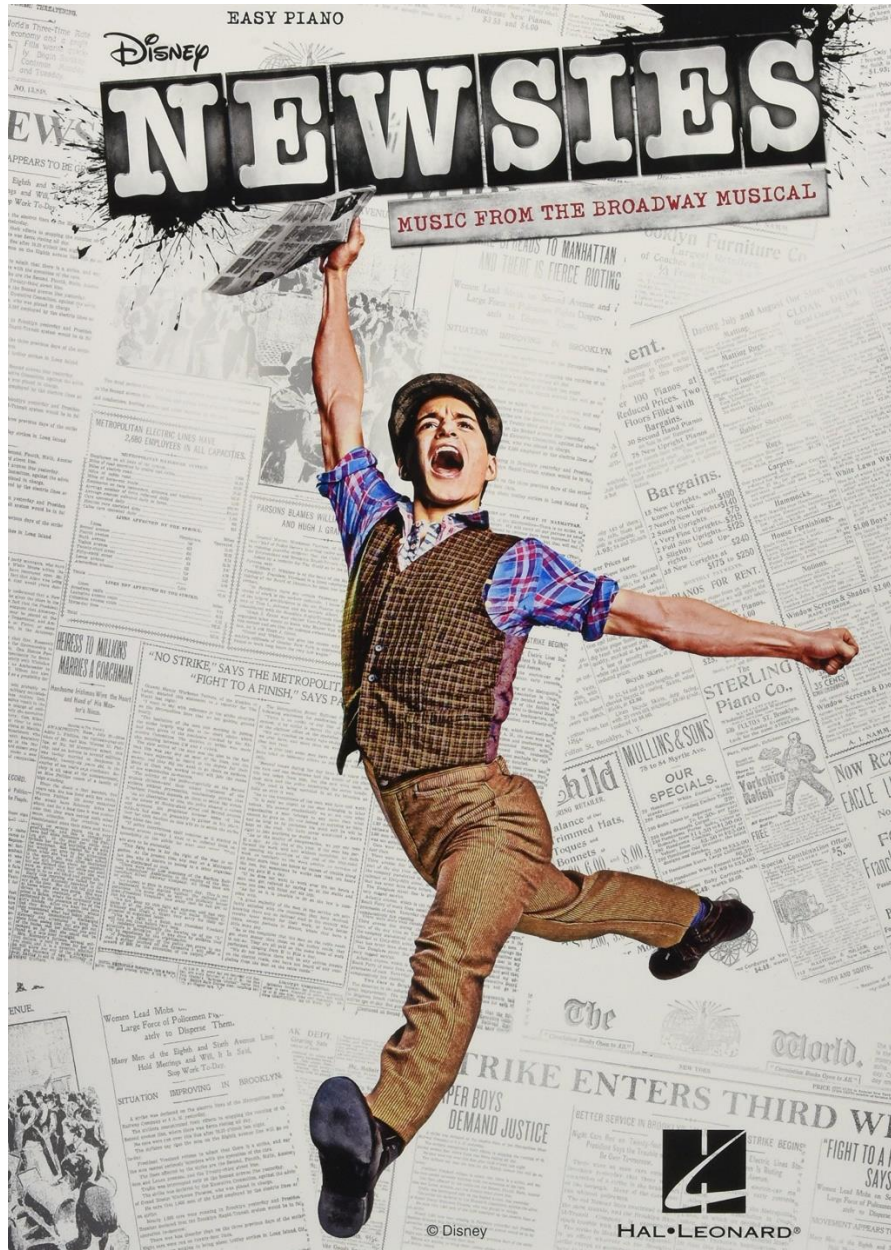


NEWSIES



Script Adaptation: Emilia Ballester

WIX: <https://playslomasesn.wixsite.com/newsies>

SCENE 1

Song: overture

(On rooftop)

JACK 1: Where ya goin'? What are you? The bell ain't rung yet, go back to sleep!

CRUTCHIE: I wanna beat the other fellas to the streets. I don't want anyone to see that I ain't, uh... been walkin' so good.

JACK 1: Oh, quit gripin'. You know how many guys fake a limp for sympathy? That bum leg of your is a goldmine!

CRUTCHIE: Someone gets the idea I can't make it on my own, they'll lock me up in the refuge for good. Be a pal, Jack help me down!
(almost falls) Jack!

JACK 1: You wanna bust your other leg too?

CRUTCHIE: No... I wanna go down.

JACK 1: You'll be down there soon enough. Take a moment to drink in my penthouse. High above the stinkin' streets of New York.

CRUTCHIE: You're crazy.

JACK 1: Why, cause I like the breath of fresh air? Cause I like seein' the sky and the stars?

Song: Santa Fe (Prologue)

JACK:

Them streets down there,
they sucked the life right outta my
old man. Well they ain't doin' that to me

CRUTCHIE:

But everyone wants to come to New York.

JACK:

You keep your small life in the big
city. Give me a big life in a small town.
They say folks is dyin' to get here.
Me, I'm dyin' to get away,
to a little town out west
that's spankin' new.
And while I ain't never been there,

I can see it clear as day.
If you want, I bet'cha you could see it, too.
Close your eyes...
Come with me,
Where it's clean and green and pretty.
And they went and made a city outta clay.
Why, the minute that ya 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' sweet
in Santa Fe.
Hey, no one worries about no gimp leg in Santa
Fe. You just hop a Palomino, you'll ride in style!

CRUTCHIE:

Picture me, ridin' in style.

JACK:

Hey, I bet a few months of clean
air, you could toss that crutch for good!

BOTH:

Santa Fe,
you can bet.
We won't let them badgers beat us.
We won't beg no one to treat us fair and square.
There's a life that's worth the livin',
and I'm gonna do my share.

