

Newsies

Audition Information

Thank you for your interest in auditioning. Listed below are items you need to be aware of when coming to audition. READ ALL OF IT!!

1. Come to door 21 on East Miller rd. 6:30pm each night. **SHS comes Tues and Wed**
2. CMS students come on Wednesday. ~~SHS students come Wednesday and Thursday.~~
3. Reminder, 6th grade must have been in a Woodlawn production to audition. 7th and 8th grade must currently be in choir.
4. Not everyone will make this production. We will be keeping the cast to a manageable size due to intensity of the dances and requirements.
5. Know the audition material. This means reading it several times until you are comfortable reading it without looking at it all the time.
6. Please make sure your personal schedule allows you to be at most rehearsals. Missing several days a week will not work. Be realistic in your time commitment.
7. Wear comfortable clothes to audition. Dance will be on Wednesday.
8. Callbacks will be immediately after auditions on Thursday. Be familiar with the songs Something to Believe In, King of New York, and Letter from the Refuge.

Any questions, you can email Mr Schlegel at tshlegel@sps5.org

Audition Form

Name _____

Today's Date_____

Phone _____

Cell Phone _____

Provider: _____

Address _____

e-mail _____

☐ Male ☐ Female

Age _____



WHICH IS THE BEST WAY TO COMMUNICATE TO YOU?

CELL PHONE TEXT

FACEBOOK

EMAIL

I am interested in: ☐ **Performing,** ☐ **Tech** (sets & lights),
☐ **Production,** ☐ **Make up,** ☐ **Costumes.**

List Previous Theatre Experience on back of form.

Conflicts/Commitments (Work, activities, family, church, etc. Also list any other special commitments that may conflict with rehearsals or performances. Please list dates & times. Use the back if necessary.)

<i>Sunday</i>	<i>Monday</i>	<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>Wednesday</i>	<i>Thursday</i>	<i>Friday</i>	<i>Saturday</i>

AH, AH, AH

GO!

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

WIESEL

Papes for the newsies! Line up!

(JACK is the first to the window.)

JACK

Good morning, Weasel. Did you miss me?

WIESEL

The name's Wise-el.

JACK

Ain't that what I said?

(slapping down his money)

I'll take the usual.

WIESEL

A hundred papes for the wise guy.

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

RACE

How's it going, Weasel?

WIESEL

At least call me "mister."

RACE

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

(The other NEWSIES laugh.)

WIESEL

Drop the cash and move it along.

RACE

(slapping down his coin)

Whatever happened to romance?

WIESEL

Fifty for the Race. Next!

CRUTCHIE

Good morning, Mr. Wiesel.

WIESEL

Fifty papes for Crutchie.

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

Have a look at this: a new kid.

LES

I'm new too!

RACE

Don't worry, kid - rubs right off.

DAVEY

I'll take twenty newspapers, please.

WIESEL

Twenty for the new kid. Let's see the dime.

DAVEY

I'll pay you when I sell them.

WIESEL

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

DAVEY

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

WIESEL

Certainly. And every time you lose a tooth I put a penny under your pillow. This kid's a riot. C'mon. Cough up the cash or blow.

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

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

ALBERT

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

WIESEL

You think I could?

ALBERT

Sure. Buy a ticket, they let anyone in.

DAVEY

- 15 -

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

(EVERYONE freezes and watches.)

WIESEL

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

DAVEY

I just want what I paid for.

OSCAR

He said beat it!

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

JACK

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

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

WIESEL

Here. Now take a hike.

JACK

(flipping a coin onto the counter)

Give him another fifty papes.

DAVEY

I don't want more papes.

JACK

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

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

DAVEY

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

LES

His name's Jack.

CRUTCHIE

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

JACK

(to LES)

How old are you, kid?

LES

I'm ten. Almost.

JACK

If anybody asks, you're seven. Younger sells more papes, and if we're gonna be partners...

DAVEY

Who said we want a partner?

CRUTCHIE

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

DAVEY

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

JACK

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

(to LES)

Look sad, kid.

(LES makes a sad face.)

We're gonna make millions.

LES

This is my brother David. I'm Les.

JACK

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

LES

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

JACK

60-40 and that's my final offer.

LES

Deal.

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

DAVEY

- 17 -

That's disgusting.

JACK

It's just business.

(to ALL)

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

#3 - Carrying the Banner (Tag)

Newsies

NEWSIES

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

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

SCENE TWO: Pulitzer's Office, Afternoon

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

PULITZER

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

SEITZ

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

PULITZER

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

BUNSEN

We could use an exciting headline.

