

JACK

START HERE

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

KATHERINE

Medda showed me. These are drawings of The Refuge, aren't they? Is this really what it's like in there: three kids 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 kids.

(JACK, embarrassed, turns away.)

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

JACK

I don't think you're anyone to talk about turning on folks. You double-crossed us to your father. Your father!!

KATHERINE

I never lied. I just didn't tell you everything... 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 for my real one.

JACK

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

KATHERINE

Hey, watch who you're calling a backstabber. Oh, Jack, why are we fighting when we have so much work to do?

JACK

What's the use? You heard your father. No matter how many days we strike, your father ain't givin' up. I don't know what else we can do.

KATHERINE

Ah. But I do.

JACK

Oh, come on...

KATHERINE

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

JACK

I didn't say nothin'...

KATHERINE

This would be a good time to be quiet. 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 slaughterhouse 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

What's this about for you?

KATHERINE

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

JACK

(looking at the pamphlet)

"The Children's Crusade"...

KATHERINE

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

END HERE

Grades 6-12

CRUTCHIE

Jack, it's Snyder! Am-scray!

SNYDER

Jack Kelly!

JACK

Run for it!

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

SNYDER

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

(The POLICE OFFICER and SNYDER exit in pursuit.)

SCENE FOUR: MEDDA'S THEATER

START HERE

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

DAVEY

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

JACK

That was Snyder the Spider. A real sweetie.

CRUTCHIE

Runs a jail for underage kids called The Refuge. The one I told you Jack escaped from.

JACK

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

CRUTCHIE

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

JACK

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

LES

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

CRUTCHIE

He sure did!

DAVEY

What would the Governor be doing at a juvenile jail?

JACK

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

LES

(amazed)

You really know Governor Roosevelt?

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

MEDDA

He don't, but I do. Teddy's a regular patron of the arts. Been a big fan of mine for years.

JACK

Hey, Miss Medda!

MEDDA

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

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

JACK

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

DAVEY

A pleasure.

(DAVEY bows gallantly.)

MEDDA

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

BOWERY BRIGADE

(in perfect unison)

Hello!

DAVEY

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

ADA

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

OLIVE

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

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

ETHEL

And who are you?

LES

I'm Les!

ETHEL

Ain't you the little cutie pie?

(LES enjoys the attention. PAT, the stage manager, runs on.)

PAT

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

MEDDA

Thanks, Pat!

PAT

That's places, ladies!

MEDDA, BOWERY BRIGADE

Thanks, Pat!

(PAT runs off and the BOWERY BRIGADE moves into place, preparing to go on.)

JACK

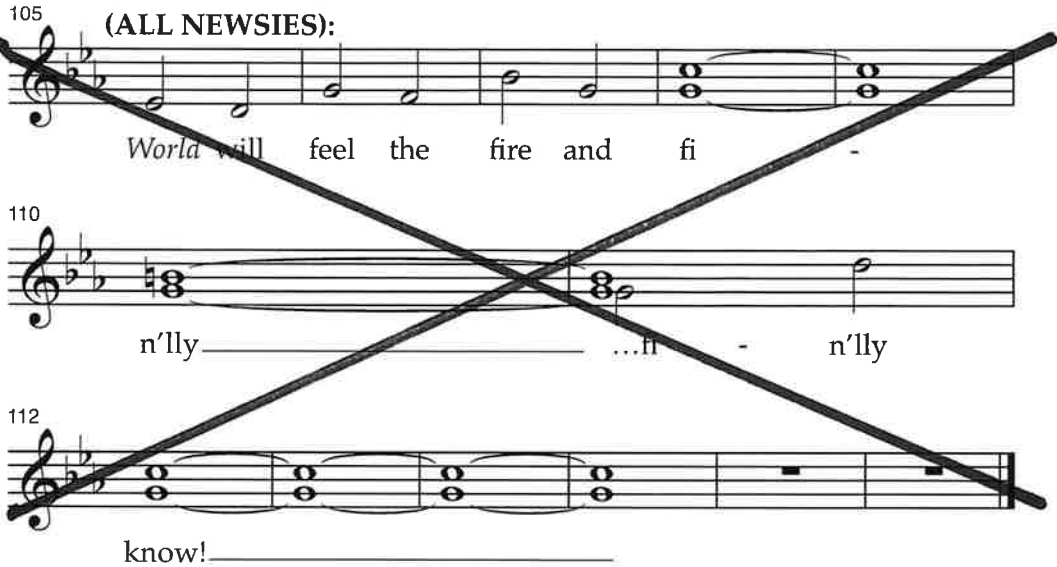
Miss Medda, I got a little situation out on the street. Mind if I hide out here a while?

MEDDA

Where better to escape trouble than a theater? Say, Jack, when you've got time, I want you to paint me some more of these backdrops. Things have been going so well that I can actually pay. **you this time.**

END HERE

Grades 6-12



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

JACK

START HERE

Newsies, circle up!

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

DAVEY

(proudly)

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

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

HAZEL

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

CRUTCHIE

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

JACK

(to DAVEY)

So, what's next?

DAVEY

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

JACK

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

HAZEL

I'll take Harlem.

RACE

I got Midtown.

JO JO

I got the Bronx.

BUTTONS

And I got the Bowery.

