

is pouring coffee into some cups set out on the counter. A nurse, LT. KEMBLE, and CAPTAIN FRANK BURNS, a boorish stickler for procedure and the rule book, are seated at the downstage table. A chaplain, FATHER JOHN PATRICK MULCAHY, sits at the second table reading a newspaper.

NURSES, DOCTORS, MILITARY PERSONNEL and KOREAN WORKERS are seen in Avenues "A," "B," and "C," coming and going.

NOTE: From time to time during the compound scenes, the director may want to have cast members make stage crosses to suggest the pulse of MASH life. Unless there is a specific reason for a particular character to make an appearance in some "Avenue" area, it is not indicated in the script, but it is a good idea to keep in mind the importance of optional stage activity. / See Production Notes, page 114. /

The main focus is on "The Swamp." A foot locker has been pulled out and it serves as a card table. Three doctors are grouped around it playing poker. They are: CAPTAIN WALTER "WALT" WALDOWSKI, CAPTAIN JOHN MCINTYRE, who goes by the name of "TRAPPER JOHN," and CAPTAIN "UGLY" JOHN BLACK, who, in typical MASH insanity, is called "UGLY" because he's actually quite good-looking. A fourth man, CORPORAL "RADAR" REILLY, is down on his hands and knees, his ear pressed to the floor of the tent.)

WALT. Anything yet?
RADAR. I can't hear anything if you're going to

Sgt Devine, Capt Burns

keep asking me if I hear anything. (Afterthought.)
Sir.
TRAPPER. Radar, it's a good thing you've got special gifts. Otherwise, I'd boot you out of this tent. You don't show proper respect for the officer class.

RADAR. Wait, wait. I hear something now.
UGLY. What?
RADAR. Quiet.
TRAPPER and WALT (to UGLY). Quiet!

(In the mess tent, SERGEANT DEVINE brings coffee to the downstage table. /See Production Notes for suggestion on handling such shifts of action./)

DEVINE. Here we go.
LOUISE. Thanks, Sergeant.
BURNS (taking cup). You're wearing dirty fatigues, Sergeant Devine. Merely because we're close to the front lines is no reason to assume a slovenly attitude.

DEVINE. Uh-huh.
BURNS. Uh-huh? Uh-huh what?
DEVINE. Uh-huh to what you said. (Then:) Sir.
BURNS. Don't get discourteous with me, Sergeant Devine. I'll have you up before Colonel Blake.
DEVINE (taking out some travel folder). I was wondering, sir, if you'd care to purchase the band-aid concession at Yankee Stadium?

BURNS. Nonsense.
DEVINE. I could let you have it cheap.
BURNS. You must take me for a fool. (Smugly.) Besides, I happen to know you sold that concession to Major Hobson only last month. (On this, FATHER MULCAHY looks up wide-eyed.
DEVINE shrugs, returns to his duties.)