

WALLACE & GROMIT
'VENGEANCE MOST FOWL'

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ACT 1

EXT. ESTABLISHER -- 62, WEST WALLABY ST -- NIGHT

A THUNDERSTORM rages.

CAPTION: MANY YEARS AGO...

Several garden gnomes on display in the front garden are lashed with rain as we track past them to the house.

FROM INSIDE we hear a phone call being made...

INT. 62 WEST WALLABY ST -- KITCHEN

Angle on THE BLUE DIAMOND sitting atop an open hessian sack.

Wallace is calling someone as Gromit brings in a restorative cuppa.

1	YOUNG P.C MAC (O.S)	1
	(phone distort)	
	<i>Ello ello ello?</i>	

2	WALLACE (CONT'D)	2
	Oh, is that the police? We've got	
	someone here you might be	
	interested in...	

They clink Wallace & Gromit mugs happily.

3	WALLACE (CONT'D)	3
	I think we've just foiled a	
	robbery!	

PULL FOCUS to someone -- as yet unidentified -- tied up in the next room with a WASHING LINE.

CUT TO:

The blue light of a POLICE VAN. A prisoner is being taken to a high security institution. A crowd of PRESS try and snatch pictures as heavy doors slam shut behind the van and it arrives into a forecourt.

CUT TO:

INT. ARRIVAL AREA

A box is presented for the new prisoner to deposit their belongings -- a comb, keys, a tape measure and finally, A RED RUBBER GLOVE.

INT. PRISON STYLE CORRIDOR

The prisoner steps out of the shadows -- it's FEATHERS MCGRAW

Feathers poses for his mug-shot and gets fin-cuffed before being marched through a security door by uniformed escorts - we only see their bottom halves.

4 JUDGE (V.O.) 4
Feathers McGraw, you have been
found guilty of the attempted
robbery of the Blue Diamond.

Feathers and his escorts arrive at their destination.

5 JUDGE (V.O.) 5
If not for the actions of two
upstanding citizens, you would have
succeeded in your wicked plan.

They unlock the door and swing it open to reveal a bare cell.

6 JUDGE (V.O.) 6
Therefore it is the decision of
this court, that for the rest of
your natural life, you be removed
to a high security institution...

Reveal the cell has a strange arched doorway in one wall that leads onto -

-- an ENCLOSURE with a faux Arctic landscape round a large pool. The enclosure is protected by THICK BARS as we pull out to reveal a cheery PENGUIN CUT OUT "WELCOME TO THE ZOO" -- Feathers is IN A ZOO. Happy punters stroll past, enjoying their visit.

INT. PENGUIN HOUSE -- LOOKING OUT

Feathers scopes out his new high security home.

7 ZOO-KEEPER #2 (O.S.) 7
<CHUCKLE> There's no escape from
here - so don't even think about
it!

Feathers turns and gives them one of his signature stares. We see they're actually ZOO-KEEPERS. His cold look spooks them.

8 ZOO-KEEPER #1 8
 <GASP>

9 ZOO-KEEPER #2 9
 <GASP>

They hastily shut him in and LOCK the door.

INT. PENGUIN HOUSE -- DAY

A hint of *Cape Fear* as Feathers obsessively does pull-ups in his bare cell whilst staring intently at something...

... a newspaper cutting, pinned to the wall. It features a FRONT PAGE PICTURE of Wallace & Gromit celebrating, next to a picture of THE BLUE DIAMOND itself. HEADLINE: DIAMOND GEEZERS CATCH THIEF.

Feathers stares at the cutting. Hungry for vengeance.

TITLE CARD: VENGEANCE MOST FOWL

Close in on the newspaper picture and MATCH DISSOLVE to --

INT. 62, WEST WALLABY STREET -- EARLY MORNING

The same newspaper picture has been FRAMED and proudly put on the wall. It's surrounded by other pics that establish Wallace and Gromit's happy life together, including a pic of Gromit giving Wallace a spanner-shaped gift. On the shelf below, a couple of INVENTING AWARDS.

SFX Gromit's clock alarm.

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Gromit, in bed, half-opens a sleepy eye as a SUCTION TUBE PULLS him up out of bed and drops him into his slippers.

INT. DINING ROOM -- DAY

Gromit enters with his suctioned ears twisted into an absurd plait. He shakes them out.

An INTERCOM BUZZ makes him look over at a portrait of the two of them -- Wallace's eyes are flashing and his arm is waving.

10 WALLACE 10
 (intercom distort)
 Get me up Gromit!

CUTAWAY: INT. WALLACE'S BEDROOM

Wallace is enthusiastically pressing a button -- 'BREAKFAST'

11 WALLACE (CONT'D) 11
 ...another great day of inventing
 beckons! Hahey!

DINING ROOM

With a wry look, Gromit steps over to a gleaming new lever labelled the 'GET-U-UP DE LUXE' (the Get-U-Up has had an upgrade.) He yanks it...

CUTAWAY: INT. WALLACE'S BEDROOM

The Get-U-Up De-Luxe activates, opening the curtains and shifting Wallace's bed into position.

12 WALLACE (CONT'D) 12
 Haha! Oh top dog!

INTERCUT
 BETWEEN:

Wallace's GET-U-UP DE LUXE PROCESS and Gromit downstairs:

Gromit pulls a mug from a [Wallace made] automatic mug dispenser and sets it in place in a [Wallace made] TEA-MAKING MACHINE. He pauses to press a LAUNCH button.

13 WALLACE (CONT'D) 13
 Here we go!

Upstairs, Wallace's bed head slides up and Wallace is TIPPED UP through the door which turns into a special chute.

14 WALLACE (CONT'D) 14
 Wahey!

Wallace slides down the chute -- his pyjamas are discreetly removed as he's deposited into a warm, foaming BATH.

15 WALLACE (CONT'D) 15
 Ooh lovely...

Meanwhile Gromit takes his tea, but soon finds himself under attack from a self-operating HOOVER.

He steps out the way and turns a dial with various settings: 'PRE-WASH -- SOAK - SCRUB - ECO' as (up above) the bath takes Wallace on rails up to a whisk of SPINNING SPONGES...

16 WALLACE (CONT'D) 16
Oooh - tickles! Ho-hoo!

The bath takes Wallace over to a hole in the wall and tips him out into --

... A TRANSPARENT TUBE which spirals down the outside of his house.

17 WALLACE (IN THE TUBE) (CONT'D) 17
Woo Hey... weee!

Down below, Gromit emerges with a bag for the bin, wincing in expectation of what's coming next -- an eyeful of Wallace's naked backside as Wallace descends the tube --

18 WALLACE (CONT'D) 18
Woohoo!

Gromit manages to shield his eyes, go back in and pull another lever, THE DRESS-O-MATIC, which drops Wallace into a pair of trousers suspended in the basement. Hydraulic devices quickly dress him, including with - bizarrely -- a helmet. His tie is adjusted as he checks himself in the mirror that's presented to him.

19 WALLACE (O.S.) (CONT'D) 19
Hit it Gromit!

Back in the kitchen, Gromit delivers the *coup de grace* -- pressing a red button that operates a large mallet that rather pointlessly whacks *another* red button --

SPROING! Wallace is catapulted upwards by a spring --

20 WALLACE (CONT'D) 20
Waheey!

INT. DINING ROOM -- DAY

Wallace springs out of a recess and his helmeted head whacks a bell causing a sign to light up GOOD MORNING. He lands neatly in his chair which slides itself up to the table.

21 WALLACE 21
Morning Gromit!

Wallace's helmet is removed by another device.

22 WALLACE (CONT'D) 22
How's my favourite pooch? Hm?

Gromit nods ruefully, 'so-so' -- already suffering a bit of gadget-fatigue. He hands Wallace his tea and the new edition of *Practical Inventor (incorporating Mad Scientist Monthly.)*

23 WALLACE (CONT'D) 23
Oh you do look after me, lad.

A toast spreading device [the Jaminator] emerges from within the table. Gromit stoically puts on a pair of SUNGLASSES, knowing what comes next.

Wallace is muttering to himself as he reads his mag.

24 WALLACE (O.S) (CONT'D) 24
Oh... Hm, yes...Hm...

The Jaminator kicks into action, pumping jam, marmalade and peanut butter onto slices of toast. Wallace is fed toast via an automatic feeding hand. He munches away happily.

25 WALLACE (CONT'D) 25
Mm, cracking toast Gromit.

Cut to Gromit's face and sunglasses covered in stray splodges from the Jaminator. He removes the glasses patiently.

Wallace dives back into his mag as Gromit flips through a stack of BILLS. A glimpse of angry red warnings: "URGENT!" "VERY OUTSTANDING!" "PAY NOW" "-OR ELSE!"

Wallace glances over from his mag.

26 WALLACE (CONT'D) 26
Oh dear, more bills? Inventing doesn't come cheap, does it.
(thoughtfully)
Maybe I'm just making too many gadgets...

At that moment, a malfunctioning cereal-server is pouring MILK over Gromit, who shakes himself clean with a weary look.

Wallace notices Gromit's expression.

27 WALLACE (CONT'D) 27
Oh. Don't worry lad. We'll think of something. You look like you need a good pat. Come here!

Gromit trots over, feeling better already. Wallace goes to give Gromit a nice pat... but no, he's actually pressing yet ANOTHER button.

28 WALLACE (CONT'D) 28
That's it lad! My new Pat-O-Matic will oblige.

A gloved 'patting hand' comes out and starts patting Gromit mechanically, as Wallace heads off towards his basement. He turns in the doorway with an enigmatic air.

29 WALLACE (CONT'D) 29
And if you think *that's* progress -- wait till you see the next thing I'm working on! Hm!

He leaves Gromit being pummelled by the Pat-o-matic.

INT. WALLACE'S BASEMENT WORKSHOP -- DAY

Wallace rubs his hands gleefully -- another day's inventing.

30 WALLACE 30
Ooooh!

He opens his beloved toolbox and pulls out a spanner.

PULL BACK to reveal some new MYSTERY OBJECT waiting for him on his workbench.

31 WALLACE (CONT'D) 31
Hooooooo...

EXT. GARDEN OF 62, WEST WALLABY STREET - DAY

Gromit's POV as, holding a trug of garden tools, he passes through a little gate into a BEAUTIFUL GARDEN.

Gromit surveys his little Eden -- a tranquil spot that's been cultivated *au naturel*. Birds chirrup. Butterflies flutter past. Complete gadget-free peace. Gromit breathes in happily.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN -- SHORT TIME LATER

Engrossed in planting and watering a new seedling, Gromit fails to notice a LARGE SHADOW approaching.

CLUNK! Gromit looks up in dismay at a large WOODEN CRATE that Wallace has wheeled in on a sack truck.

32 WALLACE (O.S.) 32
Look out lad! Coming through!

Wallace mops his brow.

33 WALLACE (CONT'D) 33
Phew! Don't think I haven't
noticed, Gromit. You spend ages
toiling away in this garden. Well --
no more!

Wallace CLAPS. Gromit looks alarmed as there's MOVEMENT from within the box. The crack of splintering wood. Gromit backs away as the front panel slams outwards, inches from his feet.

Reveal... a cute GARDEN GNOME, with the sweetest smile.

34 NORBOT 34
He-hey!

35 WALLACE 35
This is my latest invention: a
smart gnome.

The gnome walks up to Gromit and sticks out a friendly hand.

36 NORBOT 36
Hi. I'm your Nifty Odd-jobbing
Robot -- call me NORBOT.

37 WALLACE (OVER) 37
Norbot, meet Gromit.

38 NORBOT 38
Pleased to meet you Master Gromit!

Norbot holds out a hand.

39 WALLACE (O.S.) 39
He's very friendly...

Gromit tentatively shakes Norbot's hand. But Norbot is strong for his size and shakes Gromit up like a rag doll.

40 WALLACE (O.S.) (CONT'D) 40
Ooh, steady on Norbot!

Gromit recovers his composure as Norbot stands awaiting instruction. Gromit is a bit unsure.

41 WALLACE (CONT'D) 41
Well go on, chuck, why don't you
put him through his little paces?
He's voice activated.

A silent Gromit turns to camera and gives us a wry look.

42 WALLACE (CONT'D) 42
Ha! Bit shy are we? Alright.
"Norbot. Make Gromit's garden neat
and tidy."

43 NORBOT 43
Neat and tidy! Yes Mr Wallace!

'Norbot-CAM' POV: he scans the garden, calculating all the tasks.

44 WALLACE (OVER) 44
I've pre-programmed him for you,
lad -- he's watched every episode
of 'DIY Garden Squad' there is.

Norbot hurries over to Gromit's shed.

45 NORBOT 45
"Only two hours to go, and they
still haven't got the patio down!"

Norbot rummages in the shed and re-emerges brandishing a PAIR OF SHEARS.

46 WALLACE (OVER) 46
Just watch him do all those tedious
gardening tasks!

Norbot sets to at speed, mowing, pruning, trimming, cutting.
Wallace shouts encouragement.

47 NORBOT (OVER) 47
Chop Chop Chop!... Mowing!...

48 WALLACE 48
Hoho! Wahey!

49 NORBOT 49
More mowing!...

50 WALLACE (OVER) 50
Don't forget the edges!

51 NORBOT (OVER) 51
Strimmer!...

52 WALLACE (OVER) 52
Careful lad...

Norbot has just cut the ends off Gromit's boots. Now he inadvertently blows leaves into Gromit's face as he uses a LEAF BLOWER powerful enough to lift him into the air.

