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SCENE 1 - Centre Stage

(Newsies are laying in sleep-filled repose around the stage, in doorways, etc.)

RACETRACK: In 1899, the streets of New York City echoed with the voices of

Newsies, peddling the newspapers of Joseph Pulitzer, William Randolph Hearst and other giants of the newspaper world. On every street corner you saw 'em, carrying the banner, bringing you the news for a penny a pape. Poor orphans and runaways, the Newsies were a ragged army, without a leader, until one day when all that changed.

NEW YORKER: (aside) We join the Newsies as they begin their day.

(The Newsies begin to awake, stretching, sitting up, standing up, moving around, etc).

SCENE 2- Newsies Square (and Audience)

(Racetrack looks around for his cigar, noticing that Snickers has it)

SKITTERY: Wha'.. I didn't do it...

[SONG: Carryin' the Banner.]

RACETRACK: That's my cigar!

SNICKERS: You'll steal anudder!

(Newsies circulate through the audience... return to Newsdock near end of song)

SCENE 3: Newsdock

(The Delancey brothers, Oscar and Morris, enter.)

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

BOOTS: Nah,too rotten to be the sewers.

CRUTCHY: It must be the Delancey brudders.

RACETRACK: Hiya boys!

OSCAR: (to Specs) In the back, you lousy little shrimp. (Oscar throws Specs to the ground. Jack goes to help him up)

RACETRACK: It's not good to do that. Not healthy.

JACK: (steps up to Delancys) You shouldn't call people lousy little shrimps, Oscar, unless you're referring to the family resemblance in your brudda here.

RACETRACK: 5-1 that Cowboys skunks 'em. Who's betting?

JACK: That's right. It's an insult. (Grabs hat and runs off chased by Delancys and runs into Davie)

DAVID: What do you think you're doing?

JACK: Runnin'!

NEWSIES: Go!

WEASEL: These is for duh Newsies!

(The Newsies line up for their papes, congratulating Jack on beating the Delancey's)

MORRIS: See you tomorrow, Cowboy.

OSCAR: You're as good as dead, Cowboy.

JACK: 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 "puhrussin' duh moychandise" Mr. Weasel. The usual.

WEASEL: 100 papes for the wise guy. Next!

RACETRACK: Morning your Honor! Listen, do me a favour, spot me 50 papes? I got a hot tip in the fourth, you won't waste your money.

WEASEL: It's a sure thing?

RACETRACK: Yeah. Not like last time.

WEASEL: 50 papes! Next!

CRUTCHY: Heya Mr. Wisel.

RACETRACK: (sits beside Jack) See anything good this morning?

WEASEL: 30 papes for Crutchy! Next!

JACK: (to Les) You wanna sit down?

DAVID: 20 papers please. Thanks.

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

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

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

WEASEL: Are you accusing me of lying kid? (Jack gets up and counts papes)

DAVID: No. I just want my paper.

MORRIS: He said beat it!

JACK: 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.

SNICKERS: Or with them off for that matter. (Jack high fives him)

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

DAVID: I don't want another 50.

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

FLIP: Yah, more papes!

DAVID: I don't. 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: Yeah, I'm called that 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 Davie. He's older.

JACK: 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 7. You see, younger sells more papes.

SWIFTY: Yah, more papes.

JACK: ... and if we're gonna be partners, we wanna be the best.

DAVID: Wait. Who said anything about being partners?

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.

JOEY: Yah and Jacks the best.

DAVID: 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.

DAVID: Well, if he's the best, then how come he needs us?

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 face 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?

LES: Yeah!

JACK: So we got a deal?

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

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

(Davie goes to shake. Jack spits on his hand, reaches for Davie, who pulls away.)

JACK: What'sa matta?

DAVID: That's disgusting!

(the Newsies all have their papers and are moving out into the square.)

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

DAVID: 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.

