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MAGEE. One thing about my work—you don't usually get to meet any attractive American women.

SUSAN. (*Crosses to* D.R. *sofa and sits.*) Oh?—don't you have a girl friend—or someone back home?

MAGEE. (*Crosses to sofa and sits.*) Actually, my work has caused me to travel a lot. Suddenly. What do you do? Are you a model or an actress or something?

SUSAN. No. I danced. In the New York City Center Ballet. And I was a folk singer and I worked in a coffee house in Greenwich Village.

MAGEE. Waitress?

SUSAN. I repaired motorcycles. Right now my big interest is painting.

MAGEE. No kidding—I paint. You'd hate my work though—it's all very abstract—I stand back and splash oil all over everything and then I run all over it with my sneakers and I stick my lunch on it—in fact, my lunch came in second at a showing in Cape Cod.

SUSAN. I adore abstract art.

MAGEE. Really. I'm a big Jackson Pollack man. His drippings best express my mental state. After dinner if you're interested, I'll show you a little statue I made out of some old automobile parts and a bedpan.

SUSAN. I'd love it.

MAGEE. (*Coming close to her and intimate.*) Y'know, you're really very pretty.

SUSAN. Thank you.

CHEF. (*Enters, agitated,* U.L. *and crosses* D.C.) Forgive my intrusion, Mr. Magee, but I must know what is the decision for dinner.

MAGEE. (*Rises.*) What's the problem? (*Crossing and turning on LIGHT.*)

CHEF. It's him.

MAGEE. Who?

CHEF. Mr. Hollander.

CHEF. Every dish I name he says no.

MAGEE. Does he have any suggestion?

CHEF. Mr. Magee—we are four thousand miles from the United States, this is a Communist country, it's eight o'clock at night—where do you expect me to get Sara Lee coffee cake?

WALTER. (*Enters angrily* U.L. *and crosses to* L.C. *chair and sits.*) What kind of place is this?

CHEF. (*Running to him.*) Oysters.

WALTER. I will not eat oysters. They're alive when you eat them. I want my food dead—not sick, not wounded —dead.

CHEF. It's too late now to get anything new—take a very nice piece of veal.

WALTER. You must be joking.

CHEF. What's wrong with veal? My recipe is one of the great secrets of European cooking.

WALTER. Really? Let's keep it that way.

CHEF. (*Appealing.*) Mr. Magee. I have very little. If I had known. I couldn't get to the market—there were soldiers outside—

MAGEE. Try and understand, Mr. Hollander, our menu here is particularly elaborate because we entertain guests from all over the world.

WALTER. (*Rises.*) All I want is a plain piece of boiled chicken.

MARION. (*Enters* U.L. *and crosses to* WALTER.) Walter, where did you go off to?

WALTER. You know I can't get a meal here.

MARION. I'll come in the kitchen and make you something.

WALTER. Good.

CHEF. Madam. How do you live with this man? Do you force-feed him?

MARION. Don't worry. I know what he likes.

CHEF. (*Getting hysterical.*) I warn you, Madam, no one has ever been in my kitchen before. If you do anything to spoil the order of my spice rack, I don't know

what I'll do. Do you hear me? I don't know what I'll do! (*Storms out in a rage,* U.L.)

WALTER. It's good to know our food is being cooked by an outpatient.

[redacted]

WALTER. Did you tell him not to drive to Newark Airport with the station wagon because we may be six years late?

MAGEE. (*Crosses to* MARION.) Mrs. Hollander—I wanted to speak to you about the phone. Naturally you're free to use it . . . If you could limit yours calls to a few dozen.

WALTER. (*Crosses to* L. *chair.*) This is nothing for her. She has to alert everyone in Newark, individually, like Paul Revere. (*Sits.*)

MARION. I called the Kleins and they'll take care of Seth till we get back.

WALTER. You couldn't find a worse couple?

MARION. (*Crosses to* WALTER.) What's wrong with the Kleins?

WALTER. They have orgies.

MARION. How do you know?

WALTER. I catered one.

SUSAN. (*Enters* U.L., *bringing with her a bewildered-looking* FATHER DROBNEY. *Crosses* D.L.C.) Mom, Dad. Hey, look who I met.

MAGEE. Father Drobney—what brings you down here!

DROBNEY. I heard so much commotion today and I met this young lady in the hall upstairs—

MAGEE. These are the Hollanders. They came here today in much the same way you did six years ago.

DROBNEY. Are you refugees?

WALTER. (*Rises.*) Refugees? You know what I paid for this shirt?

MARION. We were at the Vatican. We saw your boss. (*PHONE rings. She and* MAGEE *go for it,* MAGEE *gets it first.*) If it's for me I'm free to talk.