

Pulp Fiction 2 • 1994 • Uma Thurman, John Travolta • c 7 min. 43:45 - 50:15
[35- Pulp 2 - YouTube](#) [IMDb](#) (includes dance scene)

- **grammar points:** should have, would, must, have to, can, gonna, wanna, would have, passive by, past perfect, ever

- **phrasal verbs:** get, come back from, have the...off, go ahead, fall out of, throw out of, get together, take out

- **idioms:** just, anything at all, not much of a, sound like, getting to-know-you chit-chat, well, all right, through no fault of my own, let's, Is that a fact?, besides, here it goes, yet even, the "F" word, that's it, four-story, I mean, little scamps, you asked for it, let's hear it for

.....
MIA:

Mmm...Don't you **just** love it when you **come back from** the bathroom to find your food waiting for you?

VINCENT:

We're lucky we **got anything at all**.

I don't think Buddy Holly's **much of a** waiter.

Maybe we **should've sat** in Marilyn Monroe's section.

Would you like some coffee?

MIA:

Which **one**? There's two Monroes.

VINCENT:

No, there's not.

That is Marilyn Monroe. That is Mamie Van Doren.

And I don't see Jayne Mansfield. She **must have** the night **off** or something.

MIA:

Pretty smart.

VINCENT:

Yeah, I **got** my moments.

MIA:

So, did you think of something to say?

VINCENT:

Actually, I did.

However...You seem like a really nice person...and I don't want to offend you.

MIA:

Ooh. 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, no, no. You **can't** promise something like that.

I have no idea what you're **gonna** ask me,

so you **can go ahead** and ask me what you're **gonna** ask me,
and my natural response **could** be to **get** offended.

Then, **through no fault of my own**...I **would've** broken my promise.

VINCENT:

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:

Besides, isn't it more exciting...when you don't have permission?

VINCENT:

All right. All right. Well, here it goes...

What did you, uh, think about what happened to Antoine?

MIA:

Who's Antoine?

VINCENT:

Tony Rocky Horror. You know him.

MIA:

He **fell out of** a window.

VINCENT:

Mmm. Mmm. Well, that is one way to say it.

Another way to say it **would** be that he **was thrown out**.

Another way **would** be was he **was thrown out by** Marsellus...

and **yet even** another way is to say..he **was thrown out of** a window **by** Marsellus
because of you.

MIA:

Is that a fact?

VINCENT:

No, no. It's not a fact. It's **just** what I heard. It's **just** what I heard.

MIA:

Who told you?

VINCENT:

They.

MIA:

They talk a lot, don't they?

VINCENT:

They certainly do...They certainly do.

MIA:

Don't be shy, Vincent. What else did they say?

VINCENT:

Well, I'm not... I'm not shy. Um...

MIA:

Did it involve the "F" word?

VINCENT:

No. No, no, no...They just said that Antoine had given you a foot massage.

MIA:

And?

VINCENT:

And... and 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:

Mm-hmm.

MIA:

And you believe that?

VINCENT:

Well, I mean...at the time I was told, it sounded 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 mean, I understand...that Marsellus is very, 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:

Only thing Antoine **ever** touched of mine was my hand when he shook it...
at my wedding.

VINCENT:

Really?

MIA:

Truth is, nobody knows why Marsellus **threw** Tony **out of** that four-story
window except Marsellus and Tony.
But when you **little scamps get together** you're worse than **a sewing circle**.

ANNOUNCER:

Ladies and gentlemen...now the moment you've all **been waiting for**...
the world-famous Jack Rabbit Slim's Twist Contest.
This is where one lucky couple...
will win this handsome trophy that Marilyn here is holding.
Now, who'll be our first contestants?

MIA:

Right here!
I **wanna** dance.

VINCENT:

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

MIA:

No, no, no, no, no, no. I do believe Marsellus... my husband, your boss...
told you to **take** me **out** and do whatever I wanted.
Now I want to dance. I want to win.
I want that trophy, so dance good.

VINCENT:

All right. **You asked for it**.

ANNOUNCER:

Let's hear it for our first contestants.