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:**
It was a hot day throughout the entire state of Ohio. Jerry had started the day taking a couple of very effective stimulants but after driving eight hours with the windows down, Ernie felt she had evened out enough for them to stop for the night. And so they made it to Yellow Springs, for an ice-cold drink in a friendly old haunt.

A drink and a room was all Ernie wanted. He knew at any point Jerry could start celebrating. You see, being back on the road was a national holiday for that girl. He knew he had to be quick about things. It was all he could do to get to his plan of a little bit of business, and a whole lot of sleep.

But, what he should have been prepared for was Ohio. For Ernie, it wasn’t as simple a place as any other in the entire union.

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

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

**ERNIE:**This is Ernie Pyle, the Hoosier Vagabond, and this is that girl who rides with me.

**JERRY:**Charmed, I’m sure.

(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 7: Not The Washington Post March.

(MUSIC: Main theme finishes fading out.)

**CROSS TO:**

**2. INT. TAVERN. YELLOW SPRINGS OHIO - NIGHT**

(SFX: Bar ambience. Walter picks up a phone from behind the counter. It is late and there are less than a handful of people in the bar. Clinks of glasses are heard and a game of pool. NOTE: The scene should start with the mono vintage wire recording SFX then slowly cross fade into a full stereo mix.)

**ERNIE:**

We’re just passing through.

(SFX: Walter begins dialing the rotary phone. Over this...)

**WALTER:**

I have my orders, Ernie.

(SFX: Ernie gently reaches for Walter’s arm. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**

You can’t do that to a fellow.

**WALTER:**

It’s a rotten turn, I know.

**ERNIE:**

If you tell him, we will never stop here again.

(SFX: Full stereo mix should be in effect by this time. Walter clicks down on the receiver. Over this...)

**WALTER:**

That’s how it is?

**ERNIE:**

You bet it is.

(SFX: Walter puts the phone back behind the bar.)

**WALTER:**

Geraldine?

**JERRY:**

Yeah?

(SFX: Walter picks up a bottle.)

**WALTER:**

Ready for another?

**JERRY:**

Yeah.

(SFX: Walter pours a drink for Jerry.)

**WALTER:**

Looks like Jerry wants to stay, Ernie, take it up with your wife.

(SFX: Jerry nurses her alcohol.)

**ERNIE:**

We love this tavern. Always have. Heck, always will.

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

But I guarantee you this, there is a last time we will stop in here. Now it might be after I’m dead, which by all rights it should turn out that way, but if you force this issue it will be right now, this instant. I will take my wife and my typewriter and throw them both in the car and head for Chilicothe.

**WALTER:**

Chilicothe is it?

**ERNIE:**

No. Not Chilicothe. You’re trying to track me already. No I meant Gallipolis. No wait, Jackson, I mean Athens. Sure…

**WALTER:**

Mr. Groat will give me a shiny fifty-dollar bill just as soon as I call the newsroom in Cincy. If you can beat that, I am available for sale.

(SFX: Jerry downs her drink.)

**ERNIE:**

Now Doggammit, Walter!

(SFX: Jerry begins to get off the bar stool. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

Let’s just drink up and leave.

**ERNIE:**

I’m tired! I’ve been driving all afternoon and evening in this heat. Don’t tell them I’m here. We love this place, Walter. How would you like it if the second you put your head on the stinky pillows you keep on the beds here and someone rings the phone, or knocks on your door? Those Ohio jackasses…

**WALTER:**

Careful…

**ERNIE:**

Why can’t they leave me alone?

**WALTER:**

I don’t know, and I don’t care.

**ERNIE:**

Sure. Fifty bucks.

**WALTER:**

I am truly sorry, Ernie. Mr. Groat spends a lot more time in here than you do. I like you, I am a fan of your work. But I am a business man. Mr. Groat hasn’t a writer on his staff that can spell…

**JERRY:**

Ingenuity

**ERNIE:**

No…

**JERRY:**

Aptitude…

**ERNIE:**

No…

**JERRY:**

Inspiration…

**ERNIE:**

Eh…

**JERRY:**

Idiot…

**ERNIE:**

What?

**JERRY:**

The moments over, move on.

**ERNIE:**

He hasn’t a writer that can spell. Period. So, he’s always hounding me. I’m selling papers all over the chain and he thinks I work for him. I hate it.

