

"THE GRAPES OF WRATH"

Screenplay

by

Nunnally Johnson

Based on the Novel "The Grapes Of Wrath"

By

John Steinbeck

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

After a moment of hesitation the driver releases the brake.

DRIVER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He looks indifferently after the truck and then starts on
foot down the dirt crossroad. A wind has begun to blow.

The scene dissolves to the roadside under a WILLOW TREE in
daylight. The wind is still blowing. Sitting on the ground,
his back against the tree, Casy, a long, lean man in overalls,
blue shirt, and one sneaker, is fixing something on the other
dirty sneaker. To the tune of "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" he
is absent-mindedly singing.

CASY

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

(Looking up as Tom
comes down the road)

Howdy, friend.

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

TOM

Howdy.

He stops, grateful for the momentary relief of the shade.

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 hisself 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.

Tom, holding his cap on his head with his hand, looks up...
The TOPS OF THE TREES are bending before the wind. TOM AND
CASY continue walking.

CASY

Is it fur?

TOM

(still looking back)

Just around that next bend.

TOM AND CASY are almost being blown along and dust is rising
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.

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

CASY

(looking back)

And it ain't any too close, either!
We better run!

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

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

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

Presently, after shuffling about, he has found them and lights
one. He holds it up, lighting the room. A couple of wooden
boxes are on the floor, a few miserable discarded things,
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.

From the floor he picks up a woman's high button shoe, curled
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.

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

In the BACK ROOM the scene moves from Tom at the door across
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?

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

MULEY

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

The scene dissolves to MULEY'S DOORYARD. It is a soft spring day, with the peaceful sounds of the country. Seated in a three-year-old touring car is THE MAN, a city man with a collar and tie. He hates to do what he is doing and this makes him gruff and curt, to hide his misgivings. Squatted 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 barefooted girl, watching worriedly. The men soberly trace marks on the ground with small sticks. A hound dog sniffs at the automobile 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'boddy 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.

Muley stands in anger. The two younger men pattern after 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!

The scene dissolves to the BACK ROOM. The sound of the storm
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.

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

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

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

MULEY

I *tol'* you!

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

MULEY

Why, you're Joe Davis's boy!

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

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...

We see the HOUSE AND TRACTOR. The womenfolks scamper out of
the way as the tractor heads for a corner of the house. It
goes over a ramshackle fence and then a feeble little flower
bed. Muley and the two younger men walk along. Breathing
hard, frightened and desperate, Muley is shouting warnings
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!

The TRACTOR moves across the yard, nosing a chair out of the
way, and with a rending of boards hits a corner of the house,
knocking a part of the foundation away. The corner of the
house sinks. MULEY lifts his shotgun, aims it, holds it, and
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 room of
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.

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

A CAR approaches at some distance, the headlights moving up 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.

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

MAN

(in car)

Muley?

(After a pause)

He ain't here.

The car moves on.

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

TOM

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

He whistles, as the scene fades out.

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

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

MA'S VOICE

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

As she speaks, a man's scrawny hand reaches forward and sneaks
out a piece of sidemeat.

Five people are seated around the breakfast table on chairs
or boxes. They are Pa, Grampa, Granma, Noah, and Uncle John.
Two children, Ruthie and Winfield, stand to the table, because
there are no more chairs. Their heads are all bent as Ma,
standing with a fork in her hand between the table and the
stove, ends the grace. Heads lift and there is a bustle as
Ma turns back to the frying pork on the stove and the others
truck into their food. Granma points a spiteful finger at
Grampa.

GRANMA

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

GRAMPA

(indignantly)

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

RUTHIE AND WINFIELD, though they are shoveling it in, are
grinning at Grampa.

RUTHIE

(in a snickering
whisper to Winfield)

Ain't he messy though!

GRANMA

(viciously)

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

GRAMPA

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

NOAH is solemnly studying a handbill. Over his shoulder the
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!

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

RUTHIE

(whispering)

Look. I'm Grampa!

