

REVISIONS:

1st Blue 3/11/91  
2nd Pink 3/28/91  
3rd Yellow 4/08/91  
4th Green 4/10/91  
5th Goldenrod 4/12/91  
6th Buff 4/12/91 (PM)  
7th Salmon 4/18/91  
8th Cherry 4/19/91  
9th Tan 4/22/91  
10th Grey 4/25/91  
11th Ivory 4/26/91  
12th Blue (2) 5/1/91  
13th Pink (2) 5/8/91  
14th Yellow (2) 5/10/91  
15th Green (2) 5/15/91

NEWSIES

A Musical Feature Film

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- REVISED  
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## 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)

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.

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

KID BLINK

HEY BUMMERS, WE GOT WORK TO DO

SPECS

SINCE WHEN DID YOU BECOME  
MY MUDDER?

CRUTCHY

AH, STOP YOUR BAWLIN'

ALL

WHO AST YOU!

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

NEWSIE

Hey, whattaya?

5 INT. WASHROOM - MINUTES LATER

5

Younger boys pump water for older boys, then trade off.  
Teeth brushing, sponge baths with cold water -- the older  
boys shave. Jack smears his face with shaving cream as  
Mush pulls up a box next to him.

MUSH

How'd you sleep, Jack?

JACK

On me back, Mush.

(CONTINUED)

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

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

SKITTERY \*  
 THEY ALMOST ALL KNOWS HOW TO  
 READ

KID BLINK  
 I SMELL MONEY

CRUTCHY  
 YOU SMELL FOUL

MUSH \*  
 MET THIS GIRL LAST NIGHT

CRUTCHY  
 MOVE YOUR ELBOW

(CONTINUED)

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  
and Mush as the boys file  
out.

CHORUS  
CARRYING THE BANNER  
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

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)

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!

\*  
\*  
\*

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

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)

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

RACETRACK  
IT TAKES AN ORPHAN WITH A  
STUTTER

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

KID BLINK  
... FIST

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

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



14

EXT. OFF NEWSIE SQUARE - SAME TIME

14

They enter the square  
singing.

ALL  
BOY, AIN'T NATURE  
FASCINATIN'  
WHEN YOUSE GOTTA WALK

They move towards a  
breakfast wagon run by  
three NUNS.

(ROUNDS) \*  
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  
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.

CRUTCHY  
I'M NO SNOOZER  
SITTIN' MAKES ME ANTSY  
I LIKES LIVIN' CHANCEY

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

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

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)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MOTHER  
PATRICK,  
DARLING...

RACETRACK  
JUST GIMME HALF A CUP

KID BLINK  
SOMETHING TO WAKE ME UP

SINCE YOU LEFT ME

MUSH  
I GOTTA FIND AN ANGLE

I AM UNDONE

CRUTCHY  
I GOTTA SELL MORE PAPES

MOTHER  
LOVES YOU

ALL  
PAPERS IS ALL I GOT  
WISH I COULD CATCH A BREEZE  
SURE HOPE THE HEADLINE'S HOT  
ALL I CAN CATCH IS FLEAS  
GOD HELP ME IF IT'S NOT  
SOMEBODY HELP ME PL --

GOD  
SAVE  
MY SON

15 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - SAME TIME

15

PULL BACK to reveal  
entire square as Jack and  
the gang leave the wagon,  
cross the square and head  
for the gates of The World  
Building, keeping their  
eyes on the huge blackboards  
over the street.

ALL  
IF I HATE THE HEADLINE  
I'LL MAKE UP A HEADLINE  
AND I'LL SAY ANYTHING I HAFTA  
'CAUSE AT TWO FOR A PENNY  
IF I TAKE TOO MANY  
WEASEL JUST MAKES ME EAT 'EM  
AFTA

Newsies of all ages and sizes appear from every conceivable 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 UP THE HEADLINE  
 YOU CALL THAT A HEADLINE? WHAT'S IT SAY?  
 THAT WON'T PLAY

I GET BETTER STORIES FROM THE COPPER ON THE BEAT  
 SO WHERE'S YOUR SPOT?

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 NEWSIE GROUP #2  
 I WAS GONNA START WITH TWENTY GOD IT'S HOT!

BUT A DOZEN'LL BE PLENTY WILL YA TELL ME

HOW'S A GUY GONNA MAKE ENDS MEET?  
 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.

ALL  
 WE NEED A GOOD ASSASSINATION  
 WE NEED AN EARTHQUAKE OR A WAR

One newsie yells out:  
 SNIPESHOOTER  
 HOW 'BOUT A CROOKED POLITICIAN?

Mush jumps all over him:  
 ALL  
 HEY, STUPID, THAT AIN'T NEWS  
 NO MORE!

