

# Kill Bill (2003)

by Quentin Tarantino.  
Draft script.

OVER BLACK

We hear labored breathing.

BLACK FRAME

QUOTE APPEARS:

"Revenge is a dish  
best served cold"

- Old Klingon Proverb -

QUOTE FADES OUT

WE STAY ON BLACK

...breathing continues...

Then a MAN'S VOICE talks over the breathing;

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Do you find me sadistic?

CUT TO:

BLACK AND WHITE CU of a WOMAN

lying on the floor, looking up. The woman on the floor has just taken a severe spaghetti-western-style gang beating. Her face is bloody, beaten up, and torn. The high contrast B/W turning the red blood into black blood.

A hand belonging to the off-screen Man's Voice ENTERS FRAME holding a white handkerchief with the name "BILL" sewn in the corner, and begins tenderly wiping away the blood from the young woman's face. Little by little as the Male Voice speaks, the beautiful face underneath is revealed to the audience.

But what can't be wiped away, is the white hot hate that shines in both eyes at the man who stands over her, the "BILL" of the title.

In another age men who shook the world for their own purposes

were called conquerors. In our age, the men who shake the planet for their own power and greed are called corrupters. And of the world's corrupters Bill stands alone. For while he corrupts the world, inside himself he is pure.

BILL'S VOICE (O.S.)

I bet I could fry an egg on your head about now, if I wanted to.

He continues wiping away the blood.

BILL'S VOICE (O.S.)

No kiddo, I'd like to believe, even now, you're aware enough to know there isn't a trace of sadism in my actions... Okay - Maybe towards these other jokers - bot not your.

OVERHEAD SHOT

We see for a moment, A WIDE SHOT looking down at the woman on the floor. Bill (from behind) bent down over her. Four others in black suits, standing over her (three are female, one is male). And about four DEAD BODIES lying in their own blood. We also see we're in a wedding chapel that's been redecorated by blood death and gunfire. And firstly or lastly, depending on the viewer, that the woman on the floor is dressed in a white bridal gown.

This woman is our Heroine, and from this moment forth she will only be referred to as The BRIDE.

Back to CU of The BRIDE.

The BRIDE on the floor. Her pretty face is wiped clean.

BILL'S VOICE (O.S.)

No Kiddo at this moment, this is me at my most masochistic.

While still in her CU The Bride speaks for the first time in the picture. She looks up at the man standing over her and says;

THE BRIDE

Bill, I'm pregnant. It's your baby.

After saying the "y" in "baby", we hear a BANG and The Bride

receives a bullet in the side of her head.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN: Presentation Credit  
"The 4th Film by  
QUENTIN TARANTINO"

CUT TO:

B/W CU of a Young MAN in a TUXEDO. Shot to death.

The BRIDE speaks to us in a VO;

THE BRIDE (V.O.)  
That's Tim, Arthur's best friend.

CU A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN in a frilly pink dress with two bullet holes in her.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)  
That's his girlfriend Janeen.

CU A PLUMP YOUNG WOMAN, shot to death, wedding bouquet still clutched in her dead fist.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)  
That's my best friend from work  
Erica.

AN OLDER MAN IN A BLACK SUIT shot fulla holes.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)  
That's the minister. I think his  
name was Reverend Hillhouse.

A DEAD OLDER WOMAN by his side in an old-fashioned flower print dress.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)  
That's his wife.

A DEAD OLDER WOMAN slumped over an organ.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)  
Organ player, don't know her name.

A YOUNG MAN IN A TUXEDO WITH HIS FACE BLOWN OFF.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

That's Arthur. Arthur Plympton. The name on his driver's license was Charles Arthur Plympton, but for some reason he preferred Arthur. Maybe if he went by Charles people would have called him Charlie. If that was his reason for going by Arthur I can understand it. Nothing wrong with the name Charlie, except he didn't look like a Charlie, he looked like an Arthur. Obviously you'll have to take my word on this. Speaking of names, I was about two seconds away from becoming Mrs. Charles Arthur Plympton.

And then finally, The Bride.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

And that, that's me. I'm the Bride.

We do a DISSOLVE from the Bride looking dead in the bridal gown

To

The Bride, still in B/W, still in a bridal gown, but the asswippin she took in the scene before must have been in the past, because she looks like a million dollars now.....three million even.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The Bride behind the wheel of a Volkswagen Karman Ghia convertible. Her long blonde hair whipping in the wind. A PROCESS SHOT PLAYS behind her.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

Looked dead, didn't I? Well I wasn't, but it wasn'T for lack of trying, I can tell you that.

Actually Bill's last bullet put me in a coma. A coma I was to lie in for five years.

When I woke up, ...I went on what the movie advertisements refer to as a Roaring Rampage of Revenge. I roared and I rampaged and I got bloody satisfaction. In all, I've killed 33 people to get to this point right now.

I have only one more.

The last one.

The one I'M driving to right now.

The only one left.

And when I arrive at my destination.....

.... I'm gonna Kill Bill.

#### TITLE SEQUENCE

As a female-sung ballad of heartbreaking lament plays on the soundtrack, we see the credits of "Kill Bill" play over the Bride in her bridal gown, driving to the film's climax.

The sequence ends with the Bride arriving at Bill's home.

WE FADE TO BLACK

BLACK FRAME

TITLE APPEARS:

Chapter one

"2"

CUT TO:

EX CU The BRIDE's EYEBALL IN GLORIOUS COLOR

WE CUT OUT ONE...TWO...THREE...TO A

CU of The BRIDE IN GLORIOUS COLOR

She's sitting in a parked pickup truck. Her eyes focused on something.

The BRIDE'S POV:

A very homey three-bedroom house in the affluent suburb of Pasadena, California. A purple Dodge Neon sits parked in the driveway. A tricycle, a big wheel, and a few toys sprinkle the grass on the front yard. A mailbox with the name "The BELLS" on it sits out in front of the lawn. We hear but don't

see ice cream truck bells.

SUBTITLE APPEARS AT SCREEN BOTTOM:

"The city of  
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA"

We hear a Car Door Open and Close....THEN....The Bride Walks into the shot, heading for the front door.

EX CU: A long, white female finger pushes a doorbell.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL PASADENA STREET - DAY

The front door opens and an attractive black HOUSEWIFE the same age as The Bride stands in the doorway. The Housewife's face shows immediate recognition of the blonde on her doorstep.

The BRIDE  
on the porch; we do a quick Shaw-Brothers-style Zoom into her eyes.

FLASHBACK - SPAGHETTI WESTERN STYLE

(That means our Heroine is remembering something, and we see it with an orange filter.) We're back inside the wedding chapel. The Bride is taking the beating of her life by four people in black suits. A black woman PUNCHES HER in the face... WE see it's the black housewife, five years earlier.

The BRIDE ON THE PORCH

We Zoom quick out of her eyes to CU, a VENGEANCE THEME PLAYS LOUD ON THE SOUNDTRACK. (Whenever we hear this theme throughout the picture, we'll quickly learn what accompanies it is The Bride goin Krakatoa all over whoever's ass happens to be in front of her at that moment.) As the Vengeance Theme plays, a Vein in The Bride's forehead begins to pulsate. When the Vengeance Theme stops, The Bride ATTACKS The Housewife.

INT. HOUSEWIFE'S NICE HOME - DAY

The white woman and the black woman FLY into the center of the living room, CRASHING onto her coffe table in front of the sofa.

These two wildcats go at each other savagely, TUMBLING OVER the couch, clawing and scratching all the way, landing together on the plush carpet.

The HOUSEWIFE

KICKS The Bride, sending her CRASHING backwards into the small table where the phone, a note pad (for messages), and the mail is kept.

The Housewife scrambles up on her feet, but is caught by a FLYING TACKLE from behind by The Bride that sends them both into.....

An ornamental iron and tempered-glass bookcase that has framed family photos, display toys, some African art, and a collection of painted commemorative plates depicting the negro experience in the American military. Starting with a plate featuring Crispis Atkins in the revolutionary war, negro troops in union blue during the civil war, Buffalo soldiers fighting Indians, the Jim Crow troops of the first world war, the colored troops of world war two, Korea, Vietnam, and finally Colin Powell....The Bride and The Housewife CRASH THROUGH all this reducing everything to rubble.

They land hard on the floor covered in broken glass, locked in grapple, each trying to get the best of the other one,... When The Housewife HEADBUTTS The Bride in the nose.

The HOUSEWIFE

hops off The Bride, runs into the kitchen, opens a drawer and comes out with a HUGE MOTHERFUCKIN BUTCHER KNIFE.

The BRIDE

rises from the floor, and WHIPS OUT a KNIFE in a sheath hanging from her belt known as a SOG. (A SOG is a long, double-edged knife that's as sharp as a razor, and is what Navy Seals use to kill humans with.)

The Bride backs up into the mess of the now totally demolished living room.

The two woman stalk each other, each holding her blade, each looking like they know how to use it, each waiting for the other to make a mistake so they can plunge their blade deep into the other one.

Blood and sweat dript off of the faces of the two women locked in life and death combat.....

....When The back kitchen door opens, and a FOUR-YEAR-OLD LITTLE GIRL, carrying a lunch box steps inside.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL

Mommy, I'm home!

The two warrior women whose eyes reflect only combat concentration, suddenly switch upon hearing the four-year old's voice. The Housewife's eyes flash a look of pleading to the eyes of The Bride.

The Bride seems to answer back; "Okay."

The Black woman and the white woman hide their edged weapons behind their backs, as the Four-Year-Old Little Girl walks into the newly destroyed living room.

The Housewife switches to her mommy voice.

THE HOUSEWIFE

Hey baby, how was school?

The Little Girl is flabbergasted at the mess, and the condition of her mother, who looks like she's just been in a bar room brawl.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy, what happened to you and the T.V. Room?

THE HOUSEWIFE

Oh, that good for nothin dog of yours, got his little ass in the living room and acted a damn fool, that's what happened.

LITTLE GIRL

Barney did this?

She says it with the slightest hint of skepticism, then tries to enter the living room.

THE HOUSEWIFE

Now baby, you can't come in here, there's broken glass all over the floor, and you gonna cut yourself.



The little girl's eyes go to the blonde lady in the living room who she ain't never seen before, who also looks like she's been fighting.

The Bride smiles at the confused Little Girl.

THE HOUSEWIFE

This is a old friend of mommy's I ain't seen in a long time.

THE BRIDE

Hello sweetie, I'm \*(BLEEP)\*, what's your name?

\* Whenever during the picture somebody says The Bride's real name, it will be BLEEPED OUT ON THE SOUNDTRACK, ...that is, till I want you to know. \*

The shy, suspicious little girl doesn't say anything, she just stares at the blond lady.

THE HOUSEWIFE

Her name is Nikki.

THE BRIDE

Nikki. What a pretty name for such a pretty little girl. How old are you Nikki?

Nikki still says nothing, only stares.

THE HOUSEWIFE

Nikki, \*(BLEEP)\* asked you a question.

NIKKI

(to The Bride)

I'm four.

THE BRIDE

Four years old, aye. You know I once had a little girl. She'd be five right now. Maybe you two could of played with each other.

THE HOUSEWIFE

Now baby, me an \*(BLEEP)\* have some grown-up talk to talk about, so you go in your room now and leave us alone till I tell you to come out.

The child doesn't move, so the mother repeats herself.

THE HOUSEWIFE

(snapping her fingers)

Nikkia - in your room - now.

The little girl slowly walks away and disappears behind the door of her bedroom.

The two women turn to face each other, masquerade and combat both finished.

THE HOUSEWIFE

Want some coffee?

THE BRIDE

Yeah, sure.

The two women move into the kitchen. The Bride re-sheaths her SOG, and The Housewife puts the butcher knife back in the drawer.

The Bride sits down at the kitchen table, while The Housewife pours both of them coffee.

THE HOUSEWIFE

Cream and sugar?

THE BRIDE

Both, please.

As The Housewife fixes the coffee, we hear The Bride's VOICEOVER ON THE SOUNDTRACK:

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

This Pasadena homemaker's name is Jeanne Bell. Her husband is Dr. Lawrence Bell. But back when we were acquainted, five years ago, her name was VERNITA GREEN. Her

code name, was "COBRA"..... Mine was BLACK MAMBA.

The two combat artists sit at the kitchen table, drinking coffee out of Vernita's coffee mugs.

THE BRIDE

Were you expecting me?

VERNITA

Yes and no. Bill got in touch with me right after you woke up, and then again a little later after your episode in Japan.

(pause)

So I suppose it's a little late for a apology, huh?

THE BRIDE

You suppose correctly.

VERNITA

Even if I was sincere?

THE BRIDE

Oh. I'm quite positive you're sorry, now.

Vernita says to the Bride across the table furiously but with low volume;

VERNITA

Look bitch, I need to know if you're gonna start anymore shit around my baby girl!

THE BRIDE

You can relax for now. I'm not going to murder you in front of your daughter.

VERNITA

That's being more rational than Bill led me to believe you were capable of.

THE BRIDE

Well that's a demonstration of Bill's complete ignorance when it comes to the subject of me, and what I'm thinking, and what I might do. It's mercy, compassion, and forgiveness I lack, not rationality.

She pauses for effect -- the ham.

THE BRIDE

I'll wait for now, but I won't wait for long. I'll allow you to choose a time and place for us to meet again, preferably as far away from Nikki as possible. I could have just HIT you, I didn't, I demand respect for that. Since this is not a HIT, consider it a DUEL. And as two former Deadly Vipers, we will observe Viper rules of honor. One on one - no help - no bushwhackin - no treacherous weapons - on weapon of choice - our skill and our bodies.

Vernita says her name;

VERNITA

\*(BLEEP)\*

THE BRIDE

- I'm not through telling you. Failure to keep our date, or duplicity of any kind, will result in me putting a xoxo hollow point bullet into the back of your skull from a window of a building across the street from Nikki's elementary school. Now, feel free to respond.

VERNITA

Look...I know I fucked you over. I fucked you over bad. I wish to God I hadn't, but I did.

The blonde listens to the black woman with a poker face.

VERNITA

If I could go back in a machine I would, but I can't. All I can tell you is I'm a different person now.

THE BRIDE

I don't care.

VERNITA

Be that as it may, I know I do not deserve mercy or forgiveness. However, I beseech you for both on behalf of my daughter.

THE BRIDE

-- Bitch, you can stop right there.

The B-word stops Vernita short, almost like a cold-handed slap in the face (it should affect the audience that way as well).

THE BRIDE

(leans in close)

Just because I have no wish to murder you before the eyes of your daughter, does not mean parading her around in front of me is going to inspire sympathy. You and I have unfinished business.

And not a goddamn fuckin thing you've done in the subsequent five years - including getting knocked up - is going to change that.

VERNITA

You have every right to wanna get even --

THE BRIDE

-- But that's where you're wrong, Vernita. I don't want to get even. To get even, even Steven. I would have to kill you, go into Nikki's

room, kill her, then wait for your old man, Dr. Bell, to come home and kill him. That would make us even. No, my unborn daughter will just hafta be satisfied with your death at her mother's hands.

Vernita knows no matter what else is said, blood will spill.

VERNITA

When do we do this?

THE BRIDE

It all depends... When do you want to die? Tomorrow? The day after tomorrow? That's about as long as I'll wait.

VERNITA

How bout tonight, bitch?

THE BRIDE

Spendid. Where?

VERNITA

There's a baseball diamond where our little league has its games, about a mile from here. We meet there around two-thirty in the morning, dressed all in black, your hair in a black stocking, and we have us a knife fight, we won't be bothered. I have to fix Nikki's cereal.

As they continue to talk, Vernita pulls down a cereal bowl for her daughter and lays it on the kitchen counter.

THE BRIDE

Bill said you were one of the best ladies he'd ever seen with an edged weapon.

Vernita moves to another kitchen cabinet, and pulls down a box of the sugar cereal, "Kaboom."

VERNITA

Fuck you, bitch, I know he didn't qualify it, so you can just kiss my motherfuckin ass, Black Mamba.

(snorts to herself)

Black Mamba, I shoulda been motherfuckin Black Mamba.

As the two females continue to talk, Vernita reaches her hand inside the cereal box.

THE BRIDE

Weapon of choice? And if you want to stick with your butcher knife, I'm cool with that.

VERNITA

Very funny.

Vernita FIRES A GUN from inside the cereal box at The Bride....

.... The bullet explodes out of the cardboard box, and HITS the coffee mug directly in front of The Bride, BLOWING IT TO SMITHEREENS.

The Bride THROWS HERSELF ON THE FLOOR....

Vernita pulls the gun out of the cereal box and FIREES again...

...The bullet HITS THE FLOOR of the tiny kitchen...

...The Bride moves under the kitchen table, then using her back, LIFTS THE TABLE OFF THE GROUND, RAMMING IT STRAIGHT INTO Vernita, pinning her flat up against the table top, and the kitchen counter.

While her left hand holds the table, her right hand goes to the SOG on her belt, her fingers wrap around the blade's grip, lifting it up out of the sheath and PLUNGING IT THROUGH THE TABLE TOP up to the handle, with all the SOG's steel entering Vernita's abdomen.

The table falls back to the floor with the dying homemaker pinned to it. The two former colleagues meet eyes.

VERNITA

Sorry, bout the bushwhack. Please  
don't...

THE BRIDE

Do to your daughter, what you did  
to mine...

(she takes her hand)

...I won't.

Vernita dies.

The Bride removes her Sog, looks up and sees little Nikki standing in the doorway of her room. The little girl sees her mother dead on the floor, lying in her own blood. And she sees the blonde lady standing over her mother, bloody knife still in her hand. But oddly enough, Nikki doesn't cry. The little girl locks eyes with the big girl, and holds her stare.

As she talks to the little girl, she removes an already stained with blood white handkerchief with the name "BILL" sewn on it. And the blonde wipes the girl's mother's blood off her blade.

THE BRIDE

It was not my intention to do this  
in front of you. For that I'm  
sorry. But you can take my word for  
it, your mother had it coming. When  
you grow up, if you still feel raw  
about it, I'll be waiting.

And with that apology, statement, and invitation, The Bride walks out the kitchen side door, leaving the little girl to her mourning.

EXT. VERNITA'S HOME - DAY

The Bride walks down the dead woman's driveway to her vehicle. She glances at the lawn toys one more time as she makes here getaway.

She climbs into her big, yellow pickup truck, with the words "Pussy Wagon" written across the flatbed's hatch door in a



pimpy font. She takes out a ringed notebook and turns to a page that's headline reads;

DEATH LIST FIVE

On the pager are five names numbered going down the page written in red ink.

The first name has a line drawn through it with black ink.

The second name on the list is;

VERNITA GREEN

COBRA

The Bride takes a black felt pen and draws a line through Vernita's name. Turns on the truck's engine and drives out of the residential district.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

TITLE CARD:

Chapter two

"The comatose Bride"

FADE UP ON

CU The comatose Bride lying in her hospital bed, wide open unblinking sightless eyes, that constantly stare yet see nothing. The Bride is at the beginning of her comatose journey.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS:

under her face.

"Five years and four months earlier  
in the city of El Paso, Texas"

Although we're only in a tight CU, we can tell a few things: one, she's in her hospital room; two, she's alone; three, it's night; and four, one hellva RAINSTORM is pounding outside.

EXT. EL PASO GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The rain pisses down in buckets in front of the hospital...

WHEN...

The wheel to an Alfa Romeo rolls into FRAME and stops.

The car door opens and two yellow galoshes step out into the wet night.

OVERHEAD SHOT

A red umbrella opens as rain falls down.

CU the back of a head wearing a yellow rainslicker hood, framed by the red umbrella above it, which water cascades down and beats a rhythm against.

The figure in the yellow rainslicker with the red umbrella (who we can guess is female) starts walking towards the hospital.

WE GO TO SPLIT SCREEN

Left Side  
CU The Bride's unblinking  
comatose sleep.

Right Side  
The back of the yellow  
slicker - walking in the  
rain towards the  
HOSPITAL's entrance.

CU her yellow galoshes  
slapping against the wet  
asphalt, and splashing  
through puddles.

CU The Bride in her coma

CU the hospital's  
electrical doors -

WOOSH - OPEN.

We follow behind the  
woman in the raincoat  
as she walks from  
outside into the hospital  
down the hall, and into  
the ladies room door.

CU The BRIDE  
in her coma

EX CU OF A WHITE

WOMAN'S SHAPELY

BAREFOOT ANKLE AND LEG  
stepping into a sheer,  
white stocking.

INSERT: OF THOSE LONG,  
WHITE LEGS STEPPING  
INTO A WHITE NURSE'S  
UNIFORM.

INSERT: OF THE ZIPPER  
IN THE BACK ZIPPING  
UPWARDS.

INSERT: OF WHITE, SHEER  
STOCKING FEET STEPPING  
INTO WHITE NURSE'S  
ORTHOPEDIC SHOES.

INSERT: OF A SYRINGE  
NEEDLE STUCK IN A VIAL  
The liquid is drawn up  
into the syringe.

SOME WRITTEN TEXT  
APPEARS BELOW IMAGE  
THAT READS:

"A lethal cocktail of  
Bill's own concoction.  
He calls it, 'Goodbye  
forever'."

INSERT: THE DEADLY  
SYRINGE IS PLACED ON  
A NURSE'S TRAY

INSERT: A LITTLE WHITE  
NURSE'S CAP IS PLACED  
ON TOP of the woman's  
blonde head.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The door marked "ladies" is opened, and a beautiful 6-foot blonde in a white nurse's uniform, with a matching white eye patch over her left eye, steps out, carrying the nurse's tray with the "Goodbye forever"-filled syringe on it. She walks down the corridor towards The sleeping Bride's room.

SUBTITLE UNDERNEATH BLONDE NURSE:

"ELLE DRIVER

Member of  
The DEADLY VIPER ASSASSINATION SQUAD  
codename:  
CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN SNAKE"  
END OF SPLIT SCREEN  
STAY WITH ELLE'S SIDE

INT. THE BRIDE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The Bride, alone in her bed, alone in her coma, alone in her room.

Elle Driver opens the door to her room and steps inside.  
The female assassin approaches the comatose woman.

EX CU ELLE DRIVER'S EYE AND WHITE EYE PATCH  
looking down at her sleeping target, victim, rival, and  
opposite number.

EX CU The BRIDE'S EYES  
wide open - blank stare.

Elle standing over The Bride's hospital bed, says to her;

ELLE

I might never of liked you. Point  
in fact I despise you. But that  
doesn't suggest I don't respect  
you. You were a master of a  
profession that's most difficult to  
master.  
Dying in our sleep is a luxury our  
kind is rarely afforded. My gift to  
you.

As she lifts the syringe off the tray....

Her cell phone RINGS....

She curses to herself...there can be only one person on the  
other end....she answers it.

ELLE

Hello, Bill.  
(pause)  
Affirmative.  
(pause)  
Comatose.  
(pause)  
I'm standing over her right now.  
(pause)  
What!

The female assassin turns away from the wide-eyed stare of The Bride, and paces the hospital room talking in the cell phone.

ELLE

Don't fuckin ssshhh me! If you think I came all the way down to Texas - in a dog and cat rainstorm no less - just to tuck sleeping beauty in bed - you got another fuckin thing comin -  
(pause, then real loud)  
You don't owe her Shit!!  
(then again, but quieter)  
You don't owe her shit.  
(pause)  
Man, fuck that bitch!  
(pause)  
Oh you're not are you? Well Bill, you never leave a job half done. A great teacher taught me that once, he looked a whole lot like you.

Elle pauses as Bill on the other line has his say. We don't hear his side, we stay with Elle as he talks. We can tell by her face, he's making some sense. After awhile she answers back;

ELLE

I guess.  
(pause)  
No, I don't need to guess, I know.  
(pause)  
Affirmative.  
(pause)

I love you too, bye bye.

The female assassin puts the phone away and looks down at The comatose Bride with the open eyes. Even though her face is expressionless, she almost seems to be smiling.

ELLE

Thought that was pretty funny  
didn't ya? Word of advice shithead,  
don't you ever wake up.

Elle leans closer to the Bride's face.

ELLE

Ya know now I get a better look at  
you, you're not so damn pretty.  
Yeah, you go that Venus thing going  
for you but...ya know, now I get a  
closer look at you you're kinda  
weird looking. You got this big  
nose that doesn't fit with the rest  
of your face, your eyes are two  
different sizes. And look at your  
skin...My complexion is way better  
than yours --

The Bride does one of her motor reflex functions...She SPITS  
in Elle's face.

Elle springs up, wipes the spit off her cheek and looks down  
at The comatose Bride in her bed.

ELLE

Oh, no you didn't.

She grabs The Bride by the front of her hospital gown...

....Yanks Her up to a sitting position...

...And PUNCHES her hard in the face three times.

ELLE

If you ever take your ass out of  
this Goddamn bed for as long as you  
fuckin live, I will beat you into  
the ground, bitch!

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Elle Driver in her nurse's uniform, angrily walks down the hallway. She passes by a DOCTOR, STRUGGLING WITH A PATIENT BLEEDING PROFUSELY on a gurney.

DOCTOR

(yelling)

Nurse come here quick, we're losing this man!

Elle doesn't even look back.

ELLE

Tough titty, I quit.

She walks out of the SHOT.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK FRAME

TITLE CARD:

Five years later.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMATOSE BRIDE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The CAMERA is in a corner of the ceiling, looking down on the comatose Bride, who lies motionless in her bed.

WE HEAR the sound of a BUZZING MOSQUITO, doing loop de loops and figure eights in the air, looking for some warm blood.

The BUZZING stops....

MACRO CU

of mosquito on The Bride's forearm, its stinger dug in her flesh, visibly drawing blood from its host.

CU MOSQUITO'S FACE

drinking her blood.

MACROSHOT OF MOSQUITO ON FOREARM

drinking blood...when The Bride's hand comes into FRAME and SQUASHES the bug flat. Her fingers FLICK the dead bug away.

CU The Bride

her wide-open eyes, that have stared in a constant gaze for the last five years, finally...slowly...softly...shut.

BEAT

They SUDDENLY POP OPEN.

The BRIDE SITS BOLD UPRIGHT IN BED.

She has no idea where the fuck she is. WE DO A SHAW BROTHERS STYLE QUICK ZOOM INTO A CU OF HER FACE.

QUICK CUT TO A FLASHBACK SPAGHETTI-WESTERN STYLE back at the wedding chapel, gun pointed down at our face.

THE BARREL EXPLODES LEAT AT US - BANG!

QUICK CUT BACK TO The BRIDE IN HER HOSPITAL BED, BANK still echoing in her ears. She lets out a SCREAM OF PAIN and her hand goes to the side of her head, as if she were just shot.

Her hand feels the metal plate embedded in the side of her skull where the hole was. She knocks against it with her knuckle...it goes...TINK...TINK.

Suddenly she says out loud;

THE BRIDE

My baby.

Her hand goes down to her belly, only to find it not swollen but flat. She doesn't understand, lifts up her hospital gown and sees a JAGGED SCAR which runs down her abdomen. Her fingertips trace it.

She quickly looks at the palm of her and counts the lines.

MACRO CU The LINES IN HER PALM look like a road map.

She stops counting, shocked;

THE BRIDE



(to herself)  
Five years.

She counts again.

THE BRIDE  
(a statement)  
Five years.

The Bride's two eyes fill with tears as she realizes her baby is long gone.

WHEN SUDDENLY...

She hears the STEP...STEP...STEP...OF BILL'S BOOTS WALKING TOWARDS HER ROOM....

WE SEE THE CINEMATIC EQUIVALENT OF A COMIC BOOK THOUGHT BALLOON by her head. INSIDE OF IT WE SEE BILL'S BLACK BOOTS walking across the wood floor of the wedding chapel.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR (THE BRIDE'S FLOOR) - NIGHT

We see a HOSPITAL ORDERLY'S bright red and white Reeboks softly slapping against the smooth surface of the institution's floor. They make a sound nothing like Bill's shoes.

SCREEN GOES TO SPLIT SCREEN

LEFT SIDE  
The BRIDE listening to them getting closer. WE HEAR the STEP...STEP...STEP...in time with Orderly's sneakers.

RIGHT SIDE  
Orderly's Reeboks walking down the hospital corridor.

CAMERA MOVES UP TO Orderly's face, leading two TRUCKDRIVERS.  
The Bride HEARS BILL'S VOICE SPEAK FOR THE ORDERLY;  
BILL'S VOICE ORDERLY  
(in time) (in time)  
She's right in here.She's right in here.  
SPLIT SCREEN FINISHES  
STAY WITH The BRIDE'S SCREEN

The Bride decides the best course of action, till she gets her bearings, is to play possum. She throws herself back down on the bed, just as the three men enter her room. They see just what they expected to see, The Bride lying in her bed in her coma.

She duplicates her comatose eyes-wide-open-fixed stare. Except knowing she's awake, and sees everything in front of her, creates a slightly different effect.

