

# Newsies

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RACETRACK:

In 1899, the street of New York City echoed with the voices of newsies, peddelling 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 run aways, the newsies were a ragged army, without a leader, until one day when all that changed.

(The movie title appears. We see the outside of the Newsboys Lodging House. Inside, Kloppman, the owner, enters the bunkroom, finding the boys still in bed.)

KLOPPMAN:

Boots! Skittery! Skittery! Skittery!

SKITTERY:

Wha..I didn't do it!

KLOPPMAN:

What do you mean you didn't do it? Will you get up? When you get up, it's time to get up! Snitch! Get up! Get up! Everybody's sleeping. They sleep their lives away these kids! The presses are rolling! Sell the papers, sell the papers! Come on, come on. You dreaming about selling papers?

JACK:

Mmmmmm? What's the matta with you?

KLOPPMAN:

What's the matter with me?

JACK:

What's the matta with you? Wanna..go..back..to..

KLOPPMAN:

Come on! (gives him a shove)

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JACK:

Get away from me, you're mad!

KLOPPMAN: Haha. Get up boy! Come on. Alright! Carry the banner! Sell the papers!

(Racetrack looks around for him cigar, noticing that Snipeshooter has it)

RACETRACK:

That's my cigar!

SNIPESHOOTER:

You'll steal anudder!

KID BLINK:

Hey bummers, we got work tah do!

SPECS:

Since when did you become me mudder?

CRUTCHY:

Aww, stop your bawling!

NEWSIES:

Hey, who asked you?

MUSH:

So, how'd you sleep Jack?

JACK:

On me back Mush.

MUSH:

Ha ha. Hear that fellas? Hear what Jack said? I asked Jack how he slept and he said 'On me back Mush'

CRUTCHY:

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Jack, when I walk, does it look like I'm faking it?

JACK:

No. Who says you're faking it?

CRUTCHY:

I dunno. It's just there's so many fake crips on the street today, a real crip ain't got a chance. I gotta find me a new selling spot where they ain't used to seeing me.

MUSH:

Try Bottle Alley or the harbour

RACETRACK:

Try Central Park, it's guaranteed

JACK:

Try any baner, bum, or barber

SKITTERY:

They almost all knows how to read

KID BLINK:

I smell money

CRUTCHY:

You smell foul!

MUSH:

Met this girl last night

CRUTCHY:

Move your elbow!

RACETRACK:

Pass the towel!

SKITTERY:

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For a buck I might!

NEWSIES:

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 fished  
Sure beats washig dishes  
What a fine life  
Carrying the banner home-free all!

(The newsies leave the Lodging House and head towards Newsies Square)

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

CRUTCHY:

I'm no snoozer  
Sitting makes me antsy  
I likes living chancy

NEWSIES:

Harlem tah Delancey  
What a fine life  
Carrying the banner through the slums

NUNS:

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

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PATRICK'S MOTHER:

Partick, darling  
Since you left me, I am undone  
Mother loves you  
God save my son!

(Sung in counterpoint)

RACETRACK:

Just give me half a cup

KID BLINK:

Something to wake me up

MUSH:

I gotta find an angle

CRUTCHY:

I gotta sell more papes

VARIOUS NEWSIES:

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..

(End counterpoint)

NEWSIES:

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

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(Sung in counterpoint)

1. 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?

2. 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?

(End counterpoint)

NEWSIES:

We need a good assassination!  
We need an earthquake or a war!

SNIPESHOOTER:

How 'bout a crooked politician?

NEWSIES:

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!

(Sung in counterpoint) 1. 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

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Sell the next edition  
While we're out there  
Carrying the banner is the...

2.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?  
3.Heard it killed old man Maguire!  
2.Heard the toll was ever higher  
3.Why do I miss all the fun?

2.Hitched it on a Trolly  
3.Meetcha Forty-Fourth and Second  
2.Little Italy's a secret  
3.Bleecker's further than I reckoned  
2.At the courthouse  
3.Near the stables  
2.On the corner someone beckoned and I....

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

RACETRACK:

Dear me! What is that 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 Snipeshooter)

In the back, you lously little shrimp.(Oscar throws Snipeshooter to the ground. Jack goes to help him up)

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RACETRACK:

It's not good to do that. Not healthy

JACK:

You shouldn't call people lously little shrimps, Oscar, unless you're refering to the family resemblance in your brudda here.

RACETRACK:

5-1 that Cowboys skunks 'em. Who's beting?

JACK:

That's right. It's an insult. So's this

(Jack knocks Morris' hat off his head. The Delancey's chase Jack around the Square. David and Les enter and watch until Jack bumps into them.)

DAVID:

What do you think you're doing?

JACK:

Runnin'!

(Sung in counterpoint)

NEWSIES:

1.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!

2.Would you look at the headline



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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 Trolly  
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!

(End counterpoint)

NEWSIES:  
Go!

WORLD EMPLOYEE:  
These is for the 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.

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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 prussing the merchandise Mr. Weasel. The 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 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:

See anything good this morning?

WEASEL:

30 papes for Crutchy! Next!

JACK:(to Les)

You wanna sit down?

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DAVID:

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!

DAVID:

I paid for twenty. I only got nineteen.

WEASEL:

Are you accusing me of lying kid?

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. 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.

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.

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LES:

Cowboy. They called 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 David. He's older.

JACK:

No kidding. So how old are you Les?

LES:

Me? Near 10.

JACK:

Near 10. Well, that's no good. if anyone asks, you're 7. You see, younger sells more papes and if we're gonna be parteners, we wanna be the best.

DAVID:

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 benifit of observing me, no charge.

DAVID:

Ah-ha.

JACK:(mocking)

Ah-ha.

CRUTCHY:

You're getting the chance of a lifetime here, Davey. You learn from Jack, you

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learn from the best.

DAVID:

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?

LES:

Yeah!

JACK:

So we got a deal?

DAVID:

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?

DAVID:

That's disgusting!

(By this time, the rest of the newsies have gotten their papers and are moving out into the street.)

JACK:

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

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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.

(A girl hurries past and the newsies take off their hats and make a few comments)

SPECS:  
Baby born with three heads!

(The newsies begin to yell out various headlines as the spread out over the streets. We go into Pulitzer's office where Pulitzer is reading the headline. Also in the room is Jonathan, Seitz and another World employee.)

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

EMPLOYEE:  
News is slow, Mr. Pulitzer. The trolly 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!

EMPLOYEE:  
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

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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 deafing 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, gentelmen. I want to know how I can get more of it...by tonight.

(We are now in the streets of New York. Jack and David roam through the crowds.)

DAVID:

Extra! Extra! Trolly strike drags on!

JACK:

Extra! Extra! Elis Island in flames!

DAVID:

Wait, where's that story?