PULITZER

What have we got today?

SEITZ

The trolley strike.

PULITZER

That's not exciting? It's epic!

HANNAH

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

SEITZ

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

PULITZER

That man is a socialist.

SEITZ

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

PULITZER

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

NUNZIO

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

PULITZER

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

HANNAH

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

PULITZER

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

SEITZ

Big photos attract readers.

PULITZER

Do you know what big photos cost?

BUNSEN

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

PULITZER

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

#4 - The Bottom Line

Pulitzer, Seitz, Bunsen, Hannah

(PULITZER)

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

NUNZIO

Mr. Pulitzer, please.

PULITZER

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

BUNSEN

But how does that help us sell more papers?

HANNAH

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

BUNSEN

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

PULITZER

Yes...

BUNSEN

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

PULITZER

Now you're getting somewhere...

SEITZ

A mere tenth of a penny per paper.

BUNSEN

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

PULITZER

My thought exactly. It's genius.

HANNAH

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

PULITZER

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

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

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

SEITZ, HANNAH, BUNSEN

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

SEITZ

WITH A TRIM!

HANNAH

AND A SNIP!

BUNSEN

- 21 -

AND A SHINE

PULITZER

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

The price for the newsies goes up in the morning!

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

SEITZ, HANNAH, BUNSEN

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

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

#4A - Carrying the Banner (Reprise)

Newsies

NEWSIES

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

(The scene transitions to...)

SCENE THREE: A Street Corner

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

DAVEY

Paper. Paper. Evenin' pape here.

JACK

Sing 'em to sleep why dontcha?

(snatches a paper from DAVEY and hawks it)

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

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

Thanks, mister.

DAVEY

You just made that up.

JACK

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

DAVEY

My father taught us not to lie.

JACK

And mine taught me not to starve.

(LES comes up empty-handed.)

LES

Hey! Just sold my last paper.

DAVEY

I got one more.

JACK

Sell it or pay for it.

LES

Give it here.

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

Buy a pape from a poor orphan boy?

(LES coughs gently.)

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

(The WOMAN exits with her paper.)

JACK

Born to the breed.

LES

This is so much better than school!

DAVEY

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

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

JACK

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

DAVEY

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

JACK

Ya got folks, huh?

LES

Doesn't everyone?

DAVEY

(elbows his brother)

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

JACK

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

DAVEY

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

LES

Mom's a great cook.

JACK

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

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

#5 - Chase

LES

Is that the guy you're meetin'?

(JACK looks up and sees SNYDER.)

SNYDER

Kelly!

JACK

(grabbing LES)

Run for it!

SNYDER

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

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

SCENE FOUR: Medda's Theater

- 25 -

JACK

Slow down. We lost 'em.

DAVEY

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

JACK

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

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

MEDDA

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

JACK

Not even me, Miss Medda?

MEDDA

(recognizing the intruder)

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

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

JACK

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

MEDDA

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

DAVEY

A pleasure.

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

What's wrong with you?

LES

Are you blind? She got no clothes on!

DAVEY

That's her costume.

LES

But I can see her legs!

MEDDA

(to DAVEY)

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

(posing)

Got the picture, kid?

JACK

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

MEDDA

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

LES

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

DAVEY

What would the Governor be doing at a juvenile jail?

JACK

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

LES

You really know the Governor?

MEDDA

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

(indicates a park scene drop behind her)

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

JACK

I couldn't take your money, Miss Medda.

LES

You pictured that?

MEDDA

- 27 -

Your friend is quite an artist.

JACK

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

DAVEY

You're really good.

MEDDA

That boy's got natural aptitude.

LES

Geez. I never knew no one with a aptitude.

(The STAGE MANAGER calls to her.)

STAGE MANAGER

Miss Medda, you're on!

MEDDA

(strikes a pose)

Yeah? How'm I doin'?

(to the BOYS)

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

STAGE MANAGER

(announcing MEDDA as she moves toward the stage)

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

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

#6 - That's Rich

Medda

MEDDA

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

RACE

I got midtown.

JO JO

I got the Bronx.

BUTTONS

And I got the Bowery.

JACK

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

(The NEWSIES cringe and look away.)

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

FINCH

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

JACK

Me and Davey will take Brooklyn.

DAVEY

(still struggling)

Me? I have to...

(KATHERINE enters.)

KATHERINE

Why's everyone so scared of Brooklyn?

JACK

(smiling)

What're you doin' here?

KATHERINE

Asking a question. Have you got an answer?

