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Dumb and Dumber

By Peter Farrelly

FADE IN:

EXT. PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND - WINTER MORNING

A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN is standing on the street corner waiting for a bus. She's carrying books and looking very collegiate.

A black stretch LIMOUSINE with darkened windows drives past, SLAMS ON ITS BRAKES, and backs up. The Young Woman stares at her reflection in the windows, wondering what this is all about.

Finally, the REAR PASSENGER WINDOW zips down, revealing LLOYD CHRISTMAS, age 30. He's a pleasant-enough looking guy, if a little shaggy. He's wearing a dark suit.

LLOYD:

Excuse me, can you tell me how to get to the medical school? I'm supposed to be giving a lecture in twenty minutes and my driver's a bit lost.

YOUNG WOMAN:

(heavy European accent)
Go straight aheads and makes a left over za bridge.
Lloyd checks out her body.

LLOYD:

I couldn't help noticing the accent. You from Jersey?

YOUNG WOMAN:

(unimpressed)
Austria.

LLOYD:

Austria? You're kidding.
(mock-Australian accent)
Well, g'day, mate. What do you say we get together later and throw a few shrimp on the barbie.
The Young Woman turns her back to him and walks away.
LLOYD (CONT.)

(to self)

Guess I won't be going Down Under

He SIGHS and zips the window back up.

INT. LIMO

Lloyd climbs through the driver's partition into the front seat. Then he puts a CHAUFFEUR'S

CAP on his head and drives away. We see that HE'S THE DRIVER!

The dispatch radio CRACKLES TO LIFE:

DISPATCHER:

(v.o.)

Lloyd grabs his CB mike.

LLOYD:

This is 22.

DISPATCHER:

22, where the hell are you, Lloyd?

You're running late on the East Side pick-up.

LLOYD:

Cool your jets, Arnie. I'm on my way.

DISPATCHER:

(v.o.)

Well hurry it up. And make sure you park legally. One more ticket and your ass is history.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUTT CUTS DOG SALON - DAY

This building is white with black spots on it, like a DALMATION. Over the front door is an awning shaped like a DOG'S SNOUT, whiskers included. A van pulls up outside.

The vehicle is decorated like a GIANT POODLE, with four legs hanging off the sides, a tail in the rear, and a dog's snout on the front grill. MUTT CUTS is written on the side of it.

HARRY DUNNE climbs out. He's in his early 30s and dressed in a ridiculous BEAGLE

COSTUME, including a CAP WITH FLOPPY EARS. He goes to the rear of the van, opens it, and a swarm of DOGS pile out.

HARRY:

Okay, gang, single file. You know

the rules:

The door to the shop opens and Harry's annoyed boss, MR. PALMER, sticks his head out.

PALMER:

Hey, why aren't those mutts on leashes?

HARRY:

The same reason you're not on a

and it chafes like hell.

PALMER:

Just get them in here now! They all have to be bathed and clipped in an hour.

Palmer disappears back inside. Harry CALLS to the dogs but they pay no attention. He struggles to keep them from wandering off. He grabs a couple of SMALL POOCHES and sits them on a wall.

HARRY:

truck drives away, taking the two dogs with it.

HARRY (CONT.)

(at truck)

Hey, wait a minute!

Harry chases after the vehicle.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST SIDE ESTATE - DAY

Lloyd Christmas pulls the limousine into a long, tree-lined driveway. He gets out and looks up in

awe at an IMPRESSIVE STONE MANSION. He WHISTLES to himself, then walks to the front door and RINGS THE BELL. The double-front doors of the mansion open and MARY SWANSON appears. She's 25 and gorgeous. Lloyd's jaw drops open when he lays eyes on her.

MARY:

Hello.
(beat)

As Mary steps back inside, Lloyd takes out a tiny can of Binaca. He sprays his mouth, under his

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

Lloyd is driving and Mary is in the back, looking out the window, lost in thought. She's got a BRIEFCASE resting on her lap and she fingers the leather nervously. Lloyd keeps glancing at her in the rear-view mirror, but for a moment he is speechless. Then:

LLOYD:

Why you going to the airport? Flying somewhere?

MARY:

(dead-pan)
How'd you guess?

LLOYD:

Well, I saw your luggage, then when I noticed the airline ticket, I put two and two together.

(beat)
So where you heading?

MARY:

Aspen.

LLOYD:

Oh, you're gonna love it. I hear California's beautiful this time of

year.

Mary looks back out the window and Lloyd sneaks another glance.

LLOYD:

Name's Christmas. Lloyd Christmas.

MARY:

I'm Mary.

ON LLOYD - we can almost see his mind work. He's desperate to impress her.

LLOYD:

Uh, this isn't my real job, you know.

It's only temporary.

MARY:

Oh?

LLOYD:

Yeah, you see, my friend Harry and I are saving up our money so we can open our own pet store.

MARY:

That's nice.

LLOYD:

(smiling)

I got worms.

MARY:

I beg your pardon?

LLOYD:

That's what we're gonna call it: I Got Worms. We're gonna specialize in

ant farms. A lot of people don't realize that worms make much better pets than ants. They're quiet, affectionate, they don't bite, and they're super with the kids.

MARY:

Aren't ants quiet, too?

Lloyd realizes she has a point.

LLOYD:

as affectionate. And if you cut an ant's head off, it won't grow back.

MARY:

I see.

LLOYD:

And best of all, worm farming is a seventy-five-thousand-dollar-a-year industry. I wouldn't mind having a piece of that pie, if you know what I mean.

To her credit, she doesn't. They continue driving. Mary looks at her watch and crosses her legs.

Lloyd can see that she's concerned about something.

LLOYD (CONT.)

What's the matter? Little tense about the flight?

MARY:

(beat)

Something like that.

Lloyd SWIVELS AROUND and STARES over his shoulder at her.

LLOYD:

It's really nothing to worry about, Mary. Statistically, they say you're more likely to get killed on the way to the airport. You know, like in a head-on crash, or something.

MARY:

Um, Lloyd, could please keep your eyes on the road.

LLOYD:

Good thinking. There's a lot of bad drivers out there.

Lloyd turns back to the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Lloyd is putting the last bags on a cart. He closes the trunk and turns to Mary. She looks nervous and disconcerted as she reaches into her purse. She pulls out a ten-dollar tip.

MARY:

Here you go.

LLOYD:

Keep it. It was my pleasure.

For the first time, Mary Swanson offers a slight smile. This makes her more lovely than ever.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Relax, Mary. Just get trashed and pass out. You'll be there before you know it.

MARY:

Thanks Lloyd.

(beat)

And good luck with your worms.

Then she PICKS UP HER BRIEFCASE and walks into the terminal, followed by a PORTER

pushing her bags. Lloyd watches her, ENCHANTED, until she's out of sight.

Afterwards, he climbs back into the limo, LOVESICK. For a moment he doesn't even have the

energy to turn the key. He just drops his head against the steering wheel, DEVASTATED. There's

a TAP on the window. Lloyd looks up to see a POLICE OFFICER standing there.

POLICE OFFICER:

Come on, move it, you're in a red zone.

Lloyd starts the limo and pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Mary looks tense as she moves through the throngs of travelers. Her pace is slow, deliberate, and

her eyes are focused straight ahead.

ARMANI SUIT:

She's gonna leave the briefcase at the foot of the escalator. You make the pick-up.

PLAID SPORTCOAT:

Piece of cake.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

As Lloyd pulls his limo slowly away, he glances in the airport window and SEES MARY

WALKING ALONG.

When she stops at the foot of the escalator, he stops, too. She puts down the briefcase and checks her coat pocket for her ticket. Lloyd's attention is distracted by a HONK. He turns to see a car directly behind him.

LLOYD:

(to car's driver)

Drive around me, you pinhead!

When he turns back to watch Mary in the terminal he sees that SHE'S GONE, and she's LEFT

HER BRIEFCASE AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS. Lloyd jumps to ATTENTION.

He pulls the car into a HANDICAPPED SPOT and hops out. He starts to run into the terminal,

then notices the Police Officer and suddenly goes into a spastic walk, limping and dragging his leg behind him like a palsy victim.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

The Armani Man nods to the Plaid Sportcoat and he starts to approach the briefcase. Just as Plaid

Sportcoat is reaching for the handle, LLOYD RUNS BY AND GRABS IT. He CONTINUES UP

THE ESCALATOR three steps at a time. The two men look at each other, dumbstruck.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - BOARDING GATE

Lloyd runs with the briefcase to the TV monitors that post the departure times. He looks frantically at the confusion of numbers.

LLOYD:

Damn!

QUICK CUT of a dejected Lloyd looking out the window as he watches as

Mary's airplane taxiing
away.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Lloyd comes out with the briefcase, passing the two men, who FOLLOW HIM AT
A
DISTANCE. He starts walking down the sidewalk when suddenly he STOPS IN HIS
TRACKS.

He takes off after it, but to no avail.

LLOYD:

You can't do this! I'll lose my job!

As Lloyd watches the limo get towed out of site, he runs his fingers
through his hair.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

We see the Mutt Cuts van pull up and park at the curb. A dejected Harry
climbs out. At the same
time, a taxi pulls up and drops off Lloyd. (He's clutching Mary Swanson's
briefcase.) Both he and
Harry climb the steps of the building. They disappear inside without
acknowledging each other.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET - a black Cadillac pulls up and parks.
Inside are the
Armani suit and the Sportcoat. They are J.P. SHAY and JOSEPH MENTALINO (aka
JOE
MENTAL).

MENTAL:

Who the hell do you figure this guy's
working for?

SHAY:

I don't know, but we'd better find

Mental takes some PILLS and starts CHOMPING them.

SHAY (CONT.)

Your ulcer?

MENTAL:

It ain't gonna kill me.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR

Lloyd and Harry trudge up the stairs and proceed silently toward the door

of their apartment.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Lloyd and Harry ENTER and pass each other quietly as they both plunk down in their favorite

easy chairs. (Lloyd still has the briefcase in his lap.) Harry's caged parakeet, PETEY, tweets hello,

but the two guys just sit there SILENTLY.

The place is a mess. Wallpaper's peeling off the walls. The carpet is threadbare and filthy. In the

corner we see a miniature WORM FARM and a large terrarium filled with dirt and worms. Here

are a couple pieces of haggard furniture with stuffing spilling out of the gashes.

HARRY:

I got fired again.

Lloyd shakes his head.

LLOYD:

I don't mean to be harsh, Harry, but let's face it, you are one pathetic loser. No offense.

HARRY:

None taken. Were you shitcanned, too?

LLOYD:

Of course not.

(beat)

I quit.

HARRY:

Why'd you quit?

LLOYD:

I had a hunch Arnie was gonna fire me.

HARRY:

Why didn't you wait and see if your suspicions were well-founded?

LLOYD:

Winners control their own destiny,
Har.

Lloyd fetches a couple beers from the fridge and throws one to him.

HARRY:

You know, the thing that really chaps
my ass is that I just spent my life
savings turning my van into a poodle.
(beat)
The alarm alone cost me two hundred.

LLOYD:

Big deal. That car's an old bomb
anyway.

HARRY:

What are you talking about? It's
only six years old.

LLOYD:

That's forty-two in dog years.
They open their beers and drink simultaneously. Then Harry notices the
briefcase.

HARRY:

What's with the briefcase?

LLOYD:

It's a love memento.

HARRY:

Huh?

LLOYD:

The most beautiful woman alive. Her
name was Mary. I drove her to the
airport. Sparks flew, emotions ran
high, breasts heaved. She left this
case in the terminal and flew to
Aspen and out of my life. End of
story.

HARRY:

What's in it?

LLOYD:

DO you really expect me to go snooping around in someone else's private property?

HARRY:

Why not?

LLOYD:

(beat)

It's locked.

They take another sip of their beers. Suddenly we hear a LOUD KNOCK at the door. Petey the parakeet starts to SQUAWK. The guys look at each other, ALARMED, then Harry tip-toes to the PEEPHOLE.

HARRY'S POV - a DISTORTED-LOOKING J.P. Shay and Joe Mental are standing at the door.

LLOYD:

(WHISPERING to Harry)

Friend or foe?

HARRY:

(WHISPERING)

We don't have any friends.

Harry is still squinting out the peephole.

HARRY:

Can't recognize them. Could be student loan thugs again, or the IRS, or maybe somebody pissed off about that case of Girl Scout cookies you bounced a check on.

LLOYD:

Hey, I ordered Mystic Mint. The little swindlers gave me Peanut Butter Praline.

HARRY:

Well, whoever they are, they look serious. One of them's even wearing

plaid.

LLOYD:

(cringing)

That's a hostile pattern. I say we bail and get down to unemployment.

Lloyd GRABS THE BRIEFCASE and the two of them EXIT out the window and down the fire escape.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The poodle van pulls up to the curb in front of the building and PARKS NEXT TO A FIRE

HYDRANT. Lloyd and Harry climb out. Lloyd takes a trash can and places it OVER THE

HYDRANT, COVERING IT COMPLETELY.

INT. STANLEY GRABNER'S OFFICE - UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - AFTERNOON

STANLEY GRABNER is small, plump, balding, not a lot of laughs.

GRABNER:

Gentlemen, I'm delighted to say that neither I nor the unemployment department of the state of Rhose Island can do anything for you.

(beat)

You've run out of chances. You're unemployable. Remember last year? Middle of winter I busted my butt to get you both prime jobs. Twelve-fifty an hour, and you went and blew it!

LLOYD:

Blew it? For your information, we only missed three days in two months.

HARRY:

Yeah, and that was because of a blizzard

GRABNER:

(exploding)

YOU WERE SNOW PLOW OPERATORS!

Grabner falls back in his chair, exhausted.

HARRY:

Come on, Stan. I'm sure you can find something else for us. How about another crack at that Suicide Hotline?

Grabner jumps up.

GRABNER:

OUT!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY & LLOYD'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

J.P. Shay is looking through Harry and Lloyd's kitchen cupboards as Joe Mental comes out of the bedroom.

MENTAL:

The briefcase ain't here. He must've taken it with him.

J.P. SHAY

Shit.

(beat)

Well he's gotta come home sometime.

Joe Mental ominously approaches Petey the parakeet's cage.

MENTAL:

Maybe we should leave him a little message to let 'em know we're playing hardball.

Mental opens the cage door and wraps his meaty fist around the bird, who SCREECHES IN

TERROR.

MENTAL (CONT.)

(a la Tweety Bird)

I taut I taw a puddy cat.

Mental smiles, and as we PAN to J.P. Shay, we hear a bone-chilling O.S. SNAP and Petey the bird stops SQUAWKING.

MENTAL (CONT.)

(still Tweety)

DISSOLVE TO:

The Mutt Cuts van pulls up to the curb. A depressed Lloyd and Harry climb out and mope up to their apartment building entrance.

LLOYD:

Give me what's left of our dough.

I'll go to the corner and buy a few necessities.

Harry hands his friend some crumpled bills.

LLOYD (CONT.)

What's cheaper, Thunderbird or Night Train?

HARRY:

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNER GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Lloyd comes out of the store with his arms full of groceries. He stops at a newspaper machine,

pulls out his WALLET and removes a quarter.

He drops the quarter in the machine, opens it, and realizes that he DOESN'T HAVE A FREE

HAND to pick up the newspaper. He puts his wallet inside the machine, picks up the newspaper,

and as he does so THE MACHINE SLAMS SHUT WITH HIS WALLET STILL INSIDE.

Lloyd SIGHS, puts his grocery bags on the machine, and checks his pockets. NO MORE

CHANGE. Just then, an ELDERLY WOMAN struggles by using a WALKER.

LLOYD:

Excuse me, little old lady, do you have change for a dollar?

ELDERLY WOMAN:

LLOYD:

Well could you do me a favor and guard this while I go break a dollar? My wallet's locked in this machine.

