

ANIMAL FARM draft 1 (Start)

TNT theatre/ Théâtre du Héron
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(AS the audience enter the auditorium they are shouted at and told to take their seats by at least one aggressive figure in guard uniform. The theatre lights are turned on them like searchlights. They are told to be silent. To sit. They are forced to give their seat number/seat number taken for punishment later if there is any resistance.

On stage the rest of the cast in prison rags, wrapped up against cold work onstage. The stage is covered with work tools, a wheel barrow, do they sing as they work? A soviet anthem or a Russian harmony song.

Guard: Roll call! (Snaps finger at prisoner (Zek) who assists by giving numbers in each row of audience – or front rows in large theatres).

Zek1 : 43 Citizen officer, 37, 28 etc (Guard notes this down).

Guard: All citizen prisoners move to barracks in fours. Anyone who steps out of line will presumed to be attempting escape and may be shot without warning – you know where the guns are (points up into light).

All zeks: Yes Citizen Officer.

Zek: Eleven hours today, it is supposed to be ten.

Guard: Who spoke? (Pause).To audience) You, who spoke? Point to them. (Improvise).Well, then you are all in this. Bread ration halved tonight now. Get to barracks and sleep, because tomorrow is another ten hour working day that just happens to have eleven hours of work waiting for you!

Zek: It is an honour to be building a socialist paradise, officer Guard.

Guard: Good, good Citizen prisoner. Now off to the barrack. (Zeks giggle as Guard cannot see the irony).

(Prisoners walk upstage – lights down for time lapse).

GUARD: Nine o'clock. Lights out! (Snap to black – prisoners are lying down, they rise one by one (Guard actor can join them now as Zek too – with a blue lantern to his face or a candle Zek 1 speaks to audience:

Zek1: Brothers, I will not call you comrades, brother prisoners. We live in a time of lies, a time when words such as democracy, socialism, capitalism have become twisted and lost their meaning. But as George Orwell said:

In a time of universal deceit and lies, telling the truth is a revolutionary act. So tonight in this hut we will tell the Revolutionary truth, through a story, a story not just of the Russia in which we suffer punishment for crimes we never did commit but for all time and all the world. This may not be comfortable because you want to believe that humanity is good and that the future is better for us all, but as Orwell again said: If liberty means anything at all it means the right to tell people what they do not want to hear. So you, our captive audience, we present a secret performance of George Orwell's (burst of animal sounds from all Zeks)

ALL: Animal Farm.

ZEK1: (AS Zek2 puts on cloth cap and jacket from the basket of costume and artefacts) Look at him, Farmer Jones, drunk again. (Burps, pushes a radio which is a box on Zek 3s head. The radio starts:

Zek 3(radio) This is the BBC, today in parliament the British Prime – (JONES hits the box and music starts 'playing" being sung – a popular song, upbeat and loud)- Jones then swigs from a bottle/beer mug and collapses and starts snoring.

Zek 1: (Speaks) Oh no, that's his wife coming downstairs from the bedroom, wake up Jones or there will be Hell to pay!

Zek 4/Mrs Jones : (Man as Woman) Shut that bloody racket up, I am trying to sleep! Why you drunken pig, get up! (She tips a flower vase of water over him – metal flower?)

JONES: Leave me alone, you old cow.

Mrs Jones: Get up, (Jones is on his hands and knees like an animal). Look at you, no better than a beast! Can't you hear the noise from the stable? Get out there, water your animals and lock the barn doors or they will all escape.
(mooring and a neighing from outside).

JONES: Alright, woman, alright. (Pulls on coat) Why did I ever marry?
You can beat an animal but it's harder to beat a wife. (Leaves upstage)

MRS: You bloody well try and I'll knock your teeth out! An' you can sleep on the sofa tonight! (Exits – exits are to side stage not off stage, characters go back to neutral Zek and drop costume element in the basket).

Zek 1: Jones stumbles out into the night and locks the barns and shoos the chickens back into their hen house. (A burst of chicken noise as Jones kicks unseen chickens). But being drunk he forgets to close all the doors, and of course he leaves the water troughs dry.

Zeks: (Animal howl then): We are thirsty! (Moo, baa, neigh).

Zek 1: Tyrant. Drunk..

ALL: Human!

ZEK 1: As soon as the light goes out in the House the farm animals gather. Word had been sent out during the day that Old Major, the Prize White Pig,...

Zek 2: (Snorts ad assumes costume – just a tattered blanket and a tin can with a string round head for nose – maybe ears from old leather?)
That's me!

Zek1: That Old Major needed to tell the farm animals of a strange dream he has dreamt. The animals gather in the big barn. (All cast except Old Major go into auditorium, moving among audience making animal noises for them – or even encouraging them to be animals– perhaps lights up on audience too.)

- The long speech is left in only slightly cut from the book. It needs cutting and may need singing behind it as it rises to a crescendo.

OLD MAJOR: Order, order, order in the Barn! (stamps and grunts and cries of approval). I do not think, Comrade animals, that I shall be with you much longer, and before I die, I feel it my duty to pass on to you the the wisdom I have learnt. I think I may say that I understand the nature of life on this earth as well as any animal now living. (All stamp and nod agreement)

Now, comrades, what is the nature of this life of ours? Let us face it: our lives are miserable, hard and short. We are born, we are given just so much food as will keep the breath in our bodies, and we are forced to work to the last atom of our strength; and the very moment that our usefulness has come to an end we are killed with horrible cruelty. No animal in England is free. The life of an animal is misery and slavery.

Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce of our labour is stolen from us by human beings. There, comrades, is the answer to all our problems. It is summed up in a single word — Man. Man is the only real enemy we have. Remove Man and the root cause of our suffering is gone for ever.

‘Man is the only creature that consumes without producing. He does not give milk, he does not lay eggs, he is too weak to pull the plough, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. Yet he is lord of all the animals.. You cows that I see before me, (All actors rush to a section of audience and star to moo). Dear cows, how many thousands of buckets of milk have you given during this last year? And what has happened to that milk which should have been feeding your young? Every drop of it has gone down the throats of our enemy: Man!. And you hens, (All go to hen section of audience and cluck) how many eggs have you laid in this last year, and how many of those eggs ever hatched into chickens? The rest have all gone to market to bring in money for Farmer Jones and his wife. And even the miserable lives we lead are cut short. No animal escapes the cruel knife in the end. You young pork pigs (Again cast make pigs from a row of audience) who are sitting in front of me, every one of you will scream your lives out at the chopping block within a year. To that horror we all must come — cows, pigs, hens, sheep, everyone. As for the dogs, when you (all bark) grow old and toothless, Jones ties a brick round your necks and drowns you in the river.

Is it not crystal clear, then, comrades, that all the evils of this life of ours spring from the tyrant, the bloody dictator, man? Only get rid of Man, and we could become rich and free. What then must we do? Why, work night

and day, body and soul, for the overthrow of the human race! That is my message to you, comrades: Rebellion! Revolution

To make the Revolution all animals must be in perfect comradeship in the struggle. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend. And remember, when you have won do not become as men. No animal must ever live in a house, or sleep in a bed, or wear clothes, or drink alcohol, or touch money. All the habits of Man are bad. No animal must ever kill any other animal. And, above all, no animal must ever rule animals as a dictator. We are all brothers. All animals are equal. Now raise your paws, wings or hooves to vote ? Revolution? (audience encouraged to vote, hoots, moos, barks and triumph). Now let us sing our anthem:

ALL: (Slowly growing from audience as animals take stage – this might be an opportunity to go from solo Old Major, to animals in groups to recorded Soviet style rousing anthem? And it's possible that this can also be a Rap or move from one to other – certainly an interesting breaking of convention to use some Rap).

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland
Beasts of every land and clime
Listen to my joyful tidings
Of the golden future time

Soon or late the day is coming
Tyrant Man shall be o'erthrown
And the fruitful fields of England
Shall belong to beasts alone

Rings shall vanish from our noses
And the harness from our back
Pigs will no more go to slaughter
Cruel whips no longer crack

Bright will shine the fields of England
Purer shall its waters be
Sweeter yet will taste our fodder
On the day that sets us free

(Stamping and roaring of triumph_.

