

**NEW BANK POLICY**  
by Fred Coppersmith

INT. BANK-DAY

A TELLER stands behind the counter, on top of which sits a computer monitor and keyboard. A short line of customers, at the front of which stands FRANK, waits patiently.

TELLER:

Next!

FRANK approaches the counter.

FRANK:

Yes, hi, I'd like to deposit this fifty dollar check into my bank account, please.

FRANK hands the TELLER a slip of paper and his banking card.

TELLER:

Certainly, sir. Just a moment.

The TELLER types some information on the computer keyboard. After a moment, she pauses and stares at the monitor, then at FRANK.

TELLER:

I'm sorry, sir, but that account appears to have been closed. Do you have another account you'd like to try?

FRANK:

(surprised)  
What? No, that can't be. I only just opened this account a month ago.

TELLER:

Well, I'm sorry, sir, but according to this—  
(typing)  
—the account was closed two days ago by the bank manager himself.

FRANK:

But that doesn't make any sense. Why would he—?

TELLER:

I don't know, sir. But it may have something to do with you being a big fat poopy-head.

FRANK:

(surprised)  
I'm sorry, what?

TELLER:

Well, we *have* recently instituted a policy of denying accounts to big fat poopy-heads, sir. So that might be the problem.

(beat)

Are you a big fat poopy-head, sir?

FRANK:

Am I a what? Is this some kind of joke?

TELLER:

I assure you, big fat poopy-headedness is no joke, sir. It's a serious problem affecting this country, and this bank refuses to help facilitate it.

FRANK:

So you closed my account?

TELLER:

Well...

(typing)

Yes, it would appear so. We've closed all our big fat poopy-head accounts, sir. I'm afraid you'll simply have to take your business elsewhere.

FRANK:

But I'm not—I mean, that's just insane. Look, I want to talk to your manager.

TELLER:

Well, if you insist, sir. One moment, please.

(under her breath)

Poopy-head.

The TELLER looks around, spots WILKINS, the bank manager, talking with another employee in the corner. She waves him over.

WILKINS:

Yes? What seems to be the matter here?

TELLER:

Sir, this gentleman had some concerns about our new BFPH policy.

WILKINS:

Oh...a big fat poopy-head, huh?

FRANK:

I am not a big fat poopy-head! What kind of crazy policy is that anyway?

WILKINS:  
It's a perfectly legitimate policy.

FRANK:  
No it's not! It's stupid!

WILKINS:  
(sighing)  
Sir, I'm afraid that's just the sort of thing I'd expect to hear from a big fat poopy-head.

FRANK  
But—

TELLER:  
(to WILKINS)  
He's been like this ever since he came in, sir.

FRANK  
What? No I haven't! I'm just—

TELLER:  
(to WILKINS)  
See?

WILKINS:  
Sir, I'm afraid there's simply nothing we can do. Our policy is quite clear.

FRANK  
But my money!

WILKINS:  
And it's a policy that was, I must admit, supposed to protect us from violent outbursts just such as this.

FRANK:  
I'm not getting violent!

WILKINS:  
You're definitely getting upset.

FRANK:  
Well of course I'm getting upset! I had two hundred dollars in that account. And nobody's called me a—a big fat poopy-head since I was, I don't know, *nine*!

WILKINS:

I'm afraid once a big fat-poopy head, sir, always a big fat poopy-head. It's tragic, I know, but—

TELLER:  
(compassionately)  
You should seek help.

WILKINS:  
—but there's simply nothing we can do for you.

FRANK  
I don't believe this. Of all the stupid and childish—

WILKINS:  
(interrupting)  
Sir, please. Petty name-calling only proves our point.

FRANK  
But you're the one who's calling—

WILKINS:  
And after all, we're rubber and you're glue. Whatever you say bounces off of us and sticks to you.

TELLER:  
(nodding)  
That's so true.

WILKINS:  
We will, of course, refund your big fat poopy-headed money. It's the least we can do.

FRANK:  
(grumbling)  
Aargh! Damn it, fine! Just give me my money!

The TELLER politely hands FRANK the bills.

TELLER:  
Here you are, sir.

FRANK  
You people are crazy!

WILKINS:  
Yes, but at least we're big fat poopy-heads, now are we?

Infuriated and still grumbling, FRANK storms off.

TELLER:

(sighing)  
That is so typical.

WILKINS:

(nodding)  
Yes, Delores, yes it is. But that's why we must remain ever vigilant against big fat poopy-heads.

WILKINS begins to slowly walk away, turning to address the camera directly.

WILKINS: (CONT'D)

And that's why we're asking you, the viewers at home to help us in our never-ending battle against this debilitating and tiresome social disease. By the year 2010, scientists predict that one in every fourteen Americans will be afflicted with one form of big fat poopy-headedness or another.

WILKINS stops walking. Behind him now, filling the entire background, is a large American flag. Strains of "America Beautiful" can now be heard.

SUPERIMPOSE CAPTION: 1-800-555-POOPY.

WILKINS: (CONT'D)

So please, call the number at the bottom of your screen and give generously to the fund to help keep America big fat poopy-head free. With your help, we can make a difference.