List of Characters

THE BOY
MR JONES
OLD MAJOR: a large old pig
BOXER: a huge cart horse
CLOVER: a stout motherly mare
MURIEL: a white goat
BENJAMIN: an old donkey
MOLLIE: a foolish, pretty white mare
SNOWBALL: a young, vivacious boar
NAPOLEON: a young boar of deep character
SQUEALER: a small fat porker
THE CAT
MOSES: a tame raven
MINIMUS: a pig with a gift for composing songs and poems
THREE YOUNG PIGS
FOUR SHEEP
THREE COWS
TWO HENS
A BULL
TWO PIGEONS
MR WHYMPER
MR PILKINGTON
DOGS, FARMERS, OTHER MEN AND ANIMALS

Cast of the 1984 National Theatre Production

Animal Farm was first performed at the Cottesloe Theatre, London, on 25 April 1984 by the National Theatre with the following cast:

BOXER/FARMER
CAT/NAPOLEON'S DOG/HEN/PIGEONS
HEN/COW/MRS JONES/PIG
THE BOY

SQUEALER/MR WHYMPER
MR JONES/GOOSE
OLD MAJOR/MR PILKINGTON/SHEEP
SHEEP/FARMER
MINIMUS/HEN
MURIEL
NAPOLEON
CLOVER
MOSES/HEN/PIGEONS/FARMER
COW/PIG/STABLE LAD
MOLLIE/NAPOLEON'S DOG/HEN
BENJAMIN

Directed by Peter Hall
Decor and masks by Jennifer Carey
Lighting by John Bury
Movement by Stuart Hopps
Musical direction by Matthew Scott
Sound by Caz Appleton

Animal Farm was subsequently performed in repertoire at the Olivier Theatre from 27 September 1984 to 3 April 1985 with an altered cast. It went to the Lyttleton Theatre on 2 September 1985 before touring Cardiff, Nottingham, Norwich, Bath, Plymouth, Manchester, Wolverhampton, Belfast and Hull.
A Note by the Adaptor

With judicious doubling, the play can be presented by a dozen actors. If more actors are available, they can be used to fill out the chorus of animals.

The original stage was completely black. Brightly coloured elements of the Farm – like pieces in a child’s toy set – were moved about by black figures. The actors wore black, except for brightly coloured elements – their animal masks, tails and feet. Until the end of the play, they went on all fours, using crutches of varying heights on their hands. The ‘human’ characters also wore masks. This was one solution to the production of the play. There are many others.

Peter Hall
January 1985

ACT ONE

A BOY’s bedroom. A large bookcase. A toy chest on it, a child’s brightly coloured farm set.

A BOY some eight or nine years old strolls forward. He stands on a chair and selects a book from the top of the bookcase. He moves down stage and sits on the toy box.

BOY (reading): Animal Farm. A fairy story by George Orwell.

The boy’s room disappears. The farmhouse and the farm gate take over the stage. MR JONES is revealed standing by the gate. On the gate is painted a slogan: ‘Manor Farm’.

‘In the past Mr Jones, although a cruel master, had been a capable farmer. But now he spent more and more time in the Red Lion. Every night he came home drunk.

MR JONES (singing): Who made the cows and sheep so meek?
Who feeds the cats and dogs their meat?
Who’s the loving father
Of fur and feather?
Man, bounteous man! Wonderful man!

BOY His farm was now thoroughly neglected. The fields were full of weeds and the animals were underfed and in poor condition.

MR JONES Who guards his servants with a gun
And, when their time to leave has come,
Who leads pigs and horses
To slaughter houses?
Man, masterful man. Powerful man.

BOY He went up the stairs, undressed and climbed unsteadily into bed.

Throughout the play what the boy describes happens around him. The black figures set elements of the farm, become animals, execute mimes, or speak scenes of dialogue.

JONES makes his way to the door of his house, kicks off his boots, and, still singing, goes up the stairs.
Finally, the bedroom light goes out.

BOY As soon as the light was out, there was a stirring and a fluttering throughout the farm. Word had gone round the animals that there was to be a secret meeting in the big barn. Old Major, the stud boar had something to say . . .

Lights up on the barn full of animals. OLD MAJOR, a large old pig, centre stage. HENS, PIGEONS, SHEEP, COWS; BOXER, a huge cart horse; CLOVER, a stout motherly mare; MURIEL, the white goat; BENJAMIN, the old donkey.

MAJOR Last night I had a strange dream. Many years ago when I was a little pig, my mother and the other sows used to sing a secret and ancient song. I learnt that song. I learnt its words, I learnt its music. But it has long since passed out of my mind. Last night it came back to me. In my dream . . .

(He sings): Beasts of England! Beasts of Ireland!
Beasts of land and sea and skies!
Hear the hoofbeats of tomorrow!
See the golden future rise!

The animals stir, but he quietens them.

Wait – no noise – wait! Or we’ll wake up Jones! I am over twelve years old and have had over four hundred children. I think I understand the nature of life on this earth as well as any animal now living. Listen carefully, for I do not think that I shall be with you for many months longer.

MOLLIE, a foolish pretty white mare, rushes in late.

CLOVER Why are you late, Mollie?

MOLLIE Sorry . . . I had a stone in my hoof. (She shrugs girlishly.)

MAJOR Listen!

How does the life of an animal pass?
In endless drudgery.
What’s the first lesson an animal learns?
To endure its slavery.

How does the life of an animal end?
In cruel butchery.

Is this simply part of the order of nature? No, comrades. This farm would support a dozen horses, twenty cows, hundreds of sheep – all of them living in comfort and dignity beyond our imagining. Our labour tills the soil, our dung fertilises it. And yet there is not one of us who owns more than his bare skin. The produce of our labour is stolen from us by human beings. Man is our only enemy.

Never listen when they tell you that man and the animals have a common interest – that the prosperity of the one is the prosperity of the other. You cows: what has happened to the milk which should feed you calves?

COWS It has gone down the throat of our enemy! Man!

MAJOR And you hens: what has happened to the eggs you have laid?

HENS They have been stolen from us by our enemy! Man!

MAJOR And you, Clover; where are your six children, the foals who should have been the support and pleasure of your old age?

CLOVER They were sold at a year old by our enemy, man! I will never see them again.

MAJOR But even the miserable lives that we lead are not allowed to reach their natural span. You young pigs will scream your lives out on the block within a year – every one of you.
Y'NG PIGS  (*in terror*): No! No! No!

MAJOR  Yes! To that horror we must all come. Cows, pigs, hens, sheep, everyone — even you Boxer. They'll butcher you.

BOXER  Why me? I work hard for them.

MAJOR  The day that those great muscles of yours lose their power, Jones will sell you to the knacker, who will cut your throat and boil you down for dog food. What must we do? Why, work, comrades. Work night and day, body and soul, for the overthrow of the human race! Rebellion! That is my message to you, comrades! Rebellion! I do not know when the rebellion will come, but I know as surely as I see the straw beneath my feet that sooner or later justice will be done. But when you conquer man do not adopt his vices. Remember that all animals are equal!

SNOWBALL  Old Major, what about the wild creatures — the rats and the rabbits — are they our friends or our enemies?

MAJOR  You must decide. You must learn to vote. Each one of you must have a say in the way we lead our lives. I propose this question to the meeting: Are the wild creatures comrades? All those in favour . . .

    They begin to take a vote by raising their trotters and hooves. *As the boy speaks the action freezes.*

BOY  And so the animals learnt to vote for the first time. It was agreed by an overwhelming majority that the wild creatures were comrades.

