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SF PERUSALS

The Wind in the Willows

A Musical

Willis Hall

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

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THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS

First presented at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, and subsequently on a national tour by Duncan C. Weldon and Paul Gregg and Lionel Beeker for Triumph Apollo Productions Ltd, with the following cast of characters:

Water-Rat	Patrick Cargill
Mole	Melvyn Hayes
Badger	Donald Hewlett
Toad	Terry Scott
Alfred the Pantomime Horse	Peter Wiggins and Malcolm Wood
1st Fieldmouse	Paul Ryan
Impish Fieldmouse	Richard Tolan
2nd Fieldmouse	Dee Robillard
Toad's Butler	Allan Stirland
The Constable	Michael Boothe
Judge R. De Veering	Anthony Collin
The Clerk-of-Court	David Dandridge
Enid, the Constable's daughter	Deborah Goodman
A Bargewoman	Judith Street
The Chief Weasel	Robert Aldous
Country-Folk, Wild-Wooders, Ducks, Fieldmice, Rabbits and other various animals	Robert Aldous, Fiona Alexanda, Michael Boothe, Anthony Collin, David Dandridge, Deborah Goodman, Wenda Holland, Christopher Hood, Claudia Lyster, Dee Robillard, Paul Ryan, Allan Stirland, Judith Street, Richard Tolan, Peter Wiggins, Malcolm Wood

Directed by Roger Redfarn
Designed by Finlay James
Musical Director Barry Westcott

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1	The River Bank
Scene 2	Toad's Estate
Scene 3	The Open Road
Scene 4	The Wild Wood
Scene 5	Outside Toad Hall
Scene 6	Toad's Bedroom
Scene 7	The Same—some days later
Scene 8	The Village

ACT II

Scene 1	The Courtroom
Scene 2	A Dungeon Cell
Scene 3	The Edge of the Wild Wood
Scene 4	The Canal Bank
Scene 5	Rat's Home
Scene 6	The Secret Passage
Scene 7	Toad Hall

CHARACTERS

Water-Rat
Mole
Badger
Toad
Alfred the Pantomime Horse
1st Fieldmouse
2nd Fieldmouse
3rd Fieldmouse
Hawkins, the butler
Enid, the housemaid
The Constable
Judge R. De Veering
The Clerk-of-Court
A Bargewoman
The Chief Weasel

Villagers, **Wild-Wooders**, **Policemen**, **Ducks**, **Rabbits**,
and various other animals

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

1	**Wind in the Willows**	Enid
2.	**Messing About in Boats**	Rat and Mole
3.	**Travelling Man**	Toad, Rat and Mole
4.	**Poop-Poop!**	Toad, Rat and Mole
5.	**Beware!**	Wild-Wooders
6.	**Taken in Hand**	Badger, Rat and Mole
7.	**Rejoice, Rejoice!**	The Fieldmice
8.	**Talking to Toad**	Rat and Mole
9.	**What's a Friend For?**	Rat
10.	**Poop-Poop! (Reprise)**	Company

ACT II

11.	**Send Him Down**	Toad, Badger, Rat, Mole, Company
12.	**Home**	Enid, Toad
13.	**Hello World**	Toad and Company
14.	**Peep-Peep! (Reprise)**	Constables and Bargewoman
15.	**Taken in Hand (Reprise)**	Badger, Mole, Rat and Toad
16.	**Home (Reprise)**	Company
17.	**Hello World (Reprise)**	Company

The Piano/Vocal Score is available from Samuel French Ltd.

ACT I

SCENE 1

The River Bank

A full moon hangs low over a stretch of river which meanders through wooded, grassy banks. An owl hoots nearby. There is a mist hanging over the water while, overhead, the night-sky is clear, star-bright, and welcoming

The Water-Rat enters in a rowing-boat

Rat Ah, this is the life—just me, my boat, and the river… (*He pulls into the bank, ships his oars and savours his surroundings*) Nothing much nicer under the moon—except sleeping, perhaps…

The music steals in behind

…and dreaming dreams… (*He snuggles down in the bottom of the boat and falls instantly asleep*)

A girl, Enid, aged about 18, enters. She is wearing a "summery" 1930s' dress, which not only hints at the warmth of the evening, but also sets the period of our story. She does not notice either the rowing-boat or its occupant

Song 1: Wind In The Willows

Enid

Wind in the willows,
The days of our childhood,
Summertime, wintertime, autumn and spring,
Meadow and thicket and spinney and wildwood,
Thrush in the hedgerow and lark on the wing,
And lark on the wing…

Summon the past and the age we spent dreaming,
Where is the singer and what was his song?
Cool was the stream where the fish lay a-gleaming,
Where now the stream our hearts drifted along?

