



PULP FRICTION



If most parents dream of their children growing up to become educated, gainfully employed and god-fearing citizens of the world, surrounded by respectable friends and loving spouses, you would be their version of a nightmare. If you hadn't shot them both dead in a bout of rather nasty child abuse, even your white trash trailer park parents would've been ashamed to see what sort of monster their little brat Vincent had become. Though you proudly call it a specialized profession, your career comprises working as a hitman, drug-courier and expediter of all enterprises criminal. Your education, since you dropped out of the sixth grade, has been gleaned from years of knocking around the slimy, pimp-infested, drug-ridden streets of the Los Angeles underworld, from the shooting galleries of Hollywood to the smoke-filled backrooms of weapons dealers and counterfeiters. And though you don't go to church, you have an abiding belief in God, and for you his name is Marsellus, your mob boss and local kingpin of prostitution, bookmaking and neighborhood distributor of smack and crack, two of your own favorite pastimes. And though there is a loving spouse in your life, that wily, sexy creature named Mia, she happens to be married to God, and hell hath no fury like one Marsellus scorned. Just ask Butch, that boxer who refused to throw a match for Marsellus, if you can find him.

And as far as friendship, there's always Jules, your dependable, if not somewhat anal-retentive sidekick and partner in crime. What Jules lacks in intellect he more than makes up for in his skill in handling automatic weapons, even if his deadly volleys are typically preceded by a string of intimidating Biblical proverbs.

Ever since that drug run that took you to Europe, you have been re-evaluating your priorities. In spite of your adventurous lifestyle, you have always longed for a life of culture and refinement, away from the low class dirtiness of your street existence. A romantic existentialist at heart, you remember the scent of Amsterdam hashbars, the elegance of Paris eateries, the intellectual discourse of the Latin Quarter . . . Mostly you think of Mia, and rescuing her from a life with that beast Marsellus, and escaping with her to some far and distant place beyond his reach . . .

There had been a scintilla of hope for making a clean break, but it was snuffed out when Jules experienced a religious epiphany and decided to hand over that briefcase to those amateur robbers at that coffee shop. It held the hope for a new beginning, a future untrammled by the ties of loyalty and the hazards of your occupation.

Maybe there's a way to get it back.

1. 'Twas during breakfast that Saturday morn,
That ol' Jules became a Christian reborn,
His revelation's timing was inopportune,
That briefcase's gold would've been such a boon,
Instead he chose to donate the goods,
To a couple of amateur takeover hoods,
Back to this 40's diner you should now race,
It's really quite a gem of a place,
Chester to Colorado west,
And a short south on Fair Oaks would be best,
A waiter named Jose will help you out,
But the following order you must first spout:

" Our waiter, who art so driven,
Jose be thy name,
In kingdom come, we won't be done,
Those amateurs won't be forgiven.
Give us the way
that those hoods fled,
They're rookies as slow as molasses,
We won't forgive those who can't outclass us,
Lead us now to their next location,
For our briefcase's retrieval,
For you are the kingdom and the power and the glory,
And we'd sure like to order a good cup of coffee."
Your breakfast order may make you squirm,
But the early bird gets the worm,
And remember that a clue's a tip,
And a tip's required for a rally trip.

2. At a hustler hall you should now head,
Where just six feet from the lady in red,
Your rip-off couple got quite drunk,
Over that corner ball that they sunk,
They danced and laughed about poor Jules,
Whose offering of loot broke all the rules,
They followed their fence to another scene,
An animal's found at a striped fourteen.
Early entry withy Cindy will require,
A riddle's answer to inspire.

3. When Butch refused to throw that game,
Upon his life Marsellus laid claim,
For as your powerful mob boss,
Death comes to those who doublecross,
Something remained left to explore,
In the basement fun of a hardware store,
After he was attacked by that fag,
He insisted that you operate in drag,
Be careful when scouting your prey,
To wear the wigs and negligee.
When you get to 620. N. Louise,
Ambush your victims, if you please,
And for a replay, blow by blow,
Make sure to view the video,
To view the carnage from your Wrath,
Just follow the anger of Kahn's path.
4. The pangs of guilt cause you to think,
That love for a woman might make you a fink,
Does eloping with sexy Mia outweigh,
Your boss' loyalty that you'll betray?
It's his retirement that's in the case,
Your code of honor it's time to face,
Perhaps Marsellus would like to swap,
The hand of his spouse for a money drop,
Take Brand now to Los Feliz,
West, and Western, to Franklin you wizz,
Go South down Highland until you find,
A conservative turn of an S & M kind,
On two sides of the indicated block,
Your boss' hangouts are easy to clock,
Two casings *by type* should provide,
Two words for a place that'll leave you wide-eyed,
Vincent's last stairway words take you to task,
Before their ambush was *unmasked*,
Vince wonders about when he last tripped,
Should a clue now be unzipped?
And down and across is a watering hole,
Where in your outfits you should soon stroll,
There the *barback* is uncool,
Understand that he's a fool,
A little lipstick's always a charm,
If thugs you are now to disarm,
This two-part clue is one tough test,
Splitting up duties might just be best.

