

IT'S A LIFE
(EXCERPT)

Written by

Anthony Wood

Copyright 2015

OPEN: "IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE" MUSIC.

SLIDES APPEAR REAR PROJECTED ON A SCREEN.

Slide 1: A shot of Mr. Gower's drug store in the falling snow. The characters speak in VOICE OVER.

MR. GOWER

I owe everything to George Bailey.
Help him, Dear Father.

Slide 2: A shot of Martini's Bar.

MR. MARTINI

Joseph, Jesus and Mary, help my
friend Mr. Bailey.

Slide 3: A shot of a large Victorian house.

LITTLE BOY

Please God, something's the matter
with Daddy. Please help him. And
please, please, dear God, give me a
bigger wiener so the boys at school
will stop teasing me.

Slide 4: A shot of Ernie's garage.

ERNIE

George is a good guy. Give him a
break, God.

Slide 5: A shot of Ma Bailey's Boarding House.

MA BAILEY

Dear God, help my son George
tonight.

Slide 6: A shot of Bert the Cop's house.

BERT

He never thinks about himself, God.
That's why he's in trouble. And
please, please, dear God. Give me a
bigger wiener so the guys at the
office will stop teasing me.

The last slide fades out. In the darkness the lights of FRANKLIN and JOSEPH appear. In the movie these are portrayed as clusters of galaxies in the heavens. We can simplify this by putting various people on blocks in the dark with flashlights. They can flash the beams as the heavenly characters speak.

FRANKLIN
Hello Joseph, trouble?

JOSEPH
Looks like we'll have to send
someone down. A lot of people are
asking for help for a George
Bailey.

FRANKLIN
George Bailey...yes, tonight's his
crucial night. You're right, we'll
have to send someone down
immediately. Whose turn is it?

JOSEPH
That's why I came to see you, sir.
It's that clock-maker's turn again.

FRANKLIN
(Warmly.)
Ah yes, Clarence. Hasn't got his
wings yet, has he?

JOSEPH
We've passed him up right along.
Because you know, sir, he's got the
I.Q. of a rabbit.

FRANKLIN
Yes, but he's got the faith of a
child. Simple. Joseph, send for
Clarence.

JOSEPH
No, really, sir. He's about as
bright as a burlap sack full of
hammers.

FRANKLIN
I know, but his faith can move
mountains.

JOSEPH
(After a pause.)
I mean, he's really stupid sir.
Dangerously stupid.

FRANKLIN
I know--

JOSEPH

--Remember the San Francisco earthquake, sir? That was Clarence. And the flu epidemic? And World War I? And the Irish potato famine? And golf shoes?--

FRANKLIN

Okay, I get it--

JOSEPH

--And barbershop quartets?

FRANKLIN

All right! Look, stop stripping my gears, will you?! Just go get him!

Joseph's light exits, muttering.

JOSEPH

Fine, you want to screw up the planet even more go ahead, I don't give a--

FRANKLIN

--I heard that!

Clarence's light enters.

CLARENCE

You wanted to see me sir?

FRANKLIN

Yes, Clarence.

CLARENCE

I'm sorry if I'm late, I was putting furniture polish on the sheep.

FRANKLIN

(Slightly confused.)
Right...Clarence, we need to send you down to earth. At exactly 10:45 tonight a man there is seriously considering throwing away God's greatest gift.

CLARENCE

(Gasping.)
Oh, no...his toaster?

FRANKLIN

Pardon?

CLARENCE
His throwing away his toaster?

FRANKLIN
No--

CLARENCE
--'Cause if he doesn't want it,
I'll take it. Does it still work?

FRANKLIN
Wait...what...?

CLARENCE
Sometimes if you jam a bagel down
in there you can break 'em.

FRANKLIN
No...no, look, it's his life. He's
thinking of throwing away his life.

CLARENCE
Oh...that's pretty bad, too.

FRANKLIN
Yes.

CLARENCE
So he won't be needing his toaster,
then.

FRANKLIN
What?

CLARENCE
I mean, it sounds like he'll be
getting rid of it, either way.

JOSEPH
(Offstage.)
I told you!

FRANKLIN
(To Joseph.)
Enough!
(To Clarence.)
Forget about the toaster. Look, I
need you to spend the next few
moments getting acquainted with
George Bailey.

CLARENCE

Sir...If I should accomplish this mission...I mean...might I perhaps win my wings? I've been waiting for over two hundred years now, sir, and people are beginning to talk. They're saying I'm a little light in the halo, if you know what I mean.

