

Oh, is it cocktail hour? I'll have a whiskey and — you're not Roger!
(*Sloane and Cope enter.*)

SLOANE. ... You know he makes a rather good coat rack, and I always thought that corner needed something. A good day's work. Roger, a rum punch — Good Lord, that's not Roger at all!

PERCY. We're pretending he's Roger to hide him from the government.

LUCIUS. But we have to explain this to Luigi. Ah! There we are: Phyllida's notes on the NaKong language. She's started a dictionary. Cope, you take NaKong-to-English and Walling, you take English-to-NaKong. Together, we have to explain the whole situation to Luigi. Luigi?

LUIGI. Ha?

LUCIUS. Walling, what's the word for "war"?

WALLING. War ... war ... here it is. "War: The NaKong have over four hundred words for war."

LUCIUS. ... Oh dear ... Let's try something else. Is there a word for "enemy"?

WALLING. Enemy ... enemy ... yes! "*AnaKongi.*"

LUCIUS. Right. Luigi, here's the problem. The queen...?

LUIGI. (*Going to grovel.*) Mah-jah-stay!

LUCIUS. (*Impatient.*) No. No. Get up. The queen is your *AnaKongi.*

LUIGI. *AnaKongi?*

LUCIUS. Yes. Queen. Mahjahstay. Queen. (*Impersonating Queen Victoria.*) "We are not amused. We are the Queen. Here is our hand now you slapped us in the face how dare you." (*Stops impersonation.*) Is *AnaKongi.*

LUIGI. *Bisjat!* ("That bitch!")

LUCIUS. Humphries, too. Humphries ... (*Does Humphries impersonation.*) "We're all *civilized* here. You can't *imagine* the paperwork when we kill *millions* of people." (*Stops impersonation.*) Humphries is also *AnaKongi.*

LUIGI. *AnaKongi basei wigambo!* ("Enemies everywhere!")

LUCIUS. Yes. Many *AnaKongi.* So. Oh dear. How do I get him to understand he has to disguise himself as someone else in order to deceive his enemies?

COPE. (*Pointing to notes.*) There's a word for that.

LUCIUS. What?

COPE. In NaKong. There's a word for "disguise yourself as someone else in order to deceive your enemies."

LUCIUS. What's the word?

COPE. "*Ma.*"

LUCIUS. Huh. All right. Luigi: *ma* Roger. Is that right? It doesn't sound right.

COPE. No, the verb takes the dative case, Lucius, so it would be "*Luigi, ma Rogerei.*" (*Luigi grabs the rest of Roger's uniform.*)

LUIGI. *Wobei Roger do wabei fasesmah sha!* ("Who is this Roger and what does he look like?")

PERCY. I think he's got it!

LUCIUS. Sloane, can you show him a few basics?

SLOANE. Right. (*To Luigi.*) Watch closely. (*Sloane positions himself behind the bar and acts out being a bartender. He polishes the bar. Humming.*) La la la la. (*He greets an imaginary customer.*)

Sir, what will you have? Excellent choice, sir. (*Sloane puts out a glass, mixes a few things in a shaker and pours out a drink. He slides the drink to his imaginary customer.*) Enjoy your drink, sir.

COPE. (*Guessing charade.*) Is it a bartender?

PERCY. Of course it's a bartender!

COPE. I'm getting better and better at this game!

WALLING. You are!

PERCY. Someone's coming up the steps waving a flag of truce. I think it's Humphries. Maybe he wants a parley?

LUCIUS. Luigi's not ready yet!

PERCY. Well we've no choice. Luigi is Roger. He's our bartender, now. We must all hang together. For Science!

ALL. For Science! (*Sloane hustles Luigi out as a knock is heard on the door. Lucius goes to open it, but Percy and he fight over it.*)

PERCY. I've got it. I've got it! I'm the president again. Me! (*Percy opens it to Sir Bernard Humphries.*)

HUMPHRIES. *Gentlemen.* I have returned.

PERCY. So you have! Good to see you again, Humphries.

HUMPHRIES. May I ask what you are *wearing?*

PERCY. This? This is my old uniform. (*Uncomfortable pause.*)

HUMPHRIES. Your old uniform.

PERCY. Yes.

HUMPHRIES. *You* were in the navy?

PERCY. Yes. In a production of *HMS Pinafore*. I was superb. (*Sings.*)

I CLEANED THE WINDOWS AND I SWEEPED THE FLOOR