OF MICE AND MEN
an Opera in three Acts
ACT I Scene 1
libretto and music by CARLISLE FLOYD
based on the novel and play by JOHN STEINBECK
edited by Tom Woods

Scene: A clearing full of dense undergrowth in a woods.
At Rise: Police sirens are heard, whining in the distance, and searchlights from patrol cars probe the night sky in wide arcs. It is very dark, and the outlines of distant trees, bushes, and tall grass in the clearing are only gradually perceived.

Precipitato (\( \cdot = 132 \))
After a moment George runs onstage, stops for a moment breathing noisily, and then, quickly looking around him, plunges to his stomach in the undergrowth. He is a thin, wiry man with strong, sharp features and everything about him suggests tension and alertness. He wears work clothes and a worn, shapeless hat, and, strapped across his back, he carries a bedroll, filled with his belongings.
A short time later Lennie runs onstage and pauses a moment, lost, looking helplessly from side to side. He is a huge man, shapeless of face, with wide, sloping shoulders. He, also, is dressed in work clothes and wears an old cap, pulled down over his eyes.
Lennie runs over and, with great noise and scuffling, falls on his stomach by George. He smiles broadly at having found his companion.

For a long moment, as the sirens and searchlights become more faint, the only sound heard on stage is the heavy breathing of the winded men.
George...?

Shut up! You want 'em to find us? You want 'em to lock you up?

Suspended Cymbal

fsubito

P

f

(arly) f

.arco
\[ \text{\textbf{Picc to Fl.2}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Cl.2 to BCl}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Snare Drum (snares off)}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Tambourine}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Bsn.1,2}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Hn.1,2}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Vln. I}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Vln. II}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Vla.}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Vc.}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Cb.}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Timp.}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Tamb.}} \]
Very cautiously George gets to his feet and walks on tiptoe around the stage, looking in every direction. He stands absolutely still for a moment, classifying each sound he hears. Lennie whimpers from time to time and George fiercely silences him.

\[ \text{\textit{Piu Sostenuto}} (\dot{q} = 108) \]

\[ \text{Cl. 1} \]

\[ \text{B.Cl} \]

\[ \text{Bsn. 1, 2} \]

\[ \text{Tpt. 1, 2} \]

\[ \text{Hn. 1, 2} \]

\[ \text{Timp.} \]

\[ \text{Vln. I} \]

\[ \text{Vln. II} \]

\[ \text{Vla.} \]

\[ \text{Vla.} \]

\[ \text{Vla.} \]

\[ \text{Vla.} \]

\[ \text{Cb.} \]

\[ \text{Hn.} \]

\[ \text{Vp.} \]
Suddenly, the searchlights sweep the sky overhead again and the two men fall to their stomachs and cover their heads with their hands. After the searchlights have passed, George gets to his feet once more and turns angrily on the still-huddled figure of Lennie.
Well, you've done it again! We're in

Poco allegro e marcato (\( \dot{\jmath} = 84 \))
trouble as usual thanks to you!
Chased by police for two solid hours

(Change to E♭, D, B♭)

[Music notation with instrument lines for various sections of an orchestra, including woodwinds, brass, and strings, with dynamic and articulation markings.]
1. bi-din' in di-tehos
crawl' through drain-pipes,
we was lucky just to get a -
Trouble, always trouble: that's all you're good for!
You're no thing but trou-ble!

(Change to D, C, E)

(George turns away in exasperation.)

Suspended Cymbal
But George, I didn’t mean no harm.
\textbf{Poco piu sostenuto (} \( \dot{q} = 80 \)\textbf{)}

Did you have to touch that girl’s dress?  Could \textbf{a}’t you just have looked?

18
The cloth looked so soft, George I just wanted to feel it.
But you scared her, Lennie. She thought you was out to rape her.
Fl. 1

Celeste

Hp.

Vln. I

Vla.

Vc.

I just wanted to stroke the cloth; it was yellow and looked so soft.
But she screamed, Len - nie. Why did - n't you turn her loose?
Fl.1,2
Ob.1,2
Cl.1
Bsn.1,2
Hn.1,2
Tpt.1,2
Tbn.1,2
Timp.
Tp.1,2
Sn. Dr.
Hp.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

She scared me, George! I could'n't think!

If I had'n't hit you we'd be there still.

Piu Mosso (q = 96)

f
mf
fp
Piu Mosso (q = 96)
George, grumbling, sits up, brushes off the knees of his trousers and straightens his hat. Lennie, watching him, imitates his movements exactly.

and a far-away searchlight faintly streaks the sky. George and Lennie fall on their bellies and then, realising they are no longer in danger, Lennie gingerly cups his hand over his jaw, suddenly remembering George's striking him as the police sirens are heard again in the distance.
Piu sostenuto ($\dot{\iota} = 88$)

Fl.1,2

Cl.1,2

Bsn.1

Hn.1,2

Timp.

Cym

Hp.

Geo.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

Ch.

I must be cra-zy trav-lin' with you:

trou- ble al- ways

Piu sostenuto ($\dot{\iota} = 88$)
Andante mosso ($\dot{q} = 68$)

Trouble, my life would be so simple by myself.
could live so easy, all alone: no mess, no fuss, no
trouble, none at all; just me to take care of. I, me, and
With-out you I could live where I pleased; with-out you I could
save my pay; without you I could settle down and may be lead a decent life with
no one but me to take care of an' no one else to look out for: a life free of
But no, I gotta travel with you, hold your hand an' wipe your nose, an' God knows what!
An’ no mat-ter how hard I try I can’t keep you out of trou-ble. So why do I stay?
Why? When my life would be so simple by myself; I could live so
stringendo _____________________________________________________________________-Piu Vivo (\( \dot{\jmath} = 84 \))

Fl. 1

Ob.1

Cl.1,2

Bsn.1,2

Tpt.1,2

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Snare Drum

stringendo _____________________________________________________________________-Piu Vivo (\( \dot{\jmath} = 84 \))

George ossia

B

S. D.

Hp.

George ossia

me to look after ano one else Just me to take care of.
George, still grumbling and shaking his head from side to side, takes off his bedroll, spreads it on the ground, and begins to make his bed for the night.

26 Poco lento (\( \dot{\jmath} = 52 \))

27 Allegretto, poco moderato (\( \dot{\jmath} = 80 \))
(unwilling to give up his advantage)

Just give me the word and I’ll...

Fl.1,2
Allegretto ($\ddot{q} = 80$)

Eng. Hn.

Cl.1,2

Bsn.1

Hn.1,2

Hn.1,2

Hp.

Lon.

Geo.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

183
184
185

p

p

p

p

p

p

p

pizz

pizz

sides

I want you to stay

(29)
Just give me the word and I'll strike out a...

Dammit, Lennie, I said I want you to stay!
All right, George, I'll stay with you.
George, continues to prepare his bed and Lennie, looking furtively at George, takes something out of his side pocket. Lennie's sudden movement catches George's eye.)

Fl. 1

Cl. 1

Hp.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.
Lennie, smiling guilelessly, turns his pockets inside-out.

What you got in your pocket? Don’t lie to me!

Noth- in: My pocket’s empty.
Give me what you've got in your hand!
Give it to me! _Now!_ A mouse!

(Change to F,A,D)

(holding a mouse by the tail.)

noth - in' at all! Its on - ly a mouse! And it be -
(He meekly hands the mouse to George.)

(1) stentato

(2) (Fl 2 to Picc)

(3) Suspended Cymbal

(4) Change to F.A.B.

(5) But it's dead, Len-nie! You killed it! It's_.

(6) stentato
(George throws the mouse far away and rubs his hands on his pants.)

\[ a \text{ tempo} \]
Lennie starts to protest and then crosses away from George, whimpering angrily and pouting.
Più sostenuto ($\textit{j} = 80$)

\begin{align*}
\text{Fl.1,2} & \quad p \quad \text{Solo} \\
\text{Ob.1} & \quad p \quad \text{espressivo} \\
\text{Cl.1,2} & \quad pp \quad p \\
\text{Hn.1,2} & \quad pp \\
\text{Timp.} & \quad \text{(Change to F.D.C8)} \\
\text{Glock.} & \quad \text{Hackerarpie} \\
\text{Hp.} & \quad p \\
\text{Lan} & \quad (\text{as he returns to his bed}) \\
\text{Geo.} & \quad \text{It was}
\end{align*}

What you want of a dead mouse?

Più sostenuto ($\textit{j} = 80$)

\begin{align*}
\text{Vln. I} & \quad p \quad \text{legatissimo} \\
\text{Vln. II} & \quad p \quad \text{div} \\
\text{Vla.} & \quad p \quad \text{legatissimo} \\
\text{Vc.} & \quad p \quad \text{legatissimo} \\
\text{Cb.} & \quad p
\end{align*}

Adagio con moto ($\textit{j} = 66$)

\begin{align*}
\text{Fl.1,2} & \quad p \quad \text{dolce} \\
\text{Cl.1,2} & \quad p \quad \text{dolce} \\
\text{Hp.} & \quad \text{espressivo} \\
\text{Lan} & \quad \text{some thin' I could stroke, some thin' I could pet and it be} \\
\end{align*}
lunged to me. It was some thin' small, not growed up yet, some thin' soft with fur and I could

stroke an' pet it like I love to do.
36 Poco piu mosso ($q = 80$)

That mouse did-n't cost a cent. I found it, clear an' free

I did n't see no harm in carry-in' it a round with me. It was
small, an' soft an' grey, it's eyes was sharp an' bright. It was what I want most in the world:

Some - thin' small, not growed up yet; some - thin' warm an' soft with fur.