ALL  Agreed, agreed!

BOY  There was only one vote against: the cat. She was afterwards discovered to have voted on both sides.

MAJOR and all THE ANIMALS: Beasts of England! Beasts of Ireland! Beasts of land and sea and skies! Hear the hoofbeats of tomorrow! See the golden future rise!

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MR JONES  *flings open his bedroom window.*

MR JONES  *shouting*: QU-I-ET!

The ANIMALS freeze, holding their breath.

The lights fade as the meeting of the ANIMALS breaks up quickly and silently.

BOY  Three nights later, Old Major died peacefully in his sleep.

The ANIMALS watch as OLD MAJOR slowly leaves.

His body was buried at the foot of the orchard.

Lights up. MR JONES moves among the ANIMALS, cracking his whip.

During the next three months, Jones continued to starve and bully them. But now the animals had a secret. They did not know when to expect the rebellion, but they believed fervently that one day it would come. The pigs, being the cleverest of the animals, led the preparation by organising and teaching.

NAPOLEON, SNOWBALL and SQUEALER are seen teaching the ANIMALS.
These three – Snowball, Squealer and Napoleon – had elaborated Old Major’s teachings into a complete system of thought to which they gave the name...

**NAPOLEON, SNOWBALL AND SQUEALER**

**Animalism**...

**ALL** Animalism!

**BOY** Snowball was an idealist, a pig who always dreamt of perfecting the future...

**SNOWBALL** A spectre is haunting England: the spectre of Animalism. Animalism will lead us to the life of plenty. Everything that we produce, we shall own – collectively.

**BOY** Squealer loved to talk...

**SQUEALER** Information, comrades; facts, comrades; these are the foundations of Animalism. Without knowledge, we can have no opinions. And unless we have opinions, we cannot vote. The majority must rule.

**BOY** And Napoleon was a pig they all trusted...

**NAPOLEON** I’m a practical pig, a pig of few words. So I’ll work hard and say little.

**BOY** After Mr Jones was asleep, they all held secret meetings in the barn.

**SNOWBALL, SQUEALER AND NAPOLEON** are holding their meeting.

**SNOWBALL** No man

**SQUEALER** Animals help each other.

**NAPOLEON** Work fast

**SNOWBALL** Work faster

**SNOWBALL** Work for the future, brother.

1st Cow But Mr Jones feeds us.

2nd Cow If he were gone we should starve to death.

3rd Cow So we have to be loyal.

**ACT ONE**

**SNOWBALL** No! Animalism alters history!

Two-legged creatures are the enemy!

Cows, sheep, chickens, cockerel, goose - Animals shall eat what animals produce!

**NAPOLEON** No man

No killing

What is our battle’s sequel?

**SNOWBALL** A land worth tilling.

All animals are equal.

**CAT** I don’t care what happens after I am dead.

**SHEEP** If this rebellion is going to happen anyway, why should we work for it?

**SQUEALER** Try to understand, comrades. Allow yourselves to live by the spirit of Animalism.

**MOLLIE** Will there still be sugar after the rebellion?

**SNOWBALL** You don’t need sugar. You will have all the oats and hay you want.

**MOLLIE** But shall I still be able to wear ribbons in my mane?

**SQUEALER** Comrade, those ribbons are the badge of slavery.

**SQUEALER** Don’t you understand that liberty is worth more than ribbons?

**MOLLIE** (unconvinced): Yes, I suppose so. Couldn’t I have some liberty ribbons?

**BOY** The pigs had an even harder struggle to counteract the religious stories put about by Moses, Mr Jones’ tame raven.

**MOSES** appears on a rafter. The animals quickly form into a respectful congregation.
Moses (li tú ically): Believe me brethren. It's there, up in the sky!

Beyond the fences of this life
There lies a wondrous hill
And all good creatures when they die
Go there to graze their fill.

All On Sugar Candy Mountain
No labouring is done.
Beside a milky fountain
The beasts lie in the sun.
On Sugar Candy Mountain
You'll find the Treacle Lake
Lump sugar beyond counting
And fields of linseed cake.

Snowball: There's no such place as Sugar Candy Mountain, no sweet by-and-by.

Squealer: There's no such place as Sugar Candy Mountain, Sugar Candy Mountain is a lie, lie, lie!

Napoleon: Sugar Candy Mountain is a lie!

Moses leaves screaming in protest. The lights fade on the animals.

Boy And so they went on waiting, waiting for the rebellion. Finally, it came sooner than anyone expected. One Saturday, Mr Jones got so drunk at the Red Lion that he did not come home till Sunday. And then he forgot to feed the animals . . .

Mr Jones returns drunk from the village. He ignores the pleas of the animals, and goes into the farmhouse.

All Food! Where's our food? Give us food!

Boy Mr Jones immediately went to sleep on the drawing room sofa, with the News of the World over his face. When evening came, the animals were still unfed, and the barn doors were padlocked.

All (in greater anguish): Food! Where's our food? Give us food!

Boy At last they could stand it no longer.

Music. Boxer kicks the barn door open, and the animals rush into it and begin to feed. Mr Jones wakes up and comes into the yard. He confronts the animals with the whip. There is a moment of stillness. Suddenly, the animals fling themselves upon Mr Jones. Their sudden uprising frightens him and he takes to his heels. He pushes open the farm gate and runs away down the road. The animals slam the gate behind him.

And so, almost before they knew it had started, the rebellion was over. Manor Farm was theirs.

All Hooray!

Boxer shakes off his straw hat and drops it over the gate.

Boxer Just a gesture . . .

Snowball breaks the whip in two which Jones has discarded in the fight.

All Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!
The animals survey the farm.

**BOY** They made a tour of inspection of the whole farm and surveyed with speechless admiration the ploughland, the hayfield, the orchard, the pool, the spinney. It was as though they had never seen these things before. And even now they could hardly believe that it was all their own. Then they filed back to the farm house and halted outside the door.

**SNOWBALL** and Napoleon kick the door open and the animals cautiously enter the house.

**BOY** They tiptoed from room to room afraid to speak above a whisper. They touched with awe the unbelievable luxury – the beds, the looking glasses, the sofa, the carpets, the lithograph of Queen Victoria. Mollie found a ribbon . . .

**MOLLIE** takes a piece of blue ribbon from the dressing table, holds it against herself, and admires herself in the mirror.

**SQUEALER** Ribbons are the mark of human beings. All animals should go naked . . .

**SQUEALER** I propose that this odious farmhouse should be preserved as a museum. The museum of man;

Let us put it to the vote.

**ALL** (raising their trotters and hooves): Agreed! Agreed!

**SNOWBALL** I have another proposal: is it agreed that no animals shall ever live here?

**ALL** Agreed! Agreed!

The lights fade. Napoleon detaches himself from the rest of the animals.

**BOY** Mr Jones had four puppies, children of the guard dogs who had fled with him. Napoleon took the puppies away to a secret place, an old incubator shed behind the farmhouse. There, he fed them and looked after them. The rest of the farm soon forgot their existence.

*Lights up.* The animals are all gathered round the five barred gate at the entrance to the farm. Snowball holds a brush in his trotter. He has just finished painting a new name on the gate: 'Animal Farm'.

