

DUMB AND DUMBER

by

Peter Farrelly
Bennett Yellin
Bob 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'D)

(to self)
Guess I won't be going Down Under tonight...

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.)
Carr 22, come in, car 22...

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 DALMATIAN. 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: No pushing, no humping,
and no sniffing heinies...

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
leash, sir - because it's demeaning
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

You kids stay right here...

As he turns to round up the other, we discover that the wall isn't a wall - it's a flatbed truck. The truck drives away, taking the two dogs with it.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(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)

I'll be just a minute...

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

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 selling worm farms - you know, like 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

Uh... well, sure - but they aren't half 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'D)

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'D)
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.

She passes a row of phone booths and two MEN - one dressed in an ARMANI SUIT, the other in a PLAID SPORTCOAT - watch her.

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.

HIS POV - his limo is being towed away - under the supervision of the Police Officer.

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
out...

Mental takes some PILLS and starts CHOMPING them.

SHAY (CONT'D)

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'D)
(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'D)
(still Tweety)
I did, I did..

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'D)

What's cheaper, Thunderbird or Night
Train?

HARRY

Get Robitussin - it's a better buzz.

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

Change? No, I'm sorry, I don't...

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

Of course, young man...

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'D)
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
Petey - he's... he's dead.

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)
I don't suppose he had a warranty...?

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
ladies...

HARRY
Okay, calm down.

LLOYD
No I won't calm down.

Lloyd flops down in a chair.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
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
to end up like Petey - dead in some
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 briefcase - and you need me to drive 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,
man...
(thinking hard)
...and I'll be damned if I can
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
and you..."

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'D)
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
marbles, Petey, three comic books -

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'D)

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:

EXT. TRUCK STOP CAFÉ - AFTERNOON

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

INT. TRUCK STOP CAFÉ

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)
Uh, excuse me...

The Waitress reluctantly returns to the table.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
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'D)
Uh-oh...

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: WINE 'EM, DINE 'EM, SIXTY-NINE 'EM.

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

Um... the thought had crossed my mind.

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:

EXT. TRUCK STOP CAFÉ - AFTERNOON

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:

INT. TRUCK STOP CAFÉ

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
with the locals...
(brightening)
Wait a second. I think I just had an
idea. Follow me...

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

LLOYD (CONT'D)
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
fellas - hope to see you again down
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
there is Sea Bass...

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
wants...

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:

EXT. TRUCK STOP CAFÉ - AFTERNOON

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.

The Truckers jump in their rigs and RUMBLE AWAY - in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION our
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

Well... just take a whiz in an empty beer
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

Uh-oh...

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'D)

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'D)
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'D)
You know, you fellas were all over
the road back there.

HARRY
Yes, sir, we had a little...
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
Sir, I wouldn't -

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

LLOYD
(under breath)
You would, too...

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 house, gesturing for him to follow...

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.)
Ooh... ooh... Mary...

MARY
(v.o.)
How does that feel, Lloyd?

LLOYD
(v.o.)
Mmmm... tingly...

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.)

Lloyd, will you wash my nipples...?

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 sheets... You know, there's only one 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. We stayed at a place like this once - 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'D)

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

Hold on a second, Mr. Andre...

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'D)

Sorry, boss. You were saying...?

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 turn, expecting to see a dog - but there isn't one. They both take another step forward, and the GROWL GETS LOUDER AND MEANER. Again, Mental and Shay stop. He peeks under the car. Nothing.

SHAY

What the fuck...?

Finally, Shay reaches for the door handle. As soon as he touches it, though, the car alarm goes off - but instead of a siren, it's the incredibly annoying sound of a POODLE YAPPING. Mental jumps 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 already -

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: what exactly do we do when we
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)

Wow... talk about paradise.

(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'D)
Harry, look - the golden arches. Pull
over, I'm starving.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

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

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE
...That's two cheese burgers, two
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
About this social scene - how do you
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'D)

Hey, wait a second. Hold everything.

HARRY

What?

LLOYD

Aren't you forgetting something?

