

Animal Farm Part 3.

FADE UP BEASTS OF ENGLAND SONG.

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: As the winter drew in, the other animals thought Mollie was becoming more of a problem. I knew she was just the same, but I didn't say anything.

MOLLIE: Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh! I've over-slept.

CLOVER: (NEIGHING AND AGGRESSIVE) We've been working for four hours already. Starting now is better than never.

MOLLIE: Oh dear! I wasn't feeling very well.

CLOVER: What's the matter?

MOLLIE: I've got these pains. I didn't have them when I had my sugar.

CLOVER: (ANGRILY) Mollie! I've something very serious to say to you. I saw you looking over the hedge between Animal Farm and Foxwood. I was a long way away but I am almost certain I saw a man talking to you and you allowed him to stroke your nose!

MOLLIE: He didn't. I wasn't. (HOOFS PRANCING AND PAWING THE GROUND) It isn't true!

CLOVER: Mollie! Look me in the face. Do you give me your word of honour that the man was not stroking your nose?

MOLLIE: It isn't true. It isn't true. It's not fair!

GALLOPING AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE.

CLOVER: Look everyone! (SOUND OF STRAW BEING TURNED OVER) Look what I've found in Mollie's stall. Sugar! Lumps of them and ribbons in all different colours!

BENJAMIN: Three days later Mollie disappeared. The pigeons reported her pulling a dog cart with a fat man stroking her nose and feeding her sugar. It was a shame she'd gone. I used to find her rather amusing.
The pigs became more and more bossy.

SNOWBALL: We need a bigger acreage of barley.

NAPOLEAN: No. No. It's oats we want not barley.

BENJAMIN: Snowball and Napoleon seemed to find it difficult to agree on anything.

SNOWBALL: This field's just right for cabbages.

NAPOLEAN: No. No. No. It's useless for anything except roots.

SNOWBALL: (SPEAKING IDEALISTICALLY) We need organisation. Field drains, silage and basic slag. Only in this way can we reduce our workload and banish our suffering!

Technology is the way forward comrades. Utilise it and you dominate the means of production. You dominate nature..and

SHEEP: Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!

SNOWBALL: Generate electricity and you generate happiness.

SHEEP: Baaah! Four legs good, two legs bad!

SNOWBALL: What I was saying is what we need is a windmill.. to power a circular saw, chaff cutter, mangel-slicer and milking machine. All these machines comrades will do all your work for you.. and we will be able to graze in the fields and improve

SHEEP: Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!

SNOWBALL: And improve our minds with reading and conversation.

NAPOLEAN: (HOGGING AND SNORTING SOUND) Rubbish! Rubbish!

SOUND OF TROTTER DRAWING LINES AS THOUGH SKETCHING ON THE FLOOR AND LITTLE WHIMPERS OF EXCITEMENT.

BENJAMIN: Snowball began making plans in a shed. Half the floor was covered in a sketch of cranks and cog-wheels. Of course I could see what he was getting at, but I didn't tell anyone. And Napoleon had his own way of expressing his point of view.

HOG SNORTING SOUND. HEAVY TROTTERS ON THE GROUND.

One day he ambled into Snowball's shed, snuffed at the plans, lifted his leg..

SPLASHING SOUND.

And urinated all over them. He left without saying a word.. and the arguing continued.

SNOWBALL: We're going to have to quarry stone. We'll need dynamos and cables..

NAPOLEAN: (SNORTING) What we need is more food. We'll starve to death building a windmill.

CLOVER: What do you think Benjy? Vote for Snowball and the three day week or vote for Napoleon and the full manger.

BOXER: Yes what do you think Benjy?

BENJAMIN: I think life will go on as it has always gone on.

BOXER AND CLOVER: Oh How's that Benjy?

BENJAMIN: Very badly.

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: Snowball and Napoleon couldn't stop arguing. They couldn't even agree on a defence policy.

NAPOLEAN: We must get some more shotguns and blast the humans to pieces.

