



# **Abbott and Costello**

## **The Roustabouts**

by

Phillip Chandler

Copyright July 2025

**EXT. THEATER BACKSTAGE - DAY**

A chaotic flurry of activity behind the scenes of a bustling 1950s theater. ABBOTT and COSTELLO, dressed in sweat-soaked roustabout attire, struggle to hoist a massive, ornate backdrop. Costello, shorter and more clumsy, strains with all his might. Abbott, taller and slightly more coordinated though not by much, grunts with effort.

COSTELLO

Heave-ho! I think this thing weighs more  
than a hippopotamus in a lead vest!

Costello loses his grip, the backdrop tilting precariously. A massive spotlight hanging above them swings wildly.

ABBOTT

Costello, you clumsy oaf! Look out!

The spotlight crashes down, narrowly missing Abbott's head, but sending dust and debris raining down on them. Abbott stumbles, landing in a heap, his face covered in dust.

COSTELLO

(frantically)

Oh, Abbott! I'm so sorry! I... I... I  
tripped over a... a rogue... uh... a very  
mischievous dust bunny!

Costello tries to help Abbott up, but instead trips over Abbott's legs, sending them both sprawling again into a pile of discarded props. A frustrated Abbott brushes dust from his eyes, sweat dripping down his face.

ABBOTT

Mischievous dust bunny? That's your excuse?  
You nearly brained me with a spotlight!

COSTELLO

Well, it wasn't \*my\* brain it almost  
brained!

Abbott groans, rubbing his head. Costello tries to offer him a handkerchief, but accidentally wipes dust into Abbott's open mouth.

ABBOTT

This is why we'll never own our own theater!

COSTELLO

But Abbott, think of the dust bunnies! We could put on a show with dust bunnies!

Abbott stares at Costello, defeated. The sun shines brightly.

FADE OUT.

**INT. THEATER ALLEYWAY - DAY**

Abbott and Costello sit on upturned crates during their lunch break in a sun-drenched alleyway behind the theater. Costello, a napkin in hand, draws furiously with a stubby pencil. Abbott meticulously counts coins from a battered tin.

COSTELLO

See Abbott, here's the stage! Grand, ain't it?

Costello gestures wildly at his napkin sketch, a chaotic scribble of circles and squiggles that vaguely resembles a stage.

ABBOTT

Grand? Costello, it looks like a drunken spider had a fight with a plate of spaghetti.

Abbott chuckles, carefully placing a nickel into a small pile.

COSTELLO

But the acoustics! We'll have the best acoustics! Imagine the applause echoing off the... uh... the... things!

Costello points vaguely at his drawing. He adds a flourish to the 'stage' with a grand sweep, accidentally smearing his drawing with a smudge of ketchup.

ABBOTT

Acoustics, you say? We'll probably need to invest in soundproofing if we use those old milk crates for seating.

COSTELLO

Milk crates? Luxury! We'll call it "rustic charm." We're aiming for a unique ambiance!

Costello adds another nonsensical line to his drawing, this time depicting a chandelier made of oversized light bulbs hanging from a crooked pipe.

ABBOTT

Unique ambiance? We'll be lucky if we get more than five people to sit on those wobbly milk crates.

COSTELLO

Think of the advertising! "The Milk Crate Musical Extravaganza!"

Costello beams, oblivious to Abbott's exasperated expression.

ABBOTT

Right. And we'll finance this whole "extravaganza" with... how much is that again?

Abbott gestures to the coins in his tin. Costello leans over and counts the small pile with a dramatic flourish.

COSTELLO

Fourteen dollars and eighty-seven cents. Almost enough for a decent supply of... uh... milk crates!

Costello gives a triumphant fist-pump, then accidentally knocks over the tin of coins, scattering them across the alley.

ABBOTT

(sighs)

This is going to take longer than I thought.

FADE OUT.

**INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Abbott and Costello are frantically trying to stack heavy stage props, their movements clumsy and uncoordinated. Sweat beads on their brows. MR. BIGGLESWORTH, their boss, a burly man with a walrus mustache and a perpetually grumpy expression, watches them with arms crossed. He's leaning against a stack of painted backdrops.

MR. BIGGLESWORTH

Faster, you two! The "Grand Spectacle of Singing Squirrels" is due to start in an hour and we're still short of scenery!

Costello, struggling under a massive, ornate chair, nearly drops it on Abbott's foot. Abbott yelps and jumps back.

ABBOTT

Singing squirrels? I thought it was a tap-dancing troupe.

COSTELLO

Tap-dancing squirrels? Now there's an idea! Imagine the tiny shoes!

Costello gestures wildly with a wobbly prop, nearly knocking over a pile of velvet curtains.

MR. BIGGLESWORTH

No tap-dancing squirrels! And less chatter, more work! And that's not all. The "Tragedy of Two Troubadours" needs additional sets too. Double the workload.

Mr. Bigglesworth claps his hands together, his face grim. Abbott and Costello exchange nervous glances.

ABBOTT

Double the workload? But... but we've already got our hands full! We were just starting to plan our own theater.

COSTELLO

Yeah! The "Milk Crate Musical Extravaganza!" It's gonna be huge!

Costello accidentally bumps into a tall stack of props, causing a domino effect of crashing scenery. Abbott groans.

MR. BIGGLESWORTH

(grumbling)

Milk crates? I've seen better seating arrangements in a pigsty.

He sighs, rubbing his temples. A mischievous glint appears in his eyes.

MR. BIGGLESWORTH

However, if you manage to get everything set up on time... I might have some extra cash for "unforeseen expenses."

Abbott and Costello's eyes widen. They quickly scramble back to work, their movements surprisingly coordinated now, fueled by the promise of extra cash.

CUT TO

**INT. THEATER STAGE - DAY**

The stage is set for "The Tragedy of Two Troubadours," featuring a single, elaborately decorated throne. Abbott and Costello, breathless but spurred on by the promise of extra cash, are frantically arranging the remaining props. A group of actors, dressed in medieval costumes, stand awkwardly waiting.

ABBOTT

Almost done! Just need to... He struggles to  
lift a large tapestry

Abbott grunts with effort. Costello, seeing a chance to be helpful or so he thinks, rushes over with a large, heavy, velvet curtain.

COSTELLO

Here, let me give you a hand!

He throws the curtain over Abbott's head, completely obscuring him. The actors gasp.

LEAD ACTOR

What in heaven's name is going on?

Abbott struggles to get free, emerging from beneath the curtain looking dishevelled. The velvet curtain falls, striking the throne with a loud crash. The throne falls to pieces, revealing a very disgruntled actor underneath dressed in a jester's outfit. Chaos erupts.

COSTELLO

(confused)

I thought you said we needed more... "dramatic drapery."

The lead actor stares at Costello, speechless. Abbott points frantically at a note.

ABBOTT

That wasn't "dramatic drapery", Costello!  
That was a note from Mr. Bigglesworth about  
the broken throne!

Costello picks up the crumpled note from the floor. He squints at it. He mimes reading it dramatically, completely misinterpreting the message which was a simple "fix throne".



COSTELLO

Oh! He said we needed more "dramatic drapery" to cover the whole thing up. We're ahead of schedule, see?

He gestures wildly, knocking over a prop sword rack and sending swords scattering. More actors shriek and duck. The lead actor faints dramatically.

ABBOTT

(exasperated)

Oh, for the love of...

Abbott throws his hands up in despair. A large prop sword bounces off Costello's head. A very funny, cartoonish, "boing!" sound effect accompanies this event. Costello shrugs and rubs his head.

CUT TO

**INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Amidst the chaos, a tiny, silver-haired woman, MADAME EVA, emerges from a pile of costumes. She's dressed in a flamboyant, mismatched outfit and carries a ridiculously large handbag. She observes Abbott and Costello with a twinkle in her eye.

MADAME EVA

My dears, what a delightful catastrophe!

Abbott and Costello freeze, momentarily stunned into silence. Swords clatter to the floor.

ABBOTT

Madame Eva? What are you doing here?

COSTELLO

And how did you manage to get out from under that mountain of velvet?

Madame Eva smiles, unfazed. She gestures dramatically with her handbag.

MADAME EVA

My dear boy, I've survived worse than a collapsing throne. I saw your... performance. A certain... \*je ne sais quoi\*... a chaotic energy! Untamed, yes, but with potential!

ABBOTT

(nervously)

Potential for what exactly? A lawsuit?

MADAME EVA

Nonsense! Potential for comedic greatness! I've seen many a "tragedy" blossom into glorious farce.

She pats Abbott on the shoulder with surprising strength.

MADAME EVA

Let me show you a few things. For instance, a well-placed pratfall can be the cornerstone of any great act.

She demonstrates a spectacular, yet graceful, pratfall, landing perfectly on a pile of cushions. Costello stares, mesmerized.

COSTELLO

Wow! You make it look so... easy.

MADAME EVA

Practice, my dear boy, practice. And a touch of... flair.

She pulls a brightly coloured feather boa from her enormous handbag.

MADAME EVA

Now, let's work on timing. And perhaps a bit less... collateral damage.

She winks, her eyes sparkling with mischief. Abbott and Costello exchange a hopeful glance.

FADE OUT

**INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Madame Eva, still radiating an aura of theatrical brilliance, positions Abbott and Costello center stage. She holds a feather duster.

MADAME EVA

Lesson one presence. Command the stage!  
Imagine you're kings! Or at least, slightly  
less clumsy kings.

Abbott puffs out his chest, attempting regal bearing, but trips over his own feet. Costello, mirroring him, nearly knocks over a prop cannon.

COSTELLO

But I \*am\* a king! King of... uh...lost socks!

ABBOTT

And I'm the king of... uh... misplaced  
anxieties!

Madame Eva sighs dramatically, but a smile plays on her lips. She gestures with the feather duster.

MADAME EVA

Timing, my dears! Timing is everything.  
Observe.

She demonstrates a perfectly timed pause, followed by a well-placed sneeze, then a dramatic flourish with the feather duster. Abbott and Costello try to copy her.

ABBOTT

(coughing)

Achoo!

He sneezes uncontrollably, scattering feathers everywhere. Costello tries to stifle a laugh, but then bursts into a fit of giggles, unable to control himself.

COSTELLO

I...I can't... Gasps for air Stop... sneezing...  
feathers!

Madame Eva shakes her head, a mixture of exasperation and amusement on her face. She points the feather duster at them.

MADAME EVA

The pause! It's not just about silence; it's about building anticipation, then... BAM! The punchline! Like a well-aimed pie in the face!

She dramatically mimes throwing a pie. Abbott flinches, then accidentally knocks over a stack of chairs. Costello, attempting to catch them, falls into a bucket of stage makeup, emerging looking like a colourful clown.

COSTELLO

(covered in paint)

I think I nailed the 'clown' part.

ABBOTT

And I think I've mastered 'catastrophic'.

Madame Eva throws her hands up, laughing uproariously. Even amidst the chaos, her eyes sparkle with mischief and hope.

CONTINUED

#### **INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Madame Eva claps her hands together. Abbott and Costello stand awkwardly, holding three brightly colored balls each.

MADAME EVA

Now, a simple juggling routine. Grace, precision, and... a little flair!

Abbott attempts to toss a ball, but misses completely. It bounces off Costello's head.

COSTELLO

Oops!

Costello tries to juggle, but the balls collide, creating a chaotic flurry of brightly colored spheres.

ABBOTT

I think I've misplaced my rhythm.

He throws a ball, hitting a stack of hats precariously balanced on a shelf. The hats tumble down, landing on Madame Eva's head.

MADAME EVA

(exasperated)

Gentlemen!

Abbott, in an attempt to regain control, throws all three balls into the air simultaneously. They arc wildly, narrowly missing a hanging lamp.

COSTELLO

I think the balls are having a party of their own.

One ball lands in a bowl of fruit, sending oranges and bananas scattering. Another bounces off a nearby wardrobe, revealing a hidden collection of rather flamboyant underwear.

ABBOTT

I believe we've achieved...unexpected visual interest.

Costello, trying to retrieve a rogue ball, trips over a trailing electrical cord, yanking a spotlight from its fixture. The spotlight crashes to the floor, creating a shower of sparks.

