

Newsies Musical for Elementary School

THE CAST

Jack Kelly	David Jacobs	Les Jacobs
Racetrack	Crutchy	Specs
Patch	Boots	Spot Conlon
Bryan Denton	Sarah Jacobs	Mayer Jacobs
Ester Jacobs	Jonathan	Joseph Pulitzer
Weasel	Seitz	Oscar Delancey
Morris Delancey	Narrator	

Synopsis

In the late months of 1899 and into 1900 a bloodless battle so significant to the history of children in society was waged by children lead by children against leading adults of society whose greed was legendary. These were the orphans and runaways of the sweat shop and newspaper delivery system who were being used to generate enormous wealth for arrogant selfish businessmen on the eastern seaboard of the U.S.A. and probably throughout the states. "It was a David and Goliath story, The idea of these young kids going head to head with the most powerful captains of U.S. industry at the turn of the century is very compelling." Brian Dent, news reporter

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SCENE 1- Dorm (Darkened stage. Spot on narrator.)

(Newsies are laying in sleep-filled repose around the darkened stage in assorted positions.)

NARRATOR : In the late 1800's young orphans and runaways were given jobs under deplorable and abusive working conditions. In 1899 the streets of New York echoed with the voices of Newsies, peddling the newspapers of Joseph Pulitzer, Randolph Hearst and other wealthy giants of the newspaper world. On every corner you saw them carrying the banner, bringing news for a penny a paper. Poor orphans and runaways, the Newsies were a ragged army without a leader until one day all of that changed.

(Lights come up slowly on orphanage dorm scene.)

KAYLEIGH MacMillan: We join the Newsies as they begin their day.

(The Newsies begin to awake, stretching, sitting up, standing up, moving around, etc. Newsies move out into the audience). **[SONG: Carryin' the Banner.]**

SCENE 2- Audience Street Scene

As the song reaches the end the Newsies have proceeded back onto the stage.

As the Newsies line up at the News Dock wicket for papers, two new boys appear on the scene. David and Les enter conspicuously from side stage.)

RACETRACK: Dear me! What is dat unpleasant aroma? I fear da sewer may have backed up during the night.

BOOTS: Nah, too rotten to be the sewers.

CRUTCHY: It must be the Delancey brudders. (All laugh)

RACETRACK: Hiya boys!

OSCAR:(to Specs) In the back, you lously little shrimp.(Oscar grabs Specs. Jack goes to help him)

JACK: (Bangs on the counter and rings the bell) Oh Mr. Weasel.

WEASEL: Alright, alright! Hold your horses! I'm coming, I'm coming.

JACK: So, didja miss me Weasel? Huh, did you miss me?

WEASEL: I told ya a million times, the name's Wisel. Mr. Wisel to you. How many?

JACK: Don't rush me, I'm 'perussin' da merchandise Mr. Weasel. (Newsies laugh) Da

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usual.

WEASEL: 100 papes for the wise guy. Next!

RACETRACK: Morning your honor! Listen, do me a favor, spot me 50 papes? I got a hot tip int da fourth, you won't waste your money.

WEASEL: It's a sure thing?

RACETRACK: Yeah. Not like last time.

WEASEL: 50 papes! Next!

RACETRACK: Hey tanks Mr. Weasle! (Moves over to stand by Jack)

CRUTCHY: Heya Mr. Wisel.

RACETRACK: (to Jack) See anything good this morning?

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WEASEL: 30 papes for Crutchy! Next!

JACK:(to Les) You wanna sit down?

WEASEL: Next

DAVIE: 20 papers please. Thanks.

RACETRACK: Look at this, 'Baby Born With Two Heads'. Must be from Brooklyn.

WEASEL: Hey, you got your lously papes, now beat it!

DAVIE: I paid for twenty. I only got nineteen.

WEASEL: Are you accusing me of lying kid?

DAVIE: No. I just want my paper.

MORRIS: He said beat it!

JACK: (counts papes) No, it's nineteen. It's nineteen, but don't worry about it. It's an honest mistake. I mean, Morris here can't count to twenty with his shoes on.

CRUTCHY: Or with them off for that matter!

NEWSIES: (Crack up laughing)

WEASEL: All right quit laughing (Begins to give one more paper to Davie)

JACK: Hey Race, will ya spot me 2 bits? Another 50 for my friend.

DAVIE: I don't want another 50.

JACK: Sure you do. Every Newsie wants more papes.

DAVIE: I don't.

PATCH: What are ya... stupid?

DAVIE: I don't want your papes. I don't take charity from anyone. I don't know you. I don't care to. Here are your papes.

LES: Cowboy. They call him Cowboy.

JACK: ...well dat and a lot of other things, including Jack Kelly, which is what me mudder called me. What do they call you kid?

LES: Les, and this is my brother David. He's older.

JACK: Uhh. No kidding. So how old are you Les?

