

"BOUND FOR GLORY"

(THE WOODY GUTHRIE STORY)

Screenplay

by

Robert Getchell

PROPERTY OF:

THE BOUND FOR GLORY COMPANY

Hollywood address:

c/o Robert F. Blumofe
1041 North Formosa Ave.
Los Angeles, Ca. 90046
Tel: (213) 851-1234

New York address:

c/o Harold Leventhal
250 West 57th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019
Tel: (212) 586-6553

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"BOUND FOR GLORY"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY 1

FOUR CHILDREN play in front. The MUSIC of "ARKANSAS TRAVELER" is HEARD coming from the building.

2 INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY 2

A rip-roaring square dance is in progress. The townspeople, dressed in clean but worn and inexpensive clothing, dance to the music. On the stage, sweating and playing a fiddle, we SEE WOODY GUTHRIE and four other musicians all wearing cowboy outfits. The dancers stomp and whirl about the room with abandon, as they let off the frustrations of bad weather, bad crops and bad times. The caller, JIMMY, can BARELY be HEARD over the NOISE of the CROWD and the MUSIC. Woody becomes caught up in the enthusiasm of the dance, throws his fiddle aside and jumps down onto the floor to join the dancers.

3 EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY 3

The school is situated at the end of Main Street, Pampa, Texas. The year is 1936; it is hot, dry and right in the middle of the dust bowl. A black blizzard, a mile high, looms in the distance. One of the children points off at the storm. The others look, then they all run into the building.

4 INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY 4

The dance is wilder yet, as the Four Children run shrieking through the front door trying to outshout each other.

FOUR VOICES TOGETHER

Dust storm's coming! It's over
by Grain Valley! It's coming!
I seen it first!

The Children don't realize the seriousness of their news and hop up and down with excitement. The oldest child, a GIRL, is swollen with pride at bringing such important news. She smiles a self-important smile and says:

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

YOUNG GIRL
We're in for it this time.

A seventeen-year-old GIRL, who had been standing by a window resting from the dancing, looks outside.

GIRL
(in a tired old-
woman's voice)
Oh my God, another one.

5 OMITTED

5

6 EXT. STREETS OF PAMPA - DAY

6

PAN Woody as he moves along towards the end of the street to REVEAL the dust storm closing in on the town.

7 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

7

Woody, pulling his ten-gallon hat tightly on his head and with his neckerchief wrapped around his face, is enveloped by the dust as he heads for his house.

8 EXT. GUTHRIE HOUSE - STORM - DAY

8

Woody, still dressed in his cowboy clothes, is on the outside of the house stuffing rags into cracks around a window as the storm rages around him. His wife, MARY, is busily stuffing the same window from the inside. She raps on the window and motions:

MARY
(through window)
Better git inside, Woody!

WOODY
I'm comin'!

He checks the house, then he hurries inside.

9 INT. GUTHRIE HOUSE - STORM - DAY

9

As Woody SLAMS the DOOR his younger brother and sister, George and Mary Jo, seal it off with a wet sheet. His father, CHARLIE, wraps a kerchief around his face. Mary sits on the couch, holding a small baby. Woody picks up his oldest daughter and turns to Charlie:

WOODY

Don't seem like it's goin' to be
too pleasurable aroun' here fer
awhile...

CHARLIE

(through kerchief)

No, it don't, it's a big un all
right...

Woody puts his daughter on the couch next to Mary and lays some cheesecloth over her.

10 EXT. GUTHRIE HOUSE - STORM - DAY

10

A solid wall of black dust beats against the house,
driven by gale-like winds.

11 INT. GUTHRIE HOUSE - STORM - DAY

11

The lone electric light that hangs from the ceiling looks like a cigarette glowing in the night. Charlie and Woody are PLAYING "NINE HUNDRED MILES" on their GUITARS. George and Mary Jo huddle in a corner of the room and choke as the dust fills their lungs. The children are crying as Mary does her best to soothe them.

MARY

(looking up)

Yer goin' ta ruin them things,
playin' 'em in this dust!

WOODY

It'll still make a racket, even
if it gits a little dirt...

Woody and Charlie keep on PLAYING the GUITARS as the storm continues.

12 OMITTED

12

13 EXT. PAMPA STREET - NEXT DAY

13

The town is covered with a thick layer of dust. Store owners clean up their windows, and a horse-drawn grader scrapes dust from the street.

Woody walks along the street, carrying the cowboy outfit and wearing the ten-gallon hat. His clothes are colored a murky gray. He stops at the barber shop and goes in.

14 INT. JIMMY'S BARBER SHOP - DAY

14

Jimmy, the man that was calling the square dance, sits in one of his two chairs, reading an old magazine. He looks up and nods as Woody enters.

WOODY

Mornin', Jimmy...

JIMMY

(rises from chair)

Mornin', Woody, still in one piece?

WOODY

(handing him clothes)

I reckon... That was somethin' last night, weren't it?

JIMMY

It like to blowed my house over...

Woody removes the hat and hangs it on a hook as Jimmy lays the cowboy outfit on the other barber chair, then sits.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

WOODY

Any more dances comin' up?

JIMMY

(shaking his head)

Ain't heard a none.

WOODY

What 'bout that place up near
Kandersville? They used ta
give a dance a month.

JIMMY

Yeah... used to.

WOODY

(sighs)

Yeah... used to.

Woody looks around the shop, still dust-covered from
the storm.

WOODY

Well... if ya got any work ta do,
Jimmy, I'm lookin' fer somethin',
do anythin' at'll...

JIMMY

(flatly)

No... Ain't much ta do...

15 EXT. JIMMY'S BARBER SHOP - DAY

15

As Woody comes out the door, he reaches out and wipes
the dust off Jimmy's barber pole with his sleeve.

15A EXT. GUTHRIE HOUSE - DAY

15A

Woody cleans windows as Mary sweeps the dust from the
porch. Charlie sits in the glider looking out at the
town.

MARY

Somebody find a use fer all this
dust, they'd be settin' pretty!
Outa be able ta gather up 'bout
a million tons a day...

WOODY

(coughs)

Used ta be pretty good topsoil...

(CONTINUED)

15A CONTINUED:

15A

CHARLIE

(laughs)

Ain't nothin' gonna grow aroun'
here anymore, 'cept young 'uns...

MARY

(looking to Woody)

They ain't gonna be growin' much
either, unless they get some
decent food in their bellies...

Woody avoids her look as he continues to wipe dust
from the windows.

16 EXT. OLD MAN JENKIN'S GAS STATION - MID-DAY TIME
PASSAGE

16

The CAMERA MOVES with Woody as he walks along a still
dusty, but cleaner street, to REVEAL a broken-down
gas station of the times, one pump, a rickety shack,
and a couple of benches in front. OLD MAN JENKINS,
about seventy, sits on a bench along with a red-
headed man, CARL, and a younger man, HANK. An old
VICTROLA in the shack SQUAWKS out a song: "Going to
California and sleeping out every night/Cause those
Oklahoma women just ain't treating me right.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

And I would rather drink muddy water and sleep in a hollow log/ Than be down in Texas, treated like a dirty dog/ Them California waters taste just like cherry wine/ and the Georgia waters taste like turpentine." As the song ends, Woody joins the group, claps his hands once, and says:

WOODY

Yeah!

Old Man Jenkins turns to him as Woody picks up a guitar leaning against the wall and sits.

OLD MAN JENKINS

(gleeful)

Cherry wine! Goddam it, Woody!
I got half a notion to pull up
stakes an' hit the road to California!

CARL

I been thinkin' 'bout heading on
down to the Gulf of Mexico, or the
Rio Grande Valley, jus' somewhere
where I could raise fruit...
Peaches, them Indian Blood peaches
with the red meat...

OLD MAN JENKINS

Shit fire, Carl, why down there?
In California, you jus' plop a
seed in the ground, an' you see
it sproutin' the very next day!

HANK

Well, it seems I sure gotta do
sumthin'...

Woody strums the guitar.

WOODY

I heard the Bells was forced off
their land couple a days ago...

OLD MAN JENKINS

Right as hell! Bank took their
house an' land an' fellows stuck
all their belongin's out in the
road, an' with Amy bein' due in
a week...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

HANK

... I jus' don't know what's
gonna happen to everybody aroun'
here...

WOODY

(looks off)

You folks sure are depressin'.

A new, though filthy Ford sedan pulls into the station and stops next to the pump. Old Man Jenkins hops to his feet and a fairly well-dressed man, COLLISTER, steps out of the car.

COLLISTER

(to Old Man Jenkins)

Put a buck's worth in, pop...

OLD MAN JENKINS

Yessir, you'll get a buck's worth
of the finest gasoline in Texas!

Carl and Hank stand and admire the car, while Woody continues to sit and strum. Collister looks them over.

COLLISTER

Any of you boys got any news?

OLD MAN JENKINS

Ain't nothin' too interestin' to
tell about, 'cept people movin'
outa these parts...

COLLISTER

Well, my name's Collister, and I
been runin' all over this here
state to them fortune tellers, an'
they ain't one of 'em told me a
damn thing... Someone tell me
somethin' worth listenin' to, an'
I'll pay 'em a dollar good
American money...

WOODY

(smiles)

Been pretty dusty aroun' here...

Collister turns to him:

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

COLLISTER

That ain't worth nothin'...

Carl and Hank laugh and Jenkins finishes with the gas.

CARL

Hell, Woody, that ain't worth
nuthin' fer sure!

WOODY

Well, I ain't much fer fortune
tellin'...

(stops strumming)

You're a inside man, got a pretty
good job workin' in a oil
refinery...

COLLISTER

How do you know that? .

WOODY

Nobody else's got money ta throw
away on fortune tellin'...

Old Man Jenkins claps his hands and laughs.

COLLISTER

Keep talkin'...

WOODY

You got lines b'tween your
eyebrows, meanin' you're pretty
serious 'bout your work... You
like ta keep trying ta do things
better...

COLLISTER

You got fifty cents, keep goin'.

Carl, Hank and Jenkins whistle and clap and Woody once
again picks the strings and stares at Collister.

WOODY

... Maybe you got a idea, maybe
you got an invention you're thinkin'
it'll make you a lot of money...The man nods his head... Hank, Carl and Jenkins hold
their breath.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (4)

16

WOODY

... Yeah, an' maybe there's a big
company wants to buy you out...

COLLISTER

You got seventy-five, talk...

WOODY

Don't trust nobody with it, not
'til you're ready to do business!

COLLISTER

You got a paper dollar if you can
tell me when to do it!

WOODY

(shaking his head)

Hell, I ain't no mind reader...

Collister stares at him, then reaches in his pocket.

COLLISTER

You're the first one I ever saw
that didn't claim to know everythin'
in the whole world....

He gives Woody three quarters and Old Man Jenkins a
dollar.

COLLISTER

What's your name?

WOODY

Guthrie. Woody Guthrie...

COLLISTER

I'll spread the word, Guthrie;
you're worth every penny...

Collister goes around and climbs into his car as the
four men look at each other, amazed.

WOODY

... Now, ain't that the damndest
thing? Woooooeeeeee!

OLD MAN JENKINS

A few boys like that comin' in
every day could make ya ferget
all 'bout cherry wine!

Carl and Hank slap Woody on the back, as the car starts
up and leaves.

17 EXT. GUTHRIE HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MORNING

17

Woody paints a sign nailed to his front door reading "COME ON IN AND TALK IT OVER." He is telling a botched up fairy story to his two children who swing back and forth on the glider on the porch.

WOODY

(as he paints)

... an' then the Mama Bear said,
'No little blonde headed snips'
gonna eat my porridge an' get
away with it...' An' so she
took up a pair a sheep shears
an' cut every damn hair off a
that kid's head... Ain't that
sumthin'?

He looks over, and the children nod, and he turns back to the sign.

WOODY

... An' so, uh, then that little
ol' Goldilocks went off into the
woods an' slept fer twenty years,
an' all her hair growed back...
The end...

The door opens, and Mary comes out onto the porch and looks at the sign. Woody smiles proudly.

WOODY

Looks pretty damn smart, don't it?

MARY

(frowning)

It does look durned good, but
there ain't nobody aroun' here
gonna pay money fer you ta talk
to 'em...

WOODY

Hey, that feller in that
automobile thought I was best
fortune teller he'd run across
yet!

MARY

That weren't nuthin' but happenstance,
an' you know it! You could be makin'
regular money with yer sign paintin'
if you tried!

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

WOODY

There ain't no calls fer paintin'
signs much nowadays...

MARY

You could, Woody, you could do
'em so special, somebody'd be
sure ta want 'em, if ya only tried
ya could do it!

WOODY

Ain't no use harpin' on it woman,
it just ain't no use...

Mary stands looking at Woody, hoping he will give her some sign of encouragement. Instead, he suddenly grins, reaches out to touch her rear end, jumps back and blows on his fingers, pretending he has burned them on her hot ass. She is not amused, and turns and goes into the house. Woody grimaces, then looks over at the kids and sits with them on the glider. He picks up the guitar leaning against it and begins to sing "CURLY HEADED BABY" to them. As he sings, Mary watches from a window.

18
&
19

OMITTED

18
&
19

20

RE-NUMBERED TO SC. 28A

20

21

RE-NUMBERED TO SC. 28B

21

22

OMITTED

22

22A INT. PAMPA BAR - NIGHT

22A

The bar is half filled and a bit subdued. A few of the townspeople sit around and drink beer and talk. Woody is at a rear table strumming on his guitar, in his own world as he plays. A young girl, SUEANN, crosses to his table and sits. He doesn't look up, just continues to play. She watches him for a bit, then speaks...

SUEANN

Did ya really write that song 'bout me?

WOODY

Huh?

SUEANN

Ya told me last week, 'member? Ya told me ya wrote it special fer me...

Woody doesn't look up...

WOODY

Shur... Damn right it's 'bout you...

She pauses, then turns away as she asks...

SUEANN

'Member whatcha asked me?

He looks at her, confused...

WOODY

... It ain't been off my mind fer a second...

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

SUEANN

I don't ker...

Woody doesn't know what the hell she's talking about...

WOODY

Don't ker what?

SUEANN

If we do...

She flushes as Woody stares at her...

WOODY

If we do?

SUEANN

Tonight?

WOODY

Tonight what?

SUEANN

You know... It!

Woody stares at her...

WOODY

IT?

She giggles and gets up from the table...

SUEANN

Yeah, c'mon...

She holds out her hand to Woody and he just sits for a beat then rises...

WOODY

... Seems this town ain't entirely
quit breathin'... Not yet...

She leads him out of the bar...

23 EXT. A PAMPA STREET - DAY

23

TWO WOMEN are leading an unwilling Woody down a
residential street.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

FIRST WOMAN

We hear about you from down the
road, an' this lady needs help...

WOODY

But I ain't no doctor!

SECOND WOMAN

Well, she ain't sick, exactly.
Her oldest girl died of the dust
pneumonia almost a week ago and
she ain't drunk a drop of water
since... she just can't swallow.

WOODY

(looks at the Woman)

I don't believe I can help her.

FIRST WOMAN

(an intensely religious
type)

Some fortune tellers have gifts...
healing, the laying on of hands,
the discerning of spirits.

SECOND WOMAN

Poor little thing. We can't just
let her waste away.

The three of them arrive in front of a house and a
nervous Woody is escorted inside.

24 INT. HOUSE - DAY

24

A gaunt, ill woman sits listlessly in a straight-backed chair. Woody looks at her for a long time, then squats down in front of her and holds her hand.

WOODY

(gently)

... Do you have faith that you'll
git cured?

The woman doesn't respond.

WOODY

All right then... Do you believe
that yer mind is the boss of your
whole body?

Still no response. Woody glances at the two ladies,
then back to the sick woman.

