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PULP FICTION

a Quentin Tarantino film

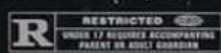


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PULP FICTION

*Film by Quentin Tarantino and Miramax
A Jumpchain Adaptation by WitchAnon
1.0.1 - Tweaker Edition*

Pulp /ˈpʊlp/ n. 1. A soft, moist, shapeless mass of matter.
2. A magazine or book containing lurid subject matter and being characteristically printed on rough, unfinished paper

Los Angeles. The 90s. A local diner's soon going to have the misfortune to be threatened by a pair of gun-toting customers, who turn out to be a pair of career robbers. A pair of hitmen, Jules and Vincent, shoot some thieves dead for their boss to retrieve a briefcase, miraculously dodge some bullets, only to get into further trouble when *someone* accidentally discharges his gun to lethal effect. Vincent's tasked to take the big man's wife on a night out on a town - a night that'll soon go horribly wrong when she overdoses on drugs he brought. A boxer by the name of Butch Coolidge has been paid by the aforementioned boss, Marsellus Wallace to throw a fight - a deal he'll soon betray, putting Marsellus on the warpath and gangsters after his head. The paths of these people, *dramatis personae*, are about to cross in a series of interconnected events. You appear in this world a day before the briefcase is recovered.

And that's where you come in. There's something for you in a wallet. There's text on the wallet. It reads *Bad Motherfucker*. Open it.

You'll find **+1000 Choice Points** within. Buy your life.

Backgrounds

Who are you? Roll 25 + 2d8 for age, and your gender is the same as before. You may pay the usual 100 points to determine both. Your starting location will also be determined by your background.

Drop-In

- + No memories, history, or enemies to speak of
- No connections or friends to speak of, either

Welcome to LA! Been here before? It's time for a fresh start, as you've got nothing to do with any of this business involving the "business" operations of Marsellus Wallace. Of course, that doesn't necessarily mean you're completely clean - it could be that you rob stores, deal drugs, or you own a seemingly mundane music store with an *extremely* suspect basement. You've got a decent place, some money to get you started, and hopefully, a can-do attitude. The world's your oyster!

You start in the Hawthorne Grill. There's food on the table. Soon, a pair of opportunistic robbers will menace the place.

Hitman

- + You're a deadly, suit-clad, gun-toting assassin, a Bad Motherfucker if there ever was one

- Being a professional killer for the mob is dangerous, immoral work

The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the inequities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he, who in the name of charity and goodwill shepherds the weak through the valley of the darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who attempt to poison and destroy my brothers! And you will know My name is the LORD, when I lay my vengeance upon thee!

In short, you kill people for Marsellus Wallace. Are you the shepherd? Tyranny? The Lord? That's up to you to decide.

You start in a white Chevy Nova, accompanying your fellow hitmen on a job to pop some caps in a few motherfuckers and retrieve the boss' property.

Prizefighter

- + Skilled and tough pugilist, potential to make a lot of money from bets and bribes
- Solid chance of getting beat up, don't betray a deal if you know what's good for you

You're a professional boxer of some renown. Your job is lacing up your gloves and fighting people, and you'll probably be trading punches with the likes of Butch Coolidge or his soon-to-be dead opponent, Floyd Wilson. Or you can fight in the undercard, if you're not such a big name. There's a lot of money to be made from those purses, and even more from bets - people are going to be betting on, or against you. Maybe certain interested parties might even offer you bribes to rig a fight.

You start in an apartment you live in. There's a lot of boxing imagery and some pop tarts in the cupboard.

The Boss

+ Wealth, money, power, you have it all

- People are going to try to screw you out of your money

You're a gangster, but more than that, you're one of one of the more influential criminals in LA. A man of wealth and influence, though you're no Marsellus Wallace barring further purchases here. There's a good chance work for him like the Hitman does, but likely in a less violent, more administrative role. You still might get your hands dirty from time to time. *C'est la vie*. Whatever the case, you're probably rich. Play your cards right and you might even be a millionaire.

You start in a club and bar owned by Marsellus Wallace. It might be called Sally LeRoy's. You might run into Butch Coolidge, some hired killers, or the man himself.

