

**NEWSIES**

A Musical Feature Film

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Property of:

**WALT DISNEY PICTURES**  
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Tom Rickman FIRST DRAFT  
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**4/8/91 YELLOW**

\*

**NEWSIES**

**FADE IN:**

- 1 INT. THE NEW YORK WORLD - PRESS ROOM - MORNING 1**  
The huge printing PRESSES POUND out the morning edition, setting a rhythm that carries us through the scene as the newspapers are printed, collated, folded, and spit out onto a rapidly-growing stack.  
Pressmen bundle the papers and toss them into carts. See  
the masthead: "THE NEW YORK WORLD, JULY 10, 1899."  
  
Two men push hard a cart loaded with papers to get it rolling down an iron ramp -- then have to run to keep up with it as it careens toward --
- 2 INT. THE WORLD - CIRCULATION ROOM - MORNING (SAME TIME) 2**  
Broad-necked workmen grab the carts and begin unloading them -- stacks of paper grow as the POUNDING RHYTHM BUILDS and we GO TO --

3 INT. NEWSIE LODGING HOUSE - SAME TIME 3  
A man's feet move up some stairs (in rhythm) -- they belong to KLOPPMAN, 70s, who enters --

4 INT. NEWSIE LODGING HOUSE - DORMITORY - SAME TIME 4  
A large room filled with boys sleeping in hammocks, including JACK KELLY, snapping his fingers in his sleep. On the wall by his head, the commanding visage of Teddy Roosevelt grins down from a rotogravure photo. Kloppman wakes the boys, intoning his morning ritual:

**KLOPPMAN**

Ink's wet, the presses are rolling,  
the papers are stacking -- rise  
and shine, make a dime, no news  
without the Newsies -- etc.

Jack jumps out of his bunk and shakes the BOY below.

**JACK**

Wake up, Crutchy -- The World is  
waitin'.

(CONTINUED)

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\*

4 CONTINUED:

4

**CRUTCHY**

(yawning)

Tell Mr. Pulitzer my yacht was  
lost at sea.

Jack laughs and tosses him his crutch. The dorm is now alive with waking boys -- yawning, stretching, pulling on pants, hitching up suspenders as they sing --  
SONG: "CARRYIN' THE BANNER" (Approx. 7 minutes, 15 seconds)

**RACETRACK**

**THAT'S MY CIGAR...**

**SNIPESHOOTER**

**YOU'LL STEAL ANUDDER.**

KID BLINK

HEY BUMMERS, WE GOT WORK TO DO

SPECS

SINCE WHEN DID YOU BECOME

The boys begin to wake,  
yawning, stretching,  
complaining as they hit  
the floor: pants pulled  
on, suspenders hitched

up, boots laced tight.

MY MUDDER?

**CRUTCHY**

**AH, STOP YOUR BAWLIN'**

**ALL**

**WHO AST YOU!**

MUSH, cross-eyed and skinny with big ears and lisp, playfully pushes the NEWSIE so he falls on his hammock.

**NEWSIE**

Hey, whattaya?

**5 INT. WASHROOM - MINUTES LATER**

**5**

Younger boys pump water for  
Teeth brushing, sponge baths  
boys shave. Jack smears his  
Mush pulls up a box next to

older boys, then trade off.  
with cold water -- the older  
face with shaving cream as  
him.

**MUSH**

How'd you sleep, Jack?

**JACK**

On me back, Mush.

**(CONTINUED)**

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**3.**

**5 CONTINUED:**

**5**

**MUSH**

(thinks that's  
hilarious)

You hear that, you hear what he  
said? I ast how'd he sleep --

**CRUTCHY**

Jack, this look like I'm fakin'  
it?

He hobbles towards Jack on one crutch.

**JACK**

Who says you're fakin' it?

**CRUTCHY**

The streets are fulla fakes these  
days -- it's hurtin' the rep of  
genuine articles like myself. I  
gotta find me a new sellin' spot,  
where they ain't used to seein'  
me.

Jack smiles; Mush taps  
Crutchy on the arm... sings.

MUSH  
TRY BOTTLE ALLEY OR THE HARBOR

RACETRACK  
TRY CENTRAL PARK IT'S GUARANTEED  
JACK  
TRY ANY BANKER, BUM OR BARBER  
SKITTERY

\* Jack rinses his face, takes  
special care adjusting his  
red bandana.

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

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

4.

\*

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

RACETRACK  
PASS THE TOWEL

SKITTERY  
FOR A BUCK I MIGHT

CHORUS  
AIN'T IT A FINE LIFE  
CARRYING THE BANNER  
THROUGH IT ALL

6 INT. LODGING HOUSE - FRONT DESK - LATER

6

Jack and the Newsies coming  
down the stairs, greeting  
Kloppman and moving out the  
door --

CHORUS  
A MIGHTY FINE LIFE  
CARRYING THE BANNER  
TOUGH 'N' TALL  
EVERY MORNING  
WE GO WHERE WE WISHES  
WE'S FREE AS FISHES  
SURE BEATS WASHING DISHES  
WHAT A FINE LIFE

7    **EXT. NEWSIE LODGING HOUSE - SAME TIME** 7  
Jack stands next to Crutchy CHORUS  
and Mush as the boys file CARRYING THE BANNER  
out. HOME-FREE ALL

**JACK**  
(looks at the  
morning)  
What's your leg say, Crutch?  
Feel like rain?

**CRUTCHY**  
(feels his leg;  
shakes his head)  
No rain -- partly cloudy, clearin'  
towards evenin'.  
(as Jack laughs)  
Who ya sellin' wit, Jack?

**JACK**  
Ain't decided yet.  
Jack spots a passing wagon and helps Crutchy on board --  
he and Mush jump on for the ride and they all move off --

8    **OMITTED** 8  
  
4/8/91 YELLOW 5.

9    **EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - MORNING** 9    \*  
DAVID JACOBS, 15, hurries down the street as his brother,  
LES, 8, dawdles after him.

**DAVID**  
Les, hurry up, willya? Why do I  
gotta be saddled with you?

**LES**  
Why do I gotta be saddled with  
you?

**DAVID**  
Come on -- They'll run out of  
papers!

10    **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MORNING** 10  
KID BLINK, 16, one eye covered by a patch, moves past a  
fruit stand with three of his boys. He's about to swipe  
a banana when the shadow of a cop on horseback looms over  
him. Blink smiles up at the COP.

**KID BLINK**  
'Mornin', Officer.

**OFFICER (COP)**

I'm keepin' my eye on you, Blink.

**KID BLINK**

And I'll keep my eye on you, too, sir.

**OFFICER**

Get moving!

Blink and the boys race into an alley --

11 **EXT. ANOTHER STREET - POLICY SHOP - SAME TIME** 11 \*

A boy's hand shoots some dice -- it belongs to RACETRACK HIGGINS, an Italian beanpole, who's gambling with THREE OTHER BOYS. \*

**RACETRACK  
AIN'T THEY AS PRETTY AS A  
PITCH'A**

(CONTINUED)

)O( 4/25/91 GREY 6.

11 **CONTINUED:** 11

Race picks up his winnings and admires the pile of change in his hand.

**SNODDY**  
THAT MAKES IT TEN GAMES OUT OF TEN

**RACETRACK  
A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS  
WICH'YA  
WHO WANTS TO TRY THEIR LUCK  
AGAIN?**

**BOOTS**

I'm wiped out -- my mother'll murder me -- if I had one.  
The wagon passes -- Jack, Mush and Crutchy get out.

**RACETRACK**

Jack -- whattaya know, whattaya say. Got a hot tip on a nag in the fourth at Sheepshead -- sure

\*

t'ing!

\*

**JACK**

Your last sure t'ing's still

\*

runnin', Racetrack.

\*

**MUSH**

(the world's best

audience)  
Ya hear that? Race says sure t'ing  
\*  
and Jack says -- ya hear what he  
\*  
said, ya hear it, he said --  
\*

**BOOTS/CRUTCHY**

(together)  
\*  
We heard it!  
\*

**12 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - SAME TIME 12**

David still hurrying -- Les slows to hop on a hopscotch game chalked on the sidewalk. David grabs his hand and pulls him on --

**12A EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SAME TIME 12A**

Kid Blink and his boys come out of an alley, joining Jack and the others.

**KID BLINK**

Say, Cowboy -- I hear Medda's breakin' in a new act at the vaudeville tonight -- ya interested?

(CONTINUED)

**4/8/91 YELLOW 7.**  
\*

**12A CONTINUED:**

**12A**

**JACK**

Stupid question.

**CRUTCHY**

Stupid question.

**KID BLINK**

That an echo? Or is the Crip followin' ya again?

**CRUTCHY**

(swinging his crutch)

Yeah? How'd you like it if a crip cracked your head?

**JACK**

Better choke it, Blink -- 'fore  
you need another patch.

**KID BLINK**

Hey, who ya sellin' wit, Jack?

**CRUTCHY**

Not wit you!

**JACK**

Nothing personal, Blink, but...

**JACK**

**IT TAKES A SMILE AS SWEET  
AS BUTTER**

**CRUTCHY**

**THE KIND THAT LADIES CAN'T  
RESIST**

As Jack sings, the boys  
listen carefully. They  
all respect his opinion.

**RACETRACK**

**IT TAKES AN ORPHAN WITH A  
STUTTER**

**JACK**

**WHO AIN'T AFRAID TO USE HIS...**

**KID BLINK**

**... FIST**

**13 EXT. BARREL ALLEY - SAME TIME**

**13**

Jack and the others  
round a corner  
singing as they move  
through an alley filled  
with barrels.

**ALL BOYS**

**SUMMER STINKS AND WINTER'S  
WAITIN'**

**WELCOME TO NEW YAWK**

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**8.**

**14 EXT. OFF NEWSIE SQUARE - SAME TIME**

**14**

They enter the square  
singing.

**ALL**

**BOY, AIN'T NATURE**

**FASCINATIN'**

**WHEN YOUSE GOTTA WALK**

**(ROUNDS)**

**\***

They move towards a  
breakfast wagon run by  
three NUNS.

**STILL IT'S A FINE LIFE**

**CARRYIN' THE BANNER**

**WITH ME CHUMS**

**A MIGHTY FINE LIFE**

**BLOWIN' EVERY NICKEL**

**AS IT COMES**

At the breakfast wagon,  
the boys line up for

**CRUTCHY**

**I'M NO SNOOZER**



coffee -- Blink tries to  
butt in front of Jack,  
who spins him back to Race,  
who spins him further back  
as Crutchy and Mush jump  
in and Blink ends up  
last. BOOTS ARBUS, 15,  
black, joins the line.

SITTIN' MAKES ME ANTSY  
I LIKES LIVIN' CHANCEY

ALL  
HARLEM TO DELANCEY  
WHAT A FINE LIFE  
CARRYING THE BANNER  
THROUGH THE SLUMS --

\*

ONE NUN ladles coffee from  
a large pot into the boys'  
cups; the OTHER NUN hands  
them each a roll.

NUNS  
BLESSED CHILDREN  
THOUGH YOU WANDER LOST  
AND DEPRAVED  
**JESUS LOVES YOU  
YOU SHALL BE SAVED**

**BOOTS**

How 'bout savin' me another roll  
-- okay, sister?

**GUTTERSNIPE**

\*

(shoves him)

Hey! Save some for the rest of  
us!

The Nun smiles and gives them both one.

**SEARCHING MOTHER**

is singing as she looks for her lost son in the crowd  
around the wagon. Jack and the others sing in counter-  
point as she passes by.

(CONTINUED)

)J( 4/22/91 TAN

9.

14 CONTINUED:

14

MOTHER  
PATRICK,  
DARLING...

RACETRACK  
JUST GIMME HALF A CUP

KID BLINK  
SOMETHING TO WAKE ME UP

SINCE YOU LEFT ME  
I AM UNDONE

MUSH  
I GOTTA FIND AN ANGLE  
CRUTCHY  
I GOTTA SELL MORE PAPER

MOTHER  
LOVES YOU  
GOD

ALL  
PAPERS IS ALL I GOT  
WISH I COULD CATCH A BREEZE  
SURE HOPE THE HEADLINE'S HOT  
ALL I CAN CATCH IS FLEAS

SAVE  
MY SON

GOD HELP ME IF IT'S NOT  
SOMEBODY HELP ME PL --

15      **EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - SAME TIME**      15

PULL BACK to reveal      ALL  
entire square as Jack and      IF I HATE THE HEADLINE  
the gang leave the wagon,      I'LL MAKE UP A HEADLINE  
cross the square and head      AND I'LL SAY ANYTHING I HAFTA  
for the gates of The World      'CAUSE AT TWO FOR A PENNY  
Building, keeping their      IF I TAKE TOO MANY  
eyes on the huge blackboards      WEASEL JUST MAKES ME EAT 'EM  
over the street.      AFTA  
Newsies of all ages and sizes appear from every conceiv-  
able space and line up outside the gates, waiting for  
them to open, anxiously praying for a good headline to be  
chalked on the boards overhead...

16      **EXT. NEWSPAPER ROW - SAME TIME**      16

Two men climb ladders to the blackboards above the street  
and start to write out headlines in chalk: "TROLLEY  
**STRIKE DRAGS ON FOR THIRD WEEK.**"

17      **EXT. ALLEY/OFF NEWSIE SQUARE - SAME TIME**      17

\*

A GROUP of NEWSIES follow through an alley that leads  
\*  
them to the square, where they see the men chalking up  
\*  
headlines.

(CONTINUED)

)J(      4/22/91 TAN      10.

17      **CONTINUED:**      17

NEWSIE GROUP #1	NEWSIE GROUP #2
LOOK! THEY'RE PUTTING	WHAT'S IT SAY?
UP THE HEADLINE	
YOU CALL THAT A HEADLINE?	THAT WON'T PLAY
I GET BETTER STORIES	SO WHERE'S
FROM THE COPPER ON THE	YOUR SPOT?
BEAT	

18      **EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - SAME TIME**      18

\*

A GROUP OF NEWSIES cross the street and split up around  
\*

the statue as they walk into the square --

\*

NEWSIE GROUP #1  
I WAS GONNA START WITH  
TWENTY  
BUT A DOZEN'LL BE PLENTY  
HOW'S A GUY GONNA  
MAKE ENDS MEET?

NEWSIE GROUP #2  
GOD IT'S HOT!  
WILL YA TELL ME  
HOW'M I GONNA MAKE ENDS  
MEET?

19 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE AND WORLD BUILDING - SAME TIME 19

Jack and the gang join  
Newsies as they  
converge outside The World  
gates, singing and yelling  
at the men on the chalkboard.  
One newsie yells out:

Mush jumps all over him:

The Newsies sing at each other:

ALL  
WE NEED A GOOD ASSASSINATION  
WE NEED AN EARTHQUAKE OR A  
WAR  
SNIPESHOOTER  
HOW 'BOUT A CROOKED POLITICIAN?  
ALL  
HEY, STUPID, THAT AIN'T NEWS  
NO MORE!

ALL  
UPTOWN TO GRAND CENTRAL  
STATION  
DOWN TO CITY HALL  
WE IMPROVES OUR CIRCULATION  
WALKIN' 'TIL WE FALL

The Newsies line up outside the gate, singing:

JACK'S GROUP  
SO WE'LL BE OUT THERE  
  
(MORE)

NEWSIE GROUP #1  
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE  
HEADLINE?  
  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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11.

\*

19 CONTINUED: 19

JACK'S GROUP (CONT'D)  
CARRYING THE BANNER MAN  
TO MAN  
WE'LL BE OUT THERE  
SOAKIN' EVERY SUCKER  
THAT WE CAN

NEWSIE GROUP #1 (CONT'D)  
THEY CALL THAT A HEADLINE?  
THE IDIOT WHAT WROTE IT  
MUST BE WORKIN' FOR THE SUN  
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE FIRE  
  
NEWSIE GROUP #2  
HEARD IT KILLED OL' MAN MCGUIRE  
NEWSIE GROUP #1  
HEARD THE TOLL WAS EVEN HIGHER

	NEWSIE GROUP #2
	WHY DO I MISS ALL THE FUN?
SEE THE HEADLINE	NEWSIE GROUP #1
	HITCHED IT ON A TROLLEY
NEWSIES ON A MISSION	NEWSIE GROUP #2
	MEET'CHA FORTY-FOURTH AND
	SECOND...
KILL THE COMPETITION	NEWSIE GROUP #1
	LITTLE ITALY'S A SECRET
SELL THE NEXT EDITION	NEWSIE GROUP #2
	BLEEKER'S FURTHER THAN I
	RECKONED
WHILE WE'RE OUT THERE	NEWSIE GROUP #1
	BY THE COURTHOUSE
	NEWSIE GROUP #2
	NEAR THE STABLES
CARRYIN' THE BANNER IS	NEWSIE GROUP #1
THE...	ON THE CORNER
	SOMEONE BECKONED AND I...

**ANGLE - NEAR GATES**

Suddenly the music becomes a quiet pulse as the DELANCEY BROTHERS -- OSCAR and MORRIS, two muscle-bound goons -- push with deliberate aggression past Jack and the boys. Tension, silence, then --

**RACETRACK**

(sniffs the air)

Dear me. What is dat unpleasant aroma? I fear de sewer has backed up during de night.

(CONTINUED)

\* 4/8/91 YELLOW 12.

19 CONTINUED: (2)  
19

**BOOTS**

Too rotten to be the sewer. It must be --

**CRUTCHY**

-- the Delancey brothers!

For revenge, Oscar jerks Snipeshooter out of line and propels him to the rear.

**OSCAR**

Inna back, ya ugly little shrimp! Oscar and Morris glare at the crowd, daring anyone to do anything about it. Jack calmly walks Snipe back to his place in line, then faces the Delanceys who try to stare

him down. The air is electric. Nearby --

**RACETRACK**

Five to one, I say Cowboy skunks  
'em -- who's bettin', who's  
bettin' --

The Newsies shake their heads. Nearby the staring  
contest continues until --

**JACK**

You shouldn't be callin' people  
ugly little shrimps. Oscar. Unless  
you're referrin; to the family  
resemblance in your brother here.

The brothers glower, look at each other, then back at  
Jack, who grins at them.

**JACK**

That's right. It's an insult.  
And so's this --

Jack deftly reaches out both hands and flips the derbys  
off both their heads. The brothers scramble for them  
and the chase is on.

**19A EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - DAY (SAME TIME)**  
**19A**

DANCE BREAK... The Delanceys chase Jack throughout the  
square, entertaining the Newsies... a morning tradition.  
The Newsies sing in counterpoint, underscoring the chase.

**JACK'S GROUP**

**IT'S A FINE LIFE**

**NEWSIE GROUP**

**LOOK! THEY'RE PUTTING UP  
THE HEADLINE**

**(CONTINUED)**

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**13.**

**19A CONTINUED:**  
**19A**

**CARRYIN' THE BANNER  
THROUGH IT ALL**

**YOU CALL THAT A HEADLINE?**

**\***

**A MIGHTY FINE LIFE**

**I GET BETTER STORIES FROM  
THE COPPER ON THE BEAT**

**CARRYIN' THE BANNER  
TOUGH 'N' TALL**

**I WAS GONNA START WITH TWENTY  
BUT A DOZEN'LL BE PLENTY**

**WILL YOU TELL ME HOW'M I  
EVER GONNA MAKE ENDS MEET?**

**NEWSIE GROUP #1**

**\***

	SEE THE HEADLINE?	HITCHED IT ON A TROLLEY.	
			NEWSIE GROUP #2
*	NEWSIES ON A MISSION	MEET'CHA FORTY-FOURTH AND SECOND...	NEWSIE GROUP #1
*	KILL THE COMPETITION!	LITTLE ITALY'S A SECRET.	NEWSIE GROUP #2
*	SELL THE NEXT EDITION	BLEEKER'S FURTHER THAN I RECKONED	NEWSIE GROUP #1
*	WHILE WE'RE OUT THERE	BY THE COURTHOUSE...	NEWSIE GROUP #2
*	CARRYIN' THE BANNER IS THE...	NEAR THE STABLES...	NEWSIE GROUP #1
*		ON THE CORNER...	
		SOMEONE BECKONED AND I...	
	ANGLE - HORACE GREELY STATUE - DAVID AND LES		

are just arriving, hurrying towards the gates on a collision course with -- Jack who comes barrelling around the statue and runs smack into David. For a moment, everything stops -- Jack catches his breath, David looks at him in outrage.

**DAVID**

Watch it, willya? What do you think you're doing!

**JACK**

(breathing hard)  
Runnin'.

