

Forget it. It's too risky. I'm through doing that shit. You always say that. The same thing every time. "I'm through, never again, too dangerous." I know that's what I always say. I'm always right too. - You forget about it in a day or two. - The days of me forgetting are over. The days of me remembering have just begun. You know, when you go on like this, what you sound like? - I sound like a sensible fuckin' man. - You sound like a duck. - Quack, quack, quack. - Take heart, 'cause you're never gonna have to hear it again. Since I'm never gonna do it again, you're never gonna have to hear me quack. - After tonight? - Correct. I got all tonight to quack. - Can I get anyone more coffee? - Oh, yes! - Thank you. - You're welcome. I mean, the way it is now, you're takin' the same risk as when you rob a bank. Takin' more of a risk. Banks are easier. Federal banks ain't supposed to stop you in any way during a robbery. They're insured. Why should they give a fuck? I don't even need a gun in a Federal bank. Heard about this one bloke, he walks into a bank with a portable phone. He gives the phone to a teller. The bloke on the other end says, "We got this guy's little girl. If you don't give him all your money, we're gonna kill her." - Did it work? - Fuckin' right it worked. That's what I'm talkin' about. Knucklehead walks into a bank with a telephone. Not a pistol, not a shotgun, a fuckin' phone. - Cleans the place out. They don't lift a fuckin' finger. - Did they hurt the little girl? There probably never was a little girl. The point of the story isn't a little girl. The point of the story is they robbed a bank with a telephone. - You want to rob banks? - I'm not saying I wanna rob banks. I'm illustrating if we did, it'd be easier than what we've been doing. - No more liquor stores? - What've we been talkin' about? Yeah, no more liquor stores. Besides, it ain't the giggle it used to be. There's too many foreigners own liquor stores. Vietnamese, Koreans, don't even speak fuckin' English. You tell'em empty out the register, they don't know what you're talkin' about. They make it too personal. - We keep on, one of these gook fuckers gonna make us kill him. - I'm not gonna kill anybody. I don't want to either. But they'll probably put us in a situation where it's us or them. And if it's not the gooks, it's these old fuckin' Jews who've owned the store for 15 fucking generations. You got Grandpa Irving sitting behind the counter with a fucking Magnum in his hand. Try walkin' into one of those places with nothing but a phone. See how far that gets you. Forget it. - We're out of it. - Well, what then, day jobs? - Not in this life. - What then? Garon, coffee! This place. Garon means boy. This place? A coffee shop? What's wrong with that? Nobody ever robs 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 expectin' to get robbed. Not as expectin' anyway. - I bet you could cut down on the hero factor in a place like this. - Correct. Same as banks, these places are insured. Manager. He don't give a fuck. They're just trying to get you out before you start pluggin' the diners. Waitresses. Fuckin' forget it. No way they're takin' a bullet for the register. Busboys. Some wetback gettin' paid 1.50 an hour... really give a fuck you're stealin' from the owner? Customers sittin' there with food in their mouths, they don't know what's goin' on. One minute, they're havin' a Denver omelet, the next, someone is stickin' a gun in

their face. See, I got the idea the last liquor store we stuck up, remember? - All the customers kept comin' in. - Yeah. You got the idea of takin' their wallets. Now, that was a good idea. - Thank you. - Made more from the wallets than we did from the register. - Yes, we did. - A lot of people come to restaurants. - A lot of wallets. - Pretty smart, huh? Pretty smart. I'm ready. Let's do it. Right now, right here. - Come on. - All right. Same as last time, remember? You're crowd control. I'll handle the employees. - I love you, Pumpkin. - I love you, Honey Bunny. Everybody be cool! This is a robbery! Any of you fucking pricks move, and I'll execute every motherfuckin' last one of you. and I'll execute every motherfuckin' last one of you. LoS PiRaTaS 2002 by Terrok - Jungle boogie - Get down with the boogie - Jungle boogie - Get it on - Jungle boogie - Get down with the boogie - Jungle boogie - Get it on - Jungle boogie - Get up with the boogie - Jungle boogie - Get up with the get down - Jungle boogie - Get down and boogie - Jungle boogie - Shake it around - Okay, so tell me again about the hash bars. - Okay, what you want to know? - Hash is legal there, right? - It's legal, but it ain't 100You just can't walk into a restaurant, roll a joint and start puffin' away. I mean, they want you to smoke in your home or certain designated places. - Those are hash bars? - 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 illegal to carry it, but-but that doesn't matter, 'cause get a load of this. If you get stopped by a cop in Amsterdam, it's illegal for them to search you. - I mean, that's a right the cops in Amsterdam don't have. - Oh, man! I'm goin'. That's all there is to it. I'm fuckin' goin'. I know, baby. You'd dig it the most. - But you know what the funniest thing about Europe is? - What? It's the little differences. I mean, they got the same shit over there that they got here, - but it's just there, it's a little different. - Example. You can walk into a movie theater in Amsterdam and buy a beer. And I don't mean just like no paper cup. I'm talkin' about a glass of beer. And in Paris, you can buy a beer in McDonald's. You know what they call... a Quarter-Pounder with Cheese in Paris? They don't call it a Quarter-Pounder with Cheese? They got the metric system. They wouldn't know what the fuck a Quarter-Pounder is. - What do they call it? - They call it a Royale with Cheese. - Royale with Cheese. - That's right. What do they call a Big Mac? Big Mac's a Big Mac, but they call it Le Big Mac. Le Big Mac. - What do they call a Whopper? - I don't know. I didn't go into Burger King. - You know what they put on French fries in Holland instead of ketchup? - What? - Mayonnaise. - Goddamn! - I seen'em do it, man. They fuckin' drown'em in that shit. - Yuck. We should have shotguns for this kind of deal. - How many up there? - Three or four. - That's countin' our guy? - Not sure. - So that means that it could be up to five guys up there? - It's possible. We should have fuckin' shotguns. - What's her name? - Mia. - Mia. How did Marsellus and her meet? - I don't know. However people meet people. She used to be a actress. Oh, really? She do anything I'd have seen? - I think her biggest deal was she starred in a pilot. - Pilot? What's a pilot? - Well, you know the shows on TV? - I don't watch TV. Yeah, but you are aware that there is an invention called television, - and on this invention they show shows, right? - Yeah. The way they pick TV shows

is they make one show. That show's called a pilot. Then they show that one show to the people who pick shows... and on the strength of that one show, they decide if they wanna make more shows. Some get chosen and become television programs. Some don't, become nothin'. She starred in one of the ones that became nothing. You remember Antwan Rockamora? Half-black, half-Samoan. Used to call him "Tony Rocky Horror." - Yeah, maybe. Fat, right? - I wouldn't go so far as to call the brother fat. I mean, he got a weight problem. What's a nigger gonna do? He's Samoan. - I think I know who you mean. What about him? - Marsellus fucked him up good. Word 'round the campfire is it was on account of Marsellus Wallace's wife. - So what he'd do? Fuck her? - No, no, no, no, no. Nothin' that bad. - Well, then what then? - He gave her a foot massage. A foot massage? - That's it? Then what'd Marsellus do? Sent a couple cats over to his place. They took him out on his patio. Threw his ass over the balcony. Nigger fell four stories. He had a little garden down at the bottom enclosed in glass, like a greenhouse. Nigger fell through that. Since then, he kind of developed a speech impediment. - That's a damn shame. - But still, you play with matches, you get burned. - What do you mean? You don't be givin' Marsellus Wallace's new bride a foot massage. You don't think he overreacted? Antwan didn't expect Marsellus to react the way he did, but he had to expect a reaction. It was a foot massage. A foot massage is nothin'. I give my mother a foot massage. It's laying your hands in a familiar way on Marsellus's new wife. I mean, is it as bad as eatin' her pussy out? No, but it's the same fuckin' ballpark. Whoa, stop right there. Eatin' the bitch out... and givin' the bitch a foot massage ain't even the same fucking thing. - It's not. It's the same ballpark. - Ain't no fuckin' ballpark neither. Now, look, maybe your method of massage differs from mine. But touchin' his wife's feet and sticking your tongue in the holiest of holies... ain't the same fuckin' ballpark; it ain't the same league; it ain't the same fuckin' sport. - Foot massages don't mean shit! - Have you ever given a foot massage? Don't be tellin' me about foot massages. - I'm the foot fuckin' master. - You given a lot of them? Shit, yeah! Got my technique down and everything. I don't be ticklin' or nothin'. Would you give a guy a foot massage? - Fuck you. - You give'em a lot? - Fuck you. - You know, I'm kind of tired. I could use a foot massage. - Yo, yo, yo, man. You best back off. I'm gettin' a little pissed here. - This is the door. - Yeah, it is. What time you got? No, it ain't quite time yet. Come on. Let's hang back. Look, just 'cause 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 shit ain't right. Motherfucker do that shit to me, he better paralyze my ass, 'cause I kill the motherfucker. I ain't sayin' it's right, but you sayin' a massage don't mean nothin'. I'm sayin' it does. Now, look, 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 them. There's a sensuous thing goin' on... where you don't talk about it, but you know it and she knows it. Fuckin' Marsellus knew it. And Antwan should've fuckin' better known better. That's his fuckin' wife, man. This ain't a man with a sense of humor about this shit. You know what I'm