LES: Me? Near ten.

JACK: Near ten. Well, that's no good. If anyone asks, you're seven. You see, younger sells more papes and if we're gonna be partners, we wanna be the best.

DAVIE: Wait. Who said anything about being parteners?

JACK: Well, you owe me 2 bits right? Well, I'll consider that an investment. We sell together, we split 70-30, plus you get the benefit of observing me, no charge.

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DAVIE: Ah-ha.

JACK:(mocking) Ah-ha.

CRUTCHY: You're getting the chance of a lifetime here, Davie. You learn from Jack, you learn from the best.

DAVIE: Well, if he's the best, then how come he needs me?

JACK: Listen, I don't need you, pal, but I ain't got a cute little brudder like Les here to front for me. With this kid's puss and my God-given talent, we could move a thousand papes a week. So what do you say Les? You wanna sell papes with me?

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LES: Yeah!

JACK: So we got a deal?

DAVIE: Wait. It's got to be at least 50-50.

JACK: 60-40, I forget the whole thing.

(David holds out his hand. Jack spits on his hand and reaches for David, who pulls his arm away.)

JACK: What'sa matta?

DAVIE: That's disgusting!

JACK: The name of the game is volume, Davie. You only took twenty papes. Why?

DAVIE: Bad headline.

JACK: That's the first thing you gotta learn. Headlines don't sell papes, Newsies sell papes. You know, we're what holds this town together. Without Newsies, nobody knows nothing.

SPECS: Baby born with three heads!

(The Newsies begin to yell out various headlines as they spread out over the streets.)

SCENE 3: Pulitzer's Office

(Pulitzer's office where Pulitzer is reading the headline. Also in the room are Jonathan and Seitz)

PULITZER: "Trolley Strike Drags On For Third Week" and this so called headline drags on for infinity.

JONATHAN: News is slow, Mr. Pulitzer. The trolley strike's all we've got.

PULITZER: Well, that's all Mr. William Randolph Hearst has too, but look how he covers the strike. Look! Look!

JONATHAN: We'll get a new headline writer, sir.

PULITZER: Steal Hearst's man. Offer him double.

SEITZ: That's how he stole him from us. It's not the headlines, Chief. The circulation wars are cutting into our profits because you spend as much as you make trying to beat Hearst.

PULITZER: Then we need to make more money. You do not penny-pinch when you're in a war, Seitz. Victory means everything. Now, when I created the World... what is that deafening noise?

JONATHAN: Just the Newsies, sir. I'll go have them quieted.

PULITZER: Never mind the Newsies. Where was I?

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SEITZ: Creating the World, Chief.

PULITZER: (Sinister greedy voice) There's lots of money down there, gentlemen. I want to know how I can get more of it... by tonight.

NARRATOR: While Jack, Davie, Les and another couple of Newsies are out trying to sell papers at a local boxing match, the warden from the boys refuge spots Jack and sends the police after him. Jack is warned by the others and barely escapes arrest. Davie here's the warden yell Jacks real name and threaten to put him back in the refuge when if he ever catches him.

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(Davie and Jack are huddled close together as if hiding)

DAVIE: I want some answers.

JACK: Shhh!

DAVIE: Who was he and why was he chasing you? And what is this Refuge he yelled about?

JACK: The Refuge is a jail for kids. That guy chasing me was Snyder, the warden.

LES: You were in jail?

JACK: Yeah.

LES: Why?

JACK: Well, I was starving, so I stole some food.

DAVIE: Food?

JACK: Yeah, food.

AVID: He called you Sullivan.

JACK: Name's Kelly. Jack Kelly. You think I'm lying?

DAVIE: Well, you have a way of improving the truth. Why was he chasing you?

JACK: 'Cause I escaped.

LES: Oh boy! How?

JACK: Well, this big shot gave me a ride out in his carriage.

DAVIE: I bet it was the mayor.

JACK: No, Teddy Roosevelt. You ever heard of him?

DAVIE: Jack! Why don't we go to my place and divvy up. You can meet my folks.

SCENE 4: The Jacobs' House

(Jack picks up Les who has he fallen asleep. They enter the house.)

ESTER: My God. What happened?

DAVIE: Nothing, mama. He's just sleeping. (Jack lays Les on the couch)

MAYER: We've been waiting dinner for you. Where have you been?

(David puts a pile of coins on the table.)

MAYER: You made all this selling newspapers?

DAVIE: Well, half of it's Jack's. This is our selling partner, and our friend. Jack Kelly, my parents. And that's my sister, Sarah.

MAYER: Ester, maybe David's partner would like to join us for dinner. Why don't you add a little more water to the soup. (During dinner they talk.)

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JACK: So, from what I saw today, your boys are a couple of born Newsies. Can I have some more?

SARAH: Yes.

