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MEREDITH WILLSON'S

MARIAN

It's all right! Don't you know that? You don't owe me a word – not a word –
Please, hurry, please –

MARCELLUS

(Rushing to HAROLD)

Greg –

(Attracted by OFFSTAGE activity, desperately calls in OFFSTAGE direction)

He isn't anywhere around here! Let's try down by the crick!

(HE EXITS and WINTHROP rushes through looking over his shoulder)

MARIAN

Winthrop!

(Grabbing him.)

(WINTHROP breaks away but HAROLD grabs him)

START**HAROLD**

Hey, wait a minute here, son.

WINTHROP

(Struggling)

I'm not your thon! Leave go me!

HAROLD

Not till I talk to you for a minute.

WINTHROP

(Trying to fight loose)

I won't lithen! You wouldn't tell the truth anyway.

HAROLD

I would too.

WINTHROP

Would not.

HAROLD

Would too! Tell you anything you want to know.



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THE MUSIC MAN

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WINTHROP*(Holding still for a minute)*

Can you lead a band?

HAROLD

No.

WINTHROP

Are you a big liar?

HAROLD

Yes.

WINTHROP

Are you a dirty rotten crook?

HAROLD

Yes.

WINTHROP*(Bursting into tears, kicking)*

Leave me go, you big liar!

HAROLD

What's the matter? You wanted the truth, didn't you? Now I'm bigger'n you and you're going to stand here and get it all so you might as well quit wiggling.

(WINTHROP finally stops exhausted, stands panting)

There's two things you're entitled to know. One, you're a wonderful kid. I thought so from the first. That's why I wanted you in the band, just so you'd quit mopin' around feeling sorry for yourself.

WINTHROP*(Sarcastically)*

What band?

HAROLD

... I always think there's a band, kid.

WINTHROP

What 'th the other thing I'm entitled to know?



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MEREDITH WILLSON'S

HAROLD

Well – actually the other thing isn't any your business now that I think of it.

WINTHROP

I with you'd never come to River Thity!

MARIAN

No you don't, Winthrop.

STOP# 43 – *Till There Was You (Reprise)**(Harold)***WINTHROP**

Thithter! You believe him?

MARIAN

I believe everything he ever said.

MARIAN

But he promised uth –

MARIAN

I know what he promised us and it all happened just like he said. The lights. And the flags and the colors. And the cymbals.

WINTHROP

Where wath all that?

MARIAN*(Hotly)*

In the way every kid in this town walked around here all summer, and looked and acted. Especially you! And the parents, too. Does Mama wish he'd never come to River City?

WINTHROP

Well you do, don't you?

MARIAN

No, Winthrop. Now go, Harold – please.

WINTHROP*(Bursting into tears)*

Go on, Profethor, hurry up.