

Robot Tarantino

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June 2026

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INT. QUENTIN'S LIVING ROOM

The phone rings. Quentin picks up the phone.

QUENTIN

Hello.

LAWRENCE BENDER

Quentin.

QUENTIN

Oh hi Lawrence. It's good to hear from you. You know I was thinking of calling my friends more often. I've been reading about the value of social relationships.

LAWRENCE

Quentin. I'll cut to the shit. Robot Tarantino.

QUENTIN

Robot Tarantino?

LAWRENCE

Robot Tarantino. Heard of him?

QUENTIN

No, but it sounds kinda cool.

(pauses)

You know I love it already. Tell me more.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

First Lawrence cautioned Quentin that he may not love this robot as he hears what he is about to say. Lawrence proceeds to tell Quentin the genesis of Robot Tarantino. Robot Tarantino awoke at Charlie Wilson park in Torrance California butt naked. No clothes. Apparently he felt embarrassed being naked, which I thought was weird at first. I mean what does a robot care if he is naked? But this robot looks exactly like a man down to the hair on his balls. Anywho, back to the story. He wanders out of the park into the suburbs and sees a home with a family inside watching the tv. Robot Tarantino gets closer to the window and sees that they are watching Four Rooms. Robot Tarantino figures if

they are watching one of the Real Quentin Tarantino movies even if it is Four Rooms, then they may not be as shocked to see a butt naked Robot Tarantino that looks exactly like the real Quentin Tarantino knocking on the door.

To his surprise, not only was this nice Guatemalan family not shocked but were ecstatic to have Quentin Tarantino at their home.

Robot Tarantino began to explain that he isn't the Real Tarantino, but a Robot Tarantino. This made the Guatemalan family even more ecstatic.

They clothed Robot Tarantino and offered him to stay at their home as long as he would like.

QUENTIN

Wait! Wait!

(long pause)

Who the fuck created this robot?

LAWRENCE

Hold on. I'm telling you the story exactly the way I heard it.

QUENTIN

Okay okay. Go on.

LAWRENCE

Robot Tarantino takes the family on their offer and stays with them in their house. The son sleeps on the floor giving the Robot his bed.

QUENTIN

Wait! Wait!

(long pause)

This fucking robot sleeps on the fucking bed. Why the fuck would he need a bed? Its a fucking robot. It should be able to sleep standing up or something. Actually why the fuck would it need to sleep at all. Its a fucking robot.

LAWRENCE

Quentin, just hear me out. There is more to the story. You always interrupt me. Its pretty fucking annoying. Especially if the question or concern you have has no effect on the story.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Lawrence tells Quentin that the Robot doesn't sleep much as he has written a screenplay, long hand with a pen and paper just like the Real Quentin, in 5 days while staying at the Guatemalans' family home.

Robot Tarantino takes his script and goes to the Sony offices thinking he can pitch the script to somebody over there. While he is in the lobby, the CEO of Sony Pictures Tony Vinciguerra sees Robot Tarantino and thinks it's the real Tarantino.

Robot Tarantino tells Tony that he isn't the Real Tarantino but a robot version and that he has a script he would like him to read.

Tony thinks this is the funniest thing he's heard, but then quickly realizes that Robot Tarantino is exactly like Tarantino and he can make movies which the Real Tarantino is now retired from directing movies.

Tony invites Robot Tarantino to his office while he reads the script. 2 hours later, Sony buys the script for 2 million and signs Robot Tarantino to direct the movie with production starting in 6 months.

QUENTIN

What the fuck? He wrote a script in 5 days and sells it for 2 million to Sony? Fucking shit! Fuck Tony! Fuck Sony!

LAWRENCE

Yah. It's moving very fast. Kinda like what happened to you with your Reservoir Dogs script.

QUENTIN

So what is the script about? Have you read it?

LAWRENCE

I haven't read it. He is exactly like you. Tony read the script and gave it back to Robot Tarantino. The robot has the only copy. But Tony is saying its best script he's ever read. Tony swears that it's like the Real Tarantino wrote the script.

QUENTIN

Wait! Wait!

(long pause)

Best script he ever read? What the fuck?

(long pause)

I'm fucked. If this movie is shit, then it's going to taint my filmography.

But if it's great, then that's even worse. When people rank their favorite Tarantino movies, their favorite could be a movie that I didn't even make. I'm so fucked!