Work the land.
Chase the sun.
Swim the whole Rio Grande just for fun!

CRUTCHIE:

Watch me stand!
Watch me run...

JACK:

Hey, hey...
Don't you know that we's a family?
Would I let you down?
No way.
Just hold on, kid,
till that train makes Santa Fe.

(Bell rings)

JACK: Time for dreaming's done. *(he calls down to the boys who enter)* Hey! Specs, Racer, Henry, Albert, Elmer, got a move on! Them papers don't sell themselves!

SCENE 2

(Boarding house, outside)

RACE: Albert, Elmer, Specs! You heard Jack, get a move on!

ALBERT: I was having the most beautiful dream!

RACE: A pretty girl?

ALBERT: A leg of lamb!

Song: Carrying the banner

RACE:

Hey
That's my cigar

ALBERT:

You'll steal another

SPECS:

Hey, look, it's bath time at the zoo

HENRY:

I thought that I'd surprise my mother

ALBERT:

If you can find her

ALL:

Who asked you?

RACE:

From Bottle Alley to the Harbor
There's easy pickings guaranteed

FINCH:

Try any banker, bum, or barber
They almost all knows how to read

JACK:

It's a crooked game we're playin'
One we'll never lose
Long as suckers don't mind payin'
Just to get bad news

ALL:

Ain't it a fine life
Carrying the banner through it all
A mighty fine life
Carrying the banner tough and tall
When the bell rings
We goes where we wishes
We's as free as fishes
Sure beats washing dishes
What a fine life
Carrying the banner home-free all

FINCH:

Hey, Crutchie, what's your leg say, gonna rain?

CRUTCHIE:

Uh, no rain

FINCH:

Ho ho, partly cloudy clear by evenin'

Ha 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 that turns a lady's head

RACE:

It takes an orphan with a stutter

FINCH:

Who's also blind

ALBERT:

And mute

ELMER:

And dead

ALL:

Summer stinks and winters freezing

When you works outdoors

Start out sweatin'

End up sneezin'

In between it pours

Still it's a fine life

Carrying the banner with me chums (so it's a fine life)

(Carrying the banner with me chums) a bunch of big shots

Tossin' out a freebie to the bums (a bunch of big shots, tossin'
out a freebie)

FINCH:

Hey what's the hold up?

Waiting makes me antsy

I likes livin' chancey

ALL:

Harlem to Delancey
What a fine life
Carrying the banner through the

NUNS:

Blessed children
Though you wander lost and depraved
Jesus loves you
You shall be saved

RACE: Curdled

ELMER: (just give me half a cup)

HENRY:

Coffee (somethin' to wake me up)

ROMEO:

Concrete donuts (I gotta find an angle)

TOMMY BOY

Sprinkled with mold (it's gettin bad out there)

MUSH:

Homemade (papers is all I got)

SPECS:

It's eighty-eight degrees

JOJO:

Biscuits (Jake says to change my spot)

ALBERT:

Wish I could catch a breeze

FINCH:

Just two years old (maybe it's worth a shot)

BUTTONS:

All I can catch is fleas

JACK:

If I hate the headline
I'll make up a headline

JACK & CRUTCHIE:

And I'll say anything I have'ta
'Cause at two for a penny if I take too many
Weasel just makes me eat 'em afta'

ALL:

Got a feelin' 'bout the headline
I smells me a headline (I do too, so it must be true)
Papes are gonna sell like we was givin' them away
Betcha dinner it's a doozy (what a switch, soon we'll all be rich)
'Bout a pistol-packin' floozy
Who knows how to make a Newsie's day
(don't know any better way to make a newsie's day)
You wanna move the next edition
Give us an earthquake or a war

ELMER:

How 'bout a crooked politician?

ALL:

Yeah, nitwit, that ain't news no more
Uptown to Grand Central Station
Down to City Hall
We improves our circulation
Walking 'til we fall
But we'll be out there (got a feelin' 'bout the headline)
Carrying the banner man to man (I smells me a headline)
Papes are gonna sell like we was givin' them away
We're always out there (betcha dinner it's a doozy)
Soakin' every sucker that we can ('bout a pistol-packin' floozy)
Don't know any better way to make a Newsie's day
Here's the headline (I was stakin' out the circus)
Newsies on a mission (and then someone said that Coney's really
hot)
Kill the competition (but when I got there)

Sell the next edition (there was Spot with all his cronies)
We'll be out there (heck, I'm gonna take what little dough I got
and play with the ponies)

Carrying the banner

See us out there (we at least deserves a headline for the hours
that they work us)

Carrying the banner

Always out there (jeez, I bet if I just stayed a little longer at
the circus)

Carrying the banner

We'll all be out there

Carrying the banner man to man

We're always out there

Soakin' every 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

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

SPECS: I hope it's really bloody with clear pictures!

(Boys agree with Specs)

ALL: *(Ad lib)* Oh, come on, really? Not again!

ELMER: The trolley strike? Again?

RACE: Three weeks of the same story.

FINCH: They're killing us with that snoozer!

OSCAR: Make way step aside.

ALL: The Delancey brothers!

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

OSCAR: Yeah, so? It's honest work.

ALBERT: Crackin' the heads of the defenseless workers!

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

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

OSCAR: Well I guess he didn't take care of me. *(He pushes Race).*

MORRIS: *(to Crutchie)* What are you lookin' at? *(Takes Crutchies crutch and pushes him down).*

JACK 1: That's not nice Morris. *(Picking up Crutchie).*

[Curtain falls as Morris and Oscar leave]

SCENE 3

(Paper stand)

(Weisel enters selling papers in proscenium, as Jack enters curtain rises)

WEISEL: Papes! Papes for the newsies; line up.

