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
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
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)

4/8/91 YELLOW

* 

4  CONTINUED:

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

RACETRACK
THAT'S MY CIGAR...

SNIPESHOOTER
YOU'LL STEAL ANUDDER.

KID BLINK
HEY BUMMERS, WE GOT WORK TO DO

SPECS
SINCE WHEN DID YOU BECOME
up, boots laced tight.

MY Mudder?

CRUTCHY

AH, STOP YOUR BAWLIN' ALL

WHO AST YOU!

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

NEWSIE

Hey, whaddaya?

5 INT. WASHROOM - MINUTES LATER

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)

4/8/91 YELLOW

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

* 

4/8/91 YELLOW

* 

5 CONTINUED: (2)

6 INT. LODGING HOUSE - FRONT DESK - LATER

Jack and the Newsies coming down the stairs, greeting Kloppman and moving out the door --
EXT. NEWSIE LODGING HOUSE - SAME TIME

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 --

OMITTED

4/8/91 YELLOW

9 EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - MORNING

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

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)


11 CONTINUED:

SNODDY
Race picks up his THAT MAKES IT TEN GAMES OUT
winnings and admires OF TEN
the pile of change in RACETRACK
his hand.

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!

---

**EXT. ANOTHER STREET - SAME TIME**

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

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SAME TIME**

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)

---

**CONTINUED:**

**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

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

13

4/8/91 YELLOW

14 EXT. OFF NEWSIE SQUARE - SAME TIME

They enter the square
singing.

8.

* They move towards a
breakfast wagon run by
three NUNS.

At the breakfast wagon,
the boys line up for

8.

14

STILL IT'S A FINE LIFE
CARRYIN' THE BANNER
WITH ME CHUMS
A MIGHTY FINE LIFE
BLOWIN' EVERY NICKEL
AS IT COMES

CRUTCHY
I'M NO SNOOZER
coffee -- Blink tries to butt in front of Jack, who spins him back to Race, who spins him further back as Crutchy and Mush jump in and Blink ends up last. BOOTS ARBUS, 15, black, joins the line.

SITTIN' MAKES ME ANTSY
I LIKES LIVIN' CHANCEY
ALL
HARLEM TO DELANCEY
WHAT A FINE LIFE
CARRYING THE BANNER
THROUGH THE SLUMS --

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

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

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

GUTTERSNIPE

*(shoves him)*
Hey! Save some for the rest of us!
The Nun smiles and gives them both one.

SEARCHING MOTHER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER
RACETRACK
PATRICK, DARLING...
JUST GIMME HALF A CUP

KID BLINK
SOMETHING TO WAKE ME UP

MUSH
I GOTTA FIND AN ANGLE
CRUTCHY

I GOTTA SELL MORE PAPES

SINCE YOU LEFT ME
ALL
I AM UNDONE
MOTHER
LOVES YOU
GOD

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

16 EXT. NEWSPAPER ROW - SAME TIME
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
A GROUP of NEWSIES follow through an alley that leads
them to the square, where they see the men chalking up
headlines.

(CONTINUED)

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

18 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - SAME TIME
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                  GOD IT'S HOT!
TWENTY                                   
BUT A DOZEN'LL BE PLENTY                 WILL YA TELL ME
HOW'S A GUY GONNA                       HOW'M I GONNA MAKE ENDS
MAKE ENDS MEET?                          MEET?

19  EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE AND WORLD BUILDING - SAME TIME 19
Jack and the gang join                    ALL
Newsies as they                           WE NEED A GOOD ASSASSINATION
converge outside The World               WE NEED AN EARTHQUAKE OR A
gates, singing and yelling                WAR
at the men on the chalkboard.             SNIPESHOOTER
One newsie yells out:                     HOW 'BOUT A CROOKED POLITICIAN?
Mush jumps all over him:                  ALL
                                          HEY, STUPID, THAT AIN'T NEWS
The Newsies sing at each other:           NO MORE!
                                          ALL
                                          UPTOWN TO GRAND CENTRAL
                                          STATION
                                          DOWN TO CITY HALL
                                          WE IMPROVES OUR CIRCULATION
                                          WALKIN' 'TIL WE FALL
The Newsies line up outside the gate, singing:

JACK'S GROUP                              NEWSIE GROUP #1
SO WE'LL BE OUT THERE                     DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE
                                          HEADLINE?
                                          (MORE)
                                          (MORE)
                                          (CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW                                11.

* 

19 CONTINUED:                               19
JACK'S GROUP (CONT'D)                      NEWSIE GROUP #1 (CONT'D)
CARRYING THE BANNER MAN                    THEY CALL THAT A HEADLINE?
TO MAN                                     THE IDIOT WHAT WROTE IT
WE'LL BE OUT THERE                         MUST BE WORKIN' FOR THE SUN
SOAKIN' EVERY SUCKER                       DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE FIRE
THAT WE CAN                                NEWSIE GROUP #2
                                          HEARD IT KILLED OL' MAN MCGUIRE
                                          NEWSIE GROUP #1
                                          HEARD THE TOLL WAS EVEN HIGHER
Suddenly the music becomes a quiet pulse as the DELANCEY BROTHERS -- OSCAR and MORRIS, two muscle-bound goons -- push with deliberate aggression past Jack and the boys. Tension, silence, then --

RACETRACK
(sniffs the air)
Dear me. What is dat unpleasant aroma? I fear de sewer has backed up during de night.