JACK:

Thank you sir. Page 9. Thousands flee in panic. Thank you. Much oblided to you ladies.

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DAVIDL

'Trash Fire Next To Immigration Buliding Terrifies Seagulls'??

JACK:

Terrified flight of inferno!! Thousands of lives at stake! Extra! Extra! Thank you sir. Extra! Extra!

(Les enters)

JACK:

Hey, you start in the back like I told you? Ok, show me again.

LES:(coughs)

Buy me last pape, mista?

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.

DAVID:

You're just making up things. All these headlines.

JACK:

I don't do nothing the guys who write it don't do. Anyway, it's not lying, it's just improving the truth little.

(Warden Snyder enters and see Jack. Les re-enters)

LES:

The guy gave me a quarter. Quick, give me some more last papers.

DAVID:



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Wait, wait. You smell like beer.

LES:

Well, that's how I made the quarter. The guy bet me I wouldn't drink some.

JACK:

Hey, no drinking on the job. It's bad for business. And what if somebody called the cop on you?

DAVID:(pointing to Snyder)

Is he a friend of your's?

JACK:

Beat it! It's the bulls!

LES:

All this over one sip of beer?

(Snyder chases Jack, David and Les through the streets, and into a building. They run up the stairs and get to the roof. Without stopping for a second, Jack jumps off the roof, leaving David and Les alone. Jack's head pops up and David and Les join him on a ledge just as Snyder enters.)

SNYDER:

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

(Jack leads David and Les a little more, when David pulls him to a halt outside Irving Hall)

DAVID:

I'm not running any further.

(Jack leads the two brothers inside.)

DAVID:

I want some answers.

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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. 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.

DAVID:  
Food?

JACK:  
Yeah, food.

AVID:  
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?

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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?

MEDDA:  
What's going on there? Out! Out! Out!

JACK:  
You wouldn't kick me out without a kiss goodbye, wouldja Medda?

MEDDA:  
Oh Kelly. Where ya been, kid? Oh, I miss seeing you up in the balcony.

JACK:  
Hanging on your every word. So Medda.

MEDDA:  
Yes.

JACK:  
This is David and Les.

MEDDA:  
Hello.

JACK:

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And this is the greatest star of the vaudeville stage today, Miss Medda Larkson, the Swedish Meadowlark.

MEDDA:

Welcome, gentlemen.

JACK:

Medda also owns the joint.

MEDDA:

Oh, what do we have here? Oh, aren't you the cutest little thing that ever was? Yes you are.

LES:(cough)

Buy me last pape, lady?

MEDDA:

Oh, you are good. Oh yes, this kid is really good. Speaking as one professional to another, I'd say you have a great furture.

JACK:

So, is it alright if we stay here for a little while, Medda? Just until a little problem outside goes away.

MEDDA:

Sure, stay as long as you like. Toby, just give my guests whatever they want.

ANNOUNCER:

And now gents, the moment you've all been waiting for. The sensational songbird. The Swedish Meadowlark, Miss Medda Larkson.

(Medda goes on stage. Jack, David and Les watch from backstage.)

MEDDA:

My lovey dovey baby

I boo-hoo-hoo for you

I used to be your tootsie-wootsie

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Then you said 'tooldle-dedoo'

I miss the hanky-panky  
Each nighty-night til three  
Come back my lovey dovey baby  
And coochie-coo with me

(After the show, the boys go outside)

JACK:  
So, you like that?

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

JACK:  
She was a friend of me fadder's. Come on, Les, you wanna shine me shoes for me?

DAVID:  
Oh, 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.

(Fire and loud crashes are heard. The boys run and see a riot breaking out. A group of men are beating up another man.)

DAVID:

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

JACK:

It's the trolly strike, Dave. These couple of dumbasses must not have joined or something.

DAVID:

Jack, let's get out of here.

JACK:

So, maybe we'll get a good headline tomorrow, Dave. Look at this, he slept the whole way threw it.

(Jack picks up Les from the bench where he fell asleep. They enter David's house.)

ESTER:

My God. What happened?

DAVID:

Nothing, mama. He's just sleeping.

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?

DAVID:

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

MAYER:

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

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(He kisses her. She shoves him away playfully)

ESTER:  
Mayer!

(After dinner, they talkas Sarah clears the table.)

JACK:  
So, from wat I saw today, you're 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?

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

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

ESTER:  
That's for your birthday tomorrow!

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MAYOR:

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 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, and they'll give me my job back. We'll make them

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

LES:

Come nack my lovey dovey baby  
And coochie-coo with me

(David and Jack start laughing)

ESTER:

And what is this David?

(The boys try to stop laughing, but can't. LATER THAT NIGHT, on David's fire escape)



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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.

(Mayer appears at the window.)

MAYER:

David, 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 you're family's real nice, like mine.

DAVID:

See you tomorrow.

JACK:

Alright.

DAVID:

Carrying the banner.

JACK:

Carrying the banner.

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

JACK:

So that's what they call a family  
Mudder, fadder, daughter, son

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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 lousy headlines  
And the deadlines in between

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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?

(Jack ends up outside the Lodging House. As he enters, he meets up with Racetrack)

JACK:  
Heya Race.

RACETRACK:  
Hey Jack.

JACK:  
How was your day at the track?  
RACETRACK:  
Remember that hot tip I told you about? Nobody told the horse.

(Pulitzer, Setiz and Jonathan are sitting in Pulitzer's office.)

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

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to make more money.

JONATHAN:

I have several proposals. First, to increase the paper's price.

PLUITZER:

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...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:

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You don't know Hearst like I do, Setiz. As newspapermen, he and I would cut each other's throats to get an advantage. But as gentlemen, as businessmen, if 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.

(Outside the World building, the newsies have gathered. Jack joins them)

KID BLINK:

They jacked up the price! You hear that Jack? 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! Can you believe that?

SKITTERY:

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

BOOT:

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? It's a nice day. Why don'tcha ask Mr. Pulitzer?

# Newsies

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KID BLINK:

They can't to 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.

MUSH:

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.

RACETRACK:

Jack, you done thinkin' yet?

WEASEL:

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

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?

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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 for 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. Dave'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

# Newsies

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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:  
Well, you tell us what to do Davey.

DAVID:  
Pulitzer and Hearst have to respect our rights.

JACK:  
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:  
Tell them that they can't treat us like we don't exist.

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

NEWSIES:  
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:



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No!

DAVID:

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

JACK:

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 the 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!

# Newsies

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JACK:

What's it gonna take to stop the scabber?  
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:

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!

CRUTCHY:

And we'll kick their rear!

NEWSIES:

And the World will know that we been here!

JACK:

When the circulation bell starts ringing  
Will we hear it?

NEWSIES:

No!

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JACK:

What if the Delancey's come out swinging'  
Will we hear it?

