

house a home, while George toiled away at the Building and Loan office, providing houses for people like Giuseppe Martini.

Start
SCHULTZ. Hey, Martini, you renting a new house?

MARTINI. Rent? Ha! You hear that, Mr. Bailey? *(To SCHULTZ:)* I own this house. Me, Giuseppe Martini, I own my own house. No more we live like pigs in Potter's Field.

MARY. We have something for you and your family, Mr. Martini. George and I bring something for all the new owners.

MARTINI. For the Martini's? Maria, come quick! Our first housewarming gifts! Bring the kids!

End *(Mary baby cries.)*

MARY. Bread: so that this house may never know hunger. Salt: that life may always have flavor.

GEORGE. And wine! That joy and prosperity may reign forever. Enter the Martini castle!

(MUSIC: Transition / Underscore.)

JOSEPH. Bailey houses were popping up all over the place—mostly owned by people that used to live in Potter's Field. And Potter had had just about enough of that. So after a couple of years, Old Man Potter decided to call our George into his office.

POTTER. Sit down, George, sit down. Have a cigar?

GEORGE. Thank you, sir.

(SFX: A Zippo lighter strikes, followed by puffing on a cigar.)

GEORGE. Quite a cigar, Mr. Potter.

POTTER. You like it? I'll send you a box.

GEORGE. Well, I...I suppose I'll find out sooner or later, but just what exactly did you want to see me about?

POTTER. George, now that's just what I like so much about you. George, I'm an old man, and most people hate me. But I don't like them either, so that makes it all even. You know just as well as I do that I run practically everything in town, but the Bailey Building

GEORGE. (*Bewildered:*) Yeah...just things like that. Now how'd you know that?

Start
CLARENCE. I told you—I'm your guardian angel. I know everything about you.

GEORGE. Well, you look like about the kind of angel I'd get. Sort of a fallen angel, aren't you? What happened to your wings?

CLARENCE. I haven't won my wings yet. That's why I'm an angel Second Class.

GEORGE. Oh, I see.

CLARENCE. But you can help me earn them George, by letting me help you.

GEORGE. You don't happen to have eight thousand bucks on you?

CLARENCE. Oh, no, no. We don't use money in Heaven.

GEORGE. Oh, that's right, I keep forgetting. Comes in pretty handy down here, bub.

CLARENCE. Oh, tut, tut, tut...

GEORGE. I found it out a little late. I'm worth more dead than alive.

CLARENCE. Now, look, you mustn't say things like that. I won't get my wings with that attitude. You just don't know all that you've done. If it hadn't been for you—

GEORGE. (*Simultaneously with "you:"*) Yeah, if it hadn't been for me, everybody'd be a lot better off. My wife, and my kids and my friends.

CLARENCE. (*To himself:*) Hmmm, this isn't going to be easy...

GEORGE. They'd all be better if I hadn't been born.

CLARENCE. What'd you say?

GEORGE. I said I wish I'd never been born.

CLARENCE. George, that's wonderful!

GEORGE. Wonderful?

CLARENCE. The idea you just gave me. Well, you've got your wish. You've never been born.

(SFX: A crash of thunder.)

GEORGE. Never been born?

CLARENCE. Exactly. No worries, no eight thousand dollars to get, nothing. You simply don't exist.

GEORGE. Hey, wait a minute. This ear of mine. Say something else in that ear.

CLARENCE. You don't have a bad ear anymore. Don't you see, you're not the George Bailey you think you are. You're a...well, you're nobody.

GEORGE. Well, that's the doggonedest thing...

CLARENCE. Your lip's stopped bleeding, too, George.

GEORGE. What do you know about that...? What happened? I need a drink, that's what I need. What about you angel, do you want a drink?

CLARENCE. Well, I don't know...

GEORGE. Come on, come on, we'll go as soon as our clothes are dry.

CLARENCE. Our clothes are dry.

GEORGE. Hey, so they are, that's funny. That stove's hotter than I thought. Well look, let's get dressed and we'll stroll over to Martini's and then... Oh excuse me, I'll stroll, you fly.

CLARENCE. I haven't got my wings.

GEORGE. You haven't got your wings. Yeah, that's right. A couple of drinks and we'll both fly. **End**

(MUSIC: Period seedy jazz underscoring.)

ALL. *(Crowd ad-libs throughout scene. This crowd is seedier and louder than before.)*

GEORGE. There's a place to sit down. Sit down. Oh, hello, Nick. Clarence, welcome to the best bar in Bedford Falls.