

## General Hammond, Lt. Colonel Blake, Cpl. Radar O'Reilly

*Setup: Hammond is on the phone to speak with Blake. Radar is stalling until Blake can get out of the shower to get to the phone.*

**HAMMOND** ... still there? ...hello ...? *(Shakes receiver.)* What a lousy connection. *(Barks into mouthpiece.)* Anybody out there!

**RADAR** *(frightened)* Yes, yes, General Hammond, sir. I'm here.

**HAMMOND** I don't want to talk to a corporal! I want to talk to a colonel. Colonel Blake! *(RADAR almost drops the receiver)*

**RADAR** Yes, sir, General Hammond, sir. He'll be here in a moment, sir.

**HAMMOND** He'd better be!

*LT. COLONEL BLAKE, disheveled, ENTERS from DL. He's been interrupted while taking a shower. He wears long Johns with his colonel's wings pinned on the shoulders. His feet are stuck into heavy, unlaced combat boots. He wears a cap with earflaps and dark sunglasses. There's a towel around his neck.*

**BLAKE** I wait all week for this call and it has to come when I'm in the shower.

**RADAR** General's on a tear, Colonel Blake.

**BLAKE** What kind of mood is he in, Radar? Oh, he's on a— Stop doing that! Get out of here and get me some coffee. *(RADAR dashes off, DL.)* Strong coffee! Last cup you got me wouldn't even stain my shirt.

**HAMMOND** *(confused by the sounds coming through the receiver)* Stain your shirt? *(Shakes receiver again)* What is this? *(Barks)* Henry, that you? Henry!

**BLAKE** *(on the mouthpiece)* Now, listen, General. I gotta have two more men.

**HAMMOND** What do you think you're running up there? Walter Reed Army Hospital?

**BLAKE** Listen to me—

**HAMMOND** Take it easy, Henry.

**BLAKE** Don't Henry me. And I won't take it easy. If I don't get two new surgeons on my MASH team pronto—

**HAMMOND** *(cutting in again)* All right! All right! So I'll send you the two best men I have. Satisfied?

**BLAKE** They'd better be good, or I'll—

**HAMMOND** I said they'll be the two best men I've got!

**BLAKE** Good! And get 'em here quick. *(LT. COLONEL BLAKE slams down his receiver. GENERAL HAMMOND hangs up the telephone.)*

**HAMMOND** I'll get 'em there quick, Henry. And, brother, are you in for a surprise!

## Haweye, Duke, Trapper, Ugly, Walt

*Setup: Hawkeye and Duke have newly arrived at the 4077<sup>th</sup>. The other doctors who live in the Swamp are playing poker when they show up. Introductions all around.*

**HAWKEYE** This the tent they call "The Swamp"?

*All look up to see the new arrivals.*

**UGLY** Tent number six of the double natural: 4077<sup>th</sup> Mobile Army Surgical Hospital.

**TRAPPER** Astride the 38th Parallel.

**WALT** *(like a travel agent)* In lovely, romantic South Korea.

**RADAR** *(flat)* Otherwise known as "The Swamp."

**UGLY** And who might you gents be? *(The two new arrivals move into the tent.)*

**HAWKEYE** I'm Captain Benjamin Franklin Pierce.

**WALT** That's a real name?

**HAWKEYE** My friends call me Hawkeye. *(Turns to his buddy)* And this is Captain Augustus Bedford Forrest, alias "Duke."

**DUKE** *(with a feeble salute)* Hiya.

**ALL** Hiya.

**TRAPPER** Did I hear right? Hawkeye?

**HAWKEYE** My Dad's favorite book was "The Last of The Mohicans."

**TRAPPER** *(excited)* Your old man used to sell lobsters?

**HAWKEYE** Still does. Nothing under a pound and a half, though.

**TRAPPER** From Crabapple Cove, Maine?

**HAWKEYE** Bull's-eye!

**TRAPPER** *(flinging off his fatigue hat)* Hawkeye, don't you remember me? Pride of Dartmouth College? McIntyre. John McIntyre. "Trapper John" McIntyre. *(The name "Trapper John" rings the bell.)*

