Gently and simply
Muscular rock beat $\frac{1}{4}=120$

P/V "Newsies"

#1 “Overture” 6/15/12
Winding down...

Pastorale, freely

JACK: Where you going? Morning bell ain’t rung yet. Get back to sleep.

CRUTCHIE: I wanna beat the other fellas to the street. I don’t want anyone should see; I ain’t been walkin’ so good.  JACK: Quit gripin’. You know how many guys fake a limp for sympathy?
[JACK] That bum leg of yours is a gold mine.
CRUTCHIE: Someone gets the idea I can’t make it on my own, they’ll lock me up in The Refuge for good. Be a pal, Jack. Help me down--- Whoa!!!
CRUTCHIE: No. I wanna go down. JACK: You’ll be down there soon enough. Take a moment to drink in my penthouse high above the stinkin’ streets of New York.
CRUTCHIE: You’re crazy. JACK: Because I like a breath of fresh air? ‘Cause I like seein’ the sky and the stars---
CRUTCHIE: You’re seein’ stars all right!
JACK: Them streets down there sucked the life right outta my old man. Years of rotten jobs, stomped on by bosses. And when they finally broke him; they tossed him to the curb like yesterday’s paper. Well, they ain’t doin’ that to me.
CRUTCHIE: But everyone wants to come here.

JACK: New York's fine for those what can afford a big strong door to lock it out.

But, I tell you, Crutchie, there's a whole other way out there.

JACK: Keep your small life in the big city. Give me a big life in a small town.

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

colla voce

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

And while
I ain't never been there, I can see it clear as day. If you want, I bet that you could see it, too.

Close your eyes. Come with me where it's clean and green and pretty, and they went and made a city out-a clay.

Why, the
minute that you get there folks'ill walk right up and say, "Welcome
home, son, welcome home to Santa Fe!"
Plant-in'
crops, split-tin' rails, swap-pin' tales around the fire, 'cept for
Sun-day, when you lie around all day.

Sun-day, when you lie around all day.

Soon your
friends are more like family, and they're begging you to stay! Ain't that neat?

Livin's sweet in Santa Fe.

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

CRUTCHIE: I don't need folks. I got friends.

JACK: How's about you come with me?

No one worries about no gimp leg in Santa Fe.
You just hop a palomino and ride in style.  CRUTCHIE: Feature me; ridin’ in style.

JACK: I bet a few months of clean air and you could toss that crutch for good.

More broadly

Fe! You can bet we won’t let them bastards beat us. We won’t beg no one to treat us fair and square.

There’s a
life that's worth the liv-in', and I'm gonna do my share: Work the land, chase the sun! Swim the whole Rio Grande just for fun!

Watch me stand! Watch me run...

JACK: Hey—Don't you
know that we's a fam-ly, Would I let ya down? No

way. Just hold on, kid, till that train makes Santa Fe.


Hey! Specs, Racer, Henry, Albert, Elmer! Get a move on, boys. Them papes don't sell themselves."
With energy $q=144$


ALBERT: I was havin' the most beautiful dream. My lips is still tingling.


SEGUE AS ONE

#3 Carrying the Banner m.7
You'll steal a nud.

Hey, look, it's bath time at the zoo.

I thought that I'd surprise my mother. If you can find her. Who asked you?

ALBERT: Papes ain't movin' like they used to. Think I need a new sellin' spot. Got any ideas?
Newsies

Al-ley to the har-boor, there's eas-y pick-in's guar-an-teed._ Try an-y

bank-er, bum, or bar-ber. They al-most all knows how to read._

It's a crooked game—we're play-in', one we'll ne-ver lose,_

long as suck-ers don't__mind pay-in' just to get__bad news!__

Ain't it a
fine life, carrying the banner through it all!

fine life, carrying the banner tough and tall.

When that bell rings, we goes where we wishes. We's as free as fishes. Sure-

-beats washing dishes. What a fine life, Carrying the banner home free

KATHERINE: I've got a headline for you: Cheeky boy gets nothing for his troubles.

ROMEO: Back to the bench, slugger. You struck out.  JACK: I'm crushed.

FINCH: They oughta bottle this guy. RACE: And the limp sells fifty papes a week all by itself. CRUTCHIE: I don't need the limp to sell papes. I got personality.

It takes a smile that spreads like butter, the kind what turns a lady's head.

It takes an orphan with a stutter... Who's also
blind... And mute... And dead!

Summer stinks and wins...

- ter's freeze-in' when you works outdoors. 

Start out sweat-in', end up sneez-in'. In between, it pours!

Still, it's a
fine life, carrying the banner with me chums.

Still, it's a fine life, carrying the banner with me

big shots, tossing out a freebie to the bums.

Hey! What's the chums.

A bunch o' big shots, tossing out a freebie...
hold up? Wait in' makes me ant-sy. I likes liv-in' chanc-ey, Har-lem to De-lanc-ey, what a

fine life, Car-ry-ing the ban-ner through the...

Bless ed chil-dren,
Though you wander lost and depraved,

Jesus loves you.

You shall be saved.

ELMER: Thanks for the grub, sistuh.
NUN 1: Elmer, when are we going to see you inside the church?  
ELMER: I don’t know, Sistuh. But it’s bound to rain sooner or later.

Blessed children,  
Curdled coffee, concrete

Just gim-me half a cup. Something to wake me up.
(Nuns)

Ah

Mush

I got-ta find an an - gle.  It's get-tin' bad out there.

I got-ta find an an - gle.  It's get-tin' bad out there.

dough - nuts sprin - kled with mold,  home - made
Jesus loves you.

Jack says to change my spot.

It's eighty-eight degrees.

Wish I could catch a breeze.

(biscuits,

Ah

May be it's worth a shot.

If

All I can catch is fleas.

just two years
I hate the head-line, I'll make up a head-line And I'll say anything I have.

old.

'ta. 'Cause at two for a penny, If I take too many, Wiesel

just makes me eat 'em after.

Got a
feel'ing 'bout the head-line! I____ smells me a head-line? Papes__

Hen, Elm, Snip, Mike, Race [Brady, Stu]

I do, too!____ So it must be true!__

____ are gon-na sell like we was giv-en 'em a-way! Bet-cha

What a switch!__
Dinner it's a doozy 'bout a pistol packing floozy who knows

Soon we'll all be rich. Don't know a better

How to make a newsie's day! You wanna

Way to make a newsie's day!

Move the next edition? Give us an earthquake or a war.
How 'bout a crook-ed politi-cian? Ya nit-wit,

that ain't news no more!

mp Up-town to Grand Cen-tral Sta-tion, down to Cit-y Hall,
We improve our circulation, walkin' till we fall._

But we'll be

got a

out there, carrying the banner man to man.

feeling 'bout the headline I smell me a headline. Papes are gonna sell like we was

We're always out there, soakin' ev'ry sucker that we
given 'em away! Betcha dinner it's a doozy 'bout a pistol packin' floozy. Don't know
Here's the headline: News -

- any better way to make a news-ie's day! I was stak-in' out the cir-cus, and then

- ies on a mis-sion! Kill the com-pe-ti-tion! Sell the next e-di-tion! We'll be

some-one said that Co-ney's real-ly hot, but when I got there, there was Spot with all his cro-nies. Heck, I'm
out there, carrying the banner! See us

gonna take what little dough I got and play the ponies! We at

out there, carrying the banner! Always

least deserves a headline for the hours that they work us. Jeez, I
FINCH: Hey, look! They’re puttin’ up the headline.
SPECS: I hope it’s really bloody. With a nice clear picture.