sayin'?' It's an interestin' point. Come on. Let's get into character. - What's her name again? - Mia. - Mia. - Why you so interested in big man's wife? He's goin' out of town, Florida. And he asked me if I'd take care of her while he's gone. - Take care of her? - No, man. Just take her out. Show her a good time. Make sure she don't get lonely. You're gonna be takin' Mia Wallace out on a date? It is not a date. It's just like if you were gonna take your buddy's wife to a movie or somethin'. - It's just good company, that's all. - It's not a date. It's definitely not a date. Hey, kids. How you boys doin'?' Hey, keep chillin'. You know who we are? We're associates of your business partner, Marsellus Wallace. You do remember your business partner, don't you? Now, let me take a wild guess here. - You're Brett, right? - Yeah. I thought so. You remember your business partner Marsellus Wallace, don't ya, Brett? Yeah, I remember. Good. Looks like me and Vincent caught you boys at breakfast. Sorry about that. Whatcha havin'?' Hamburgers. Hamburgers! The cornerstone of any nutritious breakfast. What kind of hamburgers? - Uh, ch-cheeseburgers. - No, no, no. Where'd you get 'em? McDonald's, Wendy's, Jack-in-the-Box? - Where? - Uh, Big Kahuna Burger. Big Kahuna Burger! That's that Hawaiian burger joint. I hear they got some tasty burgers. I ain't never had one myself. How are they? They're... They're good. You mind if I try one of yours? - This is yours here, right? - Yeah. This is a tasty burger! Vincent! You ever had a Big Kahuna burger? Want a bite? They're real tasty. - I ain't hungry. - Well, if you like burgers, give 'em a try sometime. Me, I can't usually get 'em 'cause my girlfriend's a vegetarian, which pretty much makes me a vegetarian. But I do love the taste of a good burger. You know what they call a Quarter-Pounder with Cheese in France? - No. - Tell 'em, Vincent. - A Royale with Cheese. - A Royale with Cheese. You know why they call it that? Uh, because of the metric system? Check out the big brain on Brett! You're a smart motherfucker. That's right. The metric system. - What's in this? - Sprite. Sprite. Good. You mind if I have some of your tasty beverage to wash this down with? Go right ahead. That hit the spot. You. Flock of Seagulls. You know why we're here? - Why don't you tell my man Vince here where you got the shit hid. - It's over... I don't remember askin' you a goddamned thing! You were sayin'?' It's in the cupboard. N-No, the one by your kn-knees. We happy? Vincent? - We happy? - Yeah, we happy. Look, I'm sorry, uh, l... I didn't get your name. I got yours. Vincent. Right? B-But I never got yours. - My name's Pitt, and your ass ain't talkin' your way outta this shit. - No, no, no. I just want you to know how... I just want you to know how sorry we are th-that things got so fucked up... with us and Mr. Wallace. W-We got into this thing with the best intentions. Really. I never... Oh, I'm sorry, did I break your concentration? - I didn't mean to do that. Please. Continue. You were saying something about "best intentions." What's the matter? Oh, you were finished! Oh, well, allow me to retort. What does Marsellus Wallace look like? What? - What country you from? - What? - "What" ain't no country I ever heard of. They speak English in What? - W-What? - English, motherfucker! Do you speak it? - Yes! - Then you know what I'm sayin'! - Yes. Describe what Marsellus Wallace looks like! - What? l... - Say "what" again! Say "what" again! I dare ya! I double dare

you, motherfucker! - Say "what" one more goddamn time! - H-H-He's black. - Go on! - He's bald! - Does he look like a bitch? - What? Does he look... like a bitch? - No! - Then why you tryin' to fuck him like a bitch? - I didn't. - Yes, you did. Yes, you did, Brett! - You tried to fuck him. - No, no. But Marsellus Wallace don't like to be fucked by anybody except Mrs. Wallace. - You read the Bible, Brett? - Yes! Well, there's this passage I got memorized. Sort of fits this occasion. 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 goodwill, 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 thee!" I think you gonna find... when all this shit is over and done... I think you're gonna find yourself one smilin' motherfucker. The thing is, Butch, right now... you got ability. But painful as it may be, ability... don't last. And your days are just about over. Now, that's a hard motherfuckin' fact of life. But that's a fact of life your ass is gonna have to get realistic about. You see, this business is filled to the brim with unrealistic motherfuckers. Motherfuckers who thought their ass would age like wine. If you mean it turns to vinegar... it does. If you mean it gets better with age... it don't. Besides, Butch, how many fights you think you got in you anyway? Two? Boxers don't have an old-timers' day. You came close, but you never made it. And if you were gonna make it, you would have made it before now. You my nigger? Certainly appears so. The night of the fight, you may feel a slight sting. That's pride fuckin' with you. Fuck pride! Pride only hurts. It never helps. You fight through that shit. 'Cause a year from now, when you kickin' it in the Caribbean, you gonna say to yourself, "Marsellus Wallace was right." I got no problem with that, Mr. Wallace. In the fifth, your ass goes down. Say it. In the fifth, my ass goes down. Yo, Vincent Vega. Our man in Amsterdam. Jules Winfield, our man in Inglewood. Get your asses on in here. - Goddamn, nigger, what's up with them clothes? - You don't even want to know. Where's the big man? The big man's right over there takin' care of some business. Why don't you hang back a second or two. You see the white boy leave, go on over. How ya been? - I been doin' pretty good. How 'bout yourself? - All right. So I hear you're takin' Mia out tomorrow. At Marsellus's request. - Have you met Mia? - Not yet. - What's so fuckin' funny? - Not a goddamn thing. - I got to piss. Look, I'm not a fuckin' idiot, all right? It's the big man's wife. I'm gonna sit across from her, chew my food with my mouth closed, Laugh at her fuckin' jokes, and that's it. Hey, my name's Paul, and this shit's between y'all. Then what'd you fuckin' ask me about it for? Asshole. - Gimme a pack of Red Apples. - Filters? No. - You lookin' at somethin', friend? - You ain't my friend, palooka. -What was that? -I think you heard me just fine, punchy. Vincent Vega's in the house? My nigger, get your ass over here. - What's up? - Man, I'm really sorry. You shouldn't worry about it. Pack of Red Apples. 1.40. And some matches. Thanks. It's as if it turns every part of your body into the tip of a penis. - Whoa. - I'll lend it to you.

It's a great book on piercing. That gun to pierce your ears, they don't use that to pierce your nipples, do they? Forget that gun. That guns goes against the entire idea behind piercing. All my piercing, 18 places on my body, every one of 'em done with a needle. Five in each ear, one through the nipple of my left breast, two in my right nostril, one in my left eyebrow, one in my belly, one in my lip, one in my clit, - and I wear a stud in my tongue. - Excuse me. I was just curious, but, um... why would you wear a stud in your tongue? Sex thing. Helps fellatio. Vincenzo. Step in my office. This is Panda from Mexico. Very good stuff. Now, that's Bava. Different, but equally good. And that is Choco from the Harz Mountains of Germany. Now, the first two are the same. But this one is a little more expensive. This is 500 a gram. But, when you shoot it, you will know where that extra money went. There's nothing wrong with these two. This is real, real, real good shit. But this one is a fuckin' madman. Remember, I just got back from Amsterdam. Am I a nigger? Are we in Inglewood? No. You're in my home. Now, white people who know the difference... between good shit and bad shit, this is the house they come to. Now, my shit, I'll take the Pepsi Challenge with that Amsterdam shit... - any old day of the fuckin' week. - That's a bold statement. This ain't Amsterdam, Vince. This is a seller's market. Coke is fuckin' dead as... dead. Heroin, it's comin' back in a big fuckin' way. - All right. Gimme three grams of madman. - Okay. Now, if it's as good as you say it is, I'll come back and buy another thousand. I just hope that I still have some left for ya, but I'm givin' you some out of my own private stash. That is what a nice guy I am. - I'm outta balloons. Is a baggie all right? - Yeah, that's cool. All right. I'll just get one for ya. Honey, will you get me some baggies and, uh, twistix from the kitchen? Okay. Hey, uh, what do you think about Trudi? She ain't got a boyfriend. - You wanna hang out and get high? - Which one's Trudi? -The one with all the shit in her face? -No, that's Jody. That's my wife. - I'm sorry, man. - Thank you. - No, I can't. I gotta be someplace. - All right, no problemo. - I'll take a rain check. - Oh. - Thank you, Jody. Still got your Malibu? Oh, man, you know what some fucker did the other day? - What? - Fuckin' keyed it. - Oh, man, that's fucked up. - Tell me about it. I had it in storage for three years. It was out five days, and some dickless piece of shit fucked with it. They should be fuckin' killed, man. No trial, no jury, straight to execution. I wish I could've caught him doin' it. I'd have given anything to catch that asshole. - It'd been worth him doin' it just so I could've caught him. - What a fucker! What's more chicken-shit than fuckin' with a man's automobile? - Don't fuck with another man's vehicle. - You don't do it. - It's just against the rules. - Thank you. Thank you. - Mind if I shoot up here? - Hey, mi casa es su casa. Muchas gracias. Hi, Vincent. I'm getting dressed. The door's open. Come inside and make yourself a drink. Mia. Hello? Billy Raye was a preacher's son and when his daddy would visit he'd come along Vincent. Vincent. I'm on the intercom. Where is... Where is the intercom? It's on the wall by the two African fellows. To your right. Warm. Warmer. Disco. Hello? Push the button if you want to talk. Hello? Go make yourself a drink, and I'll be down in two shakes of a lamb's tail. The bar's by the fireplace. Okay. When he started sweet talkin' to me He come and tell me everything is all right