MADAME EVA

(through gritted teeth)

Perhaps we should focus on the...less physically demanding aspects of performance art.

She points to a nearby script. Abbott and Costello exchange a nervous glance.

COSTELLO

Like... reciting poetry?

ABBOTT

Or... interpretive dance?

They both shudder at the thought.

CONTINUED

**INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Abbott and Costello are attempting, with minimal success, to read from a script. They stumble over words, their expressions a mixture of confusion and desperation. Madame Eva sighs dramatically, pinching the bridge of her nose. Suddenly, a distinguished-looking man in a tailored suit, CECIL DEVERAUX, a renowned stage director, enters. He carries a clipboard and observes them with a curious expression.

CECIL DEVERAUX

My word... what in the name of theatrical  
chaos is going on here?

Abbott and Costello jump, startled. Costello accidentally knocks over a prop sword, which clatters loudly on the floor.

ABBOTT

Oh, uh... hello there, sir. We were just...  
rehearsing.

He gestures vaguely at the script, which is crumpled and partially covered in banana peels.

COSTELLO

(nervously)

Yes, rehearsing. A new kind of... avant-garde...  
performance art.

He winks, but it comes out more like a twitch.

CECIL DEVERAUX

Avant-garde? It looks more like a  
catastrophic collision of inanimate objects.

He chuckles, intrigued. He watches as Abbott, attempting to retrieve the fallen sword, accidentally trips over a chair, sending a cascade of costumes tumbling around him.

ABBOTT

That's...part of the act.

Costello, seeing his chance, grabs a feather boa and starts to twirl it wildly, accidentally hitting Madame Eva in the face.

MADAME EVA

This is not what I envisioned!

CECIL DEVERAUX

Smiling

But it's... certainly... memorable. I am Cecil Deveraux. I'm looking for something... different. Something... refreshingly chaotic. Might I have a word?

Abbott and Costello exchange excited glances. Madame Eva looks as though she might faint.

ABBOTT

Of course, Mr. Deveraux! We're... always up for a word. Or two. Or...a whole conversation!

Costello nods enthusiastically, nearly swallowing his own tongue in the process.

CONTINUED

**INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Cecil Deveraux leans against a stack of props, a thoughtful expression on his face. Abbott and Costello stand rigidly to attention, hands clasped nervously in front of them. Madame Eva dramatically fans herself with a program.

CECIL DEVERAUX

Gentlemen... and Madame. I've seen some... interesting things in my career. But your unique brand of... well, let's call it "kinetic theater," has certainly piqued my interest.

He smiles, a glint of mischief in his eyes.

ABBOTT

Kinetic theater? That's... a new one.

COSTELLO

(beaming)

We're always inventing! New forms of... uh... expression!

He accidentally trips over his own feet, catching himself on a nearby curtain rod which promptly bends under his weight.

CECIL DEVERAUX

Precisely! I'm directing "The Grandiose Gallop of the Gilded Goose," a historical epic requiring a touch... of the unexpected. A small, but vital role has just opened up.

He gestures dramatically.

CECIL DEVERAUX

Two hapless stable boys, prone to slapstick and mishaps of the highest order. Sound familiar?

Abbott and Costello exchange wide-eyed glances. Costello does a little jig of excitement, nearly knocking over a large, ornate vase.

ABBOTT

Hapless stable boys? You mean...like us?

COSTELLO

With a flair for the dramatic? Absolutely!



MADAME EVA

But... the costumes! The choreography! My vision!

CECIL DEVERAUX

Madame, trust me. Chaos is the new elegance. Think of the possibilities!

He winks at Abbott and Costello, who grin from ear to ear.

CECIL DEVERAUX

Consider it an offer. A wonderfully chaotic offer.

Abbott and Costello cheer, nearly knocking over the entire set. Madame Eva faints dramatically.

FADE OUT

**INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Abbott and Costello jump up and down, whooping with delight. Madame Eva slowly revives, clutching her smelling salts. Cecil Deveraux smiles, amused by their exuberance.

ABBOTT

Stable boys! We're actually going to be stable boys!

COSTELLO

In a historical epic! With horses! And maybe a gilded goose!

Costello strikes a heroic pose, then promptly bumps into a stack of chairs, sending them tumbling.

ABBOTT

(nervously)

But... what if we mess up?

COSTELLO

Mess up? Abbott, we're masters of messing up! It's our signature move!

He bows deeply, nearly knocking over a potted plant.

MADAME EVA

(weakly)

But... my vision! The choreography! The perfectly placed feather boas!

CECIL DEVERAUX

Madame, think of the feather boas flying through the air in a glorious, chaotic ballet! Picture it!

He gestures wildly, nearly hitting Costello with a rolled-up script.

ABBOTT

A chaotic ballet of feather boas... Sounds... exciting.

COSTELLO

And potentially dangerous! I love it!

He grins, accidentally tripping over his own feet again. Abbott catches him before he falls.

CECIL DEVERAUX

Excellent! Rehearsals begin tomorrow. Be prepared for... spontaneity.

He hands them each a small, crumpled piece of paper.

CECIL DEVERAUX

Your costumes... and a brief outline of the... shall we say, "unique" choreography.

Abbott and Costello eagerly unfold the papers, their faces registering a mixture of excitement and utter bewilderment.

COSTELLO

Unique...?

ABBOTT

Oh boy.

FADE OUT

**INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE - LATER THAT DAY**

Abbott and Costello are attempting to put on their costumes, which consist of rather ill-fitting stable boy outfits. Costello struggles with his breeches, which are far too tight. Abbott is wrestling with a ridiculously oversized hat.

COSTELLO

These breeches feel like they were tailored  
for a sausage!

He tries to pull them up, resulting in a comical yelp and a near-rip.

ABBOTT

Mine too, but they're a different kind of  
sausage. A really, really large one.

He adjusts the hat, which keeps flopping over his eyes.

COSTELLO

And this hat... it's trying to swallow my  
head whole!

He tries to pull it off, only to have it get stuck. He pulls and tugs, his face turning red.

ABBOTT

(chuckling)

Looks like someone's going to be spending  
the night in a very stylish hat.

Costello, still struggling with the hat, kicks at a nearby prop, a miniature horse, sending it flying.

COSTELLO

Unfair! The horse has better-fitting  
clothes!

Abbott finally manages to get his hat situated somewhat. He picks up the crumpled choreography notes.

ABBOTT

Okay, let's see this "unique" choreography.  
It says here... "leap, stumble, trip, repeat."

Costello, finally free from the hat's grasp, attempts a leap, immediately stumbles, and then trips over his own feet, landing in a heap.

COSTELLO

Nailed it!

Abbott tries to follow the instructions, executing a slightly more graceful leap before tripping over Costello's sprawled legs.

ABBOTT

I think we need to work on the "graceful" part.

They both start laughing, a mixture of nervous energy and genuine amusement.

COSTELLO

At least we'll be authentically clumsy  
stable boys!

He tries to get up, pulling Abbott with him. They both collapse in a tangled mess of limbs and ill-fitting clothing.

ABBOTT

Authentically... hilarious.

SCENE END

**INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE - MINUTES BEFORE CURTAIN**

The backstage area is a chaotic flurry of activity. Costumes are strewn everywhere. Abbott paces nervously, clutching a crumpled handkerchief. Costello, perched precariously on a stack of theatrical flats, stares blankly ahead, eyes wide with terror.

ABBOTT

(muttering)  
Almost showtime. Almost showtime.

He takes a deep breath, then lets out a shaky sigh.

COSTELLO  
(whispering)  
I can't do this. I just can't.

He slides off the flats, landing with a soft thud. His knees visibly buckle.

ABBOTT  
Nonsense, Lou! We've rehearsed this a thousand times. Think of all those hours of... well, let's just say "intensive training."

He pats Costello on the back, nearly knocking him over.

COSTELLO  
But what if I forget my lines? What if I trip? What if the horse laughs at me?

He gestures wildly, almost knocking over a prop bucket filled with oversized carrots.

ABBOTT  
The horse is a prop, Lou. A very inanimate, non-judgmental prop.

Abbott attempts a reassuring smile, but it comes out more like a grimace.

COSTELLO  
But what if the audience laughs \*at\* me, not \*with\* me? What if they throw tomatoes?

He shivers dramatically, clutching himself.

ABBOTT  
They'll throw money, Lou! Think of the money! Lots and lots of... well, maybe a few coins.

A stagehand rushes past, nearly colliding with Costello.

STAGEHAND

Five minutes!

Costello's eyes widen further. He looks like he might faint.

COSTELLO

Five minutes?! I'm going to be a quivering mass of jelly!

Abbott grabs Costello's arm, trying to pull him towards the stage. Costello resists, clinging to a nearby curtain rod.

ABBOTT

Come on, Lou! We're going to be magnificent!... Or at least, mildly amusing.

Abbott tugs again. The curtain rod bends alarmingly.

COSTELLO

This is it. This is the moment where I become a permanent fixture of the backstage..

Suddenly, the curtain rises, revealing an empty stage. A spotlight shines on their empty space.

ABBOTT

Stage whisper Uh oh.

FADE OUT

**INT. THEATER STAGE - NIGHT**

A spotlight shines on the empty stage. The curtain rises, revealing Abbott and Costello frozen in mid-panic, clinging to a bent curtain rod. The audience erupts in laughter.

ABBOTT

Well, this is awkward.

Abbott tries to smooth his hair, but ends up looking more disheveled.

COSTELLO

(whimpering)

I told you I couldn't do it! I told you!

Costello dramatically faints, slumping onto Abbott, who groans under the weight.

ABBOTT

Lou, are you alright? Oh this is terrible,  
terrible, terrible...

Abbott struggles to untangle himself from Costello, who mumbles incoherently. The audience's laughter increases.

COSTELLO

(mumbling)

The carrots... the horse... the tomatoes...

Abbott sighs, then a mischievous glint appears in his eye. He pats Costello's head dramatically.

ABBOTT

Ladies and gentlemen, we seem to have...a  
slight delay... in our opening number. A  
rather... dramatic delay.

He points dramatically at Costello who is now snoring softly.

ABBOTT

Apparently, my partner is experiencing a  
sudden, and quite unexpected, bout of... stage  
fright.

Abbott winks at the audience, who roar with laughter. He carefully extracts a small, squeaky rubber chicken from his pocket.

ABBOTT

But fear not! We'll improvise! And by "we,"  
I mean mostly me.

He begins a series of increasingly ridiculous actions with the rubber chicken, including juggling it, using it as a

microphone, and staging a comical fight with the prop bucket of oversized carrots. The audience are in hysterics.

ABBOTT

And now, a word from our... uh...sleeping beauty...

Abbott gently shakes Costello, who wakes with a startled yelp.

COSTELLO

The tomatoes! They're throwing tomatoes!

Costello looks around wildly before noticing the audience's uproarious laughter. He grins sheepishly.

COSTELLO

Oh... they're laughing? With us?

Abbott gives Costello a triumphant nudge. Both bow deeply, soaking in the applause.

FADE OUT

**INT. ABBOTT AND COSTELLO'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY**

A cramped, cluttered dressing room. Costumes are strewn everywhere. Abbott is meticulously polishing a pair of oversized shoes, while Costello tries and fails to tie a bow tie that's at least twice the size of his head. A stack of telegrams sits on a small table.

COSTELLO

This thing's a monster! It's trying to strangle me!

He struggles with the bow tie, nearly choking himself in the process. Abbott chuckles.

ABBOTT

Patience, Lou. Rome wasn't built in a day, and neither was this... gargantuan... neckwear.



Abbott picks up one of the telegrams, reading it with a grin.

ABBOTT

Another one! The Grand Majestic Theater  
wants us for a week! Followed by a month-  
long run in Atlantic City!

Costello drops the bow tie in surprise, it landing squarely  
on his head like a lopsided hat.

COSTELLO

Atlantic City? Are they crazy? Do they know  
we almost set the stage on fire with that  
rubber chicken?

ABBOTT

Apparently, they found it... charmingly  
chaotic. They say it was the funniest thing  
they've ever seen!

He picks up another telegram, this one even larger than the  
last.

