

ALL. Hiya.

TRAPPER. Did I hear right? Hawkeye?

HAWKEYE. Only book my old man ever read 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 tasks, I'm the man to see. On Wednesdays and Fridays I run bingo games. Helps relieve the tension.

RADAR. Quiet!

WALT, TRAPPER and UGLY. Quiet! (HAWKEYE

and DUKE react, startled. A deadly hush falls over the tent. Only now do the newcomers notice RADAR with his ear to the floor. They exchange a bewildered look.)

HAWKEYE. We don't mean to horn in, but---- ALL. Sssshhh. (HAWKEYE and DUKE can't figure this one out and don't try.)

RADAR (getting up). Gonna be a busy night. Yes, sir, a busy night. (He EXITS toward stage R, into "Avenue A" and off.)

HAWKEYE. Somebody digging under the tent?

TRAPPER. No. That was Radar Reilly.

WALT. He's got the gift.

DUKE. Uh--what gift?

UGLY. He can anticipate what you're gonna say before you say it. And he's got super-sensitive ears. Why, Radar can hear things no other mortal can. This tent is his best station for receiving.

TRAPPER. We knew two new guys were coming last week.

UGLY. Radar monitored the call from General Hammond. (HAWKEYE and DUKE are impressed.)

HAWKEYE. Sounds like a good man to know. Where do we bunk?

TRAPPER. In here with me. (Sour.) And Burns.

UGLY. I'll get Ho-Jon to unpack your duffels. (UGLY moves to stage right entrance of "The Swamp.")

TRAPPER. You guys get the middle cots. (HAWKEYE and DUKE toss their duffels on the middle cots.)

UGLY (yelling into "Avenue A"). Ho-Jon!

HAWKEYE (sitting on cot). Who's Burns?

WALT. Captain Frank Burns. And he'll never let you forget it.

TRAPPER. Regular army. Goes watery in the eyes when they play taps.

UGLY. Does surgery by the numbers. (Yells again.)