



MUSIC THEATRE INTERNATIONAL
**BROADWAY
JUNIOR**[®]
60 MINUTES

NAME: _____

CHARACTER: _____

The Sun

Disney
NEWSIES
JR.

MUSIC BY
ALAN MENKEN

LYRICS BY
JACK FELDMAN

BOOK BY
HARVEY FIERSTEIN

BASED ON THE DISNEY FILM
WRITTEN BY **BOB TZUDIKER** AND **NONI WHITE**

ACTOR'S SCRIPT



ACTOR'S SCRIPT

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Disney
NEWSIES
JR.

(#1 – OVERTURE. NEWSIES fan throughout the house variously shouting historical headlines, one on top of the other:)

NEWSIES

Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

“Spanish-American War Is Over”!

“Post Office Thief Caught”!

“Night of Terror for East Side Excursionists”!

“Dark Days Ahead for Pigeons”!

“Naval Heroes Doing Gospel Work”!

“Mr. and Mrs. Hahn Celebrate Golden Anniversary”!

“New Miracle Drug Called ‘Aspirin’ Invented by Bayer”!

“Montreal Shamrocks Win Stanley Cup”!

“Mile-a-Minute Murphy Breaks World Cycling Record”!

“The New Richmond Tornado Wipes Out Town, Killing 120”!

“Alfred Dreyfus Acquitted”!

“Norwegian Man Invents Paper Clip”!

“New York City Incorporates to Unite Boroughs”!

(As the NEWSIES shout headlines to a chaotic climax, the next four stand out individually:)

“Theodore Roosevelt Wins Election for New York Governor”!

“The Refuge Expands to House More Youth”!

“Entertainment Entrepreneur Medda Larkin Buys Bowery Theater”!

“July 5, 1899: Trolley Strike Enters Second Week”!

(After selling their papes to audience members, the NEWSIES disperse as lights come up on a makeshift shanty in a quiet alley in Lower Manhattan at dawn. It is summer, 1899.)

PROLOGUE: ALLEY

(JACK, a charismatic boy, sits in the alley. Using a broken pencil and a piece of yesterday's newspaper, he sketches a landscape from his imagination. CRUTCHIE, a scrappy kid with one leg weakened from polio, rises and walks with the aid of a makeshift wooden crutch.)

JACK

Hey, Crutchie, where you going? Morning bell ain't rung yet. Get back to sleep.

CRUTCHIE

I wanna get there before everybody. Ever since I got the polio, it takes me extra time to warm up my leg.

JACK

That bum pin of yours is a gold mine! You know how many newsies fake a limp for sympathy? That's why they calls you "Crutchie," 'cause they wish they had one too!

CRUTCHIE

Yeah, "pretend" is one thing, but Snyder gets the idea I can't make it on my own for real, they'll lock me up in The Refuge for good.

JACK

Don't worry about nuthin', I got your back. What d'ya think of my latest creation?

(JACK reveals his drawing. CRUTCHIE is impressed.)

CRUTCHIE

Jack, you're a regular Nickelangelo Dervinci! But how come you always drawing pictures of mountains and stuff?

JACK

(rolls up drawing and tucks it away)

These streets sucked the life right outta my old man. Well, they ain't doin' that to me. You can keep your small life in the big city.

(# 2 – SANTA FE – PROLOGUE.)

26

ci - ty out - ta clay. _____ Why, the

29

min - ute that you get there, folks-'ll walk right up and

*(JACK wraps an arm around CRUTCHIE,
who is taken under Jack's spell.)*

32

say, "Wel-come home, Son, wel-come home to San-ta Fe!" _____

36

— Plant-in' crops, split-tin' rails, swap-pin' tales a-round the

40

CRUTCHIE:

fi - re... 'Cept for Sun-day, when you lie a-round all day.

44

JACK:

Soon your friends are more like fam-'ly, and they's

47

**JACK,
CRUTCHIE:**

beg - ging you to stay! Ain't that neat? Liv-in's

50

sweet in San-ta Fe. _____

(#3 – SIX O’CLOCK. *The church bell tolls.*)

JACK

Hey... time for dreamin’s done. Come on, them papes don’t sell themselves!

(#4 – CARRYING THE BANNER. *JACK and CRUTCHIE exit as the streets of Lower Manhattan come to life.*)

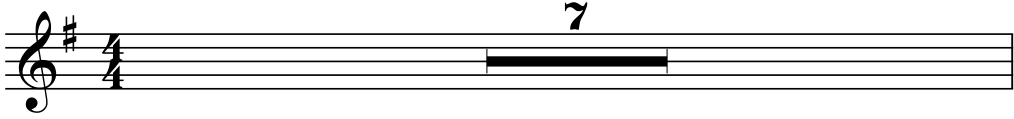
SCENE ONE: NEWSIE SQUARE

CARRYING THE BANNER

(*RACE, a street-smart newsie, enters and calls to other NEWSIES, who converge from various side streets for the start of their day.*)

RACE: Hey, Albert, Nancy, Specs, Pigtails!

ALBERT: Hey, Race! Papes ain’t movin’ like they used to. I need a new sellin’ spot. Got any ideas?



8 **RACE:**

From Bot-tle Al-ley to—the har - bor, there’s ea-sy

11 **MURIEL:**

pick-in’s guar - an-teeed.— Try an-y bank-er, bum, or bar-

14

- ber. They al-most all knows how— to read.—



(JACK enters, followed by CRUTCHIE. The NEWSIES enthusiastically greet their leader.)
NEWSIES: Jack!!!

16 **JACK:**

— It's a crook-ed game— we're play - in',

19

one we'll ne - ver lose— 'long as suck - ers don't

22

- mind pay - in' just to get— bad news!—

25 **ALL NEWSIES:**

Ain't it a fine life,— car -

27

- ry-ing the ban-ner through it all! A might-y

30

fine life,— car - ry-ing the ban-ner tough and tall.

33

When that bell rings, we— goes where we wish-es. We's

36

— as free as fish-es. Sure beats wash-ing dish-es. What a



fine life,— car - ry-ing the ban-ner home free all!

(KATHERINE, a young reporter, walks by with her photographer, DARCY, who carries a large box camera and tripod.)

JACK: Morning, Miss. Can I interest you in the latest news?

KATHERINE: The paper isn't out yet.

JACK: (playfully) I'd be delighted to bring it to you personally.

KATHERINE: (playing along) Gee, thanks!

(KATHERINE and DARCY exit.)

CRUTCHIE: Hey, Jack, who's dat?

JACK: Beats me. She's way out of my league, whoever she is.

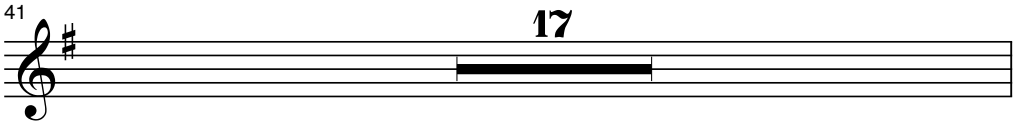
MURIEL: Crutchie, what's the leg say? Gonna rain?

CRUTCHIE: (shakes leg) No rain. Partly cloudy. Clear by evening.

MURIEL: They oughta bottle that leg of yours.

RACE: And the limp sells fifty papes a week all by itself.

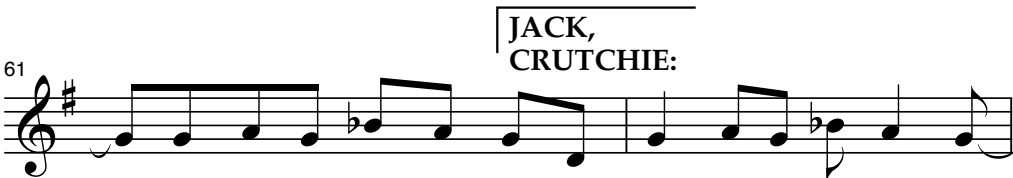
CRUTCHIE: I don't need the limp to sell papes. I got personality.



JACK: (putting an arm around CRUTCHIE's shoulder)
And don't forget in-ge-n-u-ity!



If I hate the head-line, I'll—



make up a head-line and I'll say an - y - thing I have—



- 'ta. 'Cause at two for a pen-ny, if—



— I take too man-y, Wea-sel just makes me eat 'em af -



(The NEWSIES spread out through Newsie Square. WIESEL, ill-tempered and rumpled, pushes a wagon of bundled newspapers into place.)

67

NEWSIES GROUP 1:

- ta'. Got a feel-in' 'bout the head-line! I—

NEWSIES GROUP 2:

I do too!—

69

smells me a head - line! Papes—

— So it must be true!—

70

— are gon - na sell like we was

—

71

giv - in' 'em a - way! No - thin'

What a switch!—

72

sad and no - thin' snoo - zy, we is
— Soon we'll all be rich! —

73

due to land a doo - zy just in
— Don't know a bet - ter

74

ALL NEWSIES:

time to make a news-ie's day! — You wan-na
way to make a news-ie's day! —

76

move the next — e - di - tion? Give us a

78

NANCY:

earth-quake or — a war. — How 'bout a

80

ALL NEWSIES:
(half-yelled)

crook-ed pol - i - ti - cian? Ya nit-wit,



82



— the com-pe-ti-tion! Sell— the next e-di-tion! We'll be



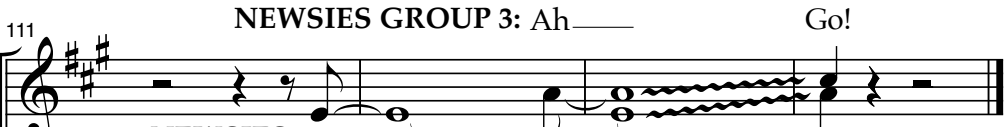
out there, car - ry - ing the ban-ner! See us



out there, car - ry - ing the ban-ner! Al-ways



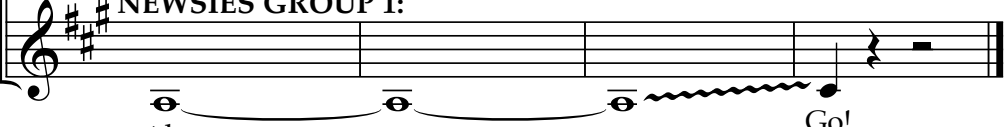
out there, car - ry - ing the ban-ner!



NEWSIES GROUP 3: Ah— Go!



NEWSIES GROUP 2: Ah— Go!



NEWSIES GROUP 1:
Ah— Go!

(WIESEL puts up the morning's headline: "Trolley Strike Enters Third Week.")

MURIEL

Hey, look! They're puttin' up the headline.

SPECS

I hope it's really exciting, like a earthquake or somethin'.

PIGTAILS

With a nice clear picture.



NANCY

(reading)

The trolley strike? Not again!

RACE

Three weeks of the same story.

MURIEL

They're killin' us with that snoozer.

(Two toughs, OSCAR and MORRIS DELANCEY, enter to help WIESEL.)

MORRIS

Make way. Step aside.

CRUTCHIE

Dear me, what is that unpleasant aroma? I fear the sewer may have backed up during the night.

RACE

Or could it be...

NEWSIES

... the Delancey brothers!

MURIEL

Hey, Oscar, word on the street says you and your brother took money to rough up striking trolley workers.

OSCAR

So? It's honest work.

CRUTCHIE

Beatin' on defenseless workers?

OSCAR

Gotta take care of your own, am I right?

RACE

I heard your old man was one of them strikers.

MORRIS

He was.

OSCAR

(making a fist)

Till we took care of him.

(As the DELANCEYS walk by, MORRIS trips CRUTCHIE, who falls to the ground.)

CRUTCHIE

Ow!

MORRIS

Whatsa mattah? Can't stay on your feet?

(JACK pulls CRUTCHIE right back up and then confronts the DELANCEYS.)

JACK

Now, that's not a nice thing to do to my family, Morris.

OSCAR

You ain't got no family.

JACK

The newsies are my family. You mess with any one of them, you mess with me.

CRUTCHIE

(holding the crutch like a weapon)

And me!

RACE

Five to one Jack skunks 'em!

(The NEWSIES back up to give JACK room. JACK pulls back his fist as WIESEL rings his hand bell, officially opening up for business. The DELANCEYS run back to help him collect the money and distribute the newspapers.)

WIESEL

Papes for the newsies! Line up!

(JACK is the first to the wagon.)

JACK

Good morning, Weasel. Did you miss me?

WIESEL

The name's Wise-el.

JACK

Ain't that what I said?

(slapping down his money)

I'll take the usual.

WIESEL

A hundred papes for the wise guy.

(OSCAR hands over the papers and RACE moves up to the wagon.)

RACE

(slapping down money)

I'll take fifty.

WIESEL

Fifty for Race. Next!

CRUTCHIE

Good morning, Mr. Wiesel.

WIESEL

Fifty papes for Crutchie.

(DAVEY, a "fish-out-of-water" newbie, emerges with his younger sibling, LES.)

Have a look at this: a new kid.

LES

I'm new too!

HAZEL

Don't worry – rubs right off.

DAVEY

I'll take twenty newspapers, please.

WIESEL

Twenty for the newbie. Let's see the dime.

DAVEY

I'll pay you when I sell them.

WIESEL

Funny, kid. C' mon, cash up front.

DAVEY

But whatever I don't sell, you buy back, right?

WIESEL

This kid's a riot. Cough up the cash or blow.

(DAVEY hands over a dime, gets his papers, and looks them over.)

Come on, move along. Albert, lemme see your money.

(ALBERT puts his dime down, and the DELANCEYS give him his papers.)

ALBERT

You have a very interestin' face. Ever think of gettin' into the movin' pictures?

WIESEL

You think I could?

ALBERT

Sure. Buy a ticket, they let anyone in.

DAVEY

(returning to the cart)

Sorry. Excuse me. I paid for twenty but you gave me nineteen.

OSCAR

Beat it!

