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# A-Haunting We Will Go

By Lou Breslow

Well, gentlemen, we trust you spent a comfortable night with us.  
And we hope that your breakfast was satisfactory.  
Well, to be truthful, my oatmeal was a little lumpy.  
I would've been more comfortable with another mattress on my bed.  
We'll correct those defects on your next visit.  
- Thank you. Goodbye.|- Goodbye.  
- Goodbye.|- Goodbye.  
What a peaceful day...  
Now, listen, if you aren't out of town in six hours...  
...you'll spend 60 days with a pick and shovel.  
Stay away from the freight yards and stick to the highway.  
Well, here's another nice predicament you've gotten us into.  
Your oatmeal was lumpy. Get out!  
Florida isn't that way. It's this way.  
Want a lift, boys?  
Okay.  
Oh, yes, sir. Thank you very much.  
Yes, sir.  
Whew!  
- You all right?|- Yes, sir.  
Here we go.  
- Gosh, I think my battery is dead.|- I'll give you a push.  
- Oh, thanks.|- Only take a second.  
Tell him to put it in gear.  
- Put it in gear.|- Okay.  
And when I get it going fast to let his clutch out.  
- When it's fast, let your clutch out.|- Right.  
Come out and help me.  
- Come out and help him.|- Not him, you.  
- You all ready?|- All ready.  
- Here we go.|- Go ahead.  
- Well, thanks ever so much, boys.  
- Aren't you going to Florida?|- Florida?  
Yes, I hope to go to Florida someday.  
I hear it's a very, very pretty place.  
I've got to go in the house and phone for a battery.  
Thanks for everything.  
See what Superman is doing.

**Listen to this:**

Phone Evergreen 4-2120."  
This is our chance to get out of town.  
See if there's one for Florida. I'm dying for an orange.  
You'll have to be satisfied with Dayton.

Come on.

436. This is it.

It's locked.

Another customer. |Hurry up, get that wig on.

And ditch that cigar.

The glasses.

Good morning, sir. I phoned |in answer to your advertisement.

What does he want? |We didn't advertise for two.

But we can do the work of one.

It so happens that our business |takes us to Dayton and I thought...

- We'll see. Come in. | - Thank you.

This way, please.

Aunt Mary, these gentlemen have come |in answer to our advertisement.

- Now what did I do? | - Shh.

She's all broke up over her boy.

- What happened to him? | - Caught a cold, went like that.

Where did he go?

May we offer our deepest sympathies.

- Mine too. | - Thanks.

Come this way.

Here he is, Cousin Charlie.

Sweeter boy never lived.

But what has he got to do |with the trip to Dayton?

- He's going too. | - With us?

No, you're going with him.

Ollie, let's go to Florida.

I'm sorry, sir, but we couldn't |even consider it.

My partner and I have confidential |business to discuss on the way...

...and, well, three's a crowd. |Goodbye and thank you very much.

Well, how do you like that?

Gee, they was perfect for it.

- A stupider pair of jerks I've never seen. | - Perfect is right.

Only a BB-head would let them |get away.

- I didn't think they were sharp. | - Who asked you to start thinking?

- You're in for a sock on the chin. | - Go ahead and start...

Now cut it out, you guys.

You know, Joe, |it ain't right to hit a dame.

- I don't like that crack either, Darby. | - Okay, Ma.

Look, the police.

- We'd better go back. | - To the coffin?

Better to spend one night with a corpse |than 60 days with the cops. Come on.

**DORBELL RINGS:**

Uh, we've changed our minds. | That is, if we could both go.  
Yeah, I can ride on Ollie's lap.  
Just a minute, please.  
Aunt Mary's anxious | to have you accompany Charlie.  
She says you remind her | of her two nephews...  
...Sheldon and Cheesey. | - Isn't that sweet.  
I'll give you 100 bucks for the job.  
Half when I meet you at the train, | the rest when you deliver Charlie.  
That's fine. Now, could we have | a little something on account?  
- On account of we haven't eaten. | - Well, here's 20.  
- Thank you. | - I'll give you the other 30 at the train.  
It's the afternoon train | for Dayton, 4:00.  
We'll be there. Goodbye, ma'am.  
We'll take good care of Charlie.  
Goodbye.  
Goodbye.  
Okay, Darby.  
Nice going, Joe. You handled it great.  
Take it easy. It's the back door. | Get it, Joe.  
- Who is it? | - It's me, Dixie.  
You little rooster.  
- There he is. | - Doc Lake, you old walrus.  
Greetings, Joseph, my boy. | You're looking fit as a fiddle.  
- Alcatraz agrees with you. | - It was tough but I can take it.

