

# Catch-22: A Dramatization

Based on the Novel Catch-22

Joseph Heller



1971

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Catch-22  
A DRAMATIZATION  
*By Joseph Heller*  
Based on the Novel *Catch-22*  
Samuel French, Inc.

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## Cast of Characters

Chaplain  
Yossarian  
Texan  
Clevinger  
Doc Daneeka  
Major Major  
Sergeant Towser  
Luciana  
Ex-P.F.C. Wintergreen  
Milo Minderbinder  
Nurse Duckett  
English Intern  
Doctors (2-4)  
Patient

Patient's Father  
Patient's Mother  
Patient's Brother  
Colonel Cathcart  
Lieutenant Colonel Korn  
Captain Black  
Corporal Whitcomb  
Psychiatrist  
Nately  
Nately's Father  
Nately's Mother  
Nately's Whore  
Old Woman  
Old Man  
McWatt  
Gus  
Wes  
Mrs. Daneeka  
Daneeka's Mother-in-Law  
C.I.D. Man  
First Investigating Officer  
Second Investigating Officer  
Aarfy  
M.P.'s (2)  
Snowden

The time of the action is World War II. The place of action is an air base off the coast of Italy.

At the premier production of this play by the John Drew Repertory Company in East Hampton, Long Island, the 41 parts enumerated were played by 12 performers, 2 female and 10 male. In most cases, a change of outer garment was sufficient to establish the different identities. In general, the recognition of a single actor in several roles contributed to the comedy of the situation and added to the texture of the work. Since apprentices were available at this production, two additional females were used as walk-ons to assist in the hospital and brothel scenes. The roles were distributed as follows:

1. Male	Yossarian
2. Male	Major Major, Colonel Cathcart
3. Female	Luciana, Patient's Mother, Nately's Mother, Old Woman, Daneeka's Mother-in-Law
4. Male	Wintergreen, Nately's Father, Old Man, First Investigating Officer
5. Male	Chaplain, Psychiatrist
6. Female	Nurse Duckett, Nately's Whore, Mrs. Daneeka
7. Male	Doc Daneeka, Lieutenant Colonel Korn, C.I.D. Man
8. Male	Texan, English Intern, Captain Black
9 Male	MILO. Minderbinder, Patient's Father, Aarfy
10. Male	Clevinger, Patient, Nately, McWatt, Snowden
11. Male	Second Doctor, Corporal Whitcomb, Gus, M.P.
12. Male	Sergeant Towser, First Doctor, Patient's Brother, Wes, Second Investigating Officer, M.P.

This distribution of roles was determined by the number and characteristics of the people in the company. The script itself permits a very large variety of possibilities.

It can be performed by fewer players, if necessary, as well as by more. In cases where a brief entrance interferes with a larger plan in the assignment of roles, the problem can usually be removed by assigning the lines to a different character of similar pleasant or unpleasant nature. On page 69, for example, the entrance of Corporal Whitcomb for his line could just as well be accomplished by Captain Black, as was done in East Hampton, or by Colonel Korn, and the same solution of this difficulty will work in other places as well.

Production Note: The ranks of the Chaplain, Texan, Clevinger, Doc Daneeka, Milo Minderbinder, Nurse Duckett, Other Doctors, Nately, the Patient, McWatt, C.I.D Man, Aarfy, and of both Investigating Officers, have been left indeterminate in the dialogue. All are officers, all could be captains. Colonel Ferredge in the hospital and Major Sanderson, the Psychiatrist, could also be changed to captains with a change or two in the dialogue All could wear captain's insignia. It is suggested, however, that insignia of officers' rank be omitted altogether and that the omission would not be noticed.

Sergeant Towser, Wintergreen, Corporal Whitcomb, Gus, Wes, M.P.'s, and Snowden are all enlisted men

In a combat situation such as exists in the play, it would not be unusual for all officers and enlisted men to wear the same basic uniforms.

Direction Note: In several respects, the script is developed along lines that are cinematographic, and this should be kept in mind. A conscious attempt is made to focus the attention of the audience upon characters only when they are active, in much the same way that a camera guides the attention of an audience in a movie theater. With few exceptions, therefore, such as those at the very beginning of each of the acts, characters appear on stage only when it is time for them to participate in the action and make their exits as soon as they are through

## Stage Set

Two desks, separated from each other; a bed, hospital type, with head raised a bit to provide audience visibility; chairs as needed, each item and group separated to allow ample room for action between and downstage in front. Action involving these items of furniture will, of course, be action that takes place indoors. The dialogue of the play will establish the location of all the scenes that take place.

Upright coat racks placed about as needed, containing various props and articles of dress required for changes of costume that take place onstage. At least one rack containing two parachute harnesses and a maroon hospital bathrobe should be in a convenient and central location. Other props may be stored on the desks and in the drawers.

A section of interior wall containing a low, wide window in back of one of the desks. A section of wall in back of the bed. A section of wall containing a doorway that faces into the rest, with a small stretch of platform, again for improved audience visibility, and a few steps leading down.

The doorway will be used for formal exits and entrances. At other times, actors may move as convenient directly from place to place. The three sections of wall are likely to prove especially convenient for exits and entrances and, also, for storing in back of them garments and props required for rapid changes of costume.

# Catch-22

## Act One

CHAPLAIN. *enters, carrying a stationery pad and a pen, and moves to one of the desks. He reads aloud from a letter he is writing.*

CHAPLAIN. My dear wife. In the hospital today, I met a likable young man . . .  
(*Yossarian enters, wearing a parachute harness.*)

YOSSARIAN. Me. {*Hangs his parachute harness on a coatrack and puts on a hospital bathrobe.*}

CHAPLAIN. . . . who has a very simple wish. He wants to live forever . . . (*Yossarian nods in emphatic agreement and moves to the bed.*) . . . or at least die in the attempt. (*Yossarian nods again, lies down and begins censoring letters.*) The trouble is—

(*The TEXAN enters, wearing a hospital robe, and pulls a chair up to the side of YOSSARIAN's bed.*)

TEXAN. Hi, there. (*Gets no response but a long, unfriendly look.*) I'm from Texas. (*Another long, unfriendly look.*) Thought I'd mosey on down the ward and get friendly with you. Be right ne.ghborly. (*/is Yossarian rubs his eyes with a very pained expression.*) What are you doing?

YOSSARIAN. Censoring letters,

TEXAN. Say, I bet that's exciting—reading other people's mail

YOSSARIAN. It's monotonous.

TEXAN. (*With a confidential air*) Ever hear of an officer named . . . Washington?

YOSSARIAN. George?

TEXAN. Irving.

YOSSARIAN. No

TEXAN. Ever run into a guy named . . . Irving?

YOSSARIAN. Irving what?

TEXAN. That's his last name. (*Unhappily, as Yossarian gazes at him.*) Washington

YOSSARIAN. Washington?

TEXAN. Irving. (*Yossarian ponders a moment and shakes his head.*) He's been censoring letters up here in a most peculiar way. You're not him, are you?

YOSSARIAN. I'm Yossarian

TEXAN. (*With relief and enthusiasm,*) I'm mighty glad to hear that. I'll let you in on something. I'm really an undercover agent, a CID man. Keep that quiet. I don't want anybody to know.

YOSSARIAN. Everybody knows.

TEXAN. Who told them?

YOSSARIAN. You told them. You tell everyone Why don't you censor letters like the rest of us if you don't want anybody to suspect?

TEXAN. (*A long-suffering confession.*) I just can't do that. It's so monotonous. I'd much rather sit here and talk important topics with you. Would you like to know what I think about the republic? (*Yossarian leaves the bed with a weary moan and hangs up his bathrobe.*) I think that people of means . . . decent folk . . . should be given more votes than indecent folk . . . people without means. Don't you? It stands to reason . . . (*Exits talking behind the hospital wall, following Yossarian, who moves around in back of it and reappears alone.*)

CHAPLAIN. The Texan turned out to be good-natured, generous, and likable.

YOSSARIAN. In three days, nobody could stand him. He drove me out. (*To the Chaplain, who rises and walks with him.*) It's still going on, isn't it? (*Looking around, as Chaplain nods*) Men go mad—and are rewarded with medals. And when I try to warn them, they think I'm crazy. Even Clevinger . . . (*Clevinger enters from the opposite direction, a fervid, sensitive intellectual.*) . . . who you'd think would know better, says . . .

CLEVINGER. (*A sudden shriek.*) You're crazy!

YOSSARIAN. (*Spins around and goes to Clevinger, as Chaplain continues offstage.*) They're trying to kill me

CLEVINGER. No one's trying to kill you

YOSSARIAN. Then why are they shooting at me?

CLEVINGER. They're shooting at everyone. They're trying to kill everyone.

YOSSARIAN. And what difference does that make? Clevinger, as far back as I can remember, somebody has always been hatching a plot that will kill me. And do you know why?

CLEVINGER. Because you're crazy

YOSSARIAN. Because I'm Assyrian.

CLEVINGER. See? You *are* crazy There are no Assyrians. The race is extinct.

YOSSARIAN. There's one left—me. And I want very much to preserve him. Clevinger my friend, you are one of those people with lots of intelligence . . . and no brains. In short, you are a dope

CLEVINGER. Am I?

YOSSARIAN. Because your life is in danger—and you don't seem to care. Well, I know what to do about mine.

CLEVINGER. What?

YOSSARIAN. (*Starling away.*) I'm going to see Doc Daneeka and have him take me off combat duty. He'll help.

CLEVINGER. (*Walking after him*) He'll laugh in your face. He'll think you're crazy  
YOSSARIAN. Let's hope so.

(*As they head offstage in one direction. DOC DANEEKA enters front another, wearing a white medical jacket and looking glum. He has a thermometer in his mouth, a blood-pressure apparatus on his arm, a stethoscope around his neck.*)

Doc Daneeka Ha . . . ha . . . ha.

YOSSARIAN. (*Turns back to Doc Daneeka, as Clevinger exits.*) What's so funny?

DANEEKA. You. You're wasting your time if you expect me to help you. You must be crazy

YOSSARIAN. Okay. Can't you ground someone who's crazy?

DANEEKA. Oh, sure. There's a rule saying I *have* to ground anyone who's crazy.

YOSSARIAN. There is?

Daneeka Sure. (*Reads thermometer.*) I don't feel so good. See? My temperature is low.

YOSSARIAN. Then why don't you ground me? I'm crazy.

DANEEKA. Why don't you ask me to? (*Hands Yossarian the air ball of blood pressure gauge.*) Squeeze this.

YOSSARIAN. (*Squeezing the air ball.*) I have to ask?

DANEEKA. That's what the rule says (*Reads blood pressure and shakes his head.*) First you have to ask. Look into my ears.

YOSSARIAN. (*Looking into one of his ears.*) That's all I ha<sup>^</sup>e to do?

DANEEKA. That's all. Just ask The other ear too.

YOSSARIAN. And then you can ground me? (*Daneeka has the stethoscope in his ears and shrugs to indicate he doesn't hear. Shouting:*) Then you can ground me?

DANEEKA. (*Removes stethoscope and hands it to Yossarian.*) No. Then I can't ground you. Now listen to my heart

YOSSARIAN. (*Taking the stethoscope and listening.*) You mean there's a catch?

DANEEKA. Sure there's a catch. Catch-22. Anyone who wants to get out of combat duty isn't really crazy.

YOSSARIAN. Wow. I think I'm starting to get it. I'm crazy and can be grounded. All I have to do is ask, right?

DANEEKA. Tap my chest. Lower.

YOSSARIAN. (*More, and more rapidly.*) But as soon as I do ask. I will no longer be crazy and will have to fly more missions. I'll be *crazy* to fly more missions, and sane if I don't. But if I'm sane I have to fly them.

Daneeka (*Turning around.*) Now tap my back

YOSSARIAN. If I fly them, I'm crazy and don't have to, but if I don't want to I'm sane and—wow' That's some catch, that Catch-22,

DANEEKA. It's the best there is.

YOSSARIAN. (*Spins Daneeka around.*) Doc, you've got to help me! I'm afraid

DANEEKA. Of what?

YOSSARIAN. I'm afraid you're not going to help me. I get screaming nightmares  
Don't you hear me?

Daneeeka I've got to laugh I've really got to laugh when I heai you screaming your  
brains out every night. What about me?

YOSSARIAN. What about you?

DANEEKA. What *about* me? My precious medical skills!

YOSSARIAN. What about them?

DANEEKA. What about them? They're rusting away here, while other doctors  
back home are cleaning up. Do you think I enjoy hanging around here day after day  
refusing to help you? I wouldn't mind it so much if I could refuse to help you back in  
a nice plush Park Avenue office But saying no to you here isn't easy for me, either.

YOSSARIAN. Then stop saying no. Ground me and send me home.

DANEEKA. I can't. Where are you going? (*Waving a wooden tongue depressor after  
Yossarian.*) I want you to say "Aaaah/"

YOSSARIAN. To Major Major. If my flight surgeon won't help me, my squadron  
commander will. (*Exits.*)

DANEEKA. That's what you think' He won't even see . . . {*Exits,, as:*}

(Major Major *climbs in through window wearing a false mustache and large dark  
glasses. He removes his glasses and mustache, settles himself at the desk, and calls  
out.*)

MAJOR MAJOR. Towser!

(Sergeant Towser *enters and salutes.*)

TOWSER. Yes, Major?

MAJOR MAJOR. Sergeant Towser. From now on I don't want anyone to come into  
my office to see me while I'm here. Is that clear?

TOWSER. Yes, sir. Does that include me?

MAJOR MAJOR. Yes.

TOWSER. I see. Will that be all?

MAJOR MAJOR. Yes.

TOWSER. What shall I say to people who come to see you while you are here?

MAJOR MAJOR. Tell them I'm in and ask them to wait Towser. Yes, sir. For now  
long?

MAJOR MAJOR. Until I've left.

TOWSER. How will you be able to leave, sir, when someone is waiting outside to  
see you?

MAJOR MAJOR. Through the window From now on, I'll be coming and going  
through the window I don't want to see anyone, and I don't want anyone to see me Is  
that clear?

TOWSER. Yes, sir. And once you've left, what shall I do with them?

MAJOR MAJOR. I don't care.

TOWSER. May I send them in to see you after you've left?

MAJOR MAJOR. Yes.

TOWSER. But you won't be here then, will you?

MAJOR MAJOR. No. That will be all.

TOWSER. Yes, sir Will that be all?

MAJOR MAJOR. No Tell Milo Minderbinder I won't be coming to the mess hall any more. I want all my meal? delivered to my trailer and left outside my door.

TOWSER. Yes<sub>f</sub> sir. Good-bye, sir.

MAJOR MAJOR. Good-bye<sub>s</sub> Sergeant. And thank you. For everything

(Towser *leaves*. Major Major *puts on his mustache and sunglasses, climbs out the window, and hurries away* d Yossarian *springs out of concealment and brings Major Major and himself to the ground with a pouncing tackle.*)

YOSSARIAN. (*On the ground, saluting.*) Sir! Captain Yossarian requests permission to speak to the Major at once about a matter of life and death.

MAJOR MAJOR. Let me up, please. I can't return your salute while I'm lying on my arm. (Yossarian *releases him*. *Both men rise*. Major Major *returns Yossarian's salute.*) I don't think this is the best place to talk. Go around the front and tell Sergeant Towser to send you in to see me.

YOSSARIAN. Yes, sir. (Major Major *climbs back into the office through his window*. Yossarian *walks offstage*. Major Major *counts a few seconds and then dashes suddenly back to the window, jumps out, and starts away*. Yossarian *comes dashing onstage and tackles him again*. *Saluting.*) Sir! Captain Yossarian requests permission to speak to the Major at once about a matter of life and death.

MAJOR MAJOR. Permission denied.

YOSSARIAN. No, sir. That won't do.

MAJOR MAJOR. All right. Jump inside my office.

YOSSARIAN. (*Releasing him and rising.*) After you (Major Major *climbs back inside through the window and removes his disguise*. Yossarian *climbs in after him.*)

MAJOR MAJOR. Well? What seems to be the trouble?

YOSSARIAN. I don't want to fly any more combat missions.

MAJOR MAJOR. Why not?

YOSSARIAN. I'm afraid.

Major Major. That's nothing to be ashamed of. We're all afraid.

YOSSARIAN. I'm not ashamed. I'm just afraid.

MAJOR MAJOR. You wouldn't be normal if you were never afraid. One of the biggest jobs we face in combat is to overcome our fear.

YOSSARIAN. Oh. come on, Major. Can't we do without that?

MAJOR MAJOR. What do you want me to tell you?

YOSSARIAN. That I've flown enough combat missions and can go home.

Major Major, How many have you flown?

YOSSARIAN. Fifty-one A man was killed in my plane last week on the mission to Avignon.

MAJOR MAJOR. You've only got four more

YOSSARIAN. Colonel Cathcart will raise them again. He always raises them. He wants to be a general.

MAJOR MAJOR. Perhaps he won't this time. Why don't you fly the four more missions and see what happens?

YOSSARIAN. I don't want to. I think I'd rather die than be killed.

MAJOR MAJOR. But suppose everybody felt that way?

Yossarian, Then I'd certainly be a damned fool to feel any other way. Wouldn't I?

MAJOR MAJOR. There's nothing I can do.

YOSSARIAN. You're a major and my squadron commander.

MAJOR MAJOR. And there's nothing I can do. Except sympathize with you secretly. I could send you to Rome

YOSSARIAN. What for?

MAJOR MAJOR. (*Writing*) On a rest leave. You could find a girl, get drunk, have some fun. (*Hands Yossarian a pass.*)

YOSSARIAN. It's better than nothing. (*Exits through the window and walks across stage, while Major Major replaces his mustache and sunglasses, climbs through window, and exits behind wall.*)

(*The LIGHTS DARKEN, indicating evening, as LUCIANA enters and calls out to YOSSARIAN in an Italian accent*)

Luciana. Hey, Joe. Come here. I'm not so bad-looking

YOSSARIAN. My name isn't Joe

Luciana. I'm Luciana. Why don't you pick me up?

YOSSARIAN. My name is Yo-Yo.

Luciana. Okay, Joe-Joe. You picked me up. I'll go dancing with you. But I won't let you sleep with me.

YOSSARIAN. Who asked you?

Luciana. (*Pulls him to her and makes him dance with her toward one of the desks.*) You don't want to sleep with me?

YOSSARIAN. I don't want to dance with you.

Luciana. Okay, Joe-Joe. I will let you buy me dinner. But I won't let you sleep with me.

YOSSARIAN. Who asked you?

Luciana. You don't want to sleep with me?

YOSSARIAN. I don't want to buy you dinner.

Luciana. Let's go. (*Pulls him down into a chair, leans back with a sigh, and pats her -mouth daintily*)

YOSSARIAN. You ate like a goddamn horse,

Luciana. *Grazie, grazie.* Now I feel much better Okay, Joe-Joe. Now I will let you sleep with me (*Pulls away in alarm as Yossarian grabs for her.*) No—not here! Come. (*Takes his hand and leads him to the bed.*) Aaaah —now. Now I will let you—

(*LIGHTS DARKEN, indicating night They embrace.*)

Yossarian's *attention is caught by something he feels on her back.*)

Yossarian It's long, isn't it?