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

*  

CONTINUED: (2)

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

CRUTCHY
-- the Delancey brothers!

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

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

**RACETRACK**

Five to one, I say Cowboy skunks 'em -- who's bettin', who's bettin' --
The Newsies shake their heads. Nearby the staring contest continues until --

**JACK**

You shouldn't be callin' people ugly little shrimps. Oscar. Unless you're referrin; to the family resemblance in your brother here.
The brothers glower, look at each other, then back at Jack, who grins at them.

**JACK**

That's right. It's an insult.
And so's this --
Jack deftly reaches out both hands and flips the derbys off both their heads. The brothers scramble for them and the chase is on.

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

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>JACK'S GROUP</th>
<th>NEWSIE GROUP</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>IT'S A FINE LIFE</td>
<td>LOOK! THEY'RE PUTTING UP THE HEADLINE</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(continued)


19A  CONTINUED:

CARRYIN' THE BANNER THROUGH IT ALL

A MIGHTY FINE LIFE

I GET BETTER STORIES FROM THE COPPER ON THE BEAT

CARRYIN' THE BANNER TOUGH 'N TALL

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

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

NEWSIE GROUP #1

*
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)
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.

*  
*  
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*  
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*  

**JACK'S GROUP**  
**NEWSIE GROUP**

*  
*  
*  
*  
*  
*  
*  
*  

**IT'S A FINE LIFE**  
**GO GET HIM, COWBOY!**

**CARRYIN' THE BANNER**  
**YOU GOT HIM NOW, BOY!**

*  
*  
*  
*  

**IT'S A FINE LIFE**  
**GO GET HIM, COWBOY!**

**CARRYIN' THE BANNER**  
**YOU GOT HIM NOW, BOY!**

**NEWSIE GROUP**

*  

**GO!**

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

*  

**MUSH**

*  

Comin' down de chute!

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

**MORRIS**

We ain't finished with you yet, Kelly.

The gatekeeper unlocks and swings open the huge gates.

*  

Jack hangs on.

**BOOTS**

Ride 'em, cowboy!

Newsies yell out Jack's name as he rides the gates 'til the last possible moment, then leaps into the back of a
wagon. Jack takes a bow as the boys cheer, moving into line.

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

**4/8/91 YELLOW**

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

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.


**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)

4/8/91 YELLOW                                           16.

20 CONTINUED:

20 WEASEL
(loving it)
You callin' me a liar, kid...?
David's sweating, aware that all eyes are on him.

* 

DAVID
I want that other paper.
The Delanceys start for David when suddenly Jack steps

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

and does a flip-count. The expert.

* 

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

can't count to twenty with his

shoes on.

Weasel glowers -- but wants to get back to business. 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 --

21 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - JUST OUTSIDE GATES
21

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

DAVID
These papers are yours, I don't
* take charity from nobody! I don't
* even know who you are --

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW 17.

21 CONTINUED:

LES
Cowboy! They call him Cowboy!

Jack turns, grins at Les.

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

LES
(thrilled)
Les. This is David, he's my brother. He's older.

JACK
(barely glances at David)
No kiddin'. How old are you, Les?

LES
Near ten.

JACK
No good. Anybody asks, you're seven.

(as Les is appalled)
Younger sells more papes, Les -- and if we're gonna be partners --

DAVID
Hold it! Who said anything about partners -- ?

**JACK**

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

**CRUTCHY**

(to David)

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

**DAVID**

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

(Continued)

4/8/91 YELLOW

18.

21 CONTINUED: (2)

**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...?
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.

INT. WORLD BUILDING - PULITZER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

PULITZER (O.S.)
(reading sarcastically)
'Trolley Strike Drags On for Third Week' -- this so-called headline drags on for infinity!

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 Y

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

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

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

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

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

BUNSEN
(nervous editor)
We'll get a new headline writer,
Mr. Pulitzer.

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

SEITZ
That's how he stole him from us. (sighs) Chief, you spend as much as you make fighting Hearst. That's why the paper's losing money --

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

(stops)
What is that deafening noise?

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

SEITZ
Just the Newsies, Chief, I'll --

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

22 CONTINUED: (2)

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

UNDERSCORED: Jack leads David and Les through an open-air market crowded with carts and people -- all the sights and sounds and smells of the melting pot.
JACK
Some newsies got corners, see -- same spot, same customers. Me, I like to keep moving, enjoy the life of the big city. I spot an opportunity, I sell a pape. That's the advantage of being an independent businessman, instead of workin' for wages.

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

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

LES
(earsplitting shout)
Extry -- 'Runaway Carriage Crushes Cop!' The Lovers spring apart -- the man looks like he's going to throttle Les, but --

(CONTINUED)

4/12/91 (PM) BUFF

23 CONTINUED:

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.

EXT. SIDEWALK - BARE-KNUCKLED BOXERS - DAY

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)

4/8/91 YELLOW                                           23.

* 

CONTINUED:

SYNDER
There he is, officer -- do your duty!

Jack spins, sees the man --

JACK
Beat it -- the bulls!

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

LES
Just for one little sip of beer -- ?

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

(Still worried)
One sip! I didn't even swallow it!

Jack leads them into the doorway of --

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)

*  

**JACK**
Sleeper!

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

More sleepers; people living in makeshift shelters. Jack runs to a plank stretched between two buildings.
DAVID
I'm not crossing that! Anyway, I don't think they're chasing us --

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

JACK
No? What're they doin' then?

DAVID
I think they're chasing you!