(Newsies yell headlines as they jump off stage and move through the audience)

TWO-BIT: Baby born with two heads!

DUTCHY: Dead body found in East River!

JOEY: Racetrack fraud exposed!

MIKEY: Police corruption investigated!

JAYJAY: Circus coming to town!

PIE-EATER: Trolley strike drags on!

SCENE 4: Pulitzer's Office

(Pulitzer is reading the headline to Jonathan and Seitz.)

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

SEITZ: 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?

SEITZ: Creating the World, Chief.

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

SCENE 5: Newsies Square

(Jack and Davie are roaming through the crowds.)

PIPER: Extra! Extra! Trolley strike drags on!

SWIFTY: Extra! Extra! Ellis Island in flames!

LES:(coughs) Buy me last pape, mista... please?

JACK: It's heartbreaking kid. Go get 'em.

DAVID: My father taught us not to lie.

JACK: Well, mine told me not to starve, so we both got an education.

TEN-PIN : (aside) While Jack, Davie, Les and another couple of Newsies are out trying to sell papers at a local boxing match, Warden Snyder from the boys refuge spots Jack and sends the police after him.

(Snyder enters off stage in audience view)

TWO-BIT: (aside) Jack is warned by the others and barely escapes arrest.

SNYDER: Sullivan! Wait til I get you back to the Refuge!

(Jack leads Davie and Les away to side-stage, when Davie pulls him to a halt)

DAVID: I'm not going any further.

DAVID: I want some answers.

JACK: Shhh!

DAVID: Who was he and why was he chasing you? And what is this Refuge?

JACK: The Refuge is a jail for kids. The 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.

DAVID: Food?

JACK: Yeah, food.

DAVID: He called you Sullivan.

JACK: Well, my name's Kelly. Jack Kelly. You think I'm lying?

DAVID: 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.

DAVID: I bet it was the mayor.

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

TEN-PIN : (aside) Jack, Davie and Les go into a dance hall to hide from Warden Snyder. When they realize how late it is they come out and start home to Davie and Les' house.

JACK: So, didya' like that?

DAVID: Oh, I loved that. I loved it. It was great. She was beautiful. How do you know that dancer?

JACK: She was a friend of me fadder's.

DAVID: It's getting late. My parents are going to be worried. What about your's?

JACK: Nah, they're out west looking for a place to live, like this. (Pulls out a Santa Fe brochure) See, that's Santa Fe, New Mexico. As soon as they find the right ranch, they're gonna send for me.

LES: Then you'll be a real cowboy.

JACK: Yup.

DAVID: Jack! Why don't we go to my place and divi up. You can meet our folks.

(Les slowly lays down on his side facing the audience.

A fire siren and loud crashing are heard. The boys see a riot breaking out.)

MIKEY: (aside) As the boys head home they come across the trolley workers protest and see some men getting beat up.

JACK: It's the trolley strike, Davie. Those two guys must be scabs or something.

DAVID: Jack, let's get out of here before we get in trouble.

JACK: Hey, maybe we'll get a good headline tomorrow, Davie. Look at this, he slept the whole way through it.

SCENE 6: The Jacobs House

(Jack picks up the sleeping Les. They enter Davie's house.)

ESTER: My God. What happened?

DAVID: Nothing, mama. He's just sleeping.

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

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

ISAAC: You made all this selling newspapers?

DAVID: 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.

ISAAC: Ester, maybe Davie's partner would like to join us for dinner. Why don't you add a little more water to the soup?

(He tries to kiss her. She shoves him away playfully)

ESTER: Isaac!

(After dinner, they talk as Sarah clears the table.)

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.

ISAAC: That many?

JACK: More when the headline's good.

SARAH: So what makes the headline good?

JACK: Oh, you know. Catchy words like maniac, or corpse, umm..love-nest, or nude. Excuse me. Maybe I'm talkin' too much.

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

ESTER: That's for your birthday tomorrow!