Luciana. (*Tensing*) *Si.*

YOSSARIAN. I guess this must be just about the longest end deepest scar I ever felt.

Luciana. (*With a touch of sadness.*) It is the longest one *I* ever felt.

YOSSARIAN. Where were you wounded?

Luciana. In an air raid.

YOSSARIAN. Germans?

Luciana. *Americani.*

YOSSARIAN. I was afraid you were going to say that Luciana, I would like you to marry me.

Luciana. *Tu sei pazzo.*

YOSSARIAN. Why am I crazy?

Luciana. *Perchè non posso sposare*

YOSSARIAN. Why can't you get married?

Luciana. Because I am not a virgin, (*Crosses herself.*) Who will marry me?

YOSSARIAN. I will.

Luciana. *Ma non posso sposarti*

YOSSARIAN. Why can't you marry me?

Luciana. *Perchè sei pazzo.*

YOSSARIAN. Why am I crazy?

Luciana. *Perchè vuoi sposarmi.*

YOSSARIAN. You won't marry me because I'm crazy, and you say I'm crazy because I want to marry you. *Is that right?*

Luciana. *Si.*

YOSSARIAN. *Tu sei pazzo.*

Luciana. *Perchè? Why am I crazy?*

YOSSARIAN. Because you won't marry me. *Carina, ti amo. Ti amo molto.*

Luciana. How can you love a girl who is not a (*Crosses herself.*) virgin?

YOSSARIAN. It's easy. Because I can't marry you, Luciana. (*Heatedly, smacking his chest with the back of her hand.*) Why can't you marry me? Just because I am not a virgin? (*Crosses herself belatedly.*)

YOSSARIAN. (*Affectionately.*) No. Because you're crazy!

(*Luciana laughs and they embrace again, Yossarian sleeps. LIGHTS BR1GHTEN, indicating morning.*)

Luciana. Hey, Joe-Joe. Wake up. (*Rises, smooths her hair, straightens her dress.*) I must leave now and go to work in my office (*Takes his hand and walks d. with him.*)

Why don't you ask me to write my name and address on a piece of paper so that you will be able to find me again when you come to Rome?

YOSSARIAN. Why don't you write your name and address down for me on a piece of paper?

Luciana. (*Haughtily.*) Why? So you can tear it up into little pieces as soon as I leave?

YOSSARIAN. Who's going to tear it up?

Luciana. You will. And then go walking away like a big shot because a young, beautiful girl like me, Luciana, let you sleep with her and did not ask you for money.

YOSSARIAN. How much money are you asking me for?

Luciana. *Stupido!* I am not asking you for money' (*Thrusts a slip of paper at him.*) Here, don't forget. Don't forget to tear it into tiny pieces as soon as I am gone. (*Relenting, affectionately.*) *Addio.* (*Kisses him and starts away. Yossarian hesitates, then tears the slip of paper into tiny pieces and scatters them. He starts away jauntily in the opposite direction. Luciana, at side of stage*) *Tu sei pazzo'* (*Exits.*)

(*Yossarian halts abruptly. He returns to the bits of paper and stares down at them hopelessly. Winur-green enters u., carrying mail, swaggering a bit with a characteristic air of genial self-importance.*)

YOSSARIAN. Wintergreen!

WINTERGREEN. Hiyah, buddy

YOSSARIAN. Wintergreen, I'm trying to find the name and address of a girl I met in Rome.

WINTERGREEN. Forget it. Come on inside, pal. I've got great news for you. (*Settles himself at a desk and begins sorting correspondence, reading some, writing on others. Yossarian follows.*) I got my promotion. I'm a P.F.C. now. Do you know what that means?

YOSSARIAN. You're a private first class,

WINTERGREEN. I'm an officer now, just like you. It means lots more money and prestige. I get to travel in the highest social circles now, just like you. I'm gonna go into business, compete with Milo.

YOSSARIAN. Milo won't like that

WINTERGREEN. Good. I like to needle that bastard. Well, what can I do for you?

YOSSARIAN. Cathcart raised the number of missions again.

WINTERGREEN. I know that. I read all the mail he writes.

YOSSARIAN. Do you ever get to see any of the directives from headquarters?

WINTERGREEN. Yo Yo, I don't just *see* them. I print them up on my mimeograph machine and distribute them —if I approve. Nothing gets done without my okay. I was going to cancel the Normandy invasion, until Eisenhower committed more armor.

YOSSARIAN. How many missions am I supposed to fly?

WINTERGREEN. Forty missions is all you have to fly as far as we here at headquarters are concerned.

YOSSARIAN. Then I can go home, right? I've got fifty- one.

WINTERGREEN. No, you can't go home. There's a catch.

YOSSARIAN. Twenty-two?

WINTERGREEN. Sure Catch-22 says you've always got to do what your commanding officer orders you to.

YOSSARIAN. But regulations say I can go home with forty missions.

WINTERGREEN. But regulations don't say you *have* to go home. That's the catch. Even if the Colonel were disobeying an order by making you fly more missions, you'd still have to fly them, or you'd be guilty of disobeying an order of his. And then we would really jump on you.

YOSSARIAN. Then I really have to fly those fifty-five missions, don't I?

WINTERGREEN. Sixty, See? He's just raised them again.

YOSSARIAN. Goddamn him! What would they do to me if I refused to fly them?

WINTERGREEN. We would probably shoot you.

YOSSARIAN. *We?* What do you mean, *we?* Since when are you on their side?

Wintergreen (*Collecting his stuff and preparing to leave.*) If you're going to be shot, whose side do you expect me to be on? (*Walks off in one direction as:*)

(Mito Minderbinder *enters d., carrying a dozen eggs and crossing in a bit of a hurry. Milo's manner throughout is one of pious simplicity, virtue, and diligence.*)

YOSSARIAN. Milo! Have you heard the bad news? Milo. I certainly have. Wintergreen's cutting prices. Yossarian That's not what I meant. Colonel Cathcart just raised the missions to sixty.

MILO. Then I'm afraid you'll just have to fly them. We all have to do what we can.

YOSSARIAN. What about you?

MILO. Me? I happen to be tied down at present with my responsibilities as mess officer. I have to go to Egypt to buy cotton.

YOSSARIAN. Cotton?

MILO. Yes. I have this great chance to corner the market on Egyptian cotton It's a big oppoitunity for the syndicate. (*Raising a finger in a characteristic gesture.*) And don't forget—everybody has a share.

YOSSARIAN. Do I have a share?

MILO. Everybody has a share.

YOSSARIAN. (*Musing with pleasure.*) Gee. that's really something. I always wanted to own a share (*Recollecting sobeily.*) Does Snowden have a share?

MILO. Of course. Everybody in the squadron has a share.

YOSSARIAN. Snowden isn't in the squadron any more. He was killed on the mission to Avignon.

MILO. That's part of his share

YOSSARIAN. There was no morphine in the first aid kit There was nothing I could give him for the pain.

MILO. I needed the morphine to trade for these fresh eggs. You get your share, don't you?

YOSSARIAN. I don't want my share. I'm going back into the hospital.

MILO. No, Yossarian. The best thing for us to do is for you to fly your sixty missions, even if you do get killed. You can't keep running into the hospital like a crybaby every time—

YOSSARIAN. (*Striding away.*) Oh, yes, I can. (*Moves across stage and circles in back of the doorway as Milo, shaking his head disapprovingly, continues across stage and exits. Nurse Duckett and Doctor, both in white medical jackets, enter, settle themselves at desk, and grow absorbed in comic books, while Second Nurse and Doctor wheel a bed with sleeping Patient onstage and circle off. Yossarian knocks on the door, enters, and moves toward desk. Duckett and Doctor pay no attention.*) Hi Hey! (*/Is they finally glance up.*) I have this sharp, persistent, throbbing pain in the lower right side of my abdomen. I think it's appendicitis.

Doctor. Beat it.

NURSE DUCKETT. We can't tell him to beat it We have to keep all abdominal complaints under observation for five days because so many of them have been dying after we make them beat it.

Doctor (*Leaving*) All right, Nurse Duckett. Put him under observation for five days and *then* make him beat it. Give him an ice bag, just to play safe.

(*Yossarian puts on a hospital robe.*)

NURSE DUCKETT. I think you're faking

(*Yossarian shrugs, moves to empty bed, and lies down. Nurse Duckett hands him an ice bag and leaves, as an English Intern enters. He speaks with a British accent.*)

English Intern. Well, old boy. How is your liver?

YOSSARIAN. I think it's my appendix.

English Intern. (*Pressing Yossarian's abdomen.*) No, I'm afraid your appendix is no good, no good at all. If your appendix goes wrong, we can take it out and have you back on active duty in no time at all. But come to us with a liver complaint and you can fool us for weeks. Let's throw this silly ice bag away before you die of pneumonia. The liver, you see, is a large, ugly mystery to us. If you've ever eaten liver, you know what I mean.

YOSSARIAN. What's an English medical officer doing on duty here?

English Intern. (*Leaving.*) I'll tell you about that in the morning, if I ever see you again The way they whisk us around here, I never know where I'm going to—

(*Another Doctor reaches in and pulls him offstage, as Nurse Duckett and First Doctor enter from around the other side of the wall.*)

Doctor. Well, good morning. Good morning, good morning, good morning How is that sick appendix of yours?

YOSSARIAN. There's nothing wrong with my appendix. It's my liver.

NURSE DUCKETT. It was your appendix yesterday Yossarian. It's my liver today. I ought to know.

Doctor. Maybe it is his liver. What does his blood count show?

NURSE DUCKETT. He hasn't had a blood count.

Doctor. Have one taken right away. We can't afford to take chances with a patient in his condition We've got to keep ourselves covered in case he dies. (*Starting away.*) In the meantime, keep that ice bag on. It's very im- poitant.

YOSSARIAN. I don't have an ice bag.

Doctor. No? Well, maybe it's not so moortant. Just let someone know if the pain becomes unendurable.

(*They exit, as SECOND DOCTOR appears* )

Doctor. Well, Yossarian. I'm afraid I have very bad news for you. You're in perfect health and have to go back to combat duty. Isn't that good? (*Exits. Suddenly, Patient in the next bed sits up and shouts.*)

PATIENT. I see everything twice !

NURSE DUCKETT. (*Reappearing.*) What?

PATIENT. I see everything twice. (*Both Doctors come running back with alarm.*)

NURSE DUCKETT. He sees eveiything twice!

FIRST DOCTOR. What?

SECOND DOCTOR. He says he sees everything twice.

FIRST DOCTOR. Then it's *meningitis*, I'd say.

SECOND DOCTOR. Why pick meningitis? Why not, let's say, acute nephritis?

FIRST DOCTOR. Because I'm a meningitis man, that's why, and not an acute-nephritis man. And I saw him first.

SECOND DOCTOR. Why don't we roll him away into an isolation room and see what develops if he takes a turn for the worse?

FIRST DOCTOR. Suits me. There's enough of him to go around. (*The bed is rolled off a few yards. The Doctors and Nurse Duckett start away.*)

Second Doctor, (*Calling back toward Yossarian.*) And get that one out of here. He's fit for duty. (*Exits.*)

YOSSARIAN. (*Sits up in bed and shouts.*) I see everything twice!

(*The DOCTORS and NURSE DUCKETT rush back to Yossarian s bed.*)

FIRST DOCTOR. Hold it! I got him.

SECOND DOCTOR. That's not fair.

FIRST DOCTOR. I don't care whether it's fair or not (*To Yossarian, holding one finger up directly before him.*) How many fingers do you see?

Vos sarian. Twc

FIRST DOCTOR. (*Holding up two fingers.*) How many fingers do you see now?

YOSSARIAN. Two.

FIRST DOCTOR. (*Putting both hands behind his back.*) And how many now?

YOSSARIAN. Two.

FIRST DOCTOR. (*Beaming.*) By Jove, he's right' He does see everything twice! Roll him away with the other one.

(Yossartan's bed is wiled beside the other one All but Second Doctor stride away and exit.)

PATIENT. I see everything twice!

YOSSARIAN. (*Winking at him.*) I see everything twice'

PATIENT. The walls! The walls! Move back the walls!

Yossarian. The walls! The walls! Move back the walls! (*The Patient emits a loud groan and flops back on the bed with his eyes shut Yossarian emits a loud groan and falls back also. Second Doctor returns, feels the Other Patient's pulse, shakes his head grimly, and draws the sheet over his face. He snaps his fingers and Nurse Duckett and First Doctor enter and roll the bed offstage.*) What are you doing?

SECOND DOCTOR. He's dead. (*Exits.*)

YOSSARIAN. (*Sitting up in bed and shouting* ) I see everything once!

(*The DOCTORS and NURSE DUCKETT come running back.*)

FIRST DOCTOR. (*To Second Doctor.*) Beat you again, didn't I? So shut up—both of you. (*To Yossarian, holding up one finger.* ) How many fingers do you see?

YOSSARIAN. One.

FIRST DOCTOR. (*Holding up two fingers.*) How many fingers ao you see now?

YOSSARIAN. One.

FIRST DOCTOR. (*Holding up ten fingers* ) And how many now?

Yossarian, One.

FIRST DOCTOR. I made him all better! That calls for a drink. (*First Doctor and Nurse Duckett exit leaving Second Doctor behind.*)

SECOND DOCTOR. And just in time, too. Yossarian, some relatives are here to see you Oh, don't worry, not yours. It's the mother, father and brother of that chap who died. They've traveled all the way from New York to see a dying soldier.

YOSSARIAN. I'm rot dying.

SECOND DOCTOR. Of course you're dying Where else do you think you're heading?

YOSSARIAN. They came to see their son.

Second Doctor They'll have to take what they can get.

YOSSARIAN. Suppose they start crying?

Second Doctor I'll come right in. All you've got to do is lie here a few minutes and die a little. Is that asking so much?

YOSSARIAN. All right. If it's just for a few minutes Why don't you wrap a bandage around my head for effect?

Second Doctor That sounds like a splendid idea. (*Hands a head bandage to Yossarian, who fits it on.*)

YOSSARIAN. Why don't you get some flowers? Old ones Second Doctor. We haven't got time.

YOSSARIAN. At least darken the room.

SECOND DOCTOR. Shhhh! (*Exits.*)

(A poorly dressed OLD COUPLE, PATIENT's FATHER and

Mother, enter with a belligerent young man, Patient's Brother. They are Italian-American and reflect it in their speech )

FATHER. He looks terrible.

Brother. He's sick, Fa

Mother Giuseppe.

YOSSARIAN. My name is Yossarian.

Brother. His name is Yossarian, Ma. Yossarian, don't you recognize me? I'm your brother John. Don't you know who I am?

YOSSARIAN. You're my brother John.

Brother. He does recognize me! Pa, he knows who I am. Yossarian, here's Papa. Say hello to Papa.

YOSSARIAN. Hello, Papa

FATHER. Hello, Giuseppe.

Brother. Hrs name is Yossarian, Pa.

FATHER. I can t get over how terrible he looks.

Brother. He's very sick. Pa. The doctor says he's going to die

FATHER. I didn't know whether to be'ieve the doctor or not. You know how crooked those guys are.

Mother. Giuseppe.

Brother. (*Growing more and more impatient.*) His name is Yossarian, Ma. She don't rememoer things too good any more. How're they treating you in here, kid? They treating you pretty good?

YOSSARIAN. Pretty good.

Brother. That's good. Just don't let anybody in here push you around. You're just as good as anybody else that's dying, even though you are an Italian. You've got rights, too. (*Yossarian groans in dismay and closes his eyes.*)

Father, *Now* see how terrible he looks.

Mother. Giuseppe.

Brother. Ma, his name is Yossarian. Can't you remember?

YOSSARIAN. It's all right. She can call me Giuseppe if she wants to.

Mother Giuseppe

Brother. Don't worry, Yossarian. Everything is going to be all right

YOSSARIAN. Don't worry, Ma. Everything is going to be all right.

Brother. Did you have a priest?

YOSSARIAN. Sure.

Brother That's good. Just as long as you're getting everything that's coming tn you. We were afraid we wouldn't get here in time

YOSSARIAN. In time for what?

Brother. In time to see you before you died, Yossarian. What difference would it make?

Brother. We didn't want you to die by yourself.

YOSSARIAN. What difference would it make?

Brother. He must be getting delirious. He keeps repeating the same thing over and over again.

FATHER. That's really very funny. All the time I thought his name was Giuseppe, and now I find out his name is Yossarian. That's really very funny.

Brother. Ma, make him feel good. Say something to cheer him up

Mother Giuseppe.

Brother. (*Almost shouting.*) It's not Giuseppe, Ma It's Yossarian.

Mother. What difference does it make? He's dying. (*Starts to cry. The Father and Brother start to cry also.*)

YOSSARIAN. What are you crying about?

Mother. You're dying.

(*Yossarian starts crying. The Doctor enters quickly, shooting Yossarian a dirty look.*)

Doctor. It's rime to go now. Have you any last words?

FATHER. (*Pulling himself together,*) Giuseppe

Brother. Yossarian

FATHER. Yossarian

YOSSARIAN. Giuseppe

FATHER. Soon you're going to die. (*Yossarian begins to sob again.*)

Doctor. Hey! Stop it, will you?

FATHER. When you talk to the mar upstairs, I want you to tell Him it ain't right for people to die when they're young. Tell Him if they got to die at all, they got to die when they're old. I don't think He knows it ain't right, because He's supposed to be good and it's been going on for a long time. Okay?

Brother. And don't let anybody up there push you around. You'll be just as good as anybody else in heaven, even though you are Italian

Mother. Dress warm (*They exit.*)

Doctor. Thanks, kid. You did that real well. I think we're going to have you die for us all the time (*Exits.*)

YOSSARIAN. I think I'm going to get the hell out of here. (*Goes to coatrack and takes off his bathrobe.*)

(*The TEXAN enters.*)

TEXAN. Hi there, fella. I heard you were dying.

YOSSARIAN. That was somebody else

(*Chaplain enters d. and Yossarian moves forward to join him.*)

TEXAN. (*Loud to himself, ominously.*) Don't be too sure. (*Exits.*)

YOSSARIAN. It's all Colonel Cathcart's fault. Why don't you do something? You're the Chaplain. You're supposed to help.

CHAPLAIN. Should I go see him? All right, I will. Even though I'm afraid of him He's so . . . (*They exit.*)

(Colonel Cathcart *enters wearing a black circle around one eye and an Indian headdress with several feathers. He has a long cigarette holder in his mouth and carries a small box of tomatoes in one hand and a large bell in the other. He removes his black eye and his headdress as he reaches the desk and rings his bell furiously.*)

CATHCART. Korn ! Colonel Korn !

(Colonel Korn *enters with a dry expression. His manner throughout is one of leisurely, thinly-veiled derision.*)

KORN. You rang, sir?

CATHCART. Come in. Korn. I need your advice. What, do you think of this cigarette holder?

KORN. It's imitation black onyx with inlaid chips of imitation ivory.