FIRST WOMAN

(searching)

Ya' believe yer little girl's
up in heaven?

The woman's attention is caught. She nods.

WOODY

Then ya believe in God. Now, if
there's a God, he gave ya yer mind,
an' anybody knows that God gave
the mind power over the body. Yer
mind is the boss of all yer nerves,
all yer muscles. Yer back, leg...
arms...

(a beat)

... and yer throat.

(suddenly quiet)

Ya wanna die? Ya wanna leave yer
husband and kids alone?

The woman's eyes widen and she shakes her head "no."
Woody walks to a pail of water and brings a dipperful
to the woman.

WOODY

Yer husban' want you ta talk to
him, don't he? An' yer kids ta boot?
Ain't no two ways about it, so you
quit this monkey business, an' you
tell yer mouth an' throat nerves ta
swig down this here water, an' then
tell me how dandy it feels!

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

He holds the dipper to the woman's mouth. Some of it spills down her chin.

WOODY

(loud)

Swallow!

She does. The Women gasp with pleasure, and bustle around Woody, thanking him and putting a quarter on the table.

WOODY

You ladies spend the next three or four days pourin' water down this lady's throat... Plenty a fresh drinkin' water, have a water-drinkin' contest every now an' then... Talk to her 'bout everythin' an' you don't owe me nuthin'.

The two ladies; awestruck by Woody's powers, watch as he leaves...

SECOND WOMAN

Bless you, Mister Guthrie.

25 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

25

Woody walks out the front door and stands there, amazed at himself. His shirt is stained with sweat. Sighing a huge sigh, he wipes his face with both hands.

WOODY

(relieved)

Wooiiee, shit. I did it!

26 OMITTED

26

27 EXT. STREET BY GUTHRIE'S - DAY

27

Woody is on his way home as he sees a woman, DONNA JO, coming out of a house carrying some bxoos. She passes Woody as she loads them into the back of a packed pickup truck.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

WOODY

Mornin', Donna Jo...

DONNA JO

Mornin', Woody... You folks got
any use fer a bedroom set?

WOODY

A what?

She packs the boxes in and moves to get into the truck,
REVEALING her husband, Jesse, sitting in the driver's
seat.

DONNA JO

A bedroom set, real nice. It's
called a waterfall design er
somethin'... I jus' hate ta leave
it set there...

WOODY

Mornin', Jesse...
(Jesse does not answer)
S'pose we could use it... sure...

DONNA JO

There's a old chair, too, we jus'
ain't got room fer it all...

WOODY

Thanks... Where you folks headed?

DONNA JO

Goin' ta California. Seems like
things jus' run out aroun' here
when Jesse got laid off...

Jesse starts the truck...

DONNA JO

Y'all are welcome ta anythin' ya
find ya wanna use.

WOODY

Thank ya kindly... Good luck!

Woody waves to them as the truck drives off down the
street.

27A INT. GUTHRIE HOUSE - EVENING

27A

Dinnertime at the Guthries. The Waterfall bed is in the middle of the living room and nearby, the whole family sits around a large, but spindly dinner table... Charlie, George, Mary Jo, Woody, Mary and the two children. (The baby is in a worn highchair.) They eat beans and gritty looking bread.

CHARLIE

Hear they might be lookin' fer
help down in that new department
store in Amarilla...

WOODY

(laughs)

Hell, Pa, I ain't goin' ta be
no shoe salesman!

CHARLIE

Might have somethin' else...

WOODY

Too damn far away anyhow...

MARY

(points to the baby)

Well, you jus' go an' tell her
that when she's askin' fer milk
in the mornin'! You ask her if
it's too far ta travel or she'd
rather have milk!

WOODY

Oh woman, woman...

MARY

Or maybe you could sing one of
them songs fer her instead, or
tell her fortune!

Woody slams his spoon down, and Charlie looks over...

WOODY

Don't be startin' in on me again,
woman, jus' don't be startin' in...

CHARLIE

...Don' do no good to be carryin'
on, the weather an' the times is
bad enough, don' do no good at'll...

Woody ignores his father and looks across the table at Mary as she wipes the perspiration from her forehead and pulls back her hair.

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED:

27A

MARY

I don't mean ta be startin' in,
Woody. I don't mean ta be after
you alla time, cept' it jus' don't
seem fair...

(looks down the table)

Why even your brother has been out
lookin' fer sumthin', an' he's jus'
a boy.

They are all silent.

28 OMITTED

28

28A EXT. PAMPA STREET - LONG SHOT - TIME PASSAGE -
AFTERNOON

28A

The streets and the stores have been cleaned up from the dust storm. Woody walks through town carrying his brushes and paints. He walks up to one of the stores, looks at the decaying sign, then goes into the shop.

28B EXT. CLOSE ON SAME STORE - MID-AFTERNOON

28B

Woody is ninety percent through with painting a sign, which reads, "CONNERS' FABRIC & YARDAGE," when CONNERS comes out of the store to check on his progress. Connors' jaw drops when he sees what Woody has done.

CONNERS

What the hell are you doin'? I
said I wanted black on white!!

Woody steps back proudly from the red on white sign.

WOODY

Thought you'd be happier with red,
you kin see it a mile off!

CONNERS

I asked for black, an' you give
me this red bitch.

(he turns to Woody)

You ain't plannin' on gettin'
paid fer this, are ya?

WOODY

That's what I was plannin'...

CONNERS

Well, plan away, Guthrie... What
the hell am I s'posed ta do with
this red bitch?

Woody wipes his brushes, packs his paint and starts
away.

WOODY

Why don't ya fold it five ways
an' stick it where the sun don't
shine!

CONNERS

I don't want none of yer damn
mouth, either, boy!!

Connors shakes his fist as Woody grins and walks off
down the street, whistling.

29-30-EXT. GUTHRIE FRONT PORCH - DAY

29-30-31

31

Woody sits on the railing of the porch cleaning his brushes when he sees a huge man, weighing two hundred and sixty pounds, lumbering towards his house. Woody sets the brushes down as the man, who wears several sweaters in spite of the heat, stomps up the porch steps and stops a foot away from Woody. The man, HEAVY CHANDLER, breathes heavily and his arms hang away from his sides, as if in preparation for violence...

HEAVY

(soft, low voice)

I don't know if you know it or not,
but you're looking at an insane man...

WOODY

(rising, carefully)

Take off some of your sweaters,
why don't you, and set a spell...

Heavy lowers himself onto the glider, which strains under his weight.

HEAVY

I really am insane...

WOODY

(sits back on the railing)

So am I, off and on...

HEAVY

I heard tell 'bout you in the
next town, an' thought maybe I
better come; I been in the insane
asylum twice...

WOODY

Be runnin' that place soon...

HEAVY

I wasn't crazy when they sent me
there but they kept givin' me some
kinda stuff, an' I beat up two guards
in a pea patch an' ran away...
Now I'm here, an' even if they get
me pretty quick, I wanted to tell
you, I got newsreels in my head...

WOODY

Newsreels?

(CONTINUED)

29-30-CONTINUED:

29-30-31

31

HEAVY

Yeah, since I was a kid an' my
mama always told me I was crazy,
they never stop...

WOODY

What's the news lately?

HEAVY

Boom is over, wheat blowin' out,
dust storms gettin' darker, people
fightin' an' killin', kids sick,
don't need no more workin' stiffs
around' the oil field...

WOODY

Nothin' wrong with your head...

HEAVY

I see shapes an' designs an' see
how ta build roads better, how ta
fix up a oil field, how ta make
work easier, an' even how ta build
refineries...

WOODY

... Need you fer mayor in this
town...

HEAVY

Police an' folks say I's crazy an'
I been in jail 'bout a hunert times...

WOODY

... Oughtta be the other way aroun'...

HEAVY

Naw, I beat up plenty a folks, an'
police, too... I get plenty mad
when they start teasing me...

Heavy looks on the railing and sees Woody's brushes
and paints.

HEAVY

Them your brushes?

WOODY

Yeah, I do some paintin'...

(CONTINUED)

29-30-CONTINUED: (2)

29-30-31

31

HEAVY

I sure wish I could sit down an'
paint some a these pichurs I see,
sometimes I think I could spend
forever jus' paintin' an paintin'
all of them pichurs.

Woody sits on the glider with Heavy...

WOODY

Take 'em...

HEAVY

(looks at Woody)

Take 'em? Me? I ain't got no
money!

WOODY

They're free a' charge, I got more.
Take 'em an' start paintin' your
ass off!

Heavy stands, the PORCH CREAKS, and he picks up the
brushes and looks at Woody.

HEAVY

... Uh... I...

Woody stands and hands him the cans of paint.

WOODY

Take the paint, too, take the paint
an' get yourself somewhere where
nobody'll find you, an' git those
pictures outta yer head an' onto
some paper! Now git!!

Heavy looks at Woody, hesitates, then turns and takes
off down the steps and runs down the street. Woody
leans on the railing of the porch, taking a long look
after him as Heavy disappears around the corner.

32 INT. GUTHRIE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

32

Woody and Mary lie in the waterfall bed, facing away
from each other. They talk quietly so the rest of
the family can't hear them.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

WOODY

Things jus' ain't workin' out
too well aroun' here, is they?

MARY

... Not the way they's goin'...

WOODY

(sits up)

I cain't seem to take no money
from those people comin' lookin'
fer help... Seems they're worse
off than us...

MARY

... T'ain't hardly possible...

WOODY

I got no right takin' their
money...

MARY

... Cept they's comin' to ya
messed up an' leavin' feelin' good,
that oughtta be worth sumthin'...

Woody lies back down...

WOODY

Hell, woman, they could help
themselves if they was thinkin'
straight. I ain't doin' nothin'
so special... No, I ain't got no
right takin' money.

They both lie in silence, eyes open, lost in their
own thoughts.

33 EXT. GUTHRIE FRONT PORCH - MORNING

33

Woody sits on the glider with his guitar. He
slowly rocks to and fro and picks at the song "SO
LONG." He quietly sings a verse or two, then stops
and looks out towards the town. He smiles as he hears
the children playing in the b.g., but, as he continues
to see the town and its lack of life, his expression
changes and becomes more serious.

34 INT. GUTHRIE HOUSE - DAY

34

Mary and the children can be HEARD in the back yard as Woody hurriedly tapes a note to the cooler door. As he opens it, we read, "Gone to California, will send for you all... Love Woody." He grabs a couple of pieces of bread and a chunk of cheese from the cooler and shuts the door. Woody goes to the couch, picks up his guitar, plucks it a couple of times, sets it back down and takes a harmonica from a table and puts it in his pocket. He goes to a corner of the living room, reaches into a cardboard box and pulls out three or four paint brushes and stuffs them into his pocket, at the same time taking out a dollar or two and laying it on the table. As he starts for the front door, Mary's VOICE calls:

MARY'S VOICE

Woody, you home?

Woody pauses by the door.

WOODY

Yeah, but I'm jus' leavin'...

MARY'S VOICE

Where you goin'?

WOODY

(after a beat)

Ta get some cherry wine...

MARY'S VOICE

When you comin' back?

WOODY

Don't know, fer sure...

He hesitates, then goes out the door.

35 EXT. GUTHRIE HOUSE - LONG SHOT - DAY

35

Woody exits the house and walks in opposite direction of the "Pampa Texas" sign.

36 EXT. HIGHWAY - INTERMEDIATE SHOT - DAY

36

CLOSE SHOT Woody walking...

37 OUTSKIRTS OF PAMPA - DAY

37

Woody, with a grin and carrying his paint brushes, walks along the side of the road.

(CONTINUED)

37	CONTINUED:	37
He hears a truck approaching and sticks out his thumb. The truck, an oil rig, pulls to a stop and Woody climbs in. The truck starts out down the long Texas highway.		
38		38
&	OMITTED	&
39		39
40	EXT. TEXAS ROAD - AFTERNOON	40
Woody sits in the shade of a culvert eating his bread and cheese as the sun bakes the earth around him.		
41	EXT. TEXAS ROAD - AFTERNOON	41
Woody walks along the side of a road that stretches on forever. A filled-up migrant car passes him and the children wave to Woody, who stands with his thumb out.		
42	EXT. MODEL A - DUSK	42
Woody sits in the rumble seat, windblown and happy as two men give him a lift.		
43	OMITTED	43
44	OUTSKIRTS OF SMALL TOWN - NIGHT	44
Woody spots a deserted car, opens the door, climbs in and lays down on the back seat.		
45		45
&	OMITTED	&
46		46

47

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - RAILROAD YARD - DAY

47

Woody is walking along a road next to a railroad track and stops when he sees three men crouched in the weeds next to the tracks.

WOODY

... Mornin'.

One of the men, a BLACK MAN, frantically motions to Woody.

BLACK MAN

Git down! Git down!!

Woody, not knowing what it's all about, drops to his knees and joins the men.

OTHER MAN

Here she comes!

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Woody looks off and sees a freight train beginning to move away from town towards them. Woody turns to the Black Man.

WOODY

Waitin' fer the train?

BLACK MAN

Tha's right...

WOODY

It goin' ta Cal'fornia?

BLACK MAN

It's goin' that direction...

WOODY

Cain't ask fer more!

He puts his brushes in his jacket pocket and crouches along with the other men.

48 EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

48

The train slowly picks up speed, and the engine rolls by the spot where the men wait. After a few cars pass, the men jump from the bushes and sprint alongside the train. Woody follows as they run. An open boxcar appears, and the men scramble for it, the three making it without much trouble, but Woody, not as adept, hangs precariously from the opening as he is unable to lift himself into the car. The Black Man and one of the others reach down and pull him in.

49 INT. BOXCAR - DAY

49

As Woody is pulled into the car, he stands and sees it is jammed, maybe sixty or seventy men of all ages, sizes and shapes are crammed in the dusty and bouncing car.

A jug of wine here and there is passed around as are scraps of food as the men settle in for the ride. VOICES come from all parts of the car.

FIRST VOICE

This bastard'll shake yer teeth loose! Had ta pick a damn flat wheeler!

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

SECOND VOICE

What's this Goddam dust?

THIRD VOICE

Cement! This thing was carryin' . .
cement!

FOURTH VOICE

Somebody cut the cheese!

FIFTH VOICE

Watch yer fuckin' elbow!!

Etc., etc.

50

INT. BOXCAR - CLOSE ON WOODY AND MEN AROUND HIM - DAY 50

Woody holds out his hand to the Black Man.

WOODY

My name's Guthrie...

BLACK MAN

(shakes)

Mine's Snedeger...

He turns his head to the other man that helped Woody
on.

BLACK MAN

This here's Steve...

Woody nods at Steve and a man sitting next to them
speaks up.

CRIPPLED WHITEY

An' I'm Crippled Whitey, the fight
spotter.

WOODY

(turning to him)

The fight spotter??

CRIPPLED WHITEY

Yeah, I kin spot a fist fight on
the street three blocks 'fer I
come to it... Kin spot a gang
fight a hour 'for it happens...
I tip off the boys, an' then they
know how ta lay their bets...

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

SNEDEGER

Got one spotted now?

CRIPPLED WHITEY

A whopper...

WOODY

When's it goin' ta happen?

Crippled Whitey looks around the boxcar.

CRIPPLED WHITEY

Not more'n ten minutes away...

STEVE

Bullshit...

CRIPPLED WHITEY

(his eyes narrow)

You watch yer tongue, you little jackass, 'er I'll tear ya 'part!

WOODY

(laughs)

... Maybe you figurin' if one don't happen, you gonna whip one up yerself?

CRIPPLED WHITEY

(to Woody)

When it starts, I'll be sure ta break a box over yer head, fella...

Woody grins and turns back to Snedeger.

WOODY

Cantankerous sort, ain't he?

