

LAUREL AND HARDY DOOR TO DOOR SALESMEN

by

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INT. ATTIC - DAY

Dust motes dance in a shaft of sunlight piercing the gloom of a cluttered attic. STAN and OLLIE, in ridiculously ill-fitting pinstripe suits several sizes too large, stand before a rickety table laden with an array of bizarre cleaning products. Ollie holds aloft a bottle of bubbling purple liquid, while Stan brandishes a mop with a head the size of a small dog.

OLLIE

(beaming)

Ladies and gentlemen, behold! The miracle cleaning solution that'll make your housework a breeze!

Ollie enthusiastically pours the purple liquid onto a filthy rag. It immediately begins to smoke and fizz, staining the rag a vibrant green.

STAN

(eyes wide)

And to complement our revolutionary fluid, we offer the Super-Duper Swiper 5000!

Stan attempts to demonstrate the mop's prowess, but it's too unwieldy. He trips over his own feet, sending the mop flying into a stack of old furniture, causing a cascade of dusty chaos.

OLLIE

See? Effortless cleaning! Just imagine the time you'll save!

Ollie gestures wildly, nearly knocking over a precariously balanced pile of books. A small avalanche of dusty tomes erupts.

STAN

It's so easy, even a chimpanzee could use it!

Stan winks at the camera, then attempts to dust himself off, only to smear the green goop from the rag all over his already rumpled suit.

OLLIE

And that, my friends, is just the beginning!
We also have Super-Sticky Glue that sticks
to absolutely everything!, the Tornado
Vacuum that goes where it pleases!, and the
Self-Propelled Broom that does all the
work...eventually.

Ollie pulls out a comically oversized bottle of glue, a vacuum cleaner that sputters and wheezes ominously, and a broom with spinning wheels that jumps erratically at the slightest touch. Stan groans.

STAN

Well, what are we waiting for? Let's get
selling!

Stan and Ollie grab their supplies and, with a determined yet slightly shaky stride, exit the attic.

FADE OUT.

EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET - DAY

Stan and Ollie, still sporting their ill-fitting suits, approach a quaint, but slightly dilapidated, Victorian house. Ollie rings the doorbell with a flourish. The doorbell sounds like a strangled cat.

OLLIE

(optimistically)

This is it, Stan! Our first customer!

The door creaks open, revealing AGNES, a stern-looking woman in a severe black dress and a perpetually disapproving frown. She eyes them suspiciously.

AGNES

What do you want?

STAN

(bowing deeply)

Madam, we are here to offer you the finest
cleaning products ever devised!

Ollie enthusiastically displays the purple liquid, which
begins to bubble ominously. Agnes recoils.

AGNES

They look...questionable.

OLLIE

Questionable? Madam, this is a miracle in a
bottle! Watch!

Ollie sprays the purple liquid onto Agnes's pristine
doorstep. It immediately turns a shocking shade of bright
pink, then begins to smoke, creating a small, purple cloud.
Agnes shrieks. Stan, meanwhile, attempts to demonstrate the
Super-Duper Swiper 5000. The mop, still far too large, runs
away with Stan clinging precariously to the handle,
careening down the street and creating chaos.

AGNES

Get that...that...thing...away from my house!

Stan, now covered in more of the pink cleaning solution, is
dragged by the runaway mop. Ollie tries to intervene, but
he accidentally steps in a puddle of the pink solution
causing his shoes to sprout giant, cartoonish pink bubbles.

OLLIE

(squeaking)

My shoes...they're...inflating!

Ollie's shoes inflate to comical proportions, launching him
into the air. He lands with a thump beside Agnes, who
stares at the scene in utter disbelief.

STAN

(from afar, still clinging to the mop)

I think we need a new marketing strategy!

FADE OUT.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

The interior is cluttered but charming. Mrs. Higgins, a kindly but slightly eccentric older woman, points to a stained rug. Stan and Ollie, still slightly dishevelled from their previous encounter, stand awkwardly.

MRS. HIGGINS

That rug, dear boys. It needs a good cleaning.

Stan eyes the rug with fierce determination. He nods vigorously.

STAN

A good cleaning, you say? Consider it done!

Stan pulls out a massive industrial-sized steam cleaner, far too large for the room. It hisses menacingly. Ollie watches with growing apprehension.

OLLIE

(nervously)

Stan, are you sure about this?

Ignoring Ollie, Stan unleashes the steam cleaner with gusto. Steam erupts everywhere, filling the room in a thick fog. Mrs. Higgins coughs dramatically.

MRS. HIGGINS

Oh my! Perhaps a little less...enthusiasm?

Stan, completely oblivious, continues to blast the rug with steam. The rug begins to rise, swelling like a balloon. Pictures fall from the walls. The room is quickly becoming a chaotic mess.

OLLIE

Stan! The rug is... levitating!

The rug, now huge and billowing, bursts through the ceiling, taking the chandelier with it. Ollie throws his hands up in despair.

OLLIE

This is going to take more than a Super-Duper Swiper 5000 to clean up!

Stan, finally noticing the chaos, looks around wildly. He then grabs a giant vacuum cleaner, even larger than the steam cleaner.

STAN

Right then! Phase two!

He attempts to use the vacuum cleaner to suck up the steam, creating a miniature tornado of dust and debris. Mrs. Higgins faints. Ollie runs for cover, ducking behind a rather precarious stack of books.

OLLIE

(muffled)

Maybe we should just stick to window cleaning...

CUT TO

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dust and debris swirl around Stan and Ollie. The giant vacuum cleaner sputters and dies, emitting a pathetic wheeze. The self-propelled broom, inexplicably activated, zooms across the room, knocking over a stack of fragile porcelain dolls.

OLLIE

(desperate)

Stan! The broom! It's... rebellious!

The broom, now seemingly sentient, swerves wildly, narrowly missing Ollie's head. He ducks behind an antique grandfather clock.

STAN

Rebellious? Nonsense! It's
just...enthusiastic!