Zek 1: But the noise of the animals woke the Jones from their sleep.

VOICE woman: What the Hell is that racket in the barn? Wake up, wake up you drunken fool and go and sort it out!

JONES: Alright, woman, I'd get more peace sleeping with the animals myself. (As he emerges with shotgun – metal pipe -the barn animals are now singing and improvising as Jones approaches In wonder, then he is seen - the dogs rush at him barking and snarling - he kicks out at them, fires in the air – then is tripped but as he falls his gun shoots Old Major who dies. This quiets the shocked animals who back off as the muddled Jones gets up and threatens them until they return to mourn their dead prophet pig).

JONES: That will teach you lot a lesson. I'll be back to chop up that pig for bacon tomorrow....

Dog: (Barks and growls) – Just you try.

Pig (Snowball) : Comrades, it is the hour – avenge our prophet Old Major! Bury Old Major, and never never let man eat bacon again! Revolution! Now!

Horse (Muriel) : After the Revolution will there still be sugar? Will I still have ribbons to tie in my hair?

PIG/SN: Ribbons are a symbol of slavery to man, sugar is a drug that rewards us for slavery!

CROW: But in heaven there is so much sugar. Let us suffer here on earth and remember that we will all go to heaven and eat sugar. Why should we worry about our hard life on earth when eternal sugary life waits for us in a land in the clouds: Sugar Candy Heaven!

PIG/SN: Listen to these fools, you horse are foolish but ignorant, but you Crow are a spy – yes this bird is a spy working for Farmer Jones, lying to us about a Sugar Candy Heaven to keep us in chains -chains of our own fantasy!

Dog: Spy , spy out out! (Dogs attack Crow who flies off cawing).

CROW: Man, man is our friend! Sugar Heaven is our reward! (Flies away)

PIG/SN: Lies! Four legs good, two legs bad! Man is our enemy! If you want sugar and ribbons then storm the house for sugar and ribbon, but I want freedom, I storm the house for freedom and Animal Power. Who'll storm the house with me? Who will avenge Old Major and take what is ours? Who will stay a slave and who will be free?

Animals: Freedom, freedom.

Dog: Now is the hour!

ZEK 1: The animals kick down the door of the barn. The great horse Boxer rises up (we see this) and kicks down the door of the Farm House (A metal sheet or a plank?). The Revolution is Now!

(The Animals and all cast rush into the auditorium and use the real doors to make a huge noise in the corridors – Jones races out into the auditorium pursued not by animals but by animals sounds and crashes out. Then Mrs Jones follows sneaking across the stage):

Mrs Jones: The animals! The Animals have taken the farm! Help! Help! Oh mother....(A bark -) The dogs! The dogs! (Runs).

Napoleon/PIG: (From corridor) Animals. Leave this house. (The leave corridor and assemble near stage) That - is not a place for animals. Here are the beds we must not sleep upon, the clothes we must not wear. The knives we must not cut flesh with, the beer we must not drink. Let this farmhouse be a museum of Terror and we keep our bestial dignity. We are Animals and we rule the Farm!

ALL:Hurrah!

Snowball: Comrades, the Revolution has won. But we have a long day before us. Today we begin the hay harvest. But there is another matter We pigs can reveal that during the past three months we have taught ourselves to read from an old spelling book which had been thrown on the rubbish heap.

Napoleon/PIG: Comrade Snowball here is such a clever pig that he has learnt to write as well as read. Bring me the paint pot. (A dog does so). Raise that board. Comrade Snowball name this farm:

Snowball/PIG: Thank you Comrade Napoleon Pig. (Snowball paints ANIMAL FARM with at least one mistake).

ALL: Animal Farm! (Sing Beast of England as underscore to this sequence ending in rapture).

NAPOLEON: Come come, enough celebration! Work is our reward!

SNOWBALL: Work for ourselves! Not for man!

ALL: Hurrah bark Moo.

NAPOLEON: To the fields to harvest hay! We will work faster and better than we ever did as the slaves of Man.

COW: Mooscuse me, but drunken Jones forgot to milk us and my udders are hurting they so full of milk – moo.

NAP: You two dogs, cover your teeth is cloth and learn to milk the cows. Leave the fresh milk over there by the pigsty and all join us in the hay field.

SNOWBALL: Forward Comrade Animals.

BOXER: Neigh To work, to work, I will work harder and harder, I will work until I burst for Animal, Animal-

ALL: Animal Farm!

SCENE 2

(A work song – the animals struggle with implements – but succeed in a spirit of cooperation. Led by Boxer the horse.)

BOXER/HORSE: Onwards! I must work harder!

SHEEP: Baa baa we all must work harder.

DOG: But no one works harder than Boxer!

BOXER: The pigs think harder than me!

SHEEP: We try to work as hard as Boxer the horse!

BOXER: But just don't think like I do, for that would not be thinking at all (all laugh in an animal manner).

SHEEP: Work work!

ALL: Work work!

DOG: Not for man but for beast!

BOXER: For our farm!

ALL: Animal Farm.

DOG: I could do with a big bowl of milk after a day like this.

BOXER: Jones used to give me a little milk with my oats on special days. Now the milk is all ours!

DOG: I love milk, creamy milk!

ALL: Our milk!

Dog: From our farm.

ALL: Animal farm.

ZEK: Meanwhile back at the Farm buildings, Snowball is painting the Great Principles of the Animal Revolution on the Wall of the big barn.

NAPOLEON (Watching as he sips milk from the bucket). I would help you Comrade Snowball. But your writing is so much better than mine.

SNOWBALL: No problem, Comrade Napoleon Pig, it is an honour to proclaim our Revolutionary principles and I appreciate your guidance. There – finished the Seven Commandments of Animalism!

NAPOLEON: Bravo Comrade. Now we need a flag. Every movement has a flag.

SNOWB: We can use this old table cloth of Jones'. I can paint a horn on it to symbolise the power of the beast!

NAP: No no Comrade, we should have a pig's snout, for the pig is the highest of animals!

SNOW: We cannot glorify ourselves!

NAP: Oh less of your false modesty Comrade. You look down even on the other pigs with your clever clever snortings and squealings, just because you read and write so well!

SNOWB: Comrade Pig, that is not comradely! Look, here come the animals back from work – show a united front. Smile.

(Animals march in).

SNOW: Welcome, welcome, heroes of labour! While you have been harvesting the first ever harvest to be gathered by animals Comrade Napoleon and I have been writing the Seven Commandments–

DOG: Milk? Where has the milk gone?

BOXER: Hush, listen to the wise piggy Comrade.

NAP: Hot air if you ask me...

SNOW: What?

NAP: Hooray for me and the Pigs, we have laboured so hard today fellow animals – writing out the seven commandments and designing a flag to fly above our farm.

SNOW: I know at the moment few of you can read, but I will set up reading and writing committees, to go along with the white wool committee for sheep and the brown egg committee for hens and the –

DOG: Milk drinking committee for dogs!

SNOW: Humour is always welcome comrade Dog.

DOG: So where's our milk?

SNOW: (Hissing to Napoleon so others do not hear) Have you drunk all the milk?

NAP: The milk is where it belongs, Comrade Dog, feeding the brains that keep this farm independent. What is labour without intelligence? How much harder it is to plan, to organise, to analyse and to think than to push and pull? It's only fair that I and the other pigs have nourishment for our brains. Without a plan, Farmer Jones would be back! And would you want that Comrade animals?

All: NO no!

SNOW: So (gritting his teeth) Comrade Napoleon and his assistant pigs have drunk the milk today as a...

NAP: Revolutionary act.

BOXER: Long live Comrade Napoleon!

SNOW: Long live us all. Now about the horse and cart evaluation committee...

NAP: Can we just raise the flag and sing the song.

