

*Music Man Callback Line Reading*

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| <b>Harold and Marian</b> | <b>22-23</b>   | <b>2</b>        |
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**TOWNSPEOPLE**

OH, WE GOT TROUBLE, TROUBLE, TR  
OUBLE,  
RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!  
WITH A CAPITAL "T",  
AND THAT RHYMES WITH "P",  
AND THAT STANDS FOR POOL!  
STANDS FOR POOL!

WE'VE SURELY GOT TROUBLE, TROUBLE!  
RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!  
RIGHT HERE!  
GOTTA FIGGER OUT A WAY TO KEEP  
THE YOUNG ONES MORAL AFTER SCHOOL.  
(The VOICES collapse, the TOWNSPEOPLE freeze in a "dim," the Walking  
Music segues immediately as MARIAN, an attractive young lady picked up  
in FOLLOW SPOT, hurries through in tempo. HAROLD follows her off.  
The TRAVELLER CLOSES behind him)

**END OF SCENE TWO**

**SCENE THREE**

(PLACE: A Street.

TIME: Immediately following)

**HAROLD**

(Offering his own handkerchief)  
Did you drop your -

**MARIAN**

No!

**HAROLD**

Didn't I meet you in -

**MARIAN**

No!

**HAROLD**

I will only be in town a short while -

**MARIAN**

Good!

(The porch now appears LEFT MARIAN ENTERS house, slamming door in HAROLD'S face. LIGHTS FADE FORESTAGE and come up behind SCRIM where we see:)

**END OF SCENE THREE**

**SCENE FOUR**

(TIME: Immediately following)

SCRIM RISES: The interior of a small house. AMARYLLIS, a small fry freckle faced eight-year old girl, is playing the piano. MRS. PAROO, a cheerful-looking forty, continues her household chores, as AMARYLLIS plays, in halting tempo where she isn't sure and too fast where she is)

**#7 - Piano Lesson**

**& If You Don't My Saying So**

*(Mrs. Paroo & Marian)*

**MRS. PAROO**

(Calling. Speaks in Irish brogue)

That you, Daughter?

**MARIAN**

(OFFSTAGE)

Yes, Mama. Keep on, Amaryllis. I'll be there in a minute.

(On the down-beat of the fourth bar, AMARYLLIS plays the melody note a half tone too high, and turns around to appeal wordlessly to MRS. PAROO who, in the manner of one well accustomed to this occurrence, plays the correct note as automatically as she does her other tasks. AMARYLLIS happily starts over, apparently the usual step in this well-worn routine. Again the wrong note - again the correction. As AMARYLLIS settles herself for the third go-round, MARIAN ENTERS in a hurry)

**MARIAN**

Hello, Mama.

(MARIAN starts to piano in time to correct AMARYLLIS' clinker)

Fine, dear. Now your exercises.

**SHINN**

By time your band plays its first concert the individual members'll have to foregather in wheel chairs on account of the broken legs they'll get from tripping over their beards. I'll tell you something, my fine young feathered - my feathered young - never mind! Oliver - Jacey - Ewart - Olin!

(The MEN quickly attend)

I want this man's references and I want 'em tonight! Don't let him out'a your sight! He's slipprier'n a Mississippi sturgeon!

**OLIVER**

Do you mean you want us to - get his credentials -

**SHINN**

Get his papers or get him in jail! Couldn't make myself any clearer if I'se a button hook in the well-water.

(EXITS, dragging ZANEETA. The MEN follow)

**MARIAN**

(Hurrying to HAROLD)

Professor Hill, I think Mayor Shinn has behaved abominably and I think it was wonderful of you coming to Tommy's defense.

**HAROLD**

Oh, that was nothing.

**MARIAN**

Yes it was.

**HAROLD**

Oh, no. A man can't dodge the issue every time a little personal risk is involved -

(Watching her)

What does the Poet say?

The coward dies a thousand deaths - the brave man only 500 -

(Laughs gaily, suddenly turns serious)

Unfortunately, of course, the Mayor was already pretty mad on account of his Billiard Parlor. Now -

(Shrugs ruefully)

Oh, I suppose a recommendation from a musical authority like yourself would help but -

(Leaving)

I couldn't think of asking you to do a thing like that.

(Stopping him)  
Why, Professor Hill.

