

**BETTY CHUMLEY & ELWOOD**

Side #1

**BETTY:** Willie – remember your promise -. Hello Dr. Sanderson. Willie, you haven't forgotten Dr. McClure's cocktail party? *We promised them faithfully.*

**CHUMLEY:** That's right. I have to go upstairs now and look in on a patient. Be down shortly – *(EXITS.)*

**BETTY:** *(Calling after him; as she crosses down to chair left of table, she sits, fixes her shoe.)* Give a little quick diagnosis, Willie – we don't want to be late to the party. I'm dying to see the inside of that house. *(Enter **ELWOOD** from center. He doesn't see **BETTY** at first. He looks around the room carefully.)* Good evening.

**ELWOOD:** *(removing his hat and bowing.)* Good evening. *(Puts hat on desk. Walks over to her.)*

**BETTY:** I am Mrs. Chumley. Doctor Chumley's wife.

**ELWOOD:** I'm happy to know that. Dowd is my name. Elwood P. Let me give you one of my cards. *(Gives her one.)* If you should want to call me – call me at this one. Don't call me at that one, because that's – *(points at card.)* the old one.

**BETTY:** Thank you. Is there something I can do for you?

**ELWOOD:** What did you have in mind?

**BETTY:** You seem to be looking for someone.

**ELWOOD:** Yes, I am. I'm looking for Harvey. I went off with without him.

**BETTY:** Harvey? Is he a patient here?

**ELWOOD:** Oh, no. Nothing like that.

**BETTY:** Does he work here?

**ELWOOD:** Oh no. He is what you might call my best friend. He is also a pooka. He came out here with me and Veta this afternoon.

**BETTY:** Where was he when you last saw him?

**ELWOOD:** In that chair there – with his hat and coat on the table.

**BETTY:** There doesn't seem to be any hat and coat around here now. Perhaps he left.

**ELWOOD:** Apparently. I don't see him anywhere.

**BETTY:** What was that word you just said – pooka?

**ELWOOD:** Yes, that's it.

**BETTY:** Is that something new?

**ELWOOD:** Oh, no. As I understand it. That's something very old.

**BETTY:** Oh, really? I had never happened to hear it before.

**ELWOOD:** I'm not too surprised at that. I hadn't myself, until I met him. I do hope you get an opportunity to meet him. I'm sure he would be quite taken with you.

**BETTY:** Oh, really? Well, that's very nice of you to say so, I'm sure.

**ELWOOD:** Not at all. If Harvey happens to take a liking to people he expresses himself quite definitely. If he's not particularly interested, he sits there like an empty chair or an empty space on the floor. Harvey takes his time making his mind up about people. Choosey, you see.

**BETTY:** That's not such a bad way to be in this day and age.

**ELWOOD:** Harvey is fond of my sister, Veta. That's because he is fond of me, and Veta and I come from the same family. Now you'd think that feeling would be mutual, wouldn't you? But Veta doesn't seem to care for Harvey. Don't you think that's rather too bad, Mrs. Chumley?

**BETTY:** Oh, I don't know, Mr. Dowd. I gave up a long time ago expecting my family to like my friends. It's useless.

**ELWOOD:** But we must keep on trying.

**BETTY:** Well, there's no harm in trying, I suppose.

**ELWOOD:** Because if Harvey has said to me once he has said a million times – "Mr. Dowd, I would do anything for you."

**BETTY CHUMLEY & WILSON**

Side #2

**BETTY:** I'll have to tell the cook we'll be home for dinner. She'll be furious. Wilson - -

**WILSON:** Yes, ma'am.

**BETTY:** What's a pooka?

**WILSON:** A what?

**BETTY:** A pooka.

**WILSON:** You can search me, Mrs. Chumley.

**BETTY:** I wonder if it would be in the Encyclopedia here? (*GOES to the bookcase and takes out book.*) They have something here. I wonder if it is a lodge, or what it is! (*Starts to look in it, then puts it on table open.*) Oh, I don't dare to stop to do this now. Dr. Chumley won't want to find me still here when he comes down. He'll raise - I mean - oh, dear! (**SHE** exits.)

**WILSON:** (*Goes to pick up book, looks in it. Runs forefinger under words.*) P-o-o-k-a. "Pooka. From old Celtic mythology. A fairy spirit in animal form. Always very large. The pooka appears here and there, now and then, to this one and that one at his own caprice. A wise but mischievous creature. Very fond of rum-pots, crack-pots," and how are you, Mr. Wilson? (*Looks at book startled - looks at center doorway fearfully - then back to book.*) How are you, Mr. Wilson? (*Shakes book, looks at it in surprise.*) Who in the encyclopedia wants to know? (*Looks at the book again, drops it on table.*) Oh - to hell with it! (**HE** exits quickly out down left.)