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Wallace and Gromit in 'A Matter of Loaf and Death'

By Unknown

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Oh, it's you.

Nooo !

Lovely cheese.

I could just wash it...

I was just coming, lad.

Pop away, Gromit

Howdy Ho.

Oh, no.

Thanks lad.

Fill her up, lad.

Lovely cup, Gromit.

But slightly diesely aftertasted perhaps.

How's that breakfast coming on ?

Well done, lad.

Very well done.

Thanks, dog.

Oh. Oh, dear. Another baker.

Battered with his own rolling pin.

Would you credit it?

Still, looking on the bright side,

I suppose it means more business for us.

We're on the roll, lad.

Good days work, man.

We're bang on...

...target.

I'm light as a feather.

I'm a bake-o-lite girl.

Gromit, did you see

who that was?

She's in trouble.

Here, Gromit. Take the wheel.

Don't afraid, madam.

Tea cakes lad.

The whole meal fruit on my knees.

I should have tried

the granary roads.

Oh, egg.

Oh, dear. Are you alright, miss?

Madam?

Oh, I do apologise.

It's an honor to be your help.

I must get those brakes seen.

We're so grateful,

aren't we, Fluffles?
- Fnuffles.
- Oh, it was nothing.
What a lovely little doggie.
My name is Piella. Piella Bakewell.
I know who you are, miss.
Light as a feather,
you're the bake-o-lite girl.
Oh, that's me.
I'm Wallace.
I'm in bread myself.
Oh, really?
- Are you still ballooning, Miss...
- I do beg your pardon?
Oh, no, no. I mean
the bake-o-lite balloon.
- Do you still fly it?
- Oh, I see. No. Not any more.
Well back to the grind.
As it were.
Good bye, Ms. Bakewell.
Oh, I rather say
"Au revoir".
"Oui, oui, madame",
and "Bon apptit".
Bye-ee.
The bake-o-lite girl.
Oh, fancy that, Gromit.
It's not every day you meet
the girl of your dreams, is it?
Oh, well this isn't gonna put
bread on the table, is it?
Oh, hallo.
We were just passing by
going for a walk...
...and Fluffles insisted on dropping in
hoping you would join us.
Please say yes. She'd be
so disappointed, wouldn't you, Fluffy?
You Fluffy...
Oh. Well if you insist.
But I'm in my work things.
I like a man in uniform.
Come on.

Walkies.
Manage without me, weren't you, lad?
Oh, crows.
Mr. Wallace you are cheeky.
Ooh, am I ?
Oh, made some change,
doesn't it, my fudgecake?
Gromit's gonna love this.
Well I thought you could do
with a woman's touch around the house.
You naughty slobbery boys.
What do you think, Gromit?
You wouldn't know it was
our place, would you, lad?
Fluffles, where are you?
Same time tomorrow,
my apple strudle.
Love is a many splendeder thing, Gromit.
But doesn't love tie you out?
I'm cream crackered.
Oh, eck ! Piella's purse.
I was returning for...
Oh. Eh, Gromit?
Funny. I'm sure I heard something.
Oh, there it is.
It must have been there all along.
Early night, Fluffles?
Big day tomorrow.
Our final baker is nicely
potted off.
Good night, Fluffles.
Sweet dreams.
Hello, stranger.
Where have you been?
Hey, wait. Hold your horses.
I've got something
to tell you first, old pal.
Haven't we, dearest?
Of course,
my little cheesecake.
Wallace and I are engaged
to be married.
Till death do us part.
I think congratulations

might be in order, lad.

Oh, I can see he dying to
give me a great big kiss.

I know we're going to get on
like a house on fire.

One big happy family.

- Hello, my vanilla slice.

- Come in, my sponge cake.

- What's going on?

- You have to forgive him.

He's been a bit

security conscious of late.

Well you can't be too careful
these days, can you?

- Not with a serial killer on the news.

- Oh, yes.

How about a nice pot
of cock-a-leakie soup?

Oh, smashing. I've got just
the bread to go with it.

What the...? That dog!

- Smells delicious.

- I do hope you like it, my shortcrust.

It's my own special recipe.

What the...? Hey!

