1a. INT. NPR STUDIO – DAY

(MUSIC: NPR like chime. SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**CARY ONANON:**

WFIU, Bloomington Indiana. Where you don’t need to be an expert, if you learn something new everyday.

(MUSIC: Newsbreak transition.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**

When Ernie retreated into himself to write, Jerry stayed alert and ready to help at any moment. She passed the time by keeping her nose in the latest novel, or playing a double-crostics puzzle, or simply browsing the dictionary she toted around like a King James Bible… waiting to use it.

Now, ol’ Ernie, I think he knew what she wanted, but he had to get the work done. Talking about the work while the work was being done gets a fellow nowhere, you know.

But, he also knew if he didn’t engage her creativity soon it could set into motion a prolonged melancholy. Which she was prone to…which in turn would pull him into a quicksand of his own. Things kind of hung in the balance here.

This was their formula, if you will, and when Ernie saw melancholy coming he saw it in everything. Keep an ear out for it.

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

(MUSIC: WASHINGTON POST MARCH – THE ERNIE PYLE EXPERIMENT MAIN TITLE THEME.)

(MUSIC: Main theme begins to fades out.)

**1b. INT. NPR STUDIO - PRESENT**

(SFX: The ambience of a recording studio fades in.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**

Welcome to the Ernie Pyle Experiment: Episode 2. “That Long, Sad Wind”.

(MUSIC: Main theme finishes fading out.)

**CROSS TO:**

(EXTERIOR: A large sweeping gust of wind blows past our ear through the trees as a transition into this—)

**CROSS TO:**

**2a. EXT. RURAL INDIANA ROAD – DAY**

(SFX: country road with birds, cicadas, a stream, and wind blowing through the trees. Ernie sits on the hood of the car. NOTE: The scene should start with the mono vintage wire recording SFX then slowly cross fade into a full stereo mix.)

**ERNIE:**Listen to this wind. (BEAT) ...Shady rest of maple trees... two or so miles away from my folks place... Dana, Indiana.

(SFX: Jerry takes a few steps away from Ernie, opens the car door then pulls over the food wicker basket across the car seat. Opens the cooler and pulls out two eggs. Over this...)

**JERRY:**You want one of these eggs?

**ERNIE:**Whats that?

**JERRY:**Do you want another egg? There’s two left, but we ran out of salt.

**ERNIE:**No, thank you.

(SFX: Full stereo mix should be in effect by this time. Ernie hops down off the hood of the car on to the gravel road. Then walks toward Jerry. Over this...)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Hey where’s my typewriter? I just got an idea.

**JERRY:**What’s your idea?

**ERNIE:**Well, let me punch it out and I’ll read it to you.

**JERRY:**Here. Eat this.

(SFX: Jerry tries to hand an egg to Ernie.)

**ERNIE:**I don’t want it.

(SFX: Ernie pushes the egg away.)

**JERRY:**I’ll stick it up your nose if you don’t.

(SFX: Ernie relents, takes egg.)

**ERNIE (WITH MOUTH FULL OF EGG):**

Can’t do it without salt.

(SFX: Jerry makes a vain attempt to find the salt in her purse. Over this...)

**JERRY:**Can’t find the salt.

**ERNIE:**Typewriter?

**JERRY:**In the trunk.

(SFX: Ernie walks on the gravel round to the trunk. Opens the car trunk, retrieves his typewriter, closes trunk.)

(SFX: Ernie sets his typewriter up on the fender of the car. He puts a paper in the roll and begins typing.)

(BEAT)

(SFX: Jerry digs some more in her purse. Over this...)

**JERRY (CON’T):**Oh, here’s the salt. (BEAT).

(SFX: Jerry gets out of the car, closes the door. Walks on the gravel to Ernie. Over this...)

**JERRY (CON’T):**

Want another egg now? I found the salt (BEAT). Shouldn’t have so much salt anyway. Can’t be good for you. Makes you get an egg down a lot easier, though. What the heck, I’ll die young. Old age is just a capricious notion, anyway, isn’t it?

**ERNIE:**What’s that word?

(SFX: Ernie stops typing.)

