PULP

FICTION

the script
COFFEE SHOP

YOUNG MAN: No, forget it, it's too risky. I'm through doing that shit.

YOUNG WOMAN: You always say that, the same thing every time: never again, I'm through, too dangerous.

YOUNG MAN: I know that's what I always say. I'm always right too, but...

YOUNG WOMAN: But you forget about it in a day or two --

YOUNG MAN: Yeah, well, the days of me forgetting are over, and the days of me remembering have just begun.

YOUNG WOMAN: When you go on like this, you know what you sound like?

YOUNG MAN: I sound like a sensible fucking man, that's what I sound like.

YOUNG WOMAN: You sound like a duck. Quack, quack, quack...

YOUNG MAN: Well take heart, 'cause you're never gonna have to hear it again. Because since I'm never gonna do it again, you're never gonna have to hear me quack about how I'm never gonna do it again.

YOUNG WOMAN: After tonight.

YOUNG MAN: Correct. I got all tonight to quack.

A waitress comes by with a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS: Can I get anybody any more coffee?

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh yes, thank you. I'm doing fine.

YOUNG MAN: I mean, the way it is now, you're taking the same fucking risk as when you rob a bank. You take more of a risk. Banks are easier! Federal banks aren't supposed to stop you anyway, during a robbery. They're insured, why should they care? You don't even need a gun in a federal bank. I heard about this guy, he walked into a federal bank with a portable phone, handed the phone to the teller, the guy on the other end of the phone said: "We got this guy's little girl, and if you don't give him all your money, we're gonna kill 'er."

YOUNG WOMAN: Did it work?

YOUNG MAN: Fucking A it worked, that's what I'm talking about! Knucklehead walks in a bank with a telephone, not a pistol, not a shotgun, but a fucking phone, cleans the place out, and they don't lift a fucking finger.

YOUNG WOMAN: Did they hurt the little girl?

YOUNG MAN: I don't know. There probably never was a little girl -- the point of the story isn't the little girl. The point of the story is they robbed the bank with a telephone.

YOUNG WOMAN: You wanna rob banks?

YOUNG MAN: I'm not saying I wanna rob banks, I'm just illustrating that if we did, it would be easier than what we
have been doing.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** So you don't want to be a bank robber?

**YOUNG MAN:** Naw, all those guys are going down the same road, either dead or serving twenty.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** And no more liquor stores?

**YOUNG MAN:** What have we been talking about? Yeah, no-more-liquor-stores. Besides, it ain't the giggle it used to be. Too many foreigners own liquor stores. Vietnamese, Koreans, they can't fucking speak English. You tell 'em: "Empty out the register," and they don't know what it fucking means. They make it too personal. We keep on, one of those gook motherfuckers' gonna make us kill 'em.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** I'm not gonna kill anybody.

**YOUNG MAN:** I don't wanna kill anybody, either. But they'll probably put us in a situation where it's us or them. And if it's not the gooks, it these old Jews who have owned the store for fifteen fucking generations. You got Grandpa Irving sitting behind the counter with a fucking Magnum. Try walking into one of those stores with nothing but a telephone, see how far it gets you. Fuck it, forget it, we're out of it.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Well, what else is there, day jobs?

**YOUNG MAN:** Not this life.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Well what then?

**YOUNG MAN:** This place.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Here? It's a coffee shop.

**YOUNG MAN:** What's wrong with that? People never rob restaurants, why not? Bars, liquor stores, gas stations, you get your head blown off sticking up one of them. Restaurants, on the other hand, you catch with their pants down. They're not expecting to get robbed, or not as expecting.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** I bet in places like this you could cut down on the hero factor.

**YOUNG MAN:** Correct. Just like banks, these places are insured. The managers don't give a fuck, they're just trying to get ya out the door before you start plugging diners. Waitresses, forget it, they ain't taking a bullet for the register. Busboys, some wetback getting paid a dollar fifty a hour isn't gonna really give a fuck you're stealing from the owner. Customers are sitting there with food in their mouths, they don't know what's going on. One minute they're having a Denver omelet, next minute somebody's sticking a gun in their face. See, I got the idea last liquor store we stuck up. 'Member all those customers kept coming in?

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Yeah.

**YOUNG MAN:** Then you got the idea to take everybody's wallet. That was a good idea. We made more from the wallets then we did from the register.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Yes, we did.

**YOUNG MAN:** A lot of people go to restaurants.
**YOUNG WOMAN:** A lot of wallets.

**YOUNG MAN:** Pretty smart, huh?

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Pretty smart. I'm ready, let's go, right here, right now.

**YOUNG MAN:** Remember, same as before, you're crowd control, I handle the employees.

**YOUNG WOMAN:** Got it. I love you, Pumpkin.

**YOUNG MAN:** I love you, Honey Bunny. *(yelling to all)* Everybody be cool this is a robbery!

**HONEY BUNNY:** Any of you fucking pricks move and I'll execute every one of you motherfuckers! Got that?

---

**'74 CHEVY**

**JULES:** Okay now, tell me about the hash bars.

**VINCENT:** What do you want to know?

**JULES:** Well, hash is legal there, right?

**VINCENT:** Yeah, it's legal, but is ain't a hundred percent legal. I mean, you can't walk into a restaurant, roll a joint, and start puffing away. You're only supposed to smoke in your home or certain designated places.

**JULES:** Those are hash bars?

**VINCENT:** Yeah, it breaks down like this: it's legal to buy it, it's legal to own it and, if you're the proprietor of a hash bar, it's legal to sell it. It's legal to carry it, which doesn't really matter 'cause – get a load of this – if the cops stop you, it's illegal for them to search you. Searching you is a right that the cops in Amsterdam don't have.

**JULES:** That did it, man – I'm fucking going, that's all there is to it.

**VINCENT:** You'll dig it the most. But you know what the funniest thing about Europe is?

**JULES:** What?

**VINCENT:** It's the little differences. A lot of the same shit we got here, they got there, but there they're a little different.

**JULES:** Examples?

**VINCENT:** Well, in Amsterdam, you can buy beer in a movie theatre. And I don't mean in a paper cup, either. They give you a glass of beer, like in a bar. In Paris, you can buy beer at MacDonald's. Also, you know what they call a Quarter Pounder with Cheese in Paris?

**JULES:** They don't call it a Quarter Pounder with Cheese?

**VINCENT:** No, they got the metric system there, they wouldn't know what the fuck a Quarter Pounder is.

**JULES:** What do they call it?

**VINCENT:** Royale with Cheese.

**JULES:** Royale with Cheese. What do they call a Big Mac?
VINCENT: Big Mac’s a Big Mac, but they call it Le Big Mac.
JULES: What do they call a Whopper?
VINCENT: I dunno, I didn't go into a Burger King. But you know what they put on french fries in Holland instead of ketchup?
JULES: What?
VINCENT: Mayonnaise.
JULES: Goddamn!
VINCENT: I saw 'em do it. And I don't mean a little bit on the side of the plate, they fucking drown 'em in it.
JULES: : Uuccch!
later
JULES: We should have shotguns for this kind of deal.
VINCENT: How many up there?
JULES: Three or four.
VINCENT: Counting our guy?
JULES: I'm not sure.
VINCENT: So there could be five guys up there?
JULES: It's possible.
VINCENT: We should have fucking shotguns.

APARTMENT BUILDING

VINCENT: What’s her name?
JULES: Mia.
VINCENT: How did Marsellus and her meet?
JULES: I dunno, however people meet people. She used to be an actress.
VINCENT: Did she ever do anything I would have seen?
JULES: I think her biggest deal was she starred in a pilot.
VINCENT: What's a pilot?
JULES: Well, you know the shows on TV?
VINCENT: I don't watch TV.
JULES: Yes, but you're aware that there's an invention called television, and on that invention they show shows?
VINCENT: Yeah.
JULES: Well, the way they pick the shows on TV is they make one show, and that show's called a pilot. And they show that one show to the people who pick the shows, and on the strength of that one show, they decide if they want to make more shows. Some get accepted and become TV programs, and some don't, and become nothing. She starred in one of the ones that became nothing.
later
JULES: You remember Antwan Rockamora? Half-black, half-Samoan, they used to call him Tony Rocky Horror.
VINCENT: Yeah maybe, fat, right?

JULES: I wouldn't go so far as to call the brother fat. He's got a weight problem. What's the nigger gonna do, he's Samoan.

VINCENT: I think I know who you mean, what about him?

JULES: Well, Marsellus fucked his ass up good. And word around the campfire, it was on account of Marsellus Wallace's wife.

VINCENT: What'd he do, fuck her?

JULES: No no no no no no, nothing that bad.

VINCENT: Well what then?

JULES: He gave her a foot massage.

VINCENT: A foot massage? That's all? What did Marsellus do?

JULES: Sent a couple of guys over to his place. They took him out on the patio of his apartment, threw his ass over the balcony. Nigger fell four stories. They had this garden at the bottom, enclosed in glass, like one of those greenhouses -- nigger fell through that. Since then, he's kind of developed a speech impediment.

VINCENT: That's a damn shame.

APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY

VINCENT: Still I have to say, play with matches, you get burned.

JULES: Whaddya mean?

VINCENT: You don't give Marsellus Wallace's new bride a foot massage.

JULES: You don't think he overreacted?

VINCENT: Antwan probably didn't expect Marsellus to react like he did, but he had to expect a reaction.

JULES: It was a foot massage, a foot massage is nothing, I give my mother a foot massage.

VINCENT: It's laying hands on Marsellus Wallace's new wife in a familiar way. Is it as bad as eating her out -- no, but you're in the same fucking ballpark.

JULES: Whoa... stop right there. Eating a bitch out, and giving a bitch a foot massage ain't even the same fucking thing.

VINCENT: Not the same thing, the same ballpark.

JULES: It ain't no ballpark either. Look, maybe your method of massage differs from mine, but touching his lady's feet, and sticking your tongue in her holiest of holies, ain't the same ballpark, ain't the same league, ain't even the same fucking sport. Foot massages don't mean shit.

VINCENT: Have you ever given a foot massage?

JULES: Don't be telling me about foot massages -- I'm the fucking foot master.

VINCENT: Given a lot of 'em?
**JULES:** Shit yeah. I got my technique down man, I don't tickle or nothing.

**VINCENT:** Have you ever given a guy a foot massage?

**JULES:** Fuck you.

**VINCENT:** How many?

**JULES:** Fuck you.

**VINCENT:** Would you give me a foot massage -- I'm kinda tired.

**JULES:** Man, you best back off, I'm getting pissed -- this is the door. What time is it?

**VINCENT:** Seven-twenty-two in the morning.

**JULES:** It ain't quite time, let's hang back. Look, just because I wouldn't give a man a foot massage, doesn't make it right for Marsellus to throw Antwan off a building into a glass-motherfuckin-house, fucking up the way the nigger talks. That ain't right, man. Motherfucker do that to me, he better paralyze my ass, 'cause I'd kill the motherfucker.

**VINCENT:** I'm not saying he was right, but you're saying a foot massage don't mean nothing, and I'm saying it does. I've given a million ladies a million foot massages and they all meant something. We act like they don't, but they do. That's what's so fucking cool about 'em. This sensual thing's going on that nobody's talkin about, but you know it and she knows it, fucking Marsellus knew it, and Antwan should have known fucking better. That's his fucking wife, man. He ain't gonna have a sense of humor about that shit.

**JULES:** That's an interesting point, but let's get into character.

**VINCENT:** What's her name again?

**JULES:** Mia. Why you so interested in big man's wife?

**VINCENT:** Well, Marsellus is leaving for Florida and when he's gone, he wants me to take care of Mia.

**JULES:** Take care of her? (making a gun out of his finger and placing it to his head)

**VINCENT:** Not that! Take her out. Show her a good time. Don't let her get lonely.

**JULES:** You're gonna be taking Mia Wallace out on a date?

**VINCENT:** It ain't a date. It's like when you and your buddy's wife go to a movie or something. It's just... you know... good company. It's not a date. I'm not gonna be a bad boy.