SNEDEGER

Git ta be that way, after 'while, ridin' these trains sometimes gits ya feelin' pretty mean...

WOODY

Maybe... But it beats walkin'...

51 EXT. TEXAS PRAIRIE - DAY

51

The train speeds by, along tracks that lead to the horizon in a straight line.

52 INT. BOXCAR - DAY

52

A full scale melee is in progress. Men screaming, fighting and falling to the floor. Crippled Whitey is in the middle of it all, swinging fists left and right. BOTTLES CRASH and wood splits as the men grab anything they can find to use as weapons. Older men huddle against the sides of the car for protection, but to no avail as fists and elbows crash against them. Blood flies and men curse as the fighting continues. Woody and Snedeger are near the open door and hang on to keep from being pushed out as the bodies crush against them. Every so often, with his free hand, Woody lets fly a fist and gets punched a few times in return. Crippled Whitey spots Woody and works his way through the mob and starts flailing at him. Snedeger grabs him but he breaks loose and continues to swing at Woody, mostly missing but landing an occasional punch. Finally, Crippled Whitey knocks Woody down and lifts his foot to kick him out of the boxcar. Suddenly, the train gives four short brakes, the first one throwing Whitey back into the crowd, and jerks Woody's body so that he hangs half out the door. As the train slows, Snedeger yells to Woody.

SNEDEGER

Jump! Keep runnin' when ya'
land!!

WOODY

(incredulous as
he hangs)

Jump??

Snedeger nudges him.

SNEDEGER

I'll be right behind ya!

Woody, terrified at the thought, rolls out of the boxcar...

53 EXT. TRACKS - DAY

53

Woody hits the ground, stumbles, and keeps running along with the car and Snedeger follows him out. Woody, about twenty yards ahead of Snedeger as they run alongside, turns to see Snedeger grab onto a ladder and pull himself up on a boxcar. Snedeger passes Woody as the train picks up speed and he yells.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

SNEDEGER

Grab the next one!

Woody, falling behind as the train goes faster, makes a desperate grab for the next car's ladder and hangs on. After flailing for a moment, he pulls himself up and climbs the ladder.

54 EXT. TOP OF BOXCAR - DAY

54

Snedeger has jumped from car ahead and runs back to help pull Woody to safety. Woody, as he strains to get atop the car, suddenly freezes as he notices something fall out of his pocket.

WOODY

(half on, half
off the top of
the car)

Shit!!

SNEDEGER

(trying to pull
him up)

What's wrong?

WOODY

My brushes! I lost my brushes!

SNEDEGER

That ain't nothin' ta what yer
gonna lose. You'bout danglin'
yer way ta heaven!

With Snedeger's help Woody finally makes it. They both move to the center of the roof and sit.

WOODY

(looking back down
the tracks)

Hell, they was 'bout the best
brushes money kin buy...

SNEDEGER

You a artist?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

WOODY

(nods)

I was hopin' ta make some money
paintin' signs 'long the way...
I'm pretty good at paintin'
signs...

SNEDEGER

Well, ya oughta do okay in
Calyfornia, they's puttin' up
a lotta signs an' citites all
over from what I heard.

Woody looks at him.

WOODY

You ever been?

SNEDEGER

Naw, but I been hearin' plenny
about it, souns like it's a
place fer real nice livin'...

WOODY

That's what I hear... What're
you gonna do there?

SNEDEGER

(lies down)

Fust thing, I'm gonna take a
look at that ocean, then I
'spose I'll git one of them
jobs in the orchards, hear
they's beggin' fer help...

WOODY

Yeah... They jus' drop a seed
in the groun''an' ya blink yer
eyes an' ya got yerself a tree
bustin' with fruit...

SNEDEGER

That's right, everythin' a man
needs is in Calyfornia!

Woody lies down alongside him.

WOODY

... Everythin' a man needs...

55 EXT. RAILROAD YARD - STANLEY, NEW MEXICO -- AFTERNOON 55

The train slows as it approaches the station.

56 EXT. TOP OF BOXCAR - AFTERNOON 56

Woody and Snedeger feel the train slowing and Snedeger jumps to his hands and knees and looks around.

SNEDEGER

Shit... We're stopping in Stanley.
They got the worst harness guards
in New Mexico here!

WOODY

Harness guards?

SNEDEGER

Never mind, jus' lie down an'
keep still!

They both lie flat on the top of the car as the train.
comes to a stop.

57 EXT. STANLEY STATION - AFTERNOON 57

A group of railroad guards await the train... and as it stops, they fan out and start checking the freight cars one by one. They are armed with guns and brake handles. Woody and Snedeger look at each other as the SOUND of SHUFFLING and CURSING is HEARD when the seventy men are discovered. Suddenly, BILL's face appears over the top edge of the train... Bill looks at them and smiles. Woody and Snedeger turn to each other, then to Bill, as they get up and crawl to the ladder;

BILL

That's right, that's bein' good
ol' boys...

58 EXT. REFRIGERATOR CAR - AFTERNOON 58

Two of the harness GUARDS are removing two bodies from the reefer door atop the car... They react to the stench.

FIRST GUARD

Christ, musta been in there for
a week!

59

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - AFTERNOON

59

As they continue with the bodies, we PAN from the car and reveal the men lined up in the station, between the freight and a passenger train. Woody and Snedeger are in line with the rest, who are all bruised and bloodied from the donnybrook earlier... Bill gives the men a speech as he walks back and forth.

BILL

You gentlemen haven't been taking full advantage of the railroad's facilities. We want you to travel in full comfort, so we're going to put you inside where you can stretch your legs and rest your heads back on doilies. Don't that sound nice?

A young girl watches out of her window from the passenger train, obviously enjoying the goings on... Bill turns to one of the filthy, blood-stained men.

BILL

How much money you got?

MAN

Dollar fifty, dollar eight, don't know.

Bill turns to the other Guard.

BILL

He can ride all the way to Holden with that. Write him up a ticket!

BILL

(turns to Woody)

How much you got?

WOODY

(shrugs)

Don't hear nothin' jinglin' an' don't feel nothin' foldin'...

BILL

You appear to be a vagrant, boy, and there's a curfew on vagrants, or didn't you know that?

WOODY

No, don't think I did, when is it?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

BILL

Every hour on the hour...

A young BOY down the line from Woody laughs sarcastically... Bill slowly walks to face the boy.

BILL

Get down on your hands and knees,
sonny...

When the Boy doesn't move, Bill draws and cocks his pistol, smiling slightly. The Boy drops to his knees and Bill deliberately brings his boot down on one of the boy's hands. The Boy reacts, but doesn't move as Bill keeps his foot there.

BILL

You know what, boy? I could shoot
you in the hand if I wanted. Or
in the thigh, up high in the soft
part, real high...

When the Boy doesn't answer, Bill twists his boot on the Boy's hand.

BOY

(in pain)

Yeah, I know!

BILL

Or I could take you off into those
weeds after everybody's gone and
your mother'd wait a long time
for those letters you promised to
write.

Woody, watching, is taken aback by this display of senseless cruelty. His face registers shock, but more than this, he is simply puzzled.

60 EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

60

The men who have been forced to buy tickets, Snedeger among them, are boarding the passenger train... Snedeger waves to Woody, who stands with eight or ten others, as he boards.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

SNEDEGER

See ya' in Calyifornia, Guthrie!

WOODY

(waving back)

Yeah, take it easy, but take it!

The young girl in the passenger car, who has watched everything, catches Woody's eye. She smiles mockingly and gestures with her index finger, asking him to come aboard and pointing to an empty seat next to her. Woody plunges his hand into his pants pocket and sticks his finger out his fly, wiggling it in the same way. Embarrassed, she turns away. The men around Woody roar with laughter, and one of the Guards looks suspiciously at them.

61 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TRAIN STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

61

Woody and the other men are escorted back away from the yard by Bill and the other Guards.

BILL

(stopping)

Come this way again, gentlemen,
and it's thirty days. Thirty
big ones...

62 EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DUSK

62

The men are plodding along, silent. Then one man leaves the group, walking off to the right. As if by a signal, the rest of the men leave the tracks, some to the left, others to the right. Woody, confused, follows the last man.

WOODY

Where's everybody goin'? Where
you goin'?

MAN

Goin' ta see my brother in San
Diego...

WOODY

Yeah, what 'bout them guards?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

MAN
 (still walking)
 Circle aroun', wide. You kin
 catch a train up by Branson...

Woody stops, watches the Man for a second, then shrugs and starts walking again, making no effort to catch up with him.

63 EXT. GULLY - HOBO CAMP - NIGHT

63

Woody, freezing, spots a fire burning and climbs down into the gully, where he finds ten or fifteen men wrapped in blankets, sleeping. Woody warms himself by the fire, then goes and lies against a fallen tree. He wraps his arms around himself and starts shivering, teeth chattering uncontrollably... A man (HOBO) near him awakens and opens his blanket.

HOBO
 Hell, c'mon in here...

WOODY
 (accepting)
 Thanks, mister...

HOBO
 Them teeth a yers woulda kept me
 awake all night if I didn't...

The two men, backs touching for warmth, settle themselves.

64 EXT. BRANSON - MORNING

64

Woody carefully walks through the edge of town, on the alert for railroad guards or police. He spots a small church and walks to it.

65 EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

65

Woody notices a small house to the rear, walks to it and knocks on the door. The MINISTER, dressed in black, opens it.

WOODY
 Mornin', Pastor, my name's
 Guthrie...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

WOODY (CONT'D)

... And I ain't eaten in so long my stomach thinks my throat was cut an' I was wonderin' if you'd have any work I could do fer a small meal. I'd do anythin' at all ta earn it...

The Minister looks at Woody.

MINISTER

Son, I have been in the service all my life and have seen that thousands of men like you got to work for a meal. However, at this moment, there is no work to be done here, and therefore if I were to feed you it would be a cast of charity, which may help for the moment but cause harm in the long run. You seem to have retained your pride and dignity since you did not ask outright for a free meal and that is to your credit. But to answer your question, there is no work to be done so therefore you cannot earn a meal.

He steps back into the house and closes the door, leaving Woody standing on the porch with his mouth hanging open.

66 OMITTED

66

66A EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

66A

Woody is dropped off by a car at the side of the road. He looks into a small store and continues along the highway, hitchhiking as he walks...

67 OMITTED

67

67A EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

67A

Woody walks along the deserted roadway, talking quietly to himself as he walks...

WOODY

Walkin' and talkin'
Walkin' and talkin',
Jus' who's walkin'?
The man that's talkin',
To who ya talkin'?
To the man that's walkin',
Why ya talkin'?
Ta keep on walkin'...

68

68

&

OMITTED

&

69

69

70 EXT. NEW MEXICO HIGHWAY - NIGHT

70

Woody stands by the side of the road with his thumb out but the cars pass him by. Finally, he gives up and lies down by the side of the roadway.

71 INT. CAR - DAY

71

Woody rides in the back seat, behind him is a streamlined trailer. A middle-class man and woman sit in front. The wife looks disgruntled at having someone so filthy in the car. The HUSBAND turns back to Woody.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

HUSBAND

Been on the road long, son?

WOODY

Shor seems like it...

HUSBAND

The wife and I get out quite a bit, love to travel.

WOODY

Yeah... Ain't nothin' like it...

HUSBAND

We've been all over, Niagra Falls, Washington, D.C., New Orleans, Chicago... Spent a couple of weeks last winter in Miami Beach...

WOODY

Mus' be real intersten'...

HUSBAND

You bet it is! Meeting and talking with different people, seeing the sights, going to all the unusual restaurants...

WOODY

(leans forward)

Yeah, I foun' out sumthin' about eatin' since I been on my trip.

The man smiles and turns to Woody.

HUSBAND

Oh, really? What was that?

Woody leans up between the two.

WOODY

Well, I foun' out the more ya eat the more ya shit.

72 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF SMALL TOWN - DAY

72

The car immediately pulls over to the side of the road and Woody jumps out. He waves to them as the Husband instantly guns the car, leaving Woody standing in the dust. He grins, looks off towards the town, and walks on in.

73 EXT. SMALL TOWN -- DAY

73

Woody strolls through the town, a town too deteriorated for Woody to worry about harassment. He stops in front of a beer hall and enters.

74 INT. BEER HALL -- DAY

74

The joint is empty except for the man behind the bar and a good-looking, though tired, WAITRESS, who sits at the bar. In a corner of the room is an old, beaten up piano. Woody spots it and turns to the BARTENDER behind the bar.

WOODY

Afternoon...

BARTENDER

(dully)

Hullo...

WOODY

I ain't got no money, but I wonder if you minded if I jus' sit an' pound on that little ol' pianer fer a spell?

The Bartender looks at Woody, filthy, unshaven and with ragged clothes.

BARTENDER

Guess it's okay... But if any customers come in an' yer a botherin' 'em, you git the hell out!

Woody smiles and goes to the piano and sits.

WOODY

Don' worry, if there's any fuss I'll clear on outa here.

The Waitress turns and looks at him, lights a cigarette and turns back to the bar. Woody sits, looking at the piano lovingly, and starts to play it and hum...

75 EXT. BEER HALL, NIGHT

75

The bar is aglow with light, as the SONG "Jesus Christ" and the SOUNDS of a FULL HOUSE ECHO through the town.

76 INT. BEER HALL - NIGHT

76

The joint is packed as Woody finishes up a song to a good round of applause. An upturned hat sits on the piano and a few people drop in coins. The Waitress brings him a beer and he reaches for money to pay for it.

WAITRESS (JUDY)

It's on the house Guthrie. I liked the one you sang about that dead gambler.

WOODY

I wrote that 'specially for you, beautiful...

WAITRESS (JUDY)

(as she leaves)

In a pig's ass you did.

77 OMITTED

77

78 INT. JUDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

78

Woody and Judy, partially undressed, lie on her bed.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

He looks directly at her face, his hands caress her,
and he makes love to her with his voice...

WOODY

(kissing her)

Now you may not believe this,
but Judy has always been my
favorite name.

JUDY

Bullshit...

WOODY

It's the truth! Makes me think
of a little ol' gal with dark
brown hair an' fresh white skin...

JUDY

I ain't got brown hair.

WOODY

Shhh. She's got this skin that
smells jus' like apples. Fresh
apples hangin' on a tree in the fall.

JUDY

You're crazier than hell!

fu Woody rolls on top of her and begins to undress her
further.

79 INT. JUDY'S ROOM - LATER AT NIGHT

79

Judy sleeps sprawled across the bed as Woody, eating a
sandwich and freshly shaven, sits at a table writing a
letter. We MOVE IN and SEE that the letter begins,
"Dearest Mary, God how I miss you and the kids. You are
on my mind day and night. I will send for you as soon
as I get to California and get the money together."
We can tell from Woody's face that he means everything
that he writes.

80 OMITTED

80

81 OMITTED

81

82 OMITTED

82

83 OMITTED

83

84 OMITTED

84

85 OMITTED

85

86 EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY -- DAY 86

A dilapidated pick-up truck stops for Woody and he climbs in the back, along with two small children, a dog and whatever furniture can be piled in.

87 EXT. BACK OF PICK-UP TRUCK -- DAY 87

Woody falls backwards, stuffed between some bedsprings and an old rocking chair and the children. He sees everything moving away from him as the truck drives off.

88 EXT. CALIFORNIA BORDER -- DAY 88

About thirty migrant cars are stopped and backed up at a border checkpoint. Other autos, obviously not migrants, are allowed to pass through. The pick-up truck carrying Woody approaches.

89 EXT. BACK OF PICK-UP TRUCK -- DAY 89

Woody is on his feet, looking over the cab of the truck as it stops in line. Excited, he pounds on the roof of the truck.