**HAWKEYE** *(throwing his arms wide)* Trapper John! I'll be a speckled seagull! *(TRAPPER JOHN and HAWKEYE embrace like long-lost brothers, dance around the tent like lunatic grizzly bears.)*

**TRAPPER** I knew there couldn't be two Hawkeyes in this cockeyed world!

**HAWKEYE** Trapper John, you ole trapper, you!

**TRAPPER** Lobster man!

**UGLY** *(shaking hands with DUKE)* I'm John Black. Everyone calls me Ugly. They call me Ugly because I'm good-looking. Understand?

**DUKE** If you say so, Captain.

**UGLY** *(introductions)* This is Walt Waldowski. If you want to know where the real action is, it's in his tent.

**WALT** *(shaking hands)* The Painless Polish Poker Parlor and Dental Clinic. You guys get any trouble with your tusks, I'm the man to see. On Wednesdays and Fridays, I run bingo games. Helps relieve the tension.

## Janice, Nancy, Bridget

*Setup: Frank Burns cruelly and falsely accused Nancy of killing one of his patients. In reality, he was already dead when she checked on him. She is humiliated and angry. Janie is trying to console her. Bridget is in charge of the nurses (until Margaret arrives).*

**JANICE** Look, Nancy, it could happen to anyone.

**NANCY** It didn't happen to anyone. It happened to me. Got a handkerchief—anything?  
*(JANICE pulls a handkerchief from some pocket.)*

**JANICE** Here.

**NANCY** *(taking it, wiping her nose)* I'm going to ask for a transfer.

**JANICE** That's foolish.

**NANCY** Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. I've never been spoken to like that by any doctor. He's getting meaner all the time.

**JANICE** You're an excellent nurse and you didn't foul up.

**NANCY** I feel like such a fool, breaking down like this.

**JANICE** You've been up eighteen hours.

*BRIDGET ENTERS the tent UR, sees that something is wrong.*

**BRIDGET** You two don't exactly look joyous.

**NANCY** You haven't heard about it?

**BRIDGET** I'm too tired for guessing games. Heard about what ?

**NANCY** Major Burns left me in charge of the recovery tent. One of the men was dead as soon as they carried him in Major Burns came in and right in front of everyone he yelled out, "Lieutenant Phillips, you've killed my patient."

**BRIDGET** Sounds like him all right. What a stinking thing to say.

**NANCY** I think it would be better if I transferred.

**BRIDGET** I don't. And I'm in charge here until headquarters sends a new chief nurse. Get some sleep. We'll talk about it when you're feeling more like yourself.

**JANICE** Sure. That's all you need. Sleep. You're dog-tired.

## Frank, Margaret, Klinger, Hawkeye, Trapper

*Setup: Margaret is newly arrived and is meeting Frank for the first time. Soon afterwards, some of the crazy of the camp is introduced to her as well. Frank is very interested in her both as a kindred spirit of army regulations and as a woman he finds very attractive. She is still somewhat guarded at this stage as she is new and has had a lot of experience with men hitting on her.*

**MARGARET** You handle one of the surgical shifts, Major Burns?

**BURNS** I do.

**MARGARET** And the other? *(Silence.)* I asked about the second shift.

**BLAKE** That's handled by Captain Pierce.

**MARGARET** Who?

**BURNS** Captain Benjamin Pierce. He calls himself Hawkeye.

**MARGARET** That's odd.

**BURNS** So's he. I should warn you about Captain Pierce and his sidekick, Captain Forrest. They are not the most reliable types.

**MARGARET** Oh?

**BURNS** They don't respect the military manual. Or anything else, for that matter. They're individuals and I'm positive you agree, as I do, that individualism and the army are not compatible.

**MARGARET** For the most part, yes.

**BURNS** Splendid.

**MARGARET** It's actually a relief to find someone of like mind out here near the front line. Discipline is vital to efficiency and success.