**JERRY:**Huh?

**ERNIE:**Capricious?

**JERRY:**Yes. Capricious: A swift, abrupt, unmotivated, unpredictable… condition; change, transformation (BEAT). And I’m right about that, don’t make me look it up. What? If you want to bet, you’ll lose again. Some things don’t change. Not everything is capricious...Haha!

(SFX: A gust of wind kicks up.)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**Wind. I kinda like it.

(SFX: Ernie begins typing again, inspired by the wind.)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

It’s warm out, but it cools. Think your sweats going to drown you, then it’s gone. I think this wind has a touch of caprice, don’t you?

**ERNIE:**What?

(SFX: Ernie slows his typing for a second.)

**JERRY:**Caprice. Say, you’re not feeling capricious are you? We don’t have to be here, we can just go right on down the road. I won’t mind it one bit.

**ERNIE:**I think this wind does have it. And then some. But, it makes me… melancholy. Capricious seems like a happy word.

**JERRY:**Why can’t melancholy be happy?

**ERNIE:**  
I wish it was...but…

(SFX: Ernie slows his typing for a few beats.)

**JERRY:**Yeah, I know the definition, you knucklehead. I’m saying, I just can’t tell the difference. (BEAT) Hahaha…

(SFX: Ernie stops typing.)

**ERNIE:**Why is that funny?

(SFX: Jerry takes a few steps toward Ernie to read over his shoulder. Over this...)

**JERRY:**(BEAT) What do you have going there?

**ERNIE:**I don’t know. Maybe, something about this wind.

**JERRY:**What about it?

(SFX: A car stops on the gravel road, thirty feet away.)

**JERRY:**Who’s that?

(SFX: Bob slams his car door then walks on the gravel road toward Ernie and Jerry. Over this...)

**BOB (OFF):**Ernie? That Ernie Pyle?

(SFX: Ernie sets down the typewriter on the trunk then takes a few steps and meets Bob. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**Who is that? Bobby Webster?

**BOB:**Ernie Pyle!

(SFX: Ernie and Bob hug each other and Ernie pats Bob on the back. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**Bobby Webster, you old so-and-so!

**BOB:**How are you, then?

**ERNIE:**Fine, and you?

**BOB:**Fine. What are you doing out here?

**ERNIE:**We’ve just driven a few hundred miles. So, we thought we’d like a nap before all the excitement. Dad and Mother always make sure everything gets talked about before anybody gets any sleep, so...

**BOB:**Your folks have been talking to everyone that’ll listen that you’re on your way home.

**ERNIE:**  
Would you look at this guy? Honey, this is Bobby Webster. He was...you were what seven or eight years old I saw you last.

**BOB:**About that, yeah.

**ERNIE:**How old are you now?

**BOB:**I’m 22.

**ERNIE:**22? Holy Jeeze! You hear that, Jerry?

**JERRY:**Holy jeeze. Nice to meet you, Bobby.

**BOB:**We sure are proud of you around here, Ernie. You’ve certainly made a name for yourself.

**ERNIE:**Well, OK. Say, what have you been doing with yourself?

**BOB:**Well, I’m running the place now.

**ERNIE:**Good for you!! What do you have in the ground right now? Soybeans and sorghum?

**BOB:**Just corn.

**ERNIE:**Just corn, huh? Seeing a lot of that. Always thought this time of year was for...I don’t know…Well, How’s the weather been, then?

**BOB:**Oh, it’s dry. Getting hotter. This wind just don’t stop. When it gets like this it tends to dry things down a bit. We need the humidity right now. Yeah, I’d rather the weatherglass be on the low side. We need the moisture.   
  
(SFX: A gust of wind hits the trees.)

**ERNIE:**It’s a sad wind, ain’t it?

**BOB:**It’s a long sad wind, it sure is. (PAUSE)  
  
(SFX: Wind.)

**BOB:**Beautiful though.

**ERNIE:**It sure is. A long, sad, wind...(PAUSE)

**BOB:**Care for a nip of something sweet, and old, and all things good and necessary?

**JERRY:**What do you got?

(SFX: Jerry takes a few steps toward them.)

**BOB:**Little of Grandad’s Cherry Pie! It’s in the truck. Let me get it.  
(SFX: Bob walks on the gravel road to his car.)

**JERRY:**Ooh! What’s that? Grandad’s what, now?

(SFX: Bob opens the trunk, and pulls out a canning jar.)

