

The Big Lebowski  
by  
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Movie correct script

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - DAY

We float 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 this 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 (CONT'D)

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.

INT. RALPH'S - NIGHT

It is late, the supermarket all but deserted. We track in on a forty-ish 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He feels quarts of milk for coldness and examines 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 ... and I'm talkin' about the Dude here-- sometimes there's a man, wal, he's the man for his time'n place, he fits right in there-- and that's the Dude, in Los Angeles... and even if he's a lazy man, and the Dude was certainly that--quite possibly the laziest in Los Angeles County.

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

VOICE-OVER (CONT'D)

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

CHECKOUT GIRL -

She waits, arms folded.

VOICE-OVER (CONT'D)

Wal...

The Dude, scribbles something at the little customer's lectern.

Milk beads his mustache.

VOICE-OVER (CONT'D)

Lost my train of thought here. But...

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

VOICE-OVER (CONT'D)

Aw hell, I done innerduced him enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Dude, peeks over his shades at a small black-and white TV next to the register shows George Bush on the White House lawn with helicopter rotors spinning behind him.

GEORGE BUSH

--- call for a collective action.  
This will not stand. This will not  
stand! This aggression against, uh,  
Kuwait.

EXT. DUDE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The Dude goes 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.

INT. DUDE'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

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.

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 (CONT'D)

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

Hands haul the Dude out of the toilet again.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Where's the money, Lebowski!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His head is plunged back into the toilet.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
Where's the money, Lebowski!

The hands haul him out again, dripping and gasping.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
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.

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.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
Your wife owes money to Jackie  
Treehorn, that means you owe money  
to Jackie Treehorn.

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.

DUDE  
Oh, no. Don't do that. Not on the  
rug, man.

BLOND MAN  
See, You see what happens,  
Lebowski? You see what happens?

DUDE  
Nobody calls me Lebowski. You got  
the wrong guy. I'm the Dude, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLOND MAN  
Your name is Lebowski, Lebowski.  
Your wife is Bunny.

DUDE  
Muh muh Wi-- my wife? Bunny?

He holds up his hand.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
You see a wedding ring on my  
finger? Does this place look like  
I'm fucking married? The toilet  
seat's up man!

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

The Dude gropes back in the toilet with one hand. The Dude's hand comes out of the toilet bowl with his Sunglasses and puts on his dripping sunglasses.

BLOND MAN  
What the fuck is this?

DUDE  
Obviously you're not a golfer.

The Blond Man drops the ball which pulverizes the tile.

BLOND MAN  
Woo?

The Chinese man, WOO, zips his fly.

WOO  
Yeah?

BLOND MAN  
Isn't this guy supposed to be a  
millionaire?

They both look around.

WOO  
Fuck.

BLOND MAN  
Yeah, what do you think?

WOO  
He looks like a fuckin' loser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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' time waste.

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.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

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 man with black hair, wearing a bowling shirt turns from the strike to walk back to the bench.

MAN

Wahooo, I'm throwin' rocks tonight.  
Mark it, Dude.

We track in on the circular bench towards a big man nursing a large plastic cup of Beer. He has dark worried eyes and a goatee. Hairy legs emerge from his blue jean shorts.

He also wears a khaki army surplus vest over a black shirt.

WALTER

This was a valued rug.

This is WALTER. He taps a cigarette as he addresses the Dude.

The Dude digs in his bag to remove his bowling ball.

Walter clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

WALTER (CONT'D)

This was, uh--

DUDE

Yeah man, it really tied the room together--

WALTER

This was a valued, uh.

DUDE

Yeah...

DONNY

What tied the room together, Dude?

DUDE

My rug.

WALTER

Were you listening to the story, Donny?

DONNY

What?

DUDE

Walter..

WALTER

Were you listening to the Dude's story?

DONNY

I was bowling--

WALTER

So you have no frame of reference, here Donny. You're like a child who wanders in -

DUDE

Walter...

WALTER

- in the middle of a movie and wants to--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

DUDE

Walter, walter, what's the point man?

WALTER

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

DONNY

Yeah Walter, what's your point?

WALTER

Huh?

DUDE

Walter, what's the point. Look--we all know who was at fault here, what the fuck are you talking about?

WALTER

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

DONNY

What the fuck is he talking about?

DUDE

My rug.

WALTER

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

DUDE

Walter, the 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?! The Chinaman is not the issue here dude! I'm talking about drawing a line in the sand, Dude. Across this line you do not,-- also, Dude, Chinaman is not the preferred nomenclature, uh, Asian-American, Please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DUDE

Walter, this isn't a guy who built  
the rail- roads, here, this is a  
guy --

WALTER

What the fuck are you talk--

DUDE

Walter, he peed on my rug.

DONNY

He peed on the Dude's rug.

WALTER

DONNIE YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR ELEMENT!  
Dude the Chinaman is not the issue  
here.

DUDE

So who, who--

WALTER

Jeff Lebowski. The other Jeffrey  
Lebowski. The millionaire.

DUDE

That's fucking interesting man,  
that's fucking interesting...

WALTER

Plus, he has the wealth, obviously,  
and the resources, uh, so that  
there is no reason, there's no  
FUCKING reason, why his wife should  
go out and owe money all over town,  
and then they come and they pee on  
your fucking rug! Am I wrong?

DUDE

No...

WALTER

Am I wrong!

DUDE

Yeah, but--

WALTER

Okay then. uh,

He elaborately clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALTER (CONT'D)

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

DUDE

Fuckin' A.

DONNY

And this guy peed on it.

WALTER

Donny, Please.

DUDE

You know, this is the fuckin'  
guy... I could find this Lebowski  
guy.

DONNY

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

DUDE

This is the guy, who should  
compensate me for the fucking rug.  
His wife goes out and owes money  
all over town, and they pee on my  
rug?

WALTER

They pee on your fucking Rug?

DUDE

They peed on my fucking rug.

WALTER

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

INT. LEBOWSKI MANOR - DAY

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

This is the study. As you can see  
the various commendations, awards--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUDE  
Jeffery Lebowski...

YOUNG MAN  
--citations, honorary degrees, et  
cetera.

DUDE  
Hmm, very impressive.

YOUNG MAN  
Please, feel free to inspect them.

DUDE  
Hum? Oh, I'm not that-- really, uh.

YOUNG MAN  
Oh, Please! Please!

We pan the walls, looking at various citations and  
certificates unrelated to the ones being discussed off-  
screen:

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)  
That's the key to the city of  
Pasadena, which Mr. Lebowski  
received two years ago in  
recognition of his various civic,  
uh... Oh, That's a Los Angeles  
Chamber of Commerce Business  
Achiever award, which is given--oh  
not necessarily given every year!

DUDE  
Hey, is this uh..?

YOUNG MAN  
Given only when there's a worthy--

DUDE  
is this ...?

YOUNG MAN  
--somebody--

DUDE  
Is this him with Nancy?

YOUNG MAN  
Yes indeed, that is Mr. Lebowski  
with the First Lady, yes. It was  
taken when Mrs. Reagan--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUDE

That's uh, Lebowski on the left there?

YOUNG MAN

Yeah. Of course, Mr. Lebowski on the left...

DUDE

So he's a crip...you know a, a...

YOUNG MAN

uh, ahmmm...

DUDE

Handicapped, kinda guy?

YOUNG MAN

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

The Dude points to Charlton Heston in a photo with Jeffery Lebowski.

DUDE

Chuck.

YOUNG MAN

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

DUDE

Oh, Nancy's pretty good.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, Wonderful woman. We were very happy to--

DUDE

Uh...these are, uh?

YOUNG MAN

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

DUDE

Different mothers, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

YOUNG MAN

No, they're not--

DUDE

So, racially he's pretty cool--

YOUNG MAN

Aha ha ha uh, they're not literally his children; they're the Little Leowski Urban Achievers, inner-city children of promise but without the necessary means for a necessary means, for a higher education, so Mr. Leowski has committed to sending all of them to college.

The young man removes the Dude's finger from one of the plaques.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Thank you, thank you.

DUDE

Far out. Think he's got room for one more?

YOUNG MAN

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

The Dude's finger goes back to the plaque.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Please, uh, don't touch that.

DUDE

Oh yeah, yeah, no I did, but uh, You know I spent most of my time uh, occupying various, administration buildings uh--

YOUNG MAN

Um Hmmm.

DUDE

--smoking a lot of thai-stick, breaking into the ROTC--

YOUNG MAN

Aha hahahahaha Yes, --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DUDE

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

Our continuing track and pan have brought us onto a framed, Man of the Year, Time Magazine cover which in the lower right corner says, ARE YOU A LEBOWSKI ACHIEVER? Oddly, the Dude's, face is on it; we realize that the display is mirrored.

DUDE (CONT'D)

Hmmm.

We hear the door open and the whine of a motor. The Dude, wears shorts and an open hooded sweat 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, but I'm very busy, as I can imagine you are. What can I do for you sir?

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

DUDE

Uh, well sir, it's, uh, this rug I have, it really tied the room together-uh--

LEBOWSKI

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

DUDE

Well, uh, they were--they were looking for you, these two guys, uh you know they--

LEBOWSKI

I'll say it again, you told Brandt on the phone. He told me. I know what happened. Yes? Yes?

DUDE

Oh, so you know they were trying to piss on your rug?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LEBOWSKI

Did I urinate on your rug?

DUDE

You mean, did you personally come and pee on my rug?

LEBOWSKI

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

DUDE

No, like I said, Woo, peed on my rug.

LEBOWSKI

I just want to understand this sir, every time a rug is micturated upon in this fair city, I have to compensate the person?

DUDE

Come on, man, I'm not trying to scam anybody here, uh, you know, I'm just--uh...

LEBOWSKI

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

DUDE

Huh? wait wait, let me, let me explain something to you. Uh, I am not Mr. Lebowski; you're Mr. Lebowski. I'm the Dude. So that's what you call me. You know, uh, That, or uh, his Dudeness, or uh Duder, or uh El Duderino, if, you know, you're not into the whole brevity thing--uh.

LEBOWSKI

Are you employed, sir?

DUDE

Employed? ah ha...

LEBOWSKI

You don't go out looking for a job dressed like that do ya? On a weekday?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

DUDE

Is this a--what day is this?

LEBOWSKI

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

DUDE

Yeah, I do mind. The Dude minds. This will not stand, ya know, this aggression will not stand, man. I mean, your wife owes money--

The Big Lebowski slams his fist down on the desk.

LEBOWSKI

My wife, is not the issue here! I hope that someday my wife will learn to live on her allowance, which is ample, but if she does not, that is her problem, not mine, just as your rug is your problem, just as...

The Dude puts on his sunglasses...

LEBOWSKI (CONT'D)

...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 took them from me in Korea but I went out and achieved anyway. I cannot solve your problems, sir, only you can.

DUDE

Ah fuck it.

LEBOWSKI

Oh, "Fuck it!" Yes, that's your answer! That's your answer to everything! Tattoo it on your forehead!

The Dude gets up out of the chair.

LEBOWSKI (CONT'D)

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

The Dude heads for the door. Then opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

LEBOWSKI (CONT'D)  
 My advice to you is, to do what  
 your parents did! Get a job, sir!  
 The bums will always lose-- do you  
 hear me, Lebowski?

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

LEBOWSKI (CONT'D)  
 (muffled)  
 ...THE BUMS WILL ALWAYS LOSE!

HALLWAY -

in a high coffered hallway. Brandt approaches.

BRANDT  
 How was your meeting, Mr. Lebowski?

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

EXT. WALKWAY - DAY

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 with Brandt and the Dude in front of him.

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

DUDE  
 Yeah sure, uh,

DUDE'S POINT OF VIEW -

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

DUDE (CONT'D)  
 ...if I'm in the neighborhood, you  
 know, and uh, I need to use the  
 john.

CLOSER TRACK -

Arc 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 uh,  
toes?

YOUNG WOMAN

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

The Dude looks over at the pool.

A man in shorts floats in a dipped foam chair in the pool.