**JOE:**

Guess who this is.  
Why, I don't believe | I've had the pleasure.  
- How do you do, Mrs...? | - Mrs. Frank Lucas.  
What?  
How are you, Doc?  
Well, I declare.  
Since when have you | gone in for histrionics?  
Still hanging lace on your language. | How you been doing?  
Where do you think I dug up the old | croaker? Reading palms in a gypsy  
joint.  
- Merely a fill-in during a financial hiatus. | - I see.  
Doc, we got another surprise | for you too.  
Wait until you see this.  
Darby Mason.  
Who got him? The police?  
No, and they never will.  
We fooled you, didn't we, Doc?  
Yes. You boys had me | at a great disadvantage.

This is very mysterious to me.

- Didn't Dixie tell you?|- No.

- You wanted to surprise him.|- Show him the clipping.

Here.

"Attorney still seeking Egbert Norton,|heir to fortune.

The will of the late|Jasper 'Rags' Norton, aged recluse...

...who was found dead in his shack|at the city dump last year...

...is to be probated next Thursday.

The will bequeaths|his entire fortune of...

...\$250,000 to his missing nephew,|Egbert Norton...

...but provides|that in case he is not located...

...the entire estate goes to the city|for the erection of a new zoo.

Anyone knowing of his whereabouts|is urgently requested...

...to contact Attorney Malcolm Kilgore,|executor of the estate."

Can you imagine using my 250 G's|to cage up a lot of moth-eaten animals?

Your 250 G's?

Dr. Lake,|I happen to be Egbert Norton.

No.

How do you like that for a handle?|"Egbert."

Never mind the cracks, Dixie.

Why, it's a veritable bonanza.

Oh. But you, you're as hot as a volcano.

That's the idea of the wooden overcoat:|A pushover.

Remember that sanitarium|near Dayton?

- I do.|- The place is still there...

...broken-down and deserted,|and you're going to open it up again.

That, my boy,|would be extremely hazardous.

Not for a few days, it won't. |We're gonna work fast.

You and Dixie will take|the 3:00 plane out.

- Frankie and me will go on the next one.|- Yeah?

- What about Darby?|- He's going on the train in the box.

Yeah. Come here.

Get the air conditioning.

You can open it from the inside. See?

- Will I get enough air, Doc?|- Why, of course.

- During normal breathing, a man's...|- Never mind the lecture.

- Will I be breathing when I get to Dayton?|- You have my guarantee.

You see, we got nothing|to worry about.

Yeah, we've got nothing|to worry about, eh?

Attention all police officers,|highway patrols, and county sheriffs.

Darby Mason is believed|trapped in the city.

Watch all airports and depots.

Repeating his description:|He is 6 feet tall...

...brown complexion,|and when last seen...

Cover this end of the platform, men. | Keep a sharp lookout.

Looks like a police convention.

They just come down | to see that we leave town.

Why, don't they trust us?

Gangway, fellas.

- Look, here's Charlie. | - Just a minute.

- We'll help. We're taking him to Dayton. | - Okay.

Give me a hand.

Here, hold that.

- Clumsy. | - It slipped. I couldn't help it.

That's all right. They can take it.

Thanks for the help, fellas.

- I wonder where Charlie's friend is. | - I wonder.

- We'd better go look for him. | - That's a good idea. We'll go and look...

- Hey. Come here. | - Oh, hello there.

- It's nearly time and we were worried. | - Yeah, about the other \$30.

- Charlie's right over there. | - As snug as a bug in a box.

- Here's your 30. | - Thank you.

Get this. Check the coffin | through to Dayton.

When you get there, Mr. Draper of | the Deluxe Funeral Parlor will meet you.

Is that clear?

Yes, sir.

Okay, hold it.

Hurry it up, boys. We're late.

Wilcox?

- Step on it. We can't hold the train. | - We got tied up in traffic.

Show folks wait till the last minute.

- Suspense, colonel. We live by it. | - Well, start tying them on.

DANTE The Magician | TEMPLE THEATRE, DAYTON, OHIO

- Is my costume trunk on, Tommy? | - Of course.

- I told you it always goes on first. | - Just checking.

You won't forget the time | I left it in Philadelphia.

Assisting Uncle Harry in a bathing suit | made an impression on me.

On the audience too.

- Anything I can get you? | - Wait till I give these to Wilcox.

- I'll be with you. | - Okay.

- Your tickets. Check him through. | - Goodbye.

Don't worry about Charlie, because...

Pardon me, are you the baggage man? | Will you check Charlie onto the train?

- Who's Charlie? | - Right over there.

- He's going to Dayton. | - Yeah? Well, he almost missed the train.

- He's got plenty of time. | - Better step on it.

From ATLANTA | To DAYTON

We'll get him there. | Don't worry about that.

