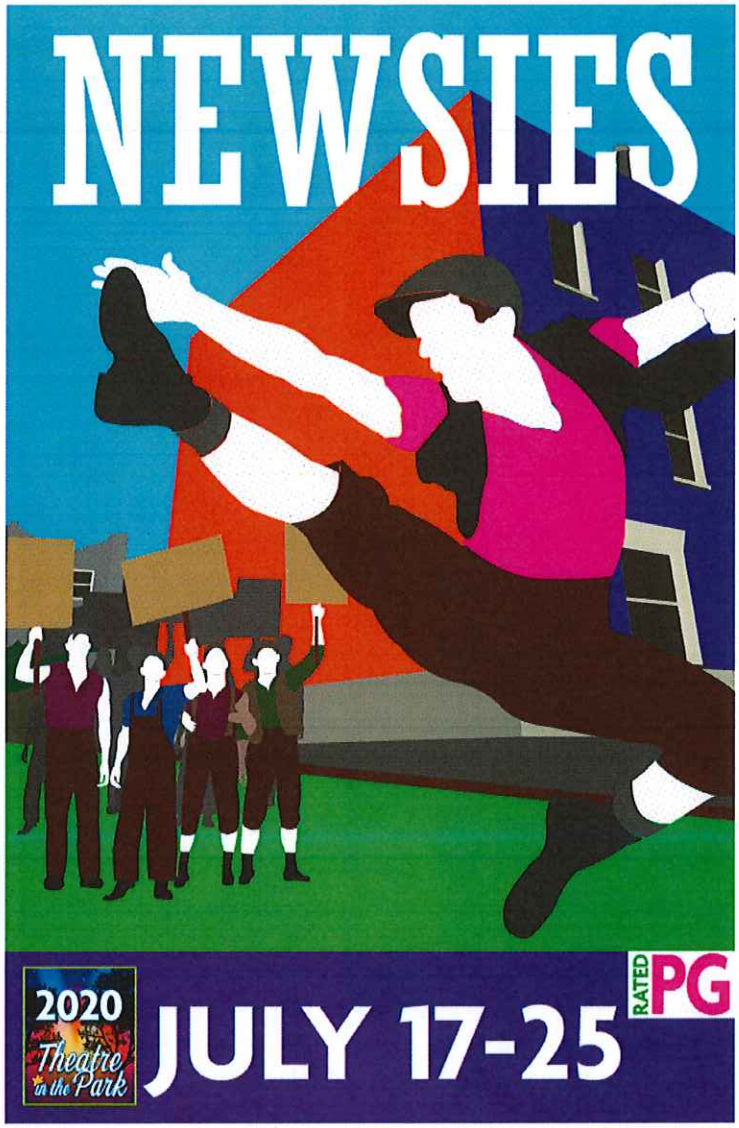


Callback Sides

Morris and Oscar Delancey

Please print a copy of the callback sides and bring it with you to callbacks

START

(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.")

ELMER

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.

ALBERT

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.

(A chase ensues as the NEWSIES sing and dance their way in through the gate...)

NEWSIES

SKIP

WE'LL ALL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER MAN TO MAN
WE'RE ALWAYS OUT THERE
SOAKIN' EV'RY SUCKER THAT WE CAN
HERE'S THE HEADLINE:
"NEWSIES ON A MISSION!"
KILL THE COMPETITION!
SELL THE NEXT EDITION!
WE'LL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
SEE US OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
ALWAYS OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!

(NEWSIES)

~~AH, AH~~, AH
~~GO!~~

(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.

LES

I'm new too!

RACE

Don't worry, kid – rubs right off.

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.

JACK

(flipping a coin onto the counter)

Give him another fifty papes.

DAVEY

I don't want more papes.

JACK

What kind'a newsie don't want more papes?

(OSCAR hands DAVEY a stack of papers. DAVEY follows JACK with them.)

DAVEY

I'm no charity case. I don't even know you.

LES

His name's Jack.

CRUTCHIE

This here is the famous Jack Kelly. He once escaped jail on the back of Teddy Roosevelt's carriage. Made all the papes.

JACK

(to LES)

How old are you, kid?

LES

I'm ten. Almost.

JACK

If anybody asks, you're seven. Younger sells more papes, and if we're gonna be partners...

DAVEY

Who said we want a partner?

CRUTCHIE

Sellin' with Jack is the chance of a lifetime. You learn from him, you learn from the best.

DAVEY

If he's the best, what's he need with me?

JACK

'Cause you got a little brother and I don't. That puss could easy sell a thousand papes a week.

