

Davey  
Jack  
Newsies  
Les  
(Wiesel)  
(Morris)

# Seize the Day

# #10

Warn: DAVEY: Say something. Tell them if we  
back off now they will never listen to us again.

Cue: JACK: We can't back down now.

Gentle hymn, ca. ♩=92

(JACK) No matter who does or doesn't show. Like it or not, now is when we take a stand.  
FINCH: How's about we just don't show for work? That'll send a message.



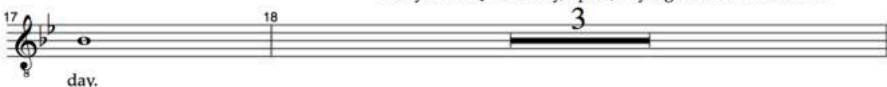
4 JACK: They'll just replace us. They need to see we'll stand our ground. C'mon, Davey. Tell 'em.



DAVEY: *[sung somewhat freely]*



CRUTCHIE: Hey, Jack. Look what I made! Good, huh? Strike! RACE: That's great. That's pitiful.  
LES: Don't be so quick to judge. Maybe Pulitzer will see that out his window and feel  
sorry for us. JACK: Hey, Specs, any sign of reinforcements?



day.

Davey...? [VAMP]



JACK, DAVEY:



-2-

30 (JACK, DAVEY)

hold the brave bat-ta-lion that stands side by side, too few in num-ber and too proud to hide. Then say to the oth-ers who did not fol-low through, "You're still our broth-ers, and we will fight for you."

Moving a bit more  $\text{♩} = 96$ 

40 JACK, DAVEY:

Now is the time to seize the day. Stare down the odds and seize the day.

RACE, CRUTCHIE:

Now is the time to seize the day. Stare down the odds and seize the day.

44 +MUSH:

Once we've be-gun, if we stand as one, some-day be-comes some-how, and a

+FINCH: +SPECS:

Once we've be-gun, if we stand as one, some-day be-comes some-how, and a

49 JACK:

prayer be-comes a vow. And the strike starts right damn

prayer be-comes a vow.

52 (JACK)

now!

WIESEL: The sun is up and the birds is singin'. A beautiful day to crack some heads, ain't it? Step right up and get your papes. MORRIS: You workin' or trespassin'. What's your pleasure?

-3-

DAVEY: Who are they? JACK: Scabs. Who do you think? FINCH: If they think they can just waltz in here and take our jobs— CRUTCHIE: We can handle them! ROMEO: Let's soak 'em, boys! FINCH: Yeah! Let's get 'em!

56 60 DAVEY: No!

We all stand together or we don't have a chance! Jack! JACK: All right. I know. I hear ya. Listen, fellas... I know somebody put yis up to this. Probably paid ya some extra money too. Yeah? Well, it ain't right.

61 #

JACK: Pulitzer thinks we're gutter rats with no respect for nothin' includin' each other. Is that who we are? Well, we stab each other in the back and, yeah, that's who we are.

62 #

But if we stand together, we can change the whole game. And it ain't just about us. All across the city there are boys and girls who ought to be out playin' or going to school. Instead they're slavin' to

67 #

support themselves and their folks. Ain't no crime to bein' poor, and not a one of us complains if the work we do is hard. All we ask is a square deal.

72 #

Fellas... For the sake of all the kids in every sweatshop, factory, and slaughter house in this town, I beg you... throw down your papers and join the strike. LES: Please? SCAB 1: I'm with ya.

76 82

83 **Muscular rock beat** (♩=120) #

87 DAVEY: NEWSIES: 88 89 90

DAVEY: NEWSIES: 91 92 93 94

-4-

95 ALL: Wrong's will— be right - ed if we're u - nit - ed! Let us— seize—  
 96 97 98 99  
 100 the day!

SCAB 3: You're kidding, right? SCAB 2: At the end of the day who are you gonna trust? Them... or them?

103 **8**

111 JACK: NEWSIES:  
 Now let 'em hear it loud and clear! Now let 'em hear it loud and clear!  
 112 113 114

115 JACK: NEWSIES:  
 Like it or not, we're draw - ing near! Like it or not, we're draw - ing near!  
 116 117 118

119 ALL:  
 Proud and— de - fi - ant, we'll slay— the gi - ant!  
 120 121 122

123 Judg - ment— Day— is here!  
 124 125 126

SCAB 3: Oh... what the hell? Me father's gonna kill me anyway! (*All cheer.*)

127 **7** NEWSIES:  
 134 **3**  
 Hous - ton to

135 Har - lem, look what's be -  
 136 137 138 **3**

139 gun!  
 140 141 142

-5-

143 **8** 144 145 146  
 One for all and all for

*sfz* 147 148 149 **2**  
 one!