Stan attempts to grab the broom, but it speeds away,
leaving a trail of destruction in its wake. He slips on a
loose rug a different one than the previously destroyed
one, his feet flailing wildly in the air.

OLLIE

Enthusiastic? It just smashed Great Aunt
Mildred's prize-winning begonia!

Ollie peers cautiously from behind the clock. The broom
bumps into a bookshelf, sending books flying. One of the
books lands open on the head of an already dazed Mrs.
Higgins.

STAN

Well, that's one way to improve her reading
comprehension!

The broom circles Stan, who continues to chase it in a
clumsy, comical fashion, his movements exaggerated and
increasingly frantic. Ollie tries to help but keeps getting
in the way.

OLLIE

Help me, Stan! I'm trapped behind a ticking
time bomb...I mean, a grandfather clock!

The broom smashes into a painting, sending it crashing to
the floor. The frame breaks, revealing a hidden compartment
filled with old love letters. Stan pauses, momentarily
distracted by the romantic find. Ollie uses the distraction
to make a run for it.

STAN

My word... a secret love affair! This
cleaning job is getting more interesting by
the minute!

Ollie runs out the door, leaving Stan to continue his increasingly bizarre battle with a rogue broom. The broom, meanwhile, continues its chaotic rampage.

OLLIE

(yelling from outside)

I'm calling for backup! Send in the cavalry...or at least, a stronger vacuum cleaner!

CUT TO

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

Water gushes from a hose held precariously by Ollie. He's attempting to clean a magnificent, oversized Persian rug, his face contorted in concentration. The rug is already soaked, and water is spreading across the highly polished wooden floor. Stan stands nearby, observing with a mixture of amusement and apprehension. A small puddle is forming around his feet.

STAN

Are you sure about this, Ollie? It looks like Niagara Falls has taken up residence in the drawing-room.

Ollie, oblivious to the growing flood, turns the hose nozzle further, increasing the water pressure. Water sprays everywhere, reaching a nearby priceless porcelain vase. Stan gasps, his eyes wide.

OLLIE

(grunting)

Just a little more... this stain... it's a fiend!

The vase tips precariously, then crashes to the floor, shattering into a thousand pieces. Ollie jumps, startled, dropping the hose.

STAN

Ollie! You've drowned the Persian rug and now you've murdered Great Aunt Mildred's prize-winning vase!

Water continues to pour from the open end of the hose, creating a rapidly expanding lake in the middle of the room. Stan frantically tries to turn off the tap, slipping on the wet floor and landing in a comical heap. Ollie rushes to help but slips as well.

OLLIE

My apologies, Stan! I... uh... got a little carried away.

Both Stan and Ollie are now soaked to the bone, lying amidst the spreading flood. They stare at the scene with a mixture of disbelief and resignation. The water reaches the bottom of the antique grandfather clock, causing it to chime repeatedly and erratically.

STAN

Perhaps we should have stuck to dusting?

The camera focuses on the steadily rising water level, threatening to engulf the entire room. The sounds of the grandfather clock's frantic chiming increase in volume, adding to the chaotic scene.

OLLIE

(with a forced smile)

On the bright side, the floors are sparkling clean!

FADE OUT

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stan and Ollie, still soaked to the bone, are attempting to mop up the flood with a ridiculously small hand towel. The grandfather clock continues its erratic chiming. Ollie pulls out a tube of glue from his pocket. It's labeled "SUPER-STICKY - Bonds Anything!"

OLLIE

Aha! My super-sticky glue! This'll fix everything.

Ollie squeezes a generous amount of glue onto the broken vase fragments. Instead of sticking them together, the glue splatters, sticking to his fingers, the towel, and a nearby priceless painting.

STAN

Ollie, that's not... that's not how glue works!

The painting, now stuck to Ollie's hand, starts to peel away from the wall, taking a chunk of expensive wallpaper with it. Ollie, struggling to hold onto the painting, slips on a puddle and falls backward, the painting landing face-down in the ever-growing pool of water.

OLLIE

(panicked)

Oh dear!

Stan attempts to help, but his hand, also covered in super-sticky glue, becomes attached to Ollie's leg. He pulls, creating a comical human chain reaction. A nearby lamp gets knocked over and tumbles towards a crystal chandelier.

STAN

I think we've made things worse.

The chandelier begins to sway precariously, then crashes down. The resulting shattering sound is followed by the sound of super-sticky glue adhering to the now-ruined chandelier and the already-glued painting. Ollie and Stan remain stuck together, amidst the chaos, covered in glue, water and debris.

OLLIE

(defeated)

Maybe dusting wasn't such a bad idea after all.

They stare at the wreckage, a perfect tableau of slapstick destruction. The grandfather clock chimes one last time before finally stopping.

FADE OUT

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Amidst the wreckage of the chandelier and the glue-covered painting, Ollie and Stan, still stuck together, stare at a shattered, priceless vase. It lies in pieces on the ornate Persian rug. Ollie's eyes widen in horror.

OLLIE

The vase!

He points a glue-covered finger at the remains of the vase, then looks wildly around.

STAN

Yes, the vase. The one worth more than our combined salaries for the next century.

Ollie frantically tries to peel himself away from Stan, but the super-sticky glue holds firm. He yanks, causing Stan to yelp.

OLLIE

We need to...fix this! Before...before the owner returns!

Ollie spots a nearby broom. He uses it to sweep the vase fragments into a dustpan. The fragments are far too large for the dustpan. They spill out.

STAN

(sarcastically)

Brilliant plan, Ollie. Just sweep the evidence under the rug.

Ollie tries to use the broom to push the shards under the rug. The broom head breaks off. He stares at the broken broom handle, dumbfounded.

OLLIE

Right, Plan B! We reconstruct it!
Think...think like a...a...sculptor!

Ollie attempts to piece the vase together. He uses more of the super-sticky glue. The glue, rather than adhering to the vase, splatters all over his face and Stan's.

STAN

I think we're just making more of a mess.

He gestures weakly towards the increasingly disastrous scene around them - the flooded room, the ruined chandelier, the glue-covered painting, and now, the inadequately-repaired vase.