JACK: So with their hard work and my experience, I figure we can peddle a thousand papes a week and not even break a sweat.

MAYER: That many?

JACK: More when the headline's good.

SARAH: So what makes the headline good?

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JACK: Oh, you know. Catchy words like maniac, or corpse, or war. Excuse me. Maybe I'm talkin' too much.

MAYER: Sarah? Go get the cake your mother's hiding in the cabinet.

ESTER: That's for your birthday tomorrow!

MAYER: Well, I've had enough birthdays. This is a celebration.

(Davie and Sarah get plates and a knife).

DAVIE: This is only the begining, papa. The longer I work, the more money I'll make.

MAYER: You'll only work until I go back to the factory, and then you are going back to school, like you promised.

SARAH: Happy birthday, papa.

MAYER: This is going to heal, (pats arm in sling) and they'll give me my job back. We'll make them.

SCENE 5: Balcony

JACK: So, how'd your pop get hurt?

DAVIE: At the factory. It was an accident. He's no good to them anymore, so they just fired him. He doesn't have a Union to fight for his rights.

MAYER: David, it's time to come in now.

DAVIE: Alright. Jack, why don't you stay here tonight?

JACK: Ah, no, thanks. I got a place of my own. But you're family's real nice, like mine.

DAVIE: See you tomorrow.

JACK: Alright.

DAVIE: Carrying the banner.

JACK: Carrying the banner.

(David goes inside, leaving Jack alone on the fire escape. He looks in the window and sees the family together.)

JACK: **[SONG Santa Fe]**

(Wanders around entire stage - galloping imaginary horse at times moving slowly at others)

SCENE 6: Pulitzer's Office

(Pulitzer is sitting Seitz and Jonathan stand close by.)

PULITZER: I know we need to make more money. That's why we're here, to find out how to make more money.

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JONATHAN: I have several proposals. First, we increase the paper's price.

PULITZER: Then Hearst outsells me and I'm in the poorhouse. Brilliant, Jonathan, brilliant.

JONATHAN: Not the customer's price. The price to the distribution apparatus.

SEITZ: (Sarcastically) Charge the Newsies more for their papers? Bad idea, Chief.

JONATHAN: Very well. My next proposal, salary cuts. Particularly those at the top.

SEITZ: Very bad idea, Chief.

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PULITZER: No, no...wait. What do the Newsies pay now? 50 cents for 100 papers? If you raise it to 60 cents..

JONATHAN: A mere tenth of a cent per paper.

PULITZER: Multiply by 40, 000 papers a day...(Makes the sound of an adding machine)

7 days a week....

JONATHAN: It definitely adds up, sir.

SEITZ: If you do this, every Newsie we've got will head straight for Hearst.

PULITZER: You don't know Hearst like I do, Seitz. As newspapermen, he and I would cut each other's throats to get an advantage. But as gentlemen, as businessmen, we also see eye to eye on certain things. Now, if we do it, Hearst and I, if we do it, then the other papers will do it.

SEITZ: It's going to be awfully tough on those children.

PULITZER: Nonsense, nonsense. It'll be good for them. Incentive, make them work harder, sell more papers. They'll look on it as... as an advantage.

SCENE 7: News Dock

PATCH: They jacked up the price! You hear that Jack? Ten cents a hunert! You know, it's bad enough that we gotta eat what we don't sell, now they jack up the price! Can you believe that?

PIPER: This'll bust me, I'm barely making a living right now.

BOOTS: I'll be back sleeping on the streets.

SPECS: It don't make no sense. I mean, all the money Pulitzer's making, why would he gouge us?

PIPER: Because he's a tight wad, that's why!

JACK: Pipe down, it's just a gag. (moves to papes window) So, why the jack up Weasel?

WEASEL: Why not? (puts finger to mouth, holds it up in the air) It's a nice day. Why don'tcha ask Mr. Pulitzer?

PATCH: They can't to this to me Jack.

SPECS: They can do whatever they want. It's their stinkin' paper.

BOOTS: It ain't fair. We got no rights at all.

RACETRACK: Come on, it's a rigged deck. They got all the marbles.

SPECS: Jack, we got no choice, so why don't we get our lousy papes while they still got some, huh?

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JACK: Wait! Nobody's going nowhere. They can't get away with this!

LES: (pushing people aside to sit next to Jack) Give him some room, give him some room. Let him think. (Jack takes a long pause thinking)

RACETRACK: Jack, you done thinkin' yet?

WEASEL: Hey! Hey! Hey! Loyal employees only on this side of the gate!

CRUTCHY: Whatta you know about loyalty Weasel?

PATCH: Ya Weasel!

BOOTS: Don't talk to us about loyalty!

CRUTCHY: Street kids are the most loyal of all.

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PIPER: put a lid on it.

JACK: Well, listen. One thing for sure, if we don't sell papes, then nobody sells papes. Nobody comes through those gates until they put the price back to where it was.

