**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:**
Welcome back. (BEAT) Well, ol’ Ernie and Jerry Pyle have left Washington again, on their greater quest in search of whatever flotsam and jetsam the road may bring.

Yet, an answer hangs in the balance to a question they don’t know is being asked. That answer is, yes.

Yes, it is possible for two people to be on the same journey, while on two different… trips.

**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:**
You and what army?

(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 back to the Ernie Pyle Experiment; Episode 12, “The Simple Proposition”.

(MUSIC: Main theme finishes fading out.)

**CROSS TO:**

**2a. INT. PYLE CAR - DAY**

(SFX: Ernie is driving the Model A down the gravel road. The wind is heard whistling past the windows as they drive on. Ernie from time to time shifts gears or turns the steering wheel to follow a bend in the road. NOTE: the roads at this time were more rural, think country back road or a county road, and you would seldom come across another vehicle. The roads could be very bumpy. One might even have to drive through a creek. Jerry is drumming a beat with her hands on the car’s dashboard. Hands drumming the dashboard. Over this... NOTE: The scene should start with the mono vintage wire recording SFX then slowly cross fade into a full stereo mix.)

**ERNIE:**Please stop drumming on the dashboard.

(SFX: She stops.)

**JERRY:**You haven’t interviewed a lot of women, you know.

**ERNIE:**That’s…

**JERRY:**I want to ask you why you don’t.

**ERNIE:**Of course I do. What are you talking about, now?

**JERRY:**It’s been a while.

**ERNIE:**That doesn’t mean I never do.

(SFX: Full stereo mix should be in effect by this time. Jerry drumming the dashboard.)

**ERNIE:**Stop it, please.

(SFX: She stops.)

**JERRY:**What are you afraid of?

**ERNIE:**Leave me alone.

**JERRY:**You don’t think women have anything interesting to say?

**ERNIE:**Yes. Go write your own column if you want to say something.

**JERRY:**THIS IS MY COLUMN!

**ERNIE:**Ok…

**JERRY:**And I’m getting a little tired of you doing whatever the hell you want with it…

**ERNIE:**Alright. Can you calm down, please? I’d rather not crash this car at the moment.

(SFX: She drums, then stops.)

**JERRY:**I hate standing there and getting your picture taken.

**ERNIE:**What now?

**JERRY:**Yeah. Whenever some wing-ding gets a new Brownie we all have to stand still for him and feel like idiots staring back at him. And for what?

**ERNIE:**A photo, I guess.

**JERRY:**What’s that?

**ERNIE:**I have no idea.

**JERRY:**Boy, I don’t either! And then that fat fellow next to you thinks it’s OK to put his hands around your waist! Like it’s a natural thing to do, reach out and put his hands on me. Because, *it’s a photo*! “*Hey, everybody, it’s a photo,*

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

*everybody put your hands where they don’t belong*”!

**ERNIE:**How does this have to do with…

**JERRY:**I’ll tell you what it has to do with. Have you ever been standing there for a photo, and some fat, greasy, sweaty, mustard-loving, old pervert…

**ERNIE:**Mustard-loving?

**JERRY:**Yeah! He’s got mustard all down his tie!

**ERNIE:**Oh.

**JERRY:**Probably from two days ago, too! Street-corner hot-dog yellow-bellied mustard... That’s the kind of disgusting man he is...

**ERNIE:**Is this someone I know?

**JERRY:**You know ALL of them…

**ERNIE:**I try not too...

**JERRY:**...and he stands next to me, inching his way over. Squeaking his fat little patent-leather feet over toward mine, so his hip can be touching mine.

(SFX: A car or two passes the Model A as they move from a county road onto a more well traversed cobblestone road.)

**ERNIE:**When did this happen?

**JERRY:**It ALWAYS happens. Then he pulls the shoulder of his suit coat up, loosening his arm in it...Like he’s Mel Ott and he’s getting ready to hit a home-run. And he...now, he doesn’t just put his arm *around* me. Oh, no. He slides his hand...across my back…touching the low of my back the whole way...So he can reach all the way across and under my arm… and his fat teeny little stubby-fingers get a mitt-full of my boob.

