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PULP FICTION"

By

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PULP [pulp] n.

1. A soft, moist, shapeless mass or matter.
2. A magazine or book containing lurid subject matter and being characteristically printed on rough, unfinished paper.

American Heritage Dictionary: New College Edition

INT. COFFEE SHOP ... MORNING

A normal Denny's, Spires-like coffee shop in Los Angeles. It's about 9:00 in the morning. While the place isn't jammed, there's a healthy number of people drinking coffee, munching on bacon and eating eggs.

Two of these people are a YOUNG MAN and a YOUNG WOMAN. The Young Man has a slight working-class English accent and, like his fellow countryman, smokes cigarettes like they're going out of style.

It is impossible to tell where the Young Woman is from or how old she is; everything she does contradicts something she did. The boy and girl sit in a booth. Their dialogue is to be said in a rapid pace "HIS GIRL FRIDAY" fashion.

YOUNG MAN

No, forget it, it's too risky. I'm through doin' 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
forgittin' are over, and the days of
me rememberin' 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,
is what I sound like.

YOUNG WOMAN

You sound like a duck.
(imitates a duck)
Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack,
quack, quack...

YOUNG MAN

Well take heart, 'cause you're never
gonna hafta hear it again. Because
since I'm never gonna do it again,
you're never gonna hafta hear me
quack about how I'm never gonna do
it again.

YOUNG WOMAN

After tonight.

The boy and girl laugh, their laughter putting a pause in
there, back and forth.

YOUNG MAN

(with a smile)
Correct. I got all tonight to quack.

A WAITRESS comes by with a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS

Can I get anybody anymore coffee?

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh yes, thank you.

The Waitress pours the Young Woman's coffee. The Young Man
lights up another cigarette.

YOUNG MAN

I'm doin' fine.

The Waitress leaves. The Young Man takes a drag off of his
smoke.

The Young Woman pours a ton of cream and sugar into her coffee.

The Young Man goes right back into it.

YOUNG MAN

I mean the way it is now, you're takin' the same fuckin' 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, 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

Fuckin' A it worked, that's what I'm talkin' about! Knucklehead walks in a bank with a telephone, not a pistol, not a shotgun, but a fuckin' phone, cleans the place out, and they don't lift a fuckin' 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 sayin' I wanna rob banks, I'm just illustrating that if we did, it would be easier than what we been doin'.

YOUNG WOMAN

So you don't want to be a bank robber?

YOUNG MAN

Naw, all those guys are goin' down
the same road, either dead or servin'
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 usta be. Too
many foreigners own liquor stores.
Vietnamese, Koreans, they can't
fuckin' speak English. You tell 'em:
"Empty out the register," and they
don't know what it fuckin' 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 of them. And
if it's not the gooks, it these old
Jews who've owned the store for
fifteen fuckin' generations. Ya got
Grandpa Irving sittin' behind the
counter with a fuckin' Magnum. Try
walkin' into one of those stores
with nothin' 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

(laughing)
Not this life.

YOUNG WOMAN

Well what then?

He calls to the Waitress.

YOUNG MAN
Garçon! Coffee!

Then looks to his girl.

YOUNG MAN
This place.

The Waitress comes by, pouring him some more.

WAITRESS
(snotty)
"Garçon" means boy.

She splits.

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 stickin' 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
(taking to idea)
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 tryin' to get ya out the door before you start pluggin' diners. Waitresses, forget it, they ain't takin' a bullet for the register. Busboys, some wetback gettin' paid a dollar fifty a hour gonna really give a fuck you're stealin' from the owner. Customers are sittin' there with food in their mouths, they don't know what's goin' on. One minute they're havin' a Denver omelet, next minute somebody's stickin' a gun in their face.

The Young Woman visibly takes in the idea. The Young Man continues in a low voice.

YOUNG MAN

See, I got the idea last liquor store
we stuck up. 'Member all those
customers kept comin' in?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yeah.

YOUNG MAN

Then you got the idea to take
everybody's wallet.

YOUNG WOMAN

Uh-huh.

YOUNG MAN

That was a good idea.

YOUNG WOMAN

Thanks.

YOUNG MAN

We made more from the wallets than
we did 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?

The Young Woman scans the restaurant with this new
information.

She sees all the PATRONS eating, lost in conversations. The
tired WAITRESS, taking orders. The BUSBOYS going through the
motions, collecting dishes. The MANAGER complaining to the
COOK about something. A smiles breaks out on the Young Woman's
face.

YOUNG WOMAN

Pretty smart.

(into it)

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.

They both take out their .32-caliber pistols and lay them on the table. He looks at her and she back at him.

YOUNG WOMAN

I love you, Pumpkin.

YOUNG MAN

I love you, Honey Bunny.

And with that, Pumpkin and Honey Bunny grab their weapons, stand up and rob the restaurant. Pumpkin's robbery persona is that of the in-control professional. Honey Bunny's is that of the psychopathic, hair-triggered, loose cannon.

PUMPKIN

(yelling to all)

Everybody be cool this is a robbery!

HONEY BUNNY

Any of you fuckin' pricks move and I'll execute every one of you motherfuckers! Got that?

CUT TO:

CREDIT SEQUENCE:

"PULP FICTION"

INT. '74 CHEVY (MOVING) ... MORNING

An old gas guzzling, dirty, white 1974 Chevy Nova BARRELS down a homeless-ridden street in Hollywood. In the front seat are two young fellas ... one white, one black ... both wearing cheap black suits with thin black ties under long green dusters. Their names are VINCENT VEGA (white) and JULES WINNFIELD (black). Jules is behind the wheel.

JULES

... Okay now, tell me about the hash bars?

VINCENT

What so 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 puffin' 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 this to search you. Searching you is a right that the cops in Amsterdam don't have.

JULES

That did it, man ... I'm fuckin' goin', 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 lotta 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'd they call it?

VINCENT
Royale with Cheese.

JULES
(repeating)
Royale with Cheese. What'd they call
a Big Mac?

VINCENT
Big Mac's a Big Mac, but they call
it Le Big Mac.

JULES
Le Big Mac. 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 seen 'em do it. And I don't mean a
little bit on the side of the plate,
they fuckin' drown 'em in it.

JULES
Uuccch!

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVY (TRUNK) ... MORNING

The trunk of the Chevy OPENS UP, Jules and Vincent reach inside, taking out two .45 Automatics, loading and cocking them.

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 fuckin' shotguns.

They CLOSE the trunk.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING COURTYARD ... MORNING

Vincent and Jules, their long matching overcoats practically dragging on the ground, walk through the courtyard of what looks like a hacienda-style Hollywood apartment building.

We TRACK alongside.

VINCENT

What's her name?

JULES

Mia.

VINCENT

How did Marsellus and her meet?

JULES

I dunno, however people meet people.
She usta be an actress.

VINCENT

She ever do anything I woulda saw?

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.

They enter the apartment building.

INT. RECEPTION AREA (APARTMENT BUILDING) ... MORNING

Vincent and Jules walk through the reception area and wait
for the elevator.

JULES

You remember Antwan Rockamora? Half-
black, half-Samoan, usta 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.

The elevator arrives, the men step inside.

INT. ELEVATOR ... MORNING

VINCENT

What'd he do, fuck her?

JULES

No no no no no no, nothin' that bad.

VINCENT

Well what then?

JULES

He gave her a foot massage.

VINCENT

A foot massage?

Jules nods his head: "Yes."

VINCENT

That's all?

Jules nods his head: "Yes."

VINCENT

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 them greenhouses ... nigger fell through that. Since then, he's kinda developed a speech impediment.

The elevator doors open, Jules and Vincent exit.

VINCENT

That's a damn shame.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY ... MORNING

STEADICAM in front of Jules and Vincent as they make a beeline down the hall.

VINCENT

Still I hafta say, play with matches, ya get burned.

JULES

Whaddya mean?

VINCENT

You don't be givin' 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 eatin' her out ... no, but you're in the same fuckin' ballpark.

Jules stops Vincent.

JULES

Whoa... whoa... whoa... stop right there. Eatin' a bitch out, and givin' a bitch a foot massage ain't even the same fuckin' 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 touchin' his lady's feet, and stickin' your tongue in her holyiest of holyies, ain't the same ballpark, ain't the same league, ain't even the same fuckin' sport. Foot massages don't mean shit.

VINCENT

Have you ever given a foot massage?

JULES

Don't be tellin' me about foot massages ... I'm the foot fuckin' master.

VINCENT

Given a lot of 'em?

JULES

Shit yeah. I got my technique down man, I don't tickle or nothin'.

VINCENT

Have you ever given a guy a foot massage?

Jules looks at him a long moment ... he's been set up.

JULES

Fuck you.

He starts walking down the hall. Vincent, smiling, walks a little bit behind.

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 gittin'
pissed ... this is the door.

The two men stand in front of the door numbered "49." They
whisper.

JULES

What time is it?

VINCENT

(checking his watch)
Seven-twenty-two in the morning.

JULES

It ain't quite time, let's hang back.

They move a little away from the door, facing each other,
still whispering.

JULES

Look, just because I wouldn't give
no man a foot massage, don't make it
right for Marsellus to throw Antwan
off a building into a glass-
motherfuckin-house, fuckin' 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'a motherfucker.

VINCENT

I'm not sayin' he was right, but
you're sayin' a foot massage don't
mean nothing, and I'm sayin' it does.
I've given a million ladies a million
foot massages and they all meant
somethin'. We act like they don't,
but they do. That's what's so fuckin'
cool about 'em. This sensual thing's
goin' on that nobody's talkin about,
but you know it and she knows it,
fuckin' Marsellus knew it, and Antwan
shoulda known fuckin' better. That's
his fuckin' 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 leavin' 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 takin' 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 somethin'. It's just... you know... good company.

Jules just looks at him.

VINCENT

It's not a date.

Jules just looks at him.

INT. APARTMENT (ROOM 49) ... MORNING

THREE YOUNG GUYS, obviously in over their heads, sit at a table with hamburgers, french fries and soda pops laid out.

One of them flips the LOUD BOLT on the door, opening it to REVEAL Jules and Vincent in the hallway.

JULES

Hey kids.

The two men stroll inside.

The three young caught-off-guard Guys are:

MARVIN, the black young man, who open the door, will, as the scene progresses, back into the corner.

ROGER, a young blond-haired surfer kid with a "Flock of Seagulls" haircut, who has yet to say a word, sits at the table with a big sloppy hamburger in his hand.

BRETT, a white, preppy-looking sort with a blow-dry haircut.

Vincent and Jules take in the place, with their hands in their pockets. Jules is the one who does the talking.

JULES
How you boys doin'?

No answer.

JULES
(to Brett)
Am I trippin', or did I just ask you
a question.

BRETT
We're doin' okay.

As Jules and Brett talk, Vincent moves behind the young Guys.

JULES
Do you know who we are?

Brett shakes his head: "No."

JULES
We're associates of your business
partner Marsellus Wallace, you
remember your business partner
dont'ya?

No answer.

JULES
(to Brett)
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, dont'ya Brett?

BRETT

I remember him.

JULES

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

BRETT

Hamburgers.

JULES

Hamburgers. The cornerstone of any nutritious breakfast. What kinda 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

Uuummmm, that's a tasty burger.

(to Vincent)
Vince, you ever try a Big Kahuna
Burger?

VINCENT
No.

Jules holds out the Big Kahuna.

JULES
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.

(to Brett)
You know what they call a Quarter
Pounder with Cheese in France?

BRETT
No.

JULES
Tell 'em, Vincent.

VINCENT
Royale with Cheese.

JULES
Royale with Cheese, you know why
they call it that?

BRETT
Because of the metric system?

JULES
Check out the big brain on Brett.
You'a smart motherfucker, that's
right. The metric system.

(he points to a fast
food drink cup)
What's in this?

BRETT
Sprite.

JULES

Sprite, good, mind if I have some of
your tasty beverage to wash this
down with?

BRETT

Sure.

Jules grabs the cup and takes a sip.

JULES

Uuuuummmm, hit's 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 askin' you a
goddamn thing.
(to Roger)
You were sayin'?

ROGER

It's under the bed.

Vincent moves to the bed, reaches underneath it, pulling out
a black snap briefcase.

VINCENT

Got it.

Vincent flips the two locks, opening the case. We can't see
what's inside, but a small glow emits from the case. Vincent
just stares at it, transfixed.

JULES

We happy?

No answer from the transfixed Vincent.

JULES

Vincent!

Vincent looks up at Jules.

JULES

We happy?

Closing the case.

VINCENT

We're happy.

BRETT

(to Jules)

Look, what's your name? I got his name's Vincent, but what's yours?

JULES

My name's Pitt, and you ain't talkin' 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 ...

As Brett talks, Jules takes out his gun and SHOOTs Roger three times in the chest, BLOWING him out of his chair.

Vince smiles to himself. Jules has got style.

Brett has just shit his pants. He's not crying or whimpering, but he's so full of fear, it's as if his body is imploding.

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."

Brett can't say a word.

JULES

Whatsamatter? Oh, you were through anyway. Well, let me retort. Would you describe for me what Marsellus Wallace looks like?

Brett still can't speak.

Jules SNAPS, SAVAGELY TIPPING the card table over, removing the only barrier between himself and Brett. Brett now sits

in a lone chair before Jules like a political prisoner in front of an interrogator.

JULES

What country you from!

BRETT

(petrified)

What?

JULES

"What" ain't no country I know! Do they speak English in "What?"

BRETT

(near heart attack)

What?

JULES

English-motherfucker-do-you-speak-it?

BRETT

Yes.

JULES

Then you understand what I'm sayin'?

BRETT

Yes.

JULES

Now describe what Marsellus Wallace looks like!

BRETT

(out of fear)

What?

Jules takes his .45 and PRESSES the barrel HARD in Brett's cheek.

JULES

Say "What" again! C'mon, say "What" again! I dare ya, I double dare ya motherfucker, say "What" one more goddamn time!

Brett is regressing on the spot.

JULES

Now describe to me what Marsellus Wallace looks like!

Brett does his best.

BRETT

Well he's... he's... black ...

JULES

...go on!