**BOY** And now Snowball revealed something wonderful . . .

**SNOWBALL** Animal Farm!

**BOXER** But how can you read? How can you write?

**SQUEALER** During the time of preparation, we pigs taught ourselves to read and write . . .

**SNOWBALL** From an old spelling book which belonged to Mr Jones' children . . .

**NAPOLEON** We found it on the rubbish heap.

**MOLLIE** (reflectively): It's a beautiful name, Animal Farm . . .

**ALL** (singing): 'Animal Farm'.

*Lights out.*

**BOY** The pigs next explained that they had succeeded in reducing the principles of Animalism to seven commandments.

*Lights up on the barn.* Snowball is just painting slogan number seven on the lowest point of the wall.

**SNOWBALL**

(as be finishes painting): (repeating):

One.

Two-legged beings are our enemies.

**ALL**

Our enemies.

**TWO**

Two.
Four-legged beings are allies and friends.
Three.
Animals shall never wear any clothes.
Four.
Animals shall never sleep in beds.
Five.
Animals shall never drink alcohol.
Six.
Animals shall never kill animals.
Seven.
All animals are equal.

SNOWBALL These are the Seven Commandments. These are the unalterable Laws of Animal Farm.

ANIMALS Hooray!

SNOWBALL Comrades! Now that we are all equal, we are all equally responsible for the running of Animal Farm. So we must vote. And to vote, we must have opinions, be informed...

A SHEEP So do we have a leader?

SNOWBALL You are all leaders now. All leading Animal Farm to a bright and happy future.

ANOTHER SHEEP But who takes the decisions?

SNOWBALL We do.

CAT But what if I don’t agree with the other leaders?

SNOWBALL But you will. The Majority is always right.

SHEEP Oh good!

NAPOLEON Don’t worry, comrade. Just be practical. If we work hard, we shall not be hungry. And if we’re not hungry, we shall worry less and argue less.

BOXER That’s right, Napoleon. Comrade Napoleon is always right.

ANIMALS He is!

NAPOLEON Thank you, comrades.

SNOWBALL Now, comrades to the hayfield! Let’s see if we can get the harvest in more quickly than Jones and his men.

There is a loud bowl of protest from three cows.

1ST COW Wait! We haven’t been milked for twenty-four hours.

2ND COW My udder is about to burst.

3RD COW We can do nothing without men.

BOY So the pigs got buckets and milked the cows.

The pigs are seen milking the cows.

They were very successful, because their trotters were well adapted to this task.

The pigs are seen carrying full buckets of milk.

ANIMALS Hooray!

MOLLIE What will happen to all that milk?

NAPOLEON 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.

The animals troop hesitantly off to the hayfield, as the lights fade. Only the boy is left illuminated.

BOY When they came back in the evening, the milk had disappeared. Every day it disappeared.

Lights up on squealer and the animals.

SQUEALER Comrades! You do not imagine, I hope, that we pigs are taking the milk in a spirit of selfishness and privilege? Many of us actually dislike milk. I dislike it myself. Our sole object in mixing it in our mash is to preserve our health. Milk – this has been proved by science, comrades – contains substances absolutely necessary to the well-being of pigs. We pigs are brain workers. The whole management and
organisation of this farm depends on us. Day and night we are watching over your welfare. It is for your sake that we drink the milk.

**SHEEP** I propose the pigs be kept in good health.

**ANIMALS** *(voting):* Agreed! Agreed!

**CLOVER** It's in our own interest.

**BOXER** I propose that not only the milk, but the windfall apples when they come, and the main crop of apples when they ripen, should be reserved for the pigs.

**ALL** *(voting):* Agreed! Agreed!

**SQUEALER** Thank you, comrades.

**BOY** It was the biggest harvest the farm had ever seen. There was no wastage. The hens and ducks with their sharp eyes gathered up the very last stalk. And not an animal on the farm had stolen so much as a mouthful. There was plenty to eat.

*Lights down, except for the boy.*

All through that summer, the animals were happy, happy as they had never thought possible.

*Lights up. The animals are feeding in a long line.*

**SHEEP** Now that the human beings have gone there is much more to eat.

**CLOVER** The food tastes better, because it's our food. We grew it ourselves.

**MURIEL** And it's not given to us by a mean and grudging master.

**SQUEALER** Benjamin, aren't you happier without Jones?

**BENJAMIN** In Jones' time, I used to work hard every day. Now he's gone and everything's changed. And I still work hard every day.

**BOY** Nobody shirked. Or almost nobody.

**SNOWBALL** *(to Mollie)*: Mollie, you were late again for work this morning.

**SQUEALER** And you left work early this afternoon.

**MOLLIE** There was another stone in my hoof.

**ANIMALS** *(snorting in contempt)*: Huh!
Lights down, except for the boy.

Boy On Sundays there was no work. The day began at the flag pole.

Music. Lights up. Muriel hoists a flag on the flagstaff. It is a white hoof and horn on a green field.

Snowball The Hoof and Horn stand for the World Republic of the Animals which will be achieved when the human race has finally been overthrown.

All Hooray!

Squealer The meeting is now open.

The animals sit in a circle.

Snowball We will first take the reports from the Animal Committees. Every Committee, comrades, has exceeded expectation. Wherever I look, I see success. Particular praise is due to the hens, for their Egg Production Committee.

Hens Thank you very much.

Snowball To the sheep, for their White Wool Movement.

Sheep Thaanks!

Snowball And to the cows for their Clean Tails League.

Cows Don't mention it.

Napoleon (interrupting): But I'm afraid we can't praise one

Committee. I have to report the failure of the Wild Comrades Re-education Committee.

Benjamin The what?

Squealer The Wild Comrades Re-education Committee.

Snowball It is the best of my ideas. Its purpose is to tame the rats and the rabbits and the birds, and all the wild creatures.

Cat It has provided a wonderful opportunity. I have done much good work on the sparrows.

All Well done! Well done!

A Hen (nervously): I want to give a report on the Cat. She joined the Re-education Committee and was very active in it for some days. One day, I saw her sitting on the roof and talking to some sparrows. They were just out of her reach. She told them that as all animals are now equal, it was safe to come and perch on her paw. But the sparrows didn't believe her and kept their distance. Now the Cat no longer comes to the Re-education Committee. I want to know why, and I want to know now.

The hen and cat confront each other, furious.

Napoleon (rescuing the situation): Comrades! Snowball is a brilliant pig. He inspires us all. But you can't expect that all his ideas will succeed. Now I'm a practical pig, a pig of few words. I believe that the future lies with the young. And I believe that the education of the young is more important than the re-education of anyone – wild or not. I have therefore made myself responsible for the education of the four puppies. Mr Jones' puppies. We must take care of the young.

Animals (voting): Agreed! Agreed!

Boxer (admiringly): Napoleon is always right.

Snowball Napoleon is right. We must look after the young. But what about the old? I'm worried about the old animals. I propose that they be allowed to retire to
a home of rest in the orchard.

**ANIMALS**

(voting): Agreed! Agreed!

**NAPOLEON**

But we can't do everything at once. We must be practical. We need every able-bodied animal to work.

**SNOWBALL**

The old have earned some peace.

**NAPOLEON**

Peace? This is wartime. We're surrounded by enemies. Everyone - old or young - must be trained in the use of fire-arms.

**SNOWBALL**

No! That would be behaving like men. I will never agree to that. Remember Old Major. We must never behave like men. We must send out more and more pigeons to stir up rebellion on other farms.

*A silence.*

**NAPOLEON**

If we cannot defend ourselves, we are bound to be conquered.

**SNOWBALL**

If rebellions happen everywhere, we shall have no need to defend ourselves. I will not use a gun. You are wrong, Comrade Napoleon.

