

025 BEATRIX (V.O.)  
Mrs. Tittlemouse began to get cross.

MORE BUZZING: ZIZZ, WIZZ, WIZZZ!

026 BEATRIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
- Replied Babbitty Bumble in a peevish squeak.

THE BEE FLIES AWAY!

027 BEATRIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
She sidled down a passage, and disappeared into a storeroom which had been used for acorns.

028 MRS. TITTLEMOUSE  
What on earth can that bee be doing in my storeroom? It's empty! Or it should be...

MRS. TITTLEMOUSE SCAMPERS TO THE STOREROOM.

029 BEATRIX (V.O.)  
Mrs. Tittlemouse had eaten all her acorns before Christmas. The storeroom ought to have been empty.

MRS. TITTLEMOUSE JERKS OPEN THE STOREROOM DOOR.

3 INT. STOREROOM

START >>>

030 MRS. TITTLEMOUSE  
What's this?!

031 BEATRIX (V.O.)  
Her storeroom was full of untidy dry moss!

SHE BEGINS PULLING UP THE DRY MOSS, RUSTLING THROUGH IT TO CLEAR UP HER STORE ROOM.

BEES BUZZ FIERCELY AROUND HER!

032 BEATRIX (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Tittlemouse began to pull out the moss. Three or four other bees put their heads out, and buzzed fiercely.

THE BUZZING GROWS MORE INTENSE.

MRS. TITTLEMOUSE BACKS UP SLOWLY

033 **MRS. TITTLEMOUSE**

I am not in the habit of letting lodgings. This is an intrusion! I will have you all turned out-

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!

MRS. TITTLEMOUSE GETS OUT IN THE HALL AND SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

034 **MRS. TITTLEMOUSE** (CONT'D)

I wonder who would help me?

MUFFLED FROM THE STOREROOM: "BIZZ, WIZZ, WIZZZ"

035 **MRS. TITTLEMOUSE** (CONT'D)

I will not have Mr. Jackson. *He* never wipes his feet.

(sigh)

I suppose I must leave the bees until after dinner.

TRANSITION WITH MUSIC.

4

INT. PARLOR

036 BEATRIX (V.O.)

When Mrs. Tittlemouse got back to the parlour, she heard someone coughing in a fat voice:

A FAT COUGH

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

There sat Mr. Jackson himself!

CREAK OF A ROCKING CHAIR. CRACKLE OF A FIRE.

038 MR. JACKSON

Hello, Mrs. Tittlemouse.

039 BEATRIX (V.O.)

He was sitting all over a small rocking-chair, twiddling his thumbs and smiling, with his feet on the fender.

(beat)

He lived in a drain below the hedge, in a very dirty wet ditch. You see, he was a toad. And a very wet toad today.

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

**<<< END**

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.