

Disney's NEWSIES

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ACT ONE

PROLOGUE: Rooftop, Dawn

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#1 – Overture

(Summer, 1899. A figure sleeps peacefully on a rooftop amid the moonlit Manhattan cityscape. It is JACK, a charismatic boy of seventeen. Across the rooftop, another figure stirs. CRUTCHIE, a slight and sickly boy of fifteen, walks with the aid of a wooden crutch. He crosses to the fire escape ladder and fumbles, trying to climb down. JACK stirs.)

#2 – Santa Fe (Prologue)

Jack, Crutchie

JACK

Where you going? Morning bell ain't rung yet. Get back to sleep.

CRUTCHIE

I wanna beat the other fellas to the street. I don't want anyone should see; I ain't been walkin' so good.

JACK

Quit gripin'. You know how many guys fake a limp for sympathy? That bum leg of yours is a gold mine.

CRUTCHIE

Someone gets the idea I can't make it on my own, they'll lock me up in The Refuge for good. Be a pal, Jack. Help me down.

(loses his footing and almost falls, yelps)

Whoa!!!

(JACK rushes to CRUTCHIE's rescue, pulling the boy back from danger.)

JACK

You wanna bust your other leg, too?

CRUTCHIE

No. I wanna go down.

JACK

You'll be down there soon enough. Take a moment to drink in my penthouse high above the stinkin' streets of New York.

CRUTCHIE

You're crazy.

JACK

Because I like a breath of fresh air? 'Cause I like seein' the sky and the stars?

CRUTCHIE

You're seein' stars all right!

JACK

Them streets down there sucked the life right outta my old man. Years of rotten jobs, stomped on by bosses. And when they finally broke him, they tossed him to the curb like yesterday's paper. Well, they ain't doin' that to me.

CRUTCHIE

But everyone wants to come here.

JACK

New York's fine for those what can afford a big strong door to lock it out. But I tell you, Crutchie, there's a whole other way out there. So you keep your small life in the big city. Give me a big life in a small town.

THEY SAY FOLKS IS DYIN' TO GET HERE
ME, I'M DYIN' TO GET AWAY
TO A LITTLE TOWN OUT WEST THAT'S SPANKIN' NEW
AND WHILE I AIN'T NEVER BEEN THERE
I CAN SEE IT CLEAR AS DAY
IF YOU WANT, I BET'CHA
YOU COULD SEE IT, TOO

CLOSE YOUR EYES...
COME WITH ME
WHERE IT'S CLEAN AND GREEN AND PRETTY
AND THEY WENT AND MADE A CITY OUTTA CLAY
WHY, THE MINUTE THAT YOU GET THERE
FOLKS'LL WALK RIGHT UP AND SAY
"WELCOME HOME, SON
WELCOME HOME TO SANTA FE!"

(CRUTCHIE is taken under Jack's spell.)

PLANTIN' CROPS,
SPLITTIN' RAILS
SWAPPIN' TALES AROUND THE FIRE
'CEPT FOR SUNDAY, WHEN YOU LIE AROUND ALL DAY
SOON YOUR FRIENDS ARE MORE LIKE FAM'LY
AND THEY'S BEGGING YOU TO STAY!

(JACK)

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AIN'T THAT NEAT?
LIVIN'S SWEET
IN SANTA FE

CRUTCHIE

You got folks there?

JACK

Got no folks nowhere. You?

CRUTCHIE

I don't need folks. I got friends.

JACK

How's about you come with me? No one worries about no gimp leg in Santa Fe.
You just hop a palomino and ride in style.

CRUTCHIE

Feature me: ridin' in style.

JACK

I bet a few months of clean air and you could toss that crutch for good.

JACK, CRUTCHIE

SANTA FE
YOU CAN BET
WE WON'T LET THEM BASTIDS BEAT US
WE WON'T BEG NO ONE TO TREAT US FAIR AND SQUARE
THERE'S A LIFE THAT'S WORTH THE LIVIN'
AND I'M GONNA DO MY SHARE:

JACK

WORK THE LAND
CHASE THE SUN

JACK, CRUTCHIE

SWIM THE WHOLE RIO GRANDE
JUST FOR FUN!

CRUTCHIE

(stands on his own)

WATCH ME STAND!
WATCH ME RUN...

(CRUTCHIE realizes his recovery is just a fantasy and turns away from JACK.)

JACK

Hey...

(CRUTCHIE looks at him. JACK wraps his arms around his friend protectively.)

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT WE'S A FAM'LY?

WOULD I LET YA DOWN?

NO WAY!

JUST HOLD ON, KID

TILL THAT TRAIN MAKES SANTA FE

(CRUTCHIE leans against JACK as the sun rises behind them. The church bell tolls 5 a.m., which breaks the spell.)

Time for dreamin's done.

(JACK takes Crutchie's crutch and bangs it on the fire escape metal, sounding an alarm.)

Hey! Specs, Racer, Henry, Albert, Elmer. Get a move on, boys. Them papes don't sell themselves!

#

#2A - Prologue (Playoff)

SCENE ONE: Newboys' Lodging House & Newsie Square

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(RACE, a little tough guy, calls to the others as he dresses.)

RACE

Hey, Albert, Elmer, Specs! You heard Jack. Get a move on.

(ALBERT appears next to him, still wiping the sleep from his eyes.)

ALBERT

I was havin' the most beautiful dream. My lips is still tingling.

RACE

A pretty girl?

ALBERT

A leg of lamb!

#3 – Carrying the Banner

Jack, Newsies, Nuns

(More BOYS begin to appear as they dress and wash. ALBERT smokes a cigar.)

RACE

Hey!

THAT'S MY CIGAR!

ALBERT

YOU'LL STEAL ANOTHER

SPECS

(referring to the other BOYS)

HEY, LOOK, IT'S BATH TIME AT THE ZOO

HENRY

I THOUGHT THAT I'D SURPRISE MY MOTHER

ALBERT

If you can find her.

NEWSIES

Who asked you?

ALBERT

Papes ain't movin' like they used to. I need a new sellin' spot. Got any ideas?

RACE

FROM BOTTLE ALLEY TO THE HARBOR

THERE'S EASY PICKIN'S GUARANTEED

FINCH

TRY ANY BANKER, BUM, OR BARBER
THEY ALMOST ALL KNOWS HOW TO READ

JACK

IT'S A CROOKED GAME WE'RE PLAYIN'
ONE WE'LL NEVER LOSE
LONG AS SUCKERS DON'T MIND PAYIN'
JUST TO GET BAD NEWS!

(The NEWSIES move outdoors to Newsie Square.)

NEWSIES

AIN'T IT A FINE LIFE
CARRYING THE BANNER THROUGH IT ALL!
A MIGHTY FINE LIFE
CARRYING THE BANNER TOUGH AND TALL
WHEN THAT BELL RINGS
WE GOES WHERE WE WISHES
WE'S AS FREE AS FISHES
SURE BEATS WASHIN' DISHES
WHAT A FINE LIFE
CARRYING THE BANNER HOME FREE ALL

(KATHERINE, a lovely young lady, walks by with a male friend, DARCY. ROMEO spots her and starts toward her, but JACK sees her too.)

ROMEO

Well, hello, hello, hello, beautiful.

JACK

Step back, Romeo. Nothin' what concerns you here.

(moves ROMEO aside and shoots to KATHERINE)

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

KATHERINE

The paper isn't out yet.

JACK

I'd be delighted to bring it to you personally.

KATHERINE

I've got a headline for you: "Cheeky Boy Gets Nothing for His Troubles!"

(KATHERINE brushes past JACK as DARCY laughs.)

ROMEO

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(to JACK)

Back to the bench, slugger. You struck out.

JACK

(feigning pain)

I'm crushed.

FINCH

Hey, Crutchie. What's your leg say? Gonna rain?

CRUTCHIE

(shakes his leg)

No rain. Partly cloudy. Clear by evening.

FINCH

They oughta bottle this guy.

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.

IT TAKES A SMILE THAT SPREADS LIKE BUTTER
THE KIND WHAT TURNS A LADY'S HEAD

RACE

IT TAKES AN ORPHAN WITH A STUTTER

FINCH

WHO'S ALSO BLIND

ALBERT

AND MUTE

ELMER

AND DEAD!

JACK, CRUTCHIE

SUMMER STINKS AND WINTER'S FREEZIN'
WHEN YOU WORKS OUTDOORS

JACK, CRUTCHIE, BUTTONS, SPLASHER, TOMMY BOY

START OUT SWEATIN', END UP SNEEZIN'

NEWSIES

IN BETWEEN IT POURS!

(NEWSIES)

STILL, IT'S A FINE LIFE (STILL, IT'S A FINE LIFE)
CARRYING THE BANNER (CARRYING THE BANNER)
WITH ME CHUMS (WITH ME CHUMS)
A BUNCH O' BIG SHOTS (A BUNCH O' BIG SHOTS)
TOSSIN' OUT A FREEBIE TO THE BUMS (TOSSIN' OUT A FREEBIE...)

FINCH

(calling to the NEWSIES)

HEY! WHAT'S THE HOLD UP?
WAITIN' MAKES ME ANTSY
I LIKES LIVIN' CHANCEY

NEWSIES

HARLEM TO DELANCEY
WHAT A FINE LIFE
CARRYING THE BANNER THROUGH THE...

(A trio of NUNS appears and distributes a breakfast of coffee and doughnuts to the NEWSIES.)

NUNS

BLESSED CHILDREN
THOUGH YOU WANDER
LOST AND DEPRAVED
JESUS LOVES YOU
YOU SHALL BE SAVED

ELMER

Thanks for the grub, Sistuh.

NUN 1

Elmer, when are we going to see you inside the church?

ELMER

I don't know, Sistuh. But it's bound to rain sooner or later.

RACE

CURDLED COFFEE
CONCRETE DOUGHNUTS
SPRINKLED WITH MOLD
HOMEMADE BISCUITS,
JUST TWO YEARS OLD

NUNS

BLESSED CHILDREN
AH
JESUS LOVES YOU
AH

(simultaneously with RACE and NUNS:)

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ELMER

JUST GIMME HALF A CUP

HENRY

SOMETHING TO WAKE ME UP

ROMEO

I GOTTA FIND AN ANGLE

TOMMY BOY

IT'S GETTIN' BAD OUT THERE

MUSH

PAPERS IS ALL I GOT

SPECS

IT'S EIGHTY-EIGHT DEGREES

JO JO

JACK SAYS TO CHANGE MY SPOT

ALBERT

WISH I COULD CATCH A BREEZE

FINCH

MAYBE IT'S WORTH A SHOT

BUTTONS

ALL I CAN CATCH IS FLEAS

JACK

IF I HATE THE HEADLINE

I'LL MAKE UP A HEADLINE

JACK, CRUTCHIE

AND I'LL SAY ANYTHING I HAVE'TA

JACK, CRUTCHIE, RACE, ROMEO

'CAUSE AT TWO FOR A PENNY

IF I TAKE TOO MANY

WEASEL JUST MAKES ME EAT 'EM AFTA'

(The NEWSIES continue their journey through downtown Manhattan.)

NEWSIES GROUP 1

GOT A FEELIN' 'BOUT THE

HEADLINE!

NEWSIES GROUP 2

I DO, TOO!

(NEWSIES GROUP 1)

I SMELLS ME A HEADLINE!
PAPES ARE GONNA SELL LIKE WE
WAS GIVIN' 'EM AWAY!
BET'CHA DINNER IT'S A DOOZY
'BOUT A PISTOL-PACKIN' FLOOZY
WHO KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A
NEWSIE'S DAY!

(NEWSIES GROUP 2)

SO IT MUST BE TRUE!

WHAT A SWITCH!
SOON WE'LL ALL BE RICH!
DON'T KNOW A BETTER WAY
TO MAKE A
NEWSIE'S DAY!

NEWSIES

YOU WANNA MOVE THE NEXT EDITION?
GIVE US A EARTHQUAKE OR A WAR

ELMER

HOW 'BOUT A CROOKED POLITICIAN?

NEWSIES

YA NITWIT, THAT AIN'T NEWS NO MORE!
UPTOWN TO GRAND CENTRAL STATION
DOWN TO CITY HALL
WE IMPROVES OUR CIRCULATION
WALKIN' TILL WE FALL!

NEWSIES GROUP 1

BUT WE'LL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER
MAN TO MAN

WE'RE ALWAYS OUT THERE
SOAKIN' EV'RY SUCKER
THAT WE CAN

HERE'S THE HEADLINE:
"NEWSIES ON A MISSION!"
KILL THE COMPETITION!
SELL THE NEXT EDITION!
WE'LL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
SEE US OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
ALWAYS OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!

NEWSIES GROUP 2

GOT A FEELIN' 'BOUT THE HEADLINE!
I SMELLS ME A HEADLINE!
PAPES ARE GONNA SELL LIKE
WE WAS GIVIN' 'EM AWAY!
BET'CHA DINNER IT'S A DOOZY
'BOUT A PISTOL-PACKIN' FLOOZY
DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER WAY
TO MAKE A NEWSIE'S DAY!
I WAS STAKIN' OUT THE CIRCUS
AND THEN SOMEONE SAID THAT CONEY'S
REALLY HOT, BUT WHEN I GOT THERE
THERE WAS SPOT WITH ALL HIS CRONIES
HECK, I'M GONNA TAKE WHAT LITTLE
DOUGH I GOT AND PLAY THE PONIES!
WE AT LEAST DESERVES A HEADLINE
FOR THE HOURS THAT THEY WORK US
JEEZ, I BET IF I JUST STAYED
A LITTLE LONGER AT THE CIRCUS...

(The NEWSIES have arrived at the locked gate in front of the World – a prominent newspaper owned by Joseph Pulitzer.)

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FINCH

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

SPECS

I hope it's really bloody. With a nice clear picture.

(A large chalkboard looms above. The NEWSIES watch in anticipation as a MAN writes the headline in large letters, "TROLLEY STRIKE ENTERS THIRD WEEK.")

ELMER

The trolley strike? Not again!

RACE

Three weeks of the same story.

FINCH

They're killin' us with that snoozer.

(Two tough-looking boys, OSCAR and MORRIS DELANCEY, unlock the gates.)

MORRIS

Make way. Step aside.

RACE

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

CRUTCHIE

Or could it be...

