

ANIMAL FARM

By **GEORGE ORWELL**

**Dramatisation by
GUY MASTERSON**

**Original production directed by
TONY BONCZA**

Copyright: 1994

guy masterson productions

PLEASE NOTE:

This work is the property of
Guy Masterson Productions
The Bull Theatre, 68 The high Street. Barnet, Herts, EN5 5SJ
Tel/Ans/Fax: 020 8449 7800

Animal Farm - by George Orwell

(Adapted by Guy Masterson)

(LX 1)

SFX CD Preshow

CLEARANCE: (ENTRANCE ANIMALS SONG) – SFX 2

After 50 secs of entry music- (LX 2)

Good evening ladies and gentlemen... Welcome to the XXXXX theatre. My name is XXXXX and it is my pleasure tonight to tell you the story of Animal Farm.

Now, the story lasts just under two hours, but there will be an interval in around an hour's time.

If any of you own digital watches, pagers, mobile phones or the like, please make sure they are switched off, because when they go off, they put the hens off their eggs, the cows of their milk... and the pigs don't like it.

Finally, all characters depicted in this fairy story are fictitious. Any similarity in name or form, to any animal now living or dead is purely coincidental..." **(LX 3)**

Mr Jones was drunk again. He'd forgotten to feed the animals on his farm for the fourth day in a row and the animals were getting angry. For years, they had been treated badly... but there was always food. Now there was only cruelty.

Mr Jones and his men wanted only to get the day over and go to the pub. The animals, often left overnight in their barren, over-grazed fields, sometimes found themselves fighting blindly over a windfall apple. Now, they knew only despair. This is their story.

There were the two huge cart horses; Clover...

Clover: Hello. I'm Clover. I'm nearly seven years old and I've foaled four times... as you can see.

and Boxer:

Boxer: *I'm Boxer. I'm nearly eighteen hands high. This white stripe down my nose makes me look stupid, I know... But I'm very, very strong. Very, very honest... and I work, very hard.*

There was Muriel

Muriel: *The white goat.*

and Benjamin the donkey.

Benjamin: *I'm Ben. I'm the oldest here and I've heard it said, the grumpiest. I don't talk much... There isn't much to say. I don't laugh much. There isn't much to laugh about. I s'pose my best friend is Boxer, although we rarely speak.*

You'll meet the others as the story unfolds; **(LX 4)**

Now, word had gone around during the day that Old Major - as he was known among the animals, although the name under which he'd been exhibited as a prize middle white boar was "Willingdon Beauty" - Well, Old Major'd had rather a strange dream and was sharing it with the other animals now that Mr Jones was safely out of the way. All had assembled in the big barn after their different fashions... The pigs in front, the dogs, Bluebell, Jessie and Pincher, just behind them, the hens on the sills, the pigeons in the rafters, the cows and the sheep behind the dogs, chewing the cud and, taking up the rear, Clover and Boxer, always together, and very mindful of the smaller animals around them.

Old Major was so highly regarded on the farm that no-one had minded losing an hour's sleep to hear what he had to say.

Twelve years old, wise and benevolent looking, rather stout... but very majestic... even though his tushes had never been cut... Old Major was stridently advocating revolution from his bed of straw on the raised platform at one end of the big barn. Enough was enough. The time was ripe. It was because of Man that their lives were miserable, laborious and short; it was because of Man that they would all be slaughtered with hideous cruelty, (especially the cows and the sheep) and it

was because of Man that no Animal in England was free. That was the plain truth....

Old Major: *Is it not crystal clear then Comrades, that all the evils of this life of ours stem from the tyranny of Human beings? Only get rid of Man Comrades and the produce of your labour would be your own. Almost overnight you could become rich and free. But among us animals let there be perfect unity, perfect comradeship in the struggle. All men are enemies. All animals are Comrades! (SFX 3)*

Suddenly there was uproar in the barn. Four large rats had joined the group - but were spotted by the dogs and only their speed saved them.

Old Major: *COMRADES... COMRADES ALL...!
These wild creatures, the rabbits and the rats, these are our Comrades, Comrades!*

Of course, very late as usual, Mollie, the foolish pretty white mare who drew Mr Jones' trap minced daintily in, chewing on a lump of sugar.

Mollie: *Ooooooh... Sorry I'm late... I had a stone in my hoof... (I always like to make an entrance and be near the front so I can show the others what pretty red ribbons I have in my mane.)*

Old Major: *Thank you Mollie...! Now Comrades, you have a duty of enmity towards Man and all his ways. But remember this Comrades: Whatever goes on two legs is an enemy. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.*

But remember also that in our fight against Man we must never come to resemble him. Even when we have

conquered him, we must not adopt his vices.

*No animal must ever live in a house.
No animal must ever sleep in a bed.
No animal must ever wear clothes.
No animal must ever drink alcohol.
No animal must ever smoke tobacco.
No animal must ever touch money.
No animal must ever engage in trade.*

*All the habits of Man are evil, Comrades.
Above all Comrades... no animal must
ever tyrannise over his own kind, weak or
strong, clever or simple, we are all
brothers. No animal must ever kill any
other animal. All animals are equal.*

*I have had a dream Comrades, a dream. I
have had a dream of a special place where
there is peace and contentment... where no
animal is hungry, no animal is thirsty,
where animals live out the natural course
of their lives, where all animals are equal
and all animals are free...!*

*Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland
(LX 5) & (SFX 4)
Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken to my joyful tidings
Of the golden future time.*

*Soon or late the day will come
Tyrant Man'll be o'erthrown,
And the fruitful fields of England
Shall be trod by beasts alone.*

*Rings shall vanish from our noses,
And the harness from our back,
Bit and spur shall rust forever...*

Jones's pellets buried themselves into the wall of the barn and the meeting was hastily adjourned. The birds perched, the animals settled softly in the straw... and the farm was asleep in a moment.

Three nights later Old Major died peacefully in his sleep. His body was buried at the foot of the orchard. It was early March. **(LX 6)**

During the next three months there was much secret activity. Old Major's speech had given the animals a completely new outlook on life.. at least the more intelligent ones. No-one knew when this rebellion would take place, it might not even be within their own lifetimes, but everyone knew it was their duty to prepare for it.

The pigs, generally recognised as being cleverest, eagerly accepted the responsibility for organising the others. Among the pigs were two young boars about to be sold by Jones. There was Napoleon... a large, rather fierce looking Berkshire boar...

Napoleon: *The only Berkshire on the farm, in fact. Not much of a talker, I admit, but with something a reputation for getting my own way.*

and Snowball:

Snowball: *Greetings.... a more... vivacious pig, I'd say, than Napoleon, a touch quicker in speech, perhaps a little more inventive and...*

Napoleon: *But not considered to have the same depth of character.*

All the other male pigs on the farm were just porkers, however, one of them had something a little extra, even though he wasn't a boar:

Squealer: *Squealer's the name... with very round little red cheeks and twinkling eyes...
Hmm, Rather fetching..!*

At one of the secret meetings **(LX 7)** Snowball took the floor:

Snowball: *Comrades, I am very proud to announce that together with the assistance of Comrades Napoleon and Squealer, we have elaborated all the teachings of Old Major into a complete philosophy, yes a philosophy, Comrades, which we've decided to call "Animalism". Now, that's "Animal-ism" Comrades. That is to say, "Animal-way" Comrades, or "The way of the Animal" or even "What it is to be an Animal" or maybe...*

Napoleon: *Animalism, Comrade Snowball?*

Snowball: *Ahem... "Animalism...."*

In the beginning the pigs met with stupidity and apathy. Unbelievably, even now, some of the animals were heard to speak of a "duty of loyalty" to Mr Jones:

Hens: *Cluck, cluck, cluck... But Mr Jones is our master. We lay our eggs for him.*

Sheep: *Baaaaaaa! But Mr Jones feeds us. If he were gone shouldn't we starve to death?*

Even the cat opened his eyes long enough to appear interested...

Cat: *What should we care what happens after we're dead? If this rebellion is going to happen anyway, what difference does it make whether we work for it or not, hmmm?*

Snowball: *Such statements Comrades, are contrary to the spirit of Animalism... Do you not see? Can you not see Comrades?*

Sheep: *BAAAAaaaaaaa!*

Mollie: *Er... 'scuse me? Will there still be sugar after the rebellion?*

Snowball: *No, Comrade Mollie! We have no means of making sugar on this farm. Besides, you won't need sugar. You'll have all the oats and hay you want.*

Mollie: *But shall I still be allowed to wear ribbons in my mane?*

Snowball: *Comrade Mollie... those ribbons that you are so devoted to are the badge of slavery... The badge of Slavery! Can you not see that liberty is worth more than ribbons?'*

Mollie: *Hmmmmphhhh!*

But the pigs had far more trouble counteracting the long held beliefs many animals had in a special place they called "Sugarcandy Mountain". Beliefs propagated by Mr Jones' personal tame Raven - and spy - Moses:

Moses: *Friends, never forget what lies before you. Believe, friends, believe. Work hard and be merry, for when you die, you will pass on to a better place; a place of rest and plenty, of sugar-lumps and linseed cake, of meadows and clover. Sugarcandy Mountain, friends, where it's Sunday seven days a week!*

Squealer: *Lies Comrades, all lies! Put about by Jones. Surely Comrades, you do not believe such stories. There is no life after death. Life with Jones is death. Life with Animalism Comrades is life! Animalism is life, Animalism is life!*

Boxer: *Animalism is life, Animalism is life!*

Clover: *We must be patient Comrades. When the
rebellion comes, we'll all be free...*

...and when the rebellion did come, it came much sooner than
anyone expected... **(LX 8)**

Mr Jones's drinking had got worse. Life on the farm was
intolerable:

Benjamin: *There he goes again to the pub. Another
day without food.*

Cow: *Maaaaaaaaooooo! But we haven't been
milked all day.... I'm bursting. This is most
uncomfortable.*

Hen: *Cluck, cluck, cluck... How does he expect
us to lay eggs if he doesn't feed us?*

Mollie: *Who's been in my stall... It stinks. I shall
refuse to enter.*

Boxer: *Clover, the animals are very hungry...
Should I open the store-shed? I think I
could manage it quite easily, you know.*

Clover: *Now, now Boxer.*

Cow: *Maaaaaaaaoooo! Well, if Boxer won't, we
will!*

(VISUAL WITH SHOVE SFX 5)

And the door was down and the animals pounced on the
feed...

Mr Jones, woken from his drunken stupor, summoned his
four men from theirs, snatched up their whips and their sticks,
and they stormed into the store shed lashing out in all
directions.

This was more than the animals could bear. At last they fought back, butting and kicking, pecking and gnashing, coming at the men from all sides. It soon got out of control. A kick and a butt more and Jones and his men gave up and ran. **(LX 10)** A swoop and a peck later, and they were in full flight down the cart-track, with the biting animals hot on their heels in triumph.

