

Soul Dance Arts
Proudly Presents

NEWSIES

THURS MAY 22ND - SUN MAY 25TH 2025
GARTER LANE ARTS CENTRE

NAME	CHARACTER

NEWSIES

SCENES and MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

- Overture

Prologue: Rooftop, Dawn

- Santa Fe (Prologue)

Scene One: Newsie Square

- Carrying the Banner
- Carrying the Banner (Tag)

Scene Two: Pulitzer's Office

- Carrying the Banner (Reprise)

Scene Three: A Street Corner

Scene Four: Medda's Theatre

- Just A Pretty Face
- I Never Planned On You /
Don't Come a-Knocking

Scene Five: Newsie Square, Next Morning

- The World Will Know

Scene Six: Jacobi's Deli, Afternoon

- The World Will Know (Reprise)

Scene Seven: Katherine's Office

- Watch What Happens

Scene Eight: Newsie Square, Next Morning

- Seize The Day
- Seize The Day (Tag)

Scene Nine: Rooftop

- Santa Fe

ACT TWO

- Entr'acte

Scene One: Jacobi's Deli, Next Morning

- King of New York

Scene Two: The Refuge

- Letter From The Refuge

Scene Three: Medda's Theatre

- That's Right

Scene Four: Pulitzer's Office & Cellar

- The Bottom Line
- Brooklyn's Here

Scene Five: Brooklyn Bridge & Medda's Theatre

- High Times, Hard Times

Scene Six: Rooftop, Night

- Something to Believe In

Scene Seven: Pulitzer's Cellar

- Seize The Day (Reprise)
- Once and For All

Scene Eight: Pulitzer's Office, Next Morning

- Seize The Day (Reprise 2)

Scene Nine: Newsie Square

- Finale Ultimo
- Curtain Call

NEWSIES

ACT ONE

MUSIC: OVERTURE

PROLOGUE: ALLEY ABOVE NEWSIE SQUARE

(JACK, a charismatic boy, stands overlooking the streets below. Using a broken pencil and piece of yesterday's newspaper, he sketches a landscape from his imagination. CRUTCHIE, a scrappy kid who walks with the aid of a wooden crutch, sleeps peacefully beside him. CRUTCHIE stirs.)

JACK: Hey, Cruchie, 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 to see; I ain't been walkin' so good.

JACK: Quit gripin'. You know how many newsies 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.

JACK: Don't worry about nuthin'. I got your back. Just 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.

SONG: SANTA FE (PROLOGUE)

THEY SAY FOLKS IS DYIN' TO GET HERE.
 ME I'M DYING 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 MADE OUTTA CLAY.
 WHY, THE MINUTE THAT YOU GET THERE FOLKS'LL WALK RIGHT UP AND SAY,
 "WELCOME HOME, SON, WELCOME HOME TO SANTA FE!"
 PLANTIN' CROPS, SPLITTIN' RAILS, SWAPPIN' TALES AROUND THE FIRE,
 'CEPT FOR SUNDAY, WHEN YOU LIE AROUND ALL DAY.
 SOON YOUR FRIENDS ARE MORE LIKE FAMILY,
 AND THEY'S BEGGIN' YOU TO STAY!
 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 lose that crutch for good.

JACK & CRUTCHIE

SANTA FE, YOU CAN BET WE WON'T LET THEM OLD GUYS BEAT US.
 WE WON'T BEG NO ONE TO TREAT US FAIR AND SQUARE.
 THERE'S A LIFE THAT'S WORTH 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

WATCH ME STAND!
 WATCH ME RUN...

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

JACK: Hey. Hey...

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

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT WE'RE A FAMILY?

WOULD I LET YA DOWN?

NO WAY!

JUST HOLD ON, KID, TILL THAT TRAIN MAKES SANTA FE.

MUSIC: SIX O'CLOCK

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

JACK: Time for dreamin's done. *(JACK takes CRUTCHIE'S crutch and bangs it on the fire escape metal, sounding an alarm.)* Hey! Specs, Buttons, Race, Jojo, Muriel! Get a move on! Them papes don't sell themselves!

MUSIC: PROLOGUE PLAYOFF

SCENE ONE: NEWSIE SQUARE

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

RACE: Hey, sleeping beauty! You heard Jack. Get a move on.

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

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

RACE: A pretty girl?

ROMEO: Even better!

BUTTONS: What was it this time?

ROMEO: A leg of lamb!

SONG: CARRYING THE BANNER

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

RACE: Hey! That's my cigar!

FINCH

YOU'LL STEAL ANOTHER.

MURIEL

(Referring to the other BOYS)

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

JOJO

I THOUGHT THAT I'D SURPRISE MY MOTHER.

MURIEL: If you can find her.

NEWSIES: Who asked you?

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

RACE & MURIEL

FROM BOTTLE ALLEY TO THE HARBOUR, THERE'S EASY PICKIN'S GUARANTEED.

MURIEL

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

JACK, CRUTCHIE & MURIEL

LONG AS SUCKERS DON'T MIND PAYIN'
JUST TO GET BAD NEWS!

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 friend. JOJO spots her and starts towards her, but JACK sees her too.)

JOJO: Well, hello, hello, hello, beautiful.

JACK: Step back, Jojo. Nothin' what concerns you here. *(moves JOJO 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.)

PIGTAILS: Back to the bench slugger. You struck out.

JACK: *(Feigning pain)* I'm crushed.

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

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

SPECS: 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 & MURIEL

IT TAKES AN ORPHAN WITH A STUTTER,

JOJO

WHO'S ALSO BLIND-

JOJO & RACE

AND MUTE-

JOJO, RACE, MURIEL, FINCH

AND DEAD!