ELDERLY LADY:

Lloyd runs back into the store. We HOLD ON THE STORE DOOR as Lloyd EXITS a few seconds later with a handful of quarters. Suddenly he stops in his tracks. The ELDERLY LADY, HER WALKER, AND HIS GROCERIES ARE GONE. As he takes a closer look, he sees that SHE HAS TAKEN HIS WALLET ALSO.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A thoroughly beleaguered Lloyd is trudging empty-handed up the steps to his apartment.

INT. LLOYD & HARRY'S APARTMENT

The door opens and Lloyd ENTERS. Harry is sitting on the couch, looking almost comatose.

HARRY:

Where's the booze?

LLOYD:

It's gone. I got robbed by Grandma Walton. She got my wallet, too. Harry drops his head and lets out a MOAN. LLOYD (CONT.) Come on, man, cheer up. We've been down before. I'm sure we'll land on our heads somewhere.

HARRY:

It gets worse, Lloyd. My parakeet

Lloyd looks touched by this.

LLOYD:

Oh man, I'm sorry, Harry. What happened?

HARRY:

His head fell off.

LLOYD:

His head fell off?

HARRY:

Yeah, he was pretty old.

Lloyd puts his hand on Harry's shoulder compassionately.

LLOYD:

(hopeful)

HARRY:

Nah, I bought him used.

As Lloyd thinks about the unfairness of life, he grows upset.

LLOYD:

That's it! I've had it with this dump! We don't have food, we don't have jobs, our pets' heads are falling off, we're surrounded by roving gangs of larcenous old

HARRY:

Okay, calm down.

LLOYD:

No I won't calm down.

Lloyd flops down in a chair.

LLOYD (CONT.)

What the hell are we doing here anyway, Harry? We've got to get out of this town.

HARRY:

Yeah, and go where?

LLOYD:

I'll tell you where: someplace warm, a place where the beer flows like wine, where beautiful women instinctively flock like the salmon of Capistrano.

(dramatic PAUSE)

I'm talking about Aspen.

HARRY:

Aspen?

LLOYD:

That's right, Aspen.

HARRY:

I don't know, Lloyd, the French are assholes.

LLOYD:

Let me ask you something: do you want

flea-ridden apartment, face-down on a
Dear Abby column, with a soggy
sunflower seed pressed against your
beak? Or do you want to enjoy your
life?

(beat)

Come on, Harry, don't let Petey's
death be in vain. Don't you see what
he was saying? Spread your wings,
man. he was saying? Spread your wings,
man. Fly.

HARRY:

(confused)

What are you talking about, Lloyd?

His head fell off.

(dawning realization)

Wait a second, I know what you're up
to. You just wanna go to Aspen so
you can find that girl who lost her

you there.

LLOYD:

That's bullshit. I'll drive.

(beat)

And what's so wrong about going
someplace where we know someone who
can plug us into the social pipeline?

HARRY:

(torn)

I don't know, Lloyd. I think we should stay here, hunt for jobs, and keep saving money for the worm store. I'm getting a little sick and tired of always running from creditors.

Lloyd moves to the window and looks out at the gray, wintry cityscape.

LLOYD:

You know what I'm sick and tired of, Harry? I'm sick and tired of having to eek my way through life. I'm sick and tired of being a nobody.

(beat)

But most of all, I'm sick and tired of having nobody.

There's a deadly SILENCE as they both think about this. Then Harry tries to lighten the mood. He opens his arms wide.

HARRY:

Come on, Lloyd. Give us a kiss.

LLOYD:

On the other hand, maybe you're right, Harry. Maybe we should stay here and try our luck in bankruptcy court. With all those lawsuits against us, I'm sure we'll win at least one. It could be a boost to our egos.

Harry sees that Lloyd has a point. He stands and approaches Petey's cage. His eyes fill with tears.

HARRY:

(emotional)

Petey, I made a promise to you once,

(thinking hard)

remember what it was.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Mutt Cutts van is going down the highway while Danny Wilson's "Mary's

Prayer" plays on the soundtrack. The van drives past and we HOLD ON a sign that reads: "YOU ARE LEAVING PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND. COME BACK SOON." VARIOUS OTHER AERIAL SHOTS of the car travelling down the road while the song continues to play. INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - DAY

Harry's behind the wheel and Lloyd's in the passenger seat. The Animal's "We've Got to Get Out of This Place" is BLASTING on the radio and the guys are SINGING ALONG: LLOYD & HARRY

"We've got to get out of this place,
If it's the last thing we ever do,
We've got to get out of this place,
Girl, there's a better life, for me

Lloyd turns down the radio.

LLOYD:

Well, we're finally doing it. Do you realize that in all the years we've known each other, this is the first time we've done this together.

HARRY:

Been run out of town?

LLOYD:

Taken a trip.

Harry reaches over and UNDOES HIS SEATBELT. Lloyd watches, curious.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Why'd you do that?

HARRY:

What?

LLOYD:

Take your seatbelt off.

HARRY:

Because we just cleared the danger zone.

LLOYD:

Huh?

HARRY:

Don't you know anything, Lloyd?
Ninety percent of all accidents
happen within five miles of home.
We've already traveled 6.3 miles.
Lloyd thinks about this. Then:

LLOYD:

Well what about the people who live
around here? What if we got into an
accident with one of them?

Harry considers this, then sheepishly puts his seatbelt back on. Lloyd
opens a bag of Doritos and
fiddles with the radio.

HARRY:

Where'd you get those?

LLOYD:

Bought 'em when we filled up.

HARRY:

Lloyd, I thought we agreed to confer
on all expenditures. We're on a
tight budget, remember?

LLOYD:

This didn't come out of our travel
fund. I was able to scrape up
twenty-five bucks before we
left. You know, so we could live in
style.

HARRY:

Where'd you get twenty-five extra
bucks?

LLOYD:

I sold some stuff to Billy in 4-C.

HARRY:

You mean the blind kid?

LLOYD:

That's right.

Lloyd looks out the window guiltily.

HARRY:

What did you sell him, Lloyd?

LLOYD:

Just some odds and ends.

HARRY:

Specifically?

LLOYD:

Oh, a few baseball cards, a sack of

HARRY:

--Wait a second, are you telling me you sold my dead bird to a blind kid?

LLOYD:

Well who else was I gonna sell it to?

HARRY:

But Lloyd, Petey didn't even have a head.

LLOYD:

Put your mind at ease, friend. I took care of it.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

At the bottom of the stairs leading up to the building is a little blind boy, BILLY. He sits in a wheelchair playing with a PARAKEET WHOSE HEAD IS SCOTCH-TAPED ON. He throws the dead bird up, but it flops into his lap.

BILLY:

Fly!

Joe Mental and J.P. Shay approach and climb the steps.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A NOTE - taped to Harry and Lloyd's apartment door. It reads: TO ALL OUR LOVED ONES - PACKED UP AND DROVE TO ASPEN - HAVE A NICE LIFE - LLOYD AND HARRY.

PULLBACK to reveal Joe Mental and J.P. Shay.

MENTAL:

Those bastards. They're rubbing it right in our faces.

J.P. SHAY

Shit! Andre will have a goddamn aneurysm if we don't get that briefcase back.

MENTAL:

Don't worry, we'll get it back. And I'll tell you something else. They ain't gonna reach Aspen, either. I'll make sure of that.

Mental takes out more ANTACID PILLS and starts to chew on them.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A pissed-off Shay and Mental EXIT the building. Mental pops more antacid pills into his mouth as they descend the stairs. Little Billy is still tossing the lifeless parakeet into the air.

BILLY:

Come on, boy, fly!

Plop. Then Billy hears Shay and Mental on the steps and CALLS OUT:
BILLY (CONT.)

Excuse me, mister. Is there something wrong with my bird?

Mental picks up the bird, studies it, then angrily and WINGS IT DOWN THE STREET as hard as he can.

MENTAL:

Don't worry, Ironside, he just flew south for the winter.

CUT TO:

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - AFTERNOON

Harry is still driving while Lloyd studies a map spread out before him.

HARRY:

How far have we gone?

LLOYD:

According to this map, about an inch and a half.

HARRY:

Shit. We're gonna need a smaller map or we'll never get there. We don't have enough gas money.

LLOYD:

Relax. We have more than enough.

HARRY:

I believe you're wrong, Lloyd.

LLOYD:

And I believe I'm right, Harry.

HARRY:

I still say wrong, Lloyd.

LLOYD:

How much you wanna bet?

HARRY:

I don't bet.
Lloyd looks at his friend, incredulous.

LLOYD:

What do you mean you don't bet?

HARRY:

I mean I don't gamble, you know that.
Never have and never will.

LLOYD:

Oh, bull. I'll bet you our next meal that I can get you gambling before the day's out.

HARRY:

There's no way, Lloyd. You can't do it.

LLOYD:

I'll give you three-to-one odds. That's three feedbags if you win, against only one if you lose.

HARRY:

You're wasting your money, Lloyd. I already told you, I don't gamble.

LLOYD:

Okay, five-to-one I can get you gambling before the day's out.

HARRY:

Sorry, pal, no way.

LLOYD:

Make it ten-to-one.
Harry sticks out his hand.

HARRY:

You got yourself a bet, sucker!
As Harry SHAKES LLOYD'S HAND, Lloyd breaks into a BIG SMILE. Harry immediately realizes he's been had.

CUT TO:

The Mutt Cutt van is sandwiched between mountainous tractor-trailer trucks.

Lloyd and Harry are sitting at a booth, surrounded by tables of tough-looking TRUCKERS. Harry doesn't look happy. A middle-aged, no-nonsense WAITRESS approaches their table with a couple of burgers and drinks. She puts them down in front of the boys and starts to walk away.

LLOYD:

(to Waitress)

The Waitress reluctantly returns to the table.

LLOYD (CONT.)

What's the soup du jour?

WAITRESS:

It's the soup-of-the-day.

LLOYD:

Sounds tasty. I'll have a bowl.

WAITRESS:

(sarcastic)

Anything else before I leave the area?

HARRY:

Actually, this chocolate milk isn't mixed very well. Could you please bring me a spoon?

The Waitress SIGHS and picks up the milk. Then she BLOWS INTO THE STRAW, MIXING THE DRINK.

WAITRESS:

There. Now you don't need one. The guys watch her stomp away.

LLOYD:

Feels good to mingle with these laid-back country-folk, don't it, Harry?

Harry wipes off his straw with a napkin. As he moves to put it in the ashtray, he accidentally KNOCKS OVER THE SALT SHAKER.

LLOYD (CONT.)

HARRY:

What's the matter?

LLOYD:

You spilled the salt. That's bad luck. We're driving across the country and the last thing we need is bad luck. Quick, toss a handful of

salt over your right shoulder.

HARRY:

What for?

LLOYD:

Because that's good luck.

Harry shrugs, shakes some salt into his palm, and flings it over his shoulder. Suddenly they hear a YELP.

MALE VOICE:

(o.s.)

What the fuck?!

LLOYD:

Or was it the left shoulder?

They turn and see a burly TRUCKER wiping salt out of his eyes.

TRUCKER:

Who's the dead man threw shit in my eye?

The huge Trucker stands and squints at Lloyd and Harry. He's wearing a FOAM BASEBALL

CAP that says:

HARRY:

It was a terrible accident, Sir.

Believe me, I would never do anything to offend a man of your size. Please accept my most sincere apology.

The Trucker GROWLS and approaches the table, egged on by his equally burly FRIENDS.

BURLY FRIEND #1

Teach him a lesson, Sea Bass!

Sea Bass glares down at Harry's hamburger.

SEA BASS:

You gonna eat that?

HARRY:

At this, Sea Bass leans over and DROPS A BIG, BROWN WAD OF TOBACCO SPIT

ONTO
THE HAMBURGER.

SEA BASS:

Still want it?
Harry stares at the burger non-committally.

HARRY:

Nah, you go ahead.
Sea Bass picks up the burger and walks back to his table, to the LAUGHTER of his friends.

CUT TO:

J.P. Shay is at the gas pump filling the black Cadillac while Joe Mental stretches his legs. A large truck pulls away, REVEALING THE PREVIOUSLY HIDDEN MUTT CUTTS VAN. Mental smiles at this, and we

CUT TO:

The Waitress drops the check on Lloyd and Harry's table and STOMPS away. Harry studies the bill and SIGHS.

HARRY:

Perfect. I'm out eight bucks and I still haven't eaten.

LLOYD:

Well if you'd stop picking fights

(brightening)

Wait a second. I think I just had an

Lloyd stands and walks over to Sea Bass and his pals. A nervous Harry trails after him.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Excuse me, gentlemen, I'd just like to apologize for that unpleasant scene a little earlier.

SEA BASS:

Huh?

LLOYD:

What I'm trying to say is, my friend and I would like to buy you guys a round of beers, just to bury the hatchet.

Harry stares at Lloyd like he's out of his mind, but the Truckers seem to like the idea.

SEA BASS:

Make it four boiler-makers.

LLOYD:

Whatever you want, sir. I'll have the waitress send them over. Oh, and

the road.

Lloyd and Harry move away from the table toward the CASHIER.

HARRY:

Lloyd, what are you doing? You know we can't afford to buy them drinks. Lloyd hands the Cashier their check.

LLOYD:

Um, Sea Bass and the fellas offered to pick up our check. They said just add this to their tab.

CASHIER:

(skeptical)

Sea Bass said that?

LLOYD:

Well, if that guy at the table over

He points across the room to Sea Bass and company. Sea Bass NODS TO THE CASHIER AND GESTURES TO HIS TABLE, NOT WANTING TO MISS OUT ON HIS FREE DRINK. The Cashier is convinced.

CASHIER:

Okey-dokey, if that's what he

Harry smiles at this. He grabs a couple Beef Jerky's, a candy bar, and a copy of The National Enquirer off the counter.

HARRY:

Oh, and put these on there, too.

CASHIER:

You got it.

LLOYD:

(to Cashier)

By the way, how far is it to Rhode Island from here?

CUT TO:

The front door BURSTS OPEN and a red-faced Sea Bass STORMS OUT, followed by his buddies, the Cashier, and the Waitress.

SEA BASS:

I'm gonna kill those sons-of-bitches!

CASHIER:

Hurry and you'll catch 'em. They was on their way to Rhode Island.

boys are headed.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The Mutt Cutts van breezes by.

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - AFTERNOON

A jubilant Harry's driving and chewing on a mouthful of Beef Jerky.

LLOYD:

I just wish we could've seen Sea Bass's face when he got the bill.

HARRY:

I hope we never have to.

LLOYD:

Don't worry. That fish-head is probably half-way to Providence by now.

HARRY:

I hope so.
Harry checks his rear-view mirror nervously.

LLOYD:

Hey, stop the car. I gotta take a whiz.

HARRY:

Are you crazy? I'm not stopping now. What if they figure out we went the other way. They'll be on us in no time.

LLOYD:

But I gotta go. What am I supposed to do?

HARRY:

Hold it.

LLOYD:

I can't hold it. I'm about to explode.

HARRY:

bottle. There's a couple on the floor in the back seat.

LLOYD:

Are you serious?

HARRY:

Yes, I'm serious. I'm not stopping now. We could get killed.

Lloyd SIGHS. He takes an EMPTY BEER BOTTLE from the back seat and UNZIPS his fly.

Suddenly we hear a PEEING SOUND. Then:

LLOYD:

HARRY:

What's the matter?

LLOYD:

The bottle's almost full and I'm still going.

HARRY:

Well stop going.

LLOYD:

I can't stop once I already started, you know that. Quick, get me another bottle.

Harry can BARELY HOLD THE STEERING WHEEL as he reaches way in the back seat for an empty.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Jesus, be careful! You almost went off the road.

HARRY:

I'm sorry, Lloyd. I'm doing the best I can.

He hands Lloyd another empty and Lloyd quickly makes the switch.

LLOYD:

Here, hold this.

Before Harry knows it he's holding the full BOTTLE OF URINE.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE DAY

As the Mutt Cutts van travels down the highway, it passes a STATE TROOPER on a motorcycle hidden in the bushes. The Trooper takes off after them.

