

# PULP FICTION

*(Vincent takes out his pouch of tobacco and begins rolling himself a smoke as Mia gets a cigarette out of her pack. She sees Vincent rolling one and starts watching him. She then puts hers back in the pack)*

MIA: Could you um, roll me one of those cowboy? *(As he finishes licking it)*

VINCENT: You can have this one, cowgirl.

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

MIA: Thanks.

VINCENT: Think nothing of it. *(He begins rolling one for himself)*

MIA: So, Marsellus said you just got back from Amsterdam.

VINCENT: Sure did.

MIA: How long were you there?

VINCENT: Just over three years.

MIA: I go there about once a year to chill out for a month

VINCENT: No kidding, I didn't know that.

MIA: Why would you?

VINCENT: I heard you did a pilot.

MIA: That was my fifteen minutes.

VINCENT: What was it?

MIA: It was a show about a team of female secret agents called "Fox Force Five."

VINCENT: What?

MIA: "Fox Force Five." Fox, as in we're a bunch of foxy chicks. Force, as in we're a force to be reckoned with. Five, as in there's one..two..three..four..five of us.

There was a blonde one, Sommerset O'Neal, she was the leader. The Japanese fox was a kung fu master, the black girl was a demolition expert, the French fox' specialty was sex...

VINCENT: What was your specialty?

MIA: Knives. The character I played, Raven McCoy, her background was she 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. If we woulda got picked up, they woulda worked in a gimmick where every show I woulda told another joke.

BUDDY: *(Buddy comes back with the drinks)* Martin & Luis, Vanilla Coke.

MIA: *( Mia wraps her lips around the straw of her shake)* Yummy!

VINCENT: Can I have a sip of that? I'd like to know what a five-dollar shake tastes like.

MIA: Be my guest.

*(She slides the shake over to him.)*

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

VINCENT: *(Vincent smiles.)* Yeah, but maybe I do.

MIA: Kooties I can handle.

VINCENT: Alright *(He takes a sip)* Goddamn! That's a pretty fuckin' good milk shake.

MIA: Told ya.

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

*(He slides the shake back)*

*(Then the first of an uncomfortable silence happens)*

MIA: Don't you hate that?

VINCENT: Hate what?

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

VINCENT: I don't know. That's a good question.

MIA: 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.

VINCENT: Well, I don't think we're there yet. But don't feel bad, we just met each other.

VINCENT: Actually, there was something I wanted to ask you. However, you seem like a really nice person, and I didn't want to offend you.

MIA: Oooohhhh, this doesn't sound like the usual mindless, boring, getting-to-know-you chit-chat. That sounds like you actually have something to say.

VINCENT: Well, well, I do, I do. But you have to promise not to be offended.

MIA: No, no, you can't promise something like that. I have no idea what you're

gonna ask. You could ask me what you're gonna ask me, and my natural response could be to be offended. Then, through no fault of my own, I woulda broken my promise.

VINCENT: Then let's just forget it.

MIA: That's an impossibility. Trying to forget anything as intriguing as this would be an exercise in futility.

VINCENT: Is that a fact?

MIA: *(nods her head)* "Yes." Besides, it's more exciting when you don't have permission.

VINCENT: Alright, alright, well here it goes. What do you think about what happened to Antwan?

MIA: Who's Antwan?

VINCENT: Tony Rocky Horror. You know him.

MIA: He fell out of a window.

VINCENT: Well, that's one way to say it. Another way is, he was thrown out.

Another was is, he was thrown out by Marsellus. And even another way is, he was thrown out of a window by Marsellus because of you.

MIA: Is that a fact?

VINCENT: No it's not, it's just what I heard.

MIA: Who told you?

VINCENT: They.

*(Mia and Vincent smile.)*

MIA: They talk a lot, don't they?

VINCENT: They certainly do.

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

VINCENT: Well, I'm not shy, um...

MIA: Did it involve the F-word?

VINCENT: No. They just said that Antwan had given you a foot massage.

MIA: And...?

VINCENT: No nothing, that's it.

MIA: You heard Marsellus threw Tony Rocky Horror out of a four-story window for giving me a foot massage?

VINCENT: Yeah.

MIA: And you believed that?

VINCENT: Well, at the time I was told, it seemed reasonable.

MIA: Marsellus throwing Tony out of a four-story window for massaging my feet seemed reasonable?

VINCENT: No, it seemed excessive. But that doesn't mean it didn't happen. I understand Marsellus is very protective of you.

MIA: A husband being protective of his wife is one thing. A husband almost killing another man for touching his wife's feet is something else.

VINCENT: But did it happen?

MIA: The only thing Antwan ever touched of mine was my hand, when he shook it – at my wedding.

VINCENT: Really

MIA: The truth is, nobody knows why Marsellus threw Tony out of that four story window except Marsellus and Tony. When you scamps get together, you're worse than a sewing circle.