(The DELANCEYS crack their knuckles and threaten DAVEY. JACK swoops in and quickly counts Davey's papers.)

JACK

New kid's right, Weasel. Ya gave him nineteen. I'm sure it was an honest mistake on accounta Oscar can't count to twenty with his shoes on.

(OSCAR threatens to attack. WIESEL pushes him back and tosses a paper to DAVEY.)

WIESEL

Here. Now take a hike.

JACK

(flipping a quarter onto the wagon)
Give him another fifty papes.

DAVEY

I don't want more papers.

JACK

What kinda newsie don't want more papes?

(OSCAR hands DAVEY a stack of papers. DAVEY takes them and follows JACK.)

DAVEY

I'm no charity case. I don't even know you.

CRUTCHIE

This here is the famous Jack Kelly. He once escaped jail on the back of Teddy Roosevelt's carriage. Made all the papes. And I'm Casey, but my pals call me Crutchie.

JACK

(to LES)
How old are you, kid?

LES

I'm ten. Almost.

CRUTCHIE

If anybody asks, you're seven.

JACK

Younger sells more papes, and if we're gonna be partners—

DAVEY

Who said we want a partner?

CRUTCHIE

Sellin' with Jack is the chance of a lifetime. You learn from him, you learn from the best.

DAVEY

If he's the best, what's he need with me?

JACK

(points to LES)
'Cause this one's mug could easy sell a thousand papes a week. Right, Crutchie?

CRUTCHIE

(to LES)

Look sad, kid.

(LES makes a sad face.)

We're gonna make millions.

LES

I'm Les. And this is my brother, David.

JACK

Nice to meet ya, Davey. My two bits come off the top, then we split everything 70-30.

LES

50-50! You wouldn't try to pull a fast one on a little kid, wouldja?

(LES makes a sad face.)

JACK

60-40, and that's my final offer.

LES

Deal.

(JACK spits in his hand and holds it out to shake. LES copies him and they shake.)

DAVEY

That's disgusting.

JACK

It's just business. Newsies, hit the streets.

(#5 – CARRYING THE BANNER – REPRISE. The NEWSIES disperse as Pulitzer's office appears.)

17

out there, car - ry - ing the ban-ner! See us

19

out there, car - ry - ing the ban-ner! Al-ways

21

out there, car - ry - ing the ban-ner!

23

NEWSIES GROUP 3: Ah ————— Go!

NEWSIES GROUP 2: Ah ————— Go!

NEWSIES GROUP 1:
Ah ————— Go!

SCENE TWO: PULITZER'S OFFICE

(That afternoon, atop the New York World building, editor SEITZ, secretary HANNAH, and accountant BUNSEN huddle in a business meeting with the newspaper's owner, JOSEPH PULITZER.)

PULITZER

(looking up from a report)

The *World* is in trouble. Our circulation is down for the third quarter in a row.

BUNSEN

We could use an exciting headline, Mr. Pulitzer.

PULITZER

What have we got today?

SEITZ

The trolley strike.

PULITZER

That's not exciting? It's epic!

HANNAH

It's boring. Folks just wanna know, "Is the trolley comin' or ain't it?"

SEITZ

Big photos attract readers, sir.

PULITZER

Do you know what big photos cost?

BUNSEN

But without flashy photos or headlines, how are we supposed to sell more papers?

HANNAH

We don't sell papers – newsies sell papers.

BUNSEN

That's ridiculous.

PULITZER

We don't sell papers, newsies sell papers!

BUNSEN

That's brilliant!

HANNAH

Thank you.

BUNSEN

Right now, we charge the newsies fifty cents for a hundred papers.

PULITZER

What if we raised their price to sixty cents per hundred?

SEITZ

A mere tenth of a penny per paper.

BUNSEN

(does a quick mental calculation)

Every newsie would have to sell a hundred... and twenty-five papers to earn the same amount.

PULITZER

Exactly. And my circulation would grow!

HANNAH

What if you gave them an incentive to sell more papers, like a bonus?

PULITZER

This is a business, not a charity. Those children need to learn the value of hard work, just like I did when I was their age. I started out with nothing and look at me now!

BUNSEN

You're a kingmaker! An inspiration!

SEITZ

A role model for the young and destitute!

PULITZER

This is a real-life lesson in economics. In a week's time, the newsies will be working twice as hard and they'll be twice as proud of themselves. They'll thank me for this someday!

HANNAH

Yeah, someday...

PULITZER

The price for the newsies goes up in the morning!

BUNSEN, SEITZ

(excited)

Hurrah!

HANNAH

(overlapping, disappointed)

Hurrah!

*(HANNAH, BUNSEN, and SEITZ rush out to implement the boss's order. PULITZER smiles as he exits. #6 – **TRANSITION TO THE STREET.**)*



SCENE THREE: STREET

(NEWSIES criss-cross the stage selling papers to CUSTOMERS. JACK watches DAVEY's pathetic attempt at selling.)

DAVEY

Paper. Paper. Evenin' pape here.

JACK

Sing 'em to sleep, why don'tcha?

(snatches a paper from DAVEY and hawks it)

Extra! Extra! Terrified flight from burnin' inferno. You heard the story right here!

(A CUSTOMER snatches the paper from JACK, hands him a coin, and exits.)

Thanks!

DAVEY

You just made that up.

JACK

Did not. I said he heard it right here, and he did.

DAVEY

My father taught us not to lie.

JACK

And mine taught me not to starve.

(LES comes up empty-handed, along with CRUTCHIE.)

LES

Hey! Just sold my last paper.

CRUTCHIE

Kid's a natural, Jack.

DAVEY

I got one more.

JACK

Sell it or pay for it.

(LES takes the paper, goes to a WOMAN passing by, and makes a sad face.)

LES

Buy a pape from a poor orphan?

(LES coughs gently.)

WOMAN

Oh, you dear thing. Of course I'll take a newspaper. Here's a dime.

(The WOMAN exits with her paper.)

CRUTCHIE

Born to the breed.

LES

This is so much better than school!

DAVEY

Don't even think it. When Pop goes back to work, we go back to school.

(to JACK)

Our father tangled with a delivery truck on the job. Messed his leg up bad, so they fired him. That's how come we had to find work.

JACK

Yeah, sure, that makes sense. Too bad about your dad.

(WARDEN SNYDER and the POLICE OFFICER stealthily approach JACK. #7 – CHASE.)

CRUTCHIE

Jack, it's Snyder! Am-scray!

SNYDER

Jack Kelly!

JACK

Run for it!

(JACK helps CRUTCHIE as they run off with DAVEY and LES.)

SNYDER

Stop! Officer, grab him. Jack Kelly, you come back here! Get him!

(The POLICE OFFICER and SNYDER exit in pursuit.)

SCENE FOUR: MEDDA'S THEATER

(JACK, CRUTCHIE, DAVEY, and LES enter backstage of Medda's theater, where a large, painted backdrop hangs.)

DAVEY

Hey, who was that?

JACK

That was Snyder the Spider. A real sweetie.

CRUTCHIE

Runs a jail for underage kids called The Refuge.

JACK

The more kids they lock up, the more money the city pays 'em.

CRUTCHIE

Problem is, all the money goes straight into Snyder's own pocket.

JACK

Do yourself a favor and stay clear of Snyder and The Refuge.

(MEDDA LARKIN, a vaudeville star, appears in costume, along with her supporting act, the BOWERY BRIGADE – ADA, ETHEL, and OLIVE – who begin to warm up. PAT, the stage manager, runs in.)

PAT

Miss Medda, the critic from the *New York Sun* just took her seat.

MEDDA

Thanks, Pat!

(PAT runs off.)

JACK

Hey, Miss Medda!

MEDDA

Jack Kelly! Get yourself over here and give me a hug.

(JACK runs to MEDDA. CRUTCHIE, DAVEY, and LES approach behind him.)

JACK

Davey, Les, may I present Miss Medda Larkin – greatest star on the Bowery today. She also owns the joint.

DAVEY

A pleasure.

(DAVEY bows gallantly.)

MEDDA

Nice to meet you, kids. And these amazing young ladies are the Bowery Brigade, hardest workin' *artistes* in the city. Say hello, girls.

BOWERY BRIGADE

(in perfect unison, striking a dramatic pose)

Hello!

DAVEY

(nervous and formal, he's never met a dancing girl before)

It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance. I'm Davey— Dave— David.

ADA

What are you, triplets?

(extends her hand)

Ada. Pleasure's mine, I'm quite sure.

OLIVE

I'm Olive, howdy-do. This here's Ethel.

(DAVEY nervously but politely shakes hands with the BOWERY BRIGADE performers.)

LES

(wide-eyed)

Wowee... real live troupers!

ETHEL

And who's this little cutie pie?

LES

I'm Les!

DAVEY

This is Les.

LES

(still captivated by the troupers)

I'm Les!

ETHEL

Hey, you know what they say, girls?



ADA, ETHEL, OLIVE

Les is more!!

(The BOWERY BRIGADE laughs and messes up LES's hair. LES enjoys the attention. PAT runs on.)

PAT

Places!

MEDDA, BOWERY BRIGADE

Thanks, Pat!

(PAT runs off. The BOWERY BRIGADE moves into place and prepares to go on.)

LES

(waving goodbye)

I'm Les!

MEDDA

Crutchie, how's the leg doing today?

CRUTCHIE

Sunny with zero percent chance of rain!

MEDDA

That's my Casey!

JACK

Miss Medda, I got a little situation out on the street. Mind if I hide out here a while?

MEDDA

Is Snyder the Spider after you again? Make yourself at home.

LES

Hey Jack, did you really escape jail on the back of Teddy Roosevelt's carriage?

CRUTCHIE

He sure did!

DAVEY

What would the Governor be doing at a juvenile jail?

JACK

So happens he was runnin' for office and wanted to show he cared about orphans and such. So while he got his mug in the paper, I got my butt in the back seat and off we rode together.

LES

You really know Governor Roosevelt?

MEDDA

He don't, but I do. Teddy's a regular patron of the arts, been a big fan of mine for years. By the way, Jack, can you paint me some more of these backdrops? Things have been going so well that I can actually pay you soon.

JACK

I couldn't take your money, Miss Medda.

LES

You pictured that?

DAVEY

It's really good!

MEDDA

Your friend is quite an artist.

JACK

Don't get carried away. It's a bunch of trees.

MEDDA

The boy's got natural aptitude.

LES

Geez. I never knew no one with a aptitude!

PAT

Miss Medda, you're on!

MEDDA

Kids, stay as long as you like. You're with Medda now!

(to the BOWERY BRIGADE)

Ready, ladies?

BOWERY BRIGADE

Break a leg, Miss Medda!

LES

Why did they tell her to break a leg? Don't they like her?

CRUTCHIE

It means "good luck" in theater lingo.



JACK

You can watch from backstage. I'm goin' out front.

(JACK goes into the house as PAT announces the act.)

PAT

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the magnificent Medda Larkin and her Bowery Brigade!

(DAVEY and LES watch from the wings while MEDDA and the BOWERY BRIGADE take the stage. JACK finds a seat in the house, right next to KATHERINE, who sits reviewing the show for the newspaper. He takes a pencil and paper from his pocket and starts drawing the dancers.)

MEDDA

Well, hi-dee-ho, everybody! Welcome to my theater. Yessiree, it's a brand new century with a brand new set of rules for women, and the Brigade and I are gonna tell you all about them. Maestro, if you please!

(# 8 – JUST A PRETTY FACE.)

JUST A PRETTY FACE

MEDDA:

“Dear Fa-ther,” said I, — “won’t you tell —

3 — me the won-ders my fu - ture may hold?” —

5 — Said he, “De-borah Sue, — what’s the

7

mat-ter with you?! You're a dame and dames do— like they're

9

told." He thought girls should be seen and not heard.—

11

— But I'm plan-ning to have the last word.——

15

I'm more than just a pret - ty face.——

19

Don't try to keep me in—— my place.——

23

You think there's all these big— things lad - ies can't do?

27

— Or is it that you're scared we'd do 'em bet-ter than you?

31

I'm gon-na take my turn—— at bat.——



There's lots of ways to skin — a rat. —



George Wash-ing-ton found glo-ry from the arm-ies he led,



— but look what Bet-sy Ross did with a need-le and thread!



So don't be fooled by the pow-der and lace... —



I'm more than just a pret - ty face.

(MEDDA and the BOWERY BRIGADE dance. JACK notices KATHERINE.)

JACK: Well, hello again.

KATHERINE: Hi. So, where's the paper you promised me?

JACK: Sold out! Whatcha writin'?

KATHERINE: I'm a reporter. I'm reviewing the show for the *New York Sun*. And I'm not in the habit of talking to strangers.

JACK: Then you're gonna make a lousy reporter. Name's Jack Kelly.

KATHERINE: I'm Katherine. What is that you're drawing?

JACK: Miss Medda and the girls. Here, maybe you can use it for your review.

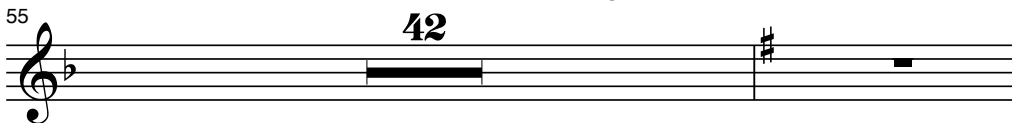
(JACK hands KATHERINE his drawing.)

KATHERINE: Wait, you just drew this? Right now? I'm impressed!

MEDDA: (hollering to JACK and KATHERINE) Hey, you two! You got in for free – at least pay attention!

JACK: Sorry, Medda.

(KATHERINE and JACK return to watching the show.)



98 **BOWERY BRIGADE:**

She's more than just a pret - ty face.—

102

Don't try to put her in— her place.—

106 **MEDDA:**

Girls, let's be fair: Men can— do cert - ain things right.

