

THE BONGSCARS

Maddy Casale

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

BONG JOON-HO sits at a booth surrounded by his 4 Oscars. MARTIN SCORCESE approaches Bong with a warm smile.

MARTIN

Bong! Congrats on your big night! Your speeches were so wonderful,  
and it was so kind of you to mention me-

BONG

Zip it, Marty.

MARTIN

Uh... excuse me?

BONG

You heard me, grandpa.

MARTIN

You-you can't talk to me like that! I'm Martin Scorsese!

BONG

And I'm the one who won four Oscars tonight, so I say, FUCK OFF, old  
man!

MARTIN

(Bitterly)

Congratulations.

He walks away, but before he gets too far, Bong throws one of his Oscars at the back of Martin's head, making the old man drop to the ground instantly, laying in a pool of his own accumulating blood.

BONG

Ha ha that's a kind of reference to my movie, *Parasite*, the one that  
just won me four Oscars! I truly am a lucky man today!

He guffaws first a beat as QUENTIN TARANTINO approaches in that awkward, jerky way of his.

QUENTIN

Hey, Bong, man, did you just kill Martin Scorsese.

Bong and all of his Oscars are now smoking cigarettes that have seemingly appeared out of nowhere.

BONG

So what if I did?

QUENTIN

If you did..

Beat, they both look at Martin's corpse, which is submerged in an impossibly large/deep pool of blood.

QUENTIN

.. then that's FUCKIN AWESOME, dude! I love violence and death and men doing violence and men killing and men getting all the big lines and roles and talking..

Quentin, Bong, and Martin all simultaneously turn to the audience, looking at them pointedly, breaking the fourth wall.

BONG

Wow, this sketch is almost like..

BONG, QUENTIN, MARTIN

A representation of the Oscars!!

The three guys chuckle amicably together. Beat.

GRETA GERWIG (O.S)

NOT SO FAST, MOTHERFUCKERS!

GRETA GERWIG busts in, holding a large knife with one hand, and a leash pulling a resigned-looking NOAH BAUMBACH in the other. LULU WANG stomps in closely behind.

QUENTIN

Two women?!

LULU

We're not just two women, asshole.

Greta holds her knife up with a deranged smile.

GRETA

We're women who write movies that can kick your man movies'  
BUTTHOLES!!!

She turns to Bong.

GRETA

Except for you, Bong, I think you're just brilliant. Noah and I both  
just adore you.

Noah nods sadly.

LULU

Thanks for killing Marty for us, by the way.

BONG

Anytime!

GRETA

Quentin, You're next.

QUENTIN

(Smiling creepily)

Yesssss.

Greta and Lulu both cringe, while Bong smiles dreamily as he makes  
his Oscars kiss/have a massive orgy.

Blackout.