

"THE GRAPES OF WRATH"

Screenplay

by

Nunnally Johnson

Based on the Novel "The Grapes Of Wrath"

By

John Steinbeck

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

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

WAITRESS

When you be back?

DRIVER

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

right  
handbrake

We see him climbing into the cab of the truck from the  
side. Getting behind the wheel, he is releasing the  
when Tom appears at the driver's seat window.

TOM

How about a lift, mister?

DRIVER

Can't you see that sticker?

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

TOM

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

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.

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

TOM  
You're about to bust to know what I  
done, ain't you? Well, I ain't a  
guy to let you down.  
(Confidentially)  
Homicide!

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

DRIVER  
I never asked you!

TOM  
(as the truck moves  
away)  
Sure, but you'd a throwed a fit if I  
hadn't tol' you.

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

CASY  
Mmmmm he's my saviour. Mmmmm my  
saviour, Mmmmmmmmmmm my saviour now.  
(Looking up as Tom  
comes down the road)  
Howdy, friend.

with his  
Carrying his coat under his arm, TOM wipes his face

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.

up...  
AND  
Tom, holding his cap on his head with his hand, looks  
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.

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

CASY  
(lifting his voice  
above the wind)  
Your granma was a great one, too.  
The third time she got religion she  
go it so powerful she knocked down a  
full-growed deacon with her fist.

TOM  
(pointing ahead)  
That's our place.

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

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

moving  
over  
A DUST STORM, like a black wall, rises into the sky,  
forward. TOM AND CASY are running, but looking back



from the  
cabin, the  
door  
dark  
different.  
hissing

their shoulders as the DUST STORM nears. Dust rises  
ground to join and thicken the black wall.  
TOM AND CASY are seen racing down the road to the  
wind whipping up the dust. The two men smack open the  
and slam it shut after them. The screen begins to grow  
as the storm sweeps over the land. It becomes black.  
In THE CABIN, it is black too, but the sound is  
In addition to the sound of the wind there is the soft  
of sand against the house.

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

CASY'S VOICE  
You got a match?

TOM'S VOICE  
There was some pieces of candle always  
on a shelf.

lights  
wooden  
things,

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

TOM  
They're all gone--or dead.

CASY  
They never wrote you nothing?

TOM  
No. They wasn't people to write.

curled

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

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

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

TOM  
This used to be mine. I give it to  
Grampa when I went away.  
(To Casy)  
You reckon they could be dead?

CASY

I never heard nothin' about it.

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

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

MULEY

Tommy?

TOM

(entering)

Muley! Where's my folks, Muley?

MULEY

(dully)

They gone.

TOM

(irritated)

I know that! But \*where\* they gone?

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

TOM

(to Casy)

This is Muley Graves.

(To Muley)

You remember the preacher, don't  
you?

CASY

I ain't no preacher anymore.

TOM

(impatiently)

All right, you remember the \*man\*  
then.

MULEY AND CASY

Glad to see you again. Glad to see  
you.

TOM

(angrily)

Now where is my folks?

MULEY

Gone--

(hastily)

--over to your Uncle John's. The

whole crowd of 'em, two weeks ago.  
But they can't stay there either,  
because John's got \*his\* notice to  
get off.

TOM

(bewildered)

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

MULEY

Ever'body got to get off. Ever'body  
leavin', goin' to California. My  
folks, your folks, ever'body's folks.

(After a pause)

Ever'body but me. I ain't gettin'  
off.

TOM

But who done it?

MULEY

Listen!

(Impatiently Tom

listens to the storm)

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

TOM

(angrily)

Are you crazy?

MULEY

(simply)

Some say I am.

(After a pause)

You want to hear what happened?

TOM

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

is a  
the  
hiss

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

MULEY

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

spring

The scene dissolves to MULEY'S DOORYARD. It is a soft

a  
a  
this  
Squatted  
grown  
barefooted  
on the  
automobile

day, with the peaceful sounds of the country. Seated in  
three-year-old touring car is THE MAN, a city man with  
collar and tie. He hates to do what he is doing and  
makes him gruff and curt, to hide his misgivings.  
beside the car are Muley, his son-in-law, and a half-  
son. At a respectful distance stand Muley's wife, his  
daughter, with a baby in her arms, and a small  
girl, watching worriedly. The men soberly trace marks  
ground with small sticks. A hound dog sniffs at the  
wheels.

THE MAN

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

MULEY

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

(Looking around)

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

THE MAN

(irritably)

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

after

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

MULEY

You mean get off my own land?

THE MAN

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

SON

Whose fault is it?

THE MAN

You know who owns the land--the



(angrily)  
Well?

MULEY  
(without emotion)  
They come. They come and pushed me  
off.

We see MULEY at close range.

MULEY  
They come with the cats.

TOM'S VOICE  
The what?

MULEY  
The cats--the caterpillar tractors.

looming  
their  
over  
recrossing  
invasion of

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

MULEY'S VOICE  
And for ever' one of 'em ten-fifteen  
families gets throwed outa their  
homes--one hundred folks with no  
place to live but on the road. The  
Rances, the Perrys, the Peterses,  
the Joadses--one after another they  
got throwed out. Half the folks you  
and me know--throwed right out into  
the road. The one that got me come a  
month ago.

of  
shoulder  
them. It  
a  
them  
women

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

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

(He lifts his shotgun)

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...

out of  
It  
flower  
Breathing  
warnings  
The  
WOMENFOLKS  
bursts

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

WIFE

Don't! Please don't!

The little girl begins to whimper.

MULEY

I'm tellin' you!

of the  
house,  
the  
it, and  
room of

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

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

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

TOM  
She's settlin'.

CASY  
What you figger to do?

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

MULEY  
(grabbing Tom)  
Listen!  
(Faint sound of motor)  
That's them! Them lights! Come on,  
we got to hide out!

TOM  
(angrily)  
Hide out for what? We ain't doin'  
nothin'.

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

CASY  
Come on, Tom. You're on parole.

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

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

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

TOM

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

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

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

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

The car moves on.

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

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

He whistles, as the scene fades out.

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

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

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

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

chairs  
John.  
because  
Ma,  
the  
as  
others  
at

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

GRANMA

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

GRAMPA

(indignantly)

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

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

RUTHIE

(in a snickering  
whisper to Winfield)

Ain't he messy though!

GRANMA

(viciously)

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

GRAMPA

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

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

We see NOAH AND UNCLE JOHN.

NOAH

(who is a half-wit)

What's it say again?

JOHN

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

Noah frowns at the print.

GRAMPA

(who has mush on his  
mouth)

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

GRANMA

(in a feeble bleat)

Puh-raise the Lawd for vittory!

GRAMPA

(expanding)

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

(Sighing)

I shore would like to do that!

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

RUTHIE

(whispering)

Look. I'm Grampa!

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

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

MA

(softly--her eyes  
closed)

Thank God. Oh thank God.

(In sudden terror as

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

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

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

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

TOM  
I'd a found you, Ma.

scene and  
keeps well away from it.

around the  
TOM now looks around at the dusty furniture piled  
yard.

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

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

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

TOM  
(puzzled)  
Mad, Ma?

MA  
Sometimes they do.

TOM  
(gently)  
No, Ma I was at first--but not no  
more.

MA  
(not yet quite  
convinced)  
Sometimes they do somethin' to you,

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

TOM

(grinning)

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

MA

Thank God. I--I don't want no mean son

(She loves him with her eyes)

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

PA

(almost to himself)

It's Tommy!

