

CHANGING THE BANKERS' WET FOOD

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

OFFICE HALLWAY

A large and shaggy DUDE shuffles down the hallway of a gleaming investment bank.

DUDE
(To camera)
I'm going to try the bankers on
a new wet food.

He yawns and walks into

THE OFFICE KITCHEN

There is a youngish INVESTMENT BANKER (JASON) pacing.

JASON
Dude, this is UNACCEPTABLE! I'm
from YALE!

DUDE
Where's Scott?

Jason shrugs.

SCOTT'S OFFICE

Scott, another investment banker, sleeps at his desk.

THE OFFICE KITCHEN

Dude presses a can into a can opener.

SCOTT'S OFFICE

Scott sits up ramrod straight, hears the can opener, leaps to his feet and bolts out the door.

OFFICE HALLWAY

Scott comes bounding down the hallway at top speed and turns the corner into

THE OFFICE KITCHEN

SCOTT

Hey Dude. You know, I always liked you. You gotta come out to the summer house sometime. You like summer?

Dude spoons out several clumps of wet food from the can onto two paper plates and hands them to the bankers, who sit and eat it with a fork.

SCOTT

I really like this. This is really good. I really like this.

JASON

It's not as good as the wet food we had at Yale.

DUDE

(To the camera)

It's really important to find a good wet food for the boy bankers. Otherwise the magnesium causes painful crystals in their penises.

SCOTT

WHAT?

Dude shrugs him off with a gesture. Scott goes back to eating.

DUDE

Uh oh. I hink Scott is going to barf.

Scott hacks, hacks, hacks, hacks up a furball.

DUDE

It's just a furball.

JASON

Gross! I think I'm going to be sick.

Jason's shoulders start contracting. Dude rubs his back.

DUDE

There, there. It's OK. You're a good banker. It's OK.

Jason horks up a splat.

JASON

I know it's OK. I went to Yale.

Jason looks at his plate, forlorn.

DUDE

Aww, you barfed up your
breakfast. OK you can have a
little more.

Dude scoops more food onto the plate.

SCOTT

Akbar Tech is gonna go to 17.

JASON

No way! Maybe 13!

SCOTT

You don't have a clue because
you screwed up your modelling!

JASON

Because your assumptions were
off!

Dude squirts them with water from a spray bottle.

SCOTT

AAH!

JASON

AAAAAHH! What the hell?

Jason and Scott run behind Dude

SCOTT

What was that?

JASON

I don't know but it always
happens when we're bad.

SCOTT

Let's not be bad.

Dude puts Jason's paper plate on another table. Taps
the table. Jason notices and wanders over, keeps
eating.

DUDE

(To camera)

I feel really bad. I think I
might have caused the financial
crisis.

He holds up a line graphic depicting the plummet of
the markets.

DUDE

I switched their wet food right
here - and you see what
happened. I'll check the Dow
later to see how they're
tolerating this. There are
three ways to tell if your
bankers are doing well on their
wet food. The Dow Jones, the S&P
500 and the litter box. HEY
JASON! DON'T EAT THAT!!

Jason, hunched over the litter box is holding a
little poo ball.

JASON

I was just sniffing it! IT'S
MINE ANYWAYS! I think. I'm
from Yale.

He puts a bit in his mouth and chews as he stands up.

SCOTT

You look kinda hung over. You
have a rough night?

JASON

I must have. I don't remember
it.

DUDE

(To camera)

We should take a walk.

SCOTT

Did you get laid?

JASON

Maybe. Hey ... hey! WHERE ARE MY
BALLS??

FADE OUT