

***NEWSIES AUDITION SIDES***  
***SUMMER 2025***

# Disney's NEWSIES

## Character List

**JACK KELLY** - leader of the newsies  
**CRUTCHIE** - newsie with a bum leg  
**DAVEY** - new, bookish newsie  
**LES** - Davey's fearless younger brother  
**RACE, ALBERT, SPECS, HENRY, FINCH, ROMEO, ELMER, MUSH, BUTTONS,**  
**SPLASHER, TOMMY BOY, JO JO, MIKE, IKE, etc.** - newsies  
**SCABS (3)**  
**SPOT CONLON** - leader of the Brooklyn newsies

**KATHERINE PLUMBER** - ambitious young reporter  
**DARCY** - upper-class son of a publisher  
**BILL** - son of William Randolph Hearst

**WIESEL** - runs the *World's* distribution window  
**MORRIS DELANCEY** - heavy at the *World's* distribution window  
**OSCAR DELANCEY** - Morris's equally tough brother  
**GOONS**

**JOSEPH PULITZER** - no-nonsense publisher of the *World*  
**SEITZ** - Pulitzer's editor  
**BUNSEN** - Pulitzer's bookkeeper  
**HANNAH** - Pulitzer's secretary  
**NUNZIO** - Pulitzer's barber  
**GUARD**

**SNYDER** - warden of The Refuge

**MEDDA LARKIN** - vaudeville star and theater owner  
**BOWERY BEAUTIES** - showgirls at Medda's theater  
**STAGE MANAGER**

**NUNS (3)**  
**WOMAN** - newspaper customer  
**MR. JACOBI** - owner of Jacobi's Deli  
**POLICEMEN**  
**MAYOR**  
**GOVERNOR TEDDY ROOSEVELT**

In the original Broadway production, the adult (non-newsie) ensemble comprised eight actors who doubled and understudied as indicated below. All other featured roles and understudies were cast from the ensemble of newsies. Feel free to follow these tracks or expand as your resources allow.

**FEMALE ENSEMBLE 1** - Nun / Hannah / Bowery Beauty / Katherine understudy  
**FEMALE ENSEMBLE 2** - Nun / Woman / Bowery Beauty / Medda understudy  
**FEMALE ENSEMBLE 3** - Nun / Medda Larkin  
**MALE ENSEMBLE 1** - Wiesel / Stage Manager / Mr. Jacobi / Mayor / Pulitzer understudy  
**MALE ENSEMBLE 2** - Seitz / Roosevelt understudy  
**MALE ENSEMBLE 3** - Bunsen / Male Ensemble 1 understudy  
**MALE ENSEMBLE 4** - Nunzio / Guard / Policeman / Roosevelt  
**MALE ENSEMBLE 5** - Snyder / Pulitzer understudy

***Newsies Vocal Auditions:***

*Jack: Santa Fe, (#12 after the Fight) M 80 - 117*

*Pulitzer: The Bottom Line, M 37 - 52 and 64 - 70*

*Medda: That's Rich, M45 - 73*

*Katherine: Watch What Happens, M 118 - 153*

*Davey: Seize the Day, M 21-37 (melody when split)*

*Crutchie: Letter from the Refuge, M 59 - end of song*

*Ensemble: Seize the Day, M 327 - END*

# Jack - Santa Fe

# M90 - End

69 70 71 72

life don't seem to suit ya, how 'bout a change of scene?

*Stgs. "Legato Stgs"*

*w/ Clar*

73 74 75 76

Far from the lous - y head - lines and the dead - lines in be - tween!

