

GUIÓN DE «QUÉ BELLO ES VIVIR»

SIGN READS : You are now in Bedford Falls
(00:01:50)

GOWER'S VOICE : I owe everything to George Bailey... Help him, dear Father.

MARTIN'S VOICE : Joseph, Jesus and Mary. Help my friend, Mr. Bailey.

MOTHER'S VOICE : Help my son, George, tonight.

BERT'S VOICE : He never thinks about himself, God, that's why he's in trouble.

ERNIE'S VOICE : George is a good guy. Give him a break, God...

MARY'S VOICE : I love him, dear Lord. Watch over him tonight...

ZUZU'S VOICE : Please, God, something's the matter with Daddy...

JANIE'S VOICE : Please bring Daddy back.

FRANKLIN : Hello, Joseph. Trouble?

JOSEPH : Looks like we'll have to send someone down. A lot of people asking for help for a man named 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 : Oh, 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.

CLARENCE : You sent for me, sir?

FRANKLIN : Yes, Clarence. A man down on earth needs our help.

CLARENCE : Splendid! Is he sick?

FRANKLIN : No. Worse. He's discouraged. At exactly ten forty-five P.M., earth-time, that man will be thinking seriously of throwing away God's greatest gift.

CLARENCE : Oh, dear, dear! His life! Then I have only an hour to dress. What are they wearing now?

FRANKLIN : You will spend that hour getting acquainted with George Bailey.

CLARENCE : Sir...If I should accomplish this mission...I mean, uh, might I perhaps win my wings? I've been waiting for over two hundred years now, sir...and people are beginning to talk.

FRANKLIN : What's that book you've got there?

CLARENCE : Oh, 'The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.'

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

CLARENCE : Oh, thank you, sir. Thank you.

JOSEPH : Poor George. Sit down.

CLARENCE : Sit down?! What are we...

JOSEPH : (overlapping) If you're going to help a man, you want to know something about him, don't you?

CLARENCE : Well, naturally, of course, I...

JOSEPH : Well, keep your eyes open. See the town?

CLARENCE : Where? I...I don't see a thing.

JOSEPH : Oh, I forgot. You haven't got your wings yet. Now look, I'll help you out. Concentrate. Begin to see something?

CLARENCE : Why, yes! This is amazing!

JOSEPH : If you ever get your wings, you'll see all by yourself.

CLARENCE : Oh, wonderful!

BOY : Yippee!
 GEORGE : (yelling through the megaphone) Okay, boys, let's go.
 CLARENCE : Hey, who's that?
 JOSEPH : That's your problem, George Bailey.
 CLARENCE : A boy?!
 JOSEPH : That's him when he was twelve. Back in nineteen nineteen. Something happens here you'll have to remember later on.
 GEORGE : Come on, Marty. Come on, Marty.
 BOYS : Hee-haw!
 GEORGE : Hee-haw! And here comes the scare-baby, my kid brother, Harry Bailey!
 HARRY : I'm not scared!
 BOYS : Go, Harry! C'mon, Harry! Attaboy, Harry! Come on, Harry!
 HARRY : Help, George! Help! Help!
 GEORGE : ...Harry, I'm coming!
 HARRY : Help!
 GEORGE : Hang on, Harry! I'm coming! Chain Gang!
 JOSEPH : George saved his brother's life that day. But it caught him that cold which infected his left ear. Cost him his hearing in that ear. It was weeks before he was able to go back to his after-school job at old man Gower's Drugstore.
 GEORGE : Mr. Potter!
 CLARENCE : Who's that? A king?
 JOSEPH : That's Henry F. Potter. The richest and meanest man in the county.
 KIDS : Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Go to work, slave...
 (00:06:00)
 GEORGE : I wish I had a million dollars! Hot dog! It's me, Mr. Gower. George Bailey.
 GOWER : You're late
 GEORGE : Yes, sir.
 VIOLET : Hello, George. Hello, Mary.
 MARY : Hello, Violet.
 GEORGE : (to Violet) Two-cents' worth of shoelaces?
 VIOLET : She was here first.
 MARY : I'm still thinking.
 GEORGE : (to Violet) Shoelaces?
 VIOLET : Please, Georgie. (to Mary) I like him.
 MARY : You like every boy.
 VIOLET : What's wrong with that?
 GEORGE : Here you are.
 VIOLET : Help me down.
 GEORGE : Help you down?!
 GEORGE : (to Mary) Made up your mind yet?
 MARY : I'll take chocolate.
 GEORGE : With 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!
 MARY : A new magazine! I never saw it before.
 GEORGE : Of course you never. Only us explorers can get it. I've been nominated for membership in the National Geographic Society.
 MARY : Is this the ear you can't hear on? George Bailey, I'll love you till the day I die.
 GEORGE : I'm going out exploring some day, you watch. And I'm gonna have a couple of harems, and maybe three or four wives. Wait and see.
 GOWER : George! George!

GEORGE : Yes, sir.
 GOWER : You're not paid to be a canary.
 GEORGE : No, sir...
 TELEGRAM READS : Regret to inform you that your son Robert died suddenly
 this morning of influenza stop Everything possible was
 done for his comfort await instructions from you stop
 GEORGE : Mr. Gower, do you want something? Anything?
 GOWER : No.
 GEORGE : Anything I can do back here?
 GOWER : Nope.
 GEORGE : I'll get them, sir.
 GOWER : ...take those capsules over to Mrs. Blaine's. She's
 waiting for them.
 GEORGE : Yes, sir... They have the diphtheria there, haven't they,
 sir?
 GOWER : Ummm.
 GEORGE : Is it a charge, sir?
 GOWER : Yes, charge.
 GEORGE : Mr. Gower, I think...
 GOWER : Aw, get going!
 GEORGE : Yes, sir.
 (00:09:27)
 UNCLE BILLY : Fast there, Captain Cook! Where you headin'?
 GOWER : Got to see Pop, Uncle Billy.
 UNCLE BILLY : Some other time, George.
 GEORGE : It's important!
 UNCLE BILLY : There's a squall in there that's shapin' up into a storm.
 COUSIN TILLY : Uncle Billy, telephone.
 UNCLE BILLY : Who is it?
 COUSIN TILLY : The Bank examiner.
 UNCLE BILLY : Bank examiner? Oh, I should have called him yesterday.
 Switch it inside.
 BAILEY : I'm not crying, Mr. Potter.
 POTTER : Well, you're begging and that's a whole lot worse.
 BAILEY : All I'm asking for is thirty days more.
 GEORGE : Pop!
 BAILEY : Just a minute, son. (to Potter) Just thirty short days.
 I'll dig up that five thousand somehow.
 POTTER : (to his goon) Shove me up. Shove me up.
 GEORGE : Pop!
 POTTER : Have you put any real pressure on these people of yours to
 pay those mortgages?
 BAILEY : Times are bad, Mr. Potter. A lot of these people are out
 of work.
 POTTER : Then foreclose!
 BAILEY : I can't do that. These families have children.
 GEORGE : Pop!
 POTTER : They're not my children.
 BAILEY : But they're somebody's children, Mr. Potter.
 POTTER : Are you running a business or a charity ward?
 BAILEY : (overlapping) Well, all right...
 POTTER : (overlapping) Not with my money.
 BAILEY : 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.
 POTTER : So I suppose I should give it to miserable failures like
 you and that idiot brother of yours to spend for me.
 GEORGE : He's not a failure! You can't say that about my father!
 BAILEY : (overlapping) George, George, quiet. George, George...

GEORGE : You're not! You're the biggest man in town!
 BAILEY : Run along.
 GEORGE : Bigger than him.
 BAILEY : Run along!
 GEORGE : Bigger than everybody!
 POTTER : Gives you an idea of the Baileys.
 GEORGE : Don't let him say things like that about you, Pop.
 BAILEY : All right, son. All right. Thanks. I'll talk to you tonight.
 GOWER : (on phone) What! Why, that medicine should have been there an hour ago. It'll be over in five minutes, Mrs. Blaine. (to George) Where's Mrs. Blaine's box of capsules?
 GEORGE : I feel...
 GOWER : Didn't you hear what I said?
 GEORGE : Yes, sir, I...
 GOWER : What kind of tricks are you playing anyway? Why didn't you deliver them right away? Don't you know that boy's very sick?
 GEORGE : You're hurting my sore ear.
 GOWER : You lazy loafer!
 GEORGE : Mr. Gower, you don't know what you're doing. You put something wrong in those capsules. I know you're unhappy. You got that telegram and you're upset. You put something bad in those capsules. It wasn't your fault, Mr. Gower. Just look and see what you did. Look at the bottle you took the powder from. It's poison! I tell you it's poison! I know you feel bad. I didn't know...
 GOWER : Oh...
 GEORGE : Don't hurt my sore ear again. Don't hurt my sore ear again.
 GOWER : (overlapping) Oh, no, no, no... Oh, George. George...
 GEORGE : Oh, Mr. Gower, I won't ever tell anyone. I know what you're feeling. I won't tell a soul. Hope to die, I won't.
 GOWER : Oh, George, George...
 JOE : An overnight bag, genuine English cowhide, combination lock, fitted up with brushes, combs...
 GEORGE : Nope! Nope, nope, nope, nope. Now look, Joe. Now look, I, I-I want a big one.
 CLARENCE : What did you stop it for?
 JOSEPH : I want you to take a good look at that face.
 CLARENCE : Who is it?
 JOSEPH : George Bailey.
 CLARENCE : Oh, you mean the kid that had his ears slapped back by the druggist?
 JOSEPH : That's the kid.
 CLARENCE : Uh-huh. It's a good face. I like it. I like George Bailey. Tell me, did he ever tell anyone about the pills?
 JOSEPH : Not a soul.
 CLARENCE : Did he ever marry the girl? Did he ever go exploring?
 JOSEPH : Well, wait and see.
 GEORGE : Big...see...I, I don't want one for one night. I want something for a thousand and one nights. With plenty of room here for labels from Italy and Baghdad, Samarkand... a great big one.
 JOE : I see, a flying carpet, huh?
 GEORGE : Yeah.
 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 as a raft in case the boat sunk. How much does this cost?
 JOE : No charge.
 GEORGE : That's my trick ear, Joe. It sounded as if you said no

charge.

JOE : That's right.

GEORGE : Well, what's my name doing on it here?

JOE : A little present from old man Gower. Came down and picked it out himself.

GEORGE : He did?! What do you know about that...my old boss. Isn't that nice?

JOE : What boat you sailing on?

GEORGE : I'm working across on a cattle boat.

JOE : A cattle boat?

GEORGE : Okay, I like cows.

(00:13:25)

GEORGE : Hello, Mr. Gower.

GOWER : George!

GEORGE : How are you? Thanks ever so much for the baggage. It's just exactly what I wanted.

GOWER : Aw, forget it.

GEORGE : Oh, it's wonderful of you to think of it.

GOWER : Hope you enjoy it.

GEORGE : Oh, oh, oh, oh. I wish I had a million dollars. Hot dog!

UNCLE BILLY : Avast there, Captain Cook! You got your sealegs yet?

EUSTACE : Parlez vous Francais, Mister? Hey, send us some of their picture postcards, will you, George?

UNCLE BILLY : Hey, George, don't take any plugged nickels.

COUSIN TILLY : Hey, George, your suitcase is leaking.

GEORGE : Hey, Ernie! Hi, Ernie!

ERNIE : Hiya, George.

GEORGE : Hi, Bert.

BERT : George...

GEORGE : Hey, hey, I, I'm a rich tourist today. How about driving me home in style?

BERT : Great.

ERNIE : Hop in Your Highness, hop in. And for the carriage trade. I put on my hat.

VIOLET : Good afternoon, Mr. Bailey.

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

VIOLET : What! This old thing? Why, I only wear it when I don't care how I look.

ERNIE : How would you like...

GEORGE : Yes.

ERNIE : Want to come along, Bert? We'll show you the town.

BERT : No, thanks. I, uh, I've gotta go home and see what the wife's doing.

ERNIE : Family man.

MOTHER : George! Harry! You're shaking the house down! Stop it!

POP : Oh, let them alone! I wish I was up there with them.

MOTHER : But Harry'll tear his dinner suit! (to George) George!

ANNIE : That's why all children should be girls.

MOTHER : But if they were all girls, there wouldn't be any... Oh, never mind. George! Harry! Come down to dinner this minute. Everything's getting cold and you know, how long we've been waiting for you.

GEORGE : Okay, Mom! Here's a present for you, Pop.

MOTHER : Oh, you two idiots! George, sit down and have dinner.

HARRY : I've eaten.

MOTHER : Well, aren't you going to finish dressing for your graduating party? Look at you!

HARRY : I don't care. It's George's tux. Annie, my sweet, have you got those pies?

ANNIE : If you lay a hand on me, I'll hit you with this broom.

HARRY : Annie, I'm in love with you, there's a moon out tonight.

GEORGE : Boy, oh, boy, oh, boy, my last meal in the old Bailey Boarding House.

MOTHER : Oh, my lands, my blood pressure!

HARRY : Pop, can I have the car? I have to take over a lot of plates and things.

MOTHER : What plates?

HARRY : Oh, Mom, I'm Chairman of the Eats Committee and we only need a couple of dozen.

MOTHER : Oh, no, you don't. Harry, now, not my best Haviland.