151 152 153 154  
 Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike!

155 156 157 158  
 Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike! Oh...

159 **A bit slower** 160 **7** 167 **16**  
 Strike!

183 **8** 191 **Tempo I°** **8**

199 **14** 213 **4**

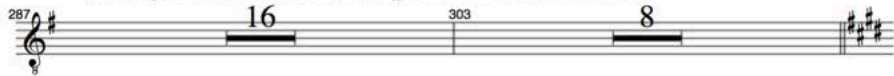
217 **16** 233 **4**

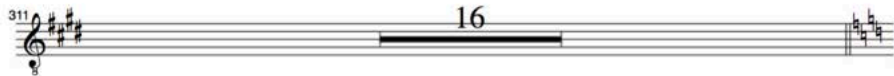
237 **16** 253 **12** 265 **6**

(The DELANCEYS break in, punch DAVEY and JACK, and grab LES.)

271 **8** 279 **8**

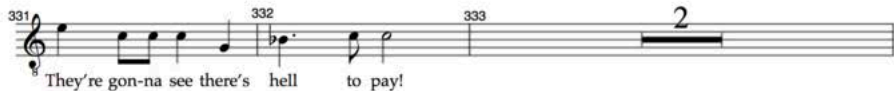
(The rest of the NEWSIES save LES, chase off the DELANCEYS and celebrate.)

287 

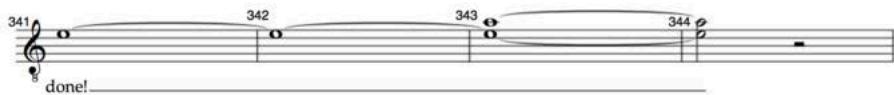
311 

327 NEWSIES:  

 Now is the time to seize the day!

331 
 They're gon-na see there's hell to pay!

335 
 Noth-ing— can break— us, no one can make— us quit be-fore— we're

341 
 done!

345 
 One for all and all for

349 
 one for all and all for

353 
 one for all and

356 
 all for one!

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]

Newsies

*Seize the Day (Tag)*

#10A

CUE: Applause Segue as one from No. 10 "Seize the Day"

**A tempo**

NEWSIES:

1 3

4 3

News - ies for -

**Half time groove**

5 6

7 - 8 3

9 ev - er! Se - cond to none!

10 11

12 13

14 One for all and all for

15 16

17 18

19 one for all and all for...

20 21

(they fade out ad lib. as they see DELANCEYS and GOONS)

[SLOW SEGUE]

**SCENE FIVE: Newsie Square, Next Morning**

*(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.

**ROMEO**

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 polloi?

**LES**

So, how's it going today?

**TOMMY BOY**

Ask me after they put up the headline.

*(LES looks up to read it.)*



LES

Here it comes now.

ALBERT

*(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.

ALBERT

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

ELMER

I can eat two days on a dime.

CRUTCHIE

I'll be sleepin' on the street.

JO JO

You already sleep on the street.

CRUTCHIE

In a worse neighborhood.

*(JACK arrives.)*

JACK

What're you all standin' around for?

CRUTCHIE

Get a load of this, Jack.

ROMEO

Like Pulitzer don't make enough already?

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

WIESEL

Papes for the newsies.

**JACK**

Relax. It's gotta be a gag.

**WIESEL**

Line up, boys.

*(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**

Why the jack-up?

**WIESEL**

For them kind'a answers you gotta ask a little further up the food chain. So, you buyin' or movin' on?

**JACK**

C'mere fellas.

*(The NEWSIES huddle together as a gang.)*

**FINCH**

They can't just do that, can they?

**RACE**

Why not? It's their paper.

**CRUTCHIE**

It's their world.

**HENRY**

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.

**HENRY**

At them prices?

**CRUTCHIE**

We got a choice?

**JACK**

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

**TOMMY BOY**

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?

**JACK**

All right, here's the deal: if we don't sell papes, then no one sells papes. Nobody gets to that window till they put the price back where it belongs.

**DAVEY**

You mean like a strike?