FRANKLIN

Clarence, you do a good job with George Bailey, and you'll get your wings.

CLARENCE

And a toaster?

FRANKLIN

Shut up and watch.

The lights on stage begin to change. They come up on the Winter Sledding Scene. The stage could be draped with a white sheet to resemble snow, and over a few blocks to resemble a hill. Three boys, young GEORGE and HARRY BAILEY and SAM WAINWRIGHT, enter with snow shovels. Young George also carries a cardboard megaphone.

YOUNG GEORGE

Yippee!!

The boys freeze.

CLARENCE

Who's that?

FRANKLIN

That's your problem, George Bailey.

CLARENCE

A boy?

FRANKLIN

That's him and his brother Harry back in 1919.

The boys unfreeze. Young Sam Wainwright sits on his shovel and puts his thumbs up to his ears.

YOUNG SAM

Eee-yaw! Eee-yaw!

The boys freeze again.

CLARENCE
And who's that?

FRANKLIN
That's Sam Wainwright.

CLARENCE
(Chuckling.)
Funny...doing a donkey
impersonation like that.

FRANKLIN
Well, actually young Sam has a bad
case of Turrets Syndrome which,
unfortunately, only grows worse as
he gets older.

The boys unfreeze again.

YOUNG SAM
*Eee-yaw! Nut bag! Scrotum! Semolina
flour!*

Young Sam makes his way down the "hill." Young Harry gets
ready to slide.

YOUNG GEORGE
And here comes the scare-baby, my
kid brother, Harry Bailey!

YOUNG HARRY
I'm not scared.

Young Harry pushes off and slides into a hole in the ice.
(Note: This could be difficult to portray on stage. If budget
and theatre space are not up to accommodating a real hole,
Young Harry could simply slide offstage with a splashing
noise to follow.)

YOUNG HARRY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(Offstage.)
Help, George! Help!

YOUNG GEORGE
I'm coming, Harry! I'm coming!

Young Sam runs in a tight circle, hitting himself in the head
with his fists.

YOUNG SAM
*Poop shovel! Crap sweater! Crap
sweater!*

YOUNG GEORGE
 Make a chain gang! A chain!

Young George lies stretched out on his stomach, his arms reaching offstage. Young Sam lies behind him, grabbing his ankles. The lights fade.

FRANKLIN
 George saved his brother's life that day, but he caught a bad cold which seriously infected his left ear. For the entire eighth grade the kids called him "Waxy" Bailey or "Pus-Bag" Bailey or "Gut-Wrenching Stench" Bailey. Cost him his hearing in that ear. It was weeks before he could return to work at Old Man Gower's Drugstore.

Lights up. The stage is set minimally to represent Old Man Gower's Drugstore. A few stools and a sign or two would do the trick. Young George enters. His ear is swollen and red and has a greenish ooze slowly trickling from it. He pulls a white apron from a hook and starts putting it on. He calls offstage.

YOUNG GEORGE
 It's me. Mr. Gower. George Bailey.

MR. GOWER enters. He is drunk, carries a half-empty scotch bottle and chomps on a cigar. He speaks in a slur.

MR. GOWER
 You're late! Mrrr Frazz, flafum braf!

YOUNG GEORGE
 Yes, sir.

Mr. Gower exits. Enter YOUNG MARY and YOUNG VIOLET. They sit on the stools downstage.

YOUNG GEORGE (CONT'D)
 (To Violet.)
 Two cents worth of shoelaces?

YOUNG VIOLET
 She was here first.

YOUNG MARY
 I'm still thinking.

YOUNG GEORGE
 Shoelaces?

YOUNG VIOLET
Please, Georgie.

George goes to get the candy.

YOUNG VIOLET (CONT.) (CONT'D)
I like him.

YOUNG MARY
You like every boy.

YOUNG VIOLET
What's wrong with that?

YOUNG MARY
Slut.

YOUNG VIOLET
Priss.

YOUNG MARY
Trollop.

YOUNG VIOLET
Ice queen.

Young George comes back with the candy. Young Violet takes it and hops off the stool.

YOUNG VIOLET (CONT'D)
Thank you, Georgie.
(She starts to exit.)
Bitch.

YOUNG MARY
Whore.

Young Violet exits.

YOUNG GEORGE
Make up your mind?