Mrs Jones watched from a bedroom window, quickly stuffed some things into a vanity case, and slipped out of the farm by the back way. Moses flapped after her:

Moses: *Squawk, Squawk!*

The five barred gate was slammed behind Jones and his men for the last time... Old Major's Rebellion had happened... and the Manor Farm belonged to the animals.

Snowball: *(Puff-puff) Amazing... yes... amazing!*

Boxer: *...Amazing*

Pincher: *Whaaaaaaaaoooooooooooo! That was fun.
Let's do it again, huh? Again? Anybody?
Anybody? Come on, let's run!
Whaaaaaaaaoooooooooooo!*

Snowball: *Comrade Pincher! Comrades all!... (puff
puff) What you have just witnessed, indeed
taken part in is... Rebellion, yes... rebellion
Comrades. The very rebellion Old Major
spoke of. But it's not over Comrades. We
must now search the whole farm for other
Human Beings and eject them too. Yes, we
must eject them, Comrades, the same way..*

Boxer: *Eject the Human Beings... Follow me!*

Pincher: *Whaaaaaaaaoooooooooooo!*

And off they went, all the animals - pigs, sheep, cows, hens, geese, dogs and horses - racing each other around the boundaries of the farm. A straggling stream of animals led by Boxer.

Somehow, Napoleon managed to gallop to the front and face the animals.

Napoleon: *(Splutter, splutter...!) Comrades! Follow me to the harness room!*

...and they did that. They paused with fear outside...

Napoleon: *Boxer, please open the door*

(VISUAL WITH KICK SFX 6 & LX 10)

Everyone just stood in awe, transfixed, panting with silent hatred at the horse bits, the nose-rings, the dog-chains, the cruel castrating knives.

Napoleon: *Comrades, we must set a fire. In this fire we shall place these reins, these halters, these blinkers, these degrading nosebags. We must take these metal implements of torture to the well where we must let them fall and rust forever. And these cruel whips, Comrades, these must be burned to the last.*

Snowball: *And here Comrades, are the very ribbons that humiliated Boxer and Clover on market days. Ribbons, Comrades, are a mark of Human oppression. They are clothes, Comrades, which are the mark of a Human Being. These too must burn. All animals should go naked.*

Boxer: *I shall fetch my small straw hat and burn that too.*

...even though Boxer **(SFX 7)** knew the flies would plague **(LX 12)** him in the summer.

And soon the fire was burning high stacked with everything that reminded them of Mr Jones, the animals gambolling about it in glee.

Napoleon: *Forward, Comrades, forward... to the store-shed where I will serve up a double ration of corn for everybody and two biscuits for each dog! (LX 13)*

Animals: *Beasts of England, Beasts of Ireland, Beasts of every Land and Clime...(etc.)*

And after they feasted, they slept... as they'd never **(LX 14 & 15)** slept before.

And when the dawn came with the cocks and the gabbing hens, Boxer, with Bluebell, Jessie and Pincher barking joyfully at his hooves, loped into the pasture. The other animals were soon to follow. **(LX 16)**

Boxer: *Come on, Clover, Come on Benjamin. Up to the knoll!*

Clover: *Can it be true Boxer? Can it really be ours?*

Snowball: *All ours, Comrade Clover, All ours.*

Boxer: *All ours, Clover, all ours.*

Napoleon: *Everything you can see from here is ours Comrades.*

Pincher: *Whaaaaaaaaoooooooooooo!!*

...but Benjamin said nothing

In their ecstasy everyone gambolled around and around, hurling themselves high into the air in great leaps of excitement. They rolled in the dew, cropped mouthfuls of the sweet summer grass, kicked up clods of the black earth and snuffed its rich scent. They surveyed with speechless admiration the plough land, the hayfield, the orchard, the pool and the spinney. It was as though they had never seen these things before and they could hardly believe that it was all their own.

Soon afterwards a meeting was called outside the door of the farmhouse. Again, the animals waited for the pig's next move.

Snowball: *Comrades! Before us stands the headquarters of the enemy. From these very premises, Comrades, Mr Jones and his men planned their oppression and torture. Never forget... Yes, never forget... what you see in this place.*

And with great ceremony...

(VISUAL WITH SHOVE SFX 8 & LX 17)

...the two pigs butted the door open with their shoulders and the animals slowly filed in, walking with the utmost care for fear of disturbing anything, tiptoe-ing from room to room, afraid to speak above a whisper and gazing with awe at the unbelievable luxury.

In the Kitchen, Snowball halted in ghastly silence before some hams hanging from huge hooks.

Snowball: *Comrades, here you see the hideous cruelty of Humanity. These were your brothers Comrades, your brothers! We must cut them down and give them a decent burial.*

Napoleon: *And here Comrades, is the root cause of such cruelty. Alcohol. This barrel of beer must be destroyed.*

Boxer: *Allow me. (Visual on kick SFX 9)*

Snowball: **(LX 18)** *I propose a resolution Comrades... yes, a resolution, that this farmhouse be preserved as a museum. All those in favour say "aye"!... (Sheep: Baaaaaaa!) Thank you Comrades Sheep, the motion is thus carried.*

Napoleon: *And Comrades, I further propose that under no circumstances must any animal ever live here or in any other such place.*

All those in favour say “aye”. Thank you Comrades, the motion is carried.

Snowball: *Ahem... Comrades, it is half past six and we have a long day before us. Today we begin the hay harvest. But there is one other matter that must be attended to first.*

Comrades, it is my duty at this time to inform you that over the past three months, since the death of Old Major, Comrades Napoleon, Squealer and myself have taken it upon ourselves to learn to read, yes to read, Comrades... and to a lesser extent, to write, Comrades.

And we have done so, Comrades, through diligent study and hard work, from an old spelling book which I found on the rubbish heap. It is intended that we utilise our new-found skills for the benefit of all animals.

It is with great pleasure therefore, that we hereby change the name of this place... Comrade Napoleon?

Napoleon: *Thank you, Comrade Snowball. Bring forth the pots of black and white paint...*

The dogs dutifully fetched the paint from the utility shed.

Napoleon: *Comrades, before you lies the five-barred gate I slammed behind Mr Jones and his men yesterday!*

On it you see a sign, and on this sign - I can assure you Comrades - are the words.... Mmmmm... Mmmmm... Ahem... I hereby call upon Comrade Snowball, who

is more skilled in such matters, to rename this place, “Animal Farm” for “Animal Farm” Comrades, is the name under which we will be known to the World from this time on! Comrade Snowball...

And Snowball, taking a brush between the two knuckles of his trotter, painted out, very carefully, the words MANOR FARM in white paint and wrote, even more carefully, the words ANIMAL FARM in black.

*Napoleon: Thank you, Comrade Snowball!
Comrades, Comrades all, I give you
Animal Fram!*

Snowball: (ahem) “Farm”, Comrade Napoleon.

*Napoleon: Farm... Farm. And now Comrades, to the
big bran.... Barn... barn! (LX 19)*

The animals dutifully followed, again in single file, and settled respectfully in the barn. Once more, the pigs faced them.

*Snowball: Comrades! During our studies of the past
three months we three have succeeded in
reducing all the principles of Animalism
into seven simple commandments. Now
Comrades, these seven commandments
must be our new laws by which we must
abide. Without such laws, Comrades, there
would be chaos, and our lives would be no
better than under Man. In these seven
laws, Comrades, are the very principles
Old Major spoke of in his last
announcement. These are the laws of
Animalism, Comrades! The laws of
Animal Farm! (LX 20)*

And somewhat precariously, in utter silence, Snowball climbed a ladder and set to work writing the seven commandments on the barn wall in great white letters that

could be read thirty yards away - with Squealer a few rungs below him holding the paint-pot...

Squealer: *Whrrrreeee!*

Snowball: *Sorry!*

Number 1: Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.

Number 2: Whatever goes upon four legs or has wings, is a friend.

Number 3: No animal shall wear clothes.

Number 4: No animal shall sleep in a bed.

Number 5: No animal shall drink alcohol.

Number 6: No animal shall kill any other animal.

and finally, Comrades,

Number 7: All animals are equal.

Well, it was all very neatly written, except that 'friend' was written 'frey-eend' and one of the esses was the wrong way around, but the rest of the spelling was correct all the way through. **(LX 21)**

Napoleon: *And now Comrades, to the hayfield! Let us make it a point of honour to get in the hay harvest quicker than Jones and his men ever did... To the hayfield!*

Cows: *Maaaooo! But we haven't been milked all day. This is most uncomfortable!*

Napoleon: *Quite right Comrade! Fetch the milking buckets! We must help our sisters. Fellow porkers, you seem the most capable to milk them. Set to work, there's no time to lose!*

Benjamin: *Er, 'scuse me? What'll happen to all that milk?*

Hen: *Cluck, cluck. Jones used sometimes to mix some of it in with our mash!*

Napoleon: *Never mind the milk Comrade Hens! That will be attended to. The harvest is more important. Comrade Snowball will lead the way. I shall follow in a few minutes. Forward Comrades! The hay is waiting.*

Benjamin: *I thought it might be.*

So the animals trooped off down to the hayfield to begin the hay harvest, and when they came back in the evening... the milk had **(LX 22 – 23)** disappeared.

Squealer: *Comrades, oooohhhhh! How we have toiled and sweated to get the hay in! And how our efforts have been rewarded! It is my pleasure to inform you that the harvest was an even bigger success than we had hoped. The work was hard. The implements were designed for Human Beings, not for us. It is a great drawback to us all that we are unable to use any tool that involves us standing on our hind legs. But thanks to the ingenuity of Comrades Snowball (and Napoleon) we have found a way round every difficulty. As for Comrades Boxer and Clover, they understand the business of mowing and raking far better than Jones and his men had ever did. Here's to us all, Comrades. Our first taste of success!*

Now, the pigs had directed and supervised - and with their superior knowledge it was natural they should assume the leadership - but every other animal, even the ducks and the hens, had toiled tirelessly... and not one of them had stolen so much as a mouthful... **(LX 24)**

Well, that first summer the farm-work went like clockwork. The animals had never known such happiness. Every morsel of food was bliss, now that it was truly their own food, produced by themselves for themselves, and not doled out to them by Man. And there was more for everyone now that parasitic Man had gone. There seemed more time to rest too.