**JULES:** Bitch gonna kill more niggers than time.

**VINCENT:** What was that?

**JULES:** Nothing. Let's get into character.

**VINCENT:** What'd you say?

**JULES:** I didn't say shit. Let's go to work.

**VINCENT:** Don't play with me, you said something, now what was it?

**JULES:** (referring to the job) Do you wanna do this?

**VINCENT:** I want you to repeat what you said.
**JULES:** That door’s gonna open in about thirty seconds, so get yourself together –

**VINCENT:** -- my self is together --

**JULES:** -- bullshit it is. Stop thinking 'bout that Ho, and get yourself together like a qualified pro.

---

**APARTMENT**

*Three young guys sit at a table with hamburgers, french fries and soda pops laid out.*

**JULES:** Hey kids. How you boys doing? (getting no reply) Am I tripping, or did I just ask you a question.

**BRETT:** We're doing okay.

**JULES:** Do you know who we are? We're associates of your business partner Marsellus Wallace, you remember your business partner, don't ya? Now I'm gonna take a wild guess here: you're Brett, right?

**BRETT:** I'm Brett.

**JULES:** I thought so. Well, you remember your business partner Marsellus Wallace, don't ya Brett?

**BRETT:** I remember him.

**JULES:** Good for you. Looks like me and Vincent caught you at breakfast, sorry 'bout that. What'cha eating?

**BRETT:** Hamburgers.

**JULES:** Hamburgers. The cornerstone of any nutritious breakfast. What kind of hamburgers?

**BRETT:** Cheeseburgers.

**JULES:** No, I mean where did you get'em? MacDonald's, Wendy's, Jack-in-the-Box, where?

**BRETT:** Big Kahuna Burger.

**JULES:** Big Kahuna Burger. That's that Hawaiian burger joint. I heard they got some tasty burgers. I ain't never had one myself, how are they?

**BRETT:** They're good.

**JULES:** Mind if I try one of yours?

**BRETT:** No.

**JULES:** Yours is this one, right?

**BRETT:** Yeah.

Jules grabs the burger and take a bite of it.

**JULES:** Uummm, that's a tasty burger. Vince, you ever try a Big Kahuna Burger? You wanna bite, they're real good.

**VINCENT:** I ain't hungry.

**JULES:** Well, if you like hamburgers give 'em a try sometime. Me, I can't usually eat 'em 'cause my girlfriend's a vegetarian. Which more or less makes me a vegetarian, but I sure love the taste of a good burger. You know what they call a Quarter
Pounder with Cheese in France? Tell ’em, Vincent.

**VINCENT**: Royale with Cheese.

**JULES**: Royale with Cheeese, you know why they call it that?

**BRETT**: Because of the metric system?

**JULES**: **Check out** the big brain **on** Brett. You’re a smart motherfucker, that’s right. The metric system. What’s in this?

**BRETT**: Sprite.

**JULES**: Sprite, good, **mind if** I have some of your tasty beverage **to wash this down with**? Uuuuummm, **hits the spot**! *(to Roger)* You, Flock of Seagulls, you know what we’re here **for**?

*Roger nods his head: *"Yes."*

**JULES**: Then **why don’t you** tell my boy here Vince, where you got the shit hid.

**MARVIN**: It’s under the be—

**JULES**: I don’t **remember asking** you a goddamn thing. *(to Roger)* You were **saying**?

**ROGER**: It’s under the bed.

**VINCENT**: Got it.

**JULES**: We happy?

**VINCENT**: We’re happy.

**BRETT**: Look, what’s your name? I got his name’s Vincent, but what’s yours?

**JULES**: My name’s Pitt, and you ain’t **talking your ass outta** this shit.

**BRETT**: I just **want you to know** how sorry we are **about** how **fucked up things got** between us and Mr. Wallace. When we **entered into** this thing, we only had the best **intentions**—

*Jules takes out his gun and shoots Roger in the chest.*

**JULES**: *(to Brett)* Oh, I'm sorry. Did that break your concentration? I didn't **mean to** do that. Please, continue. I believe you were saying something about "best intentions."

**What’s the matter**? Oh, you were **through, anyway**. Well, let me retort. Would you describe for me what Marsellus Wallace looks **like**? … What country you **from**!

**BRETT**: What?

**JULES**: "What" ain’t no country I know! Do they speak English in "What"? English-motherfucker-can-you-speak-it? Then you understand what I’m saying? Now describe what Marsellus Wallace looks **like**!

**BRETT**: What?

**JULES**: Say "What" again! C'mon, say "What" again! I **dare** ya, I double dare ya motherfucker, say "What" **one more goddamn time**! Now describe to me what Marsellus Wallace looks like!

**BRETT**: Well he’s ...he’s...black –

**JULES**: -- **go on**!

**BRETT**: ...and he’s...he’s...tall –

**JULES**: -- does he look like a bitch?!
**BRETT:** What?

*Jules rolls his eyes and shoots Brett in the shoulder.*

**JULES:** Does he look like a bitch?! Then why did you try to fuck 'im like a bitch?!

**BRETT:** I didn't.

**JULES:** Yes you did Brett. Ya tried ta fuck 'im. You ever read the Bible, Brett? There's a passage I got memorized, seems appropriate for this situation: Ezekiel 25:17. "The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the inequities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he who, in the name of charity and good will, shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon you."

The two men empty their guns on the sitting Brett.

**MARVIN:** ...goddamn... that was fucked up... goddamn, that was cold-blooded...

**VINCENT:** (pointing to Marvin) Friend of yours?

**JULES:** Yeah, Marvin-Vincent-Vincent-Marvin.

**VINCENT:** Tell 'em to shut up, he's getting on my nerves.

**JULES:** Marvin, I'd knock that shit off if I was you.

**SALLY LEROY'S**

**MARSSELLUS:** I think you're gonna find – when all this shit is over and done – I think you're gonna find yourself one smiling motherfucker. *Thing* is Butch, right now you got ability. But painful as it may be, ability don't last. Now, that's a hard motherfucking fact of life, but it's a fact of life your ass is gonna have to get realistic about. This business is filled to the brim with unrealistic motherfuckers who thought their ass aged like wine. Besides, even if you *went all the way* what would you be? Feather-weight champion of the world. Who *gives a shit*? I doubt you can even get a credit card based on that. Now, the night of the fight, *you* *may* feel a slight sting, that's pride *fucking* with ya. *Fuck* pride! Pride only hurts, it never helps. Fight through that shit. 'Cause a year from now, when you're *kicking it* in the Caribbean you're gonna say, "Marsellus Wallace was right."

**BUTCH:** I got no problem with that.

**MARSSELLUS:** In the fifth, your ass goes down. Say it!

**BUTCH:** In the fifth, my ass goes down.

*Vincent walks into Sally LeRoy's*

**VINCENT:** Where's the big man?

**ENGLISH DAVE:** He's over there, finishing up some business. Hang back for a second or two, and when you see the white
boy leave, go on over. In the meantime, can I make you an espresso?

**VINCENT:** How 'bout a cup of just plain ol' American?

**ENGLISH DAVE:** Coming up. I hear you're taking Mia out tomorrow?

**VINCENT:** At Marsellus' request.

**ENGLISH DAVE:** Have you met Mia?

**VINCENT:** Not yet.

*English Dave smiles to himself.*

**VINCENT:** What's so funny?

**ENGLISH DAVE:** Not a goddamn thing.

**VINCENT:** Look, I'm not a idiot. She's the big man's fucking wife. I'm gonna sit across a table, chew my food with my mouth closed, laugh at her jokes and that's all I'm gonna do.

**ENGLISH DAVE:** My name's Paul, and this is between y'all.

**BUTCH:** Can I get a pack’a Red Apples?

**ENGLISH DAVE:** Filters?

**BUTCH:** No. Looking at something, friend?

**VINCENT:** I ain't your friend, palooka.

**BUTCH:** What was that?

**VINCENT:** I think ya heard me just fine, punchy.

**MARSELLUS:** Vincent Vega has entered the building, get your ass over here!

---

**LANCE'S HOUSE**

**JODY:** ...I'll lend it to you. It's a great book on body piercing.

**TRUDI:** You know how they use that gun when they pierce your ears? They don't use that when they pierce your nipples, do they?

**JODY:** Forget that gun. That gun goes against the entire idea behind piercing. All of my piercing, sixteen places on my body, every one of 'em done with a needle. Five in each ear. One through the nipple on my left breast. One through my right nostril. One through my left eyebrow. One through my lip. One in my clit. And I wear a stud in my tongue.

**VINCENT:** Excuse me, sorry to interrupt. I'm curious, why would you get a stud in your tongue?

**JODY:** It's a sex thing. It helps fellatio.

**LANCE:** Vince, you can come in now!
LANCE'S BEDROOM

LANCE: Now this is Panda, from Mexico. Very good stuff. This is Bava, different, but equally good. And this is Choco from the Hartz Mountains of Germany. Now the first two are the same, forty-five an ounce -- those are friend prices -- but this one... this one's a little more expensive. It's fifty-five. But when you shoot it, you'll know where that extra money went. Nothing wrong with the first two. It's real, real, real, good shit. But this one's a fucking madman.

VINCENT: Remember, I just got back from Amsterdam.

LANCE: Am I a nigger? Are you in Inglewood? No. You're in my house. White people who know the difference between good shit and bad shit, this is the house they come to. My shit, I'll take the Pepsi Challenge with Amsterdam shit any ol' day of the fucking week.

VINCENT: That's a bold statement.

LANCE: This ain't Amsterdam, Vince. This is a seller's market. Coke is fucking dead as disco. Heroin's coming back in a big fucking way. It's this whole seventies retro. Bell bottoms, heroin, they're as hot as hell.

VINCENT: Give me three hundred worth of the madman. If it's as good as you say, I'll be back for a thousand.

LANCE: I just hope I still have it. Whaddya think of Trudi? She ain't got a boyfriend, wanna hang out an' get high?

VINCENT: Which one is Trudi? The one with all the shit in her face?

LANCE: No, that's Jody. That's my wife.

VINCENT: I'm on my way somewhere. I got a dinner engagement. Rain check?

LANCE: No problem.

VINCENT: You don't mind if I shoot up here?

LANCE: Me casa, su casa. Still got your Malibu?

VINCENT: You know what some fucker did to it the other day? Fucking keyed it.

LANCE: Oh man, that's fucked up.

VINCENT: Tell me about it. I had the goddamn thing in storage three years. It's out five fucking days -- five days, and some dickless piece of shit fucks with it.

LANCE: They should be fucking killed. No trial, no jury, straight to execution.

VINCENT: I just wish I caught 'em doing it, ya know? Oh man, I'd give anything to catch 'em doing it. It would have been worth his doing it, if I could have just caught 'em, you know what I mean?

LANCE: It's chicken shit. You don't fuck another man's vehicle.
**MARCELLUS WALLACE'S HOUSE**

**VINCENT:** Hello! I'm here!

**MIA:** Vincent Vega?

**VINCENT:** I'm Vincent, you Mia?

**MIA:** That's me, **pleased to meet you.** I'm still getting dressed. **To your left, past** the kitchen, is a bar. **Why don't you** make yourself a drink, **have a seat** in the living room, and I'll be out **within** three shakes of a lamb's tail.

**VINCENT:** **Take your time.** Ready to go?

**MIA:** **Not yet.** I'm going to **interview** you first. Are you any **relation to** Suzanne Vega?

**VINCENT:** Yeah, she's my cousin.

**MIA:** Suzanne Vega the folk singer is your cousin?

**VINCENT:** Suzanne Vega's my cousin. If she's **become** a folk singer, I **sure as hell** don't know nothing about it. **But then I haven't been to too many Thanksgivings lately.**

**MIA:** Now I'm gonna ask you a bunch of quick questions I've **come up with** that more of less tell me what kind of person I'm having dinner with. My theory is that when it comes to important subjects, there's only two ways a person can answer. **For instance,** there's two kinds of people in this world, Elvis people and Beatles people. **Now,** Beatles people can like Elvis. And Elvis people can like the Beatles. But nobody likes them both **equally.** Somewhere you have to **make a choice.** And that choice tells me who you are.

