

Brave New World

Brave New World by Aldous Huxley, stage adapted by Cat Hearth, revised October 2024

Act 1, scene i: *[Factory.]*

[Music begins and lights come up to reveal a line of workers with identical faces and costumes doing factory work – mechanical movements in time to the beat of the song.]

Song [Duet with very deep base and very high soprano]:

Hug me 'til you drug me, honey

Kiss me 'til I'm in a coma

Hug me honey, snuggly bunny

Love's as good as - Soma *[Repeat]*

[A bell rings – end of shift, music stops, Deltas stop working]

Voice: Delta factory workers report for soma distribution.

[Workers line up, get pills, put in mouth, gather in group.]

Voice *[During soma distribution]:* Don't be mad. Don't be sad. Don't feel bad. Be glad! Take soma. Feeling low? Fight with your friend? Why suffer those unpleasant emotions? Take soma and feel good. Only soma always makes misery into happiness. Soma will always be your friend.

Scene 1:ii *[Solidarity Group, including Bernard. President and members of Solidarity Group, seated. Synthesized voice like clock striking time: "Ford, Ford, Ford,..."- 8 times]*

Bernard *[Enters, hurrying, looking at watch]:* Damn, I'm late! *[Bernard enters elevator, presses button, freezes. Lights up on Solidarity Group. Bernard leaves elevator, goes to circle and sits.]*

President: You're late. It's disrespectful. Solidarity services should start on time.

Bernard: Sorry.

Morgana Rothschild: What were you playing this afternoon? Obstacle golf, or Electro-magnetic?

Bernard *[Embarrassed]:* Neither.

Vice President *[Hands President cup, ceremoniously]:* Loving cup of strawberry ice cream soma.

President *[Lifts cup]:* I drink to my annihilation. *[Drinks]*

All: I drink to my annihilation. *[Pass cup around, each takes sip.]*

All *[Singing]:* Ford, we are twelve; oh, make us one

Like drops within the Social River.

Oh, make us now together run

As swiftly as thy shining Flivver.

President *[Lifts cup]:* I drink to the Greater Being. *[Drinks]*

All: I drink to the Greater Being. *[Pass cup around]*

All *[Singing]:* Come, Greater Being, Social Friend

Annihilating Twelve-in-One.

We long to die, for when we end

Our larger life has but begun.

President [Lifts cup]: I drink to the imminence of His Coming.

All: I drink to the imminence of His Coming. *[Pass cup around]*

All [Singing]: Feel how the Greater Being comes
Rejoice and, in rejoicings, die.
Melt in the music of the drums
For I am you and you are I.

Group Members: [jump up one by one] I hear him. He's coming! The Greater Being! Yes, he's coming, Oh, oh, oh! *[Dance in circle, slapping rhythm on the others' buttocks. Drumming.]*

All: Orgy-porgy, Ford and fun,
Kiss the girls and make them One.
Boys at one with girls at peace;
Orgy-porgy gives release.

[Dance breaks up into cuddle puddle. Lights fade.]

Scene 1:iiii [Fertilizing Room. DHC (Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning), students with notebooks and pencils.]

DHC: [Entering with students] And this is the Fertilizing room. I shall begin at the beginning.

Students: [Writing] Begin at the beginning.

DHC: These are the incubators. The modern fertilizing process begins with the surgical removal of the ovary. The liquor with the eggs is transferred to a porous receptacle, immersed in a warm bouillon containing free-swimming spermatozoa. After fertilization, the eggs go back to the incubators where the Alphas and Betas remain until definitely bottled, whereas the Gammas, Deltas, and Epsilons come out again after 36 hours to undergo Bokanovsky's process.

Students: Bokanovsky's process.

DHC: We check the normal growth by X-rays, cold, and alcohol, and, paradoxically, the egg responds by budding.

Students: Responds by budding.

DHC: Each egg will become from 8 to 96 embryos, a prodigious improvement on nature. Identical twins – but not in piddling twos and threes as in the old viviparous days – by dozens, by scores at a time. Scores, scores!

Students: Scores!

A Student: But where is the advantage?

DHC: My good boy! Can't you see? Can't you see? Bokanovsky's Process is one of the major instruments of social stability!

Students: Major instruments of social stability!

DHC: Standard men and women; in uniform batches. The whole of a small factory staffed with the products of a single bakanovskified egg. Ninety-six identical twins working 96 identical machines! You really know where you are. For the first time in history. [*With Ritual Gesture*] Community, Identity, Stability.

Students: [*With Ritual Gesture*] Community, Identity, Stability. [*Lights out and up.*]

Scene 1:iiib: [*DHC, Students*]

DHC: The Social Predestination Room. The Predestinators send in their figures to the Fertilizers, Who give them the embryos they ask for, and the bottles come in here to be predestined in detail. After which they are sent down to the Embryo Store.

The embryos, after bottling, are placed on a conveyor moving at 33 1/3 centimeters an hour. 267 days at 8 meters a day. Then on the 267th morning, daylight in the Decanting Room. We decant our babies as socialized human beings, as Alphas or Epsilons, as future sewage workers or future - Directors of Hatcheries and Conditioning.

Students: Future - Directors of Hatcheries and Conditioning.

DHC: This is heat conditioning. These embryos are predestined to emigrate to the tropics. We condition them to thrive on heat. Our colleagues upstairs will teach them to love it. And that – that is the secret of happiness and virtue – liking what you’ve got to do.

Students: Liking what you’ve got to do.

DHC: All conditioning aims at that: making people like their inescapable social destiny.

Students: Inescapable social destiny. [*Lights out. Students exit, change to babies.*]

Scene 1:iiic: [*Conditioning room. DHC, babies.*]

DHC: The Neo-Pavlovian Conditioning Room. [*Sets out flowers and books.*] Bring in the babies. [*Babies enter, crawl towards the flowers.*] Watch carefully. [*He gives a hand signal. Explosion, bells, whistles. The babies scream.*] And now, we proceed to rub in the lesson with a mild electric shock. [*Hand signal, electrical sound. The babies jerkily twitch and stiffen, yelping.*] That’s enough! [*Signals, electric and noise off.*] We offer them the books and flowers again. [*Babies cry, crawl to exit. Change back to students, enter.*] Observe. Observe. They’ll grow up with what the psychologists used to call an “instinctive” hatred of books and flowers. Reflexes unalterably conditioned. They’ll be safe from books and botany all their lives.

Students: All their lives. [*Lights out and up*]

Scene 1:iiid: [*Dormitory. DHC and students.*]

DHC: Shhh. Afternoon nap for these children. What’s the lesson this afternoon? Elementary sex for the first forty minutes. And now Elementary Class Consciousness. Let’s hear it a little louder on the speaker. [*Hand signal.*]

Voice: ...all wear green, and Delta children wear khaki. Oh no, I don’t want to play with Delta children. And Epsilons are still worse. They’re too stupid to be able to read or write. Besides, they wear black, which is such a nasty colour. I’m so glad I’m a Beta. [*pause*] Alpha children wear grey. They work much harder than we do, because they’re so frightfully clever. I’m really awfully glad I’m a Beta, because I don’t work so hard. And then we are much better than the Gammas and Deltas.

Gammas are stupid. They all wear green, and Delta children wear khaki. Oh, no, I don't want to play with Delta children. And Epsilons are still worse. They're too stupid to be able...

DHC: [hand signal, voice stops] Wordless conditioning is crude and wholesale; cannot inculcate the more complex courses of behaviour. For that there must be words, but words without reason. Moral education, which ought never to be rational. Hypnopaedia. The greatest moralizing and socializing force of all time.

Students: Greatest moralizing and socializing force of all time.

Voice [DHC hand signal.]: ...So frightfully clever...

DHC [speaking over it]: Like drops of liquid wax, till at last the child's mind is these suggestions and the sum of the suggestions is the child's mind. The adult's mind too – all his life long.

Students: All his life long.

