

1 INTRODUCTION

001 NARRATOR

The Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck, by Beatrix Potter.

GENTLE MUSIC UNDERSCORE BEGINS.

002 BEATRIX (V.O.)

Once upon a time, Jemima Puddle-duck was annoyed because the farmer's wife would not let her hatch her own eggs.

SFX DUCKLINGS AND HEN SQUAWK AND TWEET.

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

Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rebeccah Puddle-duck, was perfectly willing to leave the hatching to some one else -

TRANSITION WITH MUSIC

2 EXT. FARM YARD

DUCKLINGS QUACKING AND PEEPING. FLAP OF HEN'S WINGS. A BUSY FARMYARD FULL OF FOWL.

004 REBECCA

I have not the patience to sit on a nest for twenty-eight days. And no more have you, Jemima. You would let them go cold. You know you would!

A QUACK FROM JEMIMA

005 JEMIMA

START >>> I wish to hatch my own eggs. I will hatch them all by myself.

JEMIMA QUACKS INDIGNANTLY.

SHE WADDLES ALONG, LOOKING TO HIDE HER EGGS. PIT PAT PADDLE PAT! PIT PAT WADDLE PAT!

006 BEATRIX (V.O.)

She tried to hide her eggs, but they were always found and carried off.

AN INFURIATED QUACK!

007 BEATRIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Jemima Puddle-duck became quite
desperate.

008 JEMIMA
Very well. I will make a nest where
no one can find it - far away from
this farm!

TRANSITION WITH MUSIC.

3 EXT. CART-ROAD

009 BEATRIX (V.O.)
So Jemima Puddle-duck set off on a
fine spring afternoon along the
cart-road that leads over the hill.

PIT PAT PADDLE PAT! PIT PAT WADDLE PAT!

010 BEATRIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She was wearing a shawl and a silk
bonnet with ribbons. When she
reached the top of the hill, she
saw a wood in the distance.

WIND GUST.

A FLUTTER OF FEATHERS.

011 JEMIMA (V.O.)
That looks like a safe, quiet spot.

PIT PAT PADDLE PAT! PIT PAT WADDLE PAT!

012 BEATRIX (V.O.)
Jemima Puddle-duck was not much in
the habit of flying.

PIT PAT PADDLE PAT! PIT PAT WADDLE PAT! SHAWL
FLAPS IN THE AIR!

013 JEMIMA
Here I go!

014 BEATRIX (V.O.)
But she ran downhill a few yards
flapping her shawl -

JEMIMA GIVES OUT A SQUAWK LIKE QUACK!

015 BEATRIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And then she jumped off into the
air. She flew beautifully when she
had got a good start.

GRACEFUL FLAPPING OF WINGS

016 JEMIMA
Ah, I'm flying! I - I should do
this more often! It's quite nice.
Ever so nice.

HER SHAWL FLAPS IN THE WIND.

017 BEATRIX (V.O.)
She skimmed along over the tree-
tops until she saw an open place in
the middle of the wood, where the
trees and brushwood had been
cleared.

018 JEMIMA
There's a good spot!

JEMIMA DESCENDS, FLAPPING HER WINGS. SHE LANDS
WITH A HEAVY THUD AND A GRUNT/QUACK.

4 EXT. WOOD

019 BEATRIX (V.O.)
Jemima alighted rather heavily, and
began to waddle about in search of
a convenient dry nesting-place.

PIT PAT PADDLE PAT! PIT PAT WADDLE PAT!

020 JEMIMA
I do fancy that tree stump among
the fox gloves.

JEMIMA WADDLES OVER -

021 BEATRIX (V.O.)
But - seated upon the stump -

JEMIMA STOPS SHORT - SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH!

022 BEATRIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Jemima was startled to find an
elegantly dressed gentleman reading
a newspaper.

PURRING/GRUMBLING FROM THE FOX. SNAP OF A
NEWSPAPER BEING OPENED TO A NEW SECTION

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 -

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.

<<< END

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.