*A silence.*

How will you vote? All of you? I want your opinions. Who agrees with Napoleon? Who agrees with me? Boxer?

**BOXER**

I am thinking it over.

**SNOWBALL**

Benjamin? What do you think?

**BENJAMIN**

Not me. I'm not going to start thinking at my age.

**SNOWBALL**

Clover? Who do you think is right?

**CLOVER**

I cannot make up my mind. I always find myself in agreement with the one who spoke last.

**SNOWBALL**

But you must be responsible. You must start thinking for yourselves.

*A silence.*

**NAPOLEON**

Let us be practical.

**SQUEALER**

Yes! Let us go on with the meeting. Will you now all rise for the report on the Reading and Writing classes.

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**ACT ONE**

*All the animals rise.*

All the pigs can now read and write perfectly. No further work is necessary. I wish I could say the same for the rest of the animals.

Boxer, however, is magnificent.

*With difficulty, Boxer traces out the capitals on the floor.*

**BOXER**


*He stops, staring at the letters.*

**SQUEALER**

You should be doing A, B, C, D, Boxer. You knew those last week.

*Boxer looks mortified.*

**BOXER**

But this week, I have learnt capitals E, F, G, H . . .

**SQUEALER**

Yes, but now you have learnt capitals E, F, G, H, you seem to have forgotten capitals A, B, C, D.

**BOXER**

It's too difficult. I think I shall have to be content with the first four letters.

**SQUEALER**

Capitals A, B, C, D?

**BOXER**

(repeating slowly and carefully): Yes. Capitals A, B, C, D. It's the best I can do, yes, the best. I will write them out once or twice every day to keep them fresh in my memory. So I hope it will be an example.

**SQUEALER**

And what about you, Mollie?

**MOLLIE**

(tracing the letters admiringly): I know capitals M, and O. I know capital I and L; and capitals I and E.

**SQUEALER**

Don't you know any more letters?

**MOLLIE**

No. I only need to know the six letters which spell my name.
SQUEALER (biding his anger): You must do better, Mollie. (He screams.) True Animalism cannot tolerate selfishness.

NAPOLEON Order, comrades, order! We must not get angry at meetings. We must always be reasonable.

SNOWBALL Let us pass on to more serious matters. Some of our weaker comrades seem unable to learn the seven commandments by heart.

BOXER (confessing): Yes.

SNOWBALL I have reduced the commandments to a single saying: 'Four Legs Good; Two Legs Bad'. This contains the essential principle of Animalism and whoever has thoroughly grasped it will be safe from human influences.

HEN I object. I have only two legs. So have all birds.

Protest breaks out among the birds.

SNOWBALL (silencing the din): This is not so, comrades. A bird’s wing is an organ of propulsion, not manipulation. It should therefore be regarded as a leg. The distinguishing mark of Man is the hand, the instrument with which he does all his mischief.

HEN I don’t understand. Does that mean we are good?

SNOWBALL Yes, you are good.

HEN Good.

ANOTHER HEN But I’ve still only got two legs.

SNOWBALL It doesn’t matter if you don’t understand, as long as you accept my explanation. Do you accept my explanation?

CHICKENS Yes, we do. We accept your explanation.

SNOWBALL So repeat after me please:

Four legs good

Two legs bad.

The canon develops, sung by all the Animals as they learn the new maxim.

ALL Four legs good

ACT ONE

Four legs good

Two legs bad

Two legs bad.

The scene ends with the sheep alone, still singing a joyful chorus. Having learnt it, they don’t want to stop.

Lights out.

BOY The other farmers were frightened by the rebellion at Animal Farm, and very anxious to stop their own animals hearing too much about it. But rumours of a wonderful farm – where the animals managed without human beings – continued to circulate. The pigs saw to that. They sent out flights of pigeons to mingle with the animals on neighbouring farms, tell them about the rebellion, and teach them the tune of 'Beasts of England'.
The human beings listened, and secretly trembled. For they heard in the song a prophecy of their future doom.
MOLLIE  He didn't! I wasn't! It isn't true . . . . (She begins to paw the ground.)

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

MOLLIE  How dare you ask me such questions?

MOLLIE takes to her heels and gallops away. The lights fade.

BOY  Three days later, Mollie disappeared.

Lights up on all the animals at the meeting.

1ST PIGEON  We have seen Mollie on the other side of the village. She was between the shafts of a smart dogcart painted red and black.

A vision of Mollie appears trotting in an idyllic dappled light. She is covered with ribbons and is led by Mr Pilkington who bears a whip. The animals stare in disbelief.

2ND PIGEON  Mr Pilkington was stroking her nose and feeding her sugar.

BOY  Now Winter drew on . . . .

Lights up. MOLLIE and CLOVER are together.

CLOVER  Mollie, I have something very serious to say to you. This morning I saw you looking over the hedge that divides Animal Farm from Mr Pilkington's farm. Mr Pilkington was standing on the other side of the hedge. And— I was a long way away, but I am almost certain I saw this—he was talking to you, and you were allowing him to stroke your nose. What does that mean Mollie?
Lights down.

BOY None of the animals ever mentioned Mollie again.

Lights up in the barn on all the animals.

By custom, it was now expected that the pigs should decide all questions of farm policy. But their decisions still had to be ratified by a majority vote. This arrangement would have worked well enough if it had not been for the continual disputes between Snowball and Napoleon.

SNOWBALL I propose that we sow a bigger acreage with barley!

The animals shout agreement and disagreement after each proposition. It is a very noisy meeting.

NAPOLEON I propose that we sow a bigger acreage with oats!

SNOWBALL The big Copse Meadow is just right for cabbages!

NAPOLEON The meadow is useless for anything except roots!

Uproar from the animals.
Lights fade.

BOY But of all their controversies, the most bitter was the one over the windmill — the windmill designed by Snowball.

A large sheet of paper has been pinned over the barn entrance. On it, is a rough working drawing of a windmill. The animals examine it with excitement and interest. SNOWBALL is not there. NAPOLEON looks at the drawing, sniffs it, and then lifts his leg and urinates on it.

The animals gasp.

NAPOLEON (calling): Snowball!

SNOWBALL (entering): I'm here, comrade.

NAPOLEON This windmill of yours is impossible.

SNOWBALL Difficult, comrade, not impossible. We will have to gather stone for its walls, we will have to make sails, we will have to buy dynamos. I believe all this can be accomplished in one year.

NAPOLEON One year!

SNOWBALL It will supply our farm with electrical power.

NAPOLEON But we can’t do everything at once! Why can’t you be realistic?

NAPOLEON stares at SNOWBALL.

The rest of the animals are uneasy.

SNOWBALL I am being realistic. This power will do your work for you. You can graze at your ease in the fields or improve your minds with reading and conversations. So much labour will be saved that you animals will only need to work three days a week.

BOXER Put it to the vote! Put it to the vote!

NAPOLEON We’ll be past voting, comrades, when our stomachs are empty. I'm a plain pig, a practical pig, and I say this. The great need at the moment is to increase food production. If we waste time on windmills, we’ll starve to death.

SNOWBALL Do you deny my ideas?

NAPOLEON (suddenly shouting): Yes, I deny your ideas.

The animals divide into two factions on opposite sides of the stage and confront each other.

1ST FACTION A vote for Snowball means food for the future!

2ND FACTION A vote for Napoleon and eat it now!

1ST FACTION A vote for Snowball means food for the future!

2ND FACTION A vote for Napoleon and eat it now!

SNOWBALL'S voice rises above the din.