ELMER: The Trolley Strike?
[ELMER] Not again!  **RACE:** Three weeks of the same story.

**FINCH:** They’re killin’ us with that snoozer.  **MORRIS:** Make way. Step aside.

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

**CRUTCHIE:** Or could it be— **ALL NEWSIES:** —the Delancey brothers.

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

**OSCAR:** So? It’s honest work.  **ALBERT:** But crackin’ heads of defenseless workers --  **OSCAR:** I take care of the guy who takes care of me.

**RACE:** Ain’t your father one of the strikers?  **OSCAR:** Guess he didn’t take care of me!  **MORRIS:** You want some of that too? Ya lousy crip!  **JACK:** Now, that's not nice, Morris.
RACE: Five to one Jack skunks 'em!
JACK: One unfortunate day, you might find you got a bum gam of your own.
How'd you like us pickin' on you? Maybe we should find out. [distribution bells]

OSCAR: Wait 'til I get my hands on you. J JACK: Ya gotta catch me first.

We'll all be out there, carry-ing the ban-ner man to man!
We're al-ways
out there, soak in' ev'ry suck-er that we can.

Here's the head-

line: Newsies on a miss-ion! Kill the com-pe-ti-tion! Sell-

the next edi-tion! We'll be out there, car-ry-ing the ban-ner! See us
out there, carrying the banner! Always out there, carrying the banner!

Ah

Go!

Ah

Go!

Ah

Go!
Carrying the Banner - Tag

3/13/12

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

WARN: [Jack and Les spit and shake]
[DAVEY]: That's just disgusting.

CUE [JACK]: It's just business. Newsies, hit the streets.

We'll all be

out there, carrying the banner man to man!

We're always
out there, soak'in' ev'ry suck'er that we can.

Here's the headline:

Newsies on a mission! Kill the competition! Sell the next edition! We'll be out there, carrying the banner! See us
out there, carrying the banner! Always out there, carrying the banner!

Jack, Dav, Butt, Spec, Mush, Tom, Fin
Cru, Les, Jo, Rom, Al, Ike

Race, Hen, Elm, Snip, Mike

Ah

Go!

mf

sff2
WARN [HANNAH]: He’s now the Governor.  
[PULITZER] How can I influence an election if no one is reading my opinion?  
Which brings us back to the problem at hand: We need to sell more papers.

CUE [PUL]: And the way to do this is--?

Breezy lite swing ($\frac{4}{4}$ =140)

SEITZ: Big photos attract readers. PUL: And bill collectors.  
Do you know what big photos cost?  
SEITZ: But if we can’t attract readers with pictures or headlines. PUL: There’s an answer right before your eyes.

A tempo

Gentlemen, you’re not thinking this through.  
Closed hat
Nunzi o knows when he's cutting my hair: trim a bit here, and then trim a bit there. Just a

BUNSEN: What if we cut back personnel?

mo-dest ad\_just\_ment can fat\_en the bot\_tom line.

PUL: We're at war, Mr Bunsen. You don't cut troops when you're heading into battle.

SEITZ: How about a few salary trims?

PUL: Beginning with yours? Nothing would please me more. But then I'd risk losing my best people to Hearst.

BUNSEN: We could lower the price of the paper. PUL: Bankrupting me even faster,
Our goal is to sell more papers.

Gentlemen, think it through.

Shaving is tricky, the razor should float.

Shave me too close, and you may cut my throat. It's the simplest solutions that bolster the bottom line.

30
BUNSEN: But how does that help us sell more papers?
HANNAH: We don’t sell papers, silly. Newsies sell papers.
PUL: Exactly, silly. Newsies sell papers.

Now how do we get them to sell more papers? BUNSEN: I’ve got it! Right now we charge the Newsies fifty cents for a hundred papers. PUL: Yes---

BUNSEN: But if we raised their price to sixty cents per hundred---
PUL: You're getting warmer---
SEITZ: A mere tenth of a penny per paper.

BUNSEN: Every single newsie will have to sell ten more papers just to earn the same as always.
PUL: My thoughts exactly. It's genius. HANNAH: It's going to be awfully rough on those children. [cut]

PUL: But they will be learning a real life lesson in economics. I couldn't offer them a better education if they were my own.

Give me a weekend I'll train 'em to be like an army that's marching to war.

Proud of themselves and so grateful to me, they'll be
begging to pay even more.

When there's dirt on our shoes, boys, for God's sake, relax!

Why throw them out? All we need is some wax.

Listen well to these barber shop lessons.
sons, for they'll see you through.

When you're stuck in the muck, you'll be fine.

When you're stuck in the muck, you'll be fine.

You'll erase any trace of decline.

You'll erase any trace of decline.
And the pow'r of the press, yes!

And a snip!

With a trim! And a shine!

Once again is mine!

PUL: The price for the Newsies goes up in the morning!

Just a few common
cents, gents, that's the bottom line!

Every new outcome is income for you! Thanks to that bottom line!

Thanks to that bottom line!

APPLAUSE SEGUE
Carrying the Banner
2/27/12
A tempo "Carrying the Banner" $\text{♩}=152$

Sun up to

Sun down, knowin' where my customers 'll be,

Sun up to

Sun down, watchin' all the ladies watchin' me,

Walked my
shoes off! Got the dough to show it, probably I'll blow it, then _

_before you know it we'll be out there, carrying the banner!


poco rit. [fade on scene]
Chase
3/11/12
CUE [JACK]: Thanks for the invite, but I just remembered I got plans with a fella. He's probably waiting on me right now.

[LES]: Is that the guy you're meeting?

[Snyder]: Kelly!

[JACK]: Run for it!

Snyder: You -- Jack Kelly! Stop. Officer, grab him. Kelly!
Jack: Slow down. We lost ‘em. Davey: Someone want to tell me why I’m running? I got no one chasing me. Who was that guy?

Jack: That was Snyder the Spider. A real sweetie. He runs a jail for underage kids called The Refuge. The more kids he locks up, the more money the city pays him.

[Jack] Problem is all the money goes straight into his own pocket. Do yourself a favor and stay clear of him and The Refuge.

Medda: Hey, you up there. Shoo! No kids allowed in the theater. Jack: Not even me, Miss Medda?

MEDDA: Jack Kelly, man of mystery. (scene continues...)
That's Rich

6/19/12

WARN [STAGE MANAGER] Miss Medda - You're on!
[MEDDA] Yeah? How'm I doin?

CUE [MEDDA]: Boys, lock the door and stay all night.
You're with Medda now.

(STAGE MANAGER) Ladies and gentlemen, please
welcome the star of our show, Miss Medda Larkin!

fp

F7 arp.

do-in' all right for my-self, folks.
I'm heal-thy, I'm weal-thy, I'm wise...