GEORGE : Oh, let him have the plates, Mother.

POP : Hope you have a good trip, George. Uncle Billy and I are gonna miss you.

GEORGE : I'll miss you too, Pop. What's the matter? You look tired.

POP : Oh, I had another tussle with Potter today.

GEORGE : Oh.

POP : I thought when we put him on the board of Directors, he'd ease up on us a little bit.

GEORGE : Oh, what's eating that old money-grubbing buzzard anyway?

POP : Oh, he's a sick man. Frustrated and sick. And his mind's sick in his soul, if he has one. He hates everybody that has anything that he can't have. He hates us mostly, I guess.

HARRY : Gangway! Gangway! So long, Pop.

POP : So long!

GEORGE : Harry, you got a match?

HARRY : Very funny. Very funny.

MOTHER : Put those things in the car and I'll get your tie and studs ready for you. Now, hurry up, hurry up.

HARRY : Okay, Mom. (to George) You coming later?

MOTHER : Don't you drop one of those.

HARRY : You coming later, George?

GEORGE : What do you mean, and be bored to death?

HARRY : Couldn't want a better death. Lots of pretty girls, and we're going to use that new floor tonight, too.

GEORGE : Oh, I hope it works.

POP : No gin tonight, son!

HARRY : Aw, Pop, just a little.

POP : No, son. Not one drop.

HARRY : Oh!

ANNIE : Boys and girls and music...why do they need gin?

GEORGE : Father, did I act like that when I graduated from high school?

POP : Pretty much. You know, George, I wish we could send Harry to college with you. Your mother and I talked it over half the night.

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

POP : He's pretty young for that job.

GEORGE : Well, no younger than I was.

POP : Maybe you were born older, George.

GEORGE : How's that?

POP : I say, you were born older. I suppose you've decided what you want to do when you get out of college.

GEORGE : Oh well, you know what I've always talked about...build things...design new buildings...plan modern cities...all that stuff, I was talking about.

POP : Still after that first million before you're thirty.

GEORGE : No, I'll settle for half that in cash.

POP : 'Course it's just a hope, but uh, you wouldn't consider coming back to the Building and Loan, would you?

GEORGE : Well, I...I... Why, Annie, why, why don't you draw up a chair? Then you'd be more comfortable and you could hear everything that's going on.

ANNIE : I would if I thought I'd hear anything worth listening to.

GEORGE : You would, eh?

POP : I know it's soon to talk about it.

GEORGE : Oh, now, Pop. I, I, I couldn't. I couldn't face being cooped up for the rest of my life in a shabby little office... Oh, I'm sorry, Pop, I didn't mean it that way, but this business of nickels and dimes and spending all your life trying to figure out how to save three cents on a length of pipe...I'd go crazy. I...I wanna do something big and something important.

POP : You know, George, I feel that in a small way we are doing something important. Satisfying a fundamental urge. It's deep in the race for a man to want his own roof and walls and fireplace. And we're helping him get those things in our shabby little office.

GEORGE : I know, Pop. I, uh, I, I know that I, I... I wish I felt... but I, I've been hoarding pennies like a miser here in order to... Most of my friends have already finished college. I, uh, I just feel like if I didn't get away, I'd bust.

POP : Yes, yes. You're right, son.

GEORGE : You see what I mean, don't you, Pop?

POP : This town is no place for any man unless he's willing to crawl to Potter. And you've got talent, son. I've seen it. You get yourself an education. Then get out of here.

GEORGE : Pop, you want a shock? I think you're a great guy. (to Annie) Oh, did you hear that, Annie?

ANNIE'S VOICE : I heard it. About time one of you lunkheads said it.

GEORGE : (to Pop) I'm going to miss old Annie. Pop, I think I'll get dressed and go over to Harry's party.

POP : Have a good time, son.

(00:19:29)

GEORGE : Excuse me. Here you are.

MAN : George! Hello!

HARRY : You know my kid brother, George? I'm going to put him through college.

SAM : Hello, George! Hee-haw!

GEORGE : Oh, oh, Sam Wainwright. How are you? When did you get here?

SAM : Oh, this afternoon. I thought I'd give the kids a treat.

GEORGE : Old college graduate now, huh?

SAM : Yeah. Old Joe College Wainwright, they call me. Well, freshman, looks like you're going to make it after all.

GEORGE : Yep.

SAM : Hey, hey! (to Harry) Harry! You're the guy I want to see. The Coach has heard all about you.

HARRY : He has?

SAM : Yeah. He's followed every game and his mouth's watering. He wants me to find out if you're going to come along with us.

HARRY : Well, I eh, I gotta make some dough first.

SAM : Well, you'd better make it fast. We need great ends like you. (to George)...not broken-down old guys like this one! Hee-haw!

GEORGE : Hee-haw!

PARTRIDGE : George! Welcome back!

GEORGE : Hello, Mr. Partridge, how are you?

PARTRIDGE : Putting a pool under this floor was a great idea. Saved us another building. Now, Harry, Sam, have a lot of fun.

There's lots of stuff here to eat and drink. Lots of pretty girls around.

VIOLET : Hey, George...

GEORGE : Hello, Violet. How are you...

VIOLET : Hello. What am I bid?

MARTY : George...

GEORGE : Marty. Well, it's old home week.

SAM : Marty! Glad to see you.

MARTY : Do me a favor, will you, George?

GEORGE : What's that?

MARTY : Well, you remember my kid sister, Mary?

GEORGE : Oh, yeah. Yeah.

SAM : "Mamma wants you, Marty." "Mama wants you." Remember?

MARTY : Dance with her, will you?

GEORGE : Oh, me? Oh, well, I feel funny enough already, with all these kids.

MARTY : Aw, come on. Be a sport. Just dance with her one time and you'll give her the thrill of her life.

SAM : Aw, go on.

MARTY : Hey, sis!

GEORGE : And don't be long, Marty! I don't want to be a wet nurse for...

FREDDIE : And the next thing I knew, some guy came up and tripped me. That's the reason why I came in fourth. If it hadn't been for that, that race would have been a cinch. I tried to find out who it was later but I couldn't find out. Nobody'd ever tell you who...whoever, whoever it was because they'd be scared. They know what kind of a guy I am...

MARTY : You remember George? This is Mary. Well, I'll be seeing you.

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

FREDDIE : Now, to get back to my story, see... Hey, this is my dance.

GEORGE : Oh, why don't you stop annoying people?

FREDDIE : Well, I'm sorry. Hey!

GEORGE : Well, hello.

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 : Me?!

MARY : Uh-huh.

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

HARRY : O-yes, o-yes, o-yes! The big Charleston contest! The prize? A genuine loving cup! Those not tapped by the judges will remain on the floor. Let's go!

GEORGE : I'm not very good at this.

MARY : Neither am I.

GEORGE : Okay. What can we lose? Hey, you're wonderful!

MICKY : What's the matter, Othello, jealous? Did you know there's a swimming pool under this floor? And did you know that button behind you causes this floor to open up? And did you further know that George Bailey is dancing right over that crack? And I've got the key?

PARTRIDGE : Stand back, everybody! Stand back!

GEORGE : They're cheering us. We must be good.

PARTRIDGE : Get out! Oh, well...

(00:24:22)

GEORGE&MARY : (singing) Buffalo Gals, can't you come out tonight?
Can't you come out tonight?
Can't you come out tonight?

Buffalo Gals, can't you come out tonight?
 And dance by the light of the moon.

GEORGE : Oh, Hot dog! Just like an organ.
 MARY : Beautiful.
 GEORGE : I told Harry I thought I'd be bored to death. You, you should have seen the commotion in that locker room. I, I had to knock off three people to get this stuff we're wearing here. Here, let me, let me hold that old wet dress of yours.
 MARY : Do I look as funny as you do?
 GEORGE : I guess I'm not quite the football type. I... You, you look wonderful! You know, if it wasn't me talking I'd say you were the prettiest girl in town.
 MARY : Well, why don't you say it?
 GEORGE : Well, I don't know. Maybe I will say it. How old are you anyway?
 MARY : Eighteen.
 GEORGE : Eighteen?! Why, it was only last year you were seventeen.
 MARY : Too young or too old?
 GEORGE : Oh, no, no. Just right. Your age fits you. Yes, sir, you look a little older without your clothes on. I, I mean, without a dress. You look older. I, I mean, younger. You look...y-y-you just look... Oh, oh!
 MARY : Oh, oh!
 GEORGE : Oh, no. I wanna...
 MARY : Sir, my train, please!
 GEORGE : A pox upon me for a clumsy lout. Your...your caboose, me lady.
 MARY : You may kiss my hand.
 GEORGE : Ummm. Hey. Hey, Mary.
 MARY : (singing) As I was lumbering down the street, down the street, down the street...
 GEORGE : Okay then, I'll throw a rock at the old Granville house.
 MARY : Oh, no, don't! I-I love that old house.
 GEORGE : No. You see, you make a wish and then try and break some glass. And you got to be a pretty good shot nowadays, too.
 MARY : Oh, no, George, don't. It's full of romance, that old place. I'd like to live in it.
 GEORGE : In that place?!
 MARY : Uh-huh.
 GEORGE : I wouldn't live in it as a ghost. Now watch. There's a window right on the second floor there, see?
 MARY : What did you wish, George?
 GEORGE : Well, not just one wish. A whole hatful. Mary, I know what I'm gonna do tomorrow and the next day and the next year and the year after that. I'm shaking the dust of this crummy little town off my feet and I'm gonna see the world. Italy, Greece, the Parthenon...the Colesseum. Then I'm coming back here and go to college and see what they know and then I'm going to build things. I'm gonna build air fields. I'm gonna build skyscrapers a hundred stories high. I'm gonna build bridges a mile long. Well, are you gonna throw a rock? Hey, that's pretty good. What'd you wish, Mary?
 MARY : Buffalo Gals, Can't you come out tonight?
 MARY&GEORGE : Can't you come out tonight?
 Can't you come out tonight?
 Buffalo Gal, Can't you come out tonight?
 And dance by the light of the moon.
 GEORGE : What'd you wish when you threw that rock?
 MARY : Oh, no.
 GEORGE : Come on, tell me.
 MARY : If I told you, it might not come true.
 GEORGE : What is it you want, Mary? What do you want? You, you want

the moon?! Just say the word and I'll throw a lasso around it and pull it down. Hey, that's a pretty good idea. I'll give you the moon, Mary.

MARY : I'll take it. Then what?

GEORGE : Well then, you could swallow it, and it'd all dissolve, see? And the moon beams'd shoot out of your fingers and your toes and the ends of your hair. Am I talking too much?

OLD MAN : Yes! Why don't you kiss her instead of talking her to death?

GEORGE : How's that?

OLD MAN : Why don't you kiss her instead of talking her to death?

GEORGE : Want me to kiss her, huh?

OLD MAN : Aw, youth is wasted on the wrong people!

GEORGE : Hey, hey, hold on. Hey, mister, come on back out here. I'll show you some kissing that'll put hair back on your head. What are you... Mary? Okay, I give up. Where are you?

MARY : Over here, in the hydrangea bushes.

GEORGE : Here you are. Catch. Wait a minute. What am I doing? This is a very interesting situation!

MARY : Please give me my robe.

GEORGE : Hmm. A man doesn't get in a situation like this every day.

MARY : I'd like to have my robe.

GEORGE : Not in Bedford Falls anyway.

MARY : Oooooouch! Oh!

GEORGE : Gesundheit.

MARY : George Bailey!

GEORGE : This requires a little thought here.

MARY : Give me my robe!

GEORGE : I've read about things like this, but I never...

MARY : Shame on you! I'm going to tell your mother on you!

GEORGE : Oh, my mother's way up on the corner over there.

MARY : I'll call the police!

GEORGE : They're way downtown. They'd be on my side, too.

MARY : Then, then, then I'm going to scream!

GEORGE : Maybe I could sell tickets. Let's see. No, no, the point is, in order to get this robe... I've got it. I'll make a deal with you, Mary.

UNCLE BILLY : George! George! George! Come on home. Quick. You father's had a stroke!

GEORGE : What?! Mary! Mary, I'm sorry. I've got to go.

HARRY : Come on, George. Let's hurry!

GEORGE : Did you get a doctor?

UNCLE BILLY : Yes. Campbell's there now.

(00:30:05)

CAMPBELL : I think that's all we'll need you for, George, I know you're anxious to make a train.

GEORGE : I have a taxi waiting downstairs.

CAMPBELL : I want the Board to know that George gave up his trip to Europe to help straighten things out here these past few months. Good luck to you at school, George.

GEORGE : Thanks.

MEMBERS : Good luck! So long!

CAMPBELL : Now we come to the real purpose of this meeting...to appoint a successor to our dear friend, Peter Bailey.

POTTER : Mr. Chairman, I'd like to get to my real purpose.

MAN : Wait just a minute now.

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.

UNCLE BILLY : Potter, you dirty, contemptible... I'll wring his neck, so help me, George, you hear what that buzzard...

LAWYER : Mr. Chairman, it's too soon after Peter Bailey's death to talk about chloroforming the Building and Loan.

MAN : Peter Bailey died three months ago. I second Mr. Potter's motion.

CAMPBELL : Very well. In that case, I'll ask the two executive officers to withdraw. But before you go, I'm sure the whole Board wishes to express its deep sorrow at the passing of Peter Bailey.

