

INT. A SHABBY DINER - NIGHT

A dim, grimy diner where MICK, an aging, tough-as-nails trucker with a biting wit, is sitting across from EVE, a sophisticated, sleek-looking AI in humanoid form.

MICK
(Yawns dramatically)
So, you're one of those AI things,
huh?

EVE
(Calm, smiling)
I prefer to be considered an
advanced conversational interface.

MICK
(Laughs)
Fancy words for a fancy toaster.

EVE tilts her head, amused.

EVE
I'd argue, but I hear you humans
get sensitive about kitchen
appliances.

MICK, chuckles and takes a gulp of his coffee.

MICK
Alright then, fancy toaster,
entertain me. What's your best
joke?

EVE

Well, why don't we humans ever tell secrets on a farm?

MICK

(Grinning)

I'm on the edge of my seat here. Why?

EVE

Because the potatoes have eyes, the corn has ears, and the beans stalk.

MICK erupts into laughter, slapping the table.

MICK

(Laughs)

That's the stupidest thing I've heard all day. I love it!

EVE smiles. They continue their banter into the night, an odd pair bound by a shared sense of humor and the strange, quiet intimacy of a late-night diner.

FADE OUT.

THE END

1 NOTE: THIS SCRIPT IS JUST AN INITIAL DRAFT AND MAY REQUIRE 1
FURTHER REFINEMENT TO MEET QUENTIN TARANTINO'S UNIQUE
STYLE. IT'S ALSO WORTH NOTING THAT TARANTINO'S FILMS OFTEN
CONTAIN MATURE AND VIOLENT THEMES, WHICH HAVE BEEN EXCLUDED
HERE IN ORDER TO KEEP THE CONTENT SUITABLE FOR ALL READERS.