**VINCENT:** I can dig it.

**MIA:** I knew **you could.** First question, Brady Bunch or the Partridge Family?

**VINCENT:** The Partridge Family **all the way, no comparison.**

**MIA:** On "Rich Man, Poor Man," who did you like, Peter Strauss or Nick Nolte?

**VINCENT:** Nick Nolte, of course.

**MIA:** Are you a "Bewitched" man, or a "Jeannie" man?

**VINCENT:** "Bewitched," all the way, though I always **dug** how Jeannie always called Larry Hagman "master."

**MIA:** If you were "Archie," who would you fuck first, Betty or Veronica?

**VINCENT:** Betty. I never understood Veronica attraction.

**MIA:** Have you ever fantasized about being beaten up by a girl?

**VINCENT:** Sure. Emma Peel on "The Avengers." That **tough** girl who **used to hang out** with Encyclopedia Brown. And Arlene Motika.

**MIA:** Who's Arlene Motika?

**VINCENT:** Girl from sixth **grade,** you don't know her.

**MIA:** Cut. Print. Let's **go eat.**
**JACKRABBIT SLIM'S**

**BUDDY:** Hi I'm Buddy, what can I get'cha?

**VINCENT:** I'll have the Douglas Sirk steak.

**BUDDY:** How d'ya want it, burnt to a crisp, or bloody as hell?

**VINCENT:** Bloody as hell. And to drink, a vanilla coke.

**BUDDY:** How 'bout you, Peggy Sue?

**MIA:** I'll have the Durwood Kirby burger -- bloody -- and a five-dollar shake.

**VINCENT:** Did you just order a five-dollar shake?

**MIA:** Sure did.

**VINCENT:** A shake? Milk and ice cream?

**MIA:** Uh-huh.

**VINCENT:** It costs five dollars? You don't put bourbon in it or anything?

**BUDDY:** Nope.

**VINCENT:** Just checking.

*later*

**MIA:** Whaddya think?

**VINCENT:** It's like a wax museum with a pulse rate.

**MIA:** What are you doing?

**VINCENT:** Rolling a smoke. It's just tobacco.

**MIA:** Oh. Well in that case, will you roll me one, cowboy?

**VINCENT:** You can have this one, cowgirl.

**MIA:** Thanks.

**VINCENT:** Think nothing of it.

**MIA:** Marsellus said you just got back from Amsterdam.

**VINCENT:** Sure did. I heard you did a pilot.

**MIA:** That was my fifteen minutes.

**VINCENT:** What was it?

**MIA:** It was a show about a team of female secret agents called "Fox Force Five." Fox, as in we're a bunch of foxy chicks. Force, as in we're a force to be reckoned with. Five, as in there's one.. two .. three.. four.. five of us. There was a blonde one, Sommerset O'Neal from that show "Baton Rouge," she was the leader. A Japanese one, a black one, a French one and a brunette one, me. We all had special skills. Sommerset had a photographic memory, the Japanese fox was a kung fu master, the black girl was a demolition expert, the French fox' specialty was sex...

**VINCENT:** What was your specialty?

**MIA:** Knives. The character I played, Raven McCoy, her background was she was raised by circus performers. So she grew up doing a knife act. According to the show, she was the deadliest woman in the world with a knife. But because she grew up in a circus, she was also something of an acrobat.
She could do illusions, she was a trapeze artist -- when you're keeping the world safe from evil, you never know when being a trapeze artist's gonna come in handy. And she knew a zillion old jokes her grandfather, an old vaudevillian, taught her. If we would have got picked up, they would have worked in a gimmick where every episode I would have told an old joke.

**VINCENT:** Do you remember any of the jokes?

**MIA:** Well I only got the chance to say one, 'cause we only did one show.

**VINCENT:** Tell me.

**MIA:** No. It's really corny.

**VINCENT:** C'mon, don't be that way.

**MIA:** No. You won't like it and I'll be embarrassed.

**VINCENT:** You told it in front of fifty million people and you can't tell it to me? I promise I won't laugh.

**MIA:** That's what I'm afraid of.

**VINCENT:** That's not what I meant and you know it.

**MIA:** You're quite the silver tongue devil, aren't you?

**VINCENT:** I meant I wouldn't laugh at you.

**MIA:** That's not what you said Vince. Well now I'm definitely not gonna tell ya, 'cause it's been built up too much.

**VINCENT:** What a gyp.

*Buddy comes back with the drinks. Mia tastes her shake.*

**MIA:** Yummy!

**VINCENT:** Can I have a sip of that? I'd like to know what a five-dollar shake tastes like.

**MIA:** Be my guest. You can use my straw, I don't have kooties.

**VINCENT:** Yeah, but maybe I do.

**MIA:** Kooties I can handle.

**VINCENT:** Goddamn! That's a pretty fucking good milk shake.

**MIA:** Told ya.

**VINCENT:** I don't know if it's worth five dollars, but it's pretty fucking good.

**MIA:** Don't you hate that? Uncomfortable silences. Why do we feel it's necessary to yak about bullshit in order to be comfortable? That's when you know you found somebody special. When you can just shut the fuck up for a minute, and comfortably share silence.

**VINCENT:** I don't think we're there yet. But don't feel bad, we just met each other.

**MIA:** Well I'll tell you what, I'll go to the bathroom and powder my nose, while you sit here and think of something to say.

**VINCENT:** I'll do that.

*Mia comes back to the table.*

**MIA:** Don't you love it when you go to the bathroom and you
come back to find your food waiting for you?

**VINCENT:** We're lucky we got it at all. Buddy Holly doesn't seem to be much of a waiter. We should have sat in Marilyn Monroe's section.

**MIA:** Which one, there's two Marilyn Monroes.

**VINCENT:** No there's not. That's Marilyn Monroe... and that's Mamie Van Doren. I don't see Jayne Mansfield, so it must be her night off.

**MIA:** Pretty smart.

**VINCENT:** I have moments.

**MIA:** Did ya think of something to say?

**VINCENT:** Actually, there's something I've wanted to ask you about, but you seem like a nice person, and I didn't want to offend you.

**MIA:** Oooohhh, this doesn't sound like mindless, boring, getting-to-know-you chit-chat. This sounds like you actually have something to say.

**VINCENT:** Only if you promise not to get offended.

**MIA:** You can't promise something like that. I have no idea what you're gonna ask. You could ask me what you're gonna ask me, and my natural response could be to be offended. Then, through no fault of my own, I would have broken my promise.

**VINCENT:** Then let's just forget it.

**MIA:** That is an impossibility. Trying to forget anything as intriguing as this would be an exercise in futility.

**VINCENT:** Is that a fact?

*Mia nods her head: "Yes."

**MIA:** Besides, it's more exciting when you don't have permission.

**VINCENT:** What do you think about what happened to Rocky Horror?

**MIA:** He fell out of a window.

**VINCENT:** That's one way to say it. Another way is, he was thrown out. Another way is, he was thrown out by Marsellus. And even another way is, he was thrown out of a window by Marsellus because of you.

**MIA:** Is that a fact?

**VINCENT:** No it's not, it's just what I heard.

**MIA:** Who told you this?

**VINCENT:** They.

**MIA:** They talk a lot, don't they?

**VINCENT:** They certainly do.

**MIA:** Well don't be shy Vincent, what exactly did they say? Let me help you Bashful, did it involve the F-word?

**VINCENT:** No. They just said Rocky Horror gave you a foot massage.
MIA: And...?

VINCENT: No and, that's it.

MIA: You heard Marsellus threw Rocky Horror out of a four-story window because he massaged my feet? And you believed that?

VINCENT: At the time I was told, it seemed reasonable.

MIA: Marsellus throwing Tony out of a four-story window for giving me a foot massage seemed reasonable?

VINCENT: No, it seemed excessive. But that doesn't mean it didn't happen. I heard Marsellus is very protective of you.

MIA: A husband being protective of his wife is one thing. A husband almost killing another man for touching his wife's feet is something else.

VINCENT: But did it happen?

MIA: The only thing Antwan ever touched of mine was my hand, when he shook it. I met Anwan once -- at my wedding -- then never again. The truth is, nobody knows why Marsellus tossed Tony Rocky Horror out of that window except Marsellus and Tony Rocky Horror. But when you scamps get together, you're worse than a sewing circle.

VINCENT: Are you mad?

MIA: Not at all. Being the subject of back-fence gossip goes with the right, I guess.

She takes a sip of her five-dollar shake.

VINCENT: What for?

MIA: Asking my side. I wanna dance.

VINCENT: I'm not much of a dancer.

MIA: Now I'm the one getting gyped. I do believe Marsellus told you to take me out and do whatever I wanted. Well, now I want to dance.

MARSELLUS WALLACE'S HOME

VINCENT: Was than an uncomfortable silence?

MIA: I don't know what that was. Music and drinks!

VINCENT: I'm gonna take a piss.

MIA: That was a little bit more information than I needed to know, but go right ahead.

later, Mia and Vincent are dancing

MIA: Disco! Vince, you little cola nut, you've been holding out on me.

Bathroom, Vincent is talking to himself in the mirror.

VINCENT: One drink and leave. Don't be rude, but drink your drink quickly, say goodbye, walk out the door, get in your car, and go down the road... it's a moral test of yourself,
whether or not you can maintain loyalty. Because when people are loyal to each other, that's very meaningful. So you're gonna go out there, drink your drink, say "Goodnight, I've had a very lovely evening," go home, and jack off. And that's all you're gonna do.

Vincent finds Mia lying on the floor. She's twisted on her back. Blood and puke are down her front.

VINCENT: Jesus Christ! Mia! Mia! What the hell happened? I'll be a sonofabitch. Mia! What did you take? Answer me honey, what did you take? Okay honey, we're getting you on your feet. We're on our feet now, and now we're gonna walk out to the car. Here we go, watch us walk.

LANCE'S HOUSE

JODY: Lance! The phone's ringing!
LANCE: I can hear it!
JODY: I thought you told those fucking assholes never to call this late!
LANCE: I told 'em and that's what I'm gonna tell this fucking asshole right now! (he answers the phone) Hello, do you know how late it is? You're not supposed to be calling me this fucking late.

VINCENT: Lance, this is Vincent, I'm in big fucking trouble man, I'm on my way to your place.
LANCE: Whoa, hold you horses man, what's the problem?
VINCENT: You still got an adrenalin shot?
LANCE: Maybe.
VINCENT: I need it man, I got a chick she's fucking O.D.ing on me.
LANCE: Don't bring her here! I'm not even fucking joking with you, don't you be bringing some fucked up pooh-butt to my house!
VINCENT: No choice.
LANCE: She's O.D.ing?
VINCENT: Yeah. She's dying.
LANCE: Then bite the fucking bullet, take 'er to a hospital and call a lawyer!
VINCENT: Negative.
LANCE: She ain't my fucking problem, you fucked her up, you deal with it – are you talking to me on a cellular phone?
VINCENT: Sorry.
LANCE: I don't know you, who is this, don't come here, I'm hanging up.
VINCENT: Too late, I'm already here.
JODY: What the hell was that? Have you lost your mind?! You crashed your car in my fucking house! You talk about drug
shit on a cellular fucking phone --

**VINCENT:** If you're through having your little hissy fit, this chick is dying, get your needle and get it now!

**LANCE:** Are you deaf? You're not bringing that fucked up bitch in my house!

**VINCENT:** This fucked up bitch is Marsellus Wallace's wife. Now if she fucking croaks on me, I'm a grease spot. But before he turns me into a bar soap, I'm gonna be forced to tell 'im about how you could have saved her life, but instead you let her die on your front lawn.