ABBOTT

(excitedly)

And look at this! Hollywood! They want us  
for a screen test!

Costello stares, mouth agape. He removes the bow tie from  
his head, shaking his head in disbelief.

COSTELLO

Hollywood? Me? In a movie? With... with...  
talking pictures?

ABBOTT

That's right, Lou. Talking, falling,  
flailing... the works!

Abbott throws his arm around Costello's shoulder, nearly  
knocking him off his feet.

ABBOTT

We're gonna be stars, Lou! Big stars!

Costello stares blankly for a moment, before a huge grin spreads across his face. He grabs Abbott and starts doing a clumsy celebratory jig.

COSTELLO

Big stars! Ooh, boy! This calls for a celebratory... carrot!

He rummages through a bowl of fruit, pulling out a large, oddly shaped carrot.

FADE OUT

**INT. GRAND MAJESTIC THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

The chaotic backstage area buzzes with activity. Costumes hang haphazardly, and stagehands rush past carrying props. Abbott and Costello are applying their makeup, Abbott meticulously, Costello haphazardly.

ABBOTT

Remember Lou, tonight's the big night. We need to be on our A-game.

Costello accidentally smears rouge across his nose.

COSTELLO

My A-game? What's that? Is that the one where I fall into the pie?

A pair of sharply dressed men, FINCH and PECK, approach. Finch is tall and thin, Peck is short and round. They exude an air of arrogant confidence. They carry a small, ornate cage containing a very grumpy-looking parrot.

FINCH

Abbott and Costello, I presume? We're Finch and Peck, and we're here to... \*observe\* your performance.

Peck sniffs the air disdainfully.

PECK

Observe, indeed. And perhaps learn a thing or two about genuine comedic timing. Unlike certain... less-refined acts.

Finch gestures towards the cage. The parrot squawks loudly.

FINCH

Captain Squawks here is quite sensitive to poor comedic choices. He'll let us know if you fail to meet our high standards.

ABBOTT

Oh, really? And what happens if your high standards are met with a low-flying pie, perhaps?

Abbott winks at Costello.

COSTELLO

Yeah, what happens then, Captain Squawks? Wanna see a banana peel? A real whopper!

Costello pulls out a comically oversized banana peel from his pocket, causing Peck to recoil in mock horror.

PECK

I assure you, we are far superior. Our act is... cultured. Sophisticated. \*Hilarious\*... in a refined, superior kind of way.

Finch pats the parrot's cage condescendingly. The parrot shrieks and bites Finch's finger.

FINCH

(wincing)

Perhaps... perhaps Captain Squawks needs a little... \*break\* before the show begins.

Finch and Peck retreat, muttering to themselves about the inadequacy of "lowbrow" humor. They nearly trip over a large prop banana.

SCENE START

**INT. GRAND MAJESTIC THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

Abbott and Costello are preparing for their act. Costello is juggling rubber chickens, while Abbott meticulously polishes his shoes.

ABBOTT

Lou, are you sure about this? This whole "sabotage" thing feels a bit... extreme.

Costello drops a chicken, which bounces off Abbott's head.

COSTELLO

Relax, Abbott! It's just a little fun.  
Besides, those fancy pants Finch and Peck deserve it. They're ruining vaudeville with their stuffy act.

Costello pulls out a tiny, spring-loaded catapult from his pocket.

COSTELLO

First, we deal with their parrot.

He loads a miniature rubber chicken into the catapult and aims it at the cage containing Captain Squawks. The catapult misfires, launching the chicken directly into a bowl of custard pies.

ABBOTT

Lou! You're going to get us covered in custard!

Costello shrugs, then produces a handful of brightly colored confetti bombs. He throws one, which bursts open revealing a cloud of brightly colored confetti that covers Finch and Peck, who are sneaking into the backstage area, looking like two giant Easter eggs.

FINCH

Blast! Foiled again!

PECK

This is outrageous! We'll get you for this!  
We'll... we'll...

Peck trips over a stray prop - a giant inflatable banana.  
He lands with a loud "thump" in a pile of discarded  
costumes.

COSTELLO  
(laughing)  
Looks like someone's got a case of the  
banana peels!

Abbott shakes his head, then notices Finch and Peck are  
trying to escape in a flurry of feathers and fabric.

ABBOTT  
Well, at least they're not going to be able  
to give a refined performance now.

Costello pulls a whoopie cushion from his pocket, a  
mischievous grin on his face.

COSTELLO  
Just one more thing...

He places the whoopie cushion on a chair near Finch and  
Peck's costumes. The sound of a loud squeak echoes through  
the backstage area.

SCENE END

**INT. GRAND MAJESTIC THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

Finch and Peck, covered in confetti and looking disheveled,  
emerge from a pile of costumes. Finch brushes frantically  
at his tuxedo.

FINCH  
This is unbearable! Their clumsy sabotage  
has backfired spectacularly!

Peck, still slightly dazed from his fall, tries to regain  
his composure.

PECK

We must regroup. We'll employ a new strategy  
- a more... sophisticated approach.

Finch nods, then spots a large, ornate music box on a nearby table. A wicked gleam appears in his eye.

FINCH

Ah, yes! A perfectly timed distraction!  
While they're captivated by this...

Finch winds up the music box, which plays a jarring, off-key tune. Simultaneously, Peck pulls out a small remote control.

PECK

And this... will ensure a grand finale to  
their disastrous performance.

Peck presses a button on the remote. A spotlight suddenly illuminates Abbott and Costello, who are mid-routine, with a large spotlight directly in their eyes, causing them to stumble and flail. The audience roars with laughter, completely oblivious to the planned sabotage.

ABBOTT

Squinting

Lou, what in the world... is that a giant  
spotlight-shaped chicken?

COSTELLO

Wiping his eyes

I don't know, Abbott, but it's blinding!

Abbott accidentally bumps into a lever, causing a shower of glitter to rain down on the stage, concealing the spotlight mishap in a shower of sparkling chaos. The audience finds this hilarious.

FINCH

(exasperated)

No! It's not supposed to be funny! That wasn't part of the plan!

PECK

Our meticulously crafted scheme... ruined by a flock of glittery pigeons?

Finch and Peck stare in disbelief as Abbott and Costello take a bow, bathed in the glittering light, to thunderous applause. They look utterly bewildered, but the audience is enthralled.

COSTELLO

To Abbott

I think they liked it.

FADE OUT

**INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

Finch and Peck sit at a sticky table, nursing lukewarm beer. Empty pizza boxes and crumpled napkins litter the surface. Finch nervously taps his fingers on the table.

FINCH

Another night, another paltry sum in the till.

Peck sighs, staring forlornly into his beer.

PECK

Our grand scheme to sabotage Abbott and Costello... spectacularly backfired, didn't it?

Finch nods miserably, pushing a stray pizza crust across the table with his finger.

FINCH

Spectacularly. And now, the landlord's threatening eviction. Says we owe three months' rent.

He dramatically throws his hands up in the air. A small pile of confetti falls from his sleeve.

PECK

(somberly)

And the prop budget is... well, nonexistent.

Peck runs a hand through his already disheveled hair.

FINCH

We're broke, Peck. Absolutely, positively, penniless.

He dramatically clutches his chest, then dramatically faints into a half-eaten plate of garlic knots.

PECK

(exasperated)

Finch! Don't do that! You'll get garlic knots in your hair!

Peck tries to revive Finch by gently slapping his face with a napkin. It falls apart, leaving bits of napkin stuck to Finch's face.

FINCH

(muffled)

Ruined... my... reputation... and... my... perfectly good... tuxedo...

Peck groans, rubbing his temples. He looks around the dingy bar, a desperate look on his face.

PECK

We need a miracle, Finch. A financial miracle.

Suddenly, a stray cat jumps onto the table, batting at the remaining garlic knots. Finch opens one eye.

FINCH

Perhaps... we could train this cat... to do a vaudeville act?



Peck stares at him blankly for a moment, then a small smile flickers across his face.

PECK

Now you're talking!

FADE OUT

**INT. PECK AND FINCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Peck and Finch's apartment is a chaotic mess of props, costumes, and half-eaten food. A single bare bulb hangs precariously from the ceiling. Finch paces frantically, clutching a crumpled newspaper.

FINCH

It's hopeless! Absolutely hopeless! We're doomed!

He throws the newspaper onto a pile of feather boas.

PECK

Don't give up yet, Finch. Remember what old Professor Quibble always said "When life gives you lemons, make lemonade... or in our case, a high-stakes gamble!"

Peck pulls a dusty, velvet-lined box from under a mountain of rubber chickens. He opens it to reveal a single, slightly tarnished gold coin.

FINCH

That's it? Our life savings? That one lucky coin from that time we won at the county fair... that was like... ten years ago!

Finch snatches the coin, inspecting it closely.

PECK

It's our only shot, Finch! We put it all on the line! We're investing in the "World's Greatest Flea Circus"!

Peck dramatically gestures around the room.

FINCH

(dubiously)

A flea circus? Peck, are you sure about this? I mean, what if they... revolt?

Finch shudders at the thought.

PECK

Revolt? Nonsense! They're trained fleas, Finch! Highly disciplined! Besides, think of the publicity! We'll be famous!

Peck winks conspiratorially.

FINCH

But what if they don't perform? What if they all suddenly develop a severe aversion to miniature tightropes?

He mimes a flea running away from a tiny tightrope.

PECK

(confidently)

We'll cross that bridge when we come to it! Now, let's get this coin to Barnaby, the flea circus impresario, before he sells out to the rival cockroach wrestling league!

Peck grabs his bowler hat and coat, nearly tripping over a stack of banana peels. Finch hesitates, then clutches the coin tightly.

FINCH

Alright, Peck. Let's do this. For glory! And maybe... slightly less pungent smelling apartments!

He follows Peck out the door, leaving the chaotic apartment behind. The single lightbulb flickers and dies.

SCENE END

**EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET - DAY**

Peck and Finch hurry down a bustling cobblestone street, Peck nearly colliding with a passing fruit vendor's cart laden with overripe bananas. Finch clutches the gold coin nervously.

FINCH

Peck, are you sure Barnaby's place is this way? This street seems... less than reputable.

Peck, adjusting his bowler hat, confidently points down a particularly grimy alleyway.

PECK

Absolutely! Barnaby's known for his... unconventional business practices. That's why he's the best!

Suddenly, a runaway dog cart barrels towards them, scattering chickens and creating chaos.

FINCH

Look out!

Peck and Finch leap aside just in time, narrowly avoiding being trampled. However, in the chaos, Finch drops the gold coin down a nearby grate.

FINCH

(despairing)

No! The coin!

He frantically tries to retrieve it with a long, thin stick he finds lying nearby, but it's no use. The coin disappears into the sewer.

PECK

(panicked)

Oh, bother! Our entire investment... gone down the drain! Literally!

Peck dramatically faints, clutching his chest. Finch sighs, staring into the grate.

FINCH

And to think, I was just starting to feel optimistic about less pungent-smelling apartments.

A particularly large rat scurries out of the grate, holding the gold coin in its tiny teeth.

PECK

(reviving)

Wait a minute... is that...? A rat with our coin?

FINCH

Looks like the fleas aren't the only ones with a flair for the dramatic.

The rat scampers away, disappearing into the shadows.

PECK

Well, Finch, it looks like we're going to have to find a new way to fund our... uh... less pungent smelling apartments.

Peck looks around, then spots a passing parade with a clown handing out flyers. A sly grin spreads across his face.

FADE OUT

**EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET - DAY**

Peck and Finch stand dejectedly near the grate, watching the rat disappear. A large, elaborately dressed woman, MADAME EVANGELINE 60s, flamboyant, dripping in jewels, approaches, fanning herself with a peacock feather.

MADAME EVANGELINE

My dears, what seems to be the matter? Such a commotion for such a charmingly grimy alleyway.

Peck and Finch exchange glances. Finch gestures weakly at the grate.

FINCH

It's a long story, Madam. Involves a gold coin, a runaway dog cart, and a rodent with surprisingly good taste in valuables.

PECK

We lost our investment, you see. Our entire fortune, swallowed by the uncaring maw of the city sewers!