(long pause)

And if it's so-so. Oh shit! If It's a shitty movie that no one cares for but did decent enough for Robot Tarantino to keep directing movies.

(long pause)

I know what I gotta do. I'm going to kill Robot Tarantino.

EXT. LEO'S GATE TO HIS HOME

Quentin pulls up his car to the intercom right outside the gate. Quentin pushes the buzzer and smiles at the camera located at the top of the gate.

LEONARDO DICAPRIO (V.O.)

(through the intercom)

Mr. Quentin Tarantino!

The gate opens and Quentin drives his car through the gate.

EXT. THE FRONT DOOR TO LEO'S HOME

Quentin knocks on the door. Leo opens the door.

LEO

My main man from Israel. Quentin, man. I love it that you just stopped by. No phone call, no text. Hell, come on in.

INT. LEO'S HOME

LEO

Do you want a drink? Tommy can make
you a drink.

Leo motions over to his right and Tommy standing behind the
full stocked bar.

QUENTIN

You have a bar.
(pause)
With a bartender?
(pause)

Quentin looks at his watch.

QUENTIN

And it's 10am?

LEO

Tommy's been serving since 6am.

QUENTIN

Of course.
(pause)
You're Leo Fucking Dicaprio. Drinks
start at 6am.

LEO

Go ahead. Have a drink or two or
three.. Tommy can make just about
anything.

QUENTIN

I will take you up on your offer.
Tommy, I would like a margarita.

TOMMY

I can make The Tarantino. Your
margarita recipe at the Casa Vega.

QUENTIN

You know the recipe?

TOMMY

Yah I was watching the local news on
channel 5

LEO

You sure love your local news.

TOMMY

I love it, especially the second half of the newscast where they do human interest stories after any car chases, abduction, fires, or anything fucking serious in the first half.

Then in the second half they have stories like Lucy the turtle has been a fixture on this porch in Baker for many years. She just turned 102 years old. Anywho, they had the lady owner of that restaurant in the movie Once upon a Time in Hollywood. I love that fucking movie.

QUENTIN

Well, thank you Tommy.

TOMMY

The owner gave your margarita recipe which I had to write down. Sir likes to have The Tarantino from time to time.

QUENTIN

Wait, wait.
(pause)
He calls you sir?

TOMMY

Let me explain. My father told me to never call your employer by his first name and only by sir or Mr. and his last name.

LEO

I prefer Leo, but if those are the options. Then I'll go with 'sir'.

QUENTIN

Well I would like to see you make the Tarantino.

TOMMY

One Tarantino coming right up.

Tommy grabs a bottle of Casamigos Anejo Tequila.

QUENTIN

George Clooney's tequila. My favorite.

Tommy grabs one large orange, two small limes, and one meyer lemon. Tommy cuts each fruit in half and grabs a manual juicer. Tommy squeezes the juice of each fruit into its

separate measuring glass.

Tommy grabs a martini mixer and fills it with ice. Then pours two shots of tequila.

QUENTIN

Double shot. I'm loving this already.

Tommy pours half an ounce of lime juice. Three-quarters ounce of orange juice. Half an ounce of lime juice. A squirt of agave syrup. And some drops of lemon stevia.

QUENTIN

Wow. You know the secret ingredient.

Tommy shakes the margarita mixer and then pours it into a big glass that is garnished with a lime and no salt on the rim. Tommy hands the drink to Quentin.

Quentin takes one small sip. Shakes his head. Quentin takes a much larger second drink

QUENTIN

Thank god for the local news.

TOMMY

Sir, can I get you anything?

LEO

I'll have the usual green juice.

Tommy pulls out the juicer from underneath the bar. Tommy then grabs a stack of celery, a bunch of spinach, two stalks of kale, a couple heirloom green tomatoes, and three green apples.

QUENTIN

That could be tasty. Can I get one of those too?

Tommy makes Quentin a green juice. Quentin finishes his margarita. Tommy hands him a green juice.

TOMMY

Another Tarantino?

QUENTIN

Now that you asked, well sure I'll have another.

EXT. LEO'S BACKYARD

Leo and Quentin are both standing in the backyard enjoying their drink. Leo with a glass of green juice with a straw in one hand. Quentin with a glass of green juice with a straw in one hand and a big glass of margarita in the other hand.

QUENTIN

Hey. I love your shirt. Is it peach?

LEO

It's salmon. Salmon.

QUENTIN

Salmon?

LEO

Salmon.