YOUNG MARY
I'll take chocolate.

George starts preparing her ice cream.

YOUNG GEORGE
With coconuts?

YOUNG MARY
I don't like coconuts.

YOUNG GEORGE

You don't like coconuts? Say,
 brainless, don't you know where
 coconuts come from? Look-it
 here...From Tahiti, Fiji Islands,
 The Coral Sea!

He thumbs through a National Geographic magazine.

YOUNG MARY

A new magazine! I never saw it
 before.

YOUNG GEORGE

Of course you never. Only us
 explorers can get it. I've been
 nominated for membership in The
 National Geographic Society. They
 have stories about volcanoes and
 jungles and deserts, and pictures
 of native woman with their bare
 boobies hanging out.

He leans down for the ice cream. She leans over his swollen
 ear.

YOUNG MARY

Is this the ear you can't hear on?

She bends over him and starts to cough and gag from the odor
 of his ear.

YOUNG MARY (CONT.) (CONT'D)

George Bailey...*Cough!*
Cough!...Hak!...I'll Love
you...Hak! Gag! God in
heaven...till the day I...Gak! Gag!
Hak!...day I...Hak!...die!

George stands upright with her ice cream.

YOUNG GEORGE

Here you go.

Mary covers her mouth in mute disgust.

YOUNG MARY

No...Thanks...Gotta go!

She rushes out, nearly retching as she exits. Mr. Gower
 enters.

MR. GOWER
George! George!

YOUNG GEORGE
Yes, sir.

Mr. Gower hands Young George a large brown jar. The jar is half filled with white pills and has a label with a skull and crossbones and the words "RAT POISON" and "DANGER" printed on it in big letters.

MR. GOWER
Take these capsules over to Mrs. Blaine's. She's waiting for 'em.

Young George reads the label uneasily.

YOUNG GEORGE
They have the diptheria there, haven't they, sir?

MR. GOWER
(Slurring.)
Biffer raf hammel nummm...

YOUNG GEORGE
Mr. Gower, I think...

MR. GOWER
Aww, get going!

George runs downstage. He finds a newspaper and holds it up to the audience. The oversized headline reads: YOUNG MAN GOWER DIES OF INFLUENZA:KAISER FIT TO BE TIED. Young George studies the headline, then runs determinedly offstage. The lights fade out.

The lights fade up on The Bailey Building and Loan. On stage is a freestanding door with a sign reading: WILLIAM BAILEY - PRIVATE. A sign reading BAILEY BUILDING AND LOAN hangs above the door. Young George enters with his bottle of pills and heads for the door. He is cut off by UNCLE BILLY; a rotund man with strings tied to his fingers and a stuffed crow on his shoulder.

UNCLE BILLY
Avast there, Captain Cook! Where you headin'?

YOUNG GEORGE
Got to see Pop, Uncle Billy

UNCLE BILLY
Some other time, George. Some other
time. There's a squall in there
that's shaping up into a storm.

Enter COUSIN TILLY. She holds an old telephone.

COUSIN TILLY
Uncle Billy...telephone.

UNCLE BILLY
Who is it?

COUSIN TILLY
Bank examiner.

Uncle Billy gasps and checks the strings on his finger. He
also reaches into the front of his pants and pulls out
another, longer string.

UNCLE BILLY
Bank examiner! I should have called
him yesterday!

Uncle Billy runs off. Young George turns the door frame
around and stands behind it. A spotlight comes up on a frozen
George's FATHER and MR. POTTER in his wheel chair. Behind Mr.
Potter stands his BUTLER wearing nose clips.

CLARENCE
Who are they?

FRANKLIN
George's Father and Mr. Potter; the
richest, meanest, most flatulent
man in Bedford Falls.

They unfreeze as Young George enters through the door.

YOUNG GEORGE
Pop!

FATHER
Times are bad, Mr. Potter. A lot of
those people are out of work.

MR.POTTER
Then foreclose!

Another fart.

YOUNG GEORGE
Pop!

FATHER

Mr. Potter, what makes you such a hard-skulled character? You have no family, no children. You can't begin to spend all the money you've got.

The Butler takes out a box of matches and lights them to cover Mr. Potter's odor.

MR.POTTER

So I suppose I should give it to miserable failures like you--
(fart.)
--and that idiot brother of yours to spend for me.

Young George approaches Mr. Potter and pushes at him as he speaks. With each push, of course, comes another foul break of wind.