DUDE

You sure he won't mind?

The man bobbing in the foam chair is passed out. He

is thin, in his thirties, with stringy blond hair. One arm trails off into the water; next to it, an empty whiskey bottle bobs.

YOUNG WOMAN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUDE

Ah, that must be exhausting.

YOUNG WOMAN

You're not blowing.

BRANDT

Our guest has to be getting along,  
Mrs. Lebowski.

DUDE

Ahhh, 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. We're  
all very fond of her. Very free-  
spirited.

BUNNY

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

BRANDT

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

Brandt nervously takes the Dude by the elbow.

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

DUDE

Uhhhh...I'm just gonna go find a  
cash machine.

BOWLING PINS -

Scattered by a strike.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

THE BOWLERS

Donny backs away from the line,  
turns and walks back.

DONNY

Wahooo...I'm slammin' 'em tonight  
You guys are dead in the water!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Walter, just arriving, carries a leatherette satchel in one hand and a LARGE PLASTIC CARRIER in the other.

WALTER

Alright! Way to go, Donny! If you will it, it is no dream.

DUDE

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

WALTER

Theodore Herzl.

DUDE

Huh?

WALTER

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

DUDE

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

WALTER

Huh? Oh!--Cynthia's dog. I think it's a Pomeranian. I can't leave him home alone or he eats the furniture. I'm watching 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 taking your fucking turn, Dude.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUDE

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, this is a fucking show dog with fucking papers. You can't board it. It gets upset, its hair falls out.

DUDE

Hey man, Walter, you know--

WALTER

Fucking dog has fucking papers--  
Over the line!

Smokey turns from his last roll to look at Walter.

SMOKEY

Huh?

WALTER

I'm sorry Smokey, You were over the line, that's a foul.

SMOKEY

Bullshit. Mark it eight Dude.

WALTER

Excuse me! Mark it zero. Next frame.

SMOKEY

Bullshit. Walter! Mark it eight Dude.

WALTER

Smokey, this is not Nam. This is bowling. There are rules.

DUDE

Hey Walter come on, it's just--hey man it's Smokey. So his toe slipped over a little, you know, it's just a game, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALTER  
This is a league game. This  
determines who enters the next  
round-robin, am I wrong?

SMOKEY  
Yeah, but I wasn't--

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  
Walter--man--

WALTER  
You mark that frame an eight,  
you're entering a world of pain.

SMOKEY  
I'm not--

WALTER  
A world of pain.

SMOKEY  
Look Dude, I ... this is your  
partner--

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 excitedly yaps at Walter's knee, makes high  
body-twisting tail-wagging leaps.

DUDE  
They're calling the cops, man, put  
the piece away.

Walter points it at Smokey's head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALTER  
MARK IT ZERO!

DUDE  
Walter put the piece away.

SMOKEY  
Walter--

WALTER  
YOU THINK I'M FUCKING AROUND HERE?

Walter primes the gun.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
MARK IT ZERO!!

SMOKEY  
All right!! It's fucking zero! You  
happy, you crazy fuck?

WALTER  
It's a league game, Smokey!

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

DUDE  
You can't do that man. These guys,  
you know, they'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 he's got emotional  
problems man!

WALTER  
You mean--beyond pacifism?

DUDE  
He's fragile, very fragile!

As the two men get into the car:

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WALTER

Huh. I did not know that. Well, it's all 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.

WALTER

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

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

DUDE

Man, willya just, just take it easy, man.

WALTER

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

DUDE

Just take it easy, man.

WALTER

I'm perfectly calm, Dude.

DUDE

Yeah? Wavin' the fuckin' gun around?!

WALTER

(smugly)  
Calmer than you are.

This irritates the Dude further.

DUDE

Will you just take it easy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Walter is still smug.

WALTER  
Calmer than you are.

INT. DUDE'S HOUSE

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

A beep.

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 Gilbert and I will be submitting this to the League and asking them to set aside the round, I don't know, or maybe, forfeit it to us-- so, like I say, just thought, you know, fair warning. Tell Walter. I'm sorry.

Beep.

At the bar next to the answering machine the Dude is mixing kahlua, vodka and milk.

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 (CONT'D)  
Mr. Lebowski, this is Bell Salnicker with the Southern Cal Bowling League, and I just got a, an informal report, that a member of your team, uh, Walter Sobchak, drew a firearm during league play. If this is true of course, it contraviens a number of the league's by-laws, and article 27 of the league...

We hear a knock at the door.

THE DOOR -

It swings open to reveal a short, hairy, muscular but balding middle-aged man in a blue T-shirt and beige shorts.

MAN

Dude.

DUDE

Hey Marty.

MARTY

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

The Dude takes a swig of his drink.

DUDE

I'll be there man.

MARTY

Uh, Dude, uh, tomorrow's already the tenth.

DUDE

Far out. Oh, oh, alright, okay.

MARTY

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

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM -

The voice continues on the machine.

VOICE

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

Beep.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Mr. Lebowski, Brandt again. Please do call us as soon as you get in and I'll send the limo. I hope you're not avoiding this call because of the rug, ha ha, which, I assure you, is not a problem.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (CONT'D)

We need your help and, uh--well we  
would very much like to see you.  
Thank you. It's Brandt.

INT. LEBOWSKI MANOR

TRACKING -

We push 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.

Brandt throws open a pair of heavy double doors.

Brandt announces ambiguously:

BRANDT (CONT'D)

Mr. Lebowski.

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.

LEBOWSKI

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

Uh, I, I don't know, sir.

LEBOWSKI

Is it being prepared to do the  
right thing? Whatever the cost?  
Isn't that what makes a man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUDE

Ummm..sure. That and a pair of  
testicles.

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

LEBOWSKI

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

The Dude pulls a 'Jay' out of his pants pocket.

DUDE

You mind if I do a jay?

LEBOWSKI

Bunny.

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

Oh, fuckin' A.

LEBOWSKI

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

He clears his throat.

LEBOWSKI (CONT'D)

I received this fax this morning.

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

LEBOWSKI (CONT'D)

As you can see, it is a ransom  
note.

The Dude examines the fax:

WE HAVE BUNNY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEBOWSKI (CONT'D)  
Written by men who are unable to  
achieve on a level field of play.

GATHER ONE MILLION DOLLARS

LEBOWSKI (CONT'D)  
Cowards!

IN UNMARKED NON-CONSECUTIVE TWENTIES.

LEBOWSKI  
Weaklings.

AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS

LEBOWSKI (CONT'D)  
Bums.

NO FUNNY STUFF.

DUDE  
Bummer.

LEBOWSKI  
Huh?

DUDE  
This is a bummer man. That's a,  
that's a bummer.

LEBOWSKI  
Brandt will fill you in on the  
details.

The Big Lebowski gazes 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDT

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

DUDE

He thinks the carpet-pissers did this?

BRANDT

Well Dude, we just don't know.

BOWLING PINS

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

MUSIC: Spanish version of 'Hotel California' slow motion.

WIDER -

Still in slow motion. We are looking at a tall, thin, Hispanic bowler. He wears an all-in-one dacron-polyester stretch, violet bowling outfit with a racing stripe down each side.

He has a pink bowling ball which he holds in front of his face and he licks the ball. He lowers the ball on his back swing.

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

He rolls the pink ball and slams the pins. He turns and to the music, does a bravado dance and a strut back to the seat taunting the competition.

QUINTANA

Wheeling and thrusting a black gloved single finger into the air.

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--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

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

DUDE

Yeah?

WALTER

No. He's a sex offender. With a  
record. He did 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 ringing  
the bell.

The VOICE-OVER conversation continues.

DUDE

Huh.

WALTER

When he moved down to Hollywood he  
had to go door-to-door to tell  
everyone he was 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.

BACK TO WALTER AND THE DUDE -

WALTER

So. How much they give you?

DUDE

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

WALTER

Just for making the hand-off?

DUDE

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He slips a little black box out of his shorts pocket, and turns it on.

DUDE (CONT'D)

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

WALTER

What if it's during a game?

DUDE

Oh, I told him if it was during league play--

Donny has been watching Quintana.

DONNY

What's during league play?

DUDE

Uh, ya know...

WALTER

Life does not stop and start at your convenience --

DUDE

I uh...

WALTER

--you miserable piece of shit.

DUDE

I, I figure uh,

DONNY

What's wrong with Walter, Dude?

DUDE

I figure it's easy money, ya know, it's all pretty harmless. She probably kidnapped herself.

WALTER

Huh?

DUDE

Aww...

DONNY

What do you mean, Dude?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUDE

Rug-peers did not do this. Look at it. Young trophy wife. Marries this guy for money, she figures he isn't giving her enough. Ya know, She owes money all over town-- aww.

WALTER

That...fucking...bitch!

DUDE

It's all a goddamn fake man. It's like Leninsaid, you look for the person who will benefit. And uh,uh, you know, uh...

DONNIE

I am the Walrus.

DUDE

...you know... you'll, uh, 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

That's ex-- Shut the fuck up, Donny! V.I. Lenin! Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov!

DONNY

What the fuck is he talking about?

WALTER

Fucking exactly what happened. Those--

We see Quintana and his partner vigorously shining their bowling balls.

DUDE

Hell yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALTER

That makes me fucking SICK!

DUDE

Well, what do you care, Walter?

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

Walter--

WALTER

This fuckin' whore...

DUDE

I don't see any--

WALTER

...can waltz around town...

DUDE

--connection with Vietnam, man.

WALTER

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

DUDE

Walter, face it, there isn't any connection. Your roll.

WALTER

Have it your way, but my point is--

DUDE

Your roll--

WALTER

My point is--

DUDE

Your roll.

VOICE

Are you ready to be fucked, man?

They both look up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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, Liam, a short fat Irishman with tufted brown hair.

QUINTANA

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

DUDE

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

Quintana looks at Walter.

QUINTANA

Let me tell you something, pendejo. 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 till it goes "click".

DUDE

Jesus.

QUINTANA

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

Jesus walks away. Walter turns his head toward the Dude.

WALTER

Eight-year-olds, Dude.

INT. 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.

On the rug lies a cassette case labeled --

A: VENICE BEACH LEAGUE PLAYOFFS 1987. B: Bob

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A redhead woman looms over him. Next to her a young man in paint-spattered denims stoops and swings his fist at the Dude's head.

The sap catches the Dude on the chin and sends his head thumping back onto the rug.

Fireworks 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 flies 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 redhead 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 breast 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 falls. 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..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 redhead 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 along with the song 'The Man in Me'.

FADE IN:

We are close on the Dude, upside down. As the picture fades 'The Man in Me' continues, 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

Aaaah...Oh man. Ohhhh...Awww...

He raises falls back to the bare floor.

The rug is gone.

The beeper on the zipper of his hooded sweat shirt blinks red in sync with the continuing irritating beeps.

WIDE ON THE ROOM

The beeps continue.

INT. LEBOWSKI MANOR

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRANDT

They called about eighty minutes ago. They want you to take the money and drive north on the 405. They will call you on the portable phone with instructions in about forty minutes. One person only, they were very clear on that, or I'd go with you. One person only. What happened to your jaw?

DUDE

Oh, nothin', man just ah--

They have reached the little desk outside of the Big Lebowski's office; Brandt opens the top cabinet with a key and takes out an attache case.

BRANDT

Here's the money...

He hands this to the Dude...

BRANDT (CONT'D)

and the phone...

...along with a cellular phone in a battery-pack carrying case.

BRANDT (CONT'D)

Please, Dude, follow whatever instructions they give.

DUDE

Alright.

BRANDT

Her life is in your hands.

DUDE

Oh, man, don't say that man.

BRANDT

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

DUDE

Oh shit, man.

BRANDT

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

INT. DUDE'S CAR - NIGHT

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. He wears combat fatigues, and holds a battered brown briefcase. He also holds an irregular shape bundled in a news paper wrapping.

The car stops in front of him

DUDE  
Where the fuck are you going, man?

WALTER  
Take the ringer. I'll drive.