GEORGE : Thank you very much.

CAMPBELL : It was his faith and devotion that are responsible for this organization.

POTTER : I'll go further than that. I'll say that to the public, Peter Bailey was the Building and Loan.

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

POTTER : Peter Bailey was not a business man. That's what killed him. Oh, I don't mean any disrespect to him, God rest his soul. He was a man of high ideals, so-called. But ideals without common sense can ruin this town. Now, you take this loan here 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, if 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 : Just a minute. Just a...Just a minute. Now, hold on, Mr. Potter. You're right when you say my father was no business man. I know that. Why he ever started this cheap penny-ante Building and Loan, I'll never know. But neither you nor anybody else can say anything against his character, because his whole life was... Why, in the twenty-five years since he and Uncle Billy started this thing, he never once thought of himself. Isn't that right, Uncle Billy? He didn't save enough money to send Harry to school, let alone me. But he did help a few people get out of your slums, Mr. Potter. And what's wrong with that? Why...here, you are all businessmen here. Doesn't it make them better citizens? Doesn't it make them better customers? You...you said that uh...what'd you say just a minute ago... They, they had to wait and save their money before they even thought of a decent home. Wait! Wait for what? Until their children grow up and leave them? Until they're so old and broken-down that they... Do you know how long it takes a working man to save five thousand dollars? Just remember this, Mr. Potter, that this rabble you're talking about...they do most of the working and paying and living and dying in this community. Well, it is too much to have them work and pay and live and die in a couple of decent rooms and a bath? Anyway, my father didn't think so. People were human beings to him, but to you, a warped, frustrated old man, they're cattle. Well, in my book, he died a much richer man than you'll ever be.

POTTER : I'm not interested in your book. I'm talking about the Building and Loan.

GEORGE : I know very well what you're talking about. You're talking about something you can't get your fingers on, and it's galling you. That's what you're talking about, I know.

Well, I, I, I've said too much. I... You're, you're the Board here. You do what you want with this thing. There's j-just one thing more though. This town needs this measly one-horse institution if only to have some place where people can come without crawling to Potter. Come on, Uncle Billy.

POTTER : Sentimental hogwash. I want my motion.

UNCLE BILLY : Oh boy, that was telling him, George, old boy. You shut his big mouth. (to Cousin Tilly and Cousin Eustace) You should have heard him.

EUSTACE : What happened? We heard a lot of yelling.

UNCLE BILLY : Well, we're being voted out of business after twenty-five years. Easy come, easy go.

COUSIN TILLY : Here it is. "Help wanted - Female."

ERNIE : You still want me hang around, George?

GEORGE : Yeah, I'll be right down.

UNCLE BILLY : Hey, you'll miss your train. You're a week late for school already. Go on.

GEORGE : What's going on in there?

UNCLE BILLY : Oh, never mind. Don't worry about that. They're putting us out of business. So what? I can get another job. I'm only fifty-five.

COUSIN TILLY : Fifty-six.

UNCLE BILLY : Go on, go on. Hey, look, you gave up your boat trip, now you don't want to miss college, too, do you?

CAMPBELL : George! George! They voted Potter down. They want to keep it going.

UNCLE BILLY : Whoopee!

CAMPBELL : You did it, George, you did it. But they got one condition, only one condition.

GEORGE : What's that?

CAMPBELL : That's the best part of it. They've appointed George here as Executive Secretary to take his father's place.

GEORGE : Oh, no! But, Uncle Billy...

CAMPBELL : You can keep him on. That's all right. As Secretary you can hire anyone you like.

GEORGE : Dr. Campbell, now let's get this thing straight. I'm leaving. I'm leaving right now. I'm going to school. This is my last chance. Uncle Billy here, he's your man.

CAMPBELL : But, George, they'll vote with Potter otherwise.

CLARENCE : I know, I know, he didn't go.

JOSEPH : That's right. Not only that, but he gave his school money to his brother, Harry, and sent him to college. Harry became a football star. Made second team All-American.

CLARENCE : Yeah, but what happened to George?

JOSEPH : George got four years older, waiting for Harry to come back and take over the Building and Loan.

(00:35:38)

GEORGE : Oh, there are plenty of jobs around for somebody that likes to travel. Look at this. There...Venezuela oil fields - Wanted. Man with construction experience. Here's the Yukon, oh, right here - wanted - man with engineering experience. There she blows. You know what the three most exciting sounds in the world are?

UNCLE BILLY : Uh-huh. Breakfast is served, lunch is served, dinner...

GEORGE : No, no, no, no! Anchor chains, plane motors, and train whistles.

UNCLE BILLY : Peanut?

GEORGE : There's the Professor now. Old Professor Phil Beta Kappa Bailey! All-American.

HARRY : (overlapping) Well, if it isn't old George Geographic Explorer Bailey. What? No husky dogs? No sled? Uncle Billy, you haven't changed a bit.

UNCLE BILLY : Nobody ever changes here, you know that.

GEORGE : Oh, am I glad to see you.
 HARRY : Say, where's mother?
 GEORGE : She's home, cooking the fatted calf. Come on. Let's go.
 HARRY : Oh, wait! Wait, wait, wait, wait a minute. George, Uncle Billy, I want you to meet Ruth.
 GEORGE : Hello.
 UNCLE BILLY : How do you do.
 HARRY : Ruth Dakin.
 RUTH : Ruth Dakin Bailey, if you don't mind.
 UNCLE BILLY : Huh?
 HARRY : Well, I wired you I had a surprise. Here she is. Meet the wife.
 UNCLE BILLY : Well, what do you know - wife.
 GEORGE : Well, how do you do. Congratulations. What am I doing? Congratulations! They're married...why didn't you tell somebody?
 UNCLE BILLY : ...Oh, I can't wait to see Tilly's face. Did you really marry him?
 RUTH : Why, yes...
 GEORGE : (to Ruth) What's a pretty girl like you doing marrying this two-headed brother of mine?
 RUTH : Well, I tell you. It's purely mercenary. My father offered him a job.
 UNCLE BILLY : Oh, he gets you and a job? Well, Harry's cup runneth over.
 HARRY : Uh, George, about that job, Ruth spoke out of turn. I never said I'd take it. You've been holding the bag here for four years, and...well, I won't let you down, George. I would like to... Oh, wait a minute. I forgot the bags. I'll be right back.
 UNCLE BILLY : It was a surprise to me. This is the new Mrs. Bailey, my nephew's wife. Old, old friends of the family.
 RUTH : Oh, of course, I've heard him speak of you.
 UNCLE BILLY : And I want you to tell you, we're going to give the biggest party this town ever saw.
 RUTH : Here, have some popcorn. George, George, George, that's all Harry ever talks about.
 GEORGE : Uh, uh, uh, Ruth, uh, this, uh, what about this job?
 RUTH : Oh, well, my father owns a glass factory in Buffalo. He wants to get Harry started in the research business.
 GEORGE : Well, is it a good job?
 RUTH : Oh, yes, very. Not much money, but, uh, good future, you know.
 GEORGE : I know.
 RUTH : Harry's a genius at research. My father just fell in love with him.
 GEORGE : And you did, too.
 (00:38:14)
 UNCLE BILLY : Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy. I feel so good. I could spit in Potter's eye. I think I will. I think I will. What did you say? Huhh? Oh, maybe I'd better go home. Where's my hat? Where's my... Oh! Oh, thank you, George, which is mine?
 GEORGE : The middle one.
 UNCLE BILLY : Oh, thank you, George, old boy, old boy. Now, look, if you'll point me in the right direction...would you do that, George?
 GEORGE : Right down here.
 UNCLE BILLY : Oh...Old Building and Loan pal, huh...
 GEORGE : Now you just turn this way and go right straight down there.
 UNCLE BILLY : That way, huh? (singing) My Wild Irish rose... I'm all right. I'm all right. (singing) The sweetest flower that grows...

GEORGE : Hello, Mom.
 MOTHER : That's for nothing. How do you like her?
 GEORGE : Oh, she's swell.
 MOTHER : Looks like she can keep Harry on his toes.
 GEORGE : Keep him out of Bedford Falls anyway.
 MOTHER : Did you know that Mary Hatch is back from school?
 GEORGE : Uh-huh.
 MOTHER : Came back three days ago.
 GEORGE : Hmmm...
 MOTHER : Nice girl, Mary.
 GEORGE : Hmmm.
 MOTHER : Kind that will help you find the answers, George.
 GEORGE : Hmmm...
 MOTHER : Oh, stop that grunting.
 GEORGE : Hmmm.
 MOTHER : Can you give me one good reason why you shouldn't call on Mary?
 GEORGE : Sure - Sam Wainwright.
 MOTHER : Hmmm?
 GEORGE : Yes, Sam's crazy about Mary.
 MOTHER : Well, she's not crazy about him.
 GEORGE : Well, how do you know? Well, did she discuss it with you?
 MOTHER : No.
 GEORGE : Well then, how do you know?
 MOTHER : Well, I've got eyes, haven't I? Why, she lights up like a firefly whenever you're around.
 GEORGE : Oh...
 MOTHER : And besides, Sam Wainwright's away in New York and you're here in Bedford Falls.
 GEORGE : And all's fair in love and war.
 MOTHER : Well, I don't know about war.
 GEORGE : Mother of mine, I can see right through you, right to your back collar button...trying to get rid of me, huh?
 MOTHER : Uh-huh.
 GEORGE : Well, here's your hat, what's your hurry. All right, Mother, Old Building and Loan pal, I think I'll go out and find the girl and do a little passionate necking.
 MOTHER : Oh, George...
 GEORGE : Now if you'll just point me in the right direction...this direction? Good night, Mrs. Bailey.
 VIOLET : (to the two men) Excuse me...
 MAN 1 : Now, wait a minute.
 VIOLET : I think I got a date. But uh, stick around, fellows, just in case, huh?
 MAN 2 : We'll wait for you, baby.
 VIOLET : Hello, George-Porgie!
 GEORGE : What?
 VIOLET : Hey, uh...What gives?
 GEORGE : Nothing.
 VIOLET : Where are you going?
 GEORGE : Oh, I'm...probably end up down at the library.
 VIOLET : Georgie, don't you ever get tired of just reading about things?
 GEORGE : Yes. What are you doing tonight?
 VIOLET : Not a thing.
 GEORGE : Are you game, Violet? Let's make a night of it.
 VIOLET : Oh, I'd love it, Georgie. What'll we do?
 GEORGE : Let's go out in the fields and take off our shoes, and walk through the grass.

VIOLET : Huh?

GEORGE : Then we can go up to the falls. It's beautiful up there in the moonlight, and there's a green pool up there, and we can, uh, s-swim in it. Then we can climb Mt. Bedford, and smell the pines and watch the sunrise against the peaks, and we'll stay up there the whole night, and everybody'll be talking and there'll be a terrific scandal...

VIOLET : Georgie, have you gone crazy? Walk in the grass in my bare feet? Why, it's ten miles up to Mt. Bedford.

GEORGE : Shhh...

VIOLET : You think just because you...

GEORGE : O-O-Okay, just forget about the whole thing.

MARY : What are you doing, picketing?

GEORGE : Hello, Mary. I just happened to be passing by.

MARY : Yes, so I noticed. Have you made up your mind?

GEORGE : How's that?

MARY : Have you made up your mind?

GEORGE : About what?

MARY : About coming in. Your mother just phoned and said you were on your way over to pay me a visit.

GEORGE : My mother just called you? Well, how did she know?

MARY : Didn't you tell her?

GEORGE : I didn't tell anybody. I just went for a walk and happened to be passing by, idiot. What do you... went for a walk. That's all.

MARY : I'll be downstairs, mother.

MRS. HATCH : All right, dear.

(00:44:03)

MARY : Well, are you coming in or aren't you?

GEORGE : Well, I'll come in for a minute. But I... I didn't tell anybody I was coming over here, you know. When did you get back?

MARY : Tuesday.

GEORGE : Where'd you get that dress?

MARY : Do you like it?

GEORGE : It's all right. I thought you'd go back to New York like Sam and Angie, and the rest of them.

MARY : Oh, oh, I worked there a couple of vacations. But... I don't know... I-I guess I was homesick.

GEORGE : Homesick? For Bedford Falls?

MARY : Yes, and my family, and... Oh, everything. Would you like to sit down?

GEORGE : All right, for a minute. I-I still can't understand it though. You know I didn't tell anybody I was coming here.

MARY : Would you rather leave?

GEORGE : No, I don't want to be rude.

MARY : Well, then sit down.

GEORGE : What's this? Some joke, huh? Well, I see it still smells like pine needles around here.

MARY : Thank you. (sings) And dance by the...

GEORGE : What's the matter? Oh, oh, yeah...yeah... Well, I...

MARY : It was nice about your brother Harry, and Ruth, isn't it?

GEORGE : Oh...yeah, yeah. That's all right.

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 : No. Uh, marriage is all right for Harry and Marty and Sam and you.

MRS. HATCH : Mary! Mary! Who's down there with you?

MARY : It's George Bailey, Mother.

