THE BIG LEBOWSKI

by

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

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

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

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

INTERIOR RALPH'S

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

He is feeling quarts of milk for coldness and examining their expiration dates.

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

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

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

CHECKOUT GIRL

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

GEORGE BUSH
This aggression will not stand. . .
This will not stand!

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

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

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

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

EXTERIOR RALPH'S

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

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

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

After a beat of walking the Dude offhandedly points.

DUDE
It's the LeBaron.

DUDE'S HOUSE

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

INSIDE

The Dude enters and flicks on a light.

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

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

The Dude blows bubbles.

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

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

VOICE
Where's the money, Lebowski!

His head is plunged back into the toilet.

VOICE
Where's the money, Lebowski!

The hands haul him out again, dripping and gasping.

VOICE
WHERE'S THE FUCKING MONEY, SHITHEAD!

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

His head is plunged back in.

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

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

The Dude gropes back in the toilet with one hand.

Looming over him is a strapping blond man.

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

CHINESE MAN
Ever thus to deadbeats, Lebowski.

He starts peeing on the rug.

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

DUDE
Oh, man. Don't do--

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

The Dude puts on his dripping sunglasses.

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

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

DUDE
Bunny? Look, moron.

He holds up his hands.

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

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

BLOND MAN
The fuck is this?

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

DUDE
Obviously you're not a golfer.

The blond man drops the ball which pulverizes more tile.

BLOND MAN
Woo?

The Chinese man is zipping his fly.

WOO
Yeah?

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

WOO
Uh?

They both look around.

WOO
Fuck.

BLOND MAN
What do you think?

WOO
He looks like a fuckin' loser.

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

DUDE
Hey. At least I'm housebroken.

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

WOO
Fuckin' waste of time.

The blond man turns testily at the door.

BLOND MAN
Thanks a lot, asshole.

ON THE DOOR SLAM WE CUT TO:

BOWLING PINS

Scattered by a strike.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WALTER
This was a valued rug.

He elaborately clears his throat.

WALTER
This was, uh--

DUDE
Yeah man, it really tied the room

together--

WALTER
This was a valued, uh.

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

DONNY
What tied the room together, Dude?

WALTER
Were you listening to the story, Donny?

DONNY
What--

WALTER
Were you listening to the Dude's story?

DONNY
I was bowling--

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

DUDE
What's your point, Walter?

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

DONNY
Yeah Walter, what's your point?

WALTER
Huh?

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

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

DONNY
What the fuck is he talking about?

DUDE
My rug.

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

DUDE
This Chinaman who peed on my rug, I

can't go give him a bill so what the fuck are you talking about?

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

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

WALTER
What the fuck are you--

DUDE
Walter, he peed on my rug--

DONNY
He peed on the Dude's rug--

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

DUDE
So who--

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

DUDE
No, but--

WALTER
Am I wrong!

DUDE
Yeah, but--

WALTER
Okay. That, uh.

He elaborately clears his throat.

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

DUDE
Fuckin' A.

DONNY
And this guy peed on it.

WALTER
Donny! Please!

DUDE
Yeah, I could find this Lebowski guy--

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

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

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

CLOSE ON A PLAQUE

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

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

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

DUDE
Yes, uh, very impressive.

YOUNG MAN
Please, feel free to inspect them.

DUDE
I'm not really, uh.

YOUNG MAN
Please! Please!

DUDE
Uh-huh.

We are panning the walls, looking at various citations and

certificates unrelated to the ones being discussed offscreen:

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

DUDE
Uh-huh.

YOUNG MAN
That's a Los Angeles Chamber of

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

DUDE
Hey, is this him with Nancy?

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

DUDE
Lebowski on the right?

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

DUDE
He's handicapped, huh?

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

DUDE
Far out.

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

DUDE
Nancy's pretty good.

YOUNG MAN
Wonderful woman. We were very--

DUDE
Are these.

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

DUDE
Different mothers, huh?

YOUNG MAN
No, they--

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

YOUNG MAN
They're not his, heh-heh, they're not literally his children; they're the Little Lebowski Urban Achievers, inner-city children of promise but

without the--

DUDE
I see.

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

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

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

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

YOUNG MAN
Heh-heh--

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

YOUNG MAN
Yes, heh--

DUDE
--and bowling. I'll tell you the truth, Brandt, I don't remember most of it.--Jeez! Fuck me!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEBOWSKI
Did I urinate on your rug?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEBOWSKI
Are you employed, sir?

DUDE
Employed?

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

DUDE
Is this a--what day is this?

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

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

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

The Dude rises.

DUDE
Ah fuck it.

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

The Dude is heading for the door.

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

As the Dude opens the door.

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

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

HALLWAY
--in a high coffered hallway. Brandt is approaching.

BRANDT
How was your meeting, Mr. Lebowski?

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

WALKWAY

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

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

DUDE
It's the LeBaron.

DUDE'S POINT OF VIEW

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

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

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

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

CLOSER TRACK

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

THE DUDE

Looking.

WIDER

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

She leans back and extends her leg toward the Dude.

YOUNG WOMAN
Blow on them.

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

DUDE
Huh?

She waggles her foot and giggles.

YOUNG WOMAN
G'ahead. Blow.

The Dude tentatively grabs hold of her extended foot.

DUDE
You want me to blow on your toes?

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

The Dude looks over at the pool.

DUDE
You sure he won't mind?

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

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

DUDE
Practicing?

The young woman smiles.

YOUNG WOMAN
You're not blowing.

Brandt nervously takes the Dude by the elbow.

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

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

DUDE
You're Bunny?

BUNNY
I'll suck your cock for a thousand dollars.

Brandt releases a gale of forced laughter:

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

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

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

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

SHOULDER:

DUDE
I'm just gonna find a cash machine.

BOWLING PINS

Scattered by a strike.

THE BOWLERS

Donny calls out from the bench:

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

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

DUDE
Your maples, Carl.

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

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

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

WALTER
Theodore Herzel.

DUDE
Huh?

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

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

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

DUDE
What the fuck are you--

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

DUDE
You brought a fucking Pomeranian

bowling?

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

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

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

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

DUDE
Hey man--

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

Smokey turns from his last roll to look at Walter.

WALTER
Smokey Huh?

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

SMOKEY
Bullshit. Eight, Dude.