The Bride, however, while she sees the Two Truckdrivers for what they are, when she sees The Orderly she sees Bill, when The Orderly talks she hears Bill. WE HOWEVER WILL NEVER SEE BILL'S FACE COMPLETELY.

The Orderly takes her shee covering off, and hitches up her hospital gown till her blonde pussy is exposed. He does kind of a "TA-DA" presentation of her vagina.

#### THE ORDERLY

Now is that the cutest little blonde pussy you ever saw, or is that the cutest little blonde pussy, YOU-EVEA-SAW?

Trucker #2 (Gerald) would tend to agree, Trucker #1 (Warren) fronts.

#### WARREN

I seen better.

CU The BRIDE EYES WIDE OPEN PLAYING POSSUM. She can't believe she's being exhibited in this manner. A look of chagrin crosses her trying-to-be expressionless face, "I've seen a fuck load better than you, fatass."

#### THE ORDERLY

Yeah, in a movie - maybe. But I know damn well this is the best pussy you ever saw you had touchin rights to. The price is seventy five dollars a fuck gentlemen, you gittin your freak on or what?

The Truckers pay the bill of fare.

As The Orderly counts The Truckers' money, he lays out the rules;

THE ORDERLY

Here's the rules; Rule number one;  
no punchin 'er.  
Nurse comes in tomorrow an she got  
'er a shiner - or less some teeth,  
jig's up. So no knuckle sandwiches  
under no circumstances. And by the  
way, this little cunt's a spitter -  
it's a motor reflex thing but spit  
or no, no punchin. Now are we  
absolutely positively clear about  
rule number one?

TWO TRUCKERS

Yeah.

THE ORDERLY

Rule number two;  
No monkey bites, no hickeys - in  
fact no leavin no marks of no kind.  
But after that, it's alllll gooooood.  
Her plummin down there don't work  
no more, so feel free to cum in 'er  
all ya wont. Keep the noise down -  
try not to make a mess, and I'll be  
back in twenty.

The Orderly turns to leave, then remembers something, and turns back. He takes out the most disgusting jar of vaseline in the history of cinema, and hands it to Warren.

THE ORDERLY

Oh by the way, not all the time,  
but sometimes this cunt's cunt can  
get drier than a bucket of sand.  
If she dry, lube up with this and  
you'll be goo to go. BON-APPETIT,  
gentlemen.

And with that, The Orderly's gone.

The BRIDE'S POV:

As soon as he leaves the Two Truckers start giggling. Warren begins to unbuckle the belt that lies beneath his belly. While he looks down to accomplish this, The BRIDE'S POV BLINKS.

GERALD

Hey Warren, she just blinked.

WARREN

He said she can't blink.

GERALD

I know what he said, I'm tellin ya she just did.

Warren drops his Levi's to his ankles.

WARREN

Just wait, when I get through with this little dumbbell, she gonna stand up and recite the Gettysburg Ad-dress.

Warren begins to climb up on the bed and mount The Bride. Before he does he stops, and looks back to Gerald.

WARREN

Hey, Gerald.

GERALD

Yeah?

WARREN

This shit ain't no peep show. Go out in the hall and I'll let ya know when it's your turn.

GERALD

Awww c'mon, I gotta leave the room?

WARREN

I can't get no erection wit you lookin at me, so go on.

GERALD

Well, just hurry up then.

Gerald leaves the room; we go out with him in the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY (HOSPITAL) - NIGHT

Gerald paces, waiting for his turn behind the door.

THEN...

He hears behind the door a commotion, then Warren SCREAM LIKE A BITCH. He bangs on the closed door and says;

GERALD

He man, keep it down in there, I  
can hear your ass out here.

More falsetto SCREAMS behind the door...

THEN...

The HEAVY THUD of a body falling. Not what the expected.

INT. THE BRIDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gerald pushes open the door to see one hellva sight. His buddy, bloody and lying motionless on the floor, and The Bride lying haphazardly on the bed, in her coma.

He moves to his buddy, who's dead. Then moves to The comatose Bride... Who SUDDENLY SPRINGS TO LIFE, GRABBING him by the front of his shirt, YANKING HIM DOWN TO HER, and PLUNGING the I.V. NEEDLE in her arm DEEP INTO HIS TEMPLE, THEN TWISTING IT AROUND and AROUND, turning the right side of his brain into scrambled eggs a la The BRIDE.

She tosses the now brain-dead Gerald to the floor.

The BRIDE

upon waking, without leaving the bed where she lay the last five years, has just killed two men. She throws off the bloody blankets, whips her legs off the side of the bed, and tries to stand - THEN QUICKLY FALLS OUT OF FRAME. WE HEAR THE CRASH BELOW FRAME.

The Bride is flat on the floor. Her legs and feet don't work. Which means she's stuck on the floor with only a functioning

top half, and a completely useless bottom half. What's a girl to do?

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors open, and The Orderly steps out.

BACK TO The BRIDE

She hears the sound of Bill's boots approaching the room...  
STEP...STEP...STEP...

She sees Gerald has a Trucker's knife in a holster attached to his belt. Her hands removes it.

The Orderly swaggers down the hall to The Bride's room, red Reeboks slapping against the smooth floor.

CU The BRIDE

She SNAPS the knife's BLADE OPEN in her CU.

The Orderly pushes open The Bride's door, stopping in shock.

The ORDERLY'S POV:

He sees an empty bed with bloodstains on it, Two dead Truckers on the floor, and no Bride.

ORDERLY

Oh shit!

WE GO TO SLOW MOTION as he freaks, Then PAN DOWN HIM... Past shirts - pants - to his Reeboks...Once on the floor WE SEE The BRIDE, curled up low next to the doorway, behind his ankles, knife ready. WE GO BACK TO 24 FRAMES A SECOND. He steps into the room; when he does The Bride reaches out and SLASHES both of his Achilles tendons.

The STANDING ORDERLY

lets out a "YELP," adn FALLS OUT OF FRAME.

IMPACT CUT

The Orderly HITTING the floor face first. The boy is stunned.

The BRIDE (Confined to the floor)

crawls over and drags the stunned fucker across the floor, placing his melon head between the door and the door frame. Then taking the door in her right hand.

SLAM!

SLAM!

SLAM!

SLAMMING HIS HEAD THREE TIMES BETWEEN THE DOOR AND THE DOOR FRAME.

The ORDERLY lies on the floor in a stange state of consciousness. He's in both excruciating pain, and quite sure he's lost his mind, since at this moment he's lying on the floor, looking up at The comatose Bride asking him questions.

THE BRIDE

Where's Bill?

THE ORDERLY

(hurt and confused)

Who?

SLAM!

He screams.

THE BRIDE

Bill! Where is Bill!

THE ORDERLY

I dunno no Bill.

SLAM!

THE BRIDE

I saw him here myself.....

SLAM!

....Now do you tell me where he is,  
or do I beat your fuckin brains in?

SLAM!

THE ORDERLY

Please please stop, don't hit me  
again!

THE BRIDE

Where is Bill?

SLAM!

Suddenly The Bride sees the gold coke straw around his neck, that she thought she'd seen earlier on Bill. She snatches it from around his neck.

THE BRIDE

Where did you get this from?

THE ORDERLY

That's mine.

SLAM!

THE BRIDE

Bullshit! I saw Bill wearing it in this room ten minutes ago.

SLAM!

Then The Bride looks down and sees two tatoos on the Orderly's hand - one spelling "B.U.C.K." on each finger of his left hand. And another spelling "F.U.C.K." on the fingers of his right.

The Bride seems to look inside her own mind - Whenever she does this A SPECIAL THEME MUSIC WILL PLAY (We'll call it her REMEMBERING THEME).

WE DO A QUICK SHAW BROTHERS ZOOM INTO HER EYES - We see Buck enter her room that first night, five years ago.... He's holding in his hand one of those big flashlights you use in a tent when camping. -- It gives off a soft blue light. Buck examines The Bride through the blue.

BUCK

Well, ain't you the slice of cutie  
pie they all said you wuz. Well  
Ma'am, I'm from Longview Texas, my  
name's Buck, and I'm here to fuck.

He starts to unbuckle his belt.



WE ZOOM OUT OF HER EYES INTO A CU. The REMEMBERING THEME CUTS OFF. She looks down at Buck and says;

THE BRIDE

Your name's Buck, right? And you came to fuck, right?

A "how the fuck does she know look," crosses his face.

The Bride looks down at him....The VENGEANCE THEME BEGINS PLAYING LOUDLY ON The SOUNDTRACK, and the VEIN IN HER FOREHEAD BECOMES PRONOUNCED and begins to PULSATE IN TIME WITH The MUSIC. Every time The Bride comes face to face with a tormenter, this Theme will play on the soundtrack. By mid movie this music should drive the audience wild with orgasmic anticipation of the carnage to come...

...and With the door in her hand and one mighty slam, this Longview Texas boy is sent to the Promised Land.

She searches the dead man's pockets, coming up with a brown wallet that says on it, "BIG EL PASO PIMPIN," loaded with lettuce. She also pulls out a set of car keys on a pickup truck key chain that has the words, "Pussy Wagon" on it written in a pimpy font. She gathers up all these items, and Gerald's knife, then begins to strip Buck of his orderly uniform.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The elevator doors to the hospital's underground parking lot open, revealing The Bride in Buck's orderly scrubs in a wheelchair.

She wheels out of the elevator fast into the parking lot. Her arms spinning the wheels as she goes down the line of cars, looking for a pickup truck that Buck would own...she stops.

What made The Bride stop. The ass end of a big, yellow 4x4 hard-body pickup truck, with flames painted along the side, and the words, "PUSSY WAGON," written along the flat-bed hatch door. Pimpy font.

The Bride looks at Buck's key chain in her hand.

EX CU CAR KEY in truck door lock, it turns.

EX CU TRUCK DOOR LOCK POPS UP OPEN.

INT. BACKSEAT OF BUCK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The Bride pulls herself up into the backseat of Buck's pickup truck. Once in the backseat, she shoves the wheelchair away.

It rolls out of control down the parking ramp, and CRASHES.

Now The Bride's lying vertically in Buck's truck's backseat. Seemingly out of danger - at least out of sight - but she's still stuck hiding in the hospital. And until she regains full use of her legs and feet, this little Bride ain't goin anywhere or doin anything.

Lying flat, with the back of her head propped up against the door, her long, lifeless legs stretched out in front of her, her two bare feet at the end of them, pointing to the sky, the Bride focusses her eyes, her stare, her thoughts, her strength, and all her concentration....on her big toe.

SLOW ZOOM INTO BIG TOE....

SLOW ZOOM INTO HER FACE....

SLOW ZOOM INTO BIG TOE....

SLOW ZOOM INTO FACE.

THE BRIDE  
(monotone)  
Wiggle your big toe.

Toe doesn't move an inch.

THE BRIDE  
Wiggle your big toe.

It doesn't move.

THE BRIDE  
Wiggle your big toe.  
(VOICE OVER)  
As I lay in the back of Buck's

pickup truck, trying to will my  
limbs out of entropy, I could see  
the faces of the cunts who did this  
to me, and the dick responsible.  
Members all of Bill's brainchild;  
"The Deadly Viper Assassination  
Squad."

## TITLE SEQUENCE

For what looks like a 60's television show about an ALL-GIRL  
HIT SQUAD, complete with its own LALO SHIFFRIN THEME MUSIC.  
Against a BRIGHT ORANGE BACKGROUND, A SNAKE WITH SIX HEADS  
(All different breeds), DONE IN A COOL BUT LOW-BUDGET SPEED  
RACER-STYLE OF ANIMATION, rears its heads to strike.

The IMAGE FREEZES... AND THE SHOW'S TITLE (In an especially  
cool font) AND LOGO (The black silhouette of five sexy gals  
each with a samurai sword hanging from their hip, and one guy  
in a black suit) APPEAR BENEATH IT.

"The DEADLY VIPER  
ASSASSINATINO SQUAD  
the D.iV.A.S."

The SHOW CAST CREDITS START:

WE SEE The BRIDE doing something cool...FREEZE

SCREEN GOES ORANGE except for a SCOPE-SIGHT RIFLE GRAPHIC  
WITH CROSSHAIRS over The Bride's face. OFF TO THE SIDE IS HER  
IDENTIFYING CREDIT;

"Starring  
(The Bride's real name is covered by a stamp that reads)  
CLASSIFIED  
as  
BLACK MAMBA"

A beautiful Japanese woman wielding a samurai sword - FREEZE  
ORANGE B.G. SCOPE-SIGHT GRAPHIC

"Starring  
O-REN ISHII  
as  
COTTONMOUTH"

VERNITA GREEN doing something cool - FREEZE  
SAME GRAPHIC

"Starring  
VERNITA GREEN  
as  
COBRA"

The older, male doing something cool - FREEZE  
SAME GRAPHIC

"Starring  
BUDD  
as  
SIDEWINDER"

ELLE DRIVER doing something cool - FREEZE  
ORANGE B.G. SCOPE-SIGHT GRAPHIC;

"Starring  
ELLE DRIVER  
as  
CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN SNAKE"

As the DEADLY VIPER ASSASSINATION SQUAD OPENING THEME PLAYS  
WE SEE VARIOUS SHOTS of The Vipers (all dressed alike in the  
same BLACK, SKINTIGHT CAT SUITS, except for Budd, the male  
who wears a BLACK SUIT) all doing exciting shit. It ends with  
the reappearance of the six-headed snake logo, and the six,  
black silhouettes.  
The FINAL CREDIT APPEARS;

"Created and Produced  
by  
BILL"

WE MOVE INTO A HEAD and SHOULDERS CU OF The BRIDE'S BLACK  
SILHOUETTE.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)  
Now after five years of beauty  
sleep I knew absolutely nothing  
about my enemies' strengths  
weakness or whereabouts. But as  
fated by God vengeance would have  
it, I who knew nothing - knew one

thing. As sure as God made little green apples...

WE MOVE FAST TO O-REN ISHII'S SILHOUETTE, The SILHOUETTE BECOMES A POSED PICTURE OF O-REN in all her Deadly Viper glory.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

(continued)

....if O-Ren Ishii, the first name on my Death List, was still alive... she'd live in Japan. O-Ren Ishii, made her first acquaintance with death at the age of eleven.

FLASH ON

CU O-REN (11-years old), hiding under a bed, watching...

...her FATHER (dressed in the uniform of a sergeant for the American Army) fighting THREE YAKUZA GANGSTERS. He kills one with his bare hands. The other two slice him to death with samurai swords...

...and her MOTHER being raped by the same men. When they finish, they SHOOT her.

Little O-Ren watches, hidden from sight, with the eyes and face of a stone.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

It was at that age, a half-Chinese, half-Japanese American Army brat witnessed the murder of her Master Sergeant father. And the rape, then murder of her mother at the hands of Japan's most ruthless Yakuza boss, Boss Matsumoto. She swore revenge...luckily for her, Boss Matsumoto was a pedophile.

SHOCK CUT

O-REN ON TOP OF BOSS MATSUMOTO PLUNGING A HUGE KNIFE INTO HIS CHEST. A STREAM OF RED BLOOD SHOOTS UP OUT OF HIM like a geyser. Boss is naked, O-Ren wears a Japanese schoolgirl uniform.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

At thirteen, she got her revenge.

The Boss's screams cause TWO OF BOSS'S MEN to run into the room, only to be SHOT DOWN by O-Ren, as she removes a gun from a holster strapped to her thigh.

The 20-YEAR OLD O-REN ISHII on a rooftop with a high-powered, scope-sight rifle up to her eye. Her EYE is HUGELY MAGNIFIED in the SCOPE.

THE BRIDE

By twenty, she was one of the tip top of female assassins in the world.

She fires.

INT. CAR - DAY

A Central American General riding backseat of his government vehicle. TWO BEAUTIFUL LATIN WOMEN in one-piece bathing suits sit on either side of him. They both wear sashes down their front; one reads, "Miss Panama," the other reads, "Miss Venezuela." As we cut to this shot, he has both hands on each of their bare knees. He's laughing as the TOP OF HIS HEAD is BLOWN OFF.

The 23-YEAR OLD O-REN ISHII stands before Bill and The Bride. (Bill is not clearly viewed.)

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

At twenty-three she joined Bill's Deadly Vipers...

The 25-YEAR-OLD O-REN ISHII BEATING UP the pregnant Bride with the other Vipers...

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

At twenty five she did her part in the killing of eight innocent people, including my unborn daughter, in a small wedding chapel in El Paso Texas. But on that day, five years ago, she made one big

mistake...

POSED FIGURE of the BRIDE in all her pre-beating bridal gown glory.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)  
...she Should of killed nine.  
However, before statisfaction would  
be mine, first things first...

CU The BRIDE IN BUCK'S TRUCK  
An hour and a half later from the last time we saw her.

THE BRIDE  
Wiggel your big toe.

CU The BRIDE'S BIG TOE  
wiggles - slightly.

THE BRIDE  
Hart part's over. Now let's get  
these other piggies wiggling.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK FRAME  
SUBTITLE APPEARS:  
"Thirteen Hours Later"

BEGIN MUSIC MONTAGE

FADE UP ON

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DAY

Pavement of the parking lot. We HEAR a CAR DOOR OPEN OFFSCREEN, then The Bride's bare foot comes from above FRAME, stepping down INTO The SHOT.

She walks around to the driver's side and climbs in.

She sticks Buck's ignition key in its slot and turns.

The truck's engine RUMBLES to life.

She spies a pair of Elvis T.C.B. SUNGLASSES lying on the

dash. She puts them on.

EXT. TEXAS STREETS/ INT. TEXAS STORES - DAY

The Bride drives Buck's big, yellow pussy wagon all over El Paso buying supplies.

WE FOLLOW Her bare feet into a clothing store.

Her feet, legs, and ass slip into a new pair of LEVI'S.

Her hands grab a pair of CHERRY BROWN COWBOY BOOTS.

Then slips on the cowboy boots.

Chooses another TOP.

And finds a warm JACKET.

She opens Buck's "BIG EL PASO PIMPIN" wallet, and pays for the items.

She emerges from the store wearing her new outfit, and climbs back in the truck.

She drives, stopping at a DEPARTMENT STORE, and walking inside.

She picks up a SHOVEL, a HAND PICKAXE, a big CAMPING FLASHLIGHT, a MAP OF TEXAS, a writing NOTEBOOK, and a bunch of RED and BLACK FELT PENS.

While the Bride is buying items in the department store we'll CROSSCUT....

...with her driving the pussy wagon up to a low-rent motel called, "The Texican"....

...Her Registering with the OLD BASTARD of a desk clerk, getting the key, and paying him out of the "BIG EL PASO PIMPIN" wallet....

...her drawing a bath in the bathroom of the motel room...

Shampoo is taken off the shelf of the department store...



...conditioner...

...a bar of soap...

...hot water runs out of the bathtub faucet...

...steam rises off the hot bathwater...

...she pulls down a bunch of bath products, like bubble bath, salts, apricot this - kiwi that, we see her pour all the items in the bathwater...

...then we see her bare foot enter the bathwater...

...then Lower her whole body into the bathwater...

...now submerged in the warm bathwater, by herself, perfect MUSIC CUE ON SOUNDTRACK, she begins to cry...her poor heart has been shattered and five years of tears come flooding out of her.

She cries for her baby...

She cries for the motherhood robbed from her...

She cries for all the innocent people at the wedding chapel, who died simply because they were unlucky enough to cross her path...

She cries for the betrayal at the hands of her lover...

She cries for the treachery at the hands of her comrades...

She cries for the five years of life snatched from her...

She cries for the countless violations she endured while incapacitated...

And finally, she cries for all the misery she will cause the undeserving.....enroute to Bill's retribution. Retribution that begins the minute she steps out of this bathtub.

She curls up into a fetal position inside the tub of warm water...weeping.

We DOLLY back...to give our heroine some privacy...WE

DISSOLVE through the bathroom door...Till we're on the other side, filming a closed door with crying on the other side.

When she's finished shedding tears, is when she'll begin shedding blood.

When the bathroom door opens, the woman that emerges, has closed out all of her emotions...save from one...revenge.

It's that woman, in her new outfit, that climbs into the yellow pussy wagon, puts the T.C.B. Sunglasses over her eyes, and starts the engine that sets into motion the gory story to follow.

END OF MUSIC MONTAGE

EXT./INT. BUCK'S TRUCK DRIVING IN DESERT (MOVING) - NIGHT

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD:

The truck shines its headlight beams on an open patch of prairie wasteland. We see dirt, rocks, plants, and an oil derrick pumping up and down.

The Bride STOPS the truck.

Taking her flashlight with her, The Bride walks into the headlight beams towards one rock on the ground in particular.

She lifts it off the ground, there's an X on it's underside.

She smiles. If the X hadn't been there, she would have taken it as a sign that her vengeance quest was never meant to be. But as it is there, it would appear that fortune has smiled on The Bride and her bloody intentions.

She walks back to the truck, takes the shovel and the hand pickaxe out from the flatbed, reaches into the truck cab and CHANGES THE MUSIC TO A POUNDING HEAVY METAL ANTHEM.

CU The BRIDE'S COWBOY BOOTS

next to the X ROCK

IN TIME WITH The METAL, The Bride's cowboy boots count out ten paces from the rock.

When the boots stop, the flashlight ENTERS THE SHOT illuminating the spot, THEN...the shovel ENTERS, striking deep in the unmarked earth.

EXT. TEXAS DESERT - NIGHT

Deep in the middle of Fuck-Knows Texas, lit by the headlights of Buck's 4x4, The Bride digs a hole in the ground.....TILL...

She HITS SOMETHING HARD.

She gets down on her knees, hacking away at the dirt with the hand pickaxe, till a large box covered in plastic is revealed. She hoists it up out of the earth.

She rips off the plastic, revealing a large, green Army footlocker, untouched by the condensation of being buried in the ground for over five years. Flipping the two locks open, she lifts the lid, placing the big camping flashlight on the rim.

Unfolding a sleeping bag long-ways, she bought at the department store. The Bride begins collecting the contents of her buried treasure, and laying them on the sleeping bag.

We see her remove them from the footlocker, one by one.

The HEAVY METAL CONTINUES ON THE SOUNDTRACK.

2 9mm AUTOMATICS, w/ AMMO  
and HOLSTERS.

1 small HAND GUN, w/ AMMO  
and HOLSTER (which fits around the thigh).

1 SNUB NOSE .38  
w/ ANKLE HOLSTER.

1 double-edged SOG KNIFE  
w/ HOLSTER

1 MOSSBERG PUMP ACTION SHOT GUN w/ AMMO

1 SILVER STEEL BOOMERANG, w/ a double-sided razor's edge  
w/ HOLSTER.

1 old fashioned STRAIGHT RAZOR

1 BLACK VERTICAL ATTACHE CASE.

She flips it open, and inside broken down into four separate pieces is a HIGH-POWERED, SCOPE-SIGHT RIFLE.

1 MANILA ENVELOPE.

She reaches in and pulls out a PHOTOCOPY OF HER SONOGRAM. There on the page is a photocopy of her unborn baby girl. A fierce grimness crosses her face as she places the sonogram back in the envelope.

1 CLEAR ZIP-LOCK BAG containing a PHONY I.D. and BANK BOOK both w/ the name "CANDY RALSTON" on them. Reaching back in the locker she pulls out the final item,

1 SMALL KEY attached to a "DEALY VIPERS" KEY CHAIN.

She rolls up the weapons in the sleeping bag, and drives off. The HEAVY METAL CONTINUES...

CU SIGN reading, COMMONWEALTH BANK OF TEXAS

INT. COMMONWEALTH BANK OF TEXAS - DAY

CU The BRIDE

standing at a teller window, she holds up her key.

INSERT: 1 BANK BOOK and 1 DRIVER'S LICENSE w/ The Bride's photo on it and the name "CANDY RALSTON" on each.

INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - DAY

The Bride, with a big athletic bag slung over her shoulder, watches a TELLER remove four safety deposit boxes.

INT. PRIVATE AREA - DAY

Where you look inside your safety deposit box by yourself.

The Bride opens up the first box...

...It's filled w/ CASH.

She opens up the second box....

...It's filled w/ CASH.

She opens up the third box....

....It's filled w/ CASH.

She opens up the fourth box....

....She Takes out a BAG. Inside the bag are 14 FORGED PASSPORTS and DRIVER'S LICENSES in 14 different names.

Also in the box, is one COMPACT REFRIGERATOR CASE. She opens it, inside are 2 BEAUTIFUL HANDMADE GOLD SYRINGES and 1 VIAL OF FLUID.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS UNDERNEATH:

TRUTH SERUM

of Bill's own

concoction.

He calls it,

"The Undisputed Truth."

AS The HEAVY METAL CONTINUES...WE see The BRIDE leaving the bank, all the weapons she needs, all the money she needs, taking the first step on her bloody trail...

A RINKY DINK GRAPHIC OF A MAP OF JAPAN

The tiny figure of a black AIRPLANE flies over the map, leaving a dotted-line trail behind it. We move into the black airplane and DISSOLVE to

INT. AIRPLANE (FLYING)

OVERHEAD SHOT

of the Bride in her passenger seat, flying to Japan. We see she's holding a clean white handkerchief. She's sewing the name "Bill" in the corner.

END OF MUSIC MONTAGE.

BLACK FRAME

TITLE CARD:

Chapter Three

"The MAN From OKINAWA"

FADE UP ON

INT. SUSHI BAR (OKINAWA, JAPAN) - DAY

The ENTRANCE to a tiny sushi bar, covered by a Japanese curtain....

SUBTITLE APPEARS:

"The City of  
OKINAWA, JAPAN"

....The fabric is moved aside, and The Bride enters the shot, and the tiny establishment.

The little fish and sake bar is the definition of the word cozy. Besides The Bride, the only other person inside is The SUSHI CHEF, who smiles at her behind the midget bar.

This Japanese man in his mid-fifties greets the tall, blonde western girl with a turned-on-for-the-tourists affability.

English? SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)

Almost -- American. THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)

Ahhhh,...America, welcome... SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
Welcome... My English -- Very good.

The Bride smiles at this and walks further inside. She doesn't come across as one of the world's deadliest assassins, but instead as a sweet, slightly airheaded, American tourist.

Domo. THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)

The Sushi Chef gives an exaggerated look of surprise, and says;

Oh, "Domo", Very good -- very good, SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
you speak Japanese?

Nooo, just a few words I learned THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
since yesterday. - May I sit at the

bar?

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
Sure sure sure - sit. What other  
words did you learn - excuse me --

The Sushi Chef YELLS IN JAPANESE, to someone OFFSCREEN.

The Bride thinks the restaurant so small it's almost hard to  
imagine there could be a back room to it.

Before getting a response from whoever it was he was yelling  
to a moment ago, The Sushi Chef turns back to The Bride.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
-- What other Japanese you learn?

The Bride puts on a thinking face.

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
Oh...let's see..."Arigato."

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
"Arigato"...Very good.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
..."Ah-So"...

SUSHI CHEF (JAPANESE)  
"Ah-So!" You know what "Ah-So"  
means?

THE BRIDE  
"I See."

SUSHI CHEF  
I see - Very good.

THE BRIDE  
I already said "Domo", right?

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
Yes.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
"Kon-netie-wa."

The Sushi Chef goes "Oooh" like he's just discovered the answer to a mystery.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
..."Kon-nichi-wa"...repeat please.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
"Kon-nichi-wa?"

Saying with surprise and admiration;

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
Most impressive...you say Japanese words, like you Japanese.

The Bride smiles and lets loose with a girlish giggle.

THE BRIDE  
Now you're making fun of me.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
No no no - serious business.  
Pronunciation - very good. You say "Arigato" ...like we say "Arigato."

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
Well, thank you - I mean...arigato.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
You should learn Japanese - very easy.

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
No kidding, I heard it's kinda hard.

Whenever the Sushi Chef doesn't either hear your or understand you, he yells the word;

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
What!

And everybody always speaks LOUDER and CLEARER immediately afterwards.



THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
I always heard it was difficult.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
Yes yes yes - most difficult. But  
you have Japanese tongue.

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
Maybe I was Japanese in another  
life.

The Sushi Chef proclaims as if he should know;

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
Most definitely, most definitely  
Japanese in another life.

He sets an order of colorful, raw fish in front of the young  
blonde woman, that not only looks good, it looks beautiful.

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
How did you know tuna's my  
favorite?

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
What!

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
Tuna's my favorite.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
Ah, thank you very much.

He YELLS OFFSCREEN in Japanese agai. A little BALD JAPANESE  
MAN with a shitty attitude, comes out from the back room. He  
heads for the tall blonde asking in a grumbly voice in  
Japanese, "What she wants to drink?"

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
(to the bald man)  
I beg your pardon?

The Sushi Chef pantomimes drinking.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
- Drink -

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
Oh yes, a bottle of warm sake.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
Ahhh sake,  
(he holds up his thumb)  
Very good.

In Japanese he YELLS/ORDERS the warm sake, the little Bald Man disappears. The Bride takes a bite out of her fish.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
First time in Japan?

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
A-huh.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
What!

