at picture of church.*]—or old furniture— [*She moves across toward L.*]—these things is for sale, you know. WINSTON [*following the LANDLADY, attracted by the picture of the church*]. I think I've seen this before. . . . [*Makes discovery.*] Say! The frame is fastened to the wall.

LANDLADY. Sure, 'tis. Can't trust nobody. Kids 'round 'ere'll steal anything they can sell. You can unscrew it, I dare say—if you want to move it.

JULIA. I know that building. It's the War Museum.

LANDLADY. That's as may be, but used to be a church, it did.

It was bombed back in . . . oh, years ago. St. Clement's Dane, its name was. [*She folds her hands behind her back and recites like a schoolgirl.*] "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's."

WINSTON. What's that?

LANDLADY. Oh. . . . "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's." That was a rhyme we 'ad when I was a little girl. 'Ow it goes on I don't remember, but I do know that it ended: "'ere comes a candle to light you to bed, 'ere comes a chopper to chop off your 'ead." It was a kind of dance. They 'eld out their arms for you to pass under and when they came to "'ere comes a chopper to chop off your 'ead," they brought their arms down and caught you. It was just names of churches. All the London churches was in it—all the big ones, that is.

WINSTON [*tentatively*]. You must have seen great changes since you were a young girl.

LANDLADY [*after a pause*]. The gin was better! . . . There was beer, too, mild beer. Wallop, we used to call it when I was a girl. Fourpence a pint. That was before the war, of course.

JULIA. Which war was that?

LANDLADY [*vaguely*]. It's all wars, dearie. [*Sits on bed with a groan.*] 'Ow, me feet. Don't suppose you got any extra shoe coupons, do you?

WINSTON [*shortly*]. No, we don't. [*Tries again to probe the parl.*] What I really wanted to know was this: Did you have more freedom those days than you have now?

LANDLADY [*vaguely*]. Freedom?

WINSTON. Yes, freedom—to live where you want . . . to marry whom you want. Freedom—to do as you wish.

JULIA [*pickling it up*]. To dress the way you want. To wear a hat, even. A pretty hat.

LANDLADY [*brightening*]. 'ats! Funny you should mention them. The same thing come into my 'ead only yesterday. I

was just thinking, I ain't seen a 'at with ribbons in years. Last time I wore one was at my sister-in-law's funeral. And that was—well, I couldn't give you the date, but it must 'a been fifty years ago. Of course, it was only 'ired for the occasion, you understand.

WINSTON. It isn't very important about the hats. The point is: Are you treated more like a human being today? In the old days, the rich people, the people at the top . . .

LANDLADY. The 'Ouse of Lords.

WINSTON. The House of Lords, if you like. What I'm asking is, were those people able to treat you as an inferior simply because they were rich and you were poor? Did you have to knuckle under to them?

LANDLADY. Oh, they liked you to drop 'em a curtsy now and again. It showed respect, like. I didn't agree with it, myself, but I done it often enough 'ad to, as you might say. [WINSTON steps to the LANDLADY and touches her on the arm, stopping her.]

WINSTON. I haven't made myself clear. You lived half your life before the Revolution. Would you say, from what you remember, that life before the Revolution was better than it is now—or worse? If you could choose, would you prefer to live then or now? [The LANDLADY looks up meditatively at WINSTON and then at JULIA. She hitches herself up off the bed and lumbers heavily across the room. At D L, she turns back to them.]

LANDLADY. I know what you expect me to say. You expect me to say as I'd sooner be young again. Most people'd say they'd sooner be young, if you arst 'em. You got your 'ealth and strength when you're young. When you get to my time of life you ain't never well. I suffer something wicked from my feet, and my kidneys is jest terrible. On the other 'and there's great advantages in being a old woman. You arnt' got the same worries. No truck with men, and that's a great thing. [Pause. Then she smiles—broadly—and bursts into song.]

It was only an 'opeless fancy,
It passed like an 'April dye,
But a look an' a word an' the
dreams they stirred,
They 'ave stolen my 'cart aweye!

[Pause. She looks at them, speaks quietly for the first time.] That's really the point, isn't it? I've 'ad me dreams—an' I can remember what they was like.

JULIA. You remember?

LANDLADY [still quiet]. Sam's gone now, but what we 'ad, no Big Brother can take aweye. [She taps her breast.] I remember it—'ere! [Pause.]

They sye that time 'eals all
things,
They sye you can always forget;
But the smiles an' the tears
across the years
They twist my 'earstrings yet!

[She grim once more, crookedly this time, and immediately reverts to type.] Well, ta ta, dearies. If there's anything you need, just stick your 'eads through the window and 'oller for it. I pro'ly won't 'ave it, but you can 'oller. [She exits D L. There is a long pause after the LANDLADY leaves. WINSTON and JULIA look dully at one another. They are not sure they understood what she was telling them. Finally WINSTON comes to with a start and crosses to JULIA. His mood has changed; he is very sorrowful.]

WINSTON. The proles are the human beings. She—all of them. We are not human.

JULIA. Why not?

WINSTON. We are the dead.

JULIA [taking his arms]. No! We are the living. You've got to believe that. As long as we have feelings, we are the living. WINSTON [flabiy]. We are the dead. We have no past . . . no dreams to remember.

JULIA. But we have a future . . . a time to make our own dreams.

WINSTON [*turning and moving away*]. Maybe! [*Turns back to face her*]. Has it ever occurred to you, Julia, that the best thing for us to do would be simply to walk out of here before it's too late, and never see each other again?

JULIA [*following him up*]. Yes, dear, it has occurred to me, several times. But I'm not going to do it, all the same.

WINSTON. We've been lucky, but it can't last. You're young. You look normal and innocent. If you keep clear of people like me, you might stay alive for another fifty years.

JULIA. No, I've thought it all out. What you do—I'm going to do. And let's not be too downhearted. We've stayed alive this long!

WINSTON. We may be together for another six months—a year
——There's no knowing. At the end we're certain to be apart.

JULIA [*Madly*]. Yes.

WINSTON. Do you realize how utterly alone we shall be?

JULIA. Yes.

WINSTON. When once they get hold of us there will be nothing, literally nothing, that either of us can do for the other. If I confess, they'll shoot you. . . .

JULIA. And if you refuse to confess, they'll shoot me just the same.

WINSTON [*nodding assent*]. Nothing that I can do or say, or stop myself from saying, will save you. Neither of us will even know whether the other is alive or dead.

JULIA. I know.

WINSTON. The one thing that matters is that we shouldn't betray one another. We must never do that . . . even if it can't make the slightest difference.

JULIA. If you mean confessing, we'll do that, quickly enough. Everybody always confesses. You can't help it.

WINSTON. Confession isn't betrayal. What you say or do doesn't matter—only feelings matter. You were right about that, Julia. If they could make me stop loving you—that would be the real betrayal.

JULIA [*thinking it over*]. They can't do that . . . it's the one

thing they can't do. Even that woman—that prole—she still remembers her Sam. They can make you say anything—anything—but they can't make you believe it. They can't get inside you. [*Looking at WINSTON, leading him*]. Can they?

WINSTON [*a little more hopefully*]. No, that's quite true. They can't get inside you. If you can feel that staying human is worthwhile, even when it can't have any result whatever, you've beaten them.

JULIA. Oh, darling! Darling! Then we've already won. No matter what happens, we've beaten them. They have only hate and we have love. So long as we love—we've won! [*WINSTON takes her in his arms as the curtain drops*].

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

Scene Two

SCENE: O'Brien's apartment. Weeks later. The furnishings are comfortable but also smart and attractive. In front of the curtain, but well downstage from it, is a sofa flanked on the right arm by an easy chair. In front of this is a low coffee table with a silver cigarette box and, perhaps, a small decorative vase or bowl on it. To the left is a small desk or table with a handsome lamp and some books and papers piled on it. There is an attractive wood chair in front of the desk. There may be a rug on the floor and, perhaps, some colorful cushions on the sofa. Over all, there is an air of opulence, color and comfort.]

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: The stage is empty, but the doorbell is ringing. MARTIN, one of O'BRIEN'S two guards, is seen crossing the stage from L to answer the ring at the door off-stage. D. R. MARTIN is wearing a loose white jacket now, but

the black coveralls of the guard can still be seen beneath it.
MARTIN *exits D R to open the door and returns, followed by WINSTON and JULIA.*

WINSTON [*hesitantly*]. We've come to see Comrade O'Brien.

