

## Georg Curley Side 1

CURLEY. Seen my ole man?

CANDY. He was here just a minute ago, Curley. Went over to the cookhouse, I think.

CURLEY. I'll try to catch him. *(Looking at the new men, measuring them. Unconsciously bends his elbows, closes hands and goes into a slight crouch. Walks gingerly close to LENNIE.)* You the new guys mu ole man was waitin' for?

GEORGE. Yeah. We just come in.

CURLEY. How's it come you wasn't here this morning?

GEORGE. Got off the bus too soon.

CURLEY. *(Again addressing LENNIE.)* My ole man got to get the grain out. Ever Bucked barley?

GEORGE. *(Quickly.)* Hell, yes. Done a lot of it.

CURLEY. I mean him. *(To LENNIE.)* Ever bucked barley?

GEORGE. *(Quickly.)* Hell, yes. Done a lot of it.

CURLEY. I mean him. *(To LENNIE.)* Ever bucked barley?

GEORGE. Sure he has.

CURLEY. *(Irritatedly.)* Let the big guy talk!

GEORGE. S'pose he don' want ta talk?

CURLEY. *(Pugnaciously.)* By Christ, he's gotta talk when he's spoken to. What the hell you shovin' into this for?

GEORGE. *(Stands up, speaks coldly.)* Him and me travel together.

CURLEY. Oh, so it's that way?

GEORGE. *(Tense and motionless.)* What way?

CURLEY. *(Letting subject drop.)* And you won't let the big guy talk? Is that it?

GEORGE. He can talk if he wants to tell you anything. *(Nods slightly to LENNIE.)*

LENNIE. (*In a frightened voice.*) We just come in.

CURLEY. Well, next time you answer when you're spoken to, then.

GEORGE. He didn't do nothing to you.

CURLEY. (*Measuring him.*) You drawin' cards this hand?

GEORGE. (*Quietly.*) I might.

CURLEY. (*Stares a moment, his threat moving to the future.*) I'll see you get a chance to ante, anyway. (*Walks out of the room.*)