5. With your presumptuous idea of a trade,
Proud Marsellus you did not persuade,
Instead you walked into a thorny trap,
But Mia and a gimp you did kidnap,
The draw of guns caused a stalemate,
Back north on Highland you gravitate,
Up the 101 you are pursued,
With this traffic you become unglued,
The gun on the gimp was problematic,
A bumpy drive set off your automatic,
Now you must head to the Wolf's lair,
To get these these brains right out of your hair,
Miles will pass to reaffirm,
That you can forget about that perm,
Past Explorers, Canyons and Florida towns,
A wooded area on the left redounds,
After an autumn stream you'll soon head left,
A mule on a parkway won't leave you bereft,
Your two-part clue was overwrought,
One might've sufficed, you thought,
Blood and guts and knuckles white,
Do stimulate that appetite,
A breakfast meal will soon await,
In a kitchen you should calculate,
The difference of 10021 and 4458,
Which upside down will fill your plate.

6. There was a shoot-out, Marsellus is dead,
His fat body was poisoned with lead,
But the briefcase his henchmen purloined,
How will you and Mia ever be joined?
For romance in some quiet beach resort,
An impoverished life will surely abort,
Take the highway of an *American* song,
To where its origin does belong,
Our state's name will indicate,
The right to which you navigate,
A liberal turn on the street of Main,
Will take you to your next domain,
You'll view advice on a platform,
Where oil drilling is the norm,
Existential stress to find a clue,
But your heroin fix is long overdue,

A hypo takes too long to fill,
With Mia in tow, you should try a pill,
Careful not to let it fall,
This your grabber should forestall.

7. With this capsule gray and yellow,
Your mood has changed from stressed to mellow,
But while on your mental trip,
Upon Jules the hoodlums got their grip,
Not satisfied with their cache of loot,
Traitors they do mean to execute,
You cannot abandon your loyal bro,
Nor the briefcase will you forego,
Though impatient Mia just wants to have fun,
To a seaside town you must now run,
For its identity now to summon,
What do Feldon, Bush and Jordan have in common?
To a Laguna exit you should stray,
Seed and plant under a freeway,
A curve and left would be quite nifty,
On the road of which are fifty,
If Jules' life's a real concern,
No time for kicks, you must be Stearn.
Behind a lobster stand you forage,
Where there's a concern for secure storage,
A purple combination lock,
Holds Jules' fate upon the dock.

8. Terry or Kevin are there for any round,
Behind his counter bottles abound,
He listened intently when the mobsters talked,
But seeing you they quickly walked,
Because they tipped him heavily,
You must upstage their gratuity,
Dance the twist with your best grace,
With peace signs flush over your face,
The floor's not the place to dance this jig,
The bar is perfect, but first take a swig,
The Mob's destination will *row* away,
Unless in a second shoe they're made to pay,
Play some music of the right port,
And tip the man for his effort.

9. Butch awaits with baited breath,
He brought some hitmen to their death,
But still he remains detained,
Behind Mafia bars he's still restrained,
Marsellis he hated with such a passion,
He didn't care much for Paris fashion,
But to your ill-fated partner he owes this much,
Jules always did have the right touch,
With Big Ben on your right,
Past a western village site,
The jackpot for which you pine,
Is truly one rich gold mine.

Little Clues

RUBY's CLUE

On Sept. 2nd, between 10:30 and 11:30 a.m., 3 to 4 people will sit down for breakfast and ask for a particular foodserver. When they come, they will have to say the following line, which is based on a parody of the movie Pulp Fiction:

Our waiter/tress, who art so driven,
Jose be thy name,
In kingdom come, we won't be done,
Those amateurs won't be forgiven.
Give us the way that those hoods fled,
They're rookies that can't outclass us,
And we can't forgive those whose bladders bypass us,
Lead us now to their next location,
For our briefcase's retrieval,
For you are the kingdom and the power and the glory,
And we'd sure like to order a good cup of coffee."

At this point the foodserver should wait on them, take their order, and serve them coffee and whatever else, but he should **make sure to place the small plastic animal on a the side of one of the coffees when serving them.** And when submitting the check, He should make sure to write on it: Shouldn't you be making a phonecall? The phone's in the back. Or simply staple or clip the message on the check.

At that point they will make the call and retrieve their clue.

To manager of Q's:

A team of 3 to 4 people will show up no earlier than 11:00 a.m. on Saturday, September 2, (though it may be before you officially open) and ask to be let in. Let them in if they can answer this riddle: Papa tomato and Mama tomato cross the street with baby tomato some distance behind them. What did Papa and Mama Tomato say to baby Tomato?

Answer: Ketchup.

At this point, they should be let in to search for their clue. It will be under the shelf on the Eastern wall painted with the mural of people playing pool. They also will have to retrieve a small plastic animal (that's being provided) that will be placed behind the striped 14 ball in the display rack on the wall near the entrance. This is their party animal. I will come in at some point prior to Labor Day Saturday and place these items there just prior to our rally, so that they'll still be there at the time the contestants come in. Thanks for your cooperation (FYI: many other establishments in Pasadena are working with us to amke this a fun time. If they're in the mood, the staff is welcome to have some fun with these folks before they go to their next clue.) If there are any questions you can reach me at (310) 222-3469. Thanks again. Marc.