**ERNIE:**The best homemade you’ve never had…

**JERRY:**That’s a daring statement.

**ERNIE:**How is your Grandpa, Bob?

**BOB (OFF):** He’s dead.   
  
(SFX: Bob closes the trunk and begins to walk back towards Ernie and Jerry.)

**BOB:**But he left us this recipe to remember him by...

**CROSS TO:**

(EXTERIOR: A different gust of wind blows past our ear through the trees as a transition into this—)

**CROSS TO:**

2b. INT. NPR STUDIO – DAY

(MUSIC: NPR like chime. SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**And so the lesson was doled out once again; that if you drink too much, you get drunk. And if you get drunk, at some point you’re going to want to sleep and if you get drunk enough, any old place will do. Except your folks house. Don’t go there.

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

**3a EXT. FRONT YARD OF THE OLD PYLE FARM - EARLY MORNING**

(SFX: Early morning farm ambience. Ernie quietly closes the car door, walks a few steps on the grass then sets his typewriter on the hood of the car. Trying not to wake Jerry. NOTE: We will need SFX of Jerry sleeping in the backseat from sounds of her sleeping to her adjusting in the seat.)

**ERNIE:**4:30AM. Grandad’s Cherry Pie knocked our teeth out. Drank it all up. Jerry is asleep in the car. Figured we ought to sleep it all off before coming to Mom and Dads. But I can’t, So I drove up here…out front of the old Pyle place…   
Figured I’d try and do some composing, until the lights go on, so…Let’s see…

(SFX: Ernie carefully open the typewriter and loads it with some paper. Over this...)

Nobody here to judge my work habits. I get to make this job up as I go. Mostly it has to do with sitting and thinking. Better than farm work.

(BEAT). Let’s see...

(SFX: Ernie begins to peck at the typewriter. Slowly writing as he thinks through what to write. Starts and stops etc. Over this...)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

This wind… what is it? …I guess this is where I first thought about such things, though. What is it?...On it’s own merit, before words and science, wind can only be felt and not ever understood. Can it be gotten to the bottom of?

(SFX: Ernie stops typing.)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

All the time spent here beneath these trees as a boy, what comes to mind is…I feel so…heartbroke. This wind is melancholy. Unending.

(SFX: Ernie begins typing again.)

(PAUSE) Oh, this restlessness I feel right here in this place. I never knew what it was when I was a boy. And if you asked me then, I’d have shrugged my skinny shoulders and gone fishing.

Someone’s up, the light just went on in the kitchen.  
Feel I got to go in, yet I want to stay here outside. Need to sit with the folks and drive as fast as I can to parts unknown all at the same time. Why is that? I haven’t the words…

(SFX: Mom’s footsteps approaching through the yard.)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

I shrug my skinny-shoulders, wonder if the fish are biting.

(SFX: Ernie stops typing.)

**MOM:**Well, what are you out here for?!

**ERNIE:**Shhh!

(SFX: Ernie quickly closes the typewriter on the hood of the car.)

**MOM:**What are you doing out here making all this noise for?!

(SFX: Ernie crosses to meet his mother and tries to keep her quiet. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**Mom. Shhhh. She’s sleeping!

**MOM:**Well, she shouldn’t be sleeping out in the yard in the first place!

(SFX: Mom tries to cross around Ernie. Over this.)

**ERNIE:**She’s in the car.

**MOM:**Kids these days…

(SFX: Ernie steps in gives his mom a hug. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**Come here, young lady. Give your boy a hug.

**MOM:**Oh, you’re skinny as a three-legged lamb.

(SFX: Mom takes a step back looking at Ernie.)

**MOM (CONT’D):**

Look at you!

**ERNIE:**What? Why is a three-legged lamb skinny?

**MOM:**Can’t stand at the teat.

**ERNIE:**Well, I like teats alright. I suppose I’m just not trying.

**MOM:**What’s she feeding you?

**ERNIE:**Hardboiled eggs, mostly. She hates doing it. But, I guess I wouldn’t eat a damn thing if she didn’t.

**MOM:**Settle down here in Dana, we’ll get her up to snuff in the kitchen.

**ERNIE:**You might be a bit overconfident there…

**MOM:**Just come back here where you belong, we can figure something out.

**ERNIE:**Dad awake?

**MOM:**He’s getting ready to go to work.

**ERNIE:**Doing what?

**MOM:**Wallpapering the Yoder’s sitting room.

**ERNIE:**He doesn’t have enough to do around here?

**MOM:**It never ends. Soon as you get the north of the house painted, it starts peeling on the south. Work. I suppose you know nothing about it.