53 NORBOT 53
Pointlessly blowing leaves
around!...

54 WALLACE 54
Oops -- whoopsadaisy --

55 NORBOT 55
Hedge trim!... Last bit of mowing!

Norbot finally mows down Gromit's newly-planted sapling.

Gromit falls to his knees in front of his shorn sapling whilst Norbot does a little jig and gestures at his work.

56 NORBOT (CONT'D) 56
(sings a little ditty)
"I'm a happy nifty Norbot, I love
to do a job..."

Reveal: the whole garden has been give a SEVERE HAIR CUT.

57 NORBOT (CONT'D) 57
Neat and tidy!

Gromit is mortified -- but spontaneous APPLAUSE makes Wallace & Gromit look round.

58 WALLACE 58
Ohh...

To their surprise, neighbours from adjoining gardens have gathered to watch. Passers by are peering over the fence. Even a TRUCK DRIVER has pulled up on the road outside.

59 STEVE 59
Oh, he's a little treasure, that
one!

60 MRS GAZEBO 60
Amazing job!

61 MR CONVENIENCE 61
And very convenient.

62 WALLACE 62
Well well! Looks like you've "made
the cut", Norbot. Better take a
bow!

63 NORBOT 63
 (bowing)
 Bowing! Bowing again! Thank you!

Another ripple of applause goes round the crowd. A few of Gromit's shorn flowers are thrown at Norbot's feet.

64 MR WINDFALL 64
 Where did you get him from?

Wallace adjusts his tie, looking chuffed.

65 WALLACE 65
 Well, actually, I made him myself.

66 MRS WINDFALL 66
 What fun! Is he for hire?

67 WALLACE 67
 Is he for hire, haha! Ohhh...

Wallace looks inspired. At that moment the truck comes past behind him -- it has an advert emblazoned on the side so that A LIGHTBULB appears directly over Wallace's head.

He's clearly hatching a scheme. He beckons enthusiastically.

68 WALLACE (CONT'D) 68
 Come on, I need your help!

Gromit, a bit puzzled, takes a step towards Wallace.

69 WALLACE (CONT'D) 69
 Not you, lad - Norbot.

70 NORBOT 70
 Yes Mr Wallace. How may I assist?

Wallace rushes off with an affectionate hand on Norbot's shoulder, leaving Gromit looking a bit out of sorts.

71 WALLACE 71
 Come along Norbot lad, we've got work to do!

72 NORBOT 72
 Right-o Mr Wallace.

Gromit puts his straw hat back on -- only to find even THAT has been trimmed square by Norbot. Gromit frowns.

EXT. ESTABLISHER -- LOCAL POLICE STATION - DAY

73 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (O.S) 73
It's a crime, that's what it is. A
crime...

INT. POLICE STATION -- CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH'S OFFICE

Chief Inspector Mackintosh -- formerly P.C Mackintosh -- is
sat at his desk staring tenderly at a framed picture.

74 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 74
... that you and I can't be
together. <MWAH> Not yet my
sweetness...

He gives the picture a kiss, then puts it back down on his
desk and we see what he's looking at: a lovely old CANAL BOAT
(nameplate: *Dun Nickin*)

75 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (OVER) (CONT'D) 75
Soon though... - EH?!

A TAP ON THE DOOR and a young police constable P.C MUKHERJEE
puts her head round the door.

76 P.C MUKHERJEE 76
Got a mo', Chief?

77 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 77
Wha -- ?

Without waiting for an answer she bounds into the room
bearing an armful of FILES, full of eager-to-do-well energy.

78 P.C MUKHERJEE 78
I've just finished my investigation
into that missing bike saddle --

She slams her file down on Mac's desk, making him start a
bit, and starts leafing through it.

79 P.C MUKHERJEE (CONT'D) 79
I've got witness interviews ...
crime scene reports ... full
forensics...

80 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 80
(interrupting)
Mukherjee --

81 P.C MUKHERJEE 81
 -- AND I checked the National Bike
 Saddle database -- there isn't one
 apparently --

82 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 82
 Mukherjee!

Mac gently pushes the file to one side.

83 P.C MUKHERJEE 83
 Chief?

84 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 84
 <HUF> How long have you been with
 us now?

85 P.C MUKHERJEE 85
 Since 9am this morning Chief.

86 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 86
 Well, you can forget what you've
 learned at training college.
 Because at the end of the day,
 there's just one thing that matters
 in this job - a copper's gut.

87 P.C MUKHERJEE 87
 Copper's gut sir?

Warming to his theme, Mac gets up and paces.

88 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 88
 Instinct. The important stuff's not
 up here -- it's down here.

Mac pats his belly proudly.

89 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 89
 Yeah. I've got quite a copper's gut
 meself, actually.

90 P.C MUKHERJEE 90
 Oh I can see that, Chief!
 (Mac raises an eyebrow.)
 I mean... I didn't mean I can
 see... it...
 (pointedly changing the
 subject)
 -- ooh, is that Feathers McGraw?

91 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 91
 (slightly panicked)
 What? Where?

Mukherjee gestures to an old WANTED POSTER of Feathers still pinned to the notice board -- *have you seen this chicken?*

92 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 92
Oh - that.

They both stare at the poster.

93 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 93
Well, there you go. A copper's gut!

94 P.C MUKHERJEE 94
He stole the Blue Diamond, right.

95 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 95
Oh, he tried. But he couldn't
escape the long arm of the law...

FLASHBACK:

INT. POLICE STATION RECEPTION - DAY

MATCH DISSOLVE to Young P.C Mac, reading his favourite magazine *Barging Today*.

96 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (V.O.) 96
Oh yes, I played my part --

He's interrupted by the PHONE RINGING. He snatches it up.

97 YOUNG P.C MAC 97
'Ello ello ello?

98 WALLACE (O.S.) 98
(Ansaphone distort)
Oh, is that the police?

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM VAULT ROOM

Wallace ceremoniously hands over the hessian sack containing the diamond to Young P.C Mac, who holds it up for the benefit of the Press before dropping it into a strong box.

99 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (V.O.) 99
The Blue Diamond ended up back in
the museum vault...

Cut to Young Mac shutting the strong box inside a safe then swinging the heavy door of the vault shut -- SLAM! He spins the lock shut with an air of finality.

100 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 100
I locked it up meself, well out of
harm's way.

BACK TO PRESENT
DAY

INT. POLICE STATION -- CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH'S OFFICE

Mukherjee is awe-struck.

101 P.C MUKHERJEE 101
I'd love to crack a case like that!
You must be dead proud, Chief.

102 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 102
It's not -- it's not about pride,
Mukherjee -- it's about Duty. Which
is why I've accepted one last task
before I hang up me truncheon...

103 P.C MUKHERJEE 103
Oh?

Mac gestures to the BLUE PRINT that's laid out on his desk.

104 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 104
The new Blue Diamond Exhibition.

Angle on the blue-print which we now see is a design for a
state-of-the-art exhibition room.

105 P.C MUKHERJEE 105
(excited)
The diamond's going back on
display!

106 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (OVER) 106
Oh aye. I've designed all the
security arrangements meself --
foolproof.

107 P.C MUKHERJEE 107
Yeah! Well - not unless Feathers
cuts a hole in that sky light.

Mac looks at his blue print anxiously.

108 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (V.O.) 108
Skylight?

109 P.C MUKHERJEE 109
 -- or he removes the back plate off
 the air con. --

110 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (V.O.) 110
 Air-what?!

111 P.C MUKHERJEE 111
 Oh. Actually, he could just get in
 through the Gift Shop --

112 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 112
 There's a gift shop?

Mac crossly rolls the blueprint up.

113 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 113
 Look, Feathers isn't going to get
 in is he?

CUTAWAY to the zoo where Feathers, wearing a high viz gilet,
 is on litter-gathering duties in his secure enclosure.

114 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (V.O.) 114
 He's safely banged up in the zoo --
 literally doing bird.

THE POLICE STATION -- MAIN OFFICE

Mac ushers Mukherjee (and her files) out of his office.

115 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 115
 Now, I've got a Grand Opening to
 prepare for, so get out there on
 the beat. Burn some shoe leather.

Mukherjee pumps the air in delight.

116 P.C MUKHERJEE 116
 Ye-e-s! I mean... yes. Sir.

She salutes respectfully.

117 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 117
 Hrmph.

Mac slams his office door shut.

INT. GARAGE -- DAY

Close on NORBOT as he rises up into shot on a ladder
 clutching a paint-brush. He starts painting a SIGN on the
 side of the van, moving like a laser-printer.

118 WALLACE (O.S.) 118
 Oh yes. That's it, Norbot -- make
 the letters nice and big.

Gromit looks on intrigued as Norbot finishes up his sign.

119 WALLACE (CONT'D) 119
 Oh, that's just smashing. I think
 you're going to like this, Gromit!

Wallace steps aside to reveal a gleaming new decal on the
 side of the van -- 'GNOME IMPROVEMENTS *no job too small*'

120 WALLACE (CONT'D) 120
 Da-na!

121 NORBOT 121
 (copying)
 Da-na!

As Norbot starts loading the van, Wallace explains:

122 WALLACE 122
 "Gnome Improvements". A gnome-based
 garden and maintenance service! Woo-
 hoo. I told you we'd find a way to
 pay the bills, lad.

Gromit brightens up. Maybe this *is* a good idea. Wallace looks
 at the van and gestures at Norbot.

123 WALLACE (CONT'D) 123
 Norbot -- haven't you missed
 something?

124 NORBOT 124
 Oh! Yes Mr Wallace.

Norbot goes back and adds more words above GNOME
 IMPROVEMENTS: Wallace and Norbot's GNOME IMPROVEMENTS

125 WALLACE 125
 Oh yes, very good.

Gromit looks at the new partnership. His face falls.

126 WALLACE (CONT'D) 126
 Good job Norbot! Oh yes...

At that moment -- honk honk! Wallace & Gromit look out to see
 an E.N.G TRUCK pulling up, '*your local news team!*'

A groomed-looking reporter -- ONYA DOORSTEP -- is getting out
 of the truck with her camera operator.

127 ONYA DOORSTEP 127
YOO-HOO!

Wallace looks excited.

128 WALLACE 128
Oh, it's Up North News! Maybe
they've heard about our Norbot. Oh,
This'll be great for publicity...

SFX (PRE-LAP) dramatic NEWS STING --

INT. SITTING ROOM -- LATER

Close on WALLACE'S TV tuned into UP NORTH NEWS --

129 NEWS STING 129
And now, Up North News, presented
by Anton Deck!

ON TV: The local news anchor ANTON DECK is introducing the
next item:

130 ANTON DECK 130
Good evening. Now, we've all heard
of cutting edge technology -- but
how about "cutting hedge
technology"? Heehee! Onya Doorstep
has more...

ON TV -- A NEWS REPORT

Onya introduces footage of Norbot looking cute by the van.

131 ONYA DOORSTEP 131
Meet Norbot, the latest thing in
"gnome help". He's the brainchild
of a smart-thinking local inventor -

Reveal Wallace on the couch, Norbot perched next to him.
Gromit, arms crossed, feeling a bit left out on the armchair.

132 WALLACE 132
Ooh, 'smart-thinking' -- thank you
very much.

ON TV: ONYA DOORSTEP interviews a rather stiff Wallace.
Norbot holds a pair of shears in readiness.

133 ONYA DOORSTEP 133
So Wallace, what can Norbot do
around the house?

134 WALLACE 134
Oh, well -- pretty much everything,
Ms Doorstep.

135 NORBOT 135
No job is too small!

Norbot duly obliges with a demonstration, fashioning a delightful statue out of a hedge.

136 NORBOT (CONT'D) 136
(sings)
"I'm a happy nifty Norbot, I like
to trim the hedge..."

He steps in front of Gromit, lost in the back of shot.

137 NORBOT (CONT'D) 137
Da-na! Artistic!

The report CONTINUES UNDER as we cut to --

INT. ZOO -- GUARD STATION -- EVENING

The zoo-keepers are also watching the news item on a battered telly in the top corner of their GUARD STATION. They lounge on chairs and munch snacks.

138 WALLACE (ON TV) 138
... I've been testing him out here
in my own garden, and he's done a
cracking job, as you can see!

INT. FEATHERS' CELL -- CONTINUOUS

The walls are now covered in passage-of-time marks. Feathers waddles in with another bag of litter, looking fed up as he throws his grabber and gilet on the floor.

139 ONYA DOORSTEP (O.S, ON TV) 139
He certainly seems very 'user
friendly', to use the jargon! So
what inspired you to create this
handy device, Mr Wallace --?

Feathers pauses -- did he hear the name "Wallace"? Feathers starts paying attention to the TV report...

140 WALLACE (O.S, ON TV) 140
Oh I've always loved inventing.
Making things that help people! And
Norbot is so very helpful...

Feathers listens intently -- that's Wallace's voice!

ANGLE ON THE CELL DOOR

Feathers slips an old SARDINE TIN through the food flap, using it as a rudimentary mirror so he can watch TV.

141 WALLACE (DISTANT, ON TV) (CONT'D) 141
 ...I'd say he's my greatest
 invention so far! We charge him up
 every night, and the next day, he's
 raring to go again!

REFLECTED IN THE SARDINE TIN MIRROR...