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN

Harry is doing his best to steer while now holding FIVE FULL BOTTLES AND Lloyd is still going at it in the passenger seat.

HARRY:

What are you, a goddamn camel?

LLOYD:

Hey, I haven't gone all day.
Just then they hear a LOUDSPEAKER:

STATE TROOPER:

(o.s.)
Pull over!
They turn to see the POLICE MOTORCYCLE cruising right beside them. Harry rolls down his window and CALLS OUT:

HARRY:

Huh?

STATE TROOPER:

PULL OVER!
Harry glances down at his sweater he's wearing, then back at the Trooper.

HARRY:

(calling out)
No, it's a Cardigan! But thanks for noticing!
He rolls his window back up and turns to an equally baffled Lloyd.
HARRY (CONT.)
Jesus, what is this, the fashion police?
The Cop turns on his SIREN.

STATE TROOPER:

PULL YOUR CAR TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE DAY
The STATE TROOPER is walking up beside the stopped Mutt Cutts van, staring at it with disapproval.

STATE TROOPER:

License and registration, please.
Harry hands him the papers.
STATE TROOPER (CONT.)
You know, you fellas were all over the road back there.

HARRY:

difficulty in the car.

STATE TROOPER:

Uh-huh.

(beat)

Have you boys been doing a little drinking maybe?

HARRY:

No, sir.

STATE TROOPER:

Then what's that?

He points to the OPEN, FULL BEER BOTTLES hidden in the seat between them.

HARRY:

Oh, that's nothing, sir.

STATE TROOPER:

Do you know it's against the law to drive with an open alcohol container in this state?

LLOYD:

But, your honor, he's telling the truth. It's not beer.
The officer smirks.

STATE TROOPER:

Is that right?

The Trooper reaches in and picks up one of the bottles. He inspects the beer label, then MOVES THE BOTTLE TO HIS LIPS.

HARRY:

STATE TROOPER:

--You'd keep your mouth shut if you knew what was good for you.

LLOYD:

(under breath)

Harry shoots Lloyd a look as the Trooper begins GULPING down the piss. He pauses uncertainly and a SICK LOOK COMES OVER HIS FACE. He takes a DEEP BREATH. Then:

STATE TROOPER:

(pained)

Get the hell out of here.

CUT TO:

The Mutt Cutts van is pulling back onto the highway while the officer remains in the breakdown lane with his hands on his knees.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van is making steady progress through the dark night.

INT. MUTT CUTT VAN - NIGHT

Lloyd is driving now while Harry sleeps in the passenger seat. The song, "Cut Flowers" by The Smithereens, starts to play as Lloyd FANTASIZES about his future in Aspen.

DISSOLVE TO:

LLOYD'S FANTASY:

Lloyd is walking up the steps of a luxurious, snow-covered chalet, carrying Mary's briefcase. The sky is absurdly blue and children are making a snowman on the lawn. It's all out of a dream world.

He KNOCKS on the door, tentatively. Mary opens it. She looks at him, then at the briefcase, and breaks into the BIGGEST, SWEETEST SMILE he's ever seen. Then she slowly backs into the

Lloyd follows Mary down a hallway. As he trails after her, she pulls off her shirt, revealing her bare back, and glances over her shoulder at him.

CAMERA MOVES around a corner and now we're in a STEAMY BATHROOM. The shower is running and we see the silhouette of two people behind the curtain.

LLOYD:

(v.o.)

MARY:

(v.o.)

How does that feel, Lloyd?

LLOYD:

(v.o.)

INT. SHOWER

CLOSE ON LLOYD - we see he's taking the TEGRIN CHALLENGE, with different shampoos

on either side of his head and a noticeable part down the middle.

MARY:

(o.s.)

How's the other side?

LLOYD:

Nothing. Nothing at all.

MARY:

(o.s.)

ON MARY - her hair is slicked back, making her look better than ever. As the CAMERA PANS

DOWN toward her breasts, we are surprised to see not breasts but a SET OF HEADLIGHTS

SUPERIMPOSED OVER HER CHEST AREA. The headlights FLASH ONCE. Then TWICE.

ON LLOYD - he blinks, confused at what's happening.

JUMP CUT TO - an eighteen-wheeler is ROARING RIGHT TOWARD THE MUTT CUTTS VAN on the highway. Lloyd quickly veers back into his lane and avoids tragedy by a whisker. A

shaken Lloyd lets out a SIGH OF RELIEF, and we

CUT TO:

EXT. SECOND HONEYMOON HOTEL - NIGHT

The Mutt Cutts van is parked outside this seedy establishment. A neon sign blinks: GROUP

DISCOUNTS - HAVE YOUR NEXT AFFAIR HERE.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

I don't know, Lloyd, I feel a little sleazy staying here when we're not even engaged.

LLOYD:

(v.o.)

Hey, it's the only motel that charges by the hour. We can't afford anything else.

INT. BATHROOM - SECOND HONEYMOON MOTEL

Lloyd and Harry are sitting in a large, HEART-SHAPED JACUZZI. Lloyd is sipping a beer and Harry is absorbed in the Enquirer as the water swirls around them.

LLOYD:

Yep, this sure is the life. Cold beer, a hot tube, and fuzzy pink

thing that could make this moment any better.

HARRY:

What's that?

LLOYD:

If you had a nice set of knockers.

HARRY:

That's two things, Lloyd.

LLOYD:

Right now I'd settle for one.

Lloyd takes a swig of beer. Harry puts down the paper and looks around at the romantic decor.

HARRY:

I don't know, Lloyd, these places just don't do it for me. Brings back too many memories.

LLOYD:

What happened, Harry? Some little filly break your heart?

HARRY:

Nah, it was a girl. Fraida Felcher.

the No-Tell Motel out on Route 31.

LLOYD:

Felcher? You mean the babe who worked for the tractor company? Harry nods.

HARRY:

The same. We had this incredibly romantic time. Boy, I thought we'd be together forever.

(SIGHS)

Then about a week later, right out of the blue, she sends me a John Deere letter.

LLOYD:

That's cold, Har. Give you any reason?

HARRY:

I called her up and she gave me some crap about me not listening to her enough or something like that. I wasn't really paying attention.

Harry reaches for a beer and busts it open. He takes a big gulp.

HARRY (CONT.)

Thing that really hurts is I think she was seeing another guy. Never did find out who.

ON LLOYD - he does his best to hide his GUILT.

CUT TO:

EXT. SECOND HONEYMOON MOTEL - NIGHT

We see that the black Cadillac is parked a few cars over from the Mutt Cutts van with J.P. Shay in the passenger seat. PAN OVER to a payphone. Inside is Joe Mental. Outside the booth, an

ANXIOUS MAN impatiently paces back and forth as he waits for the phone.

MENTAL:

(into phone)

The boys are holed-up in a little love nest for the night. I think they're a couple of fucking weirdos.

INT. NICHOLAS ANDRE'S STUDY - NIGHT

NICHOLAS ANDRE is pacing around the room with a cordless phone. He's in his late 30s, wears a ponytail, and dresses in Aspen/Rodeo Drive chic.

ANDRE:

What in hell are those guys up to?

Is it possible that they're Feds?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

MENTAL:

Unlikely from what I've seen.

The ANXIOUS MAN taps on the phone booth and motions for Mental to hang up.

ANDRE:

I don't like this one goddamn bit, Mental. You and Shay were supposed to grab that bag so we could end this shit. Now I don't know what the hell's going on.

Andre SIGHS and wipes some perspiration from his upper lip.

The Anxious Man KNOCKS on the booth again.

MENTAL:

Mental puts the phone down and motions the Anxious Man closer to the booth.

The Man moves

forward a few inches. Mental motions him even closer. When he's about a foot away, Mental

punches his hand through the glass of the booth and knocks the Anxious Man out cold. Then

Mental picks up the phone again.

MENTAL (CONT.)

ANDRE:

Look, Mental, just find out what they're up to. I want to know who these guys are.

MENTAL:

Don't worry. I'm on it.

Mental hangs up the phone, looks around to make sure he's not being watched, then approaches

the parked Mutt Cutt van. He's joined by J.P. Shay.

As they get within five feet of the vehicle, we hear a LOW GROWL. They stop in their tracks and

GROWL GETS LOUDER AND MEANER. Again, Mental and Shay stop. He peeks under the car. Nothing.

SHAY:

Finally, Shay reaches for the door handle. As soon as he touches it, though, the car alarm goes off

back and pulls his gun.

MENTAL:

Where's the goddamn dog?

Shay shrugs, nervous. The YAPPING grows EVEN LOUDER now, forcing a flustered Shay and

Mental to retreat from the scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SWANSON CHALET - ASPEN - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a luxurious mountainside home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SWANSON CHALET

An agitated Mary Swanson (the young woman who lost her briefcase) is pacing back and forth in

an impressive, antique-filled living room. Seated on a couch are her father KARL and his much-

younger second wife, HELEN.

MARY:

It just doesn't make any sense. I left the money exactly where they instructed me to.

HELEN:

Actually, it makes a great deal of sense, Mary. We should have called in the authorities the moment we knew

Melvin had been kidnapped.

KARL:

Now, Helen, we've been through this

HELEN:

Oh, for Christ's sake, Karl, these bastards will extort us into bankruptcy if we let them.

MARY:

But I'd never forgive myself if something happened to Melvin.

KARL:

Stop upsetting my daughter, Helen. She's been through quite enough already.

MARY:

It's not her fault, Daddy. We're all a little on edge.

Just then the living room door opens and the pony tailed Nicholas Andre ENTERS. He looks appropriately solemn.

ANDRE:

Has there been any word, Mr. Swanson?

KARL:

Nothing yet, Nicholas. Andre looks upset.

ANDRE:

Perhaps I should call off the Preservation benefit this weekend. It would be easy enough to re-schedule.

HELEN:

No, Nicholas, it's imperative that we carry on as usual.

The atmosphere in the room couldn't be more somber. Karl Swanson holds his

hand out to his
daughter.

KARL:

Don't worry, sweetheart. I'll do
everything they ask. Nothing's going
to happen to Melvin, I promise you.

MARY:

Thank you, Daddy.
Karl Swanson looks out the window, concerned.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The black Cadillac pulls over to the side of the road. Joe Mental gets out
of the car and props the
hood open. He takes out his gun, SLIDES IN A NEW CLIP, and puts it back in
his pocket.

MENTAL:

(to Shay)
Lie down on the front seat. After
they pick me up I want you to follow
us.
Then he folds his arms and the two killers wait for the van to come along.

CUT TO:

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - DAY

Lloyd taps Harry's shoulder.

LLOYD:

You're it.
Harry taps Lloyd back.

HARRY:

You're it.
Lloyd immediately taps Harry.

LLOYD:

You're it. Quitsies.

HARRY:

(tapping him back)
Anti-quitsies. You're it. Quitsies.

No anti-quitsies. No startsies.
Lloyd shakes his head, defeated.

LLOYD:

Damn, you're good, Harry.

(beat)

Hey, didn't I tell you this trip
would be a blast?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Joe Mental squints down the road, sees the Mutt Cutts van approaching, and
starts WAVING HIS

HANDS to flag them down.

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN

Through the windshield we can see Mental waving. The guys don't slow down,
through. The just

WAVE BACK as they BLOW RIGHT BY HIM. Harry also toots the horn, which makes
the

SOUND OF A DOG BARKING.

LLOYD:

See, I told you these country folks
were friendly, Harry.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

As an angry Mental watches them disappear down the road, Shay sits up in
the front seat.

SHAY:

What happened?

MENTAL:

These fuckers are really pissing me
off now.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - LATER THAT DAY

We hear The Zombie's 'Time of the Season' as the van flashes by.

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - DAY

HARRY:

Refresh my memory on something,

Lloyd:

get to Aspen?

LLOYD:

Well the first thing we do is take a good deep breath of that famous Aspenese air.

HARRY:

Fresh, huh?

LLOYD:

The freshest. They say on any day of the week you can smell a moose-fart ten miles away.

HARRY:

(sincere)

(beat)

And after we're finished breathing, what next, Lloyd?

LLOYD:

Then we make a splash on the social scene.

Just then, Lloyd notices something up the road.

LLOYD (CONT.)

over, I'm starving.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

The Mutt Cutt car is at the drive-through window.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE

fries, and two medium Cokes. Five seventy-two.

Harry hands a ten-dollar-bill to the Employee, who returns a handful of change.

HARRY:

Thanks.

Then, before he can give them the bag of food, the guys absentmindedly DRIVE OFF. As they pull out of the parking lot, the McDonald's Employee sticks his head out the window and WAVES

THE BAG OF FOOD at them.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE

Hey!

But the guys are already around the corner.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Mutt Cutt van is on the road again, cruising along.

INT. MUTT CUTT VAN - DAY

HARRY:

expect a couple mutts like us to make
a splash in the land of pedigrees
when we don't even have any money?

LLOYD:

Look, once we drop the briefcase off
to Mary, she'll be so grateful she'll
plug us right into the party circuit.
After that, we do a little of the ski
scene, hob-nob with the elbow-
rubbers, and walk out of there in the
spring with enough business
connections to open a first-class
worm operation. You see, you don't
get rich working, Harry. You get
rich knowing the rich.

HARRY:

Where'd you hear that?

LLOYD:

Some bum down at unemployment.
Harry thinks about this.

HARRY:

I don't know, Lloyd.

LLOYD:

What's the matter?

HARRY:

Money does terrible things to people.
I mean, we could lose our friendship.
Lloyd thinks about this.

LLOYD:

Yeah? So?

Harry nods and looks out the window. Suddenly SOMETHING DAWNS ON LLOYD.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Hey, wait a second. Hold everything.

HARRY:

What?

LLOYD:

Aren't you forgetting something?

Harry thinks about this.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Back at Mickey D's? A little matter

Harry wracks his brain, but to no avail.

HARRY:

What?

Lloyd rolls his eyes.

LLOYD:

My change.

As a sheepish Harry gives Lloyd his change, they notice something up ahead.

HARRY & LLOYD'S POV - on the side of the road, JOE MENTAL IS WAVING THEM DOWN AGAIN. This time the Cadillac is PARKED SIDEWAYS ACROSS THE ROAD, BLOCKING THEIR PATH.

HARRY:

I think this guy's in trouble. Why don't you pull over.

Lloyd looks at Harry. Harry remembers that he's driving. He pulls the car to the side of the road.

Mental approaches the passenger window.

MENTAL:

You guys going as far as Des Moines?

My car died and I'm late for a business meeting.

CUT TO:

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - DAY

They're back on the highway and Joe Mental is SITTING BETWEEN THEM, looking

extremely

ANNOYED. The guys are in the middle of an argument.

HARRY:

It's a fruit.

LLOYD:

It's a vegetable.

HARRY:

I'm telling you, it's a fruit.

LLOYD:

And I happen to know it's a vegetable.

HARRY:

Tell you what, why don't we let an impartial judge decide.

LLOYD:

Fine with me.

Harry turns to Joe Mental.

HARRY:

Hey, Mr. Mentalino, settle our bet:

Are jelly beans fruits or vegetables?

Mental grits his teeth as he pops a few antacid pills in his mouth. He reaches into his coat pocket

and we see a GLINT OF STEEL. Just when he's about to pull the gun out, though, Lloyd hits the

breaks and SKIDS to a stop beside a bunch of hitchhiking MIGRANT WORKERS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - LATER

including a CRYING BABY who sits on a pissed-off Mental's lap. Someone's playing a

FLAMENCO GUITAR and the gang is SINGING a SPANISH SONG.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - LATER STILL

The Migrant Family is gone now. Harry and Lloyd are playing a game while Mental stares straight

ahead, furious. His eyes are watering and he looks ill.

LLOYD:

Okay, Harry, my turn. Let 'er rip.

Harry lifts a cheer and lets out a LOUD FART. Lloyd SNIFFS a few times, then closes his eyes and WAFTS it up toward his nostrils, as if it was the aroma of a fine wine. LLOYD (CONT.)

