

START →

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

I've seen you draw. 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

All right. So what do 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?

"NEWSIES!"

KATHERINE SIDE

SIDE 1 of 2

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.

She writes down the quote and starts to move away from him.

KATHERINE

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.

JACK

Hey, Plumber. Write it good. We both got a lot ridin' on you.

← **STOP**

ACT TWO - SCENE FIVE

EXT. THE ROOF-TOP ABOVE NEWSIE SQUARE - NIGHT

KATHERINE is standing on the roof. SHE has discovered JACK's things and opens up some drawings that are rolled up together.

SHE is looking at them when JACK climbs over the edge of the roof to find her. HE snatches the drawings away.

START →

KATHERINE

That was some speech you made.

JACK

How'd you get here?

KATHERINE

Specs showed me.

JACK

He say you could go through my stuff?

KATHERINE

I saw them rolled up, sticking out of there. I didn't know what they were. These drawings...? These are drawings of The Refuge, aren't they?

SHE takes them back and starts going through them again.

KATHERINE (cont'd)

Is that really what it's like in there; three boys to a bed, rats everywhere and vermin?

JACK

A little different from where you were raised?

KATHERINE

Snyder told my father you were arrested stealing food and clothing. This is why, isn't it? You stole to give things to those boys.

JACK, embarrassed, turns away.

"NEWSIES!"

KATHERINE SIDE

SIDE 2 of 2

KATHERINE (cont'd)

I don't understand. If you were willing to go to jail for those boys how could you turn your back on them now?

JACK

I don't think you're anyone to talk about turning on folks.

KATHERINE

I never turned on you or anyone else.

JACK

No. You just double crossed us to your father. YOUR FATHER!

KATHERINE

My father has eyes on every corner of this city. He doesn't need me spying for him. And I never lied. I didn't tell you everything...

JACK

If you weren't a girl you'd be trying to talk with a fist in your mouth.

KATHERINE

I said that I worked for The Sun and I did. I told you my professional name was Plumber and it is. You never asked my real one.

JACK

I wouldn't think I had to unless I knew I was dealing with a back-stabber.

KATHERINE

And if I was a boy, you'd be looking at me through one swollen eye.

JACK

Don't let that stop ya'. Gimme your best shot.

JACK presents his face to her.

KATHERINE, out of nowhere, grabs JACK and kisses him full on the lips.

THEY part. A moment of silence and then JACK tries to get another kiss, but is blocked by KATHERINE.

KATHERINE

I need to know you didn't change your mind for the money.

“NEWSIES!”

KATHERINE SIDE

SIDE 2 of 2

JACK

I spoke the truth. You win a fight when you got the other fella down eatin' pavement. You heard your father. No matter how many days we strike he ain't givin' up. I don't know what else we can do.

KATHERINE

Ah. But I do.

JACK bridles.

JACK

Oh, come on...

KATHERINE

Really, Jack? Really? Only you can have a good idea? Or is it because I'm a girl?

JACK

I didn't say nothin'...

KATHERINE

This would be a good time to shut up. The boss-man doesn't have to have all the answers. Just the brains to recognize the right one when he hears it.

JACK

I'm listening.

KATHERINE

Good for you. The strike was your idea. The rally was Davey's. And now my plan will take us to the finish line. Deal with it.

KATHERINE takes a piece of paper from her pocket and hands it to him.

JACK

(reading)

“The Children's Crusade”.

SHE snatches it back and reads...

KATHERINE

“For the sake of all the kids in every sweatshop, factory, and slaughter house in New York I beg you... join us.” When you spoke those words the strike stopped being just about the newsies. You asked our whole generation to stand up and demand a place at the table.

JACK

“The Children’s Crusade”..?

KATHERINE

Think, Jack, if we publish this – my words with one of your drawings – and if every worker under twenty-one read it and stayed home from work...Or better yet, came to Newsies Square...A general city-wide strike...Even my father couldn’t ignore that.

JACK

Only one small problem – We got no way to print this.

KATHERINE

There has to be one printing press he doesn’t control.

JACK

Oh no.

KATHERINE

What?

JACK

I know where there’s a printing press that no one would ever think we’d use.

KATHERINE

Then let’s get going.

KATHERINE starts moving toward the fire escape ladder, but JACK stops her.

JACK

Y’know, when this is over I’ll be leavin’ town... And you’ll be going back to your life... But if things were different...

KATHERINE

You mean if you weren’t going away?

JACK

And you weren’t a millionaire’s daughter.

KATHERINE

(Teasing)

Are you scared of my father?

"NEWSIES!"

KATHERINE SIDE

SIDE 2 of 2

JACK

No. But I'm pretty scared of you. Girls like you don't give the time of day to boys like me.

KATHERINE

Maybe I'm not who you think I am. Or maybe meeting you has changed me.

JACK

You really sayin' you might...?

KATHERINE

I think there's a pretty good chance.

← **STOP**