*Stgs*

*+ Tbn*

## Start

77 78 79 80

San - ta

*w/ Winds, "Marc Hns"*

*+ Stgs*

*molto rall.*

*+ Timp*

81 Broadly, in 4

Moving forward

82 83 84

Fel My old friend, I can't spend my whole life dream - in', though I

*w/ Stgs*

*ff* *w/ Brass, "Marc Hns"* *w/ Clar, Tpt*

+ Cello

85 86 87 88

know that's all I seem in - clined to do. I ain't

*w/ Clars, Stgs* *w/ Clar*

*f* *w/ Cello*

89 90 91 92

get - tin' an - y young - er, and I wan - na start brand new. I need

+ Brass + "Trem Stgs"

More broadly

93 space, and fresh air... 94 Let 'em laugh in my face, I don't 95

Winds, "Marc Hns"

w/ Stgs

*ff*

96 care... 97 Save my place, I'll be there... 98

*rit.*

*fp*

99 A tempo (poco rubato)

100 101 102 103 104

w/ Stgs

w/ "Clear Vibes"

w/ Bells, "Celeste"

Just be

*mp*

105

106 107 108

real is all I'm ask - in', not some paint - in' in my head, 'cause I'm

w/ Bells

w/ Vn

109 110 111 112 113 114

dead if I can't count on you to - day. I got noth-in' if I ain't got San-ta

"Harmonica"

mf

w/ Stgs

+ Chimes

Tutti

rall.

f

+ Cello

Briskly

115 116 117 118

Fel

"Harmonica"

sfz p

Tbn, Timp, Cello, Bass

ff

molto rall.

sfz p

ff

+ Gtr

start

PIANO/CONDUCTOR

# Pulitzer M37-52 + 64-70

1. "The Bottom Line"

37 PULITZER:

35 36

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

Key 1 "Piano"  
w/ Cl, Brass, "Marc Hns"

w/ Cl, Stgs, "Marc Hns"

*mf* *f* *mf*

38 39 40

\_ them to be\_ like an ar - my that's march - ing to war.

Brass

*mf*

41

42 43

Proud of them - selves and so grate - ful to me, \_ they'll be beg - ging to pay \_ e - ven

w/ Cl, Stgs, "Marc Hns", Bells

45

44 46

more! When there's dirt on our shoes, boys, for God's sake, re - lax! \_

Tutti

*mf* w/ Winds, Vln, "Marc Hns"

*fp*



47 48 49

Why throw them out? — All we need is some wax. List-en well to these bar - ber-shop les -

50 51 52 53

- sons for they'll see you through. \_\_\_\_\_

**HANNAH:**

**SEITZ:** When you're stuck in the muck, you'll be fine.

**BUNSEN:** When you're stuck in the muck, you'll be fine.

*Tutti* *w/ Cl, Vn* *f*

(HANNAH) 54 55 56

— You'll e - rase an - y trace of de - cline —

(SEITZ) **SEITZ:**

(BUNSEN) — You'll e - rase an - y trace of de - cline — With a

*+Tpt* *+Tbn, Cello*

57 **PULITZER:** 58 59 60

And the pow'r of the press, yes! Once a - gain is

**HANNAH:**  
And a snip!

**BUNSEN:**  
trim! And a shine! —

*w/ Cl, Stgs, Xylo*

*mf*  
*+ Gtr*

61 62 63

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

*Clar* *tr*

*w/ Stgs, "Marc Hns"*

*mf*

PULITZER:

64 65 66

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

*f* *fp*

*Tutti* *+Vln, Vc* *+ "Hp" Gliss*

67 68 69 70

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!

*Vn lead on top*

*ff* *sfz*

*Tutti* *ff* *sfz*

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]

# Medda M45-73

PIANO/CONDUCTOR

-5-

#6. "That's Rich"

39 40 41

Frank and Ed - uar - do chipped in \_\_\_\_\_ for a yacht. I get stares from the fel - las and

Stgs, "Stgs"

*mp*

G m7 C7 Eb/F E/F F Eb7 D7

42 43 44 3

prayers from the pope, but I ran out my luck get-ting stuck with this mope.

Picc, Xylo

G m7 C9 Eb/F *mp*

**Start**

45 [SAFETY] 46 47 48

MEDDA: Oh, honey, I was just talking about you! Now, list-en, sport, this life's too short to waste it on you.