HARRY:

--I will rip no fart before it's time.

(beat)

Come on, Marquis of Dingleberry's

rules:

LLOYD:

All right. I'll say: cheese doodles,

HARRY:

LLOYD:

Kit-Kat bar.

Harry throws up his arms, defeated. He hands Lloyd a buck.

HARRY:

You're the best, man.

(beat)

Okay, my turn.

LLOYD:

Where are your manners, Harry? We have a guest.

Harry punches Mental's shoulder playfully.

HARRY:

Come on, Mr. Mentalino. Let one fly.

It's only a buck.

DISSOLVE TO:

SHOOTING FROM HIS NOSE, MOUTH AND EARS. The sign advertises: HOTTEST CHILI PEPPERS NORTH OF THE BORDER.

INT. DANTE'S INFERNO

Lloyd and Harry are sitting at a table with a hateful Joe Mental. The boys are each holding up a POINTED RED CHILI PEPPER.

HARRY:

I'll do one if you will.

LLOYD:

Okay, you go first.

HARRY:

No, you go first.

LLOYD:

No, you go first.

MENTAL:

Why don't you both stop being a couple of pussies and go at the same time. It ain't that hot.

Lloyd and Harry exchange a look, then simultaneously BITE INTO THE PEPPERS.

LLOYD:

HARRY:

Yeah, more tingly than hot.

Suddenly the boys' EYES LIGHT UP. THEY LET OUT A SHRIEK. A smile begins to curl on

Mental's lips. He pours them a couple glasses of water from a pitcher.

MENTAL:

Have some water. It'll help.

of course, makes it burn more.

MENTAL (CONT.)

Aw, shucks, that's right. Water just

The boys run to the bar and DUMP PITCHERS OF WATER ON THEIR HEADS, much to the delight of a CHUCKLING Joe Mental.

CUT TO:

EXT. DANTE'S INFERNO - DAY

Mental is on the phone outside the front door TALKING to Nicholas Andre.
INTERCUT CONVERSATION

MENTAL:

It's Mental. I'm just sitting down to a nice meal with our boys.

ANDRE:

Good work. What did you find out so far?

MENTAL:

Nothing yet, but I'm gonna shake 'em down for information at lunch.

(beat)

Then I'm gonna kill 'em for dessert.

ANDRE:

Well eat fast, time's running out.

And whatever you do, don't let them get any closer. I don't need them here running around Aspen.

Mental pulls a BLACK VIAL OF PILLS out of his jacket.

MENTAL:

Relax, they ain't gonna be running around anywhere after I dump a little cyanide in their pops.

INT. DANTE'S INFERNO - DAY

Back at the table, the boys are soaked and HUFFING as if they just finished the Boston Marathon.

The burgers have been served, but Lloyd and Harry are still too traumatized to touch them.

HARRY:

That really wasn't very polite of him, was it? Maybe we should loosen

the screws of his chair.

LLOYD:

Harry Dunne, I'm surprised at you.
Perhaps it's about time you brushed
up on a little tome that we God-
fearing adults call the Bible. It's
crammed with all kinds of pithy rules
to live your life by.

HARRY:

(humbled)
You mean like 'turn the other cheek?'

LLOYD:

No, I mean like 'an eye for an eye.'

ones.

Harry passes the jar and the two of them LOAD JOE MENTAL'S BURGER WITH
CHILI
PEPPERS, EXPERTLY CAMOUFLAGING THEM WITH LETTUCE.

HARRY:

(whispering)
Here he comes.
Lloyd and Harry bite into their food as Joe Mental sits back down at the
table.

MENTAL:

Feeling any better, boys?
As he pours ketchup on his burger, the guys glance at each other and
TITTER. Then he picks it
up and brings it to his mouth. Just before biting into it, though, he
PAUSES.

MENTAL (CONT.)

So tell me, why you fellas headed to
Aspen? Vacation?

LLOYD:

More like re-location.
Mental starts toward the burger but stops again.

MENTAL:

Doesn't look like you packed much.

that briefcase.

HARRY:

The briefcase isn't even ours. Some lady just left it at the airport. We're bringing it back to her. This is news to Mental.

MENTAL:

You mean you don't even know her?

LLOYD:

Not really. I was just her limo driver.

Mental looks at the two of them and realizes that they're serious. Then he BREAKS OUT LAUGHING.

MENTAL:

Talk about being in the wrong place

Lloyd and Harry share a confused look. Mental shakes his head and BITES INTO HIS BURGER, CHEWING HEARTILY. Almost immediately, his happy demeanor is replaced by a LOOK OF HORROR. His FACE TURNS RED, HE GRABS HIS STOMACH AND FALLS TO THE GROUND, GASPING. The boys look at each other guiltily, then bend down to help him.

HARRY:

Hey, you okay, man? It was just a goof.

MENTAL:

(STRAINED WHISPER)

Harry checks Mental's coat pocket for his antacid pills but unwittingly brings out the BLACK OF CYANIDE PILLS. He shakes some pills out and hands them to Mental, who tosses them in his mouth and starts to MUNCH on them. For a moment, he appears to improve. His BREATHING SLOWS and he sits up.

Then his EYES

LIGHT UP.

MENTAL'S POV - QUICK ZOOM IN on the black bottle Harry is holding!

MENTAL:

You son-of-a-bitch!

Mental GURGLES and keels over, DEAD.

CUT TO:

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - AFTERNOON

Lloyd and Harry are back on the road, looking solemn.

HARRY:

LLOYD:

Life is a fragile thing, Har. One minute you're chewing on a burger; the next minute you're dead meat.

HARRY:

But he blamed me. You heard him. Those were his last words.

LLOYD:

If you don't count that gurgling sound.

Harry lets out a GROAN.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Hey, relax, man, I'm just as

don't feel guilty at all.

HARRY:

Small comfort coming from a man who sells dead birds to blind kids.

(SIGHS)

Don't you get it, Lloyd. I've got a dead guy pissed at me. His restless spirit will probably haunt me for the next seventy-five years.

LLOYD:

That's ridiculous. You probably
won't live to see forty.
Harry perks up, cheered by this thought.

HARRY:

Oh yeah.

(beat)

Wow. What a relief.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

As the Mutt Cutts van flashes by on it's westward journey, we

CUT TO:

EXT. DANTE'S INFERNO - EVENING

A DOCTOR is covering up the body of Joe Mental as he TALKS to DETECTIVE
DALE. The

detective is a no-nonsense type in his mid-forties with a
military-regulation crewcut.

DOCTOR:

deceased expired from oxygen
deprivation caused by the presence of
cyanide in the bloodstream.

DT. DALE

You mean he was poisoned?

DOCTOR:

Unquestionably. We found these by
the body.

He holds up the container of cyanide pills. Dt. Dale nods and approaches
another COP in the b.g.

COP:

Waitress says he was with a couple of
younger guys. They're the ones who

the road.

DT. DALE

Any idea where they were going?

COP:

A witness at the next table thought
he heard them say they were driving
to France.

Dale frowns at this and the Cop shrugs.

COP (CONT.)

We got a report they were seen heading west on I-80 toward Colorado.

DT. DALE

Get a make on the vehicle?

The Cop consults his note pad.

COP:

Yes, sir. They were driving an '84 poodle.

Dt. Dale does a double-take.

DT. DALE

An '84 what?

COP:

(straight-faced)

Well it might have been a wire-haired terrier, Detective. They're very similar in appearance.

The Detective looks confused, as we

CUT TO:

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NIGHT

The boys are extremely exhausted as they plow through the black night toward Aspen.

HARRY:

Let's get off and crash at a motel before I crash into one.

(yawning)

I need a crib fast.

LLOYD:

Sorry, Har. We're gonna have to hold out. Seems we misjudged our expense allocation. If we pay for a motel we won't have enough for gas.

HARRY:

What happened to the dough?

LLOYD:

We over-leveraged.

HARRY:

On what?

LLOYD:

I sprung for Mr. Chili Pepper's last meal. Felt it was the least we could do after we deep-sixed him.

HARRY:

budget?

LLOYD:

The slob ordered a double-bacon deluxe and a chocolate malt.

HARRY:

Oh.

(beat)

So what are we gonna do?

LLOYD:

Drive. We've only got ten more hours. We can take turns.

CUT TO:

EXT. DANTE'S INFERNO - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

A frightened J.P. Shay is TALKING on the phone with Nicholas Andre.

SHAY:

You heard me, he's dead. The bastards killed him.

INT. NICHOLAS ANDRE'S STUDY - NIGHT

Andre nervously lights a cigarette as he speaks.

ANDRE:

Andre's forehead begins to glisten with perspiration.

ANDRE (CONT.)

All right, I want you back here now.

If they're coming this way I'm going to need you.

SHAY:

(v.o.)

How's our bankroll doing? Giving you a hard time?

ANDRE:

Melvin's not the problem. It's these two other guys that have me worried. I wish I knew what the hell they wanted.

Andre hangs up the phone and then disappears down his basement stairs.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The room has a dirt floor. There's a stone WELL in the middle. We hear MUFFLED HUMAN

WHIMPERING coming from deep within the well. Andre walks to the edge of the dark hole.

ANDRE:

How you doing today, Melvin?

Andre takes a hit off his cigarette and flicks it into the well.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Mutt Cutts van cruises down the lonely interstate.

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NIGHT

Lloyd is now FAST ASLEEP in the passenger seat as Harry drives on. A roadsign reading

DENVER - 602 MILES whizzes by. Todd Rundgren's "Too Far Gone" begins to play while Harry

peers at the empty highway INTROSPECTIVELY. As the song plays we see a series of quick

shots:

A new sign says DENVER - 421 MILES. Lloyd is still asleep with his feet now on Harry's lap.

Another sign reads DENVER - 201 MILES. Harry stares straight ahead, practically catatonic.

Lloyd's feet are out the window and his head is on Harry's lap.

The next roadsign says DENVER - 157 MILES. Lloyd's feet are now up over the headrest and his

head is down where his feet should be. Harry looks on the verge of blacking out.

Finally, a sign reads COLORADO STATE LINE - 25 MILES/FOOD, GAS NEXT EXIT.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - 2:10 IN THE MORNING

The Mutt Cutts van pulls up to a gas pump. In the background are several tractor-trailer rigs and a

Lloyd tumbles to the asphalt, STILL ASLEEP. Harry nudges him with his foot.

HARRY:

Come on, wake up. You pay, I'll pump.

Lloyd comes to and grudgingly pulls himself up to his feet.

EXT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NIGHT

Harry moves to the back of the poodle van. He has to LIFT ONE OF THE CAR'S REAR LEGS

to unscrew the gas cap. Then he sticks the nozzle in and starts to fill her up.

EXT. GAS STATION MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lloyd comes around the corner, dragging a BATHROOM KEY ATTACHED BY A CHAIN TO

A CAR ENGINE toward the Men's Room. When he gets it to the door, he struggles to lift the

engine on it's side, finally managing to slip the key into the lock.

EXT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NIGHT

Harry is yawning as he pumps the gas. Suddenly a Jeep Cherokee pulls up and a long-legged,

tanned, ATHLETIC BEAUTY climbs out. This seems to wake Harry up.

The Athletic Beauty smiles at Harry as she grabs a pump and starts to fill her jeep. Harry makes a

feeble attempt to brush his hair into place, then CLEARS HIS THROAT and nods to the skis on

her roof-rack.

HARRY:

Skis, huh?

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

That's right.

HARRY:

Great.

She continues to pump gas.

HARRY (CONT.)

They yours?

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

Uh-huh..

HARRY:

Both of 'em?

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

Um, yeah.

HARRY:

(impressed)

Cool.

The gas from Harry's nozzle starts to OVERFLOW, but he doesn't notice. From her POV it looks like a BIG DOG IS PISSING ON HIS LEG.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

Excuse me, you're spraying everywhere.

Harry turns to see the gas GUSHING ALL OVER HIS SHOES. He immediately removes the nozzle and replaces it on the pump as she smiles to herself.

INT. GAS STATION MEN'S ROOM

Lloyd is standing in a stall urinating. He starts to read the graffiti scrawled on the wall. Finally, he comes to one that says: FOR A GOOD TIME, MEET ME HERE NOVEMBER 8, 1993, 2:15

A.M. SHARP.

He frowns at this, then looks nervously at his watch.

CLOSE UP OF DIAL - the date reads NOVEMBER 8.

ZOOM IN on the minute hand as it CLICKS TO EXACTLY 2:15.

Just as a concerned look crosses Lloyd's face, we hear the BATHROOM DOOR SQUEAK OPEN

AND SLAM SHUT! Terrified, Lloyd quickly locks the stall door, then crouches on the toilet bowl so his feet aren't visible. The sound of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS approaches the stall and then stops.

Lloyd looks down to see a pair of SIZE 16 WORKBOOTS beneath the door. We can barely hear a LOW GROWL.

Then the stall handle JIGGLES. Lloyd holds his breath. The ominous boots MOVE AWAY and

Lloyd lets out a SIGH OF RELIEF.

All of a sudden the DOOR IS KICKED IN, AND A TOWERING FIGURE STEPS INTO FRAME. Lloyd looks up and GASPS.

HIS POV - it's the Redneck trucker, Sea Bass.

SEA BASS:

Well, well, well, if it ain't my old friend.

(checks watch)

As Sea Bass STEPS INTO THE STALL, we

CUT TO:

EXT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NIGHT

The Athletic Beauty is back in her Jeep now and Harry has sidled up to the driver's side. He leans against her side-view mirror.

HARRY:

(re:

That's a lot of luggage for a little vacation.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

Actually, I'm moving to Aspen. I've got to get away from my boyfriend. He's such a klutz. My astrologer told me I should avoid accident-prone guys.

Just then, the side-view mirror Harry has been leaning on SNAPS OFF THE CAR. HE CRACKS

HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WINDSHIELD, FALLS TO THE GROUND, THEN QUICKLY LEAPS TO HIS FEET AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED.

HARRY:

(holding out mirror)

Here, this is a little loose.

She throws the mirror into the back seat and takes out a cigarette.

HARRY (CONT.)

He pulls out a match and lights it with a debonair flourish. The Athletic Beauty nods her thanks.

Harry tosses the match to the ground, and we hear an O.S. WHOOSH! Wisps of smokes rise

around him and we hear the LOW CRACKLE OF SOMETHING BURNING. (Neither of them

notice this.)

HARRY (CONT.)

Look, um, maybe when I get to Aspen

chocolate or something.

She looks him over and smiles.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

Why not? You seem pretty harmless.

I'll give you my number. Just let me
find a pen.

As she starts to rummage through her purse, Harry SMELLS THE SMOKE. He
looks down and
sees that his RIGHT SHOE IS ABLAZE! He shakes it, then tries to put it out
with the other shoe,
but to no avail. Meanwhile, the Athletic Beauty is still searching for a
pen.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY (CONT.)

Harry starts doing a soft-shoe dance to extinguish the flames. This only
helps to fan them.

HARRY:

(urgently)

Look, why don't you just tell it to
me, I've got a good memory.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

Are you sure you won't forget?

HARRY:

(desperate)

He begins hopping around violently.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

Is something wrong?

Harry shakes his head no as he bites his lip to keep from screaming.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY (CONT.)

Okay, my number is 652-2553.

(beat)

Oh, wait a second, that's my old
number. It's so funny how your

HARRY:

--For god sakes, give me the damn number!
She's taken aback by this outburst.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

Look, man, if you're gonna get pushy you can just forget it!
She throws the car into drive and PEELS AWAY.

INT. GAS STATION MEN'S ROOM

Sea Bass has his meaty paw wrapped around Lloyd's neck as he slides him up the wall of the toilet stall.

SEA BASS:

First I'm gonna rape you, then I'm gonna kill you. Any last request?

LLOYD:

way around?