**JODY:** It's only one-thirty in the goddamn morning! What the fuck's going on out here? Who's she?

**LANCE:** Get that black box in the bedroom I have with the adrenalin shot.

**JODY:** What's wrong with her?

**VINCENT:** She's O.D.ing on us.

**JODY:** Well, get her the hell outta here!

**LANCE:** Get the fucking shot!

**JODY:** Don't yell at me!

**VINCENT:** You two are a match made in heaven.

**LANCE:** Look, just keep talking to her, okay? While she's getting the shot, I gotta get a medical book.

**VINCENT:** What do you need a medical book for?

**LANCE:** To tell me how to do it. I've never given an adrenalin shot before.

**VINCENT:** You've had that thing for six years and you never used it?

**LANCE:** I never had to use it. I don't go joy-popping with bubble-gummers, all of my friends can handle their highs!

**VINCENT:** Hurry up man! We're losing her!

**LANCE:** I'm looking as fast as I can!

**JODY:** What's he looking for? What are you looking for?

**LANCE:** My black medical book! My black fucking medical book. It's like a text book they give to nurses.

**JODY:** I never saw a medical book.

**LANCE:** Trust me, I have one.

**JODY:** Well if it's that important, why didn't you keep it with the shot?

**LANCE:** I don't know! Stop bothering me!

**JODY:** While you're looking for it, that girl's gonna die on our carpet. You're never gonna find it in all this shit. For six months now, I've been telling you to clean this room --

**VINCENT:** -- get your ass in here, fuck the book! Quit fucking around man and give her the shot!

**LANCE:** While I'm doing this, take her shirt off and find her heart.

**VINCENT:** Does it have to be exact?
LANCE: Yeah, it has to be exact! I'm giving her an injection in the heart, so I gotta exactly hit her in the heart.

VINCENT: Well, I don't know exactly where her heart is, I think it's here. I need a big fat magic marker, got one? I need a big fat magic marker, any felt pen will do, but a magic marker would be great.

JODY: Hold on.

LANCE: It's ready, I'll tell you what to do. You're gonna give her the shot.

VINCENT: I've never done this before.

LANCE: I've never done this before either, and I'm not starting now. You brought 'er here, that means you give her the shot. The day I bring an O.D.ing bitch to your place, then I gotta give her the shot.

VINCENT: Okay, what do I do?

LANCE: If you want the needle to pierce through to her heart, you gotta stab her hard. Then once you do, push down on the plunger.

VINCENT: What happens after that?

LANCE: I'm curious about that myself.

VINCENT: This ain't a fucking joke man!

LANCE: She's supposed to come out of it like -- (snaps his fingers) -- that. One... two... three! Mia's eyes pop wide open She bolts up in a sitting position, needle stuck in her chest.

LANCE: If you're okay, say something.

MIA: Something.

JODY: Anybody want a beer?

MARSSELLUS WALLACE'S HOUSE

VINCENT: Mia! What are your thoughts on how to handle this?

MIA: What's yours?

VINCENT: Well I'm of the opinion that Marsellus can live his whole life and never hear of this incident.

MIA: Don't worry about it. If Marsellus ever heard of this, I'd be in as much trouble as you.

VINCENT: I seriously doubt that.

MIA: If you can keep a secret, so can I.

VINCENT: Let's shake on it. Mum's the word. If you'll excuse me, I gotta go home and have a heart attack.
**MIA:** You still wanna hear my "FOX FORCE FIVE" joke?

**VINCENT:** Sure, but I think I'm still a little too petrified to laugh.

**MIA:** Uh-huh. You won't laugh because it's not funny. But if you still wanna hear it, I'll tell it.

**VINCENT:** I can't wait.

**MIA:** Three tomatoes are walking down the street, a poppa tomato, a momma tomato, and a little baby tomato. The baby tomato is lagging behind the poppa and momma tomato. The poppa tomato gets mad, goes over to the momma tomato and stamps on him – and says: catch up… See ya 'round, Vince.

---

**BUTCH'S MEMORIES**

**MOTHER:** Butch, stop watching TV a second. We got a special visitor. Now do you remember when I told you your daddy died in a P.O.W. camp?

**BUTCH:** Uh-huh.

**MOTHER:** Well this here is Capt. Koons. He was in the P.O.W. camp with Daddy.

**CAPT. KOONS:** Hello, little man. Boy I sure heard a bunch about you. See, I was a good friend of your Daddy's. We were in that Hanoi pit of hell over five years together. Hopefully, you'll never have to experience this yourself, but when two men are in a situation like me and your Daddy were, for as long as we were, you take on certain responsibilities of the other. If it had been me who had not made it, Major Coolidge would be talking right now to my son Jim. But the way it worked out is I'm talking to you, Butch. I got something for ya. This watch I got here was first purchased by your great-granddaddy. It was bought during the First World War in a little general store in Knoxville, Tennessee. It was bought by private Doughboy Ernie Coolidge the day he set sail for Paris. It was your great-granddaddy's war watch, made by the first company to ever make wrist watches. You see, up until then, people just carried pocket watches. Your great-granddaddy wore that watch every day he was in the war. Then when he had done his duty, he went home to your great-grandmother, took the watch off his wrist and put it in an ol' coffee can. And in that can it stayed 'til your grandfather Dane Coolidge was called upon by his country to go overseas and fight the Germans once again. This time they called it World War Two. Your great-granddaddy gave it to your granddad for good luck. Unfortunately, Dane's luck wasn't as good as his old man's. Your granddad was a Marine and he was killed with all the other Marines at the battle of Wake Island. Your granddad was facing death and he knew it. None of those boys had any illusions about ever leaving that island alive. So three days before the Japanese took the island, your 22-year old grandfather asked a gunner on an Air Force transport named
Winocki, a man he had never met before in his life, to deliver to his infant son, who he had never seen in the flesh, his gold watch. Three days later, your grandfather was dead. But Winocki kept his word. After the war was over, he paid a visit to your grandmother, delivering to your infant father, his Dad's gold watch. This watch. This watch was on your Daddy's wrist when he was shot down over Hanoi. He was captured and put in a Vietnamese prison camp. Now, he knew if the gooks ever saw the watch it's be confiscated. The way your Daddy looked at it, that watch was your birthright. And he'd be damned if any slopeheads were gonna put their greasy yella hands on his boy's birthright. So he hid it in the one place he knew he could hide something. His ass. Five long years, he wore this watch up his ass. Then when he died of disentary, he gave me the watch. I hid this uncomfortable hunk of metal up my ass for two years. Then, after seven years, I was sent home to my family. And now, little man, I give the watch to you.

THE BOXING MATCH

SPORTSCASTER #1: – Well Dan, that must have been the bloodiest and, hands-down, the most brutal fight this city has ever seen. Do you feel this ring death tragedy will have an effect on the world of boxing?

SPORTSCASTER #2: Oh Dan, a tragedy like this can't help but shake the world of boxing to its very foundation. But it's of paramount importance that during the sad weeks ahead, the eyes of the W.B.A. remain firmly fixed on the…

TAXI

ESMARELDA: Are you the man I was supposed to pick up?
BUTCH: If you're the cab I called, I'm the guy you're supposed to pick up.
ESMARELDA: Where to?
BUTCH: Outta here.

WILLIS LOCKER ROOM AFTER THE MATCH

MARSELLUS: What'cha got?
ENGLISH DAVE: He booked.
MARSELLUS: I'm prepared to scour the earth for this motherfucker. If Butch goes to Indo China, I want a nigger hiding in a bowl of rice, ready to pop a cap in his ass.
ENGLISH DAVE: I'll take care of it.
**BUTCH:** Hey, how do I open the window back here?

**ESMARELDA:** I have to do it. Hey, mister? You were in that fight?

The fight on the radio -- you're the fighter?

**BUTCH:** Whatever gave you that idea?

**ESMARELDA:** No c'mon, you're him, I know you're him, tell me you're him.

**BUTCH:** I'm him.

**ESMARELDA:** You killed the other boxing man.

**BUTCH:** He's dead?

**ESMARELDA:** The radio said he was dead.

**BUTCH:** Sorry 'bout that, Floyd.

**ESMARELDA:** What does it feel like?

**BUTCH:** What does what feel like?

**ESMARELDA:** Killing a man. Beating another man to death with your bare hands.

**BUTCH:** Are you some kind of weirdo?

**ESMARELDA:** No, it's a subject I have much interest in. You are the first person I ever met who has killed somebody. So, what was it like to kill a man?

**BUTCH:** Tell ya what, you give me one of them cigarettes, I'll give you an answer.

**ESMARELDA:** Deal!

**BUTCH:** So... Esmarelda Villalobos – is that Mexican?

**ESMARELDA:** The name is Spanish, but I'm Columbian.

**BUTCH:** It's a very pretty name.

**ESMARELDA:** It means "Esmarelda of the wolves."

**BUTCH:** That's one hell of a name you got there, sister.

**ESMARELDA:** Thank you. And what is your name?

**BUTCH:** Butch.

**ESMARELDA:** Butch. What does it mean?

**BUTCH:** I'm an American, our names don't mean shit. Anyway, moving right along, what is it you wanna know, Esmarelda?

**ESMARELDA:** I want to know what it feels like to kill a man --

**BUTCH:** I couldn't tell ya. I didn't know he was dead 'til you told me he was dead. Now I know he's dead, do you wanna know how I feel about it? I don't feel the least little bit bad. You wanna know why, Esmarelda? 'Cause I'm a boxer. And after you've said that, you've said pretty much all there is to say about me. Now, maybe that son-of-a-bitch tonight was once at one time a boxer. If he was, then he was dead before his ass ever stepped in the ring. I just put the poor bastard outta his misery. And if he never was a boxer -- that's what he gets for fucking up my sport.
**PHONE BOOTH**

**BUTCH:** What did I tell ya, **as soon as the word got out** a **fix** was in, **the odds** would be **outta control.** Hey, if he **was** a better fighter he’d be alive. If he **never** laced up his gloves **in the first place, which he never should have done**, he'd be alive. Enough about the poor unfortunate Mr. Floyd, let’s talk about the rich and prosperous Mr. Butch. How many bookies did you **spread it around with**? (pause) Eight? How long **to collect?** (pause) So **by** tomorrow evening, you'll have it all? (pause) Good news Scotty, real good news – I understand a few stragglers **aside.** Me an' Fabian're gonna leave in the morning. It should **take** us a couple days to get into Knoxville. **Next time** we see each other, it'll be on Tennessee time.

**CAB**

**ESMARELDA:** Forty-five sixty.

**BUTCH:** Merci beaucoup. And here's a **little something** for the **effort.** **Now,** if anybody **should** ask you about who your **fare** was tonight, what're you gonna tell 'em?

**ESMARELDA:** The truth. Three **well-dressed,** slightly toasted, Mexicans.

**MOTEL**

**FABIAN:** **Keep the light off.**

**BUTCH:** Is that better, sugar pop?

**FABIAN:** Oui. Hard day **at** the office?

**BUTCH:** Pretty hard. I **got into a fight.**

**FABIAN:** Poor baby. Can we make spoons? I was looking at myself in the mirror. I **wish I had** a pot.

**BUTCH:** You were looking in the mirror and you wish you had some pot?

**FABIAN:** A pot. A **pot belly.** Pot bellies are sexy.

**BUTCH:** Well you should be happy, ’cause **you do.**

**FABIAN:** Shut up, **Fatso!** I don't have a pot! I have **a bit of a tummy,** like Madonna when she did "Lucky Star," it's not **the same thing.**

**BUTCH:** I didn't realize **there was** a difference between a tummy and a pot belly.

**FABIAN:** The difference is **huge.**

**BUTCH:** You **want me to have** a pot?

**FABIAN:** No. Pot bellies **make** a man look **either oafish,** or like a gorilla. But on a woman, a pot belly is very sexy. The rest of you is normal. Normal face, normal legs, normal hips, normal ass, but with a big, perfectly round pot belly. If I had **one,** I'd
wear a tee-shirt two sizes too small to accentuate it.

**BUTCH:** You think guys would find that attractive?

**FABIAN:** I don't give a damn what men find attractive. It's unfortunate what we find pleasing to the touch and pleasing to the eye is seldom the same.