YOUNG GEORGE

He's not a failure! (fart) You can't say that about my father! (fart) You're not! (fart) You're the biggest man in town! (fart) Bigger'n him! (fart)

FATHER

Run along, son.

YOUNG GEORGE

Bigger'n anybody!

Father hustles Young George out the door. The door turns back around. The three men exit. Young George runs downstage and realizes he's still holding the poison bottle. He runs offstage. Lights fade out.

Lights fade back up on Old Man Gower's Drugstore. Young George runs in. Mr. Gower enters, really drunk and angry.

MR. GOWER

Where's Mrs. Blaine's capsules?!

YOUNG GEORGE

Uhhh...

MR. GOWER

Did you hear what I said?

YOUNG GEORGE

Yes, sir, I--

Mr. Gower hits Young George on his bad ear with his downstage hand. A bladder of blood, pus and ooze will be hidden in Mr. Gower's palm, and will explode in a spray of "glorp" on impact.

MR. GOWER

What kind of tricks are you playing anyway?! Why didn't you deliver them?! Don't you know that boy's very sick?!

YOUNG GEORGE

You're hurting my sore ear!

MR. GOWER

You lazy loafer!

YOUNG GEORGE

Mr. Gower, you don't know what you're doing! You put something wrong in those capsules. You didn't read the label...or the multiple warnings...I know ya' feel bad, what with Young Man Gower dying and everything. But it's rat poison, I tell ya', rat poison!

Mr. Gower takes the jar from Young George and reads the label. He rushes at Young George and hugs him.

MR. GOWER

Oh George! George!

YOUNG GEORGE

Mr. Gower, I won't ever tell anyone. I know what you're feeling. I won't ever tell a soul. Hope to die I won't...

(a pause)

Of course...I could use a new bike.

MR. GOWER

(Confused.)

A...bike?

YOUNG GEORGE

I mean, I'm not gonna tell anyone.

MR. GOWER

Sure...Sure, George anything.

YOUNG GEORGE

...And new roller skates would be nice.

The lights fade out.

CLARENCE

So, did George ever tell anyone about the pills?

FRANKLIN

Not a soul. He did, however, receive some of the finest toys and sporting equipment for his birthday and Christmas, than any other boy in town. And he was also responsible, in part, for Mr. Gower's 1921 Naked May Day Bunny Dance in the town square in front of 450 shocked and amused townsfolk.

CLARENCE

Did he ever marry the girl? Did he ever go exploring? Did he ever buy a toaster?

FRANKLIN

Well, wait and see.

Lights up on stage. An adult George stands with JOE, the Luggage Man.

GEORGE

Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope. Now, look, Joe. I...I want a big one!

George extends his arms and the scene freezes.

CLARENCE

What did you stop it for?

FRANKLIN

I want you to take a good look at that face.

CLARENCE

Who is it?

FRANKLIN

George Bailey.

CLARENCE

It's a good face. I like it. I like George Bailey. But...he said he wanted a "big one?"

FRANKLIN

Yes, well he is going overseas. He's going to need a big one.

CLARENCE

Uh-huh. And his isn't big enough?

FRANKLIN

Oh no, no. He's going to need a much bigger one. He's going to Paris, London...and Amsterdam, he'll definitely need a big one in Amsterdam. You can't have enough luggage.

CLARENCE

(Realizing.)

Luggage? Oh! Oh, *luggage!*

FRANKLIN

Yes, what did you think I was talking about?

CLARENCE

Nothing...Go ahead.

The scene unfreezes as Joe holds up a big suitcase.

JOE

I don't suppose you'd like this old second-hand job, would you?

GEORGE

Now you're talking. Gee whiz, I could use that for a raft. How much?

JOE

No charge. A little present from Old Man Gower. Came down and picked it out himself.

GEORGE

He did? Why that old bugger...I almost feel bad getting that Model T out of him.

The lights fade on Joe's Store and we follow George as he struts jauntily with his suitcase downstage.

Various characters poke their heads out and shout their greetings to him.

UNCLE BILLY

Avast there, Captain! Got your sea legs yet?

COUSIN TILLY

Hey George, don't take any plugged nickles!

FATHER

Hey son, your suitcase is leaking!

MR. GAUER

Give me back my life, you miserable bastard!

George crosses to an area of the stage where we find BERT and ERNIE who, in the great tradition of Holiday Hell plays, are the Sesame Street puppets who are named for the film's original cop and cab driver characters. They stand conveniently behind a cardboard cutout of Ernie's cab.

