

## THE BIG LEBOWSKI

We are floating up a steep scrubby slope. We hear male voices gently singing "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" and a deep, affable, Western-accented voice--Sam Elliot's, perhaps:

### VOICE-OVER

A way out west there was a fella,  
fella I want to tell you about, fella  
by the name of Jeff Lebowski. At  
least, that was the handle his lovin'  
parents gave him, but he never had  
much use for it himself. This  
Lebowski, he called himself the Dude.  
Now, Dude, that's a name no one would  
self-apply where I come from. But  
then, there was a lot about the Dude  
that didn't make a whole lot of sense  
to me. And a lot about where he  
lived, like- wise. But then again,  
maybe that's why I found the place  
s'durned innarestin'.

We top the rise and the smoggy vastness of Los Angeles at twilight stretches out before us.

### VOICE-OVER

They call Los Angeles the City of  
Angels. I didn't find it to be that  
exactly, but I'll allow as there are  
some nice folks there. 'Course, I  
can't say I seen London, and I never  
been to France, and I ain't never  
seen no queen in her damn undies as  
the fella says. But I'll tell you  
what, after seeing Los Angeles and  
thisahere story I'm about to unfold--  
wal, I guess I seen somethin' ever'  
bit as stupefyin' as ya'd see in any  
a those other places, and in English  
too, so I can die with a smile on my  
face without feelin' like the good  
Lord gypped me.

### INTERIOR RALPH'S

It is late, the supermarket all but deserted. We are tracking in on a fortyish man in Bermuda shorts and sunglasses at the dairy case. He is the Dude. His rumpled look and relaxed manner suggest a man in whom casualness runs deep.

He is feeling quarts of milk for coldness and examining their

expiration dates.

**VOICE-OVER**

Now this story I'm about to unfold  
took place back in the early nineties--  
just about the time of our conflict  
with Sad'm and the Eye-rackies. I  
only mention it 'cause some- times  
there's a man--I won't say a hee-ro,  
'cause what's a hee-ro?--but sometimes  
there's a man.

The Dude glances furtively about and then opens a quart of  
milk. He sticks his nose in the spout and sniffs.

**VOICE-OVER**

And I'm talkin' about the Dude here--  
sometimes there's a man who, wal,  
he's the man for his time'n place,  
he fits right in there--and that's  
the Dude, in Los Angeles.

**CHECKOUT GIRL**

She waits, arms folded. A small black-and white TV next to  
her register shows George Bush on the White House lawn with  
helicopter rotors spinning behind him.

**GEORGE BUSH**

This aggression will not stand. . .  
This will not stand!

The Dude, peeking over his shades, scribbles something at  
the little customer's lectern. Milk beads his mustache.

**VOICE-OVER**

...and even if he's a lazy man, and  
the Dude was certainly that--quite  
possibly the laziest in Los Angeles  
County.

The Dude has his Ralph's Shopper's Club card to one side and  
is making out a check to Ralph's for sixty-nine cents.

**VOICE-OVER**

...which would place him high in the  
runnin' for laziest worldwide--but  
sometimes there's a man. . . sometimes  
there's a man.

**EXTERIOR RALPH'S**

Long shot of the glowing Ralph's. There are only two or three cars parked in the huge lot.

**VOICE-OVER**

Wal, I lost m'train of thought here.  
But--aw hell, I done innerduced him  
enough.

The Dude is a small figure walking across the vast lot. Next to him walks a Mexican carry-out boy in a red apron and cap carrying a small brown bag holding the quart of milk. The two men's footsteps echo in the still of the night.

After a beat of walking the Dude offhandedly points.

**DUDE**

It's the LeBaron.

**DUDE'S HOUSE**

The Dude is going up the walkway of a small Venice bungalow court. He holds the paper sack in one hand and a small leatherette satchel in the other. He awkwardly hugs the grocery bag against his chest as he turns a key in his door.

**INSIDE**

The Dude enters and flicks on a light.

His head is grabbed from behind and tucked into an armpit. We track with him as he is rushed through the living room, his arm holding the satchel flailing away from his body. Going into the bedroom the outflung satchel catches a piece of doorframe and wallboard and rips through it, leaving a hole.

The Dude is propelled across the bedroom and on into a small bathroom, the satchel once again taking away a piece of doorframe. His head is plunged into the toilet. The paper bag hugged to his chest explodes milk as it hits the toilet rim and the satchel pulverizes tile as it crashes to the floor.

The Dude blows bubbles.

**VOICE**

We want that money, Lebowski. Bunny  
said you were good for it.

Hands haul the Dude out of the toilet. The Dude blubbers and gasps for air.

**VOICE**

Where's the money, Lebowski!

His head is plunged back into the toilet.

**VOICE**

Where's the money, Lebowski!

The hands haul him out again, dripping and gasping.

**VOICE**

**WHERE'S THE FUCKING MONEY, SHITHEAD!**

**DUDE**

It's uh, it's down there somewhere.  
Lemme take another look.

His head is plunged back in.

**VOICE**

Don't fuck with us. If your wife  
owes money to Jackie Treehorn, that  
means you owe money to Jackie  
Treehorn.

The inquisitor hauls the Dude's head out one last time and  
flops him over so that he sits on the floor, back against  
the toilet.

The Dude gropes back in the toilet with one hand.

Looming over him is a strapping blond man.

Beyond in the living room a young Chinese man unzips his fly  
and walks over to a rug.

**CHINESE MAN**

Ever thus to deadbeats, Lebowski.

He starts peeing on the rug.

The Dude's hand comes out of the toilet bowl with his  
sunglasses.

**DUDE**

Oh, man. Don't do--

**BLOND MAN**

You see what happens? You see what  
happens, Lebowski?

The Dude puts on his dripping sunglasses.

**DUDE**

Look, nobody calls me Lebowski. You got the wrong guy. I'm the Dude, man.

**BLOND MAN**

Your name is Lebowski. Your wife is Bunny.

**DUDE**

Bunny? Look, moron.

He holds up his hands.

**DUDE**

You see a wedding ring? Does this place look like I'm fucking married? All my plants are dead!

The blond man stoops to unzip the satchel. He pulls out a bowling ball and examines it in the manner of a superstitious native.

**BLOND MAN**

The fuck is this?

The Dude pats at his pockets, takes out a joint and lights it.

**DUDE**

Obviously you're not a golfer.

The blond man drops the ball which pulverizes more tile.

**BLOND MAN**

Woo?

The Chinese man is zipping his fly.

**WOO**

Yeah?

**BLOND MAN**

Wasn't this guy supposed to be a millionaire?

**WOO**

Uh?

They both look around.

**WOO**

Fuck.

**BLOND MAN**

What do you think?

**WOO**

He looks like a fuckin' loser.

The Dude pulls his sunglasses down his nose with one finger and peeks over them.

**DUDE**

Hey. At least I'm housebroken.

The two men look at each other. They turn to leave.

**WOO**

Fuckin' waste of time.

The blond man turns testily at the door.

**BLOND MAN**

Thanks a lot, asshole.

**ON THE DOOR SLAM WE CUT TO:**

**BOWLING PINS**

Scattered by a strike.

Music and head credits play over various bowling shots--pins flying, bowlers hoisting balls, balls gliding down lanes, sliding feet, graceful releases, ball return spinning up a ball, fingers sliding into fingerholes, etc.

The music turns into boomy source music, coming from a distant jukebox, as the credits end over a clattering strike.

A lanky blonde man with stringy hair tied back in a ponytail turns from the strike to walk back to the bench.

**MAN**

Hot damn, I'm throwin' rocks tonight.  
Mark it, Dude.

We are tracking in on the circular bench towards a big man nursing a large plastic cup of Bud. He has dark worried eyes and a goatee. Hairy legs emerge from his khaki shorts. He also wears a khaki army surplus shirt with the sleeves cut off over an old bowling shirt. This is Walter. He squints through the smoke from his own cigarette as he

addresses the Dude at the scoring table.

The Dude, also holding a large plastic cup of Bud, wears some of its foam on his mustache.

**WALTER**

This was a valued rug.

He elaborately clears his throat.

**WALTER**

This was, uh--

**DUDE**

Yeah man, it really tied the room together--

**WALTER**

This was a valued, uh.

Donny, the strike-scoring bowler, enters and sits next Walter.

**DONNY**

What tied the room together, Dude?

**WALTER**

Were you listening to the story, Donny?

**DONNY**

What--

**WALTER**

Were you listening to the Dude's story?

**DONNY**

I was bowling--

**WALTER**

So you have no frame of reference, Donny. You're like a child who wanders in in the middle of a movie and wants to know--

**DUDE**

What's your point, Walter?

**WALTER**

There's no fucking reason--here's my point, Dude--there's no fucking reason--

**DONNY**

Yeah Walter, what's your point?

**WALTER**

Huh?

**DUDE**

What's the point of--we all know who was at fault, so what the fuck are you talking about?

**WALTER**

Huh? No! What the fuck are you talking--I'm not--we're talking about unchecked aggression here--

**DONNY**

What the fuck is he talking about?

**DUDE**

My rug.

**WALTER**

Forget it, Donny. You're out of your element.

**DUDE**

This Chinaman who peed on my rug, I can't go give him a bill so what the fuck are you talking about?

**WALTER**

What the fuck are you talking about?! This Chinaman is not the issue! I'm talking about drawing a line in the sand, Dude. Across this line you do not, uh--and also, Dude, Chinaman is not the preferred, uh. . . Asian-American. Please.

**DUDE**

Walter, this is not a guy who built the rail- roads, here, this is a guy who peed on my--

**WALTER**

What the fuck are you--

**DUDE**

Walter, he peed on my rug--

**DONNY**

He peed on the Dude's rug--

**WALTER**

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR ELEMENT! This Chinaman is not the issue, Dude.

**DUDE**

So who--

**WALTER**

Jeff Lebowski. Come on. This other Jeffrey Lebowski. The millionaire. He's gonna be easier to find anyway than these two, uh. these two . . . And he has the wealth, uh, the resources obviously, and there is no reason, no FUCKING reason, why his wife should go out and owe money and they pee on your rug. Am I wrong?

**DUDE**

No, but--

**WALTER**

Am I wrong!

**DUDE**

Yeah, but--

**WALTER**

Okay. That, uh.

He elaborately clears his throat.

That rap really tied the room together, did it not?

**DUDE**

Fuckin' A.

**DONNY**

And this guy peed on it.

**WALTER**

Donny! Please!

**DUDE**

Yeah, I could find this Lebowski guy--

**DONNY**

His name is Lebowski? That's your name, Dude!

**DUDE**

Yeah, this is the guy, this guy should compensate me for the fucking rug. I mean his wife goes out and owes money and they pee on my rug.

**WALTER**

Thaaat's right Dude; they pee on your fucking Rug.

**CLOSE ON A PLAQUE**

We pull back from the name JEFFREY LEBOWSKI engraved in silver to reveal that the plaque, from Variety Clubs International, honors Lebowski as ACHIEVER OF THE YEAR.

Reflected in the plaque we see the Dude entering the room with a YOUNG MAN. We hear the two men talk:

**YOUNG MAN**

And this is the study. You can see the various commendations, honorary degrees, et cetera.

**DUDE**

Yes, uh, very impressive.

**YOUNG MAN**

Please, feel free to inspect them.

**DUDE**

I'm not really, uh.

**YOUNG MAN**

Please! Please!

**DUDE**

Uh-huh.

We are panning the walls, looking at various citations and certificates unrelated to the ones being discussed offscreen:

**YOUNG MAN**

That's the key to the city of Pasadena, which Mr. Lebowski was given two years ago in recognition of his various civic, uh.

**DUDE**

Uh-huh.

**YOUNG MAN**

That's a Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Business Achiever award, which is given--not necessarily given every year! Given only when there's a worthy, somebody especially--

**DUDE**

Hey, is this him with Nancy?

**YOUNG MAN**

That is indeed Mr. Lebowski with the first lady, yes, taken when--

**DUDE**

Lebowski on the right?

**YOUNG MAN**

Of course, Mr. Lebowski on the right, Mrs. Reagan on the left, taken when--

**DUDE**

He's handicapped, huh?

**YOUNG MAN**

Mr. Lebowski is disabled, yes. And this picture was taken when Mrs. Reagan was first lady of the nation, yes, yes? Not of California.

**DUDE**

Far out.

**YOUNG MAN**

And in fact he met privately with the President, though unfortunately there wasn't time for a photo opportunity.

**DUDE**

Nancy's pretty good.

**YOUNG MAN**

Wonderful woman. We were very--

**DUDE**

Are these.

**YOUNG MAN**

These are Mr. Lebowski's children, so to speak--

**DUDE**

Different mothers, huh?

**YOUNG MAN**

No, they--

**DUDE**

I guess he's pretty, uh, racially pretty cool--

**YOUNG MAN**

They're not his, heh-heh, they're not literally his children; they're the Little Lebowskis Urban Achievers, inner-city children of promise but without the--

**DUDE**

I see.

**YOUNG MAN**

--without the means for higher education, so Mr. Lebowskis has committed to sending all of them to college.

**DUDE**

Jeez. Think he's got room for one more?

**YOUNG MAN**

One--oh! Heh-heh. You never went to college?

**DUDE**

Well, yeah I did, but I spent most of my time occupying various, um, administration buildings--

**YOUNG MAN**

Heh-heh--

**DUDE**

--smoking thai-stick, breaking into the ROTC--

**YOUNG MAN**

Yes, heh--

**DUDE**

--and bowling. I'll tell you the truth, Brandt, I don't remember most

of it.--Jeez! Fuck me!

Our continuing track and pan have brought us onto a framed Life Magazine cover which is headlined ARE YOU A LEBOWSKI ACHIEVER? Oddly, the Dude's sunglassed face is on it; we realize that, under the magazine's logo and headline, the display is mirrored.

We hear the door open and the whine of a motor. The Dude, wearing shorts and a bowling shirt, turns to look.

So does Brandt, the young man we've been listening to. He wears a suit and has his hands clasped in front of his groin.

Entering the room is a fat sixtyish man in a motorized wheelchair--Jeff Lebowski.

**LEBOWSKI**

Okay sir, you're a Lebowski, I'm a Lebowski, that's terrific, I'm very busy so what can I do for you?

He wheels himself behind a desk. The Dude sits facing him as Brandt withdraws.

**DUDE**

Well sir, it's this rug I have, really tied the room together-

**LEBOWSKI**

You told Brandt on the phone, he told me. So where do I fit in?

**DUDE**

Well they were looking for you, these two guys, they were trying to--

**LEBOWSKI**

I'll say it again, all right? You told Brandt. He told me. I know what happened. Yes? Yes?

**DUDE**

So you know they were trying to piss on your rug--

**LEBOWSKI**

Did I urinate on your rug?

**DUDE**

You mean, did you personally come and pee on my--

**LEBOWSKI**

Hello! Do you speak English? Parla  
usted Inglese? I'll say it again.  
Did I urinate on your rug?

**DUDE**

Well no, like I said, Woo peed on  
the rug--

**LEBOWSKI**

Hello! Hello! So every time--I  
just want to understand this, sir--  
every time a rug is micturated upon  
in this fair city, I have to  
compensate the--

**DUDE**

Come on, man, I'm not trying to scam  
anybody here, I'm just--

**LEBOWSKI**

You're just looking for a handout  
like every other--are you employed,  
Mr. Lebowski?

**DUDE**

Look, let me explain something.  
I'm not Mr. Lebowski; you're Mr.  
Lebowski. I'm the Dude. So that's  
what you call me. That, or Duder.  
His Dudeness. Or El Duderino, if,  
you know, you're not into the whole  
brevity thing--

**LEBOWSKI**

Are you employed, sir?

**DUDE**

Employed?

**LEBOWSKI**

You don't go out and make a living  
dressed like that in the middle of a  
weekday.

**DUDE**

Is this a--what day is this?

**LEBOWSKI**

But I do work, so if you don't mind--

**DUDE**

No, look. I do mind. The Dude minds. This will not stand, ya know, this will not stand, man. I mean, if your wife owes--

**LEBOWSKI**

My wife is not the issue here. I hope that my wife will someday learn to live on her allowance, which is ample, but if she doesn't, sir, that will be her problem, not mine, just as your rug is your problem, just as every bum's lot in life is his own responsibility regardless of whom he chooses to blame. I didn't blame anyone for the loss of my legs, some chinaman in Korea took them from me but I went out and achieved anyway. I can't solve your problems, sir, only you can.

The Dude rises.

**DUDE**

Ah fuck it.

**LEBOWSKI**

Sure! Fuck it! That's your answer! Tattoo it on your forehead! Your answer to everything!

The Dude is heading for the door.

