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Animal Farm

By George Orwell

GEORGE ORWELL's
Memorable Fable
Animal Farm
To the world we all know,
which may or may not be
the best world possible,
once again
spring time had come.
But all the magical spring
was not enough
to conceal the misery
of Manor Farm.
Once striving and fruitful,
the farm and its owner
Mr. Jones
had fallen on evil days.
This set by problems
of his own making,
Mr. Jones
had turned to drink.
And for his misery
he had found
fine company.
On the evening
our story begins,
it was later than usual
when Mr. Jones came home
from drinking
to make his rounds.
On this night,
all the animals
had agreed
that as soon as
Mr. Jones was in bed,
they would gather
in the main barn
for a secret meeting
called by Old Major,
the prized boar hog,
who because of his years
was regarded as by far
the wisest of the animals.
The other pigs
started first

for the meeting,
being clever and
found to taking the lead.
They were followed
by Boxer,
the largest and strongest
of the horses
and his devoted friend
Benjamin, the donkey.
All the other animals
great and small
were anxious to get there,
for such a meeting
has never been held before.
Old Major had been ailing
and now he had made known,
there were some things
he wanted to say
to his fellow animals
before it might be too late.
It took a while for all
to find their seats.
The pigs have taken up
the best positions
immediately in front of
the platform.
Among them, Snowball,
determined
to get a good view.
And Napoleon,
equally determined
and even less polite.
Dear...
What was that?
No.
No it wasn't Mr. Jones.
And at last, everyone
could be settled
to hear Old Major.
My dear friends,
I have lived
a long life.
I have had much time
to thought as I lay

alone in my stall.
I won't be with you much longer,
and before I die, there is something
I want to tell you.
Few of us will ever know
the blessings
of a peaceful old age.
You Boxer, when you have given
the last of your great strength...
what then?
Whatever we produce
is taken from us,
stolen from us, and sold.
Our children are born
to cold and hunger.
Look at them while you can.
You porkers,
do you know what the future
holds for you?
Do we deserve such a fate?
Is this farm too poor
to support us all?
No comrades!
When the farm is rich,
we would never get
our rightful share
from Farmer Jones.
Who has only seen your tyrant,
and we shall be rich and free!
Comrades,
Revolt!

But remember:

when you have
got rid of Jones,
don't adopt his vices!
We animals are brothers.
Large or small,
clever or simple,
fur or feathers,
now and forever,
all animals are equal!
The very next morning,
sooner perhaps than

Old Major would have predicted,
the animals
found their situation
quite unbearable.
And so, almost before
they realised it,
the animals have
fought and won.
They had casualties to mourn,
and those who died
left children
to be cared for.
But Manor Farm was theirs
and they lost no time
in destroying everything
that reminded them
of hateful Mr. Jones.
When it came to
Mr. Jones' house,
the animals hesitated.
Napoleon showed the way,
but Snowball took the lead
in entering the place
where their
tyrant had lived.
The animals were all agreed,
that Jones' house
was no place for them.
All that is,
except Napoleon.
Meantime, Snowball
lead the other animals
in organizing a new society,
which they now named
Animal Farm.
So that all
might see and agree,
the laws of Animal Farm
where inscribed
in a prominent place
to be remembered
and obeyed forever.

NO ANIMAL SHALL:

SLEEP IN A BED:

NO ANIMAL SHALL:

DRINK ALCOHOL:

FOUR LEGS GOOD:

TWO LEGS BAD:

Wings count as legs.

Four legs good,

two legs bad.

NO ANIMAL SHALL:

KILL ANOTHER ANIMAL

ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL

Tending farm by themselves

posed problems for the animals,

but the pigs could

figure a way around

every difficulty.

Boxer was the

admiration of everybody.

He had been

a hard worker

in Jones' time.

But now he seemed more

like three horses in one.

Instructed by Snowball,

other animals worked out

the rest for themselves.

