CALLBACK MATERIAL
FOR
NEWSIES!

Please print out your sides and music and bring to callbacks.

DANCE: Please bring character, jazz and tap shoes.

MUSIC:

Jack: Santa Fe, (#12 after the Fight) Bars 80-117

Pulitzer: The Bottom Line, Bars 37-52 and 64-70

Medda: That's Rich, Bars 45-73

Katherine: Watch What Happens, Bars 118-153

Davey: Seize the Day, Bars 21-37, (stay on melody when it splits)

Crutchie: Letter from the Refuge, Bars 59-end of song

Will need to hear best 16 from all called back for Boys Ensemble as well as, Les, Bunson, Seitz, Nunzio, and Hannah. If any of the “BOYS” have a high C#, please demonstrate that in your best 16.

SCENES:

Jack and Crutchie, p. 1-2

Katherine and Jack, p. 48-49

Jack, Davey, and Les, p. 72-73

Pulitzer, Seitz, Bunson, Hannah, and Nunzio, p. 18-19

Race and Henry, p. 65
Medda and Jack, p. 71

Mayor, Pulitzer, Snyder, p. 78-79

Roosevelt, Pulitzer, Jack, p. 102-103

Boys: Race, Mush, Davey, Romeo, Buttons, Tommy Boy, Les, Albert, Elmer, Crutchie, Jo-Jo, Jack and Romeo, p. 32-22

Boys should also come with a short monologue prepared.

People callback for the following roles need NOT attend the dance audition:

Pultizer       Oscar Delancy
Morris Delancy Wiesel
Medda          Mayor
Roosevelt      Nunzio
Bunson         Seitz
Snyder
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 lullabyes 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-poloi?

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.)

MUSH

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.)
SPOT
Have a look out there, Mr. Pulitzer. In case you ain’t figured it out, we got you surrounded.

JACK
New York is closed for business. Paralyzed. You can’t get a paper or a shoe shine. You can’t send a message or ride an elevator or cross the Brooklyn Bridge. You can’t even leave your own building. So, what’s your next move?

(BUNSEN rushes back into the room in a tizzy.)

BUNSEN
Mr. Pulitzer, the Mayor is here along with your daughter and... oh, you’re not going to believe who else!

(In walk the MAYOR, KATHERINE, MEDDA, and GOVERNOR TEDDY ROOSEVELT.)

MAYOR
Good morning, Mr. Pulitzer. I think you know the Governor.

PULITZER
Governor Roosevelt?

ROOSEVELT
Joseph, Joseph, Joseph. What have you done now?

PULITZER
I’m certain when you hear my explanation—

ROOSEVELT
Thanks to Miss Medda Larkin bringing your daughter to my office, I already have a thorough grasp of the situation – graphic illustrations included.

(brandishes Jack’s drawings)
Bully is the expression I usually employ to show approval. But in your case I simply mean bully!

(to KATHERINE, referring to JACK)
And is this the boy of whom you spoke?

(to JACK)
How are you, son? I’m told we once shared a carriage ride.

JACK
Pleasure’s mine, Mr. Governor.

ROOSEVELT

(to PULITZER)
Well, Joe, don’t just stand there letting those children sing endlessly. Give them the good news.

PULITZER
What good news?
ROOSEVELT
That you’ve come to your senses and rolled back prices. Unless, of course, you want to invite a full state senate investigation into your employment practices.

(red with anger)
You wouldn’t—

ROOSEVELT
After the pressure you wielded to keep me from office? I’d do it with a smile. Come along, Joseph. There’s only one thing worse than a hard heart, and that’s a soft head.

(PULITZER growls and postures.)

(ROOSEVELT)
And think of the happiness you’ll bring those children.
(to KATHERINE)
He doesn’t do happiness, does he?

PULITZER
(cornered, shifting tactics)
Mr. Kelly, if I may speak to you... alone.

(The OTHERS withdraw from the room.)

(ROOSEVELT exits. JACK and PULITZER are alone.)