WOODY

Wooieeee!!! California!!!

He grabs the two children and lifts them so that they, too, might see the gateway to the promised land.

WOODY

(to kids)

There it is, my little ones.
California, got everythin' a man
needs in California!!

Woody's smile fades as he watches a couple of cars get turned back. Puzzled, he climbs from the truck, as does the man (DRIVER) who was driving.

90 EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY 90

Woody and the man stare at the line of cars.

WOODY

What's goin' on?

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED:

90

DRIVER

Dunno, seems ta be some kinda
hold up... Maybe a accident or
sumthin'...

WOODY

Accident, horseshit!! They's
turnin' people back!

Woody starts walking down the road to check on what's
happening and the Driver follows him. They stop at a
group of MEN standing in the highway.

WOODY

What they doin' up there?

MAN #1

(answers flatly)

They's checkin' up ta see if ya
got any money. Won't let ya
across the border 'less ya got
fifty dollars... in cash!

WOODY

(stunned)

Fifty dollars??

MAN #2

Tha's right... An' they got Los
Angeles Police helpin' out. Big,
mean Los Angeles Police!

WOODY

We that close to Los Angeles?

MAN #1

'Bout three hundert miles.

WOODY

Jesus.

The Driver of the pickup truck turns and begins to
walk slowly back to his truck. Woody goes after him.

WOODY

Hey, what'er ya goin' to do?

DRIVER

... Ain't no sense waiting in
line half the day an' git shoved
back by them, might as well turn
aroun' right now... You comin'?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

WOODY

... No, I reckon there's other ways of gettin' across if ya don't got a family taggin' along...

Woody reaches in his pocket, pulls out his remaining coins and hands them to the man.

WOODY

Here, it ain't exactly fifty dollars but maybe ya could buy somethin' fer the kids...

The Driver looks at the money, hesitates, then takes it.

DRIVER

I appreciate that friend, maybe we'll both be millionaire's sons next time we run into each other, hope so anyhow...

WOODY

(smiling)

Thanks kindly fer the lift...

The man nods and slowly walks back to his truck. Woody waves to the kids, looks at the border for a moment, then heads off cross country...

91 EXT. EDGE OF TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

91

OPEN ON sign reading, "Yuma, Arizona," then PAN TO REVEAL Woody and another MAN lying in a ditch, looking down the tracks at a train about two hundred yards away in the station. Several harness guards walk around on the lookout for rail riders. Woody looks bedraggled, as if he had spent many days on the bum since we last saw him. He and the Man talk in whispers.

WOODY

Sure ya know what yer doin'?

MAN

Hell, yes! Jus' sit an' wait til she starts up, then run like hell an' grab that ladder, them guards won't do nothin' once its movin'. Better watch yerself though, 'cause by the time she gits here she's goin' ta be movin' like a turpintined cat! Get ya in L.A. 'afor ya know what happened!

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

The train's brakes hiss a couple of times, then it starts up and does so quickly. The Man sprints from the ditch and catches a ladder and Woody does likewise, catching the car behind. The Man stands atop the rapidly accelerating train.

MAN

Ain't this a son-of-bitch? I
ain't never seen a train take
off so...

A SHOT is HEARD and the Man jersk, and falls from the train. Woody crouches down, not knowing where the shot came from. By now the train is moving sixty miles an hour, and dangling from a small ladder, it looks twice as fast to Woody.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

Slowly he inches around so that he is hanging on another ladder in the space between the two cars. He huddles there, not knowing if the shot came from someone at the station or a guard actually aboard the train.

92 EXT. LADDER BETWEEN CARS - LATER AT NIGHT

92

Woody's hands are white-knuckled from the effort of holding onto the ladder. He tries every position, but nothing helps. One of his hands cramps horribly, the fingers trying to curl backward. Holding on with the other, he beats the hand against the train trying to relieve the cramp, nothing helps and the wheels look closer and closer.

93 EXT. LADDER BETWEEN CARS - NIGHT (MUCH LATER)

93

Woody is hanging on by mere reflex now. His eyes are closed and every jerk of the train throws his slack body. Then the train begins to slow and Woody's eyes open. He studies the ground, anxious to get off before arriving at a station and the possibility of more guards. Gathering his strength, he jumps.

94 EXT. SIDE OF TRACKS - OUTSKIRTS OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

94

Woody hits the gravel and rolls a few times and struggles to get to his feet. His legs buckle beneath him as he stands and he falls to the ground. He tries again, but it's no use, his legs are deadened from the hours of being in a cramped position. Giving up, he lies on the ground, at this point not caring if he is seen by the guards.

95 EXT. SIDE OF TRACKS - OUTSKIRTS OF LOS ANGELES - MORNING (LIGHT RAIN)

95

Woody, muddy and a mess, sleeps in the gravel. A train ROARS by and he awakens, blinking his eyes and looking around. Wearily, he gets to his knees and says:

WOODY
I'm in California!!

He smiles and stands up, stretching out his aching body. He turns as he tries to decide which direction to move in. Making up his mind, he crosses the tracks, heads off towards a small cafe.

96 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF LOS ANGELES -- AIRPLANE CHILI JOINT 96
-- MORNING (LIGHT RAIN)

Woody approaches the cafe and stops, staring at his first glimpse of California life. It is an old street-car, made up to look like an airplane. A plywood nose with a propeller turning lazily in the breeze and two stubby little wings stick out of the side of the car. Woody enters.

97 INT. CHILI JOINT -- MORNING 97

Woody washes walls behind the counter. He finishes and walks to the OWNER, a middle-aged Chinese man.

WOODY

Them walls ain't gonna get no cleaner. Where's my chili?

OWNER

(serving him a bowl)
Best chili in the city.

WOODY

(slurping it up)
Best in the world, I reckon.
Where 'bouts should a man go ta find work hereabouts?

OWNER

You just get into town?

WOODY

Yep, jus' this mornin'.

OWNER

Go back home.

The Owner walks away and Woody stares after him, puzzled.

98 EXT. CHILI JOINT - MORNING 98

Woody comes out of the cafe, burps, spins the propeller and starts to walk away when he sees a man struggling to change a tire on an aged pickup truck.

99 EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF STREET - MORNING 99

The man, JOHNSON, in his early twenties, curses as he wrestles with the tire.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

Sitting on the curb, watching him, are his even younger wife, LIZ, and their two young children. Woody approaches and squats down beside Johnson.

WOODY

'Pears ta be a right stubborn ol' tire...

JOHNSON

Jus' like ever'thing else...

WOODY

Be glad to help.

JOHNSON

I'd 'preciate it.

Woody smiles and he and Johnson lift the tire and try to line it up on the lugs.

JOHNSON

Ever'thing in Calyifornia seems like it's bent!

WOODY

I ain't seen 'nuf ta tell as of yet.

JOHNSON

Ya jus' git here?

WOODY

Yep... this mornin'...

They both push and the tire goes into position. Johnson sits back and wipes the sweat off his forehead. He smiles and holds out his hand to Woody.

JOHNSON

Welcome to hard times. My name's Johnson.

WOODY

(shakes his hand)

Mine's Guthrie. What do ya mean hard times?

JOHNSON

There ain't nothin'...

WOODY

Nothin'?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

JOHNSON

(tightens the lug
nuts)What kinda work were ya plannin'
on doin'?

WOODY

I dunno...

JOHNSON

Where ya headed?

WOODY

I dunno.

JOHNSON

Come on along with us, I'll show
ya nothin'...

100 EXT. ROAD - DAY

100

The pick-up truck drives by on a road that is bordered by lush, green orchards. Fruit is hanging from the trees in abundance and signs spaced along the fences read: LOOK, BUT DO NOT PICK -- NO TRESSPASSING -- KEEP OUT.

101 INT. TRUCK - DAY

101

Woody sits in front next to the door with Johnson and Liz. The kids ride in the back, safely tucked in the bed of the truck. Woody stares at the groves as they drive. Liz turns to her husband.

LIZ

Hope we kin find somethin' at
this place.

JOHNSON

(not too hopeful)
... Yeah...

LIZ

Those kids ain't had a decent
meal in weeks. God, I hope we
find somethin'...

JOHNSON

(trying to comfort
his wife)
We'll be okay, Liz, we'll be okay.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Woody continues to look out the window.

102 EXT. MIGRANT CAMP - AFTERNOON

102

The camp is just off the highway and is a scene of utter poverty. Whole families living in their cars, tents, lean-to's made of cardboard, under blankets hung from trees, etc... People of all ages sit listlessly in the heat. Johnson's truck pulls into the camp, spewing up dust.

103 INT. JOHNSON'S TRUCK - MOVING - AFTERNOON

103

As Johnson drives slowly through the camp, Woody stares out the window, totally confused.

WOODY

What in the hell is goin' on here? How come all these people is livin' like this?

JOHNSON

... It ain't no different... It's the goddam same as all the rest... They got us by the short hairs. The growers need three, four hundred workers an' advertised fer a thousan' and twelve hundred showed up.

They pass forty shacks behind a fence. Armed guards patrol the area.

JOHNSON

(looking over)

They got the first three er four hundred crammed inside them shacks. They're the ones workin' pretty steady while the rest of us are sittin' on our asses hopin' they'll need extra workers every mornin'... I worked three days in the past two weeks an' the wages don't buy... ahh, it makes me sick jus' talkin' 'bout it...

LIZ

(crestfallen)

What're we gonna do? We got nothin' left!

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

JOHNSON

Got no choice.

(to Woody)

Yer welcome ta spend the night in
our truck if ya want...

Woody nods and Johnson pulls into an empty space.

104 EXT. MIGRANT CAMP - AFTERNOON

104

Woody helps the Johnsons as they finish unloading the
truck. As he continues to feel the despair, he is deep
in thought...

WOODY

Seems ta me somethin' oughta be
done 'bout this...

JOHNSON

There's nothin'. There's been
talk 'bout formin' a union an'
goin' on strike, but not many
folks can afford takin' a chance
of missin' a day's work... Naw,
by the time they call on us to
pick, we're more'n happy ta work
fer four cents a bushel...As Woody unloads, he notices a battered guitar in the
rear of the truck and reaches for it.

WOODY

Mind if I take this gittar on
inta town? Might be able ta
pick up some coins here an'
there.

JOHNSON

Ya comin' back?

WOODY

(smiling)

Ain't got nowhere's ta sleep but
yer truck.

JOHNSON

(he nods)

Hell, yes, go ahead. I ain't in
much of a mood for usin' it...

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

WOODY

Thanks... Be seein' ya...

He walks out of the camp, onto the highway and sticks out his thumb.

105 INT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

105

The bar is filled with migrants, sitting around and noisily drinking beer... Woody sits on a table, playing the guitar and singing, "Bug-Eyed Jim" loudly. A beer mug sits in front of him, empty and waiting for donations. The migrants, some frustrated and mean at the end of a day's work, generally ignore him. Two men near Woody are in a heated argument and finally a fist fight starts. Woody, sensing the bar is about to erupt, checks the mug, finds no money, and leaves.

106 EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - POOR AREA-- NIGHT

106

Woody walks along the street, looking in a few of the windows of the run-down stores as he carries the guitar over his shoulder. He stops in front of one, looks up at a sloppily painted sign reading "RELIEF HOUSE." He shakes his head in disgust at the quality of the sign and goes inside.

107 INT. RELIEF HOUSE - NIGHT

107

A few families and a dozen or so men, all with the bleached look of poverty, sit on benches and squat against the wall eating soup and bread. At one end of the room, three women serve food and dip the returned bowls into vats of steaming water. Though the three are not dressed up, we can SEE that they are from a different world than the people they are feeding. One of the women, PAULINE JACKSON, is particularly attractive and Woody walks up to her.

WOODY

Tell ya what, you give me a
brush an' some paint an' I'll
paint you a decent sign outside
fer a bowl of that soup.

PAULINE

Tell you what. It's not
necessary, this food is free.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

WOODY

An' what if I said I don't want
no free food?

PAULINE

What if I said there's no other
kind?

Woody looks at her, trying to decide whether or not her
attitude offends him, then shrugs and grins.

WOODY

Guess I'd say, pass the soup,
please.

She smiles and ladles him a generous helping.

108 RELIEF HOUSE - LATER AT NIGHT

108

The people have thinned, and Woody sits alone on a
bench, finishing the soup. Pauline approaches him.

PAULINE

(motioning to the
guitar next to him)

Do you play?

WOODY

Yep.

PAULINE

I took piano lessons, years ago,
but I never had the patience...

WOODY

That so?

PAULINE

Yes... Would you really paint the
sign?

WOODY

Fer food?

PAULINE

For a favor.

WOODY

I'd hafta give it some thought.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

PAULINE

We don't have any paint right now,
but...

WOODY

Then how'm I goin' ta paint the
sign?

PAULINE

I'll bring some, tomorrow...

Woody gets the guitar and stands.

WOODY

I'll try an' be here... Thank ya
kindly fer the soup, it came close
ta bein' the finest I ever
tasted...

He walks out of the relief house, leaving Pauline
standing by the bench...

109 EXT. MIGRANT CAMP - MORNING

109

Woody awakens from his sleep in Johnson's pick-up truck to see the outside camp of migrants crowded around a stake truck parked on the far edge of the camp. Men wearing sidearms pack the truck with about thirty people. In the b.g., trucks carrying the workers from the inside camp are already loaded and moving off to the fields. Woody jumps out of the pick-up and runs to the fringe of the crowd just as the truck is pulling away, leaving most of the migrants to spend another day, with no earnings, sitting around the camp. Johnson sees Woody and shakes his head in anger as he leads his family back to their tent.

JOHNSON

Bastards! Goddam bastards!

WOODY

(following)

That's all they's takin'?

JOHNSON

That's all, that's all they ever
take!

WOODY

Why d'ya stay here? Maybe there's
another one somewhere's else that's
doin' more hirin'!

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

JOHNSON

Ain't no different, they all work
the same... This is the fourth
one we been at an' they's all
alike... Bastards!

Johnson and his family reach their tent and Woody leans
on their truck, watching the faces of the other
migrants who return to their campsites and lean-tos to
wait for another day.

110 EXT. RELIEF HOUSE - DAY

110

Woody is on a stepladder putting the finishing touches
on a newly-painted sign. Pauline stands below, admir-
ing it.

PAULINE

That's beatiful! I had a
terrible time painting the last
one!

WOODY

Looked like it...

She smiles. Woody takes a last look at his work and
climbs down the ladder.

PAULINE

I really appreciate your doing
this. Can I get you something to
eat?

WOODY

Not here...

PAULINE

Why? What do you mean, not here?

WOODY

I'm tired a soup...

PAULINE

Well... I may be able to fix you
a sandwich or...

WOODY

(interrupting)

How 'bout fixin' me dinner, at
yer house...

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

She stares at him.

PAULINE
... I can't do that!

WOODY
Why not? Ya got a man?

PAULINE
No, I, uh... my husband died,
but...

WOODY
What's yer name?

PAULINE
Pauline... Pauline Jackson.

WOODY
Mine's Woody... Maybe this comin'
Sunday...

PAULINE
(interrupts)
Woody, I am not going to fix you
dinner!

WOODY
Why?

PAULINE
Because, I just can't...

Woody looks at her, then himself. He sees his ragged,
soiled clothes, feels the dirt caked on his body from
weeks without a bath, and comes to a realization.

WOODY
Well, can't rightly say as I
blame ya...

He turns to leave and Pauline, embarrassed, calls to
him.

PAULINE
That's not the reason!

WOODY
(over his shoulder)
Seems ta be a pretty good one ta
me.

He continues down the street and she stands watching
him go.

