10

hung up phone. The SULTAN *also sees* MARION *and* DRODNEY *on the floor, the priest still in his straight-jacket. He* [illegible] *it on, finally.*)

WALTER. (*Crosses to* SULTAN.) What have we got here? Lawrence of Arabia.

MARION. (*Extricating herself, curtsying.*) How do you do, Sultan?

WALTER. Sultan? You know him?

MARION. Are you ignorant? It's the Sultan of Bashir.

WALTER. What do you do? Hang around the U.N. building, picking up Arabs?

SULTAN. I am His Royal Majesty, Ruler of the People of Bashir. I am here to see Ambassador Magee.

MARION. How do you do?

SULTAN. This is my wife.

MARION. (*To* WIFE.) Hello. Can I take your veil?

WALTER. I'm Walter Hollander from New Jersey.

SULTAN. I am a guest of Ambassador Magee's.

MARION. (*Trying to be polite.*) I hope you didn't have any trouble getting by all those soldiers around the Embassy. Walter and I are wanted.

WALTER. (*Dawning on him.*) I know where I read about the Sultan of Bashir recently—didn't you fellas put down an uprising?

SULTAN. Eh?

WALTER. Didn't you have some kind of revolution or something?

SULTAN. Where's the Ambassador?

WALTER. (*Not really unfriendly.*) Sure . . . you killed all those workers . . . I read about it. That wasn't nice what you did to those people—they were protesting peacefully.

SULTAN. There are two sides to that affair, my friend.

WALTER. (*Still innocently enough.*) What kind of two sides? A few poor workers go on strike—you gotta shoot 'em?

SULTAN. If you could see them. They are vermin. There's no other way to teach them.

(WALTER *regards this with growing irritation.*)

MARION. Er, Walter—what are you talking about something you know nothing about?

WALTER. (*Getting a bit annoyed.*) I don't know politics? What's the matter with you? Don't you read the papers? This guy executes his people like you use your Charge-A-Plate.

MARION. You're in a bad mood.

SULTAN. I did not come here to be received by a pair of dogs. Where is the Ambassador?

WALTER. (*Dealing this square into the* SULTAN's *face.*) I always read things in the papers and I get frustrated because being a little shot from New Jersey I never get a chance to express my opinion to a real big shot.

MARION. No one asked you.

MAGEE. (*Enters in just in time to prevent what might have turned into a pushing match.*) Your Majesty—forgive us.

SULTAN. I will not stay here unless I receive an apology from your government.

MAGEE. Mr. Hollander—leave this room at once.

WALTER. (*To* SULTAN.) What's your trouble, Aladdin?

MARION. Walter, you're in a very bad mood this morning. Let's go.

WALTER. I live here. I'm not going any place. I pay taxes. Why, 'cause this bum has some oil wells?

MAGEE. Your Majesty, please come inside.

SULTAN. You are an insolent swine!

WALTER. I'll hit him a shot in the chops, they'll have to bandage him in his own sheets!