Harry thinks about this.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Back at Mickey D's? A little matter you might've overlooked...?

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 leet 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

The trio have picked up SIX MIGRANT WORKERS and everyone is crammed into the car - 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'D)

Hmmm... full-bodied, delicate bouquet,
aged to perfection -

HARRY

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

(beat)

Come on, Marquis of Dingleberry's
rules: you got ten seconds.

LLOYD

All right. I'll say: cheese doodles,
chili dog - extra onions, garden salad
with blue...

HARRY

And...?

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:

EXT. DANTE'S INFERNO CAFÉ - LATE AFTERNOON

A large neon road sign beside the café shows a man's exasperated face with FLAMES 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
Hmmm, not bad...

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.

Lloyd and Harry - who are both sweating profusely now - start to GULP down their water. This, of course, makes it burn more.

MENTAL (CONT'D)

Aw, shucks, that's right. Water just makes it worse..

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.'
Hand me those peppers - the atomic 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'D)

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. All I saw was a couple bags... and 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 at the wrong time..

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)

My ulcer... quick... pills... in my coat...

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

I can't believe it...

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'D)

Hey, relax, man, I'm just as responsible as you are - we both slipped him the peppers - and look at me, I 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

..My official conclusion is that the 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 called the ambulance - then they hit 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'D)

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

Wait a second - one burger put us over
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

Jesus Christ...

Andre's forehead begins to glisten with perspiration.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

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 road sign 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 café. Harry climbs out, thoroughly exhausted, walks around and opens the passenger door.

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'D)
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)
And right on time...

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: suitcases in back seat)
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'D)
Allow me...

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'D)
Look, um, maybe when I get to Aspen
we can meet up... you know, for hot
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'D)

I know I have one here somewhere...

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)

Positive - please hurry.

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'D)

Okay, my number is 652-2553.

(beat)

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

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

Um, yeah - could you do it the other 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 bathroom, panic-stricken. In his desperation he PLOWS THROUGH THE STALL DOOR - KNOCKING SEA BASS ON THE HEAD - and thrusts his flaming foot into the toilet, 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

CLOSE UP - of Harry's BURNT SHOE - with the toes sticking out - on the accelerator.

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 imply that I'm -

HARRY

--Hold that thought - look, we're
almost in Colorado.

Lloyd squints through the windshield. A sign up ahead says: LAST EXIT IN NEBRASKA -
COLORADO STATE LINE - 3 MILES.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I think it's about time we pull over
and change seats. I've been driving
for nine straight hours - I don't have
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

Hey, I picked you up a Beef Jerky..

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

LLOYD (CONT'D)

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 believe all the road pizza - two dead 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'D)

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

HARRY

Yeah, it really is.

(beat)

Wait a minute - when did you visit Des 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'D)
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'D)
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
Look, man... I'm sorry.
(beat)
I never should have let you talk me
into this in the first place. You've
got a good reason to go - a beautiful
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'D)
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
superstitious -

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 REPRISÉ '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
Um... good question.

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
Hmmm... You know, I don't believe I
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
Samsonite - spelled just like it
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
Mmmm mmmm good...

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
Hmmm... looks like an old piece of
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
Right here - the A/C button. I put it
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'D)
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'D)
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'D)
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'D)
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
No I'm not, man - look.

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'D)
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 few bucks - just a small loan - from 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

We'll be meticulous - right down to 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

...This is the Hotel Danbury's Presidential Suite, gentlemen. It's normally reserved for royalty, visiting dignitaries, and illustrious stars of stage and -

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
friend - how about some chow?

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
One of everything? Lloyd...

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'D)
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.)
Come in...

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'D)
Yech! What's in this, whiskey?

HELEN
Uh, sorry... that one's mine.

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

HELEN (CONT'D)
Feeling any better, honey?

Mary can't take her eyes from the window.

MARY
Just knowing that Melvin's out there,
being held by God knows who...
(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'D)

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 skin...
(defensive)
...I mean, you know, when a woman's 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: Dom Perignon.