(Then shouting inside)

It's Tommy back!

(Heading for Tom)

What'd you do, son--bust out?

toward  
headed

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

WINFIELD AND RUTHIE

(in an excited chant)

Tom's outa ja-ul! Tom's outa ja-ul!

GRAMPA

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

hurriedly  
only  
them

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

GRANMA

(vaguely)

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

proudly  
vainly

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

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

GRAMPA

(to Pa)

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

TOM

(grinning)

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

NOAH AND JOHN

Fine, Tommy. Glad to see you.

GRAMPA

(to anybody)

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

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

NOAH

(confidentially)

Bust out?

TOM

(shaking his head)

Parole.

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

AL AND ROSASHARN

Hi, Tom! Howya doin'?

TOM

(surprised and pleased)

Rosasharn! Hi, Rosasharn! Howya, Al!

GRAMPA



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

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

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

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

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

TOM  
(patiently)  
Naw. They paroled me.

AL  
(let down)  
Oh.

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

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

ROSASHARN  
(gasping)  
You do not see either!--not yet!

turns in  
chest.  
begins  
their

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

OMNES

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

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

MAN

Hey, Joad! John Joad!

without  
expression, as all gaze toward the touring car.

MAN

Ain't forgot, have you?

JOHN

We ain't forgot.

MAN

Comin' through here tomorrow, you  
know.

JOHN

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

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

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

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)

stove.  
room  
and  
shoebox  
it,  
eyes  
but  
a  
then  
the  
City."  
honey.  
the  
pulls  
The

INSIDE THE CABIN, Ma sits on a box in front of the  
The fire door is open and the light shines out. The  
itself has been pretty well stripped, with only trash  
discarded things left. In Ma's lap is a pasteboard  
and she is going through the meager treasures stored in  
to see what must go and what she can take with her. Her  
are soft and thoughtful as each item brings a memory,  
not sad. Occasionally she smiles faintly. She pulls out  
letter, looks at it, starts to throw it into the fire,  
puts it back in the box. Her hand pulls out a PICTURE  
POSTCARD. We see it in Ma's hand. It is a picture of  
Statue Of Liberty. Over it: "Greetings from New York  
She turns it over. It is addressed: "Mrs. Joad RFD 254  
Oklahomy Territory." In the space for a message: "Hello  
Willy Mae."  
MA, after a moment of studying it, throws the card into  
fire. She lifts the letter again, puts it back. She  
out a worn NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. We see it in Ma's hand.  
headline is: "JOAD GETS SEVEN YEARS."

she  
before. On  
Exposition--

MA drops the clipping into the fire. Rummaging around,  
pulls out a small CHINA DOG. We see it closely as  
it is printed: "Souvenir of Louisiana Purchase  
St. Louis--1904."

it  
dress.  
cuff  
the  
she  
sure  
into  
lobes of  
grave.

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

TOM  
(from the door)  
How about it, Ma?

MA  
I'm ready.

the  
looks  
She  
calls.

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

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

The flame dies down.

quiet  
hats  
Rosasharn,

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

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

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

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

RUTHIE AND WINFIELD  
Goin' to California! Goin' to  
California!

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

GRANMA  
I ain't gonna sit with Grampa!

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

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

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

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

TOM  
Think she'll hold?

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

GRAMPA'S VOICE  
Lemmo go, gol dang it! Lemmo go, I  
tell you!

gently All turn. In a CORNER OF THE HOUSE Al is pulling Grampa  
flails but firmly, the old man holding back, and furious. He  
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,  
mumbles Tom, and Noah are lifting Grampa into the truck. He  
angrily, but is unconscious of what is happening.

PA  
(fretfully)



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

GRAMPA

(mumbling)

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

PA

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

(Looking around)

Ever'body set now?

(A chorus of responses)

Awright, Al, letta go!

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

PA

You be awright, Grampa.

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

CASY

Good-by, an' good luck.

PA

Hey, wait! Hold 'er, Al!

(The car stops)

Ain't you goin' with us?

CASY

(after a pause)

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

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

PA

(heartily)

Come on, get on, plenty room!

OMNES

Sure, come on, Casy, plenty room!

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

PA

(excitedly)

Here we go!

TOM

(grinning)

California, here we come!

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

rattles Now we see the FAMILY IN THE TRUCK, as it snorts and  
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.

is In the FRONT SEAT OF THE TRUCK. Al is driving. Granma  
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.

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

screen The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE: Almost filling the  
Superimposed on is the shield marker of the U.S. Highway 66.  
piled it is a montage of jalopies, steaming and rattling and  
highway, high with goods and people, as they pull onto the

the  
and  
past--

to indicate as much as possible that this departure of  
Joad family is but part of a mass movement of jalopies  
families. The signs of towns on U.S. Highway 66 flash  
CHECOTAH, OKLAHOMA CITY, BETHANY.

Joad  
leap  
Grampa in  
arms.

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

In TOM'S arms Grampa is whimpering feebly.

GRAMPA

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

TOM

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

highway.  
Granma,  
Tom is  
on  
dimly

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

written  
voice

The scene dissolves to an insert of a NOTE. It is  
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.

two

A GRAVE, at night. In the clump of woods, lighted by

open  
fruit  
places it

lanterns, The Joad tribe stands reverently around an  
grave. Having read the note, Tom puts it in a small  
jar and kneels down and, reaching into the grave,  
on Grampa's body.

TOM

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

(Reaching into the  
grave)

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

PA

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

TOM

(straightening up)

Casy, won't you say a few words?

CASY

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

TOM

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

CASY

(after a pause)

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

(All bow and close  
eyes)

This here ol' man jus' lived a life  
an' jus' died out of it. I don't  
know whether he was good or bad, an'  
it don't matter much. Heard a fella  
say a poem once, an' he says, "All  
that lives is holy." But I wouldn't  
pray for jus' a ol' man that's dead,  
because he's awright. If I was to  
pray I'd pray for the folks that's  
alive an' don't know which way to  
turn. Grampa here, he ain't got no  
more trouble like that. He's got his  
job all cut out for 'im--so cover  
'im up and let 'im get to it.

OMNES

Amen.

The scene fades out.

HIGHWAY 66, in daylight, fades in: an Oklahoma stretch,

Joad revealing a number of jalopies rattling westward. The truck approaches.

Granma is In the FRONT SEAT OF THE TRUCK Tom is now driving. 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!

approaches  
them.

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

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

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

TOM  
(relieved)  
We ain't campin'. We jus' stoppin' a  
minute--

COP  
Lissen, I heard that before--

GRANMA  
I tell ya I gotta git out!

disclaimer

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

TOM  
(mildly)  
She's kinda ol'--

GRANMA  
(whimpering)  
I tell ya--

COP  
Okay, okay!

GRANMA  
(triumphantly)  
Puh-raise the Lawd for vittory!

women

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

marker

The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE: superimposed on the  
of U.S. Highway 66 an assortment of roadside signs  
by: Bar-B-Q, Joe's Eats, Dr. Pepper, Gas, Coca Cola,

flashes

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  
porch. proprietor sits tipped back in a straight chair on the

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...

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

SECOND MAN

You folks must have a pot a money.

The GROUP turns to look at the Man.

PA

(with dignity)

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

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

SECOND MAN

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

PA

(quietly)

We gonna take whatever they got.

TOM

What's so funny about it?