NEWSIES

... the Delancey brothers.

FINCH

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

OSCAR

So? It's honest work.

ALBERT

But crackin' the heads of defenseless workers?

OSCAR

I take care of the guy who takes care of me.

RACE

Ain't your father one of the strikers?

3!

NEY'S
E
NIES
E
3!
JS

OSCAR

Guess he didn't take care of me!

(As if to make his point, MORRIS grabs CRUTCHIE and throws him to the ground.)

MORRIS

You want some of that too? Ya lousy crip!

*(JACK pulls CRUTCHIE back to his feet and then confronts the DELANCEYS.
The NEWSIES back up to give JACK room.)*

JACK

Now that's not nice, Morris.

RACE

Five to one Jack skunks 'em!

JACK

One unfortunate day you might find you got a bum gam of your own. How'd you like us pickin' on you? Maybe we should find out.

(And with that, JACK takes Crutchie's walking stick and smacks the DELANCEYS in the shins, knocking them both to the ground.)

OSCAR

Wait till I get my hands on you.

JACK

Ya gotta catch me first.

(A chase ensues as the NEWSIES sing and dance their way in through the gate...)

NEWSIES

WE'LL ALL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER MAN TO MAN
WE'RE ALWAYS OUT THERE
SOAKIN' EV'RY SUCKER THAT WE CAN
HERE'S THE HEADLINE:
"NEWSIES ON A MISSION!"
KILL THE COMPETITION!
SELL THE NEXT EDITION!
WE'LL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
SEE US OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
ALWAYS OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!

AH, AH, AH

GO!

(The NEWSIES arrive at the distribution windows of the World. WIESEL, an ill-tempered, rumpled man, appears with the DELANCEYS to collect the money and distribute the newspapers to the NEWSIES.)

WIESEL

Papes for the newsies! Line up!

(JACK is the first to the window.)

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 window.)

RACE

How's it going, Weasel?

WIESEL

At least call me "mister."

RACE

I'll call you sweetheart if you'd spot me fifty papes.

(The other NEWSIES laugh.)

WIESEL

Drop the cash and move it along.

RACE

(slapping down his coin)

Whatever happened to romance?

WIESEL

Fifty for the Race. Next!

CRUTCHIE

Good morning, Mr. Wiesel.

WIESEL

Fifty papes for Crutchie.

(DAVEY, a 17-year-old boy who appears out of his element, and his kid brother LES are next in line.)

Have a look at this: a new kid.

LES

I'm new too!

RACE

Don't worry, kid - rubs right off.

DAVEY

I'll take twenty newspapers, please.

WIESEL

Twenty for the new kid. 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

Certainly. And every time you lose a tooth I put a penny under your pillow. This kid's a riot. C'mon. 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

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

- 15 -

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

(EVERYONE freezes and watches.)

WIESEL

You seen how nice I was to dis new kid? And what did I get for my civility?
Ungrounded accusations.

DAVEY

I just want what I paid for.

OSCAR

He said beat it!

(The DELANCEYS start to crack their knuckles when JACK swoops in and quickly counts the papers.)

JACK

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

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

WIESEL

Here. Now take a hike.

JACK

(flipping a coin onto the counter)

Give him another fifty papes.

DAVEY

I don't want more papes.

JACK

What kind'a newsie don't want more papes?

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

DAVEY

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

LES

His name's Jack.

CRUTCHIE

This here is the famous Jack Kelly. He once escaped jail on the back of Teddy Roosevelt's carriage. Made all the papes.

JACK

(to LES)

How old are you, kid?

LES

I'm ten. Almost.

JACK

If anybody asks, you're seven. 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

'Cause you got a little brother and I don't. That puss could easy sell a thousand papes a week.

(to LES)

Look sad, kid.

(LES makes a sad face.)

We're gonna make millions.

LES

This is my brother David. I'm Les.

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.

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

- 17 -

That's disgusting.

JACK

It's just business.

(to ALL)

Newsies, hit the streets. The sun is up, the headline stinks, and this kid ain't gettin' any younger!

#3 - Carrying the Banner (Tag)

Newsies

NEWSIES

WE'LL ALL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER MAN TO MAN
WE'RE ALWAYS OUT THERE
SOAKIN' EV'RY SUCKER THAT WE CAN
HERE'S THE HEADLINE:
"NEWSIES ON A MISSION!"
KILL THE COMPETITION!
SELL THE NEXT EDITION!
WE'LL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
SEE US OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
ALWAYS OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
AH, AH, AH
GO!

(The NEWSIES exit as the scene shifts to...)

SCENE TWO: Pulitzer's Office, Afternoon

(Editor SEITZ, secretary HANNAH, and accountant BUNSEN huddle in a business meeting. The mogul, JOSEPH PULITZER, is having his hair cut by NUNZIO, the barber.)

PULITZER

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

SEITZ

But, Mr. Pulitzer, every paper's circulation is down since the war ended.

PULITZER

Whoever said "war is hell" wasn't trying to sell newspapers.

BUNSEN

We could use an exciting headline.

PULITZER

What have we got today?

SEITZ

The trolley strike.

PULITZER

That's not exciting? It's epic!

HANNAH

It's boring. Folks wanna know, "Is the trolley comin' or ain't it?" No one cares why.

SEITZ

And the strike's about to be settled. Governor Roosevelt just put his support behind the workers.

PULITZER

That man is a socialist.

SEITZ

Teddy Roosevelt is no socialist. He's an American hero.

PULITZER

The man wants to outlaw football for being too violent. Football! Violent?! You're right. He's no socialist. He's a commie!

NUNZIO

Mr. Pulitzer, please, you must try to sit still.

PULITZER

Gentlemen, please, you are making Nunzio nervous. And when Nunzio gets nervous, I don't look pretty.

HANNAH

You never liked Roosevelt. You wrote an editorial against him day after day when he ran for governor. And guess what? He got elected.

PULITZER

How can I influence voters if they're not reading my opinion?

SEITZ

Big photos attract readers.

PULITZER

Do you know what big photos cost?

BUNSEN

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

PULITZER

There's an answer right before your eyes. You're not thinking this through. People...

#4 - The Bottom Line

Pulitzer, Seitz, Bunsen, Hannah

(PULITZER)

NUNZIO KNOWS WHEN HE'S CUTTING MY HAIR
TRIM A BIT HERE AND THEN TRIM A BIT THERE
JUST A MODEST ADJUSTMENT CAN FATTEN THE BOTTOM LINE

NUNZIO

Mr. Pulitzer, please.

PULITZER

SHAVING IS TRICKY: THE RAZOR SHOULD FLOAT
SHAVE ME TOO CLOSE, AND YOU MAY CUT MY THROAT
IT'S THE SIMPLEST SOLUTIONS
THAT BOLSTER THE BOTTOM LINE

BUNSEN

But how does that help us sell more papers?

HANNAH

We don't sell papers, silly. Newsies sell papers.

BUNSEN

I've got it! Right now we charge the newsies fifty cents for a hundred papers.

PULITZER

Yes...

BUNSEN

But if we raised their price to sixty cents per hundred...

PULITZER

Now you're getting somewhere...

SEITZ

A mere tenth of a penny per paper.

BUNSEN

Every single newsie would have to sell twenty-five more papers just to earn the same amount as always.

PULITZER

My thought exactly. It's genius.

HANNAH

It's going to be awfully rough on those children.

PULITZER

Nonsense. I'm giving them a real life lesson in economics. I couldn't offer them a better education if they were my own.

GIVE ME A WEEK AND I'LL TRAIN THEM TO BE
LIKE AN ARMY THAT'S MARCHING TO WAR
PROUD OF THEMSELVES AND SO GRATEFUL TO ME
THEY'LL BE BEGGING TO PAY EVEN MORE!

WHEN THERE'S DIRT ON OUR SHOES, BOYS
FOR GOD'S SAKE, RELAX!
WHY THROW THEM OUT?
ALL WE NEED IS SOME WAX
LISTEN WELL TO THESE BARBERSHOP LESSONS
FOR THEY'LL SEE YOU THROUGH

SEITZ, HANNAH, BUNSEN

WHEN YOU'RE STUCK IN THE MUCK, YOU'LL BE FINE
YOU'LL ERASE ANY TRACE OF DECLINE

SEITZ

WITH A TRIM!

HANNAH

AND A SNIP!

BUNSEN

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AND A SHINE

PULITZER

AND THE POW'R OF THE PRESS, YES!
ONCE AGAIN IS MINE!

The price for the newsies goes up in the morning!

JUST A FEW COMMON CENTS
GENTS
THAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE!

SEITZ, HANNAH, BUNSEN

EV'RY NEW OUTCOME
IS INCOME FOR YOU
THANKS TO THAT BOTTOM LINE!

(The lights shift from the office to the NEWSIES during the scene transition.)

#4A - Carrying the Banner (Reprise)

Newsies

NEWSIES

SUN UP TO SUNDOWN
KNOWIN' WHERE MY CUSTOMERS'LL BE
SUN UP TO SUNDOWN
WATCHIN' ALL THE LADIES WATCHIN' ME
WALKED MY SHOES OFF
GOT THE DOUGH TO SHOW IT
PROBABLY I'LL BLOW IT
THEN BEFORE YOU KNOW IT
WE'LL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER...

(The scene transitions to...)

SCENE THREE: A Street Corner

(JACK leans against a building as DAVEY attempts to peddle papers to PASSERSBY.)

DAVEY

Paper. Paper. Evenin' pape here.

JACK

Sing 'em to sleep why dontcha?

(snatches a paper from DAVEY and hawks it)

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

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

Thanks, mister.

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.)

LES

Hey! Just sold my last paper.

DAVEY

I got one more.

JACK

Sell it or pay for it.

LES

Give it here.

(takes the paper, sidles up to a WOMAN passing by, and puts the saddest look on his face)

Buy a pape from a poor orphan boy?

(LES coughs gently.)

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

(The WOMAN exits with her paper.)

JACK

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.

(While the boys talk, SNYDER, a sinister looking man, sees JACK and steps back against a building. He seems excited to have spotted the boy. Cautiously, he flags down a POLICEMAN and whispers to him.)

JACK

So's how about we divvy up the money, grab some chow, then find yis somewheres safe to spend the night?

DAVEY

We gotta get home. Our folks will be waitin' dinner.

JACK

Ya got folks, huh?

LES

Doesn't everyone?

DAVEY

(elbows his brother)

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

JACK

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

DAVEY

Why don't you come home with us for dinner? Our folks would be happy to have you.

LES

Mom's a great cook.

JACK

Thanks for the invite, but I just remembered I got plans with a fella. He's probably waiting on me right now.

(SNYDER and the POLICEMAN have been slowly moving toward the BOYS. LES spots them and points.)

#5 - Chase

LES

Is that the guy you're meetin'?

(JACK looks up and sees SNYDER.)

SNYDER

Kelly!

JACK

(grabbing LES)

Run for it!

SNYDER

Officer, grab him. You, Jack Kelly, stop! Kelly!

(JACK, DAVEY, and LES leap onto a fire escape ladder and take off. The POLICEMAN and SNYDER try to follow. The BOYS climb over the roof and back down the other side, into the flies of a burlesque house.)

SCENE FOUR: Medda's Theater

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JACK

Slow down. We lost 'em.

DAVEY

Someone want to tell me why I'm running? I got no one chasing me. Who was that guy?

JACK

That was Snyder the Spider. A real sweetie. He runs a jail for underage kids called The Refuge. The more kids he locks up, the more money the city pays him. Problem is, all the money goes straight into his own pocket. Do yourself a favor and stay clear of him and The Refuge.

(MEDDA LARKIN, a burlesque star, appears in a revealing costume. The STAGE MANAGER and two showgirls, the BOWERY BEAUTIES, get ready for the performance.)

MEDDA

Hey, you up there, shoo! No kids allowed in the theater.

JACK

Not even me, Miss Medda?

MEDDA

(recognizing the intruder)

Jack Kelly, man of mystery. Get yourself down here and give me a hug. Where have you been keepin' yourself, kid?

(JACK, DAVEY, and LES come down to the stage.)

JACK

Never far from you, Miss Medda. Boys, may I present Miss Medda Larkin: greatest star on the Bowery today. She also owns the joint.

MEDDA

The only thing I own is the mortgage. Pleasure, gents.

DAVEY

A pleasure.

(DAVEY bows gallantly, but LES just stands wide-eyed, staring at the BOWERY BEAUTIES. DAVEY smacks him.)

What's wrong with you?

LES

Are you blind? She got no clothes on!

DAVEY

That's her costume.

LES

But I can see her legs!

MEDDA

(to DAVEY)

Step out of his way so's he can get a better look. Theater's not only entertaining, it's educational.

(posing)

Got the picture, kid?

JACK

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

MEDDA

Where better to escape trouble than a theater? Is Snyder after you again?

LES

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

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 the Governor?

MEDDA

He don't, but I do! Say, Jack, when you've got time, I want you to paint me some more of these backdrops.

(indicates a park scene drop behind her)

This last one you did is a doozy. Folks love it. And things have been going so well that I can actually pay.

JACK

I couldn't take your money, Miss Medda.

LES

You pictured that?

Your friend is quite an artist.

JACK

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

DAVEY

You're really good.

MEDDA

That boy's got natural aptitude.

LES

Geez. I never knew no one with a aptitude.

(The STAGE MANAGER calls to her.)

STAGE MANAGER

Miss Medda, you're on!

MEDDA

(strikes a pose)

Yeah? How'm I doin'?

(to the BOYS)

Boys, lock the door and stay all night. You're with Medda now!

STAGE MANAGER

(announcing MEDDA as she moves toward the stage)

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the star of our show... Miss Medda Larkin!

(MEDDA is captured in a spotlight. The BOYS watch from the wings, completely entranced, while she performs.)