Perks

Perks are discounted by 50% to their corresponding origins, with discounted 100-point perks being free.

Undiscounted

Misirlou (100): The movie's got a bitchin' soundtrack. If you'd like that soundtrack to follow you through the chain, this is for you. You gain a toggleable playlist that'll play during climatic moments, or whenever you feel like it. The Pulp Fiction soundtrack, which mostly consists of songs from the 60s and 70s. Sound like a Bad Motherfucker wherever you go.

Drop-In

Foot Fuckin' Master (100): You have really fucking nice feet. Almost like you're a character in a movie directed by someone with a fetish for that kind of thing. People could touch or suck on them alllll day long. You also give incredible foot massages, and *maybe* there's some sensual, scandalous, sexy shit goin' on between you and the person you're massaging. Careful you don't give one to a mob boss' wife.

Fox Force Five (200): Maybe you used to be an actress who starred in a failed pilot, because you've certainly got the good looks for it. You're a handsome gent, a beautiful lady, a good-looking specimen, whatever. More than attractive enough to get fifteen minutes (or more!) of fame on the silver screen, and you've got (mediocre) acting skills to boot as well. You're also a pretty good dancer, and you make great company on a date. Twist and shout, baby. Twist and shout.

Mum's the Word (400): There's a lot of business that goes on here, things that really put the *sin* in business - nasty stuff that you wouldn't want your loved ones knowing. You're amazing at keeping that dirty laundry secret. But maybe someone else saw your shame. Good thing that this makes them much likelier to agree to keep it secret. It'll be a bonding experience, a comfortable silence. Your secret-keeping skills also extend to keeping secret rules in establishments you own, like if you were kidnapping people to put in your BDSM sex dungeon hidden in the basement of your store for some godforsaken reason.

Non-Linear Progression (600): Tarantino movies tend to have an unorthodox sequence, and now, so does your chain to an extent. At the end of the "plot" of your time in a world, or failing that, the end of a jump, you may view the events like they'd be a movie. It'll be out of sequence, so you'll definitely see a few things that happen later first in the "film." Nonetheless, it'll be an excellent watch, and there'll be many scenes and details from the perspective of others involved in your story - you'll get to see the final fates of those you parted ways from, and ultimately it's a movie of your own life. Toggleable.

Hitman

Gunman in the Streets (100): You're a killer. You shoot people, and you're good at it. As such, you're proficient with handguns, definitely enough so that you're definitely not going to miss six times at point-blank range. You're pretty good. This isn't exceptional,

supernatural skill, but you'll hit your mark more often than not. Besides that, you're very familiar with the rules of gun safety. Trigger discipline, don't point the gun at something unless you intend to destroy it, etc. They're very important.

Ezekiel 25:17 (200): Are you the son of a preacher man?¹ There's something to be said for getting in character when you're carrying out a hit, or maybe you just like to watch motherfuckers die screaming as you empty your gun into them. Why not both? The considerable oratory skills you possess makes it easy for you to seem affable to most anyone, even when you're anything but. Where you really shine is fire and brimstone-style preaching, able to terrify your targets with thunderous monologues. You're pretty witty and quick with retorts, too.

What Time is it, Mr. Wolfe? (400): Somebody's got to dispose of the bodies you leave, and sometimes, someone fucks up a job. Shit happens. It might be of no fault of their own, or it might be because some human pile of burnt shit was waving around a loaded gun. That's where you come in, as you're an expert at cleaning up these messes and concealing evidence from prying eyes, and you can cut through the bullshit with the aforementioned piles of burnt shit and get them to work effectively, too. You also know enough about the Los Angeles Metropolitan area that you can drive where you're going pretty fast, maybe even in a third of the time it'd take a regular driver to. In future jumps, this knowledge will apply to the area you start in.

Divine Intervention (600): Does God exist? Some would say so, some wouldn't. It's ambiguous. But He may be watching over you. Should you ever be put in a situation where your impending death is certain, the Lord shall be your Deliverance, Salvation through His eternal Grace and Mercy. Or maybe this supposed divine providence is just plain ol' dumb luck. Whatever the case, the impossible will happen and you will Miraculously survive. Consider this a 1-up that renews every Jump, for the purposes of the chain. Whether or not it was Divine Providence was present, circumstances will align so that you'll have an opportunity to leave this life of crime or any other dirty dealings forever, repent, and move on, no strings attached, or you could just keep being an assassin or whatever else you are. It's your choice...

