

It's a Wonderful Life Audition Side #1 – George and Mary

GEORGE AND 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: Hot dog! Just like an organ.

MARY: Beautiful.

GEORGE: And I told Harry I thought I'd be bored to death. 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: 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, Just right. Your age fits you. You look older....I mean younger..... you just look....Mary..... **(awkward silence)**you're.....

MARY {singing} :As I was lumbering down the street...down the street, down the street.....!

GEORGE: Hey look where we are! The old Granville house! Let's throw a rock and make a wish!

MARY: Oh, no, don't. I love that old house.

GEORGE: No. You see, you make a wish and then try and break some glass. 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! Right on second floor up there.....
(He throws. We hear the SOUND of a window breaking.)

MARY: What'd you wish, George?

GEORGE: Well, not just one wish. A whole hatful, Mary. I know what I'm going to do tomorrow and the next! I'm going to college and then shake off the dust of this crummy little town and build bridges a mile long, skyscrapers and huge....(sees Mary pick up a rock)...Hey, what are you doing? You gonna make a wish?

MARY: Uh-huh. *(She throws rock and glass breaks.)*

GEORGE : Hey, that's pretty good. What'd you wish, Mary?

MARY (singing): Buffalo Gals, can't you come out tonight

MARY AND GEORGE (singing):..... 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 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. And then what?

George: Well, then you could swallow it and it'd dissolve, see? And the moonsbeams'd shoot out of your fingers and your toes and your hair (pause) Am I talking too much?