DHC: But these suggestions are our suggestions. Suggestions from the State. [*He bangs a table.*] It therefore follows... [*noise from children*] Oh Ford, I've gone and woken the children. [*Lights out, all exit. Mustapha Mond change.*]

Scene 1:iiiie: [Outside. Director and students, Mustapha Mond.]

DHC: [entering with students.] Do you know what a parent was?

Student: [Embarrassed] Human beings used to be ... Well, they used to be viviparous.

DHC: Quite right.

Student: And when the babies were decanted ...

DHC: Born.

Student: Well, then they were the parents - I mean, not the babies, of course; the other ones.

DHC: In brief, the parents were the father and the mother. [*Students titter.*] For you must remember that in those days of gross viviparous reproduction, children were always brought up by their parents and not in State Conditioning Centres. Look at those children playing. Charming. What I'm going to tell you now may sound incredible. Before the time of Our Ford, and even for some generations afterward, sexual play between children was regarded as abnormal [*students laugh*]; and not only abnormal, actually immoral...

Students: No!

DHC: And was therefore rigorously suppressed.

Student: Poor little kids not allowed to amuse themselves!

DHC: Even adolescents, even adolescents like yourselves...

Student: Not possible!

DHC: Barring a little surreptitious auto-eroticism and homosexuality - absolutely nothing.

Student: Nothing?

DHC: In most cases, till they were over twenty years old.

Student: Twenty years old?

DHC: Twenty. I told you that you'd find it incredible.

Students: But what happened? What were the results?

Mustapha Mond [entering]: The results were terrible. Terrible.

DHC: Controller! What an unexpected pleasure! Students, what are you thinking of? This is the Controller; this is his Fordship, Mustapha Mond.

Students: The Resident Controller for Western Europe! One of the Ten World Controllers. One of the ten...

Mond: You all remember, I suppose, that beautiful and inspired saying of Our Ford's: History is bunk.

Students: History is bunk.

Mond: That's why you're taught no history. But now the time has come... It's all right, Director, I won't corrupt them. Just try to realize it. Try to realize what it was like to have a viviparous mother. Try to imagine what "living with one's family" meant. And do you know what a "home" was?

Students: Home?

Mond: Home - a few small rooms, stiflingly over-inhabited by a man, a periodically teeming woman, a rabble of boys and girls of all ages. No air, no space; an understerilized prison; darkness, disease, and smells. [*One of the students throws up.*] What suffocating intimacies, what dangerous, insane, obscene relationships! The world was full of fathers – full of misery; full of mothers – full of every kind of perversion from sadism to chastity; full of madness and suicide.

Students: Madness and suicide.

Mond: Mothers and Fathers, husbands, wives, lovers, monogamy and romance. Though you probably don't know what those are. But everyone belongs to everyone else.

Students: Everyone belongs to everyone else.

Mond: My baby. My baby! Mother! The madness is infectious. My love, my one and only, precious, precious... No wonder those poor premoderns were mad and wicked and miserable. Their world didn't allow them to be sane, virtuous, happy. Feeling strongly, how could they be stable? [*Ritual Gesture*] Stability.

Students: [*Ritual Gesture*] Stability.

Mond: Stability. No civilization without social stability. No social stability without individual stability. Wheels must turn steadily, but there must be workers to tend them. Crying: My baby...

Students: My baby.

Mond: My mother...

Students: My mother.

Mond: My only, only love; groaning: My sin, my terrible God.

Students: God?

Mond: Screaming with pain, muttering with fever, bemoaning old age and poverty – how can they tend the wheels? Stability.

Students: Stability.

Mond: Stability. The primal and the ultimate need. The Nine Years' War in the Year of Our Ford 141 led to the great Economic Collapse. They had to choose: World Control or destruction. The Controllers realized that force was no good. Government's an affair of sitting, not hitting. You rule with the brains and the buttocks, never with the fists. The slower but surer methods of ectogenesis, neo-Pavlovian conditioning and hypnopaedia - and a campaign against the Past; closing museums, blowing up historical monuments... The introduction of Our Ford's [*all make sign of "T"*] first Model T, 632 years ago, chosen as the opening date of the new era. All crosses had their tops cut and became T's. Soma invented in the Year of Our Ford 178: The perfect drug.

Students: Soma.

Mond: All the advantages of Christianity and alcohol; none of their defects.

DHC: Take a holiday from reality whenever you like -

Mond: - and come back without so much as a headache or a mythology. Half a gramme for a half-holiday -

DHC: - a gramme for a week-end -

Mond: - two grammes for a trip to the gorgeous East -

DHC: - three for a dark eternity on the moon.

Students: Soma.

Mond: It only remained to conquer old age. Gonadal hormones...

DHC: Transfusion of young blood...

Mond: Magnesium salts. Now the old folks work...

DHC: The old folks copulate...

Mond: The old folks have no time to think, no leisure -

DHC: - from pleasure.

Mond: Youth almost unimpaired till sixty, and then, crack!

DHC: The end.

Mond: Fortunate kids! No pains have been spared to make your lives emotionally easy – to preserve you, so far as that is possible, from having emotions at all.

DHC: Ford's in his flivver.

Mond: *[Exiting]* All's well with the world.

DHC & Students: *[with ritual gesture]* COMMUNITY, IDENTITY, STABILITY.

Scene 1:iv: *[Men's Changing Room. Henry Foster, Assistant Predestinator, Bernard Marx.]*

AP: Going to the Feelies this evening, Henry? I hear the new one at the Alhambra is first-rate. There's a love scene on a bearskin rug; they say it's marvellous. You can feel every hair of the bear. The most amazing tactual effects.

Bernard: *[Aside]* Every hair on the bear indeed!

Henry Foster: I shall make a point of going.

AP: You've been going out with Lenina Crowne?

Henry Foster: Oh, she's a splendid girl. Wonderfully pneumatic. I'm surprised you haven't had her.

AP: I can't think how it is I haven't. I certainly will. At the first opportunity.

Henry Foster: Yes, I really do advise you to try her.

Bernard: *[Aside]* Talking about her as though she were a bit of meat. Have her here, have her there. She said she'd think it over, she said she'd give me an answer this week. Oh, Ford, Ford, Ford.

Henry Foster: But, my dear chap, you're welcome, I assure you. You're welcome. Every one belongs to every one else, after all.

Bernard: *[Aside]* One hundred repetitions three nights a week for four years. Sixty-two thousand four hundred repetitions make one truth. Idiots!

AP: He does look glum. Let's bait him.

Henry Foster: Glum, Marx, glum. What you need is a gramme of soma.

Bernard: No, thank you.

Henry Foster: Take it, take it.

Bernard: Damn you, damn you!

AP: Hoity-toity.

Henry Foster & AP: And do remember that a gramme is better than a damn.

Scene 1:v: *[Westminster Abbey Cabaret. Henry, Lenina, other couples. All dancing.]*

Song: Bottle of mine, it's you I've always wanted!
Bottle of mine, why was I ever decanted?
Skies are blue inside of you,
The weather's always fine; For
There ain't no Bottle in all the world
Like that dear little Bottle of mine.

Chorus: Oh my Bottle
Turn up the Throttle
Take me back home
With a gram of Som – Ahhh

[Instrumental]

Bottle of mine, I'm sailing on your ocean,
Bottle of mine, I'm getting a crazy notion,
To live in you, my whole life through
A feeling so divine; For
There ain't no Bottle in all the world
Like that dear little Bottle of mine.

[Chorus and Finale]

Synthetic Voice: Goodnight, dear friends. Goodnight, dear friends...

Scene 1:vi: [Girl's Dressing Room. Lenina and Fanny, changing.]

Fanny: I suppose you're going out? Who with?

Lenina: Henry Foster.

Fanny: Again? Do you mean to tell me you're still going out with Henry Foster?

Lenina: But after all, it's only about four months now since I've been having Henry.

