

PERUSAL SCRIPT



A musical Adaptation of
Kenneth Grahame's
"The Wind In The Willows"

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Music by
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Newport, Maine

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TOAD!

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SYNOPSIS OF SCENES AND MUSICAL NUMBERS

- #1 OVERTURE Orchestra
Scene One: The Open meadow--from late winter to early spring morning
- #2 SPRING! SPRING! SPRING! Animals of the meadow
#3 THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS Moley
#4 TOAD OF TOAD HALL! Toad
#5 I'LL DO IT!! Moley
Scene Two: by the River bank--later that morning
- #6 LIFE ON THE RIVER Ratty, Moley & Cast
Scene Three: down the river on the bank of a meadow--late afternoon
- #7 THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS Toad, Ratty & Moley
Scene Four: the Wildwood--that evening
- #8a THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS (Reprise) Moley
#8b THE CHASE Orchestra
#9 SOMEHOW, I KNOW Moley
#9a Scene Change Orchestra
Scene Five: the Open Meadow--the next morning
- #10 THE OPEN ROAD Toad & Cast
#10a Scene Change & Payout Orchestra
Scene Six: A courtroom in Human territory--next day
- #11 TAKE HIM AWAY! Bobbies
Scene Seven: the jail--that night
- #12 TOAD HALL Toad
Scene Eight: Ratty's house--several months later--late Fall
- Scene Nine: the jail--wintertime
- #13 SUCH A SILLY OLD TOAD Maude
#14 VERY GOOD FIGGUR Maude, Washerwoman, Toad
#14a Scene Change
Scene Ten: Ratty's house--a few days later
- #15 THE MIGHTY FOUR Badger, Ratty, Toad, Moley
#16 Scene Change Orchestra
Scene Eleven: Toad Hall--late that night
- #17a BOTTOMS UP, MR. TOAD! Weasels
#17b THE FIGHT Weasels, The Mighty Four
#18 Adeste Fidelis Underscore Orchestra
Scene Twelve: the open meadow-- moments later
- #19 SONG OF THE OPEN AIR Entire Cast
#20 CURTAIN CALL Orchestra

The orchestrations available for rental include the following: electric bass, flute, percussion, harp and piano. The musical arrangements and orchestrations are by Karen Null Coates.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

9M 2W 4either M or F + chorus.

MOLEY (m/f)--very much a skittish animal, but he changes and grows. High class accent.

TOAD (m)--a blustering, self-centered bother, but he means well. High class accent.

RATTY (m)--a funny and flippant fellow. Cockney accent.

BADGER (m)--a large and impressive looking character. Scottish accent.

BOBBIES (4m)--the long arms of British law

CLERK (m/f)--a nearsighted and disorganized person

JUDGE (m/f)--a self-important clod

MR. FARQUAHAR (m)--well meaning but shy lawyer.

MAC ALLISTER (m/f)--a public defender who takes the job too seriously.

MAUDE (f)--the jailers daughter. Young and pretty.

WASHERWOMAN (f)--a working class matron. Maude's aunte.

GROGAN (m)--salesman, a dealer in anything.

Rabbits, Chipmunks, Squirrels, Mice, Hedgehogs (10-16)--the good animals of the meadow.

Weasels, Ferrets, Stoats (8-12)--the evil animals of the WildWood.

TOAD!

by Beverly Warner, Mimi Bean & Wes Wright.

9M 2W 4either M or F + chorus.

Unit set with wing and drop.

A lively and sprightly version of Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind In The Willows". This adaptation is packed with fast-paced, non-stop action from lights up to lights down. All of the wonderful characters are waiting for you in this Broadway style adaptation: Mr. Toad, Ratty, Moley, Badger and a delightful story of reckless abandon. The dialogue is witty and the script is cleverly devised to portray the foolishness of the self-centered, egotistical Mr. Toad and his warmhearted, well-meaning friends. Great opportunity for the use of creative animal makeup! Plenty of chances for good, exciting choreography. PLUS a well hidden yet, discernible moral is entertainingly presented. A first class score! "*The music is delightful!*" DAILY UNIVERSE. 90 minutes. Order #. ORCHESTRATIONS AVAILABLE FOR RENTAL INCLUDE: piano, harp, flute, bass, drums.

TOAD!

ACT ONE

MUSICAL #1 -- OVERTURE

Scene One -- the lights gradually reveal the Good Forest on the edge of the Open meadow. It is the hour of night just before dawn, when the sky is bluest-black and the stars are most brilliant. The place in England, in the first decade of the 1900's. It has been snowing, this late-winter night, and a few clouds drift across the stars as the last flakes fall. The willows of the Good Forest bend low, trailing leaves on branches that appear silver-mysterious in the light. The CHORUS, dressed as various animals of the Good Forest are enduring winter's cold by bundling up in human clothing (for all the animals in this story are very human). They enter the stage variously with flickering lanterns. They carry small baskets. During the song a bright spring morning will flush the stage. As it does they remove their winter clothes and bustle about busy with spring cleaning and setting out flowers, picking others...

MUSICAL #2 -- SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!

ANIMALS (Variously and jointly)

SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!
SNOWY WINTER'S TOO LONG
WHEN THE SUN'S HIBERNATING--
COME SING YOUR SWEET SONG
FOR ALL ENGLAND IS WAITING.

SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!
JACK FROST HAS THE GRUMBLES,
THE BIRDS AND THE BUMBLES
WILL SING AT THE SIGHT OF THE SPRING!

SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!
ALL THAT BLOWS IS COLD SNOW--
BUT WE KNOW THAT BELOW
US NEW GRASS IS A-GROWING.

SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!
SPRING CLEANING? INSTEAD--OH,
COME RUN THROUGH THE MEADOW.
THERE'S LOVE IN THE SONG OF THE SPRING.

SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!
THE WORLD IS AWAKING
THERE'S NO MORE MISTAKING
THE MAGICAL MUSIC OF SPRING!

(DANCE)

SING! SHOUT!
WELCOME SPRING! (SPRING IS ABOUT)
FLING EVERYTHING FOR IT'S SPRING.
AND THE SONG OF THE SEASONS WE SING!
GRAB YOUR MOP AND YOUR DUSTER
AND BURY THEM JUST FOR TODAY...
SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!
THERE'S PERFUME IN YOUR NOSE--
PACK AWAY YOUR WARM CLOTHES--

(DANCE)

SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!
THE WORLD IS OUR REASON
OUR FAVORITE SEASON'S
NOT SUMMER, FALL, WINTER--BUT
SPRING! SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!

(As the song ends the door to MOLEY'S house bursts open and the ANIMALS scatter to hide)

MOLEY Strange...

(He shields his short-sighted eyes from the sun)

I thought I heard something up here -- no matter --

(He starts climbing backward down his hole. Just as he's about to close the door over his head, the pipes flute and call and trill in mad cajolery and MOLEY pops back out excitedly)

There again--what is it? Must be a bird -- I can't see--my glasses--here? No -- here?

