

WIESEL

It's the same all around town. New day. New price.

JACK

Why the jack-up?

WIESEL

I don't make the rules, I just work here. So, you buyin' or movin' on?

JACK

C'mere, everybody.

(The NEWSIES step away from the cart and huddle together as a gang.)

MURIEL

They can't just do that, can they?

RACE

Why not? It's their paper.

CRUTCHIE

It's their world.

PIGTAILS

Ain't we got no rights?

ROMEO

We got the right to do what they tell us to do.

JACK

We got the right to protest!

CRUTCHIE

And we also got the right to starve. C'mon, let's get our papes and hit the streets while we still can.

JACK

Here's the deal: If we don't sell papas, then no one sells papas. Nobody gets to that wagon till they put the price back where it belongs.

DAVEY

You mean like a strike?

JACK

You heard Davey. We're on strike!

DAVEY

Hold on. I didn't say—

JACK

We shut down this place like them workers shut down the trolleys.

MURIEL

And the cops will bust our heads! Half them strikers is laid up with broke bones.

JACK

Cops ain't gonna care about a bunch of kids. Right, Davey? We stick together, we can do anything!

DAVEY

Before you can strike, you gotta be a union, and a union gotta have official membership.

JACK (points to the NEWSIES)

What do you call them?

DAVEY

And officers.

CRUTCHIE

I nominate Jack Kelly for president!

(The NEWSIES cheer their approvals.)

JACK

Now what?

DAVEY

If you want to strike, the membership's gotta vote.

JACK

What do you say? Do we roll over and let Pulitzer pick our pockets, or do we strike?

NEWSIES Strike!!!