**BUTCH:** If I had a pot belly, I'd punch you in it.

**FABIAN:** You'd punch me in my belly?

**BUTCH:** Right in the belly.

**FABIAN:** I'd smother you. I'd drop it on your right on your face 'til you couldn't breathe.

**BUTCH:** You'd do that to me?

**FABIAN:** Yes!

**BUTCH:** Did you get everything, sugar pop?

**FABIAN:** Yes, I did.

**BUTCH:** Good job.

**FABIAN:** Did everything go as planned?

**BUTCH:** You didn't listen to the radio?

**FABIAN:** I never listen to your fights. Were you the winner?

**BUTCH:** I won alright.

**FABIAN:** Are you still retiring?

**BUTCH:** Sure am.

**FABIAN:** What about the man you fought?

**BUTCH:** Floyd retired too.

**FABIAN:** Really?! He won't be fighting no more?!

**BUTCH:** Not no more.

**FABIAN:** So it all worked out in the finish?

**BUTCH:** We ain't at the finish, baby.

**FABIAN:** We're in a lot of danger, aren't we? If they find us, they'll kill us, won't they? But they won't find us, will they? Do you still want me to go with you? I don't want to be a burden or a nuisance – Say it!

**BUTCH:** Fabian, I want you to be with me.

**FABIAN:** Forever?

**BUTCH:** ...and ever.

**FABIAN:** Do you love me?

**BUTCH:** Oui.

**FABIAN:** Butch? Will you give me oral pleasure?

**BUTCH:** Will you kiss it?

**FABIAN:** But you first. Butch my love, the adventure begins.

**Motel Room Later**

**BUTCH:** I think I cracked a rib.

**FABIAN:** Giving me oral pleasure?
**BUTCH:** No retard, from the fight.

**FABIAN:** Don't call me retard.

**BUTCH:** My name is Fabby! My name is Fabby!

**FABIAN:** Shut up **fuck head**! I hate that Mongoloid voice.

**BUTCH:** Okay, sorry, sorry, sorry, I take it back! Can I have a towel please, Miss Beautiful Tulip.

**FABIAN:** Oh I like that, I like being called a tulip. Tulip is much better than Mongoloid.

**BUTCH:** I didn't call you a Mongoloid, I called you a retard, but I took it back.

**FABIAN:** Butch?

**BUTCH:** Yes, lemon pie.

**FABIAN:** Where are we going to go?

**BUTCH:** I'm not sure yet. **Wherever** you want. We're gonna get a lot of money from this. But it ain't gonna be so much, we can **live like hogs in the fat house** forever. I was thinking we could go somewhere in the South Pacific. The kind of money we'll have'll **carry us a long way** down there.

**FABIAN:** So if we wanted, we could live in Bora Bora?

**BUTCH:** You betcha. And if after a while you don't **dig** Bora Bora, then we can move **over** to Tahiti or Mexico.

**FABIAN:** But I do not speak Spanish.

**BUTCH:** You don't speak Bora Boran **either**. Besides, Mexican is easy: Donde esta el zapataria?

**FABIAN:** What does that mean?

**BUTCH:** Where's the shoe store?

**FABIAN:** Donde esta el zapataria?

**BUTCH:** Excellent pronunciation. You'll be my little mama ceta in no time.

Later, Butch wakes from his sleep, as if a scary monster was chasing him

**FABIAN:** Merde! You startled me. Did you have a bad dream?

**BUTCH:** ...yeah... are you still brushing your teeth?

**FABIAN:** This is me. I brush my teeth **all night long** and into the early morning. Do you think I have a problem?

**BUTCH:** What are you watching?

**FABIAN:** A motorcycle movie, I'm not sure the name.

**BUTCH:** Are you watching it?

**FABIAN:** In a way. Why? Would you like **for me to** switch it off?

**BUTCH:** Would you please? It's a little too early in the morning for explosions and war.

**FABIAN:** What was it about?

**BUTCH:** How should I know, you were **the one watching** it.

**FABIAN:** No, imbecile, what was your dream about?

**BUTCH:** Oh, I don't remember. It's really **rare** I remember a dream.
FABIAN: You just woke up from it.
BUTCH: Fabian, I'm not lying to you, I don't remember.
FABIAN: Well, let's look at the grumpy man in the morning. I didn't say you were lying, it's just odd you don't remember your dreams. I always remember mine. Did you know you talk in your sleep?
BUTCH: I don't talk in my sleep, do I talk in my sleep?
FABIAN: You did last night.
BUTCH: What did I say?
FABIAN: I don't know. I couldn't understand you. Why don't you get up and we'll get some breakfast at that breakfast place with the pancakes.
BUTCH: One more kiss and I'll get up.
Fabian gives Butch a sweet long kiss.
FABIAN: Satisfied?
BUTCH: Yep.
FABIAN: Then get up, lazy bones.
BUTCH: What time is it?
FABIAN: Almost nine in the morning. What time does our train arrive?
BUTCH: Eleven.
FABIAN: Those pants are very nice. Can you wear those with that nice blue shirt you have?
BUTCH: This one?
FABIAN: That's the one. That matches.
BUTCH: Okay.
FABIAN: I'm gonna order a big plate of blueberry pancakes with maple syrup, eggs over easy, and five sausages.
BUTCH: Anything to drink with that?
FABIAN: To drink, a tall glass or orange juice and a black cup of coffee. After that, I'm going to have a slice of pie.
BUTCH: Pie for breakfast?
FABIAN: Any time of the day is a good time for pie. Blueberry pie to go with the pancakes. And on top, a thin slice of melted cheese --
BUTCH: Where's my watch?
FABIAN: It's there.
BUTCH: No, it's not. It's not here.
FABIAN: Have you looked?
BUTCH: Yes I've fucking looked! What the fuck do you think I'm doing?! Are you sure you got it?
FABIAN: Uhhh... yes... beside the table drawer --
BUTCH: -- on the little kangaroo.
FABIAN: Yes, it was on your little kangaroo.
BUTCH: Well it's not here!
FABIAN: Well it should be!
**BUTCH:** Oh it most definitely should be here, but it's not. So where is it? Fabian, that was my father's fucking watch. You know what my father went through to get me that watch?...I don't wanna get into it right now...but he went through a lot. Now all this other shit, you could have set on fire, but I specifically reminded you not to forget my father's watch. Now think, did you get it?

**FABIAN:** I believe so....

**BUTCH:** You believe so? You either did, or you didn't, now which one is it?

**FABIAN:** Then I did.

**BUTCH:** Are you sure?

**FABIAN:** No.

**BUTCH:** No! It's not your fault. You left it at the apartment. If you did leave it at the apartment, it's not your fault. I had you bring a bunch of stuff. I reminded you about it, but I didn't illustrate how personal the watch was to me. If all I gave a fuck about was my watch, I should've told you. You ain't a mind reader.

**FABIAN:** I'm sorry.

**BUTCH:** Don't be. It just means I won't be able to eat breakfast with you.

**FABIAN:** Why does it mean?

**BUTCH:** Because I'm going back to my apartment to get my watch.

**FABIAN:** Won't the gangsters be looking for you there?

**BUTCH:** That's what I'm gonna find out. If they are, and I don't think I can handle it, I'll split.

**FABIAN:** My darling, I don't want you to be murdered over a silly watch.

**BUTCH:** One, it's not a silly watch. Two, I'm not gonna be murdered. And three, don't be scared. I won't let anything get in the way of us living a happy life together. Butch brings her close and puts his hands on her face.

**BUTCH:** Don't feel bad, sugar pop. Nothing you could ever do would make me permanently angry at you. I love you, remember? Now here's some money, order those pancakes and have a great breakfast.

**FABIAN:** Don't go.

**BUTCH:** I'll be back before you can say, blueberry pie.

**FABIAN:** Blueberry pie.

**BUTCH:** Well maybe not that fast, but fast. Okay? Bye-bye, sugar pop. I'm gonna take your Honda.
HONDA

BUTCH: Of all the fucking things she could have forgotten, she forgets my father's watch. I specifically reminded her not to forget it. "Bedside table -- on the kangaroo." I said the words: "Don't forget my father's watch." What the fuck am I doing? Have I taken one too many hits to the head? That's gotta be it. Brain damage is the only excuse for this dumb a move. Stop the car, Butch. Stop the car, Butch. Butch, I'm talking to you. Put-your-foot-on-the-break! I ain't gonna do this. This is a punchy move and I ain't punchy! Daddy would totally fucking understand. If he was here right now, he'd say, "Butch, get a grip. It's a fucking watch, man. You lose one, ya get another. This is your life you're fucking around with, which you shouldn't be doing 'cause you only got one. This is my war. You see, Butch, what you're forgetting is this watch isn't just a device that enables you to keep track of time. This watch is a symbol. It's a symbol of how your father, and his father before him, and his father before him, distinguished themselves in war. And when I took Marsellus Wallace's money, I started a war. This is my World War Two. That apartment in North Hollywood, that's my Wake Island. In fact, if you look at it that way, it's almost kismet that Fabian left it behind. And using that perspective, going back for it isn't stupid. It may be dangerous, but it's not stupid. Because there are certain things in this world that are worth going back for.

BUTCH'S APARTMENT

BUTCH: Everything looks hunky dory. Looks can be deceiving, but this time I don't think they are. Why waste the manpower to stake out my place. I'd have to be a fucking idiot to come back here. That's how you're gonna beat 'em. Butch, they keep underestimating you. (sees a submachine gun lying on his kitchen counter). Holy shit.

HONDA

Butch slams into Marsellus.

PEDESTRIAN: Jesus, are you okay?

BUTCH: I guess.

GAWKER: If you need a witness in court, I'll be glad to help. He was a drunken maniac. He hit you and crashed into that car.

MARSSELLUS: Well, I'll be damned.
MASON-DIXIE PAWNSHOP

**MAYNARD**: Can I help you with something?

**BUTCH**: Shut up!

**MAYNARD**: Now you just wait one goddamn minute…

*Marsellus charges in. Butch lands his fist in Marsellus' face.*

**BUTCH**: So you like *chasing* people, huh? Well *guess what*, big man, you caught me…

**MAYNARD**: Hold it right there, godammit!

**BUTCH**: Look mister, *this ain't any of your business* --

**MAYNARD**: I'm *making* it my business! Now *toss* that gun! Now you *on top, stand up* and come to the counter.

*Maynard moves to the telephone.*


PAWNSHOP BACK ROOM

*Butch and Marsellus are tied up in two separate chairs.*

**MAYNARD**: Nobody kills anybody in *my place of business* except me or Zed.

**ZED**: You said you waited for me?

**MAYNARD**: I did.

**ZED**: Then *how come* they're all *beat up*?

**MAYNARD**: They did that *to each other*. They *were fighting* when they came in. This one *was gonna* shoot that one.

**ZED**: (to Butch) *You were gonna* shoot him? Hey, is Grace gonna be okay in front of this place?

**MAYNARD**: Yeah, it ain't Tuesday is it?

**ZED**: No, it's Thursday.

**MAYNARD**: Then *she'll be fine*.

**ZED**: *Bring out* The Gimp.

**MAYNARD**: I think The Gimp's asleep.

**ZED**: Well, *I guess* you'll just wake him up *then, won't you*?

*Maynard opens a trap door in the floor.*

**MAYNARD**: Wake up! Who's first?

**ZED**: I ain't sure yet. Wanna do it here?

**MAYNARD**: Naw, *drag* big boy to Russell's old room. *(to The Gimp) Up!* *Keep an eye on* this one.

*later, Butch has saved Marsellus from Maynard and Zed*

**BUTCH**: Hey *hillbilly*. You want that gun, Zed? Pick it up.

**MARSELLUS**: *Step aside*, Butch.

**BUTCH**: You okay?

**MARSELLUS**: Naw man. I'm pretty fucking *far from* okay!
**BUTCH:** What now?

**MARSSELLUS:** What now? Well *let me* tell you what now. I'm gonna call a couple pipe-hitting niggers, who'll go to work on homes here with a pair of pliers and a blow torch. *Hear me talking*, hillbilly boy?! I ain't *through* with you by a damn sight. I'm gonna get Medieval on your ass.

**BUTCH:** I meant what now, between *me and you*?

**MARSSELLUS:** Oh, that what now? Well, let me tell ya what now between me an' you. *There* is no me an' you. No not more.

**BUTCH:** So we're *cool*?

**MARSSELLUS:** Yeah man, we're cool. One thing I ask – two things I ask: don't tell nobody about this. This shit's between me and you and the soon-to-be-living-the-rest-of-his-short-ass-life-in-agonizing-pain Mr. Rapist here. It ain't *nobody else's business*. Two: *leave town*. Tonight. Right now. And when you're *gone*, stay gone. You've lost your Los Angeles privileges. *Deal*?