BRETT

...and he's... he's... bald...

JULES

...does he look like a bitch?!

BRETT

(without thinking)

What?

Jules' eyes go to Vincent, Vincent smirks, Jules rolls his eyes and SHOOT Brett in the shoulder.

Brett SCREAMS, breaking into a SHAKING/TREMBLING SPASM in the chair.

JULES

Does-he-look-like-a-bitch?!

BRETT

(in agony)

No.

JULES

Then why did you try to fuck 'im like a bitch?!

BRETT

(in spasm)

I didn't.

Now in a lower voice.

JULES

Yes ya did Brett. Ya tried ta fuck 'im. You ever read the Bible, Brett?

BRETT

(in spasm)

Yes.

JULES

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 at the same time on the sitting Brett.

AGAINST BLACK, TITLE CARD:

"VINCENT VEGA AND MARSELLUS WALLACE'S WIFE"

FADE IN:

MEDIUM SHOT ... BUTCH COOLIDGE

We FADE UP on BUTCH COOLIDGE, a white, 26-year-old prizefighter. Butch sits at a table wearing a red and blue high school athletic jacket. Talking to him OFF SCREEN is everybody's boss MARSELLUS WALLACE. The black man sounds like a cross between a gangster and a king.

MARSELLUS (O.S.)

I think you're gonna find ... when all this shit is over and done ... I think you're gonna find yourself one smilin' motherfucker. Thing is Butch, right now you got ability. But painful as it may be, ability don't last. Now that's a hard motherfuckin' fact of life, but it's a fact of life your ass is gonna hafta git 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.

A hand lays an envelope full of money on the table in front of Butch. Butch picks it up.

MARSELLUS (O.S.)

Now the night of the fight, you may
fell a slight sting, that's pride
fuckin' wit ya. Fuck pride! Pride
only hurts, it never helps. Fight
through that shit. 'Cause a year
from now, when you're kickin' it in
the Caribbean you're gonna say,
"Marsellus Wallace was right."

BUTCH

I got no problem with that.

MARSELLUS (O.S.)

In the fifth, your ass goes down.

Butch nods his head: "yes."

MARSELLUS (O.S.)

Say it!

BUTCH

In the fifth, my ass goes down.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR (MOVING) ... DAY

Vincent Vega looks really cool behind the wheel of a 1964
cherry red Chevy Malibu convertible. From the car radio,
ROCKABILLY MUSIC PLAYS. The b.g. is a COLORFUL PROCESS SHOT.

EXT. SALLY LEROY'S ... DAY

Sally LeRoy's is a large topless bar by LAX that Marsellus
owns.

Vincent's classic Malibu WHIPS into the near empty parking
lot and parks next to a white Honda Civic.

Vince knocks on the door. The front entrance is unlocked,
revealing the Dapper Dan fellow on the inside: ENGLISH DAVE.
Dave isn't really English, he's a young black man from Baldwin
Park, who has run a few clubs for Marsellus, including Sally
LeRoy's.

ENGLISH DAVE

Vincent Vega, our man in Amsterdam,
git your ass on in here.

Vincent, carrying the black briefcase from the scene between Vincent and Jules, steps inside. English Dave SLAMS the door in our faces.

INT. SALLY LEROY'S ... DAY

The spacious club is empty this time of day. English Dave crosses to the bar, and Vince follows.

VINCENT

Where's the big man?

ENGLISH DAVE

He's over there, finishing up some business.

VINCENT'S POV: Butch shakes hands with a huge figure with his back to us. The huge figure is the infamous and as of yet still UNSEEN Marsellus.

ENGLISH DAVE (O.S.)

Hang back for a second or two, and when you see the white boy leave, go on over. In the meanwhile, can I make you an espresso?

VINCENT

How 'bout a cup of just plain lo' American?

ENGLISH DAVE

Comin' 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 fuckin' 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 puts Vince's coffee in front of him.

ENGLISH DAVE

My name's Paul, and this is between
y'all.

Butch bellies up to the bar next to Vincent, drinking his
cup of "Plain ol' American."

BUTCH

(to English Dave)

Can I get a pack'a Red Apples?

ENGLISH DAVE

Filters?

BUTCH

Non.

While Butch waits for his smokes, Vincent just sips his
coffee, staring at him. Butch looks over at him.

BUTCH

Lookin' at somethin', friend?

VINCENT

I ain't your friend, palooka.

Butch does a slow turn toward Vincent.

BUTCH

What was that?

VINCENT

I think ya heard me just fine, punchy.

Butch turns his body to Vincent, when...

MARSELLUS (O.S.)

Vincent Vega has entered the building,
git your ass over here!

Vincent walks forward OUT OF FRAME, never giving Butch another
glance. We DOLLY INTO CU on Butch, left alone in the FRAME,
looking like he's ready to go into the manners-teaching
business.

BUTCH'S POV: Vincent hugging and kissing the obscured figure

that is Marsellus.

Butch makes the wise decision that is this asshole's a friend of Marsellus, he better let it go...for now.

ENGLISH DAVE (O.S.)
Pack of Red Apples, dollar-forty.

Butch is snapped out of his ass-kicking thoughts. He pays English Dave and walks out of the SHOT.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LANCE'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) ... NIGHT

CLOSEUP ... JODY

A woman who appears to have a fondness for earrings. Both of her ears are pierced five times. She also sports rings in her lips, eyebrows and nose.

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

Jody, Vincent and a young woman named TRUDI sit at the kitchen table of a suburban house in Echo Park. Even though Vince is at the same table, he's not included in the conversation.

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.

Vince has been letting this conversation go through one ear and out the other, until that last remark.

VINCENT
(interrupting)
Excuse me, sorry to interrupt. I'm

curious, why would you get a stud in
your tongue?

Jody looks at him and says as if it were the most obvious
thing in the world.

JODY

It's a sex thing. It helps fellatio.

That thought never occurred to Vincent, but he can't deny it
makes sense. Jody continues talking to Trudi, leaving Vincent
to ponder the truth of her statement.

LANCE (O.S.)

Vince, you can come in now!

INT. LANCE'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

Lance, late 20s, is a young man with a wild and woolly
appearance that goes hand-in-hand with his wild and woolly
personality. LANCE has been selling drugs his entire adult
life. He's never had a day job, never filed a tax return and
has never been arrested. He wears a red flannel shirt over a
"Speed Racer" tee-shirt.

Three bags of heroin lie on Lance's bed.

Lance and Vincent stand at the foot of the bed.

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...

(pointing to the Choco)

...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 fuckin'
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 fuckin' week.

VINCENT

That's a bold statement.

LANCE

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

Vincent takes out a roll of money that would choke a horse
to death.

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 hand out an' get
high?

VINCENT

Which one's Trudi? The one with all
the shit in her face?

LANCE

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

Vincent and Lance giggle at the "faux pas."

VINCENT

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

LANCE

No problem?

Vincent takes out his case of the works (utensils for shooting
up).

VINCENT

You don't mind if I shoot up here?

LANCE
Me casa, su casa.

VINCENT
Mucho gracias.

Vincent takes his works out of his case and, as the two continue to talk, Vince shoots up.

LANCE
Still got your Malibu?

VINCENT
You know what some fucker did to it the other day?

LANCE
What?

VINCENT
Fuckin' 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 fuckin' days ... five days, and some dickless piece of shit fucks with it.

LANCE
They should be fuckin' killed. No trial, no jury, straight to execution.

As he cooks his heroin...

VINCENT
I just wish I caught 'em doin' it, ya know? Oh man, I'd give anything to catch 'em doin' it. It'a been worth his doin' it, if I coulda just caught 'em, you know what I mean?

LANCE
It's chicken shit. You don't fuck another man's vehicle.

CLOSEUP ... THE NEEDLE

Going into Vincent's vein.

CLOSEUP, BLOOD

Spurting back into the syringe, mixing with the heroin.

CLOSEUP, VINCENT'S THUMB

Pushing down on the plunger.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARSELLUS WALLACE'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Vincent walks toward the house and pulls a note off the door

CLOSEUP, NOTE

The Note reads:

"Hi Vincent, I'm getting dressed. The door's open. Come inside and make yourself a drink. Mia"

MIA (V.O.)

Hi, Vincent. I'm getting dressed.
The door's open. Come inside and
make yourself a drink.

FADE TO WHITE

Music in.

FADE TO:

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM, NIGHT

Vincent enters on the background.

VINCENT

Hello?

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / DRESSING ROOM, NIGHT

MIA, Marcellus' beautiful young wife. Video screens are in the background. Dusty Springfield is singing "SON OF A PREACHER MAN".

Mia's mouth comes toward a microphone.

MIA

(into microphone)
Vincent.

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM, NIGHT

Vincent turns.

MIA
(over intercom)
Vincent. I'm on the intercom.

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / DRESSING ROOM, NIGHT

MIA
(into microphone)
It's on the wall by the two African
fellas.

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM, NIGHT

MIA
(over intercom)
To your right.

Vincent walks.

MIA
...warm. Warmer. Disco.

Vincent finds the intercom on the wall.

VINCENT
Hello.

MIA
(over intercom)
Push the button if you want to talk.

VINCENT
(into intercom)
Hello.

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / DRESSING ROOM, NIGHT

MIA
(into microphone)
Go make yourself a drink., and I'll
be down in two shakes of a lamb's
tail.

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM, NIGHT

MIA
(over intercom)
The bar's by the fireplace.

VINCENT
(into intercom)

Okay.
(licks lips)

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / DRESSING ROOM, NIGHT

A video screen with an image of Vincent, walking. The Dusty Springfield song continues.

Mia turns a knob which controls the movement of the video camera in Marcellus' living room.

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM, NIGHT

Vincent picks up a bottle of scotch. He sniffs the bottle, and then pours it into a glass.

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / DRESSING ROOM, NIGHT

A razor blade cuts cocaine on a mirror.

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM, NIGHT

Vincent drinks a glass of scotch.

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / DRESSING ROOM, NIGHT

Mia sniffs the cocaine.

INT. MARCELLUS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM, NIGHT

Vincent sips the drink and looks at a portrait of Mia on the wall.

Mia walks into the room, and takes the needle off a record. The Dusty Springfield song stops.

MIA
Let's go.

EXT. JACKRABBIT SLIM'S ... NIGHT

In the past six years, 50's diners have sprung up all over L.A., giving Thai restaurants a run for their money. They're all basically the same. Decor out of an "Archie" comic book, Golden Oldies constantly emanating from a bubbly Wurlitzer, saucy waitresses in bobby socks, menus with items like the Fats Domino Cheeseburger, or the Wolfman Jack Omelet, and over prices that pay for all this bullshit.

But then there's JACKRABBIT SLIM'S, the big mama of 50's diners.

Either the best or the worst, depending on your point of

view.

Vincent's Malibu pulls up to the restaurant. A big sign with a neon figure of a cartoon surly cool cat jackrabbit in a red windbreaker towers over the establishment. Underneath the cartoon is the name: JACKRABBIT SLIM'S. Underneath that is the slogan: "Next best thing to a time machine."

VINCENT

What the fuck is this place?

MIA

This is Jackrabbit Slim's. An Elvis man should love it.

VINCENT

Come on, Mia, let's go get a steak.

MIA

You can get a steak here, daddy-o.
Don't be a...

Mia draws a square with her hands. Dotted lines appear on the screen, forming a square. The lines disperse.

VINCENT

After you, kitty-cat.

INT. JACKRABBIT SLIM'S, NIGHT

Compared to the interior, the exterior was that of a quaint English pub. Posters from 50's A.I.P. movies are all over the wall

("ROCK ALL NIGHT," "HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL," "ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTER," and "MACHINE GUN KELLY"). The booths that the patrons sit in are made out of the cut-up bodies of 50s cars.

In the middle of the restaurant in a dance floor. A big sign on the wall states, "No shoes allowed." Some wannabe beboppers (actually Melrose-types), do the twist in their socks or Bare feet.

The picture windows don't look out the street, but instead, B & W movies of 50's street scenes play behind them. The WAITRESSES and WAITERS are made up as replicas of 50's icons: MARILYN MONROE, ZORRO, JAMES DEAN, DONNA REED, MARTIN and LEWIS, and THE PHILIP MORRIS MIDGET, wait on tables wearing appropriate costumes.

Vincent and Mia study the menu in a booth made out of a red '59 Edsel. BUDDY HOLLY (their waiter), comes over, sporting

a big button on his chest that says: "Hi I'm Buddy, pleasing you please me."

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.

BUDDY

How d'ya want that shake, Martin and Lewis, or Amos and Andy?

MIA

Martin and Lewis.

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?

BUDDY

Yep.

VINCENT

You don't put bourbon in it or anything?

BUDDY

Nope.

VINCENT

Just checking.

Buddy exits.

Vincent takes a look around the place. The YUPPIES are dancing, the DINERS are biting into big, juicy hamburgers, and the icons are playing their parts. Marilyn is squealing, The Midget is paging Philip Morris, Donna Reed is making her customers drink their milk, and Dean and Jerry are acting a fool.

MIA

Whaddya think?

VINCENT

It's like a wax museum with a pulse rate.

Vincent takes out his pouch of tobacco and begins rolling himself a smoke.

After a second of watching him ...

MIA

What are you doing?

VINCENT

Rollin' a smoke.

MIA

Here?

VINCENT

It's just tobacco.

MIA

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

As he finishes licking it...

VINCENT

You can have this one, cowgirl.

He hands her the rolled smoke. She takes it, putting it to her lips. Out of nowhere appears a Zippo lighter in Vincent's hand. He lights it.

MIA

Thanks.

VINCENT

Think nothing of it.

He begins rolling one for himself.

As this time, the SOUND of a subway car fills the diner, making everything SHAKE and RATTLE. Marilyn Monroe runs to a square vent in the floor. An imaginary subway train BLOWS the skirt of her white dress around her ears as she lets out a squeal. The entire restaurant applauds.

Back to Mia and Vincent.

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 show about a team of female secret agents called "Fox Force Five."

VINCENT

What?

MIA

"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 woulda got picked up, they woulda worked in a gimmick where every episode I woulda told and ol 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

(laughing)

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 wraps her lips around the straw of 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.