(Clarinet II, Alto Horn I, Bassoon II, Violin I, Violin II, Violoncello)
Poco piu mosso ($\frac{3}{8}$)

I didn't mean to kill my mouse.
I'd have taken real good care of it. He tried to run away but I...
caught him, I caught him, an' held him tight un my hand!
It's what I dream about all night and what I think about.
rallentando

some-thin' soft with fär that I could tend an' love, that I could call my own.
Lennie, I tell you what: when we get our farm and our little house I'll buy you some pets: a puppy some baby chicks, an' may be even some rabbits.
(Brightening immediately, Lennie excitedly picks up his bedroll and spreads it beside George.)

Più Vivo ($q = 100$)

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Rea-l-y George? E-ven rab-bits? Oh, I'd like that, George, I'd like that!

Più Vivo ($q = 100$)
But you can’t get into trouble or we'll never get our house an’ farm.

Oh, I’ll be good! I swear it! I’ll be so good! Don’t worry, George.
Now, tell me 'bout our house an' farm, our lit-tle house an' two ac- res of land.
(Lennie nudges George impatiently and with a sigh, George props up on his elbow and begins the nightly recounting of their dream).
One day soon we'll save up enough and we'll buy a small house and two acres of land. An' we'll have us a barn with some live stock inside and a garden an' may be a
Choir the soft air and its shadows will crawl across the cool grass. Striped bees will

Fl. 1
Fl. 2
Cl. 1,2
Bsn. 1,2
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.
Hn. 1,2
Hn. 3,4
Celeste
Hp.
Geo.

48

via sord

pp

48

mm

sempre p

sempre p

sempre p

sempre p

295 296 297 298
Fl. 1

Fl. 2

Cl. 1, 2

Bsn. 1, 2

Hn. 1, 2

Celeste

Hp.

Geo.

swarm in the grapevines an’ birds will be welcome in our trees.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

poco rall

poco rall

poco rall
An’ that small, shingled house on two acres of land with its two
Fl. 1, 2
Ob. 1, 2
Cl. 1, 2
Bsn. 1, 2

Len

Geo.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Vln. I

It will

Vln. II

all belong to
us. It will

Vla.

acres of air

It will

Vc.

acres of sky

will all belong to
us.

Cb.

305 306 307 308
Poco allegro ($\omega = 104$)

1.  

- Fl.1,2 
- Ob.1,2 
- Cl.1,2 
- Bsn.1,2 

2.  

- Hn.1,2 
- Hn.3,4 

3.  

- B. D. 
- S. D. 

4.  

- Len 
- Geo. 

5.  

- Vln.1,2,3,4 
- Vla. 
- Vc. 
- Ch. 

\[\text{B. D.} \quad \text{S. D.} \quad \text{Len} \quad \text{Geo.} \]

\[\text{be our home, it will be our home. An’ we’ll}\]

\[\text{be our home, it will be our home. An’ we’ll}\]
Fl. 1

Ob.1

Cl.1,2

Bsn.1,2

Hn.1,2

Len

Geo.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

The clover field? I can almost see it.

see the clover field? An' the shadow cool on the grass? An' can you
The birds?

Almost -

Can I?

I hear the birds, crowd-ed in the trees, sing-ing at dusk? Then you tell it, Len-nie. you
(Lennie gets excitedly to his knees.)

L'istesso tempo ma largamente ($\varphi = 100$)

All right. One day soon we'll save up enough an' we'll tell our dream. You, Len-nie, you tell it now; you know it buy heart.
have us a mailbox down by the road 'an' we'll write on its side for all to see:

colla voce

poco stringendo
Poco piu mosso ($ \dot{\jmath} = 112$)

Fl.1.2

Ob.1.2

Cl.1.2

Hn.1.2

Hn.3.4

Tpt.1.2

Tbn.1.2

Tbn.

Glock.

Hp.

Len

Geo.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

345 346 347
Piu largamente ($\dot{\lambda} = 96$)

Fl.1.2

Ob.1.2

Cl.1.2

Hn.1.2

Hn.3.4

Tpt.1.2

Tbn.1.2

B. D.

Hpf.

Len

Geo.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Ch.

Suspended Cymbal

Bass Drum

"An' we'll live off the fat of the land"

"An' we'll live off the fat of the land"

58 Piu largamente ($\dot{\lambda} = 96$)
(Suddenly, in the distance there is the lonely, ominous sound once more of the police siren. George, crouching instantly moves a few steps in its direction. As the siren fades, he straightens up and returns to his bedroll. Seeing that Lennie has already fallen asleep, he smiles and shakes his head. Slowly he sits, circling his knees with his arms.)
Andante molto sostenuto ($\textit{j} = 72$)

Some dreams are so far away... (very quietly)

Andante molto sostenuto ($\textit{j} = 72$)

Some dreams are so far away... (very quietly)
George: those dreams can break your heart but our dream is so close, so close:

Fl. 1

Ob. 1, 2

Cl. 1, 2

Bsn. 1, 2

Glock.

Hp.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

369 370 371 372
(George sits motionless, lost in thought, as the curtain falls.)

1. Solo

via sord

just across the street.

373 374 375 376 377 378
INTERLUDE

63 Moderato (\( \text{\( \cdot \)q} = 96 \))

\( \text{mp sempre cantabile} \)

64

\( \text{div} \)

\( \text{mp sempre cantabile} \)

\( \text{dive} \)

\( \text{senza sordino} \)

\( \text{senza sordino} \)

\( \text{senza sordino} \)

\( \text{senza sordino} \)

\( \text{senza sordino} \)

\( \text{senza sordino} \)

\( \text{senza sordino} \)
poco a poco piu mosso

poco a poco piu mosso

poco a poco piu mosso

poco a poco piu mosso
Allegro poco agitato ($\mathcal{J} = 132$)
Scene: The following day at dusk. The interior of a bunkhouse. The walls are whitewashed board and batten and the floors unpainted. A heavy, scarred table is in the middle of the room and several old, straight chairs are on either side of it. Over each bunk is a box, or crate, nailed to the wall in which are kept the private possessions of the ranch hands: soap, talcum powder, medicine bottles, shaving supplies etc. Neckties are hung on various nails driven into the sides of the boxes. Large, cheap alarm clocks tick loudly in various bunks around the room and, hanging over the table is a naked light bulb.

ACT 1 Scene 2

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Candy, a stoop-shouldered, grizzled old man with only a stump at the end of one arm, is scouring the floor at one side of the room. His old dog lies under looking in an insolent way, and with a head of tightly curled hair. His ownership of the ranch is evident by his dress: suede jacket and high-heeled boots.

Curley is walking impatiently up and down, rapping the side of his polished boots with a riding crop. He is a young man in his twenties, good-looking in an insolent way, and with a head of tightly curled hair. His ownership of the ranch is evident by his dress: suede jacket and high-heeled boots.

They said they'd be here this morn - in' Damned good for noth - in' ranch-hands!
May be they was held up.
You can nev-er tell.
may be they won't show up at all. That's just about chat will happen.

non div (pizz)

(pizz)

(pizz)

(pizz)

(pizz)

(pizz)
I’ll bet they found ’em a job some-place that paid ’em a few cents more.
That's just about what happened. You wait an' see! You wait an' see!
May-be they got the time mixed up. Give 'em 'til night fall to get here.
During Curley's next line, Curley's wife enters and stands in the door. She is coarsely pretty with heavily made up eyes and mouth. Her hair is carefully set and she wears a tight, sun-back dress and, on her feet, red mules, on the insteps of which are little bouquets of red ostrich feathers. She languidly files her finger-nails and, from time to time, she stops and runs her hand over her hair. It is a characteristic gesture, at once anxious and self-approving.

For a few lousy cents they stand me up.
Curley's Wife

Curley

(a piacere)

I want to go out to-night

What you do in' down here?

Cl.1,2

Bsn.1,2

Hn.1,2

Hn.3,4

S. D.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

464 465 466
I was told I would find you here.

Well, I ain't got time to see you now.

(sarcastically)

Curley's Wife
(Ignoring Curley, she saunters into the bunkhouse and sits at the table)

\[78\] Allegretto \( \left( \frac{q}{=} \right. \] = 60\]

\( \text{(Fl 2 to Picc) 1. Soli} \)

\( \text{Curley's Wife} \)

I want to go into town tonight, eat some place nice an' may be go dance an'.

\( \text{78} \) Allegretto \( \left( \frac{q}{=} \right. \] = 60\]

\( \text{p poco marcato simile} \)
I want to have some fun for a change, see some sights, kick up my heels.

(Fl. 1) Fl. 1

(Cl. 1) Cl. 1

Hp.

Curley's Wife

(Ignoring her, to Candy)

Curley

(Vln. I) Vln. I

(Vla.) Vla.

(Vc.) Vc.

(Ch.) Ch.

The
Cl.1-2

Allegro risoluto ($\approx 96$)

Bsn.1-2

Hn.1,2

1. Soli

Hn.3,4

3. Soli

Tpt.1,2

Tbn.1,2

Timp.

S. D.

Curley

least they could have done was let me know. Damn good for noth - in' ranch-hands!

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Allegro risoluto ($\approx 96$)
I said I'd like to go out tonight. We haven't left this ranch for a week. I'm tired of being.

Solo

mezza voce, quasi parlando

Damned good for.

Allegretto \( \frac{q}{4} \approx 60 \)
Curley’s Wife

Vln. Solo

Vln. II

Vla.

Solo Vc.

Vc.

Hn. 3, 4

Cl. 1, 2

Vla.

Vc.

Hn. 1, 2

Bsn. 1

Curley's Wife

Curley

cooped up here with no one to talk to an’ nothin’ to do. I’m tired of hav’ in’

bums! Standin’ me up! Makin’ me wait! Shiftless lyin’

pizz
div.
arco

pizz
div.
arco

pizz
div.
arco

pizz
arco

486

487

488

489
time on my hands, of never hear-in' another voice, of look-in' at four walls all

seum!  Stand-in' me up, mak-in' me wait!