110

ADA:**OLIVE:**

— Like burp - ing all through din - ner and then

**BOWERY
BRIGADE:**

113

snor-ing all night. We're sad to see your bub - ble burst,

117

— but start-ing now, it's lad - ies first.

121

ETHEL:**ADA:**

— Here come the wom-en doct-ors, and re-

125

OLIVE:**MEDDA:**

por - ters, and cops.— We won't have time for

**BOWERY
BRIGADE:**

128

house-work but we'll lend you our mops. 'Cause I am

131

through sim - ply ta - king up space.——

MEDDA:

134

I'm more than just a pret - ty face. Though that's in-

**BOWERY
BRIGADE:**

138

clu - ded. More than just a pret - ty face.—

**MEDDA,
BOWERY BRIGADE:**

141

— See you in Con - gress! More than just

144

a pret - ty——

149

face!——

(Big finish. JACK gives a standing ovation; then runs off. MEDDA and the BOWERY BRIGADE take their bows. #9 – TO NEWSIE SQUARE.)

SCENE FIVE: NEWSIE SQUARE

(The next morning, the NEWSIES convene. The DELANCEYS prepare the distribution wagon as WIESEL writes the headline, "New Newsie Price: Sixty Cents per Hundred," on his board. LES and DAVEY arrive.)

DAVEY

'Morning, everybody. Sorry we're late. We had to help our mom with something.

RACE

They got a mudder? I was gonna get me one.

LES

We have a father too.

BUTTONS

A mudder and a fodder.

RACE

(using the wrong word)

Well, ain't they the *hoi polloi*!?

LES

So, how's it going today?

TOMMY BOY

Ask me after they put up the headline.

(WIESEL puts up the headline. LES looks up to read it.)

LES

Here it comes now.

ALBERT

(reading)

"New Newsie Price: Sixty Cents per Hundred."

HAZEL

What'd you say?

(The NEWSIES begin to take notice.)

ALBERT

They jacked up the price of papes. Ten cents more a hundred!



NEWSIES

(erupting, variously)

What? / That's crazy! / We'll starve! / Is this a joke?

(JACK arrives.)

JACK

What're you all standin' around for?

CRUTCHIE

Get a load of this, Jack.

ROMEO

Like Pulitzer don't make enough already?

(WIESEL tolls the circulation bell to open his cart for business.)

WIESEL

(with an evil smile)

Papes for the newsies. Line up!

(JACK goes up to the distribution wagon and slaps down his usual two quarters.)

JACK

Good joke, Weasel. Really got the guys goin'. I'll take a hundred and be on my way.

(SPECS runs on.)

WIESEL

A hundred'll cost ya sixty.

JACK

That's highway robbery! Me and the crew will take a hike over to the *Journal* or the *Sun*!

NEWSIES

Yeah!!!

SPECS

I'll save you the walk. They upped their price too.

WIESEL

It's the same all around town. New day. New price.

JACK

Why the jack-up?

WIESEL

I don't make the rules, I just work here. So, you buyin' or movin' on?

JACK

C'mere, everybody.

(The NEWSIES step away from the cart and huddle together as a gang.)

MURIEL

They can't just do that, can they?

RACE

Why not? It's their paper.

CRUTCHIE

It's their world.

PIGTAILS

Ain't we got no rights?

ROMEO

We got the right to do what they tell us to do.

JACK

We got the right to protest!

CRUTCHIE

And we also got the right to starve. C'mon, let's get our papas and hit the streets while we still can.

JACK

Here's the deal: If we don't sell papas, then no one sells papas. Nobody gets to that wagon till they put the price back where it belongs.

DAVEY

You mean like a strike?

JACK

You heard Davey. We're on strike!

DAVEY

Hold on. I didn't say—



JACK

We shut down this place like them workers shut down the trolleys.

MURIEL

And the cops will bust our heads! Half them strikers is laid up with broke bones.

JACK

Cops ain't gonna care about a bunch of kids. Right, Davey? We stick together, we can do anything!

DAVEY

Before you can strike, you gotta be a union, and a union gotta have official membership.

JACK

(points to the NEWSIES)

What do you call them?

DAVEY

And officers.

CRUTCHIE

I nominate Jack Kelly for president!

(The NEWSIES cheer their approvals.)

JACK

Now what?

DAVEY

If you want to strike, the membership's gotta vote.

JACK

What do you say? Do we roll over and let Pulitzer pick our pockets, or do we strike?

NEWSIES

Strike!!!

(# 10 – THE WORLD WILL KNOW. As KATHERINE and DARCY pass by, they notice the agitated NEWSIES. They stop and observe from a distance. KATHERINE takes notes. DARCY takes photos.)

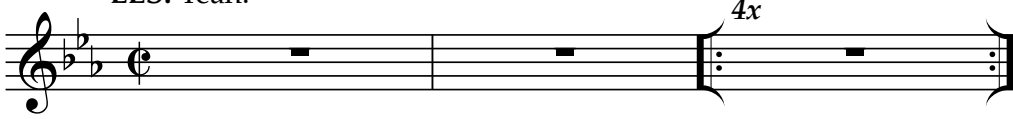
THE WORLD WILL KNOW

JACK: The newsies of Lower Manhattan are now officially on strike.

CRUTCHIE: What next?

DAVEY: (*finally committing*) I guess we've got a union.

LES: Yeah!



4 **JACK:**

Pu - lit - zer and Hearst, they think — we're no - thin'.

6 **NEWSIES:**

Are we no - thin'? No!

8 **JACK:**

Pu - lit - zer and Hearst, they think — they got — us.

10 **NEWSIES:**

Do they got — us? No!

12 **JACK:**

Ev - en though we ain't got hats — or bad - ges,

14

we're a un - ion just by say - ing so. —

17

— And the World will know.

MURIEL: What's to stop some other kids comin' along to sell our papes?

ALBERT: Just let 'em try!

DAVEY: No! We can't beat up on other newsies. We have to stick together.

20

27 **HAZEL:**
(ignoring DAVEY)

What's it gon - na take to stop — the wa - gons?

29 **NEWSIES:**

Are we rea - dy? Yeah!

31 **PIGTAILS:**

What's it gon - na take to stop — the scab - bers?

33 **NEWSIES:**

Can we do — it? Yeah!

35 **JACK:**

We'll do what we got - ta do — un - til — we

37 **NEWSIES:**

break the will of might-y Bill — and Joe. ——— And the

41

World will know. And the Jour - nal too.



Mis-ter Hearst and Pu-lit - zer,— have we got news for



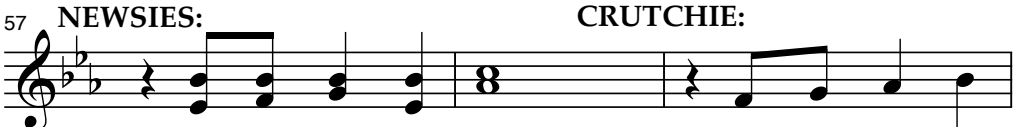
you. See, the *World* don't know,



but they're gon-na pay. 'Stead of hawk-in'



head-lines, we'll be mak-in' 'em to-day.—



And our ranks will grow! And we'll kick their



rear! Yeah! And the *World* will know that

(Now worried, WIESEL and the DELANCEYS pack up the cart and exit.)



we been here.



When the cir - cu - la - tion bell— starts ring - ing,

68 **NEWSIES:**

will we hear— it? No!

70 **MURIEL:**

What if the De-lan-ceys come— out swing-ing?

72 **NEWSIES:**

Will we hear— it? No!

74

When ya got a hun-dred voi - ces sing - ing,

76

who can hear a lous-y whis-tle blow?— And the

80

World will know that this ain't no game,

84

that we got a ton of rot-ten fruit—and per-fect aim.

88

We been down too long, and we paid our dues.

92 **CRUTCHIE:**

And the things we do to-day will be to-mor-row's news.

96 **NEWSIES:**

And the die is cast, _____ and the torch is passed. _____

100 **NEWSIES GROUP 1:**

_____ And a roar will rise...

NEWSIES GROUP 2:

...from the streets be -

102

and our ranks will grow... ...and grow and so the

low, ...and grow _____ and so the

105 **(ALL NEWSIES):**

World will feel the fire and fi -

110

n'lly _____ ...fi - n'lly

112

know! _____



(With WIESEL and the DELANCEYS gone, JACK takes charge.)

JACK

Newsies, circle up!

(The NEWSIES assemble in a semi-circle around JACK.)

DAVEY

(proudly)

I'd say we launched our strike in a most auspicious manner!

(The NEWSIES don't quite follow Davey's "school" words.)

HAZEL

Okay, I don't know what that means, but we sure scared the bejabbers outta Weasel!

CRUTCHIE

Did you see the Delanceys? They didn't know which way was up.

JACK

(to DAVEY)

So, what's next?

DAVEY

Now we have to spread the word – let the rest of the city's newsies know about the strike. Strength in numbers!

JACK

You heard the man. Let's split up and spread the word.

HAZEL

I'll take Harlem.

RACE

I got Midtown.

JO JO

I got the Bronx.

BUTTONS

And I got the Bowery.

JACK

Specs, you take Queens. Tommy Boy, you take the East Side. And who wants Brooklyn?

(The NEWSIES cringe and look away.)

(JACK)

C'mon. Who's taking Brooklyn? Spot Conlon's turf. Albert, you tellin' me you're scared of Brooklyn?

ALBERT

I ain't scared of no turf. But that Spot Conlon gets me a little jittery.

JACK

Fine, then. Me and Davey will take Brooklyn.

(KATHERINE pipes up from the sidelines. DARCY continues taking photos.)

KATHERINE

Why's everyone so scared of Brooklyn?

JACK

What're you doin' here?

KATHERINE

Asking a question. Have you got an answer? Why is everyone so afraid of Brooklyn?

CRUTCHIE

'Cause Spot Conlon is the toughest newsie in town!

JACK

And Brooklyn is the sixth largest city in the entire world. You got Brooklyn, you hit the mother lode.

KATHERINE

Wouldn't a strike be more effective if someone in charge knew about it?

JACK

Hey, you got a name?

KATHERINE

Katherine... Plumber. It's my byline, the name I publish under.

JACK

(to NEWSIES)

She's a dame reporter for the *New York Sun*.

(to KATHERINE)

Shouldn't you be at the ballet or the flower show or sumpthin'?

KATHERINE

Look, I know a great story when I see one: “A couple of ragtag Davids take on local Goliath.”

MURIEL

Hey, that’s good!

DAVEY

We never said that.

KATHERINE

You didn’t have to. I did.

JACK

I seen a lot of papes in my time, and I ain’t never noted no girl reporters writing hard news.

KATHERINE

Wake up to the new century, Mr. Kelly. It’s 1899, the game’s changing. How about an exclusive interview?

DAVEY

(to JACK)

I say we save any exclusive for a real reporter.

KATHERINE

I’m trying to do what’s never been done before, just like you and your strike.

JACK

I dunno—

KATHERINE

You see somebody else giving you the time of day?

(dropping her guard)

All right, so I’m just busting out of the social pages. But you give me the exclusive, let me run with the story, and I promise I’ll get you the space. Give me a chance – you help me and I’ll help you!

HAZEL

Give her a chance, she’s all right!

PIGTAILS

I’m with Hazel! If a girl can sell the pape, why can’t she write it?

GIRL NEWSIES

Yeah!

JACK

Okay! Here's your chance: You help us, we help you. Deal?

(KATHERINE spits in her hand and extends it to shake.)

KATHERINE

Deal!

(JACK smiles and spits in his hand; they shake on it.)

NEWSIES

(cheering)

Yay!

JACK

All right now, this is your story: Pulitzer and Hearst gotta respect the rights of the workin' kids of this city.

(KATHERINE writes in her reporter's notebook.)

DAVEY

They can't just change the rules when they feel like it.

JACK

That's right. We do the work, so we get a say.

DAVEY

We've got a union.

LES

Yeah!

CRUTCHIE

You really think we could be in the papes?

KATHERINE

If your protest shuts down a paper like the *World*, you're going to make the front page.

JACK

You want a story? Be in front of the distribution wagon tomorrow morning and you'll get one! And make sure your pal brings that camera!

DARCY

You can count on me!

DAVEY

Come on, Les. I better take you back home.



LES

Aww... David, what are we going to say to Mom and Pop when we come back with no money?

DAVEY

I guess some things are worth going hungry for. Jack, I'll meet you back here to head to Brooklyn.

JACK

You bet.

(The NEWSIES disperse as DAVEY and LES head home.)

KATHERINE

So, Mr. Kelly, what's your story? Working your way through art school? That drawing you did at the theater showed real talent.

JACK

Art school? You kiddin' me? I'm just a newsie!

KATHERINE

You're not just a newsie, you're their leader. What are your hopes for tomorrow's strike?

JACK

Today we stopped our newsies from carrying out papers, but the wagons still delivered to the rest of the city. Tomorrow, we stop the wagons.

KATHERINE

Are you scared?

JACK

Good question. Do I look scared?

(pause)

But ask me again in the morning.

KATHERINE

(writes down the quote)

Good answer. Good night, Mr. Kelly.

(DARCY exits ahead of KATHERINE.)

JACK

Hey, Plumber. Write it good. We both got a lot ridin' on you.

(KATHERINE nods. JACK exits. KATHERINE walks to her office.)

SCENE SIX: KATHERINE'S OFFICE

(KATHERINE sits in front of her typewriter and begins to compose her article.)

KATHERINE

You heard the man, "Write it good." No pressure...

(typing)

"Newsies Stop the World." A little hyperbole never hurt anyone.

(typing again)

"With all eyes fixed on the trolley strike, there's another battle brewing in the city..."

(pulls the paper out of the typewriter and rips it up)

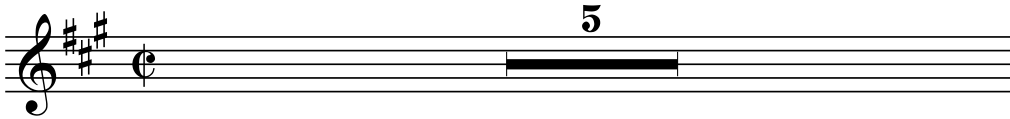
... and if I could just write about it...