Fanny: Only four months! I like that. It's such horribly bad form to go on and on like this with one man, at your age, Lenina! He has other girls, doesn't he? Of course he does. Trust Henry Foster to be the perfect gentleman – always correct. And after all, it's not as though there were anything painful or disagreeable about having one or two men besides Henry. And, seeing that you ought to be a little more promiscuous...

Lenina: Somehow I hadn't been feeling very keen on promiscuity lately. There are times when one doesn't. Haven't you found that too, Fanny?

Fanny: But one's got to make the effort, One's got to play the game. After all, everyone belongs to everyone else.

Lenina: Yes, everyone belongs to everyone else. And to tell the truth, I'm beginning to get just a tiny bit bored with nothing but Henry every day. Do you know Bernard Marx?

Fanny: You don't mean to say...?

Lenina: Why not? Bernard's an Alpha-plus. Besides, he asked me to go to one of the Savage Reservations with him. I've always wanted to see a Savage Reservation.

Fanny: But his reputation?

Lenina: What do I care about his reputation?

Fanny: They say he doesn't like Obstacle Golf.

Lenina: They say, they say.

Fanny: And then he spends most of his time by himself – alone!

Lenina: Well, he won't be alone when he's with me. And anyhow, why are people so nasty to him? I think he's rather sweet.

Fanny: He's so ugly!

Lenina: But I rather like his looks.

Fanny: And then so small.

Lenina: I think that's rather sweet. One feels one would like to pet him. You know, like a cat.

Fanny: [*Shocked.*] They say somebody made a mistake when he was still in the bottle. Thought he was a Gamma and put alcohol into his blood-surrogate. That's why he's so stunted.

Lenina: What nonsense!

Scene 1:vii: [Bernard and Lenina.]

Lenina: Everyone says I'm awfully pneumatic.

Bernard: What would it be like if I were free- not enslaved by my conditioning? Don't you wish you were free, Lenina?

Lenina: I don't know what you mean. I am free. Free to have the most wonderful time. Everybody's happy nowadays.

Bernard: Yes, 'Everybody's happy nowadays.' We begin giving the children that at five. But wouldn't you like to be free to be happy in some other way, Lenina? In your own way, for example; not in everybody else's way.

Lenina: I don't understand anything. Nothing. Least of all why you don't take soma when you have these dreadful ideas of yours. You'd forget all about them. And instead of feeling miserable, you'd be jolly. So jolly.

Bernard: I'd rather be myself. Myself and nasty. Not somebody else, however jolly. Not just a cell in the social body.

Lenina: How can you talk about not wanting to be a part of the social body? After all, every one works for every one else. We can't do without any one. Even Epsilons ...

Bernard: Yes, I know. Even Epsilons are useful! So am I. And I damned well wish I weren't!

Lenina: Bernard! You're saying the most awful things. [*Offers him soma.*] Remember, one cubic centimetre cures ten gloomy sentiments. [*Bernard refuses at first, then accepts the soma, starts to laugh.*] Feeling better? [*Bernard caresses her.*] Thank Ford! He's all right again.

Scene 1:viii: [Lenina, Henry Foster]

Henry: You can't teach a rhinoceros tricks. Some men are almost rhinoceroses; they don't respond properly to conditioning. Poor Devils! Bernard's one of them. Luckily for him, he's pretty good at his job. Otherwise the Director would never have kept him. However, I think he's pretty harmless.

Scene 1:ix: [Doctor's Office. Doctor, Patient]

Doctor: Next! Ah yes, Polly Trotsky, isn't it? For the Violent Passion Surrogate treatment. Yes, I see, it's been a month. Well, sit down.

[Sits in a chair, Doctors put straps on arms and legs; give an injection. She yells, strains against straps.]

Doctor: *[as they unstrap her]* How do you feel? Take some soma and get a good night's sleep. Bye. Next!

Act 2 scene i [Office of DHC. DHC, Bernard.]

Bernard: *[Knocks and enters, hands DHC a paper.]* A permit for you to initial, Director.

DHC: For the New Mexican Reservation? How long ago was it? Twenty years, I suppose. Nearer 25. I must have been your age... I had the same idea as you. Wanted to have a look at the savages. Got a permit for New Mexico and went there for my summer holiday. With the girl I was having at the moment. And then – it was almost the last day of my leave – then... well, she got lost. We'd gone riding up one of those revolting mountains, and it was horribly hot and oppressive, and after lunch we went to sleep. When I woke up, she wasn't there. And the most frightful thunderstorm I've ever seen was just bursting on us. And it poured and roared and flashed; and the horses broke loose and ran away; and I fell down, trying to catch them, and hurt my knee, so that I could hardly walk. Still, I searched and I shouted and I searched. But there was no sign of her. So I crawled down into the valley by the way we had come. My knee was agonizingly painful, and I'd lost my soma. I didn't get back to the rest-house till after midnight. Well, the next day there was a search. But we couldn't find her. She must have fallen into a gully somewhere; or been eaten by a mountain lion. Ford knows. Anyhow it was horrible. I actually dream about it sometimes. Dream of being woken up by that peal of thunder and finding her gone; dream of searching and searching for her under the trees.

Bernard: You must have had a terrible shock.

DHC: I should like to take this opportunity, Mr. Marx, of saying that I'm not at all pleased with the reports I receive of your behaviour outside working hours. My workers must be above suspicion. Alphas are so conditioned that they do not have to be infantile in their emotional behaviour. But it is their duty to be infantile, even against their inclination. And so, Mr. Marx, I give you fair warning. If ever I hear again of any lapse from a proper standard of infantile decorum, I shall ask for your transference to a Sub-Center – preferably to Iceland. Good morning, Mr. Marx.

Scene 2:ii: [New Mexico Reservation. Lenina, Bernard, Pilot, Savages, John, Linda.]

Pilot: Malpais. This is the rest house. And there's a dance this afternoon at the pueblo. *[Speaks in "Zuni" to the savage who replies.]* This savage will take you there. Funny, I expect. Everything they do is funny. Back tomorrow. And remember, they're perfectly tame; savages won't do you any harm. They've got enough experience of gas bombs to know that they mustn't play any tricks. *[Laughs, exits.]*

[Drumming begins. Savage, Bernard, Lenina walk in place. 2 savages run by with snakes.]

Lenina: Odd, very odd. I don't like it. And I don't like that man. Besides, he smells. I don't like it. *[A very old man walks by.]* Oh! Look! What's the matter with him?

Bernard: He's old, that's all.

Lenina: But it's terrible, it's awful. We ought not to have come here. Oh, no! I left my soma bottle at the rest house. Do you have any?

Bernard: Sorry. [*Lenina and Bernard exit.*]

[*Drumming louder. All actors change to savages, enter, with snakes. John with savage men.*]

Savage Men [Dancing in circle]: Ya to kya.

Savage Women: [Dancing in circle] Si to kya. [*Repeat.*]

Savage Men: Pookong nama suski - Tomo iche ma.

Savage Women: Jesus Itopan-na - Chi-tola hota. [*Repeat*]

[*Drumming stops. Savages stop dancing. A boy begins to walk in a circle. Dancer in coyote mask with a whip walks after the boy. Whips him. Lenina and Bernard enter.*]

Lenina: Oh, stop them, stop them!

[*Finally the boy falls. Loud frenzied drumming; other savages help the boy up and out.*]

Lenina: Too awful! Too awful! That blood! Oh, I wish I had my soma.

John: Hullo. Good-morrow. You're civilized, aren't you? You come from the Other Place, outside the Reservation?

Bernard: Who on earth...?

John: A most unhappy gentleman. [*Points at blood.*] Do you see that damned spot?

Lenina: A gram is better than a damn. I wish I had my soma.

John: I ought to have been there. Why wouldn't they let me be the sacrifice? I'd have gone round ten times, twelve, fifteen. Palowhtiwa only got as far as seven. They could have had twice as much blood from me. The multitudinous seas incarnadine. But they wouldn't let me. They disliked me for my complexion. It's always been like that. Always.

Lenina: Do you mean to say that you wanted to be hit with that whip?