SECOND MAN

(sniggering again)

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

PA

(angrily)

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

SECOND MAN

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

PA

(pulling out handbill)  
But what about this?

SECOND MAN

I ain't gonna fret you. Go on!

TOM

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

SECOND MAN

(after a pause)  
How many you'all got them han'bills?  
Come on, how many?

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

PA

But what does \*that\* prove?

SECOND MAN

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

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

PROPRIETOR

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

SECOND MAN

I swear I ain't, mister!

PROPRIETOR

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

SECOND MAN

(drawing himself up)  
I tried to tell you folks sump'n it  
took me a year to fin' out. Took two  
kids dead, took my wife dead, to

show me. But nobody couldn't tell me  
neither. I can't tell ya about them  
little fellas layin' in the tent  
with their bellies puffed out an'  
jus' skin on their bones, an'  
shiverin' an' whinin' like pups, an'  
me runnin' aroun' tryin' to get work--

(shouting)

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

(With wild bitterness)

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

emotions,  
uneasy

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

FIRST MAN

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

the  
worry on

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

PA

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

CASY

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

TOM

How about us? Is that the truth for  
us?

CASY

I don't know.

PA

(worriedly)

How can you tell?

shield  
the  
country--

The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE: superimposed on the  
marker of U.S. Highway 66 and the rattling Joad truck  
signs of towns flash by: AMARILLO, VEGA, GLENRIO.  
The TRUCK is seen on the HIGHWAY. It is now mountain

cheap  
next  
stand  
The  
Noah  
shrieking  
to  
pouch,  
the

New Mexico. Then it is seen at a GAS STATION. It is a two-pump station, hand-painted, dreary, dusty. Huddled to it is a hamburger stand. In front of the hamburger is a truck labeled: NEW MEXICO VAN AND STORAGE COMPANY. Joads are piling out of their truck. Directed by Ma, lifts Granma out. The two children scamper around because their legs have gone to sleep. Al is preparing 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!

Bert is  
A  
driver,  
slot

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

BILL  
Kinda pie y'got?

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

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

FRED  
Make it two.

MAE  
Two it is.  
(Smirking)  
Seen any new etchin's lately, Bill?

BILL  
(grinning)  
Well, here's one ain't bad. Little  
kid comes in late to school. Teacher  
says--

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

MAE  
Yeah?

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

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

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

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

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

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

BERT  
(an angry whisper)  
Give 'em the bread.

MAE

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

BERT

Awright then, run out!

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

MAE

Come in.

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

MAE

This here's a fifteen-cent loaf.

PA

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

BERT

(a clinched teeth order)

Give 'im the loaf!

PA

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

MAE

(sighing)

You can have this for ten cents.

PA

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

MAE

(with resignation)

Go ahead--Bert says take it.

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

PA

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

penny  
when his  
he

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

PA

Is them penny candy, ma'am?

as

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

MAE

Which ones?

PA

There, them stripy ones.

stopped

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

MAE

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

PA

Well, give me two then, ma'am.

holds  
at Pa.

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

PA

(beaming)

Sure, take 'em, take 'em!

looking  
of  
turns

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

PA

Thank you, ma'am.

them.

The door slams. Bill turns back from staring after

BILL

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

MAE

(belligerently)

What's it to you?

BILL  
Them was nickel apiece candy.

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

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

BILL  
So long.

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

BILL'S VOICE  
(from outside)  
What's it to you?

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

MAE  
(softly)  
Bert.

BERT  
(playing a machine)  
What ya want?

MAE  
Look here.

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

MAE  
(reverently)  
Truck drivers.

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

BERT



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

The scene fades out.

gap in  
Desert. A  
as his

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

GUARD  
Where you going?

TOM  
(who is driving)  
California.

GUARD  
How long you plan to be in Arizona?

TOM  
No longer'n we can get acrost her.

GUARD  
Got any plants?

TOM  
No plants.

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

TOM  
Sure. We aim to.

The truck rattles into movement.

shield  
flash  
15¢ A

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

on  
can  
eloquent.  
is an

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

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

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

They look at each other in disappointment.

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

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

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

scene  
is on  
see  
under,  
towering

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

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

PA  
(to Al)  
How's Granma since we got her in the  
tent?

AL  
She's off her chump, seems to me.

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

TOM

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

PA

(worriedly)

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

NOAH

(lazily, after a silence)

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

TOM

(looking up at the mountains)

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

(Thoughtfully)

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

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

MAN

How's the swimmin'?

TOM

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

MAN

Mind if we come in an' set?

TOM

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

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

PA

Goin' west?

MAN'S VOICE

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

TOM  
Where's home?

MAN'S VOICE  
Panhandle, come from near Pampa.

PA  
(in surprise)  
Can you make a livin' there?

MAN'S VOICE  
Nope.

The man and his son sit down in the water.

MAN  
(continuing)  
But at leas' we can starve to death  
with folks we know.

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

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

TOM  
Me an' you both.

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

SON  
(finally)  
He ain't gonna tell you nothin' about  
it.

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

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

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

Pa turns to his brother.

PA

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

JOHN

(scowling)

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

TOM

(laughing)

Uncle John don't talk much but when he does he shore talks sense.

(He spurts water out of his mouth)

Joad  
servicing

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

TRUCK.  
keeps

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

MA

(softly)

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

GRANMA

(mumbling)

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

MA

Don't you fret now.

The truck moves off.

away.  
looking  
up

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

FIRST BOY

Holy Moses, what a hard-lookin'  
outfit!

SECOND BOY

All them Okies is hard-lookin'.

FIRST BOY

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

SECOND BOY

(contentedly)

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

FIRST BOY

Just don't know any better, I guess.

NOAH is seen hiding behind a corner of the GAS STATION.

to Peering out, he sees that the truck has gone. He turns  
walk away into the darkness.

is The scene dissolves to a RIVER BANK at night, and Noah  
once more seated in the shallow water, splashing,  
looking up at the mountains, content.

driving, The TRUCK is rattling along U.S. Highway 66, across the  
desert, in the night. In the DRIVER'S SEAT Tom is  
Al and Pa are by his side.

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

TOM  
People done it. If they could, we  
could.

AL  
Lots must a died, too.

TOM  
(after a pause)  
Well, we ain't out a it yet.

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

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

WINFIELD  
(trying to see)  
I wisht it was day.

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

WINFIELD  
Man bones?

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

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

MA  
(whispering)

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

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.

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

Daggett,  
RIGHT The scene dissolves to an INSPECTION STATION, near  
California, at night. Obeying a sign that reads: "KEEP  
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.

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

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.

Taking  
valley  
is  
beautiful,  
the  
of the  
looking  
climb

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

AL  
Will ya look at her!

PA  
(shaking his head)  
I never knowed they was anything  
like her!

One by one, they climb down.

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

her  
weak

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

TOM  
(shocked)  
Ma, you sick?

MA  
(hoarsely)  
Ya say we're acrost?

TOM  
(eagerly)  
Look, Ma!

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

TOM  
Didn' you get no sleep?

MA  
No.

TOM  
Was Granma bad?

MA  
(after a pause)  
Granma's dead.

TOM  
(shocked)  
When?

MA  
Since before they stopped us las'  
night.

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

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

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

MA

(softly)

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

(Smiling sadly)

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

The scene fades out.

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

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

POLICEMAN

How far you figger you gonna get  
\*this\* way?

