Music Theatre International
423 West 55th Street
Second Floor
New York, NY 10019
Phone: (212) 541-4684
Fax: (212) 397-4684

Audition Central: Disney's Newsies JR.

Score: Crutchie/Casey

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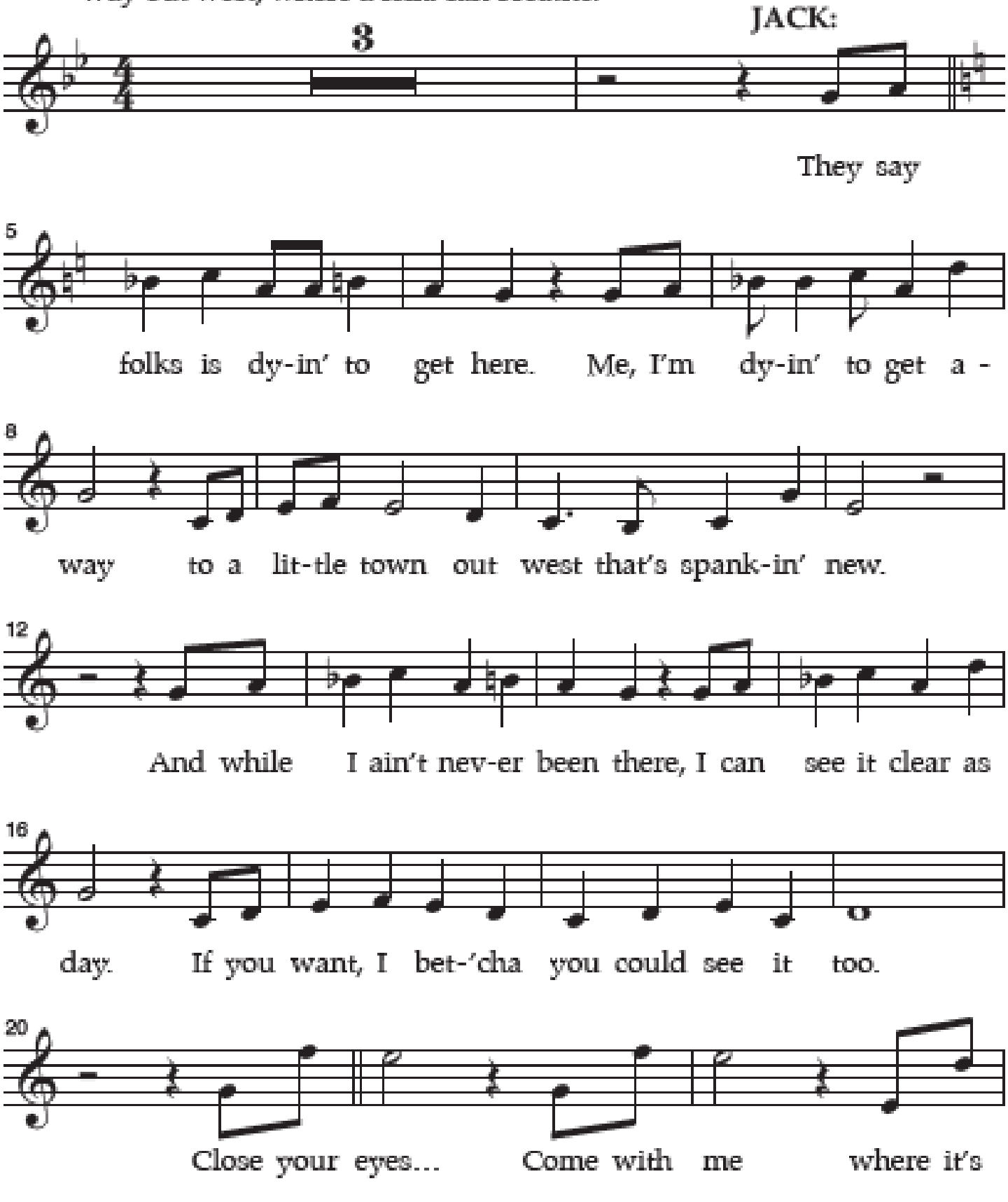
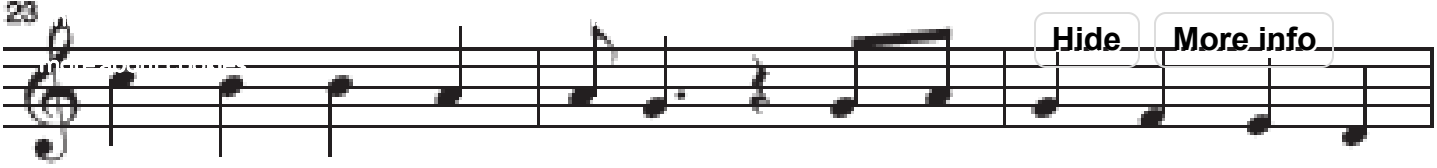
SANTA FE (PROLOGUE)

(JACK): Give me a big life in a small town
way out west, where a fella can breathe!





clean and green and pret-ty, and they went and made a

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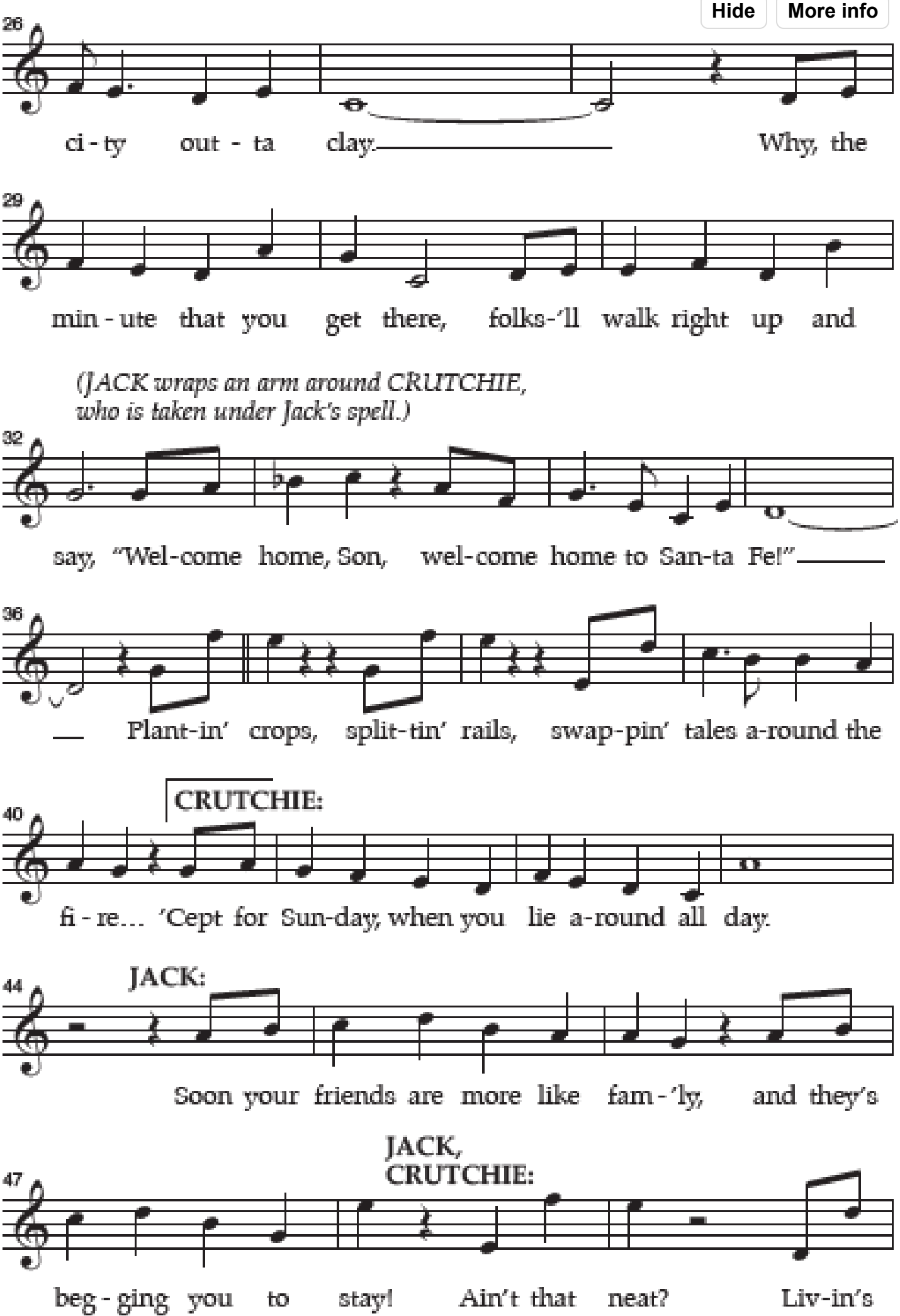
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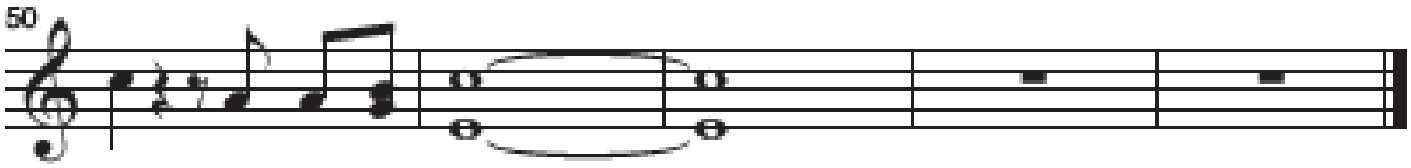


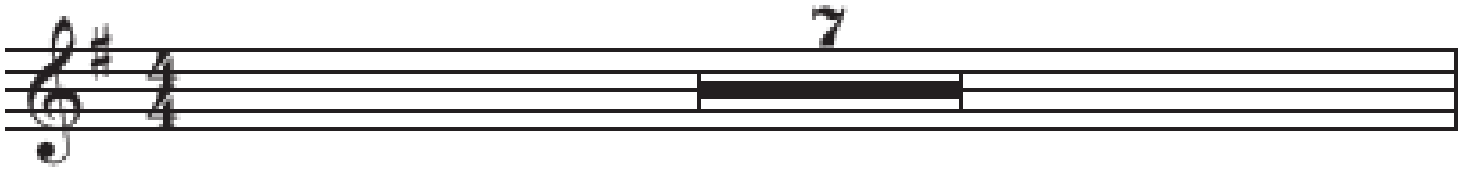
sweet in San-ta Fe.