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
Yes, this is my first time.

As the chef slices the next portion with a large knife, he asks;

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
What brings you to Okinawa?

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
I came to see a man.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
Aaahh, you have friend live in Okinawa?

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
Not quite.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
Not friend?

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
I've never met him.

The Sushi Chef continues slicing.....

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
Who is he, may I ask?

THE BRIDE  
Hattori Hanzo.

There's a break in the Sushi Chef's slicing. After a beat, he brings a bloody finger INTO FRAME and sticks it in his mouth.

The little Bald man appears with a bottle of warm sake, he pours one for The Bride, then disappears again.

As The Bride sips the sake, she looks at the chef.

As The Sushi Chef sucks his finger, he looks at The Bride.

The Sushi Chef drops the voice he had been using up to that point...and IN JAPANESE SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH asks;

SUSHI CHEF (JAPANESE)  
What do you want with Hattori Hanzo?

The Bride answers in Japanese;

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
I need Japanese steel.

SUSHI CHEF (JAPANESE)  
Why do you need Japanese steel?

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
I have vermin to kill.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)  
You must have big rats you need Hattori Hanzo steel.

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
Huge.

INT. HATTORI HANZO'S ATTIC - DAY

The trap door in the floor opens up, and HATTORI HANZO (Sushi

Chef), climbs inside the room, followed by The Bride.

The room has many handcrafted samurai swords in hand-carved wooden sheaths resting on wooden racks running the length of the second half of the attic.

The Bride walks down the row of Japanese steel, looking and touching the shiny wood. She looks behind her to Hanzo who is still by the trap door, and says;

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
May I?

The Sushi Chef answers in ENGLISH;

HANZO (ENGLISH)  
Yes you may.....

She starts reaching for one...

HANZO (ENGLISH)  
...try the second one down in the sixth row on your left.

She finds it lying sleeping in its shiny, black sheath.

Her hand lifts it from the rack.

She UNSHEATHS the steel, partially....then with GREAT FLOURISH....completely.

Hanzo's mouth forms a smile.

HANZO (ENGLISH)  
Funny, you like samurai swords...

He pulls a baseball out of his pocket.

HANZO (ENGLISH)  
...I like baseball.

THEN SUDDENLY - HE THROWS THE BASEBALL HARD, right at The Bride's head....

QUICK AS A WHIP, SHE SLICES THE BALL IN HALF, IN MID AIR.

The two perfectly cut baseball pieces, hit the floor.

He gives her a slight nod, then crosses the attic towards her.

HANZO (JAPANESE)

I wanted to show you these....  
However someone as you, who knows  
so much must surely know, I no  
longer make instruments of death. I  
keep these here for their ascetic  
and sentimental value.

(he takes both sword and  
sheath from her...)

Yet proud tho I am of my life's  
work...

(...he closes them  
together)

I am retired.

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)

Then give me one of these.

HANZO (ENGLISH)

These are not for sale.

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)

I didn't say, sell me. I said, give  
me.

HANZO (ENGLISH)

And why should I be obliged to  
assist you in the extermination of  
your vermin?

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)

Because my vermin, is a former  
student of yours. And considering  
the student, I'd say you had a  
rather large obligation.

Hattori Hanzo goes to a dusty window, and writes the name,  
"BILL" on it with his finger.

The blonde girl nods her head yes.

The proud warrior moves over to the door in the floor,  
throwing it open.

He points into a corner...

HANZO (JAPANESE)  
...You can sleep there...

.....starts to descend....

HANZO (JAPANESE)  
...it will take me a week to make  
the sword...

.....before his head disappears, he says;

HANZO (JAPANESE)  
...I suggest you spend it  
practicing.

...he closes the door behind him.

She smiles slightly...then moves over to the window, takes  
out a handkerchief, and wipes Bill's name off.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK  
TITLE APPEARS:

"One week later"

Under black we hear Hattori Hanzo's voice in Japanese and  
read the subtitles;

HANZO (V.O.; JAPANESE)  
I'm done doing what I swore an oath  
to God 28 years ago to never do  
again. I've created, "something  
that kills people." And in that  
purpose I was a success.

FADE UP ON

CU HATTORI HANZO

HANZO (JAPANESE)

I've done this, because  
philosophically I'm sympathetic to  
your aim.

EX CU The HANZO SWORD

TRACKING EX CU of the Hanzo sword in its shiny, black wood sheath. At the base of the sheath, by the handle, he's carved the face of a lioness...

HANZO (V.O.; JAPANESE)

I can tell you with no ego, this is  
my finest sword. If on your  
journey, you should encounter God,  
God will be cut.

CU HANZO.

HANZO (JAPANESE)

Revenge is never a straight line.  
It's a forest. And like a forest  
it's easy to lose your way...to get  
lost...  
to forget where you came in. To  
serve as a compass, a combat  
philosophy must be adopted that can  
be found in the secret doctrine of  
the Yagu Ninja. And now my yellow  
haired warrior, repeat after me;

We go back and forth between CU of HANZO reciting the doctrine like a samurai drill instructor and the Bride repeating it.

HANZO (JAPANESE)

"When engaged in combat, the  
vanquishing of thine enemy can be  
the warrior's only concern...

The Bride repeats this...

HANZO (JAPANESE)

...This is the first and cardinal  
rule of combat...

The Bride repeats this...

HANZO (JAPANESE)  
...Suppress all human emotion and  
compassion...

The Bride repeats this...

HANZO (JAPANESE)  
...Kill whoever stands in thy way,  
even if that be Lord God, or Buddha  
himself...

The Bride repeats this...

HANZO (JAPANESE)  
This truth lies at the heart of the  
art of combat. Once it is  
mastered... Thou shall fear no  
one... Though the devil himself may  
bar thy way...

The Bride repeats this... Her eyes look at the greatest maker  
of swords on this earth and says;

THE BRIDE  
Domo.

EX CU The Hanzo Sword,  
her white hand with her long fingers COMES INTO FRAME and  
removes the beautiful, artful instrument of vengeance.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

TITLE CARD:

Chapter Four  
"SHOWDOWN at HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES"

CUT TO:

A BLANK PIECE OF DRAWING PAPER

A hand comes in and, as the Bride talks over this image,  
draws with a piece of charcoal, a portrait of the geisha  
regaled O-REN ISHII.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)  
When fortune smiles on something as



violent and ugly as revenge, at the time it seems proof like no other, that not only does God exist, you're doing his will. At a time when I knew the last about my enemies, the first name on my death list, was the easiest to find. But of course, when one manages the difficult task of becoming queen of the Tokyo underworld, one doesn't keep it a secret, does one?

The charcoal drawing gets color and becomes ANIMATED, turning into a JAPAMATION O-REN...

#### JAPANESE ANIMATION SEQUENCE

We see Japamation-style images of The Bride's verbiage.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

At the age of twenty, Bill backed his Nippon progeny financially and philosophically in her Shakespearian-in-magnitude power struggle with the other Yakuza clans, over who would rule vice in the city of Tokyo.

Japamation images of O-Ren and her Army, taking on ANOTHER YAKUZA ARMY, among falling cherry blossoms.

WE CUT BACK AND FORTH between cartoon images of this and the real life real McCoy samurai sword battle.

O-Ren's ability is simply amazing.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

When it was all over, it was the geisha-regaled O-Ren Ishii that proved the victor.

#### INT. JAPANESE NIGHT CLUB

O-Ren has just become the official leader of crime in the city of Tokyo. The six Yakuza clan bosses, each with TWO BODYGUARDS standing behind them, toast their new leader, with much laughter and drinking...all except one...BOSS TANAKA.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

And just in case you're wondering how could a half breed Japanese Chinese American become the boss of all criminal activity in Tokyo, Japan,... I'll tell you. The subject of O-Ren's blood and nationality came up before the council only once. The night O-Ren assumed power over the crime council.

Boss Tanaka is the picture of angered ambiance among the alcohol-fueled frivolity.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

The man who seems bound and determined to break the mood is Boss Tanaka. And what Boss Tanaka thinks is...

Boss Tanaka brings his fist down on the table, smashing the plate in front of him into itty bitty pieces.

The party comes to a halt as all eyes go to the leader of the Tanaka Crime Family.

CRIME FAMILY LEADER #2 (JAPANESE)

Tanaka? What's the meaning of this outburst? This is a time for celebration.

BOSS TANAKA (JAPANESE)

And what exactly should I be celebrating? The perversion of our illustrious council?

The Bosses all react with shock and outrage...O-Ren remains cool. She raises her voice for the first word, but lowers it for the rest of the sentence.

O-REN (JAPANESE)

Gentlemen...Boss Tanaka obviously has something on his mind. Allow him to express it.

BOSS TANAKA (JAPANESE)  
My father...  
(looking at a clan head)  
...along with yours and...  
(looking at another)  
...along With yours, started this  
council. And while you drink like  
fish and laugh like donkeys, they  
weep in the afterlife over the  
perversion committed today.

The BOSSES react again...O-Ren;

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
Silence!  
(then composed)  
Of what perversion do you speak,  
Tanaka?

Boss Tanaka looks at the female half-breed American and says;

BOSS TANAKA (JAPANESE)  
I speak, Mistress Ishii,...of the  
perversion done to this council,  
which I love more than my own  
children,...by making a half  
Chinese American its leader.

Then...

Faster than you can say Jimminy Cricket,...

O-Ren's samurai sword is unsheathed...

Boss Tanaka's head is liberated from its body...

The head hits the floor...

And from the spot between its shoulder blades, a geyser of  
blood shoots up in the air.

The BOSSES who were shocked at Tanaka's words are even more  
flabbergasted at O-Ren's resonse.

The two bodyguard's, standing behind Boss Tanaka, hands go to

their swords and draw them.

O-Ren turns her blade in their direction.

The Bosses and their bodyguards say nothing,...only watch.

The lady looks across at the two men and says in an authoritative voice;

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
Fight me or work for me.

They look at her for a moment, then they lower their swords.

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
Drop them on the ground.

They do.

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
Get behind me.

They do.

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
Get on your knees.

They do.

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
Put your foreheads on the floor.

They do.

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
Keep your mouths shut.

You better believe they do.

The mistress' eyes got to the other bosses looking at her.

As she speaks English, bodyguard translators translate for their bosses.

O-REN  
I'm going to say this in English so

you know how serious I am. As your leader, I encourage you to -- from time to time and always in a respectful manner, and with the complete knowledge that my decision is final -- to question my logic. If you're unconvinced a particular plan of action I've decided is the wisest, tell me so. But allow me to convince you. And I will promise you, right here and now, no subject will be taboo...except the subject that was just under discussion.

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
(to a bodyguard)  
Hand me that head.

He picks it off the floor and meekly offers it to the Queen.

She takes it by the hair and holds it up as she speaks.

O-REN (ENGLISH)  
The price you pay for bringing up either my Chinese or my American heritage as a negative is, I collect your fuckin head.  
(now completely American)  
Just like this fucker here. Now if any of you sonsabitches got anything else to say, now's the fuckin time.

Nobody says anything.

O-REN (ENGLISH)  
I didn't think so.  
(pause)  
Meeting adjourned.

EXT. THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES - JAPANESE RESTAURANT

The entire O-Ren Ishii crew moves through the restaurant. The CUSTOMERS all look up now as the crew passes. The restaurant staff acts as if the Shogun himself has just showed up on their doorstep demanding a meal. No doubt if the meal is not

satisfactory the staff will gladly slice off a finger. The door to a private dining room is slid open, the crew steps inside, the door is slid shut.

INT. PRIVATE DINING AREA (RESTAURANT) - NIGHT

The private dining area of the Japanese restaurant. The patrons are surrounded by white paper walls. The CAMERA CIRCLES around O-REN ISHII.

Sitting in between her, two personal bodyguards, the Yubari sisters, YUKI AND GO GO. The Yubari sisters are younger than O-Ren; Yuki is sixteen and Go Go is seventeen. Both girls are dressed in Japanese schoolgirl uniforms complete with plaid skirts and matching blazers.

FLASH ON  
EX CU OF AN EYEBALL (The BRIDE's)

On her right is her French and Japanese lawyer, SOFIE FATALE.

FLASH ON  
EX CU OF AN EYEBALL

The bunch of mop-topped young men, who all wear black suits, white shirts, thin black ties and Kato masks over their eyes, are her soldiers, "The CRAZY 88."

FLASH ON  
EX CU OF AN EAR, The Bride's fingers come into FRAME and move blonde hair out of the sensory appendage's way.

And finally there's a tall dark American in a black suit sans Kato mask -- that's O-Ren's head of security, MR. BARREL.

They're all drinking and having a good time as Sofie tells a joke in Japanese.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

The mop tops in black suits and Kato masks were O-Ren's soldiers, "The Crazy 88." The two young girls in the schoolgirl uniforms are her personal bodyguards, the Yubari sisters. Yuki, aged sixteen, and Go Go, aged seventeen. The pretty lady

who's dressed like she's a villain on Star Trek is O-Ren's best friend and her lawyer, Sofie Fatale. And finally, the American in the black suit but sans Kato mask, O-Ren's head of security, Mr. Barrel.

SUDDENLY O-Ren hears something. Like a deer in the forest, her head springs up on alert. It's almost as if she's listening to The Bride's narration.

The Bride's NARRATION SUDDENLY STOPS IN MIDSSENTENCE --

O-Ren removes a SMALL DAGGER-DART from the folds of her robe and THROWS IT in the direction of the sound.

CU The BRIDE dressed in a kimono on the other side of the private dining room's paper wall. The DART FLIES THROUGH The PAPER, STREAKS BY HER FACE, almost taking off the tip of her nose in the process.

INSERT: DART EMBEDS ITSELF IN A WOOD POST.

O-Ren's action instantly brings the room's frivolity to a halt. Mistress Ishii silently orders Go Go and Yuki to retrieve the eavesdropper.

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The white paper door to O-Ren's dining room SLAMS OPEN. Yuki and Go Go step into the corridor.

All trace of the Bride has vanished.

They look out over the restaurant, patrons look normal.

Whoever was there is gone now.

Go Go removes the small dagger from the wood post and the Yubari sisters go back into the private dining room, SLAMMING the door behind them.

ONE SHOT

CU The BRIDE at the bar, in her kimono, drinking a colorful cocktail. She

observes all the activity by O-Ren's private dining room. When the Yubari sisters go back inside, the Bride climbs off her barstool and goes through the restaurant...into the parking area...and up to her rental car. She opens the door. Takes off her Japanese kimono, underneath is a one-piece yellow track suit with a black stripe going down both sides, like the one Bruce Lee wears in "Game of Death." She tosses the kimono in the trunk, then removes the sheathed Hanzo sword. With the sword of vengeance in her hand, we follow her back inside the restaurant. She looks upstairs to the O-Ren dining room. We see Yuki Yubari and Sofie Fatale, slide open the door, and walk down the stairs together. When they get to the bottom, they give each other a kiss goodbye, and Yuki leaves the restaurant, while Sofie makes her way to the bathroom...only to have The Bride, now dressed in her Bruce Lee yellow outfit and samurai sword in her hand, bar her way.

END OF SHOT  
BACK AND FORTH  
between CU's of the two women, face to face.

SOFIE (JAPANESE)  
(to Bride)  
Can I help you?

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Yes, I am looking for the attorney  
of O-Ren Ishii, Sofie Fatale. Would  
that be you?

SOFIE (JAPANESE)  
I'm Mistress Ishii's attorney. How  
can I help you?

The Bride PUNCHES her in the face.

INT. O-REN'S PRIVATE ROOM

Aside from drinking like fishes, what is the queen of the Tokyo underworld - Mistress O-Ren Ishii - and her private army doing when we cut back?

Singing karaoke, of course.

It's Crazy 88 MIKI's turn at the mike and he's having a whale of a good time singing Dionne Warwick's "Walk On By," in



Japanese....

WHEN...

A COMMOTION is heard being made by the restaurant staff and the other patrons, from the other side of the white paper wall...Just as they all start to notice it, they hear;

THE BRIDE (O.S., JAPANESE)  
O-Ren Ishii! You and I have  
unfinished business!

The Crazy 88 spring to their feet. One slides open the door.

They see O-Ren's lawyer, Sofie Fatale, standing in the middle of the restaurant, her left arm completely outstretched, hand gripped around a post. She has a terrified look on her face. Before anybody on O-Ren's side of the room can say anything ...The Bride steps out from behind Sofie.

O-REN'S

reaction shows how effective the element of surprise turned out to be. She says The Bride's name softly to herself; it's BLEEPED OUT.

The Bride

The VENGEANCE THEME BURSTS ON THE SOUNDTRACK...The Vein on her forehead begins to pulsate. WE DO A QUICK SHAW BROTHERS ZOOM INTO HER EYES. A SPAGHETTI-WESTERN FLASHBACK of O-Ren beating the shit outta her at the wedding chapel IS SUPERIMPOSED OVER HER EYES. The FLASHBACK DISSOLVES, we ZOOM BACK INTO A CU, the vein stops pulsating, and the theme STOPS PLAYING OVER THE SOUNDTRACK, LEAVING A CLEAN, COLORFUL CU of The Bride loaded for bear.

She raises her Hanzo sword, and Slices off Sofie's Arm at the Shoulder with one stroke.

SOFIE

Spewing and Gushing Blood from her stump, twists her body in agony, painting the floor and the walls with giant Splashes of Red, as her body hits the floor, twitching in both surprise and shock.

The CRAZY 88

run out into the dining area and create a human wall between

themselves and their Mistress.

MR. BARREL AND GO GO

take positions on either side of O-Ren.

O-REN

seated in a shogun's seat, rises furiously to her feet.

O-REN (JAPANESE)

You bastard!

The Bride does a swipe in the air with her sword; Sofie's blood flies off the blade.

The entire floor of the dining room lies between the two warring parties.

The Bride

vs.

The Crazy 88

The restaurant's STAFF and PATRONS sit or stand rigidly in fear.

O-Ren says loudly to the room;

O-REN (JAPANESE)

Sorry everybody, but I'm afraid we're going to have to close the place. There's some private business that we must attend to now.

The Staff and The Customers Stampede the exits.

The Bride, The Crazy 88, and O-Ren hold their ground without moving a muscle, till the dining room, as well as the entire restaurant known as "The House of Blue Leaves," is deserted of every human not engaged in the face-off that precedes combat.

O-Ren gives a simple order;

O-REN

Miki.

MIKI, one of The Crazy 88 (The little one), steps forward,

unsheaths his sword, and yells at the yellow clad blonde.

MIKI (JAPANESE)  
You had it coming bastard!

Raising his samurai sword high, he Charges, Screaming A Banzai Scream...

The Bride turns to face him.

Miki Charging and Screaming...

The Bride slowly raises the Hanzo Sword into Striking Position.

Miki Charging and Screaming, almost on top of her.

The Bride, sword in position, waits for her opponent to arrive.

Miki arrives at his destination, he Swings...

The Bride Swings...

The Hanzo Sword Slices Miki's inferior blade in half. Miki looks down at the impotent weapon in his hand.

The Bride Thrusts her sword through Miki's abdomen, then Lifts the little guy off the ground straight up in the air.

Miki screaming, Impaled on her blade like a fish at the end of a spear. Held up in the air, restaurant light fixtures in the B.G.

O-Ren and her crew watch stunned.

The Bride Drops the shishkabobbed Miki into the koi pond that starts outside the restaurant and ends inside, with a huge blue splash. Koi pond - Blue water - Orange and yellow fish - Red blood - Dead man.

The BRIDE  
looks up from the pond, across the length of the floor, into the eyes of O-Ren Ishii.  
She takes one step forward, hears the slightest noise, Twirls the samurai sword in the air once, drops to one knee, and

thrusts the sword into the beige-colored carpet-covered floor. The sword sticks in the floor half way...

The Sound of human death rises from underneath the floor...

OVERHEAD SHOT

Looking down on The Bride at one end and O-Ren and her crew at the other. A Red Circle appears where the blade is buried in the floor...The red circle grows larger...and larger...and larger...and larger still...

Leaving the sword stuck in the floor, handle sticking straight up in the air, The Bride rises up from her one knee, and straight and tall, staring down the queen of the Tokyo underworld.

O-Ren  
her eyes narrow with rage. She screams out another order;

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
Tear the bitch apart!

The six remaining Crazy 88 unsheath their swords at the same time with a GREAT SOUND EFFECT.

They circle the Bride.

The BRIDE  
Inside the circle of Combatants who surrounded her. She Whips the sword out of the floor and raises her blade diagonally in front of her. Her eyes are reflected in the shiny steel.

Holding her sword in the diagonal position, The Bride can see reflected in the shiny blade, whoever stands behind her.

The six Crazy 88 Attack...

The BRIDE  
does a Zatoichi-like SWISH-SLASH-SWISH with her steel blade.

Four boys die an immediate samurai blade-inflicted death, SCREAMING GRUNT, TWITCHING BODY, FROZEN IN THE STANCE IT WAS SLASHED IN, RED BLOOD SQUIRTING FROM WOUNDS, THEN A CRASHING COLLAPSE TO THE FLOOR.

The last two put up more of a fight...but then one of them is

SLASHED and FALLS and the last one is SLASHED AND CRASHES THROUGH the restaurant's big picture window.

EX CU The EYES  
of The Bride, pointed down at the bodies by her feet,

...BEAT

...they Look back up at O-Ren.

O-REN  
standing in between Go Go and Mr. Barrel. Her eyes narrow.

The BRIDE  
swipes the air with her sword, the blood of the dead  
attackers flies off.

GO GO and MR. BARREL  
unsheath their swords.

WHEN...

We hear a LOUD SOUND of many ENGINES behind the Bride. Then  
behind her, through the broken pictures window we see  
seventeen motorcycles pull up to the parking lot. All the  
riders wear black suits with kato masks, and all carry  
samurai swords.

The BRIDE  
looks from the reinforcements to O-Ren.

O-REN  
smiles.

O-REN (ENGLISH)  
(to the Bride)  
You didn't think it was going to be  
that easy, did you?

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
(to O-Ren)  
You know, for a second there, yeah  
I did.

O-Ren smiles...

O-REN (ENGLISH)  
Silly rabbit...

Both O-Ren and the Bride finish the phrase together,...

O-REN/THE BRIDE  
...Trix Are for kids.

This is something they used to say back when they fought alongside of each other as "Vipers."

The seventeen Crazy 88 reinforcements come running into the restaurant and with drawn swords surround The Bride.

As a HEAVY METAL COMBAT BEAT begins to PULSATE ON THE SOUNDTRACK, The Boys and The Bride have a Spaghetti Western Stand-off.

We do a 360 INSIDE the CIRCLE of The Crazy 88, who surround the yellow-haired warrior. Not all have Samurai swords; one JUGGLES TWO HATCHETS, another TWIRLS A THREE-STAFF TRIPLE IRON over his head.

As the Heavy Metal music builds...We Cut to various Shots of The Two Opposing Forces Preparing to Strike...Hands on Sword Handles...Feet finding Combat Stance...etc...

....Until Heavy Metal reaches its Breaking Point...

...At that point, the Metal EXPLODES OVER THE SOUNDTRACK...IN TIME WITH The BRIDE EXPLODING INTO A VIOLENT KILLING MACHINE ON SCREEN.

As she matches skill with the army of black-suited boys, arms flailing, silver blade Clashing and Slashing, long blonde hair whipping like a whirling dervish....  
...She's a Goddess of War Venus.

Not only is the FIGHT CUT TO THE HEAVY METAL MUSIC, but The Bride seems to be somewhat dancing to it as she fights.

This explosion of furious violence is punctuated CINEMATICALLY BY THE COLOR IN THE FILM POPPING OFF, and the fight being filmed in HIGH CONTRAST BLACK AND WHITE, turning the squirting, spewing geysers of BLOOD FROM CRIMSON RED TO OIL BLACK.

Many members of The Crazy 88 are Sliced, Slashed, and liberated from the limbs they were born with at The Bride's blade.

Some SPECIFIC MOMENTS

While Clashing swords, The Bride whips the silver Boomerang out of its holster, and Throws it...

....It Twirls Through the Air...

...Embedding itself longways in one of the boy's faces.

The Bride does a Mid-Air Somersault over the head of an Attacker, landing solid on her feet behind him...Slash, he's Out.

The Bride is knocked to the floor, her Attacker stands over her to Spear the young blonde, Her Legs Spring Up In The Air, Ankles Lock Around The Boy's Neck.

She throws him down to the ground. With his neck still in the vise-like grip of her ankles, She removes The SOG Knife from its sheath and Plunges it Deep Into The Boy's Chest.

While still on the ground, an Attacker Charges at her. Yanking the Boomerang out of the Dead Boy's Face, She Sends It Flying in the Charging Man's path...

...Boomerang Twirling Through the Air Close to the Ground...

...Chopping Off the Charging Attacker's Foot in Mid Step, he falls flat.

The Bride jumps up onto an attacker's shoulders. She locks her legs around him so he's helpless at shaking her off.

...she swings down with her sword, and cuts the man's hands off.

So while the helpless man with no hands screams, the now nine foot tall Bride fights with the others.

When she's through she brings the blade across the man she's perched on's throat. He falls to his knees, bringing the

Bride back to the floor like an elevator.

As soon as her soles touch ground, she's off his shoulders, somersaulting on the floor, bringing her blade up between an attacker's legs into his groin.

He lets out a scream, as she yanks her blade free.

ONE ATTACKER steps out from the rest, "The Best One." He Twirls his sword expertly, challenging the young woman to, "Come get a piece."

The Bride does a screaming charge towards him....  
...Sword raised, The Attacker stands his ground, calm - steady, waiting for the blonde-haired locomotive to collide.....They meet.....

SWING - CLASH - DANCE - SEPARATE - SWING - CLASH - SPIN - CLASH - LOCK - TWIRL - SEPARATE -

They match each other blow for blow, till one makes a mistake. It's the male. The Bride's swing, that's neither clashed or blocked, slices off his right arm.

...The arm, still gripping the samurai sword, drops to the floor.

The Bride pushes the Hanzo Sword right through the middle of his chest.

Only half of the Crazy 88s that started the fight remain alive, or intact...They start to approach...The Bride, still holding the sword that's still impaling the skilled Attacker, backs up, keeping his body between her and the remaining killers.

Like a boxer, The Bride uses the momentary break in the action, to rest on her feet.....THEN...yanks the blade from his chest cavity....The Body Twitches - Spasms - Grunts and Crashes to the floor.

The Attackers start to close in...The Bride readies herself for their attack....THEN (in perfect time with the Heavy Metal)...Drops to the floor on her back, Spinning like a top. She Swings and Slashes and Cuts down below at their legs and feet, like some hellish samurai sword-wielding turtle flipped



over on its shell...

Many black-suited, mask-wearing boys drop to the ground.

...Still Spinning like a break dancer, she spins up on top of her head, and Pops back up on her feet.

And then there were seven.

The seven remaining sword-wielding, black-suited boys moved out of range of the Bride's blade when she dropped to the floor. Now spread out, they make a large half-circle.

The Bride, slowly points the tip of her blade to the floor, lowers herself to one knee and slightly bows her head. In repose.

EX CU The Bride's eyes pointed up, watch them move closer, COLOR COMES BACK INTO THE FILM. We see her face is splashed with blood.

O-REN  
WHIPS OPEN a red fan.

GO GO stands by the restaurant's junction box, she flips the switch.

The room goes dark.

The Crazy 7 make a wide circle around the blonde who's still on the floor....

...Looking down on her breathing hard in the shadows. As she breathes in and out, The FACE OF A LIONESS IS SUPERIMPOSED OVER HER FACE.

Breathe in (Bride) - Breathe out (Lioness) - Breathe in  
(Bride) - Breathe out (Lioness) .....

The Bride rises to her feet...

The Crazy 7 move in a circle around The Bride, she moves in a circle inside of their circle, all eight of them move in rhythm with the Metal...

The Heavy Metal Music builds....to a big finish...THEN both

Music and The Bride Explode!

WIDE SHOT - FRAMED LIKE A KABUKI STAGE

With the lights off, The White paper wall the eight killers fight in front of turns a Psychedelic Bright Blue. The snow falling outside is reflected against the paper wall like black snow falling on a blue shadow puppet stage.

The eight samurais are Black Silhouettes against the blue backdrop. They begin to combat in a dance of blood, steel and death. The Bride does a sword-weilding dosey-doe with all sword-weilding partners.

She CLISH-CLASH-CLISH-CLASHES with all of them - They seperate - stalk each other for a moment to the beat - then CLISH-CLASH-CLISH-CLASH again, with The Bride killing or hacking the limbs of one unlucky dance partner at each encounter - Sometimes during the separation, The Bride crouches down low in repose while the others continue to circle stalk...THEN...She Strikes again.

We Cut in closer whenever we need to.

Finally the last of O-Ren's soldiers falls to the Bride's sword.

GO GO

Standing by the junction box, flips a switch turning the lights back on. The electricity shines light on...