TOM

Right here. We give out a gas.

car,  
by the  
grins

It is a two-pump station and one of the pumps has a  
with the attendant servicing it. The Joad truck stops  
other pump and Tom, wiping his face with his sleeve,  
and address himself to the policeman. The others stand  
listening solemnly in the background.

TOM

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

(Pulling out the  
handbill)

Don't matter what kin' either.

POLICEMAN

(patiently)

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

PA

Ain't it no good?

POLICEMAN

(shaking his head)

Not here--not now. Month ago there  
was some pickin' but it's all moved

south now. Where'bouts in Oklahoma  
you from?

TOM

Sallisaw.

POLICEMAN

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

ROSASHARN

(pleased)

Why, Connie's folks from Cherokee  
County--

POLICEMAN

(stopping her wearily)

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

PA

(worriedly)

But what we gonna \*do\*?

POLICEMAN

(about to leave)

Pop, that just ain't up to me.

(Grimly he points to  
the handbill)

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

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

ATTENDANT

(brightly)

How many, folks?

AL

(after a pause)

One.

The attendant regards him in disgust.

migrant  
tarpaper  
children  
The scene dissolves to HOOVERVILLE, by day. A large  
camp, a typical shanty town of ragged tents and  
shacks, jalopies and dirty children. A dozen or more

incline  
front of  
regard

pause to watch as the Joad truck lumbers down a dirt  
from the road and stops at the edge of the camp in  
one of the most miserable of the shacks. The Joads  
the camp with dismay.

TOM

(shaking his head)  
She shore don't look prosperous.  
Want to go somewheres else?

MA

On a gallon a gas?  
(As Tom grins at her)  
Let's set up the tent. Maybe I can  
fix us up some stew.

children.

The truck moves into the camp through a lane of

Ma is  
On the  
watching  
half-  
the pot  
stew.

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

GIRL

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

MA

(gently)  
You want to get ast to eat, hunh?

GIRL

(simply)  
Yes, ma'am.

MA

Didn' you have no breakfast?

GIRL

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

MA

Didn' none of these have no breakfast?

There is a long silence. Then:

BOY  
(boastfully)  
I did. Me an' my brother did. We et  
good.

MA  
Then you ain't hungry, are you?

The boy chokes, his lip sticks out.

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

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

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

Pa and John enter.

PA  
How 'bout it?

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

eyes  
is  
them  
his  
and

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

JOHN  
(standing up)  
You take this.  
(Handing plate to Tom)

I ain't hungry.

TOM  
Whatta ya mean? You ain't et today.

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

TOM  
(after a glance at  
the children)  
You take that plate inside the tent  
an' you eat it.

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

TOM  
(to the children)  
You git. Go on now, git. You ain't  
doin' no good. They ain't enough for  
you.

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

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

(Smiling, to the  
children)

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

(The children scatter)

But they ain't to be no fightin'!

(Dishing plates for  
Ruthie and Winfield)

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

(The children are  
back)

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

tears  
pot,  
already.

She goes in the tent hurriedly to hide the fact that  
have come into her eyes. The children pounce on the  
silently, too busy digging for the stew to speak.  
INSIDE THE TENT they have all finished their stew

MA  
(bitterly)



I done fine! Now nobody got enough!

the  
usual  
their  
direction  
Stetson  
in  
give  
men who

At the ROAD a new coupe drives off the highway and into camp and stops. It contains two men. One gets out. A GROUP OF MEN are squatting in a half-circle, the pattern for conversation, but they are silent now as eyes fix on the man approaching. He is a labor agent. OUTSIDE THE JOAD TENT the men are looking in the of the group. They start to walk toward it. AT THE GROUP OF MEN: The agent, wearing a flat-brimmed and with his pockets filled with pencils and dog-eared booklets, looks down at the silent men. All of the men the camp are approaching slowly, silently. The women their anxious attention in the background. Among the walk up is FLOYD, a grimly disappointed young man.

AGENT

You men want to work?

PA

Sure we wanta work. Where's it at?

AGENT

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

FLOYD

You doin' the hirin'?

AGENT

Well, I'm contracting the land.

FIRST MAN

Whay you payin?

AGENT

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

FIRST MAN

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

AGENT

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

FLOYD

(quietly)

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

AGENT

(ominously)

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

FLOYD

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

AGENT

(tough)

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

are  
of  
addresses

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

FLOYD

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

(Facing the agent)

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

AGENT

(turning)

Joe!

breeches  
and  
smiles  
toward the

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

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

DEPUTY  
(to Floyd)  
Now, you.

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

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

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

TOM  
(angrily)  
I ain't gonna run.

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

TOM  
You're right!

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

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

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  
other  
seat. The sickish deputy is helped into the car. The  
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  
front. On  
of  
in the back seat. Casy sits proudly, head up, eyes  
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.

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

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

PA  
(to Ma)  
Leave him alone, Ma--Al's just billy-  
goatin' around--

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

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

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

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

PA  
(solemnly)

Now don't get sassy, Ma.

MA

Al ain't a-goin' away, an' you gonna  
\*tell\* him he ain't a-goin' away.

(Hefting the jack-  
handle)

An' if you think diff'unt, you gotta  
whup me first. So some on.

PA

(helplessly)

I never \*seen\* her so sassy.

(With a touch of  
bewildered pride)

An' she ain't so young, neither!

AL

(sullenly)

I'd come back--

MA

(eyes on Pa)

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

They stand staring at each other in silence.

tent  
for

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

IN FRONT OF THE JOAD TENT again:

PA

(helplessly)

Jus' sassy, that's all.

MA

(angrily)

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

AL

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

MA



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

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

TOM  
Hey, Al!

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

AL  
(peering into the  
darkness)  
Tom? You can come on. They gone.

TOM  
(entering quickly)  
We got to get outa here right away.  
Ever'body here? Where's Uncle John?

JOHN  
(from tent)  
Here I am.

PA  
What's a matter now?

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

MA, PA, AND AL  
(together)  
Al's tryin' to go away... She jus'  
got sassy... All I aimed to do...

TOM  
(taking the jack-handle)  
Awright, you can fight it out later.  
Right now we got to hustle. Where's  
Connie?

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

MA  
(quietly)  
Connie's gone.  
(Indicating Rosasharn)  
Lit out this e'enin'--said he didn't  
know it was gonna be like this.

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

MA  
Pa! Shh!

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

TOM  
(looking to Rosasharn)  
Cut it out, Pa. He'p Al with the  
truck.  
(He kneels beside  
Rosasharn. Gently)  
Don't fret, honey. You goin' to be  
awright.

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

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

jalopies  
the  
front  
hands

The scene dissolves to HOOVERVILLE, at night. The  
are lumbering up on the road, one after the other, as  
migrants scatter before the threatened invasion.  
IN THE JOAD TRUCK, Tom is helping Rosasharn into the  
seat, beside Ma. The others are aboard except Al. Tom  
Al a wrench.

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

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

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

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

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

MA  
Maybe that's jus' what he done.

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

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

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

MA  
You promised, Tommy.

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

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

TOM  
What's that--detour?

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

LEADER

Where you think you're goin'?

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

TOM

Well--

(then in a servile  
whine)

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

LEADER

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

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

TOM

Which way is it at, mister?

LEADER

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

TOM

Yes, sir.

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

MA

(whispering)

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

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

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

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

puttering about worriedly.

MA

(thoughtfully)

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

(Looking at Rosasharn)

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

PA

(shaking his head)

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

TOM

Fella tells me they's three 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.

stops  
whose  
A BUICK ROADMASTER which has been speeding toward them 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!