John: For the sake of the pueblo – to make the rain come and the corn grow. And to please Pookong and Jesus. And then to show that I can bear pain without crying out. Yes, to show that I'm a man... Oh! [*He sees Lenina. She smiles. He looks away.*]

Bernard: Who are you? How did you come to be here?

John: Linda (that's my mother) and I are strangers in the reservation. Linda came from the Other Place long ago, before I was born, with my father. She fell down and hurt her head in those mountains to the North...

Bernard: Go on, go on!

John: Some hunters from Malpais found her. Linda never saw Tomakin again.

Bernard: [to himself] Yes, Thomas is the DHC's first name.

John: He must have flown away, back to the Other Place, away without her, a bad, unkind, unnatural man. And so I was born in Malpais. In Malpais. Linda!

Linda: [From off]: Coming. [Rushes to Lenina, kisses her. Lenina is revolted. Bernard and John talk separately.] Oh, my dear, my dear. If you knew how glad – after all these years! A civilized face. Yes, and civilized clothes. [She sniffles.] I suppose John told you. What I had to suffer – and not a gram of soma to be had. Only a drink of mescal every now and then. And I was so ashamed. Just think of it: me, a Beta – having a baby: put yourself in my place. And of course there wasn't anything like an Abortion Center here. That lovely pink glass tower! And the river at night, and flying back in the evening from Stoke Poges. And then a hot bath and vibro-vacuum massage...but there. [Blows nose on fingers and wipes them on dress.] Oh, I'm so sorry, I shouldn't have done that. I'm sorry. I remember how it used to upset me, all that dirt. "Civilization is Sterilization," I used to say to them. But of course they didn't understand. It's all different here. It's like living with lunatics. Everything they do is mad. And they're having children all the time – like dogs. It's too revolting. And to think that I... Oh, Ford, Ford, Ford! And yet John was a great comfort to me. But when a child asks you how a helicopter works or who made the world – well, what should you answer if you're a Beta and have always worked in the Fertilizing Room? What should you answer? [Linda takes Lenina off.]

Bernard: As though we were living on different planets, in different centuries. A mother, and all this dirt, and gods, and old age, and disease... I shall never understand unless you explain.

John: Explain what?

Bernard: From the beginning. As far back as you can remember.

Scene 2:iii: [John's Flashbacks. Lights fade, dreamy music. Bernard exits. John sits upstage, Linda enters and sits by him. Mitsima, savage children enter.]

Mitsima: The seed of men and all creatures, the seed of the sun and the seed of earth and the seed of the sky - Awonawilona made them all out of the Fog of Increase. Now the world has four wombs; and he laid the seeds in the lowest of the four wombs. And gradually the seeds began to grow... [Mitsima and children exit.]

Linda & John: [Linda teaching John to read. Singing] A, B, C, vitamin D. The fat's in the liver, the cod's in the sea. [Repeat.] The Cat is on the mat, the tot is in the pot.

John: Linda, tell me about the Other Place. You really can go flying whenever you want?

Linda: Whenever you want.

John: And everybody is always happy?

Linda: Yes, everybody is always happy. [She strokes his head, finds lice and screams] Ugh! Lice!

Savage Women [Entering.] There she is. There's the she-dog! [They grab Linda, some hold her while one whips her.]: Bitch! Slut! You keep your hands off our men! [etc.]

John: [Tries to stop her. She whips him twice. Women exit.] But why did they want to hurt you, Linda? Why did they want to hurt you, Linda?

Linda: I don't know. They say those men are their men. Mad, I tell you, absolutely mad. Everybody belongs to everyone else – don't they? Don't they? Well, here, nobody's supposed to belong to more

than one person. And if you have people in the ordinary way, the others think you're wicked and anti-social. They hate and despise you.

John: [Hugs her] Oh don't cry, Linda, don't cry.

Linda: Ouch! Little idiot! [Slaps him.]

John: Linda! Oh, mother, don't!

Linda: I'm not your mother. I won't be your mother. [Slaps him.]

John: But Linda... oh!

Linda: Turned into a savage, having young ones like an animal... if it hadn't been for you, I might have gone to the Inspector, I might have got away. But not with a baby. That would have been too shameful.

John: Oh don't, Linda, please don't.

Linda: Little beast! [Slaps him.]

John: Don't, Linda. [She Looks at him, then hugs and kisses him.]

[John reading. Savage boys enter.]

Boys: [Singing, taunting. John ignores them.] Your mother is a slut. And she has a big, fat butt! [Repeat, exit.]

John: But I can read and they can't. They don't even know what reading is.

[Popé enters with bottle, Linda joins him, they pass bottle and drink, lie down and start to make love.]

John: [finds a book on the floor.] The Complete Works of William Shakespeare.

Linda: [Lying with Popé] Popé found it in the Antelope Kiva.

John: [Reading]: Nay, but to live in the rank sweat of an enseamed bed, stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love over the nasty sty... a man can smile and smile and be a villain. Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain. What do they mean? Magic words. It's as though I never really hated Popé before; never really hated him because I could never say how much I hated him. But now I have these words like drums and singing and magic. [Linda and Popé are asleep.] Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous... I'll kill him, I'll kill him, I'll kill him... when he is drunk asleep, or in his rage, or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed... when he is drunk asleep... [Picks up a knife] drunk asleep, drunk asleep... [Runs across and stabs Popé twice in the shoulder. Popé grabs him, twists his wrist until he drops knife.]

Linda: Oh, look at the blood! Look at the blood!

Popé: [Holds John's head and looks into his eyes. John begins to cry.]: Go, go my brave Ahaiyuta.

[Popé & Linda exit, Matsima and older Boys enter.]

Matsima: It is full moon. Secrets will be told, secrets will be done and borne. You will go down into the Antelope Kiva, boys, and come out again, men. [They start to go. John follows.]

Boys: Not for you, white hair! Not for the son of the she-dog. *[Laughter]* Go! Go! *[They throw stones.]* Go, go, go! *[He runs away.]*

[End of John's flashbacks. Bernard enters, Bernard and John in same position as end of Scene 2:ii. Dreamy music stops. Lights up.]

Scene 2:iv: *[Outside of hut. John and Bernard.]*

John: Alone, always alone.

Bernard: So am I. Terribly alone.

John: Are you? I thought that in the Other Place... I mean, Linda always said that nobody is ever alone there.

Bernard: You see, I'm rather different from most people, I suppose. If one happens to be decanted different...

John: Yes, that's just it. If one's different, one's bound to be lonely.

Bernard: I wonder if you'd like to come back to London with us?

John: Do you really mean it?

Bernard: Of course, if I can get permission, that is.

John: To think it should be coming true – what I've dreamt of all my life. Do you remember what Miranda says?

Bernard: Who's Miranda?

John: O wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here! How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world... Are you married to her?

Bernard: Am I what?

John: Married. You know – forever. They say “for ever” in the Indian words; it can't be broken.

Bernard: Ford, no! *[laughs]*

John: O brave new world. O brave new world that has such people in it. Let's start at once.

Bernard: You have a most peculiar way of talking sometimes. And anyhow, hadn't you better wait till you actually see the new world?

[Intermission]

Act 3, scene i *[Fertilizing Room. Workers with microscopes etc., DHC, Henry Foster, Linda.]*

Worker *[telling a joke]*: ... and then the Alpha embryo says to the Delta embryo, “Pass the bottle.” Ha, ha, ha... “Pass the bottle.” *[Others laugh.]*

Henry: He does his work very well.

