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AMBASSADOR. You were in Brazil for two weeks and you had them importing coffee!

MAGEE. Dad, I know how much that governorship means to you and I'll see that this Embassy remains a credit to your record.

AMBASSADOR. The only important guest we're going to have in the next two weeks is the Sultan of Bashir.

MAGEE. I'll see that the Sultan gets royal treatment.

AMBASSADOR. You sure will, Axel. I'm on the verge of concluding an oil deal with the Sultan that will make me a very big man next November. Axel, most fathers start their sons in the mail room and let them work their way up. I started you on top and you worked your way to the mail room. This Embassy is a clean start for you. If it's not run letter perfect, (*He crosses Up to arch.* MAGEE *crosses to desk.*) I'll fire you and if your own father fires you—it's the end of the line. Goodbye. (*Exits* U.R., *closes doors.*)

MAGEE: MAGEE. Have a good flight, Dad. (*Looks around, crosses and adjusts emblem, then straightens up confidently, crosses to* R. *door and calls.*) Mr. Kilroy!

KILROY. (*Entering* R. *and crossing* D.R. *to desk.*) You called?

MAGEE. For the next two weeks I am in charge of this Embassy. Business will go on as usual and it would mean a great deal to me to have your full cooperation.

KILROY. (*Crosses* D.L. *to sofa.*) Your father should have known better than to leave in charge a man who was asked to leave Africa.

MAGEE. (*Crosses* D.S. *to desk.*) That's not fair. Some of the best men in the foreign service have at one time or another been recalled from a country.

KILROY. Africa is a continent. You've been recalled from an entire continent. And what about Japan, you never mention that, or the Soviet Union—you managed to cover that up, too.

MAGEE. (*Crosses to* KILROY.) You know I've had some bad breaks careerwise.

KILROY. (*Accusatory.*) And you were hung in effigy in Panama!

MAGEE. I admitted I was!

KILROY. Yes, but you didn't say it was by our own Embassy!

(*PHONE rings. They* BOTH *go for it.* KILROY *then realizes who's in charge and let's* MAGEE *get it.*)

MAGEE. (*Into phone.*) Yes? Yes, this is the American Embassy . . . Oh, no, Ambassador Magee is not here. He's on his way back to the United States. This is Axel Magee. I'm in charge during his absence. (*Sound of two GUNSHOTS just outside the embassy.*) What the hell is that all about? (*Slams down phone.*)

KILROY. (*Goes to window and* MAGEE *follows.*) It's the Communist police! They're chasing three people, they look like tourists. Mr. Magee, they're running up the steps of the Embassy!

MAGEE. (*Crosses* U.R. *to arch.*) We better open the front door quickly!

(*MAGEE runs and opens doors and in burst* MR. *and* MRS. WALTER HOLLANDER *and their daughter* SUSAN. *He is a typical tourist with loud short-sleeved shirt worn outside his pants and carries a camera. He wears a green hat. His wife carries a TWA bag. The* HOLLANDERS *are a family from Newark on vacation. They are in their early fifties and despite their comical appearance, have a beautiful daughter of about 21. But we will come to that. Right now they are in a state of hysterical panic and fear.*)

MARION. Help! We are American tourists! The communists are after us! They think we're spies!

(*Two GUNSHOTS ring out.*)

WALTER. We're Americans! I swear! Willie Mays! Her-