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

TOM is looking at the household goods piled around the yard, 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.

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

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

TOM now looks around at the dusty furniture piled around the 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?

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

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

GRANMA

(vaguely)

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

In the BACKYARD, the prodigal son, mother and father proudly beside him, is having his hand wrung by Grampa, who vainly tries to button various buttons of his shirt, as always. The two children jump up and down excitedly but are too shy to 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!

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

NOAH

(confidentially)

Bust out?

TOM
(shaking his head)
Parole.

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

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

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

MAN

Hey, Joad! John Joad!

In the BACKYARD the people are silent, their faces without 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.

The touring car's engine is still heard after the men drive off. The Joads watch the car, their heads turning, their eyes following, expressionless.

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

Noah, Casy, Uncle John, Connie, Pa, and Tom are at various 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)

INSIDE THE CABIN, Ma sits on a box in front of the stove. The fire door is open and the light shines out. The room itself has been pretty well stripped, with only trash and discarded things left. In Ma's lap is a pasteboard shoebox and she is going through the meager treasures stored in it, to see what must go and what she can take with her. Her eyes are soft and thoughtful as each item brings a memory, but not sad. Occasionally she smiles faintly. She pulls out a letter, looks at it, starts to throw it into the fire, then 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 the Statue Of Liberty. Over it: "Greetings from New York City." She turns it over. It is addressed: "Mrs. Joad RFD 254 Oklahomy Territory." In the space for a message: "Hello honey. Willy Mae."

MA, after a moment of studying it, throws the card into the fire. She lifts the letter again, puts it back. She pulls out a worn NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. We see it in Ma's hand. The headline is: "JOAD GETS SEVEN YEARS."

MA drops the clipping into the fire. Rummaging around, she pulls out a small CHINA DOG. We see it closely as before. On

it is printed: "Souvenir of Louisiana Purchase Exposition--
St. Louis--1904."

MA studies the dog, smiling, remembering something that it meant in her life. Then she puts in in a pocket in her dress. Next she pulls out some pieces of cheap jewelry; one cuff link, a baby's signet ring, two earrings. She smiles at the ring, then pockets it. The cuff link too. The earrings she holds for a moment longer, then looks around to make sure nobody sees, then holds them to her ears, not looking into any kind of a mirror, just feeling them against the lobes of her ears, as once perhaps she wore them. Her eyes are grave.

TOM

(from the door)

How about it, Ma?

MA

I'm ready.

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

MA

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

The flame dies down.

In the BACKYARD it is grey dawn. There is a thrill of quiet excitement as they all stand around the loaded truck, hats on, putting on coats. The ones missing are Ma, Rosasharn, 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.

All have obeyed and are aboard but Pa, Tom, and Casy, who is 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!

All turn. In a CORNER OF THE HOUSE Al is pulling Grampa gently 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.

The scene dissolves to the TRUCK. It is just after dawn. Pa,
Tom, and Noah are lifting Grampa into the truck. He mumbles
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...

He stops politely. Pa looks from one face to the other in the truck--a swift, silent canvass--and though no one speaks 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!

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

PA
(excitedly)
Here we go!

TOM
(grinning)
California, here we come!

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

Now we see the FAMILY IN THE TRUCK, as it snorts and rattles toward the road--a study of facial expressions as the Joad family look back for the last time at their home. Connie and Rosasharn, whispering, giggling, and slappings, are oblivious 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
families. The signs of towns on U.S. Highway 66 flash past--
CHECOTAH, OKLAHOMA CITY, BETHANY.

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

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.

With a quilt pulled from the truck Ma runs ahead as Tom
carries Grampa toward a clump of woods back off the highway.
The others get down soberly from the truck, all but Granma,
who is dozing. Cars pass--a fast car passing a jalopy. Tom is
letting the old man down gently as Ma adjusts the quilt on
the ground. Death is in Grampa's eyes as he looks up dimly
at them.