What do you playing at, lad?

This is getting ridiculous.

Oh, Wallace. He just wants
a bit of attention. That's all.

Now, my little poochy woochy,
let auntie Piella sort you out.

He bit me!

I was just trying to help and
he bit me, Wallace.

Gromit, how dare you bite
my be? That's very impolite.

Oh, don't be too hard on him, Wallace, please.

Just a little punishment, that's all.

I'm surprised at you, Gromit.

I really am.

Wallace, my sugar, done playing.

Have you got a mow?

On my way, my cupcake.

You'll not leave this kitchen

til you've done every last one.
I don't know. Taking a bite
out of my lovely fiance.
I'm such a silly sausage.
It just sort of fell off my foot.
Stay well back, my precious.
Leave it to me.
Oh, you're so brave, Wallace,
my minced pie.
I... got it !
Are you all right, my flower?
Oh, flour.
Get it ? Flour ?
Get your hands off me.
I hate flour, I hate bread
and I hate bakers,
water and complete fruitcake.
That's a bit steamed,
isn't it, my sweet?
Fluffles, I want a word with you.
Back home.
Thanks, old pal.
I just don't get it.
One minute they love bakers
and next minute they hate them.
I know I'm not a fruitcake,
am I, lad?
I suppose you can't be
everybody's cup of tea, can you?
I am so sorry, Wallace.
So so sorry.
I don't know what came over me.
Apart from the flour, of course.
Let's forget about it.
Here's a cake to celebrate.
Whoops. Must be my keys.
Celebrate?
Us. Getting back together again,
you gooseberry fool.
Oh, yes. Yes, of course.
We could have that
with our four o'clock tea.
- Why don't you join us?
- I would, but Fluffles isn't feeling too well.

Why don't you two celebrate? Must fly!
Roll on four o'clock, hey.
This will go down a treat.
Got you, you muddly mutt.
So nice of you to come.
Pity you miss
your master's tea party.
It'll go off with a bang.
Oh, I say.
Get that kettle on, Gromit!
I'll deal with you two later.
Come on, lad.
What's keeping you?
At last my thirteenth.
My baker's dozen.
What?
Curse that balloon. And curse
that revealing southwesterly.
There will be there in no time.
Go. Strike a light...
There you are.
I think these matches are a bit...
...dumb.
It's one of those joke candles, lad.
Where're you going with that
c-a-a-a-ke?
Gromit, it's a bomb.
The cake's a bomb.
Wait a minute. You don't think
Piella could be...
...the serial killer? Well done, Wallace.
Sharp as a brick.
Now do exactly as I say
or Fluffles get snuffled.
You cross me once too often
you trenchless little...
Get that thing away, lad.
That's it, lad. You shall loathe.
That has put a spanner in the works.
But, Piella, you're a bake-o-lite girl.
Was a bake-o-lite girl.
I ate too much you see.
- Oh, really?
- I couldn't ride a balloon anymore.

- So they dropped me.
- What a blow.
Me! A course on bakers
and the loathsome confections.
Gromiiit !
Well done, lad.
Uh? Lass?
Come to mummy, Fluffy Ruffy.
C'mon Girl, go for the knock-out !
Don't worry about me, lad.
I'm fully in control.
Yes.
No.
Oh, dear.
Anyone seen the bomb?
What? What?
Bomb voyage, Wallace.
Your bum is good as toasted.
Gromit, I've got a bomb
in my pants.
Help me, Gromit. Do something.
What a relief. Oh, evening, sisters.
I will be back to get you, Wallace.
I will have my baker's dozen.
But Piella the balloon won't hold you.
They cant just drop me.
I'm as light as a feather.
- I'm the bake-o-lite giirl...
- Nooo...
Farewell my angel cake. You'll
always be my bake-o-lite girl.
I think I need a cup of tea
after all that.
Oh, never mind, lad. We've both been
through the mill this week, haven't we?
But at least yours wasn't the bread-baking
baker-murdering serial killer...
...like mine.
Tell you what, lad.
Let's go and deliver some bread.
That'll cheer us up.
Hey. Always room for a small one.
And they called it puppy love
Put paws the wheel, lad.

Concentrate.