

# Literary Analysis of Film

## Final Exam – Classic Film Essay

**DIRECTIONS:** Each student will critically view the film Pulp Fiction. While viewing the film, students should track the structure and content of the film via the prepared study guide. The majority of the film will be viewed during the final few sessions of the class; the final 30-40 minutes will be viewed during the exam period. Upon finishing the viewing, students will then commence on a critical examination of the content and structure in an eight (8) paragraph essay as explained below.

Students will also be required to read and use Roger Ebert's review of the film in their final essay.

**Please note that students may bring copies of their class notes to use during the final; all copies are posted on the class website.**

**Paragraph 1:** General introduction that includes the major credits of the film, brief synopsis, and development of a thesis that discusses the inclusion of the film on many "greatest" lists of all time; why is this film considered a great film? Pulp Fiction is currently #94 on the AFI's 100 Greatest Films list.

**Paragraphs 2-7:** Discussion of the content/structure qualities of the film. You must use the vocabulary of film, at least two aspects explained per paragraph with specific details from the film.

- Mis-en-scene (P2)
- Cinematography/camera use (P3)
- Editing (P4)
- Sound (P5)
- Narrative structure (P6)
- Acting/characterization (P7)

**Paragraph 8:** Conclusion that explains why you believe Pulp Fiction is considered one of the 100 greatest American films of all time. Whether or not you personally enjoy the film, you are making a critical analysis of the cinematic worth of the film. Even when a viewer does not enjoy a film, he/she can understand the qualities that determine classic films.

*Please be cognizant of proper usage, punctuation and grammar. Punctuate film titles correctly. Vary sentence length and structure. Utilize clear transitions to allow the proper flow of ideas. Finally explain your ideas and use specific examples to succinctly and clearly express yourself. Please turn in the study guide along with the essay at the end of the exam period.*

**Use the proper heading**

Name  
Literary Analysis of Film

Date  
Instructor-Period

Film Final Exam

# Pulp Fiction - Final Essay

Teacher Name: Mr. Craig

Student Name: \_\_\_\_\_


CATEGORY	4	3	2	1
<b>Introduction (Organization)</b>  _____ x 3 = _____	The introduction is inviting, states the main topic and previews the structure of the paper.	The introduction clearly states the main topic and previews the structure of the paper, but is not particularly inviting to the reader.	The introduction states the main topic, but does not adequately preview the structure of the paper nor is it particularly inviting to the reader.	There is no clear introduction of the main topic or structure of the paper.
<b>Focus on Topic (Content)</b>  _____ x 3 = _____	There is one clear, well-focused topic. Main idea stands out and is supported by detailed information.	Main idea is clear but the supporting information is general.	Main idea is somewhat clear but there is a need for more supporting information.	The main idea is not clear. There is a seemingly random collection of information.
<b>Support for Topic (Content)</b>  _____ x 4 = _____	Relevant, telling, quality details give the reader important information that goes beyond the obvious or predictable. At least two specific cinematic examples per body paragraph.	Supporting details and information are relevant, but one key issue or portion of the storyline is unsupported. At least two specific cinematic examples per body paragraph.	Supporting details and information are relevant, but several key issues or portions of the storyline are unsupported. Less than 2 specific cinematic examples per body paragraph.	Supporting details and information are typically unclear or not related to the topic. One or less than one specific cinematic example per body paragraph.
<b>Sequencing (Organization)</b>  _____ x 2 = _____	Details are placed in a logical order and the way they are presented effectively keeps the interest of the reader.	Details are placed in a logical order, but the way in which they are presented sometimes makes the writing less interesting.	Some details are not in a logical or expected order, and this distracts the reader.	Many details are not in a logical or expected order. There is little sense that the writing is organized.
<b>Transitions (Organization)</b>  _____ x 2 = _____	A variety of thoughtful transitions are used. They clearly show how ideas are connected.	Transitions clearly show how ideas are connected, but there is little variety.	Some transitions work well; but connections between other ideas are fuzzy.	The transitions between ideas are unclear or nonexistent.
<b>Sentence Structure (Sentence Fluency)</b>  _____ x 2.5 = _____	All sentences are well-constructed with varied structure.	Most sentences are well-constructed with varied structure.	Most sentences are well-constructed but have a similar structure.	Sentences lack structure and appear incomplete or rambling.
<b>Grammar &amp; Spelling (Conventions)</b>  _____ x 2 = _____	Writer makes no errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	Writer makes 1-2 errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	Writer makes 3-4 errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	Writer makes more than 4 errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.
<b>Sentence Length (Sentence Fluency)</b>  _____ x 2 = _____	Every paragraph has sentences that vary in length.	Almost all paragraphs have sentences that vary in length.	Some sentences vary in length.	Sentences rarely vary in length.
<b>Conclusion (Organization)</b>  _____ x 3 = _____	The conclusion is strong and leaves the reader with a feeling that they understand what the writer is "getting at."	The conclusion is recognizable and ties up almost all the loose ends.	The conclusion is recognizable, but does not tie up several loose ends.	There is no clear conclusion, the paper just ends.
<b>Word Choice (Conventions)</b>  _____ x 1.5 = _____	Writer uses vivid words and phrases that linger or draw pictures in the reader's mind, and the choice and placement of the words seems accurate, natural and not forced.	Writer uses vivid words and phrases that linger or draw pictures in the reader's mind, but occasionally the words are used inaccurately or seem overdone.	Writer uses words that communicate clearly, but the writing lacks variety, punch or flair.	Writer uses a limited vocabulary that does not communicate strongly or capture the reader's interest. Jargon or cliches may be present and detract from the meaning.