DHC: *[entering]* I know. But that's all the more reason for severity. Consider the matter dispassionately, Mr. Foster, and you will see that no offence is so heinous as unorthodoxy of behaviour. Murder kills only the individual - and, after all, what is an individual? We can make a new one with the greatest ease - as many as we like. Unorthodoxy strikes at Society itself. Yes, at Society itself. Ah, but here he comes. *[Bernard enters.]* Ladies and gentlemen, excuse me for thus interrupting your labors. A painful duty constrains me. The security and stability of Society are in danger. Yes, in danger, ladies and gentlemen. This man, this man who stands before you here, this Alpha-Plus to whom so much has been given, and from whom, in consequence, so much must be expected - has grossly betrayed the trust imposed in him. By his heretical views on sport and soma, by the scandalous unorthodoxy of his sex-life, by his refusal to obey the teachings of Our Ford and behave out of office hours "like a babe in a bottle" *[makes the sign of the "T"]* he has proved himself an enemy of Society, a subverter, ladies and gentlemen, of all Order and Stability, a conspirator against Civilization itself. For this reason I propose to dismiss him, to dismiss him with ignominy from the post he has held in this Center; I propose forthwith to apply for his transference to a Sub-Center of the lowest order and, that his punishment may serve the best interest of Society, as far as possible removed from any important Center of population. In Iceland he will have small opportunity to lead others astray by his unfordly example. Marx, can you show any reason why I should not now execute the judgement passed upon you?

Bernard: Yes, I can.

DHC *[Taken aback, but with dignity]*: Then show it.

Bernard: Certainly. But it's in the passage. One moment. *[Goes to side]* Come in. *[Linda enters, still clad in her Savage blanket and dress. Murmurs, gasps, screams from the Workers.]* There he is.

Linda: Did you think I didn't recognize him? Of course I knew you, Tomakin, I should have known you anywhere, among a thousand. But perhaps you've forgotten me. Don't you remember? Don't you remember, Tomakin? Your Linda. Don't you remember, Tomakin? Tomakin!

DHC: What's the meaning of this monstrous...

Linda: Tomakin! *[Runs to him, throws her arms around his neck. Workers laugh.]*

DHC: ...this monstrous practical joke!

Linda: But I'm Linda, I'm Linda. You made me have a baby! *[Workers gasp. This is an obscenity.]* Yes a baby - and I was its mother. It wasn't my fault, Tomakin... I don't know how... if you knew how awful, Tomakin... but he was a comfort to me, all the same. John! John!

John *[Enters, falls to his knees in front of DHC:]* My father!

Workers *[Hysterical laughter. "Father" is not as obscene as "Mother.":* "My father!" And it's the Director! "My father!" Oh Ford, oh Ford! This is really too good. "My father!" *[DHC puts hands over his ears and rushes off. Workers congratulate Bernard.]*

Scene 3:ii: *[Bernard's Flat. Bernard, Helmolztz]*

Bernard *[with invitations]*: Look at who's coming to my parties. The Chief Bottler, the Director of Predestination, 3 Deputy Assistant Fertilizer-Generals, the Professor of Feelies in the College of Emotional Engineering, the Dean of the Westminster Community Singery, the Supervisor of Bokanovskification... and I had six girls last week. One on Monday, two on Tuesday, two more on Friday, and one on Saturday. And if I'd had the time or the inclination, there were at least a dozen more who were only too anxious... You're envious.

Helmholtz [leaving]: I'm rather sad, that's all.

Bernard: I'll never speak to him again.

Scene 3:iii: [Linda's Room. Linda, Doctor, Bernard.]

Doctor [Hands Linda Soma pill. She holds out hand, he gives another, then the whole bottle. To Bernard]: She takes as much as twenty grammes a day. Which will finish her off in a month or two. One day the respiratory centre will be paralyzed. No more breathing. And a good thing too. If we could rejuvenate... But we can't. But I'm very glad to have had this opportunity to see an example of senility in a human being. Thank you so much for calling me in.

Scene 3:iv: [Bernard's Flat. Party. Bernard, John, guests.]

Bernard: ...though I must admit that I agree with the Savage in finding civilized infantility too easy or, as he puts it, not expensive enough...

A man [to Henry]: That young man will come to a bad end.

Henry: He won't find another Savage to help him out a second time.

Scene 3:v: [Bernard's Flat. Party. John locked in his room. Lenina, Arch-Community-Songster of Canterbury, Fanny, Henry, other guests.]

Bernard: [To exit] But everybody's there, waiting for you.

John: [from off] Let them wait!

Bernard: But you know quite well, John, I asked them on purpose to meet you.

John: You ought to have asked me first whether I wanted to meet them.

Bernard: But you always came before, John.

John: That's precisely why I don't want to come again.

Bernard: Just to please me. Won't you come to please me?

John: No.

Bernard: Do you seriously mean it?

John: Yes.

Bernard: But what shall I do?

John: Go to hell!

Bernard: But the Arch-Community-Songster of Canterbury is there tonight.

John: Ai yaa takwa! Hani! Sons eso tse-na. *[Spits.]*

Bernard: Ladies and Gentlemen: I regret to announce that the Savage will not be appearing this evening.

Arch-Community-Songster: To play such a joke on me! On me!

Bernard: I'm so sorry, he will certainly be here next time. Please sit down, have a carotene sandwich, a slice of vitamin A pate, a glass of champagne-surrogate...

Lenina: [To herself] Perhaps it's because he doesn't like me. Yes, that must be it: he doesn't like me.

Fanny: Yes, it's absolutely true about the alcohol. Someone I know knew someone who was working in the Embryo Store at the time. She said to my friend, and my friend said to me...

Henry: [to the Arch-Community-Songster] Too bad, too bad. It may interest you to know that our ex-director was on the point of transferring him to Iceland.

Arch-Community-Songster: And now, my friends, now, my friends, I think perhaps the time has come...

Bernard: Must you leave, Arch-Songster? It's very early still. I'd hoped you would... I'd so much hoped...

Arch-Community-Songster: My young friend, let me give you a word of advice. Before it's too late. Mend your ways, my young friend, mend your ways. [Makes the sign of the "T" over him.] Lenina, my dear, come with me. [All exit except Bernard. Bernard starts to cry, then takes soma.]

John: [from off] O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear; Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear...

Bernard: [To phone] Helmholtz?

Act 4 scene i: [John's Flat. Bernard, Helmholtz]

Helmholtz: Words can be like X-rays, if you use them properly - they'll go through anything. You read and you're pierced. That's one of the things I try to teach my students - how to write piercingly. But what on earth's the good of being pierced by an article about a Community Sing, or the latest improvement in scent organs? Besides, can you make words really piercing - you know, like the very hardest X-rays - when you're writing about that sort of thing? Can you say something about nothing?

I've also been in conflict with authority. It was over some rhymes. I was giving my usual course of Advanced Emotional Engineering for Third Year Students. This time I thought I'd give them an example I'd just written myself. Pure madness, of course; but I couldn't resist it. I was trying to engineer them into feeling as I'd felt when I wrote the rhymes. Ford! What an outcry there was! The Principal had me up and threatened to hand me the immediate sack. I'm a marked man.

Bernard: But what were your rhymes?

Helmholtz: They were about being alone.

Yesterday's committee. Sticks, but a broken drum,
Midnight in the City, Flutes in a vacuum,
Shut lips, sleeping faces. Every stopped machine.
The dumb and littered places Where crowds have been: ...
All silences rejoice. Weep (loudly or low).
Speak - but with the voice Of whom, I do not know.
Absence, say, of Susan's, Absence of Egeria's
Arms and respective bosoms. Lips and, ah, posteriors.

Slowly form a presence; Whose? and, I ask, of what
So absurd an essence. That something, which is not.
Nevertheless should populate Empty night more solidly
Than that with which we copulate. Why should it seem so squalidly?

Well, I gave them that as an example, and they reported me to the Principal.

Bernard: I'm not surprised. It's flatly against all their sleep-teaching. Remember, they've had at least a quarter of a million warnings against solitude.

Helmholtz: I know. But I thought I'd like to see what the effect would be.

Bernard: Well, you've seen now.

Scene 4:ii [Locker Room. Lenina, Fanny.]

Fanny: But it's absurd to let yourself get into a state like this. Simply absurd. And what about? A man – one man!

Lenina: But he's the one I want.

Fanny: As if there weren't millions of other men in the world.

Lenina: But I don't want them.