Clover: *Boxer is everybody's hero. He worked hard even for Mr Jones, but now he seems more like three horses than one... Some days nothing can be done without him. From morning to night he's pushing and pulling, always where the work is hardest.*

Boxer: *No-one knows it... but I've arranged with the cocks to wake me up half an hour earlier every day so's I can put in some extra work here and there.*

Clover: *Oh, he's a tower of strength. Any problem and he just says, 'I will work harder!'*

Boxer: *I will work harder, Clover, I will work harder!'*

But everybody was working harder each according to their capacity. Nobody stole, nobody grumbled, nobody quarrelled over apples. And nobody shirked... well, almost nobody:

Mollie: *Well, I'm not good at getting up in the mornings. Ouch! Oh dear, I think I've got another stone in my hoof.*

...and the cat was somewhat peculiar:

Cat: *YYYAAAAAAA WWWWNNNNNN!
Oh, sorry... is it all done? Ah food! I'm starving... May I? Puuurrrrrrr!*

But Benjamin was the same as ever - slow, obstinate, never shirking, but never eager.

Benjamin: *Donkeys live a long time. A long time...
None of you has ever seen a dead donkey.*

After breakfast every Sunday was the ceremonial hoisting of the “Hoof and the Horn”...

Squealer: *Which signifies the future Republic of the
Animals which will arise when the Human
race is finally overthrown.*

...after which there was “The Meeting” in the big barn
(LX 25) where the work of the coming week was divided out, and resolutions were put forward and debated. It was always the pigs who put forward the resolutions...

Snowball: *I have many ideas, Comrades, ideas that
will benefit us all. I put forward a
resolution Comrades, that we form
committees, yes committees, for the
betterment, of our standards of living. I
propose therefore the immediate
formation of the following: An Egg
Production committee for the hens, a
Clean Tail League for the cows, and a
Wild Comrades Re-education committee to
help bring our wild Comrades - the rabbits
and the rats – back into our fold where, I
am sure you will all agree, they are more
than welcome.*

Sheep: *Baaaaaaaahhhh!*

Snowball: *Yes Comrades! Finally Comrades, I
propose a Whiter Wool committee for the
sheep.*

Sheep: *Baaaaaaa!*

Snowball: *You’re welcome, Comrades! I therefore
ask you now to vote with your paws and
hoofs, wings and trotters on this*

*resolution so as to implement my
committees with haste.*

Napoleon: *Comrades, Comrades.. much as I agree
with Comrade Snowball's resolution and
indeed shall support his "committees"
wholeheartedly, there are other far more
important matters which must be attended
to.*

*Defence Comrades. Defence of Animal
Farm must be our priority. We must
prepare ourselves for the inevitable
Human onslaught. I propose, therefore
that I take it upon myself – upon myself,
look you - to educate and train Bluebell &
Jessie's nine sturdy puppies so that their
strength and intellect can be best put to
use.*

Jessie: *Comrade Napoleon! Well, it would be an
honour for us to offer up our litters for
your attentions! Fellow Comrades, I ask
you to back Comrade Napoleon in this
excellent and most generous gesture.*

Squealer: *I second the motion. All those in favour
say "Aye"*

Snowball: *Comrades, Comrades!*

Sheep: *Baaaaaa!*

Squealer: *Thank you Comrades Sheep, the
resolution is carried!*

Snowball: *Comrades!*

Now, Snowball and Napoleon were by far the most active in these debates, but it seemed, never in agreement: Whatever

suggestion one made, the other could almost be counted on to oppose...

Napoleon: *Comrades, Comrades! It is my belief that the education of the young is far more important than anything that can be done for those already grown up.*

Snowball: *Not so, Comrade Napoleon! Not so, Comrades!*

... but, the meetings always ended with the singing of 'Beasts of England' and the Sunday afternoons then given up for rest.

(LX 26 - 27) Months passed...

Squealer: *Comrades! My reading and writing classes are a great success, Comrades, a great success! Almost every animal on this farm is now literate... to some degree. And I'm very proud to announce that all us pigs can now read and write perfectly.*

Benjamin: *Actually, I could read a long time before them pigs... but the pigs don't know that and I don't tell 'em.*

Muriel: *I can read too, but not too fast.*

piped Muriel the goat.

Clover: *I've learned the whole alphabet.*

Boxer: *A, B... uuhhhmmmm... D... Oh bother!*

Mollie: *M... O... L... L... Y... Molly! **(LX 28)***

Snowball: *Comrades, we understand that some of you are having difficulty memorising the Seven Commandments. We three hereby decree that they can, in effect, be reduced to a single maxim, yes Comrades a maxim; namely: 'Four legs good, two legs*

*bad', that's 'Four legs good, two legs bad'
Comrades. Now Comrades, this maxim
contains the essential principles of
Animalism, and whoever thoroughly
grasps it will be safe from all Human
influence.*

Hens: *But this is unfair, we've only got two legs!*

Snowball: *A bird's wing Comrade Hens, is an organ
of propulsion, not of manipulation, and
should therefore be regarded as a leg. The
distinguishing mark of Man, Comrades, is
the hand, Comrades, the instrument with
which he does all his mischief. (SFX 10)*

And the sheep kept it up for hours on end, never bored of it.

(LX 29) But, the mystery of the milk went to was soon
cleared up... It was mixed every day into the pigs, mash.
What's more:

Napoleon: *The early apples are falling in the
orchard. These are to be collected and
brought to the harness-room. We pigs are
unanimous in this.*

Squealer: *Please do not imagine, Comrades, that we
pigs are doing this in a spirit of selfishness
and privilege? Many of us pigs actually
dislike milk and apples. Yes, I dislike them
myself. Our sole object in taking these
things, Comrades, is to preserve our
health. Milk and apples (and this has been
proven by Science, Comrades) contain
substances absolutely necessary for the
well-being of a pig. We pigs are brain-
workers. The whole management and
organisation of this farm depends upon
us. Day and night we are watching over*

your welfare. It is for your sake that we drink the milk and eat the apples. Do you know what would happen if we pigs failed in our duty? Jones would come back! Yes, Jones would come back! Now, surely Comrades, surely nobody wants to see Jones back?’

Boxer: *No, no, no, we can’t have that Comrades!*

Squealer: *Well said, Boxer!*

Napoleon: *It is unanimously agreed then Comrades, that all the milk and all the apples, when they are ripe, will be reserved for the pigs alone.*

There was a palpable silence on the farm as Napoleon turned his back and sauntered on his way.

(LX 30) Well, Animal Farm was now famous. Flights of pigeons had been despatched to neighbouring farms to spread ‘Beasts of England’ and to stir up rebellion elsewhere and, for that whole year, rebelliousness ran through the countryside. Bulls suddenly turned savage, cows kicked the pail over, hunters refused their fences and threw their riders and ‘Beasts of England’ was heard everywhere. It was irrepressible. Blackbirds whistled it in the hedgerows, pigeons cooed it in the elms. It got into the din of the smithies and the tune of the church bells... and to the Human Beings it was a prophecy of doom.

Early in October one of the despatches flew back to Animal Farm in the wildest excitement:

Pigeons: *Jones is coming! Jones is coming! And they’ve broken through the five-barred gate and are coming up the track. And they’ve all got sticks... Except Jones, who’s got a gun!*

Snowball: *Comrades! We have nothing to fear. I have studied a Human book on Julius*

*Caesar's campaigns. We shall beat them
at their own game! Now listen carefully...
Pigeons? On my signal, fly over and drop
your dung! Geese, peck their calves! The
rest, follow me..... Chaaaaarrrrrgggee!*

And they all rushed out, prodding, butting and kicking - just like the first time in the store-shed - coming at the men from all sides. But this time, the men were just too strong and the animals were forced to retreat into the yard.

Men: *Yeeeeesssssss!*

...cheered the humans in triumph and... stupidly.... followed the animals in.

Snowball: *Chaaaaarrrrrgggee!*

... and the three horses, the three cows and the rest of the pigs, lying in ambush in the cowshed, bounded out and easily surrounded the men. Snowball galloped directly for Jones...

Snowball: *Death to Humaniteeeeeee!*
**(Visual half-way across stage:
SFX 11)**

Snowball's back was now an immediate mass of bloody streaks, but he kept galloping. A sheep dropped dead behind him from the shot as he flung his full fifteen stone into Jones's legs, hurling him into a pile of dung. The gun flew out of his hands.

Boxer reared up with a great whinny and smote a stable-lad full on the skull with both his hooves, stretching him lifeless in the mud and, seeing this, everyone froze. The men stared in utter terror - first at the stable-lad - then back at the animals. The animals just bared their teeth and stared back. A sickening sea-deep growl seemed to envelop them all as the men began to inch away - backwards - totally unable to avert their eyes. And as the men inched backwards, the animals inched forwards...

Suddenly, the men turned and bolted for the cart tack, running for dear life...

Snowball: *Get theeeeeemmmmm!*

The animals broke too, easily catching the slow Humans, nudging their knees and tripping them headlong into the mud. Then goring and kicking, biting and trampling. No-one held back. Even the cat...

Cat: *Wrrreeeeeeeeooooooooowwww!*

...sank its claws into a Human neck.

Yet, one by one the Humans struggled free and ran off, bleeding, beaten, absolutely terrified.

Back in the yard Boxer was distraught:

Boxer: *He's dead. I didn't mean to do that. I forgot I was wearing iron shoes. Who'll believe me I didn't mean to?*

...and he hoofed gently at the stable-lad laying face down in the mud, trying to turn him over...

Snowball: *No sentimentality Comrade Boxer! War is war. The only good Human Being is a dead one! Yes, a dead one.*

Boxer: *But I don't want to kill anything, Snowball, not even a Human.*

Suddenly the stable-lad, groaned and moved... managed to pull himself slowly out of the mud, shook his head and focused... right on Boxer's muzzle, an inch away, who just stared back at him with a very strange look on his face. The lad turned and scarpered. Boxer whinnied him away.

Snowball: *Comrades, we have achieved a great victory, a great victory, and we will celebrate, but it was not without price, Comrades.*

The blood was still dripping off him.

Snowball: *I refer, Comrades, to our dead Comrade Sheep, lost taking the very bullets intended for me.*

Squealer: *I propose medals Comrades, medals! We all witnessed the outstanding courage of Snowball and Boxer. I propose that we unanimously confer upon them the decoration, "Animal Hero-First Class". And Comrades, not forgetting our dead Comrade, Comrades - Comrade Sheep - Comrades, I propose the posthumous honour "Animal Hero - Second class". All those in favour say "aye"*

Animals: *Baaaaaaa! (AYE!)*

Squealer: *Thank you Comrades Sheep, the motion is carried!*

Snowball: *Thank you Comrade Squealer. Thank you Comrades all, but the victory is all yours.*

Squealer: *Here, here! Bravo for Snowball and Boxer. Bravo for Snowball and Boxer!*

Napoleon: *Ahem! And now Comrades, we must raise the 'Hoof and the Horn' high. I propose that we name this battle, 'The Battle of the Cowshed', for this is where my ambush was sprung. And Comrades, I further propose that that gun be set at the foot of the flag-staff and fired twice a year - once on the anniversary of the 'Battle of the Cowshed' and once on the anniversary of the Rebellion. Indeed I second my motion, which means, I believe, that my motion is carried.*

Well, from that night on, the animals slept more easily than ever. They'd beaten the Human Beings. They were safe.