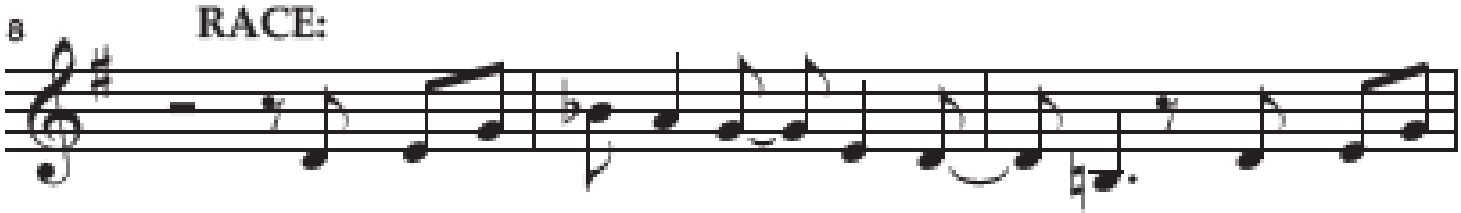
CARRYING THE BANNER

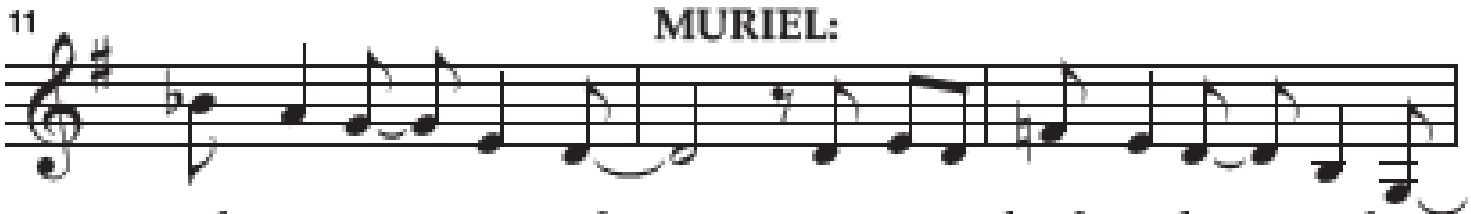
(RACE, a street-smart newsie, enters and calls to other NEWSIES, who converge from various side streets for the start of their day.)

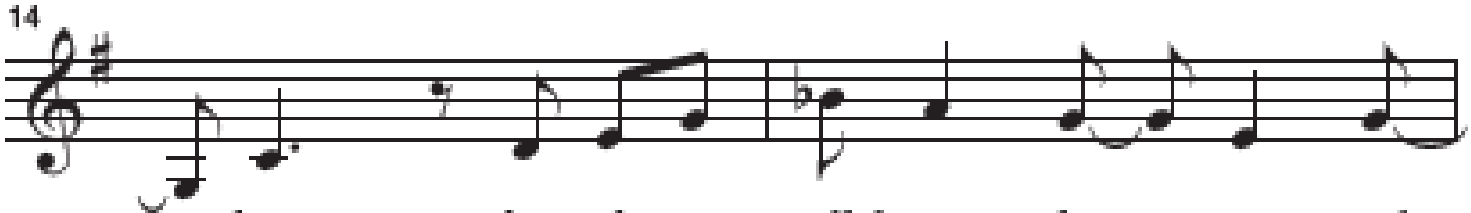
RACE: Hey, Albert, Nancy, Specs, Pigtails!

ALBERT: Hey, Race! Papes ain't movin' like they used to. I need a new sellin' spot. Got any ideas?





From Bot-tle Al-ley to the har - bor, there's ea-sy

pick-in's guar - an-teed. Try an-y bank-er, bum, or bar-



- ber. They al-most all knows how to read.

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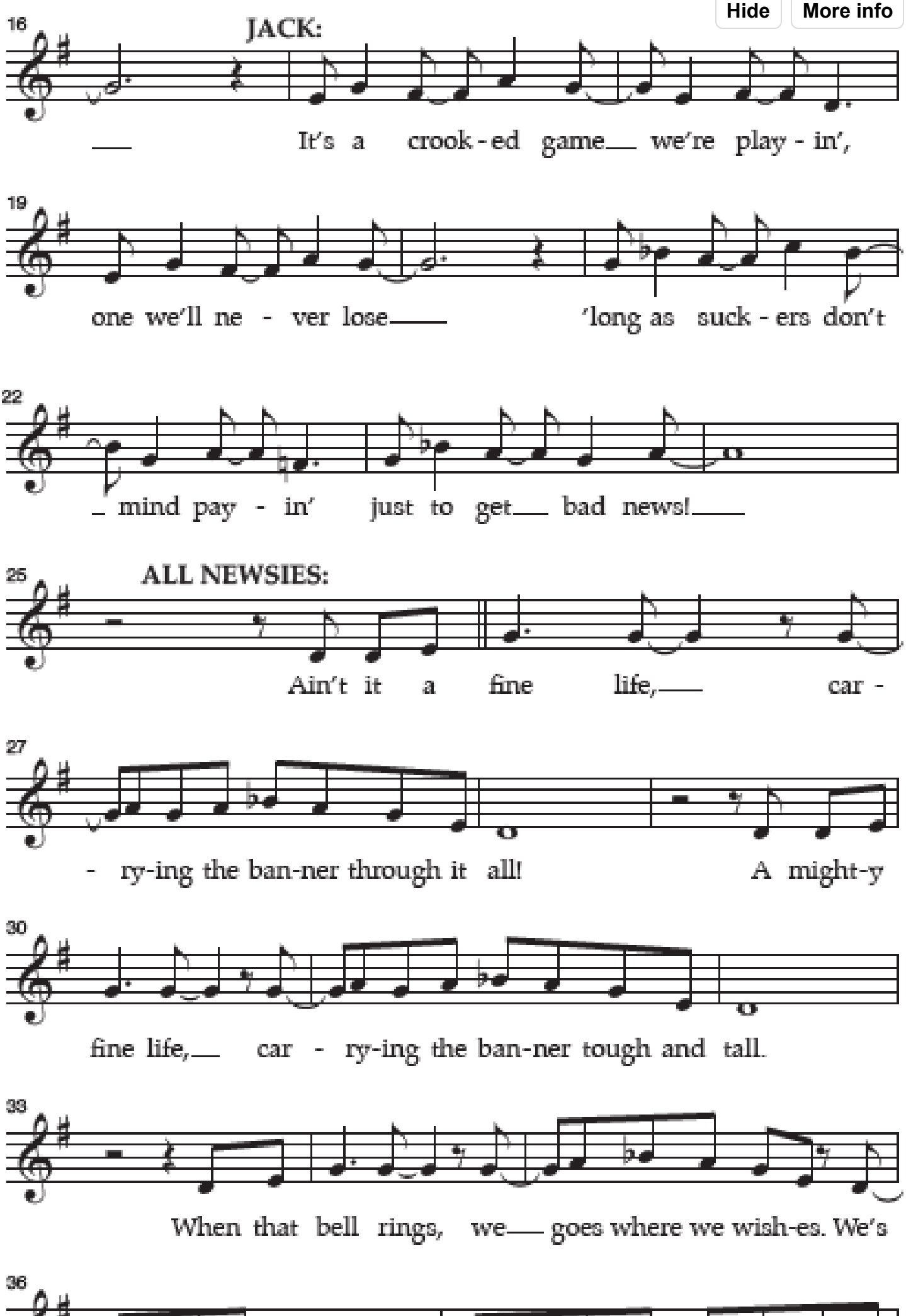
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— as free as fish-es. Sure beats wash-ing dish-es. What a

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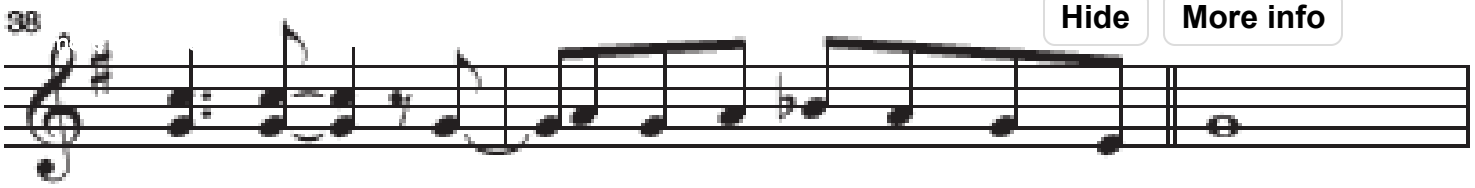
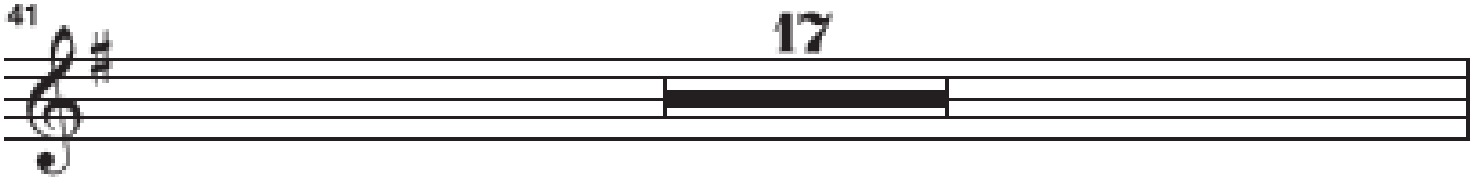


fine life,— car - ry-ing the ban-ner home free all!

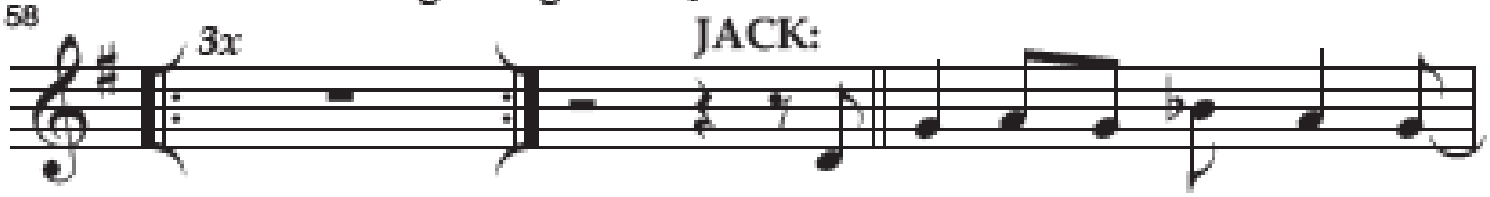
(KATHERINE, a young reporter, walks by with her photographer, DARCY, who carries a large box camera and tripod.)
JACK: Morning, Miss. Can I interest you in the latest news?
KATHERINE: The paper isn't out yet.
JACK: *(playfully)* I'd be delighted to bring it to you personally.
KATHERINE: *(playing along)* Gee, thanks!
(KATHERINE and DARCY exit.)
CRUTCHIE: Hey, Jack, who's dat?
JACK: Beats me. She's way out of my league, whoever she is.
MURIEL: Crutchie, what's the leg say? Gonna rain?
CRUTCHIE: *(shakes leg)* No rain. Partly cloudy. Clear by evening.
MURIEL: They oughta bottle that leg of yours.
RACE: And the limp sells fifty papes a week all by itself.
CRUTCHIE: I don't need the limp to sell papes. I got personality.

41



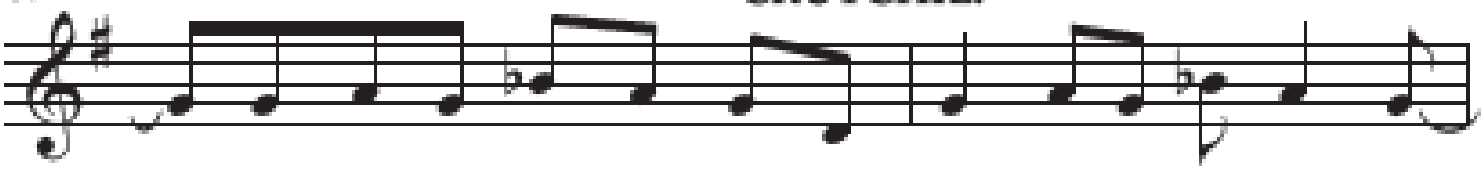
JACK: *(putting an arm around CRUTCHIE's shoulder)*
And don't forget in-gen-u-ity!