**LEBOWSKI**

Your "revolution" is over, Mr. Lebowski! Condolences! The bums lost!

As the Dude opens the door.

**LEBOWSKI**

...My advice is, do what your parents did! Get a job, sir! The bums will always lose-- do you hear me, Lebowski? THE BUMS WILL ALWAYS--

The Dude shuts the door on the old man's bellowing to find himself--

**HALLWAY**

--in a high coffered hallway. Brandt

is approaching.

**BRANDT**

How was your meeting, Mr. Lebowski?

**DUDE**

Okay. The old man told me to take any rug in the house.

**WALKWAY**

A houseman with a rolled-up carpet on one shoulder goes down a stone walk that winds through the back lawn, past a swimming pool to a garage. Brandt and the Dude follow.

**BRANDT**

Manolo will load it into your car for you, uh, Dude.

**DUDE**

It's the LeBaron.

**DUDE'S POINT OF VIEW**

Tracking toward the pool. A young woman sits facing it, her back to us, leaning forward to paint her toenails.

Beyond her a black form floats in an inflatable chair in the pool.

**BRANDT**

Well, enjoy, and perhaps we'll see you again some time, Dude.

**DUDE**

Yeah sure, if I'm ever in the neighborhood, need to use the john.

**CLOSER TRACK**

Arcing around the woman's foot as she finishes painting the nails emerald green.

**THE DUDE**

Looking.

**WIDER**

The young woman looks up at him. She is in her early twenties.

She leans back and extends her leg toward the Dude.

**YOUNG WOMAN**

Blow on them.

The Dude pulls his sunglasses down his nose and peeks over them.

**DUDE**

Huh?

She waggles her foot and giggles.

**YOUNG WOMAN**

G'ahead. Blow.

The Dude tentatively grabs hold of her extended foot.

**DUDE**

You want me to blow on your toes?

**YOUNG WOMAN**

Uh-huh. . . I can't blow that far.

The Dude looks over at the pool.

**DUDE**

You sure he won't mind?

The man bobbing in the inflatable chair is passed out. He is thin, in his thirties, with long stringy blond hair. He wears black leather pants and a black leather jacket, open, shirtless, exposing fine blond chest hair and pale skin. One arm trails off into the water; next to it, an empty whiskey bottle bobs.

**YOUNG WOMAN**

Dieter doesn't care about anything.  
He's a nihilist.

**DUDE**

Practicing?

The young woman smiles.

**YOUNG WOMAN**

You're not blowing.

Brandt nervously takes the Dude by the elbow.

**BRANDT**

Our guest has to be getting along,

Mrs. Lebowski.

The Dude grudgingly allows himself to be led away, still looking at the young woman.

**DUDE**

You're Bunny?

**BUNNY**

I'll suck your cock for a thousand dollars.

Brandt releases a gale of forced laughter:

**BRANDT**

Ha-ha-ha-ha! Wonderful woman. Very free-spirited. We're all very fond of her.

**BUNNY**

Brandt can't watch though. Or he has to pay a hundred.

**BRANDT**

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! That's marvelous.

He continues to lead away the Dude, who looks back over his

**SHOULDER:**

**DUDE**

I'm just gonna find a cash machine.

**BOWLING PINS**

Scattered by a strike.

**THE BOWLERS**

Donny calls out from the bench:

**DONNY**

Grasshopper Dude--They're dead in the water!!

As the Dude walks back to the scoring table he turns to another team in black bowling shirts--the Cavaliers--that shares the lane.

**DUDE**

Your maples, Carl.

Walter, just arriving, is carrying a leatherette satchel in one hand and a large plastic carrier in the other.

**WALTER**

Way to go, Dude. If you will it, it is no dream.

**DUDE**

You're fucking twenty minutes late. What the fuck is that?

**WALTER**

Theodore Herzl.

**DUDE**

Huh?

**WALTER**

State of Israel. If you will it, Dude, it is no--

**DUDE**

What the fuck're you talking about? The carrier. What's in the fucking carrier?

**WALTER**

Huh? Oh--Cynthia's Pomeranian. Can't leave him home alone or he eats the furniture.

**DUDE**

What the fuck are you--

**WALTER**

I'm saying, Cynthia's Pomeranian. I'm looking after it while Cynthia and Marty Ackerman are in Hawaii.

**DUDE**

You brought a fucking Pomeranian bowling?

**WALTER**

What do you mean "brought it bowling"? I didn't rent it shoes. I'm not buying it a fucking beer. He's not gonna take your fucking turn, Dude.

He lets the small yapping dog out of the carrier. It scoots around the bowling table, sniffing at bowlers and wagging its tail.

**DUDE**

Hey, man, if my fucking ex-wife asked me to take care of her fucking dog while she and her boyfriend went to Honolulu, I'd tell her to go fuck herself. Why can't she board it?

**WALTER**

First of all, Dude, you don't have an ex, secondly, it's a fucking show dog with fucking papers. You can't board it. It gets upset, its hair falls out.

**DUDE**

Hey man--

**WALTER**

Fucking dog has papers, Dude.--Over the line!

Smokey turns from his last roll to look at Walter.

**WALTER**

Smokey Huh?

**WALTER**

Over the line, Smokey! I'm sorry. That's a foul.

**SMOKEY**

Bullshit. Eight, Dude.

**WALTER**

Excuse me! Mark it zero. Next frame.

**SMOKEY**

Bullshit. Walter!

**WALTER**

This is not Nam. This is bowling. There are rules.

**DUDE**

Come on Walter, it's just--it's Smokey. So his toe slipped over a little, it's just a game.

**WALTER**

This is a league game. This determines who enters the next round-

robin, am I wrong?

**SMOKEY**

Yeah, but--

**WALTER**

Am I wrong!?

**SMOKEY**

Yeah, but I wasn't over. Gimme the marker, Dude, I'm marking it an eight.

Walter takes out a gun.

**WALTER**

Smokey my friend, you're entering a world of pain.

**DUDE**

Hey Walter--

**WALTER**

Mark that frame an eight, you're entering a world of pain.

**SMOKEY**

I'm not--

**WALTER**

A world of pain.

A manager in a bowling-shirt style uniform is running for a phone.

**SMOKEY**

Look Dude, I don't hold with this. This guy is your partner, you should--

Walter primes the gun and points it at his head.

**WALTER**

**HAS THE WHOLE WORLD GONE CRAZY? AM  
I THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO GIVES A SHIT  
ABOUT THE RULES? MARK IT ZERO!**

The Pomeranian is excitedly yapping at Walter's elbow, making high body-twisting tail-wagging leaps.

**DUDE**

Walter, they're calling the cops, put the piece away.

**WALTER**

**MARK IT ZERO!**

**SMOKEY**

Walter--

**WALTER**

**YOU THINK I'M FUCKING AROUND HERE?  
MARK IT ZERO!!**

**SMOKEY**

All right! There it is! It's fucking  
zero!

He points frantically at the score projected above the lane.

**SMOKEY**

You happy, you crazy fuck?

**WALTER**

This is a league game, Smokey!

#### **PARKING LOT**

Walter and the Dude walk to the Dude's car. The Pomeranian trots happily behind Walter who totes the empty carrier.

**DUDE**

Walter, you can't do that. These  
guys're like me, they're pacifists.  
Smokey was a conscientious objector.

**WALTER**

You know Dude, I myself dabbled with  
pacifism at one point. Not in Nam,  
of course--

**DUDE**

And you know Smokey has emotional  
problems!

**WALTER**

You mean--beyond pacifism?

**DUDE**

He's fragile, man! He's very fragile!

As the two men get into the car:

**WALTER**

Huh. I did not know that. Well,

it's water under the bridge. And we do enter the next round-robin, am I wrong?

**DUDE**

No, you're not wrong--

**WALTER**

Am I wrong!

**DUDE**

You're not wrong, Walter, you're just an asshole.

They watch a squad car take a squealing turn into the lot.

**WALTER**

Okay then. We play Quintana and O'Brien next week. They'll be pushovers.

**DUDE**

Just, just take it easy, Walter.

**WALTER**

That's your answer to everything, Dude. And let me point out--pacifism is not--look at our current situation with that camelfucker in Iraq--pacifism is not something to hide behind.

**DUDE**

Well, just take 't easy, man.

**WALTER**

I'm perfectly calm, Dude.

**DUDE**

Yeah? Wavin' a gun around?!

**WALTER**

(smugly)  
Calmer than you are.

-his irritates the Dude further.

**DUDE**

Just take it easy, man!

Walter is still smug.

**WALTER**

Calmer than you are.

**DUDE'S HOUSE**

A large, brilliant Persian rug lies beneath the Dude's beat-up old furniture.

At the table next to the answering machine the Dude is mixing kalhua, rum and milk.

**VOICE**

Dude, this is Smokey. Look, I don't wanna be a hard-on about this, and I know it wasn't your fault, but I just thought it was fair to tell you that Gene and I will be submitting this to the League and asking them to set aside the round. Or maybe forfeit it to us--

**DUDE**

Shit!

**VOICE**

--so, like I say, just thought, you know, fair warning. Tell Walter.

A beep.

**ANOTHER VOICE**

Mr. Lebowski, this is Brandt at, uh, well--at Mr. Lebowski's office. Please call us as soon as is convenient.

Beep.

**ANOTHER VOICE**

Mr. Lebowski, this is Fred Dynarski with the Southern Cal Bowling League. I just got a, an informal report, uh, that a uh, a member of your team, uh, Walter Sobchak, drew a loaded weapon during league play--

We hear the doorbell.

**THE DOOR**

It swings open to reveal a short, hairy, muscular but balding middle-aged man in a black T-shirt and black cut-off jeans.

**DUDE**

Hiya Allan.

**ALLAN**

Dude, I finally got the venue I wanted. I'm Performing my dance quintet--you know, my cycle--at Crane Jackson's Fountain Street Theatre on Tuesday night, and I'd love it if you came and gave me notes.

The Dude takes a swig of his kalhua.

**DUDE**

Sure Allan, I'll be there.

**ALLAN**

Dude, uh, tomorrow is already the tenth.

**DUDE**

Yeah, yeah I know. Okay.

**ALLAN**

Just, uh, just slip the rent under my door.

**DUDE**

Yeah, okay.

**BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM**

The voice continues on the machine.

**VOICE**

--serious infraction, and examine your standing. Thank you. Beep.

**VOICE**

Mr. Lebowski, Brandt again. Please do call us when you get in and I'll send the limo. Let me assure you--I hope you're not avoiding this call because of the rug, which, I assure you, is not a problem. We need your help and, uh--well we would very much like to see you. Thank you. It's Brandt.

**TRACKING**

We are pushing Brandt down the high-ceilinged hallway. Distantly, we hear a dolorous soprano. Brandt talks back over

**HIS SHOULDER:**

**BRANDT**

We've had some terrible news. Mr. Lebowski is in seclusion in the West Wing.

**DUDE**

Huh.

Brandt throws open a pair of heavy double doors. The music washes over us as we enter a great study where Jeffrey Lebowski, a blanket thrown over his knees, stares hauntedly into a fire, listening to Lohengrin.

**BRANDT ANNOUNCES, AMBIGUOUSLY:**

**BRANDT**

Mr. Lebowski.

Jeffrey Lebowski waves the Dude in without looking around.

**LEBOWSKI**

It's funny. I can look back on a life of achievement, on challenges met, competitors bested, obstacles overcome. I've accomplished more than most men, and without the use of my legs. What. . . What makes a man, Mr. Lebowski?

**DUDE**

Dude.

**LEBOWSKI**

Huh?

**DUDE**

I don't know, sir.

**LEBOWSKI**

Is it. . . is it, being prepared to do the right thing? Whatever the price? Isn't that what makes a man?

**DUDE**

Sure. That and a pair of testicles.

Lebowski turns away from the Dude with a haunted stare, lost in thought.

**LEBOWSKI**

You're joking. But perhaps you're right.

The Dude thumps at his chest pocket.

**DUDE**

Mind if I smoke a jay?

**LEBOWSKI**

Bunny.

He turns back around and the firelight shows teartracks on his cheeks.

**DUDE**

'Scuse me?

**LEBOWSKI**

Bunny Lebowski. . . She is the light of my life. Are you surprised at my tears, sir?

**DUDE**

Fuckin' A.

**LEBOWSKI**

Strong men also cry. . . Strong men also cry.

He clears his throat.

**LEBOWSKI**

I received this fax this morning.

Brandt hastily pulls a flimsy sheet from his clipboard and hands it to the Dude.

**LEBOWSKI**

As you can see, it is a ransom note. Sent by cowards. Men who are unable to achieve on a level field of play. Men who will not sign their names. Weaklings. Bums.

**THE DUDE EXAMINES THE FAX:**

**WE HAVE BUNNY. GATHER ONE MILLION DOLLARS IN UNMARKED NON-CONSECUTIVE TWENTIES. AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS. NO FUNNY STUFF.**

**DUDE**

Bummer.

Lebowski looks soulfully at the Dude.

**LEBOWSKI**

Brandt will fill you in on the details.

He wheels his chair around to once again gaze into the fire. Brandt tugs at the Dude's shirt and points him back to the hall.

**HALLWAY**

The soprano's singing is once again faint. Brandt's voice is hushed:

**BRANDT**

Mr. Lebowski is prepared to make a generous offer to you to act as courier once we get instructions for the money.

**DUDE**

Why me, man?

**BRANDT**

He suspects that the culprits might be the very people who, uh, soiled your rug, and you're in a unique position to confirm or, uh, disconfirm that suspicion.

**DUDE**

So he thinks it's the carpet-pissers, huh?

**BRANDT**

Well Dude, we just don't know.

**BOWLING PINS**

CRASH--scattered by a strike, in slow motion.

**WIDER**

Still in slow motion. We are looking across the length of the bowling alley at a tall, thin, Hispanic bowler displaying perfect form. He wears an all-in-one dacron-polyester stretch bowling outfit with a racing stripe down each side.

## **FAST TRACK IN**

On the Dude, sitting next to Walter in the molded plastic chairs. The Dude is staring off towards the bowler.

**DUDE**

Fucking Quintana--that creep can roll, man--

## **BACK TO THE BOWLER**

Displaying great slow-motion form as the Dude and Walter's conversation continues over.

**WALTER**

Yeah, but he's a fucking pervert, Dude.

**DUDE**

Huh?

**WALTER**

The man is a sex offender. With a record. Spent six months in Chino for exposing himself to an eight-year-old.

## **FLASHBACK**

We see Quintana, in pressed jeans and a stretchy sweater, walking up a stoop in a residential neighborhood and zinging the bell.

The VOICE-OVER conversation continues.

**DUDE**

Huh.

**WALTER**

When he moved down to Venice he had to go door-to-door to tell everyone he's a pederast.

The door swings open and a beer-swilling middle-aged man looks dully out at Quintana, who looks hesitantly up.

**DONNY**

What's a pederast, Walter?

**WALTER**

Shut the fuck up, Donny.

**PINS**

scattered by a strike.

**QUINTANA**

wheeling and thrusting a black gloved fist into the air.

Stitched above the breast pocket of his all-in-one is his first name, "Jesus".

**BACK TO WALTER AND THE DUDE**

They have been joined by Donny.

**WALTER**

Anyway. How much they offer you?

**DUDE**

Twenty grand. And of course I still keep the rug.

**WALTER**

Just for making the hand-off?

**DUDE**

Yeah.

He slips a little black box out of his shirt pocket.

**DUDE**

...They gave Dude a beeper, so whenever these guys call--

**WALTER**

What if it's during a game?

**DUDE**

I told him if it was during league play--

Donny has been watching Quintana.

**DONNY**

If what's during league play?

**WALTER**

Life does not stop and start at your convenience, you miserable piece of shit.

**DONNY**

What's wrong with Walter, Dude?

**DUDE**

I figure it's easy money, it's all pretty harmless. I mean she probably kidnapped herself.

**WALTER**

Huh?

**DONNY**

What do you mean, Dude?

**DUDE**

Rug-peers did not do this. I mean look at it. Young trophy wife. Marries a guy for money but figures he isn't giving her enough. She owes money all over town--

**WALTER**

That...fucking...bitch!

**DUDE**

It's all a goddamn fake. Like Lenin said, look for the person who will benefit. And you will, uh, you know, you'll, uh, you know what I'm trying to say--

**DONNY**

I am the Walrus.

**WALTER**

That fucking bitch!

**DUDE**

Yeah.

**DONNY**

I am the Walrus.

**WALTER**

Shut the fuck up, Donny! V.I. Lenin! Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov!

**DONNY**

What the fuck is he talking about?

**WALTER**

That's fucking exactly what happened,

Dude! That makes me fucking SICK!