Norbot being put through his little paces.

142 ONYA DOORSTEP 142
 He seems very obliging!

143 WALLACE 143
 Oh, whatever your problem, he's the
 answer!

ON FEATHERS reflected in the mirror, scrutinising Norbot.

144 ONYA DOORSTEP (O.S.) 144
 Well sounds like this little gnome
 is going to make a *huge* difference
 around here! This is Onya Doorstep
 for Up North News.

IN HIS CELL

Feathers' mind is whirring. He stares at the newspaper cutting of Wallace & Gromit, still on his wall, sensing a delicious opportunity.

But suddenly -- the chink of keys in the lock.

145 ZOO-KEEPER #2 (O.S.) 145
 Cage inspection!

Feathers slips his mirror back in its hiding place -- within a MODEL SHIP made from litter -- as the door opens and the guards come in for a routine search.

They check the toilet pan, and under his mattress.

146 ZOO-KEEPER #2 (CONT'D) 146
 Move aside, jailbird!

Feathers stands by his bed, staring at a pair of RED RUBBER GLOVES that are hanging off the belt of one of the guards.

147 ZOO-KEEPER #2 (O.S) (CONT'D) 147
All clear.

The guards leave. Their voices disappear down the corridor:

148 ZOO-KEEPER #2 (O.S) (CONT'D) 148
What a dead beat. Dunno why
everybody thinks he's so clever...

Feathers reveals that he's STOLEN one of the gloves. He stretches it out and lets it snap back. Back in business.

INT. KITCHEN/SITTING ROOM -- EVENING

An upbeat Wallace gets tea from his tea-machine. It pours milk from a little jug and stirs it for him.

149 WALLACE 149
A I, lad! See how embracing
technology makes our life better.

Gromit, knitting away in his chair, gives Norbot a sidelong glance. Really?

150 WALLACE (CONT'D) 150
(Re: the tea-machine)
I mean, thanks to *that* handy
device, we haven't had to use the
old tea-pot for years.

Gromit looks wistfully at a dusty old tea-pot on the dresser.

151 WALLACE (CONT'D) 151
Oh yes, 'tech' -- that's the thing.
So long as it knows who's boss of
course.

Gromit carries on knitting. He's making Wallace a new pair of socks. He knits away carefully. Knit one. Pearl one --

Then notices that his yarn spindle is spinning faster and faster -- (think fishing line caught by a shark) --

Gromit looks over to see that Norbot is ALSO knitting -- at high speed, using multiple threads and colours.

152 WALLACE (CONT'D) 152
Ha ha, look at him go!

In front of Gromit's eyes, Norbot turns out an ALL-IN-ONE trouser/tank-top/shirt-and-tie combo.

153 NORBOT 153
Da-na!

Wallace holds it in front of himself (it's an exact knitted version of what he's already wearing.)

154 WALLACE 154
Ooh, a Wallace Onesie! Oh, that's champion that is Norbot! Haha.

155 NORBOT 155
A Wallace onesie!

Gromit stares at his half-knitted sock as Wallace effuses about his new Onesie.

156 WALLACE 156
Oh I think this'll fit perfectly!

157 NORBOT 157
Perfectly!

Gromit stabs the needles into his ball of wool and gives up.

INT. GROMIT'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

Gromit settles into bed with a cup of cocoa and his bedside radio. Soft music fills the room. He opens his book contentedly (*A Room of One's Own* by Virginia Woolf.)

SFX door creak. The padding of little mechanical feet.

158 NORBOT 158
<HUMMING> Evening Master Gromit.
<HUMMING>

Norbot has walked in! Gromit reacts -- bloomin' cheek! But next thing Gromit's music goes off. Huh? Gromit looks over to see Norbot has pulled out the radio's plug, in favour of the plug from his charging cable. He plugs the other end of the cable into his back.

159 NORBOT (CONT'D) 159
Norbot recharge time!

He's RE-CHARGING. He starts making an annoying HUMMING NOISE.

160 NORBOT (CONT'D) 160
<GURGLING>

Gromit can no longer concentrate on his book. With a thunderous expression, he pointedly turns the light off.

All is dark for a moment. Then with a soft 'click' Norbot's eyes light up like a pair of torches.

Gromit lies in bed, unable to sleep. Abruptly, Norbot goes quiet. Gromit's eyes sink down with relief --

-- until Norbot STARTS UP again.

161 NORBOT (CONT'D) 161
Recharge -- nearly [one] per cent.

Gromit's face turns thunderous. He's finally HAD ENOUGH.

INT. BASEMENT -- NIGHT

The light goes on revealing Gromit at the top of the steps, holding Norbot under his arm.

CUT TO:

Gromit clears a space on Wallace's cluttered workbench and plonks Norbot down. There. That's where YOU belong. Hunting for a free socket, he ends up unceremoniously plugging Norbot into the computer.

162 NORBOT 162
Re-charge time re-activated.

Gromit wipes his hands of Norbot and stomps back up the steps.

163 NORBOT (CONT'D) 163
<GURGLING> Re-charge nearly [two] per cent...

Gromit rolls eyes, then slams the door shut behind him.

EXT. 62 WEST WALLABY ST -- NIGHT

His bedroom light goes out. Finally, he can relax.

INT. BASEMENT -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Norbot sits charging innocently on the workbench where Gromit left him, attached by cable to Wallace's vintage computer.

The CAMERA drifts upwards as we dissolve to...

EXT. CITY ZOO -- NIGHT

Up in the sky, a STORM is brewing...

The zoo is quiet, apart from a few nocturnal squawks. Just one faint light emanating from the tiny window of FEATHERS' CELL. Slow pan in...

INT. FEATHER'S CELL -- NIGHT

Discreetly lit by candlelight, Feathers is busy. He upends the bucket of litter he was collecting earlier and roots through it.

A QUICK MONTAGE of painstaking assembly as Feathers constructs something using the litter.

Soon, he's ready. He checks no-one's heard anything.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL/CORRIDOR BY GUARD STATION

Feathers quietly takes the newspaper cutting down. He pulls a small pre-loosened brick out of the cell wall behind it.

On the corridor side of the wall, a poster *LOOK OUT THERE'S A THIEF ABOUT*

Feathers feeds an EXTENDABLE ARM through the hole in the poster. An ingenious home made device with the red glove acting as the hand and operated by levers.

AT THE GUARD POST

The keeper slumbers as the extendable hand slides in, heading towards a set of keys hanging on a hook...

164

ZOO-KEEPER #2

164

<SNORING>

... but then PAST the keys, and on towards the COMPUTER KEYBOARD on the desk.

Cut between: GUARD POST & FEATHERS

The glove taps out letters and numbers: a remote access request for an off-site computer at WALLACE'S ADDRESS.

Feathers works the arm from his end. He's clearly hacking Wallace's IT system... but even as Wallace's computer is [LOCATED] a piece of fluff drifts towards the guard's nose.

Feathers swiftly opens a NORBOT folder and watches as pages of technical specs and drawings unfold in front of him. He scrolls past Norbot's MEMORY CENTRE -- and LANGUAGE CENTRE -- and then his GARDEN CENTRE.

Feathers hunts through files until he finds what he's looking for: *Core protocol: GOOD*

Feathers clicks on a drop down menu, scrolling from GOOD via other options - *pleasant/unassuming/boorish/bit selfish* etc until he comes to EVIL.

With a flourish, he selects EVIL and presses ENTER.

Cue a special effects shot 'down the wire' as the new core protocol is uploaded, cascading through the internet...

INT. 62, WEST WALLABY ST -- BASEMENT -- NIGHT

Wallace's computer BOOTS INTO LIFE as the reels start spinning and lines of NEW CODE cascade down the screen. Norbot TWITCHES ominously as he's fed new data by Feathers. Steam comes out of his ears. He UNPLUGS himself.

CUT TO:

Angle on the back of Norbot as he steps up to Wallace's gnome blue-print, laid out on a drawing board.

168	NORBOT	168
	New instructions received!	

He picks up some tools.

169	NORBOT (CONT'D)	169
	No job is too small...	

CUTAWAYS: Norbot working through the night, creating a production line of activity as he fashions a series of METAL PLATES and solders multiple FUSE BOARDS.

EXT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Behind the basement door we glimpse welding flashes and hear the whir of electric tools. Norbot hard at work, now doing Feathers' bidding...

INT. FEATHER'S CELL -- SAME TIME

Feathers puts the newspaper cutting back up, and falls contentedly on to his bed. Vengeance has never felt closer.

A final CRASH of portentous THUNDER --

SLOW DISSOLVE

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

EXT. 62, WEST WALLABY STREET -- NEXT MORNING

The morning sun shines onto Gromit's bedroom window as we hear the SUCTION DEVICE picking him up like it does every morning, and dumping him into his slippers.

INT. DINING ROOM -- SHORT TIME LATER

Gromit sinks into his chair with his ears all twisted again and deftly slides his bowl into the right position for his faulty cereal-serving gadget.

He settles down to read his new book -- "PARADISE LOST" (by John Stilton.)

The Get-U-Up intercom BUZZES.

170 WALLACE (O.S ON INTERCOM) 170
Get me up Gromit, we've got a right busy day ahead!

Gromit rolls his eyes and pulls the GET-U-UP de Luxe lever.

171 WALLACE (O.S, DISTANT) (CONT'D) 171
Thanks lad!

Wallace sets off into the system with a happy cry.

172 WALLACE (O.S) (CONT'D) 172
Weeee!

Gromit looks over, hearing the slow clomp of Norbot's footsteps coming up into the hallway.

Norbot appears. There's something sinister about his manner. And when he turns to look at Gromit, Gromit starts. Norbot now has cold, black eyes.

Their eyes meet for a moment. Gromit senses cold hostility. He's wary as Norbot starts walking towards him.

The tension is interrupted by Wallace springing jauntily up into his chair.

173 WALLACE (CONT'D) 173
Hoho! Morning team!

Wallace, munching toast, checks the ansaphone.

174 WALLACE (CONT'D) 174
Ooh, loads of new messages!

C.U -- ansaphone display flashing: 'LOADS OF NEW MESSAGES'

Wallace fast-forwards through his messages.

175 PHONE CUSTOMER #1 - MRS GAZEBO (O.S.) 175
(ansaphone distort)
"Gnome Improvements, I saw you on
the telly! Could Norbot come and
mow my --"

176 PHONE CUSTOMER #2 - JOHN MAYOR (O.S.) 176
(ansaphone distort)
"new lily pond --"

177 PHONE CUSTOMER #3 - ZOO-KEEPER #2 177
(O.S.)
(ansaphone distort)
"with a stump-grinder --"

178 PHONE CUSTOMER #4 - MR WINDFALL (O.S.) 178
(ansaphone distort)
"and put well-rotted manure --"

179 PHONE CUSTOMER #5 - MRS WINDFALL 179
(O.S.)
(ansaphone distort)
"inside my conservatory -- "

180 WALLACE 180
Talk about celebrity, lad, he's a
'household gnome'! Hmm. At this
rate we'll need a whole ARMY of
Norbots! Haha. Ha...

Norbot is watching intently. He abruptly CLAPS his hands.

SFX: strange rumbling VIBRATIONS from below. Wallace and
Gromit look around, puzzled.

181 WALLACE (CONT'D) 181
Hm? Eh?

The table rattles The spoon falls out of Gromit's bowl --
Disturbed, Gromit goes to investigate.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Gromit pushes past Norbot and opens the basement door.

Something stirs down in the gloom. Then -- the CLOMP-CLOMP of many tiny footsteps coming up the basement stairs.

Gromit nearly jumps out of his skin as a whole regiment of NEW NORBOTS march out of the basement and line up neatly in the hallway. Norbot has replicated himself!

182 WALLACE 182
What on earth -- ?! I- hmm...

183 EVIL NORBOT 183
More Norbots for Mr Wallace!

Wallace is drop-jawed for a moment -- then chuckles.

184 WALLACE 184
Uh... heh heh. Well. That IS smart.
(to Gromit)
It's like he knows what we need,
before we even know ourselves!

Gromit inspects the line-up of gnomes as Wallace chatters away proudly. Gromit doesn't like the look of them.

185 WALLACE (CONT'D) 185
Huh. The more gnomes the merrier --
right Gromit?

The Norbots all salute as one.

186 EVIL NORBOT 186
The more gnomes the merrier!

187 EVIL NORBOTS 187
YES MR WALLACE!

188 WALLACE 188
Haha! What could possibly go wrong!

Off Gromit's uneasy expression --

CUT TO:

EXT. 62, WEST WALLABY STREET, ROOF -- DAY

A RADAR DISH emerges from a recess and starts to swivel.

189 WALLACE (O.S) 189
That's it -- up you go --

INT. 62, WEST WALLABY STREET -- BACK ROOM --

Wallace busies himself in front of a console connected to a bank of screens (old TV's)

190 WALLACE 190
 Bit of fine tuning... oh that's
 good.

Gromit puts down a mug of tea for his friend, whilst keeping a beady eye through the open doorway on the gnome army as Norbot ushers them into the van.

191 WALLACE (CONT'D) 191
 No need for us to go with them,
 Gromit...

He gestures to his equipment as a grid map of the town boots up on his screens, raked by a radar signal.

192 WALLACE (CONT'D) 192
 I just track them with my new
 'gnoming device' - Ah lovely tea.

Wallace leans back contentedly, slurping tea.

