

LUCIE LIFTS THE LATCH AND PUSHES THE LITTLE WOODEN DOOR OPEN.

4 INT. MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE'S HOME

A SMALL FIRE CRACKLES ON THE HEARTH.

037 BEATRIX (V.O.)

A nice clean kitchen with a flagged floor and wooden beams – just like any other farm kitchen.

LUCIE STEPS INSIDE THE KITCHEN.

038 BEATRIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Only the ceiling was so low that Lucie's head nearly touched it; and the pots and pans were small, and so was everything there.

LUCIE LETS THE DOOR CLOSE BEHIND HER.

039 BEATRIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There was a nice hot singey smell; and at the table, with an iron in her hand stood a very stout short person staring anxiously at Lucie. Her print gown was tucked up, and she was wearing a large apron over her striped petticoat.

MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE SNIFFLE SNUFFLES

040 BEATRIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Her little black nose went sniffle, sniffle, snuffle, and her eyes went twinkle, twinkle; and underneath her cap – where Lucie had yellow curls – this little person had *PRICKLES!*

041 LUCIE

Who are you? And have you seen my pocket-handkerchiefs?

042 BEATRIX (V.O.)

The little person made a bob and a curtsey -

043 **MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE**

START >>>

Oh, yes, if you please'm. My name is Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle. An oh, yes if you please'm. I'm an excellent laundress!

044 BEATRIX

And she took something out of a clothes basket, and spread it on the ironing board.

045 LUCIE

What's that thing? That's not my pocket-handkerchief.

046 MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE

Oh no, if you please'm. This is a little scarlet waist-coat belonging to Cock Robin!

047 BEATRIX (V.O.)

And she ironed it and folded it, and put it on one side. Then she took something else off a drying rack -

048 LUCIE

That isn't mine either.

049 **MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE**

Oh no, if you please'm. This is a damask tablecloth belonging to Jenny Wren.

SHE GIVES IT A FLAP, SHAKING THE TABLECLOTH OUT TO REVEAL THE STAIN.

050 **MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE** (CONT'D)

Look how it's stained with currant wine! It's very bad to wash!

MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE SNIFFLE SNUFFLES

051 BEATRIX (V.O.)

Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle's nose went snuffle, snuffle, snuffle, and her eyes went twinkle, twinkle; and she fetched another hot iron from the fire.

A CRACKLE FROM THE FIRE

052 LUCIE

There's one of my pocket handkerchiefs! And there's my apron!

053 **MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE**

Oh yes, dear. Quite so. Quite so.

MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE PICKS THEM UP QUICKLY, SHAKES THEM OUT SMOOTH, AND LAYS THEM ON HER IRONING BOARD.

054 BEATRIX

Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle ironed it, and goffered it, and shook out the frills. While she worked, Lucie looked about the tiny kitchen at all Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle's laundry.

055 LUCIE

Oh they look so clean and white now. That is lovely! Thank you.

056 MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE

Just needed a good starching.

057 LUCIE

Tell me, what are those long yellow things with fingers like gloves?

058 MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE

Oh, that's a pair of stockings belonging to Sally Henny-penny - look how she's worn the heels out with scratching in the yard! She'll very soon go barefoot!

059 LUCIE

Why, there's another handkerchief-but it isn't mine. It's red.

060 MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE

Oh no, if you please'm; that one belongs to old Mrs. Rabbit. And it did so smell of onions! I've had to wash it separately, I can't get out the smell.

061 LUCIE

There's another one of mine. Oh, but - what are those funny little white things?

062 MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE

That's a pair of mittens belonging to Tabby Kitten. I only have to iron them. She washes them herself.

063 LUCIE

There's my last pocket-handkerchief!

GENTLE DRIPS OF WATER AS MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE DIPS
A SHIRT INTO THE BASIN OF STARCH.

064 LUCIE (CONT'D)
And what are you dipping into the
basin of starch?

065 **MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE**
They're little dicky shirt-fronts
belonging to Tom Titmouse - most
terrible particular! Now I've
finished my ironing; I'm going to
air some clothes.

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MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE SETS ABOUT GATHERING THE
CLOTHES TO AIR INTO A BASKET.

066 LUCIE
What are these dear soft fluffy
things?

067 MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE
Oh those are woolly coats belonging
to the little lambs at Skelghyl.

068 LUCIE
I didn't know sheep's jackets could
come off.

069 MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE
Oh yes, if you please'm. Look at
the sheep - on the shoulder. And
here's one marked for Gatesgarth,
and three that come from Little-
town. They're always marked at
washing!

MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE PUTS ABOUT, HANGING UP COTHES.

070 BEATRIX (V.O.)
And Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle hung up all
sorts and sizes of clothes:

GENTLE MUSIC IN