ROOSEVELT
Keep your eyes on the stars, and your feet on the ground. You can do this.

(ROOSEVELT exits. JACK and PULITZER are alone.)

PULITZER
I cannot put the price back where it was.

(JACK starts to move away.)
I’m sorry, I can’t. There are other considerations—

JACK
I get it. You need to save face front of all these folks. I’m young, I ain’t stupid.

PULITZER
Thank you for understanding.

JACK
But I got constituents with a legitimate gripe.
SCENE FOUR: PULITZER'S OFFICE AND CELLAR, AFTERNOON

(The MAYOR, SEITZ, BUNSEN, and PULITZER are in a heated discussion. KATHERINE sits, listening quietly.)

MAYOR
... but I've read your editorials, Mr. Pulitzer. How can you express so much sympathy for the trolley workers and yet have none for the newsies?

PULITZER
Because the trolley workers are striking for a fair contract. The newsies are striking against me!

MAYOR
I'd spare you this embarrassment if I could, but the Burlesque House is private property.

BUNSEN
He can't order a raid without legal cause.

PULITZER
Mr. Mayor, would the fact that this rally is organized by an escaped convict be enough to shut it down?

MAYOR
An escaped convict?

PULITZER
A fugitive from one of your own institutions. A convicted thief, at large, reeking mischief on our law-abiding community.

(turns his desk chair around to reveal SNYDER and holds out the newspaper)

Mr. Snyder, which one is he?

SNYDER
(pointing to the photo)
That one there: Jack Kelly.

MAYOR
And how do you know this boy?

SNYDER
His is not a pleasant story. He was first sentenced to my Refuge for loitering and vagrancy, but his total disregard of authority has made him a frequent visitor.

MAYOR
You called him a thief and escaped convict.

SNYDER
After his release I caught him myself, red handed, trafficking stolen food and clothing. He was last sentenced to six months, but the willful ruffian escaped.
PULITZER
So you'd be doing the city a service removing this criminal from our streets.

MAYOR
If that's the case, we can take him in quietly and—

PULITZER
Exploding
What good would quiet do me? I want a public example made of him.

(HANNAH rushes into the office.)

HANNAH
Mr. Pulitzer – the boy, Jack Kelly, is here.

PULITZER
Here?

HANNAH
Just outside. He's asked to see you.

PULITZER
Ask and ye shall be received. Mr. Snyder, if you please. Sit.

(PULITZER directs SNYDER to retreat to the shadowy corner and spins KATHERINE in the swivel chair so she's hidden as well. HANNAH escorts JACK into the room.)

HANNAH
Mr. Jack Kelly.

JACK
Afternoon, boys...

PULITZER
And which Jack Kelly is this? The charismatic union organizer, or the petty thief and escaped convict?

JACK
Which one gives us more in common?

PULITZER
Impudence is in bad taste when crawling for mercy.

JACK
Crawlin'? That's a laugh. I just dropped by with an invite. Seems a few hundred of your employees are rallying to discuss recent disagreements. I thought it only fair to invite you to state your case straight to the fellas. So what'd'ya say, Joe? Want I should save you a spot on the bill?
SCENE THREE: MEDDA'S THEATER

(JACK paints a backdrop of the Taos Mountains. It's an explosion of color. MEDDA enters in a dressing robe.)

MEDDA
Here's everything I owe you for the first backdrop, plus this one, and even a little something extra just account'a because I'm gonna miss you so.

(MEDDA hands JACK money an envelope full of money.)

JACK
Miss Medda.

MEDDA
Jack.

JACK
You're a gem.

MEDDA
Just tell me that you're going somewhere and not running away.

JACK
Does it matter?

MEDDA
When you go somewhere and it turns out not to be the right place, you can always go somewhere else. But if you're running away, nowhere's ever the right place. - END

(DAVEY finds his way in through the stage flies, excited to see JACK.)

DAVEY
How 'bout lettin' a pal know you're alive?