**ERNIE:**Oh, boy.

**JERRY:**You think that’s funny?

**ERNIE:**No.

**JERRY:**And yanks me over…and he stands there like everything is just right as rain. (MOCKINGLY) “*This is how everyone stands together, don’t you know*”? And the photo comes out, and my dress is covering his hand and nobody is the wiser…

(SFX: She drums the dashboard.)

**ERNIE:**Jerry. Can you stop.

**JERRY:**I *can*.

(SFX: She drums the dashboard.)

**ERNIE:**Hey. Hey, Gene Krupa.

(SFX: She stops noticing the traffic picking up as they drive into a suburban area. 1930s car horns are heard.)

**JERRY:**Where the hell are we?

**ERNIE:**New Jersey.

**JERRY:**Where we headed?

**ERNIE:**Hudson River Valley.

**JERRY:**I approve.

**ERNIE:**Ok, then.

**JERRY:**No, I say ‘*I approve’*. And that’s it. You don’t get to approve what I approve.

**ERNIE:**Alright.

**JERRY:**Even that sounds like you are making approvals of my approvals of my…decisions

(SFX: She drums.)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**And I get there and they have me running paper from the basement. They called us bunnies. Bunnies! And they were all old. Old men, limping around and chomping cigars and farting right in front of us and we had to go around in two’s. You didn’t want to get caught alone anywhere.

**ERNIE:**This is when you went to Washington? During the war?

**JERRY:**They found out I could type and then I got locked up in an office with one of them. He was Catholic. He was…*alright*. Went to mass everyday. I lucked out, compared to some friends.

(SFX: The Model A slows as it drives through heavy traffic in Jersey City.)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

Boy, did he think he was smart.

He’d dictate a letter to me, I’d have to correct his grammar as I went. Then he’d read it after, and then argue about I clipped his run-on sentences! He had no business in that job and I made him look like a sitting president.

**ERNIE:**I bet.

(SFX: She drums.)

**JERRY:**The whole world is like that, Ernie.

But I am ME!... I will not be a George Sand.

If they don’t want me, I will not pay them one moment of my time. I am not changing. For anybody.

(SFX: She stops drumming.)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

I’m going to find you a woman to interview.

**ERNIE:**No, you’re not.

**JERRY:**
STOP TELLING ME WHAT TO DO!!

**ERNIE:**Please stop yelling.

**JERRY:**DONT TELL ME WHAT TO DO!!!

(SFX: She drums a quick finale as they come to the Central Railroad of New Jersey Terminal or Communipaw Terminal. Over this...)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**Right there! Pull over! You’re interviewing her!

(SFX: The brakes of the Model A squeal to a halt. Passenger car door opens before the car completely stops and Jerry jumps out, door shutting behind her. Ernie pulls the emergency brake then scrambles to follow her. Opening the driver side door and slamming it shut.)

**CROSS TO:**

3. EXT. JERSEY CITY - COMMUNIPAW TERMINAL - DAY

(SFX: Sound of train station crowd WALLA and the sound of trains arriving and departing. W/T: Jerry continues to carry on mumbling to herself: Let her speak. You never interview women. NEVER! Give a gal a voice. Let her speak her mind. Mr. Star Reporter.)

**ERNIE:**
Hello. You’re name again?

**EDNA:**Edna Craddock.

**ERNIE:**Thank you for playing along, Edna. I’m Ernie.

**EDNA:**I figured I should. That woman was very…insistent.

**ERNIE:**She is. She is my wife.

**EDNA:**You always let her walk all over you, like that?

**ERNIE:**No. She isn’t always…like that.

**EDNA:**Is she…She seems, erratic. Is she stable?

**ERNIE:**What do you mean by stable?

**EDNA:**Mentally.

**ERNIE:**Oh. Ummm…sure.

**EDNA:**My brother went to the Mayo clinic. Doctors at home here said he was schizophrenic. Anyway, they lobotomized him.