Sea Bass pushes Lloyd to his knees. Then the trucker steps back and UNDOES HIS FLY. The sound of the zipper brings a green color to Lloyd's face.
ON THE MEN'S ROOM DOOR - it bursts open and a FLAME-FOOTED Harry rushes into the

EXTINGUISHING THE FIRE.

Harry breathes a DEEP SIGH of relief. Only then does he notice LLOYD ON HIS KNEES AND SEA BASS UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR WITH HIS PANTS UNDONE.
Harry has to do a DOUBLE-TAKE for this to sink in. Then he lets out an admonishing WHISTLE.

HARRY:

You've got some serious explaining to do, young man.

CUT TO:

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NIGHT

LLOYD:

Look, Harry, I told you what happened, now drop it.

HARRY:

Sure thing, Lloyd. I promise not to mention another word about you being in a bathroom stall with a six-foot, five-inch trucker with his pants down.

LLOYD:

That's a low blow, man.

HARRY:

Not at that height it's not.

LLOYD:

Listen, bud, if you're trying to

HARRY:

almost in Colorado.

Lloyd squints through the windshield. A sign up ahead says: LAST EXIT IN NEBRASKA -

COLORADO STATE LINE - 3 MILES.

HARRY (CONT.)

I think it's about time we pull over and change seats. I've been driving

the energy to start a new state.

Lloyd nods, and as he pulls off the exit, we

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A SIGN - it reads WELCOME TO COLORADO, HOME OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. PAN DOWN to reveal a number of POLICEMEN stopping and checking cars as

they cross the border.

A HELICOPTER lands on the side of the road and Detective Dale hops out. He hurries to the

COP in charge.

DT. DALE

Any sign of them yet?

COP:

No, but we're expecting them shortly.
A motorist said he spotted a pooch
about thirty miles back headed this
way.
Detective Dale nods, satisfied.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINI MART - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a mini mart.

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NIGHT

The door opens and Lloyd gets in carrying a bag of Doritos and a soda. He
settles into the driver's
seat and pulls a Beef Jerky out of his back pocket.

LLOYD:

When he gets no response, he notices that Harry is already fast asleep in
the passenger seat. Lloyd
shakes his head.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Boy, some guys just weren't cut out
for life on the road.

EXT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - NIGHT

Lloyd starts the engine and pulls out of the parking lot to the nearby
freeway entrance.

As he enters the on-ramp, we ZOOM IN on a sign that says: ROUTE 80 - EAST.
He's unwittingly
headed BACK IN THE DIRECTION THEY JUST CAME FROM!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MUTT CUTTS VAN - SUNNY MORNING

It's bright daylight now. Harry is sleeping peacefully in the passenger
seat while Lloyd sips a
coffee. The van hits a bump which causes Harry's eyes to flutter open.

LLOYD:

Hey, Mr. Sleepy Head, welcome back.

HARRY:

(groggy)

How long have I been out?

LLOYD:

I'd say a good five hours, anyway.
Harry yawns and stretches.

HARRY:

Great. We must be getting real
close, huh?

LLOYD:

Should be. I've been averaging about
ninety miles an hour all night.

HARRY:

Good man.

LLOYD:

Boy, I'll tell you, this is one
dangerous highway. You wouldn't

dogs, a couple of rabbits, a snake and
some big thing I couldn't even
recognize.

HARRY:

That's awful. Did you see them get
hit or were they already lying there?

LLOYD:

I hit 'em.
Harry rubs his eyes and looks at the passing FLATLANDS.

HARRY:

Funny. I expected the Rocky
Mountains to be a little rockier than
this.

LLOYD:

I was thinking the same thing. That
John Denver's some full of shit, huh?
They both stare out the window.

LLOYD (CONT.)

I must say, Des Moines sure is a
pretty little town.

HARRY:

Yeah, it really is.

(beat)

Moines?

LLOYD:

Last night. We drove through it.

HARRY:

What are you talking about? You were snoring like a baby when we went through Des Moines.

Lloyd shakes his head in amusement, then SNAPS HIS FINGERS in Harry's face.

LLOYD:

(sing-song)

Hello? Hello? Anybody home? Rise and shine.

(LAUGHS)

You were the one who was asleep, numbskull. Here, take a sip of coffee. You're delirious.

A confused Harry sips the coffee and checks out the passing terrain. Then something starts to dawn on him. Slowly.

HARRY:

Uh, Lloyd, refresh my memory: Doesn't the sun rise in the east and set in the west?

LLOYD:

In our country it does, yes.

HARRY:

Then perchance you can explain to me why the sun is in our face at 7:30 in the morning when we're heading west. Lloyd thinks about this and then looks SICKENED.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCKSTOP - MORNING

The Mutt Cutts van is parked next to a couple rigs and Harry is sitting beside it on the pavement, a
BROKEN man.

LLOYD:

I'm only human, Harry. Anybody can
make a mistake.

But Harry just sits there, practically catatonic.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Come on, man, pull yourself together.

HARRY:

You know, I got half a mind to just
jump on the bus to Europe and say
goodbye to your ugly mug forever.

LLOYD:

(rolls his eyes)

You can't take a bus to Europe, dodo.

HARRY:

Oh yeah? Why not?

LLOYD:

You don't have a passport.

Harry lets out a defeated SIGH.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Come on, stop being a baby about
this. Okay, so we back-tracked a
tad.

HARRY:

A tad? Lloyd, you drove almost a
sixth of the way across the country
in the wrong direction. Now we don't
have enough money to get to Aspen, we
don't have enough money to get home,
we don't have enough to eat, we don't
have enough to sleep!

LLOYD:

Well it doesn't do any good having
you sitting there on your butt whining
about it. If we're gonna get out of

this hole, we're gonna have to dig ourselves out.

Harry thinks about this.

HARRY:

You know, you're absolutely right, Lloyd.

He stands up, brushes off his pants, and starts to walk toward the highway.

LLOYD:

Where you going?

HARRY:

Home. I'm walking home.

LLOYD:

You can't be serious.

HARRY:

(sarcastic)

Why not? We're probably only five miles away.

Harry starts resolutely toward the road while Lloyd watches.

LLOYD:

(CALLING OUT)

Thanks a lot, Mr. Perfect. Like you never screwed up.

Harry suddenly STOPS IN HIS TRACKS and turns back to his friend. He seems completely drained.

HARRY:

(beat)

I never should have let you talk me into this in the first place. You've

girl's waiting for you. But let's face it, Lloyd, there's nothing waiting for me in Aspen.

(beat)

There's nothing waiting for me anywhere.

Lloyd just stands there, SPEECHLESS, as Harry turns and walks away. Out of frustration, he BANGS the snout of the car, causing it to BARK.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Harry is walking down the highway, his thumb stuck out unenthusiastically. A few cars WHIZ by, the cold wind whipping at his clothes. A station wagon blows by and throws a BAG OF GARBAGE out the window. It lands at Harry's feet.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF HARRY'S FACE - a TEAR slowly rolls down his cheek (like the Indian in the commercial). PAN DOWN to the bag of garbage. We see it's a BAG OF ONIONS that's ripped open. Suddenly a HEARSE pulls up and stops. It's an ominous-looking vehicle and Harry hesitates. Then the passenger window rolls down, revealing a contrite Lloyd at the wheel.

LLOYD:

Got room for one more, if you still want to go to Aspen. Harry looks the hearse over.

HARRY:

Where'd you find this baby?

LLOYD:

Used car dealer. I traded the van for it. Plus I got the guy to throw in fifty bucks for gas money. (beat) Come on, man, what do you say? We still partners? Harry smiles and we

CUT TO:

EXT. COLORADO STATE LINE - DAY

An impatient Detective Dale is still staked-out at the Colorado border with several other officers. DT. DALE

It doesn't make sense. They should've been here hours ago.

COP:

Maybe they're smarter than we thought.

DT. DALE

How smart can they be? They're driving a goddamn dog!

Another COP rushes over holding his walkie-talkie.

COP #2

We just got a report that they were spotted about two hours ago heading east near Des Moines on I-80.

DT. DALE

(incredulous)

Des Moines?! Why that's five hundred miles from here!

COP #1

Guess they got wind of our welcoming party.

DT. DALE

We're wasting time. Let's mobilize.

Dt. Dale heads for his cruiser while the other Cops follow. As the officers climb into their cars, we

CUT TO:

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Lloyd is driving and Harry has his feet out the window.

LLOYD:

Tell me something, Harry. Would you really have kept going home if I hadn't come back to get you?

HARRY:

Well let me put it this way, Lloyd: Do you remember when we were Cub Scouts and we got lost in the woods during that blizzard? We huddled together all night, and we made an oath that if we ever got out of there alive we'd never ever leave each other's side again. Do you remember

that?

Lloyd thinks hard about this.

LLOYD:

We were never Cub Scouts.

HARRY:

Exactly.

Just then several COP CARS whiz by them in the opposite direction with SIRENS BLARING and LIGHTS FLASHING. When Harry glances back at the cop cars, he notices that there's a COFFIN in the rear of the vehicle.

HARRY (CONT.)

What the hell is this? There's a coffin in the back!

LLOYD:

Relax, it's empty.

HARRY:

I don't give a shit. I'm not driving anywhere with a casket. You know I'm

LLOYD:

--Okay, calm down. We'll dump it off first chance we get.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Harry and Lloyd are swerving through traffic in the hearse. Ahead of them is a REAL FUNERAL

PROCESSION. The lead car is a CADILLAC.

INT. CADILLAC (LEAD CAR) - DAY

(This is the car right behind the funeral hearse.) A MAN and a WOMAN are arguing.

WOMAN:

I married a cheapskate.

MAN:

Shut your trap, Gerdie.

WOMAN:

I'm so embarrassed. I'll never be

able to show my face again.

MAN:

I knew something good would come out of this.

WOMAN:

We could have given him a more dignified burial.

MAN:

Your uncle was a cheap man. Remember what he got us for our twenty-fifth? A friggin' fern. There's no way I'm gonna spend a load to get him planted.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

While the couple ARGUES ON, Harry and Lloyd cut in front of them. The Man and the Woman don't notice this and soon the ENTIRE FUNERAL PROCESSION IS UNWITTINGLY FOLLOWING THE WRONG HEARSE.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY SUPERMARKET - DAY

Harry and Lloyd pull up to a large green dumpster behind the market. The procession comes to a halt behind them. The guys get out of the hearse and remove the coffin from the back. Then they unceremoniously HEAVE THE COFFIN INTO THE DUMPSTER AND WIPE THEIR HANDS OFF.

ON THE LEAD CAR OF THE PROCESSION - The Woman's jaw is practically on the floor.

WOMAN:

You son-of-a-bitch! I want a divorce!

CUT TO:

QUICK MONTAGE OF THE HEARSE WEAVING IT'S WAY THROUGH THE SCENIC ROCKIES AS WE REPRISE 'MARY'S PRAYER' BY DANNY WILSON.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The hearse drives past a sign that says ENTERING ASPEN, COLORADO.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ASPEN - DAY

The boys stroll down the sidewalk, looking in the windows, studying the passersby, taking in the sights and sounds of the ski town.

LLOYD:

Isn't this wonderful? What more could a couple of single guys like us ask for?

HARRY:

How about food and shelter?

LLOYD:

You're so materialistic.

(beat)

Why don't we get down to business and deliver the briefcase to Mary. Who knows, maybe she'll invite us in for tea and a strumpet or two?

HARRY:

Jolly good idea, chap. And where does the lovely young lady reside?

LLOYD:

Harry throws Lloyd a concerned look, but then notices a phone booth next to them.

HARRY:

Well what's her last name? We'll look it up in the phone book.

LLOYD:

caught that either.

Harry's concern grows.

HARRY:

What about the briefcase, Lloyd? There must've been a name on it,

right?

LLOYD:

(brightening)

Come to think of it, there is. It's engraved right into the leather.

HARRY:

What is it?

LLOYD:

sounds.

Harry starts flipping through the phone book. Then abruptly HE STOPS and puts the book down, a DEFEATED look on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. HEARSE - NIGHT

The car is parked in a parking lot across the street from a picturesque bridge. Harry and Lloyd are shivering in the front seat as a LOUD, ICY WIND WHIPS though the hearse. They're each spooning something out of a coffee cup and sipping it.

HARRY:

Any soup left?

LLOYD:

A little. Shall we share it?

HARRY:

Please.

Lloyd opens a TINY KETCHUP PACKET and squirts half of it into Harry's cup and the other half into his. They pour a few drops of water in and mix it with their spoons.

LLOYD:

Lloyd smiles bravely at Harry. Harry notices something and leans toward him.

HARRY:

Hey, you got something stuck in your front teeth.

Lloyd picks a small speck out of his mouth and studies it.

LLOYD:

Beef Jerky.

Harry stares at it. Then:

HARRY:

Wanna split it?

LLOYD:

You're pathetic. Get your own.

Lloyd puts the floss-meat back in his mouth and chews it. Another gust of wind swirls around them.

HARRY:

I'm freezing my ass off, Lloyd.

LLOYD:

Roll up your window.

HARRY:

It is rolled up.

LLOYD:

Then I guess the damn anti-cold system isn't working. You really should get it fixed if we're gonna live here all winter.

HARRY:

What anti-cold system?

Lloyd points to the dash.

LLOYD:

on full blast about an hour ago and, if anything, the car's getting colder.

Harry stares at Lloyd and then throws down his cup, disgusted. He opens the car door and starts

to climb out.

LLOYD (CONT.)

What are you going out there for?

HARRY:

To warm up.

EXT. HEARSE - NIGHT

Harry gets out and leans against the car with his arms crossed. Lloyd comes from around the other side.

LLOYD:

What are you worrying about now?

HARRY:

I'm worried about how you're gonna survive the pummeling I'm about to give you.

LLOYD:

Huh?

Suddenly Harry LUNGES at Lloyd, who takes off around the other side of the car. Harry leaps across the hood, but Lloyd manages to evade his grasp.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Harry, calm down! You're acting like a wild animal!

HARRY:

Get over here and take your medicine, Lloyd!

LLOYD:

Sorry, doc, I can't take medicine.

I'm a Christian Scientist!

Lloyd continues to outrun him around the car. Frustrated, Harry opens the car and PULLS THE BRIEFCASE OUT.

LLOYD (CONT.)

What are you doing?

HARRY:

Something I should've done a long time ago. This stupid thing has been

the root of our problems all along.

Harry starts walking toward the bridge spanning a river.

LLOYD:

Don't do anything foolish, Harry.

HARRY:

Foolish? This is the most sensible thing I've done in years. I'm gonna toss this goddamn curse right into that river.

Lloyd starts to follow after Harry.

LLOYD:

You're making a big mistake, Harry!

I'll never forgive you for this!

Harry keeps marching toward the bridge, determined to dispose of the briefcase.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Harry, hold up! Things are gonna get better, I promise! In fact, I think I feel another piece of Beef Jerky in my left molar! It's yours, Harry, all yours!

Harry stops in his tracks, intrigued.

HARRY:

You're bluffing.

LLOYD:

Lloyd pulls his cheek back, revealing a molar. Harry squints at it.

HARRY:

That's a filling, you liar!

Just then, Lloyd makes a dash at Harry. Harry turns and runs, but Lloyd TACKLES HIM as they

reach the bridge. The briefcase GOES FLYING, and the guys wrestle pitifully with one another in

the snow, rolling over and over.

Finally, Harry manages to get the upper hand. He climbs on top and CLASPS HIS HANDS

AROUND LLOYD'S THROAT.

HARRY (CONT.)

I used to have a life! A miserable one, but a life, nonetheless!

Suddenly Lloyd's EYES LIGHT UP as he sees something O.S. behind his friend.

LLOYD:

(CHOKED VOICE)

Harry, look!

Harry turns and HIS EYES LIGHT UP, TOO. He lets go of Lloyd as we see THEIR POV - the briefcase is lying BUSTED OPEN on the ground, revealing STACKS AND STACKS OF BIG, BEAUTIFUL HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS!