JACK & CRUTCHIE

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

JACK, CRUTCHIE, BUTTONS, ROMEO, & MURIEL

START OUT SWEATIN', END UP SNEZIN',

NEWSIES

IN BETWEEN IT POURS!

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 group 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.

RACE: Thanks for the grub, Sistuh.

NUN 1: Race, when are we going to see you inside the church?

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

CRUTCHIE & MURIEL

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

NUNS

BLESSED CHILDREN
AH

JESUS LOVES YOU
AH

(Simultaneously with MURIEL and NUNS:)

FINCH

JUST GIVE ME HALF A CUP

PIGTAILS

SOMETHING TO WAKE ME UP

BUTTONS

I GOTTA FIND AN ANGLE.
IT'S GETTING BAD OUT THERE.

ROMEO

PAPERS IS ALL I GOT.

FINCH

IT'S EIGHTY-EIGHT DEGREES.

SEPCS

JACK SAYS TO CHANGE MY SPOT.

PIGTAILS & JOJO

WISH I COULD CATCH A BREEZE.

ROMEO

MAYBE IT'S WORTH A SHOT.

SPECS, FINCH & RACE

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, MURIEL, PIGTAILS, RACE & ROMEO

'CAUSE AT TWO FOR A PENNY,
IF I TAKE TOO MANY
WEASEL JUST MAKES ME EAT 'EM AFTA.

NEWSIES GROUP 1

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
WHO KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A
NEWSIE'S DAY

NEWSIES GROUP 2

I DO, TOO!
SO IT MUST BE TRUE!

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

NEWSIES

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

FINCH

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 GET 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 DESERVE 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.)

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

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

RACE: Please be murder, please be a murder!

(The NEWSIES watch in anticipation the headline emerges... "TROLLEY STRIKE ENTERS THIRD WEEK.")

MURIEL: The trolley strike? Not again!

RACE: Three weeks of the same story.

BUTTONS: They're killin' us with that snoozer.

JOJO: I was hopin' to eat today.

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

OSCAR: Make way. Step aside.

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

MURIEL &

RACE: Or could it be...

NEWSIES: ...the Delancey brothers.

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

OSCAR: So? It's honest work.

RACE: But crackin' the heads of defenseless workers?

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

PIGTAILS: Ain't your father one of the strikers?

MORRIS: Guess he didn't take care of me! *(As if to make his point, OSCAR trips CRUTCHIE up and he falls to the ground.)*

OSCAR: 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, Oscar.

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 walking stick and smacks the DELANCEYS in the shins, knocking them both to the ground.)

MORRIS: 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 front 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 point of the World. WIESEL, an ill-tempered, rumpled man, appears with the DELANCEYS to collect the money and distribute the papers to the NEWSIES.)

WIESEL: Papers for the Newsies! Line up!

JACK: Good morning, Weasel. Did you miss me?

WIESEL: That's Wise-el.

JACK: Ain't that what I said? *(Slapping money down.)* I'll take the usual.

WIESEL: A hundred papes for the wise guy.

(OSCAR hands over the papers and RACE moves up)

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?

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: Hey! I'm new too!

JOJO: 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: 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. JoJo, lemme see your money.

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

WIESEL: You think I could?

JOJO: Sure. Buy a ticket, they let anyone in.

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

(EVERYONE freezes and watches. JACK swoops in and quickly counts the papers.)

WIESEL: Beat it!

DAVEY: I just want what I paid for.

OSCAR: Hey!

MORRIS: He said beat it! *(The DELANCEYS start to crack their knuckles.)*

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. And I'm Charlie - but friends call me Crutch.

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 face could sell a thousand papes a week. (to LES) Look sad, kid. (LES makes a sad face.) We're gonna make millions.

LES: I'm Les. And this is my brother Davey.

JACK: Nice to meet ya, Davey. My two bits come off the top, and 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: 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 getting' any younger!

SONG: CARRYING THE BANNER (TAG)

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!

SCENE TWO: PULITZER'S OFFICE

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

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

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

PULITZER: Whoever said, "war is a tragedy", wasn't trying to sell newspapers.

HANNAH: 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: Big photos attract readers.

PULITZER: Do you know what big photos cost?

HANNAH: But without flashy photos or headlines, how are we supposed to sell more papers.

PULITZER: We don't sell papers - newsies sell papers.

SEITZ: That's brilliant! Right now, we charge the newsies fifty cents for a hundred papers.

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

SEITZ: A mere tenth of a penny per paper... Every newsie would have to sell a hundred... and twenty five papers to earn the same amount.

PULITZER: Exactly! And my circulation would grow!

HANNAH: What if we gave them an incentive to sell more papers, like a bonus?

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

SEITZ: You're a kingmaker. An inspiration! A role model for the young and destitute.

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

PULITZER: Nonsense. This is a real life lesson in economics. I couldn't offer them a better education if they were my own. In a week's time the newsies will be working twice as hard and they'll be twice as proud of themselves. They'll thank me for this someday!

HANNAH: Yeah... someday...

PULITZER: The price for the newsies goes up in the morning!

(HANNAH and SEITZ rush out to implement the boss's order. PULITZER smiles as he exits.)

SONG: CARRYING THE BANNER (REPRISE)

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 shifts to...)

SCENE THREE: STREET

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

DAVEY: Paper. Paper. Evenin' pape here.

JACK: Sing 'em to sleep why dontcha? *(Snatches a paper from DAVEY and hawks it.)* Extra! Extra! Terrified flight from burnin' inferno! You heard the story right here!

(A COSTUMER snatches the paper from JACK, hands him a coin)

JACK: Thanks!