**BURNS** Oh, I so agree. *(Hawkeye and Trapper enter and cross behind MARGARET and BURNS during the next.)*

**MARGARET** Well, good night Major.

**BURNS** Good night Major.

**HAWKEYE** *(To BURNS)* Major. *(To MARGARET)* Major.

**MARGARET** *(Automatically)* Captain.

**BURNS** *(Reluctantly, he knows they are messing with them but military protocol is military protocol)* Captain.

**DUKE** *(To BURNS)* Major. *(To MARGARET)* Major.

**MARGARET** *(Starting to get wary)* Captain.

**BURNS** *(Annoyed)* Captain.

**HAWKEYE** *(To DUKE)* Captain.

**DUKE** *(To HAWKEYE)* Captain. *(HAWKEYE and DUKE begin to exit)*

**HAWKEYE** That was majorly fun!

**DUKE** Indeed. *(They exit).*

**MARGARET** Who was that?

**BURNS** Captains Pierce and Forrest.

**MARGARET** I see what you mean.

**KLINGER** *(Jumps on stage blocking her way, he is wearing a dress, heels, earrings, and holding a big rifle)* HALT! Who goes there? Friend or foe?

**MARGARET** What on earth?

**BURNS** *(Rushing to her rescue)* I'm sorry, Major. That's Corporal Klinger. He's bucking to get out on a psycho, a Section 8.

**MARGARET** Honestly! Soldier! Take off that dress immediately!

**KLINGER** *(indignant)* I'm not that easy! You need to buy me dinner first!

**BURNS** Corporal, you are a disgrace to the army. And nobody is buying the crazy act!

**KLINGER** Then I'll just have to try harder, SIR! *(He skips off.)*

**MARGARET** This place is a mad house!

**BURNS** I've tried to whip them into shape but *(getting a bit whiny)* nobody will listen.

**MARGARET** That's a shame. Well, good night Major.

**BURNS** Good night, Major.

## Hawkeye, Margaret, Duke

*Setup: Margaret confronts Hawkeye about the way he works with the nurses. Duke happens to be sitting with Hawkeye at the time of this conversation and injects his usual snark into the proceedings.*

**MARGARET** Captain Pierce.

**HAWKEYE** Call me Hawkeye.

**MARGARET** I prefer to call you Captain Pierce. It's better form.

**DUKE** *(sipping his coffee)* Cheers.

**MARGARET** I observed the night shift and I was not at all impressed with some of our nurses. How do you feel about the nursing situation here?

**HAWKEYE** Major, this is a team effort. I'm responsible for my team. It consists of doctors, nurses and enlisted men. We've been working as a unit for months with little change in personnel. I'm satisfied with them. Any further questions?

**MARGARET** *(standing)* I wonder how anyone like you reaches such a position of responsibility in the Army Medical Corps.

**DUKE** If we knew the answer to that we wouldn't be here.

**MARGARET** Very well. It appears that we are not going to get along. Nevertheless, I want you to know that I will attempt to cooperate with you in every possible way.

**HAWKEYE** That's very big of you.

**MARGARET** I beg your pardon?

**HAWKEYE** I doubt you've ever begged for anything in your life.

**MARGARET** You're rude. And crude. And your conduct is unbecoming an officer! Or a doctor! So much of the work here is just sloppy!

**HAWKEYE** Margeret—

**MARGARET** Major!

**HAWKEYE** Margaret, this is a MASH Unit in a battle zone, not a veterans' hospital stateside. It's meatball surgery. We patch 'em up and get them stable so they can make it alive to Seoul where they have the time and resources to finish the job. Or send them back to the front so we can operate on them again. If they make it.

**MARGARET** I am well aware of that.

**HAWKEYE** Then lay off my team.

**MARGARET** But you all act so unprofessionally, like it's all one big party.

**HAWKEYE** The important thing is to watch with an eye to how many people work happily or unhappily, and if they're unhappy—why? If you clear up that, you clear up inefficiency.

**MARGARET** *(Trying to contain her growing frustration)* The nurses working with you and Captain Forrest refer to you as Hawkeye and to him as Duke.

