*1984*

by

George Orwell

Adapted for the Stage

By

Alan Lyddiard

March 2010

Contact:

A M Heath & Company Limited,

6 Warwick Court

Holborn

London

WC1R 5DJ

Tel - +44 (0) 207 242 2811

Fax - +44 (0) 207 242 2711

[Bill.Hamilton@amheath.com](mailto:Bill.Hamilton@amheath.com)

**PROLOGUE**

**ALL**

WAR IS PEACE

FREEDOM IS SLAVERY

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

**SCENE 1**

**VOICE**

Comrades! Attention comrades! We have glorious news for you. We have won the battle for production!

**ALL**

Yay!

**VOICE**

The standard of living has risen by no less than 20 percent over the past year.

**ALL**

Yay!

**VOICE**

All over Oceania this morning there were irrepressible spontaneous demonstrations when workers marched out of factories and offices and paraded 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**

Yay!

*Winston screams.*

*Winston starts to write in his diary.*

**WINSTON**

Diary. April 4th 1984. To the future or to the past, to a time when thought is free, when men are different from one another and do not live alone. To a time when truth exists and what is done cannot be undone: From the age of uniformity, from the age of solitude, from the age of Big

Brother, from the age of doublethink – Greetings

*1984 Scrolls across the wall and floor.*

*He continues to write.*

**SCENE 2**

**WINSTON**

Diary 5th April 1984.

DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER

**--**They'll shoot me I don't care they'll shoot me in the back of the head I don't care down with big brother I don't care down with big brother –

Thought-crime does not entail death: thought-crime is death.

**SCENE 3**

*07.15 hours. An alarm call of an earsplitting whistle. A piercing female*

*voice speaks as the crowd assembles for calisthenics with their cell phones.*

**VOICE ON TELE-SCREEN**

Thirty to Forty group! Thirty to Forty group! Take your places, please. Arm bending and stretching. Take your time from me. One, two three, four! One, two three, four! One, two three, four! One, two three, four! One, two three, four! Swipe, two three four! Swipe, two three four! Come on comrades, put a bit of life into it!

**VOICE ON TELE-SCREEN (CONT’D)**

Smith! 6079 Smith W! Yes, you! Swipe bigger! You can do better than that. You're not trying. Bigger, please! That's better, comrade.

**SCENE 4**

*Winston writes in his diary.*

**WINSTON**

Diary 6th April 1984. Last night I dreamt about the death of my mother. The thing that I remember about it was that it was tragic and sorrowful in a way that seems no longer possible. Tragedy belongs to an ancient time, to a time when there was still privacy, love and friendship, and when members of a family stood by one another without needing to know the reason.

Later I dreamt I was standing on short springy turf, on a summer evening, with the slanted rays of the sun gilding the ground. The landscape that I saw was the landscape that I have seen so often in my dreams before. I've never been certain whether or not I have seen it in the waking world. I called it the Golden country.

**SCENE 5**

**VOICE ON TELE-SCREEN**

The Two-Minute Hate period is about to begin. The Two-Minute Hate. Emmanuel Goldstein, the Enemy of the People.

*Crowd Assembles for the Two Minute Hate. Winston, O'Brien and Julia are among the*

*people participating in Two-Minute Hate. The face of Goldstein appears on the*

*screen, projected over the crowd.*

**VOICE ON TELE-SCREEN**

Emmanuel Goldstein. The primal traitor. [*a cry from the crowd*] All political crimes against the Party, all treacheries, [*a cry from the crowd*] acts of sabotage, [*a cry from the crowd*] heresies, deviation, [*a cry from the crowd*] spring directly from his teaching. Somewhere or other he is still alive and hatching his conspiracies against the Party. Somewhere beyond the sea, under the protection of his foreign paymasters, perhaps even in some hiding place here in Oceania itself he

is plotting to destroy all that we stand for.

**ALL**

DIE! DIE! DIE!

*The music swells and then cuts out leaving Julia shouting out after everyone else*

**JULIA**

DIE! DIE! DIE!

*Winston watches Julia, O’Brien notices Winston.*

**SCENE 6**

*Winston is writing in his diary.*

**WINSTON**

Diary: April 7th 1984. Years ago-how long was it? Seven. Seven years it must be- I dreamt that I was walking through a pitch-dark room. And someone sitting to one side of me said as I passed: **O’BRIEN**

'We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness.'

**WINSTON**

I didn't know what it meant only that in some way or other it would come true.

**SCENE 7**

*The work place. The Ministry of Information. Music.*

**WORKER ONE**

times 17.3.84 bb speech malreported africa rectify

**WORKER TWO**

time 19.12.83 forecasts 3 yp 4th quarter 83 misprints verify current issue

**PARSONS**

times 14.2.84 miniplenty malquoted chocolate rectify

**VOICE**

times three period twelve period eighty-three reporting bb day order?

**WINSTON**

The reporting of Big Brother’s Order for the Day in The Times of December 3rd, 1983 –

**VOICE**

doubleplusungood refs unpersons?

**WINSTON**

is extremely unsatisfactory and makes reference to non-existent persons.

**VOICE**

Rewrite fullwise?

**WINSTON**

Re-write it in full –

**VOICE**

upsub antefiling?

**WINSTON**

and submit your draft to a higher authority before filing.

**WINSTON**

Big Brother meets our Oceanic Patriots. Our boys on the frontline in the war against Eastasia is changed to – war against Eurasia.

**SYME**

Delete –

**WINSTON**

Eastasia.

**JULIA**

Delete –

**WINSTON**

Eastasia.

**PARSONS**

Delete –

**WINSTON**

Eastasia.

**SCENE 8**

*Ministry of Information. Employees are on break assembled in clumps but they only stare at their phones. Occasionally the room bursts into laughter from something on their screens.*

*ALL LAUGH*

**SYME**

Just the man I was looking for.

**WINSTON**

Syme!

**SYME**

Did you go and see the prisoners hanged yesterday?

**WINSTON**

I was working. I shall see it on my screen, I suppose.

**SYME**

A very inadequate substitute. It was a good hanging. I think it spoils it when they tie their feet together. I like to see them kicking. And above all, at the end, the tongue sticking right out, and blue - a quite bright blue.