Sop Sax, Xylo

Key 1, Stgs, "Stgs"

49 50 51 52

It may be rough, but soon e - nough I'll learn to make do

*Vn, Tpt, Tbn*

53 54 55

with the man-sion, the oil well, the dia - monds, the yacht, with

*Tbn 8vb*

*Key 1, Vn* *Tpt, Sop Sax, Xylo*

*f* C C maj7/G C6 G7(b5)

56 57 58

An - dy, Ed - uar - do, the Pon - tiff, and Scott and Frank, and my

*Winds, Stgs, Xylo*

C C maj7/G C 6 A 7 D m7

59 60 61

bank! So spill no tears\_ for me,\_\_\_\_\_ 'cause there's

*Sop Sax*  
*Tpt*

F m6 E m7 A 7 G2/B C m6 A 7/C#

*+Tbn*

62 63 64 65

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

*Sx*  
*Tbn*  
*Sop Sax, Stgs*  
*+Tpt 3*

*Key 1, Vn*  
*mf*  
*mf*  
*+Bs Tbn*

D m7 D#dim7 C/E A 7

66 67 68 69

rich! \_\_\_\_\_ That's rich! \_\_\_\_\_ That's

*Xylo, "Ragtime Pno"*

*Key 1, SopSax, Tpt, Stgs*

*ff* C C maj7/G D m G7(b5) C C maj7/G D m G7(b5)

70 71 72 73

rich! \_\_\_\_\_ That's rich!

*Tutti*

C C 9/Bb F/A D7 Dm7(b5) G7(b5) C

8<sup>bb</sup> -V -V

[SLOW SEGUE]

# Katherine M118-153

PIANO/CONDUCTOR

-9-

#9. "Watch What Happens"

110 111 112 113

Just look a-round at the world we're in-her-it-ing, and think of the one we'll cre-ate. Their mis-take is they got

*Brass*

*w/ Stgs, "Stgs"*

*mp*

114 115 116 117

old. That is not a mis - take we'll be mak-ing. No, sir, we'll stay young \_\_\_\_\_ for - ev-er!

*Brass*

*w/ Fl, Stgs, "Stgs"*

*mf* *f*

**Start**

118 119 120 121

Give those kids \_\_\_\_\_ and me the brand - new cen - tu - ry and

*Stgs, "Legato Stgs, Flute"*

*mf*

*+Tri. time*

*mf bring out right hand*



122 123 124 125

watch what hap - pens! It's Da - vid and Go -

*Stgs continue*

*Fl, Vln, Bells*

*f*

126 127 128 129

li - ath, do — or die, the fight is — on — and I can't

*mf*

130 131 132 133

watch what hap - pens. But all I know is

*w/ Flute*

*Tpt*

*mf*

134 135 136 137

noth - ing hap - pens if you just give in. It

*Fl, Tpt, Chimes*

*w/ Tbn*

138 139 140 141

can't be an - y worse than how it's been, and it

*Fl, Tpt, Chimes*

*w/ Cello*

*w/ Tbn*

142 143 144 145

just so hap - pens that we just might win, so what -

*Brass*

*w/ Flute, Stgs, "Marc Stgs"*

*"Marc Hns"*

*mf* *fp*

146 147 148 149

ev - er hap - pens, let's be -

Brass

*Fl, Vln, "Stgs"*

*fp* *mf* *f*

*w/ Flute, Stgs, "Marc Stgs"*

*w/ Tbn, "Marc Brass"*

150 151 152 153

gin!

*Tpt*

*+ Fl*

*fp*

*Gli Altri*

*sffz*

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]

# Davey M21-37 (melody)

PIANO/CONDUCTOR

-2-

#10. "Seize the Day"

12 13 14 15

Mi-nute by mi - nute, that's how you win it. We will find a way. But

16 17 18 19 20

let us seize the day. 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?

*p* *mf* + Bs

Start

## [VAMP]

Davey...?