MEDDA
Why don't I leave you with your friend.

(MEDDA exits.)

DAVEY
Where'd you go? We couldn't find you.

JACK
Ever think I didn't wanna be found?
KATHERINE

You got yourselves in the pape.

MUSH

“Newsies Stop The World” — now, there’s a headline even Elmer could sell!

SPECS

What else do you got?

KATHERINE

Mine’s the only story that ran. Pulitzer declared a blackout on strike news, so even I’m shut down now. I heard they arrested Crutchie. Did they get Jack too?

ALBERT

The Delanceys are spreading a story that he took it on the lam, first sight of the cops.

LES

(charges ALBERT)
Jack don’t run from no fight!

ALBERT

Take it down, short-stop. I’m just reportin’ the news.

RACE

For jumpin’ Jack’s sake. Can you stow the seriousness long enough to drink in the moment? I’m famous!

HENRY

What of it?

RACE

Are you stupid or what? You’re famous, the world is your erster.

HENRY

Your what?

RACE

Your erster! Your erster! Your fancy clam with a pearl inside.

HENRY

How much does bein’ famous pay?

RACE

Ya don’t need money when you’re famous. They gives ya’ whatever ya want gratis!

HENRY

Such as...? **END**
SCENE TWO: PULITZER’S OFFICE, AFTERNOON

(Editor SEITZ, secretary HANNAH, and accountant BUNSEN huddle in a business meeting. The mogul, JOSEPH PULITZER, is having his hair cut by NUNZIO, the barber.)

PULITZER
Gentlemen, The World is in trouble. Our circulation is down for the third quarter in a row.

SEITZ
But, Mr. Pulitzer, every paper’s circulation is down since the war ended.

PULITZER
Whoever said “war is hell” wasn’t trying to sell newspapers.

BUNSEN
We could use an exciting headline.

PULITZER
What have we got today?

SEITZ
The trolley strike.

PULITZER
That’s not exciting? It’s epic!

HANNAH
It’s boring. Folks wanna know, “Is the trolley comin’ or ain’t it?” No one cares why.

SEITZ
And the strike’s about to be settled. Governor Roosevelt just put his support behind the workers.

PULITZER
That man is a socialist.

SEITZ
Teddy Roosevelt is no socialist. He’s an American hero.

PULITZER
The man wants to outlaw football for being too violent. Football! Violent?! You’re right. He’s no socialist. He’s a commie!

NUNZIO
Mr. Pulitzer, please, you must try to sit still.
PULITZER

Gentlemen, please, you are making Nunzio nervous. And when Nunzio gets nervous, I don’t look pretty.

(PULITZER sits back.)

HANNAH

You never liked Roosevelt. You wrote an editorial against him day after day when he ran for governor. And guess what? He got elected.

PULITZER

How can I influence voters if they’re not reading my opinion?

SEITZ

Big photos attract readers.

PULITZER

Do you know what big photos cost?

BUNSEN

But without flashy photos or headlines how are we supposed to sell more papers?

PULITZER

There’s an answer right before your eyes. You’re not thinking this through. People...

(4) THE BOTTOM LINE

(PULITZER)

NUNZIO KNOWS WHEN HE’S CUTTING MY HAIR,
TRIM A BIT HERE AND THEN TRIM A BIT THERE.
JUST A MODEST ADJUSTMENT CAN FATTEN THE BOTTOM LINE.

NUNZIO

Mr. Pulitzer, please.

PULITZER

SHAVING IS TRICKY: THE RAZOR SHOULD FLOAT.
SHAVE ME TOO CLOSE, AND YOU MAY CUT MY THROAT.
IT’S THE SIMPLEST SOLUTIONS
THAT BOLSTER THE BOTTOM LINE.

BUNSEN

But how does that help us sell more papers?

HANNAH

We don’t sell papers, silly. Newsies sell papers.
DAVEY

(indicating the backdrop)
Is that a real place? That Santa Fe?