The BRIDE

Splashed all over with blood. Blood painting the floor, walls and ceiling. Dead bodies, several limbs, and horribly wounded men who have yet to die, litter the ground.

With a big "Whoosh" in the air, the blood of O-Ren's subordinates fly off the blonde avenger's blade.

Then saying to the foes who litter the ground.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)

Those of you lucky enough to still have your lives. Take them with you. But leave the limbs you've lost. They belong to me now.

The wounded men, crawl out of the restaurant.

The yellow-haired crimson-covered woman, looks to the last remaining combatants...Mr. Barrel, Go Go Yubari, and O-Ren Ishii.

Go Go

steps forward and removes her weapon, it's not a samurai sword. It's a heavy metal ball at the end of a long chain. She begins TWIRLING it above her head. Each rotation makes a WHOOSH sound in the air.

BALL AND CHAIN

in a 3-D-like effect, the metal ball comes right at us.

The BRIDE

ducks out of the way, the heavy ball destroying a large chunk of wood post behind her.

Go Go

eyes focused on her enemy...WHOOSH....WHOOSH....WHOOSH...she lets fly...

The ball and chains wrap around the blade of the Hanzo sword...

...Go Go yanks...

...the Hanzo sword FLIES out of her grip.

GO GO

smiles...then...WHOOSH...WHOOSH...

The BRIDE

removes her boomerang and THROWS it at Go Go.

The BOOMERANG

TWIRLS through the air heading right for Go Go.

BAM

The young bodyguard swats it out of the air with her ball and chain. She lifts up her chain and the boomerang lies bent, on the floor. She looks across at her opponent...WHOOSH...WHOOSH...WHOOSH..she LETS FLY. It Strikes the Bride in the chest, knocking her on her back...

...Go Go twirls it over her head and sends it towards the Bride on the floor. The Bride rolls out of the way, the metal ball PUNCHES a hole in an overturned table instead.

The weaponless Bride wrestles a table leg loose from its purpose.

She hops up on a table, table leg in hand, ready to fight.

Go Go hops up on a table...

As they fight they hop from table to table...

Go Go throws her ball and chain...

...The Bride - QUICK AS A WHIP...

BATS it away with the table leg.

Go Go lets loose with the balls and chain...it wraps around the Bride's ankle...Go Go YANKS...

...The Bride's leg is yanked out from under her, she FALL CRASHING through another table.

Go Go jumps on top of the Bride, attacking her with a samurai short sword. The Bride uses the table leg to block it.

The women fight fiercely, locked in grapple, each face ugly with struggle. Go Go lets her left earlobe get too close to the Bride's mouth...the Bride BITES DOWN on it. Go Go screams as the lower part of the appendage is bitten off, and she rolls off the Bride. The Bride comes at her, bringing the table leg -- WHOOPS UPSIDE HER HEAD -- WHOOP-WHOOP-SIDES-HER HEAD.

The girl in the schoolgirl uniform falls on her back, and delivers a powerful "C.K." to the Bride from below, dropping her to her knees.

O-Ren is UP, and wraps the chain around the Bride's neck and begins to strangle.

The chain digs into the Bride's throat.

The Bride brings the table leg, which has a couple of nasty looking nails in it, hard against the Japanese girl's thigh. The nails cut through the plaid school uniform skirt into her flesh...the Bride rips out the nails, taking some leg meat with them.

Go Go lets out a horrific scream.

The Bride brings the table leg down on the toe of the young girl's white tennis shoe. The nails stick in, the white shoe becomes stained with red.

Go Go SCREAMS letting loose of the chain...falling on the floor.

The Bride unwraps the chain around her neck, and begins breathing air into her lungs.

Go Go tries to escape, dragging her fucked-up leg with her...

The Bride rises from the floor and begins, twirling Go Go's weapon above her head.

Go Go, fast as she can, climbs up the stairs to the second floor...

The Bride stands at the bottom of the stairs, twirling the ball and chain over her head.

Go Go frantically, and in great pain, climbs the stairs... She gets to the top.

The Bride lets loose with the ball and chain...

It HITS the female bodyguard and one half of the Yubari sisters, smack DAB in the back of the head.

CU GO GO

We see her face as she's delivered a death blow right behind it. We see behind her eyes and features, her life and spirit shatter like a teapot.

Like a discarded rag doll, Go Go Yubari TUMBLES down the staircase landing in a pile at the Bride's feet. Dead before the tumble began.

The Bride throws the ball and chain to the floor. Her eyes go to the last two remaining combatants...

...Mr. Barrel and O-Ren Ishii.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Any more subordinates for me to kill, O-Ren?

Mr. Barrel says;

MR. BARREL  
One last one.

THE BRIDE  
You're Mr. Barrel, right?

MR. BARREL  
And you're Black Mamba.

THE BRIDE  
Our reputations precede us.

MR. BARREL  
Apparently.

THE BRIDE  
Tell me Mr. Barrel, why don't you wear your Kato mask? Are you and iconoclast?

Mr. Barrel takes out a kato mask on a stick, like from a 17th Century costume ball, and holds it over his eyes.

MR. BARREL  
I don't like that rubber band. It fucks up my hair.

THE BRIDE  
You shouldn't work for her.

MR. BARREL  
Too late.

THE BRIDE  
It's not too late to quit.

MR. BARREL

Do you have choices?

THE BRIDE

No.

MR. BARREL

I know exactly how you feel.

THE BRIDE

This has nothing to do with You and I, and everything to do with me taking satisfaction from that bitch behind you. And there's absolutely positively no way I'M going to leave here without taking that satisfaction. So Mr. Barrel, you have to stand aside. And that means you must quit, right now.

MR. BARREL

I can't.

THE BRIDE

Yes you can.

MR. BARREL

No I can't.

THE BRIDE

Don't say "Can't", there are no "Cant's." Yes - You - Can.....

O-REN ISHII

Screams at her "...last line of defense;"

O-REN (ENGLISH)

What are you waiting for? Are you on a date? Attack her you fool!

THE BRIDE

Oh my God...

(pause)

...She just called you a fool. She just called you a fool in front of

me. Not only am I your opponent.  
I'm a female fellow countryman.  
And you're going to risk your life -  
to say nothing of harming me - for  
a woman who refers to you as a  
fool?

O-REN  
is furious, and slaps Mr. Barrel on the shoulder.

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
Attack, Goddamn you!

The Bride acts like she's embarrassed to witness what she  
just saw.

Mr. Barrel spins in O-Ren's direction shooting her a look  
she's never seen from him before.

He then looks back to the Bride.

Her eyes are waiting for his. She says with just the  
slightest hint of plea in her voice;

THE BRIDE  
I'll owe ya one.

He looks at her a BEAT longer...then says as he resheaths his  
sword;

MR. BARREL  
The things I do for a pretty face.

INSERT: The Blade sliding back down into the Sheath, The  
Handle locks into place with a Click.

He looks back over his shoulder at his former Mistress, and  
says;

MR. BARREL (JAPANESE)  
I quit.

O-Ren fries and egg on her head.

Then with his sheathed Sword in his right hand, and his left  
hand in his pants pocket, he walks across the carnage-strewn



room and out the front door. As he walks, when he's parallel with the Bride, He stops and says;

MR. BARREL

About that one you owe me.

THE BRIDE

Yes?

MR. BARREL

I'm gonna collect someday, you know?

THE BRIDE

I'll be disappointed if you don't.

He continues walking without a look back. Before he Exits the restaurant, he throws a look in Sofie's direction, Who's lying minus her arm in a pool of her own blood, and says;

MR. BARREL

Tough luck bout that arm Sofe.

He exits the Movie.

O-REN and The BRIDE  
match eyes. The Japanese gal says;

O-REN (ENGLISH)

Very funny.

(pause)

Your instrument is quite  
impressive.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)

Domo.

O-REN (JAPANESE)

Where was it made?

THE BRIDE

Okinawa.

O-REN (JAPANESE)

Whom in Okinawa made you this  
steel?

THE BRIDE  
This is Hattori Hanzo steel.

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
YOU LIE!!

The Bride just smiles at her rival's response.

O-Ren's composure returns.

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
Swords however never get tired. I  
hope you've saved your energy. If  
you haven't, you might not last  
five minutes.  
(pause)  
Have you seen the garden in this  
establishment?

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
No.

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
Oh, you really should. It's quite  
beautiful. Allow me.

O-Ren moves out of the position she's stood in for the entire battle. She steps on the doormat of a corpse, that serves the same purpose of a bottom step, and moves over to the white paper wall and slides it open....REVEALING....

.....A WHITE WINTER WONDERLAND, set against a Jet Black sky. A Snow-covered Japanese Garden awaits right outside. Snow falls from the sky (Slightly artificial, not phony - but Operatic/Theatrical). O-Ren stands next to the Bride in the doorway looking out into the white night.

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
As last looks go, you could do  
worse.

The Queen of the Tokyo Underworld steps outside...

The Bride follows her...

INT. SNOW-COVERED JAPANESE GARDEN - NIGHT

As snow falls around them, they stand the correct distance from one another.

COMBAT MUSIC BEGINS PLAYING, but not Japanese drums - Spanish Flamenco Guitar.....

The Bride Unsheaths her Sword Quickly...Holding it out in front of her...Tip of Blade pointed at O-Ren...Sword's Handle and her Fingers wrapped around that handle, up by her cheek...Her eyes are Reflected on the Blade...Snow falls around her.

O-Ren begins walking forward towards the Bride...She raises up her Sword, still in its sheath, in front of her face vertically...then begins slowly unsheathing it...Snow falls around her.

O-REN'S FEET

White socks in wooden clogs, walk forward, Crunching Snow underneath them...

The BRIDE

Holding Sword...Eyes reflected in Blade...her Yellow Sneakers Crunching snow underneath them...

O-REN

when her Sword is fully unsheathed, the Japanese combat artist holds both arms straight out at her sides, Sword in one hand - Wood sheath in the other, like a bird....

....The Two Women circle each other....

They SWING - CLASH - DANCE - SEPARATE...CIRCLE...SWING - CLASH - DANCE - SEPARATE...

O-REN LEAPS in the air

does a Somersault over the Bride's head, landing behind her opponent. She brings her Sword down in a Slashing Swing...

SLASHING The BRIDE

across her back - Spinning her around...

O-Ren goes in for the kill...The Bride meets her blade... The Blades Clash and Lock...The Two Women's faces come together

as the Blades become entangled...

O-Ren moves her arm in a counter-clockwise motion that loosens the grip enough to bring her sword handle hard into The Bride's mouth...

Knocking her backwards over a small, stone bench - Flat on her ass in a koi pond.

- The Combat Guitar Stops -

O-Ren doesn't charge the fallen blonde, She laughs;

O-REN (ENGLISH)

Silly Caucasian girl likes to play with samurai swords. Bill might of humored you, but you will find neither humor nor mercy at my blade. Now unless you intend to commit sepeku among the koi, stand up and fight. You may not be able to fight like a samurai, but you can at least die like a samurai.

The Combat Guitar starts again...As The Bride slowly rises out of the koi pond. She brings up her sword and Says Calmly to O-Ren in Japanese;

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)

Attack me. With everything you have.

The Two Women Clash Swords furiously, their attack ends with The Bride's Striking O-Ren - not fatally - but deep. They separate...

...breathing hard...Cold Air coming out of their mouths like two locomotives...

O-Ren looks down to her wound, then back up to The Bride. The respect for the Bride's ability is transparent.

The Two Women Circle Stalk each other again...

Red Blood running down Yellow Legs onto Yellow Sneakers...

Wooden Clogs crunching the Snow, Blood trail dripping down legs staining White Socks with Red...

They Attack, the Geisha figurine and The tall western girl with the mane of Whipping Blonde Hair. They Swing - Twist - Turn - Clash, matching blow for blow till they both back off.

Both Women are out of breath and have to stop to recuperate. As they both drink the harsh cold air into their lungs, leaving red blood stains in the white snow, the two females have the same thought. The next clash will be their last.

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
I apologize for ridiculing you earlier.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Accepted.

They continue breathing...

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Ready?

O-REN (JAPANESE)  
Yes.

The Flamenco Guitar begins again, as The Two Women Circle each other for their final attack.

With all the quickness and skill at their command, they clash in a superb display of Samurai Swordplay...TILL...They Find themselves on opposite sides of a garden wall...

...The Bride and O-Ren both begin Running diagonally through the snow, Swords held up high, Facing each other, Continuing to run even after they passed the wall, Screaming their Samurai hearts out...

UNTIL...

They both SWING...

...can't tell who got who...

A SCALP OF LONG, BLACK HAIR FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, landing in

the white snow.

CU O-REN ISHII

facing away from the Bride. Sword still in her hand. We see she doesn't have the TOP OF HER HEAD ON. A touch of her BRAIN is exposed. Blood Droplets streak her face like raindrops. The Queen of the Tokyo Underworld, who's regime has just ended with one swing, stares off into space.

O-REN (ENGLISH)

That really was a Hattori Hanzo sword...

Her sword FALLS from her grip...in the snow by her feet.

O-REN (ENGLISH)

I always dreamed of owning one...

O-Ren FALLS to her knees, toppling forward.

Left Cheek in the snow, just barely alive, She says;

O-REN (ENGLISH)

Did he make it for you?

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)

Yes.

The Last thing she says before she dies;

O-REN (ENGLISH)

...He must of liked you.

With her cheek resting against the snow, her eyes close and she's gone.

The BRIDE

removes a white handkerchief (The One we saw her sewing earlier with "Bill" in the corner), and uses it to wipe the blood, once belonging to the first name on her death list, off her Hanzo Steel.

EX CU THE HANZO SWORD

is returned back to its sheath. The LION'S HEAD that Hanzo carved into the wood seems pleased.

CUT TO:

The BRIDE

now wearing a yellow, faceless motorcycle crash helmet on her head, stands FRAMED in a TRUNK SHOT.

SOFIE FATALE

Minus an arm, lies curled up in the trunk of her MAZDA XOXO.

The BRIDE slams the trunk, SCREEN BOES BLACK...

The MAZDA driving down the road at supersonic speed.

The BRIDE

behind the wheel wearing her crash helmet. It looks like an insert from "GRAND PRIX."

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

car speeding...then stopping.

BLACK SCREEN

The BRIDE lifts up trunk lid, we look up at her FRAMED in the TRUNK SHOT. Helmet on head making her faceless, gold Deadly Viper syringe in her hand.

When she speaks it comes out of a VOICE BOX at the bottom of the helmet. Turning her voice deeper and electronically spooky. The two women speak Japanese to each other.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)

I've kept you alive for one reason.  
Information. Being O-Ren's lawyer,  
I take it you're familiar with  
Bill?

SOFIE (JAPANESE)

Yes.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)

In fact, I'd guesstimate, you  
worked for Bill before O-Ren, and  
that's how it is you came to work  
for O-Ren. Am I correct?

SOFIE (JAPANESE)

Yes.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
I thought so. Give me the arm you  
have left.

SOFIE (JAPANESE)  
Why?

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
I want information. Now gimme your  
arm.

Sofie offers up her remaining arm.

She injects Sofie with the gold syringe.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
The cocktail racing through your  
bloodstream at this moment is  
Bill's own recipe. He calls it "The  
Undisputed Truth."

Sofie is injected.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Okay, first things first. Where was  
the other Yubari sister? Yuki?

SOFIE (JAPANESE)  
Yuki's sick. She went home early.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Do tell? What's wrong with her?

SOFIE (JAPANESE)  
She has a cold.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Awww poor baby. What do you think  
she'll do when she finds out what  
happened?

SOFIE (JAPANESE)  
She'll wail with grief.

SHOCK CUT TO



YUKI YUBARI upon hearing the news of her sister's death...

She SCREAMS!

BACK TO SOFIE

SOFIE

She'll drink excessively.

BACK TO YUKI

Big bottle of sake in her mouth pointed bottom up.

BACK TO SOFIE

SOFIE

She'll start trouble.

BACK TO YUKI

sitting at a bar in drunken stupor. An OLDER JAPANESE MAN in a business suit sits next to her at the bar...he puts the make on her.

BUSINESS SUIT

(JAPANESE)

Do you like Ferraris?

Yuki staring out into space, says with a drunken voice;

YUKI

(JAPANESE)

Ferrari...Italian trash.

She slowly turns to face the older Japanese man in the business suit.

YUKI

(JAPANESE)

Do you find me hot?

The man in the business suit giggles at her boldness; she gets annoyed;

YUKI

(JAPANESE)

Don't laugh! Do you want to fuck me, yes or no?

BUSINESS SUIT

(JAPANESE)

Yes.

THEN...

He lets out a GRUNT coming from below.

We see she has stabbed him in the belly with a samurai short sword, and is slowly dragging the blade across his abdomen, creating a big red grin across his mid-section.

TWO SHOT YUKI AND BUSINESS SUIT

Yuki focused, Business Suit penetrated...She opens him up more...he feels every inch of the blade's progress.

YUKI (JAPANESE)

How bout now, big boy, do you still wish to penetrate me...

Blade cuts deeper...

YUKI (JAPANESE)

Or is it I who has penetrated you.

And with her last line, does the final disemboweling slice that sends his insides spilling out onto the barroom floor.

BACK TO SOFIE

SOFIE (JAPANESE)

When she stops shedding tears, she'll start shedding blood.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)

Best guess, what will she do?

SOFIE (JAPANESE)

I don't hafta guess, she'll come after you.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)

Will she ever give up?

SOFIE (JAPANESE)

She won't have to. When she finds you, I don't know who will win. But what I do know is, she will find you.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Is she more skilled than I?

SOFIE (JAPANESE)  
Skilled won't be the word.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Don't be coy with me, bitch. What  
would be the word?

SOFIE  
Crazy.

The Bride takes this in...then moves on.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Okay, now I want all the  
information on the Deadly  
Vipers,... What they've been doing  
and where I can find them.

EXT. TOKYO GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The big hospital of TOKYO is located by a hill by the  
highway. Sofie's MAZDA pulls off the highway to the side.

The Bride hops out of the car, runs to the back, opens the  
trunk, takes out Sofie's body, and rolls it down the  
hill....Sofie stops rolling in front of the entrance of the  
huge hospital.

CUT TO:

CU SOFIE  
in a hospital environment. Bill's voice speaks to her OFF  
SCREEN;

BILL (O.S.; ENGLISH)  
Sofie, Sofie, my Sofie, I'm so  
sorry.

SOFIE (ENGLISH)  
Please forgive my betrayal --

He shhhh's her off screen;

BILL (O.S.; ENGLISH)

-- no more of that. I invented that truth serum. Once it entered your bloodstream, you no longer had a choice.

SOFIE (ENGLISH)

But, still --

BILL (O.S.; ENGLISH)

-- But still -- nothing, except my aching heart over what she's done to my beautiful and brilliant Sofie.

(pause)

If you had to guess why she left you alive, what would be your guess?

SOFIE (ENGLISH)

Guessing won't be necessary. She informed me.

#### BACK TO THE BRIDE AT THE TRUNK

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)

I'm allowing you to keep your wicked life for one reason and one reason only. So you can tell him, in person, everything that happened here tonight. I want him to witness the extent of my mercy..., by witnessing your deformed body. I want you to tell him, all the information you just told me. I want him to know what I know. I want him to know I want him to know.

Then with SUPERMAN X-RAY VISION we see through the helmet to the Bride's face inside as she says the last line.

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)

And I want them all to know,  
they'll all soon be as dead as O

REN.

WE CUT TO A

CU of SOFIE

WE PAN to a CU of YUKI

Bill says off screen;

BILL (O.S.; JAPANESE)

If O-Ren was number one, unless  
she's being tricky, Vernita Green  
will be number two.

YUKI (JAPANESE)

Where is Vernita Green?

BILL (O.S., JAPANESE)

Los Angeles. Vernita's in Pasadena.  
But the woman you want will hold up  
in a low budget motel, fifteen of  
twenty minutes away from stepping  
on board a plane departing LAX. If  
I had to bet...I'd say Hawthorne.

Yuki blows a pink bubble gum bubble, it pops and she says in  
English;

YUKI (ENGLISH)

California, here I come.

CUT TO:

CU HATTORI HANZO

He's sewing something that requires a lot of concentration.

CU The BRIDE'S BARE BACK

What he's sewing is, the NASTY SLASH O-Ren gave the Bride on  
her back, closed with a simple needle and thread.

CU The BRIDE

lies naked on her stomach, head up, chin resting on her  
folded hand, feeling no pain at the needle piercing her  
flesh. The sleeping giant is awake, and in her eyes we see  
she's filled with a terrible resolve.

As Hanzo sews, he recites in Japanese the Yagu mantra, the Bride recites in Japanese after him.

EX CU: O-REN ISHII'S name written in the Bride's notebook with the number one next to it. A black felt pen comes into frame and draws a line through the name.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK FRAME

TITLE CARD:

Chapter five  
"YUKI'S REVENGE"

We hear music under this card...

MONTAGE OF YUKI coming to Los Angeles cut to music.

We see YUKI dressed in her Japanese private schoolgirl outfit with white blouse, plaid skirt, bobby socks, blazer, and barrettes in her hair, flying on a jet enroute to Los Angeles. She paints her fingernails with bubble gum-colored nail polish.

Yuki walks through LAX.

Yuki standing next to a CAR SALESMAN on a California car lot. She points at a car in front of her.

We see her cool convertible sports car and her finger pointing at it.

We see Yuki behind the wheel of the sports car, driving as fast as she can through the twists and turns of the Hollywood Hills, laughing all the way.

We see Yuki running around all over LA, Hollywood and Disneyland taking pictures with her disposable Barbie camera.

SPLIT SCREEN

YUKI'S SIDE

THE BRIDE'S SIDE

PHOTO: Yuki with the  
Hollywood sign in the b.g.,  
she points to it.

The Bride on an airplane  
flying to Los Angeles.

PHOTO: Yuki in front of the

The plane lands in L.A.

Chinese Theatre.

PHOTO: Yuki at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, wearing a cowboy hat, in front of Roy Rogers' and Trigger's hand foot and hoof prints. She holds her fingers like a six-shooter.

The Bride walks off the plane with the other passengers.

PHOTO: Yuki posing with a celebrity she's bumped into.

The Bride walking through LAX.

Yuki behind the velvet ropes of a Hollywood premiere with the other fans. She watches the STARS walk the red carpet with her autograph book in her hand.

YUKI screaming on a roller-coaster.

PHOTO: At Disneyland. Doing a Bonnie and Clyde-style pose with a Captain Hook. And another photo in between Chip N' Dale.

CU YUKI CU The BRIDE walking, stalking, and walking through LAX. eating huge ice cream waffle cone.

SPLIT SCREEN (CONT'D)

YUKI'S SIDE THE BRIDE'S SIDE

We see Yuki is tailing the Bride through LAX. Our heroine is unaware.

We see Yuki's car drive by in the B.G. through the motel's picture window.

The Bride renting a

MEDIUM CU of Yuki wearing a white uniform, and taking money. Her eyes watch something off screen. Vernita's house.

YUKI'S POV: The Bride entering her yellow pickup truck parked in front of

We see Yuki is dressed like an ice cream man, and is selling ice cream to kids from an ice cream truck on Vernita's block.

EX CU: VERNITA GREEN'S name in the Bride's notebook. She draws a black felt pen through the name.

#### THE BRIDE

(to herself)  
Two down, and three to go.

CU Yuki's face as she watches the Bride drive away. latest victory.

The Bride driving away from the scene of her

CU Yuki, smiles. Now's the time.

YUKI'S POV: The yellow pussy wagon drives away.

Yuki, at night, sitting in the surveillance seat of her sports car. Her hands are busy below frame.

YUKI'S POV: The exterior of the motel, the Bride is staying in. The motel is located on a Hawthorne residential street. Her yellow pickup truck is parked on the street.

#### SPLIT SCREEN (CONT'D)

YUKI'S SIDE THE BRIDE'S SIDE  
Yuki loading an Israel compact sub-machine gun that lays on her plaid skirt lap. packs her crap inside her motel room.

The Bride, on the phone, booking her flight out of LA to Texas, as she

The Bride carries her stuff, the Hanzo sword, her money in a backpack,



and her other stuff in a  
canvas duffle bag.

CU YUKI watches. Weapon She carries the stuff  
locked, loaded, and ready. from indoors to  
She makes a line of baby outdoors to the yellow  
blue powder on the pickup.  
dashboard, then snorts it  
up her nose.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS UNDERNEATH:

DRUG of Bill's own concoction.  
He calls it, "The Blues."

The drug affects her. Now's  
the time.

Yuki gets out of the car YUKI'S POV: We see the  
and heads for the Bride from a distance,  
oblivious Bride. by her truck.

Cu Yuki walking towards the YUKI'S POV: Approaching  
Bride. the Bride from behind.

A camera behind Yuki as  
she walks, holding the  
sub-machine gun behind  
her back.

FULL SCREEN

We stay with Yuki's side as she stops across the street from  
the Bride. During their face-off we only see the Bride at a  
distance.

The Bride is in the b.g., back to us packing her trunk, just  
about ready to make a clean getaway...

WHEN...

Yuki yells to the figure across the street.

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
Conigute wa!

We see the back-turned figure of the Bride slightly freeze

upon hearing the Japanese greeting. Without turning around she says;

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Conigute wa.  
(pause)  
Yuki?

YUKI (ENGLISH)  
Bingo!

THRILLER MUSIC begins on the soundtrack.

The Bride turns around to face the young avenger.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Can I help you?

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
You can kill yourself.

Yuki giggles.

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
Taking a trip?

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
I was.

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
You still are. One way.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
I know you feel you must avenge  
your sister. But I beg you...walk  
away.

Yuki giggles.

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
You call that begging? You can beg  
better than that.

Yuki giggles. Then she takes out a flashlight, and switches on the beam.

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
Can I see your face? I've heard  
your beauty is exquisite. I would  
like to see for myself.

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
Sure.

Yuki shines the flashlight beam in the Bride's face.

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
Ohhhh,...look how pretty your face  
is. Oooohhh,... I want to touch it.

THE BRIDE  
Domo.

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
Your face is so pretty, I just want  
to put both of my palms against  
your cheeks and give you little  
tiny kisses.

Yuki then shines the flashlight up into her own face.

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
How do I look?

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Very pretty.

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
You're just saying that 'cause I  
told you how pretty you are.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Yuki, you're gorgeous.

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
Really? Is that how you'd describe  
me to somebody if I wasn't here?  
Yuki's gorgeous?

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)  
You bet.

Yuki giggles.

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Don't make me kill you.

YUKI (ENGLISH)  
Okay.

Yuki removes the Israel sub-machine gun from behind her back and FIRES A LOUD INTENSE VOLUME of firepower at The Bride.

The Bride dives out of her way, just as her yellow pussy wagon is demolished by the ammo.

The Bride, with her samurai sword in her hand, and her backpack full of money, takes off running across a couple of front lawns...

Yuki chases her with machine gun fire...

The Bride LEAPS over a long hedge...disappearing Behind it.

Yuki runs after her, firing all the way, destroying the hedge...

The Bride darts across the street, she hits the ground and rolls under a Volkswagen van.

Bullet FIRE EXPLODES all around the Bride as she rolls out on the other side. She removes her 9mm automatic and returns fire from behind the van.

Yuki yells to her in English;

YUKI (ENGLISH)  
You think you're safe! I say; Ha!

She takes out a hand grenade, removes the pin with her teeth, and slides it towards the Bride.

The Bride sees the live hand grenade skidding and sliding on the asphalt towards her...

She takes off running...as the Volkswagen van EXPLODES BEHIND HER.

She cuts through the backyard of a house -- THE CAMERA TAKING OFF WITH HER -- over their fence, in the backyard over the fence into another yard. She trips, falling into the other house's swimming pool. Instead of splashing around, the Bride swims like she was in the Olympics, till she's in the shallow end. Without breaking her stride, she runs out of the pool. Now with her gun out, the sopping wet Bride gets to the front of the house. It's located on a cul de sac.

WHEN...

Yuki's sports car pulls up at the end of the street.

Both women see the other.

Yuki hits the gas, firing her machine gun out the window of her car as she speeds down the dead-end street.

The Bride, runs across lawns and hides behind parked cars on the street, as the bullets rip up homes, lawns, and automobiles.

When Yuki's car reaches the end of the dead end,...

She jerks the wheel...

SPINNING the car around, pointing it in the opposite direction.

SHE HITS THE GAS AGAIN...

SHE PULLS THE MACHINE GUN TRIGGER AGAIN...

BULLETS TEAR UP the cars lining the street.

In the hail of bullets, the Bride tries to fire back.

Yuki reaches the end of the street and spins the car around.

She gets ready to make a third pass.

Some PEOPLE in the house behind the Bride, look out of their front door.

The Bride yells at them;

## THE BRIDE

Stay in your house and stay down on the floor!

Yuki speeds after her, but this time she pops the curb and drives across the front lawns on the street heading right for her.

The Bride runs into the house she's in front of.

She runs through the living room, to the kitchen and the back door, but the kitchen's where the family that lives here is hiding and they block the door.