JACK

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

(sidling up to KATHERINE)

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

KATHERINE

-47-

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

JACK

Shouldn't you be at the ballet?

KATHERINE

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

CRUTCHIE

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

KATHERINE

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

DAVEY

We never said that.

KATHERINE

You didn't have to. I did.

JACK

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

KATHERINE

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

JACK

Ain't your beat entertainment?

KATHERINE

This is entertaining... so far.

JACK

What's the last news story you wrote?

KATHERINE

What's the last strike you organized?

ROMEO

(pushing his way in)

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

KATHERINE

(waving him off)

You thinks wrong, Romeo.

ROMEO

How'd she know my name?

DAVEY

(to JACK)

I say we save any exclusive for a real reporter.

KATHERINE

You see somebody else giving you the time of day?

(desperate)

All right, so I'm just busting out of the social pages. But you give me the exclusive, let me run with the story, and I promise I'll get you the space.

CRUTCHIE

You really think we could be in the papes?

KATHERINE

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

JACK

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

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

MR. JACOBI

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

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

Jack, Davey, Les, Newsies

FINCH

C'mon. We got newsies to visit.

RACE

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

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

NEWSIES

AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW
WE BEEN KEEPIN' SCORE

SCENE SIX: Rooftop, Night

#17A - To the Rooftop

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

KATHERINE

That was some speech you made.

JACK

How'd you get here?

KATHERINE

Specs showed me.

JACK

(snatches his drawings)

He say you could go through my stuff?

KATHERINE

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

(takes the drawings back and studies them closer)

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

JACK

A little different from where you were raised?

KATHERINE

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

(JACK, embarrassed, turns away.)

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

JACK

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

KATHERINE

I never turned on you or anyone else.

JACK

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

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KATHERINE

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

JACK

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

KATHERINE

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

JACK

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

KATHERINE

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

JACK

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

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

KATHERINE

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

JACK

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

KATHERINE

Ah. But I do.

JACK

Oh, come on...

KATHERINE

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

JACK

I didn't say nothin'...

KATHERINE

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

JACK

I'm listening.

KATHERINE

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

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

JACK

(reading)

"The Children's Crusade"?

KATHERINE

(snatches it back and reads)

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

JACK

"The Children's Crusade"??

KATHERINE

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

JACK

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

KATHERINE

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

JACK

(suddenly remembering)

Oh, no.

KATHERINE

What?

JACK

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

KATHERINE

Then why are we still standing here?

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

JACK

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

(indicating the two of them)

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

KATHERINE

Of course there is.

JACK

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

KATHERINE

Oh, Jack...

JACK

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

#18 - *Something to Believe In*

Katherine, Jack

(JACK)

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

KATHERINE

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

JACK

For sure?

KATHERINE

For sure.

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



MUSIC THEATRE
INTERNATIONAL



(NEWSIES GROUP 1)
rise... And our ranks will grow... and grow and so the

NEWSIES GROUP 2:
...from the streets be - low, ...and grow and so the

World will feel the fire and fi - nily

World will feel the fire and fi - nily

DAVEY: Come on, Les. The folks are waiting. KATHERINE: So, what's your story? Are you selling newspapers to work your way through art school? JACK: Art school? You kiddin' me?

know!

know!

#8—The World Will Know (Reprise)

Katherine
(Jack)

Watch What Happens

#9

Warr: KATHERINE: Good answer. Good night, Mr. Kelly.

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

Tentatively
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.

1
poco rit.

Solidly, with drive ♩=87
[VAMP] (cut immediately on cue)

KATHERINE: You heard the man, "Write it good." Write it good, or it's back to wheezing your way through the flower show.
No pressure. Let's go. "Newsies Stop the World!" (OUT)

A little hyperbole
never hurt anyone.
(on typing)

5
4

10
4

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

14
4

...and if I could just write about it... Come on, Katherine, the boys are counting on you. Oh, you poor boys.

