LIBRETTO / LYRICS

MEREDITH WILLSON'S THE MUSIC MAN SR.

Book, Music and Lyrics by

Meredith Willson

Story by

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MUSIC THEATRE INTERNATIONAL
BROADWAY SENIOR™

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Glossary

Actor: A person who performs as a character in a play or musical.

Author: A writer of a play or musical, also known as a playwright. A musical's authors include the book writer, a composer and a lyricist.

Blocking: The actors' movement in a play or musical, not including the choreography. The director usually assigns blocking during rehearsals.

Book writer: One of the authors of a musical. The book writer writes the lines (dialogue) and the stage directions. Also called the librettist.

Cast: The performers in a show.

Cheating out: Turning oneself slightly toward the house when performing so the audience may better see one's face and hear one's lines.

Choreographer: A person who creates and teaches the dance numbers in a musical.

Composer: A person who writes music for a musical.

Creative team: The author(s), director, choreographer, music director, and designers for a play or musical.

Cross: When an actor onstage moves toward or away from another actor or object.

Dialogue: A conversation between two or more characters.

Director: A person who provides the artistic vision, coordinates the creative elements and stages the play.

Downstage: The portion of the stage closest to the audience. The opposite of upstage.

House: The area of the theater where the audience sits to watch the show.

House left: The left side of the theater from an audience's perspective. If something is located "house left" it is to the left side of the audience as they are seated in the theater.

House right: The right side of the theater from the audience's perspective. If something is located "house right" it is to the right side of the audience as they are seated in the theater.

Lines: The dialogue spoken by the actors.

Lyricist: A person who writes the lyrics of a musical. The lyricist works with a composer to create songs.

Lyrics: The words of a song.

Monologue: A dramatic speech by one actor.

Music director: A person who is in charge of teaching the songs to the cast and orchestra and maintaining the quality of the performed score.

Musical: A play with songs that are used to tell a story.

Off-book: The actor's ability to perform his or her memorized lines without holding the script.

Offstage: Any area out of view of the audience. Also called backstage.

Onstage: Anything on the stage and within view of the audience is said to be onstage.

Opening night: The first official performance of a production, after which the show is frozen, meaning no further changes are made, and reviews may be published.

Play: A type of dramatic writing meant to be performed live on a stage. A musical is one kind of play.

Protagonist: The main character in a musical. The action centers around this character.

Raked stage: A stage which is raised slightly upstage so that it slants towards the audience.

Rehearsal: A meeting during which the cast learns and practices the show.

Script: 1) The written words that make up a show, including spoken words, stage directions and lyrics. 2) The book that contains those words.

Speed-through: To speak through the dialogue of a scene as quickly as possible. A speed-through rehearsal helps actors memorize their lines, and it infuses energy into the pacing of a scene.

Stage directions: Words in the script that describe the actions for the characters that are not part of the dialogue.

Stage left: The left side of the stage, from the actor's perspective. Also house right.

Stage manager: The stage manager is responsible for keeping all rehearsals and performances on schedule, along with acting as a mediator within the company.

Stage right: The right side of the stage, from the actor's perspective. Also house left.

Upstage: The part of the stage furthest from the audience. The opposite of downstage.

Warm-up: Exercises at the beginning of a rehearsal or before a performance that prepare actors' voices and bodies.

Words To Know from Meredith Willson's *The Music Man SR.*

Abort and boart: Slang for "all aboard." Used to tell people when to get on the train.

Agog: To be interested or excited about something.

Alma mater: A school, college or university, which you attended.

Anvil: A large piece of iron used by a blacksmith to hammer shapes in melted iron.

Armory: A place where arms and military equipment are stored; especially one used for training reserve military personnel.

Bang beat bell-ringin: Exact meaning unknown, but likely refers to tactics used by traveling carnivals and patent medicine salesmen to draw attention and customers.

Bevo: A non-alcoholic drink that tasted like beer.

Bicker: To argue.

Big haul: Refers to money being made by criminal activity. Dime novels from this period talked about gangs of criminals planning "the big haul."

Billiards vs. **pool:** Billiards is played with three balls (one cue ball and two object balls) on a pocketless table. Pool was developed much later than billiards and uses a cue ball and 15 object balls on a table with six pockets.

Black Hole of Calcutta: A small prison in India in which more than a hundred Europeans were killed in 1756.

Bunion: A swelling of the joints of the toes.

Button-hooks: A small hook for fastening a button on shoes or gloves.

Commodity: Something useful or valued.

Conservatory: A school specializing in music or the fine arts.

Corset: A woman's close-fitting undergarment that is often hooked and laced.

Cotton-goods: Fabric sold by the yard for sewing.

Credentials: Proof that Harold is what he says he is.

Cubebs: The dried unripe berry of a tropical shrub of the pepper family. It was crushed and smoked in cigarettes.

Dallies: To act playfully or waste time.

Drawers: An article of clothing (underwear) for the lower body.

Fancy goods: Fabrics of various colors, patterns, etc., as ribbons, silks, laces, etc., in distinction from those of a simple or plain color or make. Adapted to please the fancy or taste; ornamental.

Fella: Slang for fellow.

Firkins: A small wooden barrel used for butter, and lard. Also any of several British units of capacity, usually equal to about 1/4 of a barrel or 9 gallons (34 liters).

Flint and steel: An old-fashioned way to make fire by striking the flint against the steel to create a spark.

Freight: A train that carries products, not people.

Game: A game, usually involving gambling, in which a person hides a small object underneath one of three nutshells, thimbles, or cups, then shuffles them about on a flat surface while spectators try to guess the final location of the object.

Great go: Passing a test or trial successfully (slang).

Grecian Urn: A reference to the poem "Ode to a Grecian Urn" by John Keats.

Grip: A suitcase.

Hard goods: Products that aren't consumed or quickly disposed of, and can be used for several years. Cast iron, metal or ceramic. Also called durable goods.

Hifalutin: Slang for pretentious or pompous.

Hoodwinked: Deceived.

Horse platoons: Harold is referring to timpani (kettle drums) being pulled by horses.

Jeazle Petes: A slang term similar to "rats" or "darn it."

Juice-harp: A metal musical instrument that is placed in the mouth and plucked.

Knickerbockers: Loose-fitting short pants gathered at the knee.

Libertine: A free thinker, especially in religious matters.

Line: Slang for what type of work a person does, also what products the salesman sells.

Livery stable: A stable where horses and vehicles are kept for hire.

Mackinaw: A short plaid coat made of thick woolen material.

Mandolin-pick: A small instrument used to sound the strings on a mandolin.

Masher: A man who is aggressive in making amorous advances to women.

Mesmerized: To hypnotize someone — from Dr. Mesmer, a famous hypnotist.

Minuet in G: A famous classical musical number composed by Ludwig Von Beethoven.

Neck-or-nothin': Figure of speech — at all risks, desperately.

Noggins: A small mug or cup that equals one-quarter pint of liquid measure.

Notions: Small lightweight items for household use, such as needles, buttons, and thread.

Piggins: A small wooden pail or tub with an upright handle, often used as dipper.

Rag-time: A style of jazz characterized by elaborately syncopated rhythm in the melody and a steadily accented accompaniment.

Rig: A carriage with its horse.

Rip roarin': Noisy, lively, and exciting.

Rowdy: Someone who is misbehaving in a loud and physical way.

Sen sen: The breathmint of the late 1800s and early 1900s.

Smite: To strike sharply, especially with the hand or an implement held in the hand.

Soft goods: Textiles and clothing, often called dry goods.

Spellbinder: A speaker that is very exciting to listen to, that draws you in as if by magic.

St. Bridget: Irish abbess; a patron saint of Ireland.

Sturgeon: A large fish.

Swell: A slang word meaning excellent, wonderful, delightful.

Swindler: Someone who cheats.

Tableau: A living picture or depiction of a scene by motionless participants.

Tailor mades: A tailor-made cigarette referred to any cigarette made in a factory on a cigarette making machine.

Tank-town: A small town given the name because trains would stop there only to replenish water.

Tarred and feathered: A horrible and fatal punishment in which a person was smeared with tar and then rolled in feathers.

Thimble rigger: One who cheats by thimble-rigging. See "game."

Tintype: A photograph reproduced on tin instead of paper.

Turtle-wurtle: Slang for waste time.

Virtuoso: A highly skilled musical performer.

Wells Fargo Wagon: A stagecoach that traveled across thousands of miles of prairie, desert and mountain roads to deliver mail and cash.

Whaddayatalk: A Midwestern way of saying "what do you mean" — literally "what do you talk?"

SYNOPSIS

Professor Harold Hill, a fast-talking traveling salesman with a shady reputation (***Rock Island***), arrives in River City, Iowa on the morning of July 4, 1912. Hill moves from town to town selling musical instruments, uniforms and the promise of forming a boys' band. Hill is a crafty character whose standard procedure is to leave town with the money he collects before anyone is able to discover he cannot read music.

As workers in River City move a pool table into the Billiard Parlor, the River City townspeople greet each other and sing with pride about their inflexible nature (***Iowa Stubborn***). As they disperse, Hill enters the scene and begins to focus attention on the need for a boys' band and the trouble that has entered River City in the shape of a pool table (***Ya Got Trouble***). His argument is convincing, but it turns out the pool hall is owned by Mayor Shinn, who orders the school board to check out Harold's credentials.

An old friend has warned Harold about Marian Paroo, the willful town librarian and music teacher. After her first encounter with Harold, Marian speaks about his unwanted advances to her mother, Mrs. Paroo. Mrs. Paroo scolds Marian for not speaking to the man and criticizes Marian's high expectations, both for townspeople and men (***Piano Lesson / If You Don't Mind My Saying So***). Marian reflects on her plight while listening to her young piano student, Amaryllis, practice her piano lesson (***Goodnight, My Someone***). Later at the Fourth of July celebration, Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn leads the town in a song (***Columbia, Gem of the Ocean***). Harold then steals the crowd's attention (***Seventy-Six Trombones***) and takes advantage of a disrupting prank to move in and sell his band idea. The Mayor continues to push for proper credentials.

When the four school board members approach him, he turns them into a barbershop quartet (***Ice Cream / Sincere***) and disappears. Harold follows Marian to the library, where she warns him she will check his credentials. The ladies in town also gossip about the charming newcomer (***Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little – Part 1***). The school board appears, once again demanding Harold's credentials. He distracts them by prompting a song from the quartet (***Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little – Part 2***).

Marian appears with the reference book, but before she can hand it to the Mayor, Gracie Shinn excitedly announces the arrival of the Wells Fargo Wagon with the new band instruments (***The Wells Fargo Wagon***). With the exception of the Mayor, the town is now under Harold's spell. Even Marian is coming around. Marian's research pays off, but she withholds the evidence when she discovers Harold is helping her brother, Winthrop Paroo, gain confidence despite his speech impediment. Marcellus Washburn, Harold's old friend and one time partner, leads the crowd in a new dance (***Shipoopi***). The gossiping ladies are seen again as they mention they have taken Harold's advice (***Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little – Reprise***). Winthrop returns home from fishing and sings for his mother and sister the song that Harold has just taught him (***Gary, Indiana***).

The uniforms arrive but so does Charlie Cowell, the anvil salesman, Harold's arch enemy.

SYNOPSIS (Cont'd)

Marian tries to prevent Charlie from getting to the Mayor, but is unsuccessful. She wants to warn Harold, but Charlie reaches him first. He still has time to run, but can't—he's hooked on Marian. Future band members have been busily working on Harold's "Think System" of musicianship while Harold meets Marian at the footbridge. She confesses that she has known he was a fake since the third day he was in town (***Till There Was You***). Now it's Harold who is off balance.

Hearing that Harold is a fake, the angry townspeople drag him to the ice cream social where everyone has gathered. Marian speaks out in his defense while the band arrives in assorted, unaltered uniforms. Harold is handed a baton. "Think, men, think," is his command. At the drop of his arm comes the "Minuet in G" as it has never been "played" before, but each struggling note is music to each parent's ears. Harold has his band at last, and a truly loving librarian by his side (***Bows***).

CHARACTERS

(in order of appearance)

Conductor— the train employee who opens the show

Charlie Cowell— a traveling salesman who is on to Harold Hill's schemes

Harold Hill— a con man, traveling under the auspices of a traveling salesman, and our story's unsuspecting protagonist; charismatic and charming

Mayor Shinn— a blustery, self-important politician, begrudgingly married to Eulalie

Alma Hix— a featured "Pick-a-Little Lady" married to Oliver Hix

Ethel Toffelmier— a comical "Pick-a-Little Lady" and Marcellus Washburn's girlfriend

School Board: Jacey Squires (first tenor), **Ewart Dunlop** (second tenor)**, Oliver Hix** (baritone)**, Olin Britt** (bass)**—** members of the quartet formed by Harold Hill

Marcellus Washburn— Harold's old chummy friend; a former con man, he now lives in River City and is trying to settle down

Marian Paroo— the town librarian and music teacher; attractive, stuck-up and curious

Mrs. Paroo— an Irish widow and mother to Marian and Winthrop; cheerful and always plotting

Amaryllis— a slightly bratty piano student of Marian Paroo

Winthrop Paroo— Marian's baby brother; very shy because of a noticeable lisp

Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn— Mayor Shinn's peacock wife; a serial gossiper and snob, she has trouble keeping opinions to herself

Constable Locke— a town official who sees through Harold, but doesn't seem to mind

Gracie Shinn— the Mayor's younger daughter

Maud Dunlop— a featured "Pick-a-Little Lady" married to Ewart Dunlop

Tommy Djilas— an attractive young man from the wrong side of town, secretly courting Zaneeta

Zaneeta Shinn— the Mayor's fresh-faced elder daughter, in love with Tommy; sweet, outgoing, and appears to be daffy at times

Mrs. Squires— a featured "Pick-a-Little Lady" married to Jacey Squires

ENSEMBLE— Traveling Salesmen #1-5; Newspaper Readers #1-3; Pick-a-Little Ladies; Wa Tan Ye Girls; Boys' Band; River City Townspeople (including Farmer and Farmer's Wife); Workmen; Kids

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SCENE ONE

#1—Train Opening

TIME: The morning of July 4th, 1912.

