

Walt, Capt. Waldowski!

M*A*S*H

Act I

HO-JON. Good-bye, Captain McIntyre.
TRAPPER (shaking hands). Make 'em sweat, soldier.

HO-JON. Good-bye, Captain Pierce.
DUKE (shaking hands). Ho-Jon.

HO-JON. Father. (FATHER MULLICAHY shakes hands.) See ya, Radar.

RADAR (friendly wave). See ya, Ho-Jon. (HO-JON walks right of tent, bows to the Swampmen,

EXITS into "Avenue A," goes off UR, KOREANS following after him.)

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, DUKE and TRAPPER sit on their bunks, low in

spirits. FATHER MULLICAHY and RADAR EXIT into "Avenue A" and off DR.)

(DEVINE, carrying a tray of food, ENTERS from rear of mess tent, sees WALT, puts tray

on the counter and crosses to his slumped-over form.)

DEVINE. Captain Waldowski, what's the matter?
WALT. Go away, leave me alone.

DEVINE. You sick or something?
WALT. Leave me alone, I said.

DEVINE (to himself). Oh, no, not again! (DEVINE exits mess tent, enters "Avenue C.") Hawkeye,

Duke! (In "The Swamp," HAWKEYE, DUKE and TRAPPER look up. DEVINE enters the

tent from left.) He's doing it again.
TRAPPER. Huh?

DEVINE. Captain McIntyre, it's Captain Waldowski. He's having one of his depressions. (The

Swampmen are upset; temporarily they forget the letdown over the now gone HO-JON.)

DUKE. Oh, great.

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HAWKEYE. But he had his month's depression last week. He's not due for another depression last

three more weeks.
DEVINE. Somebody better tell him to take a look

at the calendar.
TRAPPER (standing). Know what that means? No

bingo games again, no poker games. Walt's the only guy who'll let the whole of MASH in his

tent twenty-four hours a day.
DUKE. His depressions only last a few days.

TRAPPER. And he isn't good for much. When he's like that, Blake has to tie him to his drill.

DUKE. Trapper John, you go with the Sergeant and bring him back.

TRAPPER. Right. (TRAPPER and DEVINE exit into "Avenue C" and on into the mess tent.)

HAWKEYE. He won't do anything but lay in his sack and stare at the light bulb.

DUKE. We have to snap him out of this nonsense once and for all.

HAWKEYE. Any suggestions?
DUKE. Think, man, think.

HAWKEYE. I am thinking. One of these days Henry is going to have enough and ship Walt back to

the States, and if that happens we're likely to get a joker like Burns to take his place. (Eyes

brighten.) Wait a minute.
DUKE. What've you got?

HAWKEYE. Shock therapy.
DUKE. What?

HAWKEYE. Walt's drastic condition calls for drastic action.

(While this discussion is going on, TRAPPER and DEVINE have pulled a dead-weight WALT from

the mess tent and guided him to the stage left entrance of "The Swamp.")