

**George, Lennie, Candy**  
**Side #1**

CANDY. (*At the sound of his voice, both LENNIE and GEORGE jump as though caught in some secret.*) You know where's a place like that?

GEORGE. (*Solemnly.*) S'pose I do, what's that to you?

CANDY. You don't need to tell me where it's at. Might be any place.

GEORGE. (*Relieved.*) Sure. That's right, you couldn't find it in a hundred years.

CANDY. (*Excitedly.*) How much they want for a place like that?

GEORGE. (*Grudgingly.*) Well, I could get it for six hundred bucks. The ole people that owns it is flat bust. And the ole lady needs medicine. Say, what's it to you? You got nothing to do with us!

CANDY. (*Softly.*) I ain't much good with only one hand. I lost my right hand here on the ranch. That's why they didn't can me. They give me a job swampin'. And they give me two hundred and fifty dollars 'cause I lost my hand. An' I got fifty more saved up right in the bank right now. That's three hundred. And I got forty more comin' in the end of the month. Tell you what... (*Leans forward eagerly.*) S'pose I went in with you guys? That's three hundred and forty bucks I'd put in. I ain't much good, but I could cook and tend the chickens and hoe the garden some. How'd that be?

GEORGE. (*Eyes half closed, uncertainly.*) I got to think about that. We was goin' to do it by ourselves. Me an' Lennie. I never thought of nobody else.

CANDY. I'd make a will. Leave my share to you guys in case I kicked off. I ain't got no relations or nothing'. You fellas got any money? Maybe we could go there right now.

GEORGE. (*Disgustedly.*) We got ten bucks between us. (*He thinks.*) H=Say, look. If me and Lennie work a month and don't make nothin' at all, we'll have a hundred bucks. That would be fourty. I bet we could swing her for that. Tha=en you and Lennie could go get her started and I'd get a job and make up the rest. You could sell eggs and stuff like that. (*They look at each other in amusement. Reverently.*) Jesus Christ, I bet we could swing her. (*His voice full of wonder.*) I bet we could swing 'er.

CANDY. (*Scratches stump of his wrist nervously.*) I got hurt four years ago. They'll can me pretty soon. Jest as soon as I can't swamp out no bunkhouses they'll put me on the country. Maybe if I give you guys my money, you'll let me hoe in the garden, even when I ain't no good at it. And I'll wash dishes and little chicken stuff like that. But hell, I'll be on our own place. I'll be let to work on our own place. (*Miserably.*) You seen what they done to my dog. They says he wasn't no good to himself nor nobody else. But when I'm that way nobody'll shoot me. I wish

somebody would. They won't do nothing like that. I won't have no place to go and I can't get no more jobs.

GEORGE. (*Stands up.*) We'll do 'er! God damn, we'll fix up that little ole place and we'll go live there. (*Wonderingly.*) S'pose they was a carnival, or a circus come to town or a ball game or any damn thing. (*CANDY nods in appreciation.*) We'd just go her. We wouldn't ask nobody if we could. Just say we'll go to her, by God, and we would. Just ilk the cow and sling some grain to chickens and go to her.

LENNIE. And put some grass to the rabbits. I wouldn't forget to feed them. When we gonna do it, George?

GEORGE. (*Decisively.*) In one month. Right smack in one month. Know what I'm gonna do? I'm goin' write to them old people that owns the place that we'll take 'er. And Candy'll send a hundred dollars to bind her.

CANDY. (*Happily.*) Sure I will. They got a good stove there?

GEORGE. Sure, they got a nice stove. Burns coal or wood.

LENNIE. I'm gonna take my pup. I bet by Christ he likes it there. (*Window U. C. swings outward. CURLEY'S WIFE looks in. They do not see her.*)

GEORGE. (*Quickly.*) Now don't tell nobody about her. Jus' three and nobody else. They're liable to can us so we can't make no stake. We'll just go on Like we was a bunch of punks. Like we was gonna buck barley the rest of our lives. And then all of a sudden, one day, bang! We get our pay and scam out of here.

CANDY. I can give you three hundred right now.

LENNIE. And not tell anybody. We won't tell nobody, George.

GEORGE. You're goddamn right we won't. (*A silence, then GEORGE speaks irritably.*) You know, seems to me I can almost smell that carnation stuff that goddamn tart dumps on herself.