193 WALLACE (CONT'D) 193
 All WE have to do is sit back and
 let the machines take the strain. -
 Right Gromit?

He looks round and notices Gromit has already left.

194 WALLACE (CONT'D) 194
 -- Gromit...?

EXT. 62, WEST WALLABY STREET -- DAY

The van emerges from the garage and heads out.

195 WALLACE (O.S.) 195
 -- Gromit...?-- Gromit...?

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Reveal Gromit driving. Wallace's voice on the intercom:

196 WALLACE (O.S) 196
 (intercom distort)
 I said we don't need to go with
 them. <CHUCKLE> Don't you trust my
 inventions lad?

208 EVIL NORBOT 208
Patio-Chop!

209 EVIL NORBOTS 209
OH WE'RE JOLLY USEFUL NORBOTS
WE DO ALL SORTS OF STUFF
WHEN WE GET ASKED TO DO A TASK
WE CAN'T WORK HARD ENOUGH!
WE PUSH AND PULL AND SAW AND CHOP
WE THINK OUR CHORES ARE FUN
WE WON'T DELAY, KEEP OUT OUR WAY
UNTIL THE JOB IS DONE!

The gnomes "accidentally" unroll a large roll of turf over Gromit, flattening him into the ground.

INT. 62 WEST WALLABY STREET -- BACK ROOM

Wallace hangs up from another call with a satisfied customer

210 WALLACE 210
The Norbots are a triumph Gromit!
We'll soon have those bills paid
off!

EXT. NEIGHBOUR'S GARDEN -- DAY

An exasperated Gromit peeks over a fence, more convinced than ever that the gnomes are up to something... and seems to catch them red-handed stealing a weather vane...

211 EVIL NORBOTS 211
<HUMMING SONG> Bum bum bum bum bum
bum bum....

... but immediately falls foul of an ingenious BOOBY TRAP which sends him careening via a wheelbarrow into a shed.

212 EVIL NORBOT 212
Neat and tidy!

213 EVIL NORBOTS 213
<HUMMING SONG> Bum bum bum bum bum
bum bum....

EXT/INT SHED -- CONTINUOUS

The gnomes discreetly bar the door with a heavy pot.

The gnomes head off, humming happily and carrying away a pile of stuff, including a large planter barrel.

Norbot's evil intent is now out in the open. He turns and gives Gromit a look of triumph as Gromit bangs on the plastic shed window helplessly.

EXT. GARDEN OF GNOME IMPROVEMENTS' CUSTOMER -- DAY

-- A customer puts a plate of cake on a round glass table.

214 MR LOVEJOY 214
Aww, happy birthday Mavis --

215 MRS LOVEJOY 215
Oh, smashing!

The cake drops straight through. They hold up the table and realise it's got NO GLASS IN IT.

216 MRS LOVEJOY (CONT'D) 216
Oh. What happened to me glass table?

-- Another customer enters their shed to find it empty.

217 MR DIBBER 217
<GASP> Where's me tools?

-- The next customer enters *their* shed to find the WHOLE SHED missing (ie just the door they opened remains.)

218 MRS GAZEBO 218
Gasp. Where's me shed?

The door frame they're standing in falls over.

-- Two posh customers stare up at their guttering.

219 MRS WINDFALL 219
Where's our drainpipe?

She gets SPLOOSHED with a mini tidal wave of rainwater.

EXT. 62, WEST WALLABY STREET -- DAY

The heavily-laden vehicle, now driven by Evil Norbot, grinds jerkily into the drive and reverses into the garage.

The gnomes check around before discreetly shutting the doors.

INT. POLICE STATION -- MAIN OFFICE -- DAY

Phones ringing. Mukherjee excitedly taking calls.

220 P.C MUKHERJEE 220
 Hello, police? ... *another*
 burglary? What's the address?
 Hello, police... a weather vane?
 When did it go missing...? Hello,
 police? Someone's pinched your big
 butt?? -- oh, WATER butt. I see
 what you mean. Hang on --

Yet another phone rings. Mukherjee desperately stretches over to answer it but Mac appears and snatches it up first.

221 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 221
 (affecting recorded voice)
 "Hello. You have reached the Old
 Bill..."

Mukherjee has overstretched and falls back o.s with a cry.

222 P.C MUKHERJEE 222
 <WAH!>

223 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 223
 "We're experiencing a high volume
 of calls at the moment, so please
 leave your crime after the beep
 {mimics a beep} -- "

He slams the phone down.

224 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 224
 What's going on here?

225 P.C MUKHERJEE 225
 Aw Chief! It's a spate of
 burglaries. Like a proper crime
 wave.

226 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 226
 I can't be dealing with a crime
 wave! I've got enough on me hands
 as it is.

He holds two ties up to his chest.

227 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 227
 What do you think, blue or black --
 for the Grand Opening?

228 P.C MUKHERJEE 228
 Uhh blue?

229 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 229
(studying himself in a
locker mirror)
Oh yeah. See what you're saying --
matches the diamond --

230 P.C MUKHERJEE 230
Anyroad, about these robberies.

Mukherjee nods over to a wall she's been pinning things on.

231 P.C MUKHERJEE (CONT'D) 231
I've been building this "crime
wall" -- trying to find common
themes and such --

Angle on the crime wall: Pictures of victims & stolen
objects, with lines of string from each of the burglaries all
heading back to a central point: A GNOME IMPROVEMENTS
business card, next to a picture of Wallace and his van.

232 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 232
Never- Never mind crime walls,
what's your copper's gut telling
you?
(pats stomach)

233 P.C MUKHERJEE (OVER) 233
Well... all the clues seem to point
to this man -
(tapping pic of Wallace)
A local inventor.

234 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 234
Wallace? The upstanding citizen who
helped put Feathers behind bars?
(thinks about it)
Yeah, hey why not. You catch one
super villain, doesn't make you a
saint, does it?

235 P.C MUKHERJEE 235
Well should we say he's a suspect
then?

236 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 236
Just bring him in and book him.
I've got a speech to write.

Mac heads back to his office.

237 P.C MUKHERJEE 237
Really? Don't we need... evidence?

The Norbot points at the hearth with their arm, which has a FLAME THROWER attachment. Wallace looks on in dismay as it sends a jet of flame past his nose.

245 WALLACE (CONT'D) 245
Huh?

But soon, there's a cosy, roaring fire. The Norbot starts playing a soporific lullaby on his harp.

246 WALLACE (CONT'D) 246
Eh? -- oof!

Other Norbots push Wallace back into his chair, throw a blanket over him, stick his slippers on and generally make him comfy.

247 WALLACE (CONT'D) 247
What's all this in aid of?

An Evil Norbot climbs a small ladder behind Wallace's chair.

248 EVIL NORBOT 248
Massage Mr Wallace?

He begins massaging Wallace's head and ears.

249 WALLACE 249
Ohh... oh yes that's lovely...
Oh dear, you are spoiling me!

Another Norbot prepares a big mug of *Snoozy Choc*.

250 EVIL NORBOT 250
Snoozy choc?

251 WALLACE 251
Oh, I don't mind if I do... Mmm.

An Evil Norbot hands him the mug, then starts tipping it into his mouth.

252 EVIL NORBOT 252
Come along!

253 WALLACE 253
Oh steady on!

254 EVIL NORBOT 254
... drink up Mr Wallace.

Wallace glugs it down and quickly slides into a deep sleep, a blob of Snoozy Choc on his nose.

255

WALLACE
<HICCUP> <SNORING>

255

The Evil Norbots slip away with a last check on the slumbering inventor.

EXT/INT. SHED WITH GROMIT IN -- DAY

Angle on the metal side of the shed as an old tin-opener blade slowly works its way along, like opening a tin of cat-food, making a perfect GROMIT SHAPE.

With a single hard kick, Gromit manages to knock out a Gromit-sized hole. He steps out, and rolls his sleeves up ominously.

EXT. 62, WEST WALLABY STREET -- DUSK

Gromit screeches back to the house on one of the gnomes' little scooters. He checks around warily.

INT. 62, WEST WALLABY STREET -- HALLWAY

Gromit slides in the door. He looks around for Wallace.

INT. SITTING ROOM -- A MOMENT LATER

Wallace still deeply asleep. Gromit comes in and shakes him, but he doesn't wake up. Gromit notices the empty cans of Snoozy Choc...

... then becomes aware of noises emanating from the basement: HAMMERING... the whine of ANGLE-GRINDERS... the scrape of METAL --

INT. HALLWAY

C.U he peers through the KEY HOLE of the basement door.

GROMIT'S KEYHOLE POV: Welding sparks fill the air. A blur of movement. The gnomes seem busy on some major activity

Reverse POV of Gromit's eye peering in. His eye widens.

Gromit steps back. He needs to investigate further...

EXT/INT. BASEMENT -- OLD COAL SCUTTLE -- NIGHT

Gromit opens the coal scuttle hatch, throws a rope down and discreetly abseils down into the heart of the action.

He peeks out and sees a scene of great activity: the Gnome Army have created a MINI INDUSTRIAL SITE reminiscent of a Bond movie. They seem to be constructing some LARGE MYSTERY OBJECT under a skeleton of scaffolding and tarpaulin.

Gnomes smelt down stolen items and hammer them into new shapes. Sections of corrugated iron, drain-pipes, a bath, a weather vane, and the like (even a Neighbourhood Watch sign) are being processed and hoisted into place.

But what are they making? Gromit creeps through the busy scene, keeping out of sight, getting closer to the 'mystery object.' He reaches out to lift the tarpaulin and see what lies beneath but {SQUEAK!} --

-- treads on a SQUEAKY PLASTIC DUCK --

The whole place abruptly goes quiet as all the gnomes turn to look down at Gromit. Gromit awkwardly offers them the duck back before backing away and FLEEING up the steps as fast as he can.

INT. SITTING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Gromit throws a JUG OF WATER over Wallace's head. Wallace snores on.

256	WALLACE	256
	<SNORING>	

Gromit thinks for a moment, then rushes off o.s. SFX door. Moments later, Gromit returns carrying the PAT-O-MATIC. He yanks it up through various settings from GOOD DOG to TOP DOG, lines it up in position and turns it on, using the "hand-patting" facility to repeatedly SLAP Wallace in the face.

This does the trick. Wallace comes round with a splutter, rubbing his sore face and not a happy bunny.

257	WALLACE (CONT'D)	257
	<SPLUTTERING> Gromit!	

SLAP! He gets one final big slap. Gromit fumbles around trying to turn the machine off.

258	WALLACE (CONT'D)	258
	What on earth?	

Gromit points frantically into the hallway.

259 WALLACE (CONT'D) 259
 What... is something wrong? ...

INT. HALLWAY

Wallace follows Gromit out into the hallway.

260 WALLACE 260
 Is it the Norbots?

An agitated Gromit leads Wallace over to the basement door.

261 WALLACE (CONT'D) 261
 This had better be important,
 lad... I don't know what's got into
 you lately.

Gromit folds his arms -- just you see.

Wallace steps up to the door and looks in.

Close on Wallace's face, lit up with surprise.

262 WALLACE (CONT'D) 262
 Well I'll go to the top of my
 stairs! That's absolutely...
 SPOTLESS!

Gromit - huh?! He peers in past Wallace.

His POV of the basement: It is spotless! The gnomes have put everything back as it was, and their mystery structure has VANISHED. The gnomes are innocently spring cleaning.

263 WALLACE (OVER) (CONT'D) 263
 Oh, look at them. Oh yes.

Gromit is flabbergasted as they head down to inspect things.

264 WALLACE (CONT'D) 264
 You are good gnomes, doing all
 these chores at this time of night.

Wallace smiles like an indulgent parent. Evil Norbot gives a cute flutter of his eyelids. Wallace turns to Gromit.

265 WALLACE (CONT'D) 265
 I don't know why you were so keen
 to show me though lad, couldn't
 it've waited 'til the morning?
 Haha... Daft pooch...

266 EVIL NORBOT 266
<GURGLING>

Gromit suddenly notices that Norbot has slipped his arm through Gromit's. Gromit pulls his arm away pointedly.

267 WALLACE 267
(yawns)
Well, I've got a nap to finish
before I turn in for the night...

Wallace heads upstairs, muttering happily.

268 WALLACE (CONT'D) 268
Oh yes, Norbot, my best invention
ever...

The Norbots all turn and look at Gromit in unison, like the children in Village of the Damned.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS.

As Wallace arrives into the hall, someone knocks on the door.

269 WALLACE 269
Ooh -- did you order a pizza lad?

The knocking gets more insistent.

270 WALLACE (CONT'D) 270
Alright alright, hold your horses.

Wallace goes up and opens the front door to find PC Mukherjee charging past him with a battering ram.

271 P.C MUKHERJEE 271
PO-LICE!

She falls against the stairs and collapses in a heap. Wallace winces.

272 WALLACE 272
<GASP>

273 P.C MUKHERJEE 273
Ooops sorry!

274 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 274
(eye roll)
Uh. Give me strength. Right let's
get this over with...

Wallace looks around shocked.

275 WALLACE 275
Get what over with?

Mac slams a legal document at Wallace and barges past.

276 WALLACE (CONT'D) 276
Oof!

277 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 277
We have a warrant to search your
premises. Mukherjee, read him his
rights.

