

"Can she bake a cherry pie."

EX CU SLOT IN DOOR
is slid open revealing two male eyes on the other side.

DOORMAN (O.S.)

Yes?

TWO EYES (O.S.)

I heard you had a game?

DOORMAN (O.S.)

Who are you?

TWO EYES (O.S.)

They call me Bill.

DOORMAN (O.S.)

Bill what?

BILL (O.S.)

That, no one ever calls me.

A FEMALE VOICE FROM OFF SCREEN says to the Doorman;

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Open the door Alhurt, let's see
what this Bill looks like.

The door opens revealing BILL to the other side of the door,
and for the first time, to the audience. He looks cool.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bill looks inside and sees a fancy hotel room converted into
a crap game. A crap table has been erected in the middle of
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

Oocohhh, 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
perogative, 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 dug 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 Eyebrowes, 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 SHOTS
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 refridgerator.

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 refridgerator)
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...

His phone wakes him up in the middle of the night...He hurriedly answers it.

HANZO (JAPANESE)
(in phone; groggy)
Hello....

INT. MEXICO HOTEL - DAY

The Bride's on the phone, calling Japan, in tears.

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Hattori!

HANZO (ENGLISH)
Beatrice, what's wrong?

THE BRIDE (ENGLISH)
She's alive! My baby girl's alive!

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRIDE DRIVING TO BILL'S VILLA

The same shot we saw during the opening credits. She's dressed in a white bridal gown, the exact replica of the one she was bushwhacked in.

Over her CU we DISSOLVE TO A CU OF HANZO talking to her earlier on the phone.

HANZO (JAPANESE)
Half of Bill's strength, lies in
his talent for the unexpected.
If you intend to vanquish this man,
and claim your daughter, you must
not only expect the unexpected. You
must do the unexpected.

WE DISSOLVE BACK to The Bride.

We see the same shots as before of The Bride driving up to Bill's villa, through his iron gates, and parking by his front door. We see TWO BLACK-SUITED MALE SATELLITES approach her.

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 fo 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 mommieness 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)

Hummmmmmm, 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.

Beatrice 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 to 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 of 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.

Beatrice, 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.

CUT TO:

BLACK FRAME
TITLE APPEARS:

WRITTEN
&
DIRECTED

By

Quentin Tarantino