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

He’s just editor of one paper. There’s more to this country than Ohio. Let me tell you what he’ll do as soon as you spill the beans Jerry and I are here…

**WALTER:**

Besides give me fifty bucks?

**ERNIE:**

A drink and a room. That’s all you’re supposed to do Walter. You should go to jail for such lawless graft.

**WALTER:**

You want another?

**ERNIE:**

Sure, give me another.

(SFX: Walter takes Ernie’s glass and refills it. Over this...)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

As sure as you’re standing there I’ll be handed a gift-wrapped box of Bull Durham by morning.

(SFX: Ernie takes the drink from Walter.)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Then some fat city clerk will stop by with the key to the city and a list of the ten most interesting people in

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Yellow Springs, probably tied to some businesses that advertise in the Cincinnati Post and Columbus Citizen.

(SFX: Ernie takes a drink to cut the reality of the moment.)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Then, I’ll be watched and followed all over town by three fellows in a black Nash Ambassador, trying to be as invisible as a car-load of union organizers. It is not a fair hand of solitaire you’re dealing me, Walter.

**WALTER:**

I play bridge.

(SFX: Ernie takes another drink.)

**ERNIE:**

I hate that game.

**JERRY:**

Tell him about the Washington Post March.

(SFX: Walter pours Jerry another drink. Over this...)

**WALTER:**

Why do you hate bridge?

**ERNIE:**Culbertson and Lenz! Why are there two Bridge experts giving out strategy in every paper?

And how can they be of help to every bridge player when every bridge player is reading the same strategy as the next dumb bridge player?

**JERRY:**

Tell him about the Washington Post March.

**WALTER:**

Bridge players are among the smartest folks I know.

(SFX: Jerry takes a drink.)

**ERNIE:**

Doesn’t make any sense. Gut Culbertson and Lenz and sell more advertising.

**JERRY:**

Give me the space, I’ll write something. And tell him about the Washington Post March.

**ERNIE:**

Oh, brother.

**WALTER:**

Tell me about the Washington Post March.

**JERRY:**

We pulled into Akron last year. We were invited by the BF Goodrich company to come walk around the tire plant. We were driving over and the motorcycle police surrounded our car, escorted us to this little park where there was a bandstand all decorated with bunting like it was the fourth of July. And standing there in the bandstand, The Akron Policeman’s Relief Association marching band. As soon as they see Ernie they strike up The Washington Post March.

(SFX: She sets down her glass and stops talking, as if that’s the end of the story.)

**WALTER:**

Yeah, so?

**ERNIE:**

It’s the Washington Post March!

**WALTER:**

I heard that, so?

**ERNIE:**

Don’t you get it?

**WALTER:**

No.

**ERNIE:**

They thought I work for the Washington Post!

**WALTER:**

Don’t you?

**JERRY:**

No!

**ERNIE:**

My home paper is The Washington News!

**WALTER:**

There is no Washington News March.

**JERRY:**

Now you’re getting it.

**WALTER:**

Why is that funny?

**ERNIE:**

Nobody said it was. But now, the combined editors of five Ohio Scripps papers all think I love that song. And for some reason, wherever we go in Ohio, I am given a large box of smoking tobacco and then get serenaded by all sort of musicians playing the Washington Post March.

**WALTER:**

And you don’t like it?

**ERNIE:**

I can’t stand that song!

**JERRY:**

In Cincinnati we were having lunch with some vice president of Ivory soap and this hillbilly in a boater playing clarinet jumped us.

**ERNIE:**

I had to yank the reed out of his mouth.

**JERRY:**

And he nearly cracked you over the head with it. That hillbilly was mad as a Hatfield.

**ERNIE:**

That’s funny. Hillbilly mad as a Hatfield.

**JERRY:**

Now Walter, if that ends up in the column you’ll know where it came from.

**ERNIE:**

We have to look out for these shenanigans in every corner of Ohio, Walter. So would you please just let a guy get a good nights sleep. We are just passing through this time, for Pete’s sake.

**WALTER:**

Oh, alright Ernie. I’ll let you have a free one. But you have to promise me next time I get to call Mr. Groat. Fifty bucks is fifty bucks.