DAVEY: (Vocal last X)

21 22 23

Cour-age can-not e - rase our fear. Cour-age is when we

*very gently*  
*w/ Cello*

*w/ Clar*

*Vn*

24 face our fear. 25 Tell those with pow-er, 26 safe in their tow-er, 27 we will not o-

*w/ Clar*

*w/ Vn*

*w/ Cello*

28 bey. 29 JACK, DAVEY: 30 Be - hold the brave bat-ta-lion that

*w/ Vn*

*Key 1*

*w/ Clar*

*mf*

*+Tbn, SusCym*

*w/ Bass*

31 stands side by side, 32 too few in num-ber and 33 too proud to hide. Then

*Tpt in St. Mute*

*mp* *espressivo*

*mf dolce*

34 35 36

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

"Oboe"

Tpt

*mf* *mp*

End

37 38 39

we will fight for you."

w/ Bells

w/ Tpt, Cl

Moving a bit more ♩=96

40 41 42 43

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.

Clar, Tpt

*mf* *espressivo* *mf* *mf*

Key 1 w/ Stgs

*mf* +Vc

w/ Tbn

# Crutchie M59-End

PIANO/CONDUCTOR

-6-

Start #4 "Letter from The Refuge"

57

Slower

train makes... CRUTCHIE: Damn this place. "I'll be

*fp* Tpt

*rit.*

Tbn

60

Tempo 1°

fine, good as new. But there's one thing I need you to do: on the

*mp* w/ Clar, Stgs

Moving forward

roof-top you said that a fam - 'ly looks out for each oth-er, so you

Stgs, "Stgs"

w/ Stgs

+ Cl, Brass

w/ Tbn

68 *f* *w/ Clar, Brass*

tell all the fel - las for me to pro - tect one an - oth - er. The

69 70 71

*f* *rit.*

72 Slower

73 74

end. Your friend... Your best friend... Your

*mp* *w/ Stgs*

75 76 77

broth - er... Crutch - ie." SNYDER:  
You in there - pipe down!

+ Bells *p*

*mp* (As CRUTCHIE blows out candle)

*Vn, Tbn, Bass all 8vb* *Cello, Bs*

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]



start

PIANO/CONDUCTOR

# Ensemble

-23-

#10. "Seize the Day"

327 NEWSIES:

328 329 330

Now is the time to seize the day!

*w/ Stgs* *w/ Winds, "Marc Hns"*

331 332 333 334

They're gon - na see there's hell to pay!

*w/ Stgs* *w/ Winds, "Marc Hns"*

335 336 337 338

Noth - ing — can break — us, no one — can make — us

*Stgs, "Stg Section"*

*w/ "Marc Hns"* *+ Winds* *+ Winds*

339 *8* quit be - fore <sup>340</sup> we're done! <sup>341</sup> <sup>342</sup>

*w/ "Trem Stgs"*

+ Winds

343 <sup>344</sup> <sup>345</sup> <sup>346</sup> One for

*w/ Clar, Tpt, Tbn, "Marc Hns"* *Tutti* *Key 1*

*Stgs, "Stg Section"*

347 <sup>348</sup> <sup>349</sup> <sup>350</sup> all and all for one for

*Tpt, Cl, Tbn*

351 352 353 354 355

all and all for one for all and

*w/ Winds*

356 357 358 359 360 361

all for one!

*f* *+ Clar* *+ Clar*

*Tpt* *+ Clar*

*Tbn*

[FLASH]

[APPLAUSE SEQUE]

**Scenes:**

*Jack & Crutchie, pg 1 - 2*

*Katherine & Jack, pg 49 - 52*

*Jack, Davey, Les, Katherine, pg 73 - 76*

*Pulitzer, Seitz, Bunson, Hannah, Nunzio, pg 18 - 20*

*Race & Henry, pg 67*

*Medda, Jack, Davey, Les, Katherine pg. 73 - 76*

*Mayor, Pulitzer, Bunson, Snyder, Jack pg. 80 - 82*

*Boys: Race, Mush, Davey, Romeo, Buttons, Tommy Boy, Les, Albert, Elmer, Crutchie, Jo-Jo, Jack and Romeo, pg. 33 - 35*

## ACT ONE

## PROLOGUE: Rooftop, Dawn

## Jack + Crutchie

## #1 – Overture

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

Start

## #2 – Santa Fe (Prologue)

Jack, Crutchie

\*

JACK

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

CRUTCHIE

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

JACK

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

CRUTCHIE

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

*(loses his footing and almost falls, yelps)*

Whoa!!!