GEORGE

Hey, Ernie! Hey Bert!

ERNIE

Hiya, George!

BERT

Hi, George!

GEORGE

Ernie, I'm a rich tourist today. How about giving me a ride home in style.

ERNIE

Sure. We can take my Cuh-aaaab.

ALL THREE

(To the audience.)

Caaaaaaaaaaaaab.

An adult Violet enters swinging her hips like a trapeze.

VIOLET

Good afternoon, Mr. Bailey.

GEORGE

Hello Violet. Hey, you look good. That's some dress you got there.

VIOLET

This old thing? I only wear it when
I don't care what kind of grass
stains I get on the back.

She saunters away as the three ogle her. Bert and Ernie stare at one another, then look down.

BERT

I wish I had a lower half.

The lights fade. Bert and Ernie exit.

Lights up. A "Happy Graduation And Doo-Wacka-Doo" banner drops in from the ceiling. Balloons and confetti fall as a handful of people dance on stage. George enters with an adult Harry.

GEORGE

Awww, Harry. I feel silly here with
all these kids.

HARRY

Lighten up, you old crab. Get like
the bee's knees and have a little
twenty-three skid-oo!

An adult Sam Wainwright enters behind George.

SAM

Eee-yaw! Hot-crotch! Eee-yaw!

GEORGE

Uh-oh, Sam Wainwright. When did you
get here?

SAM

This afternoon--*Piss! Mother piss!--*
Thought I'd give the kids a treat.

GEORGE

Old college graduate now, huh?

SAM

Yep, Old College Wainwright they
call me--*Butt gravy! Butt gravy!*
Butt gravy! Butt gravy!...Butt
Gravy!

A pause.

GEORGE

Uh-huh.

SAM

Butt gravy!--Well Freshman, looks like you're going to make it after all.

GEORGE

Yep.

Enter MARTY.

MARTY

Hey George. Do me a favor, will you? Dance with my kid sister Mary.

GEORGE

Me? I feel funny enough with all these kids.

George reluctantly crosses center stage to where an adult Mary is standing.

GEORGE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I don't want to be a wet nurse for...

George sees Mary and is stunned. The stage has cleared except for the two of them.

MARY

Hello.

GEORGE

Well...hello.

They start to slow dance. After a moment.

HARRY

Oyez, oyez, oyez...The Big Charleston Contest. Let's go!

Charleston music kicks in. George and Mary start to dance, stiffly.

GEORGE

I'm not very good at this.

MARY

Neither am I.

The two start to dance to the "oohs" and "ahhs" of the invisible crowd. They suddenly freeze. Lights fade.

CLARENCE

What did you stop for?

FRANKLIN

We'll just jump ahead a bit. George and Mary dance their hearts out while a bitter, older Alfalfa from Our Gang gets the key to the hydraulic floor, under which lies a swimming pool. They unknowingly dance too close to the edge, then suddenly fall backwards into the water. It looks like so much fun everyone else dives in, too, even the dim-witted old principal.

CLARENCE

Well, why can't we see that? It sounded like a lot of fun.

FRANKLIN

What does this look like, "Les Miz?" We ain't got the budget. Moving on...

George and Mary enter; she wears her bathrobe, he in his ill-fitting football uniform. They stroll along the sidewalk singing "Buffalo Gal."

GEORGE&MARY

"...Buffalo Gal won't you come out tonight, aaaaaaaand, dance by 'de light of 'de moon!"

They face the audience downstage.

GEORGE

Hey, let's throw a rock at the old Granville Place.

MARY

No, don't. I love that old house.

GEORGE

That place? I wouldn't live in it as a ghost.

He picks up a "rock."

GEORGE (CONT'D)

See, you make a wish and then break some glass.

George throws out toward the audience. We hear a dog whine and howl.

MARY

What'd you wish, George?

GEORGE

Oh, not just one wish. A whole
hatful of wishes. Mary, I'm gonna
shake the dust of this crummy
little town off my feet and see the
world. Italy, Greece, the
Parthenon, Wall Drug in South
Dakota.