Peck dramatically wipes a single tear from his eye with a ridiculously oversized handkerchief.

MADAME EVANGELINE

Oh, the tragedy! A most unfortunate turn of events. But tell me, weren't you the pair who performed such a delightful, if slightly chaotic, juggling act earlier today?

Finch nods, surprised. Peck puffs out his chest, beaming.

PECK

The very same! We were quite magnificent, if I may say so myself.

MADAME EVANGELINE

Magnificent indeed! I found your performance... invigorating. A delightful chaos! I, Madame Evangeline, am a patron of the arts, and I believe in supporting true talent, even if that talent sometimes involves a runaway dog cart.

She produces a thick leather purse, from which she extracts a hefty wad of banknotes. She smiles slyly.

MADAME EVANGELINE

Consider this a contribution to your... less pungent smelling apartments. But do try to keep the rats out of the next act.

She hands the money to Finch, who stares, speechless. Peck begins to do a little jig.

PECK

Huzzah! Success! Less pungent apartments  
here we come!

FADE OUT

**INT. PECK AND FINCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Peck and Finch's apartment is small, cluttered, and smells faintly of old cheese. However, a scattering of new furniture - a slightly wobbly table and two mismatched chairs - suggests a recent upgrade. Finch is meticulously polishing a single, very shiny spoon, while Peck practices juggling three lemons. One lemon slips, hitting him squarely on the nose.

PECK

Blast and botheration!

He rubs his nose, then grins.

PECK

Still, even a bruised nose can't dampen this mood!

Finch chuckles, placing the spoon carefully on the table. He pulls out a small, velvet box from his pocket.

FINCH

Speaking of mood-dampeners, remember that rather pungent aroma emanating from the previous rat-infested dwelling?

PECK

(with a shudder)

Let us not speak of that.

Finch opens the box. Inside, nestled on a bed of faded satin, sits a single, perfectly formed, plump plum.

FINCH

But thanks to Madame Evangeline's generous donation, we can afford...

PECK

A plum? A single, glorious plum? The  
pinnacle of luxury!

Peck reaches for the plum, but Finch snatches it away.

FINCH

Not so fast, my friend. This, my dear Peck,  
represents our renewed commitment to the art  
of... the perfectly timed comedic plum drop!

Finch holds the plum aloft. Peck's eyes widen with renewed  
enthusiasm.

PECK

The perfectly timed comedic plum drop! I'd  
almost forgotten the sheer theatrical  
brilliance of it!

Peck grabs a small stool and positions it under a dangling  
chandelier. He then adopts a dramatic pose, clutching his  
stomach.

PECK

(with exaggerated flair)

Ah, the sweet taste of success... and  
perhaps... a plum?

Finch, with a mischievous grin, waits for the perfect  
moment... then drops the plum. It lands squarely on Peck's  
head.

PECK

(muffled)

Bravo! Encore!

FADE OUT

**INT. GRAND THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

Bustling backstage chaos. Costumes are strewn everywhere.  
Makeup artists frantically apply rouge and powder. Abbott  
and Costello, in impeccably tailored though slightly  
mismatched suits, stand nervously amidst the flurry of

activity. Costello nervously adjusts his bow tie, while Abbott practices a flourish with his cane.

ABBOT

Are you sure about this, Costello? A sold-out show at the Grand Majestic? It's... it's practically unheard of for a pair of... well, you know... us.

COSTELLO

(whimpering)

Unheard of? I'm practically shaking in my spats! What if they boo? What if they throw rotten tomatoes? What if they throw... plums?

Abbott pats Costello on the back, trying to appear reassuring but failing miserably.

ABBOT

Nonsense, old boy! Think of the adulation! The cheering crowds! The... the mountains of money we'll rake in!

Costello's eyes widen at the mention of money.

COSTELLO

Mountains of money? Enough for a lifetime supply of... plums?

ABBOT

Perhaps. Now, remember the routine. No messing up the slide whistle gag, and for heaven's sake, don't trip on that rug again!

A harried stagehand rushes past, nearly knocking Costello over.

STAGEHAND

Five minutes to curtain, gentlemen! Break a leg!

Costello looks terrified. Abbott gives him a reassuring if slightly unconvincing smile.



ABBOT

Remember, Costello, we're Abbott and  
Costello! We're practically legendary!

COSTELLO

Legendary? More like... legendary... plum-  
covered?

A spotlight shines from the wings, bathing them in its  
glow. The curtain is about to rise.

ABBOT

Here we go... Showtime!

FADE OUT

**INT. GRAND MAJESTIC THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT**

Spotlight shines on ABBOT and COSTELLO. The audience roars  
with laughter. Abbott, dapper as ever, is mid-sentence in a  
witty anecdote. Costello, however, is struggling. He's  
attempting a complicated juggling act with rubber chickens,  
and they're flying everywhere.

ABBOT

...and then, the constable, a fine fellow, but  
slightly dim, attempts to arrest a flock of  
geese...

A rubber chicken smacks Abbott in the face. He staggers.

COSTELLO

(frantically)

Sorry, Abbott! These darned chickens have a  
mind of their own!

Costello trips over his own feet, sending the remaining  
chickens soaring. One lands squarely in the conductor's  
baton, causing the orchestra to briefly go silent.

ABBOT

(deadpan)

Yes, well, as I was saying... the geese were  
quite indignant.

The orchestra resumes playing, slightly out of sync. A large spotlight malfunctions, swinging wildly and nearly knocking over a prop cannon.

COSTELLO

Did you see that? That thing nearly took out my prize-winning turnip!

He pulls a ridiculously oversized turnip from behind his back.

ABBOT

Your what now?

Suddenly, a trapdoor opens beneath Costello's feet. He disappears with a yelp.

ABBOT

(to the audience)

And that, ladies and gentlemen, was the planned disappearance of our... errr... assistant.

A muffled yell comes from the pit. A terrified Costello climbs back out, covered in soot and clutching the turnip.

COSTELLO

I think I met the stage manager's grumpy bulldog down there!

Abbott throws his cane in the air, landing perfectly for the finale. The audience roars with laughter, oblivious to the near-disasters.

ABBOT

Well, that was... eventful!

CURTAIN

**INT. GRAND MAJESTIC THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

Chaos reigns backstage. Props are scattered, stagehands frantically run around, and Costello dusts himself off, still clutching his oversized turnip. Abbott, surprisingly

calm, examines a large crack spreading across a section of the elaborate Egyptian-themed set. A worried stage manager, MILLIE, approaches them, wringing her hands.

MILLIE

The whole thing's about to come down,  
gentlemen! The Cleopatra pyramid... it's  
unstable!

A section of the pyramid visibly leans precariously.

COSTELLO

My turnip! It'll be crushed!

He clutches the turnip protectively.

ABBOT

Costello, my dear fellow, I think our  
concern should lie elsewhere. The audience  
expects a show!

MILLIE

(panicked)

We can't go on! It's far too dangerous!

ABBOT

Nonsense, Millie! A little crumbling never  
hurt anyone. Think of it as...enhanced  
realism.

Abbott eyes the precarious pyramid, a mischievous glint in his eye.

COSTELLO

Enhanced realism? Are you planning on using  
the turnip as a battering ram?

ABBOT

Now, now, Costello. We shall improvise. A  
grand finale, worthy of the ages! Think of  
it - a collapsing pyramid! A thrilling  
escape! All in a night's work!

He winks at Costello, who looks unconvinced but intrigued. A loud CRASH is heard from stage. More of the pyramid collapses.

COSTELLO

(nervously)

I think "ages" might be a slight exaggeration, Abbott.

ABBOT

Nonsense! Think of the dramatic effect! Besides, where's the fun in a predictable finale?

Abbott gestures dramatically, narrowly avoiding being hit by falling debris. Millie faints.

COSTELLO

Well, at least we don't have to worry about the props anymore!

SCENE END

**INT. GRAND MAJESTIC THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT**

The remaining section of the Egyptian pyramid teeters precariously. Dust motes dance in the single spotlight. Abbott, in a pristine tuxedo, stands center stage, calmly addressing the unseen audience. Costello, clinging to his oversized turnip, peeks out from behind a fallen sarcophagus. Millie lies unconscious amidst the rubble.

ABBOT

Ladies and gentlemen! Due to unforeseen... geological circumstances... our planned finale has undergone a slight... revision!

He bows deeply, then gestures dramatically towards the wobbling pyramid.

ABBOT

But fear not! For tonight, we present to you... "The Unexpected Adventures of Cleopatra and the Collapsing Catacombs!"

Costello, emerging from behind the sarcophagus, trips over a stray palm frond, landing in a comical heap.

COSTELLO

(groaning)

Catacombs? I think they should call this "The Unexpected Adventures of Costello and the Crushing Catastrophe!"

Abbott, unfazed, pulls a small rope from his pocket and, with a flourish, attaches it to the leaning pyramid. He yanks it. Nothing happens.

ABBOT

A bit more... persuasion, perhaps?

He pulls again, harder this time. The pyramid remains stubbornly upright. He sighs theatrically.

ABBOT

Ah, the joys of live theatre! Always a little unpredictable, eh Costello?

Costello, dusting himself off, suddenly spots a conveniently placed lever. With a mischievous grin, he pulls it. The pyramid slowly, dramatically, begins to topple, causing a flurry of carefully placed props to fall in a hilariously exaggerated chain reaction.

COSTELLO

Unpredictable is one word for it. Chaotic is another!

Abbott, dodging falling sphinxes and miniature camels, runs around the stage with surprising agility. Costello uses his oversized turnip as a makeshift shield. The audience is heard roaring with laughter.

ABBOT

And now, for our grand escape!

Abbott and Costello, in a perfectly synchronized slapstick routine, use various props to create a makeshift escape route, narrowly avoiding being crushed by the final, spectacular collapse of the pyramid. They take a bow amidst the dust and debris, bathed in the spotlight.

FADE OUT

**INT. GRAND MAJESTIC THEATER - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

The house lights come up, revealing a sea of faces, all flushed with laughter and delight. A wave of applause crashes over the stage, punctuated by whistles and shouts of appreciation. Confetti rains down from the ceiling. Abbott and Costello, covered in dust but beaming, take a final bow.

AUDIENCE

Bravo!

AUDIENCE

Encore!

AUDIENCE

Magnificent!

A small child in the front row throws a stuffed animal onto the stage. Another audience member throws a bouquet of slightly wilted flowers.

AUDIENCE MEMBER 1

That was the best show ever!

AUDIENCE MEMBER 2

I haven't laughed so hard in years!

AUDIENCE MEMBER 3

Those collapsing pyramids were amazing!

Costello, picking up the stuffed animal, mugs for the audience, giving a playful wink. Abbott, ever the suave professional, adjusts his bow tie amidst the chaos.

COSTELLO

We'll be here all night if you insist! But I do need to get this turnip cleaned.

He holds up the giant turnip, now coated in dust and a faint layer of stage makeup.

ABBOT

Indeed, a truly unforgettable evening! Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for sharing in our... unexpected adventures!

Abbott and Costello bow deeply, their smiles as wide as the stage itself. The applause continues, building to a deafening roar.

AUDIENCE

Thank you!

AUDIENCE

Wonderful!

The curtain falls, concealing the duo amidst the delighted cheers. Spotlights sweep across the empty stage.

FADE OUT

**INT. GREEN ROOM - GRAND MAJESTIC THEATER - NIGHT**

Abbott and Costello are surrounded by a throng of critics, all vying for their attention. Champagne glasses clink, and the air is thick with cigarette smoke and excited chatter. Costello is juggling three half-eaten sandwiches, while Abbott attempts to gracefully sip champagne without spilling it on his meticulously pressed tuxedo.

CRITIC 1

Gentlemen, your performance was nothing short of revolutionary! A bold new paradigm of comedic genius!

CRITIC 2

The collapsing pyramids alone were worth the price of admission! A masterclass in visual gags!

CRITIC 3

(enthusiastically)

The sheer audacity! The timing! The... the turnips!

Costello, mid-juggle, nearly drops a sandwich. He catches it with a flourish.

COSTELLO

The turnips were a last-minute addition, I tell ya! We ran out of anvils.

