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?
DUDE
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,
effectively 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.