My in-
vestments and such have all gone up so much, seems what

ev-er I touch starts to rise. I've got men, I've got mon-ey and yet...
The
thing I want most, I can't get.

Raggy swing ($d = 134$)

1. I

2. live in a man - sion on Long _ Island Sound, I pulled up a weed, they found oil_

3. in the ground, but you tell - ing me you don't want me a-round...

4. Now, hon - ey that's rich! Some guys give me er - mine, chin - chil -
la and mink, and some give me diamonds as big as a sink, but

you wouldn’t give me so much as a wink. Now, baby, that’s rich. I get bran-

-dy from Andy and candy from Scott. Oh, and Frank and Edward chipped in_

—for a yacht. I get stares from the fellas, and prayers from the pope. But
I ran out my luck getting stuck on some dope.
MEDDA: Hey baby, I was just talkin' about you.

listen, sport, this life's too short to waste it on you.
It may be rough, but soon enough I'll learn to make do with the

man-sion, the oil, well, the dia-monds, the yacht. With An-dy, Ed-uár-do, the Pon-tiff, and Scott. And
Frank... and my bank. So spill no tears for me. 'Cause there's

one thing you ain't that I'll al-ways be, and hon-ey, yeah, that's right, that's

That's rich!

That's rich!

That's rich!

That's rich!
CUE [MEDDA]: And now, Gents,

(MEDDA) Let’s have a big hand for the Bowery Beauties!

Spike Jones meets Can-Can \( \text{f=154} \)
Don't come a-knocking

[Lite stop time]

knocking on my door.

JACK: Well, hello again.

KATHERINE: This is a private box.

JACK: Want I should lock the door?
(JACK) Twice in one day. Think this is fate?

KATHERINE: Go away. I’m working. JACK: A working girl, huh? Doin’ what?

KATH: Reviewing the show for The New York Sun.

JACK: Hey! I work for The World.
KATH: Somewhere out there someone cares. Go tell them.

JACK: The view’s better here.

KATH: Please go. I am not in the habit of speaking to strangers.

JACK: Then you’re gonna make a lousy reporter. The name’s Jack Kelly.
KATHERINE: Is that what it says on your rap sheet?


MEDDA: You got in for free, the least you can do is pay attention.

JACK: Sorry, Medda.

Half tempo \( \text{\textit{rit.}} \)

Calmly, ca. \( \text{\textit{rit.}} \)

I got no use for moonlight or sappy poetry.
Love at first sight's for suck-ers, at least it used to be. Look, girls are

nice once or twice, till I find some-one new. But

I ne-ver planned on some-one like
Tempo I°

Don't come a-

you.

knocking on my door. You aren't welcome here no more.

I got no use for moonlight.

I should have known you stunk like yesterday's trash or sappy poetry.
night you stole my heart plus forty dollars in cash. Turns out my beau is just some bum.

Try love at first sight's for suckers, at least it never told the truth or worked a day in your life. In fact you're so revolting I feel used to be.
Med.  

bad for your wife.  I won't be shaving your back anymore. No, señor. Don't come a-

Jack  

KATH: What are you doing?  JACK: Quiet down. There's a show going on.

Med.  

knocking on my door. Don't come a-knocking on my door.

Jack  

No, I never planned on someone.
To The Distribution Winda'

[DIRECT SEGUE]

Tempo di "Carrying The Banner" (\( \frac{\mathbf{4}}{4} = 152 \))

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

3/13/12

PIANO/VOCAL

ORCH

"Newsies"

6B
With great excitement \( \frac{3}{2} = 92 \)

JACK: You heard the voice of the membership. The Newsies of lower Manhattan are officially on strike.

What next? CRUTCHIE: Great. So, we're on strike.

Wouldn't our strike be more effective if someone in charge knew about it?
RACE: It would be a pleasure to tell Wiesel myself.

JACK: Yeah? And who tells Pulitzer? Davey?

DAVEY: I don't know. I guess you do, Mr. President.

JACK: That's right, we do!!! What do we tell 'em?

DAVEY: The newspaper owners need to respect your rights as employees.

JACK: Pulitzer and Hearst gotta respect the rights of the workin' kids of this city.

DAVEY: They can't just change the rules when they feel like it.

JACK: That's right. We do the work so we get a say.

DAVEY: We've got a union!

LES: Yeah!
Pu - lit - zer and Hearst, they think we're no - thing! Are we no - thing?

DAVEY: They need to understand that we're not enslaved to them. We're free agents.

Pu - lit - zer and Hearst, they think they got us. Do they got us? No!

DAVEY: We're a union now -- the Newsboy Union and we mean business.
Even though we ain't got hats or badges, we're a union

just by saying so. And the World will know.

FINCH: What's to stop some other kids comin' along to sell our papes?
ALBERT: Just let 'em try. DAVEY: No! We can’t beat up on other kids. We’re all in this together.

What’s it gon - na take to stop the wa - gons? Are we rea - dy?

Yeah! What’s it gon - na take to stop the scab - bers?

Can we do it? Yeah!
We'll do what we got ta do un til we break the will of Mighty Bill and Joe.

And the World will know. And the Journal, too.

Mis ter Hearst and Pu lit zer, have we got news for you. See, the World don't know, but they're gona pay. 'Stead of hawk in'
head lines, we'll be mak - in' 'em to-day! And our ranks will

grow! And we'll kick their rear! And the World will

know that we been here.

When the cir-cu-la-tion bell starts ring - ing, will we hear - it? No!
What if the De-lan-ceys come out swing-ing? Will we hear it? No!

When ya got a hun-dred voices sing-ing, Who can hear a lousy whistle blow? And the World will know that this ain’t no game, that we got a

Newsies - The World Will Know 3/13/12
A ton of rotten fruit and perfect aim. So they gave their word.

Well, it ain't worth beans. Now they're gonna see what “stop the presses” really means. And the old will weep, and go back to sleep. and we got no
Cru, Les, Jo, Rom, Al
Jack, Dav, Butt, Spec, Mush, Tom, Fin
Race, Hen, Elm, Snip

choice but to see it through and we found our voice. And I found my shoe!

[Chalkboard Animation]

Yeah! Pulitzer may own the World, but he don’t own
Pu-lit-zer may crack the whip, but he won’t whip us!

Pu-lit-zer may own the World, but he don’t own us!

Pu-lit-zer may crack the whip, but he won’t whip us!

And the World will know we been keep-in’
score.  Either they give us our rights or we give them a war.

We been down too long, and we paid our dues. And the things we do today will be tomorrow's news. And the die is cast. And the torch is passed. And a roar will
rise... And our ranks will grow... and grow and so the World will feel the

Dav, Race, Tom, Fin, Hen, Elm, Snip

...from the streets below, ...and grow... and so the World will feel the

World will feel the

know!

know!
GUARD: And stay out!

(H.H.)

(VAMP) (cut on cue)

Poco Piu Mosso \( \frac{d}{=} \) 98

LES: You can tell Pulitzer that a few days into this strike, he’s gonna be beggin’ for an appointment to see me!!!

You got that? (music out)

[DOOR SLAMS] They got it. (go on)

Pu - lit - zer may own the World, but he don’t own us!