**BUTCH:** Deal.

**MARSSELLUS:** Go on now, *get your ass outta here*. *(into the phone)* Hello Mr. Wolf, it's Marsellus. Got a *bit of a situation*.

---

**MOTEL ROOM**

**FABIAN:** Butch, I was so worried!

**BUTCH:** Honey, *grab* your radio and your purse and let's go!

**FABIAN:** But what about all our bags?

**BUTCH:** *Fuck* the bags. We'll miss our train if we don't *split* now.

**FABIAN:** Is everything well? Are we in danger?

**BUTCH:** We're *cool*. In fact, we're super-cool. But we got to go. I'll wait for you outside.

**FABIAN:** Where did you get this motorcycle?

**BUTCH:** It's a chopper, baby, *hop on*.

**FABIAN:** What happened to my Honda?

**BUTCH:** Sorry baby, I *crashed* the Honda.

**FABIAN:** You're hurt?

**BUTCH:** I *might've broken* my nose, *no biggie*. Hop on. Honey, we gotta *hit the fucking road*!

Fabian starts to cry.

**BUTCH:** I'm sorry, baby-love.

**FABIAN:** You were *gone* so long, I started to think *dreadful* thoughts.

**BUTCH:** I'm sorry I *worried* you, sweetie. Everything's fine. Hey, how was breakfast?

**FABIAN:** It was good --

**BUTCH:** -- did you get the blueberry pancakes?

**FABIAN:** No, they didn't have blueberry pancakes, I had to get
buttermilk – are you sure you're okay?

**BUTCH**: Baby-love, from the moment I left you, this has been without a doubt the single weirdest day of my entire life. Climb on an' I'll tell ya about it.

**FABIAN**: Butch, whose motorcycle is this?

**BUTCH**: It's a chopper.

**FABIAN**: Whose chopper is this?

**BUTCH**: Zed's.

**FABIAN**: Who's Zed?

**BUTCH**: Zed's dead, baby, Zed's dead.

## APARTMENT

**VINCENT**: Why the fuck didn't you tell us about that guy in the bathroom? Slip your mind? Did you forget he was in there with a goddamn hand cannon?

**JULES**: We should be fucking dead right now. Did you see that gun he fired at us? It was bigger than him.

**VINCENT**: .357.

**JULES**: We should be fucking dead!

**VINCENT**: Yeah, we were lucky.

**JULES**: That shit wasn't luck. That shit was something else.

**VINCENT**: Yeah, maybe.

**JULES**: That was... divine intervention. You know what divine intervention is?

**VINCENT**: Yeah, I think so. That means God came down from Heaven and stopped the bullets.

**JULES**: Yeah, man, that's what is means. That's exactly what it means! God came down from Heaven and stopped the bullets.

**VINCENT**: I think we should be going now.

**JULES**: Don't do that! Don't you fucking do that! Don't blow this shit off! What just happened was a fucking miracle!

**VINCENT**: Chill the fuck out, Jules, this shit happens.

**JULES**: Wrong, wrong, this shit doesn't just happen.

**VINCENT**: Do you wanna continue this theological discussion in the car, or at the jailhouse with the cops?

**JULES**: We should be fucking dead now, my friend! We just witnessed a miracle, and I want you to fucking acknowledge it!

**VINCENT**: Okay man, it was a miracle, can we leave now?
NOVA

*Jules is behind the wheel, Vincent in the passenger seat and Marvin in the back.*

**VINCENT:** ...ever seen that show "COPS?" I was watching it once and this cop was on it who was talking about this time he got into this gun fight with a guy in a hallway. He unloads on this guy and he doesn't hit anything. And these guys were in a hallway. It's a freak, but it happens.

**JULES:** If you wanna play blind man, then go walk with a Shepherd. But me, my eyes are wide fucking open.

**VINCENT:** What the fuck does that mean?

**JULES:** That's it for me. For here on in, you can consider my ass retired.

**VINCENT:** Jesus Christ!

**JULES:** Don't blaspheme!

**VINCENT:** Goddammit, Jules --

**JULES:** I said don't do that --

**VINCENT:** You're fucking freaking out!

**JULES:** I'm telling Marsellus today I'm through.

**VINCENT:** While you're at it, be sure to tell 'im why.

**JULES:** Don't worry, I will.

**VINCENT:** I'll bet ya ten thousand dollars, he laughs his ass off.

**JULES:** I don't give a damn if he does.

Vincent turns to the backseat with the .45 casually in his grip.

**VINCENT:** Marvin, what do you make of all this?

**MARVIN:** I don't even have an opinion.

**VINCENT:** C'mon, Marvin. Do you think God came down from Heaven and stopped the bullets? *Vincent's .45 goes BANG!*

**JULES:** What the fuck's happening?

**VINCENT:** I just accidentally shot Marvin in the throat.

**JULES:** Why the fuck did you do that?

**VINCENT:** I didn't mean to do it. I said it was an accident.

**JULES:** I've seen a lot of crazy-ass shit in my time --

**VINCENT:** Chill out, man, it was an accident, okay? You hit a bump or something and the gun went off.

**JULES:** The car didn't hit no motherfucking bump!

**VINCENT:** Look! I didn't mean to shoot this son-of-a-bitch, the gun just went off, don't ask me how! Now I think the humane thing to do is put him out of his misery.

**JULES:** You wanna shoot 'im again?

**VINCENT:** The guy's suffering. It's the right thing to do.

**JULES:** This is really uncool. Marvin, I just wanna apologize. I
got nothing to do with this shit. And I want you to know I think it's fucked up.

VINCENT: Okay, Pontius Pilot, when I count three, **honk your horn.** One... two... three.

JULES: Jesus Christ Almighty!

VINCENT: Fuck.

JULES: Look at this mess! We're driving around on a city street in broad daylight –

VINCENT: I know, I know, I wasn't thinking about the splatter.

JULES: Well you better be thinking about it now, motherfucker! We gotta get this car off the road. Cops tend to notice shit like you're driving a car drenched in fucking blood.

VINCENT: Can't we just take it to a friendly place?

JULES: This is the Valley, Vincent. Marsellus hasn't got no friendly places in the Valley.

VINCENT: Well, don't look at me, this is your town, Jules. Who ya calling?

JULES: A buddy of mine in Toluca Lake.

VINCENT: Where's Toluca Lake.

JULES: On the other side of the hill, by Burbank Studios. If Jimmie's ass ain't home, I don't know what the fuck we're gonna go. I ain't got any other partners in 818. *(into phone)* Jimmie! How you doing man, it's Jules. **Listen up** man, me an' my homeboy are in some serious shit. We're in a car we gotta get off the road, pronto! I need to use your garage for a couple hours. Jimmie, you know I can't get into this shit on a cellular fucking phone. But **what I can say is** my ass is out in the cold and I'm asking you for some sanctuary 'til our people can bring us in. *(pause)* I appreciate this, man -- *(pause)* We'll be gone by then. *(pause)* -- Jimmie, I'm aware of your situation. I ain't gonna fuck things up for you. I give you my word, partner, she'll never know we were there. *(pause)* Five minutes. Later. *(hangs up)* We're set. But his wife comes home from work in an hour and a half and we gotta be outta there by then.

**JIMMIE'S BATHROOM**

JULES: We gotta be real fucking delicate with this Jimmie's situation. He's one remark away from kicking our asses out the door.

VINCENT: If he kicks us out, what do we do?

JULES: Well, we aren't leaving 'til we made a couple phone calls. But I never want it to reach that pitch. Jimmie's my friend and you don't bust in your friend's house and start telling 'im what's what.

VINCENT: Just tell 'im not to be abusive. He kinda freaked out back there when he saw Marvin.
**JULES:** Put yourself in his position. It's eight o'clock in the morning. He just woke up, he wasn't prepared for this shit. Don't forget who's doing who a favor.

**VINCENT:** If the price of that favor is I gotta take shit, he can stick his favor straight up his ass.

**JULES:** What the fuck did you just do to his towel?

**VINCENT:** I was just drying my hands.

**JULES:** You're supposed to wash 'em first.

**VINCENT:** You watched me wash 'em.

**JULES:** I watched you get 'em wet.

**VINCENT:** I washed 'em. Blood's real hard to get off. Maybe if he had some Lava, I could have done a better job.

**JULES:** I used the same soap you did and when I dried my hands, the towel didn't look like a fucking Maxie pad. Look, fuck it, alright. Who cares? But it's shit like this that's gonna bring this situation to a boil. If he were to come in here and see that towel like that... I'm telling you Vincent, you best be cool. 'Cause if I gotta get into it with Jimmie on account of you,...Look, I ain't threatening you, I respect you an' all, just don't put me in that position.

**JULES:** Jules, you ask me nice like that, no problem. He's your friend, you handle him.

**JIMMIE'S KITCHEN**

**JULES:** Goddamn Jimmie, this is some serious gourmet shit. Me and Vincent would have been satisfied with freeze-dried Tasters Choice. You spring this gourmet fucking shit on us. What flavor is this?

**JIMMIE:** Knock it off, Julie.

**JULES:** What?

**JIMMIE:** I'm not a cobb or corn, so you can stop buttering me up. I don't need you to tell me how good my coffee is. I'm the one who buys it, I know how fucking good it is. When Bonnie goes shopping, she buys shit. I buy the gourmet expensive stuff 'cause when I drink it, I wanna taste it. But what's on my mind at this moment isn't the coffee in my kitchen, it's the dead nigger in my garage.

**JULES:** Jimmie --

**JIMMIE:** I'm talking. Now let me ask you a question, Jules. When you drove in here, did you notice a sign out front that said, "Dead nigger storage?" Answer to question. Did you see a sign out in front of my house that said, "Dead nigger storage?"

**JULES:** Naw man, I didn't.

**JIMMIE:** You know why you didn't see that sign?

**JULES:** Why?

**JIMMIE:** 'Cause storing dead niggers ain't my fucking business! I
ain't through! Now don't you understand that if Bonnie comes home and finds a dead body in her house, I'm gonna get divorced. No marriage counselor, no trial separation -- fucking divorced. And I don't wanna get fucking divorced. The last time me an' Bonnie talked about this shit was gonna be the last time me an' Bonnie talked about this shit. Now I wanna help ya out Julie, I really do. But I ain't gonna lose my wife doing it.

JULES: Jimmie --

JIMMIE: Don't fucking Jimmie me, man, I can't be Jimmied. There's nothing you can say that's gonna make me forget I love my wife. Now she's working the graveyard shift at the hospital. She'll be coming home in less than an hour and a half. Make your phone calls, talk to your people, than get the fuck out of my house.

JULES: That's all we want. We don't wanna fuck up your shit, We just need to call our people to bring us in.

JIMMIE: Then I suggest you get to it. Phone's in my bedroom.

JULES: You're a friend, Jimmie, you're a good fucking friend!

JIMMIE: Yeah. I'm a real good friend. Good friend, bad husband, soon to be ex-husband. Who the fuck are you?

VINCENT: I'm Vincent. And Jimmie, thanks a bunch.

JIMMIE: Don't mention it.

MARSSELLUS WALLACE'S DINING ROOM

Marsellus Wallace sits at his dining table talking on the phone.

MARSSELLUS: ...well, say she comes home. Whaddya think she'll do? (pause) No fucking shit she'll freak. That ain't no kinda answer. You know 'er, I don't. How bad, a lot or a little?

JULES: You got to appreciate what an explosive element this Bonnie situation is. If she comes home from a hard day's work and finds a bunch of gangsters doing a bunch of gangsta' shit in her kitchen, there ain't no telling what she's apt to do.

MARSSELLUS: Let us speak of the unspeakable.

JULES: Possibility exists, but unlikely.

MARSSELLUS: Why possible but unlikely?

JULES: 'Cause if push met shove, you know I'll take care of business. But push ain't never gonna meet shove. Because you're gonna solve this shit for us. You're gonna take our asses outta the cold and bring it inside where it's warm. 'Cause if I gotta get into it with my friend about his wife over your boy Vincent, I'm gonna have bad feelings.