MARTIN. Is he expecting you?

WINSTON. No. Well, yes. Uh—I'm not sure. He asked us to drop in.

MARTIN [*very politely*]. May I have your names, please?

WINSTON. This is Comrade Julia. And I'm Smith, Winston Smith.

MARTIN. Thank you. Will you be seated? I will call Comrade O'Brien. [*MARTIN crosses stage and exits D L.* JULIA and WINSTON stand timorously in the center of the room, looking around.]

JULIA [*amazed*]. Where do things like these come from?
WINSTON. I have no idea. [*Sprugs.*] The Inner Party has special privileges.

JULIA [*going to the couch*]. Look at this, Winston. It's 'most as big as our bed. [*She rubs her hand across the upholstery.*] Ooo-oooh . . . it's like sponge or deep grass. Feel it, Winston. It's like a cloud. [*JULIA plops down on the couch and bounces up and down, like a little girl.*] Whee-ee! Come on, Winston, try it.

WINSTON [*aghast*]. Julia—stop that! What if O'Brien came in?
JULIA [*making a face at WINSTON*]. Martin told us to sit down.

WINSTON [*sternly*]. Well, sit—don't bounce. [*But he goes and sits on the couch next to her. They are both amazed at its unbelievable softness. In a moment they are both bouncing gingerly up and down on it.*]

JULIA. I wonder what it's made of?
WINSTON. I don't know.

JULIA. I can't believe it. [*She makes another little bounce, then notices the cigarette box on the coffee table in front of her.*]

Oh, look! [*She picks it up and examines it curiously.*]

WINSTON. What beautiful steel.

JULIA. That's silver.

WINSTON. Silver?

JULIA. They used to make things out of it in the old days. Candlesticks, dishes, teapots.

WINSTON. Whatever for? [*He examines the box with more interest.*]

JULIA. Simply because it was beautiful—no other reason.

WINSTON. Imagine!

JULIA [*opening the box*]. Look—it's a box! For cigarettes.

WINSTON. Put it down, Julia.

JULIA. Did you ever own any silver—your family, I mean?

WINSTON. No. But I've heard there were whole shop windows full of it once. Big platters, coffee urns, things like that. [*Shakes his head sadly.*] Maybe I'm imagining the whole thing.

JULIA [*putting the box down reluctantly*]. I know it was called silver. I'd love to have a silver box. [*She sits quietly for a moment, then bounces on the sofa again—like a child.*]

WINSTON. Julia, please.

JULIA. What's the matter, darling? You're awfully nervous.

What's wrong?

WINSTON. Maybe . . . maybe it's all a mistake.

JULIA. What's a mistake?

WINSTON. Our being here. [*He rises and begins to pace up and down below the coffee table.*] I really don't know if he's one of us.

JULIA. But he asked you to come.

WINSTON. Yes—to pick up a dictionary. I wonder . . . is that all he meant? Nothing more? Suppose it's a trap.

JULIA [*sprugging*]. Then we'll be vaporized. We'll be unpersons.

WINSTON [*shocked*]. Don't say that.

[*O'BRIEN enters the room from D L. He is wearing a silk smoking jacket over the black coveralls, and soft shoes. He is smoking a pipe. He does not smile. His face shows no emotion whatsoever. O'BRIEN walks toward them and then detours around to the telescreen and twists the knob. There is a loud click.*]

The spotlight that has been gently illuminating the telescreen goes off. Both JULIA and WINSTON are standing, obviously in a panic now that the moment has arrived. WINSTON has crossed so he is standing in front of the sofa. Now JULIA utters a tiny squeak of surprise at the rash act of O'BRIEN.]

WINSTON [*sitting down, very surprised*]. You turned it off!

O'BRIEN. Yes. I turned it off. [*WINSTON shakes his head in disbelief.*] We members of the Inner Party have that privilege.

[He is opposite them now and he looks directly at WINSTON, but WINSTON cannot speak. He doesn't know where to begin. Finally, it is O'BRIEN who speaks.] All right . . . shall I say it, or will you?

WINSTON. I will say it. That thing is really turned off?

O'BRIEN. Yes. Everything is turned off. We are alone.

WINSTON [*rising*]. We've come here because . . . because we believe there is some kind of conspiracy . . . some kind of secret organization working against the Party—and—and that you are involved in it. I . . . we want to join it and work for it.

JULIA. We are enemies of the Party.

WINSTON. We disbelieve in its principles.

JULIA. We're thought-criminals.

WINSTON. We're married.

JULIA. We tell you this because we want to put ourselves at your mercy.

WINSTON. If you want us to incriminate ourselves in any other way, we're ready.

[WINSTON and JULIA stop speaking abruptly. MARTIN has entered D. I., carrying a tray with crystal glasses and a decanter of wine.]

O'BRIEN. Don't be alarmed. Martin is one of us. [*T_o MARTIN.*]

Put the wine on the table, Martin, and sit down. This is business. You can stop being a servant for the next ten minutes. MARTIN [*murmuring*]. Yes, sir. [*Moves easily to the coffee*

table, puts the tray down, then sits in the easy chair. MARTIN does not look out of place but, rather, as though it were perfectly natural. O'BRIEN sits on the sofa and pours the wine. Both WINSTON and JULIA look at it in astonishment. They have never seen any before. JULIA picks up her glass and sniffs at it with frank curiosity.]

O'BRIEN [*with a faint smile*]. Don't be upset. It's not blood. It's called wine. [*His smile broadens.*] You have read about it in books, no doubt. Not much of it gets to the Outer Party, I fear. But, I think it is fitting that we should begin by drinking a toast. [*He stands.*] To our leader: To . . . Emmanuel Goldstein! [*The three drink their wine. O'BRIEN only sips his.*]

Both WINSTON and JULIA swallow their entire glassful.]

WINSTON. Then there is such a person as Goldstein?

O'BRIEN. Yes, and he is alive. Where? I don't know.

WINSTON. And the conspiracy—the—the organization? It's real?

JULIA. It isn't just something the Thought Police made up?

O'BRIEN. No, it's real enough. The Brotherhood, we call it.

[He looks at his wrist watch.] It is unwise even for a member of the Inner Party to turn off the telescreen for more than a few minutes. We have about twelve minutes left. Incidentally, you ought not to have come here together. That was very unwise. [*He grins like a small boy.*] Doubleplus un-good, in fact. When you leave, you will leave separately. You, Comrade Julia . . . [*He turns to JULIA.*] You will leave first. [*He turns directly to WINSTON, ignoring JULIA.*] Now, then, what are you prepared to do?

WINSTON. Anything we are capable of doing.

O'BRIEN [*questioning him rapid-fire, like an attorney*]. You are prepared to give your life?

WINSTON. Yes.

O'BRIEN. You are prepared to commit murder?

WINSTON. Yes.

O'BRIEN. You are prepared to commit acts of sabotage . . . to cause the deaths of hundreds of innocent people?

WINSTON. Yes.

O'BRIEN. To betray your country?

WINSTON. Yes.

O'BRIEN. You are prepared to cheat, to forge, to blackmail?

WINSTON. Yes.

O'BRIEN. To do anything to weaken the power of the Party?

WINSTON. Yes. Anything.

O'BRIEN. You would, if necessary, throw acid in a child's face?

WINSTON. Yes.

O'BRIEN. You are prepared to lose your identity and live out the rest of your life as a waiter or a dock worker?

WINSTON. Yes.

O'BRIEN. Are you prepared to commit suicide—if and when we order you to do so?

WINSTON. Yes.

O'BRIEN. Are you prepared, the two of you, to separate and never see one another again?

JULIA. No! [O'BRIEN snaps his head around to face JULIA. For a moment no one speaks. Finally WINSTON adds:]

WINSTON. No.

O'BRIEN. You did well to tell me. It is necessary for us to know everything. [He speaks now to JULIA.] You understand that even if he survives, it may be as a different person. His face, the color of his hair—even his voice—might be different.

And you, yourself: our surgeons can alter people beyond recognition. Sometimes it is necessary to amputate a limb.

[JULIA is visibly terrified but manages to nod her assent.]

Good. Then that is settled. [Turns to MARTIN.] You had better go to the pantry, Martin. I shall switch on in a few minutes. Take a good look at these comrades' faces before you go. You will be seeing them again. I may not. [MARTIN rises and stands in front of WINSTON and JULIA, looking from face to face, then turns and silently exits D. L. O'BRIEN relights his pipe and begins to pace up and down the room.] You probably imagine the Brotherhood as a huge underworld of conspirators—meeting secretly in cellars—scribbling messages on walls—recognizing one another by code words. That is nonsense. Nothing of the sort exists.