AT RISE: A railway car. Various SALESMEN sit, one sleeps, some reading the newspaper, three traveling SALESMEN and a STRANGER whose back is to the audience play cards. We hear "train-slowing-down" music.

(The train slows and stops.)

CONDUCTOR

(Entering through the house)

River City Junction—River City next stop!

(The CONDUCTOR crosses to the train car and enters.)

SALESMAN #1

(Entering through the house, suitcase in hand with CHARLIE COWELL and another SALESMAN)

You're crazy with the heat. Credit is no good for a notion salesman.

CONDUCTOR

Boart! All aboart!

(The CONDUCTOR exits.)

SALESMAN #2

(As they step onto the train car)

Why not? What's the matter with credit?

SALESMAN #1

It's old-fashioned. Charlie, you're an anvil salesman—your firm give credit?

CHARLIE

No sir!

SALESMAN #1

Nor anybody else.

(The train makes a starting noise.)

#2—Rock Island

CONDUCTOR

River City, River City next.

SALESMAN #1

CASH FOR THE MERCHANDISE—
CASH FOR THE BUTTON-HOOKS—

SALESMAN #2

CASH FOR THE COTTON GOODS—
CASH FOR THE HARD GOODS—

SALESMAN #1

CASH FOR THE SOFT GOODS—
CASH FOR THE FANCY GOODS—

SALESMAN #2

CASH FOR THE NOGGINS AND THE PIGGINS AND THE FIRKINS.

SALESMAN #4

(Train at running speed)

LOOK WHADAYATALK, WHADAYATALK,
WHADAYATALK?

SALESMAN #1

YA CAN TALK, YA CAN TALK,
YA CAN BICKER, YA CAN TALK,
YA CAN BICKER, BICKER, BICKER,
YA CAN TALK, YA CAN TALK,
YA CAN TALK, TALK, TALK, TALK,
BICKER, BICKER, BICKER,
YA CAN TALK ALL YA WANNA
BUT IT'S DIFFER'NT THAN IT WAS.

CHARLIE

NO IT AIN'T, NO IT AIN'T,
BUT YA GOTTA KNOW THE TERRITORY.

SALESMAN #3

TCH, TCH, TCH, TCH.
TCH, TCH, TCH, TCH.

SALESMAN #5

EVER MEET A FELLA BY THE *NAME A' HILL?*

SALESMAN #1

HILL?

CHARLIE

HILL!

SALESMAN #3

HILL?

SALESMAN #4

HILL?

NEWSPAPER READER #1

HILL?

NEWSPAPER READER #2

HILL?

NEWSPAPER READER #3

HILL?

SALESMAN #5

HILL!

ALL (BUT CHARLIE)

NO!

CHARLIE

JUST A MINUTE, JUST A MINUTE, JUST A MINUTE—

SALESMAN #4

NEVER HEARD A' ANY SALESMAN HILL—

SALESMAN #5

NOW, HE DOESN'T KNOW THE TERRITORY—

SALESMAN #1

DOESN'T KNOW THE TERRITORY?

SALESMAN #3

WHAT'S THE FELLA'S LINE?

CHARLIE

JUST A MINUTE, JUST A MINUTE, JUST A MINUTE—

SALESMAN #5

NEVER WORRIES 'BOUT HIS LINE—

SALESMAN #3

NEVER WORRIES 'BOUT HIS LINE?

SALESMAN #5

OR A DOGGONE THING.
HE'S JUST A BANG BEAT, BELL-RINGIN',
BIG HAUL, GREAT GO,
NECK-OR-NOTHIN', RIP-ROARIN',
EVER'TIME-A-BULL'S-EYE *SALES*MAN,
THAT'S PROFESSOR HAROLD HILL, HAROLD HILL.

NEWSPAPER READER #1

TELL US, WHAT'S HIS LINE?
WHAT'S HIS LINE?

CHARLIE

HE'S A FAKE, AND HE DOESN'T KNOW THE TERRITORY!

SALESMAN #4

LOOK, WHADAYATALK, WHADAYATALK,
WHADAYATALK.

SALESMAN #5

HE'S A *MUSIC* MAN.

SALESMAN #3

HE'S A WHAT—

SALESMAN #2

HE'S A WHAT?

SALESMAN #5

HE'S A MUSIC MAN,
AND HE SELLS CLARINETS TO THE KIDS IN THE TOWN,
WITH THE BIG TROMBONES AND THE RATATAT DRUMS,
AND THE BIG BRASS BASS, BIG BRASS BASS.
AND THE PICCOLO, THE PICCOLO, UNIFORMS TOO,
WITH THE SHINY GOLD BRAID ON THE COAT,
AND A BIG RED STRIPE RUNNING—

SALESMAN #1

WELL!—
I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT BANDS,
BUT I DO KNOW YOU CAN'T MAKE A LIVIN'
SELLIN' BIG TROMBONES—NO SIR!
MANDOLIN PICKS, PERHAPS,
AND HERE AND THERE A JUICE-HARP—

SALESMAN #5

NO, THE FELLA SELLS BANDS.
BOYS' BANDS.
I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DOES IT,
BUT HE LIVES LIKE A KING,
AND HE DALLIES AND HE GATHERS,
AND HE PLUCKS AND HE SHINES,
AND WHEN THE MAN DANCES,
CERTAINLY, BOYS, WHAT ELSE:
THE PIPER PAYS HIM.
YESSS—SIR.
YES SIR, YES SIR, YES SIR.
WHEN THE MAN DANCES,
CERTAINLY BOYS, WHAT ELSE:
THE PIPER PAYS HIM.

ALL

YES SIR. YES SIR.

CHARLIE

BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW THE TERRITORY!

(The train stops.)

CONDUCTOR

River City! We're cross the state line into Iowa. River City! Population twenty two hundred and twelve. Booart!

(The CONDUCTOR exits.)

CHARLIE

All right, if you're all through I'll tell you about Harold Hill!

SALESMAN #5

You really know Harold Hill?

CHARLIE

Never saw him in my life but I know this much—he's giving every one of us a black eye! After he's worked a town over the next salesman to arrive gets automatically tarred and feathered and rode out to the city limits on a rail.

(Traveling SALESMEN and NEWSPAPER READERS laugh.)

SALESMAN #1

But why should he get rode out'a town on a rail?

CHARLIE

Because in order to sell band instruments, and uniforms, and instruction books, he has to guarantee to teach the kids to play. And to form them kids into a band! With himself as the leader!

SALESMAN #5

Sure like to be around when you catch up with that fella.

CHARLIE

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

CONDUCTOR

Booaart!

(The STRANGER, HAROLD HILL, makes a fast decision and grabs his suitcase.)

STRANGER (HAROLD)

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

CHARLIE

Don't believe I caught your name.

#3—Change to Scene Two

STRANGER (HAROLD)

I don't believe I dropped it.

(The STRANGER turns, and we see him for the first time. It is HAROLD HILL. Turns his suitcase towards the audience that bears the legend 'PROF. HAROLD HILL' *and exits from the train as all heads go out the windows.)*

(The railway car is removed 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.)

SCENE TWO

#4—Iowa Stubborn

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 two 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 GAD 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.

BOY

Good morning, Mayor Shinn.

MAYOR SHINN

It is, if you wanta go round in your drawers all day.

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.

TOWNSPEOPLE

WE CAN BE COLD
AS OUR FALLING THERMOMETERS IN DECEMBER
IF YOU ASK ABOUT OUR WEATHER IN JULY.
AND WE'RE SO BY GAD 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 two WORKMEN leave the billiard parlor carrying a pool table packing case frame to center, as a FARMER and his WIFE who have entered meet down center. They turn inside frame for a short pose as Grant Wood's "American Gothic.")

FARMER

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 the business front labeled 'RIVER CITY LIVERY STABLE. JACEY SQUIRES, PROP.' *HAROLD addresses 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, turns)

Who is late as usual.

(MARCELLUS WASHBURN enters hurriedly from the wings. At livery stable door, takes out his key. As MARCELLUS is about to open the door, looks up and sees HAROLD and 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.

(HAROLD puts down his suitcase. He speaks loudly to MARCELLUS, drawing a crowd.)

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

(As HAROLD continues, TOWNSPEOPLE gather around him one by one.)

#5—Ya Got Trouble

WELL, YA GOT TROUBLE, MY FRIEND—
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.

(HAROLD)

I CONSIDER THAT THE HOURS I SPEND
WITH A CUE IN MY HAND ARE GOLDEN.
HELP YOU CULTIVATE HORSE SENSE
AND A COOL HEAD AND A KEEN EYE.

NOW FRIENDS,
LEMME TELL YOU WHAT I MEAN.
YA GOT ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR,
FIVE, SIX POCKETS IN A TABLE!
POCKETS THAT MARK THE DIFF'RENCE
BETWEEN A GENTLEMAN AND A BUM,
WITH A CAPITAL "B",
AND THAT RHYMES WITH "P",
AND THAT STANDS FOR POOL.

NOW I KNOW ALL YOU FOLKS
ARE THE RIGHT KIND A' PARENTS.
I'M GONNA BE PERFECTLY FRANK.
WOULD YA LIKE TO KNOW
WHAT KINDA CONVERSATION GOES ON
WHILE THEY'RE LOAFIN' AROUND THE HALL?
THEY'LL BE TRYIN' OUT BEVO;
TRYIN' OUT CUBEBS;
TRYIN' OUT TAILOR MADES,
LIKE CIGARETTE FIENDS!
AND BRAAAGGIN'
ALL ABOUT HOW THEY'RE GONNA
COVER UP A TELL-TALE BREATH
WITH SEN-SEN.

ONE FINE NIGHT
THEY LEAVE THE POOL HALL,
HEADIN' FOR THE DANCE AT THE ARM'RY!
LIBERTINE MEN AND SCARLET WOMEN AND
RAG-TIME—SHAMELESS MUSIC
THAT'LL DRAG YOUR SON AND YOUR DAUGHTER
WITH THE ARMS OF A JUNGLE ANIMAL INSTINCT
MASS-STERIA!
FRIENDS, THE IDLE BRAIN
IS THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND.

HAROLD

TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

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

WE'VE SURELY GOT TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

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

TOWNSPEOPLE

OH, WE GOT TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

THAT STANDS FOR POOL.

WE SURELY GOT TROUBLE,—

—RIGHT HERE!

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? Are certain words creeping into his conversations? Words like "swell"… and "so's your old man"? If so, my friends—

HAROLD

YA GOT TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

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

WE'VE SURELY GOT TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

WITH A "T"—

TOWNSPEOPLE

OH, WE GOT TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

THAT STANDS FOR POOL.

WE SURELY GOT TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE!

WITH A CAPITAL "T"!

(HAROLD)

GOTTA RHYME IT WITH "P"—

AND THAT STANDS FOR POOL!

(TOWNSPEOPLE)

THAT RHYMES WITH "P"!

THAT STANDS FOR POOL!

#6—Change to Scene Three

(The TOWNSPEOPLE exit. MARCELLUS indicates piano arpeggios wildly as MARIAN hurries through in tempo. HAROLD follows her off.)

SCENE THREE

PLACE: A street in front of the Paroo house.

TIME: Immediately following.

(Two KIDS enter with a section of a picket fence. The fence is on casters. The KIDS are whitewashing the fence. As they roll the fence across the stage, HAROLD and MARIAN walk in the opposite direction.)

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!

(As the KIDS whitewashing the fence exit with the fence, the porch now appears. MARIAN steps onto the porch.)

#7—Piano Lesson / If You Don't Mind My Saying So

SCENE FOUR

TIME: Immediately following.

PLACE: The interior of the Paroo house.

(An eight-year-old girl is playing the piano. MRS. PAROO, a cheerful-looking forty, continues her household chores as AMARYLLIS plays.)

MARIAN

(Entering the house)

Hello, Mama.

MRS. PAROO

Hello, dear.

MARIAN

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

AMARYLLIS

Yes, Ma'm.

MARIAN

Mama, a man with a suitcase has been following me all over town.

MRS. PAROO

Oh—who?

MARIAN

I never saw him before.

MRS. PAROO

Did he say anythin'?

MARIAN

He tried.

MRS. PAROO

Did you say anythin'?

MARIAN

Mama, of course not.

(MARIAN starts to play piano in time to correct AMARYLLIS's clinker; AMARYLLIS begins her exercises. MARIAN sings along.)

All right, Amaryllis. Now your exercises.

SOL, DO, LA, RE, TI, MI, A LITTLE SLOWER,
AND PLEASE KEEP THE FINGERS CURVED
AS NICE AND HIGH AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN.

Don't get faster, dear.

(AMARYLLIS continues during the following dialogue.)

MRS. PAROO

If you don't mind my saying so, it wouldn't have hurt you to find out what the gentleman wanted.

MARIAN

I know what the gentleman wanted.

MRS. PAROO

What, dear?

MARIAN

You'll find it in Balzac.

MRS. PAROO

Excuse me fer livin', but I've never read it.

(AMARYLLIS repeats in new key, as MARIAN sings.)

MARIAN

NEITHER HAS ANYONE ELSE IN THIS TOWN.

MRS. PAROO

THERE YOU GO AGAIN
WITH THAT SAME OLD COMMENT
ABOUT THE LOW MENTALITY
OF RIVER CITY PEOPLE
AND TAKIN' IT ALL TOO MUCH TO HEART.

MARIAN

Now, Mama, as long as the…

(MARIAN)

MADISON PUBLIC LIBRARY
WAS ENTRUSTED TO ME
FOR THE PURPOSE OF IMPROVING
RIVER CITY'S CULTURAL LEVEL,
I CAN'T HELP MY CONCERN
THAT THE LADIES OF RIVER CITY
KEEP IGNORING ALL MY COUNCIL AND ADVICE.