(suddenly remembering, holds out the newspaper)
Hey! You see the pape? We're front page news, above the fold. Oh, yes. Above the fold.

JACK

Good for you.

DAVEY

Everyone wants to meet the famous Jack Kelly. Even Spot Conlon sent a kid just to say: next event you can count on Brooklyn. How about that?

JACK

We got stomped into the ground.

DAVEY

They got us this time. I'll grant you that. But we took round one. And with press like this our fight is far from over.

JACK

Every newsie who could walk showed up this morning to sell papes like the strike never happened.

DAVEY

And I was there with them. If I don't sell papes, my folks don't eat.

JACK

Save your breath. I get it. It's hopeless.

DAVEY

But then I saw this look on Weasel's face; he was actually nervous. And I realized this isn't over. We got them worried. Really worried. And I walked away. Lots of other kids did too. And that is what you call a beginning.

(LES runs through the flies and down to the stage, calling to KATERHINE behind him.)

LES

There he is just like I said.

JACK

For cryin' out loud... Where's a fella gotta go to get away from you people?

DAVEY

There's no escapin' us, pal. We're inevitable.
LES

(to DAVEY)
So, what's the story? Can we have the theater?

DAVEY

Pipe down. I didn't ask yet.

LES

What's the hold up? I need to let my girl know we've got a date.

DAVEY

Your girl?

LES

You heard me. I've been swattin' skirts away all morning. Fame is one intoxicatin' potion. And this here girl, Sally, she's a plum.

JACK

(sees KATHERINE)
Word is you wrote a great story.

KATHERINE

(tentatively approaches JACK)
You look like hell.

LES

(studying the painting)
Hey, Jack. Where's that supposed to be?

DAVEY

It's Santa Fe.

KATHERINE

I've got to tell you, Jack, this "Go west, young man" routine is getting tired. Even Horace Greeley moved back to New York.

LES

Yes he did. And then he died.

JACK

Ain't reporters supposed to be non-partisan?

KATHERINE

Ask a reporter. Pulitzer's had me blacklisted from every news desk in town—

LES

Can we table the palaver and get back to business? Will Medda let us have the theater?
NEWSIES GROUP 1
AND A ROAR WILL RISE...

NEWSIES GROUP 2
... FROM THE STREETS BELOW,

NEWSIES GROUP 1
AND OUR RANKS WILL GROW...

NEWSIES GROUP 2
... AND GROW

NEWSIES GROUP 1
AND GROW

AND SO
THE WORLD WILL FEEL THE FIRE
AND FIN’LLY KNOW!

DAVEY
Come on, Les. The folks are waiting.

(The NEWSIES disperse as DAVEY and LES head home. JACK lingers behind with KATHERINE.)

KATHERINE
So, what’s your story? Are you selling newspapers to work your way through art school?

JACK
Art school? You kiddin’ me?

(KATHERINE holds up the drawing that JACK did of her.)

KATHERINE
But you’re an artist. You’ve got real talent. You should be inside the paper illustrating, not outside hawking it.

JACK
Maybe that ain’t what I want.

KATHERINE
So tell me what you want.

JACK

(shamelessly flirting)
Can’t you see it in my eyes?
KATHERINE
Have you always been their leader?

JACK
I'm a blowhard. Davey's the brains.

KATHERINE
Modesty is not a quality I would have pinned on you.

JACK
You got a name?

KATHERINE
Katherine... Plumber.

JACK
What's the matter? Ain't ya sure?

KATHERINE
It's my byline, the name I publish under. Tell me about tomorrow. What are you hoping for?

JACK
I'd rather tell you what I'm hoping for tonight.

KATHERINE
Mr. Kelly...

JACK
Today we stopped our newsies from carrying out papes, but the wagons still delivered to the rest of the city. Tomorrow, we stop the wagons.

KATHERINE
Are you scared?

JACK
Do I look scared? But ask me again in the morning.

KATHERINE
(writes down the quote and starts to exit)
Good answer. Good night, Mr. Kelly.