Think, comrades, how life can be on Animal Farm when sordid labour is lifted from our back. I am thinking far beyond chaff-cutters and tumpl-slicers. Electricity can do many things. It can operate threshing machines, ploughs and harrows, rollers and reapers. And it can supply every stall with its own electric light, its own hot and cold water, and an electric heater.

As Snowball speaks, the animals in Napoleon's faction change their minds and go over to Snowball's. Only the pigs remain.

Think of the future. Think of your children. Think of the dignity of animals when they are freed from toil. Do you vote for the windmill?
Yes, we do. We vote for the windmill.

Suddenly Napoleon utters a high-pitched blood-curdling scream. There is a loud noise of dogs baying and the silhouettes of two enormous black dogs appear in the barn behind the drawing of the windmill. With a yelp, they tear down the drawing and attack Snowball. He confronts them for a moment in terror, and then runs away through the gate and out of the farm. He is pursued by the dogs. The animals are terrified. They watch as Snowball is chased away into the distance.

Silence.

Snowball's gone.

Gone?

Yes, gone, gone back to the world of men where he belongs. Snowball, who we now see, was little better than a traitor and a coward.

He fought bravely at the Battle of the Cowshed.

Only the guilty run away. And I believe the time will come when we shall discover that Snowball's part in the battle was much exaggerated. Do you still support Snowball, comrades? Snowball with his moonshine of windmills?

The dogs come bounding back and surround Napoleon, asking for approval.

Where do those dogs come from?

They are my puppies. I've brought them up to be big dogs.

They wag their tails at you just as their parents wagged their tails at Mr Jones.

That's right, Benjamin. They are well trained . . . . From now on the Sunday morning debates are cancelled. They are unnecessary and waste time. In future, all questions relating to the working of the farm will be settled by a special committee of pigs, presided over by me. We shall meet in private, and afterwards communicate our decisions to the rest of you. All you animals will still assemble on Sunday morning to sing 'The Green Flag' and of course to receive your orders for the week. But there will be no more debates.

No more debates?

(tentatively): If there's no debate, there's no Animal Farm.

Shan't we vote any more?

No, Boxer. But your wishes will be carefully considered by the special committee of the pigs. We live in dangerous times. We must show solidarity and have strong leadership. We must defend ourselves from our enemies.

I'm sure Comrade Napoleon would be only too happy to let you make your own decisions by yourselves, but sometimes you might make the wrong decisions and then where should we be?

That's right.

Discipline, comrades, iron discipline, that is the watch-word for today. One false step, and our enemies will be upon us. Surely, comrades, you don't want Jones back?

Once again, this argument was unanswerable.

No. We don't want Jones back.

But why can't we vote?

Comrades. I trust every animal here appreciates the sacrifice that Comrade Napoleon has made in taking this extra labour upon himself. Do not imagine, comrades, that leadership is pleasure! On the contrary, it is a deep and heavy responsibility.

If having debates on Sunday mornings will bring Jones back, then the debates must stop.
BOXER (his mind made up): Comrades, I have now had time to think things over and I think I have a solution. What Comrade Napoleon is offering us is leadership. He is a practical pig, a pig of few words. Let's do what he says. (Pause.) Agreed?

ALL (voting): Agreed! Agreed!

NAPOLEON Thank you, comrades.

NAPOLEON and the pigs leave. There is a long silence.

The animals look at BOXER.

BOXER (reassuringly): We have chosen wisely, comrades. Napoleon is always right. Long Live Animal Farm!

ALL Long Live Animal Farm!

ACT TWO

The animals are seen in a long line, waiting to pay their respects to the skull of OLD MAJOR, which is now nailed to the telegraph pole.

BOY Every Sunday morning at ten o'clock, the animals assembled to pay their respects to Old Major. His skull, now clean of flesh, had been disinterred from the orchard and nailed to a telegraph pole.

SQUEALER And now Minimus, the first Animalist poet, will pay his tribute to Old Major.

MINIMUS Once all us animals' eyes were blind To the fact of our slavery. Old Major had a very clever mind, He showed us Man's knavery.

Old Major Please feed us! Help us win our daily war. Old Major Please lead us! Thank you very much, great boar!

So let us salute the skull of Major then. O behold his enormous brains! And every Sunday when the clock strikes ten We'll march past his remains.

NAPOLEON I have a brief announcement, comrades. We must look to the future. Animalism will lead us to incredible achievements. No task is too great for Animalism. We're going to build a windmill!

ALL What?

NAPOLEON The special committee of pigs expects that the building of the windmill will take two years.

NAPOLEON leaves.

BOXER But I thought that Napoleon thought that the windmill . . . ?

SQUEALER Napoleon was never actually opposed to the
windmill. The plan which Snowball drew was copied from some papers stolen from Napoleon. The windmill is actually Napoleon's own creation. And it always was.

**BOXER** *(his mind made up)*: If Comrade Napoleon says we need a windmill, then we must build a windmill. Agreed?

**ALL** *(voting)*: Agreed! Agreed!

**SQUEALER** Thank you, comrades.
Lights down.

Boy

All that year the animals worked like slaves to till the fields. They also worked to build the windmill.

Lights up. The animals are seen building the windmill.

But they were happy in their work. Everything they did was for their own benefit and for those who would come after them, not for a pack of idle, thieving human beings.

Napoleon (entering): Comrades, in future there will be work on Sunday afternoons. This work is of course strictly voluntary. But any animal who absents himself from it must expect to have his rations reduced by half. Furthermore, I have decided on a new policy. From now on, Animal Farm will engage in trade with neighbouring farms.

Muriel

Comrade Napoleon, will you repeat that?

Napoleon

Animal Farm will engage in trade with neighbouring farms!

The animals gasp in amazement. The dogs growl.

This is, of course, not for any commercial purpose. We need money to buy the materials which are urgently necessary - tools, paraffin oil, string. And dog biscuits. I am therefore making arrangements to sell a stack of hay and part of our current wheat crop. If we need more money later, to buy a dynamo for the windmill for instance, it will have to be obtained by the sale of eggs. There is always a market for eggs in the village.

The hens cluck in protest.

Hen

What! What! What about our chicks?

Napoleon

The hens should welcome this sacrifice as their own special contribution towards the building of the windmill.

The animals are uneasy. Two young pigs come forward.

1st Pig

Comrade Leader, we represent the younger pigs and we must object. These were among the earliest resolutions passed after Jones was expelled.

2nd Pig

One:

1st Pig

Never to have any dealings with human beings.

2nd Pig

Two:

3rd Pig

Never to engage in trade.

2nd Pig

Three:

1st Pig

Never to make use of money.

Squealer

Are you certain this isn't something you have dreamed, comrade? Have you any record of these resolutions? Are they written down anywhere?

Benjamin

I remember them.

Clover

We all remember them.

Boxer

Comrade Snowball always told us not to behave like men.

All

Yes, that's right.

Sheep

(interrupting): Four legs good

Four legs good

Two legs bad

Two legs bad

Napoleon raises his trotter for silence.

Napoleon

There is no need for any further discussion. I have recognised necessity. We need money - so we will engage in trade. I have made all the arrangements. There will be no need for any of you animals to come into contact with human beings - that would clearly be most undesirable. I shall do that myself. Mr Whymper, a solicitor living in the village, has
agreed to act as the agent between Animal Farm and
the outside world. He will visit the farm every
Monday morning to receive his instructions.

An uneasy silence.

Long live Animal Farm!

ALL Long live Animal Farm.

A bicycle bell is heard ringing.

