

Do you find me sadistic? You know, I'll bet I could fry an egg on your head right now. If I wanted to. You know, kiddo. I'd like to believe you're aware enough, even now, to know that there's nothing sadistic in my actions. Well, maybe towards those other jokers. But not you. No, kiddo. At this moment, this is me at my most masochistic. Bill. It's your baby. Coming! Sarah, I cannot believe you are early. What you gonna do now? What you got? I got your ass! Remember that? Remember? Okay. Come on, bitch. Come on. Bring it on. Mommy, I'm home. Hey, baby. How was school? Mommy, what happened to you and the TV room? That good-for-nothing dog of yours got his little ass in the living room and acted a damn fool. - That's what happened, baby. - Barney did this? Baby, now, you can't come in here. There's broken glass everywhere, and you could cut yourself. This is an old friend of Mommy's I ain't seen in a long time. Hi, honey. I'm... What's your name? Her name is Nikki. Nikki. Such a pretty name for such a pretty girl. How old are you, Nikki? Nikki... asked you a question. I'm 4. You know, I had a little girl once. She'd be about 4 now. Now, baby, me and Mommy's friend got some grown-up talk to talk about. You go in your room. I want you to leave us alone till I tell you to come out. Okay? Nikkia! In your room. Now. You want some coffee? Yeah. Sure. This Pasadena homemaker's name is Jeanne Bell. Her husband is Dr. Lawrence Bell. But back when we were acquainted, four years ago, her name was Vernita Green. Her code name was Copperhead. Mine, Black Mamba. Do you have a towel? Yeah. Thanks. You still take cream and sugar, right? Yeah. So I suppose it's a little late for an apology? You suppose correctly. Look, bitch, I need to know if you're gonna start any more shit around my baby girl. You can relax for now. I'm not gonna murder you in front of your child, okay? That's being more rational than Bill led me to believe you were capable of. It's mercy, compassion, and forgiveness I lack. Not rationality. Look. I know I fucked you over. I fucked you over bad. I wish to God I hadn't, but I did. You have every right to want to get even. No, no, no, no, no. No. To get even, even Stephen, I would have to kill you, go up to Nikki's room, kill her, then wait for your husband, the good Dr. Bell, to come home, and kill him. That would be even, Vernita. That'd be about square. Look, if I could go back in a machine, I would. But I can't. All I can tell you is that I'm a different person now. Oh, great. I don't care. Be that as it may, I know I don't deserve your mercy or your forgiveness. However, I beseech you for both on behalf of my daughter. Bitch, you can stop right there. Just because I have no wish to murder you before the eyes of your daughter does not mean that parading her in front of me is gonna inspire sympathy. You and I have unfinished business. And not a goddamn thing you've done in the subsequent four years, including getting knocked up, is gonna change that. So when do we do this? It all depends. When do you want to die? Tomorrow? The day after tomorrow? How about tonight, bitch? Splendid. Where? There's a baseball diamond where I coach Little League about a mile from here. We meet there around 2.30 in the morning, dressed all in black, your hair in a black stocking. And we have us a knife fight. We won't be bothered. Now, I have to fix Nikki's cereal. Bill said you were one of the best ladies he saw with an

edged weapon. Fuck you, bitch. I know he didn't qualify that shit. So you can just kiss my motherfucking ass, Black Mamba. Black Mamba. I should have been motherfucking Black Mamba. Weapon of choice? If you want to stick with your butcher knife, that's fine. Very funny, bitch. Very funny! It was not my intention to do this in front of you. For that, I'm sorry. But you can take my word for it. Your mother had it coming. When you grow up, if you still feel raw about it... I'll be waiting. For those regarded as warriors... When engaged in combat... the vanquishing of thine enemy can be the warrior's only concern. Suppress all human emotion and compassion... ...kill whoever stands in thy way, even if that be Lord God, or Buddha himself. This truth lies at the heart of the art of combat. Come on out to Dallas. This is Rockabilly Rhythms on KTRN, Wichita Falls. And next, we got some record. Very own wild man, Charlie Feathers. Well, give me the gory details, Son Number One. It's a goddamn massacre, Pop. They wiped out the whole wedding party, execution style. Give me a figure. Nine dead bodies. And we're talking the whole shebang. Bride. Groom. Reverend. Reverend's wife. They even shot that old coloured fella that plays the organ. It would appear to me somebody objected to this union and wasn't able to hold their peace. Good gravy, Marie. What'd I tell you, Pop? It's like a goddamn Nicaraguan death squad. You better shit-can that blasphemy, boy. - You're in a house of worship. - Sorry, Pop. Well, this is definitely the work of professionals. I'd guesstimate Mexican Mafia hit squad. Four, maybe five strong. How can you tell? Well, a sure