**DUDE**

Yeah, well, what do you care, Walter?

**DONNY**

Yeah Dude, why is Walter so pissed off?

**WALTER**

Those rich fucks! This whole fucking thing-- I did not watch my buddies die face down in the muck so that this fucking strumpet--

**DUDE**

I don't see any connection to Vietnam, Walter.

**WALTER**

Well, there isn't a literal connection, Dude.

**DUDE**

Walter, face it, there isn't any connection. It's your roll.

**WALTER**

Have it your way. The point is--

**DUDE**

It's your roll--

**WALTER**

The fucking point is--

**DUDE**

It's your roll.

**VOICE**

Are you ready to be fucked, man?

They both look up.

Quintana, on his way out, looks down at them from the lip of the lanes. Over his polyester all-in-one he now wears a windbreaker with a racing stripe and "Jesus" stitched on the breast. He is holding a fancy black-and-red leather ball satchel (perhaps a Sylvia Wein). Behind him stands his partner, O'Brien, a short fat Irishman with tufted red hair.

**QUINTANA**

I see you rolled your way into the semis. Deos mio, man. Seamus and me, we're gonna fuck you up.

**DUDE**

Yeah well, that's just, ya know, like, your opinion, man.

Quintana looks at Walter.

**QUINTANA**

Let me tell you something, bendeco. You pull any your crazy shit with us, you flash a piece out on the lanes, I'll take it away from you and stick it up your ass and pull the fucking trigger til it goes "click".

**DUDE**

Jesus.

**QUINTANA**

You said it, man. Nobody fucks with the Jesus.

Jesus walks away. Walter nods sadly.

**WALTER**

Eight-year-olds, Dude.

**DUDE'S BUNGALOW**

We are looking down at the Dude who is prone on the rug. His eyes are closed. He wears a Walkman headset. Leaking tinnily through the headphones we can just hear an intermittent clatter.

In his outflung hand lies a cassette case labeled **VENICE BEACH LEAGUE PLAYOFFS 1987.**

The Dude absently licks his lips as we faintly hear a hall rumbling down the lane. On its impact with the pins, the Dude opens his eyes.

He screams.

A blonde woman looms over him. Next to her a young man in paint-spattered denims stoops and swings something towards the carrier.

The sap catches the Dude on the chin and sends his head

thunking back onto the rug.

A million stars explode against a field of black. We hear the "La-la-la-la" of The Man in Me.

The black field dissolves into the pattern of the rug. The rug rolls away to reveal an aerial view of the city of Los Angeles at twilight, moving below us at great speed.

The Dude is flying over the city, his arms thrown out in front of him, the wind whipping his hair and billowing his bowling shirt. He looks up.

Ahead the mysterious blonde woman wings away, riding on the Dude's rug like a sheik on a magic carpet. She is outpacing us, growing smaller.

The Dude does a couple of lazy crawl strokes and then notices that a bowling ball has materialized in his forward hand. His bemusement turns to concern over the aerodynamic implications just as the ball seems to suddenly assume its weight, abruptly snapping his arm down, and him after it. He is falling. From a high angle we see the Dude hurtling down toward the city, dragged by the ball.

A reverse looking up shows the Dude hurtling toward us out of the inky sky, his eyes wide with horror. Led by the bowling ball, he zooms past the camera leaving us in black.

We hear a distant rumble, like thunder. Dull reflections materialize in the darkness. They are glints off the shiny surface of an oncoming bowling ball.

We pull back to reveal that the blackness was the inside of a ball return, and the gleaming bowling ball is being regurgitated up at us, overtaking us.

The Dude looks up, up, up at the looming ball, its mass rolling a huge shadow across his face.

The gleaming ball shows three dead black holes rolling toward us --finger holes.

The largest--thumb--hole rolls directly over us, engulfing us once again in black..

The black rolls away and we are spinning--spinning down a bowling lane--our point of view that of someone trapped in the thumbhole of the rolling ball.

We see the receding bowler spinning away. It is the blonde

woman, performing her follow-through.

Floor spins up at us and then away; ceiling spins up and away; the length of the alley with pins at the end; floor; ceiling; approaching pins; again and again.

We hit the pins and clatter into blackness. We hear pins spin, hit each other and drop.

We hear an irritating, insistent beeping.

#### **FADE IN**

We are close on the Dude, upside down. As the picture fades in the bowling noises continue, but filtered and faint. They come from the Dude's Walkman, the headset of which is now askew, with one arm off his ear.

As the Dude opens his eyes we spiral slowly upward to put him right side around. His head is now resting against hardwood floor, not rug.

#### **DUDE**

Oh man.

He raises himself onto his elbows and massages the red lump on his jaw. The beeper on his belt is blinking red in sync with the continuing irritating beeps.

#### **WIDE ON THE ROOM**

An end table is upset, but otherwise the furniture is in place. The rug is gone.

The Dude looks around. The bowling sounds continue. The beeps continue.

The phone starts to jangle.

#### **TRACK**

We push Brandt down the familiar marble hallway. Again there is a distant aria. Brandt throws out a wrist to look at his watch.

#### **BRANDT**

They called about eighty minutes ago. They want you to take the money and drive north on the 4 5. They'll call you on the portable phone with instructions in about forty minutes. One person only or I'd go with you.

They were very clear on that: one person only. What happened to your jaw?

**DUDE**

Oh, nothin', you know.

They have reached the little desk outside of the big Lebowski's office; Brandt opens its bottom drawer with a key and takes out an attache case. He hands this to the Dude along with a cellular phone in a battery-pack carrying case.

**BRANDT**

Here's the money, and the phone. Please, Dude, follow whatever instructions they give.

**DUDE**

Uh-huh.

**BRANDT**

Her life is in your hands.

**DUDE**

Oh, man, don't say that..

**BRANDT**

Mr. Lebowski asked me to repeat that: Her life is in your hands.

**DUDE**

Shit.

**BRANDT**

Her life is in your hands, Dude. And report back to us as soon as it's done.

#### **DUDE'S CAR**

We pan off the Dude, driving, to his point of view through the front windshield. The headlights play over Walter standing waiting in front of the storefront of SOBCHAK SECURITY. Though he is wearing khaki shorts and shirt, the fact that he holds a battered brown briefcase makes him look oddly like a commuter. He also holds an irregular shape bundled in brown wrapping paper.

The car stops in front of him and he opens the Dude's door and hands in the briefcase.

**WALTER**

Take the ringer. I'll drive.

The Dude takes the briefcase and slides over.

**DUDE**

The what?

**WALTER**

The ringer! The ringer, Dude! Have they called yet?

The Dude opens the briefcase and paws bemusedly through it as the car starts rolling.

**DUDE**

What the hell is this?

**WALTER**

My dirty undies. Laundry, Dude. The whites.

**DUDE**

Agh--

He closes the briefcase.

**DUDE**

Walter, I'm sure there's a reason you brought your dirty undies--

**WALTER**

Thaaaat's right, Dude. The weight. The ringer can't look empty.

**DUDE**

Walter--what the fuck are you thinking?

**WALTER**

Well you're right, Dude, I got to thinking. I got to thinking why should we settle for a measly fucking twenty grand--

**DUDE**

We? What the fuck we? You said you just wanted to come along--

**WALTER**

My point, Dude, is why should we settle for twenty grand when we can keep the entire million. Am I wrong?

**DUDE**

Yes you're wrong. This isn't a  
fucking game, Walter--

**WALTER**

It is a fucking game. You said so  
yourself, Dude--she kidnapped herself--

**DUDE** '

Yeah, but--

The phone chirps. Dude grabs it.

**DUDE**

Dude here.

**VOICE**

(German accent)  
Who is this?

**DUDE**

Dude the Bagman. Where do you want  
us to go?

**VOICE**

...Us?

**DUDE**

Shit. . . Uh, yeah, you know, me and the driver. I'm not  
handling the money and driving the car and talking on the  
phone all by my fucking--

**VOICE**

Shut the fuck up.

(Beat)

Hello?

**DUDE**

Yeah?

**VOICE**

Okay, listen--

Walter looks over at the Dude and bellows:

**WALTER**

Dude, are you fucking this up?

**VOICE**

Who is that?

**DUDE**

The driver man, I told you--

Click. Dial tone.

**DUDE**

Oh shit. Walter.

**WALTER**

What the fuck is going on there?

**DUDE**

They hung up, Walter! You fucked it up! You fucked it up! Her life was in our hands!

**WALTER**

Easy, Dude.

**DUDE**

We're screwed now! We don't get shit and they're gonna kill her! We're fucked, Walter!

**WALTER**

Dude, nothing is fucked. Come on. You're being very unDude. They'll call back. Look, she kidnapped her--

The phone chirps.

**WALTER**

Ya see? Nothing is fucked up here, Dude. Nothing is fucked. These guys are fucking amateurs--

**DUDE**

Shutup, Walter! Don't fucking say peep when I'm doing business here.

**WALTER**

(patronizing)

Okay Dude. Have it your way.

The Dude unclips the phone from the battery pack.

**WALTER**

But they're amateurs.

The Dude glares at Walter. Into the phone:

**DUDE**

Dude here.

**VOICE**

Okay, vee proceed. But only if there is no funny stuff.

**DUDE**

Yeah.

**VOICE**

So no funny stuff. Okay?

**DUDE**

Hey, just tell me where the fuck you want us to go.

**A HIGHWAY SIGN: SIMI VALLEY ROAD**

It flashes by in the headlights of the roaring car.

**DUDE**

That was the sign.

Walter wrestles the car onto the two-lane road.

**WALTER**

Yeah. So as long as we get her back, nobody's in a position to complain. And we keep the baksheesh.

**DUDE**

Terrific, Walter. But you haven't told me how we get her back. Where is she?

**WALTER**

That's the simple part, Dude. When we make the handoff, I grab the guy and beat it out of him.

He looks at the Dude.

**WALTER**

...Huh?

**DUDE**

Yeah. That's a great plan, Walter. That's fucking ingenious, if I understand it correctly. That's a Swiss fucking watch.

**WALTER**

Thaaat's right, Dude. The beauty of this is its simplicity. If the plan gets too complex something always goes wrong. If there's one thing I learned in Nam--

The phone chirps.

**DUDE**

Dude.

**VOICE**

You are approaching a wooden britch. When you cross it you srow ze bag from ze left vindow of ze moving kar. Do not slow down. Vee vatch you.

Click. Dial tone.

**DUDE**

**FUCK.**

**WALTER**

What'd he say? Where's the hand-off?

**DUDE**

There is no fucking hand-off, Walter! At a wooden bridge we throw the money out of the car!

**WALTER**

Huh?

**DUDE**

We throw the money out of the moving car!

Walter stares dumbly for a beat.

**WALTER**

We can't do that, Dude. That fucks up our plan.

**DUDE**

Well call them up and explain it to 'em, Walter! Your plan is so fucking simple, I'm sure they'd fucking understand it! That's the beauty of it Walter!

**WALTER**

Wooden bridge, huh?

**DUDE**

I'm throwing the money, Walter!  
We're not fucking around!

**WALTER**

The bridge is coming up! Gimme the  
ringer, Dude! Chop-chop!

**DUDE**

Fuck that! I love you, Walter, but  
sooner or later you're gonna have to  
face the fact that you're a goddamn  
moron.

**WALTER**

Okay, Dude. No time to argue. Here's  
the bridge--

There is the bump and new steady of the car on the bridge.  
The Dude is twisting around to pull the money briefcase from  
the back seat. Walter reaches one arm across Dude's body to  
grab the laundry.

And there goes the ringer.

He flings it out the window.

**DUDE**

Walter!

**WALTER**

Your wheel, Dude! I'm rolling out!

**DUDE**

What the fuck?

**WALTER**

Your wheel! At fifteen em-pee-aitch  
I roll out! I double back, grab one  
of 'em and beat it out of him! The  
uzi!

**DUDE**

Uzi?

Walter points across the seat at the paper-wrapped bundle.

**WALTER**

You didn't think I was rolling out

of here naked!

**DUDE**

Walter, please--

Walter has flung open his door and is leaning halfway out over the road.

**WALTER**

Fifteen! This is it, Dude! Let's take that hill!

Walter rolls out with his parcel, giving a loud grunt as he hits the pavement. The car swerves and lurches and the Dude, cursing, takes the wheel.

**OUTSIDE**

Walter tumbles onto the shoulder and--RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!--muzzle flashes tear open the wrapping paper.

**INSIDE THE CAR**

The car rocks and the Dude wrestles with the wheel.

**OUTSIDE**

The car clunks and screams around in a skid.

**INSIDE**

The Dude is thrown forward as the car hits something.

**OUTSIDE**

As the Dude struggles out holding the satchel of money. The front of his car is crumpled into a tree. The car body saps back to the left, where the rear wheel has been shot out.

WALTER is just rising from the ground massaging an injured knee.

The Dude runs up the road toward the bridge, frantically waving the satchel in the air.

**DUDE**

**WE HAVE IT! WE HAVE IT!!**

There is a distant engine roar. A motorcycle bumps up onto the road from the ravine under the bridge and, tires squealing, skids around to speed away in the opposite direction. It is closely followed by two more roaring

motorcycles.

**DUDE**

WE HAVE IT!! . . . We have it!

The Dude and Walter stand in the middle of the road, watching the three red tail lights fishtail away.

**AFTER A LONG STARING SILENCE:**

**WALTER**

Ahh fuck it, let's go bowling.

**BOWLING LANE**

A ball rumbles in to scatter ten pins.

**WALTER.**

He turns from the lane to where the Dude sits in the nook of molded plastic chairs. The Dude listlessly holds the portable phone in his lap. It is ringing.

**WALTER**

Aitz chaim he, Dude. As the ex used to say.

**DUDE**

What the fuck is that supposed to mean? What the fuck're we gonna tell Lebowski?

**WALTER**

Huh? Oh, him, yeah. Well I don't see, um-- what exactly is the problem?

The portable phone stops ringing.

**DUDE**

Huh? The problem is--what do you mean what's the--there's no--we didn't-- they're gonna kill that poor woman--

**WALTER**

What the fuck're you talking about? That poor woman--that poor slut-- kidnapped herself, Dude. You said so yourself--

**DUDE**

No, Walter! I said I thought she kidnapped herself! You're the one

who's so fucking certain--

**WALTER**

That's right, Dude, 1 % certain--

Donny is trotting excitedly up.

**DONNY**

They posted the next round of the tournament--

**WALTER**

Donny, shut the f--when do we play?

**DONNY**

This Saturday. Quintana and--

**WALTER**

Saturday! Well they'll have to reschedule.

**DUDE**

Walter, what'm I gonna tell Lebowski?

**WALTER**

I told that fuck down at the league office-- who's in charge of scheduling?

**DUDE**

Walter--

**DONNY**

Burkhalter.

**WALTER**

I told that kraut a fucking thousand times I don't roll on shabbas.

**DONNY**

It's already posted.

**WALTER**

**WELL THEY CAN FUCKING UN-POST IT!**

**DUDE**

Who gives a shit, Walter? What about that poor woman? What do we tell--

**WALTER**

C'mon Dude, eventually she'll get sick of her little game and, you

know, wander back--

**DONNY**

How come you don't roll on Saturday, Walter?

**WALTER**

I'm shomer shabbas.

**DONNY**

What's that, Walter?

**DUDE**

Yeah, and in the meantime what do I tell Lebowski?

**WALTER**

Saturday is shabbas. Jewish day of rest. Means I don't work, I don't drive a car, I don't fucking ride in a car, I don't handle money, I don't turn on the oven, and I sure as shit don't fucking roll!

**DONNY**

Sheesh.

**DUDE**

Walter, how--

**WALTER**

Shomer shabbas.

The Dude gets to his feet with the portable phone.

**DUDE**

That's it. I'm out of here.

**WALTER**

For Christ's sake, Dude.

Walter and Donny join the Dude as he walks out of the bowling alley.

Hell, you just tell him--well, you tell him, uh, we made the hand-off, everything went, uh, you know--

**DONNY**

Oh yeah, how'd it go?

**WALTER**

Went alright. Dude's car got a little

dinged up--

**DUDE**

But Walter, we didn't make the fucking hand-off! They didn't get, the fucking money and they're gonna-- they're gonna--

**WALTER**

Yeah yeah, "kill that poor woman."

He waves both arms as if conducting a symphony orchestra.

**WALTER**

Kill that poor woman.

**DONNY**

Walter, if you can't ride in a car, how d'you get around on Shammass--

**WALTER**

Really, Dude, you surprise me. They're not gonna kill shit. They're not gonna do shit. What can they do? Fuckin' amateurs. And meanwhile, look at the bottom line. Who's sitting on a million fucking dollars? Am I wrong?