DAVEY: You just made that up.

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

DAVEY: My father taught us not to lie.

JACK: And mine taught me not to starve.

(LES comes up empty-handed.)

LES: Hey! I 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 and SALLY passing by, and puts the saddest look on his face.)* Buy a paper from a poor orphan boy?

(LES coughs gently. The WOMAN quickly takes pity on LES and hands her a dime to purchase a newspaper. She exits as LES rejoices with his sale)

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 again a building. He seems excited to have spotted the boy.)

JACK: So's how about we divvy up the money, grab some chow, then find you's somewhere save to spend the night?

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

JACK: Ya got folks, huh?

LES: Doesn't everybody?

DAVEY: 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 has been slowly moving toward the BOYS. LES spots them and points.)

MUSIC: CHASE

LES: Is that the guy you're meetin'? *(JACK looks up and sees SNYDER.)*

SNYDER: Kelly!

JACK: *(grabbing LES)* Run for it!

SNYDER: You get back here Jack 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 THEATRE

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 to 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. Three showgirls, the BOWERY BEAUTIES, get ready for the performance.)

MEDDA: Hey! No kids allowed in the theater.

JACK: Not even me, Miss Medda?

MEDDA: *(recognising 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: the greatest star on the Bowery today. She also owns the joint.

MEDDA: The only thing I own is a mortgage. Pleasure, gents. And these amazing young ladies are the Bowery Brigade, hardest workin' artistes in the city. Say hello, girls.

BOWERY

BRIGADE: *(In perfect unison.)* Hello!

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: *(Pointing at the SHOWGIRLS)* Are you blind? I can see her legs!

DAVEY: That's her costume.

MEDDA: *(to DAVEY)* Step out of his way so's he can get a better look. Theater's not only entertaining, it's educational. 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 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 offstage)* 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?

MEDDA: Your friend is quite an artist.

JACK: I 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.

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

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

SONG: JUST A PRETTY FACE

MEDDA

DEAR FATHER SAID I, WON'T YOU TELL ME
THE WONDERS MY FUTURE MAY HOLD
SAID HE, DEBORAH SUE, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU
YOU ARE DAME AND DAMES DO WHAT THEY'RE TOLD
HE THOUGHT GIRLS SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD
BUT I'M PLANNING TO HAVE THE LAST WORD

I'M MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE
DON'T TRY TO KEEP ME IN MY PLACE
YOU THINK THERE'S ALL THESE BIG THINGS LADIES CAN'T DO

(MEDDA)

OR IS IT THAT YOU'RE SCARED WE DO EM' BETTER THAN YOU

I'M GONNA TAKE MY TURN AT BAT
THERE'S LOT'S OF WAYS TO SKIN A RAT
GEORGE WASHINGTON FOUND GLORY FROM THE ARMIES HE LED
BUT LOOK WHAT BETSY ROSS DID WITH A NEEDLE AND THREAD
SO DON'T BE FOOLED BUY THE POWDER AND LACE
I'M MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE

BOWERY BEAUTIES

SHE'S MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE
DON'T TRY TO PUT HER IN HER PLACE

MEDDA

GIRLS, LET'S BE FAIR:
MEN CAN DO CERTAIN THINGS RIGHT

ROSE

LIKE BURPING ALL THROUGH DINNER
AND THEN SNORING ALL NIGHT

BOWERY BEAUTIES

WE'RE SAD TO SEE YOUR BUBBLE BURST
BUT STARTING NOW IT'S LADIES FIRST

ROSE

HERE COME THE WOMEN DOCTORS

ADA

AND REPORTERS AND COPS

MEDDA

WE WON'T HAVE TIME FOR HOUSEWORK
BUT WE'LL LEND YOU OUR MOPS

BOWERY BEAUTIES

CAUSE I AM SIMPLY TAKING UP SPACE
I'M MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE

MEDDA

THOUGH THAT'S INCLUDED

BOWERY BEAUTIES

MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE

MEDDA

SEE YOU IN CONGRESS

BOWERY BEAUTIES

MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE

(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.)

SONG: I NEVER PLANNED ON YOU / DON'T COME A KNOCKING

MEDDA: And now ladies and 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) 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 loud) Do you mind!?

MEDDA: (Hollering up to JACK and KATHERINE) You two 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 in his pocket and begins to sketch of portrait of her. The image of the drawing appears in projections behind them.)

JACK

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,
TILL I FIND SOMEONE NEW,
BUT I NEVER PLANNED ON SOMEONE 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.)

MUSIC: TO NEWSIE SQUARE

SCENE FIVE: NEWSIE SQUARE, THE NEXT MORNING

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

JOJO: They was Coronas!

LES: We have a father too.

SPECS: A mudder and a fodder.

RACE: *(Using the wrong word)* Ain't we the hoi polloi?

LES: So, how's it going today?

CRUTCHIE: Ask me after they put up the headline. *(CRUTCHIE looks up to read it.)* Here it comes now. "New Newsie Price: Sixty Cents Per Hundred."

MURIEL: What'd you say?

(The NEWSIES begin to take notice.)

DAVEY: Is that news?

MURIEL: Wait til Jack hears about this - he's gonna lose it!

(JACK arrives.)

JACK: What're you all standin' around for?

CRUTCHIE: Get a load of this, Jack.

MURIEL: Like Pulitzer don't make enough already?

(WIESEL enters with his papers.)

WIESEL: Papes for the Newsies.

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

WIESEL: A hundred'll cost ya sixty.

JACK: That's highway robbery! We'll take a hike over to the Journal or the Sun!

NEWSIES: YEAH!!!