She slides the shake over to him.

MIA
You can use my straw, I don't have kooties.

Vincent smiles.

VINCENT
Yeah, but maybe I do.

MIA
Kooties I can handle.

He takes a sip.

VINCENT
Goddamn! That's a pretty fuckin' good milk shake.

MIA

Told ya.

VINCENT

I don't know if it's worth five dollars, but it's pretty fuckin' good.

He slides the shake back.

Then the first of an uncomfortable silence happens.

MIA

Don't you hate that?

VINCENT

What?

MIA

Uncomfortable silences. Why do we feel it's necessary to yak about bullshit in order to be comfortable?

VINCENT

I don't know.

MIA

That's when you know you found somebody special. When you can just shit 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.

INT. JACKRABBIT SLIM'S (LADIES ROOM), NIGHT

Mia powders her nose by doing a big line of coke off the bathroom sink. Her head jerks up from the rush.

MIA

(imitating Steppenwolf)

I said goddamn!

INT. JACKRABBIT SLIM'S (DINING AREA), NIGHT

Vincent digs into his Douglas Sirk steak. As he chews, his eyes scan the Hellsapopinish restaurant.

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 shoulda sat in Marilyn Monroe's section.

MIA

Which one, there's two Marilyn Monroes.

VINCENT

No there's not.

Pointing at Marilyn in the white dress serving a table.

VINCENT

That's Marilyn Monroe...

Then, pointing at a BLONDE WAITRESS in a tight sweater and capri pants, taking an order from a bunch of FILM GEEKS ...

VINCENT

... 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

Oooohhhh, 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 woulda 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 Antwan?

MIA

Who's Antwan?

VINCENT

Tony 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 and Vincent smile.

MIA
They talk a lot, don't they?

VINCENT
They certainly do.

MIA
Well don't be shy Vincent, what exactly did they say?

Vincent is slow to answer.

MIA
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?

VINCENT
Yeah.

MIA

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.

CUT TO:

ED SULLIVAN AND MARILYN MONROE STAND ON STAGE

ED SULLIVAN

(into microphone)

Ladies and gentlemen, now the moment you've all been waiting for, the worldfamous Jackrabbit Slim's twist contest.

Patrons cheer.

Ed Sullivan is with Marilyn Monroe, who holds a trophy.

ED SULLIVAN
...One lucky couple will win this
handsome trophy that Marilyn here is
holding.

Marilyn holds the trophy.

ED SULLIVAN
...Now, who will be our first
contestants?

Mia holds her hand.

MIA
Right here.

Vincent reacts.

MIA
I wanna dance.

VINCENT
No, no, no no, no, no, no, no.

MIA
(overlapping)
No, no, no, no, no, no, no. I do
believe Marsellus, my husband, your
boss, told you to take me out and do
whatever I wanted, Now, I want to
dance. I want to win. I want that
trophy.

VINCENT
(sighs)
All right.

MIA
So, dance good.

VINCENT
All right, you asked for it.

Vincent and Mia walk onto the dance floor, toward Ed Sullivan.

ED SULLIVAN
(into microphone)
Let's hear it for our first
contestants.

Patrons cheer.

Vincent and Mia walk up to the microphone.

ED SULLIVAN

Now let's meet our first contestants here this evening. Young lady, what is your name?

MIA

(into microphone)
Missus Mia Wallace.

ED SULLIVAN

(into microphone)
And, uh, how 'bout your fella here?

MIA

(into microphone)
Vincent Vega.

ED SULLIVAN

(into microphone)
All right, let's see what you can do. Take it away!

Mia and Vincent dance to Chuck Berry's "YOU NEVER CAN TELL". They make hand movements as they dance.

INT. MARSELLUS WALLACE'S HOME, NIGHT

The front door FLINGS open, and Mia and Vincent dance tango-style into the house, singing a cappella the song from the previous scene. They finish their little dance, laughing.

Then...

The two just stand face to face looking at each other.

VINCENT

Was that an uncomfortable silence?

MIA

I don't know what that was.
(pause)
Music and drinks!

Mia moves away to attend to both. Vincent hangs up his overcoat on a big bronze coat rack in the alcove.

VINCENT

I'm gonna take a piss.

MIA

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

Vincent shuffles off to the john.

Mia moves to her CD player, thumbs through a stack of CDs
and selects one: k.d. lang. The speakers BLAST OUT a high
energy country number, which Mia plays air-guitar to. She
dances her way around the room and finds herself by Vincent's
overcoat hanging on the rack. She touches its sleeve. It
feels good.

Her hand hoes in its pocket and pulls out his tobacco pouch.
Like a little girl playing cowboy, she spreads the tobacco
on some rolling paper. Imitating what he did earlier, licks
the paper and rolls it into a pretty good cigarette. Maybe a
little too fat, but not bad for a first try. Mia thinks so
anyway. Her hand reaches back in the pocket and pulls out
his Zippo lighter. She SLAPS the lighter against her leg,
trying to light it fancy-style like Vince did. What do you
know, she did it! Mia's one happy clam. She triumphantly
brings the fat flame up to her fat smoke, lighting it up,
then LOUDLY SNAPS the Zippo closed.

The Mia-made cigarette is brought up to her lips, and she
takes a long, cool drag. Her hand slides the Zippo back in
the overcoat pocket. But wait, her fingers touch something
else. Those fingers bring out a plastic bag with white powder
inside, the madman that Vincent bought earlier from Lance.
Wearing a big smile, Mia brings the bag of heroin up to her
face.

MIA
(like you would say
Bingo!)
Disco! Vince, you little cola nut,
you've been holding out on me.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM (MARSELLUS WALLACE'S HOUSE), NIGHT

Vincent stands at the sink, washing his hands, 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.

LIVING ROOM

Mia has the unbeknownst-to-her heroin cut up into big lines on her glass top coffee table. Taking her trusty hundred dollar bill like a human Dust-Buster, she quickly snorts the fat line.

CLOSEUP ... MIA

Her head JERKS back. Her hands go to her nose (which feels like it's on fucking fire), something is terribly wrong. Then... the rush hits...

BATHROOM

Vincent dries his hands on a towel while he continues his dialogue with the mirror.

VINCENT

...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.

LIVING ROOM

Mia is on all fours trying to crawl to the bathroom, but it's like she's trying to crawl with the bones removed from her knees. Blood begins to drip from Mia's nose. Then her stomach gets into the act and she VOMITS.

BATHROOM

Vince continues.

VINCENT

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.

Now that he's given himself a little pep talk, Vincent's ready for whatever's waiting for him on the other side of that door. So he goes through it.

LIVING ROOM

We follow behind Vincent as he walks from the bathroom to the living room, where he finds Mia lying on the floor like a rag doll. She's twisted on her back. Blood and puke are down her front. And her face is contorted. Not out of the tightness of pain, but just the opposite, the muscles in her

face are so relaxed, she lies still with her mouth wide open. Slack-jawed.

VINCENT
Jesus Christ!

Vincent moves like greased lightning to Mia's fallen body. Bending down where she lays, he puts his fingers on her neck to check her pulse. She slightly stirs.

Mia is aware of Vincent over her, speaking to her.

VINCENT
(sounding weird)
Mia! MIA! What the hell happened?

But she's unable to communicate Mia makes a few lost mumbles, but they're not distinctive enough to be called words.

Vincent props her eyelids open and sees the story.

VINCENT
(to himself)
I'll be a son-of-a-bitch.
(to Mia)
Mia! MIA! What did you take? Answer me honey, what did you take?

Mia is incapable of answering. He SLAPS her face hard.

Vincent SPRINGS up and RUNS to his overcoat, hanging on the rack.

He goes through the pockets FRANTICALLY. It's gone. Vincent makes a beeline to Mia. We follow.

VINCENT
(yelling to Mia)
Okay honey, we're getting you on your feet.

He reaches her and hoists the dead weight up in his arms.

VINCENT
We're on our feet now, and now we're gonna talk out to the car. Here we go, watch us walk.

We follow behind as he hurriedly walks the practically-unconscious Mia through the house and out the front door.

EXT. VINCENT'S HOT ROD (MOVING), NIGHT

INSERT SPEEDOMETER: red needle on a hundred.

Vincent driving like a madman in a town without traffic laws, speeds the car into turns and up and over hills.

INT. VINCENT'S HOT ROD (MOVING), NIGHT

Vincent, one hand firmly on the wheel, the other shifting like Robocop, both eyes staring straight ahead except when he glances over at Mia.

Mia, slack-jawed expression, mouth gaping, posture of a bag of water.

Vincent takes a cellular phone out of his pocket. He punches a number.

INT. LANCE'S HOUSE, NIGHT

At this late hour, LANCE has transformed from a bon vivant drug dealer to a bathrobe creature.

He sits in a big comfy chair, ratty blue gym pants, a worn-out but comfortable tee-shirt that has, written on it, "TAFT, CALIFORNIA", and a moth-ridden terry cloth robe. In his hand is a bowl of Cap'n Crunch with Crunch Berries. In front of him on the coffee table is a jug of milk, the box the Cap'n Crunch with Crunch Berries came out of, and a hash pipe in an ashtray.

On the big-screen TV in front of the table is the Three Stooges, and they're getting married.

PREACHER (EMIL SIMKUS)

(on TV)

Hold hands, you love birds.

The phone RINGS.

Lance puts down his cereal and makes his way to the phone.

It RINGS again.

Jody, his wife, CALLS from the bedroom, obviously woken up.

JODY (O.S.)

Lance! The phone's ringing!

LANCE

(calling back)

I can hear it!

JODY (O.S.)

I thought you told those fuckin'
assholes never to call this late!

LANCE

(by the phone)

I told 'em and that's what I'm gonna
tell this fuckin' asshole right now!

(he answers the phone)

Hello, do you know how late it is?
You're not supposed to be callin' me
this fuckin' late.

BACK TO:

VINCENT IN THE MALIBU

Vincent is still driving like a stripe-assed ape, clutching
the phone to his ear. WE CUT BACK AND FORTH during the
conversation.

VINCENT

Lance, this is Vincent, I'm in big
fuckin' 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 adrenaline shot?

LANCE

(dawning on him)

Maybe.

VINCENT

I need it man, I got a chick she's
fuckin' Doing on me.

LANCE

Don't bring her here! I'm not even
fuckin' joking with you, don't you
be bringing some fucked up pooh-butt
to my house!

VINCENT

No choice.

LANCE

She's ODin'?

VINCENT

Yeah. She's dyin'.

LANCE

Then bite the fuckin' bullet, take 'er to a hospital and call a lawyer!

VINCENT

Negative.

LANCE

She ain't my fuckin' problem, you fucked her up, you deal with it ... are you talkin' to me on a cellular phone?

VINCENT

Sorry.

LANCE

I don't know you, who is this, don't come here, I'm hangin' up.

VINCENT

Too late, I'm already here.

At that moment inside Lance's house, WE HEAR VINCENT's Malibu coming up the street. Lance hangs up the phone, goes to his curtains and YANKS the cord. The curtains open with a WHOOSH in time to see Vincent's Malibu DRIVING UP on his front lawn and CRASHING into his house. The window Lance is looking out of SHATTERS from the impact.

JODY (O.S.)

What the hell was that?

Lance CHARGES from the window, out the door to his front lawn.

EXT. LANCE'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Vincent is already out of the car, working on getting Mia out.

LANCE

Have you lost your mind?! You crashed your car in my fuckin' house! You talk about drug shit on a cellular fuckin' phone ...

VINCENT

If you're through havin' your little hissy fit, this chick is dyin', get your needle and git it now!

LANCE

Are you deaf? You're not bringin'
that fucked up bitch in my house!

VINCENT

This fucked up bitch is Marsellus
Wallace's wife. Now if she fuckin'
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 coulda saved her life, but
instead you let her die on your front
lawn.

INT. LANCE'S HOUSE ... NIGHT

WE START in Lance's and Jody's bedroom.

Jody, in bed, throws off the covers and stands up. She's
wearing a long tee-shirt with a picture of Fred Flintstone
on it.

We follow HANDHELD behind her as she opens the door, walking
through the hall into the living room.

JODY

It's only one-thirty in the goddamn
mornin'! What the fuck's goin' on
out here?

As she walks in the living room, she sees Vincent and Lance
standing over Mia, who's lying on the floor in the middle of
the room.

From here on in, everything in this scene is frantic, like a
DOCUMENTARY in an emergency ward, with the big difference
here being nobody knows what the fuck they're doing.

JODY

Who's she?

Lance looks up at Jody.

LANCE

Get that black box in the bedroom I
have with the adrenaline shot.

JODY

What's wrong with her?

VINCENT

She's ODing on us.

JODY

Well get her the hell outta here!

LANCE AND VINCENT

(in stereo)

Get the fuckin' shot!

JODY

Don't yell and me!

She angrily turns and disappears into the bedroom looking for the shot.

WE MOVE into the room with the two men.

VINCENT

(to Lance)

You two are a match made in heaven.

LANCE

Look, just keep talkin' to her, okay?
While she's gettin' 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 adrenaline 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
joypoppin' with bubble-gummers, all
of my friends can handle their highs!

VINCENT

Well then get it.

LANCE

I am, if you'll let me.

VINCENT

I'm not fuckin' stoppin' you.

LANCE

Stop talkin' to me, and start talkin'
to her.

WE FOLLOW Lance as he runs out of the living room into a...

INT. SPARE ROOM

With a bunch of junk in it. He frantically starts scanning the junk for the book he's looking for, repeating the words, "Come on," endlessly.

From OFF SCREEN we hear:

VINCENT (O.S.)
Hurry up man! We're losin' her!

LANCE
(calling back)
I'm looking as fast as I can!

Lance continues his frenzied search.

WE HEAR Jody in the living room now as she talks to Vincent.

JODY (O.S.)
What's he lookin' for?

VINCENT (O.S.)
I dunno, some medical book.

Jody calls to LANCE.

JODY (O.S.)
What are you lookin' for?

LANCE
My black medical book!

As he continues searching, flipping and knocking over shit, Jody appears in the doorway.

