

RIBBY POURS THE TEA. CLINK OF CHINA.

063 DUCHESS

Oh yes, please! my dear Ribby. And may I have a lump upon my nose?

A WHIMPER FROM DUCHESS.

START >>>

064 **RIBBY**

With pleasure, my dear Duchess. How beautifully you beg! Oh, how sweetly pretty!

A SNIFF FROM DUCHESS.

065 BEATRIX (V.O.)

Duchess sat up with the sugar on her nose and sniffed.

066 DUCHESS

How good that pie smells! I do love veal and ham - I mean to say mouse and bacon -

067 BEATRIX (V.O.)

Duchess dropped the sugar in confusion, and had to go hunting under the table.

OVEN DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

068 BEATRIX (V.O.)

She did not see which oven Ribby opened in order to get out the pie.

OVEN CLOSES. RIBBY SETS THE PIE ON THE TABLE. DUCHESS EMERGES FROM UNDER THE TABLE, RATTLING THE CHINA.

069 **RIBBY**

I will first cut the pie for you. I am going to have muffin and marmalade.

RIBBY CUTS THE PIE.

070 DUCHESS

Do you really prefer muffin?
(yelps)
Mind the patty-pan!

071 **RIBBY**

I beg your pardon?

072 DUCHESS
 (hurriedly)
 May I pass you the marmalade?

073 BEATRIX (V.O.)
 The pie proved extremely toothsome,
 and the muffins light and hot. They
 disappeared rapidly, especially the
 pie!

074 DUCHESS
 I think -

075 BEATRIX
 Thought the Duchess to herself -

076 DUCHESS
 I think it would be wiser if I
 helped myself to pie; though Ribby
 did not seem to notice anything
 when she was cutting it. What very
 small fine pieces it has cooked
 into! I did not remember that I had
 minced it up so fine. I suppose
 this is a hotter oven than my own.

077 RIBBY
 How fast Duchess is eating!

078 BEATRIX (V.O.)
 - thought Ribby to herself, as she
 buttered her fifth muffin.

DUCHESS RAPIDLY SCRAPES HER SPOON ACROSS THE PIE
 DISH.

079 BEATRIX (V.O.)
 The pie dish was emptying rapidly!
 Duchess had had four helps already,
 and was fumbling with the spoon.

080 RIBBY
 A little more bacon, my dear
 Duchess?

081 DUCHESS
 Thank you, my dear Ribby. I was
 only feeling for the patty-pan.

082 RIBBY
 The patty-pan, my dear Duchess?

083 DUCHESS

The patty-pan that held up the pie
crust.

084 RIBBY

Oh, I didn't put one in, my dear
Duchess. I don't think that it is
necessary in pies made of mouse.

DUCHESS FUMBLES WITH THE SPOON.

085 DUCHESS

(anxiously)

I can't find it!

086 RIBBY

(perplexed)

There isn't a patty-pan.

087 DUCHESS

Yes, indeed there is, my dear
Ribby! Where can it have gone to?

088 RIBBY

There most certainly isn't one, my
dear Duchess. I disapprove of tin
articles in puddings and pies. It
is most undesirable.

(in a lower voice)

Especially when people swallow in
lumps!

089 BEATRIX (V.O.)

Duchess looked very much alarmed,
and continued to scoop the inside
of the pie-dish.

090 RIBBY

My Great-aunt Squintina, the
grandmother of Cousin Tabitha
Twitchit died of a thimble in a
Christmas plum-pudding. I never put
any article of metal in my puddings
or pies.

<<< END

DUCHESS GASPS AND TILTS UP THE PIE-DISH,
SCRAPING IT DOWN.

091 RIBBY

I have only four patty-pans, and
they are all in the cupboard.

DUCHESS HOWLS.