**First Five Boys**

JOHNNY: Hey…it’s Father Flanagan. The Court Jester! He tricked them coppers out of sendin’ Will here to reform school…ain’t that right Will?

WILL: Sure, sure. Father Flanagan is my personal hero.

FATHER: Mind if I have a seat?

ROADER: Streets’ free, but the smokes ain’t.

FATHER: How much then?

ROADER: How much you got?

FATHER: Let me see, I have exactly…twenty- six cents, oh and a piece of chocolate. Will that do.

ROADER: Yeah…good enough. Here you go…Rolled it myself.

WILL: Can I have the chocolate Roader?

ROADER: Sure kid…knock yourself out.

FATHER: (smokes) I don’t suppose you fellas have a place to sleep do ya?

JOHNNY: This here alley’s ours. We got the place staked out. Martin here’s an ace with his slingshot…one rock in the eye keeps everyone away! You can have any corner you like, Father. Ain’t one softer than another!

Boys laugh

FATHER: I’ll remember that. (Father puffs—pause) Supposed to snow tonight.

VINCENT: Ahh…I hate it when it snows. Get’s so cold in here.

JOHNNY: Don’t worry Vinney Boy…we can go down to the tracks…sleep in a boxcar…then the wind won’t bite ya! (makes barking noise)

VINCENT: It’s still cold!

FATHER: I got one better than that…how about a warm bed and a fire? My place.

JOHNNY: What dya’ mean Father…your place? The church? You can forget that…we ain’t goin’ to no church.

*Boys chuckle or grumble*

FATHER: No…not the church. Just a house. A big house. It has more rooms than I know what to do with, and well …I’m goin’ to be straight with you fellas. I bought it with you in mind.

MARTIN: Us?

JOHNNY: Real funny Father…you want to fill your house up with street kids…come on!

*Boys laugh*

MARTIN: Hey fellas, I think he’s telling the truth…you serious Father?

FATHER: I am. It’s my hope that you boys will give it a try, at least until the weather warms up. We’ve got plenty of blankets, pillows…and food.

**God’s Work: Nun’s song begins here**

*Nuns bring in sheets and house items/desk/sing in background*

ROADER: I dunno Father…I’m kind of a free spirit.

VINCENT: Well I’m going…anything’s better than the cold!

JOHNNY: Yeah…come on Roader…just til the weather warms up.

ROADER: All right…I’d better or you two will never survive.