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:**

Ernie thought, from time to time, about how a bad son would leave his parents to fend for themselves in their old age. And, from time to time, he’d hear things about his folks that made him stop dead in his tracks with worry.

How close were they actually getting to not being able to care for themselves? What was expected of him when they couldn’t? Who could he count on to help with such matters, when that dreaded moment occurs? He knew he wouldn’t get the straight story about anything by asking his Mom and Dad for the truth on such matters.

They’d just fight back, anyway. And they were pacifists.

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

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

**ERNIE:**  
Hello, I’m Ernie Pyle, the Hoosier Vagabond, and this is that girl who rides with me.

**JERRY:**  
Apparently, I am indispensable to this operation.

(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 5. “Perhaps You’ve Heard Of My Father”.

Let’s catch up with Ernie and Bobby Webster, out behind the barn, sampling the pie-man’s wares…

(MUSIC: Main theme finishes fading out.)

**CROSS TO:**

2. EXT. PYLE FARM, BARN – DAY

(SFX: A small Midwestern barn with rickety barn-siding that the wind freely hollows through, the metal roof rattling in the wind, and some of the cows stay inside out of the heat. The cows’ hooves and bellows reverberating in the large room. The birds, chickens, and goats are heard outside. Ernie unscrews a jar of moonshine and takes a swig. The footsteps in the barn are a mixture of mud and straw. NOTE: The scene should start with the mono vintage wire recording SFX then slowly cross fade into a full stereo mix.)

**ERNIE:**  
Bobby, you have outdone yourself.

(SFX: Ernie screws the cape back on the jar.)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

If your granddad were still alive I don’t know if he’d be proud of you or chase you out of town for stealing all his cherries.

**BOB:**  
Thanks Ernie.

(SFX: Ernie starts fishing out his wallet. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
I better take a few of these jars off your hands. It’s a fine sippers-beverage. Bobby Webster’s Cherry Pie!

**BOB:**  
A dollar a pop.

(SFX: Full stereo mix should be in effect by this time. Ernie counts out a few dollars.)

**ERNIE:**  
I can do that.

(SFX: Ernie hands Bobby the money. Bobby takes out four jars from a cardboard box and places them in a paper bag for Ernie. Over this...)

**BOB:**  
Ernie, I wanted to mention something, before I go…I was talking to Kent Miller and he told me about his storefront window getting busted out? Seems someone…drove through it?

(SFX: Ernie takes the paper bag. Bobby picks up the box full of the remaining moonshine and they both walk to the main barndoor. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
Yeah?

**BOB:**  
Have you seen the front end of your Dad’s car?

**ERNIE:**  
Why?

(SFX: Ernie slides open the barndoor. Yard sounds are heard more clearly.)

**BOB:**  
It was your father’s doing.

(SFX: They both stop.)

**ERNIE:**  
That a fact?

**BOB:**  
And, so you know, people are talking.

**ERNIE:**  
About what?

(SFX: Ernie continues through the barndoor and Bob follows him then Ernie shuts the barndoor. They continue to walk through the grass in the yard. Over this...)

**BOB:**  
I grew up with your Dad around. He’s like family. I worry about him.

**ERNIE:**  
Why?

**BOB:**  
Is he going…senile?

(SFX: Ernie and Bobby arrive at the Model-A. Ernie opens the trunk and places the paper bag in it. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
I don’t know. I don’t think so. We’re all getting old, Bobby.

(SFX: Ernie closes the trunk of the car.)

**BOB:**  
Sure. I get you. But, you aren’t around, Ernie. You can’t possibly notice these things. Do you have anybody to look after him when you’re on the road?

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

3. INT. ERNIE’S BEDROOM, PYLE FARM - EARLY AM.

(SFX: Room ambience of Ernie’s childhood bedroom. The window is open and the wind rolls in subtle gusts from time to time Ernie picks up the wire recorder from the wood floor and paces the room, talking to the wire recorder. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
It’s early. Sun just come up. That girl is sleeping here in my old bed. Best time of the day to write…I just wanted to get some thoughts out here. I have some hair-brained ideas going on right now, I figure if I write them down they can be used against me as proof I’m a lunatic…

(SFX: Ernie lifts the recorder and looks it square in its face so to speak. Over this...)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

So, Jim, you’re getting it…

(SFX: Jerry turns over in the bed to speak with Ernie.)