MRS. PAROO

BUT DARLING,
WHEN A WOMAN'S GOT A HUSBAND
AND YOU'VE GOT NONE,
WHY SHOULD SHE TAKE ADVICE FROM YOU?
EVEN IF YOU CAN QUOTE BALZAC AND SHAKESPEARE
AND ALL THEM OTHER HIGH-FALUTIN' GREEKS.

MARIAN

MAMA, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO,
YOU HAVE A BAD HABIT
OF CHANGING EV'RY SUBJECT—

MRS. PAROO

NOW I HAVEN'T CHANGED THE SUBJECT.
I WAS TALKIN' ABOUT THAT STRANGER—

MARIAN

WHAT STRANGER?

MRS. PAROO

WITH THE SUITCASE,
WHO MAY BE YOUR VERY LAST CHANCE!

MARIAN

MAMA!
DO YOU THINK I'D ALLOW A COMMON MASHER?
NOW REALLY, MAMA!
I HAVE MY STANDARDS WHERE MEN ARE CONCERNED,
AND I HAVE NO INTENTION—

MRS. PAROO

I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR STANDARDS,
AND IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYIN' SO,

(MRS. PAROO)

THERE'S NOT A MAN ALIVE
WHO COULD HOPE TO MEASURE UP
TO THAT BLEND A' PAUL BUNYAN,
SAINT PAT AND NOAH WEBSTER
YOU'VE CONCOCTED FOR YOURSELF
OUT A' YOUR IRISH IMAGINATION,
YOUR IOWA STUBBORNNESS,
AND YOUR LIBERRY FULL A' BOOKS!

(AMARYLLIS plays a final chord.)

MARIAN

(Hands on hips, sounding slightly Irish in her exasperation)

Well, if that isn't the best I've ever heard!

AMARYLLIS

Thank you. Can I have a drink, please?

MARIAN

May I have a—

AMARYLLIS

May I have a drink, please?

MARIAN

Yes, dear.

(As AMARYLLIS starts to exit, WINTHROP, a nine-year-old boy with a set, sullen face enters without a word.)

MRS. PAROO

Is that a way to walk in the house?

(WINTHROP halts in his tracks.)

WINTHROP

Hello.

(WINTHROP tries to exit.)

MRS. PAROO

That won't do at all. I'll have a kiss from my boy.

(WINTHROP walks to his mother, stands stubbornly in her embrace for a moment, then stares out again.)

(MRS. PAROO)

The lady over there is your sister, young man.

(WINTHROP repeats the uncooperative performance with MARIAN.)

AMARYLLIS

(Obviously smitten with WINTHROP)

Hello, Winthrop.

(WINTHROP stares at the floor.)

MRS. PAROO

Winthrop, where's your manners?

AMARYLLIS

I'm having a party on Saturday. Will you come?

(Silence)

I would especially like it very much if you'd come… Winthrop?

(Silence)

MRS. PAROO

Well, Winthrop, Amaryllis asked you to her party. Are you goin', or aren't you?

WINTHROP

No.

MRS. PAROO

No what?

WINTHROP

No, thank you.

MRS. PAROO

You know the little girl's name.

AMARYLLIS

He won't say Amaryllis because of the "s" because of his lisp. He's ashamed.

MRS. PAROO

We know all about his lisp, Amaryllis. Well, Winthrop?

AMARYLLIS

I'll bet he won't say it.

WINTHROP

No thank you, Amaryllith.

(AMARYLLIS giggles.)

AMARYLLIS

Amaryllith—Amaryllith.

(WINTHROP bolts out of the room. MRS. PAROO follows him.)

Why does he get so mad at people—just because he lisps?

MARIAN

It's not only because he lisps. That's just part of it, Amaryllis.

AMARYLLIS

What's the other part?

MARIAN

Never mind, dear. It's just that he never talks very much.

AMARYLLIS

Not even to you and your mother?

MARIAN

No, dear. We all have to be a little patient.

AMARYLLIS

I'm patient. Even though he doesn't ever talk to me—but I do to him—every night—I say goodnight to him on the evening star. You have to do it the very second you see it, too, or it doesn't count. "Goodnight, my Winthrop, goodnight. Sleep tight."

MARIAN

There, darling, you have lots of time. If not Winthrop, there'll be someone else.

AMARYLLIS

Never! I'll end up an old maid like you.

(AMARYLLIS puts her hand over her mouth, catching herself too late.)

MARIAN

For the time being just say goodnight my—someone. You can put the name in when the right someone comes along.

AMARYLLIS

All right. It's better than nothing.

MARIAN

Yes it is—now you can play your cross-hand piece.

AMARYLLIS

Now I *may* play my cross-hand piece.

#8—Goodnight, My Someone

(As AMARYLLIS does, MARIAN steps outside onto the porch. As AMARYLLIS plays the piano, she dramatically crosses her left hand to play the single top note.)

MARIAN

GOODNIGHT, MY SOMEONE,
GOODNIGHT, MY LOVE.
SLEEP TIGHT, MY SOMEONE,
SLEEP TIGHT, MY LOVE.
OUR STAR IS SHINING
ITS BRIGHTEST LIGHT
FOR GOODNIGHT, MY LOVE,
FOR GOODNIGHT.

SWEET DREAMS BE YOURS, DEAR,
IF DREAMS THERE BE;
SWEET DREAMS TO CARRY YOU
CLOSE TO ME.
I WISH THEY MAY,
AND I WISH THEY MIGHT.
NOW GOODNIGHT, MY SOMEONE,
GOODNIGHT.

(MARIAN)

GOODNIGHT.

GOODNIGHT.

(Lightning and thunder are heard as the number ends, and continue during the following transition.)

#9—Columbia, Gem of the Ocean

SCENE FIVE

TIME: Thirty minutes later.

AT RISE: During the scene transition: a troupe of WA TAN YE GIRLS enter the stage through the house. They carry tom-toms. They cross to the stage where the remaining TOWNSPEOPLE are setting up the interior of the Madison Gymnasium in River City High School. The crowd sparingly decorates the gym with red, white and blue bunting and enters with benches. At the conclusion of the number, EULALIE steps forward dressed as the Statue of Liberty. EULALIE leads the crowd in a lackluster singing of "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean."

EULALIE & TOWNSPEOPLE

THY BANNERS MAKE TYRANNY TREMBLE,

WHEN BORNE BY THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

(EULALIE exits from the rostrum to polite applause and MAYOR SHINN steps up.)

MAYOR SHINN

I'm sure we're all grateful to my wife, Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn, for leading the singing.

(The TOWNSPEOPLE give a mild applause.)

As Mayor of River City I welcome you River Citizians to the Fourth of July exercises set up for the indoors here in Madison Gymnasium on account of the weather. Four score—

(JACEY SQUIRES hands MAYOR SHINN a note.)

The members of the School Board will now present a patriotic tableau.

(The three members of the SCHOOL BOARD – EWART DUNLOP, OLIN BRITT and OLIVER HIX – seated on the rostrum, indicate he is wrong.)

Oh—the members of the School Board will not present a patriotic tableau. Some disagreement about costumes, I suppose. Instead the Wa Tan Ye Girls of the local wigwam of Heeawatha will present a spectacle my wife—

(Catching himself, he looks at note again

—in which my wife—Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn, will take a leading part.

(EULALIE precedes the WA TAN YE GIRLS, carrying a tom-tom, which she beats. AMARYLLIS, dressed as a guide, follows her.)

EULALIE

(Peering right)

Wa Tan Ye!

WA TAN YE GIRLS

(Peering right)

WA TAN YE!

EULALIE

(Peering left)

Wa Tan Ye!

WA TAN YE GIRLS

WA TAN YE!

EULALIE

I will now count to twenty in the Indian tongue! Een teen tuther feather fip!

(TOMMY DJILAS, seated on the floor in front of EULALIE, now sets off a large firecracker. EULALIE swoons.)

I'm shot, George, who shot me?

(MAYOR SHINN comforts her, aiding her offstage. There is a considerable disturbance.)

CONSTABLE LOCKE

(Rising)

Who set off that cracker?

GRACIE

I know who did it. Tommy Djilas did it—Tommy Djilas did it.

ALMA

Yes, it was Tommy Djilas.

CONSTABLE LOCKE

(As TOMMY tries to escape)

Tommy Djilas, I wouldn't leave if I'se you.

(TOMMY sits. CONSTABLE LOCKE joins him ominously.)

MAYOR

(Returning to rostrum as a thunderclap is heard)

Mrs. Shinn will…

(The TOWNSPEOPLE react in anticipation.)

… recover.

(The TOWNSPEOPLE react mildly to the news.)

The Paine's Fireworks Spectacle, Last Days of Pompy-eye will take place, providing the rain stops by nine-thirty.

(Another thunderclap is heard and the lights flicker.)

EWART

How can it be raining? Didn't the Gazette predict fair?

JACEY

Sure did, Ewart, that's why we all prepared for a storm.

OLIN

The Gazette is acc'r't most a'the time and you know it, Jacey.

OLIVER

You wouldn't last very long in the bankin' business bein' accur't most a'the time.

(A verbal free-for-all is underway.)

MAYOR SHINN

Will you members of the School Board stop bicker'n in public?

OLIN

All in the world that I said was—

MAYOR SHINN

(Hastily)

Never mind!

HAROLD

(Half rising from where he has been an unobserved spectator)

We heard there's a pool table in town.

MARCELLUS

Yeah—that's what I heard.

MAYOR SHINN

Now just a minute—

MAUD

Is it a pool table or isn't it?

MAYOR SHINN

Will you allow me to get on with the exercises?

MAN #1

We don't want any more exercises till we get this pool table matter settled!

HAROLD

Let's protect our children.

(The TOWNSPEOPLE react.)

Resist sin and corruption.

(The TOWNSPEOPLE react.)

Smite that devil and keep our young boys pure.

(The TOWNSPEOPLE react.)

#10—Seventy-Six Trombones

(Appearing on the podium)

MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE?

(The TOWNSPEOPLE do not settle down.)

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

(The TOWNSPEOPLE settle down, focusing on HAROLD.)

I CAN DEAL WITH THIS TROUBLE, FRIENDS,
WITH A WAVE OF MY HAND, THIS VERY HAND!
PLEASE OBSERVE ME IF YOU WILL.

(HAROLD)

I'M PROFESSOR HAROLD HILL,
AND I'M HERE TO ORGANIZE
THE RIVER CITY BOYS' BAND!

(HAROLD imitates the sound of a snare drum.)

PRRRRR!
OH, THINK, MY FRIENDS,
HOW COULD ANY POOL TABLE EVER
HOPE TO COMPETE WITH A GOLD TROMBONE?
RAAAA-RAAAAA
RA-DA-DA-DA-DA
RAAA-RA.
REMEMBER, MY FRIENDS,
WHAT A HANDFUL OF TRUMPET PLAYERS
DID TO THE FAMOUS, FABLED WALLS OF JERICHO!
OH, BILLIARD PARLOR WALLS
COME TUMBLING DOWN!

OH, A BAND'LL DO IT, MY FRIENDS,
OH, YES! I MEAN A BOYS' BAND.
DO YOU HEAR ME?
I SAY, RIVER CITY'S GOTTA HAVE A BOYS' BAND,
AND I MEAN SHE NEEDS IT TODAY.
WELL, PROFESSOR HAROLD HILL'S ON HAND
AND RIVER CITY'S GONNA HAVE HER BOYS' BAND!
AS SURE AS THE LORD MADE LITTLE GREEN APPLES,
AND THAT BAND'S GONNA BE IN…

… uniform! Johnny, Willy, Teddy, Fred! And you'll see the glitter of crashing cymbals. And you'll hear the thunder of rolling drums; the shimmer of trumpets— Tantara! And you'll feel something akin to the electric thrill I once enjoyed when Gilmore, Liberatti, Pat Conway, The Great Creatore, W.C. Handy and John Philip Sousa all came to town on the very same historic day!

SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES LED THE BIG PARADE,
WITH A HUNDRED AND TEN CORNETS CLOSE AT HAND.
THEY WERE FOLLOWED BY ROWS AND ROWS
OF THE FINEST VIRTUOSOS,
THE CREAM OF EV'RY FAMOUS BAND.

SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES CAUGHT THE MORNING SUN,
WITH A HUNDRED AND TEN CORNETS RIGHT BEHIND.
THERE WERE MORE THAN A THOUSAND REEDS

(HAROLD)

SPRINGING UP LIKE WEEDS.
THERE WERE HORNS OF EV'RY SHAPE AND KIND.

THERE WERE COPPER BOTTOM TIMPANI IN HORSE PLATOONS,
THUNDERING, THUNDERING, ALL ALONG THE WAY.
DOUBLE BELL EUPHONIUMS AND BIG BASSOONS,
EACH BASSOON HAVING HIS BIG FAT SAY.

THERE WERE FIFTY MOUNTED CANNON IN THE BATTERY,
THUNDERING, THUNDERING, LOUDER THAN BEFORE.
CLARINETS OF EV'RY SIZE
AND TRUMPETERS WHO'D IMPROVISE
A FULL OCTAVE HIGHER THAN THE SCORE.

(HAROLD leads the BOYS as they pantomime playing instruments. This leads into a dance break with the entire town catching the boy band fever.)

TOWNSPEOPLE

SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES HIT THE COUNTERPOINT,
WHILE A HUNDRED AND TEN CORNETS BLAZED AWAY.
TO THE RHYTHM OF HARCH! HARCH! HARCH!
ALL THE KIDS BEGAN TO MARCH,
AND THEY'RE MARCHING STILL—RIGHT TODAY!
MARCHING STILL RIGHT TODAY!

#11—Seventy-Six Trombones (Playoff)

MAYOR SHINN

Men, this calls for emergency action. That man is a spellbinder. I want his credentials.

(TOMMY, being escorted out by CONSTABLE LOCKE, suddenly cuts and runs. TOMMY runs into HAROLD, who holds him.)