¹ No, I don't believe Jules is a preacher's son. The perk is based on him, but the first line is a reference to the song Mia listens to, *Son of a Preacher Man*.

Prizefighter

Punch Up (100): No matter what the stringy-haired, drugged-up assholes in bars have to say, you ain't no palooka. No, you can take all sorts of punishment and dish it out in turn, for you've got the physicality and skills of a professional boxer. Butch Coolidge would have a harder time with you than he did with Floyd Ray Wilson, that's for sure, and you might even win if you grit your teeth, swing for the fences, and do your best. You're a pro in the sweet science of beating people up.

Something for You (200): There's a certain heirloom passed down over generations of Coolidge Men, a watch that's almost a century old. Though some of those men died horribly in wars on far shores, the heirloom - a watch - has always made its way to the following generation. And so it is with you as well. If you'd like to pass something onto your next of kin, it'll get there, come hell or high water. It doesn't matter if you die, for the things you pass on will remain in the hands of your descendants as long as you *have* descendants. There'll always be somebody to bring the items to them.

The Rich and Prosperous Mr. Jumper (400): Tired of making money from just the fight purses? Well, a lot of people bet on fights. Ever consider getting in on that? With this, your fights attract many, many bets from many, many people, some of which are quite lucrative. You'll even receive offers to rig your fights for large sums of money, and you've got a sense for how you can make the maximum amount of money from manipulating who people bet on, how much, and more. This applies to any publicized event you compete in. Be careful who you screw over.

Zed's Dead, Baby (600): Some people are born lucky, and you seem to be one of them. When you're in a dangerous situation, that luck will kick in and give you opportunities to get out of it, oftentimes in a better position than you were in going into the situation. It's up to you to make the best of these, though, and to be clear, this won't somehow miraculously save your life. It might cause you to enter your home while the hitman who's there to kill you is in the bathroom, for example. Whenever someone's picked at random for something horrible, you'll always be picked last... and when you save people, you'll earn their sincere gratitude - even if they had every reason to hate you previously. Of course, this luck can run out.

The Boss

Jumper Was Right (100): Deals are what make you money, and if anyone can close one, it's you. You're good at making all sorts of them, as you've got a good idea of what someone wants, how much it'd take to bribe them, those sorts of things. You're also good at talking people into accepting these deals. They may or may not be offers someone can't refuse, but your honeyed words and well-reasoned arguments certainly make them hard to.

Goin' Medieval (200): You're one scary motherfucker. You've the means and the willpower to torture those who cross you in agonizing, horrific ways, and you're creative enough to come up with new ways of making them wish they were dead. You also know how to make it near-impossible to identify someone's corpse when you're done with them - using pliers to pull out their teeth to prevent dental identification, burning fingerprints off with a blowtorch, and you can definitely come up with more ways to mutilate them. Don't fuck with Jumper.

Scour the Earth (400): When you're the boss, people need to know not to fuck with you. You've got to illustrate it. Painfully. You're good at making examples of anyone who tries to screw you over, because you'll or your subordinates can get to them no matter how much distance they've tried to put between you - you'll chase them halfway across the world or to the very gates of hell. No matter what, you *will* have a chance to confront someone in your bad books before they fuck off to wherever. Just be sure you come out on top in the ensuing confrontation...

Big Man (600): It takes a special sort to become the feared boss of a crime ring, and you might just be it. You've got everything it takes to run an operation with millions of dollars running through it - narcotics, placing hits, rigging deals, racketeering, gambling, loan sharking, all sorts of lucrative crimes, be they blue-collar or white-collar. Additionally, while you aren't bulletproof, you're tough enough to survive a lot of things, such as being hit by a speeding car or enduring certain unspeakable indignities, and you've got the willpower to match. You're more than tough enough to earn your place at the top, that's for sure.