**ERNIE:**How did that work, for him?

**EDNA:**Good for us. Not too good for him. What a handful, he was. He’s at my folks now. He sleeps a lot.

**ERNIE:**I could use some sleep myself.

**EDNA:**So, why does she want you to talk to me? She said you were famous.

**ERNIE:**Oh. She says stuff like that when she’s…(beat)

**EDNA:**Drinking?

**ERNIE:**Well, if it were just drinking I think I could handle it.

**EDNA:**Oh. Heroin?

**ERNIE:**No. No, not that. Jeeze.

**EDNA:**Is one thing better than the other?

**ERNIE:**No. I don’t know. Maybe.

**EDNA:**I guess some are tolerated more than others.

**ERNIE:**I suppose.

**EDNA:**What is she tolerating at the moment?

**ERNIE:**Uh…well…I thought I was supposed to be interviewing you?

**EDNA:**That’s what your wife said. I didn’t agree to anything.

**ERNIE (CHUCKLES):**

I tell you.

**EDNA:**My brother used to take all sorts of drugs. And drink. Before the visit to the Mayo clinic they sent him for “The Lexington Cure”. He didn’t much care for that.

**ERNIE:**I don’t suppose anyone would.

**EDNA:**My folks had a lot of money at one time. They still think they can buy their way out of most situations. But they couldn’t buy my brother into changing his ways until they… put him down like a dog.

**ERNIE:**I can’t imagine. My family life had always been so… predictable. Stability had an innate hold over all of us; my Mom, Dad and me. There was never any yelling. Nobody yelled. I took that for granted, that’s for darn sure. We’d get mad at each other, but we kept level heads. Now…I sure wish she and I had a little bit of that.

**EDNA:**Well, you’re not dealing with a person anymore. You’re dealing with the demons. My parents thought they were dealing with a person, too.

**ERNIE:**I’m sorry about that, Edna. (BEAT) I’m not sure what to do here. This is getting a bit strange for me. I think I’ll pack up.

**EDNA:**Not sure why you keep turning tail. Somebody has to face it.

**ERNIE:**And did you face it? With your brother?

**EDNA:**No. And because of that I feel I should have. Maybe stepping in and saying something at the time wouldn’t have worked either. I don’t now. But I didn’t. So, my advice leans the way it does out of guilt, I guess.

**ERNIE:**Sure.

**EDNA:**I left it all to my folks. They got the brunt of it. I feel pretty low about that, still. I left them hanging out to dry.

**ERNIE:**You on good terms with your folks?

**EDNA:**Yes.

**ERNIE:**I miss having family around. I wonder what they’re up to, all the time.

**EDNA:**Live far apart, do you?

**ERNIE:**Yes.

**EDNA:**Feeling nostalgic? (BEAT)

**ERNIE:**Hmm, yes. (BEAT) Jerry, my wife, said once, “finding yourself nostalgic for something… *before* you’ve left it… is the meaning of life”.

**EDNA:**What does that mean?

**ERNIE (LAUGHS):**

I don’t know. Sounds good though.

**EDNA:**Trying to get back to something, are you?

(W/T: Ernie laughs.)

**EDNA (CONT’D):**Well, looks like my train is coming.

**ERNIE:**Yeah. Yeah.

**EDNA:**For what it’s worth, I wouldn’t throw her away. But you do need to find a way to keep her.

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

4a. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**

Jerry sits in the car, talking to the machine, and watching as Ernie gets an interview outside.

 **CROSS TO:**

**4b. INT. PYLE CAR - NEWBURGH, NEW YORK - LATER**

**(SFX: Urban city ambience: people, cars, and trolleys are heard outside of the Model A. Jerry is inside the car with the windows rolled up, she moves the recorder so she may talk to it in the driver’s seat. Over this...)**

**JERRY (SINGING):**

Hello my boyfriend, hello my darling, hello my ragtime…Jim…
Hello, Jimmy boy, Want to talk?

