

ESCAPE FROM THE NEW BEVERLY: MY ODYSSEY

A Short Film by

Quentin Tarantino

Manically dictated to Nathan Mostow  
InquiristMag.com

## CHAPTER ONE: OLD WESTERN FONT

EXT. NEW BEVERLY CINEMA - NIGHT

What an awesome night, man! STARS and PAPARAZZI and RED CARPETS are outside the New Bev for my new movie's premiere.

The marquee shows the title: *UNHORSEMANLIKE CONDUCT*.

INT. NEW BEVERLY CINEMA - NIGHT

I, QUENTIN TARANTINO (the movie director!) get up to say a few words before the movie starts. Everyone gives me a standing ovation.

ME (QUENTIN)

Wow, man! Who's pumped to see my new flick?

Everyone is super pumped and they chant, "Quentin! Quentin!"

QUENTIN

All right, settle down! We'll start the movie as soon as I say a few words. I have a lot of people to thank - my great actors...

SAMUEL L. JACKSON, LEO DICAPRIO, BRAD PITT, and some WOMAN ACTORS stand up and take a bow.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON

You the motherfuckin' man, Quentin! I'm cool with you using the n-word!

QUENTIN

I also want to thank my composer, the great Ennio Morricone. Take a bow, Ennio!

In the front row, ENNIO MORRICONE (91 years old - wow!) waves from his wheelchair. Everyone claps for Ennio, but he doesn't fool me - I know he can stand up if he wants to.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Come on, Ennio! I'm your director and I order you to bow!

Ennio barely rises from his wheelchair and does a half-assed bow. Everyone but me thinks he's trying his best. I try not to let everyone see how angry I am.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

And mostly, of course, I want to thank myself, because if I didn't have these great ideas and direct these great movies, then they wouldn't exist!

Everyone claps because they know I'm right!

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

I got the idea for *Unhorsemanlike Conduct* because my buddy Brad Pitt--

BRAD PITT

Acquaintance!

Everyone laughs because we all know Brad is joking. It's a great bit he does every time I call him my friend.

QUENTIN

Brad told me about these crazy new animals at the zoo, like horses wearing referee uniforms. Zebras, I think they're called. So I go down there, and I get all these creative ideas. Like, if Congress ever votes on my petition to legalize gladiatorial combat, we could use zebras as the referees! Or I can hire some zebras to enforce the "no texting" rule here at the New Beverly!

Everyone laughs again, because sometimes people think I'm joking when I tell them my good ideas.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Or - and this is the idea I went with - what if I make a movie about a corrupt zebra referee who double crosses the mob? So I bought a two-person zebra costume and got Samuel L. Jackson to play the head side and Leo DiCaprio to play the ass side, and that's how *Unhorsemanlike Conduct* was born! You're welcome, Hollywood!

I sit down and the movie begins. ANGLE ON the screen, where the entire movie plays uninterrupted for its full 297-minute runtime.

The movie is basically Sam Jackson yelling and then he shoots someone and there's a ton of blood. It will win many awards.

When the movie ends, everyone claps.

AUDIENCE  
(in unison)  
Great movie, Quentin!

BOOM! Confetti rains down from the ceiling in the shape of little paper Oscars and Golden Globes.

QUENTIN  
Good night, folks! You're welcome  
for making this great movie.

As everyone files toward the exit, I pull Sam Jackson aside.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
Hey Sam, I'm doing Djednesday  
tonight. Want to join?

Djednesday is a tradition where I watch *Django Unchained* on a continuous loop for 24 hours every Wednesday.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON  
Isn't today Friday, motherfucker?

Sam isn't allowed to talk to me unless he says "motherfucker" once per sentence.

QUENTIN  
Yeah, but it's such a good movie, I  
don't want to wait five more days.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON  
Uh, sorry motherfucker, but I've  
got plans.

QUENTIN  
For 24 straight hours?

SAMUEL L. JACKSON  
Yeah... I gotta go.

QUENTIN  
Excuse me?

