

Pulp Fiction

Jules Winnfield and Vincent Vega are two hitmen who are out to retrieve a suitcase stolen from their employer, mob boss Marsellus Wallace. Wallace has also asked Vincent to take his wife Mia out a few days later when Wallace himself will be out of town. Butch Coolidge is an aging boxer who is paid by Wallace to lose his next fight. The lives of these seemingly unrelated people are woven together comprising of a series of funny, bizarre and uncalled-for incidents.

Story #1: VINCENT VEGA AND MARSELLUS WALLACE'S WIFE

At his strip club, Marsellus Wallace ([Ving Rhames](#)) pays boxer Butch Coolidge ([Bruce Willis](#)) to throw his next fight. Jules and Vincent arrive; though it's only a few hours after their visit to the Valley, the two hit men are sporting gym clothes in place of the suits they wore earlier in the day. While Jules heads to the men's room, Vincent goes to the bar and encounters Butch. The men take an instant dislike to each other. Vincent insults Butch but before Butch can retaliate, Marsellus calls Vincent over and embraces him. Marsellus is leaving town that evening and Vincent is to take Marsellus's wife, Mia ([Uma Thurman](#)), out for dinner to keep her entertained. Rumors abound that Marsellus gravely wounded another associate who he believed had been improperly friendly with Mia, so Vincent is nervous. Before picking Mia up, he visits his drug dealer, Lance ([Eric Stoltz](#)), and buys some high-quality heroin. Properly sedated, he escorts the cocaine-addicted, chain-smoking Mia to Jack Rabbit Slim's, a West Hollywood 1950s theme restaurant. After some small talk about European travel, Mia's failed acting career, and foot massage, Mia enters herself and Vincent in a dance contest. They dance the twist and win an award. After dinner, they return to the Wallaces' home. Vincent goes to the bathroom to talk himself out of making a pass at Mia. Meanwhile, she discovers the baggie of heroin in his coat pocket and, assuming it's cocaine, snorts some. She immediately passes out and begins to foam at the mouth. Panicked, Vincent takes the dying Mia to Lance's where they argue about what to do with her. Following Lance's advice, Vincent is able to revive her with a shot of adrenaline administered straight to the heart. Vincent takes Mia home. They agree not to tell Marsellus what happened since both of them would get in trouble for it.

Story #2: THE GOLD WATCH

The following night, before his fight, Butch dreams of an incident from his childhood: Back at his Tennessee home in 1973, Captain Koons ([Christopher Walken](#)) visited Butch to bring him a gold watch. The watch had belonged to Butch's great-grandfather, who took it to World War I with him. Butch's grandfather had taken it to World War II, and Butch's father to Vietnam. Butch's father died as a POW, but gave the watch to Koons to return to Butch. Koons says that he and Butch's father had to hide the watch in their rectums to keep it away from their captors.

Butch wakes from the dream. Instead of throwing the match (not shown on-screen), he fights so viciously that he kills his opponent. He took Marsellus' money and bet it on himself; his winnings will amount to a small fortune. Butch makes small talk with Esmarelda ([Angela Jones](#)), the driver of the cab he is in, who reveals that she knows he's the boxer who killed his opponent; she seems fascinated with the topic of death. Esmarelda drives Butch to the seedy motel where he and his French girlfriend, Fabienne ([Maria de Medeiros](#)), are staying, having abandoned their apartment. In the morning they will travel to Butch's hometown of Knoxville,

Tennessee, claim their winnings, and leave the country. While packing the next morning, however, Fabienne reveals that she forgot the gold watch, the belonging Butch cherishes above all others. After a savage outburst in which he wrecks the motel room, Butch takes Fabienne's car to get the watch, parking a few blocks away and walking across a field to his apartment as a precaution. He enters without incident and finds his wristwatch in the bedroom. He realizes he's not alone in the apartment when he notices a gun in the kitchen. Catching Vincent off guard as he emerges from the bathroom, Butch kills him with his own gun.