And the farm work

was done like magic.

The success

of their efforts

delighted everyone,

including the sly Napoleon

and his constant companion,

fat pig Squealer.

That summer the animals,

without any help

or any interference,

made a going proposition

of Animal Farm.
The fields yielded richly
and they were cut and gleamed with
diligence and devotion.
With the harvest safely home,
the animals had time
to think of the future
and at a meeting in the big barn,
many resolutions were put forward.
It was always the pigs
who made the resolutions.
Comrades,
our first five month plan
is a farmwide triumph
and the time has come
to spread the glorious news,
so that our
downtrodden comrades
on other farms
will break their chains
and join the
animal revolution.
Go!
Tell them on there's an Animal Farm
to the world!
Some animals,
content with their luck,
were unimpressed
by tales of
peace and plenty.
Others,
happy in their
own surroundings,
were alarmed
of the thought of
any change.
But wherever they were having
a bad time, animals listened
with interest.
In certain quarters,
the rebellious behavior
of a lot of dumb animals
caused indignation,
much conversation,

but nothing was done about it,
for the drunken Mr. Jones
and his cronies
did not know what to do.
Snowball felt that
education was
the animals' next necessity.
Some of the animals
were brighter than others,
of course.
Four legs good,
two legs bad.
Snowball set himself
to solve the problem
of power on the farm.
And so did Napoleon.
In January
there came
bitterly hard weather.
Inexperienced management
brought shortages
to Animal Farm,
but Snowball continued
his thinking
for the future.
And in such thoughts,
he was not alone.
Comrades,
I have prepared
a new plan for
Animal Farm.
Here it is.
All it needs is your votes.
At first,
we will have to
work more and eat less,
but my plan
will bring us
electricity.
It will mean
a warm pound in winter,
a light in every stall,
sty and roost.
Luxury for all!

Comrades, in one short year,
Animal Farm will be
the finest in the world.
Dreams, dreams.
A vote for my plan
is a vote for
a live beautiful.
It's a lie.
I promise you a 4 day week.
Gush!
-Perhaps a 3 day week.
-Nonsense!
A one day week.
With Snowball disposed of,
Napoleon
stepped up confidently
to take charge of Animal Farm,
and fat pig Squealer
became his obedient
follower and assistant.
Comrades,
Snowball is a traitor.
What was he really planning?
To bring back Jones.
Now let's have
no more of these
useless meetings.
From now on,
I'll protect
your interests!
And I'll make
your decisions!
Let me show you
my plan for
Animal Farm.
For legs good,
two legs bad.
And so the windmill
was started after all.
Nothing could have been
achieved without Boxer,
whose strength was greater
than that of all the other
animals put together.

Superintended by the pigs,
all the animals
worked long shifts
which lasted
from dawn till dusk.
Rations were shortened for the workers,
but the pigs
by virtue of
their brainwork
were plentifully provided for.
But the greatest inspiration
came from Boxer,
who with his friend Benjamin,
worked early and late,
in season and out.
One evening after working
long and late as usual,
Boxer and Benjamin
made a curious discovery.
Word of what now went on
at night in Jones' house
spread quickly to Animal Farm.
Some of the animals thought
they remembered
the law against beds,
but obviously
they were mistaken.
And now, other changes
in the laws of Animal Farm
were in store.
-Those ungrateful
beasts of yours.
-Cheer up!
They won't last...
Another winter
will bring them
to their knees.
-Anyway where are they going to buy
the things they need?
In Mr. Jones' circle
the subject of shortages
at Animal Farm
was a popular one.
And the sharp trader named Whymp

was just the sort
to do something about it.
Comrades, our leader,
as wise as he is beloved,
has decided to trade
with the outside world.
Not for gain of course, that would
be unworthy of our noble principles.
You hens,
are to have the honor of
making the first contribution:
all your eggs.
I know how proud you are
of this privilege.
The chickens
seemed to remember
Old Major saying
that their eggs should
never be taken from them.
The innocent suffered with the guilty
and the chicken's uprising
was short lived.
Comrades,
I have made
a terrible discovery.
There are
traitors among us.
Yes comrades,
in league with
Jones and Snowball
to destroy Animal Farm.
Who else is guilty?
Stand up and confess!
NO ANIMAL SHALL KILL