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

JACK

You wanna bust your other leg, too?

CRUTCHIE

No. I wanna go down.

JACK

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

CRUTCHIE

You're crazy.

JACK

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

CRUTCHIE

You're seein' stars all right!

JACK

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

CRUTCHIE

But everyone wants to come here.

JACK

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

End

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

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

*(CRUTCHIE is taken under Jack's spell.)*

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

**(NEWSIES)**

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

**NEWSIES GROUP 1**

AND A ROAR WILL RISE...

**NEWSIES GROUP 2**

... FROM THE STREETS BELOW

**NEWSIES GROUP 1**

AND OUR RANKS WILL GROW...

**NEWSIES GROUP 2**

... AND GROW

**NEWSIES GROUP 1**

AND GROW

**NEWSIES**

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

**DAVEY**

Come on, Les. The folks are waiting.

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**JACK**

Art school? You kiddin' me?

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

**KATHERINE**

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

Start

**JACK**

Maybe that ain't what I want.

**KATHERINE**

So tell me what you want.

**JACK**

*(shamelessly flirting)*

Can't you see it in my eyes?

**KATHERINE**

Have you always been their leader?

**JACK**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**JACK**

You got a name?

**KATHERINE**

Katherine... Plumber.

**JACK**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**JACK**

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

**KATHERINE**

Mr. Kelly...

**JACK**

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

**KATHERINE**

Are you scared?

**JACK**

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



**KATHERINE**

*(writes down the quote and starts to exit)*

Good answer. Good night, Mr. Kelly.

**JACK**

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

#9 – *Watch What Happens*

Katherine

**KATHERINE**

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

**JACK**

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

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

**SCENE SEVEN: Katherine's Office**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

*(typing)*

"Newsies Stop the World." A little hyperbole never hurt anyone.

*(typing again)*

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

*(pulls the paper out of the typewriter and rips it up)*

... and if I could just write about it...

*(puts a fresh piece of paper in the typewriter)*

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

End ↙

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

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

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

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

## SCENE THREE: Medda's Theater

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

MEDDA

Here's everything I owe you for the first backdrop, plus this one, and even a little something extra just account'a because I'm gonna miss you so.

(MEDDA hands JACK an envelope full of money.)

JACK

Miss Medda.

MEDDA

Jack.

JACK

You're a gem.

MEDDA

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

JACK

Does it matter?

MEDDA

When you go somewhere and it turns out not to be the right place, you can always go somewhere else. But if you're running away, nowhere's ever the right place.

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

DAVEY

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

MEDDA

Why don't I leave you with your friend.

(MEDDA exits.)

DAVEY

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

JACK

Ever think I didn't wanna be found?

DAVEY

(indicating the backdrop)

Is that a real place? That Santa Fe?

start

**(DAVEY)**

*(suddenly remembering, holds out the newspaper)*

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

**JACK**

Good for you.

**DAVEY**

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

**JACK**

We got stomped into the ground.

**DAVEY**

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

**JACK**

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

**DAVEY**

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

**JACK**

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

**DAVEY**

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

*(LES enters, calling to KATHERINE behind him.)*

**LES**

There he is, just like I said.

**JACK**

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

**DAVEY**

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

**LES**

*(to DAVEY)*

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

DAVEY

Pipe down. I didn't ask yet.

LES

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

DAVEY

Your girl?

LES

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

JACK

*(sees KATHERINE)*

Word is you wrote a great story.

KATHERINE

*(tentatively approaches JACK)*

You look like hell.

LES

*(studying the painting)*

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

DAVEY

It's Santa Fe.

KATHERINE

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

LES

Yes, he did. And then he died.

JACK

Ain't reporters supposed to be non-partisan?