CATHCART. That's not what I mean. Will it help me become a general?

KORN. It might. With someone like General Dreedle, it could be a terrible black eye . . . (Cathcart's *face falls.*) . . . while with someone like General Peckem . . .

CATHCART. It could be another feather in my cap! I think I'll take that risk. Now what about that farmhouse of mine in the hills?

KORN. A feather in your cap. But only if you use it.

CATHCART. I hate it there. I've got nothing to do. I'm not even sure where that farmhouse came from or who's paying for it. How'd I get it, anyway?

KORN. You stole it.

CATHCART. Is that legal?

KORN. Sure.

CATHCART. Well, you're the lawyer and you ought to know. How about these black market tomatoes we're buying up and selling to Milo illegally?

KORN. That's legal, too.

CATHCART. Currency manipulation?

KORN. Legal

CATHCART. Income tax evasion?

KORN. That's legal also.

CATHCART. Well, if you say so. I wish you'd gone to Harvard or Yale, though, instead of a state university. It's very degrading for someone like me to have to depend on someone like you.

KORN. I understand. That's why I always try to be so helpful.

CATHCART. I appreciate that. Get the Chaplain up here. There's something I want to discuss with him.

KORN. He's already here. There's something he wants to discuss with you.

CATHCART. That's what I call a real meeting of the minds, eh? Send him in. (Korn *exits. The Chaplain enters.*) Come on in, Chaplain

CHAPLAIN. Thank you, sir Sir, I want to speak—

CATHCART. Take a look at this copy of *Life* magazine. Here's a big photograph of a colonel in England who has his chaplain say prayers in the briefing room before each mission Do you think that prayers will work as well here as they do for these people in England?

CHAPLAIN. Yes, sir. I should think they would.

CATHCART. Then I'd like to give it a try Maybe if we say prayers, they'll put *my* picture in *Life* magazine What are you staring at?

CHAPLAIN. Tomatoes—I think.

CATHCART. Wanna buy some?

CHAPLAIN. No, sir. I don't think so

CATHCART. That's all right. Milo is glad to snap up all we can produce. What was it you wanted to speak to me about?

CHAPLAIN. Sir, I—

CATHCART. We'll begin with the next mission. Now, I don't want any of this Kingdom of God or Valley of Death stuff That's all too negative. What are you making such a face for?

CHAPLAIN. I'm sorry, sir. I happened to be thinking of the Twenty-third Psalm as you said that.

CATHCART. How does that one go?

CHAPLAIN. That's the one you were just referring to, sir. "The Lord is my shepherd; I—"

CATHCART. That's the one I was just referring to. It's out What else have you got?

CHAPLAIN. "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto—"

CATHCART. No waters. I don't like waters Why don't we try something musical? How about the harps on the willows?

CHAPLAIN. That has the rivers of Babylon in it, sir. ". . . there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion "

CATHCART. Zion? Let's forget *that* one right now. I wonder how it even got in there. I'd like to keep away from the subject of religion altogether if we can.

CHAPLAIN. I'm sorry, sir But just about all the prayers I know make at least some passing reference to God

CATHCART. Then let's get some new ones Why can't we take a more positive approach? Why can't we all pray for something good, like a direct hit with all our bombs? Couldn't we pray for a direct hit with all our bombs?

CHAPLAIN. Well, yes, sir, I suppose so.

CATHCART. 'Phen that's what we'll do. It will be a feather in our cap if we pray for a direct hit with all our bombs—even if we get a direct miss. We can slip you in while we're synchronizing the watches. I don't think there's anything secret about the right time Will a minute and a half be enough?

CHAPLAIN. Yes, sir. If it doesn't include the time necessary to excuse the atheists and admit the enlisted men

CATHCART. What atheists? There are no atheists in my outfit. Atheism is against the law, isn't it?

CHAPLAIN. No, sir.

CATHCART. Then it's un-American, isn't it?

Chaplain, I'm not sure, sir.

CATHCART. Well, I am! I'm not going to disrupt our religious services just to accommodate a bunch of lousy atheists. They can stay right where they are and pray with the rest of us. And what's all this about enlisted men? Just how do they get into this act?

CHAPLAIN. I'm sorry, sir. I just assumed you would want the enlisted men to be present.

CATHCART. Well, I don't. They've got a God and a chaplain of their own, haven't they?

CHAPLAIN. No, sir.

CATHCART. You mean they pray to the same God we do?

CHAPLAIN. Yes, sir.

CATHCART. And he *listens*?

CHAPLAIN. I think so, sir.

CATHCART. Well, I'll be damned. I'd like to keep them out anyway. Honestly, Chaplain, you wouldn't want your sister to marry an enlisted man, would you?

CHAPLAIN. My sister *is* an enlisted man.

CATHCART. Are you trying to be funny?

CHAPLAIN. Oh, no, sir. She's a master sergeant in the Mannes.

CATHCART. I see. Well, now that I think about it, having the men pray to God probably wasn't such a hot idea anyway. The editors of *Life* might not cooperate.

CHAPLAIN. Will that be all, sir?

CATHCART. Yeah. Unless you've got something else to say

CHAPLAIN. Yes, sir, I have. Sir, some of the men are very upset since you raised the number of missions to sixty. They've asked me to speak to you about it.

CATHCART. Well, you just spoke to me about it.

CHAPLAIN. They wonder why they have to keep flying more and more missions.

CATHCART. That's an administrative matter, Chaplain. Tell them it's none of their business.

CHAPLAIN. Yes, sir.

CATHCART. Help yourself to a tomato. Chaplain. Go ahead, it's on me. That's an order.

CHAPLAIN. (*Takes a tomato.*) Thank you, sir. Sir—

CATHCART. Thanks for dropping around

CHAPLAIN. Yes, sir. (*Bracing nimselj.*) Sir, I'm particularly concerned about one of the bombardiers. Captain Yossarian.

CATHCART. Who?

CHAPLAIN. Yossarian, sir. A man was killed in his plane recently and—

CATHCART. That's a funny name.

CHAPLAIN. He's in a very bad way, sir. I'm afraid he won't be able to take it much longer without doing something desperate.

CATHCART. Is that a fact Chaplain?

CHAPLAIN. Yes, sir. I'm afraid it is.

CATHCART. (*Ponders.*) Tell him it's God's will. That's all now. (Chaplain *gives up and exits*. Cathcart *broods nervously*. *Waiting suddenly:*) I want to be a general! (*Rings his bell.*) Korn! Korn!

KORN. (*Entering.*) You tang, sir?

CATHCART. We may have a big problem. There's a captain named Yossarian who doesn't want to fly the sixty missions.

KORN. Yossarian? That's a funny name.

CATHCART. It's a terrible name, isn't it? There are too many esses in it, like ...

KORN. Odious, and insidious.

CATHCART. Subversive. It's not one of those good, crisp, clean cut American names like—

KORN. (*Getting it in first.*) Korn.

CATHCART. (*Eyeing him resentfully.*) Or Cathcart. I wonder how he ever got to be a captain, anyway.

KORN. You probably promoted him.

CATHCART. You probably told me to.

KORN. I probably told you not to. But you wouldn't listen, Cathcart, I should have listened.

KORN. You never listen.

CATHCART. From now on, I'll listen. Stop picking on me, will you? May he sixty missions are too many. Should I lower them?

KORN. Raise them You won't impress anybody by fighting *less*

CATHCART. A man was killed in his plane.

KORN. One man? Colonel, if we're going to start waxing sentimental about every man who might be killed . . . we might just as well not have a war.

CATHCART. Korn, you're right! I'll raise them ... to seventy.

KORN. Put another feather in your cap.

CATHCART. It certainly won't be a black eye, will it? (*Handing Korn a feather.*) Here—have one for your cap. And do you know what else? I'm going to volunteer for Bologna

KORN. Bologna? That's very brave of you.

CATHCART. Yes it is. But I have confidence in my men. And I believe that no target in the world is too dangerous for them to attack. Tell Captain Black the good news. And let's get these damn tomatoes over to Milo. Before the Chaplain snatches another one.

[*They exit, as CAPTAIN BLACK enters, rubbing his hands with glee.*]

Black. Bologna? Oh, boy! I can't wait to see those bastards eat their liver when they find out about this one. Ha, ha, ha! *{The Chaplain enters, carrying his tomato.}* Hey, Chaplain! Did you hear the great news? The men are going to Bologna. Ha, ha, ha. I can't wait to see their faces. *{Crosses and exits.}*

CHAPLAIN. *{Glares disapprovingly and moves to a desk. He clears his throat and calls out hesitantly.}* Whitcomb. Corporal Whitcomb Come in please.

*(Whitcomb slouches onstage insolently.)*

WHITCOMB. What's new?

CHAPLAIN. There's nothing new. Was anyone here to see me?

WHITCOMB. No. Just that crackpot Yossarian again.

CHAPLAIN. I'm not so sure he's a crackpot.

WHITCOMB. That's right, take his part. *(Stamps out. He walks back in again.)* You always side with other people. That's one of the things that's wrong with you.

CHAPLAIN. I didn't intend to side with him I was just making a statement.

WHITCOMB. What did Colonel Cathcart want ?

CHAPLAIN. Nothing important. He just wanted to discuss the idea of saying prayers in the briefing room before each mission.

WHITCOMB. All right, don't tell me. *(Stamps out. He stamps back in.)* You don't have confidence in your men That's another one of the things that's wrong with you.

CHAPLAIN. Yes, I do. I have lots of confidence in you.

WHITCOMB. Then what about those letters?

CHAPLAIN. What letters?

WHITCOMB. How about letting me send out form letters to the next of kin of all the men we lose in combat?

CHAPLAIN. No, no. Not while I'm in charge.

WHITCOMB. Is that so? It's easy for you to sit there and shake your head, while I do all the work Didn't you see that guy from Texas outside in the purple bathrobe? That was a C.I.D. man down from the hospital on official business. He's conducting an investigation.

CHAPLAIN. I hope you're not in any trouble.

WHITCOMB. No, I'm not in any trouble. You are They're going to crack down on you for signing Washington Irving's name to all those letters.

CHAPLAIN. What letters?

WHITCOMB. All those letters you've been signing Washington Irving's name to.

CHAPLAIN. I haven't been signing Washington Irving's name to any letters.

WHITCOMB. You don't have to lie to me. I'm not the one you have to convince.

CHAPLAIN. I'm not lying.

WHITCOMB. I don't care whether you're lying or not. A lot of that correspondence you've been tampering with is classified information.

CHAPLAIN. I haven't been tampering with any correspondence

WHITCOMB. You don't have to lie to me. I'm not the one you have to convince.

CHAPLAIN. I'm not lying!

WHITCOMB. I don't see why you have to shout at me. (*Walks out, concealing a satisfied smirk. Walks back in.*) That's what I get for sticking my neck out to warn you. (*Walks out. Walks back in.*) I just did you the biggest favor anybody ever did you in your whole life, and you don't even know it. You don't know how to show your appreciation. That's another one of the things that's wrong with you.

CHAPLAIN. I'm sorry. I'm really very grateful to you.

WHITCOMB. Then how about letting me send out those firm letters?

CHAPLAIN. No, no. Let's not talk about it now. Please

WHITCOMB. I'm the best friend you've got in the whole world and you don't even know it. Don't you know what trouble you're in? That C.I.D. man has gone back to the hospital to write a brand-new report about that tomato.

CHAPLAIN. What tomato?

WHITCOMB. The tomato you were hiding in your hand when you showed up here. The tomato you're still hiding in your hand right this very minute!

CHAPLAIN. I'm not hiding it. I got this tomato from Colonel Cathcart.

WHITCOMB. You don't have to lie to me. I don't care whether you stole it from him or not

CHAPLAIN. Stole it? Why should I steal a tomato from Colonel Cathcart?

WHITCOMB. That's exactly what had us both stumped

And then the C J D man figured out why. He figured out that you might have some important secret papers hidden away inside it.

CHAPLAIN. In a tomato? Here, see for yourself.

WHITCOMB. Not me, I don't want it.

CHAPLAIN. Please take it. I don't even want it

WHITCOMB. Oh, no. Don't think you're going to stick me with it.

CHAPLAIN. I'm not trying to stick you with it.

WHITCOMB. I'm not going to forget this. (*Stamps out. He stamps back in. The Chaplain looks up expectantly. Whitcomb stamps back out, grinning with satisfaction.*)

CHAPLAIN. (*Greatly chagrined, takes up a pen and begins writing.*) Dear wife. There is so much unhappiness in the world, and there does not seem to be anything I can do about anybody's, not even my own. I have managed to offend Corporal Whitcomb again, and I don't know how. And now the Colonel has increased the number of missions again and volunteered the men for Bologna. (*Exits as:*)

(*Black enters, chuckling, and then Yossarian and*

CLEVINGER. )

YOSSARIAN. (*Glumly*) Bologna?

CAPTAIN BLACK. That's right. Eat your liver, you bastards This time you sons of bitches are really in for it. Ha, ha, ha! (*Exits, calling offstage.*) Hey, you guys! Did you hear the good news? Ha, ha, ha

YOSSARIAN. I don't want to go.

CLEVINGER. You have to.

YOSSARIAN. I'm going to be killed at Bologna. You're going to be killed

CLEVINGER. We have to go anyway.

YOSSARIAN. Are you crazy?

CLEVINGER. We're at war, Yossarian. And we have to obey orders.

YOSSARIAN. Then I'll change the orders (*Leaving*

CLEVINGER. *and moving u.*) Wintergreen! Hey, Wintergreen! (*Clevinger continues across stage, shaking his head, and exits, as Wintergreen enters from another direction with his packets of mail and moves to a desk. He begins sorting his letters.*) I need your help.

WINTERGREEN. Everybody does. I'm the most crucial figure in this whole theater of operations.

YOSSARIAN. You're only a mail clerk and a P.F.C.

WINTERGREEN. Ex-P.F.C. I was busted. For calling generals by their first name. Now I'm just a poor buck private again. (*Tears a letter in two and throws the sections in a wastebasket.*)

YOSSARIAN. What are you doing?

WINTERGREEN. Sorting letters.

YOSSARIAN. You just tore one up.

WINTERGREEN. I didn't like it. It was too long. I like the way you censor letters when you're in the hospital. You cut right to the heart of things. Why'd you sign Washington Irving's name to them?

YOSSARIAN. How'd you know it was me?

WINTERGREEN. I recognized the handwriting. I recognize everybody's handwriting. They've got a C.I.D. man in the Hospital trying to find you.

YOSSARIAN. I know that. How'd you find out?

WINTERGREEN. I throw away all his reports. Then I throw away all the orders asking him for reports. They think he's missing in action. They've got another secret agent poking around who thinks it's Major Major.

YOSSARIAN. That's funny.

WINTERGREEN. Yeah. Because Major Major *has* been signing Washington Irving's name. See? You wrote the Chaplain's name once too, didn't you?

YOSSARIAN. For variety.

WINTERGREEN. I remember the message. "Dear Mary.

I yearn for you tragically. Albert T. Tappan. Group Chaplain." That really brought tears to my eyes. Say— do you want to buy some Zippo cigarette lighters cheap?

They were stolen right from quartermaster (*Demonstrates lighter.*)

YOSSARIAN. Milo's selling those too. And his aren't stolen.

WINTERGREEN. That's what you think I'm selling mine for a buck apiece. What's he getting for his?

YOSSARIAN. A dollar and a penny.

WINTERGREEN. (*Laughing.*) I beat him all the time, don't I?

YOSSARIAN. He's pretty sore at you for going into competition with him.

WINTERGREEN. He's pretty sore at everyone since he cornered the market on Egyptian cotton and can't get rid of any of it. Okay, pal. Now what can I do for you?

YOSSARIAN. We have to fly to Bologna

WINTERGREEN. Oh, I know that. I printed the orders.

YOSSARIAN. Listen—you've got a mimeograph machine and you sort the mail. Couldn't you print up new orders canceling the mission and send them out to everybody involved?

WINTERGREEN. Oh, sure. I could do that.

YOSSARIAN. What would happen?

WINTERGREEN. The mission would be canceled.

YOSSARIAN. Will you do it?

WINTERGREEN. Oh, no! I wouldn't do anything like that. There's a war on, Yossarian, and we all have our jobs to do. My job is to unload, these Zippo lighters at a profit if I can. Your job is to bomb the ammunition dumps at Bologna. (*Collects his things to leave.*)

YOSSARIAN. But I might be killed

WINTERGREEN. Then you'll just have to be killed. Why can't you be a fatalist about it the way I am? If I'm destined to unload these lighters at a profit, then that's what I'm going to do. And if you're destined to be killed over Bologna, then you're going to be killed, so you might just as well go out and die like a man Gimme a buck, will you? For the lighter. (*Takes a dollar from Yossarian.*)

I hate to say this, Yossarian, but you're turning into a chronic complainer (*Exits.*)

(Clevinger enters)

CLEVINGER. Wintergreen is right.

YOSSARIAN. Clevinger, you are crazy. The only reason we're going is because Cathcart volunteered us.

CLEVINGER. Unfortunately, that's none of our business.

YOSSARIAN. Do you really mean that? Do you really mean that it's none of my business how or why I get killed and that it *is* Colonel Cathcart's?

CLEVINGER. Yes. I guess I do. There are men in a better position than we are to decide how to win the war.

YOSSARIAN. Clevinger, open your eyes. It doesn't make a damned bit of difference *who* wins the war to someone who's dead.

CLEVINGER. Congratulations! I can't think of another attitude that would give greater comfort to the enemy.

YOSSARIAN. The enemy is anybody who's going to get you killed, no matter *which* side he's on. And don't you—

(Captain Black enters.)

Black. Okay, boys. Let's go It's time for Bologna.

YOSSARIAN. And don't you forget that, because the longer you remember it, the longer you might live.

CLEVINGER. I'm going to Bologna. (*Takes a parachute harness from coatrack.*)  
Black. Move it along, you bastards. Move it along.

YOSSARIAN. (*Hesitates, takes a parachute harness, and starts away after Clevinger.*) Okay, okay. But against my better judgment I'm warning you. I'm warning you all. This is the last time I'm letting myself . . . (*Exits after Clevinger.*)

Black. Ha, ha, ha! Eat your liver, kid. That's what I like to see Eat your liver.  
(*Chaplain enters with sad expression.*)

CHAPLAIN. My dear wife. Clevinger is dead. (*Black takes the news with an indifferent shrug and walks out, as Yossarian returns wearily,*)

YOSSARIAN. Poor bastard. (*Hangs up parachute harness.*)

CHAPLAIN. That was the basic flaw in all his trust and idealism, I suppose. . . .

YOSSARIAN. I warned him I told him. But ... he wouldn't believe me . . . and now . . .

CHAPLAIN. ... he is dead. (*Chaplain exits with head lowered.*)  
(*Milo enters, carrying a box of candy, and goes to Yossarian.*)

MILO. I've been looking all over for you.

YOSSARIAN. You should have looked here. (*Stares off to the side after the Chaplain.*)

MILO. Yossarian, I want you to help me, because you and I are friends and that's what friends are for. Please taste this and let me know what you think. I want to serve it to the men.