(Actor Drinks & puts glass down: LX 31)

Snowball: *Not so, Comrade, not so!*

But of all their battles, there was none quite like the Windmill:

Snowball: *A dynamo, Comrades, powered by a windmill, Comrades, will supply the farm with electrical power – yes comrades, electrical power, and this will light your stalls and warm them in winter! Now, Comrades, my plans for the windmill are fully worked out in chalk on the floor of my study and I invite you all to come along and inspect them.*

And all of them did - very careful not to tread on the chalk marks - with the exception of Napoleon.

Napoleon: *Ridiculous Comrades. Ridiculous! Snowball is mad.*

But eventually **(LX 33 - 34)** even his curiosity got the better of him: **(SFX 12)**

Animal Farm was deeply divided on the windmill:

Snowball: *I do not deny Comrades, that to build it will be difficult. Stone will have to be quarried, Comrades, and built up into walls. Then sails will have to be made. And then there will be need of a dynamo and cables, Comrades. How these are to be procured I cannot say, but I do believe it can all be done within a year. Yes, Comrades one year. And thereafter, so much labour will be saved that you'd only need to work three days a week!*

Napoleon: *Comrades, Comrades... Surely our great need is to increase food production. If we waste time on a windmill we'll all starve.*

Benjamin: *I, of course, don't believe there'll be more food or less work. Life will go on as it's always gone... Badly.*

But food production indeed posed a serious question, and news of the animals' victory over the Human Beings had made neighbouring farms more dangerous and restive than ever. Yet Snowball and Napoleon still disagreed and the animals could not make up their minds who was right... but they did seem to agree with the one who was speaking at the time... At last the critical moment came. The Vote:

Cows: *Maaaaawwwww! Vote for Snowball and the Three Day Week.*

Sheep: *Baaaaaaaaa! Vote for Napoleon and the Full Manger.*

Napoleon: *Defence Comrades, defence!*

Squealer: *Yes Comrades, Defence!*

Snowball: *The Windmill, the windmill, the Three Day Week, Comrades! Less work, more food, electric light, heat, rest and plenty. The windmill Comrades!*

Napoleon: *The windmill is nonsense! And I advise nobody to vote for it.*

Cows: *Maaaaawwwww! Vote for Snowball and the Three Day Week!*

Sheep: *Baaaaaaaaa! Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!*

Snowball: *Don't you see Comrades, don't you see? The windmill is the way. The windmill is our way. The windmill is our power, Comrades! Vote with me. Vote with yourselves. Vote "Yes" on the windmill. Sordid labour shall be lifted from your*

backs, Comrades. Chaff-cutters, turnip-slicers. Electricity will operate threshing machines, ploughs, harrows, rollers, reapers and binders, as well as supplying every stall with its own electric light, hot and cold water, and an electric heater. Think of it, Comrades. Comfort and peace. Comfort and peace!

And after Snowball had finished... there was no doubt which way the vote would go. **(SFX 13)**

Suddenly, nine huge dogs with brass-studded collars bounded into the barn and charged straight for Snowball... who only saw the danger at the last possible moment, and was gone, **(LX 35)** straight out of the barn, across the pasture, toward the road, running as only a pig can, but the dogs were hot on his trotters. Suddenly he slipped and it seemed certain he was doomed, but then he was up again, running faster than ever and, with an extra spurt and only a few inches to spare, he darted through a hole in the hedge... and was never seen again.

The animals **(LX 36)** crept silently back into the barn... as the dogs bounded back....

Dogs: Bowowowowowoowowo!

Napoleon: Sit...! Well, done.

Very slowly, with the utmost ceremony, Napoleon now mounted the same platform from where Old Major had delivered his memorable speech.... That all seemed so long ago now.

Napoleon: Comrades... From now onwards the Sunday-morning meetings are banned. They're an unnecessary waste of time. In future, all questions as to the working of this farm will be settled by a special committee of pigs, presided over by myself. This will meet in private and afterwards we will communicate our decisions to you.

You will still assemble on Sunday mornings to salute the flag, to sing our anthem, and receive your orders for the week; but there will be no more debates.

Now, Boxer was vaguely troubled.

Boxer: *I don't... I can't..... I just can't... Oh... bother.*

Four young porkers in the front row jumped up and squealed their disapproval:

Porkers: *Screeeeeecccch! Squeeeeeaaaaa!*

Dogs: *Grrrrrrrrrrrrr, (SFX 14)
Grrrrrrrrrrrrr!*

... and this went on for fifteen minutes... which put an end to any chance of discussion... The animals were dismissed.

(LX 37)

Squealer: *Well... Well... Well.... Comrades, I trust that every animal here appreciates the sacrifice that Comrade Napoleon has made in taking this extra labour upon himself. Oh, please do not imagine Comrades, that leadership is a pleasure! On the contrary Comrades, it is a deep and heavy responsibility. Nobody believes more firmly than Comrade Napoleon that all animals are equal. He would be only too happy to allow you make your decisions for yourselves. But sometimes Comrades, you might make the wrong decisions and then where should we be? Supposing Comrades, just supposing... you had decided to follow Snowball, with his moonshine of windmills, Snowball, who, as we now all know, was no better than a criminal?*

Cow: *Maaaaooooowww! But Snowball fought bravely at the 'Battle of the Cowshed'!*

Squealer: *Bravery is not enough, Comrade Cow! Loyalty and obedience are far more important. And as for the Battle of the Cowshed, well I believe the time will come when we shall find that Snowball's part in it was much exaggerated. Discipline Comrades, iron discipline! That is the watchword for today. One false step, and our enemies will be upon us. Surely Comrades, surely you don't want Jones back?*

Boxer: *No, no, no, we can't have that Comrades! Now, if Napoleon says it, it must be right.*

...and from then on Boxer adopted the maxim:

Boxer: *Napoleon is always right*

...which, of course, was in addition to his private motto of:

Boxer: *I will work harder. (LX 38)*

It was only the third Sunday after Snowball's expulsion, the animals still confused and bemused, that Napoleon, now surrounded by a semicircle of stud-collared dogs, with the pigs in front, all of them now facing the other animals, announced:

Napoleon: *Comrades, after much thought and deliberation I have decided that now is the time for the building of the windmill. You are all aware that this means two years of hardship, sacrifice and work. I know you will all do your duty.*

...and with great ceremony, Napoleon turned and left, still protected by the dogs, with the pigs following in single file.

Squealer: *No, no and no, Comrades! I repeat: Comrade Napoleon was never really opposed to the windmill. On the contrary Comrades, it was Comrade Napoleon who advocated it in the beginning. The plans you saw on the floor of the incubator shed were stolen Comrades, by Snowball, Comrades, from Napoleon's papers. The windmill is, in fact, Napoleon's very own creation. And what a creation it is, Comrades!*

Pincher: *Then, why did he speak so strongly against it, hmmm, hmmm?*

Squealer: *Tactics... Comrade Pincher tactics... Tactics, tactics, tactics... ha, ha, hahaha, tactics!*

The animals had no idea what tactics were, but Squealer was so persuasive... and the three dogs who happened to be with him growled so threateningly, that they accepted his explanation without further ado. **(LX 39)**

Well, all that year every animal worked like a slave.... but they were happy in their work; they grudged no effort or sacrifice. They were, after all, aware that everything they did was for their own benefit and for the benefit of their offspring, and not for a pack of idle thieving Human Beings... but by Spring and Summer they found themselves working seventy hours a week... Then, **(LX 40)** one Sunday in August:

Napoleon: *It has become necessary Comrades to implement voluntary work on Sunday afternoons. This work is, I repeat, strictly voluntary, but any animal who absents himself from it will have his rations reduced by half.*

...so the animals worked Sundays too. **(LX 41)**

And the windmill was presenting unexpected difficulties. All the materials for building the windmill were at hand... there was a great quarry of limestone on the farm, but the stones were far too big. The problem was how to break them up. Without Human ways and tools all seemed lost. A lot of time was wasted... But, after weeks of vain effort the right idea did finally occur.

Squealer: *I have it Comrades, I have it! Once again
I've solved the.... Ahem... Comrade
Napoleon has solved the problem. Gravity,
Comrades! Gravity! Now listen carefully.
First, you must lash ropes around the big
boulders you see on the quarry bed. Then,
all together, you must haul these, one at a
time Comrades, one at a time, right up the
gravel track to the very top of the quarry.
The next step is to push them right to the
very edge... and then you just nudge them
over... just nudge them over... to topple all
the way to the bottom... and break into
little pieces... beedle-leeedle-lee...
Craaaaash! Simple Comrades. Genius!*

And so... by use of 'genius' gravity... the animals, under the pig's expert superintendence, soon broke up sufficient quantity of stone to commence the building of the Windmill.

Clover: *(Puff, puff) Nothing can be done without
Boxer. Some days he's the only one doing
the work, and many's the time he's saved
the others from slipping back down this
hill under the weight of these stones. Oh,
he's a tower of strength.... Boxer, you must
be careful. Don't overstrain yourself! A
horses lungs don't last forever, you know.*

Boxer: *(Puff Puff) I will work harder... Napoleon
is always right... No-one knows it but I've
arranged with the cock to wake me up*

forty-five minutes earlier so's I can drag a quick load before the day starts.

Squealer: *Comrades, you are not badly off despite your labours. Not badly off. You've no less to eat than in Jones's day. Think of that Comrades. Be thankful, Comrades, thankful, that you don't have to feed greedy Human Beings as well. No, you're not badly off, not badly off, not badly off... (LX 42)*

Napoleon: *Comrades, we have discovered that we are running a shortfall in certain essential materials. Namely, Paraffin oil for the lights, nails, string, and dog biscuits, among other things. Thus, I have decided upon a new policy. In order to provide Animal Farm with these things, henceforth I will be engaging in limited trade with neighbouring farms. This is not, I repeat, not for any commercial purpose. The needs of the windmill must override everything else. I'm therefore making arrangements to sell one stump of hay and part of the current year's wheat crop. Furthermore, if more money is needed, it will be made up by the sale of eggs...*

The hens, of course, will welcome this sacrifice as their own special (SFX 15) contribution towards the building of the windmill.... Silence Comrades..... silence.... SILENCE..! This Comrades, has been decided. The arrangements have been made. No animal will be required to come in contact with Human Beings, which

would clearly be most undesirable. I will take that burden upon my own shoulders. A certain Mr Whymper, a solicitor from Willingdon, has agreed to act as intermediary between Animal Farm and the outside world and will visit me every Monday morning to receive instructions. The matter is now closed. 'Long live Animal Farm!' (SFX 16)

Squealer: Beasts of England, Beasts of Ireland, Beasts of every Land and Clime, Hearken to our joyful tidings...