DAVIE: You mean like a strike?

JACK: Yeah, like a strike!

RACETRACK: Are you out of your mind?

JACK: It's a good idea!

DAVIE: Jack, I was only joking. We can't go on strike, we don't have a union.

JACK: But, if we go on strike, then we are a union, right?

DAVIE: No, we're just a bunch of angry kids with no money. Maybe if we got every Newsie in New York, but...

JACK: Yeah, well we organize. Crutchy, you take up a collection. We get all the Newsies of New York together.

DAVIE: Jack, this isn't a joke. You saw what happened to those trolley workers.

JACK: Yeah, well that's another good idea. Any Newsie don't join with us, then we bust their heads like the trolley workers.

DAVIE: Stop and think about this Jack. You can't just rush everybody into this.

JACK: Alright. Let me think about it. Listen. Davie's right. Pulitzer and Hearst and all them other rich fellas, I mean, they own this city, so do they really think a bunch of street kids like us can make any difference? The choice has got to be yours. Are we just gonna take what they give us, or are we gonna strike?

LES: Strike!

DAVIE: (grabs Les around the mouth) Shut up Les.

NEWSIES: (All yelling) Strike!

BOOTS: Keep talking Jack, tell us what to do!

JACK: Well, you tell us what to do Davie.

DAVIE: (Aside to Jack) Pulitzer and Hearst have to respect our rights.

JACK: (looks at Newsies) Hey listen! Pulitzer and Hearst have to respect the rights of the working boys of New York! Well, that worked pretty good, so what else?

DAVIE: (Aside to Jack) Tell them that they can't treat us like we don't exist.

JACK: (looks at Newsies) Pulitzer and Hearst, they think we're nothing. Are we nothing!

NEWSIES: No!

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DAVIE: If we stick together like the trolley workers then they can't break us up.

JACK: (Takes a paper and holds it up (SINGS) Pulitzer and Hearst think they got us (tears paper in half, saying) Do they got us?

NEWSIES: No! (Dancers come on stage and form up for dance)

DAVIE: We're a union now, the Newsboys Union. We have to start acting like a union.

[SONG- World Will Know]

NEWSIES: Strike! Strike! Strike! (etc.) (A reporter in a suit comes on stage taking notes)

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JACK: We gotta get word out to all the Newsies of New York. I need some of those... what'dja call 'em?

DAVIE: Ambassadors?

JACK: Yeah, right. Okay, you guys, you gotta be 'ambasitors' and go tell the others that we're on strike.

PATCH: Say, Jack, I'll take Harlem

RACETRACK: Yeah, I got Midtown.

SPECS: I got the Bowery, Jack.

CRUTCHY: I got the Bronx.

JACK: Alright. And Brooklyn who wants Brooklyn? Come on, Spot Conlon's territory. What'sa matta? You scared of Brooklyn?

BOOTS: Hey, we ain't scared of Brooklyn. Spot Conlon (hesitates) makes us a little nervous.

JACK: Well, he don't make me nervous. So you and me, Boots, we'll go to Brooklyn. And Davie here can keep us company.

DAVIE: Sure, just as soon as you deliver our demands to Pulitzer.

JACK: Me? To Pulitzer?

DAVIE: (Touching him in chest with finger) You're the leader, Jack.

JACK: (Jack puts an arm around Les) Well, maybe the kid'll soften him up. (they enter the World Building. The Newsies cheer.)

NEWSIES: Strike! Strike! Strike! (etc.)

(The Newsies go off in different directions. Denton approaches David.)

DENTON: Hey, what is this strike? What's going on?

DAVIE: We're bringing our demands to Pulitzer.

DENTON: What demands?

DAVIE: The Newsies demands. We're on strike.

DENTON: I'm with the New York Sun. Bryan Denton. You seem like the kid in charge. What's your name?

DAVIE: David

DENTON: David. David as in David and Goliath? You really think old man Pulitzer's going to listen to your demands?

DAVIE: He has to. (Just then Jack and Les are thrown out the door.)

JACK: Well, so's your old lady! You tell Pulitzer he needs an appointment with me!

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LES: Yeah!

*** INTERMISSION ***

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SCENE 8: Jacobs' House

(Jack, David, Les and Denton are sitting at the table.)

JACK: So this snooty mug says to me, 'You can't see Mr. Pulitzer. No one sees Mr. Pulitzer.' Real hoity-toity, you know the type?

LES: Real hoity-toity.

JACK: So that's when I says to him, 'Listen, I ain't in the habit of transacting no business with office boys. Just tell him Jack Kelly's here to see him now!'

LES: That's when he threw us out.

DENTON: Does he scare you? You're going up against the most powerful man in New York.

JACK: Oh yeah, look at me. I'm trembling.

DENTON: Alright, keep me informed. I want to know everything that's going on.