BOY Every Monday, Mr Whymper visited the farm.

MR WHYMPER rides in on a bicycle, dismounts and
shakes hands with NAPOLEON.

The animals watched him with dread. Nevertheless,
the sight of Napoleon on all fours, delivering orders
to Whymper, who stood on two legs, roused their
pride and partly reconciled them to the new
arrangement.

NAPOLEON Do I make myself clear?

WHYMPER Perfectly, Mr Napoleon.

MR WHYMPER hands a cheque to NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON Cheques are no use to me. I need five pound notes.

The animals watch in delight as Mr Whymper counts
out the five pound notes.

WHYMPER One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine,
Ten.

NAPOLEON That makes fifty pounds.

ANIMALS (in wonder): Fifty pounds!

NAPOLEON Thank you, Mr Whymper.

WHYMPER It's been a real pleasure, Mr Napoleon.

NAPOLEON and the animals watch Mr Whymper ride off
on his bicycle. Suddenly NAPOLEON leads all the pigs
into the farmhouse at a fast trot.

BOY It was about this time that the pigs suddenly moved
into the farmhouse.

BOXER Why are they going in there?

SQUEALER (at the farmhouse door): It is absolutely necessary

that the pigs, who are after all the brains of the farm,
should have a quiet place to work in. It is also more
suited to the dignity of the Leader to live in a house
than a mere sty.

He leaves. The lights change.

1ST SHEEP (gossiping): I hear that the pigs take their meals
in the kitchen.

2ND SHEEP And use the drawing room to play in.

3RD SHEEP And sleep in the beds.

4TH SHEEP Never!

BOXER (keeping order): Napoleon is always right.

CLOVER I remember a definite ruling against beds.

MURIEL and CLOVER go over to the barn and look at the
seven commandments on the wall.

CLOVER Muriel, read me the fourth commandment.

MURIEL (reading with some difficulty): It says: 'Animals shall
never sleep in beds with sheets on'.

CLOVER I don't remember the fourth commandment
mentioning sheets.

MURIEL But it must have done. It's there on the wall.

SQUEALER looks out of the upstairs window of the
farmhouse.

SQUEALER Comrades! You did not suppose, surely comrade,
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, properly regarded. The rule was
against sheets, which are a human invention. We
have removed the sheets from the farmhouse beds
and sleep between blankets. And very comfortable
blankets they are too.

Lights down.

BOY By the autumn, the animals were tired but happy.
They had had a hard year and after selling part of the
hay and corn to Mr Whymper, they were still hungry.
But the windmill compensated for everything.
Music. Lights up on all the animals building the windmill, block by block.

BOXER We are working harder. We are building our windmill.

ALL Hooray!

BOY Only Old Benjamin refused to grow enthusiastic.

BENJAMIN Huh! Windmills! Electricity! The more you have the more you want. God has given me a tail to keep the flies off. But I’d sooner have no tail and no flies.

The lights change. It is winter. Snow falls. The animals huddle in a group.

BOY In January food fell short. For days at a time, the animals had nothing to eat but chaff and mangels.

ALL Food! Where’s our food? Give us food!

CLOVER Have you heard what the pigeons are saying? When we’re really weak, Jones intends to bring twenty men against us all armed with guns.

BOY Starvation stared them in the face. But it was vitally necessary to hide this face from the outside world.

The lights change. NAPOLEON and MR. WHYMPER enter from the barn. MR. WHYMPER is once more counting out the money.

WHYMPER One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Another fifty pounds for your very fine grain, Mr Napoleon.

NAPOLEON Thank you, Mr Whympeter.

WHYMPER I hear rumours in the village that you’re running short of food.

NAPOLEON Not so, Mr Whympeter.

WHYMPER Won’t you sell me some more grain then, Mr Napoleon?

NAPOLEON No. The animals must be fed, and fed well.

Goodbye, Mr Whympeter.

WHYMPER Very well. Cheerio, Mr Napoleon.

MR. WHYMPER rides off on his bicycle.

BOY Mr Whympeter has been nicely fooled. The grain bins had been filled at Napoleon’s order with sand, which was then covered with what was left of the grain. In fact, the animals were desperately hungry. Lights up on the Sunday morning meeting. NAPOLEON is absent. SQUEALER is speaking.

SQUEALER Comrades. We need grain. Napoleon has therefore decreed that the hens must surrender their eggs.

HENS (screaming in protest): What?

High up on a rafter, all the hens appear. They are sitting out of reach.

SQUEALER He has accepted, through the good offices of Whympeter, a contract for four hundred eggs a week. The price of these will pay for enough grain and meal to give us food until Summer.

1st HEN But the clutches are ready for the spring sitting.

2nd HEN It’s murder if you take the eggs away now.

BOY And for the first time since the expulsion of Jones, there was something resembling a rebellion.

HENS We can’t spare the eggs.

SQUEALER You must do your duty.

HENS We can’t spare the eggs.

SQUEALER We must have the eggs.

HENS Consider our unborn chicks.

SQUEALER We must have the eggs.

HENS No! No!

Till each egg has the right
To become a hen
There'll be no more eggs
To be sold to men,
There'll be no eggs at all.

NAPOLEON (entering): Our feathered comrades, it appears,
Have lost all sense of reason
And their reactionary acts
Are tantamount to treason

I order that the hens shall be
Deprived of food and water.

BOY For five days the hens held out.

HENS (weakening): Till each egg has the right
To become a hen
There'll be no eggs at all.

Lights down.

BOY Finally, they capitulated and went back to their
nesting boxes. Nine hens had died. (A small toy van
crosses the stage to the gate and stops.) From now on,
a grocer's van drove up to the farm once a

week to take the eggs away. And once a week the
animals watched them go. But they still had no
more to eat. (The van leaves the stage.) There was
secret whispering in the night, a whispering that
Napoleon, like Snowball, was soon to be chased
away. Who was to chase him? Where was Mr
Whymper's money going? Why was there no food?
Morale was very low. Napoleon knew that he had
to do something.

NAPOLEON Comrades, I have alarming news. Snowball is
secretly frequenting the farm by night!

The animals quickly grow hysterical with fear.

He has stolen the corn, upset the milk, broken the
eggs, trampled the seedbeds, gnawed the bark off
the fruit trees. Did you notice that window that was
broken last week?

animal who can give evidence of Snowball's villainies
will be rewarded with extra rations.

ALL Extra rations!

Two cows come forward.

COWS We have a unanimous statement to make. Snowball
has crept into our stall and milked us in our sleep.
All of us. Yes, all of us.

NAPOLEON There must obviously be a full investigation into
Snowball's activities.

The dogs let out blood-curdling growls. Napoleon
leaves accompanied by his dogs. The animals are very
alarmed.

BOY The animals were thoroughly frightened. It seemed
to them that Snowball was an invisible influence
who was everywhere.
SQUEALER enters suddenly. The ANIMALS jump with fear.

SQUEALER Comrades! The most terrible thing has been discovered. We had thought that Snowball’s opposition to Comrade Napoleon was caused by his vanity and ambition. But we were wrong, comrades. Snowball was in league with Jones from the very start. He was Jones’ secret agent all the time. This has been proved by documents which have only just been discovered.

SQUEALER Our Leader, Comrade Napoleon, has stated categorically — categorically, comrades — that Snowball was Jones’ agent from the very beginning. Yes, and from long before the rebellion was ever thought of!

A long pause. The ANIMALS look confused. They watch BOXER.