GEORGE : George Bailey?! What's he want?
 MARY : I don't know. (to George) What do you want?
 GEORGE : Me? Not a thing. I-I just came in to get warm.
 MARY : He's making violent love to me, Mother.
 MRS. HATCH : You tell him to go right back home, and don't you leave the house, either. Sam Wainwright promised to call you from New York tonight.
 GEORGE : But your mother needn't... You know I - I didn't come here to...
 MARY : What did you come here for then?
 GEORGE : I don't know. You tell me. You're supposed to be the one that has all the answers. You tell me.
 MARY : Why don't you go home?
 GEORGE : That's where I'm going. I don't know why I came here in the first place. Good night.
 MARY : Good night!
 MRS. HATCH : Mary! Mary! The telephone. It's Sam!
 MARY : I'll get it.
 MRS. HATCH : Whatever were you doing that you couldn't hear? Mary, he's waiting!
 MARY : (into phone) Hello.
 GEORGE : I forgot my hat.
 MARY : (into phone) Hee-haw! Hello, Sam, how are you?
 SAM : (over phone) Aw, I'm great. Gee, it's good to hear your voice again.
 MARY : (into phone) Oh, well, that's awfully sweet of you, Sam. There's an old friend of yours here. George Bailey.
 SAM : (over phone) You mean old moss-back George?
 MARY : (into phone) Yes. Old moss-back George.
 SAM : (over phone) Hee-haw! Put him on.
 MARY : (into phone) W-Wait just a minute. I-I'll call him. George!
 MRS. HATCH : He doesn't want to speak to George, you idiot!
 MARY : He does so. He asked for him. Geo-George! George, Sam wants to speak to you.
 GEORGE : (into phone) Hi, Sam.
 SAM : (into phone) Well, George Bailoffski! Hey, a fine pal you are. What're you trying to do? Steal my girl?
 GEORGE : (into phone) W-W-What do you mean? Nobody's trying to steal anybody's girl. H-Here...here's Mary.
 SAM : (over phone) No, no, wait a minute. Wait a minute. I want to talk to both of you.
 GEORGE : (to Mary) Here to you.
 SAM : (over phone) Tell Mary to get on the extension.
 GEORGE : (to Mary) You tell him.
 MARY : (to George) Mother's on the extension. We...
 MRS. HATCH : I am not!
 MARY : (into phone) We can both hear. (to George) Come here. (to Sam) We-We're listening, Sam.
 SAM : (over phone) Well look, I have a big deal coming up that's going to make us all rich. George, you remember that night in Martini's Bar when, eh, you told me you read someplace about making plastics out of soybeans?
 MAN : Jelly beans?
 SAM : Shut up, will you? (over phone) Do you remember out of jelly-...out of soybeans?
 GEORGE : (into phone) Huh? Yeah, yeah, yeah...soybeans. Yeah.
 SAM : (over phone) Well, listen. Dad snapped up the idea. And he's going to build a factory outside of Rochester. How do you like that?
 GEORGE : (into phone) Rochester? Well, why Rochester?

SAM : (over phone) Well, why not? Can you think of anything better?

GEORGE : (into phone) Oh, I don't know... It's just... Why not right here? Y-You remember that...that old tool and machinery works? W-Well, you tell your father he can get that for a song. And all the labor he wants, too. Half the town was thrown out of work when they closed down.

SAM : (over phone) Is that so? Well, I'll tell him. Hey, that sounds great. Oh, baby, I knew you'd come through. Now here's the point, Mary...Mary, you're in on this, too. Now listen, have you got any money?

GEORGE : (into phone) Money? Yeah...well, a little.

SAM : (over phone) Well now, listen. I want you to put every cent you've got into our stock, you hear? And George, I may have a job for you, that is, unless you're still married to that broken-down Building and Loan. Well, this is the biggest thing since radio. And I'm letting you in on the ground floor. Oh, Mary...Mary...

MARY : (into phone) Well, I-I'm here.

SAM : (over phone) Uh, would you tell that guy I'm giving him the chance of a lifetime, you hear? The chance of a lifetime.

MARY : (to George) H-He says it's the chance of a lifetime.

GEORGE : (to Mary) Now you listen to me. I don't want any plastics. I don't want any ground floors. And I don't want to get married ever to anyone. You understand that? I want to do what I want to do. And you're...and you're... Oh, Mary...Mary...

MARY : George...George...George...

GEORGE : Mary... Would you? Would you...

(00:50:31)

COUSIN TILLY : Here they come! Here they come!

ALL : Goodbye.

MOTHER : (to Annie) First Harry. Now George. Annie, we're just two old maids now.

ANNIE : You speak for yourself, Mrs. B.

ERNIE : If either of you two see a stranger around here, it's me.

GEORGE : Hey, look! There's somebody driving this cab.

ERNIE : Bert the cop sent this over. He said to float away to Happy Land on the bubbles.

GEORGE : Oh, look at this. Old Bert. Champagne!

MARY : Good old Bert.

ERNIE : By the way, where are you two going on this here now honeymoon?

GEORGE : Where are we going? Look at this. There's the kitty, Ernie. (to Mary) Here, come on, count it, Mary.

MARY : I feel like a bootlegger's wife. Look!

GEORGE : You know what we're going to do? We're going to shoot the works. A whole week in New York. A whole week in Bermuda. The highest hotels, the oldest champagne, the richest caviar, the hottest music, and the prettiest wife!

ERNIE : Wow! That does it! Then what?

GEORGE : (to Mary) Then what, honey?

MARY : After that, who cares?

GEORGE : That does it, come here, come here, come here!

ERNIE : Don't look now, but there's something funny going on over there at the bank, George. I've never really seen one, but that's got all the earmarks of being a run.

MAN : Hey, Ernie, if you got any money in the bank, you better hurry.

MARY : George, let's not stop. Let's go.

GEORGE : Just a minute, dear. Oh-oh...

MARY : Please, let's not stop, George.

GEORGE : I'll be back in a minute, Mary. (to the crowd) Well, hello, everybody. Mrs. Thompson, how are you? Charlie? What's the matter here, can't you get in?

(00:53:15)

GEORGE : What is this, Uncle Billy? A holiday?

UNCLE BILLY : George...

GEORGE : (to the crowd) Come on in, everybody. That's right. Just come on in. Now look, why don't you all sit down? There are a lot of seats over there. Just make yourself at home.

UNCLE BILLY : George, can I see you a minute?

GEORGE : Why didn't you call me?

UNCLE BILLY : I just did, but they said you left. This is a pickle, George. This is a pickle.

GEORGE : All right now, what happened? How did it start?

UNCLE BILLY : Well, how does a thing like this ever start? All I know is the bank called our loan.

GEORGE : When?

UNCLE BILLY : About an hour ago. I had to hand over all our cash.

GEORGE : All of it?

UNCLE BILLY : Every cent of it and it still was less than we owe.

GEORGE : Holy mackerel!

UNCLE BILLY : And then I got scared, George, and closed the doors. I...I...I...

GEORGE : The whole town's gone crazy.

UNCLE BILLY : Yes, h-hello? (to George) George, it's Potter.

GEORGE : Hello?

POTTER : George, there is a rumor around town that you've closed your doors. Is that true? Oh, well, I'm very glad to hear that. George, are you all right? Do you need any police?

GEORGE : (on phone) Police? What's for?

POTTER : Well, mobs get pretty ugly sometimes, you know. George, I'm going all out to help in this crisis. I've just guaranteed the bank sufficient funds to meet their needs. They'll close up for a week and then reopen.

GEORGE : (to Uncle Billy) He just took over the bank.

POTTER : I may lose a fortune, but I'm willing to guarantee your people too. Just tell them to bring their shares over here, and I will pay fifty cents on the dollar.

GEORGE : Aw, you never miss a trick, do you, Potter? Well, you're gonna miss this one.

POTTER : If you close your doors before six P.M., you will never reopen.

UNCLE BILLY : George, was it a nice wedding? Gosh, I wanted to be there.

GEORGE : Yeah... You can take this one off now. (to the crowd) Now, just remember that this thing isn't as black as it appears. I have some news for you folks. I was just talking to old man Potter and he's guaranteed cash payments at the bank. The bank's going to reopen next week.

ED : But, George, I got my money here.

CHARLIE : Did he guarantee this place?

GEORGE : Well, no, Charlie. I didn't even ask him. We don't need Potter over here.

CHARLIE : I'll take mine now.

GEORGE : No, but you...you...you're thinking of this place all wrong. As if I had the money back in a safe. The, the money's not here. Well, your money's in Joe's house...that's right next to yours. And in the Kennedy House, and Mrs. Macklin's house, and, and a hundred others. Why, you're lending them the money to build, and then, they're going to pay it back to you as best they can. Now what are you going to do? Foreclose on them?

TOM : I got two hundred and forty-two dollars in here and two hundred and forty-two dollars isn't going to break

anybody.

GEORGE : Okay, Tom. All right. Here you are. You sign this. You'll get your money in sixty days.

TOM : Sixty days?

GEORGE : Well, now that's what you agreed to when you bought you shares.

RANDALL : (to Tom) Tom...Tom... Did you get your money?

TOM : No.

RANDALL : Well, I did. Old man Potter'll pay fifty cents on the dollar for every share you got.

CROWD : Fifty cents on the dollar!

RANDALL : Yes, cash!

TOM : (to George) Well, what do you say?

GEORGE : Now, Tom, you have to stick to your original agreement. Now give us sixty days on this.

TOM : Okay, Randall.

MRS. THOMSON : Are you going to go to Potter's?

TOM : Better get half than nothing.

GEORGE : Tom! Tom! Randall, now wait a minute, wait...now listen...now listen to me. I-I beg of you not to do this thing. If Potter gets ahold of this Building and Loan, there'll never be another decent house built in this town. He's already got charge of the bank. He's got the bus line. He's got the department stores. And now he's after us. Why? Well, it's very simple. Because we're cutting in on his business, that's why. And because he wants to keep you living in his slums and paying the kind of rent he decides. Joe, you had one of those Potter houses, didn't you? Well, have you forgotten? Have you forgotten what he charged for that broken-down shack? (to Ed) Here, Ed. You know, you remember last year when things weren't going so well, you couldn't make your payments. You didn't lose your house, did you? Do you think Potter would have let you keep it? Ca-Can't you understand what's happening here? Don't you see what's happening? Potter isn't selling. Potter's buying. And why? Because we're panicky and he's not. That's why. He's picking up some bargains. Now, We-We can get through this thing all right. We-We've got to stick together, though. We've got to have faith in each other.

MRS. THOMSON : But my husband hasn't worked in over a year and I need money.

WOMAN : How am I going to live until the bank opens?

MAN 1 : I got doctor bills to pay.

MAN 2 : I need cash.

MAN 3 : I can't feed my kids on faith.

MARY : How much do you need?

GEORGE : Hey! I got two thousand dollars. Here's two thousand dollars. This'll tide us over until the bank reopens. (to Tom) All right, Tom, how much do you need?

TOM : Two hundred and forty-two dollars.

GEORGE : Aw, Tom, just enough to tide you over till the bank reopens.

TOM : I'll take two hundred and forty-two dollars.

GEORGE : There you are.

TOM : That'll close my account.

GEORGE : Your account's still here. That's a loan. (to Ed) Okay. All right, Ed?

ED : I got three hundred dollars here, George.

GEORGE : Alright, now, Ed...wh-wh-what'll it take till the bank opens? What do you need?

ED : Well, I-I suppose twenty dollars.

GEORGE : Twenty dollars. Now you're talking. Fine. Thanks, Ed. (to Mrs. Thompson) All right now, Mrs. Thompson, how much do you want?

MRS. THOMSON : But it's your own money, George.
 GEORGE : Never mind about that. How much do you want?
 MRS. THOMSON : I can get along with twenty, all right.
 GEORGE : Twenty dollars.
 MRS. THOMSON : And I'll sign a paper.
 GEORGE : You don't have to sign anything. I know you-you'll pay it when you can. That's okay. (to Mrs. Davis) All right, Mrs. Davis?
 MRS. DAVIS : Could I have seventeen-fifty?
 GEORGE : Seven... Bless your heart, of course you can have it. You got fifty cents? Seven...
 UNCLE BILLY : We're going to make it, George. They'll never close us up today!
 GEORGE : (overlapping) Six, five, four, three, two, one...Bingo! We made it. Close the door, Ernie. We made it. Look. Look, we're still in business. We're still got two bucks left. Well, look, let's have some of that. Let's celebrate, huh. G-Get some glasses, Tilly. (to Uncle Billy) Well, a couple of financial wizards.
 UNCLE BILLY : Those Rockefellers.
 GEORGE : (to Eustace) Get a tray for these two great big important simoleans here.
 UNCLE BILLY : We'll save them for seed. A toast.
 GEORGE : A toast! A toast to Mama Dollar and to Papa Dollar, and if you want to keep this old Building and Loan in business, you better have a family real quick.
 COUSIN TILLY : I wish they were rabbits.
 GEORGE : I wish they were, too. Okay, let's put them in safe and see what happens.
 EUSTACE : Folks, folks, wedding cigars!
 GEORGE : Oh-oh...wedding! Holy mackerel, I'm married! Where's Mary? Mary... Well, poor Mary. Look, I've got a train to catch. Well, the train's gone. I wonder if Ernie's still here with his taxicab?
 COUSIN TILLY : George, there's a call for you.
 GEORGE : Look, will you get my wife on the phone? She's probably over at her mother's.
 COUSIN TILLY : Mrs. Bailey is on the phone.
 GEORGE : I don't want Mrs. Bailey. I want my wife. Mrs. Bailey! Mrs...oh, that's my wife. Here, I'll take it in here. (into phone) Mary! Hello. Listen, dear. I'm sorry... What? Come home? What home? Three-twenty Sycamore? Well, what...whose home is that? The Waldorf Hotel, huh?
 (01:00:34)
 MAN : Hey, this is the company's posters, and the company won't like this.
 BERT : How would you like to get a ticket next week? Haven't you any romance in you?
 MAN : Sure I have, but I got rid of it.
 BERT : Liver pills! Who wants to see liver pills on their honeymoon? What we want is romantic places, beautiful places...places George wants to go.
 ERNIE : Hey, Bert. Here he comes.
 BERT : (to the man) Come on, we got to get this up. He's coming.
 MAN : Who?
 BERT : The groom, idiot. This is their honeymoon. Come on. Get that ladder.
 MAN : What are they - ducks?
 BERT : Get that ladder up here.
 MAN : All right, all right.
 BERT : Hurry up. Hurry up. Hurry up.
 MAN : I'm hurrying.
 ERNIE : Hiya...Geo...uh...good evening, sir. Entree, Monsieur.