He opens the Dude's door and hands in the briefcase The Dude takes the briefcase and slides over.

DUDE  
The what?

WALTER  
The ringer! The ringer, Dude!

The car drives off.

The Dude opens the briefcase and paws bemusedly through it.

DUDE  
What the...

WALTER  
Have they called yet?

DUDE  
What the hell is this?

WALTER  
My dirty undies dude. Laundry,  
The whites.

DUDE  
Walter, I'm sure there's a reason  
you brought your dirty undies man.

He closes the briefcase.

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DUDE

Walter--what the fuck are you thinking man?

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 man.

WALTER

Oh, but it is a game. You said so yourself. She kidnapped herself.

DUDE

I said I thought--

The phone chirps. Dude grabs it.

DUDE (CONT'D)

Dude here.

VOICE

(German accent)

Who is this?

DUDE

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

VOICE

Us?

DUDE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VOICE  
Shut the fuck up.

Walter looks over at the Dude and bellows:

WALTER  
Dude, are you fucking this up?

VOICE  
Who is that?

DUDE  
That is the driver, I told you--

Click. Dial tone.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
Oh shit.

WALTER  
What the fuck's going on?

DUDE  
Walter!

WALTER  
What the fuck is going on?

DUDE  
He hung up, man! You fucked it up!  
You fucked it up! Her life was in  
our hands man!

WALTER  
Easy, Dude.

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

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

The phone chirps.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Ya see? Nothing's fucked here,  
Dude. Nothing is fucked. They're a  
bunch of fucking amateurs--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DUDE

But Walter, Walter will you just shut the fuck up! Don't say peep when I'm doing business here man.

WALTER

(patronizing)

Okay Dude. Have it your way.

The Dude unclips the phone from the battery pack.

WALTER (CONT'D)

But they're amateurs.

The Dude glares at Walter. Into the phone:

DUDE

Dude.

VOICE

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

DUDE

Yeah, yeah.

VOICE

So no funny stuff. Okay?

DUDE

Just tell me where the fuck you want us to go.

A HIGHWAY SIGN: SIMI VALLEY ROAD NEXT LEFT.

It flashes by in the headlights of the roaring car.

DUDE (CONT'D)

That was the sign man.

Walter wrestles the car onto the two-lane road.

WALTER

So, all we gotta do is get her back, no one's in a position to complain, and we keep the baksheesh.

DUDE

Yeah, terrific, Walter. But you haven't told me how we're gonna get her back. Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALTER

That's the simple part, Dude. We make the handoff, I grab one of 'em and beat it out of him.

He looks at the Dude.

WALTER (CONT'D)

...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. Once a plan gets too complex, everything can go wrong. If there's one thing I learned in Nam--

The phone chirps.

DUDE

Dude.

VOICE

You are coming to a vooden bridge. When you cross the bridge you srow ze bag from ze left vindow of ze moving kar. You're being vatched.

Click. Dial tone.

DUDE

FUCK.

WALTER

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

DUDE

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

WALTER

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DUDE

We throw the money out of the  
moving car!

Walter stares dumbly for a beat.

WALTER

No, 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'll  
fucking understand it! That's the  
beauty of it!

WALTER

Wooden bridge, huh?

DUDE

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

WALTER

Ok, dude the bridge is coming up!  
Gimme the ringer, Chop-chop!

DUDE

Fuck that! Walter I love you, 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.

DUDE

Hey man! hey--

WALTER

Here's the bridge--

DUDE

Walter! hey--hey walter hey--

There is the bump and new steady of the car on the bridge.

The Dude is holding the money briefcase from the back seat.  
Walter reaches one arm across Dude's body to grab the  
laundry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

WALTER

There goes the ringer.

He flings it out the window.

DUDE

What the fuck!

WALTER

Okay Dude, your wheel!

DUDE

Walter Hey, Hey what the fuck?

WALTER

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 grabs across the seat at the paper-wrapped bundle.

WALTER

You didn't think I was rolling out  
of here naked did ya!

DUDE

Walter, Walter what the--

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

WALTER

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

DUDE

Walter hey Walter--

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 up holding the satchel of money.

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

Ah, ahhhh...

The front of his car is crumpled into a pole. 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 (CONT'D)

WE HAVE IT! WE HAVE IT!! 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 dude, let's go bowling.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

WALTER -

Stands at the end of the lane with a cigarette in his mouth and holding a bowling ball up in front of him. Slowly he walks to the line and rolls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He returns from the lane to where the Dude sits in the 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, uh, I don't kn.. um-- what exactly is the problem?

DUDE

Ah, the problem is--what do you mean what's the--

The portable phone stops ringing.

DUDE (CONT'D)

There was no--we didn't uh-- they're gonna kill that poor woman man.

WALTER

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

DUDE

Man! I said I thought she kidnapped herself! You're the one who's so fucking certain--

WALTER

That's right, Dude, 100% certain--

Donny trots excitedly up.

DONNY

They posted the next round of the tournament--

WALTER

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

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!

DUDE

Walter--

DONNY

He already posted it.

WALTER

WELL THEY CAN FUCKING UN-POST IT!

DUDE

WHO GIVES A SHIT! Uh, they're gonna kill that poor woman, man. What am I gonna tell Lebowski?

WALTER

C'mon Dude, uh, eventually she'll get sick of her little game and, you know, wander on back--

DUDE

Yeah uh...

DONNY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALTER  
I'm shomer shabbos.

DONNY  
What's that, Walter?

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

WALTER  
Saturday, Donny, is shabbos. The  
Jewish day of rest. That means I  
don't work, I um, 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.

WALTER  
SHOMER SHABBAS!

DUDE  
Walter, how am I going to--hows--

WALTER  
Shomer fucking shabbas!

The Dude gets to his feet with the portable phone.

DUDE  
Oh fuck, that, that's it. I'm out  
of here.

WALTER  
Aw come on Dude.

Walter looks at Donny and silently mouths the words, 'What a  
fucking baby'.

Walter stumbles up and he and Donny join the Dude as he walks  
out of the bowling alley. He rubs his leg that he hurt  
falling out of the car.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Dude! Dude! ... ow, fuck, you just  
tell him, uh tell him we made the  
drop and everything went, uh you  
know--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DONNY

Oh yeah, how'd it go?

WALTER

Went alright. Dude's car got a little dinged up--

DUDE

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

WALTER

"They're gonna kill that poor woman."

He waves both arms as if conducting a symphony orchestra.

WALTER (CONT'D)

They're gonna kill that poor woman.

DONNY

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

WALTER

Really, Dude, you surprise me. They're not gonna kill shit. They're not gonna do shit. What can they do? They're a bunch of 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 sittin' in the trunk of our car?

DUDE

"Our" car, Walter?

WALTER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

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

DONNY

Who's got your undies, Walter?

WALTER

Where's your car, Dude?

DUDE

You don't know, Walter?

WALTER

Hmm. It was parked in a handicapped zone. Perhaps they towed it.

DUDE

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 goin' home, Donny.

DONNY

Your phone's ringing, Dude.

DUDE

Thank you, Donny.

INT. DUDE'S LIVING ROOM

The Dude is sitting forward in his easy chair.

Facing him on the couch are two uniformed policeman, one middle-aged, the other a fresh-faced rookie.

The portable phone in the Dude's lap chirps.

The Dude waits for the rings to end. When they do:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DUDE (CONT'D)

Uh, yeah, uh, green. Some uh,  
brown, uh or, rust, coloration.

YOUNGER COP

And was there anything of value in  
the car?

DUDE

(dully)

Oh uh, yeah. Uh, a tape deck. Some  
Creedence tapes. And there was a,  
uh. . .uh my briefcase.

YOUNGER COP

In the briefcase?

DUDE

Uh, uh Papers. Ya know, just  
papers. Uh you know, my papers.  
Business papers.

The Dude reacts to the question by pushing back into the  
chair.

YOUNGER COP

And what do you do, sir?

DUDE

I'm unemployed.

The home phone starts ringing--a ring distinct from the chirp  
of the portable. The Dude makes no move to answer it.

DUDE (CONT'D)

My rug was also stolen.

YOUNGER COP

Your rug was in the car.

The Dude waves his hand over the floor.

DUDE

No. Here.

YOUNGER COP

Separate incidents?

The Dude looks over at the phone.

Silence.

Finally the rings stop as an answering machine kicks on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

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

DUDE

You find them much? Uh these stolen cars?

YOUNGER COP

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

OLDER COP

Or the Creedence.

DUDE

Well what about uhhhhh, 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 one who took your rug.

YOUNGER COP

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

INT. MAUDE'S LOFT

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 the floor. The furnishings are spare given the space.

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 holds a paint brushes in both hands with which she flicks paint down at the canvas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two young men in paint-spattered shorts, T-shirts and sneakers reach the sling shortly after it reaches the end of its track and slowly lower the woman to the floor.

VOICE

Elfranco. Ajuda me abajo. I'll be with you in a moment, Mr. Lebowski.

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.

MAUDE

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

DUDE

Uh, is that what this is a picture of?

MAUDE

In a sense, yes. 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

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.

She hands the dude a cloth.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

Your face... As for this "kidnapping"--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

Yeah, right, but, 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. However 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

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

DUDE

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

MAUDE

Take a look at this, sir.

DUDE

Hmm?

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

JACKIE TREEHORN PRESENTS

Uli is driving a car.

DUDE (CONT'D)

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

SECOND CARD:

KARL HUNGUS

DUDE (CONT'D)

Karl Hungus.

A THIRD CARD:

BUNNY LAJOYA

A FOURTH CARD:

LOGJAMMIN'

The Dude is at the bar, a bottle of Kahlua 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 White cover-alls. It is Uli, the floater in Lebowski's pool. The girl answering the door is Bunny Lebowski.

BUNNY

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ULI

Hello. Mein dizbatcher says zere  
iss somezing wrong mit deine kable.

BUNNY

Yeah, come on in, I'm not really  
sure exactly what's really wrong  
with the cable.

ULI

Dat's vhy day zent me, I'm un  
expert.

BUNNY

The TV's in here.

MAUDE

You recognize her, of course.

ULI

Helga, bring mein toolz.

From off camera a voice says, a faint "Okay"

BUNNY

Oh, that's my friend Shari. She  
just came over to use the shower.

MAUDE

(grimly)  
The story is ludicrous.

ULI

Mein nommen ist Karl. ich bin  
expert.

SHARI

You must be here to fix the cable.

MAUDE

Good lord. You can imagine where it  
goes from here.

DUDE

He fixes the cable?

MAUDE

Don't be fatuous, Jeffrey.

Maude switches off the set.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MAUDE (CONT'D)

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. However, 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-- I could do that--

MAUDE

If you successfully do so, I will compensate you to the tune of 10% of the recovered sum.

DUDE

A hundred.

MAUDE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DUDE

Yeah ah, but, but what about my uh--

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.

DUDE

Oh that's that's fine. It doesn't even uh--

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

Tha, tha, That's thoughtful but--

MAUDE

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

DUDE

Oh, uh... all right.

INT. LIMO

The Dude sits in back holding a White Russian, listening to the chauffeur, a man of about the same age.

DRIVER

--So he says, "My wife's a pain in the ass. She's always tryin' to bust my friggin aggets, my daughter's married to a Jadrool loser bastard, I got a rash so bad on my ass I can't even siddown. But you know me. I can't complain."

THROUGH RASPING LAUGHTER:

DUDE

Fuckin' A, man. I got a rash man.  
Fuckin' A...

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUDE (CONT'D)

...I gotta tell ya Ton' man,  
earlier in the day, I was feeling  
really shitty man. Really down in  
the dumps. Lost a little money...

TONY

Heyh you know what? Forgeddaboutit  
huh, forgedaboutit.

DUDE

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

TONY

Well home sweet home, Mr. L.

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

TONY (CONT'D)

Hey yo, com'eer. Who's your friend  
in the Volkswagon?

Tony jerks a thumb over his shoulder.

DUDE

Huh?

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.

TONY

Yeah, he followed us here.

