



HARVEY by Mary Chase

ELWOOD: Harvey and I sit in bars and play the jukebox. Soon the faces of the other people turn toward mine and smile. They're saying, "We don't know your name, mister, but you're a lovely fellow." Harvey and I warm ourselves in all these golden moments. We have entered as strangers... and soon we have friends. They talk to us. They tell about the terrible things they have done. The big wonderful things they *will* do. Their hopes, their regrets, their loves, their hates. All large, because nobody ever brings anything small into a bar. And then I introduce them to Harvey. And he is bigger and grander than anything they can offer me. When they leave, they leave impressed. These same people seldom come back because they've told what they need to tell, and they've seen a little bit of a miracle. They no longer have a need to go back to a bar again.