18
KATHERINE:
Write what you know, so they say. All I know is I don't know what to write or the

21
right way to write it. This is big, la - dy, don't screw it up! This is not some lit - tle

24
vaude - ville... I'm re - view - ing. 'Poor lit - tle kids ver - sus

#9—Watch What Happens



MUSIC THEATRE
INTERNATIONAL

rich, greed-y so-ur-puss-es! Ha! It's a cinch! It can prac-ti-cly write it-self, and
let's pray it does, 'cause as I may have men-tioned, I have no clue what I'm do-ing.
Am I in-sane? This is what I've been wait-ing for! Well, that, plus the scream-ing of
ten an-gry ed-i-tors: "A girl!" That's a girl!!! How the hell... "Is that ev-en le-gal?"
"Look, just go and get her." Not on-ly that, there's the
sto-ry be-hind the sto-ry: thou-sands of chil-dren ex-ploit-ed, in-vis-i-ble, speak
up, take a stand, and there's some-one to write a-bout it, that's how things get bet-ter.
Give life's lit-tle guys some ink and when it dries just
watch what hap-pens! Those kids will live and
breathe right on the page and once they're cen-ter stage you

#9 - Watch What Happens

watch what hap-pens! And who's there with her
cam'-ra and her pen as boys turn in-to men? They'll
storm the gates and then just watch what hap-pens when they
KATHERINE: "A modern day David is poised to take on the rich and powerful Goliath.
With the swagger of one twice his age,
do!
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!
[VAMP] (vox last x)
Pic-ture a hand-some, he-ro-i-c'ly char-is-mat-ic, plain-spo-ken, know-noth-ing,
skirt-chas-ing, cock-y lit-tle son-of-a... Lie down with dogs and you wake up with a
raise and a pro-mo-tion. So he's a flirt, a com-
plete e-go-ma-ni-ac. The fact is he's al-so the face of the strike. What a
face! Face the fact: that's a face that could save us all from sink-ing in the o-cean.

#9 - Watch What Happens

102 Like some-one said, "Pow-er tends to cor-rupt, and ab-so-lute pow-er..." Wait! Wait! "...Cor-
rupts ab-so-lute-ly." That is ge-nius! But give me some time, I'll be twice as good as
105 that six months from... nev-er. Just look a-round at the
108 world we're in-her-it-ing, and think of the one we'll cre-ate. Their mis-take is they got
111 old. That is not a mis-take we'll be mak-ing. No, sir, we'll stay...young... for-ev-er!
114 Give those kids... and me the brand-new cen-tu-ry and
118 watch what hap-pens!... It's Da-vid and Go-
122 li-ath... do... or die, the fight is on... and I can't
125 watch what hap-pens... But all I know is
130 noth-ing hap-pens if you just give... in... It

#9—Watch What Happens

138 can't be... an-y worse than how it's been... and it
142 just so... hap-pens that we just might... win... so what -
145 ev-er hap-pens... let's... be -
150 gin!

#9—Watch What Happens

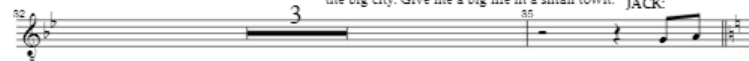
-2-

CRUTCHIE: But everyone wants to come here.

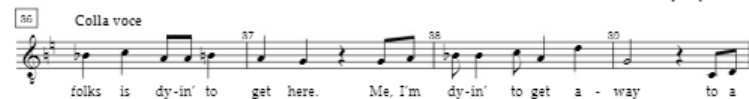
JACK: New York's fine for those what can afford a big strong door to lock it out.



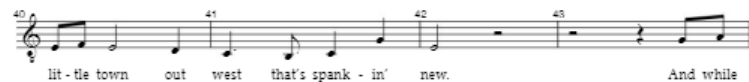
But I tell you, Crutchie, there's a whole other way out there. So you keep your small life in the big city. Give me a big life in a small town. JACK:



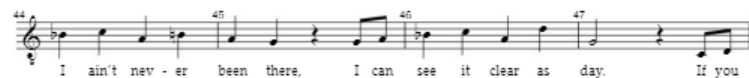
They say



folks is dy-in' to get here. Ma, I'm dy-in' to get a - way to a



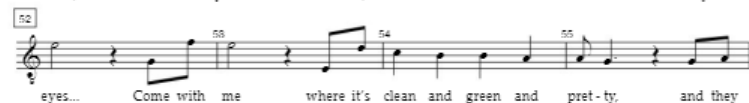
lit - tie town out west that's spank - in' new. And while



I ain't nev - er been there, I can see it clear as day. If you



want, I bet - 'cha you could see it, too. Close your



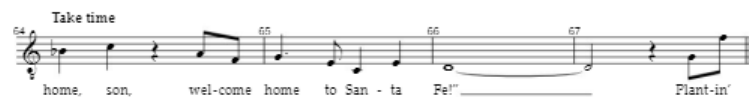
eyes... Come with me where it's clean and green and pret - ty, and they



went and made a ci - ty out - ta clay. Why, the



min - ute that you get there folks - 'll walk right up and say, "Wel - come

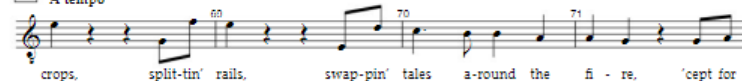


home, son, wel - come home to San - ta Fe! Plant-in'

