



53 / 255

## 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)*



54 / 255

– 46 –

MEREDITH WILLSON'S

**(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**