**TOTAL:** \_\_\_\_\_/100

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★★★★ | Roger Ebert

June 10, 2001 |  10

Dialogue drives Quentin Tarantino's "Pulp Fiction," dialogue of such high quality it deserves comparison with other masters of spare, hard-boiled prose, from Raymond Chandler to Elmore Leonard. Like them, QT finds a way to make the words humorous without ever seeming to ask for a laugh. Like them, he combines utilitarian prose with flights of rough poetry and wicked fancy.

Consider a little scene not often mentioned in discussions of the film. The prizefighter Butch (Bruce Willis) has just killed a man in the ring. He returns to the motel room occupied by his girlfriend Fabienne (Maria de Medeiros). She says she's been looking in the mirror and she wants a pot belly. "You have one," he says, snuggling closer. "If I had one," she says, "I would wear a T-shirt two sizes too small, to accentuate it." A little later she observes, "It's unfortunate what we find pleasing to the touch and pleasing to the eye are seldom the same."

This is wonderful dialogue (I have only sampled it). It is about something. The dialogue comes at a moment of desperation for Butch. He agreed to throw the fight, then secretly bet heavily on himself, and won. He will make a lot of money, but only if he escapes the vengeance of Marsellus Wallace (Ving Rhames) and his hit-men Jules and Vincent (Samuel L. Jackson and John Travolta). In a lesser movie, the dialogue in this scene would have been entirely plot-driven; Butch would have explained to Fabienne what he, she and we already knew. Instead, Tarantino uses an apparently irrelevant conversation to quickly establish her personality and their relationship. His dialogue is always load-bearing.

It is Tarantino's strategy in all of his films to have the characters speak at right angles to the action, or depart on flights of fancy. Remember the famous opening conversation between Jules and Vincent, who are on their way to a violent reprisal against some college kids who have offended Wallace and appropriated his famous briefcase. They talk about the drug laws in Amsterdam, what Quarter Pounders are called in Paris, and the degree of sexual intimacy implied by a foot massage. Finally Jules says "let's get in character," and they enter an apartment.