SNOWBALL: We must send out more and more pigeons and destroy imperialism over all our comrade animals.

NAPOLEAN: If you we don't defend ourselves they'll walk all over us.

SNOWBALL: If all animals rise up and rebellion happens in all the farms we won't need to defend ourselves!

BENJAMIN: Then Snowball had completed his plans for the windmill. It was going to be put to the vote. I always thought democracy was a dangerous thing.

SNOWBALL: Comrades! The windmill is a gate to efficiency and a good life. One turn of the windsails and..

SHEEP: Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!

SNOWBALL: (SHOUTING) We will be on the threshold of a technological revolution... a revolution of our working lives..

ANIMAL APPLAUSE.

BENJAMIN: We will now call upon Comrade Napoleon to speak against the motion.

NAPOLEAN: (SNORTING) Comrades in my opinion, the windmill is a nonsense and if you have any sense you'll vote against the stupid plan. (LOUD GRUNT.)

BENJAMIN: Is that it Comrade Napoleon?

NAPOLEAN: I have nothing more to say. (LOUD FART)

BENJAMIN: Then I shall ask comrade Snowball to reply for the motion.

SHEEP: (BLEATING) Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!

SNOWBALL: Comrades can you picture it? Can you picture a life without work. A life of plenty, where all the machines, ploughs, rollers, reapers and binders are working for you..yes for you comrades. Of an electric light in every stall, hot and cold water and an electric heater. All this will be yours with the building of the windmill. This heavy yoke of labour crushing our lives in a never-ending monotony will rise and float away as if by magic and we shall be truly free!

CRESCENDO OF ANIMAL NOISES SUGGESTING RAPTUROUS SUPPORT.

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: There was no doubt. Napoleon was going to lose the vote, but for some reason he stood up and let out a high pitched whimper..

LOUD BAYING FROM A PACK OF VICIOUS DOGS.

Nine enormous dogs came bounding into the barn and

GROWLING AND SNAPPING.

they went for Snowball.

SQUEAL.

He dashed out of the door and there was this amazing chase.

SQUEALING AND DOG BARKING WINDING AROUND THE STEREO SOUND STAGE.
LOUD NOISE FROM ANIMALS AS THOUGH SOMETHING AWFUL HAD HAPPENED.

Snowball slipped, and it seemed they had him, but he was up again and running faster than ever.

LOUD EXAGGERATED SOUND OF DOG JAWS COMING TOGETHER.

One of the dogs all but closed his jaws on Snowball's tail but he whisked it free just in time.

Then he put on an extra spurt and slipped through a hole in the hedge.

LOUD FRIGHTENED AND GOSSIPING SOUND OF ANIMALS.

CLOVER: Where have those dogs come from?

BOXER: I've never seen them before?

CLOVER: Benjy have you any idea?

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: Well it was obvious wasn't it. They were the dogs Napoleon took from their mothers into the loft. I didn't tell the others. It's better people work things out for themselves.

LOUD HOGGING, SNORTING SOUND AND DOGS PANTING.

NAPOLEAN: Comrades. There will be no more meetings like this on Sunday mornings. They're a waste of time. A special committee of pigs is being formed to run the farm. I'm in charge. These meetings will be in private. All animals will assemble on Sundays to salute the flag, sing Beasts of England, receive orders and finally..(SNORTING AND HOGGING) There will be no more debates.

BOXER: Oh! Ah! This doesn't seem right. Now what was I going to say? I can't remember.

YOUNG PORKERS: (SHRILL SQUEALS OF DISAPPROVAL.) This is outrageous! You can't do that! What about the commandments. This is a dictatorship!

MENACING DOG GROWLS.

SHEEP BLEATING: Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad.!

LOUD SQUEALING SOUND.