(CONTINUED)

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14.

19A CONTINUED: (2)  
19A

He speeds on -- just as the Delanceys come thundering around the statue, bowling David to the pavement. Les looks at Jack as if he's watching Robin Hood and Br'er Rabbit rolled into one.

**ANGLE - NEAR GATES - JACK**

keeps running, keeping just out of the Delanceys' grasp -- but then he trips and they've got him. Morris lifts him high into the air to smash him onto the cobblestones. The crowd stops breathing -- but then --

**19B EXT. WORLD BUILDING GATE - DAY**  
**19B**

Jack grabs the bars and like a monkey jerks free of the bully's grasp. The kids howl, loving the show as Jack avoids the brothers moving from bar to bar like Tarzan.

\*

**JACK'S GROUP**

**NEWSIE GROUP**

\*

**IT'S A FINE LIFE  
CARRYIN' THE BANNER**

**GO GET HIM, COWBOY!  
YOU GOT HIM NOW, BOY!**

\*

**IT'S A FINE LIFE**

**GO GET HIM, COWBOY!**

\*

**CARRYIN' THE BANNER**

**YOU GOT HIM NOW, BOY!**

**NEWSIE GROUP**

\*

**GO!**

\*

The NUMBER ENDS (APPROXIMATE TIME: 7:15) and the moment is broken when a BELL inside the World Building RINGS OUT.

\*

**MUSH**

\*

Comin' down de chute!

The Delancey brothers, reluctantly, give up the chase, and back towards the entrance to the World gates.

**MORRIS**

We ain't finished with you  
yet, Kelly.

The gatekeeper unlocks and swings open the huge gates.

\*

Jack hangs on.

**BOOTS**

Ride 'em, cowboy!

Newsies yell out Jack's name as he rides the gates 'til the last possible moment, then leaps into the back of a

wagon. Jack takes a bow as the boys cheer, moving into line.

Les watches Jack, his new hero, as David pulls him along.

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**15.**

**20 EXT. CIRCULATION OFFICE - LOADING DOCK - SAME TIME**

**20**

Newsies jostle for position at the window -- David shoving and jostling like the rest. He manages to elbow in near the front. Les, hanging back, has his eyes on -- -- Jack sauntering coolly to his natural place at the head of the line, flanked by Boots and Mush. He leans on the counter and grins at the rodent-faced man inside the window: WEASEL, 40.

**JACK**

Ya miss me, Weasel?

**WEASEL**

You know my name -- it's Weisel.  
Mister Weisel to you. How many?

**JACK**

Don't rush me -- I'm perusin'

\*

the mercandice... Mr. Weasel.

\*

The Newsies love it as Jack deliberately takes a paper, turns and scans. Seeing Les staring at him, Jack winks. Les smiles back, fascinated. Jack turns back to Weasel with a fifty-cent piece.

**JACK**

The usual.

Weasel grabs for the coin -- Jack flips it out of his

\*

grasp and onto the counter. The Newsies whoop.

**WEASEL**

Hundred for the wiseguy -- next!

\*

Oscar slams the papers down and Jack gives them a quick

\*

flip-count -- eyes closed -- as he moves away. Behind

\*

him, Race and the others get their papers.

\*

\*

**JACK**

scans the newspaper for a catchy headline; Race, Crutchy, the others wander up, doing the same. A commotion O.S. and they look up to see --



-- at the window, Weasel is in David's face.

\*

**WEASEL**

Ya got ya papas -- move outta here.

\*

**DAVID**

I paid for twenty -- you only gave  
me nineteen!

\*

**(CONTINUED)**

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**16.**

**20 CONTINUED:**

**20**

**WEASEL**

(loving it)

You callin' me a liar, kid...?

David's sweating, aware that all eyes are on him.

\*

**DAVID**

I want that other paper.

The Delanceys start for David when suddenly Jack steps

\*

up, slams his hand on David's papers, closes his eyes

\*

and does a flip-count. The expert.

\*

**JACK**

Nineteen, Weasel. An honest  
mistake -- on account of Oscar

\*

can't count to twenty with his

\*

shoes on.

\*

Weasel glowers -- but wants to get back to business.  
backhands Morris who looks surprised.

He

**WEASEL**

Next!

**JACK**

Hold it. Race -- spot me two-bits.

Race flips him a coin. Jack slaps it on the counter.

**JACK**

Another fifty for my friend here.

**DAVID**

I don't want another fifty -- !

**JACK**

(moving away)

Sure you do. Every newsie wants

more papes.

David, puzzled, grabs the papers and he and Les run after Jack --

21 **EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - JUST OUTSIDE GATES**

21

Jack moves on as David and Les hurry after him. The gang trails along, watching, amused.

**DAVID**

These papers are yours, I don't

\*

take charity from nobody! I don't

\*

even know who you are --

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 **YELLOW**

17.

21 **CONTINUED:**

21

**LES**

Cowboy! They call him Cowboy!

Jack turns, grins at Les.

**JACK**

That and a lotta other things -- including Jack Kelly, which is what my mudder called me. What do they call you, kid?

**LES**

(thrilled)

Les. This is David, he's my brother. He's older.

**JACK**

(barely glances at David)

No kiddin'. How old are you, Les?

**LES**

Near ten.

**JACK**

No good. Anybody asks, you're seven.

(as Les is appalled)

Younger sells more papes, Les -- and if we're gonna be partners --

**DAVID**

Hold it! Who said anything about partners -- ?

**JACK**

You owe me two bits, right? Okay, so I consider it an investment. We sell together, split 70-30, plus you get the benefit of observin' me -- no charge.

**CRUTCHY**

(to David)

You're gettin' the chance of a lifetime here -- you learn from Jack, you learn from the best.

**DAVID**

If he's the best, then why does he need us?

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

18.

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

**JACK**

I don't need you, pal. But I ain't got a cute little brother to front for me. And Les here...

\*  
\*  
\*

(smiles down at Les who smiles back up angelically)

... With this kid's puss and my God-given talent, we can easy move a thousand papers a week. Whattaya say? Deal?

David is incredulous, but Les is pleading. David sighs.

**DAVID**

Gotta split fifty-fifty.

**JACK**

Sixty-forty. Or I forget the whole t'ing.

David reluctantly offers his hand. Jack spits in his palm and shakes. Les whoops and they move off, Jack already being the mentor --

**JACK**

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

**DAVID**

Bad headline...?

**JACK**

First t'ing you gotta learn --  
headlines don't sell papas, newsies  
sell papas. We're what holds this  
town together -- without newsies,  
nobody knows nuttin'!

They move away from Newsie Square as above them, the  
GOLDEN DOME OF THE WORLD BUILDING glistens in the morning  
sun.

**22 INT. WORLD BUILDING - PULITZER'S OFFICE - DAY**

**22**

A very large magnifying glass in in the hands of someone  
O.S. -- it moves across the front page of today's World  
as we hear the headline being read by --

**PULITZER (O.S.)**

(reading sarcastically)

'Trolley Strike Drags On for  
Third Week' -- this so-called  
headline drags on for infinity!

**(CONTINUED)**

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**19.**

**\***

**22 CONTINUED:**

**22**

A hand smashes the paper onto an ornate desk beyond which  
cower three harried employees of The World, including  
SEITZ, 45, the hard-bitten business manager. BUNSEN, the  
editor, and JONATHAN, an accountant.

**SEITZ**

The news is slow, Chief, the  
Trolley Strike's all we got --

**PULITZER (O.S.)**

It's all Mr. William Randolph  
Hearst has, too -- see how he  
covers the strike!

The magnifying glass swings to a copy of the New York  
Journal with a large black headline: "NUDE CORPSE ON  
RAILS -- NOT CONNECTED TO TROLLEY STRIKE." The CAMERA  
COMES AROUND to reveal JOSEPH PULITZER, himself, a  
thundering presence in smoked-glasses and a beard,  
wielding the magnifying glass like a gavel of judgment.

**PULITZER**

Hearst is killing us in the  
circulation war -- and you give  
me headlines that would put a  
whirling dervish to sleep!

**BUNSEN**

(nervous editor)

We'll get a new headline writer,

Mr. Pulitzer.

**PULITZER**

Steal Hearst's man -- offer him  
double what Hearst pays.

**SEITZ**

That's how he stole him from us.

(sighs)

Chief, you spend as much as you  
make fighting Hearst. That's why  
the paper's losing money --

**PULITZER**

I created the World to be the best  
and I'll spend whatever it takes  
to --

(stops)

What is that deafening noise?

It's the Newsies far below, barely audible to the others.

**SEITZ**

Just the Newsies, Chief, I'll --

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

20.

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

**PULITZER**

Never mind -- where was I?

\*

**SEITZ**

Creating the World, Chief.

\*

**PULITZER**

This paper's losing money because  
there's too much fat, inefficiency  
-- not because I'm fighting to

\*

make us number one! Well, we're  
going to cut costs, maximize  
profits -- and still beat the  
socks off Hearst --

(beat)

I want to know how by tonight.

23 EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE STREET - DAY

23

UNDERScoreD: Jack leads David and Les through an open-  
air market crowded with carts and people -- all the  
sights and sounds and smells of the melting pot.

**JACK**

Some newsies got corners, see --  
same spot, same customers. Me,

\*

I like to keep moving, enjoy the  
life of the big city. I spot an  
opportunity, I sell a pape.  
That's the advantage of being an  
independent businessman, instead

\*

of workin' for wages.

\*

David sees TWO LOVERS kissing on the steps of a building  
-- he tries his luck.

**DAVID**

Paper, mister?

Without breaking the kiss, the man kicks out at David  
who jumps away. Shaking his head, Jack whispers  
something to Les, who rushes over to the Lovers, still  
kissing.

**LES**

(earsplitting shout)

Extry -- 'Runaway Carriage Crushes  
Cop!'

The Lovers spring apart -- the man looks like he's going  
to throttle Les, but --

**(CONTINUED)**

**4/12/91 (PM) BUFF**

**21.**

\*

**23 CONTINUED:**

**23**

**WOMAN (LOVER)**

(cooing)

Oh, honey... look at that sweet  
little lamb...

David, watching with Jack, can't believe this. Les comes  
running back waving a coin --

**LES**

He gimme a dime! He said I should  
go far away and keep the change!

Jack takes the dime; Les's face falls. He flips it back.

**JACK**

You're a natural, kid. You remind  
me of me -- and I can't say greater

than that.

24 OMITTED

24

25 EXT. SIDEWALK - BARE-KNUCKLED BOXERS - DAY

25

duke it out as sidewalk spectators watch. The boys work  
the crowd, each in his own style --

DAVID

(the rookie)

Extra, 'Trolley strike drags on!'

JACK

(the master)

Nextry, nextry -- 'Ellis Island in  
flames -- big con-fla-gration!'

DAVID

What -- ? Where's that story -- ?

JACK

(making sales)

Page nine -- thank you, sir.

Nextry, 'Thousands flee in panic -- '

DAVID

(on page nine)

'Trash fire near immigration  
building frightens seagulls -- ?'

JACK

'Terrified flight from flaming  
inferno!' Thank you, much obliged --

(CONTINUED)

)J( 4/22/91 TAN  
\*

22.

25 CONTINUED: (A1)  
25

David is incredulous -- then sees Les by the boxers  
moving up to a spectator, assuming a pathetic look.

LES

Buy me last pape, mista...?

He coughs, Camille-like. Makes the sale. Down the  
sidewalk Jack nods approvingly; David is disgusted.

DAVID

Our father taught us not to lie.

JACK

Mine taught me not to starve.  
So we both got an education.

**DAVID**

You just make things up -- like those headlines.

**JACK**

I don't do nothin' the guys who write this stuff don't do. It ain't lyin' -- it's just improvin' the truth a little.

Les comes running back, wiping his mouth, with a quarter.

**LES**

The guy gave me a quarter! Quick, gimme some more last papers!

**DAVID**

(grabs him)

Hold it -- I smell beer!

**LES**

The guy bet me I wouldn't drink some -- that's how I made the quarter!

**JACK**

Hey, no drinkin' on the job -- it's bad for business. What if somebody called a cop or somethin'?

Les' eyes go wide as he sees -- behind Jack -- a burly Irish cop (MacSWAIN) hurrying up with a cadaverous vulture of a man, SNYDER, who's pointing straight at them --

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

23.

\*

25 CONTINUED:

25

**SYNDER**

There he is, officer -- do your duty!

Jack spins, sees the man --

**JACK**

Beat it -- the bulls!

He races off. David, confused, races after him, Les looks very worried as he runs with David --

**LES**

Just for one little sip of beer -- ?

Snyder and MacSwain in pursuit as Jack leads them into --



26       **EXT. BLINDMAN'S ALLEY - CONTINUOUS ACTION**  
26

The boys pound down the alley, Snyder and MacSwain round the corner behind them, Snyder shouting --

**SNYDER**

You, Sullivan! Stop, I say!       You  
hear me, Sullivan?

**DAVID**

Who's Sullivan -- ?

**JACK**

Mistaken identity -- all micks  
look alike to these birds!

**LES**

(still worried)

One sip! I didn't even swallow  
it!

Jack leads them into the doorway of --

**A26A       INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS ACTION**  
**A26A**

They clatter up flights of stairs -- Snyder and MacSwain clattering up below them, shouting --

**SNYDER**

You young miscreant! Wait'll  
I get you back to the Refuge!

**DAVID**

The Refuge -- ?

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

24.

\*

**A26A       CONTINUED:**  
**A26A**

**JACK**

Sleeper!

He leaps over a Sleeping Man on the stairwell; so do David and Les as they run out onto --

**B26A       EXT. TENEMENT ROOFS - CONTINUOUS ACTION**  
**B26A**

More sleepers; people living in makeshift shelters.  
Jack runs to a plank stretched between two buildings.

**DAVID**

I'm not crossing that! Anyway,  
I don't think they're chasing us --

Jack scoops up Les -- who's loving it -- and carries  
him across the plank.

**JACK**

No? What're they doin' then?

**DAVID**

I think they're chasing you!  
Snyder and MacSwain huff out onto the roof. David,  
still uncertain, looks back at them -- the runs across  
the plank. Jack calmly topples the plank to the street  
as the pursuers reach it, gasping for breath -- he gives  
Snyder a little salute, then moves on to a rooftop exit --

**26A EXT. ANOTHER STREET (NEAR THEATER) - SECONDS LATER**  
**26A**

The boys run out of a doorway onto the street; Jack  
stops, looks around carefully, as if expecting Snyder to  
come bounding out of the sky. David is bursting with  
suspicion -- starts to say something, but Jack shushes  
him, leads them quickly, furtively into --

**26B EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THEATER (IRVING HALL) - DAY**  
**26B**

Jack runs to a side door and opens it, waving David and  
Les inside. He follows, giving a quick look around  
before he closes the door.

**26C INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE**  
**26C**

MUSIC lilting somewhere -- for a moment we don't know  
we're in a theater, as the boys huddle against a wall,  
catching their breath.

**(CONTINUED)**

**)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2)**

**25.**

**26C CONTINUED:**  
**26C**

**DAVID**

I want some answers -- Why was he  
chasing you? What's the Refuge?

**JACK**

The Refuge is this jail for kids.  
That guy, Snyder, he's the warden.

**LES**

You were in jail...? Why?

**JACK**

I was starvin'. I stole some food.

**DAVID**

(suspicious)

Right, food. He called you

'Sullivan' --

**JACK**

(bridling)

Yeah, food. My name's Kelly, Jack Kelly, like I told you. Think I'm lyin'?

**DAVID**

You have a way of 'improving the truth.' Why was he chasing you?

**JACK**

Because I escaped.

**LES**

(awestruck)

Oh, boy. How?

**JACK**

This big shot gimme a ride out in his carriage.

**DAVID**

(sarcastic)

Bet it was the mayor, right?

**JACK**

Nah. Teddy Roosevelt. Ever heard of him?

David starts to reply when he sees something behind Jack

\*

that makes his mouth drop open. At the top of a short

\*

flight of stairs, a vision is frowning down at them,

\*

speaking in a theatrical Swedish accent.

\*

(CONTINUED)

)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2)

26.

\*

26C CONTINUED: (2)

26C

**MEDDA**

(accent)

What is the meaning of this? No one is allowed backstage -- you will leave at once! Out, out, out, out --

She descends the stairs grandly, shooing them away like pigeons. Jack turns to her and grins.

**JACK**

You wouldn't kick me out without a kiss goodbye, wouldya, Medda? Surprised, she gasps in delight -- throwing her arms around Jack. David can't believe it. Medda's accent quickly disappears.

**MEDDA**

Kelly, where've you been, kid? I miss you up in the balcony -- you know I sing all my songs to you.

**JACK**

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

**MEDDA**

(accent)

Welcome!

**JACK**

Medda also owns the joint.

**MEDDA**

(no accent; to David)

Don't ever own a theater, kid. Don't even think about it.

**DAVID**

(awed)

I won't. I promise.

**MEDDA**

(seeing Les)

What have we here -- ? Aren't you the cutest little fella that ever was -- yes, you are --

(CONTINUED)

)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2)

26A.

26C CONTINUED: (A3)  
26C

**LES**

(into his act)

Buy my last pape, lady?

A Camille-cough. Medda looks at him critically.

**MEDDA**

This kid is good. Speaking as one

professional to another, I'd say  
you got a future.

**JACK**

Okay if we hang here awhile, Medda?  
'Til a little problem outside goes  
away?

**MEDDA**

As long as you like -- now the  
lark must warble. Hey, you --  
                  (flags down a passing  
                  candy butcher)  
-- give my guests whatever they  
want.

**(CONTINUED)**

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)  
\*

27.

26C CONTINUED: (3)

26C

She winks at the dazzled boys and hits the stage,  
singing:

**MEDDA**

(singing)  
'MY LOVEY-DOVEY BABY'... etc.

David and Jack can't take their eyes off her; Les can't  
take his eyes off the candy butcher's tray...

27 OMITTED  
thru  
33

27  
thru  
33

34 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

34

Les is looking green from all the candy as he follows  
Jack and David, balancing on trolley tracks. In the  
distance, the FAINT sound of SHOUTING/SINGING.

**DAVID**

It's late, my folks'll be worried  
... What about yours?

**JACK**

They're out west lookin' for a  
place for us to live --  
                  (takes something  
                  from his pocket)  
-- like this.

It's the cover of a dime novel with a blue-perfect sky  
over a perfect yellow desert; a large red sun shines

down on a perfect adobe.

**JACK**

That's Sante Fe -- out in New Mexico? Soon's Pop finds us the right ranch, they're sendin' for me.

**LES**

(sleepily)

Then you'll be a real cowboy...

Jack nods quietly. David looks at Jack, not believing a word of what he's saying; seeing how much he wants it to be true... The SINGING grows LOUDER, the haunting refrain of "Seize The Day," as the boys continue --

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**28.**

\*

**35 EXT. ANOTHER STREET (AROUND CORNER) - NIGHT**

**35**

Down the street, a trolley is in flames, surrounded by a mob of shouting men. David looks at it nervously.

**DAVID**

Why don't we divvy up at my place...? You can meet my folks...

The mob is chasing two men towards them, screaming --

**MOB**

Scabs! Soak the scabs! Etc.

A conductor with a bloody head and terrified face runs past them -- but conductor two is caught, tackled, beaten -- David pulls Les away --

**DAVID**

Jack -- let's get outta here -- !  
The boys move away, Jack looking back at the beating.

**JACK**

Maybe tomorrow we get a decent headline.

**36 OMITTED**

**36**

**37 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**37**

The boys enter, Jack carrying the sleeping Les. ESTHER, 38, is setting the table.

**ESTHER**

(seeing Les)

My God...! What happened?

**DAVID**

He's just sleeping, Momma --

She quickly takes him from Jack. MAYER, 43, is relieved but angry to see his sons -- his right arm is bandaged.

**MAYER**

We've been waiting dinner --  
where've you been?

David says nothing; crosses to the table and dumps the day's receipts on it, looks up at his father proudly.

**MAYER**

You made all this selling papers...?

**(CONTINUED)**

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**29.**

\*

**37 CONTINUED:**

**37**

**DAVID**

Half of it's Jack's -- he's our  
selling partner. And our friend.  
This is my parents.

Jack nods awkwardly, starts to say something when SARAH, 16, enters from another room with an armload of lace piecework. She's beautiful -- Jack becomes instantly tongue-tied.

**DAVID**

That's Sarah. My sister.  
She smiles -- Jack still can't find his tongue. Mayer,  
seeing his awkwardness, steps in --

**MAYER**

Esther -- maybe David's partner  
would like to stay for dinner.  
Add some more water to the soup.