WALTER
Excuse me! Mark it zero. Next frame.

SMOKEY
Bullshit. Walter!

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

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

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

SMOKEY
Yeah, but--

WALTER
Am I wrong!?

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

Walter takes out a gun.

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

DUDE
Hey Walter--

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

SMOKEY
I'm not--

WALTER
A world of pain.

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

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

Walter primes the gun and points it at his head.

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

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

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

WALTER
MARK IT ZERO!

SMOKEY
Walter--

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

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

He points frantically at the score projected above the lane.

SMOKEY
You happy, you crazy fuck?

WALTER
This is a league game, Smokey!

PARKING LOT

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

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

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

DUDE
And you know Smokey has emotional problems!

WALTER
You mean--beyond pacifism?

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

As the two men get into the car:

WALTER
Huh. I did not know that. Well, it's water under the bridge. And we do enter the next round-robin, am I wrong?

DUDE
No, you're not wrong--

WALTER
Am I wrong!

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

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

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

DUDE
Just, just take it easy, Walter.

WALTER
That's your answer to everything, Dude. And let me point out--pacifism is not--look at our current situation

with that camelfucker in Iraq--
pacifism is not something to hide
behind.

DUDE
Well, just take 't easy, man.

WALTER
I'm perfectly calm, Dude.

DUDE
Yeah? Wavin' a gun around?!

WALTER
(smugly)
Calmer than you are.

-his irritates the Dude further.

DUDE
Just take it easy, man!

Walter is still smug.

WALTER
Calmer than you are.

DUDE'S HOUSE

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

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

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

DUDE
Shit!

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

A beep.

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

Beep.

ANOTHER VOICE
Mr. Lebowski, this is Fred Dynarski
with the Southern Cal Bowling League.

I just got a, an informal report, uh, that a uh, a member of your team, uh, Walter Sobchak, drew a loaded weapon during league play--

We hear the doorbell.

THE DOOR

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

DUDE
Hiya Allan.

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

The Dude takes a swig of his kalhua.

DUDE
Sure Allan, I'll be there.

ALLAN
Dude, uh, tomorrow is already the tenth.

DUDE
Yeah, yeah I know. Okay.

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

DUDE
Yeah, okay.

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

The voice continues on the machine.

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

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

TRACKING

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

over

HIS SHOULDER:

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

DUDE
Huh.

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

BRANDT ANNOUNCES, AMBIGUOUSLY:

BRANDT
Mr. Lebowski.

Jeffrey Lebowski waves the Dude in without looking around.

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

DUDE
Dude.

LEBOWSKI
Huh?

DUDE
I don't know, sir.

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

DUDE
Sure. That and a pair of testicles.

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

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

The Dude thumps at his chest pocket.

DUDE
Mind if I smoke a jay?

LEBOWSKI
Bunny.

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

DUDE
'Scuse me?

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

DUDE
Fuckin' A.

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

He clears his throat.

LEBOWSKI
I received this fax this morning.

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

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

THE DUDE EXAMINES THE FAX:

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

DUDE
Bummer.

Lebowski looks soulfully at the Dude.

LEBOWSKI
Brandt will fill you in on the details.

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

HALLWAY

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

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

DUDE
Why me, man?

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

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

BRANDT
Well Dude, we just don't know.

BOWLING PINS

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

WIDER

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

FAST TRACK IN

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

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

BACK TO THE BOWLER

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

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

DUDE
Huh?

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

FLASHBACK

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

The VOICE-OVER conversation continues.

DUDE
Huh.

WALTER
When he moved down to Venice he had

to go door-to-door to tell everyone
he's a pederast.

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

DONNY
What's a pederast, Walter?

WALTER
Shut the fuck up, Donny.

PINS

scattered by a strike.

QUINTANA

wheeling and thrusting a black gloved fist into the air.

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

BACK TO WALTER AND THE DUDE

They have been joined by Donny.

WALTER
Anyway. How much they offer you?

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

WALTER
Just for making the hand-off?

DUDE
Yeah.

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

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

WALTER
What if it's during a game?

DUDE
I told him if it was during league play--

Donny has been watching Quintana.

DONNY
If what's during league play?

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

DONNY
What's wrong with Walter, Dude?

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

WALTER
Huh?

DONNY
What do you mean, Dude?

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

WALTER
That...fucking...bitch!

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

DONNY
I am the Walrus.

WALTER
That fucking bitch!

DUDE
Yeah.

DONNY
I am the Walrus.

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

DONNY
What the fuck is he talking about?

WALTER
That's fucking exactly what happened, Dude! That makes me fucking SICK!

DUDE
Yeah, well, what do you care, Walter?

DONNY
Yeah Dude, why is Walter so pissed off?

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

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

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

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

WALTER
Have it your way. The point is--

DUDE
It's your roll--

WALTER
The fucking point is--

DUDE
It's your roll.

VOICE
Are you ready to be fucked, man?

They both look up.

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

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

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

Quintana looks at Walter.

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

DUDE
Jesus.

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

Jesus walks away. Walter nods sadly.

WALTER
Eight-year-olds, Dude.

DUDE'S BUNGALOW

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

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

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

He screams.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We see the receding bowler spinning away. It is the blonde woman, performing her follow-through.

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

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

We hear an irritating, insistent beeping.

FADE IN

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

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

DUDE

Oh man.

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

WIDE ON THE ROOM

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

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

The phone starts to jangle.

TRACK

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

BRANDT

They called about eighty minutes ago. They want you to take the money and drive north on the 4 5. They'll call you on the portable phone with instructions in about forty minutes. One person only or I'd go with you. They were very clear on that: one person only. What happened to your

jaw?

DUDE
Oh, nothin', you know.

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

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

DUDE
Uh-huh.

BRANDT
Her life is in your hands.

DUDE
Oh, man, don't say that..

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

DUDE
Shit.

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

DUDE'S CAR

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

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

WALTER
Take the ringer. I'll drive.

The Dude takes the briefcase and slides over.

DUDE
The what?

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

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

DUDE

What the hell is this?

WALTER
My dirty undies. Laundry, Dude. The whites.

DUDE
Agh--

He closes the briefcase.

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

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

DUDE
Walter--what the fuck are you thinking?

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

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

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

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

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

DUDE '
Yeah, but--

The phone chirps. Dude grabs it.

DUDE
Dude here.

VOICE
(German accent)
Who is this?

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

VOICE
...Us?
DUDE

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

VOICE
Shut the fuck up.
(Beat)
Hello?

DUDE
Yeah?

VOICE
Okay, listen--

Walter looks over at the Dude and bellows:

WALTER
Dude, are you fucking this up?

VOICE
Who is that?

DUDE
The driver man, I told you--

Click. Dial tone.

DUDE
Oh shit. Walter.

WALTER
What the fuck is going on there?

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

WALTER
Easy, Dude.

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

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

The phone chirps.

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

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

WALTER

(patronizing)
Okay Dude. Have it your way.

The Dude unclips the phone from the battery pack.

WALTER
But they're amateurs.

The Dude glares at Walter. Into the phone:

DUDE
Dude here.

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

DUDE
Yeah.

VOICE
So no funny stuff. Okay?

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

A HIGHWAY SIGN: SIMI VALLEY ROAD

It flashes by in the headlights of the roaring car.

DUDE
That was the sign.

Walter wrestles the car onto the two-lane road.

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

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

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

He looks at the Dude.

WALTER
...Huh?

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

WALTER
Thaaat's right, Dude. The beauty of this is its simplicity. If the plan

gets too complex something always goes wrong. If there's one thing I learned in Nam--

The phone chirps.

DUDE
Dude.

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

Click. Dial tone.

DUDE
FUCK.

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

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

WALTER
Huh?

DUDE
We throw the money out of the moving car!

Walter stares dumbly for a beat.

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

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

WALTER
Wooden bridge, huh?

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

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

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

moron.

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

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

And there goes the ringer.

He flings it out the window.

DUDE
Walter!

WALTER
Your wheel, Dude! I'm rolling out!

DUDE
What the fuck?

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

DUDE
Uzi?

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

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

DUDE
Walter, please--

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

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

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

OUTSIDE

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

INSIDE THE CAR

The car rocks and the Dude wrestles with the wheel.

OUTSIDE

The car clunks and screams around in a skid.

INSIDE

The Dude is thrown forward as the car hits something.

OUTSIDE

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

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

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

DUDE
WE HAVE IT! WE HAVE IT!!

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

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

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

AFTER A LONG STARING SILENCE:

WALTER
Ahh fuck it, let's go bowling.

BOWLING LANE

A ball rumbles in to scatter ten pins.

WALTER.

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

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

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

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

The portable phone stops ringing.

DUDE
Huh? The problem is--what do you mean what's the--there's no--we didn't--

they're gonna kill that poor woman--

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

DUDE
No, Walter! I said I thought she kidnapped herself! You're the one who's so fucking certain--

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

Donny is trotting excitedly up.

DONNY
They posted the next round of the tournament--

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

DONNY
This Saturday. Quintana and--

WALTER
Saturday! Well they'll have to reschedule.

DUDE
Walter, what'm I gonna tell Lebowski?

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

DUDE
Walter--

DONNY
Burkhalter.

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

DONNY
It's already posted.

WALTER
WELL THEY CAN FUCKING UN-POST IT!

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

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

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

WALTER
I'm shomer shabbas.

DONNY
What's that, Walter?

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

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

DONNY
Sheesh.

DUDE
Walter, how--

WALTER
Shomer shabbas.

The Dude gets to his feet with the portable phone.

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

WALTER
For Christ's sake, Dude.

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

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

DONNY
Oh yeah, how'd it go?

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

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

WALTER
Yeah yeah, "kill that poor woman."

He waves both arms as if conducting a symphony orchestra.

WALTER
Kill that poor woman.

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

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

DUDE
Walter--

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

DUDE
"Our" car, Walter?

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

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

DONNY
Who has your undies, Walter?

WALTER
Where's your car, Dude?

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

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

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

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

DUDE
Aw, fuck it.

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

DONNY
Where you going, Dude?

DUDE

I'm going home, Donny.

DONNY
Your phone's ringing, Dude.

DUDE
Thank you, Donny.

DUDE'S LIVING ROOM

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

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

DUDE
1972 Pontiac LeBaron.

YOUNGER COP
Color?

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

YOUNGER COP
And was there anything of value in the car?

DULLY:

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

YOUNGER COP
In the briefcase?

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

YOUNGER COP
And what do you do, sir?

DUDE
I'm unemployed.

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

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

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

AT LENGTH:

DUDE
...Also, my rug was stolen.

YOUNGER COP
Your rug was in the car.

The Dude taps the floor with his foot.

DUDE
No. Here.

YOUNGER COP
Separate incidents?

The Dude stares at the floor.

Silence.

OLDER COP
Snap out of it, son.

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

DUDE
You find them much? Stolen cars?

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

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

DUDE
And the, uh, the briefcase?

Beep.

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

Beep. Dial tone.

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

TRACKING FORWARD

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

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

depths of the cavernous space.

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

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

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

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

She rumbles by in another pass.

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

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

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

DUDE
Is that what that's a picture of?

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

DUDE
Oh yeah?

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

DUDE
"Johnson"?

MAUDE
Thank you.

This to Elfranco, who has handed her a robe.

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

DUDE

Huh?

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

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

MAUDE
Do you like sex, Mr. Lebowski?

DUDE
Excuse me?

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

DUDE
I was talking about my rug.

MAUDE
You're not interested in sex?

DUDE
You mean coitus?

MAUDE
I like it too. It's a male myth about feminists that we hate sex. It can be a natural, zesty enterprise. But unfortunately there are some people--it is called satyriasis in men, nymphomania in women--who engage in it compulsively and without joy.

DUDE
Oh, no.

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

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

MAUDE
Take a look at this, sir.

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

JACKIE TREEHORN PRESENTS

SECOND CARD:

KARL HUNGUS

AND

BUNNY LAJOYA

IN

A THIRD CARD:

LOGJAMMIN'

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

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

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

DIETER
Hello. Nein dizbatcher says zere iss problem mit deine kable.

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

MAUDE
And you recognize her, of course.

The girl answering the door is Bunny Lebowski.

Bunny The TV is in here.

DIETER
Za, okay, I bring mein toolz.

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

MAUDE
(grimly)
The story is ludicrous.

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

Maude switches off the set.

MAUDE
Lord. You can imagine where it goes from here.

DUDE
He fixes the cable?

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

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

DUDE
Shit yeah, the achievers.

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

fornicator is taking my father for the proverbial ride.

DUDE
Yeah, but my-

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

DUDE
Well--sure, I could do that--

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

DUDE
A hundred.

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

DUDE
Yeah, but what about--

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

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

DUDE
Oh that's okay, I hardly even--

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

DUDE
That's really thoughtful but I--

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

LIMO

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

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

THROUGH RASPING LAUGHTER:

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

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

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

TONY
Aw, forget about it.

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

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

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

DUDE
Huh?

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

He followed us here.

The Dude turns to look.

HIS POV

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

THE DUDE

He scowls.

DUDE
When did he-

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

SECOND CHAUFFEUR
Into the limo, you sonofabitch. No arguments.

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

DUDE
Fuck, man! There's a beverage here!

The waiting limo's back door is flung open.

INSIDE

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

LEBOWSKI
Start talking and talk fast you lousy bum!

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

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

LEBOWSKI
Where's my goddamn money, you bum?!

DUDE
Well we--I don't--

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

BRANDT
This is our concern, Dude.

DUDE
No, man, nothing is fucked here--

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

The Dude takes a hurried sip from his drink.

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

LEBOWSKI
WHAT?!

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

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

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

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

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

LEBOWSKI
(quietly)
No. No Mr. Lebowski, that had not occurred to me.

BRANDT
That had not occurred to us, Dude.

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

higher tax--

LEBOWSKI
Brandt, give him the envelope.

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

BRANDT
We received it this morning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

COFFEE SHOP

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

AFTER A LONG BEAT:

WALTER
That wasn't her toe.

DUDE
Whose toe was it, Walter?

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

DUDE
The nail polish, Walter.

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

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

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

DUDE
But Walter--

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

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

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

DUDE
What about the toe?

WALTER
FORGET ABOUT THE FUCKING TOE!

A waitress enters.

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

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

DUDE
Walter, this isn't a First Amendment thing.

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

WALTER
Lady, I got buddies who died face-down in the muck so you and I could

enjoy this family restaurant!

THE DUDE GETS UP:

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

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

The Dude has left frame; Walter calls after him:

WALTER
Our basic freedoms!

He looks defiantly around.

WALTER
I'm staying. Finishing my coffee.

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

WALTER
Finishing my coffee.

DUDE'S BATHROOM

A dripping noise.

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

We hear the phone ringing in the other roam.

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

After the Dude's outgoing message we hear:

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

The Dude looks stuporously up, his head swaying.

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

DUDE
Far out. Far fuckin' out.

MESSAGE
You'll just need to present a--

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

DUDE
Hunh?

He looks blearily at the open doorway.

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

DUDE
Hey! This is a private residence, man!

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

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

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

The Dude looks curiously at the small, nattering animal.

DUDE
Nice marmot.

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

The Dude screams.

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

FIRST MAN
Vee vant zat money, Lebowski.

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

SECOND MAN
You think veer kidding und making mit de funny stuff?

THIRD MAN
Vee could do things you only dreamed of, Lebowski.

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

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

DUDE
Jesus!

DIETER
Vee belief in nossing, Lebowski! NOSSING!!

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

DUDE

Jesus Christ!

FIRST MAN
Tomorrow vee come back und cut off your chonson.

DUDE
Excuse me?

FIRST MAN
I SAY VEE CUT OFF YOUR CHONSON!

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

SECOND MAN
Just sink about zat, Lebowski.

FIRST MAN
Ja, your viggly penis, Lebowski.

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

NORTH HOLLYWOOD AUTO CIRCUS

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

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

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

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

The Dude climbs in the passenger side.

DUDE
My fucking briefcase! It's not here!

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

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

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

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

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

The policeman laughs, agreeing broadly.

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

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

BOWLING ALLEY BAR

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

DONNY
And then they're gonna stamp on it?!

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

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

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

DUDE
Thanks Walter.

WALTER
Not if I have anything to say about it.

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

WALTER
Dude--

DUDE
That makes me feel all warm inside.

WALTER
Now Dude--

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

Walter sadly shakes his head.

WALTER
Fucking Germans. Nothing changes. Fucking Nazis.

DONNY
They were Nazis, Dude?

WALTER
Come on, Donny, they were threatening castration!

DONNY
Uh-huh.

WALTER
Are you gonna split hairs?

DONNY
No--

WALTER
Am I wrong?

DONNY
Well--

DUDE
They're nihilists.

WALTER
Huh?

DUDE
They kept saying they believe in nothing.

WALTER
Nihilists! Jesus.

Walter looks haunted.

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

DUDE
Yeah.

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

DUDE
What're you, a fucking park ranger now?

WALTER
No, I'm--

DUDE
Who gives a shit about the fucking

marmot!

WALTER
--We're sympathizing here, Dude--

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

DONNY
What do you need that for, Dude?

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

DUDE
Fuck the tournament! Fuck you, Walter!

There is a moment of stunned silence.

WALTER
Fuck the tournament?!

SAD; QUIET:

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

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

DOWN INTO HIS EMPTY GLASS:

DUDE
Another Caucasian, Gary.

VOICE
Right, Dude.

STILL STARING DOWN AT THE BAR:

DUDE
Friends like these, huh Gary.

GARY
That's right, Dude.

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

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

TO THE BARTENDER:

MAN
D'ya have a good sarsaparilla?

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

BARTENDER
Sioux City Sarsaparilla.

The Stranger nods.

THE STRANGER
That's a good one.

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

THE STRANGER
How ya doin' there, Dude?

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

DUDE
Ahh, not so good, man.

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

DUDE
(absently)
Uh-huh. That some kind of Eastern thing?

THE STRANGER
Far from it.

DUDE
Mm.

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

THE STRANGER
Much obliged.

He looks back at the Dude.

THE STRANGER
I like your style, Dude.

THE DUDE LOOKS UP, ABSENTLY:

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

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

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

DUDE
The fuck are you talking about?

The Stranger chuckles indulgently and pushes off from the bar.

THE STRANGER
Okay, have it your way.

He brushes his hat brim with a fingertip.

THE STRANGER
Take it easy, Dude.

DUDE
Yeah. Thanks man.

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

VOICE
Dude! Dude!

THE DUDE LOOKS:

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

MAUDE'S LOFT

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

MAUDE
Jeffrey, you haven't gone to the doctor.

DUDE
No it's fine, really, uh--

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

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

MAUDE
She most certainly was not!

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

MAUDE
And please don't call her my mother.

DUDE
Now I got--

MAUDE
She is most definitely the perpetrator

and not the victim.

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

MAUDE
From who?

DUDE
The main guy, Dieter--

MAUDE
Dieter Hauff?

DUDE
Well--yeah, I guess--

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

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

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

The Dude fingers through the albums filling one bookshelf.

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

The Dude stops between two albums.

DUDE
Roy Orbison. . . Pink Floyd.

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

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

OF THREE YOUNG GERMANS, THEIR FOREHEADS LOOMING BELOW SLICKED-

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

DUDE
Jeez. I miss vinyl.

MAUDE
Is he pretending to be the abductor?

DUDE

Well...yeah--

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

DUDE
Well yeah...I know that.

MAUDE
So Dieter has the money?

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

MAUDE
Do you still have that doctor's number?

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

She is scribbling.

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

DUDE
Delayed after-eff--

MAUDE
I want you to see him immediately.

She is picking up a telephone.

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

CLOSE SHOT THE DUDE

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

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

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

The Dude's eyes open.

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

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

DUDE'S CAR

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

HIS POV

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

THE DUDE

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

DUDE'S CROTCH

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

THE STREET

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

INSIDE THE CAR

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

DUDE
Fuck Me.

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

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

DUDE
Fuckola, man.

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

The Dude pulls it out.

It is lined spiral notebook paper, slightly singed and dripping beer, covered with handwriting. In the upper right-hand corner is the name Lawrence Sellers, and under that,

Mrs. Jamtoss 5th Period. The theme is titled "The Louisiana Purchase." In red ink is a large circled D and some handwritten marginal comments; misspelled words are circled in red throughout.

CRANE JACKSON'S FOUNTAIN STREET THEATER

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

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

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

DUDE
The In-and-Out Burger is on Camrose.

WALTER
Near the In-and-Out Burger--

DONNY
Those are good burgers, Walter.

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

DUDE
Who the fuck is that?

WALTER
Huh?

DUDE
Who the fuck is Arthur Digby Sellers?

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

DUDE
Yeah.

WALTER
All but one man died? There at Bitter Creek?

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

WALTER
Fucking Arthur Digby Sellers wrote 156 episodes, Dude.

DUDE
Uh-huh.

WALTER
The bulk of the series.

DUDE
Uh-huh.

WALTER
Not exactly a lightweight.

DUDE
No.

WALTER
And yet his son is a fucking dunce.

DUDE
Uh.

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

He waves a hand vaguely toward the stage.

WALTER
What have you. We'll, uh--

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

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

RESIDENTIAL AREA

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

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

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

THE FRONT DOOR

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

WOMAN
Jace?

WALTER

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

WOMAN
Jace.

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

WOMAN
Jace.

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

CALLS UP THE STAIRS:

PILAR
Larry! Sweetie! Dat mang is here!

There is a rhythmic compressor sound; Walter places it and nudges the Dude. At the other end of the living room a man lies on something that looks like a hospital gurney with its midsection enclosed by a motorized stainless-steel bubble. It is an iron lung, artificially breathing with distinct hisses in and out.

WALTER
That's him, Dude.

VIVA VOCE
And a good day to you, sir.

PILAR
See down, please.

WALTER
Thank you, ma'am.

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

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

PILAR
No, no. He has healt' problems.

WALTER
Uh-huh.

HE BELLOWS ACROSS THE ROOM:

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

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

PILAR
See down, Sweetie. These are the policeman--

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

He adopts his command voice in turning to Larry:

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

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

WALTER
Is this your homework, Larry?

Larry does not respond.

WALTER
Is this your homework, Larry?

DUDE
Look, man, did you--

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

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

Walter is still holding out the homework.

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

DUDE
Is the car out front yours?

WALTER
Is this your homework, Larry?

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

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

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

DUDE
Oh, for Christ's sake, Walter!

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

DUDE
And the fucking money!

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

No answer.

WALTER
You're gonna KILL your FATHER, Larry!.

FINALLY, IN DISGUST:

WALTER
Ah, this is pointless.

As he shoves the homework back in the attache case:

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

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

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

OUTSIDE

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

WALTER
Fucking language problem, Dude.

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

WALTER
Maybe he'll understand this.

He is walking over to the Corvette.

WALTER
YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS, LARRY!

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

WALTER
YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS?!

CRASH! He takes out the driver's window.

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

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

WALTER
HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS, LARRY!

CRASH!

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

CRASH!

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

MAN
WHAT THE FUCK JOO DOING, MANG?!

He wrestles the crowbar away from the startled Walter.

MAN
I JUS' BAWDEEZ FUCKEEN CAR LASS WEEK!

Walter cringes before the enraged Mexican.

WALTER
Hunh?

The man looks about, wildly.

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

He runs over to the Dude's car.

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

CRASH! CRASH!

MAN
I FUCKEEN KILL JOR FUCKEEN CAR!

CRASH!

MAN
I KILL JOR FUCKEEN CAR!

INSIDE THE CAR

Glass rains in on a terrified, cringing, Donny.

MAN
I KILL JOR FUCKEEN CAR!

ON A DEAFENING CRASH WE CUT TO:

THE DUDE'S CAR

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

The Dude drives, his jaw clenched, staring grimly out at the

road. Walter, beside him, and Donny in the back seat, munch 'on In-and-Out Burgers.

Creedence music plays above the bluster of wind.

DUDE'S BUNGALOW

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

DUDE
I accept your apology. . . No I, I just want to handle it myself from now on. . . No. That has nothing to do with it. . . .Yes, it made it home, I'm calling from home. No, Walter, it didn't look like Larry was about to crack.

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

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

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

DUDE
Huh?

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

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

BLOND MAN
And we know which Lebowski you are, Lebowski.

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

BLOND MAN
You're not dealing with morons here.

BLACKNESS

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

MALIBU BEACH

A crowd of mostly tanned middle-aged men with blow-dried hair, wearing jogging outfits and other expensively casual attire, are blanket-tossing the squealing young woman in nightmarish slow motion.

WIDER

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

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

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

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

INSIDE THE BEACH HOUSE

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

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

TREEHORN
What's your drink, Dude?

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

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

DUDE
Which one was Logjammin'?

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

He taps his forehead with one finger.

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

DUDE
On you, maybe.

He hands him the drink.

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

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

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

DUDE
I thought you might know, man.

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

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

Treehorn waves this off.

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

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

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

DUDE
Does the Pope shit in the woods?

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

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

He is getting to his feet, but sways woozily.

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

The Dude shakes his head, tries to focus.

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

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

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

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

He tips forward, spilling his drink off the table.

FROM UNDER THE GLASS COFFEE TABLE

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

FAST FADE OUT

BLACK

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

We hear a thundering bass.

SCRATCHY WHITE TITLE CARD:

JACKIE TREEHORN PRESENTS

ANOTHER TITLE CARD:

THE DUDE

AND

MAUDE LEBOWSKI

IN

THIRD TITLE CARD:

GUTTERBALLS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Dude, now standing in a field of black, reacts to the

advancing Germans. He turns and runs, fists pumping.

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

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

SQUAD CAR

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

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

CHIEF'S OFFICE

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

His wallet is tossed onto the desk.

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

CHIEF
This is your only I.D.?

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

DUDE
I know my rights.

CHIEF
You don't know shit, Lebowski.

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

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

DUDE
Uh-huh.

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

DUDE
That guy treats women like objects, man.

CHIEF
Mr. Treehorn draws a lot of water in this town, Lebowski. You don't draw shit. We got a nice quiet beach community here, and I aim to keep it

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

The Dude stares.

DUDE
I'm sorry, I wasn't listening.

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

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

DUDE
--Ow! Fucking fascist!

The Chief slaps him twice.

CHIEF
Stay out of Malibu, Lebowski!

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

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

CAB

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

"Peaceful Easy Feeling" is on the radio.

DUDE'S POV

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

DUDE
Jesus, man, can you change the station?

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

DUDE
I've had a--

DRIVER
I pull over and kick your ass out, man!

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

DRIVER
That's it! Outta this fucking cab!

THE STREET

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

INSIDE THE OTHER CAR

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

THE FOOTWELL

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

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

Five more toes.

DUDE'S BUNGALOW

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

DUDE
Jesus.

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

Quiet.

The door to the bedroom starts to creak open.

The Dude cringes.

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

MAUDE
Jeffrey.

DUDE
Maude?

She pulls open the bathrobe as she approaches.

MAUDE
Love me.

The Dude is stupefied.

DUDE
That's my robe.

THOOMP! ON THE EMBRACE WE CUT TO:

BLACK

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

MAUDE
Tell me a little about yourself, Jeffrey.

DUDE
Well, uh. . . Not much to tell.

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

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

MAUDE
Uh-huh.

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

MAUDE
Mmnun.

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

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

MAUDE
Oh?

DUDE
Yeah. Roadie for Metallica. Speed of Sound Tour.

MAUDE
Uh-huh.

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

MAUDE
What do you do for fun?

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

He climbs out of bed but Maude remains in it. She wedges a pillow into the small of her back and clasps a hand on each

kneecap. She pulls her knees in toward her chest to keep her pelvis raised.

MAUDE
What happened to your house?

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

MAUDE
Finder's fee?

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

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

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

He picks a White Russian off the bedside table.

MAUDE
Jeffrey--

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

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

DUDE
Huh? He's fucking loaded.

MAUDE
No no, the wealth was all Mother's.

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

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

DUDE
But he's--

MAUDE
He helps administer the charities

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

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

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

MAUDE
It increases the chances of conception.

The Dude spits some White Russian.

DUDE
Increases?

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

DUDE
Well...no, of course not--

MAUDE
I want a child.

DUDE
Yeah, okay, but see, the Dude--

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

DUDE
Huh...

Something occurs to him.

DUDE
So...that doctor.

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

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

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

MAUDE
What?

The Dude is leaving the bedroom.

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

LIVING ROOM

The Dude finishes punching a number into the phone.

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

FROM THE BEDROOM:

MAUDE'S VOICE
What're you talking about?

Beep.

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

WALTER
Dude?

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

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

DUDE
Huh?

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

DUDE
It is a fucking emergency.

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

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

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

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

MAUDE'S VOICE
Jeffrey?

THE DUDE

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

HIS POV

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

THE DUDE

Striding purposefully down the street.

HIS POV

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

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

THE DUDE

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

DUDE
Get out of that fucking car, man!

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

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

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

The Dude shouts to cover his fear:

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

MAN
Relax, man! No physical harm intended!

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

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

The Dude is stunned.

DUDE
Brother Shamus? Like an Irish monk?

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

DUDE
Huh?

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

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

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

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

DA FINO
Hey, man, I'm not--

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

DA FINO
The Gundersons.

DUDE
The? Who the fff--

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

He is fumbling in his wallet.

DA FINO
See?

The Dude looks at the picture.

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

DUDE
Jesus fucking Christ.

DA FINO
Crazy, huh? Ran away a year ago.

He is holding out another picture.

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

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

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

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

He hands back the picture.

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

DA FINO
Fuck, man! That's terrible!

DUDE
Yeah, it sucks.

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

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

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

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

DENNY'S

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

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

WAITRESS
You folks ready?

The German shouting stops. Dieter looks sourly up.

DIETER
I haff lingenberry pancakes.

KIEFFER
Lingenberry pancakes.

FRANZ
Sree picks in blanket.

The woman speaks to Dieter in German. He nods.

DIETER
Lingenberry pancakes.

WALTER'S CAR

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

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

WALTER
Well it's, sometimes the cathartic, uh.

DUDE
I'm saying if he knows I'm a fuck-up, then why does he still leave me in charge of getting back his wife? Because he fucking doesn't want her back, man! He's had enough! He no longer digs her! It's all a show! But then, why didn't he give a shit about his million bucks? I mean, he knew we didn't hand off his briefcase, but he never asked for it back.

WALTER
What's your point, Dude?

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

WALTER
Yeah?

DUDE
Shit yeah!

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

DUDE
Huh?

WALTER

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

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

WALTER
What the fuck are you talking about?

DUDE
You're fucking Polish Catholic--

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

DUDE
Yeah, and you were--

WALTER
You know this!

