

"THE GRAPES OF WRATH"

Screenplay

by

Nunnally Johnson

Based on the Novel "The Grapes Of Wrath"

By

John Steinbeck

distance,
new
cap,
the
approaches,
on
a
eatery
high-
door
waitress

AN OKLAHOMA PAVED HIGHWAY in daylight. At some
hoofing down the highway, comes Tom Joad. He wears a
stiff suit of clothes, ill-fitting, and a stiff new
which he gradually manages to break down into something
comfortable. He comes down the left side of the road,
better to watch the cars that pass him. As he
the scene changes to a roadside short-order RESTAURANT
the right side of the road. From it comes the sound of
a
phonograph playing a 1939 popular song. In front of the
is a huge Diesel truck labeled: OKLAHOMA CITY TRANSPORT
COMPANY. The driver, a heavy man with army breeches and
laced boots, comes out of the restaurant, the screen
slamming behind him. He is chewing on a toothpick. A
appears at the door, behind the screen.

WAITRESS

When you be back?

DRIVER

Couple a weeks. Don't do nothin' you
wouldn't want me to hear about!

We see him climbing into the cab of the truck from the
right

handbrake

side. Getting behind the wheel, he is releasing the
when Tom appears at the driver's seat window.

TOM

How about a lift, mister?

DRIVER

Can't you see that sticker?

He indicates a "No Riders" sticker on the windshield.

TOM

Sure I see it. But a good guy don't
pay no attention to what some heel
makes him stick on his truck.

brake.
After a moment of hesitation the driver releases the

DRIVER

Scrunch down on the running board
till we get around the bend.

throws
As Tom scrunches down on the running board the driver
the truck into gear and it moves.

and
eyeing
which
The scene dissolves to the CAB OF THE TRUCK. It is day,
Tom is seated beside the driver, who is surreptitiously
him, trying to confirm some suspicion--an inspection
Tom ignores at first.

DRIVER

Goin' far?

TOM

(shaking his head)
Just a few miles. I'd a walked her
if my dogs wasn't pooped out.

DRIVER

Lookin' for a job?

TOM

No, my old man got a place, forty
acres. He's a sharecropper, but we
been there a long time.

DRIVER

(after a curious glance)

Oh!

see
bulky.

Cautiously, the driver's eyes drop to Tom's feet. We
TOM'S SHOES. They are prison shoes--new, stiff and

swift
dead-
conceal
the

Curiosity is in the eyes of the DRIVER as they shoot a
glance at Tom. TOM is looking straight ahead, with the
pan look that prisoners get when they are trying to
something. The DRIVER'S eyes take in Tom's hands and
stiff coat.

DRIVER

Been doin' a job?

TOM

Yeah.

DRIVER

I seen your hands. You been swinging
a pick or a sledge--that shines up
your hands. I notice little things
like that all the time.

(After a pause)

Got a trade?

TOM

(evenly)

Why don't you get to it, buddy?

DRIVER

(uneasily)

Get to what?

TOM

You know what I mean. You been givin'
me a goin' over ever since I got in.
Whyn't you go on and ask me where I
been?

DRIVER

I don't stick my nose in nobody's
business.

TOM

Naw--not much!

DRIVER

(a little frightened)
I stay in my own yard.

TOM

(without emotion)
Listen. That big nose of yours been goin' over me like a sheep in a vegetable patch. But I ain't keepin' it a secret. I been in the penitentiary. Been there four years. Like to know anything else?

DRIVER

You ain't got to get sore.

TOM

(coldly)
Go ahead. Ask me anything you want.

DRIVER

I didn't mean nothing.

TOM

Me neither. I'm just tryin' to get along without shovin' anybody around, that's all.

(After a pause)
See that road up ahead?

DRIVER

Yeah.

TOM

That's where I get off.

brake.
driver
With a sigh of relief the driver puts his foot on the
The TRUCK stops and Tom gets out. He look at the uneasy
contemptuously.

TOM

You're about to bust to know what I done, ain't you? Well, I ain't a guy to let you down.

(Confidentially)
Homicide!

this

The driver throws the truck into gear. He doesn't like
at all.

DRIVER

I never asked you!

TOM

(as the truck moves
away)

Sure, but you'd a throwed a fit if I
hadn't tol' you.

on

He looks indifferently after the truck and then starts
foot down the dirt crossroad. A wind has begun to blow.
The scene dissolves to the roadside under a WILLOW TREE
daylight. The wind is still blowing. Sitting on the
his back against the tree, Casy, a long, lean man in
blue shirt, and one sneaker, is fixing something on the
dirty sneaker. To the tune of "Yes, Sir, That's My
is absent-mindedly singing.

in

ground,
overalls,

other

Baby" he

CASY

Mmmmm he's my saviour. Mmmmm my
saviour, Mmmmmmmmmmm my saviour now.

(Looking up as Tom
comes down the road)

Howdy, friend.

with his

greeting.

Carrying his coat under his arm, TOM wipes his face
cap as he cuts off the road to acknowledge the

TOM

Howdy.

shade.

He stops, grateful for the momentary relief of the

CASY

Say, ain't you young Tom Joad--ol'
Tom's boy?

TOM

(surprised)
Yeah. On my way home now.

CASY

Well, I do declare!
(Grinning)
I baptized you, son.

TOM

(staring)
Why, you're the preacher!

CASY

Used to be. Not no more. I lost
the call.
(Reminiscently)
But boy, I sure *used* to have it!
I'd get an irrigation ditch so
squirmin' full of repented sinners I
pretty near *drowned* half of 'em!
(Sighing)
But not no more. I lost the sperit.

TOM

(with a grin)
Pa always said you was never cut out
to be a preacher.

CASY

I got nothin' to preach about no
more--that's all. I ain't so sure o'
things.

TOM

Maybe you should a got yourself a
wife.

CASY

(shakes his head sadly)
At my meetin's I used to get the
girls glory-shoutin' till they about
passed out. Then, I'd go to comfort
'em--and always end up by lovin'
'em. I'd feel bad, an' pray, an'
pray, but it didn't do no good. Next
time, do it again. I figgered there
just wasn't no hope for me.

TOM

I never let one go by me when I could
catch her.

CASY

But you wasn't a preacher. A girl was just a girl to you. But to me they was holy vessels. I was savin' their souls.

(Fervently)

I ast myself--what *is* this call, the Holy Sperit? Maybe *that's* love. Why, I love everybody so much I'm fit to bust sometimes! So maybe there ain't no sin an' there ain't no virtue. There's just what people do. Some things folks do is nice, and some ain't so nice. But that's as far as any man's got a right to say.

TOM

(after a moment,
figuring there is no
percentage in
continuing this
philosophical
discussion, pulls
out a flask, which
he extends)

Have a little snort?

CASY

(holding the flask)

Course I'll say grace if somebody sets out the food--

(shaking his head)

--but my heart ain't in it.

(He takes a long pull)

Nice drinkin' liquor.

TOM

Ought to be. That's fact'ry liquor. Cost me a buck.

CASY

(handing back the
flask)

Been out travelin' around?

TOM

Didn't you hear? It was in the papers.

CASY

No, I never. What?

TOM

I been in the penitentiary for four years.

(He drinks)

CASY

Excuse me for asking.

TOM

I don't mind any more. I'd do what I done again. I killed a guy at a dance. We was drunk. He got a knife in me and I laid him out with a shovel. Knocked his head plumb to squash.

CASY

And you ain't ashamed?

TOM

(shaking his head)

He had a knife in me. That's why they only gave me seven years. Got out in four--parole.

CASY

Ain't you seen your folks since then?

TOM

(putting on his coat)

No, but I aim to before sundown. Gettin' kind of excited about it, too. Which way you going?

CASY

(putting on his sneaker)

It don't matter. Ever since I lost the sperit it looks like I just as soon go one way as the other.

(Rising)

I'll go your way.

They pause at the edge of the shade, squint up at the sky,
and then move off.

The scene dissolves to the SURFACE OF A DIRT ROAD by daylight.
Leaves are scuttling across it. The top soil begins to fly
up. It is not a hard wind as yet, but it is steady and persistent. Tom's and Casy's feet walk into sight.

TOM

Maybe Ma'll have pork for supper. I ain't had pork but four times in four years--every Christmas.

CASY

I'll be glad to see you pa. Last time I seen him was at a baptizin', an' he had one a the bigges' doses of the Holy Sperit I ever seen. He go to jumpin' over bushes, howlin' like a dog-wolf in moon-time. Fin'ly he picks hissself out a bush big as a piana an' he let out a squawk an' took a run at that bush. Well, sir, he cleared her but he bust his leg snap in two. They was a travellin' dentist there and he set her, an' I give her a prayin' over, but they wasn't no more Holy Sperit in your pa after that.

TOM

(worriedly)

Lissen. This wind's fixin't to *do* somepin'!

CASY

Shore it is. It always is, this time a year.

up...

Tom, holding his cap on his head with his hand, looks

AND

The TOPS OF THE TREES are bending before the wind. TOM

CASY continue walking.

CASY

Is it fur?

TOM

(still looking back)

Just around that next bend.

rising

TOM AND CASY are almost being blown along and dust is from the road.

CASY

(lifting his voice
above the wind)

Your granma was a great one, too.

The third time she got religion she
go it so powerful she knocked down a
full-growed deacon with her fist.

TOM

(pointing ahead)
That's our place.

building. The JOAD CABIN is an ancient, bleak, sway-backed
There is neither sign of life or habitation about it.

CASY

(looking back)
And it ain't any too close, either!
We better run!

moving A DUST STORM, like a black wall, rises into the sky,
over forward. TOM AND CASY are running, but looking back
from the their shoulders as the DUST STORM nears. Dust rises
ground to join and thicken the black wall.

cabin, the TOM AND CASY are seen racing down the road to the
door wind whipping up the dust. The two men smack open the
dark and slam it shut after them. The screen begins to grow
as the storm sweeps over the land. It becomes black.

different. In THE CABIN, it is black too, but the sound is
hissing In addition to the sound of the wind there is the soft
of sand against the house.

TOM'S VOICE

Ma?... Pa?... Ain't nobody here?
(After a long silence)
Somepin's happened.

CASY'S VOICE

You got a match?

TOM'S VOICE

There was some pieces of candle always
on a shelf.

lights
wooden
things,

Presently, after shuffling about, he has found them and one. He holds it up, lighting the room. A couple of boxes are on the floor, a few miserable discarded and that's all. Tom's eyes are bewildered.

TOM

They're all gone--or dead.

CASY

They never wrote you nothing?

TOM

No. They wasn't people to write.

curled

From the floor he picks up a woman's high button shoe, up at the toe and broken over the instep.

TOM

This was Ma's. Had 'em for years.

Dropping the shoe, he picks up a battered felt hat.

TOM

This used to be mine. I give it to Grampa when I went away.

(To Casy)

You reckon they could be dead?

CASY

I never heard nothin' about it.

door
stands in

Dropping the hat, he moves with the candle toward the to the back, the only other room of the cabin. He the doorway, holding the candle high.

across

In the BACK ROOM the scene moves from Tom at the door the room to the shadows, where a skinny little man sits motionless, wide-eyed, staring at Tom. His name is

Muley.

MULEY

Tommy?

TOM

(entering)

Muley! Where's my folks, Muley?

MULEY

(dully)
They gone.

TOM

(irritated)
I know that! But *where* they gone?

Muley does not reply. He is looking up at Casy as he enters.

TOM

(to Casy)
This is Muley Graves.
(To Muley)
You remember the preacher, don't you?

CASY

I ain't no preacher anymore.

TOM

(impatiently)
All right, you remember the *man* then.

MULEY AND CASY

Glad to see you again. Glad to see you.

TOM

(angrily)
Now where is my folks?

MULEY

Gone--
(hastily)
--over to your Uncle John's. The whole crowd of 'em, two weeks ago. But they can't stay there either, because John's got *his* notice to get off.

TOM

(bewildered)
But what's happened? How come they got to get off? We been here fifty years--same place.

MULEY

Ever'body got to get off. Ever'body
leavin', goin' to California. My
folks, your folks, ever'body's folks.
(After a pause)
Ever'body but me. I ain't gettin'
off.

TOM

But who done it?

MULEY

Listen!

(Impatiently Tom
listens to the storm)

That's some of what done it--the
dusters. Started it, anyway. Blowin'
like this, year after year--blowin'
the land away, blowin' the crops
away, blowin' us away now.

TOM

(angrily)
Are you crazy?

MULEY

(simply)
Some say I am.
(After a pause)
You want to hear what happened?

TOM

That's what I asked you, ain't it?

is a
the
hiss

MULEY is seen at close range. Not actually crazy, Muley
little touched. His eyes rove upward as he listens to
sound of the storm, the sough of the wind and the soft
of the sand. Then...

MULEY

The way it happens--the way it
happened to me--the man come one
day...

spring
a
a

The scene dissolves to MULEY'S DOORYARD. It is a soft
day, with the peaceful sounds of the country. Seated in
three-year-old touring car is THE MAN, a city man with

this
Squatted
grown
barefooted
on the
automobile

collar and tie. He hates to do what he is doing and makes him gruff and curt, to hide his misgivings. beside the car are Muley, his son-in-law, and a half-grown son. At a respectful distance stand Muley's wife, his daughter, with a baby in her arms, and a small girl, watching worriedly. The men soberly trace marks on the ground with small sticks. A hound dog sniffs at the wheels.

THE MAN

Fact of the matter, Muley, after what them dusters done to the land, the tenant system don't work no more. It don't even break even, much less show a profit. One man on a tractor can handle twelve or fourteen of these places. You just pay him a wage and take *all* the crop.

MULEY

But we couldn't *do* on any less'n what our share is now.

(Looking around)

The chillun ain't gettin' enough to eat as it is, and they're so ragged we'd be shamed if ever'body else's chillun wasn't the same way.

THE MAN

(irritably)

I can't help that. All I know is I got my orders. They told me to tell you you got to get off, and that's what I'm telling you.

after

Muley stands in anger. The two younger men pattern him.

MULEY

You mean get off my own land?

THE MAN

Now don't go blaming me. It ain't *my* fault.

SON

Whose fault is it?

THE MAN

You know who owns the land--the Shawnee Land and Cattle Company.

MULEY

Who's the Shawnee Land and Cattle Comp'ny?

THE MAN

It ain't nobody. It's a company.

SON

They got a pres'dent, ain't they? They got somebody that knows what a shotgun's for, ain't they?

THE MAN

But it ain't *his* fault, because the *bank* tells him what to do.

SON

(angrily)

All right. Where's the bank?

THE MAN

(fretfully)

Tulsa. But what's the use of picking on him? He ain't anything but the manager, and half crazy hisself, trying to keep up with his orders from the east!

MULEY

(bewildered)

Then who *do* we shoot?

THE MAN

(stepping on the starter)

Brother, I don't know. If I did I'd tell you. But I just don't know *who's* to blame!

MULEY

(angrily)

Well, I'm right here to tell you, mister, ain't *nobody* going to push me off *my* land! Grampa took up this land seventy years ago. My pa

was born here. We was *all* born on it, and some of us got killed on it, and some died on it. And that's what makes it ourn--bein' born on it, and workin' it, and dyin' on it--and not no piece of paper with writin' on it! So just come on and try to push me off!

storm
The scene dissolves to the BACK ROOM. The sound of the
is heard again as Tom and Casy watch Muley.

TOM

(angrily)

Well?

MULEY

(without emotion)

They come. They come and pushed me off.

We see MULEY at close range.

MULEY

They come with the cats.

TOM'S VOICE

The what?

MULEY

The cats--the caterpillar tractors.

looming
their
over
recrossing
invasion of
The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE OF TRACTORS: tractors
over hillocks, flattening fences, through gullies,
drivers looking like robots, with goggles, dust masks
mouth and nose--one after the other, crossing and
as if to convey the impression that this was an
machine-men from some other world.

MULEY'S VOICE

And for ever' one of 'em ten-fifteen families gets throwed outa their homes--one hundred folks with no place to live but on the road. The Rances, the Perrys, the Peterses, the Joadses--one after another they

got throwed out. Half the folks you
and me know--throwed right out into
the road. The one that got me come a
month ago.

of
shoulder
them. It
a
them
women

The scene dissolves to MULEY'S FARM. We see the backs
Muley and the two younger men standing shoulder to
watching a lumbering tractor headed straight toward
is at some distance. Muley holds a shotgun. His son has
baling hook. The son-in-law has a two-by-four. Behind
is their cabin. Frightened and huddled together are the
and children. The roar of the tractor comes closer.

MULEY

(shouting)

You come any closer and I'm gonna
blow you right outa that cat!

(He lifts his shotgun)

goggled
MULEY

The TRACTOR continues to lumber along, its driver
and black of face where his dust mask doesn't cover.
lifts his shotgun to his shoulder, and aims.

MULEY

I *tol'* you!

dust
sullen.
his

The TRACTOR stops. The driver takes off his goggles and
mask. Like the others he's a country boy. His face is
Muley is lowering his shotgun. There is a surprise in
face as he recognizes the driver.

MULEY

Why, you're Joe Davis's boy!

the
him.

He moves forward, followed by his son and son-in-law in
TRACTOR. Davis is wiping his face as they walk toward

DAVIS

I don't like nobody drawin' a bead

on me.

MULEY

Then what are you doin' this kind a thing for--against your own people?

DAVIS

For three dollars a day, that's what I'm doin' it for. I got two little kids. I got a wife and my wife's mother. Them people got to eat. Fust and on'y thing I got to think about is my own folks. What happens to other folks is their lookout.

MULEY

But this is *my land*, son. Don't you understand?

DAVIS

(putting his goggles
back on)
Used to be your land. B'longs to the comp'ny now.

We see THE WOMENFOLKS. A small girl pulls her mother's dress.

GIRL

What's he fixin' to do, ma?

MA

Hush!

Back to the TRACTOR AND THE MEN:

MULEY

(grimly)
Have it your own way, son, but just as sure as you touch my house with that cat I'm gonna blow you plumb to kingdom come.

DAVIS

(contemptuously)
You ain't gonna blow nobody nowhere. First place, you'd get hung and you know it. For another, it wouldn't be two days before they'd have another guy here to take my place.

