

# Audition Materials For

# WIESEL



About the Character: Aka “Weasel”. A disgruntled paper-pusher who uses the Delancey brothers as his muscle, runs distribution for the World and has little patience or sympathy for the newsies. We may incorporate this actor into the newsies ensemble when possible.

Gender: Male

Grade: Rising 6<sup>th</sup>-9<sup>th</sup>

Vocal range top: N/A

Total Lines: 15 ; Solos: 0

Audition Song: King of New York

Pages: 13-15 (Scene 1)

OSCAR

*(making a fist)*  
Till we took care of him.

*(As the DELANCEYS walk by, MORRIS trips CRUTCHIE, who falls to the ground.)*

CRUTCHIE

Ow!

MORRIS

Whatsa mattah? Can't stay on your feet?

*(JACK pulls CRUTCHIE right back up and then confronts the DELANCEYS.)*

JACK

Now, that's not a nice thing to do to my family, Morris

OSCAR

You ain't got no family.

JACK

The newsies are my family. You mess with any one of them, you mess with me.

CRUTCHIE

*(holding the crutch like a weapon)*  
And me!

RACE

Five to one Jack skunks 'em!

*(The NEWSIES back up to give JACK room. JACK pulls back his fist as WIESEL rings his hand bell, officially opening up for business. The DELANCEYS run back to help him collect the money and distribute the newspapers.)*

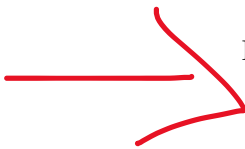
WIESEL

Papes for the newsies! Line up!

*(JACK is the first to the wagon.)*

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 wagon.)*

**RACE**

*(slapping down money)*

I'll take fifty.

**WIESEL**

Fifty for Race. Next!

**CRUTCHIE**

Good morning, Mr. Wiesel.

**WIESEL**

Fifty papes for Crutchie.

*(DAVEY, a "fish-out-of-water" newbie, emerges with his younger sibling, LES.)*

Have a look at this: a new kid.

**LES**

I'm new too!

**HAZEL**

Don't worry – rubs right off.

**DAVEY**

I'll take twenty newspapers, please.

**WIESEL**

Twenty for the newbie. 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**

This kid's a riot. 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 puts his dime down, and the DELANCEYS give him his papers.)*

**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**

*(returning to the cart)*

Sorry. Excuse me. I paid for twenty but you gave me nineteen.

**OSCAR**

Beat it!

*(The DELANCEYS crack their knuckles and threaten DAVEY. JACK swoops in and quickly counts Davey's papers.)*

**JACK**

New kid's right, Weasel. Ya gave him nineteen. I'm sure it was an honest mistake on accounta Oscar can't count to twenty with his shoes on.

*(OSCAR threatens to attack. WIESEL pushes him back and tosses a paper to DAVEY.)*

**WIESEL**

Here. Now take a hike.

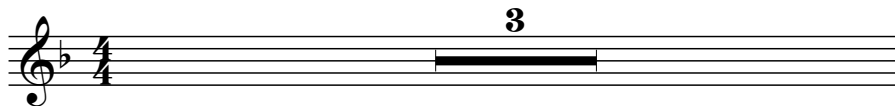


For audition, sing all parts except JoJo & Katherine.  
You can sing it up the octave if it is too low.

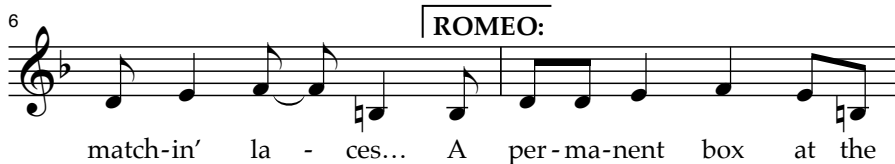
(#18 – KING OF NEW YORK.)


# KING OF NEW YORK

(RACE): They gives ya whatever ya want *gratis!*



PIGTAILS: Such as...?



8 **PIGTAILS:**  
  
 Sheeps-head ra - ces... Pas - tra-mi on rye with a


10 **MURIEL:**  
  
 so - ur pic - kle... My per-son - al mug on a

12 **RACE:**  
  
 wood-en nic - kel... Look at me: I'm—

14  
  
 — the king— of New York!—

16  
  
 Sud-den-ly, I'm— res-pec - ta-ble, star-

19  
  
 - in' right at'-cha, lous - y with sta-'tcha.

21 **ALBERT:**  
  
 Nobb-in' with all the muck - et - y - mucks, I'm

23 **RACE:**  
  
 blow-in' my dough and go - in' de - luxe. And

25 **RACE, PIGTAILS:**  
  
 there I be! Ain't— I pret-ty? It's— my ci - ty. I'm



28

— the king of New York!

**JO JO:**

A so - lid gold watch with a

30

**LES:**

My ver - y own bed and a

chain to twirl— it...

32

**(LES):** **HAZEL:**

in-door ter - let... A bar-ber-shop hair - cut that

34

**DAVEY: (indicating KATHERINE)**

costs a quar - ter... A re - gu - lar beat for the

36

**RACE:**

star re - por - ter! Am-scray, punk, she's—

38

— the king- of New York!—

**KATHERINE:**

Who'd - 'a thunk! I'm—



40 **NEWSIES:**

We was sunk, pale -  
the king - of New York!

42 **KATHERINE:** **NEWSIES:**

and pi - ti-ful... Bunch - of wet noo-dles. Pu -

44

- lit-zer's poo-dles. I got-ta be ei - ther

46

dead or dream - in', 'cause look at that pape with

48

my face beam - in'. To - mor-row they may wrap

50

fish - es in - it, but I was a star for

52 **8**

one whole min-ute!