JODY
Whata're you looking for?

LANCE
My black fuckin' 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 spins toward her.

LANCE

I don't know! Stop bothering me!

JODY

While you're lookin' 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 (O.S.)

... get your ass in here, fuck the
book!

Lance angrily knocks over a pile of shit and leaves the SHOT
heading for the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Vincent is bent over Mia, talking softly to her, when Lance
reenters the room.

VINCENT

Quit fuckin' around man and give her
the shot!

Lance bends down by the black case brought in by Jody. He
opens it and begins preparing the needle for injection.

LANCE

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

Vince rips her blouse open.

Jody stumbles back in the room, hanging back from the action.

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.

Vince points to Mia's right breast. Lance glances over and nods.

LANCE

That's it.

As Lance readies the injection, Vincent looks up at Jody.

VINCENT

I need a big fat magic marker, got one?

JODY

What?

VINCENT

I need a big fat magic marker, any felt pen'll do, but a magic marker would be great.

JODY

Hold on.

Jody runs to the desk, opens the top drawer and, in her enthusiasm, she pulls the drawer out of the desk, the contents of which (bills, papers, pens) spill to the floor.

The injection is ready. Lance hands Vincent the needle.

LANCE

It's ready, I'll tell you what to do.

VINCENT

You're gonna give her the shot.

LANCE

No, you're gonna give her the shot.

VINCENT

I've never does this before.

LANCE

I've never done this before either, and I ain't starting now. You brought 'er here, that means you give her the shot. The day I bring an ODing bitch to your place, then I gotta give her the shot.

Jody hurriedly joins them in the huddle, a big fat red magic marker in her hand.

JODY

Got it.

Vincent grabs the magic marker out of Jody's hand and makes a big red dot on Mia's body where her heart is.

VINCENT

Okay, what do I do?

LANCE

Well, you're giving her an injection of adrenaline straight to her heart. But she's got a breast plate in front of her heart, so you gotta pierce through that. So what you gotta do is bring the needle down in a stabbing motion.

Lance demonstrates a stabbing motion, which looks like "The Shape" killing its victims in "HALLOWEEN".

VINCENT

I gotta stab her?

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 fuckin' joke man!

LANCE

She's supposed to come out of it like ...

(snaps his fingers)

... that.

Vincent lifts the needle up above his head in a stabbing motion.

He looks down on Mia.

Mia is fading fast. Soon nothing will help her.

Vincent's eyes narrow, ready to do this.

VINCENT

Count to three.

Lance, on this knees right beside Vincent, does not know what to expect.

LANCE

One...

RED DOT on Mia's body.

Needle raised ready to strike.

LANCE (O.S.)

...two...

Jody's face is alive with anticipation.

NEEDLE in that air, poised like a rattler ready to strike.

LANCE (O.S.)

...three!

The needle leaves frame, THRUSTING down hard.

Vincent brings the needle down hard, STABBING Mia in the chest.

Mia's head is JOLTED from the impact.

The syringe plunger is pushed down, PUMPING the adrenaline out through the needle.

Mia's eyes POP WIDE OPEN and she lets out a HELLISH cry of the banshee. She BOLTS UP in a sitting position, needle stuck in her chest ... SCREAMING.

Vincent, Lance and Jody, who were in sitting positions in front of Mia, JUMP BACK, scared to death.

Mia's scream runs out. She slowly starts taking breaths of air.

The other three, now scooted halfway across the room, shaken to their bones, look to see if she's alright.

LANCE

If you're okay, say something.

Mia, still breathing, not looking up at them, says in a

relatively normal voice.

MIA
Something.

Vincent and Lance collapse on their backs, exhausted and shaking from how close to death Mia came.

JODY
Anybody want a beer?

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S MALIBU (MOVING) ... NIGHT

Vincent is behind the wheel driving Mia home. No one says anything, both are still too shaken.

EXT. FRONT OF MARSELLUS WALLACE'S HOUSE ... NIGHT

The Malibu pulls up to the front. Mia gets out without saying a word (still in a daze) and begins walking down the walkway toward her front door.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Mia!

She turns around.

Vincent's out of the car, standing on the walkway, a big distance between the two.

VINCENT
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 ever hear of this incident.

Mia smiles.

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.

The two walk toward each other, holding out their hands to shake and shake they do.

VINCENT

Mum's the word.

Mia lets go of Vincent's hand and silently makes the see-no-evil, hear-no-evil, and speak-no-evil sign with her hands.

Vincent smiles.

VINCENT

If you'll excuse me, I gotta go home
and have a heart attack.

Mia giggles.

Vincent turns to leave.

MIA

You still wanna hear my "FOX FORCE
FIVE" joke?

Vincent turns around.

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 ...
(stamps on the ground)

... and says: catch up.

They both smile, but neither laugh.

MIA

See ya 'round, Vince.

Mia turns and walks inside her house.

CLOSEUP ... VINCENT

After Mia walks inside. Vincent continues to look at where she was. He brings his hands to his lips and blows her a kiss. Then exits FRAME leaving it empty. WE HEAR his Malibu START UP and DRIVE AWAY.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP On the cartoon "SPEED RACER." Speed is giving a detailed description of all the features on his race car "The Mac-5," which he does at the beginning of every episode.

OFF SCREEN we hear a WOMAN'S VOICE... .

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Butch.

DISSOLVE TO:

BUTCH'S POV

We're in the living room of a modest two bedroom house in Alhambra, California, in the year 1972. BUTCH'S MOTHER, 35ish, stands in the doorway leading into the living room. Next to her is a man dressed in the uniform of an American Air Force officer. The CAMERA is the perspective of a five-year old boy.

MOTHER

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

BUTCH (O.S.)

Uh-huh.

MOTHER

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

CAPT. KOONS steps inside the room toward the little boy and bends down on one knee to bring him even with the boy's

eyeline. When Koons speaks, he speaks with a slight Texas accent.

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 talkin' right now to my son Jim. But the way it worked out is I'm talkin' to you, Butch. I got somethin' for ya.

The Captain pulls a gold wrist watch out of his pocket.

CAPT. KOONS

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 leavin' 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'd be confiscated. The way your Daddy looked at it, that watch was your birthright. And he'd be damned if and 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 somethin'. His ass. Five long years, he wore this watch up his ass. Then when he died of dysentery, he gave me the watch. I hid with 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.

Capt. Koons hands the watch to Butch. A little hand comes into FRAME to accept it.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM ... NIGHT

The 27-year old Butch Coolidge is dressed in boxing regalia: trunks, shoes and gloves. He lies on a table catching a few zzzzzz's before his big fight. Almost as soon as WE CUT to him, he wakes up with a start. Shaken by the bizarre memory, he wipes his sweaty face with his boxing glove.

His trainer KLONDIKE, an older fireplug, opens the door a little, sticking his head in the room. Pandemonium seems to be breaking out behind Klondike in the hallway.

KLONDIKE

It's time, Butch.

BUTCH

I'm ready.

Klondike steps inside, closing the door on the WILD MOB outside.

He goes to the long yellow robe hanging on a hook. Butch hops off the table and, without a word, Klondike helps him on with the robe, which says on the back: "BATTLING BUTCH COOLIDGE".

The two men head for the door. Klondike opens the door for Butch.

As Butch steps into the hallway, the Crowd goes apeshit. Klondike closes the door behind him, leaving us in the quiet, empty locker room.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD:

"THE GOLD WATCH"

We hear over the black and white title:

SPORTSCASTER #1 (O.S.)

... Well Dan, that had to be the bloodiest and, hands-down, the most brutal fight this city has ever seen.

The SOUND of chaos in the b.g.

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY (RAINING) ... NIGHT

A taxi is parked in a dark alley next to an auditorium. The sky is PISSIN' DOWN RAIN. WE SLOWLY DOLLY toward the parked car. The SOUND of the CAR RADIO can be heard coming from inside.

SPORTSCASTER #1 (O.S.)

...Coolidge was out of there faster than I've ever seen a victorious boxer vacate the ring. Do you think he knew Willis was dead?

SPORTSCASTER #2 (O.S.)

My guess would be yes, Richard. I could see from my position here, the frenzy in his eyes give way to the realization of what he was doing. I think any man would've left the ring that fast.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI (PARKED/RAINING) ... NIGHT

Inside the taxi, behind the wheel, is a female cabbie named ESMARELDA VILLALOBOS. A young woman, with Spanish looks, sits parked, drinking a steaming hot cup of coffee out of a white styrofoam cup.

The Sportscasters continue their coverage.

SPORTSCASTER #1 (O.S.)

Do you feel this ring death tragedy will have an effect on the world of boxing?

SPORTSCASTER #2 (O.S.)

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 ...

CLICK ... Esmarelda shuts off the radio.

She takes a sip of coffee, then hears a NOISE behind her in the alley. She sticks her head out of the car door to see:

EXT. BOXING AUDITORIUM (RAINING) ... NIGHT

A window about three stories high opens on the auditorium-side of the alley. A gym bag is tossed out into a garbage dumpster below the window. Then, Butch Coolidge, still dressed in boxing trunks, shoes, gloves and yellow robe, LEAPS to the dumpster below.

ESMARELDA'S REACTION takes in the strangeness of this sight.

Gym bag in hand, Butch CLIMBS out of the dumpster and RUNS to the taxi. Before he climbs in, he takes off his robe and throws it to the ground.

INT. TAXI (PARKED / RAINING) ... NIGHT

Butch, soaking wet, naked except for trunks, shoes and gloves,

HOPS in the backseat, SLAMMING the door.

Esmarelda, staring straight ahead, talks to Butch through the rearview mirror:

ESMARELDA

(Spanish accent)

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.

The ignition key is TWISTED. The engine ROARS to life.

The meter is FLIPPED on.

Esmarelda's bare foot STOMPS on the gas pedal.

EXT. BOXING AUDITORIUM (RAINING) ... NIGHT

The cab WHIPS out of the alley, FISH-TAILING on the wet pavement in front of the auditorium at a rapid pace.

INT. WILLIS LOCKER ROOM (AUDITORIUM) ... NIGHT

Locker room door opens, English Dave fights his way through the pandemonium which is going on outside in the hall, shutting the door on the madness. Once inside, English Dave takes time to adjust his suit and tie. Mia is standing by the door. She sees Vincent with English Dave.

VINCENT

Mia. How you doin'?

MIA

Great. I never thanked you for the dinner.

In the room, black boxer FLOYD RAY WILLIS lies on a table ... dead.

His face looks like he went dunking for bees. His TRAINER is on his knees, head on Floyd's chest, crying over the body.

The huge figure that is Marsellus Wallace stands at the table,

hand on the Trainer's shoulder, lending emotional support.
We still do not see Marsellus clearly, only that he is big.

Mia sits in a chair at the far end of the room.

Marsellus looks up, sees English Dave and walks over to him.

MARSELLUS (O.S.)

What'cha got?

ENGLISH DAVE

He booked.

MARSELLUS (O.S.)

I'm prepared to scour the earth for
this motherfucker. If Butch goes to
Indo China, I want a nigger hidin'
in a bowl of rice, ready to pop a
cap in his ass.

ENGLISH DAVE

I'll take care of it.

INT. CAB (MOVING / RAINING) ... NIGHT

Butch gets one of his boxing gloves off.

Esmeralda watches in the rearview mirror.

He tries to roll down one of the backseat windows, but can't
find the roll bar.

BUTCH

Hey, how do I open the window back
here?

ESMARELDA

I have to do it.

She presses a button and the back window moves down. Butch
tosses his boxing glove out the window, then starts untying
the other one.

Esmeralda can't keep quiet anymore.

ESMARELDA

Hey, mister?

BUTCH

(still working on the
glove)
What?

ESMARELDA

You were in that fight? The fight on
the radio ... you're the fighter?

As he tosses his other glove out the window.

BUTCH

Whatever gave you that idea?

ESMARELDA

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

BUTCH

(drying himself with
a gym towel)
I'm him.

ESMARELDA

You killed the other boxing man.

BUTCH

He's dead?

ESMARELDA

The radio said he was dead.

He finished wiping himself down.

BUTCH

(to himself)
Sorry 'bout that, Floyd.

He tosses the towel out the window.

Silence, as Butch digs in his bag for a t-shirt.

ESMARELDA

What does it feel like?

BUTCH

(finds his shirt)
What does what feel like?

ESMARELDA

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

Butch pulls on his tee-shirt.

BUTCH

Are you some kinda 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 bounces in her seat with excitement.

ESMARELDA

Deal!

Butch leans forward. Esmarelda, keeping her eyes on the road, passes a cigarette back to him. He takes it. Then, still not looking behind her, she brings up her hand, a lit match in it.

Butch lights his smoke, then blows out the match.

He takes a long drag.

BUTCH

So...

He looks at her license.

BUTCH

...Esmarelda Villalobos ... is that Mexican?

ESMARELDA

The name is Spanish, but I'm Colombian.

BUTCH

It's a very pretty name.

ESMARELDA

It mean "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?

Esmarelda nods her head: "yes."

BUTCH

I don't feel the least little bit bad.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH (RAINING) ... NIGHT

We DOLLY around a phone booth as Butch talks inside.

BUTCH

(into phone)

What'd I tell ya, soon as the word got out a fix was in, the odds would be outta control. Hey, if he was a better fighter he's be alive. If he never laced up his gloves in the first place, which he never shoulda 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 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' Fabienne'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.

Butch hangs up the phone. He looks at the cab waiting to
take him wherever he wants to go.

BUTCH
(to himself in French
with English subtitles)
Fabienne my love, our adventure
begins.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL (STOPPED / RAINING) ... NIGHT

Esmeralda's taxi pulled into the motel parking lot. The rain
has stopped, but the night is still soaked. Butch gets out,
now fully dressed in tee-shirt, jeans and high school athletic
jacket. He leans in the driver's side window.

ESMARELDA
Forty-five sixty.

Handing her the money.

BUTCH
Merci beaucoup. And here's a little
something for the effort.

Butch holds up a hundred dollar bill.

Esmeralda's eyes light up. She goes to take it. Butch holds
it out of reach.

BUTCH
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.