278 WALLACE 278
<CONFUSED WALLA> Hey?!

279 P.C MUKHERJEE 279
<AHM>
(reciting carefully)
"Anything you say may be taken down
and used as evidence against you."

280 WALLACE 280
But I haven't done anything!

Gromit appears, shutting the basement door behind him,
concerned at this new development.

281 P.C MUKHERJEE 281
We believe you to be guilty of
theft by gnome.

282 WALLACE 282
(stunned)
I'm guilty of theft by gnome?

283 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 283
(triumphantly)
Ha-ha! There you go -- he admits
it. Write that down.

284 WALLACE 284
This is ridiculous! My Norbots
aren't thieves. They're down in my
workshop right now doing a bit of
spring cleaning.

285 P.C MUKHERJEE 285
There's our evidence Chief!

286 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 286
Alright -- check 'em out then.

Cut to Mukherjee kicking open the basement door, brandishing a torch like a weapon, shining it round the workshop.

Mac clicks on the light with a wry expression.

Their POV: the basement is empty. The gnomes have disappeared!

287 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 287
I don't see any gnomes.

Gromit does a doubletake. So does Wallace this time!

288 WALLACE 288
Eh?... they were here a moment ago-
I don't understand it... Uh... They
must've just popped out to finish a
job --

Gromit is absolutely baffled.

289 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 289
Look sunshine, I have not got time
for your games.

290 WALLACE 290
Eh?

Mac heads back to the front door. Mukherjee looks puzzled.

291 P.C MUKHERJEE 291
What -- where are you going Chief?

Mac pauses to inspect his face in a mirror on the wall.

292 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 292
I'm off to get my 'tache trimmed.
For the big day!

He turns to Mukherjee.

293 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 293
Look. If you need evidence
Mukherjee -- find some.

Gromit looks worried. This doesn't sound good.

294 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 294
I don't care what it takes. Get
this man behind bars, where he
belongs!

Wallace looks horrified as Mac heads off.

295 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 295
I want this case wrapped up -
pronto.

296 P.C MUKHERJEE 296
Understood, Sir!

Mackintosh slams the door behind him. Mukherjee turns, taking charge. She surveys the house with a determined air.

297 P.C MUKHERJEE (CONT'D) 297
Right. Evidence...!

She heads off into the back room. Wallace & Gromit look at each other, worried.

298 WALLACE 298
Evidence...?

Cut to Mukherjee inspecting the "gnoming device" suspiciously. She barks into her radio.

299 P.C MUKHERJEE 299
This is P.C Mukherjee calling for
back up -- we'll need a van... a
big one.

300 WALLACE 300
UH..!

SLOW DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. 62, WEST WALLABY ST -- MORNING

The Autogate and the Get-U-Up De Luxe tube have gone,
replaced with Police Crime Scene tape.

INT. 62, WEST WALLABY STREET -- VARIOUS ROOMS

The Gnoming Device, the Tea-Maker and all Wallace's other
gadgets have also been removed, leaving torn wires and faded
marks. More crime scene tape marks where they once were.

INT. BASEMENT -- MORNING

Gromit in his dressing gown surveys the empty basement.

He broods. How on earth did the gnomes just disappear like
that?

INT. DINING ROOM -- DAY

Angle on the GET-U-UP DE LUXE monitor which has been disabled. Wallace's voice echoes through it:

301 WALLACE (O.S.) 301
Gromit, get me up lad! There's a good pooch!

INT. WALLACE'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Close on Wallace in bed, pressing where the BREAKFAST button used to be, then remembering --

302 WALLACE (CONT'D) 302
Oh. Wait a mo' -- you can't can you.

Wallace struggles out of bed, grumbling.

303 WALLACE (CONT'D) 303
They've taken all my inventions away... for "forensic examination" or something. Outrageous -- AAAGH!

He plunges into a hole in the floor (where a gadget was.)

DOWN IN THE BASEMENT

Gromit hears a crash from upstairs and reacts.

He carries on looking for clues in the empty basement, bending down and picking up an abandoned feather duster and pinny. The only evidence the gnomes have left behind.

The events of last night echo in his head: *we believe you to be guilty of theft by gnome -- they were here a moment ago -- well I don't see any gnomes!* --

INT. WALLACE'S BEDROOM

Clothes strewn everywhere. Wallace is trying to dress himself but has only managed one sock and his underpants (back-to-front.) He hops about trying to put on his other sock.

304 WALLACE 304
Oh. Eh. Who needs technology anyway? Pah! Not me.

Wallace hops backwards on one foot and lands in a MOP BUCKET which propels him out the bedroom door...

INT. BATHROOM

He gets thrown into the disconnected BATH TUB, still full of freezing bath water.

305 WALLACE 305
 Wooh that's nippy!

The bath FREE WHEELS along its tracks and catapults Wallace out of a large hole in the wall, where once was a chute.

306 WALLACE (CONT'D) 306
 WOOOOOAAAHHHHH!!!

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE

Wallace plummets down the side of the house and lands in the flower bed with a heavy thud.

307 WALLACE 307
 Oooooh, me begonias!

INT. BASEMENT -- MORNING

Back in the basement, Gromit's frustration boils over and he KICKS an old paint can angrily.

308 WALLACE (O.S.) 308
 I think I need a cup of tea lad...

Gromit goes off to help his pal. But as he hurries up the steps and slams the basement door, the vibration makes a jar of water fall off a side table and SMASH on the floor.

Liquid spills out over the basement floor. Then mysteriously starts to DRAIN AWAY...

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM -- SOME TIME LATER

Gromit fetches down the dusty old TEA-POT that's been abandoned for so long.

With much grunting, Wallace limps into the room, having resorted to wearing Norbot's "Wallace one-sie".

309 WALLACE 309
 Oh eh... Ooh. Right. Tea.

He throws himself into his chair at the breakfast table.

310 WALLACE (CONT'D) 310
 I suppose we'll just have to make
 it the old way -- OUCH!

He jumps up quickly, having sat on Gromit's knitting.

Gromit comes over with the tea-pot and puts it down in front
 of Wallace, who starts fiddling with it helplessly.

311 WALLACE (CONT'D) 311
 How do you do this now? Haven't
 used one of these for so long, I've
 forgotten how they work...

He presses the knob on the lid. Nothing happens of course.

312 WALLACE (CONT'D) 312
 Dohh. It's broken.

He shoves it aside -- Gromit just manages to catch it before
 it falls off the table.

Wallace slumps, demoralised.

313 WALLACE (CONT'D) 313
 There's clearly been a mistake. My
 Norbots are innocent. You believe
 me, don't you lad?

Gromit can barely look Wallace in the eye. Wallace's face
 falls.

314 WALLACE (CONT'D) 314
 Don't you lad?

Gromit clearly doesn't. Wallace's face darkens with anger.

315 WALLACE (CONT'D) 315
 Oh. Well I think you've said quite
 enough Gromit. You've never trusted
 my Norbot have you?! And I made him
 just for you!

He stabs an accusing finger at Gromit, who looks mortified.

316 WALLACE (CONT'D) 316
 Mark my words. The police'll be
 back soon enough to apologise -

- just then, a KNOCK on the door. Wallace cheers up
 immediately.

317 WALLACE (CONT'D) 317
 Ah, what did I tell you? There they
 are now.

Wallace strides confidently up to the front door --

318 WALLACE (CONT'D) 318
 Everything will be right as rain
 before you can say --

- he yanks it open to reveal a large ANGRY CROWD waiting.

319 MRS MULCH 319
 -- nasty crooked thieving little
 toe rag!

320 WALLACE 320
 Huh?

The mob surges forward, some carrying banners: 'SAY GNO TO
 GNOMES!

321 LORNE MOWER 321
 Where's our stuff?

322 MRS WINDFALL 322
 I want a refund!

323 MR DIBBER 323
 What've your gnomes done with me
 bath tub?!

324 MAYOR 324
 And where's me glasses?! Oh,
 they're on me head -- sorry.

325 ANGRY CROWD 325
 <ANGRY SHOUTS> / Where's my big
 butt! / Oh! / Yeah! / <JEERING>

A worried Gromit peers out the window as amid the hullabaloo,
 ONYA DOORSTEP buttonholes Wallace.

326 ONYA DOORSTEP 326
 I'm live outside the West Wallaby
 Street house of the evil inventor,
 Mr Wallace.

327 WALLACE 327
 Evil? Don't you mean "smart-
 thinking" --

328 ONYA DOORSTEP 328
Oh, you think it's smart to teach
gnomes to steal?!

She jams the mic into Wallace's face, waiting for an answer.

329 WALLACE 329
No! But if only my gnomes were
here, maybe I could clear my name!

Peering through the curtains, Gromit considers this idea.

330 ONYA DOORSTEP 330
<CHUCKLE> Well where are the
gnomes?

331 WALLACE 331
For the last time I don't know!

332 MR CONVENIENCE 332
(sarcastic)
Oh yeah? -- very convenient.

The mob erupt in an angry chant:

333 ANGRY CROWD 333
WHERE ARE THE GNOMES?! WHERE ARE
THE GNOMES?!

CUTAWAY -- THE ZOO

The live TV news is being watched by Feathers' guards. The sound echoes down the corridor.

In his cell, Feathers is calmly shaving with a lolly stick, listening to the mayhem at Wallace's house with an air of detached satisfaction...

BACK TO WALLACE as he slams the door on the chanting mob and throws his back against it, despairing.

334 WALLACE 334
<PANTING> This is a nightmare
Gromit! The police want to throw me
in jail -- the neighbours all hate
me -- and the Press think I'm evil!

Gromit feels terrible for his old pal.

335 WALLACE (CONT'D) 335
And how am I supposed to find my
gnomes, if they've taken me gnoming
device?!

Gromit lights up with inspiration. Of course. That's it!
It's time he got to the bottom of all this once and for all.

INT. GARAGE -- SHORT TIME LATER

Gromit jumps in the van and turns the key in the ignition.
For some reason, the van engine is dead.

CUT TO:

Gromit checks under the bonnet.

Gromit's POV -- there's NO ENGINE. It's been stolen.

Gromit realises -- there's no WHEELS either. The van has been
left on bricks by the light-fingered gnomes.

Gromit looks resolute. Those gnomes won't get the better of
him.

CLOSE UP He whips off a nearby dust sheet, revealing...

Wallace's old motorcycle and sidecar. A worthy substitute.

The bike starts first time. Gromit revs up.

EXT. 62, WEST WALLABY STREET -- DAY

Gromit thunders out of the garage and off up the road.

INT. POLICE STATION -- MAIN OFFICE

Mac emerges from his office, wearing various police medals
and doing up his tie. He looks round in shock.

Reveal: the whole office is filled with Wallace's dismantled
inventions, all neatly laid out and catalogued with labels.

336	CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH	336
	Wha-? Never mind Scotland Yard -- looks more like a scrap yard in here!	

Mukherjee studies a gadget through a magnifying glass.

337	P.C MUKHERJEE	337
	It's Wallace's stuff, Chief. You told me to find some evidence --	

338 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 338
I didn't mean take the whole
flippin' house!

Mac starts fiddling with the Pat-O-Matic.

339 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 339
I mean what's this in aid of?

340 P.C MUKHERJEE 340
Oh! Chief, I wouldn't --

Too late -- the Pat-O-Matic gives Mac a good SLAPPING.

341 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 341
Oh! Aaghh! Oof! Gerroff!
(furious)
That gizmo just assaulted a police
officer -- add that t'list of
charges, Mukherjee.

Mukherjee looks troubled.

342 P.C MUKHERJEE 342
But that's just it Sir. There's
nothing here to pin Wallace to the
burglaries.

343 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 343
Huh. They're his gnomes aren't
they?

Mukherjee unconsciously puts her hand on her gut.

344 P.C MUKHERJEE 344
I'm just... I'm getting the feeling
that... well, he may not be our
man.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Gromit pulls up on the motorbike and sidecar. He scopes out
the police station.

345 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (O.S.) 345
... that Wallace is a wrong 'un!
End of story.

INT. POLICE STATION -- RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

The entrance door is gently nudged ajar and Gromit (unseen)
slips into Reception. Mac & Mukherjee in mid-conversation:

346 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (O.S.) 346
Now if you don't mind we'll deal
with that villain later...

Gromit's POV from behind the counter: the two coppers talking

347 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 347
Right now, we've got important
duties to attend to up at the
museum.

348 P.C MUKHERJEE 348
But Sir --

Mac is checking his appearance in the window.

349 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 349
It's my big day, Mukherjee, the
culmination of 40 years of service -
nothing can go wrong.

As he speaks, the GNOME TRACKER RADAR DISH starts sliding
across the room behind him.

350 P.C MUKHERJEE 350
No Sir.

She goes back to her forensic work with a magnifying glass.

351 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 351
We have to stay focused. Watch like
hawks.

352 P.C MUKHERJEE 352
Absolutely Sir.

Behind their backs, Gromit lifts the counter flap gently and
spirits the gnoming device away.

353 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 353
Miss nothing!

The counter flap drops with a bang. Mac and Mukherjee turn.
Mac shrugs.

354 P.C MUKHERJEE 354
Huh?!

355 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 355
Eh? Huh.

EXT. TOWN STREET -- TRACKING WITH THE MOTORBIKE -- LATER

Close on the gnome tracker dish, now swivelling on the back of the bike and generating a radar-like bleep.

It's turning into a gloomy, foggy evening. Gromit rides slowly, looking around and checking the console in front of him. Then --

A BLEEP. Little GNOME ICONS flash on the console screen map, all bunched together.