*Julia tries to get Winston’s attention but he decides to talk to Syme.*

**WINSTON**

How's the Newspeak Dictionary getting on?

**SYME**

Slowly. I'm on the adjectives. It's fascinating. The Eleventh Edition is the definitive edition. We're getting the language into its final shape - the shape it's going to have when nobody speaks anything else. When we've finished with it, people like you will have to learn it all over again. You think, I dare say, that our chief job is inventing new words. But not a bit of it! We're destroying words - scores of them, hundreds of them, every day. We're cutting the language down to the bone. The Eleventh Edition won't contain a single word that will become obsolete before the year 2050.

It's a beautiful thing, the destruction of words. Of course the great wastage is in the verbs and adjectives, but there are hundreds of nouns that can be got rid of as well. It isn't only the synonyms; there are also the antonyms. After all, what justification is there for a word which is simply the opposite of some other word? A word contains its opposite in itself. Take 'good' for instance, what need is there for a word like 'bad'? 'Ungood' will do just as well - better, because it's an exact opposite, which the other is not. Or again, if you want a stronger version of 'good', what sense is there in having a whole string of vague useless words like 'excellent' and 'splendid' and all the rest of them? 'Plusgood' covers the meaning or 'doubleplusgood' if you want something stronger still. Of course, we use those forms already, but in the final version of Newspeak there'll be nothing else. In the end the whole notion of goodness and badness will be covered by only six words - in reality, only one word. Don't you see the beauty of that, Winston? It was Big Brother's idea originally, of course.

**WINSTON**

Of course it was.

**SYME**

You haven't a real appreciation of Newspeak, Winston. Even when you write it you're still thinking in Oldspeak. I've read some of those pieces that you write in the Times occasionally. They're good enough, but they're translations. In your heart you'd prefer to stick to Oldspeak, with all its vagueness and its useless shades of meaning. You don't grasp the beauty of the destruction of words. Do you know that Newspeak is the only language in the world whose vocabulary gets smaller every year?

**WINSTON**

I do understand what you're saying.

**SYME**

Don't you see that the whole aim of Newspeak is to narrow the range of thought? In the end we shall make thoughtcrime literally impossible, because there will be no words in which to express it. Every concept that can ever be needed will be expressed by exactly one word, with its meaning rigidly defined and all its subsidiary meanings rubbed out and forgotten. Already, in the Eleventh Edition, we're not far from that point. But the process will still be continuing long after you and I are dead. The Revolution will be complete when the language is perfect. Has it ever occurred to you, Winston, that by the year 2050 not a single human being will be alive who could understand such a conversation as we are having now?

**WINSTON**

Except the proles.

**SYME**

The proles are not human.

*ALL LAUGH*

By 2050 – earlier, probably – all real knowledge of Oldspeak will have disappeared. The whole literature of the past will have been destroyed. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron – they'll exist only in Newspeak versions, not merely changed into something different, but actually changed into something contradictory of what they used to be. Even the literature of the party will change. Even the slogans will change. How could you have a slogan like 'freedom is slavery' when the concept of freedom has been abolished? The whole climate of thought will be different. In fact there will be no thought. Orthodoxy means not thinking - not needing to think. Orthodoxy is unconsciousness.

*The scene freezes as Winston speaks his diary entry.*

**WINSTON**

Diary. April 10th 1984. One of these days Syme will be deleted. She is too intelligent. She sees too clearly and speaks too plainly. The Party does not like such people. One day she will disappear. It is written in her face.

**SYME**

There is a word in Newspeak, I don’t know whether you know it: duckspeak, to quack like a duck. It is one of those interesting words that have two contradictory meanings. Applied to an opponent, it is abuse; applied to someone you agree with, it is praise.

*ALL LAUGH*

*Another member of the Outer Party, PARSONS, arrives he has noticed*

*Winston and is eager to talk to him.*

**SYME**

Here comes Parsons, watch out.

**PARSONS**

Hello, hello. Look at him working away in the lunch hour. Keen eh? What’s that you got there, Syme? Something a bit too brainy for me, I expect. Smith, I’ll tell you why I’m chasing you. It’s that sub you forgot to give me.

**WINSTON**

Which sub is that?

**PARSONS**

For Hate Week. You know ... the house-by-house fund. I’m the treasurer for our block. We’re making an all-out effort…Going to put on a tremendous show. So, the two shillings you promised me.

*Winston electronically pays Parsons.*

**PARSONS**

By the way, Smith, do you know what that little girl of mine did last Saturday, when her troop was on a hike? She got two other girls to go with her, slipped off the hike, and spent the whole afternoon following a strange man. They kept on his tail for two hours, right through the woods,

and then, when they got into Amersham, handed him over to the patrols.

**WINSTON**

What did they do that for?

**PARSONS**

My kid made sure he was some kind of enemy agent –– might have been dropped by parachute, for instance. But here’s the point, Smith. What do you think put her onto to him in the first place? She spotted he was wearing a funny kind of shoes –– said she’d never seen anyone wearing shoes like that before. So chances were he was a foreigner. Pretty smart for a girl of seven, eh?

**WINSTON**

What happened to the man?

**PARSONS**

Ah, that I couldn’t say, of course. But I wouldn’t be altogether surprised if ––

*Parsons motions being hung from a noose*

**SYME**

Good.

**WINSTON**

Of course, we can’t afford to take chances.

**PARSONS**

What I mean to say, there is a war on.

*An echo through the crowd.*

**VOICE**

There is a war on.

**JULIA**

There is a war on.

**SYME**

There is a war on.

**CHARRINGTON**

There is a war on.

**O’BRIEN**

There is a war on.

**ALL**

There is a war on!

**SCENE 9**

*Ministry of Information transitions offstage. Winston writes in his diary again.*

**WINSTON**

Diary: April 16th, 1984. If there is hope, it lies with the proles.

They have the power to do something. If they could somehow become conscious of their own strength. If they chose they could blow the party to pieces tomorrow morning. They are born, they grow up in the gutters, they go to work at twelve, they pass through a brief blossoming-period of beauty and sexual desire, they marry at twenty, they are middle-aged at thirty, they die, for the most part, at sixty. Heavy physical work, the care of home and children, petty quarrels with neighbours, films, football, beer, and above all, gambling, fill up the horizon of their minds.