(He frantically pulling out all his pockets and patting himself, running in little half-circles, as the sound of the pipes swoops and trills at him like a playful bird)

Oh, I do so want to see it! Bother this apron!

(MOLEY impatiently unties it and hurls it down his hole)

Oh!

(The pipes have swooped and MOLEY flings his hands to head and ducks the "bird" he cannot see and in so doing finds his glasses, which are on top of his head, and puts them over his eyes. As he does the pipes flute softly away)

Too late! I'm a bit winded!

(Sits)

My, these glasses are dusty.

ANIMAL Blind as a bat, he is.

MOLEY Oh, my...that's made it worse--no wonder -- it's the dust cloth!

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- Toad! -- by Beverly Warner, Mimi Bean & Wes Wright

(He rises and throws the cloth down his hole. Squinting furiously, for the sun hurts his eyes,
MOLEY polishes his glasses on his handkerchief, which he pulls from inside his weskit)
Spring housecleaning is a messy business. And on such a lovely day!

(Longingly)

This morning I did so want to be doing something else---

MUSICAL #3 -- THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS

(During the song MOLEY and the other forest ANIMALS become acquainted with each other)

MOLEY

WHEN THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS BLOWS WARM ON MY FUR
AND THE GRASS IN THE GROUND IS BEGINNING TO STIR;
A SONG SEEMS TO CALL TO ME,
“MOLEY, I’M HERE!
I’M SPRING! WONDERFUL SPRING!”

I’M A MOLE AND I KNOW I BELONG UNDERGROUND,
BUT THE AIR IS DELICIOUS AND SWEET IS THE SOUND
THAT ECHOES AND WHISPERS ABOVE AND AROUND:
IT’S SPRING! IT’S BEAUTIFUL SPRING!

SO, I LEFT MY CHORES SIGHING,
“OH, BOTHER, WHAT WASTE!”
AND I CAME OUTSIDE CRYING,
“TIS MORE TO MY TASTE
TO FOLLOW THE CALL OF THE SONG IN MY EARS.”
IT’S SPRING!

CHORUS

IT’S BEAUTIFUL SPRING!
THE FOREST IS LIST’NING;
THE SPRING-SONG’S BEGUN.
AND THE CLOUDS ARE ALL GLIST’NING
WASHED WHITE IN THE SUN.

MOLEY

THE SONG IN MY HEART SHOUTS THE REASON IS CLEAR:

ALL

IT’S SPRING! MAGNIFICENT SPRING!
(DANCE)

(In the middle of the dance TOAD’s auto horn sounds, loudly interrupting the mood. TOAD
races across stage in his auto, bowling MOLEY over in the dust and scattering the other
ANIMALS)

TOAD (Screaming over the sound of his engine) Are you all right?

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- Toad! -- by Beverly Warner, Mimi Bean & Wes Wright

(MOLEY, riding and dusting himself off, sees TOAD now racing for him again. MOLEY tries to fend him off, but had to begin running for his life ahead of the auto, which TOAD, in his anxiety over MOLEY's welfare, keeps pointed directly at MOLEY)

Are you all right? Are you all right?

MOLEY Yes--Yes--quite--stop it, I say--you're chasing me--stop it!

TOAD Can't stop it old, boy---don't know how!

MOLEY (Running and panting hard) Well, how did you get it started?

TOAD Turned it on, Old man.

MOLEY (Almost totally out of breath) Well, then--
(pant, pant)

Shut it off!!!

TOAD Good idea!

(He shuts it off and the machine coasts furiously to a stop, rolling up and over and stalling on MOLEY'S door)

Jolly good, old man--never would have thought of it. You all right?

MOLEY Yes, I believe so. (He still breathing heavily. He leans on the auto to catch his breath)

TOAD (Loudly) Never would have stopped. Handy of someone to have left that--whatever it is right there, what?

MOLEY (A pained expression in his voice as he see what stopped TOAD's auto) My door!

TOAD Your door.

(Contrite)

Sorry--would have used the brake, don't you know--

MOLEY (Quietly adjusting his glasses, speaking reasonably) Why didn't you?

TOAD (A shade embarrassed) Well, to tell the truth, don't know which gadget is the brake, Old man. Too excited buying it--didn't find out. Anyone can steer an auto---just turn it on.

MOLEY I'm sure that your driver's license requires more knowledge than that?

TOAD License? Don't need one, old boy. After all, I'm Toad!

MOLEY (Obviously never having heard of him) Toad?

TOAD (Looking slightly surprised) Toad of Toad Hall.

MUSICAL #4 -- TOAD OF TOAD HALL

TOAD

TOAD OF TOAD HALL -- I MUST EXPLAIN;
MY FAMILY TREE MAKES IT PLAIN:
I'M THE SOLE HEIR!
BUT WHAT DO I CARE
FOR SPRINGTIME IS HERE ONCE AGAIN!

TOAD OF TOAD HALL -- A SWEET REFRAIN,
AND I'LL SING IT WHILE MOTORING DOWN THE LANE.
TOAD OF TOAD HALL
I BELLOW MY CALL,

FOR WHY SHOULD I TRY TO RESTRAIN!

TOAD OF TOAD HALL -- IF I REMAIN
TOAD OF TOAD HALL FOREVER, I SHAN'T COMPLAIN.
WHY SHOULD I TRY
TO ALTER WHEN I
LOVE LIVING MY LIFE A LA MODE?
I AM TOAD!

MOLEY I see. A life of all fun, is that the life you lead, Mr. toad?

TOAD Indubi..., indudabi...bub...dub...uh--well, not always. Winter's lonely, don't you know? Toad Hall--dark, cold, all alone, well, pretty dismal at times, being all alone at home, don't you think?

MOLEY I never thought so until today--

TOAD That's why I love Spring! Get out--see friends-- do things that are exciting!

MOLEY Drive autos without licenses.

TOAD Yes!

(TOAD's smile fades away as he recognizes MOLEY's sour tone)

MOLEY I see.

TOAD (Brightly, but somewhat impatiently) Well, oh, well--If you're done seeing, old chap, you might give a fellow a push off, haw?

MOLEY Yes, of course--

(Starts to push and stops appalled)

I say, you don't propose to drive this---this--

TOAD Auto--or automobile or motorcar, old chap!

(Crafty)

Have to get it off your door, don't I?

MOLEY Yes, surely---you'll help push?

TOAD Can't--have to steer.

(TOAD smiles as MOLEY pushes and grunts)

You know your problem, old man? You're not tolerant! You won't allow someone else his idea of fun.

MOLEY (Pushing) I can't allow your fun to endanger others.

TOAD (The auto is free) thanks awfully! Ta!

(TOAD drives offstage)

MOLEY (Yelling) But, wait---I say stop! You can't drive---you're not licensed---you'll hurt someone--wait! Stop!

TOAD (Driving back on and then off again) Spoilsport! Intolerant spoilsport!

MOLEY (Alone) Spoilsport! Onion sauce! Rude beast. Look at my door---it's no good! Toad must be controlled!