We made it up to a town on the Hudson River. Newburgh, New York. Beautiful place. Haunting.

Supposed to be some nice dress shops here. I’ve heard of this place… the girls in Manhattan like to come up here and get their dresses, bunch of dress shops...so, I think I might see about a new dress. Ernie is going to buy me one.

He doesn’t know it yet.

Ernie’s got some talker here on the sidewalk and he won’t shut up…

Ooh! He’s checking his pockets for another tobacco pouch, he’s out...

(SFX: She rummages around the car, finds a fresh tobacco pouch. She rolls down the window. Over this...)

**JERRY(CONT’D):**Hold on, hold on. Ernie, Looking for this?

(SFX: Ernie walks toward the car up the sidewalk, Tom Anderson following Ernie. Jerry hands Ernie the tobacco. Camera perspective shifts from Jerry to Ernie.)

**ERNIE:**Thanks.

**TOM ANDERSON:**Your wife?

**ERNIE:**My wife.

**TOM ANDERSON:**Ma’am...

(SFX: Tom tips his flat cap at Jerry.)

**TOM ANDERSON (CONT’D):**

So what, are yous-two just passing through?

**JERRY:**Yes.

**ERNIE:**Just passing through.

**TOM ANDERSON:**Nice car.

**ERNIE:**Thanks.

**TOM ANDERSON:**Sure.

**ERNIE:**You were saying...

**TOM ANDERSON:**I’m a craftsman--not a handyman. I can’t be wasting my time using inferior materials.

I do things the right way, the old way. I have very few journeymen on my jobs.

I don’t waste my time...look a lot of these guys will pad their crews with journeymen, have maybe one or two actual tradesmen on the floor at any given moment.

Not me! Look around…any of these buildings. None of them built with fly-by-night…give-me-a-handout… cry-me-a-river… ‘*oh, times are so hard, what do I do’*? ‘*wah-wah-wah’…* crybabies that drink too much… cant’ get to work on time, slow as molasses...I mean, really...

How old are you? You old enough to have been in the war?

**ERNIE:**I missed it. Almost, though.

**TOM ANDERSON:**Oh...alright, well...some of these guys right here, let me tell you, could have went and didn’t...

**ERNIE:**Oh, I went. I was getting ready for basic training and it ended...

**TOM ANDERSON:**Fair enough. But see, these contracts they’re handing out now...some of these guys have a habit of skimping. I mean, you HAVE to match the quality of the other building era’s.

This isn’t some boomtown, now.

This is Newburgh. The pearl of the Hudson.

If we start making some of these skyscrapers here? Forget it. You don’t want skyscrapers here. That says you think you’re more important than the beauty of the Hudson. Can’t do that, Ernie, not here.

**ERNIE:**How many guys on your crew?

**TOM ANDERSON:**I got two crews. Three in a pinch… four and five when necessary.

**ERNIE:**Oh.

**TOM ANDERSON:**Yeah. Hundred and fifty guys, solid. I get more when necessary. You don’t need them all at once, mind you.
I mean, you can’t bring the plasterers in before the walls are up, you know.

**ERNIE:**Sure.

**TOM ANDERSON:**I have to have jobs going all the time. Banks aren’t in the game of lending right now, but Roosevelt is in a giving disposition. You know, he’s from right across the river, don’t you?

**ERNIE:**Yeah?

**TOM ANDERSON:**Yeah, Hyde Park is up past Poughkeepsie, other side. Maybe that has something to do with today, I don’t know. He’s a Hudson River guy. Today they’re handing out contracts for seven buildings upstairs here, City Hall.