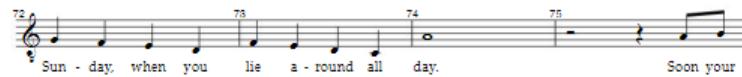
#2 - Santa Fe (Prologue)

-3-

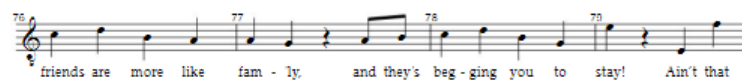
68 A tempo



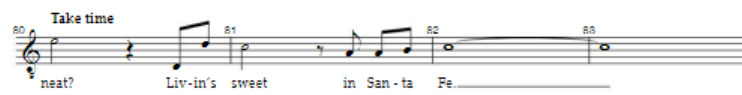
crops, split-tin' rails, swap-pin' tales a-round the fi - re, 'cept for



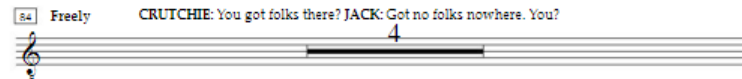
Sun - day, when you lie a - round all day. Soon your



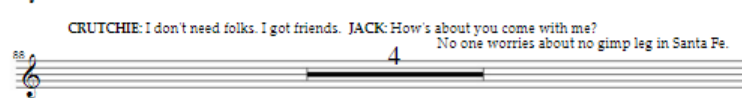
friends are more like fam - ly, and they's beg - ging you to stay! Ain't that



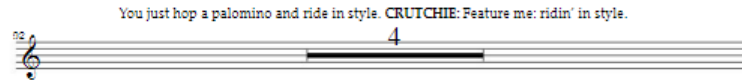
neat? Liv-in's sweet in San - ta Fe.



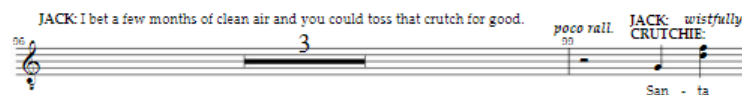
CRUTCHIE: You got folks there? JACK: Got no folks nowhere. You?



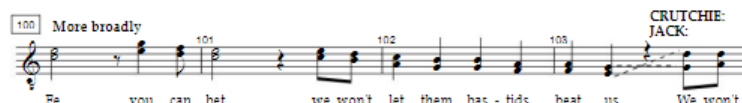
CRUTCHIE: I don't need folks. I got friends. JACK: How's about you come with me? No one worries about no gimp leg in Santa Fe.



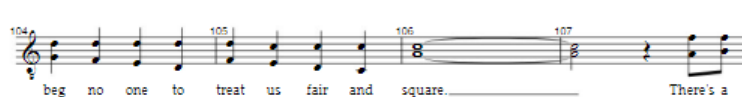
You just hop a palomino and ride in style. CRUTCHIE: Feature me: ridin' in style.



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



Fe, you can bet we won't let them bas - tids beat us. We won't



beg no one to treat us fair and square. There's a

#2 - Santa Fe (Prologue)

-4-

108 JACK: 109 110 111 112 JACK: 113

life that's worth the liv-in', and I'm gon-na do my share: Work the land, chase the

113 JACK: CRUTCHIE: 114 115 116 rit. 117

sun, swim the whole Ri-o Grande just for fun! Watch me stand! Watch me run...

118 Tempo 1° JACK: Hey... JACK: 120 121

Don't you know that we's a fam - 'ly? Would I

122 123 124 125

let ya down? No way! Just hold on, kid, 'til that train makes San - ta

(BELLS) JACK: Time for dreamin's done.

126 127 128 129

Fe.

♩=144 (Tempo of #2A) Hey! Specs, Racer, Henry, Albert, Elmer. Get a move on, boys.

130 3 Them papes don't sell themselves!

[SEGUE AS ONE]

#2 - Santa Fe (Prologue)

(Albert)
Race

Prologue (Playoff)

#2A

CUE: Segue as one from No. 2 "Santa Fe (Prologue)"

With energy ♩=144

1 4 5 2

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

3

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

RACE: A pretty girl? ALBERT: A leg of lamb! RACE: Hey!

