**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:**
The writing on the wall. We’ve all seen it. Even if we didn’t want to. The writing on the wall isn’t meant to be ignored, but sometimes we just can’t help ourselves.

Jerry and Ernie, they were both so good with words. The best kind of good. Experts. But reading each other? That was a language of a different sort.

We know that Ernie never wrote about Jerry. But, like any artist, the more they work, the more of them spills out, despite their intent.

Maybe those words have been up on the wall this whole time…

**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:**I can take it.

(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 11; A Bed Of Coals.

(MUSIC: Main theme finishes fading out.)

**CROSS TO:**

2a. INT. DAILY NEWS NEWSROOM - DAY

(SFX: Newsroom ambience, typewriters typing, WALLA of people chatting about stories etc. Ernie follows Lee through the large open room, across the wood floor, to Lee’s office. Ernie is carrying the recorder with him. NOTE: The scene should start with the mono vintage wire recording SFX then slowly cross fade into a full stereo mix.)

**ERNIE:**

I’m just going to leave this box hear with you.

**LEE:**

No you’re not.

**ERNIE:**

Oh yeah. Oh.

**LEE:**

You ought to listen.

(SFX: Full stereo mix should be in effect by this time.)

**ERNIE:**

I can’t take this with me anymore. I gotta tell ya. Yeah. I don’t know what to do with it.

**LEE:**Have you ever listened some of these wires?

(SFX: Lee opens his office door.)

**ERNIE:**I was there. Who cares?

 **CROSS TO:**

b. INT. DAILY NEWS – LEE’S OFFICE - DAY

(SFX: Newsroom ambience, typewriters typing, WALLA of people chatting about stories etc. Ernie follows Lee into the office. Over this...)

**LEE:**I tell you what… from the notes you keep it doesn’t *look* like you don’t care.

(SFX: Lee closes the door and the typewriter sounds etc diminish.)

**ERNIE:**Jerry does that. She ties notes to all the reels.

(SFX: Lee crosses to his desk and picks up a wire spool. Over this...)

**LEE:**Well, the note here says, ‘Olive Hotel, Miles City, Montana. Denver Williams, Dr. Rexford G. Tugwell’, and it looks like your writing.

**ERNIE:**Oh...yes... I was just…keeping up with her tradition, I suppose. She wasn’t with me on that trip, remember?

(SFX: Lee sits in his wooden desk chair. Over this...)

**LEE:**Ah.

**ERNIE:**I took her to her sister, Poe, in Denver for a spell. It was going to be a…an uncomfortable trip…

**LEE:**Uncomfortable. Yeah. I remember. (BEAT)

(SFX: Ernie fidgets as he speaks, unable to sit, unable to be comfortable. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**Poor Poe only gets to see her when I need to pawn her off and Jerry arrives in terrible shape. I’d like, sometime, to visit like normal family.

**LEE:**Sure…(BEAT)

(SFX: Lee places the spool on his desk, which is organized clutter of paper piles with handwritten notes. Maybe the spool hits a pencil or lands on an uneven stack of papers.)

**LEE (CONT’D):**

…Well, I was listening to some of these reels this morning. I got into this stuff from Montana here. It got me curious, so I re-read what came of it in your column.

(SFX: Lee picks up a newspaper from his desk. Over this...)

**LEE (CONT’D):**

I want you to read something.

**ERNIE:**Oh. No. I don’t need to read anything.

(SFX: Lee stands and tried to hand Ernie the newspaper. Over this…)

**LEE:**Here, look. Read it, you fat head.

**ERNIE:**Yeah, I know what it’s about, Lee. I know the guy that wrote it.

**LEE:**Take it with you, then, you stubborn goat. But read it. That’s an order.

(SFX: Ernie takes the newspaper and Lee sits back down. Over this...)

**LEE (CONT’D):**

Anyway, this interview in the Olive Hotel…

**ERNIE:**Nice hotel. We were up in my room working on a few bottles of beer after dinner. Nice little restaurant next door...