81 81 81 81

490 491 492 493

490 491 492 493
Ob.1,2

Cl.1,2

Hn.1,2

(Tempo)

Temp.

T. D.

Curley's Wife

Curley

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

Cb.

(me!

Cur-ley, lis-ten to me.

thing you say. Lous-ty lie-in' no-good bums.

Lous-ty no-good bums!}

(Soli

499 500 501 502 503)
Allegretto ($\dot{J} = 60$)

Suddenly sweet and coquettish

What about a picture show. We
(She crosses to Curley and puts her arms cajolingly around his neck.)

always have fun at the picture show.  Come on Curley, please say

colla voce

84
Fl. 1

Cl. 1

Glock.

Celeste

Hp.

Curley's Wife

Yes. Please say yes.

Please say...
85 Agitato ($\dot{=} 100$

Cl.1,2

Hn.1,2

Hn.3,4

Tpt.1,2

Tbn.1,2

Timp.

S. D.

Snare Drum

f (exploding)

Curley's Wife

Curley

Dammit, leave me alone! I'm busy now, I'm busy!

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Ch.
Well, I'm not busy, I'm lonesome! I'm lonesome and I'm bored to death.
hate my life! I'm your wife and I want some attention, do you hear me?
Curley's Wife

S. D.

Some attention, paid to me or else, Curley or else!
Vivo (\( \dot{\frac{4}{4}} = 132 \))

Is that a threat? Are you threat-nin’ me? Are you?
Call it what you want to! But you'd better pay attention or I'll get it where I want it!
Curley’s Wife

Get out ta here, you tramp!
An’ don’t let me find you down here a gain’.
Curley and his wife glare violently at each other for a long moment and then Curley's wife walks defiantly and sullenly to the door.
a tempo
rallentando
(At the door she turns slowly and looks at Curley with intense disdain.)

Lento poco deliberato ($=60$)

To think that I could have been in movies. And I had to marry you!

Solo Vln.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.
Fl.
Cl.
Tpt.
Hp.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cl.
Hp.

Curley’s Wife

1. Solo

pp

(from the door)
You let me know if she’s down here again.

(She exits, laughs bitterly to herself and shaking her head.)
An’let me know if them two men come.

Damn good-for-nothin’ bums!
(Curley exits)
(Curley sighs loudly and resumes his scouring. After a moment, George and Lennie appear at the door. George knocks lightly and Candy looks up.)

Largo e comodo ($q = 70$)  
Piu Vivo

- Fl.1,2
- Ob.1,2
- Cl.
- Hn.1,2
- Hn.3,4
- Tpt.1,2
- Xyl.
- Hp.

Vln. I
- Vln. II
- Vla.
- Vc.
- Cb.

Largo e comodo ($q = 70$)  
Piu Vivo

1. Sgli
2. Soli
3. Soli
4. Soli
(con sord)

Xylophone

574 575 576 577 578
We were told to bunk here.

You must be the new guys Curley hired.
Boy, is he mad with you!
But he's always mad at some-thin'.
Come on in. They are your bunks there.
(George opens his bedroll and puts his few possessions in the box over his bunk. Men’s voices, singing and laughing, are heard as Ranch-hands approach the bunk house. Lennie and George look up questioningly.)

Candy: Cur-ley’s mean an’ Lord he’s feist-y. Keep a-way from him an’ just do your job. It’s the best way to get a-long here.

Ranch Hands: (offstage) Oh, I
It's the ranch hands

met her in Frisco in the month of July, that honky tonk gal who

It's the ranch hands

raised my hopes high. But by August she'd left me and I never knew why.

Oh,
(Crossing to his bunk, taking off his bedroll, and unpacking it.)

Lan

They sing real pretty don't they, George?

Ranch Hands

Honky-tonk gal, my love was true.

If you'd only stayed

Ranch Hands

Honky-tonk gal my love was true and if you'd only stayed I'd have
I'd have proved it to you. But you double-timed me an' broke my heart in two.

proved it to you. But you double-timed me an' broke my heart in two.
(The ranch-hands enter the bunkhouse, hammering up the end of the ballad. At its conclusion they whoop, whistle, and applaud, and move to accustomed places and activities in the bunkhouse, unaware of George and Lennie. Some of the men start a card game, others shoot dice, and others begin individual pursuits: braiding rope, rubbing linament into a sore back, whittling, rolling cigarettes, etc. This is all accompanied by a steady hum of talk over which Candy is heard shouting: “Boys...boys...boys!” The men gradually stop talking and turn to Candy who is pounding the table in the centre of the room.)
(All the men laugh loudly at the announcement of Lennie's name and cross to shake hands with Lennie and George. Slim and Carlson lead the way. Slim is a tall, well-built man with a certain air of authority about him that marks him as a natural leader. His manner is serious but he is also hearty and cordial. Carlson is a large, big-stomached man: bluff and extroverted)

(At this point all the introductions may be spoken without regard to rhythmic indication and the scene generally improvised until Slim's line: "Boys, I got somethin' to tell you")

Boys, I got some thin' to tell you. My dog slang her pup-pies last night.
(There are yelps of pleasure from the men and, holding up their hands, they clamor noisily for Slim's attention. Lennie, his face brightening with delight, pulls eagerly on George's sleeve.)

Whoever wants one speak up soon.

(Men shout out "I want one!" "Me too Slim" "Me too! Me too!" "I want one Slim")
(The noise and animation gradually fade as the men around the door back away. Standing in the doorway is Curley’s wife. Smiling knowingly, she looks around the room.)

101 Largo non troppo ($ \approx 60$)

(Picc to Fl2)

Curley’s Wife

I’m lookin’ for Cur-ley.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vo.

Cb.
Curley’s Wife

Candy

He left soon after you

Ain’t that a pity. Ain’t that a shame.
(smiling wickedly) a piacere

Is that a fact? Is that a fact?

He don't want you down here.
Lento assai e lusingando (\( \dot{J} = 50 \))

1. poco accerto a tempo poco accerto a tempo

2. 

Fl.1,2 Ob.1,2

Glockenspiel

Celeste

Hp.

Curley's Wife: He's always left when I've just come; he's always been where I'm just at.

Lento assai e lusingando (\( \dot{J} = 50 \))


div a 3 div a 3 div div div

div pizz div div

div pizz div

630 631 632
I'm beginning to feel neglected. It's not at all what I had expected an'...
Ob.1-2
Cl.1
B. Cl.
Bsn.1-2
Hn.1-2
Hn.3-4
Timp.
Curley's Wife
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

poco allargando

a tempo

me just two weeks his bride.
Do you just think I'm being avoided. It's just not at
all what I'm used to. Do you think he's already grown tired of me? It's simply never...
It's not at all what I had expected. An' me just two weeks his...
poco accel  colla voce  stringendo

Fl. 1

Ob.1,2

Tpt.1,2

Xyl.

Curley's Wife

Vl. i

Vl. ii

Solo Vla.

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

bride.

An' me just two weeks his bride.

poco accel  colla voce  stringendo

Vl. i

Vl. ii

Solo Vla.

pp

soli (con sord)

(to Vla tutti)

soli

pizz
div

(pizz)
div
Curley’s wife has moved slowly around the bunkhouse as she spoke, suggestively eyeing the men in their bunks, nudging the dice in the crap game gently with her toe, and, at the end, she is where Slim and Carlson are seated, playing checkers, challenging Slim and Carlson to react. It should be clear that the chief target of her interest in Slim, who deliberately ignores her.

Curley’s Wife

Piu animato (\( \dot{q} = 66 \))

Fl.1,2

Ob.1,2

Cl.1

Bsn.1,2

Hn.1,2

Hn.3,4

Timp.

Curley’s Wife

108

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
(as the men stand or sit absolutely still, watching her)

You heard what Candy said. Curley don't want you down here.

(She shrugs extravagently and crosses to George and Lennie. Moving directly in front of Lennie, she looks up into his face.)

You must be the new boys. My, you're big, but you're awful cute.

Curley's Wife

You're cute.
George, alarmed, starts to move between her and Lennie but restrains himself.

"I'll tell Cur-ley you was look-in' for him."
You do that, Slim. You do that.
You can't blame a girl for look - in' can you?
There's no harm in simply look - in', is there?

Bye.

(She crosses to the door)
(Curley's wife exits and, for a moment, the men in the room remain motionless. After a while they relax with quiet whistles and cat-calls.)

Boys. Byes, now...
Allegro giocoso (\( \text{\textit{j} = 82} \))

Carlson

Curley has married himself a tart.

Candy

he’s had to eat raw eggs, I hear.
He's sent off for medicines.

I thought it was raw oysters.

Carlson

(competiting with Candy now)

Candy

I thought it was raw oysters.
(Candy reads the title in the air with his index finger and all the men laugh loudly at his joke. Carlson suddenly raises his head and sniffs the air. The men look at him questioningly and then they start sniffing the air as well.)

I heard it was a mail-order course. Ten Steps to Full Virtuosity!
Fl.1,2

Ob.1,2

Cl.1,2

Bsn.1,2

Hn.1,2

Hn.3,4

Tpt.1,2

S. D.

Hp.

Carlson

Can - dy, is your man - gy ol' dog in here?

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Ob.
Yeah, I let him in for a while.

I thought so. God, what a stink!
Get him out! We got ta sleep in here to-night.

(reaching down under the bunk and patting the old dog)

I nev-er not-ice how he smella. I guess I'm just-used to him.
(Slim crosses to Candy who sits on the side of his bunk)

Can - dy, why not get rid of him. I'll give you one of...
(Candy draws back, shaking his head vehemently, as the men urge him to accept Slim’s offer.)

as the men urge him to accept Slim’s offer.

Candy draws back, shaking his head vehemently,
Now, listen to me an' hear me out. Your dog ain't no good to you no more an' he ain't no good to his self. He's damn near blind an' he can't half hear; he's got no teeth an' he can't
half eat. He's old now and he's sufferin'. He's played out, Can-dy, he's just played out.
You'd do him a favor just to end his life.

