

NEWSIES

BROADWAY'S SMASH HIT MUSICAL



JACK KELLY:

It ain't just about us. All across this city there are boys and girls who ought to be out playin' or going to school. Instead they're slavin' to support themselves and their folks. Ain't no crime to bein' poor, and not a one of us complains if the work we do is hard. All we ask is a square deal. Fellas ... for the sake of all the kids in every sweatshop, factory, and slaughter house in this town, I beg you ... throw down your papers and join the strike.

KATHERINE:

Really, Jack? Really? This would be a good time to shut up. The strike was your idea. The rally was Davey's. And now my plan will take us to the finish line. Think, Jack, if we publish this - my words with one of your drawings - and if every worker under twenty-one read it and stayed home from work ... or better yet, came to Newsie Square - a general city-wide strike! Even my father couldn't ignore that.

DAVEY:

They got us this time. I'll grant you that. But we took round one. And with press like this our fight is far from over. Every newsie who could walk showed up this morning to sell papes like the strike never happened.-- And I was there with them. If I don't sell papes, my folks don't eat. But then I saw this look on Weasel's face; he was actually nervous. And I realized this isn't over. We got them worried. Really worried. And I walked away. Lots of other kids did, too. And that is what you call a beginning.

CRUTCHIE:

I wanna beat the other fellas to the street. I don't want anyone should see; I ain't been walkin' so good. 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. Let's get our papers and hit the streets while we still can.

PULITZER:

Mark my words, boy. Defy me, and I will have you and every one of your friends locked up in The Refuge. I know you're Mr. Tough Guy, but it's not right to condemn that little crippled boy to conditions like that. And what about your pal Davey and his baby brother, ripped from their loving family and tossed to the rats? Will they ever be able to thank you enough?

MEDDA LARKIN:

Here's everything I owe you for the first backdrop, plus this one, and even a little something extra just account'a because I'm gonna miss you so. Just tell me that you're going somewhere and not running away. When you go somewhere and it turns out not to be the right place, you can always go somewhere else. But if you're running away, nowhere's ever the right place