

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

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.

JACK

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

(JACK walks off as KATHERINE heads to her office.)

END

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