The Newsies sing at each other:  
 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 NEWSIE GROUP #1  
 SO WE'LL BE OUT THERE DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE HEADLINE?  
 (MORE) (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

<p>JACK'S GROUP (CONT'D)</p> <p>CARRYING THE BANNER MAN TO MAN</p> <p>WE'LL BE OUT THERE SOAKIN' EVERY SUCKER THAT WE CAN</p> <p>SEE THE HEADLINE</p> <p>NEWSIES ON A MISSION</p> <p>KILL THE COMPETITION</p> <p>SELL THE NEXT EDITION</p> <p>WHILE WE'RE OUT THERE</p> <p>CARRYIN' THE BANNER IS THE...</p> <p>ANGLE - NEAR GATES</p>	<p>NEWSIE GROUP #1 (CONT'D)</p> <p>THEY CALL THAT A HEADLINE? THE IDIOT WHAT WROTE IT MUST BE WORKIN' FOR THE SUN</p> <p>DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE FIRE</p> <p>NEWSIE GROUP #2</p> <p>HEARD IT KILLED OL' MAN MCGUIRE</p> <p>NEWSIE GROUP #1</p> <p>HEARD THE TOLL WAS EVEN HIGHER</p> <p>NEWSIE GROUP #2</p> <p>WHY DO I MISS ALL THE FUN?</p> <p>NEWSIE GROUP #1</p> <p>HITCHED IT ON A TROLLEY</p> <p>NEWSIE GROUP #2</p> <p>MEET'CHA FORTY-FOURTH AND SECOND...</p> <p>NEWSIE GROUP #1</p> <p>LITTLE ITALY'S A SECRET</p> <p>NEWSIE GROUP #2</p> <p>BLEEKER'S FURTHER THAN I RECKONED</p> <p>NEWSIE GROUP #1</p> <p>BY THE COURTHOUSE</p> <p>NEWSIE GROUP #2</p> <p>NEAR THE STABLES</p> <p>NEWSIE GROUP #1</p> <p>ON THE CORNER SOMEONE BECKONED AND I...</p>
--	---

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)

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.

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)

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?

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...

\*

CARRYIN' THE BANNER IS  
THE...

NEWSIE GROUP #2  
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)

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  
IT'S A FINE LIFE  
CARRYIN' THE BANNER

NEWSIE GROUP  
GO GET HIM, COWBOY!  
YOU GOT HIM NOW, BOY!

\*  
\*  
\*

IT'S A FINE LIFE  
CARRYIN' THE BANNER

GO GET HIM, COWBOY!  
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.

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 papes -- move outta here.

\*

DAVID

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

\*

(CONTINUED)



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. He backhands Morris who looks surprised. \*

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 --

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)

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)

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 papes, newsies sell papes. 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)

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)

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)

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)

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)

25

CONTINUED:

25

SNYDER

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)



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)

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)

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, shooping 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)

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 27  
thru thru  
33 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 --

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)

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)

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...



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)

39

CONTINUED:

39

Jack starts down  
the fire escape to  
the alley below.

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?

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

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

JACK  
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 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)

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...

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

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  
 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)

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, dislodges a brick and removes a small box. In the box is a tin Prince Albert Tobacco can -- Jack puts today's take inside it. Then he removes --

-- 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)

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)

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.

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 --

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)

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 --

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 papas 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 papas, then nobody sells papas.  
Nobody comes through those gates  
'til they put the price back where  
it was.

(CONTINUED)



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)

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)

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

Jack's not listening now.

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)

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

Jack jumps down from the  
 statue.

ALL  
 AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW  
 THAT WE'VE BEEN...

\*

He jumps onto the back of a wagon.

JACK  
 ... HERE!

\*

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

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

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)

48

CONTINUED: (6)

48

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

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

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

The Newsies answer back.

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 (CONT'D)  
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  
AND OUR NAME IS MUD

ALL  
AND THE STRIKE IS ON

BOOTS  
AND I CAN'T STAND BLOOD

ALL  
AND THE WORLD WILL...

JACK  
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!

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

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

(CONTINUED)

The Delanceys close the gates as Weasel glares out from the dock.

ALL  
AND THE WORLD WILL SEE  
THAT WE HAD TO CHOOSE  
THAT THE THINGS WE DO TODAY  
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)

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)

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.

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)



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.

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...

51  
thru  
54

OMITTED

51  
thru  
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)

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)

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 OMITTED  
thru  
5856  
thru  
58

59 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - AFTERNOON (SAME DAY)

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)

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)

59

CONTINUED: (2)

59

SONG: "SEIZE THE DAY"

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

DAVID  
OPEN THE GATES AND SEIZE THE DAY  
DON'T BE AFRAID AND DON'T DELAY  
NOTHING CAN BREAK US  
NO ONE CAN MAKE US  
GIVE OUR RIGHTS AWAY  
ARISE AND SEIZE THE DAY \*

DAVID  
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)

59

CONTINUED: (3)

59

NEWSIE GROUP #1 \*  
 DON'T BE AFRAID  
 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)



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  
thru  
63

60  
thru  
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)

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)

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. Then he smiles, softens.