YOSSARIAN. (*Taking a big bite*) What is it?

MILO. Chocolate-covered cotton

YOSSARIAN. (*Gagging*) What? Take it back! Holy Moses! You didn't even take the goddamn seeds out.

MILO. Give it a chance, will you? It can't be that bad. Is it really that bad?

YOSSARIAN. It's even worse.

MILO. But I've got to make the mess halls feed it to the men. I've got all this cotton and— (*Pointing.*) Hey! Look at that, look at that! There's the Chaplain That's a funeral. Isn't it?

YOSSARIAN. They're burying Clevinger.

MILO. Clevinger? What happened to him?

YOSSARIAN. He got killed.

MILO. Clevinger? Oh, that's terrible. A fellow never had a better buddy than good old Clevinger. It really is terrible. And it will get even worse if the mess halls don't buy my cotton. Yossarian, what's the matter with them? Don't they understand that what's good for me is good for the country? How was I supposed to know there would be a glut? I'm still not even sure what a glut is.

YOSSARIAN. Ask Doc Daneeka.

MILO. Who ever thought the Nile Valley would be so fertile?

YOSSARIAN. (*Pointing.*) Shhhhhh!

MILO. Is it my fault that I saw this wonderful opportunity to— Ob, the coffin! They're lowering the coffin! I can't watch. I can't just stand here and watch those mess halls let my syndicate die Yossarian, try eating the rest of this chocolate-covered cotton. Maybe it will taste delicious now.

YOSSARIAN. Give up, Milo. People can't eat cotton, Mill, (*Wheeling.*) It isn't really cotton. It's really cotton candy, delicious cotton candy. Who will buy my delicious cotton candy? Try it and see.

YOSSARIAN. Now you're lying.

MILO. I never lie.

YOSSARIAN. You're lying now.

MILO. I only lie when it's necessary. This is better than cotton candy. It's made out of real cotton. Egyptian cotton is the finest cotton in the world.

YOSSARIAN. It's indigestible. It will make them sick Why don't you try living on it yourself if you don't believe me?

MILO. I did.

YOSSARIAN. And?

MILO. It made me sick

YOSSARIAN. (*Turning away*) It's all over

MILO. It's the end. We're ruined. And all because I left them free to make their own decision.

YOSSARIAN. Why don't you sell your cotton to the government?

MILO. The government? Oh, no. The government has no business in business. But, wait—the business of government *is* business. Calvin Coolidge said that, and Calvin Coolidge was a President, so it must be true. So the government *does* have the responsibility of buying all the Egyptian cotton I've got that no one else wants. But how will I get the government to do it?

YOSSARIAN. Bribe it.

MILO. Bribe it? Yossarian, shame on you! Bribery is against the law. But wail—it's not against the law to make a profit, is it? So it can't be against the law for me to bribe someone in order to make a fair profit, can it? But how will I know who to bribe?

YOSSARIAN. Oh, don't worry about that. Make the bribe big enough and they'll find you Just do everything right out in the open. Don't act guilty or ashamed.

MILO. I wish you'd come with me. I won't feel safe among people who take my bribes. They're no better than a bunch of crooks.

YOSSARIAN. You'll be all right. Just tell everybody that the security of the country requires a strong domestic Egyptian-cotton-speculating industry.

MILO. It does. A strong Egyptian-cotton-speculating industry means a much stronger America

YOSSARIAN. Of course it does. And point out the great number of families that depend on it for jobs and income.

MILO. A great many families do depend on it.

YOSSARIAN. You see<sup>3</sup> You're much better at it than I am. You almost make it sound true.

MILO. It *is* true.

YOSSARIAN. *Now* you're ready.

MILO. You're sure you won't come with me?

YOSSARIAN. You won't need me.

MILO. Good-bye, Yossarian. Wish me luck. I'll never forget you for your help in this. (*Exits.*)

(Chaplain returns d. as Yossarian goes to the clothes-rack, puts on a bathrobe and moves to the bed.)

CHAPLAIN. And Yossarian has gone back into the hospital, (Nurse Duckett *enters to attend to Yossarian.*) He says—of all things—that he has a stone in his salivary gland. (*Crosses stage and exits.*)

NURSE DUCKETT. I think you're faking again.

YOSSARIAN. You're very efficient.

NURSE DUCKETT. I am.

YOSSARIAN. I may be able to help you.

NURSE DUCKETT. I don't need your help.

YOSSARIAN. Who knows? Maybe . . . (*Moves his hand to Nurse Duckett's backside as she bends over and gives her a sudden touch. Nurse Duckett jumps and lets out a piercing shriek. A Doctor runs up indignantly.*)

Doctor What happened?

YOSSARIAN. (*To Nurse Duckett.*) Hey, take it easy. Calm down.

Doctor. (*Taking Nurse Duckett's arm.*) Is anything wrong? (*Nurse Duckett screams again and pulls away from Doctor into Yossarian's arms.*)

YOSSARIAN. (*Putting himself between Nursi Duckett and Doctor.*) Take your filthy hands off her. (*To Nurse Duckett.*) There, there. There, there, my darling. Calm down. Have a good cry, if it will make you feel better. I'm not going to let him harm you.

NURSE DUCKETT. (*Nestles against Yossarian. They embrace, and embrace again with more and more heat.*) Oh, thank you, thank you, darling. You're so kind . . .

YOSSARIAN. Yes.

NURSE DUCKETT. ... so understanding.

YOSSARIAN. I know.

Doctor. What is going *on* here?

YOSSARIAN. (*/Is he fondles Nurse Duckett.*) Nothing, sir. A little accident. I happened to have my arm out, swinging it sort of, and, well . . .

NURSE DUCKETT. He gave me a goose.

Doctor A what?

NURSE DUCKETT. A goose

Doctor. A goose?

YOSSARIAN. Yeah, I guess you could call it that.

Doctor. How dare you give her a goose? What are you both doing?

YOSSARIAN. I won't do it again

NURSE DUCKETT. (*With disappointment, lifting her head from Yossarian's embrace.*) Never?

Doctor. You're going to be punished severely for this.

NURSE DUCKETT. Why?

Doctor. I will not permit my patients to take such liberties with the nurses in my hospital.

NURSE DUCKETT. Why not?

Doctor I'm not talking to you!

YOSSARIAN. What do you want from *her*? All she did was scream.

NURSE DUCKETT. (*With ardent affection.*) I never knew it could be this way.

Doctor. Stop it! Stop it! Let go of each other Are you both crazy r

YOSSARIAN. Maybe *I* am. Every night I dream I'm holding a live fish in my hand.

Doctor. You do what?

NURSE DUCKETT. He dreams he's holding a live fish in his hand

Doctor. (*To Nurse Duckett.*) What kind of fish?

NURSE DUCKETT. Ask *him*.

Doctor. What kind of fish?

YOSSARIAN. I don't know. I have trouble telling one kind of fish from another.

Doctor. In which hand do you hold it?

YOSSARIAN. It varies.

NURSE DUCKETT. (*Helpfully.*) It probably varies with the fish.

Doctor Yes? And how come *you* seem to know so much about it? (Nurse Duckett *shrugs lamely.*)

YOSSARIAN. She's in the dream.

Doctor. Well, I've got a man on my staff to listen to disgusting dreams like that. You go see Major Sanderson right now *{Points indignantly toward desk and exits.}*

(Major Sanderson, *the psychiatrist, enters and seats himself at desk Yossarian rises from bed and moves to him, while Nurse Duckett lies back comfortably with a magazine.*)

Psychiatrist. Come in Come in, please. I'm Major Sanderson, your friendly staff psychiatrist. But you can call me Doctor. Just why do you think, by the way, that Colonel Ferridge finds your dream so disgusting?

YOSSARIAN. I suppose it's either some quality in the dream or some quality in Colonel Ferridge.

Psychiatrist. That's very well put. For some reason, Colonel Ferridge has always reminded me of a sea gull He doesn't have much faith in psych'atry, you know.

YOSSARIAN. You don't like sea gulls, do you?

Psychiatrist. No, not veiy much. I think your dream

is charming, and I hope it recurs frequently. This fish you're holding in your hand. What does it remind you of?

YOSSARIAN. (*Whistles a moment in amazement as he ponders a reply.*) Other fish.

Psychiatrist. And what do other fish remind you of?

YOSSARIAN. (*Pauses a moment again.*) Other fish.

Psychiatrist. (*Disappointed.*) I see. I'm afraid that this line of exploration is leading us nowhere. I'd like to show you some ink blots now to find out what certain shapes and colors—

YOSSARIAN. Sex.

Psychiatrist. What?

YOSSARIAN. Everything reminds me of sex

Psychiatrist. (*Excited.*) Does it? Now we're really getting somewhere! Do you ever have any good sex dreams?

YOSSARIAN. My fish dream is a sex dream.

Psychiatrist. (*Gradually carried away.*) No. I mean real sex dreams—the kind where you grab some beautiful naked woman and rip off her clothes and throw her down to ravish her and burst into tears because you love and hate her so much you don't know what to do (*Slavering.*) That's the kind of sex dreams I like to talk about. Don't you ever have sex dreams like that?

YOSSARIAN. (*Reflects a moment.*) That's a fish dream

Psychiatrist. (*Recoils as though slapped.*) Yes, of course. But I'd like you to dream one like that anyway just to see how you react. That will be all for today.

YOSSARIAN. (*Walks from the desk to Nurse Duckett on the bed. They embrace.*) I'm worried about Major Sanderson. He feels so rejected already. Have you got any good dreams for him?

NURSE DUCKETT. I've been having a very peculiar dream nearly all my life. I dream that I'm out swimming in water 'ver my head and a shark is eating my left leg

YOSSARIAN. That's a wonderful dream! I bet Major Sanderson will love it (*Walks back to Major Sanderson.*)

Psychiatrist. That's a horrible dream! I'm sure you had it just to spite me. I'm not even sure you belong in the army with a disgusting dream like that

YOSSARIAN. (*Slyly.*) Perhaps you're right, sir.

Psychiatrist. Tell me, Fortiori, why—

YOSSARIAN. Who?

Psychiatrist. Fortiori—why did you touch Nurse Duckett so familiarly in such an intimate place?

YOSSARIAN. I didn't do anything of the kind. I gave her a goose. That's all.

Psychiatrist. All? Has it always been your habit to give geese to—

YOSSARIAN. Geese

Psychiatrist. Yes, of course. Geese. Has it always been your habit to give geese to all the women you meet?

YOSSARIAN. No, not ail . . . but . . . well . . . yeah.

Psychiatrist. I don't think I like you, Fortiori. No, I don't think I like you at all.

YOSSARIAN. I'm not Fortiori, sir. I'm Yossarian.

Psychiatrist. Who?

YOSSARIAN. My name is Yossarian, sir.

Psychiatrist. Your name is A. Fortiori! And I've got an official army record right here to prove it.

YOSSARIAN. Oh, come on, Major! I ought to know who I am

Psychiatrist. Well, you don't, and that's your problem. You've got a split personality, that's what I think. Yes, your personality is split right down the middle. *{With fierce, malicious dislike.}* I'm not saying that to be cruel and insulting. I'm not saying it because you rejected me and hurt my feelings terribly. I'm not saying it because I hate you and want revenge. No, I'm a man of medicine, and I'm being coldly objective. *(With enormous relish.)* I have very bad news for you. Are you man enough to take it?

YOSSARIAN. God, no! I'll go right to pieces'

Psychiatrist. *(In a rage.)* Can't you do even one thing right? The trouble with you is that you think you're too good for all the conventions of society. You probably think you're too good for me too, don't you, just because I came to puberty late? Well, do you know what you are? *(Growing mellow again as he reels off the uncomplimentary adjectives.)* You're a frustrated, unhappy, disillusioned, undisciplined, maladjusted young man!

YOSSARIAN. *(Tactfully.)* Yes, sir. I guess you're right

Psychiatrist. *You're* immature. You've been unable to adjust to the idea of war.

YOSSARIAN. *(Nods.)* I think that's true.

Psychiatrist. *You* have a morbid aversion to dying. *(Yossarian nods again, sheepishly.)* Subconsciously—I'll bet that, subconsciously, there are many people you hate.

YOSSARIAN. Consciously, sir, consciously I hate them consciously.

Psychiatrist. And I'll tell you something else. *Misery* depresses you.

YOSSARIAN. *(Nods.)* Yes, sir. I think misery does

Psychiatrist. Violence depresses you. Greed depresses you. Poverty depresses you. Corruption depresses you. You know, it wouldn't surprise *me* if you're a manic depressive'

YOSSARIAN. Yes, sir. Perhaps I am.

Psychiatrist. Don't try to deny it.

YOSSARIAN. I'm not denying it, sir. I agree with everything you've said.

Psychiatrist. Ah-ha! So you admit you're crazy, do you?

YOSSARIAN. Crazy? Why is any of that crazy? You're the one who's crazy)

Psychiatrist. Calling me crazy is a typically sadistic and vindictive paranoid reaction. You really are crazy'

YOSSARIAN. Then why don't you send me home?

Psychiatrist. And I'm going to send you home!

*(Exits.)*

YOSSARIAN. *(Hurries from the desk back to Nurse Duckett.)* Hey, baby, guess what! They're going to send me home!

NURSE DUCKETT. No, darling, they're not. They're sending Fortiori home because he's insane. You've been ordered back to your squadron.

YOSSARIAN. It's an outrage! I'm the one who's insane! (*Flings off his hospital robe and charges d.*) Doc! Hey, Doc! Doc Daneeka!

(*Daneeka enters gloomily, wearing a heavy shawl around his shoulders*^)

Doc Daneeka. I'm cold. I've got this chill all the time, and nobody can tel) me what it is. Nobody even cares.

YOSSARIAN. Doc! Listen to me. Do you know what they just told me up at the hospital? I'm crazy. Did you know that?

Doc Daneeka. So?

Yossarian, Really crazy.

Doc Daneeka. So?

YOSSARIAN. I'm nuts. Cuckoo. Don't you understand? I'm off my rocker. I am insane

Doc Daneeka. So?

YOSSARIAN. So? Don't you see what that means? Now you can lake me off combat duty and send me home. They're not going to send a crazy man out to be killed, are they?

Doc Daneeka. Who else will go? (*Exits.*)

(*Yossarian sits down and stares pensively. Nurse Duckett moves forward to join him.*)

NURSE DUCKETT. What are you doing out here?

YOSSARIAN. Feeling sad. What a lousy earth

NURSE DUCKETT. Cheer up, darling. Can't you?

YOSSARIAN. It's cold—a cold, cold planet. Doc Daneeka's cold, and I'm cold.

NURSE DUCKETT. (*Sitting down beside him.*) We've still got a lot to be thankful for.

YOSSARIAN. Have we? You're a scatterbrain, but I love you. To whom should we be thankful? God?

NURSE DUCKETT. No, not God. You know very well I don't believe in God as much as you don't.

YOSSARIAN. Kiss me. And stop bragging (*They kiss.*) Name one thing I've got to be thankful for.

NURSE DUCKETT. Well . . . me. Aren't you thankful for me?

YOSSARIAN. Sure. But I'll bet I can name two things to be miserable about for every one you can name to be thankful for.

NURSE DUCKETT. Be thankful you're healthy

YOSSARIAN. Be bitter you're not going to stay that way

NURSE DUCKETT. Be glad you're alive.

YOSSARIAN. Be *furious* you're going to die

NURSE DUCKETT. Things could be much worse.

YOSSARIAN. They could be one hell of a lot better.

NURSE DUCKETT. You're naming only one thing. You said you could name two.

YOSSARIAN. And don't tell me God works in mysterious ways. There's nothing mysterious about it. He's not working at all. He's playing.

NURSE DUCKETT. You'd better not talk that way about Him, honey. He might punish you.

YOSSARIAN. Isn't He punishing me enough? Why in the world did He ever create pain?

NURSE DUCKETT. Pain? Pain is a useful symptom. Pain is a warning to us of bodily dangers.

YOSSARIAN. And who created the dangers? Oh, He was really being charitable to us when He gave us pain. You know, we mustn't let Him get away with it—no, not the kind of God you talk about. On the Judgment Day. Yes, that's the day I'll be able to sneak close enough to grab that little yokel by His neck and—

NURSE DUCKETT. (*Hysterically.*) Stop it! Stop it! (*Tries to beat him about the head with both fists.*)

YOSSARIAN. (*Catches her wrists and restrains her gently.*) Hey, baby, baby. Easy. What are you getting so upset about? I thought you didn't believe in God.

NURSE DUCKETT. (*Sniffing back her tears.*) I don't. But the God / don't believe in is a good God, a just God, a merciful God. Not the mean and stupid God you make Him out to be.

YOSSARIAN. (*Laughs and comforts her.*) Okay, then—let's have a little more religious freedom between us. You don't believe in the God you want to, and I won't believe in the God I want to. Is that a deal? (*She nods, smiling, and returns his kiss.*) Thank God.

NURSE DUCKETT. I like you. Even when you're angry', Yossarian. Is that why you're trying to change me?

NURSE DUCKETT. Of course. I couldn't settle down with you the way you are. And I like you when you're sad.

YOSSARIAN. I always get sad when I stare at the sea.

NURSE DUCKETT. What are you thinking about?

YOSSARIAN. Snowden and Clevinger. Snowden froze to death in the back of my airplane. On a hot day in August. It's starting to get cold now. Do you know how many people have died under water since the world began? That's what I was thinking about too. Neither do I. It must be millions by now. Sue Ann, what's going to happen to us?

Nurse Duckett We're going to die.

YOSSARIAN. Must we all?

NURSE DUCKETT. That's what the doctors say.

YOSSARIAN. Then there's not much future for us, is there? Lately, I've taken to calling the roll of the dead each morning as soon as I wake up. I try to think of all the people I've ever met who are no longer alive, all the old people I knew as a child—the aunts, uncles, neighbors, parents, and grandparents, my own and everyone else's. They're all dead now. The number of dead people just keeps growing doesn't it? I lie

in my sleeping bag each morning, and that's what I think of when I wake up. Snowaen, Clevinger, the roll call begins.

NURSE DUCKETT. And at night?

YOSSARIAN. I drink whiskey. And try to see you.

NURSE DUCKETT. Yo-Yo, what's going to happen to us? Yossarian. We're going to die.

NURSE DUCKETT. Am I going to marry you?

YOSSARIAN. No. I don't think you'll want to.

NURSE DUCKETT. I'm glad. My mother wouldn't like you. I'll be much better off marrying somebody happy and stable. Like a doctor. I'm beginning to miss you already .

YOSSARIAN. I used to think I was going to live forever. I was sure that by the time I grew up all you people would find a cure for everything. But now I'm all grown up, and you haven't, and I know I won't. I know I'm going to lose

NURSE DUCKETT. Don't cry, darling

YOSSARIAN. I'm not crying. It's that damn ocean. And the chill in the air And the spray. I guess I am. Sue Ann, I don't want to die I don't want to die for Colonel Cathcart.

NURSE DUCKETT. Then don't. Shhb Be calm, darling (*Kissing his ear.*) I love to do this to you. Let's go inside now. I love to tease you like this and set you on fire

YOSSARIAN. I'm glad.