MUSICAL # 5 -- I'LL DO IT!

MOLEY

YOU'RE A HAZARD TO OUR SAFETY!
AND I WANT YOU OFF THE ROAD!
IRRESPONSIBLE!
INCREDIBLE!
CONCEITED BRAGGART: TOAD!
I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT!
I'LL DO IT RIGHT THIS MINUTE!
I'LL SACRIFICE MY SOLITUDE AND I'LL STOP TOAD!

WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE
A MOLE DOES HIS DUTY.
I'VE NEVER LEFT MY HOME BEFORE,
BUT I CAN'T TURN AWAY--
THE DANGERS CLEAR--
THE NEED IS HERE --
I'LL STOP YOU TOAD, TODAY!

SPOILSPORT! THAT MAKES ME SORE!
NOT TOLERANT, YOU SAY!
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT ITS NOT SO--
YOU'LL EAT THOSE WORDS TODAY!

I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT!
I'LL DO IT RIGHT THIS MINUTE!
I'LL SACRIFICE MY SOLITUDE AND I'LL STOP TOAD!

(MOLEY exits as lights fade and the scene is changes to RATTY's house. The change is
timed to the length of one verse and chorus of song then lights up as MOLEY re-enters)

WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE,
A MOLE DOES HIS DUTY.
A LOVELY DAY LIKE THIS BEGUN
IN SUNSHINE, SONG AND BEAUTY.
I CANNOT LET THIS LOVELY DAY
BE SPOILED BY YOU -- MY FRIEND.

(Spoken) My friend--well, hardly!

I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT!
I'LL DO IT RIGHT THIS MINUTE!
I'LL SACRIFICE MY SOLITUDE AND I'LL STOP TOAD-!

Scene Two -- near the riverbank--RATTY's house. Later that morning. MOLEY is high on the riverbank,
over RATTY's house.

RATTY (Screaming in rage inside his house) Agggghhhhhhhhh!

MOLEY (Terrified at the sound from under his feet) Mmmmmmmmaaaaaah!

(MOLEY leaps down behind the mound, thinking danger is behind him. In reality, he's now on RATTY's small boat dock, cowering in fear, looking upstage, unaware he's standing upstage of RATTY's door)

RATTY (From within the house) Bother!

(RATTY's front door flies open, smashing MOLEY against the wall. A broom sails out the door, landing in the meadow. RATTY stands in the open doorway. This water rat is a former sailor, and though landlocked for years, still favors his former profession in his dress: a dingy rolled scarf around his neck, and old blue and white striped jersey shirt whose sleeve ends dangle loosely above RATTY's paws, sailor's dungarees rolled to his calves, revealing skinny, brown furred legs and an old pair of brogues on his feet, without the benefit of stockings. The pockets of RATTY's dungarees and weskit bulge, their capaciousness strained by mysterious shapes: food. There is a general air of piratical roughness about the rat, augmented by the gold hoop earring in his left ear, that is immediately belied by his general kindness. His long, droopy, sparse whiskers lend an air of quiet wisdom to this rat, whose character is a complex compendium of rough seaman and gentle landsman. RATTY is essentially tame, half-educated, totally good-hearted, and perennially hungry. His speech is Cockney. His home is as unique as its owner. Essentially, it is a mound of earth with a small, round doorway, painted bright mariner blue, flanked by porthole windows framed in the same cheerful color. The door is hinged to swing outward. The small porch serves as a boat dock for a small rowboat, just large enough for two animals. The boat conceals casters which permit it to move in 180 degree arc and straight line movements across the stage.)

RATTY Aowh, blow! 'ang spring cleanin'!

MOLEY (From behind the door) I quite agree.

RATTY Wot's 'at? 'oo's talking'?

(RATTY pulls the door closed)

MOLEY Mole is my name---Mole of Hedgerow, Meadow's End.

(MOLEY hands RATTY his card)

RATTY But wot's a Mole doin' in daiylaght be'in' me door?

(The sound of TOAD's car, horn honking, is heard rapidly approaching)

MOLEY Oh, look out -- run -- he's coming again!

(MOLEY races up the bank of the mound to look for TOAD, closely followed by RATTY)

RATTY 'oo is hit? Wot's hit-? Wot's 'appenin'?

(MOLEY, not stopping to reply, races towards TOAD, waving his arms)

MOLEY Stop! Stop, Mr. Toad!

TOAD Hello, Ratty! Ta!

(TOAD's car, aiming straight at MOLEY, bowls him over in the dust. TOAD has neglected to see MOLEY as TOAD grins cheerily and wave at his friend, RATTY. TOAD's car races offstage, horn madly honking)

RATTY (Dumbfounded, going to help MOLEY) 'ere--wot'd 'y do that fer?

MOLEY I had to try. He has to be stopped.

RATTY Har you 'urt?

MOLEY Must bruised---(looking ruefully at his suit) and dirty.

(MOLEY helped by RATTY has limped back to the porch)

RATTY 'ere. Lean on me dock---

(MOLEY sits wearily on the mooring block. As MOLEY tries to dust himself with his handkerchief, RATTY sits on a small pile of rope)

W'y stop Toad?

MOLEY You know him, then?

RATTY 'e's one uv me best frien's!

MOLEY (His hopes dashed) Oh.

RATTY (Taking out his large penknife) Min' now, Hi like Toad. 'e's a good 'un by han large, 'cept w'en 'e's tyken by 'is springtime fits.

MOLEY (Eying RATTY's casual unfolding of the knife blades with alarm) Fits?

(Gradually, he feels horror)

You mean, he's mad?

RATTY (Cheerfully waving his knife in a careless manner, paralyzing MOLEY with fear) No more'n' the rest uv us, Guvner!

(RATTY, having chosen his blade, studiously folds all but one into the handle and begins to search his pockets)

W'y, just a minute ago, Hi 'ad a spring fit.

(He pulls an apple out of his pocket, affording MOLEY tremendous relief; MOLEY again becomes apprehensive as he sees RATTY eying him)

'arter a long, 'ard winter, 'y wykes up, han 'e says t' yerself, "Hi cahn't stan' it -- Hi got t'leave --- Go! Get away! Chuck hit han wander! Ain't you never felt hit, Mole?

MOLEY (Understanding) Yes. I did today.

RATTY Well, that's a spring fit!

(Handing MOLEY an apple slice)

Only Toad gets tyken by 'em hevery spring, 'cept 'is fits 'it 'im a little stronger that th' likes uv us. Han' 'cause 'e's rich, 'e can hafford 'em.

MOLEY It seems this year he's taken a fancy to these new-fangled autos---with no regard for law-- he has no drivers license.

RATTY 'at's typical uv Toad.

MOLEY He must be stopped. He could hurt someone.

RATTY Did 'e 'urt you?

MOLEY Only my feelings so far, but --

RATTY How?

MOLEY He called me a spoilsport.

RATTY Har you?

MOLEY Am I what?

RATTY A spoilsport.

MOLEY Well, I ...