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

MA

(excitedly)

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

TOM

Get some sugar too, for the coffee.

MA

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

AL

Know what I'm a-gonna do? I'm a-gonna  
save up an' go in town an' get me a  
job in a garage. Live in a room an'  
eat in restaurants. Go to the movin'  
pitchers \*ever'\* night. Cowboy  
pitchers.

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

AL

What is it, a wreck?

COP  
(on motorcycle)  
Where you think you're going?

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

COP  
Want to work, do you?

TOM  
Sure do.

COP  
Pull up behind that car.  
(Calling)  
Okay for this one. Take 'em through.

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

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

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

AL  
Maybe the road's out.

TOM  
I don't know what these cops got to  
do with it but I don't like it.  
(Looking out)  
An' these here are our own people,  
all of 'em. I don't like this.

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

MEN

Go on, go on! Keep movin'!

RANCH  
street. The  
little  
pairs  
hands.  
jotting

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

BOOKKEEPER

Want to work?

TOM

Sure, but what is this?

BOOKKEEPER

That's not your affair. Name.

TOM

Joad.

BOOKKEEPER

How many men?

TOM

Four.

BOOKKEEPER

Women?

TOM

Two.

BOOKKEEPER

Kids?

TOM

Two.

BOOKKEEPER

Can all of you work?

TOM

Why, I guess so.

BOOKKEEPER

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

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

AT HOUSE 63, as the Joad truck pulls up, two deputies



pile

approach. They look closely into each face as the Joads  
out. One of the deputies has a long list in his hand.

FIRST DEPUTY

Name.

TOM

(impatiently)

Joad. Say, what is this here?

SECOND DEPUTY

(consulting list)

Not here. Take a look at his license.

FIRST DEPUTY

542-567 Oklahoma.

SECOND DEPUTY

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

(To Tom)

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

(The deputies walk  
away)

TOM

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

rusty

Ma and Rosasharn step inside the house. It is filthy. A

contains.

tin stove resting on four bricks is all the one room

Ma and Rosasharn stand looking around at it. Finally:

ROSASHARN

We gonna live here?

MA

(after a moment)

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

ROSASHARN

I like the tent better.

MA

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

loaded

OUTSIDE, a clerk with glasses appears, pushing a cart

with three-gallon buckets.

CLERK

Name?

TOM

(patiently)  
It's still Joad.

CLERK  
(doling out the buckets)  
How many?

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

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

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

TOM  
(wiping his mouth)  
Got any more, Ma?

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

PA  
That!

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

TOM  
I ain't full.

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

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

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

PA

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

AL

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

TOM

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

JOHN

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

TOM

(laughing)

Okay. I be back a little later.

MA

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

TOM

(leaving)

Okay, Ma. Don't you worry.

not  
strolls

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

gate  
rises

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

GUARD

Where you think you're going?

TOM

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

GUARD

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

TOM

You mean I can't even get outa here?

GUARD

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

TOM  
I'll walk back.

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

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

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

shadows of A TENT: there is a light inside and there are the  
silhouette figures. In the background, beyond the tent, is the  
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.

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

CASY  
What's the matter?

TOM  
Casy! What you doin' here?

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

TOM

Thought you was in jail.

CASY

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

(He pulls Tom into the tent.)

Casy

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

FRANK

This the fella you been talkin' about?

CASY

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

TOM

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

FRANK

This here's a strike.

TOM

(puzzled)

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

FRANK

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

TOM

Sure. We made a buck since midday.

CASY

(after a long silence)

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

(After a pause)

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

TOM

I dunno. Payin' five now.

CASY

(soberly)

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

TOM

I aim to.

CASY

(earnestly)

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

FRANK

(suddenly)

You hear sump'n?

They listen. Then:

TOM

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

CASY

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

TOM

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

CASY

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

FRANK

(bitterly)

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

TOM

Five they're a-gettin' now, an' that's all they're int'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.

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

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

for the Quickly Casy turns the light down and out. He gropes

door, followed by Tom and the other man.

IN FRONT OF THE TENT:

CASY

(softly)

What is it?

FRANK

I dunno. Listen.

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--

cracks  
deputies

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

SECOND DEPUTY

Looks like to me you killed him.

DEPUTY

Turn him over. Put the light on him.

Bending over, their bodies hide Casy.

glistening.

TOM, seen close, is breathing hard, his eyes

DEPUTY'S VOICE

Serves him right, too.

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

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

THE SECOND DEPUTY is seen bending over the body of the  
Tom laid out.

SECOND DEPUTY

Where's that flash?

THIRD DEPUTY

Here.

The light flashes on the man's face.

THIRD DEPUTY

(awed)

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

SECOND DEPUTY

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

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

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

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

MA

Anybody ask anything?

ROSASHARN

No'm.

MA

Stand by the door.

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

MA

How's it feel, Tommy?

TOM

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

MA

Looks like you done it.

TOM

(soberly)

I kinda thought so. Felt like it.

MA

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

TOM

They killed Casy first.

MA

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

TOM

(after a pause)

They know what--this fella looks like?

MA

They know he got hit in the face.

TOM

(slowly)

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

MA

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

TOM

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

MA

(angrily)

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

(Thoughtfully)

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

(a glance at the girl)

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

TOM

(tiredly)

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

ROSASHARN

Here come a lot of people.

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

BOOKKEEPER'S VOICE

How many of you?

MIGRANT'S VOICE

Ten of us. Whatcha payin'?

OUTSIDE HOUSE 63, the bookkeeper has encountered the newcomers.

BOOKKEEPER

House 25. Number's on the door.

MIGRANT

Okay, mister. Whatcha payin'?

BOOKKEEPER

Two and a half cents.

MIGRANT

(angrily)

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

BOOKKEEPER

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

MIGRANT

But--but how we gonna eat?

BOOKKEEPER

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

MIGRANT

(sullenly)

Which way is House 25?

TOM

(slowly)

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

63; it  
Tom, who

MA  
Comes night we'll get outa here.

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

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

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

GUARD'S VOICE  
What's goin' on here?

guard  
him

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

PA  
We're goin' out.

GUARD  
What for?

MA  
We got a job offered--good job.

GUARD  
Yeah? Let's have a look at you.  
(He plays his  
flashlight on the  
truck)  
Wasn't there another fella with you?

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

GUARD  
I guess that's what he looked like.

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

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

AL  
Short fella. Pale face.

GUARD

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

AL  
I didn't see nothin'.

GUARD  
(reluctantly)  
Okay. Go on.

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

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

SECOND GUARD  
Goin' out for good?

AL  
Yeah. Goin' north. Got a job.

SECOND GUARD  
Okay.

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

IN THE FRONT SEAT OF THE TRUCK:

MA  
You done good, Al. Just good.

Al shows his pleased pride in her quiet approval.

PA  
Know where we're a-goin'?

MA  
(shaking her head)  
Don't matter. Just got to go--an'  
keep a-goin', till we get plenty a  
distance away from here.

The TRUCK is rattling along the highway.

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

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

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.

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

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

AL  
She got to make it.

MA  
(as they get back in)  
What is it?

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

weather- As Al starts the truck, the scene dissolves to a  
a beaten wooden sign: "PERMANENT CAMP NO. 9" "DEPT. OF  
of the AGRICULTURE"  
truck We see the GATE TO THE GOVERNMENT CAMP, a wide gate in  
the high wire fence, with a caretaker's shack to one side  
gate. The caretaker stands beside his shack as the Joad  
swings off the road, hits an unnoticed rut that bounces  
whole truck off the ground, and stops.

