

**CHARLIE COWELL**

Well it won't be on this trip. Not in Iowa. Even the great Professor Harold Hill wouldn't try to sell them neck-bowed Hawkeyes out here.

**CONDUCTOR**

*(OFFSTAGE)*

Booart!

*(The STRANGER makes a fast decision and grabs his suitcase)*

**STRANGER**

Gentlemen, you intrigue me. I think I'll have to give Iowa a try.

**CHARLIE COWELL**

*(Coldly)*

Don't believe I caught your name.

**# 4 - Iowa Stubborn**

*(Townspeople, Farmer, Farmer's Wife)*

*(STRANGER turns and we see him for the first time. It is our hero. HE flashes suitcase which bears the legend "PROF HAROLD HILL" and he EXITS from train as all heads go out the windows.*

*Coach splits in two to reveal a full stage view of River City's Main Street immediately following. The town is in 4th of July bunting and the stubborn Iowans are out in force)*

**END OF SCENE ONE**

**SCENE TWO**

*(TIME: Immediately following.*

*AT RISE: River City, Iowa, center of town, exterior.*

*TOWNSPEOPLE are seen en tableau.*

*MAYOR SHINN ENTERS from the Billiard Parlor, leaving the door open for 2 WORKMEN who ENTER carrying a large crate containing a visible pool table which they take into the Billiard Parlor)*

**TOWNSPEOPLE**

OH, THERE'S NOTHIN' HALFWAY  
ABOUT THE IOWA WAY TO TREAT YOU,  
WHEN WE TREAT YOU,  
WHICH WE MAY NOT DO AT ALL.

THERE'S AN IOWA KINDA  
SPECIAL CHIP-ON-THE-SHOULDER ATTITUDE  
WE'VE NEVER BEEN WITHOUT THAT WE RECALL.

WE CAN BE COLD  
AS OUR FALLING THERMOMETERS IN DECEMBER  
IF YOU ASK ABOUT OUR WEATHER IN JULY.  
AND WE'RE SO BY GOD STUBBORN,  
WE CAN STAND TOUCHIN' NOSES  
FOR A WEEK AT A TIME AND NEVER SEE EYE-TO-EYE.

BUT WHAT THE HECK! YOU'RE WELCOME,  
JOIN US AT THE PICNIC.  
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR FILL  
OF ALL THE FOOD YOU BRING YOURSELF.  
YOU REALLY OUGHT TO GIVE IOWA A TRY,  
PROVIDED YOU ARE CONTRARY.

**BOY**

Good morning, Mayor Shinn.

**MAN**

Good morning, Mayor Shinn.

**SHINN**

It is, if you wanta go 'round in your drawers all day.  
(*MUSIC phrase*)

**ALMA**

And there I was in the Madison Hospital and nobody come to see me.  
Cousin Will never come, Aunt Bertha never come --

**ETHEL**

Your Aunt Bertha's dead.

**ALMA**

She wouldn't a' come anyway.  
(*MUSIC phrase*)

**TOWNSPEOPLE**

WE CAN BE COLD  
AS OUR FALLING THERMOMETERS IN DECEMBER

(TOWNSPEOPLE)

IF YOU ASK ABOUT OUR WEATHER IN JULY.  
AND WE'RE SO BY GOD STUBBORN,  
WE CAN STAND TOUCHIN' NOSES  
FOR A WEEK AT A TIME AND NEVER SEE EYE-TO-EYE.

*(A cappella a la chorale)*

BUT WE'LL GIVE YOU OUR SHIRT,  
AND A BACK TO GO WITH IT  
IF YOUR CROP SHOULD HAPPEN TO DIE.

*(The 2 WORKMEN leave Billiard Parlor carrying a pool table packing case frame to CENTER, as FARMER and WIFE who have ENTERED meet down CENTER. THEY turn inside frame for short pose as Grant Woods "American Gothic")*

FARMER

*(Breaking pose, in tempo)*

SO WHAT THE HECK! YOU'RE WELCOME.  
GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US,

FARMER, WIFE

EVEN THOUGH WE MAY NOT EVER MENTION IT AGAIN.