SAMUEL L. JACKSON  
I gotta go, *motherfucker*.

QUENTIN  
Ah, that's better. Take care, man!

Sam high-fives me and leaves. I know he's a busy guy, but it makes me sad that he never has time to hang out.

EXT. LEO DICAPRIO'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

As I pull up in the driveway, I can hear a big party going on inside Leo's mansion. The SECURITY GUARD blocks me from entering.

SECURITY GUARD

Name?

QUENTIN

Quentin Tarantino.

SECURITY GUARD

You're not on the list.

QUENTIN

But I'm Leo's best friend. He must have forgotten to add me to the list again.

Through the window, I can see Leo having fun and doing cocaine. I really want to join him; I too love cocaine.

I take out my phone and dial Leo's number. I watch him check the caller ID and send the call to voicemail.

SECURITY GUARD

If you're not on the list, you'll have to leave.

I'm very sad that Leo declined my phone call. I think he only did it because he couldn't read my name on the caller ID. Indeed, it's a well kept secret that Leo is illiterate.

At least, that's what he told me after he didn't read any of the *Django Unchained* script before shooting.

I dial another number on my phone.

CHRISTOPH WALTZ (O.S.)

(over my speakerphone)

Guten abend! This is Christoph Waltz! With whom do I have the pleasure of conversing?

QUENTIN

Christoph! It's your buddy, Quentin, the director! Do you want to hang out?

LEO (O.S.)

(in background over phone)

Hey Chris, get off the phone and do more coke with us!

CHRISTOPH WALTZ (O.S.)  
 (shouting)  
 Leonardo, I will most certainly  
 join you in but one moment!

QUENTIN  
 Are you at Leo's party?

CHRISTOPH WALTZ (O.S.)  
 Nope.  
 (shouting)  
 I beg your pardon, Leonardo! Do  
 make sure to conserve some powdered  
 cocaine for my consumption!  
 (quietly)  
 Dude, I gotta go.

Christoph hangs up on me.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

BRUCE WILLIS is eating scrambled eggs. Bruce Willis is just  
 the name of the actor - the character he's playing is named  
 GUNTHER or REX or something.

When he finishes his eggs, Bruce takes out a gun and SHOTS  
 everyone in the diner. BLOOD SPLATTERS EVERYWHERE.

Bruce reaches behind the counter, picks up a locked  
 briefcase, and walks away.

As he walks away, he whistles a happy tune, which is very  
 cool and subversive because he just killed a bunch of  
 people.\*

\*When you finish reading my script, please let me know if I  
 forgot to resolve this storyline. Sometimes I lose track  
 because I get too excited. Thanks a lot, man!!!

EXT. LEO DI CAPRIO'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

I'm still trying to convince the guard to let me in.

QUENTIN  
 Do you like magic tricks?

GUARD  
 No.

QUENTIN  
 This is like a grindhouse magic  
 trick, man. Gimme a sec.

I turn away from the guard and SWALLOW A SMALL KEY. Then, I take out a pair of handcuffs.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
Handcuff me.

GUARD  
You sure?

QUENTIN  
Handcuff me, man!

The guard handcuffs me.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
Watch this!

I try to regurgitate the key, but nothing comes out. I stick my fingers down my throat. Still nothing. I continue to gag and hack for 92 uninterrupted minutes, but I can't get that key out of my body, man!

GUARD  
All right, Mr. Tarantino, that's long enough. Time for you to leave.

I drop my head down and walk away as SAD CHARLIE BROWN MUSIC plays, but with electric guitar instead of piano, so it's very cool and subversive.

MY SHOPPING LIST:\*\*\*

- bananas
- backup DVD of *Chopping Mall*
- elephant tranquilizers
- peanuts
- latex
- frozen ravioli
- rhinoceros horn (for ceremonial use)

\*\*\*Remember to delete this after going to the market.

EXT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

From the outside, my house is built to resemble a giant reel of movie film.

INT. QUENTIN'S HOUSE - FOYER

I enter the dark, lonely house. I'm still wearing the handcuffs.