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'D)
Hey, later on what do you say we...?

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

HARRY (CONT'D)
Lloyd... you okay?

LLOYD
(dumbstruck)
Harry, it's her.

HARRY
Who?

LLOYD
Mary with the briefcase. This is
her...

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'D)
Mary Swanson...

HARRY
Come on, Cinderella, it's time to get
you ready for the ball...

Roy Orbison's "Pretty Woman" plays over a...

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.

-Then a shot of a MAN next to them getting a pedicure. PAN OVER to Lloyd's bare feet - he has 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 Masseuse 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 pulls up - with Harry and Lloyd BUMPER SURFING BEHIND IT. Harry's wearing his blue tuxedo. Lloyd's tux isn't any better - it's pumpkin orange. (THEY'VE GOT MATCHING TOP HATS AND CANES.) When the hearse stops, the boys hand the driver - Barnard - a couple 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.

They ENTER the party. As Andre watches them go, his associate - J.P. Shay - comes up beside him, an alarmed look on his face.

J.P. SHAY
(WHISPERING)

Jesus Christ, boss... it's them.

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

So what? We can be sophistica - holy
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'D)
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'D)

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,
please...

The crowd QUIETS.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

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'D)

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'D)

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'D)

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
You have her briefcase - she's gonna
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 - she's got eyes.

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'D)

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
canines - that's dogs to the
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'D)

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

That tuxedo - I love a man with a
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'D)

Anyway, about my friend -

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
friend -

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

Um... well... I don't know. You see,
the thing is... sure.

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

Wha... you... I... it's...
(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'D)

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 THE ROOM LIKE A BULLET - DIRECTLY TOWARD ONE OF THE NOW EVEN WIDER-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 happened - anyone except for Nicholas Andre, that is; we PAN to show that he's been standing 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 - including a pair of thermal tights.

LLOYD

Mrs. Christmas... Mary
Christmas... Mrs. Mary Christmas. You
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'D)
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 around, comes up behind them, and makes a smooth pick up - of Mary, that is. An embarrassed 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)
There's been... family problems. I
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'D)
Oh, look... frost.

He licks it - and his TONGUE IMMEDIATELY FUSES WITH THE FROZEN METAL. He tugs a few times, but it won't budge.

MARY
Are you okay?

HARRY
(lispig)
Sure. I do this all the time..

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

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

HARRY
(lispig)
See ya at the bottom..

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
(lispig)
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 12:30.

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'D)
Bad day, huh?

Lloyd GRUNTS once more.

ATHLETIC BEAUTY (CONT'D)
(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
(lispering)
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
This is silly. Let me help you..

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 RIDICULOUSLY... FIVE INCHES... SIX... THEN EIGHT. Harry GROANS in pain. Suddenly, his TONGUE COMES UNDONE and Harry and Mary fall backwards - out of the path 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
...Anyway, after my boyfriend backed into my garage for the third time, I said to myself, 'Run, Cathy, run for your life before he kills you both'. Then you know what the klutz does -

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'D)
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'D)
(to himself)
Mary Dunne... Mrs. Mary Dunne... Got a
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'D)

Wait a minute...

LLOYD

What?

HARRY

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

LLOYD

(brightening)
Do ya think...?

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

Uh... it's for mature audiences. I
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'D)

To my friend Harry the matchmaker.

Harry feels a pang of guilt but drinks up anyway.

HARRY

Mmmmm...

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'D)

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'D)

(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
Um, no, I was just... shaving.

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)
Come on, flush, you bastard...

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.

We see Billy - the blind boy from apartment 4-C - sitting in his wheelchair, holding up Petey the parakeet with its head Scotch taped on its body.

BLIND BOY
...I thought he was real
quiet...

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
Yes...?

LLOYD
Hi.
(beat)
Don't you remember me?

MARY
Um... I'm not really...

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'D)
Harry, what are you doing in there?

INT. BATHROOM

Harry's got the entire 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: You're the woman I've 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'D)

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'D)

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'D)

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'D)

...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