Mary bends down, picks up a "rock" and throws it. We hear a
cat wail, followed by a man screaming "*Oh my sweet Jesus in
heaven!*"

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What'd you wish for Mary? What do
you want? You want the moon? Just
say the word and I'll throw a lasso
around it and pull it down...Then
I'm gonna take that moon, see? And
I'm gonna put it in your bedroom,
and dress it all up in a cute
little black latex suit with
matching hood...and zippers. Then
I'm gonna put it face down in a
sling we both rig together from
your ceiling. Then I'm gonna take
that old moon and grab a hold of
those craters and just--

MARY

(Uncomfortably.)

--Uh, why don't we sing some more?

Mary starts to hum "Buffalo Gal". George takes her hand. She
stops singing.

GEORGE

Hey...Hey, Mary.

An OLD MAN in a strap t-shirt enters carrying a pipe and a
newspaper.

OLD MAN

Awww, why don't you just kiss her?

GEORGE

How's that?

OLD MAN

She's been standin' there with her robe half open and lickin' her lips for the past twenty minutes! You some kind of Nancy-Boy?

GEORGE

Nancy what?

OLD MAN

Awww!

The Old Man hands his pipe and paper to George, then grabs Mary, bends her over and gives her a deep, passionate kiss. He stands her back up and grabs his things from George.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

I'm twice your age, haven't had a how-dee-doo from my Johnson since the Taft administration, and even I know what to do!

GEORGE

Your how-dee what?

OLD MAN

Awww, youth is wasted on the wrong people!

The Old Man storms off.

GEORGE

Hey, hold on there, Mister, I'll show you some kissing that'll put Taft back in office!

Mary runs off, sans robe, which is caught under George's foot.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Mary?

(He picks up the robe.)

I give up where are you?

MARY

(Offstage.)

I'm here, in the hydrangea bush. Please hand me my robe.

George starts to throw it to her, stops, then ponders a moment.

GEORGE

Wait a minute. What am I doing?

MARY

George Bailey, give me my robe!

George tries on the robe and sashays around the stage like a fashion model.

GEORGE

This is a very interesting situation.

Uncle Billy and Harry rush on stage.

UNCLE BILLY

George! George! Come on home, quick! Your father's had a stroke!

GEORGE

Did you call the doctor?

HARRY

Yes, Campell's there now! He said Dad probably won't make it!

Harry and Uncle Billy rush off. George stands center stage. He looks after Uncle Billy and Harry, then looks back to Mary. He realizes his predicament. He screams.

GEORGE

Nooooooooooooo!

He freezes.

CLARENCE

George never did kiss Mary that night, did he?

FRANKLIN

No, he never did.

Lights out.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

As a matter of fact, after his father's death the Building and Loan board agreed not to sell out to Old Man Potter, as long as George stayed on as president.

Lights up on George.

GEORGE

Nooooooooooooo!

Lights out.

CLARENCE

He didn't get to go to school,
then, did he?

FRANKLIN

Nope. He waited four years while
Harry finished college. George was
going to have Harry take over the
business and then travel the world
on a steam ship. But Harry returned
from college with a surprise; a new
wife and a new job waiting for him
in her fathers' company.

Lights up on George.

GEORGE

Nooooooooooooo!

Lights out.

CLARENCE

He never did get on that steam
ship, did he?

FRANKLIN

You catch on quick.

Lights up on a dour George and a very drunk Uncle Billy
downstage. Uncle Billy's fingers are a mass of string. A
stuffed cat sits on his shoulder. He gradually wets himself
throughout the scene.

UNCLE BILLY

Oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy. I feel
so good I could spit in Potter's
eye! Huh? Old Building and Loan
pal!

GEORGE

Uh-huh...

UNCLE BILLY

We're gonna be pals and partners
forever and a day, eh, George?

GEORGE

Right...

UNCLE BILLY

At the Building and Loan till we're
little old men!

GEORGE

Sure...

UNCLE BILLY

Little, dried up, old raisins!
Right here in Bedford Falls!
Forever!

GEORGE

Right...

UNCLE BILLY

Never, ever, ever, ever leaving!
Forever! Till we're little old men!

GEORGE

All right! I got! I got it!

Uncle Billy pats the stuffed cat on his shoulder and strolls off.

UNCLE BILLY

Little old men, George. Forever!
Right here! Never leaving!

He is gone. George stands, glumly. Enter Violet. She glimpses George and sashays over to him.

VIOLET

Hello, Georgie-Porgie.

GEORGE

Hello, Vi.

VIOLET

Where you headed?

GEORGE

Oh, probably end up down at the library.

VIOLET

Georgie, don't you ever get tired of just reading about things?