**LEE:**I listened to it this morning.

**ERNIE:**Did you now?

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

3a. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**

Olive Hotel, Miles City Montana. One year prior. Ernie sits with the head of the WPA Relocation Administration, Dr. Rex Tugwell and a local rancher, Denver Williams.

 **CROSS TO:**

**3b. INT. OLIVE HOTEL ROOM. MILES CITY, MONTANA - NIGHT**

(SFX: Small hotel room ambience. Ernie and his guest sit and talk over a few beers. The recorder is out of the way on the dresser so as to not draw attention to it. We pick up the scene mid-conversation.)

**WILLIAMS:**...it was Sherman Stevenson. He was in line yesterday for relief. Yesterday. Two months ago that man owned eight hundred head of cattle.

**ERNIE:**I can’t imagine.

**WILLIAMS:**It don’t skip anybody.

**ERNIE:**My God, this is awful!

**WILLIAMS:**It’ll end sometime.

**ERNIE:**What do you think, Doctor Rex?

**TUGWELL:**Can’t be too sure. Trouble is everyone is so spread out. No grass growing for the cattle and horses, no money for feed. Cattle don’t have enough energy to march to market. When they do the farmers owe that to the bank anyway...

**WILLIAMS:**That is a true story.

**TUGWELL:**It might be that this land out here isn’t meant for farming and ranching.

**WILLIAMS:**Might be.

**TUGWELL:**Been farming it for only...what?

**WILLIAMS:**Less than fifty-sixty years, for sure.

**TUGWELL:**Oh, sure...

**WILLIAMS:**The gate swings post to post from year to year. Never know what you’ll get. But when its good, oh boy, its good.

**ERNIE:**Has it been this bad since you’ve been here?

**WILLIAMS:**Not since I’ve been here. No.

**ERNIE:**How old are you?

**WILLIAMS:**Forty-six. I’ve been at work, paying my own way since I was eleven... cowboying mostly. That’s how I got up here. That was 1912. Working all around Powder River country. Then the big outfits closed-up shop. Some friends started setting up for themselves and I thought that would be a good idea. So...We bought a thousand acres about a hundred twenty miles from here... up here past McCloud. Raised between forty and a hundred cattle a year. Good years. Got myself into pretty good shape.

**TUGWELL:**Those are the years that trick a fellow.

**WILLIAMS:**Oh, you know.

**TUGWELL:**That’s when more folks come and throw their hat in.

**WILLIAMS:**That happened. That’s for sure.

**TUGWELL:**Now we have a lot to think about. Farm-stock AND people. But we just can’t let people die.

**ERNIE:**I hope not.

**TUGWELL:**That’s our main concern at the RA.

**WILLIAMS:**Well, I appreciate the good words, Doc. I might even accept a bit of relief at this time. To be honest, I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t need it.

**TUGWELL:**Sure. Sure. I figured. That’s why we’re here.

**WILLIAMS:**But I’m not relocating.

**TUGWELL:**Well, that’s your choice. Would you mind if I told you what it is like in our relocation communities?

**WILLIAMS:**Well...if you must.

**TUGWELL:**Hehehe...Well, it has been an uphill climb with folks, I tell you. Convincing congress, you might think, is the difficult part. Haha!...

But getting folks like yourself to re-consider life in a different place? That is the tough job.

At one time there were just the Blackfeet that made this place work, and they weren’t planting anything.

They took what they could, and if it wasn’t enough, their the population rose and fell accordingly. If you’re not an Indian, I doubt you have the constitutional make-up to survive out here.

**WILLIAMS:**

I get some hunting in, like the Crow and Blackfeet.

**TUGWELL:**If you’re hunting and fishing there isn’t much room for anything else.

**WILLIAMS:**No there isn’t.

**TUGWELL:**What if I were to tell you that the wonderful thing about our relocation camps… I mean communities...the wonderful thing is a guy could get some work there and have plenty of time to himself to get things like some fishing in.

**WILLIAMS:**You don’t say?

**TUGWELL:**A lot of folks are making their way to these places…getting back on their feet. They’re learning new trades and ways to make a life in town.

