

PULP FICTION

written by

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Final Draft

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

A normal Denny's, Spires-like coffee shop in Los Angeles. It's about 9:

It is impossible to tell where the Young Woman is from old she is; everything she does contradicts something she did. The boy and girl sit in a booth. Their dialogue is to be said in a rapid-pace "HIS GIRL FRIDAY" fashion.

YOUNG MAN

No, forget it, it's too risky.
I'm through doin' that shit.

YOUNG WOMAN

You always say that, the same thing every time: never again, I'm through, too dangerous.

(imitates a duck)

Quack, quack, quack, quack,
quack, quack, quack...

The boy and girl laugh, their laughter putting a pause in there, back and forth.

CUT OUT

CUT TO

CREDIT SEQUENCE

INT. '74 CHEVY (MOVING) - MORNING

An old gas guzzling, dirty, white 1974 Chevy Nova on a homeless-ridden street in Hollywood. In the front seat are two young fellas -- one white, one black -- both wearing cheap black suits with thin black ties under long green dusters. Their names are VINCENT VEGA (white) and JULES WINNFIELD

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THE END