WINSTON. Then what? How?

O'BRIEN. The members of the Brotherhood have no way of recognizing one another, and it is impossible for any one member to be aware of the identity of more than a few of the others. Goldstein himself, if he fell into the hands of the Thought Police, could not give them a complete list of members. No such list exists. The Brotherhood can't be wiped out because nothing holds it together except an idea—which is indestructible. You will never have anything to sustain you but the idea. . . . You will work for awhile, you will be caught, you will confess, and then—you will die. Those are the only results you will ever see. There is no possibility that any perceptible change will happen within our own lifetime. *We are the dead!* [JULIA and WINSTON exchange glances.] Our only true life is in the future. But how far away that future is. . . . [He shrugs his shoulders.] . . . maybe a thousand years. At present nothing is possible except to extend the area of sanity little by little. We cannot act collectively. We can only spread our knowledge outward—from individual to individual.

WINSTON. We are the dead.

JULIA [echoing him]. We are the dead.

O'BRIEN [looking at his watch and then at JULIA]. It is time for you to go, comrade. But first—let us finish the wine. [He pours the glasses full. As he hands them around he asks, with a suggestion of irony:] What shall it be this time? To the confusion of the Thought Police? To the death of Big Brother? To humanity? To the future?

WINSTON [boldly]. To the past.

O'BRIEN. Yes. I know what you mean. The past is more important. To the past! [They all drink. O'BRIEN nods at JULIA and toward the door D. L. JULIA leaves silently, with one backward look at WINSTON. When the door shuts, O'BRIEN turns back to WINSTON.] You have a hiding place?

WINSTON. Yes.

O'BRIEN. Where is it?

WINSTON. Over an old junk shop in the prole section.

O'BRIEN. You shouldn't have told me. The less any of us know, the better. Later we will arrange something more permanent for you. You must change your hiding places frequently. In the meantime I'll send you a copy of *the book*.

WINSTON. Goldstein's book?

O'BRIEN. Yes.

WINSTON. There is one!

O'BRIEN. Yes, but it may be some days before I can get hold of a copy. There are only a few of them. Do you carry a brief case?

WINSTON. As a rule, yes.

O'BRIEN. What's it like?

WINSTON. Black, Very shabby. Two straps.

O'BRIEN. In the near future you will receive a message among your morning work. It will contain a misprinted word. You will have to ask for a repeat. The next morning you will leave your brief case at home.

WINSTON. Then what?

O'BRIEN. At some time during the day a man will touch your arm in the street and say, "I think you dropped your brief case." The one he gives you will contain a copy of Goldstein's book. You will return it within fourteen days. . . . Is all that understood?

WINSTON. Yes.

O'BRIEN [*glancing at wrist watch*]. There are a couple of minutes before you need go. We shall meet again—if we do meet again. . . .

WINSTON [*hesitantly*]. In the place where there is no darkness.

O'BRIEN [*nodding, without surprise*]. In the place where there is no darkness. Is there anything you wish to say? Any message? Any question?

WINSTON [*thinking a moment in silence, then looking bashful and a little ashamed of himself as he asks*]. Do you know an old, old rhyme that begins, "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's"?

O'BRIEN [*with a grave sort of courtesy*].

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

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

WINSTON [*delighted*]. You know the rhyme?

O'BRIEN. Yes—I know the rhyme. And now, I think, you had better go. [*He ushers WINSTON firmly to the door*.] We will meet again. [*WINSTON goes out D. L. O'BRIEN turns upstage toward the television as the curtain falls.*]

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

Scene Three

SCENE: *The room above the junk shop. Weeks later.*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: JULIA is seen entering from D. L. She has a large brown paper bag in one hand and a small paper bag in the other. She crosses to the bureau, removes an item from the small paper bag, puts it on the bureau, gives it a small pat of affection, and then carefully folds and puts the paper bag in the bureau. She removes a large battered old gray enamel [*or similar*] coffee pot, a can of coffee, and a folded dress from the large paper bag, folds the large paper bag and puts it in the bureau, too. She opens the coffee can, smells the coffee, then exits U. R. with it and the coffee pot. The door opens and WINSTON appears D. L. He has his brief case with him. He crosses to C.]

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

[JULIA enters U. R.]

JULIA [*as she comes in*]. "You owe me three farthings, say

the bells of St. Martin's." [*She crosses to WINSTON and kisses him.*]

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

JULIA [*crossing to bureau, taking folded dress and starting for the screen door*]. "When I grow rich, say the bells of Shore-ditch."

WINSTON [*going to the screen*]. Where are you going? Wait a moment. I have a surprise for you.

JULIA [*disappearing behind screen*]. Don't you peep. I have a surprise for you, too. Don't you look, now—play fair. [*In a moment she throws her red Anti-Sex League sash over the top of the screen, and a moment or so later, her coveralls appear alongside the sash.**]

WINSTON. I won't look. What is it that smells so nice?

JULIA. Another surprise.

WINSTON. I've smelled that aroma before. It was in the home of an Inner Party member. What is it?

JULIA. It's coffee. Real coffee.

WINSTON. I've never had real—coffee. [*He inhales through his nose.*] I can hardly wait!

JULIA. It's not at all like Victory Coffee. Doesn't it smell wonderful?

WINSTON [*opening the small package on the bureau*]. What's this?

JULIA. What is what?

WINSTON. The white sand.

JULIA. That's sugar.

WINSTON. Sugar—not saccharin? Real sugar! [*He puts a pinch of it in his mouth.*] Yes, I remember now. I've tasted it before. Julia, where did you get all these things?

JULIA. Here and there . . . the black market.

WINSTON. But this is Inner Party food. I've never heard of it on the black market.

JULIA [*peking her head around the screen again*]. Oh, you men!

They have servants, don't they? And servants steal, don't they? To facilitate speed in changing, Julia can enter wearing a dress underneath the coveralls.

they? And they must have a place to sell what they steal, mustn't they?

WINSTON. But what if a patrol stopped you when they saw you carrying all these things? You know what they'd do if they found you with Inner Party food. Why take such foolish risks?

JULIA. It was worth it. You'll see.

WINSTON [*exasperated*]. Don't talk nonsense.

JULIA. I'm not talking nonsense.

WINSTON [*smiling in spite of himself*]. You delightful, crazy fool. You'd have been shot if they caught you.

JULIA. Don't you like my little surprises?

WINSTON. I love them.

JULIA [*sticking her head around the screen again*]. Trading on the black market is a crime against the Party, isn't it? You see? I'm helping Goldstein by helping myself. So there! [*She ducks back behind the screen.*] Wait till you see my big surprise. Don't peep now.

WINSTON. I have the big surprise, Julia. [*He crosses to the table, opens his brief case and pulls out a large, battered-looking book. He handles it with great care, almost reverently.*] Guess what?

JULIA. I can't guess. Tell me!

WINSTON. *The book!*

JULIA. Oh, that's wonderful! [*There is a silence.*] What book, dear?

WINSTON [*exasperated again*]. Goldstein's book!

JULIA. Really? How nice. You read it and I'll be out in just another minute.

WINSTON. Come out now. I want us to read it together.

JULIA. Go ahead, read out loud. I'm listening. [*WINSTON sits in the dilapidated chair at the downstage edge of the table and places the book carefully in his lap. Before he opens the book he stretches and looks all around the room.*]

WINSTON. Isn't this a wonderful room? Isn't it truly fabulous? No telescreen. No pictures of Big Brother. We can say what

we like . . . look as we like . . . think what we like. Oh, if this could go on forever . . .

JULIA. Did Goldstein say that?

WINSTON. No, I did. I'm just thinking out loud.

JULIA. Well, read, darling. I'm almost ready. [WINSTON opens the book and begins to read.]

WINSTON. The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism, by Emmanuel Goldstein. Chapter I, Ignorance is Strength. Throughout recorded time, there have been three kinds of people in the world: the High, the Middle, and the Low. They have been subdivided in many ways, but the essential structure of society has never altered . . . [He lays the book down in his lap, thrilled by the fact that, at last, he is actually reading it.] Julia! It is the book.

JULIA [leaning out from behind the screen, hair brush in hand, continuing to brush her hair as she speaks]. What, dear?

WINSTON. I'm actually reading the book.