GEORGE

(Like a naughty boy.)
Violet, what are you doing tonight?

VIOLET

Not a thing.

GEORGE

Well, then let's make a night of it, huh? Lets go on up to the falls, take off our shoes and walk through the grass in the moonlight. Then we'll strip off our clothes and spread honey all over our naked bodies and roll in toasted sesame seeds. Then we'll pick out a dozen or so pointed root vegetables from Schnotzler's Market and dip 'em in Vaseline, and then we'll--

VIOLET

George Bailey, have you lost your mind? Take off my shoes? Are you crazy?! I could catch a cold!

The sound of townsfolk laughing is heard.

GEORGE

Oh, just forget the whole thing!

George storms off. Violet exits. Lights out.

Lights up on Mary's house. A couch and a Victrola sit center stage. An old telephone sits on a small table. Mary enters fixing her hair in anticipation. George saunters in downstage carrying a stick. Mary sees him, then hurries over to the Victrola and plays a record; "Buffalo Gal." She calls to him.

MARY

So...have you made up your mind?

GEORGE

About what?

MARY

About coming in?

George mumbles in a confused, Jimmy Stewart-ish fashion.

GEORGE

Well..sure, I just...Never had to...going for a walk here, and...just minding my own...you know...taking our shoes off, is all...

George "enters" Mary's house.

MARY

Have a seat.

George sits. Mary brings up a picture from behind the sofa. It is a large, framed print of a cartoon George dressed in a football jersey, making an unusual face and holding a cartoon Man-In-The-Moon in front of his crotch. The lariat-style lettering says: "*George Sodomizes Moon.*" She beams, proudly.

GEORGE

Oh...Oh, yeah. Some joke, huh?

Mary puts down the print and sits next to him.

MARY

Well...It's a great thing about Harry getting married, isn't it?

GEORGE

Yeah, sure...

MARY

Don't you like her?

GEORGE

Well of course I like her. She's a peach!

MARY

Oh, it's just marriage in general you're not enthusiastic about, huh?

GEORGE

I don't know, tie a boat anchor around my testicles, throw me out into the bay and I'll give you a more enlightened opinion!

MARY

George Bailey, why did you come here?! Why don't you just go home?!

GEORGE

That's where I'm going! Don't know why I came here in the first place. Good night!

George leaves. The phone rings. She eventually answers it.

MARY

Hello?

George re-enters.

GEORGE

I forgot my hat!

He gets his hat.

MARY

*Hee-haw and shit-bag scrotum
lickers to you, Sam Wainwright!*

George pauses.

MARY (CONT'D)

Well, of course it's great to hear
your voice, too, Sam. I have an old
friend of yours here...George
Bailey...Yep, Old *Piss-bag, Ham-*
hock, Intravenous Needle Bailey.

She holds out the phone to George.

MARY (CONT'D)

He wants to talk to you.

George reluctantly grabs the phone.

GEORGE

Hello?...Hi, Sam...What?...No, I'm
not stealing your *Clorox, Monkey
Wrench* girlfriend...I just...Huh?

(To Mary.)

He wants to talk to both of us.

Mary leans into the phone. They both listen. At this point we
can hear Sam's voice on the other end of the line.

SAM

*Eee-yaw!...*You two there?

GEORGE

We're here, Sam.

SAM

Great, now look George, you
remember that time you talked about
making plastics--*taffy nipples!*--
plastics--*taffy nipples!*--plastics
out of soybeans?

GEORGE

Yeah, I remember.

SAM

Well I pitched the idea to the old
man and he went--*ape-shit!*--through
the roof! We're going to build a
plant in Rochester.

GEORGE

Rochester, well why not here? You know that old tool and machinery works, you tell your old man he can get that for a song. And all the labor he wants, too. Half the town was thrown out of work when it closed down.

SAM

Great--*Mickey Rooney!*--Now George, Mary, listen up--*pickle-poker!*--I want you two to scrape together all the money you have and buy up our stock. You can get in on the ground floor! Mary, would you tell that big galute that this is the chance of a lifetime?--*booger wafer!*--The chance of a lifetime!--*booger wafer!*

Mary looks weakly up at George.

MARY

It's...the chance of a lifetime...booger wafer.

George grabs Mary roughly by the shoulders.

GEORGE

Now you listen to me! I don't want any plastics! And I don't want any soybeans! And I don't want any ground floors or pickle-pokers or booger wafers or monkey pimples!