He gives her the bill.

BUTCH
Bon soir, Esmeralda.

ESMARELDA
(in Spanish)
Sleep well, Butch.

He tweaks her nose, she smiles, and he turns and walks away.
She drives off.

INT. MOTEL (ROOM SIX) ... NIGHT

Butch enters and turns on the light.

Lying curled up on the bed, fully dressed, with her back to us is Butch's French girlfriend, FABIENNE.

FABIENNE
Keep the light off.

Butch flicks the switch back, making the room dark again.

BUTCH
Is that better, sugar pop?

FABIENNE
Oui. Hard day at the office?

BUTCH
Pretty hard. I got into a fight.

FABIENNE
Poor baby. Can we make spoons?

Butch climbs into bed, spooning Fabienne from behind.

When Butch and Fabienne speak to each other, they speak in babytalk.

FABIENNE
I was looking at myself in the mirror.

BUTCH
Uh-huh?

FABIENNE
I wish I had a pot.

BUTCH
You were lookin' in the mirror and
you wish you had some pot?

FABIENNE
A pot. A pot belly. Pot bellies are
sexy.

BUTCH
Well you should be happy, 'cause you
do.

FABIENNE

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.

FABIENNE

The difference is huge.

BUTCH

You want me to have a pot?

FABIENNE

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?

FABIENNE

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 you a pot belly, I'd punch you in
it.

FABIENNE

You'd punch me in my belly?

BUTCH

Right in the belly.

FABIENNE

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?

FABIENNE
Yes!

BUTCH
Did you get everything, sugar pop?

FABIENNE
Yes, I did.

BUTCH
Good job.

FABIENNE
Did everything go as planned?

BUTCH
You didn't listen to the radio?

FABIENNE
I never listen to your fights. Were
you the winner?

BUTCH
I won alright.

FABIENNE
Are you still retiring?

BUTCH
Sure am.

FABIENNE
What about the man you fought?

BUTCH
Floyd retired too.

FABIENNE
(smiling)
Really?! He won't be fighting no
more?!

BUTCH
Not no more.

FABIENNE
So it all worked out in the finish?

BUTCH

We ain't at the finish, baby.

Fabienne rolls over and Butch gets on top of her. They kiss.

FABIENNE

We're in a lot of danger, aren't we?

Butch nods his head: "yes."

FABIENNE

If they find us, they'll kill us,
won't they?

Butch nods his head: "yes."

FABIENNE

But they won't find us, will they?

Butch nods his head: "no."

FABIENNE

Do you still want me to go with you?

Butch nods his head: "yes."

FABIENNE

I don't want to be a burden or a
nuisance -

Butch's hand goes out of frame and starts massaging her
crotch.

Fabienne reacts.

FABIENNE

Say it!

BUTCH

Fabienne, I want you to be with me.

FABIENNE

Forever?

BUTCH

...and ever.

Fabienne lies her head back.

Butch continues to massage her crotch.

FABIENNE

Do you love me?

BUTCH

Oui.

FABIENNE

Butch? Will you give me oral pleasure?

Butch kisses her on the mouth.

BUTCH

Will you kiss it?

She nods her head: "yes."

FABIENNE

But you first.

Butch's head goes down out of frame to carry out the oral pleasure. Fabienne's face is alone in the frame.

FABIENNE

(in French, with
English subtitles)

Butch my love, the adventure begins.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP:

MOTEL ROOM

Same motel room, except empty. WE HEAR THE SHOWER RUNNING in the bathroom. The CAMERA MOVES to the bathroom doorway. We see Fabienne in a white terry cloth robe that seems to swallow her up.

She's drying her head with a towel. Butch is inside the shower washing up. We see the outline of his naked body through the smoky glass of the shower door. Steam fills the bathroom. Butch turns the shower off and opens the door, popping his head out.

BUTCH

I think I cracked a rib.

FABIENNE

Giving me oral pleasure?

BUTCH

No retard, from the fight.

FABIENNE

Don't call me retard.

BUTCH
(in a Mongoloid voice)
My name is Fabby! My name is Fabby!

FABIENNE
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.

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

She finishes drying her hair and wraps the towel like a turban
on her head.

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

She hands him a towel.

BUTCH
Merci beaucoup.

FABIENNE
Butch?

BUTCH
(drying his head)
Yes, lemon pie.

FABIENNE
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 kinda money we'll have'll
carry us a long way down there.

FABIENNE

So if we wanted, we could live in
Bora Bora?

BUTCH

You betcha. And if after awhile you
don't dig Bora Bora, then we can
move over to Tahiti or Mexico.

FABIENNE

But I do not speak Spanish.

BUTCH

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

FABIENNE

What does that mean?

BUTCH

Where's the shoe store?

FABIENNE

Donde esta el zapataria?

BUTCH

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

Butch exits the bathroom. We stay on Fabienne as she brushes
her teeth.

Butch keeps on from the other room.

BUTCH (O.S.)

Que hora es?

FABIENNE

Que hora es?

BUTCH (O.S.)

What time is it?

FABIENNE

What time is it?

BUTCH (O.S.)

Time for bed. Sweet dream, jellybean.

Fabienne brushes her teeth. We watch her for a moment or
two, then she remember something.

FABIENNE

Butch.

She walks out of the bathroom to ask Butch a question, only to find him sound asleep in bed.

She looks at him for a moment.

FABIENNE

Forget it.

She exits frame, going back in the bathroom. WE STAY on the WIDE SHOT of the unconscious Butch in bed.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP:

MOTEL ROOM ... MORNING

SAME SHOT AS BEFORE, the next morning. We find Butch still asleep in bed.

Fabienne brushes her teeth half in and half out of the bathroom so she can watch TV at the same time. She still wears the terry cloth robe from the night before.

ON TV: WILLIAM SMITH and a BUNCH OF HELL'S ANGELS are taking on the entire Vietnamese army in the film "THE LOSERS".

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

His start startles Fabienne.

FABIENNE

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

Butch squints down the front of the bed at her, trying to focus.

Butch, still trying to chase the cobwebs away, sees on TV Hell's Angels tear-assin' through a Vietnamese prison camp.

BUTCH

What are you watching?

FABIENNE

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

BUTCH

Are you watchin' it?

Fabienne enters the room.

FABIENNE

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

BUTCH

Would you please?

She reaches over and turns off the TV.

BUTCH

It's a little too early in the morning for explosions and war.

FABIENNE

What was it about?

BUTCH

How should I know, you were the one watchin' it.

Fabienne laughs.

FABIENNE

No, imbecile, what was your dream about?

BUTCH

Oh, I... don't remember. It's really rare I remember a dream.

FABIENNE

You just woke up from it.

BUTCH

Fabienne, I'm not lying to you, I don't remember.

FABIENNE

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?

FABIENNE

You did last night.

BUTCH
What did I say?

Laying on top of him.

FABIENNE
I don't know. I couldn't understand
you.

She kisses Butch.

FABIENNE
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.

Fabienne gives Butch a sweet long kiss.

FABIENNE
Satisfied?

BUTCH
Yep.

FABIENNE
Then get up, lazy bones.

Butch climbs out of bed and starts pulling clothes out of
the suitcase that Fabienne brought.

BUTCH
What time is it?

FABIENNE
Almost nine in the morning. What
time does our train arrive?

BUTCH
Eleven.

FABIENNE
I'm gonna order a big plate of
blueberry pancakes with maple syrup,
eggs over easy, and five sausages.

BUTCH
(surprised at her
potential appetite)

Anything to drink with that?

Butch is finished dressing.

FABIENNE

(referring to his
clothes)

Oh yes, that looks nice. To drink, a
tall glass of orange juice and a
black cup of coffee. After that, I'm
going to have a slice of pie.

As he goes through the suitcase.

BUTCH

Pie for breakfast?

FABIENNE

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?

FABIENNE

It's there.

BUTCH

No, it's not. It's not here.

FABIENNE

Have you looked?

By now, Butch is frantically rummaging through the suitcase.

BUTCH

Yes I've fuckin' looked!!

He's now throwing clothes.

BUTCH

What the fuck do you think I'm doing?!
Are you sure you got it?

Fabienne can hardly speak, she's never seen Butch this way.

FABIENNE

Uhhh... yes... beside the table drawer

...

BUTCH

... on the little kangaroo.

FABIENNE

Yes, it was on your little kangaroo.

BUTCH

Well it's not here!

FABIENNE

(on the verge of tears)

Well it should be!

BUTCH

Oh it most definitely should be here,
but it's not. So where is it?

Fabienne is crying and scared.

Butch lowers his voice, which only serves to make him more menacing.

BUTCH

Fabienne, that was my father's fuckin' watch. You know what my father went through to git me that watch?... I don't wanna get into it right now... but he went through a lot. Now all this other shit, you coulda set on fire, but I specifically reminded you not to forget my father's watch. Now think, did you get it?

FABIENNE

I believe so...

BUTCH

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

FABIENNE

Then I did.

BUTCH

Are you sure?

FABIENNE

(shaking)

No.

Butch freaks out, he punches the air.

Fabienne SCREAMS and backs into a corner, Butch picks up the motel TV and THROWS IT AGAINST the wall.

Fabienne SCREAMS IN HORROR.

Butch looks toward her, suddenly calm.

BUTCH
(to Fabienne)
No! It's not your fault.
(he approached her)
You left it at the apartment.

He bends down in front of the woman who has sunk to the floor.

He touches her hand, she flinches.

BUTCH
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.

He kisses her hand. Then rises.

Fabienne is still sniffing.

Butch goes to the closet.

FABIENNE
I'm sorry.

Butch puts on his high school jacket.

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

FABIENNE
Why does it mean that?

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

FABIENNE
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.

Rising from the floor.

FABIENNE

I was so dreadful. I saw your watch,
I thought I brought it. I'm so sorry.

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.

(pause)

I love you, remember?

(he digs some money
out of his wallet)

Now here's some money, order those
pancakes and have a great breakfast.

FABIENNE

Don't go.

BUTCH

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

FABIENNE

Blueberry pie.

BUTCH

Well maybe not that fast, but fast.
Okay? Okay?

FABIENNE

Okay.

He kisses her once more and heads for the door.

BUTCH

Bye-bye, sugar pop.

FABIENNE

Bye.

BUTCH

I'm gonna take your Honda.

FABIENNE

Okay.

And with that, he's out the door.

Fabienne sits on the bed and looks at the money he gave her.

INT. HONDA (MOVING) ... DAY

Butch is beating the steering wheel and the dash with his fists as he drives down the street.

BUTCH

Of all the fuckin' things she coulda forgot, 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."

EXT. CITY STREET ... DAY

The little Honda races toward its destination as fast as its little engine will take it.

CUT TO:

A parking meter red flag rises up, then out, leaving the arrow pointing at one hour.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET CORNER ... DAY

Butch isn't completely reckless. He has parked his car a couple of blocks from his apartment to check things out before he goes boppin' through the front door.

EXT. ALLEY ... DAY

Butch walks down the alley until he gets to another street, then he discreetly glances out.

EXT. STREET ... BUTCH'S APARTMENT ... DAY

Everything seems normal. More or less the right number of cars in the street. None of the parked cars appear out of place. None of them have a couple of goons sitting inside. Basically, it looks like normal morning activity in front of Butch's home.

Butch peers around a wall, taking in the vital information.

Butch walks out of the alley and is ready for anything. He crosses the street and enters his apartment courtyard.

Across the street from Butch's building, on the corner, is a combination donut shop and Japanese restaurant. A big sign

sticks up in the air, with the name "Teriyaki Donut" and a graphic of a donut sticking out of a bowl of rice.

EXT. BUTCH'S APARTMENT COURTYARD ... DAY

Butch is in the courtyard of his North Hollywood apartment building. Once again, everything appears normal ... the laundry room, the pool, his apartment door ... nothing appears disturbed.

Butch climbs the stairs leading to his apartment, number 12. He steps outside the door and listens inside. Nothing.

Butch slowly inserts the key into the door, quietly opening it.

INT. BUTCH'S APARTMENT ... DAY

His apartment hasn't been touched.

He cautiously steps inside, shuts the door and takes a quick look around. Obviously, no one is there.

Butch walks into his modest kitchen, and opens the refrigerator.

He takes out a carton of milk and drinks from it.

With carton in hand, Butch surveys the apartment. Then he goes to the bedroom.

His bedroom is like the rest of the apartment ... neat, clean and anonymous. The only things personal in his room are a few boxing trophies, an Olympic silver medal, a framed issue of "Ring Magazine" with Butch on the cover, and a poster of Jerry Quarry and one of George Chuvalo.

Sure enough, there's the watch just like he said it was: On the bedside table, hanging on his little kangaroo statue.

He walks through the apartment and back into the kitchen. He opens a cupboard and takes out a box of Pop Tarts. Putting down the milk, he opens the box, takes out two Pop Tarts and puts them in the toaster.

Butch glances to his right, his eyes fall on something.

What he sees is a small compact Czech M61 submachine gun with a huge silencer on it, lying on his kitchen counter.

BUTCH
(softly)
Holy shit.

He picks up the intimidating piece of weaponry and examines it.

Then... a toilet FLUSHES.

Butch looks up to the bathroom door, which is parallel to the kitchen. There is someone behind it.

Like a rabbit caught in a radish patch, Butch freezes, not knowing what to do.

The bathroom door opens and Vincent Vega steps out of the bathroom, tightening his belt. In his hand is the book "MODESTY BLAISE" by Peter O'Donnell.

Vincent and Butch lock eyes.

Vincent freezes.

Butch doesn't move, except to point the M61 in Vincent's direction.

Neither man opens his mouth.

Then... the toaster LOUDLY kicks up the Pop Tarts.

That's all the situation needed.

Butch's finger HITS the trigger.

MUFFLED FIRE SHOOTS out of the end of the gun.

Vincent is seemingly WRACKED with twenty bullets SIMULTANEOUSLY ... LIFTING him off his feet, PROPELLING him through the air and CRASHING through the glass shower door at the end of the bathroom.

By the time Butch removes his finger from the trigger, Vincent is annihilated.