RATTY Wot do yer frens say?

MOLEY I don' have friends.

RATTY No frens?

MOLEY None. I've never left my home before. I never needed friend, but I could use on e now.

RATTY Could you?

MOLEY I need someone to help me stop Toad.

RATTY 'at's true. Tell you wot, Mate--Hi'll myke you ha barg'in---

MOLEY What kind of a bargain?

RATTY You show me you've got th' Spirit of Adventure in you han Hi'll 'elp you fin' han prevent Toad from 'urtin' hothers. Ow do that sound?

MOLEY Why should I have the Spirit of Adventure?

RATTY So's you can hunnerstan' Toad!

MOLEY But why should I understand him?

RATTY So's you two can be frens. Han wen you proves yer spirit uv adventure, you'll prove yer no spoilsport.

MOLEY All right, I'll take your offer, Mr.--ah, er --

RATTY Water Rat. Ratty. to me frens.

MOLEY All right. Mr. Ratty. I'm ready to adventure. What shall we do?

RATTY (Entering his house) Do you like food?

(RATTY emerges from the house with a huge basket, "Picnick" crudely lettered on the side. He sets the basket on the dock and grabs MOLEY's paws to help him into the boat)

MOLEY Food? Why yes, it has been a long time since breakfast. I could eat a little something.

RATTY Come on! Step lively -- hin the center -- that's right -- feet hin front. Sit --

(MOLEY, not knowing RATTY's plans, makes small interjectory sounds in apprehension as RATTY's commentary races on)

Careful -- balance yer weight hin the middle! Don't be nervous--'ere tyke the basket---watch hit! Hall right naow.

(RATTY hops into the boat and sets the oars in their locks)

MOLEY What are we doing?

RATTY Adventurin', Matey. Goin' on a picnic, boatin' hon the river!

MOLEY Wonderful! But what about Toad?

RATTY Ho, give hit a rest, gov'ner. A bargain's a bargain.

(As RATTY sings and the little boat slowly crosses the stage, the scenery changes; RATTY's home rolls out of sight, the Open Meadow dominates the scenery. A small hump of land has rolled into view; an old stump protrudes from its lower edge, providing a convenient mooring for a little boat. A clump of bushes large enough to hide MOLEY crowns the small knoll)

MUSICAL # 6 -- ON THE RIVER

RATTY

LIFE ON THE RIVER IS THE LIFE FOR ME!

BEING BY IT, OR WITH IT, OR IN IT, OR ALL THREE.

RELAX AND SIT BACK, MOLE, AND SOON YOU WILL SEE:

ME HEART AN' ME HOME'S ON THE RIVER!

(We now see other animals entering to go on their picnics along the river bank)

LIFE ON THE RIVER IS ALWAYS A SPREE;

JUST ROWING AND KNOWING YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY FREE.
AND FLOATING AND SPLASHING AND SWIMMING ---

MOLEY

WHO ME?

RATTY

IT'S LOVERLY HERE ON THE RIVER.
THE SUNSHINE'S A-SPARKLING, AT HOME IN MY BOAT.
I'M HAPPY AND CAREFREE; I DON'T MEAN TO GLOAT,
BUT ALL OF THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE AFLOAT---!

BOTH

THE RIVER! THE RIVER! THE RIVER!

RATTY

LIFE ON THE RIVER'S A PICNIC--

MOLEY

I SEE!

RATTY

A SACHEL, A HAMPER --

MOLEY

AND FOOD FOR THIRTY-THREE!

RATTY

I'M HUNGRY! AND THAT IS THE BEST WAY TO BE --
SOME PICKLES? DIG IN!

(DANCE: The animals on the shore begin to frolic and dance and soon RATTY and MOLEY have landed and are joining in the revelry. Soon a cute female Mole "bumps" MOLEY into the river and he swims for safety.)

MOLEY

THE RIVER! THE RIVER! THE RIVER!

CHORUS

LIFE ON THE RIVER'S A PICNIC; A SPREE.
FORGET ALL YOUR CARES AND COME DANCING WITH ME.
THE RIVER'S A-SPARKLE WITH SUNLIGHT, AND WE
LOVE PICNICING HERE ON THE RIVER!
LOVE PICNICING HERE --
ON THE RIVER!

(The broad expanse of blue sky begins to shift to deeper tones of late afternoon as the song nears its end)

Scene Three -- the riverbank of the Open Meadow---late afternoon of the same day.

MOLEY Uh---Mr Rat---I feel strange---

RATTY Uh oh! Eatin' an' swimmin' is fine fer me; but not too good fer you, Matey -- yer seasick!
Hits the motion wot does hit--best sit down fer ha while. Then hi'll row ye 'ome. Arter supper.

(He yawns)

MOLEY (Faintly) Supper? You mean there's actually food left?

RATTY Aouh, yes --

(looking in the basket)

There's cold chickentongueham-beefpickleseggssaladrollsbuttermilkalmonds olivessodawater --

MOLEY Stop!

(Very faint)

This is too much.

(He runs to hide behind the bushes)

RATTY (Worried) D'you think so? Hit's only wot I always tyke--heveryone helse tells me hi cut hit a bit too close.

MOLEY I'm sure they don't mean it. So, that was boating! It was quite jolly -- I've never seen a river before.

RATTY Wot? Never seen ha river?

MOLEY No, never!

RATTY Well, stroike me pink! You've got a lot of courage, Matey! Rest a while. You've 'ad is ha bit rough.

MOLEY All in the spirit of adventure, Mr. Rat.

RATTY Just Ratty, Mate. Yer learnin'. Yer no spoilsport!

MOLEY (Tentatively hopeful) I think I understand Mr. Toad now, Mr. Ra---Ratty.

RATTY Give it tyme, Mole.

MOLEY Ahh, very well. What is that thick group of trees?

RATTY Them's the Wild Woods!

MOLEY (Yawning softly) Who lives there?

RATTY (Taking out his knife) Well, the squirrels, rabbits -- but they're ha mixed lot. Badger lives there --

(He yawns softly)

hin th' 'eart uv hit.

(Having finished cleaning his knife, he puts it away)

Dear old Badger -- nobody hinterferes wif 'im.

MOLEY (Vaguely puzzled) Why should anyone interfere with him?

RATTY (Darkly, yawning) Well -- there har weasels that live in the woods. Scum of the sea, they'd be; han that's a

(yawn)

fact.

(RATTY stretches out in the boat, barely visible)

MOLEY And beyond the Wild Wood, where it's all blue and dim?

RATTY Beyond the Wild Wood is the Wide World, where 'umans live. Han 'umans har more hunpredictable than weasels. Best stye close to 'ome. Rest a while.

(The two animals are snoring lightly. TOAD's auto rolls silently onstage; TOAD sees the two and aiming for them, rolls up to the knoll and stops. TOAD, grinning, honks his horn very

loudly, scaring MOLEY and RATTY. MOLEY nearly leaps into the bushes in fright, while RATTY yells, falling into the bottom of the boat. He quickly gets up and out of the boat to angrily confront TOAD. MOLEY is speechless)

RATTY Toad! Wot's th' matter wiv you? Har you hall right?

