

trench coat and hat. BERT enters behind him.)

HARRY. Somebody having a party here?

GEORGE. Harry!

(Ad-lib response in the crowd: "Harry!" "Harry Bailey!" "The war hero!" etc.)

HARRY (moves to GEORGE and shakes his hand). Merry Christmas, George!

GEORGE. Merry Christmas!

(They hug.)

BERT. We got him a police escort from the airport. Darn fool flew in all the way in a blizzard.

MOTHER BAILEY (takes a glass of wine to HARRY). Harry, how about your banquet in New York?

HARRY. Oh, I left in the middle of it as soon as I got Mary's telegram. Borrowed a plane. (He raises the glass.) A toast! A toast! (As the glasses are raised, GEORGE scoops up ZUZU.) To my big brother George, the richest man in town!

(All cheer and drink. One of the other cast members takes over the piano from JANIE, and, as the music segues to "Auld Lang Syne," all begin singing softly under.)

SIDE 13

MARY. George, what's this ... ? (She pulls a Christmas card from the tree.) This wasn't here before. A card ... with your name on it ... but I didn't ...

GEORGE. Open it, Mary. What's it say?

(He moves downstage with ZUZU still in his arms. MARY and the children follow.)

MARY (reading). "Dear George, remember, no man is a failure who has friends. Thanks for the wings. Love, Clarence." Who's Clarence?

GEORGE. A dear friend of mine.

(The sound of tiny tinkling bells.)

ZUZU. Look, Daddy, the bells on the Christmas tree are ringing!

GEORGE. They sure are, Zuzu.

ZUZU. Teacher says every time a bell rings an angel gets his wings.

GEORGE. Your teacher's a smart woman, Zuzu.

(GEORGE looks upward, with a wink.)

GEORGE (cont'd). Attaboy, Clarence!

(And now the bridge comes down into view. A light hits CLARENCE, who stands in the center. Huge feathered wings open behind him. The singing swells into a crescendo. On the final words of "Auld Lang Syne," the lights dim to black.)

—END—