But it's my dog! He's not played out yet.
Well, 

He's just a burden an' he stinks like hell!

But I don't mind lookin' after him. I don't smell him, maybe it's...
We can't sleep with him in here! Not a—noth-er night. One way or oth-er, one way or oth-er,
At 122 (Slim silences the men and turns back to Candy)

Fl. 1

Ob. 1,2

Cl.1,2

Bsn. 1,2

Tpt. 1,2

Vln. II

Hn. 1,2

Hn. 3,4

Tpt. 1,2

Tbn. 1,2

Vla.

Timp.

Tamb.

Ranch Hands

Ranch Hands

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vl.

Va.

Cb.

(Violin I)

(Violin II)

(Viola)

(Cello)

(Viola da Gamba)

(Suspended Cymbal)

get rid of him!

get rid of him!

741 742 743 744
Let Carl-son shoot him for you, then it won't be you that
(Candy draws back, alarmed.)

124

Soon or later it's got to be done. You know that, Candy; does it.
(Candy looks desperately around the room for someone to come to his defense as the grumbling of the men intensifies.)

125 Piu animato ( \( \dot{J} = 126 \) )

Fl.1,2

Ob.1,2

Cl.1

Cl.2

Ban.1,2

Tpt.1,2

Tbn.1,2

Timp.

Hp.

Slim

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

you know that's the truth.
Come on now.

I'll kill him.

done.

Don't wait! It won't help.

mor-row. I just can't give him up yet. To-mor-row,
The men come out of their bunks and surround Candy. He looks imploringly into their faces.

Now, Candy. Now!

It won’t help to wait!

just one more day!

Come on, an’ get rid of him! Take him a-way, Your

Come on, an’ get rid of him! Take him a-way, Your
Ranch Hands

ol' dog's as good as dead. No use to put if off a gain. Get it o ver with Your

Ranch Hands

ol' dog's as good as dead. No use to put if off a gain. Get it o ver with Your
Andante, molto largamente ($\cdot = 80$)

Take him! Take him! Go a-head an' take him.
(Candy, his face working in an effort to control himself, looks down at his dog for some time and then pats him briefly on the head. He then lies back in his bunk, his arms folded under his head and stares at the ceiling. Carlson goes to his bunk, takes a pistol and a leather thong, and crosses to the dog. He ties the thong around the dog's neck and the men watch him as if hypnotized.)
(The old dog gets slowly to his feet and follows Carlson to the door.)

Carlson (apologetically to Candy)

He won’t e-ven feel it.

(apologetically to Candy)
(Carlson, with the old dog, exits and, after they are gone, there is a long strained silence in which the men distractedly return to their previous activities. An atmosphere of elegy and solemnity grows in the room. George sits tensely on the edge of his bunk while Lennie, sensing the atmosphere, looks on wide-eyed and bewildered. After some time the Ballad Singer is heard offstage, returning late to the bunkhouse. He sings snatches of a ballad, echoing the melody on his harmonica.)
At the sound of his voice the men in the bunkhouse turn and guiltily await his arrival in the room.
Got no home, address unknown
Like a dry, brown leaf in a winter wind, I'm...
Finally, the shot offstage shatters the almost unbearable tension in the bunkhouse and the men sit or stand absolutely frozen for a time. Candy, instinctively, starts up from his bunk at the sound of the shot and then sinks back, turning his face to the wall. The Ballad Singer, alarmed, rushes into the room.
(The men turn away from the accusing eyes of the Ballad Singer, who crosses to Candy, touches him gently on the shoulder, and then climbs into his own bunk. Shortly, he resumes singing the ballad.)

Colla voce

Piu mosso (\( \text{q} = 92 \) )

Can - dy's old dog. It had to be done!
Largo e mesto \( \text{d} = 52-56 \)

Movin' on, always movin' on. Got no home, address unknown. Like a

dry brown leaf in a winter wind, I'm always movin' on.
Ballad Singer

Movin' on, al-ways movin' on. Got no home, address un-known. Like a lone-some cloud wan-drin'
Fl. 1

Bsn. 1

Hn. 1, 2

Hn. 3, 4

Timp.

Ballad Singer

Ranch Hands

(cross the sky, I'm always movin' on)

Ranch Hands

One corner of earth to

Ballad Singer

(Ballad Singer sings with tenors)

Vln. 1

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Pochettino piu mosso

($d = 60$)

1. legatissimo

2. legatissimo

3. legatissimo

p expressivo

p expressivo

p expressivo

p expressivo

851 852 853 854
call my own; one corner of earth is all I crave. I'd
put a side my trav'lin' shoes: 'twould be my home, 'twould be my grave.

put a side my trav'lin' shoes: 'twould be my home, 'twould be my grave.
(Carlson re-enters, goes directly to his bunk and replaces the pistol and thong. He crosses to the table and takes his place once again across from Slim, looking suspiciously at the men in the room as he does so. After a moment, he urges Slim to resume their game of checkers but Slim refuses, shaking his head very slowly. Carlson starts to light a cigarette but, after striking the match, he lets it burn down as he looks around the room, sensing the unspoken reproach of the men. During this Lennie tugs at George’s sleeve.)

Can I have a pup, George? Can I?

Will you ask Slim for one? Will you, George?

Fl. 1
Ob. I
Eng. Hn.
Hp.
Laro
Ranch Hands
Ranch Hands
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

Largo (\( \dot{\text{j}} = 52-56 \))

144

662 663 664 665

862 863 864 865

==
I'll take good care of it; I'd be so gentle. It's what I want most.
in the world; some thin' I could stroke an' pet; some-thin' young, not see. That dog was all that ol' man had left. They was right though;
(The Ballad Singer joins in the last strains of the ballad with his harmonica.)

Fl. 1

Cl. 2

Hn. 1,2

Hn. 3,4

Tpt. 1,2

Timp.

Glock.

Hp.

Len
growed up yet. It's what I want most in the world.

Geo.
to take his dog. It's real hard but it had to be done.

Ballad Singer

Ranch Hands

Ranch Hands

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

(p, mp, p, mp, p, mp, p)

(3, con sord)

(2, con sord)

(b, p, p, b, p, p, p, p)

(non div, p, p, p, p)
Scene: The bunkhouse, late afternoon several days later.

Animato assai (\( J = 72 \))

### Act II Scene 1

**Violin I**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Measure</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>p</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>sfz</td>
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**Violin II**

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<th>Measure</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>sfz</td>
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**Viola**

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<th>Notes</th>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>sfz</td>
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**Cello**

<table>
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<th>Measure</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>sfz</td>
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**Snare Drum**

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<thead>
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<th>Measure</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>p</td>
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**Suspened Cymbal**

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<th>Measure</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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<td>1</td>
<td>p</td>
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**S. D.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Measure</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>p</td>
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</table>

Animato assai (\( J = 72 \))
At Rise: The late afternoon light comes in through the windows in the rear of the bunkhouse. The interior of the bunkhouse is almost dark and George and Slim are seated at the table playing checkers. While he half-heartedly plays, George holds a folded newspaper close to his face, reading intently. Candy is barely discernible sleeping in his bunk. Sounds of a horseshoe game come from offstage: thuds on the dirt and occasional clange as a horseshoe hits a metal peg.

Animato assai ($\dot{=}$ 72)

Adagio con moto ($\dot{=}$ 88)
(after turning and listening to the men for a while)

I could never pitch horseshoes, I could never learn the way of it. I can

3rd Man: “Don’t come so close to my leaner! Dammit, you knocked my leaner down!”
swim, I can rus-sie, I can rope a steer, but I nev-er got the hang of

27
28
29
(Slim turns once more to listen to the men outside and, as he does so, something in the paper catches George's eye. George shifts forward abruptly in his seat, reading with growing excitement.)

Piu mosso (\(J = 120\))

Adagio con moto (\(J = 88\))

Ranch Hands

1st Man: "Clear out the dirt 'round the stob. Stand back now an' watch my smoke."

1st Man: "Don't crowd me! Stand back now, dammit!"

2nd Man: "Stand back now. Give him some room."

Ranch Hands

Piu mosso (\(J = 120\))

Adagio con moto (\(J = 88\))
Ranch Hands

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

Slim

Piu mosso \( \dot{J} = 120 \)
1. Solo
Fl.1.2
Ob.1
Cl.1.2
Ban.1.2

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

Slim

Ranch Hands

Piu mosso \( \dot{J} = 120 \)

He threw lean-ers, ring-ers, what-ever you said. Damn-deat thing I ever did see.

1st Man: "What's wrong. Carlson? Your fingers froze? You can't hit the side of a barn?"
2nd Man: "He don't hold it right, look at where he's got his thumb." 3rd Man: "Leave him alone. He's just gotta loosen up some."

He threw lean-ers, ring-ers, what-ever you said. Damn-deat thing I ever did see.
(Slim reaches up and turns on the light over the table. As Slim turns on the light he looks over George’s shoulder at the newspaper.)

Adagio con moto (\( \dot{\mathbf{j}} = 88 \))

Slim reaches up and turns on the light over the table. As Slim turns on the light he looks over George’s shoulder at the newspaper.

Why you read’in’ want ads? You ain’t look’in’ for no place to buy, are you?

Say, it’s got-ten dark in here.

No place to settle down?...

You can nev-er tell...
Lento assai (\( \frac{1}{\text{4}} = 60 \))

Every ranch-hand has had your dream of
set 'thin down. We've all had dreams of buy-in' a home but none of us has ever
made it come true.  I don't know why it don't come true.  I just know it never
L'istesso tempo

Picc

Cl.1

Bsn.1,2

Vln. II

Ob.1

Slim

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

66 67 68 69 70

p

pp

p piu espressivo

live a lone. May be we'd be unhappy any other way. Who knows? Who can say?

