

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

POV

You enter Washington Square Park, surrounded by hordes of bagel-eating, non-mask-wearing individuals sitting, shitting, walking and skating around the area. You look around and can't tell a difference between half the people in there. They all look homeless—all the college kids look homeless. But some of them are, some of them aren't. But this isn't only a matter of how we can tell the difference.

It's a matter of how we can profit.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Acclaimed screenwriter and existential weird CHARLIE KAUFMAN jerks off vigorously in a bath tub.

CHARLIE KAUFMAN
(Angrily stroking his
shit)

Alright, so lemme throw down the details on the homeless shorts. I'm talking about the street dwellers and the indie kids—you know, the ones you always see wearing clothes that look like they got torn apart by a bear like a day ago. They look the exact same. The college students hanging around the fountain dress like they never learned manners, and I guess that's an extension of our sociological disconnect from foundational humanistic harmony. Then these scum-sucking Subway rats. You ever see them around town, just wondering, "Are those people actually homeless?" Yeah. Me too.

Charlie cums existentially.

CHARLIE KAUFMAN (CONT'D)
So anyhow, here's a tip—never wear anything with an NYU logo on it.
(MORE)

CHARLIE KAUFMAN (CONT'D)

For I was strutting through the park and this old Jimmy asked me for change, I told him I don't got any, and he said, "oh yeah? You rich douchebag? Yeah? NYU? Suck my balls?" I didn't suck his balls. The moral of the story is, NYU kids don't wanna dress like NYU kids. It's inverted. So the kids dress like they're homeless to avoid getting asked for change, and the homeless dress like homeless people because they've lost all hope and ambition.

A butler enters. Charlie wipes his semen covered hand on the butler's lap.

CHARLIE KAUFMAN (CONT'D)

Long story short—*Big Short*—we're hedging bets on the homeless lookers of the city. Betting all we got momentarily, short-lived, volatile trading on whether or not a kid walking around is actually a NYC college student or a homeless student. It's all penny stocks—pennies are all the bums got in their pockets. You pump an egregious amount all at once and trade quick—we're talking ultimo day trades here, people. You don't wanna keep your money circulating when the kid pulls out a velcro wallet. Consider yourself fucked, pal.

Here's the thing—people aren't idiots. If a kid's holding a skateboard, no bet. If they're sleeping on cardboard, no bet. It's the walkers without any obvious that are the good ones to judge, but the harder ones to sell quick. Lemme let you in some secrets on how to sell quick—

A kid pulls a lanyard out of his pocket—DOUBLE DOWN.

If the kid pulls out a vape—DOUBLE DOWN.

(MORE)

CHARLIE KAUFMAN (CONT'D)

If the kid's smoking a
cigarette—hold. Just hold...

If the kid asks for change then for
your Venmo—GET THE FUCK OUT. THEY
ARE HOMELESS.

We're banking on the homeless to
actually be rich, because who can
even tell these days? We're
shorting for social change, while
the homeless just ask for change.
Well guess what folks, we're the
one's bringing it. This is the
greatest visual conundrum the
Northeast may have experienced
since Hurricane Sandy confused all
those climate change deniers out in
Staten Island.