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THE MUSIC MAN

- 45 -

MARIAN

Mister Hill.

HAROLD

Professor Hill.

MARIAN

Professor of what? At what college do they give a degree for annoying women on the street like a Saturday night rowdy at a public dance hall?

HAROLD

Oh I wouldn't know about that. I'm a Conservatory man myself. Gary, Indiana Gold Medal Class of '05.

MARIAN

Even should that happen to be true does that give you the right to follow me around wherever I go? Another thing, Mister Hill, I'm not as easily mesmerized or hood-winked as some people in this town and I think it only fair to warn you that I have a shelf full of reference books in there which may very well give me some interesting information about you.

(MARIAN EXITS into the Library. As HAROLD starts after her, MARCELLUS ENTERS)

START**MARCELLUS**

Hey, Gregory!

HAROLD

Oh hi, Marcellus. And don't call me Greg.

MARCELLUS

How'd you make out with the music teacher?

HAROLD

Scrumptious. Ate out of my hand the minute I tipped my hat.

MARCELLUS

She did! Boy, did you cut a swath tonight. For a minute even I thought you knew somethin' about leadin' a band. Just like when you used to imitate that band-concert fellow back in Joplin.

HAROLD

Yeah!

(Pantomimes conducting)



(HAROLD)

Aw – kid stuff. I'm in rare form these days, son. Just you keep your eyes on me for the next four weeks.

MARCELLUS

Four weeks! It only used to take ten days for the instruments to arrive.

HAROLD

It still does. But it takes four weeks for the uniforms.

MARCELLUS

Oh, no, Greg! You haven't added uniforms!?!??

HAROLD

Uniforms and instruction books.

MARCELLUS

Instruction books! But you can't pass yourself off as a music professor – I mean not for any four weeks.

HAROLD

(Ruefully)

Marce –

MARCELLUS

But you don't know one note from another.

HAROLD

I have a revolutionary new method called the Think System where you don't bother with notes.

MARCELLUS

But in four weeks the people will want to hear the music! You'll have to lead a band.

HAROLD

But when the uniforms arrive they forget everything else – at least long enough for me to collect and leave. Oh this is a refined operation, son, and I've got it timed right down to the last wave of the brakeman's hand on the last train out'a town. And now, Mr. Washburn, if you'll excuse me –

MARCELLUS

Gonna line yourself up a little canoodlin' huh?

HAROLD

Well –

STOP