

"NEWSIES!"

ACT I - PROLOGUE

EXT. A ROOF-TOP IN LOWER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

SUMMER - 1899

OVERTURE ends and we see a moonlit Manhattan city-scape of buildings, fire escapes, carts and crates and oil drums.

A figure stirs on the roof. It's JACK, a charismatic boy of seventeen who is peacefully tucked in a corner, sketching on a piece of newsprint paper.

Across the roof another figure stirs. It's CRUTCHIE, a slight and sickly boy of fifteen who walks with the aid of a wooden crutch. HE crosses the roof to the fire escape ladder and fumbles trying to climb on.

START →

JACK

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

CRUTCHIE

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

JACK

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

CRUTCHIE

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

CRUTCHIE loses his footing and almost falls. HE yelps.

CRUTCHIE (cont'd)

Whoa!!!

JACK

You wanna bust your other leg too?

CRUTCHIE

No. I wanna go down.

"NEWSIES!"

JACK

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

CRUTCHIE

You're crazy.

JACK

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

CRUTCHIE

You're seein' stars all right!

JACK

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

CRUTCHIE

But everyone wants to come here.

JACK

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

← **STOP**

Santa Fe (Prologue)

JACK:

32 33 34 35

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

36

Colla voce

37 38 39

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

colla voce

40 41 42 43

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

44 45 46 47

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

48 49 50 51

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

52 53 54 55

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

56 57 58 59

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

60 61 62 63

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

64 **Take time** 65 66 67

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

68 **A tempo** 69 70 71

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

(still not loud)

72 73 74 75

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

76 77 78 79

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

Take time

80 neat? 81 Liv-in's sweet 82 in San - ta Fe. 83

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

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

88 89 90 91

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

92 93 94 95

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

96 97 98 99

-5-

CRUTCHIE:
JACK:

100 More broadly

101 102 103

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

104 105 106 107

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

108 109 110 111 JACK: 112

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

JACK: CRUTCHIE: 113 114 115 116 117

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

-6-

118 **Tempo 1°** 119 **JACK:** 120 121

JACK: Hey... Don't you know that we's a fam - 'ly? Would I

mp

122 123 124 125

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

126 127 128

Fe.

PIANO/VOCAL

Crutchie
(Snyder)

“Newsies”

#13B

Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Jack Feldman
Arr.: M. Kosarin

Letter From the Refuge

- 1 -

Cue: CRUTCHIE: Dear Jack.

Freely, tentative at first (ca. $\text{♩} = 69$)

CRUTCHIE:

1 (CRUTCHIE) Greetings from The Refuge!

2 How are

mp

3 you? I'm o - kay. Guess I was - n't much help yes - ter - day. Sny-der

4 5 3 3 6

C2 Am7 Em D m/F G

7 soaked me real good with my crutch. Oh yeah, Jack, this is Crutch-ie, by the way. These here

8 9 10

E/G# Am D sus D G7sus G7

- 2 -

11 guards, they is rude. They say jump, boy, you jump or you're screwed. But the

C Am7 Em C7sus C7

15 food ain't so bad, 'least so far, 'cause so far they ain't brung us no food. Ha-ha.

Fmaj7 D/F# G E/G#

19 I miss the roof - top. Sleep - in'

Am Fsus2 Gsus G7

22 Piu mosso

23 right out in the op - en, — in your pent-house in the sky. There's a

Csus C Am F G C

26 27 28 29

cool breeze blo - win' ev - en in Ju - ly... A - ny -

G/B E/G# Am C/G F F/G *poco rit.*

30 **Tempo 1°**

31 32 33

way, so guess what? There's this sec - ret es - cape plan I got: tie a

mp C2 Am7 Em D m/F G

34 35 36 37

sheet to the bed, toss the end out the win-dow, climb down, then take off like a shot! May-be

E/G# Am D sus D G 7sus G7

38 39 40 41

though, not to - night. I ain't slept and my leg still ain't right. Hey, but

C sus C A msus A m C 7sus C7

42 43 44 45

Pu - li - tzer, he's go - in' down! And, then, Jack, I was think - in' we might just go, —

F D7/F# G E7/G#

46 47 48

— like you was say - ing... where it's

A m *mf* F2 *rall.* F/G G7

49 **Appassionato**

50 51 52

clean and green and pret - ty, with no build - ings in your way, and you're

f C sus C Am(11,9) A m F G C

53 54 55 56

rid - in' pal - o - mi - nos — ev' - ry day, — once that

mf G/B E/G# A m C/G F

-5-

57 Slower

58 59

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

Gm7 gently mp rit.

60 Tempo 1°

61 62 63

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

C2 Am7 Em Dm/F G

Moving forward

64 65 66 67

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

E/G# Am G7/B

68 69 70 71

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

C mf G7/D C/E A7sus A7 rit.

-6-

72 Slower

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

F maj7 mp C2/E C m/Eb

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for measures 72, 73, and 74. The vocal line (treble clef) starts with a whole note 'end.' in measure 72, followed by 'Your friend...' in measure 73, and 'Your best friend...' in measure 74. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features chords: F major 7 (mp) in measure 72, C2/E in measure 73, and C m/Eb in measure 74. There are double bar lines at the end of measures 73 and 74.

75 76 77

broth - er... Crutch - ie.

p (As CRUTCHIE blows out candle)

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for measures 75, 76, and 77. The vocal line (treble clef) has 'broth - er...' in measure 75 and 'Crutch - ie.' in measure 76. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) has a piano (p) dynamic in measure 76 and a performance instruction '(As CRUTCHIE blows out candle)' in measure 77. There are double bar lines at the end of measures 76 and 77.