QUENTIN  
Mo! I'm home!

I open the broom closet, revealing MO, THE MOVIE MAN. Mo is my friend who I hang out with when Leo, Sam, Christoph, and Brad are too busy to spend time with me. I made him by gluing a bunch of old DVDs into a vaguely human shape.

Using a special remote control, I activate Mo's voice box.

MO  
(Sam Jackson's voice)  
Say what again, motherfucker!

QUENTIN  
That's a great line, Mo! I wrote that line.

I press the button again.

MO  
(Brad Pitt's voice from  
*Inglorious Basterds*)  
You know something, Utivich? I think this just might be my masterpiece.

QUENTIN  
You're right, Mo. I don't need any of those guys. Let's do our own Djednesday - just you and me, man. Grab your coat.

EXT. NEW BEVERLY CINEMA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The red carpets and platforms are still outside, but everyone has gone home. A single light shines through the window of the New Beverly.

INT. NEW BEVERLY CINEMA - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

Mo watches as I load the *Django* reel into the projector. It's a bit cumbersome because I'm still handcuffed, but I manage.

QUENTIN  
Mo, I do NOT only like to watch movies I've directed.  
(MORE)

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

I like ALL movies. But I have my own movies in 70mm, and all the other movies in my collection are just blu-rays. Who wants to watch a freakin' blu-ray when you have 70mm, man?

I swear I could see Mo give a slight nod of agreement.

INT. NEW BEVERLY CINEMA - SCREENING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Mo and I sit in the front row of the empty cinema, munching on popcorn as the movie starts.

ANGLE ON the screen, where *DJANGO UNCHAINED* plays uninterrupted for its full 165-minute runtime.

I get up as soon as the movie ends.

QUENTIN

That was awesome, Mo! Let's watch it again!

I try to open the door to the projection room.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Hmm, the projection room door is locked. I'll have to get in through the lobby.

I try the main exit door.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Whoa man, that's locked too!

I try the other doors. All of them are locked.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Shit, where's that key?

I dig through my pockets and finally pull out a key. It doesn't fit in the lock.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Wait a minute...

I try the key in my handcuffs. It unlocks them perfectly.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Shit, man, if this is my handcuff key, then I must have swallowed the New Beverly key at Leo's house.

(MORE)

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
How can I get into the projection  
room to restart the movie?

INT. DINER - NIGHT

POLICE and CORONERS bustle around the bloody diner, which is blocked off with yellow crime scene tape.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVES HARVEY KEITEL and MICHAEL MADSEN lean against the wall, smoking cigarettes and wearing cool leather jackets.

HARVEY  
Jesus, 52 people dead. What do you  
think happened here?

MICHAEL  
I don't know, but there's a lot of  
blood, so it must have been pretty  
cool. I bet it exploded everywhere,  
like blammo!

HARVEY  
Son of a bitch. The worst crimes  
are always the most awesomest.

Harvey and Michael clink their cigarettes like wine glasses.

Bruce Willis pops his head through the door. His clothes are bloody and he's still holding the briefcase he stole from behind the counter.

BRUCE  
Excuse me, did I leave my credit  
card in here?

HARVEY  
Fuck off, motherfucker. We're  
investigating a murder.

BRUCE  
Don't call me a motherfucker,  
motherfucker.

Bruce takes out a gun and SHOOTs everyone in the diner,  
again. EVEN MORE BLOOD!

When he finishes, Bruce returns to the counter and retrieves  
a second briefcase.

INT. NEW BEVERLY CINEMA - SCREENING ROOM - NIGHT

QUENTIN

What are we gonna do, man? If we can't find a way out of here, then we can't restart the movie!

I press Mo's chest, hoping for a good suggestion.

MO

(Mr. Orange's voice)  
I don't know what to tell you, Marvin.

QUENTIN

That's not helpful. We need to figure something out.