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

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

CRUTICHIE: 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, everybody.

(The NEWSIES huddle together as a gang.)

BUTTONS: They can't just do that, can they?

RACE: Why not? It's their paper.

CRUTCHIE: It's their world.

PIGTAILS: Ain't we got no rights?

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

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

BUTTONS: You got a idea?

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.

RACE: 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 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.

ROMEO: Like what?

DAVEY: Like membership.

JACK: What do you call these guys?

DAVEY: And officers.

CRUTCHIE: I nominate Jack President!

(The NEWSIES cheer their approval.)

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!!!!!!

SONG: THE WORLD WILL KNOW

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: 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: That's right, we do! *(To DAVEY, a bit hushed.)* What do we tell 'em?

DAVEY: The newspaper owners need to respect your rights as employees.

JACK: *(Loudly to the group.)* 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.

NEWSIES: Yeah!

JACK

PULITZER AND HEARST, THEY THINK WE'RE NOTHING'.
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 papas?

BUTTONS: Just let 'em try!

DAVEY: No! We can't beat up on the 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!

CRUTCHIE

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

NEWSIES

YEAH!

JACK & CRUTCHIE

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

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

JACK, CRUTCHIE & 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.

CRUTCHIE & DAVEY

WHEN THE CIRCULATION BELL STARTS RINGING,
WILL WE HEAR IT?

NEWSIES

NO!

JACK

WHAT IF THE DELANCEY'S 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.
AND WE GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO SEE IT THROUGH,

MURIEL

AND WE FOUND OUR VOICE,

JOJO & 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 down "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

PULTIZER 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.

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...

AND OUR RANKS WILL GROW...

AND GROW

NEWSIES GROUP 2

FROM THE STREETS BELOW,

AND GROW

NEWSIES

AND SO THE WORLD WILL FEEL THE FIRE AND FINALLY KNOW!
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! EVERYDAY WE WAIT
IS A DAY WE LOSE!

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND THIS AIN'T FOR FUN!

AND WE'LL FIGHT 'EM TOE

TO TOE!

NEWSIES GROUP 2

AND IT AIN'T FOR SHOW!

TO TOE

NEWSIES

AND JOE,
YOUR WORLD WILL FEEL THE FIRE
AND FINALLY,
FINALLY KNOW!

SCENE SIX: JACOBI'S DELI / A STREET CORNER

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

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

SPECS: Over here.

MS. JACOBI: And that'll be two cents.

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

MS. 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.)

RACE: I don't know what any of that means, 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.

ROMEO: I'll take Harlem.

RACE: I got midtown.

JOJO: I got the Bronx.

JACK: Specs, you take Queens. Buttons, 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: Fine. Me and Davey will take Brooklyn.

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

KATHERINE: 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 papers in my time and I ain't never noted no girl reporters writing hard news.

KATHERINE: Wake up to the new century, Mr Kelly. The game's changing. How about an exclusive interview?

JACK: What's the last news story you wrote?

KATHERINE: What's the last strike you organised?

ROMEO: *(pushing his way in)* You're out of your league, Kelly. Methinks the lady needs to 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: *(Almost angry)* You see somebody else giving you the time of day? *(desperate)* Alright, 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 you I'll get you the space.

CRUTCHIE: You 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.

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

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

SONG: THE WORLD WILL KNOW (REPRISE)

ROMEO: 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.
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...

AND OUR RANKS WILL GROW...

AND GROW

NEWSIES GROUP 2

FROM THE STREETS BELOW,

AND GROW

NEWSIES

AND SO THE WORLD WILL FEEL THE FIRE AND FINALLY KNOW!

DAVEY: Come on, Les. The folks are waiting.

LES: Aww, what are we gonna say to Mom and Pop when we come back with no money?

DAVEY: I guess some things are worth fighting for. Jack, I'll meet you back here to head to Brooklyn.

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

KATHERINE: So, what's your story? Selling newspapers to work your way through art school?

JACK: Art school? Are you kiddin' me?

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

SONG: WATCH WHAT HAPPENS

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." No pressure... *(typing)* "Newsies Stop The World." A little hyperbole never hurt anyone. *(Typing again)* "With all eyes fixed on the trolley strike, there's another battle brewing in the city..." *(pulls the paper out of the typewriter and rips it up)*... and if I could just write about it... *(puts a fresh piece of paper in the typewriter)* Come on Katherine, the kids are counting on you. Oh, you poor kids.

WRITE WHAT YOU KNOW SO THEY SAY,
ALL I KNOW IS I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO WRITE
OR THE RIGHT WAY TO WRITE IT
THIS IS BIG, LADY, DON'T SCREW IT UP
THIS IS NOT SOME LITTLE VAUDEVILLE I'M REVIEWING

POOR LITTLE KIDS VERSUS RICH GREEDY SOUR PUSSES
HA! IT'S A CINCH! IT COULD PRACTICALLY 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 A 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 CENTRE STAGE, YOU WATCH WHAT HAPPENS
AND WHO'S THERE WITH HER CAMERA AND HER PEN
AS BOYS TURN INTO MEN
THEY'LL STORM THE GATES AND THEN
JUST WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY DO!

KATHERINE: *(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!

(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!

MUSIC: WATCH WHAT HAPPENS PLAYOFF

SCENE EIGHT: NEWSIE SQUARE, NEXT MORNING

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

DAVEY: Is anyone else coming?

JACK: Don't got a clue.

RACE: Youse seen Spot Conlon, right? What'd she say?

JACK: Sure we seen her.

DAVEY: Her and about twenty of her gang.

JACK: And I gotta say, Spot was very impressed. Wasn't she?

DAVEY: I'd say.

