dignitaries discuss, chat, have drinks, plans are laid, negotiations felt out, and when small parties or receptions are held, this is the main room although guests spill out into other parts of the building. It is furnished with that sparse elegance that one might find in one of the rooms in the White House like the Blue Room or the Red Room. Small areas for conversation here and there, perhaps for tea or brandy, a prim sofa, a small leather top desk with phone that is quite antique and beautiful magnificent wood floors smartly waxed and maybe one lovely area rug contribute to a simple but rich looking room. U.L. *there is a lovely porcelain tile stove. There are open doors at* L. *and* R., *for this room, because of its central location, is a main artery leading to its adjoining rooms, just the barest bits of which we might be able to glimpse, one of them being a much smaller, but beautifully done, office of the ambassador, and on the other side, perhaps a lovely hallway that would eventually lead to some other small rooms. In this room in addition to a mirror on the wall and some very simple American landscapes, there might be a portrait of the President or the Official Seal.*

TIME: *The present.*

AT RISE: *The Stage is empty. From down the Upstage staircase comes the spectre-like tall, emaciated, cassocked figure of* FATHER DROBNEY, *a priest who speaks with an accent. He faces the audience and one can detect behind his eyes the faint glimmer of an eccentric.*

DROBNEY. (*Crosses* D.L.C.) Good evening. My name is Drobney. Father Drobney. I am a priest in this charming little Communist country where out of four million inhabitants, 3,975,000 are atheists, and about 24,000 are agnostics—and the other thousand are Jewish. The point

is: I don't have a big following. This is the United States Embassy of this country. Six years ago I ran in here seeking asylum from the Communist police. Outside these walls were four million Communists determined to kill me! My choice was simple. I could remain here in the safety of your embassy, or I could go outside and attempt the biggest mass conversion in history. I decided to stay and I've been hiding upstairs ever since. The head of this Embassy is Ambassador James F. Magee. He was put in charge here by your government because of his firm grasp of world events. (*Enter* AMBASSADOR MAGEE, *hard-nosed, dignified in his mid-fifties, a career organization-team man. He goes* R. *to window and looks out.*) Each morning for the past four years he enters this room, surveys the environment, and graces us with his clarity and wisdom.

AMBASSADOR. Jesus, look at all those Communists!

DROBNEY. This is typical of his ability to sum up a situation brilliantly. (AMBASSADOR MAGEE *goes to desk and loads briefcase with papers for a trip.* KILROY *enters* R. *with pad and pencil, poised at the* AMBASSADOR'S *side.* KILROY *is a punctilious rat and you can smell his type a mile away.*) Mr. Kilroy is Ambassador Magee's bright-eyed efficient assistant.

KILROY. (*Out front.*) I am the only man in the Foreign Service who knows the words to the second stanza of the Star Spangled Banner.

DROBNEY. All of his vital memos are sent through Mr. Kilroy.

AMBASSADOR. Mr. Kilroy, take a vital memo: To all Embassy personnel: Unless a new embassy building is purchased, we must think of new ways to make room in this small mansion. It was unfortunate that when Dean Rusk passed through the country last week we were unable to put him up for the night. It was equally unfortunate that no one here recognized him. See this does not happen again.

(KILROY *calls smartly,* R. *Enter* AXEL MAGEE, L., *about*