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

DAVID: I'll get the knife.

SARAH: I got the plates.

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

ISAAC: 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.

ISAAC: This is going to heal, and they'll give me my job back. We'll make them.

(Les stirs, but doesn't wake up in bed.)

LES: Come back my lovey dovey baby... And coochie-coo with me

(Davie and Jack giggle)

ESTER: (motioning to Les) And what is this Davie?

(The boys try to stop giggling, but can't.)

SCENE 7: The Jacob's balcony

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

DAVID: At the factory. It was an accident. He's no good to them anymore, so they just fired him.

JACK: Doesn't he have a Union to look out for him?

DAVID: No. They've tried to organize, but the bosses fire anyone who does.

ISAAC (appears at the window.) Davie, it's time to come in now.

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

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

DAVID: See you tomorrow.

JACK: Alright.

DAVID: Carrying the banner.

JACK: Carrying the banner.

(Davie goes inside, Jack looks in the window and sees the family together.)

[SONG Santa Fe - Jack]

(Jack walks, gallops, dances over entire stage area meeting Racetrack at end of song)

JACK: Heya Race.

RACETRACK: Hey Jack.

JACK: How was your day at the track?

RACETRACK: Remember that hot tip I told you about? (joke) Nobody told the horse.

SCENE 8: Pulitzer's Office.
(Pulitzer, Seitz and Jonathan)

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

JONATHAN: I have several proposals. First, to 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: 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.

PULITZER: 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... (calculating noise, hands in chopping motion) 7 days a week...(noises)

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... an advantage.

SCENE 9: News Dock

KID BLINK: They raised the price! You hear that Jack?

FLIP: Ten cents a hundred! You know, it's bad enough that we gotta eat what we don't sell, now they jack up the price!

PATCH: Can you believe that?

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

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

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

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

JACK: Pipe down, it's just a gag. So, why the jack up Weasel?

WEASEL: Why not? (licks finger, sticks in the air) It's a nice day. Why don'tcha ask Mr. Pulitzer?

SPECS: They can't do this to me Jack.

RACETRACK: 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.

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

JACK: No! Nobody's going anywhere. They can't get away with this!

LES: Give him some room, give him some room. Let him think.

SPECS: (pause) Jack, you done thinkin' yet?

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

(the Newsies move out into the Square)

SCENE 10: Newsies Square

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.

DAVID: You mean like a strike?

JACK: Yeah, like a strike!

RACETRACK: Are you out of your mind?

JACK: It's a good idea!

DAVID: 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?

DAVID: 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.

DAVID: 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.

DAVID: 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!

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

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

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

JACK: (to 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?

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

[SONG: And the World Will Know]

JACK: Pulitzer and Hearst, they think we're nothing. Are we nothing!

NEWSIES: (yell) No!

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

JACK: Pulitzer and Hearst, they think they got us. Do they got us?

NEWSIES: (yell) No!

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

JACK: **(singing)** Even though we ain't got hats or badges, We're a union just by saying so, And the World will know!

BOOTS: What's to start somebody else from selling our papes?

JACK: Well, what's wrong with them?

RACETRACK: Some of them don't hear so good!

JACK: Well then we'll soak 'em!

DAVID: No! We can't beat up kids in streets. It'll give us a bad name.

CRUTCHY: Can't get any worse.

JACK: What's it gonna take to stop the wagons? Are we ready?

NEWSIES: Yeah!

DAVID: No!

JACK: What's it gonna take to stop the scabbers? Can we do it?

NEWSIES: Yeah!

JACK: We'll do what we gotta do until we, Break the will of mighty Bill and Joe!

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

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

DAVID: (thinking pause) Ambassadors?

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

KID BLINK: Say, Jack, I'll take Harlem

RACETRACK: Yeah, I got Midtown.

MUSH: I got the Battery, Jack.

CRUTCHY: Hey, I'll take the Bronx.

