

CHIEF BROMDEN

CHIEF BROMDEN. You hear it, Honored Ancestors? The Black Machine. They got it goin', eighteen stories down below the ground. They're puttin' people in one end and out comes what they want. The way they do it, Ancestors, each night they tip the world on its side and everybody loose goes rattlin' to the bottom. They they hook 'em by the heels, and they hang 'em up and cut 'em open. Only by that time they got no innards, just some beat-up gears and stuff, and all they bleed is rust. You think I'm ravin' cause it sounds too awful to be true, but my *God*, there's such a lot of things that's true even if they never really happen!

CHIEF BROMDEN. New admission, Ancestors. Now they gotta fix her with controls....They got wires runnin- to each of us and units planted in our heads. There's magnets in the floor so we can't walk no way but what they want. We got stone brains, cast-iron guts, and copper where they took away our nerves. We got cog-wheels in our bellies and a welded grin. And every time they throw a switch it turn us on or off. They got a network clear across the land - factories, like this, for fixin' up mistakes they made outside. The Combine, Ancestors. Big, big, big. (*Listens a moment.*) Oh yes, there is too such a thing! They got me way back ago, the way they got to you!

CHIEF BROMDEN. You see that, Ancestors? They got the place on automatic pilot for the night. It's in the night they do the things to us they want...things too horrible for day. And if the night ain't long enough they slow it down. Oh, yes, Ancestors, that's a fact. They got fake time they can speed up or slow down. I seen three months go by once in a hour. I see three days go by like this -