Wind in the willows,
The days we spent dancing,
Golden is childhood and golden is youth,
Wild was the wildwood and wilder romancing,
Can we look back and tell dreaming from truth,
Tell dreaming from truth...?

Gone are the years when the future was ever,
Gone are the times when we ran hand in hand,
Where is the love we thought nothing would sever?
Life is the hour glass, fast ran the sand.

Wind in the willows,
The days of our childhood,
Summertime, wintertime, autumn and spring,
Meadow and thicket and spinney and wildwood,
Thrush in the hedgerow and lark on the wing,
And lark on the wing...

Enid wanders off

The moon is gone and the sun is up

The Mole emerges from a hole close by the river bank. He is wearing a white apron over a black velvet jacket and he holds a whitewash brush. He doesn't notice the rowing-boat as he looks up at the sky and takes in the summer scene. His forepaws quiver with delight

Mole I say! Oh my! This *is* fine! This is one up on spring-cleaning! This is two up on being down there, underground, scraping and scratching and scrabbling and scrooging! (*He tosses away his brush and apron and does a little leap for joy*) Oh my! Oh my, oh my, oh my!

His final cry has woken the Water-Rat who sits bolt upright in his boat. The two animals regard each other cautiously for a moment

Rat Mole, is it?
Mole Yes—you're Rat?
Rat Yes, that's right.
Mole And would you mind telling me where I am?
Rat Where you are? Why—the river, of course. (*With an inviting sweep of his arm*) Would you care to step in?
Mole (*overwhelmed*) May I?

Rat (*extending a hand*) Lean on that—step lively.

The Mole steps into the boat and takes in his surroundings

Mole Do you know—I've never been in a boat before in all my life.
Rat You've never... well, I...! What *have* you been doing then, all this time?
Mole Is it as nice as all that?
Rat It's the *only* thing. I say! If you've nothing else on hand this morning, why don't we drop down the river together? We could make a day of it?
Mole Oh, *yes*! Can we? (*He rocks the boat in his excitement*) Let's start at once!
Rat Take care! (*He steadies Mole*) Pass me that picnic hamper.
Mole (*doing so*) What's inside it?
Rat Cold chicken. Cold chicken cold tongue cold ham cold beef pickled gherkins-green salad french rolls cresss and sandwiches potted meat ginger beer-lemonade sticky buns——
Mole Oh, stop! Stop! This is too much!
Rat Do you think so? I was wondering whether I'd packed enough. Off we go!

The Water-Rat takes up the oars and sculls out into the mainstream

Mole So this is a river?
Rat *The* river.
Mole It must be a bit dull at times—just you and the river?
Rat Never. Otters, kingfishers, dabchicks, moorhens——

The Mole points across at a thickly-wooded area on the river bank

Mole Who lives over there?

The Water-Rat ships his oars again and gazes soberly across at the trees

Rat That's the Wild Wood. We don't go there much, we river-bankers.
Mole Aren't they very nice, the animals that live there?
Rat The squirrels aren't bad. Neither are the rabbits—some of 'em. And then there's Badger, bless him. He lives right in the heart of it, wouldn't live anywhere else. Dear old Badger. Nobody interferes with *him*. They'd better not!
Mole Who *should* interfere with him?

A cloud passes over the sun, casting the river bank into shadow. The Mole follows the Water-Rat's glance and, with them, we are aware of quick,

darting movements in the Wild Wood and, as the music steals in behind, we hear a sinister, whispered chorus

Voices (*off*) Weasels and foxes and stoats,
Weasels and foxes and stoats...