But until they become conscious they will never rebel, and until after they have rebelled they cannot become conscious. The Party teaches us that the proles are natural inferiors, a lower class who must be kept in subjection. I understand how the Party makes us think that but I don't understand why. We must be free to know and believe in our conscious thoughts. To know what we think is right or wrong. To question what we are told. Freedom is the freedom to say and know that two plus two make four. If

that is granted, all else follows.

*As he writes in the diary, we see Mr. and Mrs. Charrington*

**SCENE 10**

*The Charrington's Shop. Winston enters. A little doorbell rings.*

**BOTH**

Good Afternoon.

**CHARRINGTON**

I know you, don't I? You've been here before.

**WINSTON**

Yes, I have.

**CHARRINGTON**

You're the gentleman that bought the young lady's keepsake album.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

That was a beautiful bit of paper, that was.

**BOTH**

Cream-laid-

**CHARRINGTON**

it used to be called.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

There's been no paper like that made for - oh, I dare say fifty years.

**CHARRINGTON**

Is there anything special I can do for you?

**WINSTON**

I was passing, I just looked in. I don't want anything in particular.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

It's just as well, because I don't suppose I could have satisfied you.

**CHARRINGTON**

You see how it is, an empty shop you might say. Between you and me, the antique trade's just about finished. No demand any longer, and no stock either.

*Winston notices a heavy lump of glass, curved on one side, flat on*

*the other, making almost a hemisphere. There was a peculiar*

*softness, as of rain-water, in both the colour and the texture of the*

*glass. At the heart of it, magnified by the curved surface, there was a*

*strange, pink convoluted object that recalled a rose or sea anemone.*

**WINSTON**

What is this?

**CHARRINGTON**

That's coral, that is. It must have come from the Indian / Ocean.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

/--Indian Ocean

**CHARRINGTON**

They used to kind of embed it in the glass. That wasn't made less than a hundred years ago.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

More, by the look of it.

**WINSTON**

It's a beautiful thing.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

It is a beautiful thing. But there's not many that'd say so nowadays.

**CHARRINGTON**

Now, if it so happened that you wanted to buy it, that'd cost you-

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

-four

**CHARRINGTON**

-four dollars. I can remember when a thing like that would have fetched-

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

eight pounds?

**CHARRINGTON**

- well, I can't work it out

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

but it was a lot of money.

**CHARRINGTON**

But who cares about genuine antiques nowadays even the few that's left?

**WINSTON**

I'll buy it.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

There's another room upstairs that you might care to take a look at. There's not much in it. Just a few pieces.

*Charrington and Winston go into another area of the shop. As the*

*screen moves into position an old bed is revealed.*

**CHARRINGTON** **(CONT’D)**

We lived here

**BOTH**

till my (your) mother died.

**CHARRINGTON**

I'm selling the furniture off

**BOTH**

Little by little.

**CHARRINGTON**

Now that's a beautiful bed,

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

or at least it would be if you could get the bugs out of it.

**CHARRINGTON**

But I dare say you'd find it a little bit cumbersome.

*Winston notices there is no cell signal.*

**WINSTON**

There's no connection.

**BOTH**

Ah!

**CHARRINGTON**

I never had one of those things.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

Too expensive.

**CHARRINGTON**

And I never seemed to feel the need of it, somehow. Are you interested in old prints at all?

*He shows Winston a print in a frame.*

**WINSTON**

I know that building. It's a ruin now. It's in the middle of the street outside the Palace of Justice.

**CHARRINGTON**

That's right.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

That’s right.

**CHARRINGTON**

Outside the Law Courts.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

It was bombed in - oh, many years ago.

**CHARRINGTON**

It was a church at one time. St.Clement's Dane, its name was.

**BOTH**

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

**WINSTON**

What's that?

**CHARRINGTON**

Oh - 'Oranges and Lemons' say the bells of St.Clement's. It was a rhyme we had when I was a little boy. How it goes on I don't remember, but I do know it ended up

**BOTH**

'Here comes a candle to light you to bed, Here comes a chopper to chop off your head'

**CHARRINGTON**

It was a kind of dance. They held out their arms for you to pass under, and when they came to 'Here comes a chopper to chop off your head' they brought their arms down and caught you. It was just names of churches.

**WINSTON**

I never knew it had been a church.

**CHARRINGTON**

There's a lot of them left, really.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

Though they've been put to other uses.

**CHARRINGTON**

Now, how did that rhyme go?

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

Ah! I've got it!

**CHARRINGTON**

'Oranges and lemons,' say the bells of St.Clement's, You owe me three farthings,' say the bells of St.Martin's - there, now that's as far as I can get.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

A farthing, that was a small copper coin, looked something like a cent.

**WINSTON**

I won't buy it now thank you. But I will come back. See if anything else captures my imagination, Try and remember the rest of the rhyme. It sounds very jolly. It sort of rings a bell with me. Oh! Sorry. Rings a bell! Stupid. Good Bye.

**SCENE 11**

*The Commute. Julia orchestrates a collision with Winston. Everyone stares at her after she falls and drops her phone.*

**WINSTON**

You're hurt.

**JULIA**

It's nothing. My arm. It'll be alright in a second.

**WINSTON**

You haven't broken anything.

**JULIA**

No, I'm alright. It hurt for a moment, that's all. It's nothing I only gave my wrist a bit of a bang. Comrade! Thank you.

*She gets up and shakes Winston’s hand. She slips Winston a note.*

*The commute resumes.*

**SCENE 12**

*Winston and Julia meet in a public area.*

**JULIA**

What time do you leave work?

**WINSTON**

Eighteen-thirty.

**JULIA**

Good.

**WINSTON**

Where can we meet?

**JULIA**

The Metro station at Victory Square.

**WINSTON**

Too many screens.

**JULIA**

It doesn't matter if there's a crowd.

**WINSTON**

Any signal?

**JULIA**

No. I won't come up to you until you are amongst a lot of people. And don't look at me. I'll just keep somewhere near.