ANOTHER ANIMAL:

WITHOUT CAUSE:

The revolution is now complete.
We have no more use
for that song.
See it is now forbidden
under penalty of death.
Trade between Animal Farm

and the outer world
now became quite brisk.
As might be expected,
Mr. Whymper's profits
inspired others
to seek their share.
Or at least
give vent
to their jealousy.
-Animal Farm seems
to be making money
for Whymper.
-Who ever heard of
animals running a farm.
-Have you seen their windmill?
-Come on and
let's kick 'em out.
-Yes, kick 'em out.
The original owner
was not invited
to join this movement.
His neighbours
let him know
his day was done.
Comrades,
the enemy has mobilised
all his forces against us.
We must save Animal Farm
from its enemies
at all costs we have.
Now is the time to fight,
to die for Animal Farm...
Victory!
Now began the
heartbreaking job
of rebuilding.
And as before,
Boxer and Benjamin
worked hardest of all.
By now, supervision
of the work by pigs
was hardly necessary,
so they had time
for less laborious

pursuits.

Long after

the other animals

left the job,

Boxer and Benjamin

worked on and on,

giving their all

year in, year out.

A new generation of pigs

grew up,

endowed with what was

considered odds and graces

very flattering to Animal Farm

and it's presiding genius.

But still

the windmill

was not finished

and Boxer's injured foot

got worse instead of better.

It looked as though

Boxer were dead

but he wasn't, not quite.

Boxer is hurt badly,

he will never work again.

What do we do?

While Napoleon and Squealer

made plans for Boxer,

Benjamin predicted

he could look forward

to a well earned rest and retirement.

Next day

the windmill work

went on as usual,

but now without Boxer.

And during the morning,

what appeared to be

an ambulance arrived.

Only Benjamin suspected

it wasn't an ambulance.

The other animals

finally recognised

the death wagon

from Mr. Whymper's

glue factory.

I was with him
right to the end,
his last words were:
forward comrades,
long live Napoleon.
And for the wicked rumour that Boxer
was sold to a glue factory
our beloved leader
would never do that.
Long live Napoleon!
Long live Napoleon!
And that night,
the pigs drank
to Boxer's memory,
and the whisky
they had bought
with Boxer's life.
Years passed,
the seasons came and went.
The short animal lives fled by.
The completed windmill
stood as a monument
to its builders' fate
and sacrifice.
But the animals' revolution
was only dimly remembered.
Outwardly Animal Farm
appeared prosperous.
But the animals themselves
were no better off,
with the exception of the pigs
and their supreme leader
Napoleon.
This pig-run enterprise
now had many of the frills
of real civilization.
And one fine day,
pig delegates
from far and wide
arrived to Animal Farm
to celebrate
the coming of a new era.
ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL
BUT SOME ANIMALS ARE

MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS

When reports
of this great change
reached them,
other animals
everywhere were incredulous.
Dismayed and indignant,
they headed toward Animal Farm
from all directions,
instinctively uniting
once again in common cause.
Loyal followers!
On farms
owned and operated
by the pigs
there is order and discipline.
All of the animals
do more work and eat less
than on other farms.
With this, I will encourage you
to make your loyal animals
work even harder
and eat even less.
To a greater Animal Farm.
To peace and plenty
under pig rule.
To the day when pigs
own and operate farms everywhere.
To the animals, it now seemed
that their world,
which may or may not
some day become
a happy place to live in,
was worse than ever
for ordinary creatures.
And another moment had come
when they must do
something about it.
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