

Animal Farm.
Part 2.

FADE UP BEASTS OF ENGLAND.

BENJAMIN: I have to say the rebellion didn't hold any interest for me apart from getting a glimpse inside Jones's farmhouse. All the animals tiptoed from room to room whispering as though in a cathedral.

Nothing surprised me. The beds with feather mattresses, the mirrors and pictures of Queen Victoria. Not even Mollie admiring herself at Mrs Jones's dressing table.

MOLLIE: Oooh! This ribbon looks nice.

SNOWBALL: (SNORTING AND GRUNTING) Comrade Mollie. No animal shall wear clothes!

MOLLIE: Oh Snowball I was only trying it out.

SNOWBALL: We cannot tolerate such delinquent disregard for the cause of animalism!

BENJAMIN: They all agreed to leave the farmhouse as a museum. What a waste! Then the sneaky pigs said they'd taught themselves to read and write and Snowball painted Animal Farm over the old name Manor Farm. I thought it doesn't matter what they call it.. nothing'll change, but I didn't say so and then Snowball daubed the seven commandments on the end wall of the big barn.

EACH PIG OBVIOUSLY HAS A DIFFERENT PERSONALITY AND THE WAY THEY MAKE THEIR DECLARATIONS SHOULD REFLECT THIS.

SQUEALER SHOULD SOUND EXTRA SHRILL GOEBBELS-LIKE.

SNOWBALL SHOULD SOUND EARNEST AND INTELLECTUAL.

NAPOLEAN SHOULD SOUND GRUFF, INDIGNANT AND LACKING CONVICTION.

SQUEALER: Whatever goes on two legs is an enemy.

SNOWBALL: Whatever goes on four legs, or has wings is a friend.

NAPOLEAN: No animal shall wear clothes.

SQUEALER: No animal shall sleep in a bed.

SNOWBALL: No animal shall drink alcohol.

SQUEALER: No animal shall kill any other animal.

NAPOLEAN: All animals are equal. (LAUGHS SINISTERLY AND CYNICALLY.)

BENJAMIN: They thought they were very clever but they couldn't spell friend and wrote the s's the wrong way round, but I kept myself to myself.

SOUND OF ANIMALS WHISPERING AS THOUGH LEARNING COMMANDMENTS OFF BY HEART.

LOUD AND DISTRESSING COW'S LOWING.

BENJAMIN: They were so busy filling their minds with silly commandments they'd forgotten to milk the cows and when frothy creamy milk filled five buckets, the hens got carried away with all this nonsense about equality..

HENS: What's going to happen to all that milk? What's going to happen to all that milk?
Jones used to mix it in our mash!
Jones used to mix it in our mash!

LOUD PIG SNORTING.
LOUD HEN SQUEAL AS THOUGH BEING MURDERED.

BENJAMIN: Napoleon shifted his trotters onto their feet and made a few friendly suggestions...

NAPOLEAN: Never mind the milk, comrades! 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: We toiled all day in the hayfield. The milk disappeared. I'll admit there was a lot of food, there was no work on Sundays, but I reckon we worked hard. My old mate Boxer worked the hardest of them all.

SOUND OF HORSE STRAINING. HOOFS THUMPING ON THE GROUND.

CLOVER: Oh Boxer you're working far too hard.

BOXER: I will work harder! I will work harder!

CLOVER: Oh tell him Benjamin. He's working much too hard.

BENJAMIN: Ummm. It's not my business.

CLOVER: Nobody needs to work as hard as him. Everyone's pulling their weight. Nobody's stealing, or grumbling, or shirking..

MOLLIE: (WAKING UP) Oh. Oh. Ah. Oh dear. Is that the time. I never realised. I must have overslept.

CLOVER: All the hens and ducks are gathering up the stray grains.

MOLLIE: Oh dear. Oh. Well. I don't know. Did you know I've got a stone in my hoof. Yes in my hoof.