JULIA. That's what I thought you were doing.

WINSTON. I still can't believe it. I can hardly read it. I want to read it all at once. I'm that excited.

JULIA. Start in the middle, Winston. If the middle is any good, then go back to the first part. If not . . . then why bother?

WINSTON [smiling]. Maybe you're right. [He flips the book over toward the middle and starts to read again.] Chapter

Three: War is Peace. The splitting up of the world into three great superstates was foreseen before the middle of the twentieth century. And since that time, the three superstates have been permanently at war. The primary aim of modern warfare is to use up the products of the machine without raising the general standard of living. The essential act of war is destruction of the products of human labor. War is a way of shattering to pieces the materials which otherwise might be used to make the masses too comfortable, and hence, in the long run, too intelligent. So long as they remain in conflict, they prop one another up like three sheaves of corn. The very word "war," therefore, has become misleading. This is the inner meaning of the Party slogan: War is Peace! [WIN-

STON puts the book down and crosses to the screen.] Julia, did you hear that?

JULIA. Yes, dear.

WINSTON. It's wonderful. It's unbelievable!

JULIA. What's so unbelievable about it? I've heard you say pretty much the same things.

WINSTON. The important thing is that they are written down.

JULIA. That's proof that others believe the same way I do. I'm not mad.

JULIA. Of course you're not mad.

WINSTON. There is truth . . . and there is untruth . . . and if you cling to the truth—even against the whole world—you aren't mad.

JULIA. You're brilliant, my love. As brilliant as Goldstein.

WINSTON. Come out from behind there. Come here. We are going to start reading from the beginning.

JULIA. All right, but you have to close your eyes. Got them closed? [Julia comes out from behind the screen. Her hair is combed out long, and it is wavy. There is a ribbon tied around her head. She has lipstick and rouge on, a bit too much of each, but she wears it without self-consciousness. Her face is beautiful. The strict, schoolteacher look is gone completely. She is wobbling on high-heeled shoes. She is even wearing a dress of striped white flannel, caught at the waist with the red Anti-Sex League sash. There is a bunch of real violets pinned at her throat. It is a strange getup but she looks very pretty in it. WINSTON stares at her in disbelief.]

WINSTON. Julia!

JULIA. It's my surprise. Look, I'm a woman. I have a dress.

[She tries to swirl around but almost falls because of the high heels. She kicks them off into a corner.] They're too big, anyway.

WINSTON. Oh, you are beautiful.

JULIA. Winston . . . this is the only time I've ever felt like a woman. A real woman, and you are my man . . . my husband. [She bugs him around the head, then steps back and

twirls again in her bare feet.] A real dress. Think of it. [*Giggling.*] Think of what the Party would say.

WINSTON. Where did you get it?

JULIA. I spent all of my clothing coupons for it. A whole year's supply. I'll be ragged before the year's out, but I don't care—I have a dress! It's like what the prolet women wear, isn't it?

WINSTON. No. Your dress is pretty. Theirs are just sacks. [*Goes to her, puts his arms around her and holds her close.*] But it is a dress, my angel. A beautiful, beautiful dress.

JULIA. You like me in it?

WINSTON. I adore you.

JULIA [*nudging at him*]. Talk to me, then.

WINSTON. I have the book, darling.

JULIA [*petulantly*]. I don't care about the book. You should pay some attention to your wife.

WINSTON. All right. I'll put it down. But first, let me read Chapter One.

JULIA [*pointing*]. You like the book more than you do me.

WINSTON. Julia. I have to return it. It's the book. Goldstein's book. Don't you understand?

JULIA [*relentingly*]. All right. You read your book while I serve the coffee. [*WINSTON sits in the chair. JULIA exits U R.*]

WINSTON. Throughout recorded time, there have been three kinds of people in the world: the High, the Middle, and the Low. . . .

JULIA [*from off U R*]. You read that!

WINSTON [*turning page and beginning again*]. The aims of these groups are entirely irreconcilable. The aim of the High is to remain where they are. The aim of the Middle is to change places with the High. There are only four ways the ruling group can fall from power. One: it is conquered from without, or two: it governs so inefficiently that the masses are stirred to revolt, or three: it allows a strong and discontented Middle Group to come into being, or four: it loses its own self-confidence and will to govern. . . .

[*While WINSTON is reading the above, JULIA reappears on*

stage from U R. She pauses to smooth her dress, hitches up her skirt a couple of inches to look at her legs, readjusts the dress, and then walks out of her way, around WINSTON, and up to the bureau for the package of sugar. WINSTON continues to read without looking up. JULIA crosses around in front of him again toward U R, but when she has just passed him, stops and interrupts.]

JULIA. Winston, do you think I have pretty legs?

WINSTON [*exasperated*]. Julia!

JULIA. Well, do you?

WINSTON. Yes. But you haven't been listening!

JULIA [*mildly*]. I have, too. . . . It's funny, but legs look different coming out of a dress. Don't you think legs look different this way?

WINSTON. Are you going to listen?

JULIA. Of course, but the coffee's almost ready. You read and I'll bring the coffee. [*She exits U R as WINSTON continues.*]

WINSTON [*reading*]. Not even the smallest deviation of opinion can be tolerated. A Party member lives from birth to death under the eye of the Thought Police. Even when he is alone he can never be sure he is alone. Nothing that he does is indifferent. He has no freedom of choice in any direction. He is expected to have no private emotions, no respite from enthusiasm, and is supposed to live in a continuous frenzy of hatred of foreign enemies and internal traitors.

[*JULIA enters U R, carrying a light metal chair which she puts beside the table. She exits U R again as WINSTON continues to read, and then enters a moment later with a tray. The tray has been covered with a white napkin or cloth to give it a festive quality. Standing on the tray is the gray enameled coffee pot and two unmatched crockery mugs—one of which should have a broken handle—and a little dish for the sugar and spoon. JULIA sets the tray ceremoniously on the table in front of WINSTON and then sits down on the other chair, seating herself on the front edge of the chair to serve*

the coffee. WINSTON lowers the book and lays it on the table, leans forward and inhales the aroma of the coffee. He leans back with a broad smile on his face.]

JULIA [pouring the coffee as ceremoniously as possible with the gray enamel pot]. Sugar?

WINSTON [leaning forward and looking at it dubiously]. Are you supposed to?

JULIA [with mild indignation]. After all the trouble and risk finding it, you certainly are!

WINSTON [firmly, nodding his head]. Sugar, please.

JULIA. One teaspoon or two?

WINSTON [catching on]. Two, if you don't mind.

JULIA. Of course. [She puts the sugar in and passes the cup with the spoon sticking in it. JULIA pours the other cup (the one with the broken handle) for herself, adds one teaspoon of sugar to her cup. WINSTON politely waits until she is ready, and then they both take a sip of their coffee as they look at each other.]

WINSTON. It's delicious! Really! What a fantastic taste.

JULIA. Some people prefer it with milk.

WINSTON [picking up the book and continuing to read aloud]. The discontent produced by this bare, unsatisfying life is deliberately turned outward and dissipated by such devices as the Two Minutes Hate, and the . . . [He comes to a slow stop as he hears out the door from across the hall the landlady singing.]

LANDLADY [singing off D L].

It was only an 'opeless fancy,

It passed like an Ipril dye,

But a look an' a word an' the dreams
they stirred,

They 'ave stolen my 'eart away!

WINSTON. I can't compete with the proles's singing.

JULIA [angrily]. I don't want you to!

WINSTON [surprised]. Julia!

JULIA. I spent my money and all my coupons to make you

happy by serving real coffee with sugar for the first time in our lives, and I'm serving them in a dress that's supposed to make me look beautiful for you just this once. I want to feel like a wife. A real woman. Not a Party member. Not a conspirator. Just a wife trying to make her husband happy, and you keep reading your damned book! You don't love me! WINSTON [putting the book down and getting up and going to her]. Don't say that. Never! Oh, my darling! My angel!

Of course I love you. Forever!

LANDLADY [singing, off D L].

They sye that time 'eals all things,

They sye you can always forget,

But the smiles an' the tears across
the years,

They twist my 'earstrings yet.

JULIA. I'm sorry, Winston. Go on and read your book.

WINSTON. Later. It's not important now. I already understand the "how" but I don't yet understand the "why." I do know what the conclusions must be, though.

JULIA. What, my darling?

WINSTON [nodding toward D L]. There.

JULIA. The landlady?

WINSTON. Um-hum. If there is hope—any hope at all—it lies with the proles.