JACK 1: Mornin' Weasel, you miss me?

[Curtain rises]

WEISEL: The name's Wei-sel

JACK 1: Ain't that what I said? I'll take the usual.

WEISEL: Hundred papes for the wise guy.

RACE: How's it goin', Weasel?

WEISEL: At least call me Mister.

RACE: Spot me fifty papes.

WEISEL: Drop your cash and move it along.

RACE: Whatever happened to love?

WEISEL: Fifty for the racer. Next.

CRUTCHIE: Good mornin', Mr. Weisel.

WEISEL: Fifty papes for Crutchie *(sees Davey)* Hey look at this, a new kid.

LES: I'm new too!

DAVEY 1: I'll take twenty newspapers, please.

WEISEL: Twenty papers for the new kid. Hey, hey let's see the dime.

DAVEY 1: Well... I'll pay you when I sell them.

WEISEL: Haha, funny kid. Come on. Cash up front.

DAVEY 1: But whatever I don't sell, you buy back, right?

WEISEL: (*sarcastically*) Oh! Certainly! And every time you lose a tooth, I put a penny under your pillow. Ha! This kid's a riot. Come on, cash or nothing. Albert! Let's see your money.

DAVEY 1: Sorry, excuse me I paid for twenty, but you gave me nineteen.

WEISEL: See how nice I was to the new kid. What do I get for my civility? Ungrounded accusations?

DAVEY 1: I just want what I paid for.

OSCAR: He said beat it.

JACK 1: New kid's right! Weasel, you gave him nineteen. I'm sure it's an honest mistake, on account of how Oscar can't count to twenty with his shoes on.

WEISEL: (*Gives Davey a paper*) Here's your paper. Take a hike.

JACK 1: Give the kid fifty more papes.

DAVEY 1: But I don't want more papes.

JACK 1: What kind of newsie don't want more papes?

DAVEY 1: I'm no charity! Besides, I don't even know you.

LES: His name's Jack!

CRUTCHIE: Yeah, this here is the famous Jack Kelly!

JACK 1: (*To Les*) so, how old are you, kid?

LES: I'm ten! Almost.

JACK 1: Well if anybody asks, you're seven. Younger sells more papes, and if we're gonna be partners.

DAVEY 1: Who said we want a partner?

CRUTCHIE: Selling with Jack is the chance of a lifetime. If you learn from him, you learn from the best.

DAVEY 1: Well if he's the best, then what's he need with me?

JACK: Cause you got a little brother and I don't. With that plus, we can easily sell a thousand papes a week. (*To Les*) Look sad, kid.

(Les makes a sad face)

JACK 1: We're gonna make millions!

LES: This is my brother, David. I'm Les.

JACK 1: Nice to meet you, Davey. My two bits come off the top and we split everything else 70-30.

LES: 50-50! You wouldn't try and pull a fast one on a little kid.

JACK 1: 60-40, and that's my final offer.

LES: Deal.

SCENE 4

(Pulitzer's office)

PULITZER 1: Gentleman, the world is in trouble. Our circulation is down the third quarter in a row.

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

PULITZER 1: Whoever said war was heck wasn't trying to sell newspapers.

BUNSEN: We could use an exciting headline.

PULITZER 1: What do we got today?

BUNSEN: The trolley strike.

PULITZER 1: That's not exciting. It's epic.

HANNAH: It's boring. Folks wanna know: is the trolley comin' or I'm I walkin'? No one cares why.

SEITZ: Plus, the strike's about to be settled! Governor Roosevelt put his support behind the workers.

PULITZER 1: That man is a socialist.

SEITZ: Teddy Roosevelt is no socialist, he's an American hero!

HANNAH: You never liked Roosevelt. You wrote an editorial day after day when he ran for governor, and guess what? He got elected!

PULITZER 1: How can I influence voters if they're not reading my opinion? Which brings us back to the problem at hand: We need to sell more papers. And the way to do that is?

Song: Bottom line

PULITZER:

Gentlemen, we need to sell more papers

There's an answer right before your eyes, but you're just not
thinking this through

Nunzio knows, when he's cutting my hair

Trim a bit here

And then trim a bit there

Just a modest adjustment

Can fatten the bottom line

What if we cut back personnel?

How about a few salary trims?

We could lower the price of the paper

Bankrupting me even faster

Let me try again

Shaving is tricky: The razor should float

Shave me too close

And you may slit my throat

It's the simplest solutions

That bolster the bottom line

I've got it

If we charge the Newsies sixty cents per hundred instead of fifty

They'd have to sell ten more papers just to earn the same amount
as always

My thought exactly

It's genius

It's gonna be awfully rough on those children

They'll be learning a real life lesson in economics

I couldn't offer them a better education if they were my own

Give me a week and I'll train them to be

Like an army that's marching to war

Proud of themselves and so grateful to me

They'll be begging to pay even more

When there's dirt on our shoes, boys

For God's sake, relax

Why throw them out?
All we need is some wax
Listen well to these barbershop lessons
For they'll see you through
When you're stuck in the muck you'll be fine
You'll erase any trace of decline
With a trim
And a snip
And a shine
And the power of the press
Yes, once again is mine
The price for the Newsies goes up in the morning
Just a few common cents
Gents, that's the bottom line
Every new outcome
It's income for you
Thanks to that bottom line

SCENE 5

(City streets)

DAVEY 1: Paper! Paper! Evening paper! *(He tries to pass one off to a man, who ignores him).*

JACK 2: *(Laughs)* Sing him to sleep, watch. *(He takes Davey's paper)*
EXTRA! EXTRA! Terrified flight from burning inferno! You heard the story right here!

MAN: Hey! *(He buys paper).*

JACK 2: Thanks, mister.

