

Nancy, Louise, Janice

for something to their benefit. And undoubtedly questionable. (MARGARET EXITS briskly DL.)
NANCY. That "questionable" collection is money for Ho-Jon's trip to the States. Hawkeye tossed in his month's pay, ditto for Duke, but it's not nearly enough.

JANICE. We've got problems of our own.

LOUISE. You mean the Bonwits?

JANICE. I mean the nitwits.

NANCY. Who do those men think they are? They treat us like doormats and when those dancing mice show up mouthing baby talk, they act as if royalty were in town.

JANICE. Men are so silly.

NANCY. We shouldn't let them get away with it.

LOUISE. What can we do?

JANICE. Ask ourselves what Duke and Hawkeye would do.

NANCY. Formulate a plan.

LOUISE. And then?

NANCY. Action.

JANICE. We owe it to our pride.

LOUISE. I've been here a year and Sergeant Devine never made a cheeseburger for me.

NANCY. Remember, girls, revenge is not only sweet--it's therapeutic.

LOUISE and JANICE. Hear, hear.

NANCY. At least the male officers have more sense. (NANCY turns and EXITS DL, followed by a determined JANICE and LOUISE.)

ACT TWO
Scene Eight

THE TRAVELLER CURTAIN OPENS revealing the BONWIT SISTERS in "The Swamp." Foot lockers have been pushed together to make a table and over the foot lockers is a tablecloth, and lighted candles. The dancers have attractive kimonos over their dance costumes, but still wear heavy boots. They are sitting on pillows around the "table," dining. HAWKEYE, UGLY, DUKE, TRAPPER JOHN and WALT hover around, each with a dish from which they serve their guests. The whole thing resembles an elegant Oriental restaurant.)

UGLY (holding up a bottle). More mineral water?
MITZI. Goodness gracious, no. I'm already water-

logged. Hee, hee.
TRAPPER. More rice?

FRITZI. No, no. Any more and we'll turn into rice kernels. (The girls giggle uproariously.)

DUKE. Witty things.
HAWKEYE. How about a Mr. Goodbar?

AGNES. We surely do want to thank you boys for these fetching kimonos.

WALT. Think nothing of it. I bought them from one of the Korean women in the compound. She

makes 'em, models 'em, too. Just your size.
MITZI. You boys are scumptions.