DAVIE: Are we really an important story?

DENTON: Well, what's important? Last year I covered the war in Cuba. Charged up San Juan Hill with Col. Teddy Roosevelt. That was an important story. So, is the Newsie's strike important? That all depends on you.

JACK: So my name's really gonna be in the papers?

DENTON: Any objections?

JACK: Not as long as you get it right. It's Kelly, Jack Kelly. Oh, and Denton? No pictures.

DENTON: Sure Jack.

JACK: Nice talking to you Mr. Denton, but we got to head over to Brooklyn.

SCENE 9: Brooklyn

DAVIE: I've never been to Brooklyn, have you?

BOOTS: I spent a month there one night.

[**SONG: Fighting Irish**] (**Dancers**)

SPOT: Well, if it ain't Jack be nimble, Jack be quick.

JACK: I see you moved up in the world, Spot. Got a river view and everything.

(The two boys spit-shake.)

SPOT: Heya Boots. How's it rollin'?

BOOTS: I got a couple of real good shooters.

(Spot takes the marbles and takes out his sling shot.)

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SPOT: Yeah. So, Jacky-boy. I've been hearing things from little birds. Things from Harlem, Queens, all over. They been chirpin' in my ear. Jacky-boy's Newsies is playing like they're going on strike.

JACK: Yeah, well we are.

DAVIE: We're not playing. We are going on strike.

SPOT: Oh yeah? Yeah? What is this, Jacky-boy? Some kind of walking mouth?

JACK: Yeah, it's a mouth. A mouth with a brain, and if you got half a one, you'll listen to what he's got to say.

DAVIE: Well, we started the strike, but we can't do it alone. So, we're talking to Newsies all around the city.

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SPOT: Yeah, so they told me. But what'd they tell you?

DAVIE: They're waiting to see what Spot Conlon is doing, you're the key... that Spot Conlon is the most respected and famous Newsie in all of New York, and probably everywhere else. And if Spot Conlon joins the strike, then they join and we'll be unstoppable. So you gotta join, I mean... well, you gotta!

SPOT: You're right Jacky-boy, brains. But I got brains too, and more than just half a one. How do I know you punks won't run the first time some goon comes at ya with a club? How do I know you got what it takes to win?

JACK: Because I'm telling you, Spot.

SPOT: That ain't good enough Jacky-boy. You gotta show me.

(The boys go cross stage to where the rest of the Newsies wait.)

[SONG- Seize the Day] SCENE 10: Pulitzer's office

PULITZER: (talking to the Delancy brothers) These kids are costing me thousands of dollars a day. Well it's not going to continue. I want you two to stop this strike any way you have to.

NARRATOR: the Delancy brothers block off the entrance to the news dock with several other thugs. The Newsies are outnumbered but Spot Conlon's gang arrive in the nick of time.

SPOT: Never fear Brooklyn's here.

NARRATOR: The Delancy's and scabs are pelted with sling shots and the Newsies leave victorious. Their picture is taken by reporter Denton and appears on the cover of the New York Sun under the headline 'The Children's Crusade; Newsies Stop the World'. Next day- the Newsies meet up with Denton who is holding a copy of the paper.

DENTON: Hey fellas. Hey, hey! Big time.

DAVIE: You got us on the front page!

DENTON: You got yourselves on the front page. I just have to make sure you stay there.

PIPER: So what. You get your picture in the papes, so what's that get you, huh?

SPECS: What are you talkin' about?

JACK: Shut up! You been in a bad mood all day!

PIPER: I'm not in a bad mood!

RACETRACK: Glum and dumb. What'sa matta with you? You get your picture in the papes, your famous. You're famous, you get anything you want. That's what so

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great about New York!

[SONG: King of New York]

NARRATOR: They plan to hold a big rally to bring all the Newsies from all over New York together. However, Jack has been identified from the photo, by officials who recognize him as an escapee from the refuge and the police are told to raid the rally, break the strike and capture Jack.

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SCENE 11: Jacob's Balcony / Pulitzer's Office

(Spot lights alternate between two conversations)

SARAH: Did you sleep out there all night?

JACK: Yeah.

SARAH: Why didn't you wake us up?

JACK: Well, I didn't want to disturb anybody. Besides, it's like the Waldorf Hotel out here. Great view. Cool air

SARAH: Are you hungry?

JACK: Yeah!

SARAH: Good. I made breakfast. (Spotlight Switches)

PULITZER: So this is Jack Kelly in the photo. Now I know what he looks like. I'm going to have this troublemaker arrested and put in the refuge for a long time.(Spotlight Switches)

SARAH: We're so proud of you and David and the way you are leading the strike.

JACK: Well we just have to beat Pulitzer in this thing for all of us, then I'm gone to Santa Fe. We're meeting this morning so I better be going. (Spotlight Switches)

PULITZER: I know where this rally is going to be. I'll have him arrested and get him out of my hair once and for all. (Spotlight Switches)

SARAH: Jack (pause) be careful at the rally.

