**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.)

(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 am very wild earnest.

(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 13: “Gone With The Wind”.

(MUSIC: Main theme finishes fading out.)

**CROSS TO:**

**2. INT. PYLE SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - MORNING**

(SFX: The fireplace faintly crackles. The windows are closed but still the ambience of a bustling city morning mixed with the sounds of ships is faintly heard. Jerry pours herself a cup of coffee at the fireplace then moves across the wood floor in her slippers to sit at Ernie’s writing desk, where she adjusts the recorder so she may speak directly to it. NOTE: The scene should start with the mono vintage wire recording SFX then slowly cross fade into a full stereo mix.)

**JERRY:**

You are very earnest, Ernest. I am not very earnest, Ernest. I am very angry, Ernest.

I don’t have what you have. We share everything but one thing.

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

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

I know why you left me at home. I was so very happy to be back in the car, with you, I celebrated too much.

I don’t know if you’re ever going to hear this…I don’t know if I could ever tell you these things to your face.

Writing is important to you. I don’t want to take that away, in any way. I don’t want you to change how you work. I don’t want you to have to think about me or anything else in regards to how you work, or what you want to write about, or any of it.

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

The column is to be worshipped. And work, any kind of gainful employment, is important right now. We are so, so fortunate to have what we do. And it is because of your unique way about you. Your talent for this...game.

Nobody writes like you. Anywhere. You put them all to shame. I know what you have in you. Nobody knows what potential you have like I do.

Why should I want to get in the way of that? This is business. So, I forgive you.

Even though you just…left me here.

Why don’t we ever talk about where I fit into the operation? We don’t have grand State Of The Union Addresses to each other about how things are, what we are planning for the coming year and what is expected of each other. I know. I prefer it this way.

Nothing exists until words make it so.

I don’t know if you even know I’ve been thinking about this. I do have the words in my head. But nothing changes, so nothing exists. So, here goes:

What do you think of me, Ernie? What am I to...you? I am having a hard time.

I really love travelling…with you. I love travelling with you. I love being in the car. I think I feel closest to you in the car. There’s an empty piece in me right here and now, that I know would be filled by being

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

in that seat next to you. Right now. We are perfect in that car.

I think whatever happens there is my greatest contribution to this life. I wish people could see it.

You can’t type while you drive, you can’t interview anybody. I get to be involved with that long, protracted dialogue we have about…words. I love that. I love embracing the questions and colloquial barriers, seeing where things fit. Looking at a world, that is equally as beautiful as all of America ahead of us, that only exists inside our two goofy little heads.

Story is all there is. I need it. I need to be involved, I need to inhale it like air and be filled with it. I don’t like looking at folks like they are, I need to see them with a few qualifiers wrapped around them, that way the world becomes interesting to me.

And I like talking about people like that, and places, and ideas. And I crave it, like I crave you. In a car. Driving to the next story…or away from the last one. Which happens at the same time, doesn’t it?

But, what do you think? What do you think of me? I’m afraid. That you don’t want me there. That the entire thing belongs to you, the job the car the whole business.

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

Maybe I’m talking nonsense, as you’d probably say, but when it gets down to it I’m just not seeing it any other way.

So, I have a proposition, or just…something to say, something to tell you. And I’m not asking.

This is your craft, your work and business. I understand. Am I lying to myself that I’m a part of it? Has our love changed? Do you need me?

So, I have to tell you this…

(SFX: Knock at the apartment door. Door opens. Over this...)

**ROSIE:**

Jerry!?

**JERRY:**

In here, Rosie!

(SFX: Rosie enters the apartment, closing the door behind her then she crosses, footsteps on wood, to Jerry. Over this...)

**ROSIE:**

Good morning!

**JERRY:**

Good morning.

**ROSIE:**

Well, you look a hundred percent better!

**JERRY:**

Think so?

(SFX: Rosie places her purse and medical bag on the writing table. Over this...)

**ROSIE:**

I do. How much water have you been drinking?

**JERRY:**

A lot. A lot of water. I always have a big glass with me.

**ROSIE:**

I can’t tell you how important that is, Jerry. When I first got a hold of you, you were flat as a folded blanket.

Every system in the body works better if you’re not dehydrated.