And the tractor roars into slow motion again...

out of
It
flower
Breathing
warnings
The
WOMENFOLKS
bursts

We see the HOUSE AND TRACTOR. The womenfolks scamper the way as the tractor heads for a corner of the house. goes over a ramshackle fence and then a feeble little bed. Muley and the two younger men walk along. hard, frightened and desperate, Muley is shouting at Davis, but the roar of the tractor drowns his voice. The dog barks excitedly, snarling at the tractor. THE WOMENFOLKS stand watching, terrified but dead pan, until a cry bursts from Muley's wife.

WIFE

Don't! Please don't!

The little girl begins to whimper.

MULEY

I'm tellin' you!

of the
house,
the
it, and
room of

The TRACTOR moves across the yard, nosing a chair out way, and with a rending of boards hits a corner of the knocking a part of the foundation away. The corner of house sinks. MULEY lifts his shotgun, aims it, holds then slowly lowers it. As he stands looking at what has happened his shoulders sag. He seems almost to shrink.

The scene dissolves to MULEY, once more in the back Tom's old home, as the sound of the storm continues.

MULEY

(dully)

What was the use. He was right. There wasn't a thing in the world I could do about it.

TOM

(bewildered)

But it don't seem possible--kicked off like that!

MULEY

The rest of my fambly set out for the west--there wasn't nothin' to eat--but I couldn't leave. Somepin' wouldn't let me. So now I just wander around. Sleep wherever I am. I used to tell myself I was lookin' out for things, so when they come back ever'thing would be all right. But I knowed that wan't true. There ain't nothin' to look out for. And ain't nobody comin' back. They're gone--and me, I'm just an 'ol graveyard ghost--that's all in the world I am.

Tom rises in his agitation and bewilderment.

MULEY

You think I'm touched.

CASY

(sympathetically)

No. You're lonely--but you ain't touched.

MULEY

It don't matter. If I'm touched, I'm touched, and that's all there is to it.

TOM

(still unable to grasp
it all)

What I can't understand is my folks takin' it! Like ma! I seen her nearly beat a peddler to death with a live chicken. She aimed to go for him with an ax she had in the other hand but she got mixed up and forgot which hand was which and when she got through with that peddler all she had left was two chicken legs.

He looks down at Muley.

MULEY

Just a plain 'ol graveyard ghost,
that's all.

His eyes are dull on the floor. The sound of the dust

storm

continues strongly.

night.
has
and
There
men

The scene dissolves to the EXTERIOR OF THE CABIN at
It is several hours later and the sound of the storm
faded out. Now all is silence as first Tom, then Casy,
finally Muley steps out of the cabin and looks around.
is still a slight fog of dust in the air, and clouds of
powderlike dust shoot up around their feet. All three
have wet rags tied over their mouths and noses.

TOM

She's settlin'.

CASY

What you figger to do?

TOM

It's hard to say. Stay here till
mornin' an' then go on over to Uncle
John's, I reckon. After that I don't
know.

MULEY

(grabbing Tom)

Listen!

(Faint sound of motor)

That's them! Them lights! Come on,
we got to hide out!

TOM

(angrily)

Hide out for what? We ain't doin'
nothin'.

MULEY

(terrified)

You're *trespassin'!* It ain't you
lan' no more! An' that's the
supr'tendant--with a gun!

CASY

Come on, Tom. You're on parole.

moving up

A CAR approaches at some distance, the headlights
and down as the car rides a dirt road.

A PART OF THE COTTON FIELD: Muley leads the way.

MULEY

All you got to do is lay down an' watch.

TOM

(as they lie down)
Won't they come out here?

MULEY

(snickering)
I don't think so. One come out here once an' I clipped him from behin' with a fence stake. They ain't bothered since.

searchlight THE EXTERIOR OF THE CABIN: The car stops. A strong
flashes on and goes over the cabin.

MAN

(in car)
Muley?
(After a pause)
He ain't here.

The car moves on.

the TOM, CASY AND MULEY lie flat, listening to the sound of
car going away.

TOM

Anybody ever 'tol me I'd be hidin'
out on my own place...!

He whistles, as the scene fades out.

cornstalks,
fallen
that
into
country
as the
DRIED CORNSTALKS, seen by daylight, fade in. The
their roots blown clean and clear of the earth, lie
in one direction. This is what has happened to farms
were once rich and green. Then Uncle John's cabin comes
view. It is just after sunup. The air is filled with
sounds--a shrill chorus of birds, a dog barking in the
distance. The cabin is of the same general appearance

chimney.

Joad cabin but even smaller. Smoke curls from the

platter
voice.

We see a PLATTER ON A TABLE, inside the cabin. The
is filled with sidemeat. Over the scene comes Ma Joad's

MA'S VOICE

Lord, make us thankful for what we
are about to receive, for His sake.
Amen.

sneaks
out a piece of sidemeat.

Five people are seated around the breakfast table on

chairs
John.

or boxes. They are Pa, Grampa, Granma, Noah, and Uncle

because

Two children, Ruthie and Winfield, stand to the table,

Ma,

there are no more chairs. Their heads are all bent as

the

standing with a fork in her hand between the table and

as

stove, ends the grace. Heads lift and there is a bustle

others

Ma turns back to the frying pork on the stove and the

at

truck into their food. Granma points a spiteful finger

Grampa.

GRANMA

I seen you!--You et durin' grace!

GRAMPA

(indignantly)

One little ole dab!--one teeny little
ole dab!

are

RUTHIE AND WINFIELD, though they are shoveling it in,

grinning at Grampa.

RUTHIE

(in a snickering
whisper to Winfield)

Ain't he messy though!

GRANMA

(viciously)

I seen him!--goblin' away like an
ole pig!

GRAMPA

Whyn't you keep your eyes shet durin'
grace, you ole...

the
NOAH is solemnly studying a handbill. Over his shoulder
HANDBILL can be read: "800 PICKERS WANTED--WORK IN
CALIFORNIA"

We see NOAH AND UNCLE JOHN.

NOAH

(who is a half-wit)

What's it say again?

JOHN

Says plenty work in California--
peaches. Eight hundred pickers needed.

Noah frowns at the print.

GRAMPA

(who has mush on his
mouth)

Wait'll I get to California! Gonna
reach up and pick me an orange
whenever I want it! Or grapes. That
there's somethin' I ain't *never*
had enough of! Gonna get me a whole
bunch a grapes off a bush and I'm
gonna squash 'em all over my face
and just let the juice dreen down
offen my chin!

GRANMA

(in a feeble bleat)

Puh-raise the Lawd for vittory!

GRAMPA

(expanding)

Maybe I get me a whole *washtub*
fulla them grapes and jest sit in
'em and scrooge around till they was
gone!

(Sighing)

I shore would like to do that!

her RUTHIE AND WINFIELD are snickering. Ruthie has smeared
face with mush. She pulls Winfield around to see.

RUTHIE

(whispering)

Look. I'm Grampa!

that She begins to slobber in mimicry. Winfield snickers. At
Ruthie instant Ma enters, unobserved, and without a word give
slap as a fine wallop. Nobody else pays any attention to the
see Ma, a bucket in her hand, moves on toward the door. We
toward her now in the BACKYARD, first at the door, then moving
outward. the well. She stops dead still, her eyes gazing

yard, TOM is looking at the household goods piled around the
to be taken to California. Casy is in the background.
Then Tom looks up and see Ma (out of the scene). His face
softens. He moves toward her.

MA

(softly--her eyes
closed)

Thank God. Oh thank God.

(In sudden terror as
he approaches)

Tommy, you didn't *bust* out, didya?
You ain't got to hide, have you?

TOM

No, Ma. I'm paroled. I got my papers.

she With a sigh and a smile, and her eyes full of wonder,
were feels his arm. Her fingers touch his cheek, as if she
control blind. Swelling with emotion, Tom bites his lip to
himself.

MA

I was so scared we was goin' away
without you--and we'd never see each

other again.

TOM

I'd a found you, Ma.

scene and

CASY, with great politeness, turns his back to the
keeps well away from it.

around the

TOM now looks around at the dusty furniture piled
yard.

TOM

Muley tol' me what happened, Ma. Are
we goin' to California true?

MA

We *got* to, Tommy. But that's gonna
be awright. I seen the han'bills,
about how much work they is, an'
high wages, too. But I gotta fin'
out somepin' else first, Tommy.

(Breathlessly)

Did they hurt you, son? Did they
hurt you an' make you mean-mad?

TOM

(puzzled)

Mad, Ma?

MA

Sometimes they do.

TOM

(gently)

No, Ma I was at first--but not no
more.

MA

(not yet quite
convinced)

Sometimes they do somethin' to you,
Tommy. They hurt you--and you get
mad--and then you get mean--and they
hurt you again--and you get meaner,
and meaner--till you ain't no boy or
no man any more, but just a walkin'
chunk a mean-mad. Did they hurt you
like that, Tommy?

TOM

(grinning)
No, Ma. You don't have to worry about that.

MA

Thank God. I--I don't want no mean son
(She loves him with her eyes)

At the DOOR, Pa is staring toward them, his mouth open.

PA

(almost to himself)
It's Tommy!
(Then shouting inside)
It's Tommy back!
(Heading for Tom)
What'd you do, son--bust out?

toward
headed
INSIDE UNCLE JOHN'S CABIN, all but Granma are staring the door. Then all but Granma scramble to their feet, for the door.

WINFIELD AND RUTHIE

(in an excited chant)
Tom's outa ja-ul! Tom's outa ja-ul!

GRAMPA

I knowed it! Couldn't keep him in!
Can't keep a Joad in! I knowed it from the fust!

hurriedly
only
them
The children and Grampa scramble out first, followed but less rowdily by Uncle John and Noah. Granma, aware that there is some excitement, looks interestedly after but decides against any activity.

GRANMA

(vaguely)
Puh-raise the Lawd for vittory!
(she resumes eating)

proudly
vainly
In the BACKYARD, the prodigal son, mother and father beside him, is having his hand wrung by Grampa, who

always. The
to

tries to button various buttons of his shirt, as
two children jump up and down excitedly but are too shy
force themselves into the reception.

GRAMPA

(to Pa)

You know what I al'ays said: "Tom'll
come bustin' outa that jail like a
bull through a corral fence." Can't
keep no Joad in jail!

TOM

(grinning)

I didn't bust out. They lemme out.
Howya, Noah. Howya, Uncle John.

NOAH AND JOHN

Fine, Tommy. Glad to see you.

GRAMPA

(to anybody)

I was the same way myself. Put me in
jail and I'd bust right out. Couldn't
hold me!

rattling

As Tom chucks the two children under the chin, the
roar of a jalopy causes all to turn to look.

NOAH

(confidentially)

Bust out?

TOM

(shaking his head)

Parole.

corner

in

Al,

Connie. The

the

the

The roar increases. A home-built TRUCK comes around the
of the house. Once a Hudson sedan, the top has been cut
two and a truck body constructed. It is driven now by
and on the front seat with him are Rosasharn and
arrival, as the truck moves into the yard, increases
excitement, and the scene is a little incoherent with
talking and shouting and the noise of the jalopy.

AL AND ROSASHARN

Hi, Tom! Howya doin'?

TOM

(surprised and pleased)
Rosasharn! Hi, Rosasharn! Howya, Al!

GRAMPA

(wildly)
The jailbird's back! The jailbird's
back!

OMNES

Hi, Ma! Hi, Connie! Hiya, Grampa!

PA

(to Tom)
That's Connie Rivers with her. They're
married now.
(Confidentially)
She's due about three-four months.

TOM

(marveling)
Why, she wasn't no more'n a kid when
I went up.

AL

(eagerly as he jumps
down)
You bust outa jail, Tom?

TOM

(patiently)
Naw. They paroled me.

AL

(let down)
Oh.

ROSASHARN

Heh'o Tom.
(Proudly)
This is Connie, my husband.

TOM

(shaking hands)
If this don't beat all!
(Chuckling)
Well, I see you been busy already!

ROSASHARN

(gasping)

You do not see either!--not yet!

turns in
chest.
begins
their

At the whoop of laughter that goes up from all, she
a fine simulation of maidenly mortification, and throws
herself into Connie's arms, hiding her face against his
After a moment of surprise, a slow, happy, fatuous grin
to broaden his face. He beams, whereupon their delight
increases, the men roaring and jeering and slapping
legs, the women making modest efforts to suppress their
amusement.

OMNES

Lookut his face! Y'see his face?
Lookut Rosasharn! Y'ever see anything
like her face when Tom said it? Look
around, Rosasharn! Let's see it again!

halted as
running.

An automobile horn sounds sharply. Their laughter
though cut by a knife, they look off. A TOURING CAR has
stopped in the road by the house, the engine still
One man drives, the other talks.

MAN

Hey, Joad! John Joad!

without

In the BACKYARD the people are silent, their faces
expression, as all gaze toward the touring car.

MAN

Ain't forgot, have you?

JOHN

We ain't forgot.

MAN

Comin' through here tomorrow, you
know.

JOHN

I know. We be out. We be out by sunup.

drive

The touring car's engine is still heard after the men

their off. The Joads watch the car, their heads turning,
eyes following, expressionless.

Now The scene dissolves to the BACKYARD just before dawn.
the and then a rooster crows. A couple of lanterns light
body scene as the man load the truck. It is nearly done, the
running piled high but flat with boxes, and more tied on
motor. boards. Al has the hood open and is working on the

various Noah, Casy, Uncle John, Connie, Pa, and Tom are at
tasks. They talk as they work.

TOM

(to Pa)

How you get all this money?

PA

Sol' things, chopped cotton--even
Grampa. Got us about two hunnerd
dollars all tol'. Shucked out seventy-
five for this truck, but we still
got nearly a hunnerd and fifty to
set out on. I figger we oughta be
able to make it on that.

TOM

(dryly)

Easy. After all, they ain't but about
twelve of us, is they?

AL

(proudly closing the
hood)

She'll prob'ly ride like a bull calf--
but she'll ride!

PA

Reckon we better begin roustin' 'em
out if we aim to get outa here by
daylight. How about it, John? How
you boys comin'?

(He casts a critical
eye over the truck)

stove.
room
and
shoebox
it,
eyes
but
a
then
the
City."
honey.
the
pulls
The
she
before. On
Exposition--
it
dress.
cuff
the

INSIDE THE CABIN, Ma sits on a box in front of the
The fire door is open and the light shines out. The
itself has been pretty well stripped, with only trash
discarded things left. In Ma's lap is a pasteboard
and she is going through the meager treasures stored in
to see what must go and what she can take with her. Her
are soft and thoughtful as each item brings a memory,
not sad. Occasionally she smiles faintly. She pulls out
letter, looks at it, starts to throw it into the fire,
puts it back in the box. Her hand pulls out a PICTURE
POSTCARD. We see it in Ma's hand. It is a picture of
Statue Of Liberty. Over it: "Greetings from New York
She turns it over. It is addressed: "Mrs. Joad RFD 254
Oklahomy Territory." In the space for a message: "Hello
Willy Mae."
MA, after a moment of studying it, throws the card into
fire. She lifts the letter again, puts it back. She
out a worn NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. We see it in Ma's hand.
headline is: "JOAD GETS SEVEN YEARS."
MA drops the clipping into the fire. Rummaging around,
pulls out a small CHINA DOG. We see it closely as
it is printed: "Souvenir of Louisiana Purchase
St. Louis--1904."
MA studies the dog, smiling, remembering something that
meant in her life. Then she puts in in a pocket in her
Next she pulls out some pieces of cheap jewelry; one
link, a baby's signet ring, two earrings. She smiles at

she
sure
into
lobes of
grave.

ring, then pockets it. The cuff link too. The earrings
holds for a moment longer, then looks around to make
nobody sees, then holds them to her ears, not looking
any kind of a mirror, just feeling them against the
her ears, as once perhaps she wore them. Her eyes are

TOM

(from the door)
How about it, Ma?

MA

I'm ready.

the
looks
She
calls.

Tom disappears. Ma looks at the earrings, and then at
contents of the box. She lifts out the letter again and
at it. Then, without drama, she drops it into the fire.
watches it burn. Her eyes are still on the flame as she

MA

Rosasharn honey! Wake up the chillun.
We're fixin' to leave.

The flame dies down.

quiet
hats
Rosasharn,

In the BACKYARD it is grey dawn. There is a thrill of
excitement as they all stand around the loaded truck,
on, putting on coats. The ones missing are Ma,
the children, and Grampa. Pa is in charge.

PA

(as Ma comes out of
the cabin)
Where's Grampa? Al, go git him.

GRANMA

(trying to climb in
the front seat)
I'm gonna sit up front! Somebody
he'p me!

Tom easily lifts her up the step. The two children come running out of the house, chanting.

RUTHIE AND WINFIELD

Goin' to California! Goin' to California!

PA

You kids climb up first, on top.
(all obey as he directs)
Al's gonna drive, Ma. You sit up there with him and Granma and we'll swap around later.

GRANMA

I ain't gonna sit with Grampa!

PA

Connie, you he'p Rosasharn up there alongside Ruthie and Winfiel'.
(Looking around)
Where's Grampa?

GRANMA

(with a cackle)
Where he al'ays is, prob'ly!

PA

Well, leave him a place, but Noah, you and John, y'all kinda find yourself a place--kinda keep it even all around.

who is All have obeyed and are aboard but Pa, Tom, and Casy, watching the springs flatten out.

TOM

Think she'll hold?

CASY

If she does it'll be a miracle outa Scripture.

GRAMPA'S VOICE

Lemmo go, gol dang it! Lemmo go, I tell you!

gently All turn. In a CORNER OF THE HOUSE Al is pulling Grampa but firmly, the old man holding back, and furious. He flails

feebly at Al, who holds his head out of the way without effort.

AL

He wasn't sleepin'. He was settin' out back a the barn. They's somepin' wrong with him.

GRAMPA

Ef you don't let me go--

Al permits Grampa to jerk loose and sit down on the
doorstep.
The old man is miserable and frightened and angry, too
old
to understand or accept such a violent change in his
life.
Tom and Pa come up to him. The others watch solemnly
from
their places in the truck.