JACK: Don't worry, I'll be back to see you as soon as we're done.

SARAH: Be careful.

SCENE 12: Pulitzer's Office

NARRATOR: At this time in New York city, politicians and police did not get elected or stay in power without the help of wealthy men like Pulitzer. Mr. Pulitzer asks the police, and the mayor to make sure Jack is caught and made an example of.

PULITZER: No, no, no, no! Not quietly! Not quietly! I want an example made of this Francis Sullivan or Jack Kelly or what ever his name is. I want this rabble he's roused to see what happens to those who would dare to lead others. They should see justice and action.

PULITZER: By the way, mayor, I'm having a few friends for cards tonight. Newspaper friends. Billy Hearst, Gordon Bennett. Perhaps you'll join us. Talk about the coming election.

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SCENE 13: The Rally

(Actors frozen in position as lights come up)

JACK: We've come a long way, but we ain't there yet and maybe it's only gonna get tougher from now on. But that's fine, we'll just get tougher with it. But also, we gotta get smart and start listening to my pal David, who says 'stop soakin' the scabs'.

(Argument among the Newsies about the use of force to stop the scabs.)

JACK: You got no brain's. Why we starting to fight each other? It's just what the big shot's wanna see. That we're street rats! Street rats with no brain's. No respect for nothing, including ourselves! So, here's how it's gonna be. If we don't act together, then we're nothing. If we don't stick together, then we're nothing. And if we can't even trust each other, then we're nothing.

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PATCH: Tell 'em Jack!

JACK: So, what's it gonna be?

RACETRACK: We're with you Jack.

JACK: So, what about you, Spot? Whatta you say?

SPOT: I say... that what you say... is what I say. (They spit-shake. All the Newsies cheer.)

NARRATOR: The police arrive, break up the rally, capture Jack and take many of the Newsies off to jail. They are brought to court the next day Mr. Denton the reporter pays their fines. Davie and the Newsies hear from the court records that Jack's mom died when he was little and that he doesn't know who his father is. They also hear that he stole food when he was hungry. Jack is sent back to the refuge. While the Newsies are celebrating their release Davie asks Denton why the rally was never reported.

DAVIE: Why didn't the Sun print the story?

DENTON: Because it never happened

RACETRACK: What do you mean it never happened? You were there!

PATCH: You wrote it!

DENTON: It's not in the papers, it never happened. The owners decreed it not be in the papers, therefore... I came to tell you fellas good bye.

DAVIE: What happened? Did you get fired or something?

DENTON: No, I got reassigned back to my old job as the Sun's ace war correspondent. They want me to leave right away. The owner thinks I should only cover the really important stories. Wish me luck fellas. At least half of what I wish for you. They don't always fire. I would be black listed from every paper in the country. I'm a newspaper man. I have to have a paper to write for. This is the story I wrote about the rally. I want you to read it at least. Sorry guys I gotta go. (Denton exits)

NARRATOR: Denton gives Davie the news article and leaves. Davie crumples the article and throws it away in disgust but Les picks it up and saves it. The Newsies find out that Jack is being taken from the refuge for a talk with Pulitzer at his office. They plan to help him escape when he is being taken back to the refuge.

SCENE 14: Pulitzer's Office

SEITZ: Get him inside

PULITZER: Sit! Know what I was doing at your age, boy? I was in a war. The Civil War.

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JACK: Yeah, I heard of it. So, didja win?

PULITZER: People think war is about right or wrong and not power.

JACK: Yeah, I heard of that too. I don't just sell your papes, Joe. Sometime I read 'em.

PULITZER: Power of the press is the greatest power of them all. I tell this city how to think. I tell this city how to vote. I shape it's future.

JACK: Yeah? Well, right now I'm only thinking about one future, and that's mine.

PULITZER: So am I boy. I have the power to see you stay locked in the Refuge.

JACK: And I have the power to break out again.

PULITZER: Or, I can see you released tomorrow, free and clear, with more money in your pockets than you can earn in three lifetimes.

JACK: Are you bribin' me, Joe?

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PULITZER: No

JACK: Well, it's been real nice chattin' with ya, Joe. But I got to be goin' now.

PULITZER: You listen to me, boy. You just shut your mouth and listen to me! You shut up and listen to me for once! No game I'm playing. You work for me 'til the strike's over, and it will end, boy, make no mistake, with or without you. Then you go where ever you want to buy a ticket to. Away from the Refuge, these foul streets. Free. With money to spend and nobody chasing you.

JACK: We must have you scared pretty bad, old man

PULITZER: I offer you freedom and money just to work for me again. To your friends, I won't be so kind. (pause) Now, your partner, what's his name? David. I understand he has a family. What do you think the Refuge will do to him? And it will be you who put him there. And all the others, after all, you're their leader. Go back to the Refuge tonight, think about it. Give me your answer in the morning.

