

Animal Farm.
Part 5.

FADE UP MINIMUS RECITING HIS POEM FOR NAPOLEAN IN THE MANNER OF AN EXAGGERATED SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER PLAYING RICHARD THE THIRD.

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

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: A few days after the battle and funerals the pigs came upon a case of whisky in the cellars of the farmhouse. That night..

LOUD SINGING OF BEASTS OF ENGLAND, YELLING AND LAUGHING, SQUEALING

the farm was disturbed by a loud rabble coming from the farmhouse. At about half past nine..

DOOR OPENS, GALLOPING SOUND

Napolean- wearing an old bowler hat of Mr Jones's galloped rapidly round the yard and then

DOOR SLAMS AND LAUGHTER.

disappeared indoors again.

In the morning there was a deep silence over the farmhouse. Not a pig stirred. Then Squealer appeared, walking slowly, his tail hanging limply behind him..

SQUEALER: Comrades! Uhh! I have some terrible news to tell you. It is with great sadness and a sense of deep grief and sorrow that our great leader Comrade Napoleon is dying!

LOUD EXCLAMATIONS OF SHOCK AND LAMENTATION.

SQUEALER: Uhhh! Please! Please! Comrades. It is critical that we have peace and quiet. We must make his last hours on earth as tanquil as possible.

BENJAMIN: Straw was laid down outside the doors of the farmhouse. Animals walked on tiptoe. A rumour went round that Napoleon had been poisoned by Snowball. But a few hours later everything became clear.. to me anyway.

SQUEALER: Uhh! Comrades! As his last act on earth our great leader Comrade Napoleon has pronounced a solemn decree: The drinking of alcohol will be punished by death.

BENJAMIN: In a day or so all the animals heard the news that their enlightened leader was well on the way to recovery. The pigs bought some booklets on brewing and distilling and a week later it was announced that a small paddock beyond the orchard which had been used as a grazing ground for retired animals, was to be ploughed up and re-seeded with barley.

LOUD CRASHING OF SOMETHING FALLING OFF A LADDER AND METAL POTS CRASHING.

BOXER: What was that?

CLOVER: I don't know it came from the big barn.

BOXER: My god it might be snowball. Quick.

GALLOPING HORSE SOUND FOLLOWED BY GALLOPING OF OTHER ANIMALS.

BOXER: We can trap him if we're fast

SQUEALING SOUND.

BOXER: Oh Squealer! What are you doing here?

SQUEALER: Oh! Ohhh! None of your business comrades.

CLOVER: Oh look. There's a broken ladder..

MURIEL: And white paint all over my hoofs..

SQUEALER: Dogs! Dogs!

BOUNDING BARKING AND GROWLING.

SQUEALER: Keep away comrades. This is classified business. (OUT OF THE SOUND STAGE.)

DONKEY SOUND.

CLOVER: What's the matter Benjy. You know something don't you?

BENJAMIN: Me? I know that donkeys live a long time. That's what I know..

MURIEL: Oh look! The fifth commandment. 'No ani..mal shall d..rink alco..hol.. to ex..cess.' I'm sure there was nothing about 'to excess'

That's another one we've remembered wrong.

BENJAMIN: It was colder and we were hungrier despite the propaganda..

SQUEALER: Orders of our supreme leader and father Comrade Napoleon. Re-adjustment in rations. All animals except pigs and dogs will enjoy a re-adjusted reduction in rations of twenty five percent, but comrades our turnip production is up five hundred percent, and we are drinking water of better quality than in Jones's day!

SHRILL SQUEALING OF LOTS OF LITTLE PIGLETS.

BENJAMIN: Four sows littered with thirty one little piglets. All were piebald and were named FitzNapolean. A new schoolhouse was to be built specially for them and there was a new rule that other animals must stand aside for pigs on the footpath. Pigs were also wearing green ribbons in their tails on Sundays.

Moses the raven put in his first appearance for many years

MOSES: (INTERSPERSED WITH CROW-LIKE SOUNDS) Up there comrades! Up there just on the other side of that dark cloud that you can see.. there lies Sugarcandy Mountain, that happy country where we poor animals shall rest for ever from our labours! I have seen for myself comrades this heaven.. of everlasting fields of clover and the linseed cake and lump sugar growing on the hedges...

BENJAMIN: At this time I was beginning to worry about my old friend Boxer. His hide was less shiny and his haunches seemed to have shrunken.

BOXER: (PANTING, HOOFS STRAINING AGAINST THE GROUND) I will work harder!

BENJAMIN: Approaching his twelfth birthday he was looking forward to his pension...

FLAPPING OF WINGS AND PIGEON SOUNDS.

PIGEONS: Boxer has fallen! He is lying on his side and can't get up!

STAMPEDE OF HORSES AND ANIMAL HOOFS.

BENJAMIN: We rushed out to where the windmill was being built and there he lay between the shafts of a cart, his neck stretched out, his eyes glazed, his sides matted with sweat and a thin stream of blood trickling from his mouth..