Gromit races off in the direction of the gnomes. The icons flash more brightly and bleep more loudly.

Gromit strains to see through the fog. A series of gnome-like shapes emerge ahead... it's them! Gromit accelerates, but realises it's just a pile of TRAFFIC CONES on the back of a lorry --

Gromit has to swerve to avoid hitting them and careers down a bank, through a fence and nearly runs straight into a WALL which suddenly looms out of the fog.

He looks over at the console. The signal is stronger than ever. The gnomes must be coming down the road towards him and it's a dead end. Now he's got them...

Gromit tenses as the gnome signal keeps getting stronger... more urgent... he reaches into the sidecar and pulls out a kid's fishing net, ready to defend himself/catch them...

The tracker is showing the red gnome blobs literally on top of him, but STILL no sign of them!

Then -- he looks down as light surges from a small drain. We glimpse HEAD LIGHTS passing underneath the grill.

Gromit realises: the gnomes are travelling UNDER GROUND!

Gromit turns as the subterranean gnomes keep moving forward... apparently passing under the wall.

Gromit looks up at the wall. It has a big sign painted on it. "ZOO." Gromit stares at the sign with growing trepidation.

EXT. A NEARBY TREE

Gromit uses a spring-loaded tape measure to hoist himself up onto a branch, and peers over the wall. The zoo is spread out before him. He squints into a pair of binoculars.

His binocular POV as he finds the PENGUIN ENCLOSURE and focuses in on it...

Feathers sits in a tall dark chair by the pool, his back to us. Then he swivels round dramatically. He's got a white baby seal on his lap, stroking it.

SCORE: Bond-type STING.

ON GROMIT -- who jolts, the shock of seeing his old adversary again.

But what's that? Gromit's magnified view whips over to the pool as bubbles appear and a PLASTIC DUCK pops up into view -- attached to a drainpipe PERISCOPE which rises slowly out of the water. That in turn is attached to a CONNING TOWER made out of an old iron bath.

The conning tower is part of a MINI-SUBMARINE which emerges fully out of the pool, right in front of Gromit's eyes.

THIS is what the gnomes were building! An ingenious piece of engineering created from all the stolen objects (bath tub, drainpipe, glass table top and so on.)

Gromit is in total shock -- and FEATHERS was behind it all??

With a distant CLANG, the hatch opens, the gnomes jump out and line up to salute their new master.

Feathers gets up, puts the baby seal down gently with a pat, and saunters over to the mini-sub.

A gnome ceremoniously pipes him aboard, deferring to Naval tradition. Feathers impatiently knocks the piper into the water. That's enough of that racket.

356

EVIL NORBOT

356

<WAAAH!>

CUT BETWEEN:

EXT. PENGUIN ENCLOSURE/GROMIT'S TREE

The gnomes go back on board the sub. Feathers tarries, taking a moment to put his signature RED GLOVE on his head. Then, just before he steps in to the sub, he very deliberately looks over in the direction of Gromit -- like he always *knew* he was there! He gives a little nod to someone.

Gromit reacts -- then hears a SAWING sound from nearby. He whips round to see our NORBOT who has been sent on one last cruel sabotage mission -- to saw through the branch!

361 NORBOT (CONT'D) 361
Initiating pruning process.

Gromit looks down to see Norbot (o.s) setting to work on the lion's shaggy mane. Oh no!

Norbot steps back from his high-speed handiwork.

362 NORBOT (CONT'D) 362
Neat and tidy!

Gromit whips the little robot out of harm's way just as the furious lion (now bearing a severe Norbot haircut) pounces.

A VICTORIAN STORM DRAIN -- UNDERWATER

The mini-sub heads on through the water system.

We hear muffled ORGAN MUSIC.

INT/EXT. MINI-SUB

The gnome-made sub comes complete with its own ORGAN which Feathers is playing in a dramatic way (Bach's Fugue]

He turns to check on his crew, slurping tea from his favourite mug -- *world's best boss*.

The gnomes push a submarine and a diamond model around on a large map, like a 2nd World War air navigation team.

363 EVIL NORBOT 363
Target located.

364 EVIL NORBOTS 364
(Background chatter)
Set Coordinates... 22222.... 2
degrees West. Steady... Tracking.

EXT. MOTORBIKE, MOVING

Gromit rides, checking the gnoming device. Confirming his fears: looks like the sub is heading straight for the MUSEUM.

Someone wipes the screen helpfully. Reveal Norbot safely in the sidecar, clearly back to his innocent self again.

365 NORBOT 365
No job is too small.

Gromit impatiently confiscates Norbot's cloth, but Norbot soon gets back to work with a different cloth.

366 NORBOT (CONT'D) 366
Neat and tidy!

Gromit wearily accelerates away o.s.

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Gromit screeches round a corner in pursuit of the gnomes.

367 NORBOT (CONT'D) 367
Wa-ha-hey!

EXT. MUSEUM -- ESTABLISHER

368 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (O.S.) 368
Right here we go then...

INT. MUSEUM -- VAULT ROOM

MAC & MUKHERJEE step up to the heavy metal vault.

369 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 369
This is it Mukherjee. Are we ready?

370 P.C MUKHERJEE 370
(saluting)
Couldn't be readier Chief.

They start the convoluted process of opening the vault -- spinning the large metal handle to withdraw the rods. The heavy door swings open to reveal the safe, still sitting where Mac left it all those years ago.

Mac takes the strong box out of the safe.

CUTAWAY -- the sub glides on through the storm drain

EXT. STREET -- TRACKING WITH THE MOTOR BIKE

Gromit races towards the museum with Norbot in the sidecar.

371 NORBOT 371
(singing)
"I'm a happy nifty Norbot, I love
to do a job!"

Gromit accelerates past a POSTER for the new Blue Diamond display.

INT. MUSEUM -- BLUE DIAMOND ROOM

Mac opens the box and pulls out the hessian sack. The crowd crane their necks for a glimpse as he gently tips the contents onto his outstretched hand.

380 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 380
 And there we have it Ladies and
 Gentlemen. Safely on display for
 all posterity... the Blue Diamond.

Cut to GASPS, looks of shock and confusion on the faces of those witnessing the ceremony.

381 P.C MUKHERJEE 381
 <GASP>

382 MAYOR 382
 Oh, it's not as shiny in real life,
 is it?

383 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 383
 You what?

He looks. PAN IN to the object in his hand: not a diamond, but a by now rather mouldy TURNIP.

384 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 384
 WAH?! That's a flippin' TURNIP!

385 SHOCKED CROWD 385
 <GASPS> Oh my! ... Goodness!

386 P.C MUKHERJEE 386
 You did check inside the sack
 chief, before you put it in the
 vault?

387 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 387
 Umm... Oh...

FLASHBACK:

VAULT ROOM -- MANY YEARS BEFORE

Young P.C Mac takes the hessian sack off Wallace -- cut to shots of him locking it away in the vault triumphantly.

388 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 388
 Right. Anyone fancy a pint?

BACK TO PRESENT
 DAY:

INT. MUSEUM -- BLUE DIAMOND ROOM

389 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 389
Ohhh...

Mukherjee scrutinises the old turnip in front of them.

390 P.C MUKHERJEE 390
So... if you've been guarding a
turnip all these years, then where
is the Blue Diamond?!

OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM --

Gromit looks stunned. He runs over to the gnome tracker and checks the map. His worst fears being confirmed...

ON THE CONSOLE MAP: The submarine has arrived at 62, West Wallaby Street!

INT. 62, WEST WALLABY ST, WALLACE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Wallace in his dressing gown plays a melancholy version of the theme tune on his piano.

391 WALLACE 391
<SIGH> Gnomes have gone, gadgets
have gone, even me dog's gone.

Wallace is snapped out of his wallowing by terrible vibrations shaking the house.

392 WALLACE (CONT'D) 392
Eh, what on earth?! <GASP>

INT. 62, WEST WALLABY ST -- BASEMENT -- NIGHT

Wallace appears at the top of the steps. His eyes widen as hydraulic noises emanate from below and a crack in the flagstones appears and widens. It's now a RETRACTABLE FLOOR.

The floor yaws right open, revealing water beneath.

393 WALLACE 393
I didn't know it could do that...

The conning tower of the sub rises up into the basement... it's arrived at its true destination -- WALLACE'S HOUSE.

394 WALLACE (CONT'D) 394
What the dickens?

EXT. 62, WEST WALLABY STREET -- NIGHT

Gromit screeches up to the house.

INT. 62, WEST WALLABY ST -- FRONT DOOR

Gromit BURSTS in holding a cricket bat and expecting trouble -

395	WALLACE (O.S.)	395
	Come in, Gromit, everything's fine!	
	Just come straight in.	

Gromit looks relieved. He relaxes --

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Gromit comes in - only to see Wallace GAGGED and TIED UP. One of the evil Norbots is expertly mimicking his maker:

396	EVIL NORBOT	396
	(Wallace voice)	
	"Everything's fine, just come	
	straight in -- Everything's fine--"	

397	WALLACE	397
	(Muffled)	
	GROMIT!	

Too late, Gromit realises he's walked into a TRAP.

398	EVIL NORBOTS	398
	Everything's fine -- everything's	
	fine -- EVERYTHING'S FINE --	

His POV as all the other Norbots rush him and pull a sack over his head - BLACK OUT.

EXT. MUSEUM ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Mac bursts out with Mukherjee trying to keep up. Mac is moist-eyed with anger.

399	CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH	399
	This is a disaster. This has made	
	me the laughing stock of the town!	

400	P.C MUKHERJEE	400
	Uh Sir, are you ok?	

401 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 401
 (wiping his eyes)
 I'm fine -- just got an allergy to
 turnips...

They arrive at the bottom of the steps.

402 P.C MUKHERJEE 402
 Should we haul Feathers in, Sir? He
 had the diamond last.

Mac has a moment of realisation.

403 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 403
 No... no, he didn't!

404 P.C MUKHERJEE 404
 What? You mean?

405 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 405
 Exactly. Come on.

Mac rushes off with renewed determination. Mukherjee follows.

ESTABLISHER: 62, WEST WALLABY ST -- NIGHT

A light burns in the dining room window.

INT. 62, WEST WALLABY ST -- SAME TIME

Gromit's POV as the sack is pulled off revealing a smirking
 Norbot.

Gromit finds himself tied back-to-back with Wallace, on
 Wallace's own office chair!

Wallace manages to loosen his gag. He's a bit shame-faced.

406 WALLACE 406
 <MUFFLED STRUGGLING> Sorry I
 couldn't warn you lad! I got
 grabbed by the Norbots. Very
 unpleasant experience.

The Norbots stare impassively at the tied-up duo.

407 WALLACE (CONT'D) 407
 Turns out they are bad after all. I
 just don't get it. Why would me own
 gnomes turn against me?

At that moment the gnomes part to reveal a familiar figure. It's FEATHERS, who flips the red rubber glove on his head.

Wallace stares at Feathers in puzzlement.

408 WALLACE (CONT'D) 408
A chicken -- behind all this?

Gromit rolls his eyes. Feathers whips off the glove.

409 WALLACE (CONT'D) 409
Good grief -- it's YOU! Again! But you're supposed to be locked up.

Feathers looks around the room. Searching for something.

410 WALLACE (CONT'D) 410
Well you won't get away with it you know. Whatever it is you're trying to get away with.

Feathers has seen what he wants -- the redundant TEA-POT. The gnomes fetch it down for him.

411 WALLACE (CONT'D) 411
Eh? Oh, fancy a cup tea do you? Huh. The cheek of it! Well, I wouldn't bother with that tea-pot -- it doesn't work --

Feathers holds the tea-pot aloft, about to drop it...

412 WALLACE (CONT'D) 412
EH?

SLO-MO: Feathers SMASHES the pot on the floor.

Amid the fragments of tea-pot, Feathers has got what he came for: the Blue Diamond!

413 WALLACE (CONT'D) 413
Whaaat?!

Feathers picks it up and looks at it in wonder.

414 WALLACE (O.S) (CONT'D) 414
Well butter me crumpets, it can't be! It's... the Blue Diamond! He must've switched it all that time ago...

Distorted POV reflected in the diamond: A kaleidoscopic array of Wallace's astonished faces segueing to...

A FLASHBACK to the opening scene:

Wallace & Gromit chink mugs as Wallace talks on the phone:

415 WALLACE (CONT'D) 415
 Oh, is that the police? We've got
 someone here you might be
 interested in...

337 Pull back to Feathers tied up in the kitchen. He looks over
 at the hessian sack, left on the table near a TURNIP in a
 nearby veg rack -- which is next to the TEA-POT...

416 WALLACE (O.S.) (CONT'D) 416
 He's a slippery one...

BACK TO -- PRESENT DAY

Feathers stares triumphantly at the diamond in his hand.
 Distorted POV through diamond: A kaleidoscopic array of
 Feathers' triumphant faces.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

The Evil Norbots manoeuvre the office chair into an under
 stairs cupboard.

417 WALLACE 417
 Oh so *that's* your plan. You get
 away scot free with the diamond --
 and everyone thinks I'm the evil
 inventor who stole it!

Feathers nods -- now you've got it.

418 WALLACE (CONT'D) 418
 Why that's... that's vengeance most
 foul!

Feathers gives Wallace a triumphant look, then slips the
 diamond into a new hessian sack.