TOM

What's the matter, Grampa?

GRAMPA

(dully, sullenly)
Ain't nothin' the matter. I just ain't a-goin', that's all.

PA

What you mean you ain't goin'? We *got* to go. We got no place to stay.

GRAMPA

I ain't talkin' about you, I'm talkin' about me. And I'm a-stayin'. I give her a good goin' over all night long-- and I'm a-stayin'.

PA

But you can't *do* that, Grampa. This here land is goin' under the tractor. We *all* got to git out.

GRAMPA

All but me! I'm a-stayin'.

TOM

How 'bout Granma?

GRAMPA

(fiercely)

Take her with you!

MA

(getting out of the
truck)

But who'd cook for you? How'd you
live?

GRAMPA

Muley's livin', ain't he? And I'm
twicet the man Muley is!

PA

(on his knee)

Now listen, Grampa. Listen to me,
just a minute.

GRAMPA

(grimly)

And I ain't gonna listen either. I
tol' you what I'm gonna do.

(Angrily)

And I don't give a hoot in a hollow
if they's oranges and grapes crowdin'
a fella outa bed even, I ain't a-
goin' to California!

(Picking up some dirt)

This here's my country. I b'long
here.

(Looking at the dirt)

It ain't no good--

(after a pause)

--but it's mine.

TOM

(after a silence)

Ma. Pa.

(They move toward the
cabin with him)

Grampa, his eyes hurt and hunted and
frightened and bewildered, scratches
in the dirt.

GRAMPA

(loudly)

And can't nobody *make* me go, either!
Ain't nobody here *man* enough to
make me! I'm a-stayin'.

All watch him worriedly.

INSIDE THE CABIN:

TOM

Either we got to tie him up and
throw him on the truck, or somepin.
He can't stay here.

PA

Can't tie him. Either we'll hurt him
or he'll git so mad he'll hurt his
self.

(After thought)

Reckon we could git him *drunk*?

TOM

Ain't no whisky, is they?

MA

Wait. There's a half a bottle a
soothin' sirup here.

(In the trash in the
corner)

It put the chillun to sleep.

TOM

(tasting it)

Don't taste bad.

MA

(looking in the pot)

And they's some coffee here. I could
fix him a cup...

TOM

That's right. And douse some in it.

PA

(watching)

Better give him a good 'un. He's
awful bull-headed.

Ma is already pouring coffee into a can as GRAMPA is
seen.

GRAMPA

(mumbling defiantly)

If Muley can scrabble along, I can
do it too.

(Suddenly sniffing)

I smell spareribs. Somebody been
eatin' spareribs? How come I ain't
got some?

MA

(from the door)

Got some saved for you, Grampa. Got 'em warmin' now. Here's a cuppa coffee.

GRAMPA

(taking the cup)

Awright, but get me some a them spareribs, too. Get me a whole mess of 'em. I'm hongry.

He drinks the coffee. Pa and Tom watch him. He notices nothing. He takes another dram of the coffee.

GRAMPA

(amiably)

I shore do like spareribs.

He drinks again.

dawn. Pa,
mumbles

The scene dissolves to the TRUCK. It is just after Tom, and Noah are lifting Grampa into the truck. He angrily, but is unconscious of what is happening.

PA

(fretfully)

Easy, *easy!* You wanta bust his head wide open? Pull his arms, John.

GRAMPA

(mumbling)

Ain't a-goin', thas all...

PA

Put somepin' over him, so he won't git sun-struck.

(Looking around)

Ever'body set now?

(A chorus of responses)

Awright, Al, letta go!

The engine rattles and roars shakily. Grinning with excitement, Pa sits down and pats Grampa clumsily.

PA

You be awright, Grampa.

The truck starts to move heavily. Casy stands watching it.

CASY

Good-by, an' good luck.

PA

Hey, wait! Hold 'er, Al!
(The car stops)
Ain't you goin' with us?

CASY

(after a pause)
I'd like to. There's somethin'
happenin' out there in the wes' an'
I'd like to try to learn what it is.
If you feel you got the room...

in
speaks
He stops politely. Pa looks from one face to the other
the truck--a swift, silent canvass--and though no one
or gives any other sign, Pa knows that the vote is yes.

PA

(heartily)
Come on, get on, plenty room!

OMNES

Sure, come on, Casy, plenty room!

again.
Quickly he climbs aboard. The truck rattles into motion

PA

(excitedly)
Here we go!

TOM

(grinning)
California, here we come!

the
departing truck.
As they all look back the deserted CABIN is seen from

rattles
Joad
Connie and
oblivious
Now we see the FAMILY IN THE TRUCK, as it snorts and
toward the road--a study of facial expressions as the
family look back for the last time at their home.
Rosasharn, whispering, giggling, and slappings, are

of the event. Ruthie and Winfield are trembling with excitement. But Tom's and Pa's smiles have disappeared, and all the men are gazing back thoughtfully and soberly, their minds occupied with the solemnity of this great adventure.

In the FRONT SEAT OF THE TRUCK. Al is driving. Granma is already dozing. Ma looks steadily ahead.

AL

(grinning)
Ain't you gonna look back, Ma?--give the ol' place a last look?

MA

(coldly shaking her head)
We're goin' to California, ain't we?
Awright then, let's *go* to California.

AL

(sobering)
That don't sound like you, Ma. You never was like that before.

MA

I never had my house pushed over before. I never had my fambly stuck out on the road. I never had to lose... ever'thing I had in life.

She continues to stare straight ahead. The TRUCK is lumbering up onto a paved highway.

The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE: Almost filling the screen is the shield marker of the U.S. Highway 66.

Superimposed on it is a montage of jalopies, steaming and rattling and piled high with goods and people, as they pull onto the highway, to indicate as much as possible that this departure of the Joad family is but part of a mass movement of jalopies and

past--

families. The signs of towns on U.S. Highway 66 flash

CHECOTAH, OKLAHOMA CITY, BETHANY.

Joad
leap
Grampa in
arms.

This dissolves to a HIGHWAY. It is late afternoon. The truck pulls off the paved highway and stops. The men down quickly from the truck, all but Pa, who lifts his arms and then lowers him slowly, gently into Tom's

In TOM'S arms Grampa is whimpering feebly.

GRAMPA

Ain't a-goin'... ain't a-goin'...

TOM

'S all right, Grampa. You just kind a tar'd, that's all. Somebody fix a pallet.

highway.
Granma,
Tom is
on
dimly

With a quilt pulled from the truck Ma runs ahead as Tom carries Grampa toward a clump of woods back off the

The others get down soberly from the truck, all but who is dozing. Cars pass-a fast car passing a jalopy. letting the old man down gently as Ma adjusts the quilt on the ground. Death is in Grampa's eyes as he looks up at them.

GRAMPA

(a whisper)

Thas it, jus' tar'd thas all... jus' tar'd...

(He closes his eyes)

written
voice

The scene dissolves to an insert of a NOTE. It is awkwardly in pencil on the flyleaf of a Bible. Tom's recites the words.

TOM'S VOICE

This here is William James Joad, dyed of a stroke, old old man. His folkes bured him becaws they got no

money to pay for funerls. Nobody
kilt him. Jus a stroke an he dyed.

two
open
fruit
places it

A GRAVE, at night. In the clump of woods, lighted by
lanterns, The Joad tribe stands reverently around an
grave. Having read the note, Tom puts it in a small
jar and kneels down and, reaching into the grave,
on Grampa's body.

TOM

I figger best we leave something
like this on him, lest somebody dig
him up and make out he been kilt.

(Reaching into the
grave)

Lotta times looks like the gov'ment
got more interest in a dead man than
a live one.

PA

Not be so lonesome, either, knowin'
his name is there with 'im, not just'
a old fella lonesome underground.

TOM

(straightening up)

Casy, won't you say a few words?

CASY

I ain't no more a preacher, you know.

TOM

We know. But ain't none of our folks
ever been buried without a few words.

CASY

(after a pause)

I'll say 'em--an' make it short.

(All bow and close
eyes)

This here ol' man jus' lived a life
an' jus' died out of it. I don't
know whether he was good or bad, an'
it don't matter much. Heard a fella
say a poem once, an' he says, "All
that lives is holy." But I wouldn't
pray for jus' a ol' man that's dead,
because he's awright. If I was to

pray I'd pray for the folks that's
alive an' don't know which way to
turn. Grampa here, he ain't got no
more trouble like that. He's got his
job all cut out for 'im--so cover
'im up and let 'im get to it.

OMNES

Amen.

The scene fades out.

HIGHWAY 66, in daylight, fades in: an Oklahoma stretch,
revealing a number of jalopies rattling westward. The
truck approaches.

Joad

In the FRONT SEAT OF THE TRUCK Tom is now driving.
dozing again, and Ma is looking thoughtfully ahead.

Granma is

MA

Tommy.

TOMMY

What is it, Ma?

MA

Wasn't that the state line we just
passed?

TOM

(after a pause)

Yes'm, that was it.

MA

Your pa tol' me you didn't ought to
cross it if you're paroled. Says
they'll send you up again.

TOM

Forget it, Ma. I got her figgered
out. Long as I keep outa trouble,
ain't nobody gonna say a thing. All
I gotta do is keep my nose clean.

MA

(worriedly)

Maybe they got crimes in California
we don't know about. Crimes we don't
even know *is* crimes.

TOM

(laughing)

Forget it, Ma. Jus' think about the nice things out there. Think about them grapes and oranges--an' ever'body got work--

GRANMA

(waking suddenly)

I gotta git out!

TOM

First gas station, Granma--

GRANMA

I gotta git *out*, I tell ya! I gotta git *out*!

TOM

(foot on brakes)

Awright! Awright!

As the truck slows to a stop a motorcycle cop approaches them. Looking back, Tom sees him bearing toward them. He looks grimly at Ma.

TOM

They shore don't waste no time!
(As Granma whines)
Take her out.

COP

(astraddle his motorcycle)
Save your strength, lady.
(to Tom)
Get goin', buddy. No campin' here.

TOM

(relieved)

We ain't campin'. We jus' stoppin' a minute--

COP

Lissen, I heard that before--

GRANMA

I tell ya I gotta git out!

disclaimer

The cop looks startled, puzzled, but Tom shrugs a
for responsibility in that quarter.

TOM

(mildly)
She's kinda ol'--

GRANMA

(whimpering)
I tell ya--

COP

Okay, okay!

GRANMA

(triumphantly)
Puh-raise the Lawd for vittory!

women

As Ma helps Granma out the other side, Tom and the cop
exchange a glance and snother shrug at the foibles of
and then look studiedly into space.

marker

flashes

This

Strikes,

Fix

The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE: superimposed on the
of U.S. Highway 66 an assortment of roadside signs
by: Bar-B-Q, Joe's Eats, Dr. Pepper, Gas, Coca Cola,
Highway is Patrolled, End of 25 Mile Zone, Lucky
Used Cars, Nutburger, Motel, Drive-Inn, Free Water, We
Flats, etc.

hear

wooden

jalopies

dozen or

Connie

softens the

their

A HAND-PAINTED SIGN reads: "CAMP 50¢." It is night. We
the sound of guitar music. In the CAMP GROUND a small
house dominates the scene. There are no facilities; the
migrants simply pitch makeshift tents and park their
wherever there is a space. It is after supper and a
more men sit on the steps of the house listening to
play a road song on a borrowed guitar. The music
tired, drawn faces of the men and drives away some of

the
children
porch.

shyness. In the dark, outside the circle of light from
gasoline lantern on the porch, some of the women and
sit and enjoy the luxury of this relative gaiety. The
proprietor sits tipped back in a straight chair on the

is
asleep
her
lies
up

We see the JOAD TENT. Behind their truck, a tarpaulin
stretched over a rope from tree to tree. Granma lies
on a quilt, stirring fitfully. Ma sits on the ground at
head, fanning her with a piece of cardboard. Rosasharn
flat on her back, hands clasped under her head, looking
at the stars. The music comes to them pleasantly.

ROSASHARN

Ma... all this, will it hurt the
baby?

MA

Now don't you go gettin' nimsy-mimsy.

ROSASHARN

Sometimes I'm all jumpy inside.

MA

Well, can't nobody get through nine
months without sorrow.

ROSASHARN

But will it--hurt the baby?

MA

They use' to be a sayin': A chile
born outa sorrow'll be a happy chile.
An' another: Born outa too much joy'll
be a doleful boy. That's the way I
always heard it.

ROSASHARN

You don't ever get scairt, do you,
Ma?

MA

(thoughtfully)
Sometimes. A little. Only it ain't
scairt so much. It's just waitin'

an' wonderin'. But when sump'n happens
that I got to do sump'n--
(simply)
--I'll do it.

ROSASHARN

Don't it ever scare you it won't be
nice in California like we think?

MA

(quickly)
No. No, it don't. I can't do that. I
can't let m'self. All I can do is
see how soon they gonna wanta eat
again. They'd all get upset if I
done anymore 'n that. They all depen'
on me jus' thinkin' about that.

(After a pause)

That's my part--that an' keepin' the
fambly together.

The men

As the music ends we see a GROUP ON THE PORCH STEPS.
murmur approbation of Connie's playing.

PA

(with quiet pride)
Thas my son-in-law.

FIRST MAN

Sings real nice. What state y'all
from?

PA

Oklahoma. Had us a farm there, share-
croppin'.

TOM

Till the tractors druv us out.

FIRST MAN

We from Arkansas. I had me a store
there, kind of general notions store,
but when the farms went the store
went too.

(Sighing)

Nice a little as you ever saw. I
shore did hate to give it up.

PA

(profoundly)
Wal, y'cain't tell. I figure when we

git out there an' git work an' maybe
git us a piece a growin' lan' near
water it might not be so bad at that.

OTHER MEN

Thas right... Payin' good wages, I
hear... Ever'body got work out
there... Can't be no worse...

group,
the
As they talk, a SECOND MAN, standing on the edge of the
begins to grin bitterly. He is much more ragged than
others.

SECOND MAN

You folks must have a pot a money.

The GROUP turns to look at the Man.

PA

(with dignity)

No, we ain't got no money. But they's
plenty of us to work, an' we 're all
good men. Get good wages out there
an' put it all together an' we'll be
awright.

All of
the men are watching him.
The Man begins to snigger and then to laugh in a high
whinneying giggle which turns into a fit of coughing.

SECOND MAN

Good wages, eh! Pickin' oranges an'
peaches?

PA

(quietly)

We gonna take whatever they got.

TOM

What's so funny about it?

SECOND MAN

(sniggering again)

What's so funny about it? I just
been out there! I been an' *seen*
it! An' I'm goin' *back* to starve--
because I ruther starve all over at
once!

PA

(angrily)

Whatta you think you're talkin' about?
I got a han'bill here says good wages,
an' I seen it in the papers they
need pickers!

SECOND MAN

Awright, go on! Ain't nobody stoppin'
ya!

PA

(pulling out handbill)

But what about this?

SECOND MAN

I ain't gonna fret you. Go on!

TOM

Wait a minute, buddy. You jus' done
some jackassin'! You ain't gonna
shut up now. The han'bill says they
need men. You laugh an' say they
don't. Now which one's a liar?

SECOND MAN

(after a pause)

How many you'all got them han'bills?
Come on, how many?

At least three-quarters of the men worriedly reach into
their pockets and draw out worn and folded handbills.

PA

But what does *that* prove?

SECOND MAN

Look at 'em! Same yella han'bill--
800 pickers wanted. Awright, this
man wants 800 men. So he prints up
5,000 a them han'bills an' maybe
20,000 people sees 'em. An' maybe
two-three thousan' starts movin,
wes' account a this han'bill. Two-
three thousan' folks that's crazy
with worry headin' out for 800 jobs!
Does that make sense?

There is a long worried silence. The proprietor leans
forward angrily.

PROPRIETOR

What are you, a troublemaker? You sure you ain't one a them labor fakes?

SECOND MAN

I swear I ain't, mister!

PROPRIETOR

Well, don't you go roun' here tryin' to stir up trouble.

SECOND MAN

(drawing himself up)

I tried to tell you folks sump'n it took me a year to fin' out. Took two kids dead, took my wife dead, to show me. But nobody couldn't tell me neither. I can't tell ya about them little fellas layin' in the tent with their bellies puffed out an' jus' skin on their bones, an' shiverin' an' whinin' like pups, an' me runnin' aroun' tryin' to get work--

(shouting)

--not for money, not for wages--jus' for a cup a flour an' a spoon a lard! An' then the coroner came. "Them children died a heart-failure," he says, an' put it in his paper.

(With wild bitterness)

Heart-failure!--an' their little bellies stuck out like a pig-bladder!

emotions,
uneasy

He looks around at the men, trying to control his and then he walks away into the darkness. There is an silence.

FIRST MAN

Well--gettin' late. Got to get to sleep.

the
worry on

They all rise as at a signal, all moved and worried by Second Man's outburst. TOM, PA AND CASY move away, their faces.

PA

S'pose he's tellin' the truth--that

fella?

CASY

He's tellin' the truth awright. The truth for him. He wasn't makin' nothin' up.

TOM

How about us? Is that the truth for us?

CASY

I don't know.

PA

(worriedly)

How can you tell?

shield
the
country--
cheap
next
stand
The
Noah
shrieking
to
pouch,
the

The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE: superimposed on the marker of U.S. Highway 66 and the rattling Joad truck signs of towns flash by: AMARILLO, VEGA, GLENRIO. The TRUCK is seen on the HIGHWAY. It is now mountain New Mexico. Then it is seen at a GAS STATION. It is a two-pump station, hand-painted, dreary, dusty. Huddled to it is a hamburger stand. In front of the hamburger is a truck labeled: NEW MEXICO VAN AND STORAGE COMPANY. Joads are piling out of their truck. Directed by Ma, lifts Granma out. The two children scamper around because their legs have gone to sleep. Al is preparing put water in the radiator. Pa takes out a deep leather unties the strings, and begins calculating his money as fat proprietor advances.

FAT MAN

(truculently)

You folks aim to buy anything?

AL

Need some gas, mister.

FAT MAN

Got any money?

AL

Whatta you think>--we's beggin'?

FAT MAN

I just ast, that's all.

