MOLE. But what about Riverbank? Supper?

RAT. Hang Riverbank. And supper too. Business. Use your nose, and give your mind to it.

MOLE. If you're sure.

He starts to sniff. Concentrates, gets the scent.

This way.

It gets stronger and he starts to run with RAT *in pursuit.*

Over here! (*Etc.*)

They find Mole End.

My home. Mole End. Just as I left it, all those months ago.

He lights a lamp.

Oh, dear, dusty, shabby, small and worn.

Oh, Ratty, why ever did I bring you to this poor, cold little place, on a night like this, when you might have been at Riverbank by now, toasting your toes before a blazing fire.

RAT. Stuff and nonsense. What a capital little house this is. So compact! So well-planned. I'll make a fire. You grab a duster and smarten things up a bit. Bustle about, old chap!

MOLE. So Rat did his magic and soon it was cosy as you like. But, Rat. No food.

RAT. Mole, *nil desperandum*. I have found a sardine key. And where there is a sardine key there must be – yes! Sardines! And a box of captain's biscuits, nearly full, and a German sausage. A banquet!

MOLE. No bread. No butter.

RAT. No pâté de fois gras, no champagne, however shall we cope! I don't suppose you'd have a couple of bottles of ale tucked away anywhere?

MOLE. I do! I do!

RAT. Just the ticket.