419 WALLACE (CONT'D) 419
 Eh?

The gnomes slam the cupboard door on Wallace & Gromit.

420 WALLACE (O.S.) (CONT'D) 420
 OI, let us out!

INT/EXT. GARAGE -- NIGHT

Feathers in the van turns the ignition key. Reveal the gnomes in rows providing a "gnome-engine" to power the vehicle.

421 EVIL NORBOTS 421
Brrm Brrm Brrm! NEEEEEEWWWWWWRRRR!

They power the vehicle forward with their feet, Flinstones-style.

EXT. WEST WALLABY ST -- NIGHT

Close on Mac, moving.

422 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 422
I can't believe someone's nicked me
bike saddle...

Reveal he's being given a backee by Mukherjee, who's pedalling hard on her bike (a police light in the basket.)

423 P.C MUKHERJEE 423
I know sir. Sorry sir. You took me
off that case.

424 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 424
Still, we've got our culprit! Yeah.
All this time, Wallace just wanted
the diamond for himself.

425 P.C MUKHERJEE 425
(troubled)
So you were right all along, Chief -
- he is a wrong 'un.

426 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 426
Aye, too right. And if he thinks
he's got away with this he's got
another thing coming.

Mukherjee pedals them out of shot.

EXT. UNDER THE STAIRS -- DAWN

Wallace slumps miserably in the chair, opposite Gromit.

427 WALLACE 427
Oh, this is all my fault, lad. I
only ever meant to invent good
things -- things that help people.
(MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)
I never imagined they could be used
for... wrong-doing.

In the gloom, Gromit's eyes moisten, heartbroken for his friend.

At that moment, there's MOVEMENT in the hallway... Someone unlocks and opens the cupboard door.

428 WALLACE (CONT'D) 428
Oh 'eck, it's the law...

As if an ironic comment on what's to come, the shuttered door casts PRISON BAR shadows across his face.

429 WALLACE (CONT'D) 429
I'm done for now.

The door opens -- it's NORBOT.

430 NORBOT 430
Morning Mr Wallace! Master Gromit.

431 WALLACE 431
Norbot? Norbot! Where have YOU
been?

Norbot holds up a LEAF BLOWER that he's been using.

432 NORBOT 432
No job is too small!

433 WALLACE 433
Sounds like he's back to his nifty
odd-jobbing self. We're saved!
Haha!

But Norbot just puts the leaf blower back under the stairs.

434 NORBOT 434
Neat and tidy!

He takes out the Hoover and closes the door again.

435 WALLACE 435
Eh? Wait, Norbot -- come back!
(to Gromit)
Don't worry lad -- he's voice
activated... NORBOT! NORBOT!

CUTAWAY TO THE HALLWAY

Norbot is hoovering happily, unable to hear Wallace's cries.

436 NORBOT 436
 (singing)
 "I'm a happy nifty Norbot, I love
 to clean the house!"

EXT. UNDER THE STAIRS -- NIGHT

Wallace is at the end of his tether.

437 WALLACE 437
 Norbot... NORBOT!!
 (continues under)

Meanwhile, Gromit sees the leaf blower and has a DESPERATE
 IDEA -- a last throw of the dice. He starts wriggling,
 shimmying the chair nearer to it.

438 WALLACE (CONT'D) 438
 Huh? Steady on, what ARE you up to
 lad?

Gromit manages to knock the blower on to his lap. He clicks
 it ON and a powerful JET OF AIR blows out of the nozzle.

439 WALLACE (CONT'D) 439
 Hardly the time to start leaf
 blowing!

WHOOOOSH! As the jet of air builds up, the chair starts
 spinning haphazardly.

440 WALLACE (CONT'D) 440
 What on earrrrrthhhh---!!

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The jet-powered chair BURSTS out of the cupboard and hurtles
 down the hallway.

They collide with Norbot who gets knocked into Wallace's lap.

441 NORBOT 441
 Wa-hey!

Wallace's POV of the front door rushing towards him...

442 WALLACE 442
 Grommmmmittttt --- !!

443 NORBOT 443
 Collision warning!

Gromit yanks the chair lever, the back of the chair drops and Wallace goes prone with his leg sticking out --

EXT. WEST WALLABY STREET

Mac and Mukherjee arrive at Wallace's door.

444 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 444
Right. Someone's got a big surprise
coming --

CRUNCH! Wallace & co smash through the door from the other side, knocking the door to the ground still inside its frame. Mukherjee leaps aside as they scoot past.

445 WALLACE 445
Sorry!!!

446 P.C MUKHERJEE 446
Chief, they're getting away! Chief?

She hears a DOORBELL and looks down, then 'opens' the horizontal door to reveal Mac who sits up looking dazed.

447 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 447
Did we get 'em?

End of Act 2

ACT 3

INT. VAN, MOVING

Close on the radio being turned on -- it's playing *Born Free*

Feathers kicks back at the wheel contentedly, the diamond next to him. The gnome army keeping the van moving.

They all LEAP UP as one.

448 448
 EVIL NORBOTS
 <BRRRRMMMM>

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The van soars over a roadworks barrier like a champion show-jumper.

Not far behind -- Wallace, Gromit and Norbot on the office chair.

449 449
 WALLACE
 Careful! Ooh!

They smash straight through the barrier as they start to descend downhill, in hot pursuit of the van.

450 450
 WALLACE (CONT'D)
 There's Feathers! Nice work Gromit.
 Let's get after the bounder --

451 451
 NORBOT
 More speed, Mr Wallace?

452 452
 WALLACE
 Eh? WAH!

Norbot reaches round and turns the leaf blower up from BLOW to TURBLOW. The chair rockets out of shot...

WITH FEATHERS, DRIVING THE VAN

The speeding office chair draws alongside.

453 453
 WALLACE (CONT'D)
 Steady Norbot... take her up
 Gromit!

Gromit pumps up the seat so they're level with the window.

454 WALLACE (CONT'D) 454
Hand over the diamond you little
tyke!

Feathers looks round and doubletakes. He wasn't expecting to see *them* again.

455 WALLACE (CONT'D) 455
Norbot - fetch!

456 NORBOT 456
Right-o!

Norbot stands up and reaches towards the diamond...

457 WALLACE 457
That's it, that's it Norbot!

Feathers is forced to make a drastic emergency swerve.

458 WALLACE (CONT'D) 458
WOOAH! By 'eck!

EXT. ALLEY NEAR CANAL

Feathers has lost control. He screeches round into the litter-strewn alley and hits the brakes --

459 EVIL NORBOTS 459
Banana alert!

Too late. The gnomes SLIDE on some discarded banana skins. The gnome-powered van goes into an uncontrollable SKID --

460 EVIL NORBOTS (CONT'D) 460
Skidding!

Moments later, the office chair careers into the alley after them, Wallace & Gromit still tightly bound together.

461 WALLACE 461
Waaaaaaahhh!

Norbots inside the van --

462 EVIL NORBOTS 462
Waaaaaaahhhh!

The van crashes O.S and ends up UPSIDE DOWN.

463 EVIL NORBOTS (CONT'D) 463
Ouch! -Ouch! -Ouch!

Feathers kicks his way out, carrying the diamond in its hessian sack.

Wallace and Gromit close behind on the runaway chair.

464 WALLACE 464
 There he is, after him! WAAH!

ON THE CANAL TOWPATH

Feathers slips through a gap in the fence and heads waterside, the gnomes following.

Feathers looks around for a means of escape -- looking left, then right. The Evil Norbots exactly copy his head movements.

Feathers sees a boat for hire, THE PERFECT GETAWAY!

BACK WITH THE CHAIR, MOVING

... accelerating straight towards a dead end.

465 WALLACE (CONT'D) 465
 Norbot! Stop this thing!

466 NORBOT 466
 Yes Mr Wallace.

Norbot takes the end of the rope and uses it to lasso a fence-post.

467 WALLACE 467
 Not like thaaaaaat!

Too late -- the rope rapidly unravels making the office chair spin like a top and fly off its base. The chair and everyone on it flies up over the fence --

468 WALLACE (CONT'D) 468
 Wooaaaarghhh!!

CANAL TOWPATH

The chair flies over the fence and crash-lands in the cabin of a NARROWBOAT moored up nearby.

469 NORBOT (O.S.) 469
 Emergency stop -- complete.

INT/EXT. CANAL BOAT

Gromit gets to his feet as a dazed Wallace lies in a heap groaning.

470 WALLACE 470
<GROANS>

Gromit bursts out onto the deck only to see Feathers getting away in another narrowboat.

CUT TO -- C.U Gromit hot-wires the engine of their boat.

XCU'S of pistons firing, engines being cranked up and dials going into the RED.

Gromit and Feathers eyeball each other. Let's do this.

Cue EXCITING MUSIC as gears are crunched and the boats plough off through churning waters.

DOWN IN THE CABIN Wallace gets up and gets thrown backwards again.

471 WALLACE (CONT'D) 471
Gromit! - WOAH!

ON DECK Norbot hangs on for dear life. Surely a high octane chase is about to get underway...

Reveal -- it's actually a VERY SLOW CANAL BOAT CHASE as the two boats chug off gently down the canal.

On the tow-path, an old lady walking a dog overtakes them.

472 OLD LADY 472
<HUMMING>

Norbot calmly steps back on deck. Just kidding. Gromit gives him a look.

473 NORBOT 473
Hahaha!

UP ABOVE -- A BRIDGE

Mukherjee and Mac arrive on to the scene on the bike.

474 P.C MUKHERJEE 474
There they are Chief!

475 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 475
Ah. Nice looking narrowboat that.
Bit like mine.
(checks through
binoculars)
Hang on a sec! That is mine!

Mac grabs a MEGAPHONE --

476 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 476
 (megaphone distort)
 HOY! STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

BACK ON THE BOAT

Gromit takes evasive action as PLANT POTS start smashing onto the deck all around him.

477 EVIL NORBOTS 477
 <THROWING EFFORTS>

CUTAWAY: The Gnome Army throwing everything they can find at the pursuing boat.

Norbot takes the tiller. Gromit dives for cover into the cabin.

DOWN BELOW DECK

Wallace is cowering beneath the onslaught.

478 WALLACE 478
 It's no use lad. If only there was some way of rebooting them!

At that moment, a cupboard bursts open and a pile of WELLINGTON BOOTS fall out.

CUTAWAY: Up above, Norbot is happily swabbing the deck.

479 NORBOT 479
 (sings)
 "I'm a happy nifty Norbot, I like to clean the boat..." Ah!

More plant pot missiles smash onto the deck around him.

DOWN BELOW Gromit spots a TOOLBOX and pushes it pointedly over to Wallace. Wallace opens it and studies a spanner warily.

480 WALLACE 480
 Another invention... Are you sure lad?

Gromit nods. Wallace looks at his old pal, inspired.

481 WALLACE (CONT'D) 481
 Right then. Technical assistance is on its way!

EXT. CANAL TOW PATH

WITH MAC & MUKHERJEE, peddling after the boats.

482 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 482
I can't believe he nicked my boat-
and you thought he was innocent!

Mukherjee checks through the binoculars.

Her BINOCULAR POV -- she picks out FEATHERS MCGRAW driving
the boat in front!

483 P.C MUKHERJEE 483
<GASPS> I think... I think that's
Feathers McGraw Chief! They're
trying to stop Feathers McGraw!

WITH FEATHERS

Who, hearing Mukherjee via Mac's megaphone, looks round.

WITH MAC AND MUCKHERJEE

484 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 484
Feathers McGraw?! Don't be
ridiculous. He's banged up in the
zoo.

Mac checks through the binoculars himself.

Mac's BINOCULAR POV: Feathers has hastily arranged some old
cloths round him so that now he looks like a NUN.

485 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 485
That's just an innocent nun out for
a pleasure cruise.

486 P.C MUKHERJEE 486
I just think maybe Wallace has been
unfairly portrayed as a crazed
inventor --

At that moment, Wallace RISES UP through the roof of Mac's
boat, wearing a pair of safety goggles and at the helm of
some bizarre boot-firing device. He cackles manically.

487 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 487
Huh?

488 P.C MUKHERJEE 488
<GASP>

489 WALLACE 489
Oh this'll work a treat!

490 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 490
Eh?

491 P.C MUKHERJEE 491
... to a certain extent...

492 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 492
What the -- what's he done with me
vintage boot collection?!

ON THE CANAL -- MID-CHASE

Wallace preps his contraption for action.

493 WALLACE 493
Ok Gromit, let's give those gnomes
a good reboot up the backside!

Down below, Gromit loads boots into the machine as Wallace
sends a salvo of wellies spinning into the air --

-- but they're easily avoided by Feathers and the gnomes.

494 EVIL NORBOTS 494
Ha ha. Missed!

Has Wallace created another gadget fail?

No! Because the boots behave like BOOMERANGS and strike the
gnomes on the way back --

495 WALLACE 495
Bullseye!

496 EVIL NORBOT 496
Reset mode activated!

Several gnomes are knocked into the water.

497 WALLACE 497
It's working lad! Ha ha, give it
more welly!

Down below, Gromit frantically loads up more boot ammunition.

More salvos of spinning boots strike the gnome army, sending
them tumbling overboard.

498 WALLACE (CONT'D) 498
Take that!

499 EVIL NORBOTS 499
Reset mode activated!/Reset mode
activated!....

500 WALLACE 500
Hoodlums!

ON THE TOW PATH, CYCLING ALONG

Mac watches the whizzing wellies in astonishment.

