

NAPOLEON: Ugh, why would you do this to me? You're trying to kill me. I promise — you want my farm, don't you?

I don't want your farm. I... you want my farm, don't you?

You cheeky little boy.

HOST: Hey everybody, you're watching Hog Ones. The show with hog questions and hogger wings.

I'm here with Comrade Napoleon — Father of All Animals, Terror of Mankind, Protector of the Sheep-fold, Ducklings' Friend, and Lord of the Swill-bucket.

He's best known as the president of Animal Farm — owned and operated by animals.

Napoleon, thanks for coming on the show.

NAPOLEON: Thank you, comrade. I'm excited to be here — as is Old Major in spirit and skull.

HOST: We appreciate you coming for the hog gauntlet today.

We've got vegan deep-fried apple-slice spicy wings.

NAPOLEON: Vegan wings. As rule six says, "No animal shall kill any other animal... without cause."

HOST: We've got cow's milk to cool you down. This is all from your farm, right?

NAPOLEON: Has to be real milk. It's good for my brain. We pigs are brainworkers.

I dislike milk and apples, but I have to eat them. I'm doing this for you. To Animal Farm!

HOST: Sorry about the food shortages.

Here goes. First sauce — The Goat. Muriel.

NAPOLEON: That's not too bad. Quite mild.

HOST: You named yourself Berkshire Boar of the Year — even though you're the only one on the farm.

You're described as "not much of a talker but gets his own way." What's a time you didn't?

NAPOLEON: Building that windmill. I was against it from the start. Wind power? I've got horsepower.

Snowball pushed a dream of a three-day week where the windmill works for them. So he had to go.

My eyes are stinging.

HOST: Speaking of Snowball — you claim you can detect him by smell. What is that smell?

NAPOLEON: Betrayal. Sabotage. Where do I even start?

We built Animalism together based on Old Major. But Snowball was Jones's secret agent.

He stole corn, upset milk-pails, broke eggs, worked with rats, and milked cows in their sleep.

HOST: That's messed up — though not true.

NAPOLEON: Anything goes wrong — we blame him.

He destroyed the windmill twice. Windmill was my idea.

HOST: Next wing will be explosive. Ready? This one is Da Bomb.

NAPOLEON: De blows up dat windmill.

HOST: This one is strong.

By the way — wings are legs.

NAPOLEON: We had “Four legs good, two legs bad.” Birds hated it, so wings became legs.

Call this show “Hot Legs.”

HOST: Your slogans are effective. Through Squealer, you’re a strong communicator.

Who’s your greatest influence — and why?

NAPOLEON: Joseph Stalin. It’s all about personality cult and image.

They didn’t get him. I’ve got a big picture — of me — in the barn.

A reminder I’m always watching. My secret police — my dogs — are too.

HOST: Thanks to the leadership of Comrade Napoleon, this water tastes excellent.

NAPOLEON: Animals came up with that — after I told them to.

HOST: Last wing. Last question. You don’t have to do the final dab.

NAPOLEON: I didn’t get these medals for nothing. I gave them to myself for bravery.

HOST: Boxer said you’re always right. When have you been wrong?

NAPOLEON: Never. Maybe the messaging was confused, so I streamlined the rules.

All animals are equal — but some are more equal than others.

I’m going to throw up.

HOST: You’re unmatched in spicy-food endurance. Tell the people what’s next.

NAPOLEON: We’re dropping “comrade.” Getting rid of the skull. Returning to the original name — Manor Farm.

To the prosperity of Manor Farm!

What happened to my hands? Oh yes... I'm a pig.