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## ONCE UPON A TIME IN HOLLYWOOD

Once Upon a Time in Hollywood is what happens when a guy who loves movies makes a movie about movies. It's Tarantino's love letter to Hollywood — a fairytale where he rewrites history while fully aware of the illusion. A Tarantino dream about Tarantino's Hollywood.

Tarantino's films have always been in conversation with cinema itself. When you watch Pulp Fiction or Reservoir Dogs, you're not seeing an authentic portrait of criminals — you're watching Tarantino remix his own movie-watching memories into something uniquely his. Whether it's the two Marilyn Monroes at Jack Rabbit Slim's or the western and kung fu influences in Kill Bill, his work is a collision of genres, references, and cinematic ghosts. That blend reaches its peak in Once Upon a Time in Hollywood.

When the film reflects on itself, it reveals an awareness of the filmmaking process — a prism through which the story's reality is filtered. Here, Tarantino turns that prism inward, examining his own filmography. It becomes Tarantino on Tarantino.

A typical Tarantino set piece follows a familiar rhythm: a quiet beginning, rising tension, and then — chaos. Cliff Booth's visit to

Spahn Ranch gives him his own extended suspense sequence, but this time Tarantino subverts expectation. No gunshots. No explosions. Nothing happens. After decades of playing with cinema's history, he now toys with his own. If *Pulp Fiction* is Tarantino's impression of a crime movie, then *Once Upon a Time in Hollywood* is his impression of a Tarantino movie — Tarantino subverting Tarantino.

The climactic violence is as gruesome as anything he's ever done, yet it feels different. Like slaughtering Nazis or slave owners, it's satisfying — a revenge fantasy rooted in real history. But this time, it's not staged on a film set or inside a TV show; it unfolds within the film's "real" world, and it's just as cinematic. If most of the movie is Tarantino deconstructing his own style, the finale is his celebration of it.

As the camera cranes upward, Rick Dalton meets a safe and sound Sharon Tate — still pregnant with her baby and her friends are still alive. It's the perfect Hollywood ending. But her survival exists only within a fantasy, crafted by a man who loves movies so much he wishes they could rewrite history. And that's the bittersweet magic of it — for all its brilliance, it was only *Once Upon a Time in Hollywood*.