He'd kiss me and tell me everything is all right Can I get away again tonight  
 The only one who could ever reach me Was the son of a preacher man The only  
 boy who could ever teach me Was the son of a preacher man Yes, he was He  
 was - Lord he knows he was - Yes he was How will I remember The look was  
 in his eyes Stealing kisses from me on the sly Taking time to make time Telling  
 me that he's all mine - Learning from each other's knowin' Looking to see how  
 much we've grown And the only one who could ever reach me Was the son of a  
 preacher man The only boy who could ever teach me Was the son of a preacher  
 man Yes, he was - Was, was - He was - Oh, yes he was Let's go. What the fuck  
 is this place? This is Jackrabbit Slim's. - An Elvis man should love it. - Come  
 on, Mia. Let's go get a steak. - You can get a steak here, daddy-o. Don't be a...  
 Oh, after you, kitty-cat. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Now, how may  
 I help you? - There's a reservation under Wallace. - Wallace? - We reserved  
 a car. Oh, a car. Why don't you seat'em over there in the Chrysler. School  
 get out, baby Gonna tell you some news Sure do look good in them baby doll  
 shoes One, two, buckle the shoes Three, four, get out on the floor Five, six,  
 come get your kicks down at the corner of Lincoln and 46th, yeah All right I've  
 been waitin' in school all day long Waiting on the bell to ring so I can go home  
 Throw my books on the table Pick up the telephone - Come on, baby - Coffee,  
 please? Decaf. - Just a minute. - Heading down to the drugstore to get a soda  
 pop Throw a nickel in the jukebox Then we start to rock School's out, baby  
 Gonna tell you some news You sure do look good in them baby doll shoes Well,  
 it's one, two Buckle the shoes Three, four Get out on the floor Five, six, come  
 get your kicks down at the corner of Lincoln and 46th Gonna rock all night Just  
 wait and see Ricky, Ricky, Ricky! Let's hear it for Ricky Nelson! - Fantastic  
 job, Rick. Thank you very much. - Vincent! Just to let you all know, Ricky  
 will be back in the second half of our show, so we hope you enjoy your meals  
 here at Jackrabbit Slim's. Thank you. Call for... - Phil-lip Mor-ris. - What do  
 you think? I think it's like a wax museum with a pulse. Hi, I'm Buddy. What  
 can I get you? Let's see, steak, steak, steak. Oh, yeah, I'll have the Douglas  
 Sirk steak. - I'll have that. - How do you want that cooked? - Burned to a  
 crisp or bloody as hell? - Bloody as hell, and... Oh, yeah, look at this... vanilla  
 Coke. What about you, Peggy Sue? I'll have the... Durward Kirby burger,  
 bloody. And... a five-dollar shake. How do you want that shake, Martin and  
 Lewis, or Amos 'n Andy? - Martin and Lewis. - Did you just order a five-dollar  
 shake? Mm-hmm. That's a shake? That's milk and ice cream? - Last I heard.  
 - That's five dollars? You don't put bourbon in it or nothin'? - No. - Just  
 checking. I'll be right back with your drinks. To Lonesome Town To cry my  
 troubles away Could you, um... roll me one of those, cowboy? You can have  
 this one, cowgirl. - Thanks. The streets are filled with regret Think nothin' of  
 it. Lay me down in Lonesome Town - I can learn to forget - So... Marsellus said  
 you just got back from Amsterdam. - Sure did. - How long were you there?  
 Just over three years. I go there about once a year to chill out for a month.  
 No kiddin'? I didn't know that. Why would you? I heard you did a pilot. -  
 That was my 15 minutes. - What was it? It was a show about a team of female  
 secret agents called Fox Force Five. - What? - Fox Force Five. Fox, as in were

a bunch of foxy chicks. Force, as in we're a force to be reckoned with. And five, as in there's one-two-three-four-five of us. There was a blond one, Sommerset O'Neal. She was the leader. The Japanese fox was a kung fu master. The black girl was a demolition expert. French fox's speciality was sex. - What was your speciality? - Knives. The character I played, Raven McCoy, her background was she grew up raised by circus performers. According to the show, she was the deadliest woman in the world with a knife. And she knew a zillion old jokes. Her grandfather, an old vaudevillian, taught her. And if we would have got picked up, they would've worked in a gimmick... where every show I would've told another joke. You know any of them old jokes? Well, I only got the chance to say one 'cause we only did one show. - Tell me. - It's corny. Don't be that way. Tell me. - No, you wouldn't like it, and I'd be embarrassed. - You'd be embarrass... You told 50 million people, and you can't tell me? - I promise I won't laugh. - That's what I'm afraid of, Vince. That's not what I meant. You know it. Now I'm definitely not gonna tell you 'cause it's been built up too much. What a gyp. Martin and Lewis. Vanilla Coke. You think I could have a sip of that? Be my guest. I gotta know what a five-dollar shake tastes like. - You can use my straw. I don't have cooties. - Yeah, but maybe I do. Cooties I can handle. All right. Goddamn, that's a pretty fuckin' good milkshake! -Told ya. -I don't know if it was worth 5, but it's pretty fuckin' good. - Don't you hate that? - Hate what? Uncomfortable silences. Why do we feel it's necessary to yak about bullshit in order to be comfortable? I don't know. That's a good question. That's when you know you found somebody really special. When you can just shut the fuck up for a minute and comfortably share silence. Well, I don't think we're quite there yet, but don't feel bad. We just met each other. I'll tell you what. I'm gonna go to the bathroom and powder my nose. You sit here... and think of something to say. I'll do that. Okay. I said goddamn! Goddamn! Goddamn. I need some hair spray. Don't you just love it when you come back from the bathroom to find your food waiting for you? We're lucky we got anything at all. I don't think Buddy Holly's much of a waiter. Maybe we should've sat in Marilyn Monroe's section. - Which one? There's two Monroes. - No, there's not. That is Marilyn Monroe. That is Mamie Van Doren. I don't see Jayne Mansfield, so she must have the night off. - Pretty smart. - Yeah. I got my moments. - So did you think of somethin' to say? - Actually, I did. However... you seem like a really nice person, and I... - I don't want to offend you. This doesn't sound like the usual, mindless, boring, gettin'-to-know-you chitchat. This sounds like you actually have somethin' to say. Well, well, I do. I do. - But you have to promise not to be offended. - No, no. You can't promise somethin' like that. I have no idea what you're gonna ask me. You can ask me what you're gonna ask me, and my natural response could be to get offended. Then, through no fault of my own, I would have broken my promise. - Let's just forget it. - That's an impossibility. Trying to forget anything as intriguing as this would be an exercise in futility. - Is that a fact? - And besides, - isn't it more, uh, exciting when you don't have permission? - All right, all right. Well, here goes. What did you think about what happened to Antwan? - Who's Antwan? - Tony Rocky Horror. You know him. - He fell



out of a window. - Hmm. Hmm. Well, that is one way to say it. Another way to say it would be that he was thrown out. Another way would be he was thrown out by Marsellus. Yet even another way is to say he was thrown out of a window by Marsellus because of you. - Is that a fact? - No. No, it's not a fact. It's just what I heard. That's just what I heard. - Who told you? - They. "They" talk a lot, don't they? They certainly do. They certainly do. - Don't be shy, Vincent. What else did "they" say? - I'm... I'm not shy. - Um... - Did it involve the "F" word? No, no, no, no, no. They just said that Antwan had given you a foot massage. - And? - And... And nothin'. That's it. You heard Marsellus... threw Tony Rocky Horror out of a fourth-story window for giving me a foot massage? - And you believe that? Well, at the time I was told it sounded reasonable. Marsellus throwing Tony out of a fourth-story window... for massaging my feet seemed reasonable? No, it seemed excessive, but that doesn't mean it didn't happen. I understand that Marsellus is very protective of you. 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. But did it happen? Only thing Antwan ever touched of mine was my hand when he shook it... at my wedding. Really? Truth is, nobody knows why Marsellus threw Tony out that window... except Marsellus and Tony. When you little scamps get together, you're worse than a sewing circle. Ladies and gentlemen. Now the moment you've all been waiting for. The world-famous Jackrabbit Slim's twist contest. Now, this is where one lucky couple... will win this handsome trophy that Marilyn here is holding. Now, who will be our first contestants? - Right here! - All right! - I wanna dance. - No, no, no, 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 wanna dance; I wanna win; I want that trophy. - So dance good. - All right. You asked for it. - So dance good. - All right. You asked for it. Let's hear it for our first contestants. Now let's meet our first contestants here this evening. Young lady, what is your name? Mrs. Mia Wallace. And how 'bout your fella here? Vincent Vega. All right, let's see what you can do. Take it away! - Go for it. - Come on! It was a teenage wedding and the old folks wished them well You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell C'est la vie say the old folks It goes to show you never can tell They furnished off an apartment with a two-room Roebucks sale The 'coolerador was crammed with TV dinners and ginger ale But when Pierre found work the little money comin' worked out well C'est la vie say the old folks It goes to show you never can tell They had a hi-fi phono and boy did they let it blast Seven hundred little records all rock, rhythm and jazz But when the sun went down the rapid tempo of the music fell C'est la vie say the old folks It goes to show you never can tell They had a teenage wedding and the old folks wished them well You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle Is that what you call an uncomfortable silence? I don't know what you call that. - Drinks! Music! I'm gonna take a piss. That's a little bit more information than I needed, but go right ahead. Girl Bomp, bomp, bom You'll be a woman soon I love you so much Can't count all the ways I'd die for you, girl and all they can say is He's