SNOW: Yes of course; All those in favour of having a flag with a cow horn on it raise your paw or leg or wing.

BOXER: Unanimous!

NAP: Democracy in action. See Comrade Snowball how I am prepared to sacrifice my heartfelt opinion in the face of the wisdom of the mass of animals.

SNOW: (Loud) My heart is touched Comrade (whispers) Milk thief!

NAP: It tasted really good, creamy.... You should try some tomorrow...

(Loud) Sing Comrades sing as we raise our Animal Flag!

(As they start to sing the first Zek steps forward and speaks over the song as the cast start to leave the area and change into human has/jackets and take bottles or tin mugs).

Scene three. The Pub

(Song – Roll Out the Barrel)

CAT: Meow. (The Cat is a spy and hovers around the scene, being casually stroked by the Farmers).

JONES: (Drunk) They call my farm, Animal Farm. What d'you say to that?

Farmer 1: It's a joke.

JONES: I'm not laughin' neither are you.

Farmer 1: If my animals get to hear of what's happening up there they will revolt too. We'll have a general animal Revolution – then where will we be?

Jones: Framers without Farms!

Farmer 2: Don't worry. They'll starve soon enough. Whoever heard of animals running a farm. I bet the cows udders are bursting with milk.

Farmer 1: The fields grown over with weeds.

Farmer 2: The dogs will be eating the chickens.

Farmer 1: And the pigs eating each other. Pigs love bacon.

JONES: I love bacon, ham, sausage, steak, chicken breast. I could kill 'em all and eat the lot of 'em.

ALL: What a feast...bacon, ham, sausage, steak and breast of (salivating) breast of..hen.

JONES: Let's take back the farm and eat them all.

Farmer 2: Or sell 'em. Restock with quiet and obedient beasts.

Farmer 1: Let's do it. Action now empty words.

Farmer 2: Do what? Eat? I'll get a pack of nuts. (Moves to bar).

JONES: Make it two packs, and pint for me.

Farmer 1: Oh drunken idiots! Hold. Let's take back the farm. By force!

JONES: Fighting talk!

Farmer 1: I'll get some lads. We'll get pitchforks and skewer the lot of 'em – like...kebabs.

JONES: I have me shotgun! Bang! (Snorts like a pig and mimes its death).

Farmer 2: We'll set fire to the barn – roast them alive.

Farmer 2: When, when! (licking lips).

Farmer 1: Tomorrow. At dawn!

JONES: That's a bit early.

Farmer 1: Alright at 11 o'clock.

Farmer 2: We'll have Manor farm back before lunch.

JONES: Then back to the pub to celebrate victory over Animal Farm!

ALL: (raise glasses) To the end of Animal Farm!

JONES: (Burps and passes out.) Oh bogger! I'm going to be sick.

CAT: Meow. (Whispers) Revolution!

SCENE 4

The Battle of the Cowshed

SNOWBALL: (Addresses audience) Comrade Animals. Comrade Cat of the Animal Secret Service has alerted me to an evil plan hatched by the monstrous murderous forces of human reaction! Jones and his gang think we are foolish animals, but I snowball, have a plan. I have read the works of Julius Caesar . In strategy and tactics I am well schooled!

ALL: Long live Comrade General Snowball!

SNOWB: Tomorrow the humans attack, tomorrow they fall into my trap!

ALL: Hurrah for Animal Farm!

CAT: Meow!

ZEK 1: The next morning, about an hour late, the human's attack.

(The battle can be staged in many ways but I propose the audience do not see the humans, only the animals as directed by Snowball).

DOG Messenger: Woof. Comrade Snowball, the humans are approaching.

SNB: How many?

DOG: Woof Twelve, Comrade.

SNB: Weapons?

DOG: Four sharp pitchforks, four heavy sticks, two axes, a butcher's knife and one shotgun.

SNB: Where?

DOG: (Dog rushes out then back) Blackbirds report the humans are entering by the side lane from the Pub.

SNB: Just as I thought, they march from the pub not the village! Order the ducks and geese to attack then fall back towards the Cowshed as if defeated.

(Snowball paces up and down – the sounds of geese and birds attacking men, shouts and the geese driven off an Men shout).

Farmers: Hooray, victory!

Farmer 2: We got 'em on the run. Stupid animals!

Farmer 1: Forward to storm the farm!

JONES: My farm.

ALL: Manor Farm!

(Dog races in panting).

DOG: Woof.

SNB: News, Comrade?

DOG: The geese were beaten back, the hens shat on the farmers heads (Sound Uh ow yuck!). and all the birds are retreating to the cowshed as if defeated.

Comrade, are we losing? Are animals weaker than humans?

SNB: Hold fast to the masterplan, Comrade Hound, see me sharpen my trotters (he is filing his nails). Victory is within our grasp..where is Boxer.?

DOG: (Dog rushes out and returns panting) Comrade Snowball. Boxer and the pigs are in the cowshed, the dogs and the sheep in the stable.

SNB: Tell them all to stay calm, stay quiet and when the Humans enter the yard the sheep move to block their escape and we all charge from three sides led by...led by...

All: Comrade Snowball and the pigs!

DOG: (Dog has rushed out and returns). Woof, the Humans are in the yard.

SNB: Sheep cut off their escape. Now – charge!
(Snowball races off the stage into the auditorium, confusion, a great flash of light and a bang as a sheep dies. The noise of a battle OR we see only the animals attack and the humans as soundscape.

JONES: Run! Run! Ow! My bottom is bitten, my bottom is bitten.

Farmer: Help! Help!

Farmer 2: He's dead, our man is dead.

JONES: Leave him, get out.

All HUMANS: Get out!

JONES: Retreat to the pub!

SNB: Victory.

LAMB: Baa, but Jones shot my sister..

BOXER: I killed a man. I reared up and hit his head with my hooves, my horse shoe hooves. I am so sorry...

SNB: He was only a human. Our enemy. Revolutionaries cannot be sentimental about enemies of the Revolution!

BOXER: I suppose you are right, Comrade.

SNB: Bury the sheep with full military honours. Throw the dead man on the compost heap.

(Suddenly a man holding his head races across the stage).

Man: My head, my head – argh not the compost – (starts to vomit and runs off through auditorium).

DOG: Begging to report Comrade, the man Boxer hit was only stunned and has run away towards the pub.

BOXER: I am happy that is so....er...Comrade. I have taught him a lesson.

ALL: Hero Comrade Snowball.

SNOWBALL: I am creating a medal, Anima Hero. The dead sheep will be posthumously awarded Animal Hero second class and Animal Hero first class will be given to...given to...

BOXER: Comrade Snowball, our own animal Julius Caesar!

ALL: Hooray for Comrade Snowball.

Napoleon: Yes hasn't Snowball done well. Too well. Cat, cat. (Is the cat a hand puppet ?).

CAT: Meow.

NAP: (Stroking Cat) I have control of the milk and the cream on this farm.

CAT: Mmmm...mmm.meow!

NAP: I would like you to find out some things about glorious Animal Hero First Class Snowball. Things I might use to....(Laughs).

SB: This day shall forever be know as the glorious day of the battle of the Cowshed and will be a public holiday celebrated every year!

ALL: Hooray for the victory of the Animal Revolution!

SCENE 5

Snowball and Napoleon

ZEK 1: Winter is hard on Animal Farm. And I know about hard winters here. Even if England is certainly not Siberia the animals suffer. But Snowball keeps up their flagging spirits with his restless energy and patriotic speeches!

NAP: (Aside) Propaganda, puffed up self congratulatory piggish pride!

SHEEP: Ba baa, Comrade Napoleon.

NAP: (loud) More fodder for sheep!

SB: To each animal according to their need, from each animal according their ability. Equality.

NAP: Equal-eaty! Food before words! What about the crops? What do we sow?

SNB: Er er Oats.

NAP: Nonsense, it's wheat we need.

SNB: Horses can only eat oats and the horses such as Boxer do most of the hard work on this farm.