(puts a fresh piece of paper in the typewriter)

(# 11 – WATCH WHAT HAPPENS.)

WATCH WHAT HAPPENS

(KATHERINE): Come on, Katherine, the kids are counting on you. Oh, you poor kids.



Write what you know, so they say. All I know is I don't



know what to write or the right way to write it. This is



big, la - dy, don't screw it up! This is not some lit - tle

12

vaude - ville — I'm — re - view - ing.

14

"Poor lit - tle kids ver - sus rich, greed - y so - ur-puss-es":

16

Ha! It's a cinch! It can prac - ti - c'lly write it-self, and

18

let's pray it does, 'cause as I may have men-tioned, I have

20

no clue — what — I'm do - ing.

22

Am I in-sane? This is what I've been wait-ing for! Well,

24

that, plus the scream - ing of ten an - gry ed - i-tors: "A

26

girl?" "That's a girl!! How the heck..." "Is that ev-en le-gal?"

28

"Look, just— go— and get her."

30

Not on - ly that, there's the sto - ry be - hind the sto - ry:

32

Thou - sands of chil - dren ex - ploit - ed, in - vis - i - ble, speak

34

up, take a stand, and there's some - one to write a - bout it,

36

that's how— things— get bet - ter.

38

Give life's lit - tle guys some ink and— when—

41

— it dries, just watch what— hap -

43

- pens!— Those kids will live and

46

breathe right on— the— page and once— they're cen -

49

- ter— stage you watch— what— hap - pens!—

52

And who's there with her

54

cam - 'ra— and— her pen as boys turn— in -

57

- to men? They'll storm the— gates— and then just

60

watch what hap - pens when they do!_____

KATHERINE: "A modern day David is poised to take on the rich and powerful Goliath. With the swagger of one twice his age,

64

(KATHERINE): armed with nothing more than a few nuggets of truth, Jack Kelly stands ready to face the behemoth Pulitzer." Now that's how you turn a kid into a legend!

70

74

Give those kids— and me the brand-new— cen - tu - ry and

78

watch what hap - pens!— It's Da-vid and Go-

82

li - ath, do — or die, the fight is — on — and I can't

86

watch what hap - pens.— But all I know is

90

noth-ing — hap - pens if you just give — in. — It

94

can't be — an - y worse than how it's — been, — and it

98

just so — hap - pens that we just might win, — so what-

102

ev - er — hap - pens, — let's — be-

106

gin! —————

(#12 – WATCH WHAT HAPPENS – PLAYOFF.)

SCENE SEVEN: NEWSIE SQUARE, NEXT MORNING

(JACK and other NEWSIES nervously begin to assemble. DAVEY pulls JACK aside.)

DAVEY

Is anyone else coming?

JACK

Don't got a clue.

ALBERT

We need back up! Pulitzer's goons is gonna make mince meat outta us.

PIGTAILS

They're gonna pound us into smithereens!

CRUTCHIE

Bring 'em on, I say!

RACE

Youse seen Spot Conlon, right? Is Brooklyn coming?

JACK

They wanted proof we're not gonna fold at the first sign of trouble.

MURIEL

Are we?

JACK

We are not! There's us and Harlem—

HAZEL

Not so fast, boss. Harlem wants to know what Brooklyn's gonna do.

JACK

How about Queens?

SPECS

Queens will be right here backing us up—

JACK

Ya see!

SPECS

... as soon as they get the nod from Brooklyn.

RACE

I got the same fish-eye in Midtown.

(The DELANCEYS enter.)

MORRIS

Say, Oscar, looks like we got bum information about a strike happenin' here today.

OSCAR

My skull-bustin' arm could use a day of rest.

(The DELANCEYS head to the cart to work.)

LES

Are we doing the right thing?

DAVEY

Sure we are.

RACE

Maybe we put this off a couple days?

DAVEY

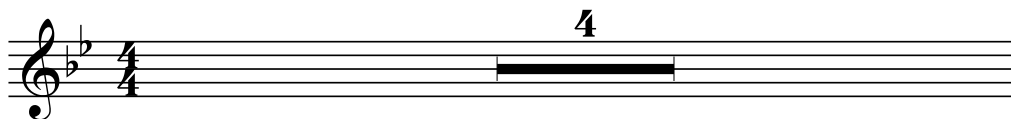
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(#13 – SEIZE THE DAY – PART 1.)

SEIZE THE DAY (PART 1)

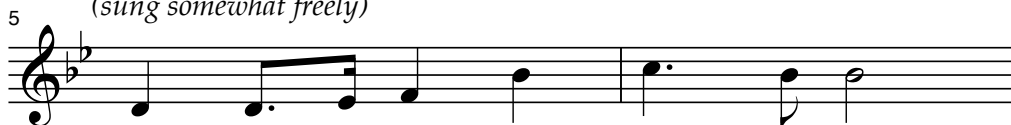
JACK: We can't back down now. Like it or not, now is when we take a stand. C'mon, Davey. Tell 'em.

(Now on the spot, DAVEY timidly begins a pep talk.)



DAVEY:

(sung somewhat freely)



Now is the time to seize the day.



7

Stare down the odds and seize the day.

9

Min-ute by min - ute, that's how you win it.

11

We will find a way. But let us seize the

(CRUTCHIE arrives with crutch held high, a rag painted "STRIKE!" tied to the top.)

CRUTCHIE: Hey, Jack. Look what I made! Good, huh? "Strike!"

JACK: That's great. Hey, Specs, any sign of reinforcements?

(SPECS gives a thumbs-down. The circulation bell rings.

The NEWSIES look to JACK.)

14

day.

(JACK): Davey...?

(Inspired by DAVEY's growing confidence, JACK stands by his side.)

17 **DAVEY:**

Now is the time to seize the day.

(One by one, other NEWSIES join in.)

20 **+JACK:**

Stare down the odds and seize the day.

22 **+MURIEL, HAZEL:** **+SPECS:** **+LES:**

Once we've be - gun, if we stand as one, some -

24 **NEWSIES:**

day be - comes some - how, and a prayer be - comes a

27 **JACK:**

vow. And the strike starts here and

(The circulation bell rings again. WIESEL and the DELANCEYS open the cart.)

WIESEL: The sun is up and the birds is singin'.
Step right up and get your papers.

MORRIS: You workin' or trespassin'? What's your pleasure?

30 **3**

now!

(EVERYONE tenses. Three SCABS walk on to collect their papers at the wagon. KATHERINE enters with her pad and pencil poised, accompanied by DARCY with a camera.)

DAVEY

Who are they?

JACK

Scabs.

MURIEL

If they think they can just waltz in here and take our jobs—

CRUTCHIE

We can handle them!

MURIEL

Let's soak 'em!

DAVEY

No! We all stand together or we don't have a chance! Jack?

JACK

(looks to his NEWSIES, then addresses the SCABS)

Listen... Pulitzer thinks we're gutter rats with no respect for nothin', includin' each other. Is that who we are?

DAVEY, CRUTCHIE, LES

No!

JACK

For the sake of all the kids in every sweatshop, factory, and slaughter house in this town, I beg you... throw down your papers and join the strike.

LES

Please?

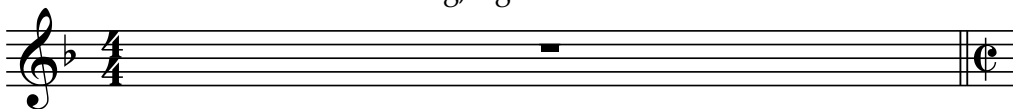
(LES makes the "pity" face. The SCABS look at each other. SCAB 1 throws papers down. #14 – SEIZE THE DAY – PART 2.)

SEIZE THE DAY (PART 2)

SCAB 1: I'm with ya.

SCAB 2: (throwing papers down) Me too!

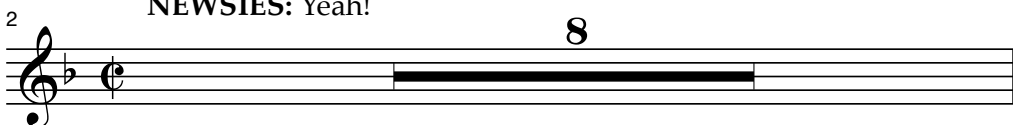
SCAB 3: You're kidding, right?



SCAB 2: At the end of the day who are you gonna trust?
(indicates the NEWSIES) Them... (indicates WIESEL and the DELANCEYS) ... or them?

SCAB 3: Oh... what the heck? My father's gonna kill me anyway!
(SCAB 3 throws down papers.)

NEWSIES: Yeah!



Now is the time to seize the day! Now is the time to



seize the day! An-swer the call and don't de-lay!

16 NEWSIES:



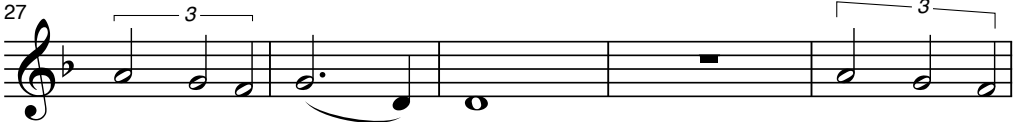
An-swer the call and don't de-lay! Wrongs will— be



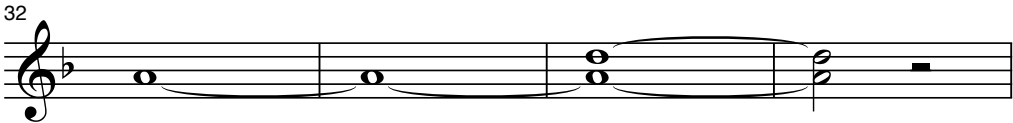
right - ed if we're u - nit - ed! Let us— seize



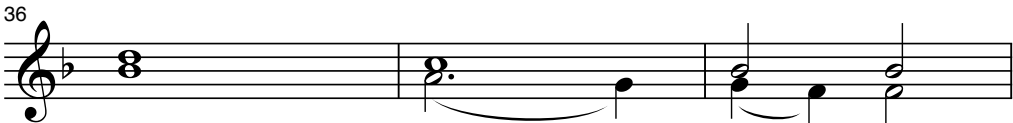
— the day! —————



Hous-ton to Har - lem, look what's be-



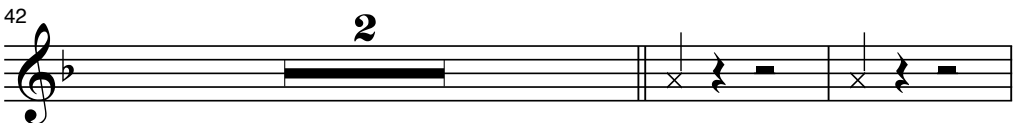
gun! —————



One for all and



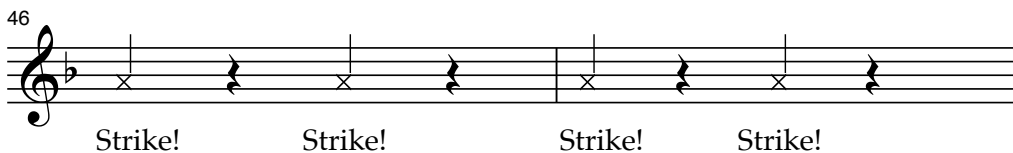
all— for one! —————



Strike! Strike!

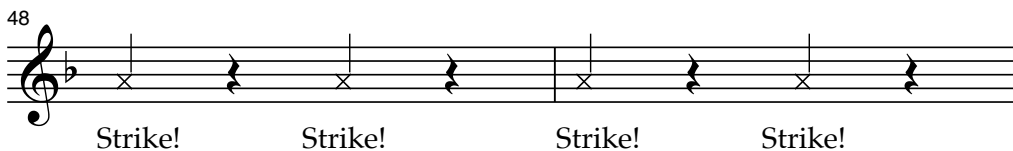


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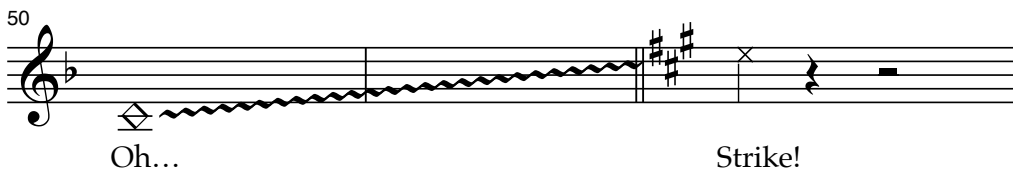
Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike!

48



Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike!

50

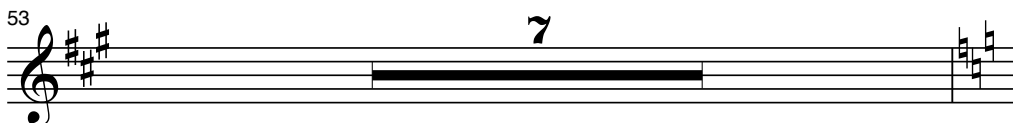


Oh... Strike!

(Overwhelmed, WIESEL and the DELANCEYS exit with the distribution wagon. JACK leads the NEWSIES in a triumphant dance.)

53

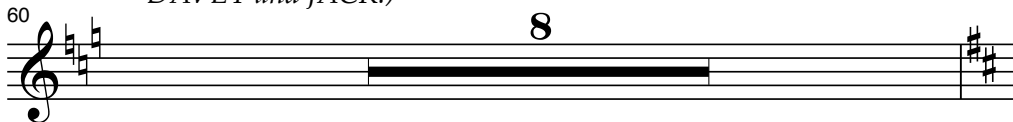
7



(The DELANCEYS return and try to grab LES, who is saved by DAVEY and JACK.)

