JACK

I ain't gonna see no more of my pals beat up and tossed into jail. No matter how many days we strike, your father ain't givin' up. I don't know what else we can do.

KATHERINE

Ah. But I do.

JACK

No, I'm through. No way.

KATHERINE

Really, Jack? Really? Being boss doesn't mean you have all the answers – just the brains to recognize the right one when you hear it.

(JACK is at a loss for words.)

JACK

Okay, I'm listening.

KATHERINE

The strike was your idea. The rally was Davey's. And now my plan will take us to the finish line.

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

JACK

(reading)

"The Children's Crusade"? Now, there's a headline!

KATHERINE

(snatches it back and reads)

"For the sake of all the kids in every sweatshop, factory, and slaughterhouse in New York, I beg you... join us." With those words, you challenged our whole generation to help each other!

JACK

I can't believe it, I mean people like you would never give me the time of day, and here you are, taking up the banner. Why?

KATHERINE

We all need something to believe in, Jack. I believe in this story. I believe in you. And so do the newsies.