DAVEY 1: You just made that up.

JACK 2: No, I said he heard it right here, and he did.

DAVEY 1: My father taught us not to lie.

JACK 2: Mine taught me not to starve.

LES: Just sold my last paper.

DAVEY 1: I got one more.

JACK 2: Sell it or pay it.

LES: *(Takes Davey's paper and walks up to a lady, fake coughing)*
Buy a pape from a poor orphan boy?

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

LES: This is so much better than school!

DAVEY 1: Don't even think it! When papa's back to work, we go back to school. We gotta head home; our folks will be waiting with dinner.

JACK 2: You got folks, huh?

LES: Doesn't everyone?

(Les and Davey leave the stage. Jack leaves to the theatre).

SCENE 6

(Irving Hall theatre)

JACK 2: Well, hello again.

KATHERINE 1: Go away, I'm working.

JACK 2: Oh, a workin' girl, huh? Doin' what?

KATHERINE 1: Reviewing the show for the New York Sun.

JACK 2: Hey, I work for the world!

KATHERINE 1: Oh, somewhere out there someone cares. Go tell them!

JACK 2: The view's better here.

KATHERINE 1: Please go. I'm not in the habit of speaking to strangers.

JACK 2: You're not gonna be a good reporter then. The name's Jack Kelly.

KATHERINE 1: Is that what it says on your rap sheet?

JACK 2: Oh, smart girl. I admire smart girls. Beautiful, smart, independent...

KATHERINE 1: Do you mind?

MEDDA: You got in free, at least pay attention.

JACK 2: Sorry Miss Medda.

[Curtain falls]

SCENE 7

(Paper stand, the next morning. Race and Mush enter)

RACE: Them fire sirens kept me awake all night.

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

RACE: The further away from you I sleep!

[Curtain rises]

LES: So, what's going on today?

ROMEO: Ask me after they put up the headline.

LES: Here it comes now.

ALBERT: *(Reading headline)* New newsie price: 60 cents per hundred.

DAVEY 1: Is that news?

ELMER: It is to me!

ALBERT: They jacked up the price of papes, ten cents more a' hundred!

ELMER: I could eat two days on a dime.

CRUTCHIE: I'll be sleeping in the street!

JOJO: You already sleep on the street.

CRUTCHIE: In a worse neighborhood.

JACK 2: *(Enters)* Hey, what're you all standing around for?

CRUTCHIE: Hey Jack listen to this.

ROMEO: Like Pulitzer don't make enough already.

WEISEL: Papes! Papes for the newsies! Line up, boys.

JACK 2: Good joke. Weasel, you got these fellas goin'. I'll take a hundred and be on my way.

WEISEL: A hundred will cost ya sixty.

JACK 2: I ain't payin' no sixty.

WEISEL: Then make way for someone who will.

JACK 2: Well you bet me and the fellas will hike over to the Journal.

NEWSIES: Yeah!

JACK 2: We'll take our business to The Sun!

WEISEL: All around town. New day, new price. For those kind of answers, you gotta ask the runner of the food chain. So ya buyin' or movin' along?

JACK 2: *(To the newsies)* Come here, fellas. Come here.

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

RACE: Why not? It's their paper.

FINCH: We ain't got no rights.

CRUTCHIE: We got the right to starve! Let's just get our papes and hit the street while we still can.

HENRY: At them prices?

CRUTCHIE: We got no choice.

JACK 2: Hold on! No one is payin' no new price!

LES: Hey! Stop crowding him; let the man work it out.

(They wait in silence)

LES: Hey Jack, ya still thinkin'?

RACE: Sure he is. Can't ya smell the smoke?

JACK 2: Alright, here's the deal. *(Everyone gathers around)* If we don't sell papes, no one sells papes. No one gets them out there until when they put the price back where it belongs.

DAVEY 1: You mean like a strike?

JACK 2: Hey, you heard Davey we're on strike!

DAVEY 1: Woah, I didn't say anything. Leave me out of this! I'm just here trying to feed my family!

JACK 2: What, and the rest of us is on play time? Just because we only make pennies doesn't give them the right to rub our noses in it!

CRUTCHIE: I nominate Jack president!

(The other agree, clapping)

JACK 2: Well then the boys of the membership. The newsies of lower Manhattan are officially on strike!

(Others celebrate)

CRUTCHIE: Wouldn't our strike be more effective if someone in charge actually knew about it?

(Others agree)

RACE: Well, it would be a pleasure to tell Weasel myself!

JACK 2: Yeah, and who tells Pulitzer, huh? Davey...

DAVEY 1: I don't know... I guess you do, Mr. President.

JACK 2: Yeah that's right, we do. But... What do we tell him?

DAVEY 1: Well, the newspaper owners need to respect our right as employees.

Song: The World Will Know

JACK:

Pulitzer and Hearst, they think we're nothin'.

Are we nothin'?

No!

Pulitzer and Hearst, they think they got us.

Do they got us?

No!

Even though we ain't got hats or badges,

We're a union just by sayin' so...

And the world will know!

What's it gonna take to stop the wagons?

Are we ready?

Yeah!

What's it gonna take to stop the scabbers?

Can we do it?

Yeah!

We'll do what we gotta do until we

break the will of mighty Bill and Joe...

And the world will know!

And the Journal, too!

Mr. Hearst and Pulitzer, have we got news for you!

See, the world don't know,

But they're gonna pay.

'Stead of hawkin' headlines we'll be makin' 'em today.

And our ranks will grow

And we'll kick their rear!

And the world will know that we've been here!

When the circulation bell starts ringin',

Will we hear it?

No!

What if the Delanceys come out swingin',

Will we hear it?!

No!

When you got a hundred voices singin',

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 gonna see what "Stop the presses" really means.