NURSE DUCKETT. And then I love to satisfy you I m so glad you let me

YOSSARIAN. Say things like that and I will want to marry you.

NURSE DUCKETT. Tell me truthfully. Am I the only girl you ever loved?

YOSSARIAN. No.

NURSE DUCKETT. I'm so glad. (*They move u.*)

*CURTAIN*

## Act Two

YOSSARIAN. *enters u., carrying a bottle of beer. He carries a small overnight bag into which he finishes putting some toilet articles as he talks. One of the desks is covered with a red tablecloth,*

YOSSARIAN. My pal Nately is a pretty good kid. But a little crazy, too. He had a bad start: he came from a good family. Why, the poor boy had even had a very happy childhood. He got on well with all his brothers and sisters, and he did not hate his mother and father, even though they had both been very good to him.

(*Nately enters d. with his Father and Mother.*)

*Nately wears his uniform and carries a small overnight bag.*)

FATHER. Son, always remember that your mother is a Daughter of the American Revolution.

Mother. And your father is a son of a bitch

FATHER. You are not a Vanderbilt . . .

Mother . . . whose fortune was made by a vulgar tugboat captain: cr a Rockefeller

. . .

FATHER. . . . whose wealth was amassed through unscrupulous speculations in very *crude*, petroleum. You are a Nately.

Mother. And we Natelys have never done *anything* for our money.

FATHER. It is my wish that you join the Air Corps, where you can train safely as a pilot while the war ends.

Mother. As an officer, you will frequent only the very best places and associate only with gentlemen.

(NATELY, *nodding constantly, shakes hands with his*

Father, *and kisses his Mother. As they exit, Nately moves u. to join Yossarian. LIGHTS DIM to indicate evening, then night.*)

Nately. *{Exuberantly.}* I'm back I got my pass.

Where is she? Darling—I'm here!

YOSSARIAN. Working, probably.

Nately. Don't say that about her.

YOSSARIAN. Don't ask me about her. It's not my fault you fell in love with a whore.

(Nately's Whore *enters in skirt and slip, and embraces him warmly.*)

Nately's Whore. Hey, *caro! Caro mio!* I miss you so much.

[*The OLD MAN and the OLD WOMAN drift in, smiling.*]

Nately. Get dressed.

Nately's Whore. *{Puzzled.}* *Perchè?*

Nately. *Why?* Because I don't want other men to see you without all your clothes on.

Nately's Whore. *Perchè no?*

Nately. *Perchè no?* Because it isn't right, that's why.

Nately's Whore. Why not?

Nately. Why not? Because I say so! From now on, I forbid you to leave your room unless you have all your clothes on.

Nately's Whore. Are you crazy? *Tu sei pazzo! {Begins to stamp offstage.}*

Nately. And I don't want you ever to talk to me that way.

Nately's Whore, No? *Tu sei pazzo! Idiota! Tu sei un pazzo imbecille! {Exits.}*

Nately. *{To Old Woman }* From now on, I want you to watch her all the time and see that she behaves properly.

Old Woman. *Lui è pazzo?*

YOSSARIAN. *Si.* He is stark, raving *pazzo*,

Nately. (*To Yossarian.*) From now on, I don't want yen to look at her unless she's fully dressed.

YOSSARIAN. Then make her keep her clothes on.

Nately. (*A bit pathetically.*) She won't listen to me. So from now on, maybe you ought to stop hanging around here.

YOSSARIAN. Why should I? It's my whorehouse.

Nately. Then look in another direction Please?

(*Nately's Whore returns, buttoning her blouse.*)

Nately's Whore. *Marrone!*

Old Woman. *Marrone!*

Natf.ly. (*To Old Man.*) You too. I don't want you to hang a round here either.

Old Man. It's my house.

Nately. (*Throwing his hands up.*) *Marrone!*

YOSSARIAN. The next thing you know, you'll try to make her give up hustling.

Nately. (*To Whore*) From now on, I forbid you to be a prostitute any more.

Nately's Whore. *Perchè?*

Nately. *Perchè?* It's not nice, that's why! I'll give you all the money you need.

Nately's Whore And what will I do all day instead?

Nately. What all your friends do.

Nately's Whore. My friends are all prostitutes.

Nately. Then get new friends! Prostitution is bad! Everybody knows that, even him. (*Turning to the Old Man.*) Right?

Old Man. Wrong. It provides fresh air and lots of wholesome exercise.

Nately. From now on, I never want you to speak with this wicked old man.

Nately's Whore. *Va fongul!* What does he want from me? If you think my friends are so bad, tell your friends not to come here and ficky-fick all the time with my friends!

Naiely. (*To Yossarian.*) From now on, I think you and the other fellows ought to stop shacking up with her friends and settle down and get married too

YOSSARIAN. *Va jongul!*

Old Man. He's crazy.

Nately's Whore What's the matter with you?

Old Woman *è pazzo*. That's what's the matter with him.

Nately's Whore. *Si. È pazzo*. Now that you made me get all dressed, I'm going to bed

Nately. What's the matter with everyone? Are you all crazy?

Nwfly's Whore. Are you coming? (*Exits.*)

YOSSARIAN. (*Taking his overnight bag.*) I'm going (*Rumples Nately's hair.*) So long, kid. Have a nice leave. (*Exits.*)

Nately. Why doesn't anybody listen to me?

Old Man. Why should we? You are so brave, and pure, and silly. You should try to be more like me.

Nately. You? You're immoral!  
 Old Man. Of course.  
 Nately. Don't you have any principles?  
 Old Man. Not many.  
 Nately. Any patriotism?  
 Old Man. Not really.  
 Nately. You should be ashamed! You're cynical, self' ish, and unscrupulous.  
 Old Man. I am also a hundred and seven years old.  
 I see you don't believe that, either,  
 Nately. I don't believe anything you say  
 Old Man. It's a pity. Because they are going to kill you if you don't watch out. How old are you? Twenty- five? Twenty-six?  
 Nately Nineteen. I'll be twenty in three weeks.  
 Old Man. If you live  
 Nately's Whore. (*Offstage.*) Hey, Nately! Come to bed.  
 Old Man. Go Make love.  
 Nately. That's a highly personal matter between her and me.  
 Old Man. All right. Go attend to your highly personal matter. And I will look the other way and pretend you are performing a very patnotic duty.  
 (Nately *exits toward* Whore.)  
 Old Woman *È pazzo?*  
 Old Man (*Shrugging sadly.*) *Si è pazzo. (They leave.)*  
 (Yossarian *reappears t looking grim.*)  
 YOSSARIAN. Hey' (Old Woman *enters.*) Not you. Nately's whore. (Nately's Whore *enters.*) It's Nately. He's dead. Yeah A midair collision We were coming off the target after this stupid mission to—  
 Nately's Whore. (*Lashing at his face.*) *Bruto/ (Yos sarian fights to restrain her.) Bruto/ Bruto/*  
 YOSSARIAN. (*Flinging her away.*) What do you want from me?  
 Nately's Whore. (*Seizes a letter opener from one of the desks and rushes at him.*) *Assassino/*  
 YOSSARIAN. (*Twists the letter opener from her hand.*) Stop) Listen to me, will you?  
 (Nately's Whore *dives for the letter opener* Yossarian *disarms her again and throws the letter opener offstage. She seizes a pair of scissors and attacks again. Enter* Old Man.)  
 Old Woman. Nately. Dead  
 YOSSARIAN. (*Twists the scissors from her grasp.*) But I didn't do it. (*To Nately's Whore.*) Now calm down. Please. That's better Yeah. Now you're being reasonable. (Nately's Whore *kicks him in the groin. Yossarian doubles over with a loud, quavering moan, NATELY'S WHORE mauls him with both fists and rushes out.*) Dumb bitch! Why is she blaming me? Go talk to her, will you? I think she'll listen now. Try to get

her— (Nately's Whore *returns with a long bread knife and goes for Yossarian's back.*) Oh, no! (Yossarian *struggles with her and knocks the knife from her hand* ) Goddamn you! What do you want from *me*? (They fall on the bed, Yossarian on top of her, grappling. She begins embracing him.)

Nately's Whore. Ooooh, *caro*.

YOSSARIAN. There, there That's better There, there.

Nately's Whore. Kiss me. *Caro mio* Ooooh. Kiss me again.

YOSSARIAN. (*Responds to her embraces. As one of her hands caresses and excites him, the other gropes for the knife.*) That's good now There, there. Should we be doing this?

Nately's Whore. *Si*.

YOSSARIAN. Is it right, that you and I should be . . . , Nately's Whore. (*Raising the knife to plunge it into his back.*) *Si*/ It's right.

YOSSARIAN. (*Turns in time. He grabs the knife from her and hurls it away. She begins to weep. Consoling her.*) Please. There, there, that's right—have a good cry if it will make you feel better. There, there. (*Gives her his handkerchief.*)

— Nately's Whore (*Meekly.*) *Grazie* (*Sniffles, and dries her tears.*) *Grazie. Grazie.* (*Claws viciously at his eyes.*) Ha' *Assassino*/

YOSSARIAN. (*Half-blinded, flings her away. She goes for the knife. He gets it first and hurls it away. He moves toward the door.*) I'm getting the hell out of here (*Makes a menacing fist as she starts after him. She stops and collapses in tears against He Old Man.*) I was only trying to help.

Old Man. You go now'—with your help.

(Yossarian bolts past and circles d., as Old Man and Old Woman lead NATELY'S WHORE off. The Chaplain enters d and joins Yossarian.)

YOSSARIAN. Why was she blaming me? I didn't kill him

CHAPLAIN. We didn't save him, either

YOSSARIAN. I went all the way to Rome to do her a favor. I was going to give her money and help her get settled.

CHAPLAIN. Are you sure you didn't imagine the whole thing?

YOSSARIAN. Huh?

(Nately's Whore, wearing a black eye, a false mustache, and military fatigues, comes tiptoeing out behind Yossarian with a long knife raised to stab him.)

CHAPLAIN. That you didn't just imagine that Nately's girl friend tried to kill you?

(Yossarian whirls around in time to grab NATELY'S WHORE as she lunges at him with the knife.)

Nately's Whore. *Caramba*/ (*They struggle.*)

YOSSARIAN. (*Takes away the knife and pushes her to the Chaplain.*) Hold her! Don't let her go! (*Running out.*) McWatt! McWait!

Nately's Whore. Let me go. Hey, handsome. I'll give you all the ficky-fick you want if you let me kill him.

CHAPLAIN. Oh, no! Please. I'm a happily married man. Nately's Whore. Okay. I gwe you ficky-fick first.

*(Embraces the CHAPLAIN. Embarrassed, he loosens his grip. She starts away. He grabs her back. She caresses him again. His dilemma is excruciating. He releases her, just as YOSSARIAN hurries back with MCWATT. YOSSARIAN grabs the tablecloth from rhe table and throws it over her head.)*

YOSSARIAN. McWatt! Here, I got her Hold her Do it for me, will you?

McWatt. Ob, well. What the hell . . . *(Seizes NATELY'S WHORE and hurries her offstage )*

YOSSARIAN. Whew!

CHAPLAIN. What aie you doing with her?

YOSSARIAN. McWatt will fly her back to Rome and dump her at the airport Boy, am I glad to be rid of her!

CHAPLAIN. As I started tc say—

YOSSARIAN. I wonder how she got here. *(Whirls around at an imaginary noise.)* Maybe she'll find her way back.

CHAPLAIN. Maybe you're imagining the whole thing

YOSSARIAN. What?

CHAPLAIN. That she tried to kill yon.

YOSSARIAN. Imagining it? You were right here, weren't you? She just tried it again

CHAPLAIN. Maybe I'm imagining it too.

YOSSARIAN. Maybe you're only imagining that you're imagining it. *(Exits.)*

CHAPLAIN. *(Moving to desk.)* Dear wife. I think I am under a strain. I keep imagining that everything that happens has happened before and is going to happen again unless someone stands up and does something that will stop everything that has nappened from happening again. And now my assistant, Corporal Whitcomb, has been promoted to sergeant. *(Whitcomb enters, wearing sergeant's stripes.)* Not by me, of course. If it were up to me . . .

WHITCOMB. Colonel Cathcart wants to see you. Right away. You never should have stolen tnat plum tomato.

CHAPLAIN. I didn't, steal any plum tomato.

WHITCOMB. I'm not the one you have to convince He wants to see you about the letters.

CHAPLAIN. What letters?

WHITCOMB. You never should have signed Washington Irving's name to those letters.

CHAPLAIN. *(An exasperated shout,)* I didn't sign Wash ington Irving's name to any letters!

WHITCOMB. Not those letters. He wants to see you about the form letters I want to send home to the families of casualties.

CHAPLAIN. Those? How did he find out about them?

WHITCOMB. I went to his office and told him.

CHAPLAIN. You did *what?* Corporal Whitcomb, do— Whitcomb, *Sergeant*. It's Sergeant Whitcomb now. Chaplain. Do you mean to tell me that you went over my head to the Colonel without asking my permission?

Whitcomb, Yep, I sure did. And he promoted me. Him and me are pretty good friends now, so you better watch out. (Chaplain *exits in back of wall behind other desk.*) You know something? That dumb bastard really thinks it's one of the best ideas he's ever heard. (*Exits, as:*)

(Cathcart *enters and goes to desk, wearing Indian headdress and carrying his bell, talking to Chaplain, who follows.*)

CATHCART. It's a *great* idea. It might even get me into *Life* magazine. What are you staring at?

CHAPLAIN. Your hat. It's Indian.

Cathcart. Oh, These are all feathers in my cap. And soon I'm going to have one more You've got a good man in Corporal Whitcomb. I hope you've got brams enough to appreciate *that*.

CHAPLAIN. Sergeant Whitcomb

CATHCART. I *said* Sergeant Whitcomb. Did you steal a plum tomato from me? Corporal Whitcomb says you did.

Chaplain, No, sir. You gave it to me.

CATHCART. Have you been writing Washington Irving's name on letters? Sergeant Whitcomb says you've been doing that, too.

CHAPLAIN. No, sir. I haven't.

CATHCART. I'm afraid I'm going to have to look into all these charges more closely. In the meantime, I want you and Corporal Whitcomb to write a sincere letter of condolence for me to the next of kin of every man who's killed, wounded or missing in action. I want these letters filled with lots of personal details so there'll be no doubt I mean every word you say.

CHAPLAIN. Sir, that's impossible! We don't know all the meij that well.

CATHCART. So what? Sergeant Whitcomb brought me this basic form letter that takes care of every situation. "Dear Mrs., Mr., Miss, or Mr. and Mrs blank." Put in the name. "Words cannot express the deep personal grief I experienced when your husband, son, father or brother was killed, wounded, or reported missing in action." I think that opening sentence sums up my sentiments exactly. Chaplain, maybe you'd better let Corporal Whitcomb run this whole program.

CHAPLAIN. Yes, sir. If you insist.

CATHCART. Good. Say! I think I'll volunteer the group for Avignon again.

Chaplain, Avignon?

CATHCART. Why not? The sooner we get some casualties, the sooner we can make some progress on this (*Exits ringing his bell.*) Get me Captain Black' Black! I've got good news for you.

(*Black enters chortling as Chaplain exits behind Cathcart.*)

Black. Avignon? Eat your liver, boys. Ho, ho, ho. This time you bastards are really in for it.

(*Yossarian and McWatt enter d. and take parachute harnesses from the coatrack.*)

McWatt. Avignon? That's a scary one.

YOSSARIAN. That's where that radio-gunner of mine was killed.

McWatt. I'm too nervous to pilot a plane any more

YOSSARIAN. Did you try Doc Daneeka?

McWatt. He made me take his pulse and feel his forehead. He always feels cold.

YOSSARIAN. I feel cold.

McWatt. He makes me put his name down on my log so he can collect flight pay without going into an airplane. He's afraid of crashing. He expects me to tell him why he's cold all the time.

YOSSARIAN. I'm not gonna go. Dammit, I've made up my mind.

McWatt Okay. I won't go either.

Black. Move along now, ooys. It's time.

McWatt Oh, well, what the hell. You ready?

YOSSARIAN. Yeah. Let's go. But one of these days . . . (*They hurry off.*)

Black. Eat your liver, you bastards Eat your liver. Oh, how I hate you sons of bitches. (*Exits, as*)

(*Gus and Wfs enter u., wearing white medical jackets and carrying some light medical paraphernalia.*)

Gus. Poor McWatt.

Wes. *C'est la guerre* Oh, damn. Look who's here.

(*Doc Daneeka enters d. with a thermometer in his mouth and goes to them.*)

Doc Daneeka. Ninety-six point eight. It 'sn't right to have this low temperature all the time. Can't you find anything wrong with me?

Gus. You're dead, sir,

Wes. That's probably the reason you always feel so cold.

Doc Daneeka. What are you talking about?

Gus. It's true, sir. The records show that you went up in McWatt's plane. There were no survivors, so you must have been killed.

Wes. You ought to be glad you've got any temperature at all.

Doc Daneeka. Have you both gone crazy? I'm going to report this to Sergeant Towser. (*Bolts out the doorway and turns d. Gus and Wes leave in one direction, as Sergeant Towser enters from another.*) Sergeant Towser! Something terrible has happened.

TOWSER. I know. I'm sorry you're gone

Doc Daneeka. I'm not gone I'm right here.

TOWSER. That's why I'm sorry. I don't know how I'm going to handle this one. Doc Daneeka. What do you suggest I do?

TOWSER. I suggest you keep out of sight until I find out how to dispose of your remains.

Doc Daneeka. Remains?

TOWSER. Yes, sir Perhaps after the War Department telegraphs your wife . . .

Doc Daneeka. Oh, my God! (*Hurries out.*)

(*Towser exits as Wintergreen enters u., reading a telegram.*)

WINTERGREEN. (*Calling.*) Hey, lady! Here.

(*Daneeka's Wife enters u. Wintergreen hands her the telegram and moves across stage to a desk as Daneeka hurries in from the other side.*)

Doc Daneeka. I'm Doctor Daneeka.

WINTERGREEN. I've been reading all about you.

Doc Daneeka. Has a telegram gone out yet? Has my wife been notified?

Wintergreen (*Nodding.*) Doc, you can count on me. Your survivors are going to get everything that's coming to them.

Doc Danzeka What survivors? I'm right—

Mrs. Daneeka (*Lets out a scream, Daneeka sits down at a desk and begins scribbling furiously.*) Mother! Ma! Oh! (*Daneeka's Mother-in-Law enters and reads telegram.*) He's dead He's dead.

Mother-in-Law. I never really liked him anyway.

Mrs Daneeka. What am I going to do?

(Wintergreen crosses stage and hands a paper to Mother-in-Law.)

Mother -in-Law. Here's his GI. Insurance policy for ten thousand dollars

Mrs Daneeka, It's not enough.

Doc Daneeka. (*Hands letter to Wintergreen.*) Please. Mail this out (*Exits. Wintergreen passes the letter to Mrs. Daneeka.*)

Mrs. Daneeka. Mom' It's a mistake. He's alive. Isn't that wonderful?