L'istesso tempo

Ob.1

Cl.1,2

Bsn.1,2

Timp.

Timp.

Slim

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

71 72 73 74 75

p

p

p piu espressivo

p piu espressivo

p piu espressivo

p piu espressivo

p piu espressivo

p piu espressivo

p piu espressivo
I don't know why we're the way we are, but
Picc
Fl. 1
Ob. 1
Cl. 1
B. Cl.
Bsn. 1
Hn. 1, 2
Timp.
Hp.
Vla.
Vl.
Cb.
Vln. I
Vln. II

Grave \quad ( \dot{q} = 52 )

this much I do know.

Ranch-hands die in a bare, cold bunk house;

\textit{15} Grave \quad ( \dot{J} = 52 )
Ranch-hands die with empty hands; Ranch-hands die alone, strangers to the
(grimly, after a long pause)

I'm not ready to settle for such a stingy life.

Maybe I'm wrong. It

Piu animato (\( \frac{j}{= 72} \))
might be different with Lena and you.
George looks intently at Slim for a moment and then he throws the paper on the table and leaps to his feet.

Allegro \( \left( \frac{\text{J}}{\text{= 92}} \right) \)
I ain't gonna buck the rest of my life

Piu tenuto e risoluto assai \((q = 72)\)
'til my knees won't stand or my poor back gives out with noth in' to show for my
long years of sweat, no pos-ses-sions, no fam-ily no home, noth-in' in the world, that be-

108 109 110 111 112
L'istesso tempo, 
piu cantabile

Solo

Cymbals

Geode (Suspended Cymbal)

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

} L'istesso tempo, 
piu cantabile

20

113 114 115 116
(with a gesture to Candy asleep in his bunk)

Sick and old in a bunk-house somewhere:
rup-tured, fee-ble, an’ des-ti-tute.

21
with no body a-round, not a face you know to care whether you live or die.
Un poco andante e piangendo ($\dot{=} 63$)

(George moves around the room)

An’ un-used raz-or blade, left be-hind: a worn - out truss and a
fad-ed neck-tie; an old har-mo-ni-ca and a burnt-out pipe, all that's left to say you've
(He sits for a moment and then, striking his knee, he gets to his feet once more.)

Risoluto assai (\( \text{\textit{j}} = 76 \) )
got-ta be more
to liv-in’ than that! There’s just got-ta be more!
I won’t
for such a stingy life!

I won't settle for that!
L'istesso tempo, 
più appassionato

An' there will be more
for

There's just got ta be some thin' more!
Allegro poco maestoso ($J = 92$)

1. Allegro poco maestoso

2. Allegro poco maestoso

Timp.

Cym.

S. D.

Geo. (passionately)

Geo. 

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

(Change to E, B, E)

"never settle for this life, we're not like all you lonely..."
(George suddenly snatches up his paper from the table and, hurrying across the room, calls out.)

Len - nie, Len - nie, come here,
(George exits to the outside and sits on the porch steps. As George crosses, shouting, Candy is awakened and sits up slowly in his bunk. Very shortly, Lennie, holding a puppy against his chest, appears.)
What is it, George? What is it?
I think I've just found us our
(as he comes on) (as Lennie stroking his puppy, sits beside George.)
Where, George, where?

(smiling delightedly)

Where, George, where?

(Listen "For sale cheap.

(smiling delightedly)
Eng. Hn.

Cl.1

Celeste

Hp.

Gen.

Solo Vln.

Solo Vla.

Solo Vc.

"Apply Box 109."
(During the succeeding lines Slim, very deliberately, puts away the checkers and board and exits. As Slim crosses, he shakes his head very slowly from side to side while Candy eagerly listens to the conversation outside.)

Yes, George!

Well, now ain't that just what we been lookin' for? Don't that

Allegro animato (\( \frac{3}{4} = 132 \) )
(When Slim has gone, Candy gets to his feet and crosses to the door.)

That's our place all right! That's our sound just like our place to you?
Piu largamente

(Picc. to Fl.2)

Place all right! An’ we’ll live off the fat of the land!

Piu largamente
Allegro scherzando \( (\mathfrak{f} = 112) \)

\( (\text{George and Lennie are startled by Candy's voice}) \)

Bn.1.2

Hn.1.2

Tbn.1.2

Hp.

Geo.

Candy

You fel' las buy' in' a farm?

\( \text{Dam-mit! I thought you were a sleep!} \)

\( \text{(from the door)} \)

\( \text{Allegro scherzando} \ (\mathfrak{f} = 112) \)
(Candy opens the door and goes out on the porch)
...(George and Lennie look sheepishly at one another and don't answer.)

You got all the money you need? Then let me go in with you.
This is just between Lennie and me. No sense to you.
I got four hundred stashed away. How much you got?
We could work out the rest in a month.
(Suddenly, George gets to his feet and rushes back into the bunkhouse, Lennie and Candy following closely behind.)

L'istesso tempo \( \left( \frac{3}{4} = \frac{3}{4} \right) \)

Come on, what do you say?

L'istesso tempo \( \left( \frac{3}{4} = \frac{3}{4} \right) \)
(The three men sit at the table and George, taking out a stub of a pencil, begins to figure on the newspaper. Lennie and Candy watch him intently.)
(George sets down his pencil, and with barely controlled excitement, says.)

With what Candy’s got an’
Did you hear what he just with what we could save, I believe we might just swing her.

Did you hear what he just

Allegro non troppo ma briozo (\( \dot{\text{J}} = 72 \))
said? He believes we might just swing her.

Just to think of owning a place of our own where
what you harvest is what you plant an' the livestock you feed is livestock you own.
stay the night!" And if a guy come by with a spiteful eye and a way about him that

stay the night!" And if a guy come by with a spiteful eye and a way about him that

if a guy come by with a spiteful eye and a way about him that

(pizz)

(pizz)

(pizz)

(pizz)

(acono)

(acono)
Or a ball game, that's what I'm partial to.

Circus full of animals...
worlds

would - n't ask no - bo - dy's leave. We'll just up an'

would - n't ask no - bo - dy's leave. We'll just up an'

would - n't ask no - bo - dy's leave. We'll just up an'

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would - n't ask no - bo - dy's leave. We'll just up an'

would - n't ask no - bo - dy's leave. We'll just up an'

would - n't ask no - bo - dy's leave. We'll just up an'
We'd sling out some chicken feed...
we wouldn't ask nobody's leave. Why, then we'll just pick up an' go! An'

bo-dy's leave; we wouldn't ask nobody's leave. Why, then we'll just pick up an' go! An'

we wouldn't ask nobody's leave. Why, then we'll just pick up an' go! An'

we'll ask nobody's leave. Why, then we'll just pick up an' go! An'

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we wouldn't ask nobody's leave. Why, then we'll just pick up an' go! An'

we wouldn't ask nobody's leave. Why, then we'll just pick up an' go! An'
colla voce, allarg

then we’ll just pick up an’ go! I be-lieve we might just swing her! Oh, I think we might just

then we’ll just pick up an’ go! I be-lieve we might just swing her! Oh, I think we might just

then we’ll just pick up an’ go! I be-lieve we might just swing her! Oh, I think we might just

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
(George and Candy link arms and, with Lennie clapping time, they dance together with extravagant clumsiness.)

A tempo, molto giubilante ($\nu = 108$)
(Curley’s wife appears in the door and George and Candy immediately stop their antics. George motions Lennie to his bunk on the other side of the room.)

Fl.1,2

Ob.1,2

Cl.1,2

Hn.1,2

Hn.3,4

Tpt.1,2

Tbn.1,2

Timp.

Xyl.

S. D.

Curley’s Wife

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

poco rallen  57  Lento assai  \( \frac{j}{=60} \)
I could sure use some cheerin' up.

What do you want here?

I'm just lookin' for my husband but I ain't in no big hurry to find him.
(Curley's wife shrugs and crosses to Lennie, eyeing him suggestively. As she comes abreast of him, George cuts sharply in front of her.)

We don't want no trouble with Curley. So why don't you just go on back.
Allegro risoluto ($J = 100$)

Curley's Wife

(stirred by his vehemence.)
Who you call in' a tramp?

Get out of here you tramp!

Allegro risoluto ($J = 100$)
You got a nerve
You, that's who!
Cl.1,2, Bsn.1,2, Hn.1,2, Hn.3,4, Timp.

Curley’s Wife

call in’ me names  You good for noth-in’ bum!  I ain’t a tramp, I’m_
Fl. 1,2

Ob. 1,2

Cl. 1,2

Ban. 1,2

Hn. 1,2

Hn. 3,4

Timp.

Xyl.

S. D.

Curley’s Wife

Geo.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

360

361

362

363
Curley's Wife

I want some attention!

How come you flirt around so much?

(Change to C, Fl, G)

fool me none

come
Curley's Wife

paid to me.

You bum! You bastard!

Get your attention some place else!

Vln. I

Vln. II

(pizz)

Vla.

(pizz)

Vc.

(pizz)

Cb.

368 369 370 371 372
(Slim and Curley are heard arguing offstage.)

I'll come down here when I want to. You just try to stop me!
(Candy quickly looks out of the door and immediately re-enters the room.)

It's Cur- ley... he's com - in' here!
I think I'll just let him find me here. It'll serve him right for snoopin' on me.

(sitting with elaborate casualness at the table.)

jobs?
(Carley's wife crosses her legs, leans back in the chair, and shrugs indifferently.)

You'll lose us our jobs.

George is right: it'll cost us our jobs.
I ain't goin' no place; I'm just stayin' right here.

For God's sake get out!

Get out, dammit!

Hur-ry, they're comin'!

Hur-ry now!

Please go!
(George raises his hand to strike her as Slim enters, followed by Curley and Carlson.)

"I'm tired of your damned tramp!"  "I'm just protecting what's mine".