And the old will weep,

And go back to sleep.

Now we got no choice but to see it through...

And we found our voice.

And I lost my shoe!

And the world will--

Yeah!

Pulitzer may own the world, but he don't own us.

Pulitzer may own the world, but he don't own us!

Pulitzer may crack the whip, but he won't whip us.

Pulitzer may crack the whip, but he won't whip us!

And the world will know

We been keepin' score.

Either they gives us our rights or we gives them a war.

We've 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,
And the roar will rise,
From the streets below,
And our ranks will grow and grow and grow and so
The world will feel the fire and finally know!
Pulitzer may own the world, but he don't own us!
Pulitzer may own the world, but he don't own us!
Pulitzer may crack the whip, but he won't whip us!
Pulitzer may crack the whip, but he won't whip us!
So the world says no?
Well the kids do too.
Try to walk all over us, we'll stomp all over you.
Can they kick us out?
Take away our vote?
Will we let them stuff this crock o' garbage down our throat? No!
Every day we wait,
Is a day we lose,
And this ain't for fun,
And it ain't for show,
And we'll fight 'em toe to toe to toe and Joe
Your world will feel the fire and finally, finally know!

SCENE 8

(Jacobi's Deli)

JACOBI: *(Handing out water to the boys)* And here we go? A glass of water for you, you, and one for you, and you. Now, who's the big spends that ordered the seltzer?

ALBERT: Over here!

JACOBI: That'll be two cents.

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

JACOBI: *(Handing Albert the extra water from the tray)* How did I ever see that coming?

DAVEY 2: I say we launched our strike in the most auspicious manner.

(Confused silence)

MUSH: I dunno about that, but we sure scared the bejeebers outta Weasel!

(Boys cheer)

JACK 3: So, what's next?

DAVEY 2: Well now, we have to spread the word. Let the rest of the city's newsies know about the strike.

JACK 3: You heard the man, let's go out and spread the word!

MUSH: I'll take Harlem.

RACE: Oh, I got Midtown.

JOJO: I got the Bronx.

BUTTONS: I got The Bowery.

JACK 3: Specs, you take Queens. Tommy Boy, you take the East side. And who wants Brooklyn? *(Everyone turns away)* C'mon, Brooklyn, Spot Conlon's turf. Hey, Finch, you're tellin' me you're scared of Brooklyn.

FINCH: I ain't scared a' no turf. Just you know, Spot Conlon makes me little jittery.

JACK 3: Fine, me and Davey'll take Brooklyn.

DAVEY 2: Me?

JACK 3: Yeah.

DAVEY 2: I -

KATHERINE 1: *(Enters)* Why is everyone so scared of Brooklyn?

JACK 3: What are you doin' here?

KATHERINE 1: Asking a question. Do you have an answer?

JACK 3: Brooklyn is the 6th largest city in the entire world, you got Brooklyn, you got the mother lode. Say, as someone who works for the New York Sun, you are spendin' an awful lot of time around The World. What's that about, huh? You followin' me?

KATHERINE 1: The only thing I'm following is a story. A rag-tag gang of ragamuffins wants to take on the king makers of New York. Do you think you have a chance?

JACK 3: Shouldn't you be at the ballet?

KATHERINE 1: Aw, is the 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?

JACK 3: You know, I've read a lot of papes in my day, and I never noted no girl reporters writing hard news.

KATHERINE 1: Wake up to the new century. The game's changing. How about an exclusive interview?

DAVEY 2: I'd say we have any exclusive for a real reporter.

KATHERINE 1: Do you see somebody else giving you the time of day? Well alright, alright, 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 I'll get you the space.

CRUTCHIE: Hey, you really think we could be in the papes?

KATHERINE 1: Shut down a paper like The World, and you're gonna make the front page.

JACK 3: You want a story? Be in front of the circulation gate tomorrow mornin' and you'll get one. Oh, and bring a camera. Cause you'll wanna snap a picture of this!

SCENE 9

(Everybody is ready for the strike on stage. We're in the city)

Song: Seize the Day

[DAVEY]

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
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 & 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

[DAVEY, JACK, CRUTCHIE, & RACE]

Now is the time to seize the day
Stare down the odds and seize the day

[NEWSIES]

Once we've begun
If we stand as one
Someday becomes somehow
And a prayer becomes a vow

[JACK]

And the strike starts right damn now!

[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

[DAVEY & NEWSIES]

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

[JACK & NEWSIES]

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!
Oh! Strike!
All right Jack!
Come on, Specs!
(Instrumental)
Hi
(Hi)
What's he doing?
Ohhhh
You see that Mr. Pulitzer!
Ohhh!
(Instrumental)
Now is the time to seize the day
They're gonna see there's heck 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!

(Delancey Brothers enter and ends up in a very big fight between the brothers and the newsies. Curtain falls and it's the next day at the city)

[Curtain rises]

SCENE 10

KATHERINE 2: *(Enters)* Good morning, gentleman. Oh, would you get a load of their glum mugs. Why, can these really be the same boys who made front page of the New York Sun?

HENRY: Front page of what?

RACE: Let me see! *(He takes the paper from Katherine)* Well would you look at that! That's me!

JOJO: Front page and ya' ain't even dead!

ROMEO: Where's me, where's me?

ELMER: Just wait till my old man gets a load of this. I won't be last in line for the tub tonight!

DAVEY 2: You got us in the papes?

KATHERINE 2: You got yourselves in the papes.

MUSH: "Newsies Stop the World" Now there's a headline even Elmer could sell.

KATHERINE 2: Pulitzer declared a blackout on strike news, so even I'm shut down now. Hey, I heard they arrested Crutchie. Did they get Jack too?

