

SIDE 6

MARTINI: Hey, look over there. There're two more suckers. Let's sing to them.

MEN: "We wish you a Merry Christmas. We wish you a Merry Christmas."

GEORGE: Dominic?

MARTINI: That's my name and this is my poison. Want some?

GEORGE: Mr. Martini, don't you recognize me?

WELCH: Dominic, he knows your name. Now we've got to sing.

GEORGE: Where's your wife? Where's Mrs. Martini?

MARTINI: Shhhh. She's home. They're all home. And that makes it a Merry Christmas, doesn't it, gents?

GEORGE: But I saw her just a minute ago...her and lots of women and children too.

WELCH: Where? What are you talking about? You're not about to snitch on us, are you?

GEORGE: Wait a minute. I know you. You hit me just a minute ago.

WELCH: I did? Did you hear that? I already hit him. Did it hurt? Here, Let me try again.

MARTINI: Aw, come on. Leave the sucker alone. He's worse off than we are.

ERNIE: Look out. Here comes that panhandler. He's caught up with us again.

MARTINI: Come on, let's get out of here.

WELCH: Aw, let me hit him first. I promise, I'll remember it this time.

GOWER: Hey, one of ya got a dime or two you could spare? Or a drink? I'll settle for a drink.

GEORGE: Mr. Gower! This is George Bailey! Don't you remember me?

MARTINI: I tell you, come on. I don't like messing around that guy.

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GEORGE: You own the corner drugstore and I used to work for you when I was a kid. Don't you remember?

WELCH: Now I know I don't like you. That rumhead spent twenty years in jail for poisoning a kid.

MARTINI: That's right. And if you know him, you must be a jail-bird yourself. Come on, men, let's get out of here.

GOWER: Wait a minute. Wait for me.