Tarantino's dialogue is not simply whimsical. There is a method behind it. The discussion of why Quarter Pounders are called "Royales" in Paris is reprised, a few minutes later, in a tense exchange between Jules and one of the kids (Frank Whaley). And the story of how Marsellus had a man thrown out of a fourth-floor window for giving his wife a foot massage turns out to be a set-up: Tarantino is preparing the dramatic ground for a scene in which Vincent takes Mia Wallace (Uma Thurman) out on a date, on his bosses' orders. When Mia accidentally overdoses, Vincent races her to his drug dealer Lance (Eric Stoltz), who brings her back to life with a shot of adrenaline into the heart.

And that scene also begins with dialogue that seems like fun, while it's also laying more groundwork. We meet Lance's girlfriend Jody (Rosanna Arquette), who is pierced in every possible place and talks about her piercing fetish. Tarantino is setting up his payoff. When the needle goes into the heart, you'd expect that to be one of the most gruesome moments in the movie, but audiences, curiously, always laugh. In a shot-by-shot analysis at the University of Virginia, we found out why. QT never actually shows the needle entering the chest. He cuts away to a reaction shot in which everyone hovering over the victim springs back simultaneously as Mia leaps back to

life. And then Jody says it was "trippy" and we understand that, as a piercer, she has seen the ultimate piercing. The body language and the punchline take a grotesque scene and turn it into dark but genuine comedy. It's all in the dialogue and the editing. Also, of course, in the underlying desperation, set up by thoughts of what Marsellus might do to Vincent, since killing Mrs. Wallace is much worse than massaging her foot.

The movie's circular, self-referential structure is famous; the restaurant hold-up with Pumpkin and Honey Bunny (Tim Roth and Amanda Plummer) begins and ends the film, and other story lines weave in and out of strict chronology. But there is a chronology in the dialogue, in the sense that what is said before invariably sets up or enriches what comes after. The dialogue is proof that Tarantino had the time-juggling in mind from the very beginning, because there's never a glitch; the scenes do not follow in chronological order, but the dialogue always knows exactly where it falls in the movie.

I mentioned the way the needle-to-the-heart scene is redeemed by laughter. That's also the case with the scene where the hit-men inadvertently kill a passenger in their car. The car's interior is covered with blood, and The Wolf (Harvey Keitel) is called to handle the situation; we remember much more blood than we actually see, which is why the scene doesn't stop the movie dead in its tracks. Scenes of gore are deflected into scenes of the Wolf's professionalism, which is funny because it is so matter-of-fact. The movie does contain scenes of sudden, brutal violence, as when Jules and Vincent open fire in the apartment, or when Butch goes "medieval" (Marsellus' unforgettable word choice) on the leather guys. But Tarantino uses long shots, surprise, cutaways and the context of the dialogue to make the movie seem less violent than it has any right to.

Howard Hawks once gave his definition of a good movie: "Three good scenes. No bad scenes." Few movies in recent years have had more good scenes than "Pulp Fiction." Some are almost musical comedy, as when Vincent and Mia dance at Jackrabbit Slim's. Some are stunning in their suddenness, as when Butch returns to his apartment and surprises Vincent. Some are all verbal style, as in Marsellus Wallace's dialogue with Butch, or when Capt. Koons (Christopher Walken) delivers a monologue to the "little man" about his father's watch.

And some seem deliberately planned to provoke discussion: What is in the briefcase? Why are there glowing flashes of light during the early shooting in the apartment? Is Jackson quoting the Bible correctly? Some scenes depend entirely on behavior (The Wolf's no-nonsense cleanup detail). Many of the scenes have an additional level of interest because the characters fear reprisals (Bruce fears Wallace, Vincent fears Wallace, Jimmie the drug dealer wants the dead body removed before his wife comes home).

