

THE LOAN

Once upon a time there lived a poor schmuck—oh, wait a minute, that's all one word, and it's a name. Say, you must be Mr. Poorschmuck. He nodded his head in agreement. Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to introduce to you Mr. Poorschmuck. A rather unique individual, handsome, debonair---well, okay then, he's a rather unique individual, none the less.

We begin our story today at Mr Poorschmuck's house. It is very early in the morning. The sun is just coming up, and we find Mr. Poorschmuck asleep on the floor. I told you he was a unique person. There is Mr. Poorschmuck asleep on the floor. Now, he would probably be too embarrassed to admit it in public, but as you can see, he sleeps with a teddy bear. He sleeps with a teddy bear. Isn't that just adorable?! Well, on with the story.

Just then, a kitten went racing down the street---followed by a seal. Suddenly the alarm clock next to him---went off. And it kept going and going. Mr. Poorschmuck sat up, and turned off that awful sounding alarm and said, "Ah, it's morning". Just then, the neighbor's dog came running through his yard barking. He was a *big* dog. A *really big* dog. The biggest dog Mr. Poorschmuck had ever seen. He opened his window---and yelled at the dog "Git outa here". That scared the dog so badly that he ran off yelping.

Mr. Poorschmuck clapped his hands together and said, "Well, today is the day I go apply for a loan at the bank". His excitement is very plain to see---he concealed his excitement well. Just then a fire truck went racing down the street---followed by a seal. "Time to get dressed" Mr. Poorschmuck said. But what to wear. He needed just the right clothes. He slipped one shirt on, then another over that, and then another over that one. The layered look was his favorite. "This ensemble needs a tie" he said. He found a tie and slipped it over his head. Just then a race car went racing down the street---followed by a seal. "I need a hat" he said. He found his favorite hat, put it on and headed for the bank on the other side of the room.

When he got to the bank, he couldn't see the door at first. They had just cleaned the glass doors so well they were almost invisible. Luckily, he spotted the almost invisible glass doorknob and opened the door. Wait a minute, the sign on the door says PUSH/PULL. The door squeaked on its hinges as he opened it. Just then a popcorn and peanut vendor went racing down the street---followed by a seal.

As he walked into the bank, he looked around and spotted the loan officer sitting behind her desk. He knew right away who she was from the sign on her desk that read **MS.** Gotalotado. Mr. Poorschmuck walked up to the desk very suavely, sat down on a corner of it, and with the panache of a man of sophisticated background, leaned over and whispered to **MS.** Gotalotado, "I'm here to borrow one million dollars". Just then a bumblebee went racing down the street---followed by a seal.

MS. Gotalotado was shocked in disbelief---she concealed her shock and disbelief well. She said,

 "That's a lotta dough,
 That's a lotta bread,
 That's a lotta moolah,
 That's a lotta cabbage,

That's a lotta dinero,
That's a lotta wampum,
That's a lotta scratch,
That's a lotta lettuce,
That's a lotta clams,
That's a lotta scrip,
That's a lotta loot,
That's a lotta bucks,
That's a lotta simoleans,
That's a lotta dead presidents."

"Do you know what a million dollars is worth?" she said. Mr. Poorschmuck got down on his knees in front of the desk, looked **MS.** Gotalotado straight in the eyes, brought his hand to his face, pointed his finger, and picked his nose. (Uh, the script doesn't say what he does with it, I'm sorry.) "I have no idea what a million dollars is worth." said Mr. Poorschmuck. Just then a duck went racing down the street---followed by a seal. Mr. Poorschmuck continued, "It's just a bunch of zeroes and a one". **MS.** Gotalotado looked his straight in the eyes, brought her hand up to her face, pointed her finger, and picked her nnnnnnnnooooootes up off the table. "You are hopeless" she said.

Mr. Poorschmuck got up and as he was turning to leave he said, "**MS.** Gotalotado, will you marry me?" Just then a herd of sheep went racing down the street---followed by a seal. The noise drowned out her answer to him.

Tune in next week, when Mr. Poorschmuck runs for city council with the platform of keeping livestock and especially seals off the street. Just then another seal raced down the street.

THE END