Aboard!

A tidy little nest egg.

How about some dinner?|I'm getting hungry.

Don't be so greedy.|We just split a hamburger.

And besides, we can eat in Dayton|for half of what it costs in the diner.

- I'll be twice as hungry in the morning.|- Don't bicker.

By the way, Phillips, have we enough|money for expenses in Medford?

By Jove, it slipped my mind.

- How much you think we'll need, Parker?|- I should say \$ 100 will suffice.

I hope you have|the necessary dollar bill.

Fortunately, I just have one.

Thank you.

Did you see that?

He put a dollar bill in there|and a \$ 10 bill came out.

Pardon me, gentlemen,|but isn't that counterfeiting?

Oh, no, no.

You look like a man familiar|with good United States currency.

- Up to a certain point.|- Amazing. Silk threads and all.

- Hm.|- It's genuine, Stanley.

It certainly is. Mm-mm-mm.

Thank you.

A \$ 100 bill!

- You think \$ 100 will be enough?|- We'll manage all right.

Just what is all this about, sir?

Is it possible that men|of your apparent intelligence...

...have not heard of the "Inflato"?

You see, we've been out of town,|haven't we, Ollie?

- Inflato?|- Yes, the name of this little device.

Inflato, taken from the word "inflation."

It's a spread-the-wealth project|sponsored by the O.C.C.

- What's an Ock?|- Ock?

O.C.C.,|Office of Currency Circulation.

Where could we get one of those?

We'd only make enough|for our bare necessities.

- And a swimming pool.|- Yeah.

I'm afraid the O.C.C. Had issued|the Inflato quota for the year.

We're getting into Medford.

Phillips, I've always subscribed|to the idea...

...that the American public|is 99 percent honest.

As I have my Inflato in my trunk, I think|we can let these gentlemen have this.

They look honest.

I'll never use another slug in an Automat.|Cross my heart.

- There you are.|- Thank you. Thank you.

In case we haven't enough money|to carry us in Medford...  
...would you give us the cash you have?|- Oh, sure, gladly.  
There you are, sir. You'd better|leave us a dollar to start production.  
- Of course.|- Thank you. Two princes.  
- A pair of kings.|- A couple of jerks.  
- What a stroke of good fortune.|- It sure is.  
Let's try it and see|what a \$ 1000 bill looks like.  
Think of what we can do|for our country, you and I.  
- And Inflatto.|- Inflato, stupid.  
We can take the whole world|out of bankruptcy.  
- And our watches out of hock.|- There will be no more poverty.  
- It will stop all crime.|- You know what?  
We can put every cop on a pension.  
Except those two that pinched us,|you remember?  
- I wouldn't...|- I'll grind out millions...  
...billions for our people,|night in, night out...  
...day in, day out.  
As long as this good right arm...  
- has the strength to carry on.  
There's no further need|for thrift, Stanley.  
I know, but it might rain tomorrow.  
Aah.  
- Enjoying your dinner, gentlemen?|- Yes, indeed.  
- How much is the check?|- Now, let me see.  
Two number 7's|and two number 8's...  
With a couple of New York steaks|and a couple cigars.  
- Which comes to 6.80 even.  
- Very, very reasonable.|- It certainly is.  
There you are, my good man.|Give me a dollar and keep the rest.  
PHONEY MAZUMA|YOU CAN'T PASS ME  
Yes, sir, this sure is a good trick.  
But y'all can't pass|stage money on me.  
Stage money?  
Something's happened to Inflato.  
- Ordinarily, this produces millions.|- While you wait.  
Now, if you gentlemen is serious,|I got to go and report this.  
Give it another whirl, Ollie.|Let me try it.  
Wait a minute, maybe 1...|Let me try, see if I can't get this thing...  
Maybe I can get it from this side.  
What kind of a phony are you guys|trying to pull here, anyway?  
- Something's gone wrong with Inflato.|- Yeah, it's got him by the throat.  
Aah!  
Very funny.|Now, just cough up \$6.80.  
This thing's supposed to print money,|with silk worms and everything, isn't



it?

I've heard some dillies in my years on|this road but this one wins the marbles.

You guys dig up the dough|or off you go at the next stop.

- Just be patient. I'll get the money...|- What are you trying to do? Insult my intellect?

Tell Vince to stop at Milledgeville.

- Blackguard.|- And his name fits him too.

- We better go and find those two.|- Before we get to Milledgeville. I should say so...

Oh, gracious. |Look how they stay on.

- Gee, that's good.|- It's all by magic. There, try it.

- Why do they stay on?|- But they don't stick.

- Do another one, Mr. Dante, please.|- Oh, all right.

- What is this?|- Sugar.

- Are you sure?|- I'm positive.