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ASPEN - NIGHT

Harry and Lloyd are hurrying down the sidewalk, clutching the briefcase. The city is lit up with millions of tiny lights, like a fantasy winter wonderland.

LLOYD:

Okay, here's the plan: We borrow a the briefcase, and we check into a cheap motel.

HARRY:

Sounds good.

LLOYD:

And we'll keep track of the money we spend with IOUs.

HARRY:

the last penny.

LLOYD:

That way, whatever we borrow we can pay back.

HARRY:

Absolutely. We're good for it.

LLOYD:

You know, as soon as we get jobs.

HARRY:

It'll come right out of our first
paycheck.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEGANT HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

A tuxedoed Bell Captain, BARNARD, is showing the guys around an ENORMOUS
AND
LUXURIOUS SUITE. The place is big enough to throw a touchdown bomb in.

BARNARD:

Presidential Suite, gentlemen. It's
normally reserved for royalty,
visiting dignitaries, and illustrious

LLOYD:

--We'll take it.
The Bell Captain is a bit taken aback, but pleased.

BARNARD:

Very good, sir. Are there any bags
you'd like sent up?

LLOYD:

Thanks, Barnard, but we'll find our
own chicks.

BARNARD:

(peevish)
I wasn't talking about ladies.

HARRY:

Oh. Then go ahead and send them up.
What are their names?
Barnard SIGHS.

BARNARD:

Sir, I meant your luggage.
Harry forces a. embarrassed half-smile.

LLOYD:

Tell you what you can send up, my

The Bell Captain nods.

BARNARD:

I'll bring you a menu.

LLOYD:

Don't bother. Just order us one of everything.

At this, Harry serves Lloyd a reproachful look.

HARRY:

Lloyd looks guilty.

LLOYD:

Oh, sorry.

(beat)

Make that two of everything.

Harry smiles at this as Lloyd pulls a wad of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS out of his pocket. He rips one off and tucks it in Barnard's top pocket.

LLOYD (CONT.)

And here you go, Barney. You keep us happy, we'll keep you happy.

The Bell Captain, Barnard, is energized by this tip.

BARNARD:

Yes, sir!

He bows and leaves the room. Then Lloyd cracks open the briefcase and inserts a SMALL PIECE OF PAPER.

LLOYD:

(proudly)

Our first IOU. Signed and dated.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWANSON CHALET - NIGHT

Helen Swanson is KNOCKING on her step-daughter's bedroom door. She's holding a tray with a couple of mugs on it.

HELEN:

Mary? You awake?

MARY:

(o.s.)

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary is sitting in a chair looking sadly out the French windows when Helen ENTERS.

HELEN:

I brought you some tea. I thought it might help you relax.

Mary smiles.

MARY:

Thank you.

She takes a mug, sips, and pulls back.

MARY (CONT.)

Yech! What's in this, whiskey?

HELEN:

Helen grabs the mug from Mary and hands her the other one.

HELEN (CONT.)

Feeling any better, honey?

Mary can't take her eyes from the window.

MARY:

Just knowing that Melvin's out there,

(fighting back tears)

It's all my fault. I should've been there.

HELEN:

Bullshit. You can't blame yourself for this. If you'd been there they would've taken you, too.

Helen pulls out a joint and torches it up. She takes a hit.

MARY:

Maybe we should just pay them the money again and get this thing over

with.

HELEN:

Now Mary, everything that can be done is being done. You've got to stop torturing yourself.

MARY:

What am I supposed to do? Go about my life as if everything were fine?

HELEN:

That's exactly what you should do. Get the hell out more, go skiing, socialize. Don't you see, honey? We can't let on that anything is wrong. If the press or authorities get wind of this, the kidnapers might panic.
(beat)

Who knows what they'd do to poor Melvin then?

As Mary thinks about this, we

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL DANBURY - DAY

The Guys pull up to the front of the hotel in the hearse. Several HOTEL EMPLOYEES rush to help them. Harry and Lloyd get out wearing OVERLY TRENDY SKI GARB, complete with fur

boots, NASA designed goggles, and splashy fluorescent colors everywhere. The Employees all

grab the shopping bags and then line up as Lloyd TIPS THEM ALL handsomely.

INT. BEDROOM - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

The huge beds are covered in boxes and bags of new goodies. Lloyd is going through it all. Harry is sitting out on the balcony with his feet up on the railing, checking out the mountain view.

HARRY:

Oh god, it's really true. Last night I thought I might've been dreaming.

LLOYD:

It's no dream, Har. We finally

cracked the big time.

HARRY:

And it was so simple. All it took
was somebody else's money.

Harry LIGHTS A CIGAR WITH A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL, takes a hearty puff, and
EXHALES.

HARRY (CONT.)

You know, Lloyd, I think you might've
gone a little overboard with the
spending today.

He blows out the twenty and tosses it off the balcony.

LLOYD:

What's the big deal? We're gonna pay
it all back anyway, right?

HARRY:

Sure, but do you really think you
needed to buy those two surfboards?

LLOYD:

Surfboards? I thought those were
beginner's skis.

This suddenly makes sense to Harry.

HARRY:

Ahhh. I was wondering why you had
those bindings put on them.

Lloyd opens a box and holds up a SCANTY NEGLIGEE.

LLOYD:

Where'd this come from?

HARRY:

(sheepishly)
I bought it.

LLOYD:

What for?

HARRY:

I like the feel of it against my

(defensive)

wearing it.

Lloyd inspects it more closely.

LLOYD:

Harry, how many women do you know who wear a size XXL?

HARRY:

Look, leave me alone. I'm rich now.

I'm supposed to have a few eccentricities.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

LLOYD:

Enter, parlez vous!

The Bell Captain, Barnard, ENTERS with a champagne bucket and a newspaper under his arm.

BARNARD:

I brought you your newspaper and some champagne, gentlemen. Unfortunately, we didn't seem to have the, um, label you requested.

Lloyd examines the champagne's label and frowns.

LLOYD:

All out of Boone's Farm, huh?

BARNARD:

You have a rapier wit, sir. I took the liberty of bringing a comparable

substitute:

LLOYD:

Guess it'll have to do, slugger, eh?

Lloyd smiles and over tips him.

BARNARD:

Thank you so much, sir.

He puts the tray down, hands Lloyd the newspaper, and heads for the door.

LLOYD:

Oh, one more thing: You can dispense with the 'sir' crap. Let's face it, Barney, we're all from the same mold.
(winks)

We just have a little more dough than you right now.

Barnard smiles and EXITS. Harry comes back in the room. He picks up a champagne glass and flicks it with his finger, sending out a resonant RING.

HARRY:

Cocktail hour has commenced!

He starts to open the champagne bottle as Lloyd begins thumbing through the newspaper.

HARRY (CONT.)

He notices that Lloyd's mouth has dropped open at something he's found in the paper.

HARRY (CONT.)

LLOYD:

(dumbstruck)

Harry, it's her.

HARRY:

Who?

LLOYD:

Mary with the briefcase. This is

He shoves the newspaper at Harry.

CLOSE ON THE HEADLINE - it reads: SWANSONS TO HOST PRESERVATION GALA TONIGHT; CITY'S ELITE EXPECTED. Underneath this is a photograph of Mary with her parents.

LLOYD (CONT.)

HARRY:

Come on, Cinderella, it's time to get

MONTAGE OF HARRY AND LLOYD'S GLAMOUR MAKE-OVER:

-The boys are in a beauty parlor getting their hair shampooed.
-Harry and Lloyd sit beneath old-fashioned hair dryers. The ATTENDANTS lift the dryers from their heads, revealing both guys' hair in curlers.
-Lloyd's getting shaved by an ATTENDANT with a straight-razor. Suddenly Lloyd grabs his neck as if he's been nicked. BLOOD SQUIRTS OUT from between his fingers. The other CUSTOMERS stare in horror at this. Lloyd LAUGHS and shows everyone a SQUEEZE KETCHUP BOTTLE hidden in his hand. Only Harry and Lloyd seem to find this joke amusing.
-We see them getting their nose hairs clipped. PAN DOWN to the floor to reveal a PILE OF NOSE HAIR CLIPPINGS.

toe nails like Howard Hughes. Sparks are flying as an ATTENDANT wearing safety goggles tries to sand down Lloyd's toenails with an electric sander.
-Harry is lying on his stomach with his shirt off, getting a massage from a beautiful ORIENTAL MASSEUSE. He pulls a hundred dollar bill from under his towel, hands it to her, and WHISPERS in her ear. She smiles.
-Next we see the Oriental Masseur lying on her stomach with her shirt off, while Harry happily massages her back.
-The guys are in an expensive haberdashery. Harry comes out of the dressing room in a very elegant BLACK TUXEDO. He couldn't look any more suave. The SALESMAN nods, impressed, but Lloyd shakes his head no and Harry goes back in.
-Harry reappears in another stylish WHITE TUXEDO. The Salesman looks on hopefully, but Lloyd again disapproves.
-This time Harry comes out in a JUNIOR-PROM-LIKE SKY-BLUE TUXEDO, complete with TACKY FRILLS. The Salesman looks sickened as Lloyd give Harry the thumbs up.
PAN ACROSS THE STREET from the haberdashery - an apprehensive J.P. Shay is sitting in a parked car, WATCHING HARRY AND LLOYD.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ASPEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY - NIGHT

Throngs of GUESTS in black-tie and elegant gowns are entering the building. Suddenly the hearse

hundred dollars.

LLOYD:

Thanks for the lift, Barney.

INT. ASPEN PRESERVATION SOCIETY

Nicholas Andre is greeting people at the door. However, when Harry and Lloyd try to enter, he stops them and gives them the once over.

ANDRE:

Excuse me, gentlemen, but this is a five-hundred-dollar-a-plate dinner.

Harry and Lloyd look at each other and shrug. Then Lloyd takes out a WAD OF BILLS and peels off TEN HUNDREDS, much to the amazement of Andre.

LLOYD:

This should cover a couple plates.

HARRY:

I'm kind of hungry, Lloyd. What if we want seconds?

Lloyd thinks about this. Then he peels off another thou.

LLOYD:

Put us down for four plates, my good man.

him, an alarmed look on his face.

J.P. SHAY

(WHISPERING)

BACK ON HARRY AND LLOYD - the guys make their way through the affluent crowd.

LLOYD:

I'm getting nervous, Harry.

HARRY:

relax, Lloyd. These people are just like you and me.

LLOYD:

What are you talking about? They're educated, well-bred, charming, and sophisticated.

HARRY:

shit, would you look at the fun bags on that hose hound.

He points out a busty BLONDE BOMBSHELL entering the party. Lloyd rolls his eyes.

LLOYD:

Don't do this to me, Harry. I'm already a wreck. What if Mary doesn't like me?

HARRY:

Look, let's just go saddle up to the bar and down a couple bowls of loudmouth soup. A little booze'll bring back that old Lloyd Christmas over-confidence.

The guys stand out at the glittering social scene as they make their way to the bar.

LLOYD:

(to BARTENDER)

Two martinis, straight up.

As Harry and Lloyd silently take in the party, a BEAUTIFUL RED HEAD reaches between them

for a cocktail napkin, then walks away.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Shut up, Harry.

HARRY:

I didn't say anything.

LLOYD:

Yeah, well I know what you were gonna say and I'm telling you to shut up in advance.

HARRY:

How do you know what I was gonna say?

LLOYD:

I read you like a book.

HARRY:

Okay, if you read me like a book then what was I gonna say?

LLOYD:

You were gonna say:

(in Harry's looped VOICE)

'That's one fiery bush I wouldn't mind roasting my weenie in.'

Harry raises his eyebrows, IMPRESSED.

LLOYD (CONT.)

And I would say 'shut up', because this is our chance to get in with the rich and powerful and you don't ingratiate yourself to the kind of people by acting like Ron Jeremy on Spanish Fly.

The Bartender delivers their martinis as we hear the o.s. CLINKING of a glass. The guys turns to see Nicholas Andre standing at a podium. Next to him is a LARGE, COVERED DISPLAY. On his other side are Karl and Elizabeth Swanson.

ANDRE:

If I could have your attention,

The crowd QUIETS.

ANDRE (CONT.)

I'd like to thank you all for coming to this very special event. As you know, the Aspen Preservation Society - founded and chiefly funded by our great benefactors, Karl and Helen Swanson - is the world's foremost

defender of endangered species. Our sprawling grounds are home to twenty-three separate varieties of animals that are currently listed on the United Nation's charter of protected species. Tonight, we are deeply honored to have Mr. Karl Swanson welcome our twenty-fourth.

The crowd CLAPS as Mr. Swanson takes Andre's place at the podium.

MR. SWANSON

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Icelandic Snow Owl.

He pulls the cover off, revealing TWO MAJESTIC, FLUFFY WHITE OWLS IN A CAGE.

Everyone OOHS and AHHS.

MR. SWANSON (CONT.)

These magnificent specimens were rescued recently, culminating a five-year, two-million-dollar effort on our part. Together, they constitute one-seventh of the snow owl population left on the planet.

ON ANDRE - he's nervously eyeing Harry and Lloyd. He looks pale.

MR. SWANSON (CONT.)

Here these lovely birds will be allowed to breed in a natural but protected habitat. And, God willing, with your help and that of the Society's, we will see these wonderful creatures flourish once more.

More APPLAUSE.

MR. SWANSON (CONT.)

Again, thank you, and enjoy your evening. Oh, and feel free to take a closer look at our new friends here.

Enjoy.

The crowd APPLAUDS and begins to mingle again. Lloyd turns back to the Bartender and holds up his empty glass.

LLOYD:

Two more, please.

Harry stares at Lloyd with concern.

HARRY:

Lloyd, I've never seen you this uptight. You've gotta chill out.

LLOYD:

I can't help it. This is a very important night for me.

(beat)

Harry, have you ever wondered why you and I never have long-term girlfriends?

HARRY:

What are you talking about? I went out with Fraida Felcher for two and a half weeks.

LLOYD:

That was a fluke.

(beat)

The reason we never have long-term girlfriends is because of one thing: We're afraid of the C word.

HARRY:

That's crazy. We live for the C word.

LLOYD:

I'm talking bout commitment.

HARRY:

(beat)

Oh.

LLOYD:

Well I'm ready for commitment, Harry. The first time I laid eyes on Mary Swanson, I knew she was the one.

(beat)

Some things you feel in your heart, other things you feel in your groin. This girl makes me feel it all in the

heart.

Suddenly Lloyd notices something across the room.

HIS POV - a beguiling Mary Swanson is talking with a couple of guests.

She's wearing a

spectacular black cocktail dress.

Lloyd quickly turns toward the bar.

LLOYD:

Oh shit, there she is.

HARRY:

(checking her out)

Wow. You weren't kidding, Lloyd.

She's an angel.

(beat)

Well, what are you waiting for? Get over there and talk to her.

LLOYD:

She's gonna think I'm some kind of psycho when she realizes how far I came just to see her.

HARRY:

be thrilled to see you.

LLOYD:

And then what? She'll take it back and that'll be it. I'm a nobody.

Harry thinks about this a moment.

HARRY:

Look, man, you just drove two thousand miles to see this girl. Don't quit on the last fifty feet.

LLOYD:

(brightening)

Wait a second, I have an idea. You go over and introduce yourself. That way you can build me up so when I come along I won't have to brag about myself. Tell her I'm good-looking

and I'm rich and I have a rapist's
wit.

HARRY:

I can't tell her you're good looking,

Lloyd takes a big gulp of his new martini.

LLOYD:

Please Harry, I'm appealing to you as
one loser to another. Just build me
up and then give me a signal to come
over. Please.

Harry SIGHS.

HARRY:

All right. But you're gonna owe me a
big one for this.

Harry straightens his polka-dot bow-tie, then APPROACHES Mary, who is now
standing alone,
admiring the owls.

HARRY (CONT.)

Nice set of hooters you got there.

Mary turns to Harry, stunned.