The Dude scowls.

DUDE

When did he start fol-- whoaaaa--  
what the fuck!

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As he is frog-marched towards another limo the Dude holds his drink away from his chest and up out of the way.

DUDE  
Hey, hey, hey careful, man! There's  
a beverage here!

The waiting limo's back door is flung open.

INSIDE -

The Dude is shoved in and awkwardly and he lands on his side in a seat facing the front. The door is slammed behind him.

His drink is still intact.

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, well we--I, I, I don't--

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

BRANDT  
This is our concern, Dude.

DUDE  
No, man, nothing is fucked here--

LEBOWSKI  
NOTHING IS FUCKED!

DUDE  
No man--

LEBOWSKI  
THE GODDAMN PLANE HAS CRASHED INTO  
THE MOUNTAIN!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DUDE

Well man, come on, who're you gonna believe? Those guys or uh--we dropped off the damn money--

LEBOWSKI

WE?!

DUDE

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

LEBOWSKI

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

DUDE

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

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

DUDE (CONT'D)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LEBOWSKI

(quietly)

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

BRANDT

That had not occurred to us, Dude.

DUDE

Uh, okay, ya know, you guys aren't privy to all the new shit, so uh, you know, but hey, that's what you, that's what you pay me for. Aha... The Dude takes a hurried sip from his drink. Um. Speaking of which, do you think uh, that you could uh, give me my twenty thousand in cash? Uh, my concern is, and I've gotta check with, with my accountant, but that this might bump me up into a higher tax uh--

LEBOWSKI

Brandt, give him the envelope.

DUDE

Oh well, if you've already got the, check made out, that that's cool. 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, since you have unrepentantly betrayed my trust. I have no choice but to tell these bums to do whatever is necessary to recover their money from you, Jeffrey Lebowski. And with Brandt as my witness, I will tell you this:

The wadding, undone, reveals a smaller wad of gauze taped upinside. The Dude starts to unroll the inner package.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (5)

LEBOWSKI (CONT'D)  
Any further harm visited upon  
Bunny, will 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 (CONT'D)  
...My God sir. I will not abide  
another toe.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

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 (LAUGHING)  
That wasn't her toe dude.

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 get--

WALTER  
You want a toe? I can get you a  
toe, believe me. There are ways,  
Dude.

DUDE  
But Walter--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

You don't wanna know about it,  
believe me.

DUDE

Yeah, but Walter--

WALTER

Hell I can get you a toe by 3  
o'clock this afternoon--with nail  
polish. These fucking amateurs.

DUDE

Walter--

WALTER

They send us a toe, we're supposed  
to shit ourselves with fear. Jesus  
Christ.

DUDE

Walter--

WALTER

The point is--

DUDE

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

WALTER

Dude that's, that's just the stress  
talking, man. Now so far we have  
what appears to me, to be a series  
of victimless crimes--

DUDE

What about the toe?

WALTER

FORGET ABOUT THE FUCKING TOE!

A waitress enters.

WAITRESS

Excuse me sir, could you please  
keep your voices down, this is a  
family restaurant.

WALTER

Oh, please dear! For your  
information: the Supreme Court has  
roundly rejected prior restraint!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUDE

C'mon Walter, this is not a First Amendment thing, man.

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 that you and I could enjoy this family restaurant!

THE DUDE GETS UP:

DUDE

All right, I'm out of here.

WALTER

Hey Dude, don't go away man!  
Com'on, this affects all of us man!

The Dude has left frame; Walter calls after him:

WALTER (CONT'D)

Our basic freedoms!

He looks defiantly around.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'm staying. I'm finishing my coffee.

He takes a drink of the coffee, then hits the counter lightly with his hands, and then he folds his arms on the counter, affecting nonchalance.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Enjoying my coffee.

INT. DUDE'S BATHROOM

A dripping noise.

We see the Dude's toes, which protrude from the soapy water, splayed against the far side of the tub.

The Dude sits in the bathtub, surrounded by lit candles.

A joint in a roach clip in one hand.

The Dude takes a hit from the joint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We hear the phone ringing in the other room.

The camera cuts to a small table next to the tub which has more candles on it, a tape recorder and a tape case labeled, 'Song of the Whale', which we hear in the background.

After the Dude's outgoing message we hear:

VOICE THROUGH MACHINE  
Mr. Lebowski, this is Duty Officer  
Rolvaag of the L.A.P.D. We've  
recovered your automobile. It can  
be claimed at...

DUDE  
Ahhhh...

VOICE THROUGH MACHINE  
...the North Hollywood Auto Circus  
there on Victory.

DUDE  
Far out.

MESSAGE  
...The hours there on weekdays will  
be 10:30 to 5

DUDE  
Far fuckin' out.

MESSAGE  
You'll just need to present a claim-

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

He looks blearily at the open doorway.

A tall man dressed in black with a cricket paddle is smashing the answer machine.

DUDE  
Hey! Hey! This is a private  
residence, man!

A man holding a leash with a small animal on it skittering excitedly on the floor, has entered the bathroom and, two other men, including the one with the cricket bat are entering behind him.

They turn on the light to the bathroom as the enter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Dude looks curiously at the small, nattering animal.

DUDE (CONT'D)

Ah, nice marmot.

The first man, with the leash, 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

Ver is za money Lebowski. 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 his shoulder and squishes him back into the water. The Dude hits at the marmot splashing water everywhere. The first man then scoops the marmot out of the water. It shakes itself off, spraying the Dude.

SECOND MAN

You sink veer kidding und making  
mit de funny stuff?

THIRD MAN

Vee could do things you only  
dreamed of, Lebowski.

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

SECOND MAN

Ja, vee belief in nossing.

ULI

Vee belief in nossing, Lebowski!  
NOSSING!! ... und tomorrow vee come  
back und vee cut off your chonson.

DUDE

Excuse me?

ULI

I SAY VEE CUT OFF YOUR CHONSON!

SECOND MAN

Just sink about zat, Lebowski.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ULI

Ja, your viggly penis, Lebowski.

The second man turns off the light as he leaves the room.

SECOND MAN

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

The man with the cricket bat smashes something made of glass  
on his way out of the bungalow.

EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD AUTO CIRCUS - DAY

POLICEMAN

It was discovered last night in Van  
Nuys, uh lodged against an  
abutment.

DUDE

Oh man, lodged where!!

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

POLICEMAN

You're lucky she didn't get  
chopped, Mr. Lebowski.

DUDE

Oohh Mannn!

POLICEMAN

Must've been a joyride situation;  
they abandoned the vehicle once  
they hit the retaining wall.

They have reached the Dude's car. The driver's side exterior  
has been scraped raw. The Dude looks in the window.

DUDE

Oohh my fucking briefcase man! It's  
not here! Shit!

POLICEMAN

Yeah I saw that on the report.  
Sorry uh, you gotta get in on the  
other side. Uh, the side view was  
found on the road by the car.

The policeman hands the Dude an exterior rear-view mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
You're lucky they left the tape  
deck though, and the Creedence.

The Dude climbs in the passenger side.

DUDE  
Awh! Jesus--what's that smell, man?

POLICEMAN  
Uh, yeah. Its ah, probably a  
vagrant, slept in the car. Or maybe  
just used it as a toilet, and moved  
on.

The Dude bellows through the glass on the driver's side:

DUDE  
Hey man, are you gonna find these  
guys? Or, you know uh, I mean, do  
you got any promising uh, uh,  
leads? Or--

POLICEMAN  
Leads, yeah sure. I'll uh, just  
check with the boys down at the  
Crime Lab. They uh, got uh, four  
more detectives working on the  
case. They've 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.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
Leads!

The policeman laughs hysterically.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
Wooo...Leads!

INT. BOWLING ALLEY BAR

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

DUDE  
My only hope is that the Big  
Lebowski kills me before the  
Germans can cut my dick off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WALTER

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

DUDE

Thank you Walter.

WALTER

Not if I have anything to say about  
it.

DUDE

(bitterly)

Thank you Walter. That makes me  
feel very secure.

WALTER

Dude--

DUDE

That makes me feel warm inside.

WALTER

Now Dude--

DUDE

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

Walter shakes his head.

WALTER

Yeah.

DUDE

But no man, I gotta--you know.

WALTER

Fucking Germans. Nothing changes.  
Fucking Nazis.

DONNY

They were Nazis, Dude?

WALTER

Come on, Donny, they were  
threatening castration!

DONNY

Uh-huh.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

WALTER

Are we gonna split hairs here?

DONNY

No--

WALTER

Am I wrong?

DONNY

Well--

DUDE (SOFTLY)

Look man...

WALTER

Am I--

DUDE

Man. They were nihilists, man.

WALTER

Huh?

DUDE

They kept saying they believe in nothing.

WALTER

Nihilists! Fuck me.

Walter looks haunted.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I mean say what you want 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, uh, an amphibious rodent, for uh, you know, domestic, within the city-- that ain't legal either.

DUDE

What're you, a fucking park ranger now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

WALTER

No, I'm just trying to uh--

DUDE

Who gives a shit about the fucking marmot!

WALTER

--We're sympathizing here, Dude--

DUDE

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

DONNY

What do you need that for, Dude?

WALTER

You gotta buck up, man, you cannot drag this negative energy into the tournament.

DUDE

Fuck the tournament! Fuck you, Walter!

There is a moment of stunned silence.

WALTER

Fuck the tournament?!

WALTER (CONT'D)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

The song, "Tumbling Tumbleweeds." starts playing signaling an 'atmosphere' change. The bowling alley is a distant sound.

Gary sits the Dude's drink in front of him and the camera pans out to show a 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. And he is seated on the stool that Walter vacated.

TO THE BARTENDER:

MAN

D'ya got a good sarsaparilla?

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

BARTENDER

Sioux City Sarsaparilla.

The Stranger nods.

THE STRANGER

Yeah, that's a good one.

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

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)

How ya doin' there, Dude?

The Dude looks over at the Stranger.

DUDE

Not too good, man.

THE STRANGER

One a those days, huh.

DUDE

Yeap.

THE STRANGER

Wal, a wiser fella than m'self once said, sometimes you eat the bar en...

The bartender puts a brown bottle and a frosted glass on the bar in front of The Stranger.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)

Much abliged.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

He looks back at the Dude.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)  
... and sometimes the bar, wal, he  
eats you.

DUDE  
Hmm. That some kind of Eastern  
thing?

THE STRANGER  
Far from it.

The Stranger reaches for his drink and pauses before  
drinking.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)  
I like your style, Dude.

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

THE STRANGER  
Thankie, there's just one thing,  
Dude.

DUDE  
Whassat?

THE STRANGER  
D'ya have to use s'many cuss words?

THE DUDE LOOKS UP, ABSENTLY:

DUDE  
What the fuck are you talking  
about?

The Stranger chuckles indulgently and pushes off from the  
bar.

THE STRANGER  
Okay Dude, have it your way.

He stands up from the bar stool and looks at the Dude.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)  
Take 'er easy, Dude.

DUDE  
Yeah. Thanks man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

He is gone. "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" is ending as Gray places the phone in front of the Dude:

GARY  
Call for ya, Dude.

The Dude picks up the phone that Gary just put in front of him.

DUDE  
Hello.

MAUDE  
Jeffrey, you have not gone to the doctor.

DUDE  
Uh, oh yeah, no no, I haven't yet,  
Uh--

MAUDE  
I'd like to see you immediately.

DUDE  
Oh?

INT. MAUDE'S LOFT

We see a thin man dressed in black, with close cropped hair, sitting in a black leather chair, reading a magazine.

He looks up at the Dude as he walks in the room.

MAN  
So you're Lebowski?

DUDE  
Yeah.

MAN  
Maudie's told me all about you.  
She'll be back in a minute, sit  
down. Do you want a drink?

DUDE  
Yeah, sure, White Russian.

The Dude sits down in the other leather chair.

MAN  
The bar's over there.

The Dude gets up to go over to the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN (CONT'D)

So what do you do Lebowski?