NEWSIES:

No!

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 mean

And the day has come  
And the time is now  
And the fear is gone

BOOTS:

And their name is mud!

NEWSIES: And the strike is on

BOOTS:

And I can't stand blood!

NEWSIES:

And the World will..

JACK:

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

NEWSIES:

Pulitzer may crack the whip but he won't whip us!  
And the World will know

# Newsies

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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!

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:

Ambasitors?

JACK:

Yeah, right. Okay, you guys, you gotta be ambastards and go tell the other that we're on strike.

KID BLINK:

Say, Jack, I'll take Harlem

RACETRACK:

Yeah, I got Midtown.

# Newsies

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MUSH:

I got the Battery, Jack.

CRUTCHY:

Hey, I'll take the Bronx.

JACK:

Alright. And Bumlets, and Specs and Skittery, you take Queens. Pie Eater! Snoddy! East Side! Snipeshooter, you go with 'em. So, what about Brooklyn? Come on, Spot Conlon's territory. What'sa matta? You scared of Brooklyn?

BOOTS:

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

JACK:

Well, he don't make me nervous. So you and me, Boots, we'll go to Brooklyn. And Dave 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! (etc.)

(The newsies go off in different directions. Denton enters and approaches

# Newsies

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David.)

DENTON:

Hey, what is the strike? What's going on?

DAVID:

We're bringing out 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 thrown out the door.)

JACK:

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

LES:

Yeah!

(Jack, David, Les and Denton are sitting in a booth in Tibby's Restaurant.)

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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?

# Newsies

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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, David and Boots start across the Brooklyn Bridge.)

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

BOOTS:  
I spent a month there on night.

(Jack and Boots lean over the side and scream at the top of their lungs.)

DAVID:  
So, is this Spot Conlon really dangerous?

(The boys get to Brooklyn. There are a lot of tough looking boys.)

BROOKLYN NEWSIE:  
Going somewhere, Kelly?

(Jack pushes past him. David and Boots follow.)

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.)



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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.)

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'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.

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

# Newsies

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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 back to Newsies Square, where the rest of the newsies wait.)

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?

SKITTERY:

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

JACK:

Oh, do ya?

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SKITTERY:

Yeah.

RACETRACK

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

JACK:

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

DAVID:

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!

DAVID AND NEWSIES:

Now is the time to seize the day

Send out the call and join the fray

DAVID:

Wrongs will be righted

if we're united

DAVID AND NEWSIES:

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!

# Newsies

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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!

(The circulation bell begins to ring)

JACK  
Anybody hear that?

NEWSIES  
No!

JACK:  
So what are we gonna do about it?

NEWSIES:  
Soak 'em!

(The newsies and the scabbers have a stand off. 3 scabs join with the newsies, but then a bug scab comes up against Jack. He tries to get by, but can't. The newsies start soaking the scabs, who eventually run away. They tear up the newspapers. Jack starts making faces and blowing raspberries at Weasel, Oscar and Morris through the distribution window.)

MORRIS:  
I'm gonna crack your dome!

(The tearing of newspapers continue. A delivery cart is pushed onto it's side. Weasel calls for the cops, who enter blowing whistles.)

# Newsies

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JACK:

Cheese it! Cheese it, it's the bulls!

(All the newsies run, except Crutchy, who doesn't notice)

RACETRACK:

Crutchy! Scram! Scram!

(Crutchy starts to leave, but is blocked in by cops. He turns to find the Delancey brothers behind him. They knock his crutch aside and drag him away. Denton has been watching all of this. THAT NIGHT- Jack and David walk to the Refuge. Jack has a rope in his hands)

JACK:

So here it is. The Refuge. My home, sweet home.

DAVID:

How can you be sure they sent him here?

JACK:

How can I be sure the Delancey's stink? It's just how things work, you know? An orphan gets arrested, Snyder makes sure he gets sent straight here, so he can rehabilitate him. The more kids in the Refuge, the more money the city sends to take care of them, the more Snyder sticks it in his pocket. He's here.

DAVID:

So how come you brought the rope?

(A carriage exits the Refuge. Jack and David hide in the shadows. As the guard talks with the nuns, the two boys sneak by. On the roof, David lowers Jack, who has the rope tied around his waist. Jack gets level with the window.)

JACK:

Steady. Steady, Dave. That's good.

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(Jack knocks on the window. A boy around Les's age opens it.)

TEN PIN:

Hey. Cowboy. You miss the joint?

JACK:

What do ya say, Ten Pin. You got a new guy in here. Crutchy.

TEN PIN:

The gimp? I'll get him for ya.

JACK:

Hey Crutchy.

(With the help of a boy, Crutchy limps to the window.)

CRUTCHY:

I don't believe it. What are you hanging around here for?

JACK:

What do you mean what am I hangin' around here for? You know who's on the roof?

CRUTCHY:

Who?

JACK:

Dave.

CRUTCHY:

Is that Dave? Heya Dave! How ya doin'?

DAVID::

Shhh.

JACK:

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Listen, Crutchy, go get your stuff. We're gonna get you outta here.

CRUTCHY:

Well, actually, I ain't walking so good. Oscar and Morris kindda worked me over a little bit, you know?

JACK:

They hurt you? Don't worry about it. Me and Dave, we can carry you outta here.

CRUTCHY:

I don't want nobody carrying me, you hear? Hey, Dave! You know, they still talk about how Jack rode outta here on that coach.

DAVID:

Oh, yeah. Teddy Roosevelt's, right?

CRUTCHY:

You already heard the story.

DAVID:

You mean it's true?

CRUTCHY:

Of course. Hey! Cheese it!

(Snyder enters and inspects the room. Jack swings to the side, out of site. As Snyder is about to look out the window, Crutchy grabs his arm.)

CRUTCHY:

Mr. Warden Snyder, sir. You know, I was thinking. I'd just like you to know that when you were taking a nap this afternoon...

(Crutchy leads Snyder away from the window and Jack leaves. THE NEXT MORNING- Pulitzer, Weasel and Seitz are inside Pulitzer's office.)

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SEITZ:

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

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 down with once and for all.

SEITZ:

Chief...

PULITZER:

Shut your mouth, Seitz

(Weasel and Seitz leave. Snyder looks out the window to the square where the newsies have gathered.)

NEWSIES:

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

(The boys dance in the square and block the entrance to the World building. A delivery cart rushes through. The newsies and scabs have another stand off.)

DAVID:

Alright. Everyone remain calm.

JACK:

Let's soak 'em for Crutchy!



# Newsies

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(The newsies charge towards the scabs, who retreat. A large door opens and big men with clubs and chains come out)

RACETRACK:

Jack! Jack!, the Crib!

(the men form a circle around Jack so none of the newsies can help him. The gates shut and Denton can't get in to help.)

