

Train Driver gets down and presses his ear to the ground. He peers back the way they have come.

Funny. We're the last train running in this direction tonight and yet I could swear we're being followed.

Toad Followed?

Train Driver Yes. By another train. I'm sure of it.

Toad Well, let's get on then.

Train Driver No, no. I can't go against the signal. I can see it now, there is another train. It's full of people. Ancient warders, policemen and shabbily dressed men in bowler hats, obvious and unmistakeable plain clothes men even at this distance, and all of them shouting 'Stop, Stop'.

Distant Cries Stop, stop!

Toad Go, go! Oh, please go.

Train Driver Washerwoman, have you been telling me the truth?

Toad Yes. No. Oh, save me, dear kind Mr Engine Driver. I am not the kindly simple attractive launderess that I seem to be. I am a toad . . . the well-known and popular Mr Toad, of Toad Hall in the County of Berkshire. I have only this afternoon escaped from a noisome dungeon into which, should that train catch up with us, I shall shortly be thrust again. Let me fling myself on your mercy, kind engine driver . . .

Train Driver Here, steady on, steady on. What were you in prison for?

Toad Borrowing a motor car.

Train Driver I don't hold with motor cars.

Toad Nor do I.

Train Driver There's too many of them for my money.

Toad I do so agree.

Train Driver Railways not roads is my motto.

Toad My sentiments exactly.

Train Driver Doubtless those people following us are all outraged motorists.

Toad Yes. Sports car drivers, horn sounders . . .

Train Driver Representatives of the AA and the RAC and others of their vile breed. Well, Toad, I ain't going to be the one to hand you over to the four wheeled fraternity. So listen carefully. I'm going to start the engine, turn my back and when I turn round again you will, to my utter surprise, have jumped off the train and disappeared. You understand me?

Toad Oh yes.

The Train Driver turns his back, only Toad, who hasn't understood him, is still there.

Train Driver I said 'I'm going to turn my back and when I turn round again you will, to my utter surprise . . .'

Toad Oh, sorry. *(He jumps down as the signal changes.)*

Train Driver Toodloo, Toad. Now I'm going to lead them a right dance.

The Train Driver reverses his engine and goes back to meet the oncoming train. There is a sound of two massive engines grinding to a halt and then a moment later motorists, ticket collector, policeman and warders rush on pursued by the crazed car-hating Train Driver wielding an axe. When he has chased them all from the stage Toad slowly raises his head and finds himself looking up into the inquiring face of Albert.