Get out!  You tramp!

"I'm tired of your damned suspicions".

Please go!  They're almost here now. Please go! Please go!
George’s hand is frozen in mid-air as Slim, Curley and Carlson enter the room. There is a long, tense pause in which Curley looks suspiciously.
What's been go-in' on here?

Well, if it ain't ol' blood-hound Cur-ley. Did you find what you was look-in' for?
(Curley ignores his wife and crosses into the room)

What's been go-in' on here?

(Candy)

Noth-in' Cur-ley - noth-in' at all.

Curley

(Celste)

Hp.

Fl.1,2

Cl.1,2

Ban.1,2

Hn.1,2

Hn.3,4

Timp.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
We know you don't want her here so
Piu mosso \( \frac{d}{d} \approx 92 \)

(looking at George incredulously)

You tryin' to tell me what to do?

tell her to leave us alone!

Piu mosso \( \frac{d}{d} \approx 92 \)
A good-for-noth-in' bum like you?  I thought I was boss a-round here.
(He crosses to George, taunting him.)

(Curley hits George on the shoulder with the heel of his hand.)

Well, am I boss? Am I boss?

poco rit
I say you're just itch-in' for a fight. Am' I guess I been e-lect-ed.

Piu mosso ($\dot{=} 92$)

Voices:

Solo

Pizz.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Apogée
(From his bunk Lennie giggles nervously and Curley, whirling around, turns on him.)

(Lennie, distressed, looks at George.)

Who the hell you laugh-in' at?
No big bas-tard's gon-na laugh at me.
Allegro animato ($\approx 72$)

Cl. 2

Hn. 1-2

Snare (off)

S. D.

Tamb.

Hp.

Curley

Vln. 1

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Allegro animato ($\approx 72$)
(Curley pursues Lennie as he crosses and Curley's wife suddenly jumps up from the table, and moving to the door, bars Lennie's exit.)

You yellow or somethin'? What's wrong, big boy?

Leave him a lone.

(Curley INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT IN\VIA PUBLICATION)

441 442 443 444 445 446
Leave him a lone! Leave him a lone!

What's wrong, big boy?

(pursuing Lennie)
(Lennie, at the door turns and looks desperately at George. Suddenly Curley attacks Lennie with his riding crop, slashing away at his face. Lennie covers his face with his hands and moves upstage, attempting to find shelter in the bunks. Curley pursues him with the riding crop.)

<table>
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You scared?

Lay off, Curley!

Lay off, Curley!

Lay off!
Now, Lay off now! Now!

Carlson

It was your fault! Make him leave him a-

Slim

Now, Cur ley? Lay off!

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.
As Curley's wife, eyeing George and smiling triumphantly, returns and sits at the table, George shouts:
(Suddenly, Lennie and Curley emerge from the bunks. Curley's hand held high in Lennie's. Curley screams with pain as he writhes in Lennie's grip. Lennie's face is streaked with blood. As they come downstage, Curley, still screaming, falls to the floor and Lennie kneels in front of him, still holding Curley's hand in his. Lennie continues to hold on to Curley's hand and George crosses quickly to him.)
(Lennie continues to hold Curley's hand and George slaps him sharply across the face several times until he finally releases it. Curley, still writhing, falls to the floor, holding his injured hand in his good one. George pushes Lennie roughly back across the room to his bunk as Slim and Carlson kneel down to inspect Curley's hand.)
Adagio sostenuto ($q = 72$)

You told me to, George; you told me to.
It's no more than you deserve: always.

It's bust - ed. He's broke some bones.

It's bust - ed. He's broke some bones.

Solo, arco senza vib.

Solo, arco senza vib.

Solo, arco div.

arco div.

arco div: a 4

div.

Allegro marcato (\( \dot{=} 92 \))

Adagio sostenuto (\( \dot{=} 72 \))
pick in' fights, always taunt in' people.

I swear, George. I swear. (to Slim, who has gone over to his bunk for a pint of whiskey)

Will he fire us, Slim? Will we lose our jobs?

(Slim crosses back to Curley and hands the whiskey to Carlson, who holds it to Curley's mouth.)

Cur-ley, if you won't fire these men, then we won't tell how you hurt your hand.

(pizz.)
I just hope you learn your lesson from this.

You told me to, George. (again intently to Slim)

It’s important we don’t lose our jobs.
Cl. 1

Hn. 1, 2

Hn. 3, 4

Timp.

Hp.

(adagio sostenuto \( \dot{\text{j}} = 60 \))

(to Carley, lying in the bunks)

(threateningly)

Curley: if you won't fire these men, we won't tell how you hurt your hand, but if you fire them...

If you fire them...

Curley, if you won't fire these men, we won't tell how you hurt your hand, but if you fire them...

If you fire them...

Adagio sostenuto \( \dot{\text{j}} = 60 \)
Curley nods his head in agreement and Slim and Carlson help him to his feet. He turns to his wife, still sitting at the table.

Lento dolente, piu cantabile (\( \dot{q} = 66 \))

499 500 501 502
It was all your fault for be-in' here, ev'ry thing that happened.
(Curley's wife gets up slowly and picks up Curley's riding crop off the floor. She crosses to him and prods him with the crop as she speaks.)

You never learned to leave folks alone. Always crowd in' always shov' in' them.
(Curley takes her by the throat with his good hand and forces her against the side of the bunk. She screams and he releases her, pushing her to the door. Slim and Carlson try to assist Curley as he staggers and falls back into the bunk. He pushes them away and, getting to his feet shakily, throws open the door and exits. Carlson follows him as Slim talks briefly with George and then exits. George comes back into the room and crosses to Lennie, still seated in the bunk.)
(George motions Lennie to the table and, taking a kit from his bush, he unrolls some bandage and mops Lennie’s face.)

There can’t be no more trouble, no more trouble.
Piu sostenuto \( \text{\textit{(}} \dot{\text{f}} = 80 \text{\textit{)}} \)

You under-stand? Do you Len-nie?

Yeah, George, I un-der-stand: no more trou-ble._

(Change to E,E,G)
I won't do nothin' bad no more.

Candy, huddled in one of the back bunks, suddenly says:

Yeah, George, let's hear it again.
George gets the newspaper from his bunk as Candy crosses down and sits opposite Lennie at the table. George begins reading the ad as he crosses back to the table, and, as he reads, Lennie and Candy, looking straight ahead and smiling, each becomes absorbed with his vision of what George is reading.
George stops reading and looks warmly at Lennie and Candy, each still lost in his own thoughts. Very carefully, he cuts out the want-ad from the paper, takes his wallet, and puts the ad in. George looks once more at Lennie and Candy as the curtain falls.
Scene: Interior of a barn the following afternoon. There are slopes of hay inside and a loft with sacks of grain stacked up against the wall. Leading up to the loft is a ladder, nailed to one wall. Also visible are old wagon wheels, horse collars, and the like. The late afternoon sun comes in through cracks in the walls, streaking the mounds of hay. From outside is heard the clang of horseshoes striking a metal peg and the sound of men’s voices. Inside the barn there should be a feeling of quiet and lazy warmth.

Deliberato (\( \dot{j} = 48 \))

Piu mosso ma sostenuto (\( \dot{j} = 58 \))

Deliberato (\( \dot{j} = 48 \))

Piu mosso ma sostenuto (\( \dot{j} = 58 \))
At Rise: Lennie is sitting on the hay, looking down sorrowfully at his small puppy which lies dead in front of him. He strokes the puppy with long, deliberate strokes.
me. Why did you have to die? I didn't mean to hurt you.
I've got no pet.

stringendo

341
Piu adagio ($j = 54$)

Cl.1,2

Hn.1,2

Hn.3,4

Timp.

Lea.

Now I've got noth-in' to pet, noth-in' soft to stroke an' pet_

Piu adagio ($j = 54$)

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

37 38 39 40 41
Lennie puts the puppy inside his shirt and climbs up the ladder to the loft. Once there, he hides the puppy between the grain sacks. While he is doing this Curley’s wife enters the barn. She furtively crosses downstage, carrying a cheap suitcase with her. Sitting on a barrel, she opens the suitcase and takes out a change of shoes and earrings. As she does so, Lennie inadvertently pushes an empty sack out of the loft.
You scared me! What are you doin' here?

Noth-in'. Just loafl-in'.

Lento comodo
($\dot{\omega} = 60$)

Curley's Wife

Lento comodo
($\dot{\omega} = 60$)
Cl.1

B. Cl.

Bsn.1

Hn.1,2

Hn.3,4

Vib.

Celeste

Hp.

Vla.

Vc.

Let's just say I'm leav' in'.

Where you go - in?)
I've had enough of this place.

Well he George told me not to talk to you.

Curley's Wife

(pizz.)

George told me not to talk to you.

Curley's Wife (sitting on the ladder)
can't hear you in here; he's out-side pitch-in' horse-shoes.

George told me if I talked to you, we wouldn't...
Oh, you’re leav-in’ too? I should have left long ago; in fact, I should have nev’er come.

get our farm.
Fl. 1

Ob.1,2

Cl.1,2

Bsn.1,2

Hn.1,2

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Curley's Wife

1 was mean't for bet-ter than this.

Poco rall. Piu sostenuto e cantabile ($\dot{=}$ 69)
Curley's wife quickly loses herself in her reverie and Lennie is as quickly absorbed in his dream of the farm. They neither listen to the other but, as the pleasure of their fantasizing increases, they instinctively move close together.

(Curley's wife quickly loses herself in her reverie and Lennie is as quickly absorbed in his dream of the farm. They neither listen to the other but, as the pleasure of their fantasizing increases, they instinctively move close together.)
Give me one year an' I'll be a star with my name in lights for all the world to see.