RACE: So 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—

ROMEO: 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.

LES: Are we doing the right thing?

DAVEY: Sure we are.

RACE: Maybe we put this off a couple a 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.

SONG: SEIZE THE DAY

JACK: 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.

MURIEL: 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. 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?

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: *(call up to chalkboard platform)* Hey Specs, any sign of reinforcements? *(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.)

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 THE PRAYER BECOMES A VOW,

JACK

AND THE STRIKE STARTS HERE AND NOW!

(The circulation bell rings again. WIESEL enters with bundles of papers.)

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. 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. What do you think?

FINCH: 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!

JOJO: 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 youse 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 slaughterhouse in this town, I beg you... throw down your papers and join the strike.

LES: Please?

(The three SCABS throws down their papers.)

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!

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!

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.)

NEWSIES

NOW IS THE TIME TO SEIZE THE DAY!
THEY'RE GONNA SEE THEY'LL HAVE 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 PHOTOGRAPHER, who shoots a triumphant photo of JACK, DAVEY, LES, and the NEWSIES. The ecstatic NEWSIES toss newspapers all over the square.)

SONG: SEIZE THE DAY (TAG)

NEWSIES

NEWSIES FOREVER! SECOND TO NONE!
ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR...ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR...

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

MUSIC: THE FIGHT

WIESEL: Time these kids learned a lesson.

(The POLICE OFFICERS advance.)

JACK: Newsies - it's the bulls!

(The NEWSIES are helpless; many take flight.)

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

CRUTCHIE: The newsies need you, Jack. Get outta here. I'll hold 'em off!
(CRUTCHIE bends down and trips MORRIS with the crutch. MORRIS falls.) Whatsa mattah, Morris? Can't stay on your feet? *(turns to JACK)* Run, Jack! Run!!! I got this!

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

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

(JACK watches as a POLICE OFFICER drags off CRUTCHIE)

JACK: NO!!

CRUTCHIE: Jack! Run!

SNYDER: Jack Kelly! You get back here!

(Distraught and scared, JACK runs away. SNYDER exits after JACK followed by WIESEL and the DELANCEY BROTHERS.)

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.)

SONG: SANTA FE**JACK**

FOLKS, WE FINALLY GOT OUR HEADLINE
"NEWSIES CRUSHED AS BULLS ATTACK"
CRUTCHIE'S CALLING ME
POOR CRIP'S JUST MOVES TOO SLOW
GUYS ARE FIGHTIN', BLEEDIN', FALLIN'
THANKS TO GOOD OLE' CAPTAIN JACK
CAPTAIN JACK JUST WANTS TO CLOSE HIS EYES AND GO!

LET ME GO FAR AWAY
SOMEWHERE THEY WON'T EVER FIND ME
AND TOMORROW WON'T REMIND ME OF TODAY
AND THE CITY'S FINALLY SLEEPIN'
AND THE MOON LOOKS OLD AND GREY
I GET ON A TRAIN THAT'S BOUND FOR SANTA FE

AND I'M GONE
AND I'M DONE
NO MORE RUNNING, NO MORE LYING
NO MORE FAT OLD MAN DENYING 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 LIVING
TRAPPED WHERE THERE AIN'T NO FUTURE
EVEN AT SEVENTEEN!
BREAKING YOUR BACK FOR SOMEONE ELSE'S SAKE!
IF THE LIFE DON'T SEEM TO SUIT YA,
HOW ABOUT 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 DREAMING

(JACK)

THOUGH I KNOW THAT'S ALL I SEEM INCLINED TO DO I
AIN'T GETTING 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 ASKING
NOT SOME PAINTING IN MY HEAD
CAUSE I'M DEAD IF I CAN'T COUNT ON YOU TODAY
I GOT NOTHING IF I AIN'T GOT SANTA FE!

(End of Act One.)

NEWSIES

ACT TWO

MUSIC: ENTR'ACTE

SCENE ONE: JACOBI'S DELI, NEXT MORNING

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

MS. JACOBI: Drink up! 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.

(As MS. JACOBI exits, KATHERINE arrives with a newspaper.)

KATHERINE: Good morning, everyone. Would you get a load of these glum mugs? Can these really be the same newsies 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! Lemme see! Would you lookit? Dat's me! Dat's me!

BUTTONS: Front page and you ain't even dead.

ROMEO: Where's me? Where's me?

PIGTAILS: 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 the pape?

KATHERINE: You got yourself in the pape.

RACE: "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?

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

LES: Jack don't run from no fight!

ROMEO: 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!

MURIEL: What of it?

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

MURIEL: Your what?

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

MURIEL: How much does bein' famous pay?

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

MURIEL: Such as...?

SONG: KING OF NEW YORK

RACE

A PAIR OF NEW SHOES WITH MATCHIN' LACES

FINCH

A PERMANENT BOX AT THE SHEEPSHEAD RACES..

MURIEL

PASTRAMI ON RYE WITH A SOUR PICKLE...

LES

MY PERSONAL PUSS ON A WOODEN NICKLE..

RACE

LOOK AT ME: I'M THE KING OF NEW YORK!

RACE & MURIEL

SUDDENLY I'M RESPECTABLE,
STARING RIGHT AT' CHA, LOUSY WITH STA'CHA.

FINCH & MURIEL

NOBBIN' WITH ALL THE MUCKETY- MUCKS,

(FINCH & MURIEL)

I'M BLOWING MY DOUGH AND GOIN' DELUXE.

RACE

AND THERE I BE! AIN'T I PRETTY?

RACE & MURIEL

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...

ROMEO & FINCH

A BARBERSHOP HAIRCUT THAT COSTS A QUARTER...

