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KILROY. (*Setting cot down.*) The Grey Fox?

MAGEE. One of their most brilliant spies. They caught him posing as a student at Berkeley. Apparently the Reds went after the first American tourists they could find, in retaliation.

KILROY. Now I suppose they want to trade spies. Adolph Lopert for the Hollanders.

MAGEE. Washington won't hear of it. They're outraged.

KILROY. I wonder if that's the way it's going to be from now on. Everytime we arrest one of their spies, they arrest one of our caterers.

BURNS. I better help the chef. Mr. Hollander is driving him crazy. He hates European food.

KILROY. (*Crosses to* MAGEE.) Mr. Magee, are you aware that the Sultan of Bashir is due here Friday? I suggest we postpone it for a more auspicious moment.

MAGEE. Nonsense, Mr. Kilroy. I should have this cleared up by Friday.

KILROY. And if you don't?

MAGEE. If I don't, business will go on as usual. *I'm* running this embassy.

SUSAN. (*Enters* L. *and crosses* D.S. *of table.*) Oh, Mr. Magee, may I please speak with you?

MAGEE. (*Crosses to* SUSAN.) Certainly, Mr. Kilroy, please. I'm sorry about your accommodations but we are jammed and it is temporary.

(BURNS *and* KILROY *carry cot off* L.)

SUSAN. Mr. Magee—I hope you're not upset by my parents.

MAGEE. Upset?

SUSAN. They're really sweet people—they just have their own way of expressing themselves. Don't let their form of communication throw you—

MAGEE. Listen, you don't have to explain parents to me. I have two parents. I *had* two parents. (*Crosses* D.C.) My mother is in court trying to disown me.

SUSAN. (*Crosses toward him.*) Mr. Kilroy explained to us that your father is Ambassador Magee.

MAGEE. Did he also tell you if I don't make it here I'm finished?

SUSAN. Oh. It's not that bad. Everybody makes mistakes. Everytime I pick up the papers I read about another diplomatic crisis cropping up somewhere in the world.

MAGEE. Have you noticed my name is in every article?

SUSAN. Funny. You're just the opposite of Donald.

MAGEE. Who's Donald?

SUSAN. He's my fiance. He's so confident and totally in command.

MAGEE. (*Crosses to sofa.*) Well, I'm confident too. Between major international blunders.

SUSAN. (*Crosses toward him.*) Well, I don't know about anybody else, but I'm beginning to like it here.

MAGEE. Gee, it's awfully sweet of you to take that attitude—I really appreciate it.

SUSAN. I mean it. It's very exciting and romantic. Most people spend their whole lives without anything like this happening to them.

MAGEE. So your father keeps telling me.

SUSAN. Danger stimulates me. You know how many babies were born in England in World War II as a result of the blitz?

MAGEE. —Well, if it's danger you want—take a look out there—must be two dozen professional killers. (*Gesturing outside the window.* SUSAN *crosses above sofa to window.*)

SUSAN. (*Looking.*) It's hard to see much . . .

MAGEE. (*Crosses to light.*) Here—knock off that light —you'll be able to see all the guards and secret police . . . (*He turns off the LIGHT; the MOONLIGHT comes through the window.*)

SUSAN. Oh sure—look at them out there—they've got machine guns . . . Are you married, Mr. Magee?

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.

SUSAN. (*Rises. To* MAGEE.) Be nice to him. I'll see you at dinner. (*Goes upstairs.*)

CHEF. Every dish I name he says no.