OSCAR:

Heya Jacky-boy

(Jack faces a man with a chain. Outside, Denton tried to get in.)

DENTON:

Aren't you going to stop them, sir?

POLICEMAN:

Move along, mister.

(Just as all hope seems lost for Jack, a bunch of newsies appear on the rooftops, including Spot.)

SPOT:

Never fear, Brooklyn is here.

MUSH:

It's Brooklyn!

(The newsies start to soak the Crib, the Brooklyn boys using their sling shots. Racetrack throws his hands in the air and sit on a ledge....)

RACETRACK:

Hey, I give up. Alright, alright. I give up.

(...then kicks the guy in the family jewels)

# Newsies

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JACK:

Hey, Spot!

(Shots of Newsies punching the scabs. First Racetrack, then Jack, Kid Blink and another. Skittery get hits and falls back. Newsies catch him)

DAVID:

Are you alright?

(Before he can answer, the newsies push him back up and he punches the man back. Spot opens the gates and the Brooklyn gang join. They force the Crib back. The newsies cheer and tear some more papers. Denton enters with him camera.)

DENTON:

Jack! Boys! Freeze! Freeze!

JACK:

Alright guys

(Denton takes the picture. Jack is the only one ready for it. The others all have weird expressions on their faces. The picture turns black and white 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 are in Tibby's. Denton enters with the paper.)

DENTON:

Hey fellas. Hey, hey! Big time.

BOOTS:

What you got there Jack?

SPOT:

Where's me picture? Where's me picture?

BOOTS:

What's that? That all about us?

# Newsies

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MUSH:

Look at that Jack. You look like a gentlemen

JACK"

Will you get your fingers off me face?

SPOT:

Where does it say my name? Where's my name?

JACKL

Will you quit thinking about yourself?

DAVID:

You got us on the front page!

DENTON:

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

SKITTERY:

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

MUSH:

What are you talkin' about?

JACK:

Shut up, boy. You been in a bad mood all day!

SKITTERY:

I'm not in a bad mood!

RACETRACK:

Glum and dumb. What's the matta with you? You get your picture in the papes, your famous. Your famous, you get anything you want. That's what so great about New York!

MUSH:

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A pair of new shoes with matching laces

RACETRACK:

A permanent box at Sheepshed Races.

SPOT:

A porcelain tub with boiling water

KID BLINK:

A Saturday night with the mayor's daughter!

RACETRACK:

Look at me

I'm the King of New York!

Suddenly

I'm respectable

Staring right atcha

Lousy with stature

JACK:

Nubbin' with all the muckety-mucks

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

RACETRACK:

And there I'll be

Ain't I pretty?

RACETRACK & JACK:

It's my city

I'm the king of New York!

BOOTS:

A corduroy suit with fitted knickers

LES:

A mezzanine seat to see the flickers

# Newsies

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SNIPESHOOTER:

Havana cigars that cost a quarter

DAVID:

An editor's desk for our star reporter!

NEWSIES:

Tip your hat

He's the King of New York!

DENTON:

How 'bout that?

I'm the King of New York!

NEWSIES:

In nothing flat

He'll be covering

Brooklyn to Trenton

Our man Denton

KID BLINK:

Making a headline out of a hunch

DENTON:

Protecting the weak

RACETRACK:

And paying for lunch

DENTON:

When I'm at bat

Strong men crumble

RACETRACK:

Proud yet humble

DENTON & RACETRACK:

# Newsies

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I'm/He's the King of New York

NEWSIES:

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!

DENTON:

Ain't you hear?

I'm the King of New York!

NEWSIES:

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 Kin of New York!

Victory!

Front page story

Guts and glory

I'm the King of New York!

(The newsies cheer and gather around a table)

# Newsies

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JACK:

So, let's have some ideas.

DAVID:

Well, we gotta show people where we stand

JACK:

Yeah, so we gotta stay in the papes.

DENTON:

My paper's the only one printing any strike news so far

JACK:

So, we should do something that's so big the other papers'll feel stupid if they try to ignore us. Like a rally. A newsie rally with all the kids from all over New York. It'll be the biggest, loudest, nosiest blow-out this town's ever seen!

DAVID:

We'll send a message to the big boys

RACETRACK:

Yesh, I'll give 'em a message.

(A waiter brings a tray of cokes. Each newsie grabs a glass.)

JACK:

There's a lot of us, and we ain't going away. We'll fight until damn Doomsday if it means we get a fair shake.

DAVID:

Hey, guys. To out man Denton.

NEWSIES:

Our man Denton!

(The newsies lift their glasses in a toast. IN THE REFUGE- Crutchy knocks on

# Newsies

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Snyder's door and enters.)

CRUTCHY:

Heya Mr. Snyder. How was your supper?

(As he begins to put the plates on a tray, Crutchy notices Snyder looking at the paper, particularly at Jack's picture.)

CRUTCHY:

Hey! That's Jack. He looks just like himself.

SNYDER:

You know this boy?

CRUTCHY:

No.

SNYDER:

You have a very famous friend, this Jack. Do you know where he lives?

CRUTCHY:

I never heard of him, honest! It's this brain of mine, it's always making mistakes. It's got a mind of it's own. Can I get you anything else, Mr. Snyder? Good bye Mr. Snyder.

(Crutchy leaves, realizing his mistake. THAT NIGHT- The newsies are making signs for the rally. Dutchy's sign says 'STRIKE')

DUTCHY:

So, did I spell it right, Kloppman?

KLOPPMAN:

Very good, very good.

(Snyder enters and starts going through Kloppman's book)

KLOPPMAN:



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Excuse me. Can I help you?

SNYDER:

You have a boy who calls himself Jack Kelly? I wish to see him

KLOPPMAN:

Jack Kelly? Never heard of him. Never heard of him. Any of you boys ever hear of a Jack Kelly?

SPECS:

That's an unusual name for these parts.

(Jack enters, but Swifty stops him and points Snyder out to him)

RACETRACK:

Oh, you mean Jack Kelly. Yeah, he was here, but he put an egg in his shoe and beat it.

SNYDER:

I have reason to believe he's an escaped prisoner, possibly dangerous.

KLOPPMAN:

Oh, dangerous? I better look in my files. This way please.

(Kloppman distracts Snyder and Jack exits. The boys hold up signs to hide him)

RACETRACK:

Give to the Newsies Strike fund, Mister?

(Snyder hands Racetrack a coin. THE NEXT MORNING- Sarah wakes up and looks out the window. She sees Jack on the fire escape)

SARAH:

Did you sleep out there all night?

JACK:

# Newsies

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Yeah

SARAH:

Why didn't you wake us up?

JACK:

Well, I didn't want to disturb nobody. Besides, it's like the Waldorph out here. Great view. Cool air

SARAH:

Go up on the roof.