GRAMPA

(a whisper)

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

(He closes his eyes)

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

A GRAVE, at night. In the clump of woods, lighted by two lanterns, The Joad tribe stands reverently around an open grave. Having read the note, Tom puts it in a small fruit jar and kneels down and, reaching into the grave, places it 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 Joad truck approaches.

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

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
after 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!

The cop looks startled, puzzled, but Tom shrugs a disclaimer
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!

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

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

A HAND-PAINTED SIGN reads: "CAMP 50,." It is night. We hear the sound of guitar music. In the CAMP GROUND a small wooden house dominates the scene. There are no facilities; the migrants simply pitch makeshift tents and park their jalopies wherever there is a space. It is after supper and a dozen or more men sit on the steps of the house listening to Connie play a road song on a borrowed guitar. The music softens the tired, drawn faces of the men and drives away some of their shyness. In the dark, outside the circle of light from the gasoline lantern on the porch, some of the women and children sit and enjoy the luxury of this relative gaiety. The proprietor sits tipped back in a straight chair on the porch.

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

As the music ends we see a GROUP ON THE PORCH STEPS. The men
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...

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

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

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!

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

FIRST MAN

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

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

The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE: superimposed on the shield marker of U.S. Highway 66 and the rattling Joad truck the signs of towns flash by: AMARILLO, VEGA, GLENRIO.

The TRUCK is seen on the HIGHWAY. It is now mountain country-- New Mexico. Then it is seen at a GAS STATION. It is a cheap

two-pump station, hand-painted, dreary, dusty. Huddled next to it is a hamburger stand. In front of the hamburger stand is a truck labeled: NEW MEXICO VAN AND STORAGE COMPANY. The Joads are piling out of their truck. Directed by Ma, Noah lifts Granma out. The two children scamper around shrieking because their legs have gone to sleep. Al is preparing to put water in the radiator. Pa takes out a deep leather pouch, unties the strings, and begins calculating his money as the 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!

INSIDE THE HAMBURGER STAND, a standard cheap eatery, Bert is 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--

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

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

MAE

Come in.

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

Taking out his pouch, Pa digs into it, feels around with his 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.

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

PA

Is them penny candy, ma'am?

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

MAE

Which ones?

PA

There, them stripy ones.

Mae looks from the candy to the children. They have stopped 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.

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

PA

(beaming)

Sure, take 'em, take 'em!

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

PA

Thank you, ma'am.

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

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.

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

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

MAE
(softly)
Bert.

BERT
(playing a machine)
What ya want?

MAE
Look here.

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

MAE
(reverently)
Truck drivers.

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

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

The scene fades out.

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

The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE superimposed on the shield
marker of U.S. Highway 66 and the Joad truck. Signs flash
by: FLAGSTAFF, WATER 5, A GAL, WATER 10, A GAL, WATER 15, A
GAL, and finally, NEEDLES, CALIF.

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

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

There is a long silence among the Joads as the man and his 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.

The man and his son exchange a glance, as though the Joads 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.

There is a disturbed silence as the Joads study the man, but
he obviously has no intention of saying anything more. Finally
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)

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

MA AND GRANMA are seen lying on a mattress in the TRUCK. 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.

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

RUTHIE AND WINFIELD huddle together in THE TRUCK, eyes wide
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.

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

MA

(whispering)

'S awright, honey. Everything's gonna
be awright.

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

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.

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

The scene dissolves to an INSPECTION STATION, near Daggett, California, at night. Obeying a sign that reads: "KEEP RIGHT AND STOP," the Joad truck pulls up under a long shed as two officers, yawning, come out to inspect it. One takes down the license number and opens the hood. The people aboard the 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 it from the book, there is a breath-taking view of the valley from where Highway 66 comes out of the mountains. This is the California the Joads have dreamed of, rich and beautiful, the land of milk and honey. It is just daybreak, with the sun at the Joad's back. They have pulled off the side of the road and stopped, just to drink in the sight. They are looking almost reverently at the sight before them as they climb 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!

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

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.

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

POLICEMAN

How far you figger you gonna get
this way?