58



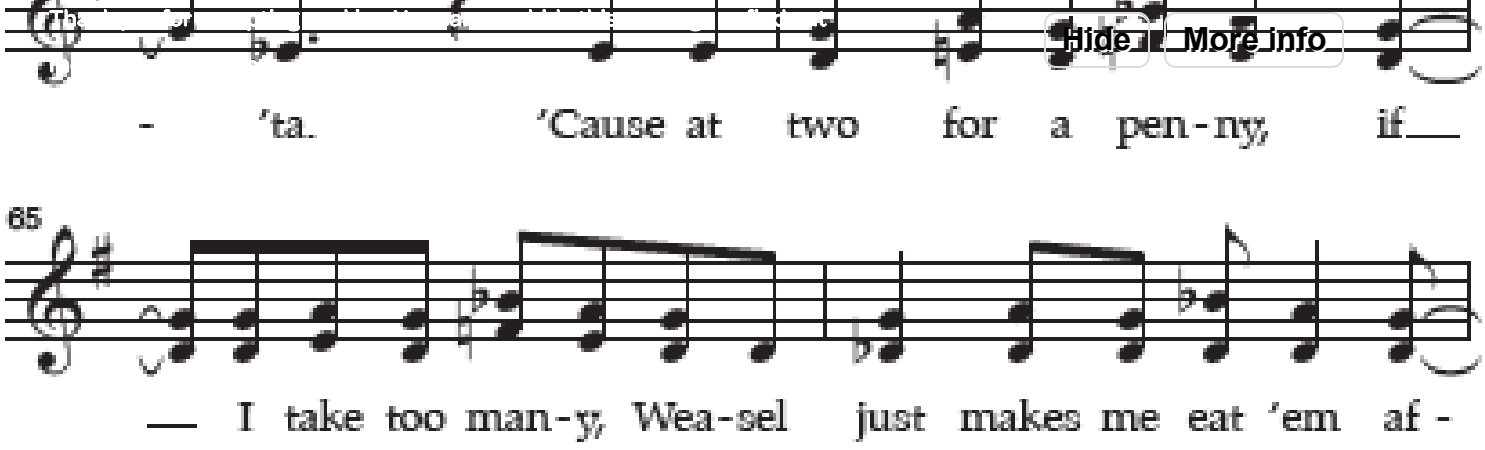
If I hate the head-line, I'll—

JACK, CRUTCHIE:

61

make up a head-line and I'll say an - y-thing I have-

JACK, CRUTCHIE, MURIEL, RACE:

63


- 'ta. 'Cause at two for a pen-ny, if
65
— I take too man-y, Wea-sel just makes me eat 'em af-

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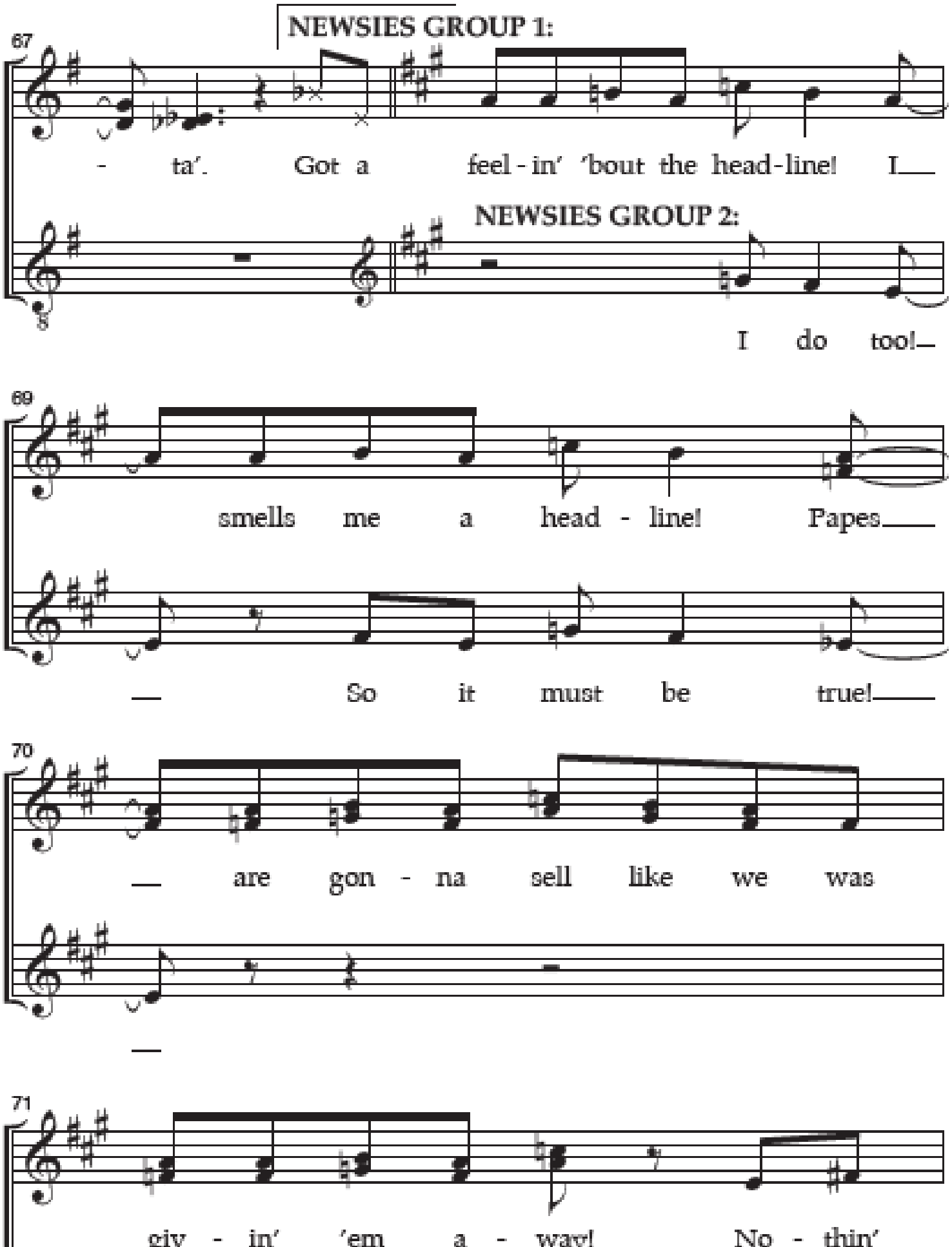
(The NEWSIES spread out through Newsie Square. WIESEL, ill-tempered and rumpled, pushes a wagon of bundled newspapers into place.)

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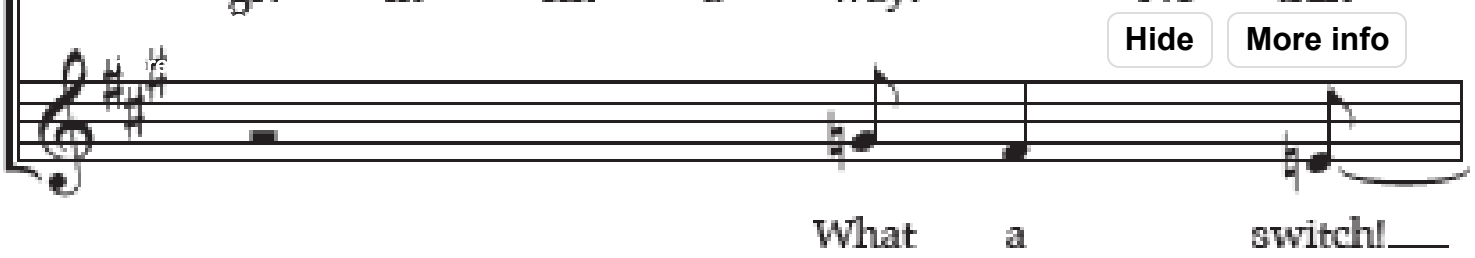

What a switch!

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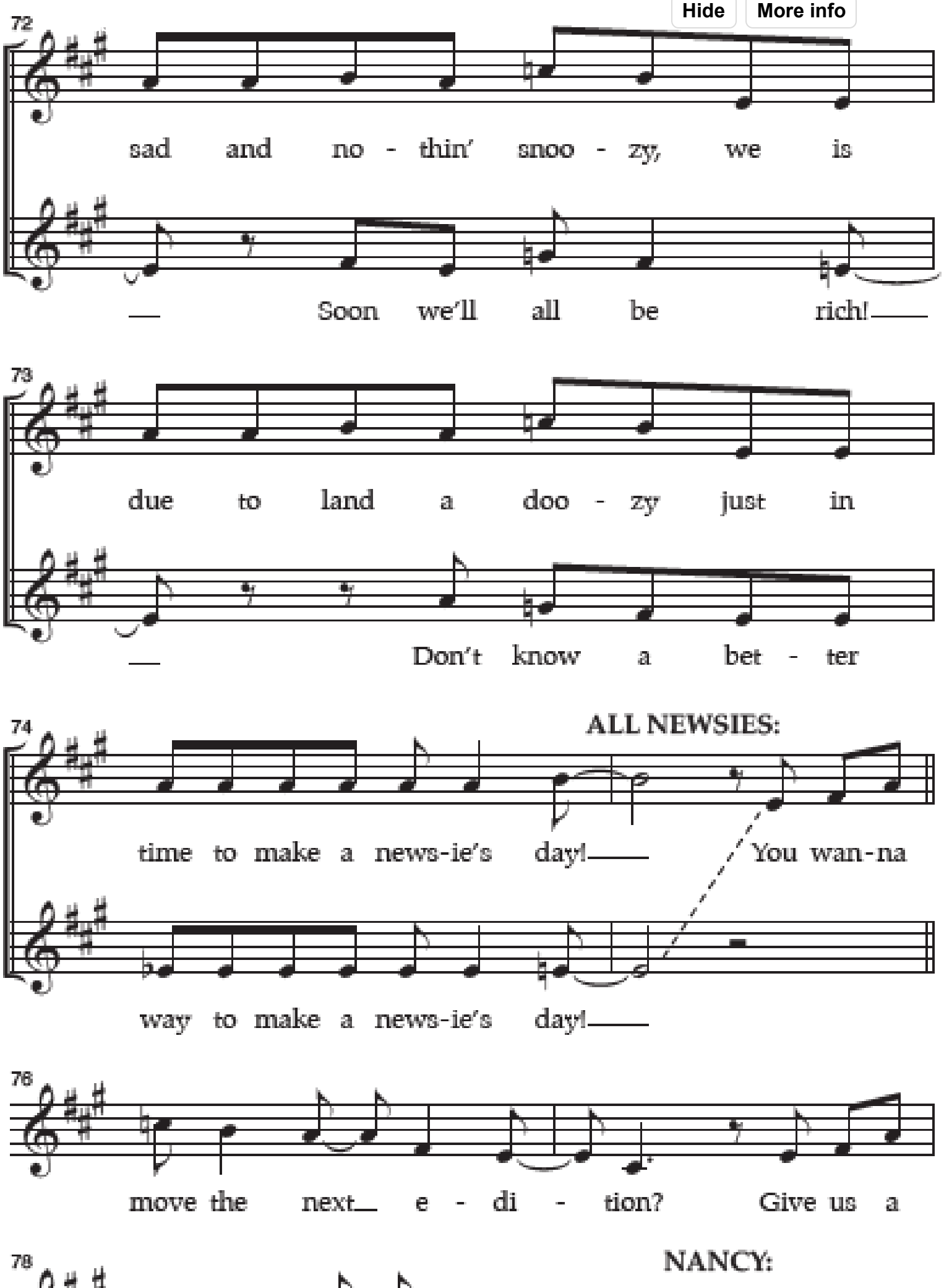
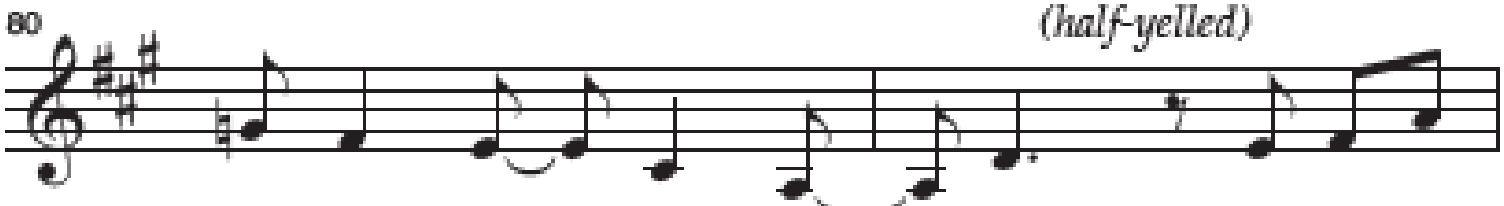

