

2-3-21

HAROLD

Now, Miss Marian -- you mustn't believe everything you hear. After all, one even hears rumors 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 those rumours.

MARIAN

Narrow-mindedness, jealousy -- jealousy, mostly, I guess.

HAROLD

Exactly. And jealousy mostly starts rumours about travelling salesmen.

(Catching her off-guard.

Quietly.)

What have you heard?

MARIAN

Oh -- oh nothing about you personally -- just generally

HAROLD

What have you heard generally?

MARIAN

Just that --

(HE is very close to her)

but of course, it stands to reason that -- that disappointment and jealousy can lead to -- I mean -- take you for instance -- your attentions to -- to -- customers and -- and well, teachers might easily be misinterpreted mightn't they ...

(Frantically hoping for reassurance)

I mean, now honestly -- mightn't they?

HAROLD

Why ...

MARIAN

(Racing on)

And, as you say -- if another salesman -- or somebody were jealous -- I mean -- well, they could be downright lies --

HAROLD  
(Confused)  
What could?

MARIAN  
Rumors and things.

HAROLD  
Why, of course.

MARIAN  
It just proves you should never believe everything you hear, doesn't it? I mean if you discuss things ...

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  
(Still nose to nose with HAROLD)  
We could sit on the porch steps.

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

MARIAN  
(Still not moving)  
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.

MARIAN  
(Breathlessly)  
Oh -- so would I.