

DUMB AND DUMBER - LLOYD - MAN OR WOMAN

INT. LLOYD AND HARRY'S APARTMENT

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

HARRY
Where is the booze?

LLOYD
I got robbed by Grandma Walton.
She got my wallet too...

HARRY
It gets worse, Lloyd. My
parakeet Petey he's... He's dead.

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
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 slump!
(MORE)

LLOYD (CONT'D)

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

HARRY

Yeah, and go where?

LLOYD

Someplace warm, 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

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

HARRY

What are you talking about Lloyd? His head fell off--

LLOYD

I'm sick and tired of having to
eat my way through life. I am
sick and tired of being a
nobody. But most of all, I'm
sick and tired of having
nobody.

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

HARRY

Petey, I made a promise to you
once, man. (thinking hard)
... and I'll be damned if I can
remember what it was.