**WINSTON**

What time?

**JULIA**

Nineteen hours.

**SCENE 13**

*Winston and Julia meet in a dance club.*

**JULIA**

Can you hear me?

**WINSTON**

Yes.

**JULIA**

Can you get Sunday afternoon off?

**WINSTON**

Yes.

**JULIA**

Then listen carefully. You'll have to remember this. A half-hour railway journey - turn left outside the station -two kilometres along the road - a gate with the top bar missing, a path across a field. A grass-grown lane, a track between bushes, a dead tree with moss on it. Can you remember all that?

**WINSTON**

Yes. What time?

**JULIA**

About fifteen. You may have to wait. I'll get there by another way. Are you sure you remember everything?

**WINSTON**

Yes.

**JULIA**

Then get away from me as quick as you can.

**SCENE 14**

*Winston and Julia are alone.*

**JULIA**

We're here.

**WINSTON**

We're here.

**JULIA**

Speak to me.

**WINSTON**

Don't speak.

**JULIA**

Speak to me, talk to me.

**WINSTON**

Don't speak. There might be a microphone hidden here.

**JULIA**

We're all right here.

**WINSTON**

We're all right. I don't know who you are. I don't even know your name.

**JULIA**

It's Julia.

**WINSTON**

Julia.

**JULIA**

Julia. I know your name it's Winston. Winston Smith.

**WINSTON**

How do you know that?

**JULIA**

I'm better at finding things out than you are. Before that day I gave you the note what did you think of me? Had you noticed me? I wanted you to notice me.

**WINSTON**

I hated you! I hated the sight of you. Two weeks ago, I thought seriously of smashing your skull in.

**JULIA**

You thought I was a good party member. Pure in word and deed. And you thought that if I had a quarter of a chance I'd denounce you as a thought-criminal.

**WINSTON**

Something like that.

**JULIA**

*(Removing a scarlet sash.)* It's this bloody thing that does it. The scarlet sash of the Junior Anti-Sex League (*She throws it away*). Anyway. I am that sort of girl to look at. I'm good at games. I was atroop-leader in the Spies. I do voluntary work threeevenings a week.

**WINSTON**

You are beautiful.

**JULIA**

So are you.

**WINSTON**

No, I'm not. What do you see in me.

**JULIA**

It was something in your face. I liked you. I liked looking at you. I liked watching you move. As soon as I saw you I knew you were against them.

**WINSTON**

You are so beautiful.

**JULIA**

So are you.

*A bird chirps.*

**JULIA**

Listen!

**WINSTON**

Have you done this before?

**JULIA**

Of course. Hundreds of times – well, lots of times anyway.

**WINSTON**

With Party members?

**JULIA**

Yes, always with Party members.

**WINSTON**

With members of the Inner Party?

**JULIA**

Not with those bastards. I can see them looking at me. Looking at my breasts. Undressing me. Fantasies that they shouldn't be having because they are against it all: the sleaze, the sex. They're not so holy as they make out.

**WINSTON**

I'm glad. I'm really glad. The more men you've had, the more I love you. The more I love you. Do you understand that?

**JULIA**

Yes, perfectly.

**WINSTON**

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

**JULIA**

Well, we will get along fine. I am so corrupt to the bones. You won't believe how corrupt I am.

**SCENE 15**

*Charrington's shop. The upstairs room. Winston*

*and Julia are in bed. They have made love..*

**JULIA**

So come on. Tell me about your wife.

**WINSTON**

No, tell me about the men you've been with.

**JULIA**

No, you tell me.

**WINSTON**

You tell me.

**JULIA**

Tell me.

**WINSTON**

Tell me.

**JULIA**

Okay, the first was when I was fourteen with a Party member in his sixties. He committed suicide later on cause he was scared of getting caught and it's a good thing too or else they'd

have got my name out of him. There have been others. Loads of others. Life is simple. I like a good time, the Party wants to stop you having it, you break the rules as best you can. What was she like, your wife?

**WINSTON**

She was - goodthinkful- do you know the Newspeak word goodthinkful? Meaning naturally orthodox, incapable of thinking a bad thought?

**JULIA**

No, I don't know the word, but I know that kind of person alright.

**WINSTON**

I could have coped with it, if it hadn't been for the sex. It was a frigid little ceremony that she forced me to go through on the same night every week. Nothing would make her stop. She used to hate doing it, she used to call it “Our duty to the Party”. Can you believe that?

**JULIA**

Of course, I've been to school, too. Sex talks once every month for the over-fourteens. And in the Youth Movement. They rub it into you. They don't want you to be in control of your own sexual feelings. When you make love you're using up energy; and afterwards you feel happy inside and don't give a damn for anything. They can't bear you to feel like that. All this marching up and down and cheering and waving flags is simply sex gone sour. If you're happy inside yourself, why should you get excited about Big Brother and the Three-Year Plans and the Two Minute Hate and all the rest of their shit.

**JULIA (CONT’D)**

Wait, I've got something I want to show you. Turn your back on me, and don't look out of the window and don't turn around till I tell you.

*Julia takes off her makeup and takes down her hair.*

**JULIA**

You can turn around now.

*Winston and Julia embrace.*

**SCENE 16**

**WINSTON**

(*Waking up*) What – What is it?

**JULIA**

It's just a rat.

**WINSTON**

Rats! In this room?

**JULIA**

They're all over the place. Some parts of the City are swarming with them. Did you know they attack children?

**WINSTON**

Stop!

**JULIA**

What's the matter? You've gone white!

*She holds him close to her. He tries to get what comfort he can from her,*

*holding her tight. He is like a little naked boy in the arms of his*

*mother, trembling with fear. She comforts him.*

**WINSTON**

I'm sorry. It's nothing. I don't like rats, that's all.

**JULIA**

It's okay. It's okay. Don't worry, we're not going to have them anywhere near here. [*picking up the coral*] What is this, do you think?

**WINSTON**

I don't think it's anything – I mean, I don't think it was ever put to any use. That's what I like about it. It's a little chunk of history that they have forgotten to alter. It's a message from a hundred years ago, if one knew how to read it.

**JULIA**

And this picture. Is that a hundred years old?