At Ruby's:

For your property to wrest, a quick phonecall is your next test. There's a phone in the back, it's easy to crack, find the clue, and those amateur hoodlums will get their due.

W/ keys under car hood: Apt. # 202.

1. In phone:

Jules' religious conversion,
Is much more than a simple diversion,
Marsellus' fortune was in that case,
Too late now for an about-face,
For the absentminded what does await?
If not the double-crosser's fate,
At (310) 546-7144,
Code 555 will be your door.

On answering machine:

Kiddoes you did great for neophytes,
By upstaging those pros you've reached new heights,
The peeing part you could've lost,
My hard-earned loot it would've cost,
So meet you now where tables are green,
Your alphabet letter is seventeen,
It's the name of our rendezvous,
Bring me the cash, and we'll be through,
411 will help you fare,
The Colorado traffic which will get you there.

2. Under shelf at Q's

They left you again in a cloud of dust,
Under your breath bad words are cussed,
For it's not just your dream that's in flight,
It's Marsellus' fuse that will ignite,
If you don't bring back his hard-earned cash,
In five different places your head he'll bash,
"Glendale" is whispered in your ear,
To the 134 you should now veer,
Colorado West is a straightaway,
To these robbers' Brand new getaway,
It's clearly your aim to nail them good,
For apartment access look under your hood.

3. CASINGS

(9mm)

P L E A S U R E

(WIN)

C H E S T

Video:

SPIKE

7746 What's that street?

back bar under

reference to masks of gimp

4. At Spike under bar at end

Your ass Marcellus will dispatch,
If an escape plot you don't soon hatch,
He wasn't happy about your shakedown,
He's bent to run you out of town,
Where Butch himself got out of his scrape,
To a distant adobe he made his escape.

In leather underwear at Pleasure Chest above masks:

Marsellus awaits with open crotch,
A hardware encounter's no fun to botch,
If you're tired of unzipping flies,
Leonie will tell you its a question of size,
The smaller the penis, the quicker to rise,
But there's still not much to analyze.

5. Puzzle in broken eggs shells at Leonis Adobe
Ventura County Museum of History and Art

6. In pill on platform

Delusional now with a little horse,
The 101N seems your course,
Upon a pier you hallucinate,
You dream of a locker used for freight,
At the end just up on board,
Something of Jules might just be stored,
Turn now the numbers 30-32-38,,
Or Jules will become Mafia bait.

7. In purple locker comb. # 30-32-38

With your habit of doing smack,
A rescuer's speed you apparently lack,
For in saving Jules you weren't too deft,
At your arrival there wasn't much left,
There isn't time to ruminate,
Upon your colleague's hideous fate,
But still there's hope for that dream life,
With beautiful Mia as your wife,
Your golden years cannot be far,
With Mia you should try the Dolphin Bar,
The briefcase taken by the mob,
Is waiting near Mason for you to rob.

Kevin-

Thanks for helping us set this clue up. Here are the instructions:

A team of 3 to 4 people will come in probably between 4:00 and 7:00 p.m. on Sept. 2, next Saturday. Their theme is Pulp Fiction, from the movie of the same name. In order for them to get their clue, they will have to ask for you and order a round of drinks. In one of these drinks please place the small plastic animal which they will have to find. Then once everything is clear they will have to briefly dance the "twist" upon the bar to some appropriate music and retrieve the clue from inside the shoe in one of the upside down kayaks. Only two people will do this and they will be

careful not to create a mess. Embarrass them as much as you want.

Thanks again for your help and call me at (310) 546-7144 if you have any questions. This should be the funniest clue in the rally!

8. In rowboat shoe

You'll be pissed when you now learn,
That you must make a backwards turn,
The people here are sort of snooty,
Back in Ventura you'll find your booty,
And other things do disappoint,
Not the least of which is Mia's joint,
For though she's not much of an intellectual,
She turns out to be a flaming transexual,
No one said it wouldn't be tough,
But your briefcase is waiting at Golf 'N Stuff,
Butch interceded on your behalf,
Just remorse for a film epitaph,
Under the freeway at the Victoria ramp,
Walker St. should be your stamp,
It gets pricey after dark,
If so, send one in to get your mark.

9. Your boxer bud says things are wierd,
The briefcase would be stolen he feared,
To locate the selected cache,
Back up the 101 you should now dash,
Look Seaward to a Pierpont turn,
And south to Greenock lane you'll earn,
The life with Mia is no longer a dream,
But an obscene reality it seems,
Out of your car her body's shoved,
For 'twas poor Jules you truly loved,
You sold your partner out for money,
You'll be rich, alone, without a honey,
At 1459 you can resurrect,
The loved one that you did neglect,
At the palace learn some humility,
By singing passionately your bag's eulogy