TOM

Right here. We give out a gas.

It is a two-pump station and one of the pumps has a car,
with the attendant servicing it. The Joad truck stops by the
other pump and Tom, wiping his face with his sleeve, grins
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.

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

ATTENDANT

(brightly)

How many, folks?

AL

(after a pause)

One.

The attendant regards him in disgust.

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

The truck moves into the camp through a lane of children.

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

She is dishing the stew into tin plates. The children's eyes follow the spoon, and then the first plate, to John. He is raising the first spoonful to his mouth when he notices them apparently for the first time. He is chewing slowly, his eyes on the children, their eyes on his face, when Tom and 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 have come into her eyes. The children pounce on the pot, silently, too busy digging for the stew to speak.

INSIDE THE TENT they have all finished their stew already.

MA

(bitterly)

I done fine! Now nobody got enough!

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

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

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

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

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 contract, 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.

The squatting men have risen one by one. Their faces are 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!

The other man gets out of the COUPE. He wears riding breeches and laced boots, carries a pistol and cartridge belt, and there is a deputy sheriff's star on his brown shirt. He smiles 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?

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

DEPUTY

(to Floyd)

Now, you.

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

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

As Tom strides away there is the distant sound of a siren. Casy empties the gun and throws cartridges and gun aside. The men, aghast, have been standing back, worried and excited and apprehensive. They wish nothing like this had happened. The women have gathered around the wounded woman, who is sobbing. Now at the sound of the siren everybody begins to 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 Casy. The 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?

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

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

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

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

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.

At the EDGE OF HOOVERVILLE, Tom is heading for the Joad tent
warily, glancing around constantly, but not running, for
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
oursel--

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!

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

TOM

Hey, Al!

IN FRONT OF THE JOAD TENT, all but Ma are looking off. Ma
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'boddy 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)

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

IN THE JOAD TRUCK, Tom is helping Rosasharn into the front

seat, beside Ma. The others are aboard except Al. Tom hands 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)

In the FRONT SEAT of the truck, Tom drives, Ma sits in the 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?

As he slows down the truck, we see that half of the ROAD is blocked with boards and red lanterns. a group of men swarm around the Joad truck as it stops. A leader leans in Tom's window.

LEADER

Where you think you're goin'?

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

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

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

A MONTAGE fades in: superimposed on growing fields hand-made

signs flash by: NO HELP WANTED, KEEP OUT--THIS MEANS U, NO WORK, NO HELP WANTED.

Then we see the JOAD TRUCK pulled up off the paved highway, and jacked up while Tom and Al fix a puncture. Ma is seated 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 hunerd thousan' aroun' here like us, a-scrabblin' for work an' livin' like hogs. Can't figger what it is, but *sump'n's* wrong.

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

As they snap into action to get under way again the scene dissolves to the FRONT SEAT, Al driving, with Ma and Tom beside him. They are all smiles, their faces glowing with 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 sitting soberly in them. Fifty or sixty other migrants line the gravel road and the junction with the paved highway. Five jalopies are in line waiting to enter the gates. And the scene is overwhelmingly policed. There must be ten motorcycle cops around. Six are dismounted and strolling to keep order among the migrants along the road. Three, their motorcycles roaring, flank the line of five jalopies. As the Joad truck drives up, we see the FRONT SEAT. Tom, Al, and Ma 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.

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

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

MEN

Go on, go on! Keep movin'!

The Joad truck passes through the gates. IN THE HOOPER RANCH the six jalopies are halted at the end of a camp street. The houses are small, square blocks, set in line. One, a little larger, is a grocery store. Casually about are men in pairs with metal stars on their shirts and shotguns in their hands. Two bookkeepers are already passing down the cars and jotting 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.

Ma and Rosasharn step inside the house. It is filthy. A rusty tin stove resting on four bricks is all the one room contains. 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.

OUTSIDE, a clerk with glasses appears, pushing a cart loaded 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.

With their buckets they shuffle away toward the peach trees--

Tom, Pa, Uncle John, Al, and the two children struggling with the enormous containers.