Grab that hoodlum!

CONSTABLE

Thank you, Professor. Have to make an example of him. Ringleader, you know. What he does the gang does.

TOMMY

Jeazle Petes, lemme go.

MAYOR SHINN

Ya wild kid, ya. Taggin' down Main Street after my oldest girl last Sunday.

TOMMY

I wasn't either taggin'.

MAYOR SHINN

Don't you counterdict me—

TOMMY

We'uz just walkin' together, Jeazle Petes—

(ZANEETA and GRACIE have entered the stage.)

MAYOR SHINN

You watch your frazalogy! I know what you'uz doin', my little Gracie seen ya. Now you stay away from my oldest girl or you'll hear from me till who laid the rails! Hill, I'll talk to you Monday morning about this band thing. Over't City Hall. Ten o'clock sharp.

(Aside, as he exits)

Men, I want that spellbinder's credentials.

HAROLD

(As CONSTABLE starts off with TOMMY)

Constable. I'll be responsible for the boy.

CONSTABLE

You don't know this kid—he's tough, and he's got his gang waitin' outside.

HAROLD

Now, Constable, I'll show you how to break up a gang.

(Looks around)

Oh, young lady. Oh miss—What's your name?

ZANEETA

(Approaching)

Zaneeta. I don't have any idea you was beckoning me. Ye Gads.

HAROLD

Do you know Tommy Djilas?

ZANEETA

Well, I—

HAROLD

Tommy, this is Zaneeta. Escort the young lady home—

(HAROLD hears the bells of the candy kitchen vendor.)

—by way of the candy kitchen.

(HAROLD hands TOMMY a coin.)

TOMMY

(Grinning)

Yes sir. Do I hafta?

HAROLD

You hafta.

TOMMY

Yes sir.

ZANEETA

(As she and TOMMY exit)

Ye Gads.

CONSTABLE

Professor, you're a pretty bright young fellow. You made a couple mistakes, though.

HAROLD

Oh?

CONSTABLE

The Mayor happens to own the billiard parlor and that new pool table.

HAROLD

Oh. What was my other mistake?

CONSTABLE

That Zaneeta. She's the Mayor's oldest girl.

(As HAROLD starts to cross to EULALIE and the PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES, the SCHOOL BOARD approaches him.)

EWART

(The second tenor)

Just a minute—Professor Hill. We'd like to have your credentials. We're the School Board.

OLIN

(The bass, contradicting)

Academic certificates.

OLIVER

(The baritone, to OLIN, with irritation)

Nothing of the kind!

EWART

(To OLIVER, irascibly)

We need letters and papers!

JACEY

(The high tenor, to the others, nastily)

Make him put up a bond!

HAROLD

What am I hearing?

#12—Ice Cream / Sincere

(Whirling back to OLIN, HAROLD blows pitchpipe.)

Say—

(Sings on low note)

ICE CREEEEM.

OLIN

Uh, Ice Cream, but I don't sing young man, if that's what you're—

HAROLD

All right, talk then. *(Low)* Down here!

OLIN

Ice Cream.

HAROLD

Talk slow!

OLIN

(In a rich rolling bass)

ICE CREEEEM.

HAROLD

See? Singing is only sustained talking.

(Pointing to OLIVER – sings on a baritone note)

NOW YOUUUU.

OLIVER

(In a full baritone)

ICE CREEEEM.

HAROLD

(To EWART)

NOW YOUUUU. RIGHT HEEER.

EWART

ICE CREEEEM.

HAROLD

(Points to JACEY)

Now, you, sir!

JACEY

(On the high note)

ICE CREEEEEEEMMMM.

HAROLD

(Crossing to the PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES)

Ladies, from now on you'll never see one of those men without the other three.

EULALIE

Oh, Professor, you're wrong! Why they've hated each other for fifteen years.

(Behind HAROLD's back, they hit a gorgeous chord.)

JACEY, EWART, OLIVER & OLIN (QUARTET)

ICE CREAM.

(HAROLD joins the SCHOOL BOARD as they are shaking hands all around and congratulating each other.)

HAROLD

HOW CAN THERE BE—

OLIVER

ANY SIN IN "SINCERE"?

QUARTET

AREN'T WE SINCERELY

OLIVER & OLIN

IN LOVE?

JACEY & EWART

OH, WE'RE IN LOVE.

(As the QUARTET holds its last gorgeous note, we blackout. The music segues to the "walking theme.")

#13—Change to Scene Six

SCENE SIX

TIME: Immediately following.

AT RISE: Lights come up on the street. A street sign is wheeled on by two BOYS, one selling newspapers. The street sign says 'MADISON PUBLIC LIBRARY' *and has an arrow indicating the direction. The "walking theme" accompanies MARIAN's entrance. HAROLD is following. HAROLD and MARIAN walk as the street sign slowly crosses the stage.*

HAROLD

I don't suppose you live alone, or anything?

MARIAN

No!

HAROLD

I've got some wonderful caramels over't the hotel if you'd—

(MARIAN stops abruptly.)

MARIAN

Mister Hill.

HAROLD

Professor Hill.

MARIAN

Professor of what? At what college do they give a degree for annoying women on the street like a Saturday night rowdy at a public dance hall?

HAROLD

Oh, I wouldn't know about that. I'm a Conservatory man myself. Gary, Indiana Gold Medal Class of aught-five.

MARIAN

Even should that happen to be true does that give you the right to follow me around wherever I go? Another thing, Mister Hill, I'm not as easily mesmerized or hoodwinked as some people in this town and I think it only fair to warn you that I have a shelf full of reference books in there which may very well give me some interesting information about you.

(MARIAN exits towards the library. HAROLD starts to follow as the PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES come chattering in. EULALIE hangs back, but HAROLD is surrounded.)

ALMA

Oh, Professor Hill, we're all agog—simply agog!

MAUD

On the que veev!

MRS. SQUIRES

Everyone's so excited about the band.

ETHEL

(Loud voice)

I'm Ethel Toffelmier.

MAUD

And this is Mrs. Squires, and Mrs. Hix. And of course you met Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn?

(The PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES part, revealing EULALIE dramatically.)

Our Mayor's wife? Isn't it exciting, Eulalie?

EULALIE

Oh, I couldn't say. I could not say. Oh no. I could not say, at this time. My husband will wish to investigate, I'm sure. And naturally I'm reticent. Oh yes, I'm reticent.

HAROLD

Of course, Mrs. Shinn, I understand. But you see, part of my music plans include a committee on the dance and—

(EULALIE moves her foot several times as if in minor pain.)

—No wait—wait! Do that again, Mrs. Shinn!

(EULALIE looks behind her, mystified.)

Your foot! The way you raised it, just now!

EULALIE

(Lifting foot slightly)

Oh. Well. I have a bunion there that bothers—

HAROLD

Oh what grace! What natural flow of rhythm! What expression of line and movement!

EULALIE

Mr. Hill.

HAROLD

You must accept the chairmanship of the Ladies Auxiliary for the Classic Dance, mustn't she, ladies?

PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES

Oh yes! Please! You must, Eulalie.

HAROLD

Every move you make, Mrs. Shinn, bespeaks Del Sarte. Will you—will you? Say yes, Mrs. Shinn!

EULALIE

(Moving forward amid flutters, she murmurs)

Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn—ah—well! I—ah—that is—Dancing! Well!

HAROLD

Then you accept?

EULALIE

Yes indeed! And I would like to say—

HAROLD

Thank you. Now the young lady who plays the piano—Marian Paroo, I believe?

(The PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES all gasp.)

After all she is the librarian.

#14—Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little (Part 1)

(The PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES instantly huddle.)

ALMA

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

ALMA & ETHEL

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

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, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP!

(Continues as background under following dialogue)

MAUD

Professor, her kind of woman doesn't belong on any committee. Of course I shouldn't tell you this but she advocates dirty books.

HAROLD

Dirty books!

ALMA

CHAUCER!

ETHEL

RABELAIS!

EULALIE

BAL-ZAC!

MAUD

And the worst thing—of course I shouldn't tell you this but—

ALMA

I'll tell.

ETHEL

The man lived on my street! Let me tell!

EULALIE

Stop! I'll tell.

(Everything stops)

She made brazen overtures to a man who never had a friend in this town till she came here—old Miser Madison.

HAROLD

(Puzzled)

Miser Madison? Madison Gymnasium, Madison Picnic Park, Madison Hospital—that miser Madison?

MAUD

Exactly. Who'd he think he was anyway?

HAROLD

Well I should say! Showoff! Gave the town the library too, didn't he?

ETHEL

That's just it. When he died he left the library building to the city…

MAUD

But he left all the books to her!

EULALIE

She was seen going and coming from his place.

ALMA

Oh yes. Oh yes.

(The PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES continue:)

#15 — Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little (Part 2)

(ALMA)

THAT WOMAN MADE
BRAZEN OVERTURES
WITH A GILT-EDGED GUARANTEE!
SHE HAD A GOLDEN GLINT IN HER EYE,
AND A SILVER VOICE
WITH A COUNTERFEIT RING!
JUST MELT HER DOWN
AND YOU'LL REVEAL
A LUMP OF LEAD
AS COLD AS STEEL!
HERE!
WHERE A WOMAN'S HEART SHOULD BE.

LADIES

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE…
(Continues)

EULALIE, ALMA, MAUD, ETHEL & MRS. SQUIRES

HE LEFT RIVER CITY THE LIBRARY BUILDING,
BUT HE LEFT ALL THE BOOKS TO HER!

ALMA

CHAUCER!

ETHEL

RABELAIS!

EULALIE

BAL-ZAC!

LADIES

… PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP!

(The LADIES all continue "Pick-a-Little" at forte under dialogue as HAROLD tries to escape. The QUARTET enters.)

JACEY

Just a minute here! We need your credentials.

HAROLD

Yes, of course. I have just what you want over at the hotel. Come with me.

(As the QUARTET starts to follow him, HAROLD turns back to the LADIES who are still singing softly.)

Goodnight ladies.

(The LADIES "cheep, cheep, cheep" at him. HAROLD turns to the QUARTET.)

GOODNIGHT, LADIES.

QUARTET

GOODNIGHT, LADIES,
GOODNIGHT, LADIES.
WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE YOU NOW.

LADIES

… CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, CHEEP!

#16 — Change to Scene Seven

(The PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES and the QUARTET finish together and exit, forgetting HAROLD, who crosses to the Paroo house which has been set during "Goodnight Ladies.")

SCENE SEVEN

TIME: Immediately following the previous scene.

AT RISE: The Paroo's porch represented by a clothesline.

(MRS. PAROO is hanging laundry. WINTHROP is helping. When HAROLD enters, WINTHROP hides behind MRS. PAROO.)

HAROLD

Mrs. Paroo, do you realize you have the facial characteristics of a cornet virtuoso?

MRS. PAROO

I don't know if I understand you entirely, Professor.

HAROLD

If your boy has the same firm chin, and those splendid cheek muscles— By George! Not that he could ever be really great, you understand, but—

MRS. PAROO

Oh, is that so. And in the name of St. Bridget, why not?

HAROLD

Well—you see all the really great cornet players were Irish—O'Clark, O'Mendez, O'Klein—

MRS. PAROO

But Professor, we are Irish!

HAROLD

No! No! Really! That clinches it! Sign here, Mrs. Paroo. Your boy was born to play the cornet!

(MRS. PAROO signs in a daze. HAROLD smiles at WINTHROP, who hides behind MRS. PAROO playing a bit of hide and seek.)

Fine, fine. That will be seven dollars earnest money. Nothing more due until the first installment payable at opening of band practice.

(MRS. PAROO locates money from about her person.)

Oh thank you. And of course, I'll need the boy's measurements for his band uniform.

MRS. PAROO

His uniform!

(WINTHROP peeks from behind MRS. PAROO filled with excitement. HAROLD and MRS. PAROO are somewhat surprised.)

HAROLD

Hello, son.

WINTHROP

(Drawing an imaginary line down the outside of his leg)

Would it have—a—a—?

HAROLD

A stripe? Certainly, my boy, a wide red stripe on each side. What do you think of that?

(WINTHROP drops his eyes suddenly and runs off.)

MRS. PAROO

You'll have to excuse Winthrop, Professor. We can't get him to say three words a day even to us. So if you get him to play in the band it will be a miracle. Where are you from, Professor?

HAROLD

Gary, Indiana. In fact, Gary Conservatory was my alma mater.

MRS. PAROO

Was she now?

HAROLD

(Aware of MARIAN's approach)

Gold Medal Class of aught-five. Hello, Miss Paroo.

MARIAN

(Entering the stage)

Mr. Hill.

MRS. PAROO

He wants to put Winthrop in the band!

MARIAN

Do you burst in on everyone's home like this?

MRS. PAROO

Marian!

MARIAN

We're not interested.

HAROLD

Now why not let the boy's father decide?

MARIAN

The boy's father is dead. Anything else?

(MARIAN exits into the house.)

MRS. PAROO

Professor, I do hope you'll excuse Marian. She's not really—

HAROLD

Please. I'm sure that at heart she's as lovely as yourself. Good day to you, Mrs. Paroo.

(HAROLD exits.)

MRS. PAROO

Good day to you, Professor. Marian Paroo!

MARIAN

(Returning to porch)

Has he gone?

MRS. PAROO

I hope not forever. Darlin', don't you ever think of your future? Gary, Indiana Conservation Class of aught-five—now darlin'—

MARIAN

Now Mama, the fact that he claims his commodity is music does not, in this particular case, impress me.

MRS. PAROO

All right, darlin', all right. Only it's a well-known principle that if you keep the flint in one drawer and the steel in another, you'll never strike much of a fire.

MARIAN

Mama! Winthrop! Winthrop, I know you're there.

(WINTHROP enters the stage slowly.)

Please go to the library and ask Miss Grubb to give you the book I set aside. It's the Indiana State Educational Journal 1890-1910. It's a large brown volume with black corners.