111 EXT. MIGRANT CAMP - DUSK

111

Woody sits alongside the road, watching with dismay as a couple of more loaded down migrant cars pull into the overcrowded camp. His head turns as he hears the SOUND of SINGING in the distance. He listens for a moment then rises and heads off in the direction of the sound.

112 ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CAMP - DUSK

112

TWO GIRLS, about twelve and fourteen, play battered guitars and sing to their baby brother, who lies happily in a blanket at their feet. The migrants go about their chores as they listen, but no one talks above a whisper. Woody approaches and squats down next to the Girls as they sing "Columbus Stockade."

TWO GIRLS

'Way down in Columbus Stockade
I want to go back to Tennessee.
Way down in Columbus, Georgia,
I'd rather be back in Tennessee...'

Woody smiles and joins in, quietly at first, then louder and the Girls turn and smile at him.

THREE

(singing)

'Go and leave me if you want to,
Never let me cross your mind.
If in your heart you love another,
Leave, little darlin', I don't
mind.'

They finish and the little brother becomes restless. One of the Girls strokes his forehead while the other strums on her guitar and he calms. Woody, feeling relaxed, speaks to them.

WOODY

I sure like the soft way you two
play. I gotta be loud when I
play in bars and saloons.

SISTER #1

Mama don't like bars an' saloons
much.

WOODY

(smiling)

No, don't s'pose she does... You
jus' keep singing' to the little
fella...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

WOODY (CONT'D)

... An' he's gonna grow up hearin'
what California was s'posed to
soun' like!

SISTER #1

(smiling at Woody)

Yes, sir...

Woody sits back to listen as they begin to sing again, this time "Poor Babes In The Wood." He just sits with his arms folded, listening partly to the lyrics, but really concentrating on the feeling that the Girls' voices communicate. Suddenly the serenity of the moment is broken by a CAR HORN BLARING and TIRES SCREECHING as a sedan skids off the highway and slides to a stop in the camp. The girls stop singing.

SISTER #1

It's Ozark!

WOODY

(looks over)

Who's Ozark?

SISTER #1

Ozark Bule, he sings on the radio
and comes out here to entertain
us sometimes!

The older Sister picks up the baby and they all hurry over to OZARK's car. Woody goes along with everyone else.

113 EXT. MIGRANT CAMP - DUSK

113

CLOSE on Ozark as he climbs atop the hood of his car, a guitar slung over his shoulder. He speaks to the migrants as they gather round him.

OZARK

(motioning to a man
near the car)

Open up them back doors and see
what I brought y'all!

The man does and the migrants gasp as the man pulls a
lug of fruit out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

OZARK

There's a couple more in there,
go ahead and git 'em out! Git
to eat it without pickin' it for
a change! And just remember, the
first one of you that gets wealthy
has got to buy me a new pair of
trousers on account of I ripped
the rear end outa these climbin'
the fence and stealin' this stuff!!

He pats his torn pants and the pickers laugh as they
eagerly pass out the fruit...

OZARK

... I can tell by just lookin'
at y'all that you haven't been
doin' like I said and organizin'!
I can see that you're still lettin'
those growers stomp all over you
and pay you nothin' for bustin'
your behinds in those fields! And
the only way I'm going to do any
singin' here tonight is if you
all get together and shout 'union'!
Okay? One, two, three... union!!!

About four workers shout it along with Ozark... He
glares at them.

OZARK

That was pitiful... We'll try once
more, and if there ain't more of
you pitchin' in I'm climbin' right
back into this car and leavin'!
One, two, three... union!!!

This time about half the workers yell it out and Ozark
looks at them.

OZARK

... That weren't perfect, but I
reckon it's a start... Okay,
everybody, go and grab your noise
makers and we'll have us a hoedown!!!

Ozark starts a song as the migrants run to their camps
and grab their instruments... Woody feels a tug at his
sleeve. He looks down and sees the girl that was play-
ing earlier. She hands him her guitar.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

SISTER #1
(holding her brother
in one arm)
Here, mister, you kin use it...

Woody beams as he takes the guitar and leans down and
kisses the child on the forehead.

114 EXT. MIGRANT CAMP - NIGHT

114

The camp is bedlam... Ozark stands atop his car, playing and singing but he is drowned out by all the other migrants, playing, singing and stomping out whatever comes into their heads. Woody is in the middle of it all, singing his own song regardless of what the person next to him is doing...

115 EXT. AREA BY FENCE - NIGHT

115

The pickers on the inside do the same as everyone else, but the guards prevent them from getting too close to the fence.

116 EXT. MIGRANT CAMP - LATER AT NIGHT

116

A group of six or seven has evolved from the cacophony and sit atop Ozark's car, playing a more or less organized song for the rest of the migrants. Woody is among them.

117 EXT. AREA BY FENCE - NIGHT

117

As the pickers sit and listen, or sing along with the group, more armed guards appear and begin to force them to go back to their shacks. One man protests, and is viciously clubbed down.

118 EXT. MIGRANT CAMP - STILL LATER AT NIGHT

118

Woody now sings, "SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YA" by himself on the roof of the sedan. He has captured the workers and Ozark with his song. He finishes and there is wild applause in the camp. Ozark leans over to him:

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

OZARK

You keep it up, boy! You're
nourishin' these people! Keep
it up!

Woody grins and goes right into, "THIS TRAIN IS BOUND
FOR GLORY."

119 EXT. HIGHWAY BY CAMP - NIGHT

119

Two stake trucks approach the camp and come to a stop
on the edge of the highway. Woody is HEARD SINGING in
the b.g., as we SEE about ten men empty out of each
truck, all with clubs. They start circling the camp.

120 EXT. MIGRANT CAMP - NIGHT

120

As Woody continues to sing, one of the GOONS, their
leader, comes quietly out of the shadows, stops next
to one of the migrant's old cars, and lifts his club
and smashes the hood of the car. Woody stops singing
as everyone turns to see where the noise came from.
The Goon steps forward.

GOON

(shouts at Woody)
What the goddam hell do you
think yer doin'?

OZARK

(yelling at the
Goon)
What the hell does it look like
he's doin'?

GOON

(to Ozark)
Ain't I seen you out here before?

OZARK

... And I reckon you'll be seein'
me again!

GOON

Get those two bastards, boys!

The leader of the Goons motions for his men to close in.
Ozark tugs at Woody and the two leap from the roof of
the car and frantically climb inside.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

The migrants attempt to form a protective wall around the car but the Goons begin to swing their clubs and crack heads as they work their way through the crowd. Ozark starts the engine and Woody leans out the window and hands the guitar back to the little girl. Ozark begins to slowly drive the car towards the highway and the migrants, still trying to hold back the Goons, open up and clear a way for him. A couple of the Goons reach the sedan and smash at it with their clubs but Ozark finally breaks into the clear. As he heads for the highway, he leans out the window and yells:

OZARK

Union! Union! Union!

Ozark gives the car the gas and it pulls away, down the highway.

121 INT. OZARK'S CAR - NIGHT

121

Woody looks back at the camp as Ozark drives away, then turns to him.

WOODY

Same thing happen every time you come out ta entertain folks?

OZARK

Hope so... I figure if I get those goons riled up enough I'm doin' my job...

WOODY

Well, you done it pretty good...

OZARK

They didn't seem to care too much for you either...

WOODY

Yeah, but I wasn't tryin'...

OZARK

Maybe you oughta start.

WOODY

Start what?

OZARK

Tryin'...

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

WOODY
Tryin' what?

122 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

122

A large sign in the b.g. reads, "RADIO KFVD." The station manager, MR. LOCKE, shakes his head as he looks at Woody.

LOCKE
You sure as hell don't look like much, how do you sound?

WOODY
Makes me happy.

LOCKE
(turns to Ozark)
Is he as good as you say, Ozark?

OZARK
He's better, Mr. Locke, give a listen.

LOCKE
Okay, let's hear something.

Woody stands in front of Locke, who settles into a chair.

WOODY
This is a little ol' song 'bout the state where I grew...

LOCKE
(interrupting)
Just get on with it, please...

After a long pause, Woody continues on with his sentence, staring at Locke as he speaks.

WOODY
... where I grew up. It's about Oklahoma and it's called 'The Oklahoma Hills Where I Was Born.'

He begins to sing, using Ozark's guitar.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

WOODY

'Many a month has come and gone
 Since I wandered from my home
 In those Oklahoma hills where I
 was born.

Many a page my life has turned,
 Many lessons I have learned,
 And I feel like in those hills
 Is where I belong.

Way down yonder in the Indian
 Nation,
 I'll ride my pony on the reservation,
 In the Oklahoma hills where I was
 born.'

Locke turns to Ozark and smiles, then speaks to Woody.

LOCKE

Okay, Guthrie, we'll give you a
 try.

Woody continues to sing.

WOODY

'Way down yonder in the Indian
 Nation,
 A cowboy's life is my occupation,
 In the Oklahoma hills where I was
 born.'

Locke gets to his feet and speaks louder, reaching
 into his pocket at the same time.

LOCKE

You got the job, Guthrie!

WOODY

(keeps playing)
 'But as I sit here today,
 Many miles I am away
 From the place I rode my pony
 Through the draw.'

LOCKE

(holds out money
 to Woody)
Here's an advance. Get yourself
some decent clothes and show up
here next Thursday!! You start
at twenty bucks a week!!!

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

Woody takes the money and smiles but continues to sing as Locke turns and walks out.

WOODY

'Where the oak and blackjack trees
Kiss the playful prairie breeze
And I feel in those hills is where
I belong.'

123 EXT. RELIEF HOUSE - DAY

123

Woody, washed and wearing new clothes (exactly like his old ones but clean) enters the relief house, a guitar slung over his shoulder.

124 INT. RELIEF HOUSE - DAY

124

The room is much more crowded than when we saw it at night. There is a continuous line at the serving table where Woody washes bowls and Pauline ladles out soup...

WOODY

I get twenty bucks a week an' I
start workin' Thursday, as a
regular on the Ozark Bule show.

PAULINE

(smiles)

I think that's wonderful, Woody...

WOODY

An' since I'm borderin' on becomin'
respectable you kin invite me ta
dinner now...

PAULINE

(flushes)

That wasn't the reason I didn't
ask you, Woody.

WOODY

What was then?

PAULINE

Well, I don't know you, I can't be
accepting every man that invites
himself over to my house...

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

WOODY

How many done it?

PAULINE

How many have done what?

WOODY

Invited themselves over for dinner?

PAULINE

From here?

WOODY

Yeah, from here.

She looks around the room, then to Woody.

PAULINE

None... you're the only one.

WOODY

Well, I think I'd like chicken
with dressin'...

125 OMITTED

125

126 INT. RADIO STATION - BROADCASTING ROOM - NIGHT

126

The "ON THE AIR" sign is on and Ozark has just completed a song. He twangs his guitar a couple of times and introduces Woody...

OZARK

Tonight we've got an ol' boy from
Oklahoma who not only sings songs,
he writes them too.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

OZARK (cont'd)
His name is Woodrow Wilson Guthrie,
an' we call him Woody, an' the song's
called, "I Ain't Got No Home."

Woody smiles at Ozark a little nervously, takes his
place behind the mike and starts singing.

127 ALREADY SHOT - RENUMBERED TO SC. 135A

127

128 ALREADY SHOT - RENUMBERED TO SC. 136A

128

129 ALREADY SHOT - RENUMBERED TO SC. 137A 129

130 EXT. FOX RANCH - MIDDAY 130

A large group of movie extras, all dressed as World War One sailors, sit at long tables having lunch. Ozark and Woody are singing "Vigilante Man" atop Ozark's car. Taped to the side of the car is a banner reading: THE FARM WORKERS NEED YOUR HELP, GIVE WHAT YOU CAN. In the b.g. we SEE a huge blue sky backdrop with a little pond of water in front of it. Possibly a miniature ship or two floats in the pond.

130A EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 130A

Ozark's car is parked by the side of the road and he sits behind the wheel, on the alert as he looks up and down the highway... Woody is on the side of the road next to a fence, repainting one of the 'NO TRESPASSING' signs to read 'VISITORS WELCOME.'

130B EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF HIGHWAY - NIGHT 130B

Woody changes another sign to 'FREE FRUIT, HELP YOURSELF.'

130C EXT ROAD - NIGHT 130C

Woody sits in the car, writing a letter, as Ozark smears and bumbles trying to paint a sign 'COME ON IN AND FILL YOUR BELLIES.' The paint drips and Ozark curses as he struggles with the sign.

131 EXT. PAULINE'S HOUSE - PASADENA STREET - LATE AFTERNOON 131

Woody walks up the sidewalk, the guitar over his shoulder, dragging a Christmas tree behind him. He looks at a slip of paper in his hand, then up to a rather large house, shakes his head in amazement and walks down a long path-way to the front door and knocks. Pauline answers and Woody stands grinning.

WOODY

I was expectin' the mayor, thought
this was City Hall fer a minute.

(holds up the tree)

Merry Christmas!

PAULINE

(puzzled)

Christmas? This is August!

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

WOODY

Damn! I thought 'cause I was
gittin' a free meal it must be
Christmas!

PAULINE

(laughs)

Come on in, and bring your tree.

Before he enters, Woody studies the house...

WOODY

How much do they pay ya fer workin'
at that place?

PAULINE

(smiles)

I don't get paid, I'm a volunteer...

WOODY

(shaking his head)

Huh...

Woody and his tree enter the house...

132 INT. PAULINE'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

132

The dinner is finished and the Christmas tree stands
at one end of the dining room, decorated with ribbon,
toilet paper, odd pieces of jewelry, etc. Woody leans
back in his chair noodling on his guitar as he and
Pauline talk.

WOODY

People don't laugh at the Chicaga
Tribune, an' they don't hum the
Los Angeles Times, an' they don't
whistle the Amarillo Daily News...
But they can take a little bit outa
one a my songs home with 'em --
maybe pass it on to their neighbor.

PAULINE

Is that why you took up singing,
to reach people?

WOODY

Not really... I started makin' up
songs 'cause it makes me feel good
inside.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

PAULINE

Well, I think you're very fortunate
to have something that you can
share with other people. It must
be very gratifying.

Woody picks at his guitar and looks at Pauline for a
long moment...

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

WOODY

Let me ask ya somethin'?

PAULINE

Sure, what?

WOODY

(indicates surroundings)
Ain't ya' a little embarrassed
about all this?

PAULINE

What do you mean?

WOODY

I mean, doesn't it embarrass ya'
just a little, ta have so much
when others don't have nothin'.

PAULINE

I don't think I'm embarrassed but
I do feel sorry for those people
that are so poor.

WOODY

So ya' give 'em a little soup an'
throw out a few dollars to charity.

PAULINE

(a bit defensive)

You know, everyone's not as gifted
as you are, Woddy, but some of us
do give as much as we can.

WOODY

Let me tell you somethin', Pauline.
In all the time I was on the road,
meeting bums, freeloaders...
families that was torn apart, poor
people that was dyin' ta work, men
jus' tryin' to get somewheres,
anywheres, I found out one thing...
They all had somethin' ta give that
affected me, every damn last one
a them! They was human! An'
every time I ran inta someone with
money, someone that was startin'
ta git all tied up an' anxious,
that humanness was gone!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (2)

132

WOODY (CONT'D)

It was gone 'cause they's afraid
they's gonna lose somethin',
they's puttin' up a big ol' wall
aroun' themselves 'cause they
think if they smile someone's
gonna rip out their teeth!

Woody hits the strings loudly and Pauline sits, fuming.

PAULINE

(angry)

Jesus, you're sitting in my house,
eating my food and attacking
everything around you! You think
because a person has money they've
lost touch, you're wrong! I feel
every bit as alive and giving as
anyone else! Just because you
live out there in those camps, or
ride a boxcar across the country,
you have to justify poverty! You
don't have any idea of what I'm
like, or what my world is all
about! I think you're just jealous,
Woody, you want all this for
yourself and since you haven't
got it you tear it down!!