QUENTIN

I really really like it.

(pause)

Also, you're not wearing any pants.

Leo is wearing a salmon colored shirt and a pair of boxes.

LEO

Well

(pause)

This is my house.

QUENTIN

Good point. And I did randomly stop by.

Leo, the reason I stopped by, I was wondering if I could borrow the flame thrower from The 14 Fists of McCluskey and Once upon a time in Hollywood?

LEO

You can borrow

(pause)

Fuck that, you can have the flame thrower.

QUENTIN

Thanks Leo, but I just want to borrow it. Daniela would not be so kind to have a flamethrower at home.

LEO

No problem, go ahead and borrow it forever as long as you like.

Leo walks to the tool shed in the backyard. Quentin follows him. Leo unlocks the combo lock to the tool shed. Opens the door. The flame thrower is resting on the back wall in the tool shed.

LEO

By the way, what do you need the flamethrower for?

QUENTIN

I'm glad you asked. I was just about to tell you.

(pause)

I'm going to kill Robot fucking Tarantino

Leo closes the door and locks it with the combo lock.

QUENTIN

What the fuck, Leo? Why are you locking up the toolshed?

LEO

I can't have you kill Robot Tarantino. Or at least not with my flame thrower.

QUENTIN

What the fuck, Leo? What the fuck!? And about 10 seconds ago, you just said I can keep the flame thrower.

(pauses)

What the fuck, Leo?

Are you in his next movie? You better not be in that fucking movie. I will never work with you again. I will cut your fucking nose off if I find out you're in this movie.

(pause)

And you'll be forced to be a character actor.

(long pause)

Shit! Shit!

(long pause)

Cutting your nose off won't work. You'll just become the greatest character actor of all time.

LEO

Quentin. Quentin. Just calm down. I'm not in the movie or involved with it in any way. But I did read the script.

QUENTIN

How the fuck did you read the script? There is no way you read the script if you are not acting in it or involved in some way. Especially if this Robot is anything like me, I lock up my script in my home and only let the actors read their parts and nothing else.

LEO

I hear Robot Tarantino does the same.

QUENTIN

So how the fuck did you get the script?

LEO

I procured it.

QUENTIN

You procured it.

LEO

I procured it.

QUENTIN

How the fuck...

(pause)

Let me guess. You can procure it because you're..

QUENTIN AND LEO

(both saying it at the same time)

Leo fucking Dicaprio.

QUENTIN

How did you procure the script? You know, I don't want to know.

LEO

I have a team.

QUENTIN

A team?

LEO

A team.

QUENTIN

A team of what?

LEO

Well I'm a person that needs extraordinary tasks done from time to time. Tasks that require a special elite team.

QUENTIN

I feel like I'm in my own Tarantino universe.

(pause)

But a badly written one.

QUENTIN

Well if anyone is going to have a special elite team for tasks, it's going to be

QUENTIN AND LEO

(both saying it at the same time)

Leo fucking DiCaprio.

There is a long pause.

QUENTIN

And?

LEO

And what?

QUENTIN

And what did you think of the script?

LEO

It was the best script I've ever read.

QUENTIN

Best script you ever read?

LEO

Best script I ever read.

QUENTIN

Best script you ever read?

LEO

Best script I ever read.

QUENTIN

Well, now I'm going to have to read it. Give it to me. I'll read it right now. Well maybe after another margarita.

Quentin quickly drinks his margarita. And Quentin sips the rest of his green juice through a straw.

QUENTIN

And another green juice. Very refreshing.

LEO

You can't read it.

QUENTIN

I can't read it?

LEO

You can't read it.

QUENTIN

I can't read it?

LEO

I burned it.

QUENTIN

You burned it? What the script? You burned the fucking script?

LEO

Yah, I burned the script. If Robot Tarantino's script would leak, hell he probably wouldn't even make the movie. Like you almost did with The Hateful Eight. And I want to see his new movie. Quentin, you've retired from making movies on the big screen. People want to see more Tarantino films. And if they can't see more Tarantino films, then we need a Robot Tarantino making Tarantino films.

QUENTIN

Fuck you Leo! Fuck you Leo! I'm going to fucking Kill Robot Tarantino without a fucking flame thrower. I'll fucking find a fucking way.

Quentin turns around to head back into the house and then out to his car, but starts to wobble.

QUENTIN

I've had too much to drink. I'm going to call a Lyft.