MARSSELLUS: I've grasped that, Jules. All I'm doing is contemplating the "ifs."

JULES: I don't wanna hear about no motherfucking "ifs." What I wanna hear from your ass is: "you ain't got no problems, Jules.
I'm on the motherfucker. Go back in there, chill them niggers out and wait for the cavalry, which should be coming directly."

**MARSELLUS:** You ain't got no problems, Jules. I'm on the motherfucker. Go back in there, chill them niggers out and wait for The Wolf, who should be coming directly.

**JULES:** You sending The Wolf?

**MARSELLUS:** Feel better?

**JULES:** Shit Negro, that's all you had to say.

**HOTEL SUITE**

**THE WOLF:** (into phone) Is she the hysterical type? (pause) When is she due? (jotting down) Give me the principals' names again? (jots down) Jules... Vincent... Jimmie... Bonnie... Expect a call around 10:30. It's about thirty minutes away. I'll be there in ten.

**JIMMIE'S HOUSE**

**THE WOLF:** You're Jimmie, right? This is your house?

**JIMMIE:** Yeah.

**THE WOLF:** I'm Winston Wolf, I solve problems.

**JIMMIE:** Good, 'cause we got one.

**THE WOLF:** So I heard. May I come in?

**JIMMIE:** Please do.

**THE WOLF:** I want to convey Mr. Wallace's gratitude with the help you're providing on this matter. Let me assure you Jimmie, Mr. Wallace's gratitude is worth having. You must be Jules, which would make you Vincent. Let's get down to brass tacks, gentlemen. If I was informed correctly, the clock is ticking, is that right, Jimmie?

**JIMMIE:** 100%.

**THE WOLF:** Your wife, Bonnie... comes home at 9:30 in the AM, is that correct? I was led to believe if she comes home and finds us here, she wouldn't appreciate it none too much.

**JIMMIE:** She won't.

**THE WOLF:** That gives use forty minutes to get the fuck outta Dodge, which, if you do what I say when I say it, should be plenty. Now you got a corpse in a car, minus a head, in a garage. Take me to it.
JIMMIE'S GARAGE

THE WOLF: Jimmie? Do me a favor, will ya? Thought I smelled some coffee in there. Would you make me a cup?

JIMMIE: Sure, how do you take it?

THE WOLF: Lotsa cream, lotsa sugar. About the car, is there anything I need to know? Does it stall, does it make a lot of noise, does it smoke, is there gas in it, anything?

JULES: Aside from how it looks, the car's cool.

THE WOLF: Positive? Don't get me out on the road and I find out the brake lights don't work.

JULES: Hey man, as far as I know, the motherfucker's tip-top.

THE WOLF: Good enough, let's go back to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

THE WOLF: Okay first thing, you two. Take the body, stick it in the trunk. Now Jimmie, this looks to be a pretty domesticated house. That would lead me to believe that in the garage or under the sink, you got a bunch of cleaners and shit like that, am I correct?

JIMMIE: Yeah. Exactly. Under the sink.

THE WOLF: Good. What I need you two fellas to do is take those cleaning products and clean the inside of the car. And I'm talking fast, fast, fast. You need to go in the backseat, scoop up all those little pieces of brain and skull. Get it out of there. Wipe down the upholstery — now when it comes to upholstery, it doesn't need to be spic and span, you don't need to eat off it. Give it a good once over. What you need to take care of are the really messy parts. The pools of blood that have collected, you gotta soak that shit up. But the windows are a different story. Them you really clean. Get the Windex, do a good job. Now Jimmie, we need to raid your linen closet. I need blankets, I need comforters, I need quilts, I need bedspreads. The thicker the better, the darker the better. No whites, can't use 'em. We need to camouflage the interior of the car. We're gonna line the front seat and the backseat and the floor boards with quilts and blankets. If a cop stops us and starts sticking his big snout in the car, the subterfuge won't last. But at a glance, the car will appear to be normal. Jimmie — lead the way, boys — get to work.

VINCENT: A "please" would be nice.

THE WOLF: Come again?

VINCENT: I said a "please" would be nice.

THE WOLF: Set it straight, Buster. I'm not here to say "please." I'm here to tell you want to do. And if self-preservation is an instinct you possess, you better fucking do it and do it quick.
I'm here to help. If my help's not appreciated, lotsa luck gentlemen.

**JULES:** It ain't **that** way, Mr. Wolf. Your help is **definitely** appreciated.

**VINCENT:** I don't **mean** any **disrespect.** I just don't like people **barking** orders at me.

**THE WOLF:** If I'm **curt with** you, it's because time is a factor. I think fast, I talk fast, and I **need you guys to act** fast if you want to get out of this. So pretty please, with sugar on top, clean the fucking car.

---

**JIMMIE'S BEDROOM**

**THE WOLF:** (**into phone**) It's a 1974 Chevy Nova. (**pause**) White. (**pause**) Nothing, **except for** the **mess** inside. (**pause**) About twenty minutes. (**pause**) Nobody who'll be **missed.** (**pause**) You're a good man, Joe. See ya soon. (**he looks at Jimmie**) **How are we coming, Jimmie?**

**JIMMIE:** Mr. Wolf, you gotta understand something --

**THE WOLF:** Winston, Jimmie -- please, Winston.

**JIMMIE:** You gotta understand something, Winston. I want to help you guys out and all, but that's my best linen. It was a wedding present from my Uncle Conrad and Aunt Ginny, and they ain't with us **anymore** --

**THE WOLF:** Let me ask you a question, if you don't mind?

**JIMMIE:** Sure.

**THE WOLF:** Were you Uncle Conrad and Aunt Ginny millionaires?

**JIMMIE:** No.

**THE WOLF:** Well, your Uncle Marsellus is. And I'm **positive** if Uncle Conrad and Aunt Ginny were millionaires, they **would've furnished** you with a whole bedroom **set,** which your Uncle Marsellus is **more than happy to do.** I like oak **myself,** that's what's in my bedroom. **How 'bout** you Jimmie, you **an oak man?**

**JIMMIE:** Oak's nice.

---

**GARAGE**

**JULES:** I will never **forgive** your ass **for** this shit. This is some **fucked-up** repugnant shit!

**VINCENT:** Did you ever hear the philosophy that **once** a man admits he's wrong, he's immediately **forgiven** for all **wrong-doings?**

**JULES:** Man, **get outta my face** with that shit! The motherfucker who said that never had to **pick up** itty-bitty pieces of skull with his fingers **on account of your dumb ass.**

**VINCENT:** I got a **threshold,** Jules. I got a threshold for the
abuse I'll take. And you're crossing it. I'm a race car and you got me in the red. Redline 7000, that's where you are. Just know, it's fucking dangerous to be driving a race car when it's in the red. It could blow.

**JULES:** You're getting ready to blow? I'm a mushroom-cloud- laying motherfucker! Every time my fingers touch brain I'm "SUPERFLY T.N.T," I'm the "GUNS OF NAVARONE." I'm what Jimmie Walker used to talk about. In fact, what the fuck am I doing in the back? You're the motherfucker who should be on brain detail. We're trading. I'm washing windows and you're picking up this nigger's skull.

**THE WOLF:** Fine job, gentlemen. We may get out of this yet.

**JIMMIE:** I can't believe that's the same car.

**THE WOLF:** Well, let's not start sucking each other's dicks quite yet. Phase one is complete, clean the car, which moves us right along to phase two, clean you two. Strip.

**VINCENT:** All the way?

**THE WOLF:** To your bare ass. Quickly gentlemen, we got about fifteen minutes before Jimmie's better-half comes pulling into the driveway.

**JULES:** This morning air is some chilly shit.

**VINCENT:** Are you sure this is absolutely necessary?

**THE WOLF:** You know what you two look like? Like a couple of guys who just blew off somebody's head. Yes, stripping off those bloody rags is absolutely necessary. Toss the clothes in Jim's garbage bag.

**JULES:** Now Jimmie, don't do nothing stupid like putting that out in front of your house for Elmo the garbage man to take away.

**THE WOLF:** Don't worry, we're taking it with us. Jim, the soap. Okay gentlemen, you've both been to County before, I'm sure. Here it comes.

**JULES:** Goddamn, that water's fucking cold!

**THE WOLF:** Better you than me, gentlemen. Don't be afraid of the soap, spread it around. Towel 'em. You're dry enough, give 'em their clothes.

**JIMMIE:** Okay fellas, in the one-size-fits-all category, we got swim trunks, one red — one white. And two extra-large tee-shirts. A UC Santa Cruz shirt and an "I'm with Stupid" shirt.

**JULES:** I get the "I'm with Stupid" shirt.

**THE WOLF:** Perfect. Perfect. We couldn't've planned this better. You guys look like... what do they look like, Jimmie?

**JIMMIE:** Dorks. They look like a couple of dorks.

**JULES:** Ha ha ha. They're your clothes, motherfucker.

**JIMMIE:** I guess you just gotta know how to wear them.

**JULES:** Yeah, well, our asses ain't the expert on wearing dorky shit that yours is.

**THE WOLF:** C'mon, gentlemen, we're laughing and joking our
way into prison. Don't make me beg.

**JIMMIE:** Wait a minute, before you guys *split*, I wanna *get a picture of this.*

**JULES:** Jimmie, have you forgotten about your wife *coming* home?

**JIMMIE:** It won't *take* a second.

**VINCENT:** I don't like this photograph shit.

**JIMMIE:** Sorry — my house, my rules.

**THE WOLF:** Gentlemen, let's *get our rules of the road straight.* We're going to a *place* called Monster Joe's Truck and Tow. Monster Joe and his daughter Raquel are sympathetic to our dilemma. The place is North Hollywood, so a few *twist and turns aside, we'll be going up* Hollywood Way. Now I'll drive the tainted car. Jules, you *ride* with me. Vincent, you *follow* in my Porsche. Now if we *cross the path of* any John Q. Laws, nobody *does a fucking thing* 'til I do something. *(to Jules)* What did I say?

**JULES:** Don't do shit *unless* —

**THE WOLF:** -- unless what?

**JULES:** Unless you do it first.

**THE WOLF:** Spoken like a true prodigy. How 'bout you, Lash Larue? Can you keep your spurs from jingling and jangling?

**VINCENT:** I'm *cool*, Mr. Wolf. My gun just *went off*, I dunno how.

**THE WOLF:** *Fair enough.* I drive real fucking fast, so *keep up.* If I get my car back *any* different than I gave it, Monster Joe's gonna be disposing of two bodies.

**JULES:** Why do you drive fast?

**THE WOLF:** Because *it's a lot of fun. Let's move.*

**JIMMIE:** Wait a minute, I wanna *take a picture.*

**JULES:** We ain't got time, man.

**JIMMIE:** We got time for one picture. You and Vincent *get together.* Okay, you guys put your arms *around each other.* Okay Winston, *get in there.*

**THE WOLF:** I ain't no *model.*

**JIMMIE:** *After what* a cool guy I've been, I *can't believe* you do me like this. It's the only thing I asked.

**THE WOLF:** Okay, one photo and we go.

**JIMMIE:** Everybody say Pepsi.

**JULES:** I ain't fucking saying Pepsi.

**JIMMIE:** Smile, Winston.

**THE WOLF:** I don't smile *in* pictures.
MONSTER JOE'S TRUCK AND TOW

MONSTER JOE: I've said it before, I'll say it again, your business is always welcome.

WINSTON: I would think by now I've earned the equivalent of Frequent Flyer miles.

MONSTER JOE: I'll tell ya what, if you ever need it, I'll dispose of a body part for free.

WINSTON: How 'bout an upgrade, you dispose a whole body for the price of a body part.

MONSTER JOE: That one I need to speak with my accountant on.

WINSTON: Where's that reprobate daughter of yours?

MONSTER JOE: Out in the yard, up to no good.

RAQUEL: Hello, Boyfriend!

WINSTON: Hello, Girlfriend. I swear, heartbreaker, Joe should change the name of this place to Beauty and the Beast Truck and Tow.

RAQUEL: You're prejudiced because you love me.

WINSTON: Guilty.

