

**George/ Candy**  
**Side 1**

GEORGE. (*After CURLEY leaves.*) Say, what the hell's he got on his shoulder? Lennie didn't say nothing to him.

CANDY. (*Looks cautiously at door.*) That's the boss's son. Curley's pretty handy. He done quite a bit in the ring. The guys say he's pretty handy.

GEORGE. Well, let I'm be handy. He don't have to take after Lennie. Lennie didn't do nothing to him.

CANDY. (*Considering.*) Well... tell you what, Curley's like a lot a little guys. He hates big guys. He's alla time pickin' scraps with big guys. Kinda like he's mad at 'em because *he* ain't a big guy. You seen little guys like that, ain't you—always scrappy?

GEORGE. Sure, I seen plenty tough little guys. But this here Curley better make no mistakes about Lennie. Lennie ain't handy, see, but this Curley punk's gonna get hurt if he messes around with Lennie.

CANDY. (*Sketically.*) Well, Curley's pretty handy. you know, it never did seem right to me. S'pose Curley jumps a big guy and licks him. Everybody says what a game guy Curley is. Well, s'pose he jumps him and gets licked, everybody says the big guy oughta pick somebody his own size. Seems like Curley ain't givin' nobody a chance.

GEORGE. (*Watching door.*) Well, he better watch out for Lennie. Lennie ain't no fighter. But Lennie's strong and quick and Lennie don't know no rules. (*Walks to table, sits on box near it. Picks up scattered cards, pulls them together, shuffles them.*)

CANDY. Don't tell Curley I said non of this. He'd slough me! He jus' don't give a damn. Won't ever get canned because his ole man's the boss!

GEORGE. (*Cuts cards. Turns over and looks at each as he throws it down.*) This guy Curley sounds like a son-of-a-bitch to me! I don't like mean little guys!

CANDY. Seems to me like he's worse lately. He got married a couple a weeks ago. Wife lives over in the boss's house. Seems like Curley's worse'n ever since he got married. Like he's settin' on an ant-hill an' a big red ant come up an' nipped 'im on the turnip. Just feels so goddam miserable he'll strike at anything that moves. I'm kinda sorry for 'im.

GEORGE. Maybe he's showin' off for his wife.

CANDY. You seen that glove on his left hand?

GEORGE. Sure I seen it!

CANDY. Well, that glove's full of Vaseline.

GEORGE. Vaseline? What the hell for?

CANDY. Curley says he's keepin' that hand soft for his wife.

GEORGE. That's a dirty kind of thing to tell around.

CANDY. I ain't quite so sure. But you jus' wait til you see Curley's wife!

GEORGE. (*Begins to lay out a solitaire hand, speaks casually.*) Is she purty?

CANDY. Yeah. Purty, but—

GEORGE. (*Studying cards.*) But what?

CANDY. Well, she got the eye.

GEORGE. (*Still playing his solitaire hand.*) Yeah? Married two weeks an' got the eye? Maybe tha's why Curley's pants is fulla ants.

CANDY. Yes, sir, I seen her give Slim the eye. Slim's a jerk-line skinner. Hell of a nice fella. Well, I seen her give Slim the eye. Curley never seen it. And I seen her give a skinner named Carlson the eye.

GEORGE. (*Pretending very mild interest.*) Looks like we was gonna have fun!

CANDY. (*Stands up.*) Know what I think? (*Waits for answer. GEORGE doesn't answer.*) Well, I think Curley's married himself a tart.

GEORGE. (*Casually.*) He ain't the first. Black queen on a red king. Yes, sir... there's plenty done that!

CANDY. (*Moves toward door, leading dog out with him.*) I got to be settin' out the wash basins for the guys. The teams'll be in before long. You guys gonna buckbarley?

GEORGE. Yeah.

CANDY. You won't tell Curley nothing I said?

GEORGE. Hell, no!

CANDY. (*Just before he goes out, he turns back.*) Well, you look her over, Mister. You see if she ain't a tart! (*He exits.*)