Clover: Comrade Squealer?

Squealer: Yes, Comrade Clover?

Clover: Comrade Squealer, both Muriel and I are fairly certain.... if our memory serves us... that not to engage in trade was one of Old Major's rules.

Squealer: Comrade Clover...! Surely you do not think Comrades, that Comrade Napoleon would ever dream of engaging in trade, as you put it, or using money, if there were indeed any resolution passed against it. Let me assure you Comrades, categorically, cat-eg-orically Comrades, that there is no such resolution. Neither was there ever one. It is pure imagination Comrades. Imagination! Probably traceable to lies circulated by Snowball. That's categorical Comrades, categorical.

Clover: Well, we.....

Squealer: Are you certain Comrades, this is not something you have dreamed? Have you

any record of such a resolution? Is it written down anywhere? Is it written?

Clover: *Well, no, I don't think so...*

Squealer: *Thank you Comrade Clover... Then the matter is settled. Hmmm?*

Benjamin, having watched this little exchange, sauntered off...

(LX 43)

So... every Monday, Mr Whymper, a sly-looking little man with side whiskers, a small time solicitor, opportunistic for commissions, duly visited the farm as arranged... The animals watched his comings and goings with a kind of dread. But, seeing Napoleon, on all fours, firing orders at Mr Whymper, on all twos, was rousing. **(SFX 17)** Relations with the Human race were clearly not what they were.

There will now be a 15 minute interval. See you after.

(LX 43.1)

INTERVAL

Allow SFX 17 to play out and then reset to SFX 17

Play CD from next track

ACT II

Repeat SFX 17

After 10 secs: (LX 43.2)

With Visual TV “ON” go SFX 18

Farmer: For our part, we Human Beings do not hate Animal Farm any less even as we know the farm will go broke soon or late. An’ that windmill won’t work... I mean, you’ve only got to look at the diagrams to see it won’t work haven’t you...? Still, I’d not ‘ave credited it, mind... Them animals ‘ave managed to survive. Lord knows ‘ow. Even Old Jones ‘as gone off thinking e’s not gettin ‘is farm back. If you ask me, I think it’s all a bit off, me...

Well, it was around this time that the pigs suddenly took up residence in the farmhouse. Again the animals seemed to remember a resolution against this... (LX 44)

Clover: Muriel, will you read me the Fourth Commandment, please. Does it not say something about never sleeping in a bed?’

Muriel: It says, Clover “No animal shall sleep in a bed... with sheets”

Clover: That’s strange... I don’t remember anything about sheets, do you, Muriel? Oh... my memory is so bad. Well, it’s on the wall so it must be so... (LX 45)

Squealer: You have heard, then Comrades, that we pigs now sleep in the beds of the farmhouse? And why not? Oh, you did not suppose, surely, that there was ever any ruling against beds? “A bed” is merely a

place to sleep in. A pile of straw in a stall is a bed - properly regarded. The ruling, Comrades, was against "sheets", which are a Human invention. Well, we have removed the sheets from the beds of the farmhouse and now sleep between blankets. And very comfortable beds they are too, Comrades! But not more comfortable than we need, I can tell you Comrades, with all the brainwork we have to do nowadays.

Muriel: *But it was Comrade Napoleon himself who said that we shouldn't!*

Squealer: *When, Comrade, Muriel. Where?*

Muriel: *Oh... bullocks!*

Squealer: *You would not rob us of our repose, would you Comrades? You would not have us too tired to carry out our duties? Surely, Comrades, surely nobody wants to see Jones back?'*

Clover: *No., no, no, of course not....*

...so no more was said about the pigs sleeping in the farmhouse beds. And when, some days afterwards, Squealer announced:

Squealer: *Due to the extraordinary pressures of brainwork Comrades, from now on we pigs will be permitted one hour extra sleep in the mornings.*

...no complaint was made about that either. **(LX 46)**

Yet, autumn came and the animals were happy... if tired. They'd had a hard year, and after the sale of part of the hay and corn harvests, stores for the winter were none too

plentiful. But the windmill was compensation. It was almost half built now.

Napoleon: *We must take advantage Comrades, of this clear weather. You are to raise the walls by another foot and it's another foot closer to completion!*

The animals were so proud of their half-finished creation that they would wander around and around it, marvelling that they were able to build anything quite so impressive. Only old Benjamin refused to show enthusiasm:

Benjamin: *Donkeys live a long time... a long time....*

Then the November storms came: **(LX 47 - 48)**

After flashes: SFX 19

Hens: *A gun has gone off! A gun has gone off!*

...and by the morning, the flag staff was down, an Elm tree lay up... and the windmill was in ruins.

Everyone raced to the site - including Napoleon - who seldom walked, let alone run. Yes, there it lay, the fruit of all their struggles, levelled to its foundations, its stones scattered. Mournfully silent the animals just stared.

Napoleon was pacing... occasionally snuffling the ground, tail rigid and twitching - a sign of intense mental activity.

Napoleon: *Comrades, do you know who is responsible for this? Do you know the enemy who has come in the night and overthrown our windmill? Snowball! ROOOOOOOAAAAAAAAARRRRR! Snowball has done this thing! In sheer malice. Thinking to set back our plans and avenge himself for his ignominious expulsion, this traitor has crept here under cover of darkness and destroyed our work of nearly a year!*

Cows: *Snowball must die now, Snowball must die!*

Boxer: *But how could Snowball do this? He always wanted the windmill...*

Sheep: *Snowball die, Snowball die! Four legs good, two legs bad, four legs good, two legs bad!*

Napoleon: *No more delays Comrades, there is work to be done. This very morning we begin rebuilding the windmill, and we will build all through the winter, rain or shine. There will be no alteration in our plans: they shall be carried out to the day. Forward Comrades! Long live the windmill! Long live Animal Farm!*

(LX 49 & SFX 20) Well, it was a bitter winter. The storms were followed by sleet and snow, and then by hard frosts until March. But the animals laboured on:

Volume up

Squealer: *Word has come Comrades from our leader, Comrade Napoleon, that the walls must be built three feet thick this time. We must double our efforts, Comrades. Double, double, double....! We are, after all, being watched Comrades, watched... by envious Human Beings who will rejoice if the windmill is not finished on time.*

Volume down

It was cruel work, and the animals were not as hopeful as before. They were always cold, and usually hungry as well. Only Boxer and Clover never lost heart.

Volume up

Boxer: *I will work harder, I must work harder:*

Volume down

...and Squealer's speeches were excellent:

Volume up

Squealer: *The joy of service Comrades, the joy of service. The knowledge of our bright future and the dignity of our labour. Knowledge and dignity Comrades, knowledge and dignity...*

Volume down

...but the other animals found more inspiration in Boxer's strength and his never-failing cry:

Volume up

Boxer: *I will work harder!*

In April food finally fell short.... **(LX 50)**

Napoleon: *Comrades, it has been found necessary to reduce the corn ration by three quarters... However, as an act of good faith, I am prepared to issue an extra potato ration to make up your shortfall. **(LX 51)***

But it was soon discovered that most of the potato crop had frosted in the clamps and had gone bad. For days at a time the animals had nothing to eat but chaff and mangels. Starvation seemed to stare them all in the face.

Squealer: *Porkers, it is absolutely vital to convey the correct impression to the Human Beings. Now listen carefully... You must fill the storage bins nearly to the brim with sand hmm? And then cover this up with what's left of the grain and meal. Our leader will*

then tour Mister Whymper through the storage sheds and he will report back to the outside world that there is no food shortage on Animal Farm. Tactics Comrades, tactics!

A few select animals - mostly sheep - were instructed to remark within Whymper's earshot...

Sheep: Isn't it nice our rations have been increased?

But by February, it was obvious that more grain was needed from somewhere. **(LX 52)**

Squealer: Comrade Hens... Due to the disastrous grain situation, I have been instructed to inform you that you are to surrender your entire lay for the benefit of Animal Farm. Our leader has accepted a contract of four hundred eggs per week in exchange for enough grain and meal to keep the farm going until the Summer when conditions will be easier.

Hen: But this is murder... Murder! Girls..! Girls! If we can't keep our own eggs, then nobody is to have them. Follow me up to the rafters and do as I do.... (SFX 21)

... and they laid their eggs into the thin air...

Napoleon: I am outraged Comrades, outraged by the Hen's callous disregard for the needs of the many. It is decreed therefore, that all rations to the hens are ceased, herewith. Furthermore, any animal caught giving so much as a grain of corn to a hen will be punished by death.

Dogs: Waahooooow... Gggggrrrrrrrrrrrr!

The hens held out for five days and dutifully returned to their nesting boxes. Nine had died of starvation...

Squealer: *...of (HNV51 – Bird Flu, Comrades – No so Bootiful now eh Bernard?) Coccidiosis Comrades, Coccidiosis A bad business, a very bad business. (LX 53)*

But the contract for the eggs was duly honoured, and a grocer's van arrived on the farm once a week to carry them away.

Apparently, Snowball was hiding either on Foxwood or Pinchfield farm. Although Napoleon was now on slightly better terms with their proprietors - Mr Pilkington and Mr Frederick - he was hesitating which of them to sell a pile of well seasoned beech-wood to... and, it was noticed that Snowball had always just been sighted on the farm where the agreement wasn't about to be made.

Napoleon: *It has been discovered, Comrades, that the subversive traitor, Snowball, has been spying on us at night! Every night he comes Comrades, creeping in under cover of darkness and performs all kinds of mischief. It is Snowball, Comrades, who has stolen all our corn. It is Snowball, Comrades who upsets the milking-pails and breaks the eggs. Snowball's distinctive trotter marks have been found all over the seed-beds, and it is Snowball, Comrades who gnaws the bark off our fruit trees...*

Even the cows declared unanimously:

Cows: *Snowball milks us in our sleep.*

Dog: *Waaaaahoooooooooooo!*

The animals were terrified. Snowball the “invisible influence” menacing them with all kinds of danger. Well, that evening Squealer, clearly alarmed, called them together: **(LX 54)**

Squealer: *Comrades, a most terrible thing has been discovered. Snowball has sold himself to Frederick of Pinchfield Farm, who is, even now, plotting to attack us and take our farm! Snowball is to act as his guide when the attack begins. Furthermore, Comrades, we have received incontrovertable intelligence, Comrades, from P.I.6. - our bird in Pinchfield – that Frederick has stockpiled W.M.C.s, Comrades, Weapons of Mass Castration, which can be deployed at any point along our borders within forty-five minutes Comrades, forty-five minutes!*

But there is worse Comrades, worse! We had thought that Snowball's rebellion was caused simply by his vanity and ambition. But we were wrong. Do you know what the real reason was? Snowball was in league with Jones from the very start! He was Jones's secret agent all the time Comrades. Jones's secret agent! Now, this is all proven in documents, which he left behind him which we have only just now discovered. Well, this explains a great deal Comrades. Did we not see for ourselves how Snowball attempted - fortunately without success - to get us defeated and destroyed at the 'Battle of the Cowshed'?

