

Curley's Wife + Lennie

~~where they stole the letters. So I married Curley over him out to the Riverside Dance Palace too.~~
LENNIE. ~~Nope George ain't gonna be mad about this pup.~~
— CURLEY'S WIFE. I ain't tol' this to nobody before. Maybe I oughtn't to. I don't like Curley. He ain't a nice fella. I might a stayed with him but last night him an' his ol' man both lit into me. I don't have to stay here. *(Moves closer and speaks confidentially.)* Don't tell nobody tiff. I get clear away. I'll go in the night an' thumb a ride to Hollywood.
LENNIE. We gonna get out a here purty soon. This ain't no nice place.
CURLEY'S WIFE. *(Ecstatically.)* Gonna get in the movies an' have nice clothes—all them nice clothes like they wear. An' I'll set in them big hotels and they'll take pitchers of me. When they have them openings I'll go an' talk in the radio . . . an' it won't cost me nothing 'cause I'm in the pitcher. *(Puts hand on LENNIE'S arm for a moment.)* All them nice clothes like they wear . . . because this guy says I'm a natural.
LENNIE. We gonna go way . . . far away from here.
CURLEY'S WIFE. Course, when I run away from Curley, my ol' lady won't never speak to me no more. She'll think I ain't decent. That's what she'll say. *(Defiantly.)* Well, we really ain't decent, no matter how much my ol' lady tries to hide it. My ol' man was a drunk. They put him away. There! Now I told.
LENNIE. George an' me was to the Sacramento Fair. One time I fell in the river an' George pulled me out an' saved me, an' then we went to the Fair. They got all kinds of stuff there. We seen long-hair rabbits.
CURLEY'S WIFE. My ol' man was a sign-painter when he worked. He used to get drunk an' paint crazy pitchers an' waste paint. One night when I was a little kid, him an' my ol' lady had an awful fight. They was always fightin' in the middle of the night he come into my room, and he says, "I can't stand this no more. Let's you an' me go away." I guess he was drunk. *(Her voice takes on a curious wondering tenderness.)* I remember in the night—walkin' down the road, and the trees was black. I was pretty sleepy. He picked me up, an' he carried me on his back. He says, "We gonna live together. We gonna live together because you're my own little girl, an' not no stranger. No arguin' and fightin'," he says, "because you're my little daughter." *(Her*

voice becomes soft.) He says, "Why, you'll bake little cakes for me, an' I'll paint pretty pitchers all over the wall." *(Sadly.)* In the morning they caught us . . . an' they put him away. *(Pause.)* I wish we'd 'a' went.
LENNIE. Maybe if I took this here pup an' throwed him away George wouldn't never know.
CURLEY'S WIFE. They locked him up for a drunk, and in a little while he died.
LENNIE. Then maybe I could tend the rabbits without no trouble.
CURLEY'S WIFE. Don't you think of nothing but rabbits? *(Sound of horseshoe on metal.)* Somebody made a ringer.
LENNIE. *(Patiently.)* We gonna have a house and a garden, an' a place for alfalfa. And I take a sack and get it all full of alfalfa, and then I take it to the rabbits.
CURLEY'S WIFE. What makes you so nuts about rabbits?
LENNIE. *(Moves close to her.)* I like to pet nice things. Once at a fair I seen some of them long-hair rabbits. And they was nice, you bet. *(Despairingly.)* I'd even pet mice, but not when I could get nothin' better.
CURLEY'S WIFE. *(Giggles.)* I think you're nuts.
LENNIE. *(Earnestly.)* No, I ain't. George says I ain't. I like to pet nice things with my fingers. Soft things.
CURLEY'S WIFE. Well, who don't? Everybody likes that. I like to feel silk and velvet. You like to feel velvet?
LENNIE. *(Chuckling with pleasure.)* You bet, by God. And I had some too. A lady give me some. And that lady was—my Aunt Clara. She give it right to me. . . . *(Measuring with his hands.)* 'Bout this big a piece. I wisht I had that velvet right now. *(He frowns.)* I lost it. I ain't seen it for a long time.
CURLEY'S WIFE. *(Laughing.)* You're nuts. But you're a kinda nice fella. Jus' like a big baby. A person can see kinda what you mean. When I'm doin' my hair sometimes I jus' set there and stroke it, because it's so soft. *(Runs her fingers over top of her head.)* Some people got kinda coarse hair. You take Curley, his hair's just like wire. But mine is soft and fine. Here, feel. Right here. *(Takes LENNIE'S hand and puts it on her head.)* Feel there and see how soft it is. *(LENNIE'S fingers fall to stroking her hair.)* Don't you muss it up.
LENNIE. ~~That's nice. That's nice. Oh, that's nice.~~
CURLEY'S WIFE. ~~That's nice. That's nice. Oh, that's nice.~~