MARY:

I beg your pardon?

HARRY:

The owls. They're beautiful.

MARY:

Oh. Yeah.

(beat)

Are you a bird lover?

HARRY:

Well, I used to have a parakeet, but
my main area of expertise is

layperson.

She smiles at this.

MARY:

Thanks. I love dogs, too. So how are you involved with them?

HARRY:

Oh, I've trained them, bathed them, clipped them; I've even bred them.

MARY:

Really? Any unusual breeding?

HARRY:

Nah, mostly just doggie-style. But one time we successfully mated a Bulldog and a Shitzu.

MARY:

Really? That's weird.

HARRY:

Yeah. We called it a Bullshit.

(breaks out LAUGHING)

Just a little breeder joke.

She seems strangely charmed by this.

HARRY (CONT.)

Anyway, the real reason I came over is because I want to introduce you to a friend of mine.

Just then, Mary's stepmother approaches. She's holding a martini and looking a little sloshed.

HELEN:

Mary, I don't believe I've met your friend.

MARY:

Actually, we haven't been introduced yet.

(holds out hand)

I'm Mary Swanson, and this is my stepmother, Helen.

HARRY:

Harry Dunne. Pleasure meeting you both.

HELEN:

I saw you come in earlier, Mr. Dunne.
I was hoping we'd get a chance to
meet.

HARRY:

(taken aback)
You were?

HELEN:

sense of humor. So does Mary.
Mary shoots Helen a look, then smiles at Harry.

HARRY:

Really?
For a moment, he's caught up in Mary's eyes, but then manages to snap out
of it.
HARRY (CONT.)

HELEN:

--Are you doing anything tomorrow,
Mr. Dunne? Because I believe Mary's
looking for somebody to hit the
slopes with.

HARRY:

Whuh?

MARY:

Helen, you're embarrassing me.

HELEN:

Well you are, aren't you?
(to Harry)
Poor girl doesn't get out enough. So
what do you say, Harry? Are you
available?
Harry thinks about this, then looks across the room at a hopeful Lloyd.

HARRY:

Oh, I don't know. You see, my

HELEN:

--Forget your friends for one day.
You and Mary will have a ball.
Mary's captivating eyes meet his, waiting for an answer.

HARRY:

ON LLOYD - he waits impatiently at the bar as Harry returns.

LLOYD:

How come you didn't call me over?

HARRY:

Relax, you're golden. I got you a
date with her tomorrow.
Lloyd falls back against the bar and grabs his chest. He's SPEECHLESS.

LLOYD:

(smiles)
I love you, man. I love you!
Lloyd clamps an embarrassed Harry in a TIGHT EMBRACE.

HARRY:

Okay, get a grip, Lloyd. You're
making a scene.
Lloyd steps back elated.

LLOYD:

This calls for a toast!
He grabs a bottle of champagne out of a bucket and starts to open it.
LLOYD (CONT.)

You're gonna be my best man, Har, I
mean it. It was always between you
and my future wife's brother, but you
just earned a seat at the head table,
pal.

Suddenly the CORK SHOOTS OUT OF THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE AND ZIPS ACROSS

EYED OWLS. In quick succession we hear a BOK!, a SQUAWK!, and a THUMP!
A HUSH falls over the entire party as everyone turns their stunned

attention to the cage.

THEIR POV - feathers are floating in the air throughout the cage, and one of the Icelandic Snow

Owls LIES ON ITS BACK, its species now one bird closer to extinction.

Harry and Lloyd look on in horror. Harry takes the smoking champagne bottle from Lloyd and

places it on the bar.

HARRY:

(under breath)

I think we've done enough hobnobbing,
Lloyd.

The guys LOWER THEIR HEADS and slink out of the room before anyone can figure out what

nearby watching their every move. And he doesn't look very happy.

CUT TO:

INT. AASPEN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nicholas Andre is pacing the room with a drink in his hand while J.P. Shay looks on nervously.

J.P. SHAY

Maybe it was just a coincidence.

ANDRE:

Don't be stupid. It's a message,
plain and simple: We killed their
bird, now they killed ours.

J.P. SHAY

But how could anybody off a bird with
a cork?

ANDRE:

These guys aren't just anybody.
They're good. Look what they did to
Mental. He was the best, and yet he
fell right into their web.

J.P. SHAY

But the bastards already got our
money. What the hell more could they
want?

Andre runs his fingers through his hair.

ANDRE:

(at wit's end)

I don't know, god damn it!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - THE NEXT MORNING

A jubilant Lloyd is fixing his hair in the mirror. In the b.g., Harry is putting on his new ski clothes

LLOYD:

know, it has kind of a ring to it,
doesn't it, Har?

HARRY:

Sounds nice, Lloyd, but don't you think you may be jumping the gun a little? I mean, who knows, when you get to know her, you may find out she's not your type.

LLOYD:

Impossible. I know my type when I see it. Now let me get this straight, she wants me to meet her at the Avalanche Bar and Grill on Main Street?

HARRY:

That's what she said. Ten o'clock sharp.
This is when Lloyd notices Harry's get-up.

LLOYD:

Time out. Where are going dressed like that.

HARRY:

I, uh, thought while you were making your love connection I'd try my luck on the slopes.

LLOYD:

You mean you're gonna go out in public dressed in tights?

HARRY:

These aren't tights. They're fashionable Euro-trash ski trousers.

LLOYD:

But you can see the outline of your who-who.
Harry looks down at his crotch.

HARRY:

Really?

LLOYD:

Turn sideways.
Harry turns his profile against the window.
LLOYD (CONT.)
Actually, it's just a tiny little lump. No one will ever notice.

HARRY:

You're right. I can't go out dressed like this.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASPEN BASE LODGE - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the building.

INT. ASPEN BASE LODGE

People are putting their boots on and their skis are lined up on the wall behind them. Mary is waiting by the fireplace in an incredibly sexy snowsuit. Suddenly Harry appears in the room, dressed ridiculously. As he begins to clumsily make his way through the lodge toward Mary, we see that he ALREADY HAS HIS SKIS ON. He kicks over a row of skis and gets glares from all sides. Finally he reaches her, OUT OF BREATH.

HARRY:

Sorry I'm late. It's a bitch driving a clutch with these things.

EXT. CHAIR LIFT - DAY

Harry and Mary are at the front of the lift line. The couple ahead of them get on a chair, and then they shuffle into position. Harry crouches nervously, waiting for the chair. The chair swings

Harry is STILL IN THE CROUCHING POSITION, having missed the ride. Mary looks back at him, confused. Suddenly he pretends to be stretching.

HARRY:

(CALLING OUT)

You take the first run alone. I'm gonna loosen up down here.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALANCHE BAR & GRILL - DAY

Lloyd ENTERS the bar as the WAITERS are setting up for the day.

WAITER:

I'm sorry, we don't open until eleven.

This is disconcerting news to Lloyd.

LLOYD:

I'm meeting someone. Mind if I wait at the bar?

The Waiter shrugs and Lloyd sits down at the empty bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHAIR LIFT - DAY

Harry and Mary are now sitting together on a chair as it rises higher and higher toward the imposing mountain top. Harry holds onto the chair's frame nervously.

MARY:

Beautiful day, huh, Harry?

HARRY:

Glorious.

Mary takes a DEEP BREATH.

MARY:

God, it feels so good to get up here. I haven't been outdoors much in the

last couple of weeks.

HARRY:

Why not?

MARY:

(evasive)

don't want to bore you with them.

HARRY:

Thanks.

He looks mindlessly off in the distance. Then Harry notices a PATCH OF FROST on the chair lift bar.

HARRY (CONT.)

tugs a few times, but it won't budge.

MARY:

Are you okay?

HARRY:

(lispings)

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

As Mary and Harry arrive at the top of the lift, Mary disembarks but Harry stays on.

HARRY:

(lispings)

Harry and the chair lift swing around and start heading down the hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOTTOM OF MOUNTAIN - DAY

The chair lift comes back around with Harry still sitting on it, stuck to the bar. Two LITTLE KIDS climb on with him.

HARRY:

(lispng)

Hi.

(off their looks)

Say, kids, you wouldn't happen to have a cup of warm water, would you?

The two kids just stare at him.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALANCHE BAR & GRILL - AFTERNOON

A despondent Lloyd's got a couple of empties in front of him now. The bar is open and there are a few CUSTOMERS sprinkled about. Lloyd takes a sip of his drink and looks up at the clock on the

wall. It's 12:

We see a pair of beautiful legs slide onto the stool next to him. PAN OVER to reveal that it's the Athletic Beauty that Harry had tried to pick up at the truck stop.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

Hi.

Lloyd GRUNTS a hello.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY (CONT.)

Bad day, huh?

Lloyd GRUNTS once more.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY (CONT.)

(big smile)

well don't worry, Mercury's supposed to be coming out or retrograde tonight. Things will get better.

As Lloyd GRUNTS again, we

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE LODGE - AFTERNOON

Mary gracefully carves her way to the bottom of the hill and stops with a snow-spraying flourish.

She looks around the outdoor patio for Harry. She spots something and does a DOUBLE-TAKE.

MARY'S POV - Harry is sitting at a table, STILL ATTACHED TO THE CHAIR LIFT (which

has been removed from the cable). He's drinking a cup of coffee and trying to act nonchalant,

despite the gawking of the other SKIERS. There's a MIME performing in the b.g.

BACK TO SCENE:

MARY:

My god. Harry, are you okay?

HARRY:

(lispng)

I'm fine, I'm fine. It'll come off.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP of Harry's head through a RIFLE SCOPE. REVERSE ANGLE to reveal J.P. Shay a few hundred feet up the hill with a high-powered rifle trained on Harry.

SHAY:

You're luck just ran out, pal.

As his trigger finger TWITCHES with anticipation, we go

BACK TO SCENE:

MARY:

Mary gets up and stands behind Harry. He MOANS nervously. She grabs his head in both hands and starts pulling it away from the bar. We see HARRY'S TONGUE STRETCH

of J.P. Shay's bullet as it WHIZZES BY. We hear the Mime in the b.g. CRY OUT in pain:

MIME:

GODDAMN IT! WHAT THE FUCK?!

The poor Mime holds his bleeding hand and retreats nervously into the lodge as the CROWD BOOS him.

CUT TO:

INT. AVALANCHE BAR & GRILL - AFTERNOON

Lloyd's now swimming in despair, as the Athletic Beauty RAMBLES ON beside him.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

into my garage for the third time, I said to myself, 'Run, Cathy, run for your life before he kills you both'.

LLOYD:

--No, and to be perfectly honest, I don't really care.

(beat)

Look, I'm sorry, but I'm not very good company today.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

I'll say.

(beat)

I have an idea. Why don't you tell me a little about yourself.

LLOYD:

Maybe some other time.

Lloyd motions for the BARTENDER.

LLOYD (CONT.)

Excuse me, you wouldn't happen to know a Mary Swanson, would you?

BARTENDER:

Sure. Her family comes in here all the time.

LLOYD:

Do you know where she lives?

BARTENDER:

Yeah, they got that big place up on Alpine Drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWANSON CHALET - LATE AFTERNOON

The hearse pulls up to the house and stops.

INT. HEARSE

MARY:

I've got to tell you, today was really just what I needed. Thanks a

lot, Harry.

HARRY:

My pleasure, Mary.

She beams and gives him a KISS on the cheek.

MARY:

So you'll pick me up tonight at 7:45?

HARRY:

Better make it quarter to eight.

I've got a few things to take care of first.

Harry watches, lovestruck, as Mary gets out of the car and walks toward the house.

HARRY (CONT.)

(to himself)

nice ring to it.

We PAN from the hearse to some nearby bushes, where we see a SHATTERED LLOYD WATCHING ALL THIS IN DISBELIEF.

LLOYD:

Some best man.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE of Lloyd walking through the hills of Aspen, totally BUMMED OUT.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - EVENING

Lloyd is sitting forlornly on the bed while Harry feigns surprise at what he's just heard.

HARRY:

It doesn't make any sense, Lloyd. She told me ten o'clock sharp. Are you sure you went to the right bar?

LLOYD:

Believe me, it was the right place.

(SIGHS)

I don't know, Har, maybe she just had second thoughts.

HARRY:

I have a hard time believing that,
Lloyd. The girl said she couldn't
wait to see you again.

Harry paces back and forth when suddenly SOMETHING OCCURES TO HIM.

HARRY (CONT.)

LLOYD:

What?

HARRY:

It just occurred to me. She must've
meant ten o'clock at night.

LLOYD:

(brightening)

HARRY:

Of course! Why would she have you
meet her at a bar at ten in the
morning?

LLOYD:

(shrugging)

I just figured she was a raging
alcoholic.

Harry BARKS OUT A LAUGH at their stupidity.

HARRY:

Boy, aren't we a couple of beauties?

LLOYD:

I knew there was an explanation. And
here I thought she was standing me
up.

HARRY:

That'll teach you to jump to
conclusions.

(beat)

Anyway, since you have your night all

planned, I think I'll run out and catch a flick.

As Harry walks into the closet to change, Lloyd clenches his fist and glares after him. Then he regains his composure and moves to the bar.

LLOYD:

Will you join me in a good luck toast before you head out?

HARRY:

(o.s.)

Sure thing, pal. Whatever you think will help your chances.

Lloyd BITES HIS LIP at this. He fills two mugs with coffee and throws a splash of Bailey's in each. He check to make sure Harry is still in the closet, then pulls out a BOX OF EX-LAX.

LLOYD DUMPS THE ENTIRE PACK INTO ONE MUG AND MIXES IT IN.

When Harry comes out of the closet dressed in a NEW SUIT AND TIE, Lloyd does a double-take.

LLOYD:

Pretty snazzed out for a movie, aren't you?

HARRY:

don't wanna chance getting turned away at the door.

LLOYD:

I see.

Lloyd hands him the mug with the Ex-Lax. Then he lifts his own glass.

LLOYD (CONT.)

To my friend Harry the matchmaker.

Harry feels a pang of guilt but drinks up anyway.

HARRY:

He GULPS DOWN THE DRINK.

CUT TO:

INT. HEARSE - NIGHT

Harry's driving along, WHISTLING happily to himself in anticipation of the night. Suddenly we hear a LOW, INTESTINAL RUMBLE. He reacts and rubs his stomach.

EXT. SWANSON CHALET - NIGHT

The hearse parks on the street and Harry gets out. He's walking up the steps to the house when we hear more GASEOUS THUNDER from his stomach. Harry stops in his tracks, gets his insides under control, and continues to the front porch, where he RINGS the bell. Mary answers the door, fiddling with her earrings.

MARY:

Hi. Come on in.

INT. SWANSON CHALET

Harry follows her inside.

MARY (CONT.)

Make yourself at home. I'm almost ready. Just give me one more minute.

As she disappears down a hallway, we hear Harry's UPSET STOMACH again. He notices a

bathroom off the hallway and rushes inside.

INT. BATHROOM

HOLD ON Harry's face as he quickly pulls his pants down and nestles onto the throne. He lets out

a SIGH OF RELIEF as he does his business, then leans over and SLIDES OPEN THE WINDOW

to air the room out. He's still glued to the toilet when he hears a KNOCK on the door.

MARY (CONT.)

(o.s.)

Are you in there, Harry?

HARRY:

(nervously)

Be right out.

MARY:

(o.s.)

I hope you're not using the toilet.

It's broken.

ZOOM IN TIGHT on Harry's face - his EYES GO WIDE and a visible SWEAT breaks out on his forehead.

HARRY:

Huh?

MARY:

(o.s.)

It doesn't flush.

HARRY:

EXT. HALLWAY

A confused Mary is standing outside the bathroom door.

MARY:

Shaving?

HARRY:

(o.s.)

Yeah! I was running a little late.

Thought this would save time.

MARY:

Okay. Well I'll be in the living room whenever you're ready.

INT. BATHROOM

Harry's got his pants back on and is lifting the lid off the toilet tank. He starts tinkering with a few valves.