NAP: We all need more food, not just the horses! Sheep can't digest oats!

SHEEP: Babb Baa Hoorah!

SNB: Comrade Animals we will increase food production. And increase the working day to do so!

NAP: If you work harder you need more food. A longer day is a waste of time and resources!

SHEEP: Baa Baa we need rest! We need rest.

SNB: We will have more rest and we will have more work, we will have oats and wheat. We will build an Animal Utopia on Animal Farm.
(Pause) Hooray!

(Silence)

SNB: I said, hooray for the Animal Future!

NAP: There's a meeting of the young pigs that needs to sort out the milk quota. I suggest you go along.

SNB: I really think we should share the milk.

NAP: Try telling that to the pigs.

SNB: I will.

NAP: Not a way to be a popular pig, (pause) Comrade. But go ahead Saint Snowball. I need to meet with the dogs.

SNB: Oh how are they?

NAP: Hungry, angry.

SNB: Well good for our defence , eh?

NAP: Trot off now.

SNB: Yes Comrade. Hail Animal Farm.

NAP: yeah, yeah – toodle oo. (SB Exits). What a plonker. What a pathetic porker. He has to go.
(He goes downstage)

Now Comrade hounds (in the audience the cast become dogs, growling, barking and sniffing). Dogs need flesh. All Snowball gives you is oats and chaff. I, Napoleon, have found these tins of beef in the Farm cellar! (Barks and strange do like cheers). Real meat, bloody meat. Snowball wanted to bury the tins. I saved them for you! My dogs.

DOGS: Nap -(bark) -leon! (Repeat).

NAP: All I ask in return is that when the time comes you remember who looked after you.

DOGS: Nap-(bark)-leon!

NAP: And my dear comrade Bitch – (strokes an actor/dog or even audience member with actor behind them). I will take three of your puppies. I will feed them well and train them. Train them up to be my Rottweilers. My body guard, my special forces. Long live Animal Farm!

ALL : (Barks) Ruff! Long live Animal farm.

SCENE 6

Boxer the worker

CROW: (Caws) Look at Boxer- Boxer the mighty horse. Once he ploughed and worked under a human whip. Now he works twice as hard under the power of his own passion, his own spirit, his own belief in world free from human tyrants, a world of free animals who work for themselves.

BOXER: (Working/ploughing) I must work harder I must work harder!

ALL: Boxer the hero of animal Labour!

CROW (Sitting on the plough?) : Is there a little worry in your big horse head? A worry that the Revolution might have made the animals happier but it has also made them hungrier? Even if they work so very hard.

BOXER: Worry bird– get out of my big horse’s head. Forward, I must work harder – we all must work harder to build the Animal Future!

CROW: Sugar happy Heaven is so much nicer than Animal Farm.

BOXER: Get away Crow. Back to the sky and out of my horses head. If you think I think, I don't. Pigs think. That is their work. My work is to work. So go! (Flails at him with hooves and Crow flies off). I will work harder!

ANNOUNCEMENT: Public meeting, public meeting all animals to assemble by the cow shed.

SNB: (Snow ball marches onto the stage waving a large sheet with plans on it). Comrade Animals, the future is a machine. Our own bodies are strong, but the machine is always stronger. We have had our problems with food. (Shouts, grunts, and the sheep especially agree and complain) I know, I know. And we have not always distributed the food fairly and equally. (An animal shouts "Yes the Milk!") Yes I am dealing with the milk. (Snorts of anger from pigs "Our milk!"). The answer is the mechanisation of Animal Farm, to provide more food from less labour.

ANIMALS in audience: More food, less work, more food less work!

SB: (Smiling) And this will be achieved when we build a windmill! The mill will be a mighty machine to lift us from the dark age of physical labour to the new gleaming light of mechanisation! Animal Utopia!

ALL: U – top-ia! (repeat).

SHEEP: Baa – how will be build a Windmill?

SNB: From these plans, that I have drawn - using books I have found and read, photographs I have studied. Here– here are the plans for the great Windmill of Animal Farm! (Waves large paper of plans)

NAP: Comrade, let me have a look. (Grunts then lays plans on floor and pisses on them). Nonsense. It'll never work. You've made a pigs ear of that – it human nonsense. Treason really – will you be sleeping in a bed soon?

(All intake breath).

BOXER: I think the windmill sounds good, Comrade Napoleon. More food less work.

SNB: Yes yes, Comrade Boxer, it will rise and its sails fill out own future with the wind of change – a wind of change that will bring in a new age – for what is Revolution without the dream of a better life, a perfect life an animal Utopia of rest, food, joy and solidarity. Long live the Windmill of Animal Farm.

ALL: Long Live the Windmill of Animal –

NAP: Dogs!

(Three dogs leap onstage and attack Snowball – who runs away out of the theatre through the auditorium).

NAP: Traitor! Humanist! (Then to audience) My dear Animals. Snowball has always been a traitor, a spy for Farmer Jones. He has been sabotaging the Farm, which is why there is not enough food. (The actors now are returning to the auditorium).

BOXER: Comrade Napoleon. I remember Snowball fighting off Farmer Jones. We gave him a medal.

NAP: My dear Comrade Boxer. He fooled you. It was all a trick worked out with Farmer Jones in the pub. My cat here saw Snowball meeting with the Farmer before the attack.

BOXER: Really?

Cat: Purrfectly true.

BOXER: Oh dear.

NAP: Why do you think Farmer Jones shot the Sheep?

SHEEP: Shame shame!

NAP: Farmer Jones did not shoot Snowball who seemed to be leading the charge – because...because...

SHEEP: Baah-cause Jones sand Snowball were on the same side!

NAP: Yes, yes. Snowball was a traitor and a saboteur and Animal Farm is free without him.

BOXER: Well you always know best Comrade Napoleon. We can find out more about all this at Sunday's meeting.

NAP: These Sunday meetings of all the farm are a waste of time. In future all questions about to the working of the farm would be settled by a special committee of pigs, presided over by....

SHEEP: Nap – baah – leon, Nap bahh – leon!

NAP: I accept the weight of leadership. The pig committee meet in private and afterwards communicate our decisions to you all. Each Sunday the Animals will still sing Beasts of England, and receive your orders for the week; but there will be no more debates. No more wasting time with opinions and arguments when there is work to be done for:

ALL: Animal Farm!

NAP: (Turning to go) Oh, and I think we should build the windmill.

BOXER: What!

NAP: Comrade Boxer, the Windmill was my idea in the first place. The criminal traitor Snowball stole the plans from my sty.

COW: Just a Moo-ment, Comrade Napoleon. I re-moo-ember you – I am a shy cow – you know – I remoo -ember you – pss – pss on the plans that Comrade – er traitor Snowball made for the windmill.

NAP: Fake news! How dare you repeat this slander – how would I, chairman of Animal Farm Everything Committee – pss – pss.

BOXER: I seem to remember – in my head – I remember..

SHEEP: Four legs good two legs bad. Four legs good two legs bad.

ALL: Four legs good two legs bad. Four legs good two legs bad.

NAP: Thank you Comrades for your voices of support. The Windmill will be built. To build the Windmill we will have to work extra hours. Sixty hours plus Sunday afternoons. Sunday work will be voluntary!

ALL: Hooray.

NAP: Animals who do not volunteer for Sunday work will need less food. So they will receive half rations of food for the week.

COW: This is moo-st unfair.

NAP: When the Windmill is built we will have so much free time, so much more food that this short period of sacrifice will be nothing. Now Boxer we need you to drag the large stones from the quarry to the cliff edge and then the sheep can nudge the boulders over the edge – that way we shall have enough small stones to build. Can you do that Comrade, heroic Comrade worker? Can Animal Farm rely on you, Comrade Boxer to build our future?

BOXER: Of course. I am your horse! I will work harder. Cockrel!

Cockrel: Cock a doodle we must do!

