

Pulp Fiction 1 • 1994 • Uma Thurman, John Travolta • c 6 min. 36:15 - 42:45
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- **grammar points:** can, could, will, would, how long?, as in, going to, 3° conditional, present perfect, gotta, in order to
- **phrasal verbs:** get, put in, be back, get back from, chill out, grow up, get picked up, build up, shut up, be there
- **idioms:** like, burnt to a crisp, bloody as hell, what about you, Peggy Sue, just, 'last I heard', just checking, just over, right, 'think nothing of it', pilot, my fifteen minutes, foxy chicks, 'a force to be reckoned with', there were 5 of us, a zillion, corny, 'what a gyp', well, yummy, 'be my guest', tastes like, cooties, 'I can handle', 'told you', 'I'll tell you what'. powder my nose

.....
MIA:

Vincent! What do you think?

VINCENT:

I think it's **like** a wax museum with a pulse.

WAITER:

Hi, I'm Buddy. What **can** I **get** you?

VINCENT:

Let's see...Steak, steak, steak. Ok, yeah, the Douglas Kirk steak.
I'll have that.

WAITER:

How do you want that cooked?
Burnt to a crisp or **bloody as hell**?

VINCENT:

Bloody as hell, and oh, yeah, look at this. Vanilla Coke.

WAITER:

What about you, Peggy Sue?

MIA:

I'll have the Durwood Kirby burger, bloody, and...the 5-dollar-shake.

WAITER:

How do you want that shake? Martin and Lewis or Amos and Andy?

MIA:

Martin and Lewis.

VINCENT:

Did you **just** order a 5-dollar-shake?

MIA:

Mm-hmm.

VINCENT:
That's a shake.
That's milk and ice cream.

MIA:
Last I heard.

VINCENT:
That's 5 dollars (\$5)? You don't put bourbon in it or nothing?

WAITER:
No.

VINCENT:
Just checking.

WAITER:
I'll be right back with your drinks.

MIA:
Could you, um...
roll me one of those, cowboy?

VINCENT:
You can have this one, cowgirl.

MIA:
Thanks.

VINCENT:
Think nothing of it.

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**.
And Five, as in: **there's** one, two, three, four, five **of us**.
There was a blond one...Somerset O'Neal. She was the leader.
The Japanese Fox was a kung-fu master.
The black girl was a demolition expert.
French Fox's specialty was sex.

VINCENT:
What was your specialty?

MIA:
Knives.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.
And **if we would've got picked up...** (error - if we **HAD** got picked up) they **would've** worked in a gimmick where every show...
I **would've** told another joke.



VINCENT:
You know any of them old jokes?

MIA:
Well, I only **got** the chance to say one 'cause we only did one show.

VINCENT:
Tell me.

MIA:
It's **corny**.

VINCENT:
Don't be that way. Tell me.

MIA:
No. You **wouldn't** like it, and I'd be embarrassed.

VINCENT:
You'd be... You told **like** 50 million people, and you **can't** tell me?
I promise I **won't** laugh.

MIA:
That's what I'm afraid of, Vince.

VINCENT:
That's not what I meant, and you know it.

MIA:
Well, now I'm definitely not **going to** tell you...'cause it's **been built up** too much.

VINCENT:
What a gyp.

WAITER:
Martin and Lewis...Vanilla Coke.

MIA:
Mmm... **Yummy**.

VINCENT:
You think I **could have** a sip of that?

MIA:
Be my guest.

VINCENT:
I **gotta** know what a the 5-dollar-shake **tastes like**.

MIA:

You **can** use my straw. I don't have **cooties**.

VINCENT:

Yeah, but maybe I do.

MIA:

Cooties, I can handle.

VINCENT:

All right...**Goddamn**, that's a **pretty fucking good** milk shake.

MIA:

Told you.

VINCENT:

I don't know if it was **worth** 5 dollars, but it was **pretty fucking good**.

....(long silence)

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, but it's a good question.

MIA:

That's when you know you've **found** somebody really special...

when you **can just shut the fuck up** for a minute...

and comfortably share a silence.

VINCENT:

Well, I don't think we're quite **there** yet...but don't feel bad.

We **just** met each other.

MIA:

I'll tell you what...I'm going to go to the bathroom and powder my nose.

You sit here and think of something to say.

VINCENT:

I'll do that.