**ERNIE:**

I will promise you that if you’ll sell me that bottle of Four Roses.

(SFX: Walter pulls the bottle from the shelf full of bottles behind the bar. Over this...)

**WALTER:**

Done.

(SFX: Walter hands Ernie the bottle.)

**ERNIE:**

Thank you, old friend. You are one of the only good one’s left in this state.

(SFX: Ernie helps Jerry from her chair and leads her to the stairs. Over this...)

Let’s go, girl. Let’s get some sleep.

 **MUSIC SEGUE:**

3a. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**

And so they settled in for the night. Ernie got on the phone to take care of a little newspaper business, with one eye on Jerry.

There were eggshells all about path ahead of him. And now he had to worry about Ohio.

 **CROSS TO:**

**3b. INT. CHILICOTHE, OHIO HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.**

(SFX: Small hotel room ambience. Ernie is on the telephone. Jerry drinks while playing solitaire on the bed.)

**ERNIE:**

…Washington Daily News, Lincoln 5- 0905…Thank you, operator…Why’d they only leave us one cup in here?

**JERRY:**

I have no idea.

**ERNIE:**

Go yell down to Walter and get us ano…

(SFX: Jerry waves Ernie off with a ice cube glass clink.)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Lee Miller! Hey, you old so and so...I know...I know...Ok, look, real quick now, this connection is spotty…check the Columbus paper. They moved me from top of page two, to bottom of three. I...I appreciate that. You’re damned right! That’s it....No, they shouldn’t have...I bet I’m not the only one complaining.. No, you do it. Thank you, Lee. Thank you. I have one other thing...just one…Now, I also noticed that my prose had a kind of a clipped tone to it, if you know what I mean?..The one about the hydro- electric dam project on the upper-Missouri. Oh, you did...That WAS you?!?...You don’t say?......Well,... I appreciate you being forward about it, though if I never said anything you’d have never fessed...

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

I write the way I do for a reason, you old gasbag...OK, change the subject, now...go ahead...(TO JERRY) It’s limerick time, Jerry…

(SFX: Jerry flips some cards.)

**JERRY:**

Already?

**ERNIE:**

’There once was a church girl with big knickers’...

**JERRY:**

Oh, no.

**ERNIE:**

You’re off already.

**JERRY:**

Oh, boy, you got that right.

(SFX: Jerry take a drink. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**

Jerry, listen to this…Ok. ‘There once was a girl with big knickers...Of which she kept stuffed with fine liquors...when she knelt for a prayer...her pockets would flare...and was a reliable resource for vicars’.

**JERRY:**

That’s stupid.

**ERNIE:**

That can’t be your best!

**JERRY:**

Oh, yes it can.

**ERNIE:**

Haha...another one?...Sure, Go ahead...’A modest young maid from Hoboken...Had her bodice thrown open...She turned real quick...With her trusty broomstick...And the offender ran off with nose-broken’.

**JERRY:**

He’s a disgusting pig. Boo!

**ERNIE:**

Hahahahaha. Oh, yes, she is a big fan of yours.

(SFX: Jerry continues playing solitaire.)

**JERRY:**

And HE is editing YOU.

**ERNIE:**

Hehehe. Go ahead. No! I haven’t been working on any limericks...

**JERRY:**

Why are you so chicken to tell him how you feel.

**ERNIE:**

I just did. Lee, just a minute.

(SFX: Ernie cover the receiver. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

He isn’t even listening to you!!

**ERNIE:**

Keep it down, he can hear you.

**JERRY:**

Well, he is not hearing you!!!

**ERNIE:**

I have taken care of it.

**JERRY:**

He still thinks he can boss you around!!

(SFX: Ernie uncovers the receiver and speaks in the phone. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**

Lee, just one more moment. I’ll be right back.

(SFX: Ernie covers the phone again.)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Jerry, take that machine and go in the other room. Right now. I have a business to run here. Go!

(SFX: Jerry begrudgingly takes the recorder and her drink moves into the bathroom. Closing the door behind her.)

 **CROSS TO:**

**3c. INT. CHILICOTHE, OHIO HOTEL BATHROOM. NIGHT.**

(SFX: Small hotel bathroom ambience. Jerry closes the bathroom door. Jerry walks to the toilet. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

OK,Lee Miller, I know you’re listening to this too. Your turn.