KATHERINE

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

LES

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

DAVEY

*(to JACK)*

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

(DAVEY)

every newsie gets a say and a vote. And we do it after working hours so no one loses a day's pay. Smart?

JACK

Smart enough to get you committed to a padded room!

KATHERINE

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

JACK

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

End

#14B - Jack's Painting

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

JACK

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

DAVEY

Lighten up. No one died.

JACK

Is that what you're aiming for? Go on and call me a quitter, call me a coward. No way I'm puttin' them kids back in danger.

DAVEY

We're doing something that has never been done before. How could that not be dangerous?

JACK

Specs brung me a note from Crutchie at The Refuge. I tried to see him. Climbed the fire escape. But they busted him up so bad he couldn't even come to the window. What if he don't make it? You willing to shoulder that for a tenth of a penny a pape?

DAVEY

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

JACK

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

#15 - Watch What Happens (Reprise)

Davey, Jack, Katherine, Les

## SCENE TWO: Pulitzer's Office, Afternoon

start  
└

(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.

*(PULITZER sits back.)*

**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.

L  
End

~~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!~~

KATHERINE

You got yourselves in the pape.

MUSH

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

SPECS

What else do you got?

KATHERINE

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

ALBERT

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

LES

(charges ALBERT)

Jack don't run from no fight!

ALBERT

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

RACE

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

HENRY

What of it?

RACE

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

HENRY

Your what?

RACE

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

HENRY

How much does bein' famous pay?

RACE

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

HENRY

Such as...?

# Medda + Jack, Davey, Les, Katherine

## SCENE THREE: Medda's Theater

start  
└

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

MEDDA

Here's everything I owe you for the first backdrop, plus this one, and even a little something extra just account'a because I'm gonna miss you so.

(MEDDA hands JACK an envelope full of money.)

JACK

Miss Medda.

MEDDA

Jack.

JACK

You're a gem.

MEDDA

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

JACK

Does it matter?

MEDDA

When you go somewhere and it turns out not to be the right place, you can always go somewhere else. But if you're running away, nowhere's ever the right place.

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

DAVEY

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

MEDDA

Why don't I leave you with your friend.

(MEDDA exits.)

DAVEY

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

JACK

Ever think I didn't wanna be found?

DAVEY

(indicating the backdrop)

Is that a real place? That Santa Fe?

**(DAVEY)**

*(suddenly remembering, holds out the newspaper)*

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

**JACK**

Good for you.

**DAVEY**

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

**JACK**

We got stomped into the ground.

**DAVEY**

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

**JACK**

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

**DAVEY**

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

**JACK**

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

**DAVEY**

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

*(LES enters, calling to KATHERINE behind him.)*

**LES**

There he is, just like I said.

**JACK**

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

**DAVEY**

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

**LES**

*(to DAVEY)*

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

DAVEY

Pipe down. I didn't ask yet.

LES

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

DAVEY

Your girl?

LES

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

JACK

*(sees KATHERINE)*

Word is you wrote a great story.

KATHERINE

*(tentatively approaches JACK)*

You look like hell.

LES

*(studying the painting)*

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

DAVEY

It's Santa Fe.

KATHERINE

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

LES

Yes, he did. And then he died.

JACK

Ain't reporters supposed to be non-partisan?

KATHERINE

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

LES

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

DAVEY

*(to JACK)*

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

(DAVEY)

every newsie gets a say and a vote. And we do it after working hours so no one loses a day's pay. Smart?

JACK

Smart enough to get you committed to a padded room!

KATHERINE

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

JACK

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

#14B – Jack's Painting

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

JACK

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

DAVEY

Lighten up. No one died.

JACK

Is that what you're aiming for? Go on and call me a quitter, call me a coward. No way I'm puttin' them kids back in danger.

DAVEY

We're doing something that has never been done before. How could that not be dangerous?

JACK

Specs brung me a note from Crutchie at The Refuge. I tried to see him. Climbed the fire escape. But they busted him up so bad he couldn't even come to the window. What if he don't make it? You willing to shoulder that for a tenth of a penny a pape?