WINTHROP

Do I hafta?

MARIAN

You won't have to talk to anyone. I've written it all down.

(MARIAN gives him a note. WINTHROP exits.)

MRS. PAROO

Now what are you up to? Why do you need books at this hour of the night?

MARIAN

I have a feeling the Indiana Journal may help me poke some large holes in the Professor's claims.

(MARIAN exits, MRS. PAROO follows. The clothesline is taken off the stage as TOMMY and ZANEETA enter from opposite sides of the stage.)

SCENE EIGHT

TIME: Immediately following.

AT RISE: Center of town, exterior.

TOMMY

Zaneeta… Hey, Zaneeta! Meet me after supper.

ZANEETA

Meet you where?

TOMMY

The footbridge.

ZANEETA

Last time the lumberyard and now the footbridge? And where will you meet after that? In the Black Hole of Calcutta? Ye Gads. Tommy! It's Papa!

(TOMMY leaves in a hurry as MAYOR SHINN and EULALIE enter.)

MAYOR SHINN

Didn't I say, "Get that spellbinder Harold Hill's credentials?" I said it morning of Ju-ly Fourth, Nineteen and Twelve—

EULALIE

Yes, George, but—

MAYOR SHINN

And now the whole town's turned upside down. The School Board is singin' up street and down alley instead of tending to city matters—

(MARIAN enters with a brown book.)

MARIAN

Mayor Shinn, I've found something very interesting in this book about Professor Hill's alma mater.

MAYOR SHINN

His who?

MARIAN

His university.

MAYOR SHINN

I know all about that. In fact, that's the only thing I can ever get out of him—"Gary Conservatory, class of aught-five."

MARIAN

If you'll just take time to read a little bit about the Conservatory, I don't think you'll have to look further. It's on page…

GRACIE

(Rushing on)

Papa! The Wells Fargo Wagon is just comin' up from the depot!

MAYOR SHINN

At this hour of the day? The Wells Fargo Wagon?

#17—The Wells Fargo Wagon

GRACIE

It could be the band instruments!

MAYOR SHINN

The band instruments! I want that man's credentials!

(The TOWNSPEOPLE now form, looking up the street, listening for the horse's hooves, which are now heard plainly in the music.)

TOWNSPEOPLE

O-HO, THE WELLS FARGO WAGON
IS A-COMIN' DOWN THE STREET.
OH, PLEASE, LET IT BE FOR ME.

(TOWNSPEOPLE)

O-HO, THE WELLS FARGO WAGON
IS A-COMIN' DOWN THE STREET.
I WISH, I WISH I KNEW WHAT IT COULD BE.

1ST VOICE

I GOT A BOX OF MAPLE SUGAR ON MY BIRTHDAY.

2ND VOICE

IN MARCH, I GOT A GREY MACKINAW.

3RD VOICE

AND ONCE, I GOT SOME GRAPEFRUIT FROM TAMPA.

4TH VOICE

MONTGOM'RY WARD SENT ME A BATHTUB
AND A CROSS-CUT SAW.

TOWNSPEOPLE

O-HO, THE WELLS FARGO WAGON IS A-COMIN' NOW.
IS IT A PREPAID SURPRISE OR C.O.D.?

5TH VOICE

IT COULD BE CURTAINS,

6TH VOICE

OR DISHES,

7TH VOICE

OR A DOUBLE BOILER,

8TH VOICE

OR IT COULD BE,

TOWNSPEOPLE

YES, IT COULD BE,
YES, YOU'RE RIGHT, IT SURELY COULD BE

8TH VOICE

SOMETHIN' SPECIAL,

TOWNSPEOPLE

SOMETHIN' VERY, VERY SPECIAL NOW,

8TH VOICE

JUST FOR ME.

(WINTHROP breaks through the crowd and as the TOWNSPEOPLE slowly turn to look at him in amazement, he sings.)

WINTHROP

(Sung with a lisp)

O-HO, THE WELLS FARGO WAGON
ITH A-COMIN' NOW.
I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN EVER WAIT TO THEE.
IT COULD BE THUMPIN' FOR THUMONE
WHO ITH NO RELATHION,
BUT IT COULD BE
THUMPIN' THPETHYAL
JUTHT FOR ME!

TOWNSPEOPLE	**TOWNSPEOPLE (OPT.)**
O-HO, YOU	
WELLS FARGO WAGON, KEEP A-COMIN'.	AH—
O-HO, YOU	
WELLS FARGO WAGON, KEEP A-COMIN'.	AH—

TOWNSPEOPLE

O-HO, YOU WELLS FARGO WAGON,
DON'T YOU DARE TO MAKE A STOP,
UNTIL YOU STOP FOR ME.

(MARIAN pushes her way through the TOWNSPEOPLE to crush WINTHROP in an embrace as the crowd cheers the wagon's arrival.)

Hurray!

WINTHROP

It'th the band inthtrumenth!

(HAROLD, riding in the wagon, jumps down, carrying a gold cornet, which he brings to WINTHROP.)

HAROLD

Here you are, Winthrop.

WINTHROP

My cornet! Gee thankth, Profethor!

HAROLD

(Returning to wagon)

Men! You will each receive individual instruction in due course. In the meantime, stay off the streets, get acquainted with your instruments and think about the "Minuet in G." La de da de da de da de da—

BOYS

(Exiting)

La de da, La de da.

WINTHROP

Thithter! Thithter! I never thought I'd ever thee anything tho thcrumpthyuth ath thith thcrumpthyuth tholid gold thing! O thithter!

MAYOR SHINN

Round one for you, Mister Hill, but I better hear some by gad tootin' out'a them horns in pretty short order or I'll see you in front a' the grand jury.

(Approaching MARIAN)

Now Miss Marian, about that book—

EULALIE

Come, George!

(MARIAN tears a page out of the book as EULALIE calls MAYOR SHINN.)

MAYOR SHINN

Hold on. I've got to get something from the librarian.

(Crosses to MARIAN)

About that book—

(MARIAN hands him the book. MAYOR SHINN and EULALIE exit. HAROLD catches MARIAN's look, which is changing from gratitude to adoration.)

MARIAN

I've never seen Winthrop so happy. Thank you, Professor Hill.

HAROLD

(Coming over to her)

My pleasure, Miss Paroo.

(TOMMY enters.)

TOMMY

Start her up, Mr. Washburn. Wait till you see the new steps Professor Hill taught us!

MARCELLUS

All right! What'll it be?

TOMMY

The Shipoopi!

KIDS

Shipoopi!

#18 — Shipoopi

MARCELLUS

NOW, A WOMAN WHO'LL KISS
ON THE VERY FIRST DATE
IS USU'LY A HUSSY,
AND A WOMAN WHO'LL KISS
ON THE SECOND TIME OUT
IS ANYTHING BUT FUSSY.
BUT A WOMAN WHO'LL WAIT
'TIL THE THIRD TIME AROUND,
HEAD IN THE CLOUDS, FEET ON THE GROUND,
SHE'S THE GIRL HE'S GLAD HE'S FOUND.
SHE'S HIS SHIPOOPI!
SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI.

BOYS

THE GIRL WHO'S HARD TO GET!

MARCELLUS

SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI.

GIRLS

BUT YOU CAN WIN HER YET.

BOY

Come on, Professor, show us some new steps!

(HAROLD makes a gallant invitation to wallflower MARIAN. She reluctantly dances with him. She shines. Several of the LADIES witness this. TOMMY and ZANEETA also dance together. The KIDS all join in again imitating the steps HAROLD and MARIAN have done.)

ALL

SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI,
THE GIRL WHO'S HARD TO GET!
SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI,
BUT YOU CAN WIN HER YET!
YOU CAN WIN HER YET!

(Shouted)

SHIPOOPI!

(EULALIE and MAYOR SHINN enter.)

MAYOR SHINN

Take your hands off my daughter!

ZANEETA

Papa!

TOMMY

Mr. Shinn, your honor. Your daughter and I are goin' steady behind your back. We'd rather do it in front a'your back but—

MAYOR SHINN

I'm going to warn you once more!

EULALIE

Now, George!

MAYOR SHINN

Not one poop out'a you madam!

(Everyone reacts with shock.)

EULALIE

I think he means peep.

MAYOR SHINN

You know what I see written all over you? Reform school! Now get out! Get out, you wild kid.

(TOMMY rushes off.)

ZANEETA

Papa, please. It's Capulets like you make blood in the marketplace. Ye Gads.

MAYOR SHINN

You watch your frazolagy, young woman. Go home.

(ZANEETA starts off. EULALIE starts after her.)

HAROLD

Mr. Mayor, I want you to know I'm vouching for Tommy Djilas. That boy's got the confidence of every kid in town—you'll be standing in line waiting to shake his hand by the time our band plays its first concert.

MAYOR SHINN

By the time your band plays its first concert the individual members'll have to foregather in wheelchairs 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 QUARTET quickly enters.)

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!

(MAYOR SHINN exits. The QUARTET follows.)

MARIAN

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

HAROLD

A man can't dodge the issue every time a little personal risk is involved— What does the poet say? The coward dies a thousand deaths—the brave man only 500—

MARIAN

I just wish I was a little more informed— I've been wanting to talk to you about Winthrop's cornet.

HAROLD

His cornet? Mother-of-pearl keys.

MARIAN

I'm sure it's fine. 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. Now I cannot discuss these things here in public. But if you'll allow me to call—

(Spotting the PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES, who are rushing towards HAROLD with excitement)

When may I call?

MARIAN

Why any night this week—

#19—Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little (Reprise)

(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.

(Continues as background under following dialogue)

ETHEL

Miss Paroo, please join our Del Sarte Committee. You were so dear tonight dancing the Shipoopi with Professor Hill.

(The LADIES continue "Pick-A-Little, Talk-a-Little" under the following)

ALMA

YOU DANCE LIKE A
FAIRY PRINCESS
WITH A MOONBEAM FOR YOUR FLOOR!
YOU HAD A GOLDEN SHIMMER IN YOUR HAIR
AND SILVER SHOES FOR ALL TO SEE!
WE KNOW THAT YOU WILL SOON UNFOLD
A FORGIVING HEART OF PUREST GOLD,
HERE!

(ALMA)

WHERE A WOMAN'S HEART SHOULD BE!

ALMA, MAUD, ETHEL & MRS. SQUIRES

FAIRY PRINCESS!
MOONBEAM FLOOR!
GOLDEN SHIMMER!
SILVER SHOES!
NOW UNFOLD!
HEART OF GOLD!
HERE,
WHERE A WOMAN'S HEART SHOULD BE!

THE PROFESSOR TOLD US TO READ THOSE BOOKS
AND WE SIMPLY ADORED THEM ALL!

ALMA

CHAUCER!

MAUD

RABELAIS!

EULALIE

BAL-ZAC!

LADIES

… PICK-A-LITTLE, TALK-A-LITTLE,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,

(Whispered)

CHEEP!

(Blackout.)

#20 — Change to Scene Nine

(The PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES chase MARIAN offstage.)

SCENE NINE

TIME: The following Wednesday evening, after supper.

AT RISE: MRS. PAROO is rocking on her porch.

WINTHROP

(Bursting onto stage)

Mama!

MRS. PAROO

Winthrop, where've you been?

WINTHROP

Fithin'.

MRS. PAROO

Fishing!

WINTHROP

With Harold. He told me all about hith hometown, Gary, Indiana. And he thaid he'd take me there thum day. And he taught me a thong that hardly thath any etheth in it.

#21 — Gary, Indiana

GARY, INDIANA,
GARY, INDIANA,
GARY, INDIANA,
LET ME THAY IT WUNTH AGAIN.
GARY, INDIANA,
GARY, INDIANA,
GARY, INDIANA,
THAT'TH THE TOWN THAT KNEW ME WHEN.

(MARIAN enters.)

IF YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOGICAL EKTHPLANATHYUN,
HOW I HAPPENED ON THITH ELEGANT THINKOPATHYUN,
I WILL THAY, WITHOUT A MOMENT OF HETHITATHYUN,
THERE ITH JUTHT ONE PLATHE
THAT CAN LIGHT MY FATHE—

MRS. PAROO

GARY, INDIANA,

MARIAN

GARY, INDIANA,

WINTHROP

NOT LOUEETHEEANA,
PARITH, FRANTH, NEW YORK OR ROME, BUT—

MRS. PAROO

GARY, INDIANA,

MARIAN

GARY, INDIANA,

ALL THREE

GARY, INDIANA,
MY HOME SWEET (THWEET) HOME.

WINTHROP

I'll be back in a minute. I have to show Amaryllith my live frog.

(WINTHROP sings loudly as he exits.)

La de da de da de da de da. La de da. La de da.

(MRS. PAROO starts into the house.)

MARIAN

Leave the dishes—I'll do them, Mama.

CHARLIE

(Entering, he sees the 'PIANO LESSONS GIVEN' *sign on porch)*

You the piano teacher in town?

MARIAN

Why, yes.

CHARLIE

Then you must know about this fellow Hill formin' a boys' band here.

MARIAN

Yes…

CHARLIE

Well, don't let it worry you no more. I got the goods on him in spades. Swindlin' two-bit thimble rigger. I'm just passin' through. Number eight only makes a fifteen minute water stop.

MARIAN

Who are you?

CHARLIE

Name's Charlie Cowell—anvil salesman.

(CHARLIE drops the suitcase and we hear a huge anvil shifting inside.)

But just now I'm out to protect the good name of the travelin' fraternity from this swindler.

MARIAN

Mr. Cowell, you're making a big mistake.

CHARLIE

Mistake my old lady's corset-cover! That fella's been the raspberry seed in my wisdom tooth just long enough. He spoiled Illinois for me and he's not gonna spoil Iowa! Say, what kind of music teacher are you, you didn't see through him? He's no more Professor—

MARIAN

I know all about that. Band leaders are always called Professor. It's a harmless deception. He's a fine director and his scholastic—

CHARLIE

Now wait a minute. Fine director? Have you heard one note a'music from any band?

