

NEWSIES/ENSEMBLE pg. 1

MURIEL, SPECS, PIGTAILS, NANCY, RACE, JACK, CRUTCHIE, OSCAR, MORRIS

(WIESEL puts up the morning's headline: "Trolley Strike Enters Third Week.")

Start

MURIEL

Hey, look! They're puttin' up the headline.

SPECS

I hope it's really exciting, like a earthquake or somethin'.

PIGTAILS

With a nice clear picture.

NANCY

(reading)

The trolley strike? Not again!

RACE

Three weeks of the same story.

MURIEL

They're killin' us with that snoozer.

(Two toughs, OSCAR and MORRIS DELANCEY, enter to help WIESEL.)

MORRIS

Make way. Step aside.

CRUTCHIE

Dear me, what is that unpleasant aroma? I fear the sewer may have backed up during the night.

RACE

Or could it be...

NEWSIES

... the Delancey brothers!

MURIEL

Hey, Oscar, word on the street says you and your brother took money to rough up striking trolley workers.

OSCAR

So? It's honest work.

CRUTCHIE

But crackin' the heads of defenseless workers?

OSCAR

I take care of the guy who takes care of me.

RACE

Ain't your father one of the strikers?

OSCAR

Guess he didn't take care of me!

(As if to make his point, MORRIS trips CRUTCHIE, who falls to the ground.)

MORRIS

You want some of that, too?

(JACK pulls CRUTCHIE right back up and then confronts the DELANCEYS.)

JACK

Now, that's no way to treat a pal, Morris.

OSCAR

Ain't no pal of mine.

JACK

Just happens to be a pal of mine. You mess with a pal of mine, you mess with me.

RACE

Five to one Jack skunks 'em!

Stop

ADULTS pg. 1

PULITZER, BUNSEN, HANNAH, SEITZ

SCENE TWO: PULITZER'S OFFICE

(That afternoon, atop the New York World building, editor SEITZ, secretary HANNAH, and accountant BUNSEN huddle in a business meeting with the newspaper's owner, JOSEPH PULITZER.)

Start

PULITZER

(looking up from a report)

The *World* is in trouble. Our circulation is down for the third quarter in a row.

BUNSEN

We could use an exciting headline, Mr. Pulitzer.

PULITZER

What have we got today?

SEITZ

The trolley strike.

PULITZER

That's not exciting?

HANNAH

It's boring. Folks just wanna know, "Is the trolley comin' or ain't it?"

SEITZ

Big photos attract readers, sir.

PULITZER

Do you know what big photos cost?

BUNSEN

But without flashy photos or headlines, how are we supposed to sell more papers?

HANNAH

We don't sell papers, silly – newsies sell papers.

PULITZER

Right now, we charge the newsies fifty cents for a hundred papers. What if we raised their price to sixty cents per hundred?

SEITZ

A mere tenth of a penny per paper.

BUNSEN

(does a quick mental calculation)

Every newsie would have to sell twenty-five more papers to earn the same amount as always.

PULITZER

Exactly. It's genius. And my circulation would grow!

HANNAH

It's going to be awfully rough on those children. What if you gave them an incentive to sell more papers, like a bonus?

PULITZER

Nonsense. I'm giving them a real life lesson in economics. I couldn't offer them a better education if they were my own.

HANNAH

Right...

PULITZER

The price for the newsies goes up in the morning!

BUNSEN, SEITZ

(excited)

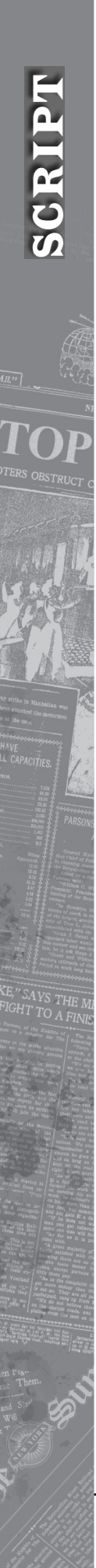
Hurrah!

HANNAH

(overlapping, disappointed)

Hurrah!

Stop



MEDDA, JACK, DAVEY, LES, CRUTCHIE pg. 1

SCENE FOUR: MEDDA'S THEATER

(JACK, CRUTCHIE, DAVEY, and LES enter backstage of Medda's theater, where a large, painted backdrop hangs.)

Start

DAVEY

Someone want to tell me why I'm running? I got no one chasing me!
Who was that?

JACK

That was Snyder the Spider. A real sweetie.

CRUTCHIE

Runs a jail for underage kids called The Refuge. The one I told you Jack escaped from.

JACK

The more kids they lock up, the more money the city pays 'em.

CRUTCHIE

Problem is, all the money goes straight into Snyder's own pocket.

JACK

Do yourself a favor and stay clear of Snyder and The Refuge.

LES

Hey Jack, did you really escape on the back of Teddy Roosevelt's carriage?

CRUTCHIE

He sure did!

DAVEY

What would the Governor be doing at a juvenile jail?

JACK

So happens he was runnin' for office and wanted to show he cared about orphans and such. So while he got his mug in the paper, I got my butt in the back seat, and off we rode together.

LES

(amazed)

You really know Governor Roosevelt?

(MEDDA LARKIN, a vaudeville star, appears in costume, along with her supporting act, the BOWERY BRIGADE – ADA, ETHEL, and OLIVE – who begin to warm up.)

MEDDA

He don't, but I do. Teddy's a regular patron of the arts. Been a big fan of mine for years.

JACK

Hey, Miss Medda!

MEDDA

Jack Kelly! Get yourself over here and give me a hug.

(JACK runs to MEDDA. CRUTCHIE, DAVEY, and LES approach behind him.)

JACK

Davey, Les, may I present Miss Medda Larkin – greatest star on the Bowery today. She also owns the joint.

DAVEY

A pleasure.

(DAVEY bows gallantly.)

MEDDA

Nice to meet you, kids. And these amazing young ladies are the Bowery Brigade, hardest workin' *artistes* in the city. Say hello, girls.

Stop

JACK & KATHERINE

Start

(MEDDA and the BOWERY BRIGADE dance. JACK notices KATHERINE.)

JACK: Well, hello again. Two times in one day!

KATHERINE: I'm working, if you don't mind.

JACK: Doin' what?

KATHERINE: I'm a reporter. I'm reviewing the show for the *New York Sun*. And I'm not in the habit of talking to strangers.

JACK: Then you're gonna make a lousy reporter. (KATHERINE smiles — he's funny.) Name's Jack Kelly... And you are?

KATHERINE: I'm Katherine. What is that you're drawing?

JACK: Miss Medda and the girls.

(JACK shows KATHERINE his drawing.)

KATHERINE: Wait, you just drew this? Right now? Can I use it with my review?

MEDDA: (hollering to JACK and KATHERINE) Hey, you two! You got in for free — at least pay attention!

JACK: Sorry, Medda.

(JACK hands KATHERINE the drawing. They go back to watching the show.)

Stop