ABBOT

(smugly)

Improvisation, my dear boy, is the spice of life. And tonight, we used a whole pepper mill.

CRITIC 4

Your unique blend of slapstick and witty banter is utterly captivating. You've redefined the very essence of comedy!

A critic hands Abbott a large, ornate bouquet of flowers. Costello tries to steal a flower, but Abbott deftly dodges him.

COSTELLO

Hey! I deserve some of these blossoms! I was the one who tripped over the banana peel fifteen times!

ABBOT

Fifteen? I distinctly recall eighteen, my friend. Eighteen perfectly timed banana peel pratfalls.

CRITIC 5



This is a new golden age of comedy! A  
renaissance! A... a... a comedic singularity!

Costello pops a whole sandwich into his mouth, then burps  
loudly, causing a ripple of laughter amongst the critics.

COSTELLO

Thanks, folks. We're just happy you liked  
the show. And the turnips.

The critics continue their enthusiastic praise, their  
voices blending into a celebratory buzz. Abbott and  
Costello exchange a knowing glance, a shared smile playing  
across their faces. The champagne flows freely.

FADE OUT

**INT. ABBOT AND COSTELLO'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

A chaotic scene. Suitcases are piled high, overflowing with  
clothes and props. Newspapers are scattered everywhere,  
each with headlines screaming about Abbott and Costello's  
comedic triumph. Abbott is meticulously polishing a pair of  
oversized shoes while Costello tries unsuccessfully to tie  
a bow tie, ending up with it tangled around his head like a  
bizarre hat. The phone rings incessantly.

COSTELLO

This is madness! Absolute, utter madness!

He yanks the phone off the hook, nearly pulling it from the  
wall.

ABBOT

Madness that pays handsomely, my friend.  
Madness that brings fame and fortune!

Abbott gestures at the newspapers with a flourish.

COSTELLO

Fame? I can't even get this blasted bow tie  
to cooperate! It's conspiring against me!

He struggles with the bow tie, pulling it tighter and tighter, until his face turns purple.

ABBOT

Leave it, Lou. You look dashing. A dashing, slightly strangled, purple-faced dashing.

The phone rings again. Costello throws himself at it.

COSTELLO

(into the phone)

Hello? Yes, this is he... Costello, one half of the comedic sensation that is Abbott and Costello! Yes, we're available... well, mostly. Abbott's busy polishing his lucky shoes. They're essential for our act... What's that? A personal appearance at the White House? Next week? You're kidding...

He pauses, eyes widening.

COSTELLO

A million dollars? For one week? Say no more. Abbott! We're going to the White House!

Abbott drops his shoes, eyes gleaming with excitement. He grabs Costello, nearly knocking him over in a celebratory embrace.

ABBOT

The White House! My dear boy, this calls for a celebratory... banana peel pratfall!

Abbott playfully trips Costello, sending him sprawling across the room into a pile of newspapers and suitcases. Costello laughs, shaking his head in mock exasperation.

COSTELLO

You're incorrigible! But... the White House!

They both laugh, the sound echoing through the room, filled with the promise of their newfound national fame.

FADE OUT

**INT. ABBOT AND COSTELLO'S LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT -  
DAY**

Sunlight streams into a lavish penthouse apartment, overlooking a sprawling cityscape. Abbott, impeccably dressed in a tailored suit, is practicing a fancy flourish with a ridiculously large check. Costello, in a similarly expensive but slightly ill-fitting suit, bounces excitedly on a plush, oversized sofa that looks suspiciously like a giant marshmallow.

COSTELLO

A million dollars, Abbott! A million  
dollars!

He leaps from the sofa, nearly knocking over a priceless vase.

ABBOT

Calm yourself, Lou. We've finally achieved  
financial security. No more sleeping on park  
benches, no more eating day-old bread...  
unless, of course, we \*choose\* to.

Abbott waves the check dismissively, a mischievous glint in his eye.

COSTELLO

But think of the bread! The possibilities  
are endless! Imagine, Abbott, a lifetime  
supply of day-old bread! I could build a  
fort out of it! A delicious, crusty fort!

Costello begins to pace, his mind abuzz with the bread-fort idea.

ABBOT

No, Lou, that's not what I meant by  
financial security. Now that we're rich, we  
can finally afford that elephant!

Abbott points dramatically at a beautifully illustrated brochure resting on a coffee table. The brochure pictures a majestic elephant wearing a tiny top hat.

COSTELLO

An elephant?! But... the apartment building might not allow pets!

ABBOT

Nonsense! We'll buy the entire building! And we can have a fleet of elephants! An elephant parade every Tuesday! We can even build that bread fort for them!

Abbott grins widely, his eyes twinkling with manic glee. Costello stares, speechless, then bursts into laughter. He falls back onto the marshmallow sofa, struggling to catch his breath.

COSTELLO

You're crazy, Abbott! Absolutely, wonderfully, bread-fort-building crazy!

They both laugh uproariously, the sound echoing through their extravagant penthouse. The vast cityscape outside seems to shimmer with the possibilities of their newfound wealth and the promise of many absurd adventures to come.

FADE OUT

**INT. RIVAL DUO'S CRAMPED APARTMENT - DAY**

A tiny, cluttered apartment, the antithesis of Abbott and Costello's penthouse. Two figures, STANLEY thin, nervous and CECIL obese, sweating profusely, are frantically trying to replicate Abbott and Costello's "million-dollar check" flourish. Stanley, holding a ridiculously oversized imitation check, keeps dropping it.

CECIL

Faster, Stanley! We have to beat them to the bank!

Stanley trips over a stack of old newspapers, sending them scattering. Cecil, attempting to recover the check, slips on a banana peel a prop from a previous, failed vaudeville act.

STANLEY

I can't do it, Cecil! This check is too big!  
My hands are too small!

Cecil, now covered in banana mush, struggles to his feet.

CECIL

(exasperated)

Small hands?! You call these hands small?  
They're practically... hammers!

He gestures wildly, knocking over a precariously balanced stack of books. One book, titled "Advanced Banana Peel Avoidance Techniques", falls open, revealing a single, meticulously drawn banana peel.

STANLEY

Maybe if we used a smaller check...?

CECIL

Are you questioning my genius, Stanley?!  
This was supposed to be our ticket to a life  
of luxury! Imagine a lifetime supply of...  
well, of... something!

Cecil stares blankly, his eyes darting around the cramped apartment. A sudden realization dawns on his face.

CECIL

Wait a minute... that check is... fake!

He examines the check closely. It's printed on flimsy paper, and the amount is clearly a crude forgery.

STANLEY

Uh oh.

Suddenly, the door bursts open, revealing a very angry-looking BANK MANAGER.

BANK MANAGER

Gentlemen, I believe you have something that belongs to me.

The Bank Manager snatches the imitation check. Stanley and Cecil exchange panicked glances. A police siren wails in the distance.

CECIL

Looks like our bread-fort dreams are... squashed.

Stanley and Cecil look defeated, surrounded by the debris of their failed scheme. The Bank Manager shakes his head in disgust.

FADE OUT

**INT. ABBOTT AND COSTELLO'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**

A lavish penthouse party is in full swing. Champagne flows freely, a jazz band plays merrily, and guests in flamboyant attire mingle. Abbott and Costello, dressed in impeccable tuxedos, bask in the adulation, beaming like proud peacocks. Confetti rains down like a gentle snowstorm.

ABBOTT

To our success! And to the fools who doubted us!

Abbott raises his champagne flute high, a mischievous glint in his eye. Costello, ever the exuberant one, nearly knocks over a waiter carrying a tray of canapés in his enthusiastic response.

COSTELLO

Hear, hear! May our fortunes always be as plentiful as the hors d'oeuvres!

A group of well-wishers approach, showering them with congratulations and pats on the back. One guest, a flamboyant dame in a feather boa, nearly throttles Costello in her eagerness to express her admiration.

DAME

Oh, Mr. Costello, you were simply divine!  
Your banana peel pratfall - a masterpiece!

COSTELLO

It was all in a day's work, my dear! Pure  
comedic genius, if I do say so myself.

Costello winks broadly, striking a pose. Abbott subtly  
rolls his eyes but hides it with a hearty laugh.

ABBOTT

Yes, well, we always strive for perfection.  
Or at least, reasonably close to it.

A waiter approaches, offering them another drink. Costello  
nearly grabs the entire tray in his eagerness.

COSTELLO

More champagne, my good man! And make it  
snappy! We have a mountain of celebratory  
toasts to conquer!

Abbott, trying to maintain some semblance of decorum,  
gently steers Costello away from the waiter's nearly  
depleted tray. The jazz band hits a particularly lively  
riff, and the party reaches a fever pitch of joyful chaos.

ABBOTT

It seems we've finally made it, Lou. The top  
of the heap!

COSTELLO

The very peak of the... the... the... what's that  
thingamajig they call it?

ABBOTT

The pinnacle of success, Lou. The pinnacle.

Costello nods sagely, then takes a large gulp of champagne,  
spraying it slightly onto Abbott's tuxedo. Abbott sighs,  
then grins, shaking his head in amusement. The party

continues, a whirlwind of laughter, music, and celebratory mayhem.

FADE OUT

**INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY**

A grand, old-fashioned lawyer's office. Ornate furniture, mahogany desk, dusty legal tomes. ABBOTT and COSTELLO sit opposite a stern-looking LAWYER, a mountainous pile of paperwork between them.

ABBOTT

So, Mr. Fitzwilliam, is it all finalized?  
The purchase of the Majestic Theatre?

Costello nervously adjusts his bow tie, almost strangling himself in the process.

COSTELLO

We're gonna own a theater, Abbott! Can you believe it?

LAWYER

Indeed. The transfer of ownership is complete. Congratulations, gentlemen. The Majestic Theatre is now officially yours.

Costello jumps up, nearly knocking over a lamp. Abbott tries to maintain his composure, but a wide grin spreads across his face.

COSTELLO

We did it! We actually did it! I knew all those banana peels were worth it!

Abbott pats Costello on the back, almost sending him sprawling again. He pulls out a large, slightly crumpled document.

ABBOTT

Here's the paperwork, Mr. Fitzwilliam.  
Everything seems in order.



He hands the documents to the Lawyer, who examines them with a magnifying glass, occasionally muttering to himself. Costello, meanwhile, is busy inspecting the pen on the Lawyer's desk.

COSTELLO

(whispering)

Fancy pen... I wonder if it writes in invisible ink?

He tries to discreetly unscrew the pen, nearly breaking it in the process.

LAWYER

Gentlemen, I must say, this is a momentous occasion. The Majestic Theatre has been a landmark for decades. You're taking on a legacy.

ABBOTT

A legacy of laughter, we intend to uphold! We have so many plans for the Majestic, we need bigger pens!

Costello, still fiddling with the pen, manages to get ink all over his fingers.

COSTELLO

Yeah, a legacy of... uh... lots of laughs! And... uh... maybe some new curtains?

Abbott shakes his head, chuckling. The Lawyer sighs, but a small smile plays on his lips.

LAWYER

Well, gentlemen, I wish you the best of luck. May your shows be filled with... Clears throat ... success.

Abbott and Costello shake the Lawyer's hand vigorously, nearly dislocating his shoulder. They exit, beaming, leaving the Lawyer shaking his head and smiling.

FADE OUT

**INT. THE MAJESTIC THEATRE - NIGHT**

The Majestic Theatre is resplendent. A freshly painted marquee blazes with lights. A red carpet stretches from the entrance to the lobby, overflowing with eager patrons. ABBOTT and COSTELLO, dressed in their finest suits though Costello's bow tie is slightly askew, stand beaming at the entrance, shaking hands and greeting guests.

ABBOTT

Welcome, welcome, everyone! To the grand opening of the newly renovated Majestic Theatre!

Costello accidentally steps on a section of the red carpet, causing it to curl up. He trips, nearly taking out a nearby flower arrangement.

COSTELLO

And a special thanks to all those who helped us get here! Especially the guy who sold us those... uh... discounted banana peels!

He winks, then nearly bumps into a large woman carrying a massive hatbox. The hatbox, precariously balanced, tilts dangerously.

WOMAN

Oh, my hat!

