**Young boy/read part of Charlie**

CHARLIE: Let go!

FATHER: Slow down there…what’s going on here?

CHARLIE: Let me go! I didn’t do nothin’!

FATHER: I didn’t say you did.

CHARLIE: Let me go! She said I could have it, she said!

FATHER: Who said?

CHARLIE: The baker!

*Street fight continues/ Punch flies into Father, causing him to cough. Boys freeze for a moment*

*MUSIC PAUSE*

VINCENT *(boy who threw punch)*: Sorry Father…I…I…

FATHER: Didn’t mean it? Yes I know…but let’s stop this nonsense before somebody gets hurt…especially me!

*This makes boys stop and laugh as Baker runs up*

BAKER: Ahhh…thank you Father…you caught the little thief.

FATHER: What did he do?

BAKER: Stole this bread - and who knows what else!

CHARLIE: But you said I could!

BAKER: Thieves and liars…all of them…a person can’t run a decent business around here with them running around wild…just look at ‘em Father…beggars, lazy, no good boys!

*CHARLIE starts crying*

FATHER: Now are you sure there wasn’t some kind of misunderstanding about the bread?

CHARLIE *(crying):* She said I could have one…

BAKER: I said he could have one of the day old rolls, but he took an entire loaf right before my eyes! I can’t afford to give away whole loaves Father!

FATHER: Could it be he didn’t understand which loaf you meant…an easy mistake for anyone.

OFFICER enters: What’s goin’ on here?

BAKER: This boy stole from my shop!

*MERCHANT enters*

MERCHANT: And that boy threw this rock through my window! Forty-four dollars to replace it!

FATHER *whistles:* Forty-four dollars…that must be some rock!