TOM

(evenly)

Well, ask right. You ain't talkin'
to bums, you know.

FAT MAN

(appealing to heaven)

All in the worl' I done was ast!

Bert is
A
driver,
slot

INSIDE THE HAMBURGER STAND, a standard cheap eatery,
doing the short orders and Mae is handling the counter.
A nickel phonograph is playing a tune. Bill, a truck
driver, sits at the counter; his partner, Fred, is playing a
slot machine.

BILL

Kinda pie y'got?

MAE

Banana cream, pineapple cream,
chocolate cream--and apple.

BILL

Cut me off a hunk a that banana cream,
and a cuppa java.

FRED

Make it two.

MAE

Two it is.

(Smirking)

Seen any new etchin's lately, Bill?

BILL

(grinning)

Well, here's one ain't bad. Little
kid comes in late to school. Teacher

says--

Ruthie
screen.
He stops. Pa is peering in the screen door. Beside him
and Winfield have their noses flattened against the
Mae looks at Pa.

MAE

Yeah?

PA

Could you see your way clear to sell
us a loaf of bread, ma'am.

MAE

This ain't a groc'ry store. We got
bread to make san'widges with.

PA

I know, ma'am... on'y it's for a ole
lady, no teeth, gotta sof'n it with
water so she can chew it, an' she's
hongry.

MAE

Whyn't you buy a san'wich? We got
nice san'widges.

PA

(embarrassed)

I shore would like to do that, ma'am,
but the fack is, we ain't got but a
dime for it. It's all figgered out,
I mean--for the trip.

MAE

You can't get no loaf a bread for a
dime. We only got fifteen-cent loafs.

BERT

(an angry whisper)

Give 'em the bread.

MAE

We'll run out 'fore the bread truck
comes.

BERT

Awright then, run out!

up
the

Mae shrugs at the truck drivers, to indicate what she's against, while Bert mashes his hamburgers savagely with the spatula.

MAE

Come in.

and
children
in at

Pa and the two children come in as Mae opens a drawer pulls out a long waxpaper-covered loaf of bread. The have been drawn to the candy showcase and are staring the goodies.

MAE

This here's a fifteen-cent loaf.

PA

Would you--could you see your way to cuttin' off ten cents worth?

BERT

(a clinched teeth
order)

Give 'im the loaf!

PA

No, sir, we wanta buy ten cents worth, thas all.

MAE

(sighing)

You can have this for ten cents.

PA

I don't wanta rob you, ma'am.

MAE

(with resignation)

Go ahead--Bert says take it.

with his

Taking out his pouch, Pa digs into it, feels around fingers for a dime, as he apologizes.

PA

May soun' funny to be so tight, but we got a thousan' miles to go, an' we don't know if we'll make it.

penny
when his
he

But when he puts the dime down on the counter he has a
with it. He is about to drop this back in the pouch
eyes fall on the children staring at the candy. Slowly
moves down to see what they are looking at. Then:

PA

Is them penny candy, ma'am?

as
The children look up with a gasp, their big eyes on Mae
she moves down behind the counter.

MAE

Which ones?

PA

There, them stripy ones.

stopped
Mae looks from the candy to the children. They have
breathing, their eyes on the candy.

MAE

Oh, them? Well, no--them's *two* for
a penny.

PA

Well, give me two then, ma'am.

holds
at Pa.
He places the penny carefully on the counter and Mae
the sticks of candy out to the children. They look up

PA

(beaming)

Sure, take 'em, take 'em!

looking
of
turns
Rigid with embarrassment, they accept the candy,
neither at it nor at each other. Pa picks up the loaf
bread and they scramble for the door. At the door Pa
back.

PA

Thank you, ma'am.

them. The door slams. Bill turns back from staring after

BILL

Them wasn't two-for-a-cent candy.

MAE

(belligerently)

What's it to you?

BILL

Them was nickel apiece candy.

FRED

We got to get goin'. We're droppin' time.

Bill Both reach in their pockets, but when Fred sees what
they go has put down he reaches again and duplicates it. As
out of the door...

BILL

So long.

MAE

Hey, wait a minute. You got change comin'.

BILL'S VOICE

(from outside)

What's it to you?

Bert As Mae watches them through the window, her eyes warm,
paper walks around the counter to the three slot machines, a
and with figures on it in his hand. The truck roars outside
moves off. Mae looks down again at the coins.

MAE

(softly)

Bert.

BERT

(playing a machine)

What ya want?

MAE

Look here.

two
As he looks we see the COINS ON THE COUNTER. They are
half-dollars.

MAE

(reverently)
Truck drivers.

his
of
scoops
There is a rattle of coins as Bert hits the jackpot. In
left hand on the machine is a paper with three columns
figures on it. The third column is much the longest. He
out the money.

BERT

I figgered No. 3 was about ready to
pay off.

The scene fades out.

gap in
Desert. A
as his
The ARIZONA BORDER, in daylight, fades in. It is in a
the mountains and beyond can be seen the Painted
border guard halts the Joad truck. He is not as tough
words indicate, just curt and matter-of-fact.

GUARD

Where you going?

TOM

(who is driving)
California.

GUARD

How long you plan to be in Arizona?

TOM

No longer'n we can get acrost her.

GUARD

Got any plants?

TOM

No plants.

GUARD

(putting sticker on
windshield)
Okay. Go ahead, but you better keep
movin'.

TOM

Sure. We aim to.

The truck rattles into movement.

shield
flash
15¢ A

The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE superimposed on the
marker of U.S. Highway 66 and the Joad truck. Signs
by: FLAGSTAFF, WATER 5¢ A GAL, WATER 10¢ A GAL, WATER
GAL, and finally, NEEDLES, CALIF.

on
can
eloquent.
is an

In the foreground, their backs turned, the Joads stand
and about their truck looking in a long silence at what
be seen of California from Needles. Their silence is
The faces of the Joads are blank with dismay, for this
unattractive sight indeed.

PA

(finally)
There she is, folks--the land a milk
an' honey--California!

CONNIE

(sullenly)
Well, if *that's* what we come out
here for...

They look at each other in disappointment.

ROSASHARN

(timidly, to Connie)
Maybe it's nice on the other side.
Them pitchers--them little pos'cards--
they was real pretty.

TOM

(rallying them)
Aw, sure. This here's jus' a part of
it. Ain't no sense a gettin' scairt
right off.

PA

Course not. Come on, let's get goin'.
She don't look so tough to me!

scene
is on
see
under,
towering

The Joads and the landscape are seen again. Then the
dissolves to the BANK OF A RIVER. The camp at Needles
the bank of the Colorado River, among some willows. We
the man of the family sitting chest-deep in the shallow
waters, talking, occasionally ducking their heads
reveling in this relief. In the background are the
mountains.

TOM

Got that desert yet. Gotta take her
tonight. Take her in the daytime
fella says she'll cut your gizzard
out.

PA

(to Al)

How's Granma since we got her in the
tent?

AL

She's off her chump, seems to me.

NOAH

She's outa her senses, awright. All
night on the truck keep talkin' like
she was talkin' to Grampa.

TOM

She's jus' wore out, that's all.

PA

(worriedly)

I shore would like to stop here a
while an' give her some res' but we
on'y got 'bout forty dollars left. I
won't feel right till we're there
an' all workin' an' a little money
comin' in.

NOAH

(lazily, after a
silence)

Like to jus' stay here myself. Like

to lay here forever. Never get hungry
an' never get sad. Lay in the water
all life long, lazy as a brood sow
in the mud.

TOM

(looking up at the
mountains)

Never seen such tough mountains.
This here's a murder country, just
the *bones* of a country.

(Thoughtfully)

Wonder if we'll ever get in a place
where folks can live 'thout fightin'
hard scrabble an' rock. Sometimes
you get to thinkin' they *ain't* no
such country.

They look up as a man and his grown son stand on the
bank.

MAN

How's the swimmin'?

TOM

Dunno. We ain't tried none. Sure
feels good to set here, though.

MAN

Mind if we come in an' set?

TOM

She ain't our river. But we'll len'
you a little piece of her.

They start to shuck off their clothes. THE MAN,
excluding those undressing, form another scene.

PA

Goin' west?

MAN'S VOICE

Nope. We come from there. Goin' back
home.

TOM

Where's home?

MAN'S VOICE

Panhandle, come from near Pampa.

PA

(in surprise)

Can you make a livin' there?

MAN'S VOICE

Nope.

The man and his son sit down in the water.

MAN

(continuing)

But at leas' we can starve to death
with folks we know.

his There is a long silence among the Joads as the man and
son splash water over their heads.

PA

(slowly)

Ya know, you're the second fella
talked like that. I'd like to hear
some more about that.

TOM

Me an' you both.

Joads The man and his son exchange a glance, as though the
had touched on the deadliest of subjects.

SON

(finally)

He ain't gonna tell you nothin' about
it.

PA

If a fella's willin' to work hard,
can't he cut her?

MAN

Listen, mister. I don't know
ever'thing. You might go out an'
fall into a steady job, an' I'd be a
liar. An' then, you might never get
no work, an' I didn't warn you. All
I can tell ya, most of the folks is
purty mis'able.

(Sullenly)

But a fella don't know ever'thing.

man, but
Finally

There is a disturbed silence as the Joads study the
he obviously has no intention of saying anything more.
Pa turns to his brother.

PA

John, you never was a fella to say
much, but I'll be goldanged if you
opened your mouth twicet since we
lef' home. What you think about this?

JOHN

(scowling)

I don't think *nothin'* about it.
We're a-goin' there, ain't we? When
we get there, we'll get there. When
we get a job, we'll work, an' when
we don't get a job we'll set on our
behin's. That's all they is to it,
ain't it?

TOM

(laughing)

Uncle John don't talk much but when
he does he shore talks sense.
(He spurts water out
of his mouth)

Joad
servicing
Al
for

The scene dissolves to a GAS STATION, at night. The
truck, loaded with goods and people, is last gas and
before the desert. Two white uniformed boys handle the
station. A sign reads: "LAST CHANCE FOR GAS AND WATER."
is filling the radiator. Tom is counting out the money
the gas.

FIRST BOY

You people got a lotta nerve.

TOM

What you mean?

FIRST BOY

Crossin' the desert in a jalopy like
this.

TOM

You been acrost?

FIRST BOY

Sure, plenty, but not in no wreck like this.

TOM

If we broke down maybe somebody'd give us a han'.

FIRST BOY

(doubtfully)

Well, maybe. But I'd hate to be doin' it. Takes more nerve than I got.

TOM

(laughing)

It don't take no nerve to do somep'n when there ain't nothin' else you can do.

(He climbs into the driver's seat)

TRUCK.
MA AND GRANMA are seen lying on a mattress in the Granma's eyes are shut. Actually she is near death. Ma keeps patting her.

MA

(softly)

Don't you worry, Granma. It's gonna be awright.

GRANMA

(mumbling)

Grampa... Grampa... I want Grampa...

MA

Don't you fret now.

The truck moves off.

away.
looking
up
We see the GAS STATION again with the truck pulling The First Boy, a lad who knows everything, stands after them, shaking his head. His assistant is cleaning the pumps.

FIRST BOY

Holy Moses, what a hard-lookin'

outfit!

SECOND BOY

All them Okies is hard-lookin'.

FIRST BOY

Boy, but I'd hate to hit that desert
in a jalopy like that!

SECOND BOY

(contentedly)

Well, you and me got sense. Them
Okies got no sense or no feeling.
They ain't human. A human being
wouldn't live like they do. A human
being couldn't stand it to be so
miserable.

FIRST BOY

Just don't know any better, I guess.

NOAH is seen hiding behind a corner of the GAS STATION.
Peering out, he sees that the truck has gone. He turns

to

walk away into the darkness.

The scene dissolves to a RIVER BANK at night, and Noah

is

once more seated in the shallow water, splashing,

looking up

at the mountains, content.

The TRUCK is rattling along U.S. Highway 66, across the
desert, in the night. In the DRIVER'S SEAT Tom is

driving,

Al and Pa are by his side.

AL

What a place! How'd you like to walk
acrost her?

TOM

People done it. If they could, we
could.

AL

Lots must a died, too.

TOM

(after a pause)

Well, we ain't out a it yet.

wide

RUTHIE AND WINFIELD huddle together in THE TRUCK, eyes
with excitement.

RUTHIE

This here's the desert an' we're
right in it!

WINFIELD

(trying to see)
I wisht it was day.

RUTHIE

Tom says if it's day it'll cut you
gizzard smack out a you.
(Trying to see too)
I seen a pitcher once. They was bones
ever'place.

WINFIELD

Man bones?

RUTHIE

Some, I guess, but mos'ly cow bones.

still,

MA AND GRANDMA are seen again. The old woman lies
breathing noisily. Ma continues to pat her.

MA

(whispering)
'S awright, honey. Everything's gonna
be awright.

by

sweat.

weary.

Then we see the TRUCK still churning along Highway 66
night. CASY is asleep in the truck, his face wet with
CONNIE AND ROSASHARN are huddled together, damp and

ROSASHARN

Seems like we wasn't never gonna do
nothin' but move. I'm so tar'd.

CONNIE

(sullenly)
Women is always tar'd.

ROSASHARN

(fearfully)
You ain't--you ain't sorry, are you,

honey?

CONNIE

(slowly)

No, but--but you seen that advertisement in the Spicy Western Story magazine. Don't pay nothin'. Jus' send 'em the coupon an' you're a radio expert--nice clean work.

ROSASHARN

(pleadingly)

But we can still do it, honey.

CONNIE

(sullenly)

I ought to done it then--an' not come on any trip like this.

Her eyes widen with fright as he avoids meeting her glance.

Grandma's
is
MA AND GRANDMA lie side by side. Ma's hand is on heart. The old woman's eyes are shut and her breathing almost imperceptible.

MA

(whispering)

We can't give up, honey. The family's got to get acrost. You know that.

JOHN'S VOICE

Ever'thing all right?

Ma does not answer immediately. Her head lifted, she is staring at Granma's face. Then slowly she withdraws her hand from Grandma's heart.

MA

(slowly)

Yes, ever'thing's all right. I--I guess I dropped off to sleep.

Her head rests again. She lies looking fixedly at the still face.

Daggett,
The scene dissolves to an INSPECTION STATION, near

RIGHT
two
down
aboard the

California, at night. Obeying a sign that reads: "KEEP
AND STOP," the Joad truck pulls up under a long shed as
officers, yawning, come out to inspect it. One takes
the license number and opens the hood. The people
truck bestir themselves sleepily.

TOM

What's this here?

OFFICER

Agricultural inspection. We got to
go over your stuff. Got any vegetables
or seed?

TOM

No.

OFFICER

Well, we got to look over your stuff.
You got to unload.

MA gets down off the truck, her face swollen, her eyes
hard.
There is an undercurrent of hysteria in her voice and
manner.

MA

Look, mister. We got a sick ol' lady.
We got to get her to a doctor. We
can't wait.

(Almost hysterically)

You can't make us wait!

OFFICER

Yeah? Well, we got to look you over.

MA

I swear we ain't got anything. I
swear it. An' Granma's awful sick.

(Pulling him to the
truck)

Look!

The officer lights his flashlight on Granma's face.

OFFICER

(shocked)

You wasn't foolin'! You swear you

got no fruit or vegetables?

MA

No, I swear it.

OFFICER

Then go ahead. You can get a doctor at Barstow. That's just eight miles. But don't stop. Don't get off. Understand?

Ma climbs back up beside Granma.

TOM

Okay, cap. Much oblige.

The truck starts.

MA

(to John)

Tell Tom he don't have to stop. Granma's all right.

The TRUCK moves away on Highway 66.

The scene dissolves to the TEHACHAPI VALLEY, by day.

Taking
valley
is
beautiful,
the
of the
looking
climb

it from the book, there is a breath-taking view of the
from where Highway 66 comes out of the mountains. This
the California the Joads have dreamed of, rich and
the land of milk and honey. It is just daybreak, with
sun at the Joad's back. They have pulled off the side
road and stopped, just to drink in the sight. They are
almost reverently at the sight before them as they
stiffly out of the truck.

AL

Will ya look at her!

PA

(shaking his head)

I never knowed they was anything like her!

One by one, they climb down.

TOM

Where's Ma? I want Ma to see it.
Look, Ma! Come here, Ma!

her
weak

He starts back. MA is holding to the rear of the truck,
face stiff and swollen, her eyes deep-sunk, her limbs
and shaky.

TOM

(shocked)
Ma, you sick?

MA

(hoarsely)
Ya say we're acrost?

TOM

(eagerly)
Look, Ma!

MA

Thank God! An' we're still together--
most of us.
(Her knees buckle and
she sits down on the
running board)

TOM

Didn' you get no sleep?

MA

No.

TOM

Was Granma bad?

MA

(after a pause)
Granma's dead.

TOM

(shocked)
When?

MA

Since before they stopped us las'
night.

TOM

An' that's why you didn't want 'em
to look?

MA

(nodding)

I was afraid they'd stop us an'
wouldn't let us cross. But I tol'
Granma. I tol' her when she was dyin'.
I tol' her the fambly had ta get
acrost. I tol' her we couldn't take
no chances on bein' stopped.

With the valley for background, Ma looks down on it.

MA

(softly)

So it's all right. At leas' she'll
get buried in a nice green place.
Trees and flowers aroun'.

(Smiling sadly)

She got to lay her head down in
California after all.

The scene fades out.

city
Joad
aiming at
uncertain,
Ruthie and
locomotion.
Tom.

A TOWN STREET, by day, fades in. Down a town or small
business street, with quite a bit of traffic, comes the
truck being pushed by the Joad men. At the wheel,
a corner gas station, is Rosasharn, frightened and
with Ma beside her on the front seat. In the back
Winfield are delighted with this new form of
Crossing the street, a policeman falls into step with

POLICEMAN

How far you figger you gonna get
this way?

TOM

Right here. We give out a gas.

car,
by the

It is a two-pump station and one of the pumps has a
with the attendant servicing it. The Joad truck stops

grins

other pump and Tom, wiping his face with his sleeve,
and address himself to the policeman. The others stand
listening solemnly in the background.