Items

As with Perks, Items are discounted by 50% to their corresponding origins, with discounted 100-point perks being free.

Undiscounted

Bad Motherfucker (100): It's a customized wallet. It's got the words BAD MOTHERFUCKER on the front, and there's \$1500 in hundred dollar bills in there, which'll replenish every month. If you don't like the words, they can be something else. Buy someone's life.

Gourmet Shit (100): The best damn coffee you'll ever have, or your points back. Not really. The point is, this is some amazing coffee. Who knows? It might actually be shit. Gourmet *shit*. It's called Kopi Luwak. Or maybe not. Your call. You've also got lots of cream and sugar - just how the Wolf likes it.

Red Apples (100): A pack of cigarettes. This brand isn't present in the real world (it's fictional, in other words). Nothing special, but if you'd like them, here they are. You'll get a new pack every day. I'm sure you know smoking isn't good for you, Jumper, but if you're taking this you probably don't care.

Malibu (200): This is a car or a motorcycle. It can be anything, as long as it was made in or before 1994. It's real nice, gets great mileage, and you'll always be able to find fuel for it. Should any *unfortunate incidents* happen, you'll find it incredibly easy to clean or repair its interior and exterior alike.

Drop-In

Royale with Cheese (100): You ever have a French Quarter Pounder? That's what they call them. You've got hamburgers. The cornerstone of any nutritious breakfast. And Sprite. You can decide what fast food chain it comes from - McDonald's, Burger King, Big Kahuna Burgers, whatever. You get a meal every day.

Pulp Fiction (200): The movie. It's a good one, give it a watch. You've got the collector's edition, which'll come in whatever format you wish to watch it in. You also have a lot of merchandise, like clothing, posters, stickers, and the like. You even have the Pinball Machine that was released in 2023. Have fun! You could probably make a lot of money if you sold it in our world.

Deliverance (400): You have a basement somewhere, one replete with various fetishy restraints and certain untoward toys meant for... pleasuring oneself. There's a room where you could keep someone indefinitely, locking them up like they're a pig, and a leather outfit that you'd expect to find in the folsom fair. You can have this basement be hidden beneath any property you own or make it a warehouse attachment. The less said about this, the better...²

Establishment (600): You own a small-to-medium sized business in the area. It's probably a restaurant. The food's decent, and you can pick the aesthetics and the menu as you like. Maybe you'd like a standard diner without any frills, or maybe you'd like to play up the 50s aesthetic and replicate Jackrabbit Slim's. Hell, you could even *own* Jackrabbit Slims with its car-bodied tables, \$5 milkshakes, and waiters dressed as cultural icons of the period. Or you could have a pawn shop. There's plenty of assorted weaponry hidden in case of a criminal break-in, such as a Remington shotgun and a katana. The place makes a tidy profit, very much enough to live well.

² Did you know that the whole thing with Zed and Maynard might be a homage to Deliverance (1972)?

Hitman

Mr. Nine-Millimeter (100): The bread and butter of your profession. A standard dark suit and tie, with a white shirt under it. Your choice of tie - the Jumpmaker personally prefers neckties over bow ties. And more importantly, the shepherd that will protect you from evil men... your gun. Or it's the thing that lets you be the evil man. This can be any handgun that existed in 1994, and is not necessarily limited to firearms that use 9 x 19mm parabellum rounds. You get a fresh magazine every day.

Choco (200): Heroin. An import from the Harz Mountain of Germany. Goes for \$500 a gram and is extraordinarily potent. If you're getting this, then you probably won't listen to anyone telling you drugs are bad. But they are. You also have Panda and Bava, less potent versions. It doesn't come in balloons, as heroin in this day and age usually does, so don't get the stuff mixed up with another drug for your own sake and don't get caught with it. You get 2 grams a week.

Monster Joe's (400): All the bodies you leave behind gotta go somewhere, or you're gonna go to jail. Fortunately, you've got a deal with a local junkyard - the perfect place to dispose of somebody. Any corpse that's left under all the trash here will for all purposes disappear without a trace. Nobody's going to find them. You'll always be able to get to this junkyard, and it'll come into your ownership post-jump, where it can appear in future worlds or become a warehouse attachment.

