YOUNG GEORGE. I'm coming, Harry. Make a chain, gang! A chain!

CLARENCE. So his brother fell through the ice. But George saved him.

JOSEPH. Yes, Clarence. And ever since George has had a bad ear. All that icy water, you understand…

CLARENCE. Bad ear, yes sir.

JOSEPH. The other event came a few months later. George took an after school job at Old Man Gower's drug store.

(SFX: Door with bell opens and shuts.)

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

GOWER. You're late.

YOUNG GEORGE. Yes, sir.

YOUNG VIOLET. Hello, George. 'Lo, Mary.

YOUNG MARY. Hello, Violet.

YOUNG GEORGE. Two cents worth of shoelaces, Violet?

YOUNG VIOLET. Mary was here first.

YOUNG MARY. I'm still thinking.

YOUNG GEORGE. Shoelaces?

YOUNG VIOLET. Please, Georgie. *(To* MARY:) I like him.

YOUNG MARY. You like every boy.

YOUNG VIOLET. What's wrong with that?

YOUNG GEORGE. Here you are.

YOUNG VIOLET. Bye, Georgie. See ya later, Mary.

(SFX: Door with bell opens and shuts.)

YOUNG GEORGE. Made up your mind yet, Mary?

YOUNG MARY. I'll take chocolate.

YOUNG GEORGE. With coconuts?

YOUNG MARY. I don't like coconuts.

YOUNG 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!

YOUNG MARY. What's that you've got there? A new magazine! I never saw it before.

YOUNG GEORGE. Of course you never. Only us explorers can get it. I've been nominated for membership in the National Geographic Society. Let me get your ice cream.

(SFX: Ice cream noises.)

YOUNG MARY. Is this the ear you can't hear on? George Bailey, I'll love you till the day I die.

YOUNG GEORGE. I'm going out exploring some day, you watch. And I'm going to have a couple of harems, and maybe three or four wives. Wait and see.

(YOUNG GEORGE *whistles "Buffalo Gals."*)

GOWER. George! George!

YOUNG GEORGE. Yes, sir.

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

YOUNG GEORGE. Yes, sir.

YOUNG MARY. Goodbye, George.

YOUNG GEORGE. Goodbye, Mary.

(SFX: Door with bell opens and shuts.)

(SFX: Opening up telegram.)

CLARENCE. What was that piece of paper George just picked up?

JOSEPH. It's a telegram for Mr. Gower. He found out this morning that his son died of influenza.

CLARENCE. Oh, awful.

PETE. Daddy, the Browns 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. What's the matter with Zuzu?

MARY. Oh, she got a cold. 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?

MARY. The doctor says it's nothing serious.

GEORGE. Was the doctor here?

MARY. I called him right away.

GEORGE. Is she running a temperature?

MARY. Just a teensy one.

GEORGE. Gosh, it's this old house. 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. Ask your mother.

MARY. Where are you going?

GEORGE. Up to see Zuzu.

(MUSIC: "Silent Night" on the piano [poorly, with wrong notes, etc.], softens in distance.)

ZUZU. Hi, Daddy.

GEORGE. Well, what happened to you?

ZUZU. I won a flower.

GEORGE. Where do you think you're going?

ZUZU. Want to give my flower a drink.

GEORGE. Here, give Daddy the flower. I'll give it a drink.

ZUZU. Look, Daddy. Some of the petals came off. Paste it.

GEORGE. Yeah, all right. Now, I'll paste this together... There it is, good as new.

ZUZU. Give the flower a drink.

GEORGE. 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, 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.

(MUSIC: "Silent Night" on the piano [poorly, with wrong notes, etc.], louder again.)

(SFX: Telephone rings.)

JANIE AND PETE. Telephone!