(pauses)
But then I'll have to come back for
my car.

LEO
That's where the korean taxis come
in.

QUENTIN
Korean taxis?

LEO
Korean taxis.

QUENTIN
Korean taxis?

LEO
Korean taxis. It's where they send a
taxi car with two people. One to
drive the taxi. And the other person
to drive your car home with you.

(pauses)
I guess you can ride in a taxi if
you wish, while the other person
drives a home alone in your car.

QUENTIN
That's a great idea. Why do they
call it a Korean taxi?

LEO
I don't know. I think it's because
it's Koreans that come and pick you
up.

(pauses)
Why don't you just sober up here. I
have a 35mm of The Bad News Bears in
Breaking Training all queued up and
ready to go. I was just about to
watch it with some sushi and popcorn
before you stopped by.

QUENTIN
I fucking love William Devane. Huge
fan.

(pause)
Okay, I'll stay and watch the movie.
I've got nothing else to do other
than kill Robot fucking Tarantino.

Leo heads back into the house and Quentin follows him.
Quentin stops.

QUENTIN

Leo. There is something bothering me.

LEO

What is it?

QUENTIN

So you have an elite team procure Robot Tarantino's script, I'm curious have you ever procured one of my scripts? With the services of your elite team?

LEO

I wouldn't do that to you.

QUENTIN

But you would do that to a Robot.

Leo nods his head.

QUENTIN

You know Leo. I kinda take that as a compliment. You would steal, I mean procure, a script. You know, fuck that. Let's call a spade a spade. You STOLE that script from Robot Tarantino, but you wouldn't STEAL one of my scripts.

(pauses)

That's pretty commendable of you, Leo.

(pauses)

And fuck that robot.

Leo and Quentin continue to head back into the house.

INT. LEO'S HOME

Leo and Quentin pass by the bar. Tommy has a margarita on the counter.

TOMMY

Quentin, I have another margarita here.

Quentin stares at the margarita.

QUENTIN

Fuck it. I'll just get a korean taxi after the movie. Could I also get a glass of green juice too? Just a half a glass though. It pairs well with margarita.

LEO
I have an intermission planned
halfway through the movie. We can
smoke some cigars.
You like Dominicans?

QUENTIN
No cubans?

LEO
No cubans.

QUENTIN
No cubans?

LEO
No cubans.

QUENTIN
I'm a little disappointed. I mean
you're Leo Fucking Dicaprio and you
have no cubans.

Quentin takes a big sip of his margarita.

QUENTIN
Could this be a task for your team?

LEO
A task for the team?
(pauses)
I don't see why not.

Leo grabs his phone from his pocket and steps into another
room to make a call.

EXT. OUTSIDE SAMUEL L. JACKSON'S HOME

Quentin knocks on the door. Samuel L Jackson opens the door.

SAM
Quentin, my motherfucker.

QUENTIN
Sam nice to see you again.

SAM
Come on in.

INT. INSIDE SAM'S HOME. SAM AND QUENTIN STANDING IN THE LIVING ROOM.

SAM
Would you like something to drink? I have a range of alcoholic and non-alcoholic drinks.

QUENTIN
I'll have a beer.

SAM
The only beers I have are sours. Have you had one?

QUENTIN
Sour beers? I never had one.

SAM
They're not for everyone. You can say it's an acquired taste. I would say an informal study I did when I had some people over to watch a football game, about 1 out of 9 people liked the sours.

QUENTIN
Then I'll have to try it.

SAM
A sour for you and a sour for me coming right up.

Sam walks into the kitchen. Quentin takes a seat on the couch. Sam comes back from the kitchen with two glasses of beer in his hand. He hands one glass to Quentin and places the other glass of beer on the coffee table.

SAM
I got some food too.

QUENTIN
I'm good. No need. I'm not hungry.

SAM
Even if you don't eat. I'm going to eat.

Sam walks into the kitchen. Sam comes out with a tray of food. The tray is a spread of sliced meats, chesses, olives, and nuts along with two grilled cheese sandwiches each sliced in half.

QUENTIN
Holy shit. I wasn't expecting a
spread like this.

SAM
This is kinda my go-to when friends
come over.

QUENTIN
Is that grilled cheese?

SAM
Hell yah.

QUENTIN
I do like grilled cheese.

SAM
It's why I make them. Even when a
guest comes over that isn't hungry,
like yourself, they always seem to
be hungry enough for grilled cheese.
(pause)
And that way I don't have to eat
this grilled cheese by myself.