Pu - lit - zer may own the World,

Pu - lit - zer may own the World,

Pu - lit - zer may own the World,

Pu - lit - zer may own the World,

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Pu - lit - zer may own the World,

Pu - lit -zer may own the World,

Pu - lit -zer may own the World,

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Pu - lit -zer may own the World,

Pu - lit -zer may own the World,

Pu - lit -zer may own the World,

Pu - lit -zer may own the World,
P/V "Newsies"

189

Pu- lit- zer may crack the whip, but he won’t whip

but he don’t own us!

190

Pu- lit- zer may crack the whip, but he won’t whip us!

191

Ah! So the World says

192

us!

193

(-Mike/Ike)

194

195

(Mike/Ike)

196

No!

197

Well the kids do too!

198

Try to walk all
over us, we'll stomp all over you. Can they kick us out?

Take away our vote? Will we let 'em stuff this crock of garbage down our throat? No!

Ev'ry day we wait is a day we lose!

And this ain't for
fun!
And we'll fight 'em toe to toe! And Joe your

And it ain't for show!
to toe! And Joe your

World will feel the fire and
World will feel the fire and
The World Will Know
Reprise

WARN [JACK]: You want a story...

CUE [MR. JACOBI]: Let’s go, boys, play outside. I gotta set up for dinner.

A tempo ("World Will Know") \( \varpi = 98 \)

(JACOBI): I got payin’ customers need the tables. FINCH: C’mon. We got newsies to visit.

RACE: You won’t be shooin’ us off when we gets our mugs in the papes!

And the World will


know we been keep – in’ score.

Ei-ther they gives

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

3/9/12
us our rights or we gives them a war. We been down too long, and we paid our dues. And the things we do today will be tomorrow’s news. And the die is cast.

And the torch is passed. And a roar will

Cru, Les, Jo, Rom, Al, Ike [Laur, Julie, Mark] 
Butt, Spec, Mush, Tom, Fin [Nick, Kev] 
Jack, Dav, Hen, Elm, Snip, Mike, Race [Stu] 

Cru, Mush, Al, Rom, Spec, Butt, Jo, Ike {Laur, Julie, Mark] 
Jack, Dav, Race, Tom, Fin, Hen, Elm, Mike, Snip {Nick, Kev, Stu] 

Cru, Les, Mush, Al, Rom, Spec, Butt, Jo, Ike {Laur, Julie, Mark] 
Jack, Cru, Les, Mush, Al, Rom, Spec, Butt, Jo, Ike {Laur, Julie, Mark] 

P/V “Newsies”
#08 “The World Will Know - Reprise” 3/9/12
And our ranks will grow... and grow and so the

...from the streets be - low,
...and grow_______ and so the

World will feel the fire and fin - lly
World will feel the fire and fin - lly

know! DAVEY: Come on, Les. The folks are waiting. KATH: So, what’s your story? Are you selling newspapers to work your way through art school? JACK: Art school? You kiddin’ me?

know!
WARN [JACK]: Do I look scared? But ask me again in the morning.

[KATH]: Good answer. Good night, Mr Kelly.

CUE [JACK]: Come on, where you runnin'? It ain't even supper time---

Tentatively

KATH: I'll see you in the morning. And, off the record, good luck.

JACK: Hey, Plumber. Write it good. We both got a lot ridin' on you.

Solidly, with drive \( \frac{d}{\text{beat}} = 87 \)

[VAMP] (cut immediately on cue)

KATH: You heard the man, “Write it good.” Write it good, or it’s back to wheezing your way through the flower show.
No pressure. Let’s go. “Newsies stop the World.” [out]  
A little hyperbole never hurt anyone. [on typing]

"With all eyes fixed on the trolley strike, there's another battle brewing in the city."

And if I could just write about it. Come on, Katherine, the boys are counting on you. Oh, you poor boys!

[VAMP] (vox last x)

Write what you know, so they say. All I know is I don't know what to write or the
right way to write it. This is big, lady, don’t screw it up! This is not some little vaudeville I’m reviewing. Poor little kids versus rich, greedy sour-pusses! Ha, it’s a cinch; it can practically write itself. And let’s pray it does, ’cause as I may have mentioned, I have no clue what I’m doing!
Am I insane? This is what I've been waiting for! Well, that, plus the wailing of ten angry editors: “A girl?” “It's a girl?! How the hell...” is that even legal?

“Look, just go and get her!” Not only that there's the story behind the story: thousands of children exploited, invisible. Speak
up, take a stand, and there's someone to write about it. That's how things get bet-ter.

Give life's little guys some ink, and when it dries, just watch what hap-pens!

Those kids will live and breathe right on the page and once they're cen-ter stage you
watch, what happens! And who's there with her camera and her pen as boys turn into men? They'll storm the gates and then just watch what happens when they do!

KATHERINE: “A modern day David is poised to take on
the rich and powerful Goliath. With the swagger of one twice his age—armed with nothing more than a few
nuggets of truth, Jack Kelley stands ready to face the behemoth Pulitzer. Now that’s how you turn a boy into a legend.”

[VAMP] (vox last x)

Picture a handsome, heroically charismatic, plain-spoken, knowing,

(play 1st x, and last x w/ vocal)

skirt-chasing, cocky little son-of-a... Lie down with dogs and you wake up with a
raise and a promotion. So he's a flirt, a complete egomaniac. The fact is he's also the face of the strike. What a face! Face the fact. That's a face that could save us all from sinking in the ocean.
Like one said, "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power..." Wait! Wait! "...Corrupts absolutely." That is genius but give me some time, I'll be twice as good as that six months from... never. Just look around at the world we're inheriting and think of the one we'll create. Their mistake is they got
old. That is not a mistake we'll be making. No, sir, we'll stay young forever!

Give those kids and me the brand new century and watch what happens!

It's David and Goliah, do or die! The fight is on, and I can't
watch what happens...

But all I know is

nothing happens if you just give in.

It can't be any worse than how it's been.

And it
just so happens that we just might win, so what

ever happens, let's be

gin!

APPLAUSE SEGUE
Watch What Plays Off

"Newsies"

9A

A Tempo ("World Will Know" $\mathcal{J} = 98$)
WARN[DAVEY]: Say Something. Tell them if we back off now they will never listen to us again.

CUE [JACK]: We can't back down now.

Gentle hymn, ca. \( \frac{d}{1} = 92 \)

(JACK) No matter who shows or doesn't. Like it or not, now is when we take a stand.

FINCH: How's about we just don't show for work? That'll send a message.

JACK: They'll just replace us. They need to see we'll stand our ground. C'mon, Davey. Tell 'em.

Now is the time to seize the day. Stare down the odds and seize the day.
Minute by minute, that's how you win it. We will find a way. But


let us seize the day. LES: Don't be so quick to judge. Maybe Pulitzer will see that out his window and feel sorry for us. JACK: Hey Specs, any sign of reinforcements? Davey?

Courage cannot erase our fear.

Courage is when we face our fear.
Tell those with pow-er, safe in their tow-er, we will not o-

bey.

hold the brave bat- ta-lion that stands side by side, too few in num-ber and

too proud to hide. Then say to the oth-ers who did not fol-low through,
Moving a bit more $d=96$

“You’re still our broth-ers, and we will fight for you.”

