

happen.

VINCENT

Do you wanna continue this theological discussion in the car, or at the jailhouse with the cops?

JULES

We should be fuckin' dead now, my friend! We just witnessed a miracle, and I want you to fuckin' acknowledge it!

VINCENT

Okay man, it was a miracle, can we leave now?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT BUILDING — MORNING

The Chevy Nova PROPELS itself into traffic.

INT. NOVA (MOVING) — MORNING

Jules is behind the wheel, Vincent in the passenger seat and Marvin in the back.

VINCENT

...Ever seen that show "COPS?" I was watchin' it once and this cop was on it who was talkin' about this time he got into this gun fight with a guy in a hallway. He unloads on this guy and he doesn't hit anything. And these guys were in a hallway. It's a freak, but it happens.

JULES

If you wanna play blind man, then go walk with a Shepherd. But me, my eyes are wide fuckin' open.

VINCENT

What the fuck does that mean?

JULES

That's it for me. For here on in, you can consider my ass retired.

VINCENT

Jesus Christ!

JULES

Don't blaspheme!

VINCENT

Goddammit, Jules -

JULES

- I said don't do that -

VINCENT

- you're fuckin' freakin' out!

JULES

I'm tellin' Marsellus today I'm through.

VINCENT

While you're at it, be sure to tell 'im why.

JULES

Don't worry, I will.

VINCENT

I'll bet ya ten thousand dollars, he laughs his ass off.

JULES

I don't give a damn if he does.

Vincent turns to the backseat with the .45 casually in his grip.

VINCENT

Marvin, what do you make of all this?

MARVIN

I don't even have an opinion.

VINCENT

C'mon, Marvin. Do you think God came down from Heaven and stopped the bullets?

Vincent's .45 goes BANG!

Marvin is hit in the upper chest, below the throat. He GURGLES blood and SHAKES.

JULES

What the fuck's happening?

VINCENT

I just accidentally shot Marvin in the throat.

JULES

Why the fuck did you do that?

VINCENT

I didn't mean to do it. I said it was an accident.

JULES

I've seen a lot of crazy-ass shit in my time -

VINCENT

- chill out, man, it was an accident, okay? You hit a bump or somethin' and the gun went off.

JULES

The car didn't hit no motherfuckin' bump!

VINCENT

Look! I didn't mean to shoot this son-of-a-bitch, the gun just went off, don't ask me how!

JULES

Look at this mess! We're drivin' around on a city street in broad daylight -

VINCENT

- I know, I know, I wasn't thinkin' about the splatter.

JULES

Well you better be thinkin' about it now, motherfucker! We gotta get this

car off the road. Cops tend to notice
shit like you're driving a car
drenched in fuckin' blood.

VINCENT

Can't we just take it to a friendly
place?

JULES

This is the Valley, Vincent. Marsellus
don't got no friendly places in the
Valley.

VINCENT

Well, don't look at me, this is your
town, Jules.

Jules takes out a cellular phone and starts punching digits.

VINCENT

Who ya callin'?

JULES

A buddy of mine in Toluca Lake.

VINCENT

Where's Toluca Lake.

JULES

On the other side of the hill, by
Burbank Studios. If Jimmie's ass
ain't home, I don't know what the
fuck we're gonna go. I ain't got any
other partners in 818.

(into phone)

Jimmie! How you doin' man, it's Jules.

(pause)

Listen up man, me an' my homeboy are
in some serious shit. We're in a car
we gotta get off the road, pronto! I
need to use your garage for a couple
hours.

INT. JIMMIE'S BATHROOM — DAY

Jules is bent over a sink, washing his bloody hands while
Vincent stands behind him.

JULES

We gotta be real fuckin' delicate with this Jimmie's situation. He's one remark away from kickin' our asses out the door.

VINCENT

If he kicks us out, whadda we do?

JULES

Well, we ain't leavin' 'til we made a couple phone calls. But I never want it to reach that pitch. Jimmie's my friend and you don't bust in your friend's house and start tellin' 'im what's what.