TOWNSPEOPLE

YOU REALLY OUGHT TO GIVE IOWA -  
HAWKEYE, IOWA, DUBUQUE, DES MOINES,  
DAVENPORT, MARSHALTOWN,  
MASON CITY, KEOKUK, AMES, CLEAR LAKE -  
OUGHT TO GIVE IOWA A TRY.

*(HAROLD crosses to business front labeled "RIVER CITY LIVERY STABLE, JACEY SQUIRES, Prop." HAROLD addresses a short, wiry man about 36, JACEY SQUIRES)*

HAROLD

Ah, Mr. Squires? Yes, I'm interested in a rig for Sunday, if you could accommodate me.

JACEY

*(In a high-pitched tenor)*

Then I expect you'd ought to see the man in charge a' hirin' rigs.

*(EXITING into Livery Stable, HE turns)*

Who is late as usual.

(MARCELLUS WASHBURN, roundish, perspiring, ENTERS hurriedly from the wings. At livery stable door HE takes out his key. As he is about to open the door he looks up and sees HAROLD, rubs his eyes in disbelief)

MARCELLUS

Hey, Gregory!

HAROLD

Marcellus!

MARCELLUS

You old son of a gun! What in --

HAROLD

(Hastily pushing aside proffered hand)

Sh -- sh -- shhh.

MARCELLUS

But Greg --

HAROLD

Professor Hill's the name -- Harold Hill.

MARCELLUS

But Greg, what are you doing here? Whyn't you let me know you was comin'?

HAROLD

I didn't know I was myself. Besides how could I know you'd end up in a little tank town like this? You were a pretty big slicker when you were in business with me.

MARCELLUS

Too many close shaves the way you work. Besides I got me a nice comfortable girl -- Ethel Toffelmier -- boss's niece.

HAROLD

Gone legitimate, huh? I knew you'd come to no good.

MARCELLUS

What's the new pitch?

(HAROLD pantomimes conducting)

You're not back in the band business! I heard you was in steam automobiles.

HAROLD

I was.

MARCELLUS

What happened?

HAROLD

Somebody actually invented one.

MARCELLUS

No!

HAROLD

Now give me the lowdown here, Marce.

MARCELLUS

You'll never get anywhere in the band business with these stubborn Iowans, Greg. Besides we got a stuck-up music teacher here who'll expose you before you get your grip unpacked.

HAROLD

Male or female?

MARCELLUS

The music teacher? She's the librarian — female.

HAROLD

Perfect! That's what I wanted to hear. If she passes by point her out to me.

MARCELLUS

I will. How you gonna start the pitch?

HAROLD

Same old way. Keep that music teacher off balance — and then my next step will be to get your town out of the serious trouble it's in.

MARCELLUS

River City isn't in any trouble.

HAROLD

Then I'll have to create some. I have to create a desperate need for a Boys' Band. You remember — Now what's new around here. What can I use?

MARCELLUS

Nothin' — except the billiard parlor's just put in a new pool table.

HAROLD

They never had a pool table here before?

MARCELLUS

No – only billiards.

HAROLD

That'll do.

*(Puts down his suitcase)*

See you later, Marce – and don't forget – music teacher.

*(Pantomimes piano playing)*

MARCELLUS

*(Pantomiming, as HE EXITS)*

Music teacher.

*(HAROLD approaches EWART DUNLOP who has come out of his grocery and is looking up at his sign)*

HAROLD

Ah – you're Mr. Dunlop.

EWART

Yep.

HAROLD

Either you're closing your eyes to a situation you don't wish to acknowledge or you are not aware of the calibre of disaster indicated by the presence of a pool table in your community.

