

LETTER FROM THE REFUGE

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(Actor's Script p. 68)

CUE

Segue from No. 19 - "King of New York (Tag)"

(In the middle of the night, CRUTCHIE sits on a crowded bed, writing on a piece of paper with a pencil, then reads:)

CRUTCHIE: "Dear Jack.

Greetings from The Refuge!"

CRUTCHIE:

"How are

Freely, tentatively at first

you?

I'm o - kay.

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

Sny-der

(writes)

(back to reading)

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

this is Crutch-ie by the way.

These here

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guards, they is rude. They say 'jump, kid,' you jump or you're screwed. But th

16

food ain't so bad, 'least so far, 'cause so far they ain't brung us no food. Ha-ha. A-1

20

way, so guess what? There's this sec - ret es - cape plan I got: Tie

24

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

(gets swept up in imagining Santa Fe)

Passionately

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

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rid - in' pal - o - mi - nos ev - 'ry day, once that

mf

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(returns to the stark reality of The Refuge)

train makes... "I'll be fine, good as

mp
gently

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new. But there's one thing I need you to do: In the al - ley you said that a

55

fam - 'ly looks out for each oth-er, so you tell all the fel - las fr

mf