#6 - That's Rich

Medda

MEDDA

I'M DOING ALL RIGHT FOR MYSELF, FOLKS:
I'M HEALTHY, I'M WEALTHY, I'M WISE
MY INVESTMENTS AND SUCH
HAVE ALL GONE UP SO MUCH -
SEEMS WHATEVER I TOUCH STARTS TO RISE
I'VE BEEN ALL KINDS OF LUCKY AND YET
THE THING I WANT MOST...
I CAN'T GET

(MEDDA)

I LIVE IN A MANSION ON LONG ISLAND SOUND
I PULLED UP A WEED, THEY FOUND OIL IN THE GROUND
BUT YOU TELLING ME YOU DON'T WANT ME AROUND -
NOW HONEY, THAT'S RICH

(to audience member[s])

SOME GUYS GIVE ME ERMINE, CHINCHILLA, AND MINK
AND GIVE ME DIAMONDS AS BIG AS A SINK
BUT YOU WOULDN'T GIVE ME AS MUCH AS A WINK -
NOW BABY, THAT'S RICH

I GET BRANDY FROM ANDY
AND CANDY FROM SCOTT
OH, AND FRANK AND EDUARDO CHIPPED IN FOR A YACHT
I GET STARES FROM THE FELLAS
AND PRAYERS FROM THE POPE
BUT I RAN OUT MY LUCK
GETTING STUCK WITH THIS MOPE

(to audience member)

Oh, honey, I was just talking about you!

(to "him")

NOW, LISTEN, SPORT
THIS LIFE'S TOO SHORT
TO WASTE IT ON YOU
IT MAY BE ROUGH
BUT SOON ENOUGH
I'LL LEARN TO MAKE DO WITH
THE MANSION, THE OIL WELL, THE DIAMONDS, THE YACHT
WITH ANDY, EDUARDO, THE PONTIFF, AND SCOTT
AND FRANK
AND MY BANK!
SO SPILL NO TEARS FOR ME
'CAUSE THERE'S ONE THING YOU AIN'T
THAT I'LL ALWAYS BE
AND HONEY
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT
THAT'S RICH!

(loud, right to "him")

THAT'S RICH!

(out to the audience)

THAT'S RICH!

(spoken)

THAT'S RICH!

(MEDDA bows. JACK's eyes are drawn to a box seat out front where KATHERINE sits watching the show. The set shifts as he crosses the stage and climbs the stairs.)

#6A - I Never Planned on You /
Don't Come a-Knocking

Jack, Bowery Beauties

(MEDDA)

And now, gents, let's have a big hand for the Bowery Beauties!

(The BOWERY BEAUTIES begin to dance.)

BOWERY BEAUTIES

DON'T COME A-KNOCKING ON MY DOOR

(JACK climbs into the box.)

JACK

Well, hello again.

KATHERINE

This is a private box.

JACK

(moving closer)

Want I should lock the door?

(moving closer still)

Twice in one day. Think it's fate?

KATHERINE

(dismissive)

Go away. I'm working.

JACK

A working girl, huh? Doin' what?

KATHERINE

Reviewing the show for the *New York Sun*.

JACK

Hey! I work for the *World*.

KATHERINE

Somewhere out there someone cares. Go tell them.

JACK

The view's better here.

KATHERINE

Please go. I am not in the habit of speaking to strangers.

JACK

Then you're gonna make a lousy reporter. The name's Jack Kelly.

KATHERINE

Is that what it says on your rap sheet?

JACK

A smart girl. I admire smart girls.

(admiring KATHERINE)

Beautiful. Smart. Independent.

KATHERINE

(getting too loud)

Do you mind!?

MEDDA

(hollering up to JACK and KATHERINE)

You got in for free. At least pay attention.

JACK

Sorry, Medda.

(KATHERINE returns to watching the show, but JACK only has eyes for her. He takes a piece of newsprint and a pencil from his pocket and begins to sketch a portrait of her. The image of the drawing appears in a projection behind them.)

I GOT NO USE FOR MOONLIGHT
OR SAPPY POETRY
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT'S FOR SUCKERS
AT LEAST IT USED TO BE
LOOK, GIRLS ARE NICE
ONCE OR TWICE

(JACK)

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TILL I FIND SOMEONE NEW
BUT I NEVER PLANNED ON NO ONE LIKE YOU

JACK

I GOT NO USE FOR MOONLIGHT
OR SAPPY POETRY

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT'S
FOR SUCKERS
AT LEAST IT USED TO BE

BOWERY BEAUTIES

DON'T COME A-KNOCKING ON MY DOOR
YOU AREN'T WELCOME HERE NO MORE
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU STUNK
LIKE YESTERDAY'S TRASH
THE NIGHT YOU STOLE MY HEART
PLUS FORTY DOLLARS IN CASH
TURNS OUT MY BEAU IS JUST SOME BUM
TURNS OUT THAT LOVE AIN'T BLIND, IT'S DUMB
YOU NEVER TOLD THE TRUTH
OR WORKED A DAY IN YOUR LIFE
IN FACT, YOU'RE SO REVOLTIN'
I FEEL BAD FOR YOUR WIFE

KATHERINE

What are you doing?

BOWERY BEAUTIES

I WON'T BE SHAVING YOUR BACK ANYMORE
NO, SEÑOR

JACK

Quiet down. There's a show going on.

BOWERY BEAUTIES

DON'T COME A-KNOCKING ON MY DOOR!

KATHERINE

You are the most impossible boy —

JACK

Shhh!

KATHERINE

(whispers)

Ever.

JACK

NO, I NEVER PLANNED ON
NO ONE LIKE YOU

BOWERY BEAUTIES

DON'T COME A-KNOCKING
ON MY DOOR!

(JACK places the newsprint on the empty chair as he exits. KATHERINE looks at it and sees the portrait of herself, beautifully rendered. We can almost see her blush.)

#6B - To the Distribution Window

(A few NEWSIES convene outside the distribution window of the World as the circulation bell tolls.)

RACE

Them fire sirens kept me awake all night.

MUSH

Sirens is like lullabyes to me. The louder they wail the better the headline. And the better the headline, the better I eat. And the better I eat...

RACE

(cutting him off)

... the further away from you I sleep!

(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.

ROMEO

What'd you do with the one you had?

BUTTONS

He traded her for a box of cigars.

RACE

They was Coronas!

LES

We have a father too.

BUTTONS

A mudder and a fodder.

RACE

Ain't we the hoi polloi?

LES

So, how's it going today?

TOMMY BOY

Ask me after they put up the headline.

(LES looks up to read it.)

LES

Here it comes now.

ALBERT

(reading)

"New Newsie Price: Sixty Cents Per Hundred."

MUSH

What'd you say?

(The NEWSIES begin to take notice.)

DAVEY

Is that news?

ELMER

It is to me.

ALBERT

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

ELMER

I can eat two days on a dime.

CRUTCHIE

I'll be sleepin' on the street.

JO JO

You already sleep on the street.

CRUTCHIE

In a worse neighborhood.

(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 opens his window for business. He stares at the NEWSIES with a malevolent smile.)

WIESEL

Papes for the newsies.

JACK

Relax. It's gotta be a gag.

WIESEL

Line up, boys.

(JACK goes up to the window and slaps his money down.)

JACK

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

WIESEL

A hundred'll cost ya sixty.

JACK

I ain't payin' no sixty —

WIESEL

Then make way for someone who will.

(SPECS and a few more NEWSIES arrive.)

JACK

You bet! Me and the fellas will take a hike over to the *Journal*.

NEWSIES

YEAH!!!

SPECS

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

JACK

Then we'll take our business to the *Sun*!

WIESEL

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

JACK

Why the jack-up?

WIESEL

For them kind'a answers you gotta ask a little further up the food chain. So, you buyin' or movin' on?

JACK

C'mere fellas.

(The NEWSIES huddle together as a gang.)

FINCH

They can't just do that, can they?

RACE

Why not? It's their paper.

CRUTCHIE

It's their world.

HENRY

Ain't we got no rights?

CRUTCHIE

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

HENRY

At them prices?

CRUTCHIE

We got a choice?

JACK

Hold on. Nobody's payin' no new nothin'.

TOMMY BOY

You got a idea?

JACK

Keep your shirt on. Lemme think this through.

BUTTONS

What's your angle?

(LES pushes the other boys away.)

LES

Stop crowdin' him. Let the man work it out.

(The NEWSIES back up and watch JACK think.)

Hey, Jack, you still thinkin'?

RACE

Sure he is. Can't you smell smoke?

JACK

All right, here's the deal: if we don't sell papes, then no one sells papes. Nobody gets to that window 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.

FINCH

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?

DAVEY

Leave me out of this. I'm just here trying to feed my family.

JACK

And the rest of us is on playtime? Just because we only make pennies don't give nobody the right to rub our noses in it.

DAVEY

It doesn't matter. You can't strike. You're not a union.

JACK

And what if I says we is?

DAVEY

There's a lot of stuff you gotta have in order to be a union. Like membership.

JACK

What do you call these guys?

DAVEY

And officers.

CRUTCHIE

I nominate Jack President!

(The NEWSIES cheer their approvals.)

JACK

Gee, I'm touched.

DAVEY

How about a statement of purpose?

JACK

Must'a left it in my other pants.

RACE

What's a statement of purpose?

DAVEY

A reason for forming the union.

JACK

What reason did the trolley workers have?

DAVEY

I don't know. Wages? Work hours? Safety on the job?

JACK

Who don't need that? Bet if your father had a union you wouldn't be out here sellin' papes right now. Yeah?

DAVEY

Yeah.

JACK

So, our union is hereby formed to watch each other's backs. "Union'd we stand." Hey, that's not bad. Somebody write that down.

LES

I got a pencil.

JACK

Meet our Secretary of State. Now what?

DAVEY

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

JACK

So let's vote. What do you say, fellas? The choice is yours. Do we roll over and let Pulitzer pick our pockets, or do we strike?

NEWSIES

Strike!!!!

#7 - *The World Will Know*

Jack, Davey, Les, Crutchie, Newsies

JACK

You heard the voice of the membership. The Newsies of Lower Manhattan are now officially on strike. What next?

CRUTCHIE

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

RACE

- 39 -

It would be a pleasure to tell Weasel myself.

JACK

Yeah? And who tells Pulitzer? Davey?

DAVEY

I don't know... I guess...

(giving in)

You do, Mr. President.

JACK

(to DAVEY)

That's right, we do! What do we tell 'em?

DAVEY

The newspaper owners need to respect your rights as employees.

JACK

Pulitzer and Hearst gotta respect the rights of the workin' kids of this city.

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

(finally committing)

We've got a union.

LES

Yeah!

JACK

PULITZER AND HEARST, THEY THINK WE'RE NOTHIN'
ARE WE NOTHIN'?

NEWSIES

NO! ..

DAVEY

They need to understand that we're not enslaved to them. We're free agents.

JACK

PULITZER AND HEARST, THEY THINK THEY GOT US
DO THEY GOT US?

NEWSIES

NO!

DAVEY

We're a union now - the Newsboys' Union - and we mean business.

JACK

EVEN THOUGH WE AIN'T GOT HATS OR BADGES
WE'RE A UNION JUST BY SAYING SO
AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW

FINCH

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 kids. We're all in this together.

JACK

(ignoring DAVEY)

WHAT'S IT GONNA TAKE TO STOP THE WAGONS?
ARE WE READY?

NEWSIES

YEAH!

JACK

WHAT'S IT GONNA TAKE TO STOP THE SCABBERS?
CAN WE DO IT?

NEWSIES

YEAH!

JACK

WE'LL DO WHAT WE GOTTA DO UNTIL
WE BREAK THE WILL
OF MIGHTY BILL
AND JOE

NEWSIES

AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW
AND THE JOURNAL TOO

JACK, DAVEY

MISTER HEARST AND PULITZER
HAVE WE GOT NEWS FOR YOU

NEWSIES

-41-

SEE, THE WORLD DON'T KNOW
BUT THEY'RE GONNA PAY

JACK, DAVEY

'STEAD OF HAWKIN' HEADLINES
WE'LL BE MAKIN' 'EM TODAY

NEWSIES

AND OUR RANKS WILL GROW!

CRUTCHIE

AND WE'LL KICK THEIR REAR!

NEWSIES

YEAH!
AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW
THAT WE BEEN HERE

JACK

WHEN THE CIRCULATION BELL STARTS RINGING
WILL WE HEAR IT?

NEWSIES

NO!

JACK

WHAT IF THE DELANCEYS COME OUT SWINGING?
WILL WE HEAR IT?

NEWSIES

NO!

WHEN YA GOT A HUNDRED VOICES SINGING
WHO CAN HEAR A LOUSY WHISTLE BLOW?
AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW
THAT THIS AIN'T NO GAME
THAT WE GOT A TON OF ROTTEN FRUIT
AND PERFECT AIM
SO THEY GAVE THEIR WORD
WELL, IT AIN'T WORTH BEANS
NOW THEY'RE GONNA SEE WHAT
"STOP THE PRESSES" REALLY MEANS
AND THE OLD WILL WEEP
AND GO BACK TO SLEEP

(NEWSIES)

AND WE GOT NO CHOICE
BUT TO SEE IT THROUGH

RACE

AND WE FOUND OUR VOICE

SPECS

AND I LOST MY SHOE

NEWSIES

AND THE WORLD WILL -

(The scene transitions to the gate. JACK climbs up to the chalkboard and writes "STRIKE" over the other headlines.)

NEWSIES

Yeah!

JACK

PULITZER MAY OWN THE WORLD BUT HE DON'T OWN US!

NEWSIES

PULITZER MAY OWN THE WORLD BUT HE DON'T OWN US!

JACK

PULITZER MAY CRACK THE WHIP BUT HE WON'T WHIP US!

NEWSIES

PULITZER MAY CRACK THE WHIP BUT HE WON'T WHIP US!
AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW
WE BEEN KEEPIN' SCORE
EITHER THEY GIVES US OUR RIGHTS
OR WE GIVES THEM A WAR
WE BEEN DOWN TOO LONG
AND WE PAID OUR DUES

(The NEWSIES make their way to the front door of the World.)

CRUTCHIE

AND THE THINGS WE DO TODAY
WILL BE TOMORROW'S NEWS

NEWSIES

AND THE DIE IS CAST
AND THE TORCH IS PASSED

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND A ROAR WILL RISE...

NEWSIES GROUP 2

... FROM THE STREETS BELOW

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND OUR RANKS WILL GROW...

NEWSIES GROUP 2

... AND GROW

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND GROW

NEWSIES

AND SO

THE WORLD WILL FEEL THE FIRE

AND FIN'LLY KNOW!

(The NEWSIES open the doors. JACK, DAVEY, and LES enter and the doors close behind them. The NEWSIES wait in anticipation. Then the doors fly open and a GUARD throws JACK, DAVEY, and LES out onto their butts.)