You can learn a manufacturing job, there’s steelwork and mining. One town is teaching the skills needed to build radio and electrical towers.

Electric lines are being put in across the Rockies right now, among other places. There’s work in the oilfields of Bakersfield…

**WILLIAMS(INTERRUPTS):** I can already do the work of the oilfield. I’d hate to have to go back, being as old as I am.

**ERNIE:**When did you learn the oil trade?

**WILLIAMS:**Drought of ‘19. I was doing quite well by then. Then the drought came. I had to go to the bank for a loan...fellow said, “Well, the way I figure your assets are worth about thirty-five thousand dollars”. The next year? More drought. I sold the cattle and settled up. The banker said, “Well, the way I figure your assets now you’re worth two hundred and fifty dollars”.

**ERNIE:**Hoo boy.

**WILLIAMS:**So, I left for the oilfields. Northeast Colorado. Never even *seen* an oil rig...but it’s good for us to learn new things.

**TUGWELL:**That’s the spirit. The spirit of what we at the Relocation Administration are trying to do.

**WILLIAMS:**Mmmhmmm. I got on as a tool dresser, then sent for Dorothy, my wife. Got to drawing eighteen dollars a day.

**ERNIE:**That’s not too bad.

**WILLIAMS:**No, that was pretty good. Saved thirty-five hundred dollars that year… then went back to Montana and staked up to a new start on a ranch. Got into pretty good shape again. Then 1924 things went the other direction.

**ERNIE:**What direction?

**WILLIAMS:**Rain....Rain, Rain, rain. Cows got bogged down on the hillsides and died. Steers slid over banks and broke their necks. Little pigs huddled up in the rain and smothered to death.

**ERNIE:**Oh, no.

**WILLIAMS:**...so we went to the oil fields again. Three times that happened. Twice drought, once rain.

But I got things going again and built up the thousand acres I’m on now. And here we are again, dry as the heart of a haystack.

(LONG PAUSE.)

**TUGWELL:**So, here you are.

**WILLIAMS:**Indeed. Here I am. Thank you for the beer, Ernie.

(SFX: Denver sips.)

**ERNIE:**Oh, it is my pleasure, Denver. Kind of good, too, don’t you think? Made in Butte, Montana.

(BEAT)

**WILLIAMS:**I like it anyway.

(W/T: They chuckle.)

**WILLIAMS(CONT’D):**

How’d you fellows meet?

**ERNIE:**Well, I write this column, see?

**WILLIAMS:**I heard that.

**ERNIE:**
Dr. Tugwell here...we’ve known each other a while. He’s a Washington guy. I can get a hold of Washington guys quite easily, it’s where my home paper is.

We decided to partner up. So, we’re circling around finding folks like yourself... I try and find a person, and tell his story. Through that folks can get a better idea of the whole shebang. Folks kind of put themselves in...well, in *your* place, Denver Williams. See, this story here, between

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

us...is kind of writing itself! I appreciate the openness you have.

**WILLIAMS:**Oh, that’s...I think that is just the beer...

(SFX: Williams places his empty bottle on the wood floor by his feet.)

(W/T: Williams and Ernie chuckle.)

**ERNIE:**

You...would you like another beer?

(SFX: Ernie puts his empty bottle down. Ernie picks up a bottle from the carton by his feet. Over this...)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Doc? Want another?

**TUGWELL:**No, thank you.

(SFX: Ernie opens two bottles. Ernie hands one to Williams and keeps one for himself. Over this...)

**TUGWELL:**Well...I think I need to say one more thing.

**WILLIAMS:**Alright.

**ERNIE:**Go right ahead.

**TUGWELL:**I am wondering, Mr. Williams, why someone would rather stay where they are...in a dead landscape. With death and dying all around.

Why would a fellow want to stay there and not take the help being offered?