DAVEY

(indicating KATHERINE)

A REGULAR BEAT FOR THE STAR REPORTER!

RACE

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,

MURIEL

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 YOUR 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 in the deli.)

KATHERINE & NEWSIES

LOOK AT ME! I'M THE KING OF NEW YORK!
WAIT AND SEE:
THIS GONNA MAKE BOTH DELANCEYS PEE IN THEIR PANT-SIES.
FLASHPOTS ARE SHOOTIN' BRIGHT AS THE SUN!
I'M ONE HIHFALLUTIN' 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!

MUSIC: KING OF NEW YORK (TAG)

SCENE TWO: THE REFUGE

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

CRUTCHIE: Dear Jack. Greetings from The Refuge!

SONG: LETTER FROM THE REFUGE

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)

SLEEPING 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'VE GOT!
TIE A SHEET TO BED, TOSS THE END OUT THE WINDOW
CLIMB DOWN AND TAKE OFF LIKE A SHOT!
MAYBE THOUGH, NOT TONIGHT
I AIN'T SLEPT, AND MY LEG STILL AIN'T RIGHT!
BUT HEY, PULITZER! HE'S GOIN' DOWN!
THEN JACK, I WAS THINKING WE MIGHT
JUST GO, LIKE YOU WAS SAYIN'

(CRUTCHIE)

(daydreaming again)

WHERE IT'S CLEAN AND GREEN AND PRETTY
WITH NO BUILDINGS IN YOUR WAY
AND YOUR RIDING PALOMINOS, EVERY DAY!
ONCE THAT TRAIN MAKES...

(The KIDS wake up and shush CRUTCHIE.)

Damn this place

(back to reading)

I'LL BE FINE.
GOOD AS NEW
BUT THERE'S ONE THING I NEED YA TO DO
ON THE ROOFTOP YOU SAID THAT A FAM'LY LOOKS OUT FOR EACH OTHER
SO YOU TELL ALL THE FELLAS FROM 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!

MUSIC: LETTER FROM THE REFUGE PLAYOFF

SCENE THREE: MEDDA'S THEATRE

THEATRE

HOST: *(announcing MEDDA as she moves toward the stage)* Ladies and gentleman, please welcome the star of our show Miss Medda Larkin!

SONG: THAT'S RICH

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.

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 members)

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!
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,

(MEDDA)

'CAUSE THERE'S ONE THING YOU AIN'T
 THAT I'LL ALWAYS BE,
 AND HONEY, YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT,
 THAT'S RICH! THAT'S RICH! THAT'S RICH!

That's rich!

MEDDA: Ladies and Gentlemen - thank you one and all for supporting the Bowery Theatre. This afternoon's performance concludes our season. I would like to thank you all from the bottom of my heart. Thank you.

MUSIC: BOWERY EXIT

(Applause is heard from her audience as she begins to cross the stage, entering her 'backstage' area. JACK waits for her.)

JUNIOR

DANCER: Jeez Medda, that was a great season finale!

MEDDA: Thanks doll. What else would you expect from Miss Medda.

JUNIOR

DANCER: We only expect the best from you Medda. Ain't that right gang?

DANCERS: Right!

MEDDA: Now are you all just too sweet. So what is it you're looking for? I know you lot only compliment when you want something in return...

JUNIOR

DANCER: Well... we were hoping for next season we could get a raise...

DANCERS: Please???

MEDDA: You know what... for being so cute and asking so nicely... of course you can. No go on - get out of here. I have some business to attend to.

JUNIOR

DANCER: Thanks Miss Medda!

(MEDDA notices JACK.)

MEDDA: Mr. Kelly!

JACK: Hi Medda - that was a great show.

MEDDA: You are too kind. Here's everything I owe you for the first backdrop, plus the new 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. Thank you.

MEDDA: Just tell me 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 you're running away, nowhere's ever the right place.

(DAVEY, KATHERINE and LES enter as MEDDA exits.)

DAVEY: How 'bout lettin' a pal know you're alive? You been here this whole time? We couldn't find you...

JACK: Ever think I didn't wanna be found?

DAVEY: *(holds out the newspaper)* Hey! You see the pape? We're front page news, above the fold.

JACK: Good for you.

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

JACK: We got stomped into the ground.

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

LES: *(studying a backdrop)* Wow! Hey, Jack. Is this one of your paintings on the backdrop? Where's that supposed to be?

JACK: It's Santa Fe.

LES: It's beautiful.

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: Yeah he did... then he died.

DAVEY: Alright, back to business! We want to hold a rally – a citywide meeting where every Newsie gets a say and a vote. And we do it after working hours so no one loses a day's pay. Smart?

MUSIC: I'VE RUINED EVERYTHING

JACK: You don't get it! Do you? I've ruined everything! 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 down 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 now 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.

LES: Tell me how quitting does Crutchie any good?

KATHERINE: Jack please.

JACK: Fine. I'll think about it!

(KATHERINE, LES and DAVEY exit. JACK looks around and runs off in opposite direction.)

MUSIC: BACK TO PULLITZER'S OFFICE

SCENE FOUR: PULLITZER'S OFFICE & CELLAR, AFTERNOON

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

MAYOR: 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 the embarrassment if I could, but Miss Medda's Theater is private property.

SEITZ: 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 the first sentenced to my Refuge for loitering and vagrancy, but his total disregard for authority has made him a frequent visitor.

MAYOR: You called him a thief and escaped convict.

SNYDER: 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, are you, sweetheart?

KATHERINE: Jack, I—

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

(*SNYDER steps into sight.*)

SNYDER: Hello, Jack.

(*JACK 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?