**MARIAN**

You would?

**HAROLD**

I'd be glad to. I just wish I was a little more informed - I've been wanting to talk to you about Winthrop's Cornet.

**MARIAN**

His Cornet? Mother-of-pearl keys.

**HAROLD**

I'm sure it's fine. But you see he never touches it. Oh, the first week or so, he made a few - ah - experimental - blats? I guess you'd say?

**MARIAN**

Yes - yes, blats.

**HAROLD**

And he sings the  
(SINGING it)  
"Minuet in G de da" almost constantly.

**MARIAN**

(Going to the groups of LADIES and leading them as they SING)  
La de da de da de da de da. La de da. La de da -

**HAROLD**

But he never touches the Cornet.

**MARIAN**

Well, you see -

**HAROLD**

He says you told him it wasn't necessary.

**MARIAN**

Well.

**HAROLD**

**MARIAN**

He tells me about some "Think System." If he thinks the "Minuet in G", he won't have to bother with the notes. Now Professor -

**HAROLD**

Miss Marian. The Think System is a revolutionary method, I'll admit. So was Galileo's conception of the Heavens, Columbus' conception of the egg - ah - globe, Bach's conception of the Well-Tempered Clavichord. Hmm? Now I cannot discuss these things here in public. But if you'll allow me to call -

(Spotting the LADIES who are ENTERING, hastily)  
When may I call?

**MARION**

Why any night this week -

**# 34 - Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little (Reprise)**

*(Alma, Ethel, Eulalie, Maud, Mrs. Squires,  
The Ladies)*

(The LADIES ENTER as HAROLD EXITS)

**LADIES**

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,  
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.  
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,  
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.  
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,  
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.  
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,  
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP!

**ETHEL**

(Simultaneous with above)  
Miss Paroo, please join our Del Sarte Committee.

**ALMA**

You were so dear tonight dancing the Shipooopi with Professor Hill.

**HAROLD**

(Preparing for the kill)  
Now then, where were we?

**MARIAN**

You were about to tell me what I don't know about you.

**HAROLD**

(Trying to retract)  
Yeah - well we really don't have to go into that just now - do we -

**MARIAN**

No, we don't - or ever for that matter, Harold. The librarian hasn't felt much like doing research lately - but she did plenty when you first came here.

**HAROLD**

(Slightly apprehensive)  
Oh - about what?

**MARIAN**

About Professor Harold Hill, Gary Conservatory of Music - Gold Medal Class of '05.  
Harold, there wasn't any Gary Conservatory in '05.

**HAROLD**

Why there certainly -

**MARIAN**

Because the town wasn't even built till '06.

(Kisses him)  
I'll see you at the Sociable.

**HAROLD**

(Calling after her)  
You knew all the time?!

**MARIAN**

(Taking a paper from her bosom)  
Since July 7th - three days after you came. I tore this page out of the Indiana Journal.  
(Handing him the paper)  
It was originally intended to use against you but now I give it to you with all my heart.

**HAROLD**

But if you knew - why didn't you -

(Marian throws him another kiss as SHE EXITS. Looking off after her)

Why you little -

**# 40 - Goodnight, My Someone & Seventy-Six Trombones (Double Reprise)**  
**(Marian, Harold)**

(HAROLD preens himself as he thinks all this over-enjoying his prowess and his luck - HE starts off RIGHT as TRAVELLER CLOSES IN)

**END SCENE FOUR**

**SCENE FIVE**

(TIME: Immediately following.  
AT RISE: HAROLD before TRAVELLER)

**HAROLD**

WHILE A HUNDRED AND TEN CORNETS  
PLAYED THE AIR.  
THEN I MODESTLY TOOK MY PLACE,  
AS THE ONE AND ONLY BASS,  
AND I OOM-PAHED UP AND DOWN THE SQUARE.

**MARIAN**

(OFFSTAGE)  
GOODNIGHT, MY SOMEONE,  
GOODNIGHT, MY LOVE.

**HAROLD**

WITH A HUNDRED AND TEN CORNETS  
RIGHT BEHIND.

**MARIAN**

OUR STAR IS SHINING  
ITS BRIGHTEST LIGHT.

**HAROLD**

(Taking paper re: Gary from his pocket)  
THERE WERE HORNS OF EV'RY SHAPE AND...