I open a group text on my phone with Sam, Brad, Leo, and Christoph.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

(muttering aloud as I type)

Hey man, it's me, Quentin Tarantino, the movie director! I need your help! I tried to do *Djednesday* at the New Bev but I accidentally locked myself in the screening room! Could someone go to my house and get the spare key? Alarm code is 1969 because that's the year in *Once Upon an Time in Hollywood*.

Instantly, the replies roll in.

Leo: *Sry, busy.*

Brad: *Same.*

Christoph: *Regrettably I am occupied with a prior engagement.*

Sam: *Mofo, can't u just wait for the staff to come tomorrow?*

I reply:

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

I have no staff. Everyone I hire quits within 24 hours.

My phone dies.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Oh shit, man! Mo, you better give me something good this time!

I press Mo's chest.

MO

My name is Shoshanna Dreyfus, and THIS is the face of Jewish vengeance!

QUENTIN

Great idea, man! The fire alarm!

I pull the FIRE ALARM. It emits flashing lights and blaring noises.

INT. FIRE STATION - NIGHT

A light pops up on a FIREMAN's switchboard.

FIREMAN

Chief, we got another incident at the New Beverly.

The CHIEF comes over.

CHIEF

Ugh, probably Quentin playing *Inglorious Basterds* again. We're not falling for it this time.

The fireman flips a switch on the board. The light shuts off.

INT. NEW BEVERLY CINEMA - SCREENING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ringing of the fire alarm abruptly ceases.

QUENTIN

Uh oh. Well, man, looks like we're stuck here until I pass that key. Course, that could take weeks. Thanks to my all-popcorn diet, I only shit once a month. I don't even like popcorn - this diet just minimizes the time I have to spend on the toilet when I could be watching and directing great movies instead.

I'm pretty sure Mo gives me another approving nod.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
 I got it, Mo! I'll go into  
 hypersleep! I always get visions in  
 hypersleep!

When you're a director on a film set, you don't have a lot of time to sleep, so you train yourself to "hypersleep" in short, powerful bursts.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
 Quentin... hypersleep!

My eyes roll back in my head and I fall into a deep trance.

MY HYPERSLEEP VISION: *I am a movie man with Super-8 cameras for fingers. There's motorcycles everywhere, man.*

*Click click click! There goes the camera! It never stops. Action! All the motorcycles crash into a kangaroo and a big puddle of blood gushes out.*

*A tiny ENNIO MORRICONE is playing a tiny cello made out of blood. Ennio wins a Golden Globe for his cello song and I collect it on his behalf. I make a big speech and everyone claps politely.*

Suddenly, I open my eyes. I'm covered in sweat.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
 Shit, I got nothing.

CUT TO BLACK.

## **CHAPTER TWO: ARBITRARY DIVISION OF SCENES**

INT. A SECOND DINER - NIGHT

Bruce Willis, soaked in the blood of his victims, eats another plate of scrambled eggs. The two briefcases he stole from the first diner are on the table.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS  
 Can I get you anything else,  
 mister?

BRUCE  
 Fuck off. Give me the briefcase.

WAITRESS  
 Huh?

BRUCE

The briefcase under the counter.  
Give me it.

WAITRESS

We don't have a briefcase under the  
counter.

Bruce draws his pistol. The waitress and the other diners  
cower in fear.

BRUCE

All diners have a briefcase under  
the counter.

WAITRESS

Mister, I'll have you know I've  
already called the police!

BRUCE

Nobody likes a tattler tale.

Bruce SHOTS the waitress and everyone else in the diner,  
unleashing a tsunami of blood. He grabs a THIRD BRIEFCASE  
from under the counter.

POLICE CHIEF (O.S.)

(over megaphone)

Come out with your hands up! We  
have you surrounded!

BRUCE'S POV: Out the plate glass windows, DOZENS of police  
cars are blockading the diner.

BRUCE

Motherfucker.

Bruce closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - 1969

TEN-YEAR-OLD BRUCE WILLIS watches Sergio Leone's *THE SEVEN  
REVENGES* on his black-and-white TV.