10 2 12 rit. 13 RACE:

That's my ci-

[SEGUE AS ONE]

#2A - Prologue (Playoff)

Pulitzer
Seitz
Bunsen
Hannah
(Nunzio)

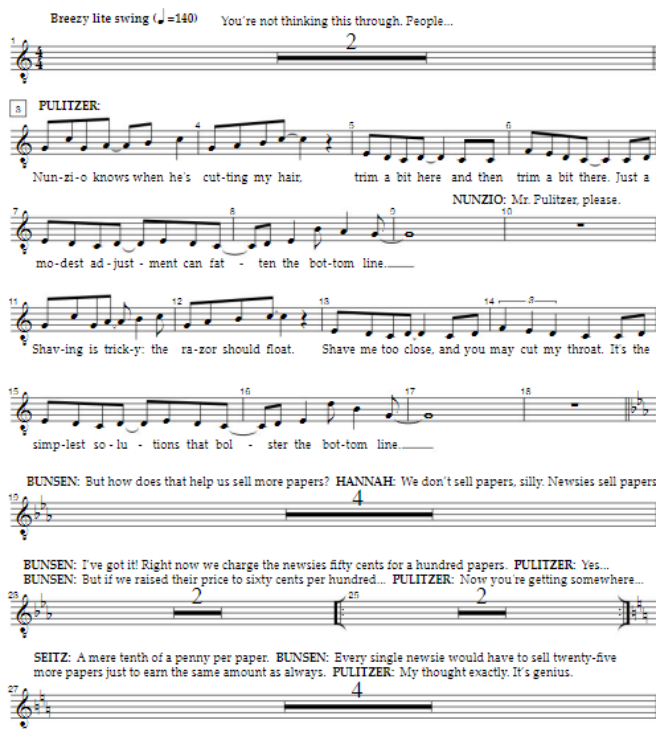
The Bottom Line

#4

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

CUE: PULITZER: There's an answer right before your eyes.

Breezy lite swing (♩=140) You're not thinking this through. People...



1 BUNSEN:
Nun-zio knows when he's cut-ting my hair, trim a bit here and then trim a bit there. Just a
NUNZIO: Mr. Pulitzer, please.
mo-dest ad-just-ment can fat-ten the bot-tom line.

11 Shav-ing is trick-y: the ra-zor should float. Shave me too close, and you may cut my throat. It's the
simp-lest so-lu-tions that bol-ster the bot-tom line.

17 BUNSEN: But how does that help us sell more papers? HANNAH: We don't sell papers, silly. Newsies sell papers.

23 BUNSEN: I've got it! Right now we charge the newsies fifty cents for a hundred papers. PULITZER: Yes...
BUNSEN: But if we raised their price to sixty cents per hundred... PULITZER: Now you're getting somewhere...

27 SEITZ: A mere tenth of a penny per paper. BUNSEN: Every single newsie would have to sell twenty-five
more papers just to earn the same amount as always. PULITZER: My thought exactly. It's genius.

#4—The Bottom Line

-2-

HANNAH: It's going to be awfully rough on those children. PULITZER: Nonsense. I'm giving them a real life lesson in economics. I couldn't

offer them a better education if they were my own. PULITZER: Give me a week... and I'll train...

them to be like an army that's march-ing to war.

Proud of them-selves and so grate-ful to me, they'll be beg-ging to pay ev-en more! When there's
dirt on our shoes, boys, for God's sake, re-lax!... Why throw them out? All we
need is some wax. List-en well to these bar-ber-shop les-sons for they'll see you through.

(PULITZER)

HANNAH:
When you're stuck in the muck, you'll be fine. You'll er-ase an-y trace of de-cline

SEITZ:
BUNSEN:
When you're stuck in the muck, you'll be fine. You'll er-ase an-y trace of de-cline

#4—The Bottom Line

-3-

56 PULITZER: And the pow'r of the press, yes!

HANNAH: And a snip!

SEITZ: With a trim!

BUNSEN: And a shine!

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

Once a - gain is mine!

64 PULITZER: Just a few com-mon cents, gents, that's the bot-tom

67 line!

HANNAH: Ev-ry new out-come is in-come for you... thanks to that bot-tom line!

SEITZ: BUNSEN: Ev-ry new out-come is in-come for you... thanks to that bot-tom line!

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]

#4 - The Bottom Line

Newsies
(Davey)
(Jack)

Carrying the Banner (Reprise) #4A

CUE: Applause Segue from No. 4 "The Bottom Line"

A tempo "Carrying the Banner" ♩=152

NEWSIES: Sun up to

sun - down, know - in' where my cus-tom-ers'll be. Sun up to

sun - down, watch - in' all the la-dies watch-in' me. Walked my

shoes off... got the dough to show it, pro - ba-bly I'll blow it, then...

be - fore you know it we'll be out there, car - ry-ing the ban-ner...