**JERRY:**  
What are you doing?

**ERNIE:**  
I’m talking to your boyfriend.

**JERRY:**  
Stop clanging around. I’m sleeping.

**ERNIE:**  
Sssshh…go back to sleep…

(SFX: Jerry settles back into the bed. Ernie continues his conversation with the wire recorder, walking and talking. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
So…here goes…Well, I was walking around outside, thinking about work…thinking about my folks…thinking about what Bobby said about Dad crashing his car…And, well, my mind falls into a different pattern sometimes. When it happens I try and take notice…the colors will get brighter and sounds get specific, and if someone is talking during this I won’t even hear what they’re saying. I have to remind myself to stay awake of what is happening, because what is happening, I think, is the writer in me is preparing. There is something deep inside of me noticing a thing that will come up in a story later.

It just happens. I’m not actually sure if I am making it happen because I’m always looking for something to write about, or if it has always been there and it just may be the thing that makes me want to write every moment down.   
Boy, I’m not making any sense to myself.

In any case, when it happens, my mind slips into this place, and I could cry for no reason at all. Or laugh, like a crazy man, out in a field somewhere all by myself.

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Sometimes I think I am just wanting to describe that moment, the miracle of it, or the mystery of it and what is happening to me, what I’m really… experiencing. I can’t. People would think I’m a loon. Hell, I think I’m a loon. Anyway, when I try it always comes out as just a basic story about a thing or a person anyway. So, I wasn’t crying, really. It wasn’t a real cry. Don’t think I was crying because I was sad, or some such nonsense. It was just something inside me was alerting me to notice something… outside of me?

(SFX: The wire recorder whines as if in answer to his question.)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Yeah. See? Dammit, now I sound like a loon.

(SFX: Jerry adjusts in the bed. Over this...)

**JERRY:**  
Did you just have one of those moments? (BEAT)  
No use questioning it. Get in the chair and write.

(SFX: Ernie crosses to his desk and pulls out the chair.)

**ERNIE:**  
Yeah…Yeah. I am. Sit up.

(SFX: Jerry adjusts the covers. Over this...)

**JERRY:**  
*Ernie*, I want to sleep more.

**ERNIE:**  
Narrow my focus.

**JERRY:**  
What?

(SFX: Ernie loads a piece of paper into the typewriter. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
So, I wrote the one about the wind. Then the one about the snake and the roses, then the one about Mom, Right?

**JERRY:**  
It’s a series.

(SFX: Ernie turns toward Jerry. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
It’s a series?

**JERRY:**  
That’s easy, it’s a series.

(SFX: Ernie turns back to the keys and begins typing. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
Yes! Perfect. Thank you. You can go back to sleep now.

(SFX: Jerry sits up in bed. Over this...)

**JERRY:**  
That’s what YOU say.

(SFX: Ernie turns toward Jerry. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
Sorry.

**JERRY:**  
Well, what’s next?

**ERNIE:**  
Dad...

(SFX: Ernie gets out of the chair.)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

And now that I know it, I’m dead in the water again.

**JERRY(EXASPERATED):**

You just need to put your fanny in that chair and write.

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

**ERNIE:**  
Yeah. Give me something. How do I get in?

**JERRY:**  
What did you talk to him about last?

**ERNIE:**  
Nothing. We were standing at his car looking at the dent in his fender. I reached out, touched it, looked at him and he walked away.

**JERRY:**  
So what?

**ERNIE:**  
Yesterday Bobby Webster told me he crashed into the dry-goods store.

**JERRY:**  
What’d Dad say?

**ERNIE:**  
Nothing. I told you, he walked away. Now, I’m juggling all these horse-apples in my head and I have to write.

(SFX: Ernie takes a few steps away from Jerry.)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Happens every time we come here.