**WINSTON**

More. Two hundred. It's impossible to discover the age of anything nowadays. It's a church, or at least it used to be. St Clement's Dane its name was. 'Oranges and lemons say the bells of St Clement's'.

**JULIA**

'You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St Martin's. When will you pay me? Say the bells of Old Bailey' – I can't remember how it goes on after that. But anyway I remember it ends up –'Here comes a candle to light you to bed, Here comes a chopper to chop off your head'.

**WINSTON**

Who taught you that?

**JULIA**

My grandfather. He used to say it to me when I was a very little girl. He was deleted when I was seven.

**SCENE 17**

*The Ministry of Information.*

**O’BRIEN**

I had been hoping for an opportunity of talking to you, I was reading one of your Newspeak articles in 'The Times' the other day. You take a scholarly interest in Newspeak, I believe?

**WINSTON**

Hardly scholarly. I'm only an amateur.

**O’BRIEN**

But you write it very elegantly.

**O’BRIEN (CONT’D)**

By the way, have you seen the tenth edition of the Newspeak Dictionary?

**WINSTON**

No. We are still using the ninth in the Records Department.

**O’BRIEN**

I have the new one. It might interest you to look at it, perhaps?

**WINSTON**

Very much so.

**O’BRIEN**

Some of the new developments are most ingenious. The reduction in the number of verbs will appeal to you, I think. Let me see. Perhaps you could pick it up at my flat at some time that suited you? Wait. Let me give you my address.

*She transfers her address from her phone to his.*

**WINSTON**

Thank you.

**O’BRIEN**

I am usually at home in the evenings.

*O'Brien turns and goes. Winston’s heart is beating faster.*

*The adrenaline is racing through his body. He has been*

*given a sign. A secret sign that tells him O'Brien is on his side.*

**SCENE 18**

*In the room in Charrington's shop.*

**WINSTON**

I'm going to see O'Brien. There was something he said, it was like a sign. I have to go.

**JULIA**

Then I'm going with you.

**WINSTON**

Do you know that the best thing for us to do now, would be simply to walk out of this place and never see each other again?

**JULIA**

I know, but I'm not going to.

**WINSTON**

We've been lucky but it won't last, it can't last. If you keep away from me, you might stay alive for another fifty years.

**JULIA**

Don't worry about me, I'm good at looking after myself.

**WINSTON**

We may be together for another six months – a year but at the end we're certain to be caught. Do you know how alone we'll be? When they get hold of us there will be nothing,

literally nothing, we can do. If I confess, they'll shoot you, and if I refuse to confess they'll shoot you just the same. Nothing that I can do or say, or stop myself from saying, will put off your death for as much as five minutes. Neither of us will even know whether the other is alive or dead. The one thing that is absolute is that we shouldn't betray each other. Although, even that makes no difference.

**JULIA**

If you mean confessing I'll do it, I know I will. Everybody always confesses. You can't help it. They torture you.

**WINSTON**

I don't mean confessing. Confession is not betrayal. What you say or do doesn't matter: only feelings matter. If they could make me stop loving you that would be the real betrayal.

**JULIA**

They can't do that. It's the one thing they can't do. They can make you say anything – anything – but they can't make you believe it. They can’t get inside of you.

**WINSTON**

No, no, you're right. They can’t get inside of you.

*They walk to O'Brien's house*.

**SCENE 19**

*O'Brien's House.*

*Winston and Julia walk towards the table where O'Brien is sitting. It*

*seems like a long walk. O’Brien is speaking into her phone.*

**O’BRIEN**

Items one comma five comma seven approved fullwise stop suggestion contained item six doubleplus ridiculous verging crimethink cancel stop unproceed constructionwise stop end

message.

*She turns her phone off.*

**WINSTON**

You can turn that off.

**O’BRIEN**

Yes, I can turn them off. We have that privilege.

**WINSTON**

That thing is really turned off?

**O’BRIEN**

Yes, everything is turned off. We are alone. Please sit down. It's called wine. You will have read about it in books, no doubt. Not much of it gets to the outer party I'm afraid. Will you say it or shall I?

**WINSTON**

I will. We came here because we believe that there is a conspiracy, some kind of organisation that works against the party, and that you are part of it. We want to join it and work for it. We are enemies of the Party. We are thought-criminals. We are also adulterers. I tell you this because we want to put ourselves at your mercy. If you would like us to incriminate ourselves in any other way, we are ready.

**O’BRIEN**

To our Leader: To Emmanuel Goldstein.

**ALL**

Emmanuel Goldstein.

*They drink.*

**WINSTON**

Then there is such a person as Goldstein?

**O’BRIEN**

Yes, there is such a person.

**O’BRIEN**

You ought not to have come here together. It is unwise even for members of the Inner Party to turn their screen off for more than half an hour. We have about ten minutes at our disposal. You will leave separately. You Comrade (*To Julia*) will leave first. You will understand that I must start by asking you certain questions. In general terms, what are you prepared to do?

**WINSTON**

Anything that we are capable of.

**O’BRIEN**

You are prepared to give your lives?

**WINSTON**

Yes.

**O’BRIEN**

You are prepared to commit murder?

**WINSTON**

Yes.

**O’BRIEN**

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

**WINSTON**

Yes.

**O’BRIEN**

To betray your country to foreign powers?

**WINSTON**

Yes.

**O’BRIEN**

You are prepared to cheat, to forge, to blackmail, to corrupt the minds of children, and to do anything which is likely to cause demoralization and weaken the power of the Party?

**WINSTON**

Yes.

**O’BRIEN**

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

**WINSTON**

Yes.

**O’BRIEN**

You are prepared to commit suicide, if and when we order you to do so?

**WINSTON**

Yes.

**O’BRIEN**

You are prepared, the two of you, to separate and never see one another again?

**JULIA**

No!

*Silence.*

**WINSTON**

No.

**O’BRIEN**

You did well to tell me, it is necessary for us to know everything. (*Pause*) You understand that you will be fighting in the dark. You will always be in the dark. You will receive orders and you will obey them, without question.

You will have to get used to living without results and without hope. You will work for a while, you will be caught, you will confess, and then you will die. Those are the only results that you will ever see.