(Jack leaves. As he is being taken outside, Snyder lets go of him for a second)

NARRATOR: Davie helps Jack escape as he is leaving the office. When the two are alone, Jack tells Davie to go home, that he doesn't know the trouble he could get in if he doesn't leave. Davie leaves confused. The next day, to everyone's surprise, Jack shows up as one of the scabs and is confronted by Davie and the rest of the Newsies.

SCENE 15: The street

NEWSIES: Stop the World! No more papes! Stop the World! No more papes! (etc.)

SPOT: Hey, hey, hey! Break it up. Hey, Race, come here.

(Weasel leads Jack out)

RACETRACK: What?

SPOT: Race! Race! Come here!... Tell me I'm seeing things. Just tell me I'm seeing things.

RACETRACK: No, you ain't seeing things. That's Jack. What's he doing?

SPOT: He's dressed like a scabber!

SPECS: Jack? Jack, look at me, will ya? Come on, it's me, Specs. Look at me. What are you doin', Jack?

PATCH: This ain't happening. This can't be happening. What are you doin' Jack? Come on, what are you doin'?

BOOTS: Come on. What is this? Where'd you get them new clothes?

WEASEL: Mr. Pulitzer picked them out himself. A special gift to a special new

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employee.

SPOT: He sold us out!

RACETRACK: I'll give you a new suit! You bum! I'll soak ya!

SPOT: Hey, hey, hey! Let me get my hands dirty. Come here you dirty rotten scabber!

(Some Newsies pull Spot away. David stares at Jack)

WEASEL: Aww. You wanna talk to him? Come on, come on. Sure. Go right ahead.

(David walks up to Jack)

DAVIE: So, this is why you didn't escape last night. You're a liar! You lied about everything. You lied about your father being out west, 'cause he's not out west! You didn't even tell me your real name or that your mom died!

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JACK: So? What you wanna do about it Davie?

DAVIE: I don't understand you.

JACK: Oh, so let me spell it out for ya. You see, I ain't got nobody tucking me in at night, like you. No mom no dad. It's just me, I gotta look out for myself.

DAVIE: You had the Newsies

JACK: Oh, what'd being a Newsie ever give me but a dime a day and a few black eyes? You know, I can't afford to be a kid no more, Davie. For the first time in my life, I got money in my pockets. Real money. Money, you understand? I got more on the way and as soon as I collect, I'm gone, I'm away. Alright?

DAVIE: Well, that's good. That's good because we don't need you! We don't need you! All those words you said, those were mine.

JACK: Yeah, but you never had the guts to put them across yourself, didja?

DAVIE: I do now (Davie starts to go back to the Newsies, then turns to look at Jack again.)

JACK: What'sa matta? Got a problem? (David rushes towards Jack...Weasel stops him.)

WEASEL: Maybe you'd like a new suit of your own, huh?

DAVIE: Never! Never!

NEWSIES: (All the Newsies start yelling) Never Never (etc.)

NARRATOR: Sarah finds Denton's newspaper article in Les's things. She tries to read it to Davie but he leaves. Meanwhile, Jack has been given a place to sleep in one of Pulitzer's basement rooms where there is an old printing press. The next day the Delancy brothers threaten Davie and his family. They follow through on their threat and try to assault Les and Sarah. Davie comes to their rescue but they start to beat him up. Jack, hears the noise and comes to Davie's rescue, chasing off the two thugs.

JACK: Okay that's enough! Even a scab knows where to draw the line.

MORRIS: We're gonna tell Weasle. You'll be back in the Refuge before supertime!

DAVIE: What? You couldn't stay away?

JACK: Well, I guess I can't be something I ain't.

DAVIE: A scab?

JACK: No, smart.

(Denton walks across the stage with a suitcase)

JACK: Did you mean what you wrote here? 'Bout all these sweat shop kids listening to me?

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DENTON: I don't write anything I don't mean. Yes I meant it. This city thrives on child labour. A lot of people make a lot of money that way. Those people are terrified the strike will spread.

JACK: Well, there's really not much chance of that as long as they got the power.

DENTON: Sometimes, all it takes is a voice, one voice. Then a thousand. Unless they're silenced.

JACK: Why can't we spread the strike? Have another big rally and get the word out to all the sweat shop kids? Why not?

DAVIE: What are we going to do? Print an ad in the newspaper?

JACK: No! We'll do better than that. We'll make our own paper. We tell 'em they gotta join us. Isn't that a good idea?

DAVIE: Yeah, it is. But what do we know about printing a newspaper?

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JACK: Nothing, but our man Denton...

DAVIE: Yeah, but our man Denton has something more important to do. He's going to be an ace war correspondent, right Denton?