**WILLIAMS:**I can’t speak for anybody else, Doc. I still have three milk cows, my work horses...bunch of pigs...

**TUGWELL:**They won’t last.

**WILLIAMS:**No. They won’t. Another two weeks, maybe. I finally gave away some pigs, but I can’t even give away the rest. Nobody can feed them.

Pine trees up in the hills are dying…cones falling off. But… (BEAT)

**TUGWELL:**I can get you set up in a house.

**WILLIAMS:**We’re the stayin’est fools in Powder River County I ever saw! We haven’t got sense enough to know when we’re licked.

(SFX: Chair pushed back on the floor as Williams stands.)

**WILLIAMS(CONT’D):**

Thank you for the beer.

(SFX: Ernie gets up. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**Got to go now, do you?

**WILLIAMS:**I reckon.

**TUGWELL:**Offer stands.

(BEAT)

**WILLIAMS:**Thank you.

(SFX: Williams moves to the door; Ernie moves and opens the door for him. Over this...)

Well, until next time then...

(BEAT)

(SFX: Ernie closes the door and crosses to Tugwell but he doesn’t sit...Tugwell’s words stop him.)

**TUGWELL:**Say, isn’t he a swell fellow? He’s the kind that’s got to have help, and right now. He’s worth helping.

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

4a. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**

Washington Daily News. Back in Lee Millers office.

 **CROSS TO:**

4b. INT. DAILY NEWS – LEE’S OFFICE - DAY

(SFX: The muffled newsroom sounds are heard from behind the closed office door: typewriters typing, WALLA of people chatting about stories etc. Lee is sitting in his office chair while Ernie still stands, newspaper still in hand.)

**LEE:**You have to admit, that was very compelling.

**ERNIE:**I suppose.

**LEE:**I wonder what ol’ Denver is up to these days. Wonder how he’s faring.

**ERNIE:**Yeah, me too. Maybe I’ll circle back up there and try and find him.

**LEE:**Congress is pushing mighty hard to kill the Relocation Administration right now. Everyone thinks it’s too socialist. Even the liberals. There is talk of folding it into the Farm Security Administration. I wonder how effective they believe Dr. Tugwell is…or, can be. Maybe I’ll run your drought series again. Re-print yours and get Novak to do an investigative follow-up on Tugwell. What do you think?

**ERNIE:**I wouldn’t mind. Give me a chance to pad the old cushion.

**LEE:**Yeah, it’s getting thin. You’re in your own kind of drought.

**ERNIE:**No! *Just because you say a thing doesn’t make it so*. All you do is make me feel my ulcer, damn you Lee Miller. Get off my back. I’ve never let the paper down.

**LEE:**No, you haven’t. But, I’ll re-run the Drought Bowl series next week anyway.

That’ll leave me with a dozen or more Hoosier Vagabonds and I can stretch those if I need to.

I’ll get the word out to headquarters that’s what I’m doing here, maybe pass the whole idea down the line. It’ll give you a couple weeks to write.

**ERNIE:**You don’t have to stretch anything. You’ll get a handful before we leave. What the hell you think I’ve been doing while we’ve been here?

**LEE:**Being a zookeeper. Jerry has been drunk every time I’ve seen her, this visit.

**ERNIE:**Then don’t look at her.

**LEE:**So you agree.

**ERNIE:**I will do no such thing.

**LEE:**Has she?…been drunk the whole time?

(BEAT)

**ERNIE:**That’s for me to know, and you to shut up.

(SFX: Lee gets out of his chair and crosses from behind his desk to talk to Ernie. Over this...)

**LEE:**Mmmmhmmm. Remember what I said last year after the Drought Bowl stories started coming in?

**ERNIE:**It was the best stuff I ever wrote.

**LEE:**I did, yes. I said something else, too.

**ERNIE:**Well, that’s all I remember.

**LEE:**It felt to me like you were writing… about her.

**ERNIE:**Who? Jerry?

**LEE:**Jerry…

**ERNIE:**People get all sorts of ideas about things I write.

**LEE:**And this “Zipper” story.

**ERNIE:**What about it.

**LEE:**I think you’re doing it again. The one about the wind, same thing.

**ERNIE:**She doesn’t like me writing about her.

**LEE:**Alright.

**ERNIE:**Let’s talk about something else.

**LEE:**I think you get rid of her so you can write about her.

**ERNIE:**I don’t get rid of her.

**LEE:**I mean…you know what I mean. (BEAT)

**ERNIE:**When I have to leave her somewhere I just start missing her so much… and why I can’t be with her at that moment, and I start blaming things…or, I don’t even know I’m doing it…It’s how I feel at the moment. I like having family around.

