

PROMPT: Choose a scene from Kill Bill Vol.1, and change one of the key choices from a major character.

The following takes place after an iconic fight towards the end of KILL BILL: VOL 1.

Beatrix Kiddo (AKA, "The Bride")
vs.
The Crazy 88's

In this version, instead of dueling the Bride in the snow-covered Zen garden, O-Ren Ishii **has chosen to flee into the night.**

EXT. HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES RESTAURANT - ZEN GARDEN - NIGHT

A white shoji door slides open, revealing...

THE BRIDE
Standing in the doorway, victorious.

Blood-spattered, sword in hand, breathing heavily after defeating the Crazy 88's and Go-Go, her victory is short-lived as she clocks the FOOTPRINTS in the snow leading towards the exit. Her quarry has escaped.

THE BRIDE
FUCK!

With noticeable effort, she turns back towards the restaurant, trudging through heaps of dead and dying henchman. A shaky hand reaches up--SWISH! The Bride SLICES IT OFF with her sword, silencing the subsequent cries of pain with a downward STAB.

She continues forward, her furious eyes scanning the floor, searching... searching for *something*--THERE.

The Bride reaches down and YANKS up a long, dark ponytail, revealing SOFIE FATALE, personal lawyer and longtime confidante to O-Ren Ishii. Still bleeding from her recently amputated arm stump, Sofie cries out in fear and pain.

It's been a rough evening for poor Sofie.

The Bride whispers softly in her ear:

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)
Tonight is your lucky night.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES RESTAURANT - BAR

The Bride SLAMS Sofie against a bar stool and strolls behind the bar.

THE BRIDE

Sit. Considering the amount of blood you've lost, it's a wonder you're still conscious. And if you're capable of feeling *anything* right now, I imagine it's a deep sense of helplessness. Or... Hopelessness.

As the Bride monologues, she tosses various accoutrement onto the bar: A shot glass, a fancy bottle of Japanese whiskey, a miniature BLOWTORCH (normally reserved for cocktail and dessert prep) and massive, stainless steel CUTTING KNIFE.

This last one she STABS DEEP into the wood of the bar top-- TWANG! Sofie flinches.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

Anger, even. Trust me, I know all of those feelings well.

Sofie, woozy from blood loss, musters up as much courage as she can.

SOFIE

Just... Get it over with.

THE BRIDE

'Get it over with?' You mean, *kill* you? Silly rabbit.

The Bride snatches up the blowtorch and flicks it on, her eyes burning with vengeful, focused madness. She runs the flame back and forth across the cutting knife, still sticking out of the bar top.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

I *need* you. More specifically, I need the information you've got tucked away behind that pretty face of yours. So I'm gonna do you a solid. First, I'll save your life.

She turns off the blowtorch and grabs Sofie, forcing her arm stump against the GLOWING RED HOT flat of the knife. The wound cauterizes with a sickeningly loud SIZZLE.

SOFIE

AAIIIEEEERRGHGHH!!!!

The Bride (barely) represses a smile as Sofie screams in agony for 5 excruciating (satisfying) seconds. Released, she slumps back into the stool. Her wreck of a left arm stump continues to smolder.

The Bride pours a shot of whiskey. Slides it over.

THE BRIDE

Next, I'll buy you a drink.

She walks back over to Sofie's side of the bar. Takes a seat.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

And finally, you and I can have ourselves a little chat. Just us girls.

The Bride smiles. A portrait of calm.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

(cheery)

I'm sensing some discomfort on your part--justifiably so. So. Let's play a drinking game. A favorite of the Vipers, once upon a time. It's called, "I Assume." The rules are simple. I'm going to make a series of assumptions, and every time I assume correctly, you take a drink.

SOFIE

And if you're wrong?

The Bride ignores the question, still smiling.

THE BRIDE

Now, I *assume* you are still in contact with your former employer.
Bill.

A tense moment passes as the name sits heavy between them. The Bride gives Sofie an expectant look.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

("Go on, now.")

A-HEM.

Sofie's hand shakes as she takes a tentative sip. The Bride gives her a playful wink.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

And I know our friend Bill can be mighty shy when it comes to the subject of his current whereabouts.

(MORE)

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

I *assume* you have No Earthly Idea
where I could find that rascal.

Sofie shoots back the rest of the whiskey with gusto. The
Bride pours her another. Service with a smile.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

I *assume* he never told you I was
still alive.

Sofie hesitates, unsure.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

No doubt there were rumors.
Rumblings. The Deadly Vipers do
love to gossip. I *assume* you know
where I might find them.

Sofie downs her shot and the Bride pours another.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

The meticulous records I *assume* O-
Ren instructed you to keep on these
former comrades are the reason you
still draw breath. I want those
records. And I *assume* you will have
no qualms giving them to me.

Sofie sets her drink down and REACHES INTO HER SUIT POCKET.

SHINK! The Bride's KNIFE is at SOFIE'S THROAT.

Sofie gives the Bride a pointed look of her own, as she
slowly pulls out a SET OF KEYS on a FRILLY PINK CARTOON PUG
KEYCHAIN. She tosses them on the bar.

SOFIE

My car is in the lot. The keys in
the glove box open a filing cabinet
in my office. It's all there.

The Bride removes the knife from her throat and examines the
keys, smiling at the whimsical keychain.

THE BRIDE

Drink.

SOFIE

Don't I get a turn?

The Bride looks up, taken aback at Sofie's boldness. Twirling
the key ring, she gives her new pal a friendly nod.

Sofie clumsily slides the shot glass over with her remaining hand. The Bride picks it up, clinks the bottle, and downs the shot. Sofie pours her another.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

I assume O-Ren is dead.

The Bride's smile falters. She doesn't drink.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

I see. But she *is* on your list of targets, I assume?

The Bride takes a shot. A sour look creeps in.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

Which means you have unfinished business in Tokyo. But considering the amount of power and influence your former comrade wields in this city... and with the element of surprise no longer on your side...

The Bride's shoots back her whiskey, attempting to quell her rising anger. Sofie gestures at the aftermath of the surrounding carnage.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

You think *these* were her best? To sing karaoke with, maybe. Best at looking menacing in those silly masks. The remaining Yakuza families will come for you now. Honor demands it.

The Bride's smile is long dead. Her glass is empty. Game over.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

I *assume* you already know just how fucked you are.

The Bride pins Sofie's arm against the bar and SLAMS the glass against her remaining good hand, leaving behind a shattered ruin. Sofie scream in pain.

THE BRIDE

You know what they say about assumptions.

The Bride picks up her sword and exits the bar as Sofie's curses and screams fade into the noise of the city.

END