Fanny: How can you know till you've tried?

Lenina: I have tried.

Fanny: But how many? One, two?

Lenina: Dozens. But, it wasn't any good.

Fanny: Well, you must persevere. Nothing can be achieved without perseverance.

Lenina: But meanwhile...

Fanny: Don't think of him.

Lenina: I can't help it.

Fanny: Take soma, then.

Lenina: I do.

Fanny: Well, go on.

Lenina: But in the intervals I still like him. I shall always like him.

Fanny: Well if that's the case, why don't you just go and take him. Whether he wants it or no.

Lenina: But if you knew how terribly odd he was!

Fanny: All the more reason for taking a firm line.

Lenina: It's all very well to say that.

Fanny: Don't stand any nonsense. Act. Yes, act – at once. Do it now.

Lenina: I'd be scared.

Fanny: Well, you've only got to take half a gram of soma first. And now I'm going to have my bath.

Scene 4:iii: [John's flat.]

John: [Doorbell rings.] I had a premonition it was you, Helmholtz. [*Lenina enters.*] Oh!

Lenina: Hullo, John. [*Sits.*] You don't seem very glad to see me, John.

John: Not glad? [*Falls to his knees, kisses her hand.*] Not glad? Oh, if you only knew. Admired Lenina, indeed the top of admiration, worth what's dearest in the world. Oh, you so perfect, so perfect and so peerless are created, of every creature's best. [*Lenina, ready to be kissed, startled when he gets up.*] That's why I wanted to do something first... I mean, to show I was worthy of you. Not that I could ever really be that. But at any rate to show I wasn't absolutely unworthy. I wanted to do something.

Lenina: Why should you think it necessary?...

John: At Malpais, you had to bring her the skin of a mountain lion – I mean, when you wanted to marry someone. Or else a wolf.

Lenina: There aren't any lions in England.

John: And even if there were, people would kill them out of helicopters, I suppose, with poison gas or something. I wouldn't do that, Lenina. I'll do anything. I mean I'd sweep the floor if you wanted.

Lenina: But we've got vacuum cleaners here. It isn't necessary.

John: No, of course it isn't necessary. But some kinds of baseness are nobly undergone. I'd like to undergo something nobly. Don't you see?

Lenina: But if there are vacuum cleaners...

John: That's not the point.

Lenina: And Epsilon Semi-Morons to work them, well, really, why?

John: Why? But for you, for you. Just to show that I...

Lenina: And what on earth vacuum cleaners have got to do with lions...

John: To show how much...

Lenina: Or lions with being glad to see me...

John: How much I love you, Lenina.

Lenina: Do you mean it, John?

John: But I hadn't meant to say so. Not until... Listen, Lenina, in Malpais people get married.

Lenina: Get what?

John: For always. They make a promise to live together for always.

Lenina: What a horrible idea!

John: Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind that doth renew swifter than blood decays.

Lenina: What?

John: It's like that in Shakespeare too. If thou dost break her virgin knot before all sanctimonious ceremonies may with full and holy rite...

Lenina: For Ford's sake, John, talk sense. I can't understand a word you say. First it's vacuum cleaners; then it's knots. You're driving me crazy. Answer me this question: do you really like me, or don't you?

John: I love you more than anything in the world.

Lenina: Then why on Earth didn't you say so? Instead of driveling away about knots and vacuum cleaners and lions, and making me miserable for weeks and weeks. If I didn't like you so much, I'd be furious with you. [*Kisses him.*] Why didn't you say so? You silly boy! I wanted you so much. And if you wanted me too, why didn't you...?

John: But, Lenina... [*She takes off her "cartridge belt."*] Lenina! [*She unzips and removes blouse.*] Lenina, what are you doing? [*She unzips and steps out of trousers. To himself.*] For those milk paps that through the window bars bore at men's eyes... The strongest oaths are straw to the fire in the blood. Be more abstemious, or else...

Lenina: [*Unzips and removes "zippicamiknicks."*] Darling, darling! If only you'd said so before! [*She moves forward, he backs up. She puts her arms around him.*] Sweet! Put your arms around me. Hug me till you drug me, honey. Kiss me; kiss me till I'm in a coma. Hug me, honey, snuggly... [*He grabs her wrists, thrusts her away.*] Ow, you're hurting me, you're... oh! But what is it, John? What is it?

John: Whore! Whore! Impudent strumpet! [*He shakes her.*]

Lenina: Oh, don't, do-on't...

John: Whore!

Lenina: Plea-ease.

John: Damned whore!

Lenina: A gram is be-etter...

John: [*Pushes her away.*] Go! Get out of my sight or I'll kill you.

Lenina: No, please don't, John...

John: Hurry up. Quick! [*He slaps her on the behind as she rushes off.*]

Lenina: Ow!

John: The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly does lecher in my sight. The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't with a more riotous appetite. Down from the waist they are Centaurs, though women all above. But to the girdle do the gods inherit. Beneath is all the fiends'. There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie, pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.

Lenina: [From off] John! John!

John: O thou weed, who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet that the sense aches at thee. Was this most goodly book made to write "whore" upon? Heaven stops the nose at it... Impudent strumpet, impudent strumpet, impudent strumpet, impudent...

Lenina: John, do you think I might have my clothes? [He picks them up.]

John: Impudent strumpet, impudent strumpet. The devil Luxury with his fat rump and potato finger...

Lenina: John.

John: Fat rump and potato finger... [Phone rings.]

John: Hello... If I do not usurp myself, I am... Yes, didn't you hear me say so? Mr. Savage speaking... What? Who's ill?... Of course it interests me. But is it serious? Is she really bad?... I'll go at once. Where has she been taken?... Park Lane Hospital for the Dying? Is that it? Thanks. [Puts down phone.] Park Lane Hospital for the Dying! Oh, my God! [Exits]

[Lenina peeks in, then rushes in, grabs clothes, and exit.]

Scene 4:iv: [Hospital Ward. Linda in bed, John, Nurse, Bokanovsky group of Delta children.]

Nurse: [Entering with John] We try to create a thoroughly pleasant atmosphere here in the galloping senility ward – something between a first-class hotel and a feely-palace, if you take my meaning.

John: Where is she?

Nurse: You are in a hurry.

John: Is there any hope?

Nurse: You mean, of her not dying? No, of course there isn't. When somebody's sent here, there's no... Why whatever is the matter? You're not feeling ill, are you?

John: She's my mother. [The nurse is terribly embarrassed.] Take me to her.

[Linda is lying in bed, drugged on soma, watching TV in between sleeping.]

Nurse: Well, I must go. I've got my batch of children coming. Besides, there's number 3. Might go off any minute now. Well, make yourself comfortable.

John: [Sits down, takes her hand. Nostalgic.] A, B, C, vitamin D. The fat's in the liver, the cod's in the sea. [Bokanovsky Group of young boys enters]

Bokanovsky Twins: [Surrounding bed, gawking] Oh, look, look! Whatever is the matter with her? Why is she so fat? Isn't she awful? Look at her teeth!

Twin [crawling up from under bed]: I say...

[John boxes his ears and pushes him away. He cries.]

Nurse: What have you been doing to him? I won't have you striking the children.

John: Well, then, keep them away from this bed. What are these filthy little brats doing here at all? It's disgraceful!

Nurse: Disgraceful? But what do you mean? They're being death-conditioned. And I tell you, if I have any more of your interference with their conditioning, I'll send for the porters and have you thrown out. *[He rises and moves towards her threateningly, sits down again.]* I've warned you, so mind. *[She leads the twins away and starts a game of "hunt the zipper."]*

John: A, B, C, vitamin D... Popé, how I hate him, her and him always drinking that horrible mescal... those awful boys calling me names... Ah, no, no!... think about the good times - A, B, C, vitamin D...

Linda: *[waking up]* Popé! Oh, I do so like it, I do...

John: But Linda, don't you know me? Don't you know me, Linda? *[Kisses her.]*

Linda: Popé!