OLLIE

It'll look...modern! Abstract! Yes, modern abstract art! The owner will be impressed!

He presents the wonky, glue-ridden collection of vase pieces, beaming proudly. The vase is clearly nothing close to its original form, but is instead a crude, glue-laden monstrosity. Stan stares, speechless.

STAN

I doubt that.

CUT TO

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ollie and Stan, still glued together and covered in glue, are attempting to subtly rearrange the disastrous scene. A small, yappy dog, FIFI, a fluffy terror with teeth like needles, enters the room. She spots the glue-covered duo.

FIFI

Woof! Woof!

Fifi barks furiously, circling them. Ollie, trying to appear nonchalant, waves a hand weakly.

OLLIE

Good girl... good dog... just... ignore us...

Fifi leaps, snapping at Ollie's gluey finger. Ollie yelps.
Stan yelps in sympathy.

STAN

That's not a good girl, Ollie. That's a
furry little demon!

Fifi, emboldened, nips at Stan's leg. Stan kicks out
instinctively, sending a vase shard flying through the air.
It narrowly misses Ollie's face.

OLLIE

Careful! My face is worth more than this
whole room!

Fifi, sensing an opportunity, attacks the "reconstructed"
vase. She uses it as a chew toy, sending more gluey shards
flying. Ollie and Stan flail wildly, trying to protect
themselves from the dog and the flying debris.

STAN

(exasperated)

This is beyond a disaster! We're doomed!

Fifi, now covered in glue, looks satisfied with her
destructive work and sits proudly amidst the chaos, panting
happily.

OLLIE

She's... she's enjoying this!

Ollie looks at Stan, a sudden thought dawning on his face.
He grins mischievously.

OLLIE

Maybe... Plan C?

He gestures towards a nearby bucket of soapy water. Stan
looks at him, then at the dog, then back at the bucket,
with a growing look of horror on his face.

CUT TO

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

Ollie and Stan, still slightly glued together but mostly free from Fifi's sticky assault, are huddled near a table laden with ornate china. A potential buyer, MRS. HIGGINS, a portly woman with a severe expression and a hat like a small birdcage, examines a particularly delicate teacup.

MRS. HIGGINS

Hmm. Yes. Quite exquisite. I'll take it.

Ollie and Stan exchange excited glances. This is a big sale!

OLLIE

Wonderful, madam! A magnificent choice!

STAN

Indeed! The finest teacup in our entire collection!

Stan, in his eagerness, accidentally bumps the table. A cascade of teacups and saucers crashes to the floor. Mrs. Higgins recoils, her face a mask of horror.

MRS. HIGGINS

Good heavens! My nerves!

Ollie frantically tries to salvage the situation, picking up the broken pieces.

OLLIE

(nervously)

Oh, dear! Such an unfortunate accident.
Perhaps... perhaps another teacup?

He gestures towards a slightly chipped teacup hidden behind a larger vase. Stan groans.

MRS. HIGGINS

No, thank you. I believe I'll just leave.

Mrs. Higgins sweeps out of the room, leaving Ollie and Stan surrounded by shards of china. Ollie sighs dramatically, rubbing his stomach.

OLLIE

Well, that's that. Another missed opportunity. But on the bright side... my stomach is rumbling. How about some sausages?

STAN

Sausages sound divine. And perhaps a bit more glue to mend our spirits.

They both stare at the scattered remains of the tea set, then at each other, then at the empty space where the potential buyer once stood. A mischievous smile creeps onto Ollie's face.

FADE OUT

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Dust motes dance in the shafts of sunlight piercing the gloom of the attic. Ollie and Stan, surrounded by dusty furniture and forgotten relics, are frantically rummaging through trunks and boxes. Stan pulls out a suit of armour, nearly knocking Ollie over.

STAN

No, no, not the armour! We need something... more marketable.

Ollie pulls out a stuffed parrot, its feathers falling out in clumps. He examines it sadly.

OLLIE

Perhaps a talking parrot? "Polly wants a cracker"... and a hefty sum of money?

He tries to make the parrot talk, but only manages a pathetic squeak. Stan pulls out a dusty, ornate music box.

STAN

Ah-ha! This is it! A rare antique music box!
We'll become millionaires!

He winds the music box. It plays a discordant, off-key
tune. Ollie winces.

OLLIE
Perhaps... "rare" is a bit of a strong word.

Suddenly, Ollie spots something behind a pile of old
tapestries. He pulls out a small, tarnished silver box.

OLLIE
(excitedly)
Eureka! Look at this! A priceless jewel-
encrusted snuff box!

He opens the box. Inside, nestled on faded velvet, is a
single, rather dull, jellybean.

STAN
A... jellybean?

OLLIE
Yes, but think of the marketing! "The last
remaining sweet from the lost city of
Eldorado!"

Stan stares at the jellybean, then back at Ollie, a slow
dawning of understanding and horror creeping onto his face.
He faints dramatically. Ollie sighs.

OLLIE
Right, then. Plan B. I know a fellow who
owes me a favour... and he's rather good
with counterfeiting... well, let's call it
"artistic interpretation" of currency.

Ollie grins mischievously, rubbing his hands together. Stan
stirs, groaning.

FADE OUT

INT. VIBRANT MARKETPLACE - DAY

A bustling Victorian marketplace, overflowing with vendors hawking their wares. Ollie and Stan, looking decidedly less slick than the other salesmen, stand with their makeshift stall, displaying a single, slightly squashed-looking jellybean in a dusty velvet box. A crowd has gathered, mostly out of curiosity rather than desire.

REGINALD

Reginald, a impeccably dressed salesman with a waxed mustache and a dazzling smile, stands opposite them, effortlessly selling ornate birdcages. He gestures expansively, his words dripping with honeyed charm. A continuous stream of customers approach his stall.

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Witness the pinnacle of avian accommodation! These exquisite birdcages are handcrafted from the finest mahogany, guaranteed to impress even the most discerning canary!