TOAD All right? (laughing) All right? Right as rain, dear chap! Right as rain!
(TOAD honks horn again)

RATTY (Controlling his temper) Wot d'y' do that fer, scarin' us poor seadogs out uv two years growth?

(He takes out his knife)

TOAD A joke, old man! Just a joke?

(He looks pleadingly at RATTY)

A joke -- a j---

RATTY (Noncommittally) Uhmhm.

(Pulls a piece of cheese out of his pocket)

TOAD (Looking pleadingly at MOLEY) A joke?

(MOLEY merely looks disquieted. RATTY looks at MOLEY as if to say, "Shall we forgive him?") MOLEY shrugs his shoulders in a disgusted, "Oh, well" manner. RATTY turns to TOAD, who has anxiously watched the two friends. RATTY, with grimness, slices and eats cheese. MOLEY polishes his glasses)

RATTY Hall right -- a joke.

TOAD (ignoring MOLEY) Anything you say, Ratty! Well, what do you think of it? It's my new auto.

RATTY Wot 'appened to your boat?

TOAD Oh, pooh! Boating! Silly amusement! Gave it up a long time ago. Discovered the real thing! Autos -- the only genuine occupation! Open road! Dusty highway, Heath, Common, Hedgerows, Rolling downs! Here today! Up and off tomorrow! Travel! Change, excitement! Always a new horizon! Come with me, Ratty!

RATTY Not me, Toad. Hi'm a sylvan!

TOAD Oh, pooh -- Surely not, old chap! Sticking to a dull fusty old river and boating!

RATTY (Gruffly) That's right! Hi like hit!

TOAD (Unable to see the offense he's given his friend) See the world!

(Caught up in his dreams, TOAD rambles on blissfully as RATTY confers with MOLEY. The following seven speeches overlap one another.)

TOAD (Entranced in his vision) Glorious stirring sight! Poetry of motion! Only way to travel! Always someone else's horizon! Oh, bliss! pooooo-pooooo! Oh my! Oh my!

(Makes the sound of an old fashioned auto)

RATTY 'E's hoff!

MOLEY Now, see here, Toad-- you bruised me rather badly the last time we met -- you must give up autos!

RATTY Easy, Mole! 'E can't 'ear you.

TOAD Never knew! Wasted years! Flowery track ahead! Huge dust clouds behind!

RATTY Spoilspout, Mole?

MOLEY Listen to him. He may hurt someone!

RATTY Haint noffin' t' be done. Hi know 'im. 'E's possessed.

TOAD Swan! Sunbeam! Thunderbolt! Entrancing sound, bewitching smell--Autos! Horse carts to the right of me, horse carts to the left of me, into the valley

RATTY 'E's hopeless.

TOAD (Waking from his dream) I say, standing idle? Must be on my way!

MOLEY Toad, I ask you as a reasonable being. Control yourself -- give up autos until you are a licensed driver!

TOAD Nonsense, I intend to live life excitingly.

MUSICAL # 7 -- THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS

TOAD

THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS
YES, THAT'S THE LIFE FOR ME!
NEVER PROTEST AN OPPORTUNITY
TO AD MIRE THE DESIRE
THAT LEADS YOU TO INQUIRE
WHY THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS
IS THE LIFE FOR ME!

RATTY AND TOAD

YES, THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS;
THAT'S THE RECIPE
FOR PRESERVING MY CURIOSITY.
LIFE IN DANGER MAY BE STRANGER
BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO CHANGE 'ER.
FOR THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS IS THE LIFE FOR ME!

RATTY

THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS!

RATTY & TOAD

THE ONLY WAY TO BE.

TOAD

IN THE SPRING TIME I'M THE EPITOME...

MOLEY

...OF LUNACY.

TOAD AND RATTY (Grabbing MOLEY)

DON'T DENY IT 'TIL YOU TRY IT
YOU'LL EVER WONDER WHY IT
SEEMS TO BE
THAT THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS IS THE LIFE FOR THREE!

MOLEY Three?

TOAD AND RATTY Three!

THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS!

MOLEY

YES, THAT'S THE LIFE FOR ME.

ALL

ORDINARY HUMDRUM
IS NOT MY CUP OF TEA.
IF I'M CLEVER
I'LL ENDEAVOR
TO TRY TO LIVE FOREVER.
AND THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS IS MY STRATEGY.

(During the next passage the choreography makes TOAD and RATTY continue bumping into MOLEY)

THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS:
IN PERFECT HARMONY.
WE AGREE THAT'S THE LIFE WE WANT TO SEE.
IT'S AMUSING TO BE CHOOSING

MOLEY

IS IT ALWAYS QUITE THIS BRUISING?

TOAD Sorry!

ALL

OH, THE LIFE THAT'S...

MOLEY

UNDERGROUND?

TOAD

ON THE ROAD...

RATTY

AT SEA!

TOAD

THAT'S THE LIFE!

RATTY

THAT'S THE LIFE!

MOLEY

THAT'S THE LIFE!

RATTY

THAT'S THE LIFE!

ALL

THAT'S THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS:
THE LIFE FOR ME!

TOAD You're still a spoilsport!

(Honks his horn)

Ta!

(He exits)

MOLEY Spoilsport! I have never met such a single-minded, arrogant, ill-mannered...

RATTY Careful, Moley!

MOLEY Onion sauce!

RATTY Moley, I thought you'd try to hunnerstand Toad.

MOLEY I am trying!

RATTY Toadies a bit of a braggart -- 'e's conceited a little ...

MOLEY A little?

RATTY A lot! But 'e 'as some great qualities, Toadie 'as --

MOLEY He must have. You did nothing to stop him! You didn't keep your word!

RATTY Har bargain was, hi'd 'elp you stop Toad w'en you proved you hunnerstood 'im.

MOLEY No, our bargain was, I'd show you I had the spirit of adventure in me and then you'd help me stop Toad. I remember exactly what you said, Mr. Rat.

RATTY But I meant...

MOLEY But that's what you said! Now, you've got to help me. I've been waiting all day long.

RATTY Hi can't stop Toad, Mole. Hit tykes me 'an Badger to stop 'im.

MOLEY Then let us go find Mr. Badger. Come on, Ratty.

RATTY No, no (Untying the boat, not seeing MOLEY leave) Wyte 'til mornin', Moley. W'en its saife -- Moley?

(He turns to find MOLEY gone. He drops the rope to run up the knoll. The boat begins to move away, as RATTY looks for MOLEY. The knoll moves slowly offstage as the boat drifts in the opposite direction)

Moley! W'ere har you? Moley --

(RATTY sees his boat being pulled off by weasels)

My Boat---those weasels.

(He chases the boat out)

Scene Four -- The WildWood. It is twilight, shadowy and mysterious. BADGER'S tree, huge, huge, with a large dark hollow in it's center dominates the wooded glade. MOLEY enters whistling and humming the "Wind In The Willows." He becomes aware of the sinister mood of the woods and gradually stops. There is a low rumble of thunder.