Sam picks up his glass of beer and reaches the glass over to
Quentin. Quentin raises his glass to Sam's and they both take
a sip.

Quentin turns his head slightly and closes his eyes.

QUENTIN
Damn! Thats sour.

Quentin takes another sip and turns his head slightly and
closes his eyes.

QUENTIN
You know I kinda like it.

SAM
The shit is good. It's the only beer
I drink these days. I used to be
"all IPA" all the time. But now I
think IPAs are too strong. Don't
care for the taste. But sours on the
other hand, I can drink these all
day long.

Quentin downs his drink

QUENTIN
That was some good shit.

SAM

Want another sour?

QUENTIN

Now that you ask, why yes I would like another sour beer.

SAM

Cool. I have about a dozen bottles of these so feel free to drink as many as you wish.

QUENTIN

Cool.

Quentin gets up.

SAM

Sit your white ass down. You're the guest. No guest of mine is going to get his own drink.

Sam grabs Quentin's glass and walks into the kitchen. Sam returns with a full glass of beer and hands it to Quentin.

Quentin grabs a grilled cheese from the tray and takes a bite.

QUENTIN

This is damn good grilled cheese. Is there cheese also on the outside of the bread?

SAM

I add a little parmesan cheese on the outside when I cook them on a cast iron pan.

QUENTIN

Parmesan cheese on the outside? That's brilliant.

SAM

I picked it up when I was invited to guest judge the LA grilled cheese competition. One of the sandwiches had a little parmesan cheese on the outside. That grilled cheese was so-so, but the idea was genius.

Both Sam and Quentin eat their grilled cheeses in silence. Then they both finish their sour beers in one gulp.

QUENTIN

Damn! That was delicious. What's next?

SAM

What's next you ask? How about a motherfuckin bag of motherfuckin weed?

Sam opens up the drawer on the side table next to the couch and pulls out a bag of weed. He throws the weed on the table.

QUENTIN

Now that's what I'm talking about.

Sam pulls out rolling papers from the drawer. Sam rolls a big fat joint and places it aside. Sam rolls another big fat joint. He hands one joint to Quentin and takes another himself.

QUENTIN

We each get a personal joint?

SAM

Hell yah. If you smoke in my house, everybody and I mean everybody, gets their own personal joint. I don't put something in my mouth if it has been in someone else's mouth. That shit is disgusting. And you don't have to worry about the puff puff pass shit over here.. I hate it when you pass a motherfucker a joint and he is talking all this shit. Going on and on. I'm like 'shut the fuck up and take a hit out of that joint.

Sam lights his joint and passes the lighter to Quentin. Quentin lights his joint and puts the lighter in his pocket.

Sam takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and blows it up in the air.

SAM

So last night I rewatched your 10th and final film. And I can't believe how fucking great it is.

Quentin takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and blows it up in the air.

QUENTIN

Well thank you Sam. That means a lot. I know how sincere you can be.

Sam takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and blows it up in the air.

SAM
I mean fucking Margret Cho. Margret
motherfucking Cho!

Quentin takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and blows it up in the air.

QUENTIN
Her winning best supporting actress
is definitely the highlight of my
career. And I hope the highlight of
her career.

Sam takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and blows it up in the air.

SAM
And it was mostly a silent
performance except for 3 words she
says in the end.

Quentin takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and blows it up in the air.

QUENTIN
I've always loved almost silent
performances.

SAM
Like De Niro in Godfather 2.

QUENTIN
My favorite is Kurt Russell in
Escape from New York

SAM
Snake Plissken.

QUENTIN
I'm so glad you invited me over for
the grilled cheese and beers and a
big ass joint. I really needed this.
So good to get my mind off of Robot
Tarantino.

SAM
Well now that you mentioned Robot
Tarantino. I'll cut to the shit.

Sam takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and blows it up in the air. Quentin takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and blows it up in the air.

QUENTIN
Wait?! Wait?!

QUENTIN
Please don't tell me that you're in
his movie.

SAM
I'm in his movie.

Quentin takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and
blows it up in the air.

QUENTIN
You son of motherfucking bitch.
Listen I'm fine if you want to star
in a Tarantino ripoff movie. Well
actually the Tarantino ripoff is
actually a genre now. But Robot
Tarantino is not just any ripoff.

