GAOLER'S DAUGHTER. Tell me about it.

TOAD. It's an elegant, self-contained gentleman's residence, dating in part from the fourteenth century. Up-to-date sanitation, handy for the golf links.

GAOLER'S DAUGHTER. I don't want to buy it. Tell me about your life there.

TOAD. So I told her about my dear friends…

GAOLER'S DAUGHTER….Ratty and Mole and Badger.

TOAD. But mostly about me and my escapades.

GAOLER'S DAUGHTER. And we had many interesting talks…

TOAD….as the dreary days went on.

GAOLER'S DAUGHTER. Until I had an idea.

She brings in the WASHERWOMAN.

Toad, this is my aunt who is a washerwoman.

TOAD. Don't worry about it. I have several aunts who should be washerwomen.

GAOLER'S DAUGHTER. Please be quiet, Toad. You talk too much and it gives me a headache. Aunt, tell him what you do.

WASHERWOMAN. I do the washing for the prison. On Mondays I bring it, and on Fridays – today – I fetch it. In between, I washes it.

TOAD. Really? I am barely conscious with excitement. Quite a page-turner. Why are you telling me this? Is it part of my sentence?

GAOLER'S DAUGHTER. No, it is a means of escape. My aunt here is prepared to give you her dress and bonnet.

WASHERWOMAN. For a price.

GAOLER'S DAUGHTER. And you can escape. In disguise.

TOAD. My dear girl. You wouldn't have Mr Toad escaping as a washerwoman.

GAOLER'S DAUGHTER. Then you can stay here, as a toad.

WASHERWOMAN. For the proud and stupid animal you are.

GAOLER'S DAUGHTER. Come on, Auntie.

TOAD. Wait! You're right. Take your clothes off.

WASHERWOMAN. Show us your money first.

TOAD *gives her some*.

And the rest.

TOAD *gives her more*.

That's not getting you inside my petticoats.

TOAD *gives her more*.

Right.

They exchange clothes.

GAOLER'S DAUGHTER. Now, Toad, you must go straight down the way you came up, and if anyone says anything to you, say nothing.

WASHERWOMAN. Now, tie me up.

TOAD. Pardon?

WASHERWOMAN. I must have an alibi.

TOAD. Oh, must I?

WASHERWOMAN. Remember, I am a widow woman with a reputation to lose.

TOAD. Oh, madam. Is this really necessary.?

WASHERWOMAN. I could lose my job. It's all very well for you but I need the work.

At some point in the above TOAD *gags her.*

TOAD. Thank goodness for that.

GAOLER'S DAUGHTER. Goodbye, Toad. And good luck.