**ERNIE:**Oh, sure.

**MOM:**It never ends, I tell you. Like the infinite flow of Old Man River…

**ERNIE:**That’s true. So, why isn’t the old-timer painting the house here, then?

**MOM:**Got to get the money when the money is there to get got. ‘Til then, we shall be the cobbler without shoes. Come on in and get some breakfast. Get her up and out of that back seat!

**ERNIE:**Will do, mother.  
  
(SFX: Mom starts to exit.)

**MOM:**Come on now, if you think I’m spending a moment without you while you’re here, you’re wrong.  
  
(SFX: Mom leaves.)

**ERNIE:**Boy, I already want to get the hell out of here.  
  
(SFX: Ernie shuts off the recorder.)

**CROSS TO:**

3b. INT. NPR STUDIO – DAY

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT**

So, Ernie threw the recorder in the car and went inside. And what came of it is the start of Jerry using the recorder as a diary of sort. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is when we meet for the very first time, Jerry’s good ol’ Boyfriend Jim. Stay with me, now…

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

**3a. INT. CAR - LATER**

(SFX: Farm ambience from within car with windows rolled up: this should sound different as if the sun has already risen and the animals are more active. Jerry moves on the leather seat, adjusting as she moves the wire recorder from the front of the car into the back and sets it on her lap.)

**JERRY:**Ernie went in the house. I’m in the car acting like I’m sleeping. So, what do you want to talk about?

I’m not ready to see Mom and Dad. Oh, I like them, alright. It’s just the old in-law baloney that everyone has to deal with. I say, ‘Ernie doesn’t like milk in his coffee’, then Mom puts milk in his coffee... with a smirk on her face. That baloney.

I kind of like this confessional. If Ernie ever listens to some of these wires I’d be in trouble. He might think I had a boyfriend. Ha! Maybe he should think that. I’m calling you Jim. Boyfriend Jim.

It’s nice to talk to someone, sometimes. I tell you, Jim, I don’t know about you, but when I get the chance I’m going for a long walk and stay out past dark. There’s a little joint I go to. It’s by the tracks in town. It was a secret place during the Volstead years. Police acted like it wasn’t there... when they were in uniform.

I swear, Jimmy boy, I’d take you but you’re fat. If you got too drunk who’d carry you home?

(SFX: A KNOCK ON THE WINDOW.)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**Hi. Yeah. Just a second.  
  
(SFX: Jerry fumbles with the recorder, moving it so she can roll down the window. She scoots on the seat to reposition herself. Over this...)

**JERRY:**Hiya Pop.

**DAD:**Good Morning.

**JERRY:**Good Morning.

**DAD:**There’s a comfy bed waiting for you inside.

**JERRY:**I know. Thank you.

**DAD:**It’s comfy. You’ll get a crick in your neck and then where’d you be?

**JERRY:**I’d be here with a crick in my neck, I suppose.

**DAD:**It’s comfy.

**JERRY:**OK.

**DAD:**There’s coffee.

**JERRY:**The way you drink it I’m surprised you’re out here with me letting it get cold.

**DAD:**Hehehehe. Yeah. That’s true. I had to get away from all that yakking going on inside there.

**JERRY:**They’re at it already?

**DAD:**Oh, Lord. I can’t get a word in. The second one stops to breathe, the other starts right in.

**JERRY:**You have to speed your timing up.

**DAD:**Well, why? It gets me so riled up I have to drink more coffee to give myself something to do.

**JERRY:**Hahahahah. I don’t know what to tell you.

**DAD:**I don’t either. How long you planning on staying?

**JERRY:**Not sure. Ernie is behind right now. He usually likes to have a three-week cushion.

**DAD:**What the heck kind of couch you put a three-week cushion on?

**JERRY:**It’s what we call the gap between the here-and-now and whatever back-stock his editor carries of his column. We like that cushion to be around the three-week mark.