You watch me, I'll cover it|with a napkin. That right?

- Yes.|- Sim Sala Bim.

- Oh, it's candy!|- We want some!

- Would you like to see another one?|- Oh, yes.

Here's another one I do with sugar.

- Sugar?|- Yes.

You just watch this. |And it's empty?

Yes.

This time you say "Sim Sala Bim."

- Sim Sala Bim.|- Good.

- A duck!|- Oh, how cute.

- Cute. Isn't it cute?|- He's sweet, isn't he?

- You like ducks?|- Yeah.

- There you are. You take good care of it.|- Thanks a lot, Mr. Dante. You're welcome.

- Your change, sir.|- That's for you, son.

- Oh, thanks.|- And a couple of passes for my show.

- Oh, thank you.|- You're welcome.

Pardon me, sir, but have you seen|two gentlemen about this tall?

- It's very important.|- I don't believe I have.

Thank you, sir. |Well, if it isn't Buffalo Bill.

My dad used to tell me about you.

- You've seen the picture of Buffalo Bill.|- On the back of a nickel. I didn't recognize you.

- Those are a lot of fun.|- Not for us, they're not.

- Have you got an Inflato?|- I used to have one.

- What was that you call it?|- Inflato, taken from the word "inflation."

Money just poured out|when the gentleman sold it.

Yeah, it was a good buy for \$50|before it went haywire.

You mean to say|you paid \$50 for this?

No, 49. We've got a dollar|tied up in the gears.

- I haven't seen one of these for ages.|- Where have you been?

- Do you belong to the O.C.C.?|- I'm a magician.

A magician? Well!

I used to dabble in the art|of legerdemain myself.

Pick a card. Any card.

- Now look at it.|- I have it.

Place it in your pocket.

Now concentrate very, very deeply.

- He's been fooling me with this for years.|- Yeah.

- Ace of spades.|- By George, that's marvelous.

- Card, please.|- You'll find it in your friend's hat.

Say, that's wonderful.|- How did you do it?

It's a secret.

- Give me those.|- That's...

All right, you guys,|stop bothering Mr. Dante here.

We're getting into Milledgeville|and that's where you get off.

We'll pay you|when we get Charlie to Dayton.

- Sure.|- Why are you putting them off?

- They tried to beat a dinner bill for \$6.80.|- We did not...

I assure you that our intentions|were perfectly honorable.

I'll pay their bill.

It's up to you, but for my dough, you're|just encouraging a couple of con men.

I'll take that chance.

That's where you get off.

Sorry, boys, but you can buy these|at any novelty shop for \$ 1.50.

- You mean we've been victimized?|- I'm afraid so.

- Ollie, we've been cheated.|- How can we ever repay you?

With the \$50 we're gonna get|for Charlie.

- We can give...|- Are you stopping in Dayton?

I'll be playing|at the Temple Theatre.

Then we'll see you tomorrow.|- You've been very kind. Goodbye.

- Goodbye, Bill.|- Goodbye.

FERNDALE|SANITARIUM

Operator, I wanna talk to attorney|Malcolm Kilgore in Dayton...

...at Riverdale 3-4786.|- Darby got in all right.

- Dixie phoned. He's on the way over now.|- Shh.

- Good.|- What?

This is Dr. Traveleyan|at the Ferndale Sanitarium.

All right, I'll hold the line.

MALCOLM KILGORE|ATTORNEY AT LAW

Yes, yes, this is Kilgore.

This is Dr. Bradley Traveledyan|of the Ferndale Sanitarium.

A few days ago I read an item|in the paper regarding Egbert Norton.

- Have you information regarding him?|- Well, I have a patient here...  
...apparently the victim|of a hit-and-run.

For three weeks now,|he's been between life and death.

This morning he spoke for the first time.|Said he was Egbert Norton.

Identify himself? Oh, I suppose he can.

But won't you recognize him|when you see him?

gbert Norton|ran away from home when he was a boy.

As a consequence, I've never seen him.|He should be able to identify himself...

...by a very unusual ring given him|by his uncle. That is, if he still has it.

I have a duplicate of the ring|in my possession.

Why, yes,|he does have an unusual ring.

I happened to noticed it|when I dressed an abrasion on his arm.

That sounds encouraging.|When can he come to my office?

In his condition, a trip to town at this|time might have serious consequences.

But on the other hand, a visit from you|might be very helpful to the boy.

Fine. We're located in Ferndale|on the road to Cincinnati.

**Huh? Say, 1:**

Oh, that will be quite satisfactory.

Yes, I'll see you then, sir.|Goodbye.

Well, gentlemen, that calls for a drink.|Has anyone a bottle?  
It's Dixie.

- Hi, fellas.|- You got him?