GUARD

And stay out!

LES

(yelling back)

You can tell Pulitzer that a few days into this strike, he's gonna be beggin' for an appointment to see me! You got that?

(The doors slam shut.)

He got it.

NEWSIES

PULITZER MAY OWN THE WORLD BUT HE DON'T OWN US!

JACK

PULITZER MAY OWN THE WORLD BUT HE DON'T OWN US!

NEWSIES

PULITZER MAY CRACK THE WHIP BUT HE WON'T WHIP US!

JACK

PULITZER MAY CRACK THE WHIP BUT HE WON'T WHIP US!

NEWSIES

SO THE WORLD SAYS "NO!"
WELL, THE KIDS DO, TOO!
TRY TO WALK ALL OVER US
WE'LL STOMP ALL OVER YOU

CRUTCHIE

CAN THEY KICK US OUT?
TAKE AWAY OUR VOTE?

NEWSIES

WILL WE LET 'EM STUFF THIS CROCK OF GARBAGE
DOWN OUR THROAT?
NO!
EV'RY DAY WE WAIT
IS A DAY WE LOSE!

(The NEWSIES make their way to Jacobi's Deli.)

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND THIS AIN'T FOR FUN!

NEWSIES GROUP 2

AND IT AIN'T FOR SHOW!

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND WE'LL FIGHT 'EM TOE

NEWSIES GROUP 2

TO TOE!

NEWSIES GROUP 1

TO TOE

NEWSIES

AND JOE
YOUR WORLD WILL FEEL THE FIRE
AND FIN'LLY
FIN'LLY KNOW!

SCENE SIX: Jacobi's Deli & Street, Afternoon

-45-

(The NEWSIES settle in at their favorite hangout. The proprietor, MR. JACOBI, arrives with a tray of glasses, which he proceeds to hand out.)

MR. JACOBI

And here we go... A glass of water for you. And one for you. And one for you. And you. And, ah, who's the big spender what ordered seltzer?

ALBERT

Over here.

MR. JACOBI

And that'll be two cents.

ALBERT

Two cents for a glass of seltzer? Just gimme water.

MR. JACOBI

(switching out glasses)

How did I ever see that coming?

DAVEY

(toasting)

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

(The NEWSIES try to figure out what DAVEY said.)

MUSH

I don't know about that, but we sure scared the bejeebers 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 you have to spread the word. Let the rest of the city's newsies know about the strike.

JACK

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

MUSH

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 Eastside. And who wants Brooklyn?

(The NEWSIES cringe and look away.)

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

FINCH

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

JACK

Me and Davey will take Brooklyn.

DAVEY

(still struggling)

Me? I have to...

(KATHERINE enters.)

KATHERINE

Why's everyone so scared of Brooklyn?

JACK

(smiling)

What're you doin' here?

KATHERINE

Asking a question. Have you got an answer?

JACK

Brooklyn is the sixth largest city in the entire world. You got Brooklyn, you hit the motherlode.

(sidling up to KATHERINE)

For someone who works for the *New York Sun*, you spend an awful lot of time hanging around at the *World*. So, what's that about? You followin' me?

KATHERINE

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The only thing I'm following is a story. A rag-tag gang of ragamuffins wants to take on the kingmakers of New York. Think you have a chance?

JACK

Shouldn't you be at the ballet?

KATHERINE

Question too difficult? I'll rephrase: will the richest and most powerful men in New York give the time of day to a gang of kids who haven't got a nickel to their name?

CRUTCHIE

You don't gotta be insultin'. I got a nickel.

KATHERINE

So I guess you'd say you're a couple of Davids looking to take on Goliath?

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. The game's changing. How about an exclusive interview?

JACK

Ain't your beat entertainment?

KATHERINE

This is entertaining... so far.

JACK

What's the last news story you wrote?

KATHERINE

What's the last strike you organized?

ROMEO

(pushing his way in)

You're out of your league, Kelly. Methinks the lady needs to be handled by a real man.

KATHERINE

(waving him off)

You thinks wrong, Romeo.

ROMEO

How'd she know my name?

DAVEY

(to JACK)

I say we save any exclusive for a real reporter.

KATHERINE

You see somebody else giving you the time of day?

(desperate)

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.

CRUTCHIE

You really think we could be in the papes?

KATHERINE

Shut down a paper like the *World* and you're going to make the front page.

JACK

You want a story? Be in front of the circulation gate tomorrow morning and you'll get one. And bring a camera. You're gonna wanna snap a picture of dis.

(MR. JACOBI comes to shoo the NEWSIES out.)

MR. JACOBI

Let's go, boys, play outside. I gotta set up for dinner. I got payin' customers need the tables.

#8 - *The World Will Know (Reprise)*

Jack, Davey, Les, Newsies

FINCH

C'mon. We got newsies to visit.

RACE

You won't be shooin' us off when we gets our mugs in the papes!

(The NEWSIES exit the deli and head to the street.)

NEWSIES

AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW
WE BEEN KEEPIN' SCORE

(NEWSIES)

EITHER THEY GIVES US OUR RIGHTS
OR WE GIVES THEM A WAR
WE BEEN DOWN TOO LONG
AND WE PAID OUR DUES
AND THE THINGS WE DO TODAY
WILL BE TOMORROW'S NEWS
AND THE DIE IS CAST
AND THE TORCH IS PASSED

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND A ROAR WILL RISE...

NEWSIES GROUP 2

... FROM THE STREETS BELOW

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND OUR RANKS WILL GROW...

NEWSIES GROUP 2

... AND GROW

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND GROW

NEWSIES

AND SO
THE WORLD WILL FEEL THE FIRE
AND FIN'LLY KNOW!

DAVEY

Come on, Les. The folks are waiting.

(The NEWSIES disperse as DAVEY and LES head home. JACK lingers behind with KATHERINE.)

KATHERINE

So, what's your story? Are you selling newspapers to work your way through art school?

JACK

Art school? You kiddin' me?

(KATHERINE holds up the drawing that JACK did of her.)

KATHERINE

But you're an artist. You've got real talent. You should be inside the paper illustrating, not outside hawking it.

JACK

Maybe that ain't what I want.

KATHERINE

So tell me what you want.

JACK

(shamelessly flirting)

Can't you see it in my eyes?

KATHERINE

Have you always been their leader?

JACK

I'm a blowhard. Davey's the brains.

KATHERINE

Modesty is not a quality I would have pinned on you.

JACK

You got a name?

KATHERINE

Katherine... Plumber.

JACK

What's the matter? Ain't ya sure?

KATHERINE

It's my byline, the name I publish under. Tell me about tomorrow. What are you hoping for?

JACK

I'd rather tell you what I'm hoping for tonight.

KATHERINE

Mr. Kelly...

JACK

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

KATHERINE

Are you scared?

JACK

Do I look scared? But ask me again in the morning.

KATHERINE

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(writes down the quote and starts to exit)

Good answer. Good night, Mr. Kelly.

JACK

Come on, where you runnin'? It ain't even supper time!

#9 – Watch What Happens

Katherine

KATHERINE

I'll see you in the morning. And, off the record, good luck.

JACK

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

(JACK walks off as KATHERINE heads to her office.)

SCENE SEVEN: Katherine's Office

(KATHERINE sits down at her desk and begins to write her article.)

KATHERINE

You heard the man, "Write it good." Write it good, or it's back to wheezing your way through the flower show. No pressure. Let's go.

(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)

Come on, Katherine, the boys are counting on you. Oh, you poor boys.

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, LADY, DON'T SCREW IT UP!
THIS IS NOT SOME LITTLE VAUDEVILLE I'M REVIEWING

"POOR LITTLE KIDS VERSUS RICH GREEDY SOURPUSSSES":
HA! IT'S A CINCH! IT CAN PRACTIC'LY WRITE ITSELF
AND LET'S PRAY IT DOES, 'CAUSE AS I MAY HAVE MENTIONED
I HAVE NO CLUE WHAT I'M DOING

AM I INSANE?
THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
WELL, THAT, PLUS THE SCREAMING OF TEN ANGRY EDITORS:
"A GIRL?"
"THAT'S A GIRL!! HOW THE HELL -"
"IS THAT EVEN LEGAL?"
"LOOK, JUST GO AND GET HER"

NOT ONLY THAT, THERE'S THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY:
THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN EXPLOITED, INVISIBLE, SPEAK UP
TAKE A STAND, AND THERE'S SOMEONE TO WRITE ABOUT IT
THAT'S HOW THINGS GET BETTER

GIVE LIFE'S LITTLE GUYS SOME INK
AND WHEN IT DRIES
JUST WATCH WHAT HAPPENS!
THOSE KIDS WILL LIVE AND BREATHE
RIGHT ON THE PAGE

AND ONCE THEY'RE CENTER STAGE
YOU WATCH WHAT HAPPENS!
AND WHO'S THERE WITH HER CAM'RA AND HER PEN
AS BOYS TURN INTO MEN?
THEY'LL STORM THE GATES AND THEN
JUST WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY DO!

(reads aloud what she's written)

"A modern day David is poised to take on the rich and powerful Goliath. With the swagger of one twice his age, 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 boy into a legend!

PICTURE A HANDSOME, HEROIC'LY CHARISMATIC
PLAINSPOKEN, KNOW-NOTHING, SKIRT-CHASING
COCKY LITTLE SON OF A —
LIE DOWN WITH DOGS AND YOU WAKE UP WITH A RAISE
AND A PROMOTION
SO HE'S A FLIRT, A COMPLETE EGOMANIAC
THE FACT IS HE'S ALSO THE FACE OF THE STRIKE
WHAT A FACE! FACE THE FACT:
THAT'S A FACE THAT COULD SAVE US ALL FROM SINKING IN THE
OCEAN

LIKE SOMEONE SAID, "POWER TENDS TO CORRUPT
AND ABSOLUTE POWER..." WAIT! WAIT!
"... CORRUPTS ABSOLUTELY"
THAT IS GENIUS! BUT GIVE ME SOME TIME
I'LL BE TWICE AS GOOD AS THAT SIX MONTHS FROM... NEVER
JUST LOOK AROUND
AT THE WORLD WE'RE INHERITING
AND THINK OF THE ONE WE'LL CREATE
THEIR MISTAKE IS THEY GOT OLD
THAT IS NOT A MISTAKE WE'LL BE MAKING
NO, SIR, WE'LL STAY YOUNG FOREVER!

(KATHERINE)

GIVE THOSE KIDS AND ME
THE BRAND NEW CENTURY
AND WATCH WHAT HAPPENS!

IT'S DAVID AND GOLIATH
DO OR DIE
THE FIGHT IS ON AND I
CAN'T WATCH WHAT HAPPENS
BUT ALL I KNOW IS NOTHING HAPPENS IF YOU JUST GIVE IN
IT CAN'T BE ANY WORSE THAN HOW IT'S BEEN
AND IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT WE JUST MIGHT WIN
SO WHATEVER HAPPENS
LET'S BEGIN!

(Blackout.)

#9A - *Watch What Happens (Playoff)*

(JACK and other NEWSIES nervously begin to assemble. As DAVEY and LES arrive, DAVEY pulls JACK aside.)

DAVEY

Is anyone else coming?

JACK

Don't got a clue.

RACE

Youse seen Spot Conlon, right? What'd he say?

JACK

Sure we seen him.

DAVEY

Him and about twenty of his gang.

LES

And them Brooklyn boys is big.

JACK

And I gotta say, Spot was very impressed. Wasn't he?

DAVEY

I'd say.

RACE

So they're with us?

DAVEY

That all depends on how you look at it. If you look and see Brooklyn, then they're with us.

JACK

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

FINCH

Are we?

JACK

We are not! There's us and Harlem—

MUSH

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 walk by on their way to work.)

MORRIS

Say, Oscar, looks like we got bum information about a strike happenin' here today. Not that I'm complainin'. My skull bustin' arm could use a day of rest.

(The DELANCEYS move on.)

LES

Are we doing the right thing?

DAVEY

Sure we are.

RACE

Maybe we put this off a couple days?

DAVEY

No. We can't...

(desperately to JACK)

Say something. Tell them if we back off now they will never listen to us again.

#10 - *Seize the Day*

Davey, Jack, Les, Newsies

JACK

(to the NEWSIES)

We can't back down now. No matter who does or doesn't show. Like it or not, now is when we take a stand.

FINCH

How's about we just don't show for work? That'll send a message.

JACK

They'll just replace us. They need to see us stand our ground.

(JACK)

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(turns helplessly to DAVEY)

C'mon, Davey. Tell 'em.

DAVEY

(on the spot, timidly begins a pep talk)

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEIZE THE DAY
STARE DOWN THE ODDS AND SEIZE THE DAY
MINUTE BY MINUTE
THAT'S HOW YOU WIN IT
WE WILL FIND A WAY
BUT LET US SEIZE THE DAY

(CRUTCHIE arrives with a rag painted "STRIKE!" hanging from his crutch.)

CRUTCHIE

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

RACE

(to CRUTCHIE)

That's great.

(to DAVEY)

That's pitiful.

LES

Don't be so quick to judge. Maybe Pulitzer will see it out his window and feel sorry for us.

JACK

(calls up to the chalkboard platform)

Hey, Specs, any sign of reinforcements?

(SPECS gives a thumbs down.)

Davey...?

DAVEY

COURAGE CANNOT ERASE OUR FEAR
COURAGE IS WHEN WE FACE OUR FEAR
TELL THOSE WITH POWER
SAFE IN THEIR TOWER
WE WILL NOT OBEY

(DAVEY steps up next to JACK as the scene shifts to the distribution window.)

DAVEY, JACK

BEHOLD THE BRAVE BATTALION
THAT STANDS SIDE BY SIDE
TOO FEW IN NUMBER
AND TOO PROUD TO HIDE
THEN SAY TO THE OTHERS
WHO DID NOT FOLLOW THROUGH
"YOU'RE STILL OUR BROTHERS
AND WE WILL FIGHT FOR YOU"

(The circulation bell rings. The NEWSIES ignore it.)

DAVEY, RACE, JACK, CRUTCHIE

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEIZE THE DAY
STARE DOWN THE ODDS AND SEIZE THE DAY

(Other NEWSIES gradually join in until all are singing.)