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

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

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

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

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

26C    INT. THEATER - BACKSTAGE
26C

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

(CONTINUED)

)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2) 25.

26C    CONTINUED:

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

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

LES
You were in jail...? Why?
JACK
I was starvin'. I stole some food.

DAVID
(suspicious)
Right, food. He called you 'Sullivan' --

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

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

JACK
Because I escaped.

LES
(awestruck)
Oh, boy. How?

JACK
This big shot gimme a ride out in his carriage.

DAVID
(sarcastic)
Bet it was the mayor, right?

JACK
Nah. Teddy Roosevelt. Ever heard of him?

David starts to reply when he sees something behind Jack that makes his mouth drop open. At the top of a short flight of stairs, a vision is frowning down at them, speaking in a theatrical Swedish accent.

(CONTINUED)

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

* 26C CONTINUED: (2)

MEDDA
(accent)
What is the meaning of this? No one is allowed backstage -- you will leave at once! Out, out, out, out --
She descends the stairs grandly, shooing them away like pigeons. Jack turns to her and grins.

**JACK**

You wouldn't kick me out without a kiss goodbye, wouldya, Medda?

Surprised, she gasps in delight -- throwing her arms around Jack. David can't believe it. Medda's accent quickly disappears.

**MEDDA**

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

**JACK**

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

**MEDDA**

(accent)

Welcome!

**JACK**

Medda also owns the joint.

**MEDDA**

(no accent; to David)

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

**DAVID**

(awed)

I won't. I promise.

**MEDDA**

(seeing Les)

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

(Continued)

**LES**

(into his act)

Buy my last pape, lady?


**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)

26C CONTINUED: (3) She winks at the dazzled boys and hits the stage, singing:

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

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

27 OMITTED thru 33

34 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT 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.

OMITTED  36

37 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT  37
The boys enter, Jack carrying the sleeping Les. ESTHER, 38, is setting the table.

ESTHER
(seeing Les)
My God...! What happened?

DAVID
He's just sleeping, Momma --

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

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

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

MAYER
You made all this selling papers...?

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

(Continued)

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.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

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

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

MAYER
That many...?

JACK
More when the headline's good.

SARAH
What makes a headline good?

(Continued)

4/8/91 YELLOW

* 30.

38 CONTINUED:

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...

* 5/1/91 BLUE (2) 31.

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

Jack and David talk; the family visible inside.

**JACK**

How'd your pop get hurt?

**DAVID**

The factory. An accident.

*(bitterly)*

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

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

**MAYER**

David? Time to come in now.

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

**DAVID**

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

**JACK**

I got my own place... but thanks.

* Your family's real nice, Dave.

* *(beat)*

* Like mine.*
David nods, climbs in the window.

*  

DAVID  
See you tomorrow. Carryin' the banner.

JACK  
(smiles)  
Carryin' the banner.

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

SONG: "SANTE FE": 3:06

JACK  
SO THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL A FAMILY  
MOTHER, DAUGHTER; FATHER, SON  
GUESS THAT EVERYTHING YOU HEARD ABOUT IS TRUE  
(MORE)  
(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW                                      32.
39 CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)  
SO YOU AIN'T GOT ANY FAMILY  
WELL WHO SAID YOU NEEDED ONE  
AIN'T YOU GLAD NOBODY'S WAITING UP FOR YOU?

Jack starts down the fire escape to the alley below. WHEN I DREAM ON MY OWN I'M ALONE, BUT I AIN'T LONELY FOR A DREAMER NIGHT'S THE ONLY TIME OF DAY WHEN THE CITY'S FINALLY SLEEPIN' ALL MY THOUGHTS BEGIN TO STRAY AND I'M ON THE TRAIN THAT'S BOUND FOR SANTA FE...

40 EXT. DAVID'S BUILDING - ALLEY - NIGHT

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

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - SAME TIME
Jack walks the streets, WHERE DOES IT SAY
past people cooling WHERE DOES IT SAY
in the night air, YOU GOTTA LIVE AND DIE HERE?
outside their hot WHERE DOES IT SAY
tenements. A GUY CAN'T CATCH A BREAK?

WHY SHOULD YOU ONLY TAKE
WHAT YOU'RE GIVEN?
WHY SHOULD YOU SPEND
YOUR WHOLE LIFE LIVIN' TRAPPED WHERE THERE AIN'T NO
FUT'CHA
EVEN AT 17 BREAKIN' YOUR BACK
FOR SOMEONE ELSE'S SAKE IF THE LIFE DOESN'T SEEM TO
SUIT YA

(MORE)
(CONTINUED)

4/19/91 CHERRY

CONTINUED:

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

Jack sees two cops coming and instinc-
tively hides in the shadows, finishing
42 EXT. NEWSIES LODGING HOUSE - SAME NIGHT
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
Jack and Race pay Kloppman for the night.

KLOPPMAN
You missed your supper, boys.

RACETRACK
Then we didn't miss much, did we?

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW 34.

43 CONTINUED:

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 INT. LODGING HOUSE - WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION
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

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

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

PULITZER
Seitz! What in blazes is he talking about?

SEITZ
Says you need to make more money, Chief.

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW 35.

* 45

CONTINUED:

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
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 --
no one gets hurt! It's good for
the Newsies -- an incentive, make
'em work harder, sell more papers!
Now get me Hearst on that
craption.

Seitz sighs and reaches for the phone.

EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - MORNING

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 --

EXT. LOADING DOCK/CIRCULATION WINDOW - MORNING

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!