ACT TWO

BOXER Comrade Napoleon says that?
SQUEALER Yes, he does.
BOXER Then that is different. If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must be right.
SQUEALER (delighted): There you are, comrades! There you see the true spirit of Animalism!

There is a roar of rage from NAPOLEON. He appears at the window of the farmhouse.

NAPOLEON Comrades. There is a terrible threat to our future. There are traitors here on Animal Farm. The traitors must be brought to justice.

SQUEALER Bring them before us. Let the trials commence.

Two young pigs enter to be tried.

1ST PIG We represent the younger pigs.

NAPOLEON Confess your crimes.

A silence.

1ST PIG What?

NAPOLEON Confess your crimes!
1ST PIG (anxiously starting to play his part): Oh yes, we have been secretly in touch with Snowball.

2ND PIG Ever since his expulsion.

1ST PIG We collaborated with him.

2ND PIG And we have entered into an agreement with him to hand over Animal Farm to Mr Jones.

NAPOLEON What has Snowball admitted to you?

1ST PIG That he has been Jones' secret agent for many years.

NAPOLEON shrieks. The barn door opens and the dogs begin to drag the pigs inside.

NAPOLEON It saddens me that the younger pigs should be guilty of such treason.

1ST PIG You told us . . . We would live . . . If we confessed!

The doors shut on the pigs. They shriek as they are bitten to death. NAPOLEON looks at the animals.

NAPOLEON Has any other animal anything to confess?

Two hens enter to be tried.

SQUEALER Confess!

1ST HEN Snowball appeared to me in a dream and incited me to disobey Napoleon's orders.

2ND HEN We led the rebellion over the eggs. We fully confess our faults.

NAPOLEON shrieks. The hens are dragged into the barn and killed.

A silence.

BOY The air was heavy with the smell of blood — unknown since the days of Jones. But this seemed far worse. Until today, no animal had killed another animal. Not even a rat had been killed.

Lights up. The animals are standing round a big pool of blood on the floor. A long pause.

CLOVER What are you going to do, Boxer?

BOXER I do not understand it. I would not have believed it. The only solution, as I see it, is to work harder. From now on, I shall get up a full hour earlier in the mornings. And work.

BOXER leaves.

Lights down.
CLOVER Read the sixth commandment please, Benjamin.

BENJAMIN I refuse to meddle in such matters.

CLOVER Will you read it, Muriel?

MURIEL ‘Animals shall never kill animals without good cause’.

CLOVER I don’t remember those last three words, ‘without good cause’.

MURIEL The commandment has not been violated. There was good reason to kill any animal who helped Snowball.

CLOVER (with determination): We must start again. We must try to remember what Old Major said and start again. Beasts of England, Beasts of Ireland Beasts of land and sea and skies.

SQUEALER Comrades, by a special decree of Comrade Napoleon, ‘Beasts of England’ has been abolished. From now on it is forbidden to sing it.

CLOVER Why?

SQUEALER It is no longer needed, comrade, that’s why. ‘Beasts of England’ expressed our longing for a better society in the days to come. But now the days to come have come. That society has been established. Clearly the song no longer has any purpose.

CLOVER Do you agree? I want to know.

Lights fade.

BOY As the summer wore on, the rumours of an impending attack grew stronger and stronger. It was harvest time. It was inexplicable that there was no food. It was also inexplicable that Mr Whymper was visiting the farm again. In fact, all the grain was being secretly sold to him for ready cash so that the pigs could buy whisky.

Lights up. SQUEALER dances in and addresses the

SQUEALER

The production of every class of foodstuff has increased. Some by two hundred percent, some by three hundred percent, some by five hundred percent. As the case might be. Isn’t this a great achievement?
Oh, how my soul is on
Fire when I gaze at thy
Calm and commanding eye
Like the sun in the sky
Comrade Napoleon!
Comrade Napoleon!

NAPOLEON I approve of this poem.
MINIMUS (turning a somersault): Yippee!
NAPOLEON Such loyal sentiments are more than welcome in
these treacherous times. I will reward you by
appointing you my first Taster.
MINIMUS What do I have to taste?
NAPOLEON You will have the First Taste of every meal served to
me. In case my enemies have poisoned it.
The lights change.

BOY Early in the new year Animal Farm was proclaimed a
Republic.
NAPOLEON The president, who was elected unanimously, is me.
ALL Comrade Napoleon!
Comrade Napoleon!

The pigs leave. Lights change.

BOY That night, the sound of loud singing came from the
farmhouse . . .

PIGS (drunk offstage): Beasts of England, seize the prizes,
Wheat and barley, oats and hay!
BOY The pigs had for some time been using all the
money to buy more and more whisky.

BOY In September, by a tremendous effort – the windmill
was finished.
Lights up on the finished windmill. BOXER pushes the
sails and they start to turn.

ALL Hooray!

NAPOLEON May I personally congratulate each and every animal
on this achievement. The mill will be called
‘Napoleon Mill’.

SQUEALER Hip hip –
ALL Hooray.

SQUEALER Hip hip –
ALL Hooray.

SQUEALER Hip hip –
ALL Hooray.

MINIMUS (entering in great excitement): Comrades, comrades,
comrades!
I have a new poem. It is an ode to our father,
Comrade Napoleon. It is entitled Comrade Napoleon.

Friend of the fatherless!
Fountain of happiness!
Lord of the swill bucket!
NAPOLEON (rallying them): It's impossible! We have built the walls far too thick for that. Courage, comrades!

The plunger is driven home. A huge explosion. All the animals fling themselves flat on the ground. The windmill is in ruins.

BOY Without waiting for any orders, the animals charged.

ALL Charge!

BOY They chased the men over the fields and off the farm.

The animals stand among the ruins of the windmill.

BOXER Our windmill is gone. Even the foundations are destroyed.

CLOVER It's as though it had never been.

PIGS Hooray!

BOXER (amazed): Why are you cheering?

SQUEALER To celebrate our victory!

BOXER What victory!

SQUEALER What victory, comrade? Have we not driven the enemy off our soil, the sacred soil of Animal Farm?

BOXER But they've destroyed our windmill. And we have worked on it for two years!

SQUEALER What does it matter? We will build another windmill.

MINIMUS And another windmill.

SQUEALER We will build six windmills if we feel like it. You do not appreciate, comrade, the mighty thing that we have done. The enemy was in occupation of this very ground that we stand upon. And now – thanks to the leadership of Comrade Napoleon – we have won every inch of it back again.

BOXER Then we have won back what we already had.

SQUEALER Yes. That is our victory.

NAPOLEON appears at the window.

BOY And the very next morning, the attack came. The animals awoke to find that the men had surrounded the windmill in the night. It was clear they intended to blow it up.

Lights up.

The animals look nervously at the distant windmill. It is surrounded by men. One is poised over an explosive plunger.
BOXER For the first time, it occurs to me that I am getting old.

CLOVER A horse's lungs do not last forever.

BOXER They'll keep me going long enough to see the windmill rebuilt.

Lights change. The animals begin to rebuild the windmill.

CLOVER Boxer! What is it?

BOXER It's my lung. It doesn't matter. I think you'll be able to finish the windmill now without me. There is a pretty good store of stone.

Enter SQUEALER.

SQUEALER (full of concern): Comrade Napoleon has learned with the deepest distress of this misfortune to one of the most loyal workers on the farm. He is already making arrangements to send Boxer to be treated in the village hospital.

CLOVER Why? I don't like animals leaving the farm.

BENJAMIN And I don't like to think of a sick comrade in the hands of human beings.