and steady hand did this. This ain't no squirrely amateur. This is the work of a salty dog. You can tell by the cleanliness of the carnage. Now, a kill-crazy rampage, though it may be, all the colours are kept inside the lines. If you was a moron, you could almost admire it. Who's the bride? Don't know. The name on the marriage certificate is Arlene Machiavelli. That's a fake. We've been calling her "The Bride" on account of the dress. You can tell she was pregnant. Man would have to be a mad dog to shoot a goddamn good-looking gal like that in the head. Look at her. Hay-coloured hair. Big eyes. She's a little blood-spattered angel. Son Number One? Yeah? This tall drink of cocksucker ain't dead. I might never have liked you. Point in fact, I despise you. But that shouldn't suggest that I don't respect you. Dying in our sleep is a luxury that our kind is rarely afforded. My gift to you. For fuck's sake. Hello, Bill. What's her condition? Comatose. Where is she? I'm standing over her right now. That's my girl. Elle, you're going to abort the mission. What? We owe her better than that. Oh, you don't owe her shit! Will you keep your voice down? You don't owe her shit! May I say one thing? Speak. Y'all beat the hell out of that woman. But you didn't kill her. And I put a bullet in her head. But her heart just kept on beating. Now, you saw that yourself with your own beautiful blue eye, did you not? We've done a lot of things to this lady. And if she ever wakes up, we'll do a whole lot more. But one thing we won't do is sneak into her room in the night like a filthy rat and kill her in her sleep. And the reason we won't do that thing is because that thing would lower us. Don't you agree, Miss Driver? I guess. Do you really have to guess? No. I don't really have to guess. I know. Come on home, honey. Affirmative. I love you very much. I love you, too. Bye-bye.

Thought that was pretty fucking funny, didn't you? Word of advice, shithead. Don't you ever wake up. At this moment, this is me at my most masochistic. Bill, it's your baby. Oh, my baby. Four years. Four years. The price is 75 a fuck, my friend. You getting your freak on or what? Oh, yeah, boy. Yeah. Now, here's the rules. Rule number one. No punching her. Nurse comes in and she got a shiner or less some teeth, jig's up. So no knuckle sandwiches under no circumstances. By the way, this cunt's a spitter. It's a motor-reflex thing. But spit or no, no punching. - Now, are we clear on rule one? - Yeah. Good. Now, rule number two. No monkey bites. No hickeys. In fact, no leaving no marks of no kind. After that, it's all good, buddy. Her plumbing down there don't work. Feel free to come in her all you want. Keep the noise down. Try not to make a mess. I'll be back in 20. Yeah. Oh, shit. By the way, not all the time, but sometimes this chick's cooch can get drier than a bucket of sand. If she dry, lube up with this and you'll be good to go. Bon appetit, good buddy. Oh, yeah. Oh, God damn. You are the best-looking girl I've had today. Yo, stud! Time's up, buddy. Coming in, ready or not. Hey, buddy, did you have yourself a good time, man? Where's Bill? Where's Bill? Please stop hitting me. Where's Bill? I don't know who Bill is! Bullshit! Well, ain't you the slice of cutie pie they said you was? Jane Doe? We don't know shit about you, do we? I'm from Huntsville, Texas. My name is Buck, and I'm here to fuck. Your name is Buck. Right? And you came here to fuck. Right? Wait a minute. Wait. "Pussy Wagon." You fucker. Texas. Okay. Wiggle your big toe. Wiggle your big toe. Wiggle your big toe. Wiggle your big toe. Wiggle your big toe. As I lay in the back of Buck's truck, trying to will my limbs out of entropy... Wiggle your big toe. I could see the faces of the cunts who did this to me. And the dicks responsible. Members all of the Deadly Viper Assassination Squad. When fortune smiles on something as violent and ugly as revenge, it seems proof like no other that not only does God exist, you're doing his will. At a time when I knew the least about my enemies, the first name on my death list, O- Ren Ishii, was the easiest to find. But when one manages the difficult task of becoming queen of the Tokyo underworld, one doesn't keep it a secret, does one? O- Ren Ishii was born on an American military base in Tokyo, Japan. The half-Japanese, half-Chinese American army brat made her first acquaintance with death at the age of 9. It was at that age she witnessed the death of her parents at the hands of Japan's most ruthless yakuza boss, Boss Matsumoto. Mommy. She swore revenge. Luckily for her, Boss Matsumoto was a paedophile. At 11, she got her revenge. Look at me, Matsumoto... ..take a good look at my face. Look at my eyes. Look at my mouth. Do I look familiar? Do I look like somebody... you murdered?! By 20, she was one of the top female assassins in the world. At 25, she did her part in the killing of nine innocent people, including my unborn daughter, in a small wedding chapel in El Paso, Texas. But on that day four years ago she made one big mistake. She should have killed 10. However, before satisfaction would be mine, first things first. Wiggle your big toe. Hard part's over. Now, let's get these other piggies wiggling. Welcome to Air O. May I help you? Okinawa. One-way. Hi. Welcome... Welcome. You English? Almost. American. American. Welcome, American. Domo. My English very good. You

