

(DAVEY)

(suddenly remembering, holds out the newspaper)

Hey! You see the pape? We're front page news, above the fold. Oh, yes. Above the fold.

JACK

Good for you.

DAVEY

Everyone wants to meet the famous Jack Kelly. Even Spot Conlon sent a kid just to say: next event you can count on Brooklyn. How about that?

JACK

We got stomped into the ground.

DAVEY

They got us this time. I'll grant you that. But we took round one. And with press like this our fight is far from over.

JACK

Every newsie who could walk showed up this morning to sell papes like the strike never happened.

DAVEY

And I was there with them. If I don't sell papes, my folks don't eat.

JACK

Save your breath. I get it. It's hopeless.

DAVEY

But then I saw this look on Weasel's face; he was actually nervous. And I realized this isn't over. We got them worried. Really worried. And I walked away. Lots of other kids did, too. And that is what you call a beginning.

(LES enters, calling to KATHERINE behind him.)

LES

There he is, just like I said.

JACK

For cryin' out loud... Where's a fella gotta go to get away from you people?

DAVEY

There's no escapin' us, pal. We're inevitable.

LES

(to DAVEY)

So, what's the story? Can we have the theater?