not your kind You never get tired of putting me down and I never know when I come around What I'm gonna find Don't let them make up your mind Don't you know, girl You'll be a woman soon One drink, and that's it. Don't be rude. Drink your drink, but do it quickly. Say good night... and go home. You'll be a woman soon Soon You'll be a woman I've been misunderstood for all of my life But what they're sayin', girl it cuts like a knife The boy's no good Well, I've finally have found what I been lookin' for But if they get a chance they'll end it for sure Sure they would Baby, I've done all I could You see, this is a moral test of oneself. Whether or not you can maintain loyalty. Because... being loyal is very important. You never get tired of putting me down and I never know when I come around What I'm gonna find Don't let them make up your mind Don't you know, girl You'll be a woman soon Please Come take my hand Girl You'll be a woman soon Please Come take my hand - Hello. - Girl So, you're gonna go out there and you're gonna say, "Good night. I've had a very lovely evening." Walk out the door, get in the car, go home, jerk off, and that's all you gonna do. Now it's up to you, girl You'll be a woman soon - Please Come take my hand - Girl - You'll be a woman soon Soon You'll be a woman All right, Mia. So listen, I gotta go, all right? Oh, Jesus fucking Christ. You fu... Oh, Jesus Christ! Oh, fuck me. Fuck me! Oh... Come on, girl. We're gettin' outta here. We gotta walk now. Don't fuckin' die on me, Mia! Fuck! Answer. - Have you got the ring? - Why, certainly. - Join hands, you two lovebirds. - Please! Please! Yes, yes. Hold hands, you lovebirds. Fuck you, Lance! Answer! Now what do you say? I give up! I'll marry you! - Lance! The goddamn phone's ringing! I can hear it. I thought you told those fuckin' assholes never to call here this late! Yeah, I told them. And that is exactly what I'm going to tell this fucking asshole right now. - Don't you dare strike me! - Hello. Lance! Vincent. I'm in big fuckin' trouble, man. I'm coming to your house. W-Whoa. Whoa. Hold your horses, man. W-What's the problem? - I got this chick, she's fuckin' O.D.in' on me! - Well, don't bring her here! I'm not even joking with you! Do not be bringing some fucked-up pooh-bah to my house! - No choice. - Wh... She's O.D.in'? - She's fuckin' dyin' on me, man! - Just dandy. Okay, then you bite the fuckin' bullet, take her to a hospital and call a lawyer. - Negative! - This is not my fuckin' problem, man! You fucked her up, you fuckin' deal with this! Uh, are you talkin' to me on a cellular phone? I don't know you. Who is this? Don't come here! I'm hanging up the phone! Prank caller! Prank caller! - What the hell was that? Have you lost your fucking mind? - You were talking about drug shit on a cellular phone! - Lance, help me. - You crashed your car into my fucking house! - Grab her feet. Are you deaf? You are not bringing this fucked-up bitch into my house! This "fucked-up bitch" is Marsellus Wallace's wife. - Do you know who Marsellus Wallace is? - Yeah. If she croaks on me, I am a fucking grease spot! I will be forced to tell him that you did not help and let her die on your lawn. Now, come on. Help me, help me. Pick her up. - Shit. Lance! Shit. It's 1:30 in the goddamn morning. What the fuck's going on out here? Who's she? Go to the fridge and get the thing with the adrenalin shot. - What's wrong with her? - She's O.D.ing! - Get her outta here! - Get the shot! - Fuck you! Fuck you too! - What a fuckin' bitch. Just keep talking

to her, all right? She's gettin' the shot. I'm going to go get my little black medical book. What the fuck you need a medical book for? I've never had to give an adrenalin shot before! I don't go joy-poppin' with bubble-gummers! My friends can handle their highs! - Get the shot! - I am, if you'll let me! - I ain't stopping you! - Stop talking to me. Start talking to her! - Get the shot! - All right! - Hurry up. We're losing her! - I'm looking as fast as I can! What's he looking for? - I don't know. Some book. - What are you looking for? - A little black medical book. - What are you looking for? My little black medical book! It's like a textbook they give to nurses. - I never saw no medical book. - Trust me. I have one. - If it's so important, why don't you keep it with the shot? - I don't know! - Stop bothering me! - While you're looking, that girl's gonna die on our carpet. You're never gonna find anything in this mess! - I'm gonna fucking kill you if you don't shut up! - Lance, get in here! - Right? Pig. - Get the fuck outta my way. - Quit fuckin' around and give her the shot. - While I'm doing this, you take off her shirt and find her heart. - Does it gotta be exact? - We're giving her a shot in the heart, so it's gotta be exact. I don't know exactly where her heart is. I think it's right here. - That's it. - All right, what I need is a big, fat magic marker. - You got it? - What? A magic marker. A felt pen! A fuckin' black magic marker! Christ. - Come on, man. Hurry up! - Fuck! Okay, okay. Okay. I think it's ready. - Hurry up, man. - I'll tell you what to do. - You're gonna give her the shot. - No, you're gonna give her the shot. - I ain't giving her the shot. I never done this before. - I never done this either! I ain't starting now! You brought her here. You give her the shot. The day I bring an O.D.ing bitch to your house, then I give her the shot. Give it to me. Give me that. All right, tell me what to do. Okay, you're giving her an injection of adrenalin straight to her heart. - But she's got a breastplate... You gotta pierce through that. You gotta bring the needle down in a stabbing motion. - I gotta... I gotta stab her three times? - No, just stab her once! But it's gotta be hard enough to get through her breastplate into her heart. Once you do that, you p-press down on the p-plunger. - Okay. Then what happens? - Kinda curious about that myself. This ain't no fuckin' joke! Am I gonna kill her? - She's supposed to come out of it like that. It's... - All right, count to three. - All right. Ready? - One. Two. Three! If you're all right, then say something. Something. That was fuckin' trippy. - Ohh. - Oh, man. Mia. Mia. What's... What's your thoughts on... on... on how to handle this? What's yours? Well, I'm of the opinion that if Marsellus lived his whole life, he doesn't need to know nothing about this incident. If Marsellus knew about this incident, I'd be in as much trouble as you. I seriously doubt that. I can keep a secret if you can. Shake on it? Mum's the word? Cool. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go home and have a heart attack. Vincent. Do you wanna hear my Fox Force Five joke? Sure. Except I think I'm still a little too petrified to laugh. No, you won't laugh 'cause it's not funny. But if you still wanna hear it, I'll tell it. - I can't wait. - Okay. Three tomatoes are walkin' down the street. Papa Tomato, Mama Tomato and Baby Tomato. Baby Tomato starts lagging behind, and Papa Tomato gets really angry. Goes back and squishes him and says, "Ketchup." Ketchup. See you around. Oh, that Paddlefoot. He

funny, silly dog. He think totem pole alive! He arctic tenderfoot! That totem pole been here forever! - Butch? One more thing, and we'll start for... - Butch, stop watching TV for a second. - Yeah? - You've got a special visitor. - Stand up. Stand up. Now, do you remember when I told you your daddy died in a P.O.W. camp? Well, this here is Captain Koons. He was in the P.O.W. camp with Daddy. Hello, little man. Boy, I sure heard a bunch about you. See, I was a good friend of your dad's. We were in that Hanoi pit of hell together... over five years. Hopefully... you'll never have to experience this yourself, but when two men are in a situation like me and your dad were... for as long as we were, you take on certain responsibilities of the other. If it'd been me who'd... not made it, Major Coolidge'd be talking right now to my son Jim. But the way it turned out, I'm talking to you. Butch... I got something for ya. This watch I got here... was first purchased by your great-grandfather during the first World War. It was bought in a little general store in Knoxville, Tennessee. Made by the first company to ever make wristwatches. Up 'til then, people just carried pocket watches. It was bought by Private Doughboy Ernie Coolidge... on the day he set sail for Paris. This was your great-grandfather's war watch, and he wore it every day he was in that war, and... when he'd done his duty, he went home to your great-grandmother, took the watch off, put it in an old coffee can, and in that can it stayed... until your granddad, Dane Coolidge, was called upon by his country... to go overseas and fight the Germans once again. This time they called it World War II. Your great-grandfather gave this watch to your granddad for good luck. Unfortunately, Dane's luck wasn't as good as his old man's. Dane was a Marine, and he was killed... along with all the other Marines at the battle of Wake Island. Your granddad was facing death. He knew it. None of those boys ever had any illusions about leaving that island alive, so three days before the Japanese took the island, your granddad asked a gunner on an Air Force transport, name of Winocki... a man he'd never met before in his life... to deliver to his infant son, who he'd never seen in the flesh, his gold watch. Three days later, your granddad 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, put in a Vietnamese prison camp. He knew if the gooks ever saw the watch, it'd be confiscated, taken away. The way your dad looked at it, this watch was your birthright. He'd be damned if any slope's gonna put their greasy, yellow hands on his boy's birthright, so he hid it in one place he knew he could hide something... his ass. Five long years he wore this watch up his ass. Then he died of dysentery... He give me the watch. I hid this uncomfortable hunk of metal up my ass two years. Then... after seven years, I was sent home to my family and... now... little man, I give the watch to you. It's time, Butch. In the heavyweight division, - in the right corner wearing the blue trunks, weighing 210 pounds, Floyd Ray Wilson! It's official. It's official. - Wilson is dead! - Well, Dan, that had to be the bloodiest, hands down, the most brutal fight this city's ever seen. Coolidge was out of there faster than I've ever seen a victorious boxer leave the ring. - Do you think he knew Wilson was dead? - My guess

