

ACT ONE**PROLOGUE: Rooftop, Dawn**

#1 – Overture

(Summer, 1899. A figure sleeps peacefully on a rooftop amid the moonlit Manhattan cityscape. It is JACK, a charismatic boy of seventeen. Across the rooftop, another figure stirs. CRUTCHIE, a slight and sickly boy of fifteen, walks with the aid of a wooden crutch. He crosses to the fire escape ladder and fumbles, trying to climb down. JACK stirs.)

#2 – Santa Fe (Prologue)

Jack, Crutchie

JACK

Where you going? Morning bell ain't rung yet. Get back to sleep.

CRUTCHIE

I wanna beat the other fellas to the street. I don't want anyone should see; I ain't been walkin' so good.

JACK

Quit gripin'. You know how many guys fake a limp for sympathy? That bum leg of yours is a gold mine.

CRUTCHIE

Someone gets the idea I can't make it on my own, they'll lock me up in The Refuge for good. Be a pal, Jack. Help me down.

(loses his footing and almost falls, yelps)

Whoa!!!

(JACK rushes to CRUTCHIE's rescue, pulling the boy back from danger.)

JACK

You wanna bust your other leg, too?

CRUTCHIE

No. I wanna go down.

JACK

You'll be down there soon enough. Take a moment to drink in my penthouse high above the stinkin' streets of New York.

CRUTCHIE

You're crazy.

JACK

Because I like a breath of fresh air? 'Cause I like seein' the sky and the stars?

CRUTCHIE

You're seein' stars all right!

JACK

Them streets down there sucked the life right outta my old man. Years of rotten jobs, stomped on by bosses. And when they finally broke him, they tossed him to the curb like yesterday's paper. Well, they ain't doin' that to me.

CRUTCHIE

But everyone wants to come here.

JACK

New York's fine for those what can afford a big strong door to lock it out. But I tell you, Crutchie, there's a whole other way out there. So you keep your small life in the big city. Give me a big life in a small town.

THEY SAY FOLKS IS DYIN' TO GET HERE
ME, I'M DYIN' TO GET AWAY
TO A LITTLE TOWN OUT WEST THAT'S SPANKIN' NEW
AND WHILE I AIN'T NEVER BEEN THERE
I CAN SEE IT CLEAR AS DAY
IF YOU WANT, I BET'CHA
YOU COULD SEE IT, TOO

CLOSE YOUR EYES...
COME WITH ME
WHERE IT'S CLEAN AND GREEN AND PRETTY
AND THEY WENT AND MADE A CITY OUTTA CLAY
WHY, THE MINUTE THAT YOU GET THERE
FOLKS'LL WALK RIGHT UP AND SAY
"WELCOME HOME, SON
WELCOME HOME TO SANTA FE!"

(CRUTCHIE is taken under Jack's spell.)

PLANTIN' CROPS,
SPLITTIN' RAILS
SWAPPIN' TALES AROUND THE FIRE
'CEPT FOR SUNDAY, WHEN YOU LIE AROUND ALL DAY
SOON YOUR FRIENDS ARE MORE LIKE FAM'LY
AND THEY'S BEGGING YOU TO STAY!