DAVEY: Paper. Paper. Evenin' pape here. JACK: Sing 'em to sleep why dontcha?

poco rit. [TIME]

#4A - Carrying the Banner (Reprise)

Orchestra
(Davey)

Watch What Happens (Playoff) #9A

CUE: Applause Segue as one from No. 9 "Watch What Happens"

TACET

#9A—Watch What Happens (Playoff)

Davey
Jack
Newsies
Les
(Wiesel)
(Morris)

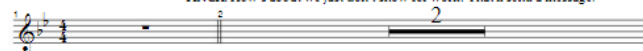
Seize the Day #10

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

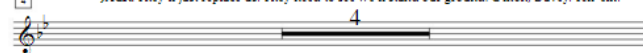
Cue: JACK: We can't back down now.

Gentle hymn, ca. ♩=92

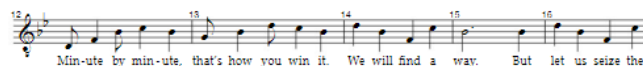
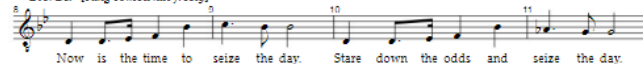
(JACK) No matter who does or doesn't show. Like it or not, now is when we take a stand.
(FINCH) How's about we just don't show for work? That'll send a message.



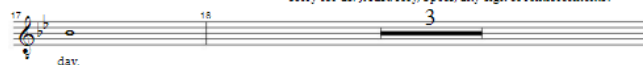
JACK: They'll just replace us. They need to see we'll stand our ground. C'mon, Davey. Tell 'em.



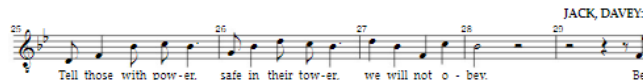
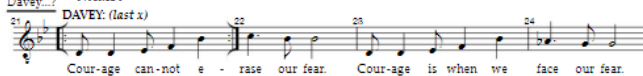
DAVEY: [sung somewhat freely]



CRUTCHIE: Hey, Jack. Look what I made! Good, huh? Strike! RACE: That's great. That's pitiful.
LES: Don't be so quick to judge. Maybe Pulitzer will see that out his window and feel
sorry for us. JACK: Hey, Specs, any sign of reinforcements?



Davey...? (VAMPI)



#10—Seize the Day

-2-

80 (JACK, DAVEY)
hold the brave bat-ta-lion that stands side by side, too few in num-ber and too proud to hide. Then

84 say to the oth-ers who did not fol-low through, "You're still our broth-ers, and

87 we will fight for you."

Moving a bit more ♩=96
40 JACK, DAVEY:
Now is the time to seize the day. Stare down the odds and seize the day.

RACE, CRUTCHIE:
Now is the time to seize the day. Stare down the odds and seize the day.

44 +MUSH: 47 +LES:
Once we've be-gun, if we stand as one, some-day be-comes some-how, and a

+FINCH: +SPECS:
Once we've be-gun, if we stand as one, some-day be-comes some-how, and a

48 JACK:
prayer be-comes a vow. And the strike starts right damn

50 prayer be-comes a vow.

52 (JACK)
WIESEL: The sun is up and the birds is singin'. A beautiful day to crack some heads, ain't it?
Step right up and get your papes. MORRIS: You workin' or trespassin'. What's your pleasure?

55 now!

#10—Seize the Day

-3-

DAVEY: Who are they? JACK: Scabs. Who do you think? FINCH: If they think they can just wait in here and take our jobs—CRUTCHIE: We can handle them! ROMEO: Let's soak 'em, boys! FINCH: Yeah! Let's get 'em! DAVEY: No!

56 We all stand together or we don't have a chance! Jack! JACK: All right. I know. I hear ya. Listen, fellas... I know somebody put yis up to this. Probably paid ya some extra money too. Yeah? Well, it ain't right.

61 JACK: 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.

62 But if we stand together, we can change the whole game. And it ain't just about us. All across the city there are boys and girls who ought to be out playin' or going to school. Instead they're slavin' to

67 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.

72 Fellas... For the sake of all the kids in every sweatshop, factory, and slaughter house in this town, I beg you... throw down your papers and join the strike. LES: Please? SCAB 1: I'm with ya.