But the murmur fades as quickly as it came; the cloud has passed on and the sun is shining again

Rat And that's why we never go into the Wild Wood alone. Be warned.
Mole What lies beyond the Wild Wood?
Rat Down the river, just around the next bend, there's Toad Hall. That's *very* grand.
Mole Who lives there?
Rat Why, Toad himself, of course. Who else! He's even grander—well, thinks he is.
Mole And shall we see him?
Rat If he's got time to see us, we might. That'll be if he isn't into his latest craze. Toad's always mad about something—and if it isn't one thing, it's another. It used to be sailing. Next it was punting. He gave that up when he took up horse-riding—and he gave *that* up when he kept falling off. The last I heard, he'd bought himself a bicycle, and he rides round and round his drive on it, ringing his bell. But it won't last—nothing lasts with Toad——

Badger appears, peering across at them over the river bank

There's Badger now. (*He waves*) Come on, old Badger!
Badger No, thank you. I shan't trouble you now—not if you've got company.
Rat It's only my friend, Mole. Come with us. We're off to pay Toad a visit.
Badger I've more to say to Toad than can be expressed in one short excursion. Mr Toad needs to be taken well in hand—and I haven't the time today to perform *that* task. Some other time, perhaps. Good-day!

Badger slips back out of sight

The Water-Rat and Mole wave to him as he goes

Mole Why doesn't he like Mr Toad?
Rat Toad is inclined to boast. And he can be a bit conceited. And he won't ever listen to reason—all that apart, he's all right, is Toady. You'll soon see for yourself.

The Water-Rat applies himself to the oars again. Mole leans back, blissfully

Mole What a day I'm having!
Rat Of course you are, Moley. Believe me, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats...

Song 2: Messing About in Boats

(*Singing*) Messing about in boats,
On rivers or streams or moats,
There's nothing quite like it,
Don't hike it, or bike it,
Go messing about in boats.
Rat / **Mole** Messing around in craft,
A rowboat or merely a raft,
There's nothing that's neater,
In-fine-itely sweeter,
Than messing around in craft.
Take a trip,
Choose a cruise,
You've got nothing to lose.
Mole Beg a skiff,
Hail a sail,
Of a time have a wonderful glorious whale.
Rat / **Mole** And go
Messing about in boats.
On rivers or streams or moats,
So give it a go and a yo-ho-ho-ho,
And go messing about in boats,
Messing about in boats.
Rat Here's a tip—talk to me,
You can go out to sea.
Mole Seek a ship—hip-hoo-ray,
When the wind fills the sail,
Climb aboard and away,
Rat / **Mole** And go
Messing about in boats,
Or anything else that floats,
There's no grander pastime,
We'll sing it one last time,
Go messing about in boats,
Go messing about in boats.

And, as they continue smoothly down the river, the Lights fade

Scene 2

Toad's Estate

The Lights come up on a lawn which overlooks the river

Toad, his back to the audience, is deep in a wicker chair. There are two more chairs and a matching table. In the background stands a brand new gypsy caravan, painted canary-yellow picked out with green, and with red wheels

Toad is attended by his butler, Albert Hawkins, who is watching critically as Enid, now wearing housemaid's costume, nervously unloads a jug of lemonade and a glass on to the table. Having done so, she bobs Hawkins a curtsy

Enid The master's elevenses, Mr Hawkins.

Hawkins Elevenses, girl? H'it's two minutes past! New girl, Mr Toad—h'answers to the name of h'Enid. She bites 'er nails, she sniffles—she can't carry a tea-tray 'arf-a-yard without it rattling somethink chronic—she can't *lift* the coal-scuttle—she can't iron, she can't 'ang washing, not for love nor money, not h'according to Cook, *and* she's clumsy——

As Hawkins lists Enid's failings, her shoulders droop and her head sinks lower and lower

But this much I will say, sir: she's a trier, bless 'er—h'and we'll make a 'ousemaid of 'er yet—or my name h'ain't h'Albert 'awkins. Off you go, girl.

Enid, now flushed with pride, her spirits lifted, bobs both of them an energetic curtsy and skips away across the lawn

H'Enid!

Enid freezes

Walk, girl—walk! You don't skip when you're in service!

Enid makes a more decorous exit

Toad's attention is elsewhere: we see him fully for the first time as he leaps to his feet when the Water-Rat and Mole arrive, carrying the picnic hamper

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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