Leaving the apartment with his watch, Butch encounters Marsellus crossing the street. He tries to run Marsellus over with his car but only wounds him and is hit by another car himself. Marsellus chases Butch into a pawn shop. There, the owner Maynard ([Duane Whitaker](#)) overpowers them. Marsellus and Butch wake up in the basement of the pawn shop, bound and gagged. Maynard has called his cousin Zed ([Peter Greene](#)), who works as a security guard. Maynard and Zed are apparently a pair of redneck serial killers who kill passersby who happen into their store. While the Gimp ([Stephen Hibbert](#)), a huge manchild dressed head to toe in black leather fetish gear, watches Butch, Maynard and Zed take Marsellus into the next room and begin to rape him. Butch escapes and knocks out the Gimp. Rather than leave the pawn shop, he procures a samurai sword and rescues Marsellus; in the process, Maynard is killed and Zed emasculated by a shotgun blast. Marsellus stays behind to oversee the torture-execution of Zed ("I'ma get medieval on your ass," he tells him), but promises that as long as Butch never mentions what happened and never returns to Los Angeles, Marsellus will forget that Butch betrayed him in the boxing ring. Butch agrees. In the final scene, Butch and Fabienne leave town on Zed's chopper-style motorcycle.

Story #3: THE BONNIE SITUATION

Three days earlier, flashing back in time to just after Vincent and Jules finish killing Brett for stealing Marsellus' prized possession, a gang member they had not known about bursts out of the bathroom and empties his gun point blank at them. However, all of the bullets miss Vincent and Jules, hitting the wall behind them, so they kill the gang member. Jules is certain this is a miracle but Vincent dismisses the idea. They leave with Marvin ([Phil LaMarr](#)), Marsellus' inside man in the gang. In the car, Vincent asks Marvin if he believes in miracles, but accidentally shoots him in the head and kills him. The inside of the car is now covered in blood and brain matter. Jules drives to the house of his only friend in the Valley, a former colleague named Jimmie ([Quentin Tarantino](#)). Jimmie lets them hide the car but angrily tells them that they have to get rid of the body within an hour -- before his wife Bonnie comes home from her night shift at a hospital. Jules calls Marsellus at his home to explain their predicament. Marsellus then calls Winston Wolf ([Harvey Keitel](#)), a suave and professional criminal and gambler who solves problems. Wolf arrives at Jimmie's house and tells Vincent and Jules how to clean up the car and themselves -- they have to strip out of their business suits and wear Jimmie's spare T-shirts and shorts (which explains their appearance at the strip club) -- then helps them dispose of the car and body at a junkyard belonging to a discreet friend named Monster Joe, whose daughter is Mr. Wolf's girlfriend.

With the whole situation resolved, Jules and Vincent decide to have breakfast at the Hawthorne Grill, where they continue their discussion about miracles. Jules reveals his plan to leave his criminal life and travel the globe as a mendicant, helping those suffering under tyranny. Vincent mocks him, then goes to the bathroom. Just then Honey Bunny and Pumpkin (from the prologue) begin their robbery of the diner. They collect the cash from the register

and the patrons' wallets. Jules gives Pumpkin his wallet, but when Pumpkin tries to take Marsellus' briefcase, Jules pulls his gun and disarms Pumpkin. While Vincent holds Honey Bunny at bay, Jules explains to Pumpkin how, even earlier that morning, he would have killed Pumpkin and Honey Bunny without a second thought. He recites his ersatz version of Ezekiel 25:17 again: "The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the inequities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he who in the name of charity and good will shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon you."

Jules explains that while he previously thought it was cool to make such a cold-blooded passage the last thing his victims heard, he now realizes that the "tyranny of evil men" part of the passage refers to him, and he intends to become a better person. He and Vincent allow Honey Bunny and Pumpkin to leave with all the money but not the briefcase. They leave the diner themselves and head to Marsellus' strip club.

Cast

Vincent Vega... John Travolta
Jules Winnfield... Samuel L. Jackson
Pumpkin – Ringo... Tim Roth
Honey Bunny – Yolanda... Amanda Plummer
Lance... Eric Stolz
Butch Coolidge... Bruce Willis
Marsellus Wallace... Ving Rhames
Marvin... Phil LaMarr
Fabienne... Maria de Medeiros
Jody... Rosanna Arquette
Zed... Peter Greene
Mia Wallace... Uma Thurman
Maynard... Duane Whitaker
Paul... Paul Calderon
Brett... Frank Whaley

Selected memorable quotes (with notes on difficult vocabulary)

[Jules, Vincent and Jimmie are drinking coffee in Jimmie's kitchen]

[Jules](#): Mmmm! Goddamn, Jimmie! This is some serious gourmet shit! Usually, me and Vince would be happy with some freeze-dried Taster's Choice right, but he springs this serious GOURMET shit on us! What flavor is this?