SKITERY

This'll bust me -- I'm barely makin' a livin' now --

BOOTSY

I'll be back sleepin' on the streets --

(CONTINUED)

5/1/91 BLUE (2) 37.

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 --

47 OMITTED
47

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2) 38.

48 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 48
The angry boys crowd around Jack.

    KID BLINK
    They can't do that to us --
    RACETRACK
They can do what they want --
it's their stinkin' paper --

**BOOTS**
Ain't we got no rights -- ?

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

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

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

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

**EVERYBODY**
What can we do -- (etc.)

**LES**
Stop crowding him! Let him think!

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

**RACETRACK**
(tentatively)
Jack...? Ya still thinkin'... ?

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

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

(Continued)
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: (2)

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

NEWSIES
YEAH!

Jack's not listening now.

JACK
WE'LL DO WHAT WE GOTTA DO UNTIL WE BREAK THE WILL OF MIGHTY BILL AND JOE (CONTINUE D)
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.

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

JACK

... HERE!

He jumps onto the back of a wagon.

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

Crutchy

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

JACK

... HERE!

Jack jumps down from the statue.

He jumps onto the back of a wagon.

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

Crutchy

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

JACK

... HERE!

Jack jumps down from the statue.

He jumps onto the back of a wagon.

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

Race, Mush and Kid Blink

leap onto the wagon with baskets of rotten fruit, singing as a trio.

And the world will know

ALL

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Jack steps forward. SO THEY GAVE THEIR WORD
Boots angrily throws a BUT IT AIN'T WORTH BEANS
piece of rotten fruit

toward The World Building.

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

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

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

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)

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

48 CONTINUED: (7)
48

ALL
AND THE WORLD WILL SEE

That we had to choose

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

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

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

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.

Sure. Right after you take our demands to Pulitzer.

Me? (looks up at the dome)

To Pulitzer? (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.

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.

What's going on?

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

What demands?
CONTINUED: (9)

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.

INT. NEWSPAPERMAN'S RESTAURANT - DAY

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

EXT. BROOKLYN WATERFRONT - DAY 55
On a rotted and collapsing pier is a battered sign: "BROOKLYN EXCURSIONS - CLOSED." Hunched under the pier is a tough kid playing a harmonica, his eyes fixed on -- -- Jack, Boots, David as they cautiously approach through the no-man's land of mud and junk. Boys appear like hostile Indians -- behind them, to the side of them, in front of them -- silently escorting them under the pier. David looks very nervous as they are halted, and the harmonica plays a signal, then stops abruptly.

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

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

Jack meets his challenging grin with one of his own.

**JACK**

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

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

**SPOT**

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

**DAVID**

(blurting)

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

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

**SPOT**

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

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW

* 49.

55 CONTENTED:

**JACK**

(unintimidated)

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

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

**DAVID**

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

**SPOT**
So they told me. And what did they tell you?

David looks nervously at the circling henchmen.

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

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

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

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

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

He trails off. Spot nods, turns to Jack.

SPOT
You're right. Brains.

(hardens)

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

(Continued)

4/8/91 YELLOW 50.

* 55 CONTINUED: (2)

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
58
59 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - AFTERNOON (SAME DAY)

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)

59 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)

4/8/91 YELLOW

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

DAVID
OPEN THE GATES AND SEIZE THE DAY
As David sings,

DON'T BE AFRAID AND DON'T DELAY
the others join in.
They stand waiting,
arms interlocked, as
the gates begin to
open...

DAVID
NOW IS THE TIME
TO SEIZE THE DAY

GROUP

DAVID
SEND OUT THE CALL
AND JOIN THE FRAY

GROUP

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)
EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE/GATES - DAY

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)
CONTINUED:

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 --

INT. PULITZER'S OFFICE - MORNING

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.

OMITTED

EXT. HOUSE OF REFUGE - NIGHT

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)

4/25/91 GREY 54A.

CONTINUED: (A1)

He crouch-runs across the street David following nervously.

DAVID

How can you be sure they sent Crutchy here?

(CONTINUED)

GREEN 4/10/91 55.

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.

EXT. HOUSE OF REFUGE - ROOF - NIGHT

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

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

David watches from the roof as Jack taps on a window.
An inmate, TENPIN, 9, looks up and grins.

TENPIN
Cowboy! Ya miss the joint?

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

TENPIN
The gimp? I'll get him for ya.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

GREEN 4/10/91

* 56.

65 CONTINUED:
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, shouda 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**

(vehemantly)

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:*

**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)
Jack and David move down the deserted street.

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

(CONTINUED)

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

65A  CONTINUED:

       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-byeеее, Colonel Roosevelt!'
So just as we're goin' out the gate,
I stands up and --
'Good-bye, 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.

EXT. WORLD COURTYARD - EARLY MORNING
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)
Weasel puts money in their hands as they file past. The MUSIC is BUILDING and --

EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - MORNING

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 --

EXT. GATES - MORNING

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
(see something)
Look out --!

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

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

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

(Continued)

GREEN 4/10/91

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

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

OMITTED

EXT. ROOFTOP OVERLOOKING SQUARE -- DAY

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

INT. SUN - PRESS ROOM - DAY

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 --

INT. NEWSPAPERMEN'S RESTAURANT - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
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!
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?

