

The Promised Land (The Promised Land)  
Where the orchard's gold and peaches fill my hand.

Cus my heart knows true redemption and my prayers are answer-ed  
Cus I know He'll take me to that Promised Land.

LQ  
29  
Fire  
lit

*(Ma comes out of the house with an old metal box and moves to the fire. Ma sits near the fire and opens the box. The music changes. The guitar gently plays the simple waltz melody. Faint light begins to appear. Ma removes some postcards and papers from the box and looks them over. Putting them back in the box, she takes out a pair of gold earrings and holds them up to her ears for a moment. She puts them in her pocket, closes the box, stands and with resignation tosses the box on the fire. The waltz melody ends.)*

LQ  
30  
ma sits

SARA.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though I may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home:  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,  
Which seek thro' the world, is never met else where.

S/B  
LQ  
31

LQ  
31  
Ma  
or cake

MA. Guess we oughta wake up Granma and Grampa. Getting' along towards day.

AL. Here comes Grampa. They's somepin' wrong with 'im. *(Grampa has come from the barn. His eyes are dull and cold. Dawn light spreads over the yard.)*

27

GRAMPA. Ain't nothin' the matter with me. I jus' ain't a-goin'.

PA. Not goin'? What you mean? We got to go. We got no place to stay. *(Granma appears from behind the truck.)*

GRAMPA. I ain't sayin' for you to stay. You go right along. Me - I'm stayin'. I give her a goin' over all night mos'ly. This here's my country. I b'long here. An' I don't give a goddamn if they's oranges an' grapes crowdin' a fella outa bed even. I ain't a-goin'.

MA. Why Grampa, you ain't slep all night~ Now you let your boys set you down on a nice mattress we got fixed up here. *(She signals to the men.)* I got some soothin' sirrurp make you nice and drowsy and after you nap a little we'll have a long talk about you stayin' right here where you belong. *(Ma rises and moves over to the men with the bottle of syrup. The men hoist Grampa into the truck.)*

GRAMPA. I ain't a-goin'. I ain't a-goin'.

GRANMA. What's all this? What you doin' now, so early? *(Al moves around the fully loaded truck inspecting it.)*

S/B  
LQ 33  
34

AL. Chr-ist, looks like we got the whole farm on 'er. (*To Pa.*) If it rains we'll tie the tarp to the bar above, an' the folks can get underneath out of the wet. Up front we'll be dry enough.

PA. That's a good idear. You done real good.

TOM. Jesus Christ, it's near sunrise. We got to get goin'. Come on.

PA. Al, start 'er up. (*Al turns on the ignition. The little band of musicians starts up a rhythm which spatters and then dies. All the Joads stop dead and turn to look at the truck. Al restarts the engine. The music turns the engine over and it begins to hum and run in easy rhythm. When the way is clear, the truck backs up to center and pivots to face front. Ma crosses over to the fire and looks at her chair, which she decides to leave. The yard is now clear of all the Joads belongings except the truck and the chair.*) Ma, you and Rosasharn set in with Al for a while. We'll change aroun' so it's easier, but you start out that way. (*Ma and Rose of Sharon get into the front seat with Al. Tom puts out the small fire and brings Ma's chair to the truck. Connie, Granma, Ruthie and Winfield pile up on top of the load. Pa, Uncle John and Casy climb on. Noah looks underneath the truck.*)

NOAH. Holy Jesus, them springs is flat as hell.

AL. Lucky I blocked up under 'em. (*Noah climbs up. When everyone is settled, Tom hops up on the running board, and the music begins to travel.*) Ain't you gonna look back, Ma? (*She shakes her head.*)

MA. We're goin' to California, ain't we? Awright then, let's go to California.

AL. Chr-ist, whata load! We ain't makin' no time on this trip. (*Muley emerges in the distance and watches the Joads leave. The Band members dig their heels into the arid soil and sing, bitterly. The weathered wall of Uncle John's house very slowly lifts up out of sight behind the truck.*)

MATT & SARA

66 is the Path of a People in Flight  
Refugees from the Dust of Eternal Night  
From the Thunder of Tractors  
From the Twisting of Winds  
That howl out of Texas  
Like the Burning of Sins

66 is the Path of a People in Flight  
66 is the Path of a People in Flight  
66- the Mother Road  
Ease our burden  
Share our load

