

Newsies Audition Sides

1. Read for Jack or Crutchie

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

CRUTCHIE: I wanna beat the other fellas to the street. I don't want anyone should see. I ain't been walkin' so good.

JACK: Quit gripin'. You know how many guys fake a limp for sympathy? That bum leg of yours is a gold mine.

CRUTCHIE: Someone gets the idea I can't make it on my own, they'll lock me up in The Refuge for good. Be a pal, Jack. Help me down. (loses his footing and almost falls, yelps.) Whoa!!!! (JACK rushes to CRUTCHIE'S rescue, pulling him back from danger.)

JACK: You wanna bust your other leg, too?

CRUTCHIE: No. I wanna go down.

JACK: You'll be down there soon enough. Take a moment to drink in my penthouse high above the stinkin' streets of New York.

CRUTCHIE: You're crazy.

JACK: Because I like a breath of fresh air? Cause I like seein' the sky and the stars?

CRUTCHIE: You're seein' the stars alright!

JACK: Them streets down there sucked the life right outta my old man. Years of rotten jobs, stomped on by bosses. And when they finally broke him, they tossed him to the curb like yesterday's paper. Well, they ain't doing that to me.

CRUTCHIE: But everyone wants to come here.

JACK: New York's fine for those what can afford a big strong door to lock it out. But I tell you, Crutchie, there's a whole other way out there. So you keep your small life in the big city. Give me a big life in a small town. Like Sante Fe.

CRUTCHIE: You got folks there?

JACK: Got no folks nowhere. You?

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

JACK: How's about you come with me? No one worries about no gimp leg in Sante Fe. You just hop a palomino and ride in style.

CRUTCHIE: Featureme: ridin' in style.

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

2. Read for Katherine or Jack

KATHERINE: So, what's your story? Are you selling newspapers to work your way through art school?

JACK: Art school? Are you kiddin' me? (KATHERINE holds up the drawing that JACK did of her.)

KATHERINE: But you're an artist. You've got real talent. You should be inside the paper illustrating, not outside hawking it.

JACK: Maybe that ain't what I want.

KATHERINE: So tell me what you want.

JACK: (shamelessly flirting) Can't you see it in my eyes?

KATHERINE: Have you always been their leader?

JACK: I'm a blowhard. Davey's the brains.

KATHERINE: Modesty is not a quality I would have pinned on you.

JACK: You got a name?

KATHERINE: Katherine... Plumber.

JACK: What's the matter? Ain't ya sure?

KATHERINE: It's my byline, the name I publish under. Tell me about tomorrow. What are you hoping for?

JACK: I'd rather tell you what I'm hoping for tonight...

KATHERINE: Mr. Kelly...

JACK: Today we stopped our Newsies from carrying out papes, but the wagons still delivered to the rest of the city. Tomorrow, we stop the wagons.

KATHERINE: Are you scared?

JACK: Do I look scared? But ask me again in the morning.

KATHERINE: (writes down the quite and starts to exit) Good answer. Good night, Mr. Kelly.

JACK: Come on, where are you runnin'? It ain't even supper time!

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

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

3. Read for Joseph Pulitzer

PULITZER: You are as shameless and disrespectful a creature as I was told. Do you know what I was doing when I was your age, boy? I was fighting in a war.

JACK: Yeah? How'd that turn out for ya?

PULITZER: It taught me a lesson that shaped my life. You don't win a war on the battlefield. It's the headline that crowns the victor.

JACK: I'll keep that in mind when New York wakes up to front-page photos of our rally.

PULITZER: Rally till the cow comes home. Not a paper in town will publish a word. And if it's not in the papers, it never happened.

JACK: You may run this city, but there are some of us who can't be bullied. Even some reporters...

PULITZER: Such as that young woman who made you yesterday's news? And beautiful as well, don't you think?

JACK: I'll tell her you said so.

PULITZER: No need. She can hear for herself. Can't you darling? (KATHERINE stands up. JACK steps back in surprise. I trust you know my daughter, Katherine. (lets that sink in) Yes. My daughter. You are probably asking, why the *nom de plume* and why doesn't my daughter work for me? Good questions. I offered Katherine a life of wealth and leisure. Instead she chose to pursue a career. And she was showing real promise, until this recent lapse. But you're done with all that now, are you, sweetheart?

KATHERINE: Jack, I—

PULITZER: Don't trouble the boy with your problems, dearest. Mr. Kelly has a plateful of his own. Wouldn't you say so, Mr. Snyder? (SNYDER steps into sight.)

SNYDER: Hello, Jack. (Jack tries to run for the door, but is stopped by the DELANCYES. He realizes he's trapped.)

PULITZER: Ow! Does anyone else feel a noose tightening? But allow me to offer you an alternate scenario: you attend the rally and speak against the hopeless strike, and I'll see your criminal record expunged and your pockets filled with enough cash to carry you, in a first-class train compartment, from New York to New Mexico and beyond. (to KATHERINE) You did say he wanted to travel west, didn't you?

JACK: There ain't a person in this room who don't know you stink.

PULITZER: And if they know me, they know I don't care. Mark my words, boy. Defy me, and I will have you and every one of your friends locked up in The Refuge. I know you're Mr. Tough Guy, but it's not right to condemn that little crippled boy to conditions like that. And what about your pal Davey and his baby brother, ripped from their loving family and tossed to the rats? Will they ever be able to thank you enough?