Yuki's sports car pulls up in front of the house. She stands up in the convertible. Takes out a grenade, pulls the pin and says;

YUKI (JAPANESE)

Time for the rabbit to come out of her hole!

She lobbs the grenade up on the porch, then throws herself face down on the lawn.

The porch and the front of the house explodes into splinters.

Everybody in the kitchen is blown back.

Realizing there's no getting out of the back door, the Bride runs back into the living room that's now missing a wall, and runs up the home's staircase leading to the bedrooms.

Yuki steps into the house, sub-machine gun in hand...

The Bride makes it to the top of the stairs, and is just about to disappear behind the upstairs hallway wall...

WHEN...

Yuki fires up at her, hitting her twice in the leg.

The upstairs hallway, two bedroom doorways line both sides of the hallway. The Bride crashes to the floor -- SCREAMING -- blood pours out of her gunshots.

Yuki charges up the stairs...machine gun blazing, tearing up the house.

The Bride aims her 9mm where she expects Yuki to emerge.

Yuki gets to the top of the stairs, and steps into the hallway.

The Bride fires...

The Bride's bullet wings Yuki in the left breast, knocking her through a bedroom doorway.

THE BRIDE  
(to herself)  
Gotcha!

Yuki screams like a little girl at the pain. She yells from the doorway into the hallway;

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
You fucking bitch! You shot me in my breast! They're not fully developed yet, you fucking asshole! Now I'm always gonna have a dimple!

The Bride answers Yuki back with an imitation of Yuki's giggle, which makes the youngin blow her top.

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
Piss me off!

She fires her machine gun around the corner, tearing up everything around the Bride.

When the young girl stops firing, the Bride yells;

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Yuki, in about two minutes there's going to be an army of police here. So if you're gonna kill me, now's the time.

From her hiding place, Yuki snorts a line of baby blue powder. It gives her energy.

THE BRIDE (O.S., ENGLISH)  
So what's it gonna be bitch?

Slapping a new clip in her machine gun.

YUKI (JAPANESE)  
That fucking does it!

Yuki comes around the corner FIRING her machine gun in the Bride's direction, ripping up everything around her.

The Bride lying flat on the floor fires her 9mm.

The explosion of ammo creates the hysteria of warfare combat.

Yuki charges the Bride, Kamakazi style.

Three more bullets rip into the Bride, the Bride fires up at Yuki, hitting her three times in the body, knocking her off her feet, and sending her tumbling down the stairs.

The Bride shot up, pulls herself to the top of the stairs. She sees Yuki lying at the bottom, dead.

Yuki's face, dead, eyes closed...then they pop up open... Guess what...she's not dead. Though she's bloody and her schoolgirl uniform is filled with bullet holes she rises. Her head turns in the direction of the Bride...

The Bride sees this and can't believe it...

They lock eyes...

...Yuki, who no longer has the machine gun, takes out a deadly looking knife and snaps it open with a smile that builds to a scream...

She charges up the steps at the Bride.

The startled Bride fires at her...the 9mm's empty...

Yuki charging up the steps, yelling, knife raised high...

The Bride, hurriedly removes the pistol she keeps in her ankle holster.



Yuki chargin...

The Bride cocks back the hammer...

...Yuki charging, getting closer...

The Bride FIRES

Bullet hits Yuki, stops her for a quarter of a second, but she keeps charging...

The Bride fires again...

Yuki jerks but keeps on charging...

Bride fires...

Yuki jerks, but keeps charging...

Bride fires...

Yuki jerks, keeps chargin, almost at her, knife raised high...

The Bride FIRES

Yuki jerks, but keeps charging, knife ready to do its duty...

The Bride fires, but her gun jams...

Yuki leaps on her with the knife...

They struggle for a moment...

...TILL...

...The Bride realizes Yuki's dead. She tosses her to the side.

THE BRIDE  
Goddamn, what a wildcat.

INT. NURSE OWEN'S HOME - NIGHT

The phone rings and a black woman in a nurse's uniform with a name tag on it that reads, "B. Owens," answers the phone.

NURSE OWENS

Hello.

CU The Bride

on her cell phone, a business card in her hand, with a number written on the back that says, "B. Owens," and her phone number. She's bleeding from her five bullet holes. Sitting in a pool of her own blood. She's starting to tremble. We can't see where she's at, but it's somewhere surrounded by wood planks. The moon shines into the structure.

THE BRIDE

Hello, I'm calling Nurse Owens --

NURSE OWENS

Who is this.

THE BRIDE

You don't know me, but --

NURSE OWENS

-- And I don't want to neither. Now I don't know how you got my number, but you can just rip that shit up, because --

THE BRIDE

-- I've been shot five times --

NURSE OWENS

-- Stop, I don't wanna hear no more. I got problems of my own.

THE BRIDE

I'm dying.

NURSE OWENS

Then bitch, you better call yourself a ambulance, cause I don't do this shit no more.

THE BRIDE

I can't call an ambulance.

NURSE OWENS

-- No, you can call a ambulance,  
you just don't want to. But if your  
ass is really dying, you ain't got  
no motherfuckin choice.

THE BRIDE

I do have a choice, and I'm  
choosing to call you. If you refuse  
to help me, I'll die. And that will  
be your choice.

NURSE OWENS

Bitch, I don't even know you!

THE BRIDE

What do you need to know? I'm from  
Earth, I'm a woman, I'm dying, and  
only you can help me.

Her last line has an effect on the hard-hearted nurse.

NURSE OWENS

Okay, where you at?

THE BRIDE

I'm in Hawthorne. I'm hiding in a  
kids treehouse. It's a street  
called, "Dimmick". 1-7-3-6 Dimmick  
Avenue. There's a bunch of police  
cars and firetrucks, about two  
blocks away.

NURSE OWENS

Whatcha do, crawl two blocks?

THE BRIDE

If you can't walk, you better  
crawl.

Nurse Owens likes that last line.

NURSE OWENS

You got you some money dontcha, or  
am I doin this out of the goodness  
of my heart?

THE BRIDE

You come and get me, today's pay day.

NURSE OWENS

You ain't too far away. You gonna bleed to death I get there in a half a hour?

THE BRIDE

Probably.

NURSE OWENS

Okay, I'll be there in fifteen minutes.

THE BRIDE

Is that Pacific Standard Time, or C.P.T.?

NURSE OWENS

Just you better be there when I get there, and you better be shot five times, and your bony ass better be on your last motherfuckin legs.

THE BRIDE

How do you know I have a bony ass?

NURSE OWENS

You sound like you have a bony ass.

The Nurse hangs up the phone.

INT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

The Bride sits in her own blood waiting for Nurse Owens.

Nurse Owens' head pops up from the door in the floor.

THE BRIDE

Glad you made it.

NURSE OWENS

There's cops all over here, I had to be cool. They tend to notice

things like Negroes sneaking around  
people's backyards.

The nurse hands the Bride a big bottle of Wild Turkey.

THE BRIDE

What's that?

NURSE OWENS

This shit's gonna hurt, and I ain't  
got no anesthetic.

(refers to the bottle)

So git busy.

INT. NURSE OWEN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

OVERHEAD SHOT

The Bride laid out on Nurse Owens' kitchen table, while the  
nurse extracts the bullets.

The Bride screams.

The TV is turned up loud to hide the screams.

The fifth slug is placed in an ashtray next to three  
cigarette butts and other balls of lead.

The Bride, drunk as a skunk, says to her savior;

THE BRIDE

That fuckin smarts.

Smoking her menthol Kool, Nurse Owens says;

NURSE OWENS

Yeah, bullets are bad news. In the  
future, you should avoid them if  
you can.

THE BRIDE

I'll keep that in mind. So, do I  
have a future?

NURSE OWENS

You'll live to kill again.



the suite. SEVEN MEN stand around the table trying their luck. All playing has stopped at the opening of the door.

One woman in a beautiful black dress, stands at the head of the table...It's her game...her name is L.F. O'BOYLE.

Bill stands in the doorway. ALBURT the doorman, who wears a tux, waits for L.F.'s word.

L.F. O'BOYLE  
Are you a policeman, Bill?

BILL  
Not anymore?

L.F. laughs.

L.F.  
Let him play, Alburt.

Bill steps inside and the game continues in earnest.

L.F.  
(to the players)  
We now return to the game already  
in progress. The point is nine  
gentlemen, nine is the point...

As Alburt frisks him, Bill takes in the room. There are five other men all wearing black tuxedos, all carrying samurai swords (as is Alburt), all working for Miss O'Boyle. In his hand Bill holds his sheathed Hanzo sword. Referring to the sword;

ALBURT  
I'll take that.

BILL  
You'll have to.

The two men stare...

L.F.  
Now now boys...Mr. Bill, do you  
intend to start any shit with that  
sword?

BILL

I give you my word of honor, I will start nothing.

L.F.

Good enough for me.  
(back to game)

ALBURT

Miss O'Boyle required a two-hundred dollar membership fee.

BILL

That's rather pricey.

ALBURT

You wanna play for free, go to Vegas. You start now you'll be there by sundown.

Bill takes out a roll of bills that would choke a rodeo bull to death. He peels off two hundred.

BILL

I think I'll stay here. I'm thirsty.

ALBURT

That way.

Bill walks over to the suite's bar, a YOUNG WOMAN tends it.

BILL

Beer.

BARTENDER

Twenty dollars.

BILL

Twenty dollars for a beer?

BARTENDER

High cost of living shooter. You don't like it, go to Vegas. You can get a prime rib dinner there for



3.95.

BILL

What am I going to do, I'm thirsty.  
(throws a 20 on the bar)  
Pour the beer.

The Bartender produces a dixie cup, and a can of Budweiser. She pops the top and fills the cup, leaving half of the beer inside the can. She then offers only the cup to Bill.

BILL

(pointing to the can)  
I don't get that?

The Bartender slowly shakes her head, no.

He lifts the dixie cup to his lips, and says;

BILL

Cheers.

Bill approaches the table with his dixie cup of beer.

L.F.

Gentlemen, let's see if the new kid  
in school wants to play right away.  
(to Bill)  
How bout it new kid, you wanna  
handle my bones, or do you just  
like to watch?

Dropping his money roll on the table...

BILL

I came to play.

Color L.F. impressed.

L.F.

Boys take a look at this man, he's  
what Webster's calls, a gambler.  
The dice belong to you , sir.

With her table stick, she pushes the dice to Bill. He takes them and inspects them.

L.F.  
I hope you're not implying  
anything, friend?

BILL  
(as he inspects dice)  
I'm not implying anything.

Alburt starts to move from his position by the door.

ALBURT  
That did it fuckhead, you're out  
the door --

L.F. motions him back to his position.

The players watch L.F. And Bill, an opposite ends of the  
table, trade quips.

Bill looks from the dice to L.F.

BILL  
You looked me over when I stood in  
your doorway. I'm looking you over  
as I step up to your table. If I  
don't know, I don't throw.

L.F.  
Are you satisfied?

BILL  
More or less.

L.F.  
I think we're getting into a  
antagonistic relationship.

BILL  
Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were  
trying to take my money, and I was  
trying to take yours.

L.F.  
It's just a game.

Bill throws ten thousand dollars on the table, the room reacts.

BILL

If you're game, take my bet sportsman.

L.F.

Covered.

Bill smiles as he rolls the dice in his hand, then throws...7...The room reacts...L.F. smiles and pushes the money and the dice back to Bill with her stick. He picks up his winnings, tosses them back on the table, and says;

BILL

Shoot it all.

The room reacts.

L.F.

Covered.

He holds the dice in his fist...and throws...5...

L.F.

The point is five, gentlemen, five is the point.

Bill throws...5...more reaction...more money...

BILL

Shoot it all.

L.F.

Covered.

He shoots again, he wins again...

L.F. MOVES THE MONEY in front of him.

Bill picks up the stack of moola...L.F. Stands behind her table, stick in her hand, eyes on her opponent.

In the midst of this silence, his beeper goes off. His eyes go to it. It reads; ELLE DRIVER.

He raises his eyes from the beeper to L.F., casually tosses the green on the felt and says;

BILL

Shoot it all.

L.F.

Pretty lucky tonight, huh?

BILL

Play a game of luck long enough you're bound to meet some lucky people.

L.F.

You know we've never been properly introduced, I'm L.F. O'Boyle.

BILL

And I'm not interested.

L.F.

No, you're rude. Why so rude rude boy, I'm only trying to be friendly.

BILL

I didn't come here to make friends. I came here to shoot a little crap. But then your boy over there hits me up for a two hundred dollar privilege to play fee --

L.F.

-- That's a membership fee, good for --

BILL

-- You and nobody else. You sell at the bar a half can of warm piss, at twenty bucks a shot. How much did the six-pack cost you? 5.60, 5.65? You're greedy O'Boyle. You're just too Goddamn greedy. You know what I like to do when I meet greedy

people? Take every fuckin thing they got. Leave em with nothing.

L.F.

So that's your game, you want to teach me a lesson?

BILL

I wanna burn you down. When I'm through with you, you won't have a pot to piss, or a window to throw it out of. You'll thumb a ride out of L.A. wearing a barrel.

L.F.

I could always save myself this horrible fate by not taking your bet.

BILL

To be replaced by a different fate. The embarrassing truth that you run a gutless game. I won't forget it. I'm sure these gentlemen won't forget it. I'm sure they'll tell people who won't forget it. And we won't come back. If we don't come back, you won't get our money. Couple of weeks, you won't have a game.

L.F.

You got a big mouth, lucky boy. And the idea of taking everything you've won away, and sending you out the door with nothing but a red face, is so appealing to me, that I will take your bet. But.....not with those dice.

BILL

Oooohhh, that's....

L.F.

The house's perogative and you know it.

She holds out her palm and two new pair of dice (black) are placed in her hand by one of her bodyguards. She sets the dice on the table, and moves them in front of Bill with her stick.

Bill looks down at them.

L.F.  
Maybe you would like to change your bet?

BILL  
Yes I would.....Shoot it all.....Against myself.

His hand scoops the dice off the table.

He catches the young lady by surprise.

L.F.  
What?

BILL  
Did I stutter, I'm changing my bet. I'm betting I don't make it.

From the door Alburt says;

ALBURT  
You can't do that.

BILL  
Oh yes I can. It's the shooter's prerogative, and she knows it.

L.F.  
Covered.

He throws....

.....BOXCARS.

The spectators go apeshit.

Bill scoops up his money and looks to the lady who's game he

just busted.

BILL

Can I use your phone?

L.F.

Sure it's next to the bed.

INT. BED AREA OF HOTEL ROOM

Bill sits on the bed talking with Elle Driver on the phone.

In the b.g. L.F. is throwing everybody out.

L.F.

Game's over, get out! Get the fuck out! No more tonight, go home....

BILL

(into phone)

Vernita's dead? When?

(pause)

What about her family?

(pause)

Nice to see Kiddo hasn't gone completely apeshit. No idea where she is?

(pause)

Okay that did it, we're going to Texas and talk sense into Budd before (BLEEP) makes him number three.

He looks over and L.F. is sitting on the floor of the bed. All the players have left, only L.F. and her five tuxedo boys remain.

BILL

We're going to have a talk about this later.

(pause)

Well, I'm not exactly among friends at the moment.

(pause...he laughs)

I'll keep that in mind, bye bye.

He hangs up.

BILL

Got a nose problem?

L.F.

I said you could use my phone. I didn't say I wouldn't listen.

BILL

This is true.

L.F.

You didn't burn me down you know?

BILL

Course not. First rule of any house, ya gotta have LUCKY GUY comes in and wipes the place out insurance.

L.F.

If there weren't losers it wouldn't be a game.

Standing up, folding his winnings into his inside jacket pocket, looking at L.F. and her boys, he says;

BILL

I sincerely hope you mean that.

Without another word he exits the hotel room.

Nobody makes a move to stop him.

L.F. O'Boyle and her henchmen stand still as they wait for the sound of the elevator in the hall.

The Bride's Voice comes on the soundtrack;

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

What L.F. O'Boyle didn't know was, the real game was just beginning. Bill was on the job, and she was the target. Now Bill was the greatest assassin of the 20th



century. In fact the term HITMAN was coined for him. And he rarely performs actual assassinations anymore. However every once in awhile - to keep his hand in - he does. Only he plays a game. He doesn't start big trouble...he lets them start it. If they do, they're dead. If they don't, not only won't he perform, he'll take the hit off the market. It's kind of fun watching people gamble when they don't know they're gambling, isn't it?

They hear the elevator in the hall.

L.F. O'Boyle tells her men;

L.F.

Get my money back. Don't kill him.  
Chop off all his fingers.

Alburt smiles.

The Five men go out the door.

INT. HALLWAY HOTEL

The Five tuxedo-clad bodyguards hit the hallway, only to see....BILL, with his Hanzo sword unsheathed, standing at the end.

This wasn't expected, they unsheath their swords.

He Charges at them.

In the hotel's hallway, Bill cuts through the five men. His mastery of the Hanzo sword in his hand is peerless. He cuts through the first four rather quickly. The fifth one, Alburt, is the most skilled, but he too falls under the master's blade.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

L.F. O'Boyle hides in her room, holding a gun, pointed at the

front door.

She sits in bushwhack mode, waiting for Bill, or anybody for that matter, to step through the doorway.

WHEN...

The window her back is up against SHATTERS, and a black gloved hand reaches inside and GRABS her by her hair, and YANKS her out the window.

EXT. HOTEL WINDOW LEDGE - NIGHT

Bill on the ledge of the hotel window (the 26th floor),  
outside L.F. O'Boyle's room.

He's yanked her outside and he's dangling her over the side by her hair.

BILL

Do you know a Jessica?

L.F. Is too hysterical to answer.

BILL

Well, she knows you.

He drops her.....

..... SHE FALLS....

.....SHE SPLATS.

Bill watches her all the way down. When he's confident her fall was fatal, he leaves the ledge.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK FRAME

TITLE CARD:

Chapter seven

"The lonely grave of Paula Schultz"

EXT. BUDD'S TRAILER - DAY

A small camper trailer sits all by its lonesome in the middle

of a barren Texas wasteland.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS under this image;

"The city of  
Austin Texas."

A fist knocks on the trailer door.

It opens, revealing Bill's brother, BUDD. Not the Slick Willie Budd with the black suit and the silver-tipped black cowboy boots we saw earlier at the wedding chapel massacre. No, the Budd we see now is the Budd who climbed into a bottle five years ago, got himself comfortable, and decided to live there.

Bill, looking like a cool million, stands out in the dirt and dust of Budd's lot of land, looking up at his brother in his natural habitat. In the B.G. we can see Elle Driver lounging in the passenger's seat.

Budd, surprised by the visitor, says;

BUDD

Great day in the morning. Brother  
Bill livin up to his familia  
obligation.

BILL

How ya doin' Budd?

BUDD

Oh, you know my life, Bill, just a  
mad rush of wild parties and  
wealthy women.

Budd squints into the sun at the woman in Bill's ear.

BUDD

Is that that tall blonde one-eyed  
Viking bitch in the passenger seat?

BILL

It's Elle. Want to say hello?

BUDD

Never said "bye," can't seem to

think of a reason to say, "hi."

INSERT: INT. - BILL'S CAR

Elle inside, blasting both the stereo and the air conditioner. She watches the brotherly scene play out through the car windshield. Obviously there's no love lost between Elle and Budd.

BUDD

What'd ya wanna talk about?

BILL

Are you not going to invite me in?

BUDD

No.

BILL

May I ask why not?

BUDD

It stinks in there, that's why. Now what's so important it requires a reunion?

TIME CUT

The estranged brothers continue their conversation. Budd sits in the doorway of his trailer, bottle of jack in his hand. Bill stands.

BUDD

You tryin to tell me she cut her way through eighty-eight bodyguards 'fore she got to O-Ren?

BILL

No. There wasn't really eighty eight of them, they just called themselves The Crazy 88.

BUDD

Why.

BILL

I dunno, I guess they thought it

sounded cool. Anyhow, she had about  
26 or 27 around her when (BLEEP)  
attacked. They all fell under her  
Hanzo sword.

The mention of a Hattori Hanzo sword gets Budd's attention.

BUDD

She got 'er a Hattori Hanzo sword?

Bill nods his head, "yes."

BILL

She has a Hanzo Jingi sword.

BUDD

He made her one? Didn't he swear a  
blood oath never to make another  
sword?

BILL

It would appear he's broken it.

Budd doesn't say anything at first...THEN;

BUDD

Them Japs know how to carry a  
grudge don't they? Or is it just  
you tend to bring that out in  
people?

BILL

(pause)

I know this is a ridiculous  
question before I ask, but you by  
any chance haven't kept up with  
your swordplay?

BUDD

Hell, I pawned that years ago.

BILL

You pawned a Hattori Hanzo sword?

BUDD

Yep.

The disrespect is pain.

BILL

It was priceless.

BUDD

Not in El Paso it ain't. In El Pso  
I got me 250 Dollars for it.

BILL

Since it was a gift from me, why  
didn't you offer me the chance to  
buy it back?

BUDD

Because that would've required me  
to acknowledge your existence.  
Drunken bum though I may be, I  
don't need booze that bad. But who  
the hell gives a crap anyway. That  
bitch ain't gittin no Bushido  
points for killin a white trash  
piece of shit like me with a  
samurai sword. I'm a bouncer in a  
titty bar, Bill. If she wants to  
fight me, all she gotta do is come  
down to the Club, start some shit,  
and we'll be in a a fight.

BILL

-- Budd, you need to listen to me.  
I know we haven't spoken for quite  
some time, and the last time we  
spoke wasn't the most pleasant. But  
you need to get over being mad at  
me, and start becoming afraid of  
Bea. Because she is coming, and  
she's coming to kill you. And  
unless you accept my assistance, I  
have no doubt she will succeed.

Budd sees Bill's true concern for his welfare.

Bill tries to charm his brother.

BILL

Can't we forget the past, and look at the happy side of all this?

Budd chuckles.

BUDD

And what would that happy side be?

BILL

She's brought "the boys" back together.

Budd is touched by Bill's concern and chuckles to himself.

BUDD

I appreciate the concern on your face, but there's a difference 'tween "the boys", time can't erase. I don't dodge guilt. And I don't Jew outta payin my comeuppance. That woman deserves her revenge. And we deserve to die. But then again, so does she. So I guess we'll just see now, won't we.

EXT. THE MY-OH-MY-CLUB - DAY

The My-oh-my Club, is the sleazy titty bar that Budd works at. His job is tossin out the riff-raff that's worse than him, out on their ear - minus a few of the teeth they had when they came in. His beat-to-shit pickup truck pulls up to the front, and he climbs out of the automobile.

INT. THE MY-OH-MY-CLUB - DAY

Budd walks into the wood-paneled titty bar. No strippin goin on yet, just a few BARFLIES drinkin. The owner, TED, yells at him as he walks by.

TED

You're late, Budd, this shit ain't school, ya know.

Budd doesn't say anything, he just moves towards the back, passing by a STRIPPER serving drinks.

STRIPPER

Hey, Budd.

BUDD

Hey, Lucky.

ANOTHER STRIPPER walks out of the ladies' room and says to him;

STRIPPER

Hey, Budd, honey, the toilet's at it again. There's shitty water all over the floor.

BUDD

I'll take care of it, Suzie Pie.

EXT. THE MY-OH-MY-CLUB - NIGHT

A brand new, enormous red pickup truck pulls into the parking lot and stops.

The BRIDE

sits behind the wheel, looking at the bar and the bar's front door. Using the rearview as a mirror, she grabs her long blonde hair and pulls it back to a ponytail with a rubberband. Then places a baseball cap on the top of her noggin that reads, "STUBB'S BAR B-Q." She steps out of the truck's cab. She's dressed like a little Texas two-stepper. Levi's, cowboy boots, and a "HARLEY DAVIDSON: LOUD AND PROUD" tee-shirt.

INT. THE MY-OH-MY-CLUB - NIGHT

The Bride walks into the club just as the band on stage explodes into honky tonk guitar. She walks up to the bar and orders a;

THE BRIDE

Shiner.

The BARTENDER gives her a beer bottle of Shiner Bock. As she drinks the Texas brew...SHE....

...Watches the BAND....



...The crowd...

...Looking for Budd among the crowd...

...She sees him...

...He's the bouncer...

...She observes him...

...he's sitting on a stool, observing the crowd, moving his head to the music...

SHAW BROTHERS ZOOM into her eyes; VENGEANCE THEME plays on the soundtrack.

Her hand removes her sog from its sheath. She moves through the crowd of Texas two-steppers, sog in hand, towards Budd sitting oblivious on his stool....

WHEN...

Suddenly a BIG COWBOY stands up from his table -- spilling every bottle and glass on it -- and BARFS all over.

Budd curses to himself, and heads over to the disaster area.

The Bride...observes Him...CLEAN UP THE PUKE.

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY - NIGHT

As the music from above continues, we see Budd driving his pickup on an empty highway home from work.

He passes by The Bride's new red pussy wagon parked on the side of the road. After he whizzes by, she starts up the motor, but doesn't turn the lights on. She follows him, hanging way back in the dark.

Budd driving, not seeing the automobile cloaked in darkness, trailing him.

EXT. BUDD'S TRAILER HOME - NIGHT

Budd pulls his pickup truck in front of his small camper

home. He walks inside, shutting the door behind him.

The Bride rolls to a stop...Observing the lonely trailer out of her windshield...

Texas tear-ass music begins coming out of the camper....We see his figure pass the camper window, once or twice.

The Bride chooses her weapon -- Hattori Hanzo's samurai sword.

She doesn't say anything, nor will an actress of Uma Thurman's caliber indicate her feelings, but the astute member of the audience will read the significance of her choice. His current status be damned, the Budd who owes The Bride satisfaction was a warrior. And it's that Budd she intends to send to his maker.

She takes a black stocking cap, and slips it on top of her skull, tucking her blonde hair underneath...

THEN...

...Rubs black make-up under both eyes, on top of both eyelids, and down the bridge of her nose...

THEN...

Disconnects the cab lights above her, opens the truck door, and slips out unseen into the Austin Texas night air.

THEN...

On her belly, Hattori Hanzo sword in sheath in hand, she crawls across the desert floor towards Budd's trailer.

THEN...

Somewhere in the vast outdoors a cat jumps on a rat. Their fight makes a LOUD racket.

The Bride stops and buries her face in the dirt.

From inside the trailer, we hear the needle being lifted off the phonograph.

From a distance we see: The shadowy figure of Budd looking out the window of the camper.

The Bride keeps her face in the dirt.

The figure of Budd at the window, seems to dismiss the sound he heard for what it was -- a rat meeting its end at the claws of a cat.

The curtain closes again.

The needle is placed back on the phonograph.

CU The BRIDE

face in the dirt...One Mississippi...Two Mississippi...her eyes look up towards the trailer...All's clear...She begins crawling towards the trailer again.

...She's now right outside the trailer home...We can hear the sound of Budd sitting in a chair rocking back and forth.

She hears the sound of a screw top unscrewed...The sound of pouring in a glass...The sound of a glass being laid heavy on a table.

Crouched low on the balls of her feet, she, with great care, slowly and silently unsheathes her Hanzo sword.

Through the bottom slit in the door, she sees the distorted image of Budd's feet on the floor.

She slowly rises...removes her black stocking cap...blonde hair falls around her shoulders...sword in right hand...left hand grabs the front doorknob...

QUICK as a Texas lizard on glass -- She brings the sword's handle down hard on the door lock --

EX CU Cheap Lock Busting.

She flings the front door open...

The BRIDE'S POV:

Brother Budd sitting calmly in a rocking chair, moving back and forth to the Texas twang on his turntable, cradling a DOUBLE-BARREL SHOTGUN aimed right at The Bride.

SERGIO LEONE CU:  
The Bride Blinks.

Both barrels BLAST in our face.

The BRIDE  
standing in the doorway is HIT SMACK DAB in the chest, and  
PROPELLED THROUGH the AIR BACKWARDS.

Landing hard on her back in the dirt.

Budd casually rises from his rocking chair and lifts the  
needle off the phonograph, cutting off the music.

Then with shotgun in hand, stands in the doorway of the  
trailer looking down at The Bride.

BUDD'S POV:

The Bride laid out in the dirt below him -- Sword separated  
from her grasp -- Bloody mess down her front -- Groan from  
her throat.

Budd steps down from the trailer onto the dirt, standing over  
The Bride.

BUDD

Bet your sweet ass that don't sting  
like a bitch.

More groans coming out of The blood splattered Bride.

BUDD

You done got a double dose of rock  
salt, right in the ole tit.  
Now not havin tits as fine or as  
big as yours, I can't even imagine  
how bad that shit stings...

He lowers down on his haunchers, over her.

BUDD

...But I don't wont to neather.

The Bride, hurting and incapacitated from the shotgun blast,  
still nevertheless defiant, SPITS a gob of bloody saliva,

right in ole Budd's face.

