

GEORGE. Oh...

PETER. I thought when we put him on the Board of Directors, he'd ease up on us.

GEORGE. I wonder what's eating that old money-grubbing buzzard anyway?

PETER. Oh, he's a sick man. Frustrated and sick. Sick in his mind, sick in his soul, if he has one. Hates everybody that has anything he can't have. Hates us mostly, I guess.

(SFX: Running footsteps.)

HARRY. Hey George, can I borrow your tuxedo studs?

GEORGE. Yeah, help yourself Harry.

HARRY. Well, where are they? In your suitcase?

GEORGE. I'm not taking a tuxedo on a cattle boat you know.

HARRY. Say, where'd you get that fine piece of luggage, anyway?

GEORGE. Ah, Mr. Gower. A going away present. And one of these days you're going to see that bag all covered with travel labels. Italy, Baghdad...

HARRY. Hey, why don't you come to the dance tonight?

GEORGE. What, and be bored to death?

HARRY. Well, you couldn't want a better death. Lots of pretty girls. Hey, hey, I've got to hurry!!

(SFX: Running footsteps.)

PETER. I wish we could send Harry to college with you George.

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

PETER. He's pretty young for that job.

GEORGE. Well, no younger than I was.

PETER. You were born older, George. I suppose you've decided what you're going to do when you get out of college.

GEORGE. Oh, well, you know, what I've always talked about—building things...design new buildings—plan modern cities...

PETER. Still after that first million before you're thirty?

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

PETER. Of course, it's just a hope, but you wouldn't consider coming back to the Building and Loan, would you? I know it's early to talk about it.

GEORGE. Oh, I couldn't face being cooped up for the rest of my life in that shabby little office. Oh, I'm sorry Pop, I didn't mean that remark, 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 want to do something big and something important.

PETER. You know, George, I feel that in a small way we are doing something important. Satisfying a fundamental urge: It's not too much 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, Dad. I wish I felt... But I've been hoarding pennies like a miser in order to— Most of my friends have already finished college. I just feel like if I don't get away, I'd bust.

PETER. Yes... Yes, you're right, boy. This town's no place to live if you aren't willing to crawl to Potter. You get yourself an education. Then get out of here.

GEORGE. I'm glad you see what I'm talking about. *(Beat.)* Say, I think I'm going to go down on old Main Street, last night in town and all.



PETER. Have a good time, son.

(MUSIC: Transition.)

CLARENCE. Who's that?

JOSEPH. Why, that's Violet Bick.

CLARENCE. The little girl from the candy counter?

JOSEPH. That's right.

VIOLET. Hello, Georgie-Porgie.

GEORGE. Hello, Vi.

VIOLET. What gives?

GEORGE. Nothing.

VIOLET. Where are you going?

GEORGE. Oh, I'll probably end up at the library.

VIOLET. Georgie, don't you ever get tired of just reading about things?

GEORGE. Yes. What are you doing tonight?