

SCRAGGLY SANTA & MR. CHURCH

(In unison) They don't sell papers.

SCRAGGLY SANTA

And you said I never listened.

MR. CHURCH

I said you were lousy at headlines.

A chorus of NEWS KIDS enter. They are selling the latest edition of The Sun.

SONG: "COLD.HARD.FACTS."

NEWS KID SOLO

(To music) Extra! Extra! Crime up!

NEWS KID SOLO

(To music) Extra! Extra! Jobs down!

NEWS KID SOLO

(To music) Extra! Extra! Senator caught napping!

MR. CHURCH

(With enthusiasm) Now, *that's* what I'm talking about. *That's* what sells papers. *(To music)* Cold. Hard. Facts!

Mr. Church:

GIVE ME A CRISIS.

A SCANDAL. A CRIME.

SPARE ME THE FEEL-GOOD SOB STORY.

NO HEART-WARMING ORPHANS!

THESE TIMES AREN'T THE TIME

TO TELL THE TOWN: "LIFE'S HUNKY-DORY!"

COLD.HARD.FACTS.

MAKE MY WORLD SPIN.

News Kids: Make his world spin.

I WEAR A THICK SKIN.

News Kids: You need a thick skin.

THAT'S THE WAY THAT I WIN!

Mr. Church:

COLD.HARD.FACTS.

PUT PRINT IN THE BLACK.

News Kids: His ledger is black.

YOU DEVELOP A KNACK

News Kids: He sure has the knack.

FOR KEEPING UP THE ATTACK.

Mr. Church:

NO SLACKING OFF FROM

BIG BAD NEWS.

THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE CHOOSE TO READ!

A SENSATIONAL HEADLINE?

News Kids:

YOU CAN'T LOSE!

Mr. Church:

I JUST SUPPLY A NEED.

COLD.HARD.FACTS.

MAKE THIS WORLD TURN.

News Kids: He makes the world turn.

IT'S THE LESSON TO LEARN

News Kids: From him you learn.

IF YOU WANT MONEY TO BURN!

Mr. Church & News Kids:

COLD.HARD.FACTS.

JUST GIVE ME THE

COLD.HARD.FACTS.

NOTHING BUT

COLD.HARD.FACTS.

MAKE THE NEWS SHOUT!

News Kids:

READ ALL ABOUT IT!

DANCE BREAK

Mr. Church & News Kids:

COLD.HARD.FACTS.

JUST GIVE ME THE

COLD.HARD.FACTS.

NOTHING BUT

COLD.HARD.FACTS.

Mr. Church:

YOU GOTTA HAVE CLOUT!

News Kids:

AND WHO WOULD DOUBT IT?

Mr. Church:

(To News Kids) GET OUT!!!

Song ends.

MR. CHURCH

(Snarling at NEWS KIDS) Who gave you kids permission to be singing and dancing? What is this? The Broadway Follies? Go sell those papers!

NEWS KIDS

(As they exit) Extra! Extra! Read all about it!

SCRAGGLY SANTA

Say, Frank. Before you go off and write about your everyday scandal, can you spare...