earth-quake or—— a war.—— How 'bout a

ALL NEWSIES:
(half-yelled)

crook-ed pol - i - ti - cian? Ya nit-wit,

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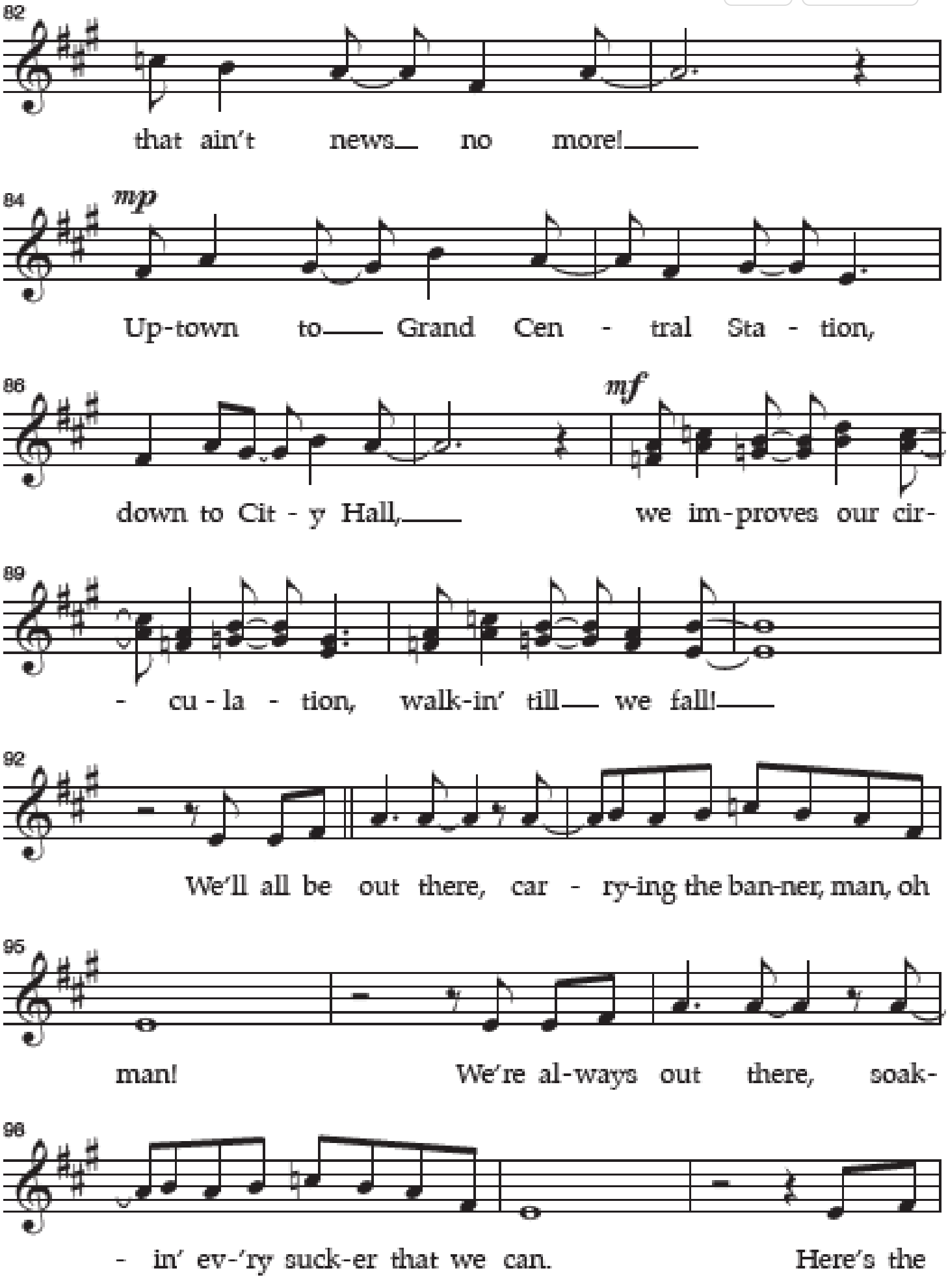
head - line:_ "News - ies on a Mis-sion!" Kill_

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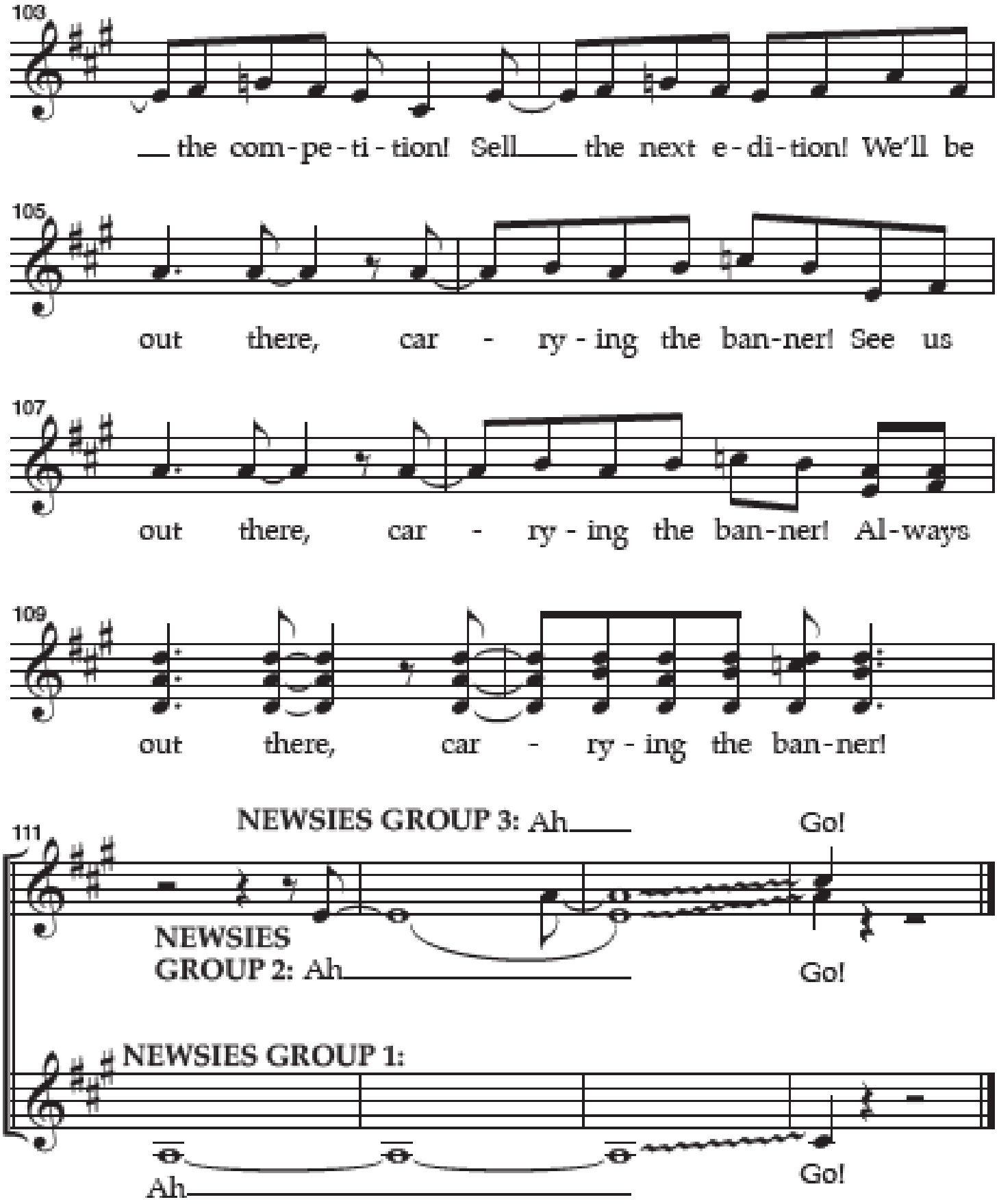

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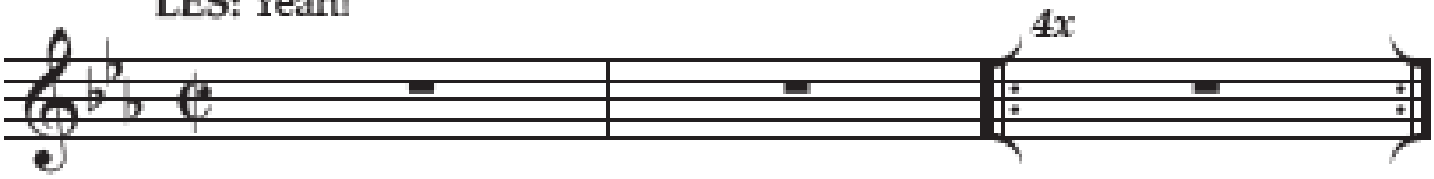
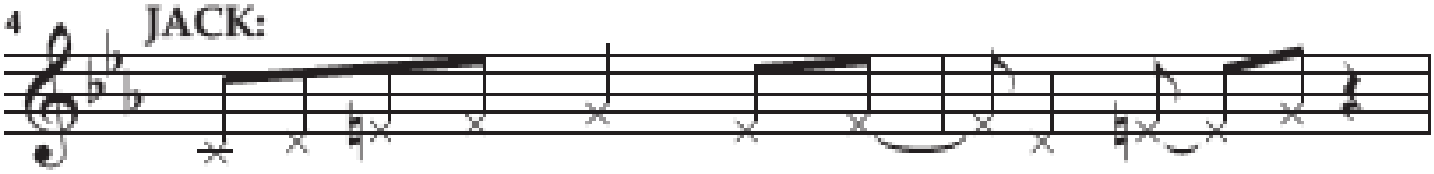
THE WORLD WILL KNOW

JACK: The newsies of Lower Manhattan are now officially on strike.
CRUTCHIE: What next?
DAVEY: *(finally committing)* I guess we've got a union.
LES: Yeah!