**DUKE** We tried the opposite way, but everyone kept getting confused.

**MARGARET** *(Getting angrier)* Such familiarity is highly improper and inconsistent with maximum efficiency in an organization such as this.

**DUKE** Perhaps you and I could meet tonight in your tent and review improper procedures.

**MARGARET** How dare you! I am a lady and an officer.

**DUKE** I'll put a shine back on those oak clusters of yours.

**MARGARET** *(Now fuming)* You two are cretins!

**HAWKEYE** Captain Cretins. It's better form. Look, Margaret, stay away from me and my gang and we will get along just fine. *(HAWKEYE gets up and moves to exit with DUKE.)*

**DUKE** *(not unfriendly)* See ya around campus. *(They exit out of the mess tent and off DL, MARGARET is beside herself.)*

## Frank, Margaret, Radar, Blake

*Setup: Frank and Margaret have finally gotten together. Hawkeye has gotten Radar to place a microphone under her tent and is broadcasting the proceedings live to the entire camp. Margaret figures it out soon enough...*

**BURNS** Oh Margaret!

**MARGARET** Frank! Oh Frank!

**BURNS** Your lips... your lips are so hot!

**MARGARET** Kiss them. Kiss my hot lips!

**BURNS** Oh Margaret, yes!

**MARGARET** Frank! *(Suddenly whispers)* FRANK! Quiet. Do you hear...

**BURNS** Oh Margaret! Don't stop now!

**MARGARET** Oh... Oh no! FRANK! Stop it!

*A little later, Margaret storms into Blake's office with Radar hot on her heels...*

**RADAR** Colonel Blake? Major Hot —Major Houlihan to see you.

**BLAKE** *(Without looking up from his magazine)* Tell her to come back later. I'm busy.

**RADAR** Um, sir-

**MARGARET** *(Pushing Radar out of the way)* Shut up, you twerp! *(RADAR scurries out, looking back once highly offended but powerless to say anything.)*

**BLAKE** *(Dropping the magazine and gathering himself)* Major. What can I do for—

**MARGARET** *(Losing all restraint, begins an angry tirade)* Don't you Major me! This isn't a hospital. It's an insane Asylum and it's your fault, because you don't do anything to discourage them! They're mean and undisciplined. And you have a Corporal running around in a dress! They're *ruining* the war!

**BLAKE** What do you want me to do?

**MARGARET** *(Her tirade rising to a crescendo, she lets out heavy breaths between every sentence.)* Put them under arrest! See what a court martial thinks of their drunken hooliganism! Now they call me a Hot Lips and you let the get away with EVERYTHING! If you don't turn them over to the MPs this minute I'm gonna resign my commission!

**BLAKE** Well, damn it, Hot Lips, resign your god damn commission!

**MARGARET** My commission! *(Margaret turns and leaves the office... muttering until she is off-stage)*  
My commission.

## Radar, Mulcahey

*Setup: Father Mulcahey has bad news for the doctors in the Swamp. But he only finds Radar in there with his ear to the floor (the best spot in camp to listen to everything, apparently).*

**RADAR** *(looking up)* Digging in the belly of some Australian. They brought him in last night, full of shrapnel.

**MULCAHY** Huh?

**RADAR** Hawkeye and Duke. You were going to ask me where they were.

**MULCAHY** You're a marvel, Radar. I have sad news.

**RADAR** You mean about Ho-Jon?

**MULCAHY** How did you know? *(Thinks)* Oh, yes, I forgot about your gift.

**RADAR** Heard the orders phoned in from Seoul. They came through Colonel Blake's office.

**MULCAHY** *(sitting on cot)* What a pity.

*TRAPPER enters.*

**RADAR** *(getting up)* Nothing else worth hearing. All routine stuff.

**MULCAHY** You might have a career in night clubs. Or a circus. Man with your ears could go places.

**RADAR** None of that for me. I'm set for life.

**TRAPPER** *(flopping down on his cot)* How come?

**RADAR** Sergeant Devine's gonna fix me up.

**TRAPPER** Devine? He'll sell you a piece of the Brooklyn Bridge.

**RADAR** I'm too smart for any of that. I bought his uranium stock, instead.

## Ho-Jon, Hawkeye, Duke, Trapper

*Setup: Ho-Jon has been drafted and the Swampmen are sad to see him go.*

**HAWKEYE** There has to be something we can do.

**DUKE** Let's talk to Colonel Blake.

**HO-JON** Oh, no, Captains, sirs. I must go. It is only right. It is my duty. *(The books.)* Here are the books you let me read. *(HO-JON sets down the parcel and takes out the books, hands them to DUKE.)* I thank you for them.