Butch stands frozen, amazed at what just happened. His look goes from the grease spot in the bathroom that was once Vincent, down to the powerful piece of artillery in his grip.

With the respect it deserves, Butch carefully places the M61 back on the kitchen counter.

Then he exits the apartment, quickly.

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD ... DAY

Butch, not running, but walking very rapidly, crosses the

courtyard...

...comes out of the apartment building, crosses the street...

...goes through the alley...

...and into his car in one STEADICAM SHOT.

EXT. HONDA ... DAY

Butch CRANKS the car into gear and drives away. The big wide smile of a survivor breaks across his face.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING STREET ... DAY

The Honda turns down the alley and slowly cruises by his apartment building.

INT. HONDA ... DAY

Butch looks out the window at his former home.

BUTCH

That's how you're gonna beat 'em,
Butch. They keep underestimatn'
ya.

This makes the boxer laugh out loud. As he laughs, he flips a tape in the cassette player. When the MUSIC starts, he SINGS along with it.

He drives by the apartment, but is stopped at the light on the corner across from Teriyaki Donut.

Butch is still chuckling, singing along with the song, as we see:

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The big man himself, Marsellus Wallace, exit Teriyaki Donut, carrying a box of a dozen donuts and two large styrofoam cups of coffee. He steps off the curb, crossing the street in front of Butch's car. This is the first time we see Marsellus clearly.

Laughing boy stops when he sees the big man directly in front of him.

When Marsellus is in front of Butch's car, he casually glances to his left, sees Butch, continues walking... then STOPS!

DOUBLE-TAKE: "Am I really seeing what I'm seeing?"

Butch doesn't wait for the big man to answer his own question.
He STOMPS on the gas pedal.

The little Honda SLAMS into Marsellus, sending him, the donuts
and the coffee HITTING the pavement at thirty miles an hour.

Butch CUTS into cross traffic and is BROAD-SIDED by a gold
Camaro Z-28, BREAKING all the windows in the Honda and sending
it up on the sidewalk.

Butch sits dazed and confused in the crumpled mess of what
at one time was Fabienne's Honda. Blood flows from his
nostrils. The still-functional tape player continues to play.
A PEDESTRIAN pokes his head inside.

PEDESTRIAN

Jesus, are you okay?

Butch look at him, spaced-out.

BUTCH

I guess.

Marsellus Wallace lies sprawled out in the street. GAWKERS
gather around the body.

GAWKER #1

(to the others)

He's dead! He's dead!

This jerk's yelling makes Marsellus come to.

TWO PEDESTRIANS help the shaken Butch out of the wreckage.

The woozy Marsellus gets to his feet.

GAWKER #2

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.

MARSELLUS

(still incoherent)

Who?

GAWKER #2

(pointing at Butch)

Him.

Marsellus follows the Gawker's finger and sees Butch Coolidge
down the street, looking a shambles.

MARSELLUS

Well, I'll be damned.

The big man takes out a .45 Automatic and the Gawkers back away.

Marsellus starts moving toward Butch.

Butch sees the fierce figure making a wobbly bee-line toward him.

BUTCH

Sacre bleu.

Marsellus brings up his weapon and FIRES, but he's so hurt, shaky and dazed that his arm goes wild.

He HITS a LOOKY-LOO WOMAN in the hip. She falls to the ground, screaming.

LOOKY-LOO WOMAN

Oh my God, I've been shot!

That's all Butch needs to see. He's outta here.

Marsellus RUNS after him.

The CROWD looks agape.

Butch is in a mad, limping RUN.

The big man's hot on his ass with a cockeyed wobbly run.

Butch cuts across traffic and dashes into a business with a sign that reads "MASON-DIXIE PAWNSHOP".

INT. MASON-DIXIE PAWNSHOP ... DAY

MAYNARD, a hillbilly-lookin' boy, stands behind the counter of his pawnshop when, all of a sudden, chaos in the form of Butch RACES into his world.

MAYNARD

Can I help you wit' somethin'?

BUTCH

Shut up!

Butch quickly takes measure of the situation, than stands next to the door.

MAYNARD

Now you just wait one goddamn minute

...

Before Maynard can finish his threat, Marsellus CHARGES in. He doesn't get past the doorway because Butch LANDS his fist in Marsellus' face.

The gangster's feet go out from under him and the big man FALLS FLAT on his back.

Outside, two police cars with their SIRENS BLARING race by.

Butch POUNCES on the fallen body, PUNCHING him twice more in the face.

Butch takes the gun out of Marsellus' hand, than grabs ahold of his middle finger.

BUTCH

So you like chasing people, huh?

He BREAKS the finger. Marsellus lets out a pain sound. Butch then places the barrel of the .45 between his eyes, PULLS back the hammer and places his open hand behind the gun to shield the splatter.

BUTCH

Well guess what, big man, you caught me ...

MAYNARD (O.S.)

... hold it right there, godammit!

Butch and Marsellus look up at Maynard, who's brandishing a pumpaction shotgun, aimed at the two men.

BUTCH

Look mister, this ain't any of your business ...

MAYNARD

... I'm makin' it my business! Now toss that gun!

Butch does.

MAYNARD

Now you on top, stand up and come to the counter.

Butch slowly gets up and moves to the counter. As soon as he gets there, Maynard HAULS OFF, HITTING him hard in the face with the butt of the shotgun, knocking Butch down and out.

After Butch goes down, Maynard calmly lays the shotgun on the counter and moves to the telephone.

Marsellus Wallace, from his position on the floor, groggily watches the pawnshop owner dial a number. Maynard waits on the line while the other end rings. Then it picks up.

MAYNARD

Zed? It's Maynard. The spider just caught a coupl'a flies.

Marsellus passes out.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP:

INT. PAWNSHOP BACK ROOM ... DAY

TWO SHOT ... BUTCH AND MARSELLUS

They are tied up in two separate chairs. In their mouths are two S&M-style ball gags (a belt goes around their heads and a little red ball sticks in their mouths). Both men are unconscious.

Maynard steps in with a fire extinguisher and SPRAYS both guys until they're wide awake and wet as otters. The two prisoners look up at their captors.

Maynard stands in front of them, fire extinguisher in one hand, shotgun in the other, and Marsellus' .45 sticking in his belt.

MAYNARD

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

A BUZZER buzzes.

MAYNARD

That's Zed.

Without saying another word, Maynard climbs up the stairs that lead to red curtains and goes through them.

WE HEAR, on the other side of the curtains, Maynard let Zed inside the store.

Butch and Marsellus look around the room. The basement of the pawnshop has been converted into a dungeon. After taking in their predicament, Butch and Marsellus look at each other, all traces of hostility gone, replaced by a terror they both

share at what they've gotten themselves into.

Maynard and ZED come through the curtains. Zed is an even more intense version of Maynard, if such a thing is possible. The two hillbillies are obviously brothers. Where Maynard is a vicious pitbull, Zed is a deadly cobra. Zed walks in and stands in front of the two captives. He inspects them for a long time, then says:

ZED

(to Maynard)

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 was fightin' when they came in. This one was gonna shoot that one.

ZED

(to Butch)

You were gonna shoot him?

Butch makes no reply.

ZED

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 sleepin'.

ZED

Well, I guess you'll just wake 'em up then, won't you?

Maynard opens a trap door in the floor.

MAYNARD
(yelling in the hole)
Wake up!

Maynard reaches into the hole and comes back holding onto a leash.

He gives it a rough yank and, from below the floor, rises
THE GIMP.

The Gimp is a man they keep dressed from head to toe in black leather bondage gear. There are zippers, buckles and studs here and there on the body. On his head is a black leather mask with two eye holes and a zipper (closed) for a mouth. They keep him in a hole in the floor big enough for a large dog.

Zed takes the chair, sits it in front of the two prisoners, then lowers into it. Maynard hands The Gimp's leash to Zed, then backs away.

MAYNARD
(to The Gimp)
Down!

The Gimp gets on its knees.

Maynard hangs back while Zed appraises the two men.

MAYNARD
Who's first?

ZED
I ain't fer sure yet.

Then with his little finger, Zed does a silent "Eenie, meany, miney, moe..." just his mouth mouthing the words and his finger going back and forth between the two.

Butch and Marsellus are terrified.

Maynard looks back and forth at the victims.

The Gimp's eyes go from one to the other inside the mask.

Zed continues his silent sing-song with his finger moving left to right, then it stops.

TWO SHOT ... BUTCH AND MARSELLUS

After a beat, THE CAMERA MOVES to the right, zeroing in on

Marsellus.

Zed stands up.

ZED

Wanna do it here?

MAYNARD

Naw, drag big boy to Russell's old room.

Zed grabs Marsellus' chair and DRAGS him into Russell's old room.

Russell, no doubt, was some other poor bastard that has the misfortune of stumbling into the Mason-Dixie pawnshop. Whatever happened to Russell is known only to Maynard and Zed because his old room, a back room in the back of the back room, is empty.

As Marsellus is dragged away, he locks eyes with Butch before he disappears behind the door of Russell's old room.

MAYNARD

(to The Gimp)

Up!

The Gimp rises. Maynard ties The Gimp's leash to a hook on the ceiling.

MAYNARD

Keep an eye on this one.

The Gimp bows its head: "yes." Maynard disappears into Russell's old room. There must be a stereo in there because suddenly The Judds, singing in harmony, fills the air.

Butch looks at The Gimp. The Gimp giggles from underneath the mask as if this were the funniest moment in the history of comedy.

From behind the door we hear country MUSIC, struggling, and:

MAYNARD (O.S.)

Whoa, this boy's got a bit of fight in 'em!

We the HEAR Maynard and Zed beat on Marsellus.

ZED (O.S.)

You wanna fight? You wanna fight?
Good, I like to fight!

Butch pauses, listens to the voices. Then, in a panic, hurriedly struggles to get free.

The Gimp is laughing wildly.

The ropes are on too tight and Butch can't break free.

The Gimp slaps his knee laughing In the back room, we hear:

MAYNARD (O.S.)

That's it... that's it boy, you're
goin' fine. Oooooooh, just like
that... that's good.

(grunting faster)

Stay still... stay still goddamn ya!
Zed goddammit, git over here and
hold 'em!

Butch stops struggling and lifts up on his arms. Then, quite easily, the padded chair back slides up and off as if it were never connected by a bolt.

The Gimp sees this and its eyes widen.

THE GIMP

Huhng?

The Gimp FLAILS WILDLY, trying to get the leash off the hook. He tries to yell, but all that comes out are excited gurgles and grunts.

Butch is out of his chair, quickly dispensing three BOXER'S PUNCHES to its face. The punches knock The Gimp out, making him fall to his knees, this HANGING HIMSELF by the leash attached to the hook, Butch removes the ball gag, then silently makes his way through the red curtains.

INT. PAWNSHOP ... DAY

Butch sneaks to the door.

On the counter is a big set of keys with a large Z connected to the ring. Grabbing them, he's about to go out when he stops and listens to the hillbilly psychopaths having their way with Marsellus.

Butch decides for the life of him, he can't leave anybody in a situation like that. So he begins rooting around the pawnshop for a weapon to bash those hillbillies' heads in with.

He picks up a big destructive-looking hammer, then discards it: Not destructive enough. He picks up a chainsaw, thinks

about it for a moment, then puts it back. Next, a large Louisville slugger he tries on for size. But then he spots what he's been looking for:

A Samurai sword.

It hangs in its hand-carved wood sheath from a nail on the wall, next to a neon "DAD'S OLD-FASHIONED ROOT BEER" sign. Butch takes the sword off the wall, removing it from its sheath. It's a magnificent piece of steel. It seems to glisten in the low-wattage light of the pawnshop. Butch touches his thumb to the blade to see if the sword is just for show. Not on your life. It's as sharp as it gets. This weapon seems made to order for the Brothers Grimm downstairs. Holding the sword pointed downward, Takakura Kenstyle, he disappears through the red curtains to take care of business.

INT. PAWNSHOP BACK ROOM ... DAY

Butch quietly sneaks down the stairs leading to the dungeon.

Sodomy and the Judds can still be heard going strong behind the closed door that leads to Russell's old room.

INT. RUSSELL'S OLD ROOM ... DAY

Butch's hand comes into frame, pushing the door open. It swings open silently, revealing the rapists, who have switched positions.

Zed is now bent over Marsellus, who is bent over a wooden horse.

Maynard watches. Both have their backs to Butch.

Maynard faces the CAMERA, grinning, while Butch comes up behind him with the sword.

Miserable, violated, and looking like a rag doll, Marsellus, red ball gag still in mouth, opens his watery eyes to see Butch coming up behind Maynard. His eyes widen.

BUTCH
Hey hillbilly.

Maynard turns and sees Butch holding the sword.

Butch SCREAMS... with one mighty SWING, SLASHES Maynard across the front, moving past him, eyes and blade now locked on Zed.

Maynard stands trembling, his front sliced open, in shock.

Butch, while never taking his eyes off Zed, THRUSTS the sword behind him, SKEWERING Maynard, then EXTRACTS it, pointing the blade toward Zed. Maynard COLLAPSES.

Zed disengages from Marsellus in a hurry and his eyes go from the tip of Butch's sword to Marsellus' .45 Automatic, which lies within reach.

Butch's eyes follow Zed's.

BUTCH

You want that gun, Zed? Pick it up.

Zed's hand inches toward the weapon.

Butch GRIPS the sword tighter.

Zed studies Butch.

Butch looks hard at Zed.

Then a VOICE says:

MARSELLUS (O.S.)

Step aside, Butch.

Butch steps aside, REVEALING Marsellus standing behind him, holding Maynard's pump-action shotgun.

KABOOM!!!!

Zed is BLASTED in the groin. Down he goes, SCREAMING in AGONY.

Marsellus, looking down at his whimpering rapist, EJECTS the used shotgun shell.

Butch lowers the sword and hangs back. Not a word, until:

BUTCH

You okay?

MARSELLUS

Naw man. I'm pretty fuckin' far from okay!

Long pause.

BUTCH

What now?

MARSELLUS

What now? Well let me tell you what now. I'm gonna call a couple pipe-

hittin' niggers, who'll go to work
on homes here with a pair of pliers
and a blow torch.

