

023 BEATRIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He had black pricked up ears and
sandy coloured whiskers.

024 JEMIMA
Quack?

025 BEATRIX (V.O.)
...said Jemima Puddle-duck, with
her head and her bonnet on one side
-

026 JEMIMA
Quack?

WIND RUSTLES THROUGH THE TREES

027 BEATRIX (V.O.)
The gentleman raised his eyes above
his newspaper and looked curiously
at Jemima -

START >>>

028 FOX
Madam, have you lost your way?

029 BEATRIX (V.O.)
He had a long bushy tail which he
was sitting upon, as the stump was
somewhat damp. Jemima thought him
mighty civil and handsome.

LOW CELLO - SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT

030 JEMIMA
I have not lost my way. I am trying
to find a good nesting-place.

031 FOX
Ah! is that so? indeed!

032 BEATRIX (V.O.)
...said the gentleman with sandy
whiskers, looking curiously at
Jemima.

HE FOLDS UP THE NEWSPAPER

033 BEATRIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He folded up the newspaper, and put
it in his coat-tail pocket.
Jemima complained of the
superfluous hen.

034 FOX

Indeed! how interesting! I wish I could meet with that fowl. I would teach it to mind its own business! But as to a nest - there is no difficulty: I have a sackful of feathers in my wood-shed.

035 JEMIMA

(tentatively)

Quack -

036 FOX

No, my dear madam, you will be in nobody's way. You may sit there as long as you like.

TRANSITION WITH MUSIC

037 BEATRIX (V.O.)

He led the way to a very retired, dismal-looking house amongst the fox-gloves. It was built of sticks and turf, and there were two broken pails, one on top of another, for a chimney.

038 FOX

This is my summer residence. You would not find my burrow - my winter house - so convenient.

◀◀ END

039 BEATRIX (V.O.)

There was a tumble-down shed at the back of the house, made of old soap-boxes. The gentleman opened the door, and showed Jemima in.

DOOR CREAKS OPEN. MUSIC DARKENS

5 INT. FOX'S SHED

040 BEATRIX (V.O.)

The shed was almost quite full of feathers - it was almost suffocating; but it was comfortable and very soft.

FEATHERS BLOW ABOUT FROM THE LITTLE BREEZE LET IN THROUGH THE DOOR.