A customer eagerly purchases a cage. Reginald bows deeply, accepting payment with a flourish.

OLLIE

(muttering)

He makes it look so easy.

STAN

Easy? He's a born salesman! Look at that charisma! We're doomed.

Ollie attempts to attract customers by shouting, waving the jellybean box.

OLLIE

(shouting)

Step right up! Witness a miracle of confectionery! The last remaining sweet from the lost city of Eldorado! Only one left!

A small child points and giggles, then runs away. A stray dog sniffs the box disdainfully.

STAN

Perhaps we should try a different approach?
Like... a demonstration?

Stan attempts to eat the jellybean with excessive theatrics, nearly choking on it. Reginald, witnessing this, bursts into laughter.

REGINALD

Marvelous showmanship, my good sir! Though perhaps not quite the sales technique I employ.

He winks at the crowd. More customers flock to his stall.

OLLIE

This is hopeless! We'll never compete with his... his... *flair*!

Ollie throws his hands up in despair. Stan sighs, defeated. A small, unexpected crowd starts to gather around Ollie and Stan, intrigued by their obvious failure.

STAN

(whispering)

Wait...is that...a crowd?

Ollie stares, dumbfounded. The crowd grows larger, curious about the "failed" salesman.

CONTINUED

INT. WRONG VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

Ollie and Stan, still slightly dazed from the marketplace commotion, stand in a lavishly decorated Victorian drawing-room. Chintz sofas, ornate mirrors, and priceless-looking porcelain dolls stare down at them. They are clearly in the wrong house. A priceless Persian rug is slightly askew.

OLLIE

Are you sure this is Reginald's place?

STAN

Positive! The address was... well, it was something like this, wasn't it?

Stan rummages in his pocket, pulling out a crumpled piece of paper. He squints at it.

STAN

Seventeen... something... something... Lane?

A loud CLATTER from upstairs. Ollie and Stan jump, exchanging wide-eyed glances.

OLLIE

What was that?

A portly, immaculately dressed BUTLER emerges from a doorway. He carries a feather duster and glares at them with disapproval.

BUTLER

And who might you two be, disturbing the peace of this respectable household?

STAN

(nervously)

We... uh... we're the new... cleaning staff?

Ollie nods vigorously, attempting to look convincingly like a cleaning lady.

OLLIE

Yes! Highly skilled! Years of experience! We specialize in... dust removal!

Ollie frantically begins dusting a nearby porcelain doll with a handkerchief, nearly knocking it off its stand. Stan attempts to "clean" the rug, pulling it even further askew.

BUTLER

Cleaning staff? I have not ordered any cleaning staff!

The Butler eyes them suspiciously, a bead of sweat trickling down Ollie's forehead.

OLLIE

Oh, you must have forgotten! We were... sent ahead! A surprise!

Stan, in a moment of panic, grabs a vase of flowers and begins "polishing" it with his coat sleeve.

STAN

A... very special surprise cleaning! Top secret!

The Butler stares, speechless, as a petal falls from the now slightly-damaged vase. The sounds of shattering porcelain come from upstairs.

BUTLER

Get out!

FADE OUT

EXT. WRONG VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

Ollie and Stan are unceremoniously ejected from the house by the furious Butler. They land on the manicured lawn with a thud. Stan's hat flies off in the process. Ollie scrambles to pick it up.

STAN

Well, that went well.

Ollie groans, rubbing his backside.

OLLIE

My tailbone! And I think I just saw a priceless Ming vase hit the pavement.

Stan looks up at the house, pointing.

STAN

Look!

A large, ornate window on the second floor is now shattered. Several shards of glass litter the pristine lawn below. They stare in stunned silence at the broken window.

OLLIE

I... I think that was me.

Ollie gestures vaguely towards the house. A flashback shows him, during the disastrous "cleaning," accidentally knocking over a stack of books, which then hit the windowsill causing the shattering of the window.

STAN

(incredulously)

You... you *what*?

Ollie shrinks under Stan's gaze, attempting to hide behind a strategically placed garden gnome.

OLLIE

It was an accident! A purely accidental cascade of unfortunate events, culminating in... well, in this.

He gestures dramatically at the broken window. Stan sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose.

STAN

We are so, unbelievably, deeply in trouble.

The Butler appears at the doorway, arms crossed, glaring down at them. He is holding a small, rather dusty, porcelain doll. It's missing an arm.

BUTLER

And just how do you propose to pay for this?!

Ollie and Stan exchange a panicked look. Ollie accidentally kicks Stan's hat further away. Stan looks defeated. The Butler shakes his head and walks back inside, muttering about the cost of antique replacement window panes.

FADE OUT

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Ollie and Stan stand awkwardly before a stern-faced woman, MRS. HIGGINS, a woman whose age is obscured by layers of elaborate hats and furs. She's clutching a chipped porcelain doll. Behind the counter, a nervous shop assistant, ARTHUR, nervously polishes a silver teapot.

MRS. HIGGINS

(furious)

This is unacceptable! Unacceptable!

She slams the doll down on the counter, causing a small avalanche of dust. Arthur flinches.

OLLIE

Madam, we assure you, the damage...

MRS. HIGGINS

Damage?! This is a priceless heirloom! It's been in my family for generations! And now... now it's missing a foot!

Ollie and Stan exchange a wide-eyed glance. Stan subtly points to a rather large, dusty footprint on the pristine counter next to the doll. Mrs. Higgins ignores it, completely engrossed in her indignation.

STAN

Perhaps... perhaps we could offer a... a replacement?

MRS. HIGGINS

A replacement?! You think you can replace centuries of family history with some... some *cheap imitation*?

She dramatically throws her hands up in the air, knocking over a display of miniature teacups. Arthur lets out a yelp.

OLLIE

(nervously)

Well, perhaps we could... uh... mend it?

MRS. HIGGINS

Mend it? You think you can mend *this*?

She snatches the doll back, examining the missing foot with a magnifying glass. Ollie tries to discreetly step on Stan's foot under the counter.

STAN

(wincing)

Ow!