**DUDE**

Walter--

**WALTER**

Who's got a fucking million fucking dollars parked in the trunk of our car out here?

**DUDE**

"Our" car, Walter?

**WALTER**

And what do they got, Dude? My dirty undies. My fucking whites--Say, where is the car?

The three bowlers, stopped at the edge of the lot, stare out at an empty parking space.

**DONNY**

Who has your undies, Walter?

**WALTER**

Where's your car, Dude?

**DUDE**

You don't know, Walter? You seem to know the answer to everything else!

**WALTER**

Hmm. Well, we were in a handicapped spot. It, uh, it was probably towed.

**DUDE**

It's been stolen, Walter! You fucking know it's been stolen!

**WALTER**

Well, certainly that's a possibility, Dude--

**DUDE**

Aw, fuck it.

The Dude walks away across the lot. The portable phone starts ringing again.

**DONNY**

Where you going, Dude?

**DUDE**

I'm going home, Donny.

**DONNY**

Your phone's ringing, Dude.

**DUDE**

Thank you, Donny.

#### **DUDE'S LIVING ROOM**

The Dude is slumped disconsolately back in his easy chair, fingers of one hand cupped over his sunglasses. Facing him on the couch are two uniformed policeman, one middle-aged, the other a fresh-faced rookie.

At the cut the portable phone, in the Dude's lap, is chirping. The Dude waits for the rings to end. When they do:

**DUDE**

1972 Pontiac LeBaron.

**YOUNGER COP**

Color?

**DUDE**

Green. Some brown, or, uh, rust, coloration.

**YOUNGER COP**

And was there anything of value in the car?

**DULLY:**

**DUDE**

Huh? Oh. Yeah. Tape deck. Couple of Creedence tapes. And there was a, uh. . . my briefcase.

**YOUNGER COP**

In the briefcase?

**DUDE**

Papers. Just papers. You know, my papers. Business papers.

**YOUNGER COP**

And what do you do, sir?

**DUDE**

I'm unemployed.

**OLDER COP**

...Most people, we're working nights, they offer us coffee.

There is silence. Dude continues to stare at a spot on the floor. The older cop stares at him.

**DUDE**

...Me, I don't drink coffee. But it's nice when they offer.

**AT LENGTH:**

**DUDE**

...Also, my rug was stolen.

**YOUNGER COP**

Your rug was in the car.

The Dude taps the floor with his foot.

**DUDE**

No. Here.

**YOUNGER COP**

Separate incidents?

The Dude stares at the floor.

Silence.

**OLDER COP**

Snap out of it, son.

The home phone starts ringing--a ring distinct from the chirp of the portable. The Dude makes no move to answer it. Finally the rings stop as an answering machine kicks on.

**DUDE**

You find them much? Stolen cars?

Dude's Voice on Machine The Dude's not in. Leave a message after the beep. It takes a minute.

**YOUNGER COP**

Sometimes. I wouldn't hold out much hope for the tape deck though. Or the Creedence tapes.

**DUDE**

And the, uh, the briefcase?

Beep.

**FEMALE VOICE ON MACHINE**

Mr. Lebowski, I'd like to see you. Call when you get home and I'll send a car for you. My name is Maude Lebowski. I'm the woman who took the rug.

Beep. Dial tone.

**OLDER COP**

Well, I guess we can close the file on that one.

**TRACKING FORWARD**

We are moving through the open living area of a large downtown L.A. loft. A huge unfinished canvas, lit by standing industrial lights, dominates one wall. The furnishings are spare given the space. On the floor is the Dude's brilliant rug.

We hear a rumble like an approaching bowling ball. The Dude, standing in the middle of the loft, looks into the murky depths of the cavernous space.

Something huge and white hurtles towards the Dude's head. As it roars overhead he ducks, and spins to watch it pass.

We see the backside of a naked woman in a sling suspended from a ceiling track rumbling over a canvas that lies on the floor. She is holding a paint bucket in one hand and a brush in the other, with which she flicks paint down at the canvas.

The Dude turns again as he hears running footsteps. Two young men in paint-spattered shorts, T-shirts and sneakers reach the sling shortly after it reaches the end of its track and haul it back for another push.

**VOICE**

I'll be with you in a minute, Mr. Lebowski.

She rumbles by in another pass.

All right, we'll do the blue tomorrow. Elfranco. Pedro. Help me down.

The two men help Maude out of her sling. She is naked except for leather harness straps which ring her breasts and wrap her thighs and give her something of a dominatrix look.

Does the female form make you uncomfor- table, Mr. Lebowski?

**DUDE**

Is that what that's a picture of?

**MAUDE**

In a sense, yes. Elfranco, my robe. My art has been commended as being strongly vaginal. Which bothers some men. The word itself makes some men uncomfortable. Vagina.

**DUDE**

Oh yeah?

**MAUDE**

Yes, they don't like hearing it and find it difficult to say. Whereas without batting an eye a man will refer to his "dick" or his "rod" or his "Johnson".

**DUDE**

"Johnson"?

**MAUDE**

Thank you.

This to Elfranco, who has handed her a robe.

All right, Mr. Lebowski, let's get down to cases. My father told me he's agreed to let you have the rug, but it was a gift from me to my late mother, and so was not his to give. Now. As for this. . . "kidnapping"--

**DUDE**

Huh?

**MAUDE**

Yes, I know about it. And I know that you acted as courier. And let me tell you something: the whole thing stinks to high heaven.

**DUDE**

Right, but let me explain something about that rug--

**MAUDE**

Do you like sex, Mr. Lebowski?

**DUDE**

Excuse me?

**MAUDE**

Sex. The physical act of love. Coitus. Do you like it?

**DUDE**

I was talking about my rug.

**MAUDE**

You're not interested in sex?

**DUDE**

You mean coitus?

**MAUDE**

I like it too. It's a male myth about feminists that we hate sex. It can be a natural, zesty enterprise. But unfortunately there are some people--it is called satyriasis in

men, nymphomania in women--who engage in it compulsively and without joy.

**DUDE**

Oh, no.

**MAUDE**

Yes Mr. Lebowski, these unfortunate souls cannot love in the true sense of the word. Our mutual acquaintance Bunny is one of these.

**DUDE**

Listen, Maude, I'm sorry if your stepmother is a nympho, but I don't see what it has to do with--do you have any kalhua?

**MAUDE**

Take a look at this, sir.

She is aiming a remote at a projection TV. The screen flickers to life. A title card:

**JACKIE TREEHORN PRESENTS**

**SECOND CARD:**

**KARL HUNGUS**

**AND**

**BUNNY LAJOYA**

**IN**

**A THIRD CARD:**

**LOGJAMMIN'**

The Dude is at the bar, a bottle of kalhua frozen halfway to his glass.

From the television set we hear a doorbell ring, and then a door opening.

On the TV screen the door opens to reveal a sallow-faced man in blue cover-alls. It is Dieter, the floater in Lebowski's pool.

**DIETER**

Hello. Nein dizbatcher says zere

iss problem mit deine kable.

**DUDE**

Shit, I know that guy. He's a nihilist.

**MAUDE**

And you recognize her, of course.

The girl answering the door is Bunny Lebowski.

Bunny The TV is in here.

**DIETER**

Za, okay, I bring mein toolz.

Bunny This is my friend Shari. She just came over to use the shower.

**MAUDE**

(grimly)

The story is ludicrous.

**DIETER**

Mein nommen iss Karl. Is hard to verk in zese clozes--

Maude switches off the set.

**MAUDE**

Lord. You can imagine where it goes from here.

**DUDE**

He fixes the cable?

**MAUDE**

Don't be fatuous, Jeffrey. Little matter to me that this woman chose to pursue a career

in pornography, nor that she has been "banging" Jackie Treehorn, to use the parlance of our times. However. I am one of two trustees of the Lebowski Foundation, the other being my father. The Foundation takes youngsters from Watts and--

**DUDE**

Shit yeah, the achievers.

**MAUDE**

Little Lebowski Urban Achievers,

yes, and proud we are of all of them.  
I asked my father about his withdrawal  
of a million dollars from the  
Foundation account and he told me  
about this "abduction", but I tell  
you it is preposterous. This  
compulsive

fornicator is taking my father for the proverbial ride.

**DUDE**

Yeah, but my-

**MAUDE**

I'm getting to your rug. My father  
and I don't get along; he doesn't  
approve of my lifestyle and, needless  
to say, I don't approve of his.  
Still, I hardly wish to make my  
father's embezzlement a police matter,  
so I'm proposing that you try to  
recover the money from the people  
you delivered it to.

**DUDE**

Well--sure, I could do that--

**MAUDE**

If you successfully do so, I will  
compensate you to the tune of 1% of  
the recovered sum.

**DUDE**

A hundred.

**MAUDE**

Thousand, yes, bones or clams or  
whatever you call them.

**DUDE**

Yeah, but what about--

**MAUDE**

--your rug, yes, well with that money  
you can buy any number of rugs that  
don't have sentimental value for me.  
And I am sorry about that crack on  
the jaw.

The Dude fingers his jaw, where the lump from the sap has  
all but disappeared.

**DUDE**

Oh that's okay, I hardly even--

**MAUDE**

Here's the name and number of a doctor who will look at it for you. You will receive no bill. He's a good man, and thorough.

**DUDE**

That's really thoughtful but I--

**MAUDE**

Please see him, Jeffrey. He's a good man, and thorough.

**LIMO**

The Dude sits in back holding a White Russian, listening to the chauffeur, a man of about the same age from whose livery cap a ponytail emerges.

**DRIVER**

--So he says, "My son can't hold a job, my daughter's married to a fuckin' loser, and I got a rash on my ass so bad I can't hardly sit down. But you know me. I can't complain."

**THROUGH RASPING LAUGHTER:**

**DUDE**

Fuckin' A, man. I got a rash.  
Fuckin' A, man. I gotta tell ya Tony.

He takes a sip of a freshly-mixed White Russian, which leaves milk on his mustache.

I was feeling really shitty earlier in the day, I'd lost a little money, I was down in the dumps.

**TONY**

Aw, forget about it.

**DUDE**

Yeah, man! Fuck it! I can't be worrying about that shit. Life goes on!

The limo has rolled to a stop. The Dude gets out, still holding his drink.

**TONY**

Home sweet home, Mr. L. Who's your friend in the Volkswagon?

**DUDE**

Huh?

His eyes on the rearview mirror, Tony jerks a thumb over his shoulder.

He followed us here.

The Dude turns to look.

**HIS POV**

Halfway up the block a Volkswagon bug has pulled over to the curb. In the driver's seat we see a fat man's shape.

**THE DUDE**

He scowls.

**DUDE**

When did he-

The Dude is grabbed from behind and muscled away in a half-nelson by another uniformed chauffeur.

**SECOND CHAUFFEUR**

Into the limo, you sonofabitch. No arguments.

As he is frog-marched towards another limo the Dude holds his drink away from his chest and cups a hand underneath it.

**DUDE**

Fuck, man! There's a beverage here!

The waiting limo's back door is flung open.

**INSIDE**

The Dude is shoved in and awkwardly takes a seat facing the rear. The door is slammed behind him.

**LEBOWSKI**

Start talking and talk fast you lousy bum!

**BRANDT**

We've been frantically trying to reach you, Dude.

Brandt sits catty-corner from the Dude; directly across from the Dude is the big Lebowski, a comforter across his knees.

**LEBOWSKI**

Where's my goddamn money, you bum?!

**DUDE**

Well we--I don't--

**LEBOWSKI**

They did not receive the money, you nitwit! They did not receive the goddamn money. **HER LIFE WAS IN YOUR HANDS!**

**BRANDT**

This is our concern, Dude.

**DUDE**

No, man, nothing is fucked here--

**LEBOWSKI**

**NOTHING IS FUCKED! THE GODDAMN PLANE HAS CRASHED INTO THE MOUNTAIN!**

The Dude takes a hurried sip from his drink.

**DUDE**

C'mon man, who're you gonna believe? Those guys are--we dropped off the damn money--

**LEBOWSKI**

**WHAT?!**

**DUDE**

I--the royal we, you know, the editorial--I dropped off the money, exactly as per--Look, I've got certain information, certain things have come to light, and uh, has it ever occurred to you, man, that given the nature of all this new shit, that, uh, instead of running around blaming me, that this whole thing might just be, not, you know, not just such a simple, but uh--you know?

**LEBOWSKI**

What in God's holy name are you blathering about?

**DUDE**

I'll tell you what I'm blathering about! I got information--new shit has come to light and--shit, man! She kidnapped herself!

Lebowski stares at him, dumbstruck. The Dude is encouraged.

**DUDE**

Well sure, look at it! Young trophy wife, I mean, in the parlance of our times, owes money all over town, including to known pornographers-- and that's cool, that's cool-- but I'm saying, she needs money, and of course they're gonna say they didn't get it 'cause she wants more, man, she's gotta feed the monkey, I mean-- hasn't that ever occurred to you...? Sir?

**LEBOWSKI**

(quietly)

No. No Mr. Lebowski, that had not occurred to me.

**BRANDT**

That had not occurred to us, Dude.

**DUDE**

Well, okay, you're not privy to all the new shit, so uh, you know, but that's what you pay me for. Speaking of which, would it be possible for me to get my twenty grand in cash? I gotta check this with my accountant of course, but my concern is that, you know, it could bump me into a higher tax--

**LEBOWSKI**

Brandt, give him the envelope.

**DUDE**

Well, okay, if you've already made out the check. Brandt is handing him a letter-sized envelope which is distended by something inside.

**BRANDT**

We received it this morning.

The Dude, frowning, untucks its flap, takes out some cotton wadding and unrolls it.

**LEBOWSKI**

Since you have failed to achieve, even in the modest task that was your charge, since you have stolen my money, and since you have unrepentantly betrayed my trust.

The wadding, undone, reveals a smaller wad of gauze taped up inside. The Dude undoes the tape with his fingernails and starts to unroll the inner package.

**LEBOWSKI**

I have no choice but to tell these bums that they should do whatever is necessary to recover their money from you, Jeffrey Lebowski. And with Brandt as my witness, tell you this: Any further harm visited upon Bunny, shall be visited tenfold upon your head.

Between thumb and forefinger the Dude holds up the contents of the package--a little toe, with emerald green nail polish.

**LEBOWSKI**

...By God sir. I will not abide another toe.

**COFFEE SHOP**

The Dude and Walter sit at the counter, both staring off into space, both absently stirring their coffee with little clinking noises.

**AFTER A LONG BEAT:**

**WALTER**

That wasn't her toe.

**DUDE**

Whose toe was it, Walter?

**WALTER**

How the fuck should I know? I do know that nothing about it indicates--

**DUDE**

The nail polish, Walter.

**WALTER**

Fine, Dude. As if it's impossible to get some nail polish, apply it to someone else's toe--

**DUDE**

Someone else's--where the fuck are they gonna--

**WALTER**

You want a toe? I can get you a toe, believe me. There are ways, Dude. You don't wanna know about it, believe me.

**DUDE**

But Walter--

**WALTER**

I'll get you a toe by this afternoon--with nail polish. These fucking amateurs. They send us a toe, we're supposed to shit ourselves with fear. Jesus Christ. My point is--

**DUDE**

They're gonna kill her, Walter, and then they're gonna kill me--

**WALTER**

Well that's just, that's the stress talking, Dude. So far we have what looks to me like a series of victimless crimes--

**DUDE**

What about the toe?

**WALTER**

**FORGET ABOUT THE FUCKING TOE!**

A waitress enters.

**WAITRESS**

Could you please keep your voices down--this is a family restaurant.

**WALTER**

Oh, please dear! I've got news for you: the Supreme Court has roundly rejected prior restraint!

**DUDE**

Walter, this isn't a First Amendment thing.

**WAITRESS**

Sir, if you don't calm down I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

**WALTER**

Lady, I got buddies who died face-down in the muck so you and I could enjoy this family restaurant!

**THE DUDE GETS UP:**

**DUDE**

All right, I'm leaving. I'm sorry ma'am.

**WALTER**

Don't run away from this, Dude!  
Goddamnit, this affects all of us!

The Dude has left frame; Walter calls after him:

**WALTER**

Our basic freedoms!

He looks defiantly around.

**WALTER**

I'm staying. Finishing my coffee.

He stirs the coffee, bopping his head in time to the Muzak, affecting nonchalance.

**WALTER**

Finishing my coffee.

**DUDE'S BATHROOM**

A dripping noise.

The Dude sits in the bathtub, staring stuporously, a joint pinched in one hand, a washcloth draped over his head.

We hear the phone ringing in the other room.

The Dude is staring at his toes, which protrude from the soapy water, splayed against the far side of the tub.