The scene dissolves to the INTERIOR OF HOUSE 63 at night, a lantern lighting the scene. Sitting wherever they can, the Joads have finished their supper of hamburgers. And grateful 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.

IN THE RANCH STREET. There is a faint moonlight, but not much, and little sound from the other houses as Tom strolls down the street.

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

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

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

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

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

a trail, Tom enters and approaches the tent. (The opening is away from him.) IN FRONT OF THE TENT, a man sitting on a box 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.

A head sticks out of the tent. Until he speaks, Tom does not 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.)

INSIDE THE TENT, three other men sit on the ground as Casy 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 expe-- 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'rested 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.

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

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

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

IN FRONT OF THE TENT:

CASY
(softly)
What is it?

FRANK
I dunno. Listen.

There are night sounds but little else to be distinguished.

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.

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

UNDER THE BRIDGE it is almost black as they creep through 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!

Halted, uncertain, they stand as three men with stars on their coats and pickhandles in their hands slide down the 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!

There are faint responses from a distance. CASY AND TOM are alone. The others have fled. The deputies approach, their 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--

He swings the pickhandle. Casy dodges but the stick cracks his skull. He falls face down out of the light. The deputies 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.

As the deputies straighten up, Tom steps forward, grabs the pickhandle from the man who felled Casy, and swings. The blow strikes the deputy's arm, sending his flashlight flying, and the scene is in semi-darkness as Tom swings again. There is a grunt and a groan as the deputy goes down. Then all is confusion. Backing away, swinging the pickhandle, Tom bolts, splashes a few yards through the stream, turns and gains a better start by throwing the pickhandle at his pursuers. They duck, and Tom disappears into the night. The other men rush through the scene in pursuit.

THE SECOND DEPUTY is seen bending over the body of the man 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!

TOM is seen crashing through the bushes, his face bloody. The scene fades out.

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

INSIDE HOUSE 63, Rosasharn sits by the window as Ma enters.

MA

Anybody ask anything?

ROSASHARN

No'm.

MA

Stand by the door.

Rosasharn takes her post at the door as Ma kneels on the floor beside Tom, puts down the rag bundle, and gets a basin. Tom, who is under a quilt, is with his back alone visible. 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.

At night, the TRUCK is backed up to the door of House 63; it is already loaded. Ma is speaking in a low voice to Tom, who 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?

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

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

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

SECOND GUARD

Goin' out for good?

AL

Yeah. Goin' north. Got a job.

SECOND GUARD

Okay.

He opens the gate and the truck goes through. It turns from 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.

In the FRONT SEAT, Tom is driving, his cap pulled as far down as possible over his wounded cheek. Rosasharn has taken 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.

Then it is night, and the TRUCK is still making distance.

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

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

We see the GATE TO THE GOVERNMENT CAMP, a wide gate in a high wire fence, with a caretaker's shack to one side of the gate. The caretaker stands beside his shack as the Joad truck swings off the road, hits an unnoticed rut that bounces the 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 significance to either. The shack is bare but for a cot, a table, a chair, and an electric light. The caretaker is seated at the table, pen in hand, a soiled ledger open, when Tom 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?

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

As he walks on, Tom draws a breath of exultation. As he moves on, looking around, we see the EXTERIOR OF SANITARY UNIT NO. 4, a cheap frame building the purpose of which is pretty obvious. Ruthie, warily alert lest she be caught, is peering in the door. She looks a long time and then she runs out of the scene.

WINFIELD is seen asleep in a quilt on the ground when Ruthie 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.

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

RUTHIE
Come on. Ain't nobody gonna say
anything.

WINFIELD
Won't they ketch us?

He follows her into the unit, big-eyed with excitement and 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--

There is the sound of a toilet flushing. It is a cheap toilet and it is a loud flush which eventually ends in a long refilling of the tank just as loudly. There is a paralyzed silence. Then:

RUTHIE'S VOICE

Now you done it! You busted it!