I saw "Pulp Fiction" for the first time at the Cannes Film Festival in 1994; it went on to win the Palme d'Or, and to dominate the national conversation about film for at least the next 12 months. It is the most influential film of the decade; its circular timeline can be sensed in films as different as "The Usual Suspects," "Zero Effect" and "Memento," not that they copied it, but that they were aware of the pleasures of toying with chronology.

But it isn't the structure that makes "Pulp Fiction" a great film. Its greatness comes from its marriage of vividly original characters with a series of vivid and half-fanciful events and from the dialogue. The dialogue is the foundation of everything else.

Watching many movies, I realize that all of the dialogue is entirely devoted to explaining or furthering the plot, and no joy is taken in the style of language and idiom for its own sake. There is not a single line in "Pearl Harbor" you would want to quote with anything but derision. Most conversations in most movies are deadly boring, which is why directors with no gift for dialogue depend so heavily on action and special effects. The characters in "Pulp Fiction" are always talking, and always interesting, funny, scary or audacious. This movie would work as an audio book. Imagine having to listen to "The Mummy Returns."

# Rolling Stone

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## Pulp Fiction

by PETER TRAVERS

OCTOBER 14, 1994

Now that Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction* has won the Palme d'Or at Cannes, opened the New York Film Festival and made the former video-store clerk a name to suck up to big time in Hollywood, you're probably thinking the writer-director of *Reservoir Dogs* has sold out his renegade ass. Think again. The proudly disreputable *Pulp Fiction* (cost: a measly \$8 million) is the new King Kong of crime movies. It's an anthology that blends three stories and 12 principal characters into a mesmerizing mosaic of the Los Angeles scuzz world. The acting is dynamite: John Travolta and Bruce Willis can consider their careers revived. Buoyed by Tarantino's strafing wit, the action sizzles, and so does the sex. *Pulp Fiction* is ferocious fun without a trace of caution, complacency or political correctness to inhibit its 154 deliciously lurid minutes.

That said, Tarantino's twist on the pulp genre is also damn near a work of art. At 31, he shows a disdain — rare among his peers — for flashy style and lofty pretension. His passion is for storytelling that allows the most outrageous characters to reveal their feelings in long takes and torrents of words, poetic and profane. Tony Scott's glossy direction blurred the Tarantino script for *True Romance*, and Oliver Stone obliterated Tarantino entirely in *Natural Born Killers*.

*Pulp Fiction* proves that Tarantino is the ideal director for preserving the verbal rhythm and wicked playfulness of his scripts. He revels in pop culture, especially that of the 70s, and he's no snob; The French New Wave or blaxploitation, *The Wild Bunch* or *The Brady Bunch* — it's all grist. Unlike other raiders of Hitchcock, Howard Hawks and Sam Fuller, Tarantino has found his own voice.

He has also found censure. The ear-slicing scene in *Reservoir Dogs*, his stunning 1992 debut film about a jewel heist, made him the whipping boy for film violence. A graphic adrenalin shot to the heart in *Pulp Fiction* will raise more hackles. Such hand wringing only blinds audiences to Tarantino's underrated and powerfully suggestive gift for language. Do yourself a favor with *Pulp Fiction*. Don't just watch, listen.

Take an early scene between Travolta's Vincent Vega and Samuel L. Jackson as his hood partner, Jules Winnfield. Decked out *Dogs* style in dark suits, they are about to bust in on some preppy amateurs who stole something belonging to their badass boss, Marsellus Wallace (the excellent Ving Rhames). But before the job, they talk — casual stuff, but it's how they define themselves. Jules can't figure why Marsellus tossed a buddy off a balcony for giving Marsellus' bride, Mia (Uma Thurman), a foot massage. "It's laying hands on Marsellus' new wife in a familiar way," says Vincent. "Is it as bad as eatin' her out? No, but you're in the same fuckin' ballpark."