DUDE

Who the fuck are you man?

MAN (SNICKERING)

Just a friend of Maudie's.

DUDE

Yeah? The friend with the cleft  
asshole?

The man snickers and laughs again.

DUDE (CONT'D)

Whadda you do?

MAN (GIGGLES AND SNICKERS)

Oh, nothing much.

Maude enters the room wearing a green outer garment.

MAUDE

Hello Jeffery.

MAN (TO MAUDE)

Hello.

DUDE

Uh, yeah. How are you? Uh, listen  
Maude, I've got to uh-- tender my  
resignation or whatever, because  
uh, 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.

The man in the chair starts giggling.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

She is most definitely the  
perpetrator and not the victim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

MAUDE  
From who?

DUDE  
From the main guy, Uli.

MAUDE  
Uli Kunkel? Her "co-star" in the  
beaver picture?

DUDE  
Beav-? You mean vagina?--I mean,  
you know the guy?

MAUDE  
I might have introduced them for  
all I know.

Maude walks past the man in the chair on her way to the  
counter.

MAUDE (CONT'D)  
Do you remember Uli?

MAN  
umm.

MAUDE  
He's a musician, he used to have a  
group, 'Autoban'. Look in my LPs  
they released one album in the late  
seventies.

The Dude fingers through the albums filling a metal rack.

MAUDE (CONT'D)  
Their music is a sort of--ugh--  
techno-pop..

The Dude stops between two albums.

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 wear red shirts, red lipstick, black ties and black  
pants.

A bed of nails is the only set dressing on the cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAUDE (CONT'D)

So he's pretending to be the abductor?

DUDE

Well...yeah--

MAUDE

Look, Jeffrey, you don't really kidnap someone you're acquainted with. The whole idea is that the hostage can't be able to identify you, after you've let them go.

DUDE

Well I, I I know that.

The man in the black chair giggles hysterically.

DUDE (CONT'D)

What the fuck is with this guy? Who is he?

MAUDE

Knox Harrington, the video artist.

The man continues to giggle and snicker.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

So Uli has the money?

DUDE

Well uh, no, not exactly. Uh, uh uh, This is a very complicated case, Maude. You know a Lotta ins, a Lotta outs, a lotta what-have-yous. And uh, lotta strands to keep in my head, man. Lotta strands in old Duder's head.

The phone rings. Knox Harrington motions to Maude for permission to answer it. He picks up the phone.

KNOX HARRINGTON

Hello.

MAUDE

Well if Uli doesn't have it, then who does?

KNOX HARRINGTON (LAUGHING)

It's Sandro about Biennale.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

MAUDE

Uh, look, I have to take this

MAUDE (CONT'D)

Do you still have that doctor's  
number?

DUDE

Huh? No, really, it's not even, not  
even bruised anymore

Maude holds up another phone in her hand.

MAUDE

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

She pushes a button on the phone.

Knox laughs in the background.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

Di a me Sandro. Si.

(Sandro) is heard on the phone. He says: Come stai,  
carissima? (How are you, dearest?)

DUDE

After effects?

MAUDE

Si. Si! Che ridiculo.

Both Knox, who has been listening to the phone conversation,  
and Maude, break into hysterical laughter.

The Dude stands there looking bewildered.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

CLOSE SHOT - THE DUDE

His eyes are closed, a headset on, leaking tinnily through  
the headset we hear the last bars of Elvis Costello's "My  
Mood Swings."

Behind him, cropped so that we see only a little of his  
torso, a white-smocked figure. The figure comes up to the  
Dude and pull one arm of the headset away from the Dude's  
ear, and as he does so the music issues more strongly. he  
pulls back the Dude's hair and checks his ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The figure circles to one side, out of frame.

VOICE

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

The Dude's eyes open.

DUDE

Hmm? No, no man, she, she hit me  
right here.

VOICE

I understand. Could you slide your  
shorts down please?

INT. DUDE'S CAR - DAY

The Dude is driving home. A Creedence tape plays. The Dude  
sucks down a joint and a beer. He glances at the rear-view  
mirror-- and, noticing something, looks again.

HIS POV -

A Volkswagon bug follows, a lone fat man drives.

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 down into the Dude's lap,  
showering sparks.

DUDE'S CROTCH -

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

The Dude screams. He frantically tries to put it out with his  
right hand.

Then he pours the beer into his crotch.

THE STREET -

The car careens wildly as the surrounding traffic veers off  
to, make way, horns blaring. The car finally swerves left and  
smashes into a green dumpster that was sitting on the street,  
knocking it over.

INSIDE THE CAR -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Dude sits stunned, his sun glasses are askew on his nose.

The Dude grabs at his door, which won't open, and then slides over.

He sits on the passenger side now, away from the lit butt.

He looks around for it.

Then he looks out both sides of the car for the blue Volkswagon that has disappeared. He looks back at the seat. There is a piece of paper sticking out from between the cushions.

The Dude pulls it out.

It is lined notebook paper, severely wrinkled and dripping beer, and covered with handwriting. The theme is titled "The Louisiana Purchase." In red ink is a large 'circled D', right of that is, 'Mrs. Jamtoss, History, period 4'. To the left of the circled D is the name 'Larry Sellers'. Some handwritten marginal comments and misspelled words are circled in red throughout.

INT. CRANE JACKSON'S FOUNTAIN STREET THEATER

We are in front of the Dude and Donny, facing the stage where Marty, the Dude's balding landlord, performs a dance moderne. Walter enters from the side and sits two seats down from the Dude.

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

Uh, the In-and-Out Burger's on Camrose.

WALTER

Near the In-and-Out Burger. Th--

DONNY

Those are good burgers, Walter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

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

DUDE

Hmm.

WALTER

His father is, Arthur Digby Sellers.

DUDE

Who the fuck is that?

WALTER

Huh?

DUDE

Who the fuck is Arthur Digby Sellers?

WALTER

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

DUDE

Yeah. Yes I know--

WALTER

All but one man died? There at Bitter Creek?

DUDE

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

WALTER

Fucking Arthur Digby Sellers wrote 156 episodes, Dude.

DUDE

Huh!

WALTER

Bulk of the series.

DUDE

Ahwww.

WALTER

Not exactly a lightweight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUDE

No.

WALTER

And yet his son is a fucking dunce.

DUDE

Uh.

WALTER

Anyway uh, we'll go there after the uh...

He waves a hand vaguely toward the stage.

WALTER (CONT'D)

...what have you. We'll, brace the kid, should be a push over--

DONNY

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

WALTER

SHUT THE FUCK UP, Donny. We'll, go out there and we'll brace the kid-- he should be a pushover. We'll get that fucking million dollars back, if he hasn't spent it already. A million fucking clams. And yes, we'll be near the, uh--

DONNY

In-n-Out.

The Dude looks over at Walter and points to the stage.

DUDE (SOFTLY)

Hey, shush shush, man.

WALTER

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

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - NIGHT

The Dude's car chugs to a stop on a residential street.

DUDE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Parked incongruously in front of the small white house is a brand new red Corvette.

WALTER

New 'vette? Hardly Dude, I'd say he still has, 960 to 970 thousand dollars left, depending on the options. Wait in the car, Donny.

THE FRONT DOOR -

Walter knocks on the door. It is opened by a matronly Spanish woman.

WOMAN

Jace?

WALTER

Pilar? My name is Walter Sobchak, this is my associate Jeffrey Lebowski. Uh, we came to talk about little Larry. May we come in?

WOMAN

Jace jace.

WALTER (SOFTLY)

Thank you.

INT. SELLERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They enter a living room and stand, looking about. There is a rhythmic compressor sound; Walter places it and nudges the Dude.

WALTER

That's him, 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 (CONT'D)

(VIVA VOCE)

AND A GOOD DAY TO YOU, SIR.

PILAR

Ay, see down, please.

CALLS UP THE STAIRS:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILAR (CONT'D)

Larry! Sweetie! Dat mang is here!

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

WALTER

Is he, . . . Does he still write?

PILAR

Oh no, no. He has healt' problems.

WALTER

Uh-huh.

HE BELLOWS ACROSS THE ROOM:

WALTER (CONT'D)

Uh sir, I just want to say, uh, that we're both--on a personal level, really enormous fans. Branded, especially the early episodes, was truly a source of inspiration.

LARRY, a fifteen-year-old, enters the room and looks at the two men.

PILAR

Sweetie see down. This man is the police.

WALTER

Oh no ma'am, We didn't want to give the impression that we were police exactly. We're hoping it won't be necessary to call the police. But that's 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 (CONT'D)

Is this your homework, Larry?

Larry does not respond.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Is this your homework, Larry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUDE  
Look, man, is--

WALTER  
Dude, please!. . .

DUDE  
Uooh.

WALTER  
Is this your homework, Larry?

DUDE  
Just ask him about the car, man.

Walter still holds out the homework.

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

DUDE  
Is that your car out front?

WALTER  
Is this your homework, Larry?

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

Throughout, Walter stares 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 entering 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.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

DUDE

We're gonna cut your dick off  
Larry.

WALTER

You're KILLING your FATHER, Larry!.

No answer.

FINALLY, IN DISGUST:

WALTER (CONT'D)

Alright, this is pointless.

As he shoves the homework back in the attache case:

WALTER (CONT'D)

Ok, time for Plan B. You might want  
to watch out that front window  
Larry.

He heads for the door.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Son, this is what happens when you  
FUCK a STRANGER in the ASS.

EXT. SELLERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

WALTER

Fucking language problem here.  
Little prick is stonewallin' me.

The Dude comes out of the house.

DUDE

Walter, what are you doing man?

Walter pops the Dude's trunk, flings in the briefcase and  
takes out a crowbar.

DUDE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

WALTER

Here you go Larry.

He walks over to the Corvette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS, YOU SEE WHAT  
 HAPPENS LARRY!

CRASH! He swings the crowbar into the back window,  
 which shatters.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS?!

DUDE  
 Oh, great.

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

CRASH! He takes out the driver's window.

Larry watches out the front window. A light comes on in the  
 house across the street. Dogs bark.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS LARRY.

Walter reaches in the car and turns on the headlights.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS LARRY? YOU SEE  
 WHAT HAPPENS! WHEN YOU FUCK A  
 STRANGER IN THE ASS!

CRASH! Walter smashes the windshield continually. Lights are  
 going on in houses down the street. Distant dogs bark.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS,

CRASH!

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS LARRY?

CRASH!

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS LARRY?

CRASH!

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS LARRY WHEN YOU  
 FUCK A STRANGER IN THE ASS?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Walter moves to the front of the car and smashes a headlamp.  
CRASH!

WALTER (CONT'D)  
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS LARRY!

CRASH! The other headlamp gets hit.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS LARRY!

Walter now smashes in the hood.

VOICE  
MY CAR!

WALTER  
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS LARRY!

VOICE  
MY BABY, STOP IT!

WALTER  
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FUCK  
A STRANGER--

A man in a open shirt with an under 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?!  
STOP IT!

He wrestles the crowbar away from the startled Walter.

WALTER  
Oh hey, hey man.

MAN  
I JUS' BAWDEEZ FUCKEEN CAR LASS  
WEEK!

WALTER  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa,

MAN  
I'M GONNA FUCKING KILL JOO

WALTER  
Hey, I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Walter cringes before the enraged Mexican.

The man looks about wildly.

MAN  
I JUS' BAWDEEZ FUCKEEN CAR LASS  
WEEK!

WALTER  
Com'on man.

The man looks over at the Dude's car.

MAN  
I KILL JOR FUCKEEN CAR MAN!

He runs over to the Dude's car.

DUDE  
Whoa..No! Hey! Hey! THAT'S NOT his--  
HEY

THUMP! CRASH! the man hits the Dude's trunk and back window  
with the crowbar.

MAN  
FUCK JOO AHGGG, GOD DAMMIT FUCK  
JOO!

CRASH!

DUDE  
Oh no, no man, no.

MAN  
YOU LIKE DAT, FUCK JOO!

CRASH! The man smashes out the left rear window.