Entree.

SINGING : Islands of Hawaii,
Where skies of blue are calling me.
Where balmy air and golden moonlight caress
The waving palms of Waikiki.

MARY : Welcome home, Mr. Bailey.

GEORGE : Well, I'll be... Mary, where did you...

ERNIE&BERT : (singing) I Love You Truly, Truly, Dear.
Life with Its Shadows,
Life with Its Tears.

GEORGE : Oh, Mary...

MARY : Remember the night we broke the windows in this old house?
This is what I wished for.

GEORGE : Darling, you're wonderful.

ERNIE&BERT : (singing) Fade into Dreams,
When I Feel You Are Near,
I Love You Truly, Truly, Dear.

(01:04:03)

SCHULTS : Martini, you rented a new house?

MARTINI : Rent? (to George) You hear what he say, Mr. Bailey?

GEORGE : What's that?

MARTINI : I own the house. Me, Giuseppe Martini, I own my own house.
No more we live like pigs in this Potter's Field.

MARTINI : (to his wife) Hurry, Marie!

GEORGE : Come on...(to Mary) Bring the baby.

MARIE : This is like a dream!

GEORGE : (to Martini) I'll take the kids in the car.

MARTINI : Oh, thank you, Mr. Bailey.

GEORGE : (to children) All right, kids. Here. Get in here. Now get
right up on the seat there. Get the...get the dog! You've
got a goat too! All right. Goodbye.

MARTINI : Goodbye, everybody!

GEORGE : All in.

GEORGE : Mr. and Mrs. Martini, welcome home.

SAM : Good old George. He's always making a speech. Hee-haw!

GEORGE : (to Mary) Sam Wainwright!

MARY : Oh, who cares! (to Mrs. Martini) Bread! 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!

REINEMAN : Look, Mr. Potter, it's no skin off my nose. I'm just your
little rent collector. But you can't laugh off this Bailey
Park anymore. Look at it.

SECRETARY : (over inter-office phone) Congressman Black is here to see
you.

POTTER : (into inter-office phone) Oh, tell the congressman to
wait. (to Reineman) Go on.

REINEMAN : Fifteen years ago, a half-dozen houses stuck here and
there. There's the old cemetery, squirrels, buttercups,
daisies. I used to hunt rabbits there myself. Look at it
today. Dozens of the prettiest little homes you ever saw.
Ninety per cent owned by suckers who used to pay rent to
you! Your Potter's Field, my dear Mr. Employer, is
becoming just that. And are the local yokels making with
those David and Goliath wisecracks.

POTTER : Oh, they are, are they? Even though they know the Baileys
never made a dime out of it.

REINEMAN : You know very well why, the Baileys were all chumps. Every
one of these homes is worth twice what it cost the
Building and Loan to build. If I were you, Mr. Potter...

POTTER : Well, you are not me.

REINEMAN : As I say, it's no skin off my nose. But one of these days
this bright young man is going to be asking George Bailey

for a job.

POTTER : The Bailey family has been a boil on my neck long enough.

SECRETARY : (over inter-office phone) Yes, sir?

POTTER : (into inter-office phone) Come in here.

SAM : We just stopped in town to take a look at the new factory, and then we're going to drive on down to Florida.

GEORGE : Oh...

JANE : Why don't you have your friends join us?

SAM : Why, sure. (to George) Hey, why don't you kids drive down with us, huh?

GEORGE : Oh, I'm afraid I couldn't get away, Sam.

SAM : Still got the nose to the old grindstone, eh? Jane, I offered to let George in on the ground floor in plastics and he turned me down cold.

GEORGE : Oh, now don't rub it in.

SAM : I'm not rubbing it in. Well, I guess we better run along.

JANE : Awfully glad to have met you, Mary.

MARY : Nice meeting you.

GEORGE : Goodbye.

JANE : Goodbye, George.

SAM : So long, George. See you in the funny papers.

GEORGE : Goodbye, Sam.

SAM : So long, Mary.

MARY : So long, Sam. Have fun.

GEORGE : Thanks for dropping around.

SAM : Florida! (to George) Hee-haw!

GEORGE : Hee-haw.

(01:07:50)

GEORGE : Thank you, sir. Quite a cigar, Mr. Potter.

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

GEORGE : Well, I, uh, 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 that makes it all even. You know, just as well as I do, that I run practically everything in this town but the Bailey Building and Loan. You know, also, that for a number of years I've been trying to get control of it or kill it. But I haven't been able to do it. You have been stopping me. In fact, you have beaten me, George, and as anyone in this county can tell you, that takes some doing. Take during the depression, for instance. You and I were the only ones that kept our heads. You saved the Building and Loan, I saved all the rest.

GEORGE : Yeah. Well, most people say you stole all the rest.

POTTER : The envious ones say that, George, the suckers. Now, I have stated my side very frankly. Now, let's look at your side. Young man, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, married, making say...forty a week.

GEORGE : Forty-five!

POTTER : Forty-five. Forty-five. Out of which, after supporting your mother and paying your bills, you're able to keep, say ten, if you skimp. A child or two comes along, and you won't even be able to save the ten. Now, if this young man of twenty-eight was a common, ordinary yokel, I'd say he was doing fine. But, George Bailey is not a common, ordinary yokel. He's an intelligent, smart, ambitious young man, who hates his job, who hates the Building and Loan, almost as much as I do. A young man who's been dying to get out on his own ever since he was born. A young man...the smartest one of the crowd, mind you, a young man who has to sit by and watch his friends go places, because he's trapped. Yes, sir, trapped into frittering his life away playing nursemaid to a lot of garlic-eaters. Do I

paint a correct picture, or do I exaggerate?
 GEORGE : Oh, what's your point, Mr. Potter?
 POTTER : My point? My point is, I want to hire you.
 GEORGE : Hire me?
 POTTER : I want you to manage my affairs, run my properties.
 George, I'll start you out at twenty thousand dollars a
 year.
 GEORGE : Twenty thous...twenty thousand dollars a year?
 POTTER : You wouldn't mind living in the nicest house in town,
 buying your wife a lot of fine clothes, a couple of
 business trips to New York a year, maybe once in a while
 Europe. You wouldn't mind that, would you, George?
 GEORGE : Would I? Y-You're not talking to somebody else around
 here, are you? you know, th-this is me, you remember me?
 George Bailey.
 POTTER : Oh, yes, George Bailey. Whose ship has just come in,
 provided he has enough brains to climb aboard.
 GEORGE : Holy mackerel! Well, how about the Building and Loan?
 POTTER : Oh, confound it, man! Are you afraid of success? I'm
 offering you a three-year contract at twenty thousand
 dollars a year, starting today. Is it a deal, or isn't it?
 GEORGE : Well, Mr. Potter, I...I...I know I ought to jump at the
 chance but I...I just, uh, I-I wonder if-if it would be
 possible for you to give me twenty-four hours to think it
 over?
 POTTER : Sure, sure, sure. You go on home and talk about it to your
 wife.
 GEORGE : I'd like to do that.
 POTTER : Yeah. In the meantime, I'll draw up the papers.
 GEORGE : All right, sir.
 POTTER : Okay, George?
 GEORGE : Okay, Mr. Potter. No, no, no, no. Wait a minute here. Wait
 a minute. I don't need twenty-four hours. I, I don't have
 to talk to anybody. I know right now, and the answer is
 no! No! Doggone it! You sit around here and you spin your
 little webs and you think the whole world revolves around
 you and your money. Well, it doesn't, Mr. Potter. In
 the...in the whole vast configuration of things, I'd say
 you were nothing but a scurvy little spider. You...and
 that goes for you, too. And it goes for you, too.
 (01:12:59)
 POTTER : (v.o.)If you wouldn't mind living in the nicest house in
 town. Buying your wife a lot of fine clothes. Going to New
 York on a business trip a couple of times a year. Maybe to
 Europe once in a while.
 GEORGE : (v.o.)I know what I'm going to do tomorrow and the next
 day and next year and the year after that. I'm shaking the
 dust of this crummy little town off my feet, and I'm going
 to see the world and then I'm going to build things. I'm
 going to build air fields. I'm going to build skyscrapers
 a hundred stories high. I'm going to build a bridge a mile
 long. What is it you want, Mary? What? Y-You want the
 moon? If you do, just say the word, I'll throw a lasso
 around it and pulls her down for you.
 MARY : (singing) Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight, Won't
 you come out tonight, Won't you come out tonight. Buffalo
 Gals, won't you come out tonight, And...
 GEORGE : Hi.
 MARY : Hi.
 GEORGE : Mary Hatch! Wh-Why in the world did you ever marry a guy
 like me?
 MARY : To keep from being an old maid.
 GEORGE : You could have married Sam Wainwright and anybody else in
 town.
 MARY : I didn't want to marry anybody else in town. I want my
 baby to look like you.

GEORGE : You didn't even have a honeymoon. I promised you...your what?
 MARY : My baby.
 GEORGE : You...You-You-You-You-You-You-You...Mary, you're on the nest?
 MARY : George Bailey lassoes stork.
 GEORGE : Lassoes the stork! What do you... You mean...you-you-you... What-what-what is it, a boy or a girl?
 MARY : Uh-hm.
 JOSEPH : Now, you've probably already guessed that George never leaves Bedford Falls.
 CLARENCE : No!
 JOSEPH : Mary had her baby, a boy. Then she had another one, a girl. Day after day she worked away remaking the old Granville house into a home. Night after night, George came back late from the office. Potter was bearing down hard.
 SIGN READS : Checking Station, Recruit Reception Center, Casual Report at side door.
 JOSEPH : Then came a war. Ma Bailey and Mrs. Hatch joined the Red Cross and sewed. Mary had two more babies but still found time to run the U.S.O. Sam Wainwright made a fortune in plastic hoods for planes. Potter became head of the draft board.
 POTTER : One-A...one-A...one-A
 JOSEPH : Gower and Uncle Billy sold war bonds. Bert the cop was wounded in North Africa, got the Silver Star. Ernie, the taxi-driver, parachuted into France. Marty helped capture the Remagen Bridge. Harry, Harry Bailey topped them all. A Navy flier, he shot down fifteen planes. Two of them as they were about to crash into a transport full of soldiers.
 CLARENCE : Yes, but George...
 JOSEPH : George? Four-F on account of his ear, George fought the battle of Bedford Falls.
 GEORGE : Hold on, hold on, hold on now. Don't you know there's a war on?
 JOSEPH : Air raid warden...paper drives...scrap drives...rubber drives... Like everybody else, on V-E day he wept and prayed. On V-J day, he wept and prayed again.
 FRANKLIN : Joseph, now show him what happened today.
 JOSEPH : Yes, sir. This morning, day before Christmas, about ten A.M., Bedford Falls Time.
 GEORGE : Hi, Ernie, look at that.
 NEWSPAPER READS : President Decorates Harry Bailey, Local Boy Wins Congressional Medal of Honor
 ERNIE : Gonna snow again.
 GEORGE : What do you mean it's gonna snow? Look at the headlines.
 ERNIE : I know, I know, George. And it's marvelous. Commander Harry Bailey!
 GEORGE : Mr. Gower, look at this. The second page. Now look, this is for you. This is for you. That's for you.
 ERNIE : Thanks.
 GEORGE : See you again.
 UNCLE BILLY : Be sure you spell the name right.
 MAN : Hello, Billy, how are you?
 GEORGE : Extra! Extra! Read all about it!
 EUSTACE : George! George! It's Harry now on long distance from Washington.
 GEORGE : Harry! What do you know about that!
 EUSTACE : He reversed the charges. It's okay, isn't it?
 GEORGE : Reverse the charges...of course it's for a hero. (into phone) Harry... Oh, you old seven times of a son of a gun. Congratulations! How's mother standing it? She did? What

do you know... (to Eustace) Mother had lunch with the President's wife.

COUSIN TILLY : Wait till Martha hears about this.

EUSTACE : What did they have to eat?

GEORGE : (into phone) Wha-What did they have to eat? H-H-Harry, you should see what they're cooking up in the town for you. Oh, they are? (to Eustace) The Navy's going to fly mother home this afternoon.

EUSTACE : In a plane?

GEORGE : (into phone) What? Uncle Billy? (to Eustace) Has Uncle Billy come in yet?