JACK

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

(The NEWSIES cringe and look away.)

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

ALBERT

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

JACK

Fine, then. Me and Davey will take Brooklyn.

END HERE

(KATHERINE pipes up from the sidelines, DARCY at her side with a camera.)

KATHERINE

Why's everyone so scared of Brooklyn?

JACK

What're you doin' here?

KATHERINE

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

CRUTCHIE

'Cause Spot Conlon is the toughest newsie in town!

JACK

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

Grades 6-12

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

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

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

23 NEWSIES GROUP 3: Ah— Go!

NEWSIES GROUP 2: Ah— Go!

NEWSIES GROUP 1: Ah— Go!

SCENE TWO: PULITZER'S OFFICE

START HERE

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

PULITZER

(looking up from a report)

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

BUNSEN

We could use an exciting headline, Mr. Pulitzer.

PULITZER

What have we got today?

SEITZ

The trolley strike.

PULITZER

That's not exciting?

HANNAH

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

SEITZ

Big photos attract readers, sir.

PULITZER

Do you know what big photos cost?

BUNSEN

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

HANNAH

We don't sell papers, silly – newsies sell papers.

PULITZER

Right now, we charge the newsies fifty cents for a hundred papers. What if we raised their price to sixty cents per hundred?

SEITZ

A mere tenth of a penny per paper.

BUNSEN

(does a quick mental calculation)

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

PULITZER

Exactly. It's genius. And my circulation would grow!

HANNAH

It's going to be awfully rough on those children. What if you gave them an incentive to sell more papers, like a bonus?

PULITZER

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

HANNAH

Right...

PULITZER

The price for the newsies goes up in the morning!

BUNSEN, SEITZ

(excited)

Hurrah!

HANNAH

(overlapping, disappointed)

Hurrah!

End Here

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

SCENE THREE: STREET

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

DAVEY

Paper. Paper. Evenin' pape here.

JACK

Sing 'em to sleep, why don'tcha?

(snatches a paper from DAVEY and hawks it)

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

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

Thanks!

DAVEY

You just made that up.

JACK

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

DAVEY

My father taught us not to lie.

JACK

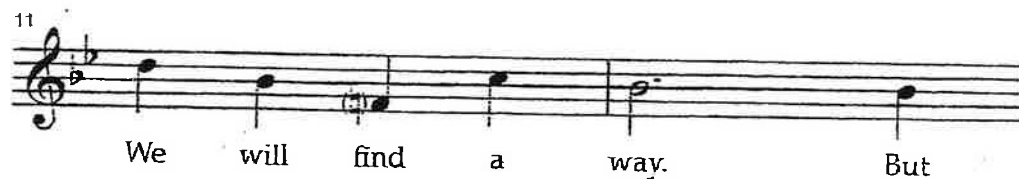
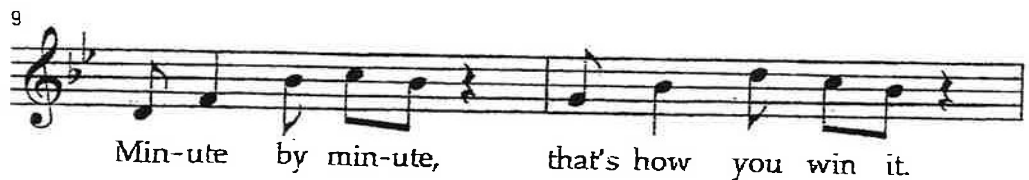
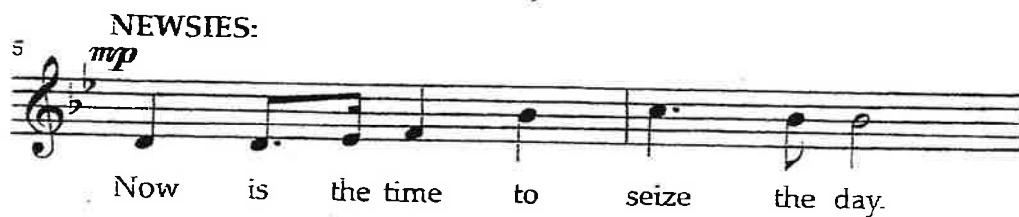
And mine taught me not to starve.

“Seize the Day (Reprise)”

All Cast

0:10 – End

Scan QR Code for
the music track:



"Santa Fe (Prologue)"

Male/Lower Vocal

0:57 to End

Scan QR Code for
the music track:



33

home, Son. Wel-come home to San-ta Fe! Plant-in'

START

37 *A tempo*

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

40 **CRUTCHIE:**

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

43 **JACK:** *poco accel.*

day. Soon your friends are more like

46

fam - 'ly, and they's beg - ging you to

48 **JACK, CRUTCHIE:** *rit.*

stay! Ain't that neat? Liv-in's sweet in San-ta

51

Fe. _____

END

“Just a Pretty Face”
 Female/Higher Vocal
 1:50 to 2:09
 skip to 2:15 to End
 Scan QR Code for
 the music track:



START

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

117

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

121 **ETHEL:** **ADA:**

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

125 **OLIVE:** **MEDDA:**

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

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

131

through sim - ply ta - king up space.

134

I'm more than just

skip to 2:15

144

a pret - ty

149

face!

END