(to LES)

Look sad, kid.

(LES makes a sad face.)

We're gonna make millions.

LES

This is my brother David. I'm Les.

JACK

Nice to meet ya, Davey. My two bits come off the top, then we split everything 70-30.

LES

50-50! You wouldn't try to pull a fast one on a little kid.

JACK

60-40 and that's my final offer.

LES

Deal.

(JACK spits in his hand and holds it out to shake. LES copies him and they shake.)

DAVEY

That's disgusting.

JACK

It's just business.

(to ALL)

STOP

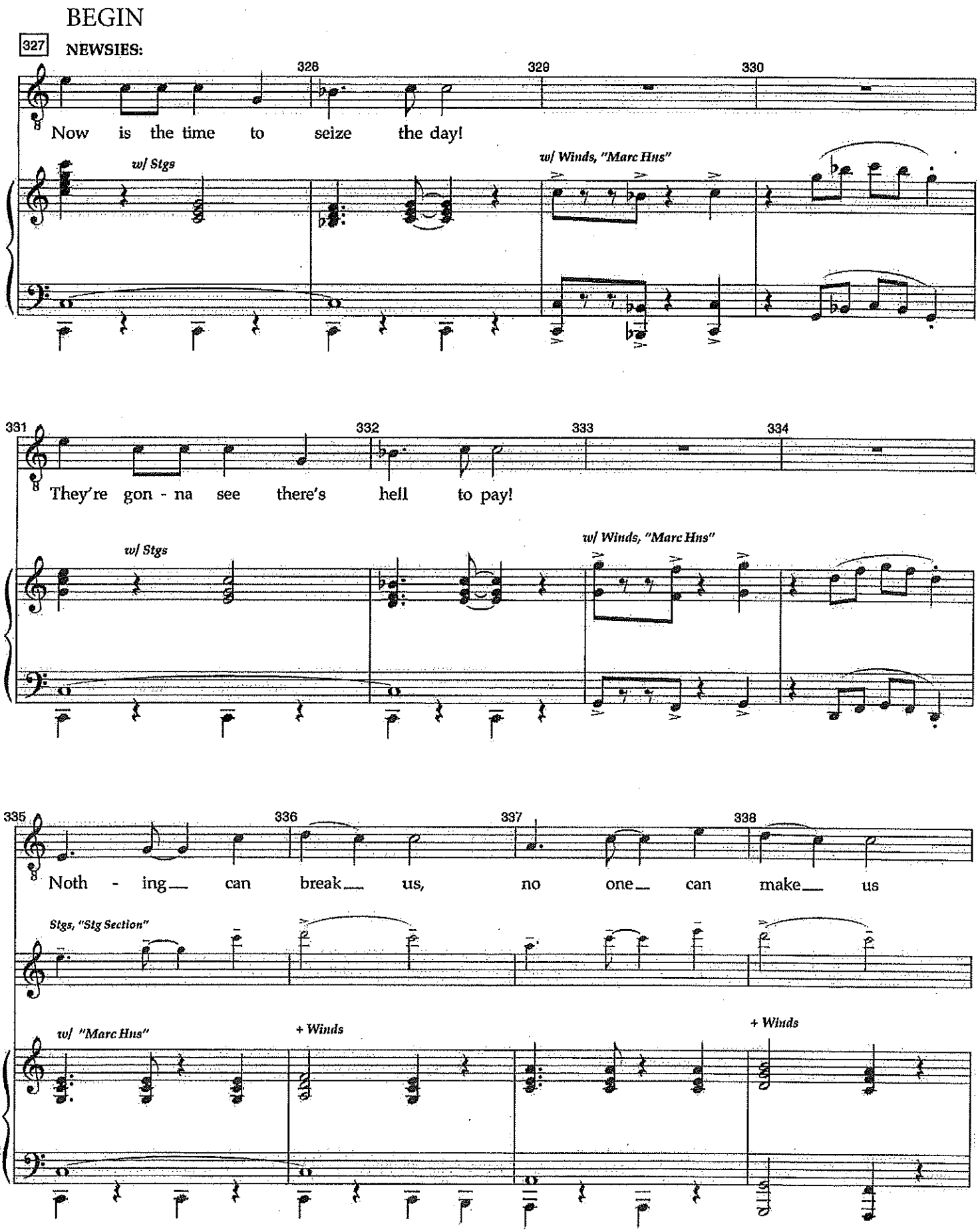
Newsies, hit the streets. The sun is up, the headline stinks, and this kid ain't gettin' any younger!