60

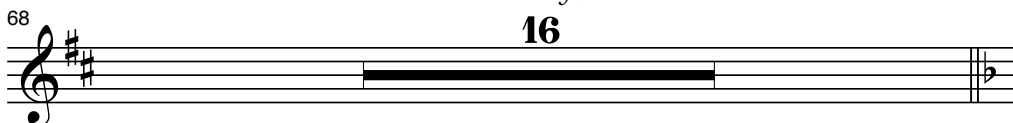
8



(When all the NEWSIES provide backup, the DELANCEYS run off. The NEWSIES celebrate this victory.)

68

16



84 ALL:

2



Now is the time to seize the day!

88

2



Now is the time to make 'em pay!

92

Noth - ing— can break— us, no one— can

95

make— us quit be - fore— we're

98

done!

102 **NEWSIES GROUP 1:**

One for— all— and all— for...

106 **NEWSIES GROUP 2:**

One for— all— and all— for...

110 **ALL:**

One for all and all—

(DARCY shoots a triumphant photo.)

114

for one!

(The ecstatic NEWSIES rip, crumple, and scatter copies of the World all over the square. Suddenly, WIESEL enters with the DELANCEYS, SNYDER, and POLICE OFFICERS. The NEWSIES freeze. #15 – THE FIGHT.)



WIESEL

Time these kids learned a lesson.

(The POLICE OFFICERS advance.)

JACK

Newsies – it's the bulls!

(The NEWSIES are helpless; many take flight.)

SNYDER

You can't run forever, Kelly! Get him, Morris!!

(MORRIS approaches JACK as SNYDER fetches a POLICE OFFICER.)

CRUTCHIE

The newsies need you, Jack. Get outta here. I'll hold 'em off!!

(CRUTCHIE bends down and trips MORRIS with the crutch. MORRIS falls.)

(CRUTCHIE)

Whatsa mattah, Morris? Can't stay on your feet?

(turns to JACK)

Run, Jack! Run!! I got this!

(CRUTCHIE swings the crutch while JACK takes cover. MORRIS grabs the crutch, and the POLICE OFFICER handcuffs CRUTCHIE.)

SNYDER

Obstructing justice! It's off to The Refuge with you. Take the kid away.

(JACK watches as a POLICE OFFICER drags off CRUTCHIE, leaving the crutch behind.)

JACK

Crutchie!

CRUTCHIE

Jack! Run! Newsies forever!!!

SNYDER

Jack Kelly! You get back here! Somebody grab that hooligan!

(Distraught and scared, JACK runs away. SNYDER exits after JACK, followed by WIESEL and the DELANCEYS. The POLICE CHIEF enters.)

POLICE CHIEF

(picks up a ripped newspaper, to POLICE and NEWSIES)

All right, the show's over! Clear the square! Everyone go home!

(POLICE OFFICERS clear the remaining NEWSIES. When the square is empty, the POLICE CHIEF nods and exits. Once the coast is clear, JACK, looking miserable, re-enters and picks up the crutch.

#16 – SANTA FE / LETTER FROM THE REFUGE.)

SANTA FE / LETTER FROM THE REFUGE

3 JACK:



Let me go far a -

6
way, some-where they won't nev - er find me, and to -

9
mor - row won't re - mind me of to - day.

12
When the cit - y's fi - n'ly sleep - in', and the

15
moon looks old and gray, I get on the train that's

18
bound for San - ta Fe. And I'm

21

gone! And I'm done! No more run-nin', no more

24

ly - in'. No more fat old men de - ny - in' me my

27

pay. Just a moon so big and yel-low, it turns

31

night right in - to day. Dreams come true, yeah, they

34

do, in San-ta Fe. (JACK runs off.)

SCENE EIGHT: THE REFUGE

(In the middle of the night, CRUTCHIE sits on a crowded bed with pencil in hand, reading a letter back to herself:)

CRUTCHIE: "Dear Jack.
Greetings from The Refuge!"

37

CRUTCHIE:
"How are you? I'm o -

40

kay. Guess I was-n't much help yes-ter - day. Sny-der

43 *(writes)*

soaked me real good with my crutch. Oh yeah, Jack,

45 *(back to reading)*

this is Crutch-ie, by the way. These here

47

guards, they is rude. They say

49

'jump, kid,' you jump or you're screwed. But the

51

food ain't so bad, 'least so far, 'cause so

53

far they ain't brung us no food. Ha-ha. A-ny-

55

way, so guess what? There's this

57

sec - ret es - cape plan I got: Tie a

59 sheet to the bed, toss the end out the win-dow, climb

61 down, then take off like a shot! May-be though, not to-

64 night. I ain't slept and my leg still ain't

66 right. Hey, but Pu-li-tzer, he's go-in' down! And, then,

69 Jack, I was think-in' we might just go, — like you was

72 say - ing..." — where it's clean and green and

75 pret-ty, with no build-ings in your way, and youse

78 rid - in' pal - o-mi - nos — ev-'ry day, —

(back to the stark
reality of *The Refuge*)

81

— once that train makes...

84

"I'll be fine, good as new. But there's

87

one thing I need you to do: In the

89 *cresc.*

al - ley you said that a fam - 'ly looks out for each

91

oth-er, — so you tell all the fel - las for

94

me to pro-tect one an - oth - er. The

(pauses, writes)

97

end. Your friend... Your best friend... Go

(thinks, writes)

100

get 'em... Crutch - ie."

(CRUTCHIE folds the letter. #17 – **LETTER FROM THE REFUGE – PLAYOFF.**)

SCENE NINE: NEWSIE SQUARE

(The next morning. DAVEY and the NEWSIES are sitting around, defeated, waiting for the distribution wagon.)

RACE

We got creamed yesterday by them goons.

PIGTAILS

Our strike really struck out.

DAVEY

I heard they arrested Crutchie. Did they get Jack too?

ROMEO

No one's seen him.

(KATHERINE arrives with a newspaper.)

KATHERINE

Good morning, everyone.

NEWSIES

(glumly)

Hi. / What's so good about it? / Good morning.

KATHERINE

Would you get a load of these glum mugs? Can these really be the same heroes who made front page of the *New York Sun*?

ROMEO

Front page of what?

(The NEWSIES rush toward KATHERINE and snatch the paper.)

HAZEL

"Newsies Stop the World" – now, there's a headline even Albert could sell!

RACE

Would you lookit? Dat's me!

ROMEO

Wait till my old man gets a load of dis. I won't be last in line for the tub tonight.

DAVEY

(to KATHERINE)

You got us in the pape?

KATHERINE

You got yourselves in the pape. Where's Jack? Did they take him to The Refuge?

HAZEL

He got away.

RACE

Can we please just drink in this moment? I'm famous!

PIGTAILS

How much does bein' famous pay?

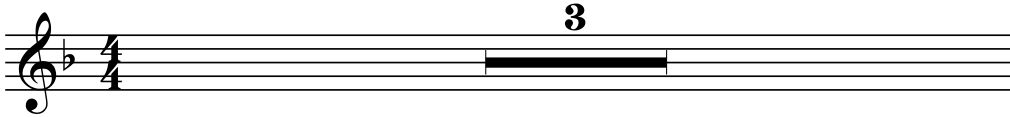
RACE

Ya don't need money when you're famous.

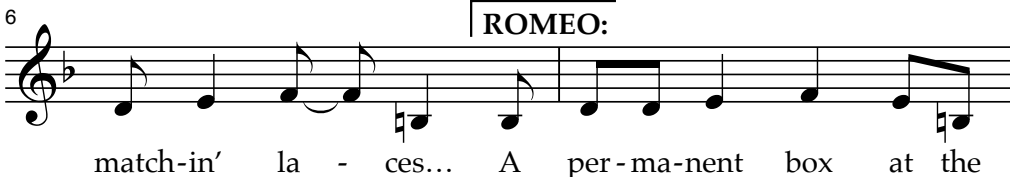
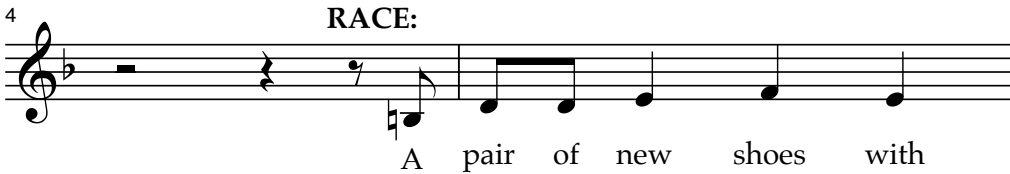
(#18 – KING OF NEW YORK.)

KING OF NEW YORK


(RACE): They gives ya whatever ya want *gratis!*



PIGTAILS: Such as...?



8 **PIGTAILS:**



Sheeps-head ra - ces... Pas - tra-mi on rye with a

10 **MURIEL:**



so - ur pic - kle... My per-son - al mug on a

12 **RACE:**



wood-en nic - kel... Look at me: I'm—

14



— the king— of New York!—

16




Sud-den-ly, I'm— res-pec - ta-ble, star-

19



- in' right at'-cha, lous - y with sta-'tcha.

21 **ALBERT:**



Nobb-in' with all the muck - et - y - mucks, I'm

23 **RACE:**



blow-in' my dough and go - in' de - luxe. And

25 **RACE, PIGTAILS:**



there I be! Ain't— I pret-ty? It's— my ci-ty. I'm

28

— the king of New York!

JO JO:

A so - lid gold watch with a

30

LES:

My ver - y own bed and a

chain to twirl— it...

32

(LES): HAZEL:

in - door ter - let... A bar - ber - shop hair - cut that

34

DAVEY: (*indicating KATHERINE*)

costs a quar - ter... A re - gu - lar beat for the

36

RACE:

star re - por - ter! Am - scray, punk, she's—

38

— the king— of New York! —

KATHERINE:

Who'd - 'a thunk! I'm—

40 **NEWSIES:**

We was sunk, pale_

— the king_ of New York! —

42 **KATHERINE:** **NEWSIES:**

— and pi - ti-ful... Bunch_ of wet noo-dles. Pu -

44

- lit-zer's poo-dles. I got-ta be ei - ther

46

dead or dream - in', 'cause look at that pape with

48

my face beam - in'. To - mor-row they may wrap

50

fish - es in_ it, but I was a star for

52 **8**

one whole min-ute!

61 **KATHERINE,
NEWSIES:**

Look at me: I'm — the king— of New York!—

63

— Wait and see: This — is gon-na make both

67

— the De - lan-ceys pee — in their pant-sies.

69

Flash-pots are shoot - in' bright — as the sun! I'm

71 **NEWSIES GROUP 1:**

one high - fa - lu - tin son - of - a - gun! I

73

guar - an - tee: Though — I scrapped out, I —

75

— ain't tapped out! I'm — the king— of New...

77 **NEWSIES GROUP 2:**

Friends may flee. Let — 'em ditch ya! Snap

79

— one pit-'cha, you're — the king_ of New...

KATHERINE,
81 NEWSIES:

His - to - ry! — Front - page sto - ry, guts_

83

— and glo - ry, I'm — the king...

85

...of New York!

(#19 – KING OF NEW YORK – TAG.)

SCENE TEN: MEDDA'S THEATER

(The theater is empty except for JACK, who has been furiously painting new scenery all night. He steps back, exhausted, looking at a new Santa Fe backdrop. MEDDA has been watching from the wings. She goes to JACK.)

MEDDA

Here's everything I owe you for the first backdrop, plus the two new ones, and even a little something extra just account'a because I'm gonna miss you so.

(MEDDA hands JACK an envelope full of money.)

JACK

Miss Medda, you're a gem. Thanks.

MEDDA

Just remember, Jack, when you go somewhere and it turns out not to be the right place, you can always go somewhere else. But if you're running away from something, nowhere's ever the right place.

JACK

I gotta get outta this city. It's killin' me.

MEDDA

Maybe you should read this letter first. Specs dropped it off while you were painting.

(MEDDA hands him a letter. JACK takes it and runs offstage, just as DAVEY and LES enter and find MEDDA. Having followed them to the theater, the DELANCEYS sneak in unseen and hide behind a flat.)

LES

Hey, Miss Medda!

MEDDA

Why, hello there! You newsies sure are making your own headlines, aren't you?

DAVEY

Well, that's why we've come. You haven't seen Jack, have you?

MEDDA

He's been painting all night. How can I help you?

DAVEY

We'd like to hold a rally tonight for the newsies, but we need a safe place to do it.

MEDDA

And... you want to use my theater?

LES

Please...

(LES puts on the "sad" face.)

MEDDA

Hey, that's good, kid, you should go into acting. It just so happens, we're dark tonight, so the theater's all yours.

DAVEY

Wow... thank you!

MEDDA

Happy to help the cause.



(KATHERINE rushes in.)

KATHERINE

Davey, did you find Jack? Is he here?

MEDDA

He'll be right out, Miss Plumber. And thanks for the swell review, it really helped business.

KATHERINE

Just doing my job.

(JACK enters.)

Jack! There you are.

MEDDA

And that's my cue to exit. See you rebels back here tonight at six. *Vive la résistance!*

(MEDDA raises her fist in solidarity and exits.)

DAVEY

How 'bout lettin' a pal know you're alive? Where'd you go? We couldn't find you.

JACK

Ever think I didn't wanna be found?

DAVEY

(holds out the newspaper)

You see the pape? We're front-page news!

KATHERINE

Above the fold!

JACK

Good for you.

DAVEY

What's with the attitude? Katherine wrote a great story.

KATHERINE

Thanks, Davey. Everyone wants to meet the famous Jack Kelly.

LES

Even Spot Conlon sent a kid to say: Next event you can count on Brooklyn. How 'bout that?

JACK

But we got stomped into the ground!

DAVEY

Yeah, but with press like this, our fight is far from over.

KATHERINE

Jack, you have to come to the rally tonight. The newsies need you. They look up to you. They'll listen to you! You're their leader.

JACK

Save your breath. It's hopeless.

