INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MORNING

VINCENT
Still.. I hafta say, play with matches, ya get burned.

JULES
Whaddya mean?

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

JULES
You don't think he overreacted?

VINCENT
Antoine probably didn't expect Marsellus to react like 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 was laying hands on Marsellus Wallace's new wife in a familiar way. Is it as bad as eatin' her out? - No, but you're in the same fuckin' ballpark.

Jules stops Vincent.

JULES
Whoa... whoa... whoa... stop right there. Eatin' a bitch out, and givin' a bitch a foot massage ain't even the same fuckin' thing.

VINCENT
Not the same thing, the same ballpark.

JULES
It ain't no ballpark either. Look maybe your method of massage differs from mine, but touchin' his lady's feet, and stickin' your tongue in her holiest of holyies, ain't the same ballpark, ain't the same league, ain't even the same fuckin' sport. Foot massages don't mean shit.
VINCENT
Have you ever given a foot massage?

JULES
Don't be tellin' me about foot massages - I'm the foot fuckin' master.

VINCENT
Given a lot of 'em?

JULES
Shit yeah. I got my technique down man, I don't tickle or nothin'.

VINCENT
Have you ever given a guy a foot massage?

Jules looks at him a long moment - he's been set up.

JULES
Fuck you.

VINCENT
How many?

JULES
Fuck you.

VINCENT
Would you give me a foot massage - I'm kinda tired.

JULES
Man, you best back off, I'm gittin' pissed - (the walk to the door and take guns out) OK, this is the door.

The two men stand in front of the door numbered "49."

JULES
(whispers) What time is it?

VINCENT
(checking his watch)
Seven-twenty-two am.

JULES
It ain't quite time, let's hang back.

They move a away from the door, facing each other.
JULES
(whispering) Look, just because I wouldn't give no man a foot massage, don't make it right for Marsellus to throw Antoine off a building into a glass-motherfuckin-house, fuckin' up the way the nigger talks. That ain't right, man. Motherfucker do that to me, he better paralyze my ass, 'cause I'd kill the motherfucker.

VINCENT
I'm not sayin' he was right, but you're sayin' a foot massage don't mean nothing, and I'm sayin' it does. I've given a million ladies a million foot massages and they all meant somethin'. We act like they don't, but they do. That's what's so fuckin' cool about 'em. This sensual thing's goin' on that nobody's talkin' about, but you know it and she knows it, fuckin' Marsellus knew it, and Antwan shoulda known fuckin' better. That's his fuckin' wife, man. He ain't gonna have a sense of humor about that shit.

JULES
That's an interesting point, but let's get into character.

END