

Albert Hello, Toad.

Toad I beg your pardon.

Albert I said 'Hello, Toad'.

Toad Toad? I'm a washerwoman.

Albert Yes, and I'm Sherlock Holmes. It's not another one of your crazes, is it? Caravans, cars and now dressing up in women's clothing.

Toad Ssh. This is my disguise.

Albert Well, I've penetrated it.

Toad Who are you?

Albert You don't recognise me? I'm not in disguise. I'm one of your ex-employees. Albert.

Toad Albert, of course. My trusty steed. My long-lost friend.

Albert Cue for bottom-smacking.

*Toad smacks his bottom.*

Toad What are you doing here?

Albert After the caravan incident my doctor advised me to seek employment in a less, as it were, stressful occupation, and preferably one where motor cars didn't come up behind me and without so much as a by your leave biff me on the bottom. Hence the barge now coming slowly round the bend. The lady on the barge is the barge lady, my new employer. Virginia Woolf she isn't, but her pie and peas is to cooking what Michelangelo was to ceiling painting. I will introduce you.

Toad No, no. She mustn't know we know each other. There, there, old fellow. (*He starts smacking Albert's bottom.*)