

George, Lenny, Curley's Wife
Side 1

GEORGE. That's it. Hide till I come for you. Don't let nobody see you. Hide in the brush by the river. Now say that over.

LENNIE. Hide in the brush by the river.

GEORGE. If I get in trouble.

LENNIE. If I get in trouble. *(A brake screeches outside and a call: "Stable buck, oh, stable buck!") Suddenly, CURLEY'S WIFE is standing in C. door. Full, heavily roughed lips. Wide-spaced, made-up eyes, her fingernails are bright red, hair hangs in little rolled clusters like sausages. Wears a cotton house dress and red mules, on the insteps of which are little bouquets of red ostrich feathers. GEORGE and LENNIE look up at her.)*

CURLEY'S WIFE. I'm lookin' for Curley!

GEORGE. *(Looks away from her.)* Yeah.

CURLEY'S WIFE. *(Puts hand behind back, leans against door frame so that her body is thrown forward.)* You're the new fellas that just come, ain't ya?

GEORGE. *(Sullenly.)* Yeah.

CURLEY'S WIFE. *(Bridles a little, inspects her fingernails.)* Sometimes Curley's in here.

GEORGE. *(Brusquely.)* Well, he ain't now!

CURLEY'S WIFE. *(Playfully.)* Well, if he ain't, I guess I'd better look some place else. *(LENNIE watches her, fascinated.)*

GEORGE. If I see Curley, I'll pass the word you was lookin' for him.

CURLEY'S WIFE. Nobody can't blame a person for lookin'.

GEORGE. That depends what she's lookin' for.

CURLEY'S WIFE. *(A little wearily, dropping the coquetry.)* I'm jus' lookin' or somebody to talk to. Don't you never jus' want to talk to somebody?

SLIM. *(Offstage.)* Okay! Put that lead pair in the north stalls.

CURLEY'S WIFE. *(To SLIM, offstage.)* Hi, Slim!

SLIM. *(Voice offstage.)* Hello.

CURLEY'S WIFE. I—I'm trying to find Curley.

SLIM'S VOICE. (*Offstage.*) Well, you ain't tryin' very hard. I seen him goin' in your house.

CURLEY'S WIFE. (*Turning back toward GEORGE and LENNIE.*) I gotta be goin'! (*She exits hurriedly.*)

GEORGE. (*Looking around at LENNIE.*) Jesus, what a tramp! So that's what Curley picks for a wife. God Almighty, did you smell that stink she's got on? I can still smell her. Don't have to see *her* to know she's around.

LENNIE. (*Still staring at doorway where she was.*) Gosh, she's purty!

GEORGE. (*Turning furiously at him.*) Listen to me, you crazy bastard. Don't you even look at that bitch! I don't care what she says or what she does. I seen 'em poison before, but I ain't never seen no piece of jail bait worse than her. Don't you even smell her near her!

LENNIE. I never smelled, George!

GEORGE. No, you never. But when she was standin' there showin' her legs, wasn't lookin' the other way, neither!

LENNIE. I never meant no bad things, George. Honest I never.