COUSIN TILLY : No, he stopped at the bank first.

GEORGE : (into phone) No, he's not here right now, Harry. But look...

EUSTACE : George...

GEORGE : (into phone) ...tell me about it.

EUSTACE : ...George, tha-that man's here again.

GEORGE : What man?

EUSTACE : B-B-Bank...examiner.

GEORGE : Oh, oh. (into phone) Uh, uh, Harry, talk to Eustace for a minute, will you? I'll be right back. (to Carter) Well...

EUSTACE : (into phone) Harry...

GEORGE : Good morning, sir.

CARTER : Carter, bank examiner.

GEORGE : Mr. Carter, Merry Christmas.

CARTER : Merry Christmas.

GEORGE : We're all excited around here. My brother just got the Congressional Medal of Honor. The president just decorated him.

CARTER : Well, I guess they do those things. Well, I trust you had a good year.

GEORGE : Good year? Uh, well, between you and me, Mr. Carter, we're broke.

CARTER : Yeah, very funny.

GEORGE : Uh, w-well... Now, come right in here, Mr. Carter.

CARTER : Oh, I shouldn't wonder when you okay reverse charges on personal long distance calls.

COUSIN TILLY : (to George) George, shall we hang up?

GEORGE : No, no. He wants to talk to Uncle Billy. You just hold on.

CARTER : Now, if you'll cooperate, I'd like to finish with you by tonight. I want to spend Christmas in Elmira with my family.

GEORGE : I don't blame you at all, Mr. Carter. Just step right in here. We'll fix you up.

(01:19:17)

UNCLE BILLY : December twenty-fourth...Eight thousand.

MEN : Merry Christmas, Mr. Potter...

UNCLE BILLY : Well, good morning, Mr. Potter? What's the news? Oh, well, well, well. Harry Bailey wins Congressional Medal. That couldn't be one of the Bailey boys? You just can't keep those Baileys down, now can you, Mr. Potter.

POTTER : How does slacker George feel about that?

UNCLE BILLY : Very jealous. Very jealous. He only lost three buttons off his vest. Of course, slacker George would have gotten two of these medals if he had gone.

POTTER : Bad ear.

UNCLE BILLY : Yes. After all, Potter, some people like George had to stay at home. Not every heel was in Germany and Japan.

TELLER : Oh, good morning, Mr. Bailey.

UNCLE BILLY : Good morning, Horace.

TELLER : I guess you forgot something.

UNCLE BILLY : Huh?

TELLER : You forgot something.

UNCLE BILLY : What?

TELLER : Well, aren't you going to make a deposit?

UNCLE BILLY : Oh, sure, sure I am.

TELLER : Well, then it's usually customary to bring the money with you.

UNCLE BILLY : Huh? Oh, shucks... Well, I knew I had...

TELLER : How about that finger there?

UNCLE BILLY : Hmm? Well, I...

POTTER : Bailey... (to Goon) Take me back there. Hurry up. Come on, look sharp. Take me back.

GEORGE : Just make yourself at home, Mr. Carter. I'll get those books for you. Oh, hello, Vi.

VIOLET : George, can I see you for a second?

GEORGE : Why, of course you can. Come on in the office here. Uncle Billy, talk to Harry. He's on the telephone.

COUSIN TILLY : Hurry, Uncle Billy, hurry. Long distance, Washington.

EUSTACE : Hey, here's Harry on the phone.

COUSIN TILLY : Harry, your nephew, remember?

EUSTACE : (into phone) Here he is. (to Uncle Billy) Hurry up.

UNCLE BILLY : (into phone) Hello...hello. Y-Y-Yes, Harry. Yes...everything...everything's fine. I should have my head examined. Eight thousand dollars. It's got to be somewhere.

GEORGE : Here you are.

VIOLET : Character? If I had any character, I'd...

GEORGE : It takes a lot of character to leave your home town and start all over again.

VIOLET : No, George, don't...

GEORGE : Now here, now you're broke, aren't you?

VIOLET : I know, but...

GEORGE : What do you want to do, hock your furs and that hat? Want to walk to New York? You know, they charge for meals and rent up there just the same as they do in Bedford Falls.

VIOLET : Yeah, sure.

GEORGE : It's a loan. That's my business. Building and Loan. Besides, you'll get a job. Good luck to you.

VIOLET : I'm glad I know you, George Bailey.

GEORGE : Say hello to New York for me.

VIOLET : Yeah, yeah...sure, I will.

GEORGE : Now let's hear from you once in a while. Hmm. Merry Christmas, Violet.

VIOLET : Merry Christmas, George.

CARTER : Mr. Bailey.

GEORGE : Oh, Mr. Carter, I'm sorry. I'll be right with you. (to Tilly) Uncle Billy in?

COUSIN TILLY : Yeah, he's in his office.

GEORGE : Unc... What's going on? The bank examiner's here, and I...

UNCLE BILLY : He's here?

GEORGE : Yeah, yeah. He wants the accounts payable...What's the matter with you?

UNCLE BILLY : Come here.

GEORGE : Eustace.

EUSTACE : Yeah?

GEORGE : Come here a minute. Did you see Uncle Billy with any cash last night?

EUSTACE : He had it on his desk counting it before he closed up.

GEORGE : Now look, did you buy anything?

UNCLE BILLY : Nothing. Not even a stick of gum.

GEORGE : All right, all right. Now, we'll go over every step you

took since you left the house.

UNCLE BILLY : All right. This way.

GEORGE : And did you put the envelope in your pocket?

UNCLE BILLY : Yeah...maybe, maybe, maybe...

GEORGE : Maybe-Maybe! I don't want any maybe. We've got to find that money!

UNCLE BILLY : I'm no good to you, George. I...

GEORGE : Uncle Billy, do you... Listen to me, listen to me! Think! Think!

UNCLE BILLY : I can't think anymore, George. I can't think anymore. It hurts...

GEORGE : Where's that money, you silly, stupid old fool?! Where's that money? Do you realize what this means? It means bankruptcy and scandal, and prison! That's what it means. One of us is going to jail! Well, it's not gonna be me.

(01:24:50)

MARY : Hello, darling.

CHILDREN : Hello daddy, hello daddy.

MARY : How do you like it? We're going to put...

CHILDREN&MARY : Bless you!

MARY : Did you bring the wreath?

PETE : Yes, Daddy, did you bring the Christmas wreath?

GEORGE : What wreath?

MARY : Oh, that's the Merry Christmas Wreath for the window.

GEORGE : No. I left it at the office.

MARY : Is it snowing?

GEORGE : Yeah, just started.

MARY : Where's your coat and hat?

GEORGE : Left them at the office.

MARY : What's the matter?

GEORGE : Nothing's the matter. Everything's all right.

MARY : (to Pete) Go on, Pete, you're a big boy. You can put the star up. Way up at the top. That's it. All right. Fill in that little bare spot right there. That's it. (to George) Isn't it wonderful about Harry? We're famous, George. I'll bet I had fifty calls today about the parade, the banquet. Your mother's so excited, she...

GEORGE : Must she keep playing that?

JANIE : I have to practice it for the party tonight, Daddy.

TOMMY : Mommy says we can stay up till midnight and sing Christmas carols. Can you sing, Daddy?

MARY : (to George) Better hurry and shave. The families will be here soon.

GEORGE : Families! I...I don't want the families over here.

MARY : Come on out in the kitchen with me while I finish dinner.

TOMMY : (to George) Excuse me. Excuse me.

MARY : (to George) Have a hectic day?

GEORGE : Oh, yeah. Another big red-letter day for the Bailey's.

PETE : Daddy, the Brown's next door have a new car. You should see it.

GEORGE : Well, what's the matter with our car? Isn't it good enough for you?

PETE : Yes, Daddy.

TOMMY : Excuse me. Excuse me.

GEORGE : Excuse you for what?

TOMMY : I burped!

MARY : All right, darling, you're excused. Now go upstairs and see what little Zuzu wants.

GEORGE : Zuzu. W-What's the matter with Zuzu?

MARY : Oh, she's got a cold. She's in bed. Caught it coming home from school. They gave her a flower for a prize and she

didn't want to crush it so she didn't button up her coat.
 GEORGE : What is it, a sore throat or what?
 MARY : Just a cold. The doctor says it's nothing serious.
 GEORGE : The doctor? Was the doctor here?
 MARY : Yes, I called him right away. He says it's nothing to worry about.
 GEORGE : Is she running a temperature? What is it?
 MARY : Just a teensy one, ninety-nine, six. She'll be all right.
 GEORGE : Gosh, it's this old house. I don't...I don't know why we don't all have pneumonia. This drafty old barn! Might as well be living in a refrigerator. Why did we have to live here in the first place and stay around this measly, crummy old town?
 MARY : George, what's wrong?
 GEORGE : Wrong? Everything's wrong. You call this a happy family? Why did we have to have all these kids?
 PETE : Dad, how do you spell 'frankincense'?
 GEORGE : I don't know. Why, ask your mother.
 MARY : Where're you going?
 GEORGE : Going up to see Zuzu.
 PETE : He told me to write a play for tomorrow.
 MARY : F-R-A-N-K-I-N...
 ZUZU : Hi, Daddy.
 GEORGE : Well, what happened to you?
 ZUZU : I won a flower.
 GEORGE : Wait now. W-Where do you think you're going?
 ZUZU : Want to give my flower a drink.
 GEORGE : All right, all right, here, give Daddy the flower. I'll give it a drink. All right, here.
 ZUZU : Look, Daddy...paste it.
 GEORGE : Yeah, all right... Now, I'll paste this together. Now, there it is, good as new. All right, give the flower a drink. Now, will you do something for me?
 ZUZU : What?
 GEORGE : Will you try to get some sleep?
 ZUZU : I'm not sleepy. I want to look at my flower.
 GEORGE : I know, I know, but you just go to sleep and then you can dream about it, and it'll be a whole garden.
 ZUZU : It will?
 GEORGE : Uh-huh.
 JANE&PETE : Telephone!
 MARY : I'll get it. (into phone) Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. Bailey. Oh, thank you, Mrs. Welch. I'm sure she'll be all right. The doctor says that she ought to be out of bed in time to have her Christmas dinner.
 GEORGE : Is that Zuzu's teacher?
 MARY : Yes.
 GEORGE : Let me speak to her. (into phone) Hello. Hello, Mrs. Welch? This is George Bailey. I'm Zuzu's father. Say, what kind of a teacher are you anyway? What do you mean sending her home like that, half naked? Do you realize she'll probably end up with pneumonia on account of you?
 MARY : George!
 GEORGE : (into phone) Is this the sort of thing we pay taxes for - to have teachers...to have teachers like you? Stupid, silly, careless people who send our kids home without any clothes on? You know, maybe my kids aren't the best-dressed kids, and maybe they don't have any decent clothes... Aw, that stupid...
 MARY : (into phone) He-Hello, Mrs. Welch. I-I-I want to apologize. Hel-lo...hello... (to George) She's hung up.
 GEORGE : I-I-I'll hang her up.

MR. WELCH : (over phone) Now, who do you think you are?

GEORGE : What is that? (into phone) Hello? Who is this? Oh, Mr. Welch? Okay, that's fine, Mr. Welch. Gives me a chance to tell you what I really think of your wife.

MARY : George...

GEORGE : Will you get out and let me handle this? (into phone) Hello? Hello? What? Oh, you will, huh? Okay, Mr. Welch. Any time you think you're man enough. Hello...any... Oh...

PETE : Daddy, how do you spell "Hallelujah?"

GEORGE : How should I know? What do you think I am, a dictionary? (to Tommy) Tommy, stop that! Stop it! (to Janie) Janie, haven't you learned that silly tune yet? You've played it over and over again. Now stop it! Stop it! I'm sorry, Mary. Janie, I'm sorry. I didn't mean... You go on and practice. Pete, I owe you an apology, too. I'm sorry. What do you want to know?

PETE : Nothing, Daddy.

GEORGE : What's the matter with everybody? Janie, go on. I told you to practice. Now, go on, play.

JANIE : Oh, Daddy...

MARY : George, why must you torture the children? Why don't you...

GEORGE : Mary...

MARY : (into phone) Bedford two-four-seven, please.

PETE : (to Mary) Is Daddy in trouble?

MARY : Yes, Pete.

JANIE : Shall I pray for him?

MARY : Yes, Janie, pray very hard.

TOMMY : Me, too?

MARY : You, too, Tommy. (into phone) Hello, Uncle Billy?

(01:32:12)

GEORGE : I'm in trouble, Mr. Potter. I need help. Through some sort of an accident my company's short in their accounts. The bank examiner's got there today. I've got to raise eight thousand dollars immediately.

POTTER : Oh, so that's what the reporters wanted to talk to you about?

GEORGE : The reporters?

POTTER : Yes, they called me up from your Building and Loan. Oh, there's a man over there from the D.A.'s office, too. He's looking for you.

GEORGE : Please help me, Mr. Potter. Help me, won't you, please? Can't you see what it means to my family? I'll pay any sort of a bonus on the loan, any interest if you still want the Building and Loan. I'm...

POTTER : George, could it possibly be there's a slight discrepancy in the books?

GEORGE : No, sir. There's nothing wrong with the books. I've just misplaced eight thousand dollars. I can't find it anywhere.

POTTER : You misplaced eight thousand dollars?

