

"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 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 SHOTS 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-can-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.