**Nuns**

FATHER: Where are the boys?

SR. ROSE: In bed.

SR.ANNE: Thank Heaven.

FATHER: A handful, were they?

SR. GRACE: Oh yes…a handful of dirt, a handful of lice, and a handful of wet socks!

SR. ROSE: And we won’t mention the handful of cigarettes Sr. Anne confiscated from Young Roader.

*Sr. Anne shows cigarettes and nods head*

FATHER: Oh…well I am sorry Sisters.

SR. ROSE: No need to apologize Father, we fully expected it and much worse. They are good boys at heart.

SR. ANNE: Father, this letter came for you…a young woman dropped it off.

SR. ANNE: Father…its little Will. He has a terrible fever…I am afraid of what it might be!

FATHER *whispers*: Dear God, not the flu?

*Sr. Anne exits at knock on door, doctor enters and is led to boy. Light stays on father as he prays/Paulie enters and looks up at Will / approaches Father*

PAULIE: Is Will gonna die?

FATHER: I don’t know, but I am asking God to spare his life and for the protection of the rest my boys. Will you help me pray, Paulie?

PAULIE: Sure Father…

**SONG: Father’s prayer song/reprisal with Paulie**

*LIGHT and SOUND NOTES:*

*Silhouettes of boys entering and kneeling down as they look towards Will*

*Howard is on upper riser with other boys*

*SOUND: Oh Danny Boy on violin*

*Doctor nods head no/ Father holds Paulie /Sr. Grace folds hands of dying boy*

*Lights fade from boy and transition to Father standing with Sr. Rose and Sr. Anne*

*Paulie moves to Howard in upper riser/other players exit*

*LIGHT and SOUND NOTES:*

SR. ROSE: We need more room, more beds, Father… I cannot bear the thought of losing another child.

FATHER: Yes…it has been on my mind for a long time to find a place for the boys to grow and learn a trade…to work a bit, and to feel something beneath their feet besides the hardness of brick and stone.

SR. ANNE: A farm then?

FATHER: Yes, There’s nothing like it to give a man a sense of purpose.

SR. ROSE: We will need more money…

SR. ANNE: And more prayer…

FATHER: And God will provide.