After the Dude's outgoing message we hear:

**VOICE THROUGH MACHINE**

Mr. Lebowski, this is Duty Officer  
Rolvaag of the L.A.P.D.

The Dude looks stuporously up, his head swaying.

**VOICE THROUGH MACHINE**

We've recovered your vehicle. It  
can be claimed at the North Hollywood  
Auto Circus there on Victory.

**DUDE**

Far out. Far fuckin' out.

**MESSAGE**

You'll just need to present a--

The message is interrupted by loud smashing sounds, as of someone applying a baseball bat to the answering machine.

**DUDE**

Hunh?

He looks blearily at the open doorway.

A tall man dressed in black leather with a cricket paddle is striding across the living room towards the bathroom.

**DUDE**

Hey! This is a private residence,  
man!

The man has entered the bathroom and, in stride, swings the cricket paddle up to smash the overhead light. Two other men are entering behind him.

The room is dark now except for spill from the living room; the men are backlit shapes.

One of them holds a string at the other end of which a small animal skitters excitedly about the floor.

The Dude looks curiously at the small, nattering animal.

**DUDE**

Nice marmot.

The man with the string scoops up the marmot and tosses it, screaming, into the bathtub.

The Dude screams.

The marmot splashes frantically, biting at the Dude in a frenzy of fearful aggression.

**FIRST MAN**

Vee vant zat money, Lebowski.

The Dude, screaming, grabs the lip of the tub and starts to hoist himself up but the first man lays a palm on top of his head and squishes him back into the water.

**SECOND MAN**

You think veer kidding und making mit de funny stuff?

**THIRD MAN**

Vee could do things you only dreamed of, Lebowski.

**SECOND MAN**

Ja, vee could really do it, Lebowski.  
Vee belief in nossing.

He scoops the marmot out of the water. It shakes itself off, spraying the Dude.

**DUDE**

Jesus!

**DIETER**

Vee belief in nossing, Lebowski!  
**NOSSING!!**

The marmot, back on the floor, is skittering around, shaking itself and convulsing in little sneezes.

**DUDE**

Jesus Christ!

**FIRST MAN**

Tomorrow vee come back und cut off your chonson.

**DUDE**

Excuse me?

**FIRST MAN**

**I SAY VEE CUT OFF YOUR CHONSON!**

The three men turn to leave. Over their retreating backs:

**SECOND MAN**

Just sink about zat, Lebowski.

**FIRST MAN**

Ja, your viggly penis, Lebowski.

**SECOND MAN**

Ja, und maybe vee stamp on it und skvush it, Lebowski!

**NORTH HOLLYWOOD AUTO CIRCUS**

A policeman with a clipboard is leading the Dude through a large parking lot.

**POLICEMAN**

You're lucky she wasn't chopped, Mr. Lebowski. Must've been a joyride situation; they abandoned the car once they hit the retaining wall.

They have reached the Dude's car. The driver's side exterior has been scraped raw. The policeman hands the Dude a door handle and an exterior rear-view mirror.

**POLICEMAN**

These were on the road next to the car. You'll have to get in on the other side.

The Dude climbs in the passenger side.

**DUDE**

My fucking briefcase! It's not here!

**POLICEMAN**

Yeah, sorry, I saw that on the report. You're lucky they left the tape deck though.

**DUDE**

My fucking briefcase! Jesus--what's that smell?

**POLICEMAN**

Uh, yeah. Probably a vagrant, slept in the car. Or perhaps just used it as a toilet, and moved on.

The Dude tries to roll down the driver's window but it will not go; he bellows through the glass:

**DUDE**

When will you find these guys? I mean, do you have any promising leads?

The policeman laughs, agreeing broadly.

**POLICEMAN**

Leads, yeah. I'll just check with the boys down at the Crime Lab. They've assigned four more detectives to the case, got us working in shifts.

The Dude looks sadly through his window at the policeman rocking back on his heels, his raucous laughter muffled by the glass.

**BOWLING ALLEY BAR**

The Dude, Walter and Donny sit at the bar, the Dude with a White Russian, Walter with a beer, and Donny eating beer nuts.

**DONNY**

And then they're gonna stamp on it?!

**WALTER**

Oh for Christ--will you shut the fuck up, Donny.

**DUDE**

I figure my only hope is that the big Lebowski kills me before the Germans can cut my dick off.

**WALTER**

Now that is ridiculous, Dude. No one is going to cut your dick off.

**DUDE**

Thanks Walter.

**WALTER**

Not if I have anything to say about it.

**DUDE**

(bitterly)  
Yeah, thanks Walter. That gives me a very secure feeling.

**WALTER**

Dude--

**DUDE**

That makes me feel all warm inside.

**WALTER**

Now Dude--

**DUDE**

This whole fucking thing--I could  
be sitting here with just pee-stains  
on my rug.

Walter sadly shakes his head.

**WALTER**

Fucking Germans. Nothing changes.  
Fucking Nazis.

**DONNY**

They were Nazis, Dude?

**WALTER**

Come on, Donny, they were threatening  
castration!

**DONNY**

Uh-huh.

**WALTER**

Are you gonna split hairs?

**DONNY**

No--

**WALTER**

Am I wrong?

**DONNY**

Well--

**DUDE**

They're nihilists.

**WALTER**

Huh?

**DUDE**

They kept saying they believe in  
nothing.

**WALTER**

Nihilists! Jesus.

Walter looks haunted.

Say what you like about the tenets of National Socialism, Dude, at least it's an ethos.

**DUDE**

Yeah.

**WALTER**

And let's also not forget--let's not forget, Dude--that keeping wildlife, an amphibious rodent, for uh, domestic, you know, within the city--that isn't legal either.

**DUDE**

What're you, a fucking park ranger now?

**WALTER**

No, I'm--

**DUDE**

Who gives a shit about the fucking marmot!

**WALTER**

--We're sympathizing here, Dude--

**DUDE**

Fuck your sympathy! I don't need your sympathy, man, I need my fucking Johnson!

**DONNY**

What do you need that for, Dude?

**WALTER**

You gotta buck up, man, you can't go into the tournament with this negative attitude--

**DUDE**

Fuck the tournament! Fuck you, Walter!

There is a moment of stunned silence.

**WALTER**

Fuck the tournament?!

**SAD; QUIET:**

**WALTER**

Okay Dude. I can see you don't want to be cheered up. C'mon Donny, let's go get a lane.

They leave the Dude sitting morosely at the bar. As he stares

**DOWN INTO HIS EMPTY GLASS:**

**DUDE**

Another Caucasian, Gary.

**VOICE**

Right, Dude.

**STILL STARING DOWN AT THE BAR:**

**DUDE**

Friends like these, huh Gary.

**GARY**

That's right, Dude.

The pop song on the jukebox has ended; someone puts on "Tumbling Tumbleweeds."

A man saunters up to the bar to take the stool that Walter vacated. He is middle-aged, amiable, craggily handsome--Sam Elliot, perhaps. He has a large Western-style mustache and wears denims, a yoked shirt and a cowboy hat.

**TO THE BARTENDER:**

**MAN**

D'ya have a good sarsaparilla?

We recognize the voice of The Stranger whose narration opened the movie.

**BARTENDER**

Sioux City Sarsaparilla.

The Stranger nods.

**THE STRANGER**

That's a good one.

Waiting for his drink, he looks amiably around the bar. His crinkled eyes settle on the Dude.

**THE STRANGER**

How ya doin' there, Dude?

The Dude, still staring down at his drink, shakes his head.

**DUDE**

Ahh, not so good, man.

**THE STRANGER**

One a those days, huh. Wal, a wiser fella than m'self once said, sometimes you eat the bar and sometimes the bar, wal, he eats you.

**DUDE**

(absently)

Uh-huh. That some kind of Eastern thing?

**THE STRANGER**

Far from it.

**DUDE**

Mm.

The bartender puts a brown bottle and a frosted glass on the bar in front of The Stranger, who touches his hat brim.

**THE STRANGER**

Much obliged.

He looks back at the Dude.

**THE STRANGER**

I like your style, Dude.

**THE DUDE LOOKS UP, ABSENTLY:**

**DUDE**

Well I like your style too, man. Got a whole cowboy thing goin'.

**THE STRANGER**

Thankie. . . Just one thing, Dude. D'ya have to use s'many cuss words?

The Dude looks at The Stranger as if just now noticing how out of place the cowpoke is.

**DUDE**

The fuck are you talking about?

The Stranger chuckles indulgently and pushes off from the bar.

**THE STRANGER**

Okay, have it your way.

He brushes his hat brim with a fingertip.

**THE STRANGER**

Take it easy, Dude.

**DUDE**

Yeah. Thanks man.

He is gone. "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" is ending as we hear an offscreen voice, breaking the spell:

**VOICE**

Dude! Dude!

**THE DUDE LOOKS:**

Tony, the unformed limo driver, is at the door of the bar, beckoning.

**MAUDE'S LOFT**

She strides toward us, naked under a robe which she is just cinching shut. Paint flecks her skin.

**MAUDE**

Jeffrey, you haven't gone to the doctor.

**DUDE**

No it's fine, really, uh--

**MAUDE**

Do you have any news regarding my father's money?

**DUDE**

I, uh... money, yeah, I gotta respectfully, 69 you know, tender my resignation on that matter, 'cause it looks like your mother really was kidnapped after all.

**MAUDE**

She most certainly was not!

**DUDE**

Hey man, why don't you fucking listen occasionally? You might learn something. Now I got--

**MAUDE**

And please don't call her my mother.

**DUDE**

Now I got--

**MAUDE**

She is most definitely the perpetrator and not the victim.

**DUDE**

I'm telling you, I got definitive evidence--

**MAUDE**

From who?

**DUDE**

The main guy, Dieter--

**MAUDE**

Dieter Hauff?

**DUDE**

Well--yeah, I guess--

**MAUDE**

Her "co-star" in the beaver picture?

**DUDE**

Beaver? You mean vagina?--I mean, you know him?

**MAUDE**

Dieter has been on the fringes of-- well, of everything in L.A., for about twenty years. Look at my LP's. Under 'Autobahn.'

The Dude fingers through the albums filling one bookshelf.

**MAUDE**

That was his group--they released one album in the mid-seventies.

The Dude stops between two albums.

**DUDE**

Roy Orbison. . . Pink Floyd.

**MAUDE**

Huh? Autobahn. A-u-t-o. Their music is a sort of--ugh--techno-pop.

The Dude pulls out an album with a worn sleeve. On it is the group's name, Autobahn, the album name, Nagelbett, and a picture

**OF THREE YOUNG GERMANS, THEIR FOREHEADS LOOMING BELOW SLICKED-**

back hair, gazing upward in thin-lipped epiphany. They are wearing severe but modishly retro suits. Each has his name under his picture--Dieter, Kieffer; and Franz. A bed of nails is the only set dressing on the cyc.

**DUDE**

Jeez. I miss vinyl.

**MAUDE**

Is he pretending to be the abductor?

**DUDE**

Well...yeah--

**MAUDE**

Look, Jeffrey, you don't really kidnap someone that you're acquainted with. You can't get away with it if the hostage knows who you are.

**DUDE**

Well yeah...I know that.

**MAUDE**

So Dieter has the money?

**DUDE**

Well, no, not exactly. It's a complicated case, Maude. Lotta ins. Lotta outs. And a lotta strands to keep in my head, man. Lotta strands in old Duder's--

**MAUDE**

Do you still have that doctor's number?

**DUDE**

Huh? No, really, I don't even have  
the bruise any more, I--

She is scribbling.

**MAUDE**

Please Jeffrey. I don't want to be  
responsible for any delayed after-  
effects.

**DUDE**

Delayed after-eff--

**MAUDE**

I want you to see him immediately.

She is picking up a telephone.

**MAUDE**

I'll see if he's available. He's a  
good man, and thorough.

**CLOSE SHOT THE DUDE**

His eyes are closed, a headset on, his shirt off. Leaking  
tinnily through the headset we hear the opening bars of  
"Comin' Up Around the Bend."

Behind him, cropped so that we see only a little of his torso,  
a white-smocked figure taps at the Dude's back. After a  
moment the figure circles to one side, out of frame. His  
hand reaches in to pull one arm of the headset away from the  
Dude's ear, and as he does so the music issues more strongly.

**VOICE**

Could you slide your shorts down  
please, Mr. Lebowski?

The Dude's eyes open.

**DUDE**

Huh? No, she, she hit me right here.

**VOICE**

I understand sir. Could you slide  
your shorts down please?

**DUDE'S CAR**

The Dude is driving home. A Creedence tape plays. The Dude

is sucking down a joint. He glances at the rear-view mirror-- and, noticing something, looks again.

#### **HIS POV**

A Volkswagon bug is following, a lone fat man driving.

#### **THE DUDE**

His eyes still on the mirror, he absently takes the joint between thumb and forefinger of his right hand and flicks it out the driver's window--except that the window is not open. The butt bounces off the glass and around the car, showering sparks.

#### **DUDE'S CROTCH**

The glowing butt rolls down the car seat between his legs. The Dude screams.

#### **THE STREET**

The car careens wildly as the surrounding traffic veers off to, make way, horns blaring. The car finally spins and comes to rest with its passenger side wrapped into a telephone poll.

#### **INSIDE THE CAR**

The Dude frantically grabs at his door, which won't open, and then slides over to push at the passenger door, which also won't open.

#### **DUDE**

Fuck Me.

But he is sitting on the passenger side now, away from the lit butt. He looks around for it.

Smoke is wisping up from between the Driver's seat cushion and back cushion.

#### **DUDE**

Fuckola, man.

He takes his beer and pours it in between the cushions. There is a hissing sound. But there is a piece of paper sticking out from between the cushions.

The Dude pulls it out.

It is lined spiral notebook paper, slightly singed and

dripping beer, covered with handwriting. In the upper right-hand corner is the name Lawrence Sellers, and under that, Mrs. Jamtoss 5th Period. The theme is titled "The Louisiana Purchase." In red ink is a large circled D and some handwritten marginal comments; misspelled words are circled in red throughout.

#### **CRANE JACKSON'S FOUNTAIN STREET THEATER**

We are behind Walter, the Dude, and Donny, facing the stage in the background where Allan, the Dude's balding landlord, is performing a dance moderne.

As Walter talks to the Dude he leans in to him, his voice hushed, so as not to disturb the rest of the very sparse audience.

#### **WALTER**

He lives in North Hollywood on  
Radford, near the In-and-Out Burger--

#### **DUDE**

The In-and-Out Burger is on Camrose.

#### **WALTER**

Near the In-and-Out Burger--

#### **DONNY**

Those are good burgers, Walter.

#### **WALTER**

Shut the fuck up, Donny. This kid  
is in the ninth grade, Dude, and his  
father is--are you ready for this?--  
Arthur Digby Sellers.

#### **DUDE**

Who the fuck is that?

#### **WALTER**

Huh?

#### **DUDE**

Who the fuck is Arthur Digby Sellers?

#### **WALTER**

Who the f--have you ever heard of a  
little show called Branded, Dude?

#### **DUDE**

Yeah.

**WALTER**

All but one man died? There at Bitter Creek?

**DUDE**

Yeah yeah, I know the fucking show Walter, so what?

**WALTER**

Fucking Arthur Digby Sellers wrote 156 episodes, Dude.

**DUDE**

Uh-huh.

**WALTER**

The bulk of the series.

**DUDE**

Uh-huh.

**WALTER**

Not exactly a lightweight.

**DUDE**

No.

**WALTER**

And yet his son is a fucking dunce.

**DUDE**

Uh.

**WALTER**

Yeah, go figure. Well we'll go out there after the, uh, the.

He waves a hand vaguely toward the stage.

**WALTER**

What have you. We'll, uh--

**DONNY**

We'll be near the In-and-Out Burger.

**WALTER**

Shut the fuck up, Donny. We'll, uh, brace the kid--he'll be a pushover. We'll get that fucking money, if he hasn't spent it already. Million fucking clams. And yes, we'll be near the, uh--some burgers, some

beers, a few laughs. Our fucking troubles are over, Dude.

#### **RESIDENTIAL AREA**

The Dude and Walter are pulling up in front of a dilapidated house sitting on a scrubby lot. Parked incongruously in front of the house is a brand new red Corvette.

#### **DUDE**

Fuck me, man! That kid's already spent all the money!

#### **WALTER**

Hardly Dude, a new 'vette? The kid's still got, oh, 96 to 97 thousand, depending on the options. Wait in the car, Donny.

#### **THE FRONT DOOR**

Walter rings the bell. It is opened by a matronly Spanish woman.

#### **WOMAN**

Jace?