**ESTHER**

(mortified)

Mayer...!

Mayer laughs, joined by Sarah and David -- and finally Esther herself as she waters the soup. Jack stands drinking in the family's warmth.

**38 INT. APARTMENT - LATER**

**38**

Les mumbles in his sleep on a board stretched between two chairs. Jack, eating heartily, his eloquence regained, holds forth at the dinner table.

**JACK**

What I saw today, I gotta say your

boys are born Newsies, Mr. Jacobs.  
With my experience and their hard  
work -- just a little more, thanks --  
                  (third bowl of soup)  
-- I figure we can peddle a  
thousand a week and not break a  
sweat.

**MAYER**

That many...?

**JACK**

More when the headline's good.

**SARAH**

What makes a headline good?

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

30.

\*

38 CONTINUED:

38

**JACK**

Catchy words -- like, uh, 'corpse'  
or 'maniac,' or, let's see, 'love  
nest' or 'nude' --  
Sarah and David giggle; Esther looks shocked.

**JACK**

(embarrassed)  
'Scuse the language there, uh,  
maybe I'm talkin' too much...

**MAYER**

(laughing)  
You talk fine, Jack -- Sarah, get  
that cake your mother's been  
hiding in the cabinet!

**ESTHER**

That's for your birthday tomorrow!

**MAYER**

I've had enough birthdays! This  
is a celebration!  
David leaps up to fetch silver; Sarah gets a luscious  
chocolate cake from a cabinet --

**DAVID**

It's only the beginning -- the  
longer I work, the more I'll make --

**MAYER**

You work only until I go back to  
the factory! Then you go back to  
school, like you promised.



All activity stops, an awkward silence. Mayer looks at his bandaged hand.

**MAYER**

It will heal... they'll give me  
back my job... I'll make them...

Jack sees how worried the family is. No one seems able to speak, then --

**LES**

(in his sleep)

'Gimme all ya got, baby...'

The family is shocked -- except for Jack and David, who sputter into laughter. The celebration is restored -- Jack digs into an enormous slab of cake, looking around at the smiling faces, for the moment feeling he belongs...

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

31.

39 **EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - LATER**

39

Jack and David talk; the family visible inside.

**JACK**

How'd your pop get hurt?

**DAVID**

The factory. An accident.

(bitterly)

He's no good to them anymore so they just fired him. He's got no union to protect him.

Inside, Esther is singing a lullaby to Les; Mayer calls out to David.

**MAYER**

David? Time to come in now.

Jack looks in at the warm family tableau: the lullaby, Sarah reading to Mayer. David, going in, sees his friend's expression.

**DAVID**

Why don't you stay here tonight...?

**JACK**

I got my own place... but thanks.

\*

Your family's real nice, Dave.

\*

(beat)

\*

Like mine.

\*

David nods, climbs in the window.

\*

**DAVID**

See you tomorrow. Carryin' the  
banner.

**JACK**

(smiles)  
Carryin' the banner.

Jack watches as David rejoins the family inside, the  
warmth, the casual intimacy. He moves off, singing:

**SONG: "SANTE FE": 3:06**

**JACK**

**SO THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL A  
FAMILY  
MOTHER, DAUGHTER; FATHER, SON  
GUESS THAT EVERYTHING YOU HEARD  
ABOUT IS TRUE**

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**32.**

**39 CONTINUED:**

**39**

**JACK (CONT'D)**

**SO YOU AIN'T GOT ANY FAMILY  
WELL WHO SAID YOU NEEDED ONE  
AIN'T YOU GLAD NOBODY'S WAITING  
UP FOR YOU?**

Jack starts down  
the fire escape to  
the alley below.

**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  
SLEEPIN'  
ALL MY THOUGHTS BEGIN TO STRAY  
AND I'M ON THE TRAIN  
THAT'S BOUND FOR SANTA FE...**

**40 EXT. DAVID'S BUILDING - ALLEY - NIGHT**

**40**

**JACK**

Still singing,  
Jack drops off the fire  
escape into the alley;  
moves to the sidewalk

**AND I'M FREE  
LIKE THE WIND  
LIKE I'M GONNA LIVE FOREVER  
IT'S A FEELING TIME  
CAN NEVER TAKE AWAY  
ALL I NEED'S A FEW MORE DOLLARS**

and walks off.

AND I'M OUTTA HERE TO STAY  
DREAMS COME TRUE  
YES, THEY DO  
IN SANTA FE

41 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - SAME TIME

41

Jack walks the streets,  
past people cooling  
in the night air,  
outside their hot  
tenements.

JACK  
WHERE DOES IT SAY  
YOU 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  
FUT'CHA  
EVEN AT 17  
BREAKIN' YOUR BACK  
FOR SOMEONE ELSE'S SAKE  
IF THE LIFE DOESN'T SEEM TO  
SUIT YA

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4/19/91 CHERRY

33.

41 CONTINUED:

41

JACK (CONT'D)  
HOW 'BOUT A CHANGE OF SCENE  
FAR FROM THE LOUSY HEADLINES  
AND THE DEADLINES IN BETWEEN  
SANTA FE  
ARE YOU THERE  
DO YOU SWEAR YOU WON'T FORGET  
ME?  
IF I FOUND YOU  
WOULD YOU LET ME COME AND STAY?  
I AIN'T GETTING ANY YOUNGER  
AND BEFORE MY DYING DAY  
I WANT SPACE  
NOT JUST AIR  
LET 'EM LAUGH IN MY FACE I  
DON'T CARE  
SAVE A PLACE  
I'LL BE THERE...  
SO THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL A  
FAMILY  
AIN'T YA GLAD YOU AIN'T THAT  
WAY?  
AIN'T YA GLAD YOU GOT A DREAM

Jack sees two cops  
coming and instinc-  
tively hides in the  
shadows, finishing

the song in the dark.

CALLED SANTA FE...?

**42 EXT. NEWSIES LODGING HOUSE - SAME NIGHT**

**42**

Jack approaches the entrance as Racetrack comes down the sidewalk.

**JACK**

How'd it go at the track, Race?

**RACETRACK**

That hot tip I told you about?

Nobody told the horse.

They smile and continue into --

**43 INT. LODGING HOUSE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

**43**

Jack and Race pay Kloppman for the night.

**KLOPPMAN**

You missed your supper, boys.

**RACETRACK**

Then we didn't miss much, did we?

\*

(CONTINUED)

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**34.**

\*

**43 CONTINUED:**

**43**

**JACK**

I ate, Mr. Kloppman, I...

(sounds strange to  
say it)

... I was dinin' with a family.

Race and Kloppman exchange looks as Jack moves on --

**44 OMITTED**

**44**

**44A INT. LODGING HOUSE - WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

**44A**

Jack enters the empty room and walks past a row of wash basins to the last one. He reaches beneath it, a brick and removes a small box. In the box is Prince Albert Tobacco can -- Jack puts today's inside it. Then he removes --

of wash  
dislodges  
a tin  
take

-- a photograph: faded, dog-eared. Against a Coney Island western backdrop, fake cactus, fake fence, a smiling man and woman beam down at a small boy in a

cowboy hat -- it's Jack, about Les's age, with his parents. Jack sits hunched under the basin, alone, staring at it...

**44B OMITTED**

**44B**

**45 INT. PULITZER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

**45**

Pulitzer in his shirt-sleeves glowers impatiently as a prim 1899-vintage numbers cruncher -- JONATHAN -- delivers the bottom line with charts, graphs, etc. Seitz lounges, yawning.

**JONATHAN**

Actual income, as well as projected income, against actual operating costs, as well as projected operating costs, produce a reduced marginality of profit which in turn --

**PULITZER**

Seitz! What in blazes is he talking about?

**SEITZ**

Says you need to make more money, Chief.

**(CONTINUED)**

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**35.**

**\***

**45 CONTINUED:**

**45**

**PULITZER**

Of course I need to make more money! But how do I make more money, you bloodless blot?

**JONATHAN**

(unflappable)

I have several proposals. The first is to increase the paper's price --

**PULITZER**

Then Hearst undersells me and I'm in the poorhouse. Brilliant.

**JONATHAN**

Not the customer price -- the price to the distribution apparatus.

Exasperated, Pulitzer looks to Seitz for a translation.

**SEITZ**

You mean the Newsies...? Charge the Newsies more for their papers? Bad idea, Chief.

**JONATHAN**

Very well. My next proposal -- salary cuts, particularly those at the very top --

**PULITZER**

Wait. What do the Newsies pay now -- fifty cents per hundred papers? If you raised it to sixty cents --

**JONATHAN**

A mere tenth of a cent per paper --

**PULITZER**

-- then that, multiplied by forty thousand papers a day, seven days a week -- well, it would pay some of the bills around here.

**SEITZ**

Chief, if you do this, every Newsie we got will head straight for Hearst.

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

36.

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

**PULITZER**

Not necessarily. As newspapermen, Hearst and I would cut each other's throats to get the best of the other. But as businessmen -- and gentlemen -- we often agree on ways to keep down certain operating costs. If I know Willie Hearst, he's going to wish he thought of this himself.

**SEITZ**

What about the other papers -- ?

**PULITZER**

If we do it, they'll all do it.  
It's only a tenth of a cent --  
nobody gets hurt! It's good for  
the Newsies -- an incentive, make  
'em work harder, sell more papers!  
Now get me Hearst on that  
contraption.

Seitz sighs and reaches for the phone.

**46 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - MORNING**

**46**

Jack bounces into the square, still basking in the glow  
of last night. He looks up to the chalkboard and sees  
the headline: "BLOODY BEATINGS IN TROLLEY STRIKE!"  
He grins, gives the high-sign -- a very salable headline.  
He moves on to --

**46A EXT. LOADING DOCK/CIRCULATION WINDOW - MORNING**

**46A**

Something's wrong -- angry shouts, arms waving. Puzzled,  
Jack shoves through the angry Newsies to --

**KID BLINK**

They jacked up the price! Ten  
cents a hunnerd -- I can eat two

\*

days on ten cents!

\*

**SKITTERY**

\*

This'll bust me -- I'm barely

\*

makin' a livin' now --

\*

**BOOTSY**

\*

I'll be back sleepin' on

\*

the streets --

\*

**(CONTINUED)**

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

37.

\*

**46A CONTINUED:**

**46A**

**MUSH**

It don't make no sense!

All the money Pulitzer  
makes, why would he gouge us?  
Jack sees Weasel behind his window, grinning.

**JACK**

Awright, pipe down! Don't you  
see it's a gag? Just Weasel bein'  
a weasel. Joke's over, Wease.  
Gimme a hunnerd.

He plops fifty cents on the counter. Weasel's grin  
gets weaselier as he slides it back.

**WEASEL**

Hunnerd'll cost ya sixty, Cowboy.

**JACK**

I ain't payin' no sixty --

**WEASEL**

Then move outta the way --

**JACK**

You bet -- I move right over to  
the Journal.

**RACETRACK**

It's the same at the Journal -- we  
checked -- it's the same everywhere!

**JACK**

Why the jack-up, Weasel?

**WEASEL**

Why not? It's a nice day. Why  
don't you ast Mr. Pulitzer?

He whacks the bell with his cudgel; the Delanceys  
stir threateningly.

**WEASEL**

If you ain't buyin' papes, clear  
out! World employees only on  
this sida the gates.

**JACK**

It stinks here anyway -- let's go!

He leads the angry Newsies out of the courtyard into --

47 OMITTED

47

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

38.

48 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

48

The angry boys crowd around Jack.

**KID BLINK**

They can't do that to us --

**RACETRACK**



They can do what they want --  
it's their stinkin' paper --

**BOOTS**

Ain't we got no rights -- ?

**CRUTCHY**

Sure -- we got the right  
to take it in the t'roat!

**RACETRACK**

It's a rigged deck -- why  
waste time kiddin' ourselves?  
They set the price, we gotta  
pay it --

**MUSH**

We got no choice! So let's  
get our lousy papes while  
they still got some --

**JACK**

Nobody's goin' anywhere -- they  
ain't gonna get away with this!

**EVERYBODY**

What can we do -- (etc.)

**LES**

Stop crowding him!      Let him think!

They back off, become quiet -- every eye on Jack as he  
thinks. And thinks again. And again. Finally --

**RACETRACK**

(tentatively)

Jack...? Ya still thinkin'... ?

\*

Jack looks at him, then the others:      his jaw set.

**JACK**

One thing for sure. If we don't  
sell papes, then nobody sells papes.  
Nobody comes through those gates  
'til they put the price back where  
it was.

**(CONTINUED)**

)P(    5/1/91 BLUE (2)

39.

\*

48    CONTINUED:

48

**DAVID**

You mean like a strike...?

**JACK**

Yeah, a strike -- good idea, Dave.

**DAVID**

(alarmed)  
No, I didn't mean -- we can't  
strike, we're not a union --

**JACK**

We go on strike, we're a union,  
right? Keep it comin', Dave --

Jack's moving across the square, everyone following,  
cheering, a momentum building. David moves with him --

**DAVID**

(pleading)  
There's not enough of us -- maybe  
if we got every Newsie in New York --

**JACK**

Yeah, we organize -- we get all  
the New York Newsies to join us!  
This is great, Dave, keep talkin' --

**DAVID**

It's no joke! You saw what  
happened to those trolley workers --

**JACK**

Another great idea! Any Newsie  
don't join with us, we soak 'im  
-- just like the trolley workers!

**DAVID**

Nooo! Stop and think, willya?        You  
can't just rush everybody into  
this!

The gang is cheering every word; Jack stops at the base  
of the Greeley statue, holds up his hands for quiet.

**JACK**

Dave's right again! We gotta think  
this through! Old man Pulitzer and  
Hearst and all them other rich  
geezers, they run this city. Do we  
really think a buncha streetrats  
like us would have a chance against  
people like them?

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

48 CONTINUED: (2)  
48

**JACK (CONT'D)**

The choice has gotta be yours --  
are we gonna just take what they  
give us? Or do we strike?

The Newsies are silent, faltering, suddenly uncertain.  
Then a small figure steps forward and raises his fist:

**LES**

Strike!

The boys explode -- a beat begins to build --

**BOOTS**

Keep talkin', Jack -- tell us  
what to do --

Jack looks desperately at David: what do I say now?

**DAVID**

Uh... uh... Pulitzer and Hearst  
have to respect our rights --

**JACK**

Pulitzer and Hearst have to respect  
the workin' boys of New York!

(to David)

Keep it comin' -- what else.

**DAVID**

Uh... they can't treat us like  
we don't exist...

**SONG: "THE WORLD WILL KNOW" APPROXIMATE TIME: 3:30.**

**JACK**

**PULITZER AND HEARST  
THEY THINK WE'RE NOTHING  
ARE WE NOTHING?**

**NEWSIE**

**NO!**

**DAVID**

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

**JACK**

**PULITZER AND HEARST  
THEY THINK THEY GOT US  
DO THEY GOT US?**

**NEWSIES**

**NO!**

**(CONTINUED)**

48 CONTINUED: (4)  
48

DAVID

It's like a union. The Newsboy's  
Union. Are we really 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 stop someone else from  
sellin' our papes?

JACK

We talk to 'em.

RACETRACK

Some of 'em don't hear so good.

JACK

Then we soak 'em.

DAVID

No!

JACK

WHAT'S IT GONNA TAKE  
TO STOP THE WAGONS?  
ARE WE READY?

NEWSIES

YEAH!

DAVID

No! We can't beat up kids in the  
street! It'll destroy what we're  
trying to do!

JACK

WHAT'S IT GONNA TAKE  
TO STOP THE SCABBERS?  
CAN WE DO IT?

NEWSIES

YEAH!

JACK

WE'LL DO WHAT WE GOTTA DO  
UNTIL WE BREAK THE WILL  
OF MIGHTY BILL AND JOE

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

42.

48 CONTINUED: (5)

48

ALL

\*

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 BEEN HAWKIN' HEADLINES  
BUT WE'RE MAKIN' 'EM TODAY  
AND OUR RANKS WILL GROW

\*  
\*

Crutchy hobbles forward,  
raising his crutch.

CRUTCHY  
AND WE'LL KICK THEIR REAR  
ALL  
AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW  
THAT WE'VE BEEN...

\*

Jack jumps down from the  
statue.

JACK  
... HERE!

\*

He jumps onto the back of a wagon.

JACK  
WHEN THE CIRCULATION BELL  
STARTS RINGING  
WILL WE HEAR IT?

Two wagonloads of nervous  
Newsies come through the  
gate. Some leap off and  
join the strikers -- most  
stay on the wagon.

NEWSIES  
NO!

JACK  
WHAT IF THE DELANCEYS  
COME OUT SWINGING  
WILL WE HEAR IT?

NEWSIES  
NO!

JACK  
WHEN YA GOT A HUNDRED VOICES  
SINGING, WHO CAN  
HEAR A LOUSY WHISTLE BLOW?  
EVERYBODY  
AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW

Race, Mush and Kid Blink  
leap onto the wagon with  
baskets of rotten fruit.  
singing as a trio.

ALL  
THAT THIS AIN'T NO GAME  
THAT WE GOT A TON OF ROTTEN  
FRUIT AND PERFECT AIM.

\*

(MORE)  
(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

43.

\*

48 CONTINUED: (6)

48

ALL (CONT'D)

Jack steps forward.  
Boots angrily throws a  
piece of rotten fruit  
toward The World Building.

SO THEY GAVE THEIR WORD  
  
BUT IT AIN'T WORTH BEANS

**NOW THEY'RE GONNA SEE WHAT  
STOP THE PRESSES REALLY  
MEANS**

**AND THE DAY HAS COME  
AND THE TIME IS NOW  
AND THE FEAR IS GONE**

Boots, apprehensive, looks  
up at Jack in the wagon.

BOOTS  
**AND OUR NAME IS MUD  
ALL  
AND THE STRIKE IS ON  
BOOTS  
AND I CAN'T STAND BLOOD**

**ALL  
AND THE WORLD WILL...  
JACK**

Jack and the others jump  
down from the wagon and with  
David and Les following,  
move across the square.

PULITZER MAY OWN THE  
WORLD BUT HE DON'T OWN US!

ALL  
**PULITZER MAY OWN THE  
WORLD BUT HE DON'T OWN US!  
JACK  
PULITZER MAY CRACK THE WHIP  
BUT HE WON'T WHIP US!**

The Newsies answer back.

ALL  
**PULITZER MAY CRACK THE WHIP  
BUT HE WON'T WHIP US!**

Crossing the square, as  
they move towards the gates,  
singing up to Pulitzer's  
office in the dome at the  
top of The World Building.

ALL  
AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW  
AND THE WORLD WILL LEARN  
AND THE WORLD WILL WONDER  
HOW WE MADE THE TABLES TURN

**(CONTINUED)**

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)  
44.

48 CONTINUED: (7)  
48

The Delanceys close the

**ALL  
AND THE WORLD WILL SEE  
THAT WE HAD TO CHOOSE**

TODAY gates as Weasel glares out  
from the dock.

THAT THE THINGS WE DO  
WILL BE TOMORROW'S NEWS

The Newsies interlock arms  
forming a chain of  
resistance and solidarity.

**ALL**  
**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 FIN'LLY KNOW!**

Jack, excited by his power, is in full charge now.

**JACK**

We gotta get word out to all the

\*

Newsies in New York! I gotta have

\*

some... whattaya call 'em --

**DAVID**

Ambassadors.

**JACK**

Right! You guys gotta be embastards  
and tell 'em we're on strike!

**KID BLINK**

I'll take Harlem!

**RACETRACK**

I got mid-town! **CRUTCHY**

The Bronx!

**MUSH**

I'll get da Bowery!

**JACK**

Bumlet, Specs, Skittery take  
Queens; Pie Eater and Snotty,  
the East side -- Snipeshooter,  
go with 'em; okay, who wants  
Brooklyn? Spot Conlon's  
territory?

Suddenly they all look like they've got something else  
to do.

**JACK**

Whatsamatter? Scared of Brooklyn?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (8)  
48

**BOOTS**

We ain't scared of Brooklyn. But Spot Conlon makes us a little nervous.

**JACK**

Well, he don't make me nervous. You and me, Boots, we take Brooklyn. Dave can keep us company. Okay, Dave?

David looks up; Jack grins, challenging him. David comes right back at him.

**DAVID**

Sure. Right after you take our demands to Pulitzer.

**JACK**

(grin fades)

Me?

(looks up at the dome)

To Pulitzer?

**DAVID**

(his turn to grin)

You're the leader.