TOM

Where's the bes' place to get some
work aroun' here?

(Pulling out the
handbill)

Don't matter what kin' either.

POLICEMAN

(patiently)

If I seen one a them things I must a
seen ten thousan'.

PA

Ain't it no good?

POLICEMAN

(shaking his head)

Not here--not now. Month ago there
was some pickin' but it's all moved
south now. Where'bouts in Oklahoma
you from?

TOM

Sallisaw.

POLICEMAN

I come out from Cherokee County--two
years ago.

ROSASHARN

(pleased)

Why, Connie's folks from Cherokee
County--

POLICEMAN

(stopping her wearily)

Okay, ma'am, let's don't go into it.
I already met about a hundred firs'
cousins an' it mus' be five hundred
secon'. But this is what I got to
tell you, don't try to park in town
tonight. Keep on out to that camp.
If we catch you in town after dark
we got to lock you up. Don't forget.

PA

(worriedly)

But what we gonna *do*?

POLICEMAN

(about to leave)

Pop, that just ain't up to me.

(Grimly he points to
the handbill)

But I don't min' tellin' you, the
guy they *ought* to lock up is the
guy that sent out *them* things.

him,
after
He strolls away, the Joads looking concernedly after
just as the gas station attendant comes briskly to them
disposing of the other car.

ATTENDANT

(brightly)

How many, folks?

AL

(after a pause)

One.

The attendant regards him in disgust.

migrant
tarpaper
children
incline
front of
regard
The scene dissolves to HOOVERVILLE, by day. A large
camp, a typical shanty town of ragged tents and
shacks, jalopies and dirty children. A dozen or more
pause to watch as the Joad truck lumbers down a dirt
from the road and stops at the edge of the camp in
one of the most miserable of the shacks. The Joads
the camp with dismay.

TOM

(shaking his head)

She shore don't look prosperous.

Want to go somewheres else?

MA

On a gallon a gas?

(As Tom grins at her)

Let's set up the tent. Maybe I can
fix us up some stew.

children.

Ma is
On the
watching
half-
the pot
stew.

The truck moves into the camp through a lane of

The scene dissolves to the JOAD TENT. In front of it,
on her knees feeding a small fire with broken sticks.
The fire is a pot of stew. Ruthie and Winfield stand
the pot. About fifteen ragged, barefooted children in a
circle are now around the fire, their solemn eyes on
of stew. Occasionally they look at Ma, then back at the
Presently one of the older girls speaks.

GIRL

(shyly)

I could break up some bresh if you
want me, ma'am.

MA

(gently)

You want to get ast to eat, hunh?

GIRL

(simply)

Yes, ma'am.

MA

Didn' you have no breakfast?

GIRL

No, ma'am. They ain't no work
hereabouts. Pa's in tryin' to sell
some stuff to get gas so's we can
get along.

MA

Didn' none of these have no breakfast?

There is a long silence. Then:

BOY

(boastfully)

I did. Me an' my brother did. We et
good.

MA

Then you ain't hungry, are you?

The boy chokes, his lip sticks out.

BOY

(doggedly)
We et good.
(Then he breaks and
runs)

MA

Well, it's a good thing *some* a you
ain't hungry, because they ain't
enough to go all the way roun'.

GIRL

Aw, he was braggin'. Know what he
done? Las' night, come out an' say
they got chicken to eat. Well, sir,
I looked in whilst they was a-eatin'
an' it was fried dough jus' like
ever'body else.

Pa and John enter.

PA

How 'bout it?

MA

(to Ruthie)
Go get Tom an' Al.
(looking helplessly
at the children)
I dunno what to do. I got to feed
the fambly. What'm I gonna do with
these here?

eyes
is
them
his
and

She is dishing the stew into tin plates. The children's
follow the spoon, and then the first plate, to John. He
raising the first spoonful to his mouth when he notices
apparently for the first time. He is chewing slowly,
eyes on the children, their eyes on his face, when Tom
Al enter.

JOHN

(standing up)
You take this.
(Handing plate to Tom)
I ain't hungry.

TOM

Whatta ya mean? You ain't et today.

JOHN

I know, but I got a stomickache. I ain't hungry.

TOM

(after a glance at
the children)

You take that plate inside the tent
an' you eat it.

JOHN

Wouldn't be no use. I'd still see
'em inside the tent.

TOM

(to the children)

You git. Go on now, git. You ain't
doin' no good. They ain't enough for
you.

The children retreat a step, but no more, and then look
wonderingly at him.

MA

We can't send 'em away. Take your
plates an' go inside. Take a plate
to Rosasharn.

(Smiling, to the
children)

Look. You little fellas go an' get
you each a flat stick an' I'll put
what's lef' for you.

(The children scatter)

But they ain't to be no fightin'!

(Dishing plates for
Ruthie and Winfield)

I don't know if I'm doin' right or
not but--go inside, ever'body stay
inside.

(The children are
back)

They ain't enough. All you gonna get
is jus' a taste but--I can't help
it, I can't keep it from you.

She goes in the tent hurriedly to hide the fact that

tears

pot,
already.

have come into her eyes. The children pounce on the
silently, too busy digging for the stew to speak.

INSIDE THE TENT they have all finished their stew

MA

(bitterly)

I done fine! Now nobody got enough!

the
usual
their
direction

At the ROAD a new coupe drives off the highway and into
camp and stops. It contains two men. One gets out.

A GROUP OF MEN are squatting in a half-circle, the
pattern for conversation, but they are silent now as
eyes fix on the man approaching. He is a labor agent.

OUTSIDE THE JOAD TENT the men are looking in the
of the group. They start to walk toward it.

Stetson
in
give
men who

AT THE GROUP OF MEN: The agent, wearing a flat-brimmed
and with his pockets filled with pencils and dog-eared
booklets, looks down at the silent men. All of the men
the camp are approaching slowly, silently. The women
their anxious attention in the background. Among the
walk up is FLOYD, a grimly disappointed young man.

AGENT

You men want to work?

PA

Sure we wanta work. Where's it at?

AGENT

Tulare County. Fruit's opening up.
Need a lot of pickers.

FLOYD

You doin' the hirin'?

AGENT

Well, I'm contracting the land.

FIRST MAN

Whay you payin?

AGENT

Well, can't tell exactly, yet. 'Bout thirty cents, I guess.

FIRST MAN

Why can't you tell? You took the contrac', didn' you?

AGENT

That's true. But it's keyed to the price. Might be a little more, might be a little less.

FLOYD

(quietly)

All right, mister. I'll go. You just show your license to contrack, an' then you make out a order--where an' when an' how much you gonna pay--an' you sign it an' we'll go.

AGENT

(ominously)

You trying to tell me how to run my own business?

FLOYD

'F we're workin' for you, it's our business too. An' how do we know--
(pulling out a handbill)
--you ain't one a the guys that sent these things out?

AGENT

(tough)

Listen, Smart Guy. I'll run my business my own way. I got work. If you wanta take it, okay. If not, just sit here, that's all.

are
of
addresses

The squatting men have risen one by one. Their faces expressionless because they simply don't know when one of these calls is genuine or when it isn't. Floyd addresses them.

FLOYD

Twicet now I've fell for that line. Maybe he needs a thousan' men. So he get's five thousan' there, an' he'll pay fifteen cents a hour. An' you guys'll have to take it 'cause you'll be hungry.

(Facing the agent)

'F he wants to hire men, let him write it out an' say what he's gonna pay. Ast to see his license. He ain't allowed by law to contrack men without a license.

AGENT

(turning)

Joe!

breeches
and
smiles
toward the

The other man gets out of the COUPE. He wears riding and laced boots, carries a pistol and cartridge belt, there is a deputy sheriff's star on his brown shirt. He thinly and shifts his pistol holster as he starts toward the group. THE MEN are watching the deputy approach.

FLOYD

(angrily)

You see? If this guy was on the level, would he bring a cop along?

DEPUTY

(entering)

What's the trouble?

AGENT

(pointing at Floyd)

Ever see this guy before?

DEPUTY

What'd he do?

AGENT

He's agitatin'.

DEPUTY

Hmmm.

(Giving Floyd a looking over)

Seems like I have. Seems like I seen him hangin' around that used car lot

that was busted into. Yep, I'd swear
it's the same fella.

(Sharply)

Get in that car.

TOM

You got nothin' on him.

DEPUTY

Open your trap again and you'll go
too.

AGENT

(to the men)

You fellas don't wanta lissen to
troublemakers. You better pack up
an' come on to Tulare County.

The men say nothing.

DEPUTY

Might be a good idea to do what he
says. Too many of you Okies aroun'
here already. Folks beginnin' to
figger it ain't maybe *safe*. Might
start a epidemic or sump'n.

(After a pause)

Wouldn't like a bunch a guys down
here with pick handles tonight, would
you?

over
answer.
As the agent gets into the coupe FLOYD'S thumbs hook
his belt and he looks off, away. TOM'S look away is an
His thumbs also hook over his belt.

DEPUTY

(to Floyd)

Now, you.

Floyd
Tom
running
There is
knuckles
He takes hold of Floyd's left arm. At the same time
swings, smacks him in the face. As the deputy staggers,
sticks out a foot and trips him. Floyd is already
through the camp. The deputy fires from the ground.
a scream. A WOMAN is looking down at her hand, the
shot away.

away.
ground,
Casy
square in
unconscious.

The COUPE is seen as the agent steps on the gas to get
As Floyd gets in the clear, the DEPUTY, sitting on the
aims his pistol again, slowly, carefully. Behind him
steps up, gauges his distance, and then kicks him
the base of the skull. The deputy tumbles over
Tom picks up the pistol.

CASY

Gimme that gun. Now git outa here.
Go down in them willows an' wait.

TOM

(angrily)
I ain't gonna run.

CASY

He seen you, Tom! You wanta be
fingerprinted? You wanta get sent
back for breakin' parole?

TOM

You're right!

CASY

Hide in the willows. If it's awright
to come back I'll give you four high
whistles.

siren.
aside.
excited
happened.
is
to
Casy. The

As Tom strides away there is the distant sound of a
Casy empties the gun and throws cartridges and gun
The men, aghast, have been standing back, worried and
and apprehensive. They wish nothing like this had
The women have gathered around the wounded woman, who
sobbing. Now at the sound of the siren everybody begins
move uncomfortably toward his tent or shack. Al looks
admiringly from Casy to the unconscious deputy.
Everybody has disappeared into his tent but Al and
siren draws nearer.

CASY

Go on. Get in your tent. You don't know nothin'.

AL

How 'bout you?

CASY

(grinning)

*Some*body got to take the blame. They just *got* to hang it on somebody, you know.

(Shrugging)

An' I ain't doin' nothin' but set around.

AL

But ain't no reason--

CASY

(savagely)

Lissen. I don't care nothin' about you, but if you mess in this, your whole fambly li'ble to get in trouble, an' Tom get sent back to the penitentiary.

AL

Okay. I think you're a darn fool, though.

CASY

Sure. Why not?

lifts
to
the
sits

Al heads for the Joad tent and Casy kneels down and the deputy. He wipes his face clean. The deputy begins come to. An open car curves off the highway, stops in clearing, and four men with rifles pile out. The deputy rubbing his eyes and Casy stands.

SECOND DEPUTY

What's goin' on here?

CASY

This man a yours, he got tough an' I hit him. Then he started shootin'-- hit a woman down the line--so I hit

him again.

SECOND DEPUTY

Well--what'd you do in the first place?

CASY

I talked back.

Two of the men have helped the deputy to his feet. He feels the back of his neck gingerly.

CASY

They's a woman down there like to bleed to death from his bad shootin'.

SECOND DEPUTY

(to assistant)

Take a look at her.

(To deputy)

Mike, is this the fella that hit you?

DEPUTY

(dazedly)

Don't look like him.

CASY

It was me, all right. You just got smart with the wrong fella.

DEPUTY

(shuddering)

Don't look like him, but... maybe it was. I ain't sure.

SECOND DEPUTY

Get in that car.

With a deputy on either side of him, Casy climbs in the back seat. The sickish deputy is helped into the car. The other man comes running back.

MAN

(proudly)

Boy, what a mess a .45 does make! They got a tourniquet on. We'll send a doctor out.

revealed
front. On
of

The car starts. CASY and two deputies beside him are
in the back seat. Casy sits proudly, head up, eyes
his lips is a faint smile; on his face, a curious look
conquest.

DEPUTY

(angry at the whole
business)

But what you gonna do? Must be
thousands of 'em around here, sore
and hungry and living in them dumps.
What you gonna do about 'em?

SECOND DEPUTY

You gotta hold 'em down. Hold 'em
down or they'll take over the whole
country. That's all you *can* do.

DEPUTY

(grimly)

Well, they ain't gonna take over
my country. I been livin' here too
long for *that*. Maybe some a the
boys better drop around tonight and
give 'em something to think about.

trees
Starting

Casy sits with eyes front. AT THE WILLOWS, screened by
or brush, Tom looks off at the car taking Casy away.
at a sound, he withdraws into the brush as the scene
dissolves.

Pa and
while
quarrel.

IN FRONT OF THE JOAD TENT, at night, Ma stands facing
Al. Rosasharn lies on a pallet, her face in her arms,
Ruthie and Winfield look on, wide-eyed at the family

PA

(to Ma)

Leave him alone, Ma--Al's just billy-
goatin' around--

AL

Sure! I was just aimin' to meet up
with a couple girls I know.

MA

You don't know *no* girls around here. You're lyin', *You're runnin' away*!

PA

(a short flash of momentary but ill advised belligerence)
Cut it out, Ma, or I'll--

MA

(softly, as she picks up jack-handle)
You'll *what*?... Come on, Pa. Come on an' whup me. Jus' try it.

PA

(solemnly)
Now don't get sassy, Ma.

MA

Al ain't a-goin' away, an' you gonna *tell* him he ain't a-goin' away.
(Hefting the jack-handle)
An' if you think diff'unt, you gotta whup me first. So some on.

PA

(helplessly)
I never *seen* her so sassy.
(With a touch of bewildered pride)
An' she ain't so young, neither!

AL

(sullenly)
I'd come back--

MA

(eyes on Pa)
But ef you *do* whup me, I swear you better not ever go to sleep again, because the minute you go to sleep, or you're settin' down, or your back's turned, I'm gonna knock you belly-up with a bucket.

They stand staring at each other in silence.

tent
for

At the EDGE OF HOOVERVILLE, Tom is heading for the Joad
warily, glancing around constantly, but not running,
that would draw attention to him.

IN FRONT OF THE JOAD TENT again:

PA

(helplessly)
Jus' sassy, that's all.

MA

(angrily)
Sassy my foot! I'm jus' sick and
tar'd a my folks tryin' to bust up.
All we got lef' in the *worl'* is
the fambly--an' right down at bottom
that's all we *got* to have! Ef some
of us dies, we can't he'p that--but
ain't nobody else runnin' away!

AL

But it ain't runnin' away, Ma. All I
wanta do is go away with another
fella an' look aroun' for work by
ourself--

MA

(blazing)
Well, you ain't a-goin'! Ain't
nobody else a-goin'! We *got* here
an' we gonna *stay* here, together!
As long as we got the fambly unbroke
I ain't scared, but it's a long bitter
road we got ahead of us--
(squaring off)
--an' I'm here to tell ya ef anybody
else tries to bust us up anymore I'm
a-goin' cat wild with this here piece
a bar-arn!

twenty

As she gets ready for whatever... IN THE SHADOWS,
feet away from the tent, Tom whistles softly.

TOM

Hey, Al!

Ma

IN FRONT OF THE JOAD TENT, all but Ma are looking off.
still eyes Pa.

AL

(peering into the
darkness)

Tom? You can come on. They gone.

TOM

(entering quickly)

We got to get outa here right away.
Ever'body here? Where's Uncle John?

JOHN

(from tent)

Here I am.

PA

What's a matter now?

TOM

Fella tells me some a them poolroom
boys figgerin' to burn the whole
camp out tonight. Got to get that
truck loaded--what you doin' with
the jack-handle, Ma?

MA, PA, AND AL

(together)

Al's tryin' to go away... She jus'
got sassy... All I aimed to do...

TOM

(taking the jack-handle)

Awright, you can fight it out later.
Right now we got to hustle. Where's
Connie?

There is a silence that stops Tom in his rush of
preparation.

MA

(quietly)

Connie's gone.

(Indicating Rosasharn)

Lit out this e'enin'--said he didn't
know it was gonna be like this.

PA

(angrily)

Glad to get shet of him. Never was
no good an' never will be--

MA

Pa! Shh!

PA

How come I got to shh? Run out, didn't he?

TOM

(looking to Rosasharn)
Cut it out, Pa. He'p Al with the truck.

(He kneels beside
Rosasharn. Gently)
Don't fret, honey. You goin' to be awright.

ROSASHARN

(uncovering her face)
Tom, I jus' don't feel like nothin' a tall. Without him I jus' don't wanta live.

TOM

Maybe he'll be back. We'll leave word for him. Jus' don't cry.
(He pats her awkwardly)

jalopies
the

The scene dissolves to HOOVERVILLE, at night. The
are lumbering up on the road, one after the other, as
migrants scatter before the threatened invasion.

front
hands

IN THE JOAD TRUCK, Tom is helping Rosasharn into the
seat, beside Ma. The others are aboard except Al. Tom
Al a wrench.

TOM

Just in case. Sit up back an' if
anybody tries to climb up--let 'im
have it.

PA

(from truck)
I ain't got nothin' in *my* han'.

TOM

(to Al)
Give 'im a fryin' pan.
(He gets into the
driver's seat and

starts the truck)

the
In the FRONT SEAT of the truck, Tom drives, Ma sits in
middle, Rosasharn on the other side.

ROSASHARN

(hopefully)

Maybe Connie went to get some books
to study up with. He's gonna be a
radio expert, ya know. Maybe he
figgered to suprise us.

MA

Maybe that's jus' what he done.

TOM

Ma, they comes a time when a man
gets mad.

MA

Tom--you tol' me--you promised you
wasn't like that. You promised me.

TOM

I know, Ma. I'm a tryin'. If it was
the law they was workin' with, we
could take it. But it *ain't* the
law. They're workin' away at our
spirits. They're tryin' to make us
cringe an' crawl. They're workin' on
our decency.