*(As HAROLD continues, TOWNSPEOPLE gather around him one by one.  
N.B. The word "Slam" in the following merely denotes a rhythmic pulse)*

# 5 – Ya Got Trouble

*(Harold, Townspeople)*

*(Slam)*

WELL, YA GOT TROUBLE, MY FRIEND –

*(Slam)*

RIGHT HERE.

I SAY, TROUBLE RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY.

WHY SURE, I'M A BILLIARD PLAYER,

CERTAINLY MIGHT-Y PROUD,

I SAY, I'M ALWAYS MIGHTY PROUD TO SAY IT.

*(Slam)*

(HAROLD)

I CONSIDER THAT THE HOURS I SPEND  
WITH A CUE IN MY HAND ARE GOLDEN.

(Slam)

(Slam)

HELP YOU CULTIVATE HORSE SENSE  
AND A COOL HEAD AND A KEEN EYE.  
'JEVER TAKE AND TRY TO GIVE  
AN IRON-CLAD LEAVE TO YOURSELF  
FROM A THREE-RAIL BILLIARD SHOT?

(Slam)

BUT JUST AS I SAY IT TAKES JUDGMENT,  
BRAINS AND MATURITY  
TO SCORE IN A BALKLINE GAME,  
I SAY THAT ANY BOOB KIN TAKE 'N' SHOVE  
A BALL IN A POCKET,

(Slam)

AND I CALL THAT SLOTH!  
THE FIRST BIG STEP ON THE ROAD  
TO THE DEPTHS OF DE-GRA-DA -  
I SAY, FIRST IT'S A LITTLE - AH -  
MEDICINAL WINE FROM A TEASPOON;  
THEN BEER FROM A BOTTLE.

(Slam)

AND THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW,  
YOUR SON IS PLAYIN' FER MONEY  
IN A PINCH-BACK SUIT,

(Slam)

AND LIST'NIN' TO SOME BIG, OUT-A-TOWN JASPER,  
HEARIN' HIM TELL ABOUT HORSE-RACE GAMBLIN'.

(Slam)

NOT A WHOLESOME TROTTIN' RACE, NO!  
BUT A RACE WHERE THEY SE' DOWN  
RIGHT ON A HORSE!

(Slam)

LIKE TO SEE SOME STUCK-UP JOCKEY BOY  
SETTIN' ON DAN PATCH?  
MAKE YOUR BLOOD BOIL?  
WELL I SHOULD SAY.

(Slam)

NOW FRIENDS,  
LEMME TELL YOU WHAT I MEAN.

(Slam)

YA GOT ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR,  
FIVE, SIX POCKETS IN A TABLE!  
POCKETS THAT MARK THE DIFF'ERENCE  
BETWEEN A GENTLEMAN AND A BUM,  
WITH A CAPITAL "B",  
AND THAT RHYMES WITH "P",  
AND THAT STANDS FOR POOL.

(Slam)

AND ALL WEEK LONG  
YOUR RIVER CITY YOUTH'LL BE  
FRITTERN AWAY,  
I SAY, YOUR YOUNG MEN'LL BE FRITTERN.

(Slam)

FRITTERN AWAY  
THEIR NOON-TIME, SUPPER-TIME --  
CHORE-TIME, TOO!

(Slam)

GET THE BALL IN THE POCKET!  
NEVER MIND GETTIN' DANDELIONS PULLED  
OR THE SCREEN DOOR PATCHED  
OR THE BEEFSTEAK POUNDED.

(Slam)

NEVER MIND PUMPIN' ANY WATER  
'TIL YOUR PARENTS ARE CAUGHT  
WITH THE CISTERN EMPTY ON A SATURDAY NIGHT,

AND THAT'S TROUBLE,  
OH YES, YA GOT LOTS 'N' LOTS A' TROUBLE.  
I'M THINKIN' OF THE KIDS IN THE KNICKERBOCKERS,  
SHIRT-TAIL YOUNG-ONES PEEKIN' IN THE  
POOL HALL WINDA AFTER SCHOOL --  
YA GOT TROUBLE,

(Slam)



*(The TOWNSPEOPLE join HAROLD)*

TOWNSPEOPLE

OH, WE GOT TROUBLE!