(Jack leaves so Sarah can get dressed. While he waits, he boxes with some stockings and steals a tomato off a plant. Sarah enters with a basket.)

SARAH:

Are you hungry?

JACK:

Yeah

SARAH:

Good. I made you breakfast

(She lays down a clothe and gets the food and milk.)

SARAH:

Papa's so proud of you and David. You should hear him talking about Jack Kelly, strike leader, who occasionally takes his meal with us

JACK:

Well, this is one strike leader who's gonna be very happy when it's all over and I can get outta here and go to Santa Fe. I mean, there's nothing for me to stay for, is there? You know, you should se Santa Fe, everything's different there. It's all bigger. The desert, the sky, the sun

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SARAH:

It's the same sun as here

JACK:

Yeah, it just looks different

SARAH:

I should get ready for work

JACK:

Sarah? I'm just not used to having whether I stay or whether I go matta to anybody. I'm not saying it should matta to you. I'm just saying, well, does it? Matta?

(Pulitzer is in his office with the Mayor, the Police Chief, Snyder and Seitz. He is looking at the paper and has Jack's face circled.)

MAYOR:

Of course, the city is very concerned that this event doesn't get out of hand. But...Chief?

CHIEF:

We can't just charge in there and break it up, Mr. Pulitzer. We've got no legal cause.

MAYOR:

Legal cause.

PULITZER:

Would the fact that this rally is organized by an escaped criminal be cause enough, mayor?

MAYOR:

Escaped criminal?

PULITZER:

A fugitive from one of your prisons, mayor. A convicted thief. Been living at

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large for some time under the allis of Jack Kelly. What's his real name?

SNYDER:

Sullivan. Francis Sullivan. Your honor. I would have caught him before now, but..

PULITZER:

You know Warder Snyder, don't you mayor? I believe you know him because you appointed him.

MAYOR:

Yes. Well, if this boy's a fugitive then the chief can quietly arrest him.

PULITZER:

No, no, no, no! Not quietly! Not quietly! I want an example made. I want this rabble he's roused to see what happens to those who would dare to lead. They should see justice and action.

MAYOR:

Arrest him at the rally?

PULITZER:

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

MAYOR:

I'd be honored.

(Newsies are gathering outside Irving Hall. Inside, Jack, David and Spot are on stage. Jack quiets everyone)

JACK:

Carryin' the banner!

(The newsies stand up and cheer. MEANWHILE- In Pulitzer's study, men are

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sitting at a table, playing cards. Pulitzer leads the mayor around the table)

PULITZER:

You know Gordon, mayor. Mr. Bennett of the Tribune. Mr. Taylor of the Times. Of course, you know Mr. Hearst. This is a new member of our little group, Mr. Gammon. He just came back from Europe. Mr. Gammon owns the New York Sun.

(Back in the theater, Jack is giving a speech.)

JACK:

So, 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'.

RACETRACK:

What are we supposed to do to the bums? Kiss 'em?

SPOT:

Any scab I see I soak 'em. Period.

DAVID:

No, no. That's what they want us to do. If we get violent, it's just playing into their hands.

SPOT:

Hey, look. They're gonna be playing with my hands, alright. "Cuz it ain't what they say, it's what we say. And nobody ain't gonna listen to us unless we make 'em.

(Newsies in the crowd take different sides and start to argue.)

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

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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.

KID BLINK:

Tell 'em Jack!

JACK:

So, what's it gonna be?

RACETRACK:

We're with you Jack.

JACK:

So, what about you, Spot?

SPOT:

I say that what you say is what I say.

(The spit-shake. All the newsies cheer. The curtains open and Medda enters. The cheering gets louder.)

MEDDA & NEWSIES:

High times, hard times  
Sometimes the living is sweet  
And sometimes there's nothing to eat  
But I always land on my feet  
So when there's dry times  
I wait for high times and then  
I put on my best  
And I stick out my chest  
And I'm off to the race's again!

MEDDA:

Hello, newsies. What's new?

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(Outside, the Crib and police are gathering. Snyder enters)

MEDDA:

So your old lady don't love you no more  
So you're afraid there's a wolf at your door  
So you've got street rats that scream in your ear

MEDDA & NEWSIES:

You win some, you lose some  
My dear, oh...  
High times, hard times  
Sometimes the living is sweet  
And sometimes there's nothing to eat  
But I always land on my feet  
So when there's dry times  
I wait for high times and then  
I put on my best  
And I stick out my chest  
And I'm off to the races again

MEDDA:

I put on my best!

NEWSIES:

I put on my best!

MEDDA:

And I stick out my chest

NEWSIES:

And I sticks out my chest

MEDDS:

And I'm off

NEWSIES:

And I'm off

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MEDDA:  
And I'm off

NEWSIES:  
And I'm off

MEDDA:  
And I'm off

ALL:  
To the races again!

(The police block off the entrance to the theater. Denton sees Snyder and tries to keep him busy)

DENTON:  
Excuse me. Aren't you Warden Snyder? Bryan Denton of the Sun. How do you do, sir?

(David sees Snyder and tells Spot)

DENTON:  
I heard about your wonderful work with the children and I wondered if I might get an interview with you

(David rushes through the crowd to Jack)

DAVID:  
Jack! Jack! It's Snyder!

JACK:  
What?

DAVID:  
It's Snyder. Right there!

(Denton tries to distract Snyder one more time. This time with his camera)



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DENTON:

Let me get that correct. That's Snyder, as in snide? Smile sir!

(The flash blinds him for a minute, then he blows his whistle.)

JACK:

Medda, thanks. I gotta run.

(Cops come in and the newsies scatter. Jack take's Sarah's hand and pulls her through the crowd. Racetrack gets Medda to safety and start to leave)

MEDDA:

No! Stay with me!

(A huge man kicks Racetrack in the stomach and punches him out. Medda breaks away from her maid and bodyguard(?) and slaps the man)

MEDDA:

No! No! For God's sake! He's just a child! Can't you see that? Racetrack!

(Medda is pulled back and Racetrack is dragged away. Jack and David get Sarah and Les to safety. Then turn back to fight. Everywhere they go, they are surrounded by cops or the crib. By Medda's swing, they meet up with Snyder. David sits on the swing.)

DAVID:

Push me!

(Jack shoves David, who hits Snyder in the face.)

DAVID:

Get out of here! Go!

(Jack runs as David and some other newsies hold Snyder off. Jack and Kid

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Blink run outside and find they are surrounded by cops. One of them grabs for Jack, but Kid Blink shoves him away.)KID BLINK:  
Beat it!

(Jack runs back inside. Kid Blink gets hit with a club and is dragged away. Jack starts to run up the stairs, but a man meets him at the top and punches him in the chin. Jack falls back and is caught by cops. THE NEXT DAY- the newsies are in court.)