Jack looks at the huge doors of the World Building, steeling himself. He starts for them, then has a thought -- beckons to Les, who runs to join him, thrilled.

**JACK**

Maybe the kid'll soften him up a little.

Shouting encouragement, the Newsies clear a path as Jack and Les march up to the big doors. Jack pounds on them and there's a hush as everyone waits, watching -- including a handsome, well-dressed man in his thirties, BRYAN DENTON.

The huge doors swing open like the mouth of a whale and Jack and Les disappear inside. The Newsies cheer. Denton moves next to David.

**DENTON**

What's going on?

**DAVID**

They're going in to present our demands to Pulitzer.

**DENTON**

What demands?

(CONTINUED)



48 CONTINUED: (9)  
48

**DAVID**

The Newsies' demands. We're on  
strike.

Denton looks around, a little amazed. He takes out a  
notebook.

**DENTON**

I'm Denton, New York Sun. What's  
your name?

**DAVID**

(suspicious)

David...

**DENTON**

David. As in David and Goliath?  
(off at doors)

You really think old man Pulitzer's  
going to listen to your demands?

**DAVID**

He has to.

At that instant, the big doors swing open and Jack and  
Les are spat out like two seeds.

**JACK**

(yelling back)

So's your ol' lady! Tell Pulitzer  
he needs an appointment with me!

The doors slam shut; Denton scribbles, intrigued.

49 INT. NEWSPAPERMAN'S RESTAURANT - DAY  
49

Jack, David and Les devour a tray of sandwiches as Denton  
takes notes. Newsmen at other tables glance over  
curiously as Jack holds forth.

**JACK**

(a mouthful)

-- So this snooty mug is sayin',  
'You cawn't see Mr. Pulitzer, no  
one sees Mr. Pulitzer' -- real  
hoity-toity, you know the type --

**LES**

(also a mouthful)

Real hoity-toity --

(CONTINUED)

)O( 4/25/91 GREY  
\*

47.

49 CONTINUED:

49

**JACK**

-- So I says, 'I ain't in the habit of transactin' business with no office boy -- tell him Jack Kelly is here to see him now.'

**LES**

That's when they threw us out.

**DENTON**

Doesn't it scare you going up against the most powerful man in New York?

**JACK**

(bravado)

Yeah, lookit me, I'm tremblin'.

Denton smiles, closes his notebook. Gets up, handing David a card.

**DENTON**

Keep me informed -- I want to know everything that happens.

**DAVID**

Are we really an important story...?

**DENTON**

What's important? A year ago I covered the war in Cuba -- charging up San Juan Hill with Colonel Teddy Roosevelt. A very important story. Now it doesn't seem so important -- except Teddy's our governor and probably on his way to the White House. Is the Newsies' strike important? It all depends on you.

**JACK**

(stopping him)

My name really gonna be in the papers?

**DENTON**

Any objections?

**JACK**

Not as long as you get it right -- Kelly, Jack Kelly. And, Denton? No pictures.

Denton smiles and shrugs. David suspects Jack's thinking

of Snyder.

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2) 47A. \*

50 EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE (MATTE SHOT - BROOKLYN SIDE) - DAWN 50

Jack, David, Boots are walking as we WIDEN OUT to reveal the magnificent bridge against a dawn sky. They all seem a little nervous.

DAVID

I've never been to Brooklyn -- have you guys?

BOOTS

Spent a month there one night.

DAVID

This Spot Conlon... is he really as bad as they say...?

Jack and Boots look at each other and laugh; they keep laughing as they walk along --

DAVID

I say something funny? Come on, tell me -- he bad or not? What's the joke? Tell me, willya? (Etc.)

We KEEP WIDENING as the figures get smaller and Jack and Boots keep laughing and David keeps asking about Spot...

4/8/91 YELLOW 48.

\*

51 OMITTED 51

thru  
thru

54 54

55 EXT. BROOKLYN WATERFRONT - DAY 55

On a rotted and collapsing pier is a battered sign: "BROOKLYN EXCURSIONS - CLOSED." Hunched under the pier is a tough kid playing a harmonica, his eyes fixed on -- -- Jack, Boots, David as they cautiously approach through the no-man's land of mud and junk. Boys appear like hostile Indians -- behind them, to the side of them, in front of them -- silently escorting them under the pier. David looks very nervous as they are halted, and the harmonica plays a signal, then stops abruptly.

From behind some rotting timbers steps a freckled gnome. He looks them up and down, then grins. He is SPOT

CONLON.

SPOT

If it ain't Jack be nimble, Jack  
be quick.

Jack meets his challenging grin with one of his own.

**JACK**

You're movin' up in the world,  
Spot -- got a ocean view and  
everything.

Spot and Jack exchange "heh-hehs." David's getting more  
nervous.

**SPOT**

So I'm hearin' things from little  
birdies in Harlem and Queens and  
all over. They're chirpin' in my  
ear: 'Jackie-boy's Newsies are  
playin' like they're goin' on  
strike -- '

**DAVID**

(blurting)

We're not playing -- we are on  
strike -- it's --

Spot's eyes click like switchblades in David's direction  
-- so do his henchmen's.

**SPOT**

What's this, Jackie boy? Some  
kind of walkin' mouth?

**(CONTINUED)**

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**49.**

\*

**55 CONTINUED:**

**55**

**JACK**

(unintimidated)

It's a mouth with a brain -- and  
if you got half-a-one you'll  
listen. Tell 'im, Davey.

David looks at Jack wide-eyed: "Me?" Scared to death,  
he starts -- as Spot's henchmen begin circling him like  
jackals.

**DAVID**

Uh... we started the strike but...  
we can't do it alone, so... we've  
been talkin' to Newsies all over  
the city...

**SPOT**

So they told me. And what did they tell you?  
David looks nervously at the circling henchmen.

**DAVID**

That... they're all waiting to see what Spot Conlon does. That you're the key...

(as Spot puffs himself up; David sees an opening)

That Spot Conlon is the most respected and... famous... newsie in New York... and probably everywhere else...

Spot signals the henchmen to stop circling; waits for more, lapping it up.

**DAVID**

And... if Spot Conlon joins the strike, they'll join and we'll be unstoppable so you gotta join and ... well... you gotta...

He trails off. Spot nods, turns to Jack.

**SPOT**

You're right. Brains.  
(hardens)

But I got brains, too -- and more than half-a-one. How do I know you punks won't run the first time some goon comes atcha with a club? How do I know you're in it to win?

**(CONTINUED)**

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

**50.**

**\***

**55 CONTINUED: (2)**

**55**

**JACK**

'Cause I'm tellin' you.

**SPOT**

Not good enough, Jackie-boy. You gotta show me.

He turns and walks away. David and Boots exhale in relief -- but Jack suddenly grabs a rope hanging from the wharf and swings in front of Spot.

**JACK**

Maybe you lost your guts, Spotty-boy --

(as Spot freezes)

-- or maybe you traded 'em to some chicken for that beak of yours.

(in Spot's face)

Maybe you gotta show me you ain't afraid to join the strike.

Murder's in the air: David and Boots are paralyzed; the henchmen are ready to explode. Spot's eyes are locked on Jack's for an excruciating moment -- then Spot grins.

**SPOT**

Nice try, pal. But that's just what I'm talkin' about.

(serious)

Show me this strike ain't just some kids do-or-dare, then we'll talk.

56	<b>OMITTED</b>	56
thru		
thru		
58		58
59	<b>EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - AFTERNOON (SAME DAY)</b>	59

With a bucket of red paint, Crutchy paints a portrait of Pulitzer on an old bedsheet. Around him, Newsies roll hoops, play marbles, tag, leap-frog, etc. Looks like more of a holiday than a strike. Jack, David, Boots return from Brooklyn.

**RACETRACK**

So where's Spot Conlon?

Jack looks disgustedly at the activity.

(CONTINUED)

)O(	<b>4/25/91 GREY</b>	51.
59	<b>CONTINUED:</b>	59

**JACK**

He was concerned about us bein' serious -- you imagine that? Some Newsies gather around, concerned.

**KID BLINK**

Without Spot and the others, there ain't enough of us...

**MUSH**

Maybe we're movin' too soon,  
maybe we ain't ready --

**SKITTERY**

Definitely should put this off  
a coupla days, definitely --

**PIE EATER**

Hey, Jack -- you ready? I'm  
ready!

He's swinging a picket sign.

**JACK**

At least somebody's got the right  
idea.

**PIE EATER**

Who else is ready for stick-ball?  
He tears the sign off the stick and swings it like a bat.

**JACK**

Who we kiddin' here. Spot was  
right. Just a game to these  
guys...

**CRUTCHY**

Hey, Jack -- get a loada this!

He's waving the bedsheet with the scowling devil-mask of  
"Joe P" painted on it. Jack smiles as Crutchy parades  
with the banner, the other Newsies begin to notice.

\* Across the square, Denton lounges with his notebook,  
\* studying the Newsies as if he, too, were concerned about  
\* how serious they are.  
\* David watches Crutchy parading with the bedsheet; other  
\* Newsies put aside their marbles, hoops, etc., and watch.  
\* Sensing a moment, David moves among them, beginning to  
\* sing:

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

52.

59 CONTINUED: (2)  
SONG: "SEIZE THE DAY"

59

**DAVID**

**OPEN THE GATES AND SEIZE THE DAY  
DON'T BE AFRAID AND DON'T DELAY**

As David sings,

the others join in.  
They stand waiting,  
arms interlocked, as  
the gates begin to  
open...

NOTHING CAN BREAK US  
NO ONE CAN MAKE US  
GIVE OUR RIGHTS AWAY  
ARISE AND SEIZE THE DAY

\*

DAVID  
NOW IS THE TIME  
TO SEIZE THE DAY

GROUP  
NOW IS THE TIME  
TO SEIZE THE DAY

DAVID  
SEND OUT THE CALL  
AND JOIN THE FRAY

GROUP  
SEND OUT THE CALL  
AND JOIN THE FRAY

DAVID  
WRONGS WILL BE RIGHTED  
IF WE'RE UNITED

ALL  
LET US SEIZE THE DAY

DAVID  
FRIENDS OF THE FRIENDLESS  
SEIZE THE DAY

GROUP  
FRIENDS OF THE FRIENDLESS  
SEIZE THE DAY

DAVID  
RAISE UP THE TORCH  
AND LIGHT THE WAY

GROUP  
RAISE UP THE TORCH  
AND LIGHT THE WAY

\*

ALL  
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

NEWSIE GROUP #1  
OPEN THE GATES  
AND SEIZE THE DAY

\*

NEWSIE GROUP #2

\*

OPEN THE GATES  
AND SEIZE THE DAY

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

53.

59

CONTINUED: (3)  
NEWSIE GROUP #1  
DON'T BE AFRAID

\*

59



AND DON'T DELAY

NEWSIE GROUP #2

\*

DON'T BE AFRAID  
AND DON'T DELAY

NEWSIE GROUP #1

\*

NOTHING CAN BREAK US  
NO ONE CAN MAKE US  
GIVE OUR RIGHTS  
AWAY

ALL

\*

NEIGHBOR TO NEIGHBOR  
FATHER TO SON  
ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE

59A EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE/GATES - DAY

59A

MUSIC CONTINUES as the gates swing open and wagons loaded with papers, followed by the nervous non-striking Newsies, are revealed. Weasel and the Delanceys carry

\*

clubs...

\*

-- Jack signals and Boots, Race and the boys loose a volley of rotten fruit -- With a shrill cry, the Newsies

\*

rush into the courtyard and leap onto the wagons --

\*

Denton watches nearby, writing it all down. David moves among the ranks of terrified non-striking Newsies, exhorting them --

**DAVID**

Throw down your papers! Join the  
strike! (Etc.)

Many of them do -- ripping up their papers, shouting --

-- The Delanceys slog through a storm of rotten fruit; cornering some Newsies by the wagons. They're raising their clubs when --

-- Paint begins to dribble onto their heads -- they look up and the whole bucket is dumped in their faces by Crutchy. They lunge for him, dripping -- he ducks away, poking at them with his crutch --

-- Jack and the others toss bundle after bundle of papers from the wagons -- they're torn to shreds, tossed in the air -- a blizzard of newsprint and then: **SHRILL POLICE WHISTLES** --

(CONTINUED)

)O(

4/25/91 GREY

54.

\*

59A CONTINUED:  
59A

**JACK**

Cheezit -- the bulls!

The Newsies scatter through the snowstorm of paper as three mounted policemen gallop into the square --

Crutchy, hobbling as fast as he can, falls -- a large hand snatches him up -- Morris, grinning through the paint. But no one notices as --  
The Newsies leap, cheering in triumph, through the drifting shreds of paper, as they vanish in all directions --

59B INT. PULITZER'S OFFICE - MORNING  
59B

He stands at the window with Seitz. Weasel hovers nearby, awestruck in the presence of Pulitzer.

**SEITZ**

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

**WEASEL**

Just give me the means, Mr. Pulitzer. I'll take care of them for you.

Pulitzer turns his godlike gaze on Weasel, who seems to shrink slightly. Pulitzer studies him a moment.

**PULITZER**

(to Seitz)

Give him whatever 'means' he requires, I want this nuisance over and done with.

He looks back down at the square, where Crutchy's crude portrait of him, lying crumpled on the pavement, stares back at him.

60 OMITTED

60  
thru  
thru  
63  
63

64 EXT. HOUSE OF REFUGE - NIGHT  
64

A dark cheerless building looming over an empty street.  
INTO FRAME step Jack and David, Jack with a rope.

**JACK**

The House of Refuge... my home-  
sweet-home...

(CONTINUED)

)O( 4/25/91 GREY

54A.

64 CONTINUED: (A1)

64

He crouch-runs across the street David following  
nervously.

**DAVID**

How can you be sure they sent  
Crutchy here?

(CONTINUED)

GREEN 4/10/91

55.

\*

64 CONTINUED:

64

**JACK**

How can I be sure the Delanceys  
stink -- 'cause that's how things  
work. An orphan gets arrested,  
Snyder gets him sent here to be  
'rehabilitated' --

(lassos a chimneypot  
on the roof)

-- the more kids in the Refuge,  
the more money the city sends to  
take care of 'em, and the more  
Snyder can steal.

(starts climbing)

He's here alright.

David, looking around nervously, starts climbing after  
him.

64A EXT. HOUSE OF REFUGE - ROOF - NIGHT

64A

Jack and David creep along above some large barred  
windows. Jack loops the rope around his waist, swings  
over the edge --

65 EXT./INT. HOUSE OF REFUGE/BUNKROOM - NIGHT

65

David watches from the roof as Jack taps on a window.

An inmate, TENPIN, 9, looks up and grins.

**TENPIN**

Cowboy! Ya miss the joint?

**JACK**

Whattayasay, Tenpin. You got a new guy, Crutchy --

**TENPIN**

The gimp? I'll get him for ya.

Jack takes a railroad spike from his belt and begins prying at the bars, talking conversationally up to David who's terrified someone's going to hear them.

**JACK**

That's Tenpin -- s'posed to get out last Christmas but Snyder keeps tackin' more time on his sentence --

**DAVID**

(shushing frantically)  
Be quiet -- they'll hear you --!

(CONTINUED)

**GREEN 4/10/91**

**56.**

\*

**65 CONTINUED:**

**65**

Crutchy appears, grinning at Jack dangling on the rope.

**CRUTCHY**

Hey, whattaya hangin' around here for? That Dave up there? Hiya, Dave!

David pleads for silence. Jack pries at the bars.

**JACK**

Go get your hat, Crutch -- kiss Snyder good-bye.

**CRUTCHY**

(evasively)

Yeah... hey, shoulda seen me in court today -- old Judge Movealong Monahan hisself! Took him two minutes to move me along to Snyder for 'my own good.'

**JACK**

Later, Crutchy -- get your stuff.

Crutchy stops Jack's hand prying at the bars.

**CRUTCHY**

Listen, Jack... truth is, I ain't walkin' so good. Oscar and Morris kinda worked me over a little...

**JACK**

They hurt you...? Don't worry, we'll carry you --

**CRUTCHY**

(vehemently)

I don't want nobody carryin' me -- never!

Jack looks up: Crutchy's eyes flash with pride. he smiles, softens.

Then

**CRUTCHY**

It ain't so bad here. Get three squares, sorta, and there's some swell fellas...

(up to David)

They still talk about how Jack rode outta here on that coach!

(CONTINUED)

**GREEN 4/10/91**

57.

\*

65 **CONTINUED:**

65

**DAVID**

(sighs; resigned)

Teddy Roosevelt's. Right?

**CRUTCHY**

You already heard the story.

**DAVID**

You mean it's true --?

Crutchy hears something and quickly shushes them: Jack disappears from the window; Crutchy slumps into a bunk and pretends to sleep -- just as Snyder comes into the room. Utter silence --

-- except for Snyder's FOOTSTEPS as he walks slowly down the aisle between the bunks. He stops at the window, his back to it. Crutchy sneaks open his eyes to see --  
-- Jack, behind Snyder, swinging past the window, arms stretched in a balletic arabesque --  
-- Crutchy struggles not to laugh; Tenpin and some others see what's going on. They all fight laughter as --  
-- Jack swings back and forth behind Snyder, striking difference poses as he passes the window: the breast stroke, running on air, a bird with flapping wings...

-- From the roof, David looks down in disbelief: then smiles -- nothing Jack does would surprise him any more.  
-- Snyder glares suspiciously at the boys, sensing something is going on. Behind him, Jack floats past as an angel -- Snyder wheels around, looks --  
-- but the window is empty. Puzzled, he walks out of the room. The instant he's gone, the boys explode in stifled laughter. We MOVE IN ON Crutchy as he laughs until the tears come...

65A EXT. NEARBY STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

65A

Jack and David move down the deserted street.

JACK

Crutchy won't last in there...  
I seen stronger guys than him  
not make it.

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)  
\*

58.

65A CONTINUED:

65A

DAVID

Did you really escape in Teddy  
Roosevelt's coach?

JACK

Not in it. On it.

DAVID

What was he doing at the Refuge?

JACK

Runnin' for governor. Showin'  
his concern, like all pols during  
elections.

DAVID

Teddy's not like other politicians.  
He's the biggest hero in the  
country.

JACK

Anyway, he's there. I see his fancy  
coach waitin' for 'im, so I sneaks on  
top of it. Teddy gets in and he's  
wavin' goodbye, and all the guys are  
wavin' goodbye, and Snyder's wavin'  
-- 'Good-byeeee, Colonel Roosevelt!'  
So just as we're goin' out the gate,  
I stands up and --

(waves)  
'Good-byeeee, Warden Snyder!' It was  
in the papes and everything.

**DAVID**

(laughs; then)  
He's governor now. I don't understand  
how he could see that place and not  
do anything --

**JACK**

He only seen what Snyder wanted him  
to -- good food, everything the  
city pays for that Snyder usually  
steals.

**DAVID**

I'll bet if he just knew -- I mean,  
he's a hero --

**JACK**

Last year he was a hero. This year  
he's a politician.

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2) 58A.

66 OMITTED 66  
thru  
thru  
69 69

70 **EXT. WORLD COURTYARD - EARLY MORNING** 70  
Weasel moves down a line of frightened young scab  
newsies clutching their papers. He stops in front of --  
  
-- a burly THUG, 20s, and behind him two dozen more, all  
clutching newspapers.

**WEASEL**  
Okay, 'newsies' -- you check the  
funny papers this morning?

The Thugs unfold their paper -- inside are clubs, chains,  
brass knuckles, saps. In the distance, we hear MUSIC  
BEGIN: the marching pulse of the strike anthem...

(CONTINUED)

GREEN 4/10/91 59.

70 **CONTINUED:** 70  
**THUG #1**  
Before we bust faces, we want our  
\*  
money.

Weasel puts money in their hands as they file past. The

\*

MUSIC is BUILDING and --

\*

71 **EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - MORNING**

71

SONG: SEIZE THE DAY explodes into full energy as Jack and David lead the Newsies across the square towards the gates.

**THE 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!**

As the Newsies converge on the gates --

72 **EXT. GATES - MORNING**

72

The gates swing open and the young scab newsies file nervously out -- cannon fodder -- as our Newsies line up and wait for them. David leads a chant --

**DAVID**

Join us! Join us! etc.

Some of the scabs decide fast -- they throw down their papers and run to the Newsies where they're welcomed with cheers and handshakes -- but then --

**JACK**

(sees something)

Look out -- !