JACK: Alright. And Gumlets, Specs Skittery, you take Queens. PIE-EATER! Snoddy! East Side! Snickers... you go with 'em. So, what about Brooklyn? Come on, Spot Conlon's territory. What'sa matta? You all scared of Brooklyn?

BOOTS: Hey, we ain't scared of Brooklyn. Spot Conlon... makes us a little 'noyvus'.

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.

DAVID: Sure, just as soon as you delivery our demands to Pulitzer.

JACK: Me? To Pulitzer?

DAVID: You're the leader, Jack.

JACK: Well, maybe the kid'll soften him up.

(Jack and Les enter the World Building. The Newsies cheer)

NEWSIES: Strike! Strike! Strike! ...

(The Newsies go off in different directions. Denton enters and approaches Davie.)

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

DAVID: We're bringing our demands to Pulitzer.

DENTON: What demands?

DAVID: 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?

DAVID: David

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

DAVID: He has to.

(Jack and Les spill out into Newsies Square.)

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

LES: Yeah!

***** INTERMISSION *****

SCENE 11: Newsies Square
(Jack, Davie, Les and Denton)

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 City.

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

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

DAVID: 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.

SCENE 12: Brooklyn [Fighting Irish Dancers]
(Jack, Davie and Boots in Brooklyn)

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

BOOTS: (joke) I spent a month there one night.

DAVID: So, is this Spot Conlon really dangerous?

an EXTRA: (Brooklyn kid): Going somewhere, Kelly?

(Jack pushes past him. Davie and Boots follow. Several EXTRAs stand with Spot)

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 puts them in his pocket.)

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.

DAVID: We aren't 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.

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

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

DAVID: 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.

(Spot and the Irish leave. Jack and the boys go back to meet the Newsies)

SCENE 13: Newsies Square

RACETRACK: Jack. So, where's Spot?

JACK: He was concerned about us being serious. You imagine that?

RACETRACK: Well, Jack, maybe we ought to ease off a little. Without Spot and the others, there ain't enough of us, Jack.

MUSH: Maybe we're moving too soon. Maybe we ain't ready, you know?

KID BLINK: I definitely think we should forget about it for a little while.

JACK: Oh, do ya?

SWIFTY: Yeah.

RACETRACK: Yeah, I mean, without Brooklyn... you know?

JACK: Spot was right, is this just a game to you guys?

[SONG: Seize the Day]

DAVID: (singing) Open the gates and seize the day

(The circulation bell begins to ring)

JACK: Anybody hear that?

NEWSIES: No!

JACK: So what are we gonna do about it?

NEWSIES: Soak 'em! (chase the scabbers off backstage)

JUNIOR: (aside) The scabbers have a stand off with the Newsies. The Newsies get the upper hand and eventually chase the scabbers off. They tear up the newspapers.

(Jack makes faces, blows raspberries at Oscar and Morris)

MORRIS: I'm gonna crack your dome!

DUTCHY: (aside) Weasel calls for the cops.

TEN-PIN : Cheese it! Cheese it, it's the cops!

(All the Newsies run, except Crutchy, who is unaware of trouble)

RACETRACK: Crutchy! Scram! Scram!

(Crutchy hobbles awkwardly getting caught by the Delancys)

GUMLETS: (aside) The Delancey brothers drag Crutchy away to the refuge.

SCENE 14: Pulitzer's Office

(Pulitzer, Weasel and Seitz inside the office. The Delancy's wait on the stairs)

SEITZ: I don't think they're just going to go away, Chief.

PULITZER: These kids are costing me thousands of dollars a day. Well it's not going to continue.

WEASEL: Mr. Pulitzer, sir, just give me the means and I'll take care of them for ya.

PULITZER: I'll give you whatever means you require. I want this nonsense done with once and for all.

SEITZ: Chief...

PULITZER: Shut your mouth, Seitz

SCENE 15: News Dock

JAYJAY: 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.