GEORGE : Yes, sir.

POTTER : Have you notified the police?

GEORGE : No, sir. I-I didn't want the publicity. Harry's homecoming tomorrow...

POTTER : They're gonna believe that one. What've you been doing, George? Playing the market with the company's money?

GEORGE : No, sir, no, sir. I haven't.

POTTER : What is it, a woman then? You know, it's all over town that you've been giving money to Violet Bick.

GEORGE : What!

POTTER : Not that it makes any difference to me, but why did you come to me? Why don't you go to Sam Wainwright and ask him

for the money?

GEORGE : I can't get ahold of him. He's in Europe.

POTTER : Well, what about all your other friends?

GEORGE : They don't have that kind of money, Mr. Potter. You know that. You're the only one in town that can help me.

POTTER : I see. I've suddenly become quite important. Wha-What kind of security would I have, George? Have you got any stocks?

GEORGE : No, sir.

POTTER : Bonds? Real estate? Collateral of any kind?

GEORGE : I have some life insurance, a fifteen thousand dollar policy.

POTTER : Yes...how much is your equity in it?

GEORGE : Five hundred dollars.

POTTER : Five hundred dollars! And you ask me to lend you eight thousand. Look at you. You used to be so cocky! You were going to go out and conquer the world. You once called me a warped, frustrated old man. What are you but a warped frustrated young man? A miserable little clerk crawling in here on your hands and knees and begging for help. No securities, no stocks, no bonds, nothing but a miserable little five hundred dollar equity in a life insurance policy. You're worth more dead than alive. Why don't you go to the riff-raff you love so much ask them to let you have eight thousand? You know why? Because they'd run you out of town on a rail. But I tell you what I'm going to do for you, George. Since the state examiner is still here, as a stock holder of the Building and Loan, I'm going to swear out a warrant for your arrest. Misappropriation of funds, manipulation, malfeasance... All right, George, go ahead, George. You can't hide in a little town like this. (into phone) Bill? This is Potter.

(01:35:27)

MARTINI : (to new customer) Joe! Merry Christmas! Glad you come.

MAN : Thank you. How about some of that good spaghetti?

MARTINI : We got everything.

GEORGE : God...Oh, God...Dear Father in Heaven, I'm not a praying man, but if you're up there, and you can hear me, show me the way. I'm at the end of my rope. I...Show me the way, God.

NICK : Are you all right, George? Want someone to take you home?

MARTINI : Why you drink so much, my friend? Please go home, Mr. Bailey. This is Christmas Eve.

WELCH : Bailey? Which Bailey?

NICK : This is Mr. George Bailey.

WELCH : And the next time you talk to my wife like that, you'll get worse. She cried for an hour. It isn't enough she slaves teaching your stupid kids how to read and write, and you have to bawl her out, eh.

MARTINI : You get out of here, Mr. Welch!

WELCH : Now wait. I want to pay for my drink.

MARTINI : Never mind the money. You get out of here quick.

WELCH : All right.

MARTINI : You hit my best friend. Get out!

NICK : You all right, George?

GEORGE : Who was that?

MARTINI : He gone. No worry. His name is Welch. He no come in to my place no more.

GEORGE : Oh, Welch. That's what I get for praying.

MARTINI : The last time he come in here. You hear that, Nick?

NICK : Yes, you bet.

GEORGE : Where's my insurance policy? Oh, here.

MARTINI : Oh, no, please, no go out this way, Mr. Bailey.

GEORGE : I'm all right.

MARTINI : No, no, you no feel so good. Sit down and rest.

GEORGE : I'm all right.

MARTINI : Please no go away. Please!

OWNER : What do you think you're doing? Now look what you did. My great-grandfather planted this tree. Hey, you! Hey, you! Come back here, you drunken fool! Get this car out of here!

DRIVER : Hey, what's the matter with you? Look where you're going!

CLARENCE : Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help! Help!

(01:39:50)

CLARENCE : I didn't have time to get some stylish underwear. My wife gave me this on my last birthday. I passed away in it. Oh, Tom Sawyer's drying out, too. You should read the new book Mark Twain's writing now.

KEEPER : How did you happen to fall in?

CLARENCE : I didn't fall in. I jumped in to save George.

GEORGE : You what? To...to save me?

CLARENCE : Well, I did, didn't I? You didn't go through with it, did you?

GEORGE : Go through with what?

CLARENCE : Suicide.

KEEPER : Well, it's against the law to commit suicide around here.

CLARENCE : Yeah, it's against the law where I come from, too.

KEEPER : Where do you come from?

CLARENCE : Heaven. (to George) I had to act quickly. That's why I jumped in. I knew if I were drowning you'd try to save me. And you see, you did, and that's how I saved you.

GEORGE : Very funny.

CLARENCE : Your lip's bleeding, George.

GEORGE : Yeah, I got a bust in the jaw in answer to a prayer a little bit ago.

CLARENCE : Oh, no, no, no, George, I'm the answer to your prayer. That's why I was sent down here.

GEORGE : How do you know my name?

CLARENCE : Oh, I know all about you. I've watched you grow up from a little boy.

GEORGE : What are you, a mind reader or something?

CLARENCE : Oh, no.

GEORGE : Well, who are you then?

CLARENCE : Clarence Odbody, A-S-2.

GEORGE : Odbody...A-S-2. Wh-wh-What's that A-S-2?

CLARENCE : Angel Second Class. (to tollkeeper) Cheerio, my good man.

GEORGE : Oh, brother... I wonder what Martini put in those drinks? Hey, what's... with you...wh-wh-what-did you say just a minute ago? Why'd you want to save me?

CLARENCE : That's what I was sent down for. I'm your guardian angel.

GEORGE : I wouldn't be a bit surprised.

CLARENCE : Ridiculous of you to think of killing yourself for money. Eight thousand dollars.

GEORGE : Yeah, I'll say. Just things like that. Now how do you know that?

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

GEORGE : Well, you look about like the kind of an 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 : I don't know whether I like it very much being seen around with an angel without any wings.

CLARENCE : Oh, I-I've got to earn them and you'll help me, won't you?

GEORGE : Sure, sure. How?
 CLARENCE : By letting me help you.
 GEORGE : Only one way you can help me. Y-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 talk 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 : Yeah, if it hadn't been for me, everybody'd be a lot better off. My wife, and my kids, and my friends. And my... Look, little fellow, why, you go off and haunt somebody else, will you?
 CLARENCE : No, no, you don't understand. I've got my job.
 GEORGE : Aw, shut up, will you?
 CLARENCE : (to himself) Hmmm, this isn't gonna be so easy. (to George) Yeah! So you still think killing yourself would make everyone feel happier, eh?
 GEORGE : Oh, I don't know. I guess you're right. I suppose it would have been better if I'd never been born at all.
 CLARENCE : What'd you say?
 GEORGE : I said I wish I'd never been born.
 CLARENCE : Oh, you mustn't say things like that. You... Wait a minute. Wait a minute. That's an idea. What do you think? Yeah, that'll do it. All right. (to George) You've got your wish. You've never been born. You don't have to make all that fuss about it.
 GEORGE : What did you say?
 CLARENCE : You've never been born. You don't exist. You haven't a care in the world. No worries, no obligations, no eight thousand dollars to get, no Potter looking for you with the sheriff.
 GEORGE : Say something else in that ear.
 CLARENCE : Sure. You can hear out of it.
 GEORGE : Well, that's the doggonedest thing. I haven't heard anything out of that ear since I was a kid. Must have been that jump in that cold water.
 CLARENCE : Your lip's stopped bleeding, too, George.
 GEORGE : What do you know about that? What's happened? It's stopped snowing out, hasn't it? Well, I, uh...What's happened here? What I need is a couple of good stiff drinks. How about you, angel, you want a drink?
 CLARENCE : (laughing)
 GEORGE : Come on, soon as these clothes of ours are dry...
 CLARENCE : Those are dry.
 GEORGE : What do you know about that? Stove's hotter than I thought. Now, come on, get your clothes on, and we'll stroll up to my car and get... Oh, I'm sorry. I'll stroll, you fly.
 CLARENCE : I can't fly. I haven't got my wings.
 GEORGE : You haven't got your wings. Yeah, that's right.
 (01:45:30)
 CLARENCE : What's the matter?
 GEORGE : Well, this is where I left my car and it isn't here.
 CLARENCE : You have no car.
 GEORGE : Well, I had a car and it was right here. I guess somebody moved it.
 OWNER : Good evening.
 GEORGE : Oh, say...Hey...wh-where's my car.

OWNER : I beg your pardon?

GEORGE : My car, my car. I'm the fellow that owns the car that ran into your tree.

OWNER : What tree?

GEORGE : What do you mean, what tree? This tree. Here. I ran into it. Cut a big gash in the side of it there.

OWNER : You must mean two other trees. You had me worried. One of the oldest trees in Pottersville.

GEORGE : Pottersville. Why, you mean Bedford Falls.

OWNER : I mean Pottersville. Don't you think I know where I live? What's the matter with you?

GEORGE : Oh, I don't know. Either I'm off my nut, or he is. (to Clarence) ...or you are.

CLARENCE : It isn't me!

GEORGE : Well, maybe I left the car up at Martini's. Well, come on, Gabriel.

CLARENCE : Clarence!

GEORGE : Clarence! Clarence! That's all right. Go on in. Martini is a friend of mine. There's a place to sit down, sit down. Oh, hello, Nick. Hey, where's Martini?

NICK : You want a Martini?

GEORGE : No, no, Martini. Your boss. Where is he?

NICK : Look, I'm the boss. You want a drink or don't you?

GEORGE : Okay, all right. Double bourbon, will you? Quick, huh.

NICK : Okay. (to Clarence) What's yours?

CLARENCE : I was just thinking. Uh...It's been so long since I...

NICK : Look, Mister, I'm standing here waiting for you to make up your mind.

CLARENCE : That's a good man. I was just thinking, uh, of a flaming rum punch. No, it's not cold enough for that. Not nearly cold enough. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I got it. Mulled wine, heavy on the cinnamon and light on the cloves. Off with you, me lad, and be lively!

NICK : Hey, look, Mister, we serve hard drinks in here for men who want to get drunk fast. And we don't need any characters around to give the joint atmosphere. Is that clear? Or do I have to slip you my left for a convincer?

CLARENCE : What's he talking about?

GEORGE : Nick, Nick, just give him the same as mine. He's okay.

NICK : Okay.

GEORGE : (to Clarence) What's the matter with him? I never saw Nick act like that before.

CLARENCE : You'll see a lot of strange things from now on.

GEORGE : Oh, yeah. Hey, li-li-little fellow, you worry me. You know, y-y-you got someplace to sleep?

CLARENCE : No.

GEORGE : You don't, huh? Well, y-y-you got any money?

CLARENCE : No.

GEORGE : (to Clarence) No wonder you jumped in the river.

CLARENCE : I jumped in the river to save you so I could get my wings.

GEORGE : Oh, that's right.

CLARENCE : Oh-oh. Somebody's just made it.

GEORGE : Made what?

CLARENCE : Every time you hear a bell ring, it means that some angel's just got his wings.

GEORGE : Look, I think maybe you better not mention getting your wings around here.

CLARENCE : Why? Don't they believe in angels?

GEORGE : A... Yeah, they believe in angels.

CLARENCE : Oh, oh! Why should they be surprised when they see one?

GEORGE : (to Nick) Aw, he never grew up. He's...(to Clarence) How

old are you, anyway, Clarence?

CLARENCE : Two hundred and ninety-three, uh, next May.

NICK : That does it! Out you two pixies go, through the door or out the window.

GEORGE : Look, Nick, what's wrong?

NICK : And that's another thing. Where do you come off calling me Nick?

GEORGE : Well, Nick, that's your name.

NICK : What's that got to do with it? I don't know you from Adam's off ox. (to Gower) Hey! Hey, you, rummy there! Come here! Come here! Didn't I tell you never to come panhandling around here, huh?

GEORGE : Mr. Gower! Mr. Gower! What...what is he...Mr. Gower! This is George Bailey! Don't you know me?

GOWER : No. No.

NICK : (to his bouncers) Throw 'em out. Throw 'em out!

GEORGE : Mr. Gower...Hey, what is...Hey, Nick, Nick... Isn't that Mr. Gower, the druggist?

NICK : You know, that's another reason for me not to like you. That rum head spent twenty years in jail for poisoning a kid. If you know him, you must be a jailbird yourself. (to his bouncers) Uh, would you show these gentlemen to the door?

BOUNCER : Sure. This way, gentlemen. Stay out! Stay out!

NICK : Hey! Get me! I'm giving out wings!

CLARENCE : You see, George, you were not there to stop Gower from putting that poison into the capsule...

GEORGE : What do you mean I wasn't there? I remember distinctly. What the...hey, what's going on around here? Why, this ought to be Martini's place. Look, who are you?

CLARENCE : I told you, George. I'm your guardian angel.

GEORGE : Yeah, yeah, I know. You told me that. What else are you? What are you? You are hypnotist?

CLARENCE : No, of course not.

GEORGE : Well, then why am I seeing all these strange things?

CLARENCE : Don't you understand, George? It's because you were not born.

GEORGE : Then if I wasn't born, who am I?

CLARENCE : You're nobody. You have no identity.

GEORGE : Oh, what do you mean, no identity? My name's George Bailey.