Budd, gob of spit running down on his cheek and nose. The cowboy removes a red bandana from his back pocket, and wipes away the goo. Then his eyeballs go down to the spitter.

BUDD

Now I know when it comes to a rock salt burn, you're feelin pretty much like a expert bout now. But truth be told, you ain't felt all rock salt's got to offer till you took a double dose in your backside.

With the help of his cowboy boot he rolls The Bride over onto her stomach, exposing her butt.

SNAPPING the barrel closed, he takes aim and FIRES both barrels -- EXECUTION STYLE -- right into her keister.

The Bride does the one thing she has yet to do with any opponent during the movie up till now. Her head rears back and she lets out a SCREAM!

BUDD

That gentled ya down, didn't it? Yep...ain't nobody a badass with two barrels of rock salt dug deep in their backyard.

THEN...

Almost mercifully, the man once known as "Sidewinder," sticks a syringe in her arm, dropping her unconscious.

THEN...

Knocking down a swig of Jack Daniels, he removes a small silver cell phone from his pants pocket, raises the antenna, and presses one button on the panel.

INT. ELLE DRIVER'S GYM - NIGHT

The six-foot tall, long-haired blonde with the codename "California Mountain Snake," is doing a savage boxing workout

with her COACH.

This is one white bitch who can kick some serious FUCKIN ass.  
With one mighty blow from her huge right arm (synched to the  
sound of a CAR CRASH), her boxing Coach buys the farm.

Elle on cell phone. We cut Back and Forth.

ELLE  
Bill?

BUDD  
Wrong brother, you hateful bitch.

ELLE  
....Budd?

BUDD  
Bingo.

ELLE  
And what do I owe this dubious  
pleasure?

BUDD  
I just caught me the cowgirl, ain't  
never been caught.

This gets Elle's attention.

ELLE  
Do you mean what I think you mean?

BUDD  
If you think I mean I got 'er, you  
thought right.

ELLE  
Did you kill her?

BUDD  
Not yet I ain't. But I can sure do  
it easy enough. She's so gentle  
right now, I could preform her coup  
de grace with a rock.

ELLE

What are you waiting for, run outta liquid courage.

BUDD

No. It's just...I ain't killed nobody in a long Goddamn time. And just 'tween you, me, and Jesus Christ, kinda made me a promise I wasn't gonna. Be that however it is. Back when I did kill people...I got paid for it. Just don't seem right...turn amateur this time of life.

We stay on Elle's side for the following exchange.

BUDD (O.S.)

Anywho, guess what I'm holdin in my hand right now.

We cut back to Budd's side. And what he's holding is The Bride's Hattori Hanzo sword.

BUDD

A brand spankin new Hattori Hanzo sword. And I'm here to tell ya Elle, that's what I call sharp.

ELLE

How much?

BUDD

Oh, that's hard to say. Seein it's priceless and all.

ELLE

I'll give you a hundred thousand dollars for it.

BUDD

I'm sure you would. But I'll take, one million.

ELLE

Jeez Budd, who'd ever guess you

were such a capitalist. I thought drunks like yourself were beyond such monetary concerns?

BUDD

Well Elle, a million dollars buys a whole lotta Jack.

ELLE

Why then are you selling it to a hateful bitch like me, when you know Bill would pay more?

BUDD

If I'm gonna drink myself to death, ...it won't be on Bill's dollar. It's gonna be on yours.

ELLE

What's the terms?

BUDD

You buy a ticket to Texas, and I'll see you here tomorrow mornin. You give me a million in foldin cash, I'll give you the greatest sword ever made by a man. How's that sound?

ELLE

Sounds like we got a deal. One condition.

BUDD

What?

ELLE

You kill her tonight.  
(pause)  
And one more thing.

BUDD

You said one condition.

ELLE

It's a caveat to the same



condition.

BUDD

What?

ELLE

She must suffer to her last breath.

BUDD

That Elle darlin, I can pretty  
damwell guarantee.

ELLE

Then I'll see you in the morning  
millionaire.

CUT TO:

OVERHEAD SHOT - EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

We look down on a spooky Texas graveyard...  
Tombstones...Graves...Dirt...Low-hanging fog. This could be  
the opening shot of a Texas zombie movie. We also see TWO MEN  
WITH SHOVELS (one which is Budd, the other which is ERNIE)  
digging up a grave. Budd's beat-to-shit pickup is in the shot  
too. Its headlight beams shining on the two men. And last but  
not least, The Bride, bound and gagged, lying in the flatbed  
of Budd's pickup.

The BRIDE

She begins to come to from the shot in her arm.  
Some dried blood lies caked around her wounds. Rope binds her  
wrists tightly together in front of her.

A big leather cowboy belt is wrapped tight around her cherry  
brown cowboy boots. Her eyelids flutter open...and she sees  
stars. A giant, black Texas night sky full of them.

She has no idea where she is.

She turns her head to the left and sees,

Back window and Cab of truck.

She turns her head to the right and sees,

Hatch Gate to flatbed.

She listens...she hears,

Crickets...The sound of Two Men Digging...One of the Men says something to the other in Spanish...

THEN...

She hears one of the Shovels HIT something buried...

The Two Men speak to each other in Unsubtitled Spanish...

THEN...

We hear them Lifting something heavy, we might assume is a coffin. The Bride however knows not what to think.

BOOM...They set it down.

She hears boots approaching the flatbed, The crunching of leaves leading in her direction...

TILL...

With a CLANG and a SCRAPE the latches on the Gate of the flatbed are Yanked Out, and it lowers open with a CRASH. Revealing Budd, looking down on her.

BUDD

Wakey wakey, eggs and bakey.

The grabs her by her collar, and yanks her out of the truck.

She FALLS to the dirt HARD.

Once in the dirt, The Bride sees an Old Coffin that's been dup up.

Next to it is a brand new pine box coffin, straight out of "Fistful of Dollars." And a freshly dug grave, with a pile of dirt next to it, in front of an old tombstone that reads; "PAULA SCHULTZ."

Budd and Ernie stand over her.

The Bride just GLARES up at the two tormentors, with the only

weapon she has left, the contempt in her stare.

Budd turns to Ernie and says in SPANISH, subtitled in English;

BUDD (SPANISH)

Look at those eyes. This bitch is furious. You grab her feet, I'll get her head.

(ENGLISH)

Got anything to say?

The Bride knows how these fiends derive satisfaction, and she won't give it to them.

BUDD (SPANISH)

In America white women call this the silent treatment.

(laughing)

And we let 'em think, we don't like it.

The two fiends laugh, then bend down to lift The Bride and carry her over to the pine box. She struggles with her bound legs and arms...Both men DROP her to the ground. Budd whips out a can of mace from his pocket.

BUDD

Hey hey hey, wiggle worm, look at this.

He holds the can of mace spray by her eyes. She stops. Her eyes go to the nozzle of the spray can, then to Budd.

BUDD

Looky here bitch, this is a can of mace. Now you're goin underground tonight, and that's all there is to it. But, when I bury ya, I was gonna bury you with this.

He removes a flashlight from behind his back and turns on the beam.

BUDD

But if you're gonna act like a

horse's ass, I'll spray this whole  
Goddamn can in your eyeballs. Then  
you'll be blind, burnin, and buried  
alive. So what's it gonna be  
sister?

Her eyes move to the right, indicating the flashlight.

BUDD

You may be stupid, but at least you  
ain't bloody stupid.

The two men lift up The Bride, and carry her over to the pine  
box and place her in.

Budd puts the flashlight inside.

He picks up the pine lid, and is just about to place it over  
the coffin...

WHEN...

...He locks eyeballs with The Bride...

...her eyes hold his for as long as she can,

THEN...

...he places the lid over her face, closing the coffin.

THEN...

...with a hammer and nails the two men seal the coffin shut.

INT. PINE BOX

Dark, excerpt for the cracks of light seeping through between  
the lid and the box. However with each nail pounded in, more  
lights is cut off...

TILL...

...the only light left, is the crack by The Bride's head. The  
last hammered nail obliterates that light source.

The Bride lies in TOTAL DARKNESS.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The two men lift the pine box, and set it in the grave.

Budd scoops up a shovel full of dirt...

INT. PINE BOX

EX CU HER FINGERS turn on the flashlight.

CU The BRIDE

LIT by the flashlight beam...

BAM...

...a shovel of dirt has just landed hard on the lid, making  
The Bride jump...

BAM...

...More dirt. She reacts again.

BAM...

The dirt just keeps falling, the bams becoming softer with  
each new shovelful.

The Bride is starting to perspire...her breathing becoming  
more rapid and panicked...her heartbeat begins to echo inside  
the pine box.

We've never seen her like this before.

She's starting to lose it...She lets out a SCREAM...She  
SCREAMS again...Her bound-at-the-wrist hands move to the  
lid...She pounds on it...Her bound feet kick up at it...She  
starts to cry...She's getting hysterical...Her fingers begin  
clawing at the wood lid...

TILL...

They're ripped open and bleeding...

Leaving Blood Trails on the wood.

TILL...

She exhausts herself. All this while, she's been screaming the words we can't even imagine coming out of her mouth;

THE BRIDE

Help me.

The Bride halts her hysteria.

She wipes her eyes, and runs her hands down her face, mentally sending the little girl she became, back to wherever she came from. The woman we know as The Bride is back. She talks to herself.

THE BRIDE

Well, now that you've had a nice, good cry, let's figure out how to get out of here? You're breathing like you just been fuckin. Calm down...close your mouth, and start breathing short breaths, through your nose.

She does. The Bride continues in VO;

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

That's a lot better. But you're still too agitated. Can you hear your heart? It's like I'm buried alive with Buddy Rich. Turn off that flashlight.

Fear comes into her voice as she combats herself.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

No! I can't turn off the light. Yes you can. The darkness will have a calming effect. Now turn off that fucking light.

She does. The screen goes Jet Black

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Budd and Ernie are finished filling the grave. The old

coffin, with the body of Paula Schultz, in the back of the flatbed. Before they climb into the truck and drive away, Budd lays a dozen red roses on The Bride's grave.

INT. BUDD'S TRAILER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Budd behind the wheel. Ernie in the passenger's seat. Car radio playing Mexican music. Budd's silver cell phone rings.

BUDD  
(into phone)  
Yellow?

INT. AIRPLANE (FLYING) - NIGHT

Elle Driver sits in a seat on a passenger jet enroute to the great state of Texas. She calls Budd on the airplane phone.

ELLE  
Didja do it?

BUDD  
Elle darlin, she's sufferin as we speak.

A smile spreads across Elle's face. She rests her head back against the seat's headrest. Her eyelids close. She slightly parts her lips...and lets out a;

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh"

This is the face of satisfaction.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK FRAME  
TITLE APPEARS:  
Chapter eight  
"The cruel tutelage of Pai Mei"

FADE UP ON

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - CHINA - DAY

We see a beautiful mountain range in the middle of China.  
A SUBTITLE APPEARS UNDERNEATH:

"SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF CHINA"

A VOICE OVER SPOKEN BY BILL, tells us a story over this landscape;

BILL (V.O.)

Once upon a time in China, some believe around the year, one-double knot-three.

As Bill tells this story, it will be illustrated On Screen by footage from Old Shaw Brothers Martial arts flicks of the 70's. Especially Films that feature Chinese Actor LO LIEH as the old, white-haired, white-eyebrowed Villian "PAI MEI."

BILL (V.O.; CONT'D)

...head priest of The White Lotus Clan, Pai Mei, was walking down the road, contemplating whatever a man with Pai Mei's infinite power would contemplate -- Which is another way of saying, who knows. When, a Shaolin monk appeared on the road traveling in the opposite direction. As the monk and the priest crossed paths...Pai Mei -- in a practically unfathomable display of generosity, gave the monk the slightest of nods. The nod, was not returned. Was it the intention of the Shaolin monk to insult Pai Mei? Or, did he just fail to see the generous social gesture?

The motives of the monk, remain, unknown. What is known, were the consequences. The next morning Pai Mei appeared at the Shaolin Temple, and demanded that the temple's head Abbot offer Pai Mei his neck, to repay the insult. The Abbot, at first, tried to console Pai Mei, only to find, Pai Mei was inconsolable. So began, the massacre of the Shaolin Temple, and all sixty of the monks inside, at



the fists of the White Lotus. And so began, the legend of Pai Mei's Ten-Point Palm - Exploding Heart Technique.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

What praytell, is a ten-point palm - exploding heart technique?

BILL (V.O.)

Quite simply, the deadliest blow in all of the martial arts. He hits you with his fingertips, at ten different pressure points on your body. And then, he lets you walk away. But once you've taken five steps, your heart explodes inside your body, and you fall to the floor dead.

We see on screen Pai Mei demonstrate this technique on five shaolin monks. Who after being hit...take five steps...then fall to the floor dead.

EXT. JEEP (MOVING) - DAY

Bill and The Bride, years earlier, driving in a jeep through the mountains of China, enroute to PAI MEI's.

THE BRIDE

Did he teach you that?

BILL

No. He teaches no one the ten-point palm - exploding heart technique. But he is Nietzsche's psalm personified. If Pai Mei doesn't kill you, he will make you stronger. Now one of the things I always liked about you, Kiddo, is you appear wise beyond your years. Then allow me to impart, a word to the wise. Whatever - WHAT - EVER - Pai Mei says, Obey. If you flash him - even for an instant - a defiant eye, he'll pluck it out.

And if you throw any American sass his way, he will snap your back and your neck like they were twigs, and that will be the story of you.

EXT. THE WHITE LOTUS TEMPLE - DAY

The Bride sits in the jeep, by herself, parked in front of the Priest Pai Mei's home located high up on top of White Lotus Mountain.

For over 100 years, his home used to be the temple of the White Lotus Clan, and he was the temple's head priest. The temple served as a home to over 60 priests and disciples. But now - the year 1990 - the White Lotus Clan is no more. All the priests have died. All that remains, is a very old man, who once upon a time, some worshipped as a god and some feared as a devil...neither was wrong.

A huge stone staircase of one hundred steps climb up a hill leading to Pei Mei's home. Bill climbs down to the jeep.

BILL

He'll accept you as his student.

THE BRIDE

Caught him in a good mood, aye?

BILL

More like a sadistic one.

She climbs out, and gets her bag out of the back.

Bill casts a glance at the stone steps he just descended.

BILL

Just seeing those steps again makes me ache. You're gonna have plenty of fun carrying buckets of water up and down that fucker.

THE BRIDE

Why did he accept me?

BILL

Because he's a very very very old

man. And like all rotten bastards, when they get old, they become lonely. Not that that has any effect on their disposition. But they do learn the value of company.

THE BRIDE

When will I see you again?

BILL

That's the title of my favorite soul song of the Seventies.

THE BRIDE

What?

BILL

Nothing. When he tells me you're done.

THE BRIDE

When do you think that might be?

BILL

That my dearest, all depends on you. Now remember, no backtalk, no sarcasm.

Least not for the first year.

You're going to have to let him warm up for you. He hates Caucasians, despises Americans, and has nothing but contempt for women, so in your case, that may take a little while. Adios.

ZOOM...

The jeep speeds off down the road...leaving the Bride all alone, somewhere in the middle of China.

She begins the journey before her by ascending the 100 steps to Pai Mei.

INT. THE WHITE LOTUS TEMPLE

The huge temple is exactly like it must have been a hundred

years ago, except now it's empty and dusty.

The Bride enters, She's winded from climbing up those fuckin steps.

THE BRIDE  
(yelling)  
Hello!

Her Voice ECHOES in the cavernous temple.

PAI MEI'S VOICE ECHOES back;

PAI MEI'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Up the stairs, yankee woman!

A beautiful (but dusty) Mahogany staircase leads to Pai Mei's private chamber.

THE BRIDE  
(to herself)  
More stairs, Jesus Christ.

The still unseen Man's voice BOOMS back;

PAI MEI'S VOICE (O.S.)  
If it is Christ you seek, turn back now.

She climbs the wooden staircase.

INT. PAI MEI'S PRIVATE CHAMBER

PAI MEI'S POV: We see through Pei Mei's pupils, through a sheer scarlet scrim that hangs down in front of his sitting area. The Bride enters the room.

She approaches the old man, reaches the edge of his sitting area in front of the scrim, lowers to one knee and bows her head.

\* From here on end, whenever ENGLISH is spoken by The Bride, or every once in awhile by Pai Mei, it will be spoken in ENGLISH IN LIVE SYNCH SOUND. However, whenever MANDARIN is supposedly spoken, it comes out of their mouths as DUBBED ENGLISH like in a 70's Shaw Brothers Chop Socky Flick.

THE BRIDE \*

Teacher, I am unworthy to be your student --

Pai Mei is still unseen.

PAI MEI'S VOICE \*

Your Mandarin is lousy. I can't understand a single word you say. It causes my ears discomfort. You are not to speak unless spoken to. Do you understand Mandarin any better than you speak it?

THE BRIDE \*

I speak Japanese very well --

PAI MEI'S VOICE \*

I didn't ask if you speak Japanese, or Mongolian, for that matter. I asked if you understand Mandarin?

THE BRIDE \*

A little, I am still learning.

PAI MEI'S VOICE \*

You are here to learn the mysteries of Kung Fu, not linguistics. If you can't understand me, I will communicate with you like I would a dog. When I yell, when I point, When I beat you with my stick!

Her head remains bowed, eyes to the floor.

WE CUT TO PAI MEI

He's just like he was in the films earlier. Long White Hair, Long White Beard, Long White Eyebrows, same long flowing White Robe. Everything's the same, except he's older, by about a hundred years. He sits stone still in his sitting area on the other side of the sheer scarlet scrim.

PAI MEI \*

Bill is your master, is he not?

THE BRIDE \*

Yes, he is.

PAI MEI \*

Your master tells me you're not entirely unschooled. What training do you possess?

THE BRIDE \*

I am proficient in a combination of Tiger and Crane style. And I am more than proficient in the exquisite art of the Samurai Sword.

PAI MEI \*

(he makes a SNORTING

SOUND)

The exquisite art of the samurai sword. Don't make me laugh. Your so called exquisite art, is only fit for Japanese fat heads. You really are a silly ass.

This brings up The Bride's eye...She GLARES at the old man.

PAI MEI \*

Impudent dog! You dare glare at me!

She lowers her eyes.

THE BRIDE \*

I'm sorry master --

PAI MEI \*

-- Silence! I do not wish to hear your unintelligible excuses.

Pause...

THEN...

Pai Mei softly LAUGHS to himself, and strokes his long white beard...

PAI MEI \*

Your anger amuses me. Do you

believe you are my match?

THE BRIDE \*

No.

PAI MEI \*

Are you aware I kill at will?

THE BRIDE \*

Yes.

PAI MEI \*

Is it your wish to die?

THE BRIDE \*

No.

PAI MEI \*

Then you must be stupid. Rise stupid, and let me get a better look at your ridiculous face.

She rises.

CU The BRIDE  
through the scrim, eyes down.

Pai Mei laughs to himself again;

PAI MEI \*

You breathe hard. The one hundred steps robbed you of your wind. So your stupidity is matched only by your weakness. Is there anything you do well? -- Oh yes, you speak Japanese. I despise the Goddamn Japs. I would of thought an American would be immune to their pompous posturing. Apparently I was wrong. Go to that drawer.

The blonde woman goes to a large wooden drawer. She opens the drawer; it's filled with just about every type of edged weapon.

PAI MEI \*

Remove the sword.

The Bride removes a large heavy steel Chinese Sword.

Pai Mei rises from his sitting position, for the first time, parts the scrim, and approaches the Bride.

PAI MEI \*

Let's see how good you really are.  
Try and land a blow. If you land a  
single blow, I'll bow down and call  
you master.

The Bride doesn't need a second invitation, she ATTACKS with the sword.

He deftly moves out of the way.

The fighting style is now like an old Shaw Brothers film, with Pai Mei dodging at will all of her rapid sword slashes.

Quick and skillful as her moves are, they're also full of Effort and Frustration. While Pai Mei effortlessly moves out of the sword's path.

He's amused, and Speaks while they fight;

PAI MEI \*

Come now woman, can't you even hit  
an old man?

She tries more...

PAI MEI \*

Your ability really is quite poor.

He STRIKES her with a blow to her chest, delivered with an open palm, that sends her flying back hard against the wall. She clutches her chest, and coughs up some blood.

Pai Mei laughs as he strokes his long white beard.

PAI MEI \*

Ha ha ha ha ha! I've fought  
cripples who posed more of a  
challenge. Now fight, goddamn you!



She ATTACKS with a wild cat's fury.

He HOPS and DUCKS and DODGES her sword easily.

He LEAPS HIGH UP IN THE AIR, and LANDS STANDING on the Blade of her Sword.

The Bride looks down the blade of her sword and can't believe it.

Pai Mei smiles at her and says;

PAI MEI \*

From here you can get an excellent view of my foot.

He does a BACKFLIP off the sword, kicking the Bride in the face in mid-somersault sending her CRASHING THROUGH A WOOD WALL.

The Bride emerges from the hole in the wall.

Pai Mei stands waiting for her, TWIRLING THE SWORD in his hand like a cheerleader twirling a baton, till the twirling STOPS. The sword's handle is pointed towards the Bride.

PAI MEI \*

Give up? Or care to try again?

The BRIDE'S FACE shows determination. Not to win, not even to land a blow, that she knows is impossible. This man's ability is truly amazing. However be that as it may, she's determined not to quit, and through not quitting, she's determined to distinguish herself in his eyes...in some way.

She takes the sword from him and tries again.

But this time, Pai Mei keeps grabbing her arm that holds the sword, manipulating it into positions that would do the young girl harm...Like bringing the blade up against her other arm...Poised to cut it Off.

PAI MEI \*

That blade's sharp. Careful not to

cut off your own arm.

...Then he TWISTS her arm, till the blade's against her own throat....

...Then TWISTS again till it's against her hip...

...Then TWISTS again while KICKING her leg, till the blade's edge is against her thigh...

PAI MEI \*

If you can't fight any better than that, what use do you have for a leg?

He lets go of her arms, she swings furiously at him...

...he calmly SPINS out of the way. Then, he KICKS her in the stomach, doubling her over, then he brings the Sword between her legs, Blade Edge against her Crotch.

PAI MEI \*

Now that really would be a shame.

He takes the sword from her grasp...

SWINGS once...

The BLADE's against her jugular.

He SWINGS twice...

The BLADE's against the pocket of her throat.

He SWINGS a third time...

The BLADE's against the nipple of her right breast.

PAI MEI \*

Your swordsmanship is amateur at best.

He tosses the sword in the air, catching it by the tip of the blade. Then like a mallet, brings the handle end down hard on the top of The Bride's head. She lets out a howl, and falls to the floor, holding the lump on her noggin.

PAI MEI \*

I'm a hundred and fifty years old,  
and you can't even make me break a  
sweat.

He CHOPS the sword in half with his hand.

PAI MEI \*

Let's see your Tiger and Crane  
style match my Eagles's Claw.

Again she ATTACKS...again he eludes.

Like a Gordon Liu and Lo Lieh film, they do their animal  
style martial arts dance.

As she STRIKES and he BLOCKS...he yells out;

PAI MEI \*

...pathetic.....terrible...you  
idiot, you should've landed that  
blow...you call that crane?...  
Enough, I grow bored.

With little effort on his part, he reaches out and GRABS her  
wrist, TWISTS...She's on the floor, with her arm stuck out in  
the air behind her, her wrist still between his fingers. He  
could literally break her arm in half.

PAI MEI \*

I asked you to show me what you  
know, and you did. Not a goddamn  
thing.

He TWISTS her wrist...

...The pain is excruciating.....

PAI MEI \*

Like all yankee women, the only  
thing you know how to do is order  
in restaurants and spend a man's  
money.

He TWISTS more...

She CRIES OUT.

PAI MEI \*

Excruciating isn't it? I asked you  
a question!

Through gritted teeth, she answers;

THE BRIDE \*

Yes!

PAI MEI \*

I could chop off your arm at will.  
I think I shall.

He raises his other hand to chop off her arm.

The Bride SCREAMS in ENGLISH;

THE BRIDE

No please don't!

PAI MEI \*

If you wish to speak romantic  
languages, you've come to the wrong  
place.

THE BRIDE \*

Please don't cut my arm off!

PAI MEI \*

It's my arm now. I can do with it  
what I please. If you can stop me,  
I suggest you try.

THE BRIDE \*

I can't!

PAI MEI \*

Because you're helpless?

THE BRIDE \*

Yes!

PAI MEI \*

Have you ever felt this before?

THE BRIDE \*

No!

PAI MEI \*

Compared to me you're as helpless  
as a worm fighting an eagle, aren't  
you?

THE BRIDE \*

Yes!!!

PAI MEI \*

THAT'S THE BEGGING!

He lets go of her wrist. She cradles her still-throbbing arm.

PAI MEI \*

Is it your wish to learn how to  
make others as helpless as you  
were?

THE BRIDE \*

Yes.

PAI MEI \*

Can you cook?

THE BRIDE \*

Yes.

PAI MEI \*

I'll be the judge of that.

(pause)

Draw me a bath...your training will  
begin tomorrow. That arm is still  
mine. You may lose it yet.

TIME CUT

EXT. WHITE LOTUS TEMPLE - DAY

Pai Mei stands in front of a wood wall three inches in front  
of him. His right fist is cocked back by his breastplate,  
he's concentrating on a certain spot on the wall.

The Bride stands behind him, watching.

He lets out a SCREAM, and puts his fist THROUGH THE WALL.

He turns to the new student;

PAI MEI \*

Since your arm now belongs to me, I  
want it strong. Can you do that?

THE BRIDE \*

I can, but not that close.

PAI MEI \*

Then you can't do it.

THE BRIDE \*

I can put my hand through that at  
six inches.

PAI MEI \*

And you could shoot a man from a  
rooftop with a scope-sight rifle,  
if you so desired, but this is not  
what I asked. What if your enemy is  
three inches in front of you, what  
do you do then? Curl into a ball?  
Or do you put your fist through  
him.

He HITS the wall again leaving another hole.

PAI MEI \*

Now begin.

The Bride takes her place in front of the wall. She HITS it.  
Only managing to stain the wall with the blood from her  
scraped knuckles. Then again. And again....

INT. DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

Both Pai Mei and The Bride sit at the dinner table. Pai Mei  
concentrates on eating. The Bride's hand is scraped bloody.  
She tries to eat a bowl of rice with chopsticks, but her  
fingers won't work. She puts down the sticks and takes a

scoop of rice with her fingers.

Pai Mei WHACKS her on top of her head with his stick.

PAI MEI \*

If you want to eat like a dog, I  
will make you live and sleep like a  
dog. Outside. If you want to live  
and sleep like a human being, pick  
up those sticks.

She does.

THE WOOD WALL

The Bride HITTING it.

She looks at her fucked-up hand, then to the wall,  
hesitating....Then Pai Mei's behind her.

PAI MEI \*

It's the wood that should fear your  
hand, not the other way around. No  
wonder you can't do it, you  
acquiesce to defeat before you even  
begin.

He walks off in a huff.

EXT. PIT - DAY

Pai Mei and The Bride stand at the edge of a large, round  
deep pit, dug in the earth (by the Bride).

PAI MEI \*

In that pit, is a rat.

We see one lone rat in the huge pit.

PAI MEI \*

In the sky, is a bird.

Pai Mei brings a golden bow and arrow into Frame, and SHOOTS  
up in the sky.

A BIRD FALLS to the earth with a golden arrow stuck through

it.

PAI MEI \*

You are to go into that pit, and catch that rat, with your bare hands. If you catch the rat, I will deem you the victor, and tonight you will dine on bird. But, if you can't catch the rat by sundown, I'll deem the victor the rat. And because of the disgrace to my student, I will be forced to kill it. And then I will force you, to consume his body. Because to be my student, you must develop a taste for victory.

She hops into the pit, gets down on the ground, lock eyes with her rodent opponent, and goes after it.

The BRIDE

Practicing her Tiger/Crane combo Kung Fu.

MORE wall....

At NIGHT punching the wall in front of her in her sleep.

Trying to catch the rat to no avail.

WHEN...

A golden arrow kills the rat.

She looks up and sees Pai Mei, golden bow in his hand, looking down on her. It's sundown.

She stands, dusting herself off (she's dirty from the chase) and looks at her teacher.

She picks her dead foe up from the earth, and removes the golden arrow. Then with the rat in her hand, she looks up to her teacher.

THE BRIDE \*

I acknowledge defeat at the paws of this rat. However, I will not eat



this filthy vermin. What I will  
do...

(she RIPS the rat open  
like a pomegranate)  
...is consume his victorious heart.  
(she snatches the tiny  
heart from the rodent's  
carcass. Holding it  
between her fingers.)  
But tomorrow, you kill a big bird.

She POPS the tiny rat heart in her mouth, and begins to chew.

Pai Mei looking down on her, says;

PAI MEI \*  
How does victory taste?

THE BRIDE \*  
Bitter.

We do a Shaw Brothers ZOOM into a CU on Pai Mei, he gives an  
affirmative NOD and GRUNT.