HAROLD

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

TOWNSPEOPLE

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

HAROLD

WITH A CAPITAL "T",  
AND THAT RHYMES WITH "P",  
AND THAT STANDS FOR POOL.

TOWNSPEOPLE

THAT STANDS FOR POOL.

HAROLD

WE'VE SURELY GOT TROUBLE!

TOWNSPEOPLE

WE SURELY GOT TROUBLE, -

HAROLD

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

TOWNSPEOPLE

- RIGHT HERE.

HAROLD

GOTTA FIGGER OUT A WAY TO KEEP  
THE YOUNG ONES MORAL AFTER SCHOOL.

HAROLD, TOWNSPEOPLE

OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN GONNA HAVE TROUBLE,  
TROUBLE, TROUBLE, TROUBLE...

*(Chant continues in background through HAROLD'S speech)*

HAROLD

Mothers of River City! Heed the warning before it's too late! Watch for the tell-tale signs of corruption! The moment your son leaves the house does he rebuckle his knickerbockers below the knee? Is there a nicotine stain on his index finger? A dime novel hidden in the corn crib? Is he memorizing jokes out of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang? Are certain words creeping into his conversation? Words like "swell" and "so's your old man"? If so, my friends -

*(Slam)*

*(Slam)*

YA GOT TROUBLE!

TOWNSPEOPLE

OH, WE GOT TROUBLE!

HAROLD

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

TOWNSPEOPLE

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

HAROLD

WITH A CAPITAL "T",  
AND THAT RHYMES WITH "P",  
AND THAT STANDS FOR POOL!

TOWNSPEOPLE

THAT STANDS FOR POOL!

HAROLD

WE'VE SURELY GOT TROUBLE!

TOWNSPEOPLE

WE SURELY GOT TROUBLE!

HAROLD

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

TOWNSPEOPLE

RIGHT HERE!

HAROLD

REMEMBER THE MAINE, PLYMOUTH ROCK,  
AND THE GOLDEN RULE!

HAROLD & TOWNSPEOPLE

OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN GONNA HAVE TROUBLE.

HAROLD

OH, WE'VE GOT TROUBLE.  
WE'RE IN TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE  
TROUBLE.  
THAT GAME WITH THE  
FIFTEEN NUMBERED BALLS  
IS THE DEVIL'S TOOL!

TOWNSPEOPLE

TROUBLE, TROUBLE,  
TROUBLE, TROUBLE,  
TROUBLE, TROUBLE,  
TROUBLE, TROUBLE,  
TROUBLE, TROUBLE,  
TROUBLE, TROUBLE!  
DEVIL'S TOOL!

HAROLD

OH YES, WE'VE GOT TROUBLE, TROUBLE, TROUBLE!

TOWNSPEOPLE

OH YES, WE GOT TROUBLE HERE,  
WE GOT BIG, BIG TROUBLE!

HAROLD

WITH A "T" -

TOWNSPEOPLE

WITH A CAPITAL "T"!

HAROLD

GOTTA RHYME IT WITH "P" -

TOWNSPEOPLE

THAT RHYMES WITH "P"!

HAROLD

AND THAT STANDS FOR POOL!

TOWNSPEOPLE

THAT STANDS FOR POOL!

*(PEOPLE hold for finish.*

*As THEY start a reprise MARCELLUS runs ONSTAGE excitedly, waves to  
HAROLD and starts pantomiming wild piano arpeggios which we hear in the  
ORCHESTRA)*

# 6 - *Trouble Playoff & Walking Muisic*

(Townspeople)

TOWNSPEOPLE

OH, WE GOT TROUBLE, TROUBLE, TROUBLE,  
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 —