A WAGON is ROARING out of the gates full-speed -- barrel-

\*

ling towards the line of Newsies --

\*

-- the Newsies scatter -- the line breaks as the WAGON ROARS through, and right behind it is --

-- the army of Thugs, charging through the gates with clubs and chains waving --

**(CONTINUED)**

**GREEN 4/10/91**

60.

\*

72 **CONTINUED:**

72

-- dozens of scattered battles break out as the Newsies



fight back as best they can --

Denton watches at the edge of the square -- nearby him are six POLICEMEN, also watching, doing nothing.

**DENTON**

Why don't you stop this -- ?

**COP (POLICEMAN)**

(looks at him  
coldly)

You better move along, mister...

Denton turns, picks up something -- a large camera and tripod. He moves off quickly --

-- scattered skirmishes all over the square -- clubs swing, fists flail -- the Thugs move the Newsies back, trying to box them in --

-- Weasel and the Delanceys, backed up by other Thugs, are forcing Jack, David, Race, Mush, Boots and Blink into a tight circle. The boys fight back as best they can, dodging the brutal clubs and saps. As the circle tightens, Weasel's eyes are gleaming with gloat --

**WEASEL**

Strike's over, boys.

Something seems to sting him in the neck -- he slaps at it as if at a mosquito. Then other Thugs begin slapping -- all over the square, Thugs are slapping and looking around in puzzlement -- then --  
-- the BELL CLANGS as it's hit by a good-sized stone.

Jack looks up as David points excitedly to the roofs where --

-- It's Brooklyn to the rescue: Spot Conlon's gang is pelting the Thugs with volleys from their slingshots -- and Spot himself is swinging through the air on a chain hoist into the square. He grins as Jack runs up --

**SPOT**

So, ya showed me! Now I'll show  
you what Brooklyn can do --!

The Thugs retreat from the merciless slingshots -- Jack rallies his Newsies and leads a screaming charge as the Thugs hurry behind the gates, closing them. Jack and Spot spit in their palms, shake hands as --

**(CONTINUED)**

**GREEN 4/10/91**

**61/62.**

**72 CONTINUED: (2)**  
**72**

**\***

MUSICAL REPRISE: "SEIZE THE DAY" begins again; jubilant, victorious --

**SKITTERY  
NOW IS THE TIME TO**

Jack leaps on a loose horse, pulls David up and they lead an impromptu victory parade.

ALL  
SEIZE THE DAY

**RACETRACK  
SEND OUT THE CALL AND**

The police fade away; Spectators who have watched it all begin to applaud. Many throw coins, bills, or show other signs of support...

ALL  
SEIZE THE DAY

**BUMLETS  
WRONGS WILL BE RIGHTED  
ALL**

**SEIZE THE DAY**

**PIE EATER  
WHEN WE'RE UNITED**

ALL  
**SEIZE THE DAY SEIZE THE DAY  
SEIZE THE DAY SEIZE THE DAY  
SEIZE THE DAY SEIZE THE DAY  
SEIZE THE DAY SEIZE THE DAY**

73 **OMITTED**  
73

74 **EXT. ROOFTOP OVERLOOKING SQUARE -- DAY**  
74

Denton flashes a photo as MUSIC ENDS and we see --

75 **INT. SUN - PRESS ROOM - DAY**  
75

The front page of The Sun SPINS OFF the press -- a big headline: "THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE" and a large picture of the Newsies, with Jack very prominent. We hear EXCITED CHEERING as we GO TO --

76 **INT. NEWSPAPERMEN'S RESTAURANT - DAY**  
76

A boisterous and happy celebration as dozens of Newsies snatch copies of The Sun from Denton as he passes them out --

**(CONTINUED)**

76 CONTINUED:  
76

-- Waiters bring trays of sasparilla and cold cuts --  
everybody talks at once --

\*

**RACETRACK**

Lookit this --  
just lookit this,  
willya -- ?

**SPOT**

Where's me pitch'a?  
Where's me pitch'a?

**BOOTS**

All them words --  
are they all about  
us -- ?

**MUSH**

Lookit Jack -- he  
looks like a general  
or sumpin'!

**SPOT**

Where's me name?  
Where's it say me  
name?

**DAVID**

Listen! Listen up, everybody -- !  
(reads)  
'Like a small but rising storm,  
the infant newsboys' union  
continues to gather force -- '

Loud cheers.

**MUSH**

Hey, ya write sweet, Denton -- real  
sweet.

Denton smiles; Jack is in the center, trying to keep  
cool.

**DAVID**

(reading)  
'Their leader is a child of the  
New York streets with a red bandana  
and a golden tongue, Jack Kelly -- '

**JACK**

Where's it say that...?

**SPOT**

Stop t'inkin' about yaself and let  
'im read!

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

63.

76 CONTINUED:

76

**DAVID**

(reading)

'The latest clash demonstrates that the publishers might do well to reconsider their strategy of just waiting out the strike -- '

(to Denton)

\*

That's their plan? To just wait us out?

(CONTINUED)

GREEN 4/10/91

64.

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

**DENTON**

You're kids. They think you'll get tired, or bored, or maybe just too hungry. And with my colleagues on the other dailies not allowed to cover you --

He looks pointedly at a group of reporters leaving the restaurant, shame-facedly averting their eyes.

**DENTON**

-- They can just ignore you until you go away.

**JACK**

We ain't goin' away. We'll never go away.

**DAVID**

That's what we gotta show 'em -- we gotta do somethin' they can't ignore, somethin' big --

**JACK**

We'll do it up big, all right -- We'll show 'em we ain't tired, or

\*

bored, and the hungrier we get, the more we fight --

(as Denton starts writing)

We'll have a rally -- every Newsie

\*

in New York -- and we're gonna send

\*

a message: there's a lot of us and

we ain't goin' away -- we'll keep  
fightin' until doomsday if it means  
gettin' what's ours!

His eloquence is spellbinding; the Newsies are silent,  
looking at him with new respect. Then, from somewhere,  
there is a smattering of APPLAUSE. They look to see --

-- At the door, the group of reporters applauding --  
guilty applause maybe, but still applause. One of them  
takes a dollar and puts it in the box marked NEWSIES  
STRIKE FUND -- another follows suit, then another, and  
another...

Jack and the Newsies watch -- then Jack begins to applaud  
the reporters. The Newsies join in, clapping, whistling,  
as the reporters hurry out, feeling a little better about  
themselves.

)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2)

65.

77 INT. HOUSE OF REFUGE - SNYDER'S OFFICE - DAY

77

SNYDER pops a messy éclair in his mouth -- from a large  
platter of them -- as he glances at the New York Sun.  
Crutchy, with a featherduster, is eyeing the éclairs  
when he sees the picture in the Sun.

**CRUTCHY**

That's Jack -- ! Hey, he looks  
just like hisself!

Snyder looks at the picture: instant recognition.

**SNYDER**

You know this boy...?

**CRUTCHY**

Him? Nah.

**SNYDER**

(smarmy smile)

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

**CRUTCHY**

I never seen the guy, honest.

(hits his head with  
his palm)

This brain of mine, always makin'  
mistakes. Got a mind of its own.

He hobbles out quickly. Snyder looks at him, eyes  
narrowing.

78 OMITTED

78

thru  
thru  
90

90

90A INT. IRVING HALL - WINGS - DAY  
90A

A juggler struggles on stage. Medda, waiting to go on, checks her makeup as Jack and David talk to her.

**MEDDA**

Darlings, I love you -- I wish

\*

you luck on your rally, I am behind

\*

you one hundred percent. But I'm not running a union hall here -- this is a theater, a temple of art. And well-known money pit.

**JACK**

We got money, Medda. Some, anyway.

(CONTINUED)

)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2)  
\*

66.

90A CONTINUED:  
90A

David sees him take money out of the Prince Albert can.

**DAVID**

We'll take a collection at the door. We'll pay whatever you ask.

**MEDDA**

It's not the money. I depend on the papers. They write good things about me, the customers flock here like sheep. They give me the pan, I'm the one who gets sheared.

**DAVID**

You're afraid of them, too...

**JACK**

Medda's gotta look out for herself same as anybody. We'll find another place.

**DAVID**

How can they make a whole city afraid? We're the ones putting our necks on the line -- all we need is for somebody to have the

guts to stand up and show them we're not alone!

**MEDDA**

They have the power to destroy people...

**DAVID**

They can't destroy you if you fight them -- only if you let them own you!

**MEDDA**

(softly)

You are so young...

She looks back out at the stage; Jack pulls David away. Then --

**MEDDA**

Got to be on Monday night. I'm dark on Monday nights.

Jack looks at her, smiles. He tries to put his money in her hand: she refuses it.

(CONTINUED)

)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2)

66A.

90A CONTINUED: (2)

90A

**JACK**

Take it, Medda. Please...?  
(as she does,  
reluctantly)  
Thanks.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

**MEDDA**

Don't thank me. Thank Mr. Wisenheimer Guilt-maker of 1899 there.

She winks at David and moves off to the stage. Stricken to the core, David watches her begin to sing. \*

)O( 4/25/91 GREY

67.

\*

91 INT. NEWSIES' LODGING HOUSE - NIGHT

91

Mush painstakingly charcoals "NEWSIES RALLY -- IRVING HALL" on a piece of cardboard. Newsies are scattered in the lobby making handbills, signs, posters. Kloppman comes in and stops short, seeing a dark figure at his counter, going through his register.

**KLOPPMAN**

Can I help you?  
The figure turns -- Snyder smiles his smarmy smile.

**SNYDER**

Do you have a 'Jack Kelly'  
registered here? I wish to see  
him.

The boys look up, alert. Kloppman dislikes Snyder on  
sight.

**KLOPPMAN**

'Jack Kelly...?' Any of you boys  
know a 'Jack Kelly'?

**SNIPESHOOTER**

Unusual name for these  
parts.

**SKITTERY**

I knew a Jack somebody once.  
Prob'ly not the same guy.

**RACETRACK**

You mean Jack Kelly -- ?

Behind Snyder, they see Jack bouncing in the front door.  
Racetrack tries to signal him --

**RACETRACK**

-- He was here but he put an egg  
in his shoe and beat it.

Jack sees Snyder -- but instead of running back out the  
door, he can't resist mocking him behind his back. The  
Newsies snicker; Kloppman is dying.

**SNYDER**

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

**KLOPPMAN**

Oh, dear me... dangerous? My  
files are in the rear -- this way,  
please.

(CONTINUED)

)O( 4/25/91 GREY  
\*

68.

91 CONTINUED:  
91

He tries to move Snyder away, silently imploring Jack to  
go -- but Jack takes his time, picks up a leaflet, elabo-  
rately approves it, pockets it and strolls out, blowing  
good night kisses. The Newsies crack up -- Snyder wheels  
around suspiciously. Racetrack thrusts a leaflet in his  
face.



**RACETRACK**

(palm extended)

Give to the Newsies strike fund,  
mista?

Snyder tries to look around the leaflet -- then it catches his eye: "RALLY AGAINST PULITZER." He takes it thoughtfully, making a connection. Smiling dangerously, he digs out a penny and drops it in the surprised Racetrack's hand.

92 **OMITTED**

92

&

&

93

93

94 **EXT. DAVID'S BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - EARLY MORNING**

94

The orange glow of a sunrise is reflected in the window. Sarah appears inside, in a modest nightgown. She opens the window and breathes in the morning air. Then she sees Jack hunched against the wall on the fire escape, shivering.

**SARAH**

(startled)

Did you sleep there?      Why didn't  
you wake us up?

**JACK**

Didn't wanna disturb nobody...  
anyway, it's like the Waldorf out  
here... great view, cool air --

She glances back in the apartment.

**SARAH**

Go up on the roof.

She pops back inside.      He shrugs, climbs onto --

95 **EXT. ROOF - MORNING**

95

Jack stretches, shadow-boxes:      something crackles in his  
pocket -- the rally leaflet.

**(CONTINUED)**

95 CONTINUED:  
95

He's looking at it thoughtfully as Sarah climbs up behind him in a shawl, with a bundle. She sees the leaflet.

**SARAH**

It's all getting so big. The family's very worried about the boys. And you, too.

**JACK**

Your mom and pop are worried about me...?

**SARAH**

(shyly)  
The whole family...

She unfolds the bundle to reveal a breakfast of bread and milk. He digs in hungrily.

**SARAH**

David says you're moving away when the strike's over. To Santa Fe. I've never been out of the city.

**JACK**

(chewing)  
You'd like it out there -- they got this big yellow desert and the air's real blue, see, from the sky, and the sun, it's bigger out there.

**SARAH**

(smiles)  
It's the same sun as here.

**JACK**

No. No, it ain't...  
(beat)  
Not that I been there or nothin'.

**SARAH**

Guess your parents wrote you about it. Bet you can't wait to see them again.

**JACK**

(looks away)  
Sure... big family reunion. Soon's I get the dough for train fare.

**SARAH**

David said you spent all your money to rent the theater.

(CONTINUED)

)O( 4/25/91 GREY  
\*

69A.

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

**JACK**

Sounds like you and Dave don't do nothin' but talk about me.

**SARAH**

We do not.

**JACK**

Not that I blame you -- me bein' such an interestin' guy and all --

**SARAH**

(smiles)

Are you...?

They're smiling, their faces close; for an instant, a kiss seems inevitable. But suddenly a gust of wind catches the leaflet and sails it off the rooftop. Jack lunges for it -- knocking over the milk, squashing the bread with his elbow. He looks up at her sheepishly.

**JACK**

What'd I tell ya -- interestin', right?

Sarah giggles. The leaflet gyrates in the wind as we  
GO TO --

96 INT. PULITZER'S OFFICE - DAY

96

Another leaflet reading "RALLY AGAINST PULITZER" (the one Snyder took at Kloppman's) is in Pulitzer's hands as he listens to MAYOR VAN WYCK, very nervous. Nearby is **POLICE CHIEF DEVERY**.

**MAYOR**

(sweating)

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

**CHIEF**

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

Pulitzer looks as if he knows something they don't.

PINK 3/28/91

70.

96 CONTINUED:

96

**PULITZER**

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

**MAYOR**

An escaped criminal...?

**PULITZER**

A fugitive from one of your prisons, Mayor -- a convicted thief who's been at large for some time under the alias of 'Jack Kelly.' His real name is...?

Snyder slinks out of a corner, humble in such august company.

**SNYDER**

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

**PULITZER**

You know Warden Snyder, don't you, Mayor? I believe you appointed him.

The Mayor nods ruefully; not one of his best appointments.

**MAYOR**

If this boy is a fugitive, then the chief can quietly arrest him and --

**PULITZER**

Not quietly -- I want an example made. I want this rabble he's roused to see what happens to those who dare to -- well, they should see justice in action.

**MAYOR**

Arrest him at the rally? But...

**PULITZER**

By the way, Mayor, I'm having a few friends for cards that night -- newspaper friends, Willie Hearst, Gordon Bennett. Perhaps you'll join us -- we can talk

about the coming election.

(CONTINUED)

4/19/91 CHERRY

71.

\*

96 CONTINUED: (2)  
96

**MAYOR**

(too eager)

I'd be honored... thank you.

Pulitzer dismisses them and they start out, Snyder oozing backwards, the Mayor now all business with Chief Devery.

**MAYOR**

Chief, when you arrest this Kelly,  
you'd better go in force -- in  
case some of his misguided friends  
should start any trouble.

As they go, Pulitzer picks up his magnifying glass and examines the leaflet. We CUT AWAY as he stares through the glass so he seems to be looking at --

97 OMITTED

97

&

98

98

&

99 EXT. IRVING HALL - BOOTS' EXCITED FACE - NIGHT

99

Boots FILLS the SCREEN as he shouts --

**BOOTS**

Extry, extry -- Newsies take Noo  
Yawk!

Swarms of excited Newsies engulf Boots as he pretends to hawk the imaginary headline. They cascade toward the entrance where Jack and David shake hands, slap backs as they flow past. Kloppman goes past, then Denton. Sarah and Les are nearby.

**JACK**

Hey, Denton -- sit down front!  
You're the guest of honor!

**DENTON**

(shakes his head)  
I'm working press tonight.  
(looks around)  
The only working press. As usual.

**DAVID**

As long as you keep writing about us, they're gonna know we exist.

**99A INT. THEATER**  
**99A**

Boys swarm into the seats, filling the theater -- down front, the pit band plays a spirited tune.

**4/19/91 CHERRY**

**72.**

**100 OMITTED**

**100**

**101 INT. PULITZER'S MANSION - NIGHT (SUDDEN SILENCE)**

**101**

**\***

as a butler passes cigars in a silver humidor to five men in formal clothes around a table as Pulitzer breaks the seal on a deck of cards. The Mayor is next to him. The room is cavernous, austere.

**PULITZER**

You know the boys, Mayor -- Mr. Bennett of The Tribune, Mr. Taylor of The Times, of course you know Mr. Hearst -- and this is a new member of our little group, Mr. Gammon, who just came back from Europe...

GAMMON, a portly fop in muttonchops, shakes the Mayor's hand.

**PULITZER**

**\***

Mr. Gammon owns The New York Sun.

**\***

They all light cigars as Pulitzer begins to deal.

**102 OMITTED**

**102**

**103 INT. IRVING HALL - NIGHT**

**103**

**\***

The place is packed. The band plays and a thundering

cheer goes up as Jack, David, and Spot Conlon leap on the stage. Jack raises his hand and the noise subsides, the band stops. Everybody looks at Jack -- expectant silence. He lets it build for a moment, then --

**JACK**

Carryin' the banner!

**AUDIENCE**

(a roar)

Carryin' the banner!

The noise threatens to blow the roof off the theater as we see --

104 OMITTED  
&  
105

104  
&  
105

4/19/91 CHERRY

73.

\*

105A EXT. NEARBY STREET - NIGHT

105A

A column of mounted police clip-clop down the cobblestones. The CHEERING from the theater, blocks away, is FAINT in the night air...

106 INT. IRVING HALL - NIGHT

106

The noise subsides and Jack speaks.

**JACK**

We come a long way but we ain't there yet -- and maybe it's only gonna get tougher from now on! That means we get tougher too --  
(as a huge roar goes up)

-- it also means we get smarter! That's why we're gonna listen to my pal David and stop soakin' the scabs --

**SEVERAL IN CROWD**

No! They asked for it -- etc.

**RACETRACK**

Whatta we s'pose to do -- kiss 'em?

**JACK**

I personally wouldn't go that far, Race.

**SPOT**

(jumping up)

Any scab I see, I soak 'em -- period!

**DAVID**

That's just what they want you to do -- so they can say we're just thugs --

**SPOT**

I don't care what they say -- some of us ain't made to just take it!

I say anybody hurts us, we hurts  
them worst! Who's with me?

A large faction roars in agreement; arguments break out  
as --

**BY ENTRANCE DOORS**

Sarah stands next to Denton and Kloppman. Behind them,  
the door cracks and in slides Snyder. Kloppman sees him  
and whispers urgently to Denton, who starts moving after  
him.

(CONTINUED)

)T( 5/15/91 GREEN (2)

74.

106 CONTINUED:  
BACK TO SCENE

106

Loud voices, fists starting to fly, chaos --

**JACK**

That's right -- start fightin'  
each other! Prove what the big  
shots say is true -- we're street  
rats with no brains and no respect  
for nothin' -- includin' ourselves!

(as they quieten)

Here's how it is: we don't stick  
together, we're nothin'. We don't  
trust each other, we're nothin'.  
We don't act together, we're nothin'  
-- and we might as well go back  
to the streets where we belong.  
What's it gonna be?

(looks at Spot)

Whattaya say, Spot?

**SPOT**

I say --

He looks out at the crowd; the expectant faces, waiting,  
afraid it's all going to fall apart. Then back at Jack.

**SPOT**

I say... what you say... I say!

Spits in his palm and they shake. A huge roar goes up  
and the boys thrust their hands up in triumph -- but  
the applause isn't for them but for the curtain rising  
behind them revealing the dazzling vision of Medda,  
who walks smiling downstage and begins --

\*

(CONTINUED)



106 CONTINUED: (2)  
106

**MEDDA**

(sings)

HIGH TIMES, HARD TIMES  
SOMETIMES THE LIVIN' IS  
SWEET  
AND SOMETIMES THERE'S  
NOTHIN' TO EAT  
BUT I ALWAYS LANDS ON MY  
FEET  
SO WHEN THERE'S DRY TIMES  
I WAIT FOR HIGH TIMES AND THEN  
I PUTS ON MY BEST  
AND I STICKS OUT MY CHEST  
AND I'M OFF TO THE RACES  
AGAIN

**MEDDA**

Hiya, Newsies -- what's new?  
They roar; Racetrack's on his feet --

**RACETRACK**

Hey, Medda, anytime you're off to  
the races, remember -- I got all  
the winners!