#### **WALTER**

Hello, Pilar? My name is Walter Sobchak, we spoke on the phone, this is my associate Jeffrey Lebowski.

#### **WOMAN**

Jace.

#### **WALTER**

May we uh, we wanted to talk about little Larry. May we come in?

#### **WOMAN**

Jace.

They enter a dim living room and stand, looking about, as Pilar

#### **CALLS UP THE STAIRS:**

#### **PILAR**

Larry! Sweetie! Dat mang is here!

There is a rhythmic compressor sound; Walter places it and nudges the Dude. At the other end of the living room a man

lies on something that looks like a hospital gurney with its midsection enclosed by a motorized stainless-steel bubble. It is an iron lung, artificially breathing with distinct hisses in and out.

**WALTER**

That's him, Dude.

**VIVA VOCE**

And a good day to you, sir.

**PILAR**

See down, please.

**WALTER**

Thank you, ma'am.

He and the Dude sit on a sagging green sofa. In a lowered voice, to Pilar:

**WALTER**

Does he, uh. . . Is he still writing?

**PILAR**

No, no. He has healt' problems.

**WALTER**

Uh-huh.

**HE BELLOWS ACROSS THE ROOM:**

**WALTER**

I just want to say, sir, that we're both enormous--on a personal level, Branded, especially the early episodes, has been a source of, uh, inspir---

There are footsteps on the stairs. Larry, a fifteen-year-old, looks at the two men.

**PILAR**

See down, Sweetie. These are the policeman--

**WALTER**

No ma'am, I didn't mean to give the impression that we're police exactly. We're hoping that it will not be necessary to call the police.

He adopts his command voice in turning to Larry:

**WALTER**

But that is up to little Larry here.  
Isn't it, Larry?

Walter pops the latches on his attache case and takes out the homework, which is now in a ziploc bag. He holds it out at arm's length, displaying it to Larry.

**WALTER**

Is this your homework, Larry?

Larry does not respond.

**WALTER**

Is this your homework, Larry?

**DUDE**

Look, man, did you--

**WALTER**

Dude, please!. . . Is this your homework, Larry?

**DUDE**

Just ask him if he--ask him about the car, man!

Walter is still holding out the homework.

**WALTER**

Is this yours, Larry? Is this your homework, Larry?

**DUDE**

Is the car out front yours?

**WALTER**

Is this your homework, Larry?

**DUDE**

We know it's his fucking homework, Walter! Where's the fucking money, you little brat?

Throughout Walter has been staring at Larry with the homework extended towards him.

**WALTER**

Look, Larry. . . Have you ever heard of Vietnam?

**DUDE**

Oh, for Christ's sake, Walter!

**WALTER**

You're going to enter a world of pain, son. We know that this is your homework. We know you stole a car--

**DUDE**

And the fucking money!

**WALTER**

And the fucking money. And we know that this is your homework, Larry.

No answer.

**WALTER**

You're gonna KILL your FATHER, Larry!.

**FINALLY, IN DISGUST:**

**WALTER**

Ah, this is pointless.

As he shoves the homework back in the attache case:

**WALTER**

All right, Plan B. You might want to watch out the front window there, Larry.

He is heading for the door. The Dude, puzzled, rises to follow him.

**WALTER**

This is what happens when you FUCK a STRANGER in the ASS, Larry.

**OUTSIDE**

Walter is striding down the lawn with his attache case like an enraged encyclopedia salesman. Without looking back at, the Dude, who follows:

**WALTER**

Fucking language problem, Dude.

He pops the Dude's trunk, flings in the briefcase and takes out a tire iron.

**WALTER**

Maybe he'll understand this.

He is walking over to the Corvette.

**WALTER**

**YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS, LARRY!**

CRASH! He swings the crowbar into the windshield, which shatters.

**WALTER**

**YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS?!**

CRASH! He takes out the driver's window.

**WALTER**

**THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FUCK A  
STRANGER IN THE ASS!**

Lights are going on in houses down the street. Distant dogs bark.

**WALTER**

**HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS, LARRY!**

**CRASH!**

**WALTER**

**HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS! FUCK A STRANGER  
IN THE ASS!**

**CRASH!**

A man in a sleeveless T-shirt and boxer shorts has run over behind Walter and grabbed him from behind on a backswing of the crowbar.

**MAN**

**WHAT THE FUCK JOO DOING, MANG?!**

He wrestles the crowbar away from the startled Walter.

**MAN**

**I JUS' BAWDEEZ FUCKEEN CAR LASS WEEK!**

Walter cringes before the enraged Mexican.

**WALTER**

Hunh?

The man looks about, wildly.

**MAN**  
**I KILL JOO, MANG! I--I KILL JOR**  
**FUCKEEN CAR!**

He runs over to the Dude's car.

**DUDE**  
No! No! NO! THAT'S NOT--

**CRASH! CRASH!**

**MAN**  
**I FUCKEEN KILL JOR FUCKEEN CAR!**

**CRASH!**

**MAN**  
**I KILL JOR FUCKEEN CAR!**

**INSIDE THE CAR**

Glass rains in on a terrified, cringing, Donny.

**MAN**  
**I KILL JOR FUCKEEN CAR!**

**ON A DEAFENING CRASH WE CUT TO:**

**THE DUDE'S CAR**

We are looking into the car through the broken windshield as it rattles down the freeway. Wind whistles through the caved-in windows.

The Dude drives, his jaw clenched, staring grimly out at the road. Walter, beside him, and Donny in the back seat, munch 'on In-and-Out Burgers.

Creedence music plays above the bluster of wind.

**DUDE'S BUNGALOW**

As the Dude talks on the phone he is hammering a two-by-four into the floor just inside, and parallel to, the front door.

**DUDE**  
I accept your apology. . . No I, I  
just want to handle it myself from  
now on. . . No. That has nothing to  
do with it. . . .Yes, it made it

home, I'm calling from home. No,  
Walter, it didn't look like Larry  
was about to crack.

He finishes hammering, rises and grabs a straightbacked chair  
that stands nearby.

**DUDE**

Well that's your perception. . .  
Well you're right, Walter, and the  
unspoken Message is FUCK YOU AND  
LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE. . . Yeah,  
I'll be at practice.

He hangs up and has just finished sliding the chair into  
place with its top under the doorknob and its legs braced  
against the two-by-four, thus wedging the door closed, when  
the door is opened--outwards. The chair clatters to the  
floor.

**DUDE**

Huh?

Woo and the blond man who earlier peed on the rug stride in,  
kicking the chair away.

**WOO**

Pin your diapers on, Lebowski. Jackie  
Treehorn wants to see you.

**BLOND MAN**

And we know which Lebowski you are,  
Lebowski.

**WOO**

Yeah. Jackie Treehorn wants to talk  
to the deadbeat Lebowski.

**BLOND MAN**

You're not dealing with morons here.

**BLACKNESS**

Out of the blackness something is falling toward us. It is  
a woman, falling in slow motion, her limbs flailing, her  
mouth contorted by either fear or ecstasy. She is topless.  
She falls past the camera, leaving blackness, then after a  
beat reappears, rising into the night sky.

**MALIBU BEACH**

A crowd of mostly tanned middle-aged men with blow-dried

hair, wearing jogging outfits and other expensively casual attire, are blanket-tossing the squealing young woman in nightmarish slow motion.

#### **WIDER**

It is a party, lit by festive beach lights and standing kerosene heaters. 1960's mainstream jazz, of the Mancini-Brubeck school, has been piped down to speakers on the beach'.

In long shot now the woman rises, squealing, disappears into darkness, descends into light, rises again.

A man walks towards the camera through the pools of beach light. He is handsome, fiftyish, wearing cotton twill pants and a Turnbull & Asher shirt with a foulard knotted at the neck. Behind him, the woman rises and falls, appears and disappears.

#### **MAN**

Hello Dude, thanks for coming. I'm Jackie Treehorn.

#### **INSIDE THE BEACH HOUSE**

The Dude is looking around at the '60's modern decor.

#### **DUDE**

This is quite a pad you got here, man. Completely unspoiled.

#### **TREEHORN**

What's your drink, Dude?

#### **DUDE**

White Russian, thanks. How's the smut business, Jackie?

#### **TREEHORN**

I wouldn't know, Dude. I deal in publishing, entertainment, political advocacy, and--

#### **DUDE**

Which one was Logjammin'?

#### **TREEHORN**

Regrettably, it's true, standards have fallen in adult entertainment. It's video, Dude. Now that we're competing with the amateurs, we can't afford to invest that little extra

in story, production value, feeling.

He taps his forehead with one finger.

**TREEHORN**

People forget that the brain is the biggest erogenous zone--

**DUDE**

On you, maybe.

He hands him the drink.

**TREEHORN**

Of course, you do get the good with the bad. The new technology permits us to do exciting things with interactive erotic software. Wave of the future, Dude. 100% electronic.

**DUDE**

Uh-huh. Well, I still jerk off manually.

**TREEHORN**

Of course you do. I can see you're anxious for me to get to the point. Well Dude, here it is. Where's Bunny?

**DUDE**

I thought you might know, man.

**TREEHORN**

Me? How would I know? The only reason she ran off was to get away from her rather sizable debt to me.

**DUDE**

But she hasn't run off, she's been--

Treehorn waves this off.

**TREEHORN**

I've heard the kidnapping story, so save it. I know you're mixed up in all this, Dude, and I don't care what you're trying to take off her husband. That's your business. All I'm saying is, I want mine.

**DUDE**

Yeah, well, right man, there are

many facets to this, uh, you know, many interested parties. If I can find your money, man-- what's in it for the Dude?

**TREEHORN**

Of course, there's that to discuss. Refill?

**DUDE**

Does the Pope shit in the woods?

**TREEHORN**

Let's say a 10% finder's fee?

**DUDE**

Okay, Jackie, done. I like the way you do business. Your money is being held by a kid named Larry Sellers. He lives in North Hollywood, on Radford, near the In-and-Out Burger. A real fuckin' brat, but I'm sure your goons'll be able to get it off him, mean he's only fifteen and he's flunking social studies. So if you'll just write me a check for my ten per cent. . . of half a million. . . fifty grand.

He is getting to his feet, but sways woozily.

**DUDE**

I'll go out and mingle.--Jesus, you mix a hell of a Caucasian, Jackie.

The Dude shakes his head, tries to focus.

**TREEHORN**

A fifteen-year-old? Is this your idea of a joke?

Jackie Treehorn's image starts to swim. He is joined on either side by Woo and the blond man, all three men looking grimly down at the Dude.

**DUDE**

No funny stuff, Jackie. . . the kid's got it. Hiya, fellas. . . kid just wanted a car. All the Dude ever wanted. . . was his rug back. . . not greedy. . . it really.

He squints at Jackie Treehorn, who swims in and out of focus.  
Tied the room together.

He tips forward, spilling his drink off the table.

**FROM UNDER THE GLASS COFFEE TABLE**

Looking up at the Dude as his face hits the glass and squishes.

**FAST FADE OUT**

**BLACK**

**THE STRANGER'S VOICE**

Darkness warshed over the Dude--  
darker'n a black steer's tookus on a  
moonless prairie night. There was  
no bottom.

We hear a thundering bass.

**SCRATCHY WHITE TITLE CARD:**

**JACKIE TREEHORN PRESENTS**

**ANOTHER TITLE CARD:**

**THE DUDE**

**AND**

**MAUDE LEBOWSKI**

**IN**

**THIRD TITLE CARD:**

**GUTTERBALLS**

The title logo is a suggestively upright bowling pin flanked by a pair of bowling balls. The bending bass sound turns into the lead-in to Kenny Rogers and the First Edition's "Just Dropped In."

The Dude is walking down a long corridor dressed as a cable repairman. The Dude's face is washed with a brilliant light as the corridor opens onto a gleaming bowling alley.

In the center of the alley stands Maude Lebowski, singing operatic harmony to the Kenny Rogers song. She wears an armored breastplate and Norse headgear, has braided pigtails,

and holds a trident.

The Dude stands behind her and, pressed up against her, helps her with her follow-through as she releases a bowling ball.

The lane is straddled by a line of chorines in spangly mini-skirts, their arms akimbo, Busby-Berkley style, their legs turning the lane into a tunnel leading to the pins at the end.

But it is no longer a bowling ball rolling between their legs--it is the Dude himself, levitating inches off the lane, the tools from his utility belt swinging free. He is face down, his arms, torpedolike, pressed against his sides.

His point of view shows the lane rushing by below, the little ball-guide arrows zipping by.

The Dude twists his body around, performing a barrel-roll so that he is now gliding along the lane face-up.

Now his point of view looks up the dresses of the passing chorines.

The Dude smiles dreamily and does a backstroke motion so that he is once again gliding face-down. He looks forward and his forward momentum blows back his hair.

Coming at us, as we go through the last few pairs of legs, are the approaching pins. We hit the pins, scattering them, and rush on into black.

A body drops down into the blackness in slow motion--a topless woman, squealing, her legs kicking.

As she drops out of frame, leaving blackness again, three men are entering from the background, emerging into a pool of light. It is the Germans, advancing ominously, wielding oversized shears which they menacingly scissor.

The Dude, now standing in a field of black, reacts to the advancing Germans. He turns and runs, fists pumping.

The scissoring sound of the shears turns into the whoosh of car-bys. The field of black is punctured by headlights. The Dude is running blearily down the middle of the Pacific Coast Highway. Cars rush by on either side, horns blaring.

With the BLOO-WHUP of a short siren blast, a squad car with flashing gumballs pulls up.

**SQUAD CAR**

The Dude sits in the back seat, his head lolling with the motion of the car as he blearily sings the theme of Branded:

**DUDE**

He was innocent. Not a charge was true. And they say he ran awaaaaay.

**CHIEF'S OFFICE**

The Dude is hurled against the chief's desk, which he bounces off of, to come to rest more or less seated in a facing chair.

His wallet is tossed onto the desk.

The chief leans forward, takes the wallet and sorts through it with disgusted incredulity.

**CHIEF**

This is your only I.D.?

He is looking at the Ralph's Shopper's Club card.

**DUDE**

I know my rights.

**CHIEF**

You don't know shit, Lebowski.

**DUDE**

I want a fucking lawyer, man. I want Bill Kunstler.

**CHIEF**

What are you, some kind of sad-assed refugee from the fucking sixties?

**DUDE**

Uh-huh.

**CHIEF**

Mr. Treehorn tells us that he had to eject you from his garden party, that you were drunk and abusive.

**DUDE**

That guy treats women like objects, man.

**CHIEF**

Mr. Treehorn draws a lot of water in this town, Lebowski. You don't draw shit. We got a nice quiet beach

community here, and I aim to keep it nice and quiet. So let me make something plain. I don't like you sucking around bothering our citizens, Lebowski. I don't like your jerk-off name, I don't like your jerk-off face, I don't like your jerk-off behavior, and I don't like you, jerk-off --do I make myself clear?

The Dude stares.

**DUDE**

I'm sorry, I wasn't listening.

The Chief hurls his steaming mug of coffee at the Dude. It hits him in the forehead with a thud, the scalding coffee splashing everywhere.

The Chief is already up off his chair, rounding the desk.

**DUDE**

--Ow! Fucking fascist!

The Chief slaps him twice.

**CHIEF**

Stay out of Malibu, Lebowski!

He kicks the chair out from under the Dude, and then starts kicking at him.

**CHIEF**

Stay out of Malibu, deadbeat! Keep your ugly fucking goldbricking ass out of my beach community!

**CAB**

The Dude, in the back seat of a taxicab that rocks and squeaks with every bump, is gingerly touching at sore spots on his face and scalp.

"Peaceful Easy Feeling" is on the radio.

**DUDE'S POV**

The back of the driver, a large black man with rasta dreds under a knit cap.

**DUDE**

Jesus, man, can you change the

station?

**DRIVER**

Fuck you man! You don't like my  
fucking music, get your own fucking  
cab!

**DUDE**

I've had a--

**DRIVER**

I pull over and kick your ass out,  
man!

**DUDE**

--had a rough night, and I hate the  
fucking Eagles, man--

**DRIVER**

That's it! Outta this fucking cab!

**THE STREET**

The cab screeches over towards the curb. Another car,  
oncoming, its radio blaring Metallica, speeds by.

**INSIDE THE OTHER CAR**

It is a red convertible. The driver, singing loudly and  
badly along with the radio, her hair blowing in the wind, a  
dreamy smile on her face as she speeds along, higher than a  
kite, is Bunny Lebowski.

**THE FOOTWELL**

On the accelerator her right foot, in an open-toed bright  
red high-heeled shoe, has five painted toes.

When she downshifts her left foot enters to engage the clutch.

Five more toes.