Cows: *Mooooo! Snowball must die now, Snowball must die!*

Boxer: *Comrade Squealer, I don't believe that. Snowball fought bravely at the 'Battle of the Cowshed'. I saw him myself. Did we*

not give him “Animal Hero-First Class” straight after?

Squealer: *That was our mistake, Comrade Boxer... For we now know - it is all written in the secret documents - that in reality he was attempting to lure us to our doom.*

Boxer: *But... but he was shot. We all saw him covered in blood.*

Squealer: *That was all part of the arrangement! Jones’s shot only grazed him! I could show you this in his own writing if you were only able to read it! The plot was, Comrade Boxer... for Snowball... at the critical moment, to give the signal for flight and leave the field to the enemy. And he very nearly succeeded, Comrades! I would even say Comrades, that he would have succeeded had it not been for our heroic Leader, Comrade Napoleon! Do you not remember how, just at the moment when Jones and his men got inside the yard, Snowball suddenly turned and fled, and many animals followed him? Hmm, Hmm? And do you not remember, Comrade, that it was just at that moment - when panic was spreading and all seemed lost - that Comrade Napoleon sprang forth with a cry of “Death to Humanity!” and sank his teeth in Jones’s leg? Now, surely you remember that, Comrade?*

Boxer: *..... No, no no... I do not believe that Snowball was a traitor from the beginning. What he has done since is different. But I believe that at the ‘Battle of*

Suddenly, the dogs bounded forward, and seized four porkers by the ear, and dragged them, squealing in pain and terror, to Napoleon's trotters...

Napoleon: *Comrades... you see before you the same four dissenters who made such a fuss when Snowball was expelled. We now know why, Comrades. I hereby call upon them to confess their unhappy crimes.*

Sheep: *Confess! confess!*

Porkers: *We confess, unreservedly, that we have been in secret contact with Snowball ever since his expulsion. That we collaborated with him in destroying the windmill. We admit that we have entered into an agreement with Snowball to hand over Animal Farm to Mr Frederick of Pinchfield Farm. We humbly regret our actions and ask for due punishment. Long Live Animal Farm!*

A moment passed in silence...

(VISUAL ON NAPOLEON "NOD" SFX 23)

The dogs promptly tore their throats out: **(LX 56)**

Napoleon: *Does any other animal at this assembly have anything to confess?*

Three Minorcan Pullets came forward:

Hens: *Gobble, gobble... We admit that Snowball appeared to us in a dream and incited us to disobey Comrade Napoleon's orders on the matter of the eggs.*

(VISUAL ON NAPOLEON "NOD" SFX 24)

A goose waddled up

Goose: *I stole six ears of corn during last years harvest and ate them in the night.*

(VISUAL ON NAPOLEON “NOD” SFX 25)

First Sheep: *It was me who urinated in the drinking pool. I was told to... by Snowball.*

Second Sheep: *We confess to causing the death of Old Tom the Goat by chasing him round and round a bonfire when he was suffering from a cough. Snowball made us!*

(VISUAL ON NAPOLEON “NOD” SFX 26)

The huge pile of corpses lay at Napoleon’s trotters. The air was heavy with blood.

Napoleon: *Dig a trench. Build a pyre. Burn them. Remember this day Comrades... Assembly dismissed. (SFX 27)*

(After Dog howl - LX 57)

The remaining animals, bar the pigs and dogs, crept silently away, shaken, miserable and confused. What was worse, the treachery or the retribution? Until today, no animal had killed another animal, not even a rat. Everyone... Boxer, Clover, Muriel, Benjamin, the cows, the sheep, geese and hens... everyone, except for the cat, notable by its absence, huddled together for warmth and comfort. Nobody spoke for a long time...

Boxer: *I don’t understand. How could these things happen on our farm? It must be our own fault. I must work harder. Yup... I shall get up an hour earlier.*

And he lumbered off down to the quarry to drag two loads of stone to the windmill before **(LX 58)** retiring for the night.

It was a clear spring evening. Despite the acrid stench of the burning pyres and the smoke rising behind the barn, ironically, their farm... for it was their own farm after all...

looked more desirable than ever, The plough land, the hayfield, the orchard, the pool, the spinney. But this time, as Clover surveyed its beauty, her eyes filled with tears and, like her beloved Boxer, she shook her forelock.

Clover: *This is not how Old Major dreamed it... What has happened on our farm? All of us equal, all of us free? Everyone working the best they can, the strong looking after the weak? Now we're all too scared to say anything. There are fierce growling dogs everywhere... and we have to watch our friends being torn to pieces by them. It's not right... it's not right...*

Still, we're better off than before... we must be. I will remain faithful to Animal Farm.... Beasts of England, Beasts of Ireland, Beasts of every land and clime, hearken to my... joyful tidings....

Squealer: *Good news, Comrades, good news! By special decree of Comrade Napoleon, 'Beasts of England' has been abolished. You are no longer permitted to sing it.*

Clover: *But... but why?*

Squealer: *It is no longer needed, Comrade Clover. "Beasts of England" was the song of the Rebellion. But the Rebellion has now been completed. The execution of the traitors this afternoon was the final act. The enemy, both external, and internal has been defeated. In "Beasts of England" we expressed our longing for a better society in days to come. But that society has now been established. Clearly this song no longer serves any purpose.*

Clover: *But (SFX 28) Comrade Squealer!*

So Beasts of England was no more... but in its place Minimus, the pig-poet, composed another song which began:

Minimus: *Animal Farm, Animal Farm, Never through me shall come to harm! Animal Farm...*

and this was sung instead.... but somehow neither the words nor the tune ever seemed to come up to those of "Beasts of England". Clover and Muriel went to the (LX 59) barn...

Clover: *Muriel, will you read me the sixth commandment... I think it's number 6: I... I think it's number six.*

Muriel: *Number six, 'No animal shall kill any other animal... without cause.'*

Clover: *Are you sure, Muriel? I don't remember those last two words... Oh, what is happening to me? I suppose if they're on the wall it must be true... Napoleon was right to kill those traitors after all.*

Muriel: *If it means anything, Clover, I don't remember them either. (LX 60)*

Squealer: *Good news Comrades, good news! increased production figures... Listen! Corn production up two-hundred percent, wheat production up four hundred percent; egg production up five hundred percent. Well done Comrade hens!*

Boxer: *Comrade Benjamin? We're doing well. We're doing well.*

Benjamin: *Hmmmmmmnnnnn. All the same, I'd sooner have less figures and more food. (LX 61)*

Napoleon's rare appearances were now always heralded by a black cockerel marching ahead of him 'cock-a-doodle-doo'ing. He inhabited separate rooms of the farmhouse, had his meals served to him - alone - and decreed that the gun should be fired once more every year on the event of his birthday.

He was also no longer referred to in such simple terms as "Comrade Napoleon". Now it was always "Our Leader, Comrade Napoleon", and the pigs liked to invent other titles such as; "Father of All Animals", "Terror of Mankind", "Protector of the Sheepfold", "Ducklings' Friend"

And Minimus composed a poem:

*Friend of the fatherless!
Fountain of happiness!
Lord of the swill-bucket!
Oh, how my soul is on
Fire when I gaze at thy
Calm and commanding eye,
Like the sun in the sky,
Comrade Napoleon!*

*Had I a sucking-pig,
Ere he had grown as big
Even as a pint bottle
Or as a rolling-pin,
He should have learned to be
Faithful and true to thee,
Yes, his first squeak should be
'Comrade Napoleon!'*

This **(LX 62)** was inscribed on the wall of the barn, opposite the Seven Commandments... next to a portrait of Napoleon, in profile, by Squealer, "Animal Artist-First Class".

(LX 63)

Squealer: Excellent news, Comrades! Our illustrious leader is in negotiation, to sell the pile of useless old timber to Mr Pilkington of Foxwood Farm for the benefit of Comrades all. Indeed, Comrades, they are about to enter into a definite business agreement....

Now, the animals distrusted Pilkington of Foxwood, but they detested Frederick of Pinchfield for his reputed savagery to the animals on his farm. Indeed they wanted desperately to attack Pinchfield Farm themselves to liberate it from the oppressor's wrong, but of course Squealer counselled them...

Squealer: *to avoid such rash actions and trust in Comrade Napoleon's... tactics.... Never in his wildest dreams would Our Leader ever have any dealings with the evil and warlike Frederick of Pinchfield. Indeed Comrades, we have amended our former slogan 'Death to Humanity' to 'Death to Frederick'. Thank you Comrades Sheep...*

Sheep: *Death to Frederick, death to Frederick!
Four legs good, two legs bad, four legs good, two legs bad!*

Napoleon: *Thank you, Comrade Squealer... Comrades, Comrades all.... You must be congratulated. Despite the demands of the harvest, the traitor Snowball's treachery, and your own inexperience, the windmill has been completed. And Comrades, I'm very proud to announce that it has been completed on the very day of my prediction all those years ago! A testament, I think you'll agree, to masterful planning. Therefore, I hereby, and with much pride, decree that this mill shall be named 'Napoleon Mill'*

Squealer: *In celebration Comrades, there will be a general increase in rations by one extra potato or one extra apple per day, per animal, for one week. Long Live Animal Farm! (SFX 29)*

...and the animals gambolled and rollicked round and round Napoleon Mill until the early hours.

It was only two days after these celebrations that the animals toiling the fields were stunned to see four large, horse-drawn flat-carts thread their way slowly up the gravel track, to the pile of useless timber, pile it all on very carefully, and then drive off the farm again... with Frederick of Pinchfield at the reins... All under the watchful eyes of the pigs.

Boxer: *But... don't we hate Frederick of Pinchfield?*

Squealer: *No, Comrade Boxer. Indeed, what a thing to say!*

Napoleon: *Thank you Comrade Squealer. Boxer... I am afraid you are mistaken*

Boxer: *Oh well... if Napoleon says it, it must be right.*

Sheep: *Death to Pilkington! Death to Pilkington!
Four legs good, two legs bad, four legs good, two legs bad!*

Squealer: *Sleaze, Comrades? Corruption, Comrades? Let me assure you Comrades, there is nothing remotely sleazy or corrupt about Our Leader's dealings in the 'Pile of Useless Timber for cash' affair. On the contrary, Comrades, this is tactics, Comrades, tactics... The superior quality of Our Leader's mind. Our Leader only "seemed" Comrades, seemed, to be friendly with Pilkington of Foxwood, in order, Comrades, to get a better price from Mr Frederick of Pinchfield. Don't you see? Really it's very simple you know! By these tactics, Our Leader forced Mr Frederick to up his price by twelve whole pounds, and make him pay in real six-pound notes instead of something called a cheque. Our Leader will now use the six-*

*pound notes to purchase the machinery
for Napoleon Mill. No, no... there is
nothing at all sleazy or corrupt about this,
Comrades! It's just tactics... Tactics,
tactics, tactics!*

The pigs were in ecstasy over Napoleon's tactics... Three days later, however, Napoleon's roar could be heard for miles around.

