

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.



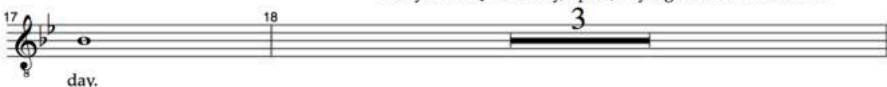
4 JACK: They'll just replace us. They need to see we'll stand our ground. C'mon, Davey. Tell 'em.



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

34 say to the oth-ers who did not fol-low through, "You're still our broth-ers, and

37 we will fight for you."

38 **2**

Moving a bit more ♩=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)

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?

now!

53 **3**

-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 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 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 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 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) 83

87 DAVEY: 88 NEWSIES: 89 90

DAVEY: 91 92 NEWSIES: 93 94

-4-

95 ALL: 96 97 98 99

Wrongs will— be right - ed if we're u - nit - ed! Let us— seize—

100 101 102

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: 112 NEWSIES: 113 114

Now let 'em hear it loud and clear! Now let 'em hear it loud and clear!

115 JACK: 116 NEWSIES: 117 118

Like it or not, we're draw - ing near! Like it or not, we're draw - ing near!

119 ALL: 120 121 122

Proud and— de - fi - ant, we'll slay— the gi - ant!

123 124 125 126

Judg - ment— Day— is here!

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

127 134

7

Hous - ton to

135 136 137 138

Har - lem, look what's be -

139 140 141 142

gun!

-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**

271 **8** 279 **8**
(The DELANCEYS break in, punch DAVEY and JACK, and grab LES.)

Newsies

Seize the Day (Tag)

#10A

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

A tempo

NEWSIES:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21

News - ies for -
ev - er! Se - cond to none!
One for all and all for
one for all and all for...

[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