

Part Two

These days an offender of Toad's social position and financial resources could expect to be sent directly to an open prison, but Toad's prison is anything but open. He has the dungeon to himself, it's true, but Toad is not at the moment disposed to look on the positive side. Dressed in the traditional prison garb of overalls printed with broad (green) arrows he sits on his little bench contemplating his lot with no equanimity at all. Were there a psychiatrist attached to this gaol he would diagnose Toad as 'subject to violent mood swings'.

Toad Poor Toad. Poor little Toady. All alone. On his own. Nobody wants him. Nobody cares. I had a big house once. Servants. Friends. Wise old Badger. Clever intelligent Rat. Sensible little Mole. Why did I not listen to you? O foolish, foolish Toad. It's the end of everything. At least it's the end of Toad, which comes to the same thing. Thrust into this dark, damp dungeon, despised by the world, deserted by his friends, whom he entertained entirely at his own expense. Ungrateful Badger. Sanctimonious Rat. Silly Mole. Where are they when I need them? All nice and snug at home while I'm stuck here for twenty years. Twenty years! Oh, it's not fair. (He goes into a paroxysm of grief, kicking his legs and banging his fists on the ground.) I can't bear it.

There is a shaft of light as the Gaoler's Daughter comes in with a plate.

G's Daughter Dinner.

Toad Dinner? Dinner! At a time like this? I couldn't. (Pause.) What is it?