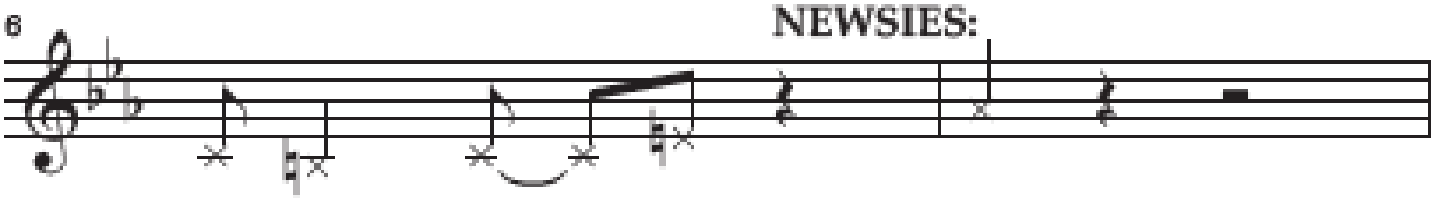


4 JACK:



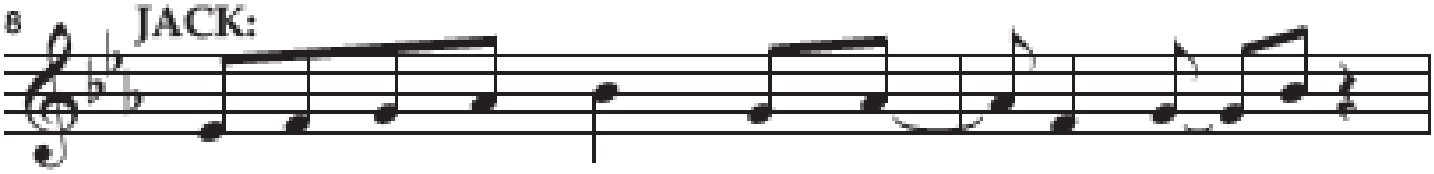
Pu - lit - zer and Hearst, they think we're no - thin'.

6 NEWSIES:

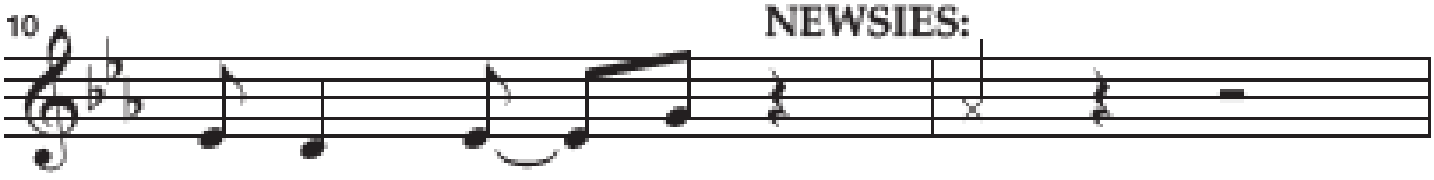


Are we no - thin'? No!

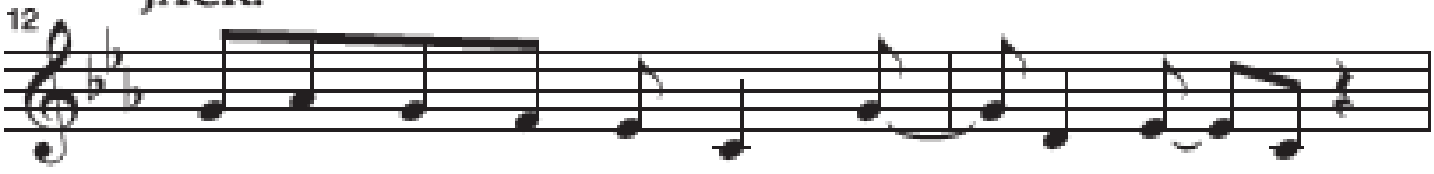
8 JACK:



Pu - lit - zer and Hearst, they think they got us.

10 NEWSIES:

Do they got us? No!

12 JACK:



Ev - en though we ain't got hats or bad - ges,

we're a un - ion just by say-ing so.

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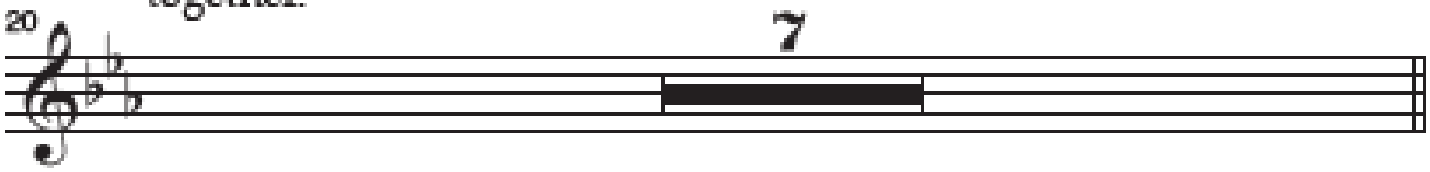
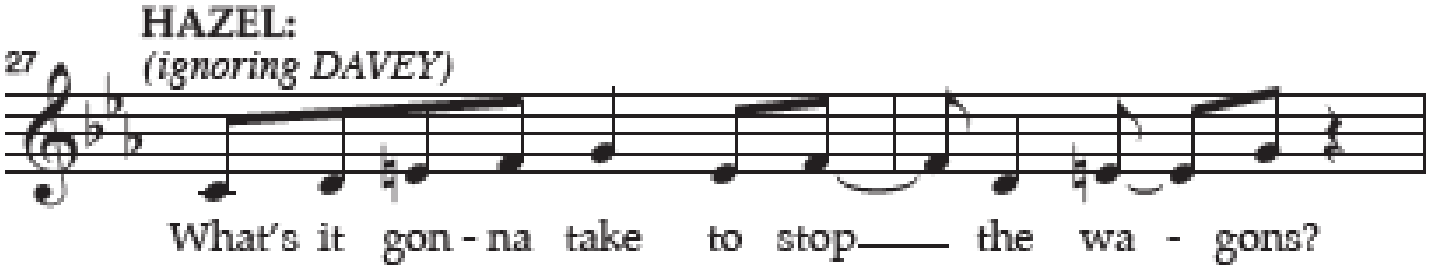
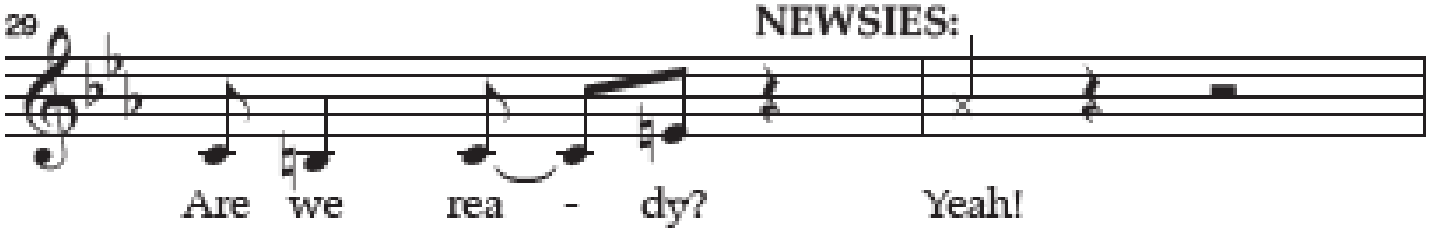
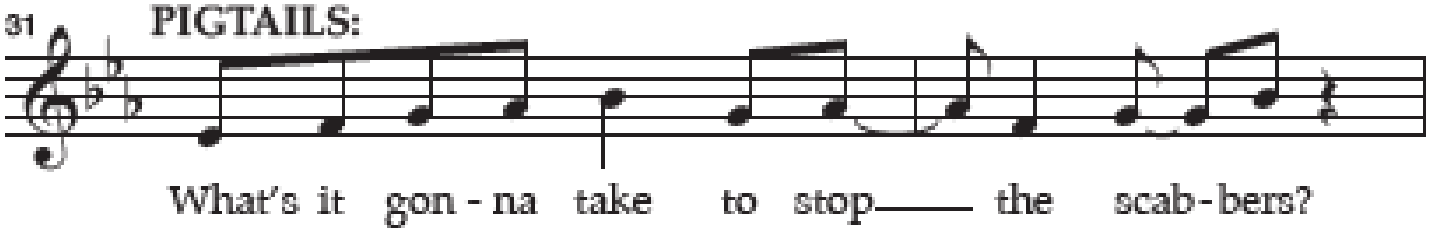
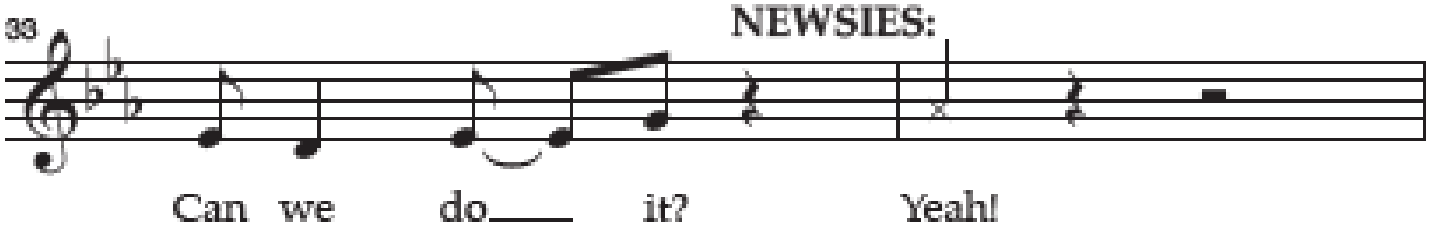
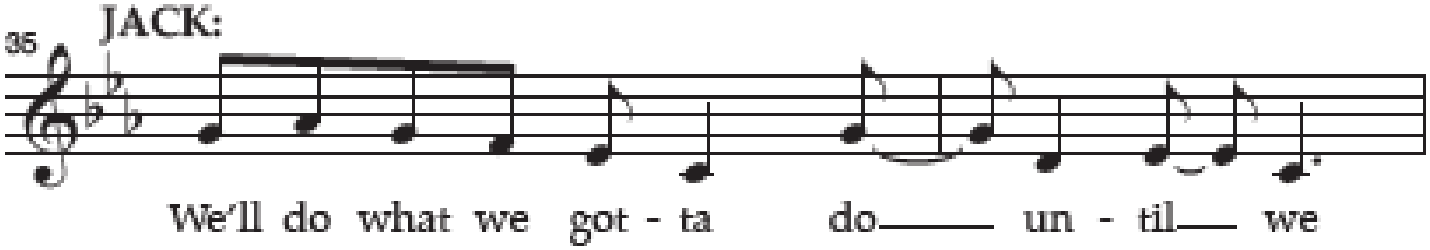
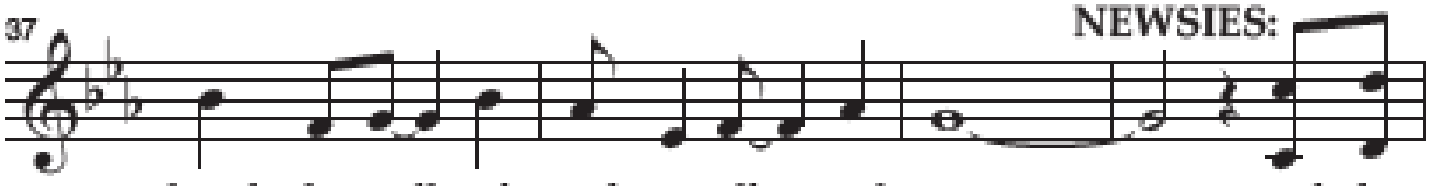
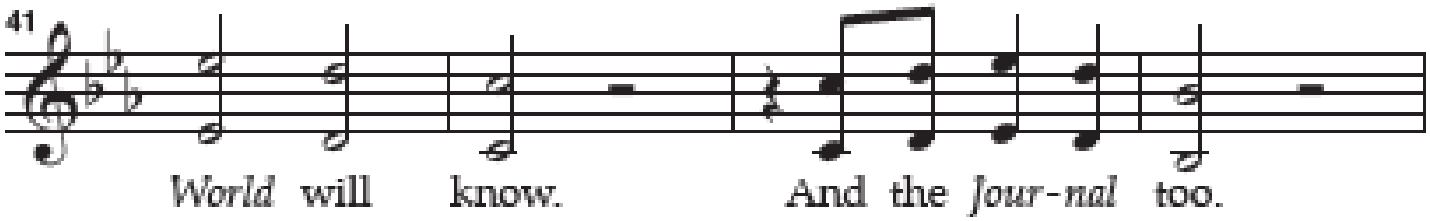
MURIEL: What's to stop some other kids comin' along to sell our papes?
ALBERT: Just let 'em try!
DAVEY: No! We can't beat up on other newsies. We have to stick together.