SQUEALER The veterinary surgeon in the village can treat Boxer's case more satisfactorily. It is the best thing for him. Boxer begins to struggle to his feet, helped by the other animals. He reaches a kneeling position.

BOXER I will be well, friends, And I'll retire, friends, To the shadow of the chestnut tree With time for thinking And time for learning The remainder of my ABC - Um . . . D. He struggles to his feet. Lights fade.

BOY The next day, a van arrived to take Boxer away.
Enter Squealer:

SQUEALER It has come to my knowledge that a foolish and wicked rumour has been circulating. Some of you noticed that the van which took Boxer away was marked ‘Horse Slaughterer’.

The explanation is really very simple. The van had previously been the property of the knacker, and had been bought by the veterinary surgeon who had not yet painted the old name out. That was how the mistake arose.

CLOVER (weeping): I am very relieved to hear it.

MURIEL So am I.

SQUEALER Our beloved Comrade Boxer is dead. He died in the village hospital in spite of receiving every attention a horse could have.

NAPOLEON appears drunk at the window of the farmhouse.

NAPOLEON Comrades. It has not after all been possible to bring back our lamented Comrade’s remains. In a few days time, we pigs intend to hold a memorial banquet in Boxer’s honour. Whisky will be drunk to his memory.

SQUEALER I am happy to say that I was present during Boxer’s last hours. It was the most affecting sight I have ever seen. ‘Forward Comrades’, he whispered. ‘Forward in the name of the rebellion. Long live Animal Farm! Long live Comrade Napoleon! Napoleon is always right’.

NAPOLEON I believe those maxims are ones which every animal would do well to adopt as his own.

CLOVER Were those his last words?

SQUEALER They were.

NAPOLEON ‘Napoleon is always right.’

All the animals bow their heads in remembrance of Boxer. They sing quietly. The lights begin to fade.

ALL Napoleon is always right
Always right, always right.
We will work harder,
We will work harder.

Lights change.

BOY Years passed. Seasons came and went. The short animal lives fled by. Jones was dead – he had died in a home for drunks in another part of the country. The farm was more prosperous now. The windmill had been successfully rebuilt at last.

The windmill is seen with its sails turning.

But it was not after all used for generating electrical power. It was hired out for milling corn to neighbouring farmers and brought in a great deal of money. But the luxuries which Snowball had once taught the animals to dream of – the stall with electric light and hot and cold water, the three-day week – well, they were no longer talked about.

NAPOLEON enters, fat and in full regalia.

Napoleon was now a mature boar of twenty-four stone. One day the four sows all littered simultaneously, producing thirty-one young pigs between them. As Napoleon was now the only boar
left on the farm, it was easy to guess at their
parentage. Once again all rations were reduced.
Only the pigs and dogs ate well.

**SHEEP**
Food! Where's our food? Give us food!

**BENJAMIN**
However much things change, they always remain
the same.
Lights up on the Sunday morning meeting. **NAPOLEON**
addresses the animals.

**NAPOLEON**
Armed to the teeth
We march along
Bullets not barley
We need
Can't you hear the alarm?
We'll save our farm
Before we feed!

---

up upon two legs. None of us calls another creature
Master. All Animals Are Equal.
Lights up on a line of pigs across the back of the
stage. They are all dressed in incongruous bits of
human clothing. Slowly they rise to their feet, and
walk unsteadily round the stage on two feet.

**CLOVER**
I think the world has been turned upside down.

**BENJAMIN**
I shall protest. For the first time in my life I shall
protest. (He confronts the pigs.) You pigs have gone
far enough.

**SHEEP**
Four legs good
Four legs good
Two legs better!
Two legs better!
The pigs join in the round and leave.
The lights fade.
The stage is empty except for **BENJAMIN** and **CLOVER**.
They look at the wall at the end of the barn.

**CLOVER**
My sight is failing. The wall looks different. Muriel,
read what you see.

**MURIEL**
No, I won't. I will never read anything again.

**CLOVER**
Will you read it, Benjamin?

**BENJAMIN**
There's only one commandment now. And just this
once I'll break my rule and read it to you. 'All
animals are equal. But some animals are more equal
than others.'
Lights change.

**BOY**
A week later, in the afternoon, a number of human
visitors arrived at the farm.

*A deputation of neighbouring farmers enter. The pigs
welcome the humans effusively. There is much
shaking of hands and trotters.*

**BOY**
The farmers were shown around and expressed
great admiration for everything they saw. Especially
the windmill.
FARMERS  (in approval): Ah!

PILKINGTON Gentlemen, there was a time when the existence of a farm owned and operated by pigs was somehow felt to be abnormal. But what do I and my friends find here today? Not only the most up to date methods, but a discipline and an order which should be an example to all farmers everywhere. I believe indeed that the lower animals on Animal Farm do more work and receive less food than any animals in the country.

NAPOLEON I too am happy that the period of misunderstanding is at an end. For a long time, there were rumours - circulated I have reason to believe, by some malignant enemy - that there was something subversive and even revolutionary in the outlook of myself and my colleagues. Nothing could be further from the truth! Our sole wish, now and in the past, is to live at peace and in normal business relations with our neighbours.

Lights change.

BOY That evening loud laughter and bursts of singing came from the farmhouse.

A long dinner table. The pigs and the farmers are at their after-dinner speeches.

PILKINGTON (on his feet): And in conclusion, may I say that we have learnt a great deal here today.

BOY What could be happening in there, now that for the first time, animals and human beings were meeting on terms of equality? All the other animals crept to the dining room window and peered and listened.

The other animals gather round the window.

PILKINGTON Between pigs and human beings, there is not, and there need not be, any clash of interests whatever. Our struggles and our difficulties are the same. Is not the labour problem the same everywhere? If you have your lower animals, we have our lower classes! (He laughs.) And now gentlemen, and

ladies, will you be upstanding? Gentlemen I give you a toast: To the prosperity of Animal Farm.

PIGS & FARMERS Animal Farm!

They all sit.

PIGS & FARMERS (rising to toast): Manor Farm!

PILKINGTON More profit for fewer people!

SQUEALER More power in fewer hands!

NAPOLEON More control of beast and human!

1ST FARMER Use every inch of land!

PILKINGTON I see the future

Shine on me

And pictures

Of the times to be –

Where chickens hatch
Ten thousand eggs
And never need
To stretch their legs

NAPOLEON And sheep in crates

May spend their days
And grow us wool
But never graze.

1ST FARMER I see the future

Shine on me

And pictures

Of the times to be –
The silky mink
The fiery fox
Shall grow us fur
Inside a box

SQUEALER
And calves be born
Grow up, give birth,
And die but never
Walk on earth.

ALL:
And profit rules
And all is calm
On England's grey
And modern farm.

PILKINGTON
Science is a wonderful thing. In order to produce
more meat and clothing, we men are developing a
pig that can grow wool!

PIGS (enraged): What?
They strike the men.

NAPOLEON
We pigs are experimenting with a human being who
will lay eggs.

HUMANS (enraged): What?
They strike the pigs. As each figure is hit, he moves
slowly upstage, and once his back is to the audience,
the mask is removed—whether pig or human. The
figure then turns round. For the first time, the naked
human face is seen.

Both pigs and men are now unmasked.

BOY
The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and
from man to pig, and from pig to man again. But
already it was impossible to say which was which.
The figures continue to stare out front.
The lights begin to fade.
The boy closes the book, replaces it in the bookcase,
and walks slowly off the stage.
The lights fade to darkness.