

HARVEY SIDES

MONOLOGUES (Elwood, Dr Chumley, Veta, Lofgren)

a. ELWOOD:

Aunt Ethel--I want you to meet Harvey. As you can see he's a Pooka. Harvey. you've heard me speak of Mrs. Chauvenet? We always called her Aunt Ethel. She is one of my oldest and dearest friends. Yes-yes-that's right. She's the one. This is the one.

He says he would have know you anywhere. You both look lovely Come on in with me, Harvey--We must say hello to all of our friends—

I beg your pardon, Aunt Ethel. If you'll excuse me for one moment. You are standing in his way. Come along, Harvey.

b. 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.

c. ELWOOD:

One night, several years ago, I was walking early in the evening, alone. Fairfax Street—between 18th and 19th. I had just helped Ed Hickey into a taxi. Ed had been mixing his rye with his gin, and I felt he needed some help getting home. 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 live 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 was 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.

So we stood there and talked and finally I said, "You have the advantage of me. You know my name, but 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!"

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Dr. CHUMLEY: You know that much, do you? You went to medical school-you specialized in the study of psychiatry? You graduated-you went forth. Perhaps they neglected to tell you that a rabbit has large pointed ears! That a hat for a rabbit would have to be perforated to make room for those ears?!

Doctor, the function of a psychiatrist is to tell the difference between those who are reasonable, and those who merely talk and act reasonably.

Do you realize what you have done to me? You don't answer. Ill tell you. You have permitted a psychopathic case to walk off these ground and roam around with an overgrown white rabbit. You have subjected me, a psychiatrist, to the humiliation of having to call --of all things-- a lawyer to find out who came out here to be committed--and who came out here to commit.

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VETA: Yes, Doctor... he's... this isn't easy for me, Doctor. I noticed it right away when Mother died, and Myrtle Mae and I came back home to live with Elwood. I could see that he... that he... Doctor, everything I say to you is confidential, isn't it? Doctor, I want Elwood committed out here permanently because I can't stand another day of that Harvey. Myrtle and I have to set a place at the table for Harvey. We have to move over on the sofa and make a place for Harvey. We have to answer the telephone when Elwood calls and asks to speak to Harvey.

We didn't know about Harvey until we came back here. Doctor, don't you think it would have been a little kinder of Mother to have written and told me about Harvey? Harvey is a rabbit, a big white rabbit, six feet high—or is it six feet and a half? Heaven knows that I ought to know. He's been around the house long enough. My brother's closest friend is this big white rabbit. He and Elwood go every place together. Elwood buys theatre tickets, railroad tickets for both of them. As I told Myrtle May—if your uncle is so lonesome he had to bring something home—why couldn't he bring home something human? He has me, doesn't he? He has Myrtle Mae.

Doctor, I'm going to tell you something I've never told anybody in the world before. Every once in a while, I see that big white rabbit myself. Now isn't that terrible? I've never even told Myrtle Mae. And what's more, he's every bit as big as Elwood says he is. But don't tell anybody I told you so.

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LOFGREN: Listen, lady, I've been drivin' this route 15 years. I've brought 'em out here to get their injections, and then drove' em back after they got it. It changes 'em.

On the way out here, they sit back and enjoy the ride. They talk to me. Sometimes we stop and watch the sunsets and look at birds flying. Sometimes we stop and watch the birds when there ain't no birds and look at the sunsets when it's rainin'. We have a swell time, and I always get a big tip.

But afterwards... huh uh! They crab, crab, crab. They yell at me to watch the lights, watch the brakes, watch the intersection. They scream at me to hurry. They got no faith in me or my cab, yet it's the same cab, same driver, same road. It's no fun... and no tips. Lady, after this he'll be a perfectly normal human being... and you know what bastards they are.

I'll be out in my cab.