MARIAN

No, but—

CHARLIE

But nuthin', girly-girl! He never formed a band in his life! And he never will!

(A train whistle is heard.)

MARIAN

You'll never make that train at the depot. You'll have to catch it at the crossing.

CHARLIE

No sir. I've got to leave word. And I can see you ain't the one to leave it with.

MARIAN

I never met a man who sells anvils. That's something—well—quite different.

(The train whistle is heard.)

CHARLIE

Takes a real salesman, I can tell you that. Anvils have a limited appeal you know. What am I doin'? I miss that train I'll get fired! And I got to leave word about that fellow Hill!

MARIAN

Leave word with me.

CHARLIE

Not on your tintype! How do I know you'd deliver these letters?

MARIAN

(Grabbing his lapels)

Try me.

(MARIAN plants her lips on his. It is a long kiss. The train whistle and bell grows louder… MARIAN struggles free, wipes her mouth in disgust, points left.)

There's your train! Now run for it!

CHARLIE

Why you double-dealing little—who do you think you're protecting? That guy's got a girl in every county in Illinois—and that's 102 counties—not counting the piano teachers like you he cozies up to, to keep their mouths shut!

(As he runs off)

Neither one of you's heard the last of me, girly-girl!

(MARIAN stands, stunned.)

MRS. PAROO

(From offstage)

Marian… Marian!

(MRS. PAROO comes out on the porch.)

Marian dear! Who was you talkin' to just—

(HAROLD enters.)

(MRS. PAROO)

Why Professor Hill!

HAROLD

Mrs. Paroo! The top a'the evening! Miss Marian.

MRS. PAROO

You and Marian come up and set. I—I've—I've got some jelly on the stove.

MARIAN

There's no jelly on the stove, Mama.

MRS. PAROO

Well, I'll put some on!

(MRS. PAROO exits.)

HAROLD

(After a pause)

Shall we "set" as your mother said?

MARIAN

Well, I…

HAROLD

You did ask me to call…?

MARIAN

Professor Hill… Is it true that you've—

(MARIAN starts to lose her nerve.)

… What I'm trying to say is… I must be very dull company for a man of your experience.

HAROLD

Now say, where'd you get an idea like that?

MARIAN

One hears rumors of traveling salesmen.

HAROLD

Now, Miss Marian—you mustn't believe everything you hear. After all, one even hears rumors about librarians.

MARIAN

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 rumors.

MARIAN

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

HAROLD

Exactly. And jealousy mostly starts rumors about traveling salesmen. What have you heard?

MARIAN

Just that—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? I mean, now honestly—mightn't they?

HAROLD

Why…?

MARIAN

And, so you say—if another salesman—or somebody were jealous—I mean—well, they could be downright lies—couldn't they?

HAROLD

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

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. 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. The footbridge—fifteen minutes.

MARIAN

Fifteen minutes.

(HAROLD exits quickly. MARIAN's voice is suddenly loud and desperate.)

(MARIAN)

Mama!

MRS. PAROO

(Entering onto porch)

What?

MARIAN

I just told Professor Hill I'd meet him at the footbridge in fifteen minutes.

MRS. PAROO

Glory be and the saints be praised—it works!

MARIAN

What does?

MRS. PAROO

I been usin' the Think System on you from the Parlor!

(Blackout.)

SCENE TEN

TIME: A few minutes later.

AT RISE: Madison Park. The footbridge is downstage to one side.

(The PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES are concluding their Grecian Urn presentation.)

EULALIE

(Entering the stage through the house)

One Grecian Urn!

(EULALIE holds an awkward pose as "an urn.")

Two Grecian Urns!

(MAUD joins EULALIE onstage, entering through the house. MAUD matches EULALIE's pose.)

And a fountain!

(The rest of the PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES join EULALIE onstage, entering through the house. They form a fountain. There is mild applause. CHARLIE and MAYOR SHINN burst in among the PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES.)

MAYOR SHINN

Stop, stop. Listen to this man!

(MARCELLUS enters the stage carrying Harold's suitcase. MARCELLUS abruptly hides the lettering on the suitcase from the TOWNSPEOPLE.)

CHARLIE

You gullible green-grassed goats! I'm talking about Harold Hill—road agent—highwayman—pickpocket.

MAN #2

Pickpocket?

CHARLIE

Same thing! He's had his hand in your wallet, mister, and yours, madam, and yours, little lady, ever since the first moment he came to this town! There's more documented evidence than you'll ever have time to read! There isn't any band, there never has been any band and there never will be any band! And if you don't hunt this man down right now like a mad dog, there won't be any Harold Hill either! He'll be on the next train out of town.

MAYOR SHINN

Now will you believe me?

MAN #2

Well what are we waiting for?

WOMAN

I want my money back!

MAN #1

Money back—I want his hide!

MAYOR SHINN

After him! And when you find him bring him to the schoolhouse. After him!

#22—*Chase Music*

(The TOWNSPEOPLE all rush off. We see WINTHROP down front. He exits, crying. MRS. PAROO anxiously looks for WINTHROP, losing him in the crowd and exits in an opposite direction.)

(Once the crowd has exited, HAROLD appears, looking for MARIAN.)

MARCELLUS

(A moment later, entering with Harold's suitcase in one hand)

Hey Greg! Greg, some crazy guy is goin' all over town spillin' everything!

HAROLD

All right, Marce. Get the rig.

MARCELLUS

I got it!

HAROLD

What time's the freight go?

MARCELLUS

Nine-forty from the junction.

HAROLD

Well it's not even eight-thirty yet—

MARCELLUS

Look, you wanta turtle-wurtle around here and get yourself caught in a trap, you go ahead, but—

HAROLD

Don't worry, Marce. I'll meet you at the hotel in plenty a'time.

(MARCELLUS exits as MARIAN enters.)

Miss Marian! You're late.

MARIAN

But you said fifteen minutes—

HAROLD

I meant that you were about—well I'd say—about twenty-six years late—took you all this time to get to the footbridge with a fella.

MARIAN

If you want to know the truth it was almost longer.

HAROLD

Oh?

MARIAN

Halfway here I nearly turned back.

#23 — *Till There Was You*

I suppose I'm not the first to find it easier to think clearly when not under the spell of your salesmanship.

HAROLD

(Protesting too much)

Now Miss Marian — surely you don't think I've been selling *you* anything.

MARIAN

No — you've given me something. That's why I decided to come.

HAROLD

I don't recall giving —

MARIAN

(With intensity)

Oh yes, you have! Something beautiful.

HAROLD

(Beginning to protest)

Marian — I —

MARIAN

(Putting her hand over his mouth)

THERE WERE BELLS ON THE HILL,
BUT I NEVER HEARD THEM RINGING.
NO, I NEVER HEARD THEM AT ALL,
TILL THERE WAS YOU.

THERE WERE BIRDS IN THE SKY,
BUT I NEVER SAW THEM WINGING.
NO, I NEVER SAW THEM AT ALL,

(MARIAN)

TILL THERE WAS YOU.

AND THERE WAS MUSIC,
AND THERE WERE WONDERFUL ROSES,
THEY TELL ME,
IN SWEET FRAGRANT MEADOWS
OF DAWN AND DEW.

THERE WAS LOVE ALL AROUND,
BUT I NEVER HEARD IT SINGING.
NO, I NEVER HEARD IT AT ALL,
TILL THERE WAS YOU.

(The orchestra boils up and over as MARIAN and HAROLD kiss.)

HAROLD & MARIAN

THERE WAS LOVE ALL AROUND,
BUT I NEVER HEARD IT SINGING.
NO, I NEVER HEARD IT AT ALL,
TILL THERE WAS YOU.

(HAROLD and MARIAN kiss again as MARCELLUS rushes in.)

HAROLD

Marian, there's a lot of things you don't know about me—

MARCELLUS

(Whispering loudly)

Pssst! Hey Greg!

HAROLD

Excuse me. I'm expecting a cable from Hector Berlioz—this could be it.

(HAROLD hurries to meet MARCELLUS.)

Now what?

MARCELLUS

Who's the salesman here? Sounds like she's selling and you're buying.

HAROLD

I had to keep her off balance, didn't I?

MARCELLUS

Well, she's so far off balance now you can't tell her from a cat-boat in a hurricane.

HAROLD

Go get the rig.

(MARCELLUS exits as HAROLD returns to MARIAN.)

Never a peaceful moment in the music business. Now then, where were we?

MARIAN

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

HAROLD

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

Oh—about what?

MARIAN

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

HAROLD

Why there certainly—

MARIAN

Because the town wasn't even built till aught-six.

(MARIAN kisses him.)

I'll see you at the sociable.

HAROLD

(Calling after her)

You knew all the time?

MARIAN

Since July 7th—three days after you came.

HAROLD

Why you little—

MARCELLUS

(Rushing to him)

Greg—

(The QUARTET enters the stage, as MARCELLUS hides HAROLD.)

He isn't anywhere around here! Let's try down by the creek!

(MARCELLUS and the QUARTET exit, not seeing HAROLD. WINTHROP rushes through, looking over his shoulder.)

MARIAN

(Grabbing him)

Winthrop!

(WINTHROP breaks away but HAROLD grabs him.)

HAROLD

Hey, wait a minute here, son.

WINTHROP

(Struggling)

I'm not your thon! Leave go me!

HAROLD

Not till I talk to you for a minute.

WINTHROP

(Trying to fight his way free)

I won't lithen! You wouldn't tell the truth anyway.

HAROLD

I would too.

WINTHROP

Would not.

HAROLD

Would too! Tell you anything you want to know.

WINTHROP

(Holding still for a minute)

Can you lead a band?

HAROLD

No.

WINTHROP

Are you a big liar?

HAROLD

Yes.

WINTHROP

Are you a dirty rotten crook?

HAROLD

Yes.

WINTHROP

Leave me go, you big liar!

HAROLD

What's the matter? You wanted the truth, didn't you? Now I'm bigger'n you and you're going to stand here and get it all so you might as well quit wiggling. There's two things you're entitled to know. One, you're a wonderful kid. I thought so from the first. That's why I wanted you in the band, just so you'd quit mopin' around feeling sorry for yourself.

WINTHROP

What band?

HAROLD

I always think there's a band, kid.

WINTHROP

What'th the other thing I'm entitled to know?

HAROLD

(Looking at MARIAN)

Well—actually the other thing isn't any your business now that I think of it.

WINTHROP

I with you'd never come to River Thity!

MARIAN

No you don't, Winthrop.

WINTHROP

Thithter! You believe him?

MARIAN

I believe everything he ever said. The way every kid in this town walked around here all summer, and looked and acted. Especially you! And the parents, too. Does Mama wish he'd never come to River City?

WINTHROP

Well you do, don't you?

MARIAN

No, Winthrop. Now go, Harold—please.

WINTHROP

Go on, Professor, hurry up.

HAROLD

I can't go, Winthrop.

WINTHROP

Why not?

HAROLD

For the first time in my life I got my foot caught in the door.

(MARIAN and HAROLD embrace.)

MARCELLUS

(Entering)

Greg!

(Desperately)

Greg, they're here! That way—that way!

WINTHROP

Go on, Profethor. That way—that way.

(HAROLD stays where he is as the TOWNSPEOPLE surround him. CONSTABLE LOCKE takes charge with handcuffs.)

MAYOR SHINN

(Entering with the rest of the TOWNSPEOPLE)

Virtue has triumphed! The sword of retribution has cut down Professor Harold Hill! And if there are those, as I have heard, who are melting tar and collecting feathers, I will not say them nay!

MARIAN

Well I should think there ought to be some of you who could forgest our everlasting Iowa stubborn chip-on-the-shoulder arrogance long enough to remember River City before Harold Hill arrived. Do you remember? Well, do you? Surely some of you ought to be grateful to him for what he's brought to River City and if so I should think you'd want to admit it.

MAYOR SHINN

You're wasting a great deal of time here. If there's a person in this hall who doesn't think this man Hill should be tarred and feathered, please step forward.

(The silence is ear-splitting, then MRS. PAROO steps forward. Next, ZANEETA, then the QUARTET, the PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES, finally CONSTABLE LOCKE and EULALIE.)

Eulalie, step back!

(EULALIE steps back, but then steps forward again immediately.)

Have you people forgotten how you bought expensive uniforms, technical instruction books and high-priced band instruments? Have you forgotten the clear understanding and warrantee that your children would be taught to play in a band? Well, where's the band? Where's the band?

(TOMMY enters with KIDS in uniforms too big and too small. He blows a whistle. The KIDS hold up their instruments in playing position. HAROLD stands aghast. MARIAN takes a nightstick from the CONSTABLE and hands it to HAROLD.)

(HAROLD looks around desperately and finds no place to hide.)

HAROLD

(Fervently)

Think, men, think!

#24 — *Finale*

(HAROLD gives the upbeat and leads the BOYS' BAND in "Minuet in G" like it has never been played before — just barely recognizable. The TOWNSPEOPLE think it's the greatest thing they have ever heard.)

ALMA

That's my Barney! That tuba's my Barney!

MAN #1

Eddie! That's Eddie's clarionette!

MAUD

Linus, play to me son, play to me!

MAN #2

Davey, my Davey.

(HAROLD has been standing taller with each exclamation, and now conducts with a flourish; the same inimitable HAROLD HILL of before. MAYOR SHINN crosses, shakes his hand. The TOWNSPEOPLE cheer. CHARLIE exits. MAYOR SHINN crosses to TOMMY in amazement and shakes hands with him. HAROLD embraces MARIAN.)

(Curtain.)

#25 — *Bows*

ALL

SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES HIT THE COUNTERPOINT,
WHILE A HUNDRED AND TEN CORNETS BLAZED AWAY.
TO THE RHYTHM OF HARCH! HARCH! HARCH!
ALL THE KIDS BEGAN TO MARCH,
AND THEY'RE MARCHING STILL — RIGHT TODAY!
MARCHING STILL RIGHT TODAY!

