

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!

(HE pantomimes conducting)

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 --

MARCELLUS

Say, I could fix you up with Ethel's sister -- lovely girl -- teaches Sunday School --

HAROLD

No wide-eyed, eager, wholesome innocent Sunday School teacher for me. That kinda girl spins webs no spider ever -- listen, boy --

(Sings)

A girl who
Trades on all that purity merely wants to
Trade my independence for her security. The
Only affirmative she will file re-
fers to marching down the aisle. No
Golden, glorious, gleaming pristine goddess - No sir!
For no Diana do I play faun. I can tell you that right
now.

I snarl, I hiss: How can ignorance be compared to
bliss?

I spark, I fizz for the lady who knows what time it is
I cheer, I rave for the virtue I'm too late to save
THE SADDER-BUT-WISER GIRL for me.

No bright-eyed blushing breathless baby-doll baby

No sir. That kinda

Child ties knots no sailor ever knew

I prefer to take a chance

On a more adult romance

No dewy young miss who keeps resisting all the time
she keeps insisting

No wide-eyed wholesome innocent female. No sir.

Why she's the fisherman, I'm the fish, you see? - PLOP!

I flinch, I shy, when the lass with the delicate air
goes by

I smile, I grin, when the gal with a touch of sin
walks in

I hope, I pray, for Hester to win just one more "A"
THE SADDER-BUT-WISER GIRL's the girl for me
THE SADDER-BUT-WISER GIRL for me.