

THE BRIDE

Is that Pacific Standard Time, or
C.P.T.?

NURSE OWENS

Just you better be there when I get
there, and you better be shot five
times, and your bony ass better be
on your last motherfuckin legs.

THE BRIDE

How do you know I have a bony ass?

NURSE OWENS

You sound like you have a bony ass.

The Nurse hangs up the phone.

START

INT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

The Bride sits in her own blood waiting for Nurse Owens.

Nurse Owens' head pops up from the door in the floor.

THE BRIDE

Glad you made it.

NURSE OWENS

There's cops all over here, I had
to be cool. They tend to notice
things like Negroes sneaking around
people's backyards.

The nurse hands the Bride a big bottle of Wild Turkey.

THE BRIDE

What's that?

NURSE OWENS

This shit's gonna hurt, and I ain't
got no anesthetic.

(refers to the bottle)
So git busy.

INT. NURSE OWEN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

OVERHEAD SHOT

The Bride laid out on Nurse Owens' kitchen table, while the nurse extracts the bullets.

The Bride screams.

The TV is turned up loud to hide the screams.

The fifth slug is placed in an ashtray next to three cigarette butts and other balls of lead.

The Bride, drunk as a skunk, says to her savior;

THE BRIDE
That fuckin smarts.

Smoking her menthol Kool, Nurse Owens says;

NURSE OWENS
Yeah, bullets are bad news. In the future, you should avoid them if you can.

THE BRIDE
I'll keep that in mind. So, do I have a future?

NURSE OWENS
You'll live to kill again.

THE BRIDE
Splendid.

She passes out.

END

FADE TO BLACK.