

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"

2 INT. '74 CHEVY - MOVING - MORNING

2

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:

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:

4 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING COURTYARD - MORNING

4

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.

5 INT. RECEPTION AREA - APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

5

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.

6 INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

6

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.

7 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MORNING

7

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.

8 INT. APARTMENT - ROOM 49 - MORNING

8

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.