MRS. HIGGINS

I demand satisfaction! Immediate satisfaction!

Arthur, in a desperate attempt to diffuse the situation, accidentally knocks over a precarious stack of antique pies. One lands squarely in Mrs. Higgins' face.

MRS. HIGGINS

muffled by pie

Gah!

Silence descends upon the shop, punctuated only by the dripping of pie filling. Ollie and Stan exchange a look of bewildered relief.

CUT TO

EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET - DAY

A runaway cart, overflowing with soapy buckets, mops, and feather dusters, barrels down a steep cobblestone hill. Ollie and Stan chase after it, their faces a mixture of panic and comical desperation. The cart bounces wildly, sending cleaning supplies flying in all directions. A trail of soapy suds follows in its wake.

OLLIE

Stop that cart!

Ollie trips over a stray broom, sprawling onto the cobblestones. Stan, barely avoiding a collision with a runaway bucket, continues the chase.

STAN

But how?!

A goose, startled by the commotion, honks loudly and runs away flapping its wings, adding to the chaos. The cart careens around a corner, narrowly missing a group of gossiping women who shriek and scatter. A passing dog chases after a runaway mop, barking furiously.

OLLIE

(out of breath)

We'll never catch it!

Stan spots a large, empty water barrel. With a mischievous grin, he positions himself behind it. The cart hurtles towards him.

STAN

Hold on to your hats!

Stan rolls the barrel in front of the runaway cart. There is a loud CRASH as the cart collides with the barrel, sending it and the cart careening into a pile of hay. Ollie runs to Stan, a mixture of relief and exasperation on his face.

OLLIE

Are you alright?

STAN

(dusting himself off)

Never better! Except for maybe a slight case of hay fever.

They both stare at the wreckage of the cart, surrounded by a chaotic mess of cleaning supplies and hay. A single feather duster floats gently down from the sky.

OLLIE

Well, that's one way to clean up a mess.

FADE OUT

INT. OLLIE AND STAN'S WORKSHOP - DAY

The workshop is a chaotic mess of bubbling concoctions, strange contraptions, and half-finished inventions. Ollie and Stan stand amidst the wreckage of their cleaning supplies, looking dejected. Empty barrels and scattered feather dusters litter the floor. A single, forlorn bottle of their "miracle" cleaning fluid sits on a workbench, the only survivor of the cart disaster.

OLLIE

It's gone.

Ollie gestures weakly at the empty space where several crates of their cleaning product used to sit.

STAN

All of it? Every single bottle?

Stan runs a hand through his already disheveled hair, his face a mask of dismay. He kicks a stray mop, sending it spinning.

OLLIE

Stolen. Vanished. Poof! Like a magician's disappearing act, only less impressive.

Ollie dramatically throws his hands up in the air. He then notices a small, almost invisible smear of their cleaning fluid on the floor near a broken crate.

OLLIE

Wait a minute...

Ollie carefully examines the mark, his eyes widening in realization.

STAN

What is it?

Stan bends down, peering at the smear. He sniffs it cautiously.

STAN

It smells...familiar.

OLLIE

Too familiar. That's Baron Von Clean's signature scent!

Ollie clenches his fist. A look of determination replaces his earlier despair. He points towards a dusty map on the wall.

OLLIE

We know where to find him.

Stan grabs his trusty magnifying glass and a comically oversized wrench, grinning mischievously.

STAN

Prepare for payback, Baron! This time, we're bringing the cleaning supplies... and a few surprises.

Ollie and Stan exchange a knowing glance, their faces alight with a mischievous plan. They head towards the door, ready for a confrontation.

SCENE CHANGE

EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND BARON VON CLEAN'S MANSION - DUSK

Stan and Ollie stand before a imposing, gothic mansion. Ollie nervously adjusts his oversized spectacles, while Stan fidgets with his wrench. The setting sun casts long shadows, making the alleyway appear even more ominous.

STAN

(whispering)

Are you sure about this, Ollie?

Ollie gulps, looking around nervously. A stray cat hisses at him.

OLLIE
(hesitantly)
Well, we've come this far...

Ollie kicks a loose stone, sending it skittering down the alley.

STAN
This Baron Von Clean... he's not exactly known
for his... hospitality.

Stan dramatically points a finger at the mansion, making sure he's not pointing at the mansion's various ominous looking gargoyles.

OLLIE
He stole our life's work, Stan! Our miracle
cleaning fluid! The one we spent years
perfecting!

Ollie dramatically clutches his chest, feigning a heart attack, then recovers quickly.

STAN
I know, I know. But facing down a cleaning
supplies magnate... armed with nothing but a
wrench and a good scrubbing brush... seems...
unwise.

Stan looks at his wrench with a flicker of doubt.

OLLIE
We have each other, Stan. And that's more
powerful than any cleaning solution!

Ollie gives Stan a reassuring pat on the back, almost knocking Stan off balance. Stan steadies himself with a wobbly step.

STAN
That's... reassuringly vague.

Stan adjusts his hat, then looks up at the mansion with newfound determination.

STAN

Besides, think of the satisfaction! And the sheer comedic potential of this whole situation!

Ollie grins, a mischievous glint in his eye. He pulls out a tiny, rubber chicken from his pocket.

OLLIE

Right! For justice! And maybe a few laughs along the way!

Ollie squeaks the rubber chicken, then uses it to hit Stan playfully on the head.

STAN

Ow! Let's do this!

They exchange a determined look, and together they approach the mansion, ready to face whatever awaits.

SCENE CHANGE

INT. OLLIE AND STAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A cramped, cluttered apartment. Empty cleaning fluid bottles litter the floor. Stan paces frantically, while Ollie sits at a rickety table, sketching furiously on a napkin. A half-eaten loaf of bread sits beside a pile of blueprints.

STAN

We can't just barge in there again! He'll call the guards, the cleaning-fluid police, maybe even the sanitation department!

Ollie slams his fist on the napkin, scattering crumbs.

OLLIE

We need a new plan, Stan! A plan so brilliant, so cunning, so... surprisingly simple, that it'll knock his socks off!

