

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 holyiest 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