

START >>>

040 MRS. TITTLEMOUSE

How do you do, Mr. Jackson? Deary me, you have got very wet!

041 MR. JACKSON

Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Tittlemouse! I'll sit awhile and dry myself.

WALLA: A FEARFUL SIGH ESCAPES MRS. TITTLEMOUSE.

WATER DRIPS ON THE FLOOR.

042 BEATRIX (V.O.)

He sat and smiled, and the water dripped off his coat tails.

043 MRS. TITTLEMOUSE

I'll - I'll get my mop.

MRS. TITTLEMOUSE MOPS UP THE FLOOR. SQUELCH OF THE MOP. SPLASH WHEN IT ENTERS THE BUCKET.

044 BEATRIX (V.O.)

Mrs. Tittlemouse went round with a mop.

MORE MOPPING.

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

Mr. Jackson sat such a while that he *had* to be asked if he would take some dinner.

046 MRS. TITTLEMOUSE

Would you like some cherry-stones?

047 MR. JACKSON

Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Tittlemouse! But no teeth, no teeth, no teeth!

048 BEATRIX (V.O.)

He opened his mouth most unnecessarily wide - he certainly had not a tooth in his head.

MRS. TITTLEMOUSE OFFERS A BOWL OF THISTLE-DOWN SEED.

049 MRS. TITTLEMOUSE

Thistle-down seed, then? I am about to have some myself -

050 MR. JACKSON

Tiddly, widdly, widdly! Pouff,
pouff, puff!

HE SNEEZES!

THISTLEDOWN BLOWS ALL OVER THE ROOM!

051 BEATRIX (V.O.)

And Mr. Jackson blew the thistle-
down all over the room.

A GASP FROM MRS. TITTLEMOUSE!

052 MR. JACKSON

Thank you, thank you, thank you,
Mrs. Tittlemouse! Now what I really
- really should like would be a
little dish of honey!

053 MRS. TITTLEMOUSE

I am afraid I have not got any, Mr.
Jackson.

054 MR. JACKSON

Tiddly, widdly, widdly, Mrs.
Tittlemouse! I can smell it; that
is why I came to call.

MR. JACKSON GETS UP FROM THE ROCKING CHAIR AND
BEGINS GOING THROUGH THE CUPBOARDS, OPENING AND
CLOSING THE WOODEN DOORS.

055 BEATRIX (V.O.)

Mr. Jackson rose ponderously from
the table, and began to look into
the cupboards.

056 MRS. TITTLEMOUSE

Oh dear, oh dear. I tell you, I
don't have any honey!

SQUELCHING WET FOOTSTEPS.

MRS. TITTLEMOUSE WIPES UP THE WATER WITH A
DISHCLOTH.

057 BEATRIX (V.O.)

Mrs. Tittlemouse followed him with
a dish-cloth, to wipe his large wet
footmarks off the parlour floor.

MR. JACKSON CLOSES THE LAST CUPBOARD DOOR.

058 MR. JACKSON

Well, you're right. There's no honey in here. I'll have a look around.

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5 INT. SANDY PASSAGES

HE LEAVES THE PARLOR, WET FEET ON THE SANDY PASSAGE FLOOR.

059 MRS. TITTLEMOUSE

Indeed, indeed, you will stick fast on the sandy floor, Mr. Jackson!

060 MR. JACKSON

Tiddly, widdly, widdly, Mrs. Tittlemouse!

6 INT. PANTRY

HE SQUEEZES HIMSELF INTO THE PANTRY, KNOCKING OVER PLATES AND CLINKING JARS TOGETHER.

061 BEATRIX (V.O.)

First he squeezed into the pantry.

062 MR. JACKSON

Tiddly, widdly, widdly? No honey? no honey, Mrs. Tittlemouse?

063 MRS. TITTLEMOUSE

No honey! None at all.

CREEPY-CRAWLIES SCAMPER AROUND.

064 MRS. TITTLEMOUSE (CONT'D)

But oh, who's that?!

065 BEATRIX (V.O.)

There were three creepy-crawly people hiding in the plate-rack. Two of them got away, but the littlest one Mr. Jackson caught.

A GOBBLING SLURPING SOUND.

7 INT. LARDER

066 BEATRIX (V.O.)

Then Mr. Jackson squeezed into the larder.

MORE CLATTERING AND CLINKING.