would be yes. I could see 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. - Do you feel this tragedy... is gonna affect the world of boxing? A tragedy like this can't help but shake the world of boxing to its very foundations. It's of paramount importance, during the sad weeks ahead, the eyes of the W.B.A. remain... Man, you know I didn't... - Marsellus. - No, it wasn't. I didn't do it. I didn't do it. - How you doing? - Great. I never thanked you for dinner. - What you got? - He booked. - His trainer? - Says he don't know nothin'. I believe him. - I think Butch surprised his ass same as us. - No, we don't wanna "think." We wanna know. Take him to the kennel, sic the dogs on his ass. We'll find out for goddamn sure what he knows and what he don't. Butch's search... How do you want it done? I'm prepared to scour the Earth for that motherfucker. If Butch goes to Indochina, I want a nigger hiding in a bowl of rice... ready to pop a cap in his ass. I will take care of it. Mister. - Hey, mister. - What? You were in that fight, the fight on the radio. - You're the fighter? - Whatever gave you that idea? No, come on. You're him. I know you're him. Tell me you're him. I'm him. You killed the other boxing man. He's dead? The radio said he was dead. Sorry about that, Floyd. What does it feel like? What does what feel like? Killing a man. Beating another man to death with your bare hands. What are you, a weirdo? No. It is a subject I have much interest in. You are the first person I have ever met who has killed somebody. So? - What does it feel like to kill a man? I'll tell you what. Give me one of them cigarettes you got up there, and I'll tell you all about it. So, Esmeralda... Villa Lobos... Is that Mexican? The name is Spanish, but I am Colombian. - That's some handle you got there, honey. - Thank you. And what is your name? Butch. Butch. - What does it mean? - I'm an American, honey. Our names don't mean shit. So, moving right along, Esmeralda, what is it you want to know? - I want to know what it feels like to kill a man. - I couldn't tell ya. Didn't know he was dead 'til you told me he was dead. Now that I know he's dead, you wanna know how I feel about it? I don't feel the least bit bad about it. What the fuck'd I tell ya? Huh? As soon as the word got out the fix was in, man, the odds went through the roof. I know. I know. Unbelievable. Hey, fuck him, Scotty. If he was a better boxer, he'd still be alive. If he never laced up his gloves, which he never shoulda done in the first fuckin' place, he'd still be alive. Yeah, well, who gives a fuck? It's over now. Yeah, well, enough about the poor, unfortunate Mr. Floyd. Let's talk about the rich and prosperous Mr. Butch. How many bookies did you lay it around on? All eight? How long to collect? So you'll have it all by tomorrow night? No, I understand. A few stragglers aside. Oh, fuck, Scotty, that is good news. That is great news, man. Yeah. Mm-hmm. No, me and Fabienne are gonna leave in the morning. It'll probably take us a couple days to get down to Knoxville. Okay, my brother. You're right. You're goddamn right. All right, Scotty, next time I see you, it'll be on Tennessee time. Cool, brother. 45.60. And, uh, here's a little something for the effort. Now, if anybody asks you who your fare was tonight, what are you gonna say? The truth. Three well-dressed, slightly toasted Mexicans. Bonsoir, Esmeralda Villa Lobos. Buenas Noches, Butch. Whew. Keep the light off. - Is that better, Sugar Pop? - Oui. Hard day

at the office? Pretty hard. Got in a fight. Poor baby. Can you make spoons? You know what? I was thinkin' about takin' a shower. - I'm stinkin' like a dog over here. - I like the way you stink. Let me take this jacket off. - I was looking at myself in the mirror. - Uh-huh. I wish I had a pot. You were looking at yourself in the mirror, and you wish you had some pot? A pot. A pot belly. Pot bellies are sexy. Well, you should be happy, 'cause you have one. 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. I didn't know there was such a difference between a pot belly and a tummy. The difference is huge. Would you like it if I had a pot belly? No. Pot bellies make a man look either oafish or like a gorilla. But on a woman a pot belly's 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 T-shirt two sizes too small... to accentuate it. You think men would find that attractive? 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. If you had a pot belly, I would punch you in it. - You'd punch me in the belly? - Right in the belly. Ohh! I'd smother you! - I'd drop it right on your face 'til you couldn't breathe! - You'd do that? - Yeah. - Promise? - Yeah. Did you get everything? - Yes, I did. - Good job, Sugar Pop. Did everything go as planned? - You didn't listen to the... Ow! You didn't listen to the radio? I never listen to your fights. Were you the winner? I won, all right. - Are you still retiring? - Sure am. So it all worked out in the finish. We're not at the finish yet, baby. We're in a lot of danger, aren't we? If they find us, they'll kill us, won't they? But they won't find us, will they? Do you still want me to go with you? I don't want to be a burden or a nuisance. It's... Say it. - Fabienne, I want you to be with me. - Forever? - Forever and ever. Do you love me? Very, very much. - Butch. - Yes? Will you give me oral pleasure? Will you kiss it? But you first. - Okay. - Okay. Butch. Mon amour. L'aventure commence. I think I cracked a rib. - Giving me oral pleasure? - No, retard, from the fight. - Don't call me "retard." - My name is Fabby. - My name is Fabienne! - Stop it. - Stop it! - My name is Fabi... Shut up, fuckhead! I hate that mongoloid voice. Okay, okay. Sorry, sorry, sorry. - I take it back. Will you hand me a dry towel, Miss Beautiful Tulip? - Oh, I like that. I like being called a tulip. "Tulip" is much better than "mongoloid." I didn't call you a mongoloid. I called you a retard. And I took it back. - Butch? Yes, Lemon Pie? - Where are we going to go? - Well, I'm not sure yet. Wherever you want. We're gonna get a lot of money from this, but it ain't gonna be the kind of money... that we can live like hogs in the fathouse forever. I was thinking maybe we could go down someplace in the South Pacific. Kind of money we're gonna have's gonna carry us a long way down there. - If we wanted, we could live in Bora Bora? - You betcha. And if after a while you didn't dig that, we could go someplace else. Maybe Tahiti, Mexico. But I do not speak Spanish. Well, you do not speak Bora-Boran either. Besides, Mexican's easy. - Donde esta el zapateria? - What does that mean? Where is the shoe store? - Donde esta... - Spit, please. - Donde esta el zapateria? - Excellent pronunciation. You'll be my little mamacita in no time. - Que hora es? - Que hora es? - What

time is it? - What time is it? Time for bed. Sweet dreams, jellybean. Butch? Never mind. Merde! You startled me. Did you have a bad dream? - What is this you're watching? - A motorcycle movie. I'm not sure the name. - Are you watching it? - In a way. It's a little early in the morning for explosions and war. - What was it about? - How should I know? You were the one watching it. - No, imbecile, what was your dream about? - I don't know. I don't remember. It's really rare that I remember my dreams. Well, let's look at the grumpy man in the morning. Why don't you get up and we'll get some breakfast. One more kiss, and I'll get up. - Satisfied? - Yep. - Get up, lazy bones! - Ohh! - Ohh. God. - What time is it? - Almost nine in the morning. - What time does our train arrive? - Eleven. - You know what I'm gonna have for breakfast? - What, Lemon Pie? I'm gonna order a big plate of blueberry pancakes... with maple syrup, eggs over easy and five sausages. Anything to drink with that? Wow, 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. - Pie for breakfast? - 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. Where's my watch? It's there. - No, it's not. - Have you looked? Yes, I've fuckin' looked. What the fuck do you think I'm doin'? You sure you got it? Yes. Bedside table drawer. - On the little kangaroo? - Yes, it was on the little kangaroo. Yeah, well, it's not here now. - Well, it should be. Yes, it most definitely should be, but it's not here now! So where the fuck is it? Fabienne, where's my father's fucking watch? Do you have any idea what he had to go through to get me that watch? I don't have time to go into it, but he went through a lot. All this other shit you could've set on fire, but I specifically reminded you not to forget the fucking watch. Now think. - Did you get it? - I believe so. "You believe so"? What the fuck does that mean? You either did or didn't get it. Then I did. Are you sure? No. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Motherfucker! Motherfuckin'... Do you know how fucking stupid you fucking are? No! It's not your fault. You left it at the apartment. If you left 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 the watch, I shoulda told you that. You're not a mind reader. Are you? I... I'm sorry. Don't be. Just means I can't have breakfast with you. Why does it mean that? Because I gotta go back to my apartment and get my watch. Won't the gangsters be looking for you there? Well, that's what I'm gonna find out. If they are, and I don't think I can handle it, then I'll split. I saw your watch. I thought I brought it. I'm so sorry. Here's some money. Go out and get those pancakes. Have a nice breakfast. I'll take your Honda. I'll be back before you can say "blueberry pie." Blueberry pie. Maybe not that fast. - But pretty fast. Okay? - Okay. - Bye. - Bye. Shit! Of all the fuckin' things she could fuckin' forget, she forgets my father's watch! I specifically reminded her... bedside table, on the kangaroo. I said the words: "Don't forget my father's watch." Visit the Jackrabbit Slim's nearest you... i EI burro! Lookin' good, Butch. If I were walkin' in your shoes Countin' flowers on the wall That don't bother me at all Playin' solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty-one That's how you're gonna beat 'em, Butch. - Smokin' cigarettes and