BAILOFF:

All rise. All rise. Court is now in session. Judge E.A. Monahan presiding.

MONAHAN:

Are any of you boys represented by council? No? Good, that will move things along considerably.

SPOT:

hey, yer honor, I object!

MONAHAN:

On what grounds?

SPOT:

On the grounds of Brooklyn, yer honor.

(The newsies crack up laughing. Monahan bangs on his desk.)

MONAHAN:

I fine each of you five dollars, or two weeks confinement in the House of Refuge.

RACETRACK:

Whoa. We ain't got five bucks. We don't even got five cents. Hey, yer honor, how 'bout I roll you for it. Double or nothing?

MONAHAN:

Alright. Move along, move along.

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(Denton, David and Les enter)

DENTON:

Your honor, I'll pay the fines. All of them.

DAVID:

Hey, you fellas alright? Where's Jack?

DENTON:

Look, we've got to meet at the restaurant. Everybody. We have to talk.

MONAHAN:

Pay the clerk. Move it along.

(Jack is lead in, handcuffed)

JACK:

Hey fellas!

RACETRACK:

Hey, Cowboy! Nice shiner!

JACK:

Hey, Denton. I guess we made all the papes this time. So, how's my picture look?

DENTON:

None of the papers covered the rally. Not even the Sun.

BAILOFF:

Case of Jack Kelly. Inciting a riot. Assault. Resisting arrest.

SNYDER:

Judge Monahan, I'll speak for this young man.

JACK:

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You two know each other. Ain't that nice.

MONAHAN:

Just move it along, Warden Snyder.

SNYDER:

This boy's real name is Francis Sullivan. His mother's deceased. His father's a convict in the state penitentiary. He's an escapee from the House of Refuge where his original sentence for three months was extended to six months for disruptive behavior.

JACK:

Like demanding we eat the food you steal from us.

SNYDER:

Followed by an additional six months for attempted escape.

JACK:

Attempted? Last time it wasn't an attempted escape. Remember Snyder? Remember me and Teddy Roosevelt? Remember Roosevelt and the carriage?

SNYDER:

Therefore, I ask that he be returned to the House of Refuge.

JACK:

What? For my own good, right? Move it along? For my own good and for what he kicks back to you

SNYDER:

I ask that the court order his incarceration until the age of twenty-one, in the hope that we may yet guide him to a useful and productive life.

MONAHAN:

So ordered.

LES:

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No!

(Jack is led away. Snyder follows, then turns and smiles at the judge.)

(Jack is led away. Snyder follows, then turns and smiles at the judge. LATER-  
The newsies sit in Tibby's. Denton enters. They greet him)

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!

KID BLINK:

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.

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. I would be black balled 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. This should cover it

(Denton pays the waiter and leaves. David crumples the story up and throws it on a table)

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DAVID:

We get Jack out of the Refuge tonight. From now on, we trust no one but the newsies.

(The newsies get up and leave. Les uses Denton's article to wrap his unfinished hot dog in. THAT NIGHT- David, Les, Mush, Kid Blink, Racetrack and Boots sneak into the Refuge's gates. Kid Blink had a rope.)

DAVID:

That's the window where we saw Crutchy

(They are about to move when they see Snyder leading Jack into a carriage.)

LES:

It's Jack!

MUSH:

Where they takin' him Dave?

DAVID:

Only one way to find out. I'll meet you guys at the square. Racetrack, watch him.

(David hides in the back of the carriage, which goes to Pulitzer's house. Seitz is waiting outside for them.)

SEITZ:

Get him inside

(Snyder takes Jack's arm and leads him in. David pulls out the pin that attaches the horses to the carriage. INSIDE- Seitz leaves Jack in Pulitzer's study. Pulitzer enters.)

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?

PULITZER:

No

JACK:

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

PULITZER:

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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 for. 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. Now, you're 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 one second)

DAVID:

Jack! Come on! Come on!

(Jack slides down the railing and jumps over it. He and David take off)

SNYDER:

After him!

(The driver whips the horses, who take off without the carriage.)

SEITZ:

Don't worry. He's got no place to go

(David and Jack run into an alley. Jack slows down)

DAVID:



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Come on! Keep running!

JACK:

You shouldn't have done this, Dave. They could put you in jail

DAVID:

I don't care

JACK:

Come here. What about your family? What happened to them if you go in jail. You don't know nothing about jail. Now, thanks for what you done, but you get out of here

DAVID:

I don't understand

JACK:

I don't understand either, but just get outta here!

DAVID:

No!

JACK:

Go!

(David turns slowly and walks away. Jack leans against a wall. Suddenly, he's leaning against a wall in the Refuge.)

JACK:

Santa Fe

My old friend

I can't spend my whole life hidin'

You're the only light that's guidin' me today

(Crutchy opens a little slot in the door. He has a potato)

CRUCTHY:

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Psst! Jack! Look! I snitched it off Snyder's plate while I was serving him. It's the biggest one. Oh, Mr. Snyder was eating good tonight. You know the stuff that we don't ever get? He got potatoes, olives, liver, bacon, sauerkraut. And guess what I done to his sauerkraut, huh?

JACK:

So, what'd it get ya?

CRUTCHY:

Oh, anudder three months, probably, but you can't let 'em get you, right Jack? That's what you always said

JACK:

We was beat when we was born

(Crutchy frowns and closes the slot)

JACK:

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

(The newsies are picketing outside the World building.)

NEWSIES:

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

(The police form a barricade. Some of the newsies start to fight amongst themselves.)

DAVID:

Race! Help me! I need some help!

RACETRACK:

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Alright! I ain't deaf!

SPOT:

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

(Weasel leads Jack out. He's in a new suit)

RACETRACK:

What?

SPOT:

Just 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!

MUSH:

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

KID BLINK:

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 clothes?

WEASEL:

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

SPOT:

He sold us out!

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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! Traitor!

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

WEASEL:

Aww. You wanna talk to him? Come on, come on. Sure. Got right ahead.

(David 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!

JACK:

So? What you wanna do about it Dave?

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. It's just me, I gotta look out for myself.

DAVID:

You had the newsies

JACK:

Oh, what'd being a newsies 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, Dave. 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

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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

(Dave 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, but Weasel and a few policemen pull him away.)

WEASEL:

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

DAVID:

Never! Never!

WEASEL:

Get outta here! Get outta here!

DAVID:

I'm not like you!

(The cops surround Jack so the newsies can't get him. The newsies watch him go.)

SPOT:

Traitor!

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KID BLINK:

You make me sick!

BOOTS:

I trusted you!

RACETRACK:

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 then, kid.

(Sarah is going through a pile of lace. She finds Les's old hot dog)

SARAH:

Les. What is this?