HARRY:

(under breath)

EXT. LIVING ROOM - SWANSON CHALET - NIGHT

Mary's sitting patiently on the couch with her legs crossed. She looks at her watch, then flips on the TV.

ON THE TUBE - the news is on. A WOMAN REPORTER is addressing the CAMERA gravely:

REPORTER:

We'll be back in a minute with the story of the blind Indiana boy who was duped into buying a dead parakeet.

parakeet with its head Scotch taped on its body.

BLIND BOY:

The Reporter shakes her head and they go to a commercial. Mary SHIVERS at this and turns off the television. Suddenly the DOORBELL RINGS. She gets up and opens the front door.

HER POV - a dapper Lloyd is standing there in his new Aspen-chic clothes.

MARY:

LLOYD:

Hi.

(beat)

Don't you remember me?

MARY:

LLOYD:

South Bend. I drove you to the airport last week.

MARY:

(dawning on her)

Oh my god. Lloyd, right?

Lloyd is thrilled at this.

LLOYD:

You remembered.

MARY:

What are you doing in Aspen?

LLOYD:

I brought you your briefcase You left it at the airport so I picked it up for you.

Mary's MOUTH DROPS OPEN.

MARY:

You're the one who took my briefcase?

LLOYD:

Yeah, it's back at my hotel room.

Come on, let's take a ride. I'll give it to you.

Mary is torn between getting her briefcase and waiting for Harry.

MARY:

Wait right here.

She goes to the bathroom door. Inside we hear the LOUD CLANKING of metal against metal.

MARY (CONT.)

Harry, what are you doing in there?

INT. BATHROOM

Harry's got the eintire toilet completely DISASSEMBLED now. Various pieces of the commode

litter the floor, including the big plastic float ball. He's on his knees tinkering with some pipes

coming out of the wall.

HARRY:

Uh... just cleaning my teeth. Give me a minute, Mary, I'll be right with you.

MARY:

(o.s.)

Sorry, but something important's come up and I have to run out. It's sort of an emergency. I'll explain later.

HARRY:

But Mary --

MARY:

(o.s.)

--I'm really sorry, Harry. I promise we'll do this another time.

Harry hears her FOOTSTEPS echo down the hallway and then the front DOOR CLOSING. Harry

slumps against the sink, defeated.

HARRY:

Great...

CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S JAGUAR - NIGHT

Lloyd is in the passenger seat, wearing a subtle, SATISFIED SMILE. An anxious looking Mary is at the wheel.

EXT. HOTEL DANBURY - NIGHT

The Jaguar pulls up in front of the hotel. As Lloyd and Mary get out, we PAN OVER to reveal that they were being followed by Nicholas Andre and J.P. Shay in a Mercedes.

INT. ANDRE'S MERCEDES

Andre pulls a PISTOL from beneath his seat and slips it into his coat.

ANDRE:

They're mine...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

The door opens and Lloyd and Mary ENTER.

LLOYD:

..So anyway, as soon as I got to town I tried to look you up but I didn't know your last name.

He leads her to the closed BRIEFCASE which is sitting on the bed.

MARY:

I don't believe it. You really have it.

LLOYD:

'Course I have it. When Lloyd Christmas drives a woman to the airport, he makes sure she gets all her luggage, no matter what he has to do.

Mary looks at Lloyd and smiles.

MARY:

This is incredible. You mean to say you drove two thousand miles just for me?

LLOYD:

Well... no... I mean, you know, there were other reasons...

(beat)

Actually, yeah, I guess I did.

She can't believe her ears.

MARY:

That is the sweetest thing I've ever heard.

He drops his head and Mary leans over and kisses him on the cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. HEARSE - NIGHT

A sullen Harry is driving back to the hotel.

HARRY:

(MUMBLING to himself)

It's all Karma, Harry. You screw your best friend over and it's gonna come back to haunt you, plain and simple...

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

CLOSE ON LLOYD'S FACE - he's starry-eyed in love as he spills his guts.

LLOYD:

Look, Mary, I know this may seem a little sudden but I've given it a lot

of thought:

been waiting for my whole life, and I'm not ashamed to admit it --

(holds up his hand)

--Please, let me finish.

(DEEP BREATH)

I'm crazy about you. I've never felt this way about anyone. You make it so easy for me to tell you my innermost desires.

(NERVOUS LAUGH)

Listen to me, I feel like a schoolboy again.

(beat)

A schoolboy who desperately wants to
make sweet, sweet love to you.

Suddenly we hear TOILET FLUSHING O.S.

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS that Lloyd has been talking to an EMPTY CHAIR. The
bathroom

door opens and Mary comes out. She looks around, expecting to see someone
else.

MARY:

Oh... I thought I heard you talking to
someone.

Lloyd is flustered. He swallows hard. It's the moment of truth.

LLOYD:

Mary...

(BLURTING OUT)

I desperately want to make love to a
schoolboy.

MARY:

(taken aback)

Maybe I should be going now.

LLOYD:

No, that's not what I meant. I
meant... I really like you, Mary. I
like you a lot.

She smiles at this.

LLOYD (CONT.)

I'm gonna ask you something flat out
and I want you to answer me honestly:
What do you think the chances are of
a girl like you and a guy like me
ending up together?

Mary is obviously thrown by this question.

MARY:

Lloyd, that's difficult to say. I
mean we hardly --

LLOYD:

--I asked you to be honest, Mary.

MARY:

But Lloyd, I really can't --

LLOYD:

--Come on, give it to me straight. I drove a long way to see you, the least you can do is level with me. What are my chances?

MARY:

Not good.

BEAT:

LLOYD:

You mean not good, like one out of a hundred?

MARY:

I'd say more like one out of a million.

BEAT:

LLOYD:

(Duh)

So you're telling me there's a chance?

Just then, there's a KNOCK at the door. When Lloyd opens it, he's face to face with Nicholas Andre.

MARY:

Nicholas... what are you doing here?

ANDRE:

I've been looking for you, Mary.

I've got some interesting news about your husband.

Lloyd looks at MARY, devastated.

LLOYD:

Husband?

ANDRE:

Aren't you two going to invite me in?

Lloyd and Mary hear a CLICK and turn to see Andre POINTING A GUN at them.

Andre steps

into the room, and we

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL DANBURY - LOBBY - NIGHT

As Harry mopes through the lobby, we hear someone CALL OUT:

WOMAN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Hey!

Harry turns to see the Athletic Beauty approaching.

HARRY:

You...? What are you doing here?

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

Nicholas Andre has his gun pointed at a stunned Lloyd and Mary.

ANDRE:

Well at least you two got to say your goodbyes.

LLOYD:

Who are you?

ANDRE:

Don't play dumb with me, asshole.

I'm the rightful owner of that

briefcase you've been carrying.

LLOYD:

Uh-oh.

Mary can't believe what's happening.

MARY:

Nicholas, you... you motherfucker! My family trusted you!

ANDRE:

Shut up!

LLOYD:

Uh, sir, about the briefcase, I want you to know, my friend Harry and I have every intention of reimbursing you.

Andre looks alarmed. He motions Mary to the briefcase with his gun.

ANDRE:

Open that damn thing!

Mary opens the briefcase and a pile of WHITE, CRUMPLED-UP BALLS OF PAPER fall out

along with a few packets of hundreds.

ANDRE (CONT.)

What the hell's this? Where's all the money?

LLOYD:

That's as good as money, sir. Those are our IOUs. You can add them up yourself. Every penny's accounted for.

Andre looks like his head is about to BURST in anger.

ANDRE:

You're fucking dead!

LLOYD:

Now don't do anything hasty, man.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Harry gets out of the elevator and lets himself into the Presidential Suite.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

Harry ENTERS looking contrite and CALLS OUT:

HARRY:

Lloyd, are you home? We've gotta talk, man. I have a serious confession to make.

Harry comes around the corner and STOPS COLD.

HIS POV - Lloyd and Mary are lying on the bed, their arms handcuffed to the bedpost.

HARRY (CONT.)

Oh good, you found her. I'll just
leave you two kids alone.

Harry turns to go, but bumps into the MUZZLE OF ANDRE'S GUN.

ANDRE:

Why don't you stay and join the
party?

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Harry is sitting beside Lloyd and Mary on the bed. Nicholas Andre keeps his
gun trained on them
while he SPEAKS on the phone:

ANDRE:

..I want a one-way ticket to Rio De
Janerio departing as soon as
possible...

ON THE BED - Harry and Lloyd can't look each other in the eye.

MARY:

You mean you two know each other?

LLOYD:

(cutting)

Yeah, we used to be best friends.

HARRY:

Until he turned into a backstabber.

LLOYD:

Me a backstabber? You got a lot of
nerve. I saw her first.

HARRY:

Hey, I couldn't help it if she found
me irresistable.

Mary ROLLS HER EYES at this.

LLOYD:

But you knew how crazy I was
about her.

HARRY:

Yeah, and you knew how crazy I was about Fraida Felcher, but that didn't stop you, did it?

LLOYD:

(waning righteousness)

What are you talking about?

HARRY:

Don't deny it, Lloyd. Fraida told me the whole sordid story.

Lloyd can't muster a defense.

LLOYD:

Look... I was gonna tell you about that. It was gonna be mentioned at the reading of my will. I swear, you can ask my lawyer.

Harry glares at him.

HARRY:

Well I guess we both learned a little something about each other, didn't we?

LLOYD:

You said it, pal. Maybe we're not as good friends as we thought we were.

HARRY:

Guess not.

LLOYD:

I mean, if one beautiful girl could rip us apart like this, then it seems our friendship isn't worth a damn.

(beat)

Maybe we should call it quits right here.

HARRY:

Just tell me where to sign, bud.

Suddenly they hear the metallic CLICK-CLACK OF A GUN BEING COCKED.

ANDRE:

Okay, which one of you losers wants to die first?
The guys exchange a look and SWALLOW HARD.

HARRY:

I wouldn't pull that trigger if I were you.

ANDRE:

Why not? It'll look like just another Aspen love triangle. You caught the two of them in bed, handcuffed them to the post, murdered them, and killed yourself.

HARRY:

(smug)
Except you're forgetting one minor detail.

ANDRE:

What's that?
Lloyd and Mary look at Harry, hopeful.

HARRY:

If you kill us, you'd be killing yourself.

ANDRE:

(puzzled)
Huh?

HARRY:

You see, philosophers believe that we're all really just tiny pieces of one huge universal being. In other words, I am you and you are me, so if you were to kill us you'd be committing suicide, you unenlightened idiot --

ANDRE:

--Shut up!

Mary sees that they're in deep shit now.

MARY:

What about my husband? Did you kill him, too?

HARRY:

Husband? What husband?

LLOYD:

Mary's married, Harry.

ANDRE:

No need to worry about Melvin.

(beat)

Now this is the last time I'll ask:

Who wants to die first?

Harry gestures with his head at Mary.

HARRY:

Kill her. The bitch should've told him she was married back at the airport. It would've saved us a lot of trouble.

Andre points the gun at Mary.

LLOYD:

No, I'll go first, Harry. I was the one who got you into this mess.

Andre points the gun at Lloyd.

HARRY:

No, wait, do me first. I'm the one who stole your girl, Lloyd. I deserve it.

Andre SIGHS and points the gun at Harry. Then, as Mary and Lloyd look on in horror, he FIRES

TWICE. Harry grabs his stomach and falls off the bed to the floor.

LLOYD:

Jesus Christ! You killed my best friend, you bastard!

Andre smiles.

ANDRE:

If it's any consolation, you're about to be reunited.

He aims the gun at Lloyd, COCKS THE TRIGGER. Suddenly, a SHOT RINGS OUT and the gun

is blown out of Andre's hand.

ON THE FLOOR - Harry is very much alive and pointing a pistol at the stunned Nicholas Andre.

LLOYD:

Harry! You're alive!

Just then, the door BURSTS OPEN and SEVERAL POLICE OFFICERS storm in with their

weapons drawn.

COP #1

Get your hands up, asshole!

Lloyd and Harry throw their hands into the air. A stunned Andre turns to see six guns pointing at

his head. He reluctantly raises his hands. Mary and Lloyd are flabbergasted by the turn of events.

There's a sudden commotion in the room. Pushing her way through the mass of cops comes the

Athletic Beauty. She flashes an ID.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

Special Officer Kathryn Frick.

Federal Bureau of Investigation.

LLOYD:

(dumbstruck)

You gotta be kidding.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

Good work, Harry.

Lloyd looks to his friend, confused. Harry opens his shirt, revealing a BULLET-PROOF VEST.

HARRY:

She grabbed me down in the lobby and explained what was up. They slapped this on me and gave me a gun.

LLOYD:

(to Athletic Beauty)

But how did you...?

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

We've been following you two all the way from Providence. Mr. and Mrs. Swanson had a homing device plated in the briefcase. The guys glance guiltily at one another.

HARRY:

Yeah, about that dough...

ATHLETIC BEAUTY:

Every bill was counterfeit and marked. Harry and Lloyd EXHALE A SIGH OF RELIEF.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL DANBURY - NIGHT

There's a swarm of ONLOOKERS as Andre and J.P. Shay are hustled into a police car and driven away. While Mary TALKS to the police, Harry and Lloyd stare at her lovingly.

LLOYD:

She's something, ain't she, Har?

HARRY:

You were right, Lloyd. She was definitely worth the trip.

LLOYD:

Guess we have to admit it, she was too good for us. Just then, a cruiser pulls up and Mary's husband jumps out.

MELVIN:

Oh god, baby, I missed you! Harry and Lloyd stare in wonder as MEL GIBSON climbs out of the car. Mary and Mel embrace, then Mel turns to the guys.

MELVIN:

I can't thank you enough, fellas. It

was so darn dank in that well, I
really thought it would be the death
of me.

Harry and Lloyd are too stunned to respond. They look at each other, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL DANBURY - THE NEXT DAY

Lloyd and Harry come out of the elevator with their meager luggage, but
this time nobody rushes
to their aid.

EXT. HOTEL DANBURY - DAY

The guys EXIT the hotel and approach the Bell Captain, Barnard.

HARRY:

Hey, Barney...

BELL CAPTAIN:

Yes, gentlemen?

LLOYD:

Look, we just wanted to say that we
appreciate all you did for us during
our stay.

HARRY:

And we're, um, sorry about the money
we gave you turning out to be phony.

BELL CAPTAIN:

Don't worry about it, gentlemen. The
Swanson family has promised to
reimburse everyone.

This seems to please Lloyd and Harry. The hearse is delivered to the front
door.

LLOYD:

Well, anyway, thanks again for
everything.

They turn to go, but Barnard CALLS TO THEM:

BARNARD:

Where are you two headed?

HARRY:

I dunno. I'm sure we'll find a trailer camp somewhere to call home.

BARNARD:

Why not right here?

Harry and Lloyd look at each other, confused.

LLOYD:

This joint is a little out of our budget, Barney.

BARNARD:

(smiling)

Oh, I think we might be able to find you a free room somewhere -- after all, like you once told me, we're all from the same mold.

(winks)

You just don't have any dough right now.

The guys are STUNNED by Barnard's generous offer.

HARRY:

Are you on the level?

BARNARD:

Absolutely. We'll just slide you into one of the employee rooms...

The guys beam at this.

BARNARD (CONT.)

...Provided, of course, you don't mind working one or two afternoons a week.

Harry and Lloyd lock eyes. Then:

LLOYD:

You know what, Barney, I think we'll take out chances down the road.

Barnard shakes his head as the two fools climb into their hearse and drive off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

As the hearse drives down the road, we hear V.O.:

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Since we're finished elbow-rubbing,
what next, lloyd?

LLOYD:

(v.o.)

I say we head due south and try a
little nose-rubbing with some of them
slinky eskimo babes.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Now you're talking my language. You
know I got a weakness for blondes.

As they head toward their next adventure, the CAMERA PULLS UP, UP, UP...

END CREDITS:

THE END: