

The Big Lebowski
by
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Movie correct script

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - DAY

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

VOICE-OVER

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

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

VOICE-OVER (CONT'D)

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

INT. RALPH'S - NIGHT

It is late, the supermarket all but deserted. We track in on a forty-ish man in Bermuda shorts and sunglasses at the dairy case. He is THE DUDE. His rumpled look and relaxed manner suggest a man in whom casualness runs deep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He feels quarts of milk for coldness and examines their expiration dates.

VOICE-OVER

Now this story I'm about to unfold
took place back in the early
nineties-- just about the time of
our conflict with Sad'm and the Eye-
rackies. I only mention it 'cause
some- times there's a man-- I won't
say a hee-ro, 'cause what's a hee-
ro?--but sometimes there's a man
... and I'm talkin' about the Dude
here-- sometimes there's a man,
wal, he's the man for his time'n
place, he fits right in there-- and
that's the Dude, in Los Angeles...
and even if he's a lazy man, and
the Dude was certainly that--quite
possibly the laziest in Los Angeles
County.

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

VOICE-OVER (CONT'D)

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

CHECKOUT GIRL -

She waits, arms folded.

VOICE-OVER (CONT'D)

Wal...

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

Milk beads his mustache.

VOICE-OVER (CONT'D)

Lost my train of thought here.
But...

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

VOICE-OVER (CONT'D)

Aw hell, I done innerduced him
enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

GEORGE BUSH

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

EXT. DUDE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

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

INT. DUDE'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

The Dude enters and flicks on a light. His head is grabbed from behind and tucked into an armpit. We track with him as he is rushed through the living room, his arm holding the satchel flailing away from his body.

Going into the bedroom the outflung satchel catches a piece of doorframe and wallboard and rips through it, leaving a hole.

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

The Dude blows bubbles.

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

VOICE

Where's the money, Lebowski!

His head is plunged back into the toilet.

VOICE (CONT'D)

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

Hands haul the Dude out of the toilet again.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Where's the money, Lebowski!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His head is plunged back into the toilet.

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

The hands haul him out again, dripping and gasping.

VOICE (CONT'D)
WHERE'S THE FUCKING MONEY,
SHITHEAD!

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

His head is plunged back in.

VOICE
Don't fuck with us.

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

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

Looming over him is a strapping BLOND MAN.

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

CHINESE MAN
Ever thus to deadbeats, Lebowski.

He starts peeing on the rug.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

DUDE
Muh muh Wi-- my wife? Bunny?

He holds up his hand.

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

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

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

BLOND MAN
What the fuck is this?

DUDE
Obviously you're not a golfer.

The Blond Man drops the ball which pulverizes the tile.

BLOND MAN
Woo?

The Chinese man, WOO, zips his fly.

WOO
Yeah?

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

They both look around.

WOO
Fuck.

BLOND MAN
Yeah, what do you think?

WOO
He looks like a fuckin' loser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

DUDE

Hey. At least I'm housebroken.

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

WOO

Fuckin' time waste.

The Blond Man turns testily at the door.

BLOND MAN

Thanks a lot, asshole.

ON THE DOOR SLAM WE CUT TO:

BOWLING PINS -

Scattered by a strike.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

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

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

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

MAN

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

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

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

WALTER

This was a valued rug.

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

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

Walter clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)