**First Five Boys**

***ACT 1/SCENE 4: The Vacant Lot***

*Walls move as boys walk with Father to new location on stage/open alley or vacant lot*

*LIGHT AND SOUND NOTES*

*SCRIM shot:*

*SET: Lower level set with a few alley pieces/garbage cans/trash/darkened upper level set with small desk and chair*

FATHER: Well boys, it looks like we’ll be spending some time together then…

IRISH: Ain’t no grown up ever stood up for me before. Thanks Father!

SKID: Me neither… what’s your angle?

FATHER: Angle? Oh…the state of my soul, I suppose. I’d be neglectful on my part if I hadn’t spoken up for you, and I don’t think the Good Lord above would let me off the hook for it.

WILL: Ole Skid don’t believe in God, Father. Just ask him.

SKID: Close yer mouth, *Pin-Will*…he don’t need to know that.

FATHER: That’s all right son…you don’t need to hide the way you feel about things with me. You have a free will, and you’re entitled to use it.

WILL: But yer a priest…ain’t you ‘spose to pitch God?

FATHER: I suppose you could look at it that way, but I think God does a pretty good job of “pitching” for himself. Just look around at his nature. Look at the sky, or that pretty little bird there, or the whole flock of them for that matter! Or even…look…at you…

WILL: Me!

FATHER: It doesn’t take much to convince me that somebody mighty clever had to create all of this. I don’t think it just happened by chance, do you?

WILL: But Father, I ain’t nothin’ special…ain’t none of us…we’re just street kids.

FATHER: And who is to decide that “street kids” are not worthy of the Lord’s eye? You know, this God of mine, once said that if he cared about the smallest of birds, the sparrow, and he took care of all its needs, could he not take care of each of us in the same way?

SKID: All due respect Father, that ain’t exactly been my experience.

FATHER: You don’t believe me?

**SONG:**

SKID: It’s like this…flowers, birds, pretty songs, fancy words …all easy to believe when you’re sittin’ in some rich man’s church in a Sunday suit…but I don’t think any god is paying attention when some little kid gets thrown out in the snow with no shoes or coat on just cuz his old man is soused.

IRISH: Come on Skid…lighten up.

SKID: It’s the truth ain’t it? Some little kid told to get lost by the one person he’s spose to trust? Isn’t that what happened to you Johnny? If you fellas want to believe in them fairy tales, go ahead…but I ain’t waitin’ around for no miracles.

FATHER: You know son you have every right to feel the way you do. People can be very disappointing at times, but I think…everyone deserves a second chance. Even me? (*Looks at Howard and Paulie*)

PAULIE: Sure Father…

FATHER: Thank you. I’m glad I have a friend in the crowd. What’s your name?

PAULIE: Paulie.

FATHER (*to Howard)*: And what about you?

HOWARD: I ain’t much for fairy tales, neither.

ROADER : Well Father, what you got in mind here? We just gonna grow old talkin’ bout flowers or what?

 *Boys laugh*

FATHER: I see….so you’re not a gardener then?

ROADER: Nope…I’m more of a free spirit, Father. I don’t like to settle down too long. So while you fellas are planning the liturgy for Sunday, I’ll just be on my way…