The Briefcase (600): This is a McGuffin. The code to the lock's 666. What's in there? We don't know, but it's something Important. So important are its contents that it'll glow gold when you open it. Whatever's in there, it's so mesmerizing that it'll have anyone acting like the Conquistadores finding Aztec Gold or anyone looking at a certain Ring. What's in there? We'll give you a blank check on that. The contents of the briefcase are whatever you want them to be, so long as they can be found on an mundane Earth in 1994 and can fit in a briefcase, barring particularly egregious things like the Nuclear Football.

Prizefighter

Boxing Gear (100): Your trunks, shoes, gloves, mouthguard, robe, wraps, and the rest of the equipment you need to earn your keep as a fighter. All this equipment is remarkably well-made, and personalized to your fighting style. This is good stuff. Take good care of it, because it won't be coming back until the next jump if you throw it out.

The Gold Watch (200): This solid gold watch's been through your family for generations. Or it might've been passed down through generations of Coolidge men and you stole it from Butch. Whatever the case, it's a spectacular gold watch, does an excellent job telling time, and if you need to hide this on your person, you will always, *always* be able to in a place nobody will be able to find. Where? Up your ass, that's where.

Sports Agency (400): You're a big name, enough that your fights are probably the main event of any bout instead of the undercard - which, in turn, means substantially large purses. Besides that, you have your own personal sports agency, which comes with a number of support staff - a trainer, and presumably more staff (though that's not shown in the movie). You've also got your own personal gym to train in. It's a pretty small agency, but it's there. Try not to cut and run, abandoning them, if you're in trouble with some shady types.

Fixed Bets (600): You've got a big fight scheduled, one that's going to be a massive bout. It's not quite the fight of the century, but it's close, and it'll net you a fuckton of earnings afterward. In fact, it's a big enough deal that someone of great power and influence has come to you and offered you another fat wad of cash to throw that fight. Between the purse and the bribe, it's more than enough to live in the lap of luxury for the rest of your life, never working again. Retirement money. However, you can take this further. Bets have been arranged, and since people know it's supposed to be a rigged fight, the odds are overwhelmingly against you. Despite that, your opponent's a terrible fighter, and you could easily defeat him if you like. You could always bet on yourself to win and do so, earning even *more* cash at the cost of angering your contract...

The Boss

Donuts and Coffee (100): What? It's not much, but it's what everybody eats when they're doing a stakeout. It's not just for cops. You've got a box of donuts and two large cups of coffee, enough for yourself and a partner. You'll get replacements daily if you so desire.

Fancy House (200): An expensive, opulent home fitting a distinguished personage of wealth and taste such as yourself, complete with luxuries such as a swimming pool, an intercom, and it's decorated to your liking. There's also a large supply of cocaine there. It's all yours, though you probably shouldn't be using it, not to mention a large liquor cabinet with all the drinks you like. A good place for anyone to kick back and relax.

Sally LeRoy's (400): Or maybe you could kick back and relax here, instead. You're the owner of a rather popular nightclub. It probably attracts a lot of clientele and turns quite the profit, and like the house, it also comes with a fully stocked bar. It'll always be staffed by a member of your organization, who'll be a follower by default. The place makes you money, you can chill in it, and it's not a bad office, either.

Criminal Empire (600): Forget being a regular gangster if that's a thing - you're *the* boss. A crime ring similar in size and scope to the one run by Marsellus Wallace is under your control, with you as its kingpin. This is a multimillion-dollar enterprise, with more than enough money to make you incredibly rich. You've got no shortage of properties, money, or influence, that's for sure, and have a substantial amount of subordinates who do most of the dirty work for you while you can kick back and enjoy the ill-gotten fruits of your labor. You've also got a number of professional hitmen to enforce your rule. Don't fuck with Jumper.

Companions

You know the drill.

Import (Free): Wanna bring in help? You can do that. You may import up to eight companions free of charge, who will get 600 Choice Points apiece.

Canon (Free/100): Someone here your man (or woman)? You may convince them to join you on the chain free of charge. I hear a certain Badass Motherfucker's going to be walking the Earth soon. You just have to convince them with no untowards influence and have them agree to join you after they understand the nature of your travels. For 100 points, you'll meet them under good circumstances, hit it off immediately, and have several opportunities to convince them.