**DUDE'S BUNGALOW**

The Dude staggers in the open front door, one hand pressed  
to a lump on his forehead, and looks around.

**DUDE**

Jesus.

The place is a wreck. Furniture has been overturned,  
upholstery slashed, drawers dumped.

Quiet.

The door to the bedroom starts to creak open.

The Dude cringes.

Maude emerges from the bedroom. She is wearing a bathrobe.

**MAUDE**

Jeffrey.

**DUDE**

Maude?

She pulls open the bathrobe as she approaches.

**MAUDE**

Love me.

The Dude is stupefied.

**DUDE**

That's my robe.

**THOOMP! ON THE EMBRACE WE CUT TO:**

**BLACK**

After a beat, a long sigh, and then a voice from the blackness:

**MAUDE**

Tell me a little about yourself,  
Jeffrey.

**DUDE**

Well, uh. . . Not much to tell.

A match is dragged across a headboard; the Dude is lighting himself a joint. He shakes the match out to restore blackness except for the glowing tip of the joint.

**DUDE**

I was, uh, one of the authors of the  
Port Huron Statement.--The original  
Port Huron Statement.

**MAUDE**

Uh-huh.

**DUDE**

Not the compromised second draft.  
And then I, uh. . . Ever hear of the  
Seattle Seven?

**MAUDE**

Mmmun.

Click--the Dude turns on a bedside lamp. He and Maude lie  
next to each other in bed.

**DUDE**

And then. . . let's see, I uh--music  
business briefly.

**MAUDE**

Oh?

**DUDE**

Yeah. Roadie for Metallica. Speed  
of Sound Tour.

**MAUDE**

Uh-huh.

**DUDE**

Bunch of assholes. And then, you  
know, little of this, little of that.  
My career's, uh, slowed down a bit  
lately.

**MAUDE**

What do you do for fun?

**DUDE**

Oh, you know, the usual. Bowl.  
Drive around. The occasional acid  
flashback.

He climbs out of bed but Maude remains in it. She wedges a  
pillow into the small of her back and clasps a hand on each  
kneecap. She pulls her knees in toward her chest to keep  
her pelvis raised.

**MAUDE**

What happened to your house?

**DUDE**

Jackie Treehorn trashed the place.  
Wanted to save the finder's fee.

**MAUDE**

Finder's fee?

**DUDE**

He thought I had your father's money,  
so he got me out of the way while he  
looked for it.

**MAUDE**

It's not my father's money, it's the  
Foundation's. Why did he think you  
had it? And who does?

**DUDE**

Larry Sellers, a high-school kid.  
Real fucking brat.

He picks a White Russian off the bedside table.

**MAUDE**

Jeffrey--

**DUDE**

It's a complicated case, Maude.  
Lotta ins, lotta outs. Fortunately  
I've been adhering to a pretty strict,  
uh, drug regimen to keep my mind,  
you know, limber. I'm real fucking  
close to your father's money, real  
fucking close. It's just--

**MAUDE**

I keep telling you, it's the  
Foundation's money. Father doesn't  
have any.

**DUDE**

Huh? He's fucking loaded.

**MAUDE**

No no, the wealth was all Mother's.

**DUDE**

But your father--he runs stuff, he--

**MAUDE**

We did let Father run one of the  
companies, briefly, but he didn't do  
very well at it.

**DUDE**

But he's--

**MAUDE**

He helps administer the charities now, and I give him a reasonable allowance. He has no money of his own. I know how he likes to present himself; Father's weakness is vanity. Hence the slut.

**DUDE**

Huh. Jeez. Well, so, did he--is that yoga?

Throughout, Maude has been lying on her back with her knees pulled in.

**MAUDE**

It increases the chances of conception.

The Dude spits some White Russian.

**DUDE**

Increases?

**MAUDE**

Well yes, what did you think this was all about? Fun and games?

**DUDE**

Well...no, of course not--

**MAUDE**

I want a child.

**DUDE**

Yeah, okay, but see, the Dude--

**MAUDE**

Look, Jeffrey, I don't want a partner. In fact I don't want the father to be someone I have to see socially, or who'll have any interest in rearing the child himself.

**DUDE**

Huh...

Something occurs to him.

**DUDE**

So...that doctor.

**MAUDE**

Exactly. What happened to your face?  
Did Jackie Treehorn do that as well?

The Dude is staring off into space, thinking. His answer is absent.

**DUDE**

No, the, uh, police chief of Malibu.  
A real reactionary. . . So your  
father. . . Oh man, I get it!

**MAUDE**

What?

The Dude is leaving the bedroom.

**DUDE**

Yeah, my thinking about the case,  
man, it had become uptight. Yeah.  
Your father--

**LIVING ROOM**

The Dude finishes punching a number into the phone.

**PHONE VOICE**

This is Walter Sobchak. I'm not in;  
leave a message after the beep.

**FROM THE BEDROOM:**

**MAUDE'S VOICE**

What're you talking about?

Beep.

**DUDE**

Walter, if you're there, pick up the  
fucking phone. Pick it up, Walter,  
this is an emergency. I'm not--

**WALTER**

Dude?

**DUDE**

Walter, listen, I'm at my place, I  
need you to come pick me up--

**WALTER**

I can't drive, Dude, it's erev  
shabbas.

**DUDE**

Huh?

**WALTER**

Erev shabbas. I can't drive. I'm not even supposed to pick up the phone, unless it's an emergency.

**DUDE**

It is a fucking emergency.

**WALTER**

I understand. That's why I picked up the phone.

**DUDE**

THEN WHY CAN'T YOU--fuck, never mind, just call Donny then, and ask him to--

**WALTER**

Dude, I'm not supposed to make calls--

**DUDE**

**WALTER, YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE, WE GOTTA GO TO PASADENA! COME PICK ME UP OR I'M OFF THE FUCKING BOWLING TEAM!**

**MAUDE'S VOICE**

Jeffrey?

**THE DUDE**

He emerges on his front stoop, pulling on a shirt. His attention is caught by something down the street.

**HIS POV**

A car is parked halfway down the block. We can see the shape of a fat man in the driver's seat.

**THE DUDE**

Striding purposefully down the street.

**HIS POV**

The fat man leans forward and we hear the sound of the car's ignition coughing, but the engine will not turn over. More whines and coughs; no start.

The man hurriedly fumbles in front of him. He brings up a newspaper, which he holds before his face.

## **THE DUDE**

As he gets to the car. He reaches through the open driver's window and grabs the newspaper and hurls it to the ground. He is revved with nervous energy.

### **DUDE**

Get out of that fucking car, man!

The man nervously complies. The Dude flinches at the man's movement as he gets out.

The man cringes, reacting to the Dude's flinch.

He is wearing a cheap blue serge suit. He is bald with a short fringe and a mustache.

The Dude shouts to cover his fear:

### **DUDE**

Who the fuck are you, man! Come on, man!

### **MAN**

Relax, man! No physical harm intended!

### **DUDE**

Who the fuck are you? Why've you been following me? Come on, fuckhead!

### **MAN**

Hey, relax man, I'm a brother shamus.

The Dude is stunned.

### **DUDE**

Brother Shamus? Like an Irish monk?

### **MAN**

Irish m--What the fuck are you talking about? My name's Da Fino! I'm a private snoop! Like you, man!

### **DUDE**

Huh?

### **DA FINO**

A dick, man! And let me tell you something: I dig your work. Playing one side against the other--in bed

with everybody--fabulous stuff, man.

**DUDE**

I'm not a--ah, fuck it, just stay away from my fucking lady friend, man.

**DA FINO**

Hey hey, I'm not messing with your special lady--

**DUDE**

She's not my special lady, she's my fucking lady friend. I'm just helping her conceive, man!

**DA FINO**

Hey, man, I'm not--

**DUDE**

Who're you working for? Lebowski? Jackie Treehorn?

**DA FINO**

The Gundersons.

**DUDE**

The? Who the fff--

**DA FINO**

The Gundersons. It's a wandering daughter job. Bunny Lebowski, man. Her real name is Fawn Gunderson. Her parents want her back.

He is fumbling in his wallet.

**DA FINO**

See?

The Dude looks at the picture.

It is probably a school portrait, unmistakably Bunny, but fresh-faced, much younger looking, with a corn-fed smile and straight Partridge Family hair and bangs.

**DUDE**

Jesus fucking Christ.

**DA FINO**

Crazy, huh? Ran away a year ago.

He is holding out another picture.

The Gundersons told me to show her this when I found her.  
The family farm.

A bleak farmhouse and silo are the only features on a flat  
snow-swept landscape.

Outside of Moorhead, Minnesota. They think it'll make her  
homesick.

**DUDE**

Boy. How ya gonna keep 'em down on  
the farm once they seen Karl Hungus.

He hands back the picture.

She's been kidnapped, Da Fino. Or maybe not, but she's  
definitely not around.

**DA FINO**

Fuck, man! That's terrible!

**DUDE**

Yeah, it sucks.

**DA FINO**

Well maybe you and me could pool our  
resources--trade information--  
professional courtesy--compeers, you  
know--

We hear distant yapping, growing louder with the hum of an  
approaching car.

**DUDE**

Yeah, I get it. Fuck off, Da Fino.  
And stay away from my special la--  
from my fucking lady friend.

The Dude steps out to meet Walter's car as it pulls up, its  
passenger window open and the pomeranian leaning out and  
yapping.

**DENNY'S**

Four people sit at a booth: Dieter, Kieffer, Franz, all in  
black leather, and a young woman with long stringy blonde  
hair, wearing torn and patched jeans and a ribbed sleeveless  
tee-shirt, worn thin with age. She is apparently braless,  
and is teutonically pale with birthmarks on her face and  
arms.

Notable is her camera-side leg, which ends in a bandage-swaddled foot. Dried rust-colored blood stains the tip of the bandage. The four are arguing, loudly, in German. They seem very unhappy. A waitress enters with a checkpad and pen.

**WAITRESS**

You folks ready?

The German shouting stops. Dieter looks sourly up.

**DIETER**

I haff lingenberry pancakes.

**KIEFFER**

Lingenberry pancakes.

**FRANZ**

Sree picks in blanket.

The woman speaks to Dieter in German. He nods.

**DIETER**

Lingenberry pancakes.

**WALTER'S CAR**

Walter's eyes are on the road as he listens, driving, to the Dude, whose speech is occasionally punctuated by yaps from the back seat.

**DUDE**

I mean we totally fucked it up, man. We fucked up his pay-off. And got the kidnapers all pissed off, and the big Lebowski yelled at me a lot, but he didn't do anything. Huh?

**WALTER**

Well it's, sometimes the cathartic, uh.

**DUDE**

I'm saying if he knows I'm a fuck-up, then why does he still leave me in charge of getting back his wife? Because he fucking doesn't want her back, man! He's had enough! He no longer digs her! It's all a show! But then, why didn't he give a shit about his million bucks? I mean, he

knew we didn't hand off his briefcase,  
but he never asked for it back.

**WALTER**

What's your point, Dude?

**DUDE**

His million bucks was never in it,  
man! There was no money in that  
briefcase! He was hoping they'd  
kill her! You throw out a ringer  
for a ringer!

**WALTER**

Yeah?

**DUDE**

Shit yeah!

**WALTER**

Okay, but how does all this add up  
to an emergency?

**DUDE**

Huh?

**WALTER**

I'm saying, I see what you're getting  
at, Dude, he kept the money, but my  
point is, here we are, it's shabbas,  
the sabbath, which I'm allowed to  
break only if it's a matter of life  
and death--

**DUDE**

Walter, come off it. You're not  
even fucking Jewish, you're--

**WALTER**

What the fuck are you talking about?

**DUDE**

You're fucking Polish Catholic--

**WALTER**

What the fuck are you talking about?  
I converted when I married Cynthia!  
Come on, Dude!

**DUDE**

Yeah, and you were--

**WALTER**

You know this!

**DUDE**

And you were divorced five fucking years ago.

**WALTER**

Yeah? What do you think happens when you get divorced? You turn in your library card? Get a new driver's license? Stop being Jewish?

**DUDE**

This driveway.

**AS HE TURNS:**

**WALTER**

I'm as Jewish as fucking Tevye

**DUDE**

It's just part of your whole sick Cynthia thing. Taking care of her fucking dog. Going to her fucking synagogue. You're living in the fucking past.

**WALTER**

Three thousand years of beautiful tradition, from Moses to Sandy Koufax--  
**YOU'RE GODDAMN RIGHT I LIVE IN THE PAST!** I--Jesus. What the hell happened?

He is looking off as the car slows. The Dude looks where Walter is looking.

**THE LEBOWSKI MANSION**

Walter's car pulls up the drive into the foreground and he and the Dude get out.

Both are gaping off at the front lawn.

**WALTER**

Jesus Christ.

**THEIR POV**

Tire treads lead across the manicured front lawn to where a little red sports car rests with its hood crumpled into a

palm trunk.

### **TRACKING DOWN THE GREAT HALLWAY**

Through the French doors at its far end we can see Bunny, naked, briefly bouncing on the diving board before splashing into the illuminated pool outside. Heavy metal music filters in from a boom box by the pool.

Brandt, approaching, stoops and straightens, stoops and straightens, picking up the discarded clothes that run the length of the hall.

**BRANDT**

He can't see you, Dude.

We pull the Dude and Walter as they approach the doors to the great study. Walter's dog follows, stiffly waving its tail.

**DUDE**

Where'd she been?

**BRANDT**

Visiting friends of hers in Palm Springs. Just picked up and left, never bothered to tell us.

**DUDE**

But I guess she told Dieter.

**WALTER**

Jesus, Dude! He never even kidnapped her.

**BRANDT**

Who's this gentleman, Dude?

**WALTER**

Who'm I? I'm a fucking VETERAN!

**BRANDT**

You shouldn't go in there, Dude!  
He's very angry!

BANG--the Dude and Walter push through the double doors into--

### **THE GREAT ROOM**

The big Lebowski turns at the sound of the door. His wheelchair hums as he spins it around.

**LEBOWSKI**

(bitterly)

Well, she's back. No thanks to you.

**DUDE**

Where's the money, Lebowski?

**WALTER**

**A MILLION BUCKS FROM FUCKING NEEDY  
LITTLE URBAN ACHIEVERS! YOU ARE  
SCUM, MAN!**

The dog yaps.

**LEBOWSKI**

Who the hell is he?

**WALTER**

I'll tell you who I am! I'm the guy  
who's gonna KICK YOUR PHONY  
**GOLDBRICKING ASS!**

**DUDE**

We know the briefcase was empty,  
man. We know you kept the million  
bucks yourself.

**LEBOWSKI**

Well, you have your story, I have  
mine. I say I entrusted the money  
to you, and you stole it.

**WALTER**

**AS IF WE WOULD EVER DREAM OF TAKING  
YOUR BULLSHIT MONEY!**

**DUDE**

You thought Bunny'd been kidnapped  
and you could use it as a pretext to  
make some money disappear. All you  
needed was a sap to pin it on, and  
you'd just met me. You thought,  
hey, a deadbeat, a loser, someone  
the square community won't give a  
shit about.

**LEBOWSKI**

Well? Aren't you?

**DUDE**

Well. . . yeah.

**LEBOWSKI**

All right, get out. Both of you.

**WALTER**

Look at that fucking phony, Dude!  
Pretending to be a fucking  
millionaire!

**LEBOWSKI**

I said out. Now.

**WALTER**

Let me tell you something else.  
I've seen a lot of spinals, Dude,  
and this guy is a fake. A fucking  
goldbricker.

He is crossing to Lebowski.

**WALTER**

This guy fucking walks. I've never  
been more certain of anything in my  
life!

**LEBOWSKI**

Stay away from me, mister!

Walter reaches around from behind and hoists the big Lebowski  
out of the wheelchair by his armpits.

**WALTER**

Walk, you fucking phony!

The big Lebowski waggles helplessly, his rubbery feet grazing  
the floor like a Raggedy Ann's. The pomeranian gaily leaps  
and yaps.

**LEBOWSKI**

Put me down, you son of a bitch!

**DUDE**

Walter!

**WALTER**

It's all over, man! We call your  
fucking bluff!

**DUDE**

**WALTER, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE! HE'S  
CRIPPLED! PUT HIM DOWN!**

**WALTER**

Sure, I'll put him down, Dude. RAUSS!  
**ACHTUNG, BABY!!**

He shoves the big Lebowski forward and he crumples to the floor, weeping.

**WALTER**

Oh, shit.

**LEBOWSKI**

(sobbing)

You're bullies! Cowards, both of you!

Walter is abashed. The Big Lebowski flails about on the floor.

**WALTER**

Oh, shit.

**DUDE**

He can't walk, Walter!