DUDE  
NO! no awwwww, noooo.

CRASH! The man starts smashing the Dude's windshield.

MAN  
I KILL JOR FUCKEEN CAR MAN!

CRASH!

DUDE  
Awww. Heyyyy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAN  
I KILL JOR FUCKEEN CAR!

ON A DEAFENING CRASH WE CUT TO:

INT. THE DUDE'S CAR - NIGHT

We look 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.

Santana music plays above the bluster of wind.

INT. DUDE'S BUNGALOW

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

DUDE  
I accept your apology. . . No I just, I just want to handle it by myself from now on. No, no . . . No! That has nothing to do with it...

He finishes hammering.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
Yes, the car made it home, You're calling at home. No, Walter, it did not look like Larry was about to crack. Well that's your perception. You know Walter you're right, there is an unspoken message here, it's FUCK YOU, LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE.  
. . Yeah, I'll be at practice.

He hangs up and he rises and grabs a straight-backed chair that stands nearby. He 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 opens--outwards. The chair clatters to the floor.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLOND MAN

Jackie Treehorn knows which  
Lebowski you are, Lebowski.

WOO

Jackie Treehorn wants to see the  
deadbeat Lebowski.

BLOND MAN

You're not dealing with morons  
here.

BLACKNESS

Out of the blackness something falls toward us. It is a woman, falling in slow motion, her limbs flailing, her mouth contorted by laughter. She is topless.

She falls past the camera, leaving blackness, then after a beat reappears, rising into the night sky.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

A group of mostly tanned men, some with long hair, wearing tank tops, are blanket-tossing the laughing young woman in nightmarish slow motion.

WIDER -

It is a party, lit by festive beach lights and standing kerosene heaters.

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 a cotton twill vanilla white, suit pants and jacket and what appears to be a long sleeved, red, silk shirt.

Behind him, the woman rises and falls, appears and disappears.

MAN

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

INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The Dude looks around at the '60's modern decor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUDE

Quite a pad you got here, man.  
Completely unspoiled.

TREEHORN

What's your drink, Dude?

DUDE

White Russian, thanks.

TREEHORN

White Russian.

DUDE

How's the smut business, Jackie?

TREEHORN

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

DUDE

Which one's Logjammin'?

TREEHORN

Yes 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  
in little extras like story,  
production value, feelings.

He hands him the drink.

TREEHORN (CONT'D)

People forget...

He taps his forehead with one finger.

TREEHORN (CONT'D)

...that the brain is the biggest  
erogenous zone--

DUDE

On you, maybe.

TREEHORN

Of course, you have to take the  
good with the bad.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREEHORN (CONT'D)

The new technology permits us to do very exciting things in interactive erotic software. Wave of the future, Dude. 100% electronic.

DUDE

Hmmm. Well, I still jerk off manually.

TREEHORN

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

DUDE

Well I thought you might know that, man.

TREEHORN

Why would I? She only ran off to get away from that rather sizable debt to me.

DUDE

Uuno, she didn't run off, she's been uh--

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 get from the husband. That's your business. All I'm saying is, I want mine.

DUDE

Yeah, right man, there are a lot of uh, facets uh, to this. A lotta interested parties uh--

The phone rings.

TREEHORN

Excuse me.

Jackie answers the phone.

TREEHORN (CONT'D)

Yeah, Oh yeah? Where's that?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

The Dude becomes very interested in watching Jackie scribble on a note pad.

TREEHORN (CONT'D)

Alright.

Jackie hangs up, pulls the top sheet off the note pad, and gets up, folds the paper, and turns toward the Dude.

TREEHORN (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Jackie walks out of the room.

The Dude leaps up and quickly walks over to check on Jackie's return. Then he grabs a pencil and hurriedly shades the etching left by the pen on the note pad, revealing a drawing of a man with a unusually large penis.

The Dude is somewhat startled by what he sees.

DUDE

Hummm!

The Dude hears a door shut and he grabs the top sheet of the note pad and puts it in the pocket of his pants as he races back to the couch and re-positions him self as he was when Jackie left.

Jackie enters the room.

TREEHORN

Forgive me.

DUDE

No problemo man... So uh, if I uh, can find your money, ah, what's in it for the Dude?

TREEHORN

Well of course, there's that to discuss. A Refill?

DUDE

Yeah, did the Pope shit in the woods?

TREEHORN

A 10% finder's fee? Is that alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DUDE

Uumm! Okay, done Jackie. Yeah, I dig the way you do business man. Your money is being held by a kid named Larry Sellers. He lives in North Hollywood, on Radford, Uh, by the In-and-Out Burger.

Jackie brings him the drink.

DUDE (CONT'D)

A real fuckin' brat, but I'm sure your goons can get it off uh, him I mean he's fifteen...unh flunking social studies. So if you could just uh, write me a check for my ten percent. . . of half a million . . . five grand.

He getse to his feet, but sways woozily and he falls backward.

DUDE (CONT'D)

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

The Dude shakes his head, tries to focus and he has to sit back down.

TREEHORN

A fifteen-year-old? Is this some sort of a joke?

Words echo and 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

Awww, no joke. No funny stuff, Jackie . . . the kid's got it. Hi, fellas . . . kid just wanted a car.

The Dude drops his drink to the carpet.

DUDE (CONT'D)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DUDE (CONT'D)  
...tied the room together.

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

MAUDE LEBOWSKI

THIRD TITLE CARD:

IN 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 walks down a long corridor dressed as a cable repairman. He performs Marty's 'cycle' as he walks.

The Dude's face is washed with a brilliant light as the corridor opens onto a gleaming bowling alley.

He gazes up at a 'eight mile high' rack of bowling shoes.

At the top is a large full moon which is the source of the light.

Behind the counter is a man that seems to be Saddam Hussain. Saddam pulls a pair of silver and gold bowling shoes from the rack and hands them to the Dude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Dude now dances down a long flight of stairs that seem to stretch out to a starry infinity. They go down to the center of a circular platform that contains 32 dancers and a bowling lane on the other side of the platform that stretches out into the starry void.

The dancers have '3D' cut outs of bowling pins on their heads. They dance around a central figure, Maude. Maude wears a bowling ball breasted, armored breastplate and Norse headgear, has braided pigtails, and holds a trident.

The Dude continues to dance down the stairs toward the platform, which is the same black and white tile as the stairs.

He holds a black and red swirled bowling ball high over his head. He slowly approaches Maude from behind. The Dude stands behind her and, pressed up against her, helps her with her follow-through as she releases the 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.

He is face down, his arms, torpedo-like, 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 now glides along the lane face-up.

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

The Dude smiles dreamily and does another barrel-roll 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 runs blearily down the middle of the Pacific Coast Highway. Cars rush by on either side, horns blaring.

With the siren squealing to a stop, a squad car with flashing gumballs pulls up.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

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 awaaaaaay. BRANDED!

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

Is this your only I.D.?

He looks at the Ralph's Shopper's Club card.

DUDE

I know my rights man.

The Chief of police takes a piece of folded paper from the wallet and opens it up to find the 'drawing' and the word Treehorn on the top.

CHIEF

You don't know shit, Lebowski.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUDE

I want a fucking lawyer, man. I want Bill Kunstler, man...or umm, or Ronald Kuby.

CHIEF

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

DUDE

Mr. Treehorn, treats objects like, women man.

CHIEF

Mr. Treehorn draws a lot of water in this town, You don't draw shit Lebowski. Now we got a nice quiet little 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 absently.

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 (CONT'D)

--Ow! Fucking fascist!

The Chief pushes the Dude and the chair backwards to the floor.

DUDE (CONT'D)

Awwwwuh!

CHIEF

STAY OUT OF MALIBU, LEBOWSKI!!

He kicks the Dude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHIEF (CONT'D)

STAY OUT OF MALIBU, DEADBEAT! Keep your ugly fucking goldbricking ass out of my beach community!

INT. CAB - NIGHT

The Dude, in the back seat of a taxicab. He 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 a brimless, black leather cap on his head.

DUDE

Jesus, man, can you change the channel?

DRIVER

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

DUDE

I've had a really ruff--

DRIVER

I'll pull over the side and kick your ass out!

DUDE

Man, c'mon I had a rough night, and I hate the fucking Eagles, man.

DRIVER

Umm humm!

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

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

The driver stops the cab and gets out and opens the Dude's door and reaches in and pulls the Dude out of the cab.

DRIVER

Outta my fucking cab!

DUDE

Hey man!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER

Out, get--

DUDE

Man man! Hey!

The cab driver gets back in the cab and screeches away.

Coming up the road behind the Dude is a red convertible, which passes him quickly. 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 -

When she downshifts her left foot enters to engage the clutch, in an open-toed bright red sandal shoe, that has five green painted toes.

On the accelerator her right foot has five more toes.

INT. DUDE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The Dude cautiously looks in the open front door. He goes in and looks around.

DUDE

Awwwwh Jesus.

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

Quiet.

He moves forward into the room and trips over the nailed 2x4.

He turns and looks back at the 2x4.

DUDE (CONT'D)

Ummph.

Maude emerges from the bedroom. She wears a bathrobe.

MAUDE

Jeffrey.

DUDE

Maude?

MAUDE

Love me.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She pulls open the bathrobe and lets it drop to the floor.

The Dude is stupefied.

DUDE  
Uh, that's my robe.

WE CUT TO:

BLACK -

After a beat, a voice from the blackness:

MAUDE  
Tell me a about yourself, Jeffrey.

DUDE  
Well, not much to tell.

A match is dragged across a headboard; the Dude lights himself a 'roach', which he holds in a roach clip.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
I uh, I was, uh, one of the authors  
of the Port Huron Statement.-- Uh  
the original Port Huron Statement.

The Dude and Maude lie next to each other in bed.

MAUDE  
Uh-huh.

DUDE  
Not the compromised second draft.

The Dude tokes on the roach.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
Uh, and then I, uh. . . ummm, ever  
hear of the Seattle Seven?

MAUDE  
Mmnun.

DUDE  
That was me...and uh, uh, six other  
guys. Uhh, And then uh . . . the  
music business briefly.

MAUDE  
Oh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUDE  
Yeah. Roadie for Metallica.

MAUDE  
Oh.

DUDE  
Speed of Sound Tour.

MAUDE  
Mmm hmmm.

DUDE  
Bunch of assholes. And then, uh,  
you know, a little of this, a  
little of that.

The Dude tokes the roach again.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
Uh, my career's, slowed down a  
little lately.

MAUDE  
What do you do for, for recreation?

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

He sucks on the roach and he gets some burning ash in his  
throat.

He coughs and climbs out of bed but Maude remains in it.

MAUDE  
What happened to your house?

She wedges a pillow into the small of her back.

DUDE  
Oh, Jackie Treehorn trashed the  
place. He thought I had your  
father's money, he got me out of  
the way while he looked for it.  
Cocktail?

MAUDE  
No thanks. It's not my father's  
money, it's the Foundation's. Why  
did he think you have it? And who  
does?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She clasps a hand on each kneecap, and pulls her knees in toward her chest to keep her pelvis raised.

DUDE

Oh, Larry Sellers, this high-school kid. Real fucking brat.

He mixes a White Russian at the bar in the living room.

DUDE (CONT'D)

Ya know, this is a very complicated case, Maude. Lotta ins, lotta outs. Uh, ya know. Fortunately I'm adhering to a pretty strict, uh, drug uh, regimen to keep my mind, you know, uh limber ya know. I'm very fucking close to your father's money.

MAUDE

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

The Dude re-enters the bedroom.

DUDE

Ummph, Whadda you talking about? He's fucking loaded.

MAUDE

No no, the wealth was all Mother's.

DUDE

Waa--he runs stuff, uh, you know--

MAUDE

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

DUDE

Ah... he's uh, you know.

MAUDE

No. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DUDE

Uh. Do you think he uh,--what is that yoga?

Throughout, Maude lays on her back with her knees pulled in and now she rolls back and forth on the bed.

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? I want a child.