He's in the box.|Nice going, Dixie.

- Steady.|- Come on, give us a hand, Doc.

- Easy now, easy.|- Keep punching, Darby, old boy.

- We'll have you out in a shake.|- Gently, now.

Are you breathing, Darby?

- Lf he ain't, we're all dead geeses.|- Geese.

- Watch out for that first step.|- Don't tip it. Easy.

- You're putting all the weight on me.|- Never mind that.

Bring him in. Put it down.|That's it.

- All right, Darby, you're home.|- Open up.

- You're amongst friends.|- Darby.

- Darby!|- I'll get my respirator.

Get me a jimmy.|Get out of the way.

Come on, help me here.

All right, there we are.

- Well, can you tie that?|- Boy, he sure spoiled fast.  
He must've ate something.

- This is a mummy.|- An imitation one at that.  
You wouldn't be pulling a fast one,|would you, Dixie?  
Who, me?|Have you blown your topper?

- Where's Darby?|- I don't know...  
Hold it, Joseph, my boy.  
I've just made|a very significant discovery.  
These handbills belong to Dante,|the Magician.

- You mean, he made Darby disappear?|- Inadvertently, yes.

- Find out if Dante's playing Dayton.|- He is. I read he's at the Temple Theatre.

My deduction is correct. |This must be Dante's.

- By coincidence, identical with ours.|- Let's go. Temple Theatre!  
Hold on. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. |We must do this with the utmost care.

Any one of you might be recognized.  
Since I can walk the streets|with reasonable impunity...  
...I think I'm the logical one to go.  
Yeah, I guess he's right.  
Mr. Kilgore. I almost forgot.  
Hello, operator. |Get me Riverdale 3-4786.  
Mr. Malcolm Kilgore. Hurry, please.  
Yes, yes.  
A relapse?  
Oh, that's too bad, doctor.  
Tomorrow? I think I can make that. |Same time?  
Good. I'll be there.  
Just a minute. |Where are you guys going?

- We have an appointment with Mr. Dante.|- He didn't leave word.  
- We owe him some money.|- You owe Dante money? That's a laugh.  
- Yes, and we're going to pay him too.|- Yeah, and that's a bigger laugh.  
One hundred, |200, 300, 400...

Pardon me, miss. Could you tell me|where I could find Mr. Dante?

- On the stage, I think.|- Thank you very much.  
Stanley, must you touch everything|you see? Oh!  
Oh.  
Let that alone. Oh!  
- Oh, Mr. Dante.|- Well, hello.  
We came to pay you|the money we owe.  
- Oh, thank you.|- Don't mention it.  
Gee, it's too bad nobody showed up|to see you, but we'll stay.  
- Everything's ready, Mr. Dante.|- Good.  
This is Tommy White, |my stage manager.

- Hardy's my name.|- How do you do?  
- And this is my associate, Mr. Laurel.|- How do you do?  
- Glad to know you.|- Why?  
- George, bring that booth forward.|- Yes, sir.  
Right about there.|- That's good.  
- Having telephone trouble?|- No, just a little experiment of mine.  
Gee, you're awful late. We've had|telephones for years. Haven't we, Ollie?  
It's an illusion, silly.  
- Oh.|- Could I be of any help to you?  
We wanna try the illusion.|- Is everything ready, Tommy?  
Yes, I think so.  
If one of you would step into that booth,|we can give it a try.  
I'll be tickled delighted.|- I certainly will.  
- Oh!|- Oh, I'm sorry, Ollie, really.  
- Look, there's a booth over there.|- Thank you.  
I won't be a minute, Ollie.  
That's quite all right.  
- You got two dimes for a nickel?|- Yes.  
- There you are.|- Thank you.  
You're quite welcome.  
- Can't I have a little privacy?|- I'm terribly sorry.  
Oh!  
- Well, it works all right, Tommy.|- It sure does.  
- That's a perfect illusion, Mr. Dante.|- But where is Stanley?  
Aah!  
Wasn't that a cute trick, Ollie?  
Tommy, they might get us|some laughs in the show.  
- Yeah, we could sure use a few too.|- Engage them.  
Boys, how would you like|to work for Mr. Dante?  
- Well, I've had no experience.|- I've had enough for both of us.  
- How about 25 a week?|- Well, that's agreeable, to start.  
- Not with me, it isn't.|- What do you mean, not with you?  
I want 40 a month or nothing.  
- Take it or leave it.|- We leave it.  
Okay, we'll take it.  
- I want to fit you with some costumes.|- Mr. White...  
...you may depend upon me for the|greatest performance of my career.  
- Okay, boys, follow me.|- Come, Stanley.  
Stanley.  
Come on here.  
- Good and tight now, boys.|- Yes, all right.  
Okay, boys, take it away.  
Now Playing TEMPLE THEATRE|DANTE  
- Hold still, Uncle Harry.|- All right.

