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
squirrelly 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 apptit, good buddy.
Oh, yeah.
Oh, God damn.
You are the best-lookng 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 protege
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 yakuzas!
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?