**DUKE** Any time. I'll — I'll keep 'em for you, Ho-Jon.

**HAWKEYE** We'll be thinking about you.

**HO-JON** Thank you, sir.

**DUKE** You take care of yourself, hear?

**HO-JON** I will take care of myself, bring credit to my father's name, and, some day, I hope to be — doctor like the honorable gentleman of the double natural. Good-bye, Captain Hawkeye.

**HAWKEYE** *(shaking hands)* Good-bye, Ho-Jon.

**HO-JON** Good-bye, Captain McIntyre.

**TRAPPER** *(shaking hands)* Make 'em sweat, soldier.

**HO-JON** Good-bye, Captain Duke.

**DUKE** *(shaking hands)* Ho-Jon.

*HO-JON bows and exits.*

**HAWKEYE** Sure hate to see that kid go.

**DUKE** Got me with that doctor bit. I never knew he had that in the back of his mind. *(HAWKEYE pours out some gin from the still for each of them. They all raise their glasses and)* to Ho-Jon.

**HAWKEYE and TRAPPER**

Ho-Jon. *(They all drink. They all grimace. Clearly the mix isn't quite right yet.)*

**HAWKEYE** It's a work in progress.

## Walt, Hawkeye, Trapper, Duke, Bridget

*Setup: Walt's regular bout of depression is back but stronger than ever. He comes to the Swamp to talk to the guys (and Bridget who is with them).*

**WALT** I think you oughta know.

**HAWKEYE** Know what?

**WALT** I'm going to commit suicide.

**TRAPPER** *(taking WALT'S hand)* We'll miss you, Walt.

**DUKE** I hope you'll be happy in your new location.

**HAWKEYE** How about leaving me your record player?

**BRIDGET** You should give Colonel Blake a little warning, so he can get a replacement.

**DUKE** How do you figure to go?

**HAWKEYE** You could do the .45 between the eyebrows.

**BRIDGET** That's been overdone, Hawkeye. I'd suggest something a bit more refined. *(To an outsider not accustomed to the MASH joie de vivre, the joking and kidding might appear outrageous. But the MASH team has been through this many times before with WALT. Although they make their remarks tongue-in-cheek, WALT is serious.)*

**WALT** What would you suggest?

**HAWKEYE** The .45 will do it. No question about that.

**TRAPPER** That could get awfully sloppy.

**HAWKEYE** How about a black capsule? *(DUKE looks at HAWKEYE in confusion and HAWKEYE gives him a wink.)*

**WALT** What's that?

**HAWKEYE** It's a never-miss. Easy, pleasant, no side effects. You'll wake up in eternity.

**WALT** Won't be any pain, will there? I can't stand pain. That's why I became a dentist.

**DUKE** Figures.

**HAWKEYE** The first thing you know you'll be listening to a heavenly chorus singing your high school victory song.

**WALT** We didn't have one.

**BRIDGET** Anybody got a black capsule?

## Goldfarb, Blake

**GOLDFARB** Hope this isn't too much trouble for you, Colonel.

**BLAKE** Delighted to show you about the compound, Congresswoman Goldfinger.

**GOLDFARB** That's Goldfarb. I intend to make a full report of everything I see.

**BLAKE** I'm sure you'll find everything in this MASH unit S.O.P. We're serious, dedicated professionals.

**GOLDFARB** Splendid.

**BLAKE** *(taking some paper from his brief case)* Here's that report you asked for.

**GOLDFARB** *(taking it, looking)* Colonel Blake!

**BLAKE** *(smiling)* Ma'am?

**GOLDFARB** This isn't a report. It's a bingo card.

*BLAKE pulls it back and dives into the brief case, fishes out the correct paper, hands it to her. She glares at him, studies the report.*