NEWSIES

ONCE WE'VE BEGUN
IF WE STAND AS ONE
SOMEDAY BECOMES SOMEHOW
AND A PRAYER BECOMES A VOW

JACK

AND THE STRIKE STARTS RIGHT DAMN NOW!

(The circulation bell rings again. WIESEL pushes his window open.)

WIESEL

The sun is up and the birds is singin'. A beautiful day to crack some heads, ain't it?
Step right up and get your papes.

MORRIS

(stepping forward)

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

(EVERYONE tenses. Three SCABS walk on and head toward the circulation window to collect their papers.)

DAVEY

Who are they?

JACK

Scabs. Who do you think?

FINCH

-59-

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

CRUTCHIE

We can handle them!

(The NEWSIES move menacingly forward as the SCABS collect their papers from the distribution window.)

ROMEO

Let's soak 'em, boys!

FINCH

Yeah! Let's get 'em!

DAVEY

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

(calling for help)

Jack!

JACK

All right. I know. I hear ya.

(looks to his NEWSIES, then addresses the SCABS)

Listen, fellas... I know somebody put yis up to this. Probably paid ya some extra money too. Yeah? Well, it ain't right. Pulitzer thinks we're gutter rats with no respect for nothin', includin' each other. Is that who we are? Well, we stab each other in the back and, yeah, that's who we are. But if we stand together, we change the whole game. And it ain't just about us. All across this city there are boys and girls who ought to be out playin' or going to school. Instead they're slavin' to support themselves and their folks. Ain't no crime to bein' poor, and not a one of us complains if the work we do is hard. All we ask is a square deal. Fellas... 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?

(The SCABS look at each other, and the first steps forward.)

SCAB 1

I'm with ya.

(The first SCAB throws down his papers. The NEWSIES surround the two remaining SCABS.)

DAVEY

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEIZE THE DAY!

NEWSIES

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEIZE THE DAY!

DAVEY

ANSWER THE CALL AND DON'T DELAY!

NEWSIES

ANSWER THE CALL AND DON'T DELAY!

WRONGS WILL BE RIGHTED

IF WE'RE UNITED!

LET US SEIZE THE DAY!

(The second SCAB throws down his papers and joins the NEWSIES. MORRIS DELANCEY reaches for the bundle, but JACK stops him.)

SCAB 3

You're kidding, right?

SCAB 2

At the end of the day who are you gonna trust?

(refers to the DELANCEYS then the NEWSIES)

Them... or them?

(The second SCAB throws his satchel back at WIESEL as the NEWSIES surround the remaining SCAB.)

JACK

NOW LET 'EM HEAR IT LOUD AND CLEAR!

NEWSIES

NOW LET 'EM HEAR IT LOUD AND CLEAR!

JACK

LIKE IT OR NOT, WE'RE DRAWING NEAR!

NEWSIES

LIKE IT OR NOT, WE'RE DRAWING NEAR!

PROUD AND DEFIANT

WE'LL SLAY THE GIANT!

JUDGMENT DAY IS HERE!

(The third SCAB throws down his papers.)

Oh... what the hell? Me father's gonna kill me anyway!

(The NEWSIES cheer.)

NEWSIES

HOUSTON TO HARLEM

LOOK WHAT'S BEGUN!

ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE!

STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE!

STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE! OH... STRIKE!

(JACK leads the NEWSIES in a triumphant dance. The DELANCEYS break in, punch DAVEY and JACK, and grab LES. The rest of the NEWSIES save LES, chase them off and celebrate.)

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEIZE THE DAY!

THEY'RE GONNA SEE THERE'S HELL TO PAY!

NOTHING CAN BREAK US

NO ONE CAN MAKE US

QUIT BEFORE WE'RE DONE!

ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR

ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR

ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE!

(KATHERINE arrives with her CAMERAMAN, who shoots a triumphant photo of JACK, DAVEY, LES, and the NEWSIES. The ecstatic NEWSIES toss newspapers all over the square.)

#10A - Seize the Day (Tag)

Newsies

(NEWSIES)

NEWSIES FOREVER!

SECOND TO NONE!

ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR

ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR...

(The gates swing open to reveal WIESEL, the DELANCEYS, and several GOONS. The NEWSIES stop dead in their tracks.)

#11 - The Fight

WIESEL

Time these kids learned a lesson.

(The MEN advance.)

JACK

Newsies! Get 'em!

(The NEWSIES run to the wagons and toss bundles of papers at the MEN. The MEN surge forward and the fight is more or less even. Suddenly a POLICEMAN appears and blows his whistle. ROMEO runs excitedly to him.)

ROMEO

It's about time you showed up. They're slaughtering us—

(The POLICEMAN smacks ROMEO to the ground. SNYDER appears.)

JACK

Cheese it, fellas! It's the bulls!

(As more POLICEMEN arrive, many NEWSIES take flight. Some are hit, others are snatched up and taken away. The NEWSIES are helpless against the MEN. SNYDER appears.)

SNYDER

You can't run forever, Kelly!!!

(JACK sees SNYDER and starts to make his escape.)

CRUTCHIE

Jack? Wait for me!

(JACK reaches back for CRUTCHIE, but he is grabbed by OSCAR and MORRIS DELANCEY. JACK continues to run.)

OSCAR

(to CRUTCHIE)

Where ya think you're goin'?

CRUTCHIE

Jack! Help! Romeo! Finch!

MORRIS

Shut it, Crip.

(MORRIS punches CRUTCHIE, knocking him to the ground. SNYDER beats him with his crutch and slaps on handcuffs.)

SNYDER

-63

It's off to The Refuge with you, little man.

(to the POLICEMAN)

Take him away.

(JACK watches as the POLICEMAN drags CRUTCHIE off.)

JACK

Crutchie!

SNYDER

Jack Kelly!

(JACK ducks out of the square and runs to the safety of his rooftop.)

SCENE NINE: Rooftop

(Papers flutter down on the emptying square under a haunting moon. Lost in the wreckage of the failed protest below, JACK paces, desolate.)

#12 - Santa Fe

Jack

JACK

FOLKS, WE FIN'LLY GOT A HEADLINE:
"NEWSIES CRUSHED AS BULLS ATTACK!"
CRUTCHIE'S CALLIN' ME...
DUMB CRIP'S JUST TOO DAMN SLOW
GUYS ARE FIGHTIN', BLEEDIN', FALLIN'
THANKS TO GOOD OL' CAPTAIN JACK
CAPTAIN JACK JUST WANTS TO CLOSE HIS EYES AND GO...

LET ME GO
FAR AWAY
SOMEWHERE THEY WON'T NEVER FIND ME
AND TOMORROW WON'T REMIND ME OF TODAY
WHEN THE CITY'S FIN'LLY SLEEPIN'
AND THE MOON LOOKS OLD AND GRAY
I GET ON THE TRAIN THAT'S BOUND FOR SANTA FE

AND I'M GONE!
AND I'M DONE!
NO MORE RUNNIN', NO MORE LYIN'
NO MORE FAT OLD MEN DENYIN' ME MY PAY
JUST A MOON SO BIG AND YELLOW
IT TURNS NIGHT RIGHT INTO DAY
DREAMS COME TRUE
YEAH, THEY DO
IN SANTA FE

WHERE DOES IT SAY YOU GOTTA LIVE AND DIE HERE?
WHERE DOES IT SAY A GUY CAN'T CATCH A BREAK?
WHY SHOULD YOU ONLY TAKE WHAT YOU'RE GIVEN?
WHY SHOULD YOU SPEND YOUR WHOLE LIFE LIVIN'
TRAPPED WHERE THERE AIN'T NO FUTURE
EVEN AT SEVENTEEN

(JACK)

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BREAKIN' YOUR BACK FOR SOMEONE ELSE'S SAKE?
IF THE LIFE DON'T SEEM TO SUIT YA
HOW 'BOUT A CHANGE OF SCENE?
FAR FROM THE LOUSY HEADLINES
AND THE DEADLINES IN BETWEEN!

SANTA FE!
MY OLD FRIEND
I CAN'T SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE DREAMIN'
THOUGH I KNOW THAT'S ALL I SEEM INCLINED TO DO
I AIN'T GETTIN' ANY YOUNGER
AND I WANNA START BRAND NEW -
I NEED SPACE
AND FRESH AIR -
LET 'EM LAUGH IN MY FACE
I DON'T CARE -
SAVE MY PLACE
I'LL BE THERE...
JUST BE REAL IS ALL I'M ASKIN'
NOT SOME PAINTIN' IN MY HEAD
'CAUSE I'M DEAD IF I CAN'T COUNT ON YOU TODAY
I GOT NOTHIN' IF I AIN'T GOT SANTA FE!

(End of Act One.)

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE: Jacobi's Deli, Next Morning

#12A - Entr'acte

(DAVEY and the NEWSIES are quietly ignoring their drinks. MR. JACOBI enters.)

MR. JACOBI

Drink up, boys. And don't never say I don't give you nothing. And before you say water is nothing, just ask a fish in the desert.

(MR. JACOBI exits.)

FINCH

Why do old people talk?

RACE

To prove they's still alive.

(KATHERINE arrives with a newspaper.)

KATHERINE

Good morning, gentlemen. Would you get a load of these glum mugs? Can these really be the same boys who made front page of the *New York Sun*?

ROMEO

Front page of what?

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

RACE

Lemme see. Lookit! Would you lookit? Dat's me!

JO JO

Front page and you ain't even dead.

ROMEO

Where's me? Where's me?

BUTTONS

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?

NO
Jack
Crispie

KATHERINE

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. You got yourselves in the pape.

MUSH

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

SPECS

What else do you got?

KATHERINE

Mine's the only story that ran. Pulitzer declared a blackout on strike news, so even I'm shut down now. I heard they arrested Crutchie. Did they get Jack too?

ALBERT

The Delanceys are spreading a story that he took it on the lam, first sight of the cops.

LES

(charges ALBERT)

Jack don't run from no fight!

ALBERT

Take it down, short-stop. I'm just reportin' the news.

RACE

For jumpin' Jack's sake. Can you stow the seriosity long enough to drink in the moment? I'm famous!

HENRY

What of it?

RACE

Are you stupid or what? You're famous, the world is your erster.

HENRY

Your what?

RACE

Your erster! Your erster! Your fancy clam with a pearl inside.

HENRY

How much does bein' famous pay?

RACE

Ya don't need money when you're famous. They gives ya whatever ya want *gratis*!

HENRY

Such as...?

#13 - King of New York

Davey, Katherine, Les, Newsies

RACE

A PAIR OF NEW SHOES WITH MATCHIN' LACES...

ROMEO

A PERMANENT BOX AT THE SHEEPSHEAD RACES...

HENRY

PASTRAMI ON RYE WITH A SOUR PICKLE...

FINCH

MY PERSONAL PUSS ON A WOODEN NICKEL...

RACE

LOOK AT ME:

I'M THE KING OF NEW YORK!

SUDDENLY

I'M RESPECTABLE

STARIN' RIGHT AT'CHA

LOUSY WITH STA'CHA

ALBERT

NOBBIN' WITH ALL THE MUCKETY-MUCKS

I'M BLOWIN' MY DOUGH AND GOIN' DELUXE

RACE

AND THERE I BE!

AIN'T I PRETTY?

RACE, HENRY

IT'S MY CITY

I'M THE KING OF NEW YORK!

JO JO

A SOLID GOLD WATCH WITH A CHAIN TO TWIRL IT...

LES

MY VERY OWN BED AND A INDOOR TERLET...

MUSH

A BARBERSHOP HAIRCUT THAT COSTS A QUARTER...

DAVEY

(indicating KATHERINE)

A REGULAR BEAT FOR THE STAR REPORTER!

RACE

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AM-SCRAY, PUNK
SHE'S THE KING OF NEW YORK!

KATHERINE

WHO'D'A THUNK!
I'M THE KING OF NEW YORK!

NEWSIES

WE WAS SUNK
PALE AND PITIFUL

KATHERINE

BUNCH OF WET NOODLES

KATHERINE, NEWSIES

PULITZER'S POODLES

LES

ALMOST ABOUT TO DROWN IN THE DRINK

BUTTONS

WHEN SHE FISHED US OUT

RACE

AND DROWNED US IN INK!

KATHERINE

SO LET'S GET DRUNK!

NEWSIES

YEAH!

KATHERINE

NOT WITH LIQUOR
FAME WORKS QUICKER
WHEN YOU'RE KING OF NEW YORK

NEWSIES

I GOTTA BE EITHER DEAD OR DREAMIN'
'CAUSE LOOK AT THAT PAPE WITH MY FACE BEAMIN'
TOMORROW THEY MAY WRAP FISHES IN IT
BUT I WAS A STAR FOR ONE WHOLE MINUTE!

(The NEWSIES and KATHERINE dance, employing cups, brooms, spoons, and anything else they can find in the deli.)

KATHERINE, NEWSIES

LOOK AT ME:
I'M THE KING OF NEW YORK!
WAIT AND SEE:
THIS IS GONNA MAKE
BOTH THE DELANCEYS
PEE IN THEIR PANT-SIES
FLASH POTS ARE SHOOTIN' BRIGHT AS THE SUN!
I'M ONE HIGHFALUTIN' SON-OF-A-GUN!

I GUARANTEE:
THOUGH I CRAPPED OUT
I AIN'T TAPPED OUT!
I'M THE KING OF NEW -

FRIENDS MAY FLEE
LET 'EM DITCH YA!
SNAP ONE PIT'CHA
YOU'RE THE KING OF NEW -

HISTORY!
FRONT PAGE STORY
GUTS AND GLORY
I'M THE KING OF NEW YORK!

#13A - King of New York (Tag)

SCENE TWO: The Refuge

- 71 -

(In an empty corner, CRUTCHIE is sitting on a bed holding a pencil and paper. A lighted candle sits nearby. Two other KIDS are lying on the bed, sleeping, and a FEW are sleeping on the floor around him. He reads what he's written.)

CRUTCHIE

"Dear Jack. Greetings from The Refuge!

#14 - Letter from The Refuge

Crutchie

(CRUTCHIE)

HOW ARE YOU?