break the wall of mighty Bill and Joe. And the



World will know. And the *Jour-nal* too.

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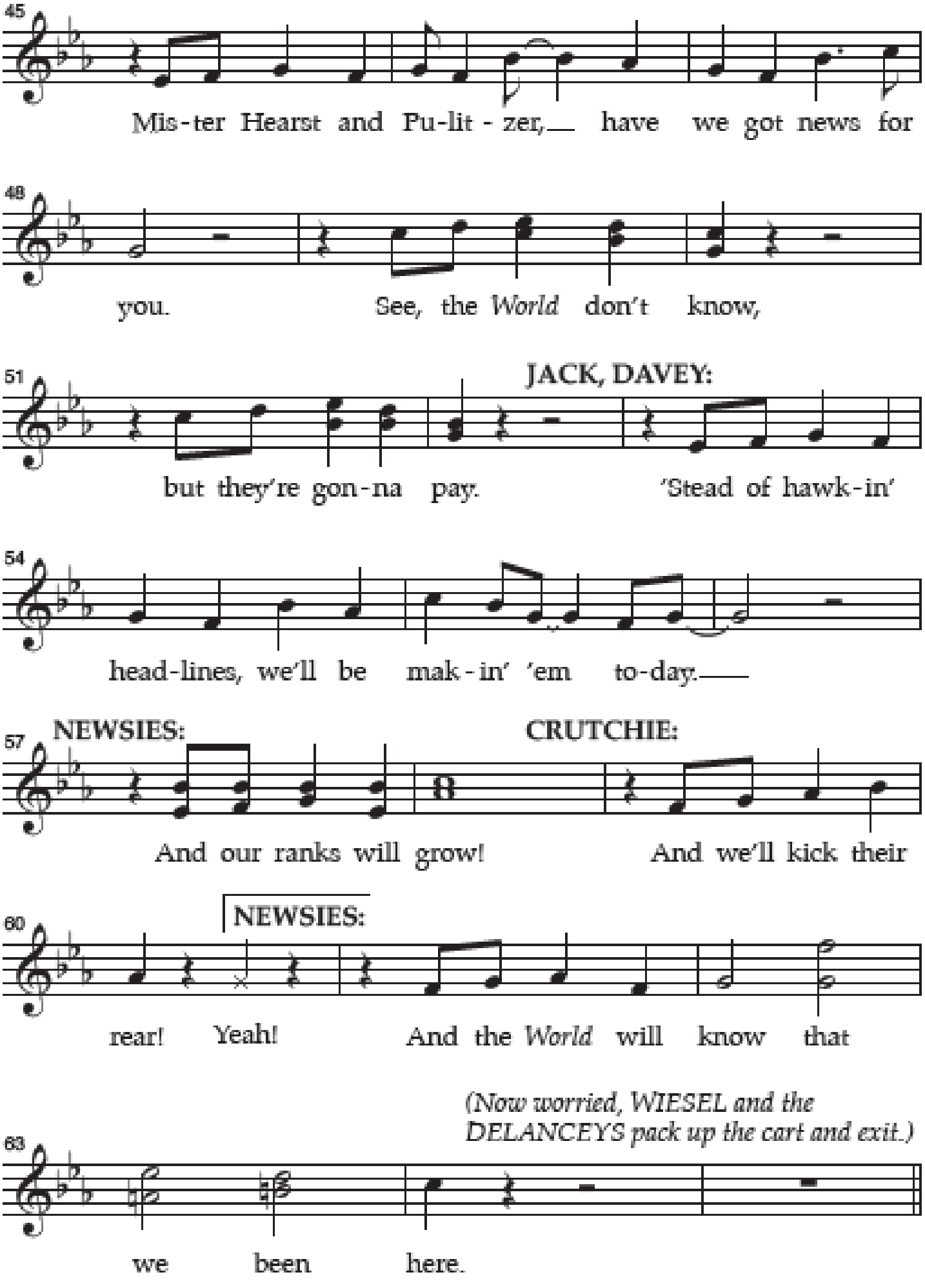
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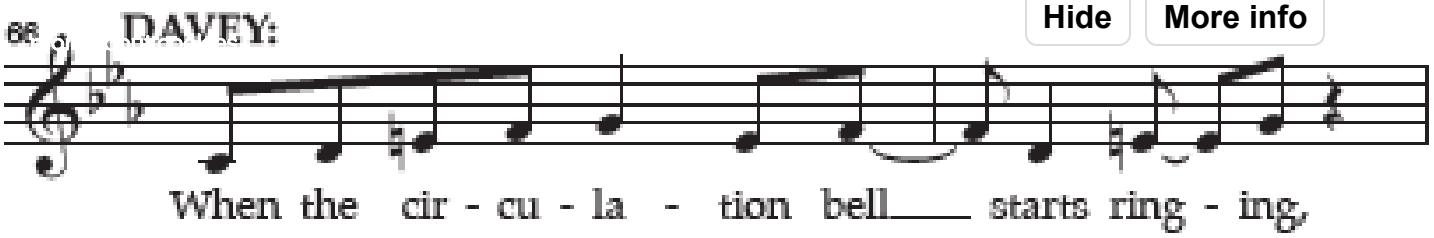
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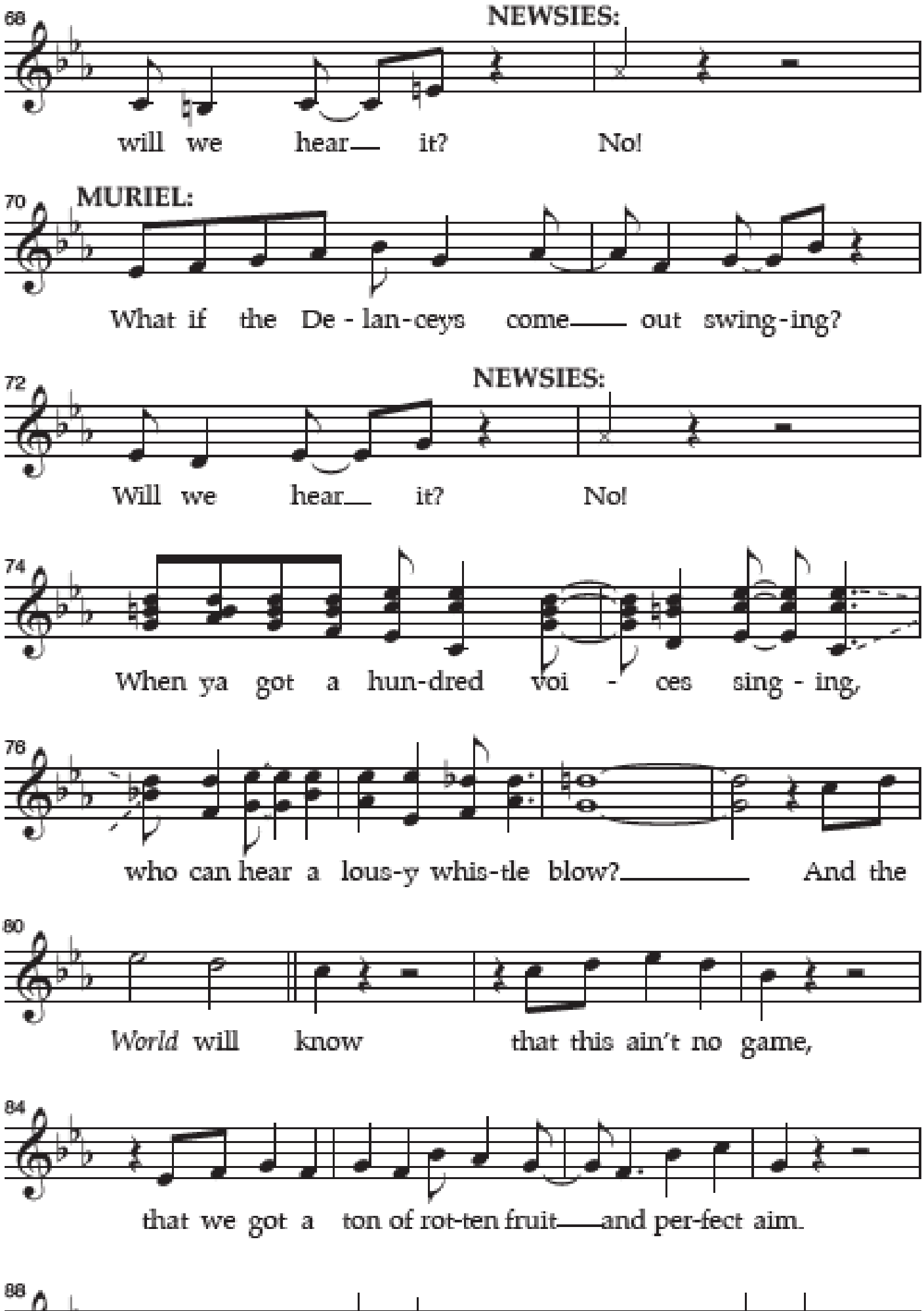
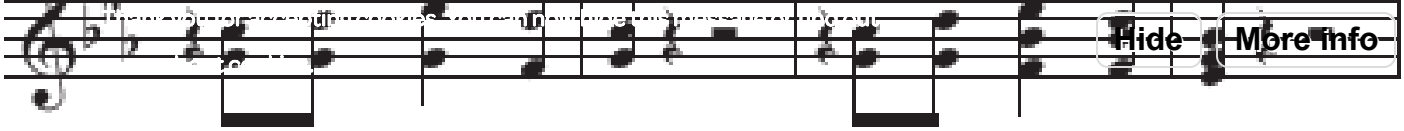

We been down too long, and we paid our dues.