DUDE

Okay, Yeah, okay but let me, let me explain something about 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 raising the child himself.

Something occurs to him.

DUDE

So...that doctor uh.

MAUDE

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

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

DUDE

No, uhhh, It was the Chief of police of Malibu. A real reactionary . . . So your father . . . Oh yeah, I get it! Yeah, Yeah!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MAUDE

What?

DUDE

Oh man, my thinking about this case, had become very uptight. Yeah. Your father--

The Dude is leaves the bedroom.

FROM THE BEDROOM -

MAUDE'S VOICE

Jeffery! What're you talking about?

LIVING ROOM -

The Dude finishes punching a number into the phone.

MAUDE'S VOICE

Jeffery!

The phone rings on the other end.

DUDE

Walter, if you're there, pick up the fucking phone man. C'mon Walter, pick it up, man, this is an emergency...

WALTER

Dude?

DUDE

C'mon I'm not--

WALTER

Dude?

DUDE

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

WALTER

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

DUDE

What?

WALTER

Erev shabbas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUDE

What?!

WALTER

Erev shabbos. I can't drive.

DUDE

Man!

WALTER

I'm not even supposed to pick up the phone, unless it's an emergency.

DUDE

This IS a fucking emergency.

WALTER

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

DUDE

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

EXT. DUDE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

THE DUDE -

He emerges on his front stoop, pulling on a sweatshirt. 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 -

Strides 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.

DUDE

Get out of that fucking car man.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUDE (CONT'D)  
Get out of that fucking car! Get  
the fuck out of the car, man!

THE DUDE -

As he gets to the car He is revved with nervous energy.

He tries to open the door but it is locked, so he reaches through the open driver's window to unlock it, but the man re-locks it.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
Get out of the fuckin--

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

The Dude shouts to cover his fear:

DUDE (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck are you, man!?

MAN  
Easy man, relax, man! No physical  
harm intended!

DUDE  
Who the fuck are you?

MAN  
Okay man, I'm okay.

DUDE  
Why're you following me around?  
Come on, fuckhead!

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

The Dude is stunned.

DUDE  
Brother Shamus? Like an Irish monk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN

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

DUDE

What?

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-- fuck it man, just stay away from my fucking lady friend.

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--uh

DUDE

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

DA FINO

The Knudsens.

DUDE

The? Who who, who the fuck are the Knudsens?

DA FINO

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

He reaches into his inner suit coat pocket and pulls out two photos.

DA FINO (CONT'D)

See?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

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 about a year ago.

He holds out another picture.

DA FINO (CONT'D)  
The Knudsens told me I should show her this when I found her. It's the family farm.

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

DA FINO (CONT'D)  
It's outside uhh Moorhead, Minnesota. They think it'll make her homesick.

DUDE  
Ssss Oh boy. How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm once they've seen Karl Hungus.

He hands back the picture.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
She's been kidnapped, Da Fino.

DA FINO  
Oh man, that's terrible.

DUDE  
Oh I don't know, maybe not, but she's definitely not around.

DA FINO  
Hey, uh, phfff, maybe you and me could pool our resources--trade information-- uh, professional courtesy--

DUDE  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DA FINO

Compeers, you know what I mean.

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

DUDE

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

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

INT. STACKS OF PANCAKES HOUSE - NIGHT

Four people sit at a booth: Uli and the second and third man. Also a young woman with long stringy blonde hair, wearing jeans and a zebra striped sleeveless shirt. She is apparently braless, and is Teutonically pale on her face and arms. A waitress stands at the table with a pen and a check pad.

The second man seems to be asleep. They look at menus.

Uli looks sourly up and hands his menu to the waitress.

ULI

Uhh the lingonberry pancakes.

THIRD MAN

Aufwachen (Wake up) Arschloch (asshole)!

SECOND MAN

Lingonberry pancakes.

THIRRD MAN

Sree picks in blanket.

The woman speaks to Uli in German.

NILHILIST WOMAN

Fur (for) mich (me) auch (too) Heidelberg Pfannkuchen (pancakes), Uli, Heidelberg Pfann(f)kuchen.

ULI

She has lingonberry pancakes.

THIRD MAN

Oh, mann, wenn ich dann an die Pfannkuchen in Bremen denke.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIRD MAN (CONT'D)

(Oh, man, that makes me think of those pancakes in Bremen).

SECOND MAN

Ja, ja, was ist damit?  
(Yeah, yeah, what about it?).

THIRD MAN

Es ware einfach besser (Wouldn't it be better), den richtigen Butter <zu benutzen> (to simply <put> proper butter in it), die nicht so wie eine Scheisse ist (the one that's not so shitty). Es schmeckt ganz so nach Kacke, mann! (This really tastes like shit, man!).

SECOND MAN

Ja, ja.  
(Yeah, yeah).

As the four talk in German.

The camera stays with the girl and follows down her camera-side leg, which ends in a bandage-swaddled foot.

Dried rust-colored blood stains the tip of the bandage.

INT. WALTER'S VAN - SAME

Walter's eyes are on the road as he listens to the Dude, while driving.

DUDE

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

The dog barks in the back of the van.

WALTER

Well, sometimes the cathartic, uh...

DUDE

No no, I'm saying if he knows I'm a fuck-up, why does he leave me in charge of getting his wife back? Because he doesn't fucking want her back, man! He's had enough!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUDE (CONT'D)

He no longer digs her! It's all a show! Okay? But then, why didn't he give a shit about his million bucks? I mean, he knows we never handed off his briefcase, but he never asked for it back. The million bucks was never in the briefcase. The briefcase was fucking empty, man! The asshole was hoping that they would kill her! You threw out a ringer for a ringer!

WALTER

Huut! 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, my point is, huum, here we are, it's shabbos, the sabbath, which I'm allowed to break only if it's a matter of life or death--

DUDE

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

WALTER

What the fuck are you talking about?

DUDE

Man, you're fucking Polish Catholic.

WALTER

What the fuck are you talking about? I converted when I married Cynthia!

DUDE

Yeah.

WALTER

Come on, Dude!

DUDE

Yeah, yeah yeah!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER  
You know this!

DUDE  
Yeah, and five fucking years ago,  
you were divorced.

WALTER  
So, what are you saying? When you  
get divorced, you turn in your  
library card? You get a new  
license? You stop being Jewish?

DUDE  
This is the driveway.

AS HE TURNS:

WALTER  
I'm as Jewish as fucking Tevye

DUDE  
Man, you know, it's it's all a part  
of your sick Cynthia thing man.  
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'M  
LIVING IN THE FUCKING PAST! I--  
Jesus. What the hell happened?

He looks off as the van slows. The Dude looks where Walter is  
looking. They see a red sports car crashed into the fountain.

EXT. THE LEBOWSKI MANSION - CONTINUOUS

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

Both gape off at the front lawn.

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

WALTER  
Un huh, un huh, un huh, un huh.  
What the fuck?

INT. THE LEBOWSKI MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The Dude, Walter and the dog enter the front door and descend the stairs into the 'great hall'.

DUDE  
AWWWWWH!

TRACKING DOWN THE GREAT HALLWAY -

Brandt, approaching, stoops and straightens, stoops and straightens, picking up the discarded clothes that run the length of the hall. Through the French doors at its far end we can see Bunny, naked, briefly bouncing past the windows.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
Where was she man?

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

DUDE  
Well I guess the fucking nihilist knew where she was!

WALTER  
Jesus, Dude! She never even kidnapped herself.

BRANDT  
Who's this gentleman, Dude?

WALTER  
Who'm I?

The Dude grabs Walters arm.

DUDE  
C'mon.

WALTER  
I'm a fucking veteran, that's who I am!

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANG--the Dude and Walter push through the double doors into--  
THE GREAT ROOM -

DUDE  
SO man!

The Big Lebowski's wheelchair hums as he rolls toward them.

LEBOWSKI  
(bitterly)  
So? She's back. No thanks to you.

DUDE  
Where's the fucking money,  
Lebowski?

WALTER  
A MILLION BUCKS...

DUDE  
Hey...

WALTER  
...FROM FUCKING NEEDY LITTLE...

DUDE  
Walter...

WALTER  
...URBAN ACHIEVERS! YOU ARE SCUM,  
MAN!

LEBOWSKI  
Who the hell is he?

WALTER  
Who am I, Who am I?

DUDE  
Walter...

WALTER  
I'm the guy who's gonna KICK...

DUDE  
Walter wait...

WALTER  
...YOUR PHONY GOLDBRICKING ASS!  
That's who I am!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUDE

MAN! We know the briefcase was  
fucking empty, We know you kept the  
million bucks for yourself.

LEBOWSKI

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 that Bunny had been  
kidnapped and you were fucking glad  
man. You could use it as an excuse  
to make some money disappear. All  
you needed was a sap to pin it on,  
and you'd just met me. You you,  
human paraquat! You figured, oh,  
here's a loser, you know a, a a,  
deadbeat, someone the square  
community won't give a shit about.

LEBOWSKI

Well? Aren't ya?

DUDE

Well . . . yeah, but you--

LEBOWSKI

Get out. Both of you.

WALTER

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

LEBOWSKI

Out of this house. Now you bums.

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 crosses to Lebowski.

LEBOWSKI

Stay away from me, mister!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

WALTER

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

LEBOWSKI

You stay away from me.

DUDE

WALTER, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE! HE'S A CRIPPLE!

WALTER

I've never been more certain of anything in my life.

LEBOWSKI

Stay away from me I said.

WALTER

C'mon, c'mon.

Walter reaches around and hoists the Big Lebowski out of the wheelchair by his armpits.

LEBOWSKI

Get away from me!

DUDE

WALTER!

WALTER

Walk, you fucking phony!

The Big Lebowski yells in horror and waggles helplessly, his rubbery feet grazing the floor like a Raggedy Ann's. The Pomeranian gaily leaps and yaps.

DUDE

PUT HIM DOWN MAN!

WALTER

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

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

The dog barks. It comes over to the Big Lebowski who flails about on the floor, and licks his face.

The Big Lebowski pushes him away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DUDE

C'mon man, help me put him back in his chair.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

DONNY -

Poised at the end of the lane, he approaches the line and releases a bowling ball. He watches the ball as it rolls and swerves into the pins. His face smiling the pins scattered but when the pins settle there is one pin left standing. Donny's expression changes. He stares at it in disbelief.

In the background as a distant echo we hear Walter talking about Iraq.

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.

Donny returns to a seat next to Walter. He still thinks about something and ignores Walter.

DUDE

Umm humm.

WALTER

I mean 'Nam was a foot soldier's war whereas, uh, this thing should uh, you know, be a piece of cake. I mean I had an M16, Jacko, not an Abrams fucking tank. Me and Charlie, eyeball to eyeball.

The Dude applies a clear liquid on his finger tips using a cap brush.

DUDE

Yeah.

WALTER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNY

Who's in pyjamas, Walter?

WALTER

Shut the fuck up, Donny. Where as what we have here, a bunch of fig-eaters, wearing towels on their heads tryin' to find reverse on a Soviet tank. This, this is not a worthy fucking adversary.

VOICE

HEY!

The Dude and Walter look.

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

QUINTANA

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

QUINTANA -

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

QUINTANA (CONT'D)

You got a date Wednesday, baby!

Walter, and the Dude watch him go. Walter turns and looks at the Dude.

WALTER

He's cracking.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

The whole concept abates, I mean many learned men have disputed this, but in the 14th century the Rambam he like...he....

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

REVERSE -

Uli and his two friends, in shiny black leather, stand in a line facing them in the all-but-deserted lot. Behind them orange flames lick gently in 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

Well, they finally did it. They killed my fucking car.

ULI

Vee vant zat money, Lebowski.

SECOND MAN

Ja, uzzervize vee kill ze girl.

THRID MAN

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

DUDE

You don't have the fucking girl, dipshit. We know you never did.

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

No Donny, these men are nihilists, there's nothing to be afraid of.

The Germans stop conferring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ULI

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

WALTER

Fuck you. Fuck the three of you.

