

GEORGE. Oh, Mary Hatch... yeah... (*Mimicking her as a child.*) Momma wants you, Marty, Momma wants you, Marty... remember?

During this impersonation MARY has entered, waved to SAM, and walked up to them. She is no longer an annoying little girl.

MARY. Hello Sam.

SAM. You remember George? This is Mary.

GEORGE. Well... well... well...

MARY. Hello. You look at me as if you didn't know me.

GEORGE. Well, I don't.

MARY. You've passed me on the street almost every day.

GEORGE. Uh-uh. That was a little girl named Mary Hatch. That wasn't you.

SAM (*whisking MARY away*). See you at the prom, George!

GEORGE. You bet.

BERT (*narration over action*). So he said his goodbyes to Bedford Falls.

GEORGE (*going to each location in the street*). Bye, Joe...so long, Mr Gower, and thanks again! (*Indicating bag.*)

BERT. Folk didn't want him to go but then they did too because it's what he'd always dreamed of.

GEORGE. Send you a picture postcard, Ernie!

BERT. Don't take any plugged nickels, George!

GEORGE *goes to the Building and Loan as* UNCLE BILLY *emerges.*

GEORGE. Hi, Uncle Billy!

BILLY. Avast there, Captain Cook. You got your sea legs yet?

GEORGE. Aw, Uncle Billy. I'd like to say how much I'll miss working in the office with you...

BILLY. NOT AT ALL! (*Unison with GEORGE.*)

GEORGE. NOT AT ALL!

BILLY. My big brother's gonna miss you though, Cap'n.

Heck, I'm gonna miss you. Who's gonna check my ledgers?
Specially when Old Man Potter comes calling.

GEORGE. You'll get on just fine with Harry in my chair.

BILLY. He's pretty young for that job, though.

GEORGE. No younger than I was.

BILLY. Maybe you were born older, George.

GEORGE. How's that?

BILLY. Gosh, I wish you weren't going, but I wish young Harry
could go to college with you.

GEORGE. Now we have that all figured out. Harry'll take my
job at the Building and Loan, work there four years, just like
I have, and then he'll go.

BILLY. And then you'll be out of college and back here.

GEORGE. Oh no, not me. Why, I couldn't face being cooped up
for the rest of my life in a shabby little office.

BILLY. Oh.

GEORGE. Gee, I'm sorry... I didn't mean that remark, but this
business of nickels and dimes, why I'd go crazy... I want to
do something big, something important.

BILLY. In our small way we are doing something important. A
man wants his own roof and walls and fireplace and we're
helping him get those things in our shabby little office.

GEORGE. I know, I know. Gee, Dad's a great guy, and so are
you but if I don't get away, I'll bust.

BILLY (*visibly upset*). Yes, yes, you're right. You've got talent,
George. You get your education. Why, this town is no place
for any man unless he's willing to crawl to Potter.