Excuse me. There's a couple|of gentlemen to see you.

All right, Tommy.

Well.

- How do you like us, Mr. Dante?|- Fine.

Look.

You look like a page|out of the Arabian Nights.

- Ollie looks like the whole book.|- I sure do...

Well, I guess everything's all set.

If you'll get me a goldfish bowl,|two white rabbits and a glass...

Wait a minute. You just|follow Mr. Dante's instructions.

Meantime, you can help us|set up some props.

- Anything you say.|- Within reason.

- Goodbye.|- Goodbye.

Goodbye.

Boys, pick up this table|and put it in the other entrance.

Yes, sir.

- It's real. T-bone.|- Oh, boy.

Oh, boys, please don't fool|with the props.

- The most amazing thing just happened.|- You'd never believe it.

Just stand over to the side,|out of the way.

- Eddie. Get that other bird.|- Yes, sir.

Clumsy.

Ooh. Ow!

- Just a minute.|- Yes, sir.

- Come in here. I wanna talk to you.|- Yes, sir.

At your service.

- Where's that coffin?|- Coffin?

- Yeah, and Doc Lake.|- Doc Lake?

I want that coffin, get me?

- He means the coffin.|- Oh, the coffin. Oh.

Can that chatter and start singing.

Shut up!|Where's that coffin?

We followed instructions|to the letter. Honest.

Sure, we gave it to Mr. Draper.

- There he is. Ask him.|- What are you doing here, Mr. Draper?

Yeah, Dixie, what are you doing here?

That's what I'll ask you|after I find out where the box is.

We gave it to you.|- Don't you remember?

Why aren't you at the funeral?

The box you gave me didn't come|from Atlanta.

Oh, yes, it did. And we can prove it.|- Show him the baggage receipt, Stan.

- I left it in my other clothes. I'll go get it.|- Oh, no, you won't.

Get away from that door.

- What are you doing here?|- Yeah, what's the idea?

Same as yours.

I followed Doc|in case he needed me.

Yeah? That's a good enough alibi|for me too.

That's the man that hired us.

So it is.|Charlie had a very comfortable trip.

You two wouldn't be pulling|a double cross, would you?

I'm protecting my cut.

I not so sure you're not pulling|a fast one with Doc.

Well, you're asking for it.

My finger's as itchy as yours,|Frankie.

You men ought to be ashamed of|yourselves. Quarreling over a dead man.

He'll show up somewhere.

Boys, I'm gonna let you in on a secret.

We're college men.|The man in that box wasn't really dead.

It's an initiation.

- Oh, a fraternity.|- Yeah, a secret fraternity.

Well, you can trust us.

We used to belong to a lodge,|didn't we?

Well, then you understand.

The coffin I sent got mixed up with|the magician's. It's here somewhere.

You gotta find it|before Charlie suffocates.

That's right. He could be "asphysics..."|"Aspixi..."

He could stop breathing.

Just in case you guys|ain't so dumb as you act...

...you better dig up that box|or you're a couple of dead Turks.

We'll find it, all right.|Just wait here. Oh!

Sim Sala Bim.

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen,|boys and girls.

In presenting these illusions,|it is our purpose...

...to entertain you and mystify you,|if that is possible.

And now, I have pleasure in presenting|Margo, the Magic Maid.

That's funny,|she never missed a performance before.

Here I am, Mr. Dante.

Oh, there you are.

Close your eyes and think of sleep.

Rigid.

There she rests. She could remain|there for hours, should I so desire.

But watch.

Margo, hear me.

Are you ready?

Then go!

Oh, Charlie.

Oh, Cha...

Oh, Charlie.

Charlie.

Char...

- What are you doing up there?|- Come up here, quick.

- What's the matter?|- I can't see through the window.

Why, it's a painted window, you dope.

Whew!

Now look what you've done.|Come on.

I think we're being played for suckers|by those two yaps.

- Nobody could be as dumb.|- Give them a couple more minutes.

You can bet me they're cutting in|with Doc Lake and Darby.

Maybe you've got something there.

Wait a minute, Joe.|Where you going?

Tailing those two mugs.

- And where are you going?|- I'm tailing you.

And I don't trust either one of you.

- We better spread out.|- Okay, but no fast ones.

- Hello, lieutenant.|- Hi, pop.

- Is there a Tom White with this troupe?|- He's Dante's stage manager.

- Find him in the wings.|- Thanks.

- Anything wrong?|- No.

- Excuse me.|- Yes, sir.

Oh, Charlie.

How are you, Mr. White?

- You got nerve, coming back to Dayton.|- I couldn't help it.