The debate on sexual etiquette is hilarious; they could be two pals driving to work, except their work is crime. "Let's get into character," says Jules, before he and Vincent bust in on the preps. Vincent radiates silent cool, while Jules raves on about "furious anger." It's a coldblooded thing he says for effect. The source isn't a movie; it's the Bible — a sly irony that spills over into sinister when Jules suddenly shoots one boy for effect. The victim isn't a disposable Hollywood bad guy; he's a scared kid. We are staggered. But not Jules and Vincent. They have turned murder into performance art. It doesn't touch them. Or does it? Jackson's astounding portrayal reveals that Jules is developing a conscience.

It is Tarantino's considerable achievement to show what it takes for these men to play their roles as killers. For Vincent, it's drugs. Marsellus orders Vincent to take Mia out for dinner while he's out of town. To calm his nerves, Vincent stops off to score heroin from Lance (Eric Stoltz), a dealer with a wife (Rosanna Arquette) who has pierced her body with studs in 16 places, even her tongue.

Vincent needs help getting through the night. Mia takes him to Jack Rabbit Slim's, a diner filled with '50s movie memorabilia. Vincent orders a Douglas Sirk steak, while Mia hits the ladies' room to powder her nose with coke. Cinematographer Andrzej Sekula and editor Sally Menke show dazzling craft, but *Pulp Fiction* is an actors' show. The usually glassy Thurman is marvelous here, seductively scrappy as she teases Vincent for gossiping with Jules ("You're worse than a sewing circle"). Best of all, she gets him to the dance floor for a twist contest. Travolta is doughier than in his *Saturday Night Fever* days, but even playing a junkie reptile he exhibits amazing grace. His slow dance with Mia to a Chuck Berry oldie exudes down 'n' dirty eroticism and unexpected romantic longing. Travolta makes a spectacular comeback with this brilliant, intuitive performance.

Willis, as boxer Butch Coolidge, also digs into his tastiest role in years. Marsellus sends Vincent to kill Butch for refusing to take a dive. But the mean palooka, reformed by his love for a French chatterbox, Fabienne (Maria de Medeiros), has skipped town. Almost. Butch risks returning for a gold watch. His late father had that watch hidden up his ass in a Nam prison camp, according to Dad's buddy (Christopher Walken). Going back gets Butch involved with Marsellus and two hillbillies who tie them up for a bout of buttfucking.

Suffice it to say, the revenge isn't pretty. Neither is the mess when Vincent accidentally blows the head off a guy in the back seat of the car Jules is driving. The cleanup, supervised by a courtly mob facilitator called the Wolf (Harvey Keitel in peak form), takes place in the garage of Jules' pal Jimmie (a memorably miffed Tarantino), who wants these gangsters out before his nurse wife Bonnie comes home. "The Bonnie Situation" is the film's comic high point, as tough guys are reduced to frightened boys at the prospect of a woman's wrath.

But Tarantino is after more than laughs. Near the end, Jules — sitting in a coffee shop with Vincent — enjoys a "moment of clarity" about changing his life. Unfortunately, two small-time crooks played by Tim Roth and Amanda Plummer choose that moment to rob the place. Chaos ensues, though Tarantino never loses his film's moral center. He refuses to patronize, glamorize or judge his band of outsiders. Instead, he lets us see the glimmers of humanity that emerge when they drop their masks of control. It's Tarantino's compassion that deepens the film and sets it apart from trendy, pud-pulling, cinematic nihilism. It also sets Tarantino apart as a major filmmaker, worthy of comparison to early Godard (*Bande a Part*) and Scorsese (*Mean Streets*). There's a special kick that comes from watching something this thrillingly alive. Pauline Kael calls it "getting drunk on movies." Whatever you call it, *Pulp Fiction* is indisputably great.