DENTON

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

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

DENTON

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

JACK

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

DAVID

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

JACK

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

bored, and the hungrier we get,
the more we fight --
(as Denton starts
writing)

We'll have a rally -- every Newsie

in New York -- and we're gonna send

a message: there's a lot of us and
we ain't goin' away -- we'll keep fightin' until doomsday if it means gettin' what's ours!

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

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

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

)R(  5/8/91 - PINK (2)  65.

77 INT. HOUSE OF REFUGE - SNYDER'S OFFICE - DAY  77
Snyder pops a messy eclair in his mouth -- from a large platter of them -- as he glances at the New York Sun. Crutchy, with a featherduster, is eyeing the eclairs 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.
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.
Wisenheimer Guilt-maker of 1899
there.

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

*

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
doors, 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)
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.

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

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 --

EXT. ROOF - MORNING

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

(CONTINUED)
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 --

INT. PULITZER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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.
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.

4/19/91 CHERRY

* 

CONTINUED: (2)

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 --

OMITTED

EXT. IRVING HALL - BOOTS' EXCITED FACE - NIGHT

Boots FILLS the SCREEN as he shouts --

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

4/19/91 CHERRY                                      72.

100   OMITTED

101   INT. PULITZER'S MANSION - NIGHT (SUDDEN SILENCE)          101
* as a butler passes cigars in a silver humidor to five men in formal clothes around a table as Pulitzer breaks the seal on a deck of cards. The Mayor is next to him. The room is cavernous, austere.

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

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

* Mr. Gammon owns The New York Sun.
* They all light cigars as Pulitzer begins to deal.

102   OMITTED

103   INT. IRVING HALL - NIGHT
The place is packed. The band plays and a thundering cheer goes up as Jack, David, and Spot Conlon leap on the stage. Jack raises his hand and the noise subsides, the band stops. Everybody looks at Jack -- expectant silence. He lets it build for a moment, then --
JACK
Carryin' the banner!

AUDIENCE
(a roar)

Carryin' the banner!
The noise threatens to blow the roof off the theater as we see --

104 OMITTED
& &
105

4/19/91 CHERRY 73.
*

105A EXT. NEARBY STREET - NIGHT
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

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)

---

**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)

---

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

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

Medda moves through the crowd:

MEDDA
You boys sing as sweet as
songbirds.

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

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

BOOTS
(offering a blue
marble)
My prettiest one, Medda --
it's like your eyes.

MEDDA
(moved; kisses him)
Thank you, Boots. Would you keep
it for me? For luck?
Boots beams happily as she moves to --

(CONTINUED)

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

106 CONTINUED: (4) 106

RACETRACK
Medda, whattayasay -- you and me,
Saratoga. We catch the races,
maybe a nightclub --
    (off her expression)
I'm dreamin', huh? It's some
other guy -- right?

MEDDA
I'm afraid so, Race...

She turns to a little boy and sings --

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

The boys boo and hiss.

MEDDA
YOU WIN SOME, YOU LOSE
SOME, MY DEAR
ALL
IT'S HIGH TIMES, HARD TIMES
SOMETIMES THE LIVIN' IS
SWEET
AND SOMETIMES THERE'S
NOTHIN' TO EAT
BUT I ALWAYS LANDS ON MY
FEET
SO WHEN THERE'S DRY TIMES
I WAIT FOR HIGH TIMES AND
THEN I PUTS ON MY BEST
AND I STICKS OUT MY CHEST
AND I'M OFF TO THE RACES
AGAIN
I PUTS ON MY BEST
AND I STICKS OUT MY CHEST
AND I'M OFF TO THE RACES
AGAIN!
Medda and dance girls start it but the boys quickly join in -- belting out the lyrics with one great swelling voice, together, celebrating --

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

107  EXT. IRVING HALL - NIGHT
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
111  thru

111A  EXT. IRVING HALL/STAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT
Weasel, the Delanceys, roll up in two wagons, each filled with club bearing goons.

4/19/91 CHERRY 76.

112  INT. IRVING HALL - NIGHT
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

4/19/91 CHERRY

114 EXT. IRVING HALL/FONT - NIGHT
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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

---

PINK 3/28/91

114A CONTINUED:

-- David flies off the stage onto his back -- Snyder stumbles around as David hangs on in a wild piggyback ride. A cop pulls him off and hurls him to the floor --

-- Sarah screams, seeing what's happened to David -- Les, sobbing, kicks furiously at the cop's leg. Sarah pulls her little brother away as --

-- Weasel and his thugs burst in the doors, clubs swinging. The Newsies scatter, try to escape -- but at
each exit door more cops are moving in --

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

-- Spot, Race, Boots dart into the wings and start working the pull ropes --
-- Cops converge on Jack at the foot of the stage, backing away, he leaps on stage desperately looking around when he hears behind him --

**WEASEL**

Show's over, Cowboy.

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

**RACETRACK**

Curtain goin' up, Jack -- !

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

**BOOTS**

Try to reach the skylight -- !

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

**JACK**

Carryin' the banner!

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

* 114A CONTINUED: (2) 114A

-- Weasel, climbing out of the trap, hurls his cudgel -- it sails end over end and --

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

114B IN WINGS 114B

David, chased by MacSwain, races across the stage and up the dressing room stairs. MacSwain nabs him, they're
struggling; suddenly, at the top of the stairs --

MEDDA

(the grand lady)

Unhand that boy this instant!

(as MacSwain looks up, startled)

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

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

MEDDA

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

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

MEDDA

Run, David, hurry --

DAVID

They got Jack --

MEDDA

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

(kisses him)

Now go. Please.