BOXER: Wake me one hour earlier than the dawn each day. I shall start work in the dark and I will work harder for Animal Farm and for Comrade Napoleon ..who:

ALL : Is always right!

SCENE 6

Building the Windmill and drinking the milk.

(A work song, a musical and action sequence as Boxer drags boulders to the top of the hill – perhaps the edge of the stage – the Sheep nudge the boulders over the edge – the dogs and even pigs gather the stones in baskets/barrows and cart them out into the theatre corridors where Napoleon's voice booms – or if he is onstage watches them through binoculars and shouts orders through a megaphone, whilst drinking Milk with a straw from a cup.)

NAP: Bravo! Bravo for the heroic animal workers. (Quieter/sensual – to himself/audience) Mmmm-mmmm-milk, this tastes so good. It's the cream. I wish you could taste it, but there is only enough..for....me, my mmmm milk. (Burps). Oh what a pig (snorts laughter).

SCENE 7

Windmills and Rebels.

ZEK 1: Months passed, in summer the working day is extended with the light. By July the Windmill was built.

COW: Well done Boxer. Now you can take the rest you deserve. What would we do without you?

BOXER: I am tired. But when I look up at the windmill – its sails turning in the sunshine, the millstones grinding, my chest – my great chest – bursts with Pride. And I want no rest.

NAP: Comrade Animals. Constructing the Windmill –

SHEEP: Your windmill, Baa – your idea, your plans, Napoleon!

NAP: Well, yes, my Windmill. And I am honoured that the Sheep committee have bestowed on me the Award of Heroic Animal Labourer First Class. I accept.

SHEEP: Two legs bad, four legs..fantastic! Baa baa (Pins on medal).

NAP: Now, Comrade Animals. We have achieved so much but sadly it is not enough. How will the farm prosper without the things we cannot produce however hard we work, however well the windmill mills?

BOXER: I don't understand.

SHEEP: You never do. Baa.

NAP: Hush, hush my heroes. Who will deny that we need horse shoes for the hooves of our horses, dog biscuits for our faithful hounds, oil for the mill, nails and screws. It's along list. The list of what we cannot produce.

BOXER: Oh no, what are we going to do?

NAP: We can trade. We will trade what we do have – hay, eggs a little milk for what we need.

BOXER: But what other animals have these things that we need? I don't get it..

NAP: Humans have what we need, humans want what we have. So I have invited a lawyer by the name of Mr Whymper to visit the farm to act as a broker between ourselves and the village. That way we will be able to prosper and develop Animal Farm.

BOXER: What, humans on our farm!

NAP: The only alternative is to give this farm back to the humans. Is that what you want? Is that what the traitors and mumblers and grumblers amongst you want? To betray our Revolution? To let Jones come back and retake Manor Farm? Yes, yes?

ALL: No no!

NAP: Then it is settled. And we can't let a human meet us in a pig sty. Where would be the dignity of our Revolution? So we pigs are moving into the Farmhouse which we will turn into the Head office of the Animal Revolutionary Committee. This meeting is over. Any complaints – you can go to the dogs. (Massive growling). Back to work Comrades. It's still light. What greater pleasure is there than working for the Revolution?

(Cow and a hen are left onstage – or several hens depending on how they are created – as puppets or actors) – or even sounds).

COW: I can remember the commandments. No animal shall live in the house, no animal shall sleep in a bed. No animal must use money or drink alcohol or..

HEN: Be a dictator over other animals – or kill them.

COW: You don't think Napoleon would kill us, do you? My mother was slaughtered by Jones, cut up for beef for his table. Napoleon would never do that?

HEN: I think Nap – “he” would do anything, Cluck cluck.

COW: He has taken all the best milk, the calves are thin, one died of hunger last week.

HEN: Listen, but don't tell anyone.

COW: What? It will be a secret.

HEN: I saw that man Whymper and two pigs drag a sack into his car. There was a hoof ticking out, a calf's hoof. Napoleon took money for the calf and Whymper took it to the Butchers in the village. I pretended to be looking for corn on the ground but I saw it all. They think I am just a stupid Hen but I know what's going on. I've told the hens what's going on. You tell the cows.

COW: Tell them what? I don't know what I should tell them, dare tell them. What is going on?

DOG: What's going on here? Grrr.

HEN: Cluck cluck cluck.

COW: Just a stupid Hen.

DOG: Grrr-grrr ..great. Now get along to the meeting. There are new orders being given, new quotas to be reached. You Hens are in for a big surprise.

COW: I'm hungry.

DOG: Grrwhat?

COW: I used to get more hay in winter when Jones was in charge. I used to give less milk too.

DOG: (Growls then suddenly smiles and whines like a happy dog). Very well, very well. You come with me to the meeting and tell Comrade Napoleon about how things were so much better when Jones ran the farm.

COW: Oh, I didn't mean that – I meant..I just wanted to..

DOG: To Enjoy the glorious paradise on earth that is Animal Farm. Yes?

COW: Yes Comrade. You put the words into my mouth. Thank you Comrade. AA very Moo-ving speech.

SCENE 8

A Man on the Farm

NAP: Pigs, pigs now you need to work for your piggy privileges. You are the only ones I can trust with the surplus food – so get working! I want the bins in the stables filled with hay. The dog bowls filled with milk. I want piles of wood covered with hay to seem as if this farm, our farm, is bursting with food and plenty – a land of milk and honey! Do we have honey? Hurry, hurry I can see his car in the distance!

Pigs: Yes Comrade Napoleon. On the double!

(A sound of a car horn).

NAP: Mr Whymp, Mr Whymp, coo-eee! (Waves trotter). Over here!

VOICE OFF: Can I get out the car? I am safe, am I safe?

NAP: You have never been safer, Mr Whymp. You are under my protection. A protection that Mr Jones could never have given you. You see this dog (dog enters, meekly) This dog would have jumped for your throat in the old days, sunk his teeth into you - but see, he is as docile and loving as a little human baby. (Whymp gingerly strokes the dog who rolls on his back). Tickle his tummy, Gnasher loves that, don't you Gnasher? (Nap. burps) Oh sorry, Mr Whymp. We just eat so much nowadays I can hardly digest it all unless I take a siesta. Most of us sleep half the day, we just don't need to work as the farm is so efficient and productive. The animals so well fed.

WHYMPER: Well, Sir...I am most impressed. The Windmill is really a great achievement. You can see it from everywhere in the village. I knew Manor Farm in the old days. It was always poorly run by Jones. Look at it now. Clean as a whistle. Tidy. Ordered. We thought you lot were beasts and would wreck it all in no time, starve maybe. Well –

NAP: How wrong you were.

WHYMP: How wrong we were.

NAP: So this surplus we have, it will rot unless we trade it for goods from the Village.

WHYMP: Which is why I am here, Mr er Sir Pig. Or Comrade -I ..er (Shrugs)

NAP: Napoleon, just call me Napoleon. And drop this Comrade nonsense. I mean business. Now come into the farmhouse.

WHYMP: You..you are living in the Farmhouse? Oh – yes...of course – why not? And then down to business...(they start to walk off). How many hundred eggs can you deliver each week? Your preliminary list suggests a truly impressive number of eggs...(they exit nodding).

SCENE 10

The revolt of the Hens.

(All actors now hens – they cluck and gather).

HEN 1: Four hundred eggs a week!

ALL: Four hundred eggs!

HEN 2: I am not laying another egg!

HEN 23: I will lay mine on the roof rafters then...a little flick and (all make falling clucking sound) and crash.

HEN: Smash our eggs rather than give them to Napoleon and his

ALL: Man Whympers – the Man!

ALL HENS: No eggs for Humans. No eggs for humans!

HEN 3: I want little chicks. Little fluffy chicks (crying). They want to eat my baby....

ALL: No eggs for humans! No eggs for humans!

HEN: Chicken nuggets next. Chicken nuggets next.(Terrifying) After the eggs they will sell us and slaughter us. They will sell us and slaughter us for:

ALL: Chicken nuggets.