MA

You promised, Tommy.

TOM

I'm a-tryin', Ma. Honest I am.

MA

You gotta keep clear, Tom. The
fambly's breakin' up. You *got* to
keep clear.

TOM

What's that--detour?

ROAD is
As he slows down the truck, we see that half of the
swarm
blocked with boards and red lanterns. a group of men

Tom's around the Joad truck as it stops. A leader leans in window.

LEADER

Where you think you're goin'?

the In the FRONT SEAT of the truck Tom's hand reaches for
clutches jack-handle on the seat at his side but Ma's hand
his arm in a steel grip.

TOM

Well--

(then in a servile
whine)

--we're strangers here. We heard
about they's work in a place called
Tulare.

LEADER

Well, you're goin' the wrong way,
an' what's more, we don't want no
more Okies in this town. We ain't
got work enough for them that are
already here.

holds Tom's arm trembles as he tries to pull it away, but Ma
on tight.

TOM

Which way is it at, mister?

LEADER

You turn right aroun' and head north.
An' don't come back till the cotton's
ready.

TOM

Yes, sir.

The TRUCK turns around. In the FRONT SEAT Tom is almost
sobbing with anger as he maneuvers the truck around.

MA

(whispering)

Don't you min', Tommy. You done good.
You done jus' good.

fades The TRUCK is going back down the road as the scene
out.

hand-made A MONTAGE fades in: superimposed on growing fields
NO signs flash by: NO HELP WANTED, KEEP OUT--THIS MEANS U,
WORK, NO HELP WANTED.

highway, Then we see the JOAD TRUCK pulled up off the paved
seated and jacked up while Tom and Al fix a puncture. Ma is
in the front seat with Rosasharn. Pa and Uncle John are
puttering about worriedly.

MA

(thoughtfully)

Sump'n got to happen soon. We got
one day's more grease, two day's
flour, an' ten potatoes. After that...

(Looking at Rosasharn)

An' Rosasharn, we got to remember
she's gonna be due soon.

PA

(shaking his head)

It sure is hell jus' tryin' to get
enough to eat.

TOM

Fella tells me they's three hunderd
thousan' aroun' here like us, a-
scrabblin' for work an' livin' like
hogs. Can't figger what it is, but
sump'n's wrong.

stops A BUICK ROADMASTER which has been speeding toward them
whose suddenly. Driving it is a husky man, named Spencer,
manner is amiable and disarming.

SPENCER

Morning.

TOM

Morning.

SPENCER

You people looking for work?

TOM

Mister, we're lookin' even under boards for work.

SPENCER

Can you pick peaches?

TOM

We can pick anything.

SPENCER

Well, there's plenty of work for you about forty miles north, this road just outside Pixley. Turn east on 32 and look for Hooper's ranch. Tell 'em Spencer sent you.

This is electrifying news, as their faces show.

TOM

Mister, we sure that ya!

scene
Tom
with
As they snap into action to get under way again the
dissolves to the FRONT SEAT, Al driving, with Ma and
beside him. They are all smiles, their faces glowing
excitement.

MA

(excitedly)

Fust thing I'll get is coffee, cause ever'body been wantin' that, an' then some flour an' bakin' powder an' meat. Better not get no side-meat right off. Save that for later. Maybe Sat'dy. Got to get some soap too. An' milk. Rosasharn's got to have some milk.

TOM

Get some sugar too, for the coffee.

MA

You know, I jus' can't remember when I felt so good before!

AL

Know what I'm a-gonna do? I'm a-gonna save up an' go in town an' get me a

job in a garage. Live in a room an'
eat in restaurants. Go to the movin'
pitchers *ever'* night. Cowboy
pitchers.

The scene dissolves to the ENTRANCE OF THE HOOPER RANCH
in daylight. A gravel road leads from the paved highway to
the big wire gates, which are enclosed. Along the side of
the paved highway are parked a dozen jalopies, the migrants
line sitting soberly in them. Fifty or sixty other migrants
highway. the gravel road and the junction with the paved
And Five jalopies are in line waiting to enter the gates.
the scene is overwhelmingly policed. There must be ten
strolling to motorcycle cops around. Six are dismounted and
their keep order among the migrants along the road. Three,
As the motorcycles roaring, flank the line of five jalopies.
and Ma Joad truck drives up, we see the FRONT SEAT. Tom, Al,
are beholding the scene with bewilderment.

AL

What is it, a wreck?

COP

(on motorcycle)

Where you think you're going?

TOM

Fella named Spencer sent us--said
they was work pickin' peaches.

COP

Want to work, do you?

TOM

Sure do.

COP

Pull up behind that car.

(Calling)

Okay for this one. Take 'em through.

TOM

(the truck moving)
What's the matter? What's happened?

COP

Little trouble up ahead, but you'll
get through. Just follow the line.

and
an
same
spasmodic
cars
and

The motorcycle escort forms around the line of six cars
a deafening din is raised, of motorcycles, sirens, and
inexplicable blowing of horns on the jalopies. At the
time, as the gates open and the six cars start through,
flanked by the motorcycle cops, the migrants begin
shouts, but what they say cannot be understood. As the
move slowly, Tom and Al in the FRONT SEAT are puzzled
worried at the demonstration.

AL

Maybe the road's out.

TOM

I don't know what these cops got to
do with it but I don't like it.

(Looking out)

An' these here are our own people,
all of 'em. I don't like this.

spasmodic,
through the
gates

AT THE GATES the heckling from the bystanders is
not continuous, as the six jalopies in line pass
gate into the Hooper ranch. Two men stand beside the
with shotguns. They keep calling.

MEN

Go on, go on! Keep movin'!

RANCH
street. The
little
pairs

The Joad truck passes through the gates. IN THE HOOPER
the six jalopies are halted at the end of a camp
houses are small, square blocks, set in line. One, a
larger, is a grocery store. Casually about are men in

hands.
jotting

with metal stars on their shirts and shotguns in their
Two bookkeepers are already passing down the cars and
down information.

BOOKKEEPER

Want to work?

TOM

Sure, but what is this?

BOOKKEEPER

That's not your affair. Name.

TOM

Joad.

BOOKKEEPER

How many men?

TOM

Four.

BOOKKEEPER

Women?

TOM

Two.

BOOKKEEPER

Kids?

TOM

Two.

BOOKKEEPER

Can all of you work?

TOM

Why, I guess so.

BOOKKEEPER

Okay. House 63. Wages 5 cents a box.
No bruised fruit. Move along and go
to work right away.

He moves to the next car. The Joad truck starts...

AT HOUSE 63, as the Joad truck pulls up, two deputies
approach. They look closely into each face as the Joads

pile

out. One of the deputies has a long list in his hand.

FIRST DEPUTY

Name.

TOM

(impatiently)

Joad. Say, what is this here?

SECOND DEPUTY

(consulting list)

Not here. Take a look at his license.

FIRST DEPUTY

542-567 Oklahoma.

SECOND DEPUTY

Ain't got it. Guess they're okay.

(To Tom)

Now you look here. We don't want no trouble with you. Jes' do your work and mind your own business and you'll be all right.

(The deputies walk away)

TOM

They sure do want to make us feel at home all right.

rusty
contains.
Ma and Rosasharn step inside the house. It is filthy. A tin stove resting on four bricks is all the one room Ma and Rosasharn stand looking around at it. Finally:

ROSASHARN

We gonna live here?

MA

(after a moment)

Why, sure. It won't be so bad once we get her washed out.

ROSASHARN

I like the tent better.

MA

This got a floor. Wouldn't leak when it rains.

loaded

OUTSIDE, a clerk with glasses appears, pushing a cart with three-gallon buckets.

CLERK

Name?

TOM

(patiently)
It's still Joad.

CLERK

(doling out the buckets)
How many?

MA

(at the door)
Six.
(To Tom)
All y'all go. Me an' Rosasharn'll
unload.

trees--

struggling

With their buckets they shuffle away toward the peach Tom, Pa, Uncle John, Al, and the two children with the enormous containers.

night, a

the

grateful

The scene dissolves to the INTERIOR OF HOUSE 63 at lantern lighting the scene. Sitting wherever they can, Joads have finished their supper of hamburgers. And they are too, for the meat.

TOM

(wiping his mouth)
Got any more, Ma?

MA

No. That's all. You made a dollar,
an' that's a dollar's worth.

PA

That!

MA

They charge extry at the comp'ny
store but they ain't no other place.

TOM

I ain't full.

MA

Well, tomorra you'll get in a full day--full day's pay--an' we'll have plenty.

PA

(rising)

You wouldn't think jus' reachin' up an' pickin'd get you in the back.

TOM

Think I'll walk out an' try to fin' out what all that fuss outside the gate was. Anybody wanta come with me?

PA

No. I'm jus' gonna set awhile an' then go to bed.

AL

Think I'll look aroun' an' see if I can't meet me a girl.

TOM

Thing's been workin' on me, what they was yellin' about. Got me all curious.

JOHN

I got to get a lot curiouser than I am--with all them cops out there.

TOM

(laughing)

Okay. I be back a little later.

MA

You be careful, Tommy. Don't you be stickin' your nose in anything.

TOM

(leaving)

Okay, Ma. Don't you worry.

not
strolls

IN THE RANCH STREET. There is a faint moonlight, but much, and little sound from the other houses as Tom strolls down the street.

gate
rises

NEAR THE GATE: beyond, cars pass. As Tom approaches the
a flashlight plays on his face suddenly and a guard
from a box.

GUARD

Where you think you're going?

TOM

Thought I'd take a walk. Any law
against it?

GUARD

Well, you just turn around and walk
the other way.

TOM

You mean I can't even get outa here?

GUARD

Not tonight you can't. Want to walk
back?--or you want me to whistle up
some help and take you back?

TOM

I'll walk back.

his

The guard watches him as he walks back and then douses
flashlight.

his
and

At a SECTION OF WIRE FENCE, watching his chance, moving
silently, Tom drops on the ground, on his back, gets
head under the bottom wire, and pushes himself under
outside. Rising, he crosses the paved highway.

the

AN EMBANKMENT across the road from the wire fence: Tom
climbers down it, moving quietly. He picks his way down
shallow ravine.

shadows of
silhouette
Following

A TENT: there is a light inside and there are the
figures. In the background, beyond the tent, is the
of a small concrete bridge spanning a small stream.

opening is
a box

a trail, Tom enters and approaches the tent. (The
away from him.) IN FRONT OF THE TENT, a man sitting on
looks up suspiciously as Tom enters. His name is Joe.

TOM

Evenin'.

JOE

Who are you?

TOM

Jus' goin' pas', that's all.

JOE

Know anybody here?

TOM

No. Jus' goin' pas', I tell you.

does not

A head sticks out of the tent. Until he speaks, Tom
recognize Casy.

CASY

What's the matter?

TOM

Casy! What you doin' here?

CASY

Well, if it ain't Tom Joad. How ya,
boy?

TOM

Thought you was in jail.

CASY

No, I done my time an' got out. Come
on in.

(He pulls Tom into
the tent.)

Casy

INSIDE THE TENT, three other men sit on the ground as
brings Tom in. One's name is Frank.

FRANK

This the fella you been talkin' about?

CASY

This is him. What you doin' here,
Tommy?

TOM

Workin'. Pickin' peaches. But I seen
a bunch a fellas yellin' when we
come in, so I come out to see what's
goin' on. What's it all about?

FRANK

This here's a strike.

TOM

(puzzled)

Well, fi' cents a box ain't much,
but a fella can eat.

FRANK

Fi' cents! They pain' you fi' cents?

TOM

Sure. We made a buck since midday.

CASY

(after a long silence)

Lookie, Tom. We come to work here.
They tell us it's gonna be fi' cents.
But they was a whole lot of us, so
the man says two an' a half cents.
Well, a fella can't even eat on that,
an' if he got kids...

(After a pause)

So we says we won't take it. So they
druv us off. Now they're payin' you
five--but when they bust this strike
ya think they'll pay five?

TOM

I dunno. Payin' five now.

CASY

(soberly)

I don't expeck we can las' much longer--
some a the folks ain't et for two
days. You goin' back tonight?

TOM

I aim to.

CASY

(earnestly)

Well--tell the folks inside how it

is, Tom. Tell 'em they're starvin' us and stabbin' theirselves in the back. An' as sure as God made little apples it's goin' back to two an' a half jus' as soon as they clear us out.

FRANK

(suddenly)
You hear sump'n?

They listen. Then:

TOM

I'll tell 'em. But I don't know how. Never seen so many guys with guns. Wouldn't even let us talk today.

CASY

Try an' tell 'em, Tom. They'll get two an' a half, jus' the minute we're gone. An' you know what that is? That's one ton a peaches picked an' carried for a dollar. That way you can't even buy food enough to keep you alive! Tell 'em to come out with us, Tom! Them peaches is *ripe*. Two days out an' they'll pay *all* of us five!

TOM

They won't. They're a-gettin' five an' they don't care about nothin' else.

CASY

But jus' the minute they ain't strike-breakin' they won't get no five!

FRANK

(bitterly)
An' the nex' thing you know you'll be out, because they got it all figgered down to a T--until the harvest is in you're a *migrant* worker--afterwards, just a bum.

TOM

Five they're a-gettin' now, an' that's all they're int'ested in. I know exackly what Pa'd say. He'd jus' say it wasn't none a his business.

CASY

(reluctantly)

I guess that's right. Have to take a
beatin' before he'll know.

TOM

We was outa food. Tonight we had
meat. Not much, but we had it. Think
Pa's gonna give up his meat on account
a other fellas? An' Rosasharn needs
milk. Think Ma's gonna starve that
baby jus' cause a bunch a fellas is
yellin' outside a gate?

CASY

(sadly)

Got to learn, like I'm a-learnin'.
Don't know it right yet myself, but
I'm tryin' to fin' out. That's why I
can't ever be a preacher again.
Preacher got to *know*.

(Shaking his head)

I don't. I got to *ask*.

JOE

(sticking his head in
tent)

I don't like it.

CASY

What's the matter?

JOE

Can't tell. Seems like I hear sump'n,
an' then I listen an' they ain't
nothin' to hear.

FRANK

(rising)

'Tain't outa the question, y'know.

(He exits)

CASY

All of us a little itchy. Cops been
tellin' us how they gonna beat us up
an' run us outa the country. Not
them reg'lar deppities, but them tin-
star fellas they got for guards.

(After a pause)

They figger I'm the leader because I
talk so much.

excited Frank's head sticks in the door. His voice is an
whisper.

FRANK

Turn out that light an' come outside.
They's sump'n here.

for the Quickly Casy turns the light down and out. He gropes
door, followed by Tom and the other man.

IN FRONT OF THE TENT:

CASY

(softly)
What is it?

FRANK

I dunno. Listen.

distinguished. There are night sounds but little else to be

CASY

Can't tell if you hear it or not.
You hear it, Tom?

TOM

(softly)
I hear it. I think they's some guys
comin' this way, lots of 'em. We
better get outa here.

JOE

(whispering)
Down that way--under the bridge span.

the Casy leads the way softly. THE BRIDGE SPAN is seen from
toward stream as Casy, Tom, and the other man wade carefully
it.

through UNDER THE BRIDGE it is almost black as they creep
the culvert. Just as Casy and Tom step out from under
the bridge on the other side, a blinding flashlight hits
them, lighting them like day.

VOICE

There they are! Stand where you are!

on
the
Halted, uncertain, they stand as three men with stars
their coats and pickhandles in their hands slide down
EMBANKMENT. Two of them hold lighted flashlights.

DEPUTY

That's him! That one in the middle,
the skinny one! Chuck! Alec! Here
they are! We got 'em!

are
their
There are faint responses from a distance. CASY AND TOM
alone. The others have fled. The deputies approach,
lights on Casy and Tom.

CASY

Listen, you fellas. You don't know
what you're doin'. You're helpin' to
stave kids.

DEPUTY

Shut up, you red--

cracks
deputies
He swings the pickhandle. Casy dodges but the stick
his skull. He falls face down out of the light. The
watch for a moment but Casy doesn't stir.

SECOND DEPUTY

Looks like to me you killed him.

DEPUTY

Turn him over. Put the light on him.

Bending over, their bodies hide Casy.
TOM, seen close, is breathing hard, his eyes
glistening.

DEPUTY'S VOICE

Serves him right, too.

the
As the deputies straighten up, Tom steps forward, grabs

The
flying,
There
all is
bolts,
gains a
pursuers.
men
man

pickhandle from the man who felled Casy, and swings.
blow strikes the deputy's arm, sending his flashlight
and the scene is in semi-darkness as Tom swings again.
is a grunt and a groan as the deputy goes down. Then
confusion. Backing away, swinging the pickhandle, Tom
splashes a few yards through the stream, turns and
better start by throwing the pickhandle at his
They duck, and Tom disappears into the night. The other
rush through the scene in pursuit.
THE SECOND DEPUTY is seen bending over the body of the
Tom laid out.

SECOND DEPUTY

Where's that flash?

THIRD DEPUTY

Here.

The light flashes on the man's face.

THIRD DEPUTY

(awed)

Boy, he's *good* and dead! You see
that fella that done it?

SECOND DEPUTY

I ain't sure--but I caught him one
across the face, and believe me, I
give him a trade-mark *he* ain't
gonna be able to shake off easy!

bloody.

TOM is seen crashing through the bushes, his face

The scene fades out.

down
house.

THE EXTERIOR OF HOUSE 63 fades in. It is day. Ma comes
the street with a bundle under her arm and enters the

enters.

INSIDE HOUSE 63, Rosasharn sits by the window as Ma

MA

Anybody ask anything?

ROSASHARN

No'm.

MA

Stand by the door.

the
basin.
visible.

Rosasharn takes her post at the door as Ma kneels on
floor beside Tom, puts down the rag bundle, and gets a
Tom, who is under a quilt, is with his back alone
She speaks softly, guardedly, as she bathes his face.

MA

How's it feel, Tommy?

TOM

Busted my cheek but I can still see.
What'd you hear?

MA

Looks like you done it.

TOM

(soberly)
I kinda thought so. Felt like it.