CLOVER: Oh everybody is so much happier now that Jones has gone.

BENJAMIN: Donkeys live a long time. None of you has ever seen a dead donkey.

CLOVER: Well what do you think about the revolution Benjy? We know donkeys live a long time.

BENJAMIN: Well then!

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: Everybody was learning to read. The pigs could do it rather well. So could I but they didn't know. Anyway there was nothing worth reading. Boxer and Clover struggled with the alphabet.

CLOVER: a..b..c d e ..b..h?

BOXER: e f g h..e f g h I've got it.. so it's e d..c Oh I can't remember the first bit.

MOLLIE: Listen everyone! I can spell. m..o..l..l..i..e..Mollie! That's me!

BENJAMIN: Snowball kept forming all these committees. But some animals were born stupid and will always be stupid. Like the sheep for example.

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

BENJAMIN: Snowball had condensed that long-winded speech of Major's into just five words.

SHEEP: Four legs good, two legs bad!

CAT MIAOWING

BENJAMIN: The cat joined the re-education committee..

CAT: All animals are equal.

SOUND OF SPARROWS.

BENJAMIN: And invited the sparrows to perch on her paw..

CAT: All animals are comrades..whatever goes upon four legs or has wings is a friend!

BENJAMIN: Napoleon didn't waste any time with these silly committees. Our dogs Jessie and Bluebell produced a litter of nine puppies and Napoleon retired to the loft with them and the farm forgot they ever existed.

Oh and the milk turned up mixed every day into the pigs' mash with the early apples.

Even in the time of drunk Jones we all had a bit of the apples but Squealer as usual had some sort of explanation..

SQUEALER: (RASPING, SQUEALING, HOPPING FROM TROTTER TO TROTTER) Comrades! You do not imagine, I hope, that we pigs are doing this in a spiral of selfishness and privilege? Many of us actually dislike milk apples. I dislike them myself..

BENJAMIN CACKLES.

SQUEALER: What was that comrade Benjamin?

BENJAMIN: Oh nothing. I was just coughing.

SQUEALER: Well.. I dislike them myself. Our sole object in taking these things is to preserve our health. Milk and apples (this has been proved by science, comrades.) contains substances absolutely necessary to the well-being of a pig. We pigs are brain-workers. The whole management and organisation of the farm depend on us. Day and night we are watching over your welfare. It is for your sake that we drink that milk and eat those apples. Do you know what would happen if we pigs failed in our duty? Jones would come back! Yes Jones would come back.

LOUD FRIGHTENED REACTION.

Surely comrades (FAST SKIPPING FROM TROTTER TO TROTTER) Surely there is no one among you who wants to see Jones come back?

ANIMALS: Oh no! Oh no!

BOXER: Well Benjy what do you make of that.

CLOVER: Go on Benjy tell us what you're thinking.

BENJAMIN: Donkeys live a long time. None of you has ever seen a dead donkey.

PIGEON SOUNDS.

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: The pigeons were flying around the country spreading subversive propaganda and teaching that confounded song Beasts of England. Drunk Jones drowned his sorrows in the Red Lion. At first he got little sympathy from his neighbours; Pilkington who spent all his time fishing and hunting and Frederick who spent all his time suing people and driving hard bargains..

PUB ACTUALITY.

PILKINGTON: (BIGOTED UPPER CLASS ACCENT) Can you imagine haha!
Can you imagine animals managing their own farm?

FREDERICK: (WITH TOUCH OF A GERMAN ACCENT) It will all be over in
a fortnight and I'll sue Jones. All these goings on have reduced
property values.

PILKINGTON: They can't run their own farm. Can you imagine dogs
feeding cats, pigs feeding sheep and cats feeding the birds!
Hahaha! They'll all starve to death.

FREDERICK: It's taken them a long time to die.

PILKINGTON: That's because of their wickedness. They're ruthless.
They're eating each other. The horses are branding shirkers with
red-hot horseshoes.