Abbott deftly catches the hatbox, rescuing it from a potentially disastrous situation. Costello, meanwhile, is busy retrieving a rogue banana peel from under the carpet.

ABBOTT

A little mishap never hurts a good show!  
This is a night of firsts!

A small dog runs through the crowd, chasing a runaway balloon, causing a mild commotion. Abbott and Costello

chase after the dog, their fine suits becoming progressively more disheveled.

COSTELLO

First night, first dog-chase, first... uh... everything!

They manage to catch the dog, returning it to a flustered young girl. The girl giggles, charmed by the chaotic scene.

ABBOTT

And speaking of firsts, this is the first time we've actually owned a theatre! A little bit of chaos is expected!

Costello accidentally pulls on the girl's balloon, causing it to pop with a loud bang. The girl jumps, surprised but otherwise unharmed. Costello grins sheepishly.

COSTELLO

Well, let's hope the show is a bit less... eventful!

The crowd roars with laughter. Abbott and Costello exchange a knowing glance, smiles stretching across their faces. They gesture towards the theatre entrance, ready to usher the excited audience inside.

FADE OUT

**INT. THE MAJESTIC THEATRE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

Chaos reigns backstage. Wires snake across the floor, stagehands frantically rush about, and a lone spotlight precariously hangs from a flimsy rigging. ABBOTT, in a slightly less-than-pristine suit, tries to calm a hysterical WOMAN in a massive feathered hat. COSTELLO, meanwhile, is attempting to reattach a dangling microphone using what appears to be chewing gum and a paperclip.

WOMAN

My hat! It's ruined! Absolutely ruined!

Abbott pats her hand awkwardly.

ABBOTT

Madam, your hat is merely... acquiring character. Think of it as... vintage distressed.

COSTELLO

(muttering)

Vintage... disaster, more like.

He accidentally pulls on the microphone wire, causing a nearby spotlight to swing wildly, nearly hitting a STAGEHAND carrying a stack of precarious scenery pieces. The Stagehand yelps and drops the scenery.

STAGEHAND

The curtain's stuck! And we're out of stagehands!

Costello frantically searches through a box labelled "Props" which is overflowing with bizarre items including a rubber chicken and several oversized bananas.

ABBOTT

Costello! Find someone! Anyone! We need extra hands!

COSTELLO

I found a rubber chicken! Can it help?

Abbott facepalms. A frantic-looking DIRECTOR rushes onto the stage.

DIRECTOR

Five minutes until curtain! We're missing the lead actress, the sound is out, and the special effects are...well, they're special, alright. In a bad way.

Costello pulls out an oversized banana from the box.

COSTELLO

I found a banana! Maybe we can use it as a prop?

ABBOTT  
(exasperated)  
Costello!

He throws his hands up in the air in defeat, staring at the mounting chaos. The sound of a distant trumpet blares unexpectedly.

FADE OUT

**INT. THE MAJESTIC THEATRE - STAGE - NIGHT**

The curtain is stuck halfway open, revealing a chaotic stage set. Half-eaten sandwiches and discarded props litter the floor. ABBOTT, precariously balanced on a stack of wobbly chairs, attempts to adjust a spotlight while COSTELLO, wearing a ridiculously oversized top hat, juggles three rubber chickens. The audience is murmuring impatiently.

ABBOTT  
A little to the left, Costello! Left! Not right! You're illuminating the prop department's hamster cage!

Costello drops a rubber chicken, which bounces off Abbott's head. He then loses his balance, sending the other two chickens flying.

COSTELLO  
Sorry, Abbott! These darn chickens are stage-frightened!

A STAGEHAND rushes past, narrowly avoiding a collision with Costello. He carries a large, precarious stack of bananas that threaten to topple at any moment.

STAGEHAND  
Need these for the banana-peel-sliding scene! Wish me luck!

The Stagehand disappears offstage, leaving a trail of banana peels.

ABBOTT

(groaning)

This is a disaster! The lead actress is still missing, the sound system is fried, and now we've got a banana minefield on stage!

COSTELLO

Maybe we could replace the actress with a particularly expressive banana?

Costello picks up a particularly large banana and attempts to give it a dramatic expression with a marker.

ABBOTT

Costello, no! We're professionals, or at least, we're supposed to be.

Abbott loses his balance on the chairs and falls with a dramatic thud. The spotlight he was adjusting swings wildly.

COSTELLO

(panicked)

Abbott! Are you alright?

Abbott emerges from the pile of chairs, dusting himself off, with a banana peel stuck to his jacket.

ABBOTT

I'm fine. Just... slightly bruised and slightly... banana-flavored.

He sighs, then pulls a small, battered trumpet from his pocket.

ABBOTT

Well, Costello, looks like we're doing the show...our way.

He blows a loud, off-key note on the trumpet, as the curtain finally and unexpectedly falls into place.

FADE OUT

**INT. ABBOTT AND COSTELLO'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

The room is small and cluttered, costumes strewn across chairs. Empty coffee cups and half-eaten sandwiches litter the small table. ABBOTT meticulously polishes his shoes, while COSTELLO frantically tries to untangle a hopelessly knotted length of string.

COSTELLO

This darn string! It's got more knots than a politician's promises!

He yanks at the string, causing a nearby prop - a small rubber chicken - to leap into the air and land squarely on Abbott's head.

ABBOTT

(exasperated)

Costello! Must you? I'm trying to maintain a semblance of dignity before the next performance.

COSTELLO

Dignity? Abbott, we're Abbott and Costello!  
Our stock-in-trade is chaos, not dignity!

Costello continues wrestling with the string, inadvertently tripping over a discarded banana peel.

ABBOTT

And now, thanks to your lack of spatial awareness, I have the added delight of seeing you resembling a tangled pretzel on the floor.

Abbott sighs, wiping a speck of dust from his polished shoe.

COSTELLO

(grumbling)

It's not easy, you know? Keeping the act alive, juggling the audiences, and simultaneously managing the entire theatre

single-handedly! And then you have that whole 'being a grumpy perfectionist' thing.

ABBOTT

I am not grumpy! I just have high standards.

COSTELLO

High standards that prevent me from having a proper cup of tea, apparently.

Costello points to a chipped teacup, the remnants of tea long since cold.

ABBOTT

Well, perhaps if you weren't so busy tripping over banana peels you would have time to pour a fresh one.

Abbott gestures towards the door, then opens the door and peers out.

ABBOTT

They're starting to murmur in the audience again. Perhaps a little less chaos, and a little more focus on our performance, is needed this time, wouldn't you agree?

COSTELLO

Oh, alright, alright. But you're buying the tea this time. And maybe a few less banana peels on the stage.

Costello finally disentangles the string, throws it into a corner, and grins sheepishly.

SCENE END

**INT. ABBOTT AND COSTELLO'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

Abbott meticulously adjusts his bow tie, while Costello attempts to stuff a comically oversized banana into his already bulging trousers.

ABBOTT



Costello, what in heaven's name are you doing?

COSTELLO

Preparing for the encore, of course! A little extra... \*oomph\*!

He struggles to fasten his trousers, his face turning increasingly red.

ABBOTT

Oomph? That's hardly the appropriate term, my dear fellow. You look like a sausage bursting from its casing!

Costello groans, his trousers ripping loudly.

COSTELLO

(exasperated)

Oh, for crying out loud! These trousers were practically brand new!

ABBOTT

Perhaps a smaller banana next time?

Costello glares at Abbott, then throws the banana peel at a nearby hat rack, knocking several hats to the floor.

COSTELLO

Smaller banana? They gave me this banana! This isn't my fault!

ABBOTT

Well, whose fault is it then, pray tell? The banana's?

Costello points an accusing finger at Abbott.

COSTELLO

Yours! You're always picking on me! It's your fault I'm late with my lines, it's your fault I have no tea, it's your fault my trousers are now in shreds!

Abbott, speechless for a moment, then bursts into laughter.

ABBOTT

(laughing)

My fault? You're blaming me for your  
sartorial mishaps? My dear Costello, this is  
comedic gold!

Costello stomps his foot, grabs his hat from the floor, and  
storms out of the dressing room, muttering about tyrannical  
partners and faulty bananas.

ABBOTT

Oh, dear.

Abbott shakes his head, chuckling to himself. He picks up  
the banana peel, examines it, and then peels and eats it.

FADE OUT

**INT. ABBOTT AND COSTELLO'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

The room is in mild disarray; hats are strewn on the floor.  
Abbott sits on a stool, polishing his shoes. The door  
opens, and Costello enters, looking sheepish.

COSTELLO

(mumbling)

I... uh... I came back.

He shuffles towards Abbott, avoiding eye contact.

ABBOTT

Costello? I was beginning to think you'd run  
off to join the circus.

COSTELLO

No, sir. I just... I realized I was being a  
bit of a... a banana.

He gestures to the banana peel still near the hat rack,  
wincing.

ABBOTT

A banana? Indeed. A rather large,  
troublesome banana.

Abbott chuckles, then softens his expression.

ABBOTT

Look, Costello, I may be a bit... demanding at  
times. Perhaps I was too harsh about the  
timing of your lines. The tea...well, that was  
unforgivable.

Costello looks up, surprised.

COSTELLO

You... you admit it?

ABBOTT

Admit it? My dear fellow, I'm a master of  
self-awareness. Mostly.

He winks. Costello lets out a relieved chuckle.

COSTELLO

And the trousers? Did you really find my...  
\*oomph\*... amusing?

ABBOTT

Amusing? My friend, it was legendary! But I  
shouldn't have laughed so loud. I apologize  
for that.

Costello grins, wiping a tear from his eye. He then picks  
up one of the fallen hats, inspecting it.

COSTELLO

(sheepishly)

I... I also apologize. I shouldn't have blamed  
you for everything. I was just stressed.

He holds out the hat to Abbott.

COSTELLO

Here. I knocked this off.

ABBOTT

Thank you, Costello. Now, shall we prepare  
for the encore? And perhaps, this time,  
we'll stick to smaller bananas.

Abbott and Costello share a smile, a sense of camaraderie  
restoring between them.

FADE OUT

**INT. ABBOTT AND COSTELLO'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

Abbott is meticulously arranging his props; Costello,  
meanwhile, is attempting and failing to tie his bow tie.  
He's wrestling with it, pulling it this way and that, his  
face contorted in frustration.

COSTELLO

This blasted thing is a conspiracy! A  
sartorial sabotage!

He yanks on the bow tie, nearly strangling himself. Abbott  
watches, a slight smile playing on his lips.

ABBOTT

Perhaps a little less enthusiasm, Costello.  
You'll end up looking like a strangled  
pigeon.

Costello stops struggling, his eyes widening in mock  
horror.

COSTELLO

A strangled pigeon? Oh, the horror! I'd  
rather face a room full of angry geese!

He bursts into laughter, then catches his breath.

COSTELLO

Thanks, Abbott. I needed that.

ABBOTT

Think nothing of it, my friend. We've been through worse. Remember the exploding coconut?

Abbott chuckles, shaking his head. Costello grins, recalling the incident.

COSTELLO

And the runaway bicycle! Who knew a unicycle could be so... unpredictable?

Costello mimics riding a unicycle, nearly losing his balance. Abbott joins in, laughing.

ABBOTT

Indeed. Unpredictable is our middle name. But together, we conquer. Even the most recalcitrant of bow ties.

Abbott approaches Costello and with a few deft movements, perfectly ties the bow tie. Costello stares at it, amazed.

COSTELLO

You're a magician, Abbott! A bow-tie-tying magician!

ABBOTT

Years of practice, my boy. Years of practice. Now, let's go out there and bring the house down...again!

They both pick up their props, a renewed sense of camaraderie and teamwork between them. They exit, ready for the encore.

SCENE END

**INT. THE GRAND THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

The backstage area is a whirlwind of controlled chaos. Costumes are meticulously hung, props are neatly stacked, and stagehands move with practiced efficiency. Abbott and Costello, in their finest attire, observe from a slightly elevated platform, sipping lemonade.

ABBOTT

See, Costello? Smooth sailing.

Abbott gestures expansively with his lemonade glass, nearly spilling the drink.

COSTELLO

You're right, Abbott! It's like a well-oiled...uh...machine. Or a really well-organized...uh...circus.