**DAD:**Sure, I get you. Well, he can stuff that cushion from right here, you know. We’ll stay out of your way.

**JERRY:**I know.

**DAD:**He can take some time off, anyway.

**JERRY:**Weeellll.... A thousand words a day, six days a week. You know. Gotta get that hay in the barn.

**DAD:**Don’t I know it.

**JERRY:**I want to stay, myself. Play catch-up with you and Mom. You know how I love the fresh air and good food! So, you have me convinced. But, he’s the one with the car keys.

**DAD:**Well, would you look at that?

(SFX: Dad leans over.)

**JERRY:**What?

(SFX: Jerry cranes her head out of the window.)

**DAD:**Your tires are all flat.

**JERRY:**What…Oh, no they’re not!

**DAD:**Not now. Tomorrow...when you try and leave here too early.

(SFX: Ernie’s footsteps approaching through the yard.)

**JERRY:**Oh, you wouldn’t!

**DAD:**Oh, never! I would never!

**JERRY:**I’ll be in in a bit.

**DAD:**Comfy bed. Comfy cozy...Hey, there he is!

**ERNIE:**She still sleeping?

**DAD:**She’s awake.

**JERRY:**You think I am a lazy freeloader?!

**ERNIE:**I don’t think, I know.

**JERRY:**Well, I don’t think you know either.

**DAD:**Don’t worry, I know who the real freeloader is around here.

**ERNIE:**Who, me?

**DAD:**Let’s just say, since I don’t rest, I know who it ain’t.

**ERNIE:**Well, I don’t rest either.

**DAD:**The heck you don’t.

**ERNIE:**Now wait a minute!

**DAD:**One year, Ernie was about six years old, he comes to me and tells me he’s taking a half hour for rest before going back to the fields. After lunch. I told him if he sits that long after he eats he won’t want to get back up. He says he will, and that he will work harder if he rests. I knew that was hogwash, and I was just getting angry, so I let him try it out. I figured he’d stay sleepy after and not get his chores finished, then I’d have to get after him about it. Well, he went right over there and lay down under the shade trees, fell asleep.

**ERNIE:**Then I got up and finished my chores.

**DAD:**Then he got up and finished his chores. Then I got to thinking, maybe I should nap too. Maybe it would be good for me too, keep my pep up late in the day. Well, I fell asleep for three hours, missed the milking because we had a lazy cow that if I wasn’t on time would lay down and not get back up until morning. She lay there in the mud all night, then stayed there the next. Something went south. She got hardbag and she was gone… I’ve made more mistakes, you know. Should have been a race-car driver.

**ERNIE:**Me too.

**DAD:**Anyway, now I stay awake, just drink more coffee… and you’re going to live longer than me because of it.

**ERNIE:**Because I nap?

**DAD:**Well, what else am I talking about?

**ERNIE:**Maybe it’s the coffee that...

**DAD:**Don’t tell me to quit the coffee.

**ERNIE:**Then maybe you should take more naps.

**DAD:**I just got through telling you what a nap can get me.

**ERNIE:**Well, drink more coffee then. It’s your life.

**DAD:**So, you want me dead.

**ERNIE:**I want no such thing. Where would you get the idea...

**DAD:**I got a feeling.

**ERNIE:**Well get a fact, would you?

They chuckle.

**DAD:**Well, OK. Maybe I will. Anyway...I’m old. Maybe it’s a bad job, my trying to make you see something that only I can ever...

(SFX: A big gust of wind hits the trees.)

**ERNIE:**The wind in those trees, boy, I tell you.

**DAD:**You remember that, don’t you?

**ERNIE:**I sure do, Dad.

(SFX: Dad leaves, walking back through the yard.)

**DAD (OFF):**I’m getting sad. Come get some coffee. I got a new percolator. It’s good, but I have to leave the stove on and I can’t walk out the kitchen without worrying...

**JERRY (MIMICS DAD):**“Come get some coffee. I got a new perc-u-lator”. Haha!“ I should have been a race-car driver”. He’s great.

**ERNIE:**Think so?

**JERRY:**Yeah.

**ERNIE:**Look at him walk.

**JERRY:**He’s determined, ain’t he? Just lean forward...looks like he’s about to hit the ground...puts his other foot out...