SONG: THE BOTTOM LINE

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!

PULITZER: 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 FAMILY,
 BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE MINE
 BE GLAD YOU'RE ALIVE, BOY
 I'D SAY THAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE

LIKE THE PIED PIPER YOU KNEW WHAT TO PLAY
 TILL THOSE KIDS ALL BELIEVED YOU WERE RIGHT
 LUCKY FOR THEM ALL BUT ONE GOT AWAY
 THEY MAY NOT BE SO LUCKY TONIGHT

(The DELANCEYS deposit JACK in a dark space populated with nothing but a 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.

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

SONG: BROOKLYN'S HERE

SPOT: Come on Brooklyn!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES

NEWSIES NEED OUR HELP TODAY! (NEWSIES NEED OUR HELP TODAY)
 TELL 'EM BROOKLYN'S ON THEIR WAY! (TELL 'EM BROOKLYN'S ON THEIR WAY!)
 WE'RE FROM... (BROOKLYN!)
 WE ARE... (NEWSIES!)
 WE ARE... (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 YOU PAY BACK WITH SOME PAYBACK!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES

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 MEAN,

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND WHEN YA DO

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 2

WHEN YA DO

BROOKLYN NEWSIES GROUP 3

WHEN YA DO

BROOKLYN NEWSIES

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 NEWSIE

SO'S DA BRONX!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES

BROOKLYN'S HERE!
LOUD AND CLEAR

ALL

WE IS HERE!!

(The NEWSIES go crazy. LES is seated with SALLY. 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!

(CROWD cheers.)

DAVEY: Let's here it for Spot Conlon and Brooklyn!

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

JOJO: Hey Les, where's Jack?

ROMEO: Yeah Davey, where is 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.

DAVEY: Okay okay. So Jack'll be here any minute...

SPOT: So what's the big plan Davey...

FINCH: Yeah, come on Davey. What are we gonna do...

DAVEY: Emm... So... I guess...

SPOT: This guy ain't got a clue!

JOJO: Come on Davey, tell us something!

SONG: HIGH TIMES, HARD TIMES

MEDDA: Hey hey hey! Leave the boy alone. Didn't I tell you Jack'll be here soon.

HIGH TIMES, HARD TIMES
SOMETIMES THE LIVING IS SWEET
AND SOMETIMES THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT
BUT I ALWAYS LAND ON MY FEET
SO WHEN THERE'S DRY TIMES
I WAIT FOR HIGH TIMES AND THEN
I PUT ON MY BEST AND I STICK OUT MY CHEST
AND I'M OFF TO THE RACES AGAIN!

MY GOOD FRIEND THE MAYOR, HE CALLED ME TODAY
HE SAID ALL THE VOTERS ARE TURNING AWAY
"HELP ME," HE CRIED, "OR THEY'LL GIVE ME THE AXE!"
I SAID, "YOUR HONOR, YOU'VE GOT TO RELAX ..." EVERYBODY!

ALL

HIGH TIMES, HARD TIMES
SOMETIMES THE LIVING IS SWEET
AND SOMETIMES THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT
BUT I ALWAYS LAND ON MY FEET
SO WHEN THERE'S DRY TIMES
I WAIT FOR HIGH TIMES AND THEN
I PUT ON MY BEST AND I STICK OUT MY CHEST
AND I'M OFF TO THE RACES AGAIN!

MEDDA

SO YOUR OLD LADY DON'T LOVE YOU NO MORE
SO YOU'RE AFRAID THERE'S A WOLF AT YOUR DOOR
SO YOU GOT STREET RATS THAT SCREAM IN YOUR EAR

ALL

YOU WIN SOME, YOU LOSE SOME, MY DEAR!
OH, HIGH TIMES, HARD TIMES
SOMETIMES THE LIVING IS SWEET
AND SOMETIMES THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT
BUT I ALWAYS LAND ON MY FEET
SO WHEN THERE'S DRY TIMES
I WAIT FOR HIGH TIMES AND THEN
I PUT ON MY BEST AND I STICK OUT MY CHEST
AND I'M OFF TO THE RACES AGAIN!

MEDDA

I PUT ON MY BEST

NEWSIES

I PUT ON MY BEST

MEDDA

AND I STICK OUT MY CHEST

NEWSIES

I STICK OUT MY CHEST

MEDDA

AND I'M OFF

NEWSIES

AND I'M OFF

MEDDA

AND I'M OFF

NEWSIES

AND I'M OFF

MEDDA

AND I'M OFF

ALL

TO THE RACES AGAIN

NEWSIES: Gowan Davey! You can do it!

(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. *(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 the balcony.)

JACK: *(quieting the NEWSIES)* All right. Pulitzer raised the price of papes without so much as a word to us. That was a lousy thing to do. *(The NEWSIES cheer.)* So we got made 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. She 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: THE ROOFTOP**MUSIC: 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.

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 now what else we can do.

KATHERINE: Ah. But I do.

JACK: Oh, come one...

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)* I think 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: 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! 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.

SONG: SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN

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.

TIL 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 ALRIGHT, THAT'S ALRIGHT.
AND IF YOU'RE GONE TOMORROW,
WHAT WAS OURS STILL WILL BE.
I HAVE SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN,
NOW THAT I KNOW YOU BELIEVED IN ME.

JACK

WE WAS NEVER MEANT TO MEET,
AND THEN WE MEET, WHO KNOWS WHY.
ONE MORE STRANGER ON THE STREET.
JUST SOMEONE SWEET PASSIN' BY.

(JACK)

AN ANGEL COME 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.

BOTH

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

(JACK and KATHERINE kiss until JACK pulls away.)

