Monologues for Flanagan’s Boys

1. NEWSIE:

Bein’ a newsie ain’t all bad. We get to knows what’s goin’ on in the world before anyone else, so that’s a plus! In fact, we knew all about Boys Town and Father Flanagan on account of his affinity for newsies. You see, he would find us on the streets in order to buy a paper. Then he’d ask if we had a place to stay for the night. Some of us did and some of us didn’t. At first, we didn’t want much to do with him, bein’ a priest and all. We figured we’d have to listen to a sermon in order to get a meal. But that wasn’t how it was with him. He just asked how our day was, offered us a meal, and told us to be good. Sometimes he’d ask about our families…just to see if we had any. Eventually some of us moved into his place out in the country. We got schooled, three square meals, and eventually jobs. We even started our own paper because Boys Town was just what it sounded like…it was our own town, our own place…and mostly, because of Father Flanagan, it was a chance for us to have a real life.

1. SECRETARY:

Working for Boys Town in those early days was very exciting to a girl like me. I was fresh out of high school and having a chance to be a secretary was really something! My job was to sort through the mail. By this time, we had a boy’s band and Father Flanagan was becoming somewhat famous. We even heard there were rumors that Hollywood was thinking of making a movie about Boys Town. All of us girls were thrilled with the idea! We had a lot of fan letters for the band, which was always fun to see, but there were also serious letters that landed on Father’s desk. Some were from folks looking for a place for their boys, some were from people who didn’t like Father’s ideas and wanted Boys Town closed, and some were from donors, who really loved the idea. At any rate, I always kept my eyes open for any letter from Hollywood…it would’ve been a thrill to hand that to Father Flanagan and see his reaction!

1. YOUNG BOY: Can be performed by girls too

Father Flanagan was okay. I liked him. It was that first Christmas, me and the other fellows stayed with him, that really sold me on the *Old Man.* Yep…we hadn’t had a bite to eat in two days…then he whipped out duck and dumplings! A real Christmas dinner! I couldn’t believe my eyes! We was in a house too; not some back alley. It was a big house. I ain’t never seen anything like it before. There was a huge staircase that circled upward, and then there was at least six bedrooms on the second floor. I thought I was in the Rockefeller house or something! It got crowded fast though…by Easter there was almost a hundred of us boys crammed into all them rooms! That’s a lot of duck and dumplings!