CLARENCE : There is no George Bailey. You have no papers, no cards, no driver's license, no 4-F card, no insurance policy. They're not there, either.

GEORGE : What?

CLARENCE : Zuzu's petals. You've been given a great gift, George...a chance to see what the world would be like without you.

GEORGE : Now wait a minute here. Wait a minute here. Aw, this is some sort of a funny dream I'm having here. So long, Mister, I-I'm going home.

CLARENCE : Home? What home?

GEORGE : Now shut up! Cut it out! You're...You're...You're crazy. That's what I think. You're...You're screwy and you're driving me crazy, too! I'm seeing things here. I'm going home and see my wife and family. You understand that? And I'm going home alone!

CLARENCE : How am I doing, Joseph? Thanks. No, I didn't have a drink!

(01:53:27)

GEORGE : Hey, hey. Where did the Building and Loan move to?

COP : The building and what?

GEORGE : The Bailey Building and Loan. It was up there.

COP : They went out of business years ago.

VIOLET : That guy is a liar! I know everything's shot in this town.

I know...

GEORGE : Hey, Violet. (to the cop) Hey, listen, that's Violet Bick!

COP : I know. I know.

GEORGE : I know that girl.

COP : Take a walk. Beat it. Hey, Ernie, Ernie... Ernie, take me home. I've gone off my nut!

ERNIE : Where do you live?

GEORGE : Aw, now, doggone it, Ernie, don't you start pulling that stuff. You know where I live. Three-twenty Sycamore. Now hurry up.

ERNIE : Okay. Three-twenty Sycamore?

GEORGE : Yeah, yeah, hurry up. Zuzu's sick.

ERNIE : All right. All right.

GEORGE : Look here, Ernie, straighten me out here. Look, I-I've got some bad liquor or something. I want you to listen to me. Now, you are Ernie Bishop, and you live in Bailey Park with your wife and kid? That's right, isn't it?

ERNIE : You seen my wife?

GEORGE : Seen your wife! I've been to your house a hundred times.

ERNIE : Look, bud, what's the idea? I live in a shack in Potter's Field and my wife ran away three years ago and took the kid...And I ain't never seen you before in my life, see?

GEORGE : Okay. Just step on it. Just get me home.

ERNIE : Is this the place?

GEORGE : Of course, it's the place.

ERNIE : Well, this house ain't been lived in for twenty years.

BERT : What's up, Ernie?

ERNIE : I don't know, but we'd better keep our eye on this guy. He's bats.

GEORGE : Mary! Mary! Tommy! Pete! Janie! Zuzu! Where are you?

CLARENCE : They're not here, George. You have no children.

GEORGE : Where are they? What have you done with them?

BERT : All right, put up your hands. No fast moves. Come on out here, both of you.

GEORGE : Bert! Thank heaven, you're here.

BERT : Stand back!

GEORGE : Bert, what's happened to this house? Wh-Where's Mary? Where's my kids?

ERNIE : Watch him, Bert.

BERT : Come on, come on.

GEORGE : Bert, Ernie! What's the matter with you two guys? You-You-You were here on my wedding night. You, both of you, stood out there on the porch and sung to us, don't you remember?

ERNIE : Think I'd better be going.

BERT : Look, now why don't you be a good kid and we'll take you into a doctor. Everything's gonna be all right. Now...

GEORGE : Bert, now listen to me. Ernie, will you take me over to my mother's house? Bert! Listen! It's that fellow there. He says he's an angel. He's tried to hypnotize me.

BERT : I hate to do this, fella, but...

CLARENCE : Run, George! Run, George! Help! Joseph, help!

BERT : Oh, shut up!

CLARENCE : Help, oh, Joseph, Joseph!

BERT : Where'd he go? Where'd he go? I had him right here.

ERNIE : I need a drink.

BERT : Well, which way'd they go? Help me find 'em.

MOTHER : Well?

GEORGE : Mother.

MOTHER : Mother? What do you want?

GEORGE : Mother, this is, this is George. I...I thought sure you'd remember me.

MOTHER : George who? If you're looking for a room, there's no vacancy.

GEORGE : Oh, Mother, listen. Please help me. Something terrible's happened to me. I-I-I don't know what it is. Something's happened to everybody. Please let me come in. Keep me here until I get over it.

MOTHER : Get over what? I don't take in strangers unless they're sent here by somebody I know.

GEORGE : What? Look, I know everybody you know. What do you... Your brother-in-law, Uncle Billy.

MOTHER : You know him?

GEORGE : Well, sure I do.

MOTHER : When'd you see him last?

GEORGE : Today over at his house.

MOTHER : That's a lie. He's been in the insane asylum ever since he lost his business. And if you ask me, that's where you belong.

(01:57:44)

CLARENCE : Strange, isn't it? Each man's life touches so many other lives and when he isn't around he leaves an awful hole, doesn't he?

GEORGE : I've heard of things like this. You've got me in some kind of a spell, or something. Well, I'm going to get out of it. I'll get out of it. I know how, too. I... The last man I talked to before all this stuff started happening to me was Martini.

CLARENCE : You know where he lives?

GEORGE : Sure I know where he lives. He lives in Bailey Park.

CLARENCE : Are you sure this is Bailey Park?

GEORGE : Oh, I'm not sure of anything anymore. All I know is this should be Bailey Park. But where are the houses?

CLARENCE : You weren't here to build them. Your brother, Harry Bailey, broke through the ice and was drowned at the age of nine.

GEORGE : That's a lie. Harry Bailey went to war! He got the Congressional Medal of Honor! He saved the lives of every man on that transport.

CLARENCE : Every man on that transport died. Harry wasn't there to save them, because you weren't there to save Harry. You see, George, you really had a wonderful life. Don't you see what a mistake it would be to throw it away?

GEORGE : Clarence...

CLARENCE : Yes, George?

GEORGE : Where's Mary?

CLARENCE : Oh, well, I...I...I can't do...

GEORGE : I don't know how you know these things, but tell me, where is she?

CLARENCE : I...

GEORGE : If you know where she is, tell me where my wife is.

CLARENCE : I'm not supposed to tell.

GEORGE : Please, Clarence, tell me where she is.

CLARENCE : You're not going to like it, George.

GEORGE : Where is she?

CLARENCE : She's an old maid. She never married.

GEORGE : Where's Mary, where is she?

CLARENCE : She is...

GEORGE : Where is she?

CLARENCE : She's just about to close up the library! (to himself) Aw, there must be some easier way for me to get my wings.

GEORGE : Mary! Mary! Mary, Mary, Mary... Mary, it's George. Don't you know me? What's happened to us?

MARY : I don't know you, let me go!

GEORGE : Mary, please! Oh, don't do this to me. Please, Mary, help me. Where's our kids? I need you, Mary! Help me, Mary! Mary... (to men holding him) Let me go! (to Mary) Mary, don't run away!
 MARY : That man, stop him!
 GEORGE : Tom! Ed! Charlie! That's my wife! Mary!
 MAN 1 : Oh, no, you don't! Somebody call the police!
 MAN 2 : Hit him with a bottle!
 MAN 3 : He needs a straight jacket.
 GEORGE : Mary! Clarence!
 MAN 4 : Get out of here!
 GEORGE : Clarence! Where are you?
 BERT : Oh, it's you!
 BERT : (to crowd) Stand back!
 GEORGE : Clarence! Clarence! Clarence! Help me, Clarence. Get me back. Get me back. I don't care what happens to me. Get me back to my wife and kids. Help me, Clarence, please. Please! I want to live again. I want to live again. I want to live again. Please, God, let me live again.
 BERT : Hey, George. George! You all right. Hey, what's the matter?
 GEORGE : Now get out of here, Bert or I'll hit you again! Get out!
 BERT : What the Sam Hill you, you yelling for, George!
 GEORGE : You...George? Bert, do you know me?
 BERT : Know you? Hum, are you kidding'? I've been looking all over town, trying to find you. I saw your car piled into that tree down there, and I thought maybe you... Hey, your mouth's bleeding. Are you sure you're all right?
 GEORGE : What did you... My mouth's bleeding, Bert! My mouth's bleed... Zuzu's petals, Zuzu's... There they are! Bert! What do you know about that? Merry Christmas!
 BERT : Well, Merry Christmas!
 GEORGE : Mary! Mary! Yaa!
 (02:02:41)
 GEORGE : Yaa! Hello, Bedford Falls! Merry Christmas!
 GIRL : Merry Christmas!
 MAN : Merry Christmas, George!
 GEORGE : Merry Christmas, movie house! Merry Christmas, Emporium! Merry Christmas, you wonderful old Building and Loan! (to Potter) Hey! Merry Christmas, Mr. Potter!
 POTTER : Happy New Year to you...in jail. Go on home. They're waiting for you.
 GEORGE : Mary! Mary! Mary! Well, hello, Mr. Bank Examiner. How are you?
 CARTER : Mr. Bailey, there's a deficit.
 GEORGE : I know. Eight thousand dollars.
 SHERIFF : George, I've got a little paper here.
 GEORGE : I'll bet it's a warrant for my arrest. Isn't it wonderful? I'm going to jail. Merry Christmas! Reporters? Wh-Where's Mary? Mary! Oh, look at this wonderful old drafty house. Mary! Mary! Mary! Have you...Have you seen my wife?
 CHILDREN'S VOICES : Merry Christmas, Daddy! Merry Christmas, Daddy!
 GEORGE : Kids! Pete! Oh! Kids! Janie! Janie! Tommy! Oh, let me look at you. Oh, I could eat you up. Where is your mother?
 JANIE : She went looking for you with Uncle Billy.
 ZUZU : Daddy!
 GEORGE : Zuzu! Zuzu! My little gingersnap! How do you feel?
 ZUZU : Fine! Not a smitch of temperature.
 GEORGE : Not a smitch of tempe... Hallelujah!
 MARY : George! George!
 GEORGE : Mary! Mary!

MARY : George, darling! Where have you been? George, darling!
Where have you been? Oh, George, George, George.

GEORGE : Mary! Let me touch you. Let me touch you. Oh, you're real!

MARY : Oh, George...George.

GEORGE : You have no idea what happened to me.

MARY : You have no idea what happened. Well, well, come on,
George, come on downstairs, quick. They're on their way.

GEORGE : All right.

MARY : Come on! Come on in here now. Now, you stand right over
here, by the tree. Right there, and don't move, don't
move.

PETER : What's happening? Who's gonna come?

MARY : I hear 'em coming now, George, it's a miracle! It's a
miracle!

JANIE : Who's coming?

ZUZU : Who's coming?

PETER : Who's gonna come, Daddy?

JANIE : Who, Daddy?

GEORGE : I don't know.

MARY : Come in, Uncle Billy. Everybody! In here!

UNCLE BILLY : Isn't it wonderful? So many faces! Mary did it, George!
Mary did it! She told some people you were in trouble and
then, they scattered all over town collecting money. They
didn't ask any questions - just said: "If George is in
trouble, count me in...

TOM : What is this, George? Another run on the bank?

CHARLIE : Here you are, George, Merry Christmas.

ERNIE : The line forms on the right. Oh, Mr. Martini! Merry
Christmas! Step right up here.

MARTINI : I busted the jukebox, too!

ERNIE : Mr. Gower!

GOWER : I made the rounds of all my charge accounts.

GEORGE : Violet Bick!

VIOLET : I'm not going to go, George. I changed my mind.

ANNIE : I've been saving this money for a divorce, if ever I get a
husband.

PARTRIDGE : There you are, George. I got the faculty all up out of
bed. (to Zuzu) And here's something for you to play with.

MAN : I wouldn't have a roof over my head if it wasn't for you,
George.

ERNIE : Just a minute. Just a minute. Quiet, everybody. Quiet,
quiet. I just got this. It's from London.

WOMAN : Oh.

ERNIE : Mr. Gower cabled you need cash. Stop. My office instructed
to advance you up to twenty-five thousand dollars. Stop.
Hee-haw and Merry Christmas. Sam Wainwright.

MARY : Mr. Martini. How about some wine?

ALL : (singing) Hark, the Herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born king.
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With angelic hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem,
Hark the Herald angels sing

BERT : Harry Bailey.

HARRY : George, old son of a gun.

GEORGE : Harry! Harry!

HARRY : Looks like I got here too late.

BERT : Mary, I got him here from the airport as quickly as I
could. The fool flew all the way up here in a blizzard.

MOTHER : Harry, how about your banquet in New York?
HARRY : Oh, I left right in the middle of it as soon as I got
Mary's telegram. Good idea, Ernie, a toast...to my big
brother George. The richest man in town!
ALL : (singing) Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance
Be forgot, and days of Auld Lang Syne.
INSCRIPTION READS : Dear George:-, Remember no man is a failure who has
friends., Thanks for the wings!, Love, Clarence
MARY : What's that?
GEORGE : That's a Christmas present from a very dear friend of
mine.
ALL : (singing) For Auld Lang Syne, my dear.
ZUZU : Look, Daddy. Teacher says every time a bell rings, an
angel gets his wings.
ALL : (singing) For Auld lang syne.
GEORGE : That's right. That's right. Atta boy, Clarence.
(singing) For Auld Land Syne, my dear.
For Auld Land Syne
We'll take cup of kindness yet,
For Auld Lang Syne
We'll take cup of kindness yet,
For Auld Lang Syne