(to Zed)

Hear me talkin' hillbilly boy?! I
ain't through with you by a damn
sight. I'm gonna git Medieval on
your ass.

BUTCH

I meant what now, between me and
you?

MARSELLUS

Oh, that what now? Well, let me tell
ya what now between me an' you. There
is no me an' you. Not no more.

BUTCH

So we're cool?

MARSELLUS

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-livin'-
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.

The two men shake hands, then hug one another.

MARSELLUS

Go on now, get your ass outta here.

Butch leaves Russell's old room through the red curtains.

Marsellus walks over to a phone, dialing a number.

MARSELLUS

(into the phone)

Hello Mr. Wolf, it's Marsellus. Gotta
bit of a situation.

EXT. MASON-DIXIE PAWNSHOP ... DAY

Butch, still shaking in his boots, exits the pawnshop. He looks ahead and sees, parked in front of the establishment, Zed's Big Chrome Chopper with a teardrop gas tank that has the name "GRACE" on it. He climbs aboard, takes out the keys with the big Z on them and starts up the huge hog. It RUMBLES to life, making sounds like a rocket fighting for orbit. Butch twists the accelerator handle and SPEEDS off.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN...

INT. BUTCH AND FABIENNE'S HOTEL ROOM ... DAY

Fabienne stands in front of a mirror wearing a "Frankie says, Relax" tee-shirt, singing along with MUSIC coming from a BOOM BOX.

EXT. CITY STREET ... CHOPPER (MOVING) ... DAY

Butch drives down the street, humping a hot hog named "GRACE." He checks his father's watch. It says: 10:30.

The SONG in the motel room PLAYS OVER this.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM ... DAY

Butch rides up on Grace. He hops off and runs inside the motel room, while we stay outside with the bike.

FABIENNE (O.S.)

Butch, I was so worried!

BUTCH

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

FABIENNE (O.S.)

But what about all our bags?

BUTCH

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

FABIENNE (O.S.)

Is everything well? Are we in danger?

BUTCH

We're cool. In fact, we're super-cool. But we gotta go. I'll wait for you outside.

Butch runs out and hops back on the bike. Fabienne exits the motel room with the boom box and a large purse. When she sees Butch on the chopper, she stops dead.

FABIENNE

Where did you get this motorcycle?

BUTCH

(he kick-starts it)

It's a chopper, baby, hop on.

Fabienne slowly approaches the two-wheel demon.

FABIENNE

What happened to my Honda?

BUTCH

Sorry baby, I crashed the Honda.

FABIENNE

You're hurt?

BUTCH

I might've broke my nose, no biggie.

Hop on.

She doesn't move.

Butch looks at her.

BUTCH

Honey, we gotta hit the fuckin' road!

Fabienne starts to cry.

Butch realizes that this is not the way to get her on the bike. He turns off the engine and reaches out, taking her hand.

BUTCH

I'm sorry, baby-love.

FABIENNE

(crying)

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?

FABIENNE

(waterworks drying a little)

It was good ...

BUTCH

... did you get the blueberry pancakes?

FABIENNE

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.

Fabienne does climb on. Butch STARTS her up.

FABIENNE

Butch, whose motorcycle is this?

BUTCH

It's a chopper.

FABIENNE

Whose chopper is this?

BUTCH

Zed's.

FABIENNE

Who's Zed?

BUTCH

Zed's dead, baby, Zed's dead.

And with that, the two lovebirds PEEL AWAY on Grace, as the
SONG on the BOOM BOX RISES.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD:

"JULES VINCENT JIMMIE & THE WOLF"

TITLE DISAPPEARS.

Over black, we can HEAR in the distance, men talking.

JULES (O.S.)

You ever read the Bible, Brett?

BRETT (O.S.)

Yes!

JULES (O.S.)

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..."

FADE UP:

INT. BATHROOM ... DAY

We're in the bathroom of the Hollywood apartment we were in earlier. In fact, we're there at exactly the same time. Except this time, we're in the bathroom with the FOURTH MAN. The Fourth Man is pacing around the small room, listening hard to what's being said on the other side of the door, tightly CLUTCHING his huge silver .357 Magnum.

JULES (O.S.)

"...blessed is he who, in the name
of charity and good will, shepherded
the weak through the valley of
darkness. 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 I am the Lord when I
lay my vengeance upon you."

BANG! BANG! BOOM! POW! BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!

The Fourth Man freaks out. He THROWS himself against the back wall, gun outstretched in front of him, a look of yellow fear on his face, ready to blow in half anybody fool enough to stick their head through that door.

Then he listens to them talk.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Friend of yours?

JULES (O.S.)

Yeah, Marvin-Vincent-Vincent-Marvin.

Waiting for them isn't the smartest move. Bursting out the door and blowing them all away while they're fuckin' around is the way to go.

INT. APARTMENT ... DAY

The bathroom door BURSTS OPEN and the Fourth Man CHARGES out, silver Magnum raised, FIRING SIX BOOMING SHOTS from his hand cannon.

FOURTH MAN

Die... die... die... die...!

DOLLY INTO Fourth Man, same as before.

He SCREAM until he's dry firing. Then a look of confusion crosses his face.

TWO SHOT ... JULES AND VINCENT

Standing next to each other, unharmed. Amazing as it seems, none of the Fourth Man's shots appear to have hit anybody. Jules and Vincent exchange looks like, "Are we hit?" They're as confused at the shooter. After looking at each other, they bring their looks up to the Fourth Man.

FOURTH MAN

I don't understand ...

The Fourth Man is taken out of the scenario by the two men's bullets who, unlike his, HIT their marks. He drops DEAD.

The two men lower their guns. Jules, obviously shaken, sits down in a chair. Vincent, after a moment of respect, shrugs it off.

Then heads toward Marvin in the corner.

VINCENT

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

JULES

(to himself)

We should be fuckin' dead right now.

(pause)

Did you see that gun he fired at us? It was bigger than him.

VINCENT

.357.

JULES

We should be fuckin' dead!

VINCENT

Yeah, we were lucky.

Jules rises, moving toward Vincent.

JULES

That shit wasn't luck. That shit was somethin' else.

Vincent prepares to leave.

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 it 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 fuckin' do that! Don't blow this shit off! What just happened was a fuckin' 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 fuckin' dead now, my friend! We just witnessed a miracle, and I want you to fuckin' acknowledge

it!

VINCENT

Okay man, it was a miracle, can we
leave now?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT BUILDING ... MORNING

The Chevy Nova PROPELS itself into traffic.

INT. NOVA (MOVING) ... MORNING

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

VINCENT

...Ever seen that show "COPS?" I
was watchin' it once and this cop
was on it who was talkin' 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 fuckin' 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 fuckin' freakin' out!

JULES

I'm tellin' 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!

Marvin is hit in the upper chest, below the throat. He GURGLES blood and SHAKES.

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 somethin'
and the gun went off.

JULES

The car didn't hit no motherfuckin'
bump!

VINCENT

Look! I didn't mean to shoot this
son-of-a-bitch, the gun just went
off, don't ask me how!

JULES

Look at this mess! We're drivin'
around on a city street in broad
daylight ...

VINCENT

... I know, I know, I wasn't thinkin'
about the splatter.

JULES

Well you better be thinkin' 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 fuckin' blood.

VINCENT

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

JULES

This is the Valley, Vincent. Marsellus
don't got no friendly places in the
Valley.

VINCENT

Well, don't look at me, this is your
town, Jules.

Jules takes out a cellular phone and starts punching digits.

VINCENT

Who ya callin'?

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 doin' man, it's Jules.

(pause)

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.

INT. JIMMIE'S BATHROOM ... DAY

Jules is bent over a sink, washing his bloody hands while Vincent stands behind him.

JULES

We gotta be real fuckin' delicate with this Jimmie's situation. He's one remark away from kickin' our asses out the door.

VINCENT

If he kicks us out, whadda we do?

JULES

Well, we ain't leavin' '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 tellin' 'im what's what.

Jules rises and dries his hands. Vincent takes his place at the sink.

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 doin' who a favor.

Vincent finishes, then dries his hands on a white towel.

VINCENT

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

When Vincent is finished drying his hands, the towel is
stained with red.

JULES

What the fuck did you just do to his
towel?

VINCENT

I was just dryin' 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 coulda 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 fuckin' 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 tellin'
you Vincent, you best be cool. 'Cause
if I gotta get in to it with Jimmie
on account of you... Look, I ain't
threatenin' 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.

INT. JIMMIE'S KITCHEN ... MORNING

Three men are standing in Jimmie's kitchen, each with a mug of coffee. Jules, Vincent and JIMMIE DIMMICK, a young man in his late 20s dressed in a bathrobe.

JULES

Goddamn Jimmie, this is some serious gourmet shit. Me an' Vincent woulda been satisfied with freeze-dried Tasters Choice. You spring this gourmet fuckin' 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 butterin' 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 fuckin' good it is. When Bonnie goes shoppin', 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 talkin'. 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?"

Jules starts to "Jimmie" him ...

JIMMIE

... answer to question. Did you see a sign out in front of my house that said, "Dead nigger storage?"

JULES

(playing along)
Naw man, I didn't.

JIMMIE

You know why you didn't see that sign?

JULES

Why?

JIMMIE

'Cause storin' dead niggers ain't my fuckin' business!

Jules starts to "Jimmie" him.

JIMMIE

... 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 ... fuckin' divorced. And I don't wanna get fuckin' 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 doin' it.

JULES

Jimmie ...

JIMMIE

... don't fuckin' Jimmie me, man, I can't be Jimmied. There's nothin' you can say that's gonna make me forget I love my wife. Now she's workin' the graveyard shift at the hospital. She'll be comin' 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.

INT. MARSELLUS WALLACE'S DINING ROOM ... MORNING

Marsellus Wallace sits at his dining table in a big comfy robe, eating his large breakfast, while talking on the phone.

MARSELLUS

...well, say she comes home. Whaddya think she'll do?

(pause)

No fuckin' shit she'll freak. That ain't no kinda answer. You know 'er, I don't. How bad, a lot or a little?

INT. JIMMIE'S BEDROOM ... MORNING

Jules paces around in Jimmie's bedroom on the phone.

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 doin' a bunch of gangsta' shit in her kitchen, ain't no tellin' what she's apt to do.

MARSELLUS

I've grasped that, Jules. All I'm doin' is contemplating the "ifs."

JULES

I don't wanna hear about no motherfuckin' "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 comin' 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 comin' directly.

JULES

You sendin' The Wolf?

MARSELLUS

Feel better?

JULES

Shit Negro, that's all you had to

say.

INT. HOTEL SUITE ... MORNING

The CAMERA looks through the bedroom doorway of a hotel suite into the main area. We SEE a crap game being played on a fancy crap table by GAMBLERS in tuxedos and LUCKY LADIES in fancy evening gowns. The CAMERA PANS to the right revealing: Sitting on a bed, phone in hand with his back to us, the tuxedo-clad WINSTON WOLF aka "THE WOLF". We also see The Wolf has a small notepad that he jots details in.

THE WOLF

(into phone)

Is she the hysterical type?

(pause)

When she due?

(jotting down)

Give me the principals' names again?

(jots down)

Jules...

We SEE his book. The page has written on it:

"1265 Riverside Drive Toluca Lake 1 body (no head)
Bloody shot-up car Jules (black)"

THE WOLF

...Vincent... Jimmie... Bonnie...

HE WRITES:

"Vincent (Dean Martin) Jimmie (house) Bonnie (9:30)"

THE WOLF

Expect a call around 10:30. It's
about thirty minutes away. I'll be
there in ten.

He hangs up. We never see his face.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK:

"NINE MINUTES AND THIRTY-SEVEN SECONDS LATER"

CUT TO:

EXT. JIMMIE'S STREET ... MORNING

A silver Porsche WHIPS the corner leading to Jimmie's home, in HYPER DRIVE. Easily doing 135 mph, the Porsche stops on a

dime in front of Jimmie's house.

A ringed finger touches the doorbell: DING DONG.

INT. JIMMIE'S HOUSE ... MORNING

Jimmie opens the door. We see, standing in the doorway, the tuxedo-clad man. He looks down to his notebook, then up at Jimmie.

THE WOLF

You're Jimmie, right? This is your house?

JIMMIE

Yeah.

THE WOLF

(stick his hand out)
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.

In the dining room, Jules and Vincent stand up.

THE WOLF

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...
(refers to his pad)
...comes home at 9:30 in the AM, is that correct?

JIMMIE

Uh-huh.

THE WOLF

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 at that.

THE WOLF

That gives us 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.

INT. JIMMIE'S GARAGE ... MORNING

The three men hang back as The Wolf examines the car. He studies the car in silence, opening the door, looking inside, circling it.

THE WOLF

Jimmie?

JIMMIE

Yes.

THE WOLF

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.

Jimmie exists. The Wolf continues his examination.

THE WOLF

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.

INT. KITCHEN ... MORNING

Jimmie hands The Wolf a cup of coffee.

THE WOLF

Thank you, Jimmie.

He takes a sip, then, pacing as he thinks, lays out for the three men the plan of action.

THE WOLF

Okay first thing, you two.
(meaning Jules and Vincent)

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 cleansers and 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 talkin' 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 don'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 stickin' 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.

The Wolf and Jimmie turn, heading for the bedroom, leaving Vincent and Jules standing in the kitchen.

VINCENT
(calling after him)
A "please" would be nice.

The Wolf stops and turns around.

THE WOLF
Come again?

VINCENT
I said a "please" would be nice.

The Wolf takes a step toward him.

THE WOLF
Set is 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 fuckin' 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 barkin' 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 fuckin' car.

INT. JIMMIE'S BEDROOM ... MORNING

Jimmie's gathering all the bedspreads, quilts and linen he has.

The Wolf is on the phone.

THE WOLF

(into phone)

It's a 1974 Chevy Nova.

(pause)

White.

(pause)

Nothin', 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 we comin', Jimmie?

Jimmie comes over with a handful of linen.

JIMMIE

Mr. Wolf, you gotta understand somethin' ...

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.

