

HAZEL

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

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.)