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)

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)

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  
thru  
69

66  
thru  
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)

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)



-- 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)

72

CONTINUED: (2)

72

\*

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

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

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

SKITTERY  
NOW IS THE TIME TO

ALL  
SEIZE THE DAY

RACETRACK  
SEND OUT THE CALL AND

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)

-- 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)

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)

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.

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)

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.  
Wisnheimer 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.

\*  
\*



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)

91 CONTINUED:

91

He tries to move Snyder away, silently imploring Jack to go -- but Jack takes his time, picks up a leaflet, elaborately 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

&amp;

&amp;

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)

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)

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 --

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.

(CONTINUED)

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)

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  
&  
9897  
&  
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.	
	<p style="text-align: center;">PULITZER</p> <p style="text-align: center;">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...</p>	
	GAMMON, a portly fop in muttonchops, shakes the Mayor's hand.	
	<p style="text-align: center;">PULITZER</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Mr. Gammon owns The New York Sun.</p>	
	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 --	
	<p style="text-align: center;">JACK</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Carryin' the banner!</p>	
	<p style="text-align: center;">AUDIENCE</p> <p style="text-align: center;">(a roar)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Carryin' the banner!</p>	
	The noise threatens to blow the roof off the theater as we see --	
104	OMITTED	104
&		&
105		105

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)



BACK TO SCENE

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)

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)

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)

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

thru  
111

108  
thru  
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.

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

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)



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)

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

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)

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 uncomfortable. 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)

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)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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)

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)

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)

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.

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)

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)

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)

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  
thru  
140

129  
thru  
140

141 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - AT GATES - MORNING

141

The Newsies chant at the crowd in the courtyard:

(CONTINUED)

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  
hissself. 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)



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 looking 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, wise guy --

(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.

David sits in the window, brooding.

(CONTINUED)

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)

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

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)

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)

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)

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 as he works on Morris's bread  
basket. Just as Oscar frees himself from the derby,  
David leaps on him like 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  
thru  
160B

158  
thru  
160B



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)

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)

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)

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  
thru  
165

161  
thru  
165

165A INT. WORLD PRESS ROOM - PULITZER'S PRESSES - NIGHT

165A

The huge PRESSES pound out papers; a LOUD THUDDING rhythm shakes the building --

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)

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

JACK  
CHOKER IT  
CHEESE IT

DENTON  
THAT'S IT YOU'RE GETTING IT  
KEEP IT STEADY  
ALMOST READY  
WON'T BE LONG 'TIL SOMEBODY  
GUESSES  
THEY GOT PROWLERS INKING  
THEIR PRESSES

(CONTINUED)



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	DAVID/SARAH
SOME THINGS	SMART WE AIN'T
ARE WORTH TRYING FOR	MOM WOULD FAINT
SOME DREAMS	
ARE WORTH DYING FOR	

EVERYBODY  
WE'RE AT THE POINT OF NO RETURN!

LES	DAVID
AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW	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
AND THEY ALL REMEMBER US	SOMETHING REALLY FLASHY
AND TALK ABOUT THE NIGHT	SO EVERYONE REMEMBERS
	AND DON'T FORGET TO PUT IN
	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	DAVID/SARAH
HAILIN' FROM CANARSIE	SOFTER
BENSONHURST AND CHELSEA	KEEP IT QUIET NOW
ASTORIA AND BRIGHTON BEACH	FASTER
	LET ME TRY IT NOW

(CONTINUED)

LES  
AND SHEEPSHEAD BAY!

INSTRUMENTAL break. \*

<p>DENTON/SARAH</p> <p>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!</p>	<p>JACK/DAVID</p> <p>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</p>
---	---

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 --

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)

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  
thru  
185

166B  
thru  
185

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)

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?

More kids are appearing;  
messengers, garment girls,  
kids of all kinds --

LES  
NO!  
NEWSIES  
WHEN YA GOT A MILLION VOICES  
SINGING, WHO CAN HEAR A LOUSY  
WHISTLE BLOW?

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)

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)

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)



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)

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.

189 OMITTED 189  
& &  
190 190

191 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - DAY 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)

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)

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)

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)

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 courtyard, 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.

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

117A.

193B EXT. LOADING DOCK/WINDOW - NEWSIES

193B

sing as they wait for papers,  
but something's missing...

a voice, a presence, a  
spirit -- and then --

NEWSIES  
IT'S A FINE LIFE,  
CARRYIN' THE BANNER... (ETC.)

-- Jack leaps onto the dock and rings the bell --

(CONTINUED)



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