Now is the time to seize the day. Stare down the odds and seize the day.

Once we’ve be-gun, if we stand as one, some-day be-comes some-how. And a
prayer becomes a vow. And the strike starts right damn
prayer becomes a vow.

now!

WIESEL: The sun is up and the birds is singin’. A beautiful day to crack some heads, ain’t it? Step right up and get your papes. MORRIS: You workin’ or trespassin’. What’s your pleasure.

DAVEY: Who are they? JACK: Scabs. Who do you think? FINCH: If they think they can just waltz in here and take our jobs. CRUTCHIE: We can handle them! ROMEO: Let’s soak ‘em, boys! FINCH: Yeah! Let’s get ‘em! DAVEY: No!
We all stand together or we don’t have a chance. Jack! **JACK:** All right. I know. I hear ya.

Listen, fellas -- I know somebody put yis up to this. Probably paid ya some extra money too. Yeah? Well, it ain’t right.

**JACK:** Pulitzer thinks we’re gutter rats with no respect for nothin’ includin’ each other. Is that who we are? Well, we stab each other in the back and, yeah, that’s who we are.

But if we stand together we can change the whole game. And it ain’t just about us. All across the city there are boys and girls who ought to be out playin’ or going to school. Instead they’re slavin’ to support themselves and their folks. Ain’t no crime to bein’ poor, and not a one of us complains if the work we do is hard. All we ask is a square deal.
Fellas -- for the sake of all the kids in every sweatshop, factory, and slaughter house in this town, I beg you.

Throw down your papers and join the strike.

LES: Please?

SCAB 1(Sniper): I'm with ya.
Muscular rock beat \( j=120 \)

```
Now is the time to seize the day! Now is the time to seize the day!

Answer the call and don't delay! Answer the call and don't delay!

Wrongs will be righted if we're united!
```
Let us seize the day!

[SAFETY]

SCAB 3 (Tommy Boy): You're kidding, right?
SCAB 2 (Buttons): At the end of the day
who are you gonna trust? Them or them?

(snare drum solo)

Now let 'em hear it loud and clear!

Newsies + Davey

Like it or not, we're drawing near!

Jack

Newsies + Davey

let it or not, we're drawing near!
Proud and defiant, we'll slay the giant!

Judgment day is here!

SCAB 3 (Tommy Boy): Oh - what the hell! Me father's gonna kill me anyway. [All Cheer] Hous-ton to

(snare drum solo)

Harlem, look what's be -

[SAFETY] Newsies

P/V "Newsies"
V & b

Cru, Les, Mush, Al Rom, Specs, Butt, Jo
Jack, Dav, Race, Tom, Fin, Hen, Elm, Snip

V & b

Cru, Les, Jo, Rom, Al
Jack, Butt, Spec, Mush, Tom, Fin
Dav, Race, Hen, Elm, Snip

sfz

V & b

V & b

One

Cru, Les, Jo, Rom, Al
Jack, Butt, Spec, Mush, Tom, Fin
Dav, Race, Hen, Elm, Snip

V & b

V & b

One!

V & b

V & b

Strike!

V & b

V & b

Strike!

V & b

V & b

Strike!

V & b

V & b

Strike!

V & b

V & b

Strike!

V & b

V & b

Strike!

V & b

V & b

Strike!

V & b
Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike! Oh...

A bit slower

Strike! [Military]

[2nd Boys, Davey Joins]

P/V "Newsies"
[Les]

“cocky”

mf

[Les jumps on the paper]  [Les rips the paper]

[stomping on newspapers]
[Boys take their stand]

[Boys Circling]
Now is the time to seize the day!

[Final Vocal]
They're gonna see there's hell to pay!

Nothing can break us, no one can make us quit before we're done!

One for all and all for one.
One for all and all for one!

Cru, Les, Jo, Rom, Al, Ike, Laur [Mark, Julie]
Jack, Dav, Butt, Spec, Mush, Tom, Fin [Nick]
Race, Hen, Elm, Snip, Mike [Stu, Brady]

Cru, Les, Mush, Al, Rom, Spec,
Butt, Jo, Ike, Laur [Mark, Julie]
Jack, Dav, Race, Tom, Fin, Hen,
Elm, Snip, Mike [Nick, Stu, Brady]

[Flash!]

APPLAUSE SEGUE
Seize the Tag

3/9/12

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]

A tempo

Newsies forever!

Second to none!

-One for all and all for...
(they fade out ad lib. as they see Delanceys and men)

One for all and all...
The Fight
3/13/12

CUE: [Brady hits the railing twice, then moves]

New Tempo - Slower '2' ($\frac{3}{4} = 98$)

[Vamp]

WIESEL: Time these kids learned a lesson
JACK: Newsies, get 'em!

[rough sound -- maybe distorted gtr?]
P/V "Newsies"  
#11 "The Fight" 3/13/12

[Vamp] (cut on cue)

ROMEO: It's about time you showed up. They're slaughtering us--- [SLAP]

Intense and driving \( \dot{=} 160 \) (cont.)

JACK: Cheese it, fellas! It's the Bulls!

SNYDER: You can't run forever, Kelly!!!
CRUTCHIE: Jack? Wait or me! OSCAR: Where ya think you're goin'?

CRUTCHIE: Jack, Help! Romeo! Finch! MORRIS: Shup it, Crip!

[Crutchie is hit!]

(a la slow motion)

Snyder: It's off to The Refuge with you, little man. Take him away. Jack: Crutchie!
Piu Mosso

sub. mf

SEGUE AS ONE
The Fight
11/26/12
tr down a half step at m 45

New Tempo - Slower '2' ($\frac{d}{\text{beat}} = 98$)

WIESEL: Time these kids learned a lesson
JACK: Newsies, get 'em!

[Vamp]

[rough sound -- maybe distorted gtr?]
[Vamp] (cut on cue)

ROMEO: It's about time you showed up. They're slaughtering us--- [SLAP]

Intense and driving $J=160$

(continuation)

JACK: Cheese it, fellas! It's the Bulls!

SNYDER: You can't run forever, Kelly!!!
CRUTCHIE: Jack? Wait or me! OSCAR: Where ya think you're goin'?

CRUTCHIE: Jack, Help! Romeo! Finch! MORRIS: Shup it, Crip!

[Crutchie is hit!]

(a la slow motion)

Snyder It's off to The Refuge with you, little man. Take him away. Jack: Crutchie!
Driving

last X

finally got a headline:

Folks we

"Newsies"

crushed as bulls attack!

Crutchie's callin' me, dumb crip's just too damn

slow.

Guys are
fight-in', bleed-in', fall-in'. Thanks to good ole' Captain Jack. Captain

Jack just wants to close his eyes and go...

Passionately, more freely

go far away, some-place they won't never find me. And to-
morrow won't remind me of today.

When the
cit-y's fin'-ly sleep-in', and the moon looks old and gray, I get
on the train that's bound for Santa Fe. And I'm
gone! And I'm done! No more run-nin', no more ly-in'. No more
fat old men de-ny-in' me my pay.

Just a
moon so big and yellow, it turns night right into day. Dreams come true, yeah, they do, in Santa Fe.

With more drive

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’
poco accel.

