

# Reservoir Dogs

Mr. Pink

Look, man, you do what you want. I'm outta here, man. I'm going to check into a motel for a few days. You know. I'll lay low & I'll call Joe. Shit did he fuckin die on us? Huh, is he dead or what?

Mr. White

He ain't dead.

Mr. Pink

What is it?

Mr. White

I think he's just passed out.

Mr. Pink

Scared the fuckin shit out of me, man. I thought he was fuckin dead for sure.

Mr. White

Without medical attention, he will die for sure.

Mr. Pink

What are we gonna do, man, we can't take him to a hospital.

Mr. White

Without medical attention, the man might not live through the night. The bullet in his belly is my fault. Now, that might not mean jack shit to you, it means a hell of a lot to me.

Mr. Pink

First things first, staying here is goofy. We got to book up.

Mr. White

What do you suggest we do? Go to a motel? We got a guy shot in the belly, cant walk, bleeds like a stuffed pig, & when he's awake he screams in pain.

Mr. Pink

Huh, you got an idea, spit it out.

Mr. White

Joe could help. We get in touch with Joe. Joe could get him to a doctor. Joe could get a doctor to come & see him.

Mr. Pink

So, even if we can trust Joe. How we gonna get in touch with him? Huh? He's supposed to be here, but he aint which is making me very nervous about being here. Even if he is on the up & up, I don't think he's going to be too happy with us, okay! He planned a robbery; he's got a blood bath on his hands now. He's got dead cops, dead robbers, dead civilians. Jesus Christ, I doubt he's going to have a lot of sympathy for our plight. If I was him, I would try to put as much distance between me & this mess as humanly possible.

Mr. White

Before you got here, Mr. Orange was asking me to take him to a doctor, to a hospital. Now, I don't like the idea of turning him over to the cops, but if we don't he's going to die. He begged me to do it.

Mr. Pink

Well, alright, then I guess we take him to a hospital. I mean if that's what he said, let's do it. If he don't know nothing about us, let's say it's his decision.

Mr. White

Well, he knows all about me.

Mr. Pink

What? Wait, wait. You didn't tell him your name, did you?

Mr. White

I told him my first name; where I was from.

Mr. Pink

Why?

Mr. White

I told him where I was from a few days ago. It was just a natural conversation.

Mr. Pink

What was telling him your name when you weren't supposed to?

Mr. White

He asked. We had just gotten away from the cops. He had just got shot. It was my fault he got shot. He's a fuckin bloody mess. He's screaming. I swear to god I thought he was going to die right then & there. I'm trying to comfort him. Telling him not to worry, everything's going to be okay, I'm going to take care of him. And he asked me what my name was. I mean the man was dying in my arms. What the fuck was I supposed to do. Tell him I'm sorry? I can't give out that information? It's against the rules? I don't trust you enough. Or maybe I should have, but I couldn't.

Mr. Pink

I...

Mr. White

Fuck you. Fuck Joe.

Mr. Pink

Sure it was a very beautiful scene with you...

Mr. White

Don't fuckin patronize me

Mr. Pink

I got one question. Did I ever ask you where you were from.

Mr. White

Yeah.

Mr. Pink

Well, that's that then, man. I mean, Jesus Christ, I was worried about more possibilities than it was. Now he knows A) your name, B) what you look like, C) where you're from, & D) what your specialty is. They're not going to have to show him a hell of a lot of pictures to pick you out. I mean that's it right. You didn't tell him anything else that could narrow down the selection.

Mr. White

If I have to tell you again to back off me, we are going to go round & round.

Mr. Pink

We aint taking him to a hospital.

Mr. White

If we don't, he's going to die.

Mr. Pink

And I'm very sad about that, but some fellows are lucky & some aint.  
(Mr. White grabs Mr. Pink.)

Mr. Pink

Fuckin touch me for, man?

(Mr. White hits Mr. Pink in the face sending him to the ground. Mr. White kicks Mr. Pink repeatedly on the ground. Mr. Pink draws his gun.)

Mr. Pink

You want to fuck with me. I'll show you who you're fuckin with.

Mr. White

(Mr. White draws his gun.)

You want to shoot me you little piece of shit. Go, ahead, take a shot.

Mr. Pink

Fuck you, White. I didn't create this situation, I'm dealing with it. You're acting like a first year fuckin thief. I'm acting like a professional. They get him, they could get you. They get you, they get closer to me & that can't happen. You're looking at me like it's my fault. I didn't tell him my name; I didn't tell him where I was from. Shit, 50 minutes ago you almost told me your name. Your buddy's in a second situation you created. So if you want to call bad luck so bad throw him out of here.

Mr. Blond

You kids shouldn't play so rough. Somebody's going to start crying.

Mr. Pink

Mr. Blond.