*Meanwhile in the Swamp, Walt has been "brought back to life" and is disoriented and terrified (because he is wearing a rubber mask and thinks it's his real face).*

**WALT** My face—my face—what's happened to my face? *(One of the nurses holds out a big mirror and WALT stares into it, seeing only the reflection of the Frankenstein monster mask.)* No! No! No! *(He leaps from the coffin and flees "The Swamp" toward left, crosses around into "Avenue B" and runs smack into Congress-woman GOLDFARB.)* No! No! No!

**GOLDFARB** Eeeeeeeek! *(WALT, frightened by her scream, runs off into "Avenue C" and disappears from sight UL. BLAKE is dumbfounded. Congresswoman GOLDFARB points after the fleeing WALT.)* What—what was that "thing"?

**BLAKE** *(faking a smile)* Our local dentist. He's a bit odd. *(Congresswoman GOLDFARB looks aghast.)* Now I'm sure the rest of our tour will proceed without incident...

**KLINGER** *(Jumps out blocking their path. He is wearing a different, equally fabulous dress.)* Halt! Who goes there?

*GOLDFARB faints into BLAKE'S arms.*

## Mercy Lodge, Miss Randazzle

*Setup: Dean Mercy Lodge of Hawkeye's Medical School back in Maine is dictating a letter to her Secretary.*

**MERCY** Ready, Miss Randazzle?

**RANDAZZLE** Ready, Dean Lodge.

**MERCY** Then let us proceed. *(Dictates.)* Dear Hawkeye.

**RANDAZZLE** Hawkeye, did you say, Dean Lodge?

**MERCY** Yes, Miss Randazzle. Hawkeye is what I said. He was before your time. *(Continues.)* Dear Hawkeye, your recent letter after all these years came as a complete surprise. I wish I could say I was delighted. Cautious will have to do.

**RANDAZZLE** Cautious, Dean Lodge?

**MERCY** Cautious, Miss Randazzle. And spell it with a "C" this time, not with a "K." *(Continuing.)* I naturally remember you very well, Hawkeye. In fact, I shall never forget you. Not that I haven't tried. In my job one has to take the bitter with the sweet. You ask if I will accept some Korean youngster as a pre-med student. My natural expectation is that, if I acceded to your request, I will soon have on my hands some illiterate seventy-year-old refugee from a leper colony. Despite the dim possibility you might have matured slightly over the years, that is really what I expect.

**RANDAZZLE** He sounds like quite a character, Dean Lodge.

**MERCY** Hawkeye Pierce was a combination of Tom Sawyer and Lucifer himself. *(Back to business. MS RANDAZZLE writes.)* However, this sort of humanitarianism is popular these days. If you feel your boy can do college work and if you can get him over here and supply him with fifteen hundred dollars a year, we will give him a chance. Underline that, Miss Randazzle— a chance. *(MS RANDAZZLE underlines.)* Enclosed is an application for Ho-Jon to complete. Sincerely, Mercy Lodge, Dean of Androscoggin College. P. S. If this is some kind of Hawkeye Pierce joke, I'll never again buy a lobster from your father. Underline never. *(MS RANDAZZLE makes another underline")*

Mitzi, Fritzi, Agnes, Devine, Bridget, Nancy, Louise, Radar, Klinger

*Setup: Our three Special Services entertainers had their jeep break down outside the 4077 and the men are falling over themselves to get anything they need. The nurses, on the other hand are not happy to be ignored, nor happy that they are being ignored for these childish, annoying girls.*

**MITZI** *(looking around)* Ooooooh. What a nice little restaurant-poo. *(She giggles at what she thought was an amusing observation.)*