MOLEY So -- this is the wild wood? You didn't tell me it would be so dark, Ratty. Ratty? Ratty, Ratty, where are you? Alone--I'm alone. Hush, Mole! Well, I am alone---no good, Mole. Stop saying that! Still I'm all alone! Nothing to fear (Little scream) Oh, come, now. Just sing a song of courage --- that will calm your nerves.

SEGUE

MUSICAL # 8A -- THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS (Reprise)

(During the song the WEASELS try to grab him but keep missing)

MOLEY

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS
BLEW WARM ON MY FUR

(Screams softly)

AND THE WOODS SEEM TO CALL TO ME

“MOLEY, KIND SIR,

(Screams softly)

I’M HERE, COME EXPLORE ME,

I’VE SECRETS TO SHARE

AND IT’S SPRING.

IT’S BEAUTIFUL...

(Lightning crashes and there is a horrible roll of thunder)

MOLEY Oh My! (Thunder and lightning) Help---Oh, help!!!!

(Thunder and lightning. A RABBIT runs across the stage in mortal fear, making small screaming sounds, the RABBIT stops seeing MOLEY)

RABBIT Go back -- go back -- they’re coming---oh, go back. Hurry --

(Runs offstage)

SEGUE

MUSICAL # 8B -- THE CHASE

(The stage is in darkness. The trees gleam weirdly, and shadows begin to move. As MOLEY trots in little circles, a circle of blinking eyes, moving with the shadows, closes ‘round. It’s the WEASELS, FERRETS and STOATS. A dance-chase sequence takes place as MOLEY seeks to escape the WEASELS, FERRETS and STOATS. Chief feature of the dance should be the frighteningly silent quality, punctuated by sharp clicks and patterings of the WEASELS feet, and their whistling, which terrifies MOLEY)

RATTY (Running on, unable to find MOLEY) Mr. Mole? Moley, w’ere are you?

MOLEY Ratty, Ratty--I’m here! Ratty?

(Lightning and thunder. RATTY and MOLEY scream)

RATTY Moley, Moley --

(RATTY is caught up in the dance, still unable to connect with MOLEY. RATTY is also terrified of the WEASELS)

MOLEY Oh---oh--Ratty--oh, Ratty---

RATTY Moley, where are you? Help, help--Take ‘em away!

(The dance should build to a frenzy until RATTY and MOLEY collide, knocking each other unconscious in front of BADGER’S tree. The WEASELS encircle the two fallen animals, giving a loud, horribly bloodthirsty shout. A tremendous roll of thunder and a crack of brilliant lightning reveal a huge animal garbed in white rising from the hollow of the tree. It is BADGER, freshly waked from hibernating and very angry)

BADGER What’s gooin’ on hair?

(He swings his lantern and brandishes his long blackthorn walking stick. BADGER is a Scot)

Wull ye no lut a puurson sleehp is peace? Awa’ wi’ ye, dirty beasts!

(The weasels, ferrets and stoats scream with fright;the entire ragged, dirty band of forest dwelling outlaw/murderers runs away, revealing the unconscious forms of RATTY and MOLEY at BADGER’s feet. Snowflakes begin to fall gently as BADGER raises his lantern over them to see them better. BADGER is very tall and very formidable, even in his

nightshirt, which ends above his ankles, revealing that badger wears red socks for warmth. His feet are thrust into backless slippers. Around his shoulders is draped a large, soft plain "rug" (a soft thin blanket, not a shawl). One look at BADGER's face assures one that here is a wise old person, well-schooled in the ways of life in the forest or meadow. The soft grey of Badger's features reveals a stern, yet kindly nature. Little gold, wire-rim glasses perch on his nose; large, grey mutton-chop whiskers, liberally threaded with black and white hairs, frame his face. On his head he wears an old-fashioned nightcap, with a dangling tassel. Denied the pleasures of family by his bachelor state, BADGER is a grandfatherly mentor/friend to RATTY and TOAD, and all the patriarchal paternalism so rampant in his nature is seen here)

RATTY: Wot 'it me? Aouw --- me 'ead! Aaww --- wot 'appened?

BADGER: Ratty! It luuks t' me as though ye rran intu this crratur, Rratty.

RATTY: Hit's Moley -- no, Badge, hit's hall roight. 'E's me fren', Moley --
(shakes MOLEY awake)

MOLEY: Ratty, Ratty, help me
(wakes up. In great relief)

Ratty! I mean, Mr. Rat --

RATTY: Roight th' first tyme, Matey.

BADGER: Whut 'arya doin' in the Wild Wood, Lad?

MOLEY: Well, I came to find Mr. Ba-- Ba--
(Fear tongue-ties him as he sees BADGER and he faints)

RATTY: Moley -- Moley - Wake up! Hit's hall roight, -- this 'ere's Badger.

MOLEY: How do you do?
(He scrambles to his feet)

BADGER: (He thrusts his face close to MOLEY's in order to see better) Ye dinna know me, Laddie.
Why di ye cuum?

MOLEY: It's about Mr. Toad.

RATTY: Toad's done hit fer sure, naow, badge. He's fallen in love wiv autos.

MOLEY: And he did not take driving lessons.

RATTY: 'E's a real dynger this tyme, Badge -- killed or ruined -- hit's going t' be one uv th' two.

MOLEY: Can't we stop Toad, Mr. Badger.

BADGER: Just "Badger", Mole.
(He leans over and puts his plaid around the shivering MOLE)

Cum ta find me; got lost in th' snowy wuud; yurr life endangurred by evil beasts! Y've had a bad expurrience, lad. and all b'cause of Toad! Cum, in, cum in -- there's a furrst-rate fire and nice supper waitin' below. Cum in, don't stand about in th' cold aihr---

MOLEY: But what about Toad? All day -- I tried -- I did try--

RATTY: 'E did badge -- han Toady run 'im down fer hit. Bruised Moley proper, Toad did.

BADGER: Bruised him! I'll not stand fur Toad hurtin' others.

MOLEY: That's why he must be stopped now!

BADGER: Not now, Mole. Ye must have patience, Laddie. When ye deal with the affairrs of others, ye must have patience. It's too dark and snowy to search for Toad tonight. I'll help find Toad fer ye! We'll bring him under control.

MOLE: When?

BADGER: Tomorrow! There's nuthin' ye can do at night in such weather! Cum below will ye now and warm yourselves by th' fire.

(RATTY follows BADGER down the tree)

MOLEY: Tomorrow! (Looks up) What happened to today?

MUSICAL # 9 -- SOMEHOW, I KNOW

I WONDER WHY I'M HAPPY?
I'M FAR AWAY FROM HOME.
AND MY EARS ARE COLD,
MY BONES ARE TIRED;
OH, MOLE, WHY DID YOU ROAM?

WEASELS IN THE WOODS;
RATTY OUT AT SEA;
MR. TOAD'S SPRING FITS;
WHAT ARE THESE TO ME?