ALL: No no! Hens for Hens. Chickens for chickens and Animals for Animal Farm.

(A sudden slamming of a door – then blackness – silence then a great clucking of terrified hens)

MEGAPHONE VOICE OF NAPOLEON: Traitors! Allies of Farmer Jones, enemies of Animals. This door will remain locked until you deliver four hundred eggs to the Central Pig Committee. No food will be delivered and no water. Any hen who tries to leave the barn will be treated as an intruder and eaten by the dogs. (A great growling).

(A musical response to the darkness and the fear as the Chickens sing wordlessly using chicken sounds – then a Zek takes off whatever indicates a chicken and stands in a candle or torchlight and says:

ZEK: All resistance is useless. You must understand that the truly terrifying thing about the Gulag is not the loss of freedom but the complete loss of hope. Without water for five days, nine hens die of thirst. After a week the Hens surrender and hand over four hundred eggs. They bury the dead hens in the compost heap. This is the last resistance to the power of Napoleon.

SCENE 11

Snowball returns

NAP: News, news Comrades, gather gather at the cowshed. News News!

PIG DOG COW: (Gather and make animal noises)

BOXER: (OFF) Just let me get out of harness. This plough shaft is so heavy.

NAP: Oh Boxer, Boxer, thank the Sugary-sky you are here. We may need your powerful hooves again! To defend Animal Farm?

BOXER: What! Are the humans attacking?

COW: Is Whympers an agent!

NAP: No, no – worse worse news! Bad bad news!

ALL: What?? What? (Clucks, moos etc).

NAP: (Holding up a trotter for silence he calmly states) Snowball is back.

ALL: What!

BOXER: Has he come to say Sorry?

NAP: No, idiots, he has come to sabotage the Revolution, to destroy Animal Farm. Which was Snowball's plan from the very start.

BOXER: I don't remember that.

NAP: Boxer: You are a working animal, not a thinking animal. Snowball fooled you, tricked you, lied to you. Snowball was always working for the humans and is now. Goose step forward!

GOOSE: Quack quack – I confess that I secretly met with Snowball the Pig on three nights behind the cowshed. I agreed to strip the bark from the fruit trees, break eggs and shit in the milk. (Each act acted out – if “shit” is too strong a word then use action and duck noises). Snowball also recruited me to discover weak points in our fences to enable Jones and his men to attack and recapture Animal Farm.

BOXER: But I remember Snowball fighting bravely against Jones and his men. We gave him a medal.

NAP: That was our mistake, comrade. For we know now — it is all written down in the secret documents that we have found — that in reality he was trying to lure us to our deaths.

BOXER: But he was wounded. We all saw him running with blood.

NAP: That was part of the arrangement! Jones' shot only grazed him. I could show you this in his own writing, if you were able to read it. It's here in this stack of letters, a plot! (Waves papers)

GOOSE: It's true. Snowball told me he was working for Jones all the time. Me too. I was paid corn by Snowball to work for Jones.

NAP: Death to the traitors!

(Napoleon nods to a dog who rushes forward to attack the Goose who does nothing to defend itself – but Boxer catches the Dog by the neck with his hoof).

BOXER: Stop, no animal shall kill another animal!

NAP: Boxer. This traitors can no longer be called an Animal. That Goose sold us to the humans.

GOOSE: (Half strangled) Yes, yes I am a traitor!

NAP: That goose sold us to Snowball and Jones. She is not worthy of the name of Animal.

GOOSE: I did. I did.

BOXER: OH..I see..I

NAPO: Look here (waves paper) Here is the proof!

BOXER: I can't read!

NAP: But I can, so let go of the dog and let that ...that...thing be punished.

(Boxer sadly obeys – the dog rushes forward and grabs the Goose by the neck, a squawking as the Goose is dragged offstage and killed – Boxer cover his eyes – the Hen looks on in horror).

NAP: Now get back to work. And if anyone sees or hears anything of the traitor Snowball report it to me immediately.

HEN: Excuse me, Napoleon er Comrade Napoleon.

NAP: (Suspicious) Yes...?

HEN: I confess to leading the revolt of the hens. I confess to telling the hens to fly into the roof and let their eggs smash on the ground rather than give up our eggs for sale to the Village.

NAP: Why did you do that? Why? Why!

HEN: Because Snowball told me to. Because Snowball said that Jones would take me into the house as a pet and feed me chocolate. Because I hated the Revolution . Because I am a traitor.

NAP: See, see – what more proof do you need! This Chicken is the proof. Snowball is back. Snowball will destroy `Animal Farm. The only way to defeat Snowball is to be disciplined, to be vigilant, to be merciless. Kill that Hen.

(Dog leaps forward and drags off the Hen – squawks – perhaps feathers thrown from side of stage).

NAP: Now onto a more pleasing subject. Animal Farm needs a constitution – especially if we are to be respected by the other farms, the human farms. So at a meeting of the Pigs Politburo we have decided to declare Animal Farm a Republic.

DOG: I hereby nominate Comrade Napoleon as first president of the Republic. All those in favour breathe in and breathe out. (pause) Motion carried.

NAP: I humbly accept the honour of leading this Republic of Liberated Animals to even greater glory. Now back to work. (To Dog) Did you say you have found a whole barrel of whisky in the cellar?

DOG: (Nods and barks).

BOXER: (Alone now with COW) I don't know what is more shocking, the killings or the fact that Snowball was a traitor all the time.

COW: Do you believe that, Boxer?

BOXER: Why else would the hens confess?

COW: I do not know.

BOXER: Come on Comrade there is work to be done. I must work harder!

COW: But look, Boxer, there is a Pig up a ladder (This is staged – the pig then descends from the ladder and walks across the stage).

PIG: What are you two staring at? Get back to work! (exits).

BOXER: Of course, Comrade. (Starts to go)

COW: Stop, Boxer, stop. Look. The seventh commandment has been changed.

BOXER: I Can't read.

COW: It now says "No animal shall kill another animal" –

BOXER: As it should.

COW: But that pig wrote up two words – added the words.

BOXER: So?

COW: No animal shall kill another animal (gulps) without cause.

SCENE 12

Pigs and men drinking

(Boxer and the Cow are working, pulling great weights, wheeling barrows and as they do so the lights are dimming).

COW: Almost dusk Boxer. We can't work in the dark).

BOXER: IF I had the eyes of an owl I could, but I have to confess my eyes are getting weaker as I get older. Sometimes I mistake a bush for a dog!

(A owl hoot – the animals laugh – then a noise of pigs drinking and singing – the Horse and Cow are curious and move towards the sound).

COW: What's that noise?

BOXER: It's like pigs but slurred.

(More song – Roll Out The Barrel – a pig staggers out backwards speaks then falls flat, wagging trotters in the air).

PIG: (Shouting to the others singing offstage or elsewhere): You're a damn fine President Piggy wiggy Nappy Nappy – poleon – grunt grunt. The bestest piggy wiggy in the whole wide world – If I could kiss your..kiss your....I would – I wou (collapses).

(Another Pig enters and pulls him by the legs back into the place where the singing came from. Napoleon enters with a mug – now Boxer and the Cow are frightened and hiding as they watch this).

COW: That's Napoleon.

BOXER: Our President.

COW: I thought the Animal Commandments said that no animal may drink alcohol?.

BOXER: I think we should go. I'm tired.

COW: I don't know what to think. I worry that Snowball might have got into my head and is whispering thoughts to me. Bad thoughts.

BOXER: There are no bad things. Just things we do not understand. Let's go. ((Cow moos agreement and they exit).

NAPOLEON: (To audience) It's all mine. I am prssy- presy-dint of all I see. Oh can a pig jig? (skips) I think I can – hey Piggies watch my jiggies – gimme another drink! Let's sing a sentimental song:
(Sings) If I were the only pig in the world and you were the only sow da da da d a da da d a da da! Oh dear.. I think I'm going to be sick! (Rushes offstage to vomit).

(Blackout – then a cock crows and a dawn light floods the stage).