Solidly, slightly faster

trapped where there ain’t no future, even at seventeen,

breakin’ your back for someone else’s sake? If the

life don’t seem to suit ya, how ‘bout a change of scene,
far from the lousy headlines and the deadlines in between!

molto rall.

Broadly, in 4

moving forward

Fe! My old friend! I can't spend my whole life dream-in', though I know that's all I seem inclined to do... I ain't gettin' any younger, and I...
wan-na start brand new. I need space, and fresh air. Let 'em

more broadly

laugh in my face, I don't care. Save my place, I'll be there...

A tempo (poco rubato)

real is all I'm ask-in', not some paint-in' in my head. 'Cause I'm

Just be
dead if I can't count on you today. I got
nothin', if I ain't got Santa

Briskly

ff

molto rall. sfz p

END ACT ONE
Driving

last X

finally got a headline:

mp

crushed as bulls attack!

Crutch-ie's callin' me, dumb crip's just too damn slow.

Guys are
fight in', bleed in', fall in'. Thanks to good ole' Cap-tain Jack.

Jack just wants to close his eyes and go...

Passionately, more freely
go far a-way, some-where they won't nev-er find me. And to-
mor-row won't re-mind me of to-day.

When the
cit-y's fin'ly sleep-in', and the moon looks old and gray, I get on the train that's bound for Santa Fe. And I'm
dolce
gone! And I'm done! No more run-nin', no more ly-in'. No more
mf
fat old men de-ny-in' me my pay. Just a
moon so big and yellow, it turns night right into day. Dreams come

true, yeah, they do, in Santa Fe.

With more drive

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' poco accel.

trapped where there ain't no future, even at seventeen, breakin' your back for someone else's sake? If the life don't seem to suit ya, how 'bout a change of scene,
far from the lousy headlines and the deadlines in between!

molto rall.

Broadly, in 4

moving forward

Fe! My old friend! I can't spend my whole life dreamin', though I know that's all I seem inclined to do.

I ain't gettin' any younger, and I
V
wan-na start brand new. I need space, and fresh air. Let 'em

more broadly

laugh in my face, I don't care. Save my place, I'll be there....

A tempo (poco rubato)

just be

real is all I'm ask-in', not some paint-in' in my head. 'Cause I'm
dead if I can't count on you to-day. I got nothin', if I ain't got Santa Fe. Briskly

molto rall. —— sff z p —— ff

END ACT ONE
Entr'acte
3/13/12
With great energy $\frac{4}{4}=152$
WARN [RACE]: Your erster, your erster!

CUE [Race] Ya don't need money when you're famous?

Hard, energetic swing ($\frac{q}{4} = 172$)
Look at me: I'm the king of New York!

Suddenly, I'm respectable, starin' right at'cha, lousy with sta'cha.

Nobb’in with all the muckety-mucks, I'm blowin' my dough and goin' de-luxe. And
there I be! Ain't I pretty? It's my city. I'm the king of New York!

My very own bed and an indoor toilet. A solid gold watch with a chain to twirl it.

barber-shop haircut that costs a quarter. A regular beat for the star reporter!
Am-scra, punk, she's the king of New York!

Who'd'a thunk! I'm

We was sunk, pale and pitiful, bunch

the king of New York!

of wet noo-dles, Pulitzer's poo-dles. Almost about to drown

Kath/Newsies (Kath/Les 8va)  Kath

Les

Cello, K2 (Bs Cl)
in the drink when she fished us out. And drowned is in ink. So

let's get drunk! Not with li-quot. Fame works quick-er when you're king of New

York.

got-ta be ei-ther dead or dream-in', 'cause look at that pape with my face beam-in'. To

Newsies
morrow they may wrap fish-es in it, but I was a star for one whole min-ute!
[Challenge] sub. f

[Katherine showing off] (Katherine’s Cross)
Look at me: I'm the king of New York!

Wait and see: this is gonna make both the Declan-ces pee in their pant-sies.

[Flashpots]
Flash-pots are shoot-in' bright as the sun! I'm one high-falu-tin' son-of-a-gun! I

guar-an-tee: though I crapped out, I ain't tapped out! I'm the King of New...
Friends may flee. Let 'em ditch 'ya! Snap one pit'cha, you're the King of New...

His- to- ry! Front page sto- ry! Guts and glo- ry! I'm the king....

...of New York!
King of New York Tag

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

"Newsies"

A tempo (drums)

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]
CUE [JACK]: Want to see
a place I seen? How about this?
[Reveals painting]

JACK: Newsies Square, thanks to
my big mouth, filled to overflowing with failure.

Kids hurt, others arrested—
DAVEY: Lighten up.
No one died.
JACK: Is that what you're aiming for?
No way I'm puttin' them kids back in danger.

DAVEY: We're doing something that has never been done
before. How could that not be dangerous?

JACK: I tried to see Crutchie at the Refuge. I
slipped around back, climbed the fire escape—
They busted him up so bad he couldn’t even come to the window. What if he don’t make it? You willing

to shoulder that for half a penny a pape? DAVEY: It’s not about pennies. You said it yourself; my family wouldn’t be in the mess we’re in if my father had a union. This is a fight we have to win. JACK: If I wanted a sermon I’d show up for church.
Watch What Happens – Reprise

Davey: Tell me how quitting does Crutchie any good?

Exactly. So...

Here's how it goes: Once we win, and we will be winning, make no mistake!

We'll be
We're already winning. And we'll tell 'em straight out they let Crutchie go, or what?!

Right!

d they keep getting pounded.

Dave, what the hell, did they bust up your brains or some-thin?

Won the battle.

As I recall, Dave, we all got our asses kicked. They won!
Jackie, think about it... We got them surrounded!

on!

You're right. And you know why a

Here's what I think: Joe's a jerk, he's a rattle-snake.

snake starts to rattle? 'Cause he's scared. Go and look it up, the

No, why? Sure.
poor guy's head is spinning. Why did he send for the goons, an entire army?

Dozens of goons, plus the cops and...

Thank you, God!

You know, you may be right... If he

Exact ly! He knows we're winning!

wasn't afraid...

Huh. He knows we're winning!
Get those kids to see we're circling victory and
watch what happens!

We're doing something

Get those kids to see we're circling victory and
we're doing something

Get those kids to see we're circling victory and
we're doing something

Get those kids to see we're circling victory and
we're doing something

Get those kids to see we're circling victory and
we're doing something

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we're doing something

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we're doing something

Get those kids to see we're circling victory and
we're doing something

Get those kids to see we're circling victory and
we're doing something

Get those kids to see we're circling victory and
we're doing something
no one's even tried, and yes, we're terrified, but
no one's even tried, and yes, we're terrified, but
no one's even tried, and yes, we're terrified, but
no one's even tried, and yes, we're terrified, but

watch what happens!
watch what happens!
watch what happens!

You can't undo the
So just move on and stay on track! "Cause past!

Humpity Dumpity is about to crack! We've got
We've got the plan,
And we've got Jack!

So just

watch what happens...
We're

watch what happens...
We're

watch what happens...
We're

watch what happens...
We're
LES: And I’ve got a date!
Back to Pulitzer's Office

A tempo $\frac{d}{d} = 84$

Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: M. Kosarin

"Newsies"

3/13/12

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]
Will they ever be able to thank you enough?