**JACK**

You heard Davey. We're on strike.

**DAVEY**

Hold on. I didn't say—

**JACK**

We shut down this place like them workers shut down the trolleys.

**FINCH**

And the cops will bust our heads! Half them strikers is laid up with broke bones.

**JACK**

Cops ain't gonna care about a bunch of kids. Right, Davey?

**DAVEY**

Leave me out of this. I'm just here trying to feed my family.

**JACK**

And the rest of us is on playtime? Just because we only make pennies don't give nobody the right to rub our noses in it.

**DAVEY**

It doesn't matter. You can't strike. You're not a union.

**JACK**

And what if I says we is?

**DAVEY**

There's a lot of stuff you gotta have in order to be a union. Like membership.

**JACK**

What do you call these guys?

**DAVEY**

And officers.

**CRUTCHIE**

I nominate Jack President!

*(The NEWSIES cheer their approvals.)*

**JACK**

Gee, I'm touched.

**DAVEY**

How about a statement of purpose?

**JACK**

Must'a left it in my other pants.

**RACE**

What's a statement of purpose?

**DAVEY**

A reason for forming the union.

**JACK**

What reason did the trolley workers have?

**DAVEY**

I don't know. Wages? Work hours? Safety on the job?

**JACK**

Who don't need that? Bet if your father had a union you wouldn't be out here sellin' papes right now. Yeah?

**DAVEY**

Yeah.

**JACK**

So, our union is hereby formed to watch each other's backs. "Union'd we stand." Hey, that's not bad. Somebody write that down.

**LES**

I got a pencil.

**JACK**

Meet our Secretary of State. Now what?

**DAVEY**

If you want to strike, the membership's gotta vote.

**JACK**

So let's vote. What do you say, fellas? The choice is yours. Do we roll over and let Pulitzer pick our pockets, or do we strike?

**NEWSIES**

Strike!!!!

#7 - *The World Will Know*

Jack, Davey, Les, Crutchie, Newsies

**JACK**

You heard the voice of the membership. The Newsies of Lower Manhattan are now officially on strike. What next?

**CRUTCHIE**

Wouldn't a strike be more effective if someone in charge knew about it?

**RACE**

It would be a pleasure to tell Weasel myself.

**JACK**

Yeah? And who tells Pulitzer? Davey?

**DAVEY**

I don't know... I guess...

*(giving in)*

You do, Mr. President.

**JACK**

*(to DAVEY)*

That's right, we do! What do we tell 'em?

**DAVEY**

The newspaper owners need to respect your rights as employees.

**JACK**

Pulitzer and Hearst gotta respect the rights of the workin' kids of this city.

**DAVEY**

They can't just change the rules when they feel like it.

**JACK**

That's right. We do the work so we get a say.

**DAVEY**

*(finally committing)*

We've got a union.

**LES**

Yeah!

**JACK**

PULITZER AND HEARST, THEY THINK WE'RE NOTHIN'  
ARE WE NOTHIN'?

**NEWSIES**

NO!

**DAVEY**

They need to understand that we're not enslaved to them. We're free agents.

**JACK**

PULITZER AND HEARST, THEY THINK THEY GOT US  
DO THEY GOT US?

**NEWSIES**

NO!

**DAVEY**

We're a union now - the Newsboys' Union - and we mean business.

**JACK**

EVEN THOUGH WE AIN'T GOT HATS OR BADGES  
WE'RE A UNION JUST BY SAYING SO  
AND THE *WORLD* WILL KNOW

**FINCH**

What's to stop some other kids comin' along to sell our papes?

**ALBERT**

Just let 'em try!

**DAVEY**

No! We can't beat up on other kids. We're all in this together.

**JACK**

(*ignoring DAVEY*)

WHAT'S IT GONNA TAKE TO STOP THE WAGONS?  
ARE WE READY?

**NEWSIES**

YEAH!

**JACK**

WHAT'S IT GONNA TAKE TO STOP THE SCABBERS?  
CAN WE DO IT?

**NEWSIES**

YEAH!

**JACK**

WE'LL DO WHAT WE GOTTA DO UNTIL  
WE BREAK THE WILL  
OF MIGHTY BILL  
AND JOE

**NEWSIES**

AND THE *WORLD* WILL KNOW  
AND THE *JOURNAL* TOO

**JACK, DAVEY**

MISTER HEARST AND PULITZER  
HAVE WE GOT NEWS FOR YOU