TOAD. So I jumped. Out of the frying pan, and it turned out, into the fire. I rolled down a hill and came to a halt next to a canal.

(*Sings.*)

The clever men at Oxford,
Know all that there is to be knowed,
But they none of them know one half as much,
As intelligent Mr Toad!

The train is transformed into a barge and then into a car.

And around a bend came a barge.

BARGEE. With a bargee. Nice morning, ma'am.

TOAD. For some, maybe. But I have had a message from my married daughter to come to her post-haste and at once. So here I come. Fearing the worst, as you'll know, if you're a mother. So I've left the washing, left the kids, lost me money, lost me way and as for what might be happening to my married daughter, well, I can't bear to think of it.

BARGEE. Where might your married daughter be living?

TOAD. Near the river, close to Toad Hall. Perhaps you've heard of it?

BARGEE. Toad Hall? I go right past it. The canal joins the river. Come in my barge. I'll give you a lift.

TOAD *climbs aboard.*

So, you're in the washing business, ma'am.

TOAD. Finest in the country. All the gentry come to me. Wouldn't go anywhere else.

BARGEE. You don't do it all yourself?

TOAD. I have girls. Hopeless. Hussies, I call them.

BARGEE. So do I. And are you very fond of washing?

TOAD. Love it. Love it. Love it. Never so happy as when I'm up to my armpits in soapy water. It's a pure pleasure.

BARGEE. Then it's your lucky day. I have a few smalls which need rubbing through. (*Picks up an immense pile of washing and gives it to* TOAD.) I haven't had the time. Or the inclination, to be frank. There's a tub over there, water in the canal, a bucket to pull it up, soap and a washboard. I'll know you're having fun instead of sitting there, bored stiff.

TOAD. Fun! Well, how hard can it be? I suppose any fool can wash.

TOAD *attempts to wash the* BARGEE*'s* (*not so*) *smalls, and makes a pig's ear of it.*

BARGEE. I've had my eye on you. Washerwoman my foot. You've never washed so much as a dishcloth.

TOAD. You common, low, fat, barge woman. I'll have you know I'm a toad, a very well-known, respected and distinguished toad – granted, under a bit of a cloud at present, but I will not be laughed at by a barge woman.

BARGEE. Why, so you are! A horrid, nasty, crawly, warty toad. And in my nice, clean barge.

TOAD. Look away now, this next bit is very upsetting. She tipped me in the water. She did!

BARGEE. Put yourself through your own mangle, washerwoman.

TOAD. Don't look. I am mortified. I walked to the road. Dripping.

(*Singing.*)

The army all saluted,
As they marched along the road,
Was it the King or the Emperor?
No. It was Mr Toad.

I got to the road, somewhat dryer, and there came a motor car. Perfect. Poop-poop! So naturally I hailed it. Then I noticed, as it came nearer…