(takes out a roll of bills)

I like oak myself, that's what's in my bedroom. How 'bout you Jimmie, you an oak man?

JIMMIE

Oak's nice.

INT. GARAGE ... MORNING

Both Jules and Vincent are inside the car cleaning it up. Vincent is in the front seat washing windows, while Jules is in the backseat, picking up little pieces of skull and gobs of brain.

Both are twice as bloody as they were before.

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 crossin' it. I'm a race car and you got me in the red. Redline 7000, that's where you are. Just know, it's fuckin' dangerous to be drivin' a race car when it's in the red. It could blow.

JULES

You're gettin' ready to blow? I'm a mushroom-cloud-layin' motherfucker! Every time my fingers touch brain I'm "SUPERFLY T.N.T," I'm the "GUNS OF NAVARONE." I'm what Jimmie Walker usta talk about. In fact, what the fuck am I doin' in the back? You're the motherfucker should be on brain detail. We're tradin'. I'm washin' windows and you're pickin' up this nigger's skull.

INT. CHEVY NOVA ... MORNING

The interior of the car has been cleaned and lined with bedspreads and quilts. Believe it or not, what looked like a portable slaughterhouse can actually pass for a non-descript vehicle.

The Wolf circles the car examining it.

Jules and Vincent stand aside, their clothes are literally a bloody mess, but they do have a sense of pride in what a good job they've done.

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 suckin' each other's dicks quite yet. Phase one is complete, clean the car, which moves us right along to phase two, clean you two.

EXT. JIMMIE'S BACKYARD ... MORNING

Jules and Vincent stand side by side in their black suits, covered in blood, in Jimmie's backyard. Jimmie holds a plastic Hefty trash bag, while The Wolf holds a garden hose with one of those guns nozzles attached.

THE WOLF

Strip.

VINCENT

All the way?

THE WOLF

To your bare ass.

As they follow directions, The Wolf enjoys a smoke.

THE WOLF

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?

VINCENT

What?

THE WOLF

Like a couple of guys who just blew off somebody's head. Yes, strippin' off those bloody rags is absolutely necessary. Toss the clothes in Jim's garbage bag.

JULES

Now Jimmie, don't do nothin' stupid like puttin' that out in front of your house for Elmo the garbage man to take away.

THE WOLF

Don't worry, we're takin' it with us. Jim, the soap.

He hands the now-naked men a bar of soap.

THE WOLF

Okay gentlemen, you're both been to County before, I'm sure. Here it comes.

He hits the trigger, water SHOOTs OUT, SMACKING both men.

JULES

Goddamn, that water's fuckin' cold!

THE WOLF

Better you than me, gentlemen.

The two men, trembling, scrub themselves.

THE WOLF

Don't be afraid of the soap, spread
it around.

The Wolf stops the hose, tossing it on the ground.

THE WOLF

Towel 'em.

Jimmie tosses them each a towel, which they rub furiously
across their bodies.

THE WOLF

You're dry enough, give 'em their
clothes.

FADE UP ON:

JULES AND VINCENT In their tee-shirts and swim trunks. They
look a million miles away from the black-suited, bad-asses
we first met.

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.

The Wolf and Jimmie laugh.

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 wearin' dorky shit that your is.

THE WOLF

C'mon, gentlemen, we're laughin' and
jokin' our way into prison. Don't
make me beg.

INT. JIMMIE'S GARAGE ... MORNING

The garbage bag is tossed in the car trunk on top of Marvin.
The Wolf SLAMS is closed.

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
goin' 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 fuckin' 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.

(to Vincent)

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.

(he throws Vince his
car keys)

I drive real fuckin' 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.

EXT. MONSTER JOE'S TRUCK AND TOW ... MORNING

Jules and Vincent wait by Winston's Porsche.

JULES

We cool?

WINSTON

Like it never happened.

Jules and Vincent bump fists.

WINSTON

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

RAQUEL

(to the boys)

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 laughs, the boys groan.

WINSTON

I'm takin' m'lady out to breakfast.
Maybe I can drop you two off. Where
do you live?

VINCENT

Redondo Beach.

JULES

Inglewood.

Winston grabs Jules' wrist and pantomimes like he's in a
"DEAD ZONE" trance.

WINSTON

(painfully)

It's your future: I see... a cab
ride.

(dropping the act)
Sorry guys, move out of the sticks.
(to Raquel)
Say goodbye, Raquel.

RAQUEL
Goodbye, Raquel.

WINSTON
I'll see you two around, and stay
outta trouble, you crazy kids.

Winston turns to leave.

JULES
Mr. Wolf.

He turns around.

JULES
I was a pleasure watchin' you work.

The Wolf smiles.

WINSTON
Call me Winston.

He turns and banters with Raquel as they get in the Porsche.

WINSTON
You hear that, young lady? Respect.
You could lean 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.

The Porsche SHOOTS OFF down the road.

The two men left alone look at each other.

JULES
Wanna share a cab?

VINCENT

You know I could go for some
breakfast. Want to have breakfast
with me?

JULES

Sure.

INT. COFFEE SHOP ... MORNING

Jules and Vincent sit at a booth. In front of Vincent is a
big stack of pancakes and sausages, which he eats with gusto.
Jules, on the other hand, just has a cup of coffee and a
muffin. He seems far away in thought. The Waitress pours a
refill for both men,

VINCENT

Thanks a bunch.
(to Jules, who's
nursing his coffee)
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 nothin' 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 ceases to be a filthy animal?

JULES

We'd have to be talkin' 'bout one motherfuckin' charmin' pig. It'd have to be the Cary Grant of pigs.

The two men laugh.

VINCENT

Good for you. Lighten up a little. You been sittin' there all quiet.

JULES

I just been sittin' here thinkin'.

VINCENT

(mouthful of food)
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 fuckin' car keys. You don't judge shit like this based on merit. Whether or not what we experienced was an according-to-Hoyle miracle is insignificant. What is significant is I felt God's touch, God got involved.

VINCENT

But why?

JULES

That's what's fuckin' 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 takes a bite of food. Jules takes a sip of coffee In the b.g., we see a PATRON call the Waitress.

PATRON

Garçon! Coffee!

We recognize the patron to be Pumpkin from the first scene of Pumpkin and Honey Bunny.

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 want 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 fuckin' 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 fuckin' 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 fuckin' talkin' like that!

JULES

If you find my answers frightening,
Vincent, you should cease askin'
scary questions.

VINCENT

I gotta take a shit. To be continued.

Vincent exits for the restroom.

Jules, alone, takes a mouthful of muffin, then... Pumpkin
and Honey Bunny rise with guns raised.

PUMPKIN

Everybody be cool, this is a robbery!

HONEY BUNNY

Any of you fuckin' pricks move and
I'll execute every one of you
motherfuckers! Got that?!

Jules looks up, not believing what he's seeing. Under the
table, Jules' hand goes to his .45 Automatic. He pulls it
out, COCKING IT.

PUMPKIN

Customers stay seated, waitresses on
the floor.

HONEY BUNNY

Now mean fuckin' now! Do it or die,
do it or fucking die!

Like lightning, Pumpkin moves over to the kitchen. While
Honey Bunny SCREAMS out threats to the PATRONS, keeping them
terrified.

PUMPKIN

You Mexicans in the kitchen, get out
here! Asta luego!

Three COOKS and two BUSBOYS come out of the kitchen.

PUMPKIN

On the floor or I'll cook you ass,

comprende?

They comprende. The portly MANAGER speaks up.

MANAGER

I'm the manager here, there's no
problem, no problem at all ...

Pumpkin heads his way.

PUMPKIN

You're gonna give me a problem?

He reaches him and sticks the barrel of his gun hard in the
Manager's neck.

PUMPKIN

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!

The Patrons SCREAM. Jules watches all this silently, his
hand tightly gripping the .45 Automatic under the table.

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 git your fuckin' ass
on the ground.

INT. COFFEE SHOP BATHROOM ... MORNING

Vincent, on the toilet, oblivious to the pandemonium outside, reads his "MODESTY BLAISE" book.

INT. COFFEE SHOP ... MORNING

Cash register drawer opens. Pumpkin stuffs the money from the till in his pocket. Then walks from behind the counter with a trash bag in his hand.

PUMPKIN

Okay people, I'm going to go 'round and collect your wallets. Don't talk, just toss 'em in the bag. We clear?

Pumpkin goes around collecting wallets. Jules sits with his .45 ready to spit under the table.

Pumpkin sees Jules sitting in his booth, holding his wallet, briefcase next to him. Pumpkin crosses to him, his tone more respectful, his manner more on guard.

PUMPKIN

In the bag.

Jules DROPS his wallet in the bag. Using his gun as a pointer, Pumpkin points to the briefcase.

PUMPKIN

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 thinkin' the same thing.

PUMPKIN

Open it up.

Jules' free hand lays palm flat on the briefcase.

JULES

'Fraid I can't do that.

Pumpkin is definitely surprised by his answer. He aims the gun right in the middle of Jules' face and pulls back the hammer.

PUMPKIN

I didn't hear you.

JULES

Yes, you did.

This exchange has been kind of quiet, not everybody heard it, but Honey Bunny senses something's wrong.

HONEY BUNNY

What's goin' 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

(on the ground)

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

JULES

Keep your fuckin' mouth closed, fat man, this ain't any of your goddamn business!

PUMPKIN

I'm countin' to three, and if your hand ain't off that case, I'm gonna unload right in your fuckin' face. Clear? One...

PUMPKIN

...two... three.

JULES

You win.

Jules raises his hand off the briefcase.

JULES

It's all yours, Ringo.

PUMPKIN

Open it.

Jules flips the locks and opens the case, revealing it to Pumpkin but not to us. The same light SHINES from the case. Pumpkin's expression goes to amazement. Honey Bunny, across the room, can't see shit.

HONEY BUNNY

What is it? What is it?

PUMPKIN

(softly)

Is that what I think it is?

Jules nods his head: "yes."

PUMPKIN

It's beautiful.

Jules nods his head: "yes."

HONEY BUNNY

Goddammit, what is it?

Jules SLAMS the case closed, then sits back, as if offering the case to Pumpkin. Pumpkin, one big smile, bends over to pick up the case.

Like a rattlesnake, Jules' free hand GRABS the wrist of Pumpkin's gun hand, SLAMMING it on the table. His other hand comes from under the table and STICKS the barrel of his .45 hand under Pumpkin's chin.

Honey Bunny freaks out, waving her gun in Jules' direction.

HONEY BUNNY

Let him go! Let him go! I'll blow
your fuckin' head off! I'll kill ya!
I'll kill ya! You're gonna die, you're
gonna fuckin' die bad!

JULES

(to Pumpkin)

Tell that bitch to be cool! Say,
bitch be cool! Say, bitch be cool!

PUMPKIN
Chill out, honey!

HONEY BUNNY
Let him go!

JULES
(softly)
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.

Whenever Jules talks to Yolanda, he never looks at her, only
at Pumpkin.

JULES
(to Yolanda)
So, we cool Yolanda? We ain't gonna
do anything stupid, are we?

YOLANDA
(crying)
Don't you hurt him.

JULES
Nobody's gonna hurt anybody. We're
gonna be like three Fonzies. And
what' Fonzie like?

No answer.

JULES

C'mon Yolanda, what's Fonzie like?

YOLANDA

(through tears, unsure)

He's cool?

JULES

Correct-amundo! And that's what we're gonna be, we're gonna be cool.

(to Pumpkin)

Now Ringo, I'm gonna count to three and I want you to let go your gun and lay your palms flat on the table. But when you do it, do it cool. Ready?

Pumpkin looks at him.

JULES

One... two... three.

Pumpkin lets go of his gun and places both hands on the table.

Yolanda can't stand it anymore.

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

(more conversational)

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 don'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 fuckin' 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 don'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 (O.S.)

What the fuck's goin' on here?

Yolanda WHIPS her gun toward the stranger.

Vincent, by the bathroom, has his gun out, dead-aimed at
Yolanda.

JULES

It's cool, Vincent! It's cool! Don't
do a goddamn thing. Yolanda, it's
cool baby, nothin's changed. We're
still just talkin'.

(to Pumpkin)

Tell her we're still cool.

PUMPKIN

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

VINCENT

(gun raised)

What the hell's goin' on, Jules?

JULES

Nothin' 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.

(to Pumpkin)

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.

Pumpkin looks in the bag and ... sure enough ... there's a wallet
with "Bad Motherfucker" embroidered on it.

JULES

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 givin' it to him.
I'm buyin' somethin' for my money.
Wanna know what I'm buyin' Ringo?

PUMPKIN

What?

JULES

Your life. I'm givin' you that money
so I don't hafta 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 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 the 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 I am the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon you." I been sayin' that shit for years. And if you ever heard it, it meant your ass. I never really questioned what it meant. I thought it was just a coldblooded thing to say to a motherfucker 'fore you popped a cap in his ass. But I saw some shit this mornin' made me think twice. Now I'm thinkin', it could mean you're the evil man. And I'm the righteous man. And Mr. .45 here, he's the shepherd protecting my righteous ass in the valley of darkness. Or is could by you're the righteous man and I'm the shepherd and it's the world that's evil and selfish. I'd like that. But that shit ain't the truth. The truth is you're the weak. And I'm the tyranny of evil men. But I'm tryin'. I'm tryin' real hard to be a shepherd.

Jules lowers his gun, lying it on the table.

Pumpkin looks at him, to the money in his hand, then to Yolanda.

She looks back.

Grabbing the trash bag full of wallets, the two RUN out the door.

Jules, who was never risen from his seat the whole time, takes a sip of coffee.

JULES
(to himself)
It's cold.

He pushes it aside.

Vincent appears next to Jules.

VINCENT
I think we oughta leave now.

JULES

That's probably a good idea.

Vincent throws some money on the table and Jules grabs the briefcase.

Then, to the amazement of the Patrons, the Waitresses, the Cooks, the Bus Boys, and the Manager, these two bad-ass dudes ... wearing UC Santa Cruz and "I'm with Stupid" tee-shirts, swim trunks, thongs and packing .45 Automatics ... walk out of the coffee shop together without saying a word.

FADE OUT

THE END