MA

Folks ain't talkin' about much else.
They say they got posses out. Talkin'
about a lynchin'--when they catch
the fella.

TOM

They killed Casy first.

MA

That ain't the way they're tellin'
it. They're sayin' you done it fust.

TOM

(after a pause)
They know what--this fella looks
like?

MA

They know he got hit in the face.

TOM

(slowly)

I'm sorry, Ma. But--I didn't know what I was doin', no more'n when you take a breath. I didn't even know I was gonna do it.

MA

It's awright, Tommy. I wisht you didn't do it, but you done what you had to do. I can't read no fault in you.

TOM

I'm gonna go away tonight. I can't go puttin' this on you folks.

MA

(angrily)

Tom! They's a whole lot I don't understan', but goin' away ain't gonna ease us.

(Thoughtfully)

They was the time when we was on the lan'. They was a bound'ry to us then. Ol' folks died off, an' little fellas come, an' we was always one thing--we was the fambly--kinda whole an' clear. But now we ain't clear no more. They ain't nothin' keeps us clear. Al--he's a-hankerin' an' a-jibbitin' to go off on his own. An' Uncle John is just a-draggin' along. Pa's lost his place--he ain't the head no more. We're crackin' up, Tom. They ain't no fambly now. Rosasharn--

(a glance at the girl)

--she gonna have her baby, but *it* ain't gonna have no fambly. I been tryin' to keep her goin' but--Winfiel'--what's he gonna be, this-a-way? Growin' up wild, an' Ruthie, too--like animals. Got nothin' to trus'. Don't go Tom. Stay an' help. Help me.

TOM

(tiredly)

Okay, Ma. I shouldn't, though. I know I shouldn't. But okay.

ROSASHARN

Here come a lot of people.

Tom puts his head under the quilt. Ma turns, faces the door, her body protectively between Tom and whatever threatens.

BOOKKEEPER'S VOICE

How many of you?

MIGRANT'S VOICE

Ten of us. Whatcha payin'?

OUTSIDE HOUSE 63, the bookkeeper has encountered the newcomers.

BOOKKEEPER

House 25. Number's on the door.

MIGRANT

Okay, mister. Whatcha payin'?

BOOKKEEPER

Two and a half cents.

MIGRANT

(angrily)

Two an' a half! Say, mister, a man can't make his dinner on that.

BOOKKEEPER

Take it or leave it. There's 200 men coming from the South that'll be glad to get it.

MIGRANT

But--but how we gonna eat?

BOOKKEEPER

Look, I didn't set the price. I'm just working here. If you want it, take it. If you don't, turn right around and beat it.

MIGRANT

(sullenly)

Which way is House 25?

TOM

(slowly)

That Casy. He might a been a preacher,
but--he seen a lot a things clear.
He was like a lantern--he helped mw
see things too.

MA

Comes night we'll get outa here.

63; it
Tom, who

At night, the TRUCK is backed up to the door of House
is already loaded. Ma is speaking in a low voice to
is peering out from under a mattress in the truck.

MA

It's jus' till we get some distance.
Then you can come out.

TOM

I'd hate to get *trapped* in here.

GUARD'S VOICE

What's goin' on here?

guard
him

Tom disappears. Ma turns, her back to the truck. The
plays his flashlight on the Joads, who stand watching
ominously.

PA

We're goin' out.

GUARD

What for?

MA

We got a job offered--good job.

GUARD

Yeah? Let's have a look at you.

(He plays his
flashlight on the
truck)

Wasn't there another fella with you?

AL

You mean that hitch-hiker? Little
short fella with a pale face?

GUARD

I guess that's what he looked like.

AL

We just picked him up on the way in.
He went away this mornin' when the
rate dropped.

GUARD

(thinking hard)
What'd he look like again?

AL

Short fella. Pale face.

GUARD

Was he bruised up this mornin'? About
the face?

AL

I didn't see nothin'.

GUARD

(reluctantly)
Okay. Go on.

beside
street.
Quickly, Al is in the driver's seat, with Ma and Pa
him. The truck rattles into motion and moves down the

as
AT THE GATES TO THE RANCH another guard flashes a light
Al stops the car.

SECOND GUARD

Goin' out for good?

AL

Yeah. Goin' north. Got a job.

SECOND GUARD

Okay.

from
He opens the gate and the truck goes through. It turns
the gravel road onto the paved highway.

IN THE FRONT SEAT OF THE TRUCK:

MA

You done good, Al. Just good.

Al shows his pleased pride in her quiet approval.

PA

Know where we're a-goin'?

MA

(shaking her head)

Don't matter. Just got to go--an'
keep a-goin', till we get plenty a
distance away from here.

The TRUCK is rattling along the highway.

Next, it is day, and the TRUCK is still churning along.

far
taken
shoulder.

In the FRONT SEAT, Tom is driving, his cap pulled as
down as possible over his wounded cheek. Rosasharn has
Pa's place and is leaning wearily against Ma's
shoulder.

ROSASHARN

Ma... you know, if Connie was here I
wouldn't min' any a this.

MA

I know, honey, an' just as soon as
we get settled Al's gonna set out
an' look for him. How 'bout gas,
Tommy?

TOM

Full up. Uncle John come through
with five bucks he been hol'in' out
on us since we lef' home.

The TRUCK keeps moving along.

distance.

Then it is night, and the TRUCK is still making

under
of the
seat,
out. He

On a COUNTRY ROAD, in grey dawn, with a deafening clank
the hood, the Joad truck pulls to a stop off the side
road. Al is driving. Asleep in Tom's arm in the front
Ma stirs awake as Al turns off the ignition and gets
lifts the hood.

TOM

She's hotter'n a heifer.

AL

Fan-belt's shot.

He pulls out the pieces. Tom gets out and takes off the radiator cap. There is a geyser of steam. In the back of the truck the others stand looking on, sleepy-eyed.

TOM

(looking around)

Picks a nice place for it, too, don't she?

They all look around. At first they find nothing in sight. Al and Tom look at each other in disgust.

TOM

Any gas?

AL

Gallon or two?

TOM

(whistling)

Well, looks like we done it this time awright!

ROSASHARN

(standing in truck)

Tommy.

(Pointing)

Some smoke up there.

All look. Tom climbs on the running board the better to see.

TOM

Looks like about a mile. Reckon she'll make it?

AL

She got to make it.

MA

(as they get back in)

What is it?

TOM

Don't know--but it's better'n this.

weather-

As Al starts the truck, the scene dissolves to a
beaten wooden sign: "PERMANENT CAMP NO. 9" "DEPT. OF
AGRICULTURE"

a
of the
truck
the

We see the GATE TO THE GOVERNMENT CAMP, a wide gate in
high wire fence, with a caretaker's shack to one side
gate. The caretaker stands beside his shack as the Joad
swings off the road, hits an unnoticed rut that bounces
whole truck off the ground, and stops.

CARETAKER

(mildly)

You hit 'er too fast.

In the FRONT SEAT Al leans angrily out of the driver's
window.
Tom is keeping his face away from the caretaker's line
of
vision.

AL

What's the idea of that?

CARETAKER

(chuckling)

Well, a lot a kids play in here. You
tell folks to go slow and they liable
to forget. But let 'em hit that hump
once and they don't forget!

Al starts climbing out. Pa jumps down from the truck.

AL

Got any room here for us?

CARETAKER

(nodding)

You're lucky. Fellow just moved out
half-hour ago.

(Pointing)

Down that line and turn to the left.
You'll see it. You'll be in No. 4
Sanitary Unit.

MA

What's that?

CARETAKER

Toilet and showers and washtubs.

MA

You mean you got *washtubs?* An' runnin' water?

CARETAKER

Yes, ma'am.

(To Al)

Camp committee'll call on you in the morning and get you fixed.

AL

(quickly)

Cops?

CARETAKER

No. No cops. Folks here elect their own cops.

(To Ma)

The ladies' committee'll call on you, ma'am, about the kids and the sanitary unit and who takes care of 'em.

(To Al)

Come inside and sign up.

As Ma, Pa, and Al look at each other in almost incredulous bewilderment, Tom climbs out of the truck.

TOM

Take 'er on down, Al. I'll sign.

PA

We gonna stay, ain't we?

TOM

You're tootin' we're gonna stay.

(He follows the caretaker into the shack)

INSIDE THE SHACK, Tom enters warily, alert for any indication that either his name or his scar may have been learned and telegraphed here. But the caretaker obviously attaches no

cot, a
seated
Tom

significance to either. The shack is bare but for a
table, a chair, and an electric light. The caretaker is
at the table, pen in hand, a soiled ledger open, when
enters.

CARETAKER

I don't mean to be nosy, y'understand.
I just got to have certain
information. What's your name?

TOM

(watching him)
Joad. Tom Joad.

CARETAKER

(writing)
How many of you?

Joads

THE JOAD TRUCK is seen in front of its camp site as the
descend.

AL

How 'bout it, Uncle John? Gotta pitch
this tent.

JOHN

(groggy with sleep)
I'm a-comin'.

MA

You don't look so good.

JOHN

I *ain't* so good, but--I'm a-comin'.

INSIDE THE CARETAKER'S SHACK:

CARETAKER

Camp site costs a dollar a week, but
you can work it out, carrying garbage,
keeping the camp clean--stuff like
that.

TOM

We'll work it out. What's this
committee you talkin' about?

CARETAKER

We got five sanitary units. Each one elects a central committee man. They make the laws, an' what they say goes.

TOM

Are you aimin' to tell me that the fellas that run this camp is jus' fellas--campin' here?

CARETAKER

That's the way it is.

TOM

(after a pause)

An' you say no cops?

CARETAKER

(shaking his head)

No cop can come in here without a warrant.

TOM

(marveling)

I can't hardly believe it. Camp I was in once, they burned it out--the deputies an' some of them poolroom fellas.

CARETAKER

They don't get in here. Sometimes the boys patrol the fences, especially dance nights.

TOM

You got dances too?

CARETAKER

We got the best dances in the county every Saturday night.

TOM

Say, who runs this place?

CARETAKER

Government.

TOM

Why ain't they more like it?

CARETAKER

(shortly)

You find out, I can't.

TOM

Anything like work aroun' here?

CARETAKER

Can't promise you that, but there'll be a licensed agent here tomorrow mornin', if you want to talk to him.

TOM

(leaving)

Ma's shore gonna like it here. She ain't been treated decent for a long time.

CARETAKER

(as Tom is at the door)

That cut you got?

TOM

(evenly)

Crate fell on me.

CARETAKER

Better take care of it. Store manager'll give you some stuff for it in the morning. Goodnight.

TOM

Goodnight.

As he exits we see the GOVERNMENT CAMP, with Tom coming out slowly of the shack, amazement still on his face. As he walks slowly down the main camp street we share the revelation of the place to him. It is nearly daylight. Roosters crow in the distance. The street is neat and orderly in a military way, its cleanliness in sharp contrast to anything he has known before. Inside the tents people are stirring. In front of one tent a woman is cooking breakfast. A baby is in her arms.

TOM

Good mornin'.

WOMAN

Mornin'.

moves
UNIT NO.
pretty
peering
out of

As he walks on, Tom draws a breath of exultation. As he on, looking around, we see the EXTERIOR OF SANITARY 4, a cheap frame building the purpose of which is obvious. Ruthie, warily alert lest she be caught, is in the door. She looks a long time and then she runs the scene.

Ruthie

WINFIELD is seen asleep in a quilt on the ground when enters and rousts him out.

RUTHIE

(in an excited whisper)
Git up. I got sump'n to show you.

WINFIELD

(sleepily)
Whatsa matter?

RUTHIE

(tugging him)
It's them white things, made outa dish-stuff, like in the catalogues!

He stumbles after her.

on a
still

THE EXTERIOR OF SANITARY UNIT NO. 4. Ruthie is putting bold front as she leads Winfield into sight but she is alert for interference.

RUTHIE

Come on. Ain't nobody gonna say anything.

WINFIELD

Won't they ketch us?

and

He follows her into the unit, big-eyed with excitement apprehension. There is a silence. Then:

RUTHIE'S VOICE

Them's where you wash your han's.

Another silence. Then:

WINFIELD'S VOICE

What's these?

RUTHIE'S VOICE

(uncertainly)

Well, I reckon you *stan'* in them little rooms--an' water come down outa that there little jigger up there--take a bath!

Another silence. Then:

WINFIELD'S VOICE

(excitedly)

Jes' like in the catalogues, ain't they!

RUTHIE'S VOICE

(proudly)

I seen 'em b'fore you did.

WINFIELD'S VOICE

What's this?

RUTHIE'S VOICE

(in alarm)

Now don't you go monk'ing--

toilet

There is the sound of a toilet flushing. It is a cheap

paralyzed

and it is a loud flush which eventually ends in a long refilling of the tank just as loudly. There is a

silence. Then:

RUTHIE'S VOICE

Now you done it! You busted it!

WINFIELD'S VOICE

I never--

Ruthie

Terrified, Winfield comes dashing out of the unit but

grabs him just outside the door. Beginning to cry, he struggles to get away.

WINFIELD

Lemme go! I didn't go to do it!

RUTHIE

(fiercely)

Keep qui'te, will ya! Shet your mouth!

WINFIELD

(weeping)

I never knowed it! All I done was
pull that string!

RUTHIE

Lissen. You done busted it. You hear?

(They listen to the
refilling of the
tank)

But lissen here. I won't tell nobody,
y'understan'?

WINFIELD

Please don't.

RUTHIE

I won't--

(craftily)

--if you won't tell what *I* done!

what
very
some
in

He nods quickly. Then Ruthie begins to walk away with
she fancies is an innocent, nonchalant stroll, yawning
casually. Sniffing a little, Winfield mimics her, a
innocent walk and yawn indeed.
The scene dissolves to a DITCH. Alongside the ditch are
lengths of concrete pipe. Tom and the two Wallaces are
the ditch, Tom and Tim picking, Wilkie shoveling.

TOM

(exulting)

If this don't feel good!

WILKIE

(chuckling)

Wait'll about 'leven o'clock, see
how good she feels then!

TOM

Seems like a nice frien'ly fella to
work for, too.

TIM

Lotta these little farmers mighty nice fellas. Trouble is they're little, they ain't got much say-so.

TOM

Shore looks like my lucky day, anyway. Gettin' some work at las'.

beside
effort and

Mr. Thomas, the farmer, a stock man wearing a paper sun helmet, enters. His face is worried as he squats down the ditch. What he has come to say has taken some he is still uncertain and annoyed. The men stop work.

THOMAS

Lissen here. Maybe I'm talkin' myself outa my farm, but I like you fellas, so I'm gonna tell you. You live in that gov'ment camp, don't you?

TOM

(stiffening)
Yes, sir.

THOMAS

And you have dances every Saturday night?

WILKIE

(smiling)
We sure do.

THOMAS

Well, look out next Saturday night.

TIM

(suddenly tense)
What you mean? I belong to the central committee. I got to know.

THOMAS

Don't you ever tell I told.

TIM

What is it?

THOMAS

(angrily)
Well, the association don't like the

government camps. Can't get a deputy in there. Can't arrest a man without a warrant. But if there was a big fight, and maybe shooting--a bunch of deputies could go in and clean out the camp.

(Unfolding a newspaper)

Like last night. Lissen. "Citizens, angered at red agitators, burn another squatters' camp, warn agitators to get out of the county."

TOM

(sick of the expression)

Listen. What *is* these reds? Ever'time you turn aroun' somebody sayin' somebody else's a red. What is these reds, anyway?

WILKIE

(chuckling)

Well, I tell you. They was a fella up the country named King--got about 30,000 acres an' a cannery an' a winery--an' he's all a time talkin' about reds. Drivin' the country to ruin, he says. Got to git rid of 'em, he says. Well, they was a young fella jus' come out an' he was listenin one day. He kinda scratched his head an' he says, "Mr. King, what *is* these reds you all a time talkin' about?" Well, sir, Mr. King says, "Young man, a red is any fella that wants thirty cents a hour when I'm payin' twenty-five."

THOMAS

(fretfully)

I ain't talkin' about that one way or the other. All I'm saying is that there's going to be a fight in the camp Saturday night. And there's going to be deputies ready to go in.

TOM

But why? Those fellas ain't botherin' nobody.

THOMAS

I'll tell you why. Those folks in to being treated like humans. Suppose

the Government closes its camps.
Suppose too many people pass through
'em. Well, when those people go back
to the squatters' camps they'll be
hard to handle.

(Wiping his brow)

Go on back to work now. Maybe I've
talked myself into trouble, but you're
folks like us, and I like you.

TIM

(extending his hand)

Nobody won't know who tol'. We thank
you.

(Grimly)

An' they ain't gonna be no fight,
either.

They shake hands.

The scene dissolves to the GATE TO THE CAMP, at night.

It is
electric
the
migrants
greeted

Saturday evening, the night of the dance. Glaring
lights hang over the open gate. Parked jalopies line
highway as the invited guests, small farmers and
from other camps and their families, arrive to be
and checked by a committee of three men.

COMMITTEE MAN

Ev'nin', ma'am. Who'd you say invited
you?

GUESTS

Mister an' Mizz Clark, they ast us.

COMMITTEE MAN

Yes, ma'am. Come right in, ma'am.

celebration,
washed
and
gate,
brightly

There is an air of eager anticipation, of gay
and everyone is in his or her best--the men in clean
overalls, clean shirts, some with ties, their hair damp
slicked down, the women in their nicest. Through the
inside the camp, can be seen the outdoor dance floor,

around lighted, with the camp musicians already tuning up, and
the dance floor scores of wide-eyed children.

inside INSIDE THE GATE TO THE CAMP, we see Wilkie and a dark-
everyone, complexioned man named Jule standing among a group
comes watching the arrivals. They watch sharply, eyeing
him listening to every credential. As his employer, Thomas,
through the gate with his wife, Wilkie grins and greets
with a handshake.

WILKIE

Hidy, Mr. Thomas. Hidy, Mizz Thomas.

THOMAS

(sotto voce)

You watching out, ain't you?

WILKIE

(grinning)

Don't you worry. Ain't gonna be no
trouble.

THOMAS

I hope you know what you're talking
about.

