

**OF MICE & MEN** (cutting from the script)

GEORGE: (*irritably*) Lennie, for God's sake, don't drink so much. (*leans over and shakes LENNIE.*) Lennie, you hear me! You gonna be sick like you was last night.

LENNIE: (*dips his whole head under, hat and all. As he sits on bank, his hat drips down the back.*) That's good. You drink some, George. You drink some, too.

GEORGE: (*kneeling, dipping his finger in the water.*) I ain't sure it's good water. Looks kinda scummy to me.

LENNIE: (*imitates, dipping his finger also*)

GEORGE: Lennie, you oughtn' to drink water when it ain't running. (*hopelessly*) You'd drink water out of a gutter if you was thirsty (*GEORGE washes up in the water; LENNIE imitates exactly each of GEORGE'S moves in the following*) We could just as well of rode clear to that ranch. That bus driver didn't know what he was talkin' about. "Just a little stretch down the highway," he says. "Just a little stretch." We've walked nearly four miles! I bet he's too lazy to pull up to the ranch gate.

LENNIE: (*timidly*) George?

GEORGE: Yeh...what you want?

LENNIE: Where we goin', George?

GEORGE: (*jerks down his hat furiously*) So you forgot that already, did you? So I got to tell you again! Jeez, you're crazy!

LENNIE: (*continuing on from their last speech*) I tried and tried to remember, but it didn't do no good. I remember about the rabbits, George.

GEORGE: Forget about the rabbits! You can't remember nothing but them rabbits.

(*Lenny puts his hand in pocket*)

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

LENNIE; I ain't got nothing, George! Honest!

GEORGE: Come on, give it here!

LENNIE: (*holds his closed hand away from GEORGE*) It's only 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: (*sternly*) Give it here! (*LENNIE reluctantly gives him the mouse*) What do you want of a dead mouse, anyway?

LENNIE: I was petting it with my thumb while we walked along.

GEORGE: Well, you ain't pettin' no mice while you walk with me. (*throws mouse across the water into brush*) Besides, that mouse ain't fresh. You broke it pettin' it. You get a mouse that's fresh and I'll let you keep it a little while.

GEORGE: Now, let's see if you can remember where we're going.

LENNIE: (*in embarrassment hides his face against his knees.*) I forgot again.

GEORGE: (*exasperated*) Geez, Lennie! Well, look, we are gonna work on a ranch like the one we come from up north.

LENNIE: Up north?

GEROGE: 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 fool you are, we won't get no 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 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 two or three times so you sure won't forget it.

LENNIE: *(drones softly under his breath)* I ain't gonna say nothing...I aint 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?! We run! You did bad things and I got to get you out. It ain't bad people that raises hell. It's dumb ones. You just wanta feel that girl's dress. Just wanta pet it like it was a mouse.

LENNIE: *(still avoiding being drawn in)* If you don't want me, you only gotta say so. I'll go right up on them hills and live by myself. And I won't get no mice stole from me.

GEORGE: *(trying to console & reassure him)* I want you to stay with me.

LENNIE: George?

GEORGE: Huh?

LENNIE: Tell me – like you done before.

GEORGE: Tell you what?

LENNIE: About the rabbits. *(pleading)* Come on, George...tell me! Please! Like you done before.

GEORGE: You get a kick out of that, don't you? All right, I'll tell you.

LENNIE: Go on, George. *(unrolls his bed and lies on his side, supporting his head on one hand. GEORGE lays out his bed, sits crosslegged on it. GEORGE repeats next speech rhythmically, as though he had said ti many times before)*

GEORGE: Guys like us that work on ranches is the loneliest guys in the world. They ain't got no family. They don't belong no place. They come to a ranch and work up a stake and then they go in to town and blow their stake. And then the first thing you know they're poundin' their tail on some other ranch. They ain't got nothin' to look ahead to.

LENNIE: *(delightedly)* That's it, that's it! Now tell how it is with us.

GEORGE: *(still almost chanting)* With us it ain't like that. We got a future...

LENNIE: *(interrupts)* And why? Because...because I got you to look after me...and you got me to look after you...and that's why! *(he laughs)* Go on, George!

GEORGE: You got it by heart. You can do it yourself.

LENNIE: No, no. I forget some of the stuff. Tell about how it's gonna be.

GEORGE: Some other time.

LENNIE: No, tell how it's gonna be!

GEORGE: Okay. Some day we're gonna get the jack together and we're gonna have a little house, and a couple of acres and a cow and some pigs and...

LENNIE: *(shouting)* And live off the fat of the land! And have rabbits. Go on, George! Tell about the rabbits in the cages.

GEORGE: Why don't you do it yourself – you know all of it!

LENNIE: It ain't the same if I tell it. Go on now. How I get to tend the rabbits.

GEORGE: *(resignedly)* Well, we'll have a big vegetable patch and a rabbit hutch and chickens. I don't feel like tellin' no more.

LENNIE: George?

GEORGE: What do you want?

LENNIE: Let's have rabbits with long furry hair. Like we seen at the fair in Sacramento.

GEORGE: Sure. The furriest rabbits we can find.

LENNIE: And George. Can we get different color rabbits, George?

GEORGE: Sure. Red rabbits and blue rabbits and green rabbits. Millions of 'em!  
*(amiably)* Now shut up, Lennie.

LENNIE: *(after a long pause)* George?

GEORGE: What is it?

LENNIE: I'm shutting up, George. *(coyote howls again)*

## Set / Furniture Plan

*Draw, below, the "set" you plan to use for your scene.*

SR



SL

Downstage