**Older Newsies and Herbertz**

***ACT 2/Scene 2: Open Your Eyes***

*Rooz grabs paper from Newsie and moves downstage /Herbertz and other Newsies standing around newsstand or café’*

ROOZ: Hey Herbertz, what’s with the headline?

HERB: Just what it says.

ROOZ: What a bunch of bull. How can you make Father Flanagan out to be a crook…why he’s been nothing but decent to fellas like me!

HERB: Look…right there, it says his home will be non-sectarian…you know what that means don’t you? He’s gonna let every Tom, Dick, and Harry into his house with no questions asked; any color, any race, any religion, and to top that off, some of these guys are murderers and thieves. Plus… he has the nerve to ask for money as a charity case. I haven’t noticed any improvement in our society here because of his “home for boys”…have you?

BB: He’s settin’ an example for the rest of us to live up to…that’s what, only people like you are too narrow-minded to see it.

POET: Yeah Herbertz, why don’t you cough up your papers…let’s see where your Mom and Pop swam in from!

HERB: None of your business, besides…I’m just writing what the public is saying. There are politicians, bankers, lawyers, and even clergymen who are in agreement with my article. Look here, and I quote, “If God had intended people to be all the same, why did he make them different colors?”

IRISH: Tell them the rest of it or are you afraid to…? (*takes paper*) This is how Father Flanagan responded (*use Irish accent*) “And could you tell me what the color of a soul is…”

*Boys laugh*

HERB (*takes paper and reads)*: “Father Flanagan’s home for boys should be referred to as a “Reform School for thieves” by the way he readily accepts convicted criminals under his roof. Who is to say these seasoned boys are not merely using this home as a training ground for the younger boys, who will eventually lead a life of crime as well!”

ROOZ: Like I said before, you’re full of it. I’ve been to his place, and I talked to him in the vacant lot…he saw me as a real person…not some dirty no good kid who didn’t deserve no second chances. I ain’t going to turn my back on that. It was the only time in my life I felt I was worth anything…and it didn’t cost me a dime.

Sell your own papers Herbertz…I ain’t going to be your Newsie no more.

HERB: How do you think you’re going to survive without this job?

ROOZ: I guess I’ll just have to blend in with all them different colors.