**ERNIE:**That’s good.

**TOM ANDERSON:**Yeah. I have a good idea I’ll get about half of them.

**ERNIE:**You’re confident?

**TOM ANDERSON:**Haha. Yeah, I’m confident. This is a game, it’s all a game.

**ERNIE:**Sounds like you’re more than confident then.

**TOM ANDERSON:**Yeah. Haha. A little birdy told me something...

**ERNIE:**Ha. Sounds like you’re more than just a handyman...

**TOM ANDERSON:**I’m a craftsman. (BEAT) Say, what? Your wife holding a sausage?

**ERNIE:**What’s that?

**TOM ANDERSON:**What is that in your wife’s hand?

(SFX: Jerry quickly pulls the microphone into the car and rolls up the window.)

**TOM ANDERSON (CONT’D):**Say, mister, what are you trying to pull?!

**ERNIE:**No. Nothing! I’m not...

**TOM ANDERSON:**What’s she doing? What’s she got in her hand? What is this?! Who are you!!?

**ERNIE:**I’m not...

**TOM ANDERSON:**What are you a Pinko!?! Hey fellas...

**ERNIE:**I’m not a Pinko...

(SFX**:** Ernie makes a break for it, running around the car from the passenger side, off the sidewalk, to the driver’s side, in the cobblestone street. Car door opens in haste, Ernie finding the recorder on the driver’s seat, grapples with the blasted machine, tossing it into Jerry’s lap, then he jumps in and slams the car door. Tom and his men rush the car, pounding it with their fists. Ernie, fumbles to start the car. A man smears a jelly donut on the car as Ernie grinds the gears into motion. The car speeds away and the men give up their pursuit, yelling after the car as Ernie drives off.)

 **CUT TO:**

**4c. INT. PYLE CAR - DAY**

(SFX: Ernie driving the Model A on the cobblestone road. Passing cars, urban ambience, and Trolley sounds from time to time. The wind is heard whistling past the windows as they drive on. Ernie from time to time shifts gears etc.)

**ERNIE:**You want to get me killed!!??!

**JERRY:**I know, I’m...

**ERNIE:**Did you see the size of that guys...

**JERRY:**...Sorry. I’m sorry.

**ERNIE:**Jeeze! His neck is the size of both my legs.

**JERRY:**Look, I was just...

**ERNIE:**He had muscles on HIS WRISTS! I’ve never seen that! What were you thinking?!

**JERRY:**It was interesting...

**ERNIE:**Interesting?!

**JERRY:**He was. He was interesting.

**ERNIE:**Aw! Somebody smeared jelly donut on the back window...

**JERRY:**You can’t make this stuff up. This is incredible! He was interesting.

**ERNIE:**You almost killed me!

**JERRY:**I didn’t think anybody would care.

**ERNIE:**You can’t just record people without them knowing.

**JERRY:**If they don’t know about it, you can. What’s the harm?

**ERNIE:**I’ll tell you what the harm is, getting choked by a mouthful of wrist-muscles...

**JERRY:**Ok...let’s get a drink.

**ERNIE:**No! You aren’t having another drink.

**JERRY:**What do you mean, another?

**ERNIE:**What do you mean, ‘what do you mean’? You’ve been at it all day.

**JERRY:**No...I don’t...no...what?

**ERNIE:**Every time I look away you’re knocking one back.

**JERRY:**Well, I wouldn’t if you weren’t keeping score all the time.

**ERNIE:**I don’t care if you drink, I don’t ..I don’t know…I just care about being mistreated by you when you’re drunk.

**JERRY:**I don’t mistreat you.

**ERNIE:**No, you just leave a microphone dangling out the car door on the sneak, and record people that’ll hurt me for it...

**JERRY:**Oh, please...(BEAT)

**ERNIE:**I’m worried about your health.

**JERRY:**MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!!!

(SFX: Car swerves as Ernie reacts to Jerrie.)

**MUSIC SEGUE**

5a. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**

After ten hours of driving. Ernie has had enough. He just might be at the end of the road. With Jerry passed out in the car, he stands, smoking a cigarette, staring at the moons reflection on the Hudson.