We'll have us a pasture and a...
Then they’ll dress me
brown, low-in’ cow and a chicken coup full of
clock-in’ hens, an’ their soft, baby chicks...
(Curley's wife takes a doll out of her suitcase and, in the succeeding lines, she talks to it, sharing with the doll her dream and her excitement.)

in expensive clothes; they'll do my hair in just the latest style. Then they'll teach me how to walk an' talk.

An' some pigs too. An'

81 82 83 84 85
they'll make me over from head to toe. You won't know me; I won't know myself!

may be ducks too...

An' rabbits!
When I step out
I'll have me some rab-bits
an' I'll tend 'em real good
an' I'll stroke 'em
an' pet 'em all the day long.
in my white fur stole at one of them big premieres they have. A spotlight will
Curley's Wife

pick me out
an' fol-low me all the way in-side.

An' the crowd will scream _no'_ yell

I'll pet my rah-bits all day long.
L'istesso tempo, piu appassionato

"at the men will fight to touch me!"

"Birds will be welcome in our trees. Bees will swarm a -"

"(Change to B♭,G,5"

"rallen."

"sempre poco f"

"cresc.

"mf"

"si"
I see it! Oh, I see it now. Oh I can see it all so plain, it's mong the grapes an' the pas-ture will bloom with flow - ers.

\[3.\]
true, it's sure! I'll be famous. And I'll be a "

we'll have a mail box with our names wrote plain on the
Neither is aware of the other's closeness.

In her excitement, Curley's wife twirls around, holding the doll in the air. She moves to the ladder and for a moment rests her head against Lennie's leg.
The beautiful trees, they will
Larghetto, molto tranquillo

\( \text{(} \ \text{q} \ \text{q} \ = \ 56 \ \text{)} \)

Yes, I'm head in' straight for Hol-ly-wood and a new life will open up for me.

all belong to us,
Just the life I was born to lead: a new life I was always meant to have.

all belong to us.
a tempo

Glock.

Celeste

Hp.

Curley's Wife

Len

It will all belong to us.

a tempo

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
(They both smile happily, completely absorbed in their dreams, for a long moment.)

You won't tell where I've gone?

(Curley's wife suddenly turns to Lennie.)

Andante mosso
\( \text{mf} \quad p \)

\( \text{Andante mosso} \quad (q = 80) \)

You won't tell where I've gone?
Soli

I won't say I seen you at all or George won't let me have no
You like rabbits?

rabbits when we got our little farm.
Picc
Fl. 1
Ob.1,2
Cl.1,2
Bsn.1,2
Hn.1,2
Hn.3,4
Tba.
Timp.
Xyl.
Vib.
Celeste
Hp.
Len
Vln. I
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

I like soft things. I can pet. I like to stroke their fur.

Solo

nuriti

Solo
it gets to feel in' so silk y an' soft that I sit there an' stroke it my -
(Lennie has descended the ladder and she extends her hand to him. Lennie crosses slowly to her and she takes his hand and puts it on her hair.)
L'istesso tempo

(28)

(His face brightens as he begins to stroke it.)

Picc

Tpt.1,2

(Timpano)

Temp.

Laisser vibrer

Celeste

 Hp.

Laisser vibrer

Len

That's nice, that's

L'istesso tempo

(28)

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

167 168 169 170 171
Curley’s Wife

enough now.

It’s so soft...

It’s so soft...
(Picc. to Fl.1)

Ha.1.2

Ha.3.4

Celeste

Hp.

Curley's Wife: 

hair!

Len

soft, so smooth.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vla.

(pizz.)

Vc.

Cb.

187 188 189
Curley's Wife

Stop! Stop it now! Can't you hear me? What's wrong with you?

It's so soft. so smooth. Your hair feels...
(Curley's wife becomes alarmed and begins to twist violently to free herself.)

Let me go!

Stop!
(She jerks her head wildly from side to side but Lennie, now suddenly bewildered and distressed, only holds more tightly to her hair. Panic-stricken, Curley’s wife screams and Lennie clamps his huge hand over her mouth.)

Stop now!

so soft.
Animato assai ($\dot{z} = 108$)

No, no...

please don’t yell! I’ll get in trouble.

Please stop!

Now!
(Curley's wife bites his hand and briefly breaks away, screaming. Lennie pursues her and angrily clamps his hand over her mouth once more. She struggles wildly to get free but Lennie only holds on more tightly, backing her against a post.)
(Lennie shakes her violently and her neck suddenly snaps. Her struggling abruptly stops. Cautiously, Lennie takes his hand away from her mouth.)

Andante poco sostenuto (\( \frac{3}{4} = 66 \))

(Fl.2 to Picc.)

Glockenspiel

Vibraphone

Lennie shakes her violently and her neck suddenly snaps. Her struggling abruptly stops. Cautiously, Lennie takes his hand away from her mouth.
That's better— I don't want to hurt you but I can't have you yellin'.
George would know I'd been talkin' to you.
Allegro appassionato \( (q = 92) \)

Picc. (Picc. to Fl.2)
(Suddenly, he runs to the hay and, taking up handfuls of it, frantically attempts to cover her body. When he has partially covered her, he returns to his position upstage and crouches once again upon his haunches.)

Molto più vivo (\( \dot{\text{j}} = 132 \) )
Andantino poco sostenuto \( \text{\( \frac{4}{4} \)} \) \( j = 80 \)

 Ritardando

Solo con sord.

Tenor Drum

I done some-thin' real bad this time;

\[
\text{\( \frac{4}{4} \)} \quad \text{\( \frac{4}{4} \)}
\]
I done some thin' real bad this time. I bet ter hide... real fast...
Meno mosso, ben misurato \( ( \dot{q} = 72 ) \)

George will find me... George will find me.
(Lennie stands and stealthily starts to leave. After a few steps, he stops, turns, and crosses downstage to Curley’s wife’s doll which has been dropped on the floor. He picks up the doll gently and, crouching, sets it down by Curley’s wife. He then takes a handful of hay from her body and sprinkles it tenderly over the doll. Satisfied that he has somehow concealed his misdeed, he very quietly, leaves the barn and exits offstage. When Lennie is gone, the stage is absolutely silent for a moment except for the sound of the horseshoe game outside.)
Adagio sostenuto (\( \text{\( \dot{\jmath} \) = 60} \))

1st Man: (speaking offstage)
"Boy, am I hot this evenin'!"
"Look at that ringer!"
2nd Man: (speaking offstage)
"I don't care how I throw long as I throw them ringers an' leaners.
You sure throw crazy but I gotta admit you can hit the stob.
Several Men: (speaking offstage)
"Look at him! He throws crazier'n Carlson but he gets more score."

Vln. I
\( \text{pp} \)
div. a 3
Vln. II
\( \text{pp} \)
div. a 3
Vla.
\( \text{pp} \)
div. arco
Vc.
\( \text{pp} \)
div. arco

264 265 266 267

2nd Man: (speaking offstage)
"Carlson, have you throwed a ringer or leaner all month?"

Several Men: (speaking and jeering)
"Oh, ha-ha!"
(The sound of a horseshoe is heard against the peg.)
(Applauding)

1st Man: (speaking offstage)
"Yeah, that was a beaut!"
Animato (\( \dot{\text{J}} = 88 \))

Cl.1,2

Bsn.1,2

Vln. I

Timp.

Ha.1,2

Ha.3,4

S. D.

Cb.

Vc.

Ch.

You in here?

(Change to A,E,D)

Snare Drum

Slatonic!... Slatonic!
**Allegro poco vivace (\( \dot{J} = 112 \))**

(Candy sees Curley’s wife and stops.)

Candy: I’ve been fig - ur - in’ both our farm. Tell you what we can...
(He crosses quickly to the door and calls out)

Allegro appassionato

\( \text{\(q = 108\)} \)

\( \text{\(f\)} \)

\( \text{\(slentando\)} \)

(He crosses quickly to the door and calls out)

God—mighty—y!

George! George!
Come here, George!
George and Slim enter very shortly and Candy points to Curley's wife. They cross quickly to her body and Slim, bending down, listens to her heart. He looks up at George and shakes his head.
Allegro affannosamente ($q = 84$)

George, listen to me! You got to get to him first.

Allegro affannosamente ($q = 84$)
Curley will know who killed her, Curley an’ Carl-son both. Then there won’t be no hold - in’ them.
can't let no body hurt him, Slim. I just can't let that happen.

(looking imploringly at Slim)
If he's got to die he's gun-na die happy, I won't have him scared or hurt.

He's got to die he's gun-na die happy, I won't have him scared or hurt.
Vln. I

Cl. I, II

Bsn. 1

Bsn. 2

Tpt. 1, 2

Tuba

Xyl.

S. D.

T. D.

Slin.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Fl.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

409
Get it over with as soon as you can; don't wait; it won't help none.
You'll do him a favor to end his life.
Fl.1,2
Ob.1
Eng. Hn.
Cl.1,2
Bsn.1,2
Hn.1,2
Hn.3,4
S. D.
Hp.
Candy
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

(George turns and looks at Candy.)

Lento assai (\( \dot{q} = 60 \) )

\( p \) molto espress.

Can you give me...

Candy (weakly holding up a hand to stop him)

George...

Can you give me...
Can we get the little farm?

(George slowly shakes his head)
It was our dream, his an' mine. No offense.

(very gently)

Tutti senza sord.

Vla. (Solo)
(Candy’s chin drops to his chest as he nods his head slowly up and down. George, dazed, exits with Slim, who puts his arm around George’s shoulder. After a moment, Candy crosses to Curley’s wife and looks down at her for some time, his anger mounting. He finally shouts:)}
Andante largamente e marcato ($q = 69$)

May you rot in hell for what you took from us!
Fl.1,2
Ob.1,2
Cl.1,2
Vln. II
Hn.1,2
Ob.1,2
Tamb.
Vln. I
Timp.
Cl.1,2
Fl.1,2
T. D.
Vla.
Hp.
Cb.
Vc.