said "domo." Can you speak Japanese? No, no. Just a few words I learned since yesterday. May I sit at the bar? Oh, sure, sure, sure. Please sit. What other words did you learn? Oh, just a minute. We have a customer. Bring out some tea, quickly. I'm watching my soap operas. Lazy bastard... Screw your soap opera... hurry up! The tea's hot. Why don't you serve it yourself for once? Shut up! Get your ass out here! Excuse me. What other Japanese do you know? Oh, let's see. "Arigato." "Arigato." Good! I already said "domo," right? Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah. "Konn-itch-iwa." "Kohn-nee-chee-wah." Konnichi wa. Please repeat. Konnichi wa. Perfect. Good, good, good. You say Japanese word like you Japanese. Now you're making fun of me! No, no, no, no. Serious business. Pronunciation very good. You say arigato like we say arigato. Well, thank you. I mean, arigato. You should learn Japanese. Very easy. No kidding. I heard it was kind of hard. Most difficult. But you have Japanese tongue. Okay, okay. Oh, my God. Hey, what the hell happened to the tea?! Hurry up... goddammit! Lazy oaf... What d'ya want? I beg your pardon? Drink. Oh, yes. A bottle of warm sake, please. Warm sake? Very good! One warm sake! Sake? In the middle of the day? - Day, night, afternoon - Who gives a damn- Get the sake! How come I always have to get the sake? You listen well... For thirty years, you make the fish, I get the sake. If this were the military, I'd be General by now! Oh, so you'd be General, huh? If you were General, I'd be Emperor, and you'd still get the sake - and you'd still get the sake - So shut up and get the sake! Do you understand? I'm not bald, okay? I shaved my head. Do you understand me? Sorry. First time in Japan? What brings you to Okinawa? I came to see a man. Oh, yeah. You have a friend live in Okinawa? Not quite. Not friend? I never met him. Never? Who is he? May I ask? Hattori Hanzo. What do you want with Hattori Hanzo? I need Japanese steel. Why do you need Japanese steel? I have vermin to kill. You must have big rats, you need Hattori Hanzo's steel. Huge. May I? You may. Wait. Try the second one down. Funny. You like samurai swords. I like baseball. I wanted to show you these. However... ...someone as you, who knows so much, must surely know... I no longer make instruments of death. What I have here... ...I keep for their aesthetic and sentimental value. Yet proud as I am of my life's work... ...I have retired. Then give me one of these. These are not for sale. I didn't say "sell me." I said "give me." Why should I help you? Because my vermin is a former student of yours. And considering the student, I'd say you have a rather large obligation. You can sleep here. It will take me a month... ...to make the sword. I suggest you spend it practicing. I've completed doing... ...what I swore an oath to God, 28 years ago, to never do again. I have created "something that kills people." And in that purpose, I was a success. I've done this because philosophically, I am sympathetic to your aim. I can tell you with no ego, this is my finest sword. If on your journey, you should encounter God... God will be cut. Yellow-haired warrior... Go. Domo. It was one year after the massacre in El Paso, Texas, that Bill backed his Nippon progeny financially and philosophically in her Shakespearean-in-magnitude power struggle with the other yakuza clans over who would rule vice in the city of Tokyo. When the final sword was sheathed, it was O-Ren Ishii and her powerful posse, the Crazy 88,

that proved the victor. The pretty lady to O-Ren's right, who's dressed like she's a villain on "Star Trek," is O-Ren's lawyer, best friend, and second lieutenant. The half-French, half-Japanese Sofie Fatale, another former protégé of Bill's. The young girl in the school-girl uniform is O-Ren's personal bodyguard, 17-year-old Gogo Yubari. Gogo may be young, but what she lacks in age, she makes up for in madness. Do you like Ferraris? Ferrari... Italian trash. Do you want to screw me? Don't laugh! Do you want to screw me, yes or no? Yes. How 'bout now, big boy? Do you still wish to penetrate me... ...or is it I... ...or is it I... who has penetrated you? See what I mean? The bald guy in the black suit and the Kato mask is Johnny Mo, the head general of O-Ren's personal army, the Crazy 88. And just in case you were wondering how could a half-breed Japanese-Chinese American become the boss of all bosses in Tokyo, Japan, I'll tell you. The subject of O-Ren's blood and nationality came up before the council only once. The night O-Ren assumed power over the crime council. The man who seems bound and determined to break the mood is Boss Tanaka. And what Boss Tanaka thinks is... Boss Tanaka! What's the meaning of this outburst? This is a time for celebration! And what