CLOVER: Oh Boxer! Boxer! You stubborn horse. What have you done?

BOXER: It's my lung. It doesn't matter. I think you'll be able to finish the windmill without me. There's plenty of stone gathered. I only had another month to go in any case.

CLOVER: Don't talk. Save your energy.

BENJAMIN: We've warned you old chap. You've gone too far..

BOXER: To tell you the truth, I had been looking forward to my retirement. And perhaps as you're getting on a bit Benjy they'll let us retire at the same time and you can be a companion to me..

CLOVER: oh we must get some help at once. Run, somebody, and tell Squealer what has happened!

SQUEALING SOUND AND SKIPPING OF TROTTERS

SQUEALER: Oh Comrade Boxer! My sincerest commiserations! Our great leader Comrade Napoleon has learned with the very deepest distress of this misfortune to one of his most loyal workers on the farm and he is already making arrangements to send you to hospital at Willingdon.

CLOVER: But he can't leave the farm. We can't give him to humans.

MURIEL: Only two animals have left the farm!

CLOVER: Mollie and Snowball!

SQUEALER: Do not fret comrade. Our hero will be in the expert hands of a veterinary surgeon. Our great leader will spare no expense in providing free medical health care to his most loyal servant!

CLOVER: Are you feeling better now?

BENJAMIN: Have a lie down old boy. SOUND OF STRAW BEING MOVED. Would you like some more straw?

BOXER: Oh thankyou. You're most kind. If I make a recovery, I might have another three years..

CLOVER: Oh don't be so morbid Boxer. You've got ages of time..

BOXER: I must say the thought of peace in the corner of the big pasture! I'll have time to study and learn the remaining twenty two letters of the alphabet.

BENJAMIN: We did all we could for Boxer at night and early in the morning, but we had to work during the day,

SOUND OF HORSE AND CART ARRIVING.

And it was in the middle of the day the van came to take him away. I saw at once what was going on!

GALLOPING AND BRAYING OF DONKEY

BENJAMIN: Quick! Quick! Come at once! They're taking Boxer away! You've got to come!

ANIMAL STAMPEDE

CLOVER: oh goodbye Boxer! Take care!

OTHER ANIMALS: You'll be back in no time. Fit as a fiddle! Good luck!

BENJAMIN: Fools! You bloody Fools! Can't you see? Do you not see what's written on the side of the van?

HOOFS STAMPING ON THE EARTH.

MURIEL: AL.. F.oh I can't make that out..

BENJAMIN: Oh get out of the way! Look "Alfred Simmons, Horse slaughterer and Glue Boiler. Dealer in Hides and Bone-Meal. Kennels supplied." Don't you understand what that means? They're taking Boxer to the Knackers! to the Knackers!

CRIES OF HORROR. SOUND OF WHIPS AND HORSE CART PULLING AWAY FAST. STAMPEDE OF HOOFS.

CLOVER: Quick they're pulling away.

BENJAMIN: Stop them!

CLOVER: Boxer! Boxer! Boxer! You've got to hear me! Boxer! Get out quick! Get out! Get out quickly! They are taking you to your death!

OTHER ANIMALS: Get out Boxer!

BOXER: Oh! oh! I'm so tired! BASHING OF HORSE'S HOOFS IN A BOX.

ANIMALS: Comrade horses. Stop! Don't take your own brother to his death!

STAMPEDE FADES INTO THE DISTANCE..

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: It was too late. We never saw Boxer again.

SQUEALER: SQUEALING AND HOPPING FROM TROTTER TO TROTTER. Comrades it is with grave sadness to announce that our loyal, hard-working comrade Boxer has passed away in Hospital at Willingdon. Everything had been done for him. I was present during his last hours. It (GETTING EMOTIONAL) was the most affecting sight I have ever seen. I was at his bedside at the very last. And at the end, almost too weak to speak, he whispered in my ear that his sole sorrow was to have passed on before the windmill was finished. He whispered 'forward comrades! Forward in the name of the Rebellion. Long live Animal Farm! Long live Comrade Napoleon! Napoleon is always right!' Those were his very last words, comrades.

It has come to my knowledge that a foolish and wicked rumour is circulating concerning the mode of Comrade Boxer's transport from the Farm.. that the ambulance was marked 'Horse Slaughterer' and some ignorant animals had jumped to the conclusion that Boxer was being sent to the Knackers. Hahaha! It is unbelievable that any animal could be so stupid! Surely! Surely (STAMPING TROTTER FROM SIDE TO SIDE) you know your beloved leader Comrade Napoleon better than that? There is a simple explanation comrades. The ambulance had been the property of the knacker but had been bought by the veterinary surgeon who had not yet had time to paint the old name out. It's simple comrades! Quite simple.

NAPOLEAN: (GRUNTING AND SNORTING) Comrades! It has not been possible for reasons of health and hygiene to bring back the remains of our much lamented comrade Boxer for burial, but I have ordered a large wreath to be made and placed upon his grave. We will hold a memorial banquet in his honour. For myself I will always remember our late comrade with great affection.. particularly the wisdom of his most famous sayings 'I will work harder' and yes of course 'Comrade Napoleon is always right!'

