

HARRY. Like a king in his kingly king's carriage!

GEORGE. Looks like he's going to see my dad at the Building and Loan.

SAM. He ain't opening an account. He's the richest man in town.

GEORGE. He's the meanest man in town!

HARRY. He better not be mean to my dad!

GEORGE. Don't you worry about Dad. He's bigger'n Potter any old day.

HARRY. Yeah, my dad's the biggest man in town!

SAM. But Old Potter's the richest!

GEORGE. Sure thing... Old Potter's the richest.

SAM. Go to work, slave. Hee-haw, hee-haw!

GEORGE. So long.

SAM and HARRY run off, perhaps playing at riding in a posh carriage. GEORGE goes into the drugstore. This is indicated by shop bell ringing.

VIOLET'S VOICE/CLARISSA. George was always there for me, God. Now he needs help.

CLARISSA can now play VIOLET.

GOWER'S VOICE/JOSEPH. Help George Bailey, Lord. I owe everything to George.

GOWER heads to the back room.

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

GOWER (*from off*). You're late.

GEORGE (*putting on apron*). Yes, sir.

A little girl, VIOLET, enters. Her main objective is GEORGE.

VIOLET. Hello, George.

GEORGE (*sullenly*). Violet. Two cents worth of shoelaces?

VIOLET. Please, Georgie. You're nice.

GEORGE. Aww, Violet Bick, you like every boy.

VIOLET. What's wrong with that?

GEORGE (*at arm's length*). Here you are.

VIOLET. Bye, bye, Georgie.

She exits. GEORGE goes to the cash till whistling. GOWER staggers forward. He chews an unlit cigar. His manner is gruff and mean. It is evident he has been drinking.

GOWER. George! George!

GEORGE. Yes, sir.

GOWER. You're not paid to be a canary.

GEORGE. No, sir.

Another little girl, MARY HATCH, enters. She makes the shop-door bell ring twice.

I see you, Mary Hatch. Quit ringing the bell!

MARY. Hello George. My mom says that every time a bell rings, an angel gets his wings.

GEORGE. So, you thought you'd hand out an extra pair, huh?

MARY. It's a nice idea.

GEORGE. What'll you have?

MARY. Pear drops as usual, I guess.

GEORGE. Pear drops! Why don't you try coconuts?

MARY. I don't like coconuts.

GEORGE. You don't like coconuts! Say, brainless, don't you know where coconuts come from? Lookit here... from Tahiti... Fiji Islands, the Coral Sea.

Shows MARY a National Geographic magazine.