

## ELWOOD and SANDERSON

**SANDERSON.** Mr. Dowd, what is it you do?

**ELWOOD.** Harvey and I sit in the bars and we have a drink or two and play the jukebox. Soon the faces of the other people turn toward mine and smile. They are 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—soon we have friends. They come over. They sit with us. They drink with us. That talk to us. They tell about the big terrible things they have done. The big wonderful things they *will* do. Their hopes, their regrets, their loves, their hates. All very large because nobody ever brings anything small into a bar. Then I introduce them to Harvey. And he is bigger and grander than anything they offer me. When they leave, they leave impressed. The same people seldom come back—but that’s envy. There’s a little bit of envy in the best of us—too bad isn’t it?

**SANDERSON.** (*Leaning forward.*) How did you happen to call him Harvey?

**ELWOOD.** Harvey is his name.

**SANDERSON.** How do you know that?

**ELWOOD.** That was a rather interesting coincidence, Doctor. One night several years ago I was walking early in the evening along Fairfax Street—between 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup>. You know that block?

**SANDERSON.** Yes, yes.

**ELWOOD.** I had just helped Ed Hickey into a taxi. Ed had been mixing his rye with his gin, and I felt he needed conveying. I started to walk down the street when I heard a voice saying: “Good evening, Mr. Dowd.” I turned and there was this great white rabbit leaning against a lamp post. Well, I

thought nothing of that, because when you have lived in a town as long as I have lived in this one, you get used to the fact that everybody knows your name. Naturally, I went over to chat with him. He said to me: “Ed Hickey is a little spiffed this evening, or could I be mistaken?” Well, of course he was not mistaken. I think the world and all of Ed but he was spiffed. Well, anyway, we stood there and talked, and finally I said—“You have the advantage of me. You know my name and I don’t know yours.” Right back at me he said: “What name do you like?” Well, I didn’t even have to think a minute: Harvey has always been my favorite name. So I said, “Harvey,” and this is the interesting part of the whole thing. He said—“What a coincidence! My name happens to be Harvey.”

**SANDERSON.** What was your father’s name, Dowd?

**ELWOOD.** John. John Frederick.

**SANDERSON.** Dowd, when you were a child you had a play mate, didn’t you? Someone you were very fond of—with whom you spent many happy, carefree hours?

**ELWOOD.** Oh, yes, Doctor. Didn’t you?

**SANDERSON.** What was his name?

**ELWOOD.** Verne. Verne McElhinney. Did you know the McElhinneys, Doctor?

**SANDERSON.** No.

**ELWOOD.** Too bad. There were a lot of them, and they circulated. Wonderful people.

**SANDERSON.** Think carefully, Dowd. Wasn’t there someone, somewhere, some time, whom you knew—by the name of Harvey? Didn’t you ever know anybody by that name?

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**ELWOOD.** No, Doctor. No one. Maybe that's why I always had such hopes for it.

**SANDERSON.** Come on, Dowd—(*Pause. Putting out his hand.*) Come on, Elwood— we'll go upstairs now.

**ELWOOD.** (*Rises.*) Very well, Lyman. But I'm afraid I won't be able to visit with you for long. I have promised Harvey I will take him to the floor-show. (*THEY exit.*)