ALBERT: The Delanceys are spreading the story that he took it on the land at the first sight of the cops.

HENRY: *(To himself, thinking about the news)* How much does being famous pay?

Song: King of New York

[RACE]

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

[HENRY]

Such as...?

[RACE]

A pair o' new shoes with matchin' laces

[ROMEO]

A permanent box at the Sheepshead Races

[HENRY]

Pastrami on rye with a sour pickle

[FINCH]

My personal puss on a wooden nickel!

[RACE]

Look at me, I'm the King of New York!

Suddenly, I'm respectable

Starin' right at'cha

Lousy with stature

[ALBERT]

Nobbin' with all the muckety-mucks

I'm blowin' my dough, and goin' deluxe

[RACE]

And there I be!

Ain't I pretty?

[RACE & HENRY]

It's my city

I'm the King of New York!

[JOJO]

A solid gold watch with a chain to twirl it

[LES]

My very own bed and an indoor terlet

[MUSH]

A barbershop haircut that cost a quarter

[DAVEY]

A regular beat for the star reporter!

[RACE]

Am-scray, punk

She's the King of New York!

[KATHERINE]

Who'da thunk! I'm the king of New York!

[NEWSIES]

We was sunk, pale and pitiful

[KATHERINE]

Bunch'a wet noodles

[KATHERINE & NEWSIES]

Pulitzer's poodles!

[LES]

Almost about to drown in the drink

[BUTTONS]

When she fished us out

[RACE]

And drowned us in ink!

[KATHERINE]

So let's get drunk!

[NEWSIES]

Yeah!

[KATHERINE]

Not with liquor, fame works quicker

When you're King of New York!

[NEWSIES]

I gotta be either dead or dreamin'

Cause look at that pape with my face beamin'

Tomorrow they may wrap fishes in it

But I was a star for one whole minute!

[Dance Break]

[KATHERINE & NEWSIES]

Look at me

I'm the King of New York!

Wait and see!

This is gonna make both the Delanceys

Pee in their pants-sies!

Flashpots are shootin' bright as a sun

I'm one highfalutin' son of a gun!

I guarantee

Though I crapped out, I ain't tapped out!

I'm the King of New-

Friends may flee

Let 'em ditch ya!

Snap one pit'cha

You're the King of New-

History!
Front page story
Guts and glory
I'm the King...
Of New York!

[Curtain falls]

SCENE 11

[Curtain down / Proscenium]

(Crutchie is at the refuge writing a letter to Jack)

CRUTCHIE: Dear Jack, Greetings from the refuge. How are you? I'm okay. Guess I didn't help much yesterday. Snyder shoved me real good with my crutch. Oh, this is Crutchie by the way. The food ain't so bad here so far, cause so far they ain't brung us no food. Ha ha... I miss the rooftop, sleeping right out in the open, in your penthouse in the sky. I got a secret escape plan I hope it works... Hey, but Pulitzer, he's going down. I'll be fine, please tell the fellas to look out for each other. The end, your friend, your best friend, your brother... Crutchie.

[Curtain rises]

(Irving Hall)

MEDDA: Here's everything I owe you for the first backdrop, plus this one, and a little extra something on account of I'm gonna miss you so.

JACK 3: Miss Medda, I-

MEDDA: Jack.

JACK 3: *(Takes the money)* You're a gem.

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

JACK 3: 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 when you're running away, nowhere is ever the right place.

(Davey enters)

DAVEY 2: Well how about letting a pal know you're alive! Where did you go? We couldn't find ya.

MEDDA: I'll leave you with your friend.

JACK 3: Did you ever think I didn't wanna be found?

DAVEY 2: Is that a real place, that Santa Fe? Hey, did you see the papes? We're front page news! Above the fold!

JACK 3: Good for you.

DAVEY 2: Everyone wants to meet the famous Jack Kelly. Even Spot Conlon sent over a kid just to say the next event, you can count on Brooklyn! How bout that?

JACK 3: We got stomped into the ground.

DAVEY 2: They got us in time, I'll grant you that, but we took round one. But the press like this. Our fight is far from over. But when I saw this look on Weasel's face. He was actually nervous! And I realized, this isn't over. We got 'em worried, really worried! And I walked away, and lots of kids did too, and that's what you call a beginning.

(Les enters with Katherine)

LES: There he is, just like I said!

JACK 3: For cryin' out loud, what does a fella gotta do to get away from you people?

DAVEY 2: Ah, there's no escaping us, pal. We're inevitable.

JACK 3: *(To Katherine)* Word is you wrote a great story.

KATHERINE 2: You look terrible. I gotta tell you Jack. This "go west, young man" routine is getting tired. Even Horace Greeley moved back to New York.

LES: Yes he did, and then he died.

KATHERINE 2: Pulitzer had me blacklisted from every news desk in town.

JACK 3: You wanna see a place I seen? How about this. *(Shows a picture. There's a cartoon from Pulitzer stepping on newsies on the back)*. Newsies square. Thanks to my big mouth, filled to overflowing with failure. Kids hurt, other arrested.

DAVEY 2: Lighten up! No one died.

JACK 3: Oh, is that what you're aiming for? Go on, go on, call me a coward, call me a quitter. Ain't no way I'm putting them kids back in danger.

DAVEY 2: We're doing something that's never been done before! How can that not be dangerous?

JACK 3: Specs brought me a note from Crutchie at the refuge. I tried to see him. I climbed the fire escape. They busted him up so bad, he couldn't even come to the window. What if we don't make it? Are you willin' to shoulder that for half a penny of a pape?

DAVEY 2: It's not about the pennies! You said it yourself. This is a fight we have to win. Tell me how quitting does Crutchie any good?

JACK 3: Well... I...