Mother-in-Law. We'll have to give back the ten thousand.

Mrs. Daneeka. (*Writing.*) I don't care. 'T was so happy to hear you're alive." (*Seals letter and hands it to Wintergreen.*) He wants me to send a telegram to the War Department. (*Hands telegram to Wintergreen.*) It was al! an error. He's alive and well and happy. (*Wintergreen bangs the letter with a rubber stamper and hands it right back. Reading:*) "Killed in action."

(*Wintergreen hands a telegram to Mother-in-Law.*)

Mother-in-Law. "We regret to inform you there has been no error. Your husband is dead, dead as a doornail Stop. You are undoubtedly the victim of some sadistic forger. We suggest you move, Stop. The President is sorry."

Doc Daneeka (*Returning.*) I'm expecting an important letter from my wife.

WINTERGREEN. (*Shakes his head.*) You're dead, Doc.

Doc Daneeka. I've got to do something. (*Exits.*)

Mrs. Daneeka. What am I going to do?

Mother-in-Law Keep the ten thousand.

WINTERGREEN. These might help. *{Hands letters to them.}*

Mother-in-Law. It's from the Veterans' Administration. You're entitled to pension benefits for the rest of your natural life Isn't that wonderful? And to a burial allowance of two hundred and fifty dollars

Mrs. Daneeka. Here's one from the Social Security Administration. It seems that under the provisions of the Old Age and Survivors Insurance Act of 1935, I'll receive monthly support for myself and the children until they reach eighteen. And a burial allowance of two hundred and fifty dollars.

Mother-in-Law. *(From a drawer in the desk.)* Wowt Look at these. Three life insurance policies for fifty thousand each

Mrs. Daneeka. Mother, I want you to know that all these hundreds of thousands of dollars are not worth a single penny to me without my devoted husband to share this good fortune with me.

WINTERGREEN. Aw, that's no way to look at it. I'll bet your husband would want you to make a new life for yourself.

Mrs. Daneeka. I wouldn't know where to start.

WINTERGREEN. Get yourself some better clothes. That looks like a pretty nifty figure you've got there.

Mother-in-Law And dye your hair blonde

Mrs. Daneeka. Should I? I will.

Wintergreen, That's the spirit. Look at these.

Mrs. Daneeka. His fraternal lodge is giving us a cemetery plot. Isn't that sweet?

Mother-in-Law. His county medical association is giving him a burial allowance of two hundred and fifty dollars,

Mrs. Daneeka. I think it's just wonderful the way so many people are doing so much to help us bury him.

*(Doc Daneeka enters.)*

Doc Daneeka. I'm having a terrible time trying to keep my head above the ground.

WINTERGREEN. Dust thou wert, and dust thou shall re- turnit.

*(Chaplain enters.)*

CHAPLAIN. I'm doing everything I can to bring you back to life.

Doc Daneeka What's going to happen to me? They took away my tent. They took away my thermometer.

Chaplain, Where do you live?

Doc Daneeka, Outdoors, In the woods.

CHAPLAIN. Who does your laundry?

Doc Daneeka An Italian lady in a farmhouse

CHAPLAIN. What do you do when it rains?

Doc Daneeka. I get wet. Maybe I ought to give up. I'm losing my will to live.

CHAPLAIN. No, you mustn't give up. Write a letter to your wife. Plead with her to write directly to Colonel Cathcart. That way the truth will come out. And I'll go to Group Headquarters to see what I can do. (*Exits as Doc Daneeka sits down and writes.*)

(Sergeant Whitcomb *strides in, licking an envelope.*)

WHITCOMB. I just told the Chaplain, and now I'll tell you. Colonel Korn says if he ever lays eyes on you again, he'll have you cremated on the spot. (*To Wintergreen.*) Send this letter out immediately. It's from Colonel Cathcart. (*Exits.*)

Doc Daneeka. Wintergreen, send this letter out immediately. It's my last chance.

WINTERGREEN. Sure, Doc. (*l akes the letter and hands it to Mrs. Daneeka. He hands Whitcomb's letter to Dane era's Mother-in Law.*)

Mrs. Daneeka. Mother, it's from him! He says he's alive. He wants me to write directly to his colonel for proof. Colonel Cathcart

Mother-in-Law Wait. This letter *is* from Colonel Cathcart

Mrs. Daneeka. (*Reading*) "Dear Mrs., Mr., Miss, or Mr. and Mrs. Daneeka Words cannot express the deep personal grief I experienced when your husband, son, father, or brother was killed, wounded, or reported missing in action."

Mother-in-Law. I think we ought to move, (*Mrs. Daneeka nods, they exit as Wintergreen parses an envelope to Daneeka.*)

Doc Daneeka. Left no forwarding address, huh? Guess I might just as well give up the ghost.

WINTERGREEN. That's the spirit.

(*Jr Daneeka exits u., the C.I.D Man enters d., wearing a trench coat with collar up and glancing all about with an air of suspicious authority.*)

CID. Man. Hey, you! I'm looking for—

WINTERGREEN. I know, I know, I know everything See Sergeant Towser in the orderly room (*Exits.*)

(*Towser enters near desk and CID Man approaches him.*)

C.I D Man. (*In a manner of lofty superiority.*) I have to see Major Major right away. It's a matter of great secrecy and importance

TOWSER. Will you have a seat?

C.I.D. Man. Thank you, Sergeant. Is he in?

TOWSER. Yes, sir He is

C I.D. Man About how long will I have to wait?

Towser, Until he goes out.

C.I D. Man Sergeant?

TOWSER. Sir?

Cl D. Man. What was that answer?

TOWSER. What was your question?

C.I D. Man. About how long will I have to wait before I can go in?

TOWSER. Just until he goes out to lunch. Then you can go right in.

C I.D Man. But he won't be there then. Will he?

TOWSER. No, sir. But you can wait inside for him if you wish until he comes back.

C.I.D. Man When will he come back?

TOWSER. Bight after lunch. Then you'll have to come out till he leaves for dinner.

Major Major never sees anyone in his office while he's in his office.

C I.D Man. Are you trying to make a fool out of me?

TOWSER. No, sir Those are my orders. Major Major is always out when he's in. He's only in when he's out. You can ask him when you see him.

C.I D. Man. When can I see him<sup>5</sup>

TOWSER. Never

C.I D Man. *{Seizes Towser by the shirtfront }* You're under arrest

TOWSER. *{Terrified }* What does that mean?

C.I D Man. I'm a C I.D. man and you're my prisoner. Now you go inside and tell Major Major I'm waiting out here to see him and that I'm going to keep you under arrest until I do

TOWSER. Yes, sir. *(C.I.D. Man shoves Towser toward the desk and exits into the wing to wait, as Major Major climbs in through window, removes his mustache and dark glasses, and sits down as Towser reaches him.)* Excuse me, sir. I'm under arrest.

MAJOR MAJOR. I thought I told you never to come in here

Towser, Yes, sir. But there's a C.I.D. man outside wh< wants to see you. He's going to keep me under arrest until you do see him. Won't you see him?

MAJOR MAJOR. Send him in.

TOWSER. Thank you, sir. *(Moving offstage to C.I.D. Man )* It's all right, sir. Please go in. *(Major Major puts on his mustache and glasses as Towser leaves and bolts for the window. Just as he is ready to jump through, the CID Man dashes up on the outside and bars his way. The two confront each other a moment tn stern silence )*

C I.D. Man. Major Major?

MAJOR MAJOR. No.

C.I.D. Man. Then you're under arrest.

MAJOR MAJOR. Yes.

C.I.D. Man. Then I have to talk to you.

MAJOR MAJOR. *(Removing his disguise.)* Okay. Go around again and come inside. *(leaves the window and returns to the desk. C.I.D. Man moves from the window and disappears in bark of the wall As soon as the C.I.D Man is out of sight, Major Major replaces his mustache and glasses and dashes for the window again. Just as he is ready to leap through, the C.I D. Man arrives running on the other side of the window and blocks him again.)* Okay. Come on in.

*(CID. Man enters through the window. Major Major removes his mustache and sunglasses.)*

CID. Man. I'm from the C.I.D You're the only one in the squadron who knows.

MAJOR MAJOR. Sergeant Towser knows.

C.I.D. Man I had to tell him in order to see you, But he won't tell a soul.

MAJOR MAJOR. He told me

C.I.D. Man. That bastard. I'll throw a security check on him right away. I wouldn't leave any top-secret documents lying around if I were you.

MAJOR MAJOR. J don't get any top-secret documents.

C.I.D. Man. That's the kind I mean. Lock them in your cabinet where Sergeant Towser can't get his hands on them

MAJOR MAJOR. Sergeant Towser has the only key to the cabinet.

C.I.D. Man. I'm afraid we're wasting time. *(Removes some papers from his briefcase)* Here's a copy of some censored mail that was tampered with by the censoring officer. Can you make out his signature?

MAJOR MAJOR. Washington Irving.

C.I.D. Man. Have you ever seen it before?

MAJOR MAJOR. No.

C.I.D. Man. How about this one?

MAJOR MAJOR. Irving Washington. *(Shakes his head.)*

C.I.D. Man. How about these? Official communications with your name on the routing list.

MAJOR MAJOR. I've never seen them before.

C.I.D. Man. Is the man who signed these names in your squadron?

MAJOR MAJOR. I don't think there's a man with either of those two names in my squadron.

C.I.D. Man. He's a lot cleverer than we thought. He's using a third name and posing as someone else. And I think I know what that name is. *(Gives Major Major another paper.)* How about this?

MAJOR MAJOR. *(Reading.)* "Dear Mary. I yearn for you tragically. Albert T. Tappman, Group Chaplain."

C.I.D. Man. Do you know who Albert T. Tappman is?

MAJOR MAJOR. He's the group chaplain.

C.I.D. Man. That locks it up. Washington Irving is the group chaplain.

MAJOR MAJOR. Albert T. Tappman is the group chaplain.

C.I.D. Man. Are you sure?

MAJOR MAJOR. Yes.

C.I.D. Man. Why should the group chaplain write this on a letter?

MAJOR MAJOR. Perhaps somebody else wrote it and forged his name.

C.I.D. Man. Why should somebody want to forge the group chaplain's name?

MAJOR MAJOR. To escape detect'on.

C.I.D. Man. You may be right. Maybe we're confronted with two men who have opposite names One of them here in the squadron, one of them up at the hospital, and one of them with the chaplain. That makes three men, doesn't it? Are you absolutely sure you never saw any of these documents before?

MAJOR MAJOR. J would have signed them if I had.

C.I.D. Man. *(With abrupt cunning)* With whose name? Yours or Washington Irving's?

MAJOR MAJOR. With my own I don't even know Washington Irving's name.

C.I.D. Man. (*Embracing him gratefully.*) Major, I'm glad you're in the clear. We'll be able to work together You keep your eyes open and let me know the minute you hear anyone even talking about Washington Irving. I'll throw a security check on the chaplain, Towser and everyone else.

(*The C.I.D. MAN exits through the door. The TEXAN, wearing his maroon hospital bathrobe, enters through the window excitedly.*)

TEXAN. Who was that man?

MAJOR MAJOR. He's a C.J.D man

TEXAN. Like hell he is! I'm the CID. man around here. (*Whining.*) I shouldn't even be here. I should be back at the hospital. I'm really a very sick man. I've got this terrible cough I can't shake.

MAJOR MAJOR. I'm very sorry.

TEXAN. A lot of good that does me. You haven't heard anyone talking about Washington Irving, have you?

MAJOR MAJOR. Yes. That man who was just in here He was talking about Washington Irving.

TEXAN. Great! This might be just the break we need You keep him under surveillance twenty-four hours a day while I rush back to the hospital and make my report. (*Leaves through the window.*)

(*A moment later, the first C.I.D. MAN rushes in through door.*)

C.I.D. Man. I just saw a man in a red bathrobe come jumping out your window and go running up the road! Didn't you see him?

MAJOR MAJOR. He was here talking to me.

C I.D. Man I thought that looked mighty suspicious, a man jumping out the window in a red bathrobe. At first, I thought it was you, hightailing it for Mexico. But now I see it wasn't you. He didn't say anything about Washington Irving, did he?

MAJOR MAJOR. As a matter of fact, he did.

C.I.D. Man This might be just the break we need! Do you know where we can find him?

MAJOR MAJOR. At the hospital He's really a very sick man.

CID. Man. That's great! I'll go right up there after him. As a matter of fact, I could use a checkup myself. (*Exits with a limp.*)

(*Major Major watches him go, puts on his false mustache and enormous sunglasses, and starts out the window. The Chaplain appears and the Two come face to face.*)

MAJOR MAJOR. I was coming to see you, Chaplain.

CHAPLAIN. I was coming to see you

MAJOR MAJOR. I was coming to see you for help.

CHAPLAIN. I was coming to see *you* for help.

MAJOR MAJOR. Then there's not much point to it, is there? (*Scoots away as the Chaplain shakes his head.*)

CHAPLAIN. (*Moving o.*) My dear wife, Is there a God, or is there not? Somehow, that great question no longer seems as important to me as the simple matter of good manners.

(*Yossarian enters d. and joins him.*)

YOSSARIAN. To die, or not to die—that is my question. And I'm going crazy trying to answer it.

CHAPLAIN. Men have to die in a war. That's a matter of necessity.

YOSSARIAN. Yeah—but *which* men will die, though, is a matter of circumstance. And I think I'm willing to be the victim of *anything* but circumstance. But that's war, isn't it? Take Milo, for instance

(*Milo enters d., carrying a small bouquet of red flowers in one hand and a string of dried figs in the other.*)

Milo. Me? I was in Smyrna, getting figs.

YOSSARIAN. I thought you might, have been at Avignon, getting killed.

MILO. I wish I could have gone, but . . . (*Shrugs.*)

YOSSARIAN. Don't apologize, Milo. Didn't you fly fearlessly into the face of intense criticism by selling your cotton and ball bearings to the enemy?

MILO. At very good prices. Let me pass, please. I have, business with Colonel Cathcart.

YOSSARIAN. I'll bet you do. (*To Chaplain, as they continue across stage and leave.*) I'll bet Colonel Cathcart is *astonished* now every time Milo comes to him and . . .

(*Milo moves toward a desk and reaches it just as Colonel Cathcart strides in to receive him there. Milo hands him the flowers.*)

CATHCART. For me?

MILO. Yes, sir. I'd like to fly more combat missions.

CATHCART. Milo, I am *astonished!* What in the world for?

MILO. I want to do my duty, sir.

CATHCART. But, Milo, you are doing your duty. Who gave the men chocolate-covered cotton?

MILO. Being a good mess officer in wartime just isn't enough

CATHCART. Certainly it is, Milo. I don't know what's come over you.

MILO. (*Pointedly.*) Certainly it isn't. Some of the men are beginning to talk.

CATHCART. Oh, is that it? Give me their names, Milo. And I'll see to it that they go on every dangerous mission.

MILO. No, Colonel. I'm afraid they're right.

CATHCART. How long have you been overseas now?

MILO. Eleven months, sir.

CATHCART. And how many missions have you flown?

MILO. Five.

CATHCART. Five?

MILO. Five, sir.

CATHCART. Five isn't very good, is it?

MILO. (*Sharply.*) Isn't it?

CATHCART. (*Correcting himself.*) On the contrary, five is very good, Milo. Five you say? Just five?

MILO. Five.

CATHCART. And I'll bet that doesn't even include the time you bombed us.

MILO. Yes, sir. It does.

CATHCART. You didn't actually *fly* on that mission, if I remember correctly, did you?

MILO. But it was my mission, sir. I organized it.

CATHCART. Yes, Milo, of course. Five is *very* good. Why, that averages out to . . . almost one combat mission every two months.

MILO. Many of the other men have seventy missions

CATHCART. But they never produced any chocolate covered cotton, did they? Milo, you're doing more than your share.

MILO. But they're getting all the medals. I want to win medals, too.

CATHCART. People like you and me serve in different ways. Look at my own record. I'll bet it's not generally known, Milo, that I myself have flown only four missions, is it?

MILO. No, sir. It's generally known that you've flown only two missions.

CATHCART. All right, Miio. I can't praise you enough. I'll see that you're assigned to the next sixty-five missions so that you can have seventy, too.

MILO. Thank you, Colonel. You don't know what this means

CATHCART. That's all right, Milo. I know just what this means.

MILO. (*Disagreeing pointedly.*) No, sir, you *don't* know what it means. I have figs in Smyrna.

CATHCART. So?

MILO. Someone will have to reap them. (*Leaves string of figs on the desk.*) Someone else will have to begin running the whole syndicate for me, take charge of the books, keep track of the records, look after the men, buy and selling and shipping and storing and assume all responsibilities for—

CATHCART. Milo—

MILO. We've got cedars in Lebanon, zind in Flint, and flint in Michigan—

CATHCART. Milo, wait—

MILO. —that must go from Atlanta to Holland to pay for the tulips to be shipped to Geneva to pay for the cheeses that must go to Vienna M.I F.

CATHCART. M.I F ?

MILO. Money in Front. And then there's the peas.

CATHCART. Peas?

Milo, I hat are on the high seas, the cork from New York, shoes for Toulouse, nails from Wales, and the ham for Siam.

CATHCART. Milo, stop'

MILO. We have coals in Newcastle, sir.

Cathcart, Milo, *you* can fly sixty-five more missions. You can't even fly *one* more mission. You're like I am— *indispensable*!

MILO. (*Nodding contentedly.*) Sir, are you forbidding me to fly any more combat missions?

CATHCART. M?lo, I forbid you to fly any more combat missions!

MILO. But that's not fair, sir. Why should I be penabzed just because I'm a good mess officer?

CATHCART. I can't think of anything we can de about it.

Mho. Maybe we can get someone else to fly my missions for me.

CATHCART. But maybe we can get someone else to fly your missions for you!

MILO. Why not the men in the squadron, sir? After all. I'm doing all this for them.

CATHCART. Why not the men in the squadron? You're doing all this for them They ought to be willing to do something for you in return.

MILO. What's fair is fair They could take turns, sir.

CATHCART. They might even take turns

MILO. Who gets the credit?

CATHCART. You get the credit, Milo. And if a mar wins a medal flying one of your missions, you get the medal.

MILO. Wh dies if he gets killed?

CATHCART. Why, he dies, of course After all, Milo, what's fair is fair There's just one thing

MILO. You'll have to raise the number of missions.

CATHCART. I might have to raise the number of missions again. But this will be a good way to get that lousy rat Yossarian back into combat again.

MILO. Yossarian? Sir, Yossarian is a friend of mine. I'd give everything I own to Yossarian. But wait—since I don't own everything, I can't give everytning I own to him, can I? So he'll just have to take his chances with the rest of the men, won't he?

CATHCART. We must never play favorites

MILO. What's fair is fair.

CATHCART. And as long as I in going to raise the missions again, I might as well raise them to good ones. I'm going to volunteer the group for Avignon again.

MILO. Avignon?

CATHCART. Sure, Milo. You don't want the men to fly easy, cowardly missions for you, do you?

