

George & Lennie
Side 1

GEORGE. (*Looking sharply at him, and as he looks, LENNIE brings hand out of pocket.*) Wha'd you take out of that pocket?

LENNIE. (*Cleverly.*) Ain't got a thing in my pocket.

GEORGE. Come on, give it here!

LENNIE. (*Holds his closed hand away from GEORGE.*) It's on'y a mouse!

GEORGE. A mouse? A live mouse?

LENNIE. No... just a dead mouse. (*Worriedly.*) I didn't kill it. Honest. I found it. I found it dead.

GEORGE. Give it here!

LENNIE. Let me have it, George.

GEORGE. (*Sternly.*) Give it here! (*LENNIE reluctantly gives him mouse.*) What do you want of a dead mouse any way?

LENNIE. (*In a propositional tone.*) I was petting it with my thumb as we walked along.

GEORGE. Well, you ain't pettin' no mice while you walk with me. Now let's see if you can remember where we're going. (*GEORGE throws it across the water into the brush.*)

LENNIE. (*Looks startled, then in embarrassment hides his face against his knees.*) I forgot again.

GEORGE. Jesus Christ! (*Resignedly.*) Well, look, we are gonna work out on a ranch like the one we come fro mup north.

LENNIE. Up north?

GEORGE. In Weed!

LENNIE. Oh, sure I remember—in Weed.

GEORGE. (*Still with exaggerated patience.*) That ranch we're goin' to is right down there about a quarter mile. We're gonna go in and see the boss.

LENNIE. (*Repeats, as a lesson.*) And see the boss!

GEORGE. Now, look! I'll give him the work tickets, but you ain't gonna say a word. You're just gonna stand there and not say nothing.

LENNIE. Not say nothing!

GEORGE. If he finds out what a crazy bastard you are, we won't get not job. But if he sees you work before he hears you talk, we're set. You got that?

LENNIE. Sure, George... sure I got that.

GEORGE. Okay. Now when we go in to see the boss, what are you gonna do?

LENNIE. (*Concentrating.*) I... I... I ain't gonna say nothing... jus' gonna stand there.

GEORGE. (*Greatly relieved.*) Good boy, that's swell! Now say that over one or two times so you sure won't forget it.

LENNIE. (*Drones softly under his breath.*) I ain't gonna say nothing... I ain't gonna say nothing... (*Trails off into a whisper.*)

GEORGE. And you ain't gonna do no bad things like you done in Weed neither.

LENNIE. (*Puzzled.*) Like I done in Weed?

GEORGE. So you forgot that too, did you?

LENNIE. (*Triumphantly.*) They run us out of Weed!

GEORGE. (*Disgusted.*) Run us out, hell! We run! They was lookin' for us, but they didn't catch us.

LENNIE. (*Happily.*) I didn't forget that, you bet.

GEORGE. (*Lies back on sand, crosses hands under his head. Again, LENNIE imitates him.*) God, you're a lot of trouble! I could get along so easy and nice if I didn't have you on my tail. I could live so easy!