<http://www.rollingstone.com>

# Movie Review: 'Pulp Fiction' (1994)

MPAA RATING: R

Reviewed by Owen Gleiberman | Oct 14, 1994

EW's GRADE



DETAILS Rated: R; Length: 154 Minutes; Genres: [Comedy](#), [Mystery and Thriller](#); With: [Samuel L. Jackson](#), [John Travolta](#) and [Bruce Willis](#); [More](#)

Early on in Quentin Tarantino's **Pulp Fiction**, there's a transporting sequence in which veteran Los Angeles hit man Vincent Vega (John Travolta) takes Mia (Uma Thurman), the wife of his criminal boss, to Jack Rabbit Slim's, a faux-1950s diner so shiny and sprawling it's like a mall out of your dreams. Vincent is supposed to be Mia's chaperon, but she's a cocaine-fueled party girl who keeps throwing him seductive looks, and this makes him a little nervous: According to legend, Mia's husband, the all-powerful Marsellus (Ving Rhames), had someone tossed off a balcony merely for giving Mia a foot massage. Friendly and slightly bloated, with long stringy black hair, Travolta still has his ingenuously goofy charisma, but he also lets us see that Vincent — a man of sharpened instincts — is making moves, doing everything in his power *not* to flirt.

Before long, Mia announces that she wants to compete in the Jack Rabbit Slim's dance contest. As the two begin twisting away on stage to Chuck Berry's "You Never Can Tell," the dance becomes an extension of their dialogue — but what lifts the scene into the stratosphere is the way it taps our buried desire to see John Travolta dance again, to see his goofiness redeemed by swagger. You get the feeling that Tarantino staged this scene because he *had* to stage it. He's in thrall to the ecstasy, the pop delirium of the moment, and that's the sensation that courses through the entire movie.

Watching *Pulp Fiction*, you don't just get engrossed in what's happening on screen. You get intoxicated by it — high on the rediscovery of how pleasurable a movie can be. I'm not sure I've ever encountered a filmmaker who combined discipline and control with sheer wild-ass joy the way that Tarantino does. For 2 hours and 35 minutes, we're drawn into the lives of violently impassioned underworld characters — hit men, drug dealers, lethal vamps — who become figments of fury and grace and desire. We're caught up in dialogue of such fiendishly elaborate wit it suggests a Martin Scorsese film written by Preston Sturges, in plot twists — they're closer to zigzags — that are like whims bubbling up from the director's unconscious. *Pulp Fiction* is the work of a new-style punk virtuoso. It is, quite simply, the most exhilarating piece of filmmaking to come along in the nearly five years I've been writing for this magazine.

The movie is an amalgam of three stories, but the characters are overlapped in the ingenious, lapidary style of Robert Altman. It's really one big story — a pulp symphony in three movements. (Tarantino even goes Altman one better: He overlaps the time frame.) The first section, which centers on Vincent and Mia's night out, also features Vincent's partner, Jules (Samuel L. Jackson). The two thugs entertain themselves by engaging in rapid-fire combative exchanges on every subject from McDonald's restaurants in Paris to the relative cleanliness of pigs and dogs.

Tarantino's dialogue, with its densely propulsive, almost lawyerly fervor, its peppery comic blend of literacy and funk, has more snap and fight than most directors' action scenes; the laugh lines come bursting off the screen like shrapnel. Yet Tarantino also loves the intricate pleasures of narrative. In every scene of *Pulp Fiction* he has devised a way to make us ask, "What's going to happen next?" The question emerges less from suspense-movie trickery than from an intermingling of hope, dread, and fate — from Tarantino's vision of the world as a brightly colored existential playground.

This notion is realized most spectacularly in the second episode, in which a palooka named Butch (Bruce Willis), having been ordered to throw a fight, wins it instead, then tries to escape with his European baby-doll girlfriend (Maria de Medeiros). The scenes between these two have a piquant intimacy. It turns out, though, that the director is softening us for the kill. For Butch is soon plunged into a predicament so nightmarish, so deliriously lurid, that it has us reeling in shock even as we're laughing at the bad-boy audacity of Tarantino's vision.