JULIA. I wonder how she survives.

WINSTON. Think of her, Julia. That woman has grown fat with childbearing . . . then been hardened and roughened by work to keep her children alive. She's beautiful!

JULIA. Hmph! She's at least a yard across the hips.

WINSTON. That's her style of beauty. [JULIA shrugs. WINSTON puts his arm around her waist.] Don't you see, Julia? All around the world in Eurasia, Eastasia and the rest of Oceania, there are proles like her, bearing children . . . washing and singing. The proles sing, the birds sing, only the Party does not sing. They are the hope, Julia. We are the dead.

JULIA [echoing dutifully]. We are the dead.

[The LOUDSPEAKER breaks in, suddenly.]

LOUDSPEAKER [harsh and strident]. You are the dead!

[The picture of the church crashes to the floor, revealing the tele screen/poster of BIG BROTHER behind it. At the same time the spotlight snaps on glaringly. WINSTON springs back and JULIA springs up. Terrified, they look at the poster.]

JULIA. It was behind the picture.

LOUDSPEAKER. It was behind the picture. Stay where you are. Do not move. [There is a hubbub of voices offstage. The LANDLADY screams.]

WINSTON. The house is surrounded.

LOUDSPEAKER. The house is surrounded. Place your hands behind your heads. Stand absolutely still.

JULIA. We may as well say good-by.

LOUDSPEAKER. You may as well say good-by. Why not the last line of your song? "Here comes a candle to light you to bed. Here comes a chopper to chop off your head."

[As the loudspeaker says this, the two black-uniformed guards stamp into the room.]

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

Scene One

SCENE: A cell in the Ministry of Love. Only the back portion of the stage is lit. We see the curtain and the porter of BIG BROTHER. Underneath it is a long bench.]

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: SYME is discovered sitting disconsolately on the bench. Immediately after the curtain rises, two black-uniformed GUARDS enter with WINSTON between them. They throw WINSTON onto the floor and go out again. He picks himself up from the floor and tiredly sits on the bench, not even looking at SYME.]

SYME [without emotion]. Hello, Winston.

WINSTON [also without emotion]. So they got you too, Syme? SYME. Funny, but I never suspected you. I thought it was you who denounced me.

WINSTON. What did you do, Syme?

SYME. I really don't know.

WINSTON. There's only one offense.

SYME. Yes, of course. Thought-crime.

WINSTON. Did you commit it?

SYME. Apparently.

WINSTON. Don't you know?

SYME. I think maybe. . . . We had finished the dictionary. Complete. Everything done. I'd been working on poetry. Translating the poems of Kipling into Newspeak. We were calling him Big Brother's Trumpeter. I allowed the word "God" to remain at the end of a line. I couldn't help it. The rhyme was "rod." There are only twelve rhymes to "rod" in the entire language. There was no way to change it. . . . no way at all. [He shakes his head sadly.]

WINSTON [not at all interested]. I wonder where we are?

SYME. Miniluv.

WINSTON. Where?

SYME. The Ministry of Love, of course.

WINSTON. I know that. Where in the building?

SYME. Who cares? It all ends the same. You are walking down a corridor and they shoot you in the back of the head.

WINSTON. Are you afraid?

SYME. No. No, I'm not afraid. Of course, I won't go to room 101. I haven't done anything that bad! No. I'm really not afraid.

[The two guards bring PARSONS into the cell in the same way WINSTON was brought. They exit immediately.]

WINSTON [surprised]. You! Here? [PARSONS tries to speak but cannot.] What for?

PARSONS. Thought-crime. [She is blubbing.] You don't think they'll shoot me? Maybe five years, or even ten years. They wouldn't shoot me for going off the rails just once?

WINSTON. Are you guilty?

PARSONS. Of course I'm guilty. You don't think the Party would arrest an innocent person, do you? [She shakes her head as if to force back the tears.] Oh, it's insidious—thought-crime is. You know how it got me? In my sleep. Yes, that's a fact. I was working away, trying to do my part—never had any idea I had bad stuff in my mind. Do you know what I was saying? [She almost whispers.] "Down with Big Brother! Down with Big Brother!" Yes, I said that. Over and over again in my sleep.

WINSTON. Who denounced you?

PARSONS. My daughter, Gladys. Listened at the keyhole with that new device she got at the Spies. Think of it—just a child. Just turned me right in. Pretty smart, eh? I'm proud of her. It shows that I brought her up in the right spirit, anyway.

[The two guards enter.]

FIRST GUARD. Syme. [SYME cringes on the bench.] Room 101. SYME. Not 101! [SYME points to WINSTON, crying out hysterically.] It's not me you want . . . it's him. . . . Oh, the things he's been saying against the Party. Him! Not me. [He falls to the floor and grabs the rung of the bench in terror.] Not 101! Not room 101! [One guard kicks SYME casually in the ribs. The two guards then raise SYME and exit with the terrified, blubbing prisoner between them. As they go, SYME keeps repeating in quiet horror:] Not 101 —not 101— [WINSTON has covered his eyes with his hands, but PARSONS still looks straight ahead dumbly. She still looks as if she were about to cry.]

PARSONS. I shall say to the tribunal, "Thank you. Thank you for saving me before it's too late." They wouldn't take me to room 101 then, would they?

WINSTON. Parson, what is room 101?

PARSONS [now terrified]. I don't know. I'm not sure. I think I know, but I'm not sure.

[A guard's voice calls out from off D L, "Winston Smith." WINSTON leaps to his feet in horror as he sees O'BRIEN walk into the cell in front of the guards.]

WINSTON. They got you, too!

O'BRIEN [with a mild, almost regretful smile]. They got me a long time ago, Winston. [He moves aside, and the guards close in on WINSTON.] You knew this, Winston. Don't deceive yourself. I told you we'd meet again in the place where there is no darkness. [He gestures to the guards.] Room 101! [They lead WINSTON out. O'BRIEN follows.]

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

Scene Two

SCENE: Room 101. Months later.]

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: The stage is completely dark except for a single pool of harsh, white light on center stage. WINSTON is alone, seated in the center of this pool of light on the floor, with his head bowed and his arms hugging his knees tightly to his body. His clothes are torn and dirty. He is rocking back and forth and moaning softly. After a moment the black-uniformed GUARDS step out of the darkness and into the pool of light.]

GUARD [harshly]. On your feet, Smith. Stand up!

WINSTON [terrified, scuttling away on all fours out of the light and into the darkness beyond]. No. No. No. No. No. Leave me alone.

[O'BRIEN steps from the darkness into the light.]

O'BRIEN [to the GUARD]. Bring him back. [The GUARD goes after WINSTON and drags him back to C. WINSTON huddles miserably on the floor between the GUARD and O'BRIEN. O'BRIEN bends over him. He speaks almost tenderly.] Don't worry, Winston. Now that you've been suitably prepared, I shall save you. I shall make you perfect.

WINSTON [weakly]. Yes.

O'BRIEN. I am taking trouble with you, Winston.

WINSTON. Why? I've already confessed.

O'BRIEN. Confessions are for propaganda.

WINSTON. Then why did you starve me? And keep me standing for weeks? Why wasn't I allowed to sleep? Why is the light never turned out?

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Act III

1984

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O'BRIEN. You don't understand! There was nothing to confess that we didn't know.

WINSTON. What are you trying to do?

O'BRIEN. You suffer from a mental derangement. You believe you remember things that never happened. You are worth saving and we're going to save you. [Harshly.] Stand up! WINSTON, like a beaten dog, gets on his hands and knees and then puts one foot out in an effort to stand up but cannot make it. The GUARDS pull him to his feet.] That's better. You must always stand and pay attention. [He shows WINSTON a newspaper clipping with a picture on it.] You have the delusion that you saw this picture of Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford. You believe this proves they could not have committed the crimes they confessed to.

WINSTON [exultantly]. It exists!

O'BRIEN. No—it does not exist. [He tears the paper into small pieces and hands it to one of the GUARDS.] Burn it! [The GUARD takes the paper and walks crisply offstage D.R.] You see? It doesn't exist. You won't even see the destruction, but it's dust—ashes. In fact, it never existed.

WINSTON. It still exists—in memory. I remember it. You remember it.

O'BRIEN. I do not remember it.

WINSTON. Doublethink! You're a lunatic. [Looks at O'BRIEN, first with comprehension and finally with growing horror.]

No. You . . . you actually don't remember it, do you?