SOMEHOW I KNOW
SOMEWHERE I'VE FOUND
SOMETHING I'VE MISSED, AT HOME, UNDERGROUND.
WITH MY CHIN UP TOWARD TOMORROW
NOW I KNOW I CAN DEPEND
ON MORE THAN MERE MOLEY:
MOLE HAS A FRIEND.

SOMEHOW I KNOW
SOMEWHERE I'VE FOUND
SOMETHING I'VE MISSED, ALONE, UNDERGROUND.
WHEN I WONDER WHY I WANDERED,
AND I WONDER WHERE IT ENDS?
STILL, I'LL NEVER BE LONELY,
NOW, I HAVE....

RATTY: Moley, Haren't you comin' down? Supper's hon th' tyble!

MOLEY: Oh, Ratty -- I understand Toad now! I truly do!

RATTY: Har ya sure?

MOLEY: Yes.

(Pause)

RATTY: Then come eat!

MOLEY: In a minute, Ratty.

RATTY: All roight -- I'll tell Badger t' 'old off hon th' soup.

MOLEY: Toad, I understand, I don't want to stop you.

(Voice filled with excitement and hope)

I need to help you -- you said your home was dark and lonely; that's why you loved Spring -- fun and adventure -- and friends!

NOW I'M READY FOR TOMORROW
ON TOMORROW I DEPEND.
NOW I'LL NEVER BE LONELY
AND I HAVE
FRIENDS!

RATTY: Moley!!

MOLEY: Coming! I'm coming!

Scene Five -- the Open Road

MUSICAL # 10 -- THE OPEN ROAD

TOAD: (horn)

GIVE ME AN AUTO ON THE OPEN ROAD!
THE LIFE FOR TOAD
IS ON THE ROAD!
GIVE ME MY AUTO ON THE OPEN ROAD!
OH, WHAT A GORGEOUS DAY!

(horn)

HEIGH-HO, MY AUTO'S ON THE OPEN ROAD!
THIS IS A DATE
TO CELEBRATE!

(Honks horn twice)

LIFE IS FOR LIVING ON THE OPEN ROAD—
THIS IS A HOLIDAY!

(Dance music. CRASH. TOAD Exits)

RABBIT: (Spoken) One!

MOLEY, BOBBIES, RABBIT: (horn)

TOADIE IS A HOPELESS CASE!
ALL THAT WE CAN DO IS CHASE!

TOAD:

JUST TRY AND CATCH ME! BETCHA CAN'T CATCH ME!
JUST TRY AND CATCH ME! CATCH ME NOW!

(CRASH. TOAD exits)

TWO RABBITS: Two!

(Dance Music. CRASH. Toad Exits)

THREE RABBITS: Three!

CHORUS: (horn)

WHEN TOAD HAS HIS AUTO ON THE OPEN ROAD,
HE CAN'T BE STOPPED;
HEW CAN'T BE SLOWED.
TOAD IS A DANGER TO THE OPEN ROAD:
SO CATCH THE RUNAWAY!

(Dance Music. CRASH. Toad Exits)

FOUR RABBITS: Four!

BOBBIES: (horn)

WE KNOW OUR DUTY TO THE OPEN ROAD;
TO BE CONTROLLED
WE'LL STOP HIM COLD!
WE'LL STOP HIM COLD!
WE'LL DO OUR DUTY TO THE OPEN ROAD
THE TOAD WILL HAVE TO PAY
TOAD IS A MENACE TO THE OPEN ROAD
AND WE SHALL SAIL
HIM OFF TO JAIL!
ONCE WE REMOVE HIM FROM THE OPEN ROAD,
THE TOAD WILL HAVE TO PAY!

(TOAD bowls over the BOBBIES, and they go sprawling)

TOAD: Bingo!

(TOAD exits and we hear a crash)

FIVE RABBITS: Five!

(TOAD re-enters and strobe lights flash while accompaniment goes to double time)

CHORUS:

WHEN TOAD HAS HIS AUTO ON THE OPEN ROAD,
HE CAN'T BE STOPPED;
HE CAN'T BE SLOWED,
TOAD IS A DANGER TO THE OPEN ROAD:

MOLEY, BOBBIES, RABBITS:

HALT! AND STOP! AND WAIT! AND WHOA!
SLOW DOWN, TOAD, OR ELSE — OH, NO!

TOAD:

JUST TRY AND CATCH ME! BETCHA CAN'T CATCH ME!
JUST TRY AND CATCH ME! CATCH ME NOW!

(He exits. CRASH)

SIX RABBITS: Six! (horn)

CHORUS:

STOP TOAD FROM DRIVING ON THE OPEN ROAD!
HE'LL TIP HIS HAT —

TOAD: I say!

CHORUS:

AND KNOCK YOU FLAT!

TOAD: Gang way!

CHORUS:

STOP TOAD FROM DRIVING ON THE OPEN ROAD!

(They almost have him but the music and lights change and Toad exits.)

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!!!

(TOAD re-enters and strobe lights flash while accompaniment goes to double time.)

CHORUS:

STOP TOAD FROM DRIVING ON THE OPEN ROAD!

HE'LL TIP HIS HAT —

AND KNOCK YOU FLAT!

STOP TOAD FROM DRIVING ON THE OPEN ROAD!

(They almost have him but the music and lights change and Toad exits.)

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!!!

CHORUS: Oh, no!

(Crash #7.)

MUSICAL # 10A -- SCENE CHANGE AND PLAYOUT

Scene Six -- As the spectacle of the Open Meadow is rapidly cleared, the backdrop of the Courtroom flies in; followed by the Bench, within which are seated the CHIEF MAGISTRATE for Her Majesty's Justice in Queen's Bench VIII and his CLERK. The Witness' Box and Jury Box also roll in. The twelve jurors take their seats. The Prosecuting Barrister, MR. MACALLISTER, enters on one side, as TOAD's Barrister for the defense, MR. FARQUAHAR, enters. He is followed by BADGER, RATTY and MOLEY. At last...

CLERK: In the name of Queen Victoria, I call this court in sessions — her Majesty's government versus Mr. Toad, of Toad Hall. Judge Reginald Arbuthnot presiding — all rise.

JUDGE: (Smashing his gavel on the bench) Be seated! Get on with it! Where is the prisoner?

(TOAD enters, firmly gripped between two sets of bobbies, and is marched up and into the Witness' Box, where he is locked in)

MR. MAC ALLISTER: Here he comes now, your Honor. Thank you for joining us, Mr. Frog.

TOAD: Toad!

MR. MAC ALLISTER: Whatever! And so, your honor, I sum up the case for her Majesty's court.

JURORS: (Rising to their feet, they sing to the tune we know as AMERICA) God Bless Our Noble Queen, Long Live Our —

MR. FARQUAHAR: Your Honor, I object! The jury is out of order —

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: (Pounding his gavel) Patriotism is never out of order!

JURY: Thank you! (Swiftly standing and singing) Long Live Our Queen!