Woody looks up from his guitar.

WOODY

An' that ain't givin' me nothin'...

PAULINE

(explodes)

Just what the hell do you want
from me? Just why did you come
here?

WOODY

'Cause I liked lookin' at ya an'
I thought you had possibilities...

PAULINE

(glaring)

So? So what do you think now?

WOODY

I think I'm lookin' at a rich
person...

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (3)

132

PAULINE

So!

Woody looks at her for a long moment while he strums the guitar.

WOODY

So... Yer the only one that ever looked back...

He starts to sing, "Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey."

133 OMITTED

133

134 INT. RADIO STATION - BROADCASTING ROOM - NIGHT 134

Woody stands at the mike and Ozark sits on a stool behind him...

WOODY

(into mike)

Evenin', y'all, this is Woody comin' to ya while ol' Ozark catches his breath... I'd like ta dedicate a song tonight ta all you folks squattin' out in those fruit pickin' camps... Yer sittin' there hungry, either too darned cold or too darned hot, waitin' fer better times, an' wonderin' if you shoulda ever left home...

Ozark smiles and claps his hands...

WOODY

... This one's fer y'all...

135 135
136 OMITTED 136
137 137

137A EXT. A FIELD - DAY 137A

Ozark's car pulls up into the field where people are working. Woody and Ozark get out. The workers are bent double, working busily with their short hoes, not looking up. Ozark climbs up on the top of his car.

OZARK

(loud)

Hey! Hey, you out there with your achin' backs! Look up here!

A few look up; others go on working.

OZARK

What goes through your minds while you're bent over like that? You ever think it might be nice to have the money to put food on your table after working all day? You ever once wonder if you could do somethin' about the way you live?

137B EXT. FIELD - DIFFERENT ANGLE - DAY

137B

From behind Ozark's car, we SEE another automobile speeding toward Ozark and Woody. More of the workers have stopped and are listening.

OZARK

Goddam, it seems to me if I had to drag my ass home with seventy-five, eighty cents in my pockets for a day's work like this, I'd wonder if something wasn't wrong!

As Ozark finishes this sentence, the other car squeals to a stop and five hired men jump out. All five are large and three of them carry clubs. Ozark manages to get off the car before it begins. There is a fight, with Woody right in the middle of it...

137C INT. OZARK'S CAR - DAY

137C

Woody sits, nursing a swollen eye as they drive along.

WOODY

(flat)

That was fun. Yer goin' ta have ta invite me again sometime.

(he looks out the back window, then mutters)

Sons-of-bitches.

138 INT. PAULINE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

138

Woody, his body and face bruised is in the bathtub letting the hot water soak away the aches and pains, se HEAR...

PAULINE'S VOICE

Have you ever thought about being a painter?

WOODY

(sighs)

Reckon I'd get my head busted doin' that, too...

He grimaces as the water stings one of his scrapes...

139 INT. PAULINE'S BEDROOM

139

Pauline, lying in bed reading, smiles...

PAULINE
... I reckon you would...

She puts the book down and sits up.

PAULINE
Woody?

WOODY'S VOICE
Yeah...

She hesitates, then speaks.

PAULINE
I'm very happy... I mean I'm
really happy that I know you...

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

She sits, waiting for an answer. Getting none, she lies back down, slightly embarrassed by her vulnerability.

140 INT. BATHROOM

140

Woody, dripping wet and nude, searches through the medicine cabinet and drawers of the bathroom.

141 INT. BEDROOM

141

Pauline lies reading, then looks up to the bedroom door and her mouth drops open... Woody stands in the door, nude except for yards of gauze wrapped around his crotch. He stares at her dully, then says...

WOODY

Worst fight I ever been in...

Pauline gets over the shock and breaks up.

WOODY

(limping toward bed)

... An' I'm findin' out rich folks
got no compassion on top a everything
else...

Then he leaps on the bed and tumbles in the sheets with a giggling Pauline.

142 EXT. PAULINE'S PATIO - MORNING

142

Woody lies on a chaise picking out and singing "Make Me A Pallet." Pauline is busy setting up breakfast...

PAULINE

Are you married, Woody?

Woody winces a bit, but keeps on with the guitar.

WOODY

Why? How come yer askin' that
now?

PAULINE

I don't know, it just occurred to
me... Are you?

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

WOODY

No... no, I'm not...

PAULINE

(smiles)

Good...

She pours some coffee and sits down. Woody, a little more thoughtful, leans in close to his guitar as he plays. Suddenly he stops, then gets off the chaise and stands... He says nothing for a moment, then the words come painfully...

WOODY

Yeah...

PAULINE

(looks at him)

Yeah, what?

WOODY

Yeah, I'm married... I got a wife
an' I got kids...

Pauline turns away.

WOODY

Maybe... uh... maybe I coulda lied
ta you before... but not now...
I can't lie ta you when yer tryin'
... When yer thinkin' good thoughts
an' yer startin' ta care... I
can't lie to you now...

He turns and walks away, then stops and turns back to Pauline...

WOODY

... I was carin' too, Pauline...
An' you gave somethin' to me...
An' jus' bein' aroun' you an'
knowin' you affected me... An'
now I got a little piece of you
tucked away inside me, I'll be
able ta carry it aroun' wherever
I go... An' that ain't so bad...

He gives her a weak smile and leaves, not looking back as he picks up his guitar and walks through the gate. Pauline looks after him as the gate swings shut... Her face shows the emotion she is feeling.

143

&

OMITTED

144

143

&

144

145

INT. LOCKE'S OFFICE - DAY

145

Locke sits in a leather chair behind a desk shuffling through a stack of mail. Woody, Ozark and a woman, MEMPHIS SUE, are seated.

LOCKE

... Most of this mail is very favorable, Woody, very favorable...

Woody whistles as he looks at the pile of letters...

WOODY

Had no idea that many folks was listenin'...

LOCKE

It appears that they are, and, because of this response, I'm giving you and Memphis Sue a half hour show to do together every night...

WOODY

WWOOOIIIEEE!!

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

Woody hugs Memphis Sue and Ozark.

LOCKE

You both will be getting more
money, say thirty-five a week...
however...

Hearing the tone of the 'however,' Woody straightens up.

WOODY

However what?

LOCKE

However, you now have new sponsors
and they have insisted that there
will be no controversial material
on the program. Stick to the songs
that have been out and around for
awhile and everything will be fine...

WOODY

Ya mean ya don't want me doin' any
a my own music?

LOCKE

You can do your own music, Woody,
as long as it doesn't get anybody
riled up.

Woody's not quite sure if he likes this, but he does
like the raise... Memphis Sue speaks up...

MEMPHIS SUE

Sounds real good to me, Mr. Locke.

Woody looks to Ozark and Ozark nods his head 'yes.'

WOODY

(to Locke)

Uh... yeah, it sounds okay ta me,
too...

LOCKE

Fine, fine, we'll start Saturday.

Woody again looks at Ozark, not certain he's doing the
right thing...

146 EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

146

Woody comes out, crosses the street to enter a gas
station phone booth.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

WOODY
(into phone)
Operator, I'd like to try an'
reach Mary Guthrie in Pampa,
Texas. If ya ring up Arlo Jarmān,
he'll go an' get her.

147 INT. PHONE BOOTH - LATER

147

Woody is talking on the telephone.

WOODY
C'mon honey, this is the first
chance I've had! I haven't been
able ta afford it but now things
are goin' so good I can send ya
the money! Then ya jus' hop on a
bus an' get on out here!... I
woulda written more but I been too
busy... Yeah, y'all are goin' ta
be in California before ya know it
an' I'm goin' ta find the kinda
house you've always been hopin'
fer! Yeah!... Be sure an' give the
kids a big hug an' kiss fer me an'
I'll see ya real soon!

148 OMITTED

148

149 INT. OZARK'S CAR - DAY

149

Ozark and Woody drive through the countryside...

OZARK

He's got every right to set down limits, Woody. It's his station an' he ain't goin' ta allow any preachin' on your show!

WOODY

S'pose that's right... 'cept they got a Sunday mornin' gospel hour on every night, an' that fella's sure preachin'!

OZARK

That's what Locke's payin' him to do! He's payin' you to entertain!

WOODY

What would you do?

OZARK

I'd do what he says, 'cause that's how I make my livin'... How I eat. It would have nothin' to do with my goin' out to the fields or doin' the benefits.

WOODY

Ya' could separate 'em, jus' like that?

OZARK

I could separate them. Just like that.

WOODY

(thinks a moment)

I s'pose thirty-five bucks a week ain't bad fer singin' 'bout thumpin' hearts an' big yella moons...

OZARK

Ain't bad a'tall!

WOODY

Let's get out behinds movin' out ta them fields.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

OZARK

(rises)

A helluva idea!

WOODY

I'll damn well sing anythin' I
please out there!!

OZARK

An' I'll be right alongside,
makin' sure ya don't drift off
inta some love song!!

150 EXT. OPEN FIELD - AFTERNOON

150

A migrant woman, wearing tattered clothes and an old hat, teaches school to about twenty young children. They are in the middle of a hot parched field, and the woman has nothing in the way of materials, possibly one book she reads from and some scraps of paper. In the b.g., we SEE field workers and a crop duster. Ozark's sedan drives across the field and stops. Some of the children look up as the car arrives, but most just sit, their energy sapped by poverty.

151 INT. OZARK'S CAR

151

Woody and Ozark look out at the children...

OZARK

Isn't much, is it?

WOODY

No it ain't...

152 EXT. OPEN FIELD - AFTERNOON

152

They get out of the car and Ozark approaches the
TEACHER while Woody stands by the children.

OZARK

(to Teacher)

Ma'am, my name's Ozark Bule and
this here's Woody Guthrie and we
were wonderin' if we could
entertain the young'uns for
awhile...

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

TEACHER

(smiles)

Why, we'd jus' love that, Mr.
Bule, I b'lieve most of us have
heard you an' Mr. Guthrie singin'
on the radio one time or 'nother!
We'd be delighted!

Woody stands thinking, then holds up his guitar.

WOODY

Any of you kids know how ta make
noise outa one of these things?

A couple of hands go up.

WOODY

Hey, ain't that great! Well,
here's mine!

He hands his guitar to one of the children...

WOODY

Ozark, why don't ya give yers to
that little girl an' let's hear
us some music!

Ozark gives his to the girl and the two children begin
to strum and pick. Woody smiles...

WOODY

Now, don't that 'jus' soun'
beautiful!

He starts humming with the guitars and then speaks.

WOODY

... You know, the thing 'bout
music is that even if ya don't
know how ta play one of them
things ya can still sing! Ya
can sing whatever comes into yer
head, ya can make up any kinda
song ya want an' sing to it
yerself or sing out screamin'
loud. Ya can sing 'bout yer
troubles or ya can sing 'bout
yer happiness. Ya can sing
'bout yerself or ya can sing
'bout yer friend. We all got
singin' inside us, all ya gotta
do is learn ta let it come on out.

153 EXT. OPEN FIELD - LATER

153

The kids and the Teacher are now clapping their hands and singing along with Woody and Ozark, who go through a medley of Woody's children songs: "Why Oh Why?," "Howdido," "Pick It Up," etc.

154 EXT. OPEN FIELD - AFTERNOON

154

As a song finishes, a small BOY jumps to his feet and starts singing his own song...

BOY

My ma an' pa's out workin'
My ma an' pa's out workin'

Woody, really enthused by this, starts accompanying him on the guitar...

BOY

I guess they got ta be workin'
They're s'posed ta do it all day.

Ozark joins in.

BOY

But I wish they wasn't out workin'
I wish they'd come home an' play...

The Boy finishes, a huge grin on his face. Woody leaps to his feet and lifts the Boy, hugs him and whirls him around and starts singing...

WOODY

My ma an' pa's out workin'
My ma an' pa's out workin'

Ozark hits a chord and he too starts to sing.

WOODY AND OZARK

I guess they got ta be workin'
They're s'posed ta do it all day.

Everybody joins in and Woody falls to the ground with the Boy.

WOODY/OZARK

CHILDREN/TEACHER

But I wish they wasn't out workin'
I wish they'd come home an' play.

155 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

155

Woody and Memphis Sue are singing.

WOODY & MEMPHIS SUE

(singing)

Drop whatever you are doing,
Stop your work and worry too.
Sit right down and take it easy,
Here comes Woody and Memphis Sue.

You just drop a card or letter,
We will sing a song for you.
We're easy goin' country people --
Plain ole Woody and Memphis Sue.

Memphis Sue speaks into the microphone as they finish.

MEMPHIS SUE

Good evenin' to you all. Tonight
Woody an' I've got a thirty minutes
of yer favorites you been dyin' to
hear, an' we're goin' to start off
with 'Cimarron Spoonin'.'

Woody steps in front of her and takes the mike.

WOODY

I've jus' decided ta' sing
somethin' else...

Memphis Sue gives him a startled look and backs away
as Woody begins to sing, "Do Re Mi."

156 EXT. MIGRANT CAMP - NIGHT

156

The CAMERA ROAMS over the camp as Woody's voice
continues with the song. We SEE people going about
their business, shaking bedding, stirring soup, etc.
As the CAMERA PASSES, a woman is humming absent-
mindedly with the song.

WOODY'S VOICE

(filtered)

'California is a garden of Eden
It's a paradise to live in or see.'

157 INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - NIGHT

157

MAN changes station as Woody sings and remarks to his
wife:

MAN

Sounds like he's calling hogs!

158 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

158

Memphis Sue shakes her head as Woody continues...

WOODY

'But believe it or not,
You won't find it so hot,
if you ain't got the do re mi.'

159 EXT. STREAM AND POND IN TOPANGA CANYON - DAY

159

Woody and Ozark and two young girls sit nude in the pond, the cool water relieving the heat of the day.

OZARK

Locke talked to me, he's pissed off.

WOODY

I expected that ta happen...

OZARK

He says from now on you have to make out a list every week of all the songs you're planning to sing...

WOODY

He can go ahead an' fire me, I ain't gonna make out no damn list!

OZARK

(getting angry)

Now goddam it, Woody, don't you go an' mess up that job! God knows where you'll end up if you get canned!

Woody starts splashing the girl closest to him...

OZARK

There's a Union meetin' Saturday night and they're bringin' in people from as far away as Carpenteria.

The girl splashes Woody back, and Woody returns it...

OZARK

We're tryin' to get some work done up north too, but it's rough goin'. Will you stop that goddam splashin' when I'm tryin' to talk.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

The girl splashes Ozark...

OZARK

(turns to girl)

Goddamit! You stop it too!

Woody scoops water up with both his hands and drenches the two girls and Ozark. He then jumps up, grabs all three and pulls them down into the pond...

160 OMITTED

160

160A EXT. WOODY'S NEW HOUSE - DAY

160A

Ozark's car, filled with Woody, Mary and the kids, stops in front of the house. The kids pile out and Mary sits in the car staring at the house. Woody, smiling proudly, puts his arm around her...

WOODY

Ain't it somethin'?

MARY

It sure is Woody, this whole city is somethin'!

OZARK

And you haven't seen but a bit of it, Mary! Wait 'til you get to the beach! Why, we're goin' to have to pack a lunch an' take those kids of yours down an'...

WOODY

(interrupts and
climbs from the car)

That'll be sometime else, Ozark,
I ain't seen Mary in months!
C'mon, I'll show ya the house!

He pulls Mary and the luggage from the car.

OZARK

Need any help with those things,
Woody?

WOODY

I can manage, Ozark, thanks fer
the lift!

MARY

Thank you, Ozark, it's a real
pleasure meetin' you!