FADE OUT PUB INTERIOR.
FADE IN PIGEONS.

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: But the pigeons were bringing back stories
of rebellion and dissent all over England..of bulls chasing
farmers... sheep breaking down hedges...horses throwing their
riders over fences.. and that damnable song Beasts of England..

SOUND OF WHISTLING BEASTS OF ENGLAND
AND COOING OF THE TUNE..

Blackbirds whistling it..
Pigeons cooing it.. You couldn't get away from it. I knew there
was going to be trouble.

REGIMENTAL MARCHING SOUND OF BOOTS.

And surely enough Jones turned up.. carrying a twelve bore
shotgun with an army of men to re-take the farm.

SNOWBALL: (HOGGING AND SNORTING SOUND) Comrade animals! To your
posts!

BENJAMIN: Snowball was in charge.

SOUND OF LARGE NUMBER OF PIGEONS AND WINGS FLAPPING.

Our first wave of pigeons buzzed the invaders in the air.

SOUND OF GEESE SOUNDING AGGRESSIVE.

And the geese pecked at their carves and legs in the second wave.

STAMPEDE OF SHEEP. BUTTING AND KNOCKING SOUNDS.

Oh and I played a little part in this.

SQUEAL SOUNDING LIKE A TRUMPET.

Snowball sounded a tactical retreat and they chased us...

MEN CHEARING.

into the yard and then our third wave..

SOUND OF HORSE STAMPEDE. NEIGHING. COWS MOOING AND VICIOUS PIG SQUEALING.

Horses, cows, pigs... the heavy brigade. Drunk Jones tottering on his heels..

BLAST OF SHOTGUN.

finally pulled the trigger and a few pellets streaked Snowball's back, but the pig- all fifteen stone of him- smashed against his legs and he was hurled...

SOUND OF BODY SLAPPING INTO SQUIDGY MUD CONSISTENCY.

into a pile of dung.

LOUD SOUND OF HORSE NEIGHING.

Boxer was flailing about his great iron-shod hoofs..

CLUNK.

He hit a stable lad on the head..

SQUELCH.

who stretched lifeless in the mud.

The men panicked, we gored, kicked, bit and trampled them around the yard..

LOUD CAT SCREACHING AND HISSING. HUMAN AHFFF!

Even the cat sank her claws into a cowman's shoulders.

SOUND OF MORE GEESE HISSING AND PECKING.

And we drove them off. They left behind a battlefield.

BOXER: (NEIGHING SORROWFULLY AND EMOTIONALLY) He's dead. I've killed him. I had no intention of doing that. I forgot that I was wearing iron shoes. Who will believe that I did not do this on purpose?

SNOWBALL: (SQUEALLING WITH EXCITEMENT AND SNORTING) No sentimentality comrade. War is war. The only good human being is a dead one.

BOXER: But I have no wish to take life. Not even human life.

CLOVER: Where's Mollie?

BENJAMIN: I don't know. Haven't seen her. I never see much.

HENS: Perhaps the humans have taken her! Perhaps the humans have taken her!

BOXER: Mollie!

CLOVER: Mollie!

MOLLIE: Ohhh! ah! Oh dear. Did somebody call?

BOXER: Mollie!

CLOVER: Oh Mollie!

MOLLIE: I had a bit of a headache. So I thought I'd lie down until all the noise had gone. Has something happened? Is something the matter?

FADE UP SONG BEASTS OF ENGLAND. HOLD UNDER NARRATION.

BENJAMIN IN NARRATION: Well I suppose this was an occasion to celebrate. They buried the dead sheep. The stable lad was alright because his body disappeared. He must have been knocked out. Snowball and Boxer got a medal 'Animal hero, first class.' They called it the Battle of the Cowshed. They'd won a battle, but I knew they hadn't won the war.

FADE UP SONG.

END.