CARETAKER  
(mildly)  
You hit 'er too fast.

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

no  
cot, a  
seated  
Tom

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

CARETAKER

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

TOM

(watching him)  
Joad. Tom Joad.

CARETAKER

(writing)  
How many of you?

Joads

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

AL

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

JOHN

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

MA

You don't look so good.

JOHN

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

INSIDE THE CARETAKER'S SHACK:

CARETAKER

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

TOM

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

CARETAKER

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

TOM

Are you aimin' to tell me that the

fellas that run this camp is jus'  
fellas--campin' here?

CARETAKER  
That's the way it is.

TOM  
(after a pause)  
An' you say no cops?

CARETAKER  
(shaking his head)  
No cop can come in here without a  
warrant.

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

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

TOM  
You got dances too?

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

TOM  
Say, who runs this place?

CARETAKER  
Government.

TOM  
Why ain't they more like it?

CARETAKER  
(shortly)  
\*You\* find out, I can't.

TOM  
Anything like work aroun' here?

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

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

CARETAKER  
(as Tom is at the  
door)  
That cut you got?

TOM  
(evenly)  
Crate fell on me.

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

TOM  
Goodnight.

As he exits we see the GOVERNMENT CAMP, with Tom coming  
out  
slowly  
the  
the  
way,  
known  
of  
arms.

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

TOM  
Good mornin'.

WOMAN  
Mornin'.

As he walks on, Tom draws a breath of exultation. As he  
moves  
UNIT NO.  
pretty  
peering  
out of  
the scene.

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

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.

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

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

WINFIELD  
Won't they ketch us?

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

RUTHIE'S VOICE  
Them's where you wash your han's.

Another silence. Then:

WINFIELD'S VOICE  
What's these?

RUTHIE'S VOICE  
(uncertainly)  
Well, I reckon you \*stan'\* in them  
little rooms--an' water come down  
outa that there little jigger up  
there--take a bath!

Another silence. Then:

WINFIELD'S VOICE  
(excitedly)  
Jes' like in the catalogues, ain't  
they!

RUTHIE'S VOICE  
(proudly)  
I seen 'em b'fore you did.

WINFIELD'S VOICE  
What's this?

RUTHIE'S VOICE  
(in alarm)  
Now don't you go monk'ing--

toilet  
paralyzed

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

RUTHIE'S VOICE  
Now you done it! You busted it!

WINFIELD'S VOICE  
I never--

Ruthie

Terrified, Winfield comes dashing out of the unit but grabs him just outside the door. Beginning to cry, he struggles to get away.

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

RUTHIE  
(fiercely)  
Keep qui'te, will ya! Shet your mouth!

WINFIELD  
(weeping)  
I never knowed it! All I done was pull that string!

RUTHIE  
Lissen. You done busted it. You hear?  
(They listen to the refilling of the tank)  
But lissen here. I won't tell nobody, y'understan'?

WINFIELD  
Please don't.

RUTHIE  
I won't--  
(craftily)  
--if you won't tell what \*I\* done!

what  
very

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

some  
in

The scene dissolves to a DITCH. Alongside the ditch are lengths of concrete pipe. Tom and the two Wallaces are the ditch, Tom and Tim picking, Wilkie shoveling.

TOM  
(exulting)

If this don't feel good!

WILKIE

(chuckling)

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

TOM

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

TIM

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

TOM

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

beside  
effort and

Mr. Thomas, the farmer, a stock man wearing a paper sun  
helmet, enters. His face is worried as he squats down  
the ditch. What he has come to say has taken some  
he is still uncertain and annoyed. The men stop work.

THOMAS

Lissen here. Maybe I'm talkin' myself  
outa my farm, but I like you fellas,  
so I'm gonna tell you. You live in  
that gov'ment camp, don't you?

TOM

(stiffening)

Yes, sir.

THOMAS

And you have dances every Saturday  
night?

WILKIE

(smiling)

We sure do.

THOMAS

Well, look out next Saturday night.

TIM

(suddenly tense)

What you mean? I belong to the central  
committee. I got to know.

THOMAS

Don't you ever tell I told.

TIM

What is it?

THOMAS

(angrily)

Well, the association don't like the government camps. Can't get a deputy in there. Can't arrest a man without a warrant. But if there was a big fight, and maybe shooting--a bunch of deputies could go in and clean out the camp.

(Unfolding a newspaper)

Like last night. Lissen. "Citizens, angered at red agitators, burn another squatters' camp, warn agitators to get out of the county."

TOM

(sick of the expression)

Listen. What \*is\* these reds? Ever'time you turn aroun' somebody sayin' somebody else's a red. What is these reds, anyway?

WILKIE

(chuckling)

Well, I tell you. They was a fella up the country named King--got about 30,000 acres an' a cannery an' a winery--an' he's all a time talkin' about reds. Drivin' the country to ruin, he says. Got to git rid of 'em, he says. Well, they was a young fella jus' come out an' he was listenin one day. He kinda scratched his head an' he says, "Mr. King, what \*is\* these reds you all a time talkin' about?" Well, sir, Mr. King says, "Young man, a red is any fella that wants thirty cents a hour when I'm payin' twenty-five."

THOMAS

(fretfully)

I ain't talkin' about that one way or the other. All I'm saying is that there's going to be a fight in the camp Saturday night. And there's going to be deputies ready to go in.

TOM

But why? Those fellas ain't botherin' nobody.

THOMAS

I'll tell you why. Those folks in to being treated like humans. Suppose the Government closes its camps. Suppose too many people pass through 'em. Well, when those people go back to the squatters' camps they'll be hard to handle.

(Wiping his brow)

Go on back to work now. Maybe I've talked myself into trouble, but you're



folks like us, and I like you.

TIM

(extending his hand)

Nobody won't know who tol'. We thank you.

(Grimly)

An' they ain't gonna be no fight, either.

They shake hands.

The scene dissolves to the GATE TO THE CAMP, at night.

It is  
electric  
the  
migrants  
greeted

Saturday evening, the night of the dance. Glaring lights hang over the open gate. Parked jalopies line highway as the invited guests, small farmers and from other camps and their families, arrive to be and checked by a committee of three men.

COMMITTEE MAN

Ev'nin', ma'am. Who'd you say invited you?

GUESTS

Mister an' Mizz Clark, they ast us.

COMMITTEE MAN

Yes, ma'am. Come right in, ma'am.

celebration,  
washed  
and  
gate,  
brightly  
around

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

inside  
everyone,  
comes  
him

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

WILKIE

Hidy, Mr. Thomas. Hidy, Mizz Thomas.

THOMAS  
(sotto voce)  
You watching out, ain't you?

WILKIE  
(grinning)  
Don't you worry. Ain't gonna be no  
trouble.

THOMAS  
I hope you know what you're talking  
about.  
(He moves away, Wilkie  
grinning after him)

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

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

ROSASHARN  
Ma...  
(Ma turns from drying  
dishes)  
Ma, I--I can't go to the dance. I  
jus' can't Ma. I can't hardly stan'  
it, with Connie not here--an' me  
this way.

MA  
(trying to cheer her)  
Why, honey, it makes folks happy to  
see a girl that way--makes folks  
sort of giggly an' happy.

