

NOCCA: Musical Theatre- Audition Side
Harold Hill & Marcellus Washburn from “The Music Man”

NOTE: While Marcellus Washburn is typically played by a Male, Women may elect to read this part

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*) Aw- kid stuff. I'm in rare form these days. 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 collect and leave. Oh this is a refined operation, 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?

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Harold Hill & Marian Paroo from “The Music Man”

MARIAN: Please don't let me keep you, Professor Hill. You must have many more important things to do than to explain the Think System to me.

HAROLD: Can't think of one.

MARIAN: And I must be very dull company for a man of your experience.

HAROLD: Now saaaay ... where'd you get an idea like that?

MARIAN: One hears rumours of traveling salesman.

HAROLD: Now, Miss Marian—you mustn' believe everything you hear. After all, one even hears rumours about librarians.

MARIAN: (*turning on him*) I suppose you're referring to Uncle Maddy.

HAROLD: Uncle Maddy?

MARIAN: Mr. Madison—my father's best friend. No matter what they say he left me an assured job so Mother and Winthrop and I would have some security. Surely you don't believe...

HAROLD: Of course not! That's exactly what I'm saying. But why do you think people start these rumours.

MARIAN: Narrow-mindedness, jealousy—jealousy, mostly, I guess.

HAROLD: Miss Marian, I would be delighted to discuss anything in the world with you. But couldn't we do it sitting down? (*Trying to lighten her mood*) You do sit?... Your knees bend and all.

MARIAN: We could sit on the porch steps.

HAROLD: We could also sit on a large hollow log over't the footbridge.

MARIAN: I couldn't think of it. I've never been to the footbridge with a man in my life.

HAROLD: Just to talk.

MARIAN: I've got to dress for the Sociable.

HAROLD: Then meet me there in fifteen minutes.

MARIAN: I just can't—please—some other time—maybe tomorrow.

HAROLD: My dear little librarian—Pile up enough tomorrows and you'll find you've collected nothing but a lot of empty yesterdays. I don't know about you but I'd like to make today worth remembering.