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

115 OMITTED

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

116 INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

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.

(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.

5/8/91 - Pink (2)

117

OMITTED

117 &

118 &

118

119

INT. NEWSPAPERMAN'S RESTAURANT - DAY

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)

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.

(DCONTINUED)

DAVID
* (decisively)
* We bust Jack out of the Refuge tonight. From now on, we depend on nobody but the Newsies.
*

OMITTED

EXT. HOUSE OF REFUGE/WALL - NIGHT

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...

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.

EXT. PULITZER MANSION - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

4/19/91 CHERRY

CONTINUED:

SEITZ

Get him inside.

David watches as Jack is led inside by Snyder.

INT. PULITZER'S MANSION - NIGHT

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.

*

EXT. MANSION - AT CARRIAGE - NIGHT

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...

INT. PULITZER'S STUDY - NIGHT

Pulitzer paces, watching Jack look at the books, the art, at framed front pages; headlines of the world's great events...

(CONTINUED)

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.
EXT. PULITZER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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)

CONTINUED:

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.

EXT. NEARBY STREET/STONE PILLAR - NIGHT (SECONDS LATER)

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...

128B INT. HOUSE OF REFUGE
128B
As Jack steps back into the light, the CAMERA WIDENS and we realize he's back in the House of Refuge. Jack begins to sing softly: REPRISE: "SANTA FE."

Jack sits in a small dark room -- an isolation room; moonlight shines through barred windows; there's a door with a small serving panel in it.

JACK
SANTA FE
MY OLD FRIEND
I CAN'T SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE HIDIN'
YOU'RE THE ONLY LIGHT THAT'S GUIDIN' ME TODAY

Jack looks up as the serving panel opens and Crutchy peers through, offering him something furtively: a boiled potato.

CRUTCHY
Snitched it offa Snyder's plate when I was servin' him -- the biggest one!
(as Jack shakes his head, looks away)
Snyder was eatin' good tonight -- the stuff we don't never get?

* Patatas... olives...
(mouth watering)
... liver and bacon. Sauerkraut...
(grins)
Guess what I done to his sauerkraut.

JACK
(irritably)
So what's it git'cha?

CRUTCHY
Anudder three months, prob'ly.
But you can't let 'em beat'cha, right, Jack?

JACK
We was beat when we was born.
Crutchy, concerned, hears something and closes the panel.

(CONTINUED)

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2) 89A.

128B CONTINUED:

JACK
Jack looks at the moonlight shining through the bars...
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

140 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - AT GATES - MORNING 141
The Newsies chant at the crowd in the courtyard:
(Continued)

)O( 4/26/91 IVORY 90.

141 CONTINUED:

NEWSIES
Stop The World -- don't scab, stop
The World -- don't scab, etc.
David moves among them, looking like a leader now.
DAVID

Nobody sells a pape today -- we're hurtin' them and they know it! Remember -- no soakin', no hittin' -- etc.

The gates open, the wagons start out, followed by nervous scabs flanked by cops and goons. The chant builds as the scabs parade by, then suddenly --

SPOT

Look... I'm seein' t'ings... tell me I'm seeing t'ings --!

David and the others look in disbelief -- walking with the scabs is Jack, wearing a tight new suit, flanked by Weasel and other goons. As Jack moves past, staring straight ahead, the chant dies...

RACETRACK

What's he doin' with the scabs...?

KID BLINK

It ain't happenin'... it can't be happenin'...

MUSH

Hey, Jack -- it's me, Mush, lookit me -- look, willya?

BOOTS

Where'd he get them clothes -- ?

WEASEL

(as he passes)

Mr. Pulitzer picked 'em out hisself. A special gift to a special new employee. Only not so new, huh, cowboy?

SPOT

He sold us out! Ya dirty scab, I'll murder ya --!

Spot tries to bust through the goons but they hurl him back. David, confused, angry, runs alongside Jack, shouting across the smirking Weasel as they march along --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

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, wiseguy --
(grins)
-- or maybe you'd like a nice new suit of your own.

David twists away, tries to rally the Newsies.

DAVID
Keep after them -- we don't need him!
(starts the chant)
Stop The World -- don't scab! Etc.

Some chant halfheartedly, confused, demoralized. A few toss down their picket signs in disgust. David moves among them, desperately trying to keep the chant going. The scabs move on, passing Les, who gives Jack a stricken look as he moves away.

LES
(to himself)
He's just foolin' 'em... so he can spy on them or something...
(with certainty)
That's it. He's spyin' on 'em. He's gotta be.
INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David sits in the window, brooding.

(Continued)

4/26/91 IVORY

CONTINUED: (A1)

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.

(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

4/19/91 CHERRY 94.

147 INT. DORM/NEWSIES LODGING HOUSE - NIGHT 147
The gang looks sullenly at the door where Kloppman is ushering in two policemen.

KLOPPMAN
He will only be a minute. Please, no trouble.

A policeman stands aside and Jack enters, in the new suit. Utter silence. The police escort him the length of the dorm and into --

147A INT. WASHROOM - NIGHT 147A
Jack goes straight to his hiding place and removes the box. He looks inside and is startled --

-- a dead rat is inside the box, covered with tiny pieces of the photograph with his family. His money is gone. He tosses the box aside; his eyes hardening. The police escort him back into --

148 INT. DORM - NIGHT 148
A few snickers as he moves toward his bed. Racetrack stands holding a bundle of Jack's belongings; he shoves it into Jack's chest and does his Delancey routine.

