

It's a Wonderful Life Audition Side #7 – Uncle Billy, George and Mrs. Bailey

UNCLE BILLY: Oh, boy, oh boy, oh boy. George, my son, I feel so good I could spit in Potter's eye. I think I will. What did you say, huh? Or, maybe I'd better go home. Where's my hat? Where's my...

GEORGE: Try your head!

UNCLE BILLY: Oh, thank you, George. Yes here it is! Which hat is mine?

GEORGE (laughing): The middle one.

UNCLE BILLY: Oh, thank you, George, old boy, old boy. Now, look -- if you'll point me in the right direction. Would you do that, George?

GEORGE: Right down here.

UNCLE BILLY: Old Building and Loan pal, huh.

(Uncle Billy leaves singing then there is a CRASH of garbage cans)

UNCLE BILLY'S VOICE: I'm all right. I'm all right. (door opens, Mrs. Bailey joins George on porch)

GEORGE: Hello, Mom.

MRS. BAILEY: You're out here all by yourself. Everything OK?

GEORGE: Everything's fine Mom. Harry's a lucky guy.

MRS. BAILEY: How do you like her?

GEORGE: Ruth's swell.

MRS. BAILEY: Looks like she can keep Harry on his toes.

GEORGE: Keep him out of Bedford Falls, anyway.

MRS. BAILEY: I suppose. Did you know that Mary Hatch is back from school?

GEORGE: Uh-huh.

MRS. BAILEY: Came back three days ago.

GEORGE: Hmmmm.

MRS. BAILEY: Nice girl, Mary.

GEORGE: Hmmmm.

MRS. BAILEY: Kind that will help you find the answers, George.

GEORGE: Hmmmm.

MRS. BAILEY: Oh, stop that grunting.

GEORGE: Hmmmm.

MRS. BAILEY: Can you give me one good reason why you shouldn't call on Mary?

GEORGE: Sure -- Sam Wainwright.

MRS. BAILEY: Hmmmm?

GEORGE: Yes. Sam's crazy about Mary.

MRS. BAILEY: Well, she's not crazy about him.

GEORGE: Well, how do you know? Did she discuss it with you?

MRS. BAILEY: No.

GEORGE: Well then, how do you know?

MRS. BAILEY: Well, I've got eyes, haven't I? Why, she lights up like a firefly whenever you're around.

GEORGE: Oh.

MRS. BAILEY: And besides, Sam Wainwright's away in New York, and you're here in Bedford Falls.

GEORGE: And all's fair in love and war?

MRS. BAILEY (primly): I don't know about war.

GEORGE: Mother, you know, I can see right through you -- trying to rid of me, huh?

MR. BAILEY: Uh-huh.

GEORGE: All right, Mother, old Building and Loan pal, I think I'll go out and find a girl and do a little passionate necking.

MRS. BAILEY: Oh, George!

GEORGE: Good night, Mrs. Bailey.