WINFIELD'S VOICE

I never--

Terrified, Winfield comes dashing out of the unit but Ruthie 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!

He nods quickly. Then Ruthie begins to walk away with what she fancies is an innocent, nonchalant stroll, yawning casually. Sniffing a little, Winfield mimics her, a very innocent walk and yawn indeed.

The scene dissolves to a DITCH. Alongside the ditch are some lengths of concrete pipe. Tom and the two Wallaces are in 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'.

Mr. Thomas, the farmer, a stock man wearing a paper sun helmet, enters. His face is worried as he squats down beside the ditch. What he has come to say has taken some effort and 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 Saturday evening, the night of the dance. Glaring electric lights hang over the open gate. Parked jalopies line the highway as the invited guests, small farmers and migrants from other camps and their families, arrive to be greeted 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.

There is an air of eager anticipation, of gay celebration, and everyone is in his or her best--the men in clean washed overalls, clean shirts, some with ties, their hair damp and slicked down, the women in their nicest. Through the gate, inside the camp, can be seen the outdoor dance floor, brightly lighted, with the camp musicians already tuning up, and around the dance floor scores of wide-eyed children.

INSIDE THE GATE TO THE CAMP, we see Wilkie and a dark-complexioned man named Jule standing among a group inside watching the arrivals. They watch sharply, eyeing everyone, listening to every credential. As his employer, Thomas, comes through the gate with his wife, Wilkie grins and greets him 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)

We see the DANCE FLOOR, and after three pats of the foot, to get the tempo, the home talent dance orchestra swings into music.

INSIDE THE JOAD TENT, Rosasharn dressed in her nicest, sits gripping her hands together, the music seeming to bring her 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.

Drying her hands, Ma sits beside Rosasharn and takes her in 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.

Smiling mysteriously, Ma fishes in a pocket in her dress and brings out the envelope of her treasures. From it she produces the earrings and holds them up in front of Rosasharn's wide 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.

They smile at each other, proud in the luxury of ornaments.

Down the road from the GATE a touring car with six men pulls of the pavement and stops. Three men get out. They are bareheaded and dressed similar to the other migrants. They 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.

The three men from the touring car are at the gate. Wilkie and Jule watch them.

COMMITTEE MAN

Who give you the invitation?

MAN

Fella named Jackson--Buck Jackson.

COMMITTEE MAN

Okay. Come on in.

The three men stroll past Wilkie and Jule, whose eyes follow 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!

Well in front, among the older folks and children who surround
the floor, are Ma and Rosasharn, clinging close. A young man
stops in front of them.

MA
(quietly)
Thank you kin'ly but she ain't well.

As Rosasharn's eyes drop. Ma bends toward her, a shy smile
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.

The three men stroll into sight and stand watching the
dancing. One glances at Ma and Rosasharn but does not speak.
Ma has smiled back at him.

WILKIE AND JACKSON are seen; removed somewhat from the dance
floor they are peering in the direction of the three men.

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)

We find ourselves INSIDE TIM WALLACE'S TENT. The five members
of the central committee, Tim Wallace, chairman, look grave
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'.

Wilkie makes a mocking military salute as he and Tom exit. 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.

In front of the JOAD TENT, dressed to kill, is Al, ready for the festivities. He wears a tight-fitting wool suit, a tie on his shirt, yellow shoes, and his hair is damp and slicked down. He rubs his hands together in anticipation as he strolls in the direction of the dance floor.

At ANOTHER TENT, a blonde girl sits on a box as Al enters. Casually he throws open his coat, revealing a vivid striped 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.

Shrugging, Al winks at the girl and moves on, stepping and moving his shoulders and snapping his fingers in time to the music, a very gay fellow indeed. The blonde girl's eyes follow him. Then she turns and glances cautiously toward the tent.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR, we see Ma and Rosasharn as Tom enters and stands between them. This is during a pause between dances and only a few couples stand on the floor waiting for the music to begin again. We also see the three men very casually 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 music starts again, once more the dancers move onto the dance floor. The three men exchange a glance and step casually to the edge of the dancing space, one in the lead. They survey 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)

AL, taking the blonde girl's hand, steps onto the dance floor. Encircling her waist, they begin to dance. They are a smooth, 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.