I'M OKAY

GUESS I WASN'T MUCH HELP YESTERDAY

SNYDER SOAKED ME REAL GOOD WITH MY CRUTCH

(writes)

OH YEAH, JACK, THIS IS CRUTCHIE, BY THE WAY

(back to reading)

THESE HERE GUARDS

THEY IS RUDE

THEY SAY JUMP, BOY, YOU JUMP OR YOU'RE SCREWED

BUT THE FOOD AIN'T SO BAD, 'LEAST SO FAR

'CAUSE SO FAR THEY AIN'T BRUNG US NO FOOD

HA-HA

I MISS THE ROOFTOP"

(stops reading, daydreams)

SLEEPIN' RIGHT OUT IN THE OPEN

IN YOUR PENTHOUSE IN THE SKY

THERE'S A COOL BREEZE BLOWIN' EVEN IN JULY...

(stops daydreaming, continues reading)

"ANYWAY

SO GUESS WHAT?

THERE'S THIS SECRET ESCAPE PLAN I GOT:

TIE A SHEET TO THE BED, TOSS THE END OUT THE WINDOW

CLIMB DOWN, THEN TAKE OFF LIKE A SHOT!

MAYBE THOUGH

NOT TONIGHT

(CRUTCHIE)

I AIN'T SLEPT AND MY LEG STILL AIN'T RIGHT
HEY, BUT PULITZER, HE'S GOIN' DOWN!
AND THEN, JACK, I WAS THINKIN' WE MIGHT
JUST GO
LIKE YOU WAS SAYING..."

(daydreaming again)

WHERE IT'S CLEAN AND GREEN AND PRETTY
WITH NO BUILDINGS IN YOUR WAY
AND YOU'SE RIDIN' PALOMINOS EV'RY DAY
ONCE THAT TRAIN MAKES—

(A KID on the bed kicks CRUTCHIE.)

Damn this place.

(back to reading)

"I'LL BE FINE
GOOD AS NEW
BUT THERE'S ONE THING I NEED YOU TO DO:
ON THE ROOFTOP YOU SAID THAT A FAM'LY LOOKS OUT FOR EACH
OTHER
SO YOU TELL ALL THE FELLAS FOR ME TO PROTECT ONE ANOTHER

(pauses, writes)

THE END
YOUR FRIEND...

(thinks, writes)

YOUR BEST FRIEND...

(hesitates, then crosses it out, writes)

YOUR BROTHER...
CRUTCHIE"

SNYDER

(offstage)

You in there - pipe down!

(CRUTCHIE blows out the candle.)

SCENE THREE: Medda's Theater

-73-

(JACK paints a backdrop of the Taos Mountains. It's an explosion of color. MEDDA enters in a dressing robe.)

MEDDA

Here's everything I owe you for the first backdrop, plus this one, 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.

MEDDA

Jack.

JACK

You're a gem.

MEDDA

Just tell me that you're going somewhere and not running away.

JACK

Does it matter?

MEDDA

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, nowhere's ever the right place.

(DAVEY finds his way in through the stage flies, excited to see JACK.)

DAVEY

How 'bout lettin' a pal know you're alive?

MEDDA

Why don't I leave you with your friend.

(MEDDA exits.)

DAVEY

Where'd you go? We couldn't find you.

JACK

Ever think I didn't wanna be found?

DAVEY

(indicating the backdrop)

Is that a real place? That Santa Fe?

(DAVEY)

(suddenly remembering, holds out the newspaper)

Hey! You see the pape? We're front page news, above the fold. Oh, yes. Above the fold.

JACK

Good for you.

DAVEY

Everyone wants to meet the famous Jack Kelly. Even Spot Conlon sent a kid just to say: next event you can count on Brooklyn. How about that?

JACK

We got stomped into the ground.

DAVEY

They got us this time. I'll grant you that. But we took round one. And with press like this our fight is far from over.

JACK

Every newsie who could walk showed up this morning to sell papes like the strike never happened.

DAVEY

And I was there with them. If I don't sell papes, my folks don't eat.

JACK

Save your breath. I get it. It's hopeless.

DAVEY

But then I saw this look on Weasel's face; he was actually nervous. And I realized this isn't over. We got them worried. Really worried. And I walked away. Lots of other kids did, too. And that is what you call a beginning.

(LES enters, calling to KATHERINE behind him.)

LES

There he is, just like I said.

JACK

For cryin' out loud... Where's a fella gotta go to get away from you people?

DAVEY

There's no escapin' us, pal. We're inevitable.

LES

(to DAVEY)

So, what's the story? Can we have the theater?

DAVEY

-75

Pipe down. I didn't ask yet.

LES

What's the hold up? I need to let my girl know we've got a date.

DAVEY

Your girl?

LES

You heard me. I've been swattin' skirts away all morning. Fame is one intoxicatin' potion. And this here girl, Sally, she's a plum.

JACK

(sees KATHERINE)

Word is you wrote a great story.

KATHERINE

(tentatively approaches JACK)

You look like hell.

LES

(studying the painting)

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

DAVEY

It's Santa Fe.

KATHERINE

I've got to tell you, Jack, this "Go west, young man" routine is getting tired. Even Horace Greeley moved back to New York.

LES

Yes, he did. And then he died.

JACK

Ain't reporters supposed to be non-partisan?

KATHERINE

Ask a reporter. Pulitzer's had me blacklisted from every news desk in town—

LES

Can we table the palaver and get back to business? Will Medda let us have the theater?

DAVEY

(to JACK)

It's what I been trying to tell you: we want to hold a rally — citywide meeting where

(DAVEY)

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

Smart enough to get you committed to a padded room!

KATHERINE

The guy who paints places he's never seen is calling us crazy?

JACK

Want to see a place I seen? How about this?

#14B - Jack's Painting

(JACK turns the backdrop around and reveals a large, passionately executed political cartoon of the newsies being crushed by Pulitzer in Newsie Square. DAVEY, LES, and KATHERINE stare in awe.)

JACK

Newsie Square, thanks to my big mouth, filled to overflowing with failure. Kids hurt, others arrested -

DAVEY

Lighten up. No one died.

JACK

Is that what you're aiming for? Go on and call me a quitter, call me a coward. No way I'm puttin' them kids 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 note from Crutchie at The Refuge. I tried to see him. Climbed the fire escape. But they busted him up so bad he couldn't even come to the window. What if he don't make it? You willing to shoulder that for a tenth of a penny a pape?

DAVEY

It's not about pennies. You said it yourself: my family wouldn't be in the mess we're in if my father had a union. This is a fight we have to win.

JACK

If I wanted a sermon, I'd show up for church.

DAVEY

-77-

Tell me how quitting does Crutchie any good?

(JACK doesn't answer him.)

Exactly. So...

HERE'S HOW IT GOES: ONCE WE WIN
AND WE WILL BE WINNING, MAKE NO MISTAKE—

JACK

WE'LL BE WHAT?!

DAVEY

WE'RE ALREADY WINNING

JACK

RIGHT!

DAVEY

AND WE'LL TELL 'EM STRAIGHT OUT
THEY LET CRUTCHIE GO
OR THEY KEEP GETTING POUNDED

JACK

DAVE, WHAT THE HELL?
DID THEY BUST UP YOUR BRAINS OR SOMETHIN'?
AS I RECALL, DAVE, WE ALL GOT OUR ASSES KICKED
THEY WON!

DAVEY

WON THE BATTLE

JACK

COME ON!

DAVEY

JACKIE, THINK ABOUT IT:
WE GOT THEM SURROUNDED!

JACK

HERE'S WHAT I THINK:
JOE'S A JERK, HE'S A RATTLESNAKE!

DAVEY

YOU'RE RIGHT
AND YOU KNOW WHY A SNAKE STARTS TO RATTLE?

JACK

NO, WHY?

DAVEY

'CAUSE HE'S SCARED

JACK

SURE

DAVEY

GO AND LOOK IT UP -

THE POOR GUY'S HEAD IS SPINNING

WHY DID HE SEND FOR THE GOONS? AN ENTIRE ARMY?

DOZENS OF GOONS, PLUS THE COPS AND -

JACK

YOU KNOW, YOU MAY BE RIGHT...

DAVEY

THANK YOU, GOD!

JACK

IF HE WASN'T AFRAID -

DAVEY

EXACTLY!

JACK

HUH

JACK, DAVEY

HE KNOWS WE'RE WINNING!

DAVEY, KATHERINE, LES

GET THOSE KIDS TO SEE WE'RE CIRCLING VICTORY
AND WATCH WHAT HAPPENS!

DAVEY, JACK, KATHERINE, LES

WE'RE DOING SOMETHING NO ONE'S EVEN TRIED
AND YES, WE'RE TERRIFIED, BUT WATCH WHAT HAPPENS!

JACK

YOU CAN'T UNDO THE PAST

DAVEY

SO JUST MOVE ON

DAVEY, KATHERINE

-79-

AND STAY ON TRACK

LES

STAY ON TRACK

DAVEY, JACK, KATHERINE, LES

'CAUSE HUMPTY DUMPTY IS ABOUT TO CRACK!

KATHERINE

WE'VE GOT FAITH

DAVEY

WE'VE GOT THE PLAN

LES

AND WE'VE GOT JACK!

ALL

SO JUST WATCH WHAT HAPPENS... WE'RE BACK!

LES

And I've got a date!

#15A - Back to Pulitzer's Office

SCENE FOUR: Pulitzer's Office & Cellar, Afternoon

(The MAYOR, SEITZ, BUNSEN, and PULITZER are in a heated discussion. KATHERINE sits, listening quietly.)

MAYOR

... but I've read your editorials, 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!

MAYOR

I'd spare you this embarrassment if I could, but the burlesque house is private property.

BUNSEN

He can't order a raid without legal cause.

PULITZER

Mr. Mayor, would the fact that this rally is organized by an escaped convict be enough to shut it down?

MAYOR

An escaped convict?

PULITZER

A fugitive from one of your own institutions. A convicted thief, at large, reeking mischief on our law-abiding community.

(turns his desk chair around to reveal SNYDER and holds out the newspaper)

Mr. Snyder, which one is he?

SNYDER

(pointing to the photo)

That one there: Jack Kelly.

MAYOR

And how do you know this boy?

SNYDER

His is not a pleasant story. He was first sentenced to my Refuge for loitering and vagrancy, but his total disregard of authority has made him a frequent visitor.

MAYOR

You called him a thief and escaped convict.

SNYDER

-81-

After his release I caught him myself, red handed, trafficking stolen food and clothing. He was last sentenced to six months, but the willful ruffian escaped.

PULITZER

So you'd be doing the city a service removing this criminal from our streets.

MAYOR

If that's the case, we can take him in quietly and —

PULITZER

(exploding)

What good would quiet do me? I want a public example made of him.

(HANNAH rushes into the office.)

HANNAH

Mr. Pulitzer — the boy, Jack Kelly, is here.

PULITZER

Here?

HANNAH

Just outside. He's asked to see you.

PULITZER

Ask and ye shall be received. Mr. Snyder, if you please. Sit.

(PULITZER directs SNYDER to retreat to the shadowy corner and spins KATHERINE in the swivel chair so she's hidden as well. HANNAH escorts JACK into the room.)

HANNAH

Mr. Jack Kelly.

JACK

Afternoon, boys...

PULITZER

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

JACK

Which one gives us more in common?

PULITZER

Impudence is in bad taste when crawling for mercy.

JACK

Crawlin'? That's a laugh. I just dropped by with an invite. Seems a few hundred of your employees are rallying to discuss recent disagreements. I thought it only fair to invite you to state your case straight to the fellas. So what'd'ya say, Joe? Want I should save you a spot on the bill?

PULITZER

You are as shameless and disrespectful a creature as I was told. Do you know what I was doing when I was your age, boy? I was fighting in a war.

JACK

Yeah? How'd that turn out for ya?

PULITZER

It taught me a lesson that shaped my life. You don't win a war on the battlefield. It's the headline that crowns the victor.

JACK

I'll keep that in mind when New York wakes up to front page photos of our rally.

PULITZER

Rally till the cows come home. Not a paper in town will publish a word. And if it's not in the papers, it never happened.

JACK

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. And beautiful as well, don't you think?

JACK

I'll tell her you said so.

PULITZER

No need. She can hear for herself. Can't you, darling?

(KATHERINE stands up. JACK steps back in surprise.)

I trust you know my daughter, Katherine.

(lets that sink in)

Yes. My daughter. You are probably asking, why the *nom de plume* and why doesn't my daughter work for me? Good questions. I offered Katherine a life of wealth and leisure. Instead she chose to pursue a career. And she was showing real promise, until this recent lapse. But you're done with all of that now, aren't you, sweetheart?

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, Mr. Snyder?

(SNYDER steps into sight.)

SNYDER

Hello, Jack.

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

PULITZER

Ow! Does anyone else feel a noose tightening? But allow me to offer an alternate scenario: you attend the rally and speak against this hopeless strike, and I'll see your criminal record expunged and your pockets filled with enough cash to carry you, in a first-class train compartment, from New York to New Mexico and beyond.

(to KATHERINE)

You did say he wanted to travel west, didn't you?

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. Mark my words, boy. Defy me, and I will have you and every one of your friends locked up in The Refuge. I know you're Mr. Tough Guy, but it's not right to condemn that little crippled boy to conditions like that. And what about your pal Davey and his baby brother, ripped from their loving family and tossed to the rats? Will they ever be able to thank you enough?

(PULITZER)

TIME'S RUNNING OUT, KID
SO WHAT DO YOU SAY?
COWBOY OR CONVICT
I WIN EITHER WAY
YOUR ABJECT SURRENDER
WAS ALWAYS THE BOTTOM LINE

Gentlemen, escort our guest to the cellar so he might reflect in solitude.

(The DELANCEYS lead JACK out of the office and into the cellar.)

(PULITZER)

TOO BAD YOU'VE NO JOB, JACK
BUT YOU DID RESIGN
TOO BAD YOU'VE NO FAM'LY
BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE MINE
BE GLAD YOU'RE ALIVE, BOY
I'D SAY THAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE

SEITZ

LIKE THE PIED PIPER YOU KNEW WHAT TO PLAY

PULITZER

TILL THOSE KIDS ALL BELIEVED YOU WERE RIGHT

BUNSEN

LUCKY FOR THEM ALL BUT ONE GOT AWAY

PULITZER

THEY MAY NOT BE SO LUCKY TONIGHT...

(The DELANCEYS deposit JACK in a dark space populated with nothing but a large printing press.)