O'BRIEN. Repeat the Party slogan dealing with the control of the past.

WINSTON [obediently, but swaying on his feet till the remaining GUARD prods him]. Who controls the past controls the future.

Who controls the present controls the past.

O'BRIEN. Is there a place, a world of solid objects, where the past is still happening?

WINSTON. No.

O'BRIEN. Then where?

WINSTON. In records.

O'BRIEN [*Prompting*]. In records and . . . ?

WINSTON. In the mind. In human memories.

O'BRIEN. And we—the Party—control all records and all memories. Thus we control the past, do we not?

WINSTON. Memory is involuntary. You can't control it. You haven't controlled mine.

O'BRIEN. You have not controlled your memory. You believe that reality is something objective, external. But reality exists in the human mind and *nowhere* else.

WINSTON. All right, in the human mind.

O'BRIEN. The individual mind can make mistakes, but the mind of the Party is immortal. What the Party holds to be truth is truth. You must humble yourself before you can become sane. [*He holds up his hand with the thumb hidden.*] How many fingers am I holding up, Winston?

WINSTON. Four.

O'BRIEN. The Party says that it is not four, but five. . . . How many are there?

WINSTON. Four.

O'BRIEN [*Shaking his hand at WINSTON*]. How many fingers, Winston?

WINSTON. Four.

O'BRIEN [*Softly, soothingly*]. You are slow to learn, Winston. Perhaps we have been feeding you too well.

WINSTON [*Blubbling*]. How can I help seeing what is in front of my eyes? Two and two are four.

O'BRIEN [*Reaching out and patting WINSTON'S shoulder, still speaking very gently*]. Sometimes they are five. And sometimes they are three. You must try harder. It isn't easy to become sane. [*He holds up four fingers again.*] How many fingers, Winston?

WINSTON [*rubbing his eyes and forehead with the back of his hand*]. Four. I suppose there are four. I would see five if I could. I am trying to see five.

O'BRIEN. Do you wish to persuade me that you see five fingers, or really see them?

WINSTON. Really to see them.

O'BRIEN. Then, tell me—how many fingers am I holding up, Winston?

WINSTON. I don't know. I don't know. Four . . . five . . . six . . . in all honesty, I *don't know*.

O'BRIEN. Your arithmetic is doubleplus ungood, Winston. You will have to go back to school until you can do better. [*The GUARD*] Keep him awake. No sleep. No food. Water every second day. He must learn his lessons.

GUARD. Yes, sir.

O'BRIEN [*to WINSTON*]. I'll see you again, Winston. [*O'BRIEN and the GUARD step back out of the pool of light and disappear. WINSTON drops back to the floor and huddles miserably on all fours in the glare of the light. There is a long pause.*]

[*Suddenly the loudspeaker comes to life.*]

LOUDSPEAKER [*flatly, tonelessly*]. One and one and one and one are five. [*WINSTON looks around wildly as he hears the voice, then slumps dejectedly as he realizes what is happening.*] Three and one are five. Two and two are five. Two and two are five. Repeat it after me, Smith. Two and two are five. Two and two are five. Two and two are five. [*WINSTON sobs and buries his face in his arms, covering his ears, trying to blot out the sound. He does not respond. The loudspeaker continues.*] Two and two are five. Two and two are five. Two and two are five. Repeat it after me, Smith. Two and two are five. Two and two are five. Two and two are five. Two and two are five. [*The lights gradually dim. The loudspeaker voice is reduced in volume as the lights go down and changes from the blatant, strident voice to a loud whisper—soft, yet clearly audible. The lights are off for a moment or so, but the whisper of the loudspeaker voice continues at a slow pace designed, with the absence of the lights, to indicate the passage of time.*] Two plus two make five. Two plus two

make five. Two plus two make five. Repeat it after me, Smith. Two plus two make five. Two plus two make five. Two plus two make five. . . .

[The lights gradually brighten, revealing WINSTON in the same place. He is exhausted mentally and physically, but still fighting.]

WINSTON [mechanically]. Two plus two is four. [He picks up the rhythm of the loudspeaker voice.] . . . is four . . . is four . . . is four. [He scrambles to his feet and shakes his fists in the direction of the voice, screams.] Two plus two is four! He robs wildly and collapses to the floor.] It's four . . . it's four. Four . . . [His voice trails off. WINSTON is asleep.]

LOUDSPEAKER [at normal volume, repeating twice more]. Two plus two is five. Two plus two is five. [The voice stops suddenly. Pause.]

[The GUARD steps abruptly into the circle of lights and kicks WINSTON lightly in the ribs.]

GUARD. It is not permitted to sleep until you have said one thousand times, "Two plus two is five."

WINSTON [struggling slowly, painfully to his feet]. It isn't true. I won't do it. Two and two . . .

GUARD. You will do it. Comrade O'Brien sent these—[Drops four wooden blocks on the floor in front of WINSTON.]—to help you learn. Count them. When they add up to five—then you can sleep. [The GUARD steps back out of the pool of lights and disappears. WINSTON is alone. He looks numbly at the four blocks of wood on the floor. For a moment he doesn't move, then savagely, violently, he turns and angrily kicks one of the blocks upstage into the darkness. He turns back, sinks to his knees, picks up one of the blocks and pounds it on the floor.]

WINSTON [keeping time]. One! One! One! One! [He picks up a second block with his other hand and looks at it curiously.] And one make two! [He pounds both blocks against the floor rhythmically.] One and one are two. One and one are two.

[The GUARD steps suddenly into the light next to WINSTON and hands him back the block he kicked upstage.]

GUARD. Here is your fourth block, Smith. They won't add up to five unless you have all four. [Steps out of the light.] You may sleep when you see five. [Disappears. WINSTON stares blankly at the four blocks. Mechanically, as if in a trance, he arranges them into a neat row. He cocks his head and looks at them. He rearranges them to form a square and looks at them again.]

JULIA'S VOICE [softly, from the loudspeaker]. That's right, Winston, count them. [WINSTON pays no attention at all to the voice. He merely keeps rearranging the four blocks into various patterns. Julia's voice continues, softly coaxing and wheedling.] Count them, my darling. As soon as you see that four makes five, you may sleep. It's easy to sleep, Winston. And it's good. So good. Count your five blocks, darling. . . . Count them with me. Two on one side—and two on the other. [WINSTON blindly follows her directions.] That makes five. You see how easy it is? Two plus two make five. Say it with me, darling, and then we can both sleep. Two plus two make five. Two plus two make five. . . . [The voice and the light fade out slowly. Silence. Darkness. Pause.]

[When the lights come up again, WINSTON is seated cross-legged in the center of the lighted area. The four blocks are neatly spaced before him. O'BRIEN, straddling a chair, is talking to him.]

O'BRIEN. . . . and a while back you created a false legend about three men. You thought you had a photograph of them. Do you remember the exact moment you invented that lie?

WINSTON [*weakly, vaguely*]. Yes.

O'BRIEN. Good! Now, then—just a moment ago I returned your blocks to you. You had five of them. Do you remember that?

WINSTON. Yes.

O'BRIEN [*pointing down at the row of blocks*]. There are five blocks here, Winston. Do you see five blocks?

WINSTON [*shaking his head as if he were in a trance*]. Yes.

O'BRIEN. I agree—it's difficult. But you begin to know it is possible?

WINSTON [*almost in horror*]. Yes.

O'BRIEN [*expansively*]. I like talking to you, Winston. Your mind resembles my own except that you are insane. Is there any question you would like to ask?

WINSTON. Any question I like?

O'BRIEN. Anything.

WINSTON. What have you done with Julia?

O'BRIEN [*smiling*]. She betrayed you, Winston. Immediately and unreservedly. It was a perfect conversion—a textbook case. We didn't even have to starve her.

WINSTON. You tortured her?

O'BRIEN. No. Torture is too brief in its effect. We re-educated her, using the appropriate incentives.

WINSTON. Does Big Brother exist?

O'BRIEN. Of course he exists. The Party exists. Big Brother is the embodiment of the Party.

WINSTON. Does he exist in the same way I exist?

O'BRIEN. You do not exist.

WINSTON. I think. I exist. I was born . . . and I shall die.

O'BRIEN. It is of no importance. He exists.

WINSTON. Will Big Brother ever die?

O'BRIEN. Of course not! How could he die? Next question.

WINSTON. Does the Brotherhood exist?

O'BRIEN. That is something you will never know, Winston. Even if we choose to let you live. It will be an unsolved riddle.