Ollie proudly unveils the napkin. It depicts a rather crude drawing of a cleaning fluid bottle labeled "Miracle Clean" with exaggeratedly large lettering.

STAN

Is that... a giant cleaning fluid bottle? Is that our new strategy? We're going to... intimidate him with a large bottle?

Ollie nods emphatically, puffing out his chest.

OLLIE

Better! We'll create a *limited edition* super-sized bottle! A collector's item! We'll market it as a status symbol, a cleaning fluid for the elite!

Stan stares at the drawing, then slowly shakes his head.

STAN

Ollie, we don't have the resources to produce a giant cleaning fluid bottle. And even if we did, wouldn't the Baron be suspicious of a sudden, massive influx of our product?

Ollie scratches his head, the enthusiasm visibly draining from his face.

OLLIE

You're right... But... what if we... What if we... Inflate a regular-sized bottle?

He points to a small, almost empty bottle of cleaning fluid. Stan sighs dramatically.

STAN

Ollie, we are going to bankrupt ourselves with this. We have to think of something else. Something... less ludicrous!

Ollie picks up a tiny rubber chicken again and stares at it thoughtfully.

OLLIE

Maybe we could train a flock of rubber chickens to... infiltrate his mansion?

Stan stares at Ollie, speechless.

STAN

You're losing it, Ollie.

Ollie shrugs, squeaking the rubber chicken.

OLLIE

It's a start. Now, where's that air pump?

FADE OUT

INT. BARON VON RICHTER'S MANSION - DAY

The Baron's opulent salon gleams. Sunlight streams through stained-glass windows, illuminating priceless artwork and extravagant furniture. Ollie and Stan, looking slightly dishevelled, stand nervously before Baron Von Richter, a portly man with a monocle and an air of disdain. A single, comically oversized cleaning fluid bottle sits between them, precariously balanced on a velvet cushion.

BARON VON RICHTER

So, these are your... "miracle cleaning solutions?"

He examines the bottle with a magnifying glass, his expression dubious.

OLLIE

(enthusiastically)

Yes, Baron! A revolutionary formula! It cleans, it shines, it... well, it's incredibly large!

Ollie gestures wildly at the enormous bottle, nearly knocking it over. Stan catches it with a desperate lunge.

STAN

(nervously)

Yes, Baron. A limited edition... collector's item. Perfect for a man of your... discerning taste.

Stan wipes his brow with a handkerchief.

BARON VON RICHTER

Discerning? My taste is impeccable! And this... monstrosity? It hardly qualifies as "discerning."

He taps the bottle with his cane, causing it to wobble precariously. Ollie and Stan exchange panicked glances.

OLLIE

But Baron, consider the sheer... impact! The visual statement! It's a conversation piece!

Ollie tries to puff out his chest, but his posture is more hunched than heroic.

STAN

Think of the prestige! Imagine cleaning your priceless Ming vase with this... majestic bottle.

Stan makes a sweeping gesture, accidentally bumping into a small, ornate table. A priceless porcelain cat tumbles to the floor, shattering into a thousand pieces.

BARON VON RICHTER

(furious)

My Ming vase! You clumsy oafs! Get out!

The Baron points towards the door, his face red with anger. Ollie and Stan, defeated, quickly gather their giant cleaning fluid bottle and retreat.

OLLIE

Well, that went... splendidly.

FADE OUT

EXT. BARON VON RICHTER'S MANSION - LATER

Ollie and Stan trudge down the mansion's grand driveway, shoulders slumped, the giant cleaning fluid bottle bumping against Stan's leg. They are about to give up when a Rolls Royce screeches to a halt beside them. Baron Von Richter leans out, a broad grin splitting his face.

BARON VON RICHTER

Wait!

Ollie and Stan exchange bewildered glances.

OLLIE

Baron? You... you want us back?

BARON VON RICHTER

Indeed! I've been thinking... your... method... is quite... unique.

He gestures dramatically towards the mansion.

BARON VON RICHTER

The shattered Ming vase? It was quite old, you see. Rather... dull. The way you accidentally... deconstructed it... it freed me from its constraints!

He chuckles, a hearty, booming sound.

STAN

(bewildered)

You... you like it broken?

BARON VON RICHTER

Not exactly. But the *concept*... the sheer *audacity* of your cleaning technique inspired me! I require a new aesthetic for my entire collection! A more... abstract approach!

He claps his hands together, enthusiastically.

OLLIE

So... you want us to... break more things?

BARON VON RICHTER
Precisely! Think of it as... avant-garde
cleaning! A performance art! A...
"Deconstruction of Dust"!

He winks, his monocle glinting.

STAN
But... the cleaning fluid?

BARON VON RICHTER
The bottle itself is a masterpiece! A
testament to... unconventional size! A bold
statement! I'll pay you double!

Ollie and Stan stare at each other, then burst into joyous
laughter. They hoist the giant bottle triumphantly, a look
of pure, chaotic glee on their faces.

FADE OUT

INT. BARON VON RICHTER'S MANSION - DAY

Ollie and Stan, amidst a whirlwind of shattered porcelain
and overturned furniture, are being paid by Baron Von
Richter, who beams at them with a manic glee. They are
showered in gold coins, which are bouncing off their heads
and into oddly shaped vases.

OLLIE
I still can't believe he actually paid us
to... well, to *that*.

Stan picks up a gold coin, examines it, then pops it into
his mouth.

STAN
Tastes like... success! And gold.

Ollie shrugs, picking up a chipped teacup and examining it
thoughtfully.

OLLIE

Who knew our disastrous cleaning methods
would become the latest art craze?

He throws the teacup gently in the air; it shatters against
a nearby wall, which seems to be made of reinforced
concrete to survive many more teacups.

STAN

Perhaps "disastrous" isn't the right word.
More like... creatively destructive?

He winks, then accidentally knocks over a stack of
priceless statues. They land with a soft thud, seemingly
made of some extra-sturdy material.

