Oh no. It is the same car, the very same car that I liberated from outside The Red Lion Hotel on that fatal day. It's all up! It's all over. Chains and policemen again. Oh, hapless Toad.

The car came closer and stopped and the people leaned out.

PERSON ONE. Oh, dear! This is very sad. Here is a poor old thing – a washerwoman apparently – who has fainted in the road!

PERSON TWO. Perhaps she is overcome by the heat, poor creature.

PERSON ONE. Let's get her into the car and take her to the nearest village.

They get TOAD *into the car.*

TOAD. Thank you. Thank you.

PERSON TWO. Look, she is better already. The fresh air is doing her good.

TOAD. Thank you kindly. I'm feeling a great deal better.

PERSON TWO. Now, keep still and don't try to talk.

TOAD. I won't. I was just thinking, if I might sit in front by the driver I would get some fresh air full on my face.

PERSON ONE. Sensible woman. Do change.

They change places.

TOAD. Dear sir. I wonder if I could drive for a while. I've been watching you and it looks so easy.

PERSON ONE. Bravo, ma'am. Like your spirit.

PERSON TWO. Do let her. What damage could she do?

Another change.

Like this?

PERSON ONE. Just like that.

Off they go.

How well she does it. Who'd have thought? A washer-woman! And first time.

TOAD. Just a little faster, shall we?

PERSON TWO. Be careful.

PERSON ONE. Be careful, washerwoman.

TOAD. Washerwoman indeed.

PERSON TWO. I think you should slow down now.

PERSON ONE. Stop!

TOAD. Washerwoman? I am Toad, the motor-snatcher, the prison-breaker!

(*Singing*.)

The Queen and her ladies-in-waiting,
Sat at the window and sewed,
She cried, 'Look! Who's that handsome man?'
They answered, 'Mr Toad!'

PERSON ONE. Slow down! We're heading for the river. Slow down.

PERSON TWO. STOP!

TOAD (*singing*).

The motor car went 'Poop-poop-poop!'
As it raced along the road.
Who was it steered it into the river?
Ingenious Mr Toad.

The car goes into river.

RAT. Well, I was putting my feet up when something strange came floating downstream. A floating bundle of old rags. It seemed to be singing and then it said…

TOAD. Poop-poop!

RAT. Toad? Toad, is it you? Toad, what on earth…? Let me help you out.