

GEORGE. Well, then you could swallow it and the moonbeams'd shoot out of your fingers and toes and the ends of your hair, and...

BERT. George! George! You gotta get home quick. Your father's had a stroke.

GEORGE. What? Did you get a doctor?

BERT. Campbell's with him now.

GEORGE. Mary, I'm sorry... (*But she has already gone.*)

BERT. George gave up his trip to Europe to straighten out his father's affairs and take his father's place at the Building and Loan. Until the time came for him to go to college.

BERT *exits*. UNCLE BILLY *enters, shakes GEORGE's hand and, if possible, shows him to a seat in the audience or as near as possible. UNCLE BILLY addresses the audience as the board of the Building and Loan.*

BILLY. Now then... yes... Good afternoon. Yes... Now... gentlemen of the board of Bailey Brothers Building and Loan. I sure hope this is the last meeting that I'll have to chair. Guess I'm not cut out to be a chairwoman, eh, George?

GEORGE. You're doing just fine, Uncle Billy.

BILLY. Thanks, George. Anyhow our main purpose here today is to appoint a successor to my brother, Peter... to Peter Bailey. But first I guess we should offer our vote of thanks to George. Good luck to you at college, George.

CLARISSA *re-appears*.

CLARISSA. Good luck! He sure deserves it!

POTTER (*emerging from audience*). Mr Chairman, I'd like to get to my real purpose.

BILLY. Mr Potter! Wait just a minute now.

CLARISSA. So, this is Jethro Potter, eh? The richest man in town.

At some point during the following speeches, CLARISSA gives POTTER some pretty close scrutiny.

POTTER. Wait for what? I claim this institution is not necessary to this town. Therefore, Mr Chairman, I make a motion to dissolve this institution and turn its assets and liabilities over to the receiver.

BILLY. George, you hear what that buzzard...

POTTER. To the public Peter Bailey *was* the Building and Loan.

BILLY. Oh, that's fine, Potter, coming from you, considering that you probably drove him to his grave.

POTTER. Peter Bailey was not a businessman. That's what killed him. Oh, he was a man of high ideals, so called, but ideals without common sense can ruin the town. Now, you take this loan to Ernie Bishop... You know, that fellow that sits around all day on his brains in his taxi. You know... I happen to know the bank turned down this loan, but he comes here and we're building him a house worth five thousand dollars. Why?

GEORGE. Well, I handled that, Mr Potter. You have all the papers there. His salary, insurance. I can personally vouch for his character.

POTTER. A friend of yours?

GEORGE. Yes, sir.

POTTER. You see, you shoot pool with some employee here, you can come and borrow money. What does that get us? A discontented, lazy rabble instead of a thrifty working class. And all because a few starry-eyed dreamers like Peter Bailey stir them up and fill their heads with a lot of impossible ideas. Now I say...

GEORGE comes to the front of the meeting.

GEORGE. Now hold on, Mr Potter. You're right when you say my father was no businessman. I know that. Why he started