Ominously and freely (mostly spoken)

PUL: Will they ever be able to thank you enough?

Cow-boy or convict, I win either way._ Your abject surrender was always the bottom line.

With a light swing \( \frac{q=140}{8} \)

PUL: Gentlemen, escort our guest to the cellar so he might reflect in solitude.
bad you've no job, Jack, but you did re-sign. Too bad you've no fam-ly, but you can't have mine. Be

mf

“Ba Da Boom”

glad you're a-live, boy, I'd say that's the bot-tom line.

Like the pied pi-per you knew what to play. Till those kids all believed you were right.
Mayor

25
26
27
28

Lucky for them all but one got away. They may not be so lucky tonight.

Slowly

29
30
31
32

MORRIS: We been given discretion to handle you as we see fit, so behave.

OSCAR: But, just in case, I been polishin' a set of my favorite brass knuckles.

MORRIS: You can sleep right here on this old printing press. Now, that there is firm.
Brooklyn’s Here
6/19/12

“Newsies”

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

SPOT
DAVEY
JACK
NEWSIES

CUE [DIRECT SEGUE]

Hard rock march \( \frac{d}{=134} \)

Newsies need our help today!

Tell ‘em Brooklyn’s on their way!

Spot (Tommy Boy), JoJo, Sniper, Buttons, Mush

Albert, Henry, Romeo, Race Elmer, Finch, Specs, Laurie

Tell ‘em Brooklyn’s on their way!

PIANO/VOCAL

Brooklyn's Here

6/19/12
We're from: Brook-lyn!

We are: News-ies!

We are: Brook-lyn News-ies!

Più mosso \( \downarrow = 138 \)

Just got word that our bud-dies is hurt - in'. Fac-ing tol-al dis-as-ter for cer-tain.
That's our cue, boys: it's time to go slummin'. Hey, Manhattan, the cav-
al-ry's comin'. Have no fear!

You know we got your back from way back!

Brooklyn's here! Payback!

We'll get your pay back with some payback!
Mush, Al, Rom, Spec.,
Butt, Jo, Ike, Laur
Spot(Tommy Boy), Race, Fin,
Hen, Elm, Snip, Mike

P/V “Newsies”

We’re the boys from the beaches of Brighton, Prospect Park and the Navy Yard Pier. Strikes ain’t fun, but they sure is excitin’.

Loud and clear! Brook-lyn’s here!

Borough what gave me birth. Friend-li-est place on earth.

Spot(Tommy Boy)

+ JoJo, Sniper, Buttons, Mush

[guys remove their hats]
Pay us a visit and see what we means. And when ya do, we'll kick ya

When ya do, we'll kick ya

half-way to Queens!

half-way to Queens!

half-way to Queens!

E7sus E7
Les, Mush, Al, Rom,
Specs, Jo, Ike, Laur
Dav, Spot(Tommy Boy), Race, Fin,
Hen, Elm, Snip, Butt, Mike

Now them soak-ers is in for a soak-in'. What a sad way to end a career...

They're a joke, but if they thinks we're jokin'...

Loud and clear: Les, Davey, Romeo, Race

Flush-ing's here!

Man-hat-tan's here!
To The Rooftop
3/6/12
CUE [JACK]: I say we take the deal. Go back to work knowing that our price is secure. All we need to do is vote “No” on the strike. Vote no! [Booing. Spot pushes Jack]
WARN [JACK]: And I don't want you promising nothing you gotta take back later.

CUE [JACK]: But standing here tonight lookin’ at you -- I’m scared tomorrow’s gonna

something to make time stop -- Just so’s I could keep looking at you.  KATH: You snuck up on me, Jack Kelly.
I never even saw it coming.  

JACK: For sure?  

KATH: For sure.

Till the moment I found you, I thought I knew what love was.

Now I'm learning what is true: that love will do what it does. The world finds ways to sting you, and then one day decides to bring you...
something to believe in for even a night

One night may be forever, but that'll all right, that'll all right.

And if you're gone tomorrow, what was ours still will be.

I have something to believe in, now that I know you believed in
We were never meant to meet, and then we meet... who knows why?

One more stranger on the street, just someone sweet passing by... An
an - gel come to save me, who did - n’t even know she gave me

some - thing to be - lieve in for ev - en a day.

One day may be for - ev - er, but that’s o - kay.that’s o - kay.
And if I'm gone to-mor-row, what was ours still will be.

I have some-thing to be-lieve in, now that I know you be-lieved in me.
Do you know what I believe in? Look into my eyes and see.

[They kiss]
JACK: If things were different --
KATH: If you weren’t going to Santa Fe?
JACK: And if you weren’t an heiress. And if your father wasn’t after my head.

KATH: You’re not really scared of my father. JACK: No. But I’m pretty scared of you. KATH: Don’t be.

What was ours still will be. And if I’m gone to-mor-row...
I have something to believe in. Now that I know you believed in

I have something to believe in. Now that I know you believed in

me.

me.

I have something to believe in.
Now that I know you lied in me.

Now that I know you be - lied in me.
Quietly but determinedly

Now is the time to seize the day. Stare down the odds and seize the day.

Min-ute by min-ute, that's how you win it. We will find a way. But
KATHERINE: I'll get the lights. You get those windows unlocked.
WARN [JACK]: Ain't that something?  

CUE [DARCY]: A little grease and she'll be good as gold.

DAVEY: All right. Here's how it'll work: as we print the papes, Race, you'll let the fellas in, and they'll spread them to every workin' kid in New York. After that?  

JACK: After that it's up to them.

Steady rock ballad

There's change com - in' once and for all. You_
makes the front page, and man, you is major news.

Tomorrow they’ll see what we are. And

sure as a star, we ain’t come this far to

RACE: Here they come.
This is the story we needed to write—that's been kept out of sight, but no more!

In a few hours, by dawn's early light, we'll be ready to fight us a war.

This time we're in it to stay. Talk about seizing the day!

Write it in ink or in blood, it's the same either way. They're gonna damn well pay!

Newsies, Jack, Davey, Les

(t. intense, hushed tones)

Once and For All 5/9/12
See ol' man Pulitzer snug in his bed. He don't care if we're dead or alive.

Three satin pillows are under his head while we've beg-

gin' for bread to survive. Joe, you can stop countin' sheep.
We're gonna sing ya to sleep.
You got your thugs with their sticks.

and their slugs, yeah, but we got a promise to keep.

Once and for all, if they don’t mind their manners, we’ll bleed ’em.
Once and for all, we won't carry no banners that don't spell "Freedom!"

Finally we've raisin' the stakes! This time, whatever it takes!

This time, the union awakes, once and for all!
KATH: In the words of union leader Jack Kelly "we will work with you, we will even work for you, but we will be paid and treated as valuable members of your organizations.

Riveting stuff, huh? JACK: Get going. You've got a lot of important men to see.
KATH: Keep your fingers crossed.

JACK: For us, too.

This is for kids... shin-in' shoes... on the street... with no shoes... on their feet... ev-'ry day...

This is for guys... sweat-in' blood... in the shops... while the bosses and cops... look a-way...