WINSTON. What is in Room 101?

O'BRIEN. You know what is in Room 101, Winston. The truth is here. [*Sharply, leaning forward with his four fingers extended*]. How many fingers?

WINSTON [*involuntarily*]. Five!

O'BRIEN [*smiling, making a motion to the guard*]. Feed him. Let him sleep for two hours. Then call me. [*He rises abruptly and steps away into the darkness. The lights dim and the stage is completely dark for several moments.*]

[*When the lights come up again, the scene is as before, with O'BRIEN seated in a chair talking to WINSTON, who is on the floor, facing him.*]

O'BRIEN. There are three stages in your reintegration. There is learning—there is understanding—there is acceptance. You have accomplished the learning. It is time for you to begin the second stage. . . . In reading Goldstein's book, did you actually learn anything that you did not already know?

WINSTON. Have you read it?

O'BRIEN. I wrote it.

WINSTON. Is it true—what it says?

O'BRIEN. As description, yes. As a program, no. The Party cannot be overthrown. The rule of the Party is forever. But why? What is our motive? Why should we want power?

WINSTON. You are ruling over us for our own good.

O'BRIEN [*leaning forward and very calmly, very dispassionately, slapping WINSTON'S face*]. That was stupid, Winston—stupid. The Party seeks power entirely for its own sake. The object of persecution is persecution. The object of torture is torture. The object of power is power.

WINSTON. You talk of power and forever, and yet you are growing old. You, too, O'Brien, must die.

O'BRIEN. I am only a cell. The Party will live forever. [*He leans in close over WINSTON.*] How does one man assert his power over another, Winston?

WINSTON. By making him suffer.

O'BRIEN. Exactly. Power is inflicting pain . . . tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together again. Do you begin to see what kind of world we are creating? [*For answer, WINSTON turns his face away from O'BRIEN.*] It will be a world of fear and treachery and torment. Progress in our world will be a progress toward more pain.

WINSTON [*over his shoulder*]. Is there no room for love in your world?

O'BRIEN [*rising and circling around the pool of light to stand in front of WINSTON, becoming increasingly impassioned*]. In our world there will be no emotions except fear, rage, triumph, and self-abasement. Everything else we shall destroy. Everything! If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever. [*O'BRIEN gets hold of himself and comes back down to earth a bit*] That is the world we are preparing. A world of victory after victory. And you will accept it, Winston, welcome it . . . become part of it.

WINSTON [*weakly*]. You can't.

O'BRIEN [*snapping out of it completely*]. What? What's that?

WINSTON. You cannot create such a world. It is impossible.

O'BRIEN. Why?

WINSTON. You cannot found a civilization on hatred and cruelty. It would never endure.

O'BRIEN. Why not?

WINSTON. It would disintegrate. It would commit suicide. . . .

O'BRIEN. Nonsense! You are under the impression that hatred is more exhausting than love. Even if it is—the individual's life may be shorter, but the Party goes on.

WINSTON. Yet somehow you will fail! Something will defeat you. Life will defeat you. The Spirit of Man will defeat you.

O'BRIEN. And you consider yourself a man?

WINSTON. Yes.

O'BRIEN. Do you actually think yourself superior to us?

WINSTON. Yes—I consider myself superior.

[*O'BRIEN gestures, and the two black-uniformed guards step into the light.*]

O'BRIEN. Hold him up! [*The guards pick WINSTON up and hold him firmly between them. O'BRIEN walks slowly completely around WINSTON, looking him up and down.*] You?

You are superior? You're nothing more than a skeleton. You're in rags. Your teeth are gone. If you're the way the

last man looks, the Spirit of Man can have you for a guardian.

WINSTON [*sobbing*]. You have done this to me.

O'BRIEN. You did it to yourself. Nothing has happened to you that you did not foresee in your first act of thought-crime.

[*The guards release WINSTON and he totters, almost falls.*

He stands swaying weakly.] You've confessed to everything.

You've plead for mercy. Your mind has been reconstructed.

Is there any single degradation that has not happened to you?

WINSTON. I have not betrayed Julia.

O'BRIEN [*laughing*]. Why, you have told us everything.

WINSTON [*firmly*]. I still have not betrayed her.

O'BRIEN [*amusing*]. No. No, perhaps not.

WINSTON. How long before they will shoot me?

O'BRIEN. It might be a long time. You are a difficult case, Winston . . . you have hidden strength. But don't give up.

Everyone is cured sooner or later. [*Ality.*] In the end we will shoot you. [*He turns and steps out of the circle of light.*]

I'll see you again. [*He turns again and comes right back to re-face WINSTON.*] Oh—I hope the rats won't bother you.

Most of them are very well fed. The ones that aren't, well—

you can try to make pets of them. [*WINSTON lurches forward in terror. He tries to grasp O'BRIEN. One of the guards steps*

forward and almost casually pushes the weakened WINSTON

away. He collapses onto the floor. The lights dim quickly. In

the darkness we hear over the loudspeaker the scurrying and

screeching of a great many rats.]

[*When the lights come up again, WINSTON is alone. He is lying*

on the floor, almost delirious, mumbling to himself and thrashing about. He speaks in a singsong way. The squeaking of the rats can still be heard in the background.]

WINSTON. Freedom is Slavery. [Pause.] Big Brother is Power.

[Pause.] Two plus two make five. [He sits up and counts on his fingers, proving it to himself over and over again.] How long have I been here? How long? They've been good to me lately. They even give me food . . . nice food . . . food from Big Brother. [He rummages in his rags and finds a small piece of bread. He gobbles a piece and throws the rest of it into the darkness upstage. The squeaking and scurrying of the rats increases for a moment. WINSTON reacts in terror.] When will they shoot me? [Pause.] Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford were guilty of the crimes they were charged with. Of course they were. I made all the other up. [Pause.] When will Big Brother shoot me? When? Soon, perhaps. I hope soon. I want him to shoot me. [Pause.] I wonder why I ever rebelled. It's all so easy if you try. O'Brien says he can float off the floor like a soap bubble and I can make myself see him do it . . . and then he does it. All happenings are in the mind. Whatever happens in all minds truly happens. [He looks at four fingers.] Yes, five. I have a five-finger hand. [Pause.] How much longer before they shoot me? Five days? [He holds up four fingers again and looks at them.] They always shoot you in the back of the neck when you are walking down a corridor. I'll know when it's coming, and the second before it happens I won't change a muscle in my face. I'll think right, feel right, dream right—up till that very moment. Then—I'll hate them while the bullet is on the way to my brain . . . when it is too late to call it back. Oh, how long . . . how long? [Pause. Complete silence for a long moment. Suddenly he cries out as if in pain.] Julia! Julia! Julia! My love, Julia!

[He struggles to sit up, suddenly fearful of what he has said.]

O'BRIEN steps forward out of the shadows behind him. A GUARD hovers nearby.]

O'BRIEN. You've had thoughts of deceiving me. Look at me, Winston. [WINSTON gets to his knees at O'BRIEN's feet.] You are improving. Intellectually, there is very little wrong with you. It's only emotionally that you fail. [Harshly, commanding.] Winston, you know I can detect it when you lie. Now, tell me the truth. What are your honest feelings toward Big Brother?

WINSTON. I hate him.

O'BRIEN. Good. Then the time has come for you to take the final step. You must love Big Brother. [He turns to the GUARD, who is hovering behind WINSTON.] Bring it in. [The GUARD disappears into the darkness.] You already know what is in Room 101, Winston. It is the truth. But truth varies from person to person. For some it may be burial alive . . . or death by fire . . . or drowning. It may be something not even fatal.

[The GUARD comes back and puts a large black wooden box on the floor in front of WINSTON.]

O'BRIEN. In your case, Winston, the truth happens to be—rats.

WINSTON [screaming, scrambling away from the box]. You can't do that. You couldn't. You couldn't.

O'BRIEN. Learning and understanding are not always enough, Winston. There must also be acceptance of the truth. The time has come for you to learn acceptance.

WINSTON. O'Brien! You know this is not necessary. What is it you want me to do? Just tell me.

O'BRIEN [conversationally]. The rat is carnivorous. Sometimes he eats the nose . . . sometimes he burrows through the cheek to get the tongue. [The GUARD forces WINSTON into a kneeling position alongside the box.]

WINSTON [*in utter terror*]. But what is it? How can I do it if I don't know what it is you want me to do?