PIE-EATER: Yay, it's the boys from Brooklyn.

MIKEY: Alright Spot, way to go.

TWO-BIT: (aside) The Delancy's and scabs are pelted with sling shots and the Newsies leave victorious.

JOEY: (aside) 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".

TWO-BIT: (aside) Next day- the Newsies meet up with Denton who is holding a copy of the paper.

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

DAVID: You got us on the front page!

DENTON: You got yourselves on the front page. We 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, you're famous. You're famous, you get anything you want. That's what so great about New York!

[SONG: King of New York]

NEW YORKER: (aside) The Newsies 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. The police are told to raid the rally, break the strike and capture Jack.

SCENE 16: Jacob's Balcony / Pulitzer's Office

(Jack, Sarah , Spotlights 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. (Spot Switch)

PULITZER: So this is Jack Kelly in the photo. Now we know what he looks like.
I
want this troublemaker arrested and put in the refuge for a long time.
(Spot Switch)

SARAH: We're so proud of you and Davie 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. (Spot Switch)

POLICE CHIEF: I think we could manage to have him put away quietly sir.

PULITZER: No, no, no, no! Not quietly! Not quietly! I want an example made of this Francis Sullivan or Jack Kelly or whatever 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.

POLICE CHIEF: Okay sir, we'll do our best.

PULITZER: (puts his arm around the Chief) Good Good. By the way, 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. Wouldn't hurt your chances at reelection... if you know what I mean. (Spot Switch)

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. (Spot dark)

SCENE 17: The Rally Newsies Square
(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 Davie, 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.

PATCH: Tell 'em Jack!

JACK: So, what's it gonna be?

RACETRACK: We're with you Jack.

DUTCHY: Yah! Lets stick together.

NEWSIES: Together

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.)

NEW YORKER: (aside) 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.

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

DENTON: Because it never happened

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

JUNIOR: You wrote it!

DENTON: If 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.

DAVID: 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 you. 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. (exits)

FLIP: (aside) 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 escorted back to the refuge.

SCENE 18: 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.

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?

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? Davie. 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)

SNYDER: Somebody grab that boy.

JACK: Davie go home. You don't know the trouble you and your family could get in.

DAVID: But Jack...

JACK: (runs off yelling) Go home Davie before your family gets hurt.

JUNIOR: Davie leaves confused. Jack returns to sleep in the basement of Pulitzer's newspaper building. The next day, to everyone's surprise, Jack shows up as one of the scabs.

SCENE 19: Newsies Square

NEWSIES: Stop the World! No more papes! Stop the World! No more papes!

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.

SKITTERY: 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 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. Davie stares at Jack)

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

(Davie walks up to Jack)

DAVID: 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!

JACK: So? Whatta'ya wanna' do about it Davie?

DAVID: 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.

DAVID: 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?

DAVID: 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?

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

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

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

DAVID: Never! Never!

NEWSIES: (All the Newsies start yelling) Never Never

(Chief and Delancys surround Jack. The Newsies watch them take Jack away)

SPOT: Traitor!

KID BLINK: You make me sick!

BOOTS: I trusted you!

SKITTERY: Seize the day, huh Jack?

LES: He's foolin' 'em, so he can spy on 'em or something. Yeah, yeah, that's it. He's foolin' 'em!

RACETRACK: Yeah, he's spying on them, kid.

SCENE 20: Jacob's House

(David, Sarah and Les)

SARAH: Les. What is this?

LES: Nothin'. I was just savin' it

SARAH: (quickly skims over article) David. It's Denton's article. "The Dark Truth; Why Our City Really Fears The Newsies Strike" by Bryan Denton. "Last night I saw naked force excised against mere boys, the newsies, who were..."

(David climbs out the window, slams it, then storms off the fire escape.)

JAYJAY: (aside) Meanwhile, Jack has been given a place to sleep in one of Pulitzer's basement rooms where there is an old printing press.