Costello struggles to find the right analogy, scratching his head.

ABBOTT

A well-organized circus is a good comparison, I suppose.

A stagehand rushes past, narrowly avoiding colliding with Costello.

COSTELLO

(startled)

Whoa! Close call!

ABBOTT

See? Even the close calls are well-organized.

Abbott winks, taking a sip of his lemonade. A small spotlight shines on a meticulously placed banana peel, part of a planned bit.

COSTELLO

Except maybe for that banana peel. Still a bit iffy on that one.

ABBOTT

Trust me, Costello. It's all part of the grand design. Besides, who doesn't love a bit of classic slapstick?

A stagehand approaches them, holding a small, ornate box.

STAGEHAND

Gentlemen, your encore props. The audience  
is practically begging for another round.

Costello eyes the box with curiosity. Abbott smiles  
knowingly.

ABBOTT

And what a round it will be! Get ready,  
Costello. The show must go on... and on, and  
on!

Abbott and Costello exchange a mischievous grin, ready for  
their final act. The stagehand bows and departs.

COSTELLO

I still say that exploding coconut was a bit  
much.

ABBOTT

A classic! Now, let's open that box and make  
some more history!

SCENE END

**INT. THE GRAND THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT**

Spotlight shines on Abbott and Costello. They stand center  
stage, amidst a chaotic arrangement of props from their  
previous acts a slightly squashed tuba, a battered  
suitcase, a single, slightly bruised banana.

ABBOTT

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, and  
everyone in between!

Costello accidentally trips over the suitcase, nearly  
falling.

COSTELLO

(recovering quickly)  
And those who identify as neither!

Abbott bows deeply, Costello does a clumsy bow, nearly knocking over the tuba.

ABBOTT

For our grand finale, a retrospective! A journey through our... uh... triumphs!

Costello picks up the banana, examines it with mock seriousness.

COSTELLO

Triumphs? You mean like that time we accidentally set the scenery on fire?

Abbott slaps Costello playfully.

ABBOTT

A minor setback! A charming...rustic touch, if you will!

Costello mimes playing the tuba with exaggerated gestures, producing hilariously off-key sounds. Abbott joins in, creating a cacophony of comical noise.

COSTELLO

Or the time the trained seal escaped and joined the chorus line?

ABBOTT

He added a certain... aquatic flair! Think of it as an innovative interpretive dance!

They both mime a frantic search through the suitcase, pulling out various props - a rubber chicken, a whoopee cushion, a ridiculously oversized pair of spectacles. They engage in a series of increasingly absurd slapstick routines with these props, culminating in a pie-in-the-face gag on Costello, naturally.

COSTELLO

(covered in pie)

Well, that was... memorable.

ABBOTT



Memorable indeed! And that, my friends, is  
the Abbott and Costello story! Thank you!

They take a final, exaggerated bow as the audience erupts  
in applause. Confetti rains down from the ceiling.

FADE OUT

**INT. THE GRAND THEATER - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

The audience roars with laughter and applause. Confetti  
rains down from the ceiling. Spotlights sweep across the  
cheering crowd, highlighting faces beaming with joy. Abbott  
and Costello, slightly pie-covered, bask in the glow,  
beaming back at their adoring fans.

ABBOTT

Well, Costello, I think we've done it again!

Costello wipes a stray piece of pie from his cheek with the  
back of his hand, leaving a smudged pie-fingerprint.

COSTELLO

Done it again? I think we've outdone  
ourselves!

He bows deeply, the bow so exaggerated he nearly falls over  
again.

ABBOTT

The critics will be raving!

COSTELLO

Raving mad, perhaps. About the pie, mostly.

He gestures towards the scattered remnants of the pie  
fight.

ABBOTT

Details, details! The important thing is,  
they loved us!

A little girl in the front row holds up a sign "Abbott &  
Costello are the BEST!"

COSTELLO

The best? Why, I wouldn't say that...

He winks at the audience.

COSTELLO

...but yes, the best!

Abbott and Costello share a knowing glance. The applause continues, building in intensity.

ABBOTT

To think, it all started with a banana and a slightly squashed tuba.

COSTELLO

And a trained seal with a penchant for show tunes!

They both laugh, the sound joining the thunderous applause of the audience.

ABBOTT

I'll never forget this night, Costello.

COSTELLO

Me neither! Except maybe the part where I got pied. Again.

They take another bow, this time a more graceful, albeit slightly pie-impaired, bow. The audience cheers wildly.

ABBOTT

Thank you, everyone! Good night!

COSTELLO

Good night! And don't forget to tip your waiters!

The lights fade as the applause continues, slowly diminishing to a gentle murmur.

FADE TO BLACK

**INT. ABBOTT AND COSTELLO'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

Champagne corks pop. Abbott and Costello, slightly less pie-covered than before, are surrounded by half-eaten sandwiches, discarded banana peels, and a surprisingly intact squashed tuba. Costello is attempting to meticulously clean a single speck of pie from his tuxedo with a tiny brush.

ABBOTT

So, Costello, what's next? A world tour?  
Hollywood beckoning?

Costello stops brushing, eyes widening.

COSTELLO

Hollywood? You think they'd want us? Two  
guys, a squashed tuba, and a penchant for  
pie?

He shrugs, then grins.

COSTELLO

Actually, they'd probably love it. The pie,  
especially.

Abbott laughs, raising his champagne glass.

ABBOTT

To the future! May it be filled with  
laughter, success, and slightly less pie.

COSTELLO

(grinning)

Slightly less? Abbott, my friend, you wound  
me! Pie is a vital ingredient to our  
success!

He dramatically throws his arms open, nearly knocking over  
a precarious stack of champagne glasses.

ABBOTT

(chuckling)

Of course, Costello. Of course. But perhaps we can keep the actual \*throwing\* of the pie to a minimum. The cleaning bill was astronomical.

Costello nods thoughtfully, then his eyes light up.

COSTELLO

I have an idea! A pie-themed musical! "The Great Pie-Off!" We could sing, dance, and... oh, the pies!

He starts humming a jaunty tune, snapping his fingers and imagining elaborate pie-based dance moves.

ABBOTT

A pie-themed musical, eh? I'll need a strong cup of coffee for this one. And maybe a spare tuxedo.

Abbott winks, raising his glass again. Costello joins him, their glasses clinking with a happy chime.

COSTELLO

To "The Great Pie-Off"! May it be even more successful than tonight!

They both laugh, the sound echoing in the now-empty dressing room, the promise of a delightfully chaotic future hanging in the air.

FADE OUT

**INT. GRAND THEATER - BACKSTAGE - DAY**

A chaotic yet jubilant scene. Costumes are strewn everywhere, along with half-eaten sandwiches, champagne bottles, and confetti. Abbott and Costello, looking remarkably clean for once, stand amidst the celebratory mess. A large banner proclaiming "ABBOTT & COSTELLO A SEASON OF SPLENDOR!" hangs askew.

ABBOTT

Well, Costello, I believe we've done it.  
We've conquered Broadway!

Costello pumps his fist in the air, nearly knocking over a stack of hats.

COSTELLO  
Conquered is a good word! We've not only  
conquered it, Abbott, we've... we've... pie-ed  
it! We've pie-ed Broadway, right into  
submission!

He grins, doing a little victory dance that involves a surprisingly graceful pirouette.

ABBOTT  
Yes, yes, the pie was a triumph. Though I  
still shudder at the cleaning bill.

COSTELLO  
Think of the publicity, Abbott! "The Pie-  
Throwing Duo" - it has a certain ring to it,  
doesn't it?

He strikes a dramatic pose, then promptly trips over a discarded banana peel.

ABBOTT  
(laughing)  
Yes, a ring... to the emergency room, perhaps.  
But seriously, Costello, this has been an  
incredible season.

COSTELLO  
Incredible? Abbott, it's been \*pie-casso!\* A  
masterpiece of slapstick and... well, pies!

He pulls out a small, slightly squashed pie from his pocket and offers it to Abbott.

COSTELLO  
A celebratory slice? To our future  
successes?

ABBOTT

You know, Costello, I think I might just indulge.

Abbott takes the pie slice, and they both laugh, their faces smeared with happy smiles and - of course - a little bit of pie.

ABBOTT

Onward to Hollywood, my friend? Or perhaps, a pie-baking competition?

COSTELLO

Hollywood sounds good, but a pie-baking competition? Now that's an idea worth exploring... with plenty of pies!

They both raise their pie slices in a toast.

FADE OUT

**INT. GRAND THEATER - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT**

Abbott and Costello are now alone in their dressing room, surrounded by slightly less chaos than before. Costello meticulously polishes a single, slightly smudged prop banana peel. Abbott sits on a trunk, thoughtfully examining a crumpled playbill.

ABBOTT

You know, Costello, all those years of falling on our faces, slipping on banana peels... it all paid off.

Costello stops polishing and nods solemnly.

COSTELLO

Paid off big time, Abbott. Who woulda thunk a couple of schlubs from the vaudeville circuit would leave such a... a legacy?

He gestures vaguely around the room.

ABBOTT

A legacy? Why, I'd say we've single-handedly  
revitalized the art of the pratfall!  
Elevated it, even.

COSTELLO

(proudly)

And the pie-in-the-face routine? A classic!  
It'll live on, Abbott, just like... well, like  
the banana peel.

He holds up the polished banana peel like a prized  
possession.

ABBOTT

Perhaps even longer. Think of it -  
generations of comedians to come will be  
inspired by our... uh... unique brand of  
humor.

COSTELLO

They'll try to replicate our genius, Abbott.  
They'll strive for our level of... uh...  
controlled chaos.

Costello accidentally slips on his own polished banana  
peel, but catches himself with surprising agility.

ABBOTT

(chuckling)

Controlled chaos? That's putting it mildly,  
old friend. But you're right. We've done  
more than just entertain. We've become... a  
phenomenon.

COSTELLO

A pie-nomenon!

He grins, then winces as he feels a twinge in his back from  
the near-fall.

ABBOTT

Perhaps we should ease up on the pie-throwing for a while. My back's already complaining.

COSTELLO

But Abbott, think of the photo opportunities! The headlines! "Abbott and Costello - Battered but Not Broken!"

Abbott shakes his head, smiling. He picks up the crumpled playbill, smoothing it out.

ABBOTT

Well, here's to the future, Costello. May it be filled with laughter, success... and maybe just a few less pies.

FADE OUT

**INT. GRAND THEATER - DRESSING ROOM - LATER**

Abbott and Costello are surrounded by a group of wide-eyed, aspiring comedians. Empty pizza boxes and discarded gag props litter the room. Costello demonstrates a wobbly pratfall, landing with a surprisingly graceful thud.

COSTELLO

See? The key is the subtle hesitation before the fall. It builds anticipation!

He beams, then winces as he slowly gets up.

ABBOTT

And remember, kids, timing is everything. A well-placed pause can be funnier than the fall itself.

Abbott points at a young, nervous comedian.

ABBOTT

You, young man! What's your best gag?

YOUNG COMEDIAN



Uh... I... I do a juggling act with rubber chickens.

Costello bursts into laughter.

COSTELLO

Rubber chickens! Brilliant! But make sure at least one squawks when it hits the floor.

Another comedian, a young woman, nervously approaches.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm working on a bit about... misunderstanding a train schedule.

ABBOTT

Misunderstanding a train schedule? Gold, my dear, pure gold! But play it for the pathos. The near-miss, the desperate scramble... the missed connection!

Costello demonstrates a frantic, yet comical, mime of rushing to catch a train.

COSTELLO

Like this! Except add more flailing limbs. And perhaps a runaway suitcase.

ABBOTT

And most importantly, always remember the audience. Connect with them, feel their laughter, and let it fuel your performance.

Abbott pats the Young Woman on the shoulder, then points to another aspiring comedian with a large, over-the-top prop mustache.

ABBOTT

You, my friend! The mustache...it needs more... oomph.

COSTELLO

Yeah! Maybe a tiny spring-loaded catapult inside to shoot confetti.

The aspiring comedians erupt in laughter.

ABBOTT

Remember, kids, laughter is the best medicine. And the best medicine often involves a well-timed banana peel.