**JERRY:**

You were saying…

**ROSIE:**

Take off your sweater, dear.

(SFX: Jerry removes her sweater as Rosie takes a blood pressure cuff (oscillotonometer) from her medical bag. Over this...)

**ROSIE (CONT’D):**

But, the water drinking is working, honey, you look terrific. I mean that. The circles under your eyes are gone, are you wearing makeup?

**JERRY:**

No.

(SFX: Rosie places the cuff around Jerry’s arm, buttoning it.)

**ROSIE:**

Fooled *me*. Ok. Quiet now.

(SFX: She pumps a blood pressure cuff.)

**JERRY:**

Always feels funny…

**ROSIE:**

Shhh.

**JERRY:**

Sorry.

**ROSIE:**

Respond by shaking your head, have you been eating?

(SFX: Jerry shakes her head.)

**ROSIE (CONT’D):**

Good. Red meat?

(SFX: Jerry shakes her head.)

**ROSIE (CONT’D):**

Good. I’ve brought you a nice big steak, you can cut it up or eat the entire thing at once, up to you, but sear it both sides in an iron skillet and take it out. You are to eat it as rare as you can.

(SFX: Rosie removes the blood pressure cuff. Over this…)

**ROSIE (CONT’D):**

Well, alright!

(SFX: Rosie puts the blood pressure cuff in her medical bag. Over this…)

**ROSIE (CONT’D):**

Blood pressure is safe. See? Water works wonders. Is your skin dry?

**JERRY:**

Mmmm. No.

**ROSIE:**

Everything’s working. Have you had a drink of anything else?

**JERRY:**

No.

**ROSIE:**

Jerry?

**JERRY:**

I haven’t.

**ROSIE:**

You don’t have to lie.

**JERRY:**

I’m not lying.

**ROSIE:**

May I smell your breath?

(SFX: Jerry exhales.)

**ROSIE(CONT’D):**

Lovely. I have to say I am proud of you. You are going to be just fine. You are just fine.

**JERRY:**

I never thought I’d make it to this point.

**ROSIE:**

Well, you were bad. I’ve seen worse, but you were in pretty bad shape.

**JERRY:**

Thank you again for staying with me, Rosie. Those first two days were really hard.

**ROSIE:**

You think I was here just two days? Jerry, I was here almost five days!

**JERRY:**

No!

**ROSIE:**

Yes!

**JERRY:**

I had no idea. I am so sorry.

**ROSIE:**

All in a days work. Have you finished Gone With The Wind?

**JERRY:**

Three times.

**ROSIE:**

See? I told you.

**JERRY:**

I didn’t like it at first. Then it was just sitting there so I read it again. Then I liked it the second time so I read it again to make sure.

**ROSIE:**

Are you sure?

**JERRY:**

Yes, I am. I was just so mad at Ernie for leaving me here, It cheered me up when a bunch of men started killing each other. So, I might even read it again.

**ROSIE:**

Everyone is talking about it, everyone in town. Men and women both.

**JERRY:**

Margaret Mitchell has really done a swell job of it.

**ROSIE:**

I hope she puts another out soon.

**JERRY:**

Yeah. I’m interested in that, too.

**ROSIE:**

It’s different to read about us by one of us.

**JERRY:**

It sure is, isn’t it?

**ROSIE:**

I wonder if any men ever complain about the male characters in a Wharton book, or Willa Cather?

**JERRY:**

Ha! That’s why I don’t let Ernie write anything about me! Maybe next time I’ll drink myself to death, so the sanction gets lifted and he can write about me. HA!

Wouldn’t it just make you so mad if some man came along and wrote about you after you were dead?

**ROSIE:**

They won’t buy a book about me. But you?

**JERRY:**

There might be one or two about Ernie one day, the way he’s going. Then I suppose I’ll just be included.

**ROSIE:**

What do you think they’ll write about you?

**JERRY:**

Nothing.

**ROSIE:**

Is that what you want? Do you just want to be forgotten about?

**JERRY:**

I already am.

**ROSIE:**

But, do you want to be?

**JERRY:**

No.

**ROSIE:**

Good. I’m glad to hear that. So, what do you want to do about it?