**MEDDA**

You're all winners here tonight,  
Racetrack. Just being with you  
makes me feel kinda extra extra.

**MUSH**

("fainting")

I'm dead, I'm in Heaven --  
somebody gimme a harp!

**MEDDA**

But you never know what life will  
bring. Over the years, I've  
developed quite an outlook --

**KID BLINK**

Oooo, lookout for that outlook!

**MEDDA**

And all kinds of people are always  
asking my advice, well, for  
instance --

(CONTINUES -- SONG)

(CONTINUED)

)S( 5/10/91 YELLOW (2)  
\*

A75A.

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

**MEDDA**

(sings)

MY GOOD FRIEND THE MAYOR,  
HE CALLS ME TODAY  
SAYS ALL THE VOTERS IS  
TURNING AWAY  
'HELP ME,' HE CRIES, 'OR  
THEY'LL GIVE ME THE AX!'  
I SAYS, 'YOUR HONOR, YOUSE  
GOT TO RELAX.'

**EVERYBODY!**

**ALL**

HIGH TIMES, HARD TIMES  
SOMETIMES THE LIVIN' IS  
SWEET  
AND SOMETIMES THERE'S  
NOTHIN' TO EAT  
BUT I ALWAYS LANDS ON MY  
FEET  
SO WHEN THERE'S DRY TIMES  
I WAIT FOR HIGH TIMES AND THEN  
I PUTS ON MY BEST  
AND I STICKS OUT MY CHEST  
AND I'M OFF TO THE RACES  
AGAIN

Medda moves through the crowd:

**MEDDA**

You boys sing as sweet as  
songbirds.

**MUSH**

Lookit me, I'm a bird, I'm flyin',  
I'm flyin' --

**KID BLINK**

It's a beautiful, Medda, I tellya,  
I never heard such beautiful!

**BOOTS**

(offering a blue  
marble)

My prettiest one, Medda --  
it's like your eyes.

**MEDDA**

(moved; kisses him)

Thank you, Boots. Would you keep  
it for me? For luck?

Boots beams happily as she moves to --

(CONTINUED)

)S( 5/10/91 YELLOW (2)  
75A/75B. \*

106 CONTINUED: (4)

106

**RACETRACK**

Medda, whattayasay -- you and me,  
Saratoga. We catch the races,  
maybe a nightclub --

(off her expression)

I'm dreamin', huh? It's some  
other guy -- right?

**MEDDA**

I'm afraid so, Race...

She turns to a little boy and sings --

**MEDDA**

(sings)

SO YOUR OLD LADY DON'T LOVE  
YOU NO MORE  
SO YOU'RE AFRAID THERE'S A  
WOLF AT YOUR DOOR  
SO YOU GOT STREET RATS WHAT  
SCREAMS IN YOUR EAR

The boys boo and hiss.

**MEDDA**

YOU WIN SOME, YOU LOSE  
SOME, MY DEAR  
ALL  
IT'S HIGH TIMES, HARD TIMES  
SOMETIMES THE LIVIN' IS  
SWEET  
AND SOMETIMES THERE'S  
NOTHIN' TO EAT  
BUT I ALWAYS LANDS ON MY  
FEET  
SO WHEN THERE'S DRY TIMES  
I WAIT FOR HIGH TIMES AND  
THEN I PUTS ON MY BEST  
AND I STICKS OUT MY CHEST  
AND I'M OFF TO THE RACES  
AGAIN  
I PUTS ON MY BEST  
AND I STICKS OUT MY CHEST  
AND I'M OFF TO THE RACES  
AGAIN!

Medda and dance girls start it but the boys quickly join in -- belting out the lyrics with one great swelling voice, together, celebrating --

)S( 5/10/91 YELLOW (2) A75C.

107 EXT. IRVING HALL - NIGHT 107

The happy song roars inside the theater as the mounted police begin to form a half-circle around the entrance. A paddy wagon clops up and some foot police dismount, among them Officer MacSwain whom we met before.

108 OMITTED 108  
thru thru  
111 111

4/8/91 YELLOW 75C.

111A EXT. IRVING HALL/STAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT 111A

Weasel, the Delanceys, roll up in two wagons, each filled with club bearing goons.

4/19/91 CHERRY 76.

112 INT. IRVING HALL - NIGHT 112

The SONG fills the hall as Jack, happy and proud, sees Sarah smiling at him, reaches out his hand and pulls her on stage. David is watching this when someone signals him -- Denton, who points his finger at -- Snyder edging closer to Jack, checking the time on his pocket watch. He has something in his hand -- a tin police whistle. He puts it to his lips and is about to blow it when Denton moves up behind him and --

**DENTON**

Aren't you Warden Snyder?

Snyder nearly swallows the whistle --

**DENTON**

I'm Denton of The Sun. I've heard about your work with young people. I wonder if you'd agree to an interview?

Snyder blinks at him, glances at his watch, then lowers his police whistle, smiling modestly.

**ON STAGE**

David tries to move to Jack to warn him but Race and the others have formed a chorus line and drag him into it. David shouts over the song --

**DAVID**

Jack -- you've gotta get out of

here! Snyder!  
(as Jack cups  
his ear)  
Snyder!

Jack can't hear over the song but Snyder does --

**DENTON**

(interviewing)

Is it Snyder as in 'snide'?

Furious, Snyder blows the police whistle for all he's worth. Instantly police burst in from every door -- all converging on Jack. Immediately he leaps off the stage into the arms of several boys below -- then fights his way out the front door --

113 **OMITTED** 113

**4/19/91 CHERRY** 77.

114 **EXT. IRVING HALL/FRONT - NIGHT** 114

Jack rushes out and slides to a stop --

-- the mounted police form a half-circle cutting him off -- and from behind them, Weasel, the Delanceys, and the Thugs move through the horses towards him. Jack has no choice -- he turns and races back into --

114A **INT. THEATER**

114A

Jack darts past the cops back down the aisle where --

Snyder is waiting for him at the foot of the stage, crouched like a football player. As he starts to pounce on Jack --

**(CONTINUED)**

**PINK 3/28/91** 78.

114A **CONTINUED:**

114A

-- David flies off the stage onto his back -- Snyder stumbles around as David hangs on in a wild piggyback ride. A cop pulls him off and hurls him to the floor -- -- Sarah screams, seeing what's happened to David -- Les, sobbing, kicks furiously at the cop's leg. Sarah pulls her little brother away as --

-- Weasel and his thugs burst in the doors, clubs swinging. The Newsies scatter, try to escape -- but at

each exit door more cops are moving in --

-- Denton, horrified, shouts at the cops to stop -- a thug cracks him on the head and he staggers, bloodied...

-- Spot, Race, Boots dart into the wings and start working the pull ropes --

-- Cops converge on Jack at the foot of the stage, backing away, he leaps on stage desperately looking around when he hears behind him --

**WEASEL**

Show's over, Cowboy.

He turns to see Weasel and the Delanceys grinning at him, clubs in their hands. They start toward him and suddenly disappear -- straight down the trap door that's suddenly opened beneath their feet. Jack sees Spot at a lever in the wings --

**RACETRACK**

Curtain goin' up, Jack -- !

Race and Boots jerk the ropes of the fire curtain and Jack leaps for it as it starts to rise --

**BOOTS**

Try to reach the skylight -- !

Cops leap for Jack's legs as he rises above them heading up into the flies. He hangs on, thrusts one fist into the air and shouts --

**JACK**

Carryin' the banner!

In the theater, the battered Newsies cheer, heartened. Cops are trying to herd them out --

-- David cheers, pulls for Jack as he watches him rise -- Officer MacSwain has David by the arm -- suddenly --

**(CONTINUED)**

)S( 5/10/91 YELLOW (2) 79.  
\*

**114A CONTINUED: (2) 114A**  
-- Weasel, climbing out of the trap, hurls his cudgel -- it sails end over end and --

-- Hits Jack in the side -- he plummets into the mass of cops and is engulfed in blue uniforms.

**114B IN WINGS 114B**  
David, chased by MacSwain, races across the stage and up the dressing room stairs. MacSwain nabs him, they're

struggling; suddenly, at the top of the stairs --

**MEDDA**

(the grand lady)

Unhand that boy this instant!

(as MacSwain looks  
up, startled)

I said hands off the kid, you red-  
faced baboon! Get out of my  
theater -- out, out, out, out,  
out!

David twists away as MacSwain backs stumblingly down the  
stairs as Medda descends on him in full fury.

**MEDDA**

If you're tired of beating up  
children, maybe you'd like to try  
a lady next.

Confused and intimidated, the Irish cop looks at her --  
then ducks his head shamefacedly and moves away.

**MEDDA**

Run, David, hurry --

**DAVID**

They got Jack --

**MEDDA**

You can't help him if you're in  
jail, too! You were right, David  
-- you've got to keep fighting  
them -- always.

(kisses him)

Now go. Please.

David looks at her, very moved, then goes. She turns  
back to her theater -- the sounds of the melee sweep over  
her. She watches, tears welling in her eyes...

115      **OMITTED**      115

)T(      **5/15/91 GREEN (2)**      **A79A.**

116      **INT. COURTROOM - MORNING**      116

A dingy room filled with dusty light.      A BAILIFF  
announces --

**BAILIFF**

Awrise, awrise, court is now in  
session, Judge E.A. Monahan  
presiding.

Weasel is in the gallery as JUDGE MOVEALONG MONAHAN,  
hungover, winding a pocket watch, takes the bench and  
glances down at a group of battered Newsies, including  
Spot, Race, and Boots.

**MONAHAN**

Any of you represented by counsel?  
No? Good. That'll move things  
along considerably.

David sees Denton come in, a neat bandage on his head.

**SPOT**

Judge Movealong, ya honor, I object.

**MONAHAN**

On what grounds?

**SPOT**

(proudly)

On the grounds of Brooklyn, ya honor!

The Newsies congratulate Spot. Monahan gavels.

**MONAHAN**

I fine you each five dollars or  
two weeks confinement in --

**RACETRACK**

Five bucks! We ain't got five  
cents!

**DENTON**

(standing)

I'll pay the fines. All of them.

**JUDGE**

Pay the clerk. Next.

The Newsies mob Denton boisterously.

\*

**ALL**

\*

Thanks, I owe ya, you're a right  
guy, Denton, etc.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

)T( 5/15/91 GREEN (2)

79A/80.

\*

116 CONTINUED:

116

**DENTON**

(subdued)

Meet me at the restaurant, all of  
you. We have to talk.

**RACETRACK**

Talk and eat, right? On you, huh,  
pal?

They laugh and clap his shoulders as he looks uncomfort-  
able. Suddenly David gasps, seeing Jack led out in  
shackles, his face bruised and swollen. Everybody  
stares, horrified.

**JACK**



Hiya, fellas! Hey, Denton --  
guess we made all the papes this  
time, huh? How'd my picture look?

**DENTON**

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

Jack is stunned, David bewildered, as Denton turns  
abruptly and leaves the courtroom. The Bailiff shoves  
Jack in front of the bench. Snyder slips in from a side  
door.

**BAILIFF**

Case of Jack Kelly, inciting to  
riot, assault, resisting arrest.

**SNYDER**

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

**JACK**

(mock surprise)  
You two know each other? Ain't  
that nice.

(CONTINUED)

)O( 4/25/91 GREY  
\*

81.

116 CONTINUED: (2)  
116

**MONAHAN**

Just move it along, Warden Snyder.

**SNYDER**

This boy's real name is Francis  
Sullivan; mother deceased; father a  
convict in the state penitentiary --

David, the Newsies, are stunned as Snyder continues.

**SNYDER**

He is currently an escapee from the  
House of Refuge, where his original  
sentence of three months for theft  
was extended six months for  
disruptive behavior --

**JACK**

-- Like demandin' you give us the  
food you steal from us --

**SNYDER**

-- Followed by an additional six  
months for an attempted escape --

**JACK**

(fighting tears)

-- Last time wasn't no attempt,  
remember, Snyder? Me and Teddy  
Roosevelt wavin' bye-bye --

**SNYDER**

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

**JACK**

-- For my own good, right,  
Movealong? -- and for what Snyder  
kicks back to ya --

**SNYDER**

-- And that the court order his  
incarceration until the age of  
twenty-one --

**DAVID/NEWSIES**

(on their feet)

No! You can't do that!

No! Etc.

**SNYDER**

-- In the hope that we  
may yet guide him to a  
useful and productive  
life.

**MONAHAN**

So ordered. Next.

The Newsies shout angrily as Jack is led away,  
struggling. Weasel slips out the door, smiling.

)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2)

82.

\*

117 OMITTED

117

&

118

118

&

119 INT. NEWSPAPERMAN'S RESTAURANT - DAY

119

David, Spot, Race, Mush, Boots, Blink pick dispiritedly  
at a plate of knockwurst. Les, hungry as always,  
finishes a large sausage and takes another as he listens.

**KID BLINK**

He won't be there long -- the jail  
ain't built that Jack can't bust  
outta.

**BOOTS**

They're buildin' some mighty good  
jails these days...

**RACETRACK**

So where's Denton?

**DAVID**

He said he'd be here.

(beat)

We can't let this stop us. We gotta keep the strike going, just like Jack was here.

**MUSH**

(the sad truth)

Yeah, but Jack ain't here.

**RACETRACK**

We know that, genius -- if he was here, he'd be tellin' us what to do when he ain't here.

**SPOT**

(gets up)

You bummers is givin' me a headache.

**DAVID**

Where you goin'? We need you.

Spot sighs: he hates having to explain the obvious.

**SPOT**

Nachally Spot Conlon is needed wherever -- which right now is Brooklyn. Some of my boys is worried, I must give ear to their concerns --

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2)

82A.

119 CONTINUED: (A1)

119

**SPOT (CONT'D)**

(slams fist in his palm)

-- and reassure them.

As he starts out, he passes Denton, coming in. Denton hardly notices him as he moves up to the table and is greeted (AD LIB) by the boys. He seems grim, bitter.

**DAVID**

Why didn't The Sun print the story?

**DENTON**

Because it never happened.

**DAVID/ALL**

Never happened; whattaya mean? Etc.

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)  
\*

83.

119 CONTINUED:

119

**DENTON**

If it's not in the papers, then  
it never happened. The owners  
decreed that it not be in the  
papers, therefore...

(beat)

I just came to tell you fellows  
goodbye.

They exchange puzzled looks. David sees Denton's  
expression.

**DAVID**

Denton, what's happened -- you get  
fired or somethin'?

Denton forces a breezy tone.

**DENTON**

Reassigned -- back to my old job  
as The Sun's ace war correspondent.  
The owner thinks I should be  
covering only the 'really important'  
stories. So wish me luck, boys.  
At least half what I wish you.

(to David)

They don't always fire you, David.

He moves off; David, stunned, hurries after him.

**DAVID**

They bought you off... didn't they?  
Didn't they!

**DENTON**

They could've blackballed me from  
every paper in the country. I'm  
a newspaperman, I have to have a  
paper to write for.

He looks at David; hurt, betrayed, angry; wishes there  
was more he could say. He hands him something from his  
coat.

**DENTON**

This is the story I wrote about  
the rally. I want you to read  
it at least.

He hands it to David and goes. David returns to the  
others, angrily crumpling the story and hurling it onto  
the table. The boys look puzzled; Les, still eating

the sausage, picks up the story and looks at it curiously.

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

84.

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

DAVID

\*

(decisively)

\*

We bust Jack out of the Refuge

\*

tonight. From now on, we depend

\*

on nobody but the Newsies.

\*

119A OMITTED

119A

119B EXT. HOUSE OF REFUGE/WALL - NIGHT

119B

David leads Spot, Blink, Boots, Mush, Race as they crouch and creep along the wall. Spot carries a rope. David looks up, searching for a window. Indicates one.

DAVID

That's where we saw Crutchy...

He starts to throw up the rope when Boots hisses from the corner, beckoning furiously. They hurry over and peek around the corner to see --

120 EXT. HOUSE OF REFUGE - COURTYARD - NIGHT

120

A carriage is waiting. The boys watch as a door opens and two figures emerge. One is Snyder, the other is Jack. They get into the carriage and it starts toward the boys -- who quickly duck out of sight as it CLIP-CLOPS past and enters the street.

MUSH

Where they takin' him...?

DAVID

One way to find out. Meet me back at the square!

David runs after the carriage, leaping onto its back. He flashes the high-sign to the boys as the carriage moves

off into the night.

121 OMITTED

121

&

122

122

&

123 EXT. PULITZER MANSION - NIGHT

123

David hangs on to the back of the carriage, peering around to see some huge stone gates as it moves into a circular drive and stops. He sees a figure waiting:

(CONTINUED)

4/19/91 CHERRY

85.

123 CONTINUED:

123

SEITZ

Get him inside.

David watches as Jack is led inside by Snyder.

124 OMITTED

124

125 INT. PULITZER'S MANSION - NIGHT

125

A butler leads Seitz, Snyder and Jack across a marbled floor, their FOOTSTEPS ECHOING in the luxurious hall.

JACK

Very impressive. So where do they keep the trains in this station?

Seitz shows him into an elegant library. Snyder tries to follow but Seitz stops him, closing the doors. Inside, Jack looks around to see the imposing figure of Pulitzer staring at him, framed by luxurious furnishings. For a moment, the two just stare at each other. Then --

JACK

(grins)

Sorry to see you ain't doin' so good, Joe.

\*

126 EXT. MANSION - AT CARRIAGE - NIGHT

126

The Driver strolls around the rear of the carriage -- just as David slips beneath it and begins to crawl carefully toward the front. Finding the lynch-pin that

hitches the horses to the carriage, he reaches for it -- just as the horse snorts and pulls the carriage forward a few steps. The Driver hurries back to the reins. With the Driver's boots a few inches from his face, David waits for another chance...

127 INT. PULITZER'S STUDY - NIGHT

127

Pulitzer paces, watching Jack look at the books, the art, at framed front pages; headlines of the world's great events...

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

86.

\*

127 CONTINUED:

127

**PULITZER**

Know what I was doing when I was your age? I was in a war. The Civil War.

**JACK**

I heard of it. You win?

**PULITZER**

People think wars are about right and wrong. They're not. They're about power. You know what power is?

**JACK**

Heard of that, too. I don't just sell ya papes, Joe. Sometimes I read 'em.

Pulitzer ignores the impudence, continues quietly.

**PULITZER**

Power means that I could see to it that you serve your full sentence at the Refuge. Or I could pull strings and have you free tomorrow. It means I could give you my pocket change -- and you'd have more money than you'd likely ever earn.

**JACK**

You bribin' me, Joe? Thanks for the compliment, but I ain't got the power to stop the strike --

**PULITZER**

I disagree. You're the spirit of the strike, without you, they'd

fall apart in a few days.

**JACK**

Ring for my coach, willya? It's  
past my bedtime --

**PULITZER**

Shut your mouth and listen !  
(as Jack looks  
up, startled)  
You're going to do exactly as  
I say --

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)  
\*

87.

127 CONTINUED: (2)  
127

**JACK**

-- or what? You'll send me back  
to the Refuge? I'll bust out  
again --

**PULITZER**

-- and be a fugitive who's pursued  
and caught and returned. I'm  
offering you a choice -- is that  
what you choose?

**JACK**

I told ya... I can't call off the  
strike.

**PULITZER**

I'm not asking you to. All I ask  
is that you return to your old  
job -- as Newsie for the The World.

**JACK**

And be a scab? Forget it --

**PULITZER**

For a few days. Then the strike  
ends -- and it will end, boy, make  
no mistake -- and you can go  
wherever you want to buy a ticket.  
Free and clear, with money in your  
pocket... and no one chasing you.

Jack is silent, troubled. Pulitzer pushes a buzzer.

**PULITZER**

You go back to the Refuge. Think  
it over in your cell. Let me know  
in the morning.



128 EXT. PULITZER'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
128

David is hiding by the gates with the lynch-pin in his hand. Snyder is waiting by the carriage. The front door opens -- Seitz and Jack walk out and appear at the top of the entrance stairs. David calls out --

DAVID

Jack!

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)  
\*

88.

128 CONTINUED:  
128

Jack is surprised. He looks at Snyder and Seitz, pulls away from Seitz, slides down a bannister, and leaps to the ground. Snyder lunges for Jack, who manages to evade Snyder's reach.

SNYDER

(to the driver)

After him!