**JERRY:**  
Then why do we come here?

(SFX: Ernie turns back to Jerry. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
Oh, don’t start that bit…

**JERRY:**  
Oh, sure, I don’t know anything about it, do I?

**ERNIE:**  
Geraldine.

**JERRY:**  
OK, I know…  
Well, do you think he’s getting too old to drive?

**ERNIE:**  
Was he too old to drive back in ‘14 when he drove the car through the wagon shed and into the gravel pit out back?

**JERRY:**  
He did not!

**ERNIE:**  
He did.

**JERRY:**  
What did he say, then?

**ERNIE:**  
He didn’t. Just left it there. Came in the house like he meant to do it. In the morning the car was back in the shed, with the wall fixed and painted like it never happened.

**JERRY:**  
Curious.

**ERNIE:**  
Oh, you bet. What isn’t curious is that he can fix anything. He has a tool for everything.

**JERRY:**  
Except one to fix his fender.

**ERNIE:**  
Hmm… Only for lack of trying, I bet. … He’s like that. One time when he ran for township trustee? His heart wasn’t in that, either. Well, I asked him about why he ran? He just got up and walked out of the room, same as with the dent in his fender.

**JERRY:**  
Curious.

**ERNIE:**  
How the hell is a guy supposed to get to the bottom of anything around here, anyway?

**CROSS TO:**

4. INT. PYLE FARM KITCHEN - MORNING

(SFX: A small Midwestern kitchen with a General Electric "Monitor-Top" refrigerator, the window is open so the birds and cows may be heard outside. Ernie walks into the kitchen carrying the recorder from the hall. Mom is peeling some potatoes at the counter.)

**ERNIE:**  
So, Mom...Why do you think Dad lost for township trustee?

**MOM:**  
Nobody wanted to lose him as a handyman.

(SFX: Ernie sets the wirer recorder on the table then sits at the table. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
Does he like fixing everything for everybody?

**MOM:**  
Oh, no. But there is never a shortage of things breaking or walls needing paint and wallpaper. Have you ever tried to wallpaper?

**ERNIE:**  
No, can’t say I have.

**MOM:**  
Oh, lord! What a mess. Will can do it in his sleep, match up patterns and score around moldings and what-not like it’s magic. Perfect every time. I don’t know how he does it. And he is fast. Folks pay a good penny for that.

**ERNIE:**  
I suppose he can make himself indispensable if he wants.

(SFX: Mom takes the potatoes she has been peeling, lays them out on a cutting board then begins chopping them up and putting them in a pot. Over this...)

**MOM:**  
And he is never in the same place over and over each day. He doesn’t like that. I think going out to that barn everyday and keeping a farm up makes him anxious. There are thousands of little things to do everyday on a farm that have to get done and never get done because of the all of the other monotonous everyday chores that stand in their way. Ha! Ain’t that the truth! And the projects, like making a chair or something, that he wants to be doing, never happen. NEVER. I think being able to use the tools that make a chair everyday, even though he’s using them for something else and not that chair, is close enough for him. So, that’s what he does. For everyone else.

**ERNIE:**  
At least there’s money in it.

**MOM:**  
That’s what I tell the flies that keep coming in here through that hole in the screen.

**ERNIE:**  
Hahahahahah.

(SFX: Mom finishes the potatoes then takes some carrots on the counter and begins peeling them. Over this...)

**MOM:**  
What? Only funny ‘cause it’s true. The cobbler without shoes, I tell you.

**ERNIE:**  
I always pictured him as the man that got it all done. He’s up before dawn and back after sunset.

**MOM:**  
He is. He is. Doesn’t mean it all gets done.

**ERNIE:**  
I feel the same way being on the road.

**MOM:**  
You and your father are more alike than you know. I’ve never had to worry that either of you would have to rely on anybody else for your supper.

**ERNIE:**  
Yeah?

**MOM:**  
A person that falls into that trap, and learns to forgive themselves of it, well I don’t want to be around them. When you want something, you do what you have to without relying on anybody. When we were courting, your father took a job clear on the other side of the Wabash. He could have slept there, but he came back twice a week. That was almost twenty miles each way, by horse and bicycle.

