

YOUNG GEORGE & YOUNG MARY

It's A Wonderful Life: A Live Radio Play

15

CLARENCE. Why, yes. A group of young boys, sledding down a snow-covered hill and onto the ice... This is amazing!

YOUNG GEORGE. Yippee!!

CLARENCE. Who's that?

JOSEPH. That's your problem: George Bailey.

CLARENCE. A boy?

JOSEPH. That's him when he was twelve, back in 1919. Something happens here you'll have to remember later on.

YOUNG GEORGE. And here comes the scare-baby, my kid brother, Harry Bailey.

YOUNG GEORGE. I'm not scared.

ALL. (As BOYS, *Ad lib, ala:*) Come on, Harry! Attaboy, Harry!

HARRY. YIPPEE!!!

(SFX: Ice cracks, followed by water sloshing.)

YOUNG GEORGE. Help! Help!

CLARENCE. Oh, dear—Harry's fallen through the ice!

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.)

4