DOG: (To audience and some animals in the audience). Comrades, it has been a (barks word) 'ruff' – night. Our dear President, (weeping now) the greatest animal who has ever graced this England, the most astonishing and wonderful leader we have ever or will ever know is ...is:

COW: What? What!

DOG: (Whimpers a bit) Dying. (A great howl of despair from every animal).

SHEEP: What are we to do? How can we - Baaa life without our leader?

DOG: We dogs are very sentimental, we become very attached to..to..father figures. (Tears stream down his cheek).

HEN: What are we to do?

BOXER: Work. Work harder for our leader. For our Farm.

COW: I'm hungry.

DOG: Who said that? Grrrrr

COW: I'm angry - that Fate should take away our great Leader.

DOG: Go to work. The pigeons will distribute news every hour. (Cries and whimpers) I have a good nose. I can smell death. Napoleon is dying...(leaves).

BOXER: (sad) I will work harder. (The Animals work).

COW: You are pushing yourself too much. You are not as young as you used to be, dear Boxer.

BOXER: I am as young as I will ever be. So I push on.

PIGEON: Coo coo. News news.

COW: Gather round- put down your tools.

BOXER: I fear the worst.

COW: (Whispers) I hope for the best.

SHEEP: Baa Baa – four legs good two legs bad, help us Leader, stay with us in these baaa-d times.

PIGEON: Comrade Napoleon is better! He is recovered. Our leader now has nothing more than a head ache!

SHEEP: Baa-ck form the Dead! A miracle.

PIGEON: Now I must spread the news far and wide – coo coo – ne - oooo – ews. Neooo-ws! (flies off).

COW: Look, look up on the side of the barn.

BOXER: I can't read.

COW: The Animal Commandments – number seven has changed.

BOXER: Changed? How can you change what Old Major gave us.

COW: Just two words: No animal shall drink too much alcohol.

BOXER: Too much?

COW: There is a little arrow and 'too much' has been added in red paint.

BOXER: Is that right?

COW: I'm not even starting to think about that. Cows are not famous for being intelligent.

BOXER: The pigs and the dogs know best.

(Sudden switch to humans singing the same "Roll out the Barrel").

JONES: (Very Drunk) Bloody Animals. We should slaughter them and eat them. That fat Napoleon would make great bacon!

WHYMPER: (Sipping a cocktail) You know Jones, that Napoleon is a very smart pig. You bred him. Compliments to you.

FREDERICK: There is a stack of beech wood on the farm that is worth a small fortune. Do you think I can get my hands on it, Whympers old man?

WHYMPER: I could negotiate for you, Frederick, but you will not get it cheap.

FREDERICK: Unless I pay in fake bank notes...you don't think a pig knows a forgery from a pound sterling, eh?

WHYMPER: That is one way to do business, Mr Frederick.

JONES: Business? Business! We need a slaughterhouse not a bank! We blow up their windmill, then march in and get back my farm, Manor Farm!

WHYMPER: Mr Jones, I am a solicitor at law, your plans involve criminal acts of violence. As a solicitor I can have no part in these dealings...

JONES: Idiot..(burps – falls – passes out)

WHYM: But as a human, as man, I will do all I can to help you take control of so called Animal Farm.

FREDERICK: And give it back to him?

WHYMP: No, he is a bankrupt as he is drunk. I own his debts. My plan is to attack. Blow up the windmill as Jones said then grab the farm. I have been using my weekly visits to spy out the land. We can win. They have only one really effective fighter, that horse...Boxer I think. Shoot him and they will be a pushover...all the farmers in England will thank us.

FRED: I want profit, Whympers, not glory.

WHYMP: We can have both. What d'you say, Frederick?

FRED: You can use my van. Borrow my shotgun. But I'm not with you – or him (kicks Jones who groans).

WHYM: Well the other local farmers are right behind this plan.

FRED: Then you don't need me. And if you call me a coward I will smack you in the face.

WHYM: I respect you Mr Frederick you are the richest farmer in the village for a reason, when we have taken back the farm I will look forward to doing business with you. (They shake hands)

Both: Cheers!

FRED: (Offstage) Oi, Betsy, throw this drunk Jones into the street! (Kicks Jones).

SCENE 13

The Windmill and the Song

DOG: All animals to gather at the Windmill.

(The Animals gather and sing Beasts Of England – half way through Napoleon emerges, salutes the crowd then suddenly orders the song to stop):

NAP: Stop, comrades, cease your singing. This song, Beasts of England, is the wrong song.

Animals: What? Why?

NAP: This song is about the glorious future, our hopes, our dreams. We now live in the glorious future, everything we hoped for, everything we dreamed of is here now! We have crushed humanity, we are masters of the Farm. Animal Farm.

SHEEP: Baa, under the leadership of our glorious leader!

BOXER: But I like this song. I never sung no song before.

NAP: Comrade, the past is over. We will never sing Beasts of England again. We will have a new song for our glorious age. This dog here has set a few words of mine to music.

DOG: President Comrade Napoleon is the greatest composer of our age. I simply howled a tune with his inspiration and instruction. Ruff work!

NAP: I must confess to have hidden my artistic talents...but they just rise to the surface.

SHEEP: The Baa-st artist of our time!

NAP: No, no, please please..it's nothing. Just a talent...

DOG: Genius.

NAP: Alright, a little genius..nothing really just...

DOG: Genius.

NAP: Well..yes..artistic genius. So let's sing it shall we?

DOG: Comrade Animals (to audience) follow me – I sing one line then you repeat: (Howls)

Animals are free

Paradise can be

Paradise is lovely

How did we get it on?

Only through Napoleon

Sheep: Baa good Baaa Good.

DOG: Altogether now, and 1,2,3 sing!

(They start with Napoleon leading then a sudden explosion – perhaps a blackout – screams – voice of human farmers):

Farmer: Attack! For Manor Farm!

(it's possible that the stylised fight that now happens is only seen from the Animals perspective, may involve choreographed stylised action where the animals come to front of stage and fight off unseen humans).

BOXER: Charge!

Farmers: We are surrounded! Help! Run away! Run away!

(A Sheep is killed and falls).

(The animals collapse exhausted – Boxer is wounded).

BOXER: MY hoof, my hoof is shot.

COW: Oh poor Boxer. I'll get a Hen to peck out the pellets

BOXER: How can I work, if my hoof is split?

COW: You are a hero, heroes don't have to work. Without you we would never have fought the humans off. You should get a medal and a rest. Retire. Didn't Napoleon say working animals can retire..or was it Snowball – (covers mouth) Bad word.

NAP: Victory! Victory! We have won again, won better, won greater than before. In honour of the day I shall create the order of the battle of the Windmill.

DOG: I nominate President Comrade Napoleon as the first bearer of the order – the medal of the battle of the Windmill.

NAP: I must accept.

COW: (Whispers) Where was he? I never saw Napoleon in the fight.. Boxer you should have the medal.

NAP: The medal must also be bestowed –

COW: (Loud) On Warrior Boxer!

NAP: On the poor sheep who gave her life for our farm. But in this moment of triumph I must remind us that the humans have exploded dynamite inside the windmill, which as you can see (points into audience) is smashed to the ground. The windmill is the foundation of our wealth – our commonwealth. It must be rebuilt and named after this poor sheep, Bleater. I am cancelling Sunday, until it is rebuilt. We will show these humans what animals can do – we will work seven days a week. Onwards, eh Boxer?

BOXER: I will work harder.

NAP: Good horse. So to work! (Aside) I need a drink...

Scene 14

The death of Boxer

(Possible music and visual sequence of the limping Boxer dragging a stone – he collapses – is the music a version of the dreadful Napoleon song that morphs into a sad lament based on the Beasts of England?).

BOXER: My lungs, my lungs burst!

HEN: (Rushes in then rushes out clucking) Boxer, Boxer has collapsed.

BOXER: I can't get up. I must get up! (But he falls again) I must work!