**ERNIE:**  
Yeah. That is some dedication. I guess we are alike.

**MOM:**  
Well, don’t be patting yourself on the back too hard. You aren’t alike in everything. You talk more than he does.

**ERNIE:**  
Is that good or bad?

(SFX: Mom takes the peeled carrots and sets them on the chopping board then cuts them up. Throwing them in the pot with the potatoes after she finishes cutting them. Over this...)

**MOM:**  
I don’t know. But, I do know you’re both bumbling fools, to boot. Remember when you flipped that Ford roadster into the ditch?

**ERNIE:**  
Maybe.

**MOM:**  
Well then maybe you’ll remember when he drove the car through the back end of the wagon shed?

**ERNIE:**  
Maybe.

**MOM:**  
Mmmhmm.

**ERNIE:**  
Bumbling fools it is. Speaking of bad drivers, what do you think made Dad drive through that window in town?

**MOM:**  
He told you?

**ERNIE:**  
I saw his fender. He told me just that he did it. No details.

**MOM:**  
Then you know more than I do. Why don’t you go ask Kent Miller down at the dry-goods? I’m interested in that answer, myself.

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

5. INT. MILLER’S DRY-GOODS STORE - LATER.

(SFX: A small mom and pop shop, it should feel dusty as if everything moves at its own pace. There are items in the store that have hung on the racks for over a decade. A fan hums in the background with little paper streamers clacking from its grill. There is also the hum of one of the town’s only freezers...combination malt shop and general store. Kent is unpacking a case of Chicago Cubs chewing tobacco, stacking the cans behind the counter as he speaks with Ernie.)

**KENT:**  
...I was sitting right here with a sandwich in my mouth, taking lunch. Your father turned in the road...I watched the whole thing happen from right here...your father turned in the road, kept right on turning, hopped the curb and right through the window.

(SFX: Kent stops unpacking the cans and he picks up a pair of his fingernail trimmers. Over this...)

**KENT (CONT’D):**

Took out my Keen-Cutter glass case, which didn’t hurt the axe-heads or scissors, or these cute little fingernail trimmers…ain’t they cute?

**ERNIE:**  
I’ll be, they sure are, Mr. Miller.

**KENT:**  
They’re the latest. Oh, boy. Keen Kutter, better get you some!

**KENT AND ERNIE:**

Keeeeen Kutter!!!

**ERNIE:**  
Oh, boy. What do you think happened? Did he swerve to miss something in the road, or anything?

(SFX: Kent realizing he has failed to make a sale, places the trimmers back on the glass counter top and acts out the story as he speaks. Over this...)

**KENT:**  
Who knows? His eyes just went wide and he grabbed that steering wheel for all it’s worth. The look on his face...and I saw the whole thing from right here. It was as if it was all happening very slow-like...the look on his face was like he was blaming somebody for something. Like, you know how when he doesn’t believe someone when they’re fibbing to him?

**ERNIE:**  
You think I know that face?

**KENT:**  
Yeah, I think you know.

**ERNIE:**  
This one?...with the lips clamped down, like he’s tightening fishing-line on a hook?

**KENT:**  
You do know.

**ERNIE:**  
Hmmm. I wonder who was doing the fibbing?

(SFX: Kent goes back to unpacking the tobacco. Over this...)

**KENT:**  
Good question. Well, That’s all I remember of it. Then he came right on through.

**ERNIE:**  
Doesn’t make any sense.

**KENT:**  
No. Then he backed out, put it in park, took his toolbox out of the back seat and without saying a word started working. Like he woke up that morning intending to come work here the whole time.

**ERNIE:**  
Now, that makes sense. Making more work for himself than needs be.

**CROSS TO:**

6. EXT. PYLE BARN - DAY

(SFX: A small Midwestern barn with rickety barn-siding that the wind freely hollows through, the metal roof rattling in the wind, and some of the cows stay inside out of the heat. The cows’ hooves and bellows reverberating in the large room. The birds, chickens, and goats are heard outside. NOTE footsteps in the barn are a mixture of mud and straw. The barn door opens and Dad comes shambling in with a feed bucket swinging in his hand and Ernie trailing after him.)