JACK: If things were different...

KATHERINE: What, 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 am pretty scared of you.

KATHERINE: Don't be.

JACK

AND IF I'M GONE TOMORROW...

KATHERINE

WHAT WAS OURS STILL WILL BE.

BOTH

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

JACK

I HAVE SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN,

BOTH

NOW THAT I KNOW YOU BELIEVED IN ME.

(Lights fade as a drumbeat is heard.)

SCENE SEVEN: PULLITZER'S CELLAR**SONG: SEIZE THE DAY (REPRISE)**

(In the semi-darkness, the NEWSIES cross the stage, lanterns in hand, spreading the news to NY CITIZENS 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.)

JACK: The cellar of your dad's newspapers!

KATHERINE: The janitor's been working here since he was eight year sold and hasn't had a raise in twenty years. He's with us one-hundred percent. The old printing press is in here.

(DAVEY, RACE, and a few other NEWSIES pour in.)

JACK: *(to DAVEY)* You bring enough fellas to keep us covered?

DAVEY: We could hold a hoe-down in here with what we have and more are on the way.

JACK: Good job. Tell 'em to keep it quiet.

DAVEY: *(Spits in hand, offers it to JACK)* It's good to have you back again.

JACK: *(Spits in hand)* Let's do this.

(Three well-dressed kids, DOROTHY, MABEL and DARCY enter with more NEWSIES.)

KATHERINE: There she is, my father's very first printing press. 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.

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

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

KATHERINE: Jack, meet Darcy and Mabel. They know just about everything there is to know about printing.

JACK: You work for one of the papes?

MABEL: My father owns the Trib.

JACK: Whoa!

KATHERINE: And this is Dorothy. He'll be typesetting the article for us.

DOROTHY: It's a real pleasure, Mr Kelly.

RACE: Mr Kelly... ain't someone gone posh!

DARCY: Come on - let's get to work.

JACK: *(in awe)* Ain't that somethin'?

SONG: ONCE AND FOR ALL

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...?

(RACE takes his position at the window.)

JACK: After that it's up to them.

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 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

WRITE IT IN INK OR IN BLOOD,
IT'S THE SAME EITHER WAY:
THEY'RE GONNA HAVE TO PAY!

NEWSIES

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'RE 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.

(DOROTHY 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 EVERYDAY.
THIS IS FOR GUYS SWEATIN' BLOOD IN THE SHOPS
WHILE THE BOSSES AND COPS LOOK AWAY.
I'M SEEIN' KIDS STANDIN' TALL,
GLARING 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 WILL 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

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 GETTING 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, FINCH, ROMEO, BUTTONS

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.)

MUSIC: ONCE AND FOR ALL (PLAYOFF)

SCENE EIGHT: PULLITZER'S OFFICE, NEXT MORNING

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

HANNAH: *(into the phone)* I'm sorry, Mr. Pulitzer will have to call you back.

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

PULITZER: Silence those phones!!!

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

SEITZ: 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.)

SEITZ: You can't just barge in...

JACK: *(offers up the Newsies Banner to PULITZER)* How we doin' this morning?

PULITZER: You're behind this? We had a deal.

JACK: *(tosses 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.

SEITZ: *(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 employers.

SPOT: 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.

SPOT: Why didn't you just come talk to us?

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

SPOT: 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.

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

SPOT: You can't even leave your own building.

JACK: So, what's your next move?

PULITZER: *(cornered, shifting tactics)* Mr. Kelly, if I may speak to you...alone. *(The OTHERS withdraw from the room.)*

DAVEY: *(to JACK)* Keep your eyes on the stars, and your feet on the ground. You can do this.

(EVERYONE exits. JACK and PULITZER are alone.)

PULITZER: I cannot put the price back where it was. *(JACK starts to move away.)* 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: *(he thinks...)* 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... I believe it's a "compromise we can all live with."

PULITZER: *(calming)* That's not a bad head you've got on your shoulders.

JACK: Deal?

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

PULITZER: That's disgusting.

JACK: Just the price of doing business.

(PULITZER spits in his hand. JACK grabs it and shakes. Deal sealed.)

SCENE NINE: NEWSIE SQUARE**SONG: FINALE ULTIMO (PART 1)****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 cheers. KATHERINE holding JACK's drawings, enters with MEDDA and GOVERNOR TEDDY ROOSEVELT.)

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

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

JACK: *(stepping aside, mouth agape)* Wow... yes, sir. *(To CROWD)* Working kids of New York, may I introduce Governor Theodore Roosevelt!

(The CROWD cheers.)

ROOSEVELT: *(recognising 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. *(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 waiving.)

RACE: Hey lookit, Jack. It's Crutchie!

CRUTCHIE: Hiya, fellas. You miss me? And lookit what I got yis: straight from The Refuge. *(calling offstage)* Bring him in, fellas!

(Two POLICEMEN enter with SNYDER between them.)

RACE: It's Snyder the Spider!

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

ROOSEVELT: Jack, with these 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 the 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? Tarantulas?

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

CRUTCHIE: New York's got us. And we're family.

PULITZER: Didn't I hear something about a strike being settled?

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

MEDDA: *(exiting with ROOSEVELT)* Come along, Governor, and show me that 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 your 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'll be right there 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
NOW MY EYES IS FINALLY OPEN.
AND MY DREAMS, THEY'S AVERAGE SIZE
BUT THEY DON'T MUCH MATTER IF YOU AIN'T WITH ME

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

LES: *(pointing to 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 papers.)

SONG: FINALE ULTIMO (PART 2)

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

MUSIC: CURTAIN CALL

MUSIC: EXIT MUSIC