Willis, his emotions as exposed as his nearly shaved scalp, makes Butch a complexly sympathetic hero: now dim, now brutal, now tender, now an avenging samurai returning to hell to save the man who'd sworn to kill him. The thrill — and originality — of *Pulp Fiction* is the way it shows us characters acting far better than we expected in situations more threatening than we could have imagined.

Coming after this, the third episode is like dessert — an outrageous black-comic confection. We return to Vincent and Jules, who've accidentally splattered some kid's brains all over the inside of their car. Arriving in suburban L.A., they're introduced to the Zen damage-control efforts of Winston Wolf (Harvey Keitel), a criminal fixer whose genius efficiency boils down to ... ordering the two of them to clean up the mess. The story plays as a deviously logical extension of *GoodFellas*: It's a riff on the ways that even violent crime, in the banal detail of its execution, remains domestic. Holding everything together is Keitel's impeccably droll, dry-ice performance. His delivery of the line in which he tells Vincent and Jules not to congratulate each other just yet (he uses a phrase I can't begin to print here) is the movie's comic highlight.

As superb as Travolta, Willis, and Keitel are, the actor who reigns over *Pulp Fiction* is Samuel L. Jackson. If you think his Jheri Kurler hair looks silly, the film is one step ahead of you: That hair is a tacit comic statement about the ghettoization of blacks in movies. Yet the joke is undercut by the raw ferocity of Jackson's performance. He just about lights fires with his gremlin eyes, and he transforms his speeches into hypnotic bebop soliloquies. Jules the loquacious hit man is the soul and spirit of *Pulp Fiction* — fury reined in by order. During the final sequence, when he holds his gun on a scruffy thief and tells him, "You're the weak, and I'm the tyranny of evil men ... But I'm trying real hard to be the shepherd," it's enough to give you a shiver. Here, in a flash, is the film's theme: the closet morality of scoundrels. In *Pulp Fiction*, Tarantino creates a dizzying spectacle of life at its darkest, only to release us, with a wink, into the light.



# *Pulp Fiction* (1994)

Screenplay by Quentin Tarantino and Roger Avary

Produced by Lawrence Bender

Directed by Quentin Tarantino

## ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATIONS

7 nominations, 1 win\*

Best Picture

Best Actor (John Travolta)

Best Supporting Actor (Samuel L. Jackson)

Best Supporting Actress (Uma Thurman)