The driver whips the horse forward but is jerked off his seat as the carriage separates. The horse runs off. Amidst the confusion, David and Jack tear through the gates way ahead of Snyder.

SEITZ

(stepping up to Snyder)

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

128A EXT. NEARBY STREET/STONE PILLAR - NIGHT (SECONDS LATER)  
128A

At the pillar, Jack stops running.

DAVID

Why're you stoppin' -- we've got to run!

JACK

You shouldn't'a done this, David. They could put you in jail --

DAVID

It's worth it -- let's go --

JACK

You go to jail, what happens to your family? You don't know nothin' about jail! Thanks for what you done, but you gotta get outta here --

**DAVID**

I don't understand --

**JACK**

I don't either -- I don't  
understand nothin' no more!

Jack pushes David down the street.

**JACK**

Just go!

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

89.

\*

**128A CONTINUED: (2)**

**128A**

David looks over his shoulder and runs off, leaving Jack  
alone on the street. Jack steps into the shadows as we...

**CUT TO:**

**128B INT. HOUSE OF REFUGE**

**128B**

As Jack steps back into the light, the CAMERA WIDENS and  
we realize he's back in the House of Refuge. Jack begins  
to sing softly: REPRISE: "SANTA FE."

Jack sits in a small dark room -- an isolation room;  
moonlight shines through barred windows; there's a door  
with a small serving panel in it.

**JACK**

**SANTA FE**

**MY OLD FRIEND**

**I CAN'T SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE**

**HIDIN'**

**YOU'RE THE ONLY LIGHT THAT'S**

**GUIDIN' ME TODAY**

Jack looks up as the serving panel opens and Crutchy  
peers through, offering him something furtively: a  
boiled potato.

**CRUTCHY**

Snitched it offa Snyder's plate  
when I was servin' him -- the  
biggest one!

(as Jack shakes his  
head, looks away)

Snyder was eatin' good tonight --  
the stuff we don't never get?

\*

Patatas... olives...

(mouth watering)  
... liver and bacon. Sauerkraut...  
(grins)  
Guess what I done to his sauerkraut.

**JACK**

(irritably)  
So what's it git'cha?

**CRUTCHY**

Anudder three months, prob'ly.  
But you can't let 'em beat'cha,  
right, Jack?

**JACK**

We was beat when we was born.  
Crutchy, concerned, hears something and closes the panel.

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

89A.

128B CONTINUED:

128B

Jack looks at the  
moonlight shining  
through the bars...

**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

129 OMITTED

129

thru

thru

140

140

141 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - AT GATES - MORNING

141

The Newsies chant at the crowd in the courtyard:

(CONTINUED)

)O( 4/26/91 IVORY

90.

\*

141 CONTINUED:

141

**NEWSIES**

Stop The World -- don't scab, stop  
The World -- don't scab, etc.  
David moves among them, looking like a leader now.

**DAVID**

Nobody sells a pape today -- we're  
hurtin' them and they know it!  
Remember -- no soakin', no hittin'  
-- etc.

The gates open, the wagons start out, followed by nervous  
scabs flanked by cops and goons. The chant builds as the  
scabs parade by, then suddenly --

**SPOT**

Look... I'm seein' t'ings... tell  
me I'm seeing t'ings -- !

David and the others look in disbelief -- walking with  
the scabs is Jack, wearing a tight new suit, flanked by  
Weasel and other goons. As Jack moves past, staring  
straight ahead, the chant dies...

**RACETRACK**

What's he doin' with the  
scabs...?

**KID BLINK**

It ain't happenin'... it  
can't be happenin'...

**MUSH**

Hey, Jack -- it's me,  
Mush, lookit me --  
look, willya?

**BOOTS**

Where'd he get them  
clothes -- ?

**WEASEL**

(as he passes)  
Mr. Pulitzer picked 'em out  
hisself. A special gift to a  
special new employee. Only not  
so new, huh, cowboy?

**SPOT**

He sold us out! Ya dirty scab,  
I'll murder ya -- !

Spot tries to bust through the goons but they hurl him  
back. David, confused, angry, runs alongside Jack,  
shouting across the smirking Weasel as they march  
along --

**(CONTINUED)**

141 CONTINUED: (2)

141

**DAVID**

This is why you wouldn't escape  
last night -- why'd you do it?  
Talk to me, you liar! What else  
did he give you to sell us out --  
money? What else? Look at me!

(as Jack keeps  
walking)

You lie about everything --  
headlines, your family --

(as Jack keeps look-  
ing straight ahead)

-- because nobody counts but you  
-- nobody or nothing! Look at me.

David lunges for him and Weasel grabs him, hissing.

**WEASEL**

I'm gonna be lookin' for you,  
wiseguy --

(grins)

-- or maybe you'd like a nice new  
suit of your own.

David twists away, tries to rally the Newsies.

**DAVID**

Keep after them -- we don't need  
him!

(starts the chant)

Stop The World -- don't scab! Etc.

Some chant halfheartedly, confused, demoralized. A few  
toss down their picket signs in disgust. David moves  
among them, desperately trying to keep the chant going.  
The scabs move on, passing Les, who gives Jack a stricken  
look as he moves away.

**LES**

(to himself)

He's just foolin' 'em... so he can  
spy on them or something...

(with certainty)

That's it. He's spyin' on 'em.  
He's gotta be.

142 OMITTED

142

&

&

143

143

144 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY 144  
David sits in the window, brooding.

(CONTINUED)

)O( 4/26/91 IVORY 92.

144 CONTINUED: (A1)  
144

Mayer is removing the bandage from his injured hand,  
helped by Les. Sarah and Esther work on lace piecework.

ESTHER

That hand is not ready to work.

Mayer flexes his fingers, pale from being bandaged so  
long.

(CONTINUED)

PINK 3/28/91 93.

144 CONTINUED: 144

MAYER

Ready or not, it can handle a  
broom.

He gets his coat; Sarah, looking for something, finds a  
stained paper package under a sewing basket.

SARAH

(holds up the package  
distastefully)

What is this?

LES

Hey -- I'm saving that!

He grabs the package and unwraps it -- revealing a half-  
eaten knockwurst -- throwing the wrapping on the floor.  
Irritably Sarah starts to throw it away when she sees it  
has writing on it.

MAYER

(to David)

Don't be too hard on your friend.  
Maybe he had his reasons for doing  
what he did.

LES

(chewing knockwurst)  
I told you. He's spyin' on 'em.

MAYER

There. You see?

Mayer smiles and goes. Sarah moves to David with the stained papers.

**SARAH**

It's Denton's story. 'The Dark Truth: Why Our City Really Fears the Newsie Strike, by Bryan Denton. Last night I saw naked force exercised against mere boys, the Newsies, who earn at best a few pennies a day. I wondered why so much, against so little -- '

David refuses to listen; he angrily steps out on the fire escape and stares off into the city. Sarah keeps reading to herself. What she reads disturbs her.

145 **OMITTED** 145  
& &  
146 146

4/19/91 CHERRY 94.

147 **INT. DORM/NEWSIES LODGING HOUSE - NIGHT** 147  
The gang looks sullenly at the door where Kloppman is ushering in two policemen.

**KLOPPMAN**

He will only be a minute. Please, no trouble.

A policeman stands aside and Jack enters, in the new suit. Utter silence. The police escort him the length of the dorm and into --

147A **INT. WASHROOM - NIGHT** 147A  
Jack goes straight to his hiding place and removes the box. He looks inside and is startled --

-- a dead rat is inside the box, covered with tiny pieces of the photograph with his family. His money is gone. He tosses the box aside; his eyes hardening. The police escort him back into --

148 **INT. DORM - NIGHT** 148  
A few snickers as he moves toward his bed. Racetrack stands holding a bundle of Jack's belongings: he shoves it into Jack's chest and does his Delancey routine.

**RACETRACK**

Dear me, what is dat unpleasant

aroma -- ?  
    (as Jack's fists  
    clench)  
Go on, take a shot -- I bust your  
scab face, ya yellow-livered,  
\*  
rotten stinkin' piecea garbage!  
\*

Jack just looks at him, unclenches his fists. He moves for the door, as one by one the Newsies turn their backs on him.

**149 OMITTED 149**  
thru thru  
**151 151**

**152 INT. WORLD BUILDING - BASEMENT - NIGHT 152**

The BIG PRESSES POUND RHYTHMICALLY somewhere O.S. in the building. A candle illuminates Weasel's gloating face as he leads Jack down a flight of RICKETY STAIRS.

(CONTINUED)

**4/19/91 CHERRY 95.**

**152 CONTINUED: 152**

**WEASEL**

(over the noise)

Mr. Pulitzer says nothin' but the best for you, cowboy. He takes care of his loyal employees -- and he's put me personally in charge of seein' that you stay a loyal employee.

He opens a door and they enter --

**153 INT. OLD PRESS ROOM - NIGHT 153**

Weasel lights a lantern and Jack sees a wooden bed, an old printing press, junk, all covered with dust.

**WEASEL**

You try any tricks, and I go straight to Mr. Pulitzer.

(grins)

Will you be requirin' anything else? Then I bid you good night.

He goes. The great PRESSES THUNDER heavily somewhere in the building above, like a judgment. Jack looks at the



bleak room, buried in dust and noise.

154 OMITTED 154

155 EXT. CIRCULATION WINDOW - MORNING 155

With the other scabs, Jack steps up for his papers.  
Weasel shows his usual charm.

**WEASEL**

Sleep well, cowboy...?

Jack ignores him, moves off with his papers. The  
Delanceys pass by; Morris grinning at him, bouncing a  
club in his hand.

**OSCAR**

Come wit' us, cowboy -- we're  
gonna fix your pal Davey today --  
fix 'im so's he can't walk no more.

**MORRIS**

Shuddup!

He backhands Morris in the chops and they move on. Jack  
starts after them, alarmed -- then he sees Weasel.

(CONTINUED)

4/19/91 CHERRY 96.

\*

155 CONTINUED: 155

**WEASEL**

Lift one finger... and you're  
right back in the Refuge.

Jack stops, torn. He nods meekly, moves off. Weasel  
looks satisfied.

156 OMITTED 156

157 EXT. BAXTER STREET - DAY 157

Sarah, with a basket of lacework, is coming down the  
street, Les dawdling behind, in a bad mood.

**SARAH**

Les, come on -- you're supposed to  
be helping me today.

**LES**

(sulking)

I'd rather be soakin' scabs.

He stops to kibbitz a game of marbles in an alley.

Sarah walks on -- suddenly a man steps in front of her.

**OSCAR**

(grinning)

'Scuse me, sweetface.

She tries to step around him but Morris is there. He "accidentally" knocks her lacework into the gutter. Les sees it -- and races towards the Delanceys --

**LES**

Get away from my sister!

He flails at Morris -- who effortlessly shoves him flat on his bottom and turns, grinning, to Sarah.

**MORRIS**

Where's ya brudder, tootsie?

Where's little Davey...?

**SARAH**

(calmly)

You... stupid... ape!

On "ape," she socks him square in the grin -- he recoils, licking a bloody lip. Behind him, she sees David rounding the corner --

**(CONTINUED)**

)O( 4/25/91 GREY

97.

157 CONTINUED:

157

**SARAH**

David! Run -- get away!

Oscar grabs Sarah from behind and lifts her up, taunting.

**OSCAR**

Yeah, run, Davey! We got the best parta ya family right here!

David, furious, runs down the sidewalk towards them. Morris slips on some brass knuckles in anticipation. Sarah struggles, screaming --

**SARAH**

David, no -- don't -- !

Oscar hangs on to Sarah, enjoying himself -- suddenly, from behind, two hands grab the rim of his derby and jerk it down to the bridge of his nose. Blinded, he releases Sarah and staggers around, trying to pry the hat off his eyes. Les looks up to see --

**LES**

Jack!

Jack flashes him a grin  
basket. Just as Oscar  
David leaps on him like

as he works on Morris's bread  
frees himself from the derby,  
a fury. Punches fly and the

Delanceys beat a quick retreat down the sidewalk, yelling back --

**MORRIS**

Ya better run, cowboy --  
we're tellin' Weasel! You'll  
be back in the Refuge by  
supper time!

**OSCAR**

Yeah, run, ya lousy  
coward -- run!

But they're the ones running. David, catching his  
breath, looks at Jack, beginning to understand.

**DAVID**

Couldn't stay away, huh.

\*

**JACK**

Guess I can't be somethin' I ain't.

**DAVID**

A scab...?

\*

**JACK**

Nah. Smart.

\*

Jack shrugs, smiles. David looks at him worriedly.

)O( 4/25/91 GREY A97A.

158 OMITTED 158  
thru thru  
160B 160B

)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2) 97A.  
\*

160C EXT. DAVID'S FIRE ESCAPE - DAY (LATER) 160C  
Jack, David, Sarah thoughtfully on the escape.

**DAVID**

Without you, the strike's falling  
apart...

**JACK**

I got no choice. I stay here,  
they lock me up 'til I'm twenty-  
one.

Les clambers out with a pair of Mayer's cast-off high-  
button shoes.

**LES**

Jack, for the trip -- a pair of cowboy boots! Sorta. Mayer with a bundle of clothes; Esther with food come to the window. She gives it to Jack.

**ESTHER**

Who knows what's to eat where you're going?

**MAYER**

(gives the clothes)  
A few things of mine and David's. Wish we had money to give you...

**JACK**

(very moved)  
Who needs it...? I go down to the train yards, hop me a freight, go in the best style -- free...

**MAYER**

I don't know what's waiting for you in Santa Fe, but you'll always have family here.

They embrace him and move away. An awkward moment -- Jack picks up the bundle to go and --

**SARAH**

(decisively)  
You're not going to run away. They'll just come after you. You have to fight them.

(CONTINUED)

)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2)

98.

\*

160C CONTINUED:

160C

**JACK**

They got it all wrapped up, Sarah and nothin' I can do is gonna make one bit of difference.

**SARAH**

You're wrong. You touched people you don't even know about. She removes the stained pages from her shawl.

**SARAH**

Denton's story.

**JACK**

Denton looked out for hisself just like I gotta do -- so save it.

**SARAH**

Just listen! 'The men who run

this city are terrified of the Newsies strike -- because other child laborers in the factories and sweatshops are hearing the message of the Newsies leader --'

**LES**

That's you! He's writin' about you!

**SARAH**

'In the voice of Jack Kelly, these children hear strength and pride. Most of all, they hear hope...'

Jack listens questioningly.

**JACK**

Keep reading.

Can these words really be about him...? As we GO TO --

160D **EXT. ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON**

160D

Denton reads his own words:

**DENTON**

' -- And that is what terrifies the powers-that-be, for they know our city thrives on the shame of child labor. Therefore, Jack Kelly's voice must be stopped, whatever the cost...

(stops)

Damn good writing, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2)

99.

160D **CONTINUED:**

160D

Jack has listened somberly, moved.

**JACK**

All them sweatshop kids are listenin' to me...?

(CONTINUED)

)O( 4/26/91 IVORY

100.

\*

160D **CONTINUED:**

160D

**DENTON**

They think if the Newsies can do

it, why can't they? All they need is a leader.

**JACK**

The minute I show my face, I'm back in the Refuge.

**DENTON**

You'd have help this time. I've been investigating the Refuge -- I know somebody who's going to be very interested in Snyder's little racket.

**DAVID**

(wryly)

What happened to the ace war correspondent?

**DENTON**

This war'll do for now.

**SARAH**

Whatever happens, it's Jack's decision. He's the one in danger. They look expectantly as he stares off, deep in thought.

**LES**

Jack...? You thinkin'...?

**JACK**

Yeah... I'm thinkin' of Newsie Square full of kids...

**DAVID**

(picks it up)

... Another rally, right under Pulitzer's nose, and not just the Newsies --

**JACK**

-- Every workin' kid from every sweatshop in New York. We gotta get the word out -- let's go get the Newsies --

(catches himself)

They still think I'm a scab...

**LES**

I'll tell 'em you was a spy!

(CONTINUED)

)O( 4/26/91 IVORY  
\*

101.

160D CONTINUED: (2)

160D

**DENTON**

How're you gonna reach all these

people? No paper in New York will print anything about the strike.

**JACK**

We're Newsies, ain't we? So we make our own paper.

**DAVID**

Be quiet and let me think.

**JACK**

Whattaya need to start a paper? Writers, right? So we got Denton. What else?

**LES**

Advertisements!  
(as they look at him)  
Cartoons?

**DENTON**

(the cold facts)  
A printing press. And no paper or printer is going to defy Pulitzer. The others look discouraged; Jack's thinking again.

**JACK**

Les. Go set me straight with the Newsies, okay? Tell 'em to meet us later at the World Building.

Les races off on his mission; the others look questioningly at Jack.

**JACK**

So happens I know a guy with a printing press.

161 **OMITTED**

161  
thru  
thru  
165  
165

165A **INT. WORLD PRESS ROOM - PULITZER'S PRESSES - NIGHT** 165A  
The huge PRESSES pound out papers; a LOUD THUDDING rhythm shakes the building --

**PINK 4/1/91**

102.

165B **INT. WORLD BLDG. - BASEMENT (AS IN SC. 152) - NIGHT**  
165B

The THUDDING rhythm seems very near. Jack leads Sarah, David, Denton, Les down the rickety stairs with a candle.

**JACK**

They're right above us -- and if  
Weasel catches us, it won't be  
just me they'll throw in the  
slammer --

They can barely hear over the DIN of the PRESSES.

**SARAH**

What -- ?

**JACK**

I said shhhh! -- or we all go to  
jail!

The others shush him hastily; MUSIC BEGINS as they  
go into --

166 INT. BASEMENT PRESS ROOM - NIGHT

166

Denton heads straight for the old press, checking it over  
expertly. Jack directs the others to ink, paper, etc.,  
as --

**MUSICAL NUMBER: "THE POINT OF NO RETURN" BEGINS:**

DAVID

WHAT'S THAT?

JACK

SHHH! YOU'RE MAKIN' ME

NERVOUS!

DAVID

SORRY.

SARAH

WATCH OUT!

DAVID

THERE'S SOMEBODY THERE.

SARAH

WHERE?

JACK

STAY CALM!

DAVID/SARAH

BUT --

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

103.

166 CONTINUED:

166

JACK



I'M BEGGIN' YA!  
CHEESE IT, SOUSE IT.  
CHOKE IT, DOUSE IT.

DAVID

\*

But --

\*

JACK  
DON'T YOU BUMMERS GET WHAT I'M  
SAYIN'  
THIS AIN'T HIDE AND SEEK THAT

\*

WE'RE PLAYIN'  
ONE FALSE STEP AND THEY'LL BE  
IN HERE  
ONE STRAY HAIR, THEY'LL KNOW  
WE BEEN HERE  
QUESTIONS -- IT'S TOO LATE  
FOR 'EM  
ANSWERS -- WE CAN'T WAIT FOR  
'EM  
WE'RE AT THE POINT OF NO  
RETURN

Denton finds the type-  
font: David is ready to  
ink the rollers. A NOISE  
O.S. makes them freeze.  
Jack puts his finger to  
his lips; hoists Les up to  
the window to be a lookout.

DENTON  
WHO'S THAT?

DAVID  
IS SOMEBODY COMING?

LES  
NOT THAT I CAN SEE.

David tosses some candles  
to Sarah; she lights them  
for Denton as he works.

DAVID  
NICE CATCH.

SARAH  
THANKS.

Jack finds a roll of  
newsprint.

JACK  
THAT OUGHTA GO THERE.

\*

SARAH  
BRING THOSE OVER.  
(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (A2)

166

DENTON

THAT'S IT YOU'RE GETTING IT  
KEEP IT STEADY  
ALMOST READY

JACK  
WON'T BE LONG 'TIL SOMEBODY  
GUESSES  
THEY GOT PROWLERS INKING  
THEIR PRESSES

CHOKER IT

CHEESE IT

(CONTINUED)

PINK 4/1/91

104.

166 CONTINUED: (2)

166

DENTON/JACK

RIGHT OR WRONG WE'RE ON THE LAM NOW

SARAH

TOO LOUD! SOMEONE'S OVER US!

DENTON/JACK

RIGHT OR WRONG AIN'T WORTH A DAMN NOW!

DAVID

TOO LATE, GOTTA FINISH IT.

JACK/DENTON

SOME THINGS  
ARE WORTH TRYING FOR  
SOME DREAMS  
ARE WORTH DYING FOR

DAVID/SARAH

SMART WE AIN'T  
MOM WOULD FAINT

EVERYBODY

WE'RE AT THE POINT OF NO RETURN!