We are the dead. Our true life lies in the future. Now you must go.

*Julia exits.*

We shall meet again – if we do meet again – in the place where there is no darkness. Is there anything that you wish to say before you leave? Any message? Any question?

**WINSTON**

Did you happen to hear an old rhyme that begins; 'Oranges and lemons say the bells of St Clement's'

**O’BRIEN**

'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**

You knew the last line.

**O’BRIEN**

Yes, I knew the last line.

**SCENE 20**

*Winston is reading ‘The Theory*

*and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism’ by Emmanuel Goldstein.*

*Julia is asleep.*

**WINSTON**

'The Theory And Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism' by Emmanuel Goldstein.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

'Chapter One. Ignorance is Strength'.

**PARSONS**

Throughout recorded time, and probably since the end of the Neolithic Age, there have been three kinds of people in the world,

**VOICE**

the High, the Middle and the Low.

**O’BRIEN**

They have been subdivided in many ways, they have borne countless different names, and their relative numbers, as well as their attitude towards one another, have varied from age to age:

**CHARRINGTON**

but the essential structure of society has never altered.

**WINSTON**

Julia, are you listening?

**JULIA**

Of course, I'm listening. Go on. It's great.

**SYME**

After the revolution, society re-grouped itself, as always, into High, Middle and Low.

**CHARRINGTON**

But the new High group, unlike all its forerunners, did not act upon instinct but knew what was needed to safeguard its position.

**VOICE**

It had long been realized that the only secure basis for oligarchy is-

**ALL**

-collectivism.

**O’BRIEN**

The new owners were a small group instead of a mass of individuals and were able to step into a commanding position almost unopposed, because the whole process was represented as an act of -

**ALL**

-collectivism.

**CHARRINGTON**

The Party, which had grown out of an earlier Socialist movement, has carried out the main item in the socialist program,

**SYME**

that of collective ownership, with the result, foreseen and intended, that

**ALL**

economic inequality has been made permanent.

*The Charringtons sing.*

**WINSTON**

She's beautiful. Do you remember the bird that sang to us, the first day, at the edge of the wood?

**JULIA**

He wasn't singing to us. He was singing to please himself. Not even that. He was just singing.

**WINSTON**

The birds sing, the proles sing, the Party doesn't sing. All round the world, everywhere stands the same solid unconquerable figure, made monstrous by work and childbearing, toiling from birth to death and still singing. We are the dead, theirs is the future. We are the dead. If there is hope, if there is a future, it lies with the proles. We are the dead.

**JULIA**

We are the dead.

*A voice suddenly is heard.*

**ALL**

Remain exactly where you are.

**CHARRINGTON&MRS. CHARRINGTON**

Make no movement until you are ordered.

*On the screen eyes are watching them.*

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

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

**JULIA**

I suppose we may as well say good-bye.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

You may as well say good-bye.

**CHARRINGTON**

'Here comes a candle to light you to bed’

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

‘Here comes a chopper to chop off your head'

**CHARRINGTON&MRS. CHARRINGTON**

Chip chop chip chop the last man’s dead.

*Charringtons strike Julia and Winston*

*BLACK OUT.*

**SCENE 21.**

*A Cell at the Ministry of Love. Winston is sitting on a chair next to*

*Another chair. Parsons sits on one.*

**PARSONS**

Do you know what time it is?

*Winston does not answer.*

**PARSONS**

There is no difference between night and day in this place. I do not see how one can calculate time.

**WINSTON**

What are you in for?

**PARSONS**

Thought-crime! You don’t think they’ll shoot me, do you? They don’t shoot you if you haven’t actually done anything –– only thoughts, which you can’t help? I know they give you a fair trial. Oh, I trust them for that! They’ll know my record, won’t they? You know what kind of person I was. Not brainy, of course, but keen.

I tried to do my best for the Party, didn’t I? I’ll get off with five years don’t you think? Or even ten years? A person like me could make herself pretty useful in a labor camp. They wouldn’t shoot me for going off the tracks just once, would they?

**WINSTON**:

Are you guilty?

**PARSONS**

Of course I’m guilty! You don’t think the Party would arrest an innocent person, do you? Thought-crime is a hateful thing, Winston. It’s insidious. It can get hold of you without your

even knowing it. Do you know how it got hold of me? In my sleep! Yes, that’s a fact. There I was, working away, trying to do my bit –– never knew I had any bad stuff in my mind at all –– and then I started talking in my sleep. Do you know what they heard me saying? Down with Big Brother! Yes, I said that! Said it over and over again, it seems.

Between you and me, Winston, I’m glad they got me before it went any further. Do you know what I’m going to say to them when I go up before the tribunal? ‘Thank you.’ I’m going to say

‘Thank you for saving me before it was too late.’

**WINSTON**

Who denounced you?

**PARSONS**

It was my little daughter. She listened at the keyhole. Heard what I was saying and went off to the patrols the very next day. Pretty smart for a girl of seven, eh? I don’t bear her any grudge for it. In fact, I’m proud of her. It shows I brought her up in the right spirit anyway.

*FIGURE IN WHITE wearing surgical mask enters.*

**FIGURE IN WHITE**

Room 101.

**PARSONS**

Comrade! Officer! You don’t have to take me to that place! Haven’t I told you everything already? What else is it you want to know? There’s nothing I wouldn’t confess. Nothing! Just tell me what it is and I’ll confess straight off. Write it down and I’ll sign it –– anything! Not Room 101.

**FIGURE IN WHITE**

Room 101.

**PARSONS**

Do anything to me! Shoot me. Hang me. Sentence me to twenty-five years. I’ve got a husband and two children. The biggest of them isn’t eight years old. You can take the whole lot of them and cut their throats in front of my eyes and I’ll stand by and watch it. But not Room 101!

**FIGURE IN WHITE**

Room 101

**PARSONS**

(*Indicating Winston*) That’s the one you ought to be taking, not me! You didn’t hear what he was saying! Give me a chance and I’ll tell you every word of it. He’s the one that’s against the Party,

not me. You didn’t hear what he was saying before you came in! Something went wrong with the telescreens. He’s the one you want. Take him, not me!

**FIGURE IN WHITE**

Remain where you are. Make no movement.