MILO. I certainly do not. What kind of glory is that?

CATHCART. Good. I'm going to send them out to targets where you can be proud to wear those medals they earn for you. (*Exits ringing bell, with Milo following.*) Black? Captain Black!

(*Black enters d., rubbing his hands with glee*)

Black. Avignon? Ho. ho, ho. Wait till those sons of bitches hear that Oh, are they going to eat their livers now.

(*Yossarian enters slowly and pauses at his parachute harness at the coatrack*)

YOSSARIAN. Eighty missions?

Black. That's right, yon bastard. And do you know what this next one is? Avignon again. Okay, move along now.

YOSSARIAN. (*Hesitates and shakes his head.*) No. Black. No? What do you mean no?

YOSSARIAN. No! That's what I mean. I'm not going. (*Backs out, glancing nervously over each shoulder. Black follows after him in amazement as:*)

(*Cathcart strides in excitedly, ringing his bell and wearing his headdress, and two black eyes. Cathcart is shouting as he enters and in so violent an emotional state that he steps up on a chair without breaking stride and onto the desk.*)

CATHCART. Korn! Korn! Colonel Korn!

KORN. (*Entering leisurely, a feather in his shirt pocket.*) You rang, sir?

CATHCART. We may be in terrible trouble. It's that bombardier Yossarian. He refuses to fly any more.

KORN. Refuses? Who does he think he is? Achilles? Where is he now?

CATHCART. (*Descending from desk.*) In the squadron, marching around backward. It's that damn chaplain's fault. I told him to tell him it was God's will. Give me back that feather I gave you.

KORN. Marching backward? I suppose I'll have to think of something, before other men start marching around backward too.

CATHCART. Milo is talking to him. They're very good friends.

(*Yossarian enters d., walking backward and spinning continuously as he keeps turning to look over his shoulder. Milo follows and is forced to circle around with him in order to converse with him.*)

MILO. Yossarian, try to look at it this way. You'll be doing it for me, if not for yourself.

YOSSARIAN. Don't I know it!

MILO. Stand still, please So we can discuss thh like friends and gentlemen.

YOSSARIAN. Not a chance. I've get to cover my back.

MILO. I'll cover your back.

YOSSARIAN. Not a chance. I'm going. (*Backs offstage.*)

MILO. You'll be . . . (*Spins dizzily to the desk, joining the Colonels.*) Sorry! I can't tell you how disappointed I am in him.

KORN. Let's send him to Rome on a rest leave. He'll change his mind.

MILO. We can't even do that. He's already gone there

KORN. Without a pass? That makes things so much easier for us. Can I have my feather back?

MILO. Are those feathers in your cap expensive?

CATHCART. These? Oh. they're very hard to come by. Where are you going?

MILO. Feathers? *(Drifting away in a trance.)* Feathers.

I'm going to corner the market on feathers.

Cathcart, What an ideal

*(They exit as the CHAPLAIN enters d. alone. The First Investigating Officer enters u. and moves down toward the CHAPLAIN.)*

CHAPLAIN. Dear wife: Someone must have been telling lies about me, for without having done anything wrong . . .

First Investigating Officer Chaplain Tappman?

CHAPLAIN. Yes?

*(The TEXAN enters d. in his bathrobe and closes in on the CHAPLAIN also.)*

First Investigating Officer. Come along.

CHAPLAIN. Where? Please—you're hurting my arm Texan, You'd better come along with us, Father. Chaplain. What have I done?

First Investigating Officer. Why don't you keep your trap shut and let us ask the questions?

TEXAN. It isn't necessary to be so disrespectful

First Investigating Officer. Then tell him to keep his trap shut and let us ask the questions.

TEXAN. Father, please keep your trap shut and let us ask the questions

CHAPLAIN. It isn't necessary to call me Father. I'm not a Catholic.

Texan, Neither am I Father. It's just that I'm a very devout person, and I like to call all men of God Father

CHAPLAIN. Who are you? *{They lead the Chaplain to a desk.}*

TEXAN. We're from the government That's a very serious crime you've committed, Father.

CHAPLAIN. What crime?

First Investigating Officer. We don't know yet. But we sure know it's serious. Please make yourself comfortable. *(The Investigating Officer strikes a match, holds the flame close to the Chaplain's face, and blows it out He sets a metronome ticking and switches a lamp on and directs the beam into the Chaplain's face )* We want you to relax.

TEXAN. You've got nothing to be afraid of, Father, if you're not guilty. What are you so afraid of? You're not guilty, are you?

CHAPLAIN. Guilty of what? What did I do?

First Investigating Officer. Write your name for us, please. In your own handwriting.  
(*To the Texan.*) See? They're not the same.

TEXAN. Father, I can't tell you how disappointed I am.

CHAPLAIN. For what?

First Investigating Officer This isn't your handwriting.

CHAPLAIN. But of course it is. Whose handwriting is it if not my own?

TEXAN. That's just what we aim to find out.

First Investigating Officer. Talk, Chaplain.

CHAPLAIN. That handwriting is mine Where else is my handwriting if not there?

(*The SECOND INVESTIGATING OFFICER enters ^arriving a folder; a cool, sinister man.*)

Second Investigating Officer Right here. (*Tosses an envelope to Chaplain*) Would you mind reading aloud what's written on that envelope?

CHAPLAIN. "Dear Mary I yearn for you tragically. Albert T. Tappman, Group Chaplain."

Second Investigating Officer, Do you know who wrote that?

CHAPLAIN. No

First Investigating Officer. Whoever did it signed his name.

CHAPLAIN. That's my name there.

First Investigating Officer. Then you wrote it. Q.E.D.

CHAPLAIN. I didn't write it. That's not my handwriting, either

First Investigating Officer. Then you signed your name in somebody else's handwriting again.

CHAPLAIN. Oh, this is ridiculous! You've no right to keep me here. (*Jumps to his feet. He is pushed down roughly.*)

First Investigating Officer. Okay. You take him.

Second Investigating Officer. (*Advancing toward Chaplain.*) Turn off the metronome, please It's very annoying. (*The Texan switches off the metronome.*)

CHAPLAIN. Thank you. And the light too, please.

Second Investigating Officer. Leave the light. That doesn't bother me. Chaplain, of what religious persuasion are you?

CHAPLAIN. I'm an Anabaptist, sir.

Second Investigating Officer. Doesn't the word *Anabaptist* simply mean that you're not a Baptist?

CHAPLAIN. Oh, no, sir. There's much more.

Second Investigating Officer Are you a Baptist?

CHAPLAIN. No, sir.

Second Investigating Officer. 'Then you are *not* a Baptist, aren't you? You could even be . . . Washington Irving, couldn't you?

CHAPLAIN. Washington Irving?

First Investigating Officer. Come on. Washington. Why don't you make a clean breast of it? We know you stole that plum tomato.

CHAPLAIN. Oh, now I'm beginning to understand I didn't steal that plum tomato, sir. Colonel Cathcart gave it to me.

First Investigating Officer. Are you calling a superior officer a liar?

TEXAN. Is that why you tried to give it to Sergeant Whitcomb, Father? Because it was a hot tomato?

CHAPLAIN. No, no, no. Because I didn't want it.

Second Investigating Officer. Why'd you steal it if you didn't want it?

CHAPLAIN. I didn't steal it!

Second Investigating Officer. Why are you so guilty, if you didn't steal it?

CHAPLAIN. I'm not guilty!

Second Investigating Officer. Why would we be questioning you if you weren't guilty?

CHAPLAIN. Oh, I don't know.

First Investigating Officer. He thinks we have time to waste.

Second Investigating Officer. Chaplain, I have here in my hand a signed statement from Sergeant Whitcomb in which he states he knew the tomato was hot from the way you tried to unload it on him.

CHAPLAIN. I swear to God I didn't steal it, sir. I give you my word it was not a hot tomato.

First Investigating Officer. Why don't we knock his goddamn brains out?

TEXAN. Yeah, we could do that. He's only an Anabaptist.

Second Investigating Officer. No, we've got to find him guilty first. Chaplain, we charge you with being Washington Irving and taking unlicensed liberties in censoring the letters of officers and enlisted men. Are you guilty or innocent?

CHAPLAIN. Innocent, sir.

First Investigating Officer. Guilty.

TEXAN. Guilty.

Second Investigating Officer. That's two to one, so guilty it is, then. Chaplain, we accuse you also of the commission of crimes and infractions we don't even know about yet. Guilty or innocent?

Chaplain, How can I say if you don't tell me what they are?

Second Investigating Officer. How can we tell you if we don't know?

First Investigating Officer. Guilty.

TEXAN. Sure he's guilty. If they're his crimes and infractions, he must have committed them.

Second Investigating Officer. Guilty it is, then. He's all yours.

First Investigating Officer. Okay, Chaplain. You heard the verdict. Get the hell out of here.

CHAPLAIN. Aren't you going to punish me?

First Investigating Officer Damn right. But we're certainly not going to let you hang around while we decide how to do it. So beat it. Go on, hit the road

CHAPLAIN. I'm free to go?

First Investigating Officer. You can go. But you're certainly not free. Is he?

*(The THREE exit chuckling, while the CHAPLAIN moves across stage )*

CHAPLAIN. Dear wife. Perhaps I have begun to imagine things. If so, I am imagining things that I have imagined before, because I seem to be imagining everything twice. Yossarian has run away to Rome

*(Yossarian enters d. and walks along with the Chaplain.)*

YOSSARIAN. Rome was in ruins when I got there There was rubble at the airport. The Colosseum was a dilapidated shell, and the Arch of Constantine had fallen. I missed Nurse Duckett in Pome I missed Luciana. I went

looking for Nately's whore . . . *(Moves u. as the Chaplain continues across stage and exits.)*

*(The OLD WOMAN enters, sits tn a chair, and begins to rock and moan.)*

Old Woman. Gone.

YOSSARIAN. Where?

Old Woman. Away. Chased away into the street. AH the poor young girls.

YOSSARIAN. By who? Who did it?

Old Woman. The tall soldiers, with the hard white hats and clubs.

YOSSARIAN. Did they arrest them?

Old Woman. They chased them away. Who will take care of me?

YOSSARIAN. What right did they have?

Old Woman. Catch-22.

YOSSARIAN. *What?*

Old Woman. Catch-22. Catch-22 says they have a right to do anything we can't stop them from doing.

YOSSARIAN. How did you know it was Catch-22? Did they show it to you? Did they let you read it?

Old Woman They don't have to show us Catch-22.

The law says they don't have to.

YOSSARIAN. What law says they don't have to?

Old Woman. Catch-22.

YOSSARIAN. Oh, damn! I bet it isn't even there. Where's the old man? The one that said he was going to live forever?

Old Woman. Dead. One minute he was Jiving, one minute he was dead

YOSSARIAN. Nately's girl friend?

Old Woman. Gone Chased away with all the rest They would not even let them take their coats.

YOSSARIAN. Who will take care of her?

Old Woman. Who will take care of me? (*Yossarian puts money in her lap.*) It's not enough.

YOSSARIAN. It's all I have.

Old Woman. Money is not enough.

YOSSARIAN. Money is all I have.

Old Woman. (*Starting away,*) Catch-22.

YOSSARIAN. Mother, there's no such thing.

Old Woman. *Come?*

YOSSARIAN. It doesn't exist. But that makes no difference, because everyone thinks it does.

Old Woman. Who will take care of me?

YOSSARIAN. No one. (*Comes d. and walks, as the Old Woman exits.*)

(*From offstage, barking sounds, a human VOICE imitating a dog*)

Voice. (*Offstage.*) Arf, arf! Arf, arf, arf'

YOSSARIAN. There was no one I knew in Rome but Aarfy, our lead navigator, who had never been able to find himself since leaving college. And the unattractive little maid who took care of our apartment, whom none of the men had ever wanted, none of the men but Aarfy, who . . . (*Stops and stares ahead offstage with a look of horror.*) Oh, God! I won't believe it.

Voice. (*Offstage.*) Arf, arf!

(*Aarfy saunters on u. and gazes placidly d. at Yossarian.*)

YOSSARIAN. Aarfy! (*Rushes directly to Aarfy and pulls him around roughly.*) What the hell did you do?

Aarfy. (*Barking jokingly.*) Arf, arf! Arf'

YOSSARIAN. Stop it—for Christ sake!

Aarfy. Arf! Relax, Yossarian It's just the maid I only raped her once.

YOSSARIAN. You killed her too! You threw her out the window!

Aarfy. Oh, I had to kill her after I raped her. I couldn't let her go around saying bad things about us, could I?

YOSSARIAN. Why did you have to touch her at all? Why didn't you go to a prostitute, if it came to that?

Aarfy. Oh, no, not me. I never paid for it in my life.

YOSSARIAN. Aarfy, are you insane? You *murdered* a girl They're going to put you in jail.

Aarfy. Oh, no, not me. Not good old Aarfy. I hardly think they're going to make too much of a fuss over one Italian servant girl. Do you?

YOSSARIAN. Listen. (*SIRENS SOUND and approach.*) Aarfy, they're coming to arrest you. Don't you understand? You can't take the life of another human being.

Aarfy. (*Lamely.*) Oh, no, not me. They're not coming to arrest good old Aarfy. Not good old Aarfy.

(Two M.P.'s *enter*. Aarfy *whimpers and cowers*. They stride across the room past Aarfy and seize Yossarian.)

MP Captain Yossarian? You're under arrest Yossarian. For what?

M.P. You're absent without official leave. You left your base without a pass.

YOSSARIAN. But he—

M.P. Never mind him Let's go. (*To Aarfy, saluting.*) So'ry, sir. Forgive the intrusion.

Aarfy. That's quite all right. Hey, Yo-Yo. (*Gloating, and with an obscene Italian gesture.*) Arf, arf! (*Breaks into laughter and exits, as the M P.'s march Yossarian away and around the stage in a circle.*)

(Cathcart *strides in to his desk with his bunches of feathers and black eyes, ringing his bell clangorously.*)

CATHCART. Korn! Korn!

KORN. (*Drily, as he enters.*) You rang, sir?

CATHCART. Dammit, Korn! I'm getting sick and tired of that joke.

KORN. Forgive me, sir You should have mentioned it,

CATHCART. I've got black eyes and feathers and I don't know which I'm going to need more of. You handle him.

KORN. Of course. Would you like a fig? (Cathcart *shakes his head*. Korn *eats figs calmly throughout the scene*. The M P.'s march Yossarian around and lead him to the Colonels just as Korn sits down comfortably on the desk to greet him.)

M P. Sir, we are pleased to report that the prisoner Yossarian—

KORN. Get out.

M P. Thank you, sir. (M.P.'s *exit*.)

KORN. Yossarian, huh? Do you know what we're going to do? We're going to send you home.

YOSSARIAN. You're kidding.

KORN. No. But there's a catch.

YOSSARIAN. Twenty-two?

KORN. Of course. Would you like a fig? (Yossarian *shakes his head*.) We can't simply send you home for refusing to fly more missions and expect the rest of the men to continue, can we? So, we've worked out this little deal.

YOSSARIAN. What kind of deal?

KORN. Odious. But you'll accept it quickly enough Yossarian. Don't be too sure.

KORN. It's that or a court-martial. You'd leave us no alternative . . . (*Emphasizing the words for the distress they wdl cause Colonel Cathcart*) . . . even though it might turn out to be a terrible black eye for Colonel Cathcart

CATHCART. Goddamn it—I hate this cigarette holder! I wonder if it's doing me any good.

KORN. It's a feather in your cap with General Peckem, but a black eye for you with General Dreedle.

Caihcart. Which one am I supposed to please?

KORN. Both.

CATHCART. How?

KORN. By sending this man home a hero and getting all the others to fly more missions.

CATHCART. I want to be a general!

KORN. (*To Yossarian.*) And there you have it Everyone teaches us to aspire to higher things A general is higher than a colonel, so we're both aspiring. Won't you help us by doing everything you're ordered to? This is your last chance to say yes.

YOSSARIAN. No.

KORN. Then we're going to have to send you home. Just do a few things for us, and—

YOSSARIAN. What things?

KORN. Oh, tiny insignificant things. We will issue orders returning you to the States—really, we will, safe and sound—and all you have to do in return is . . .

YOSSARIAN. What?

KORN. Like us.

YOSSARIAN. Like you'

KORN. That's right Like us. Join us Be our pal, Say nice things about us.

YOSSARIAN. That isn't going to be too easy.

KORN. Oh, it will be a lot easier than you think, We're going to promote you to major and give you a medal. You'll have big parades in your honor and make lots of speeches.

YOSSARIAN. I'm not sure I want to make speeches.

KORN. Then we'll forget the speeches. We just don't want anyone to know there's ever been any friction between us.

YOSSARIAN. Suppose I denounce you when I get back to the States?

KORN. Why should you want to? You're going to be one of the boys now, remember? You'd have to be a fool to throw it all away for just a moral principle

YOSSARIAN. That's a pretty scummy trick I'd be playing on the rest of the men, isn't it? (*Korn nods. Cathcart holds his nose.*) But what the hell! Let them stand up and do something about it the way I did Right?

Korn, Of course.

Yossarian, There's no reason I have to risk my life for them, is there?

KORN. Of course not.

YOSSARIAN. It's a deal'

KORN. Welcome aboard.

*(They all shake hands. NATELY'S WHORE tiptoes onstage in an Army jacket, carrying a long knife. She stations herself near the doorway, hiding the knife.)*

YOSSARIAN. Thanks, Colonel. I—☒

KORN. Call me Blackie, John. We're pals now, remember? Have a hg.

YOSSARIAN. Sure, Blackie. My friends call me Yo-Yo.

Blackie, I—

KORN. His friends call him Yo-Yo Why don't you congratulate Yo-Yo on what a sensible move he's making?

CATHCART. That's a real sensible move you're making, Yo-Yo.

YOSSARIAN. Thank you, Colonel, I— Korn. Call him Chuck.

CATHCART. Sure, call me Chuck. We're all pals now.

YOSSARIAN. Sure, Chuck.

CATHCART. Come on over for dinner with us some night, Yo-Yo. In the group dining room. How about tonight?

YOSSARIAN. I'd love to, sir.

KORN. *(Correcting him genially.)* Chuck

YOSSARIAN. I'm sorry, Blackie Chuck. I can't get used to it.

CATHCART. That's all right, pal.

KORN. Sure, pal.

YOSSARIAN. Thanks, pah

CATHCART. Don't mention it, pal.

KORN. So long, pal. Exit smiling.

YOSSARIAN. *(Exits through the doorway, laughing. NATELY'S WHORE salutes him )* Hi. Say, don't I know you from— *(She stabs him under the arm Sinking down in pain:)* I've been looking all over for— *(Screaming, as she raises the knife to stab him again,)* —oh, nooo!

*(The COLONELS rush out. NATELY'S WHORE exits running. They chase after her. YOSSARIAN staggers to the bed and, collapses. TWO DOCTORS and NURSE DUCKETT enter to treat him. They carry medical equipment.)*

Doctor. Okay. Cut.

Second Doctor You cut

YOSSARIAN. *(Sitting up.)* No cuts.

