

Toad I could have been an actor, I suppose, though it's no job for someone of my intelligence. 'Is it getting dark?' Brilliant. I was quite moved. Not that it takes much to fool Rat. I mean he's a worthy fellow with many good qualities but very little in the intelligence department. As in due course Badger will doubtless tell him. Ha ha! They're all such children. They think I'm a fool but sometimes I feel I'm the only one who's really grown up.

*Toad sets off down the road. He can walk but he is so rich he normally doesn't need to, so while it would not be true to say he is hitch-hiking he is certainly on the look-out for any likely-looking motor vehicle. This being a story it is not long before there is the sound of a motor horn (poop poop) and a splendid car draws up beside him. Two goggled Motorists alight.*

Motorist Rupert Well, how do you like her, Monica?

Motorist Monica Like her, Rupert? I love her!

Motorist Rupert Peckish?

Motorist Monica I'll say. This motoring lark really gives a girl an appetite.

Motorist Rupert What say we adjourn to yonder hostelry. See what Mine Host can do in the way of fodder?

Motorist Monica What a topping idea!

Motorist Rupert Give the old girl time to cool off.

*They adjourn, leaving Toad transfixed by the car.*

Toad But I know this car. It's the one Badger had sent away. Should I go for a drive? No. That would be stealing. Just a little drive, maybe . . . while they're having their lunch. It would be very naughty. I'll just see it if starts easily.