**LEE:**I know you do.

**ERNIE:**She should be there at my side, and when she isn’t and I’m sad and I write what comes out. That’s it. I’m not writing about *her*, you nitwit!

**LEE:**Alright.

**ERNIE:**Alright.

(BEAT)

**LEE:**This much feeling coming through your work tells me something… is coming.

**ERNIE:**Can we change the subject?

(BEAT)

(SFX: Lee moves back behind his desk.)

**LEE:**Alright.

(SFX: Lee picks up his scheduling book...leafing through it. Over this...)

**LEE (CONT’D):**

Ohio wants you for an extended stay.

**ERNIE:**No.

**LEE:**

What do you have against little old Ohio anyway?

**ERNIE:**

What do you have against your face wearing a haircut like that?

(W/T: Ernie and Lee laugh. SFX: Lee places scheduling book back on his desk.)

**LEE:**Can’t you muster any feeling for Ohio?

**ERNIE:**Of course not.

**LEE:**You can go alone. You should…go alone.

She’ll kill me for suggesting it, but you can blame me. I can take it.

**LEE (CONT’D):**

Look how tired you are. Have you seen how tired you look?

**ERNIE:**Don’t have to.

**LEE:**It’ll be like you’re slapping her on the wrist. She has to get her act together…and you tell her I’m coming down on you for the quality of your stuff…and you’ll be gone just a few weeks…and it’s Ohio anyway.

By the time you get back, she’ll have dried up a bit.

**ERNIE:**Mind your own business.

(BEAT)

**LEE:**OK. Where you going next?

**ERNIE:**I don’t know yet.

(BEAT)

**LEE:**Here’s an idea…Ohio could use you.

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

**ERNIE:**Stop. I’m not going back there.

**LEE:**Now, listen...

**ERNIE:**I know the sales pitch, Lee. You can eat it.

**LEE:**Oh, alright, I will...

(SFX: Ernie stops.)

**LEE (CONT’D):**

...but listen. Do *one* story in Ohio. On your way to wherever else you’re going.

**ERNIE:**Once one of the Ohio papers gets word I’m there I won’t hear the end of it.

**LEE:**You and me both. Just do your best. Do a handful...

**ERNIE:**You just said one.

**LEE:**One *hand*...I was counting the fingers on one hand.

(PAUSE)

**ERNIE:**Alright. I’ll head that way. I can’t tell you when I’ll get there though.

**LEE:**That’s fine. Thank you. As long as I can tell them you’re on your way.

**ERNIE:**I don’t want to get any phone calls in a hotel room from them along the way, either.

**LEE:**Of course.

**ERNIE:**Alright. I think I’ll head upstate New York first, then across the Allegheny’s, or somewhere.

**LEE:**Good.

**ERNIE:**I’ll get those other columns to you before we head out.

(BEAT)

**LEE:**Ernie, if she is causing *you* a drought...if you want to get out of the heat,

**ERNIE:**Lee, I swear to the good fella upstairs I’m about to take all those metaphors and stick them in your…

**LEE:**Just send her home for a while. We can keep an eye on her.
You’re becoming accustomed to this as normal…

(BEAT)

**ERNIE:**…ear. I was going to say ‘stick them in your ear’. Get it? In your rear?

**LEE:**

Oh brother.

(SFX: Ernie opens the door as he laughs at his own joke. The ambience of the busy newsroom floods the room.)

**LEE:**

That is...

(W/T: Ernie laughing heartily.)