I'm see-in' kids... standin' tall,...
Les, Mush, Al, Rom, Spec,  
Butt, Jo, Ike, Laur [Mark, Julie]  
Jack, Dav, Race, Tom, Fin, Hen, Elm,  
Snip, Mike [Nick, Kev, Stu, Brady]

Glar'in' and rarin' to brawl!

Armies of guys who are sick of the lies gettin' read -

- y to rise to the call!
Once and for all there'll be blood on the wall if they doubt us.

They think they're running this town, but this town'll shut down without us!

Ten thousand kids in the square!

Ten thousand kids in the square!
Ten thousand fists in the air!

Ten thousand fists!

(Jack/Davey on bottom)

Joe, you is gon - na play fair, once and for all!

Once and For All

5/9/12
Once and for all.

Once and for all.

cresc. poco a poco

Once and for all.

Once and for all.

(+Butt, Mush, Specs)

Once and for all.
There's change com' in' once and for all. You're gettin' too old, too weak to keep holdin' on. A new world is gunnin' for you, and
Joe, we is too, till once and for all you're gone!

Tempo 1°
all!

all!

SLOW SEGUE
With great intensity and drive $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{t}}=168$

PIANO/VOCAL

ORCH

Once and For Playoff

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]

3/13/12 r1

Music: Alan Menken
Arr.: M. Kosarin

"Newsies"
WARN [DAVEY]: What does that make you?

CUE [JACK]: ...just the smarts to snatch the right one when he hears it.

With great conviction

Mush, Rom, Butt, Les, (JoJo, Al)
Race, Fin, Hen, Elm, Snip,

Now is the time to seize the day. Stare down the odds and seize the day.

Minute by minute, that's how you win it.

We will find a way. But let us seize the
SPOT: Have a look out there, Mr Pulitzer. In case you ain't figured it out...(dialogue cont’d)
WARN to cut [ROOSEVELT]: Come along Joseph...

CUE to cut [PUL]: ...happiness you'll bring those children.

(repeat last 2 measures if needed 2nd x)
WARN: [Jack spits in his hand]

JACK: Just the price of doin' business.

Muscular military beat \( \dot{\text{d}} = 108 \)

And the World will

know we been keep - in' score.

Either they gives

us our rights or we gives them a war!

We been down too
long, and we paid our dues. And the things we do today... will be tomorrow's news. And the die is cast... And the torch is passed... And a roar will rise... from the streets be...
And our ranks will grow... and grow... and grow and grow and grow and grow and...

JACK: Newsies of New York City -- we won!!

With exuberance $j=116$

[Cheers]
JACK: And now I'd like to introduce my own personal pal, Governor Theodore Roosevelt himself!

ROOSVLT: Each generation must, at the height of its power, step aside and invite the young to share the day.

You have laid claim to our world and I believe the future, in your hands, will be bright and prosperous.
And your drawings, son, have brought another matter to bear. Officers, if you please.

With excitement $j=116$

**RACE**: Hey lookit, Jack. It's Crutchie!

**NEWSIES**: Crutchie! [ad libs]  **CRUTCHIE**: Hiya, fellas. You miss me?

RACE: It's Snyder the spider! MUSH: He ain't looking so tough no more, is he?

ROOSVLT: Jack, with these drawings you made an eloquent argument for shutting down the Refuge.

Be assured that Mr. Snyder's abuses will be fully investigated. Officer, take him away.

CRUTCHIE: Please, your highness. May I do the honors?
Moving along, freely

SNYDER: You’ve gotta be joking. CRUTCHIE: And you’ll be laughing all the way to the pen!

So long, sucker!

JACK: Thank you, Governor. PUL: I can’t help thinking --

If one of your drawings convinced the governor to close down the Refuge, what might a daily political cartoon do to expose the dealings in our own government back rooms? What do you say, Teddy? Care to have this young man’s artistry shine a lantern behind your closed doors?

[VAMP]
JACK: Don't sweat it, Gov. With the strike settled, I probably should be hitting the road.

DAVEY: Don't you ever get tired of singing that same old tune? What's Santa Fe got that New York ain’t?

Moving along, freely

Sand storms? KATH: Better yet: What’s New York got that Santa Fe ain’t?

CRUTCHIE: New York’s got us. And we’re family. PUL: Didn't I hear something

about the strike beign settled?

WIESEL: Papes for the Newsies. Line up, boys. These papes ain't gonna sell themselves.

KATH: Well, don't just stand there, you've got a union to run. Besides, didn't someone just offer you a pretty exciting job?
JACK: Me work for you father? KATH: You already work for my father. JACK: Oh, yeah.

Steadily, somewhat slower

KATH: And you’ve got one more ace up your sleeve. JACK: What would that be? KATH: Me.

Wherever you go, I’m there right by your side. JACK: For sure? KATH: For sure. Don’t take much to be a dream-er... all you do is close your eyes. But some made-up world is
all you ever see. Now my eyes is finally open. And my dreams, they's average size. But they don't much matter if you ain't with me.

Grandly but moving forward

[They kiss] LES: Guys! [Newsies whistle]

DAVEY: Well, Jack. You in or you out?
Finale Ultimo - Part 2
3/8/12
Music: Alan Menken
Lyric: Jack Feldman
Arr.: M. Kosarin

A tempo "Carrying the Banner" \( \frac{1}{156} \)

We'll all be

[Katherine, Les, Laurie [Julie]]

Cru, Mush, Al, Rom,
Spec, Butt, Jo [Mark]
Jack, Dav, Race, TB, Fin,
Hen, Elm, Snip [Nick, Kev, Stu]

[Jack puts down his coin] We'll all be

[+ R.S.]
out there, carry-ing the ban-ner man to man!

out there, soak - in' ev'-ry suck-er that we can.

line: News - ies on a mis-sion! Kill the com-pe-ti-tion! Sell_
P/V "Newsies"

_ the next edition! We'll be out there, carrying the banner! See us_

_ the next edition! We'll be out there, carrying the banner! See us_

out there, carrying the banner! Al-ways out there, carry-ing the ban-ner!

out there, carrying the ban-ner! Al-ways out there, carry-ing the ban-ner!

 Tempo "King of New York"

Finale Ultimo - Part 2
Look at me! I'm the king of New York!

Suddenly, I'm respectable, staring right atcha, lousy with statcha.

Glory be! I'm the king of New York!
Vic-tor-y! Front-page stor-y, guts and glo-ry. I’m the king...

Vic-tor-y! Front-page stor-y, guts and glo-ry. I’m the king...

of New York!

of New York!
Bows

3/14/12

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]

Tempo "Seize the Day" $\ \frac{3}{4} = 120$

[military drums]

[stomping/marching]
[Intro to “Dance For Life”]

military drum fill

military drum fill

military drum fill
[Newsies bow]

[Female Ens. Bow]

[Julie]

[Laurie]

[Male Ensemble]

[Kevin]
[Stuart]  [Mark]  [Nick]  "King of NY"  \( \dot{=} \) 86

[Brady]

[Newsies Individual Bows]  

[Buttons]  [JoJo]  [Sniper]  [Mush]  swing 8ths

[Specs]  [Henry]  [Elmer]  [Tommy Boy]