*They entrance Parsons with their phone. Parsons leaves the room in a zombie like state.*

**SCENE 21A**

**WINSTON**

They got you too!

**O’BRIEN**

They got me a long time ago

Don't worry Winston, you are in my keeping. For seven years I have watched over you. Now your time has come. I shall save you. I shall make you perfect. (*Pause*) Are you alright? (*He looks at Winston with an intensity*) Perhaps not but let us begin. There is a Party slogan dealing with the control of the past. Repeat it if you please.

**WINSTON**

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

**O’BRIEN**

Who controls the present controls the past. Good. Is it your opinion, Winston, that the past has real existence? Does the past exist concretely, in space? Is there somewhere or other, a place, a world of solid objects, where the past is still happening?

**WINSTON**

No.

**O’BRIEN**

Then where does the past exist?

**WINSTON**

In records. It is written down.

**O’BRIEN**

Yes. In records. And … where else?

**WINSTON**

In the mind. In human memory.

**O’BRIEN**

In memory. Very Good. We the Party, control all records and we control all memories. Then we control the past, do we not?

**WINSTON**

But how can you stop people remembering? It is involuntary. How can you control memory? You have not controlled mine.

**O’BRIEN**

On the contrary. You have not controlled it. That is what brought you here. When you delude yourself into thinking that you see something, you assume that everyone else sees the same thing as you. You think that reality is external, existing in its own right. But I must tell you Winston,

that reality exists only in the human mind and nowhere else. Not in the individual mind, which can make mistakes, but only in the mind of the Party, which is collective and immortal. Whatever the Party holds to be truth, is truth.

That is the fact that you have to re-learn, Winston.

**SCENE 22***.*

**O’BRIEN** **(CONT’D)**

Do you remember writing in your diary 'Freedom is thefreedom to say that two plus two make four?'

**WINSTON**

Yes.

*O'Brien holds up his left hand, it's back towards Winston with the thumb*

*hidden and the four fingers extended.*

**O’BRIEN**

How many fingers am I holding up, Winston?

**WINSTON**

Four.

**O’BRIEN**

And if the Party says that it is not four, but five, then how many?

**WINSTON**

Four.

*Pain is predictably and incrementally inflicted on Winston who reacts*

*accordingly throughout the sequence.*

**O’BRIEN**

How many fingers, Winston?

**WINSTON**

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

**O’BRIEN**

How many fingers, Winston?

**WINSTON**

Four! Stop it! How can you go on? Four!

**O’BRIEN**

How many fingers, Winston?

**WINSTON**

Five! Five! Five!

**O’BRIEN**

No, Winston. That's no use. You are lying. You still think there are four. How many fingers, please?

**WINSTON**

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

**O’BRIEN**

You are a slow learner, Winston

**WINSTON**

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

**O’BRIEN**

Sometimes, Winston. Sometimes they are five. Sometimes they are three. Sometimes, they are all of them at once. You must try harder. It is not easy to become sane. Again. How many fingers, Winston?

**WINSTON**

Four.

*The torture starts again.*

**WINSTON**

There are four. I would see five if I could. I am trying to see five.

**O’BRIEN**

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

**WINSTON**

Really to see them.

**O’BRIEN**

Then how many fingers, Winston?

**WINSTON**

Five. I see five.

*Torture on the screens builds to a crescendo.*

**SCENE 23**

**O’BRIEN**

I enjoy talking to you. Your mind appeals to me. It resembles my own except that you happen to be insane. This… time we have together – I was going to say this relationship – but it is deeper than that, more intimate. Don't you feel it? Do you know where you are, Winston?

**WINSTON**

The Ministry of Love?

**O’BRIEN**

And why do you imagine that we bring people here?

**WINSTON**

To make them confess?

**O’BRIEN**

That's not the reason. Try again.

**WINSTON**

To punish them. To torture them.

**O’BRIEN**

Crude, Winston, crude. We are embarking on a systematic medical procedure designed to cure you. To make you sane. Your thoughts are what we care about. Our concern is with what is in your head, because what is in your head is a flaw in the pattern.

We are different from all the oligarchies of the past –the Nazi's, the Communists, the Totalitarians… They imagined that they had learned from the mistakes of the past, they knew at any rate, they must not make martyrs.

And yet after only a few years the same thing happened all over again. And why? Because the confessions were obviously extorted and untrue. We do not make mistakes of that kind. All the confessions uttered here are true.

Things will happen to you here from which you will never recover. Never again will you be capable of love, or friendship, or joy of living, or laughter, or curiosity, or courage, or integrity. You will be hollow.

You will be annihilated from the past as well as the future. You will not have existed. All

that happens to you is forever. Understand that in advance. Before we bring the session to a close, is there anything you would like to ask me?

**WINSTON**

What have you done with Julia?

**O’BRIEN**

She betrayed you, Winston. Immediately, unreservedly, everything has been burned out of her. A perfect conversion, a textbook case.

**WINSTON**

You tortured her?

**O’BRIEN**

Next question.

**WINSTON**

Does Big Brother exist?

**O’BRIEN**

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

**WINSTON**

Does he exist in the same way I exist?

**O’BRIEN**

You do not exist.

**SCENE 24**

*O’Brien is teaching a class as she tortures Winston.*

**O’BRIEN**

There are three stages in your re-integration. There is learning, there is understanding, and there is acceptance. It is time for you to enter upon the second stage.

Do you remember writing in your diary 'I understand how but I do not understand why?' It was when you thought about 'why' that you doubted your own sanity.

Now, let us get to the question of how and why. You understand well enough how the Party maintains power. Now can you tell me why. Why should we want power? Go on, tell me.

**WINSTON**

What can I say. You know everything I think about the Party. You will tell me that the Party does not seek power for its own ends, but only for the good of the majority.

**O’BRIEN**

I will tell you the answer to my question. We are not interested in the good of others; we are interested solely in power. Not wealth or luxury or long life or happiness only power, pure power. Power is not a means to the end, it is the end. The object of persecution is persecution. The object of torture is torture. The object of power is power.

**O’BRIEN (CONT’D)**

Now, how does one man assert his power over another?