The BRIDE'S FIST  
goes through the wall.

THE BRIDE  
(to herself)  
Wow!

INT. PAI MEI'S PRIVATE BATHROOM - DAY

Pai Mei splashing by himself in his huge bathtub, when he  
hears a noise.

PAI MEI \*  
Woman, is that you who disturbs my  
meditation?

She answers from outside the door;

THE BRIDE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Yes, teacher.

PAI MEI \*

Enter.

She does, bowing to one knee.

PAI MEI \*

What news do you find so worthy, as  
to disrupt my bath?

THE BRIDE \*

I did it teacher. I put my fist  
through the wall.

TIME CUT

PAI MEI and the BRIDE  
looking at the hole in the wall.

PAI MEI \*

Very good. Would you care to  
demonstrate?

She moves in front of the wall.....Takes her position...Her  
right hand in a fist -- Locked and loaded into position....  
With Her left hand she reaches out and touches the wall where  
she'll strike....Like she's transferring her energy into the  
wood...She removes her left hand...and...STRIKES!

She hits it HARD, but her fist doesn't go through.

Her eyes sneak a look at the old man, who wears no  
expression.

THE BRIDE \*

I think you watching is making me  
nervous.

PAI MEI \*

Not only that, it has you speaking  
before you were spoken to. Try  
again.

She does.

And when she does, she DOES it.

CU PAI MEI

he says in ENGLISH;

PAI MEI

Impressive.

She immediately goes down to her knees;

THE BRIDE \*

Thank you teacher --

He just as immediately, lifts her back up.

PAI MEI \*

You still fight better than you  
speak. Finally, a woman who  
understands what's important.

THEN...

He MOVES the wall one inch in front of her.

PAI MEI \*

Begin again.

Then the old man leaves to finish his bath.

The blonde gal begins again....Fist against wood...no  
effect....starting all over.

CUT TO:

BACK TO COFFIN, SIX FEET UNDER

PITCH BLACK -- The Flashlight Beam turns on. CU The BRIDE in  
Profile. Her breathing is normal. We can hear the soft beat  
of her heart inside the pine box. Her composure is back.

Taking the flashlight, she Shines the beam on the lid above  
her....Along the line of the coffin's rim and the lid where  
many nails meet....Then down to her Red Cowboy Boots, bound  
by a leather belt around her.

Raising her knees, as much as the coffin will allow, and  
wiggling her feet, she slips her bare feet out of the boots  
and the belt's binding...Then, using her bare feet, then her  
bound-at-the-wrist hands, to pass one of the boots up to

her...When the red boot is in her grasp, she turns it upside down....The STRAIGHT RAZOR falls out.

Opening the razor, she slices through the ropes that tie her wrists, till both hands are free.

She positions the flashlight so its Beam Shines on the coffin lid. The lid's about an inch and a half from the tip of her nose, about three inches from her hand.

THEN...

AS COMBAT DRUMS BEGIN TO BEAT ON THE SOUNDTRACK, she begins to concentrate. Her eyes focus on the wood above her, her left hand reaches out, touches the pine, passing her energy to it...

...Her long, white fingers, ball up into a FIST....

...and that FIST begins STRIKING the coffin lid above her.

With each Strike she lets out a KARATE SCREAM...

AGAIN...

And AGAIN...

Her FIST SMASHES into the wood, leaving BLOOD on the lid...

AGAIN...

And AGAIN...

A crack in the lid...

AGAIN...

Dirt begins to sift through the cracks onto the Bride...

AGAIN...

More dirt...

AGAIN...

Even more dirt...

AGAIN...

THE LID SMASHES and dirt pours into the coffin like water...

THEN...

Through six feet of dirt, we watch, the Bride - DIG - CLIMB - SWIM - SPROUT - BURROW - through the earth like a sprouting plant and a burrowing mole combined, clawing for surface air.

EXT. PAULA SCHULTZ'S GRAVE - NIGHT

A SHOT straight out of an Italian horror film. We see the tombstone of "PAULA SCHULTZ," and the mound of dirt over her grave.

WHEN...

The Bride's hand breaks the surface...then like one of Fulci's Zombies, Claws, Digs, and Pulls herself from mother earth's womb.

Once extracted from her (almost) final resting place, she rolls over on her back, exhausted. She drinks in the night's air as if it were gulps of water.

DIRT is in, on, and under every crack, crevice, and wrinkle on her body.

SHE looks like a beautiful sculpture, made out of dirt.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A Texas diner across the street from the graveyard. A YOUNG SODA JERK stands behind the counter, waiting for a customer, when he sees something approaching through the restaurant's big picture window that makes him look twice.

SODA JERK'S POV:

Through the picture window, we see the Bride, emerge from the Texas night, and walk towards the diner looking for all the world like a six-foot tall female version of the Peanuts character "PIG PEN." With each of her footfalls, a smaller mushroom cloud of dust comes off her.

The dirty blonde, walks into the diner, sits on a stool at the counter directly across from the Soda Jerk, and says;

THE BRIDE

I'd like a glass of water.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK FRAME

TITLE CARD:

Chapter nine

"ELLE and I"

CUT TO:

CU ELLE DRIVER

Behind the wheel of a hot black and gold Trans Am, driving full out on top of the desert's surface. Spanish Rock coming out of her powerful speakers.

EXT. DESERT BUDD'S CAMPER - DAY

The car stops in front of Budd's camper. She shuts off the car and the radio.

The camper door opens, Budd squints outside through the bright gold, hot desert morning, at the Tall Blonde Girl with one Good Eye.

BUDD

Want some breakfast?

INT. BUDD'S CAMPER'S KITCHEN - DAY

Budd and Elle in the tiny kitchen of Budd's tiny camper. Elle sits at the kitchen table, a black suitcase by her feet. Budd stands at a blender making them both breakfast margaritas, as he finishes telling the tale of last night.

ELLE

...So that's called a Texas funeral?

BUDD

Yep.

ELLE

I got to give it to ya Budd, that's a pretty fucked up way to die. What's the name on the grave she's buried under?

BUDD

Paula Schultz.

Budd turns on the NOISY blender, as Elle writes down the name Paula Schultz on a small notepad, placing it back inside her pocket. As the blender MASHES ICE, Elle looks around and sees the Bride's Hanzo sword in its sheath, leaning up against the T.V. In the front room. Budd shuts the blender off.

ELLE

Can I look at the sword?

BUDD

That's my money in that black case, isn't it?

ELLE

Sure is.

BUDD

Well then, it's your sword now.

The tall blonde girl steps into the living room, takes the Hanzo sword, and sits back down on the kitchen chair.

She slowly removes the Japanese steel from its wood sheath.

ELLE

So this, is a Hattori Hanzo sword.

Budd answers as he fills up two former peanut butter jars with breakfast margaritas.

BUDD

That's a Hanzo sword alright.

ELLE

Bill tells me you once had one of your own.

Pause.

BUDD

Once.

ELLE

How does this one compare to that one?

BUDD

If you're gonna compare a Hanzo sword, you compare it to every sword ever made -- wasn't made by Hattori Hanzo. Here, wrap your lips around this.

He hands her her margarita, she takes a sip. He takes a gulp.

BUDD

So, which "R" you filled with?

ELLE

What?

BUDD

They say the number one killer of old people is retirement. People got'em a job to do, they tend to live a little longer so they can do it. I've always figured warriors and their enemies share the same relationship. So now you ain't gonna hafta face your enemy on the battlefield no more, which "R" are you filled with, Relief or Regret?

ELLE

A little bit of both.

BUDD

Bullshit. I'm sure you do feel a little bit of both. But I know damn well you feel one more than you feel the other. The question was which one?



Elle looks right at him with her eye, and says;

ELLE

Regret.

BUDD

Yeah you gotta hand it to the ol' girl. I never saw nobody buffalo Bill the way she buffaloed Bill. Bill useta think she was so damn smart. I tried to tell him... Bill, she's just smart for a blonde.

He looks over at Elle and grins.

Elle looks at him.

ELLE

Want your money?

She gestures to the black suitcase by her feet.

He smiles and lifts it up on the table, unzipping it open.

Lying inside is a cool million, the thousand dollar bills are inside stacks of a hundred thousand each. At the sight of all this lettuce, Budd lets out a whistle.

BUDD

Great day in the morning.

He lifts a stack out of the bag, then another, then another...and when he lifts the third stack out, he looks down and sees a BLACK MAMBA SNAKE coiled underneath.

The Black Mamba opens its WIDE JAWS...and LEAPS RIGHT AT BUDD...

...STRIKING Budd in the face repeatedly in blurred succession (three times in the face, and once in the forearm).

Budd topples out of the kitchen chair onto the floor, bundles of money fall with him.

Elle takes a sip of her Margarita.

The Black Mamba leaves Budd and goes under the refrigerator.

Elle looks down, Budd lies on his back on the kitchen floor at her feet. His face is already grotesquely swollen and white as a sheet. The serpent's extraordinarily potent venom makes a full-frontal assault on the cowboys's nervous system.

ELLE

Oh, I'm sorry Budd, that was rude of me wasn't it? Budd -- I'd like to introduce my friend, The Black Mamba.

(gesturing towards the refrigerator)

Black Mamba -- this is Budd. You know before I picked up that little fella, I looked him up on the internet.

(she removes her notepad from her pocket)

Fascinating creature the Black Mamba. Listen to this,

(reading from the notepad)

"...In Africa, the saying goes, in the bush, an elephant can kill you. A leopard can kill you. And a Black Mamba can kill you. But only with the Mamba, and this has been true in Africa since the dawn of time, is death sure. Hence its handle; Death Incarnate."

(looking up from the paper)

Pretty cool, huh?

(back to paper)

"...Its neurotoxic venom is one of nature's most effective poisons, acting on the nervous system causing paralysis. The venom of a Black Mamba can kill a human in four hours, if say bitten on the ankle or the thumb. However, a bite to the face or torso can bring death from paralysis within twenty minutes.

(up from paper to Budd)

Now you should listen to this cause this concerns you.

(reading from the paper)

The amount of venom that can be delivered from a single bit can be gargantuan.

(looks up from paper)

-- You know I've always liked that word Gargantuan, and I so rarely have an opportunity to use it in a sentence.

(back to paper)

"If not treated quickly with anti venom, 10 to 15 milligrams can be fatal to human beings. However, the Black Mamba can deliver as much as 100 to 400 milligrams of venom from a single bite."

Elle finishes reading and puts the paper away. She looks down at Budd at her feet, going through all the symptoms she just described.

ELLE

Now in these last agonizing minutes of life you have left, let me answer the question you asked earlier, more thoroughly. When it comes to that bitch, I gotta lotta "R's" in me. Revenge is one. Retribution is another. Rivalry is definitely one. But I got another "R" for that bitch you might be surprised to find out. Respect. But right at this moment, the biggest "R" I feel, is Regret. Regret that maybe the greatest warrior I have ever met, met her end at the hands of a bushwhackin, scrub, alacky piece of shit like you. The woman deserved better.

Budd, dying, watches from the floor as Elle takes out her cell phone and presses one button. The other party comes on the line, but we never hear their side.

ELLE  
(into phone)  
Bill...Elle. I have some tragic  
news.  
(pause)  
Your brother's dead.  
(pause)  
I'm sorry baby.

Budd tries to make a sound from the floor, Elle calmly places  
her foot over his mouth.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
She put a Black Mamba in his  
camper.  
(pause)  
I got her, sweetie.  
(pause)  
She's dead.  
(pause)  
Let me put it this way. If you ever  
start feeling sentimental, go to  
Austin, Texas. When you get here,  
walk into a florist and buy a bunch  
of flowers. Then you take those  
flowers to Huntington cemetery on  
Fuller and Guadalupe, look for the  
headstone marked "Paula Schultz",  
then lay them on the grave. Because  
you will be standing at the final  
resting place of BEATRIX KIDDO.

WE FLASH ON

The BRIDE'S DRIVER'S LICENSE (the real one), with both her  
picture and the name, BEATRIX KIDDO. Yes, that's her real  
name.

FLASH ON

CLASSROOM of 1st Graders on the first day of class.

A 1st GRADE TEACHER reads roll call;

1ST GRADE TEACHER  
Melanie Harrhouse.

WE WHIP PAN ACROSS A bunch of kids to an EX CU of 1st grader

MELANIE HARRHOUSE.

MELANIE

Here.

1ST GRADE TEACHER

Beatrix Kiddo.

WHIP PAN TO AN EX CU OF The grown-up BRIDE,

THE BRIDE

Here.

BACK TO ELLE ON PHONE

ELLE

I'm so sorry baby. --Look, I can  
get there in about four hours,  
should I come over?

(pause)

No no no no no, you need me baby.  
I'm there.

(pause)

Okay, I'm leaving now, go smoke  
some pot or something. I'll be  
there soon.

She hangs up the cell phone, and looks down at the dead man  
under her shoe.

Picking up the Hanzo sword, she climbs down on the floor on  
her hands and knees to pick up the fallen money.

CU The BLACK MAMBA  
out from under the refrigerator, behind Elle...

Elle senses it. And slowly turns her head to look back..

Both Black Mamba and Elle Driver LOCK EYES...

ZOOM INTO BOTH CU's tighter and tighter, till Elle says;

ELLE

Bring it on, bitch.

The viper known as death incarnate, LEAPS at Elle.

Elle flicks her wrist slightly. She doesn't even swing the blade. She just holds it.

The snake's head touches it, and is immediately SEPARATED from its body.

ELLE'S EYES look down at the Japanese steel in her hand.

HANZO BLADE  
a smidgen of crimson blood is on the silver steel.

ELLE  
Now that's what I call sharp.

EXT. BUDD'S CAMPER - DAY

Elle exits the camper with both the sword and the black suitcase in her hand.

She climbs into her gold and black Trans Am, starts up the engine, turns on the radio....

WHEN...

...she thinks she hears something...she looks out her driver's side car door window...

ELLE'S POV:  
The dirty BLONDE BRIDE behind the wheel of her new, enormous red pickup truck, HEADING RIGHT FOR HER...

CU The BRIDE  
behind the wheel, HEADING RIGHT FOR HER...VEGEANCE THEME PLAYS ON SOUNDTRACK.

CU ELLE  
her jaw drops open. She's gobsmacked. Not only does she see the dead walk, she sees the dead behind two tons of metal coming at her at 100 MPH...

CRASH

The Red Pickup T-BONES the Trans Am, the gold and black car FLIES through the air, then ROLLS OVER AND OVER about five times in the desert sand and dirt...ending upside down.

The dirty blonde looks out her windshield at the wreckage of the black and gold sports car. A smile with the slightest hint of satisfaction, spreads across her face.

She hops out of the truck and into Budd's camper.

INT. BUDD'S CAMPER - DAY

As she walks through the door, Budd's dead, swollen body greets her. As does her serpent namesake, dead on the floor from decapitation.

She begins searching the camper, quickly, for something in particular. We don't have the slightest clue what it could be.

FLASH ON  
EX CU The BRIDE'S EYE - Watching.

The BRIDE'S POV:  
Budd's camper, seen from up high looking down.

The BRIDE  
searching the camper.

FLASH ON  
EX CU Her EYE.

The BRIDE'S POV:  
Budd's camper, Budd exits by himself.

The BRIDE  
searching the camper.

FLASH ON  
EX CU The BRIDE'S EYE.

The BRIDE'S POV:  
She watches from a high perch, Budd practicing with a ...  
SAMURAI SWORD.

The BRIDE  
searching under his bed, she sees a sword on the floor,  
resting in a shiny, black wood mahogany sheath. She removes  
it from its hiding place.

WOOD SHEATH

Its one of Hanzo's sheaths. She opens it. It is a Hanzo sword. Near the handle, etched in the steel, are the English words; "To My Brother Budd, The Only Man I Ever Loved, from Bill."

She closes the sheath, this will do. She sees a pair of cowboy boots. Picks one up and places the sole of the boot against the sole of her foot. Her feet and this man's boot are around the same size. She slips her dirty feet in them.

She's good to go.

EXT. DESERT

Elle crawls from the wreckage of the Trans Am, holding the Hanzo sword, looking like she's just been in a car wreck.

A cut on her head makes blood run down the side of her face. Luckily for her, not the side with the good eye.

The camper door swings open. The Bride emerges from Budd's home, looking like a Barbie doll that's been dug up after ten years buried in the backyard, carrying a Hanzo sword. Every footfall creating a cloud of dust.

The two women, each carrying a samurai sword, face each other in showdown position.

A shark smile spreads across Elle's face.

ELLE

Bravo, Bea. I actually thought that alacky had got the best of you.

THE BRIDE

You thought wrong.

The Bride unsheaths her sword with great flourish.

Elle does the same.

ELLE

(referring to the sword)

What's that?



THE BRIDE

Budd's Hanzo sword.

ELLE

He said he pawned it.

THE BRIDE

Guess that makes him a liar, don't  
it?

Without raising their swords into position, the two blonde  
warriors circle each other.

THE BRIDE

(question)

Elle?

ELLE

(answer)

Bea.

THE BRIDE

I was wondering, just 'tween us  
girls, what did you say to Pai Mei  
for him to snatch out your eye?

FLASHBACK - SPAGHETTI WESTERN STYLE  
of Pai Mei SNATCHING out Elle's eye with his Eagle's Claw.

ELLE

I called him a bastard.

THE BRIDE

Oooh, not so good.

ELLE

Were I to do it over again, I'd  
bite my tongue.

THE BRIDE

One more question?

ELLE

Shoot.

THE BRIDE

Where's Bill?

ELLE

Villa Quatro.

THE BRIDE

Gulf of Mexico?

Elle nods her head 'yes.'

THE BRIDE

You wouldn't lie to me now?

ELLE

Why lie?

Elle raises up The Bride's Hanzo sword into position.

The Bride raises up her sword.

THE BRIDE

I saw what you did to that little Mamba in there. Want to try that on somebody your own size?

ELLE

I intend to.

The Bride completely drops her sword stance and her samurai bearing.

THE BRIDE

Oh Elle, I should warn you before we get started. Hattori Hanzo swords are extremely sharp. They can take a little getting used to. Careful not to cut your own arm off.

ELLE

I don't rattle, bitch!

The Bride brings her sword back into combat position.

THE BRIDE

You're gonna bleed though, you're  
gonna bleed a lot.

THEN...

SPAGHETTI WESTERN MUSIC EXPLODES ON THE SOUNDTRACK.

The two blonde warriors....swords in position...no longer  
circle each other....but instead move forward...closer and  
closer to each other....one baby step at a time...

CU OF GIRLS.

EX CU'S OF:

Their separate GRIPS on the SWORD'S HANDLE.

Their FEET moving closer.

The Bride's eye.

Elle's eye.

The Tips of each other's Blade.

Their Blonde Hair.

As the Operatic Spaghetti Western Music Builds to a  
crescendo...we CUT BACK AND FORTH between CU's of the two  
women that get TIGHTER AND TIGHTER as we ZOOM in CLOSER and  
CLOSER....UNTIL...We reach the THEME'S CLIMAX....

Both women let loose with a Samurai Grunt and Swing.

EX CU: TWO SILVER BLADES CLASH.

EX CU: BLONDE HAIR WHIPPING.

EX CU: TWO SILVER BLADES CLASH AGAIN.

TWO SHOT: The TWO WOMEN WARRIORS stand their ground, STRIKING  
and DEFENDING...When they stop, no one's been touched.

The TWO WOMEN - Swords in attack position - stare across to  
the other one, as they prepare for their next attack...

Now they begin to circle again.

CU THEIR FEET making a circular walk.

They ATTACK...

EX CU BLADES MEET -- However this time we don't know who's on the left or the right. One Blade maneuvers around the other.

EX EX CU: of TIP OF BLADE SLICING OPEN SKIN, about a quarter of an inch. It looks like a scalpel cut. No blood. Just skin separating. We don't know who's cut.

The TWO WOMEN stand and face each other. Neither knows if it's them who has been struck. Neither woman bleeds.

We feel a count of...One Mississippi...

EX CU: ONE SILVER BLADE, clean as a whistle.

EX CU: ONE SILVER BLADE with a smudge of CRIMSON BLOOD on its TIP.

We feel a count of Two Mississippi...

ELLE,  
BLOOD begins to PROJECTILE SPRAY out of a slice in Elle's neck only a quarter of an inch long. The Blood does not exit the neck as liquid but as a FINE RED MIST, like that of an aerosol can, we even HEAR the slight SPRAY WHISTLE. Elle feels nothing. She turns her eyes towards the sound of the spray, and sees the blood escaping her like air from a balloon. She lifts her hand and places it in the path of the spray, it's immediately BATHED IN RED.

Elle drops the Bride's sword.

As her blood continues to escape, both women look across each other.

The effect is that Elle Driver is a balloon and her life is escaping before both their very eyes. And now looking across at each other, the two women see the other for the first time, not as adversaries, or opponents, or as rivals, or as bitches...but as sisters.

Elle no longer has enough life in her to stand up...She falls to her knees in front of The Bride....

...then as she dies, she leans the side of her head against The Bride's standing body. Her blood runs down The Bride's leg. As she passes on, Elle gently wraps her arms around the Bride's leg.

The Bride's hands go down to Elle's long blonde hair, and begins gently stroking it, easing her pain as she expires.

Only in death do they find the sisterhood that could have been theirs.

WIDE SHOT

The Bride standing, Elle on her knees, the desert surrounds them.

The BRIDE  
putting a shovel down.

WIDE SHOT

The Bride has finished burying Elle. She sticks a jerry rigged wood cross in the ground as a marker. Then using her sog;

WOODEN CROSS

carves the name "L. DRIVER" on the cross.

Then drives away in the big red pickup.

SPAGHETTI WESTERN MUSIC ENDS

FADE TO BLACK.  
BLACK FRAME

TITLE APPEARS:

Final chapter  
"The blood-splattered BRIDE"

INT. BILL'S HACIENDA - DAY

Bill on the patio of his beautiful hacienda home (named Villa Quatro) located on the beach in Mexico. At the moment Bill partaking of his current hobby.....Flower Arranging.

With his hands among various flowers of BRIGHT COLORS, he sorts and prunes a very pretty arrangement.

EX CU the BRIDE'S EYE  
....watching....

Bill's Mexican housekeeper, JOSEPHINA, appears on the patio.

JOSEPHINA

Mr. Bill, you wanted me to tell you  
to leave now.

BILL

(finishing up)

Yes, I got to go and meet the  
Duchess.

(referring to the flowers)

Do you like it?

JOSEPHINA

Oh yes Mr. Bill, it's very pretty.

BILL

Why don't you put it on the dinner  
table, so we can enjoy it tonight.

JOSEPHINA

(she takes it)

Good idea, she'll love it.

As he heads out the patio, he tells her;

BILL

Oh and Josephina, take the  
remaining flowers and spread them  
around the house, if you would.

JOSEPHINA

Yes, Mr. Bill.

He exits the patio, then turns around and pops his head back  
in.

BILL

You know I just had a great idea.  
Take the roses, and spread the

petals on the bed I just got for her. That'd be a nice thing to come home to, wouldn't it, a bed of roses.

JOSEPHINA

Oh, she'll love that Mr. Bill.

BILL

You wouldn't mind doing that for me, would you Josephina?

JOSEPHINA

No, not at all.

FLASH ON

EX CU The BRIDE'S EYE

....watching....

We follow behind Bill as he moves through his house...He slips on his jacket...Grabs his keys...TWO energetic GERMAN SHEPHERDS follow him out the front door onto his driveway.

On his way to his silver Porsche, he roughhouse plays with the dogs, speaking to them in Spanish. When he gets to the sports-car, the dogs won't leave him alone, and one jumps on the Porsche. He yells at it in Spanish;

BILL (SPANISH)

Get the fuck off the car, Lucy,  
Lucy, down!

FLASH ON

EX CU The BRIDE'S EYE

...watching...

The gates in front of Bill's Hacienda home open, and his silver Porsche hits the streets running.

FLASH ON

EX CU The Bride

...watching...

A SUSPENSE THEME PLAYS OVER THE SHOTS of The Bride's Eye every time we cut to it. Over the SHOTS OF BILL DRIVING we hear a SPANISH TRAGIC LOVE BALLAD, coming from the car radio.

BILL

driving his convertible as the beach WHIZZES by in the background.

The Bride's eye.

Dirt Road, lined by greener than green trees, the Porsche kicks up dirt ZOOMING down it.

CU BILL

driving as the Spanish love song plays.

The Bride's eye.

A striking but antiseptic-looking INSTITUTION of some sort, surrounded by the beautiful foliage of Mexico. Bill's silver Porsche drives up its driveway.

The Bride's eye.

INT. INSTITUTION

The institution is not Spanish in style, but on the contrary it's a clinical new-age box-like structure made up of clear glass doors and walls and the color beige.

Bill walks through the glass doors, to a lone Asian FEMALE RECEPTIONIST, her desk is the only furniture in the lobby. In JAPANESE he explains to her his reason for being there.

EX CU The BRIDE'S EYE

...watching...we now leave any shot of Bill not from the Bride's perspective. The SUSPENSE THEME is STRETCHED TIGHTER and TIGHTER as we look through the Bride's POV and listen to her VO;

THE BRIDE (V.O.)

The attentive audience members among you will have probably noticed, that all my kills have been straight up fights.

The Bride's POV: The Glass-enclosed Institution, and Bill standing by himself in the empty lobby.

THE BRIDE (V.O.)



Y'all figured I'd face him with my Hanzo sword, aye? Well, I figured Bill figured the same thing. I am the product of three godfathers. Bill, Pai Mei, and Hattori Hanzo. Different teachers teach you different things. But one thing I learned from all three, was "in combat, the opponent that does the unexpected, can usually expect to be the victor." Bill would never see this coming. Not from me. And least any of you judge me a bushwhacker, remember...It was Bill who taught me how to shoot.

As the Bride has said these things, WE'VE seen INSERTS of her putting together her high-powered scope rifle. Snapping on the scope sight. Setting the FOCUS through the CROSSHAIRS. Loading the heavy-duty AMMO. Curling her long white finger around the rifle's TRIGGER.

SCOPE SIGHT POV: Bill's head in between the Crosshairs. SUSPENSE THEME is STRETCHED TIGHTER STILL...it will soon break.

WIDE SHOT

looking through the Institution's glass wall. The elevator in the lobby opens...and A LITTLE GIRL steps out, and runs into Bill's arms. A LITTLE GIRL about five years old. A FIVE-YEAR OLD LITTLE GIRL with blonde hair. Bill picks up the Little Girl and lifts her HEAD into the CROSSHAIRS of the SCOPE SIGHT.

SUSPENSE THEME SNAPS into an OPERATIC WAIL...

EX CU: The Bride's finger, pops off the trigger.

EX CU: The Bride's eye, A HUGE TEAR FALLS OUT...We move out of the eyeball, into a MEDIUM CU of The Bride, tears falling down her face...She can't believe what she's looking at...that's her daughter...She's alive...

Her REMEMBERING THEME PLAYS...

FLASH ON

The Bride remembering, while she was in her wide-eyed coma state, lying on an operating table, as DOCTORS AND NURSES performed a Cesarean childbirth on her. The NEWBORN INFANT is passed to other hands above her wide-eyed unblinking expressionless face.

CU of The BRIDE

In one moment, Bill has managed to suddenly change the game.

EXT. LONG LONG LONG EMPTY ROAD IN MEXICO - DAY

Silence, except for a few birds.

THEN...

WE HEAR the Roaring of an Engine, and the Silver Porsche WHIZZES into FRAME.

INT. PORSCHE (MOVING) - DAY

Bill behind the wheel, his little girl asleep in the passenger seat. He sees something ahead.

A convertible Volkswagen Karman Ghia enters the road heading in the opposite direction. It's a long long long way off, but it will get closer every second.

Bill senses something about this automobile, and throws a glance at his sleeping child.

His cell phone RINGS, he answers it.

BILL

Hola.

INT. THE BRIDE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

The Bride behind the wheel of the convertible, her long blonde hair whipping in the wind, talks to Bill for the first time in five years and six months.

THE BRIDE

Hello Bill.

BILL

Kiddo, is that really you?

THE BRIDE

Oh, it's me all right.

BILL

I hear you were driving a truck?

THE BRIDE

My pussy wagon died on me. Who's your little friend?

He glances down at the sleeping child.

BILL

Oh, you mean the little tow head next to me, who looks extraordinarily like you?

THE BRIDE

Yeah, that one.

BILL

Her name is B.B.

The Bride gets choked up again, emotion betrays her voice.

THE BRIDE

B.B.?

BILL

Yes. Do you approve?

She wipes her eyes. Her hand moves under her shirt, fingertips rest on scar.

THE BRIDE

Yes. Can she hear us?

BILL

Not now, she's in dream land.

THE BRIDE

How old is she?

BILL

What do you mean by that?

THE BRIDE

How many years has she been alive?

BILL

Don't ask how old she is, ask, if she's five.

THE BRIDE

Is she five?