- Didn't you and I have a deal?|- But I've got this job. We're booked here.

- You were to stay away from Dayton.|- I had to bring the show in.

I'm sorry, kid, but I'll have|to take you down to headquarters.

You've gotta give me a break,|Mr. Foster. I'm making good in this job.

There's something more important:|I'm getting married.

She's a fine girl.|She doesn't know I been in a jam.

We'll only be here a week. If you let me|stay, I promise I'll never come back.

Word of honor.

I'm not much of a gambler, but I'm|gonna take a flier on you, just this once.

Thanks. You won't regret it.

Okay, but I'll be around, just in case.

- I wonder what he did.|- I don't know.

I'll bet you Margo's the girl|he's going to marry.

- Honest?|- Mm-hm.

Well, what's wrong with that?|She's a wonderful girl.

- I know it.|- Well, what are you crying about?

- I was falling in love with her myself.|- Oh!

Do you see who's planted|at the stage door?



- Foster.|- Somebody's tipped him off on Darby.  
- Those two stupes, I bet.|- I'll take care of them.  
- First we gotta get Darby out of here.|- All right.  
- Be careful that flatfoot don't see us.|- Come on.  
- Charlie.|- Charlie.

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls.

For your pleasure, my assistants and I|will present the famous Hindu rope  
trick.

The rope of this basket is controlled|by the mysterious music of India...  
...which I shall ask Sahib Oliver|to play on the magic musette.

- Now?|- Now.

There it is, and there it will remain|as long as the magic music continues.  
To test the rope, I shall ask|Sahib Stan to climb it.

If you please, Your Excellency.

Hey, Ollie.|Look.

Keep playing, Ollie.

Ollie, play.

What are you laughing at?

Don't stop, Ollie.|Keep playing. Aah!

Aah!

Good work, fellas.|You're terrific.

Whew!

- What about me?|- Close the door.

- Hurry up, the sword cabinet goes next.|MAC: Coming right up.

What's the matter with this thing?

We better oil up those slits|after the show.

Please, mister, you can't do that.

You trying to tell me|how to do this?

- Yes, sir. You see, Ollie and I...|- Oh, scram, scram.

Oh, poor Ollie.

Poor Ollie.

Come on, out of the way,|out of the way.

Oh, poor Ollie.

Oh, please.

Please stop, mister.

Okay, Mac, let's go.

I'll bet he looks like a hamburger.

Ladies and gentlemen,|this is my mysterious saber cabinet.

I shall remove the sabers and place|the beautiful Margo in the cabinet...  
...then plunge the cold steel|of these 24 blades through her body.

Never a dull moment.

- I just found out where Darby is.|- Where?

- Hanging on the ceiling.|- Cut the kidding, Joe.

Come on.

What are we going to do?

When that magician does the trick|and uncovers Darby, we're cooked.

I don't know about you guys,|but I'm lamming it.

How we gonna get past the cop|at the door?

Here come the stupes.|They'll know another way out.

Now don't be too hasty,|gentlemen.

- We couldn't find your friend.|- Take it easy. We're not gonna hurt you.

He's probably left by now|anyhow.

- We never told a soul, did we, Ollie?|- Good.

- We'd like to get out.|- Why don't you go out the stage door?

- Because we're not going...|- Hold it, Joe.

It's a little embarrassing.

There's a student out there we owe|some dough to and we ain't got it.

We thought you boys might be able|to show us another way out.

There's a window on the third floor.|You can make the sidewalk in one jump.

- Can't you, Ollie? You just...|- One jump.

There's an exit door way in the back.

- How do we get to it?|- I think you can reach it through here.

That's swell. Thanks.

Help. Help.

Help. Help. Help!

If the man you owe the money to|shows up, I'll tell him you left town.

Now, remember,|keep your trap shut about this.

Shh.

Well, it's been swell knowing you.

- Same to you.|- Hope to meet you sometime.

Those college boys|are sure funny fellas.

Say, we'd better get back.|Maybe we're holding the show up.

Coming through, please.

You ought to watch this next number|from out front. It's a great trick.

Yeah? Think I will.

You can get to the lower box|through that door.

Thanks.

Tommy, who was that man|you were talking to?

He's been hanging|around here all day.

Well, he's a fellow I met|when I was here last time.

- Tommy, what's the matter?|- Nothing. Nothing.

Now, you better make your change.|You're gonna be late. Hurry.

Okay.

Excuse me.

My next illusion, ladies and gentlemen,|is the famous Egyptian Invisible Transfer.

I call your attention to the coffin|suspended from the ceiling of the theater.