RACETRACK
Dear me, what is dat unpleasant
aroma -- ?
(as Jack's fists clench)
Go on, take a shot -- I bust your scab face, ya yellow-livered,

* rotten stinkin' piecea garbage!

Jack just looks at him, unclenches his fists. He moves for the door, as one by one the Newsies turn their backs on him.

149 OMITTED 149
thru thru
151 151

152 INT. WORLD BUILDING - BASEMENT - NIGHT 152

The BIG PRESSES POUND RHYTHMICALLY somewhere O.S. in the building. A candle illuminates Weasel's gloating face as he leads Jack down a flight of RICKETY STAIRS.

(CONTINUED)

4/19/91 CHERRY 95.

* 152 CONTINUED:

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

155 EXT. CIRCULATION WINDOW - MORNING

With the other scabs, Jack steps up for his papers. Weasel shows his usual charm.

WEASEL
Sleep well, cowboy...?
Jack ignores him, moves off with his papers. The Delanceys pass by; Morris grinning at him, bouncing a club in his hand.

OSCAR
Come wit' us, cowboy -- we're gonna fix your pal Davey today -- fix 'im so's he can't walk no more.

MORRIS
Shuddup!

He backhands Morris in the chops and they move on. Jack starts after them, alarmed -- then he sees Weasel.

(CONTINUED)

4/19/91 CHERRY

* 

155 CONTINUED:

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

157 EXT. BAXTER STREET - DAY
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)

---

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 158
thru thru
160B 160B

)R( 5/8/91 - PINK (2) 97A.

* 

160C EXT. DAVID'S FIRE ESCAPE - DAY (LATER) 160C
Jack, David, Sarah thoughtfully on the escape.

DAVID
Without you, the strike's falling apart...

JACK
I got no choice. I stay here, they lock me up 'til I'm twenty-one.

Les clambers out with a pair of Mayer's cast-off high-button shoes.

LES
Jack, for the trip -- a pair of cowboy boots! Sorta. Mayer with a bundle of clothes; Esther with food come to the window. She gives it to Jack.

**ESTHER**

Who knows what's to eat where you're going?

**MAYER**

(gives the clothes)

A few things of mine and David's.

Wish we had money to give you...

**JACK**

(very moved)

Who needs it...? I go down to the train yards, hop me a freight, go in the best style -- free...

**MAYER**

I don't know what's waiting for you in Santa Fe, but you'll always have family here.

They embrace him and move away. An awkward moment -- Jack picks up the bundle to go and --

**SARAH**

(decisively)

You're not going to run away. They'll just come after you. You have to fight them.

(Continued)

5/8/91 - PINK (2) 98.

CONTINUED:

**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 --

EXT. ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

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)

Jack has listened somberly, moved.

JACK
All them sweatshop kids are
listenin' to me...?

(CONTINUED)

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)

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
Whataya 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.
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 --

INT. BASEMENT PRESS ROOM - NIGHT

Denton heads straight for the old press, checking it over expertly. Jack directs the others to ink, paper, etc., as --

MUSICAL NUMBER: "THE POINT OF NO RETURN" BEGINS:

DAVID
WHAT'S THAT?

JACK
SHHH! YOU'RE MAKIN' ME NERVOUS!

DAVID
SORRY.

SARAH
WATCH OUT!

DAVID
THERE'S SOMEBODY THERE.

SARAH
WHERE?

JACK
STAY CALM!

DAVID/SARAH
BUT --

(CONTINUED)

4/8/91 YELLOW                                          103.
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
NICE CATCH.

SARAH
THANKS.

JACK
THAT OUGHTA GO THERE.

SARAH
BRING THOSE OVER.

(CONTINUED)
DENTON
THAT’S IT YOU'RE GETTING IT
KEEP IT STEADY
ALMOST READY
JACK
WON'T BE LONG 'TIL SOMEBODY
CHOKE IT
GUESSES
THEY GOT PROWLERs INKING
CHEESE IT
THEIR PRESSES
(CONTINUED)

PINK 4/1/91

DENTON/JACK
RIGHT OR WRONG WE'RE ON THE LAM NOW
SARAH
TOO LOUD! SOMEONE'S OVER US!

DENTON/JACK
RIGHT OR WRONG AIN'T WORTH A DAMN NOW!
DAVID
TOO LATE, GOTTA FINISH IT.

JACK/DENTON
SOME THINGS SMART WE AIN'T
ARE WORTH TRYING FOR
SOME DREAMS MOM WOULD FAINT
ARE WORTH DYING FOR
EVERYBODY
WE'RE AT THE POINT OF NO RETURN!

LES
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)

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

166 CONTINUED: (3) 166

LES
AND SHEEPSHEAD BAY!

INSTRUMENTAL break.
*DENTON/SARAH
TIME IS UP
LET'S JUST CLEAR OUT NOW
LUCK IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT *
NOW
TOO BAD
THINGS GOT BLISTERY
TOO LATE
THIS IS HISTORY
THAT'S RIGHT
TAKE THE HEAT OR YOU BURN!

JACK/DAVID
NEWSIES ON A DEADLINE
GOTTA WRITE THE HEADLINE
* NEWSIES ON A MISSION
PRINT THE NEXT EDITION
SHOW THE DIRTY LIARS
WE CAN MAKE SOME FIRES
THANK YOU, MR. PULITZER
FOR HELPIN' WITH THE FLYERS
THANK YOU FOR THE HALL
THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR CONCERN

LES
AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW
AND OUR RANKS WILL GROW
AND THE WORLD WILL LEARN --

ALL

SHHHHHHH!