ANGLE ON the TV, where the entire movie plays uninterrupted  
for its full 92-minute runtime.

BRUCE

Great movie. A bit short, but still  
great!

Bruce's MOTHER enters.

MOTHER

Hey Bruce, Christopher Walken is here to see you.

Standing behind Bruce's mother is CHRISTOPHER WALKEN, dressed in a military officer's uniform.

Christopher kneels down in front of Bruce.

CHRISTOPHER WALKEN

Nice to meet you, Bruce. I was in the P.O.W. camp with your dad during the war. I was driving through your neighborhood this morning and I decided to drop in to use your bathroom, because I really had to take a dump. Do you know what happened next, Bruce?

Bruce shakes his head.

CHRISTOPHER WALKEN (CONT'D)

I clogged your toilet. It's probably jammed up all the way to the septic tank. Now, with your father gone, that makes you the man of the house, right?

BRUCE

Uh huh.

CHRISTOPHER WALKEN

Good. And the man of the house is in charge of fixing the house up, isn't he?

BRUCE

I guess so.

CHRISTOPHER WALKEN

That's right. Bruce, it's your responsibility to dig my log out of those pipes. Okay, buddy? Dig, dig, dig...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OTHER DINER - NIGHT

Bruce's eyes are still closed.

BRUCE  
Dig, dig, dig...

Bruce opens his eyes. He grabs a spoon and starts chipping away at the floor.

FADE TO:

## CHAPTER THREE: MY FAVORITE CHAPTER

This chapter is just the entirety of Siro Marcellini's 1964 movie, *MAN OF THE CURSED VALLEY*, which plays uninterrupted, start to finish, for its full 84-minute runtime.

It's a subtle homage to one of my favorite spaghetti westerns, Siro Marcellini's *MAN OF THE CURSED VALLEY*. Critics and hardcore cinephiles will love this little tip of the cap.

## CHAPTER FOUR: OLD WESTERN FONT (REPRISE)

INT. NEW BEVERLY CINEMA SCREENING ROOM - NIGHT

Mo and I are still locked in.

QUENTIN  
You know, man, if we never make it out of here, we'll have to start our own little family. Make some little half-human, half-DVD babies.

MO  
(Sam Jackson)  
Mothafucka.

My gaze scans over the display cases of authentic movie props that line the edges of the screening room. My eyes settle on:

QUENTIN  
That's it! Authentic dynamite from the *Django* shoot! We can blast our way out of here!

I grab a stick of dynamite out of one of the display cases. One little problem, however:

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
Uh oh, I have no way to light this fuse! This is a real predicament, man!

(MORE)

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

It reminds me of watching *The Joey Bishop Show* when I was a kid, and Ernest Borgnine would be on in a tuxedo like, "Oh, I'm going to the *Towering Inferno* premiere tonight." Okay great, Ernie! Well, how are you gonna be on time for *Towering Inferno* if you're on *Joey Bishop* right now?

As I muse aloud, my manic rambling gets faster and faster, until my teeth gnash with such force that SPARKS fly out of my mouth and light the dynamite fuse.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

All right!

I toss the dynamite at the door. It hits the door and rolls back to the center of the room.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

The dynamite EXPLODES, blowing a huge hole through the floor.

I look into the hole.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Whoa, man! What's all this?

MY POV: I am looking into an expansive underground chamber, lit with torches along the walls.

I climb down into the chamber.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT

The chamber is even bigger than I realized. Ahead of me is a long, winding tunnel. I start walking.

Around the first corner, I pass a SKELETON. Around it is a large pool of dried blood.

QUENTIN

Gnarly, man!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bruce Willis is in some shitty apartment in the Valley. He's wearing a wifebeater, because that's what cool guys wear in movies I've seen.

Bruce is reclining in an armchair, watching *Big Wednesday* on the TV. Behind Bruce is a huge stack of blood-spattered briefcases.

ANGLE ON the TV, where the entire movie plays uninterrupted for its full 120-minute runtime.

When the end credits are over, the news comes on.

