



Side 13

Race, Mush, Buttons, Elmer, Specs [5 Newsies] (Davey, Crutchie, Jack, Les & Wiesel) (look at all roles)

(A few NEWSIES convene outside the distribution window of the World as the circulation bell tolls.)

RACE

Them fire sirens kept me awake all night.

MUSH

Sirens is like lullabies to me. The louder they wail the better the headline. And the better the headline, the better I eat. And the better I eat ...

RACE

(cutting him off)

... the further away from you I sleep!

(LES and DAVEY arrive.)

DAVEY

‘Morning, everybody. Sorry we’re late. We had to help our mom with something.

RACE

They got a mudder? I was gonna get me one.

MUSH

What’d you do with the one you had?

BUTTONS

He traded her for a box of cigars.

RACE

They was Coronas!

LES

We have a father too.

BUTTONS

A mudder and a fodder.

RACE

Ain’t we the hoi-poi?

LES

So, how’s it going today?

BUTTONS

Ask me after they put up the headline.

(LES looks up to read it.)

LES

Here it comes now.

BUTTONS

(reading)

“New Newsie Price: Sixty Cents Per Hundred.”

MUSH

What’d you say?

(The NEWSIES begin to take notice.)

DAVEY

Is that news?

ELMER

It is to me.

BUTTONS

They jacked up the price of papes. Ten cents more a hundred!

ELMER

I can eat two days on a dime.

(JACK arrives.)

JACK

What're you all standin' around for?

CRUTCHIE

Get a load of this, Jack.

MUSH

Like Pulitzer don't make enough already?

(WIESEL opens his window for business. He stares at the NEWSIES with a malevolent smile.)

(JACK goes up to the window and slaps his money down.)

JACK

Good joke, Weasel. Really got the fellas goin'. I'll take a hundred and be on my way.

WIESEL

A hundred'll cost ya sixty.

JACK

I ain't payin' no sixty –

WIESEL

Then make way for someone who will.

(SPECS and a few more NEWSIES arrive.)

JACK

You bet! Me and the fellas will take a hike over to the *Journal*.

NEWSIES

YEAH!!!

SPECS

I'll save you the walk. They upped their price too.

JACK

Then we'll take our business to the *Sun*!

WIESEL

It's the same all around town. New day. New price.

JACK

C'mere fellas.

(The NEWSIES huddle together as a gang.)

ELMER

They can't just do that, can they?

RACE

Why not? It's their paper.

CRUTCHIE

It's their world.

SPECS

Ain't we got no rights?

CRUTCHIE

We got the right to starve. C'mon, let's get our papes and hit the streets while we still can.

SPECS

At them prices?

CRUTCHIE

We got a choice?

JACK

Hold on. Nobody's payin' no new nothin'.

MUSH

You got a idea?

JACK

Keep your shirt on. Lemme think this through.

BUTTONS

What's your angle?

(LES pushes the other boys away.)

LES

Stop crowdin' him. Let the man work it out.

(The NEWSIES back up and watch JACK think.)

Hey, Jack, you still thinkin'?

RACE

Sure he is. Can't you smell smoke?