watchin' Captain Kangaroo - They keep underestimat' ya. Now don't tell me  
 Countin' flowers on the wall That don't bother me at all Playin' solitaire 'til  
 dawn with a deck of fifty-one Smokin' cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo  
 Now don't tell me I've nothin' to do It's good to see you I must go I know I look  
 a fright - Anyway my eyes - Motherfucker. - Are not accustomed... - Do you  
 think he's dead? - He's dead. - Oh, my God. - He's dead. If you need someone  
 to go to court, I'll be glad to help. That guy was a drunken maniac. He hit you,  
 then he crashed into that car. - Who? - Him. I'll be damned. - Aaaaah! I'm  
 shot! - Sally! Sally! Motherfucker! - Can I help you with somethin'? - Shut the  
 fuck up. Now you just wait a goddamn minute, now! What the fuck you up to?  
 - Come here, motherfucker! - You feel that sting, huh, big boy? That's pride  
 fuckin' with you, see? You gotta fight through that shit! - You'd better kill me...  
 - Yeah, somebody's gonna get killed. Somebody's gonna get their motherfuckin'  
 head blown to... - Hold it right there, goddamn it. - This ain't none of your  
 business, mister. - I'm makin' it my business. - Toss the weapon. - You don't  
 understand, man. Toss the weapon. It's time - To find love - Take your foot  
 off the nigger, - put your hand behind your head, approach the counter right  
 now. - This motherfucker's trying to... kill me. Shut up. Keep comin'. Come  
 on. If love Is shelter Zed. Maynard. Yeah, the spider just caught a couple flies.  
 Whoa, my angel Down to you Down to you Nobody kills anybody in my place of  
 business... - except me or Zed. That's Zed. - I thought you said you waited for  
 me. - I did. Then how come they're all beat up? They did that to each other,  
 man. They came in fightin'. Now, this 'un right here, he was gonna shoot that  
 one. Is that right? You gonna shoot him, boy? Huh? Hey, is Grace all right out  
 front? - Yeah. It ain't Tuesday, is it? - No, it's Thursday. - She oughta be fine.  
 - Mmm. Well, bring out the Gimp. I think the Gimp's sleepin'. Then I guess  
 you'll just have to go wake him up now, won't you? Get up. Get down. Which  
 one of'em you wanna do first? - I ain't for sure yet. Eenie-meenie-minie-mo,  
 catch a nigger... by his toe. If he hollers, let him go. Eenie-meenie-minie-mo.  
 My mother said... pick the perfect one, and... you... are... it. - Guess that  
 means you, big boy. - Fuck you! - You wanna do it in here? - No, let's take him  
 back to Russell's old room. Sounds good to me. You keep an eye on this 'un.  
 Now! Go! Come on, motherfucker! - Now, motherfucker! Aaaaah! - Come on!  
 Yeah! - Ohh! - Yeah! - Yeah! Yeah! Yeee! Yeeee-hah! Yeah! Come on! Get  
 down there! Aaaaah! Do it! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! - Shut the fuck up! Fuck him!  
 Come on! - Fuck him. Yeah. You want that gun, don't ya, Zed? Go ahead and  
 pick it up. Go ahead. Pick it up. Come on... Thatta boy! I want you to pick  
 it up, Zed. - Step aside, Butch. Fuck! - You okay? No, man. I'm pretty fuckin'  
 far from okay. - What now? "What now"? - Let me tell you what now. I'm  
 gonna call a couple of hard, pipe-hittin' niggers... to go to work on the homes  
 here... with a pair of pliers and a blowtorch. You hear me talkin', hillbilly boy?  
 I ain't through with you by a damn sight! I'm gonna get medieval on your ass.  
 I meant what now between me and you. Oh, that "what now." - I tell you what  
 now between me and you. There is no me and you. Not no more. So, are we  
 cool? Yeah, we cool. - Two things. Don't tell nobody about this. This shit  
 is between me, you... and Mr. "Soon-To-Be-Livin' The-Rest-Of-His-Short-Ass-



Life-In-Agonizing-Pain"... rapist here. It ain't nobody else's business. Two: You leave town tonight. Right now. And when you gone, you stay gone, - or you be gone. You lost all your L.A. privileges. Deal? Deal. Get your ass outta here. Oh, shit. Fabienne! Fabienne! Fabienne! Come on, baby. - Come on. Get your shit. We gotta go right now. - I was so worried. - What about our bags? - Fuck the bags; if we don't split right now, we'll miss the train. - I'll be downstairs. - Is everything well? - Just come on! No talking now! - Are we in danger? Come on, honey! Where did you get this motorcycle? - It's not a motorcycle, baby. It's a chopper. Let's go. - What happened to my Honda? I'm sorry, baby, I had to crash that Honda. Will you come on now, please? Come on. Let's go, let's go, let's go. - You're hurt? - No, no, I might've broken my nose. It's no biggie. Come on. Hop on. Baby, please, we... Honey, we gotta hit the fuckin' road! Get on! - Oh, baby, I'm sorry. Come here, come here. I'm sorry. - I'm so sorry. - You were gone so long, I started to think dreadful thoughts. I didn't mean to worry you. Everything's fine. - How was your breakfast? - It was good. Did you get the blueberry pancakes? They didn't have blueberry; I had to get buttermilk. Are you sure you're okay? Since I left you, this has been, without a doubt, the single weirdest fuckin' day of my life... I'll tell you all about it. Gotta go. Come on. Butch, whose motorcycle is this? - It's a chopper, baby. - Whose chopper is this? - Zed's. - Who's Zed? Zed's dead, baby. Zed's dead. Yes, you did, Brett! You tried to fuck him, and Marsellus Wallace don't liked to be fucked... by anybody except Mrs. Wallace. - Oh, God, please. I don't wanna die. - You read the Bible, Brett? - Yes! - Well, there's this passage I got memorized. Sorta fits the occasion. 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 thee." I'm fucked. Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. - Is he a friend of yours? - Oh, goddamn. Goddamn. Vincent, Marvin. Marvin, Vincent. - Better tell him to shut up. He's gettin' on my nerves. - Fuck. Marvin. Marvin! I'd knock that shit off if I was you. - Die, you motherfuckers! Die! Why the fuck didn't you tell us somebody was in the bathroom? Slip your mind? Did you forget that someone was in there... with a goddamn hand cannon? You see the size of that gun he fired at us? It was bigger than him. We should be fuckin' dead, man. I know. We was lucky. No, no, no, no. That shit wasn't luck. - Yeah, maybe. - This was divine intervention. You know what divine intervention is? I think so. That means that God came down from Heaven and stopped the bullets. That's right. That's exactly what it means. God came down from Heaven and stopped these motherfuckin' bullets. I think it's time for us to leave, Jules. Don't do that. Don't fuckin' blow this shit off! - What just happened here was a fuckin' miracle! - Chill. This shit happens. Wrong! Wrong. This shit doesn't "just happen." Do you want to continue this theological discussion in a car... or in a jailhouse with the cops? We should be

fuckin' dead, my friend! What happened here was a miracle, and I want you to fucking acknowledge it! All right, it was a miracle. Can we go now? Let's go, nigger! Come on! Shit. You ever seen that show Cops? I was watching it one time, and there was this cop on, and he was talkin' about this gunfight he had in the hallway with this guy, right? He just unloaded on this guy and nothin' happened. He didn't hit nothin'. Okay? It was just him and this guy. I mean, you know, it's, it's freaky, but it happens. You wanna play blind man, go walk with the shepherd, but me, my eyes are wide fuckin' open. - What the fuck does that mean? - It means that's it for me. From here on in, you can consider my ass retired. - Jesus Christ. Goddamn it. - Don't blaspheme. - I said, don't do that! - Hey, why are you fuckin' freakin' out on us? Look, I'm tellin' Marsellus today... I'm through. - Why don't you tell him at the same time why? - Don't worry, I will. - And I bet you 10,000 he laughs his ass off. - I don't give a damn if he does. Marvin, what do you make of all this? Man, I don't even have an opinion. You gotta have an opinion. You think God came down from Heaven and stopped... - What the fuck's happenin'? - Aw, shit, man! - Aw, man! - Oh, man, I shot Marvin in the face. - Why the fuck'd you do that? I didn't mean it. It was an accident. - Man, I seen some crazy-ass shit in my time, but this... - Chill out, man! It was an accident. We probably went over a bump or somethin'. The car ain't hit no motherfuckin' bump. I didn't mean to shoot the son of a bitch. The gun went off. Look at this fuckin' mess! We're on a city street in broad daylight here! - I don't believe it! - Well, believe it now, motherfucker! We gotta get this car off the road. Cops notice shit like a car drenched in blood. - Just take it to a friendly place, that's all! - This is the Valley, Vincent. Marsellus ain't got no friendly places in the Valley. - Well, Jules, this ain't my fuckin' town, man! - Shit! - What you doing? - I'm calling my partner in Toluca Lake. -Where's Toluca Lake? -Over the hill here, by Burbank Studios. If Jimmie's ass ain't home, I don't know what the fuck we gonna do, 'cause I ain't got no other partners in 818. Jimmie, how you doin', man? It's Jules. Just listen up, man. Me and my homeboy are in a car, and we gotta get it off the road, pronto. I need to use your garage for a couple hours. We gotta be real fuckin' delicate with this Jimmie situation. He's one remark away from kickin' our asses out the door. - If he does, what do we do? - We ain't leavin' 'til we make a couple calls, but I don't want it to reach that pitch... Jimmie's a friend. You don't come into your friend's house and start tellin' him what's what. Just tell him not to be abusive. He kinda freaked out back there when he saw Marvin. Put yourself in his position... It's 8:00 in the morning, he just woke up. He wasn't expectin' this shit. We gotta remember here who's doin' who a favor. If that favor means I gotta take shit, he can stick that favor straight up his ass. - Fuck, nigger, what the fuck'd you just do to his towel, man? - I was dryin' my hands! - You're supposed to wash 'em first! - You watched me wash 'em. - I watched you get 'em wet. - I was washin' 'em. This shit's hard to get off. Maybe if he'd had Lava I coulda done a better job. I used the same fuckin' soap you did, and when I finished, the towel didn't look like no goddamn maxi-pad! What if he was to come in here and see his towel like this? It's shit like this that's gonna bring this situation to a head, man!