NEWS ANCHOR

The cool tough diner guy is still at large after digging his way out of the Van Nuys Diner.

A picture of Bruce appears on the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

We don't have any information about what he's doing now that he escaped with the stolen goods, because we're boring, mainstream sheeple who focus only on the important events, not on the inert, dialogue-heavy stuff that happens BETWEEN the important events.

Bruce gets up and goes to the bathroom.

While Bruce is in the bathroom, SAMUEL L. JACKSON and JOHN TRAVOLTA enter the apartment. Sam has a really stupid curly haircut that I had to spend hours talking him into.

JOHN

Man, let's just get the stuff and get outta here.

SAM

You think I want to drag this out, motherfucker? I had to miss a Djednesday marathon for this.

JOHN

Oh man, I know how much you love Djednesday.

(beat)

Have you ever tried a Dennday, though?

SAM

What's that?

JOHN

It's like a regular Djednesday, but you while you're watching the movie, you Postmate from Denny's.

SAM

Motherfucker, why didn't you tell me Denny's was on Postmates?

JOHN

I'm telling you now.

We hear a toilet flush as Bruce steps out of the bathroom.

BRUCE

(sighs)

Well, I assume you're here for the briefcases. Here you go.

Bruce starts handing over the briefcases. John reaches out to grab them from Bruce.

SAM

Now hang on a motherfuckin' second before you rub your hands all over those briefcases. Did you wash your hands after you used the bathroom, motherfucker?

BRUCE

Yep.

SAM

I can't afford to get sick, motherfucker. I'm singing in the Hermosa Beach Men's Chorus this weekend. So I'm gonna ask you one more time... did you wash your MOTHERFUCKING HANDS?

A bead of sweat trickles down Bruce's forehead.

BRUCE

Yep.

SAM

Really? 'Cause I heard the toilet flush, but I ain't heard no sink!

Sam pulls out a pistol with a silencer on it.

SAM (CONT'D)

What's this?

BRUCE

A gun.

SAM

Damn right it's a gun,  
motherfucker! It ain't a box of  
Kleenex! What am I supposed to do  
if I get a cold from your germ-  
infested hands? Shoot my runny  
fucking nose off?

This scene is very cool. Bad guys never talk like this in movies (except my movies)! Also, it's going to cut away really abruptly, making it even more cool.

CUT TO BLACK.

## **CHAPTER FIVE: STORYLINES KIND OF TANGENTIALLY CONNECT**

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

I make my way through the dimly lit underground tunnel, stepping over skeletons and various movie stuff - everything from old Moviepass cards to authentic Oscar statuettes.

Finally, I approach what seems to be the end of the tunnel. All that's in front of me is a large stone door, which is locked.

I bang on the door.

LEONARD MALTIN (O.S.)

Not so fast!

Slimy, snarling movie critic LEONARD MALTIN jumps out from the shadows.

QUENTIN

Leonard Maltin! What are you doing down here?

LEONARD

I live underneath the floor,  
Keeping locked the great stone  
door.  
If ye want the great stone key,  
Ye must solve me questions three.

QUENTIN

I'm not answering your questions three, man! You wrote that *Once Upon a Time in Hollywood* was--

LEONARD  
A slow, meandering mess?  
Drowning in excess?

QUENTIN  
Yeah, man. You don't know anything  
about movies. Now let me in!

Leonard cackles.

LEONARD  
Ye still want entry through me  
door?  
Now ye must answer questions four!

QUENTIN  
Questions four? You just added  
another question!

Leonard cackles again.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
All right, man, just give me the  
questions, I guess.

LEONARD  
Question one: Starring and directed  
by Jackie Chan,  
Cinematography by Ardy Lam,  
Karate battles in the rain,  
What movie title's on me brain?

QUENTIN  
Oh, that's an easy one - *Police  
Story 3: Super Cop!* I love that  
movie, man!

LEONARD  
Curses! Ye solved me first riddle!  
Here be question number two--

QUENTIN  
Wait, I want to talk a little more  
about *Police Story 3*. It's one of  
my favorite movies, man. We're  
talking about some of the greatest  
stunt work filmed in any movie, and  
that includes Buster Keaton.