In this demonstration, |I shall endeavor to pass my subject...  
...through atomic space into the coffin|above, before your very eyes.  
I'll bet that's Charlie.  
Keep your seats. |Stay right where you are.  
And don't move a thing on that stage.  
Right through the heart.  
- This man's been murdered. | - What?  
No one leave the theater. |Ushers, guard the doors.  
Don't let anybody out. |Drop the curtain.  
Where you going? You can't come in. |Something's happened.  
I'm an attorney. |According to the law...  
...I have the right to enter |in the interest of a client.  
- Do you know who he is? | - Yeah, I know who.  
Phone headquarters. Tell them to send |some men here right away.  
So you're only gonna stay |in Dayton a week, huh?  
I don't suppose you remember |your old pal, do you?  
But Tommy had nothing to do with it.  
He's been right here in the theater, |working.  
You can't think Tommy |would do that.  
I know how you feel, but Mr. White here |hasn't told you things he should  
have.  
Oh, he's right, Margo, I should have |told you a long time ago.  
This is Doc Lake. |He used to run a sanitarium.  
I worked as his assistant |while going through medical school.  
I didn't know we were mixed up |with a gang until they arrested us.  
I found out we were treating gunshot |wounds without making a report.  
Just a victim of circumstances, |as usual.  
Officer, that man was killed |before he was put in the coffin.  
- Who says so? | - You said he was shot through the heart.  
That bullet entered |the top of the coffin.  
I'm doing the masterminding |in this show, Mr. Dante.  
And hand over that gun |you fired at the coffin.  
- I am holding you too. | - Ridiculous.  
Stanley, there's been a...  
Stanley.  
Oh, Stanley.  
Stanley.  
Oh, Stanley.  
Well, what happened, sir?  
- Somebody slugged me. | - Oh, well that's too bad.  
We'd better tell Mr. Dante about it.  
Mr. Dante. Mr. Dante, somebody |slugged this gentleman back there.  
What do you know about the killing?  
Nothing. I was in the audience. |I'm an attorney at law.

My name is Malcolm Kilgore. I'm|looking for a client, Egbert Norton.  
I bet those college boys did it.|They're always playing practical jokes.  
- College boys?|- The ones looking for the coffin.  
- Three of them.|- Where did they go?  
I'm asking the questions. What have|college boys got to do with this?  
I don't know. They had guns. They went|out the exit through the Hawaiian  
tepee.  
- Wait. You mean the South Sea hut?|- Yeah.  
We better hurry if you wanna|question them. It's gonna be too late.  
Right through here.  
- Don't go in there.|- Oh, no?  
Oh!  
- Help! Help!|- Somebody get us out of here!  
There's a lion!  
Come on, this way.  
- Where's the lieutenant?|- In the basement. I'll show you.  
Andy, cover that door.  
- Hey, break in the door!|- Get the door open!  
- Come on.|- Get it open! Quick, will you!  
- Come on. Come on!|- Wait a minute. Oh, no you don't.  
- Anything wrong, lieutenant?|- No.  
Put the cuffs|on these yeggs.  
- Pete, get that guy in the cage.|- All right, you.  
Looks like you got your men, lieutenant.|And thanks for getting my man for  
me.  
- Your man? That's Darby Mason.|- Right.  
- So he's your client.|- Tell him, Darby.  
This guy is Steve Barnes,|a federal dick.  
- Why didn't you let a guy in on it?|- Sorry.  
I had to produce an imaginary|inheritance to smoke this guy out.  
- It was all a phony?|- That's right.  
I did it all with mirrors.|My apologies, Mr. Dante.  
And what happened to old Uncle Jasper?|Did he really kick off?  
No, that was a phony too.|He's in Alcatraz.  
Good. I always liked|the old stinker.  
He'll be glad to see you too.  
- Why did you kill Doc Lake?|- Because he tried to double-cross me.  
When they dumped me here|I got out.  
When I heard somebody coming|I ducked.  
Doc Lake comes sneaking along.  
He pulls out his cannon, and thinking|I'm still in the coffin, pumps a slug  
in it.  
Then he starts to scram|and I let him have it.  
I stuck him in the coffin to show him|he can't make a monkey out of me.

I'm sorry I mussed up your show, pal. | It was...

...pretty good. | - Thanks.

Well, we'd better get going, Darby. | You've got a long ways to travel.

Oh, Stanley.

Oh, Stan...

Oh, Stanley.

Stanley, why don't you answer me?

Oh, I'm coming Ollie.

Where are you?

Oh, Ollie, come and get me.

Oh, get me out of here, Ollie.

Oh, help me, Ollie. Get me out.

Here I am, Ollie. I'm here.

Oh, get me out of here.

Get me out of this thing.

Oh, look at me now. | Oh, look at me.

What are you laughing at?

Sim Sala Bim.