

ROEDER. Well. (*A moment as he regards them.*) Girls. This paint you've been playing with. It's very expensive. You realize this? (*Mumbled acknowledgment.*) It takes several tons of ore to produce a single gram of radium. That's a lot of work—hard work, for the men in the extraction plant. But they do this work gladly. You understand why? Why they work so hard? What we are all working for?

GRACE. The war?

ROEDER. That's right. The war. The dials you paint save lives, girls. Our boys in the field depend on them. To read them in the dark, no mistaking what they see. Otherwise...some of those boys won't be coming home. So, girls. If you play around and don't take the work seriously...well, you're playing into the hands of the Kaiser. And we don't want that, do we?

GIRLS. No sir... Oh, no! Etc.

ROEDER. So let's get back to work now and leave the tomfoolery to home. (*The GIRLS file away, but GRACE lingers.*)

GRACE. Mr. Roeder? I just—I just wanted to say. I—I am sorry. I won't do nothin' like this ever again.

ROEDER. Well, dear. Just keep this in mind: If you do right by us, we'll do right by you.

(*A tableau, then:*)

## SCENE 2

(*Enter SOB SISTER and REPORTER as GRACE and ROEDER break.*)