ROSASHARN  
(miserably)  
I can't he'p it, Ma. It don't make  
\*me\* giggly an' happy.

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

MA  
(tenderly)  
You an' me's goin' together--jus'  
you an' me. We're a-goin' to that  
dance an' we're a-goin' to jus' set  
an' watch. If anybody says to come  
dance--why I'll say you're poorly.  
But you an' me, we're gonna hear the  
music an' see the fun.

ROSASHARN

An' you won't let nobody touch me?

MA

No--an' look what I got for you.

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

MA

(softly)

I used to wear these--when your pa  
come callin' on me.

(Then as she puts  
them on Rosasharn's  
ears)

You'll look pretty in 'em tonight.

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

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

stroll down the highway toward the gate. The other men,  
deputies, sit watching them.

WITHIN THE GATE:

WILKIE

They tell me you're half Injun. You  
look all Injun to me.

JULE

No, jes' half. Wisht I was full-  
blooded. Gov'ment'd be lookin' out  
for me an' I'd be ridin' around in a  
Buick eight.

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

COMMITTEE MAN

Who give you the invitation?

MAN

Fella named Jackson--Buck Jackson.

COMMITTEE MAN

Okay. Come on in.

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

JULE  
Them's our fellas.

WILKIE  
How you know?

JULE  
Jes' got a feelin'. They're kinda  
scared too. Follow 'em an' get a  
holt of Jackson. See if he knows  
'em. I'll stay here.

Wilkie moves after them.

We see the DANCE FLOOR. The musicians are at it and the  
fiddler is calling turns.

FIDDLER  
Swing your ladies an' a dol ce do.  
Join han's roun' an' away we go!  
Swing to the right an' a swing to  
the lef'. Break, now break--back to  
back!

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

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

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

MA  
Maybe you wouldn't think it, but  
your pa was as nice a dancer as I  
ever seen, when he was young.  
(With a little sigh)  
Kinda makes me think a ol' times.

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

Ma has smiled back at him.

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

JACKSON  
I seen 'em before. Worked at

Gregorio's with 'em. But I never ast  
'em.

WILKIE

Awright. Keep your eye on 'em. Jus'  
keep 'em in sight, that's all.  
(He moves quickly  
away)

members  
grave  
We find ourselves INSIDE TIM WALLACE'S TENT. The five  
of the central committee, Tim Wallace, chairman, look  
as a 15-year-old boy reports.

BOY

I seen 'em, Mr. Wallace. A car with  
six men parked down by the euc'lyptus  
tree an' one with three men on the  
main road. They got guns, too. I  
seen 'em.

TIM

Thank you, Willie. You done good.  
(As Willie exits)  
Well, it looks like the fat's in the  
far this time.

FIRST MAN

(angrily)  
What them deppities want to hurt the  
camp for? How come they can't leave  
us be?

SECOND MAN

What we oughta do, we oughta git us  
some pickhandles an'--

TIM

(quickly)  
No! That's what they want. No sir.  
If they can git a fight goin', then  
they can run in the cops an' say we  
ain't orderly--  
(He stops as Wilkie  
enters followed by  
Tom)

WILKIE

They're here. We got 'em spotted.

There is a grim pause at this news. Tim's eyes go hard.

TIM

(to Tom)  
You sure you got ever'thing ready?

TOM

(calmly)  
Ain't gonna be no trouble.

TIM  
(worriedly)  
You ain't to hurt them fellas.

WILKIE  
(grinning)  
You don't have to worry. We got  
ever'thing arranged. Maybe nobody'll  
even see it.

TIM  
Just don't use no stick nor no knife,  
no piece a arn. An' if you got to  
sock 'em, sock 'em where they won't  
bleed.

TOM  
Yes, sir.

TIM  
Awright. An' if she gets outa han',  
I'll be in the right han' corner,  
this side the dance floor.

TOM  
(blandly)  
Ain't gonna get outa han'.

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

The committee men look worriedly after them.

FIRST MAN  
Mighty sure a themselves, looks like.

TIM  
All I hope, I hope they don't kill  
nobody.

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

enters.  
striped  
At ANOTHER TENT, a blonde girl sits on a box as Al  
Casually he throws open his coat, revealing a vivid  
shirt. This is designed to stun his quarry.

AL  
Gonna dance tonight?  
(The girl  
ostentatiously ignores  
him)  
I can waltz.

GIRL  
(aloofly)  
That's nothin'--anybody can waltz.

AL  
(shaking his head)  
Not like me!

A fat woman thrusts her head out of the tent.

WOMAN  
You git right along! This here girl's  
spoke for. She's gonna be married,  
an' her man's a-comin' for her.

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

enters  
dances  
the  
casually  
ON THE DANCE FLOOR, we see Ma and Rosasharn as Tom  
and stands between them. This is during a pause between  
and only a few couples stand on the floor waiting for  
music to begin again. We also see the three men very  
looking around--but no more casual looking than Wilkie,  
standing just behind them, idly whistling.

TOM  
(grinning)  
She's gettin' prettier, Ma.

MA  
(as Rosasharn hides  
her face)  
Girl with a baby \*always\* gets  
prettier.

the  
casually  
survey  
The music starts again, once more the dancers move onto  
dance floor. The three men exchange a glance and step  
to the edge of the dancing space, one in the lead. They  
the scene, but for the moment make no further move. The  
atmosphere is tense.

TOM  
(softly)  
Excuse me, Ma.  
(He moves quietly out  
of the scene, toward  
the three men)

floor.  
smooth,

AL, taking the blonde girl's hand, steps onto the dance  
Encircling her waist, they begin to dance. They are a  
rhythmic couple who move as one being.

AL  
Well, you said anybody can waltz...  
How'm \*I\* doin'?

BLONDE GIRL  
Don't hold me so tight.

AL  
(tongue-in-cheek)  
Why, I ain't hardly touchin' you!

BLONDE GIRL  
(squirming)  
You're \*ticklin' me!\*

AL  
(grabbing her still  
closer)  
That comes from not holdin' you tight  
\*enough.\*

BLONDE GIRL  
(complaining but loving  
it)  
Now I can't breathe.

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

LEADER  
I'll dance with this girl.

AL  
(angrily)  
You an' who else?

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

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

collar.  
hand  
have  
His fist goes back, his left hand reaches for Al's  
At the same instant Tom grabs him, Wilkie claps his  
over the leader's mouth, at least fifteen other men



all  
held  
into the

similarly collard the other two invaders, and they are  
lifted bodily. There is not a sound as the three men,  
in iron grips, are whisked from the dance floor and  
crowd.

GATE

Two touring cars have stopped in front of the closed  
and the deputies have drawn guns.

DRIVER

Open up! We hear you got a riot.

CARETAKER

Riot? I don't see no riot. Who're  
you?

DRIVER

Deputy sheriffs.

CARETAKER

Got a warrant?

DRIVER

We don't need a warrant if it's a  
riot.

CARETAKER

Well, I don't know what you gonna do  
about it, because I don't hear no  
riot an' I don't see no riot, an'  
what's more I don't believe they  
\*is\* no riot.

(Waving toward the  
dance floor)

Look for yourself.