(CONTINUED)

160A CONTINUED:

160A

Ozark smiles and pulls away...

OZARK

See you soon!

As Ozark leaves, Woody pulls Mary towards the house...

WOODY

C'mon inside!

MARY

(half-dragged)

I'm comin' Woody!

161 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

161

The children come bursting through the door first, followed by Woody and Mary. Her eyes pop as she sees all the furniture, lamps, record player, radio, etc... The kids run off to explore the house and Woody pulls Mary towards the kitchen...

WOODY

Wait'll ya see this!

162 INT. KITCHEN

162

Mary's face lights up as they enter the kitchen...

MARY

My God, Woody!!

He stands in front of the refrigerator, beaten up and its motor straining, but new to Mary.

WOODY

Jus' how 'bout that, huh?

She gasps as she opens its door, seeing bottles of milk and other foods keeping nice and cold inside...

MARY

A refrigerator! I jus' can't believe it!

Woody takes her in his arms and kisses her.

WOODY

I'll show ya the bedroom!

MARY

I ain't finished lookin' at the kitchen!

WOODY

C'mon!!

He drags her out of the kitchen...

163 INT. BEDROOM

163

He pulls her into the tiny room and stands back proudly as she admires it...

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

MARY

I'll be darned, a double bed!

WOODY

You're damned right! Ain't that
somethin'! Wooie, Shit!!

MARY

(looking around)

It's wonderful, Woody, it's
wonderful!

He pulls her down onto the bed and she giggles as they
bounce...

WOODY

(nudges Mary with
an elbow)

C'mon -- celebrate. Talk dirty.
Say wooie shit!

MARY

(laughing)

Woody!

WOODY

(nudging her again)

C'mon, say it!

MARY

(as above)

No!

Woody starts tickling her; they roll around until Mary
gives up, gasping with laughter.

MARY

All right, all right.
(soft, embarrassed)
Wooie shit.

WOODY

Louder!

MARY

(protesting)

Woody!

(hesitates, then
grins and says
loudly)

WOOOIIIEE SHIT!

164 EXT. WOODY'S BACKYARD

164

The children stop and turn to look at the house as they hear Mary and Woody yelling joyously:

WOODY/MARY (O.S.)

"OOOIEE SHIT!"

The voices are happy, so the children turn back to their play.

165 INT. RADIO STATION - BROADCASTING ROOM - NIGHT

165

Woody and Memphis Sue sing 'Hard, Ain't It Hard' (thwarted love). We can SEE by Woody's expressions that he is not too thrilled by what he is singing. Sitting in the b.g., we SEE a tall, thin man in a business suit listening to the two as they sing...

166 INT. HALLWAY - RADIO STATION - NIGHT

166

The tall thin man, ALLAN BAKER, is an agent and is trying to sign Woody up.

BAKER

My name's Baker, I'm an agent, and I know you don't have a contract here and if you're willing to travel a bit I can double, maybe triple what you're earning now.

WOODY

How'd ya do that?

BAKER

Well, better shows for one thing. I think I could wangle a coast-to-coast broadcast, and...

WOODY

(interrupts)

I'll think it over.

BAKER

Okay, I don't want to pressure you. I'll come back to you after I get something in the works. You'll be on your way before you know it!

Baker walks away and Woody stands thoughtfully until Locke comes up from behind and taps him on the shoulder.

LOCKE

I still haven't seen any list, Woody.

WOODY

(turning)

What list?

LOCKE

The list of songs you've scheduled for your show.

WOODY

Oh yeah... I ain't wrote it yet.

Woody starts away and Locke calls to him...

LOCKE

I need that list Woody, your sponsors are insisting!!

Woody ignores Locke as he walks away.

167 INT. LARGE HALL - UNION MEETING - NIGHT

167

The hall is jammed with MEN, WOMEN and children. Interspersed are about twenty goons hired by the growers to break up the meeting. Woody and Ozark sit with three Union organizaers. Another organizer, a WOMAN, stands against a blank 16mm screen confronting a vocal crowd. All is at a high pitch. Woody appears to be oblivious to the goings on as he scribbles on a piece of paper, humming to himself.

WOMAN

If we don't organize, if we
don't unite in our struggle,
those growers will have us on
our knees forever!

VOICE #1

What about strikin'!

VOICE #2

We've got to keep working!

VOICE #3

Strike!!

VOICE #4

How the hell do we eat?

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

WOMAN

We have people working for us,
donations of clothing and food
are coming in from all over the
state!

VOICE #5

You're a damn bunch of commies!

VOICE #6

We don't want charity, we want
jobs!!

A UNION ORGANIZER gets to his feet.

UNION MAN

You aren't going to get any jobs
worth a damn if you don't listen
to us!

VOICE #7

Sit down!

The fervor rises, and the crowd threatens to become
violent. Woody jumps up as he finishes and hands the
paper to the harassed woman organizer. She holds it
for him to read as he begins to play and sing to the
tune of "Pretty Red Wing."

WOODY

(singing)

'There once was a union maid
Who said she wasn't afraid
Of goons and ginks and company
finks
And the deputy sheriffs who made
the raids.

She went to the union hall
When a meeting it was called
And when the company boys came round
She always stood her ground.

(stamping his foot
on the beat for the
chorus)

Oh, you can't scare me, I'm
sticking to the union,
I'm sticking to the union, I'm
sticking to the union.
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm
sticking to the union,
I'm sticking to the union till
the day I die.'

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: (2)

167

While Woody sings, the crowd quiets by degrees... First some, then most of the people begin to clap with Woody as the song continues. Enough enthusiasm and spirit is aroused so that the company goons decide to act. One of them shoves a man, then starts a fight. The area around Woody turns into a turmoil. Woody, with a look of "I don't believe it's happening to me again," hands his guitar to the Union Woman, and jumps head first into the melee and Ozark is right behind.

168 OMITTED

168

169 INT. WOODY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

169

Mary fixes breakfast and Woody leans against the sink, drinking coffee. His face bears the marks of the Union brawl...

WOODY

Ya jus' can't believe what's goin' on out there in those fields, Mary, it'd jus' break yer heart seein' those people...

MARY

It don't seem like so long ago, we were in that same kinda situation.

WOODY

No... We wasn't never as bad off as they are... Texas an' Oklahoma ain't nothin' to what California is...

MARY

It don't seem right somehow, it bein' so pretty an' all out here...

WOODY

No, it ain't right... An' it always was easier ta put up with nature an' the dust storms than it is ta put up with greed.

MARY

Yeah, guess so...
(she hesitates,
then talks)
... Did you ever make that list fer Mr. Locke?

WOODY

Never did... not yet...

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

MARY

Don't he want it right away?

WOODY

S'pose he does, it just ain't that easy fer me ta write it out....

MARY

No, guess not... I was cleanin' up yesterday Woody, an' this old man, musta been 'bout seventy years old, he had no teeth an' wasn't wearin' no shoes, came to the door beggin' fer food... I gave him some fried chicken an' his wrinkled old face jus' lit right up...

Woody's eyes follow her around the kitchen as she speaks.

MARY

... After he left, I started in worryin' 'bout us. I got ta thinkin' 'bout those times we never had milk, an' had ta jus' live on fried dough an' beans fer days. 'Bout how the kids was goin' without all the time an' we jus' didn't have no money at all... I was really worried Woody, an' I kept askin' myself, 'My God, are we gonna be livin' like that two weeks from now? I jus' can't help thinkin' 'bout those bad time, I don't want 'em to happen again...

Woody, really hearing her concern, reaches out and gently touches her hand.

WOODY

I know Mary... I know...

He sets his coffee down and hold her tightly, trying to reassure his wife with the warmth of his body that everything will be okay...

170 OMITTED

170

171 OMITTED

171

172 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOME - GARDEN PARTY - DAY

172

Woody, backed by Ozark and a few other musicians, stands in the backyard of the estate singing "Pastures of Plenty" to the elite of the Beverly Hills liberal women. They applaud graciously as the song ends. Woody, sensing the reaction of the audience, leans to Ozark...

WOODY

(whispering)

They don't have any idea of what
the hell we're doin' here!

Ozark, trying to ignore Woody, smiles at the women.

WOODY

No damned idea at all!

172A EXT. RADIO STATION - AFTERNOON

172A

Woody crosses the street toting his guitar. As he is about to go into the station, a man calls to him... He turns to see Johnson from the migrant camp, his face bruised and swelling.

JOHNSON

It's me, Johnson!

Woody stares at his face.

WOODY

I know... what happened?

JOHNSON

There's been a lot of trouble out
in the camps, Woody. Them owners
sent their men chargin' into a
picket line we had set up... They
was swingin' their clubs in every
direction...

WOODY

They did that to you?

JOHNSON

An' a lot worse ta some others,
I'm afraid...

(CONTINUED)

172A CONTINUED:

172A

WOODY

Damn... Is your family all right?

JOHNSON

Yeah, they're fine... The fact is, I been learnin' a awful lot from that baby of ours, Woody...

WOODY

You've been learnin'?

JOHNSON

Damn right! I've been learnin' that when that baby wants somethin', like if she's hungry or jus' needs some holdin', she's gonna fuss an' carry on somethin' awful 'til she gits what she's after... An' I started thinkin' 'bout all those thousands of people workin' the fields, never gettin' nothin' they want, jus' givin' up an' never sayin' nothin'... I don't wanna end up like that Woody, I don't wanna wind up jus' sittin' around. So I made up my mind I'm gonna speak out, jus' like that baby of mine. I'm gonna let folks know what I want...

WOODY

How's Liz feel 'bout you bein' out picketin' an' gettin' beat up?

JOHNSON

(smiling)

She's plenty scared but she says she's really proud a me!

WOODY

I'll bet she is, bet she's damn proud...

JOHNSON

Yeah... Anyway, what I come ta tell ya Woody, is keep up yer music, everybody listens an' it's helpin' ta hold us together... You jus' keep up yer music!

Woody puts his arm around Johnson's shoulder...

(CONTINUED)

172A CONTINUED: (2)

172A

WOODY

If music is what you folks want,
you're gonna get it!

Woody walks Johnson to his truck, which is more
battered than the last time we saw it, with shattered
windows and dents in the body...

172B INT. RADIO STATION - AFTERNOON

172B

Woody, enthused by his meeting with Johnson, hurries
down the hallway of the station and is confronted by
a determined Locke...

LOCKE

(blocking the hall)

I want that list, Woody... Now!

Woody doesn't respond as his good feelings begin to
fade...

LOCKE

Memphis Sue will have her own
show unless you cooperate...

After a long look at Locke, Woody reaches in his
pocket and hands him a crumpled piece of paper...

LOCKE

(reading the list)

Fine, Woody, fine... 'Bury Me
Beneath The Willow', 'Sweet Pearl',
'Long Green Valley'...

(looks to Woody)

That's not about the San Fernando
Valley or orchards or anything,
is it?

WOODY

(as he walks away)

It's about a man who killed his
sweetheart because he thought
she slept around...

LOCKE

Good Woody, these are fine...

Woody disappears around a corner, leaving Locke satisfied.

172C INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE STATION - NIGHT

172C

The room is a stock room, full of paper, old microphones, broken chairs, etc. Woody walks through the door, white-faced with rage. He stands for several seconds, breathing heavily, then kicks a chair with all his strength. This sets him off, and he literally tears the room apart, throwing papers off desks, knocking over a large table, and finally beating a large awkward microphone to pieces. A secretary peers through the door. She is narrowly missed by a piece of the microphone that flies off and smashes the door frame next to her face. She rushes away.

173

173

174 OMITTED

174

175

175

176 INT. WOODY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MORNING 176

Woody sits on the couch thoughtfully playing "Deportee" softly on his guitar. We SEE Mary in the kitchen.

MARY

I thought I'd try an' make another peach pie t'night, Woody, if I can figure how ta keep it from bein' so darned runny... Y'remember Mrs. Jarman back in Pampa? She told me she put tapioca in it ta thicken it up...

Woody stops playing... stands, puts some money on the coffee table and throws the guitar over his shoulder.

MARY

... Might as well use up all these peaches, kids son't seem ta be eatin' 'em at all, seems they'd rather stuff up on candy an' all. Seems a shame, peaches bein' so good fer 'em...

Woody walks out the door.

177 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - OUTSKIRTS OF LOS ANGELES - DAY 177

As a freight lumbers out of the yard, Woody appears from between some parked boxcars and makes a run for it. He runs alongside one of the cars with an open door, and throwing his guitar on, pulls himself up and in.

178 EXT. SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY - DAWN

178

The train PASSES CAMERA, the tracks running through miles of fertile fields.

179 INT. FREIGHT CAR - DAWN

179

Eight or ten MEN ride in the car with Woody. They are eating pieces of bread and talking.

YOUNG MAN

I think God's gonna do somethin' with all these crops an' orchards bubblin' up! I think that any day he's gonna answer everybody's prayers an' just hand it all out, a fair share fer everyone...

A MAN in his forties disagrees:

MAN

Shit, I usta pray a long time ago an' believed in it strong. Then, whoof! A lotta things start happenin' that knocks the props out from under me an' I wind up a railroad bum... I kinda jus' fergot how ta pray an' go to church.

Woody picks quietly on his guitar as an old WHITE HAIRED MAN speaks...

WHITE HAIRED MAN

Well, boys, I guess I was on the bum before any a' you was even born into this world... All a' this talk 'bout what's up in the sky, or down in hell fer that matter, ain't half as important as what's right here, right now, right in front a' yer own eyes. Folks broke, kids hungry an' sick, everything... An' people has jus' got ta have more faith in one another, believe in each other. There's some kinda spirit we all got an' that's gotta draw us together...

Woody smiles to himself at what the old man has said.

180 EXT. MIGRANT CAMP - MATTE SHOT - DAY 180

It is a large camp on the edge of a city. It is pouring rain.

181 EXT. MIGRANT CAMP - RAINING - DAY 181

Woody walks through the camp, playing his guitar and singing "Pastures of Plenty." The camp is filled with the same kind of people and the same kind of poverty we have seen previously... The camp is a mudhole, as the rain continues.

182 EXT. FIELDS - DAY 182

Workers stoop in the field, picking artichokes. Woody, strumming his guitar, approaches one of the pickers. Woody reacts as he gets a close look at an artichoke ... He speaks to the PICKER...

WOODY
What the hell is that?

PICKER
(continues working)
It's artichokes...

WOODY
(bends down)
What do ya do with them?

PICKER
Eat 'em...

WOODY
(touching one)
All of it?

PICKER
The insides...

WOODY
Now, that's 'bout the damndest
lookin' thing I ever saw... Don't
look too appetizin', do they?

PICKER
I gets paid ta pick 'em, not eat
'em...

(CONTINUED)

182. CONTINUED:

182

WOODY

(still inspecting
the artichoke)

Don't get paid too well fer pickin'
these goddamn ugly things though,
do ya?

PICKER

Don't git much...

WOODY

Seems like a man shouldn't hafta
do all this stoopin' fer jus'
pennies a bushel...

PICKER

(stands)

You one a them union men? You one
a them fellas talkin' strike?

WOODY

(stands)

I'll talk 'bout whatever works.

PICKER

I got no time fer you, mister.

Woody stands for a moment, looking at the man, then
walks away, strumming as he goes...

183 INT. FRUIT PACKING PLANT - DAY

183

Pears are being packed into wooden crates by long rows
of workers on an assembly line. Woody walks through
the plant, singing a rousing version of "Union Feeling."
Three GUARDS from the plant grab Woody and try to
usher him out.

WOODY

What 'er you fellas doin'?

GUARD #1

You git outta here, boy!

WOODY

I'll git out when I'm ready, an'
I ain't ready yet!

