8

~~MACEE. (*Into phone.*) Hello. Yes. I better take this inside. Excuse me a moment. (*Exits R.*)~~

SUSAN. He's got a little tiny room on the top floor and he practically never leaves it.

WALTER. (*Crosses to* DROBNEY.) Don't you go crazy?

DROBNEY. I am a guest through the courtesy of your government and I do not wish to make myself a nuisance.

MARION. Can't you ever leave here?

DROBNEY. Only if there is some drastic change in national policy. I have many friends who could help me to escape. But my duty is to return and some day lead my people once again.

MARION. But until you lead your people—you stay in your bedroom?

DROBNEY. In recent years I have developed a hobby and so it passes the lonely moments.

MARION. What do you do?

SUSAN. Father Drobney is a magician.

DROBNEY. I've been practicing for years. Years.

MARION. That's a wonderful hobby.

DROBNEY. (*Pulling cards from pocket and offering pack to* WALTER.) Pick a card—go ahead—any card . . . I'm not forcing!

WALTER. (*Sits* L.C. *chair.*) It's all I needed!

SUSAN. (*Crosses to* U.S. *of* L.C. *chair.*) C'mon, Dad. Be a sport.

DROBNEY. Go on—take any card . . .

MARION. Walter. Don't be rude.

(WALTER *reluctantly does.*)

DROBNEY. Jack of spades.

WALTER. Wrong, five of diamonds.

DROBNEY. Damn it! Sorry. (*Crosses himself, looking upward.*)

SUSAN. Father Drobney has all kinds of interesting things up there. Don't you, Father?

DROBNEY. Doves—I have white doves—I raised them! I transform them before your eyes!

SUSAN. Why don't you get some of your things—I'd love to see them!

DROBNEY. (*Becoming excited.*) Really? Would you?

MARION. Of course he would, wouldn't you, Walter?

WALTER. Of course, why do you think I had us trapped here.

DROBNEY. (*A step* U.S.) I'll be down in a minute. An audience! An audience! I'll do the rings and my silk handkerchief production and my vanishing billiard balls.

WALTER. Terrific. It's the Ed Sullivan Show.

DROBNEY. (*Crosses* U.L.) I'll be right down. (*Starts to exit, then as an afterthought returns and says to them all:*) Don't go away. (*Exits upstairs.*)

WALTER. (*Sarcastically.*) Don't go away.

SUSAN. Imagine staying in your room and practicing magic for six years.

MARION. (*Crosses* C.) What about us, Walter, what if the same thing happens to us?

WALTER. (*Rises and crosses to* MARION.) Where do you compare? We're innocent tourists. He's a priest. I'm sure he could get out of here if he made some effort, but you know how it is with those guys. The one who suffers the most gets a promotion.

KILROY. (*Enters* U.L. *and crosses* D.L.C.) Mr. Hollander, I think we've solved your dinner problem.

WALTER. What?

KILROY. The chef is making you hare.

WALTER. What?

KILROY. Hare.

WALTER. What's hare?

SUSAN. Rabbit.

WALTER. Pardon me?

MARION. Hare is rabbit.

KILROY. It's the closest thing to chicken the chef could find.

WALTER. Rabbit?

KILROY. It's delicious.

WALTER. Bunny rabbit?