JACK
Come on, where you runnin'? It ain't even supper time!

KATHERINE
I'll see you in the morning. And, off the record, good luck. **END**
ACT ONE

PROLOGUE: ROOFTOP, DAWN

(#1) OVERTURE

(Summer, 1899. A figure sleeps peacefully on a rooftop amid the moonlit Manhattan cityscape. It is JACK, a charismatic boy of seventeen. Across the rooftop, another figure stirs. CRUTCHIE, a slight and sickly boy of fifteen, walks with the aid of a wooden crutch. He crosses to the fire escape ladder and fumbles, trying to climb down. JACK stirs.)

JACK

Where you going? Morning bell ain’t rung yet. Get back to sleep.

CRUTCHIE

I wanna beat the other fellas to the street. I don’t want anyone should see; I ain’t been walkin’ so good.

JACK

Quit gripin’. You know how many guys fake a limp for sympathy? That bum leg of yours is a gold mine.

CRUTCHIE

Someone gets the idea I can’t make it on my own, they’ll lock me up in The Refuge for good. Be a pal, Jack. Help me down.

(loses his footing and almost falls, yelps)

Whoa!!!

(JACK rushes to CRUTCHIE’s rescue, pulling the boy back from danger.)

JACK

You wanna bust your other leg too?

CRUTCHIE

No. I wanna go down.

JACK

You’ll be down there soon enough. Take a moment to drink in my penthouse high above the stinkin’ streets of New York.

CRUTCHIE

You’re crazy.

JACK

Because I like a breath of fresh air? ‘Cause I like seein’ the sky and the stars?
CRUTCHIE

You’re seein’ stars all right!

JACK

Them streets down there sucked the life right outta my old man. Years of rotten jobs, stomped
on by bosses. And when they finally broke him, they tossed him to the curb like yesterday’s
paper. Well, they ain’t doin’ that to me.

But everyone wants to come here.

CRUTCHIE

JACK

New York’s fine for those what can afford a big strong door to lock it out. But I tell you,
Crutchie, there’s a whole other way out there.

#2 SANTA FE (PROLOGUE)

(JACK)

So you keep your small life in the big city. Give me a big life in a small town.

THEY SAY FOLKS IS DYIN’ TO GET HERE.
ME, I’M DYIN’ TO GET AWAY
TO A LITTLE TOWN OUT WEST THAT’S SPANKIN’ NEW.
AND WHILE I AIN’T NEVER BEEN THERE,
I CAN SEE IT CLEAR AS DAY.
IF YOU WANT, I BET’CHA
YOU COULD SEE IT, TOO.

CLOSE YOUR EYES...
COME WITH ME
WHERE IT’S CLEAN AND GREEN AND PRETTY,
AND THEY WENT AND MADE A CITY OUTTA CLAY.
WHY, THE MINUTE THAT YOU GET THERE
FOLKS’LL WALK RIGHT UP AND SAY,
“WELCOME HOME, SON,
WELCOME HOME TO SANTA FE!”

(CRUTCHIE is taken under Jack’s spell.)

PLANTIN’ CROPS,
SPLITTIN’ RAILS,
SWAPPIN’ TALES AROUND THE FIRE,
‘CEPT FOR SUNDAY, WHEN YOU LIE AROUND ALL DAY.
SOON YOUR FRIENDS ARE MORE LIKE FAM’LY,
AND THEY’S BEGGIN’ YOU TO STAY!
AIN’T THAT NEAT?
LIVIN’S SWEET
Slower

CRUTCHIE: Damn this place. I'll be

Tempo 1°

fine, good as new. But there's one thing I need you to do: On the

Moving forward

roof-top you said that a family looks out for each other, so you

tell all the fel-las for me to pro-tect one an-other.

The
end.

Your friend...
Your best friend...
Your brother...

Crutchie.

SNYDER:
You in there—pipe down!

(As CRUTCHIE blows out candle)

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]
DAVEY

Min-ute by min-ute, that's how you win it. We will find a way. But

let us seize the day. CRUTCHIE: Hey, Jack. Look what I made! Good, huh? 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?