(SFX: Jerry sets her glass on the sink and sets the bottle on the tile floor then sits on the toilet.)

Ernie should be a lot harder on you. I’d have smashed your smug face through the phone. You think you’re so smart! Washington Daily News editor, big deal! If Ernie wanted the job, he’d be editor. You know it. You stink at it. Everything you know about it, you learned from Ernie.

Quit monkeying with the column. A basic proofread is all you should be doing. Do you write? You don’t! Why? Because YOU STINK!!

So, today Ernie looks over the Columbus paper and see’s his words had been changed. Then I read it. You dolt! That was more than a simple repair. You completely restructured sentences. You can’t change Ernie’s syntax that he has spent years, and countless columns perfecting! Sometimes a sentence comes out a certain way, like an everyday person might say it, and it doesn’t follow the rule of Strunk. It follows the rule of Pyle.

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

You need to leave well-enough alone. You need to leave greatness alone. I’ll take care of the well-enough, thank you. What the hell do you think I’m doing out here?

DON’T STOMP ON MY JOB! We don’t need you, you parochial anthropomorph…and I know that isn’t a word, but I’m certain you had to look it up to be sure!

If you were such a fine writer, you’d get a job doing it yourself. It just gets my goat!

Last year, at the apartment, we had some people over and your wife was talking to three or four women I didn’t recognize..she started telling them it was her husband, Lee, that put Ernie’s words in order!

That you are Ernie!...And it’s you that are responsible for Ernie being such a success! Now, Lee, why would she say such a thing? Who is putting those thoughts in her head?

Does she really think so lowly of you that you need to tell her lies to get her to see the hero in you? I stepped right up to her face and said, “And what have you ever done? You wash your husbands dishes”!

**ERNIE (DISTORT BEHIND THE DOOR):**

Hey…hey…

**Jerry:**

I told Ernie, of course, but he doesn’t do much about it. He never gets mad.

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

I can only imagine what you and your wife talk about when you talk about Ernie. Probably me, now!

**ERNIE (D):**

Jerry, shut up!

**JERRY:**

Don’t tell me to shut up! I don’t care. Ernie doesn’t care!

**ERNIE (D):**

The hell he doesn’t!

(SFX: From behind the door, Ernie hangs up the phone and his footsteps are heard approaching. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

He acts like it sometimes, and people think he gets mad, but it’s a show.

(SFX: Ernie opens the bathroom door.)

**ERNIE:**

What has gotten into you?

**JERRY:**

Nobody has any respect for you, Ernie. And I am sick of it!

**ERNIE:**

Well, I appreciate that. But, we are in a hotel room.

**JERRY:**

I don’t care! I don’t care anymore! It gets me sooooo mad!!

**ERNIE:**

Yeah, apparently.

**JERRY:**

You! You don’t care! You don’t care ONE IOTA about me! ONE IOTA about what MY contribution is to this operation!!!

**ERNIE:**

What, are you nuts?

(SFX: Jerry gets up, grabs the bottle, and storms out of the bathroom taking the recorder in one hand and her bottle of alcohol in the other as Ernie trails after her.)

**JERRY:**

Don’t you call me that! Don’t you call me THAT!!

 **CROSS TO:**

**3d. INT. CHILICOTHE, OHIO HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.**

(SFX: Small hotel room ambience. Jerry continues to walk into the hotel room with Ernie trailing after her.)

**ERNIE:**

Take it easy, Jerry. It’s just a turn of phrase.

(SFX: Jerry turns on her heels snapping at him causing Ernie to stop abruptly.)

**JERRY:**

I’ll turn a phrase around your neck, in a minute!!

**ERNIE:**

Jerry. Stop. It’s you, and it’s me…

(SFX: Jerry slams the recorder and bottle on the dresser then pulls open the dresser drawers. She starts pulling out her clothes, throwing them into the suitcase. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

Do you EVER care about what I want to write about? EVER?!!?

**ERNIE:**

Well, of course…

**JERRY:**

No you don’t!!!

**ERNIE:**

Settle down, you can’t…

**JERRY:**

Settle down? You want to see, settle down?!

**ERNIE:**

No. Jerry.