DUDE
And you were divorced five fucking years ago.

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

DUDE
This driveway.

AS HE TURNS:

WALTER
I'm as Jewish as fucking Tevye

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

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

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

THE LEBOWSKI MANSION

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

Both are gaping off at the front lawn.

WALTER
Jesus Christ.

THEIR POV

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

TRACKING DOWN THE GREAT HALLWAY

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

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

BRANDT
He can't see you, Dude.

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

DUDE
Where'd she been?

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

DUDE
But I guess she told Dieter.

WALTER
Jesus, Dude! He never even kidnapped her.

BRANDT
Who's this gentleman, Dude?

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

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

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

THE GREAT ROOM

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

LEBOWSKI

(bitterly)
Well, she's back. No thanks to you.

DUDE
Where's the money, Lebowski?

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

The dog yaps.

LEBOWSKI
Who the hell is he?

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

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

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

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

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

LEBOWSKI
Well? Aren't you?

DUDE
Well. . . yeah.

LEBOWSKI
All right, get out. Both of you.

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

LEBOWSKI
I said out. Now.

WALTER
Let me tell you something else. I've seen a lot of spinals, Dude,

and this guy is a fake. A fucking goldbricker.

He is crossing to Lebowski.

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

LEBOWSKI
Stay away from me, mister!

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

WALTER
Walk, you fucking phony!

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

LEBOWSKI
Put me down, you son of a bitch!

DUDE
Walter!

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

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

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

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

WALTER
Oh, shit.

LEBOWSKI
(sobbing)
You're bullies! Cowards, both of you!

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

WALTER
Oh, shit.

DUDE
He can't walk, Walter!

WALTER
Yeah, I can see that, Dude.

LEBOWSKI

You monsters!

DUDE
Help me put him back in his chair.

Walter moves to comply.

WALTER
Shit, sorry man.

THROUGH HIS TEARS:

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

DUDE
Walter, you fuck!

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

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

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

DUDE
There ya go. Sorry man.

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

WALTER
Shit. He didn't look like a spinal.

TEN PINS

Scattered at the cut.

DUDE AND WALTER

Each with a beer at the scoring table.

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

DUDE
Uh-huh.

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

DUDE
Yeah.

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

DONNY
Who's in pyjamas, Walter?

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

VOICE
HEY!

The Dude and Walter look.

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

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

Walter looks at him innocently.

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

QUINTANA

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

QUINTANA
You got a date Wednesday, man!

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

WALTER
He's cracking.

BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT

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

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

They react to the droning synthesizer-based technopop coming

from a boom box.

REVERSE

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

DUDE
They finally did it. They killed my fucking car.

DIETER
Vee vant zat money, Lebowski.

KIEFFER
Ja, uzzervize vee kill ze girl.

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

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

DUDE

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

DONNY
Are these the Nazis, Walter?

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

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

The Germans stop conferring.

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

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

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

WALTER
Fuck you. Fuck the three of you.

DUDE
Hey, cool it Walter.

Walter ignores the Dude, addresses the Germans:

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

DIETER
Zere ARE no ROOLZ!

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

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

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

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

WALTER
AND I'D LIKE MY UNDIES BACK!

The Germans confer again, in German.

Donny is visibly frightened.

DONNY
Are they gonna hurt us, Walter?

WALTER 'S TONE IS GENTLE:

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

THE CONFERENCE ENDS:

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

WALTER
Fuck you.

The Dude is digging into his pocket.

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

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

WALTER
What's mine is mine.

DUDE
Come on, Walter!.

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

DUDE
Four dollars here!

He inspects the change in his palm.

DUDE
Almost five!

DONNY
(tremulously)
I got eighteen dollars, Dude.

WALTER
(grimly)
What's mine is mine.

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

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

WALTER
(coolly)
Come and get it.

DIETER
VEE FUCK YOU UP, MAN!

WALTER
Come and get it. Fucking nihilist.

DIETER
I FUCK YOU! I FUCK YOU!

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

In a rage, Dieter charges.

DIETER
I FUCK YOU! I FUCK YOU!

WALTER

hurls his leather satchel.

KIEFFER

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

He falls back, his uzi clattering away.

WALTER

twists away as Dieter reaches him; grabs Dieter's head in both hands; draws Dieter's head up to his mouth, which closes

on Dieter's ear.

DUDE

He rushes Franz but draws up short as Franz sends out karate kicks, his leather pants squeaking and popping. Franz gives a loud cry with each kick; the Dude leans back, throwing his arms up, evading the kicks.

WALTER

His jaw is still clamped on Dieter's ear. Dieter draws his saber against Walter's side, drawing blood.

Walter doesn't react to the wound. Growling as Dieter screams, he worries his ear, waggling his head with his jaws clamped.

THE SABER

Dieter drops it.

DUDE

Awkwardly circling, evading Franz's kicks.

WALTER

still worrying the ear. With a tearing sound his head and Dieter's separate.

DIETER, EARLESS, SCREAMS:

DIETER
I FUCK YOU! YOU CANNOT HURT ME! I BELIEF IN NUSSING!

Walter spits his ear into his face.

DUDE

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

FRANZ
VEAKLING!

WALTER

draws back his fist.

DIETER
NUSSING!

WALTER
ANTI-SEMITE!

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

DUDE AND FRANZ

With a piercing shriek Franz finally summons the nerve to charge the Dude, hands raised to deliver karate blows.

As he reaches the Dude--WHHAP--the boom box swings into frame to smash him in the face. Its volume shoots up.

Walter bashes him a few more times over the head. The music screeches to static, then quiet. Laid out now, Franz too is quiet.

All quiet.

Walter, panting, looks around.

WALTER
We've got a man down, Dude.

With a hand pressed to his bleeding side he trots over to Donny, who lies gasping on the ground.

The Dude, also panting, rises and trots over.

DUDE
Hy God! They shot him, Walter!

WALTER
No Dude.

DUDE
They shot Donny!

Donny gasps for air. His eyes, wide, go from the Dude to Walter. One hand still clutches his eighteen dollars.

WALTER
There weren't any shots.

DUDE
Then what's...

WALTER
It's a heart attack.

DUDE
Wha.

WALTER
Call the medics, Dude.

DUDE
Wha. . . Donny--

WALTER
Hurry Dude. I'd go but I'm pumping blood. Might pass out.