John: *[Shakes her by the shoulder.]* But I'm John! I'm John!

Linda: John! Everyone belongs to every... *[She can't breathe.]*

John: What is it, Linda? What is it? *[He runs to the Nurse.]* Quick, quick! Quick!

Nurse: Don't shout! Think of the little ones. You might decondition... But what are you doing? Be careful!

John: *[Drags her by the sleeve back to the bed.]* Quick, quick! Quick! Something's happened. I've killed her.

[Linda is dead. Nurse puts her hands on chest, closes her eyes. John falls to his knees, sobbing.]

Nurse: Can't you behave? *[Distracts the Twins from John.]* Now, who wants a chocolate éclair?

Twins: Me!

John: Oh, God, God, God...

Twins: Whatever is he saying? Is she dead? *[John gets up, starts walking away.]* Is she dead? *[John pushes him, he falls down, cries.]*

Nurse: Come and look, children. This is what a dead person looks like.

Scene 4:iv: *[Courtyard of the Hospital. Bokanovsky group of Delta hospital workers, John.]*

John *[to himself]*: These twins again. Like maggots, swarming over the mystery of Linda's death. How many goodly creatures are there here! How beautiful mankind is! O brave new world, Oh brave new world...

Deputy sub-Bursar [Voice]: Park Lane Hospital day shift Delta workers line up for your soma ration. In good order please. One by one and no shoving. Day shift Delta workers soma ration. *[Workers line up next to exit.]*

John: Stop! Stop! Listen, I beg you. Lend me your ears. Don't take that horrible stuff. It's poison, it's poison. Poison to soul as well as body. Throw it all away, that horrible poison. I come to bring you freedom. I come to set you free. You can't be free when you take that poison. But do you like being slaves? Do you like being babies? Yes, babies. Mewling and puking. Yes, puking! Don't you want to be free and men? Don't you even understand what manhood and freedom are? Don't you? Very well then, I'll teach you; I'll make you be free whether you want to or not. *[John exits, enters with soma box. Throws out the soma (small wrapped candies) over the audience.]* Free, free! Men at last! Yes, men, men! *[He shows the empty box.]* You're free! *[Deltas surround John, grab and pull him back and forth, push him down and kick him, pick him up and swing him back and forth.]*

Deltas: One, Two,... *[Police siren, flashing lights. They put John down.]*

Synthetic Voice: My friends, my friends! What is the meaning of this? Why aren't you all being happy and good together? Happy and good. At peace, at peace. Oh, I do want you to be happy, I do so want you to be good! Please, please, be good and happy together. Come get your soma.

[During above speech, the twins start to cry and hug each other. They exit.]

Synthetic Voice: Goodbye, my dearest, dearest friends, Ford keep you. Goodbye, my dearest, dearest friends...

Policeman [Entering with water pistol.]: Will you come quietly, or must we anesthetize?

John: Oh, we'll come quietly.

Act 5, scene i: [Study of Mustapha Mond. John, Bernard, Helmholtz]

Mond: [Enters, shakes hands] So you don't much like civilization, Mr. Savage.

John: No.

Bernard: But John...

John: Of course, there are some very nice things. All that music in the air, for instance...

Mond: Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments will hum about my ears, and sometimes voices.

John: Have you read it too? I thought nobody knew about Shakespeare here, in England.

Mond: Almost nobody. It's prohibited, you see.

John: But why is it prohibited?

Mond: Because it's old. We haven't any use for old things here.

John: Even when they're beautiful?

Mond: Particularly when they're beautiful.

John: All the same, Othello's good, Othello's better than those feelies.

Mond: Of course it is. But that's the price we have to pay for stability. We've sacrificed the high art. We have the feelies and the scent organ instead. The world's stable now. And if anything should go wrong, there's soma. Which you go and chuck out of the window in the name of liberty, Mr. Savage. Liberty! Expecting Deltas to know what liberty is! And now expecting them to understand Othello! My good boy!

John: It all seems to me quite horrible.

Mond: Of course it does. Actual happiness always looks pretty squalid in comparison with the over-compensations for misery. Happiness is never grand.

John: But need it be quite so bad as those twins?

Mond: I see you don't like our Bokanovsky Groups; but, I assure you, they're the foundation on which everything else is built. They're the gyroscope that stabilizes the rocket plane of state on its unswerving course.

John: You can get whatever you want out of those bottles. Why don't you make everybody an Alpha Double Plus while you're about it?"

Mond: Because we have no wish to have our throats cut. The optimum population is modelled on the iceberg - eight-ninths below the water line, one-ninth above.

John: And they're happy below the water line?

Mond: Happier than above it. Happier than your friends here, for instance.

John: In spite of that awful work?

Mond: Awful? They don't find it so. Seven and a half hours of mild, unexhausting labour, and then the soma ration and games and unrestricted copulation and the feelies. What more can they ask for? It isn't only art that's incompatible with happiness; it's also science. When I was young I was a good physicist. Too good. I was on the point of being sent to an island, like your friends.

Bernard: [Hysterical] Send me to an island? You can't send me. I haven't done anything. It was the others. I swear it was the others. Oh, please don't send me to Iceland. I promise I'll do what I ought to do. Give me another chance. Please give me another chance. I tell you it's their fault. And not to Iceland. Oh, please, your Fordship, please...

Mond: [To phone] George! [Servant enters] Give Mr. Marx a good soma vaporization and then put him to bed. [Servant sprays soma at Bernard, takes him out] One would think he was going to have his throat cut. Whereas, if he had the smallest sense, he'd understand that his punishment is really a reward. He's being sent to a place where he'll meet the most interesting people in the world. All the people who've got independent ideas of their own. Everyone, in a word, who's anyone. I almost envy you, Mr. Watson.

Helmholtz: Then why aren't you on an island yourself?

Mond: Because, finally, I preferred this. I was given the choice; to be sent to an island, where I could have got on with my pure science, or to be taken on to the Controllers' Council. Happiness has got to be paid for. You're paying for it, Mr. Watson – paying because you happen to be too much interested in beauty. I was too much interested in truth; I paid too.

John: But you didn't go to an island.

Mond: That's how I paid. By choosing to serve happiness. Other people's – not mine. It's lucky that there are such a lot of islands in the world. I don't know what we should do without them. Put you all in the gas chamber, I suppose. By the way, Mr. Watson, would you like a tropical climate? The Marquesas, for example, or Samoa? Or something rather more bracing?

Helmholtz: I would like a thoroughly bad climate. I believe one would write better if the climate were bad. If there were a lot of wind and storms, for example...

Mond: I like your spirit, Mr. Watson. I like it very much indeed. As much as I officially disapprove of it. What about the Falkland Islands?

Helmholtz: Yes, I think that will do. And now, if you don't mind, I'll go and see how poor Bernard's getting on. *[Exits.]*

John: Art, science – you seem to have paid a fairly high price for your happiness. Anything else?

Mond: Well, religion, of course. There used to be something called God. But you know all about God, I suppose.

John: Well...

Mond: *[Opens a safe, takes out 3 books.]* It's a subject that has always had a great interest for me. You've never read this, for example.

John: The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New testaments.

Mond: Nor this.

John: The Imitation of Christ.

Mond: Nor this.

John: The Varieties of Religious Experience, by William James.

Mond: And I've got plenty more. A whole collection of pornographic old books. God in the safe and Ford on the shelves.

John: But if you know about God, why don't you tell them? Why don't you give them these books about God?

Mond: God isn't compatible with machinery and scientific medicine and universal happiness. That's why I have to keep these books locked up in the safe. They're smut. People would be shocked if...

John: But isn't it natural to feel there's a God?

Mond: You might as well ask if it's natural to do up one's trousers with zippers. People believe in God because they've been conditioned to believe in God.

John: What about self-denial then?

Mond: But industrial civilization is only possible when there's no self-denial. Self-indulgence up to the very limits imposed by hygiene and economics.

John: But God's the reason for everything noble and fine and heroic.