(SFX: Jerry stops packing, grabs the bottle from the dresser and talks directly to Ernie.)

**JERRY:**

I have something else to say!

**ERNIE:**

Let’s lie down for a while, Jerry. Please.

(SFX: She takes a swig and talks directly into the recorder.)

**JERRY:**

He doesn’t even put up a show for you, Lee Miller. For some reason he loves you.

**ERNIE:**

What?

**JERRY:**

And so you know, because of it, Ernie let’s you go on thinking you’re the genius of language you think you are. But, other folks know better… You really get my goat, I tell you.

(SFX: Ernie tries to take the bottle from Jerry. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**

Can we put the booze away, for a while?

(SFX: Jerry pulls the bottle free!)

**JERRY:**

WHY CAN’T YOU LET ME SAY SOMETHING! ANYTHING? You are the only one that gets to write anything around here!!

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

4a. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**

Sorry if that caught you off guard there. It always caught Ernie that way too, I suppose. But he found his way out of it with a distraction; a couple decks of cards and a scoresheet.

 **CROSS TO:**

**4b. INT. CHILICOTHE, OHIO HOTEL ROOM - LATER.**

(SFX: Small hotel room ambience. Cards shuffling. Ernie and Jerry play cards for an interval. The quiet, a contrast to the last scene.)

**ERNIE:**

You should give me a head start.

**JERRY:**

Nope. (BEAT)

(SFX: Jerry is quickly playing through a hand of solitaire intent of besting Ernie.)

**ERNIE:**

You ever heard of anybody playing solitaire in a gambling house?

(SFX: Ernie plays his game with an even steady hand.)

**JERRY:**

I have.

**ERNIE:**

Ever know anybody… first hand?

**JERRY:**

That a pun? It’s almost a pun. Not quite. Don’t try again.

**ERNIE:**

So, no?

**JERRY:**

Never known anybody first hand, no. (BEAT)

(SFX: Ernie works through his cards. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**

So, would they let you play the cards yourself? Is that how it works? With someone across the table from you keeping watch? That’d be one set of eyes for every player, that’s a lot of wages to put out for a gambling house.

**JERRY:**

It would have to be dealt and played to you by a dealer.

**ERNIE:**

Well, that doesn’t seem like solitaire then.

(SFX: A quartet begins warming up outside the window.)

JERRY**:**

I suppose. The other way would be susceptible to card- sharps dealing themselves underhanded.

**ERNIE:**

That’s true too. I don’t know.

(SFX: Jerry flips over a card.)

**JERRY:**

Oh, almost! Look at here...

**ERNIE:**

Oh, so close! There’s no making money in this game.

(SFX: Jerry picks up her cards and shuffles them. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

There is if you write a story about it.

(SFX: Ernie is turning the last few cards in his game.)

**ERNIE:**

Think I should?

**JERRY:**

Why not?

**ERNIE:**

An entire column on Solitaire?

**JERRY:**

Why not?

(SFX: Ernie places the last card in place.)

**ERNIE:**

I just won. Hehehehehe

**JERRY:**

Darn it.

**ERNIE:**

Yep.

(SFX: Jerry dramatically flops in the bed. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

I’m tired.

**ERNIE:**

I see that.

(F/X: The quartet gets more noticeable.)

**ERNIE:**

Is that someone playing records?

**JERRY:**

It sounds like a quartet.

**ERNIE:**

A quartet? It’s nine o’clock at night.

**JERRY:**

Is that...?

**ERNIE:**

Oh, nuts.

(SFX: Beat, then the quartet breaks into ‘the Washington Post March’.)

**JERRY:**

…The Washington Post March.

(SFX: Jerry moves to the window and throws it open. It is a Dixieland version of the song.)

**ERNIE:**

I’m not going to be able do anything in this town tomorrow.

**JERRY:**

Shhhh. They’re pretty good.

**ERNIE:**

Oh, brother.

**JERRY:**

They are! Listen. (BEAT)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

It’s Dixieland! Oh, they’re good.

**ERNIE:**

We need to leave.

**JERRY:**

Oh no!

**ERNIE:**

Or, maybe I should just go get a job with the Washington Post. Then it could all make sense.

**JERRY:**

Aren’t they good?

**ERNIE:**

What the hell is a Dixieland quartet doing in Ohio? This is just the strangest place on earth...