THE END

Musical Numbers (Lyrics)

2. Rock Island 1
4. Iowa Stubborn 6
5. Ya Got Trouble 9
7. Piano Lesson / If You Don't Mind My Saying So 12
8. Goodnight, My Someone 15
9. Columbia, Gem of the Ocean 16
10. Seventy-Six Trombones 17
14. Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little *(Part 1)* 20
15. Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little *(Part 2)* 22
17. The Wells Fargo Wagon 25
18. Shipoopi 28
19. Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little *(Reprise)* 30
21. Gary, Indiana 33
23. Till There Was You 35
25. Bows 37

#2—Rock Island

CONDUCTOR

River City, River City next.

SALESMAN #1

CASH FOR THE MERCHANDISE—
CASH FOR THE BUTTON-HOOKS—

SALESMAN #2

CASH FOR THE COTTON GOODS—
CASH FOR THE HARD GOODS—

SALESMAN #1

CASH FOR THE SOFT GOODS—
CASH FOR THE FANCY GOODS—

SALESMAN #2

CASH FOR THE NOGGINS AND THE PIGGINS AND THE FIRKINS.

SALESMAN #4

(Train at running speed)

LOOK WHADAYATALK, WHADAYATALK,
WHADAYATALK?

SALESMAN #1

YA CAN TALK, YA CAN TALK,
YA CAN BICKER, YA CAN TALK,
YA CAN BICKER, BICKER, BICKER,

YA CAN TALK, YA CAN TALK,
YA CAN TALK, TALK, TALK, TALK,
BICKER, BICKER, BICKER,

YA CAN TALK ALL YA WANNA
BUT IT'S DIFFER'NT THAN IT WAS.

CHARLIE

NO IT AIN'T, NO IT AIN'T,
BUT YA GOTTA KNOW THE TERRITORY.

SALESMAN #3

TCH, TCH, TCH, TCH.
TCH, TCH, TCH, TCH.

SALESMAN #5

EVER MEET A FELLA BY THE *NAME A' HILL?*

SALESMAN #1

HILL?

CHARLIE

HILL!

SALESMAN #3

HILL?

SALESMAN #4

HILL?

NEWSPAPER READER #1

HILL?

NEWSPAPER READER #2

HILL?

NEWSPAPER READER #3

HILL?

SALESMAN #5

HILL!

ALL (BUT CHARLIE)

NO!

CHARLIE

JUST A MINUTE, JUST A MINUTE, JUST A MINUTE—

SALESMAN #4

NEVER HEARD A' ANY SALESMAN HILL—

SALESMAN #5

NOW, HE DOESN'T KNOW THE TERRITORY—

SALESMAN #1

DOESN'T KNOW THE TERRITORY?

SALESMAN #3

WHAT'S THE FELLA'S LINE?

CHARLIE

JUST A MINUTE, JUST A MINUTE, JUST A MINUTE—

SALESMAN #5

NEVER WORRIES 'BOUT HIS LINE—

SALESMAN #3

NEVER WORRIES 'BOUT HIS LINE?

SALESMAN #5

OR A DOGGONE THING.
HE'S JUST A BANG BEAT, BELL-RINGIN',
BIG HAUL, GREAT GO,
NECK-OR-NOTHIN', RIP-ROARIN',
EVER'TIME-A-BULL'S-EYE *SALES*MAN,
THAT'S PROFESSOR HAROLD HILL, HAROLD HILL.

NEWSPAPER READER #1

TELL US, WHAT'S HIS LINE?
WHAT'S HIS LINE?

CHARLIE

HE'S A FAKE, AND HE DOESN'T KNOW THE TERRITORY!

SALESMAN #4

LOOK, WHADAYATALK, WHADAYATALK, WHADAYATALK.

SALESMAN #5

HE'S A *MUSIC* MAN.

SALESMAN #3

HE'S A WHAT—

SALESMAN #2

HE'S A WHAT?

SALESMAN #5

HE'S A MUSIC MAN,
AND HE SELLS CLARINETS TO THE KIDS IN THE TOWN,
WITH THE BIG TROMBONES AND THE RATATAT DRUMS,
AND THE BIG BRASS BASS, BIG BRASS BASS.
AND THE PICCOLO, THE PICCOLO, UNIFORMS TOO,
WITH THE SHINY GOLD BRAID ON THE COAT,
AND A BIG RED STRIPE RUNNING—

SALESMAN #1

WELL!—
I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT BANDS,
BUT I DO KNOW YOU CAN'T MAKE A LIVIN'
SELLIN' BIG TROMBONES—NO SIR!
MANDOLIN PICKS, PERHAPS,
AND HERE AND THERE A JUICE-HARP—

SALESMAN #5

NO, THE FELLA SELLS BANDS.
BOYS' BANDS.
I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DOES IT,
BUT HE LIVES LIKE A KING,
AND HE DALLIES AND HE GATHERS,
AND HE PLUCKS AND HE SHINES,
AND WHEN THE MAN DANCES,
CERTAINLY, BOYS, WHAT ELSE:

(SALESMAN #5)

THE PIPER PAYS HIM.
YESSS—SIR.
YES SIR, YES SIR, YES SIR.
WHEN THE MAN DANCES,
CERTAINLY BOYS, WHAT ELSE:
THE PIPER PAYS HIM.

ALL

YES SIR. YES SIR.

CHARLIE

BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW THE TERRITORY!

#4 — Iowa Stubborn

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 two 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 GAD 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.

BOY

Good morning, Mayor Shinn.

MAYOR SHINN

It is, if you wanta go round in your drawers all day.

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.

TOWNSPEOPLE

WE CAN BE COLD
AS OUR FALLING THERMOMETERS IN DECEMBER
IF YOU ASK ABOUT OUR WEATHER IN JULY.

AND WE'RE SO BY GAD 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 two WORKMEN leave the billiard parlor carrying a pool table packing case frame to center, as a FARMER and his WIFE who have entered meet down center. They turn inside frame for a short pose as Grant Wood's "American Gothic.")

FARMER

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.

#5 – Ya Got Trouble

HAROLD

WELL, YA GOT TROUBLE, MY FRIEND –
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.

I CONSIDER THAT THE HOURS I SPEND
WITH A CUE IN MY HAND ARE GOLDEN.
HELP YOU CULTIVATE HORSE SENSE
AND A COOL HEAD AND A KEEN EYE.

NOW FRIENDS,
LEMME TELL YOU WHAT I MEAN.
YA GOT ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR,
FIVE, SIX POCKETS IN A TABLE!
POCKETS THAT MARK THE DIFF'RENCE
BETWEEN A GENTLEMAN AND A BUM,
WITH A CAPITAL "B",
AND THAT RHYMES WITH "P",
AND THAT STANDS FOR POOL.

NOW I KNOW ALL YOU FOLKS
ARE THE RIGHT KIND A' PARENTS.
I'M GONNA BE PERFECTLY FRANK.
WOULD YA LIKE TO KNOW
WHAT KINDA CONVERSATION GOES ON
WHILE THEY'RE LOAFIN' AROUND THE HALL?
THEY'LL BE TRYIN' OUT BEVO;
TRYIN' OUT CUBEBS;
TRYIN' OUT TAILOR MADES,
LIKE CIGARETTE FIENDS!
AND BRAAAGGIN'

(HAROLD)

ALL ABOUT HOW THEY'RE GONNA
COVER UP A TELL-TALE BREATH
WITH SEN-SEN.

ONE FINE NIGHT
THEY LEAVE THE POOL HALL,
HEADIN' FOR THE DANCE AT THE ARM'RY!
LIBERTINE MEN AND SCARLET WOMEN AND
RAG-TIME—SHAMELESS MUSIC
THAT'LL DRAG YOUR SON AND YOUR DAUGHTER
WITH THE ARMS OF A JUNGLE ANIMAL INSTINCT
MASS-STERIA!
FRIENDS, THE IDLE BRAIN
IS THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND.

HAROLD

TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

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

WE'VE SURELY GOT TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

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

TOWNSPEOPLE

OH, WE GOT TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

THAT STANDS FOR POOL.

WE SURELY GOT TROUBLE,—

—RIGHT HERE!

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? Are certain words creeping into his conversations? Words like "swell"… and "so's your old man"? If so, my friends—

HAROLD

YA GOT TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

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

WE'VE SURELY GOT TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

WITH A "T"—

GOTTA RHYME IT WITH "P"—

AND THAT STANDS FOR POOL!

TOWNSPEOPLE

OH, WE GOT TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!

THAT STANDS FOR POOL.

WE SURELY GOT TROUBLE!

RIGHT HERE!

WITH A CAPITAL "T!"

THAT RHYMES WITH "P!"

THAT STANDS FOR POOL!

#7—Piano Lesson / If You Don't Mind My Saying So

(MARIAN starts to play piano in time to correct AMARYLLIS's clinker; AMARYLLIS begins her exercises. MARIAN sings along.)

MARIAN

All right, Amaryllis. Now your exercises.

SOL, DO, LA, RE, TI, MI, A LITTLE SLOWER,
AND PLEASE KEEP THE FINGERS CURVED
AS NICE AND HIGH AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN.

Don't get faster, dear.

(AMARYLLIS continues during the following dialogue.)

MRS. PAROO

If you don't mind my saying so, it wouldn't have hurt you to find out what the gentleman wanted.

MARIAN

I know what the gentleman wanted.

MRS. PAROO

What, dear?

MARIAN

You'll find it in Balzac.

MRS. PAROO

Excuse me fer livin', but I've never read it.

(AMARYLLIS repeats in new key, as MARIAN sings.)

MARIAN

NEITHER HAS ANYONE ELSE IN THIS TOWN.

MRS. PAROO

THERE YOU GO AGAIN
WITH THAT SAME OLD COMMENT
ABOUT THE LOW MENTALITY

(MRS. PAROO)

OF RIVER CITY PEOPLE
AND TAKIN' IT ALL TOO MUCH TO HEART.

MARIAN

Now, Mama, as long as the…

MADISON PUBLIC LIBRARY
WAS ENTRUSTED TO ME
FOR THE PURPOSE OF IMPROVING
RIVER CITY'S CULTURAL LEVEL,
I CAN'T HELP MY CONCERN
THAT THE LADIES OF RIVER CITY
KEEP IGNORING ALL MY COUNCIL AND ADVICE.

MRS. PAROO

BUT DARLING,
WHEN A WOMAN'S GOT A HUSBAND
AND YOU'VE GOT NONE,
WHY SHOULD SHE TAKE ADVICE FROM YOU?
EVEN IF YOU CAN QUOTE BALZAC AND
SHAKESPEARE
AND ALL THEM OTHER HIGH-FALUTIN' GREEKS.

MARIAN

MAMA, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO,
YOU HAVE A BAD HABIT
OF CHANGING EV'RY SUBJECT—

MRS. PAROO

NOW I HAVEN'T CHANGED THE SUBJECT.
I WAS TALKIN' ABOUT THAT STRANGER—

MARIAN

WHAT STRANGER?

MRS. PAROO

WITH THE SUITCASE,
WHO MAY BE YOUR VERY LAST CHANCE!

MARIAN

MAMA!
DO YOU THINK I'D ALLOW A COMMON MASHER?
NOW REALLY, MAMA!
I HAVE MY STANDARDS WHERE MEN ARE
CONCERNED,
AND I HAVE NO INTENTION—

MRS. PAROO

I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR STANDARDS,
AND IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYIN' SO,
THERE'S NOT A MAN ALIVE
WHO COULD HOPE TO MEASURE UP
TO THAT BLEND A' PAUL BUNYAN,
SAINT PAT AND NOAH WEBSTER
YOU'VE CONCOCTED FOR YOURSELF
OUT A' YOUR IRISH IMAGINATION,
YOUR IOWA STUBBORNNESS,
AND YOUR LIBERRY FULL A' BOOKS!

(AMARYLLIS plays a final chord.)

#8 — Goodnight, My Someone

(As AMARYLLIS does, MARIAN steps outside onto the porch. As AMARYLLIS plays the piano, she dramatically crosses her left hand to play the single top note.)

MARIAN

GOODNIGHT, MY SOMEONE,
GOODNIGHT, MY LOVE.
SLEEP TIGHT, MY SOMEONE,
SLEEP TIGHT, MY LOVE.
OUR STAR IS SHINING
ITS BRIGHTEST LIGHT
FOR GOODNIGHT, MY LOVE,
FOR GOODNIGHT.

SWEET DREAMS BE YOURS, DEAR,
IF DREAMS THERE BE;
SWEET DREAMS TO CARRY YOU
CLOSE TO ME.
I WISH THEY MAY,
AND I WISH THEY MIGHT.
NOW GOODNIGHT, MY SOMEONE,
GOODNIGHT.
GOODNIGHT.
GOODNIGHT.

(Lightning and thunder are heard as the number ends, and continue during the following transition.)

#9—Columbia, Gem of the Ocean

EULALIE leads the crowd in a lackluster singing of "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean."

EULALIE & TOWNSPEOPLE

THY BANNERS MAKE TYRANNY TREMBLE,
WHEN BORNE BY THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

(EULALIE exits from the rostrum to polite applause and MAYOR SHINN steps up.)

#10 — Seventy-Six Trombones

HAROLD

(Appearing on the podium)

MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE?

(The TOWNSPEOPLE do not settle down.)

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

(The TOWNSPEOPLE settle down, focusing on HAROLD.)

I CAN DEAL WITH THIS TROUBLE, FRIENDS,
WITH A WAVE OF MY HAND, THIS VERY HAND!
PLEASE OBSERVE ME IF YOU WILL.
I'M PROFESSOR HAROLD HILL,
AND I'M HERE TO ORGANIZE
THE RIVER CITY BOYS' BAND!

(HAROLD imitates the sound of a snare drum.)