Look, I ain't threatenin' you or nothin', all right? You know I respect you and all. But just don't put me in this position, all right? All right. Fine. Fine. Ask me nice like that, no problem. Just go handle your friend. Go ahead. I don't care. Mmm! Goddamn, Jimmie! This some serious gourmet shit. Me and Vincent would've been satisfied... with some freeze-dried Taster's Choice. Right? And he springs this serious gourmet shit on us. - What flavor is this? - Knock it off, Julie. - What? - I don't need you to tell me how fuckin' good my coffee is. I'm the one who buys it. I know how good it is. When Bonnie goes shopping, she buys shit. I buy the gourmet expensive stuff 'cause when I drink it, I wanna taste it. But you know what's on my mind right now? It ain't the coffee in my kitchen. It's the dead nigger in my garage. - Jimmie, don't even worry... - Don't tell me about anything. I wanna ask you a question. When you came pulling in here, did you notice the sign on the front of my house that said, "Dead Nigger Storage"? - You know I ain't seen no... - Did you notice the sign on the front of my house... that said, "Dead Nigger Storage"? No. I didn't. - You know why you didn't see that sign? - Why? 'Cause it ain't there, 'cause storing dead niggers ain't my fuckin' business, that's why! - We're not gonna store the motherfucker... - Don't you fuckin' realize... that if Bonnie comes home and finds a dead body in her house, I'm gonna get divorced? No marriage counselor. No trial separation. I'm gonna get fuckin' divorced. Okay? And I don't wanna get fuckin' divorced! Man, you know, fuck, I wanna help you, but I don't wanna lose my wife doin' it. Jimmie, Jimmie, she ain't gonna leave you. Don't fuckin' "Jimmie" me, Jules! Okay? Don't fuckin' "Jimmie" me. There's nothin' you're gonna say that's gonna make me forget I love my wife. Is there? Now, look, you know, she comes home from work in about an hour and a half. The graveyard shift at the hospital. You gotta make some phone calls? You gotta call some people? Well, then, do it, and then get the fuck out of my house before she gets here. That's Kool and the Gang. We don't wanna fuck your shit up. All I wanna do is call my people and get 'em to bring us in. You're fucking my shit up right now! You're gonna fuck my shit up big time if Bonnie comes home. Do me that favor, all right? The phone is in my bedroom. I suggest you get going. Well, say she comes home. What do you think she'll do? Oh, no fuckin' shit she'll freak. That ain't no kinda answer. I mean, you know, I don't. How much? A lot or a little? You got to appreciate what an explosive element... this Bonnie situation is. She comes home from a hard day's work, finds a bunch of gangsters in her kitchen... doing a bunch of gangster shit, there ain't no tellin' what she's liable to do. Yeah, I grasp that, Jules. All I'm doing is contemplating the ifs. I don't wanna hear about no motherfuckin' ifs! All I want to hear from your ass is, "You ain't got no problem, Jules. I'm on the motherfucker. Chill them niggers out and wait for the cavalry, which should be coming directly." You ain't got no problem, Jules. I'm on the motherfucker. Chill them niggers out and wait for the Wolf, who should be coming directly. You sendin' the Wolf? Oh, you feel better, motherfucker? Shit, yeah, negro! That's all you had to say! - She the hysterical type? - When is she due? Give me the principals' names again. Place your bets. - Jules. Mm-hmm. - Cards, please. Vincent. Jimmie. Bonnie. It's thirty

minutes away. I'll be there in ten. You're... Jimmie, right? This is your house?

- It sure is. - I'm Winston Wolf. I solve problems. - Good. We got one. - So I heard. May I come in? Uh, yeah. Please do. 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? Uh, one hundred percent. - Your wife Bonnie comes home at 9:30 in the a.m., correct? - Uh-huh. I was led to believe if she comes home and finds us here, she wouldn't appreciate it much. - She wouldn't at that. - That gives us 40 minutes to get the fuck outta Dodge, which, if you do what I say, when I say it, should be plenty. Now, you got a corpse in a car, minus a head, in a garage. Take me to it. - Jimmie. Do me a favor, will ya? Thought I smelled some coffee back there. - Would you make me a cup? - Uh, yeah, sure. Oh, uh, um, how do you take it? Lotsa cream, lotsa sugar. About the car, is there anything I need to know? Does it stall? Does it smoke? Does it make a lot of noise? Is there gas in it? - Aside from how it looks, the car's cool. - Positive? Don't get me on the road and I find out the brake lights don't work. - As far as I know, the motherfucker's tip-top. - Good enough. Let's go back to the kitchen. - Here you go, Mr. Wolf. - Thank you, Jimmie. Okay, first thing. You two. Take the body, stick it in the trunk. This looks to be a pretty domesticated house. - That would lead me to believe you got cleansers and shit. - Yeah. Under the sink. Good. What I need you two fellas to do is take those cleaning products... and clean the inside of the car... I'm talkin' fast, fast, fast. Go in the back seat, scoop up all those little pieces of brain and skull. Get it out of there. Wipe down the upholstery. It don't need to be spick-and-span. You don't need to eat off it. Just 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. We need to raid your linen closet. I need blankets, I need comforters, quilts, bedspreads. The thicker the better, the darker the better. No whites. Can't use 'em. We'll need to camouflage the front seat and back seat and floorboards... with quilts and blankets, so if a cop 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. "Please" would be nice. - Come again? - I said, a "please" would be nice. Get it straight, buster. I'm not here to say please. I'm here to tell you what to do. And if self-preservation is an instinct you possess, you'd better fuckin' do it and do it quick. I'm here to help. If my help's not appreciated, lotsa luck, gentlemen. No, Mr. Wolf, it ain't like that; your help is definitely appreciated. Mr. Wolf, listen. I don't mean disrespect, okay? I respect you. I just don't like people barkin' orders at me. 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 wanna get out of this. So pretty please, with sugar on top, clean the fuckin' car. Don't be lookin' at me like that, all right? I can feel your look. It's a 1974 Chevy Nova. Green. Nothin' except for the mess inside. About 20 minutes. Nobody who'll be missed. You're a good man, Joe. Thanks a bunch. - How we comin', Jimmie? - Pretty good. - I got it all here, but, uh, - Mr. Wolf, you gotta understand something. - Winston, Jimmie, Winston. Okay. You gotta understand something, uh, Winston. Uh... Uh, no, thank you. Uh,

this is our best linen here, and it's, uh... it was a wedding present... from my Uncle Conrad and my Aunt Ginny. - They're not with us anymore. I wanna help... - Let me ask you a question. - If you don't mind. - No, no, please. Go ahead. Your Uncle Conrad and Aunt Ginny, were they millionaires? No. Well, your Uncle Marsellus is. And I'm positive that if Uncle Conrad and Aunt... - Ginny. - Ginny were here, they would furnish you with a whole bedroom set, which your Uncle Marsellus is more than happy to do. I like oak myself. That's what I have in my bedroom. How about you, Jimmie? You an oak man? Oak's nice. Oh, man, I will never forgive your ass for this shit. This is some fucked-up, repugnant shit. Jules, did you ever hear the philosophy that once a man admits he is wrong... that he is immediately forgiven for all wrongdoings? Get the fuck out my face with that shit! The motherfucker that said that shit never had to pick up itty-bitty pieces of skull... - on account of your dumb ass. - I got a threshold, Jules, for the abuse that I will take. Right now, I'm a fuckin' race car, and you got me in the red. I'm just sayin' it's fuckin' dangerous to have a race car in the fuckin' red. That's all. I could blow. - Oh, you ready to blow? - Yeah. Well, I'm a mushroom-cloud-layin' motherfucker, motherfucker. Every time my fingers touch brain, I'm Superfly T.N.T. I'm the Guns of the Navarone. In fact, what the fuck am I doin' in the back? You're the motherfucker should be on brain detail! We're fuckin' switchin'. I'm washin' windows, and you're pickin' up this nigger's skull! Fine job, gentlemen. You may get out of this yet. I can't believe this is the same car. 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. Strip. - All the way? - To your bare ass. Quickly, gentlemen. We got about 15 minutes... before Jimmie's better half comes pulling into the driveway. Goddamn, this morning air is some chilly shit. Are you sure this is absolutely necessary? - You know what you two look like? - What? Like a couple of guys who just blew off somebody's head. Strippin' off those bloody rags is absolutely necessary. Toss'em in Jimmie's garbage bag. Don't do nothin' stupid, like leavin' this shit out front for the garbageman to pick up. Don't worry, we're taking it with us. Jim, the soap. - Vincent. - Okay, gentlemen. You both been to County before, I'm sure. Here it comes. - Goddamn! The water's fuckin' cold! - Yo! Yo! Yo! Better you than me, gentlemen. - Don't be afraid of the soap. Spread it around. - Get 'em there a little bit. Vincent's hair. - Hey, get out of my hair! - Come on. Do it, goddamn it! Do it! Towel. You're dry enough. Toss 'em their clothes. Perfect. Perfect. We couldn't have planned this better. You guys look like... What do they look like, Jimmie? - Dorks. They look like a couple of dorks. - Ha-ha-ha. They're your clothes, motherfucker. Come on, gentlemen. We're laughing our way right into prison. Don't make me beg. Okay, 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 twists 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 Acura. Now, if we come across the path of any John Q. Laws, - nobody does a fuckin' thing 'til I do something. - Right. - What did I say? -