MORRIS

We been given discretion to handle you as we see fit, so behave.

OSCAR

But, just in case, I been polishin' my favorite brass knuckles.

(MORRIS pulls the dust-covered tarp off of the old press and tosses it to JACK.)

MORRIS

You can sleep right here on this old printing press.

(slaps the hard surface)

Now that there is firm.

(OSCAR and MORRIS exit as JACK hopelessly takes in his surroundings. Suddenly, a rhythmic drumbeat sounds in a military style. Voices are heard offstage.)

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 2

NEWSIES NEED OUR HELP TODAY!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 1

TELL 'EM BROOKLYN'S ON THEIR WAY!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 2

TELL 'EM BROOKLYN'S ON THEIR WAY!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 1

WE'RE FROM...

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 2

BROOKLYN!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 1

WE ARE...

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 2

NEWSIES!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 1

WE ARE...

BROOKLYN NEWSIES

BROOKLYN NEWSIES!

(The scene shifts to the Brooklyn Bridge as a cavalry of BROOKLYN NEWSIES make their way to the rally.)

SCENE FIVE: Brooklyn Bridge & Medda's Theater, Evening

BROOKLYN NEWSIES

JUST GOT WORD THAT OUR BUDDIES IS HURTIN'
FACIN' TOTAL DISASTER FOR CERTAIN
THAT'S OUR CUE, BOYS: IT'S TIME TO GO SLUMMIN'
HEY, MANHATTAN, THE CAVALRY'S COMIN'

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 1

HAVE NO FEAR!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 2

YOU KNOW WE GOT YOUR BACK FROM WAY BACK!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 1

BROOKLYN'S HERE!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 2

WE'LL GET YOUR PAY BACK WITH SOME

BROOKLYN NEWSIES

PAYBACK!

WE'RE THE BOYS
FROM THE BEACHES OF BRIGHTON
PROSPECT PARK
AND THE NAVY YARD PIER
STRIKES AIN'T FUN
BUT THEY SURE IS EXCITIN'
LOUD AND CLEAR!
BROOKLYN'S HERE!

SPOT

BOROUGH WHAT GAVE ME BIRTH...
FRIENDLIEST PLACE ON EARTH
PAY US A VISIT AND SEE WHAT WE MEANS

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND WHEN YA DO

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 2

WHEN YA DO

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 3

WHEN YA DO

BROOKLYN NEWSIES

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WE'LL KICK YA HALFWAY TO QUEENS!

(The BROOKLYN NEWSIES arrive at Medda's Theater. With JACK's political cartoon of Newsie Square as the backdrop, the theater begins to fill with NEWSIES from all five boroughs, singing and waving banners and placards.)

NEWSIES

NOW THEM SOAKERS IS IN FOR A SOAKIN'
WHAT A SAD WAY TO END A CAREER
THEY'S A JOKE, BUT IF THEY THINKS WE'RE JOKIN'...

BROOKLYN NEWSIES

LOUD AND CLEAR:

MANHATTAN NEWSIES

MANHATTAN'S HERE!

FLUSHING NEWSIES

FLUSHING'S HERE!

RICHMOND NEWSIES

RICHMOND'S HERE!

WOODSIDE NEWSIES

WOODSIDE'S HERE!

BRONX NEWSIES

SO'S DA BRONX!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 1

BROOKLYN'S HERE!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 2

LOUD AND CLEAR:

NEWSIES

WE IS HERE!

(The NEWSIES go crazy. SPOT shakes hands with DAVEY in the center of the stage as MEDDA steps forward.)

MEDDA

Welcome, Newsies of New York City. Welcome to my theater and your revolution!

(The CROWD cheers.)

DAVEY

Let's hear it for Spot Conlon and Brooklyn!

SPOT

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

FINCH

Hey Davey, where's Jack?

NEWSIES

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.

NEWSIES

Jack! Jack! Jack! Jack!

(DAVEY timidly takes the stage.)

DAVEY

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

(The NEWSIES cheer.)

Tonight we declare that we're just as much a part of the newspaper as any reporter or editor.

(The cheers grow louder.)

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 talked to like an adult? Then start actin' like one. Don't just run your mouth. Make some sense.

DAVEY

And here's Jack!!!

NEWSIES

Jack! Jack! Jack!

(JACK climbs up onto the stage as DAVEY heaves a sigh of relief. KATHERINE has arrived and stands in a balcony.)

(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.

(The NEWSIES cheer.)

So we got mad and let 'em know we ain't gonna be pushed around.

(More cheers.)

So we go on strike. Then what happens? Pulitzer lowers the price so's we'll go back to work! And a few weeks later he hikes the price back up again, and don't think he won't. So what do we do then? And what do we do if he decides to raise his price again after that?

(DAVEY and the NEWSIES look to each other, confused by what JACK is saying.)

Fellas, we gotta be realistic. We don't work, we don't get paid. How many days can you go without makin' money? However long, believe me, Pulitzer can go longer.

(The NEWSIES boo.)

But I have spoken to Mr. Pulitzer and he has given me his word: if we disband the union, he will not raise prices again for two years. He will even put it in writing.

(The boos are now drowning out JACK.)

I say we take the deal. Go back to work knowing that our price is secure. All we need to do is vote "NO" on the strike. Vote "NO"!

(The boos overwhelm JACK. He walks toward the wings, where BUNSEN is waiting with a wad of cash. He holds out the money out and JACK pockets it, looking around guiltily. LES reaches out, but JACK muscles him away and rushes out. The NEWSIES are furious, and their booing echoes across the theater, and the city, as the scene transitions...)

SCENE SIX: Rooftop, Night

#17A - To the Rooftop

(KATHERINE has discovered JACK's drawings stuffed in an air vent pipe and opens them up. JACK arrives.)

KATHERINE

That was some speech you made.

JACK

How'd you get here?

KATHERINE

Specs showed me.

JACK

(snatches his drawings)

He say you could go through my stuff?

KATHERINE

I saw them rolled up, sticking out of there. I didn't know what they were. These drawings...? These are drawings of The Refuge, aren't they?

(takes the drawings back and studies them closer)

Is this really what it's like in there: three boys to a bed, rats everywhere, and vermin?

JACK

A little different from where you were raised?

KATHERINE

Snyder told my father you were arrested stealing food and clothing. This is why, isn't it? You stole to feed those boys.

(JACK, embarrassed, turns away.)

I don't understand. If you were willing to go to jail for those boys, how could you turn your back on them now?

JACK

I don't think you're anyone to talk about turning on folks.

KATHERINE

I never turned on you or anyone else.

JACK

No. You just double crossed us to your father. Your father!!

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KATHERINE

My father has eyes on every corner of this city. He doesn't need me spying for him. And I never lied. I didn't tell you everything...

JACK

If you weren't a girl you'd be trying to talk with a fist in your mouth.

KATHERINE

I said that I worked for the *Sun*, and I did. I told you my professional name was Plumber, and it is. You never asked my real one.

JACK

I wouldn't think I had to unless I knew I was dealing with a backstabber.

KATHERINE

And if I was a boy, you'd be looking at me through one swollen eye.

JACK

Don't let that stop ya. Gimme your best shot.

(JACK presents his face to her. KATHERINE, out of nowhere, grabs JACK and kisses him full on the lips. They part. A moment of silence and then JACK tries to get another kiss, but is blocked.)

KATHERINE

I need to know you didn't cave for the money.

JACK

I spoke the truth. You win a fight when you got the other fella down eatin' pavement. You heard your father. No matter how many days we strike, he ain't givin' up. I don't know what else we can do.

KATHERINE

Ah. But I do.

JACK

Oh, come on...

KATHERINE

Really, Jack? Really? Only you can have a good idea? Or is it because I'm a girl?

JACK

I didn't say nothin'...

KATHERINE

This would be a good time to shut up. Being boss doesn't mean you have all the answers. Just the brains to recognize the right one when you hear it.

JACK

I'm listening.

KATHERINE

Good for you. The strike was your idea. The rally was Davey's. And now my plan will take us to the finish line. Deal with it.

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

JACK

(reading)

"The Children's Crusade"?

KATHERINE

(snatches it back and reads)

"For the sake of all the kids in every sweatshop, factory, and slaughter house in New York, I beg you... join us." With those words, the strike stopped being just about the newsies. You challenged our whole generation to stand up and demand a place at the table.

JACK

"The Children's Crusade"??

KATHERINE

Think, Jack, if we publish this - my words with one of your drawings - and if every worker under twenty-one read it and stayed home from work... or better yet, came to Newsie Square - a general city-wide strike! Even my father couldn't ignore that.

JACK

Only one small problem: we got no way to print it.

KATHERINE

Come on, there has to be one printing press he doesn't control.

JACK

(suddenly remembering)

Oh, no.

KATHERINE

What?

JACK

I know where there's a printing press that no one would ever think we'd use.

KATHERINE

Then why are we still standing here?

(KATHERINE starts climbing down the fire escape ladder, but JACK stops her.)

JACK

follow down
Wait. Stop. What's this about for you? I don't mean "The Children's Crusade."

(indicating the two of them)

What's this about? Am I kiddin' myself or is there something...

KATHERINE

Of course there is.

JACK

Well, don't say it like this happens every day!

KATHERINE

Oh, Jack...

JACK

I'm not an idiot. I know girls like you don't wind up with guys like me. And I don't want you promisin' nothin' you gotta take back later. But standing here tonight... lookin' at you... I'm scared tomorrow's gonna come and change everything.

#18 - *Something to Believe In*

Katherine, Jack

(JACK)

If there was a way I could grab hold of something to make time stop. Just so's I could keep looking at you.

KATHERINE

You snuck up on me, Jack Kelly. I never even saw it coming.

JACK

For sure?

KATHERINE

For sure.

TILL THE MOMENT I FOUND YOU
I THOUGHT I KNEW WHAT LOVE WAS
NOW I'M LEARNING WHAT IS TRUE:
THAT LOVE WILL DO WHAT IT DOES
THE WORLD FINDS WAYS TO STING YOU
AND THEN ONE DAY DECIDES TO BRING YOU
SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN
FOR EVEN A NIGHT
ONE NIGHT MAY BE FOREVER
BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT
THAT'S ALL RIGHT
AND IF YOU'RE GONE TOMORROW
WHAT WAS OURS STILL WILL BE:

(KATHERINE)

I HAVE SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN
NOW THAT I KNOW YOU BELIEVED IN ME

JACK

WE WERE NEVER MEANT TO MEET
AND THEN WE MEET, WHO KNOWS WHY?
ONE MORE STRANGER ON THE STREET
JUST SOMEONE SWEET PASSIN' BY
AN ANGEL CAME TO SAVE ME
WHO DIDN'T EVEN KNOW SHE GAVE ME
SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN
FOR EVEN A DAY
ONE DAY MAY BE FOREVER
BUT THAT'S OKAY
THAT'S OKAY
AND IF I'M GONE TOMORROW
WHAT WAS OURS STILL WILL BE:
I HAVE SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN
NOW THAT I KNOW YOU BELIEVED IN ME

KATHERINE, JACK

DO YOU KNOW WHAT I BELIEVE IN?
LOOK INTO MY EYES AND SEE

(KATHERINE and JACK kiss until JACK pulls himself away.)

JACK

If things were different...

KATHERINE

If you weren't going to Santa Fe?

JACK

And if you weren't an heiress. And if your father wasn't after my head.

KATHERINE

(teasing)

You're not really scared of my father.

JACK

No. But I'm pretty scared of you!

KATHERINE

Don't be.

JACK

-95-

AND IF I'M GONE TOMORROW...

KATHERINE

WHAT WAS OURS STILL WILL BE

KATHERINE, JACK

I HAVE SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN

NOW THAT I KNOW YOU BELIEVED IN ME

JACK

I HAVE SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN

KATHERINE, JACK

NOW THAT I KNOW YOU BELIEVED IN ME

(Lights fade as a drum beat is heard.)

SCENE SEVEN: Pulitzer's Cellar

#19 - *Seize the Day (Reprise)*

Newsies

(In the semi-darkness, the NEWSIES criss-cross the stage, lanterns in hand, spreading the news of the strike regroup, one to the next, in conspiratorial whispers.)

NEWSIES

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEIZE THE DAY
STARE DOWN THE ODDS AND SEIZE THE DAY
MINUTE BY MINUTE
THAT'S HOW YOU WIN IT
WE WILL FIND A WAY
BUT LET US SEIZE THE DAY

(JACK and KATHERINE enter the cellar. She hands him a ring of keys.)

KATHERINE

I'll get the lights. You get those windows unlocked.

JACK

(goes to work undoing the window bars)

You got enough keys here for the entire building. Has someone been picking daddy's pockets?

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.

(KATHERINE turns up the lights and uncovers the printing press. DAVEY, RACE, and a few other NEWSIES pour through the window. Two well-dressed boys, BILL and DARCY, go straight to work on the printing press.)

JACK

(to DAVEY)

You bring enough fellas to keep us covered?

DAVEY

We could hold a hoe-down in here and no one would be the wiser.

JACK

Good job.

DAVEY

It's good to have you back again.

JACK

-97-

(apologizing, appreciatively, in his own way)

Shut up.

KATHERINE

Here she is, boys. Just think, while my father snores blissfully in his bed, we will be using his very own press to bring him down.

JACK

Remind me to stay on your good side.

(RACE goes to the printing press.)

RACE

Is this what they print the papes on?

DARCY

I can see why they tossed this old girl down to the cellar, but I think she will do the job.

KATHERINE

Jack, this is Darcy. He knows just about everything there is to know about printing.

JACK

You work for one of the papes?

DARCY

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

(in awe)

Ain't that somethin'?

KATHERINE

In the words of the little one, "Can we table the palaver and get down to business?"

DARCY

A little grease and she'll be good as gold.

#20 - *Once and for All*

Jack, Davey, Katherine, Newsies

DAVEY

All right. Here's how it'll work: as we print the papes, Race, you'll let the fellas in, and they'll spread them to every workin' kid in New York. After that...?

JACK

After that it's up to them.

(RACE takes his position at the window.)

THERE'S CHANGE COMIN' ONCE AND FOR ALL
YOU MAKES THE FRONT PAGE
AND MAN, YOU IS MAJOR NEWS

JACK, DAVEY

TOMORROW THEY'LL SEE WHAT WE ARE

JACK, DAVEY, KATHERINE

AND SURE AS A STAR, WE AIN'T
COME THIS FAR TO LOSE!