LQ  
33  
fire out

LQ  
34

SB  
LQ 36  
RQ 30

LQ  
36

RQ  
lineset 20  
out

SB  
LQ 37-  
39.1

LQ  
37  
Muley  
exit

LQ  
38  
singers  
exit



(The truck pivots to the right and begins slowly to move. The band members move away leaving only the fiddle player. A mournful gospel tune drifts from the fiddle. The truck stops and the loads unload. The men emerge carrying Grampa's body wrapped in an old quilt. They place it on the ground in the distance. Connie climbs down and lights a campfire near the back of the truck. Rose of Sharon puts and lights a campfire near the back of the truck. Rose of Sharon puts a crude tripod with a kettle hanging from it over the fire. Casy lights two lanterns, and then he and Connie open a grave-sized trap. Ruthie sits near the fire peeling potatoes. Winfield moves solemnly away, collects a couple of twigs, sits down, and begins tying them together with a bit of string, fashioning a cross. The men gather, leaning on shovels and mattocks. Granma is laying in the back of the truck. Ma comes from behind the truck with a lantern.)

GRANMA. Will! Will!

MA. Rosasharn...

GRANMA. Will!

MA. ...like a good girl go lay down with Granma. She needs somebody now. She's known', now. (Rose of Sharon climbs up into the back of the truck. Ma goes to the corpse.)

PA. We got to figger what to do. They's laws. You got to report a death, an' when you do that, they either take forty dollars for the undertaker or they take him for a pauper.

UNCLE JOHN. We never did have no paupers.

TOM. Maybe we got to learn. We never got booted off no land before, neither. (Ma tears a strip from her apron and ties up the dead man's jaw. The men stir restively near the fire as Ma moves dreamily over the corpse.)

PA. Grampa buried his pa with his own hands, done it in dignity, an' shaped the grave nice with his own shovel. That was a time when a man had the right to be buried by his own son an' a son had the right to bury his own father.

UNCLE JOHN. The law says different now.

PA. Sometimes the law can't be foller'd no way. Not in decency, anyways. They's lots a times you can't. Sometimes a fella got to sift the law. I'm sayin' ~~not~~ I got the right to bury my own pa. Anybody got somepin' to say?

CASY. Law changes, but "got to's" go on. You got the right to do what you got to do.

PA. (Turns to Uncle John.) It's your right too, John. You got any word against?

UNCLE JOHN. No word against. On'y it's like hidin' him in the night. Grampa's way was t'come out a-shootin'.

LQ  
39  
action

LQ  
39.1  
fire lit

PA. We can't do like Grampa done. We got to get to California 'fore out money gives out.

TOM. Sometimes fellas workin' dig up a man an' they raise hell an' figger he been killed. The gov' ment's got more interest in a dead man than a live one. They'll go hell-scrapin' tryin' to fin' out who he was and how he died. I offer we put a note of writin' in a bottle an' lay it with Grampa, tellin' who he is an' how he died, an' why he's buried here.

PA. That's good. Wrote out in a nice han'. Be not so lonesome too, knowin' his name is there with 'im, not jus' a old fella lonesome underground. Any more stuff to say? Tom, you get over there now and get that paper wrote. Uncle John, Noah, Al; let's get started. You too, Connie. *(The men move up to the grave and begin to dig. They pils the dark soil on the lid of the open trap, working in relays with two shovels. Rose of Sharon climbs out of the truck. Ruthie moves to join Winfield.)*

MA. *(Moves to Rose of Sharon.)* How's Granma?

ROSE OF SHARON. Sleepin'. *(Tom approaches.)*

TOM. We got any paper an' pen, Ma?

MA. *(Shakes her head slowly.)* No-o. That's one thing we didn' bring. *(Casy digs in his pocket. Ma moves around the fire to the cab of the truck.)*

CASY. Here's a pencil. *(Casy hands a small stubby pencil to Tom then moves over to the truck, picks up two lanterns, and joins the men digging.)*

MA. *(Draws an old book out of the truck.)* Here's the Bible. They's a clear page in front. Use that an' tear it out. *(Ma hands Tom the Bible. He sits down in the firelight and squints his eyes in concentration. As he begins slowly to write, Rose of Sharon pulls Ma away from the fire.)*

ROSE OF SHARON. Ma, I got to ask.

MA. Scared again? Why, you can't get through nine months without sorrow.

ROSE OF SHARON. But will it – hurt the baby?

MA. They use to be a sayin', "A chile born outa sorrow'll be a happy chile."

ROSE OF SHARON. But it might hurt anyway.

MA. 'F you go greasin' yourself an' feelin' sorry, an' tuckin' yourself in a swalla's nest, it might. Forget that baby for a minute. He'll take care of hisself.

*(Pa stops digging and gives his shovel to Casy. Ma pulls a fruit jar out of a box on the side of the truck and begins wiping it out. Rose of Sharon sits down and peels potatoes.)*