O'BRIEN [*leaning forward and resting his hand on top of the box, speaking quietly, easily*]. To release the rats I just have to raise the lid. There are twelve of them in here. They will come leaping out, because they are hungry. . . . Which one, do you suppose, will go for your eyes? [*There is a moment of dead silence.*]

WINSTON [*streaming*]. O'Brien! Do it to Julia! Do it to Julia! Not to me! Julia—I don't care what you do to her. Tear her face off. Strip her to the bones. Not me. . . . to Julia! I love Big Brother! I love him!

O'BRIEN [*hesitating a moment, then straightening up and clapping WINSTON on the shoulder*]. Welcome, Winston. Welcome back into the Party, comrade.

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

Scene Three

SCENE: *The Chestnut Tree Café, perhaps a year later. It is a barren, undecorated room with a few plain wooden tables and chairs placed haphazardly about. The tele screen/poster of BIG BROTHER is hanging u c.]*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: WINSTON is seated at one of the tables. He is alone in the café except for a slovenly WAITRESS hovering in the background. As in Act One, the loudspeaker is heard just before the curtain rises.]

LOUDSPEAKER. The African news continues bad, comrades. Two Eurasian armies and one Eastasian army continue their march

to the mouth of the Congo River. Against these barbaric hordes only one army of Oceania is there to defend it.

[*Trumpets blare forth and the tele screen goes silent. The curtain is full up now, and we see SYME come shuffling in to join WINSTON, who is sipping coffee and reading a newspaper. A chessboard is set up on the table before him.*]

WINSTON. Hello, Syme.

SYME. Hello, Winston.

WINSTON. Ready for our game?

SYME. Let me have some Victory Coffee first. I need some. [*He motions to the WAITRESS, who automatically brings two cups of Victory Coffee over to the table.*] What do you think of the news?

WINSTON [*shaking his paper*]. I'm worried. Quite worried. [*Hands paper to SYME.*] Look at this map. You can see for yourself.

[*A woman walks in and sits down at a table across from WINSTON'S table. It is JULIA. She has changed. Her waist has thickened. There are streaks of gray in her severely combed hair. The WAITRESS brings her a cup of coffee.*]

SYME [*putting the paper aside and looking at the chessboard*].

White moves.

WINSTON. Yes. [*Vaguely stares at the chessboard. He can't concentrate.*] Yes. I. . . . what do you think of the news?

SYME [*shaking his head*]. Bad. Very bad. [*Giving up the game of chess.*] How do you like your new job?

WINSTON. Good. A very fine job. I make a good deal more money—and the hours—very good. Sometimes I don't go to work at all.

SYME. What is the job, Winston?

WINSTON. Well, I'm on a committee. . . . a subcommittee, that is. We discuss things and—*and talk about them. We are working on some sort of a report. . . . or other. . . .* [*He*

looks back at his paper.] Very bad. All of Africa.

SYME. Have another coffee?

WINSTON. Yes, I think . . . [*He looks around for the WAITRESS and sees JULIA. He stares for a moment.*] Pardon me, Syme. [*WINSTON rises and goes over to JULIA'S table. Now, for the first time, we can see how changed WINSTON is. He walks with a pronounced limp. He has a pot belly. He sits at JULIA'S table.*]

WINSTON. Hello, Julia. [*She looks at him blankly.*] It's me, Winston.

JULIA. I know.

WINSTON. It's been a long time since I've seen you.

JULIA. I've noticed you before. I come in here often, only I sit at a back table. Today I wanted to be near the telescreen. I'm worried about Africa.

WINSTON. Yes, I know. It is bad. . . . Julia. . . .

JULIA. I betrayed you, Winston.

WINSTON. I betrayed you, too.

JULIA [*giving him a quick look of dislike*]. Sometimes they threaten you with something—something you can't stand up to—can't even think about.

WINSTON [*nodding in agreement*]. Yes, they do that.

JULIA. And you say: Don't do it to me—do it to him.

WINSTON [*remembering*]. Do it to her.

JULIA. Afterwards you might pretend that it was only a trick to fool them, but that isn't true. At the time when it happens, you do mean it. You think there is no other way of saving yourself, and you want it to happen to the other person. You don't care what they suffer. All you think about is yourself.

WINSTON [*echoing*]. All you think about is yourself.

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

WINSTON [*lady*]. No, you don't feel the same.

JULIA [*looking at him, indifferently*]. I must go.

WINSTON [*not meaning it*]. We must meet again, Julia.

JULIA [*equally indifferent*]. Yes, we must meet again.

[*Trumpets sound and the spotlight snaps on the telescreen U.C.*]

LOUDSPEAKER. Steady, comrades. Everyone stand by for a vital announcement. All comrades, stand by! [*While this announcement is being made, JULIA has gotten up and is leaving the café. WINSTON is looking at the telescreen. When the announcement is over, he looks back where JULIA was sitting and sees that she is gone and is almost at the door.*]

WINSTON [*waiving feebly at her back*]. Good-by, Julia. [*Then he calls across to SYME.*] Oh, bad, bad! Why, if we lose the Congo, all Africa will go. There'll be no stopping it. If we

lose the Congo, why . . . Oceania itself will be threatened. [*His voice becomes louder.*] Don't you realize that London itself might fall? Why doesn't Big Brother do something? Anything. Anything!

SYME [*coming over to him*]. We will all have to work a little harder for victory. We can recapture the Congo.

WINSTON. Don't you realize we can lose the war? We can . . .

[*A trumpet blast from the telescreen drowns him out.*]

LOUDSPEAKER. Comrades, Big Brother himself is at the front and has taken personal control of all military operations. By a vast strategic maneuver, Big Brother has led our glorious forces to Victory! [*There is a roar from outside the café. All of London has heard the news. In between the roars from outside, the telescreen continues.*] Utter rout of the forces of Eurasia and Eastasia . . . half a million prisoners captured . . . Big Brother has brought the war within measurable distance of its end.

WINSTON. Victory!

LOUDSPEAKER. This is the greatest victory in human history.

Big Brother is still at the front.

WINSTON. Victory! Victory! I can't believe it. Did you hear?

Big Brother has done it. He's saved Africa. He's saved us all.

[*WINSTON breaks into sobs and covers his eyes. From outside come the muffled cheers of the city as all of London celebrates*

the victory. WINSTON uncovers his eyes and gazes up at BIG BROTHER on the telescreen. Tears are rolling down WINSTON'S cheeks. He gets up and moves unsteadily toward the telescreen, getting closer to BIG BROTHER.] I've never realized it before, but Big Brother has a warm, tender smile. Big Brother! [And, at last, WINSTON SMITH #6079 makes his peace with his BIG BROTHER.]

CURTAIN

PROPERTIES

THE MINISTRY OF TRUTH: Four tables or desks, four chairs, four wastebaskets, four desk trays, telescreen/poster of Big Brother, three other posters which read WAR IS PEACE, FREEDOM IS SLAVERY, and IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH. Huge dictionary and stack of papers on Syme's desk.

WINSTON'S APARTMENT: Single bed or cot, chest of drawers, chair, telescreen/poster of Big Brother.

THE RENTED ROOM: Bed, bureau, table, two chairs, screen, painting of old church, bureau scarf or runner, checked gingham tablecloth. Act Two, Scene Three: Off U R: Light metal chair; napkin-covered tray with coffee pot, two mugs, spoons, and dish of sugar. Behind screen D R: Hairbrush, makeup, high-heeled shoes, bunch of violets. Behind painting U C: Telescreen/poster of Big Brother.

O'BRIEN'S APARTMENT: Sofa, easy chair, coffee table, silver cigarette box and small vase or bowl on table, desk, chair, lamp, books and papers on desk; rug and sofa cushions (optional); telescreen/poster of Big Brother.

THE MINISTRY OF LOVE: Telescreen/poster of Big Brother, bench, chair.

CHESTNUT TREE CAFE: Table and chairs, chessboard and men set up at one table, telescreen/poster of Big Brother.

WINSTON: Brief case containing dictionary, pencils, spectacles; buttons, needle and thread, coveralls, torn piece of newspaper in pocket; brief case (same one as earlier) containing large, battered book; piece of bread; cup of coffee, newspaper.

MESSENGER: Armful of manila folders stuffed with papers, folding chair.

COFFEE VENDOR: Coffee cart with coffee pot and cups, folding chair.

GUARDS: Revolvers, two folding chairs each, one folding chair each.

SYME: Large new book.

GLADYS: Toy gun.