Don't do shit unless. - Unless what? - Unless you do it first. Spoken like a true prodigy. How about you, Lash LaRue? Can you keep your spurs from jingling and jangling? The gun went off. I don't know why. I'm cool. I promise you. Fair enough. Now, I drive real fuckin' fast, so keep up. If get my car back any different than I gave it, Monster Joe's gonna be disposing of two bodies. Outta my way, Rex. - We cool? - Like it never happened. - All right. - Boys, this is Raquel. Someday all this will be hers. Hi. So, what's with the outfits? - You guys going to a volleyball game or something? I'm takin' milady out for breakfast. Maybe I could drop you two off. Where do you live? - Redondo. - Inglewood. It's... It's your future. I... I see a... a cab ride. Move outta the sticks, fellas. Say good night, Raquel. - Good night, Raquel. - I'll see you guys around. Stay outta trouble, you crazy kids. Mr. Wolf, I just wanna tell you it was a real pleasure watching you work. Yeah, really. And thank you very much, Mr. Wolf. Call me Winston. - You see that, young lady? Respect. - Respect for one's elders shows character. - I have character. - Because you are a character doesn't mean that you have character. - Wanna share a cab? - I'd go for some breakfast. Feel like havin' breakfast with me? Cool. I don't know why, I just thought he'd be European or something. - Yeah, he's about as European as fuckin' English Bob. - I know that now. - But was he cool or what? - Thank you. Totally fuckin' cool, in control. Didn't even really get pissed when you were fuckin' with him; I was amazed. - Want some bacon? No, man, I don't eat pork. - Are you Jewish? - I ain't Jewish; I just don't dig on swine, that's all. - Why not? - Pigs are filthy animals. I don't eat filthy animals. Yeah, but bacon tastes good. Pork chops taste good. Sewer rat may taste like pumpkin pie, but I'd never know... 'cause I wouldn't eat the filthy motherfuckers. Pigs sleep and root in shit. That's a filthy animal. I ain't eatin' nothin' ain't got sense enough to disregard its own feces. - What about a dog? Dog eats its own feces. - I don't eat dog either. Yeah, but do you consider a dog to be a filthy animal? I wouldn't go so far as to call a dog filthy, but they're definitely dirty. - But a dog's got personality. Personality goes a long way. - Ah, so, by that rationale, if a pig had a better personality, he would cease to be a filthy animal. - Is that true? - We'd have to be talkin' about one charming motherfuckin' pig. I mean, he'd have to be ten times more charming than that Arnold on Green Acres. Oh, man, that's good. That's good, man. You're startin' to lighten up. You've been sittin' there, all serious and shit. - I just been sittin' here, thinkin'. - About what? - About the miracle we witnessed. - Miracle you witnessed. - I witnessed a freak occurrence. - What is a miracle, Vincent? - Act of God. - And what's an act of God? When, um, God makes the impossible possible. But this morning... - I don't think qualifies. - Hey, Vincent. See, that shit don't matter. You're judging this shit the wrong way. It could be God stopped the bullets, changed Coke to Pepsi, found my car keys. You don't judge shit like this based on merit. Now, whether or not what we experienced... was an according-to-Hoyle miracle is insignificant. But what is significant is, I felt the touch of God. God got involved. But why? Well, that's what's fuckin' with me: I don't know why. - But I can't go back to sleep. - You're serious. You're really thinkin' about quittin'. - For life? Most definitely. - Yeah. Fuck. What

you gonna do then? Well, that's what I been sitting here contemplating. First I'm gonna deliver this case to Marsellus. Then, basically, I'm just gonna walk the Earth. - What you mean, "walk the Earth"? - Like Caine in Kung Fu. Walk from place to place, meet people, get in adventures. And how long do you intend to walk the Earth? - 'Til God puts me where He wants me to be. - What if He don't do that? - If it takes forever, then I'll walk forever. - So you decided to be a bum. I'll just be Jules, Vincent. No more, no less. No, Jules, you decided to be a bum, just like all those pieces of shit out there who beg for change, who sleep in garbage bins, eat what I throw away. They got a name for that, Jules. It's called a bum. And without a job, a residence or legal tender, that's what you're gonna be, man. You're gonna be a fuckin' bum. Look, my friend, this is just where you and I differ. Garon! Coffee! Jules, look, what happened this morning, man, I agree it was peculiar. - But water into wine, l... - All shapes and sizes, Vincent. - Don't fuckin' talk to me that way, man. - If my answers frighten you, then you should cease asking scary questions. I'm gonna take a shit. Let me ask you something. When did you make this decision? When you were sittin' there eatin' that muffin? Yeah. I was sittin' here eatin' my muffin, drinkin' my coffee, replayin' the incident in my head, when I had what alcoholics refer to as a moment of clarity. Fuck. To be continued. - I love you, Pumpkin. - I love you, Honey Bunny. - Everybody be cool! This is a robbery! Any one of you fucking pricks move, and I'll execute every one of you motherfuckers! - You got that? You just be quiet over there! - Waitresses on the floor! Get on the fuckin'... Get the fuck down! You're in a blind spot. Take your dames over to that booth, on the count of ten! - Mexicans, out of the fucking kitchen! - 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8... What the fuck are you doing, you fucking yuppie? Get down! - Get down! - Throw those bags! - Fucking move! Move! - Move! Get the fuck... Get down on the fucking floor! Grandpa! Down! I'm the manager here, and there's no problem. No problem at all. - You gonna give me a problem? - No, sir, I'm not. Thought you said you were gonna give me a fucking problem! - I think we got a hero here, Honey Bunny. - Well, just execute him! - I am not a hero. - I'm just a coffee shop manager. - Get the fuck down! The restaurant's ours! - Just take whatever you want. - You talk to the customers. - Yeah. You tell them to be fucking cool and everything will be over. - You understand me? - Yes! Listen, everybody. Be calm, cooperate, and this'll all be over in a minute! Get the fuck down! Well done. All right, now, people, gonna come around and collect your wallets! You don't fucking talk. You just throw 'em in the bag! Are we clear? I said, are we fucking clear? Good! Now, wallets out! That's it. Get the fuck down. In the bag. - In the fucking bag! - I don't have nothin' on me, man. In the bag. What am I waiting for? In the fucking bag. Laura. Laura. Tips. In the bag. - Is that a cellular phone? - Yeah. In the fucking bag. Tidy up, tidy up, that's it. Now get the fuck down on the floor. In the bag. In the bag. In the bag. - What's in the case? - My boss's dirty laundry. - Your boss makes you do his laundry? - When he wants it clean. - Sounds like a shit job. - Funny, I was thinkin' the same thing. - Open it. - 'Fraid I can't do that. - I didn't hear you. - Yes, you did. What's going on? - Looks like we got a vigilante in our midst. - Shoot him in

the face! I hate to shatter your ego, but this ain't the first time I've had a gun pointed at me. - If you don't take your hand off that case, it'll be your last. - Stop causing problems! You'll get us all killed! Give'em what you got and get'em outta here! Shut the fuck up, fat man! This ain't none of your goddamn business! Be cool, Honey Bunny, be cool. No problem. I got it under control. Now, I'm gonna count to three. If you don't open that case, I'm gonna unload in your fucking face. We clear? One. Two. - Three. - Okay, Ringo. You win. It's yours. - Open it. Hey, what is it? What is it? Is that what I think it is? It's beautiful. Goddamn it, what is it? You let him go! You let him go! - Let go of him, or I'm gonna kill you! - Tell that bitch to be cool. - Say, "Bitch, be cool!" Say, "Bitch, be cool!" - Be cool! Be cool! - Tell that bitch to chill! - You're gonna die so fuckin' bad! - Chill that fuckin' bitch out! - Chill out, Honey Bunny! - Let go of him! - Chill out, Honey Bunny! - Now, promise her it's gonna be all right! - I promise! - Tell her to chill! - Chill out, Honey Bunny! - Now tell me her name. - Yolanda. All right, now, Yolanda, we're not gonna do anything stupid, are we? - Don't you hurt him! - Nobody's gonna hurt anybody! We're all gonna be like three little Fonzie's here. And what's Fonzie like? - Come on, Yolanda! What's Fonzie like? - He's cool. - What? - Cool. Correctamundo. And that's what we're gonna be. We're gonna be cool. Now, Ringo, I'm gonna count to three. And when I count three, I want you to let go of your gun, put your palms flat on the table and sit your ass down. And when you do it, you do it cool. You ready? One, two, three. - Okay, now you let him go! - Yolanda! I thought you were gonna be cool. Now, when you yell at me, it makes me nervous. When I get nervous, I get scared. When motherfuckers get scared, that's when motherfuckers accidentally get shot. Just know, you hurt him, you die. Well, that seems to be the situation. But I don't want that. And you don't want that. And Ringo here definitely doesn't want that. So let's see what we can do. Now... here's the situation. Normally both your asses would be dead as fuckin' fried chicken, but you happened to pull this shit while I'm in a transitional period, and I don't wanna kill you; I wanna help you. But I can't give you this case, 'cause it don't belong to me. Besides, I been through too much shit over this case this morning... to just hand it over to your dumb ass. - Vincent! - Be cool! Yolanda, it's cool, baby. - Get back! It's cool! We still just talkin'. - Come on. Point the gun at me. Point the gun at me. There you go. Now, Vincent, you just hang back... and don't do a goddamn thing. Tell her it's still cool. - It's still cool, Honey Bunny. - How we doin', baby? I... I gotta go pee. I wanna go home. Hang in there, baby. I'm proud of you. And Ringo's proud of you. It's almost over. Tell her you're proud of her. - I'm proud of you, Honey Bunny. - I love you. - I love you too, Honey Bunny. - Now, I want you to go in that bag and find my wallet. - Which one is it? - It's the one that says "Bad Motherfucker." That's it. That's my bad motherfucker. Open it up. Take out the money. Count it. How much is there? About 1,500 dollars. Okay, put it in your pocket. It's yours. Now, with the rest of those wallets and the register, that makes this a pretty successful little score, huh? Jules, you give that fuckin' nimrod 1,500 dollars, and I'll shoot him on general principle. No, Yolanda! Yolanda! He ain't gonna do a goddamn, motherfuckin'



thing! Vince, shut the fuck up! - Shut up! - Come on, Yolanda. Stay with me, baby. Now, I ain't givin' it to him, Vincent. I'm buyin' something for my money. - Wanna know what I'm buyin', Ringo? - What? Your life. I'm givin' you that money so I don't have to kill your ass. You read the Bible, Ringo? Not regularly, no. Well, there's this 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 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 heard it, that meant your ass. I never gave much thought to what it meant. I just thought it was some coldblooded shit to say to a motherfucker... before I popped a cap in his ass. But I saw some shit this morning made me think twice. See, now I'm thinkin' maybe it means... you're the evil man, and I'm the righteous man, and Mr. 9-millimeter here, he's the shepherd... protecting my righteous ass in the valley of darkness. Or it could mean... you're the righteous man, and I'm the shepherd, and it's the world that's evil and selfish. Now, 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', Ringo. I'm tryin' real hard... to be the shepherd. Go. I think we should be leaving now. - Yeah, that's probably a good idea.