LES:

Savin' it

(He takes the hot dog and leaves the article in Sarah's hands. She looks at it.)

SARAH:

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 climes out the window, slams it, then storms off the fire escape.  
THAT NIGHT-Weasel leads Jack to his new bedroom, the basement of the World building.)

WEASEL:

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One trick, Cowboy, and it's right back to the Refuge. Please.

(He throws a dust covered sheet to Jack.

WEASEL:

Ah. You gonna be requiring anything this evening? Huh? No? Aww..tick tick. Well then, I ought to be saying good night. Remember, on trick and I go straight to Mr. Pulitzer.

(He exits, leaving Jack alone. MORNING- Jack goes to collect his papers. Oscar and Morris come up behind him.)

WEASEL:

Sleep well Cowboy?

OSCAR:

Come with us Cowboy. We're gonna go fix you're pal, Davey. Fix him so he can't walk.

MORRIS:

Shut up

(Jack starts to go after them.)

WEASEL:

Ah! Lift one finger and it's right back to the Refuge. Next!

(Jack picks up his papers and leaves. LATER THAT MORNING- Sarah is walking to work with Les. She has a basket full of lace.)

SARAH:

Morning

LADY:

Good mornin', dear.

(Oscar 'bumps' into her)

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OSCAR:

'Cuse me, Sweetface.

(She continues to walk with Oscar behind her. Morris steps out in front of her.)

MORRIS:

Where's your little brother, Tootsie? Where's little Davey?

(Sarah tries to get by, but the brothers push her around.)LES:  
Leave my sister alone!

(He shoves Oscar. Morris holds onto Sarah while Oscar pushed Les into a puddle.)

SARAH:

Stop it! Leave him alone!

(Oscar shoves Les into a pile of baskets. Sarah shoves Morris away.)

SARAH:

You stupid ape.

(She punches him, but it doesn't hurt him. She runs into the alley. The brothers catch her. David sees Les and helps him up.)

DAVID:

What's the matter? Are you alright?

LES:

I'm alright, I'm alright. Help Sarah!

SARAH:

Run Davey!

OSCAR:



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Yeah, run Davey. We got the best part of your family right here.

(David tackles Oscar.)

SARAH:  
Let go of me!

(Morris throws her to the ground. Oscar punches David)

SARAH:  
Stop it! Les! Stop, you're hurting him! No!

(Morris pulls out a pair of brass knuckles and puts them on.)

SARAH:  
Leave him alone!

(Oscar continues to punch David. Les runs to Sarah. Jack is walking down the street near the alley.)

SARAH:  
Stop it! Leave him alone!

(Jack hears her cries and runs, dropping his papers as he goes. Oscar holds David as Morris gets ready to hit him with the knuckles. Jack comes up behind Morris and punches him. David gives Oscar a elbow in the stomach. Jack throws Morris into a box)

JACK:  
Get over here.

(Jack grabs Oscar)

JACK:  
Remember Crutchy?

(Jack headbutts him and he falls near Morris. Jack goes to help Sarah up)

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JACK:  
You alright?

SARAH:  
Yeah.

(The hug briefly)

SARAH:  
David!

(Jack goes to David and checks him out before helping him up. Oscar and Morris finally get up.)

MORRIS:  
You'd better run, Cowboy. We're gonna tell uncle Weas. You'll be back in the Refuge before supertime!

OSCAR:  
Run, you lousy coward, run!

(Jack starts to go after them, but Sarah stops him. Les runs to the end of the alley.)

LES:  
Go one! Get outta here! Don't come back! You hear me?

DAVID:  
What? You couldn't stay away?

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

DAVID:  
A scab?

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JACK:

No, smart.

(The four of them go to Denton's apartment. Jack knocks on the door. Denton opens it.)

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. Come on in. I'm just packing a few things.

(They enter. David closes the door.)

DENTON:

So, yes, I mean it. The city thrives on child labour. A lot of people make money that way. They're terrified that the newsies 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 it's 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?

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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 corospondant, right Denton?

DENTON:

Alright. Where do we start?

(They sit at a table)

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.

(Jack, Sarah, David and Denton enter the basement of the World building.)

SARAH:

You've been living here?

JACK:

Shh. They're right above us. Weasel catches us here, we're all in the slammer.

(Jack uncovers a press)

DENTON:

Alright! A Platen press. Looks like old man Pulitzer never threw anything

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away.

DAVID:

Is it going to work?

DENTON:

It better. We have a deadline.

(They start printing their papers.)

DENTON:

This is the story you wanted to write, well tonight is the night that you can

JACK:

Just get this done and by dawn't early light you can finish the fight you began

DAVID:

This time we're in it to stay

SARAH:

Think about seizing the day

JACK:

Think of that train as she rolls into old Santa Fe

Tell her I'm on my way

NEWSIES:

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

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Once and for all  
Something tells me the tide will be turning  
Once and for all  
There's a fire inside me that won't stop burning  
Now that the choices are clear  
Now that tomorrow is here Watch how the mighty will fall  
For once and for all!

(Jack hands bundles of papers to the newsies. Denton and Jack crawl out the window.)

DENTON:  
It's awfully nice of Mr. Pulitzer to let us use his press

JACK:  
Yeah, I just hope I get to thank him for it someday.

(The newsies spread out and hand the papers to various work kids.)

NEWSIES:  
This is for kids shining shoes on the streets  
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

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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!

(Denton is with Teddy Roosevelt, who has just read the Newsies Banner)

ROOSEVLET:  
Disgraceful, Denton. Those poor boys.

DENTON:  
I thought you'd feel this way, Governor.

ROOSEVELT:  
And I did nothing, until now

DENTON:  
Good.

(They shake hands and Roosevelt is handed his hat and walking stick. LATER  
THAT DAY- The newsies have gathered around the Horace  
Greeley statue None of the work kids have showed up.)

MUSH:  
So, whens the others coming, kid?

JACK:  
They ain't coming. Ain't gonna be nobody but us.

SNITCH:  
Come on, Jack.

SPECS:  
Have hope, Jack.

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(Les walks away from the group.)

LES:

When the circulation bell starts ringing, will we hear it?

RACETRACK:

Nah.

What if the Delancey's come out swinging, will we hear it?

LES:

No!

RACETRACK:

That a boy!

WORK KIDS:

When you've got a million voices singing

Who can hear a lousy whistle blow?

And the World will know!

(Work kids come in from all directions. The newsies cheer. Spot enters, leading in all of the Brooklyn kids.)

SPOT:

Brooklyn!

NEWSIES & WORK KIDS:

The World will feel the fire  
and finally know!

Everyone cheers. The newsies and Sarah make their way threw the crowd.)

WORK KIDS:

Strike! Strike! Strike! (etc.)



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(The newsies make their way to the front of the World Building.)