exactly are we celebrating? The perversion of our illustrious council? Tanaka, have you gone mad? I will not tolerate this! You're disrespecting our sister! Apologize! Tanaka-San, of what perversion do you speak? My father... ...along with yours, and along with yours, started this council. And while... ...you laugh like stupid donkeys... ...they weep in the afterlife... - Shut up! ...over the perversion committed today! Outrageous! Tanaka, it is you who insults this council! Bastard! Fuck face! Gentlemen. Tanaka obviously has something on his mind. By all means, allow him to express it. I speak, of the perversion done to this council, ...which I love... ...more than my own children, ...by making a Chinese Jap-American half breed bitch its leader! So that you understand how serious I am... ...I'm going to say this in English. As your leader, I encourage you from time to time, and always in a respectful manner, to question my logic. If you're unconvinced a particular plan of action I've decided is the wisest, tell me so. But allow me to convince you. And I promise you, right here and now, no subject will ever be taboo. Except, of course, the subject that was just under discussion. The price you pay for bringing up either my Chinese or American heritage as a negative is, I collect your fucking head. Just like this fucker here. Now, if any of you sons of bitches got anything else to say, now is the fucking time! I didn't think so. Gentlemen, this meeting is adjourned. One ticket to Tokyo, please. Moshi moshi. Gogo. Yeah! You have to say "Yes, yes, yes" to any selfish demands they make. They demand ridiculous things. Shut up... Do you know what would happen if they heard you? What's gonna happen? Did you hear about the Tanaka clan? You're gonna get your head chopped off. No, I don't want that. Yes, it's me. And if you give us a contact number, we will get back to you. Who do you remind me of? Charlie Brown! You're right, he does look like Charlie Brown. Charlie Brown. Four pepperoni pizzas. That's not on our menu... I don't care, bring them, goddammit! Hey... hey... Charlie, give me a kiss. O-Ren Ishii! You and I have unfinished business! Charlie Brown, beat it. Miki. TEAR THE BITCH APART! So, O-Ren, any more subordinates for me

to kill? Hi! Gogo, right? Bingo. And you're Black Mamba. Our reputations precede us. Don't they? Gogo, I know you feel you must protect your mistress. But I beg you. Walk away. You call that begging? You can beg better than that. Is that what I think it is? You didn't think it was gonna be that easy, did you? You know, for a second there, yeah, I kind of did. Silly rabbit. Trix are for... Kids. This is what you get for fucking around with yakuza! Go home to your mother! Those of you lucky enough to still have your lives... ..take them with you! However... ..leave the limbs you've lost. They belong to me now. Except you, Sofie! You stay right where you are. Your instrument is quite impressive. Where was it made? Okinawa. Whom in Okinawa made you this steel? This is Hattori Hanzo steel. YOU LIE! Swords, however, never get tired. I hope you've saved your energy. If you haven't... ..you might not last five minutes. But as last looks go, you could do worse. Silly Caucasian girl likes to play with samurai swords. You may not be able to fight like a samurai. But you can at least die like a samurai. Attack me... ..with everything you have. For ridiculing you earlier... ..I apologize. Accepted. Ready? Come on. That really was a Hattori Hanzo sword. My Sofie. I'm so sorry. Please. Please forgive my betrayal. No more of that. But still... But still nothing. Except my aching heart over what she's done to my beautiful and brilliant Sofie. I've kept you alive for two reasons. The first reason is information. Burn in Hell, you stupid, stupid blonde! Burn in Hell, you stupid, stupid blonde! I'll tell you nothing. But I am gonna ask you questions. And every time you don't give me answers, I'm gonna cut something off. And I promise you, they will be things you will miss! Give me your other arm! I want all the information on the Deadly Vipers. If you had to guess... What they've been doing. Why she left you alive... And where I can find them. What would be your guess? Guessing won't be necessary. She informed me. She said I could keep my wicked life for two reasons. As I said before, I've allowed you to keep your wicked life for two reasons. And the second reason is so you can tell him, in person, everything that happened here tonight. I want him to witness the extent of my mercy by witnessing your deformed body. I want you to tell him all the information you just told me. I want him to know what I know. I want him to know I want him to know. And I want them all to know they'll all soon be as dead as O-Ren. Revenge is never a straight line. It's a forest. And like a forest it's easy to lose your way... to get lost... to forget where you came in. That woman deserves her revenge. And we deserve to die. She must suffer to her last breath. How did you find me? I'm the man. One more thing, Sofie. Is she aware her daughter is still alive?