DAVEY

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

JACK

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

#15 – Watch What Happens (Reprise)

Davey, Jack, Katherine, Les

## SCENE FOUR: Pulitzer's Office & Cellar, Afternoon

Start  
└

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

**MAYOR**

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

**PULITZER**

Because the trolley workers are striking for a fair contract. The newsies are striking against me!

**MAYOR**

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

**BUNSEN**

He can't order a raid without legal cause.

**PULITZER**

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

**MAYOR**

An escaped convict?

**PULITZER**

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

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

Mr. Snyder, which one is he?

**SNYDER**

*(pointing to the photo)*

That one there: Jack Kelly.

**MAYOR**

And how do you know this boy?

**SNYDER**

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

**MAYOR**

You called him a thief and escaped convict.

**SNYDER**

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

**PULITZER**

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

**MAYOR**

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

**PULITZER**

*(exploding)*

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

*(HANNAH rushes into the office.)*

**HANNAH**

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

**PULITZER**

Here?

**HANNAH**

Just outside. He's asked to see you.

**PULITZER**

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

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

**HANNAH**

Mr. Jack Kelly.

**JACK**

Afternoon, boys...

**PULITZER**

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

**JACK**

Which one gives us more in common?

**PULITZER**

Impudence is in bad taste when crawling for mercy.



**JACK**

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

**PULITZER**

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

**JACK**

Yeah? How'd that turn out for ya?

**PULITZER**

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

**JACK**

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

**PULITZER**

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

**JACK**

You may run this city, but there are some of us who can't be bullied. Even some reporters...

**PULITZER**

Such as that young woman who made you yesterday's news? Talented girl. And beautiful as well, don't you think?

**JACK**

I'll tell her you said so.

**PULITZER**

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

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

I trust you know my daughter, Katherine.

*(lets that sink in)*

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

## SCENE FIVE: Newsie Square, Next Morning

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

**RACE**

Them fire sirens kept me awake all night.

**MUSH**

Sirens is like 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**

*(cutting him off)*

... the further away from you I sleep!

*(LES and DAVEY arrive.)*

**DAVEY**

'Morning, everybody. Sorry we're late. We had to help our mom with something.

**RACE**

They got a mudder? I was gonna get me one.

**ROMEO**

What'd you do with the one you had?

**BUTTONS**

He traded her for a box of cigars.

**RACE**

They was Coronas!

**LES**

We have a father too.

**BUTTONS**

A mudder and a fodder.

**RACE**

Ain't we the hoi polloi?

**LES**

So, how's it going today?

**TOMMY BOY**

Ask me after they put up the headline.

*(LES looks up to read it.)*

**LES**

Here it comes now.

**ALBERT**

*(reading)*

"New Newsie Price: Sixty Cents Per Hundred."

**MUSH**

What'd you say?

*(The NEWSIES begin to take notice.)*

**DAVEY**

Is that news?

**ELMER**

It is to me.

**ALBERT**

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

**ELMER**

I can eat two days on a dime.

**CRUTCHIE**

I'll be sleepin' on the street.

**JO JO**

You already sleep on the street.

**CRUTCHIE**

In a worse neighborhood.

*(JACK arrives.)*

**JACK**

What're you all standin' around for?

**CRUTCHIE**

Get a load of this, Jack.

**ROMEO**

Like Pulitzer don't make enough already?

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

**WIESEL**

Papes for the newsies.

**JACK**

Relax. It's gotta be a gag.

**WIESEL**

Line up, boys.

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

**JACK**

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

**WIESEL**

A hundred'll cost ya sixty.

**JACK**

I ain't payin' no sixty —

**WIESEL**

Then make way for someone who will.

*(SPECS and a few more NEWSIES arrive.)*

**JACK**

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

**NEWSIES**

YEAH!!!

**SPECS**

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

**JACK**

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

**WIESEL**

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

**JACK**

Why the jack-up?

**WIESEL**

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

**JACK**

C'mere fellas.

*(The NEWSIES huddle together as a gang.)*