[Jimmie](#): Knock it off, Julie.

[Jules](#): [pause] What?

[Jimmie](#): I don't need you to tell me how fucking good my coffee is, okay? 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 because when I drink it I want to 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.

[Jules](#): Oh, Jimmie, don't even worry about that...

[Jimmie](#): [interrupting] No, No, No, No, let me ask you a question. When you came pulling in here, did you notice a sign out in front of my house that said "Dead Nigger Storage"?

[Jules](#): Jimmie, you know I ain't seen no...

Jimmie: [cutting him off again; getting angry] Did you notice a sign out in front of my house that said "Dead Nigger Storage"?

Jules: [pause] No. I didn't.

Jimmie: You know WHY you didn't see that sign?

Jules: Why?

Jimmie: 'Cause it ain't there, 'cause storing dead niggers ain't my fucking business, that's why!

knock it off = dacci un taglio

Marsellus: You see, this profession 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.

filled to the brim with = pieno zeppo di; **motherfucker** = figlio di puttana; **to age** = invecchiare, maturare

Yolanda: You want to rob banks?

Pumpkin: I'm not saying I want to rob banks, I'm just illustrating that if we did, it'd be easier than what we've been doing.

Yolanda: No more liquor stores?

Pumpkin: What have we been talking about? Yeah, no more liquor stores. Besides, it ain't the giggle it used to be. Too many foreigners own liquor stores these days. Vietnamese, Koreans, they don't even speak fucking English. You tell them, empty out the register, they don't know what the fuck you're talking about. They make it too personal, one of these gook fuckers is gonna make us kill him.

Yolanda: I'm not gonna kill anybody.

Pumpkin: I don't want to kill anybody either. But they'll probably put us in a situation where it's us or them. And if it's not the gooks, it's these old fucking Jews who've owned the store for fifteen fucking generations, you've got Grampa Irving sitting behind the counter with a fucking Magnum in his hand. Try walking into one of those places with nothing but a phone, see how far you get.

gook = (negli Stati Uniti) straniero non bianco, di solito asiatico

Vincent: Want some bacon?

Jules: No man, I don't eat pork.

Vincent: Are you Jewish?

Jules: Nah, I ain't Jewish, I just don't dig on swine, that's all.

Vincent: Why not?

Jules: Pigs are filthy animals. I don't eat filthy animals.

Vincent: Bacon tastes goood. Pork chops taste goood.

Jules: Hey, sewer rat may taste like pumpkin pie, but I'd never know 'cause I wouldn't eat the filthy motherfucker. Pigs sleep and root in shit. That's a filthy animal. I ain't eat nothin' that ain't got sense enough to disregard its own feces.

Vincent: How about a dog? Dogs eats its own feces.

Jules: I don't eat dog either.

Vincent: Yeah, but do you consider a dog to be a filthy animal?

Jules: I wouldn't go so far as to call a dog filthy but they're definitely dirty. But, a dog's got personality. Personality goes a long way.

Vincent: Ah, so by that rationale, if a pig had a better personality, he would cease to be a filthy animal. Is that true?

Jules: Well we'd have to be talkin' about one charming motherfuckin' pig. I mean he'd have to be ten times more charmin' than that Arnold on Green Acres, you know what I'm sayin'?

to dig on swine = andare pazzo per il maiale; **filthy** = sudicio; **Arnold on Green Acres** = Arnold Ziffer, un maiale che compariva nella sitcom americana *Green Acres*.

Jody: [seeing Mia on the floor] Who's she?

Lance: Look, go to the fridge and get the thing with the O.D. adrenalin shot.

Jody: What's wrong with her?

Vincent: She's O.D.ing!

Jody: Get her the hell outta her!

Lance, Vincent: GET THE SHOT!

Jody: Fuck you! Fuck you, too!

Vincent: What a fuckin' bitch!

Lance: You just keep talking to her, all right? She's getting the shot, I'm gonna get my little black medical book.

Vincent: What the fuck do you need a medical book for?

Lance: I've never had to give an adrenalin shot.

Vincent: You never give an adrenalin shot?

Lance: I've never had to, all right! I don't go joy-poppin' with bubble-gummers! My friends can handle their highs!

Vincent: GET THE SHOT!

