Audition Materials For

CRUTCHIE

About the Character: Jack's best friend and a dedicated newsie with a "bum leg" from polio that causes pain but helps sell more papes. Walking with the assistance of a crutch doesn't define the ever-positive newsie, so look for an actor who can portray Casey's goofy-sweet sense of humor and optimistic resilience. Crutchie is accustomed to modifying daily activities for their disability, so the actor needs to be comfortable walking and dancing with a crutch.

Gender: Male
Grade: Any
Vocal Range: A3-F5
Total Lines: 55   Solos: 4
Audition Song: Letter from the Refuge (Scene 8)
Pages: 2 (Prologue: Alley)

PROLOGUE: ALLEY

(JACK, a charismatic boy, sits in the alley. Using a broken pencil and a piece of yesterday's newspaper, he sketches a landscape from his imagination. CRUTCHIE, a scrappy kid with one leg weakened from polio, rises and walks with the aid of a makeshift wooden crutch.)

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.

(**#2 – SANTA FE – PROLOGUE**.)

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

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

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

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

(JACK runs off.)

do, in San-ta Fe.

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!"

CRUTCHIE:

"How are you? I'm o -

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

43 *(writes)*

soaked me real good with my crutch. Oh yeah, Jack,

45 *(back to reading)*

this is Crutch-ie, by the way. These here

47

guards, they is rude. They say

49

'jump, kid,' you jump or you're screwed. But the

51

food ain't so bad, 'least so far, 'cause so

53

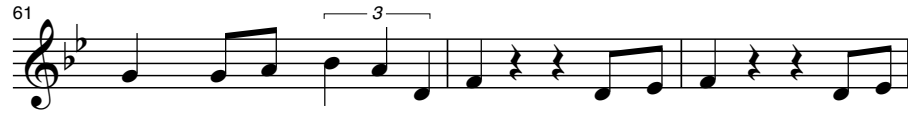far they ain't brung us no food. Ha - ha. A - ny -
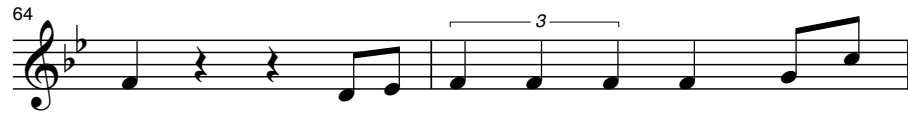
55

way, so guess what? There's this

57

sec - ret es - cape plan I got: Tie a

59

sheet to the bed, toss the end out the win-dow, climb

61

down, then take off like a shot! May-be though, not to-

64

night. I ain't slept and my leg still ain't

66

right. Hey, but Pu-li-tzer, he's go-in' down! And, then,

69

mf

Jack, I was think-in' we might just go,_____ like you was

(gets swept up in imagining Santa Fe)

72

say - ing..."_____ where it's clean and green and

75

pret-ty, with no build-ings in your way, and youse

78

rid - in' pal - o-mi - nos_____ ev-'ry day,_____

(back to the stark reality of The Refuge)
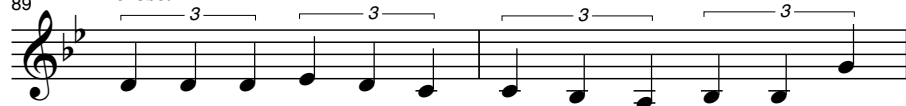
81

— once that train makes…

84

"I'll be fine, good as new. But there's

87

one thing I need you to do: In the

89 *cresc.*

al-ley you said that a fam-'ly looks out for each

91

oth-er,——— so you tell all the fel-las for

94 *(pauses, writes)*

me to pro-tect one an-oth-er. The

97 *(thinks, writes)*

end. Your friend… Your <u>best</u> friend… Go

100

get 'em… Crutch-ie."

(CRUTCHIE folds the letter. <u>#17 – LETTER FROM THE REFUGE – PLAYOFF</u>.)