Doctor. *(Pushing Yossarian down.)* Now look who's butting in. Are we going to operate or aren't we?

NURSE DUCKETT. He doesn't need an operation. Just stop the bleeding and put a few stitches in.

Doctor. But I've never had a chance to operate before Which one is the scalpel? Is this one the scalpel?

SECOND DOCTOR. The other one. Well, go ahead and cut if you want to. Make the incision.

YOSSARIAN. (*Sitting up.*) No incisions.

Doctor. (*Pushing him down.*) Is he going to keep talking that way while I operate on him?

NURSE DUCKETT. You can't operate until I admit him.

(First Investigating Officer *enters.*)

First Investigating Officer. You can't admit him until I clear him.

(Second Investigating Officer *enters.*)

Second Investigating Officer. You can't clear him until I investigate him. (*To Yossarian.*) Where were you born?

YOSSARIAN. On a battlefield.

First Investigating Officer. No, no In what state? Yossarian. In a state of innocence.

First Investigating Officer, You don't understand

Second Investigating Officer. Let me handle him. (*To Yossarian.*) Are you a smart aleck or something?

NURSE DUCKETT. He's still bleeding He might even die.

First Investigating Officer Good for him

Second Investigating Officer. It would serve the finky bastard right. All right, John, let's speak out We want to get to the truth.

YOSSARIAN. Everyone calls me Yo-Yo.

First Investigating Officer. We want you to cooperate with us, Yo-Yo. We're your friends and we want you to trust us. We're here to help you.

Second Investigating Officer Let's jab our thumb down inside his wound and gouge it.

(*Yossarian groans and jabs back with his eyes closed*)

Doctor. He's fainted. Can't we treat him now?

First Investigating Officer. I hope the bastard does die

Second Investigating Officer. I can't stand the sight of blood. (*They exit.*)

NURSE DUCKETT. (*Whispering.*) Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

YOSSARIAN. No. Don't go.

NURSE DUCKETT. I'm through with you. I want to marry a doctor.

Doctor. Then let's start. I'm raring to operate. Should I wash my hands first?

YOSSARIAN. No operations.

SECOND DOCTOR. Can't you make him shut up? You're his girl

NURSE DUCKETT. Not any more. I could give him a total and knock him out.

SECOND DOCTOR. At least we'd have some quiet.

Doctor Then I can take out his liver.

YOSSARIAN. No totals.

SECOND DOCTOR. There he goes again

Doctor. Can I take out his liver?

NURSE DUCKETT. You can stitch up his wound

Doctor. I'd rather take out his liver. Come on—knock him out

YOSSARIAN. Don't knock me—

(Nurse Duckett *covers his face with an ether cone* Yossarian *sinks back unconscious*  
Nurse Duckett *and the Doctors bend over him a moment and start away.*)

Nurse Duckett, We were never more than just friends.

[*They exit in one direction as COLONEL KORN comes in from another,  
munching on a fig.*]

YOSSARIAN. (*Aloud, to himself.*) She wants to marry a doctor.

KORN. The deal is still on. We've got this wonderful cover story about a Nazi assassin who— (Yossarian *grabs for Korn, misses and begins retching loudly.*) How vulgar. (*Exits with a grimace of disgust* )

(Nurse Duckett *returns.*)

YOSSARIAN. What's happening to me?

NURSE DUCKETT. I'm going to marry a doctor Yossarian. Which doctor?

NURSE DUCKETT. Any doctor. My mother wouldn't like you. Neither would her friends.

YOSSARIAN. Is that so important?

NURSE DUCKETT. We can still be friends

Yossarian, Friends?

NURSE DUCKETT. Nurse and patient, I mean. Give me a ring sometime when you need anything. Tee-hee-hee. (*Exits laughing at her own joke.*)

(*The SECOND INVESTIGATING OFFICER enters.*)

Captain. We've got your pal buddy We've got your pal

YOSSARIAN. What are you talking about?

Captain. (*Leaving.*) You know.

YOSSARIAN. Who's my pal?

CHAPLAIN. (*Entering.*) Maybe I'm your pal. Yossarian, we're all very proud of you.

YOSSARIAN. Proud?

CHAPLAIN. For risking your life to save Colonel Cathcart from that Nazi assassin.

YOSSARIAN. That was no Nazi assassin. That was Nately's whore. And she was trying to kill me.

CHAPLAIN. The official report says —

YOSSARIAN. It's part of the deal

CHAPLAIN. What deal?

YOSSARIAN. The deal I made with Colonel Cathcart and Colonel Korn. They'll let me go home a big hero if I say nice things about them and never criticize them for making the rest of the men fly more missions.

CHAPLAIN. But that's shameful! Isn't it?

YOSSARIAN. Odious. It's that or a court-martial. They'd lock me in prison with a bunch of criminals.

CHAPLAIN. You can't let them do that.

YOSSARIAN. Then maybe I'll fly more missions.

CHAPLAIN. You might get killed.

YOSSARIAN. Then I guess I won't. A funny thing happened before—maybe I dreamed it. I think a strange man came in here and told me he's got my pal. "We've got your pai," he said. He scared me. (*Near tears.*) They've got all my pals, haven't they?

CHAPLAIN. There, there Try to sleep now. I'll be back. (*Tiptoes out one side.*)

(*Whitcomb enters from another, carrying a letter. He takes Yossarian's put se.*)

WHITCOMB. Damn! (*Tears up letter. To Texan, who enters in hospital bathrobe as Whitcomb leaves.*) He's going to live.

TEXAN. (*Seating himself beside the bed.*) Hi Hey, wake up.

YOSSARIAN. You're still in here, aren't you?

TEXAN. I'm glad you're alive.

YOSSARIAN. Why?

TEXAN. So I can slit your throat for you from ear to ear.

YOSSARIAN. (*Terrified.*) What are you talking about?

TEXAN. One time when you're sound asleep, I'm going to tiptoe in here very quietly and cut your throat for you from ear to ear.

YOSSARIAN. Why?

TEXAN. Why not?

YOSSARIAN. Why are you sitting here?

TEXAN. I'm waiting for you to fall asleep, so I can slit your throat for you from ear to ear,

YOSSARIAN. Help!

(*Nurse Duckett hurries in*)

TEXAN. (*Leaving.*) He's delirious, I think.

YOSSARIAN. He's going to cut my throat for me from ear to ear.

NURSE DUCKETT. No, he's not, They're going to disappear you.

YOSSARIAN. What does that mean?

NURSE DUCKETT. I don't know. I heard them talking.

YOSSARIAN. Who?

NURSE DUCKETT. I don't know. I just heard them say they were going to disappear you.

YOSSARIAN. It doesn't make sense. It isn't even good grammar What the hell does it mean when they disappear somebody?

NURSE DUCKETT. (*Plaintively.*) I don't know.

YOSSARIAN. You're a great help!

NURSE DUCKETT. Why are you picking on me? I only

came here to warn you.

YOSSARIAN. I'm sorry. *(Tries to embrace her.)*

NURSE DUCKETT. *(Pulling away.)* Don't.

YOSSARIAN. What should I do? *(Nurse Duckett shrugs and leaves by one side as the Second Investigating Officer returns from another With childlike helplessness:)* Did you come to disappear me?

Second Investigating Officer. We've got your pal, buddy. We've got your pal

YOSSARIAN. What the *hell* are you talking about?

Second Investigating Officer. You'll find out, buddy. You'll find out. *(Yossarian lunges at him.. The Officer laughs and steps away.)*

YOSSARIAN. You give me chills.

Second Investigating Officer. *(Moving away.)* Good.

YOSSARIAN. *(Following him )* You make my blood run cold

Second Investigating Officer. Good. *(Exits as Snowden appears from the other side of the stage in combat clothes. He is doubled over, clutching his belly, and sinks to the floor.)*

Snowden. I'm cold.

YOSSARIAN. *(Stopping.)* I'm freezing.

Snowden. I'm cold. I'm cold. *(Yossarian turns back from following the Officer and notices Snowden with surprise. He hangs his bathrobe on the coatrack and puts on a parachute harness. He takes up a first aid kit from desk or coatrack and moves across the stage to Snowden, crawling on his knees as he comes near.)* I'm cold.

YOSSARIAN. *(Inspecting Snowden's thigh.)* You're going to be all right, kid. You're going to be all right.

Snowden. I'm cold. I'm cold.

YOSSARIAN. There, there. There there.

Snowden. I'm cold, I'm cold.

YOSSARIAN. There, there. There, there. *(Yossarian begins treating Snowden for his thigh wound. Snowden moans.)* Did I hurt you?

Snowden. I'm cold. I'm cold

YOSSARIAN. There, there. There, there, Snowden. I'm scared

YOSSARIAN. You're not in any danger The b'eeding <sup>stGPP</sup>e-d- All I've got to do is bandage you up and keep you warm until the plane lands.

Snowden. It's starting to hurt me!

YOSSARIAN. I'll give you a shot of morphine. *(Trying o joke.)* I'll give you a double shot *(Removes a box from the first aid kit, opens it, and finds only a slip of paper inside His face falls.')* Milo Minderbinder, you bastard! *(To Snowden, shrugging in apology.)* There is no morphine. *(Reading.)* "What's good for Milo Minderbiader is good for the country."

Snowden. *(Groans.)* I'm cold

YOSSARIAN. I've got two aspirins.

Snowden. *(Shakes his head. In delirious fright.)* I'm cold. I'm cold.

Yossarian, It's very warm. It's very warm here in the plane

Snowden. I'm cold.

Yossarian, I'm scared'

Snowden. I'm cold.

YOSSARIAN. The edges of your mouth, they're turning blue! How do you feel?

Snowden. Cold. I'm cold

Yossarian, You're going to be all right. There's no more bleeding.

Snowden. I'm cold. I m cold

YOSSARIAN. There, there. There, there We'll be back on the giound soon You're going to be okay.

Snowden. (*Shakes his head and points, with his chin, down toward his armpit Yossarian opens his jacket, gapes in horror, and screams wildly.*) I'm cold. (*Yossarian looks again. He screams a second time and squeezes both hands over his eyes.*) I'm cold. I'm cold.

YOSSARIAN. I'm cold I'm cold too.

Snowden. I'm cold. I'm cold

YOSSARIAN. {*Holding Snowden.*} There, there There, there.

Snowden. I'm cold. I'm cold.

YOSSARIAN. There, there. There, there.

Snowden. I'm cold. (*Dies.*)

YOSSARIAN. There, there You're going to be all— (*Realizes Snowden is dead and lowers him back to floor* ) There, there. {*The Chaplain enters from other side of stage. Yossarian, though referring to Snowden, is addressing the Chaplain as he rises slowly.*} There, there. There was God's plenty, all right—liver, lungs, kidneys, ribs, stomach, and bits of the stewed tomatoes Snowden had eaten that day for lunch. {*Moves to coatrack and takes off his parachute harness, then continues to bed and Chaplain LIGHTS DIM on Snowden and he moves from the scene.*} I hate stewed tomatoes. All this time, I had been treating Snowden for the wrong wound. I wondered how in the world to begin to save him. There was Snowden's secret, and he had spilled it all over the messy floor of the airplane. It was easy to read the message in his entrails. Man was matter, that was Snowden's secret Drop him out a window and he'll fall Set fire to him and he'll burn. Bury him and he'll rot, like other kinds of garbage. The spirit gone, man is garbage.

CHAPLAIN. I know

YOSSARIAN. That was Snowden's secret. Ripeness is all. {*Returns to the bed.*}

CHAPLAIN. Major is here.

YOSSARIAN. Major who?

CHAPLAIN. Major. Major Major. He has to speak to you.

(*Major Major enters from far side, without disguise, ana moves toward Yossarian hesitantly.*)

YOSSARIAN. Chaplain, help me! Get the rest of my clothes.

CHAPLAIN. Where? How will I get their?

YOSSARIAN. I don't know. Ask Nurse Duckett. She'll do anything she can to be rid of me.

CHAPLAIN. What are you going to do?

YOSSARIAN. I don't know. But hurry. Please For once in your life *succeed* at something (Chaplain *leaves*. Major Major *approaches* Yossarian.) Who the hell are you? (*With a lame smile, Major Major puts his mustache and glasses on, then removes them.*) Where'd you come from?

MAJOR MAJOR. Colonel Korn made me come here to talk to you, He says you disgust him. He says I disgust him too. He wants me to tell you that the deal is still on.

YOSSARIAN. No, it isn't. I'm breaking it.

MAJOR MAJOR. Oh, dear Why did you agree to it if you didn't like it?

YOSSARIAN. I did it in a moment of weakness. I wanted to save my life.

MAJOR MAJOR. They're going to court-martial you.

YOSSARIAN. (*Laughs and thumbs his nose.*) No, they won't. Please don't lie to me. There's an official report that says I was stabbed by a Nazi assassin.

MAJOR MAJOR. But, Yossarian! There's another official report that says you were stabbed in the course of black-market operations involving the sale of military secrets to the enemy.

YOSSARIAN. Another official report?

MAJOR MAJOR. Yossarian. they can prepare as many official reports as they want to. Didn't you know that?

YOSSARIAN. What a clear way you have of describing things.

MAJOR MAJOR. Please don't blame me. I'm only trying to help you.

YOSSARIAN. That's what that nice detective said before he decided to jab his thumb down into my wound.

MAJOR MAJOR. I'm not a detective. I'm a college professor who's trying to serve his country. And I wouldn't lie to anyone

YOSSARIAN. What would you do if one of the men in the squadron asked you about this conversation?

MAJOR MAJOR. (*In apologetic admission.*) I would lie to him.

YOSSARIAN. How can you work for them?

MAJOR MAJOR. I try not to think jf them. I try to think only of my country.

YOSSARIAN. Christ, Major, don't tell *me* that. I've flown seventy goddamn missions. But that war is over. The country's not in danger any more. But I am From Cathcart and Korn.

MAJOR MAJOR. Then let them send you home. It's a way to save yourself.

YOSSARIAN. It's a way to lose myself Goddamn it! I can't join those bastards now. Getting stabbed by that bitch was the best thing that ever happened to me.

MAJOR MAJOR. Would you rather go to jail? Or fly more missions?

YOSSARIAN. What would you do?

MAJOR MAJOR. Me?

YOSSARIAN. Would you let them send you home?

MAJOR MAJOR. (*Reflects a moment.*) No. I don't think so. Not under those conditions But I certainly wouldn't let them send me to jail.

YOSSARIAN. Then you'd fly more missions?

MAJOR MAJOR. (*With increasing determination.*) No, of course not That would be total capitulation. And I might get killed.

YOSSARIAN. Then you'd run away? Desert?

MAJOR MAJOR. (*His enthusiasm flagging suddenly.*) No. I don't think I could do that. There'd be no hope for me, would there?

YOSSARIAN. No. N hope for us at all?

MAJOR MAJOR. No hope at all There just doesn't seem to be anything you can do, is there?

YOSSARIAN. Good! (*Perking up.*) Since there's nothing I nan do, I know just what I *can* do.

MAJOR MAJOR. What?

YOSSARIAN. I'm going to run away.

MAJOR MAJOR. Where?

YOSSARIAN. To Sweden!

MAJOR MAJOR. Sweden? You'll never get there

YOSSARIAN. No.. But I can get to Rome easily enough— if you keep your mouth shut long enough for me to catch a ride. And I can take my chances from there

MAJOR MAJOR. No, no, no. You can't run away. What kind of way is that to live? You'll always be alone. You'll always live in danger.

YOSSARIAN. I live *that* way now.

(*The CHAPLAIN enters, carrying a pillowcase stuffed with clothing and a musette bag* )

CHAPLAIN. Yossarian! Guess what! I got them, I got them

YOSSARIAN. You see, Major? There is hope.

MAJOR MAJOR. Chaplain, please talk to him, will you? He's deserting. He wants to run away to Sweden.

CHAPLAIN. Wonderful! Run away to Sweden, Yossarian And I'll stay here and persevere. Yes, I'D stay here and—

MAJOR MAJOR. Chaplain, will you please shut up? Yossarian, listen. You'll never make it. It's almost a geographical impossibility to get to Sweden from here.

YOSSARIAN. Hell, Major, I know that Rut at least I'll be trying

MAJOR MAJOR. It's absolutely insane. Your conscience will never let you rest.

YOSSARIAN. God bless it. I wouldn't want to live in this world without strong misgivings.

MAJOR MAJOR. Chaplain, can't you do something?

CHAPLAIN. Yes I'm going to punch Captain Black in the nose. (*Shadow boxes.*)  
Pow! Just like that.

(Nately's Whore *appears on stage, eavesdrops, and stealthily positions herself near the door, carrying a long knife.*)

YOSSARIAN. Well, Major? Do you think you can disappear again long enough for me to catch a ride?

MAJOR MAJOR. It's my duty to stop you.

YOSSARIAN. Are you going to try?

MAJOR MAJOR. What would you do? Beat me up?

YOSSARIAN. Why do you say that?

CHAPLAIN. I will beat you up. (*Shadow boxes close to the Major, feinting punches.*)  
You and Corporal Whitcomb, and maybe even Colonel Cathcart. Wouldn't it be wonderful if I found I didn't have to be afraid any more?

YOSSARIAN. *Are you going to stop me?*

MAJOR MAJOR. (*Reaching his decision.*) No, of course not! Go, for God sakes, and hurry! Do you need money?

YOSSARIAN. I've got money.

MAJOR MAJOR. Here's more.

CHAPLAIN. Good bye, Yossarian. And good luck. I'll stay here and persevere.

YOSSARIAN. (*Starting away.*) So long, Chaplain. Thanks, Major.

MAJOR MAJOR. How do you feel?

YOSSARIAN. Fine. No, I'm frightened.

MAJOR MAJOR. That's good. It proves you're still alive. It won't be fun.

YOSSARIAN. Yes, it will.

MAJOR MAJOR. I mean it, Yossarian, You'll have to keep on your toes every minute of every day. They'll bend heaven and earth to catch you.

YOSSARIAN. I'll keep on my toes.

MAJOR MAJOR. You'll have to jump.

YOSSARIAN. I'll jump (*Passes near the doorway. NATELY'S WHORE steals behind him with the knife,*)

MAJOR MAJOR. Jump!

(*Yossarian jumps aside. The knife comes down, missing him by inches. He hurries away, Nately's Whore chasing after him, dodging in and out of the various sections of wall before he finally runs off.*)

CHAPLAIN. Run, Yossarian! Run! (To Major Major.) Well? What are *you* going to do? (Major Major *thinks a moment Then he puts on his fake mustache and large sunglasses, offers a friendly wave, and exits by way of the window. The Chaplain moves to a desk with an exuberant expression and picks up the tomato.*) Dear wife. I have punched Colonel Cathcart in the nose. I await the consequences happily. They think I am crazy. (*Takes a big bite out of his tomato and exits with a smile.*)

*THE END*

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Joseph Heller  
Catch-22: A Dramatization  
Based on the Novel Catch-22  
1971

1973 Delta Edition. <[www.archive.org/details/catch220000unse\\_k7r3](http://www.archive.org/details/catch220000unse_k7r3)>

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