**ERNIE**:  
Dad…Dad, will you just answer me?

(SFX: Dad dumps some feed in a wooden trough. Over this.)

**DAD**:  
Why is that so important to you?

(SFX: Ernie coms to a stop.)

**ERNIE:**  
I don’t know. But the more you resist, the more interested I get.

(SFX: Dad moves to the next trough and dumps some more feed. Over this.)

**DAD**:  
You think I’m getting senile?

(SFX: Ernie moving on his heels. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
No. No. No. I don’t. But, I do think...

(SFX: Dad swings around brandishing the bucket.)

**DAD**:  
But! Where I come from, when a guy says ‘but’ it changes everything he said before it.

**ERNIE:**  
I come from the same place, but...

(SFX: Dad moves on with his work to the next trough. Over this...)

**DAD**:  
But!

(SFX: Ernie trails after dad. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**  
OK, OK. Are you? Going senile?

(SFX: Dad spinning on the spot. Over this...)

**DAD**:  
I knew it.

**ERNIE:**  
I’m not here in Dana. I still think I ought to be looking after you, though. I’ve asked you, I’ve asked Mom. I’ve also been to talk to Kent Miller at the dry-goods. There is a hole in the story that I can’t get filled. So, sue me if I have to entertain certain thoughts about the matter.

**DAD**:  
Do you really think I am losing my mind?

**ERNIE:**  
No. But...

**DAD:**  
Son...

**ERNIE:**  
It’s happened to plenty of folks a lot younger than you.

**DAD:**  
It’s not happening to me, so stop looking for it.

**ERNIE:**  
Why didn’t you stop the car then? Why did you plow through the dry-goods?

**DAD:**  
You don’t think I had a good reason?

**ERNIE:**  
What do you have against Kent Miller?

**DAD:**  
Besides charging too much for a keg of nails?

**ERNIE:**  
Besides that, yeah.

(SFX: Dad dumps the last of the feed into the last trough. Over this.)

**DAD:**  
I don’t have anything against anybody. I also don’t think I owe you an explanation.

**ERNIE:**  
What about mom?

(SFX: Dad turns back to Ernie.)

**DAD:**  
She’s not asking. Ernie, I live my life not owing anybody an explanation that doesn’t deserve one. You should too. It’s good policy. For instance, I don’t like to travel. Your mother doesn’t like it neither. But, we took a couple of trips because *some* folks thought we should. They’d say, “*what’s wrong with you, why don’t you go on a vacation”.* I’d say nothing. I don’t owe them an explanation about it. But they kept on about it until your Mother and I decided to take *your* advice and we did. So we went to see you in Washington.

**ERNIE:**  
I didn’t know you didn’t want to come.

**DAD:**  
Well, I didn’t. And if you did know, how do you think you’d have felt about it?

**ERNIE:**  
Yeah. I understand. I’d have been sad about it.

**DAD:**  
You think I like making you sad?

**ERNIE:**  
Well, you don’t, so no.

**DAD:**  
That’s right, I don’t. I also don’t tell everyone here at home the story of the Smithsonian Institute giving me a headache.

**ERNIE(LAUGHS):**

That was funny. You kept bumping your head.

**DAD:**  
Funny to you. The glass on those exhibits was so clean, I swear. I wasn’t the only one hitting my forehead on them. Nobody here needs to hear that story, though. I don’t need to spread my own gossip about myself being a jackass.

**ERNIE:**  
I get it.

**DAD:**  
Do you? (BEAT).

**ERNIE:**  
So what made you a jackass for driving through the window?

**DAD:**  
If I told you, you’d probably put it in a story in the paper.

(SFX: Dad starts walking back to the barn door and Ernie follows him.)

**ERNIE:**  
Oh, I wouldn’t do that.

**DAD:**  
The heck you wouldn’t

**ERNIE:**  
Dad, I would never do that.

(SFX: Ernie closes the barn door behind them.)