SQUEALER: (SOUND OF JUMPING FROM TROTTER TO TROTTER) Comrades. I trust that every animal here appreciates the sacrifice that comrade Napoleon has made in taking on this extra labour upon himself. Do not imagine, comrades, that leadership is a pleasure! On the contrary it is a deep and heavy responsibility. No one believes more firmly than comrade Napoleon that all animals are equal. He would be only too happy to let you make your decisions for yourselves. But sometimes you might make the wrong decisions comrades and then where should we be? Suppose you had decided to follow Snowball with his moonshine idea of windmills. Snowball, who, as we now know is no better than a criminal!

BOXER: But he, but he fought bravely at the Battle of the Cowshed. Didn't he?

SQUEALER: Bravery is not enough. Loyalty and obedience are more important! And as for the Battle of the Cowshed, I believe the time will come when we shall find that Snowball's part in it was much exaggerated. (HOGGING AND SHRILL SQUEALING SOUND) Discipline comrades! Iron discipline! One false step and our enemies will be upon us. Surely comrades, you do not want Jones back?

ANIMALS: Oh no. Oh no!

CLOVER: What do you think Boxer?

BOXER: Well.. Oh. I'm not sure what I think.. Ummm. If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must be right. Yes. Yes. Napoleon is always right and I will work harder!

CLIPPETY CLOP OFF THE SOUND STAGE.

Napoleon is always right. I will work harder!

LOUD SNORTING AND HOGGING SOUND.

NAPOLEAN: Orders of the Supreme committee of pigs Animal Farm. The windmill will be built. All animals must work harder. Food may have to be rationed. (BURPING FARTING SOUND) Long live Animal Farm!

BOXER: Yes. Yes. I will work harder. Napoleon is always right!

SQUEALER: (SHRILL SQUEAL AND HOPPING OF TROTTERS FROM SIDE TO SIDE) Comrades! Comrades! Our leader Napoleon never really opposed the windmill. In fact it was his idea. Yes his idea and do you know what? That criminal Snowball stole his plan. Yes that's right. Stole Napoleon's plan.

CLOVER: But what I can't understand is why Napoleon was so against it.

SQUEALER: Ah! Haha! A good question comrade. A very good question. Cunning! Yes cunning comrade. You thought he was against the windmill, but what you didn't know was that was a manoeuvre, a manoeuvre to get rid of Snowball, to get rid of this dangerous criminal. Tactics comrades! (SKIPPING AND LAUGHING) Tactics!

GROWLING FROM DOGS

CLOVER: Yes I suppose you're right. I suppose you're right.

NAPOLEAN: (LOUD SNORTING AND HOGGING SOUND.) Order of the Supreme Committee of Pigs Animal Farm. Work will commence on Sunday afternoons.

ANIMALS: OH! SHOCKED RESPONSE.

NAPOLEAN: But the work is strictly voluntary.

ANIMALS: Oh that's alright. POSITIVE REACTION.

NAPOLEAN: Rations to anyone not volunteering will be reduced by half.

ANIMAL: UMMM! PUZZLED REACTION.

SOUND OF BOXER PANTING, STRAINING AH! AH! HOOFS CLAWING AT THE GROUND.

BENJAMIN: Take it easy old chap!

CLOVER: Yes. You mustn't over-strain yourself. You'll ruin your health.

BOXER: (GRITTING THROUGH TEETH) I will work harder. I will work harder. Napoleon is always right!

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: And he did work harder. Eighty to a hundred hours a week; pulling great boulders for the windmill.

NAPOLEAN: (LOUD SNORTING AND HOGGING) Orders of the Supreme Committee of Pigs Animal Farm. From now on Animal Farm will engage in trade with neighbouring farms.

PORKER PIGS: That can't be right. We're not supposed to trade with humans. This is outrageous!

DOGS GROWLING.

SHEEP BLEATING: Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!

SQUEALER: (SQUEALING SOUND AND FAST SKIPPING OF TROTTERS FROM SIDE TO SIDE) Comrades! It has come to our leader's notice that some of you think we had a resolution banning trade and using money. Are you certain that this is not something that you have dreamed comrades? Have you any record of such a resolution. Is it written down anywhere?