DANCE  
continuing

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

tent  
the  
butts

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

ground  
state  
plays on

In the CAMP STREET we catch sight of legs walking, the  
lighted from a flashlight. Two pairs of the legs wear  
policemen's leather leggings. The third pair are the  
caretaker's. They stop behind a car. The flashlight

copy  
see  
now  
plate.  
pushes  
wearing his  
hut.

the license plate. One of the state cops leans down to  
the license number in a booklet. Then they move on.  
TOM has lifted the edge of the tent a trifle, enough to  
out by flattening his head on the floor. The LEGS are  
seen at the Joad jalopy. The light is on the license  
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.

somberly  
travel,  
bundle.  
toward

The car drives off, leaving the caretaker looking  
after it.  
WITHIN THE JOAD TENT, his cap on, fully dressed for  
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?

direction.

For a moment he looks into the darkness in her

TOM

I didn't know, Ma. I didn't know if  
I ought.

her by  
the hand.

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

TOM

Come outside.

SECTION

They go out. Tom leads Ma around BEHIND THE TENT, to a

it

OF WIRE FENCE. There is a bench there. Tom leads Ma to  
and sits her down. He sits beside her.

TOM

They was some cops here, Ma. They  
was takin' down the license numbers.  
It looks like somebody knows sump'n.

MA

(softly)

It had to come, I reckon, soon or  
later.

TOM

I'd like to stay. I'd like to be  
with ya--

(smiling)

--an' see your face when you an' Pa  
get settled in a nice little place.  
I sure wish I could see you then.  
But--

(shaking his head)

--I guess I won't never be able to  
do that. Not now.

MA

I could hide you, Tommy.

TOM

(touching her hand)

I know you would, Ma. But I ain't  
gonna let you. You hide somebody  
that's kilt a man an'... an' you'd  
be in trouble too.

MA

(touching his face  
with her fingers)

Awright, Tommy. What you figger you  
gonna do?

TOM

(thoughtfully)

You know what I been thinkin' about,  
Ma? About Casy. About what he said,  
what he done, an' about how he died.  
An' I remember all of it.

MA

He was a good man.

TOM

I been thinkin' about us, too--about  
our people livin' like pigs, an'  
good rich lan' layin' fallow, or  
maybe one fella with a million acres,  
while a hundred thousan' farmers is  
starvin'. An' I been wonderin' if  
all our folks got together an' yelled--

MA

(frightened)

Tommy, they'll drive you, an' cut you down like they done to Casy.

TOM

They gonna drive me anyways. Soon or later they'll get me, for one thing if not another. Until then...

MA

You don't aim to kill nobody, Tom!

TOM

No, Ma. Not that. That ain't it. But long as I'm a outlaw, anyways, maybe I can do sump'n. Maybe I can jus' fin' out sump'n. Jus' scrounge aroun' an' try to fin' out what it is that's wrong, an then see if they ain't sump'n could be done about it.

(Worriedly)

But I ain't thought it out clear, Ma. I can't. I don't know enough.

MA

(after a pause)

How'm I gonna know 'bout you? They might kill you an' I wouldn't know. They might hurt you. How'm I gonna know?

TOM

(laughing uneasily)

Well, maybe it's like Casy says, a fella ain't got a soul of his own, but on'y a piece of a big soul--the one big soul that belongs to ever'body--an' then...

MA

Then what, Tom?

TOM

Then it don't matter. Then I'll be all aroun' in the dark. I'll be ever'where--wherever you look. Wherever there's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever there's a cop beatin' up a guy, I'll be there. I'll be in the way guys yell when they're mad--an' I'll be in the way kids laugh when they're hungry an' they know supper's ready. An' when our people eat the stuff they raise, an' live in the houses they build, why, I'll be there too.

MA

(slowly)

I don't understand 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 blown  
over--you'll come back? You'll try  
to fin' us?

TOM

Sure. Good-by.

MA

Good-by, Tommy.

leaving  
waves. She  
the  
darkness.

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

The scene fades out.

the  
fellas  
Beyond, in  
travel

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

AL, PA, JOHN

(ad lib)

Get them buckets on! Somebody tie  
down the mattress! You little fellas  
keep outa the way!

MAN

(from the other truck,  
gaily)

What y'all hurryin' so for? Tell me  
they got twenny days work.

PA

Yes, sir, an' we aim to git in all  
twenny of 'em.

leaving--

Other jalopies in the background are being readied for

an excited, hopeful exodus on a new report of work.

AL

Ready, Ma?

MA

I'll get Rosasharn.

PA

(beaming)

All aboard, ever'body! All aboard  
for Fresno!

For  
again,  
weeping

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

MA

(softly)

Try to be strong, honey. Someday  
it'll be diff'rent--someday you'll  
have another one. You're still jus'  
a little girl, remember.

John  
mattress,

Pa takes Rosasharn's other arm. He and Al and Uncle  
help Rosasharn onto the truck. She lies down on the  
her face away from them.

PA

Make her easy, John. Watch her.

MA

She'll be awright.

AL

(in the driver's seat)

Ready, Pa?

PA

(as he and Ma climb  
in the front seat)

Let 'er go, Gallagher!

nearly  
turns  
jalopies  
the

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

CARETAKER

Good luck to you! Good luck,

ever'body!

THE JOADS

Good-by, Mr. Conway! Much oblige to  
you for ever'thing!

SEAT AL

The Joad truck turns onto the highway. In the FRONT  
is driving, Ma in the middle, Pa on the outside.

AL

Twenty days work, oh boy!

PA

Be glad to get my han' on some cotton.  
That's the kin' a pickin' I  
understan'.

MA

Maybe. Maybe twenny days work, maybe  
\*no\* days work. We ain't got it till  
we get it.

AL

(grinning)

Whatsa matter, Ma? Gettin' scared?

MA

(smiling faintly)

No. Ain't ever gonna be scared no  
more.

(After a pause)

I was, though. For a while I thought  
we was beat--\*good\* an' beat. Looked  
like we didn't have nothin' in the  
worl' but enemies--wasn't \*no\*body  
frien'ly anymore. It made me feel  
bad an' scared too--like we was  
lost... an' nobody cared.

AL

Watch me pass that Chevvy.

PA

(soberly)

You the one that keeps us goin', Ma.  
I ain't no good any more, an' I know  
it. Seems like I spen' all my time  
these days a-thinkin' how it use'ta  
be--thinkin' of home--an' I ain't  
never gonna see it no more.

Ma places her hand on one of Pa's and pats it.

MA

Woman can change better'n a man. Man  
lives in jerks--baby born, or somebody  
dies, that's a jerk--gets a farm, or  
loses one, an' that's a jerk. With a  
woman it's all one flow, like a  
stream, little eddies, little

waterfalls, but the river it goes right on. Woman looks at it like that.

AL

(at the jalopy ahead)

Look at that ol' coffeepot steam!

PA

(thinking of what Ma says)

Maybe, but we shore takin' a beatin'.

MA

(chuckling)

I know. Maybe that makes us tough. Rich fellas come up an' they die, an' their kids ain't no good, an' they die out. But we keep a-comin'. We're the people that live. Can't nobody wipe us out. Can't nobody lick us. We'll go on forever, Pa. We're the people.

(She says this with a simple, unaffected conviction)

the  
jeering  
Ruthie  
Even  
he  
three and  
sign on

The TRUCK, steaming and rattling and churning, passes Chevrolet and Al leans out of the window and waves a hand at it. As the Joad truck pulls in front, we see and Winfield laughing with excitement over the triumph. Uncle John shares the general satisfaction. Grinning, waves. As the truck moves away along the road, all beaming and waving. Further along the truck passes a the side of the road. It says NO HELP WANTED. The scene fades out.

THE END