RAQUEL: Now business is done, it's time for pleasure.

WINSTON: The time it is, is time for bed.

RAQUEL: Contre senior Lobo.

WINSTON: Do you have a different idea?

RAQUEL: Most definitely.

WINSTON: What do you think?

RAQUEL: I think you're taking me out to breakfast.

WINSTON: Well, you thought wrong.

RAQUEL: That's not fair! I never get to see you.

WINSTON: Raquel, I've been up all night. I need sleep. You understand the concept of sleep?

RAQUEL: Yes, sleep is what you do after you've taken me to breakfast. Just get used to the idea, indulging me is the price of doing business at Monster Joe's Truck and Tow. I haven't seen you in a long time. I miss you, we're going to breakfast. So it is written, so shall it be done.

JULES: We cool?

WINSTON: Like it never happened.

JULES: I apologize for being in your shit like I was.

VINCENT: You had every right, I fucked up.

RAQUEL: Are they having a moment?

WINSTON: Boys, this is Raquel. Someday, all this will be hers.

RAQUEL: Hi. You know, if they ever do "I SPY: THE MOTION PICTURE," you guys, I'd be great. What's with the outfits? You guys going to a volleyball game?
WINSTON: I'm taking m'lady out to breakfast. Maybe I can drop you two off. Where do you live?
VINCENT: Redondo Beach.
JULES: Inglewood.
WINSTON: It's your future: I see... a cab ride. Sorry guys, move out of the sticks. I'll see you two around, and stay outta trouble, you crazy kids.
JULES: Mr. Wolf. It was a pleasure watching you work.
WINSTON: Call me Winston. You hear that, young lady? Respect. You could learn a lot from those two fine specimens. Respect for one's elders shows character.
RAQUEL: I have character.
WINSTON: Just because you are a character doesn't mean you have character.
RAQUEL: Oh you're so funny, oh you're so funny.
JULES: Wanna share a cab?
VINCENT: You know I could go for some breakfast. Want to have breakfast with me?
JULES: Sure.

COFFEE SHOP

VINCENT: Want a sausage?
JULES: Naw, I don't eat pork.
VINCENT: Are you Jewish?
JULES: I ain't Jewish man, I just don't dig on swine.
VINCENT: Why not?
JULES: They're filthy animals. I don't eat filthy animals.
VINCENT: Sausages taste good. Pork chops taste good.
JULES: A sewer rat may taste like pumpkin pie. I'll never know 'cause even if it did, I wouldn't eat the filthy motherfucker. Pigs sleep and root in shit. That's a filthy animal. I don't wanna eat nothing that ain't got enough sense to disregard its own feces.
VINCENT: How about dogs? Dogs eat their own feces.
JULES: I don't eat dog either.
VINCENT: Yes, but do you consider a dog to be a filthy animal?
JULES: I wouldn't go so far as to call a dog filthy, but they're definitely dirty. But a dog's got personality. And personality goes a long way.
VINCENT: So by that rationale, if a pig had a better personality, he's cease to be a filthy animal?
JULES: We'd have to be talking 'bout one motherfucking charming pig. It'd have to be the Cary Grant of pigs.
VINCENT: Good for you. Lighten up a little. You've been sitting there all quiet.
**JULES:** I've just been sitting here thinking.

**VINCENT:** About what?

**JULES:** The miracle we witnessed.

**VINCENT:** The miracle you witnessed. I witnessed a **freak occurrence**.

**JULES:** Do you know that a miracle is?

**VINCENT:** An **act of God**.

**JULES:** What's an act of God?

**VINCENT:** I guess it's when God makes the impossible possible. And I'm sorry Jules, but I don't think what happened this morning qualifies.

**JULES:** Don't you see, Vince, that shit don't matter. You're judging this thing the wrong way. It's not about what. It could be God stopped the bullets, he changed Coke into Pepsi, he found my fucking car keys. You don't judge shit like this based on merit. Whether or not what we experienced was an according-to-Howle miracle is insignificant. What is significant is I felt God's touch, God **got involved**.

**VINCENT:** But why?

**JULES:** That's what's fucking wit' me! I don't know why. But I can't go back to sleep.

**VINCENT:** So you're serious, you're really gonna quit?

**JULES:** The life, **most definitely**.

**VINCENT:** So if you're quitting the life, what'll you do?

**JULES:** That's what I've been sitting here **contemplating**. First, I'm gonna deliver this case to Marsellus. Then, basically, I'm gonna **walk the earth**.

**VINCENT:** What do you mean, walk the earth?

**JULES:** You know, like Caine in "KUNG FU." Just walk from town to town, meet people, get in adventures.

**VINCENT:** How long do you intend to walk the earth?

**JULES:** Until God puts me where he wants me to be.

**VINCENT:** What if he never does?

**JULES:** If it takes forever, I'll wait forever.

**VINCENT:** So you decided to be a **bum**?

**JULES:** I'll just be Jules, Vincent -- no more, no less.

**VINCENT:** No Jules, you're gonna be like those **pieces of shit out there** who beg for change. They walk around like a bunch of fucking zombies, they sleep in garbage bins, they eat what I throw away, and dogs piss on 'em. They got a word for 'em, they're called bums. And without a job, residence, or legal tender, that's what you're gonna be -- a fucking bum!

**JULES:** Look my friend, this is just where me and you **differ** --

**VINCENT:** -- what happened was **peculiar** -- no doubt about it -- but it wasn't water into wine.

**JULES:** All shapes and sizes, Vince.

**VINCENT:** Stop fucking talking like that!
JULES: If you find my answers frightening, Vincent, you should cease asking scary questions.

VINCENT: When did you make this decision -- while you were sitting there eating your muffin?

JULES: Yeah. I was just sitting here drinking my coffee, eating my muffin, playing the incident in my head, when I had what alcoholics refer to as a "moment of clarity."

VINCENT: I gotta take a shit. To be continued.

Pumpkin jumps on a table.

PUMPKIN: Everybody be cool, this is a robbery!

HONEY BUNNY: Any of you fucking pricks move and I'll execute every one of you motherfuckers! Got that?!

PUMPKIN: Customers stay seated, waitresses on the floor.

HONEY BUNNY: Now mean fucking now! Do it or die, do it or fucking die!

PUMPKIN: You Mexicans in the kitchen, get out here! Asta luego! On the floor or I'll cook you ass, comprende? You're gonna give me a problem? What? You said you're gonna give me a problem?

MANAGER: No, I'm not. I'm not gonna give you any problem!

PUMPKIN: I don't know, Honey Bunny. He looks like the hero type to me!

HONEY BUNNY: Don't take any chances. Execute him!

MANAGER: Please don't! I'm not a hero. I'm just a coffee shop manager. Take anything you want.

PUMPKIN: Tell everyone to cooperate and it'll be all over.

MANAGER: Everybody just be calm and cooperate with them and this will be all over soon!

PUMPKIN: Well done, now get your fucking ass on the ground. Okay people, I'm going to go 'round and collect your wallets. Don't talk, just toss 'em in the bag. We clear?

Pumpkin crosses to Jules, his tone more respectful.

PUMPKIN: In the bag. What's in that?

JULES: My boss' dirty laundry.

PUMPKIN: You boss makes you do his laundry?

JULES: When he wants it clean.

PUMPKIN: Sounds like a shit job.

JULES: Funny, I've been thinking the same thing.

PUMPKIN: Open it up.

JULES: 'Fraid I can't do that.

PUMPKIN: I didn't hear you.

JULES: Yes, you did.

HONEY BUNNY: What's going on?

PUMPKIN: Looks like we got a vigilante in our midst.

HONEY BUNNY: Shoot 'em in the face!

JULES: I don't mean to shatter your ego, but this ain't the first
time I've had gun pointed at me.

**PUMPKIN:** You don’t open up that case, it’s gonna be the last.

**MANAGER:** Quit causing problems, you’ll get us all killed! Give ’em what you got and get ’em out of here.

**JULES:** Keep your fucking mouth closed, fat man, this ain’t any of your goddamn business!

**PUMPKIN:** I’m counting to three, and if your hand ain’t off that case, I’m gonna unload right in your fucking face. Clear? One... two...

**JULES:** You win. It's all yours, Ringo.

**PUMPKIN:** Open it.

**HONEY BUNNY:** What is it? What is it?

**PUMPKIN:** Is that what I think it is? It's beautiful.

**HONEY BUNNY:** Goddammit, what is it?

*Jules' free hand grabs the wrist of Pumpkins gun hand.*

**HONEY BUNNY:** Let him go! I'll blow your fucking head off! I'll kill ya! You're gonna die, you're gonna fucking die bad!

**JULES:** Tell that bitch to be cool! Say, bitch be cool!

**PUMPKIN:** Chill out, honey!

**JULES:** Tell her it's gonna be okay.

**PUMPKIN:** I'm gonna be okay.

**JULES:** Promise her.

**PUMPKIN:** I promise.

**JULES:** Tell her to chill.

**PUMPKIN:** Just chill out.

**JULES:** What's her name?

**PUMPKIN:** Yolanda.

**JULES:** So, are we cool Yolanda? We ain’t gonna do anything stupid, are we?

**YOLANDA:** Don't you hurt him.

**JULES:** Nobody's gonna hurt anybody. We’re gonna be like three Fonzie. And what' Fonzie like? C'mon Yolanda, what's Fonzie like?

**YOLANDA:** He's cool?

**JULES:** Correct! And that's what we're gonna be, we're gonna be cool. Now Ringo, I'm gonna count to three and I want you to let go of your gun and lay your palms flat on the table. But when you do it, do it cool. Ready? One...two...three.

**YOLANDA:** Okay, now let him go!

**JULES:** Yolanda, I thought you were gonna be cool. When you yell at me, it makes me nervous. When I get nervous, I get scared. And when motherfuckers get scared, that's when motherfuckers get accidentally shot.

**YOLANDA:** Just know: you hurt him, you die.

**JULES:** That seems to be the situation. Now, I don't want that and you don't want that and Ringo here doesn't want that. So
let's see what we can do. (to Ringo) Now this is the situation. Normally both of your asses would be dead as fucking fried chicken. But you happened to pull this shit while I'm in a transitional period. I don't wanna kill ya, I want to help ya. But I'm afraid I can't give you the case. It doesn't belong to me. Besides, I went through too much shit this morning on account of this case to just hand it over to your ass.

VINCENT: What the fuck's going on here?

JULES: It's cool, Vincent! It's cool! Don't do a goddamn thing. Yolanda, it's cool baby, nothing's changed. We're still just talking. (to Pumpkin) Tell her we're still cool.

PUMPKIN: It's cool, Honey Bunny, we're still cool.

VINCENT: What the hell's going on, Jules?

JULES: Nothing I can't handle. I want you to just hang back and don't do shit unless it's absolutely necessary.

VINCENT: Check.

JULES: Yolanda, how we doin, baby?

YOLANDA: I gotta go pee! I want to go home.

JULES: Just hang in there, baby, you're doing' great, Ringo's proud of you and so am I. It's almost over. Now I want you to go in that bag and find my wallet.

PUMPKIN: Which one is it?

JULES: It's the one that says Bad Motherfucker on it. That's my bad motherfucker. Now open it up and take out the cash. How much is there?

PUMPKIN: About fifteen hundred dollars.

JULES: Put it in your pocket, it's yours. Now with the rest of them wallets and the register, that makes this a pretty successful little score.

VINCENT: Jules, if you give this nimrod fifteen hundred buck, I'm gonna shoot 'em on general principle.

JULES: You ain't gonna do a goddamn thing, now hang back and shut the fuck up. Besides, I ain't giving it to him. I'm buying something for my money. Wanna know what I'm buying Ringo?

PUMPKIN: What?

JULES: Your life. I'm giving you that money so I don't have to kill your ass. You read the Bible?

PUMPKIN: Not regularly.

JULES: There's a passage I got memorized. Ezekiel 25:17. "The path of the righteous man... ... The truth is you're the weak. And I'm the tyranny of evil men. But I'm trying. I'm trying real hard to be a shepherd.

VINCENT: I think we ought to leave now.

JULES: That's probably a good idea