BENJAMIN: Napoleon began dealing with a solicitor called Whymper and the pigs began living in the farmhouse..

SQUEALER: (SQUEALING SOUND AND SKIPPING TROTTERS.) Comrades do you not realise that we pigs, the brains of the farm need peace and quiet to plan the strategy for the defence and security of the farm. Without these conditions our leader Napoleon will not be able to function. Surely you would not deny our leader the dignity of living in a house rather than a mere sty?

SHEEP: (BLEATING) Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!

CLOVER: But I'm sure we agreed to leave the house as a museum. Nobody was going to live there.

PORKERS: Or take their meals in the kitchen, or sleep in the beds, or sleep in the beds.

CLOVER: Pigs sleeping in the humans' beds. Oh dear. I'm sure that's wrong.

BOXER: Napoleon's always right Clover! Napoleon's always right.

CLOVER: I'm not so sure. I think we ought to look at the 7 commandments.

Muriel can you read me the fourth one. I'm sure it said something about never sleeping in a bed.

MURIEL: (GOAT SOUNDS) Oh. It says (DIFFICULTY SPELLING) No ani..mal shall sle..ep in a be.. ed.

CLOVER: (LOUD HORSE NEIGHING) Well there! Didn't I tell you!

MURIEL: Oh dear. I've missed a bit.. 'shall sleep in a bed.. with sheets!'

CLOVER: How strange. I never remember the bit about the sheets, but my memory's never been good.

SQUEALER: (SQUEALING AND TROTTERS SKIPPING FROM SIDE TO SIDE) You heard then comrades! That we pigs now sleep in the beds of the farmhouse and why not? You did not suppose, surely, that there was ever a ruling against beds? A bed merely means a place to sleep in. A pile of straw in a stall is a bed. The rule comrades was against sheets. Yes sheets! A human invention and we have removed the sheets from the farmhouse beds and sleep between the blankets. And very comfortable beds they are too! But not more comfortable than we need. I can tell you comrades. With all the brainwork we have to do nowadays..you would not rob us of our rest would you comrades? You would not have us too tired to carry out our duties? Surely none of you wishes to see Jones back?

ANIMALS: Oh no! No. Of course not.

BOXER: Napoleon is always right!. I will work harder!

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: And so it carried on. The pigs got up an hour later in the morning and the windmill rose block of stone by block of stone. Boxer would even come out at nights and work for an hour or two on his own by the light of the moon.

LOUD SOUND OF STORM AND GALES.

One night during a violent storm..

HENS SQUAWKING IN TERROR. GUNFIRE OR SMALL EXPLOSION IN THE DISTANCE.

the hens woke up saying they had dreamed of a gun going off in the distance. In the morning it seemed the storm had passed. The flagstaff had been blown down. An elm tree had been up-rooted, but far worse for the animals..

ANIMALS OOOOOH! LOUD EXCLAMATION OF SHOCK.

The windmill was in ruins.

LOUD PIG HOGGING AND SNORTING SOUND AND HEAVY TROTTERS THUMPING ON THE GROUND.

NAPOLEAN: Comrades! Do you know who is responsible for this? Do you know the enemy who has come in the night and over-thrown our windmill? Snowball!

(WHENEVER NAPOLEAN MENTION'S SNOWBALL'S NAME THE DOGS BARK AND GROWL.)

Snowball has done this thing! This traitor has crept here under the cover of night and destroyed our work of nearly a year. Comrades, here and now I pronounce the death sentence on Snowball. Animal hero second class and half a bushel of apples to any animal who brings him to justice. A full bushel of hay to anyone who captures him alive!

LOUD SNUFFING SOUND.

Here! These are his footprints. No more delays comrades. There is work to be done! We will begin re-building the windmill and we will build all through the winter, rain or shine. We will teach this miserable traitor! Forward comrades! Long live the Windmill.

PIGS SQUEALING AND DOGS BARKING.

Long live Animal Farm.

FADE UP SINGING OF BEASTS OF ENGLAND.

END.