Drawbacks

You may take as many drawbacks as you like. Drawbacks trump perks.

Continuity (+0): By taking this drawback, this Jump will now exist in the same setting as other Tarantino movies such as Reservoir Dogs, if appropriate. You probably won't meet the characters from the other movies unless you go out of your way to, but they exist in some way or from.

Escape Hatch (+0): If you'd like, you may shorten your stay in this world. If you'd like, you can choose to leave as soon as Butch and Fabienne would ordinarily leave LA on Zed's chopper.

Filthy Language (+100): You've got a habit of swearing and using a lot of slurs. You're probably lowkey racist, too. Not super turbo KKK racist, but still kind of racist. Or at least, your vernacular is. Most people you interact with also talk this way. Maybe it's the environment that's the problem.

A Slight Sting (+100): That's pride. You've got an excess of it, to the point where it'll lead you to take unnecessary risks that could be life-threatening. And you know what they say about it going before a fall. That ego of yours will make you more than a few enemies...

A Man's Vehicle (+100): You've got something important to you - by default, a car. It's something that has great monetary and sentimental value to you. Unfortunately, at some point somebody will key or otherwise deliberately damage it, and you won't be able to catch this vandal. If you don't own a car, something else important to you will be similarly vandalized.

“This is a Robbery!” (+100): No matter what happens, you *will* be in the Hawthorne Grill when it's held up by Pumpkin and Honey Bunny. They'll hold you at gunpoint. You'll probably come out just fine if you fork over your cash when it's time to, but it's still an armed robbery. Of course, you might be able to turn the tables on them...

The Fix (+200): You've got a significant amount of money invested in something that depends entirely on someone else. No matter how rich or above money you are, this money *will* matter to you. Unfortunately, your business associate is an untrustworthy piece of shit who'll embezzle those assets and get out of dodge at the first opportunity - enriching himself at your great expense. You might have to catch him if you want your money back, or failing that, for revenge...

OD (+200): You are a cocaine addict. You snort that shit every day, and you're not going to stop. You'll always have access to it, too, with all the symptoms, withdrawal, and problems it entails. This is a big enough problem as it is, but at some point you'll come across some extraordinarily potent heroin, which you will snort thinking it is cocaine. This will result in an overdose that may very well kill you, and furthermore, heroin is illegal. If you go to the hospital, you might attract the wrong attention from authorities. Drugs are bad, kids.

Dead Man Storage (+200): You have a dead body. It's a mess. Real ugly. Maybe you killed the person, maybe not, but it's with you and you're in a pretty public place where anyone could spot you and call the cops. Who'll arrest you if they find you with it, obviously, because you're not innocent in this entire affair. You have to get rid of it FAST, FAST, FAST unless you'd like to be seeing a jail up close and personal from the inside for the rest of your stay here (you won't be able to escape).

Up the Ass (+200/300): You have something very important. Something you'll go to any length to keep, something people will confiscate if they find it. You have to hide it on

your person, always, but the only place that they won't find it is your rectum. So that's where it'll be. You're not in some P.O.W camp, but you'll keep it up there for two years. For an additional 100 points, that number is now five.

“English, Motherfucker!” (+200): You've got a tendency to panic and lose your train of thought when scared, causing you to stammer and repeat “What? What? What?” over and over again. And it's pretty easy to scare you now. Pretty much anything will do it, and any actual danger will reduce you to a whimpering, shivering, pants-shitting wreck.

Obligatory Shit (+300): No, Jumper, you can't fucking launch a rod of antimatter the size of the Empire State Building at 0.99c into Earth. And no, you can't use the Death Star, either, or send in your army of 5,000 Space Marines. That's fucking stupid. Larper shit. You've lost all perks, powers, items, personal realities, and whatever else that's come from other jumps, leaving you an otherwise normal person with whatever you've taken here.

