MARION. Walter, be quiet.

WALTER. Those lunatics out there accuse us of spying and this lunatic says yes.

MAGEE. If you were listening to the conversation you should know that I was trying to calm them down.

MARION. First no movie on the plane—then this.

MAGEE. It's a simple misunderstanding.

MARION. How simple?

WALTER. (*To* MARION.) If we leave the building they kill us. Simple enough?

MAGEE. Don't jump to conclusions. There'd be a trial first. (*He stepped in it again.*)

WALTER. Who is this guy?

KILROY. (*Crosses* U.L. *to sofa.*) I'd better call your father. Maybe I can stop him at the airport. (*Goes toward next office.*)

MAGEE. (*Crosses to* KILROY.) There's no need for that. I can handle a crisis. (*Wants to stop him.*)

KILROY. Handle one? You are one. (*Exits* R.)

WALTER. (*Crosses to sofa.*) A man takes his family on vacation—he wants to show them a good time—this is what we have working in our government. Then they wonder why I don't vote.

MAGEE. (*Crosses to desk.*) I've got to make out a report. (*Clumsily seizing all manner of loose forms in triplicate from the desk.*)

MARION. (*Crosses to* WALTER.) Well, that's what you get for taking pictures.

WALTER. It's my vacation. My new hobby is photography. Am I interested in their missiles and rockets? All I want to do is take some pictures.

MAGEE. (*Crosses to* MARION.) I wonder if your photos are valuable?

MARION. He held the camera backwards. They're pictures of his nose.

WALTER. I gotta have my head examined. Every time I listen to you I wind up behind the eight ball.

MARION. Here we go again.

WALTER. If you had listened to me, we would've taken a cabana in Atlantic Beach.

MARION. Every year it must be Atlantic Beach. What's the matter—they need you to work the tide?

WALTER. (*Crosses to* D.L.C.) No, we had to go to Europe. Thirty-five hundred dollars for three weeks of uninterrupted diarrhea.

MARION. What's so terrible? My brother suggested we see Europe. He had a wonderful time here.

WALTER. I'm tired of living for your brother. (*To* MAGEE.) I have to run my life by her brother. That's a hot one.

MAGEE. (*A step* D.R.) I realize you're upset—if I could just get some facts . . .

MARION. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hollander—Newark, New Jersey.

WALTER. You want to know the facts? (MAGEE *crosses Up.*) The facts are I have a three-week vacation. I said, let's take a cabana at Atlantic Beach—there's sun—you can play pinochle—there's miniature golf. No, her brother says—go to Europe. (*Crosses to* L.C. *chair.*) And behind the Iron Curtain no less. I needed this like a growth. (*He sits.*)

MARION. (*Crosses to* WALTER.) Aren't you interested in how the other half lives? We went with you to the Folies Bergere in Paris.

WALTER. Are you comparing Communism to those girls?

MARION. (*To* MAGEE.) As if he appreciates Europe any place. We took him to Westminster Abbey—his feet hurt. We took him to St. Peter's in Rome—he got dizzy from looking up. We took him to the Louve—I hate to tell you what happened.

WALTER. (*Rises.*) It's pronounced Louv-re—Louv-re—that's how much you know.

MARION. (*Crosses to* D.R.C.) In the Louv-re he struck a match across a Van Gogh. I thought I'd die.

MAGEE. (*Trying to fill out forms.*) Have either of you

two ever had any respiratory ailments—? (*Crosses up to desk.*) Oh, wrong forms—

MARION. (*Crosses to* R. *of desk. To* MAGEE.) I have a brother, see? He's a wonderful man.

WALTER. (*Crosses to* L. *of desk.*) He's a Nazi.

MARION. Do you know what you're talking about?

WALTER. (*To* MAGEE.) Take my word for it—he should be wearing an armband.

MAGEE. (*Crosses to* D.R. *of desk. Trying to get correct form.*) Here we are—seeking asylum.

WALTER. (*Crosses to* MAGEE.) I'm not seeking asylum—I didn't do anything. I'm a caterer from New Jersey.

MAGEE. I'll need your passports and I have to get some information.

MARION. I'm giving you information. It began with my brother—quite a lovely individual.

WALTER. They should have hung him at Nuremberg.

MAGEE. (*Consulting form.*) Have you ever bought anything on credit? (*Realizes it's wrong again. Runs to desk to get more.*)

MARION. My brother went to Europe last year. He had a wonderful time. He suggested we bring my daughter—it's cultural. My brother is an intellectual.

WALTER. (*Crosses* D.L.C.) Some intellectual—like Sonny Liston.

MAGEE. (*Crosses to* WALTER.) And you're just a caterer. Nobody paid you to take pictures of anything or anything like that . . .

WALTER. (*Hands him a card.*) Hollander and Blackwell—finest in Newark. Here's my card.

MAGEE. Do you work, Mrs. Hollander?

MARION. No, sir—I'm an average housewife.

WALTER. Some housewife. She's a professional mah-jongg hustler. She carries around her own tiles.

MAGEE. And you accidentally wandered into a restricted area. I mean, you didn't speak in or anything . . .

MARION. I told him it looked like private property.