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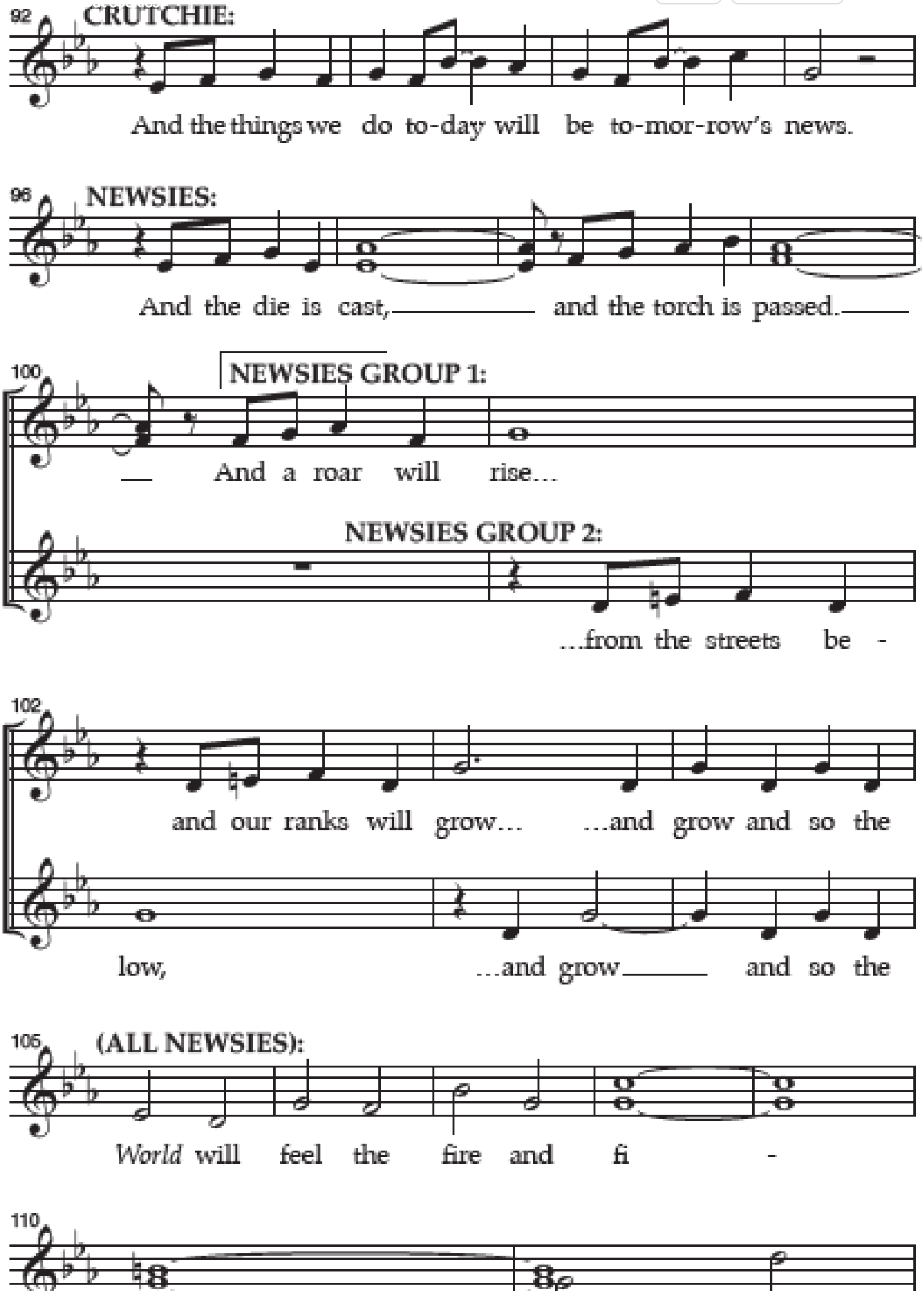
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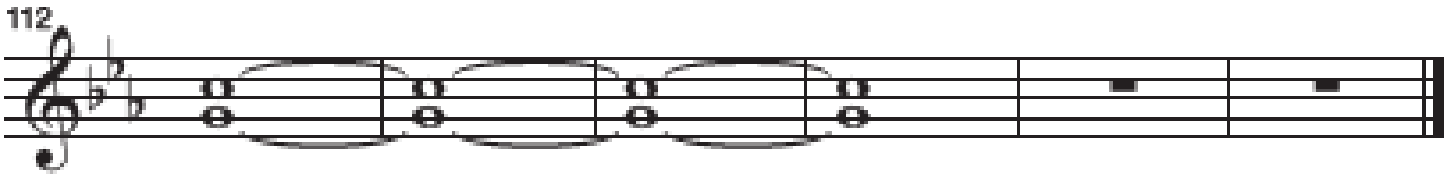
n'lly ... ...fi - n'lly

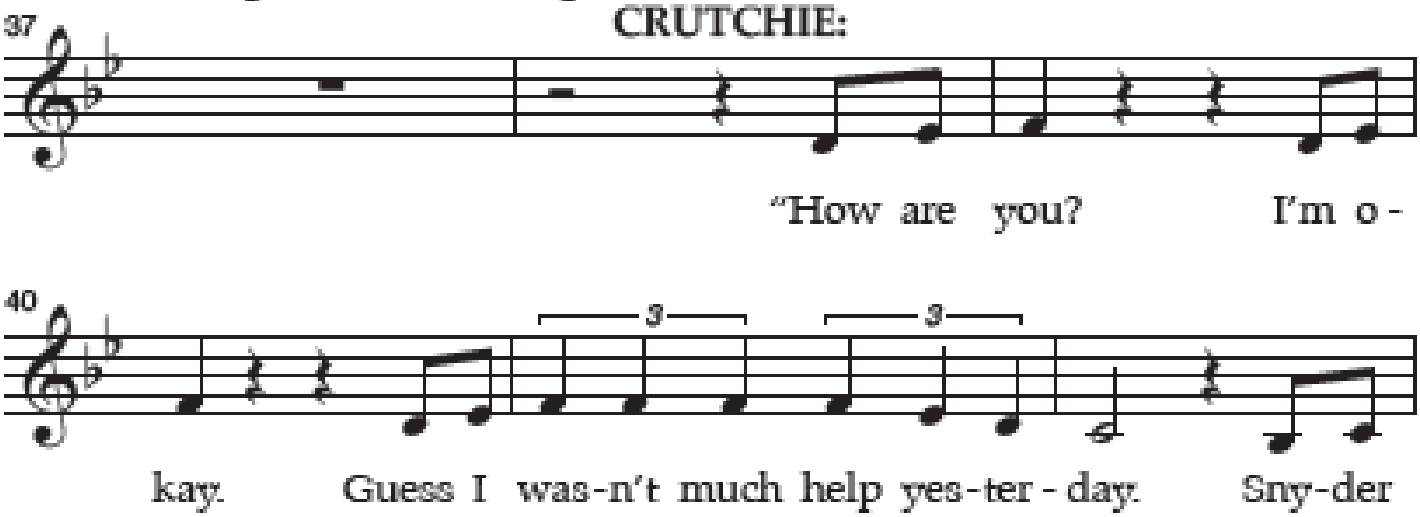


know!

SCENE EIGHT: THE REFUGE

(In the middle of the night, CRUTCHIE sits on a crowded bed with pencil in hand, reading a letter back to themself:)

CRUTCHIE: "Dear Jack.
Greetings from The Refuge!"



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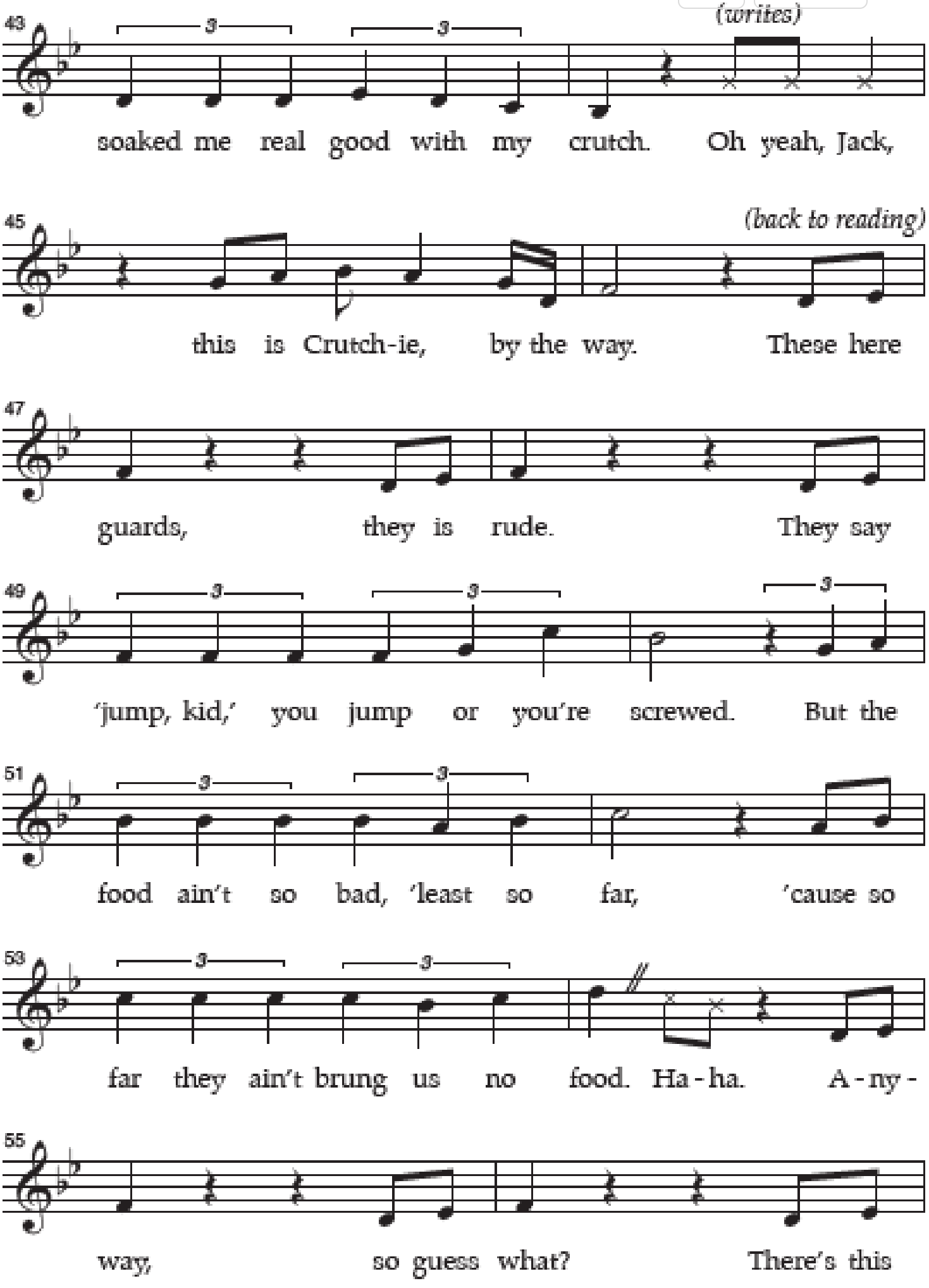
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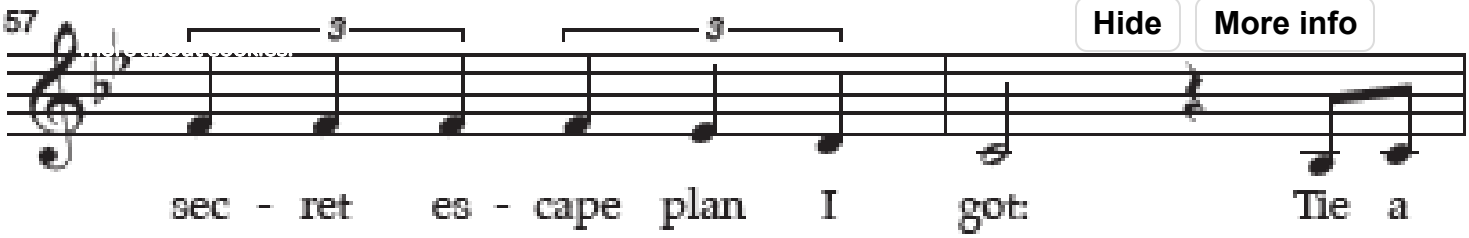

