

Walt, Duke, Hawk-eye

TRAPPER. I'll take care of him from here on in.
Thanks, Sergeant.

DEVINE. Yes, sir. Any time. (DEVINE EXITS
UL and off. WALT stands in the stage left
entry like a shell-shock victim, supported by
TRAPPER.)

DUKE. Hiya, Walt, ole buddy-buddy.
HAWKEYE (pulling out a foot locker). Have a seat,
Walt.

DUKE. Make yourself comfortable. How about a
cool drink? Dr. Pepper? Squirt? (TRAPPER
pulls WALT to the foot locker and sets him down.)

(BRIDGET ENTERS UR into "Avenue A" and crosses
to stage right entrance of "The Swamp.")

HAWKEYE. What's the matter, Walt? (WALT
stares deadpan into audience.)

BRIDGET. Female approaching! (She enters "The
Swamp.") Hey, Walt, everyone's waiting for
you over at the Poker Parlor. (Sees something's
wrong.) What's the matter, Walt?

ALL. Sssssh.

BRIDGET. What I say, what I say?

WALT (flat). Life stinks.

HAWKEYE. Now, Walt, you don't mean that.

DUKE. Every day is a new day.

WALT. That's what I said. Life stinks.

HAWKEYE. Think of the beauty of each dawn.

TRAPPER. The joy of each sunset. (WALT sticks
out his tongue and makes a raspberry in response
to these Pollyannaisms. The others are not
sure how to handle him this time.)

BRIDGET (motherly). Remember last time you said
you were going to retreat from the world? That
was only a passing thing. You're over-sensitive,
that's all.

DUKE. Sure. (WALT isn't buying.)

WALT. I think you oughta know.

HAWKEYE. Know what?

WALT. I'm going to commit suicide.

BRIDGET. Again?

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 *jolie de
vivre*, the joking and kidding might appear out-
rageous. 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?

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?