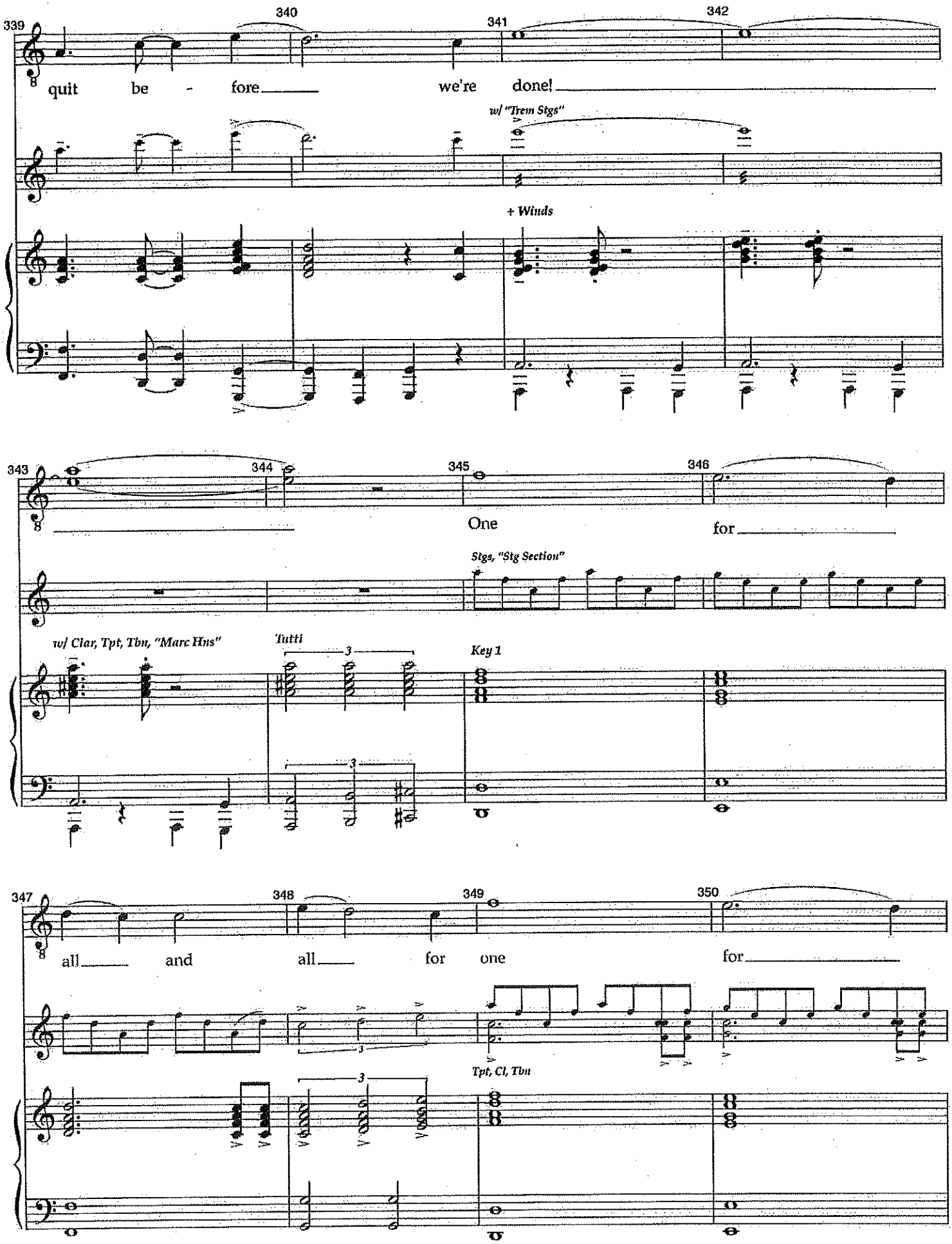
#3 – Carrying the Banner (Tag) Newsies

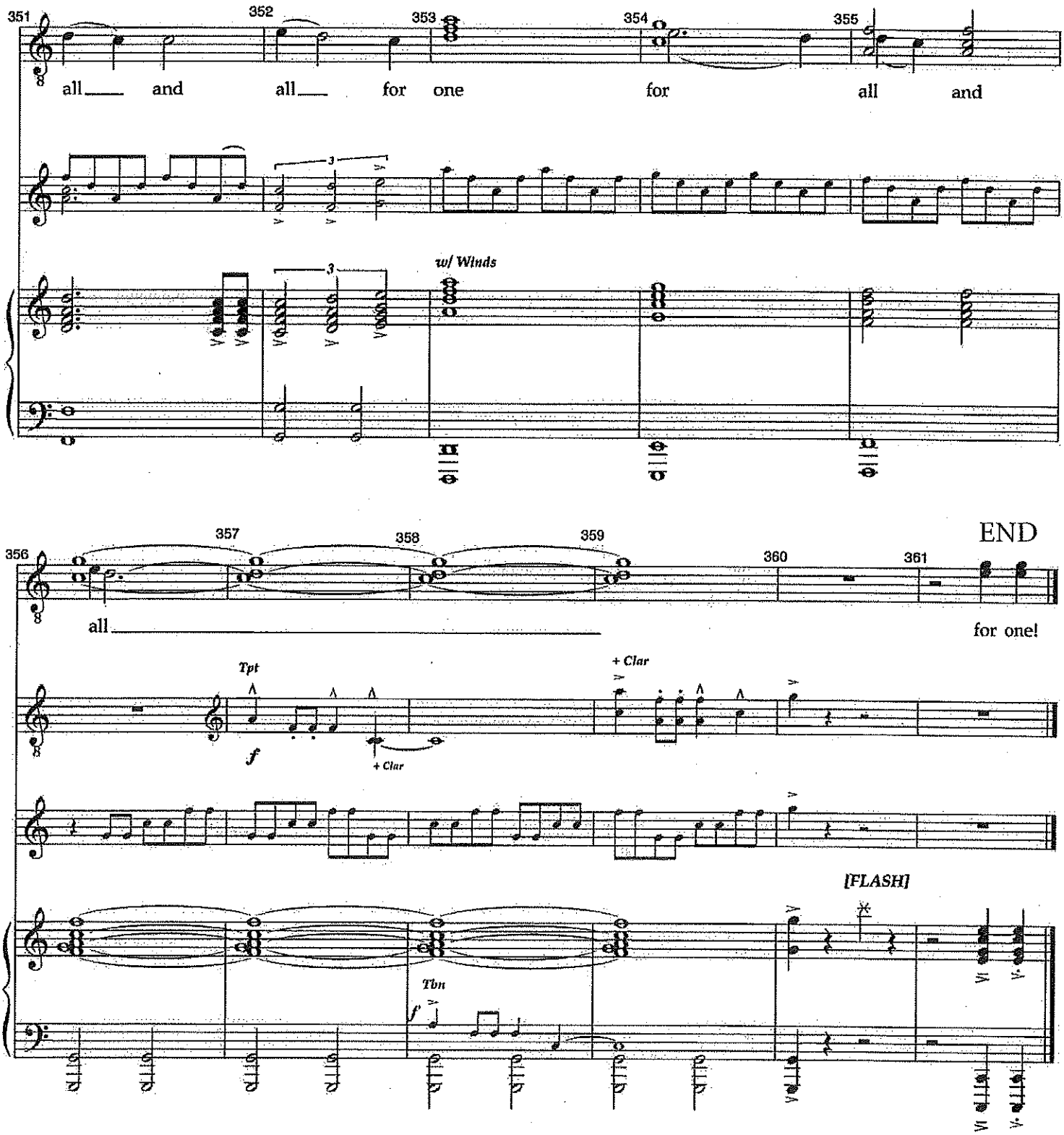
NEWSIES

WE'LL ALL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER MAN TO MAN
WE'RE ALWAYS OUT THERE
SOAKIN' EV'RY SUCKER THAT WE CAN
HERE'S THE HEADLINE:
"NEWSIES ON A MISSION!"
KILL THE COMPETITION!
SELL THE NEXT EDITION!
WE'LL BE OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
SEE US OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
ALWAYS OUT THERE
CARRYING THE BANNER!
AH, AH, AH
GO!

(The NEWSIES exit as the scene shifts to…)


BEGIN
327
NEWSIES:
328
329
330
Now is the time to seize the day!
w/ Stgs
w/ Winds, "Marc Hns"
331
332
333
334
They're gon - na see there's hell to pay!
w/ Stgs
w/ Winds, "Marc Hns"
335
336
337
338
Noth - ing can break us, no one can make us
Stgs, "Stg Section"
w/ "Marc Hns"
+ Winds
+ Winds


339
340
341
342
quit be - fore we're done!
w/ "Trem Stgs"
+ Winds
343
344
345
346
One for
Stgs, "Stg Section"
w/ Clar, Tpt, Tbn, "Marc Hns"
Tutti
Key 1
347
348
349
350
all and all for one for
Tpt, Cl, Tbn



[APPLAUSE SEGUE]