LES

(studying the painting)

Hey, Jack. Where's that supposed to be?

JACK

It's Santa Fe.

LES

It's beautiful.

JACK

Soon as I get me enough money, I'm gonna move there.

DAVEY

Hey, it's good to have a plan.

JACK

Nah, it ain't a plan, it's just a dream. Another dream that ain't gonna happen, like the strike.

DAVEY

But it's not just a dream, not after tonight's rally – a citywide meeting where every newsie gets a say and a vote. And we do it after working hours so no one loses a day's pay. Smart?

JACK

You wanna know how smart it is? Take a look at this!

(#20 – JACK'S PAINTING. JACK turns the backdrop around, revealing a large, political cartoon of the newsies being crushed by Pulitzer in Newsie Square. KATHERINE, DAVEY, and LES stare in awe.)

LES

Wow! What is it?

JACK

Pulitzer putting the big boot to the newsies.

KATHERINE

Jack, that's amazing! You've got real talent. You should be inside the paper illustrating, not outside hawking it.

JACK

You kiddin' me? I'm a newsie!

DAVEY

Which is why you have to come to the rally tonight!

JACK

They kicked our butts all over Newsie Square, thanks to my big mouth. No way I'm puttin' my pals back in danger.

DAVEY

We're doing something that has never been done before. How could that not be dangerous?

JACK

Specs brung me a letter from Crutchie at The Refuge. They beat the kid so bad... What if Crutchie don't make it? You willing to shoulder that for a tenth of a penny a pape?

DAVEY

Jack, you said it yourself: My family wouldn't be in this mess if my father had a union. This is a fight we have to win.

KATHERINE

How would quitting now do Crutchie any good?

(JACK doesn't answer.)

LES

Come on, Davey. There's not much time. We gotta go and spread the word!

KATHERINE

I have to go too. I'm late. Please, Jack, come to the meeting.

DAVEY

See you tonight?

JACK

I'll think about it.

(As KATHERINE, DAVEY, and LES exit, the DELANCEYS come out from hiding and sneak up behind JACK.)

MORRIS

Shoulda kept that big mouth of yours shut!

JACK

What the heck—

OSCAR

End of the line for you, Jack!

(MORRIS and OSCAR grab JACK and exit. #21 – BACK TO PULITZER'S OFFICE.)

SCENE ELEVEN: PULITZER'S OFFICE, AFTERNOON

(SEITZ, BUNSEN, and PULITZER are in a heated discussion. KATHERINE stands nearby, clearly upset.)

BUNSEN

But Mr. Pulitzer, how can you express so much sympathy for the trolley workers and yet have none for the newsies?

PULITZER

Because the trolley workers are striking for a fair contract. The newsies are striking against me!

SEITZ

That Jack Kelly seems to be quite an effective leader.

PULITZER

I have it on good authority that Jack Kelly was arrested for stealing food and clothing. I want a public example made of him.

(HANNAH enters.)

HANNAH

Mr. Pulitzer – Jack Kelly is here. He looks pretty roughed up, poor boy.

PULITZER

The guest of honor, right on schedule!

(to KATHERINE)

And not a peep out of you, young lady. You're in enough trouble as it is.

(OSCAR and MORRIS drag in JACK, who has been roughed up on the journey from the theater. KATHERINE steps back so JACK can't see her.)

(PULITZER)

Which Jack Kelly is this? The charismatic union organizer, or the thief and escaped convict?

JACK

Which one gives us more in common... Joe?

PULITZER

Impudence is in bad taste when crawling for mercy.

JACK

Crawling? Dragged is more like it. You may run this city, but there are some of us who can't be bullied. Even some reporters...

PULITZER

Such as that young woman who made you yesterday's news? Talented girl. Katherine, come here.

(KATHERINE emerges. JACK is surprised.)

I trust you know my daughter, Katherine.

(lets that sink in)

Yes. My daughter. You are probably asking, why the *nom de plume*? I offered Katherine a life of wealth and leisure. Instead she chose to pursue a career, wanted to do it on her own.

KATHERINE

Jack, I—

PULITZER

Don't trouble the boy with your problems, dearest. Mr. Kelly has a plateful of his own. Wouldn't you say so, Warden Snyder?

(SNYDER enters from the private room.)

SNYDER

Hello, Jack. I saved your old bunk for you at The Refuge. The other delinquents will be so happy to see you back behind bars.

(JACK tries to run for the door, but is stopped by the DELANCEYS. He's trapped.)

PULITZER

Defy me, Jack, and I'll make sure your friend with the crutch never leaves The Refuge.

HANNAH

I do wish you'd reconsider, Mr. Pulitzer.

PULITZER

Answer me, Jack: Do you want all your little pals rotting away in jail all because of you?

JACK

No.

PULITZER

No, I didn't think so. Now, I tell you what, if you speak against this hopeless strike tonight, I'll see to it your pockets are filled with enough cash to take you to... where was it?

MORRIS, OSCAR

Santa Fe.

JACK

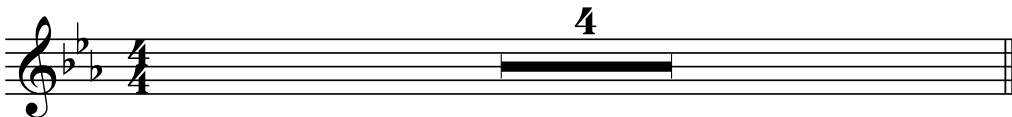
There ain't a person in this room who don't know you stink.

PULITZER

And if they know me, they know I don't care. What do you say, Jack, do we have a deal?

(JACK hangs his head, defeated. OSCAR and MORRIS laugh. KATHERINE shakes her head and stares at PULITZER. ALL exit. #22 – BROOKLYN'S HERE. Elsewhere, from across the Brooklyn Bridge, a rhythmic drumbeat sounds and voices emerge.)

BROOKLYN'S HERE



5 **BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 1:**

News - ies need our help to - day!—

6 **BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 2:**

News - ies need our help to - day!—

7 **BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 1:**

Tell 'em Brook - lyn's on their way!—

8 **BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 2:**

Tell 'em Brook - lyn's on their way!—

9 **B. N. GROUP 1:**

We're from... We are... We are Brook-lyn

B. N. GROUP 2:

Brook-lyn! News-ies! Brook-lyn

ALL BROOKLYN NEWSIES:

12

News-ies!—

SCENE TWELVE: MEDDA'S THEATER


(A cavalry of BROOKLYN NEWSIES make their way through the house. The theater fills with other NEWSIES from all over the city, singing and waving banners and placards. Jack's political cartoon of Newsie Square serves as the backdrop for the rally.)


15

We're the kids— from the beach - es of Brigh - ton,

17


 Pros-pect Park, and the Na - vy Yard Pier.

19

 Strikes ain't fun, but they sure is ex-cit - in'.

21

 Loud and clear: Brook-lyn's here!


24 **SPOT:**


 Bor-ough what gave me birth...

27

 Friend-li - est place on earth.

29 **+ B. N. GROUP 1:**

 Pay us a vi - sit and see what we means. And

31 **(B. N. GROUP 1):**

 when ya do, we'll kick ya

B. N. GROUP 2:

 When ya do, we'll kick ya

B. N. GROUP 3:

 When ya do, we'll kick ya



33 (ALL BROOKLYN NEWSIES):

half-way to Queens!—

37 ALL NEWSIES:

Now them soak - ers is in— for a soak - in'.

39

What a sad— way to end— a ca - reer.—

41

They's a joke,— but if they— thinks we're jok - in'...

43 [BROOKLYN NEWSIES:] [MANHATTAN NEWSIES:

Loud and clear: Man - hat-tan's here!

45 [FLUSHING NEWSIES:] [RICHMOND NEWSIES:

Flush-ing's here!— Rich-mond's here!—

47 [WOODSIDE NEWSIES:] [BRONX NEWSIES:

Wood-side's here!— So's da Bronx!

(ALL razz with
Bronx cheer.)

49 **B. N. GROUP 1:**

Brook - lyn's here!

B. N. GROUP 2:

Loud and clear:—

51 **ALL NEWSIES:**

We is here!—

(As the **BROOKLYN NEWSIES** fill the stage, the other **NEWSIES** react with awe and a little fear.)

NEWSIES

It's Spot Conlon! / Make way for Spot Conlon! / etc.

(The other **NEWSIES** part in reverence as **SPOT CONLON**, a fierce, tough girl, steps forward and shakes hands with **DAVEY**.)

DAVEY

Spot Conlon!

SPOT

Brooklyn's got your back, brudda!

(**KATHERINE** stands next to **MEDDA** and takes notes. **DARCY** takes photos. **MEDDA** steps forward.)

MEDDA

Newsies of New York City! Welcome to my theater and to the start of your revolution! Long live the Resistance!

(The **NEWSIES** cheer.)



DAVEY

Let's hear it for Spot Conlon and Brooklyn!

SPOT

Newsies united! Let's see what Pulitzer has to say to you now!

MURIEL

Hey Davey, where's Jack?

SPOT

Yeah. We want Jack! Where is he?

(DAVEY looks to MEDDA for help.)

MEDDA

Sorry, kid. No sign of him yet. Looks like you're doing a solo.

KATHERINE

You can do it, Davey.

NEWSIES

Jack! Jack! Jack! Jack!

(DAVEY timidly takes the stage.)

DAVEY

Newsies of New York... look at what we've done. We're making history! We've got newsies from every pape and every neighborhood here tonight.

(The NEWSIES cheer.)

Tonight we declare that we're just as much a part of the newspaper as any reporter or editor. We're done being treated like kids. From now on they will treat us as equals.

(JACK appears from the back of the theater and starts down the aisle.)

JACK

You wanna be treated like an adult? Then start actin' like one.

DAVEY

And here's Jack!!!

NEWSIES

Jack! Jack! Jack!

(JACK takes the stage as DAVEY heaves a sigh of relief.)

JACK

(quieting the NEWSIES)

All right. Pulitzer raised the price of papes without so much as a word to us. That was a lousy thing to do. So we go on strike.

(The NEWSIES cheer.)

But we gotta be realistic. How many days can you go without makin' money? However long, believe me, Pulitzer can go longer.

(DAVEY and the NEWSIES look to each other, confused by what JACK is saying. The NEWSIES boo. MEDDA and KATHERINE confer and rush offstage.)

Mr. Pulitzer has personally given me his word: If we disband the union, he will not raise prices again for two years. I say we take the deal.

(The NEWSIES boo.)

All we need to do is vote "NO" on the strike. Vote "NO"!

(#23 – JACK'S BETRAYAL. *The boos overwhelm JACK as the NEWSIES storm out of the theater. BUNSEN appears from the wings.)*

BUNSEN

Here's your money, Jack. You should feel very proud of yourself.

(JACK pockets the money as BUNSEN leaves. KATHERINE runs back on, holding several of Jack's drawings.)

KATHERINE

That was some speech you made.

JACK

What d'ya you care? And who said you could look at my drawings?

KATHERINE

Medda gave them to me.

JACK

Give 'em back!

KATHERINE

(turning away to look more)

These are drawings of The Refuge, aren't they? Is this really what it's like in there: three kids to a bed and vermin everywhere?

JACK

Why should I tell you anything? You double-crossed us to your father. Your father!!

KATHERINE

Joseph Pulitzer may be my father, but I wanted to make my own way, without his help. I told you my professional name was Plumber, and it is.

JACK

I don't know what to believe no more.

KATHERINE

Jack, believe me, I'm on your side, but I need to know you didn't turn your back on your friends just for the money.

JACK

I ain't gonna see no more of my pals beat up and tossed into jail. No matter how many days we strike, your father ain't givin' up. I don't know what else we can do.

KATHERINE

Ah. But I do.

JACK

No, I'm through. No way.

KATHERINE

Really, Jack? Really? Being boss doesn't mean you have all the answers – just the brains to recognize the right one when you hear it.

(JACK is at a loss for words.)

JACK

Okay, I'm listening.

KATHERINE

The strike was your idea. The rally was Davey's. And now my plan will take us to the finish line.

(KATHERINE takes a piece of paper from her pocket and hands it to him.)

JACK

(reading)

“The Children’s Crusade”? Now, there’s a headline!

KATHERINE

(snatches it back and reads)

“For the sake of all the kids in every sweatshop, factory, and slaughterhouse in New York, I beg you... join us.” With those words, you challenged our whole generation to help each other!

JACK

I can’t believe it, I mean people like you would never give me the time of day, and here you are, taking up the banner. Why?

KATHERINE

We all need something to believe in, Jack. I believe in this story. I believe in you. And so do the newsies.

JACK

We gotta let your father know the next century belongs to us.

KATHERINE

Exactly! If we publish my words with your drawings – and if every worker under twenty-one read it and stayed home from work... or better yet, came to Newsie Square and actually joined the strike – even my father couldn’t ignore that.

JACK

Only we got no way to print it. Your father controls all the printing presses in town.

KATHERINE

Right. But I know where there’s a printing press that no one would ever think we’d use!

JACK

Then why are we still standing here?

KATHERINE

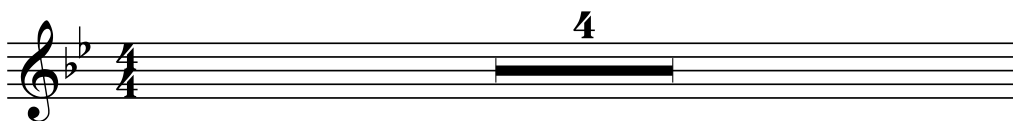
Follow me, come on!

(KATHERINE and JACK exit. #24 – SEIZE THE DAY – REPRISE.)