OLLIE

(laughing)

Yeah, creatively destructive. We're like...
the Michelangelo of mess!

STAN

The Picasso of pandemonium!

They both burst into laughter, the sound echoing through
the opulent, yet strangely resilient, room.

OLLIE

To think, all those years of being told we
were clumsy... it turns out we were just...
ahead of the curve!

STAN

A curve that leads to a mountain of gold
coins!

Stan gestures wildly, sending more coins flying. Ollie
catches one, grinning from ear to ear.

OLLIE

Who needs a vacuum cleaner when you've got a
talent for... well, this?

He glances at the Baron, who is happily sketching their
"cleaning technique" in a large notebook.

STAN

I think we've found our niche.

They share a knowing glance, then simultaneously pick up a large, heavy decorative urn. They look at each other with mischievous grins, preparing to add another layer to this new, lucrative form of "art".

FADE OUT

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Ollie and Stan stroll down a bustling city street, pockets bulging with gold coins. They are humming a jaunty tune, their steps unusually light and springy. Ollie accidentally bumps into a street vendor's cart, sending apples and oranges scattering. He immediately starts helping the vendor pick them up, but with his usual clumsy grace, sending even more fruit flying.

STAN

Relax, Ollie. We can afford to buy the entire cart now.

Stan pulls out a handful of gold coins, flashing them at the bewildered vendor. The vendor's eyes widen in astonishment.

OLLIE

You're right! Let's get some pastries. And maybe a small carriage to carry all this gold.

Ollie gestures wildly at his overflowing pockets. He trips over a loose cobblestone, narrowly avoiding a collision with a passing horse-drawn carriage. He lands in a graceful heap, scattering more coins. Stan bursts out laughing.

STAN

A carriage, you say? Perhaps one with springs, to absorb the impact of all those gold coins bouncing around.

He picks up a coin, examines it with a magnifying glass he produces from his pocket, then sighs dramatically.

STAN

Such exquisite craftsmanship. Such... weight.
We're truly living the high life, Ollie!

Ollie, still on the ground, grins and starts stuffing handfuls of coins into his already-full pockets. His eyes twinkle mischievously.

OLLIE

High life? More like... hilariously wealthy!

He stands up, brushing himself off, then slips on a banana peel apparently someone else's mishap, landing dramatically on a pile of freshly-cleaned laundry. The laundry explodes in a colorful cloud.

STAN

(chuckling)

Still got it, Ollie. Still got it.

Stan shakes his head, smiling, and then offers Ollie a helping hand.

OLLIE

Indeed. Now, about those pastries...

They walk off, leaving a trail of scattered coins and bewildered onlookers in their wake.

SCENE END

INT. OLLIE AND STAN'S PASTRY SHOP - DAY

Ollie and Stan, surrounded by mountains of pastries, are wiping down counters. A portly gentleman, MR. BIGGLESWORTH, beams, his face dusted with powdered sugar. He gestures enthusiastically, holding up a half-eaten cream puff.

MR. BIGGLESWORTH

Magnificent! Simply magnificent! The lightest, fluffiest cream puff I've ever had the pleasure of devouring!

He pats his ample stomach contentedly.

MR. BIGGLESWORTH

And the éclairs! A symphony of flavors! A culinary masterpiece!

He pulls out a small notebook and a ridiculously ornate pen. He begins to write with gusto, occasionally pausing to take another bite of pastry.

OLLIE

We're so glad you enjoyed it, sir!

Ollie bows deeply, nearly knocking over a precarious stack of tarts.

STAN

We use only the finest ingredients, sourced from the most... uh... surprisingly affordable locations.

Stan winks conspiratorially. He discreetly kicks a stray croissant under the counter.

MR. BIGGLESWORTH

Affordable? Pshaw! This is worth its weight in gold! Five stars! Five shimmering, golden stars!

He slams the notebook shut with a flourish, sending a shower of powdered sugar into the air. Ollie and Stan cough dramatically, then exchange amused glances.

OLLIE

Five stars? You're too kind, sir!

STAN

Indeed! Though we might have to increase our prices now... to reflect the sheer excellence of our... affordability.

Stan chuckles, adjusting his already-perfectly-placed cravat.

MR. BIGGLESWORTH

Nonsense! Keep the prices as they are! This is a hidden gem! I shall tell all my... associates... about this delightful establishment.

He rises, waddling slightly from his pastry-induced fullness, and pats his stomach again. He leaves, leaving a trail of crumbs.

OLLIE

Well, that went better than expected.

STAN

Indeed. Now, about those new sugar sprinkles... I have a feeling they'll be flying off the shelves.

Ollie and Stan grin, already planning their next culinary conquest. A stray cream puff rolls across the counter, narrowly missing Stan's nose. He catches it with a surprisingly agile movement, then pops it in his mouth.

FADE OUT

INT. OLLIE AND STAN'S PASTRY SHOP - ONE WEEK LATER

The shop is bustling with customers. Ollie and Stan, now sporting pristine white aprons, are frantically trying to keep up with the demand. Pastries fly off the shelves. A line snakes out the door and around the corner. Chaos reigns in a wonderfully delicious way.

OLLIE

Another éclair! And make it a double-chocolate!

Stan, juggling a tray of croissants, nearly trips over a small dog.

STAN

(slightly breathless)
Coming right up! Though I'm starting to
think we need a bigger oven, and maybe a
small army of pastry chefs.

A customer, MRS. PERIWINKLE, a woman with a perpetually
surprised expression, approaches the counter, clutching a
half-eaten cream puff.

MRS. PERIWINKLE
This is... extraordinary! I heard about your...
unique cleaning methods...from Mrs. Higgins.
She says they're practically miraculous!

Ollie and Stan exchange a knowing glance, trying to stifle
their laughter. They had accidentally mentioned their
"secret ingredient" - a slightly unorthodox cleaning method
involving a feather duster and a very enthusiastic vacuum
cleaner - to a gossipy neighbour. This resulted in the best
kind of accidental viral marketing.

OLLIE
Our methods are, shall we say...
unconventional. But effective!