**JERRY:**

Nothing.

**ROSIE:**

We love holding our own heads underwater, don’t we? All we need to do is breathe. It’s actually easy to do. If we hate ourselves so much…

**JERRY:**

Stop. I know what you’re doing. It won’t work.

**ROSIE:**

OK! One thing? Drinking as much as you do *will* kill you. I am a nurse. I see it all the time. I know this. I also know that drinking isn’t the problem, most of the time...

**JERRY:**

That’s two things.

**ROSIE:**

I’ve helped people, Jerry. I am good at it. You have no control over yourself. Here is a secret, I don’t either. Nobody does. Now what? So, go drink. I’m not going to handcuff you.

**JERRY:**

I’m not going to drink anymore.

**ROSIE:**

I don’t care. I mean I do, I just don’t care about platitudes.

**JERRY:**

Then stop making them.

**ROSIE:**

That’s funny. I should know better than to use big words you would know proper usage of.

**JERRY:**

Oh, you can try, I don’t mind.

**ROSIE:**

OK, look. Let’s stay in your purview...I think I’m using

*that* word right...

**JERRY:**

We’ll see.

**ROSIE:**

OK. So, Scarlett O’Hara…

**JERRY:**

What about her?

**ROSIE:**

She goes from a leisure society debutante, to a survivor of war, to an entrepreneur. Does she remind you of anybody?

**JERRY:**

No.

**ROSIE:**

Nobody? Think hard.

**JERRY:**

I don’t know. Could be anybody…

**ROSIE:**

She reminds me of you.

**JERRY:**

I’m not an entrepreneur.

**ROSIE:**

Not yet.

**JERRY:**

Ha! So…you’re saying, I’m a debutante and a war survivor?…I’ve already been through the first two stages of Scarlett O’Hara! (LAUGHS)

**ROSIE:**

So, what’s the next phase?

**JERRY:**

Hell if I know.

**ROSIE:**

I do. You need to rebuild Tara, Scarlett!

**JERRY:**

I’ve never had a Tara.

**ROSIE:**

Everybody has. Come, now.

**JERRY:**

Even if they do, what’s the point? Really. What’s the point of all of this?

**ROSIE:**

Tara is just…

**JERRY:**

I know what Tara is. Rosie. I appreciate what you’re trying to...

**ROSIE:**

So, sue me. I want something for you, Jerry. I want you to be alive tomorrow. Sometimes a person needs some inspiration.

**JERRY:**

I don’t get that from people.

**ROSIE:**

Where do you get it?

**JERRY:**

From being quiet.

**ROSIE:**

OK.

**JERRY:**

Listen, I’ll talk all day long with you. Don’t insult me by trying to teach me something about myself, because that’s not talking, that’s telling. I’ll take your friendship, not your curriculum.

**ROSIE:**

OK. You are tough.

**JERRY:**

I grew up in an asylum. I just know what these questions are about.

**ROSIE:**

So you don’t want help.

**JERRY:**

No, I don’t need help. I don’t need that kind of help.

**ROSIE:**

What kind do you…

**JERRY:**

The kind where you talk about something else.

**ROSIE:**

Let’s talk about suicide, then.

(SFX: Jerry gets up from the chair and moves toward the fireplace. Over this...)

**JERRY (LAUGHS):**

Oh, boy!

(SFX: Rosie follows her.)

**ROSIE:**

Why are you drinking yourself slowly to death when jumping off a cliff is faster?

(SFX: Jerry stops and turns on her heels. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

You tell me.

(SFX: Rosie stops.)

**ROSIE:**

I will. You want someone to come save you, scoop you up in their arms right before you jump. And by drinking yourself slowly to death, that part about ‘right before you jump’ lasts just a bit longer.

**JERRY:**

You’re calling me chicken?

**ROSIE:**

In a roundabout way, I suppose.

**JERRY:**

Well, this conversation got morbid! I like it a lot better now.

**ROSIE:**

So you really don’t want to die. You just want to be saved.

**JERRY:**

Like Scarlett with Ashley.

**ROSIE:**

Exactly. And no matter what she schemed, he never did.

**JERRY:**

He is a short-sighted man.

