

Newsies Callbacks

Sides (see attached documents)

Songs:

1. Seize the Day (Newsies + Les + Soloists)
2. That's Rich (Medda + Female Soloists)
3. Bottom Line (Pulitzer)
4. Seize the Day (Jack + Crutchie + Davey)
5. Watch What Happens (Katherine)
6. Santa Fe (Jack)
7. Something to Believe In (Jack + Katherine)

Seize the Day (Dance Combo):

Now is the time to seize the day
They're gonna see there's hell to pay
Nothing can break us
No one can make us quit before we're done
One for all and all for
One for all and all for
One for all and all for one

That's Rich:

The mansion, the oil well,
The diamonds, the yacht,
With Andy, Eduardo,
The pontiff and Scott
And Frank. Oooooo!
And my bank!
So spill no tears for me,
'Cause there's one thing you ain't,
That I'll always be,
And honey,

Yeah, that's right,
That's rich! That's rich!
That's rich! That's rich!

The Bottom Line:

Give me a week and I'll train them to be
Like an army that's marching to war
Proud of themselves and so grateful to me
They'll be begging to pay even more!
When there's dirt on our shoes, boys
For God's sake, relax!
Why throw them out?
All we need is some wax
Listen well to these barbershop lessons
For they'll see you through

Seize the Day:

Behold the brave battalion that stands side by side
Too few in number and too proud to hide
Then say to the others who did not follow through
You're still our brothers, and we will fight for you
[DAVEY, JACK, CRUTCHIE]
Now is the time to seize the day
Stare down the odds and seize the day
[NEWSIES]
Once we've begun
If we stand as one
Someday becomes somehow
And a prayer becomes a vow
[JACK]
And the strike starts right damn now!

Watch What Happens:

Just look around at the world we're inheriting
And think of the one we'll create
Their mistake is they got old, that is not a mistake we'll be making
No sir, we'll stay young forever!
Give those kids and me the brand new century and watch what happens
It's David and Goliath, do or die
The fight is on and I can't watch what happens
But all I know is nothing happens if you just give in
It can't be any worse than how it's been
And it just so happens that we just might win
So whatever happens! Let's begin!

Santa Fe:

Sante Fe!
My old friend I can't spend my whole life dreamin',
Though I know that's all I seem inclined to do.
I ain't gettin' any younger, and I wanna start brand new.
I need space, and fresh air-
let 'em laugh in my face, i don't care-
Save my place, I'll be there...
Just be real is all I'm askin', not some painting in my head,
'Cause I'm dead if I can't count on you today.
I got nothin' if I ain't got Sante Fe!

Something to Believe In:

[JACK, spoken]
If things were different
[KATHERINE, spoken]
What, if you weren't going to Santa Fe?

[JACK, spoken]

And if you weren't an heiress

And if your father wasn't after my head

[KATHERINE, spoken]

You're not really scared of my father

[JACK, spoken]

No, but I am pretty scared of you

[KATHERINE, spoken]

Don't be

[JACK]

And if I'm gone tomorrow

[KATHERINE]

What was ours still will be

[BOTH]

I have something to believe in

Now that I know you believed in me

[JACK]

I have something to believe in

[BOTH]

Now that I know you believed in me

SCENE THREE: A Street Corner

(JACK leans against a building as DAVEY attempts to peddle papers to PASSERSBY.)

DAVEY

Paper. Paper. Evenin' pape here.

JACK

Sing 'em to sleep why dontcha?

(snatches a paper from DAVEY and hawks it)

Extra! Extra! Terrified flight from burnin' inferno. You heard the story right here!

(A MAN snatches the paper from JACK, hands him a coin, and exits.)

Thanks, mister.

DAVEY

You just made that up.

JACK

Did not. I said he heard it right here, and he did.

DAVEY

My father taught us not to lie.

JACK

And mine taught me not to starve.

(LES comes up empty-handed.)

LES

Hey! Just sold my last paper.

DAVEY

I got one more.

JACK

Sell it or pay for it.

LES

Give it here.

(takes the paper, sidles up to a WOMAN passing by, and puts the saddest look on his face)

Buy a pape from a poor orphan boy?

(LES coughs gently.)

WOMAN

-23-

Oh, you dear thing. Of course I'll take a newspaper. Here's a dime.

(The WOMAN exits with her paper.)

JACK

Born to the breed.

LES

This is so much better than school!

DAVEY

Don't even think it. When Pop goes back to work, we go back to school.

(While the boys talk, SNYDER, a sinister looking man, sees JACK and steps back against a building. He seems excited to have spotted the boy. Cautiously, he flags down a POLICEMAN and whispers to him.)

JACK

So's how about we divvy up the money, grab some chow, then find yis somewheres safe to spend the night?

DAVEY

We gotta get home. Our folks will be waitin' dinner.

JACK

Ya got folks, huh?

LES

Doesn't everyone?

DAVEY

(elbows his brother)

Our dad tangled with a delivery truck on the job. Messed his leg up bad, so they laid him off. That's how come we had to find work.

JACK

Yeah, sure, that makes sense. Too bad about your dad.

DAVEY

Why don't you come home with us for dinner? Our folks would be happy to have you.

LES

Mom's a great cook.

JACK

Thanks for the invite, but I just remembered I got plans with a fella. He's probably waiting on me right now.

(NEWSIES)

EITHER THEY GIVES US OUR RIGHTS
OR WE GIVES THEM A WAR
WE BEEN DOWN TOO LONG
AND WE PAID OUR DUES
AND THE THINGS WE DO TODAY
WILL BE TOMORROW'S NEWS
AND THE DIE IS CAST
AND THE TORCH IS PASSED

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND A ROAR WILL RISE...

NEWSIES GROUP 2

... FROM THE STREETS BELOW

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND OUR RANKS WILL GROW...

NEWSIES GROUP 2

... AND GROW

NEWSIES GROUP 1

AND GROW

NEWSIES

AND SO
THE WORLD WILL FEEL THE FIRE
AND FIN'LLY KNOW!

DAVEY

Come on, Les. The folks are waiting.

(The NEWSIES disperse as DAVEY and LES head home. JACK lingers behind with KATHERINE.)

KATHERINE

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

JACK

Art school? 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.

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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

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(writes down the quote and starts to exit)

Good answer. Good night, Mr. Kelly.

JACK

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

#9 - *Watch What Happens*

Katherine

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.

(JACK walks off as KATHERINE heads to her office.)

(PULITZER)

I'm sorry, I can't. There are other considerations—

JACK

I get it. You need to save face front of all these folks. I'm young, I ain't stupid.

PULITZER

Thank you for understanding.

JACK

But I got constituents with a legitimate gripe.

PULITZER

What if I reduce the raise by half and get the others to do the same? It's a compromise we can all live with.

JACK

But you eat our losses. From now on, any papes we can't sell, you buy back - full price.

PULITZER

That's never been on the table! What's to stop newsies from taking hundreds of papers they can't sell? My costs will explode!

JACK

No newsie is gonna break his back haulin' around papes he can't sell. But if they can take a few more with no risk, they might sell 'em and your circulation would begin to grow...

(aping PULITZER)

"It's a compromise we can all live with."

PULITZER

(calmly considering)

That's not a bad head you've got on your shoulders.

(JACK spits in his hand and holds it out for PULITZER to shake.)

JACK

Deal?

PULITZER

That's disgusting.

JACK

Just the price of doin' business.

(PULITZER spits in his hand. JACK grabs it and shakes. The deal has been sealed!)