STAN
Indeed! We believe in a holistic approach to
pastry-making. It involves... vigorous
dusting... and a surprising amount of suction.

He winks conspiratorially. Mrs. Periwinkle looks even more
bewildered, but smiles nonetheless. More customers surge
forward, clamoring for pastries.

OLLIE
(exasperated but happy)
This is... insane! In a good way!

STAN
Insane profits, you mean! Think of the sugar
sprinkles... we'll need a whole sugar
mountain!

A stray pastry flies through the air, narrowly missing Stan's head. He catches it with a flourish, takes a bite, then grins.

STAN

And more cream puffs!

FADE OUT

EXT. GRAND MANSION - DAY

A grand, slightly dilapidated mansion. Ollie and Stan, in slightly less pristine aprons, approach the front door, carrying a large, elaborately decorated cake. Stan struggles to keep up, nearly tripping over a garden gnome.

OLLIE

Careful, Stan! Remember the last time you tripped with a cake? That poor chihuahua.

Stan nods grimly, clutching the cake tighter. He wipes a bead of sweat from his brow.

STAN

Never again. Though, the chihuahua did get a surprisingly good licking out of the deal.

They reach the door. Ollie rings the doorbell. A long, drawn-out chime echoes through the air. After a moment, the door creaks open, revealing a stern-looking BUTLER.

BUTLER

Yes? What is it?

Ollie holds up the cake proudly.

OLLIE

We're here for the cake delivery. A very special, very large, and exceptionally delicious cake. For Lady Beatrice Worthington the Third?

BUTLER

Ah, yes. The "Surprise Celebration of Not-Quite-Being-Eighty" cake. Do come in.

The butler gestures them inside. They enter a cavernous hall, the air thick with the scent of old money and lilies. Stan nearly bumps into a suit of armor.

STAN

(whispering)

Don't tell me he's still got that thing.

Ollie shushes him. They follow the butler to a large dining room, where LADY BEATRICE, a tiny woman with a surprisingly sharp wit, is sitting surrounded by family. She looks up with a twinkle in her eye.

LADY BEATRICE

Ah, the legendary pastry chefs! I've heard whispers... about the feather duster and the vacuum cleaner.

Ollie and Stan exchange a nervous glance but smile, pleased to be recognized.

OLLIE

It's our secret ingredient, your ladyship.
Don't tell anyone.

STAN

Our methods are... unconventional. But we guarantee satisfaction.

Lady Beatrice chuckles, examining the cake with delight. The family members applaud, relieved to have the cake finally arrive.

LADY BEATRICE

Unconventional indeed. Let's cut this masterpiece open.

FADE OUT

INT. GRAND MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dining room is buzzing with post-dinner merriment. Lady Beatrice, beaming, raises a glass of champagne. Ollie and Stan, looking remarkably clean for once, stand beside her, each holding a smaller glass.

LADY BEATRICE

To Ollie and Stan! The most unconventional, yet undeniably brilliant, pastry chefs I've ever encountered.

Everyone clinking glasses. Stan, slightly tipsy, nearly drops his glass.

STAN

To unconventional methods! And to never underestimating the power of a well-placed feather duster!

He winks conspiratorially at Ollie, who chuckles.

OLLIE

And to friendship! Without Stan's unwavering belief in my...eccentric...ideas, this cake wouldn't exist.

Ollie raises his glass, a genuine smile gracing his face. He bumps his glass against Stan's.

STAN

And without your...*enthusiasm*...for vacuum-powered icing, I'd be just another baker stuck in a rut.

He bumps his glass against Ollie's, then nearly spills some champagne down his front. He quickly wipes it with his napkin.

LADY BEATRICE

Your dedication to your craft is truly inspiring, my dears.

She gestures towards a large, ornate silver platter piled high with leftover cake.

LADY BEATRICE

And now, to the consumption of the remaining evidence!

A chorus of laughter erupts. Ollie and Stan grin at each other, a silent understanding passing between them. They both reach for slices of cake, a mischievous glint in their eyes. A stray piece of cake flies through the air, landing squarely on a nearby butler's head.

STAN

(muffled)

Oops.

Ollie bursts into laughter, covering his mouth with his hand. The butler stares at the cake on his head, stunned but mostly amused.

OLLIE

I told you to be careful.

FADE OUT

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - SUNSET

Ollie and Stan, silhouetted against the vibrant sunset, stroll down a dusty country lane. A lone, slightly lopsided cake box bounces merrily along beside them. Ollie hums a jaunty tune, occasionally glancing back at the box with a grin. Stan, meanwhile, is attempting to balance a small, rather precarious stack of pastries on his head. One wobbles precariously.

STAN

You know, for a chaotic couple of days, that went surprisingly well.

He carefully adjusts the wobbling pastry.

OLLIE

Indeed. Though I do believe we've left a rather significant...impression... on Lady Beatrice's butler.

Ollie chuckles, remembering the cake incident. He subtly kicks a small pebble ahead of him, sending it skittering down the lane.

STAN

A lasting impression. One he'll likely be recounting to his grandchildren.

Stan lets out a hearty laugh, causing one of the pastries to topple and land, slightly squashed, in the dust. He sighs dramatically.

OLLIE

Perhaps we should stick to smaller-scale culinary explosions in the future?

Ollie winks. He pulls a small, slightly battered whistle from his pocket and blows it with a flourish. A flock of pigeons, seemingly summoned out of thin air, swoops down and lands around him. One lands squarely on Stan's head.

STAN

(exasperated)

Ollie!

Ollie bursts into laughter, clutching his sides. Stan, with a pigeon perched on his head, shakes his head, but a smile slowly spreads across his face. He gently nudges the pigeon off, then grabs a pastry, taking a large bite.

STAN

Onwards to our next adventure, then!

He throws his arms out wide, gesturing towards the horizon. The sun dips below the horizon, casting long shadows. Ollie and Stan walk off into the sunset, the cake box bouncing behind them. A single pigeon follows them, seemingly determined to be part of their ongoing escapades.

FADE OUT