

GUS/Sadie

THE CRADLE WILL ROCK

GUS

Sadie, Sadie, you gotta new dress already. What you wanna, tak all my money?

SADIE

I know, but, Gus . . .

GUS

Is it pretty dress?

SADIE

Oh, Gus, if you could only see me in it!

GUS

Alri'. Maybe they mak me head guy at the mill, and I get plenty money, ha ha ha.

They sit at fountain.

What you tak, same ting?

SADIE

Vanilla icecream soda, with two scoops.

GUS

Me, nutting; aw chust a Cok-Cola; wait, with a shot lemon maybe. . . . The Manager he come to me yesterday, say I keep away from union, I getta good job; then Larry Foreman, union fella, come to me, say, Gus, don't be fool, you belong with us. Look like I very pop'lar, everybody want me, I dunno.

Sadie, you gonna have kid soon?

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SADIE

Gus!!

GUS

I wanna kid, I wanna son! What I care what they hear? Now I got first papers, pretty soon I be real American citizen. The fella say they need men like me; sure, good hands, strong— He say America need men like me. . . . Sadie—I tink maybe— You gettin big already! We gotta buy you new kinda dress soon, huh?