At this moment the leader of the three men (the other two directly behind him) enters the scene.

LEADER

I'll dance with this girl.

AL

(angrily)
You an' who else?

Behind the three men a solid wall of migrants are closing in quietly, Tom and Wilkie in the middle.

LEADER
Don't gimme no argament--
(A shrill whistle
sounds in the distance)
--you little--

His fist goes back, his left hand reaches for Al's collar. At the same instant Tom grabs him, Wilkie claps his hand over the leader's mouth, at least fifteen other men have similarly collared the other two invaders, and they are all lifted bodily. There is not a sound as the three men, held in iron grips, are whisked from the dance floor and into the crowd.

Two touring cars have stopped in front of the closed GATE 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.

As the deputies, puzzled and uncertain, look toward the DANCE FLOOR, we see the music, the dancing, the gaiety continuing as if nothing had happened.

WITHIN THE JOAD TENT at night, several hours later: the tent is black, Tom strikes a match. From a piece of wood on the ground or floor he selects one from several cigarette butts and lights it. While he is doing so, he lifts his head

suddenly, and listens.

In the CAMP STREET we catch sight of legs walking, the ground lighted from a flashlight. Two pairs of the legs wear state policemen's leather leggings. The third pair are the caretaker's. They stop behind a car. The flashlight plays on the license plate. One of the state cops leans down to copy the license number in a booklet. Then they move on.

TOM has lifted the edge of the tent a trifle, enough to see out by flattening his head on the floor. The LEGS are now seen at the Joad jalopy. The light is on the license plate. The cop leans over and copies the number. They move on.

TOM, lowering the edge of the tent, sits up. Quietly he pushes aside the piece of carpet that covers him. He is wearing his 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.

WITHIN THE JOAD TENT, his cap on, fully dressed for travel, Tom is tying the ends of the carpet into a shoulder bundle. Rising, he slings it across his shoulder. As he tiptoes toward the door:

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.

She has risen, pulling the quilt around her. He takes her by the hand.

TOM

Come outside.

They go out. Tom leads Ma around BEHIND THE TENT, to a SECTION OF WIRE FENCE. There is a bench there. Tom leads Ma to it 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.

He walks away. She stands looking after him. He's leaving her forever--she knows it. She lifts her hand and waves. She tries to smile. TOM turns, waves, smiles. His lips form the words: "Good-by, Ma." Then he strides away into the darkness.

The scene fades out.

The JOAD TRUCK fades in. It stands loaded in front on the Joad tent while Al, Pa, Uncle John, Ma, and the little fellas pile in the last article in a fury of excitement. Beyond, in the background, another jalopy is being prepared for travel 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.

Other jalopies in the background are being readied for leaving--
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!

Ma comes out of the tent supporting Rosasharn tenderly. For the plumpness has gone from the girl and she is thin again, her face drawn and unhappy, her eyes swollen with weeping 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.

Pa takes Rosasharn's other arm. He and Al and Uncle John help Rosasharn onto the truck. She lies down on the mattress, 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!

The truck wobbles into motion. Al races the engine. It nearly crashes another wheezing jalopy at the corner. When it turns the corner we see the GATE, and a line of loaded jalopies that ride out to the highway. The caretaker waves and the 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!

The Joad truck turns onto the highway. In the FRONT SEAT Al 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 TRUCK, steaming and rattling and churning, passes the Chevrolet and Al leans out of the window and waves a jeering hand at it. As the Joad truck pulls in front, we see Ruthie and Winfield laughing with excitement over the triumph. Even Uncle John shares the general satisfaction. Grinning, he waves. As the truck moves away along the road, all three and beaming and waving. Further along the truck passes a sign on the side of the road. It says NO HELP WANTED.

The scene fades out.

THE END