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

7. INT. ERNIE’S BEDROOM, PYLE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT.

(SFX: Room ambience of Ernie’s childhood bedroom. Ernie is typing at the top of the scene. The window is open and the wind rolls in subtle gusts from time to time. Ernie, as usual, pulls the page from the typewriter roll without using the paper release.)

**ERNIE:**  
Jerry, Listen to this.

(SFX: Jerry adjusts herself in the bed to listen. Over this...)

**JERRY:**  
Go ahead.

**ERNIE:**  
Perhaps you’ve heard of my father. He is the man who put oil on his brakes when they got to squeaking, then drove to Dana and ran over the curb and through a plate-glass window and right into a dry-goods store.

My father is also the man who ran with Roosevelt in 1932. He ran for township trustee, was the only Democrat in the county who lost, and was probably the happiest man who listened to election returns that night. He couldn’t think of anything worse than being township trustee.

The reason he lost was that all the people figured that if he was trustee he wouldn’t have time to put roofs on their houses and paint their barns and paper their dining rooms

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

and fix their chimneys, and do a thousand and one other things for them. I guess when my father is gone that whole neighborhood will just sort of fall down.

He used to work as a hired hand way over on the other side of the Wabash River. When he was courting my mother, every Sunday he would drive a horse six miles to the river, row a boat across, and then ride a bicycle ten miles to my mothers house. At midnight he started to reverse the process. My mother figured he either loved her or else was foolish and needed somebody to look after him, so she married him.

My father has never lived anywhere except on a farm, and yet I don’t think he ever did like the farm very well. He has been happiest, I think, since he started renting out the farm. Ever since then he’s been Carpentering and handy-manning all about the neighborhood. He is a wizard with tools, where other people are clumsy. He is a carpenter at heart.

Once when he was a young man my father did start out to see the world. He went to Iowa to cut broom corn, but broke a leg and had to come home. He never went anywhere again till he was fifty-five, when he went to California to see his brother. He sat up all the way in a day coach. Later he went to New York, so he has seen both oceans.

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

He’s a very quiet man. He has never said a great deal to me all his life, and yet I feel that we have been very good friends.

He never gave me much advice, or told me to do this or that, or not to. He bought me a Ford roadster when I was about 16, and when I wrecked it a couple weeks later he never said a word. But he didn’t spare me either; I worked like a horse from the time I was nine.

My father is now getting a little deaf. My mother says he can always hear what he isn’t supposed to hear. If my father doesn’t like people, he never says anything about it. If he does like people, he never says much about that either. He doesn’t swear or drink or smoke. He is honest, in letter and in spirit. He’s a good man without being at all annoying about it. He is very even tempered. If he has an enemy in this whole country, I have yet to hear about it.

(BEAT. SFX: Ernie adjusts in his seat impatiently waiting for Jerry’s response.)

**JERRY:**  
I thought he went to see your mother twice a week, and it was twenty miles each way?

**ERNIE:**  
I don’t want him to feel like a fool.

**JERRY:**  
Ha! Well, that’s not half-bad, then.

**ERNIE:**  
You’re just saying that because it’s true.

**JERRY:**  
I’m just saying it because…I’m being nice.

**ERNIE:**  
You don’t believe it then?

**JERRY:**  
I could look over it and *make* it true for you.

**ERNIE:**  
Oh, boy…here we go…

(W/T: Jerry giggles.)

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

8a. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY

(MUSIC: Continues to play under this.)

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

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

**8b. MONTAGE**

A preview cuts and sound bites from episode 6.

**CROSS TO:**

**8c. INT. NPR STUDIO - PRESENT**

(MUSIC: Continues to play under this.)

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT (CONT’D):**  
Back next time with more stories from The Ernie Pyle Experiment. I’m Dan V. Prescott, reminding you that the good road will never end, if you 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 O*nan*on. Say it with me. O*nan*on. Rhymes with Montanan, James Buchanan, oxyhemocyanin…bananan.

**FADE MUSIC**