**WALTER**

Yeah, I can see that, Dude.

**LEBOWSKI**

You monsters!

**DUDE**

Help me put him back in his chair.

Walter moves to comply.

**WALTER**

Shit, sorry man.

**THROUGH HIS TEARS:**

**LEBOWSKI**

Stay away from me! You bullies!  
You and these women! You won't leave  
a man his fucking balls!

**DUDE**

Walter, you fuck!

**WALTER**

Shit, Dude, I didn't know. I  
wouldn't've done it if I knew he was  
a fucking crybaby.

**DUDE**

We're sorry, man. We're really sorry.

The Dude has picked up the Big Lebowski's plaid lap warmer and is frantically tucking it back in around his waist and batting the dog away.

**DUDE**

There ya go. Sorry man.

Walter, puzzled, hands on hips, stands over the big Lebowski.

**WALTER**

Shit. He didn't look like a spinal.

**TEN PINS**

Scattered at the cut.

**DUDE AND WALTER**

Each with a beer at the scoring table.

**WALTER**

Sure you'll see some tank battles.  
But fighting in desert is very  
different from fighting in canopy  
jungle.

**DUDE**

Uh-huh.

**WALTER**

I mean 'Nam was a foot soldier's war  
whereas, uh, this thing should be a  
fucking cakewalk. I mean I had an  
M16, Jacko, not an Abrams fucking  
tank. Just me and Charlie, man,  
eyeball to eyeball.

**DUDE**

Yeah.

**WALTER**

That's fuckin' combat. The man in  
the black pyjamas, Dude. Worthy  
fuckin' adversary.

**DONNY**

Who's in pyjamas, Walter?

**WALTER**

Shut the fuck up, Donny. Not a bunch of fig-eaters with towels on their heads tryin' to find reverse on a Soviet tank. This is not a worthy--

**VOICE**

**HEY!**

The Dude and Walter look.

Quintana is bellowing from the lip of the lane, and is restrained by O'Brien.

**QUINTANA**

What's this "day of rest" shit, man?!

Walter looks at him innocently.

**QUINTANA**

What is this bullshit, man? I don't fucking care! It don't matter to Jesus! But you're not fooling me! You might fool the fucks in the league office, but you don't fool Jesus! It's bush league psych-out stuff! Laughable, man! I would've fucked you in the ass Saturday, I'll fuck you in the ass next Wednesday instead!

**QUINTANA**

He makes hip-grinding coital motions as O'Brien leads him away.

**QUINTANA**

You got a date Wednesday, man!

Walter, his head cocked, and the Dude, peeking over his shades, watch him go.

**WALTER**

He's cracking.

**BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT**

Donny, Walter and the Dude emerge from the alley, each holding his leatherette ball satchel.

**WALTER**

A tree of life, Dude. To all who cling to it.

They react to the droning synthesizer-based technopop coming from a boom box.

**REVERSE**

Dieter, Kieffer and Franz, in shiny black leather, stand in a line facing them in the all-but-deserted lot. Behind them orange flames lick gently at the Dude's car, which has been put to the torch. The orange flames glow on the men's creaking leather. Next to the car are three motorcycles, parked in a neat row. The Dude looks sadly at the burning car.

**DUDE**

They finally did it. They killed my fucking car.

**DIETER**

Vee vant zat money, Lebowski.

**KIEFFER**

Ja, uzzervize vee kill ze girl.

**FRANZ**

Ja, it seems you forgot our little deal, Lebowski.

**DUDE**

You don't have the fucking girl, dipshits. We know you never did. So you've got nothin' on my Johnson.

**DUDE**

The men in black, stunned, confer amongst themselves in German. Under his breath:

**DONNY**

Are these the Nazis, Walter?

Walter answers, also sotto voce, his eyes still on the three men:

**WALTER**

They're nihilists, Donny, nothing to be afraid of.

The Germans stop conferring.

**DIETER**

Vee don't care. Vee still vant zat money or vee fuck you up.

**KIEFFER**

Ja, vee still vant ze money. Vee  
sreaten you.

He pulls an uzi from under his coat. It glints in the  
firelight.

**WALTER**

Fuck you. Fuck the three of you.

**DUDE**

Hey, cool it Walter.

Walter ignores the Dude, addresses the Germans:

**WALTER**

There's no ransom if you don't have  
a fucking hostage. That's what ransom  
is. Those are the fucking rules.

**DIETER**

Zere ARE no ROOLZ!

**WALTER**

**NO RULES! YOU CABBAGE-EATING SONS-  
OF- BITCHES--**

**KIEFFER**

His girlfriend gafe up her toe! She  
sought we'd be getting million  
dollars! Iss not fair!

**WALTER**

Fair! WHO'S THE FUCKING NIHILIST  
**HERE! WHAT ARE YOU, A BUNCH OF  
FUCKING CRYBABIES?!**

**DUDE**

Hey, cool it Walter. Listen, pal,  
there never was any money. The big  
Lebowski gave me an empty briefcase,  
man, so take it up with him.

**WALTER**

**AND I'D LIKE MY UNDIES BACK!**

The Germans confer again, in German.

Donny is visibly frightened.

**DONNY**

Are they gonna hurt us, Walter?

**WALTER 'S TONE IS GENTLE:**

**WALTER**

They won't hurt us, Donny. These men are cowards.

**THE CONFERENCE ENDS:**

**DIETER**

Okay. Vee take ze money you haf on you und vee call it eefen.

**WALTER**

Fuck you.

The Dude is digging into his pocket.

**DUDE**

Come on, Walter, we're ending this thing cheap.

Walter's eyes, burning with hatred, are locked on Dieter's.

**WALTER**

What's mine is mine.

**DUDE**

Come on, Walter!.

Louder, to the Germans, as he looks in his wallet:

**DUDE**

Four dollars here!

He inspects the change in his palm.

**DUDE**

Almost five!

**DONNY**

(tremulously)  
I got eighteen dollars, Dude.

**WALTER**

(grimly)  
What's mine is mine.

With a ring of steel, Dieter produces a glinting saber.

**DIETER**

**VEE FUCK YOU UP, MAN! VEE TAKE YOUR MONEY!**

**WALTER**

(coolly)  
Come and get it.

**DIETER**

**VEE FUCK YOU UP, MAN!**

**WALTER**

Come and get it. Fucking nihilist.

**DIETER**

**I FUCK YOU! I FUCK YOU!**

**WALTER**

Show me what you got. Nihilist.  
Dipshit with a nine-toed woman.

In a rage, Dieter charges.

**DIETER**

**I FUCK YOU! I FUCK YOU!**

**WALTER**

hurls his leather satchel.

**KIEFFER**

Watching Dieter's charge, is caught off-guard. The bowling ball thuds into his chest and lifts him off his feet.

He falls back, his uzi clattering away.

**WALTER**

twists away as Dieter reaches him; grabs Dieter's head in both hands; draws Dieter's head up to his mouth, which closes on Dieter's ear.

**DUDE**

He rushes Franz but draws up short as Franz sends out karate kicks, his leather pants squeaking and popping. Franz gives a loud cry with each kick; the Dude leans back, throwing his arms up, evading the kicks.

**WALTER**

His jaw is still clamped on Dieter's ear. Dieter draws his

saber against Walter's side, drawing blood.

Walter doesn't react to the wound. Growling as Dieter screams, he worries his ear, wagging his head with his jaws clamped.

**THE SABER**

Dieter drops it.

**DUDE**

Awkwardly circling, evading Franz's kicks.

**WALTER**

still worrying the ear. With a tearing sound his head and Dieter's separate.

**DIETER, EARLESS, SCREAMS:**

**DIETER**  
**I FUCK YOU! YOU CANNOT HURT ME! I**  
**BELIEF IN NUSSING!**

Walter spits his ear into his face.

**DUDE**

The Dude and Franz, both now panting heavily, have yet to establish body contact. Franz continues to kick.

**FRANZ**  
**VEAKLING!**

**WALTER**

draws back his fist.

**DIETER**  
**NUSSING!**

**WALTER**  
**ANTI-SEMITE!**

Bam!--A powerhouse blow to the middle of his face drops Dieter for the count.

**DUDE AND FRANZ**

With a piercing shriek Franz finally summons the nerve to charge the Dude, hands raised to deliver karate blows.

As he reaches the Dude--WHHAP--the boom box swings into frame to smash him in the face. Its volume shoots up.

Walter bashes him a few more times over the head. The music screeches to static, then quiet. Laid out now, Franz too is quiet.

All quiet.

Walter, panting, looks around.

**WALTER**

We've got a man down, Dude.

With a hand pressed to his bleeding side he trots over to Donny, who lies gasping on the ground.

The Dude, also panting, rises and trots over.

**DUDE**

Hy God! They shot him, Walter!

**WALTER**

No Dude.

**DUDE**

They shot Donny!

Donny gasps for air. His eyes, wide, go from the Dude to Walter. One hand still clutches his eighteen dollars.

**WALTER**

There weren't any shots.

**DUDE**

Then what's...

**WALTER**

It's a heart attack.

**DUDE**

Wha.

**WALTER**

Call the medics, Dude.

**DUDE**

Wha. . . Donny--

**WALTER**

Hurry Dude. I'd go but I'm pumping

blood. Might pass out.

The Dude runs into the lanes. Walter lays a reassuring hand on Donny's shoulder.

**WALTER**

Rest easy, good buddy, you're doing fine. We got help choppering in.

**FADE OUT**

**HOLD IN BLACK**

**THE DUDE AND WALTER**

---

They sit side by side, forearms on knees, in a nondescript waiting area. Walter bounces the fingertips of one hand off those of the other. They sit. They wait.

A tall thin man in a conservative black suit enters. He eyes the Dude's bowling attire and sunglasses and Walter's army surplus, but doesn't make an issue of it.

**MAN**

Hello, gentlemen. You are the bereaved?

**DUDE**

Yeah man.

**MAN**

Francis Donnelly. Pleased to meet you.

**DUDE**

Jeffrey Lebowski.

**WALTER**

Walter Sobchak.

**DUDE**

The Dude, actually. Is what, uh.

**DONNELLY**

Excuse me?

**DUDE**

Nothing.

**DONNELLY**

Yes. I understand you're taking away the remains.

**WALTER**

Yeah.

**DONNELLY**

We have the urn.

He nods through a door. Another man in a black suit enters to carefully deposit a large silver urn on the desktop.

**DONNELLY**

And I assume this is credit card?

He is vaguely handing a large leather folder across the desk to whomever wants to take it.

**WALTER**

Yeah.

He takes it, opens it, puts on reading glasses that sit halfway down his nose, and inspects the bill with his head pulled back for focus and cocked for concentration. Silence. The Dude smiles at Donnelly. Donnelly gives back a mortician's smile. At length Walter holds the bill towards Donnelly, pointing.

**WALTER**

What's this?

**DONNELLY**

That is for the urn.

**WALTER**

Don't need it. We're scattering the ashes.

**DONNELLY**

Yes, so we were informed. However, we must of course transmit the remains to you in a receptacle.

**WALTER**

This is a hundred and eighty dollars.

**DONNELLY**

Yes sir. It is our most modestly priced receptacle.

**DUDE**

Well can we--

**WALTER**

A hundred and eighty dollars?!

**DONNELLY**

They range up to three thousand.

**WALTER**

Yeah, but we're--

**DUDE**

Can we just rent it from you?

**DONNELLY**

Sir, this is a mortuary, not a rental house.

**WALTER**

We're scattering the fucking ashes!

**DUDE**

Walter--

**WALTER**

**JUST BECAUSE WE'RE BEREAVED DOESN'T  
MEAN WE'RE SAPS!**

**DONNELLY**

Sir, please lower your voice--

**DUDE**

Hey man, don't you have something else you could put it in?

**DONNELLY**

That is our most modestly priced receptacle.

**WALTER**

**GODDAMNIT! IS THERE A RALPH'S AROUND  
HERE?!**

**POINT DUME -- DAY**

It is a high, wind-swept bluff. Walter and the Dude walk towards the lip of the bluff. Parked in the background is one lonely car, Walter's.

Walter is carrying a bright red coffee can with a blue plastic lid. When they reach the edge the two men stand awkwardly for a beat. Finally:

**WALTER**

I'll say a few words.

The Dude clasps his hands in front of him. Walter clears his throat.

**WALTER**

Donny was a good bowler, and a good man. He was. . . He was one of us. He was a man who loved the outdoors, and bowling, and as a surfer explored the beaches of southern California from Redondo to Calabassos. And he was an avid bowler. And a good friend. He died--he died as so many of his generation, before his time. In your wisdom you took him, Lord. As you took so many bright flowering young men, at Khe San and Lan Doc and Hill 364. These young men gave their lives. And Donny too. Donny who. . . who loved bowling.

Walter clears his throat.

**WALTER**

And so, Theodore--Donald--Karabotsos, in accordance with what we think your dying wishes might well have been, we commit your mortal remains to the bosom of.

Walter is peeling the plastic lid off the coffee can.

**WALTER**

the Pacific Ocean, which you loved so well.

**AS HE SHAKES OUT THE ASHES:**

**WALTER**

Goodnight, sweet prince.

The wind has blown all of the ashes into the Dude, standing just to the side of and behind Walter. The Dude stands, frozen. Finished eulogizing, Walter looks back.

**WALTER**

Shit, I'm sorry Dude.

He starts brushing off the Dude with his hands.

**WALTER**

Goddamn wind.

Heretofore motionless, the Dude finally explodes, slapping Walter's hands away.

**DUDE**

Goddamnit Walter! You fucking asshole!

**WALTER**

Dude! Dude, I'm sorry!

The Dude is near tears.

**DUDE**

You make everything a fucking travesty!

**WALTER**

Dude, I'm--it was an accident!

The Dude gives Walter a furious shove.

**DUDE**

What about that shit about Vietnam!

**WALTER**

Dude, I'm sorry--

**DUDE**

What the fuck does Vietnam have to do with anything! What the fuck were you talking about?!

Walter for the first time is genuinely distressed, almost lost.

**WALTER**

Shit Dude, I'm sorry--

**DUDE**

You're a fuck, Walter!

He gives Walter a weaker shove. Walter seems dazed, then wraps his arms around the Dude.

**WALTER**

Awww, fuck it Dude. Let's go bowling.

**THE LANES THE DUDE AND WALTER BOWLING**

We watch each of them glide across the floor, release, follow through--gracefully. We have never seen them bowl before. They are quite good. Each wears a black armband on his bowling shirt.

#### **BAR AREA**

The Dude walks up to the bar.

**DUDE**

Two oat sodas, Gary.

**GARY**

Right. Good luck tomorrow.

**DUDE**

Thanks, man.

**GARY**

Sorry to hear about Donny.

**DUDE**

Yeah. Well, you know, sometimes you eat the bear, and, uh.

"Tumbling Tumbleweeds" has come up on the jukebox, and The Stranger ambles up to the bar.

**THE STRANGER**

Howdy do, Dude.

**DUDE**

Oh, hey man, how are ya? I wondered if I'd see you again.

**THE STRANGER**

Wouldn't miss the semis. How things been goin'?

**DUDE**

Ahh, you know. Strikes and gutters, ups and downs.

The Stranger's eyes crinkle merrily.

**THE STRANGER**

Sure, I gotcha.

The bartender has put two gleaming beers on the counter.

**DUDE**

Thanks, Gary...Take care, man, I

gotta get back.

**THE STRANGER**

Sure. Take it easy, Dude--I know that you will.

**THE DUDE, LEAVING, NODS:**

**DUDE**

Yeah man. Well, you know, the Dude abides.

Gazing after him, The Stranger drawls, savoring the words:

**THE STRANGER**

The Dude abides.

He gives his head a shake of appreciation, then looks into the camera.

**THE STRANGER**

I don't know about you, but I take comfort in that. It's good knowin' he's out there, the Dude, takin' her easy for all us sinners. Shoosh. I sure hope he makes The finals. Welp, that about does her, wraps her all up. Things seem to've worked out pretty good for the Dude'n Walter, and it was a purt good story, dontcha think? Made me laugh to beat the band. Parts, anyway. Course--I didn't like seein' Donny go. But then, happen to know that there's a little Lebowski on the way. I guess that's the way the whole durned human comedy keeps perpetuatin' it-self, down through the generations, westward the wagons, across the sands a time until-- aw, look at me, I'm ramblin' again. Wal, uh hope you folks enjoyed yourselves.

He brushes his hat brim with a fingertip as we begin to pull back.

**THE STRANGER**

Catch ya further on down the trail.

As we pull away The Stranger swivels in to the bar. As his voice fades:

**THE STRANGER**

...Say friend, ya got any more a  
that good sarsaparilla?...