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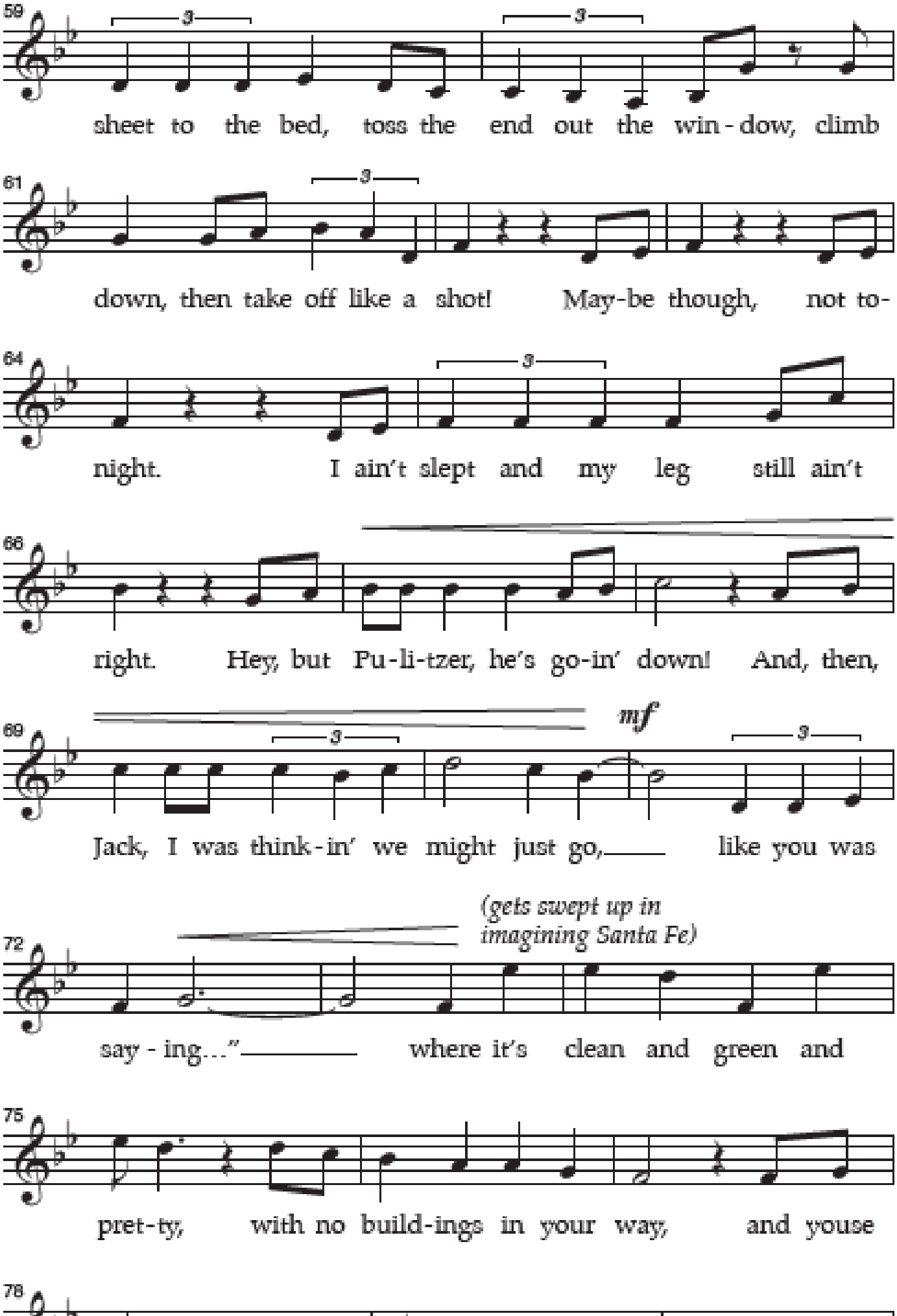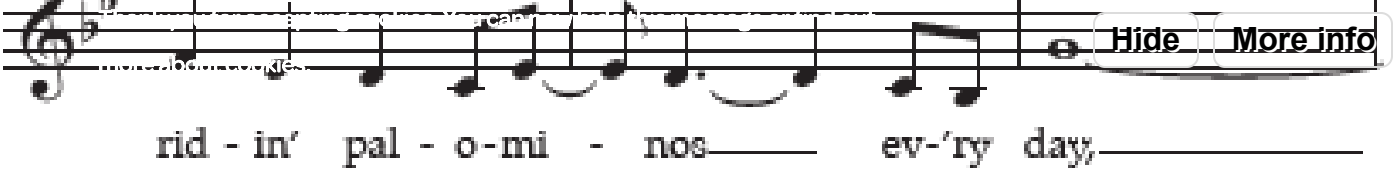
rid - in' pal - o - mi - nos ev-'ry day,

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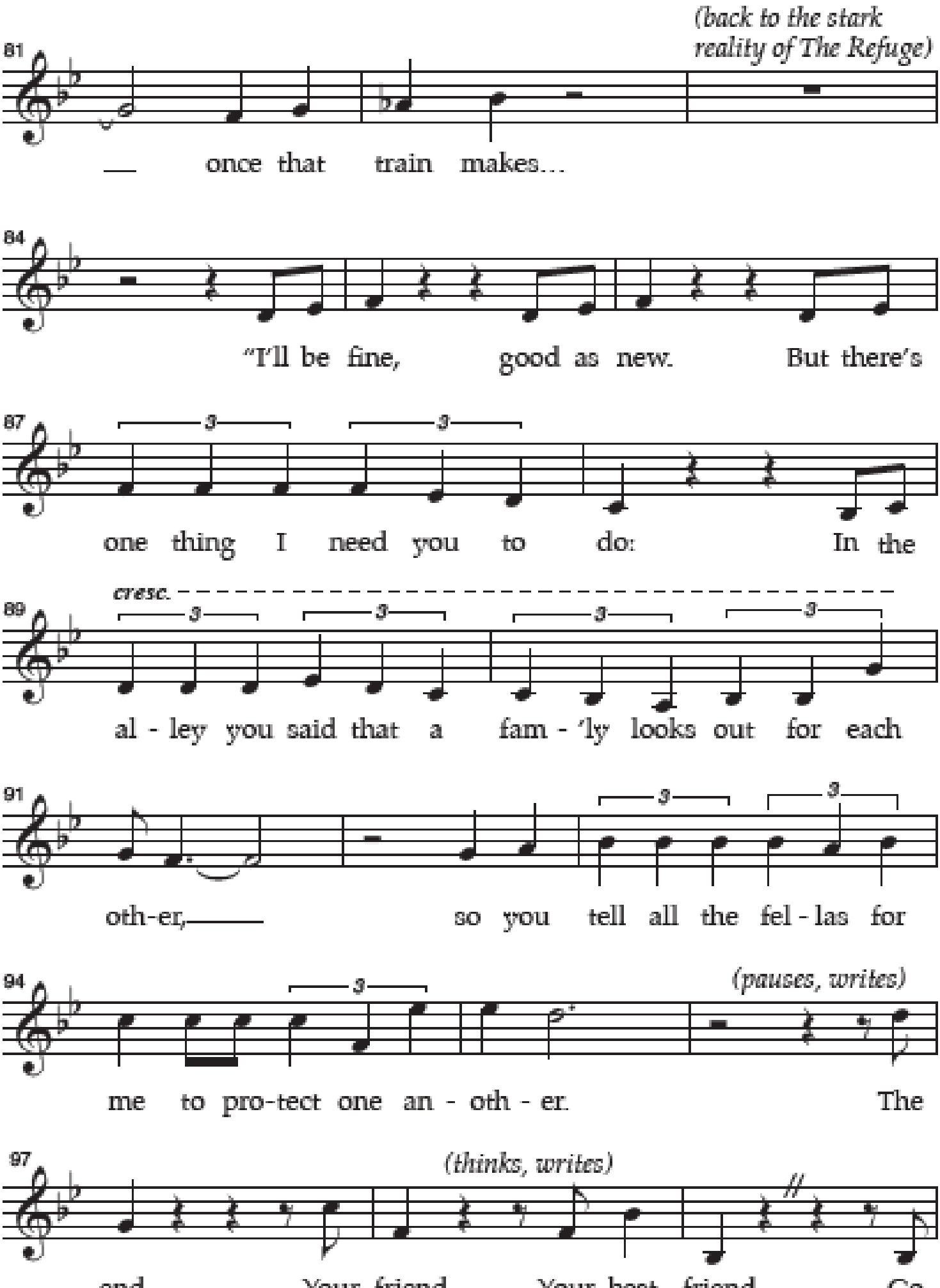
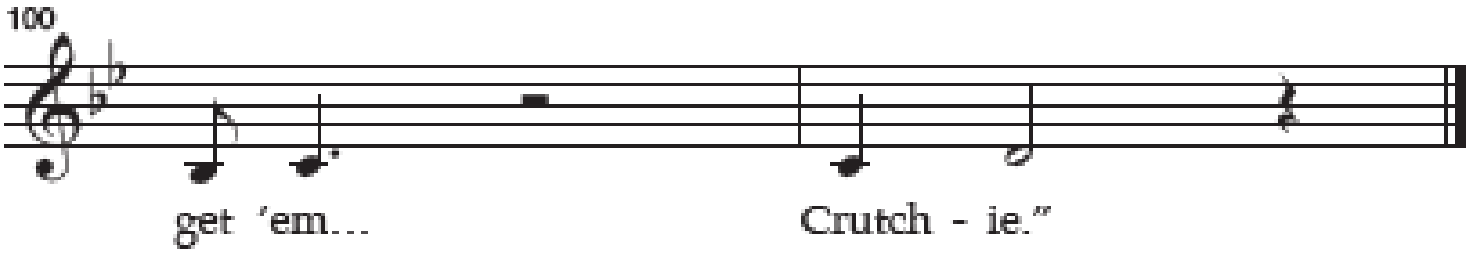

end. Your friend... Your best friend... Go

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