**ERNIE:**Boy...let’s not get old, shall we?

**JERRY:**Nope.

**ERNIE:**I need to write.

**JERRY:**Yep.

**ERNIE:**Yep.

(SFX: Ernie takes a few steps toward the house. Over this...)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Let’s go get that coffee.

(SFX: Ernie stops.)

**JERRY:**Nah,

(SFX: Jerry opens the car door and starts to walk off in the opposite direction. She walks through the gravel of the drive and then the grass as she walks away. Over this...)

**Jerry (CONT’D):**

I’m going for a walk.

(SFX: Jerry walks off into the distance. Ernie stands watching her walk off.)

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

**4b. INT. NPR STUDIO - PRESENT**

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**And she was gone all day. Poor ol’ Ernie. He had a deadline, with a live one on the other end. If one ever affected the other, it’s in the ear of the beholder. So, behold this, my friend, later that night in Ernie’s bedroom.

**CUT TO:**

**4. INT. THE OLD PYLE HOUSE - LATER**

(SFX: Window opens. The trees are blowing in the wind. NOTE: This is the same room ambience as Ernie’s childhood bedroom. Jerry abruptly throws the covers as she sits up.)

**JERRY:**Close that window!

**ERNIE:**Want to hear this?

**JERRY:**I’m sleeping.

**ERNIE:**You’re drunk.

**JERRY:**You’re jealous.

**ERNIE:**OK, then. Here goes; I don’t know whether you know that long, sad wind that blows so steadily across the thousands of miles of Midwest flatlands in the summertime. If you don’t, it will be hard for you to understand the feeling I have about it. Even if you do know it, you may not understand.

(SFX: Wind picks up.)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

To me the summer wind in the Midwest is one of the most melancholy things in all life. It comes from so far and blows so gently and yet so relentlessly; it rustles the leaves and the branches of the maple trees in a sort of symphony of sadness, and it doesn’t pass on and leave them still. It just keeps coming, like the infinite flow of Old Man River. You could- and you do- wear out your lifetime on the dusty plains with that wind of futility blowing in your face. And when you are worn out and gone, the wind- still saying nothing, still so gentle and sad and timeless- is still blowing across the prairies, and will blow in the faces of the little men to follow you, forever.

One time in 1935, when I was driving across Iowa, I became conscious of the wind and instantly I was back in character as an Indiana farm boy again. Like dreams came the memories the wind brought. I lay again on the ground under the shade trees at noontime, with my half hour for rest before going back to the fields, and the wind and the sun and the hot country silence made me sleepy, and yet I couldn’t sleep for the wind in the trees. The wind was like the afternoon ahead that would never end, and the days and the summers and even the lifetimes that would flow on forever, tiredly, patiently.

Maybe it’s a bad job, my trying to make you see something that only I can ever feel.

(SFX: we should move from the stereo mix slowly cross-fading back into the mono sounds of the vintage wire recording.)

It is just one of those small impressions that form in a child’s mind, and grow and stay with him through a lifetime, even shaping a part of his character and manner of thinking, and he can never explain it.

**JERRY:**Capricious.

**ERNIE:**What?

**JERRY:**Couldn’t work ‘capricious’ in there anywhere?

**ERNIE:**Ooh, that would have worked. I forgot.

**JERRY:**What ever am I here for?

(SFX: The recording cuts out.)

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

**6a. INT. NPR STUDIO - PRESENT**

(MUSIC: Continues to play under this.)

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**Next time on The Ernie Pyle Experiment:

**CROSS TO:**

**6b. MONTAGE**

A preview cuts and sound bites from episode 3.

**CROSS TO:**

**6c. INT. NPR STUDIO - PRESENT**

(MUSIC: Continues to play under this.)

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**See you next week, folks. Until then, I’m Dan V. Prescott reminding you that the good road will never end, if you only stay on it.

**FADE TO:**

(MUSIC: “THE WASHINGTON POST MARCH”.)

**CREDIT ROLL**

(MUSIC: Continues to play under this.)

**CARY ONANON:**

WFIU Bloomington Indiana, I’m Cary Onanon (O-nan-

on). And don’t you forget it.

**FADE MUSIC**