Friday:

On the steps of the Capitol, a Hollywood producer named Richard Kiley, an old friend, told me about his new picture *Pendulum. *It was a project that he had been working on for years, and it was finally going to be made. I congratulated him on the project, and he thanked me.

In the bumper-to-bumper traffic, the rush hour was crisp and cold, but the sun was shining. As I drove through the city, I noticed that the cherry trees were in full bloom. It was a beautiful sight, and I felt a sense of relief.

It was different in the heart of the city. The streets were crowded, and the air was thick with the smell of exhaust. I could hear the sound of cars honking, and the noise was overwhelming. It was a reminder of how much we rely on our cars for transportation.

On April 5, a white Washingtonian named Tim was killed in an argument over a parking space. The incident was tragic, and it highlighted the tension that had been building in the city. It was noticeable, not just in the downtown area, but also on the streets of the suburbs.

"It was terrifying," Tim's wife told me. "I can't believe that they would do something like that just because they couldn't park."

She had been working at a coffee shop on 14th and U street when the argument began. She said that she and her coworkers had been working overtime to prepare for the weekend.

"I was just trying to get my job done," she said. "But it was impossible to concentrate with all the noise and commotion."