LES

AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW

DAVID

NOW WE HAVE TO WRITE A HEADLINE  
YOU GOTTA HAVE A HEADLINE

JACK

WHAT WE'VE COME TO SAY

DENTON OUGHTA DO IT  
HE KNOWS ABOUT THE HEADLINES  
SOMETHING REALLY FLASHY  
SO EVERYONE REMEMBERS  
AND DON'T FORGET TO PUT IN

AND THEY ALL REMEMBER US  
AND TALK ABOUT THE NIGHT

THERE

WE SEIZED THE DAY

THAT KIDS FROM EVERYWHERE  
WILL BE AT NEWSIES' SQUARE

During the above, Sarah holds a candle for Denton as he sets a headline in very large type: HOW WE CAN SHOW THIS CITY -- David has a better idea: he grabs some type and resets the headline: HOW WE CAN STOP THIS CITY. Meanwhile, Jack hits the switch and the PRESS HUMS to life.

JACK/DENTON  
THEY'RE HITCHIN' ON A TROLLEY  
RIDIN' ON A WAGON  
STOWIN' ON THE FERRY  
COME TO SLAY THE DRAGON

JACK/DENTON  
HAILIN' FROM CANARSIE  
BENSONHURST AND CHELSEA  
ASTORIA AND BRIGHTON BEACH

DAVID/SARAH  
SOFTER  
KEEP IT QUIET NOW  
FASTER  
LET ME TRY IT NOW

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

105.

166 CONTINUED: (3)

166

LES  
AND SHEEPSHEAD BAY!

INSTRUMENTAL break.

\*

DENTON/SARAH  
TIME IS UP  
LET'S JUST CLEAR OUT NOW  
LUCK IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT \*  
NOW  
TOO BAD  
THINGS GOT BLISTERY  
TOO LATE  
THIS IS HISTORY  
THAT'S RIGHT  
TAKE THE HEAT OR YOU BURN!

JACK/DAVID  
NEWSIES ON A DEADLINE  
GOTTA WRITE THE HEADLINE  
\* NEWSIES ON A MISSION  
PRINT THE NEXT EDITION  
SHOW THE DIRTY LIARS  
WE CAN MAKE SOME FIRES  
THANK YOU, MR. PULITZER  
FOR HELPIN' WITH THE FLYERS  
THANK YOU FOR THE HALL  
THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR  
CONCERN

LES  
AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW  
AND OUR RANKS WILL GROW  
AND THE WORLD WILL LEARN --

ALL

SHHHHHHH!

(NOTE: During the above, several QUICK CUTS or DISSOLVES should give the impression that they've worked through the night:)

- A) Lead type being rapidly hand-set by Denton, helped by David -- a sub-headline forms: "House of Refuge, House of Shame."
- B) Papers -- "THE NEWSIE NEWS" -- start rolling off the press as they examine it proudly.
- C) They fold and bundle the papers, happy but exhausted.
- D) Pale pre-dawn light shines through the window framing Les as they pass him bundles of papers and he passes

them out the window to --

166A EXT. WORLD BUILDING - PRE-DAWN  
166A

MUSIC CONTINUES. Race, Boots, Blink, Mush take the papers from Les and toss them into Kloppman's wagon -- he's on the driver's seat, keeping a lookout. Sarah

\*

climbs out the window, followed by the others. The last

\*

out is Jack -- carrying his belongings in a rolled bundle

\*

-- when he and the Newsies see each other, they freeze

\*

awkwardly. Silence until --

\*

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)  
\*

106.

166A CONTINUED:  
166A

**RACETRACK**

You thinkin' you'd like to take a shot at my schnozz -- right?

(beat)

Five to one says you can't break it.

Jack laughs -- the tension breaks. Hugs and backslaps as they climb onto the wagon.

**DAVID**

The cops are looking for Jack -- we gotta protect him --

**KID BLINK**

Any bull comes after jack, they gotta go through all of us.

**BOOTS**

What's with the bundle, Jack -- ya leavin'?

**JACK**

Sante Fe bound, Boots -- but not without givin' Pulitzer one last kiss goodbye --

**KLOPPMAN**

Boys -- !

He points frantically at Weasel crossing the square towards them. They duck quickly -- and he weaves past whistling tunelessly, drunk. As Kloppman eases the

wagon away, everybody looks back, shouts --

**EVERYBODY**

Hey, Weasel... Good ni-ight!

He looks around blearily: must be the d.t.'s.

**EVERYBODY**

**WE'RE AT THE POINT OF NO  
RETURN!**

**WE'RE AT THE POINT OF NO  
RETURN!**

166B OMITTED

166B

thru

thru

185

185

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

106A.

\*

185A HUNDREDS OF COPIES OF THE NEWSIE NEWS (OPTICAL)

185A

swirl and cascade, FILLING the SCREEN as we see  
SUPERIMPOSED a series of living portraits of the  
working children of the 1890s... young boys in too-  
large caps and too-small coats, holding lunchpails...  
holding picks and shovels far too large for them...  
girls in shapeless dresses sewing, or scrubbing...  
shining eyes, dirty faces... sad expressions beginning  
to bloom into hope as they snatch and read the news that  
the headline proclaims as it whirls TOWARD us ON the  
**SCREEN: HOW WE CAN STOP THIS CITY!**

We see that same headline across --

185B INT. MANSION - BACK OF MAN'S HEAD - MORNING

185B

as he reads the Newsie News at breakfast attended by a  
butler (the Rough Rider) in a khaki uniform. He's  
reading a headline: "HOUSE OF REFUGE, HOUSE OF SHAME"  
with a subhead beneath it: "SCANDAL HIDDEN FROM TEDDY  
ON VISIT." We glimpse a famous walrus mustache as the  
Man slams his fist on the table in anger. A figure steps  
INTO FRAME across the table: Denton.

**DENTON**

I thought you'd feel that way,  
Governor Roosevelt.

**TEDDY ROOSEVELT (MAN)**

Dis-graceful, Denty! Those poor  
boys -- and I did nothing!

(pure steel)  
Until now!

The Rough Rider snaps out a silk hat and a silverheaded walking stick. Teddy snatches them as if they were armor.

186 OMITTED 186

187 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - DAY 187

Our Newsies look anxiously around the square, empty except for them. They take pains to conceal Jack among them.

MUSH

So when's the others comin',  
Cowboy?

Jack looks glumly at the empty square; at the gates of the World where Weasel and his goons are beginning to line up, clubs in hand.

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2) 107.

187 CONTINUED: (A1) 187

JACK

They ain't comin'... There ain't  
gonna be nobody but us...

The boys are silent, disappointed, feeling alone and defeated.

(CONTINUED)

)J( 4/22/91 TAN 108.

187 CONTINUED: 187

Then Les steps forward, a defiant look on his face, glaring at the goons beyond the gates. He sings out loud and clear --

REPRISE: "AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW"

LES

WHEN THE CIRCULATION BELL  
STARTS RINGING, WILL WE  
HEAR IT?

A group of Factory Boys  
appears in the square;  
followed by others. The  
boys begin to take heart --

RACETRACK

NO!  
WHAT IF THE DELANCEYS COME  
OUT SWINGING, WILL WE HEAR  
IT?

LES

NO!

NEWSIES

WHEN YA GOT A MILLION VOICES

SINGING, WHO CAN HEAR A LOUSY

WHISTLE BLOW?

More kids are appearing;  
messengers, garment girls,  
kids of all kinds --

ALL

AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW!

Kids are coming from everywhere, filling the square --  
Spot and the Brooklyn Newsies; more and more kids,  
cheering, waving the Newsie News -- Jack and David laugh  
in triumph as shouting and MUSIC RISES UP TO --

ALL

AND THE WORLD WILL FEEL THE  
FIRE AND FIN'LLY KNOW

188 INT. PULITZER'S OFFICE - DAY

188

\*

The SONG RESONATES in the golden dome; Pulitzer stares  
down at the crowd as the mayor, sweating as usual, waves  
the Newsies' paper at him. Seitz sits reading a copy,  
impressed, as Jonathan fields phone calls.

(CONTINUED)

PINK 4/1/91

109.

188 CONTINUED:

188

MAYOR

They're all yelling at me -- me!  
-- factory owners, bankers,  
businessmen -- the whole city's at  
a standstill and they're blaming it  
on me -- !

PULITZER

(not listening)  
Kelly's down there. He should be  
back in jail.

SEITZ

(with the Newsie  
News)  
Those kids got out a pretty good  
paper, Chief.

PULITZER

Too good! Those illiterate  
guttersnipes couldn't have done

this on their own. Somebody's behind this, trying to pull a fast one...

**JONATHAN**

Mr. Hearst on the line, sir. Wants to know if you've read the Newsies' paper?

Pulitzer glowers in suspicion at the telephone.

**MAYOR**

I'm not taking the heat for this -- you've got to talk to them -- settle it --

**PULITZER**

Tell Hearst I'm busy!  
(ominously)  
I'll settle it all right -- once and for all.

**188A EXT. WORLD BUILDING - DAY**  
**188A**

The huge doors of the World Building open and Seitz marches out, flanked by guards. The crowd opens a path as he marches up to Jack and David.

**SEITZ**

It's time to talk.

**(CONTINUED)**

**GOLDENROD 4/12/91**

**110.**

**\***

**188A CONTINUED:**  
**188A**

**JACK**

Like I said, I don't transact business with no office boys. We talk to old Joe hisself or we don't talk. Period.

The Newsies love it. Seitz stifles a smile at Jack's bravado -- a smile of admiration.

**SEITZ**

Then I guess you talk.

Jack beckons David to follow as they enter the huge doors and --

**188B INT. PULITZER'S OFFICE - MORE HUGE DOORS - DAY**  
**188B**



open as Seitz ushers them inside, closes the doors, leaving them alone. Pulitzer waits by the windows, a looming shadowy figure; sounds of CHANTING, SHOUTING floating up from below. David is awed by the palatial office, but Jack saunters coolly to the windows past --

**PULITZER**

You're going to listen to me,  
boy --

**JACK**

I'd like to, Joe --  
(opens a window;  
crowd noise pours  
in)  
-- but I can't hear ya.

**PULITZER**

We had a deal -- you broke it.  
You're going back to jail.

**JACK**

Maybe. But you can't put every  
kid in that square in jail. They  
ain't goin' away, Joe.

**PULITZER**

Neither am I. I can wait them  
out. It won't be me that's hurt.

**JACK**

You sure about that?

He nods at David who produces a paper, reads:

(CONTINUED)

GOLDENROD 4/12/91

111.

\*

188B CONTINUED:  
188B

**DAVID**

'Since the strike, the World's  
circulation has dropped 70 per  
cent; advertising has been cut  
in half -- '

(stops reading)

Every day you lose thousands of  
dollars -- just so you can beat  
us out of a lousy tenth of a cent  
per paper. Why?

**JACK**

It ain't about money, Dave -- if  
Joe gives in, that would mean  
nothin's like us got power. He  
can't let that happen -- no matter

what it costs him. Right, Joe?

**PULITZER**

I'm about to show you what power  
really is...

He slams the window shut; CROWD NOISE abruptly DROPS --

**PULITZER**

I have the police outside waiting  
to arrest you --

**DAVID**

You lousy double-crossing -- !

**PULITZER**

-- then I'll deal with that rabble  
in the street.

He's crossing to a buzzer on his desk; Jack, thinking  
fast, snatches up a copy of the Newsies News.

**JACK**

Ya got me, Joe -- but tell me one  
thing, willya? How'd ya like our  
paper -- nice printin', ain't it?  
Right off the presses of one of  
New York's greatest newspapers --

That stops him. He looks at Jack, frowning.

**PULITZER**

All the papers have an agreement...  
we print nothing about the  
newsies. Whose press did you use?

(as Jack shrugs,  
smiles)

It was Hearst, wasn't it...!

(CONTINUED)

GOLDENROD 4/12/91

112.

\*

188B CONTINUED: (2)

188B

**JACK**

(surprised)

Hearst? Nah, it was yo --

David quickly stops him, seeing the gleam in Pulitzer's  
eyes.

**PULITZER**

I knew it. Whoever helped you  
print this lying rag is trying to  
break the strike, get the jump on  
the rest of us. Well, you're  
going to expose this backstabber

to the other owners -- in exchange, I'll call off the police.

Jack and David exchange glances, seeing an opening --

**JACK**

Not enough, Joe -- you gotta deal with our demands. Otherwise, our lips are sealed.

**PULITZER**

(impatiently)

All right, all right -- just say the traitor's name. It's Hearst, isn't it? Say it! Say the name of the scoundrel whose press you used so I can make him the disgrace of the newspaper world! Say his name, damn you!

He thunders over them, eyes blazing in triumph. The boys say nothing, just smile up at him knowingly until at last the horrible truth begins to dawn and --

**JACK**

We just wanna say, 'Thanks, Joe.'  
(as he stares,  
stunned)  
And Hearst and them other owners?  
Maybe they don't have to know.  
Depends.

Pulitzer walks with stiff dignity to the window; from below, the FAINT CHANTING floats seems deafening to his ears.

**PULITZER**

Perhaps we can resolve our...  
small differences.

David digs out their demands and prepares to read.

**GOLDENROD 4/12/91**

**113.**

\*

189	<b>OMITTED</b>	189
&		&
190		190
191	<b>EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - DAY</b>	191
	Race, Boots, Les, etc. unpacking rotten fruit, getting ready for action. They see several police moving into	

the square -- including a paddy wagon.

**RACE**

We gotta warn Jack -- !

The others nod agreement -- but where is he? Then they see --

192 **OMITTED**

192

193 **EXT. COURTYARD - GATES OF THE WORLD - DAY**

193

Behind Weasel and the line of goons Jack and David are approaching, beaming in triumph. Seitz is with them. Les quickly slips through the bars, running to tell Jack -- but Weasel grabs him, shoves him back roughly --

**LES**

Jack -- ! Jack -- !

Weasel, surprised, sees Jack behind him.

**WEASEL**

I don't know how he got in here, Mr. Seitz -- but I'll take care of him, with pleasure. Just say the word!

**SEITZ**

With pleasure. You're fired.

**WEASEL**

Come again...?

A tomato hits him in the face; he turns to see Les wiping tomato juice off his hands.

**LES**

He said, you're fired.

Triumphant, Jack hoists Les over his shoulders:

**JACK**

The strike's over -- we beat 'em!

**(CONTINUED)**

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

114.

193 **CONTINUED:**

193

A huge roar goes up outside the gates -- they swing open and the Newsies swarm in, engulfing Weasel and the Delanceys -- trying to look like part of the gang -- as they rush to mob Jack and David. Jack spots Sarah -- she's waving and pointing in alarm at something.

**LES**

(remembers)

The bulls! Jack -- the bulls!  
Jack sees several police shoving through the crowd toward him. He quickly deposits Les -- turns to run and sees -- -- Snyder right in front of him, hands behind his back. Jack spins away and right into the arms of --

MacSWAIN

Easy, lad! You don't have to run anymore -- not from the likes of him anyway!

Jack looks again and sees Snyder's hands are handcuffed behind him; two cops have him in custody. Denton is there, smiling.

DENTON

We brought the Warden over to say goodbye. Goodbye, Warden.

Jack watches, amazed, uncomprehending, as the cops move Snyder to the paddy wagon. As the rear doors are opened, several boys pile out -- former inmates of the Refuge, including Tenpin. As Snyder is loaded in, the last boy is coming out, crutch first --

CRUTCHY

(to Snyder)

Remember what I told ya -- first t'ing ya do in jail, you make friends with the rats, share what you got in common --

(sees Jack)

Hiya, Jack! My leg tells me the strike's over!

\*

JACK

(confused)

Crutchy -- I don't get it. What happened -- ?

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

115.

\*

193 CONTINUED: (2)

193

CRUTCHY

Ya orta seen it, Jack -- he came chargin' into the Refuge wavin' his walkin' stick like a sword and he's leadin' this army of lawyers and cops and Snyder's hidin' in

the patata bin --

**JACK**

What're you talkin' about -- who  
come chargin' in?

**CRUTCHY**

Who? Your pal! Him!

He points O.S. -- Jack turns to see --

**ELEGANT COACH**

parked across the square. A Rough Rider opens the door  
and a man leans forward -- a glimpse of silk hat and  
walrus mustache as Teddy Roosevelt raises his walking  
stick in salute to Jack across the square.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Jack is awestruck; so are the other Newsies gathering  
around. Denton moves up to Jack.

**DENTON**

Governor Roosevelt's very grateful  
that this problem was brought to  
his attention. He'd like to offer  
you a lift, anywhere you like.  
This time, you ride inside.

Jack looks at the coach, torn. Boots holds the bundle of  
belongings he gave him earlier. Suddenly Jack decides,  
snaps his fingers, Boots tosses him the bundle.

**JACK**

Think he could drop me at the  
train yards?

Denton moves off toward the coach. David, Sarah, Les  
look stunned, dismayed -- Jack avoids their eyes. Behind  
them, the BELL RINGS, the circulation window opens for  
business -- a crowd of Newsies races to line up. The  
gang looks at them hungrily, eager to return the work.  
They look at Jack.

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)  
\*

116.

193 CONTINUED: (3)  
193

**RACETRACK**

You really goin' this time...?

**JACK**

It's now or never, Racetrack.

**RACETRACK**

Won't be the same without ya.

Give ya even odds on that.

He shakes; the others crowd around. David looks on, left out for the moment; Sarah and Les beside him.

**KID BLINK**

See ya in the funny papes,  
cowboy --

**JACK**

Yeah, Blink, keep ya eye  
peeled.

**MUSH**

(forced)

Ya hear what he said --  
Blink says... ya hear  
it?

**BOOTS**

We heard it.

(offering  
marbles)

My best shooters. Never  
know when ya need good  
shooters.

**SPOT**

Take it easy, Jackie-  
boy. Ya ever get in a  
spot --  
(spits in his  
palm; shakes)  
-- think of me.

**CRUTCHY**

Don't wanna alarm ya, Jack, but  
what I hear, out West ain't like  
New York at all -- it's fulla  
bulls, for one t'ing -- not cops,  
neither, but big ugly animals with  
horns and --

**JACK**

(hugs him)

I'll miss ya, Crutch.

Crutchy hobbles off to the dock. Jack looks off at the  
waiting coach, then holds out his hand to Les, who runs  
up and clings to him.

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)  
117. \*

193 CONTINUED: (4)  
193

**JACK**

I ain't no good at writin' and  
stuff but... I'll be thinkin' of  
ya...

**SARAH**

You don't have to run away anymore,  
Jack. You have a choice now.

**DAVID**

We won today, but the fight's not  
over. You're needed, Jack. We  
need you. Here.

He stands, looking at them.

**JACK**

Maybe that's what scares me...  
Suddenly, the emotions are too much for him -- he turns,  
runs across the square, not looking back, racing towards  
the coach. Les starts after him -- David catches him,  
holds him, as he and Sarah watch --

-- Jack climbing into the coach, greeted by Teddy. The  
door closes, the coach trots away. "SANTA FE" is  
underscored.

As the coach moves off, the Newsies move up, waving their  
caps goodbye. David and Sarah watch, feeling a great  
loss; Les is crushed. The Newsies move into the court-  
yard, trying to keep their spirits up as:

**MUSIC BEGINS: REPRISE: "CARRYIN' THE BANNER" APPROX:  
3:00**

The Newsies sing as they  
line up, trying to keep  
their spirits up.

MUSH  
TRY BOTTLE ALLEY OR THE  
HARBOR

KID BLINK  
TRY CENTRAL PARK IT'S  
GUARANTEED

BOOTS  
TRY ANY BANKER, BUM, OR  
BARBER

CRUTCHY  
THEY ALMOST ALL KNOWS HOW  
TO READ.

193A OMITTED  
193A

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2)

117A.



193B EXT. LOADING DOCK/WINDOW - NEWSIES 193B  
sing as they wait for papers,  
but something's missing... NEWSIES  
a voice, a presence, a IT'S A FINE LIFE,  
spirit -- and then -- CARRYIN' THE BANNER... (ETC.)  
-- Jack leaps onto the dock and rings the bell --

(CONTINUED)

PINK 4/1/91 118.

193B CONTINUED:  
193B

JACK

Call it, Les!

LES

Comin' down the chute!

The papers slide down the chute; Jack moves to the front of the line grinning -- seeing Sarah smiling at him from the gates.

Jack sings out, the song soars, continuing as the Newsies  
are back on the job -- getting their papers, fanning out  
across the courtyard, into the city beyond. It is indeed  
a fine life as closing credits roll until we --

FADE OUT.

THE END