

## 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** 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'ly 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

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

24

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

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

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

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do, in San-ta Fe. (JACK runs off.)

## 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 herself:)*

**CRUTCHIE:** "Dear Jack.  
Greetings from The Refuge!"

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**CRUTCHIE:**  
"How are you? I'm o -

40

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