PRRRRR!
OH, THINK, MY FRIENDS,
HOW COULD ANY POOL TABLE EVER
HOPE TO COMPETE WITH A GOLD TROMBONE?
RAAAA-RAAAAA
RA-DA-DA-DA-DA
RAAA-RA.
REMEMBER, MY FRIENDS,
WHAT A HANDFUL OF TRUMPET PLAYERS
DID TO THE FAMOUS, FABLED WALLS OF JERICHO!
OH, BILLIARD PARLOR WALLS
COME TUMBLING DOWN!

OH, A BAND'LL DO IT, MY FRIENDS,
OH, YES! I MEAN A BOYS' BAND.
DO YOU HEAR ME?
I SAY, RIVER CITY'S GOTTA HAVE A BOYS' BAND,
AND I MEAN SHE NEEDS IT TODAY.
WELL, PROFESSOR HAROLD HILL'S ON HAND
AND RIVER CITY'S GONNA HAVE HER BOYS' BAND!

(HAROLD)

AS SURE AS THE LORD
MADE LITTLE GREEN APPLES,
AND THAT BAND'S GONNA BE IN…

… uniform! Johnny, Willy, Teddy, Fred! And you'll see the glitter of crashing cymbals.

And you'll hear the thunder of rolling drums; the shimmer of trumpets—Tantara!

And you'll feel something akin to the electric thrill I once enjoyed when Gilmore, Liberatti, Pat Conway, The Great Creatore, W.C. Handy and John Philip Sousa all came to town on the very same historic day!

SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES LED THE BIG PARADE,
WITH A HUNDRED AND TEN CORNETS
CLOSE AT HAND.
THEY WERE FOLLOWED BY
ROWS AND ROWS OF THE FINEST VIRTUOSOS,
THE CREAM OF EV'RY FAMOUS BAND.

SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES
CAUGHT THE MORNING SUN,
WITH A HUNDRED AND TEN
CORNETS RIGHT BEHIND.
THERE WERE MORE THAN A THOUSAND REEDS
SPRINGING UP LIKE WEEDS.
THERE WERE HORNS OF EV'RY SHAPE AND KIND.

THERE WERE COPPER BOTTOM TIMPANI
IN HORSE PLATOONS,
THUNDERING, THUNDERING,
ALL ALONG THE WAY.
DOUBLE BELL EUPHONIUMS AND BIG BASSOONS,
EACH BASSOON HAVING HIS BIG FAT SAY.

THERE WERE FIFTY MOUNTED CANNON
IN THE BATTERY,
THUNDERING, THUNDERING,

(HAROLD)

LOUDER THAN BEFORE.
CLARINETS OF EV'RY SIZE
AND TRUMPETERS WHO'D IMPROVISE
A FULL OCTAVE HIGHER THAN THE SCORE.

(HAROLD leads the BOYS as they pantomime playing instruments. This leads into a dance break with the entire town catching the boy band fever.)

TOWNSPEOPLE

SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES
HIT THE COUNTERPOINT,
WHILE A HUNDRED AND TEN
CORNETS BLAZED AWAY.

TO THE RHYTHM OF
HARCH! HARCH! HARCH!

ALL THE KIDS BEGAN TO MARCH,
AND THEY'RE MARCHING STILL
—RIGHT TODAY!
MARCHING STILL RIGHT TODAY!

#14 — Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little (Part 1)

(The PICK-A-LITTLE LADIES instantly huddle.)

ALMA

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

ALMA & ETHEL

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

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,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
CHEEP, CHEEP!

MAUD

Professor, her kind of woman doesn't belong on any committee.

Of course I shouldn't tell you this but she advocates dirty books.

HAROLD

Dirty books?

ALMA

CHAUCER!

ETHEL

RABELAIS!

EULALIE

BAL-ZAC!

MAUD

And the worst thing—of course I shouldn't tell you this but—

ALMA

I'll tell.

ETHEL

The man lived on my street! Let me tell!

EULALIE

Stop! I'll tell.

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!

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.

#15 — Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little (Part 2)

ALMA

THAT WOMAN MADE
BRAZEN OVERTURES

WITH A GILT-EDGED GUARANTEE!
SHE HAD A

GOLDEN GLINT IN HER EYE,
AND A SILVER VOICE
WITH A COUNTERFEIT RING!

JUST MELT HER DOWN
AND YOU'LL REVEAL
A LUMP OF LEAD
AS COLD AS STEEL!

HERE!
WHERE A WOMAN'S HEART
SHOULD BE!

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!

EULALIE, ALMA, MAUD, ETHEL & MRS. SQUIRES

HE LEFT RIVER CITY

THE LIBRARY BUILDING,

BUT HE
LEFT
ALL THE BOOKS
TO HER!

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

ALMA

CHAUCER!

ETHEL

RABELAIS!

EULALIE

BAL-ZAC!

JACEY

Just a minute here! We need your credentials.

HAROLD

Yes, of course. I have just what you want over at the hotel. Come with me.

(As the QUARTET starts to follow him, HAROLD turns back to the LADIES who are still singing softly.)

Goodnight ladies.

(The LADIES "cheep, cheep, cheep" at him. HAROLD turns to the QUARTET.)

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, CHEEP,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP!

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, CHEEP,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP!

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

THE QUARTET	LADIES
GOOD –	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
NIGHT	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE
LADIES,	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
	TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.
GOOD –	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
NIGHT	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE
LADIES,	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
WE'RE	TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.
GOING	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
TO	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE
LEAVE	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
YOU	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE
NOW	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
	CHEEP!

#17 – The Wells Fargo Wagon

GRACIE

It could be the band instruments!

MAYOR SHINN

The band instruments! I want that man's credentials!

(The TOWNSPEOPLE now form, looking up the street, listening for the horse's hooves, which are now heard plainly in the music.)

TOWNSPEOPLE

O-HO, THE WELLS FARGO WAGON
IS A-COMIN' DOWN THE STREET.
OH, PLEASE, LET IT BE FOR ME.

O-HO, THE WELLS FARGO WAGON
IS A-COMIN' DOWN THE STREET.
I WISH, I WISH I KNEW WHAT IT COULD BE.

1ST VOICE

I GOT A BOX OF MAPLE SUGAR ON MY BIRTHDAY.

2ND VOICE

IN MARCH, I GOT A GREY MACKINAW.

3RD VOICE

AND ONCE, I GOT SOME GRAPEFRUIT
FROM TAMPA.

4TH VOICE

MONTGOM'RY WARD SENT ME A BATHTUB
AND A CROSS-CUT SAW.

TOWNSPEOPLE

O-HO, THE WELLS FARGO WAGON
IS A-COMIN' NOW.
IS IT A PREPAID SURPRISE OR C.O.D.?

5TH VOICE

IT COULD BE CURTAINS,

6TH VOICE

OR DISHES,

7TH VOICE

OR A DOUBLE BOILER,

8TH VOICE

OR IT COULD BE,

TOWNSPEOPLE

YES, IT COULD BE,
YES, YOU'RE RIGHT, IT SURELY COULD BE

8TH VOICE

SOMETHIN' SPECIAL,

TOWNSPEOPLE

SOMETHIN' VERY, VERY SPECIAL NOW,

8TH VOICE

JUST FOR ME.

(WINTHROP breaks through the crowd and as the TOWNSPEOPLE slowly turn to look at him in amazement, he sings.)

WINTHROP

(Sung with a lisp)

O-HO, THE WELLS FARGO WAGON
ITH A-COMIN' NOW.
I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN EVER WAIT TO THEE.
IT COULD BE THUMPIN' FOR THUMONE
WHO ITH NO RELATHION,
BUT IT COULD BE
THUMPIN' THPETHYAL
JUTHT FOR ME!

TOWNSPEOPLE	TOWNSPEOPLE (OPT.)
O-HO, YOU	
WELLS FARGO WAGON, KEEP	AH—
A-COMIN'.	
O-HO, YOU	AH—
WELLS FARGO WAGON, KEEP	
A-COMIN'.	

TOWNSPEOPLE

O-HO, YOU WELLS FARGO WAGON,
DON'T YOU DARE TO MAKE A STOP,
UNTIL YOU STOP FOR ME.

#18 – Shipoopi

MARCELLUS

NOW, A WOMAN WHO'LL KISS
ON THE VERY FIRST DATE
IS USU'LY A HUSSY,
AND A WOMAN WHO'LL KISS
ON THE SECOND TIME OUT
IS ANYTHING BUT FUSSY.
BUT A WOMAN WHO'LL WAIT
'TIL THE THIRD TIME AROUND,
HEAD IN THE CLOUDS, FEET ON THE GROUND,
SHE'S THE GIRL HE'S GLAD HE'S FOUND.
SHE'S HIS SHIPOOPI!
SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI.

BOYS

THE GIRL WHO'S HARD TO GET!

MARCELLUS

SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI.

GIRLS

BUT YOU CAN WIN HER YET.

BOY

Come on, Professor, show us some new steps!

(HAROLD makes a gallant invitation to wallflower MARIAN. She reluctantly dances with him. She shines. Several of the LADIES witness this. TOMMY and ZANEETA also dance together. The KIDS all join in again imitating the steps HAROLD and MARIAN have done.)

ALL

SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI,
THE GIRL WHO'S HARD TO GET!
SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI, SHIPOOPI,
BUT YOU CAN WIN HER YET!
YOU CAN WIN HER YET!

(Shouted)

SHIPOOPI!

#19 — Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little (Reprise)

(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,

ETHEL

Miss Paroo, please join our Del Sarte Committee. You were so dear tonight dancing the Shipoopi with Professor Hill.

LADIES

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

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, CHEEP,

ALMA

YOU DANCE
LIKE A FAIRY PRINCESS
WITH A MOONBEAM
FOR YOUR FLOOR!
YOU HAD A GOLDEN SHIMMER
IN YOUR HAIR
AND SILVER SHOES
FOR ALL TO SEE!

LADIES

CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP!
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,

(ALMA)	(LADIES)
WE KNOW THAT	TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.
YOU WILL SOON UNFOLD	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
A FORGIVING HEART	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
OF PUREST GOLD,	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
HERE!	TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.
WHERE A WOMAN'S HEART	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
SHOULD BE!	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,

LADIES

CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP!

ALMA, MAUD, ETHEL, & MRS. SQUIRES	LADIES
FAIRY PRINCESS!	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
MOONBEAM FLOOR!	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
	TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.
GOLDEN SHIMMER!	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
SILVER SHOES!	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
	TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.
NOW UNFOLD!	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
HEART OF GOLD!	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
	TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.
HERE,	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
WHERE A WOMAN'S HEART	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
SHOULD BE!	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP!
THE PROFESSOR TOLD US	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
	PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
TO READ THOSE BOOKS	CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,

(ALMA, MAUD, ETHEL, & MRS. SQUIRES)

AND WE SIMPLY
ADORED
THEM ALL!

(LADIES)

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.

ALMA

CHAUCER!

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,

MAUD

RABELAIS!

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

EULALIE

BAL-ZAC!

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,

LADIES

CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,

CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,
PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,

(Whispered)

CHEEP!

#21 – Gary, Indiana

WINTHROP

GARY, INDIANA,
GARY, INDIANA,
GARY, INDIANA,
LET ME THAY IT WUNTH AGAIN.
GARY, INDIANA,
GARY, INDIANA,
GARY, INDIANA,
THAT'TH THE TOWN THAT KNEW ME WHEN.

(MARIAN enters.)

IF YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOGICAL
EKTHPLANATHYUN,
HOW I HAPPENED ON THITH ELEGANT
THINKOPATHYUN,
I WILL THAY, WITHOUT A MOMENT OF
HETHITATHYUN,
THERE ITH JUTHT ONE PLATHE
THAT CAN LIGHT MY FATHE–

MRS. PAROO

GARY, INDIANA,

MARIAN

GARY, INDIANA,

WINTHROP

NOT LOUEETHEEANA,
PARITH, FRANTH, NEW YORK OR ROME, BUT–

MRS. PAROO

GARY, INDIANA,

MARIAN

GARY, INDIANA,

ALL THREE

GARY, INDIANA,
MY HOME SWEET (THWEET) HOME.

#23—Till There Was You

MARIAN

I suppose I'm not the first to find it easier to think clearly when not under the spell of your salesmanship.

HAROLD

(Protesting too much)

Now Miss Marian—surely you don't think I've been selling *you* anything.

MARIAN

No—you've given me something. That's why I decided to come.

HAROLD

I don't recall giving—

MARIAN

(With intensity)

Oh yes, you have! Something beautiful.

HAROLD

(Beginning to protest)

Marian—I—

MARIAN

(Putting her hand over his mouth)

THERE WERE BELLS ON THE HILL,
BUT I NEVER HEARD THEM RINGING.
NO, I NEVER HEARD THEM AT ALL,
TILL THERE WAS YOU.

THERE WERE BIRDS IN THE SKY,
BUT I NEVER SAW THEM WINGING.
NO, I NEVER SAW THEM AT ALL,
TILL THERE WAS YOU.

AND THERE WAS MUSIC,

(MARIAN)

AND THERE WERE WONDERFUL ROSES,
THEY TELL ME,
IN SWEET FRAGRANT MEADOWS
OF DAWN AND DEW.

THERE WAS LOVE ALL AROUND,
BUT I NEVER HEARD IT SINGING.
NO, I NEVER HEARD IT AT ALL,
TILL THERE WAS YOU.

(The orchestra boils up and over as MARIAN and HAROLD kiss.)

HAROLD & MARIAN

THERE WAS LOVE ALL AROUND,
BUT I NEVER HEARD IT SINGING.
NO, I NEVER HEARD IT AT ALL,
TILL THERE WAS YOU.

#25 – Bows

ALL

SEVENTY-SIX TROMBONES
HIT THE COUNTERPOINT,
WHILE A HUNDRED AND TEN
CORNETS BLAZED AWAY.

TO THE RHYTHM OF HARCH! HARCH! HARCH!
ALL THE KIDS BEGAN TO MARCH,
AND THEY'RE MARCHING STILL
–RIGHT TODAY!
MARCHING STILL RIGHT TODAY!

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