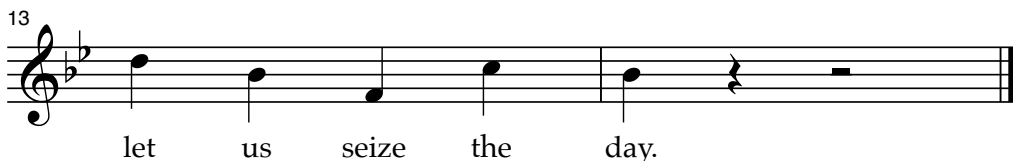
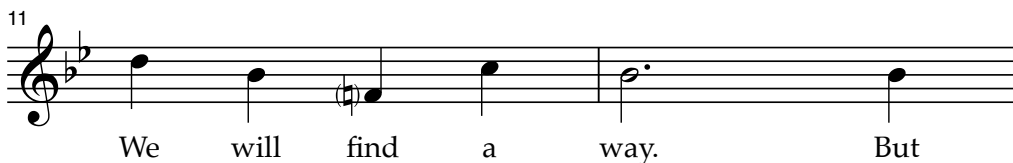
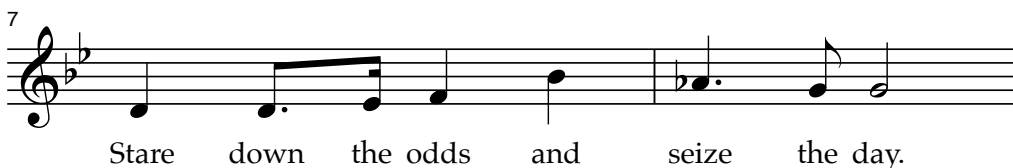
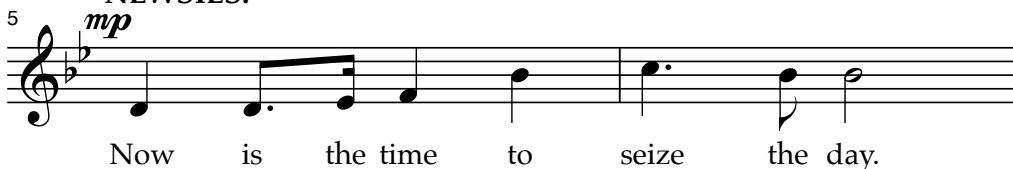
SCENE THIRTEEN: NEWSIE SQUARE / CELLAR DOOR

(In the semi-darkness, the NEWSIES crisscross the stage and whisper the news of the strike regroup, one to the next.)

SEIZE THE DAY (REPRISE)



NEWSIES:



(JACK and KATHERINE enter. Holding a set of keys and Jack's drawings, KATHERINE unlocks the cellar door of the World building.)

JACK

The cellar of your dad's newspaper!

KATHERINE

The janitor's been working here since he was eight and hasn't had a raise in twenty years. He's with us one-hundred percent.

(looks inside the cellar)

The old printing press is inside.

(KATHERINE exits into the cellar. DAVEY, RACE, and a few other NEWSIES enter.)

JACK

You bring enough newsies to keep us covered?

RACE

You could hold a hoedown in there with all we got, and more are on the way!

JACK

Good job. Tell 'em to keep it quiet.

DAVEY

(spits in hand, offers it to JACK)

It's good to have you back.

JACK

(spits in hand)

Let's do this thing.

(JACK and DAVEY shake. KATHERINE enters from the cellar holding a dust tarp. BILL and DOROTHY, Katherine's well-dressed friends, enter the square, nod to KATHERINE, then duck into the cellar.)

KATHERINE

(looking into the cellar)

There she is, my father's very first printing press. Just think, while he snores blissfully in his bed, we will be using his own press to bring him down.

JACK

Remind me to stay on your good side.

(RACE looks into the cellar.)

RACE

Is that what they print the papes on?

DAVEY

That's right. As we print the papes, Race, you'll pass 'em on to the newsies, and they'll spread them to every workin' kid in New York. After that...?

JACK

After that it's up to them.

(DOROTHY and BILL enter from the cellar, sleeves rolled up and ready to work. They wipe their hands clean on rags.)

DOROTHY

I can see why they tossed this old girl down to the cellar, but I think she'll do the job. A little grease and she'll be good as gold.

KATHERINE

Jack, this is Dorothy. She knows just about everything there is to know about printing.

JACK

You work for one of the papes?

DOROTHY

My father owns the *Trib*.

JACK

Whoa!

KATHERINE

And this is Bill. He'll be typesetting the article for us.

JACK

(being funny)

Bill? So I suppose you're the son of William Randolph Hearst?

BILL

And proud to be part of your revolution!

JACK

Ain't that somethin'? Your pop owns the *New York Journal*!

BILL

I know.

JACK

Wow...

(BILL and DOROTHY get back to work in the cellar. JACK shakes his head, mouth agape, stunned.)

KATHERINE

Jack, let's get rolling. I have to get this pape and your drawings to someone who is going to be very interested to see them!

(JACK steps away from KATHERINE and DAVEY. #25 – **ONCE AND FOR ALL**. JACK takes a deep breath, trying to take in what's actually happening.)

ONCE AND FOR ALL

(KATHERINE): Jack...?

JACK: (tearing up a bit) It's just... I didn't think I could ever feel like this. Like something I believed in, something important was actually possible.

JACK:

There's

10

change com - in' once and_ for all. You_

13

makes the_ front page, and_ man, you_ is

16

+DAVEY:

ma - jor_ news._ To - mor - row_ they'll

19

+KATHERINE:

see what we are, and_ sure as_ a

22 **+LES:**

star, we ain't come this far

26 **RACE: Here they come!**

to lose!

(More NEWSIES enter quietly and take up their positions in a "bucket brigade" line leading out of the cellar and into the square.)

28 **3**

31 **NEWSIES: (very intense, hushed tones)**

This is the sto - ry we need - ed to write that's been kept

33

out of sight, but no more!

35

In a few ho - urs, by dawn's ear - ly light, we'll be rea -

37

- dy to fight us a war.

39

This time we're in it to stay.

41

Talk a - bout seiz - ing the day! —

43 **JACK:**

Write it in ink— or in blood, — it's the same ei-ther way:

45

— squeeze 'em un - til — they pay!

(*KATHERINE enters, first proof in hand.*)

KATHERINE: "In the words of union leader Jack Kelly, 'We will work with you. We will even work for you. But we will be paid and treated as valuable members of your organizations.'"

JACK: Here we go!

KATHERINE: Good luck, Jack.

JACK: You too, Katherine.

(*KATHERINE smiles and exits with the pape and Jack's drawings.*)

47

12

59 **NEWSIES:** (*Bundles of the Newsies Banner are passed out of the cellar along the line of NEWSIES for distribution.*)

This is for kids shin-in' shoes — on the street with no shoes

61

— on their feet — ev - 'ry day. —

63

This is for kids sweat-in' blood — in the shops while the boss-

65

- es and cops— look a - way.——

67

Look at us all— stan-din' tall,——

69

glar - in' and rar - in' to brawl.——

71

Ar-mies of guys who are sick— of the lies— get-tin' read-

73

- y to rise— to the call!——

75

Once and for all— there'll be blood— on the wall if they

77

doubt us.——

79

They think they're run-ning this town— but this town'll shut

81

down with - out us!

(As dawn breaks, WORKING CHILDREN all over the city receive the Newsies Banner, read it, and make their way to Newsie Square. KATHERINE appears elsewhere, on a mission.)

NEWSIES GROUP 1:

83

Ten thou - sand kids in the square!

84 (NEWSIES GROUP 1):

NEWSIES GROUP 2:

Ten thou - sand kids in the square!

85

Ten thou-sand fists in the air!

Ten thou-sand fists!

ALL NEWSIES:

87

Joe, you is gon - na play fair, once and for

89

all!



92

SOME NEWSIES:

SOME WORKING CHILDREN:

Once and — for

p

Once and — for all!

p *mp*

95

all!

mp

MORE WORKING CHILDREN:

Once and — for

mp

98

MORE NEWSIES:

Once and — for all!

mp *mf*

all!

mf

101

JACK, DAVEY,
ALL NEWSIES:

Once and — for all!

KATHERINE, LES,
ALL WORKING CHILDREN:

Once and — for all!

105 **ALL:**

f There's change com - in'

107

once and— for all. You're get - tin'— too

110

old, too— weak to— keep hold - in'— on—

113

— A new world is gun-nin'— for you, and

117

Joe, we— is too, till,— once and— for

120

all,— you're— gone!

124 **JACK:**

Once and— for



128 (JACK):

all!

NEWSIES:

Once and for all!

DAVEY, KATHERINE, LES:

Once and for all!

WORKING CHILDREN:

Once and for

131

Once and for all! Once

Once and for all! Once

Once

all! Once

134

and for all! _____

and for all! _____

and for all! _____

and for all! _____

137

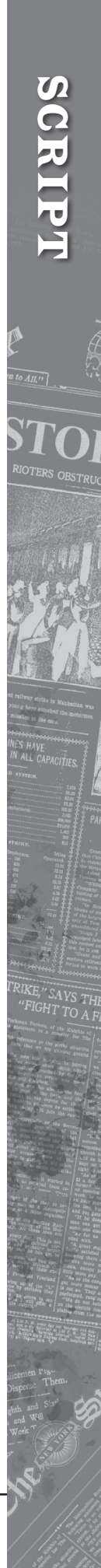
and for all! _____

and for all! _____

and for all! _____

and for all! _____

(# 26 – ONCE AND FOR ALL – PLAYOFF.)



SCENE FOURTEEN: PULITZER'S OFFICE

(The next morning, the office is in full panic mode. HANNAH and BUNSEN rush in as PULITZER fumes. Outside his window, he can see Newsie Square filled with protestors.)

BUNSEN

The entire city is shut down. No one is working anywhere. And everyone is blaming you.

HANNAH

They're all calling: the Mayor, the publishers, the manufacturers... and such language!

(JACK, DAVEY, and SPOT enter merrily, chased by SEITZ.)

SEITZ

You can't just barge in here!

JACK

(offers up the Newsies Banner to PULITZER)

How's everybody doin' this morning?

PULITZER

You're behind this? We had a deal!

JACK

(tosses the bribe money to BUNSEN)

And it came with a money-back guarantee. Thanks for your lessons on the power of the press.

SEITZ

(examining the article)

These youngsters put out a pretty good paper. Very convincing.

PULITZER

No doubt written by my daughter.

JACK

I'd sign her up before someone else grabs her away.

PULITZER

I demand to know who defied my ban on printing strike material!

JACK

We're your loyal employees. We'd never take our business elsewhere.

SEITZ

(examining the paper)

The old printing press in the cellar...

DAVEY

This all began because you wanted to sell more papers. But now your circulation is down seventy percent.

SPOT

Why didn't you just come talk to us?

JACK

Guys like Joe don't talk with nothin's like us. But a very wise reporter told me a real boss don't need the answers – just the smarts to snatch the right one when he hears it.

(SPOT approaches the window.)

SPOT

Have a look out there, Mr. Pulitzer. In case you ain't figured it out, we got you surrounded.

JACK

New York is closed for business. You can't get a paper or a shoe shine.

DAVEY

You can't send a message or ride an elevator or cross the Brooklyn Bridge.

SPOT

You can't even leave your own building.

JACK

So, what's your next move, Joe?

(JACK, DAVEY, and SPOT stand firm, as PULITZER considers his options in silence.)

PULITZER

(cornered, shifting tactics)

Mr. Kelly, if I may speak to you... alone.

(The OTHERS withdraw from the room, leaving JACK and PULITZER alone.)

DAVEY

(aside as he leaves)

You can do it, Jack.

PULITZER

I cannot put the price back where it was. There are other considerations—

JACK

I get it. You need to save face in front of all these folks. I'm young, I ain't stupid.



PULITZER

Thank you for understanding.

JACK

But I got constituents with a legitimate gripe.

PULITZER

What if I reduce the raise by half and get the other papes to do the same? It's a compromise we can all live with.

JACK

But you eat our losses. From now on, any papes we can't sell, you buy back – full price.

PULITZER

What's to stop newsies from taking hundreds of papes they can't sell? My costs will explode!

JACK

No newsies are gonna break their backs haulin' around papes they can't sell. But if they can take a few more with no risk, they might sell 'em and your circulation would begin to grow...

(aping PULITZER)

"It's a compromise we can all live with."

PULITZER

(calmly considering)

That's not a bad head you've got on your shoulders.

(JACK spits in his hand and holds it out for PULITZER to shake.)

JACK

Deal?

PULITZER

That's disgusting.

(JACK doesn't flinch. PULITZER takes a breath then spits in his hand and holds it out.)

Deal.

(JACK grabs it and shakes. The deal has been sealed!)

SCENE FIFTEEN: NEWSIE SQUARE

(#27 – WE WON! NEWSIES gather with strike signs. JACK enters and addresses the CROWD.)

JACK

Newsies of New York City... we won!!

NEWSIES

(cheering, variously)

We won! / Yay! / We did it! / Newsies! Newsies! Newsies! Newsies!

(The CROWD roars. JACK quiets them. KATHERINE, holding Jack's drawings, enters with MEDDA and GOVERNER TEDDY ROOSEVELT.)

MEDDA

Governor, this is the talented young man I told you about, Jack Kelly.

ROOSEVELT

Pleased to meet you, Jack. I'm told we once shared a carriage ride. May I?

JACK

(stepping aside, mouth agape)

Wow... yes, sir.

(to CROWD)

Working kids of New York, may I introduce Governor Theodore Roosevelt!

(The CROWD cheers.)

ROOSEVELT

(recognizing this historical moment)

My fellow citizens... Today you've demonstrated the power of standing together for what is right. I believe the future, in your hands, will be bright and prosperous.

(turning to JACK)

And your drawings, Jack, have brought another matter to bear.

(calling offstage)

Come on out, Casey. Your pals are waiting!

HAZEL, ALBERT, RACE, PIGTAILS, ROMEO

(variously)

Casey? / Huh? / Who's Casey?

(CRUTCHIE appears, blowing a police whistle and waving. A "VICTORY" banner now hangs from the crutch.)