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: The years passed. The seasons came and went and most of the comrades we knew from the time of the rebellion died. Only myself, Clover, Moses and the pigs remained. The animals just didn't know if their lives were more pleasant, or less pleasant. I knew things had never been, nor ever could be much better, much worse. Hunger, hardship, and disappointment. These are the unalterable laws of life.

At about this time Squealer, who was getting so fat he could hardly see, had taken the sheep to the other end of the farm and there spent a whole week with them... It was the beginning of a number of new surprises

CLOVER: TERRIFIED NEIGHING. GALLOPING SOUND. Come quickly! Come quickly! STAMPEDE OF ANIMALS. EXPRESSION OF SHOCK AND HORROR.

CLOVER: Look! It's Squealer. He's on two legs. He's walking on two legs. There's another... and another.. all the pigs are on two legs..

BAYING AND GROWLING OF DOGS AND SHRILL CROWING OF COCKEREL.

CLOVER: And Napoleon. He's doing it too. Oh dear. Oh dear. What are we going to do?

SHEEP LOUD BLEATING: Four legs good, two legs better! Baaaah! Four legs good, two legs better! Four legs good, two legs better!

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: It went on for five minutes. Poor old Clover tugged my mane gently and led me round to the end of the big barn where the seven commandments were written.

CLOVER: Benjy. I know you don't like to. But my sight it failing. Even when I was young I could not have read what was written there. But it appears the wall looks different now. Are the seven commandments the same as they used to be, Benjy?

BENJAMIN: Well. I'll read what's there. You can draw your own conclusions. 'All animals are equal. But some animals are more equal than others.'

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: All the pigs carried whips now in their trotters and Napoleon appeared in drunk Jones's old black coat, ratcatcher breeches, and leather laggings. His favourite sow appeared in Mrs Jones's watered silk dress.

LOUD PARTY ATMOSPHERE. LAUGHING AND TALKING.

One afternoon a deputation of local farmers came round to the farmhouse. We animals were rather curious to find out how they were getting on so we crept as quietly as we could..

CLOVER: Come on! Don't be afraid..

PILKINGTON: Gentleman pigs! At this moment in time I would like to ask the present company to drink a toast. But before doing so there are a few words I would like to say. It's marvellous, marvellous that our long period of mistrust and misunderstanding has now come to an end.

HEAR HEAR!

There had been a time when we did not get on. We feared that the unusual phenomenon of a farm owned and operated by pigs was liable to have an unsettling effect in the neighbourhood. But all our doubts have been dispelled. We've had a look round with our own eyes. And what do we find. Discipline. The lower animals at Animal Farm do much more work and receive less food than any animals in the county. We've seen ideas here which we intend to introduce to our own farms immediately..

HEAR HEAR!

I would like to end my speech with.. haha! CHOKING AND COUGHING. Just a little..COUGHING.. remark.. You see your struggles are our struggles and if you have your lower animals to contend with, we have our lower classes!

ROAR OF LAUGHTER AROUND THE TABLE.

So.. So I congratulate you all on your low rations, your long working hours and the absence of pampering. Gentlemen..

PEOPLE RISING TO THEIR FEET

Gentlemen! I give you a toast: to the prosperity of Animal Farm!

LOUD CHEERING AND STAMPING OF FEET.

NAPOLEAN: (STILL GRUNTING AND HOGGING LIKE A PIG BUT ONLY MORE MOROSE THAN BEFORE) I too would like to say a few words. I am happy too that our period of misunderstanding is at an end. Our sole wish is to live at peace and in normal business relations with our neighbours. To promote your confidence in us still further I have ordered some more radical changes.. Animals here have been rather foolishly addressing one another as Comrade. This is to be suppressed. I only have one little criticism.. no no.. correction to make with regard to Mr Pilkington's excellent speech. He had referred throughout to Animal Farm. This name is to be abolished. From now on we will be known as Manor Farm which, I believe was the correct and original name. So Gentlemen. I will give you the same toast as before, but in a different form. Fill your glasses to the brim. Gentlemen, here is my toast: To the prosperity of the Manor Farm!

LOUD CHEERING AND STAMPING OF FEET.

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: We crept away. The other animals were as confused as any, although I thought I saw a glimmer of recognition in Clover's rheumy eyes. Just as we had gone about twenty yards the air of festivity changed to a rather

SHOUTING ARGUING AND SMASHING OF CROCKERY

uglier tune.

SHOUTING AND BANGING ON THE TABLES.

It seems both Napoleon and Mr Pilkington had each played an ace of spades at the same time.

SHOUTING ACCUSATIONS CHEAT. BOUNDER. DOUBLE CROSSING OLD BOAR!

And at that point I met Clover's watery eyes again and we both looked at the faces of the pigs, we looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again, and we both knew it was impossible to say which was which.

FADE OUT BEASTS OF ENGLAND.
END.