

It's A Wonderful Life Audition Side #4 – Gower, Young George, Young Mary, Young Violet

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

GOWER: You're late.

YOUNG GEORGE: Yes, sir.

YOUNG VIOLET: Hello, George.(then, flatly) Hello, Mary.

MARY (primly): Hello, Violet.

YOUNG GEORGE: Two cents worth of shoelaces?

YOUNG VIOLET: She was here first.

YOUNG MARY: I'm still thinking.

YOUNG GEORGE (to Violet): Shoelaces?

YOUNG VIOLET: Please, Georgie. **(George walks away.)**

YOUNG VIOLET (to Mary): I like him.

YOUNG MARY: You like every boy.

YOUNG VIOLET (happily): What's wrong with that?

YOUNG GEORGE: Here you are. **(We hear bag and sound of coins.)**

YOUNG VIOLET: Help me down?

YOUNG GEORGE (disgusted): Help you down!

YOUNG VIOLET: Hmmph! .. see if I ever talk to you again!
(We hear Violet Exit and Tinkle of Bell.)

YOUNG GEORGE: Made up your mind yet?

YOUNG MARY: I'll take chocolate.

YOUNG GEORGE: With coconut?

YOUNG MARY: I don't like coconut.

YOUNG GEORGE: You don't like coconut! Say, brainless, don't you know where coconuts come from? Look it here. **(We hear a Magazine Being opening on a counter.)** -- from Tahiti -- Fiji Islands, the Coral Sea!

YOUNG MARY: 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.

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

YOUNG GEORGE: Here you go. I'm going out exploring someday, you watch. And I'm going to have a couple of harems, and maybe three or four wives. Wait and see. **(Starts whistling)**

GOWER: George! George!

YOUNG GEORGE: Yes,sir.

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

YOUNG GEORGE: No, sir. Hey there's a telegram up here! "We regret to inform you that your son, Robert, died very suddenly this morning stop..... We await instructions from you." Gosh poor Mr. Gower. (We hear Gower cough.) Mr. Gower, do you want something.....anything?

GOWER: No.

YOUNG GEORGE: Anything I can do back here?

GOWER: No.....(We hear pills spilling).....no!

YOUNG GEORGE: I'll get them, sir.

GOWER: I don't need your help! Get out of my way. Don't need anybody's help.

YOUNG GEORGE: Oh my gosh, this box of pills says poison! Mr. Gower, did you see what's on this box?

GOWER: What? Just be quiet! Telling me my job! Take these capsules over to Mrs. Blaine's. She's waiting for them!

YOUNG GEORGE: But Mr. Gower, maybe you should.....!

GOWER: She's waiting for them! Now get going!

YOUNG GEORGE: Yes, sir. They have the diphtheria there, haven't they, sir?

GOWER (Distracted): Yes.....yes.....!

YOUNG GEORGE: Is it a charge, sir?

GOWER: Yes -- charge.

YOUNG GEORGE: Mr. Gower, I think ..

GOWER: Aw, get going! (We hear Gower walk off.)

YOUNG GEORGE: Yes, sir. (To himself) Gosh, I gotta go see Dad!