I Just Shot Marvin in the Face (+300): You haven't necessarily accidentally killed a man in a car, but you're so incompetent that you're exactly the kind of person that might. Your competence has taken a serious dip. Trigger discipline? Pointing firearms in safe directions? Why would you bother with those tenets of gun safety? You have no regard for safety in general, and you tend to leave potentially lethal things - guns, drugs - unattended where anyone could get them. And you're often doped up on heroin to boot. Your stupidity's going to get someone killed. Pray it isn't you.

Battlin' Jack (+300): Ever heard of a superhero named Daredevil? Well, regardless or not, his dad used to be a boxer who'd betray a deal to throw a fight, leading to his death at the hands of the mobsters who paid him. That's similar to what's going to happen here, though Butch Coolidge may yet escape. But it's not just him and Brett that Marsellus Wallace wants dead. He wants you dead too, and a mob boss of great influence like Marsellus is very much willing to use all that power to try to kill you. Hitmen and perhaps the boss himself will be after you, and they'll pursue you across the country and even perhaps across national borders. And if he gets you, don't expect it to be a quick death. Expect a pair of pliers, a blowtorch, and his men to get medieval on your ass...

Bring Out the Gimp (+300): Somewhere in the city is a seemingly normal pawnshop. In that pawnshop is a basement, and in that basement is a huge assortment of BDSM gear, a

rape dungeon, a leather-clad sex slave known only as the Gimp... and you. You'll find yourself hazily waking up in a dark basement to the ejaculation of a hose, seated on a chair, and you'll further find that you can't move or speak, because you're bound and gagged. Trussed up like a Christmas Turkey, with your mouth jammed open by a hot red ballgag. There's drool dripping out of your mouth, and your captors don't care about your muffled grunts and moans. Make no mistake. Your captors intend to make you their bitch, their sex slave, their plaything, their catamite³. You have no otherworldly powers for the duration of your captivity. You'd best get out quick.

Future

The Jump's over. Any drawbacks you took no longer apply; they've been waived. It's time to decide what you'll do now. You've likely made this choice before...

Go Home

Stay

Walk the Earth

³ While I understand a catamite is male, we'll say it is a gender-neutral term for the purposes of this drawback. Zed and Maynard don't care whether you're a man, a woman, or something else they'll fuck you anyways.

Notes

This document should be considered an elaborate piece of fanfiction. No commercial profit has been made from its creation.

References in the movie I had to search up	References in the movie I did get
Superfly TNT Guns of the Navarone English Bob Lash Larue Arnold the Pig According to Hoyle Flock of Seagulls Mamie Van Doren Jayne Mansfield	The Beatles (Jules calls Tim Roth's character Ringo) Modesty Blaise Kung Fu (1972) Speed Racer

Fonts that the movie used - Aachen Bold, Benguiat Bold, Busorama. I wanted to make the font Benguiat, but it wasn't worth it. Thanks a bunch to Pixel Kitty for being my sounding board, and as always, the Elector Counts of Jumpchain.

If you don't mind me going on a bit of a screed, I think violence, killing, and hitmen are bad by our moral standards. That should be an axiom. I guess I'm saying this because one of the spaces I'm on online goes on and on about killing, violence and the bad people getting what they deserve, and I've gotten tired of it. Perverting and twisting Gandalf's words (though the guy who shared that meme is actually a pretty swell guy otherwise. It's still a terrible meme), calling for political violence, wishing death on people, etc etc. I like Jules. He's charismatic, badass, an entertaining character, and ultimately he quits being a hitman to become a better man.

On Non-Linear Progression: Basically, you get to watch a Tarantino movie of what happened in each of your jumps once they're over. It's not precognition.

On the Briefcase: It can be anything mundane you can find in the 1990s - solid gold, Elvis' suit, the diamonds from Reservoir Dogs, whatever, as long as it's not blatantly

supernatural or something ridiculous like the nuclear launch codes for the US nuclear arsenal.

Changelog:

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0.1 released to Bunker Thread #196 on 2026-08-03

0.2 released to Bunker Thread #197 on 2026-08-04

0.9 released to Bunker Thread #202 on 2026-08-18

1.0 and 1.0.1 (minor clarifications, additional text, and notes. No major changes) released to Bunker Thread #204 on 2026-08-22