501 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 501
This has gone far enough.
(into his radio)
Chief Inspector Mac - All units
pursue and arrest Wallace--aaagh!

Mukherjee has DUCKED and allowed one stray boot to knock Mac
clean off the bike.

502 P.C MUKHERJEE 502
Sorry Chief, I'm using me gut!
(into RADIO)
Calling all units -- head to the
border, suspect is NOT Wallace but
a small nun in charge of a canal
boat!

She pedals off as Mac gets to his feet and rages through the
megaphone:

503 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 503
You're in big trouble, Mukherjee!
Yeah! This is going in your
assessment report this!

QUICK UNDERWATER SHOT OF SINKING NORBOTS

The Norbots are all RESETTING under water...

504 NORBOT 504
Reset mode activated!....

ON THE CANAL -- VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Gromit gathers in the re-set Norbots with a fishing net, all
grinning inanely and introducing themselves at the same time.

505 NORBOTS 505
 (to each other)
 Hi, I'm your Nifty Odd-Jobbing
 Robot/call me Norbot/pleased to
 meet you/call me Norbot/-
 Norbot!/pleased to meet you --
 (etc)

They shake each other's hands vigorously, shaking each other up and down violently in the process.

506 WALLACE 506
 Caught a few tiddlers have you?
 Good lad! Now we've got him!

Wallace looks ahead down the canal -- but Feathers and his boat have DISAPPEARED.

507 WALLACE (CONT'D) 507
 Eh? Where's he gone?!

A THROATY ENGINE roar answers the question as Feathers' boat bursts out of a BOAT REPAIR MARINA, now equipped with two large OUTBOARD MOTORS.

In the background the Norbots continue to re-boot.

508 NORBOTS 508
 Hi, I'm your Nifty Odd-Jobbing
 Robot/call me Norbot/pleased to
 meet you/call me Norbot/-
 Norbot!/pleased to meet you --

509 WALLACE 509
 Ehh??

It speeds past their slow-moving narrowboat. Feathers gives a sarcastic wave, see you around!

Gromit thinks quickly and uses a MOORING ROPE like a lasso to hitch a ride with Feathers. Mac's boat gets yanked forward.

510 WALLACE (CONT'D) 510
 Well done lad, we've got
 hiiiiiiiiiiiiim!

The sudden momentum sends Wallace tumbling backwards out of the boat -- SPLASH!

Gromit throws Wallace a life buoy -- he grabs it and gets pulled upright.

511 WALLACE (CONT'D) 511
Gromit-ugh Don't let him get a-
waaaaaay!

Wallace is being pulled through the water. Two bits of driftwood get caught under his feet, making him into an unwilling WATER SKIER

512 WALLACE (CONT'D) 512
Wooooooooaaaaahhhh!

Meanwhile, Gromit uses a crank handle to wind in the mooring rope and pull his boat nearer to Feathers'.

Feathers opens a nearby PICNIC BASKET and rummages around for a knife -- the only one he can find is a small cheese knife, but he uses it to slowly hack through the mooring rope.

Gromit cranks the rope in even faster.

Wallace loses control and goes up the side of a set of steps which acts like a ramp and sends him soaring into a camping field.

IN THE FIELD

Wallace swings past in a blur, taking a toilet tent with him, exposing a bemused camper sitting on his Elsan loo.

513 WALLACE (O.S.) 513
WAAAAH! - Sorry!

514 BOG MAN 514
HUH?! Oh...

The camper lunges after his toilet roll which has got caught round Wallace's impromptu 'skis'.

BACK ON THE CANAL

The two boats approach a TUNNEL just as Feathers manages to sever the mooring rope.

Realising he's about to lose Feathers -- and the diamond -- Gromit makes a desperate LEAP into the darkness of the tunnel...

UP ABOVE, ANOTHER FIELD

Wallace collides with a cartload of freshly-picked vegetables, knocking them flying.

515 WALLACE 515
Oh GROMIT!!!!

The Farmer (who may look familiar to Aardman fans) turns round to find his vegetables have disappeared.

516 WALLACE (CONT'D) 516
Oh lummy!

517 FARMER 517
Huh?! Whyyarr -- !!

INT. CANAL TUNNEL

Gromit claws his way onto Feather's boat and a desperate battle ensues between them as they struggle in the gloom over the diamond.

EXT. HIGH AQUEDUCT

As the boat emerges into the light, Feathers appears to have the upper hand, pinning Gromit to the deck with an umbrella.

But at that moment Wallace and a pile of veg plummet down onto Mac's boat. Some of the veg lands near Feathers, distracting him and allowing Gromit to turn the tables.

518 WALLACE 518
<WAAAAH!> -Ouch!

Feathers tries to get away, but Gromit lunges after him and tears off his 'nun' outfit.

Feathers, suddenly feeling naked, gives Gromit an affronted slap.

UP AHEAD, AT THE OTHER END OF THE AQUEDUCT

A bridge over a lock marks the YORKSHIRE BORDER. With a wail of sirens, police vans arrive from all directions, swiftly followed by P.C Mukherjee on her bike. She screeches to a halt and catches sight of Feathers.

519 P.C MUKHERJEE 519
<GASP> I knew it was Feathers
McGraw! Quick, close the gate!

The other police start closing the lock gates. There's no escape for Feathers now.

Feathers revs the throttle and does the narrowboat equivalent of a HANDBRAKE TURN which causes the boat to spin round with momentum, tearing through the aqueduct's safety railings.

Gromit is thrown to the back of the boat as it comes to rest sticking out over both sides of the aqueduct.

Wallace bursts out of the cabin on Mac's boat just in time to see his old pal hanging perilously over the edge of the aqueduct.

520 WALLACE 520
 Gromiiiiit! AH! <GASP>

Gromit is hanging off the bow, and Feathers at the stern. It's a stand-off between them -- but Gromit has one advantage: he's GOT THE HESSIAN SACK!

The boat see-saws perilously like the coach in *The Italian Job* as Feathers waddles carefully along the boat and gestures -- give me the diamond!

521 WALLACE (CONT'D) 521
 Give him the diamond lad -- I can
 live without inventing. But I can't
 live without...
 (emotional)
 Me best pal!

A moist-eyed Gromit finally relents and tosses the bag to Feathers, who triumphantly catches it.

Feathers nods -- thank you. Sucker.

Feathers slowly backs up along the boat...

... then JUMPS OFF IT, using his broolly as a parachute to glide gently down onto a STEAM TRAIN passing below, sending up a cloud of steam.

522 WALLACE (CONT'D) 522
 Huh?

Without Feathers' weight, the barge starts to tip forward! Gromit desperately runs 'uphill' up the boat as it slides over the side of the aqueduct -- Wallace makes a desperate lunge to save Gromit --

523 WALLACE (CONT'D) 523
 No!

A terrible BULLET TIME moment: Wallace reaches out his hand to Gromit's paw but it slips out of his grasp...

524 WALLACE (CONT'D) 524
Gromiiiiiiiiit! NO!

Gromit PLUMMETS down the sheer side of the aqueduct, flailing desperately --

Far below, the barge hits the ground and improbably EXPLODES -

Gromit is surely doomed -- he shuts his eyes in readiness --

-- but at the last minute, something CHECKS HIS FALL.

Gromit opens his eyes to see that NORBOT has GRABBED him --

525 NORBOT 525
Hi, I'm your Nifty Odd-jobbing
Robot! Call me Norbot.

He's holding on to all the other Norbots who have formed a 'gnome chain' like a troupe of trapeze artists.

526 NORBOTS 526
How may I help you?

They pull Gromit back up the side of the aqueduct, safely up on to their boat. Norbot gives Gromit a cheery smile.

527 NORBOT 527
No job is too small!

Gromit responds by giving Norbot a BIG HUG.

528 NORBOTS 528
Awwwww....

529 WALLACE 529
I knew you'd embrace technology in
the end lad!

Wallace moves in for his own big hug with Gromit --

530 WALLACE (CONT'D) 530
Thank goodness you're safe!

But this tender moment is rudely interrupted by MAC who intervenes and separates them officiously.

531 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 531
All right break it up! This is a
crime scene now.

Mukherjee rushes up eagerly.

532 P.C MUKHERJEE 532
Chief, chief --!

533 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 533
I haven't got time for your
apologies Mukherjee. Just arrest
Wallace for --

Mukherjee holds her binoculars in front of Mac's eyes.

Mac's binocular POV: FEATHERS MCGRAW on the receding train,
making a deft getaway across the border.

534 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 534
Flippin nora! It IS Feathers
McGraw!

As he crosses over into Yorkshire, Feathers holds up the
diamond bag and waves it facetiously.

535 P.C MUKHERJEE 535
AND he's got the diamond...

536 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 536
Aw! That's ruined me retirement,
that has.

WITH FEATHERS -- as he takes the diamond out of the hessian
sack to look at it -- only to find it's ANOTHER TURNIP.

BACK ON MAC'S BOAT

Gromit holds up the ACTUAL Blue Diamond. He's done the same
trick to Feathers that Feathers did to them!

537 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 537
Huh? Wa! Hey!! The old turnip
switcheroo!

538 P.C MUKHERJEE 538
<LAUGHING>

539 WALLACE 539
Aha! Cracking move lad!

540 NORBOTS 540
(cheering)
Wahey! Bravo! Cracking move lad!

Gromit gives Feathers an ironic salute -- sayonara old chum!
Feathers slumps. He disappears into the distance, staring at
his turnip, looking totally defeated.

541 WALLACE 541
 Ha! That told him Gromit! He's a
 bad egg that one. And a scoundrel
 to boot!

Wallace hands the Blue Diamond to Mukherjee.

542 WALLACE (CONT'D) 542
 I think you should have this,
 Officer!

543 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 543
 Well, considering what I've just
 seen... it looks like Mukherjee was
 right about you being innocent.

544 WALLACE 544
 You mean -- I'm not going to jail?

545 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 545
 No. Thanks to the instincts of a
 fine young copper. You're a natural
 Mukherjee!

546 P.C MUKHERJEE 546
 Ah thanks Chief, that means a lot.

She hands the diamond over to Mac.

547 P.C MUKHERJEE (CONT'D) 547
 (saluting)
 Happy retirement Sir.

Wallace looks at his dog proudly.

548 WALLACE 548
 Well, this is a 'turnip' for the
 books, eh lad!

Gromit slaps his face in dismay - did you have to?! The
 Norbots laugh sycophantically, finding it hilarious.

549 NORBOTS 549
 <LAUGHTER> Oh yes, very funny Mr
 Wallace!

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. POLICE STATION -- ESTABLISHER - DAY

INT. POLICE STATION -- MAIN OFFICE

MUKHERJEE tries on her new Sergeant's cap -- making sure it's the right way round. She sighs happily.

550 P.C MUKHERJEE 550
<CONTENTED SIGH> - Ooh! Hm.

She turns to a new "crime wall" devoted to Feathers McGraw, and pins his poster up -- "STILL WANTED". She's got work to do!

MAC'S BOAT, ON THE CANAL

Mac kicking back on his boat, reading *Off the Beat*, the magazine for retired coppers -- he even features on the front page with the recovered diamond: 'MODEL POLICEMAN'

551 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH 551
<CONTENTED SIGH>

Another CANAL BOAT races past. Mac leaps up furiously.

552 CHIEF INSPECTOR MACKINTOSH (CONT'D) 552
Eh? Wha- oi-OI! Can't you read
sonny-jim? Maximum speed four miles
per hour. That's three points on
your licence for a start...!

Mac sticks a BLUE LIGHT on his roof and gives chase --

EXT. 62, WEST WALLABY ST GARDEN -- DAY

Close on Gromit reading his paper, headline 'WALLACE EXONERATED! *Not evil inventor -- just misunderstood.*'

553 WALLACE (O.S.) 553
Morning Gromit!

Wallace has arrived with a tray of tea and crackers (the pot has been glued back together).

554 WALLACE (CONT'D) 554
How's my favourite pooch, hmm?

Gromit nods happily.

555 WALLACE (CONT'D) 555
Oh -- I've got something for your
garden, lad.

ANXIOUS ZOOM into Gromit -- oh-oh!

556 WALLACE (CONT'D) 556
I've repurposed the Pat-o-matic.

Wallace operates a remote control device. The PAT-O-MATIC whirs into the garden -- the device is taped to a remote controlled car to make it mobile.

557 WALLACE (CONT'D) 557
After all, necessity is the mother
in-law of Invention. Hmhm.

With Norbot assisting, the machine uses its mechanical hands to expertly plant a NEW SAPLING in the ground, patting the earth down gently.

Norbot waters it, then steps back proudly.

558 NORBOT 558
Da-Na!

Wallace chuckles and gives Gromit the most affectionate pat, tickling his ears into the process. Gromit revels in it.

559 WALLACE 559
Aw. But there's some things a
machine just can't do. Eh lad? Aww.
Ahhhh. Aww yes. Hmhm. Cheers me old
pal!

Wallace & Gromit clink mugs in time-honoured fashion as Norbot uses a strimmer to carve 'THE END' out of a hedge.

560 NORBOT 560
(sings)
"I'm a happy nifty Norbot, I like
to trim the hedge!"

He does a little jig, then steps aside to show off his work.

561 NORBOT (CONT'D) 561
Da-na!

END

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