**ROSIE:**

And a good judge of character. Would have been sad had Scarlett just given up.

**JERRY:**

The book would have been a lot shorter.

**ROSIE:**

That might be a good thing.

(W/T: They laugh.)

**ROSIE (CONT’D):**

If someone came by and saved you, be it Ashley Wilkes, or Ernie Pyle, you never would become the woman to rebuild Tara. It’d be accomplished for you, not by you.

**JERRY:**

But it’d get done.

**ROSIE:**

By someone else, and you’d always be upset living in a house where nobody asked your opinion about any of the design details.

**JERRY:**

That’s true.

**ROSIE:**

So, what’ll it be?

**JERRY:**

Rosie. You’re doing it again, please change the subject.

**ROSIE:**

If you want something, that tells me you are okay with living. I can check your vitals, make sure you’re hydrated and aren’t anemic, the regular stuff. But if you are just going to slip into another hole...

(SFX: Jerry finishes walking to the fireplace.)

**JERRY:**

I’m not. I’m fine. Just leave me alone.

**ROSIE:**

I will. Just as soon as you tell me what you want.

(SFX: Jerry picks up the coffee pot and pours herself another cup of coffee. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

It isn’t any of your business.

**ROSIE:**

I just told you it was.

(SFX: Jerry roughly places the coffee pot back in the fireplace. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

I don’t want! Now leave me alone! Wanting something is painful! I am trying to not want anything, most of the time.

**ROSIE:**

You’re trying?

**JERRY:**

Most of the time, yes.

**ROSIE:**

So you do want something!

**JERRY:**

No, you’re tricking me...

**ROSIE:**

Well, sure. You want to not want anything. Which means, you want something. So what is it?

**JERRY:**

I don’t know.

**ROSIE:**

Might as well yearn for something. Jerry, something deep inside you wants to flourish, succeed and thrive.

(SFX: Jerry tries to move toward the bar. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

Oh, boy. I need a drink.

(SFX: Rosie steps in her way. Over this...)

**ROSIE**:

That’ll throw all of this out the window.

**JERRY:**

What out the window?

**ROSIE:**

You drink to forget about the work it takes to flourish.

**JERRY:**

Oh, are we back here already? I’m not going to drink anymore! I told you that!

**ROSIE:**

That’s not what I’m talking about.

(SFX: Jerry tries to lead Rosie toward the apartment door. Over this...)

**JERRY:**

I don’t care, Rosie. You’ve checked on me. I’m fine. You see that I am fine. I’m not drinking. Thanks for the visit.

(SFX: Jerry opens the front door. Over this...)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

It’s time to go.

**ROSIE:**

It’s the war. Can’t you see?

**JERRY:**

What!?

**ROSIE:**

It’s taken your Tara, and all of your awareness and understanding of such things. Your innocence. Your truth.

**JERRY:**

Oh, jeeze, Rosie. Go tell somebody who cares, would you?!

**ROSIE:**

What would Scarlett O’Hara do?

**JERRY:**

I have no idea! I can’t make a dress out of these flour- sack drapes!

(SFX: They laugh.)

**ROSIE:**

What would she do?

**JERRY:**

She’d fight you.

**ROSIE:**

She’d fight you...But first she’d figure out what she wants…

**JERRY:**

Alright! That’s it! Get the hell out of here! I don’t need to be taught anything anymore!! Can’t you just converse like a normal person?! I’m fine! I’m fine!!

**ROSIE:**

I can’t tell if you’re being serious…

**JERRY:**

I AM ALWAYS SERIOUS!! OUT!!! OUT!!!

(SFX: Rosie moves back across the room to the writing desk, grabbing her purse and medical bag. Over this...)

**ROSIE:**

Alright. I’m going.

**JERRY:**

OUT!!!! NOW!!! GET THE HELL OUT!!!

(SFX: Rosie moves across the room and through the front door. Over this...)

**ROSIE:**

Eat that steak.

**JERRY:**

GET OUT!!!!!

(SFX: Jerry slams the door behind Rosie and starts laughing.)

**JERRY:**

That’s so funny!

On Ernie! You should have seen...

(SFX: Jerry moves across the room. Over this...)