Change to D, B, F

(Change to D, B, F)
Scene: The same clearing in the woods as in Act One, Scene One. A half-hour later.

74

L'istesso tempo

Scene Two
At Rise: It is dark and the stage is silent and empty for only a moment before Lennie is heard lumbering through the underbrush and tall grass. He comes downstage, visibly trembling, and huddles in the underbrush.

Oh, I feel cold inside.
I done some thin' terrible. I'm in real trouble this time, real...
An' George is gon' na...
Fl.1,2

Cl.1

Bsn.1

Hn.1,2

Hn.3,4

Timp.

Celeste

Len

Vc.

Cb.

(Change to C,A,G)

give me hell.
I don't deserve no friend like George.
He'll wish he was trav-lin'

452
poco ritard. a tempo

all by him-self; he'll wish he'd never got mixed up with me. But I hope he don't give

poco ritard. a tempo
ok. I just hope he don't give up on me. 
Oh, I feel cold inside.
I done some-thin' ter-ri-ble. I'm in real trou-ble.
this time, real trouble.

Hur-ry up, George, an' find me.
molto allargando

sostenendo

Hur-ry up, George, am' find me. I'm so cold, I'm so cold,

molto allargando

sostenendo

525 526 527 528
(After a moment, George is heard running through the underbrush. He rushes onstage and Lennie leaps to his feet.)
Fl. 1
Ob. 1, 2
Cl. 1, 2
Bsn. 1, 2
Tpt. 1, 2
Tbn. 1, 2
Timp.

1. Solo (con sord.)

1. (con sord.) (via sord.)

Solo

real trouble this time
I might have lost us our

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

539 540 541 542
Precipitato

(Again George nods)

Precipitato

jobs a- gain.
Ain't you gon'na give me hell? Come on, George, Give me hell.
(George, turning slowly and looking at Lennie, recites in a monotone:

rallentando

Andante molto sostenuto (\( \cdot = 42 \))

1. (con sord.)

2. con sord.

(Change to Bb, D, G)

My life would be so
I could live so

simply by myself.
Allegro rinforzato ($\frac{4}{4}$ = 92)

That's e-nough! That's e-nough!
A tempo, ma sempre cantabile (\( \text{\textit{j}} = 92 \))

trattenuto

a tempo

Fl. 1

Ob. 1, 2

Cl. 1, 2

Bsn. 1, 2

Hn. 1, 2

Hp.

Len

Geo.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

No, Len-nie, you stay with me.

574

575

576

577
(The sound of distant voices is heard offstage. George and Lennie listen with growing distress.)

Allegro, poco moderato ($\textit{j} = 84$)

(Violin I)

(Violin II)

(Viola)

(Cello)

(Piccolo Flute 1, Clarinet 1, Bassoon 1, Trumpet 1, 2, Soprano Descant, Tenor Descant, Slim Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Cello)

(Snares off)

(Pizzicato) Spread out... keep spread-in' out...
Don't kill him, leave that for me.

Head west... look up there!
Head west for a while.

Head west.

Head west for a while.

Head west.
(Alarmed, Lennie turns to George)

**97 Allegro agitato (\( \dot{\text{q}} = 116 \))**

Are they look-in’ for me, George? Is it the bad thing I done? Is it, George? Is it what I done?

**97 Allegro agitato (\( \dot{\text{q}} = 116 \))**
Are they lookin' for me, George? You won't let 'em get me, will you?
Please don’t let ’em get me, George!
I’m scared, George, I’m scared!
Stop it! Stop it now!
Ob.1,2
Cl.1,2
Bsn.1,2
Hn.1,2
Hn.3,4
Tpt.1,2
Tbn.1,2
Tri.
S. D.
Geo.
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

1. Solo

1. (Cl.2 to BCl.)

Stop yell in! Just be calm.

(lowering his voice)
Andante con moto (\(\text{\textit{j}} = 78\))

poco rit.

(Tempo 78, poco rit.)

No body's lookin' for you. Those men are chasin' a run-a-way colt.

(very gently)

pizz.

non div.

pizz.
(Lennie, greatly relieved, smiles broadly and sits on the ground.)

Poco lento e gravemente

\( q = 60 \)

Poco lento e gravemente

\( q = 60 \)
Tutti arco, sul pont. div.a3

The air feels fine, real

Tutti arco, sul pont. div.
Fl. 1

Eng. Hn.

B. Cl.

Bsn.1,2

Hn.3,4

Timp.

Gong

B. D.

Len

Geo.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.

It is nice, so soft an' warm.
Look across the river, Len-nie, and I'll tell you 'bout our lit-tle farm.
Allegro poco moderato (" = 84)

Spread out... keep spread-in' out...
Don't kill him. Leave that for me... don't kill him now.

(As George pauses, looking in the direction of the offstage voices)

Go on, George. Go on now.

We'll get him. We'll bring him back. We'll get him, Curley.

We'll get him, we'll bring him back. We'll get him, Curley.
Meno mosso, piu cantabile (\( \dot{\ \ } = 72 \))

Go on, George, tell me so good I can
fl.1
ob.1
cl.1
b. cl.
bass.1,2
horn.1,2
timpani
gong
b. d.
hp.
perc.
see it.
tell me.
one day soon we'll

Viol. I
Viol. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.

slentando Andante moderato (q = 80) 104

p
p
p
p
p
mp

p
p
p
p
p
p
p
p
p
p

con sord. div.
have us our farm with it's small, white frame house and it's cool green lawn. An' we'll
have a barn with some livestock inside and a garden also a clover field.

stringendo
tend to my pets all day long.
George takes Carlson's pistol from inside his belt and stands behind Lennie. He slowly raises the pistol but his hand begins to shake. He tries to steady his arm by gripping it with his free hand but the shaking continues.
(He drops the pistol on the ground and turns sharply away from Lennie.)
(George turns back slowly to Lennie and kneels. He picks up the pistol and holds it slackly in his hand. When he begins speaking again his voice is very tender.)

slackly in his hand. When he begins speaking again his voice is very tender.

George turns back slowly to Lennie and kneels. He picks up the pistol and holds it
Larghetto e molto sereno ($= 76$)

Ev.\hspace{2cm} life will be good when we get us our farm. Ev.\hspace{2cm} every-thing peace-ful noth-ing to fear...

con sord.,

Ev.\hspace{2cm} Look o-ver there, Len nie-like you

111

657 658 659 660

661 662 663
Pochettino piu mosso (q = 84)

Fl. 1

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1, 2

Bsn. 1

Celeste

Hp.

Len

Geo.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Cb.
o-ver that hill, just look for the pas-ture and green, clo-ver field.
Fl. 1
Ob. 1
Eng. Hn.
Cl. 1
Bsn. 1, 2
Hn. 1, 2
Hn. 3, 4
Tba.
Timp.

(Fl. 1)

(Vln. I)
(Vln. II)
(Vla.)
(Vc.)
(Cb.)

112

poco a poco piu mosso

Where, George, where?
Can't you see it now? Can't you almost see it?

(Change to B, G, F)

670 671 672
Just look for the wind-mill an' the beautiful trees. It's
Where? I'm lookin', George. I'm lookin', still

o-ver there. You'll find it. Any-time now. Just keep lookin' Oh,

capo allarg.
114 Tempo primo, piu largamente (\( \dot{\lambda} = 76 \))

Eng. Hn.  
Tbn.1,2
Vln. II
Hn.3,4
Hn.1,2
Glock.
Vln. I
Timp.
Ob.1
Geo.
Vla.
Cl.1
Cl.2
Hn.1,2
Hn.3,4
Tpt.1,2
Tbn.1,2
Tempo primo, piu largamente (\( \dot{\lambda} = 76 \))

(C) Change to E, A, C

(metal stick)

3.

I'm lookin', George still lookin' life will be good when we live on our farm: every-things peaceful, noth-

114 Tempo primo, piu largamente (\( \dot{\lambda} = 76 \))

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Cb.
Allegro maestoso \( \frac{\text{ allegro maestoso } \ (q = 100) }{\text{ allegro maestoso } \ (q = 100)} \)

Lennie suddenly sits up on his knees and points, stretching his arm to its full length as if reaching for the horizon.

ff molto cantabile

there! I see it, George... I
George raises the pistol and aims at the back of Lennie’s head.
(As Lennie stands, his arm still outstretched, pointing. George fires. Lennie’s body convulses and he staggers upstage. Holding on to George, he slowly falls to the ground, his arm still outstretched and his eyes full of his vision.)

molto accelerando

Vln. I

Cl. 1, 2

Cym.

Fl. 1

Ob. 1, 2

Xylophone

(hard stick)

Tamb.

Vla.

Vc.

Hn. 1, 2

Hn. 3, 4

(molto accelerando)

693

694

695

home!
Largamente assai (\( \dot{z} = 88 \))

(George sinks down with him and Lennie dies, falling back in the underbrush.)
(Very deliberately, as if in a dream, George takes the want-ad from his wallet, opens Lennie’s hand and puts the want-ad in it. He then closes Lennie’s fingers over it and puts Lennie’s fingers over it and puts Lennie’s hand to rest on his chest.)
(After some time, flashlights and searchlights are seen upstage and men’s voices are heard. The ranchhands, led by Slim, Curley, and Carlson converge on George and Lennie downstage and stop short as they come upon the two men. George in no way acknowledges their presence but continues to sit by Lennie’s body, his face mask-like in its desolation. Curley and Carlson look at one another, shrug and signal the ranchhands to follow them offstage.)
(Slim remains behind, standing silently by George, his back to the audience. The Ballad Singer, playing a strain of the ballad on his harmonica, or, hands-in-pockets, whistling the strain moves briefly towards George and then very slowly exits.)

Meno mosso, senza rigore

121
Molto largamente

\( (\ \text{\textit{f}} = 80) \)

(The stage darkens, leaving only the three lonely figures lit, as the curtain falls.)