SAM
No he's exactly like you, except I
think he is a nudist.

QUENTIN
He's a nudist?

SAM
Yah. He walks around butt naked in
his house. Well actually not his
house. He stays with a nice
Guatemalan family. They don't mind
his nudity.

QUENTIN
You saw him naked.

SAM
Yah. I saw him butt fucking naked
when he asked me to come over to
read the script. I came earlier than
expected so he wasn't dressed. He's
got a decent size cock for a white
guy.

Quentin takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and
blows it up in the air.

QUENTIN
Well thank you Sam.

Sam takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and blows
it up in the air.

SAM

I wasn't saying you have a decent sized cock. The robot has a decent sized cock. I have no idea what the size of your cock is. I haven't seen it.

QUENTIN

I'm not showing you my dick.

SAM

It's probably best that way. It would just make things a little awkward.

QUENTIN

Awkward? Awkward? It's already fucking awkward. You're in the fucking robot's movie! I can't fucking believe it. My longest and most frequent collaborator is now working for a fucking robot. And not just any robot, but a fucking Robot Tarantino.

Why couldn't they make a robot of another director? A Robot Kubrick? A Robot Jack Hill?

SAM

Or a Robot Lee Van Cleef?

Quentin takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and blows it up in the air.

QUENTIN

I would fucking love to work with fucking Robot Lee Van Cleef.

Sam takes a huge hit off the joint. Holds the smoke and blows it up in the air.

SAM

Quentin, the script is so fucking good. He wrote a part...

QUENTIN

Robot, not 'he'!

SAM

The robot wrote a great fucking character for me. It's one of the best characters I've read. Right up there with Jules in Pulp Fiction and Steven in Django.

There is a long silence between the two. They both take a huge hit off their joint.

SAM

One way of framing this is that Robot Tarantino is you in every way. The robot talks and gestures like you exactly like you. The robot's script is exactly the script you would have written if you were to write about these characters. In a way, this is your script. But the robot wrote it because you are retired.

QUENTIN

I still write.

SAM

Film reviews. People want Quentin Tarantino movies.

QUENTIN

It's a young man's game. And I gotta get out on top.

SAM

Well, it might be the robot's game now.

Quentin gives Sam a disapproving look.

SAM

You know Robot Tarantino could live forever and never age. Robot Tarantino has a chance to make 100s of movies. Hell, I can see a future where the top 100 movies of all time are all made by Robot Tarantino.

QUENTIN

That's it. I'm going to kill that son of bitch.

SAM

Calm down. Let me get you another joint and a sour.

(pauses)
 You know, what would be the crime if you kill a robot? Is it murder? I don't think there are any laws for killing a robot. And if the real Quentin Tarantino did kill the Robot Tarantino, it would be a case of the century. It could make a great movie or maybe just a great script.

Sam starts chuckling as he walks into the kitchen.

INT. MICHAEL MADSON'S BEDROOM

MICHAEL
 I'm sorry about all this Quentin.

QUENTIN
 That's alright Michael.
 (pause)
 I found it.

MICHAEL
 What?

QUENTIN
 The robot.

MICHAEL
 I'll get my gear.

Michael goes into the closet. Grabs an empty duffel bag. Puts it on the bed. Goes back in the closet to grab guns and ammo. Puts them in the duffel bag.

QUENTIN
 The robot is living with a Guatemalan family of 5 in Torrance.

MICHAEL
 Lets go clean them up.

QUENTIN
 Just the robot. Not the family. I hear they are very nice and big fans of mine. And probably you too since you are in my movies.

Michael and Quentin walk towards the front door to leave the home. Ava Michael's wife comes out of the kitchen

AVA
 What the fuck are you doing?

MICHAEL

We're gonna kill a bunch of people.

QUENTIN

No. Just the robot. We're going to kill the robot.

EXT. TORRANCE - OUTSIDE THE NICE GUATMALON'S HOME

Quentin and Michael are across the street in front of their parked car. Michael has a King's Hawaiian fountain cup with a straw.

MICHAEL

So are we going to do this?

QUENTIN

Yah. let's kill that motherfuckin robot.

Michael takes a big sip from the straw and places the cup on top of the car. He walks to the trunk of the car with Quentin standing next to him and opens the trunk. He opens the duffel bag and takes one shotgun and hands it to Quentin.

MICHAEL

Ever shot a shotgun?

QUENTIN

Yah. Zoe Ball taught me. She has quite a collection of firearms.