Costello subtly kicks a banana peel under a nearby chair.

FADE OUT

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

Abbott and Costello walk down a bustling city street, arm in arm. They're both slightly disheveled, but smiling broadly. A stray dog chases a bouncing rubber chicken.

COSTELLO

Remember that time we accidentally set the stage curtains on fire with a faulty spotlight?

Costello mimics frantically flapping his arms trying to put out a fire.

ABBOTT

And the audience thought it was part of the act!

Abbott laughs, slapping his knee. He nearly trips on a loose cobblestone.

COSTELLO

Or that time we swapped costumes with a pair of opera singers? The high notes, Lou, the high notes!

Costello attempts a ridiculously high-pitched operatic trill, then winces, clutching his throat.

ABBOTT

They almost sued us for emotional distress. Said it ruined their rendition of "La Bohème."

Abbott mimics a dramatic, over-the-top opera singer, rolling his eyes.

COSTELLO

But they did applaud our impromptu tap dance in their tights, right?

Costello performs a quick, clumsy tap-dance routine, nearly falling over again.

ABBOTT

Only after we promised to never do opera again.

They both burst into laughter, the sound echoing in the night. A streetlamp flickers ominously above them.

COSTELLO

Through it all, Lou, we always had each other's backs.

ABBOTT

Even when one of us accidentally glued my mustache to your toupee.

Abbott points to his perfectly groomed mustache, then looks at Costello with a wry smile.

COSTELLO

That was a tough night to explain to the manager.

Costello shakes his head, still chuckling. They continue walking, their laughter fading into the sounds of the city.

ABBOTT

The best medicine, indeed.

They share a final, knowing glance, then walk off into the night.

FADE OUT

**INT. SMALL THEATER - NIGHT**

A small, dimly lit theater. Empty except for a group of four young, enthusiastic comedians CHLOE 20s, energetic, LIAM 20s, nervous, MAYA 20s, sharp-witted, and RAJ 20s, goofy. They are huddled together, watching a grainy film projection of Abbott and Costello's earlier act.

CHLOE

Can you believe the timing on that whoopee cushion gag? Genius!

Chloe bursts into laughter, mimicking the whoopee cushion sound with her own mouth.

LIAM

(awestruck)

The physical comedy... it's unparalleled. I could never hope to be that good.

Liam nervously adjusts his glasses, fiddling with his script.

MAYA

Don't be so hard on yourself, Liam. Their success is built on decades of practice, honing their craft. Their understanding of timing is perfection.

Maya leans forward intently, studying the screen.

RAJ

(excitedly)

And the wordplay! "Who's on first?" Classic! I'm going to incorporate that into my next set. Maybe with a twist!

Raj throws his hands up in the air, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

CHLOE

Absolutely! We should all find our own unique voice, inspired by these masters. But let's not forget the essence, the raw energy they brought to every performance.

Chloe points to the screen, a wide smile spreading across her face.

LIAM

They were a team. A true partnership.

MAYA

And that's what we need to aim for too.  
Collaboration, support...and lots and lots of  
practice.

Maya looks at her friends, a look of determination on her face.

RAJ

Ready to make some history?

Raj strikes a dramatic pose, mimicking Abbott's signature swagger. The others laugh, energized by his enthusiasm and the film's message.

CHLOE

Let's do it.

The four friends raise their hands in a toast, their reflections momentarily captured in the flickering light of the old projector.

FADE OUT

#### **INT. SMALL THEATER - NIGHT**

The small theater is now bustling with activity. People laugh, chatter, and applaud. Chloe, Liam, Maya, and Raj are on stage, bathed in the warm glow of the spotlights. They're performing a fast-paced, energetic comedy routine, incorporating elements of slapstick and vaudeville.

CHLOE

And then, the pie... in the face!

Chloe dramatically mimes a pie in the face, eliciting uproarious laughter from the audience. Liam, playing the straight man, feigns outrage.

LIAM

My new suit! Ruined!

Liam dramatically clutches his chest, then trips comically over a prop stool. Maya, meanwhile, engages in a rapid-fire exchange of witty banter with Raj, who's juggling rubber chickens and doing a series of increasingly improbable pratfalls.

MAYA

You call that juggling? My goldfish could do better!

RAJ

But my goldfish has never juggled while doing the Charleston!

Raj executes a bizarre, improvised Charleston, dropping a chicken which bounces harmlessly off Liam's head.

CHLOE

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the secret to success... chaos!

Chloe points to the audience with a flourish, winking at Liam who pretends to be shocked but cannot stop smiling. The audience roars with laughter. The four comedians bow deeply, then strike a playful pose, mirroring a classic vaudeville photograph.

LIAM

Thank you, thank you, you've been a wonderful audience!

The four friends share a joyous moment on stage, smiling and laughing. The applause continues.

MAYA

To many more nights like this!

RAJ

And many more pies in the face!

The curtain falls to thunderous applause.

FADE OUT

**INT. SMALL THEATER - NIGHT**

The curtain rises again, revealing Chloe, Liam, Maya, and Raj taking their final bow. Spotlights shine warmly on them. The audience is on its feet, applauding wildly. Confetti rains down from the ceiling. Raj accidentally trips over a stray rubber chicken, causing him to stumble dramatically into Maya, who in turn bumps into Liam, starting a chain reaction of carefully choreographed stumbles that ends with Chloe bowing deeply, completely unharmed.

CHLOE

Thank you all!

Chloe beams, blowing kisses to the audience.

LIAM

It's been a pleasure!

Liam bows deeply, nearly knocking over a potted plant. He catches it just in time, with a wink to the audience.

MAYA

We hope you enjoyed the show!

Maya curtsies, her smile infectious. She accidentally steps on Raj's foot, but keeps smiling, giving Raj a playful glare.

RAJ

Slightly out of breath

And remember... always bring a spare chicken!

Raj points to a pile of rubber chickens near the edge of the stage, then bows exaggeratedly, nearly falling again, this time catching himself on Liam's shoulder. Liam feigns shock but silently chuckles.

The four actors strike a final, perfectly synchronized pose, a classic vaudeville flourish.

The applause intensifies. A few audience members yell out, "Encore!"

CHLOE

Well, that's all folks!

The four friends share a final, heartfelt hug, their laughter echoing over the applause. Then they wave and exit the stage together, leaving behind an empty stage, save for a scattered array of props.

The curtain slowly closes, the applause continuing even as the house lights come up.

FADE OUT

**INT. SMALL THEATER - NIGHT**

The house lights are up, revealing a slowly emptying theater. The curtain remains closed. Up on the screen behind the stage, the end credits begin to roll, accompanied by jaunty, upbeat music. Behind-the-scenes photos flash across the screen - goofy outtakes of the actors, shots of the crew working diligently, even a picture of a runaway rubber chicken.

CHLOE

Wasn't that a wild ride?

LIAM

Tell me about it! I think I pulled a hamstring during that chicken incident.

Liam winces playfully, rubbing his leg.

MAYA

I'm still finding confetti in my hair.

Maya dramatically swipes at her hair, revealing a single, stubbornly clinging piece of confetti.

RAJ

Worth it.



Raj grins, then points at the screen. A photo shows him tripping over a rubber chicken during rehearsal.

RAJ

Look! They used that one!

CHLOE

They couldn't resist your comedic genius.

LIAM

Or your spectacular falls.

Liam playfully nudges Raj.

MAYA

Speaking of falls...remember that time Liam tried to juggle bowling pins and ended up knocking over the set?

Maya laughs, remembering the mishap.

LIAM

sheepishly

Let's just say I'm better at acting than I am at juggling.

RAJ

But the audience loved it! Remember the way the set fell? It was perfectly timed.

Raj mimics the collapsing set with exaggerated gestures.

CHLOE

It was pure chaos, perfectly orchestrated chaos.

The four friends laugh together, the sound mingling with the upbeat music of the end credits. The screen displays the names of the cast and crew, accompanied by more funny behind-the-scenes stills.

The credits roll to a close. The music fades, leaving only the quiet murmur of the theater-goers exiting.

FADE OUT

**INT. SMALL THEATER - NIGHT**

The end credits have finished. The screen behind the stage goes dark, then flickers back to life. A single spotlight shines on a title card "Coming Soon... A New Act!"

A short, black-and-white film clip begins to play. It's grainy and slightly out of focus, giving it a vintage feel.

LIAM

Ready for this?

MAYA

As I'll ever be!

The clip shows Liam, in a ridiculously oversized bowler hat and striped suit, attempting a complicated tap dance routine. He nearly falls several times.

RAJ

Oh, this is gonna be good.

The camera zooms in on Raj, dressed as a mischievous monkey, attempting to steal Liam's bowler hat.

CHLOE

Laughing

He's got that monkey business down.

Chloe appears in the clip, dressed as a glamorous showgirl, effortlessly balancing a tower of precarious objects on a unicycle. One object is a rubber chicken.

Suddenly, a pie flies into the camera's view, briefly obscuring the image. Then, we see the characters covered in pie.

LIAM

Pie-in-the-face is always a good time.

Liam winks to the audience camera. The clip ends with a title card "The Great Escape."

The screen fades to black.

MAYA

I think they stole our best pie recipe.

RAJ

Shhh. Let them think they did.

CHLOE

So, next project? A musical about the life of a banana?

LIAM

Only if it involves pie fights.

The four actors share a laugh, their voices fading as the house lights come up fully, revealing the nearly empty theater.

FADE OUT

**INT. SMALL THEATER - NIGHT**

The house lights dim. End credits roll, showing the cast and crew names against a backdrop of wacky cartoon drawings. A single spotlight remains on the empty stage.

As the credits reach the halfway point, a small, seemingly innocuous trapdoor in the stage floor creaks open. A single, oversized rubber chicken, wearing a tiny monocle, pops its head out.

The chicken dramatically adjusts its monocle.

RUBBER CHICKEN

(in a surprisingly deep voice)

Well, folks, that's a wrap!

The chicken gives a tiny, almost imperceptible bow.

Suddenly, a large bucket of confetti explodes from above, showering the chicken and the front rows of the audience.

Amidst the chaos, more rubber chickens, each wearing different, comically oversized accessories, begin popping out of the trapdoor, forming a chaotic, squawking conga line.

A tiny banner unrolls from the last chicken, reading "The End?"

A single, perfectly ripe banana peels from the stage and rolls across the floor to the audience.

The chickens freeze in their conga line, struck in a perfectly absurd pose.

The stage lights go completely dark, plunging the theater into blackness.

A moment of silence, then the sounds of muffled laughter from the audience.

The credits continue to roll, now accompanied by jaunty, upbeat music.

Very slowly, almost imperceptibly, the lights fade in fully.

Only one single rubber chicken remains onstage, its tiny monocle wobbling precariously. It stares directly at the audience, then lets out a loud squawk.

FADE OUT

**INT. SMALL THEATER - NIGHT**

The house lights are fully up now, revealing a scattering of confetti and a single, slightly squashed rubber chicken on the stage. A lone banana peel lies near it. The audience is slowly filing out, chattering happily.

A janitor, BERT 50s, wearing a stained uniform and a perpetually grumpy expression, sweeps the stage with a tired sigh.

BERT

Another night, another mess.

He kicks the banana peel playfully with his broom.

BERT

At least the chickens didn't leave too much...feathers this time.

He glances at the rubber chicken, then picks it up gently.

BERT

You know, for a bunch of rubber chickens, they sure make a racket.

He dusts the chicken off with his sleeve.

BERT

I swear, one of 'em winked at me during the curtain call.

Bert shakes his head, chuckling to himself.

BERT

Probably just the stage lights playing tricks.

He places the chicken carefully back on the stage. He notices the tiny monocle askew.

BERT

Almost forgot about your fancy monocle.

He carefully adjusts the monocle on the chicken.

BERT

(to the chicken)

You gave 'em a good show, little fella.

Bert smiles, a rare genuine smile, then turns to gather the rest of the confetti, humming a jaunty tune.

He exits the stage, leaving the lone rubber chicken basking in the remaining stage light.

Slowly, the house lights dim, leaving only the faint glow of the emergency exit signs.

The rubber chicken remains still.

Then, it blinks.

FADE OUT