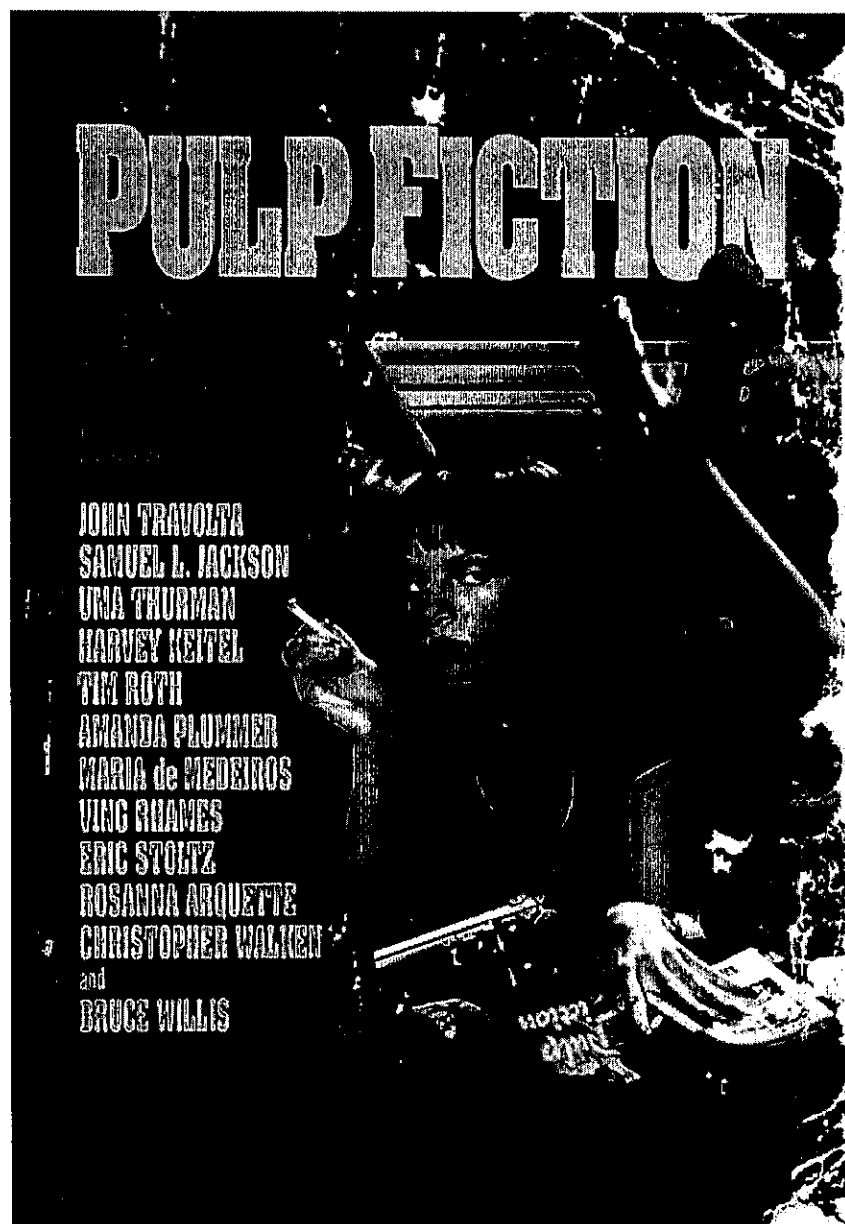
Best Director (Quentin Tarantino)

\*Best Screenplay Written Directly for the Screen

Best Film Editing

## CAST

Vincent Vega -	John Travolta
Jules Winnfield -	Samuel L. Jackson
Mia Wallace -	Uma Thurman
Winston Wolf -	Harvey Keitel
Butch Coolidge -	Bruce Willis
Marcellus Wallace -	Ving Rhames
Fabienne -	Maria de Medeiros
Pumpkin -	Tim Roth
Honey Bunny -	Amanda Plummer
Lance -	Eric Stoltz
Jody -	Rosanna Arquette
Captain Koons -	Christopher Walken



## PLOT SYNOPSIS:

Quentin Tarantino turns the crime film on its side in this delirious, hypnotic, and groundbreaking tale of hit men, gangster's molls, boxers, and would-be thieves whose lives all converge during an incredible two-day span in Los Angeles. The film cemented Tarantino's reputation as an innovative filmmaker, put John Travolta back on the Hollywood scene, and earned 7 Academy Award nominations in the process. Roger Ebert said of this film: "Like Citizen Kane, Pulp Fiction is constructed in such a nonlinear way that you could see it a dozen times and not be able to remember what comes next. It doubles back on itself, telling several interlocking stories about characters that inhabit a world of crime and intrigue, triple-crosses and loud desperation."

## DIRECTIONS FOR VIEWING:

You are to critically view this film for the following aspects of filmmaking:

- Mis-en-scene
- Cinematography
- Editing
- Sound
- Narrative Structure
- Acting

Feel free to use this for any note taking you wish. You may bring these notes, as well as any others you may have to the final exam. We will be viewing the first 2 hours of the film before the final; during the final exam period, you will view the finale and compose an 8-paragraph essay that fully analyzes the aforementioned aspects of filmmaking.

CRITERIA	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4
Mis-en-scene				
Cinematography				
Editing				
Sound				
Narrative Structure				
Acting				