*Winston is aware that his answer describes exactly his own situation.*

**WINSTON**

By making him suffer.

**O’BRIEN**

Exactly. By making him suffer. Obedience is not enough. Unless he is suffering how can you be sure that he is obeying your will and not his own. Do you see what kind of world we are creating, Winston? In our world there will 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 - for ever. And remember that it is forever.

You are beginning to understand what that world will be like. But in the end you will do more that understand it. You will accept it, welcome it, become part of it and then love it.

**WINSTON**

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

**O’BRIEN**

Why?

**WINSTON**

A civilization founded on hatred and cruelty would never endure.

**O’BRIEN**

Why not?

**WINSTON**

It would have no vitality. It would disintegrate. It would commit suicide.

**O’BRIEN**

Nonsense.

**WINSTON**

Somehow you will fail. Something will defeat you. Life will defeat you.

**O’BRIEN**

“Hope lies with the proles” – is that what you wrote? Put that out of your mind. They are helpless animals.

**WINSTON**

I believe, I know you will fail. There is something in the universe ­– I don't know, some spirit, some principle – that you will never overcome.

**O’BRIEN**

Do you believe in God Winston?

**WINSTON**

No.

**O’BRIEN**

Then what is it, this principle that will defeat us?

**WINSTON**

I don't know. The spirit of Man.

**O’BRIEN**

And do you consider yourself a man, Winston?

**WINSTON**

Yes, I consider myself a man.

**O’BRIEN**

If you are a man Winston, you are the last man.

*O’Brien signals to the class to beat Winston.*

**O’BRIEN**

Do you understand that you are alone? You are outside history. And yet you consider yourself morally superior to us, with our lies and our cruelty?

**WINSTON**

Yes, I consider myself superior.

*The sound track of the conversation Winston had with O'Brien plays. We*

*hear Winston promising to lie, to steal, to forge, to murder, to*

*encourage drug taking and prostitution, to disseminate aids, to*

*throw acid in a child's face. Winston bows his head in shame.*

**SCENE 25**

**O’BRIEN**

Get up.

*Winston shifts.*

**O’BRIEN (CONT’D)**

You are rotting away, falling to pieces. What are you? The last man is a bag of filth.

It will not last forever. You can escape from it whenever you choose. All now depends on you.

**WINSTON**

No. You did this; you reduced me to this state.

**O’BRIEN**

No, Winston. This is what you accepted when you set yourself up against the Party. It was all contained in that first act, that first moment. Nothing has happened that you did not foresee. We have beaten you, Winston and we have broken you. You know what your body is like. Your

mind is in the same state. You have whimpered for mercy, you have betrayed everybody and everything. Is there a single degradation that has not happened to you?

**WINSTON**

I have not betrayed Julia.

**O’BRIEN**

No. That is perfectly true. You have not betrayed Julia

**WINSTON**

How soon will it be before they shoot me?

**O’BRIEN**

It might be a long time. You are a difficult case. But don't give up hope. Everyone is cured sooner or later. It is a war which is taking place within you Winston and when

you have reached the supreme victory over yourself and you feel yourself full of love for Big Brother, then we will say together: Rejoice, rejoice. And then we will shoot you.

**WINSTON**

Julia! Julia! Julia! My love! Julia!

**O’BRIEN**

But to die hating us is a freedom we cannot allow. You know we will never destroy your brain until we have reclaimed it. You have had thoughts of deceiving me. That was stupid. Look me in the face.

*O'Brien picks Winston up and cradles him like a baby*.

**O’BRIEN (CONT’D)**

Tell me Winston – and remember, no lies, what are your true feelings towards Big Brother?

**WINSTON**

I hate him.

**O’BRIEN**

You hate him. Good. Then the time has come for you to take the last step in your re-integration, acceptance. You must love Big Brother. It is not enough to simply obey him: you must love him. Room 101.

**WINSTON**

What is room 101?

**O’BRIEN**

You know what is in Room 101, Winston. Everybody knows what is in room 101.

*Transition into room 101*

**O’BRIEN**

For everyone there is something unendurable – something that cannot be contemplated. For you it is rats. You will now do what is required of you.

**WINSTON**

But what is it, what is it? How can I do it if I don't know what it is?

**O’BRIEN**

The rat, although a rodent, is carnivorous. You are aware of that. These creatures show astonishing intelligence in knowing when a human being is helpless.

**PARSONS**

Sometimes they attack the eyes first.

**CHARRINGTON**

Sometimes they burrow through the cheeks and devour the tongue.

**JULIA**

They don’t stop until they reach the bone.

**MRS. CHARRINGTON**

You would think it would be quick

**SYME**

It can be a very long process.

**WINSTON**

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

*He screams in agony as the projections of rats are on all the*

*screens.*

**SCENE 26**

**JULIA**

I betrayed you.

**WINSTON**

I betrayed you.

**JULIA**

Sometimes they threaten you with something – something you can't stand up to, can't even think about. And then you say, 'Don't do it to me, do it to somebody else, do it to so-and-so.' And afterwards you might pretend that it was only a trick and that you just said it to make

them stop and didn't really mean it. But that isn't true. At the time when it happens you do mean it. You think there's no other way of saving yourself, and you're quite ready to save yourself that way. You want it to happen to the other person. You don't give a damn what they suffer. All you care about is yourself.

**WINSTON**

All you care about is yourself.

**JULIA**

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

**WINSTON**

No. You don't feel the same.

**JULIA**

I must catch my metro.

**WINSTON**

We must meet again soon.

**JULIA**

Yes. We must meet again soon.

**VOICE**

Comrades. Victory is ours.

**ALL**

Yay!

**VOICE**

The Seaborne Armada secretly assembled by our valiant boys has blown the enemy apart.

**ALL**

Yay!

**VOICE**

A white arrow tearing across the tail of black. The vast strategic manoeuvre, perfectly co-ordinated has destroyed our enemy.

**ALL**

Yay!

**VOICE**

We have captured half a million Eurasian prisoners and the complete demoralisation of the enemy brings the war within measurable distance of an end. The greatest victory in human history has been achieved.

**ALL**

Long live Big Brother. Long live Oceania.

**WINSTON**

I love Big Brother