

Supplementary Audition Piece – Albert

Rat: Now Albert, what's the matter?

Albert: It's Toad. He wants me to pull the caravan and I'm not supposed to pull things. Doctor's orders. When I pull things I pull other things. Like muscles.

Mole: Oh Albert

Albert: Now don't start all that stroking. I don't like being stroked. And don't start smacking me on the side of the neck either, still less on the bottom. Smack anybody else on the bottom and it's a punishment, whereas if you're a horse you're supposed to love it.

Rat: Would you like a carrot?

Albert: Yes, provided it's in a cream sauce or diced in a little *bouillon*. What I don't want is one of those mucky raw articles. That's another misconception. One carrot and they think you're anybody's. Are you going on this expedition?

Mole: Oh yes it'll be fun

Albert: Fun for you. You're not pulling the cart.

Toad: Ready then? Time to go

Albert: There you are, you see. Smacks me on the bum. Listen, will you talk to me?

Mole: Of course I'll talk to you.

Albert: Toad never does. His conversation is limited to 'Gee up' and 'Whoa!'

Toad: Gee up!

Albert: Not my idea of a feast of reason and a flow of soul. Added to which I never get no supper.

Rat: Any supper. I never get any supper.

Mole: We'll talk to you and give you supper too.

Albert: And when I say supper. I don't mean one of those nosebag things where you get your kippers all mixed up with the custard.

Rat: Don't you worry.

(mole smacks him on the bottom)

Albert: There you go again! *Desist!*