(They sit.)

MR. MAC ALLISTER: This — Toad — a thief, has stolen and wantonly destroyed six autos.

TOAD: Seven!

MR. MAC ALLISTER: Seven — autos on the Queen's hi—

(Jury rises and sings again. Judge pounds for order)

MR. MAC ALLISTER: I repeat, for the benefit of the jury! Stolen and wrecked seven autos on the qu — on the highways. The only difficulty the State has encountered is in locating the owner or owners of these vehicles, as no one has stepped forward to claim them —

TOAD: Been trying to tell you, MacMillan —

MR. MAC ALLISTER: MacAllister!

TOAD: Whatever!

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: Silence! Silence in the court.

(Pounding his gavel, he accidentally hits the Clerk on his/her bewigged head. The Clerk yells)

I said "Silence." The prisoner is not allowed to speak in his own defense!

TOAD: Haven't been allowed to speak at all!

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: Toads can't talk!

TOAD: (Losing his temper) Can so talk — can talk as well as you!

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: If the prisoner will not be silent, he will be gagged!

BADGER: Toad, Toady, yurr doin' yurrsel' no gud, lad. Let the gud Master Farquaharr speak forr ye.

MOLEY: Badger, what are they going to do to Mr. Toad? It's all my fault.

(The Chief Magistrate pounds his gavel for silence and accidentally hits his own hand. Ye hells and sucks his fingers)

MR. MAC ALLISTER: (Imperturbably continuing his case) This incorrigible rogue —

MR. FARQUAHAR: I object — the term rogue is slanderous!

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: (Almost foaming with rage) Mr Farquahar, YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO OBJECT! If there is one more disturbance from you or your client in this court, you will both be forcibly removed!

(Fawning smiles on Mr. MacAllister)

Pray continue, MacAllister.

MR. MAC ALLISTER: (Vaguely simpering under the judge's blatant favoritism) Secondly, Toad has been charged and proven guilty of driving to the public danger without the benefit of a license.

(He pauses.)

And, last of all, of displaying gross impertinence to the police authority.

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: What's what? Gross impertinence to the police?

FIRST BOBBIE: 'E were downright hoffensive to hus w'en we called 'im to haccount.

SECOND BOBBIE: 'E lied to hus —

TOAD: Did not lie.

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: Silence —

SECOND BOBBIE: An' said 'e owned hall them hautos!

TOAD: I do!

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: I said silence!

SECOND BOBBIE: Heveryone knows ha Toad can't hown hautos!

TOAD: But I do — I tell you, I do!

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: Silence! Silence! You will be gagged!

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- Toad! -- by Beverly Warner, Mimi Bean & Wes Wright

(He raises his gavel to pound it and Toad grabs it before it can hit the desk. They proceed to wrestle for control of the gavel as the Bobbies continue.)

THIRD BOBBIE: 'E checked us, govnor —

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: Let go — let go, I say!

TOAD: Shan't do it! Shan't.

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: Give it to me!

TOAD: Won't.

THIRD BOBBIE: Han' th' loikes of hus don't toleraite cheekiness, so we harrested 'im.

FOURTH BOBBIE: Just has soon has we were haible to catch 'im.

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: (Triumphantly wrenches the gavel from Toad's hand) Got it! Gag the beast! Bind him in chains! Clear the court! Clear the court! Gag him! Clear this courtroom now!

(The courtroom is rapidly cleared by the CLERK, the FOUR BOBBIES and MR. MAC ALLISTER. BADGER, RATTY and MOLEY are forced to exit with MR. FARQUAHAR, who completely loses his English self control, as he is dragged, still protesting, from the courtroom. The BOBBIES and MR. MAC ALLISTER return to surround TOAD, while the CLERK prepares to read the list of changes. Toad is bound and gagged by the BOBBIES)

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: (Ominously) Sooo — you were cheeky to the police, hmmmhhh?

(Very softly)

Clerk — what are the penalties for these charges?

CLERK: Some people would consider that stealing and wrecking seven autos was the worst offense —

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: That so?

(CLERK looks at CHIEF MAGISTRATE with an expression of surprise)

CLERK: (Referring hurriedly to the charge sheet) Others would consider driving to the public danger without benefit of license is the worst offense —

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: Get on with it.

CLERK: (Looking up to see the CHIEF MAGISTRATE glaring at him, and four belligerent BOBBIES surrounding him.) But cheeking the police carries the severest penalty.

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: (Roaring at the top of his voice) And so it should!

CLERK: Say, twelve months for the theft of the autos —

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: Good, good!

CLERK: And three years for driving without a license —

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: Good, good!

CLERK: (Basking in the general approval of the men in the courtroom) And fifteen years for impertinence to the police, which adds up to —

(Quickly counts on fingers)

nineteen years. May as well round it off to twenty!

CHIEF MAGISTRATE: Very good! Twenty years is your sentence, Toad. Take him away!

(TOAD protests in muffled shriek. The BOBBIES, who already have TOAD, gripped under each arm, facing the CHIEF MAGISTRATE, proceed to turn TOAD around and dance him off to jail as the courtroom rolls away, and the jail flies in. They dance TOAD up a staircase, out of court and down the staircase, into jail.)

MUSICAL # 11 -- TAKE HIM AWAY!

BOBBIES:

TAKE HIM AWAY!
TAKE HIM AWAY!
CLAP HIM IN IRONS AND SLAM THE DOOR!
TAKE HIM AWAY!
PUT HIM AWAY!
AND WE WON'T SEE HIM NO MORE!

TIME FOR TOAD TO SERVE HIS SENTENCE
TIME FOR JUSTICE TO PREVAIL —
MR. TOAD CAN'T RUN US OVER
WHILE HE ROTS AWAY IN JAIL!

TAKE HIM AWAY!
TAKE HIM AWAY!
CLAP HIM IN IRONS AND SLAM THE DOOR!
TAKE HIM AWAY!
PUT HIM AWAY!
AND WE WON'T SEE HIM NO MORE!

THERE'LL BE NO MORE TOAD TO CHASE US OFF THE VILLAGE GREEN!
FOR THAT AWFUL TOAD WILL NEVER MORE BE SEEN!
OH, FOR THE BLISS OF NO MORE TOAD!
OH, FOR THE BLISS OF THE OPEN ROAD!

HIP, HIP, HOORAY!
TAKE HIM AWAY!
CLAP HIM IN IRONS AND SLAM THE DOOR!
TAKE HIM AWAY!
PUT HIM AWAY!
AND WE WON'T SEE HIM NO MORE!

TOAD HAS STOLEN SEVEN AUTOS;
THAT'S ENOUGH TO LAST A WEEK!
BRITISH BOBBIES KNOW THEIR DUTY,
AND THEY DON'T PUT UP WITH CHEEK!

(WHISTLE CHORUS)

(At appropriate moments in the song and dance, TOAD is chained to a large ball, unbound and ungagged, and the door to his cell is slammed closed, TOAD inside.)

15 pages to the end of the show