Napoleon: **(LX 64) FORGERIES ! It appears**
*Comrades, that you have been fooled. The
six-pound notes you were paid for the
useless timber were useless. In my view
Comrades, it is now highly likely that there
will be an attack on Napoleon Mill from
Pinchfield Farm after all and you must be
vigilant. I hereby pronounce...*
DEEEEAATAAATTTTTHHH TO
FREEDDEERRIICCKK! (LX 65)

The animals were terrified. Sentries were placed. Four pigeons were dispatched to Foxwood Farm with a conciliatory message, in the hope of re-establishing good relations – an perhaps some military help – from Mr Pilkington. The very next morning Clover came galloping in from the fields:

Clover: **Frederick's coming! Frederick's coming!**

Once more, the animals galloped out to meet them, confident that again, they could drive the Humans off their soil, but this time there were fifteen men, with six guns.. and as soon as the animals got within fifty yards, the Humans sank slowly to their knees, took careful aim... **(SFX 30)** and...

Animals were felled in their tracks all around as the Humans continued their advance. But after that first volley there was no way the animals could face the terrible explosions and cruel stinging pellets again, and despite the rallying efforts of Napoleon and Boxer, they were forced to retreat.

Napoleon: **To the farm buildings! (LX 66)**

As one, the animals turned and galloped into the barn, peering cautiously through the chinks and knot-holes. Curiously, this time, the Humans did not follow the animals in.

Boxer: *They're going to the big pasture!... They're going to Napoleon Mill!*

Napoleon paced and twitched.

Boxer: *They're going to knock it down! They're going to knock it down!*

Napoleon: *Impossible, Boxer! The walls are built far too thick for that... Courage Comrade!*

...but Benjamin was watching proceedings very carefully:

Benjamin: *As I thought. They're not going to knock it down... they're going to blow it up!*
(SFX 31 &: LX 67-68)

The animals slowly lifted their faces from the floor... only to see a huge, pall of black smoke hanging in the air exactly where Napoleon Mill had once stood. The breeze softly blew the cloud on its way....

Suddenly a pigeon flew in to the barn and dropped a note from Mr Pilkington...

Napoleon: *"Serves you right!" ???*
Charrrrrggggge! (LX 69)

The animals charged, now not heedful of the cruel stinging pellets sweeping over them like hail. Nobody cared anymore. Killing Human Beings was all they wanted. **(LX 70)**

Boxer managed to catch three in the head with mighty kicks, even the cows were using their horns and tossing their heads viciously, and Bluebell, Jessie and Pincher were shredding every pair of trousers they could reach. And when the nine huge dogs of Napoleon's own bodyguard suddenly appeared ferociously on the men's flank, Frederick's men just fled, running for dear life... and were chased off the farm by every animal still able to stand... **(LX 71)**

It was a savage, bitter battle. Two cows, three sheep two geese were killed. Nearly everyone was wounded. Including Napoleon, commanding from the rear, had the tip of his tail chipped by a pellet. They had won, but they were bleeding... and their dead Comrades littering the battlefield, moved them all to tears... And the windmill... It was as if it had never been.

Boxer: *Oh dear Clover, I think I've split my hoof.*

Suddenly, Squealer appeared from nowhere:

Squealer: *Well, well, well. What a to-do, what a (SFX 32) to-do.*

Boxer: *What's that gun firing for, Squealer?*

Squealer: *To celebrate our great victory, Boxer!*

Boxer: *What victory?*

Squealer: *What victory? Have we not driven the enemy off our soil - the sacred soil of Animal Farm?*

Boxer: *But they've destroyed our windmill and we've worked on it for two years!*

Squealer: *What matter? We shall build another windmill. We shall build six windmills if we feel like it. You do not appreciate Comrade Boxer, the mighty thing that we have done. The enemy was in occupation of this very soil on which we stand. But now - thanks to the leadership of Comrade Napoleon - we have won every inch of it back again!*

Boxer: *Then we have won back what we had before...*

Squealer: *That is our victory, Comrade. That is our victory. Victory, victory, victory!*

Napoleon: *Comrades, it is indeed a great victory we have won. We shall fly the 'Hoof and the Horn' high and the gun shall be fired seven times in honour of our dead. Our heroes shall be given solemn funerals, after which two whole days will be given over to celebration and song.*

I decree that this battle shall be called the "Battle of the Windmill", and Comrades, I am proud to announce that I have created a new decoration, "The Order of the Green Banner", in recognition of outstanding bravery under fire, which, Comrades, I am greatly moved to accept on your behalf. Long Live Animal Farm!
(SFX 33)

That evening, loud singing emanated from the private victory celebration the pigs were holding for themselves on the Animal's behalf. They'd come upon a whole crate of whisky in the cellars... **(LX 72)**

At about half-past nine, a very strange thing occurred. Napoleon, wearing an old bowler hat of Mr Jones', was distinctly witnessed to emerge from the back door of the farmhouse, gallop rapidly once around the yard.... and then... disappear indoors again. **(LX 73)**

Squealer: *Comrades, I have some terrible news to impart.... Comrade Napoleon is dying! Snowball has somehow contrived to poison him. (wince) As his last act on Earth Comrades, Our Leader has pronounced, by solemn decree, that the drinking of alcohol on Animal Farm is punishable by death. (He vomits.)*

Twelve hours **(LX 74)** later, however:

Squealer: *I am very relieved to be able to tell you Comrades, that our Leader has astonished us all! Although he's not yet out of the woods Comrades, not quite out of the woods, all signs indicate that he will make a full recovery! Hurrah for Comrade Napoleon! Hurrah for Animal Farm! (Hurrah for Squealer!)*

And two days later, Mr Whymper - who had somehow survived the useless timber for cash affair - was despatched to Willingdon to purchase literature on brewing and distilling. Napoleon, now fully recovered, further ordered that the retirement paddock was to be re-allocated for the sowing of barley...

Soon after this, another very strange incident occurred... There was an enormous crash **(LX 75)** in the barn...

...and Squealer, disorientated, covered in white paint - and bits of broken ladder - was discovered by Clover and Benjamin, trying in vain to get back to his trotters. He was escorted home by the dogs.

Clover: *Benjamin, I've done it again, I am forgetting the seven commandments. Would you read Number Five for me, please.*

Benjamin: *Number Five, Clover... "No animal shall drink alcohol... to excess".*

The last "S" of "Excess" was nearly twelve foot long... and still dribbling... **(LX 76)**

Meanwhile life on the farm was hard... very hard. It barely seemed possible but the winters felt colder and food even scarcer. All rations - bar the pig's and the dog's - had been reduced:

Squealer: *A too rigid equality in rations, Comrades, would be contrary to the principles of Animalism, contrary... Besides Comrades,*

you are free now and that makes all the difference.

That September, thirty-one piebald piglets appeared. As Napoleon was the only boar on the farm it was not difficult to guess at their parentage. Soon **(LX 77)** afterwards it did not go unnoticed that numerous privileges were being extended, probably through paternal generosity, to the pigs and the pigs alone:

Squealer: A new schoolroom is to be built for the piglets... Grunt maintained, of course. And as their education is vital for your future welfare please respect their need to study and privacy. Indeed, Comrades, if you are to meet a piglet on the path, we would ask you to stand aside.

Furthermore, Comrades, in accordance with our leader, Comrade Napoleon's budget as laid out at the last meeting, all rations are to be generally decreased by seventeen and one-half percent by February of next year. However, in order to make this transition easier, this will be levied in two stages: By eight percent in December, and then by a further nine and one-half percent in February. There will, of course, be a safety net in place for the less able among you. Finally, Comrades, I'm sure I need not remind you that, all stall lanterns are forbidden forthwith to conserve oil.

But the pigs seemed comfortable enough and well lit, and they appeared to be putting on weight. Then, as the sweet smell of fermenting barley wafted over the farm, it was announced that all barley too, would be reserved for the pigs.

The hardships of life however were partly offset by rumours of great celebration. After all, the seventh anniversary of "The Rebellion" had finally arrived...

Napoleon: *Comrades... Comrades all. It has been a memorable and... (come on... come on!) you might say.. successful few years and I am proud to have been your leader through these early times of freedom and self-rul... Indeed, I am proud to have led you to that freedom... And the time is now appropriate, Comrades, to proclaim Animal Farm a fully fledged republic. This means Comrades that you must elect a president... Comrades.... I am proud, very proud Comrades, to announce to you first, my candidature for the Presidency... and second... Ahem... Our grateful acceptance of your unanimous vote as the first President of Animal Farm. Thank you Comrades all. Thank you.*

Squealer: *Long live President Napoleon....! (Wait for Second Time) Long live President Napoleon! (SFX 36)*

(ANIMALS: LONG LIVE PRESIDENT NAPOLEON) - SFX

Squealer: *Comrades, this is indeed a joyous occasion, and I am so sorry to have to sour it with the mention of traitors, however, it has come to light, through the discovery of further documents, in his own writing Comrades, his very own writing, that the subversive traitor Snowball, did not, as we have previously been led to believe, merely attempt to lose the 'Battle of the Cowshed' for us, but was, in fact openly leading the Human charge against us, with the words "Long live Humanity!" The wounds on Snowball's back, which*

*some of you still claim to remember were,
in fact, inflicted by our own President's
teeth.*

Boxer: *But Comrade Squealer! I remember...!*

Clover: *Quiet Boxer!*

Squealer: *Yes, Comrade Boxer?*

Boxer: *Oh... Nothing... Nothing.*

Shortly after Napoleon's inauguration, Moses the raven suddenly reappeared on the farm. He was the same as ever... he still did no work, he still squawked endlessly about "Sugarcandy Mountain"... and the pigs still called him a liar... but they allowed him to stay on the farm, not working... And they gave him a gill of beer a day.

(LX 78) And Boxer's split hoof had finally healed and he was pushing himself harder than ever... and despite the shortages, he never faltered.

Boxer: *I will work harder, I must work harder...
After all, there's Napoleon Mill and the
new schoolhouse to finish. I will work
harder. I must work harder...*

...but, the years of hard labour had taken their toll. He was now only half the horse he was, and he was doing thrice the work.

Boxer: *I will work harder, I must work harder.
You see, all I want is to leave a good store
of stone for the windmill before I retire. I
will work harder. I must work...
unnngghhhh.*

(Boxer collapses)

Pigeons: *Boxer has fallen! Boxer has fallen! Boxer has fallen and he can't get up!*

Everyone raced up to the knoll.