**FRITZI** Can I get a cheeseburger?

**DEVINE** Anything your little hearts desire. Sit down, girls, make yourselves to home. *(DEVINE goes behind the counter and busies himself. RADAR and KLINGER rush the BONWITS to the downstage table, which happens to be where the nurses are sitting. In their enthusiasm, KLINGER and RADAR push the nurses aside and plop down the BONWITS. The nurses stand aside, angry.)*

**BRIDGET** What is this, Corporal?

**RADAR** Entertainers from Special Services. Their jeep broke down.

**KLINGER** Girls, I'd like to have you meet Lieutenant Kimble, Captain McCarthy, and Lieutenant Phillips.

**AGNES** We're very happy to meet you gentlemen. *(The nurses are speechless. They look at their sexless, masculine fatigues and quickly take off their caps and let their hair loose.)*

**FRITZI** Oh, look, Mitzi. Isn't that interesting? They're women.

**MITZI** Sort of.

**BRIDGET** *(icy)* And what is it you do in Special Services? *(Sarcastic.)* Ladies.

**AGNES** Tap dance.

**NANCY** *(can't believe it)* Could we hear that again?

**FRITZI** Tap dance.

**MITZI** We can tap dance faster than any other person on the face of this earth.

**AGNES** Or any other place.

**FRITZI** Including South Korea. *(The nurses look at each other in dismay. What a bunch of pea-brains.)*

**MITZI** Would you like to see us? I mean, after all, that's what we're in Korea for.

**LOUISE** What are you in Korea for? *(MITZI stands, forces herself to repeat something she had a hard time memorizing.)*

**MITZI** Uh, uh –quote– "To keep everybody happy and morale high–uh, uh–to increase the fighting efficiency of our troops and, at the same time–uh, uh–remain committed to the ideals of democracy." Unquote. *(The nurses applaud faintly. MITZI sits.)*

**BRIDGET** How long did it take you to memorize that, dear?

**MITZI** There's more. *(Like a three-year-old.)* But I don't really understand it.

**BRIDGET** Perhaps it's just as well. For democracy, I mean.

**AGNES** 'Course we should have our piano man and our drummer but they went on ahead, so if you'll all hum or sing, we'll do our best.

**KLINGER** Anything, Mitzi.

**AGNES** I'm Agnes. *(Points.)* She's Mitzi.

**FRITZI** I'm Fritzi, silly. *(She points.)* She's Mitzi. *(The BONWITS giggle loudly, thinking they're very humorous.)*

**RADAR** What do you want us to sing?

**BRIDGET** How about "Empty Saddles in the Old Corral."

**AGNES** *(pouting)* Can't tap dance to that. Any idiot knows that. *(BRIDGET and the other nurses are steaming.)*

**RADAR** How about "Give My Regards to Broadway"?

**AGNES** I was just going to suggest that. How did you know?

**RADAR** It's a gift.

**DEVINE** Music, maestro, please. *(DEVINE, RADAR and KLINGER begin to sing. MITZI, FRITZI and AGNES stand and remove their overcoats.)*

**THE MEN** Give my regards to Broadway, Remember me to Herald Square; Tell all the gang at Forty-second Street That I will soon be there. Whisper of how I'm yearning To mingle with the old-time throng; Give my regards to old Broadway And say that I'll be there ere long. *(BONWIT SISTERS are into their routine, all toothy smiles. Their "act" is wretched, made all the more terrible by the boots and the girls' obvious lack of talent.)*

*The nurses are appalled by the amateurishness of the dancers, the silliness of the girls, and the slavish behavior of the enlisted men. The "act" finishes in a stagey "hands-out-for-applause" finale. The men applaud wildly and ad lib.*

Bravo!  
Encore, encore!  
More, more!

**BRIDGET** *(when the acclaim dies out)* That has to be the worse act I've ever seen.

**FRITZI** *(offended)* Oh.

**MITZI** Pay no attention to them, Fritzi.

**AGNES** They hate us because we're young.

- LOUISE** What do you think we are—Grandma Moses? *(The BONWITS lean to KLINGER and RADAR for protection against the “nasty” nurses. DEVINE comes out from behind the counter.)*
- BRIDGET** Let’s get out of this — “restaurant-poo.”
- NANCY** *(moving to exit)* Why couldn’t it have been Elvis Presley’s jeep that broke down?