RACETRACK:

Dear me. What have we here?

(Seitz and a group of policemen are by the entrance, looking out into the crowd. INSIDE- Pulitzer is at his desk. Seitz brings in Jack and David. Jonathan grabs his arm and whispers.)

JONATHAN:

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.

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, Davey. The Walkin' mouth

DAVID:

You talk about self interest, but since the strike, your circulation's been down 70%. Everyday you're losing thousands of dollars just to beat

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us out of one lousy tenth of a cent. Why?

JACK:

You see, it ain't about the money, Dave. It 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 opens the window. All the kids are still 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!

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JACK:  
No! You listen!

PULIZTER:  
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 goin' be listen 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?

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

(Outside, Seitz's opens the gates. David starts to come out, Jack is behind him.)

SPOT:  
Hey, fellas, they're over here!

(The newsies gather around and start asking questions. Jack bends over and whispers in Les's ear.)

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JACK:

The strike's over. We beat 'em.

(Jack lifts Les onto his shoulders and look out towards all the children.)

JACK:

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. A paddy wagon pulls up. Snyder is sitting in the front seat with two cops.)

LES:

Jack! Jack, it's the bulls. It's the bulls. Let me down!

SWIFTY:

Down Jack. Get down!

KID BLINK:

Hide Jack

DENTON:

Jack, it's over. No, no. You don't have to run. Not anymore. Not from the likes of him. Come on, Come on.

(A cop opens the paddy wagon and the kids from the Refuge come out. The last one is Crutchy. A cop leads Snyder into the paddy wagon. Crutchy taps him on the back.)

CRUTCHY:

Ah, remember what I told ya, Mr. Snyder. The first thing ya do in jail, make friends with the rats. Share what you got in common. (Snyder climbs in. A police officer is about to close the door.)

CRUTCHY:

Officer, may I please?

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POLICE OFFICER:

Sure kid.

(Crutchy hands his crutch to a kid. He slams the door and locks it. He gets his crutch back and goes over to Jack and the others.)

JACK:

Heya Crutchy.

DENTON:

You won't be seeing much of him anymore. Say goodbye Warden.

NEWSIES:

Goodbye Warden!

(The paddy wagon pulls away)

CRUTCHY:

Oh, Jack, you ought tah seen it! He comes stormin' into the Refuge waving his walking stick like a sword and he's leading in this army of lawyers and cops.

JACK:

Who comes stormin' in?

CRUTCHY:

You know, your friend. Him! Teddy Roosevelt

(the newsies are 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?

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DENTON:

Yeah, if that's what you want.

(They make their way to Roosevelt's carriage. Jack shakes his hand and climes in. Boots throws Jack a bag. David, Les and Sarah watch sadly. The work kids follow the carriage as it leaves, leaving the newsies alone. The circulation bell begins to ring.)

MUSH:

Try Bottle Alley or the harbor

RACETRACK:

Try Central Park, it's guaranteed

CRUTCHY:

Try any banker, bum or barber

KID BLINK:

They almost all knows how tah read

BOOTS:

Summer stinks

SKITTERY:

And winter's waiting

SPECS, BUMLETS & SNIPESHOOTER:

Welcome to New York

SNODDY, PIE EATER, SWIFTY, ITEY & JAKE:

Boy ain't nature fascinating

NEWIES:

When youse gotta walk

(The newsies line up for their papers. David is first in line. He slaps down a coin.)

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DAVID:  
Hundred papes.

MUSH:  
Alright Davey.

(The newsies hear cheers and turn to see the carriage returning. All the work kids are following.)

MUSH:  
Dave, he's back!

JACK:  
Thanks for the advice, Governor. Like you said, I still got things to do.  
Besides, I got family here.

(He gets out of the carriage and gives Les his cowboy hat. All the newsies yell and talk at the same time.)

JACK:  
So, how's the headline today?

DAVID:  
Headlines don't sell papes, newsies sell papes.

JACK:  
Come here Davey.

(Jack holds out his hand. David spits in his and shakes it. Sarah makes her way through the crowd. Her and Jack kiss. All the newsies cheer and yell. The carriage pulls away, with Roosevelt and Spot in it. Spot tips his hat and waves as he leaves.)

SARAH:  
Bye Spot!

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JACK:

Back to Brooklyn!

(David, Jack, Sarah, Les and Crutchy follow the carriage. Denton shakes David's hand, then goes to the side and starts writing. The newsies, with their papers, dance as they leave.)

GROUP 1:

It's a fine life

Carryin' the banner

It's a fine life

Carryin' the banner

It's a fine life

Carryin' the banner

It's a fine life

Carryin' the banner

GROUP 2:

You got 'em, Cowboy

You showed 'em how boy!

You got 'em Cowboy

You showed 'em how boy!

DIRECTED BY Kenny Ortega

THE CAST Jack Kelly.....Christian Bale  
David Jacobs.....David Moscow  
Les Jacobs.....Luke Edwards  
Racetrack.....Max Casella  
Crutchy.....Marty Belafsky  
Mush.....Aaron Lohr  
Kid Blink.....Trey Parker  
Boots.....Arvie Lowe Jr.  
Spot Conlon.....Gabriel Damon  
Snitch.....Dee Caspary  
Jake.....Joseph Conrad  
Itey.....Dominic Maldonado



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## *Walt Disney Productions*

Snitch.....Dee Caspary  
Snipeshooter.....Matthew Feilds  
Specs.....Mark David  
Dutchy.....Ivan Dudynsky  
Snoddy.....Robert Feeney  
Skittery.....Michael Goorjian  
Bumlets.....Dominic Lucero  
Pie Eater.....David Sidoni  
Swiftly.....Kevin Stea  
Bryan Denton.....Bill Pullman  
Medda Larkson.....Ann-Margret  
Sarah Jacobs.....Ele Keats  
Mayer Jacobs.....Jeffery DeMunn  
Ester Jacobs.....Deborra Lee-Furness  
Kloppman.....Marc Lawrence  
Ten-Pin.....Kevin Michaels  
Patrick's Mother...JoAnn Harris  
Toby.....Gregg Keny-Smith  
Teddy Roosevelt....David James Alexander  
Nuns.....Melody Santangelo, Sylvia Short, Lois Young  
Joseph Pulitzer....Robert Duvall  
Weasel.....Michael Lerner  
Snyder.....Kevin Tighe  
Seitz.....Charles Cioffi  
Oscar Delancey.....Shon Greenblatt  
Morris Delancey....David Sheinkopf  
Judge Monahan.....William Boyett  
Mayor Van Wyck.....Ryan MacDonald  
Police Chief.....Frank Girardeau  
Captian MaSwain....Shay Duffin  
Bailiff.....Terry Kohl  
Gammon.....I.M. Hobson