RACE

Here they come!

(More NEWSIES take up their positions.)

NEWSIES

THIS IS THE STORY WE NEEDED TO WRITE
THAT'S BEEN KEPT OUT OF SIGHT, BUT NO MORE!
IN A FEW HOURS, BY DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT
WE'LL BE READY TO FIGHT US A WAR
THIS TIME WE'RE IN IT TO STAY
TALK ABOUT SEIZING THE DAY!

JACK

(to BILL)

WRITE IT WITH INK OR IN BLOOD
IT'S THE SAME EITHER WAY:
THEY'RE GONNA DAMN WELL PAY!

NEWSIES

-99-

SEE OL' MAN PULITZER SNUG IN HIS BED
HE DON'T CARE IF WE'RE DEAD OR ALIVE
THREE SATIN PILLOWS ARE UNDER HIS HEAD
WHILE WE'SE BEGGIN' FOR BREAD TO SURVIVE
JOE, YOU CAN STOP COUNTIN' SHEEP
WE'RE GONNA SING YA TO SLEEP
THEN WHILE YA SNOOZE WE'LL BE LIGHTIN' A FUSE
WITH A PROMISE WE'SE ACHIN' TO KEEP

(BILL typesets the Newsies Banner.)

JACK

ONCE AND FOR ALL
IF THEY DON'T MIND THEIR MANNERS
WE'LL BLEED 'EM!

NEWSIES

BLEED 'EM!

RACE

ONCE AND FOR ALL
WE WON'T CARRY NO BANNERS
THAT DON'T SPELL

NEWSIES

"FREEDOM!"
FIN'LLY WE'SE RAISIN' THE STAKES!
THIS TIME WHATEVER IT TAKES!
THIS TIME THE UNION AWAKES
ONCE AND FOR ALL!

(DARCY pulls the first proof from the press and hands it to RACE. He passes it across the NEWSIES to KATHERINE.)

KATHERINE

(reading)

"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.'" Riveting stuff, huh?

JACK

(to KATHERINE)

Get going. You've got a very important man to see.

KATHERINE

Keep your fingers crossed.

JACK

For us, too.

(KATHERINE exits. The printing press churns away at a rhythmic pace. Papers are bundled. Bundles are passed between NEWSIES and collected for distribution.)

NEWSIES

THIS IS FOR KIDS SHININ' SHOES ON THE STREET
WITH NO SHOES ON THEIR FEET EV'RY DAY
THIS IS FOR GUYS SWEATIN' BLOOD IN THE SHOPS
WHILE THE BOSSES AND COPS LOOK AWAY
I'M SEEIN' KIDS STANDIN' TALL
GLARIN' AND RARIN' TO BRAWL
ARMIES OF GUYS WHO ARE SICK OF THE LIES
GETTIN' READY TO RISE TO THE CALL!

ONCE AND FOR ALL
THERE'LL BE BLOOD ON THE WALL
IF THEY DOUBT US
THEY THINK THEY'RE RUNNING THIS TOWN
BUT THIS TOWN'LL SHUT DOWN WITHOUT US!

NEWSIES GROUP 1

TEN THOUSAND KIDS IN THE SQUARE!

NEWSIES GROUP 2

TEN THOUSAND KIDS IN THE SQUARE!

NEWSIES GROUP 1

TEN THOUSAND FISTS IN THE AIR!

NEWSIES GROUP 2

TEN THOUSAND FISTS!

NEWSIES

JOE, YOU IS GONNA PLAY FAIR
ONCE AND FOR ALL!

NEWSIES GROUP 1

ONCE AND FOR ALL!

NEWSIES GROUP 2

ONCE AND FOR ALL!

NEWSIES GROUP 1

-10+

ONCE AND FOR ALL!

NEWSIES GROUP 2

ONCE AND FOR ALL!

NEWSIES GROUP 1

ONCE AND FOR ALL!

NEWSIES GROUP 2

ONCE AND FOR ALL!

(Ready to hit the streets, the NEWSIES raise their papers in defiance.)

NEWSIES

THERE'S CHANGE COMIN' ONCE AND FOR ALL
YOU'RE GETTIN' TOO OLD
TOO WEAK TO KEEP HOLDIN' ON
A NEW WORLD IS GUNNIN' FOR YOU
AND JOE, WE IS TOO
TILL ONCE AND FOR ALL YOU'RE GONE!

DAVEY

ONCE AND FOR ALL!

JACK

ONCE AND FOR ALL!

DAVEY, RACE, MIKE, IKE, MUSH

ONCE AND FOR ALL!

NEWSIES

ONCE AND FOR ALL!

(The sun rises as KATHERINE heads to her meeting, the Newsies Banner and Jack's drawings in hand.)

SCENE EIGHT: Pulitzer's Office, Next Morning

(The office is in full panic mode. HANNAH and BUNSEN scramble to answer phones as they continue to ring incessantly. PULITZER sits furiously at his desk.)

HANNAH

(into phone)

I'm sorry, Mr. Pulitzer will have to call you back.

BUNSEN

I'm sorry, but he'll have to call you back.

HANNAH

(next phone)

He can't talk. He'll call you back—

BUNSEN

I'm sorry, but he'll— I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

PULITZER

Silence those phones!!!

(HANNAH and BUNSEN remove the receivers from their cradles.)

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...

JACK

(offers up the Newsies Banner to PULITZER)

How we doin' this morning, gents?

PULITZER

You're behind this? We had a deal.

JACK

(tosses the bribe money on Pulitzer's desk)

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

(examining the article)

Did you read this, boss? These kids put out a pretty good paper. Very convincing.

PULITZER

No doubt written by my daughter.

JACK

(now reclining in an office chair)

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

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...

PULITZER

(taking measured steps toward JACK)

I made you the offer of a lifetime. Anyone who does not act in his own self-interest is a fool.

DAVEY

What's that make you? This all began because you wanted to sell more papers. But now your circulation is down seventy percent. 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.

(NEWSIES sing in Newsie Square below Pulitzer's office.)

#20B - Seize the Day (Reprise 2)

Newsies

NEWSIES

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEIZE THE DAY
STARE DOWN THE ODDS AND SEIZE THE DAY
MINUTE BY MINUTE
THAT'S HOW YOU WIN IT
WE WILL FIND A WAY

(NEWSIES)

BUT LET US SEIZE THE DAY

(The NEWSIES continue to hum as a drum beats steadily.)

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. Paralyzed. You can't get a paper or a shoe shine. You can't send a message or ride an elevator or cross the Brooklyn Bridge. You can't even leave your own building. So, what's your next move?

(BUNSEN rushes back into the room in a tizzy.)

BUNSEN

Mr. Pulitzer, the Mayor is here along with your daughter and... oh, you're not going to believe who else!

(In walk the MAYOR, KATHERINE, MEDDA, and GOVERNOR TEDDY ROOSEVELT.)

MAYOR

Good morning, Mr. Pulitzer. I think you know the Governor.

PULITZER

Governor Roosevelt?

ROOSEVELT

Joseph, Joseph, Joseph. What have you done now?

PULITZER

I'm certain when you hear my explanation -

ROOSEVELT

Thanks to Miss Medda Larkin bringing your daughter to my office, I already have a thorough grasp of the situation - graphic illustrations included.

(brandishes Jack's drawings)

Bully is the expression I usually employ to show approval. But in your case I simply mean bully!

(to KATHERINE, referring to JACK)

And is this the boy of whom you spoke?

(to JACK)

How are you, son? I'm told we once shared a carriage ride.

Pleasure's mine, Mr. Governor.

ROOSEVELT

(to PULITZER)

Well, Joe, don't just stand there letting those children sing endlessly. Give them the good news.

PULITZER

What good news?

ROOSEVELT

That you've come to your senses and rolled back prices. Unless, of course, you want to invite a full state senate investigation into your employment practices.

PULITZER

(red with anger)

You wouldn't—

ROOSEVELT

After the pressure you wielded to keep me from office? I'd do it with a smile. Come along, Joseph. There's only one thing worse than a hard heart, and that's a soft head.

(PULITZER growls and postures.)

And think of the happiness you'll bring those children.

(to KATHERINE)

He doesn't do happiness, does he?

PULITZER

(cornered, shifting tactics)

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

(The OTHERS withdraw from the room.)

ROOSEVELT

(to JACK)

Keep your eyes on the stars, and your feet on the ground. You can do this.

(ROOSEVELT exits. JACK and PULITZER are alone.)

PULITZER

I cannot put the price back where it was.

(JACK starts to move away.)

(PULITZER)

I'm sorry, I can't. There are other considerations —

JACK

I get it. You need to save face 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 others 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

That's never been on the table! What's to stop newsies from taking hundreds of papers they can't sell? My costs will explode!

JACK

No newsie is gonna break his back haulin' around papes he 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

Just the price of doin' business.

(PULITZER spits in his hand. JACK grabs it and shakes. The deal has been sealed!)

(As the scene restores to Newsie Square, the NEWSIES gather with signs and placards.)

NEWSIES

AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW
WE BEEN KEEPIN' SCORE
EITHER THEY GIVES US OUR RIGHTS
OR WE GIVES THEM A WAR
WE BEEN DOWN TOO LONG
AND WE PAID OUR DUES
AND THE THINGS WE DO TODAY
WILL BE TOMORROW'S NEWS

AND THE DIE IS CAST
AND THE TORCH IS PASSED

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND A ROAR WILL RISE...

NEWSIES GROUP 2

... FROM THE STREETS BELOW

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND OUR RANKS WILL GROW

NEWSIES

AND GROW AND GROW
AND GROW AND GROW
AND GROW AND...

(JACK, KATHERINE, MEDDA, SPOT, DAVEY, ROOSEVELT, and PULITZER come out to the square. PULITZER, ROOSEVELT, and JACK mount a raised platform to address the CROWD.)

JACK

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

(The CROWD roars. JACK quiets them.)

And now I'd like to introduce my own personal pal, Governor Theodore Roosevelt himself!!!

(The CROWD cheers.)

ROOSEVELT

(recognizing this historical moment)

Each generation must, at the height of its power, step aside and invite the young to share the day. You have laid claim to our world and I believe the future, in your hands, will be bright and prosperous.

(turning to JACK)

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

(signalling offstage)

Officers, if you please.

(A police whistle sounds. CRUTCHIE appears, blowing the whistle and waving.)

RACE

Hey lookit, Jack. It's Crutchie!

NEWSIES

(ad lib)

Crutchie!

CRUTCHIE

Hiya, fellas. You miss me?

NEWSIES

(ad lib)

Yeah. Sure. Ain't been the same without ya.

CRUTCHIE

And lookit what I got yis: a gift straight from The Refuge.

(calling offstage)

Bring him in, fellas!

(Two POLICEMEN enter with SNYDER between them.)

RACE

It's Snyder the Spider!

MUSH

He ain't lookin' so tough no more, is he?

ROOSEVELT

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

(to a POLICEMAN)

Officer, take him away.

CRUTCHIE

(to ROOSEVELT)

Please, Your Highness... may I do the honors?

(ROOSEVELT gives him the approval. CRUTCHIE slaps handcuffs onto SNYDER.)

SNYDER

You've got to be joking.

CRUTCHIE

And you'll be laughing all the way to the pen, "little man."

(CRUTCHIE gives SNYDER a kick in the rear.)

So long, sucker!

JACK

Thank you, Governor.

(JACK races down to embrace CRUTCHIE. PULITZER steps forward, snatching Jack's drawings away from ROOSEVELT.)

PULITZER

(to JACK)

I can't help thinking... 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?

(to ROOSEVELT)

What do you say, Teddy? Care to have this young man's artistry shine a lantern behind your closed doors?

JACK

Don't sweat it, Gov. With the strike settled, I probably should be hitting the road.

(DAVEY and KATHERINE move towards JACK.)

DAVEY

Don't you ever get tired of singing that same old tune? 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.

PULITZER

(bellowing from above)

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

(WIESEL and the DELANCEYS open the distribution window as PULITZER exits.)

WIESEL

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

MEDDA

(exiting with ROOSEVELT)

Come along, Governor, and show me the back seat I've been hearing so much about.

KATHERINE

(teasing JACK)

Well, don't just stand there, you've got a union to run. Besides, didn't someone just offer you a pretty exciting job?

JACK

Me work for you father?

KATHERINE

You already work for my father.

JACK

Oh, yeah.

KATHERINE

And you've got one more ace up your sleeve.

JACK

What would that be?

KATHERINE

Me. Wherever you go, I'm there right by your side.

JACK

For sure?

KATHERINE

For sure.

JACK

DON'T TAKE MUCH TO BE A DREAMER:
ALL YOU DO IS CLOSE YOUR EYES
BUT SOME MADE-UP WORLD IS ALL YOU EVER SEE

(JACK)

-111-

NOW MY EYES IS FIN'LLY OPEN
AND MY DREAMS, THEY'S AV'RAGE SIZE
BUT THEY DON'T MUCH MATTER IF YOU AIN'T WITH ME

(JACK grabs KATHERINE in an embrace and they kiss.)

LES

(pointing at the public display of affection)

Guys!

(The NEWSIES catcall and whistle their approval.)

DAVEY

Well, Jack... you in or you out?

(JACK leaves KATHERINE. With a big smile, he approaches WIESEL, slaps his money down on the counter, and snatches up his papes.)

#21A - Finale Ultimo (Part 2)

Company

COMPANY

WE'LL ALL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER, MAN TO MAN!
WE'RE ALWAYS OUT THERE
SOAKIN' EV'RY SUCKER THAT WE CAN
HERE'S THE HEADLINE: "NEWSIES ON A MISSION!"
KILL THE COMPETITION!
SELL THE NEXT EDITION!
WE'LL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
SEE US OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
ALWAYS OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!

LOOK AT ME:
I'M THE KING OF NEW YORK!
SUDDENLY
I'M RESPECTABLE
STARIN' RIGHT AT'CHA
LOUSY WITH STA'CHA

(COMPANY)

-112-

GLORY BE!
I'M THE KING OF NEW YORK!
VICTORY!
FRONT PAGE STORY
GUTS AND GLORY
I'M THE KING... OF NEW YORK!

(End of play.)

#22 - Bows

#23 - Exit Music