**CROSS TO:**

**5b. EXT. COUNTRY ROADSIDE - NIGHT**

(SFX: Rural road crickets chirping, frogs, and wind blowing through the trees along the Hudson river. The car is idling in the distance. Ernie stands on the bank of the Hudson smoking with the recorder on the ground beside him. Jerry is asleep in the car. Over this...)

**ERNIE:**I don’t know what to do here. I don’t know what to do. She finally took a downer and fell asleep. She’s in the car, with her chin in her chest.

I’m...somewhere along the Hudson in New York. Albany is nearby, my best guess. It’s midnight. I’m standing on the banks, looking across at some hamlet. Just enjoying the damned quiet.

We started this morning in DC. That’s a long haul. I just kept driving. Too much of a hassle putting her in front of people right now. I would have gotten a room, but...

(SFX: Car door opens unnoticed by Ernie, Jerry gets out onto gravel then starts walking through the grass toward him. Over this...)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

I just don’t want to keep driving. I’m seeing things, and I’m nodding off.

So...here we are.

(SFX: Jerry moves from the grass walking on the mud, walking toward Ernie...quietly. Over this...)

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

Without a home.

Feeling lonely.

(SFX: After taking a drag, Ernie flicks the cigarette onto the bank of the river and he uses his foot to grind it into the dirt. Over this...)

My home... is America.

**JERRY:**What are you doing?

(SFX: Jerry stops, noticing the recorder. Over this...)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

No...no, no, no, no...this is *my* boyfriend. You can’t talk to a person’s boyfriend...

**ERNIE:**Ssssssh. Go back to the car.

**JERRY:**You can’t put someone on the side of the road like this. (GASP) You were going to leave it here!

**ERNIE:**No, I was just talking.

**JERRY:**That’s my boyfriend. You don’t just leave family! You don’t leave family...on the side of the road. Who cares if they have a drink, it isn’t hurting you!

(SFX: She attempts to pick up the recording device.)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

Give me this thing…

(SFX: Recorder falls over in the mud.)

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

Oh, no you don’t!

(SFX: Jerry picks it up cradling the recorder.)

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

You don’t like it, you don’t have to...you don’t have to use it. Screw you, Deak Parker! It’s my boyfriend now...and he’ll drink whenever he feels like it you fat-face... You mustard eater... Don’t be licking mustard around me, you rat… *He’s a writer*, rat-face mustard, you!

He’s not a recorder of people when they don’t know what the hell is going on! Get out of our way!

(SFX: Jerry pushes past Ernie.)

**ERNIE:**Of course, excuse me, my dear.

(SFX: Camera perspective stays on Ernie as Jerry walks away with the recorder. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

Don’t my dear me...don’t talk down your crooked nose at me...Beak Parker...We are writers doggammitt... Don’t touch me, you traitor!

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

 **MUSIC SEGUE:**

6a. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**

Back at the Pyle apartment. Washington D.C. The next morning.

**CROSS TO:**

**6b. INT. FIRST FLOOR PYLE APT BUILDING, KITCHEN - MORNING**

(SFX: The first floor of the Pyle Apartment building is a shared kitchen and common space. The windows are closed but there is still muted city sounds and intermittently one may hear different muffled bits of the other families that live in the apartments: a baby crying, a dog barking, ETC. Ernie walks into the kitchen and sits at the table then places the recorder on it. Fidgets, adjusting the recorder in front of him before beginning.)

ERNIE:
Jerry…I, uh. So, if you’re listening to this, that means you got my note.

After you fell asleep…I don’t know why I’m telling you this, you aren’t going to remember it…

Anyway, yesterday we left home. Made it as far as Albany, NY. You were…not yourself…not yourself, the whole time. So…

You are in no shape to do this, Geraldine. You have to take care of yourself. And I have a job to do…so…

And I need…my family. So…quit all this and come back to me, would you, for crying-out-loud?