[VAMP]

DAVEY: (last x)

Cour-age can-not erase our fear.

Cour-age is when we face our fear.
Tell those with power, safe in their tower, we will not o-

by.

hold the brave battalion that stands side by side, too few in number and

too proud to hide. Then say to the others who did not follow through,
"You're still our brothers, and we will fight for you."

Moving a bit more $\text{j}=96$

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.

MUSH:

Once we've begun, if we stand as one, some day becomes somehow, and a

FINCH:

Once we've begun, if we stand as one, some day becomes somehow, and a

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION
world we're inheriting, and think of the one we'll create. Their mistake is they got old. That is not a mistake we'll be making. No, sir, we'll stay young forever!

Give those kids and me the brand new century and watch what happens!

It's David and Go...
li - ath, do or die, the fight is on and I can’t
watch what hap - pens... But all I know is
noth - ing hap - pens if you just give - in... It

can’t be an - y worse than how it’s been... and it
just so happens that we just might win, so what

ever happens, let's be

gin!

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]
I ran out my luck getting stuck with this mope. MEDDA: Oh, honey, I was just talking about you! Now, listen, sport, this life's too short to waste it on you. It may be rough, but soon enough I'll learn to make do with the mansion, the oil well, the diamonds, the yacht, with Andy, Eduardo, the Pontiff, and Scott and
Frank, and my bank! So spill no tears for me, 'cause there's one thing you ain't that I'll always be, and honey, yeah, that's right, that's rich!

That's rich! That's rich!

That's rich!

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION

[SLOW SEGUE]
BUNSEN: But how does that help us sell more papers? HANNAH: We don’t sell papers, silly. Newsies sell papers.

BUNSEN: I’ve got it! Right now we charge the newsies fifty cents for a hundred papers. PULITZER: Yes...
BUNSEN: But if we raised their price to sixty cents per hundred... PULITZER: Now you’re getting somewhere...

SEITZ: A mere tenth of a penny per paper. BUNSEN: Every single newsie would have to sell ten more papers just to earn the same amount as always. PULITZER: My thought exactly. It’s genius.

HANNAH: It’s going to be awfully rough on those children. [VAMP - out either bar]
PULITZER: Nonsense. I’m giving them a real life lesson in economics. I couldn’t

PULITZER: Offer them a better education if they were my own. Give me a week... and I’ll train...
them to be like an army that's marching to war.

Proud of themselves and so grateful to me, they'll be begging to pay even more! When there's dirt on our shoes, boys, for God's sake, relax! Why throw them out? All we need is some wax. Listen well to these bar-ber-shop lessons for they'll see you through.
(PULITZER)

HANNAH:
When you're stuck in the muck, you'll be fine.
You'll erase any trace of decline

SEITZ:
When you're stuck in the muck, you'll be fine.
You'll erase any trace of decline

BUNSEN:

PULITZER:
And the pow'r of the press, yes!

HANNAH:
And a snip!

SEITZ:  BUNSEN:

With a trim!
And a shine!

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION
Once again is mine!

PULITZER: The price for the newsies goes up in the morning!

PULITZER:

Just a few common cents, gents, that's the bottom line!

Ev'ry new outcome is income for you, thanks to that bottom line!

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]
Far from the lousy headlines and the deadlines in between!

molto rall.

Broadly, in 4

Moving forward

Fe!

My old friend, I can't spend my whole life dream-in', though I know that's all I seem inclined to do.

I ain't gettin' any younger, and I
More broadly

wanna start brand new. I need space,  
and fresh air...  
Let 'em

laugh in my face, I don't care...  
Save my place, I'll be there...

A tempo (poco rubato)

Just be

real is all I'm ask-in', not some paint-in' in my head, 'cause I'm

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION
dead if I can't count on you today.

nothin', if I ain't got Santa

Briskly

[END ACT ONE]