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

You should have seen the look on her face! She thought I was serious!! You would have loved that, Ernie! Watch.

(SFX: Jerry opens one of the windows by Ernie’s desk. Over this...)

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

I mean listen... AND STAY OUT, YOU OLD BATTLEAXE!!!!

(SFX: The window slams shut. W/T: Jerry laughs maniacally.)

**JERRY (CONT’D):**

Oh, my goodness . I can’t breathe! Only you would get this!...

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

So, why am I here all alone!? Why, Ernie!? I’m fine now. Come back and get me. I want to laugh! I want to laugh with you!

I won’t drink anymore. I promise. Come back here, right now, dammit!!

Nobody understands me here!

I know I’m too much. I always have been. I know why you left me here.

(W/T: Jerry laughs.)

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

Oh, my god. She thinks I’m a lunatic! That’s so funny. I can’t wait for her to come back, I’m going to do it to her again!

(SFX: Jerry sits back down at the writing desk and resumes speaking to the recorder. Over this...)

(W/T: Jerry laughs.)

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

Ok. Ok. Enough of that. Listen. I was about to tell you my idea. I have an idea. I was going to tell you just before Rosie barged in on me. It’s a good idea. I hope you think it’s a good idea.

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

I love the look on your face when I give you the right word. The corner of your mouth lifts up and you shake your head. You love me then. I am in pursuit of that look on your face.

I want to live there. In that point in time.

What you may not understand is, when you stop asking me for that word I don’t feel necessary.

So, my idea is this: I will be a good girl. I will not drink. But, I have to find another way of… of getting that look on your face. One that might not have anything to do with you. One that won’t be asking your permission or waiting your approval. I hope you can take it. Because I won’t be available at all times to help you.

You’re going to have to go fly a kite!

But, I’m scared. I have something I want to say, I don’t fully know what it is yet. It’s scary. Because if I let it out, what if there’s nothing there? What if everything I feel comes down to nothing? And I hear nothing but silence. And I end up liking it there...

I have all these thoughts in my head right now about it... Why aren’t you here with me, right now!? I hate you!

If you were here I would let you have it! Boy, would I let you have it for doing this!

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

But here is my grand idea: I’m going to write. I’m sick and tired of people looking at me like I’m not there.

It happens all the time that people look right at me and don’t see me. Like I am some sort of almost person.

Almost writer. Almost wife. Almost...

Oh, my god. Oh my god. OH MY GOD!!! ROSIE!

(SFX: Jerry gets up from the desk. Over this...)

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

ROSIE!!!!!!

(W/T: Jerry laughs.)

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

This is what she was talking about, and I already knew what I wanted!!!

(SFX: Jerry throws open the window again.)

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

ROSIE!! I’M SO SORRY!!!!!

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

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

ROSIE!!! HEY ROSIE!!! I WANT SOMETHING!!! I ALWAYS DID!!! HEY ROSIE!!! I’M A GODDAMN WRITER, ROSIE!!! I’M GOING TO WRITE A BOOK!!! I’M GOING TO WRITE A BOOK!!!

(W/T: Jerry laughs. SFX: She collapses into her seat. She catches her breath.)

**JERRY(CONT’D):**

Hey, Ernie? Can you handle it?

(SFX: Jerry opens a drawer in Ernie’s writing desk, pulls out a bottle and a tumbler then sets them on the desk. She pulls the cork and pours a drink...)

**MUSIC SEGUE:**

**3. INT. NPR STUDIO - DAY**

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

**DAN V. PRESCOTT:**

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:**

WFIU, Bloomington, Indiana. A funny thing. A meme circulating through the social media realm in recent days has me, Cary On-and-on, trending! You like me! You really like me! I have never trended before.

Hey Bloomington, I’m trending! So much so, that I’ve been getting voice-over requests from all over the United States and Canada. Russia has called. I don’t know what they want, but I gave them a ridiculous figure of cash-imbursement and they didn’t balk! So, I’m going to Moscow tomorrow! I don’t speak Cyrillic, but now my quote has never been higher, folks! I give you all permission to never say Onanon again!

**CARY ONANON (CONT’D):**

You kids are something else!

I’m Cary On-and-on. Good night and Good riddance!

**FADE MUSIC**