

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.

Script: Jack Kelly

SIDE 1

JACK

Hey, Crutchie, where you going? Morning bell ain't rung yet. Get back to sleep.

CRUTCHIE

I wanna get there before everybody. Ever since I got the polio, it takes me extra time to warm up my leg.

JACK

That bum pin of yours is a gold mine! You know how many newsies fake a limp for sympathy? That's why they calls you "Crutchie," 'cause they wish they had one too!

CRUTCHIE

Yeah, "pretend" is one thing, but Snyder gets the idea I can't make it on my own for real, they'll lock me up in The Refuge for good.

JACK

Don't worry about nuthin', I got your back. What d'ya think of my latest creation?

(JACK reveals his drawing. CRUTCHIE is impressed.)

CRUTCHIE

Jack, you're a regular Nickelangelo Dervinci! But how come you always drawing pictures of mountains and stuff?

JACK

(rolls up drawing and tucks it away)

These streets sucked the life right outta my old man. Well, they ain't doin' that to me. You can keep your small life in the big city. Give me a big life in a small town way out west where a fella can breathe!

END
SIDE 2

Hide

More info

JACK

I ain't gonna see no more of my pals beat up and tossed into jail. No matter how many days we strike, your father ain't givin' up. I don't know what else we can do.

KATHERINE

Ah. But I do.

JACK

No, I'm through. No way.

KATHERINE

Really, Jack? Really? Being boss doesn't mean you have all the answers - just the brains to recognize the right one when you hear it.

(JACK is at a loss for words.)

JACK

Okay, I'm listening.

KATHERINE

The strike was your idea. The rally was Davey's. And now my plan will take us to the finish line.

(KATHERINE takes a piece of paper from her pocket and hands it to him.)

JACK

(reading)

"The Children's Crusade"? Now, there's a headline!

KATHERINE

(snatches it back and reads)

"For the sake of all the kids in every sweatshop, factory, and slaughterhouse in New York, I beg you... join us." With those words, you challenged our whole generation to help each other!

JACK

I can't believe it, I mean people like you would never give me the time of day, and here you are, taking up the banner. Why?

KATHERINE

We all need something to believe in, Jack. I believe in this story. I believe in you. And so do the newsies.

END
SIDE 3**JACK**

Miss Medda, I got a little situation out on the street. Mind if I hide out here a while?

MEDDA

Is Snyder the Spider after you again? Make yourself at home.

LES

Hey Jack, did you really escape jail on the back of Teddy Roosevelt's carriage?

CRUTCHIE

He sure did!

DAVEY

What would the Governor be doing at a juvenile jail?

JACK

So happens he was runnin' for office and wanted to show he cared about orphans and such. So while he got his mug in the paper, I got my butt in the back seat and off we rode together.

LES

You really know Governor Roosevelt?

MEDDA

He don't, but I do. Teddy's a regular patron of the arts, been a big fan of mine for years. By the way, Jack, can you paint me some more of these backdrops? Things have been going so well that I can actually pay you soon.

JACK

I couldn't take your money, Miss Medda.

LES

You pictured that?

DAVEY

It's really good!

MEDDA

Your friend is quite an artist.

JACK

Don't get carried away. It's a bunch of trees.

MEDDA

The boy's got natural aptitude.

LES

Geez. I never knew no one with a aptitude!

PAT

Miss Medda, you're on!

MEDDA

Kids, stay as long as you like. You're with Medda now!

PAT

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the magnificent Medda Larkin and her Bowery Brigade!

MEDDA

Well, hi-dee-ho, everybody! Welcome to my theater. Yessiree, it's a brand new century with a brand new set of rules for women, and the Brigade and I are gonna tell you all about them. Maestro, if you please!

END