DAVEY 2: Exactly.

JACK 3: You can't undo the past.

DAVEY 2: So, move on and stay on track.

KATHERINE 2: We have faith.

DAVEY 2: We have a plan.

LES: And we got Jack!

[Curtain falls]

SCENE 12

(Pulitzer's office)

MAYOR: I've read your editorials, Mr. Pulitzer. How can you express so much sympathy for the trolley workers, and yet have none for the newsies?

PULITZER 1: The trolley workers are striking for a fair contract. The newsies are striking against me!

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

SEITZ: You can't order a raid without legal cause.

PULITZER 1: Mister Mayor, would the fact that this rally is being organized by an escaped convict be cause enough to shut it down?

MAYOR: An escaped convict...?

PULITZER 1: A fugitive from one of your own institutions. A convicted thief at large, reeking mischief on the law-abiding community. *(Turning to Snyder)* Mr. Snyder, which one is it?

SNYDER: That one there *(points at paper)* Jack Kelly.

MAYOR: How do you know this boy?

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

MAYOR: You called him a thief and an escaped convict.

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

PULITZER 1: You would be doing the city a service, removing this criminal from our streets.

MAYOR: Well if that's the case, we can take him in quietly and then...

PULITZER 1: (*Angrily*) What good would quiet do me? I want a public example made of him!

HANNAH: (*Enters*) Mr. Pulitzer, the boy, Jack Kelly is here.

PULITZER 1: Here?

HANNAH: Just outside. He asked to see you. (*Jack enters*) Mr. Jack Kelly...

JACK 4: (*whistles*) Afternoon, fellas.

PULITZER 1: And which Jack Kelly is this? The charismatic union organizer, or the petty thief and escaped convict?

JACK 4: Which one gives us more in common?

PULITZER 1: Impudence is in bad taste when crawling for mercy.

JACK 4: Crawl in', now that's a laugh. No, I just stopped with an invite. It seems a few hundred of your employees are rallying to discuss some recent disagreements. Now, I thought it's only fair to invite you to state your case directly to the fellas. So what do you say, Joe, huh? Want us to save you a spot on the bill?

PULITZER 1: You are as shameless and disrespectful of 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 4: And how did that turn out for ya?

PULITZER 1: Well it taught me a lesson and shaped my life. You didn't win a war on the battlefield, it's the headline that crowns the victor.

JACK 4: We'll I'll keep that in mind when New York wakes up to front page photos of our rally.

PULITZER 1: No paper in town will publish a word, and if it's not in the papers it never happened.

JACK 4: You may run this town, Joe, but there are some of us who can't be bullied, even some reporters. (*Jack tries to leave but the Delancey Brothers stop him*)

PULITZER 1: Mark my words, boy: defy me, and I'll have you and each and every one of your friends locked up in the refuge. I know you are 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 be able to thank you enough?

SCENE 13

(Irving Hall)

MEDDA: Welcome newsies of New York City! Welcome to my theatre and to your revolution!

DAVEY 2: And let's hear it for Spot Conlon and Brooklyn!

BROOKLYN NEWSIES: Newsies of Brooklyn! *(They cheer)*

FINCH: Hey Davey, where's Jack?

MEDDA: Sorry kid, no sight of him yet. Look like you're doin' this solo.

(Newsies chant Jack's name, louder and louder)

DAVEY 2: Newsies of New York! Look at what we've done! We got newsies from every pape and every neighborhood here tonight. Tonight, you're making history. Alright? Tonight, we declare that we're just as much as part of the newspaper as any reporter or editor. Right? We're done being treated like kids. From now on, they'll treat us as equals!

(The others cheer)

JACK 4: *(enters)* If you want them to talk to you like an adult, start actin' like one. Don't just run your mouth, make some sense.

DAVEY 2: And here is Jack!

(The others cheer and start chanting again)

JACK 4: Alright! Pulitzer raised the price of papes without so much as a word to us, and that's a lousy thing to do. Cause we got mad and, no, we ain't gonna be pushed around. So we go on strike. And then what happens? Pulitzer lowers the price so's that we'll go back to work. And then... a few weeks later... he hikes his price again, and don't think he won't, so what do we do then? And what do we do when he decides to hike up his price again after that? Fellas, we gotta be realistic. If we don't work, we don't get paid. How long can you go without money, huh? Believe me. However long, Pulitzer can go longer. I've spoken to Pulitzer and he has given me his word, he will not raise the prices again for two years. *(Everyone starts talking over Jack, yelling over him)* Hey! I say we should take the deal! *(Spot pushes him and breaks form the group)*

(Jack is left alone, Katherine enters)

KATHERINE 2: I never lied, you never asked for my real name. I didn't want to tell you about Pulitzer being my father, I'm not proud of it. I need to know you didn't cave for the money, I heard Snyder talking to my father.

JACK 4: I spoke the truth. Look, you win a fight when you got the other fella down, eatin' pavement. You heard your father, it don't

matter how many days we strike, he ain't never giving up. I don't know what else we can do.

KATHERINE 2: No, but I do.

JACK 4: Come on...

KATHERINE 2: Really Jack? Really. Only you can have a good idea? Or is it because I'm a girl?

JACK 4: I didn't say nothing about...

KATHERINE 2: This would be a good time to shut up. Being a boss doesn't mean you have all the answers, just the brain to recognize the right one when you hear it.

JACK 4: I'm listening.

(Katherine gives a paper to Jack, he reads out loud)

JACK 4: "The children's crusade".

KATHERINE 2: "For the sake of all kids in every sweatshop, factory, and slaughterhouse in New York, I beg you: Join us."

JACK 4: That was me.

KATHERINE 2: 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 4: "The children's crusade".