76 Muscular rock beat (♩=120)

85 DAVEY: NEWSIES:
Now is the time to seize the day! Now is the time to seize the day!

87 DAVEY: NEWSIES:
An-swer the call and don't de-lay! An-swer the call and don't de-lay!

#10—Seize the Day

ALL:
Wrongs will be right - ed if we're u - nit - ed! Let us seize...
the day!

SCAB 3: You're kidding, right? SCAB 2: At the end of the day who are you gonna trust? Them... or them?

JACK:
Now let 'em hear it loud and clear! Now let 'em hear it loud and clear!

NEWSIES:
Like it or not, we're draw - ing near! Like it or not, we're draw - ing near!

ALL:
Proud and de - fi - ant, we'll slay the gi - ant!
Judg - ment Day is here!

SCAB 3: Oh... what the hell? Me father's gonna kill me anyway! (All cheer.)
Hous - ton to

NEWSIES:
Har - lem, look what's be -
gun!

#10 - Seize the Day

One for all and all for
one!

Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike!

Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike! Oh...

A bit slower
Strike!

Tempo I^o

14
4

16 4

16 12 6

(The DELANCEYS break in, punch DAVEY and JACK, and grab LES.)

8 8

#10 - Seize the Day

-6-

(The rest of the NEWSIES save LES, chase off the DELANCEYS and celebrate.)

0387 16 0393 8

0399 16

0427 NEWSIES:
Now is the time to seize the day!

0431 0432 0433 2
They're gon-na see there's hell to pay!

0435 0436 0437 0438 0439 0440
Noth-ing can break us, no one can make us quit be-fore we're

0441 0442 0443 0444
done!

0445 0446 0447 0448
One for all and all for

0449 0450 0451 0452
one for all and all for

0453 0454 0455
one for all and

0456 0457 0458 0459 0460 0461
all for one!

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]

#10 - Seize the Day

Newsies

Seize the Day (Tag)

#10A

CUE: Applause Segue as one from No. 10 "Seize the Day"

A tempo

NEWSIES:
News - ies for -

Half time groove

0462 0463 0464 0465 0466 0467 0468 0469 0470
ev - er! Se - cond to none!

0471 0472 0473 0474 0475 0476
One for all and all for

(they fade out ad lib. as they see DELANCEYS and GOONS)

0477 0478 0479 0480 0481 0482
one for all and all for...

[SLOW SEGUE]

#10A - Seize the Day (Tag)



MUSIC THEATRE
INTERNATIONAL

— 138 —

DISNEY'S NEWSIES

(Les)
(Snyder)
(Jack)
(Medda)

Chase

#5

WAVE: LES: Mom's a great cook.

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

TACET

#5 — Chase

DISNEY'S NEWSIES

— 139 —

Medda
(Stage Manager)

That's Rich

#6

WAVE: STAGE MANAGER: Miss Medda, you're on!

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

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

1 MEDDA:
I'm

3 Freely
do-ing all right for my-self, folks: I'm heal-thy, I'm weal-thy, I'm wise. My in-

7 vest-ments and such have all gone up so much... seems what ev-er I touch... starts to

10 rise. I've been all kinds of luck - y and yet the

13 thing I want most... I can't get.

16 Raggy swing (♩ = 134)
4 20
I

21 live in a man - sion on Long Is-land Sound. I pulled up a weed, they found oil...

#6 — That's Rich

24 in the ground. But you tell - ing me you don't want me a-round...

27 now hon - ey, that's rich. Some guys give me er - mine, chin - chil -

30 la, and mink. and give me dia - monds as big as a sink. but

33 you would-n't give me as much as a wink... Now ba - by, that's rich. I get bran-

37 - dy from An - dy and can - dy from Scott. Oh, and Frank and Ed - uar - do chipped in -

40 for a yacht. I get stares from the fel - las and prayers from the pope, but

43 I ran out my luck get - ting stuck with this mope. (last x) Now,

46 list - en, sport. this life's too short to waste it on you. It

50 may be rough. but soon e - nough I'll learn to make do with the

54 man-sion, the oil... well, the dia - monds, the yacht, with An - dy, Ed - uar - do, the Pon - tiff, and Scott and

#6 - That's Rich

56 Frank. and my bank! So spill no tears for me, 'cause there's

60 one thing you ain't that I'll al - ways be, and hon - ey, yeah, that's... right. that's

66 rich! That's rich! That's

70 rich! That's rich!

[SLOW SEGUE]

#6 - That's Rich