

POLICE CHIEF

(picks up a ripped newspaper, to POLICE and NEWSIES)

All right, the show's over! Clear the square! Everyone go home!

(POLICE OFFICERS clear the remaining NEWSIES. When the square is empty, the POLICE CHIEF nods and exits. Once the coast is clear, JACK, looking miserable, re-enters and picks up the crutch.

#16 – SANTA FE / LETTER FROM THE REFUGE.)

SANTA FE / LETTER FROM THE REFUGE

3

START

JACK:

Let me go far a-

6

way, some-where they won't nev - er find me, and to-

9

mor - row won't re - mind me of to - day.

12

When the cit - y's fi - n'lly sleep - in', and the

15

moon looks old and gray, I get on the train that's

18

bound for San - ta Fe. And I'm

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It consists of six staves of music in treble clef, 2/4 time. The first staff starts with a measure of a whole rest, followed by a triplet of eighth notes. A vertical line with a 'Y' at the top and a '3' above it indicates the start of the triplet. The word 'START' is written above the staff. The name 'JACK:' is written above the second measure. The lyrics 'Let me go far a-' are written below the notes. The second staff begins at measure 6 with the lyrics 'way, some-where they won't nev - er find me, and to-'. The third staff begins at measure 9 with the lyrics 'mor - row won't re - mind me of to - day.'. The fourth staff begins at measure 12 with the lyrics 'When the cit - y's fi - n'lly sleep - in', and the'. The fifth staff begins at measure 15 with the lyrics 'moon looks old and gray, I get on the train that's'. The sixth staff begins at measure 18 with the lyrics 'bound for San - ta Fe. And I'm'. The music ends with a final note on the sixth staff.

21




gone! And I'm done! No more run-nin', no more

24



ly - in'. No more fat old men de - ny - in' me my

27




pay. Just a moon so big and yel-low, it turns

31



night right in - to day. Dreams come true, yeah, they

34



do, in San-ta Fe.

(JACK runs off.)

END

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!"


37



CRUTCHIE:

"How are you? I'm o -

40



kay. Guess I was-n't much help yes-ter - day. Sny-der