BILL

Aren't mothers like God, aren't you supposed to automatically know?

THE BRIDE

I did and I do.

(pause)

I want to meet her.

BILL

Have dinner with us at my hacienda tonight. She's expecting you.

THE BRIDE

What do you mean?

BILL

I knew you were on your way, so I told B.B. Her mommy was coming to see her.

THE BRIDE

(confused)

What have you told her about me?

BILL

That you were sick, that you were asleep, but one day you'd wake up and come back to her. And she asked me, "If Mommy's been asleep since I was born, how will she know what I look like?" To which I replied, "Because Mommy's been dreaming of you." And she said, "Then I'm gonna start

dreaming of her." So I gave her a picture of you --

THE BRIDE

-- which one?

BILL

The one I took of you in Paris, sitting on the steps with the baguette in your hand. Since she was one and a half years old, she's slept with that picture of you next to her bed.

The EXACT PHOTO DISSOLVES OVER The Bride's face, then DISSOLVES AWAY.

THE BRIDE

You know, prettier photos of me do exist.

BILL

And she's seen them. But the one she wants looking after her while she sleeps is the one of you holding bread.

(pause)

We normally have dinner around seven, is that convenient?

THE BRIDE

Yes.

Pause....The cars get closer...

THE BRIDE

When do we cross swords?

BILL

Well, it just so happens, my hacienda comes with its very own private beach. And my private beach, just so happens to look particularly beautiful bathed in moonlight. And there just so happens to be a full moon out

tonight. So, swordfighter, if you want to sword fight, that's where I suggest. But if you wanna be old school about it - then we can wait till dawn, and slice each other up at sunrise, like a couple real life honest to goodness samurais. As per usual Kiddo, I'll leave the big decisions up to you.

The cars will soon pass...

THE BRIDE

Do me a courtesy?

BILL

Anything.

THE BRIDE

Slow down as we pass...I want another look at her.

BILL

Wear something nice tonight?

THE BRIDE

I have a dress all picked out.

BILL

Will I like it?

THE BRIDE

You said I looked beautiful last time you saw me in it.

BILL

I'll dress up too.

His foot moves off the gas, slowing the car; her foot does the same.

The cars in SLOW MOTION start to pass.

The Bride looks into the other car.

We ZOOM past Bill to the little girl in the passenger seat.

We go ONE FRAME AT A TIME till the car moves past us, to Bill holding a pistol with a large silencer pointing right at our face. He FIRES. It emits only a tiny PHOOF.

The Bride throws herself across the passenger seat as the driver's side window EXPLODES over her head.

The two cars pass each other.

The Bride straightens herself in the driver's seat. She looks in the rearview as Bill and her daughter drive away. Grabbing the cell phone she screams in it;

THE BRIDE

You fucking maricone!

Bill on his cell, eyes on rearview.

BILL

Now you just wait one second there little missy. Unless I'm confused, we are trying to kill each other aren't we? Now I wasn't planning on taking a shot at you in front of the squirt, but, she is asleep. And if you're gonna forget everything I ever taught you, and gawk like you ain't got good sense, I'm gonna take a shot, am I not?

THE BRIDE

Did she wake up?

BILL

Of course not. She's like you that way.  
I look forward to this evening. It was great speaking with you, Bea.

He hangs up.

INT. WHERE HATTORI HANZO SLEEPS - JAPAN - NIGHT

Hattori Hanzo lies sleeping on his mat...

WHEN...





Now comes the new stuff.

She climbs out of her vehicle, goes to the back, opens the boot, and removes her MOSSBERG PUMP ACTION SHOTGUN.

The two satellites freeze...

She SLIDES THE PUMP once, and FIRES.

ONE is BLOWN APART by the blast.

She SLIDES THE PUMP a second time...BLAST.

TWO buys the farm.

She slides the PUMP again...

...and BLASTS the front door, kicking it open and stepping inside.

INT. BILL'S VILLA - NIGHT

ANOTHER BLACK-SUITED SATELLITE hurries down the stairs, reaching for his weapon...

She FIRES the shotgun into his kneecap...

He TUMBLES down the stairs landing at her feet.

She points the shotgun straight down at his face.

THE BRIDE

Hello Manny.

She FIRES...Then moves further into the house.

Apparently, this is the do-the-unexpected part of her plan. Fuck the charade, storm the camp, kill everyone she comes across, send Bill to hell, scoop up her daughter, and head for parts unknown.

So far, so good.

She enters the butcher block kitchen, and finds Bill's cook and housekeeper, Josephina.

Josephina stares at the shotgun barrel pointed at her.

THE BRIDE

Hello Josephina.

JOSEPHINA

Hello Miss Beatrix.

She grabs the housekeeper, and shoves her into the kitchen pantry.

THE BRIDE

Stay in here and don't come out. If you leave this room I'll shoot you, comprende?

JOSEPHINA

Yes.

She closes the pantry door, and moves into the hallway leading to the living room.

With her back against the wall, holding her weapon tight, she moves down the hall. As she creeps, an unseen Bill yells to her from around the corner.

BILL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Kiddo! If you're through shooting the servants, I'm in the living room. You remember how to get to the living room, don'tcha? Go down to the end of the hall, and make a left.

Back against the wall she creeps down the hall to the end. She pumps the slide, and TURNS THE CORNER - SHOTGUN RAISED - READY TO FIRE...

WHEN...

EX CU The BRIDE'S EYES - blink once.

EX CU HER FINGER comes off the trigger.

What the Bride sees in front of her is, Bill in a tuxedo,

holding a small, orange squirt gun pointed at her. Standing next to him is five-year-old little B.B., dressed up in a very pretty party dress, arm outstretched holding a orange squirt gun, aimed at The Bride.

The three look at each other for a moment, then Bill says;

BILL  
(loudly)  
Bang Bang!

Then he suddenly clutches his abdomen like he's just been shot.

BILL  
Oh B.B., Mommy got us.

B.B. lowers her gun and plays out a big dying scene alongside her dad...Bill falls to the floor.

BILL  
Oh, I'm dying...I'm dying...

B.B. parrots this.

B.B.  
Oh, I'm dying...I'm dying...

Bill on the floor, says up to his little girl;

BILL  
Fall down sweetheart, Mommy shot you.

The little girl falls down pretend dead.

The Bride, still absentmindedly pointing her weapon at them, is truly thrown.

Bill delivers his lines from the floor, spoken like a dying breath;

BILL  
You did it Quick Draw Kiddo. You are-the fastest.

And with these last words, pretends to die.

But then while pretending to be dead, he speaks in a dramatic narrator's voice.

BILL

But...little did Quick Draw Kiddo know,...that five-year-old B.B. Gunn was only playing possum, due to the fact she was impervious to bullets.

B.B. raises her head off the floor and says;

B.B.

(to Mommy)

I'm impervious to bullets, Mommy.

BILL

(to B.B.)

Hey, get back down there, you're playing possum.

The little girl's head drops back down.

Bill continues his dramatic narration;

BILL

So, as the smirking killer approached, what she thought, was a bullet-ridden corpse,...that's when the little B.B. Gunn fired.

B.B. springs up holding her tiny orange squirt gun and says;

B.B.

Bang bang!

The Bride continues watching in gobsmackery.

Bill raises his head off the floor, and says to her in his normal voice;

BILL

Mommy, you're dead - so die.

The Bride shakes off her confusion, and acts out a big death scene for her little girl.

THE BRIDE

Oh, B.B., you got me. I should have known, you are the best.

She falls to the floor and pretends to die.

The little girl in her party dress, runs over to the big girl in her wedding dress, and kneels over her mommy.

Mommy opens her eyes.

B.B.

Don't die Mommy, I was just playing.

From the floor, looking up at her daughter, she speaks to her for the first time.

MOMMY

I know baby.

They embrace each other.

B.B.

I waited a long time for you to wake up, Mommy. Did you dream of me - I dreamed of you?

The female killer says to her daughter as momminess begins to creep into her voice;

THE BRIDE

Every single night, baby.

She holds her daughter out at arm's length to get a better look at her.

THE BRIDE

Now let me look at you. My my my...  
What a pretty girl you are.

B.B.

You're pretty too, Mommy.

B.B. starts stroking her mother's long blonde hair.

THE BRIDE

Thank you.

All of a sudden, Bill has joined them on the floor.

BILL

When I showed you Mommy's picture,  
tell Mommy what you said.

The little girl gets shy.

BILL

C'mon shy girl, you know what you  
said, tell Mommy, it'll make her  
fell good.

As she strokes her long blonde hair, little B.B. says;

B.B.

I said - I said - You're the most  
beautiful woman I ever saw in the  
whole white world.

BILL

That's the truth. That's what she  
said.

B.B. points to Manny's blood, which splashed a little on the  
Bride's wedding gown.

B.B.

What's that?

MOMMY

Oh, Mommy spilled something on her  
dress.

B.B.

Blood?

MOMMY

No. Kool-Aid. Do you like Kool-Aid?

B.B.

No.

BILL

Do you not like it, or do you not know what it is?

Parroting Bill;

B.B.

I do not know what it is.

MOMMY

Well, it's a very tasty beverage that I used to drink, when I was a little girl. It comes in a lot of different flavors and colors, and it's really good. Maybe we should fix some sometime. Want to do that?

The little girl gives a big nod, yes.

BILL

Speaking of fixing and drinking and eating, I think it's dinner time don't you?

B.B. does an exaggerated nod, yes.

BILL

(to Mommy)

When you were doin all that fancy shootin, you didn't happen to shoot a nice Mexican woman about forty five years old, did ya?

MOMMY

No.

BILL

(wiping imaginary sweat off his brow)

Whew, then dinner should be done.

(shouting to the other room)

Josephina! You can come out now,

we're ready for dinner.

JOSEPHINA (O.S.)  
Yes, Mr. Bill.

He offers his hand to Mommy, and helps her to her feet. Then says to B.B.;

BILL  
Want to go on top of the world?

She says excitedly;

B.B.  
Yeah!

He scoops the little girl up, puts her on his shoulders, and as the mommy and the daddy and their little girl walk through the house towards the dinner table, Bill and B.B. Sing The Carpenter's song, "Top Of The World." It's obviously one of their songs.

INT. DINNER ROOM - NIGHT

The dining room of Bill's house. The family, mother father and daughter, sit at the dinner table eating.

BILL  
B.B., don't you think Mommy has the prettiest hair in the whole wide world?

B.B.  
Yes I do.

BILL  
In fact it's better than pretty.  
What's better than pretty?

B.B.  
Gorgeous.

BILL  
Very good, gorgeous. Mommy is gorgeous.



The Bride shows no sign of thawing around Bill.

BILL

You know baby, Mommy's kinda mad at Daddy.

B.B.

Why? Where you a bad daddy?

BILL

I'm afraid I was. I was a real bad daddy.

(to Mommy)

Our little girl learned about life and death the other day.

(to B.B.)

You want to tell Mommy about what happened to Emilio?

B.B.

I killed him. I didn't mean to, but I stepped on him and he stopped moving.

BILL

Emilio was her goldfish. She came running into my room holding the fish in her hand, crying, "Daddy daddy, Emilio's dead." And I said, "Really, that's so sad. How did he die?" And what did you say?

B.B.

I stepped on him.

BILL

Actually young lady, the words you so strategically used were, "I accidentally stepped on him." Right?

B.B.

Yeah.

BILL

To which I queried, "And just how

did your foot accidentally find its way into Emilio's fishbowl?" And she told me no no no, Emilio was on the carpet when she stepped on him.

(beat)

Hummmmmm, the plot thickens. And just how did Emilio get on the carpet? And Mommy, you would have been real proud of her, because she didn't lie. She said she took Emilio out of his bowl, and put him on the carpet. And what was Emilio doing on the carpet, baby?

B.B.

He was -- flapping.

BILL

And then you stomped on him?

B.B.

Uh-huh.

BILL

And when you lifted your foot up, what was Emilio doing then?

B.B.

Nothing.

BILL

He stopped flapping, didn't he?

B.B.

Uh-huh.

BILL

And you knew what that meant, didn't you?

B.B.

Uh-huh.

BILL

What did that mean?

B.B.

He was dead.

BILL

(to Mommy)

She told me later, that the second she lifted up her foot and saw him not flapping, she knew he was dead. Is that not the perfect visual image of life and death? A fish flapping on the carpet, and a fish not flapping on the carpet. So powerful even a five-year old child with no concept of life and death knew what it meant. Not only did she know Emilio was dead, she knew she had killed him. So she comes running into my room, holding Emilio in both of her little hands - it was so cute - and she wanted me to make Emilio better. And I asked her, why did she step on Emilio? And she said, she didn't know. But I knew why. You didn't mean to hurt Emilio, you just wanted to see what would happen if you stepped on him, right?

B.B.

Uh-huh.

BILL

And what happens when you stomp on Emilio, is you kill him. And you discovered that, didn't you?

B.B.

Uh-huh.

BILL

So we drove down to the beach, had a little funeral, and gave Emilio a burial at sea. And right now I'm sure he's happy as can be, swimmin around in fish heaven. But the point being, our child

learned two very important lessons.  
One, about life and death. The  
other, somethings once you do, they  
can't be undone. I knew just how  
she felt

(to B.B.)

You loved Emilio, didn't you?

B.B.

Uh-huh.

BILL

Well sweetie, I love Mommy, but I  
did to Mommy what you did to  
Emilio.

B.B.

You stomped on Mommy?

BILL

Worse.

(making his finger a gun)

I shot Mommy. Not pretend shoot,  
like we were just doing. I shot her  
for real.

B.B.

Why?

BILL

I don't know.

B.B.

Did you want to see what would  
happen?

BILL

No, I knew what would happen to  
Mommy if I shot her. What I didn't  
know, is when I shot Mommy, what  
would happen to me.

B.B.

What happened?

BILL

I was very sad. And that was when I learned, somethings once you do, they can never be undone.

B.B.  
What happened to Mommy?

BILL  
Why don't you ask Mommy.

B.B.  
Are you okay Mommy. Does it hurt?

BILL  
No sweety, it doesn't hurt anymore.

B.B.  
Did it make you sick?

MOMMY  
It put me to sleep. That's why I haven't been with you B.B., I've been asleep.

B.B.  
But you're awake now, right?

MOMMY  
I'm wide awake, pretty girl.

EXT. PORCH - DAWN

Bill sits on the steps of his porch in the back of the house drinking a glass of red wine. The steps lead to the beach and the sea.

Beatrix steps out onto the porch, and sits down on the steps across from him.

Between them the dawn sky breaks.

BILL  
Did she go to sleep easy?

THE BRIDE  
It took her a little bit. She was

excited. She's quite the little chatterbox.

BILL

Well, if she doesn't like you, you got to kill her to say hello. But if she likes you, you can't shut her up. She's a chip off the ole blonde in that regards.

He holds up the bottle of vino.

BILL

Red wine?

She shakes her blonde head, no.

BILL

C'mon, Bea, you're a whole lot more fun with a couple glasses of wine in ya.

She gives him a look.

BILL

(pointing towards the beach)

We're going to go out there and have at it, aren't we?

She shakes her blonde head, yes.

BILL

Well, I've already had a glass. So unless you want to win by an unfair advantage, you should have a glass of wine. So we're both on the same footing wine wise.

She holds out the empty glass, and he fills it with red.

BILL

You know, there's an old man down here, his name is Esteban Viharo. He was a pimp. I knew him when I was a child. He was a friend of my

mother's. I told him about you.  
When I showed him your picture he  
smiles and said;

(imitating his accent)

"Yesss, I see the attraction." He  
told me a story about taking me to  
the movies when I was five. It was  
a movie which had Lana Turner in  
it. And whenever she would appear  
on screen, he said I would stick my  
thumb in my mouth and suck it, to  
an obscure amount. And he knew  
right then, this boy will be a fool  
for blondes.

THE BRIDE

Who would of ever thought you'd be  
such a good father?

BILL

Well not you, that's for damn sure.

She gives him another look.

THE BRIDE

Must we have to endure your little  
zingers?

BILL

No we mustn't. But if you're going  
to say sentences like that, in the  
future, I will resist the  
temptation.

THE BRIDE

Baby, you don't have a future.

Bill drinks some wine.

BILL

I sent you to L.A. and you never  
came back. I thought you'd been  
killed. Do you know how cruel it is  
to make someone think someone they  
love is dead? I mourned you. Then  
in the third month of my mourning,

I track you down. I wasn't trying to track you down, I was trying to track down - the fucking assholes - who I thought killed you. And when I find you, what do I find? Not only are you not dead, you're getting married - to some fuckin jerk - and you're pregnant? How do you expect me to react?

THE BRIDE

Why do you think I hid?

BILL

Why did you leave in the first place? You have cold eyes towards me now. I understand their temperature, but they were warm the second to the last time I saw them, or was that just my imagination?

THE BRIDE

No.

The Bride decides to tell all. As she tells this story, parts will be shown on the screen.

To give herself a running start with the story she starts it off in Japanese;

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)

You sent me to L.A. to kill that lady scoundrel, Lisa Wong.

Bill interrupts her.

BILL (ENGLISH)

You are you talking in Japanese?

The Bride explodes;

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)

What the hell do you care what I talk in? Don't you know when to keep your mouth shut? I'm trying to tell you what you want to know, if



you'll just shut up and listen and stop talking! Now may I continue?

BILL

You're right, I'm wrong, continue.

THE BRIDE

The morning I left, I threw up. I don't feel like speaking in Japanese anymore - on the plane, I threw up. When I got to my hotel, I threw up. So naturally I started thinking, maybe I might be pregnant. So I bought one of those home pregnancy kits. Went back to my room and took the test. The little strip said blue. I was going to have a baby. I tried to call you, but you weren't there, so I just thought I'd call back later.

BILL

But you never did.

THE BRIDE

- Would you shut up, I'm trying to tell you how I feel.

BILL

My apologies, please continue.

THE BRIDE

So I just figured I'd call you back later. I was just so happy, I put on music and danced by myself in the hotel suite, holding my little blue strip. What I didn't know, was at some leg of my journey, I was spotted. With me in Los Angeles it didn't take Lisa Wong long to figure out someone put a hit out on her. So she sent an assassin of her own to kill me in my hotel room. As I was dancing in euphoria, the killer came down the hall.

There's a knock on the hotel room door.

The Bride stops dancing and goes to the door's peephole.

PEEPHOLE POV: A pretty KOREAN WOMAN in the blazer and skirt outfit of a hotel manager. She's holding a basket of flowers.

The Bride says through the door;

THE BRIDE  
Hello, can I help you?

HOTEL WOMAN  
Hello, I'm Karen Kim, I'm the  
hospitality manager of the hotel. I  
have a welcome gift from the  
management.

Seeing it through the peephole.

THE BRIDE  
Oh, it's beautiful. But I'm kinda  
busy at this second, could you  
possibly come back later?

As she talks, she accidentally drops the blue strip, she  
bends down to pick it up...

WHEN...

A SHOTGUN BLAST BLOWS A HOLE in the door, right where the  
bent over woman was previously standing.

Karen kicks open the door, Pump Action Shotgun in hand.

The Bride's on her back, on the floor below her.

Karen aims the shotgun down at her.

With her foot, The Bride kicks the front door.

It SLAMS BACK HITTING Karen in the face.

The Bride scrambles to her feet, running for cover.

Karen pushes the door aside, steps into the room, and FIRES the shotgun The Bride's way.

The Bride DIVES out of the way.

The BLAST DESTROYS the side of the room it HITS.

The Bride comes up from the floor with her SOG in her hand, and THROWS IT across the room at Karen...

Karen BLOCKS the thrown knife with her shotgun. The blade sticking in the weapon's wooden stock. She removes the knife, and drops it to the floor.

The Bride is a sitting duck. There's nothing she can do except wait to get shot.

KAREN

So you came here to kill Lisa Wong, huh? Well that's my sister, bitch. I'm Karen Wong, and I've come here to kill you.

She raises the shotgun, and takes aim at The Bride...

THE BRIDE

Wait a second!

Karen stops.

THE BRIDE

Yes, I'm an assassin. Yes I did come here to kill your sister. But I'm not gonna do that now.

KAREN

Oh, I know you're not --

THE BRIDE

- listen to me! I just found out, right now - not two minutes before you blew a hole in the door, I'm pregnant.

Karen looks at her, "what?".

THE BRIDE

On that table is the home pregnancy kit. On the floor by the door is the strip that says I'm pregnant. I'm telling you the truth, I don't want to and I won't kill your sister. I just want to go home.

KAREN

What is this, bullshit story number twelve in the female assassin's handbook?

THE BRIDE

Any other time you'd be a hundred percent right. But this time you're a hundred percent wrong. I'm the deadliest woman in the world, but right now I'm scared shitless for my baby. Please, you hafta believe me. Look at the strip, it's on the floor.

Karen looks over to the door, and sees the tiny strip on the floor.

KAREN

Sit down on that bed and put your hands behind your head.

The Bride complies. Karen bends down and picks the strip off the floor. Then takes the package it came in and reads the directions on the box.

THE BRIDE

Blue means pregnant.

KAREN

I'll read it myself, thank you.

It is blue, Karen's starting to believe her.

KAREN

Okay, say I were to believe you, what then?

THE BRIDE

Just go home. I'll do the same.

Karen does...She starts backing out of the room...before she leaves, she says;

KAREN

You fucked with the Wong sisters.

BACK ON THE PORCH

THE BRIDE

Facing Karen Wong, was the most frightening moment I have ever experienced. And that includes three years with that evil bastard Pai Mei. Before that strip turned blue, I was a woman, I was your woman. I was a killer, who killed for you. Before that strip turned blue, I would have jumped a motorcycle on to a speeding train ...for you. But once that strip turned blue, I could no longer do any of those things. Not anymore. Because now I was a mother. A mother who only had one thought on her mind. Please don't harm my baby. Can you understand that?

BILL

Yes. But why tell me now, and not then?

THE BRIDE

You wouldn't have let me go. Specially once you found out I was pregnant. You would've tried to talk me out of it. It would have been a big scene. I just said fuck it.

Starting to get mad.

BILL

Fuck who?

THE BRIDE

Bill, you couldn't know I was pregnant, once you knew, you'd claim it, and I didn't want that.

BILL

That's not your decision to make.

THE BRIDE

Yes, but it's the right decision. And I made it for my daughter. Everybody on this earth deserves to start with a clean slate. But with us - my daughter would be born into a world she shouldn't be. Robbing her of the one thing everybody deserves. She would be born with blood stains. I had to choose. I chose her.

She takes a sip of wine. It's morning now. And now it's her turn.

THE BRIDE

You know five years ago, if I had to make a list of impossible things that could never happen. You performing a coup de grace on me by bustin a cap in my crown, would be right at the top of the list.

(beat)

I'd've been wrong, wouldn't I?

Bill listens stoney, then;

BILL

I'm sorry was that a question? Of impossible things that could never happen - yes in this instance you would have been wrong.

The Bride listens stoney, then;

THE BRIDE

Well?

BILL

Well what?

THE BRIDE

Explain yourself.

BILL

I already have. When I told you the story of when I thought you were dead. Didn't you get how badly I felt?

THE BRIDE

You call that an explanation?

BILL

Well if that's too cryptic let's get literal.

(beat)

There are consequences to breaking the heart of a murdering bastard. You experienced some of them.

That's his explanation.

She hears it.

They both understand one another.

THE BRIDE

You and I have unfinished business.

BILL

Baby, you ain't kidding.

They both laugh.

BILL

You know how proud I am of you, don't you?

THE BRIDE

Yes.

BILL

You know I was rooting for you,  
don't you?

THE BRIDE

I figured.

BILL

You know on that beach out there I  
want you to be the victor?

She nods her head, yes.

BILL

You also know you're going to have  
to defeat me. I can't just give it  
to you, even though I want to.

THE BRIDE

It won't be necessary for you to  
give me anything. I've surpassed  
you. I'll take it.

BILL

Well, as they say in Missouri, show  
me.

EXT. THE BEACH - MORNING

As the blue waves of the Gulf of Mexico crash on the beach,  
The Bride in her bridal gown, and Bill, his tuxedo jacket  
off, face each other in a combat stance.

The BRIDE

Breeze blowing her blonde hair, holding her Hanzo sword in  
its sheath.

BILL

stares across the sand to the figure of the Bride, his  
student, facing him at sunrise with a weapon he taught her to  
use. This is where all who teach combat artistry may end up.  
Facing a Frankenstein monster of their own creation. He  
removes his Hanzo sword from its sheath with GREAT FLOURISH.

WIDE SHOT

The two combatants...quite far from each other...they intend



to charge/attack...stand in showdown stance.

The BRIDE

The VENGEANCE THEME EXPLODES ON THE SOUNDTRACK. She takes her combat stance. But what she doesn't do is remove her sword from its wood sheath. The fist of her left hand is wrapped around the wood sheath's center. Her right empty hand, raises and makes a beckoning gesture to Bill. Then with a face completely devoid of emotion, says in Japanese;

THE BRIDE (JAPANESE)  
Attack me.

She's facing him, sword in sheath, hand far from handle, in a standing still position, not moving a muscle or blinking an eye, staring her laser beams in Bill's direction waiting for his attack.

He stands in a combat position, sword raises in a combat grip, to charge her.

BILL  
(to himself)  
That's my girl.

He screams a samurai scream...and charges her...

She stands motionless...

Unblinking...

Watching him coming...

No fear....

No expression...

We go back and forth, close, wide, low.

TILL...

They meet...

Using only her left arm, with the sheathed Hanzo sword in its grip, she blocks all of his blows, right arm unmoving down at

her side...sort of like Pai Mei did to her earlier...his sword and her sheath lock together...they're close to each other, she brings up her right arm, sticks out two fingers, and hits Bill on ten different pressure points on his body. Then hits him straight on in the heart with her palm. His body jolts, like he's just had a heart attack...he coughs up a little blood...he looks at her.

Their faces are very close...

The face of the cold ice woman Ninja, melts away before our eyes, and the face of Beatrix Kiddo is filled once again with compassion.

BILL

He taught you the ten point palm exploding heart technique?

THE BRIDE

Of course he did.

BILL

Why didn't you tell me?

She doesn't have an answer.

She looks at him apologetically;

THE BRIDE

I don't know...Because...I'm a...bad person.

He smiles at her duplicitly, and says with blood on his lips;

BILL

No. You're not a bad person. You're a terrific person. You're my favorite person. But every once in awhile...you can be a real cunt.

They smile at each other.

Then...

Bill turns his back to her...

And walks five steps in the opposite direction...with each step his heart swells, on the fifth...

It BURSTS...WE HEAR A SOUND, like of a tire blowout...

He falls to the beach...dead.

The Bride walks over to his body.

She unsheaths her Hanzo sword.

Blood lies in a pool, by Bill's mouth.

She dips the tip of the blade in the blood, leaving the tiniest of crimson smudges.

She then removes the Bill handkerchief, and wipes Bill's blood from off the blade onto the white cloth.

She lets the Bill handkerchief drop onto his body.

The Jingi sword Hattori Hanzo created, just for her, for this purpose, has come to the end of its journey.

Beatrix, in a moment of enormous generosity, allows herself, one final tear, shed for her corrupter, her enemy, the father of her child,...her MAN. The tear is for her as well. For she's very aware she will never ever be completely any other man's WOMAN.

EX CU The Hanzo BLADE slowly sliding into the wood sheath.

EX CU the single teardrop, sliding down her cheek.

The blade disappears inside the sheath.

The teardrop falls of her chin.

Her journey, her revenge, her victory, her unfinished business, is completed.

The Bride exits the beach.

Bill doesn't.

SERIES OF SHOTS END FILM

As a female voice sings a song on the soundtrack.

We see the Bride, get B.B.

The Bride and B.B. are driving away.

The Bride and B.B. eating in a coffee shop.

The Bride and B.B. in a motel room. They both wear bath towels and both of their blonde heads are wet. The Bride sits behind her on the bed, combing the little one's head.

The Bride spooning B.B. from behind, both of them are asleep.

It's the morning...

B.B. Sits on the motel room bed, watching Saturday morning cartoons on T.V.

INT. MOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - MORNING

The Bride is on the floor of the motel room bathroom, crying her eyes out.

She shoves a towel in her mouth so B.B. won't hear her.

We wonder for a moment what's wrong...

Till we see her face in CU...

Her tears are tears of joy.

She can't believe this is even happening.

Her daughter is alive. They're together. They get to begin again.

She covers her mouth so B.B. won't hear her crying and get worried or confused.

But as the deadliest woman on the planet, lies on the motel room bathroom floor, smile on her face, twinkle in her eyes, happier than she's ever been, she thinks one thought. Over and over again....

Thank you god...thank you god...thank you god...thank you god.

She washes her face in the sink, when she's presentable, she walks out of the bathroom, jumps on the bed with her baby, hugs her from behind as the two watch Saturday morning cartoons.

TWO SHOT CU

Both blonde heads, the big one and the little one, next to each other, watching T.V.

The lioness has been reunited with her cub, and all is right in the jungle.