COW: (Enters) Oh Boxer, Boxer dear friend Boxer. I told you, I told you. You work too hard, you are not as young as you were, you were wounded at the battle of the windmill!

BOXER: I will be fine, I just need rest then back to work.

COW: No, to retirement. You know what the pigs said:

BOXER: Old animals, especially horses shall have the right to retire and eat oats in the field behind the cowshed. I shall like that.

COW: I will visit you every day. I shall bring you an apple.

BOXER: I shall like that.

COW: Come on now, let me help you up.

NAP: (Entering) Oh my my oh my. Poor comrade Boxer, how are you?

BOXER: I fell, working building the Windmill but I can't work no more. My lung.

COW: Boxer needs to retire. Like you said Comrade President artist everything Napoleon. Like you said. Retire to the field behind the cowshed.

BOXER: And eat apples.

NAP: Of course, of course. No one deserves a long and comfortable retirement like Comrade Boxer. Hero of battle, hero of labour.

COW: Really! (Surprised) A very moo-ving speech Comrade President.

NAP: Yes I was moved by my speech too. Even a President has feelings. Poor Boxer.

COW: Then I will help him to the field.

NAP: No, no no my dear comrade Cow. Boxer must go to the vets, he must have the finest medical attention that Animal Farm can buy. I will take him personally. I will phone down to the vet to bring his van up here as soon as he can. Then I will personally accompany Boxer to the surgery and hold his hoof as he is treated by the finest veterinary surgeon in the county.

COW: Comrade President I am moved by your humanity.

BOXER: I don't want to be any trouble, any expense.

NAP: You are no trouble. Your health, your inspiration is a vital part of the future of Animal Farm. And there will be apples. But there will also be a medal. Second class but still a medal. There. Happy?

COW and BOXER: A medal? An honour.

BOXER: I am - ahh the pain...happy.

NAP: Now, oh dear a tear,... (weeps theatrically) now I must go and phone the vet and you Comrade Cow take Boxer to the Cowshed and wait for the van.

COW: Yes Comrade President. Up you go Boxer. There. There. (They limp off- Nap goes to the phone).

NAP: Hello, hello. Yes Good day Mr Purdey. I have a carcass for you. Prime horse meat. The bones are huge and will make excellent glue. Just bring your motor van up to the farm as soon as you can. Would you say five pounds is a fair price? Oh and a bottle of whisky from the village shop...fair? Good a bargain, eh. Yes. A big old horse, useless to us. Good day. (Exits whistling – the sound of a van).

COW: (Creeps back onstage) I sneaked behind the cowshed and saw the motor van. Butchers' van. They killed my friend Boxer and cut him up for dog meat. Then they boiled his bones down for glue.

DOG: (Weeping) Ruff ruff life is ruff. I am speaking to you as a spokes-dog for Comrade President Napoleon as he is too overwhelmed, gutted, by emotion. Heroic Boxer is dead. He died in the arms of his President whilst receiving the finest medical treatment that money can buy. Nothing could save him. Napoleon held his hoof as he passed away. The last words of Boxer were: May we all work harder for the glory and prosperity of Animal Farm and our great leader, Napoleon Pig. (Sniff – howls).

Scene 15

Equality

ZEK: Years pass. Many animals who could remember the old days when Jones ran the farm, die. Many animals are born and they know nothing of the 'bad old days'. The windmill is rebuilt but provides no luxuries for the animals just profit for the pigs and dogs who grow fatter as the rest of the animals grow thinner. The seven day working week remains in force even after the windmill is rebuilt. Hens, horses, cows and sheep are overworked, cold in winter and hungry all year. But they remain proud that this is the one farm in England operated by Animals for Animals.

COW: I am alive, even if I give no milk. Even if my eyes are fading I remember the old days, the bad old days. Farmer Jones...

HEN: Was it really bad?

COW: It was not so different. But shhh.

HEN: Have you seen the seven commandments today?

COW: Have they changed again?

HEN: (nods and makes hen noises).

COW: What do they say now?

HEN: What's the best one?

COW: Hmm..I suppose: all animals are equal.

HEN: Come on look (leads her across the stage). Read it – its big letters.

BOTH: All animals are equal but some animals are more equal than others.

(Barking of dogs -Frederick from the back of the auditorium, a human voice).

FREDERICK: There there, good boy. Good boy. (Dog calms) Hello! Hello! We are here!

(Dog runs to now empty stage)

DOG: Napoleon sir President Pig. Mr Frederick has arrived for dinner.

NAP: (Off) Send him in.

DOG: (As two farmers in smart clothes arrive onstage perhaps with the sound of a car). Welcome. Dinner is in the farmhouse.

FREDERICK: Better than the cowshed, eh?

DOG: Is that a joke? A human joke.

FRED: Sorry sorry, I didn't mean...

DOG: Mean that we animals eat out of troughs and dog bowls! Never. We dogs and pigs live in the farmhouse. Walk on two legs.

NAP: (Entering in a hat and with pipe and human accessories) And dress well. Welcome, Mr Frederick. Come on in. The table is laid we have rack of lamb, steak, organic vegetables and milk pudding.

FRED: Excellent. Do we do business before for after dinner?

NAP: We will sign the contracts before dinner shall we? Then relax over a glass or two of beer?

FRED: Whiskey? (produces a bottle).

NAP: Malt! I should say so!

FRED: You know when I look around Animal Farm I see animals working harder, eating less and being more....

NAP: Obedient, docile, content –

FRED : Than on my own farm. Well done. Let's go in and drink a toast to Animal Farm.

NAP: Oh no.

FRED: No?

NAP: My dear Mr Frederick, that name had to go. Animal Farm it sounds so....?

FRED: Revolutionary.

NAP: Ugh..I can't bear that word.

FRED: So what is the new name of Animal Farm?

NAP: New? New! It's the old ways we want to bring back, the old name too. We shall toast Manor Farm!

FRED: (Laughs) Excellent.

NAP: Shall we go in. (Enter Pig in dress) This is my favourite Sow – she fits Mrs Jones' dress rather well, eh? What a porker!

SOW: (Flirtatious) Pleased to meet you Mr Frederick, Sir.

FRED: Its an honour. (Fumbles with trotter – rather embarrassed). Let me kiss your..

NAP: Hand.

SOW: I wash me trotter in lavender every mornin'

FRED: Of course, my pleasure (he kisses her hand).

NAP: (Laughs) Shall we sit at the table? (Gestures of).

FRED: Sit?

NAP: Of course. Sit at the table. (The three exit. Laughter from offstage and the sound of drinking. The animals slowly gather).

COW: Come one, come on let's look through the window.

HEN: Won't they see us and set the dogs on us?

COW: Now, they will be too drunk.

(More noise of laughter)

Offstage: To Manor Farm! Cheers!

HEN: Which is Frederick?

Sheep: Which is Napoleon?

COW: Pigs and men. Men and pigs. There is no difference.

Blackout.

(Perhaps the hummed Beasts of England song wells up. Searchlights spin across the stage, harsh shouts. The zeks gather and hold wood as bars in front of their faces)

ZEKS: In a time of lies, telling the truth is a Revolutionary act.

THE END.

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Some quotations from the original preface to ANIMAL FARM (not part of most copies of the book).

Over and above the familiar Marxist claim that 'bourgeois liberty' is an illusion, **there is now a widespread tendency to argue that one can only defend democracy by totalitarian methods. If one loves democracy, the argument runs, one must crush its enemies by no matter what means.** And who are its enemies? It always appears that they are not only those who attack it openly and consciously, but **those who 'objectively' endanger it by spreading mistaken doctrines.**

If liberty means anything at all it means the right to tell people what they do not want to hear

"In a time of universal deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act." *George Orwell*

"Tell a lie loud and long enough and people will believe it." *Goebbels*

"Every line of serious work that I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, **against totalitarianism....** [Animal Farm](#) was the first book in which I tried, with full consciousness of what I was doing, to fuse political purpose and artistic purpose into one whole."
George Orwell