Mond: My dear young friend, civilization has absolutely no need of nobility or heroism. And there's always soma to make you patient and long-suffering. Christianity without tears, that's what soma is.

John: But isn't there something in living dangerously?

Mond: There's a great deal in it. Men and women must have their adrenals stimulated from time to time.

John: What?

Mond: It's one of the conditions of perfect health. That's why we've made the V.P.S. treatments compulsory.

John: V.P.S.?

Mond: Violent Passion Surrogate. Regularly once a month. We flood the whole system with adrenaline. It's the complete physiological equivalent of fear and rage. All the tonic effects of murdering Desdemona and being murdered by Othello, without any of the inconveniences.

John: But I like the inconveniences.

Mond: We don't. We prefer to do things comfortably.

John: But I don't want comfort. I want God, I want poetry, I want real danger, I want freedom, I want goodness. I want sin.

Mond: In fact, you're claiming the right to be unhappy.

John: All right, then, I'm claiming the right to be unhappy.

Mond: Not to mention the right to grow old and ugly and impotent; the right to have syphilis and cancer; the right to have too little to eat; the right to be lousy; the right to live in constant apprehension of what may happen tomorrow; the right to catch typhoid; the right to be tortured by unspeakable pains of every kind. *[Pause]*

John: I claim them all.

Mond: You're welcome.

[John reaches for books, Mond signals 'no,' John exits. Mond picks up a book, opens it.]

Scene 5:ii: [John's Flat. John, Bernard, Helmholtz. John seated, doorbell rings.]

John: Come in.

Helmholtz [Entering with Bernard]: We've come to say goodbye. We're off tomorrow morning.

John: I went to see the Controller again.

Helmholtz: What for?

John: To ask if I could go to the islands with you.

Helmholtz: And what did he say?

John: He wouldn't let me.

Bernard: Why not?

John: He said he wanted to go on with the experiment. But I'm damned if I'll go on being experimented with. Not for all the Controllers in the world. I'll go away tomorrow too.

Bernard: But where?

John: I found an abandoned air-lighthouse south of London, in Surrey. It will be my hermitage.

[They hug, Bernard and Helmholtz exit.]

Scene 5:iii: *[Before Lighthouse. John, 2 Deltas.]*

John: *[Whittling a bow.]* A, B, C, vitamin D. The fat's in the liver, the cod's in the sea. What am I doing singing, enjoying myself? I came here to suffer, to purify myself, to remember poor Linda... *[Runs to the wall, grabs a whip, begins to flagellate himself. Two Deltas enter and watch.]* Remember! You're bad, you're unworthy. Be pure!

Delta 1: Ford!

Delta 2: Fordy!

Scene 5:iv: *[Before Lighthouse. John is whittling a bow.]*

Reporter: *[Entering]* Good morning, Mr. Savage. I am the representative of the Hourly Radio.

John: What do you want?

Reporter: Well, of course, our readers would be profoundly interested... Just a few words from you, Mr. Savage. *[aside]* Hello... Is that you, Edzel? Primo Mellon speaking. Yes, I've got hold of him. Mr. Savage will now take the microphone and say a few words. Won't you, Mr. Savage? Just tell our readers why you came here. What made you leave London (hold on, Edzel!) so very suddenly. And, of course, that whip. We're all crazy to know about the whip. And then something about Civilization. You know the sort of stuff. "What I think of the Civilized Girl." Just a few words, a very few.

John: Hani! Sons eso tse-na! *[Spins him around and gives him a good kick in the ass.]*

Scene 5:v: *[Before Lighthouse. John is digging in his garden. He stops and lays down for a rest. He is daydreaming. Lights dim, dreamy sound.]*

John: Oh, Lenina!

Lenina: *[Voice from off.]* Sweet! Put your arms around me!

John: *[Sniffs]* Oh the perfume. Impudent strumpet! *[Mimes embracing her]* But oh, oh, her arms around my neck, the lifting of her breasts, her mouth! *[Mime kiss.]* Eternity was in our lips and eyes. Lenina!

Lenina: Sweet, sweet... And if you wanted me too, why didn't you...

John: No, no, no, no! *[Lights up, silence. He grabs the whip, flagellates himself.]*

[Enter Darwin Bonaparte, behind a fake tree for camouflage, with video camera.]

John: [Whipping] Strumpet! Strumpet! Strumpet! Oh Linda, forgive me. Forgive me, God. I'm bad. I'm wicked. I'm... No, no, you strumpet, you strumpet.

Darwin Bonaparte: Splendid. Splendid. Closeup now. Ok, some slow motion. Turn around. Turn around. *[John does.]* Great! *[John whips himself offstage. Darwin mops his brow.]*

Darwin Bonaparte: Well, that was grand, really grand! After they put in the feelie effects at the studio it will be a wonderful film. Almost as good as 'The Sperm Whale's Love Life' – and that, by Ford, is saying a good deal!

Scene 5:vi:

Voice: The Savage of Surrey! An all-super-singing, synthetic-talking, coloured, stereoscopic feely. with synchronized scent-organ accompaniment.

[Group enters, including Henry Foster and Lenina, talking excitedly.]

Woman: That was such a great feely! Ooh, you could really feel that whip! Ouch! *[Laughs]*

Man: He's actually there, though, isn't he? The Savage? I mean we could go see him in the flesh!

Lenina: Henry, will you take me in your helicopter?

Henry: Of course! We'll go tomorrow after work.

Scene 5:vii: [Outside Lighthouse. John, Alphas/Betas, Lenina]

John [Digging]: All our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. Why did Linda die? Why was she allowed to become gradually less than human and at last... a good kissing carrion. As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods; they kill us for their sport. Besides, thy best of rest is sleep, and that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st thy death which is no more. No more than sleep. Sleep. Perchance to dream. For in that sleep of death, what dreams...

[Sound of helicopters increases during this speech, then stops. Alphas/Betas enter. They surround John, take pictures etc.]

John: Go away! Why don't you leave me alone?

Alphas and Betas: Good old Savage! Hurrah, hurrah!

John: What do you want with me? What do you want with me?

Alphas and Betas: The whip, do the whipping stunt. Let's see the whipping stunt! *[Start to chant together]* We – want – the whip. We – want – the whip. *[Repeat.] [He gets the whip, threatens them. Applause, laughter.]*

Lenina: [Enters, goes up to John.] John!

John: Lenina! *[Grabs her.]* Strumpet! Fitchew!

John: Fry, lechery, fry! Oh, the flesh! *[Whips himself.]* Kill it, kill it!

[One of the group pulls out a spray bottle of Soma. They pass it down the line and the last one taps John's shoulder and then sprays him.]

John: [dazed, lets go Lenina and drops whip. Dreamily] The flesh! [Pulls Lenina to him and hugs her. Others start to dance around them.]

John: [Thrusting hips against Lenina and kissing her] The flesh! Kill it, kill it..

Alphas and Betas: Orgy-porgy! Orgy-porgy, Ford and fun... [Song from 1:ii; They dance around, with John and Lenina in the center. Drumming.]

[Alphas and Betas start coupling, pull John and Lenina down, the dance turns into an orgy. Lights fade.]

Scene 5:viii: [Outside of lighthouse. John asleep in his underwear, his face smeared with lipstick, a bra over his eyes.]

John: [Wakes up, bewildered, then remembers.] Oh, my God, my God! [Runs out.]

Scene 5:ix: [Outside of lighthouse. Sound of helicopters increases, then stops.]

Alphas and Betas: [Entering] Savage? Mr. Savage? [They open a curtain revealing John with rope around neck, hung.] Mr. Savage!

Scene 5:x: [Factory workers, exactly same movements as in first scene. Song:]

*Hug me till you drug me, honey, Kiss me till I'm in a coma;
Hug me honey, snuggly bunny, Love's as good as - soma. [Repeat]*

[Bell rings. Deltas freeze.]

The end.

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First performed at BOD Theater Studio, Prague, Czech Republic, March 2000.