Jules rises and dries his hands. Vincent takes his place at the sink.

VINCENT

Just tell 'im not to be abusive. He kinda freaked out back there when he saw Marvin.

JULES

Put yourself in his position. It's eight o'clock in the morning. He just woke up, he wasn't prepared for this shit. Don't forget who's doin' who a favor.

Vincent finishes, then dries his hands on a white towel.

VINCENT

If the price of that favor is I gotta take shit, he can stick his favor straight up his ass.

When Vincent is finished drying his hands, the towel is stained with red.

JULES

What the fuck did you just do to his towel?

VINCENT

I was just dryin' my hands.

JULES

You're supposed to wash 'em first.

VINCENT

You watched me wash 'em.

JULES

I watched you get 'em wet.

VINCENT

I washed 'em. Blood's real hard to get off. Maybe if he had some Lava, I coulda done a better job.

JULES

I used the same soap you did and when I dried my hands, the towel didn't look like a fuckin' Maxie pad. Look, fuck it, alright. Who cares? But it's shit like this that's gonna bring this situation to a boil. If he were to come in here and see that towel like that... I'm tellin' you Vincent, you best be cool. 'Cause if I gotta get in to it with Jimmie on account of you... Look, I ain't threatenin' you, I respect you an' all, just don't put me in that position.

JULES

Jules, you ask me nice like that, no problem. He's your friend, you handle him.

INT. JIMMIE'S KITCHEN — MORNING

Three men are standing in Jimmie's kitchen, each with a mug of coffee. Jules, Vincent and JIMMIE DIMMICK, a young man in his late 20s dressed in a bathrobe.

JULES

Goddamn Jimmie, this is some serious gourmet shit. Me an' Vincent woulda been satisfied with freeze-dried Tasters Choice. You spring this gourmet fuckin' shit on us. What

flavor is this?

JIMMIE

Knock it off, Julie.

JULES

What?

JIMMIE

I'm not a cobb or corn, so you can stop butterin' me up. I don't need you to tell me how good my coffee is. I'm the one who buys it, I know how fuckin' good it is. When Bonnie goes shoppin;, she buys shit. I buy the gourmet expensive stuff 'cause when I drink it, I wanna taste it. But what's on my mind at this moment isn't the coffee in my kitchen, it's the dead nigger in my garage.

JULES

Jimmie -

JIMMIE

- I'm talkin'. Now let me ask you a question, Jules. When you drove in here, did you notice a sign out front that said, "Dead nigger storage?"

Jules starts to "Jimmie" him -

JIMMIE

- answer to question. Did you see a sign out in front of my house that said, "Dead nigger storage?"

JULES

(playing along)

Naw man, I didn't.

JIMMIE

You know why you didn't see that sign?

JULES

Why?

JIMMIE

'Cause storin' dead niggers ain't my fuckin' business!

Jules starts to "Jimmie" him.

JIMMIE

— I ain't through! Now don't you understand that if Bonnie comes home and finds a dead body in her house, I'm gonna get divorced. No marriage counselor, no trial separation — fuckin' divorced. And I don't wanna get fuckin' divorced. The last time me an' Bonnie talked about this shit was gonna be the last time me an' Bonnie talked about this shit. Now I wanna help ya out Julie, I really do. But I ain't gonna lose my wife doin' it.

JULES

Jimmie —

JIMMIE

— don't fuckin' Jimmie me, man, I can't be Jimmied. There's nothin' you can say that's gonna make me forget I love my wife. Now she's workin' the graveyard shift at the hospital. She'll be comin' home in less than an hour and a half. Make your phone calls, talk to your people, than get the fuck out of my house.

JULES

That's all we want. We don't wanna fuck up your shit. We just need to call our people to bring us in.

JIMMIE

Then I suggest you get to it. Phone's in my bedroom.

INT. MARSELLUS WALLACE'S DINING ROOM — MORNING

Marsellus Wallace sits at his dining table in a big comfy robe, eating his large breakfast, while talking on the phone.