 **MUSIC SEGUE:**

(SFX: Model-T Driving across the stereo pan left to right.)

**5. EXT. RURAL ROADSIDE - MORNING**

(SFX: rural road with birds, cicadas, and wind blowing through the trees. Ernie sits on the front fender of the car typing. Jerry is sitting in the car talking to boyfriend Jim. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

Well, we are safe now. We snuck out of Chilicothe in the middle of the night and drove about twenty miles down the road here… then we had to take a nap. Then Ernie woke up before dawn and put the typewriter on the front fender and just spit this one out...Ready?

**ERNIE (TO JERRY):**

just a second…

(SFX: Ernie finishes typing, then pulls the paper from the roll without using the paper release. He hurriedly walks on gravel road, gets in the car and sets down the typewriter. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

Go ahead.

(SFX: Ernie takes a moment collects himself and lifts the pages to read. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**

It is a matter of vexation to me that I must spend my life reading stories about Ely Culbertson and Sidney Lenz and other bridge sharks, and yet I can never find a word in the papers about the feats performed in that noblest of all card games, solitaire.

What do I care about Eli and Sydney? Nothing. I have never played a game of bridge in my life, and never intend to. If you play bridge, you have to play with somebody. That cancels it for me. It’s solitaire, you can miss a play or make a mistake, and nobody in the world knows it but you, and you won’t tell. You can sit and look at your cards for hours without batting an eye, and nobody will scowl at you, or cough. You don’t have to open your mouth or say a word, except maybe to swear softly to yourself now and then when you get only two aces out.

Solitaire is without fame in its own land. Who invented Solitaire? We don’t know. Why don’t we find out, and build a big monument to him? Who is the champion Solitaire player of the world? We don’t know. Why don’t we find out, and run his picture every Sunday in the magazine sections?

Is there a Solitaire player who has never cheated? Probably not, but why don’t we find out and, if there is, build a legend around him, as we did with George and his hatchet?

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Solitaire is wonderful on ships, or on trains, or in bleak hotel rooms where time drags, or at home in the evenings when you have company you don’t like. It is also the perfect set up for an inhibited gambling spirit. There are, I imagine, any number of people like myself who have an inborn hitch for gambling, but who never gamble because they can’t bear to lose. Solitaire is just the thing for us. We can imagine we’re playing in a gambling house, and we deal in big figures, and at the end of the evening we lost $387 and we don’t have to pay it.

I stayed one week in a hotel where the light was too dim for reading, the heat went off at seven o’clock, and there wasn’t even an old-fashioned rocking chair. So I put on a couple of sweaters, pulled up a hard bottom chair, put a pillow on it, and played solitaire. Every night for a week. Altogether, I played about seventy games. I won (got all the cards out) only once. Once, just by little dribbles, I came out slightly ahead for the evening. All the other evenings I went steadily downhill. At the end of the week I was some $600 in the red. I kept track on the back of an envelope, and when I left I threw the envelope in the wastebasket.

I have talked with Solitaire players all over the country. Every one of them seems to know somebody who once played Solitaire in a gambling house. But I have yet to meet a person who, himself, had played it in a gambling house. I wonder if you really can.

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Once I met an old man on a boat who played constantly. He said he had kept count of his progress for years, and that he was way ahead. He said he could win in a gambling house. He could, it is true, except that they wouldn’t let him play. They’d throw him right through the front window. He just moved his cards wherever they’d do the most good,

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

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

whether they fit or not.

(Beat)

**JERRY:**

That’s a good one.

(SFX: Ernie hands Jerry the story. Over this.)

**ERNIE:**

Well, thank you. And Lee Miller, I dare you to cut this one up!

**JERRY:**

So do I. Let’s get the heck out of Ohio.

(SFX: The car starts and drives off.)

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

6a. 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:**

**6b. MONTAGE**

(A preview cuts and sound bites from episode 8.)

 **CROSS TO:**

6c. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY

(MUSIC: Continues to play under this.)

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT (CONT’D):**

Back next week with more stories from: The Ernie Pyle Experiment. 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. Where, if you can’t beat them, join them. Here goes; I’ve been Cary On-and-on *on and off* for decades now. Touche Bloomington!

**FADE MUSIC**