**ERNIE:**

My dad said that to me before we left. Thanks for the concern. I mean it.

**LEE:**

You bet.

**ERNIE:**

I’ll take care of it.

(SFX: Ernie walks out then closes the door.)

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

5a. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**

Later than evening at the Pyle apartment. **CROSS TO:**

**5b. INT. PYLE SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - LATER**

(SFX: The fireplace faintly crackles and the city ambience is mixed with ships and a gentle breeze from the two open windows. Jerry is sitting on the couch drinking as Ernie enters from the hall and closes their apartment door. He crosses the wooden floor, carrying a newspaper, and joins her. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**So, they’re re-running the ‘Drought Bowl’ series.

**JERRY:**From last year?

**ERNIE:**Yep.

(SFX: Ernie stops next to the couch but continues to stand as he speaks.)

**JERRY:**Well, that’ll get some space for us to pad that cushion.

**ERNIE:**Yep. That’s what I said.

(SFX: Ernie holds out a newspaper. Over this...)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

On the way out of the office I swiped this from Lee’s desk. It’s *from* the drought series last year. I wanted you to hear it.

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Listen…

(SFX: Newspaper unfolding, given a shake.)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

I drove nearly two thousand miles around the “drought bowl” in 1936. The whole United States seemed to be tortured and wounded in various degrees with drought and heat, but in the bowl there was complete destruction. It started about a hundred miles from the eastern border of the Dakotas and extended all the way to western Montana, taking in both the Dakotas and a corner of Wyoming. It seemed to me that South Dakota had suffered the most.

In that world of drought you finally arrived at a point where you looked and no longer said, “My God, this is awful!”

You became accustomed to dried field and burned pasture, Day upon day of driving through that ruined country gradually made you accept it as a vast land that had been that way yesterday and would be tomorrow, and was that way a hundred miles back and would be a hundred miles ahead. The story was the same everywhere: the farmers said the same thing, the fields looked the same--it became like the drone of a bee, and after a while you hardly noticed it at all.

It was only at night, when you were alone in the heat and unable to sleep, that the thing came back to you like a

**ERNIE(CONT’D):**

living dream, and you once more realized the stupendousness of it. Then you could see something more than field after brown field, or a mere succession of dry water holes, or the matter-of-fact resignation on farm faces. You could see then the whole obliteration of a great land, and the destruction of a people and long years of calamity for those of the soil, and the emptiness of life that knows only struggle and ends in despair. I had seen a great deal of this in the past few years. Sometimes at night when I was thinking too hard I felt there was nothing but leanness everywhere, that nobody had the privilege of a full life. Of course I was wrong about that.

I had just seen too much of the ruination of our great land. The beautiful valleys and hillsides of Tennessee washing away to the ocean, leaving a slashed and useless landscape. The raw windy plains of western Kansas, stripped of all life, a onetime paradise turned into a whirlpool of suffocation. And the vast rolling Dakotas, where huge herds once grazed with the freedom of birds, now parched and cramped and manhandled by man and the elements into a bed of coals.

(BEAT)

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

**JERRY:**That was a good one, Ern.

(BEAT)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**
What?

(BEAT)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**
Why are you looking at me like that?

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

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

(MUSIC: Continues to play under this.)

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**
Next week on The Ernie Pyle Experiment: The Simple Proposition.

 **CROSS TO:**

**6b. MONTAGE**

(A preview cuts and sound bites from episode 12.)

 **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. The good road will never end, if you can 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 don’t know what to say. I don’t even know who I am anymore. The wife and I had reservations at The Uptown last night. And while we sat at the bar, me enjoying my Chartreuse and Lilian her Laphroaig, waiting on our two-top, the snickers and guffaws were extraordinary! I stared at each face in the mirror of the back-bar, steely-eyed and ready for fisticuffs! When, as if an echo from a once pristine water-filled quarry now filled-in with dirt and debris, because folks just can’t leave well-enough alone, a voice called from the wilderness: “On-and-on! On-and-on, table for two?... On-and-on”!

**FADE MUSIC**