



Side 10 Wiesel [Character Man], (Jack & Newsies)

(The NEWSIES arrive at the distribution windows of the World. WIESEL, an ill-tempered, rumpled man, appears with the DELANCEYS to collect the money and distribute the newspapers to the NEWSIES.)

WIESEL

Papes for the newsies! Line up!

(JACK is the first to the window.)

JACK

Good morning, Weasel. Did you miss me?

WIESEL

The name's Wise-el.

JACK

Ain't that what I said?

(slapping down his money)

I'll take the usual.

WIESEL

A hundred papes for the wise guy.

(OSCAR hands over the papers and RACE moves up to the window.)

RACE

How's it going, Weasel?

WIESEL

At least call me "mister."

RACE

I'll call you sweetheart if you'd spot me fifty papes.

(The other NEWSIES laugh.)

WIESEL

Drop the cash and move it along.

RACE

(slapping down his coin)

Whatever happened to romance?

WIESEL

Fifty for the Race. Next!

CRUTCHIE

Good morning, Mr. Wiesel.

WIESEL

Fifty papes for Crutchie.

(DAVEY, a 17-year-old boy who appears out of his element, and his kid brother LES are next in line.)

Have a look at this: a new kid.

DAVEY

I'll take twenty newspapers, please.

WIESEL

Twenty for the new kid. Let's see the dime.

DAVEY

I'll pay you when I sell them.

WIESEL

Funny, kid. C'mon, cash up front.

DAVEY

But whatever I don't sell, you buy back, right?

WIESEL

Certainly. And every time you lose a tooth I put a penny under your pillow. This kid's a riot. C'mon. Cough up the cash or blow.

(DAVEY hands over a dime, gets his papers, and looks them over.)

Come on, move along. Albert, lemme see your money.

ALBERT

You have a very interestin' face. Ever think of gettin' into the movin' pictures?

WIESEL

You think I could?

ALBERT

Sure. Buy a ticket, they let anyone in.

DAVEY

Sorry. Excuse me. I paid for twenty but you gave me nineteen.

(EVERYONE freezes and watches.)

WIESEL

You seen how nice I was to dis new kid? And what did I get for my civility? Ungrounded accusations.

DAVEY

I just want what I paid for.

OSCAR

He said beat it!

(The DELANCEYS start to crack their knuckles when JACK swoops in and quickly counts the papers.)

JACK

New kid's right, Weasel. Ya gave him nineteen. I'm sure it was an honest mistake on account'a Oscar can't count to twenty with his shoes on.

(OSCAR threatens to attack. WIESEL pushes him back and tosses another paper to DAVEY.)

WIESEL

Here. Now take a hike.