## Jones, Connie, Ruth, Hawkeye

*Setup: Hawkeye has been pretending to be crazy to get sent home but gets sent for a psychiatric evaluation at the 325<sup>th</sup> Evac HQ instead. There he terrorizes the staff until he bumps into his old friend Oliver Wendall Jones.*

- JONES** What's the matter with you, Lieutenant Liebowitz?
- CONNIE** Matter? Look, Captain Jones, I'm a dietician, not a menu.
- JONES** Menu?
- CONNIE** Some officer down from MASH tried to bite me. He's been snapping at everybody like a mad dog ever since he got in the door.
- JONES** Sounds like a live one.
- CONNIE** He's practically frothing at the mouth.
- JONES** Better have a couple of M. P.'s stand close in case he gets violent.
- CONNIE** *(exiting DL)* Hunter College was never like this. *(JONES checks his clipboard, calls out some names.)*
- JONES** Lewis, Major Horace Lewis? *(No response; he checks off a name, walks a bit L.)* Miller, Lieutenant Montrose Miller? *(Again, no response, another check.)* Why don't these guys wait like they're supposed to? *(Another name.)* Pierce? Captain Benjamin Franklin Pierce? *(He peers down at the name.)* No, it can't be. Hawkeye? In here? *(Laughs.)* This I gotta see. *(All grins, he EXITS DL.)*
- RUTH** I have Colonel Blake's report here. Now, son, what's all this talk about mermaids?
- HAWKEYE** How should I know?
- RUTH** Report says you're trying to catch one in the mud paddies. *(As if to a slow child.)* Now, son, you know as well as I that mermaids do not exist in cold mud paddies.
- HAWKEYE** Where do they exist?
- RUTH** In the ocean, of course. Any madman knows that. *(Recovers.)* Oh, I beg your pardon. *(Faint smile.)* Mermaids require sea water, not mud water.
- HAWKEYE** What if they're mudders?
- RUTH** Mudders?
- HAWKEYE** Is that where you catch yours—in the sea water?
- RUTH** Catch my what?
- HAWKEYE** Your mermaids, of course. What are we talking about?
- RUTH** Captain Pierce, I don't catch mermaids, you do.
- HAWKEYE** I thought you said they didn't exist?
- RUTH** They don't.

**HAWKEYE** If they don't exist then how can I catch them?

**RUTH** *(frowning)* You're being difficult. *(Forges on.)* I'm here to help you. Please remember that.

**HAWKEYE** You want a deal on a clean elephant? Belonged to a little ole lady in Pusan. She only rode it on Sundays.

**RUTH** You're being difficult.

**HAWKEYE** You hate me, admit it

**RUTH** I'm certain no one hates you, Captain.

**HAWKEYE** Everybody hates me.

**RUTH** Why?

**HAWKEYE** Because I'm an elephant boy. That's all I ever wanted to be, but because the elephants like me so good, people all hate me.

**RUTH** Hmmmmmm. Interesting case. I think I'll keep you here for observation.

**HAWKEYE** *(worried)* You mean you're not sending me back to the States?

**RUTH** No. We'll keep you here in Korea.

*HAWKEYE jumps up like the Wild Man of Borneo, bellows, bites RUTH on the arm. She, too, bellows and ducks under the desk for safety.*

*JONES ENTERS L.*

**JONES** Hawkeye Pierce, you ole lobster thief! I saw your name on the list. *(HAWKEYE is delighted, slaps a hand to JONES'S shoulder.)*

**HAWKEYE** What's the world's greatest college passer doing here? You ought to be in the Rose Bowl.

**JONES** When Uncle Sam said, "I Want You," he meant me.

**HAWKEYE** Let's get out of this place. It's filled with strange people. Would you believe it? Just met a woman who wanted to buy an elephant. *(JONES and HAWKEYE laugh, EXIT DL. RUTH'S head appears from behind the desk. She's in a state of near shock.)*

**RUTH** *(hoarsely)* Help—