DUDE

Hey, cool it Walter.

Walter ignores the Dude, addresses the Germans:

WALTER

No, without a hostage there is no  
ransom. That's what ransom is.  
Those are the fucking rules.

SECOND MAN

His girlfriend gafe up her toe!

THIRD MAN

She sought we would get a million  
dollars!

ULI

Iss not fair!

WALTER

FAIR! WHO'S THE FUCKING NIHILIST  
AROUND HERE! YOU, BUNCH OF FUCKING  
CRYBABIES?!

DUDE

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

WALTER

And, I would like my undies back!

Donny is visibly frightened.

DONNY

Are these guys gonna hurt us,  
Walter?

WALTER'S TONE IS GENTLE:

WALTER

No, Donny. These men are cowards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Germans confer again, in German.

THE CONFERENCE ENDS:

ULI

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

DUDE

Ah hah.

WALTER

Fuck you.

DUDE

Hey no, come on, Walter, come on,  
we're ending this thing cheap man.

The Dude digs into his pocket.

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

WALTER

No! What's mine is mine.

DUDE

Oh, Come on, Walter!.

ULI

No funny stuff

He looks in his wallet:

DUDE

Alright! Alright uh...

ULI

No funny stuff!

DUDE

I got uh, four bucks...

He inspects the change in his palm.

DUDE (CONT'D)

...almost five!

DONNY

(tremulously)

I got eighteen dollars, Dude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALTER  
(grimly)  
What's mine is mine.

ULI  
VEE FUCK YOU UP, MAN! VEE TAKES THE  
MONEY!

WALTER  
(coolly)  
Come and get it.

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

ULI  
VEE FUCK YOU UP!

DUDE  
Come on man.

WALTER  
Show me what you got. Nihilist.

ULI  
I FUCK YOU!

DUDE  
Walter, come on he's got a sword  
thing man!

WALTER  
Dipshit with a nine-toed woman.

ULI  
I FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU!

WALTER -

hurls his leather satchel.

THE SECOND NIHILIST -

Caught off-guard. The bowling ball thuds into his chest and buckles him over. He falls forward onto one hand, gasping.

Uli charges at Walter with the saber.

ULI (CONT'D)  
I FUCK YOU, I PIG STICK--

Uli cuts Walter's side with the sword and Walter makes him drop it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Walter twists away and grabs Uli's head in both hands; draws Uli's head up to his mouth, which closes on Uli's ear.

WALTER  
ARRGGG!

The Dude confronts the other Nihilist but draws up short as he sends out karate kicks, The Nihilist gives a shout with each kick; the Dude leans back, throwing his arms up, evading the kicks.

THE THIRD MAN  
I FUCK YOU!

DUDE  
Take it easy, man!

THE THIRD MAN  
I FUCK YOU!

DUDE  
Take the four dollars!

THE THIRD MAN  
I FUCK YOU! ... I FUCK YOU IN THE  
ASS!

WALTER -

His jaw is still clamped on Uli's ear. Walter growls as Uli screams, he worries his ear, wagging his head.

The second Nihilist crawls on his stomach gasping.

DUDE  
I'm gonna hit you with the fuckin'  
ball man.

He is awkwardly circling, evading the third Nihilist's kicks, as he swings the ball bag.

WALTER -

Still worrying the ear. With a tearing sound his head and Uli's separate.

ULI, EARLESS, SCREAMS.

Walter spits his ear into the air, the camera follows it up.

THE THIRD MAN (TO THE DUDE OFF CAMERA)  
VEAKLING! I FUCK YOU!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

Walter draws back his fist.

WALTER  
ANTI-SEMITE!

Bam!--A powerhouse blow to the middle of his face drops Uli for the count.

The second Nihilist still pulls himself along on his stomach.

DUDE AND THIRD NIHILIST -

The Dude and the third Nihilist, both now panting heavily, have yet to establish body contact. The Nihilist continues to kick.

THE THIRD MAN  
I FUCK YOU IN THE ASS! I FUCK YOU  
IN THE ASS!

Finally he summons the nerve to charge the Dude, hands raised to deliver karate blows.

THE THIRD MAN (CONT'D)  
I FUCK YOU. I FUCK YOU. I FUCK YOU.  
I FUCK--

WHHAP--the boom box swings into frame to smash him in the face. Walter then bashes him in the back and he falls forward.

All quiet.

Walter, panting, looks around.

WALTER  
We've got a man down, Dude.

He and the Dude run over to where Donny, lies gasping on the ground.

DUDE  
God! They shot him, man!

WALTER  
He's not shot. No Dude.

DUDE  
They shot Donny?

Donny gasps for air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

WALTER

There weren't any shots fired.

DUDE

Huh?

WALTER

It's a heart attack. Call the medics, Dude. I'd go myself but I'm pumping blood. Might pass out.

The Dude runs into the lanes. Walter cradles Donny's shoulders with his right arm. He pats a reassuring left hand on Donny's chest and shoulder.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Rest easy, good buddy, you're doing fine. We got help choppering in.

FADE OUT:

HOLD IN BLACK

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

THE DUDE AND WALTER -

They sit side by side. We hear footsteps coming up a cavernous stair well. Walter reads what appears to be a Bible that was on the mortuary Director's desk.

The Dude sits very still, gazing up at a Psalm that is on a marble wall, in six inch gold letters, behind the desk. It reads:

AS FOR MAN, HIS DAYS ARE AS GRASS, AS A FLOWER OF THE FIELD.  
SO HE FLORISHETH, FOR THE WIND PASSETH OVER IT AND IT IS  
GONE.

PS 103.15

A tall thin man in a conservative black suit enters.

MAN

Hello, gentlemen. You are the bereaved?

DUDE

Yeah man.

MAN

Francis Donnelly. Pleased to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUDE  
Jeff Lebowski.

WALTER  
Walter Sobchak.

DUDE  
The Dude, actually. It's uh...

DONNELLY  
Excuse me?

DUDE  
Aw, nothing.

DONNELLY  
Yes. I understand you're taking  
away the remains.

WALTER  
Yeah.

DONNELLY  
We have the urn.

He nods to his right.

DONNELLY (CONT'D)  
And I assume this is credit card?

He vaguely hands a large leather folder across the desk to  
whomever wants to take it.

WALTER  
Yeah.

He takes it, opens it, removes his glasses, 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.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
UTHUMMm.

At length Walter places the folder on the desk with bill  
facing Donnelly, pointing.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
What's this?

DONNELLY  
That's for the urn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

It is our most modestly priced receptacle.

DUDE

Uh, well can we just uh--

WALTER

A hundred and eighty dollars?!

DONNELLY

They range up to three thousand.

WALTER

Uh, we're uh--Uhhh.

DUDE

Can't, can't we just rent it from you man?

DONNELLY

Sir, this is a mortuary, not a rental house.

WALTER

We're scattering the fucking ashes!

DUDE

Walter, Walter, Walter--

WALTER

WHAT JUST BECAUSE WE'RE BEREAVED DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE SAPS!

Walter hits the desk with his fist.

DONNELLY

Sir, please lower your voices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DUDE

Man, don't you have, you know,  
something uh, else we can put 'im  
in? You know?

DONNELLY

That is our most modestly priced  
receptacle.

WALTER

GODDAMNIT!! Is there a Ralph's  
around here?

EXT. POINT DUME - DAY

It is a high, wind-swept bluff. Walter and the Dude walk  
towards the lip of the bluff.

Walter carries 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

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 he explored the beaches of  
southern California...

Walter extends his hand out palm up to point at the beach  
below.

WALTER (CONT'D)

...from La Jolla...

Walter moves his hand to the north.

WALTER (CONT'D)

...to Leo Carillo and up to Pismo.  
He died--he died as so many young  
men of his generation, before his  
time. In your wisdom Lord you took  
him. As you took so many bright  
flowering young men, at Khe San and  
Lan Doc...

The Dude shakes his head in disgust.

WALTER (CONT'D)

...and Hill 364. These young men  
gave their lives. And so'd Donny.  
Donny who loved bowling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walter holds the Folger's coffee can up in both hands.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 And so, Theodore--Donald--  
 Karabotsos, in accordance with what  
 we think your dying wishes might  
 well have been, we commit your  
 final mortal remains to the bosom  
 of...

Walter takes the can in his right hand and waves it at the ocean from left to right and back again.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 ...the Pacific Ocean, which you  
 loved so well.

Walter peels the plastic lid off the coffee can.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 Goodnight, sweet prince.

AS HE SHAKES OUT THE ASHES:

The wind has blown most of the ashes into the Dude, standing just to the side of and behind Walter. The Dude stands, frozen. Finished eulogizing, Walter looks down at his shirt and brushes some of the ashes off his shirt.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 Shit.

Walter turns around and sees the ashes all over the Dude.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 Oh shit Dude, I'm sorry.

He brushes off the Dude with his hands.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 Goddamn wind. Fuck.

Heretofore motionless, the Dude finally explodes, slapping Walter's hands away.

DUDE  
 Goddamnit Walter! You fucking  
 asshole!

WALTER  
 Shit! Dude, I'm sorry!

The Dude gives Walter a furious shove.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUDE  
Everything's a fucking travesty  
with you man!

WALTER  
Look Dude, I'm sorry. It was an  
accident!

DUDE  
What was zat-- What was that shit  
about Vietnam!

WALTER  
Look Dude, I'm sorry--

DUDE  
What the fuck does anything have to  
do with Vietnam! What the fuck are  
you talking about?!

Walter for the first time is genuinely distressed, almost  
lost.

WALTER  
Dude, I'm sorry.

DUDE  
Fuckin'--

He gives Walter a weaker shove. Walter seems dazed, then  
wraps his arms around the Dude.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
Fuck, Walter.

WALTER  
Come on Dude. Hey fuck it man.  
Let's go bowling.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

We hear 'Send Me Dead Flowers' playing on the jukebox, as the  
camera focuses on a lane and as it follows a bowling ball  
down the lane into a strike. The view changes to back of the  
pin setter and the mechanics involved in resetting the pins.

The far end of the bowling alley is closed and a man is  
cleaning one of the lanes. In the center, a lone bowler rolls  
a strike as The Dude walks up to the bar.

DUDE  
Two oat sodas, Gary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

Right. Good luck tomorrow.

DUDE

Yeah. Thanks, man.

GARY

Aw, sorry to hear about Donny.

DUDE

Ah, yeah. Well, you know, sometimes  
you eat the bar, and, sometimes uh,  
you know...

The Dude turns to his left and notices the 'Stranger' sitting  
at the bar.

DUDE (CONT'D)

Hey man.

THE STRANGER

Howdy do, Dude.

DUDE

I wondered if I'd see you again.

THE STRANGER

I wouldn't miss the semis.

DUDE

Oh yeah?

THE STRANGER

How things been goin'?

DUDE

Ahh, you know. Strikes and gutters,  
ups and downs.

The bartender has put two gleaming beers on the counter.

The Stranger's eyes crinkle merrily.

THE STRANGER

Sure, I gotcha.

DUDE

Yeah. Thanks, Gary...Well take  
care, man, gotta get back.

THE STRANGER

Sure. Take it easy, Dude--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

DUDE

Oh yeah.

THE STRANGER

I know that you will.

THE DUDE, LEAVING, HOLDS UP HIS ARMS AND NODS:

DUDE

Yeah. Well, the Dude abides.

THE STRANGER

Heh heh.

The Dude leaves and walks back to the lanes and holds up the beers.

DUDE

Walter.

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 (CONT'D)

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. I didn't like seein' Donny go. But then, I 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 we-- aw, look at me, I'm ramblin' again. Wal, uh hope you folks enjoyed yourselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He brushes his hat brim with a fingertip as we begin to pull back.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)  
Catch ya later on down the trail.

As we pull away The Stranger swivels in to the bar. As his voice fades:

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)  
...Say friend, ya got any more of  
that good sarsaparilla?...

A lone bowler rolls a strike?

FADE TO BLACK.

MUSIC

CREDITS

THE END