

Pulp Fiction

Vincent:
What's her name?

Jules:
Mia

Vincent:
Mia. How did Marcellis and her meet?

Jules:
I don't know. However people meet people. She used to be an actress.

Vincent:
Oh really. She do anything I would have seen?

Jules:
I think her biggest deal was that she starred in a pilot.

Vincent:
Pilot. What's a pilot?

Jules:
You know the shows on T.V.?

Vincent:
I don't watch T.V.

Jules:
Yeah but you are aware that there's an invention called television and on this invention they show shows right?

Vincent:
Yeah.

Jules:

Well the way they pick T.V. shows is they make one show. That show is called a pilot. And they show that one show to the people that pick shows. And on the strength of that one show they decide if they want to make more shows. Some get chosen and become television programs. Some don't and become nothing. She starred in one of the ones that became nothing.

(beat)

You remember Antwan Rockamora, half black, half Samoan used to call him Tony Rockyhorror?

Vincent:

Yeah maybe. Fat right?

Jules:

I wouldn't go so far as to call a brotha fat. I mean he got a weight problem. What's a nigga going to do? He's Samoan.

Vincent:

Yeah I think I know who you mean. What about him?

Jules:

Marcellis fucked him up good. Word around the campfire is it was on account of Marcellis Wallace's wife.

Vincent:

So what did he do fuck her?

Jules:

No no no no. Nothing that bad.

Vincent:

Well then what then?

Jules:

He gave her a foot massage.

Vincent:

A foot massage. That's it?

Jules:

Mmm hmm.

Vincent:

Then what did Marcellis do?

Jules:

Sent a couple cats over to his place. They took him out on his patio, threw his ass over the balcony. Nigga fell four stories. They had a little garden down at the bottom enclosed in glass like a greenhouse. Nigga fell through that. Since then he kind of developed a speech impediment.

Vincent:

That's a damn shame.

(beat)

But still I have to say, you play with matches, you get burned.

Jules:

What do you mean?

Vincent:

You don't be givin Marcellis Wallace's new bride a foot massage.

Jules:

You don't think he overreacted?

Vincent:

I probably wouldn't expect Mr. Wallace to react the way he did but he had to expect a reaction.

Jules:

It was a foot massage. A foot massage is nothing. I give my mother a foot massage.

Vincent:

It's laying your hands on Marcellis's new wife in a familiar way. I mean, is it as bad as eating her pussy out? No, but it's in the same fuckin ball park.

Jules:

Whoa, whoa. Stop right there. Now eatin a bitch out and giving a bitch a foot massage ain't even the same fuckin thing.

Vincent:

It's not. It's the same ball park.

Jules:

It ain't no fuckin ball park neither. Now look, maybe your method of massage differs from mine. But you know touchin his wife's feet and sticking your tongue in the holliest of holies ain't the same ballpark. It ain't even in the same league, it ain't the same fuckin sport. Foot massages don't mean shit.

Vincent:
Have you ever given a foot massage?

Jules:
Don't be telling me about foot massages. I'm the foot fucking master.

Vincent:
You given a lot of them?

Jules:
Shit yeah. Got my technique down and everything. I don't be tickling or nothing.

Vincent:
Would you give a guy a foot massage?

Jules:
Fuck you.

Vincent:
You given them a lot?

Jules:
Fuck you.

Vincent:
You know, I'm kind of tired, I could use a foot massage myself.

Jules:
Yo yo yo. You best back off, I'm getting a little pissed here.
(beat)

Now look, just because I don't give no man a foot massage don't make it right to for Marcellis to throw Antwan off a building into a glass motherfucking house fucking up the way a nigga talks. That shit ain't right. A motherfucker do that shit to me, he better paralyze my ass, cause I'll kill a motherfucker. You know what I'm saying?

Vincent:
I ain't saying it's right. But you saying a foot massage don't mean nothing, I'm saying it does. And look, I gave a million ladies a million foot massages and they all meant something. We act like they don't, but they do. I mean, that's what's so fucking cool about it. There's a sentuous thing going on where you know you don't talk about it but you know and she knows it. Fucking Marcellis knew it. And Antwan should've fucking better known better. I mean that's his fucking wife man. Any man with some sense would've known this shit man. You know what I'm saying?

Jules:

That's an interesting point. Come on, let's get in character.