LEONARD  
Question two: the cinema--

QUENTIN

I remember when I saw *Police Story 3* in theaters, man. We were finishing up post-production on *Reservoir Dogs*, and I thought I'd blow off some steam by stepping into a little theater to catch a matinee, and this movie just blew me away, man.

LEONARD

Question two--

QUENTIN

It's got this great scene about halfway through where Jackie Chan decapitates someone with a roundhouse kick - they just don't make movies like that anymore, man. Great stuff.

LEONARD

Fuck it, just go ahead.

Leonard opens the door for me.

QUENTIN

In my new movie, I even have a scene where Sam and Leo are in the zebra suit and Leo is like, "one leg in front of the other," which is a reference to *Police Story 3*, when Jackie Chan--

LEONARD

GO!

Leonard shoves me through the doorway into:

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

This is a large, ornately decorated cavern.

An OLD RUSSIAN MAN sits in an armchair, smoking a pipe.

OLD RUSSIAN MAN

Mr. Tarantino. I've been waiting for you. My name Chekhov. And this is Chekhov's gun.

Chekhov draws a 19th-century revolver on me.

QUENTIN

Is that the gun from *Buddy Goes West*? I love that movie!

CHEKHOV

No, Mr. Tarantino, this is definitely not a gun you're familiar with. You see, I've lured you here to put an end to your way of storytelling.

QUENTIN

What, making really cool movies that everyone loves and win tons of awards?

CHEKHOV

Your movies need to have a narrative arc that advances a thematic argument. You can't just insert random scenes that remind you of another movie you liked in the '70s! Your scenes need to advance a plot - otherwise, it's just three hours of narcissistic pomp and circumstance! You need substance!

QUENTIN

Plot? Themes? Substance? Nobody cares about that stuff, man!

CHEKHOV

Yes they fucking do! Anyone who says they never got bored at any point during your three-hour spaghetti westerns is an insecure nerd trying to look "cultured."

QUENTIN

Are you calling me and my fans insecure nerds?

EXT. MANSION PORCH - NIGHT

Sam and John knock on the door.

SAM

I wonder what the boss wants with all these motherfucking briefcases.

JOHN

He probably wants the stuff that's inside the briefcases. Open one up and see what's in there.

Sam opens one of the briefcases.

SAM

Jackpot, motherfucker!

Sam reaches into the briefcase and pull out the most priceless treasure of all: a CAMERA.

JOHN

Awesome! Now we can make our own movies, just like Quentin!

CRASH! VING RHAMES falls through a window and lands next to Sam and John. A katana is impaled in his bloody chest.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Whoa, it's the boss!

SAM

Cool katana, motherfucker.

VING

I know. It's pretty awesome. This is a pretty badass way to die. I couldn't help but overhear your excitement about the new camera. But there's something you must know: that's a video camera, not a film camera.

SAM

So what?

VING

So what? So what? Don't you understand? Video is going to be the death of great movies. That's why I was collecting all the video cameras in Hollywood. So I could destroy them, and people would go back to making great movies on film.

SAM

I don't want a motherfucking video camera.

Sam chucks the video camera down an open manhole.

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

Chekhov is still pointing his gun at me.

CHEKHOV

Anyone can put little Easter egg references into their movie. The references need to serve a thematic argument, not just your own ego!

QUENTIN

You have no idea what you're talking about, man! You haven't even made any movies - just a bunch of stupid plays.

POW! The video camera falls directly on Chekhov's head. BLOOD SPLATTERS EVERYWHERE, like when a sumo wrestler sits on an infant's skull. It's gnarly, man!

I grin directly into the camera and take a big bow. I know I just made another great movie.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

Play me out, Ennio!

We hear the beautiful violins of Ennio Morricone's studio orchestra.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END** (please write that in cool font; also make sure it says DIRECTED BY QUENTIN TARANTINO in big cool font).