GUMLETS: (aside) 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.

(David on the ground, Sarah and Les try to pull the Delancys off)

SARAH: Jack !!!

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

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

DAVID: What? You couldn't stay away?

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

DAVID: A scab?

JACK: No, smart.

SARAH: (hands Jack the Denton article) Jack read Denton's article.

JACK: (skims over the article) We've got to find Mr. Denton.

(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?

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. All these rich 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?

DAVID: 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?

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

JACK: Nothing, but our man Denton...

DAVID: ... 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.

NEW YORKER: (aside) They put out their own newspaper using Pulitzer's old printing press in the basement where Jack sleeps. The article exposes all the facts of the illegal use of child labour and the deplorable working conditions that the children are subjected to. They print thousands of copies and early

next morning they distribute them throughout the city asking all working kids to attend the rally.

(Newsies head out into audience distributing papers)

[SONG Once and For All]

PIE-EATER: (aside) 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 21: Newsies Square

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

[SONG Reprise: The World Will Know]

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

SCENE 22: 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 Davie go to Pulitzer's desk, where Jack pulls out a copy of the newspaper.)

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

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.

DAVID: Then what does that make you?

PULITZER: What?

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

DAVID: 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.

(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 looks at it) 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?

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

SCENE 23: Newsies Square (Finale)

(Davie 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. Newsies hug each other. Weasel, Oscar and Morris leave.)

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

BOOTS: You gotta get outta here!

SNICKERS: Hide Jack

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

JACK: (Looking off into audience- waves) Thanks for the advice governor. 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)

JACK: So, how's the headline today?

DAVIE: Headlines don't sell papes, Newsies do!

[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

SONGS

Carryin' the Banner

That's my cigar! You'll steal anudder! Hey bummers, we got work tah do! Since when did you become me mudder? Aww, stop your bawling! Try Bottle Alley or the harbour. Try Central Park, it's guaranteed. Try any banker, bum, or barber. They almost all knows how to read. I smell money. You smell foul! Met this girl last night. Move your elbow! Pass the Towel! For a buck I might! Ain't it a fine life Carrying the banner through it all? A mighty fine life Carrying the banner tough and tall. Every morning, we goes where we wishes. We's as free as fishes. Sure beats washing dishes. What a fine life. Carrying the banner home-free all! Summer stinks and winter's waiting. Welcome to New York. Boy, ain't nature fascinating. When youse gotta walk? Still, it's a fine life. Carrying the banner with me chums. A mighty fine life. Blowing every nickel as it comes. I'm no snoozer Sitting makes me antsy. I likes living chancy. Harlem tah Delancey. What a fine life. Carrying the banner through the slums.

NUNS:

Blessed children... though you wonder lost and depraved, Jesus loves you, you shall be saved!

MOTHER: Patrick, darling; Since you left me, I am undone. Mother loves you God save my son!

Just give me half a cup, Something to wake me up, I gotta find an angle, I gotta sell more papes, Papers is all I got, Wish I could catch a breeze, Sure hope the headline's hot, All I can catch is fleas, God help me if it's not, Somebody help me, please, If I hate the headline, I'll make up the headline, And I'll say anything I hafta 'Cause it's two for a penny, if I take too many, Weasel just makes me eat 'em afta. Look! They're putting up the headline. They call that a headline? I get better stories from the copper on the beat. I was gunna start with twenty but a dozen'll be plenty. Tell me, how'm I gonna make ends meet? What's it say? That won't pay! So where's your spot? God, it's hot! Will ya tell me how'm I gonna make ends meet? We need a good assassination! We need an earthquake or a war! How 'bout a crooked politician? Hey, stupid, that ain't news no more! Uptown to Grand Central Station, Down to City Hall. We improves our circulation, Walkin' til we fall! Still we'll be out there. Carrying the banner man to man! Yes, we'll be out there, Soaking every sucker that we can! See the headline, Newsies on a mission. Kill the competition, Sell the next edition, While we're out there, Carrying the banner is the... Look, they're putting up the headline, They call that a headlin, The idiot who wrote it must be working for the Sun. Didja hear about the fire? Heard it killed old man Maguire! Heard the toll was ever higher. Why do I miss all the fun? Hitched it on a Trolley, Meetcha Forty-

