

HARVEY

I'm getting to it. On my way to the back yard, I stopped in the kitchen and got myself a beer. Now I don't know if any of you guys are beer drinkers... I guess not. Usually, when you drink beer, it's either too cold, or not cold enough, or it's got too much foam, or it's just a lousy brand. And you still drink it, because that's what life's about, accepting the beer you're given, but it's nothing that, nothing you'd ever get *enthused* about. But this beer, it was delicious. Just right. I can still remember sitting in my backyard, thinking, "I'm broke, I'm unemployed, and I have lousy reception. But this moment, *this moment*, is perfect."