The Dude runs into the lanes. Walter lays a reassuring hand on Donny's shoulder.

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

FADE OUT

HOLD IN BLACK

THE DUDE AND WALTER

They sit side by side, forearms on knees, in a nondescript waiting area. Walter bounces the fingertips of one hand off those of the other. They sit. They wait.

A tall thin man in a conservative black suit enters. He eyes the Dude's bowling attire and sunglasses and Walter's army surplus, but doesn't make an issue of it.

MAN
Hello, gentlemen. You are the bereaved?

DUDE
Yeah man.

MAN
Francis Donnelly. Pleased to meet you.

DUDE
Jeffrey Lebowski.

WALTER
Walter Sobchak.

DUDE
The Dude, actually. Is what, uh.

DONNELLY
Excuse me?

DUDE
Nothing.

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

WALTER
Yeah.

DONNELLY
We have the urn.

He nods through a door. Another man in a black suit enters to carefully deposit a large silver urn on the desktop.

DONNELLY
And I assume this is credit card?

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

WALTER
Yeah.

He takes it, opens it, puts on reading glasses that sit halfway down his nose, and inspects the bill with his head pulled back for focus and cocked for concentration. Silence. The Dude smiles at Donnelly. Donnelly gives back a mortician's smile. At length Walter holds the bill towards Donnelly, pointing.

WALTER
What's this?

DONNELLY
That is for the urn.

WALTER
Don't need it. We're scattering the ashes.

DONNELLY
Yes, so we were informed. However, we must of course transmit the remains to you in a receptacle.

WALTER
This is a hundred and eighty dollars.

DONNELLY
Yes sir. It is our most modestly priced receptacle.

DUDE
Well can we--

WALTER
A hundred and eighty dollars?!

DONNELLY
They range up to three thousand.

WALTER
Yeah, but we're--

DUDE
Can we just rent it from you?

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

WALTER
We're scattering the fucking ashes!

DUDE
Walter--

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

DONNELLY
Sir, please lower your voice--

DUDE
Hey man, don't you have something else you could put it in?

DONNELLY
That is our most modestly priced receptacle.

WALTER
GODDAMNIT! IS THERE A RALPH'S AROUND

HERE?!

POINT DUME -- DAY

It is a high, wind-swept bluff. Walter and the Dude walk towards the lip of the bluff. Parked in the background is one lonely car, Walter's.

Walter is carrying a bright red coffee can with a blue plastic lid. When they reach the edge the two men stand awkwardly for a beat. Finally:

WALTER
I'll say a few words.

The Dude clasps his hands in front of him. Walter clears his throat.

WALTER
Donny was a good bowler, and a good man. He was. . . He was one of us. He was a man who loved the outdoors, and bowling, and as a surfer explored the beaches of southern California from Redondo to Calabassos. And he was an avid bowler. And a good friend. He died--he died as so many of his generation, before his time. In your wisdom you took him, Lord. As you took so many bright flowering young men, at Khe San and Lan Doc and Hill 364. These young men gave their lives. And Donny too. Donny who. . . who loved bowling.

Walter clears his throat.

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

Walter is peeling the plastic lid off the coffee can.

WALTER
the Pacific Ocean, which you loved so well.

AS HE SHAKES OUT THE ASHES:

WALTER
Goodnight, sweet prince.

The wind has blown all of the ashes into the Dude, standing just to the side of and behind Walter. The Dude stands, frozen. Finished eulogizing, Walter looks back.

WALTER
Shit, I'm sorry Dude.

He starts brushing off the Dude with his hands.

WALTER

Goddamn wind.

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

DUDE
Goddamnit Walter! You fucking asshole!

WALTER
Dude! Dude, I'm sorry!

The Dude is near tears.

DUDE
You make everything a fucking travesty!

WALTER
Dude, I'm--it was an accident!

The Dude gives Walter a furious shove.

DUDE
What about that shit about Vietnam!

WALTER
Dude, I'm sorry--

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

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

WALTER
Shit Dude, I'm sorry--

DUDE
You're a fuck, Walter!

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

WALTER
Awww, fuck it Dude. Let's go bowling.

THE LANES THE DUDE AND WALTER BOWLING

We watch each of them glide across the floor, release, follow through--gracefully. We have never seen them bowl before. They are quite good. Each wears a black armband on his bowling shirt.

BAR AREA

The Dude walks up to the bar.

DUDE
Two oat sodas, Gary.

GARY
Right. Good luck tomorrow.

DUDE
Thanks, man.

GARY
Sorry to hear about Donny.

DUDE
Yeah. Well, you know, sometimes you eat the bear, and, uh.

"Tumbling Tumbleweeds" has come up on the jukebox, and The Stranger ambles up to the bar.

THE STRANGER
Howdy do, Dude.

DUDE
Oh, hey man, how are ya? I wondered if I'd see you again.

THE STRANGER
Wouldn't miss the semis. How things been goin'?

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

The Stranger's eyes crinkle merrily.

THE STRANGER
Sure, I gotcha.

The bartender has put two gleaming beers on the counter.

DUDE
Thanks, Gary...Take care, man, I gotta get back.

THE STRANGER
Sure. Take it easy, Dude--I know that you will.

THE DUDE, LEAVING, NODS:

DUDE
Yeah man. Well, you know, the Dude abides.

Gazing after him, The Stranger drawls, savoring the words:

THE STRANGER
The Dude abides.

He gives his head a shake of appreciation, then looks into the camera.

THE STRANGER
I don't know about you, but I take comfort in that. It's good knowin' he's out there, the Dude, takin' her easy for all us sinners. Shoosh. I sure hope he makes The finals. Welp, that about does her, wraps her all

up. Things seem to've worked out pretty good for the Dude'n Walter, and it was a purt good story, dontcha think? Made me laugh to beat the band. Parts, anyway. Course--I didn't like seein' Donny go. But then, happen to know that there's a little Lebowski on the way. I guess that's the way the whole durned human comedy keeps perpetuatin' it-self, down through the generations, westward the wagons, across the sands a time until-- aw, look at me, I'm ramblin' again. Wal, uh hope you folks enjoyed yourselves.

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

THE STRANGER
Catch ya further on down the trail.

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

THE STRANGER
...Say friend, ya got any more a that good sarsaparilla?...

THE END