Fourth and Second Little Italy's a secret, Bleecker's further than I reckoned, At the courthouse Near the stables. On the corner someone beckoned and I... It's a fine life Carrying the banner through it all. A mighty fine life, Carrying the banner tough and tall, See the headline Newsies on a mission Kill the competition, Sell the next edition, What a fine life, Carrying the banner! Would you look at the headline. You call that a headline? I get better stories from the copper on the beat. I was gonna start with twenty but a dozen'll be plenty. Would you tell me how'm I ever gonna make ends meet. Hitched it on a Trolley Meetcha Forty-Fourth and Second Little Italy's a secret, Bleecker's further than I reckoned, By the courthouse, near the stables, On the corner someone beckoned! Go get 'em Cowboy! You've got 'em now boy! Go!

Santa Fe

So that's what they call a family, Mudder, fadder, daughter, son. Guess everything you heard about it true. So you ain't got any family. Well, who said you needed one? Ain'tcha glad nobody's waiting up for you? When I dream on my own. I'm alone, but I ain't lonely. For a dreamer, night's the only time of day. When the city's finally sleeping. When my thoughts begin to stray, and I'm on the train that bound for Santa Fe And I'm free, Like the wind, Like I'm gonna live forever. It's a feeling time can never take away. All I needs a few more dollars, And I'm outta here to stay. Dreams come true, Yes they do, In Santa Fe. Where does it say you've gotta live and die here? Where does it say a guy can't catch a break? Why should you only take what you're given? Why should you spend your whole life livin', Trapped where there ain't no future, Even at seventeen. Breaking your back for someone else's sake, If the life don't seem to suit ya, How bout a change of scene? Far from the lously headlines, And the deadlines in between, Santa Fe, Are you there? Do you swear you won't forget me? If I found you would you let me come and stay? I ain't getting any younger, And before my dying day, I want space, Not just air. Let 'em laugh in my face, I don't care Save a place I'll be there. So that's what they call a family? Ain'tcha glad you ain't that way? Ain'tcha glad you got a dream called Santa Fe?

The World Will Know

Pulitzer and Hearst, they think we're nothing. Are we nothing! Pulitzer and Hearst, they think they got us. Do they got us? Even though we ain't got hats or badges. We're a union just by saying so, And the World will know! What's it gonna take to stop the wagons? Are we ready? What's it gonna take to stop the scabber? Can we do it? We'll do what we gotta do until we, Break the will of mighty Bill and Joe! And the World will know, And the Journal too! Mr. Hearst and Pulitzer Have we got news for you! Now the World will hear, What we've got to say, We've been hawking headlines, But we're making 'em today. And our ranks will grow! And we'll kick their rear! And the World will know that we been here! When the circulation bell starts ringing, Will we hear it? What if the Delancey's come out swinging' Will we hear it? When you've got a hundred voices singing Who can hear a lousy whistle blow? And the World will know, That this ain't no game. That we got a ton of rotten fruit and perfect aim. So they gave their word, But it ain't worth beans! Now they're gonna see what 'stop the presses' really means. And the day has come, And the time is now, And the fear is gone, And their name is mud! And the strike is on, And I can't stand blood! And the World will.. Pulitzer may crack the whip but he won't whip us! Pulitzer may crack the whip but he won't whip us! And the World will know, And the World will learn, And the World will wonder how, We made the tables turn. And the World will see, That we had to choose, That

the things we do today, Will be tomorrow's news, And the old will fall, And the young stand tall, And the time is now, And the winds will blow, And our ranks will grow, And grow and grow and so, The World will feel the fire, And finally know!