Clover: *Boxer! Oh, Boxer. what has happened to you? Oh, there's blood coming from your mouth... Oh Boxer....*

Boxer: *It's my lung, Clover. It doesn't matter. I think the windmill can be finished without me now. To tell the truth, I've been looking forward to my retirement... Those long days in the big pasture when I can think and improve my mind... I'm going to learn whole of the rest of the alphabet, Clover.*

Squealer: *This is most distressing, Comrade Boxer, most distressing! However, President Napoleon has been informed of your condition and is making arrangements to send you for treatment at Willingdon Hospital.*

Clover: *But, Comrade Squealer!*

Squealer: *Yes, Comrade Clover, I understand your reluctance, but let me assure you Comrade, that Comrade Boxer can be treated there far more satisfactorily than here. We are hardly equipped, Comrade!*

Clover: *Well, if President Napoleon thinks it's best...*

It was in the middle of the day when the van came to take Boxer away. The animals were all at work.

Benjamin: *Quick, quick! Come at once! They're taking Boxer away!*

Well, everyone broke off work and raced down to the farm to see Boxer off and there, in the middle of the yard, was a large closed van, drawn by two horses, with big red lettering on the side and a sly looking Human Being at the reins... and Boxer's stall was empty.

Pigs: *Good-bye, Boxer! Good-bye! Good-bye and good luck!*

Benjamin: *Fools! Fools! Don't you see what's written on the side of that van?*

Muriel: *M. A. F!*

Benjamin: *It says, Muriel, it says, "Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue Boiler." That's what it says. They're sending Boxer to the knacker! (SFX 37)*

Clover: *Oh, Boxer! Boxer! Boxer! Get out! Get out now! Get out quickly before it's too late! Get out! Oh, Comrades, Comrades, please don't take your own bother to his death!.... COMRADES..!*

Boxer was never seen again.

Three **(LX 79)** days later Squealer appeared:

Squealer: *Comrades, I am so sorry to have to inform you of the departure of our dear Comrade Boxer to the "Other Place". In spite, Comrades, in spite of the best treatment, he passed on late last night and it was the most affecting sight I have ever seen... And at the end, almost too weak to speak, he whispered to me that his sole sorrow was to have passed on before the windmill had been completed. "Forward,*

*Comrades!” he whispered to me.
“Forward in the name of the Rebellion.
Long live the windmill! Long live
President Napoleon! Napoleon is always
right.” Those were his very last words
Comrades.*

*However... It has come to my attention that
a foolish and wicked rumour has been
circulated regarding our dear Comrade
Boxer’s departure. Some of you noticed, I
gather, that the van which transported
Boxer was marked ‘Horse Slaughterer’,
and then actually jumped to a conclusion
that he was being sent to the knacker. It is
almost unbelievable that any animal could
be so stupid. In fact Comrades, in fact, the
explanation is very simple. That van
(which, for your information, was forced
to travel three whole counties before an
available National Horse Service stall
could be found) that van once did indeed
belong to a knacker, but was since sold to
the veterinary surgeon who was going to
treat Comrade Boxer, but he had not yet
had time to paint the old name out...
Clearly, this is how the mistake arose.*

President Napoleon himself appeared the following Sunday and pronounced a short oration in Boxer’s honour:

*Napoleon: Sadly Comrades all, it was not possible to
bring back our late lamented Comrade’s
remains for interment on the farm,
however we have ordered a large wreath
to be placed on Boxer’s grave.
Furthermore, Comrades, We intend to
hold a memorial banquet of pigs where
whiskey will be drunk in Boxer’s honour.*

Finally, Comrades all, We leave you with Comrade Boxer's two favourite maxims, 'I will work harder' and 'Napoleon is always right', maxims which every animal would do well to adopt as his own.
(LX 80)

Years Passed. The seasons came and went, the short animal lives fled by. **(LX 81)** It wasn't long before no-one remembered the old days before 'The Rebellion', except for Clover, Benjamin, Moses and a few pigs. Muriel was dead, Bluebell, Jessie and Pincher were dead. Mr Jones too, was dead. Snowball was forgotten. Even Boxer was forgotten... except by the few who had known him well.

Clover: I'm a little older now. A bit more stout and a little stiff, but I'm still working.

As the pigs had long since opted the animals out of their retirement...

And Napoleon was now twenty-four stone... and counting.

Napoleon: We are a grandfather.

Squealer And the farm is more prosperous now than ever before, better organised. Our leader has even purchased two more fields from Mr Pilkington and several new buildings have been erected. Yes, you might say we've got a quite a going concern. Napoleon Mill has been completed and is excellent for the milling of corn which, of course, is highly profitable. So profitable, in fact, that another mill is being erected as I speak.... But there are many more mouths to feed.

Of course, Snowball's dreams of luxuries, lights and the three day week were long gone:

Napoleon: Such sentiments Comrades, are contrary to the spirit of Animalism. The truest

happiness lies in working hard and living prudently.

Squealer: *The welfare of the farm-state, as a whole Comrades - as a whole - is of utmost importance. We pigs have to expend enormous labours every day on files, reports, minutes, memorandae. These Comrades, are large sheets of paper which have to be closely covered with writing, and as soon as they are so covered they must be burned in the furnace. This, Comrades is of the highest importance for the welfare of the farm, and why Comrades, why we pigs must be properly sustained. (Indeed, it is why we have awarded ourselves a twenty-six percent increase in rations.)*

Still, neither the pigs nor the dogs produced any food by their own labour; there were a great many of them, and their appetites were always good.

Clover: *Do you know, Benjamin, I try and I try and I just can't seem to remember so much of what it was all like before.*

Benjamin: *Don't you fret, Clover... I remember everything.*

Squealer: *Good news Comrades! Egg production up two hundred percent, Wheat production up five hundred percent. Barley production up... Oh, everything's up... everything's up!*

Benjamin: *But we don't see none of it! Hardship and disappointment are the unalterable law of life.*

Clover: *Someday, Benjamin, someday it will all be good again... At least we don't have to feed Human Beings as well.*

Yes, at least the animals were working for themselves. At least no animal called any other animal 'Master'. At least all animals were equal.

For one whole week in early summer, Squealer had been training the sheep for a extra-special top-secret job. All the animals had wondered from time to time what all the secrecy was about. They had been aware that Napoleon had invited Mr Pilkington on an official state visit at some point in the future and had dreaded the day... but that day had finally arrived.

That evening loud laughter and bursts of singing came from the farmhouse... **(SFX 38 & LX 82)** Only Clover and Benjamin had the courage to peek through the windows....

Squealer: *Thank you... thank you.... Gentlemen! Order, Order! Order...! The Rt. Hon. Mr Pilkington!*

Pilkington: *Thank you, Mr Squealer. Well, allow me to be the first to say that I welcome the good feeling that now subsists between ourselves and "Animal Farm"... Between Pigs and Humans there is not, nor need there be, any clash of interest whatever; our struggles and difficulties are one. After all, the labour problem is the same everywhere! If you have your lower animals to contend with, we have our lower classes! (Ha, ha, ha!)*

We congratulate you, Mr President, we congratulate you sir, on the long working-hours, the low rations, and the general absence of pampering we have observed today on "Animal Farm"...

(SFX 39)

(LX 83) Clover and Benjamin went silently to the Big Barn to look at the Seven Commandments. For two whole minutes they just stood there gazing at the huge white lettering.

Clover: *It appears to me Benjamin, that the wall looks different, but my sight is failing... Are the Seven Commandments the same as they used to be, Benjamin?*

Benjamin: *You are right Clover, you are right. The wall has changed, Clover. There is only one commandment on the wall now, Clover... and that is “ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL, BUT SOME ANIMALS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN (SFX 40) OTHERS.”*
(LX 84)

Squealer: *Thank you, Mr Pilkington... President Napoleon!*

Napoleon: *Thank you Mr Squealer. Thank you Mr Pilkington. As you know, our sole wish, now and in the past, has been to live at peace and in normal business relations with our neighbours. Furthermore, certain recent changes should have the effect of promoting this “special relationship” still further. Hitherto the animals on this farm have had a rather foolish custom of addressing each another as ‘Comrade’. This is to be suppressed.*

“The Hoof and Horn” has already been replaced with a plain green flag as a mark of our friendship and neutrality. Finally, and We, Napoleon, am only now announcing this, the name “Animal

*Farm” has been abolished. Henceforth,
and following the recent successful market
flotation, this farm is to be known as “The
Manor Farm”, (its original name I
believe) and generous non-taxable share
options are still available. Gentlemen, We
give you a toast... a toast... to the
prosperity of “The Manor Farm P.L.C.”!
(SFX 41)
(on clinking glasses LX 85)*

Clover and Benjamin watched in horror as the delegation emerged from the farmhouse. Suddenly, Clover began to shake...

*Clover: Everyone, everybody, come quickly!
Look...!*

And when they looked, they saw what Clover had seen.... It was the pigs walking on their hind legs...

*Clover: The world has turned upside-down. THE
WORLD HAS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN, THE
WORLD HAS TURNED UPSIDE.....
(SFX 41 AND LX 86 – 87 - 88)*

*Sheep:(tape) Four legs good two legs better!
Four legs good two legs better!
Four legs good two legs better!
Four legs good two legs better!
(Blackout)*

*Bow wow wooooowwwwwwwww!
Cock eldoo deldooooooooooo!*

*Music (Handel): “King of kings, (for ever and ever)!
And Lord of lords, (hallelujah, hallelujah)!
And he shall reign for ever and ever and ever...
(Light shows on box here)*

*ing of kings, and Lord of lords,
King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And he shall reign for ever and ever and ever...*

*For ever and ever,
For ever and ever,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!*

.....HALLELUJAH.....”

(Lx 89 goes here)

To the animals looking on, all the voices sounded the same. And something strange had happened to the faces of the pigs. As they looked from pig to man, and then from man to pig, and from pig to man again.... it was impossible now for them to say which was which.

(SFX 43 AND LX 90 – 93)

*“I have had a dream Comrades, a dream.
I have had a dream of a special place
where there is peace and contentment...
Where no animal is hungry, no animal is
thirsty, where animals live out the natural
course of their lives, where all animals are
equal and all animals are free!....”*

*“Where there is discord, may we bring
harmony. Where there is error, may we
bring truth. Where there is doubt, may we
bring faith. And where there’s despair,
may we bring hope...”*

(Lx 90 (blackout) goes here

Followed by LX 91 Snap spot on box

Actor: Whreeeeeeeeeeeee!

Followed by LX92 Snap B/O

Followed by LX 93 – Fade up to Call 1)

As actor walks off Lx 94 - followed by LX 95 Call 2)

As Actor walks off – Lx 96 and SFX 44

FINIS

Copyright - Guy Masterson, 2001