CRUTCHIE

I'm Casey. But you can still call me Crutchie!

(CRUTCHIE holds the crutch proudly in the air as the NEWSIES cheer. JACK jumps off the platform and runs to give CRUTCHIE a big hug.)

NEWSIES

Crutchie!

CRUTCHIE

Newsies forever! And lookit what I got yis: a gift straight from The Refuge. Now look who's wearing the handcuffs!

(Two POLICE OFFICERS enter with SNYDER, in handcuffs, between them.)

RACE

It's Snyder the Spider!

HAZEL

Ain't lookin' so tough no more, huh?

ROOSEVELT

Jack, with those drawings you made an eloquent argument for shutting down The Refuge. Be assured that Warden Snyder's abuses will be fully investigated.

(to the POLICE OFFICERS)

Officers...

CRUTCHIE

So long, sucker!

(POLICE OFFICERS exit with SNYDER. ROOSEVELT hands JACK'S drawings to PULITZER, who gives them a close look.)

HANNAH

Mr. Pulitzer, sir, I have an idea!

(HANNAH whispers in PULITZER'S ear, points at JACK and the drawings.)

JACK

Thank you, Governor.

ROOSEVELT

Thank you, Jack, for reminding me that we all need to fight for justice whenever we can. Best of luck to you, son.

(over the politician, to the CROWD)

Newsies forever!

(The NEWSIES cheer.)

PULITZER

Jack, I just had a brilliant idea!

(begrudgingly)

Well, actually, Hannah, my secretary, had a brilliant idea, but I agree. I want you to draw political cartoons for my paper!

JACK

Me?

PULITZER

If one of your drawings convinced the governor to close The Refuge, what might a daily political cartoon do to expose the dealings in our own government back rooms?

KATHERINE

That is a brilliant idea! And you can hire him at double the standard rate.

JACK

(not wanting to leave)

Well, I guess with the strike settled, I probably should be hitting the road to Santa Fe...

CRUTCHIE

You can't leave now!

KATHERINE

My father just hired you as a professional cartoonist, Jack!

DAVEY

What's Santa Fe got that New York ain't? Sand storms?

KATHERINE

Better yet: What's New York got that Santa Fe ain't?

CRUTCHIE

New York's got us. And we're family. And we're begging you to stay!

PULITZER

(bellowing from above)

Didn't I hear something about the strike being settled?

(WIESEL and the DELANCEYS set up the distribution wagon as PULITZER exits.)

WIESEL

Papes for the newsies. Line up, now. These papes ain't gonna sell themselves.

CRUTCHIE

What d'ya say, brother... I got your back, you got mine. Deal?

JACK

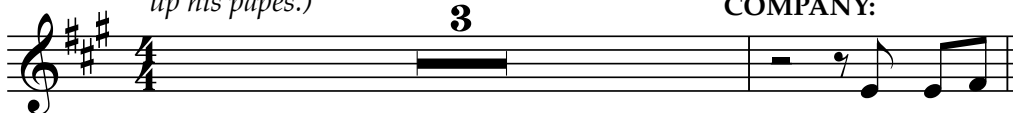
Deal!

(#28 – FINALE.)

FINALE

(With a big smile, JACK hugs CRUTCHIE, then slaps his money down on the wagon and snatches up his papes.)

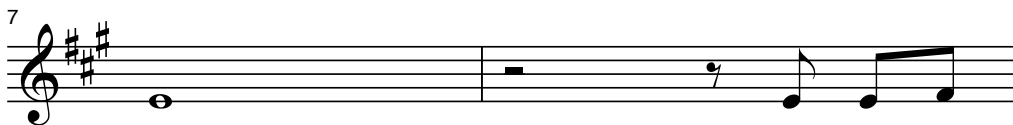
COMPANY:



We'll all be



out there, car - ry - ing the ban - ner, man, oh



man!

We're al - ways



out there, soak - in' ev - 'ry suck - er that we

11

 can. Here's the head - line: - "News-

14

 - ies on a Miss-ion!" Kill — the com-pe - ti - tion! Sell—

16

 — the next e - di - tion! We'll be out there, car-

18

 - ry - ing the ban-ner! See us out — there, car-

20

 - ry - ing the ban-ner! Al-ways out there, car-

22

 - ry-ing the ban-ner!

25

 Look at me: I'm — the king of New York! —

28

 Sud-den-ly, I'm — re - spect-a-ble, sta-



31

- rin' right at'-cha, lou - sy with sta-'tcha.

33

Glo-ry be! I'm — the king of New York! —

36

Vic-to - ry! Front - page sto-ry, guts

39

— and glo - ry. I'm — the king...

41

...of New York!

(End of play. #29 – BOWS. #30 – EXIT MUSIC.)

ACTOR'S GLOSSARY

- actor:** A person who performs as a character in a play or musical.
- antagonist:** A person who actively opposes the protagonist.
- author:** A writer of a play; also known as a playwright. A musical's authors include a book writer, a composer, and a lyricist.
- blocking:** The actors' movements around the stage in a play or musical, not including the choreography. The director usually "blocks" the show (or assigns blocking) during rehearsals.
- book writer:** One of the authors of a musical. The book writer writes the lines of dialogue and the stage directions. A book writer can be called a librettist if she writes the lyrics as well.
- cast:** The performers in a show.
- cheating out:** Turning slightly toward the house when performing so the audience can better see one's face and hear one's lines.
- choreographer:** A person who creates and teaches the dance numbers in a musical.
- choreography:** The dances in a musical that are often used to help tell the story.
- composer:** A person who writes music for a musical.
- creative team:** The director, choreographer, music director, and designers working on a production. The original creative team for a musical also includes the author(s) and orchestrator.
- cross:** An actor's movement to a new position onstage.
- 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 the audience's perspective.
- house right:** The right side of the theater from the audience's perspective.
- librettist:** The person who writes both dialogue and lyrics for a musical. Can also be referred to separately as the book writer and lyricist.
- libretto:** A term referring to the script (dialogue and stage directions) and lyrics together.
- lines:** The dialogue spoken by the actors.
- lyricist:** A person who writes the lyrics, or sung words, of a musical. The lyricist works with a composer to create songs.



lyrics: The words of a song.

monologue: A large block of lines spoken by a single character.

music director: A person in charge of teaching the songs to the cast and orchestra and maintaining the quality of the performed score. The music director may also conduct a live orchestra during performances.

musical: A play that incorporates music and choreography to tell a story.

objective: What a character wants to do or achieve.

off-book: An actor's ability to perform memorized lines without holding the script.

offstage: Any area out of view of the audience; also called backstage.

onstage: Anything on the stage within view of the audience.

opening night: The first official performance of a production, after which the show is frozen, meaning no further changes are made.

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 of a story on which the action is centered.

raked stage: A stage that is raised slightly upstage so that it slants toward the audience.

read-through: An early rehearsal of a play at which actors read their dialogue from scripts without blocking or memorized lines.

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

score: All musical elements of a show, including songs and underscoring.

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

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

stage directions: Words in the script that describe character actions that are not part of the dialogue.

stage left: The left side of the stage, from the actor's perspective.

stage manager: A person responsible for keeping all rehearsals and performances organized and on schedule.

stage right: The right side of the stage, from the actor's perspective.

upstage: The part of the stage farthest from the audience; the opposite of downstage.

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

SHOW GLOSSARY

above the fold: The prominent placement of an article on the front page of a newspaper; if a headline is above the middle fold, it is the first thing a reader will see when buying the paper.

acquitted: Declared not guilty of a criminal charge.

Alfred Dreyfus: A French artillery officer who was charged with treason in a highly controversial trial in 1894; he was acquitted in 1899.

am-scray: Pig Latin for “scram;” a phrase telling someone to leave quickly.

aptitude: Innate or acquired ability or talent.

Aspirin: A drug that reduces inflammation, pain, and fever, invented by the firm Bayer and released in 1899.

auspicious: Promising success.

begudgingly: Reluctantly or resentfully.

Betsy Ross: The creator of the first American flag.

borough: A district or municipality within a city; New York’s boroughs are Manhattan, Brooklyn, The Bronx, Queens, and Staten Island (known as Richmond in 1899).

Bottle Alley: An alley that was part of Mulberry Bend, an area in the Five Points neighborhood of Lower Manhattan that had particularly poor living conditions.

Bowery: A neighborhood in Lower Manhattan; in 1899, the Bowery was an immigrant neighborhood famous for its vaudeville-style plays and musicals.

Brighton Beach: An oceanside neighborhood in the southern portion of Brooklyn.

bulls: Slang for “police officers.”

cavalry: A group of mounted soldiers.

charismatic: Compelling or inspirational.

Congress: The lawmaking wing of the U.S. federal government.

constituents: People who authorize someone to act on their behalf.

converge: Gather or meet up at a certain point.

David and Goliath: Biblical figures commonly referred to in an underdog situation, in which a smaller and weaker opponent faces a bigger and stronger adversary.

destitute: Lacking the basic necessities of life.

distribution wagon: The location (a window, historically) at which newsies would purchase their papers for the day; each newspaper publisher had its own distribution window.

excursionists: Individuals who take short trips with a specific intent.

exploited: Taken advantage of or used unfairly.

fish-eye: A suspicious or unfriendly look.

Flushing: A neighborhood in Queens.

gospel: In Christianity, the teachings of Jesus Christ.

gratis: French for “free.”

gripe: A complaint.

Grand Central Station: A major rail terminal in midtown Manhattan.

Harlem: A neighborhood in the northern section of Manhattan.

hawks: Sells by calling aloud in public.

highfalutin: Pompous or bombastic.

hoi polloi: An Ancient Greek expression meaning “the many,” which refers to the masses; *Race* ironically uses this phrase incorrectly, referring to the elite.

impudence: Disrespect.

inferno: A large, out-of-control fire.

ingenuity: Cleverly resourceful.

Joseph Pulitzer: Publisher of the *New York World* from 1883 to 1911.

kingmaker: A person who brings leaders to power through political influence.

legitimate: Valid.

Mile-a-Minute Murphy: Charles Minthorn Murphy, an American cyclist who in 1899 became the first man ever to bike a mile in less than a minute.

Montreal Shamrocks: An amateur men’s ice hockey club based in Canada that existed from 1886 to 1924. They became a permanent team in 1895 when they merged with the Montreal Crystals.

muckety-mucks: Slang referring to those in a position of authority or status.

Navy Yard: The U.S. Navy Yard, also known as the Brooklyn Navy Yard; a shipyard located in Brooklyn on the East River, built in 1801 and in use until 1966.

New Richmond tornado: An 1899 tornado that left a 45-mile path of destruction in and around the city of New Richmond, Wisconsin.

newsies: Young newspaper vendors (boys and girls) who purchased their goods from the publisher and re-sold them for a profit; some newsies were as young as six years old and worked long hours on the streets of American cities.

Nickelangelo Dervinci: A misstatement and combining of the names of two separate famous Italian Renaissance artists, Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci.

nobbin’: Slang for “hobnobbing,” or mixing socially.

nom de plume: French for “pen name,” or a fake name used when publishing written work.

Palomino: A type of horse with a yellow or gold coat, originally bred in the southwestern U.S.

- pastrami:** A meat product that is usually made from beef and often used in sandwiches.
- polio:** A disease, usually affecting children and young adults, that can cause paralysis in all or parts of the body.
- Prospect Park:** A large public park in Brooklyn.
- Richmond:** One of New York's five boroughs; now known as Staten Island.
- Sante Fe:** The capital city of New Mexico; it attracted a number of artists and writers in the late 19th and early 20th centuries due to its cultural richness and natural beauty.
- scabs:** A slang term for individuals who take work when the regular employees are on strike.
- Sheepshead Races:** The Sheepshead Bay Race Track, a horse racing facility in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn; opened in 1880 and operational until 1910, it was converted to an automobile racetrack in 1915.
- skunks:** Slang term referring to defeating an opponent badly.
- soak:** Slang for both "take money from" and "beat up."
- Spanish-American War:** A war between Spain and the United States in 1898 as a result of U.S. intervention in the Cuban Revolution and the explosion of the U.S.S. *Maine* in the Havana harbor.
- strike:** A refusal to work in order to compel an employer to agree to workers' demands.
- sweatshop:** A factory where manual workers receive low wages for long hours under poor conditions.
- Theodore Roosevelt:** A progressive reformer who was Governor of New York from 1899-1900 and President of the U.S. from 1901-1909.
- trolley:** A passenger vehicle that runs on a track embedded in the street, also called a streetcar; New York had an extensive trolley system throughout the late 19th and early 20th centuries.
- troupers:** Members of a performing company.
- union:** An association of employees that collectively bargains with employers to protect the interests of the workers.
- vaudeville:** A theatrical genre popular between the 1880s and 1930s that involves performances made up of a series of separate, unrelated acts of varying types.
- vive la résistance [VEEV lah RAY-zeese-TAHNSE]:** French for "long live the resistance."
- William Randolph Hearst:** The founder of Hearst Communications, which published the *New York Journal*.
- Woodside:** A neighborhood in western Queens.

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Music by Alan Menken, Lyrics by Jack Feldman

1. Overture
2. Santa Fe (Prologue)
3. Six O'Clock – SFX
4. Carrying the Banner
5. Carrying the Banner (Reprise)
6. Transition to the Street
7. Chase
8. Just a Pretty Face
9. To Newsie Square
10. The World Will Know
11. Watch What Happens
12. Watch What Happens (Playoff)
13. Seize the Day (Part 1)
14. Seize the Day (Part 2)
15. The Fight
16. Santa Fe / Letter from The Refuge
17. Letter from The Refuge (Playoff)
18. King of New York
19. King of New York (Tag)
20. Jack's Painting
21. Back to Pulitzer's Office
22. Brooklyn's Here
23. Jack's Betrayal
24. Seize the Day (Reprise)
25. Once and for All
26. Once and for All (Playoff)
27. We Won!
28. Finale
29. Bows
30. Exit Music

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