



Side 12

Finch, Specs, Race & Morris & Oscar Delancey [5 Newsies], (Crutchie & Jack) (look at all roles)

(The NEWSIES have arrived at the locked gate in front of the World – a prominent newspaper owned by Joseph Pulitzer.)

FINCH

Hey, look! They're puttin' up the headline.

SPECS

I hope it's really bloody. With a nice clear picture.

(A large chalkboard looms above. The NEWSIES watch in anticipation as a MAN writes the headline in large letters, "TROLLEY STRIKE ENTERS THIRD WEEK.")

The trolley strike? Not again!

RACE

Three weeks of the same story.

FINCH

They're killin' us with that snoozer.

(Two tough-looking boys, OSCAR and MORRIS DELANCEY, unlock the gates.)

MORRIS

Make way. Step aside.

RACE

Dear me, what is that unpleasant aroma? I fear the sewer may have backed up during the night.

CRUTCHIE

Or could it be ...

NEWSIES

... the Delancey brothers.

FINCH

Hey, Oscar, word on the street says you and your brother took money to beat up striking trolley workers.

OSCAR

So? It's honest work.

SPECS

But crackin' the heads of defenseless workers?

OSCAR

I take care of the guy who takes care of me.

RACE

Ain't your father one of the strikers?

OSCAR

Guess he didn't take care of me!

(As if to make his point, MORRIS grabs CRUTCHIE and throws him to the ground.)

MORRIS

You want some of that too? Ya lousy crip!

(JACK pulls CRUTCHIE back to his feet and then confronts the DELANCEYS. The NEWSIES back up to give JACK room.)

JACK

Now that's not nice, Morris.

RACE

Five to one Jack skunks 'em!

JACK

One unfortunate day you might find you got a bum gam of your own. How'd you like us pickin' on you? Maybe we should find out.

(And with that, JACK takes Crutchie's walking stick and smacks the DELANCEYS in the shins, knocking them both to the ground.)

OSCAR

Wait till I get my hands on you.

JACK

Ya gotta catch me first.