

GEORGE. Just a minute, just a minute now, hold on, Mr. Potter. Maybe my father wasn't much of a businessman, but neither you nor anybody else can say anything against his character! Why, he couldn't even save enough money to send Harry to school, let alone me, but he helped an awful lotta people get out of your slums, Mr. Potter!

*(The multiple voices of the board, all agreeing, ad-libbing, growing louder. GEORGE's light goes out. CLARENCE crosses to POTTER's light with his hands over his ears. GEORGE moves toward CLARENCE's light C, as it fades. POTTER exits. CLARENCE reaches POTTER's light and speaks.)*

CLARENCE. Oh, my, oh my! I can't hear myself think. Stop that! Stop that! *Stop that!!*

*(He throws his hands in the air and, accompanied by the sound of glass wind chimes, the voices stop abruptly.)*

CLARENCE *(cont'd)*. Did I do that?

JOSEPH. You *are* an angel.

CLARENCE. I'd look more like one if I had my wings.

JOSEPH. Clarence ...

CLARENCE. All right, all right. I wonder what would happen if I ...

*(He shakes his hands in the air above his head. We hear the glass wind chimes, and CLARENCE's former C light comes back up, now occupied by GEORGE.)*

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GEORGE. My father made it possible for good people to own good homes. Doesn't that kind of ownership in a town make better citizens? You're all businessmen here; doesn't it make 'em better customers? Just remember, Mr. Potter, that this ... this rabble you talk about does most of the working and paying and living and dying in this community! What's wrong with helpin' 'em work and pay and live and die in a couple of decent rooms and a bath?

CLARENCE *(shakes his hands. Wind chimes again, and GEORGE freezes)*. He's right, you know. Isn't there something we can do about ... ?

JOSEPH. Let him finish.

CLARENCE. Oh. All right.

*(Shakes his hands, wind chimes. GEORGE unfreezes.)*

GEORGE. People were human beings to my father, but to you, a warped, frustrated old man, they're cattle! When my father died, he was a richer man than you'll ever be! Maybe not in money ... but in the things that matter. You can't control the Building and Loan and you can't finish it off, and it's gallin' ya! Bedford Falls needs this little one horse institution, if only to have some place where people can come without havin' to go crawlin' to you! *(He pauses for a moment, spent.)* You men, you ... you're the board here. You ... you do what you want, but I ... I ... I need some fresh air!

*(GEORGE leaves the light, which dims quickly to black.)*

CLARENCE. What now?

JOSEPH. Watch.

*(CLARENCE's light crosses with a light up on the Bailey Building and Loan office, L. CLARENCE exits. UNCLE BILLY paces. TILLY answers the buzz of the switchboard.)*

TILLY *(professional phone voice)*. Bailey Building and Loan. *(Drops phone voice.)* Oh, hi, Maude. What? Oh sure! You didn't hear? The board's deciding right now what's gonna happen. Potter? Oh yeah, he's still on the board. *(GEORGE storms in from the office.)* Gotta go, Maude! *(She pulls out the line, takes off the headset apparatus and stands.)*