

DUMB & DUMBER

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 own 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

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ump! 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 eath be in vain. Don't you see what he was saying? Spread your wings, man. he was saying? Spread your wings, man. Fly.

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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.

(MORE)

LLOYD (CONT'D)

(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.

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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.