O.D. = overdose; **to O.D.** = essere in overdose; **outta her** = **out of here** = fuori di qui; **shot** = iniezione/puntura; **joy-popping** = farsi; sballare (con la droga); **bubble-gummer** = pappa molla; **handle one's highs** = reggono lo sballo

Jules: The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the iniquities 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 would attempt to poison and destroy My brothers. And you will know My name is the Lord when I lay My vengeance upon thee.

righteous = retto, virtuoso; **beset** = (qui) insidiato; **selfish** = egoista; **blessed** = benedetto; thee = you

The Wolf: Jimmie, lead the way. Boys, get to work.

Vincent: A please would be nice.

The Wolf: Come again?

Vincent: I said a please would be nice.

The Wolf: 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 fucking do it and do it quick. I'm here to help - if my help's not appreciated then lotsa luck, gentlemen.

Jules: No, Mr. Wolf, it ain't like that, your help is definitely appreciated.

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

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

come again? = come dici/dice? **buster** = seccatore; **to bark** = (lit.) abbaiare, qui: urlare; **curt** = brusco, secco

The Wolf: You guys look like... What do they look like, Jimmie?

Jimmie: Dorks. They look like a couple of dorks.

Jules: Ha-ha-ha. They're your clothes, motherfucker.

dork = cretino

Lance: You are not bringing this fucked-up bitch into my house!

Vincent: This fucked-up bitch is Marsellus Wallace's wife! Do you know who Marsellus Wallace is? Do you? If she croaks on me, I'm a fuckin' greasespot!

to croak = spifferare; **I'm a fucking greasespot** = sono spacciato, cazzo!

The Wolf: Strip.

Jules: All the way?

The Wolf: To your bare ass.

Vincent: Is this necessary?

The Wolf: Yes. You know what you guys look like?

Jules: What?

The Wolf: Like a couple of guys who just blew off somebody's head!

[to Jimmie]

The Wolf: Now Jimmie, hand them the soap.

[Jimmie gives Jules and Vincent each a bar of soap]

The Wolf: Well, now I'm sure you've all been to county.

[sprays them both with hose]

to strip = spogliarsi;

[after Brett tells Jules that he's eating a hamburger]

Jules: Hamburgers. The cornerstone of any nutritious breakfast.

cornerstone = chiave di volta

Mia: I have to go powder my nose.

to powder = incipriarsi

The Wolf: Maybe I can give you guys a ride. Where do you live?

Vincent: Redondo Beach.

Jules: Inglewood.

The Wolf: It's your future... I see a cab ride. Move out of the sticks, gentlemen.

move out of the sticks = (qui) toglietevi di mezzo, sgomberate

Mia: Vincent, do you still want to hear my Fox Force Five joke?

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

Mia: No, you wont laugh, 'cus it's not funny. But if you still wanna hear it, I'll tell it.

Vincent: I can't wait.

Mia: Three tomatoes are walking down the street- a poppa tomato, a momma tomato, and a little baby tomato. Baby tomato starts lagging behind. Poppa tomato gets angry, goes over to the baby tomato, and smooshes him... and says, Catch up.

to lag behind = rimanere indietro, attardarsi; **to smoosh** = schiacciare, stringere; catch up = gioco di parole tra *to catch up* [affrettarsi, recuperare (tempo, spazio perduto)] e *ketchup* (la salsa a base di pomodoro)

Fabienne: I was looking at myself in the mirror.

Butch: Uh-huh?

Fabienne: I wish I had a pot.

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

Fabienne: A pot. A pot belly. Pot bellies are sexy.

Butch: Well you should be happy, 'cause you do.

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

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

Fabienne: The difference is huge.

Butch: You want me to have a pot?

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

Butch: You think guys would find that attractive?

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

pot = gioco di parole tra *pot* (slang per marijuana) e *pot* (pentola) → **pot belly/tummy** = pancia rotondeggiante; **oafish** = impacciato

Jules: So, tell me again about the hashbars?

Vincent: Okay, what you wanna know?

Jules: Hash is legal there in Amsterdam, right?

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

Jules: And those are hashbars?

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 still illegal to carry it around, but that doesn't really matter 'cause... get a load of this: if you get stopped by the cops in Amsterdam, it's illegal for them to search you. I mean, that's a right the cops in Amsterdam don't have.

Jules: [laughing] I'm going, that's all there is to it, I'm fuckin' going.

Vincent: Yeah baby, you'd dig it the most.

hash = hashish; **joint** = canna, spinello

Sources:

<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0110912>