DENTON: Okay. Where do we start?

JACK: Alright, we gotta move fast. Now, we'll need the Newsies to circulate.

DENTON: There's something else that we need. We need a printing press.

JACK: Just so happens I know a guy with a printing press.

NARRATOR: They put out their own newspaper using Pulitzer's old printing press where Jack sleeps. The articles expose all the facts of the illegal use of child labour and the deplorable working conditions that the children are exposed to. They print thousands of copies and early next morning they distribute them all over the city telling all the kids to attend the rally.

(Newsies head out into audience distributing papes)

[SONG Once and For All]

NARRATOR: Meanwhile Denton has gone to Governor Roosevelt. The Governor is shocked to hear Denton's account of the abuse and agrees to come to the rally in support of the kids.

SCENE 16: Pulitzer's Front Doors

Les: (Singing) When we hear the circulation bell...

[SONG Reprise: The World Will Know]

(Everyone cheers.)

NEWSIES: (fists in air) Strike! Strike! Strike! (The Newsies make their way to the front of the World Building.)

SCENE 17: Pulitzer's Office

JONATHAN: (To Seitz) It's awful. Everyone's calling! Mr. Hearst, and Mr. Bennett, and the mayor in such awful language. The city's at a stand still and they all blame the chief. It's like the end of the World, only I didn't say that.

(Jack and David go to Pulitzer's desk, where Jack pulls out a copy of the newspaper.)

JACK: Extry, extry, Joe. Read all about it.

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PULITZER: I promised that if you defied me, I'd break you. I'll keep that promise, boy. Now, I gave you a chance to be free. I don't understand. Anyone who doesn't act in their own self interest is a fool.

DAVIE: Then what does that make you?

PULITZER: What?

JACK: Oh, this is my pal, Davie. The Walkin' mouth

DAVIE: You talk about self interest, but since the strike, your circulation's been down 70%. Every day you're losing thousands of dollars just to beat us out of one lousy tenth of a cent. Why?

JACK: You see, it ain't about the money, Davie. If Joe gives in to nobodies like us, it means we got the power. And he can't do that, no matter what it costs. Am I right, Joe?

PULITZER: I sent for the police. They must be here by now. Send them in, Seitz

JACK: I'm not going back to jail, Joe. Look out here. Right out here is where the power is.

(Jack stands at the window. Kids are yelling Pulitzer covers his ears)

PULITZER: Close the window! Close the window! Go home! Go home! Go home!

JACK: I can't hear you , Joe!

PULITZER: Go home! Go home to your mothers and fathers! Go home!

JACK: I don't hear ya!

PULITZER: Now you listen to me!

JACK: Maybe you should listen!

PULITZER: No, no! You listen to me!

JACK: No! You listen!

PULITZER: Close the window and shut up!

JACK: There's a lot of people out there and they ain't just gonna go away. They got voices now and they're gonna be listened to. Putting them in jail is not going to stop them! That's the power of the press, Joe.

(He closes the window. Pulitzer takes his hands away from his ears)

JACK: So thanks for teaching me about it.

SEITZ: Those kids put out a pretty good paper there Chief.

(Pulitzer picks up the paper and reads it.)

PULITZER: I ordered a printing ban on all strike matters. Now, who defied me? Who's press did you use to print this on? Who's?

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JACK: Well, we only use the best, Joe. So, I just want to say, thanks again.

(David and Jack come out of Pulitzer's. Jack raises Les to his shoulders.)

LES and JACK: The strike's over. We beat 'em. We beat 'em.

(The crowd cheers. All the Newsies hug and pat each other on the back. Weasel, Oscar and Morris put on their hats and leave.)

LES: Jack! Jack, it's the police. It's the police. Let me down!

BOOTS: You gotta get outta here!

PATCH: Hide Jack

DENTON: Jack, it's over. No, no. You don't have to run. Not anymore. Come on, Come on.

CRUTCHY: (pointing off in the distance) Jack it's him... you know, your friend. Him! Teddy Roosevelt

(the Newsies act amazed)

DENTON: The Governor's very grateful that you brought this problem to his attention. I said you might need a lift somewhere. He'd be happy to oblige. Anywhere you want. And this time, you ride inside.

JACK: So, can he drop me at the trainyards?

DENTON: Yeah, if that's what you want.

(Jack turns to leave and begins to walk away into the audience. The Newsies begin to mope around heads lowered. Suddenly Jack turns and bounds back on stage.)

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JACK: (Looking off into audience- yells) Thanks for the advice govenor. Like you said, I still got things to do. Besides, I got a family here.

(Shakes hands with Davie... gives Les a hug... holds Sarah)

[SONG: Carrying the Banner]

Dance Order:

Carrying the Banner

World Will Know

Seize the Day

Fightin' Irish

Seize the Day (Reprise)

King of New York

Once and For All