( NOTE: During the above, several QUICK CUTS or DISSOLVES should give the impression that they've worked through the night:)

A) Lead type being rapidly hand-set by Denton, helped by David -- a sub-headline forms: "House of Refuge, House of Shame."

B) Papers -- "THE NEWSIE NEWS" -- start rolling off the press as they examine it proudly.

C) They fold and bundle the papers, happy but exhausted.

D) Pale pre-dawn light shines through the window framing Les as they pass him bundles of papers and he passes
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)

RACETRACK
You thinkin' you'd like to take a shot at my schnozz -- right?
(beat)
Five to one says you can't break it.

Jack laughs -- the tension breaks. Hugs and backslaps as they climb onto the wagon.

DAVID
The cops are looking for Jack -- we gotta protect him --

KID BLINK
Any bull comes after jack, they gotta go through all of us.

BOOTS
What's with the bundle, Jack -- ya leavin'?

JACK
Sante Fe bound, Boots -- but not without givin' Pulitzer one last kiss goodbye --

KLOPPMAN
Boys --!
He points frantically at Weasel crossing the square towards them. They duck quickly -- and he weaves past whistling tunelessly, drunk. As Kloppman eases the
wagon away, everybody looks back, shouts --
EVERYBODY
Hey, Weasel... Good ni-ight!

He looks around blearily: must be the d.t.'s.
EVERYBODY
WE'RE AT THE POINT OF NO RETURN!
WE'RE AT THE POINT OF NO RETURN!

166B OMITTED
166B thru
185 thru
185

)P( 5/1/91 BLUE (2) 106A.
*

185A HUNDREDS OF COPIES OF THE NEWSIE NEWS (OPTICAL)
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

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

187 EXT. NEWSIE SQUARE - DAY
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)

187 CONTINUED:  (A1)

JACK
They ain't comin'... There ain't gonna be nobody but us...
The boys are silent, disappointed, feeling alone and defeated.

(CONTINUED)

)J( 4/22/91 TAN

187 CONTINUED:
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; NO!
followed by others. The WHAT IF THE DELANCEYS COME OUT SWINGING, WILL WE HEAR IT?
boys begin to take heart --
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'ly know

188 INT. PULITZER'S OFFICE - DAY

* The song resonates in the golden dome; Pulitzer stares

down at the crowd as the mayor, sweating as usual, waves

the Newsies' paper at him. Seitz sits reading a copy,

impressed, as Jonathan fields phone calls.

(continued)

Pink 4/1/91

188 CONTINUED:

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)

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GOLDENROD 4/12/91

* 

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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 stiffles a smile at Jack's bravado -- a smile of admiration.

SEITZ
Then I guess you talk.

Jack beckons David to follow as they enter the huge doors and --

---

188B INT. PULITZER'S OFFICE - MORE HUGE DOORS - DAY
188B
open as Seitz ushers them inside, closes the doors, leaving them alone. Pulitzer waits by the windows, a looming shadowy figure; sounds of CHANTING, SHOUTING floating up from below. David is awed by the palatial office, but Jack saunters coolly to the windows past --

PULITZER
You're going to listen to me, boy --

JACK
I'd like to, Joe --
(opens a window; crowd noise pours in)
-- but I can't hear ya.

PULITZER
We had a deal -- you broke it. You're going back to jail.

JACK
Maybe. But you can't put every kid in that square in jail. They ain't goin' away, Joe.

PULITZER
Neither am I. I can wait them out. It won't be me that's hurt.

JACK
You sure about that?

He nods at David who produces a paper, reads:

(CONTINUED)

GOLDENROD 4/12/91 111.

* 

188B CONTINUED:

DAVID
'Since the strike, the World's circulation has dropped 70 per cent; advertising has been cut in half --'
(stops reading)
Every day you lose thousands of dollars -- just so you can beat us out of a lousy tenth of a cent per paper. Why?

JACK
It ain't about money, Dave -- if Joe gives in, that would mean nothin's like us got power. He can't let that happen -- no matter
what it costs him. Right, Joe?
PULITZER
I'm about to show you what power really is...

He slams the window shut; CROWD NOISE abruptly DROPS --

PULITZER
I have the police outside waiting to arrest you --

DAVID
You lousy double-crossing --!
PULITZER
-- then I'll deal with that rabble in the street.

He's crossing to a buzzer on his desk; Jack, thinking fast, snatches up a copy of the Newsies News.

JACK
Ya got me, Joe -- but tell me one thing, willya? How'd ya like our paper -- nice printin', ain't it? Right off the presses of one of New York's greatest newspapers --

That stops him. He looks at Jack, frowning.

PULITZER
All the papers have an agreement... we print nothing about the newsies. Whose press did you use?

(as Jack shrugs, smiles)
It was Hearst, wasn't it...!

(CONTINUED)

GOLDENROD 4/12/91

* 

188B CONTINUED: (2)

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 backstablle
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.
the square -- including a paddy wagon.

RACE

We gotta warn Jack -- !

The others nod agreement -- but where is he? Then they see --

192 OMITTED

193 EXT. COURTYARD - GATES OF THE WORLD - DAY

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)

5/1/91 BLUE (2)

193 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)
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)
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.

193A OMITTED

193A
EXT. LOADING DOCK/WINDOW - NEWSIES

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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