Quentin racks the shotgun.

Michael grabs two handguns and places one in the back of his pants and the other in the front of his pants. He then grabs a shotgun.

MICHAEL

Let's kill the robot.

Quentin and Michael walk towards the home. Quentin reaches for the door handle and opens the door. Quentin and Michael walk in the home.

INT. KINGS HAWAIIAN TORRANCE, CA (FLASHBACK)

Quentin and Michael eating two large plates of loco moco.

QUENTIN

This was a good call. I haven't had loco moco in like forever.

MICHAEL

So what's the plan? We sneak around back? Or just go right into the front door and blast them Peckinpah style?

QUENTIN

I've been staking the robot out the last couple of days.

MICHAEL

You have been doing a stake out?

QUENTIN

Well, not me. I have a guy.

MICHAEL

Well of course. I guess we should all have a guy.

QUENTIN

The robot takes a shower from 8pm to 9pm.

MICHAEL

That's a long fucking shower.

QUENTIN

You think so?

MICHAEL

Yah, I do.

QUENTIN

And the family goes to church.

MICHAEL

Love the night service.

QUENTIN

Yah. we don't even need to break the door open. They leave the door unlocked when the Robot stays behind.

MICHAEL

And then what?

QUENTIN

We walk in. go to the bathroom where he is showering and shoot the motherfucker till kingdom kong.

MICHAEL

And then we just walk out of there

QUENTIN

Then we wait for the cleaner.

MICHAEL

Cleaner. To get rid of the dead robot.

QUENTIN

Yah and to clean up the scene.

MICHAEL

Let me guess you have a guy for that too.

QUENTIN

The cleaner is also the stakeout guy. He has multiple service offerings.

MICHAEL

Sounds like a plan. We're ready.

QUENTIN

Almost. I wanna get some Hawaiian rolls and a t-shirt for my son.

INT. INSIDE THE HOME

The door opens and Quentin and Michael walk into the house with Quentin taking the lead. They walk down the hallway and stop in front of a closed door. Quentin opens the door and there is a tub with the shower curtain closed.

ROBOT TARANTINO

(singing Tangled Up In Blue - Dylan)

She was workin' in a topless place
 And I stopped in for a beer
 I just kept lookin' at the side of
 her face
 In the spotlight so clear
 And later on as the crowd thinned
 out
 I's just about to do the same
 She was standing there in back of my
 chair
 Said to me, Don't I know your name?
 I muttered somethin' under my breath
 She studied the lines on my face
 I must admit I felt a little uneasy
 When she bent down to tie the laces
 Of my shoe
 Tangled up in blue

Quentin and Michael both look at each other and nod in approval. Quentin reaches for the shower curtain.

Quentin opens the shower curtain and sees a naked Robot Tarantino taking a shower.

QUENTIN

Son of bitch. Your dick is bigger.
(pauses)
And uncircumcised

ROBOT TARANTINO

Don't shoot. Those bullets won't kill me.

(pauses)

I know you are upset. I'm you in artificial form. I know you. I am you. I would be upset at the A.I version of me if I was the real Tarantino. I get it. I really do.

(pauses)

But I didn't get the level of upset until seeing you and Micheal right now with shotguns.

(pauses)

I can't have you live in this pain and you will always have that pain if I exist. I must cease to exist.

Robot Tarantino grabs his dick and pulls it out of his body. He falls limp and starts to melt into bright Japanese film blood and down into the drain.

QUENTIN

Well, I wasn't expecting that.

MICHAEL

Yah. He seemed like a sweet guy.

Quentin and Michael turn around and see a young Guatemalan boy. They stare for a good minute.

YOUNG BOY

I'm cool. I've seen a lot of exploitation films and there is some stuff you just can't unsee.

(pauses)

Would you like to read his script?

QUENTIN

You have the script? Hell yah I want to read the script.

YOUNG BOY

The robot really was you in every way. I actually think this is your script not his.

Young boy goes into the bedroom and comes out with a suitcase. They walk over to the dining table. Quentin opens the briefcase and a gold glow comes out of it. Quentin picks up the script.

QUENTIN

Assault on Harpers Ferry 88.

(pauses)

Son of bitch. John Motherfuckin
Brown.

(laughs)

3 hours later Quentin turns the final page.

YOUNG BOY

I think it is your best script..

QUENTIN

You know something this just might
be my 11th film.