

Crutchie  
(Snyder)*Letter from The Refuge*

#14

Cue: CRUTCHIE: "Dear Jack.

Freely, tentative at first (ca.  $\text{♩} = 69$ )

(CRUTCHIE) Greetings from The Refuge! CRUTCHIE:

1 2 CRUTCHIE:  
How are

3  
you? I'm o - kay. Guess I was - n't much help yes - ter - day. Snyder

7 soaked me real good with my crutch. Oh yeah, Jack, this is Crutch-ie, by the way. These here

11 guards, they is rude. They say jump, boy, you jump or you're screwed. But the

15 food ain't so bad, 'least so far, 'cause so far they ain't brung us no food. Ha-ha.

19 I miss the roof - top." Sleep - in'

22 **Piu mosso**  
right out in the op - en, in your pent-house in the sky. There's a

26 cool breeze blo - win' ev - en in Ju - ly... 29 *poco rit.*

"A - ny -

-2-

30 **Tempo 1°**

way, so guess what? There's this sec - ret es - cape plan I got: tie a  
sheet to the bed, toss the end out the win - dow, climb down, then take off like a shot! May - be  
though, not to - night. I ain't slept and my leg still ain't right. Hey, but  
Pu - li - tzer, he's go - in' down! And, then, Jack, I was think - in' we might just go,—

46 *rall.*

— like you was say - ing... — where it's

49 **Appassionato**

clean and green and pret - ty, with no build - ings in your way, and you'se  
rid - in' pal - o - mi - nos — ev' - ry day, — once that

57 **Slower**

train makes... CRUTCHIE: Damn this place. I'll be

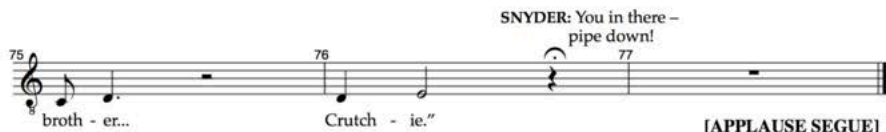
60 **Tempo 1°**

fine, good as new. But there's one thing I need you to do: on the  
roof - top you said that a fam - 'ly looks out for each oth - er, — so you

-3-

68  tell all the fel - las for me to pro - tect one an - oth - er. The

72 **Slower**  end. Your friend... Your best friend... Your

75  broth - er... Crutch - ie." **SNYDER: You in there - pipe down!** [APPLAUSE SEGUE]

**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!

**(JACK)**

AIN'T THAT NEAT?  
LIVIN'S SWEET  
IN SANTA FE

**CRUTCHIE**

You got folks there?

**JACK**

Got no folks nowhere. You?

**CRUTCHIE**

I don't need folks. I got friends.

**JACK**

How's about you come with me? No one worries about no gimp leg in Santa Fe.  
You just hop a palomino and ride in style.

**CRUTCHIE**

Feature me: ridin' in style.

**JACK**

I bet a few months of clean air and you could toss that crutch for good.

**JACK, CRUTCHIE**

SANTA FE  
YOU CAN BET  
WE WON'T LET THEM BASTIDS BEAT US  
WE WON'T BEG NO ONE TO TREAT US FAIR AND SQUARE  
THERE'S A LIFE THAT'S WORTH THE LIVIN'  
AND I'M GONNA DO MY SHARE:

**JACK**

WORK THE LAND  
CHASE THE SUN

**JACK, CRUTCHIE**

SWIM THE WHOLE RIO GRANDE  
JUST FOR FUN!

**CRUTCHIE**

*(stands on his own)*

WATCH ME STAND!  
WATCH ME RUN...

*(CRUTCHIE realizes his recovery is just a fantasy and turns away from JACK.)*