KATHERINE 2: Think Jack, if we publish this, my words with one of your drawings and if every worker under 21 read it and stayed home from work or better yet, they came to Newsies Square for a rally. A general city-wide strike. Even my father could not ignore that.

JACK 4: Only one problem: We got no way to print it.

KATHERINE 2: Oh, come on. There has to be one printing press he doesn't control.

JACK 4: I know where there's a printing press no one would ever think we'd use.

KATHERINE 2: Then why are we still standing here? Come on!

SCENE 14

(Pulitzer's office)

(The phones are ringing off the hook. Hannah and Seitz are trying to keep up with them)

HANNAH: Sorry, Mr. Pulitzer will have to call you back.

SEITZ: Sorry, he'll have to call you back.

HANNAH: He can't talk, he'll call you back.

SEITZ: I'm sorry ma'am... I'm sorry.

PULITZER 2: Silence those phones!

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 publisher, the manufacturers. And such language!

(Jack enters brushing Bunsen)

BUNSEN: You can't just barge in here!

JACK 5: *(slapping a newsies banner down on Pulitzer's desk)* How ya doin this mornin', fellas?

PULITZER 2: You're behind this? We had a deal!

JACK 5: And it came with a money-back guarantee. *(Throws money back at Pulitzer)* Oh, and thank you for the lesson on the power of the press.

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

PULITZER 2: It was written by my daughter.

JACK 5: I would sign her before some other paper grabs her.

PULITZER 2: I demand to know who defied my ban on printing strike-related material.

JACK 5: We're your loyal employees. We would never take our business elsewhere.

SEITZ: That old printing press in the cellar...

PULITZER 2: I gave you the offer of a lifetime. Anyone who does not act in his own self-interest is a fool.

(Davey and Spot enter)

DAVEY 2: What does that make you? This all began because you wanted to sell more papers. But now you circulation is down 70 per cent. Why didn't you just come talk to us?

JACK 5: Because guys like Joe don't talk to nobody like us. But a very wise reporter once told me bein' a boss don't mean you got all the answers, just the smarts enough to snatch the right one when you hear it.

Song: Seize the day II

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

JACK 5: New York is closed for business. Paralyzed. You can't get a paper or a shoe shine. You can't send a message, ride an elevator, cross the Brooklyn Bridge, you can't even get out of your own building. So, what's your next move?

BUNSEN: Mr. Pulitzer, the mayor is here, along with your daughter and... you'll never believe who else.

MAYOR: *(Enters)* Good morning, Mr. Pulitzer, I think you know the governor.

PULITZER 2: Governor Roosevelt!

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

PULITZER 2: Wait until you hear my explanation...

ROOSEVELT: Thanks to Miss Medda Larkin bringing your daughter to my office, I already have a thorough grasp on the situation, graphic illustrations included! "Bully", is the expression I usually employ to show approval, but in your case, I simply mean "bully" *(points to jack)* and, is this the boy of whom you spoke? How are you, son? I was told we once shared a carriage ride.

JACK 5: Pleasure's mine, Mr. Governor.

ROOSEVELT: Well, come along, Joe. Don't just stand there letting those children sing endlessly, give them the good news!

PULITZER 2: What good news?

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

PULITZER 2: You wouldn't.

ROOSEVELT: After the pressure you wielded to keep me from office, I'd do it with a smile. Come along, Joseph?

PULITZER 2: Mr. Kelly, may I speak with you alone?

ROOSEVELT: *(To Jack)* Keep your eyes on the stars and your feet on the ground. You can do this.

(They all leave except Pulitzer and Jack)

PULITZER 2: I cannot put the price back where it was. I'm sorry, I can't. There are other considerations.

JACK 5: I get it Joe, you can use the same face in front of all these folks. I ain't dumb, but I'm a constituent with a legitimate gripe! From now on, every pape we can't sell, you buy back full price.

PULITZER 2: That's never been on the table! And what's to keep newsies from taking hundreds of papers they can't sell? My costs will explode.

JACK 5: No newsie is gonna break his back carryin' around papes he can't sell; but if he can take a few extra and have with no risk, he might sell those and then your circulation will begin to grow. It's a compromise we can all live with.

PULITZER 2: That's not a bad head you got on your shoulders.

JACK 5: Deal *(He goes for a spit shake)*.

PULITZER 2: That's disgusting.

JACK 5: Well that's just the price of doing business.

[Curtain falls]

JACK 5: Newsies of New York... WE WON! And now, I would like to introduce my very own personal pal, Governor Theodore Roosevelt, himself.

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

RACE: Hey Jack, look! It's Crutchie!

CRUTCHIE: How ya doin', fellas? *(Hugs Jack)*

ROOSEVELT: Jack, with those drawings, you made an eloquent argument for shutting down the refuge. Be assured that Mr. Snyder's abuses will be fully investigated. Officers take him away.

JACK 5: Thank you Governor.

(Everyone cheers)

Song: Finale

[JACK]

With the strike settled, I should probably be hittin' the road

[DAVEY]

I don't get it. What's Santa Fe got that New York ain't?

[KATHERINE]

Or better yet, what's New York got that Santa Fe ain't?

[CRUTCHIE]

New York's got us, and we're family

[KATHERINE]

And you've got one more ace up your sleeve

[JACK]

What would that be?

[KATHERINE]

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

[JACK]

For sure?

[KATHERINE]

For sure

[JACK]

Don't take much to be a dreamer

All you do is close your eyes

But some made-up world is all you ever see

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

[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

Look at me!

I'm the king of New York!

Suddenly
I'm respectable
Starin' right at ya
Lousy with stature!
Glory be!
I'm the king of New York!
Victory!
Front page story
Guts and glory
I'm the king
Of New York!

[Curtain falls]

THE END