I need you. This work needs you. You need you. Is this life so bad that you have to…am I so bad a man? Am I? Why, Jerry? Are you jealous of me? Why so angry?

Oh, boy, we could have so much fun…

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

I’ll be gone a few weeks. Maybe a month. I’m going to do the Ohio tour request. I’m going to do it good and thorough, too. Then I swear, we will never have to go back there again. Believe it!

Anyway, when I pulled the car up here the mailman greeted me with a letter from my Mother. It kind of changed my mood. Then I put you in bed, and I was in a writing mood so typed this out. Ready?

(SFX: Ernie picks up a piece of paper and reads. Over this...)

--My mother wrote me that they had a new car. Well, not exactly a new car, she said. But it was pretty.

A new car had been discussed for more than six months. My father and mother were to trade in their old car, and Aunt Mary, who was finally coming over to live with them, was to pay the cash balance.

There had been some difference of opinion over what the new car should be. Finally the weight of approval seemed to crystallize in Aunt Mary’s choice. But they reckoned without the shoe-dealer from Clinton. I don’t know how he heard about them, but one day he pulled up in their driveway in his last-year’s car. He had driven it only five thousand miles, and it was a plum-green color, and very

**ERNIE (CONT’D):**

shiny, and the minute my folks saw it everything was off. “Let’s go to Indianapolis and show it to your sister”, the shoe dealer said.

So my folks got on their good clothes, and they climbed in and drove the eighty miles to Indianapolis. They got there just at lunchtime. Aunt Mary was so glad to see them that at first she didn’t notice the car. They all stayed for lunch. My mother had taken over three frying-chickens, a cake, and a quart of cream, so they wouldn’t be imposing on the people Aunt Mary worked for. After lunch, they all went for a ride in the car.

Aunt Mary was a little hard to sell. But my family and the shoe-dealer pointed out to her such indispensible added attractions as the cigar lighter (nobody in the family smoked), the two windshield wipers, the radio (I was ready to bet that within a week my father would get to listening and run the car into the ditch), the two taillights (nobody who is anybody has a car with just one taillight nowadays, you know), and the curved nickel shields for the rear tires. Mother pointed out especially the beautiful plum-green color of it. She didn’t tell me in the letter whether the car had an engine or not.

Anyway, the gadgets won, and the upshot was that when they left for home the shoe-dealer had sold his automobile.

**ERNIE(CONT’D):**

What do you think? Too sappy? I sure do need you right now, girl.

I’m going to drop this at the office on my way out of town…

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

**ERNIE(CONT’D):**

Folks will be checking in on you later. Amelia said she’d bring the doctor by. It’ll be good to see Amelia, won’t it?

I’ll call in the next day, or so. You know how I feel about you, so…

(SFX: The recorder turns off.)

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

**7a. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY**

(MUSIC: Continues to play under this.)

(SFX: Small studio ambience.)

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

**7b. MONTAGE**

(A preview cuts and sound bites from episode 13.)

 **CROSS TO:**

**7c. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY**

(MUSIC: Continues to play under this. SFX: Small studio ambience.)

**DAN V. PRESCOTT (CONT’D):**

I’m Dan V. Prescott, wishing you would take heed of this advice; 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 (RASPY VOICE):**

WFIU Bloomington, Indiana. I’m Cary Onanon. You might be wondering about the sound of my voice. Last night I was involved in what they call a good old- fashioned donnybrook. A young girl, all of seven years old, recognized me and called me that name. I turned to her father and kindly requested he muzzle his presumptuous progeny, when the unruly little dickens jumped up on the half-wall in front of the First Christian Church and enthusiastically karate-chopped me right in the larynx.

Now, Bloomington, I am not a proud man, but I certainly think a lot about myself. Because, I am Cary Onanon!

**CARY ONANON (CONT’D):**

You will bend to my will, or I shall do something! And to the children of Bloomington, I will tell you this, right now; I will defend myself! This is my livelihood we are talking about…

**FADE MUSIC**