(He moves away, Wilkie
grinning after him)

foot, to We see the DANCE FLOOR, and after three pats of the
into get the tempo, the home talent dance orchestra swings
music.

sits INSIDE THE JOAD TENT, Rosasharn dressed in her nicest,
her gripping her hands together, the music seeming to bring
to the verge of tears.

ROSASHARN

Ma...

(Ma turns from drying
dishes)

Ma, I--I can't go to the dance. I
jus' can't Ma. I can't hardly stan'
it, with Connie not here--an' me

this way.

MA

(trying to cheer her)
Why, honey, it makes folks happy to see a girl that way--makes folks sort of giggly an' happy.

ROSASHARN

(miserably)
I can't he'p it, Ma. It don't make *me* giggly an' happy.

her in
Drying her hands, Ma sits beside Rosasharn and takes her arms.

MA

(tenderly)
You an' me's goin' together--jus' you an' me. We're a-goin' to that dance an' we're a-goin' to jus' set an' watch. If anybody says to come dance--why I'll say you're poorly. But you an' me, we're gonna hear the music an' see the fun.

ROSASHARN

An' you won't let nobody touch me?

MA

No--an' look what I got for you.

dress and
produces
wide
Smiling mysteriously, Ma fishes in a pocket in her brings out the envelope of her treasures. From it she the earrings and holds them up in front of Rosasharn's eyes.

MA

(softly)
I used to wear these--when your pa come callin' on me.
(Then as she puts them on Rosasharn's ears)
You'll look pretty in 'em tonight.

ornaments.
They smile at each other, proud in the luxury of

pulls
They
Down the road from the GATE a touring car with six men
of the pavement and stops. Three men get out. They are
bareheaded and dressed similar to the other migrants.
stroll down the highway toward the gate. The other men,
deputies, sit watching them.

WITHIN THE GATE:

WILKIE

They tell me you're half Injun. You
look all Injun to me.

JULE

No, jes' half. Wisht I was full-
blooded. Gov'ment'd be lookin' out
for me an' I'd be ridin' around in a
Buick eight.

Wilkie
The three men from the touring car are at the gate.
and Jule watch them.

COMMITTEE MAN

Who give you the invitation?

MAN

Fella named Jackson--Buck Jackson.

COMMITTEE MAN

Okay. Come on in.

follow
The three men stroll past Wilkie and Jule, whose eyes
them.

JULE

Them's our fellas.

WILKIE

How you know?

JULE

Jes' got a feelin'. They're kinda
scared too. Follow 'em an' get a
holt of Jackson. See if he knows
'em. I'll stay here.

Wilkie moves after them.

We see the DANCE FLOOR. The musicians are at it and the fiddler is calling turns.

FIDDLER

Swing your ladies an' a dol ce do.
Join han's roun' an' away we go!
Swing to the right an' a swing to
the lef'. Break, now break--back to
back!

surround
young man

Well in front, among the older folks and children who
the floor, are Ma and Rosasharn, clinging close. A
stops in front of them.

MA

(quietly)

Thank you kin'ly but she ain't well.

smile

As Rosasharn's eyes drop. Ma bends toward her, a shy
on her face.

MA

Maybe you wouldn't think it, but
your pa was as nice a dancer as I
ever seen, when he was young.

(With a little sigh)

Kinda makes me think a ol' times.

speak.

The three men stroll into sight and stand watching the
dancing. One glances at Ma and Rosasharn but does not

Ma has smiled back at him.

dance
men.

WILKIE AND JACKSON are seen; removed somewhat from the
floor they are peering in the direction of the three

JACKSON

I seen 'em before. Worked at
Gregorio's with 'em. But I never ast
'em.

WILKIE

Awright. Keep your eye on 'em. Jus'
keep 'em in sight, that's all.

(He moves quickly
away)

members
grave

We find ourselves INSIDE TIM WALLACE'S TENT. The five
of the central committee, Tim Wallace, chairman, look
as a 15-year-old boy reports.

BOY

I seen 'em, Mr. Wallace. A car with
six men parked down by the euc'lyptus
tree an' one with three men on the
main road. They got guns, too. I
seen 'em.

TIM

Thank you, Willie. You done good.
(As Willie exits)
Well, it looks like the fat's in the
far this time.

FIRST MAN

(angrily)
What them deppities want to hurt the
camp for? How come they can't leave
us be?

SECOND MAN

What we oughta do, we oughta git us
some pickhandles an'--

TIM

(quickly)
No! That's what they want. No sir.
If they can git a fight goin', then
they can run in the cops an' say we
ain't orderly--
(He stops as Wilkie
enters followed by
Tom)

WILKIE

They're here. We got 'em spotted.

There is a grim pause at this news. Tim's eyes go hard.

TIM

(to Tom)
You sure you got ever'thing ready?

TOM

(calmly)
Ain't gonna be no trouble.

TIM

(worriedly)

You ain't to hurt them fellas.

WILKIE

(grinning)

You don't have to worry. We got ever'thing arranged. Maybe nobody'll even see it.

TIM

Just don't use no stick nor no knife, no piece a arn. An' if you got to sock 'em, sock 'em where they won't bleed.

TOM

Yes, sir.

TIM

Awright. An' if she gets outa han', I'll be in the right han' corner, this side the dance floor.

TOM

(blandly)

Ain't gonna get outa han'.

exit. Wilkie makes a mocking military salute as he and Tom

The committee men look worriedly after them.

FIRST MAN

Mighty sure a themselves, looks like.

TIM

All I hope, I hope they don't kill nobody.

ready for
tie
slicked
strolls
In front of the JOAD TENT, dressed to kill, is Al, the festivities. He wears a tight-fitting wool suit, a on his shirt, yellow shoes, and his hair is damp and down. He rubs his hands together in anticipation as he in the direction of the dance floor.

enters. At ANOTHER TENT, a blonde girl sits on a box as Al

striped

Casually he throws open his coat, revealing a vivid
shirt. This is designed to stun his quarry.

AL

Gonna dance tonight?
(The girl
ostentatiously ignores
him)
I can waltz.

GIRL

(aloofly)
That's nothin'--anybody can waltz.

AL

(shaking his head)
Not like me!

A fat woman thrusts her head out of the tent.

WOMAN

You git right along! This here girl's
spoke for. She's gonna be married,
an' her man's a-comin' for her.

and
to the
follow
tent.

Shrugging, Al winks at the girl and moves on, stepping
moving his shoulders and snapping his fingers in time
music, a very gay fellow indeed. The blonde girl's eyes
him. Then she turns and glances cautiously toward the

enters
dances
the
casually

ON THE DANCE FLOOR, we see Ma and Rosasharn as Tom
and stands between them. This is during a pause between
and only a few couples stand on the floor waiting for
music to begin again. We also see the three men very
looking around--but no more casual looking than Wilkie,
standing just behind them, idly whistling.

TOM

(grinning)
She's gettin' prettier, Ma.

MA

(as Rosasharn hides

her face)
Girl with a baby *always* gets
prettier.

the
casually
survey

The music starts again, once more the dancers move onto
dance floor. The three men exchange a glance and step
to the edge of the dancing space, one in the lead. They
the scene, but for the moment make no further move. The
atmosphere is tense.

TOM

(softly)
Excuse me, Ma.
(He moves quietly out
of the scene, toward
the three men)

floor.
smooth,

AL, taking the blonde girl's hand, steps onto the dance
Encircling her waist, they begin to dance. They are a
rhythmic couple who move as one being.

AL

Well, you said anybody can waltz...
How'm *I* doin'?

BLONDE GIRL

Don't hold me so tight.

AL

(tongue-in-cheek)
Why, I ain't hardly touchin' you!

BLONDE GIRL

(squirming)
You're *ticklin' me!*

AL

(grabbing her still
closer)
That comes from not holdin' you tight
enough.

BLONDE GIRL

(complaining but loving
it)
Now I can't breathe.

two

At this moment the leader of the three men (the other directly behind him) enters the scene.

LEADER

I'll dance with this girl.

AL

(angrily)

You an' who else?

closing in

Behind the three men a solid wall of migrants are quietly, Tom and Wilkie in the middle.

LEADER

Don't gimme no argament--

(A shrill whistle

sounds in the distance)

--you little--

collar.

His fist goes back, his left hand reaches for Al's

hand

At the same instant Tom grabs him, Wilkie claps his

have

over the leader's mouth, at least fifteen other men

all

similarly collard the other two invaders, and they are

held

lifted bodily. There is not a sound as the three men,

into the

in iron grips, are whisked from the dance floor and

crowd.

GATE

Two touring cars have stopped in front of the closed

and the deputies have drawn guns.

DRIVER

Open up! We hear you got a riot.

CARETAKER

Riot? I don't see no riot. Who're you?

DRIVER

Deputy sheriffs.

CARETAKER

Got a warrant?

DRIVER

We don't need a warrant if it's a riot.

CARETAKER

Well, I don't know what you gonna do about it, because I don't hear no riot an' I don't see no riot, an' what's more I don't believe they *is* no riot.

(Waving toward the dance floor)

Look for yourself.

DANCE
continuing

As the deputies, puzzled and uncertain, look toward the FLOOR, we see the music, the dancing, the gaiety as if nothing had happened.

tent
the
butts

WITHIN THE JOAD TENT at night, several hours later: the is black, Tom strikes a match. From a piece of wood on the ground or floor he selects one from several cigarette and lights it. While he is doing so, he lifts his head suddenly, and listens.

ground
state
plays on
copy

In the CAMP STREET we catch sight of legs walking, the lighted from a flashlight. Two pairs of the legs wear policemen's leather leggings. The third pair are the caretaker's. They stop behind a car. The flashlight the license plate. One of the state cops leans down to the license number in a booklet. Then they move on.

see
now
plate.

TOM has lifted the edge of the tent a trifle, enough to out by flattening his head on the floor. The LEGS are seen at the Joad jalopy. The light is on the license The cop leans over and copies the number. They move on.

pushes
wearing his

TOM, lowering the edge of the tent, sits up. Quietly he aside the piece of carpet that covers him. He is

clothes. We see the policeman's CAR at the caretaker's hut.

The two policemen get into the car.

CARETAKER

You got no right to arrest anybody without a warrant, you know.

FIRST COP

We'll have a warrant--just as soon as we check with headquarters.

The car drives off, leaving the caretaker looking somberly after it.

travel,
bundle.
toward
the door:

WITHIN THE JOAD TENT, his cap on, fully dressed for Tom is tieing the ends of the carpet into a shoulder Rising, he slings it across his shoulder. As he tiptoes

MA

Ain't you gonna tell me goodbye, Tommy?

For a moment he looks into the darkness in her direction.

TOM

I didn't know, Ma. I didn't know if I ought.

her by
the hand.

She has risen, pulling the quilt around her. He takes

TOM

Come outside.

SECTION
it

They go out. Tom leads Ma around BEHIND THE TENT, to a OF WIRE FENCE. There is a bench there. Tom leads Ma to and sits her down. He sits beside her.

TOM

They was some cops here, Ma. They was takin' down the license numbers. It looks like somebody knows sump'n.

MA

(softly)
It had to come, I reckon, soon or
later.

TOM

I'd like to stay. I'd like to be
with ya--
(smiling)
--an' see your face when you an' Pa
get settled in a nice little place.
I sure wish I could see you then.
But--
(shaking his head)
--I guess I won't never be able to
do that. Not now.

MA

I could hide you, Tommy.

TOM

(touching her hand)
I know you would, Ma. But I ain't
gonna let you. You hide somebody
that's kilt a man an'... an' you'd
be in trouble too.

MA

(touching his face
with her fingers)
Awright, Tommy. What you figger you
gonna do?

TOM

(thoughtfully)
You know what I been thinkin' about,
Ma? About Casy. About what he said,
what he done, an' about how he died.
An' I remember all of it.

MA

He was a good man.

TOM

I been thinkin' about us, too--about
our people livin' like pigs, an'
good rich lan' layin' fallow, or
maybe one fella with a million acres,
while a hundred thousan' farmers is
starvin'. An' I been wonderin' if
all our folks got together an' yelled--

MA

(frightened)

Tommy, they'll drive you, an' cut you down like they done to Casy.

TOM

They gonna drive me anyways. Soon or later they'll get me, for one thing if not another. Until then...

MA

You don't aim to kill nobody, Tom!

TOM

No, Ma. Not that. That ain't it. But long as I'm a outlaw, anyways, maybe I can do sump'n. Maybe I can jus' fin' out sump'n. Jus' scrounge aroun' an' try to fin' out what it is that's wrong, an then see if they ain't sump'n could be done about it.

(Worriedly)

But I ain't thought it out clear, Ma. I can't. I don't know enough.

MA

(after a pause)

How'm I gonna know 'bout you? They might kill you an' I wouldn't know. They might hurt you. How'm I gonna know?

TOM

(laughing uneasily)

Well, maybe it's like Casy says, a fella ain't got a soul of his own, but on'y a piece of a big soul--the one big soul that belongs to ever'body--an' then...

MA

Then what, Tom?

TOM

Then it don't matter. Then I'll be all aroun' in the dark. I'll be ever'where--wherever you look. Wherever there's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever there's a cop beatin' up a guy, I'll be there. I'll be in the

way guys yell when they're mad--an'
I'll be in the way kids laugh when
they're hungry an' they know supper's
ready. An' when our people eat the
stuff they raise, an' live in the
houses they build, why, I'll be there
too.

MA

(slowly)
I don't understan' it, Tom.

TOM

(drily)
Me neither.
(Rising)
It's jus' stuff I been thinkin' about.
Gimme you han', Ma. Good-by.
(He climbs over the
fence)

MA

Good-by, Tom. Later--when it's blowed
over--you'll come back? You'll try
to fin' us?

TOM

Sure. Good-by.

MA

Good-by, Tommy.

leaving
waves. She
the
darkness.

He walks away. She stands looking after him. He's
her forever--she knows it. She lifts her hand and
tries to smile. TOM turns, waves, smiles. His lips form
words: "Good-by, Ma." Then he strides away into the

The scene fades out.

the
fellas
Beyond, in
travel

The JOAD TRUCK fades in. It stands loaded in front on
Joad tent while Al, Pa, Uncle John, Ma, and the little
pile in the last article in a fury of excitement.
the background, another jalopy is being prepared for
with the same feverish haste. It is day.

AL, PA, JOHN

(ad lib)

Get them buckets on! Somebody tie
down the mattress! You little fellas
keep outa the way!

MAN

(from the other truck,
gaily)

What y'all hurryin' so for? Tell me
they got twenny days work.

PA

Yes, sir, an' we aim to git in all
twenny of 'em.

leaving-- Other jalopies in the background are being readied for
an excited, hopeful exodus on a new report of work.

AL

Ready, Ma?

MA

I'll get Rosasharn.

PA

(beaming)

All aboard, ever'body! All aboard
for Fresno!

For Ma comes out of the tent supporting Rosasharn tenderly.
again, the plumpness has gone from the girl and she is thin
weeping her face drawn and unhappy, her eyes swollen with
and suffering.

MA

(softly)

Try to be strong, honey. Someday
it'll be diff'rent--someday you'll
have another one. You're still jus'
a little girl, remember.

John Pa takes Rosasharn's other arm. He and Al and Uncle
mattress, help Rosasharn onto the truck. She lies down on the
her face away from them.

PA

Make her easy, John. Watch her.

MA

She'll be awright.

AL

(in the driver's seat)

Ready, Pa?

PA

(as he and Ma climb
in the front seat)

Let 'er go, Gallagher!

nearly
turns
jalopies
the

The truck wobbles into motion. Al races the engine. It crashes another wheezing jalopy at the corner. When it the corner we see the GATE, and a line of loaded that ride out to the highway. The caretaker waves and migrants wave back.

CARETAKER

Good luck to you! Good luck,
ever'body!

THE JOADS

Good-by, Mr. Conway! Much oblige to
you for ever'thing!

SEAT Al

The Joad truck turns onto the highway. In the FRONT is driving, Ma in the middle, Pa on the outside.

AL

Twenty days work, oh boy!

PA

Be glad to get my han' on some cotton.
That's the kin' a pickin' I
understan'.

MA

Maybe. Maybe twenny days work, maybe
no days work. We ain't got it till
we get it.

AL

(grinning)
Whatsa matter, Ma? Gettin' scared?

MA

(smiling faintly)
No. Ain't ever gonna be scared no more.

(After a pause)

I was, though. For a while I thought we was beat--*good* an' beat. Looked like we didn't have nothin' in the worl' but enemies--wasn't *no*body frien'ly anymore. It made me feel bad an' scared too--like we was lost... an' nobody cared.

AL

Watch me pass that Chevvy.

PA

(soberly)

You the one that keeps us goin', Ma. I ain't no good any more, an' I know it. Seems like I spen' all my time these days a-thinkin' how it use'ta be--thinkin' of home--an' I ain't never gonna see it no more.

Ma places her hand on one of Pa's and pats it.

MA

Woman can change better'n a man. Man lives in jerks--baby born, or somebody dies, that's a jerk--gets a farm, or loses one, an' that's a jerk. With a woman it's all one flow, like a stream, little eddies, little waterfalls, but the river it goes right on. Woman looks at it like that.

AL

(at the jalopy ahead)
Look at that ol' coffeepot steam!

PA

(thinking of what Ma says)
Maybe, but we shore takin' a beatin'.

MA

(chuckling)

I know. Maybe that makes us tough.
Rich fellas come up an' they die,
an' their kids ain't no good, an'
they die out. But we keep a-comin'.
We're the people that live. Can't
nobody wipe us out. Can't nobody
lick us. We'll go on forever, Pa.
We're the people.

(She says this with a
simple, unaffected
conviction)

the
jeering
Ruthie
Even
he
three and
sign on

The TRUCK, steaming and rattling and churning, passes
Chevrolet and Al leans out of the window and waves a
hand at it. As the Joad truck pulls in front, we see
and Winfield laughing with excitement over the triumph.
Uncle John shares the general satisfaction. Grinning,
waves. As the truck moves away along the road, all
beaming and waving. Further along the truck passes a
the side of the road. It says NO HELP WANTED.
The scene fades out.

THE END