One Guard yanks his guitar from him and smashes it and
the other two start to work on Woody.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

He resists for a moment but they overpower him almost at once and he is carried, bleeding from the nose and mouth, out of the plant.

184 OMITTED

184

185 EXT. FARMLAND - NIGHT

185

A freight heads toward Los Angeles.

186 INT. FREIGHT CAR - NIGHT

186

Woody sits in the open door sharing a cigarette and a small bottle of wine with a BOY of twelve... The Boy takes a puff and hands it to Woody.

BOY

An' so I jus' couldn't take it no more, bendin' over in those fuckin' fields all day long. So I lit out an' been jus' on the bum fer the last few months, figure now I'll go ta L.A. an' stay there fer a spell...

WOODY

Where ya from?

BOY

Shit, think I was born in a orange grove somewheres, I dunno...

WOODY

Yer folks know where yer goin'?

BOY

'Less they lined everybody up an' counted heads, they wouldn't know I was missin'.

Woody hands the Boy the wine.

WOODY

Well, guess yer old enough ta find what yer lookin' fer, guess you'll be okay...

BOY

Yer fuckin' right!

He drinks the wine and Woody takes a drag off the cigarette...

187 EXT. WOODY'S HOUSE - DAY

187

Woody, his face still bruised, walks up to his house and sees his children playing in the yard. He runs to them and picks them both up and spins around as he hugs them. He kisses each about a dozen times, sets them down and goes into his house.

188 INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - DAY

188

Woody comes into the living room and calls out:

WOODY
Guess who's home?

Mary sticks her head out of the kitchen.

MARY
(angry)
Where've you been?

Woody walks over to her and she turns away as she sees his face, once again covered with bruises.

WOODY
I had ta git out an' touch the
people fer a bit, honey.

MARY
Well darn it, Woody, while you
been out fightin' again you may
a just lost that job! Mr. Locke's
been callin' every day an' he's
really upset! That agent fella's
been callin' too, gettin' all in
a froth!

WOODY
The hell with 'em!!

She turns to him.

MARY
You can't say that! You jus'
can't say that! That Mr. Locke's
payin' ya good money, Woody!
Better'n you ever got before!
You jus' can't say ta hell with
all that!

WOODY
Don't mean nothin'!

MARY
Well then if it don't, what does?
I know it ain't me an' the kids,
'cause you don't think nothin'
'bout runnin' off whenever you
get the urge!

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

188

WOODY

Don't you go sayin' things like
that, I truly care fer you an'
the children, I really an' truly
care!

MARY

That sure ain't the way it seems!
Yer spendin' yer whole life tryin'
ta fix the world and you ain't
doin' nothin' 'bout helpin' our
family!

Woody starts getting angry.

WOODY

I brought y'all out ta Califonnia!!

MARY

An' then ya left!

WOODY

For Christ sake's, woman, it's
jus' that I can't sit still
anywheres. I always get this
feelin' that I oughta be
somewheres else! ANYWHERE'S
ELSE.

MARY

An' what 'bout me? Am I jus'
s'posed ta sit an' wait while
yer off galavantin' aroun' the
country! Jus' sit an' worry if
the kids are gonna have a daddy
'cause maybe you'll git yer
head bashed in? Am I s'posed
ta stay home an' pray ta God my
husban' ain't wanderin' aroun'
somewheres bleedin' ta death?
You keep goin' like this, Woody,
an' our family's gonna be out in
them camps, down on our knees
beggin' them growers ta let us
have a day's work!! We'll be
on our knees, beggin'!!!

Woody is trembling with anger. He shuts his eyes and
says quietly:

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: (2)

188

WOODY

Damnit, woman, stop yer talkin'...

MARY

Shuttin' me up ain't gonna make things any better.

WOODY

I said ta stop yer talkin'!

MARY

I ain't through...

Woody, boiling inside, picks up a heavy skillet that is sitting on the sink, and interrupts her.

WOODY

Jus' one more word, woman! Jus' say one more word!

He stands with the frying pan clenched in his fist, and Mary, although far from finished with him, decides against carrying it any further. Woody yells at her as she goes:

WOODY

You sure you ain't got anythin' else on yer mind? You positive??

He stands there for a moment, alone in the kitchen holding the frying pan, then throws it against the wall, sending the plaster flying. He bangs his fist on the counter and stalks out of the house.

189 INT. RADIO STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

189

Woody and Memphis Sue walk down the hallway followed by an irate Locke.

LOCKE

...And so help me, if it had been anyone else that had walked out on me without a word, they'd be out on the street! You let us all down when you pull haywire stunts like that, Woody, you disappoint us, your sponsors, your listeners, everybody! I'll give you another chance, one more, but you're going to have to learn to be responsible!

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

189

Woody and Memphis Sue go into the studio, leaving Locke calling after Woody as the door swings shut...

LOCKE

And dammit, Woody, stick to those songs we agreed on!!

190 OMITTED

190

191 INT. RADIO STATION - LATER AT NIGHT

191

The "ON THE AIR" sign is lit as Memphis Sue finishes a number. Woody walks to the mike, determined.

WOODY

I'm goin' to sing a song an'
dedicate it to all you pickers
sittin' out there, with yer
hearts achin' an' yer bellies
growlin'... An' I want you all
to remember, if you feel like
singin' this song to yerselves,
an' you can't think a all the
words, go ahead an' make up yer
own, I'm sure you got plenty
ta say 'bout things as they are...

Woody starts strumming and begins to sing "Deportee."
Memphis Sue shakes her head and looks to the ceiling
as Woody sings.

192 INT. LOCKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

192

Locke is dressing down Woody...

LOCKE

You continually force me to treat you like a child! What do I have to say to get through to you?

WOODY

(staring down
at him)

You could tell me you don't like my singin'...

LOCKE

That's not up to me! It's the sponsors! If it were my decision things might be different, but...

WOODY

(interrupts)

Then do you like my singin'?

LOCKE

That doesn't matter, I'm trying to tell you that...

WOODY

(again interrupts)

Maybe you like some a' my singin' but not all my singin'...

LOCKE

Woody, certain things that you write are offending a great number of people, and we at the station...

WOODY

(interrupting)

I like my singin' too much ta be takin' orders from some fat belly with no mind of his own!

Locke glares at him...

LOCKE

All right, Guthrie, that's it, you're through! You think I can't replace you in five minutes?

WOODY

I don't need this place, I can sing in the street if I want to!

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

19192

LOCKE

Goddam it, get the hell out of
my office!

Woody slams his hand down on the desk. Locke freezes
and shuts up.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

WOODY
I don't need you, I kin sing while
I'm walkin'!

Locke doesn't answer and Woody leaves the office.

193 INT. RADIO STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

193

As Woody bursts through the door, he runs into Ozark.

OZARK
(grabbing Woody's
arm)
Woody! What the hell are you
up to?

Woody tries to break free from Ozark's grip.

WOODY
Leave go, Ozark! I ain't in the
mood fer talkin'!

OZARK
(holds on)
You got your ass fired, didn't you?

WOODY
Yer goddamn right I did!

OZARK
What'd he tell you?

WOODY
He didn't tell me shit!

OZARK
He didn't say nothin' about
Baker?

WOODY
Who?

OZARK
That agent!

193 CONTINUED:

193

WOODY

Hell no...

OZARK

That man's been callin' fer you
about twenty times a day! He's
startin' to get things rollin'
for you!

Woody calms a bit and turns to Ozark.

WOODY

What do ya mean, rollin'?

OZARK

Hell, Woody, he's got you all
signed up ta do a spot for CBS!
A coast ta coast broadcast!!!

WOODY

(blankly)
Coast ta coast?

Ozark slaps Woody on the back.

OZARK

That's right!

WOODY

... Jesus... Coast to coast...

OZARK

And that ain't all! He's got an
audition lined up fer you at some
big hotel downtown! A show like
that could bring ya another
hundert a week!!

WOODY

Damn!...

OZARK

Christ, Woody, yer goin' to wind
up singin' to the whole country!
C'mon, we got some celebratin'
to do!!

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: (2)

193

The two leave the hall, arm in arm. As they go, Woody repeats:

WOODY

Damn! Coast ta coast!!

194 EXT. WOODY'S HOUSE - MORNING

194

Ozark's car weaves erratically up to the curb and he and Woody pile out. They are both drunk and their arms are loaded down with presents. Woody is also trying to balance a new guitar on top of the other packages. Smiling groggily, they head for the house.

195 INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - MORNING

195

Woody clumsily pushes the door open.

WOODY

(calling out)

Hey, ain't it somethin'! It's
everybody's birthday an' nobody's
any older!

He turns to hold the door open for the struggling
Ozark.

WOODY

C'mon in, Ozark!

Woody turns back into the house and yells again:

WOODY

Damned if it ain't ol' Santy
Claus!!!

The two stand there, waiting for the excited screams
and giggles of the children, instead there is silence.
Woody looks at Ozark.

WOODY

Why don' we get this stuff down
an' I'll go check...

They set the packages down. Ozark flops on the couch
as Woody starts off through the house.

196 INT. KITCHEN

196

Woody looks in the kitchen but it is empty.

197 EXT. BACK YARD

197

Woody sticks his head out the back door.

WOODY

Mary?... Mary??

Getting no answer, he heads back into the house.

198 INT. WOODY AND MARY'S BEDROOM

198

Woody looks in the bedroom, notices that Mary's things are gone and that there is a note on the dresser. He looks at it, hesitates, then picks it up and reads it. As he finishes, he crumples it and throws it on the floor...

199 INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

199

Woody enters the living room and sits in a chair opposite Ozark... His voice cracks as he speaks:

WOODY

Mary left... She took the kids
an' went back to Pampa...

Ozark straightens up on the couch.

OZARK

What the hell'd she do that for?

WOODY

I don't know... Maybe she jus' got
tired of hangin' on...

OZARK

(leans back)

Wonder if she left cause you got
fired.

WOODY

Naw, she left before that... She
always puts the time a day on her
notes... 4:30... She left at 4:30
yesterday afternoon. Damn woman,
who gives a shit what time a day
ya write a note?

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

Woody looks at Ozark for a beat, then drops his head
and covers his face with his hands...

200

200

&

OMITTED

&

201

201

202 INT. COCONUT GROVE - DAY

202

A large night club with a movable stage in the middle. An audition is in progress. A young man is on the stage singing "When You're Smiling" and several others are waiting their turn. Baker sits with an anxious Woody and Ozark...

BAKER

(quietly, to
Woody)

I've got you a spot on C.B.S. in two weeks. Did it just like that, didn't I tell you? But there's steady money here at the Grove. You'll play about six weeks and then I'll have you booked into every top hotel and club in the country!!

(the young man
continues to sing
and Baker leans
close to Woody)

You're going to have to watch your step on C.B.S. though... You know, be careful of what material you select...

Woody turns slowly to Baker as MR. GRAHAM, the man in charge, interrupts the young man singing...

MR. GRAHAM

Thank you, thank you, but we
already have a ballad singer...

The young man leaves the stage and Graham turns to his assistant, MISS AMY MARTIN...

GRAHAM

(whispering)

Why do they all try to sound like
Crosby? Let's see...

(consults his list)

...Guthrie, I had good reports on
him...

(calls to Woody)

Mr. Guthrie?

Woody goes to the microphone and sings "Pastures Of Plenty". Graham and Amy exchange looks, their faces reflecting pleasure at hearing something unusual...

GRAHAM

(to Amy)

I told you I heard he was good...

(CONTINUED)

AMY
(whispering, as
Woody continues
to sing)
He is! What kind of an angle
could we use? Western, maybe?

GRAHAM
Been done, been done, but I think
we could find a spot for him...
(he looks to Woody)
That's enough, Mr. Guthrie, that's
enough...

Woody stops, but not willingly...

GRAHAM
You have a nice quality, could you
do something a little more familiar
for us?

WOODY
Sure could.

GRAHAM
Do you know "Streets Of Laredo?"

WOODY
Nope.

GRAHAM
(turns to Amy)
How about a simple hillbilly
presentation? Maybe overalls
and a straw hat and stand him
in front of a haystack!

AMY
That's great! And the Benton
Brothers could back him up!

As they talk, Woody becomes disgruntled. Finally, he
speaks to Graham:

WOODY
(very polite)
Excuse me, while the two of you
are talking, could you point the
way to the men's room?

GRAHAM
It's out the door, down the hall
to the right.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

Woody heads for the door and Graham turns back to Amy. Ozark, sensing something is amiss, gets up and follows Woody. Baker continues to sit, confident of Woody's audition and oblivious of any problems.

203 INT. HOTEL LOBBY

203

Ozark chases after Woody.

OZARK

Woody! For God's sake, you're throwin' away a hundred dollars a week!

Woody continues through the lobby.

OZARK

You got a hundred a week to throw away? Where're you goin'?

WOODY

Away!

OZARK

Away where? Where are you goin' this time?

WOODY

Outta this damned hotel! I got no desire ta sing ta people that're drinkin' martinis an' stuffin' themselves with lamb chops!

He nears the door and Ozark holds him back...

OZARK

Hold on Woody, how about that C.B.S. broadcast? You're not leavin' town are you?

WOODY

Standin' in some radio station doin' what they tell me ain't my idea of havin' fun...

Woody starts for the door and Ozark follows...

OZARK

C'mon Woody, will you stop for a minute? We've got some important things to talk over!

WOODY

(stopping)-

Those things ain't nothin', Ozark! I'll tell ya what's important! I think the worst thing that can happen is ta cut yerself loose from the people. An' the best thing is ta sort of vaccinate yerself right into the big streams and blood of the people...

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

203

Woody, getting excited as the feelings come to him,
exits the lobby and Ozark follows...

204 EXT. HOTEL - DAY

204

They stop outside.

WOODY

...Ta feel like ya know the best
an' the worst of folks that ya see
everywhere an' never ta feel weak,
or lost, or even lonesome anywhere...
There's jus' one thing that can cut
you ta driftin' from the people, an'
that's any brand or style of greed.
There's jus' one way ta save yerself
an' that's ta get together an' work
an' fight fer everybody!

Woody, exhilarated, takes off again. Ozark stands
for a moment, then follows.

OZARK

But where the hell are you goin'?
Just tell me where you're goin'!

WOODY

(enthusiastic)

I don't know... Europe, New York,
maybe China, I don't know...

(he thinks for
a second and calls
back over his shoulder)

New York!!

OZARK

Maybe I'll come with you, when are
you leaving?

WOODY

Now!!

OZARK

(stops)

Dammit Woody, why do you have to
go about everything like you're
killin' snakes with a hoe?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

204

OZARK (CONT'D)
(Woody doesn't answer)
... And why New York?

WOODY
(over his shoulder)
Why the hell not? They got people
there, haven't they? They got
unions there!
(louder, as Ozark is
left further behind)
Besides, I can sing while I walk
there!!

Ozark watches him go.

OZARK
(yelling)
So long, Woody!

Woody waves without looking back...

205 EXT. TRAIN YARD - LOS ANGELES - DAY

205

A freight begins to move and Woody, carrying his guitar, runs alongside and catches hold of the ladder and starts climbing up to the top of the car.

206 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

206

Woody sits cross-legged on the top of the car, his hair blowing wildly in the wind as he plays his guitar and sings:

WOODY
'This land is your land
This land is my land
From California
To the New York Island.

From the Redwood forest
To the Gulf stream waters
This land was made for you and me.'

The song continues over SHOTS of the train moving through the countryside and DIFFERENT ANGLES of Woody singing. As we HEAR the LAST VERSE of the song, the words that Woody brings to the people, we are ON WOODY.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

WOODY

'As I went walking,
I saw a sign there,
And on the sign it said, "No
trespassing"
But on the other side
It didn't say nothing,
That side was meant for you
and me...'

FADE OUT.

THE END