Seize the Day

Open the gates and seize the day, Don't be afraid and don't delay, Nothing can break us, No one can make us Give our rights away, Arise and seize the day! Now is the time to seize the day, Send out the call and join the fray, Wrongs will be righted if we're united Let us seize the day! Friends of the friendless seize the day, Raise up the torch and light the way, Proud and defiant, We'll slay the giant Let us seize the day, Neighbor to neighbor, Father to son, One for all and all for one! Open the gates and seize the day, Don't be afraid and don't delay, Nothing can break us, No one can make us, Give our rights away, Neighbor to neighbor, Father to son! One for all and all for one!

King Of New York

A pair of new shoes with matching laces, A permanent box at Sheepshed Races. A porcelain tub with boiling water, A Saturday night with the mayor's daughter! Look at me I'm the King of New York! Suddenly, I'm respectable, Staring right atcha, Lousy with stature, Nubbin' with all the muckety-mucks, I'm blowin' my dough and goin' deluxe! And there I'll be, Ain't I pretty? It's my city, I'm the king of New York! A corduroy suit with fitted knickers, A mezzanine seat to see the flickers, Havana cigars that cost a quarter, An editor's desk for our star reporter! Tip your hat He's the King of New York! How 'bout that? I'm the King of New York! In nothing flat, He'll be covering Brooklyn to Trenton, Our man Denton, Making a headline out of a hunch, Protecting the weak, And paying for lunch, When I'm at bat, Strong men crumble, Proud yet humble, I'm/He's the King of New York, I gotta be either dead or dreaming, 'Cuz look at that pape with my face beaming Tomorrow they may wrap fishes in it, But I was a star for one whole minute! Starting now, I'm the King of New York! Ain't you hear? I'm the King of New York! Holy cow! It's a miracle, Pulitzer's crying Weasel? He's dying! Flashpots are shooting bright as the sun, I'm one hifalutin' sonuva gun! Don't ask me how, Fortune found me, Fate just crowned me, Now I'm King of New York! Look and see, Once a piker, Now a striker, I'm the King of New York! Victory! Front page story, Guts and glory, I'm the King of New York!

Santa Fe reprise

Santa Fe, My old friend, I can't spend my whole life hidin', You're the only light that's guidin' me today, Will you keep a candle burnin', Will you help me

find my way? You're my chance to break free, And who knows when my next one will be, Santa Fe Wait for me.

Once and For All

This is the story you wanted to write, well tonight is the night that you can, Just get this done and by dawn't early light you can finish the fight you began, This time we're in it to stay, Think about seizing the day, Think of that train as she rolls into old Santa Fe, Tell her I'm on my way, See old man Pulitzer snug in his bed, He don't care if we're dead or alive. Three satin pillows are under his head, While we're begging for bread to survive, Joe, if you're still counting sheep, Wake up and read 'em and weep, You've got your thugs, With their sticks and their slugs, Yeah, but we got a promise to keep, Once and for all, Something tells me the tide will be turning, Once and for all, There's a fire inside me that wont stop burning, Now that the choices are clear, Now that tomorrow is here, Watch how the mighty will fall, For once and for all! It's awefully nice of Mr. Pulitzer to let us use his press,, Yeah, I just hope I get to thank him for it someday. This is for kids shining shoes on the Newsies Squares With no shoes on their feet everyday, This is for guys sweating blood in the shops, While their bosses and cops look away, This is to even the score, We ain't just Newsies no more, This ain't just kids with some pie in the sky, This is do it or die, This is war! Once and for all, We'll be there to defend one another, Once and for all, Every kid is a friend, Every friend a brother, Five thousand fists in the sky, Five thousand reasons to try, We're going over the wall, Better to die than to crawl, Either we stand or we fall, For once, Once and for all!