

furious crescendo the Wild Wooders chant their hatred of Toad.

Weasels (*off*)

He talks too loud

He thinks he's clever

We'll put him away for ever and ever.

Where's Toad?

Where's Toad?

This is repeated until we see the Weasels at the table.

Weasels

Where's Toad?

Where's Toad?

Where's Toad?

There's Toad.

They all point at the tapestry and throw themselves about in dissipated merriment. Weasel Norman rises.

Weasel Norman I now call upon our beloved chairman to give his report.

Chairman Weasel When Stoat, Weasel, Ferret, Fox and Company moved into Toad Hall it was a typical English country estate, run on traditional lines . . . comfortable, hospitable, uncompetitive and in a word, slack. Three months of what you might call calculated decrepitude have considerably reduced its market value and since the owner is now a convicted felon your directors are convinced they can legally acquire the property at a knockdown price.

Badger, Rat, Mole and Toad have stolen in from behind the tapestry.

Toad Oh are they! Well, I'll show them.

Badger Steady, Toad. Not yet.

Chairman Weasel Our plan is to convert Toad Hall into a